THE UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS
LIBRARY

051
DEA
V.26


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025 with funding from
University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign

https://archive.org/details/dearbornindepend2619unse

INDEX TO

# THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

## Vol. 26

**October 24, 1925 to April 17, 1926**

INDEX TO

# THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Vol. 26

December 14, 1925 to April 17, 1926

051
DEA
v.26

# INDEX


Accidents and Hunting—*I Read in the Papers*..... 2-27-26 p. 19
Accidents, Industrial—*Lack of English May Mean Death:* by Clark, Marian K..... 11-14-25 p. 18
Actors—*The Box That Became a Throne: Booth Brothers and Other Kings of the Drama Handed Wisdom From This Wood Box in Boston:* by Kilby, Quincy..... 1- 2-26 p. 2
Adams, William—*Wedgewood, the Master Potter, and His Work:* by Northend, Mary Harrod..... 1-30-26 p. 12
*Adjourning to the Country* (Edit.)..... 3-27-26 p. 11
Administration of Justice in Lexington, Kentucky—*I Read in the Papers*..... 4- 3-26 p. 25
*Ads for Cigarets* (Edit.)..... 11-14-25 p. 11
Adult Education—*I Read in the Papers*..... 4- 3-26 p. 25
*Adventures in Plant Hunting:* by Farrington, E. I..... 3-27-26 p. 30
*Advertising Old and New:* by Daniels, James R..... 11-21-25 p. 24
*Advice and Counter-Counsel* (Edit.)..... 11- 7-25 p. 10
Aerial Transport in the Twentieth Century—*Just a Century Apart* (Edit.)..... 10-24-25 p. 11
Africa—*From Spain to Morocco:* by Pritchett, V. S. 11- 7-25 p. 2
*The Gorilla at Home:* by Aschemeier, C. R..... 4- 3-26 p. 19
Africans—*At Home With the African Black:* by Gallard, Henri..... 1- 9-26 p. 24
*Chats With Office Callers*..... 4-17-26 p. 21
Agricultural College—*A Modern Mississippi College* 4-17-26 p. 20
Agricultural Revolution—*Why Farms Are Deserted:* by Laird, Donald A., Ph. D..... 3- 6-26 p. 12
Agriculture—*Chats With Office Callers*..... 1-16-26 p. 27
*Failure of State Farming* (Edit.)..... 11-21-25 p. 11
*The "New Economics" for Farmers:* by Kenton, Robert..... 1-30-26 p. 14
*What Do Our Farmers Think of Agriculture*..... 3-27-26 p. 12
Agriculture and Business, Government Treatment of—Mr. Ford's Page..... 1-23-26 p. 9
*"Aids to Innocence"* (Edit.)..... 2-13-26 p. 10
Air Investigations—*Investigating the Air Investigations:* by Johns, E. B..... 12- 5-25 p. 3
*Investigating the Air Investigations:* by Johns, E. B..... 12-19-25 p. 14
Air-Mail—*How the United States Can Boost the Air-Mail* (Edit.)..... 4-10-26 p. 11
*I Read in the Papers*..... 12- 5-25 p. 24
Air Route to India—*Just a Century Apart* (Edit.).. 10-24-25 p. 11
*Air Service—See Independent Air Service*
Air-Service—"Reds" Organize Attack on—*Bolshevism in the Philippines:* by Freeman, C. F..... 2-13-26 p. 6
Aircraft—*Aviation From the Navy's Viewpoint: Showing the Actual Relation Between "Gadflies" and "Bulldogs" as Protectors:* by Pye, Capt. W. S., U.S.N..... 2- 6-26 p. 12
*Aviation From the Navy's Viewpoint: "There Is No Justification for the Belief That Progress Would Be Accelerated or Efficiency Increased by Depriving the Navy of the Control of Its Own Aircraft":* by Pye, Capt. W. S., U.S.N..... 2-13-26 p. 3
*Aviation From the Navy's Viewpoint: "The Navy Believes That Naval Aircraft Are Essential in Protecting Commerce":* by Pye, Capt. W. S., U. S. N..... 2-20-26 p. 24
*Aviation From the Navy's Viewpoint: "The Use of Aircraft to Defeat the Enemy Forces on or Over the Sea Is a Naval Function," Says the Captain:* by Pye, Capt. W. S., U.S.N..... 2-27-26 p. 20
Airline Highway Between St. Louis and Kansas City—*I Read in the Papers*..... 3-13-26 p. 18
Aitu (*Devil*)—*Samoans Avoid the Aitu*..... 12-26-25 p. 22
Alaska—*Chats With Office Callers*..... 3-20-26 p. 19
*Hitching Up to Alaska: An Epic of Effort by Which Remote Places Were Put in Cable Communication With Busy Centers*..... 10-24-25 p. 6
Albany River—*A New Great Lake to Save Lakes:* by Laut, Wallace J..... 10-24-25 p. 15
Albuquerque, New Mexico—*He Licked Fall in His Own Paper:* by Stidger, Wm. L..... 12-26-25 p. 2
Alcohol—*Are Americans "Moderate" Drinkers?* (Edit.)..... 3- 6-26 p. 10
Alessandri, President Arturo—*The World Has Been Reorganized*..... 2- 6-26 p. 15
Algeciras, Spain—*From Spain to Morocco:* by Pritchett, V. S..... 11- 7-25 p. 2
Alien—*Letting in the Alien Flood—Why?* by Watson, Kenneth..... 4-17-26 p. 3
*Lo! the Poor Alien* (Edit.)..... 3-27-26 p. 11
*Never Separated a Single Family:* by Watson, Kenneth..... 4-10-26 p. 5
*Shall Aliens Be Registered? Davis Says "Yes":* by Davis, James J..... 2-13-26 p. 4
Alien Insane—*Where Does the Head-Tax Go?* by Clark, Marian K..... 10-31-25 p. 22
Alien Money-Lenders of England—*I Read in the Papers*..... 11-14-25 p. 32
Alien Money-Lenders of Germany—*The Fall of the House of Stinnes:* by Wolff, Walter M..... 2-13-26 p. 26
Alien Psychologists—*Measuring America's Soul:* by Taylor, T. Cameron..... 3-13-26 p. 8
Alien Voters Menace to Country—*Peddling United States Citizenship Rights:* by Clark, Marian Bruce..... 1-16-26 p. 3
Alien Writers—*Americanism in Fiction:* by Smith, Lewis Worthington..... 11-28-25 p. 8
Allen, Henry J.—*I Read in the Papers*..... 2-27-26 p. 19
Alliance for International Friendship Through the Churches—*Not Christian Any More* (Edit.)..... 11-28-25 p. 10
Alliance of Declarants and Future Citizens—*I Read in the Papers*..... 3- 6-26 p. 15
Almsgiving—*The Fallacies of Philanthrophy:* by Perry, Armstrong..... 4- 3-26 p. 6
Aluminum Trust—*Why Investigate What Is Known?* (Edit.)..... 1-23-26 p. 11
Amateur Theatricals—*The Drama of Our Youth:* by Vose, Caroline Eliza..... 4-17-26 p. 8
Amati Violin (Illus.)—*My Fiddle and I Since Long Ago:* by Wier, Clyde..... 3-27-26 p. 16
America—*English Is Better Spoken in America*..... 2-13-26 p. 8
*Why and How It Is "America":* by Karpinski, Louis C..... 11-14-25 p. 14
America, Crime in—*Note the Names of Our Criminals: Are They Foreign or American? What Do the Police Records Say?* by Benson, Allan L..... 10-31-25 p. 3
America, Mapping of—*Putting Muscle Shoals on the Map:* by Karpinski, Louis C..... 10-24-25 p. 28
America—Psychologically Unsafe for Democracy—*Measuring America's Soul:* by Taylor, T. Cameron..... 3-13-26 p. 8
*American* (Edit.)..... 1-30-26 p. 10
American Adherence to World Court—*Should America Join World's Court?* by Newman, Oliver P..... 12-19-25 p. 5
*"American Audiences Are Fine," says Sir Henry Wood, Famous Conductor of Queen's Hall Orchestra of London, England:* by Shore, W. Teignmouth..... 2-27-26 p. 15
American Citizenship—*Peddling U. S. Citizenship Rights:* by Clark, Marian Bruce..... 1-16-26 p. 3
American Delegates at Washington Arms Conference—*Never Lost a War But Never Won a Conference:* by Johns, E. B..... 3- 6-26 p. 3
"American Encyclopedia of Christianity"—*The Open Segment:* by Best, Nolan R..... 11- 7-25 p. 14
American Expeditionary Force—*Investigating the Air Investigations:* by Johns, E. B..... 12- 5-25 p. 3
American Families, Disintegration of—*Chats With Office Callers*..... 2-27-26 p. 12
American Federation of Labor—*Advice and Counter-Counsel* (Edit.)..... 11- 7-25 p. 10
*Where Only Three Per Cent Would Benefit:* by M'Connell, Burt M..... 1- 2-26 p. 8
American History—*Where American History Was Made: Chesapeake Bay Country, the Birthplace of Seven Presidents:* by Poole, W. C..... 10-24-25 p. 31
American Institute of Architects—*Put Brains Into It* (Edit.)..... 1-30-26 p. 10
American Jewish Congress—*Never Separated a Single Family:* by Watson, Kenneth..... 4-10-26 p. 5
American Legion—*I Read in the Papers*..... 10-24-25 p. 25
American Museum of Natural History—*Helping the Blind to See:* by Muller, Chas. G..... 1-16-26 p. 19
American Navy—*Never Lost a War But Never Won a Conference:* by Johns, E. B..... 3- 6-26 p. 3
*American Pulpit Captured by Radicals:* by Robinson, Margaret C..... 1- 9-26 p. 6
American Road Company—*"Who Is Governor of Texas?"* by Bentley, Max..... 2-27-26 p. 3
American Shipping—*Going to Sea in Subsidized Ships:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy..... 1-23-26 p. 6
American Taxpayer Paying for War—*Are We a Shylock Nation?* by M'Connell, Burt M..... 1- 9-26 p. 3
American Tobacco Company—*Sad Tale of a United States Report*..... 1-23-26 p. 15
*Why Sapiro's Co-ops Had Trouble*..... 2-20-26 p. 14
*Americanism in Fiction:* by Smith, Lewis Worthington..... 11-28-25 p. 8
*Americanisms*..... 11-14-25 p. 28
Americans Down South—*Where Are the Americans? Down South?* by Barnet, Harry E..... 12-19-25 p. 20
*Americans in Canada* (Edit.)..... 10-31-25 p. 11


626732

America's World Fliers Passing Over California (Illus.)—*Aviation From the Navy's Viewpoint:* by Pye, Capt. W. S., U.S.N. 2-13-26 p. 3
Amortization, Deductions Allowed for—*Government Loses Tax Millions:* by Brewer, Chas. B. 3-20-26 p. 3
Amundsen, Captain Roald—*Peary, Cook and Questions* (Edit.) 2-13-26 p. 10
*The World Tells Its Tale of 1925: A Backward Look:* by Pence, Harry 1- 2-26 p. 12
Ancestor Worship—*What It Costs the Chinese to Worship Their Ancestors:* by Lowdermilk, Inez Marks 4-10-26 p. 16
*Ancient and Holy Things* (Edit.) 3-13-26 p. 10
Ancient Musical Instruments—*Most Ancient Musical Instruments on Record:* by Dewey, Annette Barrett 3-27-26 p. 28
Anderson, "Dutch"—*The World Tells Its Tale of 1925: A Backward Look:* by Pence, Harry 1- 2-26 p. 12
Anderson, Sherwood (Illus.)—*A Writer Who Does Not Believe in Plots Nor Use Them:* by Allen, Louis 11-28-25 p. 19
Andrews, General—*How?* (Edit.) 4-17-26 p. 10
"Anglo-Saxon" Race—*Chats With Office Callers* 1-30-26 p. 15
Animals in Motion Pictures—*Are the Movies Cruel to Animals?* 2-27-26 p. 28
Animals, Warfare Among—*The Killers' Struggle to Exist:* by Aaron, S. F. 4- 3-26 p. 2
Ann Hathaway's Cottage, Stratford-on-Avon (Illus.)—*Washington Irving's London Has Gone:* by MacConnell, Duncan 4- 3-26 p. 14
Anthropoid Apes—*The Gorilla at Home:* by Aschemeier, C. R. 4- 3-26 p. 19
Anti-Snake Poison Serum—*Removing Death From the Sting:* by MacDonald, Paul 1-16-26 p. 2
Antioch College—*How Smoking Affects College Men* 11- 7-25 p. 8
*Seventy-Five Years of an Ideal—Antioch College:* by Lewis, Eleanor 11-28-25 p. 2
*Thanksgiving at Antioch College:* by Lewis, Eleanor 11-21-25 p. 32
Antiquity of Man—*Back-Tracking Man Through the Ages:* by Hubbard, Samuel 2-13-26 p. 15
*A Dinosaur Breaks Into History:* by Hubbard, Samuel 4-17-26 p. 14
Apparatus Used to Weigh the Earth (Illus.)—*On Weighing the Earth:* by Winters, S. R. 3- 6-26 p. 30
Apple Orchard—*I Read in the Papers* 12-19-25 p. 29
Appropriations for Government, Reduction of—*Legislating in Secret Session:* by Johns, E. B. 4- 3-26 p. 3
Arabs—*From Spain to Morocco:* by Pritchett, V. S. 11- 7-25 p. 2
Arbury in Warwickshire, Birthplace of George Eliot (Illus.)—*A Tragic Heroine—Maggie Tulliver:* by Smith, Lewis Worthington 1-30-26 p. 20
Architecture—*"Frozen Music"—We Cannot Melt It With Indifferent Glances:* by Wood, Albert 11-14-25 p. 33
Arctic Explorations—*Peary, Cook and Questions* (Edit.) 2-13-26 p. 10
Argentine—*Chats With Office Callers* 1- 2-26 p. 30
Arithmetic—*Early Arithmetics Published in America:* by Karpinski, Louis C. 2-13-26 p. 20
Arizona—*A Dinosaur Breaks Into History:* by Hubbard, Samuel 4-17-26 p. 14
Armistice Day—*Youth Movement* (Edit.) 12-12-25 p. 11
Arms Conference—*Never Lost a War But Never Won a Conference:* by Johns, E. B. 3- 6-26 p. 3
*Why Is America Invited to Disarm?* by Johns, E. B. 3-13-26 p. 4
Armstrong, J. Tarbotton—*Wood Blocks as Story-Telling Medium:* by Boeckmann, H. 11-28-25 p. 20
Army and Navy—*Investigating the Air Investigations:* by Johns, E. B. 12- 5-25 p. 3
*Investigating the Air Investigations:* by Johns, E. B. 12-19-25 p. 14
*More Light* (Edit.) 12-12-25 p. 11
Army and Navy Estimates—*Legislating in Secret Session:* by Johns, E. B. 4- 3-26 p. 3
Army and Navy Officers—*I Read in the Papers* 10-24-25 p. 25
Army Engineers—*The Opening of a New Field* (Edit.) 1- 2-26 p. 11
Army Surgeon's Work During War—*Chats With Office Callers* 11-28-25 p. 12
"Arrowsmith"—*Honestly—Who Is Babbitt?* by Stidger, Wm. L. 3- 6-26 p. 2
Art—*Is There Iconoclasm in America?* by Hathaway, Carson C. 12-19-25 p. 32
*Wood Blocks as Story-Telling Medium:* by Boeckmann, H. 11-28-25 p. 20
Art Treasures, Europe—*Chats With Office Callers* 3- 6-26 p. 20
Artist—*The "Come Back" of Artist Bridwell:* by Pence, Harry 1-16-26 p. 28
Aschemeier, C. R. (Illus.)—*The Gorilla at Home* by Aschemeier, C. R. 4- 3-26 p. 19
Asheville, North Carolina—*North Carolina Crushes Mob Rule:* by Richardson, Wm. H. 3-27-26 p. 7
Asia—*Russia and Turkey—Comrades* (Edit.) 1-16-26 p. 11
Asiatic Redwood (Illus.)—*Adventures in Plant Hunting:* by Farrington, E. I. 3-27-26 p. 30
Assassination of Alexander II, Emperor of Russia—*Pensions for Criminals* (Edit.) 4-10-26 p. 11
Assyria—*I Read in the Papers* 2-20-26 p. 28
Astor Fortune—*Is Astor Fortune Founded on Captain Kidd's Gold?* by Dunn, Harry H. 3-20-26 p. 8
Astrology—*When the Stars Foretell Trouble:* by Hopley, Frank Dorrance 3-27-26 p. 8
Astronomy—*Other Worlds Than Ours:* by Nash, J. V. 12- 5-25 p. 30
Atkins, Gaius Glenn—*Chimney Corner Books:* by Atkins, Gaius Glenn 11-28-25 p. 13
*France From a Third-Class Car Window:* by Atkins, Gaius Glenn 3- 6-26 p. 16
*Ralph Waldo Emerson—His Supreme Service:* by Atkins, Gaius Glenn 10-24-25 p. 2
Atterbury, Grosvenor—*Put Brains Into It* (Edit.) 1-30-26 p. 10
Austin, Texas—*"Who Is Governor of Texas?"* by Bentley, Max 2-27-26 p. 3
Australia—*Canberra—Australia's National Capital* 12-26-25 p. 15
Australia—Gold Rush of 1851-52—*State Tourist Bureaus* 11-14-25 p. 26
*Tragedy of the Gold Rushes:* by Nash, J. V. 12-26-25 p. 12
Author—*Basil King Speaks of "Kitchen Literature":* by Mabie, Janet 1-23-26 p. 2
*Building "The House of the Seven Gables":* by Hawthorne, Julian 11-28-25 p. 5
*Honestly—Who Is Babbitt?* by Stidger, Wm. L. 3- 6-26 p. 2
*How I Write and Why I Write: Sinclair Lewis Talks of His Methods in the Making of Some of His Books:* by Stidger, Wm. L. 3-20-26 p. 2
*John Dos Passos: An Interview With a Writer Who Thinks the Theater an Excellent Medium for Making the World Kinder and More Civilized:* by Mabie, Janet 2-13-26 p. 2
*O. Henry at Work and Play: Adventures With Editors and Others:* by Griffith, Wm. 11-14-25 p. 4
*O. Henry in Light and Shadow:* by Griffith, Wm. 11-28-25 p. 3
*"The Scarlet Letter": How It Was Written:* by Hawthorne, Julian 10-31-25 p. 4
*Side Lights on Author of Ingoldsby Legends:* by Dixon, L. 1-16-26 p. 22
*What It Means to Be a Writer:* by Masson, Thomas L. 11-28-25 p. 16
*A Writer Who Does Not Believe in Plots Nor Use Them:* by Allen, Louis 11-28-25 p. 19
Aviation—*Aviation From the Navy's Viewpoint: Showing the Actual Relation Between "Gadflies" and "Bulldogs" as Protectors:* by Pye, Capt. W. S., U. S. N. 2- 6-26 p. 12
*Aviation From the Navy's Viewpoint: "There Is No Justification for the Belief That Progress Would Be Accelerated or Efficiency Increased by Depriving the Navy of the Control of Its Own Aircraft":* by Pye, Capt. W. S., U. S. N. 2-13-26 p. 3
*Aviation From the Navy's Viewpoint: "The Navy Believes That Naval Aircraft Are Essential in Protecting Commerce":* by Pye, Capt. W. S., U. S. N. 2-20-26 p. 24
*Aviation From the Navy's Viewpoint: "The Use of Aircraft to Defeat the Enemy Forces on or Over the Sea Is a Naval Function," Says the Captain:* by Pye, Capt. W. S., U. S. N. 2-27-26 p. 20
*I Read in the Papers* 10-24-25 p. 25
*Investigating the Air Investigations: A Review of Reviews Relating to Matters Still Very Much in the Air:* by Johns, E. B. 12- 5-25 p. 3
*Investigating the Air Investigations:* by Johns, E. B. 12-19-25 p. 14


## B


"Babbitt"—*Honestly—Who Is Babbitt?* by Stidger, Wm. L. 3- 6-26 p. 2
Bacheller, Irving—*Literary Memories: Writers and Publishers of Yesterday:* by Masson, Thomas L. 12-26-25 p. 16
*Back-Tracking Man Through the Ages:* by Hubbard, Samuel 2-13-26 p. 15
*Back Up Your Police* (Edit.) 2-20-26 p. 11
Bacon Bill—*Never Separated a Single Family:* by Watson, Kenneth 4-10-26 p. 5
Bacteria, Microscopic Motion Pictures of—*Life and Death Act on the Screen:* by Dunn, Harry H. 4-10-26 p. 7
Badger Gavotte—*A Dance a Week: A Dainty Dance, Simple to Learn* 2- 6-26 p. 32
Baker, Alberti (Illus.)—*Prohibition Can Be Enforced: Ask the People of Schoharie County* 3-27-26 p. 19
Baldwin, Dr. Bird T.—*War Makes Stunted Children:* by Jenks, Albert Ernest 3- 6-26 p. 28
Baldwin, Stanley—*I Read in the Papers* 11- 7-25 p. 29
Balfour, Lord—*Will Palestine Ever Pay Its Board?* by Barton, William E. 4- 3-26 p. 12
Balfour Note—*A Shylock Nation? Here Are the Facts:* by M'Connell, Burt M. 1-16-26 p. 12

Balkan States—*Chats With Office Callers*..... 1-16-26 p. 27
*Still Another Peace Plan* (Edit.)..... 11-14-25 p. 10
Ball, W. T. W.—*Did Shakespeare Mention a Contemporary?* by Kilby, Quincy..... 12- 5-25 p. 2
Baltimore Convention—*At Later Conventions With Bryan:* by Schermerhorn, James..... 3-13-26 p. 14
Baltimore, Maryland—*Where American History Was Made: Chesapeake Bay Country, the Birthplace of Seven Presidents:* by Poole, W. C..... 10-24-25 p. 31
Bandboxes—*"Grandmother's Band Boxes":* by Northend, Mary Harrod..... 11-14-25 p. 13
*Bank—see Central Bank of Chile*
*Bankers—see International Bankers*
Bankruptcy—*Shining the Family Honor* (Edit.)..... 1-30-26 p. 11
Baptists of Minnesota and Evolution—*Going Too Far* (Edit.)..... 3-27-26 p. 10
Barham, Richard Harris—*Side Lights on Author of Ingoldsby Legends:* by Dixon, L..... 1-16-26 p. 22
Barnard, George Gray—*Is There Iconoclasm in America?* by Hathaway, Carson C..... 12-19-25 p. 32
Barnard, Rev. Dr. of the North Church, Salem (Illus.)—*Pictures in Shadow—Photography's Forerunner:* by Northend, Mary Harrod..... 1- 9-26 p. 16
Barnes, "Long Jim" (Illus.)—*Golf—Can You Pick the Champions?* by MacDonald, Paul..... 4-10-26 p. 12
"Barnes of New York, Mr."—*Successful Books That Were Scorned*..... 11-21-25 p. 12
Barred Owl (Illus.)—*The Killers' Struggle to Exist:* by Aaron, S. F..... 4- 3-26 p. 2
Barrett, Lawrence (Illus.)—*The Box That Became a Throne: Booth Brothers and Other Kings of the Drama Handed Wisdom From This Wood Box in Boston:* by Kilby, Quincy..... 1- 2-26 p. 2
Barron, C. W. (Illus.)—*Galli-Curci Swayed by Swedish Mystic:* by Barron, C. W..... 4- 3-26 p. 8
*I Read in the Papers*..... 2-13-26 p. 32
Bartlett, Captain—*Rescuing the Survivors From Wrangel Island:* by McConnell, Burt M..... 3- 6-26 p. 22
Bartlett, Dr. Josiah (Illus.)—*The Signers—56 of '76: Three From New Hampshire—Dr. Josiah Bartlett, Dr. Matthew Thornton, and William Whipple:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz..... 1-16-26 p. 24
Bartlett, Fred W.—*I Read in the Papers*..... 3-27-26 p. 24
Bartlett, Truman H.—*How Abraham Lincoln Looked:* by Barton, Wm. E..... 2- 6-26 p. 16
Barton, William E.—*Driving the English Language Out of the Philippines:* by Barton, William E. 11-21-25 p. 7
*How Abraham Lincoln Looked:* by Barton, William E..... 2- 6-26 p. 16
*The Truth About the Bixby Letter:* by Barton, William E..... 2- 6-26 p. 6
*Will Palestine Ever Pay Its Board?* by Barton, William E..... 4- 3-26 p. 12
Baruch, Barney—*House, Then Baruch* (Edit.)..... 1-30-26 p. 11
Baseball—*Chats With Office Callers*..... 12-12-25 p. 20
*Basil King Speaks of "Kitchen Literature":* by Mabie, Janet..... 1-23-26 p. 2
Bastile Day—*French Racers Carry Torch in Long Bastile Day Race*..... 2-20-26 p. 31
Battle Abbey—*Merry Richmond, Rich in Romance:* by Whiting, May B..... 4-17-26 p. 2
Battle of Bentonsville—*The Last Battlefield of the Civil War:* by Creech, F. Hunter..... 10-31-25 p. 29
Battle of New Orleans—*Points of Progress in Dewey's Life*..... 12-12-25 p. 22
Battlefield of Civil War—*The Last Battlefield of the Civil War:* by Creech, F. Hunter..... 10-31-25 p. 29
Battleships, American, Scrapping of—*Never Lost a War But Never Won a Conference:* by Johns, E. B..... 3- 6-26 p. 3
Beaver Hides, Bootlegging in—*Trapping Trappers in the Near North:* by Hough, Donald..... 12-19-25 p. 4
Becks, Alfred—*Houdini: The Book Man*..... 10-31-25 p. 2
Beecher, Henry Ward—*Copp's Hill, Where Heroes Rest:* by Whiting, May B..... 11-21-25 p. 8
*Great Writers Who Have Failed as Novelists*..... 4-10-26 p. 22
*Bees—see Quilting Bees*
Beet Sugar Interests and Mexican Peon—*Letting in the Alien Flood—Why?* by Watson, Kenneth.. 4-17-26 p. 3
*Never Separated a Single Family:* by Watson, Kenneth..... 4-10-26 p. 5
Beggars, Unlimited Field for—*The Fallacies of Philanthropy:* by Perry, Armstrong..... 4- 3-26 p. 6
Beirut-Bagdad, Motor Service Between—*I Read in the Papers*..... 1- 9-26 p. 29
Belfry Clocks—*Keeping Tab on Father Time: History of Some Queer Clocks:* by Colman, Edna M..... 1- 2-26 p. 24
Belgium—*Comparing Tax Burdens in Leading Countries*..... 10-31-25 p. 6
*Interest* (Edit.)..... 10-24-25 p. 10
Belgium and War Debts—*Are We a Shylock Nation?* by M'Connell, Burt M..... 1- 9-26 p. 3
Bells—*Passing of the Bells*..... 2-27-26 p. 19
Belzoni, Giovanni—*Romantic Rascals: Belzoni, the Patagonian Samson, 1815-1823:* by Finger, Charles J..... 11-21-25 p. 16
"Ben Hur" Picture—*Are the Movies Cruel to Animals?*..... 2-27-26 p. 28
Benson, Allan L.—*A Close-Up of Joaquin Miller:* by Benson, Allan L..... 3-13-26 p. 3
*The Man Who Slapped George Washington on the Shoulder:* by Benson, Allan L..... 2-20-26 p. 6
*Note the Names of Our Criminals:* by Benson, Allan L..... 10-31-25 p. 3
*What to Do to Make Life Worth While:* by Benson, Allan L..... 4-17-26 p. 16
*What Would You Rather Do Than Work?* by Benson, Allan L..... 11-21-25 p. 13
Bentonsville, North Carolina—*The Last Battlefield of the Civil War:* by Creech, F. Hunter..... 10-31-25 p. 29
Bergonzi Violin (Illus.)—*My Fiddle and I Since Long Ago:* by Wier, Clyde..... 3-27-26 p. 16
Besant, Mrs.—*I Read in the Papers*..... 1- 9-26 p. 29
*Best Reading in the World, The:* by Masson, Thomas L..... 10-31-25 p. 8
Better Business Bureau—*Robbing the Public by Post:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy..... 11-14-25 p. 7
Betting—*When Is a Bet Not a Bet?* by Pence, Harry..... 12- 5-25 p. 8
Beveridge, Senator—*The World Has Been Reorganized*..... 2- 6-26 p. 15
Bewick, Thomas—*Wood Blocks as Story-Telling Medium:* by Boeckmann, H..... 11-28-25 p. 20
Bible—*Giving Back the Bible to Our Children:* by Krumbine, Dr. Miles H..... 3-20-26 p. 21
*Oldest Bible Manuscript in the World:* by Sanders, Henry A..... 3- 6-26 p. 8
*Oldest Manuscript of the Bible:* by Sanders, Henry A..... 10-31-25 p. 26
Bible in Public Schools—*Burglary and the Bible* (Edit.)..... 2- 6-26 p. 10
*No—Don't Let Them See It!* (Edit.)..... 4- 3-26 p. 11
Big Bend Region of Texas—*I Read in the Papers*..... 12- 5-25 p. 24
Big Business—*Mr. Ford's Page*..... 11-14-25 p. 9
Big Gun—and Death—*Passion Week in Paris, 1918:* by Stidger, William L..... 3-27-26 p. 4
Bigger Competition—*Mr. Ford's Page*..... 11-14-25 p. 9
"Binder Boys"—*Florida Chases Out the Land Swindlers:* by Holland, W. B..... 1-30-26 p. 5
Biography—*The Best Reading in the World:* by Masson, Thomas L..... 10-31-25 p. 8
Birds—*The Birds Sing, But Girls "Yawl":* by Cramer, Mrs. L. M..... 10-31-25 p. 12
*Indian Key, Where Rare Birds Resort:* by Dacy, George H..... 1- 2-26 p. 20
Birmingham, Alabama—*Where Are the Americans? Down South?* by Barnet, Harry E..... 12-19-25 p. 20
Birrell, Augustine—*Chimney Corner Books:* by Atkins, Gaius Glenn..... 11-28-25 p. 13
Birth Control—*Should the Poor Have Children?*..... 12- 5-25 p. 10
Bixby Letter—*The Truth About the Bixby Letter:* by Barton, William E..... 2- 6-26 p. 6
"Black Revolution"—*"Red" Russia Sets Stage for "Black Revolution":* by M'Connell, Burt M..... 1-23-26 p. 8
Blackstone, Mr.—*Lawyers and Law* (Edit.)..... 1- 9-26 p. 11
*Blankets—see "Point" Blankets*
*Blather (Edit.)*..... 3-20-26 p. 11
Blind—*Helping the Blind to See:* by Muller, Chas. G..... 1-16-26 p. 19
Block Booking—*The Government Accuses the Movies*. 2-20-26 p. 4
Blodgett, Mr.—*How Connecticut Handled the Movies* 1-16-26 p. 14
Blue-Sky Law—*Consolidated Stock Exchange—Finis?* by Pinci, A. R..... 3-27-26 p. 6
Bluebloods of England—*I Read in the Papers*..... 11-28-25 p. 18
B'Nai Brith Lodge, San Francisco—*I Read in the Papers*..... 2-27-26 p. 19
Boer War—*Tragedy of the Gold Rushes:* by Nash, J. V..... 12-26-25 p. 12
Bok, Edward—*The Gigantic Lobby* (Edit.)..... 1-23-26 p. 11
Bolshevism—*Bolshevism in the Philippines:* by Freeman, C. F..... 2-13-26 p. 6
*Bolshevism Meets Women!* (Edit.)..... 1-23-26 p. 10
*Chats With Office Callers*..... 2- 6-26 p. 18
*Chats With Office Callers*..... 2-13-26 p. 12
*Recognizing Bolshevism* (Edit.)..... 1- 2-26 p. 10
*The World Objective* (Edit.)..... 3-20-26 p. 10
Bolton, Dr. Herbert E. (University of California)—*Is Astor Fortune Founded on Captain Kidd's Gold?* by Dunn, Harry H..... 3-20-26 p. 8
Bombay, India—*Chats With Office Callers*..... 1-16-26 p. 27
"Bonanza"Discoveries of the Nineteenth Century—*Tragedy of the Gold Rushes:* by Nash, J. V..... 12-26-25 p. 12
Bonaparte, Napoleon—*The Killer and the Helper* (Edit.)..... 1-23-26 p. 11
"Book Man"—*Houdini: the Book Man*..... 10-31-25 p. 2
Book-Shop—*The Magic in an Old Book-Shop:* by Savage, Courtenay..... 11-28-25 p. 24

Books—*Chats With Office Callers*....11-14-25 p. 12
*Chimney Corner Books:* by Atkins, Gaius Glenn..11-28-25 p. 13
*Leading the Simple Book Life:* by Masson, Thomas L.... 1-23-26 p. 24
*The Markings in Old Books* (Edit.)....12-19-25 p. 11
*The Search for a Good Story:* by Masson, Thomas L....10-24-25 p. 5
*Successful Books That Were Scorned*....11-21-25 p. 12
Books and Boys—*Chats With Office Callers*.... 2-20-26 p. 8
Booth, John Wilkes—*The Box That Became a Throne:* by Kilby, Quincy.... 1- 2-26 p. 2
*Lincoln's Murder—Amazing Man Hunt:* by Black, Fred L.... 4-10-26 p. 14
Bootlegging—*Whose Ox Is Gored* (Edit.).... 3-20-26 p. 10
Bootlegging Beaver Hides—*Trapping Trappers in the Near North:* by Hough, Donald....12-19-25 p. 4
Borah, Senator—*Adjourning to the Country* (Edit.).... 3-27-26 p. 11
*Should America Join World's Court?* by Newman, Oliver P....12-19-25 p. 5
Borglum, Gutzon—*Investigating the Air Investigations:* by Johns, E. B....12- 5-25 p. 3
Boston—*Amy Lowell—A Woman and Her Message:* by Mabie, Janet.... 1-30-26 p. 2
*Copp's Hill, Where Heroes Rest:* by Whiting, May B....11-21-25 p. 8
*I Read in the Papers*....12-26-25 p. 18
*Suppressing Facts in Boston*....11-21-25 p. 10
Boston Theater—*The Box That Became a Throne:* by Kilby, Quincy.... 1- 2-26 p. 2
Bottles—*Valuable Old American Bottles:* by Northend, Mary Harrod....12-12-25 p. 12
Box Bill—*Never Separated a Single Family:* by Watson, Kenneth.... 4-10-26 p. 5
*Box That Became a Throne, The:* by Kilby, Quincy.... 1- 2-26 p. 2
Boxing—*"The Champion of England"*....11-14-25 p. 12
Boy Scouts—*The Fallacies of Philanthropy:* by Perry, Armstrong.... 4- 3-26 p. 6
Boys—*Chats With Office Callers*.... 2-20-26 p. 8
Braatz, Carl Herrman (Illus.)—*He Plays Santa Claus the Whole Year Round*....12-12-25 p. 22
Bradford, Gamaliel—*Chimney Corner Books:* by Atkins, Gaius Glenn....11-28-25 p. 13
Brady, William A.—*The Box That Become a Throne* by Kilby, Quincy.... 1- 2-26 p. 2
Brazil—*Is America a Nation of Coffee-Bibbers?* by De Young, Dirk P.... 4-10-26 p. 19
*Removing Death From the Sting:* by MacDonald, Paul.... 1-16-26 p. 2
Brentano, August (Illus.)—*The Magic in an Old Book-Shop:* by Savage, Courtenay....11-28-25 p. 24
Breuer, Doctor—*Psychology and Sex:* by Laird, Donald A., Ph. D....10-31-25 p. 7
Briand, A.—*I Read in the Papers*.... 3-13-26 p. 18
Bridwell, H. L.—*The "Come Back" of Artist Bridwell:* by Pence, Harry.... 1-16-26 p. 28
Briggs, Dr. L. J.—*On Weighing the Earth:* by Winters, S. R.... 3- 6-26 p. 30
British Control of World Rubber—*Why Investigate What Is Known?* (Edit.).... 1-23-26 p. 11
British India—*On the Road to Mandalay:* by Barton, Wm. E.... 1-23-26 p. 5
British Ministry of Agriculture—*Failure of State Farming* (Edit.)....11-21-25 p. 11
Broadcasting Licenses—*Radio Regulation* (Edit.)....11-28-25 p. 10
Bronzehead—*Whistling Wings: Being the Life Story of Bronzehead and His Feathered Brood:* by Gilbert, James Clyde.... 3-13-26 p. 16
Brooklyn, New York—*The Child Poet* (Edit.)....12- 5-25 p. 10
Brooks, Charles S.—*Chimney Corner Books:* by Atkins, Gaius Glenn....11-28-25 p. 13
Brooks, Dr. Arthur W. (Illus.)—*When the Stars Foretell Trouble:* by Hopley, Frank Dorrance.. 3-27-26 p. 8
Broughton, John—*"The Champion of England"*....11-14-25 p. 12
Brownell, George H.—*What Do Our Farmers Think of Agriculture? Mr. Brownell's Articles Are Analyzed by Readers*.... 3-27-26 p. 12
Bruton Church, Williamsburg, Virginia—*Where American History Was Made:* by Poole, W.C. 10-24-25 p. 31
Bryan, William Jennings—*At Later Conventions With Bryan:* by Schermerhorn, James.... 3-13-26 p. 14
*Chats With Office Callers*....11-14-25 p. 12
*How the Coolidge Cabinet Functions:* by Johns, E. B.... 2-27-26 p. 8
*The Last Days of William Jennings Bryan:* by Schermerhorn, James.... 3-20-26 p. 14
*When I Began to Know Bryan:* by Schermerhorn, James.... 2-27-26 p. 2
*When I Was With Bryan in the 1908 Campaign:* by Schermerhorn, James.... 3- 6-26 p. 13
*The World Tells Its Tale of 1925: A Backward Look:* by Pence, Harry.... 1- 2-26 p. 12
Bryan, William Jennings and Woodrow Wilson (Illus.)—*Why Wilson Disliked Reporters:* by Thompson, Huston.... 4- 3-26 p. 5
Bucket Shop Scandals—*Consolidated Stock Exchange—Finis?* by Pinci, A. R.... 3-27-26 p. 6
Budapest, Hungary—*Jews Returning to Religion in Hungary*.... 1- 9-26 p. 12
Budget Act—*How the Coolidge Cabinet Functions:* by Johns, E. B.... 2-27-26 p. 8
Budget Officer Greater Power Than Congress—*Legislating in Secret Session:* by Johns, E. B.... 4- 3-26 p. 3
Buffalo—*Where the Buffalo Survives*.... 4- 3-26 p. 18
"Buffalo Bill"—*On the Road With "Buffalo Bill":* by Bacon, Irving R....12- 5-25 p. 16
*When a Storm Struck "Buffalo Bill's" Show:* by Bacon, Irving R....12-19-25 p. 16
Building—*Building "The House of the Seven Gables":* by Hawthorne, Julian....11-28-25 p. 5
*Builds Ten-Room House Single-Handed*....12- 5-25 p. 32
*Friendly Houses—How to Build Them:* by Wood, Albert, A. I. A.... 3-13-26 p. 32
Building and Loan—*Some Building and Loan Pitfalls:* by M'Garry, William A.... 3-13-26 p. 12
Buildings of Fifty Stories—*I Read in the Papers*....10-31-25 p. 30
Bulgaria—*Tackle the Big Ones* (Edit.)....11-28-25 p. 11
Bunyan, Paul—*Who Is Paul Bunyan—Great American Myth:* by Knappen, Theodore M....11-14-25 p. 20
Burbank, Luther—*Burbank—"Infidel"* (Edit.).... 2-13-26 p. 11
Bureau of Internal Revenue, Investigating the—*Government Loses Tax Millions:* by Brewer, Charles B.... 3-20-26 p. 3
Bureau of Standards, Washington, D. C.—*On Weighing the Earth:* by Winters, S. R.... 3- 6-26 p. 30
Bureaus—*State Tourist Bureaus*....11-14-25 p. 26
*Burglary and the Bible* (Edit.).... 2- 6-26 p. 10
Burkett, J.—*"Who Is Governor of Texas?"* by Bentley, Max.... 2-27-26 p. 3
Burma—*On the Road to Mandalay:* by Barton, Wm. E.... 1-23-26 p. 5
*"Burned Spuds"—How It Happened:* by Rubinow, S. G.... 2- 6-26 p. 14
Burns, Robert—*Chats With Office Callers*.... 2-20-26 p. 8
*How Scotland Nearly Lost Burns*....12- 5-25 p. 8
Burr, Aaron—*Merry Richmond, Rich in Romance:* by Whiting, May B.... 4-17-26 p. 2
Burroughs, John—*Chats With Office Callers*.... 4- 3-26 p. 21
Burroughs, Stephen—*Romantic Rascals: Stephen Burroughs:* by Finger, Chas. J.... 1-30-26 p. 16
*Bus Lines vs. Street Cars* (Edit.).... 3- 6-26 p. 10
Bush Master Snake (Illus.)—*Removing Death From the Sting:* by MacDonald, Paul.... 1-16-26 p. 2
Business—*A Preacher on Business*....12- 5-25 p. 28
Business and Stock Markets—*Mr. Ford's Page*.... 1- 9-26 p. 9
*Stocks vs. Business* (Edit.).... 3-27-26 p. 10
*Business End of Mormonism, The:* by Stratton, George Frederic.... 3-27-26 p. 25
Business Mergers—*I Read in the Papers*.... 2-27-26 p. 19
Business Names Act—*I Read in the Papers*....11-14-25 p. 32
Business Prospects for 1926—*Opening the Book on 1926:* by Crowther, Samuel.... 1- 2-26 p. 3
Business, Worth of Money in—*Exaggerating the Power of Money in Its Relation to Business:* by Crowther, Samuel.... 1-23-26 p. 3
Butler, General—*General Butler Quits* (Edit.)....12-12-25 p. 10
"Buy-Back" Scheme—*Home Crafts for Idle Hands:* by Ulm, A. H.... 2-27-26 p. 5
Bynner, Witter—*Literary Fakers and Their Fakes:* by Finger, Chas. J.... 4-17-26 p. 12
Byrn Mawr and Smoking—*I Read in the Papers*....12-26-25 p. 18


## C


Cabinet—*How the Coolidge Cabinet Functions:* by Johns, E. B.... 2-27-26 p. 8
Cabinet Appointments—*The President and Mr. Coolidge:* by Howe, Samuel....12-26-25 p. 4
Cable Communication Between Alaska and Seattle—*Hitching Up to Alaska*....10-24-25 p. 6
"Cadaver" Story—*Failure* (Edit.)....12-19-25 p. 10
Cadman, S. Parkes, D. D.—*Consistency* (Edit.)....12- 5-25 p. 10
*I Read in the Papers*.... 1-30-26 p. 27
Caillaux, Joseph J.—*Chats With Office Callers*.... 1-30-26 p. 15
Cairo, Egypt—*Oldest Manuscript of the Bible:* by Sanders, Henry A....10-31-25 p. 26
*The Ways of the Egyptians:* by Worrell, William H.... 3-27-26 p. 20
California—*I Read in the Papers*.... 3-20-26 p. 24
*The Longest Paved Street in the World:* by Morgan, Robert.... 1- 2-26 p. 31
California—Gold Rush of 1848-49—*Tragedy of the Gold Rushes:* by Nash, J. V....12-26-25 p. 12
California, History of—*They Thought California Was an Island:* by Karpinski, Louis C.... 1-30-26 p. 24
Camels—*Jefferson Davis Brought Camels to the United States*....12-26-25 p. 19

Camp Nichols—Attempt to Blow Up U. S. Army Airplanes—*Bolshevism in the Philippines:* by Freeman, C. F. 2-13-26 p. 6
Campaign Against Lynching—*North Carolina Crushes Mob Rule:* by Richardson, Wm. H. 3-27-26 p. 7
Campbell, Lorne—*A New Great Lake to Save Lakes:* by Laut, Wallace J. 10-24-25 p. 15
Canada—*Americans in Canada* (Edit.) 10-31-25 p. 11
*I Read in the Papers* 11-21-25 p. 18
*I Read in the Papers* 1-16-26 p. 29
Canada and Rum-Runners—*Whose Ox Is Gored* (Edit.) 3-20-26 p. 10
Canada, Communism in—*I Read in the Papers* 2-20-26 p. 28
Canada, Invasion by French Troops—*Washington's Loyalty* 2-20-26 p. 2
Canada to Mexico, Route From—*The Longest Paved Street in the World:* by Morgan, Robt. 1- 2-26 p. 31
Canada, Tourist Travel in—*I Read in the Papers* 2- 6-26 p. 24
Canadian Arctic Expedition—*Rescuing the Survivors From Wrangel Island:* by McConnell, Burt M. 3- 6-26 p. 22
Canadian House of Parliament—*In the Gallery of the Canadian House:* by Chicanot, E. L. 12-26-25 p. 23
*Canal—see Cape Cod Canal*
*Canberra—Australia's National Capital* 12-26-25 p. 15
Cancellation of War Debts—*Are We a Shylock Nation?* by M'Connell, Burt M. 1- 9-26 p. 3
*A Shylock Nation? Here Are the Facts:* by M'Connell, Burt M. 1-16-26 p. 12
*Who Pays the Piper?* (Edit.) 4-17-26 p. 11
Cancer—*Leacock Sorrows* (Edit.) 2-20-26 p. 11
Candle Clock (Illus.)—*Keeping Tab on Father Time: History of Some Queer Clocks:* by Colman, Edna M. 1- 2-26 p. 24
*Candlelight and Immortality* (Edit.) 2-13-26 p. 10
Canes—*Introducing Ye Olde Walking Stick:* by Wolff, Walter M. 10-24-25 p. 8
Cape—*A Million-Dollar Cape* 2- 6-26 p. 31
Cape Cod Canal—*I Read in the Papers* 3- 6-26 p. 15
Capital of Australia—*Canberra—Australia's National Capital* 12-26-25 p. 15
Capitol, Washington, D. C.—*He Guides People Through the Capitol* 2-27-26 p. 16
Captain Kidd's Gold—*Is Astor Fortune Founded on Captain Kidd's Gold?* by Dunn, H. H. 3-20-26 p. 8
Carey's American Atlas—*Putting Muscle Shoals on the Map:* by Karpinski, Louis C. 10-24-25 p. 28
Carlyle, Thomas—*Great Writers Who Have Failed as Novelists* 4-10-26 p. 22
Carn Brea Castle (Illus.)—*Among the Byways of Old Cornwall:* by Tangye, Hebert 11- 7-25 p. 31
Carol Singing—*Christmas Carols:* by Kennedy, Hugh A. Studdert 12-12-25 p. 28
Carpenter, Roscoe—*Is a Movie Renaissance Possible?* by Pinci, A. R. 3-20-26 p. 5
Carpets—*Hooked Rugs Have Come Back to Stay:* by Bowles, Ella Shannon 12-19-25 p. 12
Carrel, Dr. Alexis—*Things That Doctors Do Not Know:* by Carrel, Dr. Alexis 3-27-26 p. 14
Carroll, Charles (Illus.)—*The "Signers"—of Maryland:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz 11- 7-25 p. 20
Carter, Amon G.—*"Who Is Governor of Texas?"* by Bentley, Max 2-27-26 p. 3
Cartier, Jacques—*Is Astor Fortune Founded on Captain Kidd's Gold?* by Dunn, Harry H. 3-20-26 p. 8
Carton, Sydney—*Great Figures in Fiction:* by Smith, Lewis Worthington 12- 5-25 p. 25
Cartoons—*How Cartoons Are Made:* by Masson, Thomas L. 11-14-25 p. 16
Carving Wood Blocks—*Wood Blocks as Story-Telling Medium:* by Boeckmann, Henriette 11-28-25 p. 20
Cascade, The, Yellow Springs, Ohio (Illus.)—*Seventy-Five Years of an Ideal—Antioch College:* by Lewis, Eleanor 11-28-25 p. 2
Cassidy, Monsignor and Prohibition—*I Read in the Papers* 4-17-26 p. 26
Castles in Old Cornwall—*Among the Byways of Old Cornwall:* by Tangye, Hebert 11- 7-25 p. 31
Caterpillar-Eating Beetle (Illus.)—*The Parasite Hunters:* by Du Puy, Wm. Atherton 11-14-25 p. 6
Catholic Encyclopedia—*The Open Segment:* by Best, Nolan R. 11- 7-25 p. 14
Cave of the Barma-Grande, Near Mentone, France—*A Dinosaur Breaks Into History:* by Hubbard, Samuel 4-17-26 p. 14
Cemetery—*Copp's Hill, Where Heroes Rest:* by Whiting, May B. 11-21-25 p. 8
Censorship of Motion Pictures, New York—*Chats With Office Callers* 11-21-25 p. 12
Central Bank of Chile—*The World Has Been Reorganized* 2- 6-26 p. 15
"Century Magazine"—*The Magic in an Old Book-Shop:* by Savage, Courtenay 11-28-25 p. 24
Ceramics—*Wedgewood, the Master Potter, and His Work:* by Northend, Mary Harrod 1-30-26 p. 12
Ceuta, Spain—*From Spain to Morocco:* by Pritchett, V. S. 11- 7-25 p. 2
Chain Stores—*Every Useful Business Survives* (Edit.) 1- 2-26 p. 11
Chaldea—*I Read in the Papers* 2-20-26 p. 28
Chamberlain, Sir Austen—*A Sudden Squall* (Edit.) 4-17-26 p. 10
*"Champion of England, The"* 11-14-25 p. 12
Chapman, Gerald (Illus.)—*The World Tells Its Tale of 1925: A Backward Look;* by Pence, Harry 1- 2-26 p. 12
Character Reading of People—*Sorting Out People:* by Croy, Homer 11-28-25 p. 4
Charcot, Doctor—*Psychology and Sex: How Far Does the Mind Affect the Body?* by Laird, Donald A., Ph. D. 10-31-25 p. 7
Charity—*The Fallacies of Philanthropy:* by Perry, Armstrong 4- 3-26 p. 6
Charles II—*Majesty and Muddle* 11-21-25 p. 28
Chase, Samuel L. (Illus.)—*The "Signers"—of Maryland:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz 11- 7-25 p. 20
Cherapunji, India—*The Dampest Spot* 2- 6-26 p. 30
Chesapeake Bay—*Where American History Was Made:* by Poole, W. C. 10-24-25 p. 31
Chester, England—*A Bit of History* (Edit.) 3- 6-26 p. 10
Chesterton, Gilbert K.—*I Read in the Papers* 3-27-26 p. 24
Chicago—*Chicago Will Act* (Edit.) 3-27-26 p. 10
*Other Worlds Than Ours:* by Nash, J. V. 12- 5-25 p. 30
*"Red" Russia Sets Stage for "Black Revolution":* by M'Connell, Burt M. 1-23-26 p. 8
Chicago Historical Museum—*First Families of Chicago:* by Gray, Margaret 1-23-26 p. 14
Child Control Amendment—*Are the Women at Work?* (Edit.) 10-24-25 p. 11
Child Labor Amendment—*The Radical Trail in Welfare Laws:* by Clark, Marian Bruce 3- 6-26 p. 6
*A Sound Conviction* (Edit.) 11-21-25 p. 11
*Child Poet, The* (Edit.) 12- 5-25 p. 10
Child Welfare—*The Radical Trail in Welfare Laws:* by Clark, Marian Bruce 3- 6-26 p. 6
Children—*Should the Poor Have Children?* (Edit.) 12- 5-25 p. 10
*War Makes Stunted Children:* by Jenks, Albert Ernest 3- 6-26 p. 28
Children of Other Lands (Illus.)—*Happy Childhood—the World O'er* 2-13-26 p. 33
*"Little Mothers" of Different Nations* 3-27-26 p. 33
*With Children—Around the World* 2-27-26 p. 33
Chile—*What Will It Cost?* (Edit.) 1- 2-26 p. 11
*The World Has Been Reorganized* 2- 6-26 p. 15
*Chimney Corner Books:* by Atkins, Gaius Glenn 11-28-25 p. 13
China—*Adventures in Plant Hunting:* by Farrington, E. I. 3-27-26 p. 30
*The Birds Sing, But Girls "Yawl":* by Cramer, Mrs. L. M. 10-31-25 p. 12
*Chats With Office Callers* 11-21-25 p. 12
*Chats With Office Callers* 2- 6-26 p. 18
*The Dogwood Tree* 12- 5-25 p. 23
*Is There Such a Thing as a Yellow Race?* by Sloan, John 12-26-25 p. 5
*Mingling Modern With Ancient in China* 12-26-25 p. 8
*Mount Taishan, Oldest Worshiping Place on Earth:* by Wilkie, Cameron 3-27-26 p. 21
*What It Costs the Chinese to Worship Their Ancestors:* by Lowdermilk, Inez Marks 4-10-26 p. 16
*Wisdom of Kublai Khan* 11-28-25 p. 12
China Figures—*Quaint China Figures on Cottage Mantels:* by Northend, Mary Harrod 1-23-26 p. 16
Chinese Changing Names—*I Read in the Papers* 12-12-25 p. 29
Chinese Musical Instruments—*Most Ancient Musical Instruments on Record:* by Dewey, Annette Barrett 3-27-26 p. 28
Chinese Soldier—*Gain, Not Glory, Guides Chinese Soldier:* by Lowdermilk, Inez Marks 1-16-26 p. 5
Christ Church, Boston (Illus.)—*Copp's Hill, Where Heroes Rest:* by Whiting, May B. 11-21-25 p. 8
"Christian Century"—*Not Christian Any More* (Edit.) 11-28-25 p. 10
Christian Comedians—*Clean Humor Draws the Crowds* (Edit.) 3-20-26 p. 10
"Christian Socialist Fellowship"—*American Pulpit Captured by Radicals:* by Robinson, Margaret C. 1- 9-26 p. 6
Christmas—*Christmas* 12-19-25 p. 2
*Christmas, 1925* (Edit.) 12-12-25 p. 10
*Christmas With the Pennsylvania Dutch* 12-12-25 p. 15
*Do You Remember Christmas on the Farm?* by Croy, Homer 12-12-25 p. 25
*He Plays Santa Claus the Whole Year Round* 12-12-25 p. 22
*How Christmas Is Kept in Every Land:* by Wyndham, Horace 12-12-25 p. 30
*The Seven Poor Travellers:* by Dickens, Charles 12-12-25 p. 4
*The Story of the First Christmas* 12-12-25 p. 8
*The Yule Log* 12-12-25 p. 23
*Christmas Carols:* by Kennedy, Hugh A. Studdert 12-12-25 p. 28
Christmas Poem—*A Visit From St. Nicholas* 12-12-25 p. 33

Christmas Shopping—*Is It Christmas or Xmas to You?* by Putnam, Clara E. 12-19-25 p. 19
Church—*The World With the Church:* by MacConnell, Duncan 3- 6-26 p. 5
Church and Unethical Business Practices—*Chats With Office Callers* 1- 2-26 p. 30
Church Conference at Evanston, Illinois—*Has America a Youth Movement?* by Stidger, Wm. L. 2- 6-26 p. 5
Church Membership in Samoa—*Going to Church in Samoa* 11-28-25 p. 7
Church of the Madeleine, in Paris (Illus.)—*Passion Week in Paris, 1918:* by Stidger, Wm. L. 3-27-26 p. 4
Church, Propaganda Through the—*Went to Church—This Is What He Heard* 1- 2-26 p. 19
"Church Socialist League"—*American Pulpit Captured by Radicals:* by Robinson, Margaret C. 1- 9-26 p. 6
Church, Socialistic Ideas—*Will the Church See It?* (Edit.) 10-31-25 p. 10
Churchill, Winston—*I Read in the Papers* 2-20-26 p. 28
*Who Pays the Piper?* (Edit.) 4-17-26 p. 11
Cigarets—*Ads for Cigarets* (Edit.) 11-14-25 p. 11
Cincinnati, Ohio—*The Opening of a New Field* (Edit.) 1- 2-26 p. 11
Circus—*On the Road With "Buffalo Bill":* by Bacon, Irving R. 12- 5-25 p. 16
*When a Storm Struck "Buffalo Bill's" Show:* by Bacon, Irving R. 12-19-25 p. 16
Citizens! Retake Your City! (Edit.) 10-31-25 p. 10
Citizenship—*Cut-Rate Citizenship Is Too Cheap:* by Sibley, Frank P. 2-20-26 p. 3
*Peddling U. S. Citizenship Rights:* by Clark, Marian Bruce 1-16-26 p. 3
*Shall Aliens Be Registered? Davis Says "Yes":* by Davis, James J. 2-13-26 p. 4
City Government—*Twenty-One Year Tale of Cities:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy 1-30-26 p. 3
City Manager of Cincinnati—*The Opening of a New Field* (Edit.) 1- 2-26 p. 11
Civil Engineering—*Railroads Grow Where Only Echoes Sprouted Before:* by Christian, C. F. 11- 7-25 p. 12
Civil War—*The Last Battlefield of the Civil War:* by Creech, F. Hunter 10-31-25 p. 29
Civil War "Greenbacks"—*This Country Has Money to Burn:* by Du Puy, William Atherton 11-21-25 p. 15
Civil War—*Loans Lent to Southern States by Great Britain—A Bit of History* (Edit.) 3- 6-26 p. 10
Claflin, John—*Exaggerating the Power of Money in Its Relation to Business:* by Crowther Samuel 1-23-26 p. 3
Clark, Abraham (Illus.)—*The Signers—56 of '76: New Jersey's Quintet of Persecuted Patriots:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz 1-30-26 p. 28
Clark, Champ (Illus.)—*How Large Should Congress Be?* by Wilson, Otto 11- 7-25 p. 3
*Clean Humor Draws the Crowds* (Edit.) 3-20-26 p. 10
*Cleansing the Screen in New York State:* by Chase, William Sheafe 1- 9-26 p. 13
Clemenceau, Georges—*Wilson's First Night in Paris:* by Thompson, Huston 3-27-26 p. 2
Clepsydra (Illus.)—*Keeping Tab on Father Time: History of Some Queer Clocks:* by Colman, Edna M. 1- 2-26 p. 24
Clergy and Radicalism—*American Pulpit Captured by Radicals:* by Robinson, Margaret C. 1- 9-26 p. 6
Clergymen Wear Black—*"Why and Because"* 2-13-26 p. 18
Cliff House at San Francisco (Illus.)—*When Cliff House Went Really Dry:* by Dunn, Harry H. 4-17-26 p. 23
Clocks, History of Ancient—*Keeping Tab on Father Time: History of Some Queer Clocks:* by Colman, Edna M. 1- 2-26 p 24
Coal—*Is Coal Passing Out as a Fuel?* by M'Garry, Wm. A. 10-24-25 p. 3
Coal Strike—*Maybe You Have Never Thought of This* (Edit.) 11-14-25 p. 10
*Strike's Over!—What of It?* (Edit.) 3- 6-26 p. 11
"Coast Defense"—*Aviation From the Navy's Viewpoint: "The Navy Believes That Naval Aircraft Are Essential in Protecting Commerce":* by Pye, Capt. W. S., U. S. N. 2-20-26 p. 24
Cobb, Irvin S.—*Ads for Cigarets* (Edit.) 11-14-25 p. 11
Cobleskill, New York—*Prohibition Can Be Enforced: Ask the People of Schoharie County* 3-27-26 p. 19
Cobra Snake (Illus.)—*Removing Death From the Sting:* by MacDonald, Paul 1-16-26 p. 2
Cochran, Bourke—*At Later Conventions With Bryan:* by Schermerhorn, James 3-13-26 p. 14
Coconut Tree—*Uses of the Coconut* 10-31-25 p. 25
Cody, Colonel—*On the Road With "Buffalo Bill":* by Bacon, Irving R. 12- 5-25 p. 16
*When a Storm Struck "Buffalo Bill's" Show:* by Bacon, Irving R. 12-19-25 p. 16
Coffee—*Is America a Nation of Coffee-Bibbers?* by De Young, Dirk P. 4-10-26 p. 19
Colds, Treatment of—*Chats With Office Callers* 4-17-26 p. 21
*I Read in the Papers* 10-31-25 p. 30
Collectors of Ancient Treasures—*Unburied Treasure: There Are Stores of Gold and Silver in Dusty Attics and Auction Rooms of Which Captain Kidd Never Dreamed:* by Muller, Chas. G. 1- 9-26 p. 8
*College—see Antioch College*
College, Agricultural—*A Modern Mississippi College* 4-17-26 p. 20
College Education and Success—*What to Do to Make Life Worth While:* by Benson, Allan L. 4-17-26 p. 16
College Graduates for Sunday School Teaching—*The World With the Church:* by MacConnell, Duncan 3- 6-26 p. 5
*College Humor* (Edit.) 11-14-25 p. 10
College Men and Tobacco—*How Smoking Affects College Men* 11- 7-25 p. 8
Colleges, American—*A Professor Says It* (Edit.) 12-19-25 p. 11
Collett, Glenna (Illus.)—*Golf—Can You Pick the Champions?* by MacDonald, Paul 4-10-26 p. 12
Collins, Dr. Joseph (Illus.)—*Dr. Joseph Collins Tells What He Thinks of Sigmund Freud—the Man and His Methods* 1- 2-26 p. 4
*Dr. Joseph Collins Looks at Freud's Psychoanalysis, It's "Dreams," "Complexes" and "Sex Symbols"* 1- 9-26 p. 4
*Dr. Joseph Collins Gives "My Definition of a Freudian"* 1-16-26 p. 7
Collins, Floyd (Illus.)—*The World Tells Its Tale of 1925: A Backward Look:* by Pence, Harry 1- 2-26 p. 12
Colombia—*Pita Floja Fiber Plants* 11-14-25 p. 12
Colorado—*The Mount of the Holy Cross* 2-27-26 p. 32
*Colorful Wall Papers of Olden Days:* by Northend, Mary Harrod 12- 5-25 p. 12
*Colossus of Rhodes—A New Aspect:* by Hobart, Richard L. 1-16-26 p. 8
Columbus, Christopher—*I Read in the Papers* 10-31-25 p. 30
Columbus, Ferdinand—*Why and How It Is "America":* by Karpinski, Louis C. 11-14-25 p. 14
*"Come Back" of Artist Bridwell, The:* by Pence, Harry 1-16-26 p. 28
*"Commence, Don't Begin"* 3-27-26 p. 27
Comments on George H. Brownell's Articles on Farming—*What Do Our Farmers Think of Agriculture? Mr. Brownell's Articles Are Analyzed by Readers* 3-27-26 p. 12
Commercial Quarrying—*I Read in the Papers* 12- 5-25 p. 24
"Committee on American Citizenship"—*I Read in the Papers* 2-27-26 p. 19
Common Sense as a Business Guide—*Mr. Ford's Page* 12-19-25 p. 9
Communicating With Alaska—*Hitching Up to Alaska* 10-24-25 p. 6
Communism—*American Pulpit Captured by Radicals:* by Robinson, Margaret C. 1- 9-26 p. 6
*Chats With Office Callers* 12- 5-25 p. 20
*I Read in the Papers* 2-20-26 p. 28
*I Read in the Papers* 2-27-26 p. 19
Communism, Negroes Converted to —*"Red" Russia Sets Stage for "Black Revolution":* by M'Connell, Burt M. 1-23-26 p. 8
Communists of London—*I Read in the Papers* 1-16-26 p. 29
*Comparing Tax Burdens in Leading Countries: Senator Reed Smoot's Statement on Taxes* 10-31-25 p. 6
*Compass—see Earth Inductor Compass*
Competition—*Mr. Ford's Page* 11-14-25 p. 9
Composite Dollar of Gold and Silver Alloy—*Fooling With Our Money* (Edit.) 11- 7-25 p. 11
Concerns Engaged in Redrying Tobacco For Tobacco Growers' Association—*Sapiro Officials Run a Sideline* 2-27-26 p. 13
Concord, Massachusetts—*Ralph Waldo Emerson—His Supreme Service:* by Atkins, Gaius Glenn 10-24-25 p. 2
Condiments—*I Read in the Papers* 11-21-25 p. 18
Conductor of Queen's Hall Orchestra, London—*"American Audiences Are Fine," Says Sir Henry Wood, Famous Conductor of Queen's Hall Orchestra of London, England:* by Shore, W. Teignmouth 2-27-26 p. 15
*Conference—see Disarmament Conference*
Conference at Evanston, Illinois—*Has America a Youth Movement?* by Stidger, Wm. L. 2- 6-26 p. 5
"Confessions of a Reformer"—*Chats With Office Callers* 3-27-26 p. 32
*Confiscated—Mussolini* (Edit.) 4- 3-26 p. 11
Congress—*How Large Should Congress Be?* by Wilson, Otto 11- 7-25 p. 3
*A Word to Congress* (Edit.) 1-23-26 p. 10
Congress—Accused of Acting as Divorce Court—*Never Separated a Single Family:* by Watson, Kenneth 4-10-26 p. 5
Congress, Women in—*Does the Office Belong to the Widow?* by Pence, Harry 11- 7-25 p. 5

Congressional Committee, Disclosures Made by—*Government Loses Tax Millions:* by Brewer, Charles B. 3-20-26 p. 3
*Congressman Martin B. Madden's Statement on Taxes* 11- 7-25 p. 8
Connecticut and Motion Picture Censorship—*Chats With Office Callers* 11-21-25 p. 12
*How Connecticut Handled the Movies* 1-16-26 p. 14
Connecticut Clockmaker—*Sam Slick's Journeys Through Nova Scotia* 10-24-25 p. 16
*"Conscience Money" and the Indemnity Bond* 3-27-26 p. 18
Conservatism and Radicalism Are Enemies of Progress—*Mr. Ford's Page* 3-27-26 p. 9
*Consistency* (Edit.) 12- 5-25 p. 10
*Consolidated Stock Exchange—Finis?* by Pinci, A. R. 3-27-26 p. 6
Consumer and the Workman—*Where Only Three Per Cent Would Benefit:* by M'Connell, Burt M. 1- 2-26 p. 8
Consumers' Strike—*Is Coal Passing Out as a Fuel?* by M'Garry, Wm. A. 10-24-25 p. 3
Contract-Labor Laws—*Never Separated a Single Family:* by Watson, Kenneth 4-10-26 p. 5
Control of Motion Picture Industry—*The Government Accuses the Movies* 2-20-26 p. 4
Convention of 1912—*At Later Conventions With Bryan:* by Schermerhorn, James 3-13-26 p. 14
Cook, Dr. Frederick A.—*Peary, Cook and Questions* (Edit.) 2-13-26 p. 10
Coolidge and the Jews—*I Read in the Papers* 4-17-26 p. 26
Coolidge Cabinet—*How the Coolidge Cabinet Functions:* by Johns, E. B. 2-27-26 p. 8
Coolidge, President—*Ask the People, Mr. President* (Edit.) 1-16-26 p. 10
*Chats With Office Callers* 12- 5-25 p. 20
*Chats With Office Callers* 12-12-25 p. 20
*The Farmers Don't Like It* (Edit.) 1- 9-26 p. 11
*House, Then Baruch* (Edit.) 1-30-26 p. 11
*I Read in the Papers* 10-24-25 p. 25
*Legislating in Secret Session:* by Johns, E. B. 4- 3-26 p. 3
*No Opinion on World Court* (Edit.) 12-26-25 p. 10
*Overflowing Streams of Federal Taxes:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy 10-24-25 p. 7
*The President and Mr. Coolidge:* by Howe, Samuel 12-26-25 p. 4
*The President Is "Dry"* (Edit.) 12-26-25 p. 11
*The President Sees and Speaks!* (Edit.) 4-10-26 p. 10
*The President Speaks—or Echoes?* (Edit.) 3-13-26 p. 10
*Results Nil, So Far* (Edit.) 10-31-25 p. 10
*Sad Tale of a United States Report* 1-23-26 p. 15
*Should America Join World's Court?* by Newman, O. P. 12-19-25 p. 5
*Sounding the "Alert"* (Edit.) 1-16-26 p. 11
*A Sudden Squall* (Edit.) 4-17-26 p. 10
*Toleration* (Edit.) 11- 7-25 p. 11
*When President Coolidge Talked Against His Will:* by Priestley, Bernard G. 3- 6-26 p. 7
*Why Is America Invited to Disarm?* by Johns, E. B. 3-13-26 p. 4
*The World Tells Its Tale of 1925: A Backward Look:* by Pence, Harry 1- 2-26 p. 12
*Cooperation Saves Workers From Death:* by Morgan, Robert 4-17-26 p. 29
Cooperative Marketing—*"Burned Spuds"—How It Happened:* by Rubinow, S. G. 2- 6-26 p. 14
*Chats With Office Callers* 2- 6-26 p. 18
*Sapiro Officials Run a Sideline* 2-27-26 p. 13
*Why Sapiro's Co-Ops Had Trouble: The United States Found It Was Not the Reason Which Sapiro Gave* 2-20-26 p. 14
Coots—*King of the Wild Rice Beds:* by Hough, Donald 10-24-25 p. 12
Copperhead Snake (Illus.)—*Removing Death From the Sting:* by MacDonald, Paul 1-16-26 p. 2
*Copp's Hill, Where Heroes Rest:* by Whiting, May B. 11-21-25 p. 8
Coral Snake (Illus.)—*Removing Death From the Sting:* by MacDonald, Paul 1-16-26 p. 2
Corbett, James J. (Illus.)—*The Box That Became a Throne:* by Kilby, Quincy 1- 2-26 p. 2
Cornell, Rev. B. T.—*Burglary and the Bible* (Edit.) 2- 6-26 p. 10
Cornwall—*Among the Byways of Old Cornwall:* by Tangye, Hebert 11- 7-25 p. 31
Cost of Funerals in China—*What It Costs the Chinese to Worship Their Ancestors:* by Lowdermilk, Inez Marks 4-10-26 p. 16
Cost of Municipal Government—*Twenty-One Year Tale of Cities:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy 1-30-26 p. 3
Cottage Ornaments—*Quaint China Figures on Cottage Mantels:* by Northend, Mary Harrod 1-23-26 p. 16
Countess of Cathcart—*Blather* (Edit.) 3-20-26 p. 11
*Who Is the "Laughing Stock" Now?* (Edit.) 4- 3-26 p. 10
Couzens, Senator James—*The Couzens Investigation* (Edit.) 2-27-26 p. 11
*Wise Statesmen?* (Edit.) 2-27-26 p. 11
Covenant of the League of Nations—*The World Court?* (Edit.) 1- 9-26 p. 10
Cowl, Jane—*I Read in the Papers* 2-27-26 p. 19
Coxey, General—*Chats With Office Callers* 2-27-26 p. 12
Crane, Stephen—*Literary Memories: Writers and Publishers of Yesterday:* by Masson, Thomas L. 12-26-25 p. 16
Creation and Distribution of Wealth—*Mr. Ford's Page* 12- 5-25 p. 9
Credit—*Chats With Office Callers* 3-20-26 p. 19
*Cricket in Samoa* 12-19-25 p. 23
Crime—*"Aids to Innocence"* (Edit.) 2-13-26 p. 10
*Chicago Will Act* (Edit.) 3-27-26 p. 10
*Crime Five-to-One Foreign* (Edit.) 4-17-26 p. 10
*A Crime Report* (Edit.) 10-24-25 p. 11
*General Butler Quits* (Edit.) 12-12-25 p. 10
Crime in America—*Who Are "We"?* (Edit.) 1-23-26 p. 10
Criminals—*Pensions for Criminals* (Edit.) 4-10-26 p. 11
Criminals, Foreigners or Americans—*Note the Names of Our Criminals:* by Benson, Allan L. 10-31-25 p. 3
Criminals, Releasing—*Why Let Them Out?* (Edit.) 3-20-26 p. 11
Criminals, Uncertainty of Punishment—*Chats With Office Callers* 2-20-26 p. 8
Crooks—*Robbing the Public by Post:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy 11-14-25 p. 7
Crooks and Home Craft Industry—*Home Crafts for Idle Hands:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy 2-27-26 p. 5
Crops Saved by Insects—*The Parasite Hunters:* by Du Puy, William Atherton 11-14-25 p. 6
Cross of the Legion of Honor—*I Read in the Papers* 1-23-26 p. 21
Cross Word Puzzles—*Puzzledom: A Brief History of Word Jugglery From the Time of Solomon:* by Miller, Joseph Dana 10-24-25 p. 20
*Crowd, The* (Edit.) 3- 6-26 p. 11
*Cruelty of Deflation* 1-30-26 p. 27
Cruelty to Animals in Making Motion Pictures—*Are the Movies Cruel to Animals?* 2-27-26 p. 28
Cuba—*Chats With Office Callers* 3- 6-26 p. 20
Cummins, Senator—*I Read in the Papers* 1-30-26 p. 27
Currency—*Chats With Office Callers* 3-13-26 p. 19
*Fooling With Our Money* (Edit.) 11- 7-25 p. 11
*This Country Has Money to Burn:* by Du Puy, Wm. Atherton 11-21-25 p. 15
Curry Bill—*Aviation From the Navy's Viewpoint: "The Use of Aircraft to Defeat the Enemy Forces on or Over the Sea Is a Naval Function," Says the Captain:* by Pye, Capt. W. S., U. S. N. 2-27-26 p. 20
Customers Impose on Merchants—*How Customers Impose on the Merchants:* by Beck, Edward J. 12- 5-25 p. 21
*Cut-Rate Citizenship Is Too Cheap:* by Sibley, Frank P. 2-20-26 p. 3
*Cutting Top Off a City Helps Traffic:* by Dunn, Harry H. 1-23-26 p. 30
Czecho-Slovakia—*Chats With Office Callers* 1-16-26 p. 27


## D


Dalles of St. Croix River—*Uncovering Millstones of the Gods:* by Holmes, Fred L. 10-24-25 p. 14
*Dampest Spot, The* 2- 6-26 p. 30
Dancing—*A Dance a Week for Beginners: The Waltz: Giving the Correct Primary Step Used in This Figure* 1-16-26 p. 32
*Further Instruction on the Waltz Step* 1-23-26 p. 28
*The Rye Waltz* 1-30-26 p. 32
*The Badger Gavotte* 2- 6-26 p. 32
*The Varsovienne* 2-13-26 p. 29
*Introducing a Square Dance; Movements Common in a Plain Quadrille* 2-20-26 p. 29
*Some Further Instruction on the Correct Movements in a Plain Quadrille* 2-27-26 p. 29
*An Old American Square Dance—the Plain Quadrille—for Four Couples* 3- 6-26 p. 31
*The Virginia Reel—a Favorite of Many Years' Standing—Also Known as the "Sir Roger de Coverly"* 3-13-26 p. 29
*Money Musk, Pop Goes the Weasel, and St. Patrick's Day in the Morning* 3-20-26 p. 28
*The Sicilian Circle* 3-27-26 p. 28
*The Ripple* 4- 3-26 p. 32
*The Lancers* 4-10-26 p. 28
*Concluding Last Three Figures of the Lancers: Lancers "Oriental"* 4-17-26 p. 32
*I Read in the Papers* 12-12-25 p. 29
*The Old American Dance* (Edit.) 12-12-25 p. 11
Darrow, Clarence—*Chats With Office Callers* 11-14-25 p. 12
*Noble Nordic Darrow* (Edit.) 1- 9-26 p. 10
Darrow-Schermerhorn Debate—*Darrow Debates Like a Wet Lamb* 1- 2-26 p. 7
*I Read in the Papers* 12-26-25 p. 18
Darwinian Theory of Evolution—*Going Too Far* (Edit.) 3-27-26 p. 10

Darwinian Theory of Evolution Opposed by Bryan—*The Last Days of William Jennings Bryan:* by Schermerhorn, James ... 3-20-26 p. 14
Davis, Dwight (Secretary of War)—*The President and Mr. Coolidge:* by Howe, Samuel ... 12-26-25 p. 4
Davis, James J. (United States Secretary of Labor) (Illus.)—*Shall Aliens Be Registered? Davis Says "Yes":* by Davis, James J. ... 2-13-26 p. 4
Davis, Jefferson—*Jefferson Davis Brought Camels to the United States* ... 12-26-25 p. 19
Dawes, Charles G.—*I Read in the Papers* ... 1-16-26 p. 29
Dawes Plan—*The World Has Been Reorganized* ... 2- 6-26 p. 15
"Day of Atonement"—*Jews Returning to Religion in Hungary* ... 1- 9-26 p. 12
Dayton Plan for Religious Education—*Giving Back the Bible to Our Children:* by Krumbine, Dr. Miles H. ... 3-20-26 p. 21
Dayton, Tennessee—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 11-14-25 p. 12
"Dearborn Independent, The"—*Growing* (Edit.) ... 11-28-25 p. 10
*What Is the Neglected Truth?* (Edit.) ... 2-27-26 p. 10
Death Taxes—*The Tax Muddle:* by Clark, Marian Bruce ... 12- 5-25 p. 5
Debate on Prohibition—*Darrow Debates Like a Wet Lamb* ... 1- 2-26 p. 7
Debt Funding Commission—*A Shylock Nation? Here Are the Facts:* by M'Connell, Burt M. ... 1-16-26 p. 12
*Debt—see French Debt Commission; War Debts*
Debts, International—*Interest* (Edit.) ... 10-24-25 p. 10
Declaration of Independence—*The "Signers"—of Maryland: Some of the Men Risked All They Had in the Cause of This Nation's Freedom:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz ... 11- 7-25 p. 20
*The Signers—56 of '76: Three From New Hampshire—Dr. Josiah Bartlett, Dr. Matthew Thornton, and William Whipple:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz ... 1-16-26 p. 24
*The Signers—56 of '76: New Jersey's Quintet of Persecuted Patriots:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz ... 1-30-26 p. 28
Deer Island—Off Coast of Maine—*Is Astor Fortune Founded on Captain Kidd's Gold?* by Dunn, Harry H. ... 3-20-26 p. 8
Deer Mouse (Illus.)—*The Killers' Struggle to Exist:* by Aaron, S. F. ... 4- 3-26 p. 2
Defense Controversy—*I Read in the Papers* ... 10-24-25 p. 25
*Results—Nil, So Far* (Edit.) ... 10-31-25 p. 10
Defense Fund for Criminals—*"Aids to Innocence"* (Edit.) ... 2-13-26 p. 10
Deflation—*The Cruelty of Deflation* ... 1-30-26 p. 27
De Haros—Commercial House That Aided Magellan—*The Voyage of the "Victoria": Light on the Dark Ages:* by Finger, Chas. J. ... 4- 3-26 p. 16
Delhi, India—*Ram Narayan, Dreamer of Delhi:* by Reuterdahl, Arvid ... 1-23-26 p. 22
Delinquency—*Women's Cases Before the Jury:* by O'Hara, Philip N. ... 12-19-25 p. 8
"Dellwood" in Resurrection Bay, Alaska (Illus.)—*Hitching Up to Alaska* ... 10-24-25 p. 6
*Democracy Not for All Races* ... 12-26-25 p. 7
Democratic Party—*The Plight of the Parties* (Edit.) ... 11-21-25 p. 10
Dempsey, Wm. Harrison—*"How They Get That Way":* by MacDonald, Paul ... 1-23-26 p. 12
Denmark—*Thanksgiving Among Other Nations* ... 11-21-25 p. 26
Department of Justice—*Sad Tale of a United States Report* ... 1-23-26 p. 15
Depew, Chauncey—*Reach Out for New Interests:* by Bayley, Mary E. ... 3-20-26 p. 12
"Desire Under the Elms"—*I Read in the Papers* ... 12-26-25 p. 18
Detroit—*Citizens! Retake Your City!* (Edit.) ... 10-31-25 p. 10
De Vivonne, Catherine—*Pioneer of the Salon* ... 11-14-25 p. 3
Dewey, George—*Points of Progress in Dewey's Life* 12-12-25 p. 22
Dickens, Charles—*Great Figures in Fiction: Sydney Carton:* by Smith, Lewis Worthington ... 12- 5-25 p. 25
*The Seven Poor Travellers:* by Dickens, Charles ... 12-12-25 p. 4
Dickstein Bill—*I Read in the Papers* ... 3- 6-26 p. 15
Dietetic Anarchist—*The Joys of Eating What We Like:* by Masson, Thomas L. ... 2-13-26 p. 16
Dillon, Read and Company, New York—*The World Has Been Reorganized* ... 2- 6-26 p. 15
*Dinosaur Breaks Into History, A:* by Hubbard, Samuel ... 4-17-26 p. 14
Diplomats—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 1-16-26 p. 27
Director of the Budget—*Legislating in Secret Session:* by Johns, E. B. ... 4- 3-26 p. 3
Disarmament Conference—*Never Lost a War But Never Won a Conference:* by Johns, E. B. ... 3- 6-26 p. 3
*We Are Disarmed* (Edit.) ... 2-20-26 p. 11
*Why Is America Invited to Disarm?* by Johns, E. B. ... 3-13-26 p. 4
Disease Germs—*Life and Death Act on the Screen:* by Dunn, Harry H. ... 4-10-26 p. 7
Dish-Breaking—*Uncle Sam Smashes Dishes to Study Them:* by Dacy, George H. ... 4- 3- 26 p.20
"Disintegration of the American Family"—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 2-27-26 p. 12
Distribution of Wealth—*Mr. Ford's Page* ... 12- 5-25 p. 9
District of Columbia Mothers' Pension Bill—*The Radical Trail in Welfare Laws:* by Clark, Marian Bruce ... 3- 6-26 p. 6
Ditmars, R. L.—*Removing Death From the Sting:* by MacDonald, Paul ... 1-16-26 p. 2
Dix River, Kentucky—*Where Are the Americans? Down South?* by Barnet, Harry E. ... 12-19-25 p. 20
'Dixie"—Written Sixty-Seven Years Ago—*I Read in the Papers* ... 4-10-26 p. 25
Doctors—*Doctor Joseph Collins Tells What He Thinks of Sigmund Freud: The Man and His Methods* ... 1- 2-26 p. 4
*Medical Quacks of Other Days* ... 2- 6-26 p. 27
*Should Doctors Speak?* (Edit.) ... 2-13-26 p. 11
*Things That Doctors Do Not Know:* by Carrel, Dr. Alexis ... 3-27-26 p. 14
*Dogwood Tree, The* ... 12- 5-25 p. 23
Dole System—*England as an Englishman Sees It:* by Cazalet, V. A., M. P. ... 1- 9-26 p. 22
Dollar—*Fooling With Our Money* (Edit.) ... 11- 7-25 p. 11
*Dollville's Annual Show:* by Davis, M. Norris ... 11-21-25 p. 21
Domestic Laws, Enforcement of—*I Read in the Papers* ... 11- 7-25 p. 29
Douglas, David—*Adventures in Plant Hunting:* by Farrington, E. I. ... 3-27-26 p. 30
Douglass, Dr. H. Paul—*I Read in the Papers* ... 2- 6-26 p. 24
Dove Trees—*Adventures in Plant Hunting:* by Farrington, E. I. ... 3-27-26 p. 30
*The Dogwood Tree* ... 12- 5-25 p. 23
Drama, Disappearance of—*I Read in the Papers* ... 2-27-26 p. 19
*Drama of Our Youth, The:* by Vose, Caroline Eliza ... 4-17-26 p. 8
"Dream Problem, The"—*Ram Narayan, Dreamer of Delhi:* by Reuterdahl, Arvid ... 1-23-26 p. 22
Dress Reform—*I Read in the Papers* ... 1-16-26 p. 29
*Driving the English Language Out of the Philippines:* by Barton, William E. ... 11-21-25 p. 7
Drum Tower of Nanking, China (*Illus.*)—Mingling Modern With Ancient in China ... 12-26-25 p. 8
Du Bois, Coert—*Letting in the Alien Flood—Why?* by Watson, Kenneth ... 4-17-26 p. 3
Ducks—*King of the Wild Rice Beds:* by Hough, Donald ... 10-24-25 p. 12
*Whistling Wings: Being the Life Story of Bronzehead and His Feathered Brood:* by Gilbert, James Clyde ... 3-1?-26 p. 16
Dukas, Julius J.—*I Read in the Papers* ... 3-20-26 p. 24
Durban, S. Africa—*I Read in the Papers* ... 2-20-26 p. 28
Durer, Albert—*Wood Blocks as Story-Telling Medium:* by Boeckmann, H. ... 11-28-25 p. 20
Dutch East Indies and Rubber Boom—*I Read in the Papers* ... 3- 6-26 p. 15
Dyspeptic, Story of a—*The Joys of Eating What We Like:* by Masson, Thomas L. ... 2-13-26 p. 16


## E


Eagle County, Colorado—*The Mount of the Holy Cross* ... 2-27-26 p. 32
*Early Arithmetics Published in America:* by Karpinski, Louis C. ... 2-13-26 p. 20
Earth—*Other Worlds Than Ours:* by Nash, J. V. ... 12- 5-25 p. 30
*Seeking to Know of What the Earth Is Made* ... 4-10-26 p. 25
Earth Inductor Compass—*On Weighing the Earth:* by Winters, S. R. ... 3- 6-26 p. 30
Earthenware—*Wedgewood, the Master Potter, and His Work:* by Northend, Mary Harrod ... 1-30-26 p. 12
Earthquakes, Predicting of—*When the Stars Foretell Trouble:* by Hopley, Frank Dorrance ... 3-27-26 p. 8
Eating With a Knife—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 4-10-26 p. 21
Eclectic Readers—*The Grand Old Man of the Little Red Schoolhouse:* by Colby, Benjamin ... 3-20-26 p. 16
Economics—*Government Loses Tax Millions:* by Brewer, Chas. B. ... 3-20-26 p. 3
*Legislating in Secret Session:* by Johns, E. B. ... 4- 3-26 p. 3
*The "New Economics" for Farmers:* by Kenton, Robert ... 1-30-26 p. 14
*Overflowing Streams of Federal Taxes:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy ... 10-24-25 p. 7
*Twenty-One Year Tale of Cities:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy ... 1-30-26 p. 3
*Where Only Three Per Cent Would Benefit:* by M'Connell, Burt M. ... 1- 2-26 p. 8
Editors—*Literary Memories: Writers and Publishers of Yesterday:* by Masson, Thomas L. ... 12-26-25 p. 16
Edmondson Tobacco Company—*Why Sapiro's Co-Ops Have Trouble* ... 2-20-26 p. 14
Educating the Filipinos—*Driving the English Language Out of the Philippines:* by Barton, Wm. E. ... 11-21-25 p. 7
Education—*A Modern Mississippi College* ... 4-17-26 p. 20
*Seventy-Five Years of an Ideal—Antioch College:* by Lewis, Eleanor ... 11-28-25 p. 2

Education for Adults—*I Read in the Papers*..... 4- 3-26 p. 25
*Educational Embroidery* (Edit.).....11-28-25 p. 11
Egypt—*Seen in an Egyptian Village:* by Worrell, Wm. H.....12-19-25 p. 30
Egyptians—*The Ways of the Egyptians:* by Worrell, William H..... 3-27-26 p. 20
Eighteenth Amendment—*Darrow Debates Like a Wet Lamb*..... 1- 2-26 p. 7
Elder, Sir James—*I Read in the Papers*..... 1- 2-26 p. 18
Eliot, George (Illus.)—*A Tragic Heroine—Maggie Tulliver:* by Smith, Lewis Worthington..... 1-30-26 p. 20
Elk—*I Read in the Papers*..... 3-13-26 p. 18
Elm Tree—*Beating the Grain of Mustard Seed:* by Mosnat, H. R..... 4-17-26 p. 31
Emerson, Ralph Waldo (Illus.)—*Ralph Waldo Emerson—His Supreme Service:* by Atkins, Gaius Glenn.....10-24-25 p. 2
Emmett, Daniel Decatur—*I Read in the Papers*..... 4-10-26 p. 25
Employment at Home for Housewives—*Home Crafts for Idle Hands:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy.. 2-27-26 p. 5
Encyclopedias, Religious—*The Open Segment:* by Best, Nolan R.....11- 7-25 p. 14
Enforcement of National Prohibition Law—*Prohibition Can Be Enforced: Ask the People of Schoharie County*..... 3-27-26 p. 19
Engineers, Civil—*Railroads Grow Where Only Echoes Sprouted Before:* by Christian, C. F.....11- 7-25 p. 12
England—*Advice and Counter-Counsel* (Edit.).....11- 7-25 p. 10
*A Bit of History* (Edit.)..... 3- 6-26 p. 10
*"The Champion of England"*.....11-14-25 p. 12
*Chats With Office Callers*..... 1- 2-26 p. 30
*Chats With Office Callers*..... 1-16-26 p. 27
*Christmas Carols:* by Kennedy, Hugh A. Studdert.....12-12-25 p. 28
*England as an Englishman Sees It:* by Cazalet, V. A., M. P..... 1- 9-26 p. 22
*I Read in the Papers*.....11- 7-25 p. 29
*I Read in the Papers*.....11-14-25 p. 32
*I Read in the Papers*..... 2-13-26 p. 32
*I Rented a House in England:* by Dillon, Philip Robert..... 3-13-26 p. 2
*Opening the Book on 1926:* by Crowther, Samuel..... 1- 2-26 p. 3
*England—see Great Britain*
England and Labor—*What Would You Rather Do Than Work?* by Benson, Allan L.....11-21-25 p. 13
England and Unemployment—*Chats With Office Callers*.....11-21-25 p. 12
England and United States—*Chats With Office Callers*.....12-19-25 p. 26
England, Art Treasures—*Chats With Office Callers*.... 3- 6-26 p. 20
England, Selborne—*Gilbert White the Seer of Selborne:* by Shore, W. Teignmouth..... 3-13-26 p. 20
English Colonists—*The Men of the Mayflower as Fathers of the Republic:* by Karpinski, Louis C.....12-26-25 p. 29
English Country Gentleman—*I Read in the Papers*....11-28-25 p. 18
English Language—*Driving the English Language Out of the Philippines:* by Barton, Wm. E.....11-21-25 p. 7
*English as She Is Spoke—in America* (Edit.)..... 3- 6-26 p. 11
*English Is Better Spoken in America*..... 2-13-26 p. 8
*English or Jargon?* (Edit.)..... 3-20-26 p. 11
*Manipulating the King's English:* by Robinson, Alan Moore..... 4- 3-26 p. 29
English Language and Safety—*Lack of English May Mean Death:* by Clark, Marian K.....11-14-25 p. 18
English Railroads—*I Read in the Papers*.....11-28-25 p. 18
Engraving on Wood—*Wood Blocks as Story-Telling Medium:* by Boeckmann, Henriette.....11-28-25 p. 20
Enlisted Men Trained as Flyers—*I Read in the Papers*.....10-24-25 p. 25
Enrollment of Aliens—*Shall Aliens Be Registered? Davis Says "Yes":* by Davis, James J..... 2-13-26 p. 4
"Enterprise"—*Just a Century Apart* (Edit.).....10-24-25 p. 11
Ervine, Sir John—*English Is Better Spoken in America*..... 2-13-26 p. 8
Eskimos—*Chats With Office Callers*..... 3-27-26 p. 32
"Essex"—*New Year's Day on Lonely Seas:* by Whiting, May B..... 1- 2-26 p. 16
Estate Tax—*The Tax Muddle: Is Destruction and Not Construction the Result of Some of Our Taxation?* by Clark, Marian Bruce.....12- 5-25 p. 5
Europe—*A Crime Report* (Edit.).....10-24-25 p. 11
*Good Signs* (Edit.).....12- 5-25 p. 11
*In 1987—What?* (Edit.).....11-21-25 p. 10
*Russia and Turkey—Comrades* (Edit.)..... 1-16-26 p. 11
*Still Another Peace Plan* (Edit.).....11-14-25 p. 10
*"Wet" Money From Abroad?* (Edit.).....12-19-25 p. 11
Europe and War Debts—*Are We a Shylock Nation?* by M'Connell, Burt M..... 1- 9-26 p. 3
European Corn Borer—*The Parasite Hunters:* by Du Puy, Wm. Atherton.....11-14-25 p. 6
European War Debts—*A Shylock Nation? Here Are the Facts:* by M'Connell, Burt M..... 1-16-26 p. 12
Europe's Art Treasures—*Chats With Office Callers*.... 3- 6-26 p. 20
Evans, Marian (Illus.)—*A Tragic Heroine—Maggie Tulliver:* by Smith, Lewis Worthington..... 1-30-26 p. 20
Evanston Conference—*Has America a Youth Movement?* by Stidger, Wm. L..... 2- 6-26 p. 5
*I Read in the Papers*..... 1-23-26 p. 21
Events of 1925—*The World Tells Its Tale of 1925: A Backward Look:* by Pence, Harry..... 1- 2-26 p. 12
Evolution—*Going Too Far* (Edit.)..... 3-27-26 p. 10
*I Read in the Papers*..... 4-10-26 p. 25
*Exaggerating the Power of Money in Its Relation to Business:* by Crowther, Samuel..... 1-23-26 p. 3
*Expedition—see Canadian Arctic Expedition; Magellan Expedition*
Expenditures of Cities—*Twenty-One Year Tale of Cities:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy..... 1-30-26 p. 3
Explorers—*They Thought California Was an Island:* by Karpinski, Louis C..... 1-30-26 p. 24
Eye Grafting—*I Read in the Papers*..... 3- 6-26 p. 15


## F


Facts—*The New Eloquence* (Edit.)..... 1- 2-26 p. 10
*Suppressing Facts in Boston* (Edit.).....11-21-25 p. 10
*Failure* (Edit.).....12-19-25 p. 10
*Failure of State Farming* (Edit.).....11-21-25 p. 11
Fall, Albert B—*He Licked Fall in His Own Paper:* by Stidger, Wm. L.....12-26-25 p. 2
*The World Tells Its Tale of 1925: A Backward Look:* by Pence, Harry..... 1- 2-26 p. 12
*Fall Games* (Edit.).....11-14-25 p. 11
*Fall of the House of Stinnes, The:* by Wolff, Walter M..... 2-13-26 p. 26
*Fallacies of Philanthropy, The:* by Perry, Armstrong..... 4- 3-26 p. 6
Families, Small—*Should the Poor Have Children?* (Edit.).....12- 5-25 p. 10
Family Life of African Black—*At Home With the African Black:* by Galland, Henri..... 1- 9-26 p. 24
Famous Players-Lasky Corporation—*The Government Accuses the Movies*..... 2-20-26 p. 4
*How Connecticut Handled the Movies*..... 1-16-26 p. 14
Farmer and Income Tax Refunds—*Government Loses Tax Millions:* by Brewer, Chas. B..... 3-20-26 p. 3
*Farmers Don't Like It, The* (Edit.)..... 1- 9-26 p. 11
Farmers—Government Bureau to Aid—*The "New Economics" for Farmers:* by Kenton, Robt..... 1-30-26 p. 14
Farmers' Marketing Associations—*"Burned Spuds" —How It Happened:* by Rubinow, S. G..... 2- 6-26 p. 14
Farming—*Chats With Office Callers*..... 2-13-26 p. 12
*Failure of State Farming* (Edit.).....11-21-25 p. 11
*What Do Our Farmers Think of Agriculture?*..... 3-27-26 p. 12
*Why Farms Are Deserted:* by Laird, Donald A., Ph. D..... 3- 6-26 p. 12
Farrell, Mr.—*Did Shakespeare Mention a Contemporary?* by Kilby, Quincy.....12- 5-25 p. 2
Fascism—*Bark Versus Bite* (Edit.)..... 1- 9-26 p. 11
*Chats With Office Callers*.....12- 5-25 p. 20
Federal Export Corporation—*The "New Economics" for Farmers:* by Kenton, Robt..... 1-30-26 p. 14
Federal Government—*Governors Plead for Their States:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy.....12-19-25 p. 3
*Where Does the Head-Tax Go?* by Clark, Marian K.....10-31-25 p. 22
Federal Reserve Board—*The World Has Been Reorganized*..... 2- 6-26 p. 15
Federal-Reserve Currency—*This Country Has Money to Burn:* by Du Puy, Wm. Atherton....11-21-25 p. 15
Federal Taxes—*Overflowing Streams of Federal Taxes:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy.....10-24-25 p. 7
Federal Trade Commission—*The Government Accuses the Movies*..... 2-20-26 p. 4
*Sad Tale of a United States Report*..... 1-23-26 p. 15
*Sapiro Dazed* (Edit.)..... 1-30-26 p. 11
*Sapiro Officials Run a Sideline*..... 2-27-26 p. 13
*Why Sapiro's Co-ops Had Trouble*..... 2-20-26 p. 14
Federated Council of Churches—*Consistency* (Edit.) 12- 5-25 p. 10
Felton, Mrs. Rebecca L. (Illus.)—*Does the Office Belong to the Widow?* by Pence, Harry.....11- 7-25 p. 5
Feng, General—*Chats With Office Callers*..... 2- 6-26 p. 18
Ferguson, James E. (Illus.)—*"Who Is Governor of Texas?"* by Bentley, Max..... 2-27-26 p. 3
Ferguson, Mrs. Miriam A. (Illus.)—*"Who Is Governor of Texas?"* by Bentley, Max..... 2-27-26 p. 3
Ferri, Professor Enrico—*A Crime Report* (Edit.).....10-24-25 p. 11
Ficke, Arthur Davison—*Literary Fakers and Their Fakes:* by Finger, Chas. J..... 4-17-26 p. 12
Fiction—*Americanism in Fiction:* by Smith, Lewis Worthington.....11-28-25 p. 8
*Building "The House of the Seven Gables":* by Hawthorne, Julian.....11-28-25 p. 5
*Chimney Corner Books:* by Atkins, Gaius Glenn..11-28-25 p. 13
*A Curious Literary Parallel*.....12- 5-25 p. 15
*Great Figures in Fiction:* by Smith, Lewis Worthington.....12- 5-25 p. 25

*"The Scarlet Letter": How It Was Written:* by Hawthorne, Julian....10-31-25 p. 4
*The Search for a Good Story:* by Masson, Thomas L....10-24-25 p. 5
*What It Means to Be a Writer:* by Masson, Thos. L....11-28-25 p. 16
*A Writer Who Does Not Believe in Plots Nor Use Them:* by Allen, Louis....11-28-25 p. 19
*Fiddle—see Violin*
Field, J. H. (Illus.)—*How I Put Art Into Photography:* by Field, J. H.... 2-20-26 p. 16
Fields, James T.—*"The Scarlet Letter": How It Was Written:* by Hawthorne, Julian....10-31-25 p. 4
Fifty Years Ago—*"And It Came to Pass in Those Days":* by King, Philip F....12-12-25 p. 18
Figurines in Wax—*First Families of Chicago: A City's Progress Indexed in Its Womanhood:* by Gray, Margaret.... 1-23-26 p. 14
Filipinos, Educating—*Driving the English Language Out of the Philippines:* by Barton, William E....11-21-25 p. 7
Finance and Industry—*Chats With Office Callers*.... 3-27-26 p. 32
Financial Sharks—*Some Building and Loan Pitfalls:* by M'Garry, Wm. A.... 3-13-26 p. 12
Financiers of Germany—*The Fall of the House of Stinnes:* by Wolff, Walter M.... 2-13-26 p. 26
Finland—*Interest* (Edit.)....10-24-25 p. 10
*Thanksgiving Among Other Nations*....11-21-25 p. 26
Finley, Dr. J. B.—*A Professor Says It* (Edit.)....12-19-25 p. 11
Firearms Forbidden in Hongkong—*I Read in the Papers*.... 4- 3-26 p. 25
*First Families of Chicago: A City's Progress Indexed in Its Womanhood:* by Gray, Margaret.... 1-23-26 p. 14
First National Exhibitors Circuit—*The Government Accuses the Movies*.... 2-20-26 p. 4
Fisher, Carl G.—*Florida Chases Out the Land Swindlers:* by Holland, W. B.... 1-30-26 p. 5
Fitch, Albert Parker—*I Read in the Papers*.... 3-13-26 p. 18
Five-Day Week—*Mr. Ford's Page*.... 3-20-26 p. 9
Flappers—*Why Flappers Flap:* by Crowther, Samuel....11-14-25 p. 2
Florida—*Chats With Office Callers*.... 3-13-26 p. 19
*Indian Key, Where Rare Birds Resort:* by Dacy, George H.... 1- 2-26 p. 20
Florida Real Estate Boom—*Chats With Office Callers*.... 1-30-26 p. 15
*Chats With Office Callers*.... 3-27-26 p. 32
*Florida Chases Out the Land Swindlers:* by Holland, W. B.... 1-30-26 p. 5
*I Read in the Papers*....11-21-25 p. 18
Flower Fertilization, Motion Pictures of—*Life and Death Act on the Screen:* by Dunn, Harry H.... 4-10-26 p. 7
*"Flower Pot, The"*....11- 7-25 p. 26
Flying—*I Read in the Papers*....10-24-25 p. 25
Flying Squirrel—*Pohkahn, the Little Glider:* by Lange, D....12-26-25 p. 27
Foley, Captain Paul—*More Light* (Edit.)....12-12-25 p. 11
Folly-Proof Race—*Mr. Ford's Page*....12-12-25 p. 9
*Fool Admits It, A* (Edit.).... 1-16-26 p. 11
*Fooling With Our Money* (Edit.)....11- 7-25 p. 11
Forecasting Disasters—*When the Stars Foretell Trouble:* by Hopley, Frank Dorrance.... 3-27-26 p. 8
Foreign Commerce—*Going to Sea in Subsidized Ships:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy.... 1-23-26 p. 6
Foreign Consumers—*The "New Economics" for Farmers:* by Kenton, Robt.... 1-30-26 p. 14
Foreign War Debts—*Are We a Shylock Nation?* by M'Connell, Burt M.... 1- 9-26 p. 3
Foreigners—*Note the Names of Our Criminals:* by Benson, Allan L....10-31-25 p. 3
*Peddling U. S. Citizenship Rights:* by Clark, Marian Bruce.... 1-16-26 p. 3
Foreigners' Ignorance of English Language—*Lack of English May Mean Death:* by Clark, Marian K....11-14-25 p. 18
Forrest, Edwin (Illus.)—*The Box That Become a Throne:* by Kilby, Quincy.... 1- 2-26 p. 2
Fort Dodge, Iowa—*I Read in the Papers*....11-28-25 p. 18
Fort Myer Heights, Virginia—*Builds Ten-Room House Single-Handed*....12- 5-25 p. 32
Fort-Whiteman, Lovett—*"Red" Russia Sets Stage for "Black Revolution":* by M'Connell, Burt M.... 1-23-26 p. 8
Fortune, Robert—*Adventures in Plant Hunting:* by Farrington, E. I.... 3-27-26 p. 30
Foster, Mr.—*I Read in the Papers*.... 2-20-26 p. 28
Fowl—*King of the Wild Rice Beds:* by Hough, Donald....10-24-25 p. 12
France—*Chats With Office Callers*.... 1-30-26 p. 15
*Chats With Office Callers*.... 2-13-26 p. 12
*Comparing Tax Burdens in Leading Countries: Senator Reed Smoot's Statement on Taxes*....10-31-25 p. 6
*France From a Third-Class Car Window:* by Atkins, Gaius Glenn.... 3- 6-26 p. 16
*Housekeeping in Our Paris Flat:* by Dillon, Philip Robt.... 4-10-26 p. 3
*Locarno—Hopes and Fears* (Edit.)....12-19-25 p. 10
*Opening the Book on 1926:* by Crowther, Samuel 1- 2-26 p. 3
*A Shylock Nation? Here Are the Facts:* by M'Connell, Burt M.... 1-16-26 p. 12
*They Came, Won and Went* (Edit.)....10-24-25 p. 10
*The World Tells Its Tale of 1925: A Backward Look:* by Pence, Harry.... 1- 2-26 p. 12
France and Small Families—*I Read in the Papers*.... 4-10-26 p. 25
France and War Debts—*Are We a Shylock Nation?* by M'Connell, Burt M.... 1- 9-26 p. 3
*French Gymnastics* (Edit.).... 4- 3-26 p. 11
France, Art Treasures—*Chats With Office Callers*.... 3- 6-26 p. 20
France, Tourists in—*I Read in the Papers*.... 3- 6-26 p. 15
Franklin, Benjamin—Letter of 1784—*"The Greatest Fool"*.... 4- 3-26 p. 28
Franklin, Rabbi Leo—*Not Christian Any More* (Edit.)....11-28-25 p. 10
Fraudulent Home Work Schemes—*Robbing the Public by Post:* by Ulm, A. H.....11-14-25 p. 7
Fredericksburg, Virginia—*Where American History Was Made:* by Poole, W. C....10-24-25 p. 31
Free Advertising for Sporting Idols—*"How They Get That Way":* by MacDonald, Paul.... 1-23-26 p. 12
Free Passes—*Fewer Free Passes*....12-19-25 p. 26
French Debt Commission—*They Came, Won and Went* (Edit.)....10-24-25 p. 10
French Government—*Chats With Office Callers*.... 2-13-26 p. 12
*French Gymnastics* (Edit.).... 4- 3-26 p. 11
*French Racers Carry Torch in Long Bastile Day Race* 2-20-26 p. 31
French Submarines Menace to Great Britain—*Why Is America Invited to Disarm?* by Johns, E. B.... 3-13-26 p. 4
Freuchen, Peter—*I Read in the Papers*.... 3-27-26 p. 24
Freud, Doctor Sigmund—*Dr. Joseph Collins Tells What He Thinks of Sigmund Freud—The Man and His Methods*.... 1- 2-26 p. 4
*Dr. Joseph Collins Looks at Freud's Psychoanalysis, It's "Dreams," "Complexes" and "Sex Symbols"*.... 1- 9-26 p. 4
*Dr. Joseph Collins Gives "My Definition of a Freudian"*.... 1-16-26 p. 7
*Psychology and Sex: How Far Does the Mind Affect the Body?* by Laird, Donald A., Ph.D.. 10-31-25 p. 7
*Friendly Houses—How to Build Them:* by Wood, Albert, A. I. A.... 3-13-26 p. 32
Friendship, International—*Chats With Office Callers*.... 3-13-26 p. 19
Frigate Bird—*Indian Key, Where Rare Birds Resort:* by Dacy, George H.... 1- 2-26 p. 20
Froude, James Anthony—*Great Writers Who Have Failed as Novelists*.... 4-10-26 p. 22
*"Frozen Music"—We Cannot Melt It With Indifferent Glances:* by Wood, Albert....11-14-25 p. 33
Fuel—*Is Coal Passing Out as a Fuel?* by M'Garry, William A....10-24-25 p. 3
Fulton, Robert—*There Is Nothing New Under the Sea:* by Montgomery, A. J.... 4-17-26 p. 22


## G


*Gain, Not Glory, Guides Chinese Soldier:* by Lowdermilk, Inez Marks.... 1-16-26 p. 5
Galli-Curci, Amelita (Illus.)—*Galli-Curci Swayed by Swedish Mystic:* by Barron, C. W.... 4- 3-26 p. 8
Gambling—*When Is a Bet Not a Bet?* by Pence, Harry....12- 5-25 p. 8
*Games—see Cricket*
Gardner, Charles—*Prohibition Can Be Enforced: Ask the People of Schoharie County*.... 3-27-26 p. 19
Gardner, Robert (Illus.)—*Golf—Can You Pick the Champions?* by MacDonald, Paul.... 4-10-26 p. 12
Garner, Professor R. L.—*The Gorilla at Home:* by Aschemeier, C. R.... 4- 3-26 p. 19
Gas—*Is Coal Passing Out as a Fuel?* by M'Garry, Wm. A....10-24-25 p. 3
Gasoline—*Holy Horror!* (Edit.).... 2- 6-26 p. 10
*General Butler Quits* (Edit.)....12-12-25 p. 10
General Medical Council—*Should Doctors Speak?* (Edit.).... 2-13-26 p. 11
Genius—*Chats With Office Callers*.... 1- 2-26 p. 30
Gentiles—*What About the Jewish Question?*.... 3-13-26 p. 6
Geographical Errors in Kipling's Poem—*On the Road to Mandalay:* by Barton, Wm. E.... 1-23-26 p. 5
Georgia Roads—*I Read in the Papers*.... 1-30-26 p. 27
German Prisoner—*Chats With Office Callers*....11-14-25 p. 12
Germany—*Chats With Office Callers*....12-12-25 p. 20
*Chats With Office Callers*....12-19-25 p. 26
*Failure* (Edit.)....12-19-25 p. 10
*The Fall of the House of Stinnes:* by Wolff, Walter M.... 2-13-26 p. 26
*Locarno—Hopes and Fears* (Edit.)....12-19-25 p. 10
*Opening the Book on 1926:* by Crowther, Samuel.... 1- 2-26 p. 3

*Thanksgiving Among Other Nations*....11-21-25 p. 26
*The World Tells Its Tale of 1925: A Backward Look:* by Pence, Harry.... 1- 2-26 p. 12
*Germs—see Disease Germs*
Germs That Attack Insects—*Man Is Not the Only One to be Sick:* by Aaron, S. F.... 1- 9-26 p. 2
Ghadiali, Dinshah P.—*I Read in the Papers*.... 4- 3-26 p. 25
Gibbs, Colfax—*I Read in the Papers*....11-14-25 p. 32
Gibson, Ambassador Hugh S.—*A Sudden Squall* (Edit.).... 4-17-26 p. 10
Gilder, Richard Watson—*The Magic in an Old Book-Shop:* by Savage, Courtenay....11-28-25 p. 24
Glacial Kettle—*Uncovering Millstones of the Gods:* by Holmes, Fred L....10-24-25 p. 14
Glassware—*Valuable Old American Bottles:* by Northend, Mary Harrod....12-12-25 p. 12
Glenwood Mission Inn, California—*Passing of the Bells*.... 2-27-26 p. 19
Globe-Headed Elm—*Beating the Grain of Mustard Seed:* by Mosnat, H. R.... 4-17-26 p. 31
Goddess of Health—*Romantic Rascals: Emma Lyon, 1761-1815:* by Finger, Charles J.....12-26-25 p. 21
Gold Certificates in 1860's—*This Country Has Money to Burn:* by Du Puy, William Atherton....11-21-25 p. 15
"Gold Rushes" of the Nineteenth Century—*Tragedy of the Gold Rushes:* by Nash, J. V.....12-26-25 p. 12
Gold Standard—*The World Has Been Reorganized*.... 2- 6-26 p. 15
"Golden Rule" Nash—*I Read in the Papers*..... 2- 6-26 p. 24
*Golden Rule Universal*....11-14-25 p. 23
*Golf—Can You Pick the Champions?* by MacDonald, Paul.... 4-10-26 p. 12
Good Reading—*Leading the Simple Book Life:* by Masson, Thomas L.... 1-23-26 p. 24
*Good Signs* (Edit.)....12- 5-25 p. 11
*Good Will* (Edit.).... 4-17-26 p. 11
*Gorilla at Home, The:* by Aschemeier, C. R.... 4- 3-26 p. 19
Government—*Democracy Not for All Races*....12-26-25 p. 7
*The Government Accuses the Movies*.... 2-20-26 p. 4
*Government Loses Tax Millions:* by Brewer, Charles B.... 3-20-26 p. 3
*Legislating in Secret Session:* by Johns, E. B..... 4- 3-26 p. 3
*Results—Nil, So Far* (Edit.)....10-31-25 p. 10
*Government—see Parliamentary Government*
Government and Law Enforcement—*Who Is the "Laughing Stock" Now?* (Edit.).... 4- 3-26 p. 10
Government Bureau to Aid the Farmer—*The "New Economics" for Farmers:* by Kenton, Robt..... 1-30-26 p. 14
Government, French—*Chats With Office Callers*..... 2-13-26 p. 12
Government, High Cost of—*Overflowing Streams of Federal Taxes:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy....10-24-25 p. 7
*Twenty-One Year Tale of Cities:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy.... 1-30-26 p. 3
Government Loans—*I Read in the Papers*.... 3-27-26 p. 24
Government Report—*Sad Tale of a United States Report*.... 1-23-26 p. 15
Government Treatment of Agriculture and Business—*Mr. Ford's Page*.... 1-23-26 p. 9
Governmental Aid for American Shipowners—*Going to Sea in Subsidized Ships:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy.... 1-23-26 p. 6
Governor of Texas—*"Who Is Governor of Texas?"* by Bentley, Max.... 2-27-26 p. 3
*Governors Plead for Their States:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy....12-19-25 p. 3
Grand Canon (Illus.)—*A Dinosaur Breaks Into History:* by Hubbard, Samuel.... 4-17-26 p. 14
*Grand Old Man of the Little Red Schoolhouse, The:* by Colby, B.... 3-20-26 p. 16
*"Grandmother's Band Boxes": Their Origin, and What They Held:* by Northend, Mary Harrod....11-14-25 p. 13
Grant, Heber J. (Illus.)—*The Business End of Mormonism:* by Stratton, George Frederic..... 3-27-26 p. 25
Grave of Gilbert White (Illus.)—*Gilbert White the Seer of Selborne:* by Shore, W. Teignmouth..... 3-13-26 p. 20
Great Andromeda Nebula (Illus.)—*Other Worlds Than Ours:* by Nash, J. V.....12- 5-25 p. 30
Great Britain—*Advice and Counter-Counsel* (Edit.)....11- 7-25 p. 10
*Comparing Tax Burdens in Leading Countries: Senator Reed Smoot's Statement on Taxes*.....10-31-25 p. 6
*Golf—Can You Pick the Champions?* by MacDonald, Paul.... 4-10-26 p. 12
*Interest* (Edit.)....10-24-25 p. 10
*Locarno—Hopes and Fears* (Edit.)....12-19-25 p. 10
*A Shylock Nation? Here Are the Facts:* by M'Connell, Burt M.... 1-16-26 p. 12
*Why Is America Invited to Disarm?* by Johns, E. B.... 3-13-26 p. 4
*Great Britain—see England*
Great Britain and the Supremacy of Sea—*Never Lost a War But Never Won a Conference:* by Johns, E. B.... 3- 6-26 p. 3
Great Britain and War Debts—*Are We a Shylock Nation?* by M'Connell, Burt M.... 1- 9-26 p. 3
Great Britain in Debt to France—*French Gymnastics* (Edit.).... 4- 3-26 p. 11
Great Britain—Loans Lent to Southern States During Civil War—*A Bit of History* (Edit.)..... 3- 6-26 p. 10
*Great Figures in Fiction: Sydney Carton:* by Smith, Lewis Worthington....12- 5-25 p. 25
Great Lakes—*A New Great Lake to Save Lakes:* by Laut, Wallace J.....10-24-25 p. 15
Great Northern Railroad—*I Read in the Papers*..... 2- 6-26 p. 24
*Great Shepherd, A* (Edit.).... 2-13-26 p. 10
Great Stone Turtle of Nanking (Illus.)—*Mingling Modern With Ancient in China*....12-26-25 p. 8
*Great Unknown, The* (Edit.).... 2-20-26 p. 10
*Great Writers Who Have Failed as Novelists*.... 4-10-26 p. 22
*"Greatest Fool, The"*.... 4- 3-26 p. 28
Greece—*Tackle the Big Ones* (Edit.)....11-28-25 p. 11
Greece Abolishes Military Decorations—*I Read in the Papers*.... 1-23-26 p. 21
Green, William (President, American Federation of Labor)—*Advice and Counter-Counsel* (Edit.)....11-7- 25 p. 10
"Greenbacks"—*This Country Has Money to Burn:* by Du Puy, Wm. Atherton....11-21-25 p. 15
Greenfield, Albert M.—*Some Building and Loan Pitfalls:* by M'Garry, Wm. A.... 3-13-26 p. 12
Greenidge, Mr.—*Government Loses Tax Millions:* by Brewer, Chas. B.... 3-20-26 p. 3
Greenland—*I Read in the Papers*.... 3-27-26 p. 24
*Growing* (Edit.)....11-28-25 p. 10
Gruchy, Captain—*Copp's Hill, Where Heroes Rest:* by Whiting, May B.....11-21-25 p. 8
Guarnerius Violin (Illus.)—*My Fiddle and I Since Long Ago:* by Wier, Clyde.... 3-27-26 p. 16
Gunn, Watts (Illus.)—*Golf—Can You Pick the Champions?* by MacDonald, Paul.... 4-10-26 p. 12
Gypsy Moth Parasite—*The Parasite Hunters:* by Du Puy, Wm. Atherton....11-14-25 p. 6

## H

Hagen, Walter (Illus.)—*Golf—Can You Pick the Champions?* by MacDonald, Paul.... 4-10-26 p. 12
Hale, Edward Everett—*Thanksgiving at Antioch College:* by Lewis, Eleanor.....11-21-25 p. 32
Haliburton, Thomas Chandler—*Sam Slick's Journeys Through Nova Scotia*.....10-24-25 p. 16
Hamilton, Lady—*Romantic Rascals: Emma Lyon, 1761-1815:* by Finger, Charles J.....12-26-25 p. 21
*Hamlet—1925* (Edit.)....10-31-25 p. 11
Hanks, Lucien S. (Illus.)—*"I Slept With Lincoln":* by Hanks, Lucien S.... 2- 6-26 p. 23
Hanlon Brothers—*The Box That Became a Throne:* by Kilby, Quincy.... 1- 2-26 p. 2
Hanson, Bill (Illus.)—*Trapping Trappers in the Near North:* by Hough, Donald.....12-19-25 p. 4
*Happy Childhood—The World O'er*.... 2-13-26 p. 33
Harcourt, Sir William—*I Read in the Papers*.....11-28-25 p. 18
Harding Cabinet—*How the Coolidge Cabinet Functions:* by Johns, E. B.... 2-27-26 p. 8
Harding-Hughes Reservations—*Should America Join World's Court?* by Newman, O. P.....12-19-25 p. 5
Harding, President—*Never Lost a War But Never Won a Conference:* by Johns, E. B.... 3- 6-26 p. 3
Hart, John (Illus.)—*The Signers—56 of '76: New Jersey's Quintet of Persecuted Patriots:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz.... 1-30-26 p. 28
Harte, Bret—*I Read in the Papers*.... 3-20-26 p. 24
Hawaii, Japanese Supremacy in—*Chats With Office Callers*....11-28-25 p. 12
Hawaiian Islands—*The Dampest Spot*.... 2- 6-26 p. 30
Hawthorne, Julian—*Building "The House of the Seven Gables":* by Hawthorne, Julian.....11-28-25 p. 5
*The Magic of Lake Tahoe:* by Hawthorne, Julian.....11-21-25 p. 22
*"The Scarlet Letter": How It Was Written:* by Hawthorne, Julian.....10-31-25 p. 4
*When Hawthorne Sat in His Big Chair:* by Hawthorne, Julian.... 1- 9-26 p. 7
Hawthorne, Mrs. Sophia Peabody (Illus.)—*Building "The House of the Seven Gables":* by Hawthorne, Julian.....11-28-25 p. 5
Hawthorne, Nathaniel—*Building "The House of the Seven Gables":* by Hawthorne, Julian.....11-28-25 p. 5
*"The Scarlet Letter": How It Was Written:* by Hawthorne, Julian.....10-31-25 p. 4
*When Hawthorne Sat in His Big Chair:* by Hawthorne, Julian.... 1- 9-26 p. 7
Hay, John—*John Hay's "Ghost"*....11-28-25 p. 28
Hays, Will—*Chats With Office Callers*.....11-21-25 p. 12
*Chats With Office Callers*.... 2-27-26 p. 12
*Cleansing the Screen in New York State:* by Chase, Wm. Sheafe.... 1- 9-26 p. 13
*How Connecticut Handled the Movies*.... 1-16-26 p. 14
Head-Tax—*Where Does the Head-Tax Go?* by Clark, Marian K.....10-31-25 p. 22

Hebrew Free Loan Society, New York—*I Read in the Papers* 3-20-26 p. 24
Henderson, Arthur—*Advice and Counter-Counsel* (Edit.) 11- 7-25 p. 10
*I Read in the Papers* 1-16-26 p. 29
Henning, Arthur Sears—*The Gigantic Lobby* (Edit.) 1-23-26 p. 11
Henry, Dr. Augustine—*Adventures in Plant Hunting:* by Farrington, E. I. 3-27-26 p. 30
"Hercules"—*The Star Cluster "Hercules"* 3-27-26 p. 20
Heyl, Dr. Paul R.—*On Weighing the Earth:* by Winters, S. R. 3- 6-26 p. 30
"High Life" in Washington—*I Read in the Papers* 4-17-26 p. 26
*Highway—see Pacific Highway*
Highway—Between St. Louis and Kansas City—*I Read in the Papers* 3-13-26 p. 18
Highway Scandal—*"Who Is Governor of Texas?"* by Bentley, Max 2-27-26 p. 3
Hillview, Illinois—*I Read in the Papers* 12-19-25 p. 29
Historical Figures in Wax—*First Families of Chicago: A City's Progress Indexed in Its Womanhood:* by Gray, Margaret 1-23-26 p. 14
History—*A Bit of History* (Edit.) 3- 6-26 p. 10
*Where American History Was Made:* by Poole, W. C. 10-24-25 p. 31
*Why and How It Is* "America": by Karpinski, Louis C. 11-14-25 p. 14
*The Voyage of the "Victoria":* by Finger, Chas. J. 4- 3-26 p. 16
History in Pottery Figures—*Quaint China Figures on Cottage Mantels:* by Northend, Mary Harrod 1-23-26 p. 16
History of California—*They Thought California Was an Island:* by Karpinski, Louis C. 1-30-26 p. 24
History of English Colonists in America—*The Men of the Mayflower as Fathers of the Republic:* by Karpinski, Louis C. 12-26-25 p. 29
Hoffman, Bill—*Trapping Trappers in the Near North:* by Hough, Donald 12-19-25 p. 4
Holaday, Rep. Wm. P.—*Letting in the Alien Flood—Why?* by Watson, Kenneth 4-17-26 p. 3
*Never Separated a Single Family:* by Watson, Kenneth 4-10-26 p. 5
Holbein, Hans—*Wood Blocks as Story-Telling Medium:* by Boeckmann, H. 11-28-25 p. 20
Holt, Henry—*Seventy-Five Years of an Ideal—Antioch College:* by Lewis, Eleanor 11-28-25 p. 2
*Holy Horror!* (Edit.) 2- 6-26 p. 10
Holy Land—*Will Palestine Ever Pay Its Board?* by Barton, Wm. E. 4- 3-26 p. 12
Home Builder and Financial Shark—*Some Building and Loan Pitfalls:* by M'Garry, Wm. A. 3-13-26 p. 12
Home-Building—*Friendly Houses—How to Build Them:* by Wood, Albert, A. I. A. 3-13-26 p. 32
*Home Crafts for Idle Hands:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy 2-27-26 p. 5
Home of Emerson at Concord (Illus.)—*Ralph Waldo Emerson—His Supreme Service:* by Atkins, Gaius Glenn 10-24-25 p. 2
Home of Nathaniel Hawthorne (Illus.)—*"The Scarlet Letter": How It Was Written:* by Hawthorne, Julian 10-31-25 p. 4
Home of Peyton Randolph, Williamsburg (Illus.)—*Where American History Was Made:* by Poole, W. C. 10-24-25 p. 31
"Home Work" Schemes—*Robbing the Public by Post:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy 11-14-25 p. 7
Hongkong, China—Firearms Forbidden—*I Read in the Papers* 4- 3-26 p. 25
Hood, Tom—*Great Writers Who Have Failed as Novelists* 4-10-26 p. 22
*Hooked Rugs Have Come Back to Stay:* by Bowles, Ella Shannon 12-19-25 p. 12
Hoover, Secretary—*Chats With Office Callers* 12- 5-25 p. 20
*Chats With Office Callers* 2-13-26 p. 12
*How the Coolidge Cabinet Functions:* by Johns, E. B. 2-27-26 p. 8
*Legislating in Secret Session:* by Johns, E. B. 4- 3-26 p. 3
*Radio Regulation* (Edit.) 11-28-25 p. 10
Hopkinson, Francis (Illus.)—*The Signers—56 of '76: New Jersey's Quintet of Persecuted Patriots:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz 1-30-26 p. 28
Horticulture—*Adventures in Plant Hunting:* by Farrington, E. I. 3-27-26 p. 30
Hosmer, Dr. George W.—*Seventy-Five Years of an Ideal—Antioch College:* by Lewis, Eleanor 11-28-25 p. 2
*Hot Dog Engineer of Screenland, The:* by Jopp, Fred Gilman 1-30-26 p. 21
*Hotel—see Parker House in Boston*
Hotel Allenby, Jerusalem (Illus.)—*Will Palestine Ever Pay Its Board?* by Barton, William E. 4- 3-26 p. 12
Hotel de Ville, Paris (Illus.)—*Wood Blocks as Story-Telling Medium:* by Boeckmann, H. 11-28-25 p. 20
Hotel Utah, Salt Lake City (Illus.)—*The Business End of Mormonism:* by Stratton, George Frederic 3-27-26 p. 25
Houdini, Harry (Illus.)—*Houdini: The Book Man* 10-31-25 p. 2
Houghton, Ambassador Alanson B.—*A Sudden Squall* (Edit.) 4-17-26 p. 10
House Built by Hand—*Builds Ten-Room House Single-Handed* 12- 5-25 p. 32
House, Colonel—*House, Then Baruch* (Edit.) 1-30-26 p. 11
*How the Coolidge Cabinet Functions:* by Johns, E. B. 2-27-26 p. 8
*Sounding the "Alert"* (Edit.) 1-16-26 p. 11
House of Commons, Ottawa—*In the Gallery of the Canadian House:* by Chicanot, E. L. 12-26-25 p. 23
House of De Haro—*The Voyage of the "Victoria":* by Finger, Chas. J. 4- 3-26 p. 16
House of Representatives (Illus.)—*He Guides People Through the Capitol* 2-27-26 p. 16
"House of the Seven Gables"—*Building "The House of the Seven Gables":* by Hawthorne, Julian 11-28-25 p. 5
House Where Hawthorne Was Born, July 4, 1804 (Illus.)—*"The Scarlet Letter": How It Was Written:* by Hawthorne, Julian 10-31-25 p. 4
*Housekeeping in Our Paris Flat:* by Dillon, Philip Robert 4-10-26 p. 3
Housewife—*Women of No Occupation:* by Shuey, Mary Willis 12-19-25 p. 6
Housing—*Put Brains Into It* (Edit.) 1-30-26 p. 10
*How* (Edit.) 4-17-26 p. 10
Howe, Frederic C.—*Chats With Office Callers* 3-27-26 p. 32
Hoyt, Charles H.—*The Box That Became a Throne: Booth Broothers and Other Kings of the Drama Handed Wisdom From This Wood Box in Boston:* by Kilby, Quincy 1- 2-26 p. 2
Huck, Mrs. Winifred Mason (Illus.)—*Does the Office Belong to the Widow?* by Pence, Harry 11- 7-25 p. 5
Hudson Bay Company—*I Read in the Papers* 11-21-25 p. 18
Hughes, Secretary—*Never Lost a War But Never Won a Conference:* by Johns, E. B. 3- 6-26 p. 3
Human Race and Instinct Psychology—*How Your Instincts Have Disappeared:* by Laird, Donald A., Ph. D. 12- 5-25 p. 6
Humayun's Tomb, Delhi (Illus.)—*Ram Narayan, Dreamer of Delhi:* by Reuterdahl, Arvid 1-23-26 p. 22
"Hundred Spirits Lark"—*The Birds Sing, But Girls "Yawl":* by Cramer, Mrs. L. M. 10-31-25 p. 12
Hungary—*Interest* (Edit.) 10-24-25 p. 10
*Jews Returning to Religion in Hungary* 1- 9-26 p. 12
Hunt, Commissioner—*Sad Tale of a United States Report* 1-23-26 p. 15
Hunting—*Through the Woods:* by Smiley, Jim 10-31-25 p. 13
Hunting Season and Accidents—*I Read in the Papers* 2-27-26 p. 19
Huntington, Henry E.—*Wood Blocks as Story-Telling Medium:* by Boeckmann, H. 11-28-25 p. 20
Hypnotism—*Psychology and Sex: How Far Does the Mind Affect the Body?* by Laird, Donald A., Ph. D. 10-31-25 p. 7


## I


*Icelandic Tale, An* 2-27-26 p. 25
Iconoclasm in America—*Is There Iconoclasm in America?* by Hathaway, Carson C. 12-19-25 p. 32
Idols of Sport—*"How They Get That Way":* by MacDonald, Paul 1-23-26 p. 12
Illegal Trapping—*Trapping Trappers in the Near North:* by Hough, Donald 12-19-25 p. 4
Illinois Bank Failure—*Shining the Family Honor* (Edit.) 1-30-26 p. 11
Illinois State Agricultural College—*I Read in the Papers* 12-19-25 p. 29
Illusions on the Screen—*The Hot Dog Engineer of Screenland:* by Jopp, Fred G. 1-30-26 p. 21
"Immigrant Fund"—*Where Does the Head-Tax Go?* by Clark, Marian K. 10-31-25 p. 22
Immigrants—*Note the Names of Our Criminals:* by Benson, Allan L. 10-31-25 p. 3
Immigration—*I Read in the Papers* 3- 6-26 p. 15
*Letting in the Alien Flood—Why?* by Watson, Kenneth 4-17-26 p. 3
*Lo! The Poor Alien* (Edit.) 3-27-26 p. 11
*Never Separated a Single Family:* by Watson, Kenneth 4-10-26 p. 5
*Shall Aliens Be Registered? Davis Says "Yes":* by Davis, James J. 2-13-26 p. 4
Immigration Exclusion Act and Japan—*Why Is America Invited to Disarm?* by Johns, E. B. 3-13-26 p. 4
Immortality—*Candlelight and Immortality* (Edit.) 2-13-26 p. 10
Imperial Tobacco Company—*Sad Tale of a United States Report* 1-23-26 p. 15
*Why Sapiro's Co-Ops Had Trouble* 2-20-26 p. 14
Imports and Exports—*Going to Sea in Subsidized Ships:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy 1-23-26 p. 6
Income Tax—*Comparing Tax Burdens in Leading Countries: Senator Reed Smoot's Statement on Taxes* 10-31-25 p. 6

*Overflowing Streams of Federal Taxes:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy ..... 10-24-25 p. 7
Income Tax Reduction—*Chats With Office Callers* ..... 2-13-26 p. 12
Income Tax Rulings, Secrecy Regarding—*Government Loses Tax Millions:* by Brewer, Charles B. ..... 3-20-26 p. 3
Indemnity Bond—"*Conscience Money*" *and the Indemnity Bond* ..... 3-27-26 p. 18
*Independent Air Service—see Aviation*
India—*Chats With Office Callers* ..... 1- 2-26 p. 30
*Chats With Office Callers* ..... 1-16-26 p. 27
*Ram Narayan, Dreamer of Delhi:* by Reuterdahl, Arvid ..... 1-23-26 p. 22
India, Air Route to—*Just a Century Apart* (Edit.) ..... 10-24-25 p. 11
India, Vegetarians of—*Chats With Office Callers* ..... 12-12-25 p. 20
*Indian Key, Where Rare Birds Resort:* by Dacy, George H. ..... 1- 2-26 p. 20
Indian Lore—*If It's Pagan, It's Harmless* (Edit.) ..... 4-10-26 p. 11
Indiana—*I Read in the Papers* ..... 12- 5-25 p. 24
Indians—*How the Indians Make Sugar:* by Evans, Mrs. Paul W. ..... 4-17-26 p. 30
Industrialists of Europe—*Good Signs* (Edit.) ..... 12- 5-25 p. 11
Industry and Public Service—*Mr. Ford's Page* ..... 1-16-26 p. 9
Infidel—*Burbank*—"*Infidel*" (Edit.) ..... 2-13-26 p. 11
Inflation—*The Cruelty of Deflation* ..... 1-30-26 p. 27
Inge, Dean—*English Is Better Spoken in America* ..... 2-13-26 p. 8
"Ingoldsby Legends"—*Side Lights on Author of Ingoldsby Legends:* by Dixon, L. ..... 1-16-26 p. 22
Inheritance Tax—*Comparing Tax Burdens in Leading Countries: Senator Reed Smoot's Statement on Taxes* ..... 10-31-25 p. 6
*Congressman Martin B. Madden's Statement on Taxes* ..... 11- 7-25 p. 8
*I Read in the Papers* ..... 11-28-25 p. 18
Inheritance Tax in New York—*The Tax Muddle:* by Clark, Marian Bruce ..... 12- 5-25 p. 5
"*Innocent*" *Joke That Exceeded Its Limits* ..... 1- 9-26 p. 20
Insanity and Liquor—*I Read in the Papers* ..... 2-20-26 p. 28
Insects—*The Parasite Hunters:* by Du Puy, Wm. Atherton ..... 11-14-25 p. 6
*Spiders and Ants as Movie Actors:* by Jopp, Fred Gilman ..... 1- 9-26 p. 31
Insects Attacked by Fungous Diseases—*Man Is Not the Only One to Be Sick:* by Aaron, S. F. ..... 1- 9-26 p. 2
Installment Credit System—*Opening the Book on 1926:* by Crowther, Samuel ..... 1- 2-26 p. 3
Installment Payments—*Chats With Office Callers* ..... 3-20-26 p. 19
Instincts—*How Your Instincts Have Disappeared:* by Laird, Donald A., Ph. D. ..... 12- 5-25 p. 6
Interest (Edit.) ..... 10-24-25 p. 10
Interest on Public Debt—*I Read in the Papers* ..... 1- 9-26 p. 29
International Bankers—*The President Speaks—or Echoes?* (Edit.) ..... 3-13-26 p. 10
*The World Has Been Reorganized* ..... 2- 6-26 p. 15
International Debts—*Interest* (Edit.) ..... 10-24-25 p. 10
International Finance—*What About the Jewish Question?* ..... 3-13-26 p. 6
International Friendship—*Chats With Office Callers* ..... 3-13-26 p. 19
International Inland Navigation and Hydraulic Power Exhibition—*I Read in the Papers* ..... 3-13-26 p. 18
International Peace—*The World With the Church:* by MacConnell, Duncan ..... 3- 6-26 p. 5
"International Thinking"—"*Thinking Internationally*" (Edit.) ..... 3-13-26 p. 11
Interstate Park—*Uncovering Millstones of the Gods:* by Holmes, Fred L. ..... 10-24-25 p. 14
Inventions—*Patents That Were More Humorous Than Useful:* by Winters, S. R. ..... 10-31-25 p. 16
Investigating High Price of Rubber—*Why Investigate What Is Known?* (Edit.) ..... 1-23-26 p. 11
*Investigating the Air Investigations:* by Johns, E. B. ..... 12- 5-25 p. 3
*Investigating the Air Investigations:* by Johns, E. B. ..... 12-19-25 p. 14
Investigating Tobacco Companies—*Sad Tale of a United States Report* ..... 1-23-26 p. 15
*Sapiro Officials Run a Sideline* ..... 2-27-26 p. 13
*Why Sapiro's Co-Ops Had Trouble* ..... 2-20-26 p. 14
Irak—*I Read in the Papers* ..... 2-20-26 p. 28
Irish and Jewish Plays—*Chats With Office Callers* ..... 4-10-26 p. 21
"Irish Statesman"—*I Read in the Papers* ..... 11-28-25 p. 18
Iron Ore—*I Read in the Papers* ..... 12-19-25 p. 29
Irving, Washington (Illus.)—*Washington Irving's London Has Gone:* by MacConnell, Duncan ..... 4- 3-26 p. 14
Italian Colonies in America—*American* (Edit.) ..... 1-30-26 p. 10
Italians—*Note the Names of Our Criminals:* by Benson, Allan L. ..... 10-31-25 p. 3
Italy—*Bark Versus Bite* (Edit.) ..... 1- 9-26 p. 11
*Chats With Office Callers* ..... 12- 5-25 p. 20
*Comparing Tax Burdens in Leading Countries: Senator Reed Smoot's Statement on Taxes* ..... 10-31-25 p. 6
*A Crime Report* (Edit.) ..... 10-24-25 p. 11
*I Read in the Papers* ..... 10-31-25 p. 30
*A Shylock Nation? Here Are the Facts:* by M'Connell, Burt M. ..... 1-16-26 p. 12
*Thanksgiving Among Other Nations* ..... 11-21-25 p. 26
Italy and War Debts—*Are We a Shylock Nation?* by M'Connell, Burt M. ..... 1- 9-26 p. 3

## J

Jackson, Mississippi—*Where Are the Americans? Down South?* by Barnet, Harry E. ..... 12-19-25 p. 20
Jacobstein, Rep. Meyer—*Letting in the Alien Flood—Why?* by Watson, Kenneth ..... 4-17-26 p. 3
Janet, Dr. Pierre—*Dr. Joseph Collins Gives "My Definition of a Freudian"* ..... 1-16-26 p. 7
Japan—*Chats With Office Callers* ..... 3- 6-26 p. 20
Japan and Immigration—*Why Is America Invited to Disarm?* by Johns, E. B. ..... 3-13-26 p. 4
Japan—Concessions Made at Washington Conference—*Never Lost a War But Never Won a Conference:* by Johns, E. B. ..... 3- 6-26 p. 3
Japanese Supremacy in Hawaii—*Chats With Office Callers* ..... 11-28-25 p. 12
Jardine, William M. (Secretary of Agriculture)—*The President and Mr. Coolidge:* by Howe, Samuel ..... 12-26-25 p. 4
*Sad Tale of a United States Report* ..... 1-23-26 p. 15
Jasper Ware—*Wedgewood, the Master Potter, and His Work:* by Northend, Mary Harrod ..... 1-30-26 p. 12
Jazz—*I Read in the Papers* ..... 4-10-26 p. 25
Jefferson, Joseph (Illus.)—*The Box That Became a Throne: Booth Brothers and Other Kings of the Drama Handed Wisdom From This Wood Box in Boston:* by Kilby, Quincy ..... 1- 2-26 p. 2
Jenolan Caves—*State Tourist Bureaus* ..... 11-14-25 p. 26
Jerusalem—*A Jewish Rabbi in Jerusalem Writes "Jesus of Nazareth"* ..... 2-27-26 p. 6
"Jesus of Nazareth"—*I Read in the Papers* ..... 1-30-26 p. 27
*A Jewish Rabbi in Jerusalem Writes "Jesus of Nazareth"* ..... 2-27-26 p. 6
Jewish Aspersions Against Americans—*I Read in the Papers* ..... 2-13-26 p. 32
Jewish Brokers in Florida—*Chats With Office Callers* ..... 1-30-26 p. 15
Jewish Encyclopedia—*The Open Segment:* by Best, Nolan R. ..... 11- 7-25 p. 14
Jewish Immigration to Palestine—*Will Palestine Ever Pay Its Board?* by Barton, Wm. E. ..... 4- 3-26 p. 12
Jewish Propaganda Plays—*Chats With Office Callers* ..... 4-10-26 p. 21
Jewish Question—*What About the Jewish Question?* ..... 3-13-26 p. 6
*Jewish Rabbi in Jerusalem Writes "Jesus of Nazareth"* ..... 2-27-26 p. 6
Jews—*I Read in the Papers* ..... 2-27-26 p. 19
*Jews Returning to Religion in Hungary* ..... 1- 9-26 p. 12
Jews and President Coolidge—*I Read in the Papers* ..... 4-17-26 p. 26
Jews—Control Business in Poland—*Chats With Office Callers* ..... 2-27-26 p. 12
Johnson, Dr. Samuel—*Dr. Johnson as Dr. Pomposo* ..... 3-13-26 p. 7
Johnson, Grace A.—*The Practice Babe* ..... 4-10-26 p. 32
Johnson, "Pussyfoot"—"*Wet*" *Money From Abroad?* (Edit.) ..... 12-19-25 p. 11
Johnson, Rep. Albert—*Letting in the Alien Flood—Why?* by Watson, Kenneth ..... 4-17-26 p. 3
*Never Separated a Single Family:* by Watson, Kenneth ..... 4-10-26 p. 5
Johnson's Cabinet—*How the Coolidge Cabinet Functions:* by Johns, E. B. ..... 2-27-26 p. 8
Joke—*An "Innocent" Joke That Exceeded Its Limits* ..... 1- 9-26 p. 20
*Jolly Old Pedagogue, The* ..... 4-10-26 p. 33
Jonaitis, Rev. George F.—*Lithuania—The Country of Kosciusko:* by Jonaitis, Rev. George F. ..... 3-13-26 p. 24
Jones, Bobby (Illus.)—*Golf—Can You Pick the Champions?* by MacDonald, Paul ..... 4-10-26 p. 12
Jorgenson, Jorgen—*Romantic Rascals: Jorgen Jorgenson, 1780-1844:* by Finger, Chas. J. ..... 11- 7-25 p. 16
Journal of the American Medical Association—*I Read in the Papers* ..... 11-21-25 p. 18
"Junior"—*New Year's Day on Lonely Seas:* by Whiting, May B. ..... 1- 2-26 p. 16
Juries Acquit Women Prisoners—*Women's Cases Before the Jury:* by O'Hara, Philip N. ..... 12-19-25 p. 8
Justice for the States—*Governors Plead for Their States:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy ..... 12-19-25 p. 3
Juvenile Delinquent—*What's the Matter With Jim?* by Neil, Judge Henry ..... 4-10-26 p. 8

## K

Kahn, Florence P. (Illus.)—*Does the Office Belong to the Widow?* by Pence, Harry ..... 11- 7-25 p. 5
Kahn, Otto H.—*Confiscated—Mussolini* (Edit.) ..... 4- 3-26 p. 11
*The President Speaks—Or Echoes?* (Edit.) ..... 3-13-26 p. 10
"Karluk," Lost Voyage of—*Rescuing the Survivors From Wrangel Island:* by McConnell, Burt M. 3- 6-26 p. 22
Kashmiri Gate, Delhi (Illus.)—*Ram Narayan, Dreamer of Delhi:* by Reuterdahl, Arvid ..... 1-23-26 p. 22
Keith, Sir Arthur—*I Read in the Papers* ..... 4-10-26 p. 25

Kelsey, Professor—*Oldest Manuscript of the Bible:* by Sanders, H. A. 10-31-25 p. 26
Kemmerer, Prof. E. W.—*The World Has Been Reorganized* 2- 6-26 p. 15
"Kenmore," Fredericksburg, Virginia (Illus.)—*Where American History Was Made:* by Poole, W. C. 10-24-25 p. 31
Kensington, Philadelphia—*Valuable Old American Bottles:* by Northend, Mary Harrod 12-12-25 p. 12
Keppel, Frederick E. (President Carnegie Foundation)—*I Read in the Papers* 4- 3-26 p. 25
*Killer and the Helper, The* (Edit.) 1-23-26 p. 11
*Killers' Struggle to Exist, The:* by Aaron, S. F. 4- 3-26 p. 2
Killitts, Judge John M.—*I Read in the Papers* 3-27-26 p. 24
King, Basil (Illus.)—*Basil King Speaks of "Kitchen Literature":* by Mabie, Janet 1-23-26 p. 2
*King of the Wild Rice Beds:* by Hough, Donald 10-24-25 p. 12
King's English—*Manipulating the King's English:* by Robinson, Alan Moore 4- 3-26 p. 29
Kino, Father Eusevius Francisco—*They Thought California Was an Island:* by Karpinski, Louis C. 1-30-26 p. 24
Kinzie, Mrs. John (Illus.)—*First Families of Chicago:* by Gray, Margaret 1-23-26 p. 14
Kipling, Rudyard—*On the Road to Mandalay:* by Barton, William E. 1-23-26 p. 5
Kirby, Josiah—*I Read in the Papers* 3-27-26 p. 24
"Kitchen Literature"—*Basil King Speaks of "Kitchen Literature":* by Mabie, Janet 1-23-26 p. 2
Klausner, Rabbi Joseph—*A Jewish Rabbi in Jerusalem Writes "Jesus of Nazareth"* 2-27-26 p. 6
Klehm, George (Illus.)—*Beating the Grain of Mustard Seed:* by Mosnat, H. R. 4-17-26 p. 31
Klingelhutz, Herman—*I Read in the Papers* 4-17-26 p. 26
Klondike—Gold Rush of 1896-97—*Tragedy of the Gold Rushes:* by Nash, J. V. 12-26-25 p. 12
Kneubuhl, Ben—*South Seas' Lure, Does It Live?* by Calnon, William Lee 1-30-26 p. 8
Knish, Anna—*Literary Fakers and Their Fakes:* by Finger, Chas. J. 4-17-26 p. 12
*Kodiak Legend* 4- 3-26 p. 32
Korean Balsam Fir (Illus.)—*Adventures in Plant Hunting:* by Farrington, E. I. 3-27-26 p. 30
"Kuhn, Loeb & Company"—*Chats With Office Callers* 2-27-26 p. 12
*The World Has Been Reorganized* 2- 6-26 p. 15
Kutab Minar, Delhi (Illus.)—*Ram Narayan, Dreamer of Delhi:* by Reuterdahl, Arvid 1-23-26 p. 22


## L


Labor—*Advice and Counter-Counsel* (Edit.) 11- 7-25 p. 10
*Mr. Ford's Page* 11-28-25 p. 9
*Where Only Three Per Cent Would Benefit:* by M'Connell, Burt M. 1- 2-26 p. 8
Labor Law in Russia—*Bolshevism Meets Women!* (Edit.) 1-23-26 p. 10
Ladybird Beetle—*The Parasite Hunters:* by Du Puy, Wm. Atherton 11-14-25 p. 6
Lafayette's Plan to Invade Canada—*Washington's Loyalty* 2-20-26 p. 2
Lafollette, Bob—*Off Politics* (Edit.) 12-26-25 p. 11
*Lake—see "Sixth Great Lake"*
Lake Nipigon—*A New Great Lake to Save Lakes:* by Laut, Wallace J. 10-24-25 p. 15
Lake Superior—*A New Great Lake to Save Lakes:* by Laut, Wallace J. 10-24-25 p. 15
Lake Tahoe—*The Magic of Lake Tahoe:* by Hawthorne, Julian 11-21-25 p. 22
Lake Washington Boulevard, Seattle (Illus.)—*The Longest Paved Street in the World:* by Morgan, Robert 1- 2-26 p. 31
Lamb, Charles—*Chimney Corner Books:* by Atkins, Gaius Glenn 11-28-25 p. 13
*Great Writers Who Have Failed as Novelists* 4-10-26 p. 22
Lampert Committee—*Investigating the Air Investigations:* by Johns, E. B. 12-19-25 p. 14
*Lancers, The—A Dance a Week* 4-10-26 p. 28
Lancers "Oriental"—*A Dance a Week: Concluding Last Three Figures of the Lancers: Lancers "Oriental"* 4-17-26 p. 32
Land Swindlers—*Florida Chases Out the Land Swindlers:* by Holland, W. B. 1-30-26 p. 5
"Language of Education in the Philippine Islands"—*Driving the English Language Out of the Philippines:* by Barton, Wm. E. 11-21-25 p. 7
Lanham, Frank—*"Who Is Governor of Texas?"* by Bentley, Max 2-27-26 p. 3
Lansdowne, Lieutenant Commander (Illus.)—*The World Tells Its Tale of 1925: A Backward Look:* by Pence, Harry 1- 2-26 p. 12
Lansdowne, Mrs. Zachary—*More Light* (Edit.) 12-12-25 p. 11
Lansing, Secretary—*How the Coolidge Cabinet Functions:* by Johns, E. B. 2-27-26 p. 8
Lashing Bank Robbers—*I Read in the Papers* 1-16-26 p. 29
Lasky, Jesse L.—*The Government Accuses the Movies* 2-20-26 p. 4
*Last Battlefield of the Civil War, The:* by Creech, F. Hunter 10-31-25 p. 29
*Last Days of William Jennings Bryan, The:* by Schermerhorn, James 3-20-26 p. 14
Latter-Day Saints—*The Business End of Mormonism:* by Stratton, George Frederic 3-27-26 p. 25
Launceston Castle (Illus.)—*Among the Byways of Old Cornwall:* by Tangye, Hebert 11- 7-25 p. 31
Laundries, Destructive Tendencies of—*Chats With Office Callers* 3- 6-26 p. 20
Law—*Lawyers and Law* (Edit.) 1- 9-26 p. 11
Law and Order League—*Prohibition Can Be Enforced: Ask the People of Schoharie County* 3-27-26 p. 19
Law Enforcement—*North Carolina Crushes Mob Rule:* by Richardson, Wm. H. 3-27-26 p. 7
*Who Is the "Laughing Stock" Now?* (Edit.) 4- 3-26 p. 10
"Law of Family Rights"—*Bolshevism Meets Women!* (Edit.) 1-23-26 p. 10
Law of Supply and Demand—*The "New Economics" for Farmers:* by Kenton, Robert 1-30-26 p. 14
Laws—*Chats With Office Callers* 2-20-26 p. 8
Laws, Peculiarities of—*How to Steal Apples:* by Waite, John Barker 4-17-26 p. 24
Lawsuit—*I Read in the Papers* 1- 2-26 p. 18
*Lawyers and Law* (Edit.) 1- 9-26 p. 11
Leacock, Stephen—*Leacock Sorrows* (Edit.) 2-20-26 p. 11
League of Nations—*Mr. Ford's Page* 1-30-26 p. 9
*The President Sees and Speaks!* (Edit.) 4-10-26 p. 10
*Should America Join World's Court?* by Newman, Oliver P. 12-19-25 p. 5
*Tackle the Big Ones* (Edit.) 11-28-25 p. 11
*What Will It Cost?* (Edit.) 1- 2-26 p. 11
*The World Court?* (Edit.) 1- 9-26 p. 10
*The World Court and the People* (Edit.) 2- 6-26 p. 11
*The World Tells Its Tale of 1925: A Backward Look:* by Pence, Harry 1- 2-26 p. 12
League of Nations' World Court—*In—Yet Out* (Edit.) 2-20-26 p. 10
Leahy, Judge Dan—*He Licked Fall in His Own Paper:* by Stidger, Wm. L. 12-26-25 p. 2
Learning, Laboring and Waiting Are the Ingredients of Achievement—*Mr. Ford's Page* 2- 6-26 p. 9
Le Baron, Captain Alan—*Back-Tracking Man Through the Ages:* by Hubbard, Samuel 2-1 26 p. 15
Lee, Lord—*Why Is America Invited to Disarm?* by Johns, E. B. 3-13-26 p. 4
Legendre, Dr. A.—*Is There Such a Thing as a Yellow Race?* by Sloan, John 12-26-25 p. 5
*Legislating in Secret Session:* by Johns, E. B. 4- 3-26 p. 3
Legislative Assembly—*The New Method* (Edit.) 2- 6-26 p. 10
Leisure—*Mr. Ford's Page* 3-13-26 p. 9
*What Would You Rather Do Than Work?* by Benson, Allan L. 11-21-25 p. 13
Leisure, Industrial Value of—*Mr. Ford's Page* 3-20-26 p. 9
Leslie, Shane—*I Read in the Papers* 3-20-26 p. 24
Letters of a Public Man—*What's in the Senator's Letter Box?* 1- 9-26 p. 15
Levinson, Mr.—*Not Christian Any More* (Edit.) 11-28-25 p. 10
Lewis, Sinclair (Illus.)—*Honestly—Who Is Babbitt?* by Stidger, Wm. L. 3- 6-26 p. 2
*How I Write and Why I Write:* by Stidger, Wm. L. 3-20-26 p. 2
Lexington, Kentucky—Administration of Justice—*I Read in the Papers* 4- 3-26 p. 25
Library of Emerson (Illus.)—*Ralph Waldo Emerson—His Supreme Service:* by Atkins, Gaius Glenn 10-24-25 p. 2
Library of Houdini—*Houdini: The Book Man* 10-31-25 p. 2
"Life"—*Literary Memories: Writers and Publishers of Yesterday:* by Masson, Thomas L. 12-26-25 p. 16
*Life and Death Act on the Screen:* by Dunn, Harry H. 4-10-26 p. 7
Life Mask of Lincoln—*How Abraham Lincoln Looked:* by Barton, William E. 2- 6-26 p. 16
Life, Preservation of—*Things That Doctors Do Not Know:* by Carrel, Dr. Alexis 3-27-26 p. 14
"Limited Families"—*Should the Poor Have Children?* (Edit.) 12- 5-25 p. 10
Lincoln, Abraham—*How Abraham Lincoln Looked:* by Barton, William E. 2- 6-26 p. 16
*"I Slept With Lincoln": Lucien S. Hanks' Nighttime Experience:* by Hanks, Lucien S. 2- 6-26 p. 23
*Lincoln* (Edit.) 2- 6-26 p. 10
*Lincoln's Murder—Amazing Man Hunt:* by Black, F. L. 4-10-26 p. 14
*Lincoln's Premonitions of Death:* by Black, F. L. 2- 6-26 p. 8
Lincoln Film—*Chats With Office Callers* 2-27-26 p. 12
Lincoln Letter to Mrs. Bixby of Boston—*The Truth About the Bixby Letter:* by Barton, William E. 2- 6-26 p. 6

Lincoln, Mrs. Abraham (Illus.)—*First Families of Chicago: A City's Progress Indexed in Its Womanhood:* by Gray, Margaret ... 1-23-26 p. 14
Lincoln Poem—*Lincoln, the Man of the People* ... 2- 6-26 p. 2
Lincoln, Robert T.—*I Read in the Papers* ... 1- 2-26 p. 18
Lincoln's Cabinet—*How the Coolidge Cabinet Functions:* by Johns, E. B. ... 2-27-26 p. 8
Linklater, John—*Trapping Trappers in the Near North:* by Hough, Donald ... 12-19-25 p. 4
Lippmann, Walter—*I Read in the Papers* ... 2-13-26 p. 32
Liquor—*Are Americans "Moderate" Drinkers?* (Edit.) ... 3- 6-26 p. 10
*Chats With Office Callers* ... 3- 6-26 p. 20
*Darrow Debates Like a Wet Lamb* ... 1- 2-26 p. 7
*Mr. Ford's Page* ... 3- 6-26 p. 9
*Mr. Ford's Page* ... 4-10-26 p. 9
*The President Is "Dry"* (Edit.) ... 12-26-25 p. 11
*Prohibition Can Be Enforced: Ask the People of Schoharie County* ... 3-27-26 p. 19
*There Will Be No Change* (Edit.) ... 2-27-26 p. 11
*"Wet" Money From Abroad?* (Edit.) ... 12-19-25 p. 11
Liquor and Insanity—*I Read in the Papers* ... 2-20-26 p. 28
Liquor Profits 250 Years Ago—*I Read in the Papers* ... 4- 3-26 p. 25
*Literary Fakers and Their Fakes:* by Finger, Charles J. ... 4-17-26 p. 12
*Literary Memories: Writers and Publishers of Yesterday:* by Masson, Thomas L. ... 12-26-25 p. 16
Literature—*Leading the Simple Book Life:* by Masson, Thomas L. ... 1-23-26 p. 24
Lithuania—*Interest* (Edit.) ... 10-24-25 p. 10
*Lithuania—The Country of Kosciusko:* by Jonaitis, Rev. Geo. F. ... 3-13-26 p. 24
Litigation—*I Read in the Papers* ... 1- 2-26 p. 18
Little, Dr. Clarence (President, University of Michigan)—*Should the Poor Have Children?* (Edit.) ... 12- 5-25 p. 10
*"Little Mothers" of Different Nations* ... 3-27-26 p. 33
"Little Women"—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 11-14-25 p. 12
"Living Age"—*I Read in the Papers* ... 3-13-26 p. 18
"Living Age," Wreck of (Illus.)—*New Year's Day on Lonely Seas:* by Whiting, May B. ... 1- 2-26 p. 16
Lloyd George (Illus.)—*I Read in the Papers* ... 3-27-26 p. 24
*Wilson's First Night in Paris:* by Thompson, Huston ... 3-27-26 p. 2
Loafing—*What Would You Rather Do Than Work?* by Benson, Allan L. ... 11-21-25 p. 13
Loans Made to Foreign Countries During War—*Are We a Shylock Nation?* by M'Connell, Burt M. ... 1- 9-26 p. 3
Loans to European Governments—*I Read in the Papers* ... 3-27-26 p. 24
Lobby—*The Gigantic Lobby* (Edit.) ... 1-23-26 p. 11
Locarno Treaty—*Mr. Ford's Page* ... 1-30-26 p. 9
Locarno—*Hopes and Fears* (Edit.) ... 12-19-25 p. 10
*The World Tells Its Tale of 1925: A Backward Look:* by Pence, Harry ... 1- 2-26 p. 12
Loew, Marcus—*The Government Accuses the Movies* ... 2-20-26 p. 4
London, England—*"American Audiences Are Fine," Says Sir Henry Wood, Famous Conductor of Queen's Hall Orchestra of London, England:* by Shore, W. Teignmouth ... 2-27-26 p. 15
*Washington Irving's London Has Gone:* by MacConnell, Duncan ... 4- 3-26 p. 14
"Lone Wolf Colony," Victorville, California (Illus.)—*Cooperation Saves Workers From Death:* by Morgan, Robert ... 4-17-26 p. 29
*Longest Paved Street in the World, The:* by Morgan, Robert ... 1- 2-26 p. 31
Longfellow's "Learn to Labor and to Wait"—*Mr. Ford's Page* ... 2- 6-26 p. 9
Loopholes of the Law—*How to Steal Apples:* by Waite, John Barker ... 4-17-26 p. 24
"Lorna Doone"—*Successful Books That Were Scorned* ... 11-21-25 p. 12
Lost City of Nevada—*Perhaps the First of American Cities:* by Sloan, John ... 3-20-26 p. 6
Louis XIV—*Majesty and Muddle* ... 11-21-25 p. 28
Lowell, Amy (Illus.)—*Amy Lowell—A Woman and Her Message:* by Mabie, Janet ... 1-30-26 p. 2
Lowell, President (Harvard University)—*I Read in the Papers* ... 11-21-25 p. 18
Lyle, Mrs. Robert W.—*I Read in the Papers* ... 2-13-26 p. 32
Lynching—*North Carolina Crushes Mob Rule:* by Richardson, Wm. H. ... 3-27-26 p. 7
Lyon, Emma—*Romantic Rascals: Emma Lyon, 1761-1815:* by Finger, Chas. J. ... 12-26-25 p. 21


## M


McClure, S. S.—*Literary Memories: Writers and Publishers of Yesterday:* by Masson, Thos. L. ... 12-26-25 p. 16
McCullough, Mr. (Delegate of Omaha)—*A Sound Conviction* (Edit.) ... 11-21-25 p. 11
McGuffey, Dr. William Holmes—*The Grand Old Man of the Little Red Schoolhouse:* by Colby, Benjamin ... 3-20-26 p. 16
McGuffey Readers—*I Read in the Papers* ... 12- 5-25 p. 24
McKenna, Major Frank B.—*Investigating the Air Investigations:* by Johns, E. B. ... 12- 5-25 p. 3
McLean, Angus W. (Governor of North Carolina)—*North Carolina Crushes Mob Rule:* by Richardson, William H. ... 3-27-26 p. 7
MacDonald, Ramsay—*I Read in the Papers* ... 1-16-26 p. 29
Machen, Arthur—*Chimney Corner Books:* by Atkins, Gaius Glenn ... 11-28-25 p. 13
MacMillan, Donald B. (Illus.)—*The World Tells Its Tale of 1925: A Backward Look:* by Pence, Harry ... 1- 2-26 p. 12
MacMonnies, Frederick—*Is There Iconoclasm in America?* by Hathaway, Carson C. ... 12-19-25 p. 32
Madden, Martin B. (Illus.)—*Congressman Martin B. Madden's Statement on Taxes* ... 11- 7-25 p. 8
Maddux, C. V.—*Never Separated a Single Family:* by Watson, Kenneth ... 4-10-26 p. 5
Magazines—*Literary Memories: Writers and Publishers of Yesterday:* by Masson, Thos. L. ... 12-26-25 p. 16
Magazines, College—*College Humor* (Edit.) ... 11-14-25 p. 10
Magee, Carl C. (Illus.)—*He Licked Fall in His Own Paper:* by Stidger, Wm. L. ... 12-26-25 p. 2
Magellan Expedition—*The Voyage of the "Victoria":* by Finger, Chas. J. ... 4- 3-26 p. 16
Magician—*Houdini: The Book Man* ... 10-31-25 p. 2
Maiden Names—*Wearing a Man's Name* (Edit.) ... 10-31-25 p. 11
Mail-Frauds—*Home Crafts for Idle Hands:* by Ulm, A. H. ... 2-27-26 p. 5
*Robbing the Public by Post:* by Ulm, A. H. ... 11-14-25 p. 7
Mail, Senatorial—*What's in the Senator's Letter Box?* ... 1- 9-26 p. 15
"Main Street"—*Honestly—Who Is Babbitt?* by Stidger, Wm. L. ... 3- 6-26 p. 2
*How I Write and Why I Write:* by Stidger, Wm. L. ... 3-20-26 p. 2
Maine Potato Growers' Exchange—*"Burned Spuds"—How It Happened:* by Rubinow, S. G. ... 2- 6-26 p. 14
*Majesty and Muddle* ... 11-21-25 p. 28
Mallard—*King of the Wild Rice Beds:* by Hough, Donald ... 10-24-25 p. 12
Maloney, Thomas B.—*Consolidated Stock Exchange—Finis?* by Pinci, A. R. ... 3-27-26 p. 6
*Man Is Not the Only One to Be Sick:* by Aaron, S. F. ... 1- 9-26 p. 2
"Man-o-War" Birds—*Indian Key, Where Rare Birds Resort:* by Dacy, George H. ... 1- 2-26 p. 20
Man, Prehistoric—*Back-Tracking Man Through the Ages:* by Hubbard, Samuel ... 2-13-26 p. 15
*A Dinosaur Breaks Into History:* by Hubbard, Samuel ... 4-17-26 p. 14
*Man Who Slapped George Washington on the Shoulder, The:* by Benson, Allan L. ... 2-20-26 p. 6
"Man With the Hoe"—*How I Wrote "The Man With the Hoe":* by Markham, Edwin ... 11-21-25 p. 3
Management Main Factor in Business—*Exaggerating the Power of Money in Its Relation to Business:* by Crowther, Samuel ... 1-23-26 p. 3
Mandalay, Burma—*On the Road to Mandalay:* by Barton, William E. ... 1-23-26 p. 5
Manila—*Bolshevism in the Philippines:* by Freeman, C. F. ... 2-13-26 p. 6
*Driving the English Language Out of the Philippines:* by Barton, Wm. E. ... 11-21-25 p. 7
*Manipulating the King's English:* by Robinson, Alan Moore ... 4- 3-26 p. 29
Mann, Horace—*Seventy-Five Years of an Ideal—Antioch College:* by Lewis, Eleanor ... 11-28-25 p. 2
*Thanksgiving at Antioch College:* by Lewis, Eleanor ... 11-21-25 p. 32
Manning, Bishop—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 4- 3-26 p. 21
Manuscript of the Bible—*Oldest Bible Manuscript in the World:* by Sanders, H. A. ... 3- 6-26 p. 8
*Oldest Manuscript of the Bible:* by Sanders, H. A. ... 10-31-25 p. 26
Map of California Made in 1701—*They Thought California Was an Island:* by Karpinski, Louis C. ... 1-30-26 p. 24
Map of Southern Extremity of South America—*The Voyage of the "Victoria":* by Finger, Chas. J. ... 4- 3-26 p. 16
Maple Sugar Making—*When the Maple Sap Is Running* ... 3-20-26 p. 20
Marble Mountain—*I Read in the Papers* ... 12- 5-25 p. 24
Marblehead, Massachusetts—*Marblehead, the Seaport of Romance:* by Northend, Mary Harrod ... 2-20-26 p. 12
Markham, Edwin—*How I Wrote "Lincoln, the Man of the People":* by Markham, Edwin ... 2- 6-26 p. 3
*How I Wrote "The Man With the Hoe":* by Markham, Edwin ... 11-21-25 p. 3
*Markings in Old Books, The* (Edit.) ... 12-19-25 p. 11
Marshall, Louis—*Consolidated Stock Exchange—Finis?* by Pinci, A. R. ... 3-27-26 p. 6
*I Read in the Papers* ... 2-13-26 p. 32
Martin Act—*Consolidated Stock Exchange—Finis?* by Pinci, A. R. ... 3-27-26 p. 6

Martin, Dr. Rudolf—*War Makes Stunted Children:* by Jenks, Albert Ernest ... 3- 6-26 p. 28
Martyr, Peter—*Why and How It Is "America":* by Karpinski, Louis C. ... 11-14-25 p. 14
Marx, Wilhelm—*The World Tells Its Tale of 1925: A Backward Look:* by Pence, Harry ... 1- 2-26 p. 12
Mary Washington's Grave, Fredericksburg, Virginia (Illus.)—*Where American History Was Made:* by Poole, W. C. ... 10-24-25 p. 31
Marye, James—*Washington's Schoolmaster:* by Walker, A. G. ... 2-20-26 p. 19
Maryland—*The "Signers"—of Maryland:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz ... 11- 7-25 p. 20
*Where American History Was Made:* by Poole, W. C. ... 10-24-25 p. 31
Masonry—Suppressed in Italy—*The World Tells Its Tale of 1925: A Backward Look:* by Pence, Harry ... 1- 2-26 p. 12
Massachusetts—*Marblehead, the Seaport of Romance:* by Northend, Mary Harrod ... 2-20-26 p. 12
*Who Are "We"?* (Edit.) ... 1-23-26 p. 10
Masson, Thomas L.—*The Best Reading in the World:* by Masson, Thomas L. ... 10-31-25 p. 8
*How Cartoons Are Made:* by Masson, Thomas L. ... 11-14-25 p. 16
*The Joys of Eating What We Like:* by Masson, Thomas L. ... 2-13-26 p. 16
*Leading the Simple Book Life:* by Masson, Thomas L. ... 1-23-26 p. 24
*Literary Memories: Writers and Publishers of Yesterday:* by Masson, Thomas L. ... 12-26-25 p. 16
*The Search for a Good Story:* by Masson, Thomas L. ... 10-24-25 p. 5
*What It Means to Be a Writer:* by Masson, Thomas L. ... 11-28-25 p. 16
Mather, Increase—*Copp's Hill, Where Heroes Rest:* by Whiting, May B. ... 11-21-25 p. 8
"Mayflower"—*The Men of the Mayflower as Fathers of the Republic:* by Karpinski, Louis C. ... 12-26-25 p. 29
Meakin, Frederick—*Seventy-Five Years of an Ideal —Antioch College:* by Lewis, Eleanor ... 11-28-25 p. 2
*Measuring America's Soul:* by Taylor, T. Cameron ... 3-13-26 p. 8
Medical Instruction Through the Press—*Should Doctors Speak?* (Edit.) ... 2-13-26 p. 11
Medical Profession—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 12-19-25 p. 26
*Medical Quacks of Other Days* ... 2- 6-26 p. 27
Medicine—*Things That Doctors Do Not Know:* by Carrel, Dr. Alexis ... 3-27-26 p. 14
Mellon, Secretary Andrew W.—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 2-13-26 p. 12
*The President Is "Dry"* (Edit.) ... 12-26-25 p. 11
*This Country Has Money to Burn:* by Du Puy, Wm. Atherton ... 11-21-25 p. 15
*Wise Statesmen?* (Edit.) ... 2-27-26 p. 11
*Men of the Mayflower as Fathers of the Republic, The:* by Karpinski, Louis C. ... 12-26-25 p. 29
Mental Breakdowns—*Two Dozen Ways to Keep Sane:* by Laird, Donald A., Ph. D. ... 4-17-26 p. 5
Merchandising—*How Customers Impose on the Merchants:* by Beck, Edward J. ... 12- 5-25 p. 21
Merchant Marine May Become Sea Power—*Why Is America Invited to Disarm?* by Johns, E. B. ... 3-13-26 p. 4
Merchant Marine Problem—*Going to Sea in Subsidized Ships:* by Ulm, A. H. ... 1-23-26 p. 6
Mercier, Cardinal—*A Great Shepherd* (Edit.) ... 2-13-26 p. 10
Mesmer, Anton—*Medical Quacks of Other Days* ... 2- 6-26 p. 27
Mesopotamia—*I Read in the Papers* ... 2-20-26 p. 28
"Messiah"—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 1-23-26 p. 18
Methodist Episcopal Church, Evanston, Illinois—*Has America a Youth Movement?* by Stidger, William L. ... 2- 6-26 p. 5
Methodist Young People at Evanston—*I Read in the Papers* ... 1-23-26 p. 21
Mexican Peon Immigration—*Letting in the Alien Flood—Why?* by Watson, Kenneth ... 4-17-26 p. 3
*Never Separated a Single Family:* by Watson, Kenneth ... 4-10-26 p. 5
Mexico and the United States—*Somebody Is Looking for Trouble* (Edit.) ... 4-17-26 p. 10
Miami—*Florida Chases Out the Land Swindlers:* by Holland, W. B. ... 1-30-26 p. 5
Miami University, Oxford, Ohio (Illus.)—*The Grand Old Man of the Little Red Schoolhouse:* by Colby, B. ... 3-20-26 p. 16
Microscopic Motion Pictures of Disease Germs—*Life and Death Act on the Screen:* by Dunn, Harry H. ... 4-10-26 p. 7
Middleboro, Massachusetts—*I Read in the Papers* ... 3-13-26 p. 18
Military Decorations Abolished in Greece—*I Read in the Papers* ... 1-23-26 p. 21
*Military Training of Students* (Edit.) ... 2-13-26 p. 11
*Milk—see Synthethic Milk*
"Mill on the Floss, The"—*A Tragic Heroine—Maggie Tulliver:* by Smith, Lewis Worthington ... 1-30-26 p. 20
Miller, Joaquin (Illus.)—*A Close-Up of Joaquin Miller:* by Benson, Allan L ... 3-13-26 p. 3
Millet Painting—"The Man With the Hoe" (Illus.) —*How I Wrote "The Man With the Hoe":* by Markham, Edwin ... 11-21-25 p. 3
*Million-Dollar Cape, A* ... 2- 6-26 p. 31
Million-Dollar Office Building of Latter-Day Saints (Illus.)—*The Business End of Mormonism:* by Stratton, George Frederic ... 3-27-26 p. 25
Milton, John—*Chimney Corner Books:* by Atkins, Gaius Glenn ... 11-28-25 p. 13
Mind Affecting the Body—*Psychology and Sex:* by Laird, Donald A., Ph. D. ... 10-31-25 p. 7
Minnesota—*Uncovering Millstones of the Gods:* by Holmes, Fred L. ... 10-24-25 p. 14
Minnesota Potato Growers' Exchange—*"Burned Spuds"—How It Happened:* by Rubinow, S. G. ... 2- 6-26 p. 14
Mississippi—*I Read in the Papers* ... 2-27-26 p. 19
Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical College—*A Modern Mississippi College* ... 4-17-26 p. 20
Mitchell, Colonel William—*Chats With Office Callers* 1-23-26 p. 18
*Hitching Up to Alaska* ... 10-24-25 p. 6
*I Read in the Papers* ... 10-24-25 p. 25
*Investigating the Air Investigations:* by Johns, E. B. ... 12- 5-25 p. 3
*More Light* (Edit.) ... 12-12-25 p. 11
*The World Tells Its Tale of 1925: A Backward Look:* by Pence, Harry ... 1- 2-26 p. 12
Mob Rule—*North Carolina Crushes Mob Rule:* by Richardson, Wm. H. ... 3-27-26 p. 7
*Modern Mississippi College, A* ... 4-17-26 p. 20
"Modern Times"—*Dr. Johnson as Dr. Pomposo* ... 3-13-26 p. 7
Moline Type Elm Tree (Illus.)—*Beating the Grain of Mustard Seed:* by Mosnat, H R. ... 4-17-26 p. 31
Mond, Mr.—*I Read in the Papers* ... 3-27-26 p. 24
Money—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 3-13-26 p. 19
*Fooling With Our Money* (Edit.) ... 11- 7-25 p. 11
*A Preacher on Business* ... 12- 5-25 p. 28
*This Country Has Money to Burn:* by Du Puy, Wm. Atherton ... 11-21-25 p. 15
Money-Lenders—*I Read in the Papers* ... 11-14-25 p. 32
"Money Musk"—*A Dance a Week: Money Musk, Pop Goes the Weasel, and St. Patrick's Day in the Morning* ... 3-20-26 p. 28
*I Read in the Papers* ... 12-12-25 p. 29
Money, Power of—*Exaggerating the Power of Money in Its Relation to Business:* by Crowther, Samuel ... 1-23-26 p. 3
Monopoly—*Mr. Ford's Page* ... 11-14-25 p. 9
Monopoly of the Motion Picture Industry—*The Government Accuses the Movies* ... 2-20-26 p. 4
Montana—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 12-26-25 p. 25
Morgan, Arthur E.—*Seventy-Five Years of an Ideal —Antioch College:* by Lewis, Eleanor ... 11-28-25 p. 2
Morgan-Knish "Spectra" Poems—*Literary Fakers and Their Fakes:* by Finger, Chas. J. ... 4-17-26 p. 12
Morley, Christopher—*Chimney Corner Books:* by Atkins, Gaius Glenn ... 11-28-25 p. 13
Mormonism—*The Business End of Mormonism:* by Stratton, George Frederic ... 3-27-26 p. 25
Morocco—*From Spain to Morocco:* by Pritchett, V. S. ... 11- 7-25 p. 2
Morris, Gouverneur—*The Man Who Slapped George Washington on the Shoulder:* by Benson, Allan L. ... 2-20-26 p. 6
Morrow Board—*Investigating the Air Investigations:* by Johns, E. B. ... 12-19-25 p. 14
Moscow—*I Read in the Papers* ... 11- 7-25 p. 29
Mothers' Assistance Bill—*The Radical Trail in Welfare Laws:* by Clark, Marian Bruce ... 3- 6-26 p. 6
Motion Picture Illusions—*The Hot Dog Engineer of Screenland:* by Jopp, Fred Gilman ... 1-30-26 p. 21
Motion Pictures—*Are the Movies Cruel to Animals?* 2-27-26 p. 28
*Chats With Office Callers* ... 11-21-25 p. 12
*Chats With Office Callers* ... 2-27-26 p. 12
*Cleansing the Screen in New York State:* by Chase, William Sheafe ... 1- 9-26 p. 13
*The Government Accuses the Movies* ... 2-20-26 p. 4
*How Connecticut Handled the Movies* ... 1-16-26 p. 14
*I Read in the Papers* ... 2-27-26 p. 19
*If the Movies Say It Is—It Probably Isn't:* by Pinci, A. R. ... 11-21-25 p. 5
*Is a Movie Renaissance Possible?* by Pinci, A. R. ... 3-20-26 p. 5
*United States Control of Pictures?* (Edit.) ... 1-16-26 p. 10
*Why Our Movies Move Us Not:* by Pinci, A. R. ... 11- 7-25 p. 6
Motion Pictures of Flower Fertilization—*Life and Death Act on the Screen:* by Dunn, Harry H. ... 4-10-26 p. 7
Motion Pictures of Insects—*Spiders and Ants as Movie Actors:* by Jopp, Fred Gilman ... 1- 9-26 p. 31

Motor Service Between Beirut and Bagdad—*I Read in the Papers*... 1- 9-26 p. 29
Motor Trucks, Transportation of Goods by—*I Read in the Papers*... 2- 6-26 p. 24
Mott, John R.—*I Read in the Papers*... 2- 6-26 p. 24
Moulton, Professor Forest Ray—*Other Worlds Than Ours:* by Nash, J. V.... 12- 5-25 p. 30
Mount Hood, Oregon—*The Longest Paved Street in the World:* by Morgan, Robert... 1- 2-26 p. 31
Mount Kosciusko—*State Tourist Bureaus*... 11-14-25 p. 26
*Mount of the Holy Cross, The*... 2-27-26 p. 32
Mount Rainier—*The Longest Paved Street in the World:* by Morgan, Robert... 1- 2-26 p. 31
*Mount Taishan, Oldest Worshiping Place on Earth:* by Wilkie, Cameron... 3-27-26 p. 21
Mount Tallac at Lake Tahoe (Illus.)—*The Magic of Lake Tahoe:* by Hawthorne, Julian... 11-21-25 p. 22
Muddy River, Southern Nevada—*Perhaps the First of American Cities:* by Sloan, John... 3-20-26 p. 6
Mules—*I Read in the Papers*... 2-27-26 p. 19
Munich School Children Compared With American School Children—*War Makes Stunted Children:* by Jenks, Albert Ernest... 3- 6-26 p. 28
Municipal Government—*Twenty-One Year Tale of Cities:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy... 1-30-26 p. 3
Munro, John—*Rescuing the Survivors From Wrangel Island:* by McConnell, Burt M.... 3- 6-26 p. 22
Murder Decreasing in Europe—*A Crime Report* (Edit.)... 10-24-25 p. 11
Muscle Shoals—*Putting Muscle Shoals on the Map:* by Karpinski, Louis C.... 10-24-25 p. 28
Music—*"American Audiences Are Fine," Says Sir Henry Wood, Famous Conductor of Queen's Hall Orchestra of London, England:* by Shore, W. Teignmouth... 2-27-26 p. 15
*Musical Instruments—see Ancient Musical Instruments*
Mussolini, Benito—*American* (Edit.)... 1-30-26 p. 10
*Bark Versus Bite* (Edit.)... 1- 9-26 p. 11
*Chats With Office Callers*... 12- 5-25 p. 20
*Confiscated—Mussolini* (Edit.)... 4- 3-26 p. 11
*Race and Government* (Edit.)... 2-20-26 p. 11
*Snorting of War!* (Edit.)... 3- 6-26 p. 11
*The World Tells Its Tale of 1925: A Backward Look:* by Pence, Harry... 1- 2-26 p. 12


## N


Nairn, Norman—*I Read in the Papers*... 1- 9-26 p. 29
Names, Maiden—*Wearing a Man's Name* (Edit.)... 10-31-25 p. 11
*Napoleon as a Cook*... 4-10-26 p. 18
Narayan, Dr. Ram (Illus.)—*Ram Narayan, Dreamer of Delhi:* by Reuterdahl, Arvid... 1-23-26 p. 22
Nast's Cartoon of Tweed Ring in New York—*How Cartoons Are Made:* by Masson, Thomas L.... 11-14-25 p. 30
National-Bank Notes—*This Country Has Money to Burn:* by Du Puy, Wm. Atherton... 11-21-25 p. 15
National Cash Register—*Chats With Office Callers*... 4- 3-26 p. 21
National Defense—*Aviation From the Navy's Viewpoint:* by Pye, Capt. W. S., U. S. N.... 2- 6-26 p, 12
*Aviation From the Navy's Viewpoint:* by Pye, Capt. W. S., U. S. N.... 2-13-26 p. 3
*Aviation From the Navy's Viewpoint:* by Pye, Capt. W. S., U. S. N.... 2-20-26 p. 24
*Aviation From the Navy's Viewpoint:* by Pye, Capt. W. S., U. S. N.... 2-27-26 p. 20
*Investigating the Air Investigations:* by Johns, E. B.... 12- 5-25 p. 3
*Results—Nil, So Far* (Edit.)... 10-31-25 p. 10
National Defense Is in Jeopardy—*Legislating in Secret Session:* by Johns, E. B.... 4- 3-26 p. 3
National Elk Grazing and Breeding Association—*I Read in the Papers*... 3-13-26 p. 18
National Industrial Conference Board—*Comparing Tax Burdens in Leading Countries: Senator Reed Smoot's Statement on Taxes*... 10-31-25 p. 6
National Puzzlers' League—*Puzzledom: A Brief History of Word Jugglery From the Time of Solomon:* by Miller, Joseph Dana... 10-24-25 p. 20
Naturalization—*Peddling U. S. Citizenship Rights:* by Clark ,Marian Bruce... 1-16-26 p. 3
Nature—*The Killers' Struggle to Exist:* by Aaron, S. F.... 4- 3-26 p. 2
Nature, Wonders of—*Uncovering Millstones of the Gods:* by Holmes, Fred L.... 10-24-25 p. 14
"Nautilus"—Robert Fulton's Submarine (Illus.)—*There Is Nothing New Under the Sea:* by Montgomery, A. J.... 4-17-26 p. 22
Navy's Viewpoint on the Air Question—*Aviation From the Navy's Viewpoint:* by Pye, Capt. W. S., U. S. N.... 2- 6-26 p. 12
*Aviation From the Navy's Viewpoint:* by Pye, Capt. W. S., U. S. N.... 2-13-26 p. 3
*Aviation From the Navy's Viewpoint:* by Pye, Capt. W. S., U. S. N.... 2-20-26 p. 24
*Aviation From the Navy's Viewpoint:* by Pye, Capt. W. S., U. S. N.... 2-27-26 p. 20
Nebraska—*Cutting Top Off a City Helps Traffic:* by Dunn, Harry H.... 1-23-26 p. 30
Neglected Truth—*What Is the Neglected Truth?* (Edit.)... 2-27-26 p. 10
Negro Spirituals—*Ancient and Holy Things* (Edit.)... 3-13-26 p. 10
Negroes—*The Negro* (Edit.)... 11-14-25 p. 11
*Noble Nordic Darrow* (Edit.)... 1- 9-26 p. 10
*Where Are the Americans? Down South?* by Barnet, Harry E.... 12-19-25 p. 20
Negroes and Communism—*I Read in the Papers*... 2-20-26 p. 28
*"Red" Russia Sets Stage for "Black Revolution":* by M'Connell, Burt M.... 1-23-26 p. 8
Neil, Judge Henry (Illus.)—*What's the Matter With Jim?* by Neil, Judge Henry... 4-10-26 p. 8
Nelson, Admiral—*Romantic Rascals: Emma Lyon, 1761-1815:* by Finger, Charles J.... 12-26-25 p. 21
*Neurologist—see Dr. Joseph Collins*
Neutralizing Congressional Government—*Legislating in Secret Session:* by Johns, E. B.... 4- 3-26 p. 3
Nevada—*Back-Tracking Man Through the Ages:* by Hubbard, Samuel... 2-13-26 p. 15
Nevada's Lost City—*Perhaps the First of American Cities:* by Sloan, John... 3-20-26 p. 6
*"New Economics" for Farmers, The:* by Kenton, Robert... 1-30-26 p. 14
*New Eloquence, The* (Edit.)... 1- 2-26 p. 10
New England, Industry in—*Chats With Office Callers*... 4- 3-26 p. 21
*New Great Lake to Save Lakes, A:* by Laut, Wallace J.... 10-24-25 p. 15
New Hampshire—*The Signers—56 of '76: Three From New Hampshire—Dr. Josiah Bartlett, Dr. Matthew Thornton, and William Whipple:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz... 1-16-26 p. 24
New Haven, Connecticut—*How Connecticut Handled the Movies*... 1-16-26 p. 14
New Jersey—*The Signers—56 of '76: New Jersey's Quintet of Persecuted Patriots:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz... 1-30-26 p. 28
New Messiah—*I Read in the Papers*... 1- 9-26 p. 29
*New Method, The* (Edit.)... 2- 6-26 p. 10
New Mexico State Tribune, Albuquerque (Illus.)—*He Licked Fall in His Own Paper:* by Stidger, Wm. L.... 12-26-25 p. 2
New South Wales—*State Tourist Bureaus*... 11-14-25 p. 26
New Year—*Mr. Ford's Page*... 1- 2-26 p. 9
*New Year's Day on Lonely Seas:* by Whiting, May B.... 1- 2-26 p. 16
New York—*Chats With Office Callers*... 11-14-25 p. 12
*Houdini: The Book Man*... 10-31-25 p. 2
*Is New York No Longer American?*... 10-31-25 p. 21
*The Magic in an Old Book-Shop:* by Savage, Courtenay... 11-28-25 p. 24
*Prohibition Can Be Enforced: Ask the People of Schoharie County*... 3-27-26 p. 19
*Where Does the Head-Tax Go?* by Clark, Marian K.... 10-31-25 p. 22
New York Convention—*At Later Conventions With Bryan:* by Schermerhorn, James... 3-13-26 p. 14
New York Lobbyists and Child Welfare—*The Radical Trail in Welfare Laws:* by Clark, Marian Bruce... 3- 6-26 p. 6
New York—Lower East Side (Illus.)—*O. Henry in Light and Shadow:* by Griffith, William... 11-28-25 p. 3
New York Motion Picture Censorship—*Chats With Office Callers*... 11-21-25 p. 12
New York Motion Picture Commission—*Cleansing the Screen in New York State:* by Chase, William Sheafe... 1- 9-26 p. 13
New York Stock Exchange—*Consolidated Stock Exchange—Finis?* by Pinci, A. R.... 3-27-26 p. 6
New York, Theater Ticket Speculation—*I Read in the Papers*... 1- 9-26 p. 29
New York "Times"—*Who Are "We"?* (Edit.)... 1-23-26 p. 10
Newfoundland—*I Read in the Papers*... 12-19-25 p. 29
Newport, The—*A Dance a Week*... 4- 3-26 p. 32
Newport News, Virginia—*Where American History Was Made:* by Poole, W. C.... 10-24-25 p. 31
Newport, Rhode Island—*The Dogwood Tree*... 12- 5-25 p. 23
News Suppression—*Suppressing Facts in Boston* (Edit.)... 11-21-25 p. 10
Newspaper Publicity for Sporting Idols—*"How They Get That Way":* by MacDonald, Paul... 1-23-26 p. 12
Newspapermen—*Why Wilson Disliked Reporters:* by Thompson, Huston... 4- 3-26 p. 5
Newspapers—*Are They Reading?* (Edit.)... 1- 2-26 p. 10
*Growing* (Edit.)... 11-28-25 p. 10
Nichols, Charles E.—*Prohibition Can Be Enforced: Ask the People of Schoharie County*... 3-27-26 p. 19
Nineteen Eighty-Seven—*In 1987—What?* (Edit.)... 11-21-25 p. 10
Nineteen Sixteen Naval Program—*Never Lost a War But Never Won a Conference:* by Johns, E. B... 3- 6-26 p. 3

Nineteen Twenty-Five—Looking Backward—*The World Tells Its Tale of 1925: A Backward Look:* by Pence, Harry ... 1- 2-26 p. 12
*Nineteen Twenty-Five—Nineteen Twenty-Six* (Edit.) ... 12-26-25 p. 10
Nineteen Twenty-Six—Problems of—*Opening the Book on 1926:* by Crowther, Samuel ... 1- 2-26 p. 3
Nipigon River—*A New Great Lake to Save Lakes:* by Laut, Wallace J. ... 10-24-25 p. 15
Nobel Prize—*I Read in the Papers* ... 12-19-25 p. 29
Nolan, Mrs. M. E. (Illus.)—*Does the Office Belong to the Widow?* by Pence, Harry ... 11- 7-25 p. 5
Norfolk, Virginia—*Where American History Was Made:* by Poole, W. C. ... 10-24-25 p. 31
Norris, Senator—*I Read in the Papers* ... 3-13-26 p. 18
*Wise Statesmen?* (Edit.) ... 2-27-26 p. 11
North Carolina—*The Last Battlefield of the Civil War:* by Creech, F. Hunter ... 10-31-25 p. 29
*North Carolina Crushes Mob Rule:* by Richardson, Wm. H. ... 3-27-26 p. 7
North Pole—*Peary, Cook and Questions* (Edit.) ... 2-13-26 p. 10
"Northern Californian, The"—*I Read in the Papers* ... 3-20-26 p. 24
Northern White Race—*Consistency* (Edit.) ... 12- 5-25 p. 10
Norton, Mrs. Mary T. (Illus.)—*Does the Office Belong to the Widow?* by Pence, Harry ... 11- 7-25 p. 5
Norway—*Thanksgiving Among Other Nations* ... 11-21-25 p. 26
Norwood, Doctor—*I Read in the Papers* ... 4-10-26 p. 25
Notre Dame Cathedral, Paris (Illus.)—*Passion Week in Paris, 1918:* by Stidger, Wm. L. ... 3-27-26 p. 4
Nova Scotia—*Sam Slick's Journeys Through Nova Scotia* ... 10-24-25 p. 16
*Novelist—see Author*
Novels—*Basil King Speaks of "Kitchen Literature":* by Mabie, Janet ... 1-23-26 p. 2
*Chimney Corner Books:* by Atkins, Gaius Glenn ... 11-28-25 p. 13
*Great Figures in Fiction:* by Smith, Lewis Worthington ... 12- 5-25 p. 25
*"The Scarlet Letter": How It Was Written:* by Hawthorne, Julian ... 10-31-25 p. 4
*The Search for a Good Story:* by Masson, Thomas L. ... 10-24-25 p. 5
*Successful Books That Were Scorned* ... 11-21-25 p. 12
Nuremberg "Chronicle"—*Wood Blocks as Story-Telling Medium:* by Boeckmann, H. ... 11-28-25 p. 20
Nurmi, Paavo (Illus.)—*The World Tells Its Tale of 1925: A Backward Look:* by Pence, Harry ... 1- 2-26 p. 12


## O


O. Henry—*O. Henry at Work and Play: Adventures With Editors and Others:* by Griffith, William ... 11-14-25 p. 4
*O. Henry in Light and Shadow:* by Griffith, William ... 11-28-25 p. 3
Oaths—*Origin of Oaths* ... 11-14-25 p. 30
Obesity—*I Read in the Papers* ... 12-12-25 p. 29
"Obey" in Marriage Ceremony—*I Read in the Papers* ... 11-21-25 p. 18
Occupations—*Women of No Occupation:* by Shuey, Mary Willis ... 11-19-25 p. 6
Ohio—*When Is a Bet Not a Bet?* by Pence, Harry ... 12- 5-25 p. 8
Oil—*Russian Oil —Soviet Oil* (Edit.) ... 2-13-26 p. 10
Oil Burners—*Is Coal Passing Out as a Fuel?* by M'Garry, Wm. A. ... 10-24-25 p. 3
Oil-Electric Locomotives—*I Read in the Papers* ... 12-26-25 p. 18
"Old Age"—*Reach Out for New Interests:* by Bayley, Mary E. ... 3-20-26 p. 12
*Old American Dance, The* (Edit.) ... 12-12-25 p. 11
Old Court at Williamsburg, Virginia (Illus.)—*Where American History Was Made:* by Poole, W. C. ... 10-24-25 p. 31
*"Old-Fashioned Winter, An": The Goosebones' Prophecy* ... 11-21-25 p. 33
Old North Church, Boston (Illus.)—*Paul Revere Tells His Own Story* ... 4-17-26 p. 19
Old Songs—*Ancient and Holy Things* (Edit.) ... 3-13-26 p. 10
Old Southern Waltz—*A Dance a Week for Beginners: The Waltz: Giving the Correct Primary Step Used in This Figure* ... 1-16-26 p. 32
Old Stone House—Now a Poe Shrine (Illus.)—*Merry Richmond, Rich in Romance:* by Whiting, May B. ... 4-17-26 p. 2
*Olden Quilting Party, An:* by Pierce, Garetta Hatch ... 3-20-26 p. 32
*Oldest Bible Manuscript in the World:* by Sanders, Henry A. ... 3- 6-26 p. 8
Oldest City in America—*Perhaps the First of American Cities:* by Sloan, John ... 3-20-26 p. 6
*Oldest Manuscript of the Bible:* by Sanders, Henry A. ... 10-31-25 p. 29
Olmstead, Frederic—*Is Astor Fortune Founded on Captain Kidd's Gold?* by Dunn, H. H. ... 3-20-26 p. 8
Omaha—*Cutting Top Off a City Helps Traffic:* by Dunn, H. H. ... 1-23-26 p. 30
Omaha and Council Bluffs Street Railway Company —*Fewer Free Passes* ... 12-19-25 p. 26
One-Way Rate for English Travellers—*I Read in the Papers* ... 11-28-25 p. 18
Ontario—*A New Great Lake to Save Lakes:* by Laut, Wallace J. ... 10-24-25 p. 15
Ontario, Tourists in—*I Read in the Papers* ... 2- 6-26 p. 24
*Open Segment, The:* by Best, Nolan R. ... 11- 7-25 p. 14
*Opening of a New Field, The* (Edit.) ... 1- 2-26 p. 11
*Opening the Book on 1926:* by Crowther, Samuel ... 1- 2-26 p. 3
Opium Conference at Geneva—*The World Tells Its Tale of 1925: A Backward Look:* by Pence, Harry ... 1- 2-26 p. 12
Optimist—*Two Men Who Cannot Help* (Edit.) ... 12- 5-25 p. 11
Oratorio "Messiah"—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 1-23-26 p. 18
*Orators and Doers* (Edit.) ... 11- 7-25 p. 10
Oratory—*Anyone Can Make a Speech:* by M'Cauley, H. S. ... 11- 7-25 p. 24
Orchestra Conductor—*"American Audiences Are Fine," Says Sir Henry Wood, Famous Conductor of Queen's Hall Orchestra of London, England:* by Shore, W. Teignmouth ... 2-27-26 p. 15
*Organist, The* (Edit.) ... 11-28-25 p. 11
"Organizations" and "Parties"—*The Plight of the Parties* (Edit.) ... 11-21-25 p. 10
Origin and Antiquity of Man—*Back-Tracking Man Through the Ages:* by Hubbard, Samuel ... 2-13-26 p. 15
*A Dinosaur Breaks Into History:* by Hubbard, Samuel ... 4-17-26 p. 14
*Origin of Oaths* ... 11-14-25 p. 30
*"Origin of Species, The"* ... 11-21-25 p. 20
"Ostfriesland" Bombing—*Aviation From the Navy's Viewpoint:* by Pye, Capt. W. S., U. S. N. ... 2- 6-26 p. 12
Ottawa, Canada—*In the Gallery of the Canadian House:* by Chicanot, E. L. ... 12-26-25 p. 23
Oxford Voice—*English Is Better Spoken in America* ... 2-13-26 p. 8


## P


Paca, William (Illus.)—*The "Signers"—of Maryland:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz ... 11- 7-25 p. 20
Pacific Highway—*The Longest Paved Street in the World:* by Morgan, Robert ... 1- 2-26 p. 31
Pacific Ocean, 1589, First Map of—*They Thought California Was an Island:* by Karpinski, Louis C. ... 1-30-26 p. 24
Pacifism—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 3-13-26 p. 19
Pago Pago—*A World of Islands* ... 10-24-25 p. 24
*Paid For* (Edit.) ... 3-20-26 p. 11
Painleve, Paul—*The World Tells Its Tale of 1925: A Backward Look:* by Pence, Harry ... 1- 2-26 p. 12
Palestine—*Will Palestine Ever Pay Its Board?* by Barton, William E. ... 4- 3-26 p. 12
Palmer, Mrs. Potter (Illus.)—*First Families of Chicago:* by Gray, Margaret ... 1-23-26 p. 14
Paper—*From Tree to Printing Press* ... 12-26-25 p. 25
Paper Money—*This Country Has Money to Burn:* by Du Puy, Wm. Atherton ... 11-21-25 p. 15
Papyrus Fragments Which Contain Original Text of Scriptures—*Oldest Bible Manuscript in the World:* by Sanders, Henry A. ... 3- 6-26 p. 8
*Oldest Manuscript of the Bible:* by Sanders, Henry A. ... 10-31-25 p. 26
"Paradise Lost"—*Chimney Corner Books:* by Atkins, Gaius Glenn ... 11-28-25 p. 13
*Successful Books That Were Scorned* ... 11-21-25 p. 12
Paramount Corporation—*The Government Accuses the Movies* ... 2-20-26 p. 4
*Parasite Hunters, The:* by Du Puy, William Atherton ... 11-14-25 p. 6
Pardons Issued by Mrs. Ferguson—*"Who Is Governor of Texas?"* by Bentley, Max ... 2-27-26 p. 3
Paris—*Housekeeping in Our Paris Flat:* by Dillon, Philip Robert ... 4-10-26 p. 3
*Passion Week in Paris, 1918:* by Stidger, Wm. L. ... 3-27-26 p. 4
*Wilson's First Night in Paris:* by Thompson, Huston ... 3-27-26 p. 2
Parker House in Boston—*I Read in the Papers* ... 12-26-25 p. 18
Parker, Judge Alton B.—*When I Began to Know Bryan:* by Schermerhorn, James ... 2-27-26 p. 2
Parliament Building, Ottawa—*In the Gallery of the Canadian House:* by Chicanot, E. L. ... 12-26-25 p. 23
Parliamentary Government—*Race and Government* (Edit.) ... 2-20-26 p. 11
Parole of John Sydell—*I Read in the Papers* ... 2- 6-26 p. 24
Parole System—*Why Let Them Out?* (Edit.) ... 3-20-26 p. 11
"Parties" and "Organizations"—*The Plight of the Parties* (Edit.) ... 11-21-25 p. 10
*Passion Week in Paris, 1918:* by Stidger, Wm. L. ... 3-27-26 p. 4
"Passionate Pilgrim, The"—*Did Shakespeare Mention a Contemporary?* by Kilby, Quincy ... 12- 5-25 p. 2
Passos, John Dos (Illus.)—*An Interview With a Writer Who Thinks the Theater an Excellent Medium for Making the World Kinder and More Civilized:* by Mabie, Janet ... 2-13-26 p. 2

Pasteur, Louis—*The Killer and the Helper* (Edit.) ..... 1-23-26 p. 11
*Patents That Were More Humorous Than Useful:* by Winters, S. R. ..... 10-31-25 p. 16
Patriotism—*What Is Patriotism?* ..... 12- 5-25 p. 26
Patterson, John H.—*Chats With Office Callers* ..... 4- 3-26 p. 21
Patterson, R. R.—*Why Sapiro's Co-ops Had Trouble* ..... 2-20-26 p. 14
Peace—*Adjourning to the Country* (Edit.) ..... 3-27-26 p. 11
Peace Agreements Secured by Military Force—*Mr. Ford's Page* ..... 1-30-26 p. 9
Peace Conference—*Never Lost a War But Never Won a Conference:* by Johns, E. B. ..... 3- 6-26 p. 3
*Why Is America Invited to Disarm?* by Johns, E. B. ..... 3-13-26 p. 4
*Peary, Cook and Questions* (Edit.) ..... 2-13-26 p. 10
*Peddling U. S. Citizenship Rights:* by Clark, Marian Bruce ..... 1-16-26 p. 3
Pedestrian—*I Read in the Papers* ..... 1-23-26 p. 21
Pelican—*Indian Key, Where Rare Birds Resort:* by Dacy, George H. ..... 1- 2-26 p. 20
Pennsylvania—*Some Building and Loan Pitfalls:* by M'Garry, William A. ..... 3-13-26 p. 12
Pennsylvania Dutch—*Christmas With the Pennsylvania Dutch* ..... 12-12-25 p. 15
*Pensions for Criminals* (Edit.) ..... 4-10-26 p. 11
People, Character Reading of—*Sorting Out People:* by Croy, Homer ..... 11-28-25 p. 4
"Peregrine Pickle"—*A Curious Literary Parallel* ..... 12- 5-25 p. 15
Periodicals—*Literary Memories: Writers and Publishers of Yesterday:* by Masson, Thos. L. ..... 12-26-25 p. 16
Perlman Bill—*Letting in the Alien Flood—Why?* by Watson, Kenneth ..... 4-17-26 p. 3
*Lo! the Poor Alien* (Edit.) ..... 3-27-26 p. 11
*Never Separated a Single Family:* by Watson, Kenneth ..... 4-10-26 p. 5
*Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague—see World Court*
Persecution of Carl Magee—*He Licked Fall in His Own Paper:* by Stidger, William L. ..... 12-26-25 p. 2
Pershing, General—*Investigating the Air Investigations:* by Johns, E. B. ..... 12- 5-25 p. 3
*What Will It Cost?* (Edit.) ..... 1- 2-26 p. 11
Peru—*What Will It Cost?* (Edit.) ..... 1- 2-26 p. 11
Pessimist—*Two Men Who Cannot Help* (Edit.) ..... 12- 5-25 p. 11
Pettijohn, Charles C.—*How Connecticut Handled the Movies* ..... 1-16-26 p. 14
Philadelphia—*General Butler Quits* (Edit.) ..... 12-12-25 p. 10
Philadelphia Investors' Building and Loan Association—*Some Building and Loan Pitfalls:* by M'Garry, William A. ..... 3-13-26 p. 12
Philanthropy—*The Fallacies of Philanthropy:* by Perry, Armstrong ..... 4- 3-26 p. 6
Philippines—*Bolshevism in the Philippines:* by Freeman, C. F. ..... 2-13-26 p. 6
*Driving the English Language Out of the Philippines:* by Barton, William E. ..... 11-21-25 p. 7
Phipps, Governor—*Copp's Hill, Where Heroes Rest:* by Whiting, May B. ..... 11-21-25 p. 8
Photographs of Lincoln—*How Abraham Lincoln Looked:* by Barton, William E. ..... 2- 6-26 p. 16
Photography—*How I Put Art Into Photography:* by Field, J. H. ..... 2-20-26 p. 16
*Pictures in Shadow—Photography's Forerunner:* by Northend, Mary Harrod ..... 1- 9-26 p. 16
Physiology—*Things That Doctors Do Not Know:* by Carrel, Doctor Alexis ..... 3-27-26 p. 14
Pictures—*How I Put Art Into Photography:* by Field, J. H. ..... 2-20-26 p. 16
*Pictures in Shadow—Photography's Forerunner:* by Northend, Mary Harrod ..... 1- 9-26 p. 16
Pietri, M.—*French Gymnastics* (Edit.) ..... 4- 3-26 p. 11
Pilgrim Fathers—*The Men of the Mayflower as Fathers of the Republic:* by Karpinski, Louis C. ..... 12-26-25 p. 29
Pillsbury, A. C. (Illus.)—*Life and Death Act on the Screen:* by Dunn, Harry H. ..... 4-10-26 p. 7
*Pioneer of the Salon* ..... 11-14-25 p. 3
*Pita Floja Fiber Plants* ..... 11-14-25 p. 12
Pittsburgh Financial Institutions—*Wise Statesmen?* (Edit.) ..... 2-27-26 p. 11
Planets—*Other Worlds Than Ours:* by Nash, J. V. ..... 12- 5-25 p. 30
Planets—Their Relation to Earthquakes and Cyclones—*When the Stars Foretell Trouble:* by Hopley, Frank Dorrance ..... 3-27-26 p. 8
Planets, Visiting—*The Top of the Planet* (Edit.) ..... 1-16-26 p. 10
Planning and Building a Home—*Friendly Houses—How to Build Them:* by Wood, Albert, A.I.A. ..... 3-13-26 p. 32
Plant Hunting—*Adventures in Plant Hunting:* by Farrington, E. I. ..... 3-27-26 p. 30
Plants—*The Dogwood Tree* ..... 12- 5-25 p. 23
Plays, Amateur—*The Drama of Our Youth:* by Vose, Caroline Eliza ..... 4-17-26 p. 8
Plays, Shakespearian—*Did Shakespeare Mention a Contemporary?* by Kilby, Quincy ..... 12- 5-25 p. 2
*Plight of the Parties, The* (Edit.) ..... 11-21-25 p. 10
Plots—*A Writer Who Does Not Believe in Plots Nor Use Them:* by Allen, Louis ..... 11-28-25 p. 19
Poe, Edgar Allan—*Merry Richmond, Rich in Romance:* by Whiting, May B. ..... 4-17-26 p. 2
*Poem—see Lincoln, the Man of the People; "The Man With the Hoe"*
Poet—*Amy Lowell—A Woman and Her Message:* by Mabie, Janet ..... 1-30-26 p. 2
*Did Shakespeare Mention a Contemporary?* by Kilby, Quincy ..... 12- 5-25 p. 2
*How Scotland Nearly Lost Burns* ..... 12- 5-25 p. 8
"Poet of the Sierras"—*A Close-Up of Joaquin Miller:* by Benson, Allan L. ..... 3-13-26 p. 3
Poetry—*The Child Poet* (Edit.) ..... 12- 5-25 p. 10
*Pohkahn, the Little Glider:* by Lange, D. ..... 12-26-25 p. 27
"Point" Blankets—*I Read in the Papers* ..... 11-21-25 p. 18
*Points of Progress in Dewey's Life* ..... 12-12-25 p. 22
Poland—*Interest* (Edit.) ..... 10-24-25 p. 10
*Lithuania—The Country of Kosciusko:* by Jonaitis, Rev. George F. ..... 3-13-26 p. 24
*The President Speaks—Or Echoes?* (Edit.) ..... 3-13-26 p. 10
*Thanksgiving Among Other Nations* ..... 11-21-25 p. 26
*The World Has Been Reorganized* ..... 2- 6-26 p. 15
Poland—Business Controlled by Jews—*Chats With Office Callers* ..... 2-27-26 p. 12
Police—*Back Up Your Police* (Edit.) ..... 2-20-26 p. 11
Politics—*Chats With Office Callers* ..... 12-12-25 p. 20
*Does the Office Belong to the Widow?* by Pence, Harry ..... 11- 7-25 p. 5
*How Large Should Congress Be?* by Wilson, Otto ..... 11- 7-25 p. 3
*How the Coolidge Cabinet Functions:* by Johns, E. B. ..... 2-27-26 p. 8
*I Read in the Papers* ..... 3-13-26 p. 18
*The New Method* (Edit.) ..... 2- 6-26 p. 10
*Off Politics* (Edit.) ..... 12-26-25 p. 11
*The Plight of the Parties* (Edit.) ..... 11-21-25 p. 10
*Should America Join World's Court?* by Newman, Oliver P. ..... 12-19-25 p. 5
Pomposo, Doctor—*Dr. Johnson as Dr. Pomposo* ..... 3-13-26 p. 7
Poor, Families of—*Should the Poor Have Children?* (Edit.) ..... 12- 5-25 p. 10
Pop Goes the Weasel—*A Dance a Week: Money Musk, Pop Goes the Weasel, and St. Patrick's Day in the Morning* ..... 3-20-26 p. 28
Pope Pius XI—*I Read in the Papers* ..... 1- 2-26 p. 18
Popular Government—*Democracy Not for All Races* ..... 12-26-25 p. 7
Population of Scotland—*I Read in the Papers* ..... 12- 5-25 p. 24
Porter, William Sydney—*O. Henry at Work and Play: Adventures With Editors and Others:* by Griffith, William ..... 11-14-25 p. 4
Portland's Annual Doll Show—*Dollville's Annual Show:* by Davis, M. Norris ..... 11-21-25 p. 21
Portsmouth, Virginia—*Where American History Was Made:* by Poole, W. C. ..... 10-24-25 p. 31
Potato Growers' Exchange—*"Burned Spuds"—How It Happened:* by Rubinow, S. G. ..... 2- 6-26 p. 14
Potomac River—*Where American History Was Made:* by Poole, W. C. ..... 10-24-25 p. 31
Potter, Mrs. Jeremiah—*First Families of Chicago:* by Gray, Margaret ..... 1-23-26 p. 14
Pottery—*Quaint China Figures on Cottage Mantels:* by Northend, Mary Harrod ..... 1-23-26 p. 16
*Wedgewood, the Master Potter, and His Work:* by Northend, Mary Harrod ..... 1-30-26 p. 12
Power of Money in Business—*Exaggerating the Power of Money in Its Relation to Business:* by Crowther, Samuel ..... 1-23-26 p. 3
*Practice Babe, The* ..... 4-10-26 p. 32
Prague—*Chats With Office Callers* ..... 1-16-26 p. 27
*Preacher on Business, A* ..... 12- 5-25 p. 28
Prehistoric Man—*Back-Tracking Man Through the Ages:* by Hubbard, Samuel ..... 2-13-26 p. 15
*A Dinosaur Breaks Into History:* by Hubbard, Samuel ..... 4-17-26 p. 14
Premonitions of Death—*Lincoln's Premonitions of Death:* by Black, F. L. ..... 2- 6-26 p. 8
"Presbyterian"—*A Sound Conviction* (Edit.) ..... 11-21-25 p. 11
Presbyterian Church at Oxford, Ohio (Illus.)—*The Grand Old Man of the Little Red Schoolhouse:* by Colby, Benjamin ..... 3-20-26 p. 16
*President and Mr. Coolidge, The:* by Howe, Samuel ..... 12-26-25 p. 4
*President Is "Dry"* (Edit.) ..... 12-26-25 p. 11
*President Sees and Speaks! The* (Edit.) ..... 4-10-26 p. 10
*President Speaks—or Echoes? The* (Edit.) ..... 3-13-26 p. 10
President Sworn Into Office in January—*I Read in the Papers* ..... 3-13-26 p. 18
Presidential Candidates—*Chats With Office Callers* ..... 12- 5-25 p. 20
President's Proclamation—*Thanksgiving* ..... 11-21-25 p. 2
Press—*Are They Reading?* (Edit.) ..... 1- 2-26 p. 10
*Suppressing Facts in Boston* (Edit.) ..... 11-21-25 p. 10
*Why Wilson Disliked Reporters:* by Thompson, Huston ..... 4- 3-26 p. 5

*Wilson Was Best and Worst Copy:* by Thompson, Huston ... 4-10-26 p. 2
Press, Wet—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 3- 6-26 p. 20
Price-Fixing—*The "New Economics" for Farmers:* by Kenton, Robert ... 1-30-26 p. 14
Primrose, G. H. (Illus.)—*The Box That Became a Throne:* by Kilby, Quincy ... 1- 2-26 p. 2
Prisoner in Germany—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 11-14-25 p. 12
*Professor Says It* (Edit.) ... 12-19-25 p. 11
Progress—*Mr. Ford's Page* ... 11- 7-25 p. 9
*Mr. Ford's Page* ... 3-27-26 p. 9
Progressives—*Off Politics* (Edit.) ... 12-26-25 p. 11
Prohibition—*Are Americans "Moderate" Drinkers?* (Edit.) ... 3- 6-26 p. 10
*Chats With Office Callers* ... 12-12-25 p. 20
*Chats With Office Callers* ... 3- 6-26 p. 20
*Chats With Office Callers* ... 4-17-26 p. 21
*Mr. Ford's Page* ... 3- 6-26 p. 9
*Mr. Ford's Page* ... 4-10-26 p. 9
*How?* (Edit.) ... 4-17-26 p. 10
*I Read in the Papers* ... 2-27-26 p. 19
*I Read in the Papers* ... 4-17-26 p. 26
*The President Is "Dry"* (Edit.) ... 12-26-25 p. 11
*Prohibition Can Be Enforced: Ask the People of Schoharie County* ... 3-27-26 p. 19
*There Will Be No Change* (Edit.) ... 2-27-26 p. 11
*"Wet" Money From Abroad?* (Edit.) ... 12-19-25 p. 11
*Who Is the "Laughing Stock" Now?* (Edit.) ... 4- 3-26 p. 10
Prohibition, Debate on—*Darrow Debates Like a Wet Lamb* ... 1- 2-26 p. 7
*I Read in the Papers* ... 12-26-25 p. 18
Pronunciation of English in England—*English Is Better Spoken in America* ... 2-13-26 p. 8
Propaganda Through the Churches—*American Pulpit Captured by Radicals:* by Robinson, Margaret C. ... 1- 9-26 p. 6
*Went to Church—This Is What He Heard* ... 1- 2-26 p. 19
Propaganda Through the Theater—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 3-13-26 p. 19
Propaganda, War—*Failure* (Edit.) ... 12-19-25 p. 10
Prospects for 1926—*Opening the Book on 1926:* by Crowther, Samuel ... 1- 2-26 p. 3
Prosperity-in-Spots—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 4- 3-26 p. 21
Protestant Encyclopedia—*The Open Segment:* by Best, Nolan R. ... 11- 7-25 p. 14
Protestant Episcopal Triennial General Convention—*Will the Church See It?* (Edit.) ... 10-31-25 p. 10
Psychoanalysis and Freudianism—*Dr. Joseph Collins Tells What He Thinks of Sigmund Freud—The Man and His Methods* ... 1- 2-26 p. 4
*Dr. Joseph Collins Looks at Freud's Psychoanalysis, It's "Dreams," "Complexes" and "Sex Symbols"* ... 1- 9-26 p. 4
*Dr. Joseph Collins Gives "My Definition of a Freudian"* ... 1-16-26 p. 7
Psychologists—*Educational Embroidery* (Edit.) ... 11-28-25 p. 11
Psychology—*Dr. Joseph Collins Tells What He Thinks of Sigmund Freud—The Man and His Methods* ... 1- 2-26 p. 4
*Dr. Joseph Collins Looks at Freud's Psychoanalysis—It's "Dreams," "Complexes" and "Sex Symbols"* ... 1- 9-26 p. 4
*Dr. Joseph Collins Gives "My Definition of a Freudian"* ... 1-16-26 p. 7
*How Your Instincts Have Disappeared:* by Laird, Donald A., Ph. D. ... 12- 5-25 p. 6
*Psychology and Sex: How Far Does the Mind Affect the Body?* by Laird, Donald A., Ph. D. ... 10-31-25 p. 7
Public Buildings, Condition of—*Legislating in Secret Session:* by Johns, E. B. ... 4- 3-26 p. 3
Public Characters—*Precious Privacy* (Edit.) ... 1-30-26 p. 11
Public Debt, Interest on—*I Read in the Papers* ... 1- 9-26 p. 29
Public Schools—*Military Training of Students* (Edit.) ... 2-13-26 p. 11
Public Schools, Bible in—*No—Don't Let Them See It!* (Edit.) ... 4- 3-26 p. 11
Public Service—*Mr. Ford's Page* ... 1-16-26 p. 9
Public Speaking—*Anyone Can Make a Speech:* by M'Cauley, H. S. ... 11- 7-25 p. 24
"Puck"—*Literary Memories: Writers and Publishers of Yesterday:* by Masson, Thomas L. ... 12-26-25 p. 16
Pueblo Perdido—the Lost City—*Perhaps the First of American Cities:* by Sloan, John ... 3-20-26 p. 6
Purcell, Arthur A.—*Advice and Counter-Counsel* (Edit.) ... 11- 7-25 p. 10
Puritans—*The Men of the Mayflower as Fathers of the Republic:* by Karpinski, Louis C. ... 12-26-25 p. 29
Putnam, General Israel—*Slaughtering the Slogans* ... 1-16-26 p. 4
*Puzzledom: A Brief History of Word Jugglery From the Time of Solomon:* by Miller, Jos. Dana ... 10-24-25 p. 20
Pye, Capt. W. S., U. S. N.—*Aviation From the Navy's Viewpoint:* by Pye, Capt. W. S., U. S. N. ... 2- 6-26 p. 12
*Aviation From the Navy's Viewpoint:* by Pye, Capt. W. S., U. S. N. ... 2-13-26 p. 3
*Aviation From the Navy's Viewpoint:* by Pye, Capt. W. S., U. S. N. ... 2-20-26 p. 24
*Aviation From the Navy's Viewpoint:* by Pye, Capt. W. S., U. S. N. ... 2-27-26 p. 20
"Pygmalion"—*A Curious Literary Parallel* ... 12- 5-25 p. 15

## Q

Quadrille—*A Dance a Week: Introducing a Square Dance; Movements Common in a Plain Quadrille* ... 2-20-26 p. 29
*A Dance a Week: Some Further Instruction on the Correct Movements in a Plain Quadrille* ... 2-27-26 p. 29
Quadrille, "Grand Pa's Favorite"—*A Dance a Week: An Old American Square Dance—the Plain Quadrille—for Four Couples* ... 3- 6-26 p. 31
*Quaint China Figures on Cottage Mantels:* by Northend, Mary Harrod ... 1-23-26 p. 16
Quarrying—*I Read in the Papers* ... 12- 5-25 p. 24
Quartet—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 2- 6-26 p. 18
Quebec—*I Read in the Papers* ... 1- 2-26 p. 18
Quebec, Tourists in—*I Read in the Papers* ... 2- 6-26 p. 24
Quilting Bees—*An Olden Quilting Party:* by Pierce, Garetta Hatch ... 3-20-26 p. 32
Quimet, Francis (Illus.)—*Golf—Can You Pick the Champions?* by MacDonald, Paul ... 4-10-26 p. 12

## R

Rabbi Joseph Klausner—*A Jewish Rabbi in Jerusalem Writes "Jesus of Nazareth"* ... 2-27-26 p. 6
*Race and Government* (Edit.) ... 2-20-26 p. 11
Race Prejudice—*Noble Nordic Darrow* (Edit.) ... 1- 9-26 p. 10
*Radical Trail in Welfare Laws, The:* by Clark, Marian Bruce ... 3- 6-26 p. 6
Radicalism and Conservatism Are Enemies of Progress—*Mr. Ford's Page* ... 3-27-26 p. 9
Radicalism in Churches—*American Pulpit Captured by Radicals:* by Robinson, Margaret C. ... 1- 9-26 p. 6
*Radio Regulation* (Edit.) ... 11-28-25 p. 10
Railroad Tunnel—*I Read in the Papers* ... 2- 6-26 p. 24
Railroads, English—*I Read in the Papers* ... 11-28-25 p. 18
*Railroads Grow Where Only Echoes Sprouted Before:* by Christian, C. F. ... 11- 7-25 p. 12
Railroads, Transportation of Goods by—*I Read in the Papers* ... 2- 6-26 p. 24
Rainfall at Cherapunji, India—*The Dampest Spot* ... 2- 6-26 p. 30
*Ram Narayan, Dreamer of Delhi:* by Reuterdahl, Arvid ... 1-23-26 p. 22
Rangoon, Burma—*On the Road to Mandalay:* by Barton, William E. ... 1-23-26 p. 5
Rankin, Miss Jeannette (Illus.)—*Does the Office Belong to the Widow?* by Pence, Harry ... 11- 7-25 p. 5
*Readers—see Eclectic Readers*
Reading—*The Best Reading in the World:* by Masson, Thomas L. ... 10-31-25 p. 8
*Leading the Simple Book Life:* by Masson, Thomas L. ... 1-23-26 p. 24
Real Estate—*Some Building and Loan Pitfalls:* by M'Garry, Wm. A. ... 3-13-26 p. 12
Real Estate, Florida—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 1-30-26 p. 15
*Chats With Office Callers* ... 3-27-26 p. 32
*Florida Chases Out the Land Swindlers:* by Holland, W. B. ... 1-30-26 p. 5
*I Read in the Papers* ... 11-21-25 p. 18
Receiverships—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 3-27-26 p. 32
Reclamation Funds Controlled by Director of Budget—*Legislating in Secret Session:* by Johns, E. B. ... 4- 3-26 p. 3
*Recognizing Bolshevism* (Edit.) ... 1- 2-26 p. 10
"Recovery Clause"—*"Conscience Money" and the Indemnity Bond* ... 3-27-26 p. 18
Red Parliament—*Bolshevism Meets Women!* (Edit.) ... 1-23-26 p. 10
*"Red" Russia Sets Stage for "Black Revolution":* by M'Connell, Burt M. ... 1-23-26 p. 8
Redheads—*Whistling Wings:* by Gilbert, James C. ... 3-13-26 p. 16
Redrying Tobacco—*Sapiro Officials Run a Sideline* ... 2-27-26 p. 13
"Reds" Organize Attack on Air Service—*Bolshevism in the Philippines:* by Freeman, C. F. ... 2-13-26 p. 6
Redwood Groves of California (Illus.)—*The Longest Paved Street in the World:* by Morgan, Robert ... 1- 2-26 p. 31
Reed, Senator—*Wise Statesmen?* (Edit.) ... 2-27-26 p. 11
Reedy, William Marion—*Literary Fakers and Their Fakes:* by Finger, Chas. J. ... 4-17-26 p. 12
Refunding of Taxes Illegally Collected—*Government Loses Tax Millions:* by Brewer, Chas. B. ... 3-20-26 p. 3
Regal Lily (Illus.)—*Adventures in Plant Hunting:* by Farrington, E. I. ... 3-27-26 p. 30
Registration of Aliens—*Shall Aliens Be Registered? Davis Says "Yes":* by Davis, James J. ... 2-13-26 p. 4

Reid, John—*Putting Muscle Shoals on the Map:* by Karpinski, Louis C. 10-24-25 p. 28
Reid, Mrs. Wallace (Illus.)—*What's the Matter With Jim?* by Neil, Judge Henry 4-10-26 p. 8
Religion—*The Business End of Mormonism:* by Stratton, George Frederic 3-27-26 p. 25
*Going to Church in Samoa* 11-28-25 p. 7
*I Read in the Papers* 1- 9-26 p. 29
*I Read in the Papers* 1-30-26 p. 27
*Went to Church—This Is What He Heard* 1- 2-26 p. 19
*The World With the Church:* by MacConnell, Duncan 3- 6-26 p. 5
*Religion—see Church*
Religion, Abolition of—*American Pulpit Captured by Radicals:* by Robinson, Margaret C. 1- 9-26 p. 6
Religion of Modern Boy—*I Read in the Papers* 4-10-26 p. 25
Religion, South Africa—*I Read in the Papers* 2-20-26 p. 28
Religious Book—*A Jewish Rabbi in Jerusalem Writes "Jesus of Nazareth"* 2-27-26 p. 6
Religious Education for Children—*Giving Back the Bible to Our Children:* by Krumbine, Dr. Miles H. 3-20-26 p. 21
Religious Encyclopedias—*The Open Segment:* by Best, Nolan R. 11- 7-25 p. 14
"Religious Intolerance"—*Toleration* (Edit.) 11- 7-25 p. 11
Religious Revival in Hungary—*Jews Returning to Religion in Hungary* 1- 9-26 p. 12
Renting in England—*I Rented a House in England:* by Dillon, Philip Robert 3-13-26 p. 2
Reorganization of the World—*The World Has Been Reorganized* 2- 6-26 p. 15
Report of the Federal Trade Commission Regarding Tobacco Companies—*Sad Tale of a United States Report* 1-23-26 p. 15
*Sapiro Officials Run a Sideline* 2-27-26 p. 13
*Why Sapiro's Co-Ops Had Trouble* 2-20-26 p. 14
Report of Two Ambassadors to the President on European Affairs—*A Sudden Squall* (Edit.) 4-17-26 p. 10
Report to Congress Regarding Treasury Department—*Government Loses Tax Millions:* by Brewer, Chas. B. 3-20-26 p. 3
Reporters—*Why Wilson Disliked Reporters:* by Thompson, Huston 4- 3-26 p. 5
'Republican," Springfield, Massachusetts—*Suppressing Facts in Boston* 11-21-25 p. 10
*Rescuing the Survivors From Wrangel Island:* by McConnell, Burt M. 3- 6-26 p. 22
*Reserved Against the Hour* (Edit.) 4-17-26 p. 11
*Results—Nil, So Far* (Edit.) 10-31-25 p. 10
Revere, Paul—*Paul Revere Tells His Own Story* 4-17-26 p. 19
Review of the Book "Jesus of Nazareth"—*A Jewish Rabbi in Jerusalem Writes "Jesus of Nazareth"* 2-27-26 p. 6
Revolution—*The World Objective* (Edit.) 3-20-26 p. 10
Rice Fields of the North—*King of the Wild Rice Beds:* by Hough, Donald 10-24-25 p. 12
Richmond, Virginia—*Merry Richmond, Rich in Romance:* by Whiting, May B. 4-17-26 p. 2
Ridicule of Religion in Motion Pictures—*Chats With Office Callers* 2-27-26 p. 12
Ripple, The—*A Dance A Week* 4- 3-26 p. 32
Rippling Waves—*A Dance a Week: Further Instruction on the Waltz Step* 1-23-26 p. 28
"Rising Sun" Tavern (Illus.)—*Where American History Was Made:* by Poole, W. C. 10-24-25 p. 31
*River—see St. Croix River*
River and Harbor Bloc—*Legislating in Secret Session:* by Johns, E. B. 4- 3-26 p. 3
Roads, Georgia—*I Read in the Papers* 1-30-26 p. 27
*Robbing the Public by Post:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy 11-14-25 p. 7
Robertson, Miss Alice (Illus.)—*Does the Office Belong to the Widow?* by Pence, Harry. 11- 7-25 p. 5
Robson, Stuart (Illus.)—*Answering Back* (Edit.) 4- 3-26 p. 10
*The Box That Became a Throne:* by Kilby, Quincy 1- 2-26 p. 2
Rocky Mountains—*The Mount of the Holy Cross* 2-27-26 p. 32
Rogers' Bronze Doors (Illus.)—*He Guides People Through the Capitol* 2-27-26 p. 16
Rogers, Mrs. Edith N. (Illus.)—*Does the Office Belong to the Widow?* by Pence, Harry. 11- 7-25 p. 5
Rogers, Will—*Ads for Cigarets* (Edit.) 11-14-25 p. 11
Romance of the South Seas—*South Seas' Lure, Does It Live?* by Calnon, William Lee 1-30-26 p. 8
"Romance of Two Worlds, A"—*Successful Books That Were Scorned* 11-21-25 p. 12
*Romantic Rascals—No. 11: Jorgen Jorgenson, 1780-1844:* by Finger, Chas. J. 11- 7-25 p. 16
*Romantic Rascals—No. 12: Belzoni, the Patagonian Samson, 1815-1823:* by Finger, Chas. J. 11-21-25 p. 16
*Romantic Rascals—No. 13: Emma Lyon, 1761-1815:* by Finger, Chas. J. 12-26-25 p. 21
*Romantic Rascals—No. 14: "The Tichborn Claimant":* by Finger, Chas. J. 1-16-26 p. 16
*Romantic Rascals—No. 15: Stephen Burroughs:* by Finger, Chas. J. 1-30-26 p. 16
*Romantic Rascals—No. 16: John Wilkes:* by Finger, Chas. J. (*Concluding the Series*) 2-13-26 p. 13
Roney, N. B. T.—*Florida Chases Out the Land Swindlers:* by Holland, W. B. 1-30-26 p. 5
Roosevelt Administration—*How the Coolidge Cabinet Functions:* by Johns, E. B. 2-27-26 p. 8
Roosevelt, Theodore—*Wilson Was Best and Worst Copy:* by Thompson, Huston 4-10-26 p. 2
Rose, Dr. John Holland—*Why Is America Invited to Disarm?* by Johns, E. B. 3-13-26 p. 4
Roseate Spoonbill—*Indian Key, Where Rare Birds Resort:* by Dacy, George H. 1- 2-26 p. 20
Roseman, Alexander A.—*Some Building and Loan Pitfalls:* by M'Garry, Wm. A. 3-13-26 p. 12
Ross, Mrs. Nellie Taylor (Illus.)—*Does the Office Belong to the Widow?* by Pence, Harry 11- 7-25 p. 5
Rothschild, Baron—*Will Palestine Ever Pay Its Board?* by Barton, William E. 4- 3-26 p. 12
Round-the-World Flight—*Aviation From the Navy's Viewpoint:* by Pye, Capt. W. S., U. S. N. 2-13-26 p. 3
Royal Air Force—*Aviation From the Navy's Viewpoint:* by Pye, Capt. W. S., U. S. N. 2-27-26 p. 20
Rubber Boom in Dutch East Indies—*I Read in the Papers* 3- 6-26 p. 15
Rubber, High Price of—*Holy Horror!* (Edit.) 2- 6-26 p. 10
*I Read in the Papers* 2-13-26 p. 32
*Why Investigate What Is Known?* (Edit.) 1-23-26 p. 11
Rubinow, S. G.—*"Burned Spuds"—How It Happened:* by Rubinow, S. G. 2- 6-26 p. 14
Rugs—*Hooked Rugs Have Come Back to Stay:* by Bowles, Ella Shannon 12-19-25 p. 12
Rum-Runners—*Whose Ox Is Gored* (Edit.) 3-20-26 p. 10
Rural Welfare Work—*I Read in the Papers* 2- 6-26 p. 24
Russell, Dr. Henry Norris—*Candlelight and Immortality* (Edit.) 2-13-26 p. 10
Russia—*Chats With Office Callers* 11-21-25 p. 12
*Chats With Office Callers* 2- 6-26 p. 18
*Lithuania—The Country of Kosciusko:* by Jonaitis, Rev. George F. 3-13-26 p. 24
*Pensions for Criminals* (Edit.) 4-10-26 p. 11
*Recognizing Bolshevism* (Edit.) 1- 2-26 p. 10
*Russia* (*squib*) 12- 5-25 p. 18
*Russia and Turkey—Comrades* (Edit.) 1-16-26 p. 11
*A Sudden Squall* (Edit.) 4-17-26 p. 10
*The World Objective* (Edit.) 3-20-26 p. 10
Russia, Conditions in—*Bolshevism Meets Women!* (Edit.) 1-23-26 p. 10
Russian Communists—*"Red" Russia Sets Stage for "Black Revolution":* by M'Connell, Burt M. 1-23-26 p. 8
Russian Jews—*Note the Names of Our Criminals:* by Benson, Allan L. 10-31-25 p. 3
*Russian Oil—Soviet Oil* (Edit.) 2-13-26 p. 10
Rutenberg, Mr.—*I Read in the Papers* 2-20-26 p. 28
Rye Waltz—*A Dance a Week* 1-30-26 p. 32


## S


*Sabbath—see Sunday*
Sacrificial Rock (Illus.)—*Among the Byways of Old Cornwall:* by Tangye, Hebert 11- 7-25 p. 31
Saenger Amusement Company—*The Government Accuses the Movies* 2-20-26 p. 4
Safety—*Lack of English May Mean Death:* by Clark, Marian K. 11-14-25 p. 18
St. Croix River, Northern Minnesota—*Uncovering Millstones of the Gods:* by Holmes, Fred L. 10-24-25 p. 14
St. George's Church, Fredericksburg, Virginia (Illus.)—*Where American History Was Made:* by Poole, W. C. 10-24-25 p. 31
*St. Gregory and Usury* 11-21-25 p. 18
St. Patrick's Day in the Morning—*A Dance a Week: Money Musk, Pop Goes the Weasel, and St. Patrick's Day in the Morning* 3-20-26 p. 28
St. Thomas, Ontario—*Bus Lines vs. Street Cars* (Edit.) 3- 6-26 p. 10
Saleeby, Dr. Najeeb Mitry—*Driving the English Language Out of the Philippines:* by Barton, Wm. E. 11-21-25 p. 7
"Salem Harbor" (Illus.)—*"The Scarlet Letter": How It Was Written:* by Hawthorne, Julian 10-31-25 p. 4
Salon—*Pioneer of the Salon* 11-14-25 p. 3
*Salt—A Rare Utility:* by Kingsbury, Gordon W. 11- 7-25 p. 18
Salt Lake City, Utah—*The Business End of Mormonism:* by Stratton, George Frederic 3-27-26 p. 25
*Salvation Through Search* (Edit.) 1-30-26 p. 10
"Salzberge" in Cadiz, Spain (Illus.)—*Salt—A Rare Utility:* by Kingsbury, Gordon W. 11- 7-25 p. 18
*Sam Slick's Journeys Through Nova Scotia* 10-24-25 p. 16
Samoa—*Cricket in Samoa* 12-19-25 p. 23
*Going to Church in Samoa* 11-28-25 p. 7
*Samoans Avoid the "Aitu"* 12-26-25 p. 22
*Something About Tattooing* 12-26-25 p. 20
*A World of Islands* 10-24-25 p. 24

San Francisco Convention—*At Later Conventions With Bryan:* by Schermerhorn, James... 3-13-26 p. 14
San Francisco Lodge No. 21 B'Nai Brith—*I Read in the Papers*... 2-27-26 p. 19
San Francisco's Famous Cliff House (Illus.)—*When Cliff House Went Really Dry:* by Dunn, Harry H.... 4-17-26 p. 23
San Jose Scale—*The Parasite Hunters:* by Du Puy, William Atherton... 11-14-25 p. 6
Sandglass (Illus.)—*Keeping Tab on Father Time: History of Some Queer Clocks:* by Colman, Edna M.... 1- 2-26 p. 24
Sanity—*Two Dozen Ways to Keep Sane:* by Laird, Donald A., Ph. D.... 4-17-26 p. 5
Santa Claus—*He Plays Santa Claus the Whole Year Round*... 12-12-25 p. 22
Sao Paulo, Brazil—*Is America a Nation of Coffee-Bibbers?* by DeYoung, Dirk P.... 4-10-26 p. 19
*Removing Death From the Sting:* by MacDonald, Paul... 1-16-26 p. 2
Sapiro, Aaron—*Sad Tale of a United States Report*... 1-23-26 p. 15
*Sapiro Dazed* (Edit.)... 1-30-26 p. 11
*Sapiro Officials Run a Sideline*... 2-27-26 p. 13
*Why Sapiro's Co-Ops Had Trouble*... 2-20-26 p. 14
Sapiro Organizations—*A Word to Congress* (Edit.)... 1-23-26 p. 10
Sargent, John Singer—*I Read in the Papers*... 3-20-26 p. 24
"Sartor Resartus"—*Successful Books That Were Scorned*... 11-21-25 p. 12
"Saturation Point"—*Mr. Ford's Page*... 4-17-26 p. 9
Scalping—*I Read in the Papers*... 1- 9-26 p. 29
Scandal in Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.—*Government Loses Tax Millions:* by Brewer, Charles B.... 3-20-26 p. 3
*"Scarlet Letter": How It Was Written:* by Hawthorne, Julian... 10-31-25 p. 4
Schermerhorn-Darrow Debate—*Darrow Debates Like a Wet Lamb*... 1- 2-26 p. 7
*I Read in the Papers*... 12-26-25 p. 18
Schermerhorn, James—*When I Began to Know Bryan:* by Schermerhorn, James... 2-27-26 p. 2
*When I Was With Bryan in the 1908 Campaign:* by Schermerhorn, James... 3- 6-26 p. 13
*At Later Conventions With Bryan:* by Schermerhorn, James... 3-13-26 p. 14
*The Last Days of William Jennings Bryan:* by Schermerhorn, James... 3-20-26 p. 14
Schlesinger, Mr.—*Lawyers and Law* (Edit.)... 1- 9-26 p. 11
Schmidt, Mrs. Minna—*First Families of Chicago:* by Gray, Margaret... 1-23-26 p. 14
Schoharie County, New York—*Prohibition Can Be Enforced*... 3-27-26 p. 19
Scholarship and Smoking—*How Smoking Affects College Men*... 11- 7-25 p. 8
Schoolmaster—*Washington's Schoolmaster:* by Walker, A. G.... 2-20-26 p. 19
*Schools—see Public Schools*
Schools, Bible—*Burglary and the Bible* (Edit.)... 2- 6-26 p. 10
Science of Faith—*Salvation Through Search* (Edit.)... 1-30-26 p. 10
Scientific Discoveries Regarding Origin of Man—*Back-Tracking Man Through the Ages:* by Hubbard, Samuel... 2-13-26 p. 15
*A Dinosaur Breaks Into History:* by Hubbard, Samuel... 4-17-26 p. 14
Scopes, John T.—*The World Tells Its Tale of 1925: A Backward Look:* by Pence, Harry... 1- 2-26 p. 12
Scotch Reel—*A Dance a Week: Sicilian Circle*... 3-27-26 p. 28
Scotland—*How Scotland Nearly Lost Burns*... 12- 5-25 p. 8
Scott, Joseph—*Putting Muscle Shoals on the Map:* by Karpinski, Louis C.... 10-24-25 p. 28
"Scout Mutiny" at Fort William McKinley—*Bolshevism in the Philippines:* by Freeman, C. F.... 2-13-26 p. 6
Sculpture—*Is There Iconoclasm in America?* by Hathaway, Carson C.... 12-19-25 p. 32
Sea Commerce—*Going to Sea in Subsidized Ships:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy... 1-23-26 p. 6
Sea Supremacy and Great Britain—*Never Lost a War But Never Won a Conference:* by Johns, E. B.... 3- 6-26 p. 3
Sea Tales—*New Year's Day on Lonely Seas:* by Whiting, May B.... 1- 2-26 p. 16
Seagirt, New Jersey—*Why Wilson Disliked Reporters:* by Thompson, Huston... 4- 3-26 p. 5
Seattle, Washington—*Hitching Up to Alaska*... 10-24-25 p. 6
Secret Session of the Bureau of the Budget—*Legislating in Secret Session:* by Johns, E. B... 4- 3-26 p. 3
*Seeking to Know of What the Earth Is Made*... 4-10-26 p. 25
Selborne, England—*Gilbert White the Seer of Selborne:* by Shore, W. Teignmouth... 3-13-26 p. 20
Self-Government—*Democracy Not for All Races*... 12-26-25 p. 7
*Twenty-One Year Tale of Cities:* by Ulm, A. H... 1-30-26 p. 3
Sellier, Bugler—*I Read in the Papers*... 1-23-26 p. 21
Senate Committee's Report to Congress—*Government Loses Tax Millions:* by Brewer, Chas. B.... 3-20-26 p. 3
Senatorial Mail—*What's in the Senator's Letter Box?* 1- 9-26 p. 15
Sermons From Revolutionary Times—*Chats With Office Callers*... 2- 6-26 p. 18
Serum for Snake Bites—*Removing Death From the Sting:* by MacDonald, Paul... 1-16-26 p. 2
Service—*Mr. Ford's Page*... 10-31-25 p. 9
*Seven Poor Travellers, The:* by Dickens, Charles... 12-12-25 p. 4
*Seventy-Five Years of an Ideal—Antioch College:* by Lewis, Eleanor... 11-28-25 p. 2
Sex and Psychology—*Psychology and Sex:* by Laird, Donald A., Ph. D.... 10-31-25 p. 7
Shadow Pictures—*Pictures in Shadow—Photography's Forerunner:* by Northend, Mary Harrod... 1- 9-26 p. 16
Shakespeare's Plays—*Did Shakespeare Mention a Contemporary?* by Kilby, Quincy... 12- 5-25 p. 2
Shanghai, China—*The Birds Sing, But Girls "Yawl":* by Cramer, Mrs. L. M.... 10-31-25 p. 12
Shapley, Dr. Harlow—*The Star Cluster "Hercules"*... 3-27-26 p. 20
Shareholders in Building and Loan Associations—*Some Building and Loan Pitfalls:* by M'Garry, Wm. A.... 3-13-26 p. 12
*Shares—see Ford Bankers Shares*
Shaw, George Bernard—*Precious Privacy* (Edit.)... 1-30-26 p. 11
Shelley, Percy B.—*Great Writers Who Have Failed as Novelists*... 4-10-26 p. 22
"Shenandoah" Disaster—*The World Tells Its Tale of 1925: A Backward Look:* by Pence, Harry... 1- 2-26 p. 12
Shepherd, William D. (Illus.)—*The World Tells Its Tale of 1925: A Backward Look:* by Pence, Harry... 1- 2-26 p. 12
Sherrill, Lieutenant Colonel Clarence O.—*The Opening of a New Field* (Edit.)... 1- 2-26 p. 11
Shipping—*Going to Sea in Subsidized Ships:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy... 1-23-26 p. 6
Shoemaker, Admiral—*I Read in the Papers*... 10-24-25 p. 25
Shopping—*How Customers Impose on the Merchants:* by Beck, Edward J.... 12- 5-25 p. 21
"Short Session" of Congress—*I Read in the Papers*... 3-13-26 p. 18
Shorthand in Early Days—*I Read in the Papers*... 3- 6-26 p. 15
Shwe Dagon Pagoda (Illus.)—*On the Road to Mandalay:* by Barton, William E.... 1-23-26 p. 5
Shylock Nation—*Are We a Shylock Nation?* by M'Connell, Burt M.... 1- 9-26 p. 3
*A Shylock Nation? Here Are the Facts:* by M'Connell, Burt M.... 1-16-26 p. 12
Sicilian Circle—*A Dance a Week*... 3-27-26 p. 28
*Side Lights on Author of Ingoldsby Legends:* by Dixon, L.... 1-16-26 p. 22
Siggins, Samuel—*Builds Ten-Room House Single-Handed*... 12- 5-25 p. 32
*Signers—56 of '76, The:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz... 1-16-26 p. 24
*Signers—56 of '76, The:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz... 1-30-26 p. 28
*"Signers"—of Maryland, The:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz... 11- 7-25 p. 20
Silhouettes—*Pictures in Shadow—Photography's Forerunner:* by Northend, Mary Harrod... 1- 9-26 p. 16
Silkworth, W. S.—*Consolidated Stock Exchange—Finis?* by Pinci, A. R.... 3-27-26 p. 6
Silver Certificates—*This Country Has Money to Burn:* by Du Puy, Wm. Atherton... 11-21-25 p. 15
Silversmith's Craft—*I Read in the Papers*... 4-17-26 p. 26
Sinclair, Judge Neil A. (Illus.)—*North Carolina Crushes Mob Rule:* by Richardson, W. H.... 3-27-26 p. 7
Sing-Song Girls of China—*The Birds Sing, But Girls "Yawl":* by Cramer, Mrs. L. M.... 10-31-25 p. 12
Singing—*Chats With Office Callers*... 2- 6-26 p. 18
"Sixth Great Lake"—*A New Great Lake to Save Lakes:* by Laut, Wallace J.... 10-24-25 p. 15
"Sketch Book, The"—*Washington Irving's London Has Gone:* by MacConnell, Duncan... 4- 3-26 p. 14
Skinner, Otis (Illus.)—*The Box That Became a Throne:* by Kilby, Quincy... 1- 2-26 p. 2
*Slaughtering the Slogans*... 1-16-26 p. 4
Slick, Sam—*Sam Slick's Journeys Through Nova Scotia*... 10-24-25 p. 16
Smith, Adam—*The Tax Muddle: Is Destruction and Not Construction the Result of Some of Our Taxation?* by Clark, Marian Bruce... 12- 5-25 p. 5
Smith, Fred E.—*I Read in the Papers*... 3-27-26 p. 24
Smith, Macdonald (Illus.)—*Golf—Can You Pick the Champions?* by MacDonald, Paul... 4-10-26 p. 12
Smith, Minnie—*An "Innocent" Joke That Exceeded Its Limits*... 1- 9-26 p. 20
Smoking—*How Smoking Affects College Men*... 11- 7-25 p. 8
*I Read in the Papers*... 1-16-26 p. 29
Smoking at Byrn Mawr—*I Read in the Papers*... 12-26-25 p. 18
Smoking, Women—*A Way We Have in America* (Edit.)... 3-13-26 p. 10
Smoot, Senator Reed (Illus.)—*Comparing Tax Burdens in Leading Countries*... 10-31-25 p. 6
Smuggling—*Whose Ox Is Gored* (Edit.)... 3-20-26 p. 10
Snakes—*Removing Death From the Sting:* by MacDonald, Paul... 1-16-26 p. 2
*Snorting of War!* (Edit.)... 3- 6-26 p. 11

Socialism in Churches—*American Pulpit Captured by Radicals:* by Robinson, Margaret C. 1- 9-26 p. 6
*Will the Church See It?* (Edit.) 10-31-25 p. 10
Society—*With a Capital "S"* (Edit.) 2- 6-26 p. 10
Soldiers, Chinese—*Gain, Not Glory, Guides Chinese Soldier:* by Lowdermilk, Inez Marks 1-16-26 p. 5
Solitary Confinement—*Chats With Office Callers* 11-14-25 p. 12
*Sorting Out People:* by Croy, Homer 11-28-25 p. 4
Sousa, John Philip (Illus.)—*The Box That Became a Throne:* by Kilby, Quincy 1- 2-26 p. 2
South—*Where Are the Americans? Down South?* by Barnet, Harry E. 12-19-25 p. 20
South Africa—*I Read in the Papers* 2-20-26 p. 28
South Africa—Gold Rush of Early Seventies—*Tragedy of the Gold Rushes:* by Nash, J. V. 12-26-25 p. 12
South America—*The Voyage of the "Victoria": Light on the Dark Ages:* by Finger, Chas. J. 4- 3-26 p. 16
South American Rattlesnake (Illus.)—*Removing Death From the Sting:* by MacDonald, Paul 1-16-26 p. 2
"South Gate of Heaven" (Illus.)—*Mount Taishan, Oldest Worshiping Place on Earth:* by Wilkie, Cameron 3-27-26 p. 21
*South Seas' Lure, Does It Live?* by Calnon, William Lee 1-30-26 p. 8
Southern Enterprises, Inc.—*The Government Accuses the Movies* 2-20-26 p. 4
Southern States, Loans Lent to—*A Bit of History* (Edit.) 3- 6-26 p. 10
Soviet Government in United States—*I Read in the Papers* 2-27-26 p. 19
Soviets—*Russian Oil—Soviet Oil* (Edit.) 2-13-26 p. 10
*The World Objective (Edit.)* 3-20-26 p. 10
Spain—*Chats With Office Callers* 2-13-26 p. 12
*From Spain to Morocco:* by Pritchett, V. S. 11- 7-25 p. 2
*I Read in the Papers* 10-31-25 p. 30
Spare Time—*Mr. Ford's Page* 3-13-26 p. 9
*Mr. Ford's Page* 3-20-26 p. 9
*What Would You Rather Do Than Work?* by Benson, Allan L. 11-21-25 p. 13
"Spectacle Thrush"—*The Birds Sing, But Girls "Yawl":* by Cramer, Mrs. L. M. 10-31-25 p. 12
"Spectra" Hoax—*Literary Fakers and Their Fakes:* by Finger, Chas. J. 4-17-26 p. 12
Spectro-Chrome Therapy—*I Read in the Papers* 4- 3-26 p. 25
Speculation—*Mr. Ford's Page* 1- 9-26 p. 9
Speeches—*Anyone Can Make a Speech:* by M'Cauley, H. S. 11- 7-25 p. 24
*Spiders and Ants as Movie Actors:* by Jopp, Fred Gilman 1- 9-26 p. 31
Spinster—*"Why and Because"* 2-13-26 p. 18
Spiral Nebula—*Other Worlds Than Ours:* by Nash, J. V. 12- 5-25 p. 30
Sport—*Golf—Can You Pick the Champions?* by MacDonald, Paul 4-10-26 p. 12
Sporting Idols—*"How They Get That Way":* by MacDonald, Paul 1-23-26 p. 12
Springfield, Massachusetts "Republican"—*Suppressing Facts in Boston* 11-21-25 p. 10
Square Dance—*A Dance a Week* 2-20-26 p. 29
Squirrel—*Pohkahn, the Little Glider:* by Lange, D. 12-26-25 p. 27
Stachel, John—*I Read in the Papers* 2-27-26 p. 19
Staffordshire Ware—*Quaint China Figures on Cottage Mantels:* by Northend, Mary Harrod 1-23-26 p. 16
Stanley Company—*The Government Accuses the Movies* 2-20-26 p. 4
*Star Cluster "Hercules," The* 3-27-26 p. 20
Starkville, Mississippi—*A Modern Mississippi College* 4-17-26 p. 20
Starr Commonwealth for Boys—*Chats With Office Callers* 2-20-26 p. 8
Stars—*When the Stars Foretell Trouble:* by Hopley, Frank Dorrance 3-27-26 p. 8
State Banking Department of Pennsylvania—*Some Building and Loan Pitfalls:* by M'Garry, William A. 3-13-26 p. 12
State Capitol at Santa Fe, New Mexico (Illus.)—*He Licked Fall in His Own Paper:* by Stidger, William L. 12-26-25 p. 2
State Capitol, Raleigh, N. C. (Illus.)—*North Carolina Crushes Mob Rule:* by Richardson, William H. 3-27-26 p. 7
State Control of Motion Pictures—*How Connecticut Handled the Movies* 1-16-26 p. 14
State Farming—*Failure of State Farming* (Edit.) 11-21-25 p. 11
*State Tourist Bureaus* 11-14-25 p. 26
Statement of Audits of Edmondson Tobacco Company—*Why Sapiro's Co-Ops Had Trouble* 2-20-26 p. 14
States' Rights—*Governors Plead for Their States:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy 12-19-25 p. 3
Statesmen of Congress—*Wise Statesmen?* (Edit.) 2-27-26 p. 11
Statuary Hall (Illus.)—*He Guides People Through the Capitol* 2-27-26 p. 16
Statue of Apollo—*Colossus of Rhodes—A New Aspect:* by Hobart, Richard L. 1-16-26 p. 8
Statues of Famous Men—*Is There Iconoclasm in America?* by Hathaway, Carson C. 12-19-25 p. 32
Steam Transport in the Nineteenth Century—*Just a Century Apart* (Edit.) 10-24-25 p. 11
Steed, Mr. Wickham—*Never Lost a War But Never Won a Conference:* by Johns, E. B. 3- 6-26 p. 3
Steep Grades, Elimination—*Cutting Top Off a City Helps Traffic:* by Dunn, Harry H. 1-23-26 p. 30
Stefansson Canadian Expedition—*Rescuing the Survivors From Wrangel Island:* by McConnell, Burt M. 3- 6-26 p. 22
Steffany, Captain J.—*South Seas' Lure, Does It Live?* by Calnon, William Lee 1-30-26 p. 8
Steigel, William Henry—*Valuable Old American Bottles:* by Northend, Mary Harrod 12-12-25 p. 12
Stidger, William L.—*Has America a Youth Movement?* by Stidger, Wm. L. 2- 6-26 p. 5
*He Licked Fall in His Own Paper:* by Stidger, Wm. L. 12-26-25 p. 2
*Honestly—Who Is Babbitt?* by Stidger, Wm. L. 3- 6-26 p. 2
*How I Write and Why I Write:* by Stidger, Wm. L. 3-20-26 p. 2
*Passion Week in Paris, 1918:* by Stidger, Wm. L. 3-27-26 p. 4
Stinnes, Hugo (Illus.)—*The Fall of the House of Stinnes:* by Wolff, Walter M. 2-13-26 p. 23
*Stock Exchange—see Consolidated Stock Exchange; New York Stock Exchange*
Stock Markets versus Business—*Mr. Ford's Page* 1- 9-26 p. 9
*Stocks versus Business* (Edit.) 3-27-26 p. 10
Stockton, Richard (Illus.)—*The Signers—56 of '76:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz 1-30-26 p. 28
Stone, Thomas (Illus.)—*The "Signers"—of Maryland:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz 11- 7-25 p. 20
Story of Juvenile Delinquent—*What's the Matter With Jim?* by Neil, Judge Henry 4-10-26 p. 8
*Story of the First Christmas, The* 12-12-25 p. 8
*Story of the Submarine, The* 3-27-26 p. 22
Story Writer—*What It Means to Be a Writer:* by Masson, Thomas L. 11-28-25 p. 16
Stradivari Violin (Illus.)—*My Fiddle and I Since Long Ago:* by Wier, Clyde 3-27-26 p. 16
Strait of Magellan—*The Voyage of the "Victoria": Light on the Dark Ages:* by Finger, Chas. J. 4- 3-26 p. 16
Strassburg Clock—*Keeping Tab on Father Time: History of Some Queer Clocks:* by Colman, Edna M. 1- 2-26 p. 24
Straton, Rev. John Roach—*Answering Back* (Edit.) 4- 3-26 p. 10
*Street—see Pacific Highway*
Street Railway Abandoned in St. Thomas—*Bus Lines vs. Street Cars* (Edit.) 3- 6-26 p. 10
Strike, Consumers'—*Is Coal Passing Out as a Fuel?* by M'Garry, William A. 10-24-25 p. 3
Strikes—*Maybe You Have Never Thought of This* (Edit.) 11-14-25 p. 10
*Strike's Over!—What of It?* (Edit.) 3- 6-26 p. 11
Strobel, Charlie—*Investigating the Air Investigations:* by Johns, E. B. 12- 5-25 p. 3
Students—*Military Training of Students* (Edit.) 2-13-26 p. 11
Submarine—*The Story of the Submarine* 3-27-26 p. 22
Submarine Demonstrated by Robert Fulton—*There Is Nothing New Under the Sea:* by Montgomery, A. J. 4-17-26 p. 22
Success and College Education—*What to Do to Make Life Worth While:* by Benson, Allan L. 4-17-26 p. 16
"Success by Acquisition" and "Success by Contribution"—*Mr. Ford's Page* 2-13-26 p. 9
Success—Doing More for the World Than It Has Done for You—*Mr. Ford's Page* 2-20-26 p. 9
Success—Learning, Laboring and Waiting Are the Ingredients of Success—*Mr. Ford's Page* 2- 6-26 p. 9
*Successful Books That Were Scorned* 11-21-25 p. 12
Sugar-Making—*How the Indians Make Sugar:* by Evans, Mrs. Paul W. 4-17-26 p. 30
Suicides Increasing in Europe—*A Crime Report* (Edit.) 10-24-25 p. 11
Summer Home of Wilson, Seagirt, New Jersey (Illus.)—*Why Wilson Disliked Reporters:* by Thompson, Huston 4- 3-26 p. 5
Summer School of Religious Education—*Giving Back the Bible to Our Children:* by Krumbine, Dr. Miles H. 3-20-26 p. 21
Sun—*Other Worlds Than Ours:* by Nash, J. V. 12- 5-25 p. 30
Sunday—*Whiten Washington* (Edit.) 3-27-26 p. 11
*Sunday—see Wide-Open Sunday*
Sundial—*Keeping Tab on Father Time: History of Some Queer Clocks:* by Colman, Edna M. 1- 2-26 p. 24
*Suppressing Facts in Boston* (Edit.) 11-21-25 p. 10
Surgery During the War—*Chats With Office Callers* 11-28-25 p. 12
Surratt, John (Illus.)—*Lincoln's Murder—Amazing Man Hunt:* by Black, F. L. 4-10-26 p. 14
Surratt, Mrs. Mary (Illus.)—*Lincoln's Murder—Amazing Man Hunt:* by Black, F. L. 4-10-26 p. 14

Sweden—*Thanksgiving Among Other Nations*.....11-21-25 p. 26
Swedenborg, Emanuel (Illus.)—*Galli-Curci Swayed by Swedish Mystic:* by Barron, C. W..... 4- 3-26 p. 8
Swenson, Olaf—*Rescuing the Survivors From Wrangel Island:* by McConnell, Burt M..... 3- 6-26 p. 22
Swindling—*Florida Chases Out the Land Swindlers:* by Holland, W. B..... 1-30-26 p. 5
*Mr. Ford's Page*.....12-12-25 p. 9
*Mr. Ford's Page*.....12-19-25 p. 9
*Home Crafts for Idle Hands:* by Ulm, Aaron H... 2-27-26 p. 5
*I Read in the Papers*..... 3-27-26 p. 24
*I Read in the Papers*..... 4- 3-26 p. 25
*Robbing the Public by Post:* by Ulm, Aaron H.....11-14-25 p. 7
Swiss Navigation—*I Read in the Papers*..... 3-13-26 p. 18
Sydell, John—*I Read in the Papers*..... 2- 6-26 p. 24
Sydney Harbor, Australia—*Ugliness Unadorned*.....12- 5-25 p. 27
Sydney, New South Wales—*State Tourist Bureaus*....11-14-25 p. 26
Sydney, Nova Scotia—*I Read in the Papers*.....12-19-25 p. 29
Syndicate System—*Some Building and Loan Pitfalls:* by M'Garry, Wm. A..... 3-13-26 p. 12
Synthethic Milk—*I Read in the Papers*.....10-24-25 p. 25


## T


*Tackle the Big Ones* (Edit.).....11-28-25 p. 11
Tacna-Arica Controversy—*What Will It Cost?* (Edit.)..... 1- 2-26 p. 11
"Tale of Two Cities"—*Great Figures in Fiction: Sydney Carton:* by Smith, Lewis Worthington..12- 5-25 p. 25
Tallman Home, Janesville, Wisconsin, 1859 (Illus.)—"*I Slept With Lincoln*": *Lucien S. Hanks' Nighttime Experience:* by Hanks, Lucien S..... 2- 6-26 p. 23
Tampa Bay—*Indian Key, Where Rare Birds Resort:* by Dacy, George H..... 1- 2-26 p. 20
Tariff Protection—*The "New Economics" for Farmers:* by Kenton, Robert..... 1-30-26 p. 14
Tattooing—*Something About Tattooing*.....12-26-25 p. 20
*Tax—see Head-Tax*
Tax Matters, Investigating—*Government Loses Tax Millions:* by Brewer, Charles B..... 3-20-26 p. 3
Tax on Films—*How Connecticut Handled the Movies*..... 1-16-26 p. 14
Tax Situation in Treasury Department—*The Couzens Investigation* (Edit.)..... 2-27-26 p. 11
*Wise Statesmen?* (Edit.)..... 2-27-26 p. 11
Taxes—*Comparing Tax Burdens in Leading Countries*.....10-31-25 p. 6
*Congressman Martin B. Madden's Statement on Taxes*.....11- 7-25 p. 8
*The Tax Muddle: Is Destruction and Not Construction the Result of Some of Our Taxation?* by Clark, Marian Bruce.....12- 5-25 p. 5
Taxes, Reduction—*Overflowing Streams of Federal Taxes:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy.....10-24-25 p. 7
Taxpayer and War Debts—*Are We a Shylock Nation?* by M'Connell, Burt M..... 1- 9-26 p. 3
"Teaching-Them-How" Scheme—*Home Crafts for Idle Hands:* by Ulm, A. H..... 2-27-26 p. 5
Teal—*King of the Wild Rice Beds:* by Hough, Donald.....10-24-25 p. 12
Teapot Dome Exposure—*He Licked Fall in His Own Paper:* by Stidger, Wm. L.....12-26-25 p. 2
Telegraph—*Hitching Up to Alaska*.....10-24-25 p. 6
*I Read in the Papers*.....12- 5-25 p. 24
Temperance and Christianity—*The World With the Church:* by MacConnell, Duncan..... 3- 6-26 p. 5
Terry, Hynes E. (Illus.)—*He Guides People Through the Capitol*..... 2-27-26 p. 16
Testimony of Mrs. Lansdowne—*More Light* (Edit.)..12-12-25 p. 11
Tetuan, Morocco—*From Spain to Morocco:* by Pritchett, V. S.....11- 7-25 p. 2
Texas—*I Read in the Papers*.....12- 5-25 p. 24
*Jefferson Davis Brought Camels to the United States*.....12-26-25 p. 19
Texas, Governor of—"*Who Is Governor of Texas?*" by Bentley, Max..... 2-27-26 p. 3
Textbooks on Arithmetic—*Early Arithmetics Published in America:* by Karpinski, Louis C..... 2-13-26 p. 20
Thanksgiving—*Thanksgiving*.....11-21-25 p. 2
*Thanksgiving Among Other Nations*.....11-21-25 p. 26
*Thanksgiving at Antioch College:* by Lewis, Eleanor.....11-21-25 p. 32
Theater—*Clean Humor Draws the Crowds* (Edit.)..... 3-20-26 p. 10
*The Government Accuses the Movies*..... 2-20-26 p. 4
*I Read in the Papers*..... 2-27-26 p. 19
*John Dos Passos: An Interview With a Writer Who Thinks the Theater an Excellent Medium for Making the World Kinder and More Civilized:* by Mabie, Janet..... 2-13-26 p. 2
Theater, Propaganda Through—*Chats With Office Callers*..... 3-13-26 p. 19
Theater Ticket Speculation in New York—*I Read in the Papers*..... 1- 9-26 p. 29
Theatrical Reminiscences—*The BoxThat Became a Throne:* by Kilby, Quincy..... 1- 2-26 p. 2
Theatricals of a Generation Ago—*The Drama of Our Youth:* by Vose, Caroline Eliza..... 4-17-26 p. 8
Theosophists—*I Read in the Papers*..... 1- 9-26 p. 29
*Things That Doctors Do Not Know:* by Carrel, Dr. Alexis..... 3-27-26 p. 14
"*Thinking Internationally*" (Edit.)..... 3-13-26 p. 11
Third International—*I Read in the Papers*..... 2-20-26 p. 28
Third Terms for Presidents—*Chats With Office Callers*.....12-12-25 p. 20
Thompson, Denman—*The Box That Became a Throne:* by Kilby, Quincy..... 1- 2-26 p. 2
Thompson, Huston—*Wilson's First Night in Paris:* by Thompson, Huston..... 3-27-26 p. 2
*Why Wilson Disliked Reporters:* by Thompson, Huston..... 4- 3-26 p. 5
*Wilson Was Best and Worst Copy:* by Thompson, Huston..... 4-10-26 p. 2
*Woodrow Wilson—Taker of Chances:* by Thompson, Huston..... 4-17-26 p. 7
Thornton, Dr. Matthew (Illus.)—*The Signers—56 of '76:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz..... 1-16-26 p. 24
Thornton, James F.—*The Last Battlefield of the Civil War:* by Creech, F. Hunter.....10-31-25 p. 29
"Three Soldiers"—*John Dos Passos:* by Mabie, Janet..... 2-13-26 p. 2
Three Step, The—*A Dance a Week*..... 4- 3-26 p. 32
*Through the Woods:* by Smiley, Jim.....10-31-25 p. 13
Tichborn, Roger Charles Doughty—*Romantic Rascals: "The Tichborn Claimant":* by Finger, Charles J..... 1-16-26 p. 16
Time Reckoning in OldenDays—*Keeping Tab on Father Time: History of Some Queer Clocks:* by Colman, Edna M..... 1- 2-26 p. 24
Tintagel Castle (Illus.)—*Among the Byways of Old Cornwall:* by Tangye, Hebert.....11- 7-25 p. 31
Tobacco—*Sapiro Officials Run a Sideline*..... 2-27-26 p. 13
*Why Sapiro's Co-Ops Had Trouble*..... 2-20-26 p. 14
"Tobacco and Scholarship"—*How Smoking Affects College Men*.....11- 7-25 p. 8
Tobacco Cooperative Associations—*Sad Tale of a United States Report*..... 1-23-26 p. 15
*Sapiro Dazed* (Edit.)..... 1-30-26 p. 11
Tokio—*Chats With Office Callers*..... 3- 6-26 p. 20
"Toledo Blade"—*Investigating the Air Investigations:* by John, E. B.....12- 5-25 p. 3
*Toleration* (Edit.).....11- 7-25 p. 11
Tolhurst, Louis H.—*Spiders and Ants as Movie Actors:* by Jopp, Fred Gilman..... 1- 9-26 p. 31
"Tom Jones"—*Successful Books That Were Scorned*..11-21-25 p. 12
Tooth Brushes—*I Read in the Papers*.....12-26-25 p. 18
*Top of the Planet, The* (Edit.)..... 1-16-26 p. 10
Torch Race—*French Racers Carry Torch in Long Bastile Day Race*..... 2-20-26 p. 31
Tour of the Capitol—*He Guides People Through the Capitol*..... 2-27-26 p. 16
Tourist Bureaus—*State Tourist Bureaus*.....11-14-25 p. 26
Tourist Travel in Canada—*Americans in Canada* (Edit.).....10-31-25 p. 11
*I Read in the Papers*..... 2- 6-26 p. 24
Tourists in France—*I Read in the Papers*..... 3- 6-26 p. 15
Traditions of the Jews Regarding Jesus—*A Jewish Rabbi in Jerusalem Writes "Jesus of Nazareth"*..... 2-27-26 p. 6
Traffic—*Cutting Top Off a City Helps Traffic:* by Dunn, Harry H..... 1-23-26 p. 30
*I Read in the Papers*..... 3-27-26 p. 24
*Tragedy of the Gold Rushes:* by Nash, J. V.....12-26-25 p. 12
*Tragic Heroine—Maggie Tulliver, A:* by Smith, Lewis Worthington..... 1-30-26 p. 20
*Train—see Oil-Electric Locomotives*
*Trapping Trappers in the Near North:* by Hough, Donald.....12-19-25 p. 4
Treasure Hunters—*Unburied Treasure:* by Muller, Charles G..... 1- 9-26 p. 8
Treasury Department, Investigation—*The Couzens Investigation* (Edit.)..... 2-27-26 p. 11
*Wise Statesmen?* (Edit.)..... 2-27-26 p. 11
Treasury Department, Scandal in—*Government Loses Tax Millions:* by Brewer, Chas. B..... 3-20-26 p. 3
Treaty of Friendship—*Russia and Turkey—Comrades* (Edit.)..... 1-16-26 p. 11
Trees—*Beating the Grain of Mustard Seed:* by Mosnat, H. R..... 4-17-26 p. 31
Trematon Castle (Illus.)—*Among the Byways of Old Cornwall:* by Tangye, Hebert.....11- 7-25 p. 31
Trespassing—*How to Steal Apples:* by Waite, John Barker..... 4-17-26 p. 24
Tri-State Tobacco Growers Cooperative Association—*Sad Tale of a United States Report*..... 1-23-26 p. 15
*Why Sapiro's Co-ops Had Trouble*..... 2-20-26 p. 14
Trotsky, Leon—*Reserved Against the Hour* (Edit.)..... 4-17-26 p. 11
Trumbull, Governor—*How Connecticut Handled the Movies*..... 1-16-26 p. 14
Trumbull Pictures—*He Guides People Through the Capitol*..... 2-27-26 p. 16

Trust, Movie—*The Government Accuses the Movies*.... 2-20-26 p. 4
Truth—*What Is the Neglected Truth?*.... 2-27-26 p. 10
*Truth About the Bixby Letter, The:* by Barton, William E.... 2- 6-26 p. 6
Tuberculosis—*Cooperation Saves Workers From Death:* by Morgan, Robert.... 4-17-26 p. 29
Tulliver, Maggie—*A Tragic Heroine—Maggie Tulliver:* by Smith, Lewis Worthington.... 1-30-26 p. 20
Tunnel—*I Read in the Papers*.... 2- 6-26 p. 24
"Turbio"—*Strange Cause of the "Turbio"*.... 12- 5-25 p. 28
Turkeys, Scarcity of—*I Read in the Papers*.... 1-23-26 p. 21
*Turtle and the Shark, The*.... 2-20-26 p. 23
Tutuila, Samoa—*A World of Islands*.... 10-24-25 p. 24
Tweed Ring in New York (Cartoon)—*How Cartoons Are Made:* by Masson, Thomas L.... 11-14-25 p. 16
*Twenty-One Year Tale of Cities:* by Ulm, Aaron H. 1-30-26 p. 3
*Two Dozen Ways to Keep Sane:* by Laird, Donald A., Ph. D.... 4-17-26 p. 5
*Two Men Who Cannot Help* (Edit.).... 12- 5-25 p. 11
Types of People—*You Pick Them: I Can't:* by Reeves, Earl.... 2-27-26 p. 28
Tyson, Dr. Forrest G.—*I Read in the Papers*.... 2-20-26 p. 28


## U


*Ugliness Unadorned*.... 12- 5-25 p. 27
*Unburied Treasure:* by Muller, Chas. G.... 1- 9-26 p. 8
*Uncle Sam Smashes Dishes to Study Them:* by Dacy, George H.... 4- 3-26 p. 20
"Uncle Tom's Cabin"—*Successful Books That Were Scorned*.... 11-21-25 p. 12
*Uncovering Millstones of the Gods:* by Holmes, Fred L.... 10-24-25 p. 14
Unemployment in England—*Chats With Office Callers*.... 11-21-25 p. 12
*England as an Englishman Sees It:* by Cazalet, V. A., M. P.... 1- 9-26 p. 22
United States—*Comparing Tax Burdens in Leading Countries: Senator Reed Smoot's Statement on Taxes*.... 10-31-25 p. 6
*Reserved Against the Hour* (Edit.).... 4-17-26 p. 11
*United States Control of Pictures?* (Edit.).... 1-16-26 p. 10
United States and Crime—*Who Are "We"?* (Edit.).... 1-23-26 p. 10
United States Entering the World Court—*Should America Join World's Court?* by Newman, O. P.... 12-19-25 p. 5
United States Gazeteer of 1795—*Putting Muscle Shoals on the Map:* by Karpinski, Louis C.... 10-24-25 p. 28
United States Ruled by Budget Officer—*Legislating in Secret Session:* by Johns, E. B.... 4- 3-26 p. 3
University of Geneva—*I Read in the Papers*.... 3- 6-26 p. 15
University of Michigan—*I Read in the Papers*.... 3-27-26 p. 24
*Uses of the Coconut*.... 10-31-25 p. 25
Usury—*St. Gregory and Usury*.... 11-21-25 p. 18


## V


Vacation at English Resort—*I Rented a House in England:* by Dillon, Philip Robert.... 3-13-26 p. 2
*Valuable Old American Bottles:* by Northend, Mary Harrod.... 12-12-25 p. 12
Vancouver to Tia Juana, Route From—*The Longest Paved Street in the World:* by Morgan, Robert.... 1- 2-26 p. 31
"Vanity Fair"—*Successful Books That Were Scorned*.... 11-21-25 p. 12
Varsovienne—*A Dance a Week*.... 2-13-26 p. 29
Vegetarians of India—*Chats With Office Callers*.... 12-12-25 p. 20
Venezuela, South America—*Strange Cause of the "Turbio"*.... 12- 5-25 p. 28
Venom of Snakes Made Into Serum—*Removing Death From the Sting:* by MacDonald, Paul.... 1-16-26 p. 2
Vespucci, Amerigo—*Why and How It Is "America":* by Karpinski, Louis C.... 11-14-25 p. 14
Vestina, Goddess of Health—*Romantic Rascals: Emma Lyon, 1761-1815:* by Finger, Chas. J.... 12-26-25 p. 21
"Vicar of Wakefield"—*Successful Books That Were Scorned*.... 11-21-25 p. 12
Vice—*Citizens! Retake Your City!* (Edit.).... 10-31-25 p. 10
"Victoria"—*The Voyage of the "Victoria": Light on the Dark Ages:* by Finger, Chas. J.... 4- 3-26 p. 16
Victorville, California—*Cooperation Saves Workers From Death:* by Morgan, Robert.... 4-17-26 p. 29
Violin—*My Fiddle and I Since Long Ago:* by Wier, Clyde.... 3-27-26 p. 16
Virginia—*Where American History Was Made:* by Poole, W. C.... 10-24-25 p. 31
Virginia Reel—*A Dance a Week*.... 3-13-26 p. 29
*Visit From St. Nicholas, A* (Poem).... 12-12-25 p. 33
Volk, Leonard W.—*How Abraham Lincoln Looked:* by Barton, William E.... 2- 6-26 p. 16
Volstead Act—*I Read in the Papers*.... 2-20-26 p. 28
*Prohibition Can Be Enforced: Ask the People of Schoharie County*.... 3-27-26 p. 19
Von Hindenburg, Paul (Illus.)—*The World Tells Its Tale of 1925: A Backward Look:* by Pence, Harry.... 1- 2-26 p. 12
*Voyage of the "Victoria," The:* by Finger, Charles J.... 4- 3-26 p. 16


## W


Wages, Increasing—*Mr. Ford's Page*.... 11-21-25 p. 9
*Mr. Ford's Page*.... 11-28-25 p. 9
Wailing Wall of the Jews (Illus.)—*Will Palestine Ever Pay Its Board?* by Barton, William E.... 4- 3-26 p. 12
Walker, John Brisben—*Literary Memories: Writers and Publishers of Yesterday:* by Masson, Thomas L.... 12-26-25 p. 16
Walker, Mayor—*The Crowd* (Edit.).... 3- 6-26 p. 11
Walking Sticks—*Introducing Ye Olde Walking Stick:* by Wolff, Walter M.... 10-24-25 p. 8
Wall Papers—*Colorful Wall Papers of Olden Days:* by Northend, Mary Harrod.... 12- 5-25 p. 12
Wallace, Edgar—*Letting in the Alien Flood—Why?* by Watson, Kenneth.... 4-17-26 p. 3
Waltz—*A Dance a Week for Beginners*.... 1-16-26 p. 32
*A Dance a Week: Further Instruction on the Waltz Step*.... 1-23-26 p. 28
War—*Snorting of War!* (Edit.).... 3- 6-26 p. 11
*Still Another Peace Plan* (Edit.).... 11-14-25 p. 10
*War Makes Stunted Children:* by Jenks, Albert Ernest.... 3- 6-26 p. 28
War Between Greece and Bulgaria—*Tackle the Big Ones* (Edit.).... 11-28-25 p. 11
War Debts—*Are We a Shylock Nation:* by M'Connell, Burt M.... 1- 9-26 p. 3
*A Bit of History* (Edit.).... 3- 6-26 p. 10
*French Gymnastics* (Edit.).... 4- 3-26 p. 11
*In 1987—What?* (Edit.).... 11-21-25 p. 10
*A Shylock Nation? Here Are the Facts:* by M'Connell, Burt M.... 1-16-26 p. 12
War Debts, Cancellation of—*Who Pays the Piper?* (Edit.).... 4-17-26 p. 11
War in China—*Gain, Not Glory, Guides Chinese Soldier:* by Lowdermilk, Inez Marks.... 1-16-26 p. 5
War Over Franco-German Boundary—*Locarno—Hopes and Fears* (Edit.).... 12-19-25 p. 10
War Propaganda—*Failure* (Edit.).... 12-19-25 p. 10
War-Starters and War-Stoppers—*Mr. Ford's Page*.... 10-24-25 p. 9
Warburg, Paul M.—*The World Has Been Reorganized*.... 2- 6-26 p. 15
Warfare Among Animals—*The Killers' Struggle to Exist:* by Aaron, S. F.... 4- 3-26 p. 2
Warren, Charles B. (Illus.)—*The World Tells Its Tale of 1925: A Backward Look:* by Pence, Harry.... 1- 2-26 p. 12
Washington-Alaska Cable and Telegraph System—*Hitching Up to Alaska*.... 10-24-25 p. 6
Washington Arms Conference—*Never Lost a War But Never Won a Conference:* by Johns, E. B.... 3- 6-26 p. 3
*Why Is America Invited to Disarm?* by Johns, E. B.... 3-13-26 p. 4
Washington, D. C.—*Chats With Office Callers*.... 12- 5-25 p. 20
*Chats With Office Callers*.... 12-12-25 p. 20
*Chats With Office Callers*.... 1-23-26 p. 18
*Governors Plead for Their States:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy.... 12-19-25 p. 3
*He Guides People Through the Capitol*.... 2-27-26 p. 16
*He Plays Santa Claus the Whole Year Round*.... 12-12-25 p. 22
*Results—Nil, So Far* (Edit.).... 10-31-25 p. 10
*Whiten Washington* (Edit.).... 3-27-26 p. 11
Washington, D. C.—"High Life" in—*I Read in the Papers*.... 4-17-26 p. 26
Washington, D. C.—Scandal in Treasury Department—*Government Loses Tax Millions:* by Brewer, Charles B.... 3-20-26 p. 3
Washington, George—*The Great Unknown* (Edit.).... 2-20-26 p. 10
*The Man Who Slapped George Washington on the Shoulder:* by Benson, Allan L.... 2-20-26 p. 6
*Washington's Loyalty*.... 2-20-26 p. 2
*Washington's Schoolmaster:* by Walker, A. G.... 2-20-26 p. 19
*What Is Patriotism?*.... 12- 5-25 p. 26
*Washington Irving's London Has Gone:* by MacConnell, Duncan.... 4- 3-26 p. 14
Washington "Post"—*What Will It Cost?* (Edit.).... 1- 2-26 p. 11
*"Wassail! Wassail! Wassail!"*.... 12-12-25 p. 29
Water Clock (Illus.)—*Keeping Tab on Father Time: History of Some Queer Clocks:* by Colman, Edna M.... 1- 2-26 p. 24
Water Power—*Is Coal Passing Out as a Fuel?* by M'Garry, William A.... 10-24-25 p. 3
Waterloo Bridge—*I Read in the Papers*.... 1- 9-26 p. 29
Waterways—*A New Great Lake to Save Lakes:* by Laut, Wallace J.... 10-24-25 p. 15
Watkins, T. C.—*Why Sapiro's Co-Ops Had Trouble*.... 2-20-26 p. 14
Watson, Dr. John B.—*How Your Instincts Have Disappeared:* by Laird, Donald A., Ph. D.... 12- 5-25 p. 6

Watson, Grant—*Chimney Corner Books:* by Atkins, Gaius Glenn....11-28 25 p. 13
Watts, Richard—*The Seven Poor Travellers:* by Dickens, Charles....12-12-25 p. 4
*Way We Have in America, A* (Edit.)....3-13-26 p. 10
*Ways of the Egyptians, The:* by Worrell, Wm. H....3-27-26 p. 20
Wealth, Distribution and Creation—*Mr. Ford's Page*....12- 5-25 p. 9
*Wearing a Man's Name* (Edit.)....10-31-25 p. 11
Weather Service—*I Read in the Papers*....3-27-26 p. 24
Webb, Col. G. E.—*Why Sapiro's Co-Ops Had Trouble*....2-20-26 p. 14
Wedgewood, Josiah—*Wedgewood, the Master Potter, and His Work:* by Northend, Mary Harrod....1-30-26 p. 12
Weeks, John W. (Former Secretary of War)—*The President and Mr. Coolidge:* by Howe, Samuel....12-26-25 p. 4
Welfare Laws—*The Radical Trail in Welfare Laws:* by Clark, Marian Bruce....3- 6-26 p. 6
West, W. H. (Illus.)—*The Box That Became a Throne:* by Kilby, Quincy....1- 2-26 p. 2
Westminster Abbey (Illus.)—*Washington Irving's London Has Gone:* by MacConnell, Duncan....4- 3-26 p. 14
*"Wet" Money From Abroad?* (Edit.)....12-19-25 p. 11
"Wet" Press—*Mr. Ford's Page*....3- 6-26 p. 9
Wetmore, Perry (Illus.)—*Indian Key, Where Rare Birds Resort:* by Dacy, Geo. H....1- 2-26 p. 20
"Wets" Will Make the Country "Dry"—*Mr. Ford's Page*....4-10-26 p. 9
Whealdon, Master Rowen (Illus.)—*The Practice Babe*....4-10-26 p. 32
Whipple, William (Illus.)—*The Signers—56 of '76:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz....1-16-26 p. 24
*Whistling Wings: Being the Life Story of Bronzehead and His Feathered Brood:* by Gilbert, James Clyde....3-13-26 p. 16
White, Gilbert—*Gilbert White the Seer of Selborne:* by Shore, W. Teignmouth....3-13-26 p. 20
White House of the Confederacy, The (Illus.)—*Merry Richmond, Rich in Romance:* by Whiting, May B....4-17-26 p. 2
White House Visitors—*House, Then Baruch* (Edit.)....1-30-26 p. 11
White Race Originated in Western North America—*Back-Tracking Man Through the Ages:* by Hubbard, Samuel....2-13-26 p. 15
*Whiten Washington* (Edit.)....3-27-26 p. 11
Whitman, Walt—*Great Writers Who Have Failed as Novelists*....4-10-26 p. 22
Wickersham, George W.—*How Connecticut Handled the Movies*....1-16-26 p. 14
Wide-Open Sunday—*Chats With Office Callers*....4- 3-26 p. 21
Widows of Statesmen in Office—*Does the Office Belong to the Widow?* by Pence, Harry....11- 7-25 p. 5
Widows' Pension Law—*The Radical Trail in Welfare Laws:* by Clark, Marian Bruce....3- 6-26 p. 6
Wiggam, Mr.—*Two Men Who Cannot Help* (Edit.)....12- 5-25 p. 11
Wilbur, Mr. (Secretary of Navy)—*The President and Mr. Coolidge:* by Howe, Samuel....12-26-25 p. 4
Wild Fowl—*Whistling Wings: Being the Life Story of Bronzehead and His Feathered Brood:* by Gilbert, James Clyde....3-13-26 p. 16
Wild Life—*Through the Woods:* by Smiley, Jim....10-31-25 p. 13
Wild West Show—*On the Road With "Buffalo Bill":* by Bacon, Irving R....12- 5-25 p. 16
Wilkes, John—*Romantic Rascals: John Wilkes:* by Finger, Chas. J....2-13-26 p. 13
Williamsburg, Virginia—*Where American History Was Made:* by Poole, W. C....10-24-25 p. 31
Wilson Cabinet—*How the Coolidge Cabinet Functions:* by Johns, E. B....2-27-26 p. 8
Wilson, Eleanor (Illus.)—*Why Wilson Disliked Reporters:* by Thompson, Huston....4- 3-26 p. 5
Wilson, Ernest H.—*Adventures in Plant Hunting:* by Farrington, E. I....3-27-26 p. 30
*The Dogwood Tree*....12- 5-25 p. 23
Wilson, George W.—*The Box That Became a Throne:* by Kilby, Quincy....1- 2-26 p. 2
Wilson, Jessie (Illus.)—*Why Wilson Disliked Reporters:* by Thompson, Huston....4- 3-26 p. 5
Wilson, Margaret (Illus.)—*Why Wilson Disliked Reporters:* by Thompson, Huston....4- 3-26 p. 5
Wilson, Mrs. W. (Illus.)—*Why Wilson Disliked Reporters:* by Thompson, Huston....4- 3-26 p. 5
Wilson, Woodrow (Illus.)—*Wilson's First Night in Paris:* by Thompson, Huston....3-27-26 p. 2
*Why Wilson Disliked Reporters:* by Thompson, Huston....4- 3-26 p. 5
*Wilson Was Best and Worst Copy:* by Thompson, Huston....4-10-26 p. 2
*Woodrow Wilson—Taker of Chances:* by Thompson, Huston....4-17-26 p. 7
Wilson, Woodrow and William Jennings Bryan (Illus.)—*At Later Conventions With Bryan:* by Schermerhorn, James....3-13-26 p. 14
Winter—*"An Old-Fashioned Winter": The Goosebones' Prophecy*....11-21-25 p. 33
Wisconsin—*I Read in the Papers*....10-24-25 p. 25
Wisdom—*Mr. Ford's Page*....12-26-25 p. 9
Wise, Rabbi Stephen S.—*I Read in the Papers*....1-30-26 p. 27
*A Jewish Rabbi in Jerusalem Writes "Jesus of Nazareth"*....2-27-26 p. 6
*Letting in the Alien Flood—Why?* by Watson, Kenneth....4-17-26 p. 3
*Lo! the Poor Alien* (Edit.)....3-27-26 p. 11
*Never Separated a Single Family:* by Watson, Kenneth....4-10-26 p. 5
*Wise Statesmen?* (Edit.)....2-27-26 p. 11
Witherspoon, John (Illus.)—*The Signers—56 of '76:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz....1-30-26 p. 28
Witt, Peter—*The Cruelty of Deflation*....1-30-26 p. 27
Whittels, Fritz—*Dr. Joseph Collins Tells What He Thinks of Sigmund Freud—The Man and His Methods*....1- 2-26 p. 4
Wolfe, William—*The World Tells Its Tale of 1925: A Backward Look:* by Pence, Harry....1- 2-26 p. 12
Women in Congress—*Does the Office Belong to the Widow?* by Pence, Harry....11- 7-25 p. 5
Women in Public Service—*Russia* (squib)....12- 5-25 p. 18
Women in Russia—*Bolshevism Meets Women!* (Edit.)....1-23-26 p. 10
*Women of No Occupation:* by Shuey, Mary Willis....12-19-25 p. 6
Women Smoking—*I Read in the Papers*....1-30-26 p. 27
*Women's Cases Before the Jury:* by O'Hara, Philip N....12-19-25 p. 8
Women's Clubs—*Are the Women at Work?* (Edit.)....10-24-25 p. 11
*Wood Blocks as Story-Telling Medium:* by Boeckmann, Henriette....11-28-25 p. 20
Wood, General Leonard—*How the Coolidge Cabinet Functions:* by Johns, E. B....2-27-26 p. 8
Wood Ibis—*Indian Key, Where Rare Birds Resort:* by Dacy, George H....1- 2-26 p. 20
Wood, Sir Henry (Illus.)—*"American Audiences Are Fine," Says Sir Henry Wood, Famous Conductor of Queen's Hall Orchestra of London, England:* by Shore, W. Teignmouth....2-27-26 p. 15
Woods—*Through the Woods:* by Smiley, Jim....10-31-25 p. 13
Woolen Trade—*I Read in the Papers*....1- 2-26 p. 18
*Word to Congress, A* (Edit.)....1-23-26 p. 10
Words, Misuse of—*Manipulating the King's English:* by Robinson, Alan Moore....4- 3-26 p. 29
Workmen Helped at Expense of Consumer—*Where Only Three Per Cent Would Benefit:* by M'Connell, Burt M....1- 2-26 p. 8
World—*Other Worlds Than Ours:* by Nash, J. V....12- 5-25 p. 30
World Court—*Ask the People, Mr. President* (Edit.)....1-16-26 p. 10
*The Gigantic Lobby* (Edit.)....1-23-26 p. 11
*I Read in the Papers*....11-21-25 p. 18
*In—Yet Out* (Edit.)....2-20-26 p. 10
*No Opinion on World Court* (Edit.)....12-26-25 p. 10
*The President Sees and Speaks!* (Edit.)....4-10-26 p. 10
*Should America Join World's Court?* by Newman, Oliver P....12-19-25 p. 5
*Went to Church—This Is What He Heard*....1- 2-26 p. 19
*The World Court?* (Edit.)....1- 9-26 p. 10
*The World Court and the People* (Edit.)....2- 6-26 p. 11
*World Has Been Reorganized, The*....2- 6-26 p. 15
*World Objective, The* (Edit.)....3-20-26 p. 10
*World of Islands, A*....10-24-25 p. 24
World Revolution—*The World Objective* (Edit.)....3-20-26 p. 10
*World Tells Its Tale of 1925: A Backward Look:* by Pence, Harry....1- 2-26 p. 12
World War—*Passion Week in Paris, 1918:* by Stidger, Wm. L....3-27-26 p. 4
World War Predicted by Jews—*What About the Jewish Question?*....3-13-26 p. 6
*World With the Church, The:* by MacConnell, Duncan....3- 6-26 p. 5
Worship of the Dead—*What It Costs the Chinese to Worship Their Ancestors:* by Lowdermilk, Inez Marks....4-10-26 p. 16
Wrangel Island—*Rescuing the Survivors From Wrangel Island:* by McConnell, Burt M....3- 6-26 p. 22
Wright, Mrs. Rosemonde Rae—*Are the Movies Cruel to Animals?*....2-27-26 p. 28
*Writer—see Alien Writers; Author*
Writers—*Great Writers Who Have Failed as Novelists*....4-10-26 p. 22
*What It Means to Be a Writer:* by Masson, Thomas L....11-28-25 p. 16
*A Writer Who Does Not Believe in Plots Nor Use Them:* by Allen, Louis....11-28-25 p. 19
Writers and Publishers—*Literary Memories: Writers and Publishers of Yesterday:* by Masson, Thomas L....12-26-25 p. 16
Writings of Emanuel Swedenborg—*Galli-Curci Swayed by Swedish Mystic:* by Barron, C. W....4- 3-26 p. 8

## Y

"Yellow Race"—*Is There Such a Thing as a Yellow Race?* by Sloan, John....12-26-25 p. 5
*You Pick Them: I Can't:* by Reeves, Earl.... 2-27-26 p. 28
Young Men's Christian Association—*The Fallacies of Philanthropy:* by Perry, Armstrong.... 4- 3-26 p. 6
*I Read in the Papers*.... 2- 6-26 p. 24
Young People—*Chats With Office Callers*....12-12-25 p. 20
Young Writers—*Basil King Speaks of "Kitchen Literature":* by Mabie, Janet.... 1-23-26 p. 2
Younger Generation—*What Happened to a Dream: Showing How a Clash of Ideas May Lead to a Crash of Ideals*....12-12-25 p. 2
Youth Movement—*Has America a Youth Movement?* by Stidger, Wm. L.... 2- 6-26 p. 5
*I Read in the Papers*.... 3-13-26 p. 18
*Youth Movement* (Edit.)....12-12-25 p. 11
Youth of Today—*Chats With Office Callers*.... 3-13-26 p. 19
*Yule Log, The*....12-12-25 p. 23

## Z

Ziegfeld, Florenz—*The Box That Became a Throne:* by Kilby, Quincy.... 1- 2-26 p. 2
Zionism—*Will Palestine Ever Pay Its Board?* by Barton, Wm. E.... 4- 3-26 p. 12
Zlotnitzki, Mr.—*I Read in the Papers*.... 2-20-26 p. 28
Zoology—*The Killers' Struggle to Exist:* by Aaron, S. F.... 4- 3-26 p. 2
Zukor, Adolph—*The Government Accuses the Movies*.... 2-20-26 p. 4

DEA

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Vol. 26, No. 1 OCTOBER 24, 1925 $1.50 a Year

## Ralph Waldo Emerson
*By GAIUS GLENN ATKINS*

## Is Coal Becoming Useless?
*By WILLIAM A. M'GARRY*

## The Flood of Federal Taxes
*By AARON HARDY ULM*

THE LIBRARY OF THE
NOV 2
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

## King of the Wild Rice Beds
*By DONALD HOUGH*

## Puzzledom, Past and Present
*By JOSEPH MILLER*

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

# BRIEFLY TOLD

It is reported that President Coolidge belongs to no secret order save the Phi Gamma Delta, a college fraternity.

Fireflies are greatly admired by the Japanese and firefly festivals are held on some of the rivers during midsummer, when thousands of the brilliant insects are released.

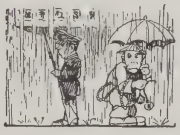
Haymaking by means of hot air under pressure now makes it possible to bale hay eight hours after raking.

Organized labor intends to enter the life insurance field. Representatives of more than forty national and international unions have taken steps to organize the Union Labor Life Association.

Chicago passed the 3,000,000 mark not long ago and now has only 25,000 fewer population than Paris, which ranks fourth in the world.

New Englanders eat pie for breakfast.

No traveler has ever crossed the great southern desert of Arabia.



Bandits cease their looting and the warriors their fighting when it rains in China, insuring peace to citizens.

A suit has been brought in Washington, D. C., to clear title to a strip of land one and one-half inches wide and one hundred and twenty feet long. It is a portion of the farm of Davy Burns. The White House stands on another section of the same farm.

The natives of Burma never leave their houses after dark because of a fear of "spirits."

Sir Robert Peel was the first man to organize a trained and uniformed police force in Britain, hence the name "peeler" and "bobby" which are applied to policemen.

Philadelphia is the birthplace of the "movies," for in 1870 at the academy of music there Henry Heyl threw on the screen a series of moving pictures of a waltzing couple.

In Norway and Denmark a small stick fastened to a string six inches or so in length is tied to packages to make them easier to carry.

In olden times the king of Easter Island was chosen for his ability as a foot racer.

Kentucky has two women sheriffs who attained their offices through appointment following the deaths of their husbands, who were killed in line of duty.

It is said that the invention of the Marconi loud speaker will improve the quality of "orations," by making it possible for a man with a weak voice to be heard better.



A mountain lion saved the life of a Stony Sioux Indian near Banff, Alberta, recently when the Indian slipped over a precipice and landed on the lion which was feeding nearly 200 feet below.

George T. Moore, of St. Louis, says that the average city dweller would gain from 25 to 35 pounds a year if the body retained all the soot and dust breathed in.

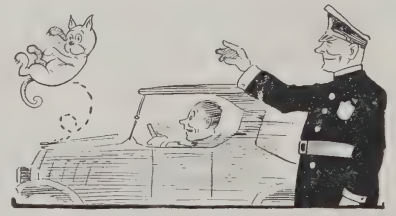
Four hundred eighty new laws went into effect in California, July 24, 1925.

In some parts of Norway people look up the telephone number after taking down the receiver.

The Samoan race is the only race of Polynesians who are not dying out.

The idea of a chain of stores under one management was originated by George H. Hartford in 1859.

Masonic lodges in the United States number 16,330 and have a membership of 3 107,229.



The police chiefs of Rhode Island permit and insist that motorists must drive thirty-five miles an hour on the main highways or get off on the slower byways. Their experience shows that accidents are caused not by speed but by ineptitude or carelessness.

Paul Whiteman, the orchestra leader, was once a taxicab driver and still retains his public licenses.

Vineyards have been kept by the Mediterranean people since the time of Noah.

There are more houses in Belgium today than there were before the war.

The Emperor Vespasian, being sick with the disease whereof he died, when reproached by his physician for continuing to carry on matters of state, said: "An emperor should die standing."

Contrary to popular belief only .01 per cent of the inhabitants of Limehouse, London, engage exclusively in crime.

The cemetery which contains the burial plot of Nancy Hanks, mother of Abraham Lincoln, in Spencer County, Indiana, has been closed to motor vehicles.

It is said that the engraven bed of the Hudson is borne on the bottom of the sea for a long way out.



A university professor from Australia traveled 12,000 miles to attend the Empire Universities Congress at London only to find that he was a year ahead of time, the Congress not opening until the summer of 1926. A typist's error in the year of the Congress caused the misunderstanding.

Sweden has had no war since 1809.

Stationery office of the British Government corresponds to our Government Printing Office.

Java has doubled its population during the last forty years but has increased its production fivefold.

The American Beauty rose has been selected as the official flower of the District of Columbia.

The state of Washington has the only arc plant in America for fixing nitrogen.

The Bureau of Engraving and Printing turns out approximately 3,000,000 notes daily, amounting to at least $10,000,000.

October 24, 1925
* * *
Single Copy, Ten Cents

Subscription price in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies, $1.50 a year; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year.

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer;
C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

Vol. 26, No. 1
* * *
Change of Address

1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill.

# Presented in This Issue:

Mr. Ford's Page this week discusses war-starters and war-stoppers.

---

Is coal ceasing to be king? Is it passing out as fuel? Have the coal brokers killed their own game? It seems so. People are turning to other things. Monopoly and extortion always find their match. The rise of the oil burner is an amazing feature of our times. (p. 3)

---

Everybody in the Lake Region knows how low the water is this year. Some blame it on the Chicago drainage canal; others to general drouth. A map on p. 15 shows how all this may be remedied. The Great Lakes connected with the Arctic seas. Waters now emptying into Hudson Bay, pouring into Lake Superior. A Canadian engineer shows how. Worth reading for the broadening view it gives. (p. 15)

---

A good deal of water in this issue. From Lake Nipigon and others of the north, in article noted above, this week's literary current sweeps down to lovely Chesapeake Bay. From Havre de Grace to the sea, an historic body of water. (p. 31)

---

Still farther South the current sweeps, and ripples over Muscle Shoals. How that very important point first appeared on the map forms another of Professor Karpinski's series on the mapping of America. (p. 28)

---

Nor is that the full sweep of this issue. You may fly with the ducks to the wild rice fields of the north, where they pause on their journey south—a real story of the mallard, monarch of the marshes—a story of teal and coot, gray dawns and frosty grasses—by Donald Hough. (p. 12)

---

Or you may go to Alaska on the swift wings of the electric telegraph. Could you tell, were you asked, just how we communicate with Alaska—a sea and another country between? Neither could I, until I read this. (p. 6)

Sam Slick in Nova Scotia. These articles, we think, will help rescue a noted character in our literature. Sam is a source figure; Dickens copied him; he is the progenitor of our Uncle Sam. (p. 16)

---

There is, however, a deeper literary flavor in this issue. It is good to go back and refresh ourselves at the springs which made our fathers strong. Ralph Waldo Emerson was once the prophet of the new generation, and much of him is still contemporary. He has a place apart in American literature and thought. Dr. Atkins leads us into this serene presence, as one who has the right to enter and knows the secret of the seer. (p. 2)

---

Tom Masson seeks and finds a good story. (p. 5)

---

Walking canes have been found in tombs of ancient Egypt. The pilgrim staff has blossomed into kings' scepters, croziers of bishops, batons of field marshals. Some curiosities in walking sticks will be found in the story on p. 8.

---

Puzzles—cross-word and otherwise—and riddles, and all the rest of it, are as old as the walking sticks of Egypt. Cycles of interest are traceable. If you are on earth next time the cross-word puzzle or Chinese game is epidemic, you may pose as "discoverer" too. Nothing new under the sun. What is, has been. What was, will be again. Solomon said it. (p. 20)

---

Taxes—you may escape reading them, but not paying them. You pay all the taxes the government gets, and a lot it doesn't get. Therefore, it's your business. (p. 7)

---

Then there are the usual Editorials—some people disagree with them; many more agree. The former, however, get most benefit. Nothing like a difference of opinion to stimulate thought.

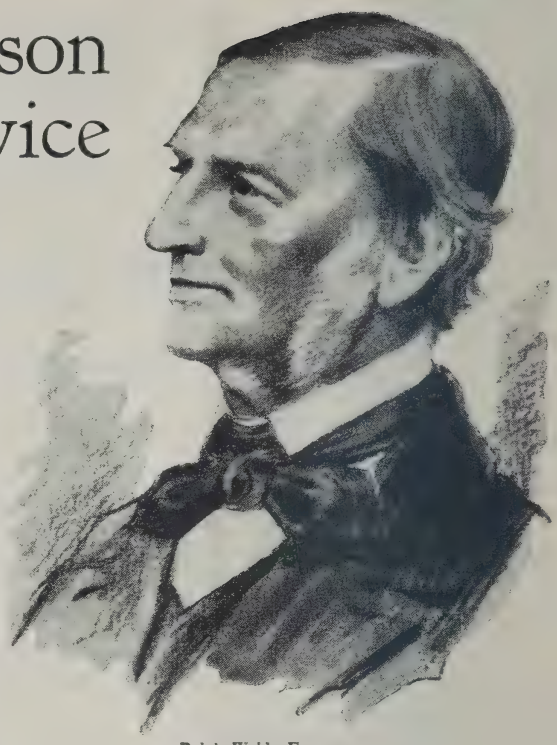
## CONTENTS

Ralph Waldo Emerson - - - - - 2
*Gaius Glenn Atkins*
Is Coal Passing Out As a Fuel? - - 3
*William A. McGarry*
Search for a Good Story - - - - 5
*Thomas L. Masson*
Hitching Up to Alaska - - - - - 6
Overflowing Streams of Federal Taxes 7
*Aaron Hardy Ulm*
Ye Olde Time Walking Stick - - - 8
*Walter H. Wolff*
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - - - - 10
King of the Wild Rice Beds - - - 12
*Donald Hough*
Uncovering the Millstones of the Gods 14
*Fred L. Holmes*
A New Great Lake to Save Lakes - 15
*Wallace J. Laut*
Sam Slick's Journeys Through Nova Scotia - - - - - - - 16
Puzzledom, Past and Present - - - 20
*Joseph Miller*
Putting Muscle Shoals on the Map - 28
*Louis C. Karpinski*
Chesapeake Bay—Where American History Was Made - - - - - 31
*W. C. Poole*

# Ralph Waldo Emerson —His Supreme Service

## "True Land-lord, Sea-lord and Air-lord"

By GAIUS GLENN ATKINS



Ralph Waldo Emerson.

DR. C. W. ELIOT, who undertook some years ago to measure off ten—or six—feet of the world's best books, has lately measured off a space for the ten foremost educators of the last 2,000 years, and put Ralph Waldo Emerson among the ten—the only American—which is putting him, if one may use an entirely un-Emersonian phrase, in fast company.

If the interest of a man's life be measured by the circumstance and setting of it, Emerson's life was simple enough. Draw a circle twenty miles round Boston and you have him and his forbears inside that circle for a hundred years and needing only half of it at that. It should be not so much a circle as an eccentric ellipse with three centers: Boston, Harvard and Concord. Nor were the fortunes of the Emersons conspicuous for adventure. Massachusetts Bay had then, as earlier and later, merchants of force and imagination who claimed the seven seas in fee simple and built their India wharves for the storing of the goods of the gorgeous East; but the Emersons trafficked in another merchandise.

Emerson was descended from a line of seven ministerial generations, a crossing of Bulkleys and Waldos and Emersons and Moodys and Blisses. One of his ancestors, William Emerson, built the old manse from which Hawthorne gathered his mosses, saw the fight at Concord Bridge, rebuked his mother for drinking tea when that cheerful cup was under Colonial condemnation, and like other preachers, before and since, told fighting men how to fight. All the Emersons had beautiful voices and too many of them weak lungs.

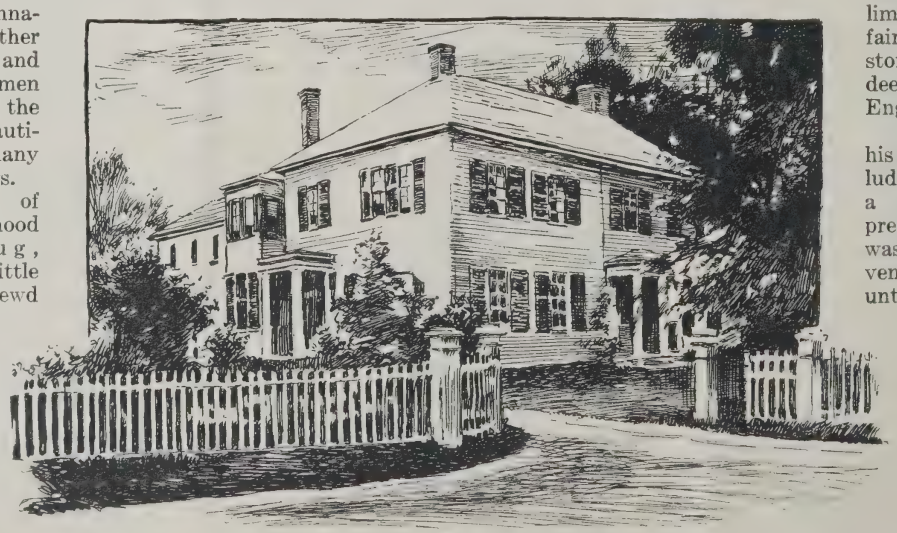
The Boston of Emerson's boyhood was a smug, snug, red-brick little town, with a shrewd eye for trade, touching the country at Summer street and the Back Bay a marsh. Therein the Emersons lived simply, and Ralph, having a plain road before him marked by four signposts: Boston Latin School, Harvard College, The Divinity School, and a Unitarian pulpit, took it as a matter of course. At Harvard he was the president's freshman and had his lodging free of charge, with the duty of being the messenger of the gods and announcing faculty orders to the students. He was graduated with no distinction in scholarship and no great feeling of having profited from his academic course, after which he taught in his brother William the third's school for young ladies. Educating the young Boston female of the thirties was apparently profitable for he paid his debts and saved money, but he had no heart for it and presently went with his mother to Roxbury, where they lived on a farm in Featherbed Lane. His letters and journals reveal an original mind slowly finding itself and coming early to an unusual maturity of thought and expression.

He should naturally become a minister and returned to Cambridge where he took his divinity wholly half-heartedly. The family weakness threatened him and he went South, came back and took more divinity and began to preach. Meanwhile, in his thirty-first year, he became engaged to Miss Ellua Louise Tucker, "the fairest and best of her kind." She was 17 years old and very lovely in other than her lover's eyes, but apparently tubercular though no old-fashioned biographer will say so in so many words, rather "her pathetic charm due in part to the touch of a mortal malady."

He was called in his thirty-second year to the Second Church in Boston and forthwith married. He had for a little all that any man might ask—a wife who was a bright revelation, a good church, reasonable health and a fair future which he contemplated with apprehension, having that strange fear of happiness which lay deep in his religious inheritance from the Puritan seven times sublimited; for them a fair day was always a storm breeder, as indeed in Eastern New England it often is.

His preaching and his sermons were interludes in his career but a tradition of his preaching remains. It was simple, unconventional and more untheological than the preaching of his time which it easily may have been without at all approaching the unconventional and untheological of our own time. To the ortho-

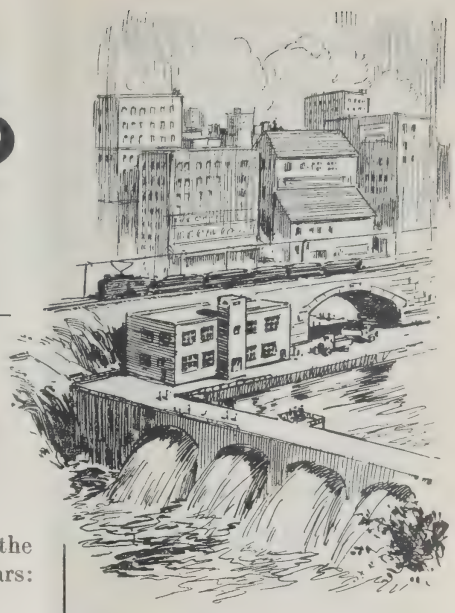
(Continued on page 22)



Emerson's home at Concord.

# Is Coal Passing Out As a Fuel?

By WILLIAM A. M'GARRY



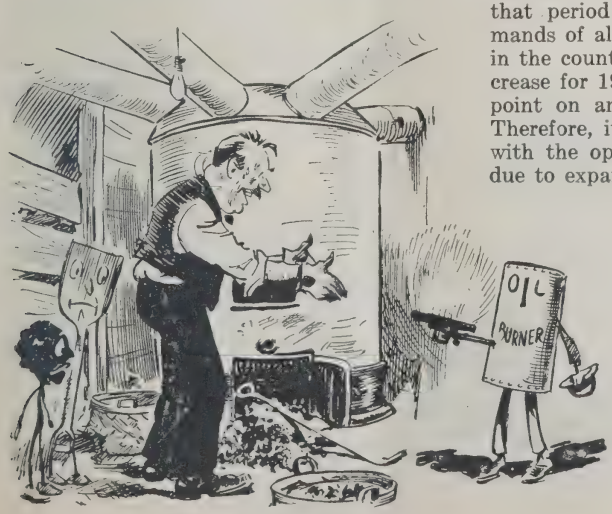
A CONSUMERS' strike against coal is under way in the United States. It has been under way, to be accurate, ever since the uncertainty of supply became an annual or regular incident. During that period there were many signs of public discontent, but the operators got so much new business each year from expanding industry that the discontent went unheeded.

Now the inevitable has happened. The consumers' strike has caught up with the natural expansion of industry.

Proof of these statements is so voluminous that already it fills several volumes of government reports and special, secret surveys made by the mine operators. These surveys have been carried into every field of coal consumption. The most far-reaching and complex analyses have been made by the operators' experts in an effort to offset the decrease in demand. But the figures grow more ominous.

In 1924, with industry booming, railroads carrying more freight than ever before, and other big consumers running at new capacity levels, *less coal was called for in the United States than in 1923, 1920, 1918, 1917, or even 1916.* The total production was only slightly in excess of 1913. Compared to 1918, which is the year chosen by all the economists as the first "normal" twelvemonth after the war, the production in 1924 fell off more than one hundred million tons, although *the total energy demand of the country showed a tremendous increase.*

To put this in other terms, hard and soft coal represented 85 per cent of the total fuel energy of the United States in 1918, while in 1924 they represented only 72 per cent. During that period the total energy demands of all homes and industries in the country increased. The increase for 1924 over 1918 was one point on an index number scale. Therefore, it is obvious that even with the opening of new markets due to expansion of industry, coal did not succeed in holding its own.




The most remarkable feature of these figures is that they relate only to those forms of energy—heat, light, power—*produced by fuels.* They do not include the steadily increasing yields *obtained from hydro-electric plants.* Water power represents, according to government officials, only four to six per cent of the total energy output of the nation.

The real competitor of coal is oil, with natural gas a close second. And it is these fuels, together with the economies brought about in recent years, that have put the black diamond in the position of a declining industry just when all the experts had it figured out that the industry must continue to expand for many years to come.

At this writing, figures for 1925 are not sufficiently accurate to be worth quoting. But there is no longer any question that the trend away from coal is increasing in every field where coal is consumed. Even without the strike of hard-coal miners the operators knew that their markets would shrink during 1925 by five million tons or more. They have admitted a similar shrinkage attributable to domestic oil burners alone during 1924. The question now is how much this figure will be increased by the strike.

Nothing in the commercial history of the world supplies a more eloquent proof that shortsighted policy is self-destructive than what is happening now in coal. No other commodity save foodstuffs has been in such universal demand. Long ago it was recognized that fuel oil was the only substitute for coal which might get enough of the market to become a controlling factor. But oil was a relative infant.

Charts prepared by F. G. Tryon, W. F. McKenney and E. E. Finn, of the U. S. Geological Survey, show that fuel oil first became a factor in the energy demands of the country large enough to measure in 1869. From that year until 1913 the rate of increase in the use of oil and natural gas was large, regular and consistent. But the expansion of industry also went along

In 1910 the total coal production in the United States crossed the half-billion ton mark for the first time—the actual output being 501,596,378. The rise and fall of coal as the dominating factor in American industry since then is well illustrated by the following production record by years:

| Year | Tonnage | Year | Tonnage |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1911 | 496,371,126 | 1918 | 678,211,904 |
| 1912 | 534,466,580 | 1919 | 553,952,259 |
| 1913 | 569,960,219 | 1920 | 658,264,932 |
| 1914 | 513,525,477 | 1921 | 506,395,401 |
| 1915 | 531,619,487 | 1922 | 476,951,121 |
| 1916 | 590,098,175 | 1923 | 657,495,926 |
| 1917 | 651,402,374 | 1924 | 573,280,000 |

It will be noted that even with industry booming and the shortage caused by the strike of 1922, the 1923 output was below that of 1918.

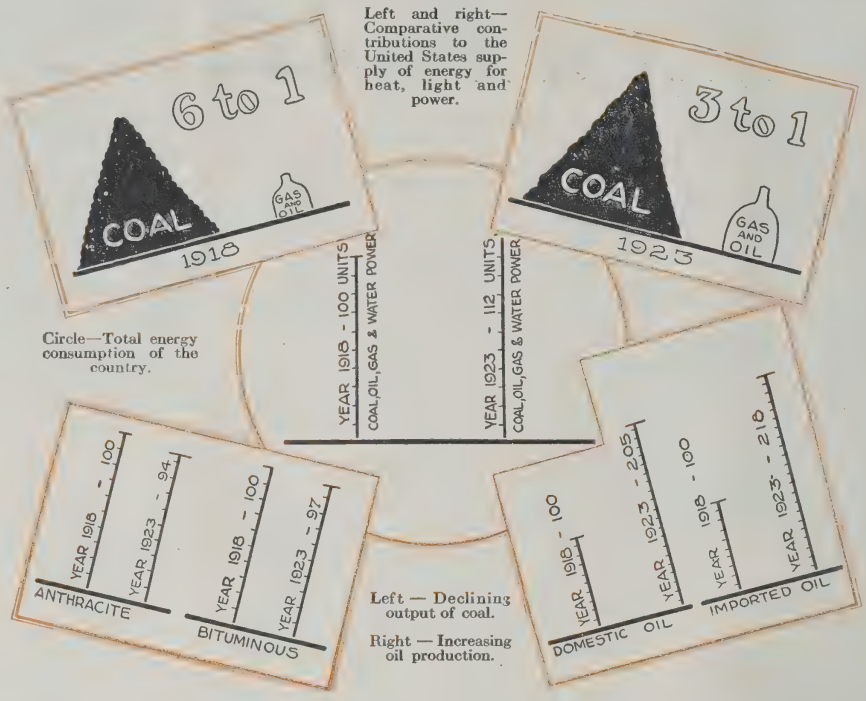
so rapidly that the relative importance of oil and gas was inconsiderable until 1918. What happened then is described as follows by the three government experts named:

"We have been accustomed to think of oil and gas as a small item in comparison with coal. This opinion was perhaps justified in prewar years, when oil and gas furnished only ten or twelve percent of the total energy supply, but it will have to be scrapped now that in 1923 oil and gas had so far increased as to contribute 26 per cent of the total energy from mineral fuels. In 1918 oil and gas contributed only 15 per cent of the total energy from fuels. To put it another way: in 1918, the heating value of coal was to the heating value of all oil and gas nearly as six is to one. In 1923 the ratio was as three is to one."

For the purposes of their study these experts reduced all known forms of energy to their equivalents in British thermal units. On that basis they set up an index number of 100 for the year 1918, by which it is possible to measure the growth or decline of any of the industries contributing to the nation's supply of energy for heat, light or power.

"It would be misleading," says the report, "to contrast years like 1919, 1921 or 1922, which were marked by strikes or general business depression, with the prosperous year 1918. Instead, let us take 1923, when general business was booming and the coal market was stimulated by the demand for extra tonnage to build up the depleted stocks. In comparison with 1918, the output of anthracite in 1923 had fallen six points and is represented by the number 94; the output of bituminous had fallen three points and is represented by 97.

"Contrast this with the change in oil and gas. Production of domestic oil had more than doubled, rising to the index number 205. Natural gas shows a large increase. Imported oil, which has now become a large factor in the energy supply of the country, rose to three times the 1918 rate in 1922, and even in 1923 stood at index number 218.




Left and right—Comparative contributions to the United States supply of energy for heat, light and power.

Circle—Total energy consumption of the country.

Left — Declining output of coal.

Right — Increasing oil production.

Thus, while the total supply of coal had declined in importance, the total supply of oil and gas had greatly increased. Adding together all the oil and all the gas, their sum in 1923 was 91 per cent above that in 1918.

"Even water power has shown a material increase. There is no complete information as to the number of horsepower hours produced from water, but the best estimates available indicate that they rose from 1918 to 1923 by 30 to 35 per cent. Now by combining all the sources of power into one index number, we can tell whether the country's total demand for power has been declining. If the total heat units, contributed in 1918 by coal, oil, gas and water power put together, be represented by the number 100, then the heat units contributed in 1923 by all these sources are represented by the number 112.

"In other words, the total energy consumption of the country instead of falling off in 1923 showed an increase of twelve points over even 1918. Remembering that this index represents energy units produced, without regard to the fact that utilization in the meantime has become more efficient, it appears that the country's appetite for power and heat has continued to increase at a rate very close to normal. An increasing rate of total energy consumption coupled with a decreasing rate of coal production shows very clearly that some other source of energy is displacing coal."

One of the first official recognitions of this condition was made in 1922, when Messrs. Tryon and Sydney A. Hale wrote a report entitled "Coal in 1922" for the United States Geological Survey.

In that it was pointed out that the increase in coal consumption had long been recognized as a barometer of the growth of American industry. Professor E. E. Day, of the Harvard Committee on Economic Research, estimated this annual increase of coal demand at 16,800,000 tons.

"Since the war, however," says the Geological Survey report, "no such rate of increase in output has been maintained. It seems clear that the annual rate of increase of the prewar years can no longer be accepted as the measure of the normal production of soft coal. Various factors have combined to bring about a slowing up of the former rate of increase. They include economies in the utilization of coal resulting from the high prices of the last seven years; competition of

(Concluded on page 24)




Above—Comparative waste heat between beehive coking and the by-product system.

Relative amounts of coal required to make a ton of pig iron.

Efficiency increased 25 per cent in making kilowatt hours from coal.



# The Search for a Good Story




By THOMAS L. MASSON

ILLUSTRATED BY W. O. FITZGERALD

THE easiest reading story I have read this year is *The Great Gatsby* by F. Scott Fitzgerald, and the hardest reading but perhaps the best current novel is *Arrowsmith* by Sinclair Lewis. The one on account of its style and character I enjoyed the most is *The White Monkey* by John Galsworthy, and the best American story by a woman that I have read is *Barren Ground* by Ellen Glasgow. Chatting with her recently, I told her as much, although Edna Ferber, author of *So B'g* happened to be standing right back of us. But I am inclined to believe that Miss Ferber might agree with me, as she is a truly modest person.

Sit down and read Mrs. Wharton's last book *The Mother's Recompense*, take time to do it, don't skip, give yourself up to it, and believe me you will get a new joy, not alone out of this particular book but out of the others that come to your net.

There is one thing about which we are already agreed, and that is the sincerity of a writer. He can violate any rule but that and still make good with us, assuming, of course, that he has the ability. Occasionally we see this demonstrated in a startling manner, as, for example, the extraordinary vogue of what is practically a first novel by a young English girl, namely *The Constant Nymph* by Margaret Kennedy. Here is a book which has met with a storm of approval on both sides of the Atlantic. Those who are familiar with novel-writing technique can see quite plainly that the author is new at her craft, but that makes not the slightest difference. She sweeps aside everything in her unerring flashes of character delineation. Let my readers take this book, Mrs. Wharton's *The Mother's Recompense*, and, say, Jane Austen's *Emma*, and note the differences and also the parallels in style and thought.

Another English woman novelist, still very young, but of whose work I am inordinately fond, is Sheila Kaye-Smith. She draws the English farmer with amazing profundity; one can linger over her books, the most recent of which is *The George and the Crown*, with unfailing delight, always provided that one is willing to give the time to them that they deserve.

Not only as readers must we ask about any book the fundamental question, but we must go further than this and enlarge upon our questions:

Is a book interesting? Does it teach us anything? About human nature? About types? About races and countries? About history? Is it just something to kill time?

We should not assume that the last class of novels is necessarily useless. As a matter of fact, so-called light reading—stories of action—may be extremely valuable. They have been so considered by some of the greatest men. Macaulay, one of the masters of English prose, revelled in "trashy" novels. So, in this country did Woodrow Wilson and other big-burdened persons. These books are a useful asset under certain conditions.

In America the classic detective story is *The Leavenworth Case* by Anna Katharine Green, which still has a steady sale. In Great Britain no one has yet reached the high-water mark achieved by Conan Doyle, and probably no character in fiction has a more definite outline than that of Sherlock Holmes: or has had more imitators. As for action—high doings on the high seas and murders, mysteries and rescued maidens on land—there has scarcely been a period in the whole range of literature which contains so many noble adventures in books as the present.

The reason why we have all these great doings in novels, and so much talent in the writing of them now being developed, is perfectly plain. It is due to the demand, and the demand is due to the lack of romance and adventure in our own lives. *The call of the wild among us was never so insistent as now, because we are being so tamed by our own civilization.* Everything is being anticipated except our need for shockers. The chance of rescuing any lone maiden from a tall tower, or snatching her loose from a band of cutthroats, seems now to be gone. This lack of real life also accounts for the sex novel. The savage in man finds a certain sublimation, or relief, in cave-man stuff on one hand and the erotic on the other.

There is, however, a much better reason for reading novels, or at least one that seems more important, and that is their power to keep us in touch with what is going on all over the world, not only outside but inside of the minds of human beings. In no other way can we learn how other people live and how they think so well as through the modern novel.

Approximately one hundred new novels are issued every month in this country and England, and nine years ago more were issued than at present. The reason for this is due to the greater care today exercised by publishers in the selection. Among this bewildering array of novels, it would be quite impossible to give due credit to all.



"The call of the wild among us was never so insistent as now."



Cable ship *Dellwood* in Resurrection Bay, Alaska.

# Hitching Up to Alaska

## An Epic of Effort by Which Remote Places Were Put in Cable Communication With Busy Centers

IN THE remote places of Alaska the government telegraph office is the center of the social, political and educational life of the community. News of the outside world that is contained in press messages is copied by the operator and posted upon a public bulletin board where there is no local newspaper, and market reports are posted at every office. Isolation, the bane of frontier life, has thus been ended in this region.

The Washington-Alaska military cable and telegraph system is a splendid example of the Federal Government in action. This system of 2,655 miles of submarine cable between Seattle and Alaska and along that coast comprises 20 radio stations and 840 circuit miles of telegraph line connecting 44 offices and is operated by the Signal Corps of the U. S. Army.

During 1924 the Alaska system handled 223,031 messages, the commercial revenue amounted to $273,-315.69 and the government messages were worth $135,521.69. Press rate messages aggregated 2,595,215 words. A ten-word message between Seattle and Juneau costs but one dollar and the same message sent from Seattle to Fairbanks, the interior metropolis, costs two dollars. Money transfers are made by wire and in nine Alaska towns a messenger delivery service is furnished.

The Alaska system of communication was projected in 1900 when the rush of newcomers to the upper Yukon gold fields created a new law and order situation for military headquarters at Fort St. Michael, above the mouth of the Yukon, and Juneau, the capital.

The first line was built overland from St. Michael to Fairbanks, 825 miles, thence to Fort Egbert, 1,164 miles, near the international boundary, where connection was made with the Canadian line that extended from Dawson, in the Klondike, south over the White Horse Pass to the Port of Skagway. Another line was built from Valdez 330 miles north over the all-American route to the gold fields where connection was made with the line to Fort Egbert. Cables were laid from Juneau to Skagway and from St. Michael to near-Arctic Nome.

Communication between the Alaska-Yukon regions and the rest of the United States and Canada was first established in September, 1901, over a line between Dawson and Ashcroft, a station on the C. P. R., in British Columbia. Sir Wilfred Laurier, then Premier of Canada, had the vision to push the construction of this line through the trackless wilderness of Northern British Columbia and the Yukon Territory.

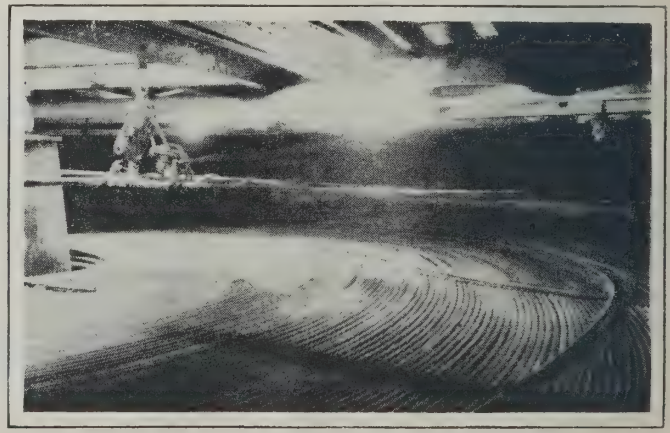
The construction of the land lines in Alaska entailed struggles with heavy rains and excessive heat in the short summers. Hordes of the Arctic mosquitoes that infest the stagnant waters of the tundras and sometimes rout the bears drove the men to the verge of insanity. The winters brought deep snows, low temperatures and high cutting winds. There were cold and rapid glacial streams, steep ridges and mountain ranges, cañons, thick timber, and swamps. Four experienced army parties spent two years in finding a route between Rampart and Circle, 80 miles, that could be traversed by the explorers, let alone building a telegraph line. Every pound of food, forage, tentage and line materials had to be moved by pack animals and fifteen miles a day was as fast as they could travel over the new "trails" of the line routes.

This original system was completed in 1903 by the now Colonel William Mitchell, who subsequently became famous as an exponent of aeronautics, which was an activity of the Signal Corps until after our entry into the World War. It will be recalled that the military use of airplanes was purely as a signaling device until the World War demonstrated the positive combat possibilities of the machine which gave Colonel Mitchell a new field for strenuous effort.

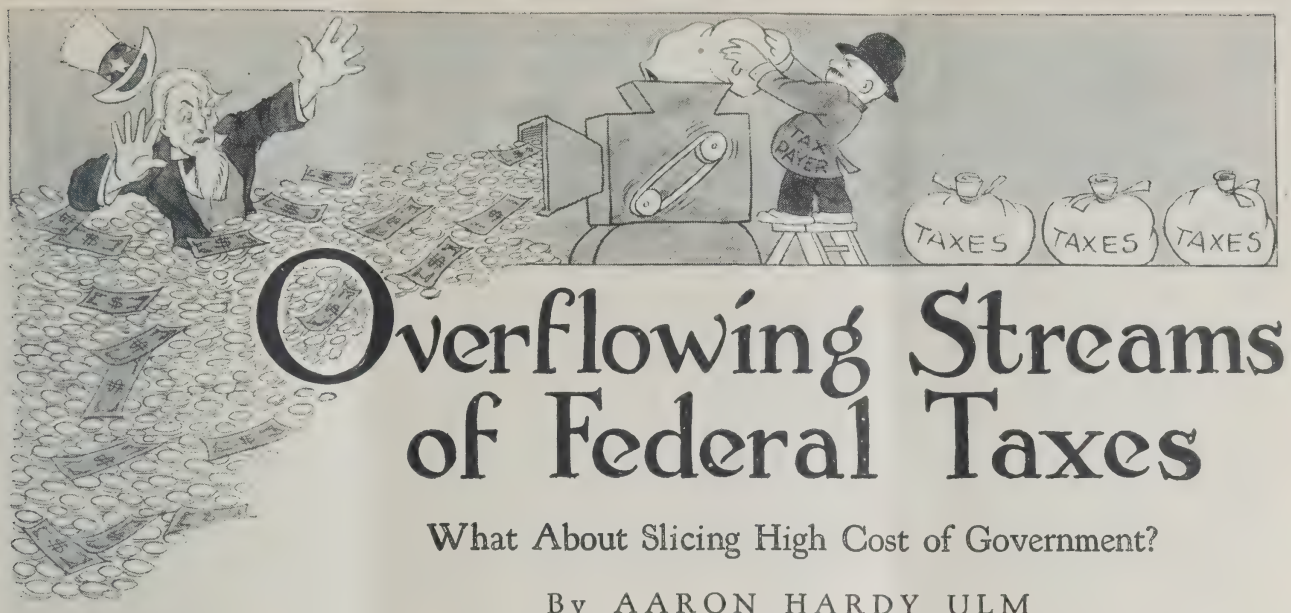
During the first summer more than one hundred miles of the most inaccessible lines were destroyed by forest fires, but the damage was repaired before winter. The frost coming out of the ground in the spring heaved out the poles in the numerous marshy reaches and these poles were replaced with tripods.

A chain of log cabins about forty miles apart was constructed to house the permanent repair force. One repairman and two assistants were stationed in each cabin. Food and material sufficient for one year had to be provided to avoid the danger of starvation. The danger of accident along the trails was such that men were not permitted to go out on repair work singly. Summer with its heat, bogs and mosquitoes was even worse than winter.

The cable between St. Michael and Nome was torn to pieces by the Arctic ice pack that swept the foreshore of the open roadstead upon which Nome is built. The Signal Corps met this challenge of rude nature by designing and building the first (Concluded on page 30)



Cable tank in the *Dellwood*.




# Overflowing Streams of Federal Taxes

## What About Slicing High Cost of Government?

By AARON HARDY ULM

—Washington.

TAXES must come down, says President Coolidge; and the sentiment is echoed heartily by leaders on all sides in Congress. Around a big table, in a big room of the Capitol, the House of Representative's ways and means will assemble on Monday, October 19, and begin the work of paring. The committee is to prepare in advance the tax reduction and revision bill which is to be the outstanding measure before Congress when it meets on Monday, December 7.

The bill will sound rock bottom as to the aggregate of Federal taxes, possibly for all time to come. Only curtailments verging on the revolutionary ever will reduce the cost of the government below what is scheduled for the next fiscal year. President Coolidge and his lieutenants in his continuous fight for economy expect to hold the total of that cost, for other than the Postal Service which is mostly self-supporting, to around $3,000,000,000. This will be bedrock for the costs that are met chiefly by taxes.

During the last fiscal year, the government took in $250,000,000 more than was called for by scheduled needs. Present tax laws, if operative throughout the period, will yield for the fiscal year ending June 30, next, another surplus of $400,000,000 or more. Thus it would seem that Congress easily can proceed with the view of slicing the aggregate tax toll in the extent of at least $300,000,000, or around 10 per cent of the whole.

But Congress can't or won't make a horizontal slash. There will be big cuts in some of the taxes, little ones in others, and in many none at all. Therein lies the element of revision, around which most of the controversy will revolve, and expand the reports of the committee hearings and, later, the *Congressional Record*. There will be much scrambling for the slices of varied size and potency which Congress will knife from different chunks of taxes.

Taxes pour into the Federal Treasury from three main streams, each of which is swelled by pourings from numerous subsidiary streams. Yields from the three principal ones during the last fiscal year were as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Customs or taxes on imports | $ 547,500,000 |
| Miscellaneous internal taxes | 828,600,000 |
| Income taxes | 1,760,000,000 |

The first comprise a toll taken from $1,528,642,469 worth of dutiable goods brought in for consumption from foreign lands.

The second is made up of the great assortment of taxes levied on certain products produced in the country, such as tobacco, automobiles, and numerous things rated as luxuries, and also those put upon the estates of descendants who leave property worth $50,000 or more.

The third is made up of taxes paid on incomes by individuals and corporations, from which latter is derived more than half taken from this biggest of all streams.

Neither reduction nor revision will be in all the tributaries of any one of the main streams, though the total flow from two of them will be curbed.

One, the tariff, is not likely to be disturbed, though it may hover formidably in the background throughout the proceedings. Those leaders who will have most to do with reducing and revising elsewhere are arrayed against meddling with that troublesome and trouble-making branch of taxation, through which there flows "painlessly" into the Treasury more than a half-billion dollars a year and several times that much perhaps into other benefiting precincts.

Some of the so-called "nuisance" taxes will be abandoned, some others reduced, and others not disturbed at all. For the slices knifed off here there will be much demand from variously affected interests, barring the most affected of all, the buying public, which pays these, like the tariff and most other taxes, usually without knowing it. The biggest controversy—miscellaneous internal levies—probably will be over the estate of inheritance tax, which the administration would abandon altogether, on the theory that this kind of taxation should be left to the states, which sometimes join with the Federal Government (Concluded on page 27)




"There will be big cuts in some of the taxes, little ones in others."

# Introducing Ye Olde Walking Stick

## Canes Have an Ancestry Which Dates Back to "Methuselah's Great-Grandfather"

By WALTER M. WOLFF
ILLUSTRATED BY W. O. FITZGERALD

DO YOU have the swagger habit and seize your little old dogwood, bamboo, Malacca cane (or just plain sapling) by the neck whenever you leave the house for a stroll or a walk to the office? Is a cane your daily companion as it trots along gracefully by your side or is swung to and fro so that you enjoy the perfect freedom of the sidewalk? If you do (or do not) it doesn't matter one whit. Certainly there's no harm in it and that's precisely what canes are for—they enjoy being fondled and swung about and "tamp-tamped" freely on the hard pavement. Every respectable walking stick is as well-shod as brewery horses used to be. Furthermore, it's a safe bet that if canes could talk they would voice loud protests against being frequently forgotten when their owners leave the subway or lock the office at night. Certain it is that they do not deserve such treatment.

Did it ever occur to you that even *your* cane has a just reason to be proud of itself? That it can trace its ancestry back much further than you had ever supposed? Well, the fact remains that canes are older than Methuselah's great-grandfather—even Adam must have loved and cherished his faithful staff, *next to Eve, of course.* But let us see, briefly, what can be brought to light, historically speaking, on the subject of walking sticks.

A Spanish physician says that man inherited the cane from the apes and that it is therefore a fitting memorial to the prehistoric age. At any rate, it is certain that canes were in vogue with the Roman emperors and numerous archeological finds have disclosed the fact that walking sticks very similar to the present article were used at that time. The Germanic peoples, however, did not take a fancy to the cane and it was not until 1500 that shorter than man-size staffs came into popular usage. Charles the Fifth, for example, is said to have possessed a very modern walking stick made of tortoise shell and no doubt many gentlemen of his day followed the worthy Karl's example.

About the year 1750 it became fashionable even for women to use canes. The fair ones were quick to adopt the walking stick, presumably to appear interesting to "mankind." A lady would lean lazily and languidly upon her slender stick so that thereby she might look meek and weak and excite sympathy, or at least attract attention. (And yet we say the flapper is a post-war product and a modern innovation.) Hereupon the males adopted the custom of carrying canes with the result that the sticks now became stouter and less ornamental. But canes by this time were considerably lighter than, for instance, the one owned by Peter the Great which weighed 5 pounds.

In England the extensive use of oak sticks began with the supporters of the Stuarts who were driven out in 1688. Hereupon reed canes fitted with horn or metal handles grew popular and we find that also on the Continent the reed cane dominated until about 1810. Canes of fine wood, bone or metal had already begun to find favor in England and in France, and not a few of these were very artistically chiseled, carved or engraved so that they might even be classed as ornaments. In 1812 appeared a cane which created quite a sensation. It had a crook or head which threw a shadow resembling a profile of Napoleon.




Something radically new in the line of walking sticks appeared later upon the discovery of electric illumination. Still others were invented which could be used as weapons of defense and emitted electric shocks or served to disable an antagonist for a short time. Certain canes have also been made which can be converted into tables or chairs while still others serve as inclosures for umbrellas, camera tripods, and so on. King Edward, when still Prince of Wales, had a large collection of unique sticks, among which was one used by Queen Victoria. This specimen was cut from the limb of an oak tree in which Charles II found refuge from his pursuers in 1651. Another cane was made out of a piece of wood from one of the piers of the famous old London Bridge. Most of the collection contained examples of cane artistry from India and some beautiful specimens of wood and ivory carving were among the lot.

The most costly cane in the world is said to have belonged to a New York man. This stick had an 18-carat gold handle surrounded by sixty-three large diamonds. A gold snake with ruby eyes wound itself around the wood, and mounting the handle itself was a watch in a setting of a further twenty-four genuine diamonds. To a much less extent, perhaps, this cane reminds us of the familiar gold-headed affairs of the last generation when every country squire and city dude considered it a mark of distinction to own one.

More practical, however, is a likewise expensive cane invented by a German doctor which contains all the chirurgical instruments necessary for minor operations and, in addition, carbolic acid, anesthetics and bandaging materials.

Our modern canes of today are not always as unusual as the above-mentioned but with us the quality of the wood now makes all the difference—and the price. We seldom find walking sticks with fancy carving or engraving still in use but the connoisseur of this day is very particular about the kind of wood in his cane. In Europe, at least, a cane is not a cane unless its wood is Malacca, rosewood, dogwood, or some other choice and scarce product of the antipodal forests. Malaccas are most in favor with the élite.

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

WAR will never be stopped by the pacifists and peace will never be won by the war-makers. Both are products of the same disease that is seeing its last phase in human society.

As long as there exists on earth the warring type of mind, and it has instruments to execute its purpose, war is possible. But, as was shown in the last war, the military strength of the peaceable, the non-war-making nations, is greater than those of the war-making nations. And, strange as it may seem, that strength has increased.

One sign that the world is growing better is that the non-war-making nations are strong enough to curb the war-making nations. War, as a method of accomplishing anything, is now resisted and in the future will be more and more resisted, until even the war-making mind will learn the futility of it.

That is the fallacy of disarming the non-war-making nations. Can you imagine the United States starting a war? Can you imagine the United States refusing to crush a war started against it? With these two views, can you imagine anyone starting a war against the United States?

It is not our well-known inclination to peace that guards us, it is our well-known disinclination to stand for anyone disturbing our peace.

It is just here that the fallacy of professional pacifism is seen. Pulling the teeth of the watchdog and letting the wolves run free is not the way to bring in the prophet's vision of universal harmony. The rest of the world knows it has nothing to fear from the force and power of the United States, but all the world knows that the United States would not be safe for long if it were helpless to defend itself.

Pacifism is an excellent doctrine if preached to those parts of the world where the war-making mind is rampant. To arm the bandits of the world, and disarm its law-abiding citizens, is not the way to stop international holdups. Counseling the decent citizen to disarm himself as an "example" to the thug indicates unfounded confidence in the thug's susceptibility to Christian example. It is a pious fiction, than which none nearer apes a lie.

And militarists are just as helpless to bring peace. They are specialists in force, just as pacifists are specialists in sentiment. They do not, perhaps they cannot, take in the whole situation. The worst of them have won wars; the best of them have never won a peace.

We mean no cavil at them. At any rate they are soldiers, their lives are their country's; they have the highest code of honor; at critical times they have saved the citadel of civilization. But when we consider things that are to be, we cannot say that the military world, even at its best, contains the secret of progress.

It is coming from the people. The people are not going to become as soft as pacifists would like to see them, nor as hard as extreme militarists desire; but they are going to excel in the strategy of common sense. The fact that our people are not war-starters is not going to prevent them from being war-stoppers, and such effective war-stoppers that war-starters will hesitate.

*WAR is not a matter for the professional pacifist or militarist. It is for the unprofessional people. They finance and fight it, they bear its losses. Therefore, they should have the deciding voice concerning it. To do this, they require all the information upon which decisions are made. They should know, in a difference, whether it is soluble by rational intelligence, or inevitably by force. Not once in a thousand instances would our people (this may not be true of all peoples, however) approve an offensive war. Never would they be lax in defensive action. For this is their country. However, most of their enemies are within it.*

This does not go for all the people of the earth, as yet, but for certain nations. Some nations will probably try to start and have to be stopped once more before the lesson is thoroughly learned; after that, better sense.

It is worth observing that the peace spirit is rising in those nations which have been most successful in their wars. "Most successful in their wars," means most successful in stopping wars. These nations have spread and become powerful, but they have never indulged delusions of world domination. All the big war-starters have had that delusion. The war-stoppers have not had it. Yet the war-stoppers got the dominion. Blessed are the war-stoppers, for they shall inherit the earth which the war-starters hoped to get.

With this power the ability to stop wars will go forward a step. We shall become able to stop wars before they start. We shall do that not only by having undoubted ability to outfight the fighters, but with that ability we shall also have the greater ability of statesmanly management of problems, a spirit of justice in settlements, and a spirit of service in relations. These invisible, these intangible things, shall be our strongest weapons. For, after all, real power is invisible.

In the invisible world, not only of the idea, but the higher, right-directed world which we indicate by the term "ideal," the power of the future will be found.

# EDITORIALS

## Interest

THE people of a few hundred years ago resisted the introduction of the interest system because they believed it would swamp the world, destroy it. They regarded it as a new disease creeping upon humanity. It is a viewpoint strange to people living today because we do not question the origin or the logical end of our practices.

Take the question of interest as it relates to the international debts. Here are some figures which indicate the weight of the interest burden laid upon six countries before their debts with the United States can be settled:

Poland owes $178,560,000. Add $257,127,550 for interest.

Belgium owes $417,780,000. Add $310,050,500 for interest.

Great Britain owes $4,600,000,000. Add $6,505,965,000 for interest.

And so on down the list. Little countries like Finland owing $9,000,000, but being charged an additional $12,695,055 for interest. Lithuania paying $8,501,940 interest on a debt of $6,030,000. Hungary with a debt of $1,939,000 being charged $2,754,240.

Here is a colossal interest bill against only six nations for more then Seven Billions of Dollars.

## They Came, Won and Went

THE French debt commission came, discussed, went away. They got what they wanted, which is an extension of time. It came under the guise of a settlement. The United States negotiators who would not think of accepting twenty-five millions as a decent payment, accepted forty millions, which is a slight fifteen millions more, and of inconsiderable moment in the whole transaction. Judging the occasion in terms of victory and defeat, the American negotiators met defeat. It may be just as well; any persistence on our part would have disclosed to the world the real condition of France, which is little short of desperate. An understanding is about all that could be expected under the circumstances, and the proposed payments are gestures, a trifle more substantial than promises. About the conduct of the negotiation, the least said, et cetera. It started out like a long-distance poker game played through the newspapers. Bluff was put up to expose bluff. Both bluffs were called. The result is—an understanding.

## "A Nation of Gadabouts"

A PUBLIC speaker recently said that we were a "nation of gadabouts." The desire to wander is deeply planted in the average American, but it is noteworthy that it is never very long before he is "back home" again. It is only natural that the nation which has developed modern transportation should swarm over the earth with an ease undreamed of by the pioneers.

The "gadabouts" may be divided into two classes—those who travel for profit and those who profit by travel. Some travel for business and some for pleasure. The number of those who do both every year is increasing. People travel most in times of prosperity, and American prosperity is the wonder of the world—principally because it is a prosperity based on work.

"Gadding about" is good for the country. It enables the people of one part of the country to become acquainted with those of another; it obliterates misunderstandings and misconceptions.

A narrow parochialism is not good for any land; the only way to diminish it is by "gadding about."

From Canada to the Caribbean Sea, from Cape Cod to California, we have a wide field from which to choose. It is not the fault of the country if we fail of the lure to do some "gadding about."

## Cut a Pumpkin

WE LOST something when we carried civilization too far and raised the can opener to such high estate. Not that the can opener should be cast out wholly; it has helped, and no housewife will deny it.

But there was a fine flavor of tradition in the old, old house which had its broad, bright, beamed kitchen, with perhaps a crane in the chimney place. A family was somehow tied together and to its home by a pantry full of homemade goodies of all kinds.

It takes the crisp airs of autumn to recall this to our minds. So many of us had our beginnings in old-fashioned homesteads, and have gone far away from them.

But you can recapture a whiff of this delightful aroma—even in a crowded city house, in a flat, or on a farm that has gone over entirely to the mail-order house. Make mincemeat, or Christmas pudding. Cut up pumpkin for pies.

## *A Crime Report*

MURDER in Europe is decreasing and suicide is increasing, says Professor Enrico Ferri, Italy's greatest criminologist. He submitted figures that indicate that murder in Europe has been on the decrease since the Middle Ages and suicide has been on the increase. In Southern Europe where more murders occur than in the north, suicide is more rare.

Professor Ferri said that when Italy abolished capital punishment for murder in 1890, catastrophic predictions were made, but murder has been distinctly on the decrease there since that time.

The value of the above conclusions are that they are based upon a study of data. Professor Ferri's fact-finding approach to the question is in violent contrast to the curbstone or horseback opinions that comprise the vast bulk of the comment upon crime and other social questions. We still believe what we want to believe about those things because quite often we lack the moral strength that is required to readjust ourselves to the facts.

## *Are the Women at Work?*

THERE is strange silence in the women's camp. After the defeat of those great efforts which were made to put a Child Control amendment into the Constitution, and the protest that it was intended to be only a Child Labor law, many supposed that the women would continue their work for the children in the most proper and productive way, namely, through the state legislatures.

If the object of all the recent excitement was to benefit the children in states that may still be remiss in protecting their children, it was expected that a new concentration of influence and pressure would be brought to bear upon those states, in behalf of the children about which so many moving tales were told.

But it seems not. There is no news of anything of the kind being done. The plight of the children seems to have served its turn in speeches and pamphlets. It does not seem to be real enough to evoke state campaigns.

In other words, the Amendment and not the Children seems to have been the main issue. When the Amendment was defeated, the Children seem to have been dropped. Politics seems to have been a bigger object than Humanity.

We are saying this to the so-called political leaders of the Women's movement in America, and to call attention to the fact that most of the so-called welfare measures significantly lost their humane significance as soon as the political object was either attained or lost. Winning or losing seems to have made no difference in this denouncement. Bureaus established to look after mothers, and other bureaus to look after children, seem to have been distinguished by doing neither of these things in any conspicuous way. The objective was the establishment of a Bureau, it seems, and the objective of the Bureau was the support by Government salaries of women whose real alliances were sometimes anything but friendly to the Government.

In the case of the lost so-called Children's Amendment, the work for children stops. If it were primarily for the children, would it not have gone on? Is it not easier for Women's Clubs to reach their local legislatures than to reach the big Congress and the Constitution? The women of any state can do anything.

Why not State's rights for Women? Why should Women's Clubs be discouraged from engaging in needed work in their own states?

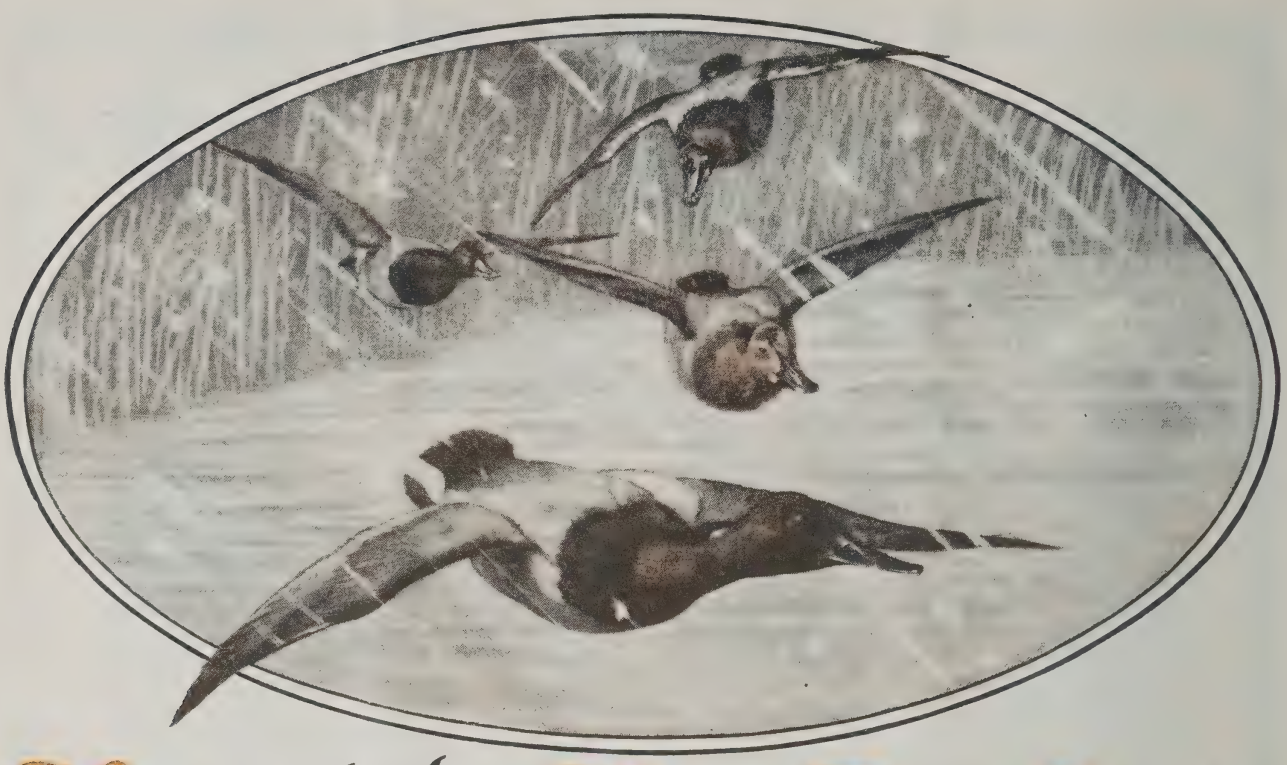
## *Just a Century Apart*

IN THE year 1825, the British Government offered a prize to the owners of the first steamship which should complete the voyage from England to India in a specified time. In those days, such a project appeared to many people a freak idea. Nevertheless, the paddle steamer *Enterprise* took up the challenge, and, on August 16, 1825, sailed from Falmouth for India. Some four months later, namely, December 8, she reached Calcutta, well within the stipulated time, and won the prize.

Today, the British Government is arranging preliminaries for the establishment of a commercial air route to India, and it is expected that the distance from London to Calcutta will ultimately be covered in less than a week.

At the moment there is remarkable correspondence between the development of steam transport in the nineteenth century and aerial transport in the twentieth. It will be interesting to see how long the correspondence will continue. If the analogy between the two centuries holds good, the extension of aerial transport will be slow. But analogies in these days are strangely unreliable. The movement of science is ever a steady acceleration and it may not be many years before, as one authority has well put it, "the network of air routes which is already spread over Europe extends its ramifications to the furthest part of the globe, and the air competes with the ocean for intercontinental traffic."

In these days, where science is concerned, the dictate of wisdom is ever more and more to "expect the unexpected."



# King of the Wild Rice Beds

## Where the Mallard, Monarch of the Marshes, Feeds on Its Southward Flight

By DONALD HOUGH

THROBBING with life is the wild rice bed of the north when autumn comes.

Through the summer it has been getting ready for its rush hour. For here the mallard duck, lord of the marshes, and the little teal and the awkward black coot breed and rear their young and lead them through the intricacies of their first swimming lessons. All summer the rice stalks wave green in breezes that sweep sparkling lakes. There is a subdued activity among the wild life; but the rice bed is deserted by men.

Alive in its hour in the sun is the rice bed when the stalks are dry and the grain ripened, and ducks are on the wing restlessly preparing for the migrations.

When the rice stalks get brown, first comes the Indian to harvest his ancient cereal. From all the country around whole families come to gather the rice by pushing their canoes through it and knocking the loose grain into them with sticks.

After the Indian, comes the hunter. Hunting cabins that have lain dormant for a year show wisps of smoke at the tin chimneys; there is a smell of fresh paint as the flat, frail little duck boats are given a new coat, and the wooden decoys are made more closely to resemble the brilliant plumage of their live counterparts.

The stately mallards have taken wing, and they circle the rice marshes in pairs and flocks, quacking loudly like their vulgar adaptation, the barnyard duck. The little teal, smallest duck beside the largest, dart here and there, or rise in big black flocks like the droves of blackbirds that are descending on the marsh to fill their crops before taking high wing for the south. The coots, lowest in wild-fowl circles by the standard of white men, but highest by the standard of the Indian, are here in great rafts, feeding constantly, their faint individual chirps rising collectively like the roar of a waterfall all over the rice beds.

Of all these, the mallard is the first objective of the hunter. Here is a big bird, a beautiful duck; and here is one which puts all of the wiles of the hunter to the test. Close to the hearts of all hunters is the mallard. Of all ducks, he was the one selected by man for domestication; and save for a more trim and graceful carriage, a stronger wing, he looks like the fowl of the farmer's pond.

The mallard is the wisest of all ducks. After the first day of the hunting season he knows where the hunters are to be found, and avoids them by enough distance to render him safe, yet close enough to cause a quickened heartbeat and an intense interest on the part of Nimrod. He is a circling bird, wary, but a great decoyer, this mallard. It seems as though from the beginning of time the mallard has been gregarious to an uncommon degree, even among ducks. Never a lone bird but is looking for a party of its mates; never a small company but will listen eagerly to the calls of a larger flock that is feeding in the tall rice.

The lone mallard, for some reason or other, symbolizes the essence of duck hunting. Alone, through the diversities of feeding or of fate, he circles the marsh, high in the air, quacking loudly and bending a willing ear to the answers of his fellows below. Having decided to join the party, whether it is one composed of real ducks or whether it is a mere collection of wooden dummies aided by an artificial duck call at the lips of the hunter, the lone mallard is in no hurry to alight. Time and again, with a studied hesitation which the nerves of only the oldest and most experienced duck hunters can withstand, he circles the decoys. More than once he seems to have made up his mind, only to change it again and resume his cautious investigation. His head moves from side to side as he flies, and his little eyes are never quiet—well made must be the blind, well painted

the decoys, that escape them.

The little teal, diminutive companion of the mallard in habitat, while not sought after as the larger bird is, still is not disregarded by the hunter. It takes a good hunter to lure the mallard; it takes a mighty shot to hit the speeding teal. Like a bullet barrage come the teal, over the trees that surround the big marsh, over the heads of the hunters sitting in their little boats concealed in the rice.

The teal go directly from one place to another without any fuss, and their speed is meteoric. On quivering wings they dart in, rocking from side to side, tearing into the air and through the wind. When fired on, a slight manipulation of their wings sends them zooming up into the sky—a twist, a turn, and they are out of range.

The coot, clown of the rice beds, is sought only when everything else fails the hunter. Poor, clumsy flyers, stupid swimmers even, these black fowl with white bills fall easy prey. But they are in the rice by the tens of thousands. When the weather is still, the water in the open places calm, they congregate in great rafts in these breathing spots, moving slowly in unison, this way and then that. A body of coots gets up with a roar, for they must each run a few rods on the water before trusting entirely to the air. And when they settle down again, which they do in no time at all since they dislike this business of flying, they must extend their toes cautiously as though to test the water, to see if it is warm enough for swimming before intrusting their precious bodies to it again.

The coots fray the nerves of the hunters, for their incessant murmur as they feed rises, all day and all night, like the humming of a thousand electric wires, from all parts of the rice beds.

Duck hunting has enlisted millions of advocates in America; it is the most ardently adhered to of all our sports afield. But duck hunting, especially duck hunting in wild rice, is hard work, and usually wet and cold besides. Aside from the matter of food, the ducks might well have selected the rice beds for their protection. It takes a boat with little draft and a prow as sharp as a knife, and it takes a man with more than the usual amount of patience and skill and a good allowance of muscle, to push through it.

Oars are unknown for propelling the boat. A pole, long enough to give the boat a good push at each thrust, is standard equipment. The stick has a Y at the end, but even so if you do not know the trick of rice navigation you will simply push the pole into bottomless mud. You must be adept at gathering a "forkful" of rice in the crotch of the pole, twisting it securely with a quick movement, and then pushing.

The day of the hunter begins before the rise of the sun. Inexpert hands fry eggs and boil terrible coffee and cremate slices of bread in the cabins; while the cold, gray morning wind, out of the northwest, shakes and wails, and makes the flame of the oil lamp flicker. Hip boots, waterproof canvas pants, stiff coats built to withstand rain, snow and wind, and made up mostly of a labyrinth of big pockets, go on over thick sweaters and snug leather vests.

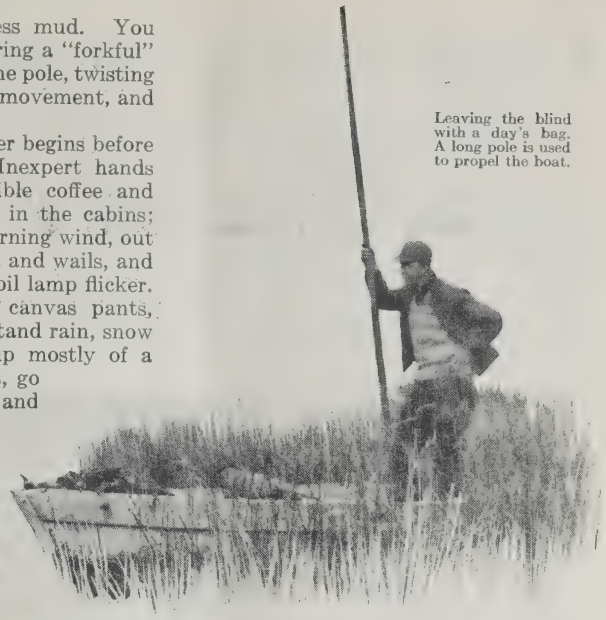
The light in the east is still cold and forbidding as the frozen mud and frosty grasses yield and crackle under the heavy boots. The whistle of wings is already in the air, and the quacking of the mallards out in the rice rises above the rumble of the wind, the rustle of dead leaves and the omnipresent whisper of dry rice stalks.

Slowly the boat moves through the rice, pushed laboriously by the long pole, stopping short as soon as the pressure ceases. Ducks appear in the dim light, coming suddenly out of the void, disappearing suddenly into it.

The boat reaches the edge of an opening in the rice, and out go the wooden decoys. The hunter arranges prepared bundles of rice stalks over and around his boat, and he is ready for the first birds.

Slowly the light comes, and the ducks are in sharp relief against the sky. One of the contradictions of Nature is that an unwieldy duck, a puddler of the marsh, becomes the speediest of birds, a creature of unsurpassed grace, when in flight. Every sweep of a flock, every glide of a "single," is done in curves that are perfect in rhythm.

At the first shot fired, there is a great roaring of wings all over the rice beds. Mallards—hundreds and thousands of mallards—are rising into the air. Slowly they circle, gather into flocks, divide and re-divide and leave the marsh. Does the sight of all these ducks departing for other breakfast tables strike dismay to the heart of the hunter? Not a bit of it. That is just what he wants. The mallards will come back. All day long, in small flocks, in singles and doubles, they will drift back. And when they circle the rice beds looking for a favorable place and for company, the decoys will get in their work.



Leaving the blind with a day's bag. A long pole is used to propel the boat.

The roar of feeding coots rises over the marsh; great flocks of blackbirds drift like clouds over it; teal ducks scoot around like shots from some distant cannon. High over the marsh other ducks appear. These fly in compact formation, businesslike in demeanor, and some of these flocks drop down on whistling wings for a quick lunch on their way to the south. These ducks are of other kinds: redheads, and the delectable canvasback; the racing bluebill, the swan-like pintail, the golden-eyes with their whistling wings; and the widgeon, the spoonbill, the gadwall, and the green-winged teal from the north, and now and then the wood ducks, who cry plaintively as they fly, as becomes a species that faces extinction.

These are ducks, most of them, that prefer the deep, open water, where they can breast the waves and dive for their food—no dabblers in mud puddles are they! But the hunter gives them a passing glance. He is waiting for the return of the mallards.

Before noon they start to come in. With quivering lips the hunter uses his call, and he crouches low in the protection of the rice that is piled over

(Concluded on page 24)



Live ducks settling among decoys.

# Uncovering Millstones of the Gods

## The Wonders of Nature on the St. Croix River, Northern Minnesota

By FRED L. HOLMES

NATURE has worked great wonders through the ages. Deep gorges have been cut by the rushing waters of rivers. Caverns have been fashioned into fairy palaces, with beautiful stalactites hanging from the ceiling, through the incessant dripping of waters on soft sandstones. Rocky ledges have been polished by the grinding of glaciers. Climate, wind, and water have transformed Earth's ugliness into Nature's beauty. Fantastic are some of the results wrought through the workings of mundane laws.

At the upper end of the Mississippi Valley will be found the millstones of the gods. This great grinding machinery of nature fashioned by the power of glaciers is as fascinating in its boldness as the Garden of the Gods at the foot of Pike's Peak is wonderful in its immensity.

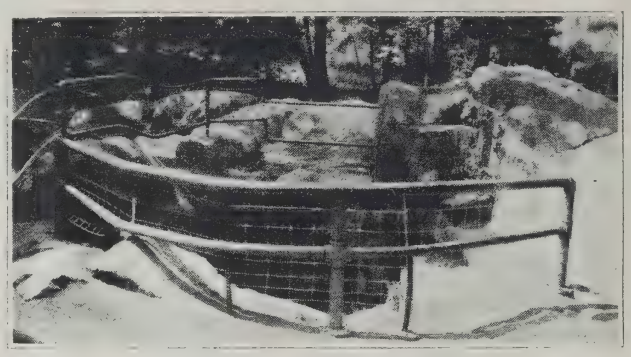
Excavations made in recent months on the Minnesota side at the dalles of the St. Croix River in Interstate Park disclose the largest glacial potholes in America. These great cistern holes have been bored in solid Keweenawan trap rock by whirlpools of some ancient mighty river which swirled and rotated the rocks like a grinding millstone. This action took place some time following the glacial period. While the presence of these enormous potholes have been known for many years, the depth of them was only recently ascertained.

On the edge of one of these enormous holes, bored out of a seamless rock, as if done by some giant carpenter's auger, the following sign has been posted:

GLACIAL KETTLE

"So far as is known this is the largest and deepest glacial kettle in America. It has been bored in solid rock by the action of a mighty river grinding a hard granite rock against the softer trap rock for many ages.

"This kettle is 12 feet in diameter at the mouth. At a depth of forty-two feet it is fifteen feet in diameter. At its base, which is sixty-three feet from its mouth, the diameter is three feet. The base of this kettle is twenty-five feet below the level of the St. Croix River, which is only a few rods away."



Zoological garden made from natural rock.

The rock ledges at the dalles of the St. Croix River, north of Minneapolis, are ancient lava flows, according to Professor Lawrence Martin, recently of the geology department of the University of Wisconsin. The lava or trap is well jointed so that there are vertical precipices and isolated crags along the St. Croix River.



Scenes along the dalles of the St. Croix River in Northern Minnesota.

The dalles of the St. Croix are a primer lesson in geology. Here has been legibly left the record of the glaciers when America was in its making.

The interpretations of the scientist or geologist are not required. The evidence is apparent to the most casual eye. At once there is disclosed to the visitor one of the chiefest secrets of nature. It is a story of the power of rushing waters, which can only be realized by those who have seen modern engineers harness and put to the work of mankind this same force of water powers.

As explained by the geologists, after this flow of lava rock had formed in this vicinity, a glacier nosed its way down from the north dragging with it large deposits of granite rock. When the glacier melted, mighty rivers were formed, which carried the granite boulders along in its course until they were snagged in some crevice of the softer trap-rock formations. So powerful was the river at places that whirlpools were formed, which rotated the granite rocks, cutting deep potholes into the softer material.

The debris from these potholes show great granite boulders which have been whirled in the basin so long that they have become spherical, like a ball. Some of these granite boulders are three or four feet in diameter and there are literally thousands of smaller pebbles that can be held in the hand. The grist and sand of the potholes show that the loose gravel and earth have been produced by this mighty grinding process. It was a millstone which only the gods could operate.

There are probably forty potholes, large and small, within the confines of the park area. Some of them are two or three feet in diameter and only a few feet deep. Others are ten and twelve feet in diameter. Only three or four of these potholes have been excavated.

When it became known that these investigations and excavations were under way, the stream of visitors to the park increased. On one day 10,000 persons visited the scene and the park superintendent reports that 18,000 persons visited the Interstate Park within the first ten days of one month. (Concluded on page 29)

# A New Great Lake to Save Lakes

## Canadian Engineer Plans to Divert Albany River to Make Up Shortage

By WALLACE J. LAUT

IT IS possible that Far Northern Patricia Land in the province of Ontario holds the solution of whatever disadvantage looms before the midcontinental section of America as a result of the lowering in the levels of the Great Lakes.

It is possible that one great diversion of lake water through the Chicago Drainage Canal may be offset by another diversion of a large volume of water that now flows uselessly and purposelessly to the Arctic Ocean from the wilds of the Canadian North.

A Canadian engineer who has traversed this little-known northern area by canoe and trail may hold the key to the restoration of Great Lakes levels with consequences that may be totaled up only in terms of millions, whether people, dollars, pounds of lake freight or electrical horsepower are considered.

Lorne Campbell, of Toronto, the engineer to whom reference is made, has just returned from the latest of his five-year explorations of the Patricia area, and with his conviction doubly strengthened that a sixth Great Lake may be added to the present chain and a volume of water added to the Great Lakes sufficient to restore normal levels and at the same time provide the city of Chicago with an ample supply of water for drainage purposes. If this project be feasible, and many declare that Nature has worked with man to make it entirely possible, the resultant benefits, even on a superficial survey, would be staggering in the bearing they have on many important phases of existence to the 40,000,000 dwellers in the area contiguous to and affected by the Great Lakes chain.

The writer has had the privilege for some months of discussing with Mr. Campbell his plan for the saving of the Great Lakes. Early in the summer this Canadian engineer departed from Toronto and made for the North. He has made many surveys of the area, and this year's trip took him over more than 900 miles of the waterways of Patricia, over scores of portages, through avenues that have been trod rarely if ever before by the white man, and to all the important points which have a bearing on the project to which he has devoted himself since first he prospected the district.

It was along the Albany River and its many tributaries that this summer's route was scheduled. The Albany is the largest river that flows exclusively in the province of Ontario. It has been called "the St. Lawrence of the North," and it divides Thunder Bay district from Patricia. Flowing northeast into James Bay, the lower section of Hudson Bay, it carries an enormous volume of water into the bracken waters of the Arctic, there to flow through Hudson Straits and out to the North Atlantic.

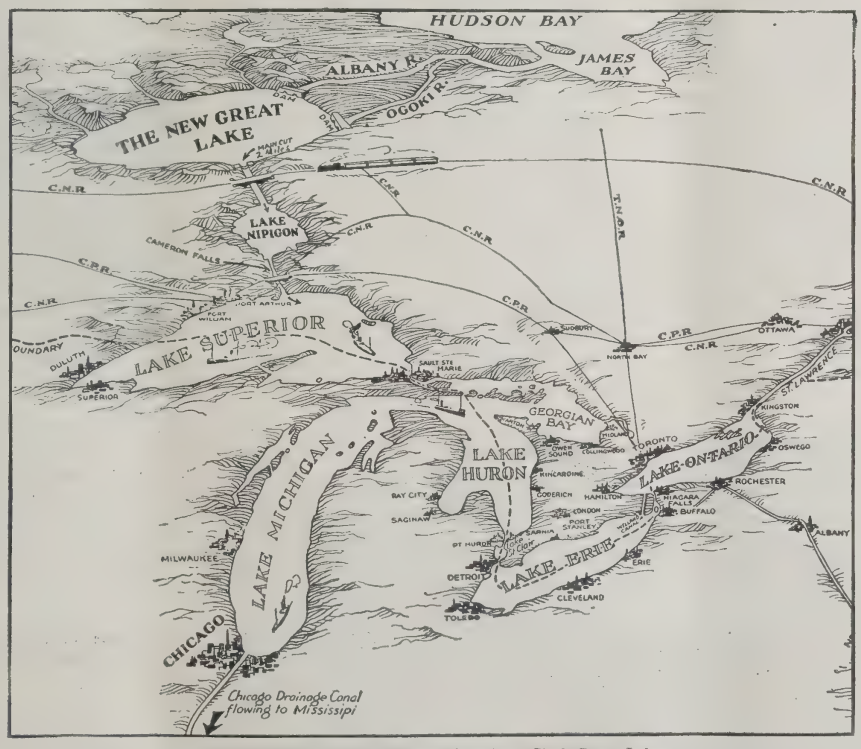
The Albany is a stream of rapid fall and swift current. Mr. Campbell tells of making seventy miles between 9:30 a.m. and 5:30 p.m. because the canoe in which he and his companions were traveling was literally hurled along the racing stream. And this is easily understood when it is known that behind the Albany lie hundreds of lakes and streams which feed a mighty river, draining thousands of square miles, and carrying their waters north to the region of icebergs and polar bears.

The Albany basin lies between two heights of land running east and west. These natural divides converge at the eastern and the western ends, and the Albany is the neck of the bottle through which the waters make egress.

Stop the flow of the Albany River at the most strategic location by means of a great dam. Build another dam across the Ogoki, a principal tributary of the Albany, and you have created an enormous basin or artificial lake twice the size of Lake Ontario. The flow of the Albany to the Arctic is checked and the water is stored for the use of mankind.

Then to turn this volume of water into the Great Lakes. This may be accomplished, according to Mr. Campbell, by cutting through the lower height of land for a distance of less than a mile, and sending the water from the new Great Lake into Lake Nipigon and through the Nipigon River into Lake Superior.

This is the crux of the project, in simplified terms so that any one with a school map of Ontario before him may grasp its essentials. It cannot, of course, be so easily simplified in terms of engineering, yet the father of the plan is satisfied that it is not a matter of engineering intricacies nor technicalities that confront him, so much as the necessity for detailing the work in such a large area. It is apparent that the basin for the new lake already (Continued on page 26)




Bird's-eye Map Showing Plan for Creating a Sixth Great Lake.
Two dams will form in the natural basin of the Albany River a new lake, two and a half times as large as Lake Ontario. A canal less than two miles long will carry the water from this lake into Lake Nipigon, through the Nipigon River and into Lake Superior, thus providing for the Great Lakes a flow almost twice as great as the volume diverted from Lake Michigan by the city of Chicago.



# Sam Slick's Journeys through Nova Scotia

## The Connecticut Clockmaker Discourses on the "Bluenoses"

EVERY year hundreds of American tourists go over to Scotland to make the journey through the Trossachs with Scott's *Lady of the Lake* as a guide.

I am moved to wonder whether a journey to the land of Nova Scotia with Sam Slick, the clockmaker from Slickville, Onion County, Connecticut, wouldn't be a trifle more rewarding for many of us, as either an actual journey or an armchair one.

Nova Scotia is every whit as beautiful as the Trossachs region of Scotland. It is such a country as Greece, the ocean and the mountains never far apart. "A land of rivers, valleys, murmuring brooks, widespread alluvial meadows covered with grazing herds, sheltered and placid lakes, rugged cliffs and bold promontories that invade the sea or resist its assaults." The springs, summers, and winters are much as they are in the Trossachs, but the autumn is incomparably finer. The most experienced travelers have declared that there is nothing like it in the Old World, except in Korea and Japan, in the gorgeous riot of color that prevails, which is, for all its exuberance, as harmonious as an old oriental rug or shawl. The weather, Sam Slick says, is "'like a mint julip with a lump of ice in it, it tastes cool and feels warm.'"

The guide whom I propose, Sam Slick, the hero of Judge Haliburton's *Clockmaker* is worth knowing, worth having for a traveling companion for at least two reasons: he is, first of all, no stranger to any of us, but is the very person we have come to feel some affection for as "Uncle Sam," and as a second reason his talk is natural, easy, comfortable, amusing and wise.

If you are willing to consider this journey it will be best for you to begin by pursuing the same course as do the visitors to the Trossachs; they learn something of the actual history of the country (then swamp the truth under poetry), in this case what you learn you may retain. Sam knows all that very well, though he has not learned it from books, for which he has no respect—"'they weaken your understandin' as water does brandy.'"

First, of course, the Indians held the country, the Micmacs, a branch of the great Algonquin family.

"Their names of music linger
On each bay and mount and stream."

They also gave the country its earliest name, Acadie, which it still retains in poetry; it means, simply, *place*. In 1497 John Cabot landed at Prima Vista and announced the fact to the English under whose flag he sailed.

In 1604 the French king, Henry the Fourth, became of the opinion that he owned the land, and gave a colonization charter for it to Sieur de Monts, who at once took French peasants out to it and began the settling of the land. With no help whatever from the French Government, during the course of a century, a very beautiful civilization was built up on the west coast of what was then known as Acadie. You can read a truthful account of it in Judge Thomas Haliburton's *History of Nova Scotia*, the same Judge Haliburton who is also the creator of our future guide, Sam Slick. You need have no fear of prejudice or propaganda, for although the judge belonged to the usurping race and was a beneficiary of the ruin of the people whose story he tells, the truth is related about the people who were most disgracefully dispossessed in favor of his grandfather.

If you prefer the story told, just as truthfully, in poetry, you can have it so in the *Evangeline* of Longfellow.

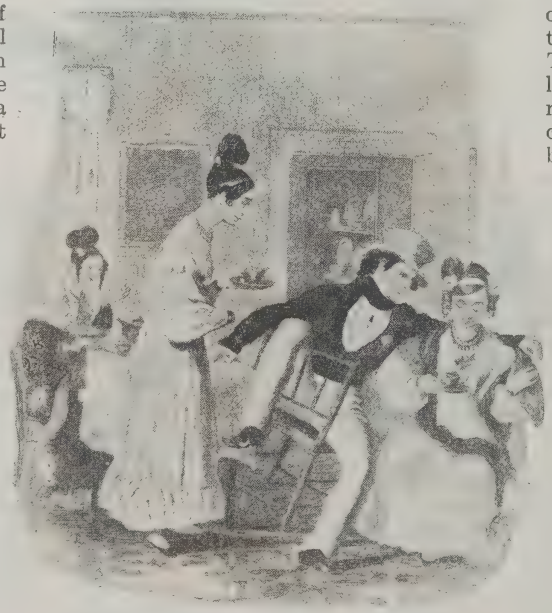
Both will tell of French peasants going briskly and happily to work to create a new and better Normandy in the primeval forests. They fell trees, till land for flax and wheat and vegetables, build great successful dykes against the tide at the Basin of Minas which rises to sixty feet in height; they build them so that at stated seasons the floodgates can be opened and the land drenched in the revivifying water, they erect staunch houses.

" . . . . of oak and hemlock
Such as the peasants of Normandie
built in the reign of the Henries.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer
windows, and gables projecting."

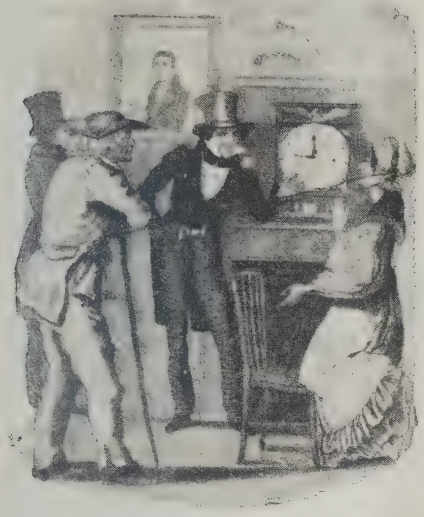
Men and women work unitedly, there is contentment and simplicity and unfretting labor, friendship with the Indians, an absence of artificial prosperity, boosterdom and supersalesmanship,

"There the richest were poor and the
poorest lived in abundance."

While this fraternity of laborers is constructively busy on the shores of the Basin of Minas an ominous thing is transpiring in England. There, an ambitious and more or less four-flushing sort of courtier, named Sir William Alexander, becomes enamored of the notion of being styled "Lord Paramount" of something or other and hits upon this land of Acadie. It is understood to belong, by right of colonization, to the French friends and supporters of Sir William's liege lord, James the First, King of England. However, whatever gratitude there should have existed in the mind or heart of King James toward the French did not deter him from making out a charter to the land and handing it over to Sir William. Sir William thereupon suggested that the name of the country had best be changed to Nova Scotia; it will be necessary to induce people to go out to populate it and make it profitable territory for the



All in the interest of future business.



Sam sells a seven-dollar clock for forty dollars to folks who don't need one.

king and also for himself its "Lord Paramount," and that name should appeal to Scotsmen, so that whatever idea some of them may have of emigrating to Virginia or Massachusetts will be changed in favor of going out to Nova Scotia. The obliging king changed the name. Sir William sent his son and a group of colonists over to his new domain, they landed, perceived that Sir William had painted conditions too glowingly and returned.

The charter, however, remained valid, and the English kings and their representatives maintained that King James having said that the land of Acadie was English, English it was. Finally in 1713 the French agreed with them and left the French colonists to whatever fate might be in store for them at English hands.

In 1740 England began serious colonization of Nova Scotia by sending between two and three thousand persons out to build up a town at the harbor of Halifax. They were retired military and naval officers, soldiers, sailors, gentlemen, some mechanics, a few farmers and some useful and industrious Swiss. These people came, most of them, with a strong sense of their importance to England and an absence of any desire to work. For three years England supplied all their wants. She had at the outset given them huge grants of land. Then she summarily ceased the pampering and left the Halifaxians to manage for themselves. They did it with no enthusiasm and spent a generous amount of time concocting schemes for securing government bounties and casting covetous eyes at the prosperity of the French colonists.

In 1753 Lunenburg was settled by Germans whom England brought over. They proved excellent colonists.

In 1755 occurred the expulsion of our friends the French Acadians. The credit for the deed belongs to Governor Shirley, of Massachusetts, and the Massachusetts colonists. England's part in it was only that of finally yielding to their representations of the disloyalty of the French. And so these good French peasants who had made that country a garden spot were torn from all that they had labored for, ruthlessly thrust into ships, manned chiefly by Massachusetts colonists, and scattered on the earth's surface to make shift as they might.

The lands, the houses, the barns, everything, was given shortly afterward to immigrants from Massachusetts and to some of the covetous Halifaxians.

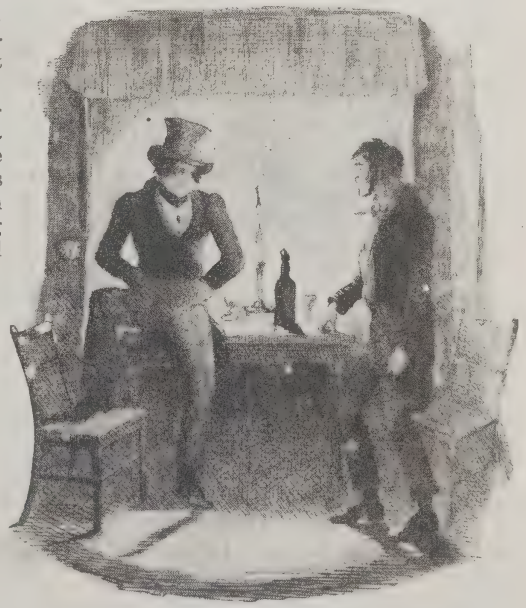
In another few years, Massachusetts had started a war on this good-natured Mother Country of hers and the thirteen colonies had set up a government of their own. Thousands of the colonists had fought on the side of the English Government; they now found their possessions confiscated and themselves in no favor. England came to their aid. She established them in her other colonial possessions. Twenty thousand of them came to Nova Scotia; they were given large grants of land, annuities, offices, half-pay allowances to officers, and there was a general disbursement of sixteen million dollars, of which they received a share. Supplies and the necessaries of life were granted for three years. The Loyalists came principally to two sections of Nova Scotia, to the old Acadian valley where the land was in a fine state of cultivation, and where they expected a warm welcome from the former Massachusetts colonists and a ready ear and sympathy for the tales of their own heroism. The record, however, states that for the most part all that they encountered was jealousy and coldness and a very minimum of interest in their prowess in behalf of the Mother Country. So, bickering and bitterness prevailed in the erstwhile quiet vale of the French peasants.

The second division of Loyalists who came to Nova Scotia did as inexplicable a thing as the ancient builders on Shinar's plain. They built a city, which they named Shelburne, as big as the combined Montreal and Quebec of the time in the midst of a totally unproductive country, without making an effort toward creating its productivity, far even from supplies of fish for the catching. They built it rapidly, lived gay, social lives, until the three years had expired and all supplies from England ceased. There was consternation and wrath, and a dispersal of the population. Some remained to die of want. When Sam Slick made his tour of the peninsula with the squire the town stood there with no inhabitants, proof that fortune can't forever favor fools.

In the meantime good Scotch and Irish workers settled on the east coast where the soil is fertile, where there is lumber to cut and to sell and fish to catch and, likewise, to sell in great abundance.

That is the history of the country of Nova Scotia. As you think it over you find that you have a fertile country. "A splendid country, squire, that's a fact; the Lord never made the best of it. I wouldn't ax no better location in the farmin' line than any of these allotments; grand grazin' grounds and superfine tillagelands. A man that knowed what he was about might live like a fightin' cock here, and no great scratchin' for it, neither." It has been settled in the course of a century by a government that desired it settled for the purposes of empire. It had placed there groups of Germans and Swiss, had encouraged Scotch and Irish, had expelled, at the insistence of the colonists of Massachusetts, the French group which had been there longest and had property that was worth coveting, but later permitted a remnant of these expatriated people to return to the country, but not to their original district. They made a settlement in the township of Clare, which "still gives illustration of the thrift, industry, sobriety and piety of the descendants of the old proprieters of Acadie." These five groups looked after themselves as men are wont to do, became prosperous and influential. Four other groups were treated with staggering generosity, the English at Halifax, the English colonists from Massachusetts and the two divisions of Loyalists, those who settled on the west coast and builders of Shelburne.

Judge Haliburton is a descendant,



Sam and a specimen of shiftless, self-excusing idleness.

as you know, of one of the Massachusetts men to whom the Acadian possessions were given. He had been graduated at King's College Windsor, had practiced as a successful lawyer, had been a member of the national assembly, and, in 1835, was a judge. We like him as we look at him in his comfortable house among the trees in Windsor. He is no truckler, is able, shrewd, and at the same time a well-wisher to men. One evening, as he sat by his fire and over his wine, his mind ran upon the Yankee peddler who had appeared before him in court on that day. The man had interested him and he found himself wondering what that peddler of wooden clocks would say about the Nova Scotians, on a morning's ride, to such a person as himself. A conversation grew in his mind. Presently he lighted a candle and began to write it down. As he wrote his interest in it grew. The next day he sent what he had written, anonymously, to the local weekly newspaper, *The Nova Scotian*. It was published, read, talked about everywhere in blacksmith's shop and court room. After that, on leisurely evenings, the judge continued his account of the conversations and the journey on which they were conducted.

***Something About the Birth of a Classic***

In this way a classic came into existence, which, like most classics in these latter days, is not frequently read. Yet it is full of life and fun and its hero is one of the best-known figures in the world.

The journey starts in the north of the peninsula at Colchester near Fort Lawrence in the midst of rich scenery, and the theme of the book is at once broached:

> "What a pity it is, Mr. Slick," said the squire, "that you, who are so successful in teaching these people the value of clocks, could not also teach them the value of time."
>
> "I guess," said he, "they have got that ring to grow on their horns yet which every four-year-old has in our country."

In the guise of a humorous book the book is a diatribe on laziness, on wanting bounties from the government, on not valuing time, on expecting prosperity through anything but work and thrift.

***Judge and Peddler Talk About Ploughs and People***

The journey is made in Sam's wagon, behind Old Clay,

> "the prettiest piece of flesh and bone ever bound up in horsehide. What an eye he has, you might hang your hat on it! And then his nostrils, Lord they open up like the mouth of a speakin' trumpet. He can pick up miles and throw 'em behind him faster than a steam doctor a-racin' off with another man's wife."

You will drive over good roads and bad, through beautiful country, badly tilled, stop under sheds while it rains and Sam talks.

> "Now the Bluenoses are all stirrin' in winter. The young folks drive out the gals and talk love and all sorts of things as sweet as doughnuts. The old folks find it near about as well to leave the old woman at home for fear they shouldn't keep tune together; so they drive out alone to chat about House of Assembly with their neighbors while the boys and hired help do the chores. When the spring comes and the fields are dry enough to be sowed they all have to be ploughed, 'cause fall rains wash the land too much for fall ploughin'."

Well the ploughs have to be mended and sharpened 'cause " 'what's the use of doin' that afore it's wanted.' " Well the wheat gets in too late and then comes rust; but whose fault is that? Why the climate, to be sure, for " 'Nova Scotia ain't a bread country.' "

Now how the Bluenoses can complain of their country when it's only one-third work and two-thirds " 'blowin' time' " no soul can tell.

> "Father used to say, when I lived on the farm along with him, 'Sam,' sais he, 'I vow I wish there was just four hundred days in the year, for its a plaguy sight too short for me. I can find as much work as all hands on us can do for 365 days and just thirty-five days more if we had'em. We ha'nt got a minit to spare; you must shell the corn and winner the grain at night and clean up all slick, or I guess we'll fall astern as sure as the Lord made Moses.' If he didn't keep us all at it, a-drivin' away full chisel the whole blessed time it's a pity. There was no 'blowin' time' there you may depend. We ploughed all fall for dear life. In winter we thrashed, made and mended tools, went to market and mill, and cut our fire wood and rails. As soon as the frost was gone came sowin' and plantin' and weedin' and hoin', then harvest and spreadin' compost, then gatherin' manure, fencin' and ditchin' and then turn to and fall plowin' agin. It all went around like a wheel without spokes. Instead of racin' over the country like a young doctor to show how busy a man is that has nothing to do as Bluenose does, and take a 'blowin' time' we kept a rail travelin' gate, an eight-mile-an-hour pace the whole year round."

***What the Pioneers Had to Contend With***

Sam doesn't omit to sell his clocks as we travel and we have an opportunity to be an eyewitness of the cleverest salesmanship that was ever depicted in any book, certainly as interesting and important a proceeding as watching the characters in the *Lady of the Lake* carry on a duelling match. Everywhere incidents occur or sights are seen which teach a moral or adorn a tale for Sam:

> "Agriculture is not only neglected but degraded here. Old Drivvle, down her to Maccan, said to me one day, 'for gracious sake,' sais he, 'Mr. Slick, do tell me what I shall do with Johnny. His mother sets great store by him and thinks he's the makin' of a considerable smart man.'
>
> " 'Well,' sais I, 'I'll tell you if you won't bee miffy with me.'
>
> " 'Miffy with you indeed,' said he, 'I guess I'll be very much obliged to you, such an understandin' man as you be.'
>
> " 'Well,' sais I, 'I'd take a stick and give him a rael good quiltin'. Jist tantune him like blazes and set him to work. What does the critter want? You have a good farm for him; let him go and airn his bread and when he can raise that, let him get a wife to make butter for it. And when he has more of both than he wants let him sell 'em and lay up his money; and he will soon have his bread buttered on both sides. Make a farmer of him and you will have the satisfaction of seein' him an honest, an independent, and a respectable member of society . . . more honest than traders, more independent than professional men and more respectable than either.' "

***Mr. Slick Tells What to Do With Johnny***

Very forthright language, you see.

And as we ride along through that country, the surge of the ocean in our ears, behind Old Clay going fourteen miles an hour, Sam will tell us many a good story of clock selling, and horse trading, and the ways of politicians and pious, hypocritical deacons, but never does he stray far from his theme.

***A Profitable Journey Comes to an End***

In this fashion, profitably and sensibly and amusingly the journey goes from Colchester to River Philip, Amherst, Windsor, Horton, Kentville, Yarmouth, Parrsboro, Shelburne, Liverpool, Lunenberg, Bridgetown, Annapolis Royal, Halifax and Bedford Basin.

After the journey has been made you may come home with your mind and body freshened from the contact with Sam Slick's ideas, and far better qualified than when you journeyed forth, to understand the causes for the present political and economic problems which Nova Scotia furnishes to Great Britain.

Ford

To accept Ford performance unquestioningly is a privilege that all Ford owners have long enjoyed.

But now, in addition to its known reliability, the Ford car offers new beauty of body design with increased comfort, convenience and utility.

People who could readily afford to pay more, are welcoming today's Ford with hearty enthusiasm. Its popularity is greater now than ever in the past among all classes.

When you see the smart looking cars now offered by all Authorized Ford Dealers, inspect the many new features which add the final touch to the enjoyment of Ford ownership.

Ford Motor Company
Detroit, Mich.




# Puzzledom

## A Brief History of Word Jugglery From the Time of Solomon

By JOSEPH DANA MILLER

ONE of the fads of the younger generation, which is having extraordinary popularity, is the solving of "cross words." It provides a highly instructive pastime, and is adding enormously to the vocabulary of the student. It is not too much to say that it is widening the acquaintance of the younger generation, and indeed some of the older folk, with every department of knowledge, history, geography, biology, natural history, and so on.

How this diversion has grown in an amazingly short time is shown by the fact that a large volume has just been issued which aims to simplify and aid the work of solving these puzzles, giving many examples of the more intricate forms. More than fifty thousand copies of this book have been sold.

Many of the Sunday newspapers have introduced cross-word departments which recalls the times when many of them had puzzle columns. For this is but a phase, and in some sense a revival of what was once an extraordinarily popular amusement, known and perpetuated to the present day under the name of Puzzledom.

For the institution still flourishes. It will surprise readers of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT to learn that there are several thousand persons in this country who find their principal diversion in puzzle making. They call themselves "puzzlers," though they protest at times against the name because of the triviality which in popular apprehension the word connotes.

The things they fashion—to use some of the names familiar to the cult—are square words, enigmas, acrostics, rhomboids, anagrams, cryptograms, diamonds, charades, and more rarely, rebusses, as well as many variations of these forms. Rebusses, usually pictures of objects which conceal a proverb or the name of something, are not so much in fashion as they once were. Votaries of what they term "the mystic art" write enigmas in verse forms, and no less a poet than Byron has set the example. The acrostic forms are many and varied and were once very popular. Perhaps the most amazingly ingenious creation of this kind is the well-known acrostic tribute to Frances Sargeant Osgood, by Edgar Allan Poe, in which poem the first letter of the first line is the first letter of her name, the second letter of the second line the second letter of the name, and so on in this order until the whole name is complete. The disciples of Puzzledom will have to travel far to catch up with a feat of this kind.

The puzzlers of the country are represented by an organization calling itself the National Puzzlers' League which was organized in 1883, with Correl Kendall, of Boston, its first president, and which has met semiannually in convention at some central city every year since that time, almost without interruption. They come from every section of the country. The members are better known to one another by their pen names than by their real names.

Many of these pen names are fantastic enough, and are adopted often because they involve some degree of word jugglery, like L. M. N. Terry, Arty Fishel, or Sir Loin, or some anagram of the name, like Phil Down, whose real name is Windolph. And all of them will contend, with some degree of heat if necessary, that the work in which they are engaged offers unequaled opportunities for a liberal education. Efforts have even been made by them to introduce some of its features into the curriculum of the classroom. They point to the many successful men who have graduated from the puzzle fraternity as testimony to the value of this really intensive training.

We may take the Square Word as an example of the mental labor required for the making of all but the simplest forms. In the work of their solution reference must be had to dictionaries, gazetteers, and encyclopedias. In this way an enormous mass of information is acquired. So general, almost universal, are the sources that must be hunted out, so great are the additions to one's vocabulary, that Puzzledom has been called, with pardonable exaggeration, "a training school for literary work."

We are to remember that the men of the most highly cultured period in the world's history—the ancient Athenians—were not above this kind of intellectual diversion. Plutarch tells us that they were fond of propounding and solving enigmas. Many of the examples that have come down to us are of extraordinary ingenuity.

But their origin is of even greater antiquity. The ancient Egyptians were fond of riddles. Solomon was given to propounding them, as in the famous, "Out of the eater came forth meat and out of the strong came forth sweetness." —*Judges 14.* Riddles were sometimes inscribed on tombstones and monuments. Even some of the parables of Jesus were cast in the form of enigmas. A *Book of Riddles* was published in 1575 and Shakespeare mentions it in the *Merry Wives of Windsor.*

The acrostic and the anagram were a favorite diversion of ancient and medieval scholars. The *Encyclopedia Britannica* speaks contemptuously of the achievements in this line, saying, "despite the amount of labor that has been spent (or misspent), the anagrams that display a felicitous perfection of 'applyable sence' are remarkably few." On the other hand, Voltaire speaks in high terms of some of the examples in anagrammatic composition. Many of them show remarkable cleverness, as Johnny the Bear for the famous physician, John Abernethy, and the more famous anagrams which make *Honor est a nilo* out of Horatio Nelson, *Homo*

*amor est* from Thomas More, and that which makes from the United States *In te Deus Stat.* The antigram, which is the reverse of the anagram, gives an opposite meaning from the word selected, as "real fun" from funeral and "untie" from unite.

Then there are rebusses, of which mention has been made, and which are referred to by Jonson and Shakespeare; and the Palindrome, of which we have many examples in Latin but few in English. The best of the latter is the answer put in the mouth of Napoleon to the question whether he could have conquered the allied armies, "Able was I ere I saw Elba."

The charade, which for a period provided a popular form of entertainment at young people's parties, is of much more recent origin. It was acted, not written. Later the forms of puzzle making gave opportunities for verse writing and the examples we have from American puzzlers evince rather clever workmanship. An ancient form of puzzle making is the cryptogram. Then there are infinite variations of the forms cited at which the devotees of the "art," for so they persist in calling it, work assiduously, developing each particular form to greater and greater perfection.

This pastime began early in America. *Poor Richard's Almanac* contained puzzles. *The Farmers' Almanac* printed a puzzle column. *Peter Parley's Magazine* and *Merry's Museum*, periodicals of wide circulation in their day, had puzzle departments. But it was not until 1867, when Oliver Optic (William T. Adams) published his *Boys and Girls*, afterward *Oliver Optic's Magazine*, that American puzzledom received its first real impetus. *Harpers' Round Table*, *Wide Awake*, *St. Nicholas* and *Youth's Companion* included puzzle departments as permanent features. Some of the daily papers followed suit, among them being the Newark *Advertiser*, the Philadelphia *Evening Telegraph* and the New York *Staats Zeitung*.

Then, for some unexplained reason, the general interest declined and puzzle departments, at least in publications of a general character, almost entirely disappeared. To take their place there arose a number of small puzzle papers. Some of these were even devoted to special forms of the puzzle art, one a monthly, which lasted for twelve numbers, being devoted solely to cryptograms. Mostly they appear to have been issued by boys or young men whom the duties of maturer years, and later attractions, seduced from this zealous pastime. The first distinctively puzzle paper was issued from Auburn, Maine, and edited by W. L. Small.

But interest was not allowed to die out. The National Puzzlers' League published an official organ monthly; it is a small but well-edited paper of sixteen pages. *The Enigma* is its name, and it has had an uninterrupted existence since 1883. It encourages correspondence between the members; it discusses notable productions in various puzzle forms, and keeps its readers acquainted with the development which it sees in the "mystic art."

It is of interest to know that the National Puzzlers' League owes its origin to James M. Beck, now Solicitor General of the United States, who, in 1876 (he being a boy of fifteen at the time and writing puzzles under the name of "Goggles"), called the first convention of puzzlers together in Philadelphia in July of that year. Young Beck was editing a little puzzle paper at the time known as the *Sphinx*. It is not of record that any second convention was held by this group, but in 1883 the Eastern Puzzlers' League, which later became the National Puzzlers' League, was convened, and so we can trace the first suggestion of its origin to the little gathering of seven years before.

At all events, some of those who were present at the convention called by young Beck were present in 1883, so the line of descent to the present is clear enough. The Mystic Sisterhood, an association of female disciples of puzzledom, was organized in 1890, and I believe still exists. The claim is made by *(Concluded on page 25)*



*"The Farmers' Almanac* printed a puzzle column."




"The charade is acted, not written."

# Ralph Waldo Emerson—His Supreme Service

(*Continued from page 2*)

dox his sermons seemed unsanctified, but the young delighted in them. There are more, or were a while ago, than 171 manuscript sermons still extant. To the discerning he seemed an angel which had paused in its flight to fill an empty pulpit.

But an angel in any pulpit must either have his wings clipped so as not to brush about too much with them, or else fold them quite away and see them atrophy, or else use them to fly away. It was only a question of time till the angel would fly out again, the real question being when would he go, by the door or the window, and what would occasion his departure?

***Sometime the Angel Would Fly Away***

In Emerson's case it was the Lord's Supper and public pastoral prayer. He was quite willing to celebrate the Sacrament without the elements as a rite of commemoration, and provided he did not have to do it. This was asking too much, even of a free-minded church. When he proposed in addition to make a pastoral prayer only when he felt like it, his congregation reluctantly bade him farewell and the angel flew away.

I have put in a paragraph or two what covered five years in time and cost Emerson himself a searching of heart, part of which he probably told no one but a deal of which he did write at length to his friends and in his journals. It was no light thing to end seven generations of ministers and a harder thing still to carry the faith and passion in which any man begins to be a preacher into a vaster and freer region without losing the force of them or doubting the truth of them.

Meanwhile his wife died, being as yet hardly twenty years old. The mental and spiritual strain of leaving the ministry and the death of his wife joined to break down, for the time, his health and he had never been too strong. His wife left him an income of perhaps $1,200 a year, more then than now, and he used it for his first long visit to Europe. I do not find in the official biography any statement that his inheritance financed his European trip, but, curiously enough, I did find that statement the other day in Wilson's *New Life of Carlyle*. He left Boston on Christmas Day, 1832, in a 236-ton brig, and the rough, uncomfortable voyage, with a steady diet of pork and beans, seems to have been just what he needed to put him back upon his feet physically.

***What Carlyle Thought of Emerson***

He came up through Sicily and South Italy to Rome and across to Paris and up to London. He was more inclined to moralize than to describe; he could no more have been a conventional traveler than a conventional parson. We remember his stay in England chiefly for his visit to Carlyle. Thomas and Jane were at that time living in fine solitude at Craigenputtock and their meeting is an epoch in early nineteenth-century literature. What Emerson says of the Carlyles should be taken to correct Froude and also perhaps, a bit, to correct Jane. "I found the youth I sought in Scotland [the said youth being eight years older than Emerson himself] and good and wise and pleasant he seems to me, and his wife a most accomplished, agreeable woman. Truth and peace and faith dwell with them and beautify them. I never saw more amiableness than in his countenance."

According to Carlyle, Emerson drifted in as a wandering and beatific presence, and disappeared after the fashion of such presences. "We kept him one night and then he left us; I saw him go up the hill; I didn't go with him to see him descend; I preferred to watch him mount and vanish like an angel." Thereafter the two were lifelong friends and tireless correspondents, the better friends perhaps since the Atlantic separated them. Emerson says he was not much influenced by Carlyle, and he should know, though if his style in an earlier period does not reflect Carlyle then either higher criticism is a delusion or I am no higher critic. I suspect also that Emerson owed his interest in German to Carlyle, and I suspect Thomas did a good deal to touch him off, though he went off in another direction.

***The Honorable Office of Hog Reeve***

The last of 1833 he was back home, refused a call to a church in New Bedford, suffered the death of his brother Edward, the most brilliant of the Emerson group, was confirmed in the receipt of a modest income from his wife's estate, had begun to lecture and was engaged to be married again. He was drawn to Concord, the ancient seat of the Emersons, bought a house there in 1835, married a little later and was in full state to set up as a sage. The town voted him the honorable office of hog reeve, said office going by immemorial right to newly married men. I should qualify an earlier statement that Emerson had altogether stopped preaching. He supplied the pulpit of East Lexington pretty constantly for three years. He liked to preach if you would let him preach his own way, without prayer or sacrament —and doubtless needed the money.

It was also a time when a man might do something in lecturing and so Emerson lectured through the years on pretty much every conceivable thing from the oversoul to circles. His lectures were from time to time published; he wrote *Nature* and his fame began to spread abroad. The modest white house in Concord grew to be a kind of shrine toward which some early pilgrims found their way, the vanguard of a very great company.

His period of greatest productivity was from 1835 to 1845. Angels might then be had for a modest honorarium. At his best he received $50 a lecture, in the country lyceums $10 and expenses, and meanwhile there were the butcher, the baker, the candlestickmaker, and the tax collector. If a literary gentleman does not complain about his finances, posterity may reasonably doubt his literary ability, and Emerson was no exception. But there was a shrewd strain in the man for all his transcendentalism, though he complained sadly at one time that his apple trees had brought him in more than his books; which might easily be so. The shrewdness kept him out of such experiments as Brook Farm and, in general, kept his feet rather close to the ground at a time when many other persons, being by no means so native to the higher regions as Emerson himself, made disastrous experiments in social and spiritual aviation. He visited England and Paris for the second time in 1847 and 1848. He found Thomas and Jane little changed for all the fourteen years which had passed, and living, according to his observation, on beautiful terms.

***Was Received as an Equal by the Great***

Emerson was, by this time, so much of a personage as to be received as an equal among equals by the great in literature and art both in England and in France, upon which experiences he meditates in true Emersonian fashion. He came back to an America across which the shadow of the anti-slavery conflict was beginning deeply to fall. He took the position of the more morally courageous of his time. He stood up for John Brown, which cost him much popularity as a lecturer, and wanted neither peace nor superficial union with the slave-holding powers. Something of the spirit of militant William I flamed up in him as the war came on, and going through the Charlestown navy yard he found the smell of gunpowder good. John Brown being now dead and more or less of a saint, the lyceum doors opened to him again and he did what he could during the Civil War to sustain and inspire the North.

***Harvard College Made Him an Overseer***

From 1864 to 1872 he lived in a kind of early Indian summer, much honored by his contemporaries and considered among many our most distinctive contribution to philosophy. He was one of the famous Saturday Club which gathered together at Young's Hotel

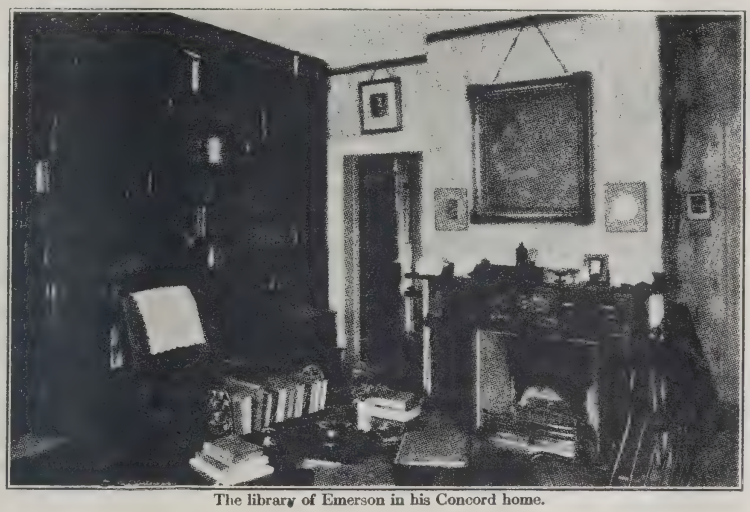
whatever was most brilliant in Boston, a club beloved of Holmes and Lowell and Motley. Harvard College made him an overseer and he should have had many happy years before him. But his house was burned in 1872, although his papers, doubtless including the 171 sermons, were saved. His friends joined in contributions of money which more than met his financial loss, but the shock disturbed a physical equilibrium not any too secure at its best, and those near to him detected a want of concentration and difficulty in a continuous effort of attention. They urged a European tour which was extended to include Egypt. He came home through London and there and in Oxford was the guest of many distinguished men.

Back in Concord once more he gathered his essays together for another volume, and was as much in demand for lectures and addresses as he had power to give. But there was a gradual failing of not so much the inner light as his connection with the things of earth. About this time Lowell heard him read a lecture of which he made sad business. He lost his place and turned his manuscript uncertainly, but kept his serene way for all that. "It was," says Lowell, "as if a visitor from some celestial region had lost his way in our earthly fogs and the blame for his wanderings was ours, not his." About this time, also, Reed Stuart, of Detroit, visited him and wandered with him through the woods about Walden Pond. At one point Emerson touched Stuart on the shoulder, stopped, pointed ahead, and said, "Hush!" "What did you see?" I once asked Stuart. "Nothing," he answered. But celestial visitants much lost in the mists of earth have their own vision.

His memory very greatly failed; he died in the spring of 1882 and was buried in Sleepy Hollow, a burial place which Emerson himself had consecrated in 1855 by delivering the address. He was buried under a tall pine tree not far from Hawthorne and Thoreau and the early Emersons. He has for a headstone a quartz boulder of irregular pyramidal shape which is rose-colored at the base and changes toward white at the top, as if to symbolize his own soul or else the flame of a genius which, though it was established in warm, human affection, was nevertheless in the high ascent of it pure and white and apparently untouched by the grosser conditions of the clay.

Emerson owed a great deal to the seven generations of Congregational and Unitarian ministers who fathered him body, mind and soul. They gave him a nervous organization, sensitive to beauty, easily played upon and particularly responsive to nature. They gave him a thoughtful, brooding mind, much given to introspection. He was what the psychologists nowadays would call an introvert. Whether they gave him logic or not depends on what you make of him. I don't think they did. They did give him great sense of ballance and proportion and great gifts of insight into the meanings and forces of life. They gave him elements of skepticism which they balanced with the great need for religion and faith.

Was he a popularizer of current sciences and philosophies? Literally, no, though he wrote and lectured a very great deal about science and was greatly influenced by its general contemporaneous currents. Does he write as a man in critical touch with any of the great philosophical systems? Hardly.



The library of Emerson in his Concord home.

Plato is always moving through his pages, but except for such references as any man might remember out of a classical course at college you could never tell what Platonism was from Emerson's writings. He was more influenced by Immanuel Kant and the transcendental German philosophers than any other single source, and yet there is next to no exposition of Kant in his passages—only a paragraph here and there.

Emerson was the first great American Idealist. But he was also a practical idealist. If the soul of a man because it is a manifestation of the universal spirit be the master force in a world whose firmament is starred with all the virtues, shall not a man do what he pleases with the world and make it clean and beautiful and bright and, above all, shall he not make himself gracious and fine and good? There was a shrewd strain in the man and he would help other men toward the art of living.

But he knew how to feather his arrows and could say a great thing in so plain a way that you can quote it as a proverb: "No change of circumstance can repair a defect of character"; "a friend is the hope of the heart"; "every ship is a romantic object except that we sail in"; "Of all debts men are least willing to pay taxes"; "The eyes of prudence will never shut"; "What you are speaks so loud I cannot hear what you say."

He did much in a practical way to give his countrymen a new spirit. The America of the first half of the nineteenth century was crude, conceited, bustling, grasping, ill-mannered, dreaming, materialistic, idealistic, intensely religious, narrow-minded religiously, on fire with a passion for education, and mostly half-educated or less. Such a spirit as Emerson's was an enormous corrective. I do not know what figure to use; it was not exactly as if a northwest wind blew into a fog—Emerson's influence was not clear-cut enough for that—nor was it as if a clear light shone into a murky region—his light had its own shadows.

I have said nothing at all of his literary style. The style is always the man and in Emerson the whole style is the whole man. He just missed being a great poet. He has a marvelous gift of poetic phrase, but not the gift of sustained song in rhyme or meter. But when you come to his prose, it is sustained music. He had a marvelous sense of the right word and the unusual adjective. His style is neither rhythmic nor balancedly metrical, as was Ruskin's at his best or the style of many lesser writers, for this is a trick anyone may manage if he tries. But there is almost always in an Emersonian passage one or two lines which sing themselves, and there is within all his prose a certain flowing quality.

We shall always be grateful for a man who writes like this:

This, he says, is the reward of the poet: "That the ideals shall be real to thee and the impressions of the actual world shall fall like summer rain, copious but not troublesome, to thine invulnerable essence. Thou shalt have the whole land for thy park and manor, the sea for thy bath and navigation, without tax and without envy; the woods and the rivers thou shalt own, and thou shalt possess that wherein others are only tenants and boarders. Thou true Land-lord! Sea-lord! Air-lord! Wherever snow falls or water flows or birds fly, wherever day and night meet in twilight, wherever the blue heaven is hung by cloud or sown with star, wherever are forms with transparent boundaries, wherever are

outlets into celestial space, wherever is danger and awe and love—there is beauty, plenteous as rain, shed for thee. And though thou shouldst walk the world over, thou shalt not be able to find a condition inopportune or ignoble."

If I should hear a passage like that spoken by a man with a musical voice and a gracious and shining presence, who bore himself as being a citizen of the land of which he spoke, though I should not clearly understand what he meant, I would know myself to have heard a noble and moving music sung by a singer whose own life revealed the harmonies out of which he sung, and having heard him I would go on my way, sensible of a region of truth and beauty of which I also should like to be a citizen, and more minded than ever to find some path of my own into that region. This, I repeat, to have been the supreme service of Emerson to his time and to his readers since, and by such a test as this President Eliot is right and he belongs to the first ten great influences of the last two thousand years.

## King of the Wild Rice Beds

(*Concluded from page 13*)

his boat. When once he drops a duck into the rice, he must never take his eyes from the spot where it hit the water, for a rice bed resembles a cornfield in that each part looks like another.

It's cold work, sometimes, this business of duck hunting. Ducks fly best when the wind is northerly, and the sleet or rain drifts with it. Water that is little less than ice covers the pole and manages to get splashed around over everything. Sleet that turns to snow drives into the faces of the hunters, and clings to the rice stalks, bending them low to the water and giving the boatman a chance to show his strength in pushing the sharp-nosed craft.

First of the ducks to take wing when the restless time of year comes around, the mallard is also the last to leave, finally, for the south. Many stay all winter in the clime of their birth, and there are few warm spring creeks that defy the cold that do not shield a company of mallards all winter.

Early to get excited about leaving for the south, flying in circles all autumn in blissful indecision, finally remaining far from balmy breezes all winter, the mallard and his tantalizing ways touch a responsive chord in the hearts of the hunters.

At any rate when ten million men take to the field in the autumn, in the hearts of most is etched a picture of ultimate hope—a picture of the mallard, His Majesty of the marshes.

# Is Coal Passing Out as a Fuel?

(*Concluded from page 4*)

water and, more important, of fuel oil, and also apparently a reduction of the rate of increase in the country's requirements for fuel and power."

In the later report it is shown that the call for more fuel and power is not being reduced. Even Federal experts could not believe that coal was on the decline without a parallel decline in demand for energy, until further studies convinced them. Today there is no longer any doubt about it. Beehive coking, wasting 33 per cent of the heat in the coal, is steadily being replaced by the by-product system, which recovers all but 10 per cent. In 1913, according to the same Federal experts, it took 2,433 pounds of coke to make a ton of pig iron. In 1922 the work was done with 2,176 pounds. Electric power concerns needed 3.2 pounds of coal for every kilowatt hour of energy in 1919, but by 1923 they could get the same energy out of 2.4 pounds—a reduction of 25 per cent. Since then improvements have been made even in these remarkable economies.

It is evident, however, that the real decrease in the consumption of coal comes by direct change from coal to oil-burning equipment. This is manifest in the railroads and in virtually every great industry. The visible evidence is available for anybody in every large city. Every skyscraper built today is equipped to burn oil as well as coal. Many are without coal equipment. A few years ago the sight of an oil tank wagon pouring its black, liquid fuel into a hole in the sidewalk before a large office building was enough to draw a curious crowd. Today it is no longer of interest. It has become too common.

The total anthracite tonnage thus displaced is not so large as that of soft coal. Anthracite has been the great home fuel. When oil burners were introduced a few years ago the mine operators and coal dealers made quick computations, and came to the conclusion that the cost of installation would be prohibitive. Five years ago leaders of the hard coal industry asserted that oil could never take the place of clean, hard coal.

Since then they have changed their minds. The last year has been marked by an intensive advertising campaign designed to offset the growth of oil for home heating purposes. It is estimated by one of the largest distributors of oil-burning equipment for the home that a quarter of a million installations have been made in this country, most of them designed to displace anthracite. In Philadelphia alone twenty-five dealers have orders totaling five thousand installations—enough to keep them busy for the next year.

At least fifty burners are now on the market. One of the latest is the output of the world's largest oil producer in combination with one of the country's largest engineering firms. According to experts in this field, any consumer using fifteen tons or more of coal in his home a year can make a definite saving by changing over to oil, even after including the cost of the new equipment. If the consumption of coal is only seven tons a year, many of the oil-burner equipment companies offer to show the consumer how he can at least break even by changing to oil. These figures take no account of the cost and discomfort of ash removal, and the labor of furnace tending, both of which are eliminated by oil.

If the figure admitted by anthracite operators of a five-million-ton loss caused by domestic oil burners alone for last year be correct, it is quite probable that the loss this year will double that figure. The trend away from hard coal in dwellings today is limited only by the capacity of the oil installation firms, and is encouraged by the very efforts of the operators to offset it. They could, of course, cut prices, but they have chosen instead to push buckwheat coal as the competitor of oil. A large percentage of the buckwheat is "washery coal," taken from culm banks which have been standing as long as fifty years. In the beginning this was good coal. The longer it stands, however, the less heating value it has. It is not in any way comparable with fresh-mined coal.

In all the Federal and industrial analyses of the situation the experts have carefully refrained from making the obvious price prediction. But if one thing is indicated it is that sharp and nation-wide reductions in coal prices must be made if the industry is to live.

## A World of Islands

PAGO PAGO, American Samoa, is on the island of Tutuila. Two islands of Western Samoa, under New Zealand administration, are greater in extent than Tutuila, but the native of Tutuila won't believe it. His island is 35 miles around the coast and is the biggest island of all! Of what use would it be to have it any larger, he inquires. New Zealanders who come up to Western Samoa admit that they come from islands, says the Samoan. Occasional Australians brag that their place is larger than New Zealand, but admit it is an island. The British, whether they be English, Scotch or Irish, admit they come from islands. They bar out the Japanese, whom they say live in islands far to the north. Of all people, only the American lays claim to coming from a place that is so big it isn't an island at all, but a continent. "Let him brag," says the Samoan to himself. "He can't fool me."

## "I Read *in the* Papers"—



***I read in the papers*** that the enormous increase in the consumption of milk and cream in the North Atlantic cities and in Florida has caused a new orientation of the dairy industry of Wisconsin. Vast plants have been established there to concentrate and condition milk and cream for shipment to New York, Philadelphia, Washington and Jacksonville in carload lots that are sent forward upon fast passenger train schedules. It is said that milk can be produced in Wisconsin in quantity much cheaper than in the traditional dairy regions of the East. Incidentally, Danish scientists, who have attacked milk problems because of that little nation's devotion to the dairy industry, are said to believe that it is not too much to expect that synthetic or artificial milk may be produced. It would seem as if the limit in the long-distance handling of milk was in sight. Synthethic milk would doubtless fit into the situation much as artificial silk has been joined to the old natural silk industry.

***I read in the papers*** that Admiral Shoemaker has urged upon the aircraft investigating committee that enlisted men be trained as flyers. This is common sense. It is hard to understand why we have persisted in restricting pilot training to men who are commissioned officers. France leads the world in aviation with two enlisted or "private" pilots for every officer pilot and Japan maintains the same ratio. England, in order to use enlisted men, is paying off many of her officer pilots, giving them bonuses of $10,000 and upward to quit. There is nothing about flying that should restrict the piloting of an airplane to a commissioned officer. Flying requires a certain coördination of physical and mental powers that can best be compared to a fine baseball or tennis player, and so-called "education" has nothing to do with primary qualification. Annapolis and West Point would have to be doubled in size to train officer pilots sufficient to go through the sifting process and leave enough to man our proposed aircraft defense establishment. Whenever any vocation or profession is restricted to a certain class or breed, stagnation ensues. We opine that less shoulder straps and social swank and more encouragement of fit candidates for flying would give us plenty of aviators at a reasonable cost.

***I read in the papers*** that President Coolidge went to the convention of the American Legion and made a speech about various things, among which was a statement that army and navy officers should keep their fingers out of public discussion of defense policies. The Legion cheered, and the next day indorsed the plan of Colonel Mitchell who came under the description of the kind of officer the President disapproved of, if ever a man did. Thus Mr. Coolidge learned that enthusiastic reception of a President does not mean indorsement of all he says.

Why should not army and navy officers discuss such matters? In the first place, they are citizens of the United States as vitally interested as any of us in the security of the country. In the second place, they know what they are talking about more than anyone else; national defense is their study and their business, they know the technical elements involved, they know the comparative situation in the world. Of course, if they are to be judged as mere saber-rattlers who for their personal glory would militarize the nation and for their own enjoyment make wars, the view would be somewhat different. I know a good many military men and some navy men, but I have yet to meet one who has any liking for war.

***I read in the papers*** none of the traditional uproar about the approval by the Secretary of Agriculture of the merger of a couple of big packing concerns. Formerly such an approval would have stirred national indignation and been very unfavorably interpreted. Part of the indifference is probably due to the public belief that a heavy meat diet is unnecessary.

*The International Jew* in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set, $1. The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

# Puzzledom

(*Concluded from page 21*)

puzzlers that the number of persons interested grows from year to year, but this I am unable to verify.

On Labor Day of this year the League held its eighty-second semi-annual convention in Scranton, Pennsylvania. Here they gathered with the old enthusiasm; here they discussed matters of interest to the "mystics" whom the organization represents with all the solemnity that characterizes the more pretentious and graver conclaves. They would resent the criticism that there are so many more important questions calling for solution on which perhaps the happiness of the race depends that to pursue avocations of this kind is a waste of time. They would retort that as the chief object of puzzledom is education there can be no more important preparatory work for the solution of serious world problems than the training of the mind to think correctly, to combine, to analyze, while at the same time gaining a great variety of knowledge, much of which would otherwise remain permanently unrevealed. And as testimony to the esteem in which their pastime was once held they would point to many ancient and medieval, as well as modern, instances. I do not know how you would answer.

And if they added that their mystic fraternity led to a spiritual companionship with the illustrious of the earth, and challenged comparison with the many fraternal orders on the score of usefulness, real enjoyment, and an influence for intellectual betterment, I for one should remain silent.



"Riddles were sometimes inscribed on tombstones and monuments."

**PATENTS**

Time counts in applying for patents. Don't risk delay in protecting your ideas. Send sketch or model for instructions or write for FREE book, "How to Obtain a Patent" and "Record of Invention" form. No charge for information on how to proceed. Communications strictly confidential. Prompt, careful, efficient service. Clarence A. O'Brien, Registered Patent Attorney, 238A Security Bank Building (directly across street from Patent Office) Washington, D. C.

# A New Great Lake to Save Lakes

(*Continued from page 15*)

exists between the heights of land. The damming of the two principal outlets will cause the waters to rise and flood the land, and the lake will be formed. There will be some embankments to be built up along certain stretches, but Mr. Campbell is certain that there is little low land, and that drag-line operations will provide for any "fills" that may be required.

The flooding of the area is one of the questions that arises when the plan is discussed in Ontario, but as this article proceeds the apparent disadvantages will be seen to be overbalanced by the immeasurable benefits that would accrue to the Great Lakes section, and more particularly to Ontario, in the event that the plan could be brought to the climax of organization and execution.

Today the city of Chicago is diverting through its drainage canal at the southerly tip of Lake Michigan an amount of water estimated to be the equivalent of a river one-third the size of the Mississippi River where it passes St. Louis. The recent War Department decision, which "saved the bacon" of Chicago after the Supreme Court had disallowed the diversion, permits the western metropolis to take from Lake Michigan 8,500 cubic feet of water a second, with a special provision that "at times" as much as 10,000 cubic feet a second may be taken. This water flows into the Mississippi.

This year the effect of this diversion of water has become manifest in a great many ways. It has been stated by reliable authorities that the Chicago diversion is now affecting transportation clear to the mouth of the St. Lawrence River, and the stranding of two ocean liners on their way to Montreal bears witness to the claim.

***Ocean Carriers Could Come to Lake Ports***

Lake navigation today is only 75 per cent efficient, because of the fact that vessels loaded to full capacity scrape bottom in almost every lake harbor and channel. Plans for the expenditure of millions are now being forced upon various communities and an enormous amount is being spent to keep the avenues of these great inland seas open for safe navigation.

The Campbell plan for the restoration of lake levels contemplates the bringing into the lakes of a volume of water sufficient to make unnecessary further harbor expenditure, and the canceling of large annual grants now devoted by the federal governments to keeping open the way for navigation.

The developments of hydroelectric power at Niagara Falls and other present and projected sites each would receive from the additional water supplied from the "Sixth Great Lake" at least 500,000 horsepower, and this benefit in itself, it is contended, would well reward the province of Ontario for the area required for flooding.

The hastening of the day of deep waterways is another obvious boon that would follow the raising of lake levels. Many harbors now unable to accommodate ocean ships would be well able to bid welcome these Atlantic carriers could the cities of the lakes put a foot or two more water in their portways.

In these advantages all would share, and the province of Ontario at the same time would be opening up an enormous new empire of timber and mineral lands which otherwise would be inaccessible for generations.

***Engineer Says Plan Is "Entirely Feasible"***

"Perhaps the project is too big to be grasped without considerable investigation," said Mr. Campbell, "but I am bold enough to state after careful research on the ground and over the streams concerned that it is entirely workable and feasible. First of all one should have a map of the area before him, to get an idea of the lay of the land and the waterways. Then the conviction will grip one, as it has me, that the connecting up of the waterways in question is entirely within the bounds of engineering achievement, and at relatively low cost.

"My journeys into the Patricia district commenced about five years ago, and have been continued at intervals ever since. It is a country with a closed door unless one knows the Indians and the factors of the few Hudson Bay posts. The only mode of travel is by canoe, with many portages and as many rapids. But with the maps available and by actual experience one gets the topography of the country and the volume and flow of the waters fixed in his mind.

"I found a great part of the country to be muskeg and rock, with large areas of timber. The timber is not now patrolled, and much of it will be burned unless some plan is devised to harvest it. None of the land is fit for agriculture, although there are large deposits of iron, which would stand high above any artificial lake.

"The country is threaded by an amazing number of streams and dotted with lake systems. The drainage is through the great Albany River to James Bay, and includes all of the water between these two heights of land, or an area of approximately 20,000 square miles.

"Long before the idea of coupling this water system with the Great Lakes came, it always struck me how purposeless and how useless was the flow of this great volume of fresh water into the salt waters of Hudson Bay. It could never affect the navigation of the Arctic, and it would be an immeasurable boon to both countries could it be turned to the use of the navigatory, power and drainage interests of the Great Lakes.

"My plan evolved gradually after I had given careful attention to the Patricia country as regards the possibility of a storage basin system. Then the conviction came home that it was entirely possible and wholly feasible to create a new great lake, a sixth member of the chain added to Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, Erie and Ontario. I am firmly convinced, though I reluctantly step into the limelight for the first time in my life, that the entire ineffective flow of the Albany Basin can be changed to an effective and beneficial flow into the Great Lakes.

"And Nature has done most of the work for us. She set down two great barriers running east and west and narrowed them down at both ends. At the eastern end of the basin the waters converge into the Albany as into the neck of a bottle. Plug the neck of the bottle with a dam and the waters are held back and spread over the area between the two heights of land. There you have the supply. The next step is to turn the water into the Great Lakes.

"It is remarkable to me that little more than a half-mile separates us from a portion of the Great Lakes system—Lake Nipigon and the Nipigon River—which drains into Lake Superior. On the map we can see how a cut or canal may be made through the lower height of land of the new lake and the water diverted into the Nipigon system down into Lake Superior.

***Flow Would Be Greater Than Chicago Takes***

The flow from this artificial lake would be far greater than the amount now diverted in an unnatural way by Chicago; there would be ample for Chicago, and in a few years the Great Lakes would be back to normal level.

"First you would have a new lake with an area of at least 15,000 square

---

Who has not read Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*? Very few, no doubt. But the great majority of people have never read how Hawthorne came to write it, and how he wrote it.

His son, Julian Hawthorne, who was a child then, knows the story of this great story well. He will tell it to the readers of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT in the next issue.

It is well worth the telling—and the reading.

miles, and a daily flow almost double the amount legally diverted by Chicago. Second, you would create a new carrying capacity for Great Lakes ships and automatically bring about a decrease in lake freight rates. Third, you would cut down or wipe out entirely the enormous annual outlay for the dredging of channels and harbors. The benefit to the entire fresh-water system would extend from Duluth clear to Quebec.

***Cost Less Than One-Third of Panama Canal***

"The fourth benefit is the enormous gain in water power. The available supply at Niagara Falls and other power sites would be increased by at least a half-million horsepower. The St. Lawrence power project would be made greater.

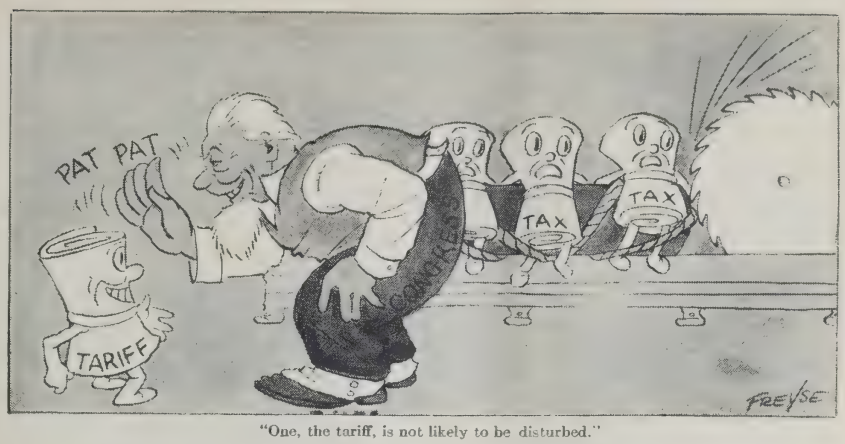
"The province of Ontario naturally and justly would receive the greatest benefit of all. In addition to the benefit to shipping in which she would share, she would have an immense amount of power added to her hydro-electric system. And the clearing of the timber from the area affected by the new lake would mean the employment of 20,000 men for from six to seven years. All the timber over the area would be cut and boomed before the water rose. Then it would be floated to pulp and paper mills, which would have to be built to accommodate it. There would be 8,000 square miles of timber to be cut, and in addition a large new area would be opened up along the shores of the new lake. This would mean the biggest industrial development in Ontario for many years, as the largest mills in the world would be required to handle the supply available after the land was cleared.

"I have made rough estimates showing that everything could be done for $150,000,000 to $200,000,000, or less than one-third the cost of the Panama Canal, even less, in fact, than some of the great irrigation schemes. This could be divided, as to annual charges, among the two federal governments and probably certain of the states and provinces."

***The Key to Restored Lake Levels***

And in conclusion Mr. Campbell, at whom the critics are sure to level their guns, and whom some politicians are almost certain to charge with representing some hidden, selfish interest, and at whom others are likely to send their supposedly all-damning denunciation of "Dreamer!" had this to say of the plan:

"My hope is that sufficient interest may be aroused in my proposal to bring about an investigation by an international commission appointed for the purpose by the two governments. My conviction is firm after a survey of many hundreds of miles that Northern Ontario holds the key to restored lake levels, the lifting of a great financial burden and a richer prosperity for the people of the two countries involved."




"One, the tariff, is not likely to be disturbed."

# Overflowing Streams of Taxes

(*Concluded from page 7*)

in demanding more than the things taxed are worth.

But the biggest controversy of all will be no doubt over the income taxes, but for which only a comparatively few people would know, except when buying a ticket at a more or less first-class theater, that Uncle Sam is a tax-gatherer.

The corporation income tax, being uniformly 12½ per cent, and thereby in essence an excise tax, isn't likely to be disturbed; for a lot of people still think that the corporations themselves bear the burden of it.

Then come the taxes on individual incomes. Something like 7,000,000 persons contribute to the revenues thus derived. But of the $704,000,000 thus collected on incomes for the year 1923—the last for which details are available—56,862 persons paid $424,-500,000, or 60 per cent. Moreover, more than half of all the revenues taken from both personal and corporate incomes came ostensibly from only four of the forty-eight states. The two illustrations give verity to the crux of the big issues as to tax reduction and revision. Shall the four states and the 56,862 individuals be "soaked" or the forty-four states and the millions of individuals who ostensibly pay little be "relieved"?

President Coolidge and his immediate advisers on questions of finance would give most relief to the apparent minority. They are for making the big slashes in the high surtaxes, now ranging to a maximum of 40 per cent of incomes of largest size. They would reduce the maximum surtax to 20 per cent, or less. A few leaders not of the Coolidge party complexion would go even further. Senator Oscar Underwood, of Alabama, for instance, would revert to the maximum, 13 per cent, set up in the first income tax law piloted through the House of Representatives by him in 1913. He, like President Coolidge and Secretary Mellon, believes that low rather than high surtaxes will achieve the maximum of "soaking." Among the manifold anomalies that may be drawn from data bearing on this intricate question is the following:

In 1916 when the highest rate of taxation on incomes was 15 per cent, the government collected $51,487,356 from persons with incomes of a million or over. In 1920, with a maximum rate of 75 per cent, the government collected from this same class of persons only $49,185,085. The answer?—Evasion! It should not be forgotten that while the big government pretends to "soak" them, it and all the lesser governments press upon the possessors of big incomes the tax-free security means of avoidance. And there are numerous other means, one of which is the passing on to the shoulders of others the burden of taxes ostensibly paid by a few.

The problem resolves itself into the age-old question of who pays the taxes — hose who get the receipts or those who buy or borrow of or sell tc those who get the receipts?

The old political economists, such as Adam Smith and Ricardo, were in agreement as to everybody paying the taxes no matter how imposed ostensibly. Modern ones disagree on the point. In a dingy office in the United States Treasury Building in Washington there sits daily a man who serves as the government's prophet as to taxes. He forecasts results and does it with surprising accuracy. He doesn't like to be quoted, but he says:

"Everybody pays the taxes. You pay them whenever you buy a loaf of bread or a house, or contract a loan or sell a product of your labor, and you thereby pay all kinds, no matter how they apparently may be imposed on others. You pay those the government gets and those other and often bigger ones which the government doesn't get.

"The only way to prevent taxes from being passed on to all, everybody, is to confiscate the thing taxed. And then you kill the goose that lays the golden eggs of taxation and, in the long run, only add to the common burden."

# Putting Muscle Shoals on the Map

## Some Say That the "Mussels" Found There Account for the Name

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

WHO put Muscle Shoals on the map? Why Muscle? And when was it named? And when did it appear upon the map? These are questions interesting to all the various parties who have a vital interest in this one of America's great natural resources.

Several learned articles have appeared recently in *Science*, organ of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, with reference to the name. Who put the Muscle in the Shoals? One answer would have it that the Indians found it took muscle to navigate the shoals with the canoe, and hence the name. Others would have it that there are so many varieties of mussels there that the Indians gave the name.

The earliest reference in these articles is to a work in 1832, with the name Muscle Shoals. The writer has found, however, that the name first appears upon an American map of 1789, as Muscle Shoals, and similarly upon several other American maps made before 1800. Muscle Shoals it was and so it should remain.

In 1784 Governor Alex Martin, of North Carolina, wrote to Governor Lyman Hall, of Georgia, about Spaniards settling on "Muscle Shoals on Tennessee . . . doubtful whether in North Carolina or Georgia." This is the earliest reference by name to the Shoals.

The first American geography appeared in 1789 at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, the work of Jedidiah Morse, father of Samuel B. Morse whose name is known in electrical circles. On the map of the southern portion of the United States made by Amos Doolittle in 1788 Muscle Shoals appears. The *American Gazeteer* by Morse appeared in 1797 at Boston. Jedidiah describes the Shoals as follows:

"Muscle Shoals, in Tennessee River, about 250 miles from its mouth, extend about 20 miles, and derive their name from the number of shell-fish found there. At this place the river spreads to the breadth of 3 miles, and forms a number of islands; and the passage is difficult, except when there is a swell in the river. From this place up to the Whirl, or Suck, where the river breaks through the Great Ridge, or Cumberland Mountain, is 250 miles, the navigation all the way excellent."




Map made in 1703, first to indicate Muscle Shoals (see arrow), by Delisle.

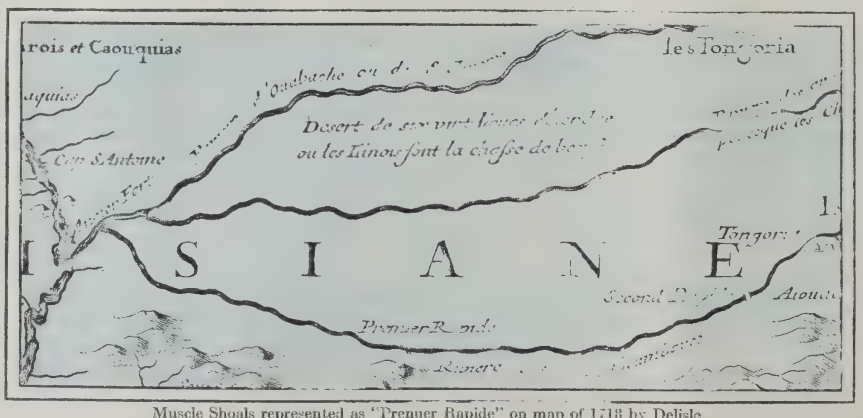
Joseph Scott in *The United States Gazeteer* of 1795, sometimes called the first American Atlas, as it has seventeen maps, mentions under the "Tennessee" River the islands of the Shoals and has the name Muscle-Shoals on the map of the S. W. Territory. John Reid's *Atlas*, published in New York in 1796, and Carey's *American Atlas* which appeared one year earlier at Philadelphia, both have "Muscle Shoals" so named on the maps of the region. These are the earliest American atlases.

The first edition of Worcester's *A Geographical Dictionary or Universal Gazeteer* (Andover, 1817) says that Muscle Shoals "receives its name from the number of soft shell turtles and fresh water clams found there."

Concerning the mussels in this region there can be no dispute. As early as 1834 Conrad in a work on Freshwater Shells of the United States mentions that the bivalves are especially common in Northern Alabama and Tennessee. Some eighty different varieties, belonging to 29 genera have been found in the region. In 1795 the spelling "muscle" was the common one, from the Latin "musculus." The great historical dictionaries do not give "mussel" as appearing before the nineteenth century, and even Browning refers to the muscle-shell in one of his poems.

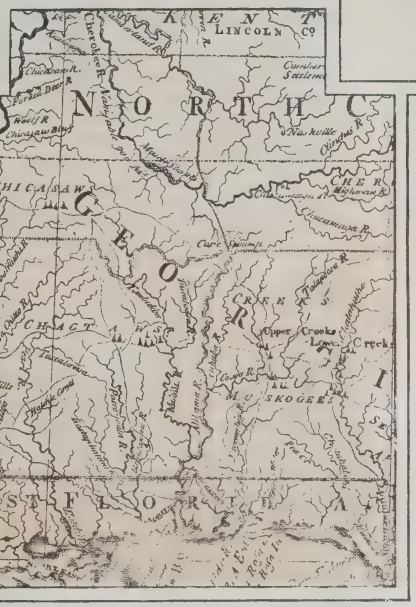
The region attracted the attention of the French and English early in the eighteenth century. The shoals as a rapids appear upon a French map of 1718, by Delisle, as "Prenuer Rapide" and "Second Rapide" while the same author gave in 1703 a kind of little lake for this section of the river. A little later a kind of lake with numerous small islands is outlined. On an English map of 1720 by Henry Moll one of these islands bears the name Cusatees Island which name was also applied to the river.

In the year 1722 an Englishman, Daniel Coxe, wrote a description of this region, entitled *A Description of the English Province of Carolana, by the Spaniards call'd Florider and by the French La Louisiane.* In the text and on the map four islands appear, each being said to have been inhabited by "a Nation of Indians." The four islands were named Lahogale, Kakick, Cochaly and Taby. In 1775 the highly popular English atlas by Kitchin placed "A Fit Place for a Factory" at the "First Falls" on the Cherokee or Hogohegee River now called Hogehego or Kallamak River, and in 1794 included "Mialago or the Great Isle."




Muscle Shoals represented as "Prenuer Rapide" on map of 1718 by Delisle.







Left—Map of 1783 points out Muscle Shoals as "a fit place for a factory."

Center—Muscle Shoals shown on a map of 1789. Map by Sayer, in Morse's Geography.

Right—Muscle Shoals represented on map in John Reid's American Atlas of 1795.

The name of the Tennessee River in this region has been varied. The Indian name Tohogalegas or Thegalegos as well as Cusatees appears. The three names Hogohegee and Callamaco or Acanseasipi are all found on a map of 1733, and here one reads: "A fit place for an English Factory." At this time "factory" meant not a place of manufacturing, but a trading station. A "factor" was an agent who handled goods for sale. Another common name was the Cherakee River after the Indians of the region.

Muscle Shoals is so placed that the region has belonged at various times to Virginia, to Louisiana, to Florida, to North Carolina, to Georgia, and finally to Alabama. The region is covered by the original grant of Virginia to Raleigh; it lies in the Spanish region of Florida; it lies in the territory named Louisiana by La Salle and so appears upon many maps; after the English conquered the French in 1763 North Carolina was considered as extending west to the Mississippi River. In Colonial America Georgia included this part, and so it appears on early American maps after the Revolution. Indeed Muscle Shoals seems to fall within the state of Franklin or Frankland which enjoyed a hectic career from 1784 to 1787. Finally, however, Alabama became the proud possessor. Possibly no other region in the United States has enjoyed so many names and few regions have so greatly altered their topography.

In 1832 the nationalist Conrad wrote that "the lover of the grand and beautiful in natural scenery . . . will be delighted with a noble river whose beautiful and numerous islands are clothed with gigantic trees . . . whose high and undulating shore . . . is ornamented with thriving villages . . ." Gone are the islands, but the thriving villages bid fair to return and prove the shoals an ornament and a blessing to America.

# Uncovering Millstones of the Gods

(*Concluded from page 14*)

Interstate Park was founded a number of years ago through the joint actions of the Wisconsin and Minnesota legislatures. It contains 730 acres, of which 580 are owned by Wisconsin and 150 acres by Minnesota. On the Wisconsin side the city of St. Croix Falls is at the edge of the park lands, with the extensive Wisconsin State fish hatchery within the state park limits. The city of Taylor Falls is within the Minnesota park area.

Aside from the enormous potholes in the park, the dells of the St. Croix are the chief feature. The river here flows through a narrow gorge in the Keweenawan trap rock, which at one point rises to a height of more than 200 feet.

Recently the State of Wisconsin established a large trout fish hatchery at the edge of the park on one of the steep embankments overlooking the dalles area. Twoscore of fish-propagating basins are fed by the numerous natural artesian springs.

Picturesque rock formations mark the landscape. It seems as if the gods at work had shoved these mighty rock ledges into a heap and then deserted the place. Interesting names have been given to some of these rock formations. "The Old Man of the Dalles" is a remarkable profile face on the Wisconsin shore, and the "Devil's Chair" is a weird-looking column of rock on the Minnesota side. Down the river is a rocky escarpment called the "Savior's Cross."

Bold rock ledges mark the St. Croix dells area. The main street of the city of St. Croix Falls is on the next to the highest of these terraces. From that bridge crossing the St. Croix River, joining the two park areas and the two states, the river to the south flows turbulently through a narrow gorge. On the crests of some of these rocky escarpments, black oak trees are struggling, sending long roots down to the water side through crevices between the split-off rocks.

The wave-cut edges on these rocks show that in ages long ago, a river flowed mightier than now traverses the valley. Geologists claim that before the glacial period the St. Croix River probably lay to the west in the State of Minnesota and followed a different course all the way to the Mississippi.

In cutting a gorge through the rocks the high rock embankments stand out bold, like the "Navy Yards" in the dells of the Wisconsin at Kilbourn. Through narrow passageways the river becomes angry and troubled, flecking its surface with foam. Down a mile it again becomes calm and peaceful.

Within the park area is a large lake, formed by a bayou of the St. Croix River, one of the boundaries of the state. Down the sides of the steep cliffs pine, oak, elm, and silver maple trees abound with a heavy underbrush of blackberry.

From the lofty terraces on the Wisconsin side, looking into the amphitheater, with its river and dells, with two cities nestled on opposite banks of the stream, with wavy water-eaten lines in the rocky ledges, the work of the century seems infinitesimal compared with the time that nature has been fashioning in this wonderland of cliffs and rocky gorges.

The dalles of St. Croix Falls is the playground where the gods tested their feats of strength in rudely piling up the jagged ledges of rock for the wonder and awe of the ages of men to follow.

# Hitching Up to Alaska

(*Concluded from page 6*)

wireless station in the world that maintained regular communication over a distance of one hundred miles.

The difficult land lines were replaced by radio stations as soon as good apparatus was available, and the present telegraph lines are along good roads.

The population and commerce of Alaska center along the southeastern coast whose scenic grandeur and pleasant climate have made it a favorite objective of tourists from all over the world. It was at once seen that direct, cable communication between there and Seattle was essential.

In 1905 the Signal Corps laid a cable between Seattle via Sitka and Juneau, where connection was made with the cable to Skagway and thence to line to Dawson. The following year the line was extended to Valdez, where direct connection was made with the Alaska land lines. Lack of money and time prevented the purchase of a regular gutta-percha insulated cable in London. As a substitute, the longest rubber-covered cable that had ever been made was manufactured in this country. Rubber is badly deficient as a submarine cable insulation because, unlike gutta-percha, rubber must be vulcanized. The sulphur used in vulcanization causes oxidization, hardening and cracking. Tackle, for laying the cable and also for picking it up from the depths, and transmitting instruments were obtained in England.

This surprised the cable world by lasting twenty years. In 1923 nineteen-twentieths of the current was leaking through the defective rubber insulation. Traffic in the busy summer season was delayed from twelve to twenty hours even when the cable was "open." Breaks in the covering as well as the cable proper were so frequent that it is said the cable ship crew obtained more opportunities to become proficient than any other crew in the world. Sometimes the act of hauling the cable up to the surface to repair one flaw created others in the same neighborhood. Finally in 1923 Congress appropriated funds sufficient to acquire a gutta-percha insulated cable.

No American bids for the construction of the new gutta-percha insulated cable were received and it was constructed in London. England has a near monopoly upon the submarine cable industry because the bulk of the raw gutta-percha is obtained in the oriental possessions of the Empire. Another reason for English domination of this manufacture is that the majority of the long-distance cables of the world either center in England or are owned by British companies.

Sir William Siemens, the founder of the firm that made the Alaska cable, discovered gutta-percha in the Far East and sent a sample of the odd substance to his brother, a famous German chemist, who announced its unusual waterproofing and insulating qualities to the world.

Gutta-percha is molded upon the copper wire of the cable when warm and plastic and "sets" without vulcanizing or any other aid. It has the peculiar and very helpful characteristic of not being affected by salt water, and finished cable cores have to be kept under water at all times to prevent hardening. Cable-ships carry cables that are to be laid in water-filled tanks. Or course the cable is "armored" with jute, wire and lead coverings.



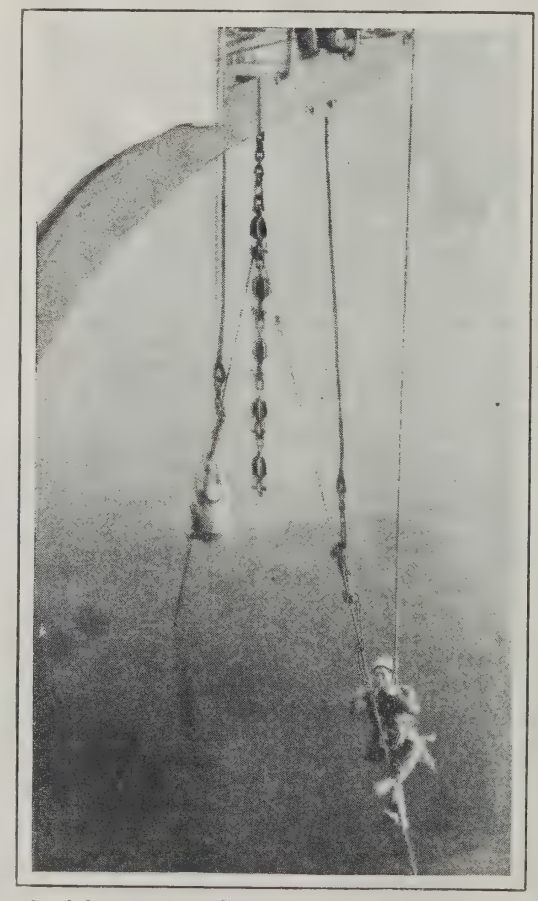
Landing the new cable on Alaska shore.

The British Post Office Engineering staff assisted in the preparation of the elaborate specifications and also made technical tests of the samples that were submitted with the respective bids. The inspection and electrical tests of the cable during manufacture and upon completion and delivery were made by the Post Office for a nominal sum that merely covered the time of the men who were used, the preliminary work being done free. This courtesy of John Bull's saved Uncle Sam from having to pay a firm of London consulting engineers, who were qualified to do the same work, a handsome fee.

Cable laying in Alaskan waters can only be safely planned to be done between April 15 and September 15 and it was necessary to have the cable made in London and brought to Seattle between August, 1923, and that time in order to get it into service in 1923. Colonels Gibbs and Griffith, in charge of the purchase of the cable, found that the week-end holiday of London business executives was observed with jealous care. When the need of haste was made known, however, tradition was cast aside to furnish "service."

In preparation for the laying of the new cable, the Signal Corps had obtained the good ship *Dellwood* from the Shipping Board and remodeled her to meet the special requirements of cable work. It would have cost at least $188,000 to have the new cable shipped from London to Seattle, and when it was found that the *Dellwood* could make two trips for the cable for $160,000 that was done for the taxpayers' benefit.

The first section of the new cable was laid between Seattle and Ketchikan, a distance of 868 miles, on May 30, 1924. The *Dellwood* returned to London, and, on October 3, 1924, the 738 miles of the Ketchikan-Seward line was completed. Seward is the terminus of the railroad to Fairbanks, 470 miles inland.



Crew in boatswain chairs placing a stopper on cable prior to cutting.

# Where American History Was Made

## Chesapeake Bay Country, the Birthplace of Seven Presidents

By W. C. POOLE

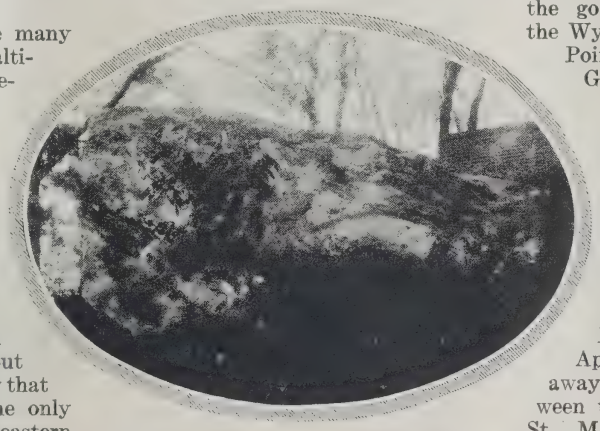
WHEN the easy-going hospitality and chivalry of the people and transportation companies going out of Baltimore give way to modern efficiency and commercialism, the Chesapeake Bay country in Maryland and Virginia will become a summer garden for American tourists. Baltimore will become the starting point from which thousands of Americans yet unborn will visit a thousand points of historic interest, from the birthplace of our National Anthem on the Patapsco to the first English settlement at Jamestown.

Scarcely does one of the many steamboats which leave Baltimore daily get under way before it passes over the spot where our National Anthem —the "Star Spangled Banner"—was born. Yet I have never seen on a single steamer anything by which the traveler might know when he reaches this sacred spot.

Thousands go to Tolchester Beach on the crowded steamers on summer days, but not one of them seems to know that only three miles away is the only battlefield monument on the eastern shore of Maryland, at Chaulk's Field, where Sir Peter Parker was killed in action by the enraged Kent County militia in the war of 1812-15. Nor do they seem to know that old St. Paul's Church, now more than 200 years old, beautifully located among ancient oaks much older, and graves almost as old, is close by. Thousands pass through the beautiful and quaint old town at the head of the Sassafras River, over the state road, without noting the old brick house on the south side of the river and knowing the story of Kitty Knight who lived there in 1812-15 and met the British with her gun ready to fire on the one who came near. The house still stands as a monument to her courage.

Even in Chestertown—the seat of Washington College—one of the oldest in the country, I found many who did not know that Charles Wilson Peale, one of America's most famous artists, was born there. These points are all reached by various steamboats running out of Baltimore. Over these Kent County roads traveled Colonel Tench Tilghman carrying the news of the surrender of Cornwallis from Yorktown to the Continental Congress in Philadelphia. Over them traveled Lafayette in his visit to America. At Massey Station he is said to have lifted his hat in humble reverence to the Creator for the sight of the most beautiful and fertile land his eyes had ever beheld.

If one takes the boat connecting with the M. D. & V. R. R. to Rehoboth, the end of the ferry is



Mary Washington's grave, Fredericksburg.

beautiful Kent Island where traders from Virginia settled several years before the officially recorded settlement at St. Mary's, in 1634. Here a fort was built. Here Claibourne ruled in his own way. Here is largely the scene of Churchill's novel, *Richard Carvel*, and William H. Babcock's story *The Tower of Wye*. Here was located the first house of worship in Maryland, according to reliable historians of the Episcopal church. The congregation still remains, though in a different building.

At Easton, as the B. C. & A. R. R. train pulls into the station, still stands on the right in a clump of ancient oaks what is probably the oldest frame meetinghouse in America. It was built by the Quakers in 1682 or 1684 and still stands as built. I saw seven of the old handmade benches which were made at the time of the building of the church. It is still owned by the Friends. In it William Penn and George Fox preached, a hundred years before Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown.

Not far away from Easton is old Whitemarsh parish churchyard where lie interred the bones of Robert Morris, father of him who walked the streets of Philadelphia and secured enough money to keep the troops of Washington from starving and freezing during the winter at Valley Forge. Near Oxford on the Choptank is the Plimhimmon estate, the home of the Tilghmans. Up the Wye River is Wye Town, the home of the Lloyds —seven generations of whom had a son named Edward so that they were distinguished by Edward Lloyd the governor, et cetera. Across the Wye River is historic Bennett's Point where I saw the grave of Governor Bennett, buried in 1674.

By the Pocomoke River line of steamers, after touching at historic points on the eastern shore of Virginia, one sails up the river past Rehoboth where yet stands the first Presbyterian church built in America in 1682 by Francis Makemie, "The Presbyterian Apostle to America." Not far away was fought a naval battle beween the Maryland authorities of St. Mary's and those of Kent Island in early colonial days. On each side of the Pocomoke River are historic landings between cypress and pine trees which sometimes almost brush the boats. At the head of navigation is Snow Hill, one of Maryland's oldest towns. It disputes with the Rehoboth in Somerset the claim of having the first Presbyterian church in America. The old Episcopal church in this town is said to be more than two hundred years old.

Baltimore had the first steam passenger railroad in America built chiefly by Baltimoreans. For three decades prior to the Civil War, it led the way in progress. It was the center of the first telegraph line and the center of commerce and shipping.

It is only a little way down the bay from Baltimore to Annapolis, reached by steam and trolley line. In the old state house at Annapolis, Washington stood and surrendered his commission. The old buildings still standing make this city worth a day of sight-seeing even if it did not contain the Naval Academy where the admirals who have made the American Navy respected around

the world were trained. The Patuxent River line of steamers carries one up the historic Patuxent with its colonial homes on each bank.

The Potomac River line of steamers carries one from a full day and night from Baltimore, to Washington, over the old sailing vessel route, while Washington can be reached in one hour on the B. & O. or Penna. R. R. or by auto.

Two hundred years ago the Potomac River was one of the most important waterways of colonial days. Washington was born near its banks. He traced its stream to its source in his march to Fort Du Quesne, now Pittsburgh. In 1907 on my first trip over it, just after a trip up the Hudson, I said: "In one hundred more years it will be the greatest river in America for homes of millionaires." Already this prediction is coming true.

Near its mouth on the right is St. Mary's city where Maryland was officially settled. Westmoreland County on the left gave America two of its early presidents—George Washington and James Monroe, while a third, James Madison, was born close by at Port Conway across the line in King George's County. Charles County had a larger population at the first census of 1790 than it had in 1920. Old Fort Washington on the Maryland shore looks not unlike an old English castle. Mount Vernon—the home of Washington—is on its Virginia bank a few miles below Washington. The ancient city of Alexandria is only a few miles by trolley from the heart of Washington city; and Arlington, the shrine of American soldiers, where lie thousands of dead, known and unknown, was the home of Robert E. Lee.

***The Heart of Our Greatest Battlefields***

If one will here take the train to Fredericksburg, he enters the heart of our greatest battlefields.

This quaint old city—the home of Washington's boyhood, where he is said to have been the only boy able to throw a shell across the Rappahannock River—was supposed to have been visited by John Smith about 1608 in his efforts to find a waterway to the Pacific Ocean. Around it, the soldiers of the North and South surged and fought for four years of Civil War. Within a circle of 100 miles of it, more lives were lost than in all the other territory of Civil War strife. A few of the old soldiers yet remain.

Fredericksburg battlefield, Chancellorsville, where Stonewall Jackson was shot, Spottsylvania, and many other battlefields are close by, while the bloody fighting around Richmond is not far away—less than a hundred miles to the South. Fredericksburg was the halfway place in the direct line between Washington and Richmond. As the Confederates pressed northward the Federals withdrew, the highwater mark of the Confederate armies being Gettysburg for a few days. As the Federal forces pressed forward, the Confederates fought harder till Lee surrendered at Appomattox. The Rappahannock River steamboats plying from Baltimore traverse the river at regular dates of sailing.

***Where General Cornwallis Dodged the Shot***

The York River in Virginia carries one past historic Yorktown where the steamer stops. The little village, so famous in history, does not have 200 inhabitants according to the last census. The Nelson house, the Cornwallis cave where General Cornwallis is said to have sought safety from American cannon balls during the siege, the old hotel, more than 200 years old, the old custom house, still standing and used as a bank, the monument where Cornwallis surrendered his sword—almost every inch of ground seems sacred.

The James River line of steamers carries one down the James River from Richmond over the most historic river in America. The entire country is preserved almost as when the first English colonists settled. What is left of the original Jamestown Island is almost as when the colonists first landed except for the works to preserve the land from the wash of the tide, and historic buildings which have been restored. The old Jamestown church which was burned during Bacon's Rebellion, more than two hundred years ago, was not restored till the Jamestown exposition when I stood within its walls on the very spot where John Rolfe stood when he married Pocahontas.

I was told that the church register showed that over six thousand bodies had been interred in the churchyard, but less than a score could be located. On the river shore I picked up what seemed to be pebbles, but found them bits of ancient bricks of former houses which stood where the waves were then washing. A few miles over on the mainland stands Williamsburg—the greatest center of history makers in colonial days. Old Bruton Church still stands. The sexton is kept busy guiding visitors through the church and churchyard. Almost every pew has been occupied by some notable in American history. In its churchyard sleep many makers of America. Down the street is old William and Mary college nearly two hundred and fifty years old and next to Harvard the oldest college in America. The old powder horn—built to store powder in more than 200 years ago—still stands, well preserved. A guide and guide book will show you this old historic town in about three hours.

On the south bank of the river, not far down it, in Isle of Wight County stands the old Smithfield Church—built in 1632—and restored since the Civil War on its original foundations. The cluster cities at the mouth of the James reminds one of the cluster which stood at the mouth of the Hudson River.

Norfolk, Portsmouth, and Newport News are destined to be the nuclei of leading cities on the finest harbor in the world within a few years.

Two centuries, and even one century, may find them surpassing New York City. They contain more people than New York did in 1800 and are the gateway of the South where trains will meet the ferry across the Atlantic. Here will come people from the North, East, South and West for climatic and economic reasons. Baltimore at the northern end of the Chesapeake and Norfolk at the other will be the terminals of the greatest water transportation in the world. Nor is the water used only for traffic. Probably a half-million persons, directly and indirectly, are dependent upon this bay and its tributaries for whole or partial livelihood.

This section which is less than two hundred miles long by one hundred and fifty miles broad, contains the birthplace of nearly a dozen signers of the Declaration of Independence, also seven Presidents: Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, W. H. Harrison, Tyler, and Taylor. Washington and Monroe were born in Westmoreland County on the Potomac River, while Madison was born at Port Conway, in King George's County on the same river. Harrison and Tyler were born in Charles City County on the James River and when Harrison was elected President, Tyler was elected Vice-President and finished the unexpired term of President Harrison when the latter died after less than a month in office.

***The Birthplace of Some Illustrious Men***

Some day when its stone roads are completed, its steamboat lines are connected for the convenience of the tourist who must travel with speed, and its railroads are scheduled to connect with each other, it will become the tourist garden of America, through which Americans will travel by water, rail, auto and airship, glimpsing the deeds of their fathers.

## *Where American History Was Made*

## *The Chesapeake Bay Country*



Interior of St. George's Church, Fredericksburg, Virginia. In the burying ground of this church rest the remains of persons associated with pioneer American history.



"Kenmore," Fredericksburg, the home built for Betty Lewis, only sister of George Washington. The decorations were done by prisoners during the Revolution.







Old Court at Williamsburg, Virginia. Circle—Williamsburg's old powder house. Bruton Church and churchyard, Williamsburg.



Duke of Gloucester street, Williamsburg



Home of Peyton Randolph, Williamsburg.



America's second oldest college at Williamsburg.



"Rising Sun" Tavern where Colonial celebrities lodged.

THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIV. OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL
B-41

YOU cannot hide any secret. We are all physiognomists and penetrators of character, and things themselves are detective. There is no privacy that cannot be penetrated. No secret can be kept in the civilized world. Society is a masked ball, where every one hides his real character, and reveals it by hiding. If a man wishes to conceal anything he carries, those whom he meets know that he conceals somewhat, and usually know what he conceals. 'Tis as hard to hide as fire. He is a strong man who can hold down his opinion. A man cannot utter two or three sentences, without disclosing to intelligent ears precisely where he stands. The universe protects itself by pitiless publicity.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

37
ED

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Vol. 26, No. 12 OCTOBER 31, 1925 [illegible] ear



CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH



# It's in the Steel, too!

THE one bearing company fully making its own steel is the Timken Roller Bearing Company.

In its own electric furnaces Timken produces the special Timken Bearing steel, compounded in its own metallurgic laboratories, from knowledge gained in successfully applying over 150,000,000 Timken Bearings to machinery of all kinds, including motor cars.

So the very steel itself assures an overlong period of attentionless operation from Timken Bearings, even though Timken adjustability is available to offset wear if it ever becomes noticeable.

From raw material to operating principle, therefore, Timken Bearings offer advantages which make them a potent economic element in the life of our time.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., *CANTON, OHIO*

**TIMKEN** *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

October 31, 1925

Single Copy, Ten Cents

Subscription price in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies, $1.50 a year; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year.

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer;
C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

Vol. 26, No. 2

Change of Address

1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill.

# Presented in This Issue:

Mr. Ford's Page this week discusses some aspects of service.

None but old American families live in New York—so one would judge by the income tax reports. The crime reports tell another tale. Crimes of violence committed for the sake of robbery rarely involve Americans. This article digs into a neglected part of the crime problem. (p. 3)

Houdini, better known as a handcuff king, is a bookman and a notable collector. This is natural in the son of a rabbi (Houdini's family name was Weiss); also it is natural that he should be interested in subjects which border religion, as reflected in his unequaled collections of books and manuscripts on magic and spiritualism. (p. 2)

A living link with Hawthorne is his son, Julian. *The Scarlet Letter* is an immortal American work, but the manner of its writing is known to few. In this sketch, a real contribution to American literary history, Julian Hawthorne tells of the inception of the masterpiece. (p. 4)

The overemphasis of sex by psychoanalysts, their browbeating of intelligent inquiring American readers with their theories and assertions, is receiving competent attention by our own scientists. Dr. Laird this week discusses Psychology and Sex in a very worth-while article. (p. 7)

Here are three distinctly important items concerning taxes. One deals with the head tax. It seems that the law directs how that tax shall be used, and it has not been used that way. This deserves official as well as general attention. (p. 22) A statement by Senator Smoot which contains the essence of his long experience in handling the financial problems of the government. (p. 6) A comparative table showing the tax burdens of five nations. Our own taxes are second highest in the world, but lowest in percentage of the national income. (p. 6)

Tom Masson says the best reading is biography. It's true. That explains the fiction appeal—it is biography, the lives of people. Today biography is better than it ever has been since Plutarch. Mr. Masson doesn't say that, but it is. (p. 8)

The Bible is biography, poetry, philosophy, history, apocalypse, law and letters. Scholarship has corrected the vagaries of rationalistic speculation so that the Bible is no longer at the mercy of Modernists nor beholden to the Fundamentalists for defense. It stands on its own feet, and the scholarship of the first century (there was a scholarship then!) is shown to be sound. Dr. Sanders, a recognized authority, writes about it. (p. 26)

The Patent Office holds the secret of America's greatness. Most of the ideas which have been patented are useless, but the rest have changed the world. Even the useless ones prove us to be a nation of thinkers and inventors. Some of the humors of patents are given. (p. 16)

In one of the last articles written for us before her sudden death in China, Mrs. Cramer told in her friendly way of birds that sing and girls that "yawl" in Shanghai. "The Hundred Spirits Lark" and the "Spectacle Thrush" are species we are glad to be acquainted with. (p. 12)

Where was the last battle of the Civil War? Here is the story told by a North Carolinian to a North Carolinian about this interesting item in North Carolina's long and varied history. (p. 25)

Wander through the woods with Jim Smiley. (p. 13)

CONTENTS

Houdini the Bookman - - - 2
Note the Names of Our Criminals - 3
*Allan Benson*
"The Scarlet Letter"—How It Was Written - - - - - 4
*Julian Hawthorne*
Tax Burdens in Leading Countries - 6
Psychology and Sex - - - 7
*Dr. Donald A. Laird*
The Best Reading in the World - 8
*Thomas L. Masson*
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - 10
Birds Sing, but Girls "Yawl" - - 12
*Mrs. L. M. Cramer*
Through the Woods - - - 13
*Jim Smiley*
Patents That Were More Humorous than Useful - - - - - 16
*S. R. Winters*
Where Does the Head Tax Go? - 22
*Marian K. Clark*
Oldest Manuscript of the Bible - 26
*Henry A. Sanders*
The Last Battlefield of the Civil War 29
*F. Hunter Creech*

# HOUDINI
## The Book Man



GHOSTS and goblins and all affrighting apparitions must shudder when they hover about the contents of No. 278 West 113th street, New York City, the residence of Houdini, the magician.

This famous exponent of stage magic has assembled the largest library of witchcraft, spiritualism and psychic phenomena to be found anywhere in the world.

Two hundred years ago Houdini, with his knowledge of what was then known as black art, would have been in danger of the stake. Today, he earns enough in five months to spend the other seven in ransacking the world for additions to his library, in cataloging them and in serene living among his treasures.

Houdini always does his own buying of books and manuscripts; he is not merely a dealers' client. Whether in European capitals or in remote American towns the secondhand bookstore has its lure, for the most unlikely place may yield an unexpected find. Into this quest Houdini puts the time and energy that other successful men usually devote to golf.

A fortunate incident in the accumulation of this library was the relation with it as librarian of Alfred Becks, a fine actor and student of the literature of the stage, who became the Boswell of the magician for ten years. Becks was himself an inveterate collector of old books and sharpened the already keen appetite of his employer.

In his youth Becks had been an intimate of Charles Walter Couldock, who had been a chum of Edmund Kean. Kean in turn had contact with a group of famous actors of the preceding generation who had brought down, in the spirit of the ancient guilds, the "business" of Burbage who was actor-manager of William Shakespeare and those who succeeded the immortal pair. As private secretary of Dion Boucicault, who gave the heroic type of play its great vogue in America, and later as a worker, in the library of the theater at Harvard, Becks was still further qualified to assist Houdini.

Becks' recent death requires Houdini to devote still more of his own time to library affairs.

The Houdini library contains many important collections of letters, among them a large number of those of Richard Mansfield, the brilliant actor. There are about one hundred letters of Clyde Fitch, the playwright of the last generation, whose fame, in vivid contrast with that of Mansfield, rests largely upon his winsome disposition. Then there are packets of letters written by Edmund Kean, Jenny Lind, and Mrs. Siddons, as well as more than a hundred letters of Edwin Booth.

The manuscript record of David Garrick, autographed in his own hand: *David Garrick's Original Diary*, is the most prized volume in the theatrical section of the Houdini library. No more intimate and significant souvenir of the life of the

(Continued on page 15)



HARRY HOUDINI.

# Note the Names of Our Criminals

## Are They Foreign or American? What Do the Police Records Say?

By ALLAN L. BENSON

EVERYBODY is wondering why there is so much more crime in America than there ever was before. A National Crime Commission has been organized for the purpose of trying to answer the question. Foreigners are somewhat astounded that a people who used to be ordinarily decent have suddenly shown such strong tendencies toward crimes of violence that have robbery as their purpose. Many Americans believe that Americans are going bad.

A very interesting situation—but not one that can be solved with a sentence. Still, some light can be thrown upon it if the beams be projected from the right angle. This will be an attempt to get the right angle.

***Liberty, the Magnet That Drew the Pioneers***

Let us go back a little. Why are we here? What caused us to come to America? Let us first find the answer for the "Old Americans," as those families that have lived here for seven or eight generations have been called since the war. What was in the minds of their ancestors as they set sail from Europe? Riches? No, no, no! There were no riches for anybody in America. There was a wilderness to clear, Indians to fight, and all the hardships of a new country with which to contend, but these pioneers who pushed off from Europe when from six weeks to three months were required to make the crossing had no hopes of wealth. If they could escape death and make a comfortable living they would be content.

But America had one thing that they wanted and wanted so intensely that they were eager to go far from home and stay away for life to get it. And that thing was liberty. The desire for religious liberty chiefly actuated those who came first. Political liberty most moved those who came later. But liberty, in some form and all the while was the great magnet that for more than 200 years drew Europeans to America to become the founders of families that exist to the present day.

Within the last 25 years there has come a great change. We have become far and away the richest country in the world. Europeans talk of nothing else when they talk of us except how rich we are. The more ignorant the Europeans are, the richer they think we are. They have heard so much about the colossal wealth of America, and the suddenness with which fortunes have been accumulated that they think this is a land literally overflowing with money—a land in which any active person can get a lot of money in a short time.

Liberty? They never think of it. Money? They think of nothing else. They come to America for money.

Do they get it?

*Read the names printed in the income tax reports. You have been told that New York is to all intents and purposes a foreign city. If you were to read the income tax reports you would think that New York City was composed almost exclusively of old American families.* The list contains a sprinkling of obviously foreign names, but the great preponderance are American—that is to say, of British origin.

At this point, consider another factor. Nobody but a foreigner can know fully, and nobody who has not gone to Europe and returned home can know at all, what it means to move into the atmosphere of America. You feel the thrill before you are off your ship. You feel that you are moving into a place where something is doing. No brooding silence hovers over the bay of New York. The comparative quiet of Cherbourg and Southampton are missing. The water is alive with flitting craft, tremendous buildings look down upon you; the very air seems charged with abounding energy.

Please don't underestimate the effect of these great forces as they play upon immigrants who have come to America, not for liberty but to get rich overnight. They think they are in the right place. They have not scanned the names on the income tax reports for previous years. They do not yet even dream of the disappointment that awaits them.

These immigrants get off the ship and begin looking for their fortunes. They see and feel wealth all around them, but they have difficulty in getting hold of more than enough to pay their living expenses.

***Very Few American Names Are Among These***

Those who have a heritage of law and order in their natures make the best of it. Some who lack this heritage, yet have in its place a thirst for money that cannot be quenched, go out with guns to get the money that they cannot earn.

*Observe the names of those who are arrested in connection with crimes of violence committed for the sake of robbery. You will find very few American names among them.* You will find very few British, German, French, Norwegian or Swiss names. But you will find a great many names of Russian Jews and Italians.

Edmund Burke said he would not know how to draw an indictment against a people. What Burke couldn't do, no sensible person will try to do—or will want to do. Most Russian Jews and most Italians are as law-abiding as anyone else. But there appears to be a minority of each that is capable of the most terrible crimes. There appears to be a minority of each that having come to America for nothing except money is determined to get it even at the cost of bloodshed. It is certainly not without significance that the great majority of those who commit crimes of violence for money in the United States are either Italians or Russian Jews.

***They Did Not Want Sicilians and Calabrians***

The writer happens to know that decent Italians are very much ashamed of their indecent countrymen. A former Italian ambassador to the United States was visiting Italian colonies in various parts of the country. In California where Italians have long been and are much respected, the ambassador asked what he could do for them. "Keep criminal Italians out of America," he was told. "We need no help. We can take care of ourselves. But keep the murderous Sicilians and Calabrians at home. You know we don't recognize them as Italians, but Americans do, and they are disgracing us."

Whoever knows Russian Jews knows that most of them are law-abiding and many of them are very excellent persons. I have known many such. But, like the Italians, each group contains a minority that seems capable of any crime to get money. Most of the crimes they commit have "property" elements.

America's tremendous vitality appears to amplify the determination of certain types of immigrants to get money at any cost. They came here for nothing else; they will have nothing else. If they cannot get it legitimately, they will get it illegitimately. That is what they are doing, at any rate.

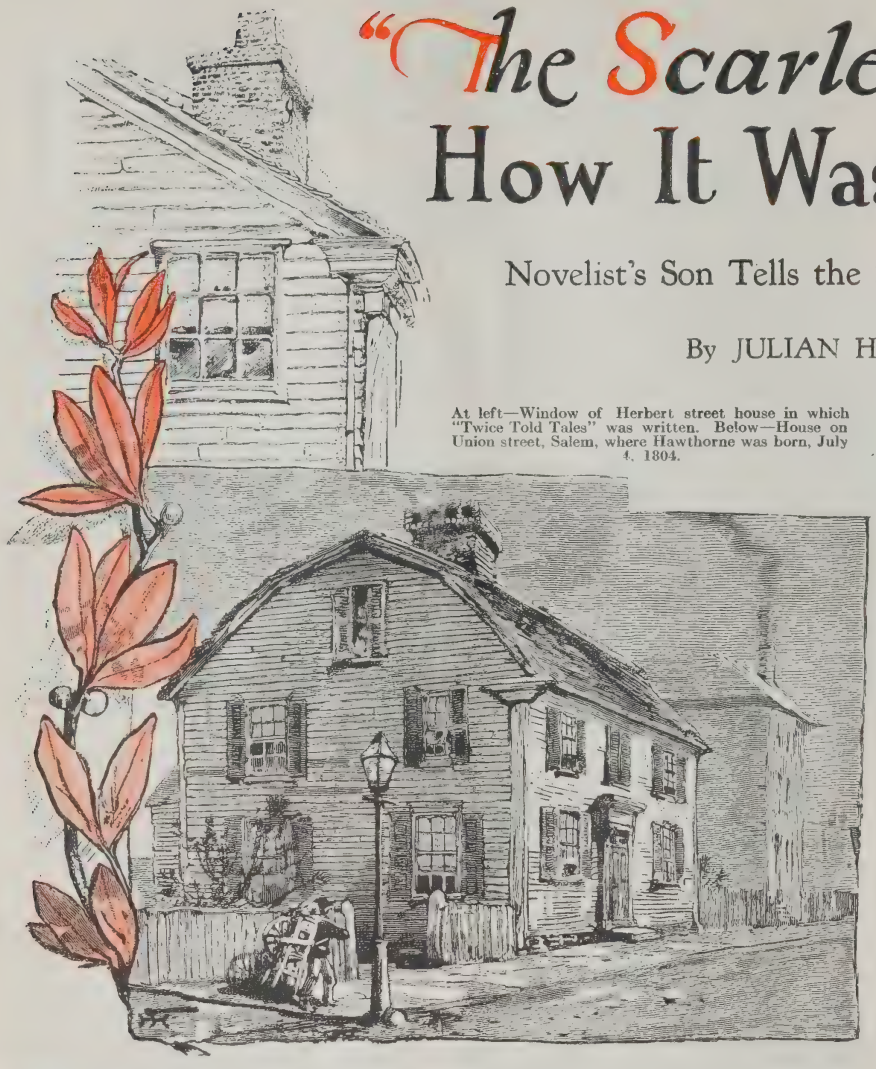
Some say the way they plan and execute their daylight crimes, committed perhaps in a crowded street, shows both unusual intelligence and a high degree of daring. This writer does not see it that way. They show cunning, of course. And, as for courage, they have a palsied imagination that cannot visualize even the immediate future and therefore are not alarmed by it. Courageous men do not shoot down those who are unarmed and have no chance to defend themselves.

There is also reason to believe that those good people who persistently violate the prohibition law have a far greater responsibility for certain crimes than they perhaps realize. Every person who drinks liquor *(Concluded on page 18)*

# "The Scarlet Letter" How It Was Written

## Novelist's Son Tells the Story of a Famous Book

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE



At left—Window of Herbert street house in which "Twice Told Tales" was written. Below—House on Union street, Salem, where Hawthorne was born, July 4, 1804.

AMONG truths not generally recognized I am inclined to include this—that *The Scarlet Letter* was published seventy-five years ago this year. My father was then forty-six years old: he had been writing short stories and essays for twenty-five years past, and two or three volumes of these had been printed; nevertheless he was, if not (as he declared) the obscurest man of letters in America, one of the farthest from the spotlight.

And when he had written the last page of *The Scarlet Letter* and had put the manuscript away in his little mahogany desk, he was far from foreseeing its renown; in his judgment it lacked, as had his previous writings, the qualities that bring popularity. It was too gloomy a tale, and the fact that it was longer than anything else he had done made its success still more unlikely. He must have known that it had merit; but the public which appreciated such merit appeared to be a very small one in 1850. So he didn't even offer it for publication; and it was mere chance that brought James T. Fields to his house in Mall street, Salem, asking if he hadn't anything to submit to the firm which Fields represented.—Nothing worth while, Hawthorne thought; and it was only because his wife rose in revolt against this statement, that he was induced to open the old desk and hand out the two or three hundred closely written sheets of paper.

Fields was in his thirties then, a clever, diplomatic, agreeable young fellow, with literary aptitudes of his own, and a temperament at once optimistic and judicious. He began reading the romance then and there, and was not long in perceiving that the thing would "do," though he was doubtless not aware how much! It would pay to publish a limited edition of it, and he took the manuscript away with him with cheerful assurances to the surprised and still doubtful author. In due time the limited edition appeared, perhaps fifteen hundred copies. And then came the real surprise for author and publisher both. The "very small public" which had hitherto taken notice of his work grew to thousands and to more thousands overnight; even the voice of England became audible; and active translators in France, Germany, and Italy spread the news over Europe. The obscurest man of letters in America had become a worldwide celebrity; like Byron, a few decades before, he awoke to find himself famous.

Where, I wonder, is that publishers' presentation copy of the first edition that stood so long on our bookshelf? I don't think my mother would have let my father give it away; in the various removals of the family it must have been mislaid. Did it perish, like other mortal things, or did somebody find it and preserve it? Several copies of that rare first edition are extant but that unique copy has never been heard from. It bore on the flyleaf the signature of Fields and of Nathaniel Hawthorne. There were few collectors of rare volumes in those days, and the prices they command now were inconceivable to our innocent forefathers. I won't venture to guess what that copy would bring at auction, but I am sure the sum would exceed that of all the royalties paid to the author during his lifetime.—Look over that heap of old plunder in your attic; it may be there, and you could buy several good automobiles on what it would bring in the market.

Persons like Longfellow, Lowell and Oliver Wendell Holmes recognized the star Down East promptly. Longfellow wrote a good academic review of it in the best Cambridge style; Lowell was cordial and scholarly, and Holmes, in one of his "occasional poems" hit upon a good phrase:

"I snatch the book along whose burning leaves
His scarlet web our great Romancer weaves!"

That "snatch" was characteristic of the impulsive and ardent author of *The Professor at the Breakfast-Table*, and the snatchers have been numberless during all the three-quarters of a century since then.

Indeed, after the copyright on the book ran out, many other publishers all over the country began bringing out new editions, cheap or de luxe, illustrated or plain; so that many readers, coming across it for the first time, supposed it to be a new book. Not long since I received a letter from a lady in the Middle West, in which she said: "In my opinion it is the best thing you have ever written"; and in my reply, thanking her for her praise, I added

that it might interest her to learn that the story was composed when I was only four years of age.

The significance of this anecdote, as Captain Cuttle might say, lies in the application on't. How could the lady have supposed that a story written seventy-five years ago was just hot off the press? Styles change in writing, almost as fast as they do in ladies' dresses. You can distinguish a book of even 1900 from one of last year, especially a novel with dialog. Of course, the scene in *The Scarlet Letter* is set in the seventeenth century, but in the direct narrative the writer would still betray his own date. We hear—or we used to, before the birth of the contemporary critic—of "the well of English undefiled," but an author who should attempt to fill his pitcher from that source today would risk getting something fatally colorless. The Mencken school wouldn't stomach it; have they not declared poor old Milton's efforts to be "piffle"—or—was it Dante?

Moreover, to go back to my correspondent, my father's style is not colorless, however grammatically correct it may be, and free from slang. It is not addicted to "purple patches," but it gives out rays, at times, of gold, crimson or azure, which we accept without complaint because they harmonize so well with the thing said. In *The Scarlet Letter*, too, a grave organ-tone is audible, a music that comes near being rhythmical occasionally. But this is also something that we feel rather than remark, on account of its sympathetic quality; the sense of the passage demanded it. It isn't an antiquated style, nor deliberate nor self-conscious; it is personal. And it is personal without being humoristic, as is the style of Swift, Sterne, or even of our own Washington Irving; it is nothing but my father expressing himself as simply as he can, with no intention of calling his reader's attention to his language, but solely to the matter which he is expressing. And plain speaking is of no date, any more than is a reflection in a plate-glass mirror. The glass may be tinted, but it is straight and true; and the writer cannot escape his temperament, but he can tell the truth so far as human limitation allows. *The Scarlet Letter* is truth; anybody can tell the truth that he sees and feels; but nobody had before or has since written a Scarlet Letter as Hawthorne wrote it. It isn't Elizabethan, or Queen Anne, or Victorian, or Georgian—not either antique or modern in a word: it is just Hawthorne. And, therefore, it had no predecessor and has had no imitator, and the lady who wrote me that letter, not finding in the book any earmarks to fix its date, had a perfect right to think I did it; I am a "Hawthorne," and she, probably, may not be a profound student of literature.




Stencil plate, now in the custom house.




Desk used by Hawthorne in Salem custom house.

Had she been a profound student of literature, or even of Hawthorne in particular, she might have noted that *The Scarlet Letter* is written in a style not quite like that of any of his other novels, or of the short pieces. This is due in part to the theme no doubt, but also to the personal circumstances in which the story was composed, which were exceptional.

For some time previous to 1850 my father had not written at all; the profession of writing had brought him no money, and, having married, it was necessary that money should be forthcoming. With the help of friends he got appointed surveyor of customs in Salem; the pay wasn't much, but with an economical wife it was possible to exist on it. His mother, a woman approaching seventy, and in ill health, came to live with them; my sister Una, six years old, and myself, made up the family. The house was an old and unbeautiful one on Mall street. The children presently caught the scarlet fever; and the illness of Mrs. Hawthorne, the elder, became serious.

The surveyorship was not congenial to my father, glad though he was to have it; but, as often happens with uncongenial things, it was good for him. His life had been singularly solitary up to that time: his childhood and boyhood homekeeping, with a mother and sisters almost as companionless as himself; my uncle, Horace Mann, had not yet been born, much less got his public school system going, and Salem was not a community promiscuously sociable. As he grew older he was taken to a wilderness up in Maine, to which the Hawthorne family had a claim; he used to tell me how he skated on Sebago Lake, and followed the tracks of a bear through the snow.

A benevolent Uncle Robert, somewhat against the boy's inclination, caused him to be prepared for Bowdoin College, and thither he went in his seventeenth year. This was his first experience of the society of youths of his age, and he made a good record, not as a scholar, for he was not captivated by the college curriculum, but as a manly and robust character among his fellows. But after those four years were over, he retired to the old house on Union street, Salem, shut himself into his room, hardly saw even his mother and sisters (though they were all very fond of one another) and took his walks abroad chiefly toward sunset, when most people were at home, and those who happened to pass the tall figure striding swiftly along didn't know it was Nathaniel Hawthorne. Except for a few excursions into the wild Berkshires and Northern New York State, and an acquaintance intermittently kept up with a very few chosen companions, nobody saw him, knew him, or was aware that there was such a person.

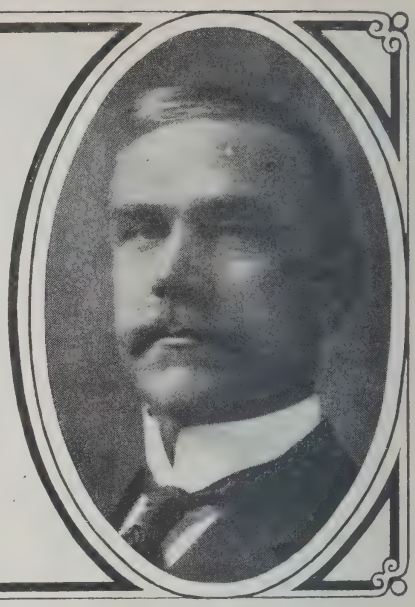
This went on *(Continued on page 19)*

SENATOR REED SMOOT'S STATEMENT ON TAXES.

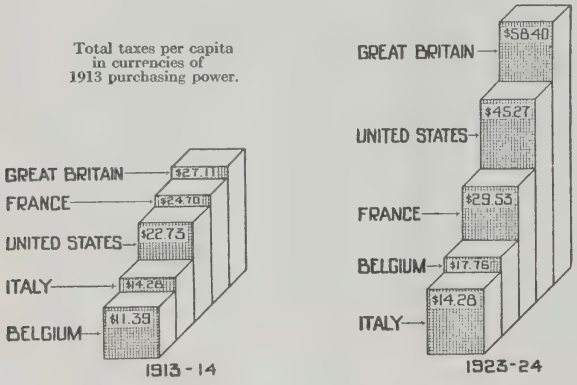
"In my opinion the Government of the United States should impose no inheritance taxes whatever. This should be left entirely to the states. The Government of the United States has nothing whatever to do with the transfer of title of property left by deceased persons to their heirs or beneficiaries.

An inheritance tax is a tax upon capital and not upon income. If I had my way, the states would never impose an income tax and the government never impose an inhe itance tax. I am in hopes that some time or other there will be an agreement between the government and the states covering these points.

The income tax and the inheritance tax imposed by a few of the states of the nation are such that no running business could liquidate within a couple of years and much more than pay the taxes. In fact, one business in the United States in one of the states was unable to meet the taxes of both the state and nation.



# Comparing Tax Burdens in Leading Countries




TAXATION in the United States nominally has more than trebled since pre-war days. The total amount of local, state and Federal taxes levied in the fiscal year 1923-24 amounted to $7,716,000,000, as compared with $2,194,000,000 in 1913-14. Taking into account the decrease of purchasing power of the dollar during the war decade, this represents an actual increase in the tax burden of two and a quarter times that of the last pre-war year, according to the National Industrial Conference Board analysis.

Per capita taxation more than doubled in both the United States and Great Britain. But Great Britain in 1924, six years after the signing of the Armistice, led all allied countries both in amount of taxes levied per head of population and in the proportion of total national income diverted into channels of governmental expenditures. France, Italy, Belgium and the United States follow in order according to the burdensomeness which their respective tax system imposed upon their people as measured by the relation of taxes to national income.

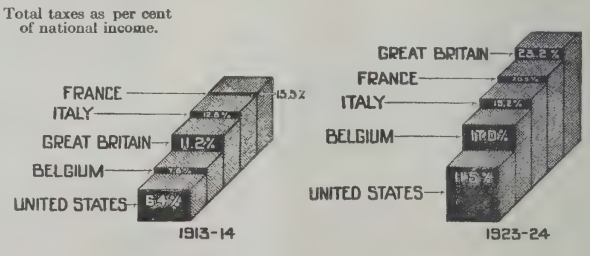
British per capita taxes, amounting to $27.11 in the fiscal year 1913-14, had risen to $58.40 in 1923-24, in terms of 1913 purchasing power. Per capita taxes in the United States, figured on the same basis, increased from $22.73 in 1913-14 to $45.27 in 1923-24. In France, the increase was from $24.70 to $29.53; in Belgium from $11.39 to $17.76; in Italy the per capita tax remained the same, $14.28, taking into account the lower purchasing power of the 1924 currency. Comparative figures for Germany are not available.

In both the United States and Great Britain taxation in proportion to national income approximately doubled; in Belgium it more than doubled since pre-war days. The total tax burdens of the principal nations associated in the World War against the Central Powers, as related to national income at the beginning of the war and ten years later, are computed by the National Industrial Conference Board as follows:

| | 1913-14 Per Cent | 1923-24 Per Cent |
|---|---|---|
| United States | 6.4 | 11.5 |
| Great Britain | 11.2 | 23.2 |
| France | 13 3 | 20.9 |
| Italy | 12.8 | 19.2 |
| Belgium | 7.8 | 17.0 |

While taxation in the United States and Great Britain increased in about the same proportion, and these two countries levy the highest per capita taxes among the allied nations, the greater material wealth and productivity of the American nation make its tax burden comparatively lighter than that borne by any of the European allied countries. Net revenues in the United States, moreover, are spent largely for universal education, good roads, public buildings, parks, and other reinvestment of the taxpayers' money, the Conference Board analysis indicates, while the proceeds of taxation in Europe are to a great extent absorbed in paying the cost of past wars.

In the case of Great Britain the payment of unemployment insurance, otherwise the "dole," absorbs many millions of pounds sterling.





# Psychology and Sex

## How Far Does the Mind Affect the Body?

By DONALD A. LAIRD, Ph. D.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. W. CLARK

A REFINED young woman went to her family physician after being treated by some of the foremost neurologists in Europe for a slight but bothersome paralysis.

"If you would only let me talk to you and if I could only tell you how my difficulties started," she said, "I think we could do something."

So to Dr. Breuer she told about her paralysis and rambled on after the fashion of the gentler sex only to discover soon that as she told of her paralysis and its origin she was revealing also many of the very intimate things of her life. With much feeling she continued her narrative, only to be interrupted by the physician who had another appointment.

She asked him for another appointment, and another. Each time she told him of many things of which she had not thought for years. Each time after she had poured forth the accumulated troubles of her life her paralyzed condition seemed to improve. Gradually one symptom after another began to disappear. So effective did this treatment seem to be that she called it very appropriately "the talking cure." She talked out of her system, as it were, the poisons that were the cause of her paralysis. They were mental poisons and not the sort which come in drug bottles with a skull and crossbones on the label.

A few days later Dr. Breuer received a call from a young physician who had just come from special study with Charcot, the renowned French physician who specialized in hypnosis. This young physician was trying to solve the riddle of the patient who *seems* to be paralyzed but in whom the neurologist can find no nerve disturbance. He had journeyed to Dr. Charcot's clinic in Paris and there saw these functional, as distinguished from organic, paralyses removed by hypnotism.

The young physician told Dr. Breuer how a normal person could be hypnotized and instructed while in this condition so that on the following noon he should complain about the food. And on the following noon, as directed, he *would* complain of the food, giving some flimsy reason to justify his actions. The real reason, of course, was that he had been so instructed while hypnotized on the previous day, but of that instruction he had no memories. This phenomenon of post-hypnotic suggestion, the younger physician related, was used by Charcot in treating cases of functional paralyses in which no disturbance of nervous tissue could be found.

Not only could these paralyses be relieved in this way but they could be produced by post-hypnotic suggestion! When hypnotized, for instance, you could be told that for the following day you would be unable to move your right index finger, and move it you could not. Or you could be told that you would not be able to feel pin pricks and a sensory paralysis would be started.



Then Dr. Breuer recalled the young woman who had joked about her talking cure which did her so much good. He told his visitor about this interesting case. With the memories of his experiences in Paris fresh in his mind we may imagine the younger physician slapping his knee as he was struck with the similarities of this case and some of Charcot's.

When a post-hypnotic suggestion had been given, for instance, to a young man to send a box of bonbons to a man-hating old maid, he would give some easy excuses for it afterward. But he would not be able to recall the suggestion that had been given him while hypnotized. All his alleged reasons for this conduct were *rationalizations*. But if pressed further and further to probe the depths of his memories he might gradually revive a dim memory of the instructions which had been given him by Dr. Charcot. In this the younger physician saw a parallel to the young woman who originated her own talking cure.

This happened in Vienna. The younger physician was Sigmund Freud. Vienna is now considered the cradle and the capital of dynamic psychology and Dr. Freud is undeniably the founder and principal contributor to this newer psychology.

On other patients the talking cure was tried and found successful. Since it appeared to be efficacious by relieving pent-up emotions within the individual it was later called the cathartic method since the patients purged, as it were, their mental life of some disturbing memories.

In almost every case they studied it was found that some long since forgotten event which had been painful was at the bottom of the (*Concluded on page 24*)



The writing cure for "nerves."

# The Best Reading in the World

By THOMAS L. MASSON



"Almost anybody who has done anything . . . has been writing his memoirs."

GOOD biography is not only the best reading, but the most useful. We are likely to overlook the fact that the world, as it is today and as it has been in the past, has been made by men and women. If we wish to get at the bottom of what is going on or has gone on, we will save ourselves much time and trouble by going to headquarters. That is, to the men and women who have made the world.

Almost anybody who has done anything, and apparently a great many who have never done anything at all, have been writing their memoirs. We have been deluged with biographies, diaries, autobiographies, reminiscences and particularly with what has come to be known an "uncensored" recollections. Shocking the public would seem to be the chief occupation of those who write. A few years ago an anonymous author in London startled the world by publishing *The Mirrors of Downing Street*, by "A Gentleman With a Duster." This was a more or less revelatory account of certain British notables, and in this country was followed by *The Mirrors of Washington*, by a man who has since been disclosed as a well-known Washington correspondent. Long before this, in America, Thomas Lawson, that meteoric financier, in 1905, wrote his *Frenzied Finance* and became known as the original muckraker (a term used by Bunyan in *Pilgrim's Progress* and applied, apparently to Lawson, by Theodore Roosevelt in 1906). Lawson spared nobody. His description of the eyes of H. H. Rogers, of the Standard Oil Company, still lingers. His books have long since faded from the public mind and he himself, along with those he pilloried, has passed away. But the fashion was set.

A perusal of many autobiographies seems to bear out the often-expressed statement that no man ever really tells the truth about himself. What seems to be true, even when it is more or less shocking, may be an evasion or a perverted piece of egoism. What the world thinks of a man, what his associates think of him, what he thinks of himself and what he really is, are four angles from which he can be viewed separately. *But the last one will always be a mystery.* Nothing in recent times could better illustrate this biographical uncertainty than the life of Woodrow Wilson, as recorded by himself and his contemporaries. His style of writing has been denounced as atrocious, a whole scheme of evasions, while side by side with this he has been hailed as our greatest master of English. I have read practically all the books about him from Tumulty to White, and each one paints a different portrait. We may well ask ourselves: If, going on right under our eyes, and about one who is perhaps the most important figure of our own time, a man who has recently lived among us and is known personally to many of us—if about him there has grown up already a considerable literature so confusing and contradictory, how is it possible for us to be sure that we know anything trustworthy about any great man who has ever lived? About Caesar, Napoleon, Washington, Lincoln, Shakespeare?

That a personality which has, over a period of several generations, become fixed and venerable can suddenly be turned into quite another personality is shown by the publication of Lytton Strachey's *Queen Victoria*. This eminent woman, the noblest and most royal figure of that age, which, perhaps largely through the idea of her own personality, has become known in life and letters as the Victorian age of culture, was suddenly transformed by Strachey's book into a respectable and wholly commonplace bourgeoise old woman, delightfully dull and deplorably respectable. This was done with the apparent approval of the most conservative public in the world, by a series of delicate and benignantly satirical touches—all, however, the result of painstaking research.

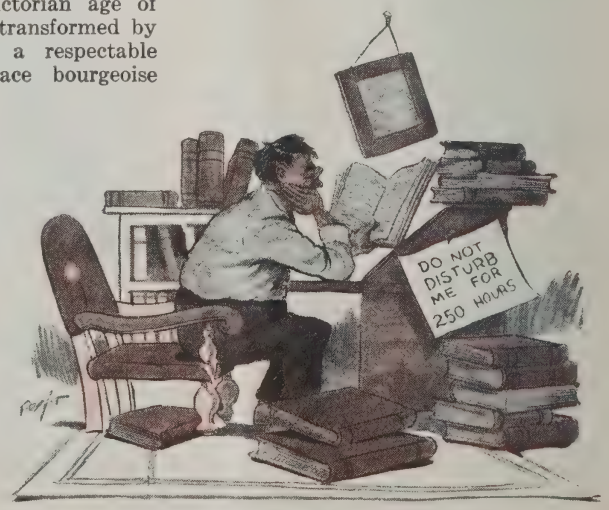
We have to train ourselves in reading these biographies to look between the lines and constantly readjust the writer's own estimate of himself in accordance with our knowledge of our own lives. Thus you may read Benjamin Franklin's book about himself over and over, and each time get something new out of it. Read for example what he says about beer in London. Read how he confesses to certain irregularities, especially about money. There is a whole lot more you get about him by inference.

Benvenuto Cellini's life is such a revelation in human nature that to read it is like having a supreme adventure—one can never be quite the same again.

As for Plutarch, frankly, he is hard reading for a modern, in spite of the fact that Dr. Johnson sat up all night over him. But certainly he furnished by far the most necessary background. There are several translations. The one I have and like is by Clough. Do not miss Alcibiades and Pericles.

I recall quite vividly the day I received Senator Beveridge's *Life of John Marshall*. It was originally published in four volumes, and it never occurred to me to read it through. However, once I got started I dropped everything superfluous for two weeks until I had finished every line of it. It seems to me necessary reading for every American who wishes to understand our Constitution. What a human person was Marshall! How wonderful to his pathetic wife!

If you are at all interested in music or have heard any or all of Wagner's operas, do not read books about Wagner, as good as they are (Newman's is one) but read Wagner's book about himself. The fun comes in reconstructing him as you go along.




"We have to train ourselves in reading . . . etc."

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

CHURCH, school, factory, store, no institution can survive that is not based on service. And it must be more than lip-service; it must be the thing itself. It must be more than the modern preachery imitation that repeats by rote, service, service, service; it must be something done, something measureable, something known and felt.

Service is the one element that never fails, because it is the one element that people always want. Service cannot be bought or sold, it can only be given and received. It is the bloom, the flavor, the spirit which gives value over and above the intrinsic elements involved. But bloom and flavor and spirit are the very elements which men value most and cannot live without.

It may be put down as truth that any activity that is languishing is in that condition because it has run short on service. If the church complains of the indifference of men, the church needs only to be reminded that men are never indifferent to service—they need it and are looking for it everywhere. The church has a good deal to say about service; it gives its meetings that name. But men have shrewdly felt that a good deal of the service urged is service to the church.

If any other institution in the world thought to survive on the plea that men should be faithful to it and support it, our estimate of its soundness of judgment would be unfavorable. Our great stores and railways do not ask the public to be faithful to them and support them. They know that they have only to give service and they will have all they can do. When they fail, they have simply stepped out of their place in the scheme of life. Therefore, the plea of the church for faithful support, as if it were the ordained recipient instead of the source and distributing center of service, indicates that it has failed somehow to connect with the needs of men. Supply never requires pleas for its support. Supply is always besieged by need.

The whole secret of success is to fit oneself into the fulfilling of some need. Such a one's life is justified. The legitimate satisfaction of legitimate needs keeps the social and moral balance of the world; all else is illegitimate and destructive of social harmony.

*WHEN Service evaporates into a preachment, men lose sense of its reality and begin to scorn its name. The truth is not thereby altered that the measure of usefulness and success is service, as a super-quality, an overtone in all exchanges. Giving is primary, getting is secondary. The priming act which eventuates in reward is service. Getting is necessary, of course, and here short-sighted minds stop short: the deeper truth is that giving is necessary to getting. Wherever business, education, politics or religion languishes today, the cause is found in holding up on service.*

Need always exists everywhere for keen self-examination of life and activity from this point of view. There is a great deal of talk about it. Practically every noonday lunch club has something in its constitution about service, but it is not often that anyone descends to particulars. And possibly one cannot very well do this for another. In that case we should do it for ourselves. There should be something resembling an inventory of the amount of service we render the world for the amount of service we receive. No individual can ever square the debt. In this great experience of life we are all greater gainers than we are givers; but the fact remains that we should all be greater gainers still if we were only greater givers.

One by-product of genuine service has escaped us. The world is so constituted that we cannot give anything wholly away. Even "he that loses his life shall save it." In service the served man is not the greatest beneficiary, but the servant, for he learns by what he does, and his capacity for doing increases. This servant may be a factory; take the factory that gives the greatest service, and you will find it able to do the greatest number of things. Its whole attitude has been a willingness to learn how to do more, instead of studying how to do less, and as a consequence its ability has increased. The more it gave, the more it had. The more it studied to increase its patrons' return, the more it increased its own mastery of its method and its market.

This still remains only a theory to too many people, a nice sentimental and airy nothing that works in speech but fails in work. To such people the uncertainty of business will always be a fact, and their lives will be spent in the dark delusion that the highest skill is getting instead of giving. They think they are wise because they see that getting is essential. So it is, but getting is the result of giving. Even for the little they get they must give a service, however meager, grudging and unintelligent it may be. They have hold of the truth by the wrong end. Their formula is reversed. Giving is the first, the priming action; it starts the exchange; increased, it increases the exchange; made the rule of life, it makes life beautiful and rewarding, its plainest tasks an illustration of its deepest laws.

**"Ford Ideals," 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## *Results—Nil, So Far*

MERRILY the din of accusation and advice rises in Washington. Most of the accusation is true, most of the advice punk. The whole is illustrative of the illusion that government represents the cream of the people's efficiency and progress. It doesn't. Governments go when they are pushed, not otherwise. Doubtless the defense of the United States could be undertaken by private contract at less than half the cost of the present method, but it never will be. Efficiency, a definite scientific and moral relation between expenditure and value received, is not one of the ideals of present-day life; we approach it in private life only because necessity compels. This compulsion has not begun for government. Certainly the War Department and the Navy Department are behind the times; but so are the Treasury Department, the Department of Justice and the Weather Bureau. They are all behind the times. It is not their business to lead. That is the people's business. And as the people have been very busy about their private affairs the past quarter-century, the government has just naturally deteriorated. Every business does when its boss neglects it.

About all that has come out of the present defense controversy thus far has been a pronouncement by the President, which is probably the weakest of all his utterances, and a proposal to combine air, naval and army matters under one cabinet member. This latter proposal would dispose of the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy and at the same time would permit the establishment of Colonel Mitchell's department of the air. But they would all be under one Secretary of the National Defense. The difficulty having been to get competent secretaries for these separate departments, who can guarantee a man big enough to combine three departments and manage them efficiently? The man who could do that is not in politics. The presence of a man in politics today is almost positive proof of his incapacity for such a job. And, besides, Mr. Coolidge will probably have nothing to do with it. In which he will, of course, be wise. He has struck his note, Economy, the only one of his that ever sang across the country, and he will do well to play all possible variations of that.

## *Citizens! Retake Your City!*

THE city of Detroit chose a site for a school, but found it surrounded by what the newspapers call vice. Then it chose another site, and found more vice. Whereupon an argument arose as to which locality had the more vice, which was duly superseded by another argument as to whether it made any real difference even if school children were sent to school through a corridor of vice districts. In the meantime plain citizens must have been doing some thinking, but of this no public sign appeared. The incident is illustrative of our decreasing capacity, as communities, for moral indignation. Fifteen years ago the public sentiment of Detroit would have made short work of such a condition; today, the condition is not even realized, it is merely a matter of "something read in the paper." The sense of responsibility which citizens everywhere used to have toward their cities is disappearing. The "city" is regarded by citizens as a detached entity which they may regard as from a distance if they are interested, which they seldom are. The war between the law enforcement agencies and the crime groups is observed distantly, as a tribal war in Morocco might be—it doesn't mean anything; both police and criminals appear as alien interests. The citizen has been so long shut out from his city by politicians and their groups, that he reads of downtown affairs as of occurrences in a foreign land. One of the sensations of the future will be the overturning which will occur when Citizens retake the City.

## *Will the Church See It?*

IN A letter addressed to members of the Protestant Episcopal Triennial General Convention and signed by a long array of distinguished communicants, these statements appeared:

"We wish to call attention to the rapid spread of socialistic ideas in our church. We believe that many clergymen and laymen, animated by a sincere desire 'to make justice and love the controlling motives in all social changes' have adopted too eagerly and without due scrutiny, principles that, in reality, are unsound economically, hostile to Christian ethics and subversive of morality and religion. . . . .

"We believe that they are unwittingly lending themselves to forces whose ultimate

purposes they abhor. . . . If the men and women who would lead the State toward Socialism looked more deeply beneath the surface they would find powerful forces at work which are making for the undermining of the foundation of American principles on which our Nation was founded."

The warning might have been clearer, the enemy more sharply defined, the method of "boring from within" more completely set forth. Anti-Christian, anti-American forces have many dupes in the pulpits of this country, dupes deceived by their own ready inclination toward words that sound right, with no desire or ability to study their tendencies. The church has been almost manhandled in the freedom with which its apparent influence has been put behind this scheme and that, and its publicity agencies have been almost wholly annexed by propagandists. Some day, when the church has opened its eyes sufficiently to be able to understand what it is all about, it may be useful to set before it the full extent to which it has been "used" under the guise of social progress.

## *Hamlet—1925*

A MAN standing on his head sees another world than appears to those who keep their feet, but the fact has led to no serious movement for a general adoption of the inverted posture. Dressing Hamlet in modern clothing, however, has led to much splattering of ink, although it is not misdone in a generation that has tried to see how everything looks when topsy-turvy. The Hamlet experiment will not inaugurate a new theatrical habit, any more than St. Peter's will be turned into a sky-scraper. Not that the stage has escaped those moments of progress which involve drastic change. It was revolutionary when characters on the stage were made to speak the language of the street, and positively upsetting when women were cast for women's parts. These, however, were movements toward truth. Dressing Hamlet after the manner of Hart, Schaffner and Marx is not a move toward truth, any more than repainting the "Night Watch" to show billies and Colt pistols and Metropolitan Police helmets would be. Hamlet is Hamlet of his times, his physical environment as much as his mental, and cannot be torn from his setting any more than the scenes of a "Midsummer Night's Dream" can be laid at the North Pole.

But beneath the attempt to re-tailor the rather unfledged philosophy of the young prince is an idea. And that idea has nothing to do with clothes, but the endless problem of life's challenges and vicissitudes. What is struggling under the clothes is this: the feeling that it is necessary to restate the Hamlet problem in terms of today's life. It is not a new customer we need but a new Shakespeare. Not that he would insist on a Shakespeare; we could be satisfied with a playwright who wrought in soul-stuff sufficiently to show the struggle which goes on in a man under circumstances of maze and darkness. That, we take it, is the meaning of the effort to give Hamlet creased trousers and a cigaret. It may be the infantile strivings of a new appreciation of the quality which made Hamlet, and that certainly was not his costume.

## *Americans in Canada*

AMERICAN tourist travel in Canada this year is estimated by the Canadian Pacific Railroad to have been worth $136,000,000 to our northern neighbor. The Canadian Automobile Association predicts that within a few years American visitors will spend half a billion dollars every season in Canada. Two million American tourist automobiles entered Canada in 1923 as compared with less than one-third as many in 1921. Canada offers tourist attractions that are complementary rather than competitive to those of the United States and the tide of travel is facilitated by the constant decrease of border regulations, which is an excellent thing for both countries. If ever there were two nations competent to understand each other, and bound by common interest to know each other, they are the United States and Canada.

## *Wearing a Man's Name*

AS ILLUSTRATING their zeal for the further progress of the world in righteousness, certain dear ladies are fighting valiantly for the right of married women to keep their maiden names. They do not wish to sink themselves in the obscurity of any man's name. Annie Smith demands the right to be known as Annie Smith; she tramples under feet the necessity of being known as Mrs. Frank Jones, merely because of the incident of her marriage with Frank. Annie Smith she will be to the end of time, by all the gods of feminism!

Very well. No one will object.

There is only one difficulty. In shedding the burden of husbands' names, there is still the burden of fathers'. Smith was Annie's *father's* name, and the first Smith was indeed a smith, as Johnson was John's son, and Benson was Benjamin's son, and so on down the list of patronymics (*father* names).

If Annie elects to take her mother's name instead of her father's, lo, her mother's name is but her mother's *father's* name repeated!

The proposed reform seems to run itself into the ditch when pursued too far.



Ghost in Temple of Hell. If you can borrow his umbrella you will be protected from all punishment. But he always keeps his umbrella.

# The Birds Sing, But Girls "Yawl"

## At Least, This Is How It Is in Shanghai, Where They Have Also Hades on View

By MRS. L. M. CRAMER

ONE of the most interesting and amusing sights in Shanghai is to go past the race course, out Bubbling Well Road on a bright sunny morning when the horses are out for exercise, and see the dozens of bird coolies with the pet birds of their masters, holding them shoulder high in their gilded and ivory-trimmed cages, that the feathered pets may have a "look see" at the racers out for their morning's work.

There was just one thing that struck me as more amusing, and that was a pompous, silk-gowned, wealthy old banker whom I used to see all last winter about eight o'clock in the morning, with his pet bird, taking a brisk walk past my boarding house. On a rainy day he held his oiled paper umbrella over the bird's head with all the attention to its protection and comfort that a youthful American Romeo would show to the daintiest flapper, over whose head he was privileged to hold an umbrella in a rainstorm. The walk over—and it usually took about three-quarters of an hour—the banker would get into his luxuriously appointed limousine—a silver-trimmed motor car, enameled a deep purple—and be whisked away to his bank duties. But the bird never missed its outing, no matter what the weather, and no hand but its master's was allowed to take it out.

The duty of the bird coolie is to "makee catch" the grasshopper in the summer for the bird to feed upon. It is his duty to see that the bird has its bath, its house cleaned daily, and its morning walk.

In the coldest of winter weather the bird cages are covered with a close-fitting padded cover, open at the top only. Sometimes these covers are of flannel; generally, however, they are of rich silk, sometimes of a plain dark color, and sometimes of lighter shades, or of white. If white, it is usually almost covered by embroidery, the beautiful silk embroidery that Chinese women know how to make so well.

The cages themselves are hung with bits of carved ivory, the same ornaments that women back home use for pendants, strung on a cord and worn about their necks. Sometimes, too, the less expensive pieces of jade are carved and used for the embellishment of these cages.

On Tibet road, just at the end of the race course, there is a bird store. You are aware that there is a bird store in the vicinity when you are two blocks away, for the most wonderful of bird notes reach your ear. To this bird store many of the wealthy Chinese send their birds each day for singing lessons, the best singer in the store, or the singer which most appeals to the prospective subscriber, being taken into a room away from the other songsters and left with the pupil bird. At the end of the month the owner of the pupil bird is presented with a bill for music lessons, and pays it gladly. Until his bird has acquired a song which satisfies the owner, the bird lessons continue an hour each day.

Go down the winding multitudinous streets in the native city, which is the tourist's delight in Shanghai, till you come to the Willow Tea House, and there close by is a bird whose master makes a good living entirely by the songster's warbles. The bird is hung in a tree near the tea house, and other bird owners pay a stated sum each month for the privilege of hanging their own birds in the same tree.

There is a whole street in Shanghai where a specialty is made of birds. Birds of practically every shape, size and color are to be found, and their songs cover a wide range of musical notes, some also that are not so musical, as the magpie, for instance. On this street nothing is sold except birds or bird supplies. They come in every shape, color, and price. Here are to be found the best bird doctors in Shanghai, and there are a couple of up-to-date bird hospitals as well, where ailing birds of those who can afford it are sent till a cure is effected or the patient dies. Here are to be found expert bird dietitians.

Homeside birds are generally canaries, parrots and love birds. Here one sees comparatively few canaries in the homes of the Chinese though foreigners still favor them, together with the Red Lacquer Bill bird which has a song very like the canary, but which sings only at dusk in the evening or at dawn.

If there is one bird more than another that the Chinese favors it is the "Hundred Spirits Lark" from Northern China. It is this bird one generally sees out for an airing in the early morning hours, even in the coldest of Shanghai winter days. It is a large bird, about the size of a good fat robin. A native of Mongolia, it undoubtedly prefers the cold winter days to the hot ones of summer. Another favorite is the "Spectacle Thrush," so called because of the dark lines around its eyes which have the appearance of spectacles.



Beggar children—always to be found outside temples all over China.

But the bird stores, with their hundreds of warblers all in vocal motion at once, have nothing on the native schoolroom for noise. A native schoolroom is something quite different from a homeside schoolroom where Billie Jones stays twenty minutes after school because he whispers and gets

(Concluded on page 25)



# Through the Woods



## Here Wander the Wild Life, Each in Its Own Trail; Things of Feather and Fur That Fly and Run

By JIM SMILEY

WHEN I was a boy, back in the mountains, the woods looked all alike. Just to have the dead leaves underfoot, with twigs snapping in them, and tree trunks standing all around me, and the thick canopy of leaved branches overhead satisfied my wildest dreams and hopes. I never lost my enthusiasm. The more fine points I learned the better I liked the standing timber. If I'd only known, in those early days, to find a working library of scientific books and government documents, they would have taught me to see quicker, better, and now I might be a lot more knowing. Mostly, I have had to see for myself—and a man needs so much help to see straight!

I guess the first time I really noticed the different kinds of woods was late one afternoon, when I was coming down off Ash Ridge, in Little Black Creek valley. The leaves had fallen, and the bare hardwood limbs cast hazy crisscrossing shadows on the loose rustling forest floor. Dry weather had kept the fallen foliage crisp and dry. Just before sunset, I walked into the thick evergreen swamp, mostly balsam, at the foot of the ridge. I stepped out of sunshine into dusky gloom of deep shade. I thought something had happened, it was so dark, and the air was so thick. I looked for the sun!

I turned and saw the open hardwoods were still bright, silvery and golden; the evergreens I had gone



"We simply couldn't find the deer! The ground was covered with tracks."

under were dark, shadowy, with pale balsam, rich purple spruce, and the rare green of the cone-tops. And when I began to hunt and trap, I found that it made all the difference between success and going hungry, when I knew the different kinds of forest canopy, the underbrush, and the taste of beechnuts, of roots, of twigs, of shrubs and plants. According to the kind of forest, the birds and furred animals range and live. The communities of wild life move with seasons, with ripening fruits and blossoming flowers. Rest, shelter, and food govern forest creatures.



"I want to see 'em jumping up and racing away on all sides!"

Lots of times, when I look back at the boy I was, how impudent I was in my ignorance, I laugh, or, anyhow, smile. I didn't know that in summer the deer and rabbits worked through the second growths, and around old burnings, and ran up in the hardwoods; I didn't know that during the autumn they went in beechnut years to the hardwoods, for the rich little nuts, and then in the months of driving gales and stinging cold, down into the swamps under the thick trees that do not shed their leaves in the autumn, but shelter the wild life when the blizzards whistle and roar.

If it was an off-year for beechnuts, the deer and snowshoe rabbits would not be in autumn on the open hardwoods, but along the dark sides of the hills, the north slopes, nibbling away among the lichens, or in the switch-birches, nibbling the browse, and perhaps in some little patch of a few acres of open swale, standing full of caribou-moss pawing down into the roots. I was puzzled for years by these variations.

One autumn I went in with a party of sports and woodsmen, on West Canada Indian River. We hunted up and down for four days, and saw just one deer—which seven of us missed in our great anxiety not to go longer without fresh meat! We simply couldn't find the deer! The ground was covered with tracks. We found where bucks were traveling through ridge gaps. We knew the land was just alive with them, as they say. But we didn't see any!

We hunted together, seven of us in a line, raking along ridges, sweeping sides of mountains, dragging the spruce knolls—and now and then we would see a flag away out in the forest aisles, just flickering goodby. We didn't call that seeing deer!

Naturally, I didn't think much of that kind of hunting! I want to see 'em jumping up and racing away on all sides! I reckoned they heard us and weren't so stupid as we thought. Accordingly, I went away by myself, the morning of the fifth day. I knew deer, well enough to believe they had put up a job on us—or something. I didn't still-hunt so much as I covered country, that day. I circled up to Carnahan's stillwater, climbed and traveled Spruce Lake Mountain from end to end, swung off the north side into the granite knobs and came down the other side of Belvin Flae, crossed the brook and dropping away down, crossed Indian, and cutting across the club land, hit into Metcalf valley, came up on the north side and then to avoid a high ridge circled toward Big Rock Lake, walked through some thick swamp ash, wild cranberry, and other tangled shrubs, with a scattering of gnarly water-rooted trees.

Then I heard them. Dusk had come, and no one can see much in the woods after sundown. Three rods to the right a buck jumped and rattled his horns.



"I didn't still-hunt so much as I covered country, that day."

I turned, hit my rifle barrel on three different bushes—he was gone! But two others were running—and I began to jump and twist my fool head around, rubbing my nose against the twigs and stems. I don't know how many deer I heard, but it was a lot. I had found the deer, not more than two miles from camp, all digging for roots in about five or six acres in one patch, and about thirty acres in another patch of swamp thicket. If I had science, I could tell what kind of roots they were

eating, a thick, pulpy, juicy root with a sharp, acid taste. None of the boys knew what it was, but we learned a lesson that trip!

In our country, the ground is covered with witch-hopples. I don't know who called them that. They grow about four or five feet high, with broad, fuzzy leaves. They grow in some hard-



" . . . and I began to jump and twist my fool head around . . . "

woods, and not in others. In the autumn, after all the broadleaves are down from maples, birches, beeches, those witch-hopple leaves, turned yellow, still hang on. I used to hate them for the deer and bear they saved from my rifle. I don't so much, now. They save the wild game. They are something like the scrub oak, down in Pennsylvania; and they don't grow on the north side of the Adirondacks, in the Saranac country.

A man never knows what he'll need to know in the woods about timber. Pine and spruce make the best shingles; balsam, burning slow, makes good backlogs, and balsam, stripped off the twigs for a bed of vegetable feathers full of fragrance, can't be beat; spruce poles, peeled, make the best logs for a cabin; yellow birch is our best green firewood, but the dead branches of a spruce tree start the quickest fire, and often the only fire that can be started in a soggy late autumn rain is one of birch curls and crackling spruce twigs; the best wood for a lasting fire in a camp stove on a cold February night is body beech and maple; ash makes the best snowshoe bows, and thick hemlock bark makes the hottest fire.

When one tramps along through the woods, he wonders about them. I know how I felt, the first time I ever went ashore in strange country, down the Mississippi. What I knew in the Adirondacks didn't help me a bit among the gums and cottonwoods, where the elbow tree crawled up and down like an awful snake, and the spread-butt cypress grew up in the water, and I found myself wallowing in the mud around the foot of a tupelo. No more could a swamp angel know my Adirondack woods!

I had an old chap tell me once that the only woods he could see was green timber. Course, he was a logger. They couldn't cut beech, and the other hardwoods and float them down to the sawmills. In the old days they cut just the green timber—spruce, pine, hemlock—big enough for saw logs. We have thousands, tens of thousands of acres of Adirondacks where the culled land has as good spruce as ever in the days of virgin stand. In some woods, the spruce dot the canopy, one spruce to five or six hardwoods. The stand of evergreens runs from none to an acre of clear hardwood, to ten, twenty, thirty, and on up to almost a hundred per cent dark foliage.

The spruce, hemlock and balsam—there are hardly any pines left—grow straight up. Their trunks show few knobs or forks. The branches of the spruce and balsam are slender, and often point down, right out of the parent bole. This shows where the snow, year after year, has pulled the stubborn branch down until at last it grows that way.

The scent of the woods changes as one traverses them, from mile to mile. On the hardwood ridges, the wind comes fresh from the sky, with the warmth of the sunshine, or the sting of the cold in it. Down in the heavy swamps, the levels of old lakes filled up with the wash from surrounding mountain sides,



" . . . and again to cut a green-ash shrub to brew me a drink of the bitter-yarb tea."

are dank and heavy with the oxidation of wood and the sweating of water mosses. The hunter's pitchers, full of dead insects trapped in the leaf pitfalls and drowned to feed the plants, have a breath all their own.

Sometimes I catch myself saying, "Now here's a good place for deer!" I laugh at myself, when I stop to think. On second thought, I wonder if I really know the woods as well as that? By and by I realize that I ought to know them ten times as well. This may be lying-down cover, along a ridge back, with fallen trees and thick shrubs to shelter the deer, and at noon on a sunny day, a deer would naturally be in such a place. In the mid-afternoon, they may be awakening, going down the ridges to drink in the brooks—and brooks do not flow through "good lying-down country" for deer. Generally, the deer does not feed by a brook, but out in the hardwood, or in the second growth, or in the mossy bogs.

Squirrels leave the open hardwood to eat spruce or hemlock cone meats. Come to think of it, all of us, the woods creatures, come and go according to the seasons; and in good nut years seek one kind of woods; in bad years, another kind of woods; and knowing the trees, the kind of shadows they cast, the smell of the leaves and earth—we know enough to run around some. But only just the beginning of things, after all. If we only had science!

I've lived in the woods, and outdoors, all my life, but the other day a youngster in his late twenties came along and sat down to talk to me. He told me more about trees in fifteen minutes than I'd ever known before; about the blood circulation of their sap, about the chlorine, sugar, and all kinds of things relating to how trees grow, and their flowering and the fruits of the forest.

I made some flapjacks for dinner, and when he ate some sirup on them, he exclaimed about how delicious regular homemade, March-run maple sugar was! I told him I'd just whittled a lot of shavings off hard maple sapwood, to flavor granulated sugar and water; he looked at me! For a minute he was puzzled, and then he told me the chemistry of it. At the same time, we shook hands across the bridge of science and experience. He hadn't known that way of extracting the maple flavor, any more than I knew the inside of the woods growing and expanding.

He taught me many things in the few days we were together. I, in turn, taught him the secrets of the trail and practical woodsmanship. He was an energetic young man, who had never before been in the mountains. We took many hikes on familiar trails through my forest country. Wonder added a luster to his eyes as the exercise quickened his pulse. We saw ranges of hills that he yearned to explore. Lakes splashing the landscape called to him. Frequently on our long hikes the lunch of our choice seemed woefully inadequate, though so huge when packed in the morning. A venison steak broiled on a stick, charred black to hide its rawness; a potato warmed through in the quick ashes of burning cedar. The incense of that burning cedar will remain with that youth long after the other incidents of his stay are forgotten.



" . . . he told me more about trees in fifteen minutes than I'd ever known before."

There is no other odor like it. Should he again smell its odor his thoughts will instantly revert to the days we spent together on Black Mountain. His pulse will quicken and he will in all probability seek the nearest forest sanctuary in an effort to reproduce the scenes and pleasures he experienced so long ago.

# Houdini the Book Man

(*Continued from page 2*)

famous London actor and manager is to be found even in the scene of his triumphs, London itself. The library also contains correspondence of Charles Macklin, an eccentric Irish tragedian and London theater manager, who supposedly lived to the patriarchal age of one hundred and seven years. The legend, which has reached the status of historical fact, is that Macklin's mother deserted him when he was two months old at the time of the Battle of the Boyne, 1690, when the great dispersal of the Irish race took place. Macklin was known to the theatrical profession as the first actor to represent Shylock as a human being. Until Edmund Kean appeared, Macklin bore the reputation of "here was the Jew that Shakespeare drew."

Houdini's library also contains much from the Everett Jansen Wendell collection and the collections of Augustin Daly, whose bookcase now stands in the Houdini house; the collections of Todeburg, Bement, Vail, Evans and many others. There are about two hundred and fifty thousand autographed papers in this section and more than three hundred thousand theater programs, many of historical interest, gathered from all over the world.

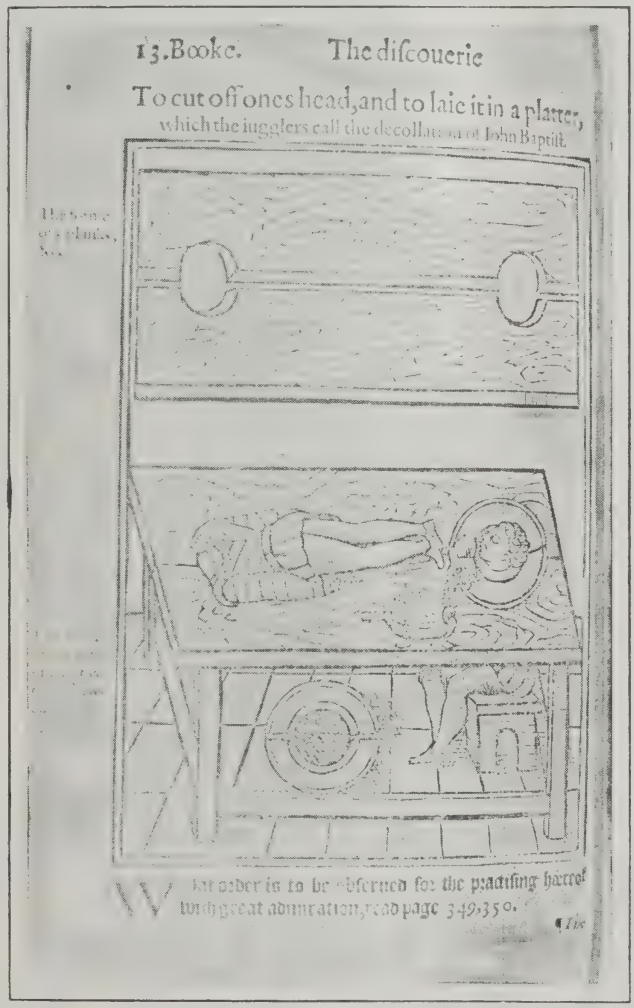
In the Houdini library is the portable writing desk (a mahogany boxlike affair that can be set upon a table) which was the property of Edgar Allan Poe and upon which his immortal works were written. Thomas Jefferson used a desk of this type upon which to prepare the Declaration of Independence.

But the Houdini library of magic, witchcraft and spiritualism is perhaps the greatest in the world, consisting as it does of eight complete libraries which he has bought from time to time. More than twenty thousand books and pamphlets were purchased from Symonds, the editor of the *Banner of Light*, a spiritualistic publication of Boston.

Houdini related, "I walked into Scheile's antiquarian shop in Stuttgart, Germany, and when I asked him where his magical books were, he pointed to the wall. After a glance I said, 'How much will you take for the whole stock?' and I bought four packing cases of these books."

Another typical transaction: "In Edinburgh I walked into a bookshop that was in a house built in 1700 and bought the entire stock on the fourth floor containing books and manuscripts upon spiritualism. I stayed there all day."

The greatest single addition to the magic and spiritualism section was obtained through the purchase of the library of Henry Evans Evanion, a world-famous English specialist in those fields of book collection. Other London purchases included the libraries of Hunter and of Will Goldston. The




Page from an ancient book on magic, in Houdini's library.

complete Kudarz library of Australia; the Wiljalra Frikell Library of Dresden; the Remigius Alburs library of Philadelphia, and the Hagan, Dunninger and Becker libraries of New York.

As magic and the allied arts are presumed to have been originated in the Orient, there is a special section of Chinese, Hindu and Egyptian records.

A volume bearing the quaint, but descriptive, title of *Hocus Pocus* was written in 1489 by a German monk. King James ordered that all copies of Scott's *The Discouverie of Witchcraft*, published in 1584, should be burned, but one of them is preserved in the Houdini library.

Italy has furnished the world two of its most notorious reprobates: Casanova, the international rake, and Guiseppe Balsamo, who styled himself "Count Cagliostro" and achieved a dubious reputation everywhere at endeavors that qualified him to be the patron saint of patent medicine men and beauty specialists. Houdini ranks as the most valuable single document in his possession what he believes to be the only autograph letter of this precious scoundrel who ruined a cardinal and prejudiced Marie Antoinette in the eyes of France.

The letter deals with that affair of Cagliostro's that Dumas made famous in his novel, *The Queen's Necklace*. Houdini had to purchase the entire collection of the letters of the Countess de la Motte who with her husband was implicated in the necklace bootlegging of the reckless consort of Louis XVI. Houdini often has had to purchase either whole volumes or collections to obtain a single desired document. In this manner he has acquired numerous specimens of bookbinding that in themselves are museum pieces, but his interest is in their contents, not their exteriors.

Although Houdini carries $350,000 insurance upon his library, to protect somewhat his personal investment, the real value cannot be expressed in terms of money because much of the material cannot be duplicated elsewhere. He has willed the spiritualistic and magicians' libraries, letters and documents to the National Museum in Washington. Thus the possibility of this rare material being lost to students through dispersal over the auction block has been avoided. The collection of such material is a hobby which is in a sense unique, and this adds to its value.

The recent tremendous increase in psychic phenomena and Houdini's relation thereto has given his library new interest. The devices employed by pseudo-psychologists and spiritualists either are those long since known to stage magicians or are adaptations of them. Houdini

(*Concluded on page 28*)

# PATENTS THAT WERE THAN USEF




By

## S. R. WINTERS

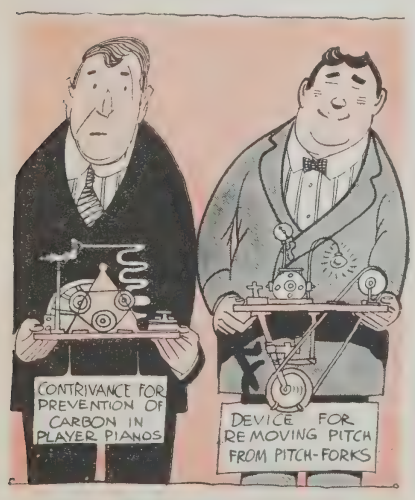
ILLUSTRATED BY W. O. FITZGERALD

SINCE the first patent was issued to the Earl of Worcester, in 1660, for the invention of a steam engine—described as "a stupendous or water-commanding engine"—the United States Patent Office has granted more than 1,500,000 patents. The inventions thus covered—including the internal combustion engine, telegraph, radio, telephone, automobile, and airplane—have completely revolutionized our mode of living. It may be said that they have changed the destinies of nations.

Against the background of these useful devices and mechanical improvements may be found thousands of utterly worthless patents. These are not only without value but they are ridiculous contraptions. Their intents and purposes, when seriously expressed, constitute monstrous jokes. When considered in the light of practical applications, these freak patents are such "screaming" comics that they place George McManus and Bud Fisher in the rôle of tragedians.

The proverbial lamb and lion lie down together, if this metaphor is permissible, when inventors combine a safety watch pocket and roach trap, hook up a rocking chair with a vacuum cleaner, or construct a plow and a gun on the same beam. Why the invention of a "bubble hat," so called, whereby soap bubbles are produced, unless the owner of such a headpiece desires, to reverse the conventionality of tipping his hat and spray soap suds instead? By a patent issued in 1891, there is a strange juxtaposition of a cuspidor and a toy. There has been invented an electric flytrap, whereby flies are lured by an enticing bait and their heads chopped off—a sort of formal electrocution. Turkeys and chickens are frequently represented as being placed on the chopping block, but a patent has been issued for protecting the eyes of poultry instead of their necks.

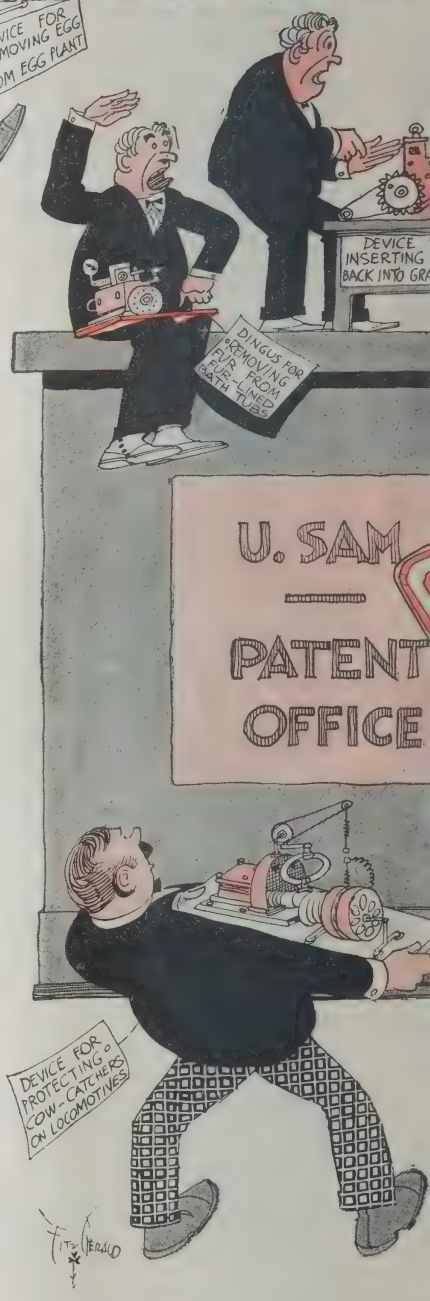
When two inventors in Waterloo, New York, combined a plow and gun, in 1862, they must have anticipated a repetition of the celebrated call to arms of the farmers by Paul Revere.




By means of this device the farmers could have carried their plows and guns with them instead of leaving the plows in the fields to answer the call to armed combat. This combination—gun and plow—when loaded with blank shells would probably have a present-day utility value in spurring the activities of a slothful or lazy mule. The joint inventors tell us that, "Its utility as an implement of this twofold capacity is unquestionable, especially when used in border localities, subject to savage feuds and guerrilla warfare. As a means of defense in repelling surprises and skirmishing attacks on those engaged in a peaceful avocation it is unrivaled, as it can be immediately brought into action by disengaging the team, and in times of danger may be used in the field, ready charged with its deadly missiles of ball or grape. The share (meaning plowshare) serves to anchor it firmly in the ground and enables it to resist the recoil, while the hand levers (the plow handles) furnish convenient means of giving it the proper direction."

Producing rain by artificial means, which is not practical according to the United States Weather Bureau, is not a recent proposal, as we are inclined to believe. As long ago as July 13, 1880, D. Ruggles, of Fredericksburg, Virginia, had a weird conception of prematurely robbing clouds of their moisture. He proposed to dispatch into the clouds one or more balloons, equipped with torpedoes and cartridges which would explode. The very explosions would, according to the inventor, cause a concussion (a brainstorm of the clouds, maybe) and the shock would produce rainfall. The inventor defined the objects of his scheme as that of refreshing the arid crops of farmers as well as that of purifying the atmosphere as a prevention of pestilence and epidemics.

One of the earliest patents issued bears the somber description, "life-preserving coffin in doubtful cases of death." In instances where persons were committed to coffins, this invention would make it possible for the slightest motion of either the head or hand, acting upon a system of levers, to cause the instantaneous opening of the lid of a coffin. The spring catch, which opens the coffin, is designed to be attached to the subject supposed to be dead by means of a rod and ring, the latter slipped on the finger of the person. Comedy and tragedy are subtly combined in the closing paragraph of the patent papers: "It is intended to place the above described coffin, with its






inmate, in a vault, with a key of the vault deposited inside of its entrance, until decomposition takes place, so that should the person not really be dead, life may be preserved."

If you own a Maltese cat or other member of the feline family and it is suffering with laziness, it may be well to take advantage of an invention described as an "Exerciser for Felines." The fondness of cats for catnip is capitalized in this freak invention, for which a patent was granted in 1907. It consists of a ball-like chamber in which is placed catnip, and with the odor of catnip coming from small openings in this device, it is presumed that a cat will work and play with this ball until it gets the "much-needed exercise."

The professional "corn doctor" would have long since become obsolete had the efficacy of a "Corn-Remover," invented by a soap-manufacturer of Germany, been proved. This device, cruel enough it would seem, simply grinds the corn away from your little toe by means of a sandstone. Similar to the grinding of an ax, this rotating grinding block is applied to the corn on your foot and the handle is turned until, by wearing-away or abrasive method, the corn is removed. The use of sandstone to the contrary, the inventor claims that "the object of my invention is to effect the removal of corns and other excrescences in a painless manner and free from danger."

The persistent setting hen which is frequently stoned and otherwise abused as a means of keeping her away from the nest egg, is the subject of a patent issued in 1917. This device consists of placing strips of sheet metal around the legs of a hen so that she cannot bend them when she attempts to be seated on a nest. The pieces of metal are locked around the limbs of the hen and until they are unlocked it qualifies under the patent name, "Device for Preventing Hens from Setting."

A "Device for Preventing Snoring" may sound like a travesty upon the victim and a blessing to persons who are annoyed by the snorings of others. Probably George A. Foster, of Chicago, Illinois, was a complainant, prompting him to obtain such a patent. The diagram illustrating this patent appears to indicate that it is necessary to smother a person to prevent snoring. The inventor admits that as a means of avoiding snoring it is necessary that the mouth and lips be closed tightly; therefore, he conceived the patentable idea of buckling a piece of cloth or bandage securely over the mouth and chin. Furthermore, a rubber lining covers the mouth as a means of securely fastening the lips. Straps across the top of the head and around the neck complete the smothering process, all of which might warrant interference with its use by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Yet, the inventor claims that this device may be worn without discomfort.

Obviously designed as a labor-saving device whereby the housewife may repose comfortably in a rocking-chair and operate a vacuum cleaner at the same time, a patent, issued in 1911, is described as a "Rocking-Chair Attachment." By means of this arrangement, according to the inventor, all that is necessary to sweep or clean a home is to operate the rocking-chair. The latter, however, would represent a complicated mechanism when you attach a cylinder, a bowl, a diaphragm, rods, and other units required to operate the vacuum cleaner. Furthermore, the seat of the rocking-chair is made detachable so that the cylinder and operating parts of the vacuum cleaner are readily accessible.

The wildest flights of imagination of a Jules Verne would seem incapable of conceiving of the use of a bird in guiding a balloon aloft. And, yet, a patent was granted to Richard Wulff, of Paris, whereby he would attach a living eagle or buzzard to a balloon for the purpose of propelling and guiding the latter. This ridiculous contraption is labeled, in the patent papers, with the modest title, "Means and Apparatus for Propelling and Guiding Balloons." The patentee actually proposed the displacement of motors on aircraft "by a living motor or motors taken from the flying class of birds—such as, for example, one or more eagles, vultures, condors, and so on. By means of suitable arrangements



(clearly shown in the annexed diagrams) all the qualities and powers given by nature to these most perfect kinds of birds may be completely utilized." It was specified that the eagles or buzzards thus employed would be put in harness or corsets, leaving their wings unfettered.

Other freakish patents issued during the past 265 years include the following: A process for removing tapeworms by means of a baited trap; figure of a cat covered with illuminating paint and perfumed with oil of peppermint as a fright to rats; device for inducing sleep by applying pressure to the arteries and veins of the neck; composition for pacifying the waves of the sea; hat removable by mechanism on the inside without using the hands; device for shaving by abrasion; bait to lure and then automatic belling of rats; device for preventing holdups on trains by using jets of steam; device for prolonging sleep; mechanical arrangement for teaching natural theology; the combination of a scarecrow and advertising scheme; a probe and electric current for testing the nerve of an aching tooth; method of destroying aircraft by a light to lure and then exploding bombs; hat ventilated to avoid sunstroke; mechanical appliances for teaching facts of immortality; beauty mark in the form of a court plaster adorned with a sparkling stone; combination knife, fork, spoon, and toothpick; a helmet with a gun to be operated by the mouth; display apparatus for imitating a hen laying; pencil, penholder and like articles with a deterrent substance in a groove to prevent one from biting it; a corpse hermetically incased within a block of transparent glass; device for producing dimples; beheading clock and ax for theatrical purposes; device for lowering keys from a window cover for photograph of deceased; a potato bug catcher which includes a parachute and padded shoes; rat-proof building which consists of a stone foundation, excavation filled with gravel, and a tube in which to catch rats.

According to records, patent for a perpetual motion machine was issued to the Marquis of Worcester as early as 1665. Now, however, perpetual motion machines are not numerously classed among the freak patents because the United States Patent Office requires each claimant to such a discovery to produce a working model. This request is not complied with. Some criticism has been lodged against the Patent Office for granting patents covering ridiculous and worthless contraptions, many of which are of such vulgar aspects as to forbid mentioning in print. The defense of this branch of the Federal Government is to effect that its duties do not specify that patent examiners determine the intrinsic value of inventions—rather the point raised is the device novel or new and is it patentable. Meanwhile the list of freak patents is cumulative.

# Note the Names of Our Criminals

(*Concluded from page 3*)

in violation of law is morally responsible for every crime incidental to the making possible of it for him to drink.

If bootleggers commit perjury it is for the drinker that they perjure themselves.

If now and then they shoot an officer who is upon their heels, it is because the drinker is waiting for his drink that they shoot.

If Mrs. Cook, the temperance woman who was assassinated in her little home in Iowa was, as charged, shot down by a bootlegger, he shot only to maintain the continuity of alcoholic supply that his customers demanded.

Every drink is tainted with the crimes that were committed to deliver it, or that may be committed to continue the supply.

I am quite sure that the people who are doing the drinking these days have not thought this thing out. But their bootlegger servants are acting it out. The drink, the bullet, the dead policeman, the widow, the orphans—the first is the cause, all the others the effects of it. The bootlegger who becomes rich, turns gangster and heads a great gang—who gave him his start by becoming his customer? The responsibility of drinkers is very great. As they awaken to it, they cease to drink. It is not worth while. It is better to be able to sleep nights.

Foreigners who want money more than anything else note that some of the "best people" in America do not scruple to violate the prohibition law. Is it any wonder that these strangers have no respect for law? Is it any wonder that so many of them first become bootleggers? After night-driving and shooting all along and across the Canadian border, is it any wonder that they become hijackers and bank robbers? Is it any wonder that many decent American boys have come to believe that law does not amount to much? Drinkers are not only making criminals today, but they are preparing more crimes for the next generation.

***The War Was Not the Cause of Crime Wave***

*It is nonsense to say that soldiers became so accustomed to bloodshed during the war that life means little to them and that the war is the cause of the present outbreak of violent crime committed for plunder.* These crimes are, for the most part, committed by boys and men ranging in age from 17 to 23 years. Those who are 17 now were only 10 when the war ended and therefore saw no bloodshed. Those who are 23 now were only 16 when the war ended.

*Most of the great criminals of today either came here from abroad or were born here of foreign parents.* For years we let everybody in who had the money to get across. Some foreign nations shipped their criminals to us as the easiest way of getting rid of them. We took whatever the wind blew us and now the dust is getting into our eyes.

There are certainly a great number of other reasons for crime, but they are probably relatively unimportant. The practical thing to consider is, What are we going to do about it?

Well, the drinkers can stop drinking. That will help a little.

It also goes without saying that conviction of crime should be followed by the legally prescribed penalty. And it should be made possible to convict the guilty. Existing court practices protect the criminal better than they do the public. Conviction of the guilty should be as quick as we can make it, as certain as everything else except death and taxes, and the penalty, whatever it may be, should follow in short order.

***Every Criminal Thinks He Can Get Away***

The mere housing of the modern criminal is a very expensive thing. I was recently surprised to hear Governor Smith, of New York, say that if one wants to know how large a prison he can build for a million dollars, all he has to do is to divide a million by three thousand. Three thousand dollars is a good deal to pay for housing a criminal, to say nothing of keeping him. I do not know why they should not be put on a farm and made to work under cover of machine guns.

It is unpleasant even to think of lashing human beings. I have never until now been able to think of such a thing. Even now I should oppose the lashing of anybody except one who had wantonly gone out to rob and who, in order to rob, had killed. If it is unpleasant to think of lashing murderous robbers, it is also unpleasant to read of men shot down in their tracks merely because they happened to be carrying some money that the murderers wanted. What are we going to do? If the death penalty were sufficient there would not be so many murders in New York and Chicago. Of course, the laws are not enforced as they should be. Every criminal thinks he can get away. They might feel the same way toward the lash. Perhaps it would do no good.

Yet something has got to do good. A war is in progress between those who rob and murder and those who do not. One side or the other is going to win the war. Normal conditions are going to be restored. The murderers are not going to win. We shall do whatever we have to do to make this country a safer place in which to live.

But wise gentlemen in Europe, who are bemoaning the decadence of the American people, would do well to scan the names of those who are giving us a bad name.

# "The Scarlet Letter," How It Was Written

(*Continued from page 5*)

for twelve years. What was he doing? He was reading and writing, or learning how to write; and he was doing a great deal of independent thinking. The latter might almost be called a peculiarity; independent thinking has never been common. It was perhaps less uncommon in the early part of the last century than it is now, when "civilization" does our thinking for us: Emerson was a thinker, Channing, and a few more: dreamers and Utopians; but the practical man had hardly yet appeared, and the practical man thinks from hand to mouth, as it were, and the debt he may owe to the Utopians and dreamers is unconsidered. My father was neither a dreamer nor a Utopian, but he meditated upon human nature, the world, and the Creator; and some of his results may be found in his short pieces, seldom read nowadays, nor their significance apprehended; some of them would be found to be startlingly radical even by our contemporary industrious Free-Thoughters. But he seldom allowed these speculations to get into his novels.

***A Group of Hermits Under One Roof***

For a long time, little that he wrote was to his own satisfaction: most of his manuscripts he burned; those that he sent to periodicals appeared without his name—he had a variety of pseudonyms: he would imagine a character and write in it. Whether this be a wise practice, I will not decide; it is not an unwisdom to which many present-day authors are addicted.

After his twelve years, he met the woman whom he married—first essaying the Brook Farm community, with the idea that it might prove suitable for his married life, and making up his mind that it wouldn't. That experience, at all events, could hardly be termed a plunge into society; it was a group of hermits under one roof. Thoreau might have felt lonesome there.

He took his wife to Concord, which was Emerson and not much else, and though my father and Emerson liked each other, their minds didn't collaborate: Emerson would drop in to remark that "The Muses are in the woods today"; and my father would excuse himself to attend to the boiling of the beef and cabbages. At other times he would be upstairs writing *The Mosses From an Old Manse*. But there was really no money in it, and the custom house became imperative. And there, at last, being more than forty years old, he met and dealt with all sorts and conditions of men, took their measure and gave them his. By all accounts, he made a good job of it; the latent regions of his nature were aroused and went to work: the life of imagination in which he had hitherto dwelt was changed for a life of facts and acts; he realized himself and acquired confidence in what he discovered of that personage. He wasn't weaned from the desire to write, but he had no opportunity to do it, and that no doubt strengthened the desire.

***When Hawthorne Lost His Job at the Customs***

Accordingly, the man who sat down in the attic in Mall street to write *The Scarlet Letter* wasn't the same man who had written *Twice Told Tales* in Union street, or *Mosses From an Old Manse* in the Old Manse itself in Concord. He was mature, a man of the world. He had his imagination in its full strength, however, and an even finer spiritual insight, deepened by the experience which a true marriage bestows. The moment for a masterpiece couldn't have been more opportune. But other elements, apparently less favorable, were to enter into the situation.

In the first place, he had just been politically decapitated; and as he himself remarked, the beheading of a man is seldom the most agreeable episode of his existence. Nor is his plight improved if his pockets happen at that juncture to be empty. Empty my father's were, so far as he was aware, for his removal from office had been unexpected and he had made no provision against it. But here, his wife came to his succor; she was not only a good practical housekeeper, but a foreseeing one, and instead of breaking down when he made the announcement of his mishap, she opened her private drawer and produced a bundle of her economies to the amount of three hundred dollars, riches sufficient to keep the ménage going for six months at least.—"So now," she said, with a radiant smile, "you can write that romance!" For he had admitted, in their matrimonial confidences, that a story was rumbling in his mind to which business prevented his giving an airing.

***When the Great Book Was Being Written***

There were the chair and table in the attic seclusion, too, and the little mahogany desk, with quill pens and paper; and she had made for him an oriental dressing gown to write in and had even affixed inside the left-hand skirt of it a little flannel butterfly to serve as penwiper, at the precise spot where she had observed that it was his slovenly habit to wipe his pen during the throes of composition. So now all that the new romance needed for its realization was the mere writing of it.

So far, well; but now troubles began. While the father was having *The Scarlet Letter* fever upstairs, the children caught plain scarlet fever below. But fortunately my mother was a homeopathist of the true "high-dilutionist" type, and my sister Una and I came to the conflict with a clean bill of health in reserve. Our siege was light, inasmuch as on a day when some friend of the family was driving down street in his gig, and called out to the two small people who paraded in the sun in front of the Mall street house, "Ah, youngsters, how are you?" we replied proudly, "Oh, we've got the scarlet fever!" So that was that.

But that was not all. Not to mention minor matters, my father himself met with the unusual bad luck of a neuralgic affliction which settled in his right ear; few things could be less conducive to communion with the Muse. He endured it with sublime patience, and it passed: but the really serious trouble was the grave turn taken by his mother's illness, against which even homeopathic remedies strove in vain. She had attained what in those days was held to be old age, and the end was manifestly inevitable, and not far distant. The room in which she lay was directly underneath the one in which her son was writing, and the open doors made all that went on there audible to him.

***Creating the Soul of "The Scarlet Letter"***

Samuel Johnson wrote his romance *Rasselas* to get money to pay for his mother's funeral. The parallel was close: genius is not defeated by the blows of fate, but rises stronger under them. Assuredly *The Scarlet Letter* was not weakened by the brooding tragedy; on the other hand it may have enabled the writer to search profounder depths of the human heart, guided by his own sorrow. That organ-tone which I spoke of just now must have gained added solemnity under those gates of death; the meaning of life past would become clear, and the tender memories of things not fully understood and valued till nevermore was spoken. No great work can be done but the life of the doer must go into it: it is the price of greatness. And it is in the deepest chambers of the human heart that the surest fellowship is found—the roots of human brotherhood.

The emotion begotten of his mother's passing vibrated through the pages of my father's book, a sad but purifying and exalting influence. It unveiled the souls of the characters in his story, and they became not only individual but typical, so that every reader could see in them his or her own secret, actual or potential; and for years after the book was published, sad and anxious pilgrims came to his door and—for he never refused them—would be closeted with him for an hour, and go away comforted or enlightened; and what was said in those confessionals was never revealed, even to the author's wife.

He would emerge silent, grave and pale.

There was another element in this period of the writing of *The Scarlet Letter* that must not be omitted. My sister and I were of an age to know without comprehending what was going on in the death chamber, and we had the imitative and dramatic instinct common to our years—the minuteness of observation which misses no detail, and the impulse to depict and express which goes with it. We were occasionally allowed to make tiptoe visits to our grandmother's bedside; we knew she was undergoing some mysterious experience which called for tenderness and sympathy in the bystanders; but of death we had no conception, though the word might be spoken. The hush and dimness of the room impressed us; but it was all a sort of play to us, the end of which must somehow be happy.

Accordingly, we could not fail to rehearse the scene (often in our father's presence) and with a fidelity to fact so harrowing as at once to wring his heart and to tempt a smile. He noted some of these appalling though innocent parodies in his journal; how first one and then the other child would impersonate the invalid, the doctor entering with his medicines and directions, the ceremony of the pulse, the conference outside the room afterward. It was a page of life which has never found its way into literature; the comedy is interwoven too intimately with the tragedy; but we doubtless witness its effect on my father in his portrayal of the nature of the child, Pearl, in the story. She too harrows her mother's soul with her games, her questions, her moods and her prattle, which sometimes seem to suggest a poignant and dismaying intuition of the truth—whether that truth be death or sin.

Reviewing the circumstances attending the composition of the book, it is small wonder then that it has not been rivaled in its own field. But neither has any other writer attempted to echo the viewpoint of the story by other methods, although, of course, the sin of *The Scarlet Letter* is among the most familiar materials for fiction. But the writer was unique in omitting all details of the sin itself—upon which other novelists depend for the main interest of their narrative—and confining himself to its results upon the souls of the *dramatis personae*. What he wrote is a masterpiece, but perhaps even more masterly is his forbearance to write the rest.

It was obvious enough after the event, indeed, that to this forbearance is due the perennial fascination of the book; none of the innumerable tales of illicit passion written before or since has so well succeeded in holding the deeper attention of the world. After skill has done its best, there remains a certain vulgarity in their presentation, and vulgarity can never attain immortality in art, however indestructible it may be in real life. But the sufferings and vicissitudes of the spirit have dignity, and their importance is not transient. Being in a sphere above the actual, they achieve a sort of universal significance which everyone may appropriate to his own peculiar need.

The manifest ease with which a "First Part" of *The Scarlet Letter* might have been written, however, and the interest such a preamble would possess for the ordinary reader, were not long in stirring the sensibilities of writers of drama, and of actors; they thought that the success of *The Scarlet Letter* as a book assured an even greater triumph on the stage; and many were the suggestions to that effect made to Hawthorne.—Give us the scenes in England, the old ancestral mansion in which Hester was born, her growth to young womanhood, her beauty, her ambitious thoughts, the appearance of the elderly scholar, Chillingworth, wealthy and solitary; his love for her, and her consent to a marriage, not for love of him, but because it would bring her out into the world she had dreamed of. Many moving and picturesque scenes there! Then the journey to Holland, and her prolonged stay there while her husband went on to prepare in advance their home in the American Colonies.—Here is no slackening of interest; and now comes the eloquent and captivating young minister, Dimmesdale, her true mate, and their irresistible fascination for each other. Her charm overwhelms him, and she in her turn surrenders. They make the long voyage to Boston in the same ship; what passion! what dismay when her approaching motherhood is revealed! After that, we may take up the story as written and carry it swiftly to the end!

It was an attractive and promising outline; the trouble was that my father could not be induced to fill it in, and that nobody else was adventurous enough to match style of treatment and dialog against his. The First Part must then be given up; but might it not be possible to make a play out of the story as it stood? The judgment of the writer of *The Scarlet Letter* was in the negative; he was inclined to think, however, that the story might be done over as an opera. This seems probable; but there happened to be no Beethoven at hand to carry out the suggestion.




"Salem Harbor," as seen from window of Hawthorne's office in custom house.

Years after my father's death, Richard Mansfield appeared in New York in a stage version of the story, but it was not successful, in spite of the talents of the actor; and the part of Pearl will always be of almost insurmountable difficulty. I believe one or two other attempts were made with no better result.

When Irving and Ellen Terry came to America to offer their united genius to our public, I happened to be standing with them behind the lowered curtain between two acts of *As You Like It*. The lovely actress, glowing from her part, appealed to me to dramatize *The Scarlet Letter*.

"I've always so longed to try Hester, and I believe I could do it! It's one of the greatest parts in the world: and what a Dimmesdale Henry would make!"

Henry Irving agreed: "It would be one of the most powerful things on the stage."

It was a temptation: but I told them why it was impossible, and they finally assented—Henry did at least; but Ellen, as the bell sounded, sighed, "Oh, but that scene beside the brook, and her deep whisper (Concluded on page 21)

# Is New York No Longer American?

The following letter, written by a traveler, presents a view of New York which is worth considering.

—New York City.

Dear Sir:

"New York City is on the downgrade and if you ever liked it you had better prepare yourself to change your opinion, for no real American can like New York City as she is at the present time."

Thus spoke a fellow-passenger to me just before we landed (from Europe) last Sunday morning.

My four and a half days in New York confirms everything my companion said about present-day Gotham. Although my stay in Europe has not been so very long I am absolutely amazed at the changes which have been taking place here. In London, of course, it has been recognized for quite some time that New York City is no longer Anglo-Saxon. And both in Paris and in London American friends have emphasized New York's growing alienism. But still I expected to find here at least a strata of Americanism and the newspapers fighting to make "the melting-pot" just what its name implies.

But instead of that I find the newspapers here more alien and more anti-American than they were in 1920 and a very real diminution of the Anglo-Saxon population.

And the changed character of New York's citizenry is reflected in the physical appearance of the city. There isn't a city in Western Europe that would tolerate for one instant the filthy condition of New York's streets and public parks and there isn't another community in the world that would put up with such a filthy press as exists here. Verily, I believe more than ever in the truth of the old proverb, "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad," for there doesn't seem to be a single organ of publicity here which concerns itself with remedying the frightful conditions now existing. Instead the newspapers publish trashy articles dealing with scandals of the underworld or spit their hate in editorials against the Nordic race and "one hundred per cent" Americans. Graft and greed and sordid publicity seem to be the order of the day here and there is no intelligent criticism on how to make New York City more fit for human habitation

What the ultimate result of this campaign of hate and salaciousness will be no one can tell, but I predict that unless New York City is very careful she will lose her population supremacy even as she has already lost the moral leadership of America. New York's geographical situation will not save her from decadence if she lets herself become an unfit place for the best type of Americans to live. If the aliens here, through their controlled newspapers, really succeed in driving the Anglo-Saxons elsewhere, then New York's decline is absolutely assured. There is very good evidence that the old-time New Yorker, the New Yorker of American antecedents, is drifting away. In fact, few of the sons and grandsons of the men who first built up New York's greatness are living in this state and with their going has come a steady diminution in the number of emigrants from other sections of the United States to New York.

My friend of the boat stated that in his opinion it would take only the departure of one hundred thousand more Anglo-Saxons from New York City to doom this city to complete foreign control and while I am not quite so pessimistic as that I still think New York's future is on the lap of the gods.

In closing I want to say that I have so much confidence in the AMERICANISM of the West and Pacific Coast, so deep a belief in the American people, that I am not discouraged over the future of this country because New York City has not fulfilled the expectations of her forefathers. New York City has failed America because she is no longer American. She may have a chance to come back yet but she will have to change her present tune and make her city fit to harbor American families. Otherwise her steady decline is absolutely assured.

Yours truly,

M———— A————

## "The Scarlet Letter," How It Was Written

(*Concluded from page 20*)

—'Thou shalt not go alone!'" And I have often thought of it since then, and Ellen will always be associated with Hester in my mind. But I remember, too, the little poem that Longfellow wrote on the occasion of my father's funeral:

"Ah, who shall lift that wand of magic power
Or the lost clue regain?
The unfinished window in Aladdin's Tower
Unfinished must remain!"

The mystery and complications of sex enter into none other of my father's writings; he dealt with it once and for all, and after his own fashion. The mention in the introductory essay on *The Custom House*, of finding in the attic of the building an embroidered letter "A," is a bit of fancy on his part; no such thing ever, so far as we know, existed. It was engendered in his imagination from his conception of the character of Hester, just as was the undefined horror on the breast of Dimmesdale. Hester's fine needlework as applied to that emblem was a concrete sign of the preoccupation of her mind with the penalty of human law upon her sin. That penalty failed of its office as purposed by her judges, though a higher end was accomplished by it. The lesson is spiritualized, and the whole story ascends with it into the spiritual realm.

That was a flippant rejoinder that I made to the letter which the lady wrote me; perhaps this little essay may make some amends. But her ascription had struck me as so preposterous that my spontaneous reaction was a jest. Neither I nor anyone was capable of Nathaniel Hawthorne's work; he could not have paralleled it himself. It arose out of an unprecedented combination of circumstances rare intrinsically; the lines of Emerson come to my mind, when he speaks of the semi-miraculous works of Phidias and Michael Angelo—

"The passive master lent his hand
To the vast Soul that o'er him planned."

Works of art really great resist analysis; even their makers cannot account for them, or repeat them. They belong, in part at least, to a category other than ours; and they are still fresh and new after long periods, because they are concerned with permanent truths of our nature.


*For Tough Beards or Tender Skins*

YOU will find relief and comfort in a jar of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream. It rapidly softens the toughest beard and prevents shaving irritation. Its exclusive properties soothe and cool the skin and heal troublesome little cuts. It leaves your skin soft, cool, invigorated and refreshed.

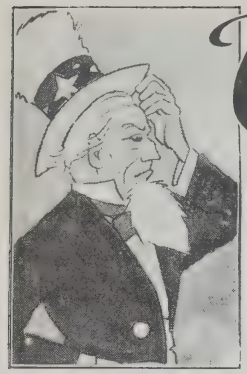
Thousands of men have told us that it makes shaving a pleasure—no longer a job to be dreaded.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50c. for the blue jar that contains six months of shaving comfort. Or send 2c. stamp for sample.

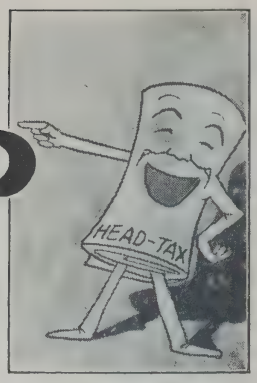
Frederick F. Ingram Co.
*Established 1885*
17 Tenth St.,
Detroit, Mich.
Also Windsor, Canada




*Made particularly for tender skins*



# Where Does the Head-Tax Go?




## Why Does It Not Serve Its Legal Purpose?

By MARIAN K. CLARK

Formerly Chief Investigator, New York State Department of Labor, Bureau of Industries and Immigration.

NEW YORK STATE has had a valid claim against the Federal Government for the support of alien patients in the civil institutions of the state since the passage of the Act of 1882. The state hospitals prepared in all some 31,861 claims against the Federal Government amounting to $17,247,-616.71 and the attorney-general was authorized to present the matter to Congress. Then followed a change of administration and no further action was taken.

In October, 1923, the Interstate Conference on Immigration convened at New York City for the purpose of reviving the subject. This conference was attended by delegates from the states of California, Connecticut, Illinois, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, and Washington.

The great burden of the alien insane falls more heavily upon New York than any other state, and it is increasing rather than diminishing. The average period of hospital residence of the foreign-born insane is 9.85 years, practically ten years of care for each patient. It costs approximately $425 per capita per year for care, therefore the average alien patient in the state hospitals represents a loss of nearly $4,000 to the taxpayers of the state.

The law was violated in two points: first, through admitting mandatorily excludable aliens; second, by diverting the head tax, contrary to the supreme court decision upon which the constitutionality of the levy was based. This diversion continues irrespective of the fact that the indebtedness of the Federal Government has been clearly established.

The records will show that, during years of heavy immigration, immigrants were frequently passed through Ellis Island at the rate of twelve hundred a day. The medical examiners at the station, although competent, were utterly unable to give any mental or physical test of value in *a rush examination of ten, twelve or fourteen immigrants a minute.* The excuse of the Federal officials for the existence of these conditions has invariably been that "Congress has refused to grant a sufficient appropriation with which to increase the force of medical examiners."

Immigration officials will state that these conditions no longer exist, that all of this inefficiency has been changed, and the admissions at Ellis Island at the present time do not exceed an average of 300 a day. This is no doubt true as of today, and as the result of the new quota law, *but the problems of the state hospitals are not the product of today, but the residue of other years and the consequences of other conditions.*

The state hospitals in New York State, as a result of mistakes in previous years, are now caring for more than ten thousand alien insane at a cost of $4,500,000 a year, and the state administration asks for $50,000,-000 more for the extension of hospital accommodations.

*What has the Head Tax to do about it?* Much, as the reader will see.

On August 3, 1882, the original act regulating the national control of immigration was passed by Congress, of which Section 1 provides as follows:

AN ACT TO REGULATE IMMIGRATION.

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of American Congress assembled. That there shall be levied, collected and paid a duty of fifty cents for each and every passenger not a citizen of the United States who shall come by steam or sail vessel from any foreign port to any port within the United States. The said duty shall be paid to the Collector of Customs of the port to which the passenger shall come, or if there be no collector at such port, then to the collector of customs nearest thereto, by the master, owner, agent, or consignee of such vessel, within twenty-four hours after the entry thereof into such port.

**"The money thus collected shall be paid into the United States Treasury and shall constitute a fund to be called the 'Immigrant Fund' and shall be used under the direction of the Secretary of Labor to defray the expense of regulating immigration under this act and for the care of immigrants arriving in the United States, for the relief of such as are in distress, and for the general purposes and expenses of carrying this act into effect.**

"The duty imposed by this Section shall be a lien upon the vessel which shall bring such passengers into the United States, and shall be a debt in favor of the United States against the owner or owners of such vessels, and the payment of such duty may be enforced by any legal or equitable remedy; Provided, that no greater sum shall be expended for the purposes hereinbefore mentioned, at any port, than shall have been collected at that port."

The constitutionality of this Section was promptly assailed but in upholding the above provisions of the levy, the United States Supreme Court, in December, 1884, in its decision of the "Head-Money" cases (112 U. S. 580) pointed out:

"If it were necessary to prove that the imposition of this contribution on owners of ships is made for the general welfare of the United States, it would be difficult to show that it is so . . . . The money thus raised, though paid into the Treasury, **is appropriated in advance to the uses of the Statute and does not go to the general purposes of government. It constitutes a fund,** raised from those who are engaged in the transportation of these passengers and who make a profit out of it, for the temporary care of the passengers whom they bring among us and **for the protection of the citizens among whom they are landed.**

During the eight succeeding years after the passage of this act from 1882 until 1890, the actual regulation of immigration by the New York State authorities under the jurisdiction of the Federal Government, and, empowered by Section 1 of that act, *the Secretary of the Treasury contracted with New York State officials and authorized them to receive all aliens and to relieve and to*

*support those who might "fall into distress" or require public aid.*

By the Sundry Civil Appropriation Act of August 18, 1894 (28 Stat. 392), the Head Tax was increased to $1.

By the Immigration Act of March 3, 1903 (32 Stat. 1213), the Head Tax was increased to $2.

By the act of February 20, 1907, the Federal Government assumed jurisdiction over the admission of aliens, the determination of classes to be excluded and the regulation of all matters affecting aliens until they are released from immigration stations, after which they become solely a state charge and problem. By this act the Head Tax was increased to $4 (34 Stat. 898).

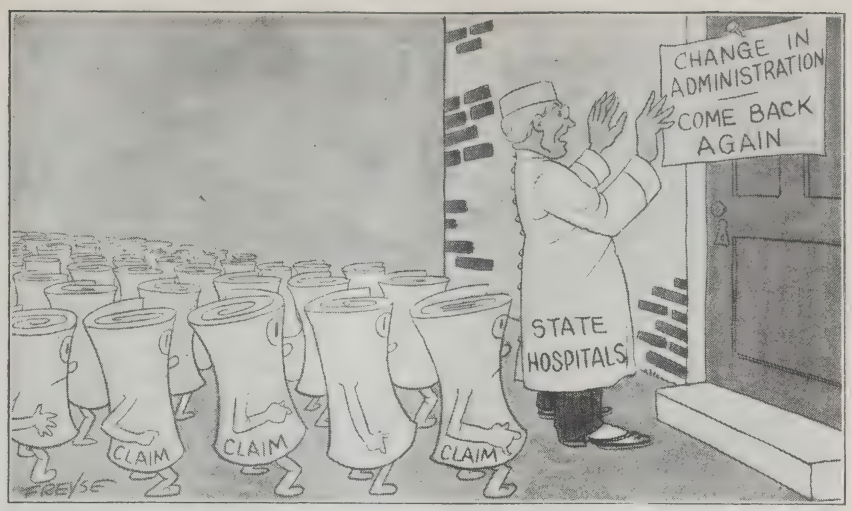
By the Immigration Act of February 5, 1917, the Head Tax was again increased to $8.

It is apparent, therefore, that a very considerable revenue was derived from this source during the years of heavy immigration. An inquiry addressed some years ago to the Commissioner General of Immigration elicited the information that the fund existed as a "*paper fund.*" The pertinent inquiry is then suggested: what disposition has been made of the "*actual fund*," the moneys of which were "*appropriated in advance*" by the statute?

Since the Head-Money Decision has never been reversed, any act purporting to abolish the Immigrant Fund or reappropriate the proceeds thereof must itself be unconstitutional.

The only clause in the Appropriation Act that in any manner refers to the Immigrant Fund, under caption "Public Health Service" (35 Stat. L 963) provides as follows:

> ". . . in all, one million two hundred and sixty-five thousand, seven hundred and fifty dollars, which shall include the amount necessary for the medical inspection of aliens, as required by the Act of Congress approved February 20, 1907 and the provision of said section of said Act requiring the reimbursement by the Immigrant Fund for said expenses is hereby repealed."




"The state hospitals prepared in all some 31,861 claims against the Federal Government . . . There followed a change of administration, and no further action was taken."

This ambiguous clause is the alleged authority for covering into the General Treasury, in violation of the Constitutional Provision, the accrued surplus of more than $17,000,000 of head moneys known and referred to as the Immigrant Fund, which has accumulated *because of the restrictions as to its disbursement* imposed by both the Decision and the Act.

The head money is trust money. Its collection was legalized specifically for the purpose of creating a trust fund, and restricted solely to the uses and purposes of that fund. This was the interpretation acknowledged and accepted by the Secretary of the Treasury, when in 1882 he contracted with the State of New York for the "care and maintenance" of aliens and when he contracted with the State of Massachusetts for the "care of aliens who were found to be subjects for deportation" and when these contracts were consummated by both parties thereto, they became valid evidence of the responsibility of the Federal Government under the terms of the Decision.

The section under which the Head Tax is authorized and the Immigrant Fund created has never been repealed.

Head-Tax collections, during the past thirty years, have amounted to approximately $65,000,000, of which a balance in excess of expenditures of upward of $17,000,000 has accrued as surplus to which must be added large amounts in administrative fines and collections.

The annual report of the Commissioner General of Immigration to his superior officer, the Secretary of Labor, has, year after year, accounted for the Head-Moneys as well as the additions from unexpended balances accruing to the surplus, and in many reports has made recommendations as to the possible use to which these funds might be applied for the benefit of the service, all of which were passed unnoticed by both incoming and outgoing Secretaries of Labor, administration after administration.

It is a commonly known fact that a *predatory immigration lobby* has been maintained in Washington for many years, chiefly recruited from New York State but with its long arm reaching to Massachusetts or any other port of entry. To quote the delegate from Massachusetts at the Interstate Immigration Conference:

> "We all feel political pressure. They do find ways of reaching Washington officials and often defeat the law of deportation. . . . . the matter of landing deportable aliens under bond has become increasingly frequent . . . in many cases people have given a bond without any intent of fulfilling their liability."

This same lobby is, it is alleged, now preparing to make another onslaught upon both the immigration and naturalization laws at the next session of Congress. It is, of (*Concluded on page 28*)




"If the law of 1917 fixing a head tax of $8 were enforced, there would be no necessity for the subterfuge of the literary test or a quota provision."

# Psychology and Sex

(*Concluded from page 7*)

trouble. These difficult to recall and emotional events of earlier life were found to be at the bottom of not only paralyses, but dreams, fears, dispositions, attitudes toward religion, and even the choice of a life career.

And at the bottom of these forgotten events there seemed to be in almost every case something traceable to the life of sex. So prominent and so apparently unvarying was this factor in the early cases that soon it came to be searched for regularly. And it was usually easy to find.

As an example take the case of a Boston woman thirty-six years of age, troubled with fainting spells, headaches and depressed periods in which she would weep copiously. She could not force herself to talk about her troubles to others, so the "writing cure" was used. Her writing revealed that in the conflict between the desire to keep the love of a certain man and the attitude of her parents and her moral conceptions a cause was found for her disturbed state of mind. We must check up the assumption of the Vienna psychologists about the source of human mental ailments in the light of the known facts about the animal impulses.

Freud and his followers in psychoanalytic interpretation assume that in human sex impulses there will be found a free floating energy of some sort. Dr. K. S. Lashley, of the University of Minnesota, has made extensive study of the physiological possibility of this existing and says, "There is no sex instinct or sex drive in the meaning with which the words are ordinarily used . . . There is no evidence here for the existence of free energy . . . There is no source of energy which could fulfill the requirements."

Even in a child less than a year old they allege that jealousy—which, of course, must be sexual to be consistent—appears full-blown when a new babe enters the family circle. On this allegation we have on record one experimental observation that is trustworthy. Read here how the experiment turned out when a new babe was brought home from the hospital with its mother to a waiting brother a few months over two years old. This brother had "a very strong attachment to his mother and to his own regular nurse. The mother had been absent in the hospital for two weeks. Billy was taken care of by his regular nurse during these two weeks. The day his mother returned, his own nurse kept Billy busy in his room playing until the conditions for the test were all set."

Dr. Watson describes the test which was made at noon in a well-lighted sitting room.

"The mother was sitting nursing the baby. Billy had not seen the mother during the two weeks. In addition to the mother with her infant, there were present a trained nurse new to Billy, a grandmother, and the father. Billy was allowed to walk down the steps alone and into the room.

"Everyone had been instructed to remain absolutely quiet and to make the situation as natural as possible. Billy walked into the room and up to his mother, leaned on her knee and said, 'How do, Mama.'

"Then he saw the baby nursing. Did he become furiously jealous as the Freudians would have him? Did he scratch the baby or leave the room in a jealous huff? Listen:

"He said, 'Little Baby.'

"Then he took the baby's hands and gently patted them, rubbed its head and its face and began to say, 'That baby. That baby.' Then he kissed it without any prompting.

"The trained nurse, who was unknown to him, took up the new baby. He reacted against this, saying, 'Mama, take baby.' Surely this was as typically an un-Freudian reaction as could be imagined.

"Then the new baby was taken by its nurse to its room and put to bed. Billy tagged along. When he came back the father said, 'How do you like Jimmie?' And he said, 'Like Jimmie—Jimmie sleeping.'"

But Freudianism has made many discoveries about human thoughts and actions and troubles which cannot be denied, although there is not even a common opinion among psychoanalysts about there being a motive for these in the sexual life and apparently no support for such a contention from other scientific sources.



Dispving a Freudian theory.

# The Birds Sing, But Girls "Yawl"

(*Concluded from page 12*)

caught at it. Chinese pupils recite with their backs to the teacher, and the tower of Babel has nothing on a Chinese schoolroom for noise, for the pupils sing their lessons while studying them, and each child seems to sing in a different key and a different air. The noise would be nerve-racking to any American school-teacher, but the Chinese seem to have no nerves. Perhaps it's necessary to study aloud because of the place where the Chinese pupil is supposed to store his knowledge. We foreigners think we store our knowledge in our heads, but the Chinese say they store their knowledge in their *du dz*, which is their stomach. In fact, in China, the seat of learning is considered to be the gall.

Here in Nanking there is a Temple of Hell—a Buddhist temple—which is most interesting to the foreign devil. In it, by means of clay and wooden images, one sees depicted all the temptations to which a human being is subjected. As one proceeds down the narrow passageway, and looks through the high palings which separate one from the temptations depicted, one sees the smaller temptations of life give way to the greater ones, and interspersed with these temptations are the different gods, placed there presumably to persuade the person who has not already succumbed to these temptations to repent, and get away before they become greater and more irresistible.

After a time one comes to the end of the depicted temptations, and enters into a sort of inner temple, where, if so minded, he may buy incense and silver paper money, to burn to the grinning god of that temple while he kotows before him, asking of him that favor which he most craves. There were a goodly number of natives in that place, the day I went through, all performing their obligations to their gods.

On the opposite side of that chapel-like room, in which hung a great bell, were depicted the punishments—the "hell" proper—for which the temple is named. Here are represented the intense sufferings of people who have fallen under the influence of different temptations. Crude as the images were, the intense suffering depicted on their faces was sufficiently real to make an impression; but though there were several natives in that part of the temple, they seemed no more, if as much, impressed as foreigners. They laughed, and evidently joked at the sufferings depicted, but then Chinese laugh when they see suffering in real life, and they say they laugh when they see death, provided it does not happen in their own family.

I began this article in telling something about the pampered birds in Shanghai who are taken to the horse races, that they may be entertained, and given singing lessons that they may entertain. This reminds me of the human songstresses in China, whose mission is also to entertain. Enter the Sing-Song girl!

No one knows how many thousands of Sing-Song girls live in China, but it is a safe bet that each of them, no



Corner in the Temple of Hell, Nanking. One devil is about to cast into hell a man whose arm he has cut off.

matter where found, if asked where she was born, would say "Soochow." Sing-Song girls of China correspond to the Geisha girls of Japan. Like the Geisha girls they are entertainers primarily. When a wealthy Chinese gives a bang-up dinner, he has Sing-Song girls; as soon think of a feast minus the hundred-year-old eggs as to think of a feast without Sing-Song girls. The one and only time I heard a Sing-Song girl I fear I disgraced myself. A foreigner was giving a Chinese feast in honor of the Cramers, and wanting to do it up to the "queen's" taste he had a Sing-Song girl who came into the scene rather late in the meal, which is their custom, and for which I was thankful. It would have been far more awful had she come in at the beginning of the feast, and stayed straight through.

It was about ten o'clock in the evening when she opened the door and sidled into the room, her tiny hot water bottle held stiffly at the pit of her stomach. I don't know why they always carry these diminutive hot water bottles, but they always do, and it is always hugged tightly in the vicinity of the "tummy." They say the Sing-Song girl usually begins her song at the shark-fin course. That again is something I do not understand. Why shark's fins and not old eggs? Why shark's fins and not the sea slug course? There is no tuning up of musical instruments to give the danger signal that she is about to open her mouth, and let a song emerge. To American ears as a sweet songster the Sing-Song girl is a good blacksmith. Anyway, all of a sudden that night when people were listening to the crunch of shark's fins between the teeth of their neighbors at the table, she suddenly broke forth into sound. Song, I could not call it. It all came so suddenly and so loud that I screamed out "Oh!" for she stood immediately behind my chair. She broke into a series of yawls that would have put the old tomcat back home to shame. Two of these much-prized songs she sang, and then as silently as she had come she left, her baby-sized hot water bottle still hugged to her "tummy."

I don't know why Soochow, that sleepy, conservative, old walled city in Kiangsu province, should be considered the home of the thousands of Sing-Song girls in China, unless it be because there is a tradition that Soochow gives more careful training in singing, and more correct training in the mannerisms of the profession, and that the Soochow dialect is more desirable for entertainers and more musical, than any other dialect in China.

But China is China, and the rest of the world is different. The Chinese would modify that statement by "China is China, and the rest of the world is unfortunate to be different."

## Uses of the Coconut

WITHOUT the coconut tree the beautiful islands of the South Sea would not be what they are and some would not even support human life that now are the happy abode of many people. There is absolutely nothing about the coconut tree that is not useful to man and most things about it are useful in many distinct ways. Its fruit is food and drink combined. The meat of its coconut is cut up and dried in the sun, becoming copra, the value of which is steadily rising the world over as more uses are found for its oil content. The shell of the coconut is made into drinking cups and utensils. One frond from its spreading branches makes two baskets, easily woven after the stem is split down the middle, and used for many purposes by South Sea Islanders. Its bark and the wood in its trunk have many uses, too, in building and in the making of wooden implements.

# Oldest Manuscript of the Bible

## The Strange Story of Writings Found in a Cairo Curio Shop

By HENRY A. SANDERS

COMPLETE manuscripts on papyrus are most rare and none of these give us the Bible in Greek. Fragments have, however, been found in the sands of Egypt and there is always the possibility of more and larger ones. In general, papyrus preceded parchment as a writing material, and, especially for the Bible, its use ceased soon after A. D. 300 except for works in Coptic, the native language of Egypt.

Interest at the University of Michigan was accordingly greatly aroused in 1916, when Professor Kelsey received word from an agent in Egypt, that he had found seven Coptic manuscripts from the Hamouli collection in the hands of a Cairo dealer named Nahman and that the price was $5,000, with a fragmentary Greek papyrus of the Bible thrown in. The Greek fragments had not been found with the Coptic but the dealer had secured them so cheaply that he was willing to put them in with the Coptic manuscripts in order to make a sale.

The price seemed reasonable for the Coptic manuscripts alone and they were offered to the J. Pierpont Morgan Library of New York, which had already bought most of the Hamouli collection, and the offer was accepted. Charles L. Freer, of Detroit, was persuaded to take the Greek papyrus of the Bible in case it should prove to be as represented, the price to be $1,000; otherwise it would go to the Morgan Library.

Because of the danger of submarines in 1916 all the manuscripts were placed in a vault of a Cairo bank for safekeeping. Not until 1920, when the work of the First Near East Expedition of the University of Michigan brought Professor Kelsey to Cairo, was there an opportunity to have the manuscripts examined and brought to America. At the first glance the pricelessness as well as the fragile condition of the papyrus was recognized and it was claimed for Freer Gallery at the price agreed. A cablegram was sent to the executors of the Freer estate and the $1,000 was the last indebtedness allowed before the estate was closed on the day following the receipt of the cablegram.

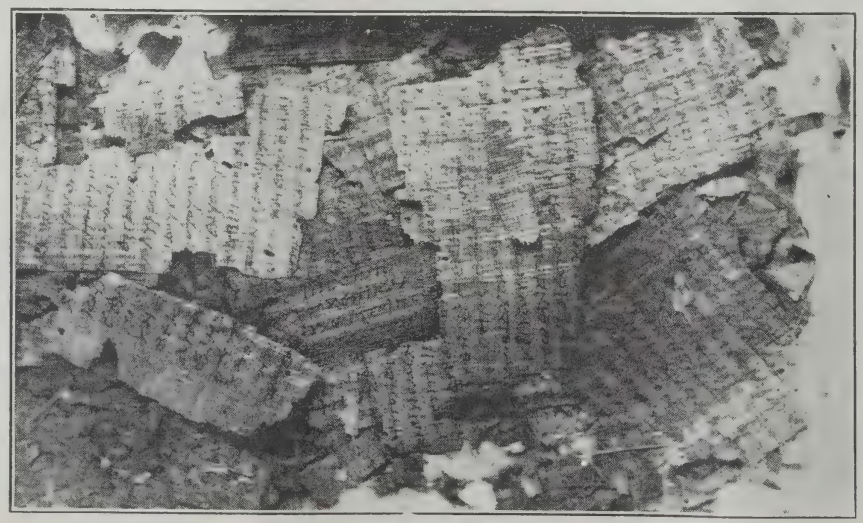
The papyrus fragments, packed in cotton, were sent through the American Embassy to the library of the University of Michigan, where they were received and opened by the writer and Librarian Bishop. The accompanying cuts show the appearance of the larger fragments, when the box was first opened, and of the smaller fragments, which lay under them, as well as another box which contained small fragments only.

There were twenty-eight of the large fragments, each being about three-quarters of a complete leaf. In the second box were fragments from the missing tops of these leaves, showing that, when the papyrus was found buried a sharp instrument, probably a spade, had cut through the tender material and this first shovelful had been preserved separately. The finder surely knew something of the value of papyrus, for the rest of the manuscript was taken out carefully without further damage and even the surrounding dirt sifted for small fragments. I know of no other instance of a manuscript bought from a dealer, which was accompanied by such a multitude of small fragments. It took more than two years' work to identify and arrange all of them. There were, when arranged, thirty-three leaves of which all except two were fairly complete, as can be seen from the accompanying cut of page fifty-one. They contain the Septuagint text of eleven of the Minor Prophets, Amos to Malachi, and a small fragment of Hosea. The original content had been the twelve Minor Prophets.

At the end in a business hand some one had added a designation of the book, "The Preaching of the Prophets," and the price for copying, "five holocottinoi" that is, silver *denarii*, which were then worth twelve to fifteen cents apiece. The style of writing, the character of the text, and the fact that silver *denarii* went out of circulation before A. D. 300, all combine to date the manuscript around A. D. 250. It is thus approximately a *century older than any previously known manuscript* of the Bible.

The Old Testament was written in Hebrew and the Septuagint is only a translation into Greek, but it was made in the third and second centuries B. C. The Old Testaments in use today are all translated from the Hebrew, of which the oldest manuscripts date from the ninth century A. D. and give the Masoretic text presumably fixed in the second or third century of this era. It is evident that a Greek Old Testament translated from manuscripts four or five centuries older must have great interest for students of the Bible, but its use has been hindered by the uncertain condition of the Septuagint text.

The Christian church during the first two centuries used the Greek Old Testament, but disputes with the Jews were frequent, especially over the question of Christ's fulfillment of Old Testament prophecy. In the second century, three other translations of the Old Testament into Greek appeared; the first by Aquila, seemingly from a Jewish standpoint; another by Theodotion with Christian tendencies; and a third by Symmachus, which seemed to aim at a more literary form. Not until the middle of the third century was the contest settled by the Christians accepting the original Hebrew as authoritative. Origen, the greatest scholar of the early church, was the leader in this surrender and soon after A. D. 250 published his Hexapla, or sixfold edition, in which corrections were introduced or marked in the Septuagint text, so as to make it



Large number of parchment fragments.

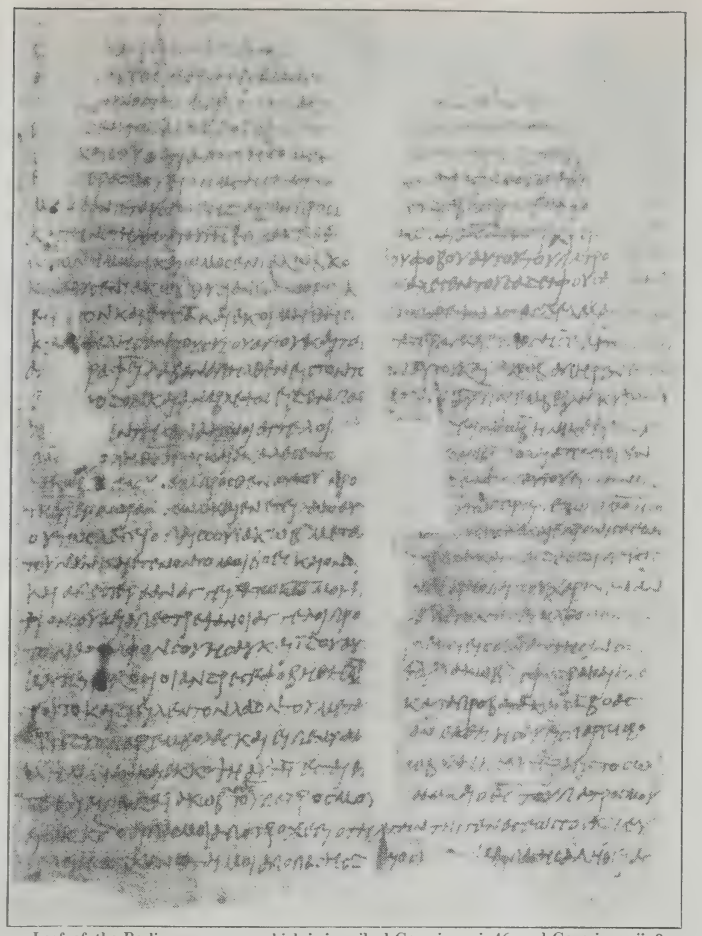
agree with the Hebrew.

In Origen's great edition all these changes were accompanied by critical marks so that the scholar could use the Septuagint without confusion. But so great an edition, covering the whole Old Testament with the Hebrew text in the first column, the same written in Greek letters in the second, the translation by Aquila in the third, by Symmachus in the fourth, the Septuagint in the fifth, and the translation by Theodotion in the sixth, was too bulky to be copied. The Septuagint column alone seems to have been usually copied and that generally with the omission of the diacritical marks, though these are found fairly consistently in two manuscripts covering portions of the Old Testament, and infrequently in others.

In the great majority of the Greek Old Testament manuscripts these marks are entirely missing but adaptations to the Hebrew text are frequent. Accordingly scholars have generally assumed that the original Septuagint text is to be found in those manuscripts, or groups of manuscripts, which have a consistent, intelligible text differing from the Hebrew; and that all manuscripts which agree with the Hebrew in such passages have imitated the text of Origen through the medium of later editions based on him, especially those of Lucian, Hesychius, and Eusebius. In fact Lagarde, the best scholar of the Septuagint during the last generation, held that the first task was to reconstitute these ancient additions as far as was possible, and then to use them as an aid in eliminating the corruptions that had come through Origen's Hexapla. This implied condemnation as the corruptor of the text of the Septuagint has been general. In fact, "accommodation to the Hebrew" and "influence of Origen" have usually been considered equivalent terms.

We now have for the first time an opportunity to test that universally accepted opinion, for this papyrus manuscript of the Minor Prophets, though practically contemporary with Origen, is certainly not under his influence. Nevertheless, in a moderate number of cases the text shows adaptation to the Hebrew.

We can understand the conditions best by comparing the text in a pair of examples: For Zechariah, 14, 17, the King James Version gives: "And it shall be, that who so will not come up of all the families of the earth unto Jerusalem to worship the King; the Lord of Hosts, even upon them shall be no rain." A goodly number of Greek manuscripts substitute for the last expression, "even upon them shall be no rain," a phrase meaning "and they shall be delivered unto those (the enemies)." The two phrases are so different that they cannot be derived from the same original. The Hebrew manuscript, from which the Septuagint was translated, seems to have had an older form, differing from that adopted in the Masoretic text. Yet the present Hebrew text was adopted before the time of the translations by Aquila, Symmachus, and Theodotion, for St. Jerome quotes these for the phrase equivalent to the Hebrew. Turning now to our Old Papyrus manuscript we find the regular Septuagint form, but with the addition of the sentence, "and there shall be upon them no rain." Exactly the same sentence is found added in two later Greek manuscripts and, with the omission of the word for "and," also in three others. Practically the same addition, but with a change in the case of one of the Greek words, is found in many later Greek manuscripts. This addition has been correctly referred to the influence of Theodotion through Origen.



Leaf of the Berlin papyrus on which is inscribed Genesis xxxi, 46, and Genesis xxxii, 9. Written in third century, A. D.

Though Aquila was quoted by Jerome in Latin for the same phrase, he cannot be the source of either form of the addition just quoted, for it is known that he always used a different Greek word for "rain." Therefore, it seems that the addition in the Old Papyrus came into the text either from the translation by Symmachus or directly from the later Hebrew. In either case our main conclusion must be the same, namely, that the Septuagint text was being adapted to the Hebrew even before Origen.

There are also examples of accommodation in the Papyrus, where no change is known in other Greek manuscripts. A good example is the first part of Amos viii, 3, where the Septuagint gives, "and the panelled ceilings of the temple shall howl on that day." The form in the English version reads, "and the songs of the temple shall be howlings on that day." The Hebrew, however, may be more literally translated "and the songs of the temple shall howl on that day."

This has seemed strange to the editors and corrections have been suggested, as "the lady singers" for "the songs." The Hebrew word is unusual and perhaps an error, yet Symmachus translated it "songs," as we do today. Theodotion was like the Septuagint, for he translated "the upper parts of the temple." Aquila, who was older and knew Hebrew better, gives "and the hinges of the temple shall howl." This may be a picturesque way of saying "that the temple will be little used, so that the rusty hinges will creak when opened." Such a thought would fit into the connection very well, and it appealed to the scribe of our Old Papyrus, or to one of his predecessors, for here we find the form from Aquila combined with the regular Septuagint: "The hinges and the panelled ceilings of the temple shall howl on that day." Thus far I have found this combination in no other manuscript.

But it is needless to multiply examples. There are more than thirty cases, in which the Papyrus text shows accommodation to the Hebrew or to another translation, in none of which Origen or his source can be shown to agree. Not only was there adaptation to the Hebrew text before the time of Origen, but he seems to have avoided much of it in his text. This old papyrus manuscript likewise gives us a hint as to how these Hebrew adap-

tations may have come into the text, for later hands have made corrections in the papyrus with plain imitations of the Hebrew. There are more than a dozen of these cases and neither Origen nor Theodotion agrees in a single one. Some one, who knew Hebrew, compared and corrected the text of this manuscript in a few places.

As we have in this papyrus manuscript a text that is free from the influence of Origen and all later corruptions, it will be interesting to compare with it other Greek manuscripts, especially those which have been considered the best by modern scholars.

The Greek text of the Septuagint now in common use was edited early in this century by Henry Barclay Swete, D. D., for the University Press of Cambridge, England. He based the text entirely on the uncial manuscripts, written from the fourth to the sixth century. In the case of the Minor Prophets the manuscripts used were the Vaticanus (fourth century), Si naiticus (fourth century), Alexandrinus (fifth century), Marchallianus (sixth century), and Venetus (seventh cen tury). He has given the first rank to the Vaticanus and prints the text of that manuscript with few exceptions. Yet the Marchallianus stands nearer to the Papyrus text; especially when it is supported by the Alexandrinus.

More important is the discovery that many of the most interesting readings of the Old Papyrus are not found in any of these uncial manuscripts. A comparison of the later manuscripts, which have been photographed and studied by the scholars working under Professor Rahlfs at Goettingen, reveals support for practically all of these interesting variants. In fact, five of those later manuscripts stand decidedly nearer to the text of the Papyrus in all their readings, and many others have at least as good a right as the uncials to be considered in establishing the final text of the Minor Prophets.

The uncial manuscripts cannot be defended by attacking the trustworthiness of the Old Papyrus, for an equally old papyrus fragment of a goodly portion of Genesis, found in Egypt by Professor Schmidt some years ago and now in the National Library in Berlin, tells the same story. I obtained photographs of it in 1923 and shall publish it in association with Professor Schmidt.

It is much more fragmentary than the papyrus of the Minor Prophets and less easily legible, as the photograph of one of the pages shows. It also contains more careless errors but the basic text it represents goes regularly with certain groups of later manuscripts against the few and much overrated uncials.

It is perhaps presumptious to accuse modern scholarship of two such decided errors in a single subject, but on the basis of the evidence at hand, it seems necessary to say, first, that neither Origen's Hexapla, nor the misuse of it, was solely responsible for Hebrew adaptation in the text of the Septuagint, for the adaptation to the Hebrew had started long before his time; and, secondly, that there are plenty of manuscripts available for a proper reconstruction of the Septuagint text, if one will only extend his vision beyond the few uncial manuscripts which have served as the only basis of the text among recent English scholars.

Modern research is directing its attention more and more to the early Church Fathers in the study of the origins of the Bible and Christianity, but this study has been in the past directed almost exclusively to the religious side. Here for the first time we find clear proof of the sane scholarship of the greatest of the Church Fathers, as well as of the need for that scholarly work in the restoration of the correct version of the Old Testament. With old errors removed scholars may now proceed to the restoration of the true text of the Greek Old Testament and there is no doubt that it can be made of much greater value in the correction and interpretation of the original Hebrew text.

# Houdini the Book Man

(*Concluded from page 15*)

estimates that these frauds are fleecing gullible people out of more than five million dollars a year. He has volunteered his aid in teaching people how to detect imposters.

As part of this effort Houdini has lectured before colleges and other institutions of learning throughout the country. The *Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology* has appointed five eminent Harvard professors and Houdini as a committee to investigate the claims for a $5,000 prize for the first successful demonstration of the actuality of supernormal material phenomena under rigid laboratory conditions and by recognized scientific methods. He also has been associated with the work of the *Scientific American* to sift the claims of those who purport to be spiritualistic "mediums."

Houdini has given instruction to New York City detectives at the police department school in methods of exposing fraudulent spiritualists, psychologists and kindred practitioners. He lectures at the Police College and illustrates by means of actual models the mechanism of these frauds.

Occasionally Houdini himself will lead a group of detective-students in fake spiritualism in the performance of a bit of sanitary work. On such an expedition recently he turned a flashlight on a "medium" who had received messages from a "father" who was still living and also from an unburied "brother" after questions had been asked of the medium by Houdini's fellow investigators. The unexpected gleam of the searchlight in the darkened room revealed a special type of megaphone, designed for easy concealment, in the hands of the woman operator.

Houdini has always declined to reveal the source of his peculiar ability to perform the feats of stage magic that have won him such fame as a legitimate theatrical personage. He intimates, however, that he was born with inordinate physical strength and also that it is but once in several generations that a person is so oddly constituted as he is in ways that are known only to himself. One point he emphasizes in every discussion of his professional work: All of the famous Houdini manifestations are performed entirely by natural means and he positively repudiates the suggestion that anything he does in his mystery acts is aided in any way by the occult. He is a realist whose bewildering acts stir a sense of unseen power until his audiences quite naturally expect him to perform the miracles that his work often suggests. Sarah Bernhardt, on her last visit to the United States, after witnessing a Houdini performance, said wistfully to him, "Houdini, can you bring back my lost leg?"

# Where Does the Head Tax Go?

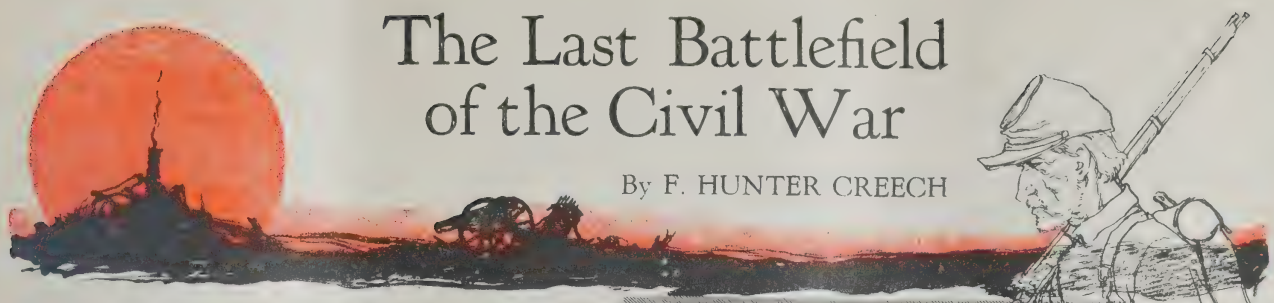
(*Concluded from page 23*)

course, obvious to these subversive interests that *were the claims of the several States against the Federal Government sustained, there would be an immediate revision of the iniquitous bonding system*, a strict accounting of expenditures, as well as a limitation of the discretionary power vested in the Commissioner General of Immigration by which heretofore he has been authorized to promulgate "rules and regulations" that are not only "inconsistent with law" but which have unquestionably abrogated the law. This, of course, would lead to a thorough house cleaning among deportable aliens, for the Immigrant Fund could not be extended to provide maintenance for aliens who were in the United States and in state institutions contrary to law. There are thousands of "Sammy Goldman" cases to be weeded out were the law enforced.

If the law of 1917 fixing a head tax of $8 were enforced, there would be no necessity for the subterfuge of the literacy test or a quota provision, but *the law of 1917 has never been enforced.* Section 3 of that law defining excludable aliens *is mandatory.* Dependent, deportable, and delinquent aliens in the civil and penal institutions of the states may surely be construed to have "fallen into distress" in the language of the statute, and the "citizens among whom they are landed" are furthermore entitled to the protection which restraint places upon them.

# The Last Battlefield of the Civil War

By F. HUNTER CREECH

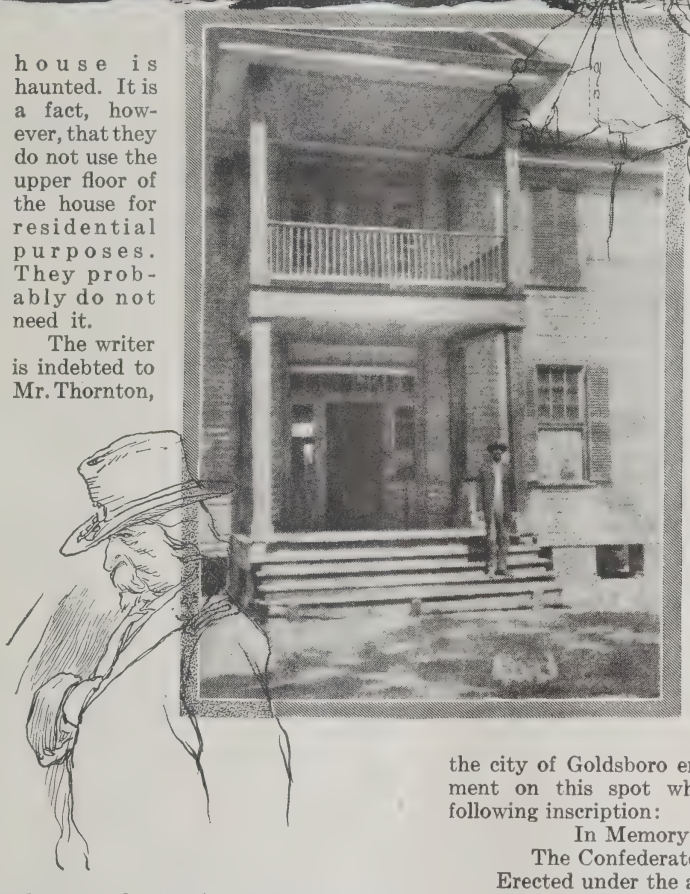


DO GHOSTS walk in the historic old hospital house of the last battle of the Civil War? If you ask James Franklin Thornton, who once lived in the house but who who now resides in the progressive little village of Four Oaks, North Carolina, you will be impressed with the fact that Mr. Thornton is not willing to certify that they do not. The present occupants of the house will tell you that they have never heard or seen anything to convince them that the house is haunted.

Among the citizens there is a division of opinion; some will shake their heads and tell you that no one lives in the house long at a time. As for Mr. Thornton, he will tell you that one night as he and his family sat in the left-front room on the first floor of the house, he heard a noise in the room directly above him which sounded as if a heavy horse were walking from the corner of the room toward the fireplace, and as it reached the fireplace there was a crashing noise as if someone had dropped a large armful of wood.

That night the noise did not arouse the curiosity of the Thornton family to the point of investigating, and for the time it was dismissed with the suggestion that some plaster had fallen. Next morning, however, it was disclosed that the plaster was still intact and there was nothing in the room to indicate what had caused the noise.

Still, the present occupants of the house deprecate the suggestion that the house is haunted. It is a fact, however, that they do not use the upper floor of the house for residential purposes. They probably do not need it.

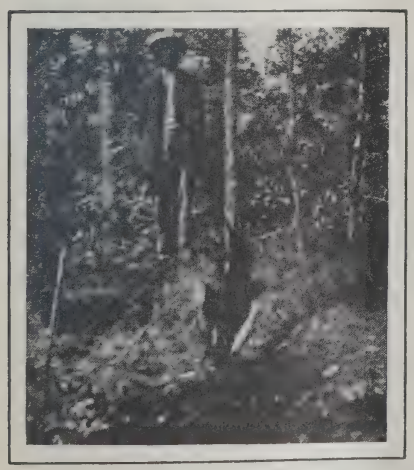


Mr. Thornton standing on the steps of the old hospital house of the battlefield of Bentonsville, North Carolina.

The writer is indebted to Mr. Thornton, who recently acted as guide over the battlefield of Bentonsville, for a morning full of historic enlightenment. Mr. Thornton owns a farm that constitutes a portion of the old battlefield. It was through his guidance that I visited the old hospital house, and was shown the bloodstains of the wounded soldiers who fought the last battle of the Civil War. These bloodstains are now almost obliterated by the wear of time and dust and neglect.

The house itself was the residence of one John Harper and was taken over for hospital purposes when the army of General Joseph E. Johnston challenged General Sherman for the last time in his march through the South.

Within about five hundred yards of the old hospital lies the cemetery, in a state of considerable neglect. Weeds have grown all over the graves, and there is little to distinguish their correct position. Occasionally, a stone is found that marks the head or foot of some soldier's last resting place, but, as a whole, the cemetery is a level plot of ground covered by a riot of weeds and grass.



Mr. Thorton standing upon the old artillery emplacements used by the Union forces in the battle of Bentonsville, North Carolina.

Some years ago a military company of the city of Goldsboro erected a monument on this spot which bears the following inscription:

In Memory of
The Confederate Dead
Erected under the auspices of
Goldsboro Rifles
October 1894.

There are about 360 unknown Confederate dead buried in this spot, as well as a great many known, and possibly, also, a few Union dead. The monument also bears on its surface the names of many Confederates, from practically every Southern State.

The breastworks of the opposing armies are still in existence. Some of them have given way to the cultivation of fields, but for the greater part their course can still be traced through the woods.

Though more than half a century has passed since the roar of cannon was heard through these forests, the devastating effects of war upon nature is still seen. There are gnarled oak trees, not more than two or three inches in diameter, that are still alive, grown into the shape of a bench. They have grown straight up for two feet, then they shoot out at right angles for about two feet, then straight toward the sky again. This

unique growth has been due to the fact that when the armies threw up their breastworks, they entwined the undergrowth to impede the progress of the enemy. Nature, in a struggle for existence since, has made the best of a bad situation.

The writer has frequently heard his mother tell of hearing the guns roar as the battle of Bentonsville was in progress. War was a horrible thing to that section, as it was through the portion of the South that was pierced by Sherman's army.

Mother was just a little slip of a girl, about ten years of age. Grandmother, shortly before, had died, leaving mother the head of a house of five small children. Grandfather was too old for regular service but had been assigned to recruiting duty in the old home county, so that he might be near his children.

After the battle of Bentonsville, when Sherman left Goldsboro and headed his troops toward Raleigh, one section of his army was diverted by way of grandfather's home, while the other followed the road directly toward Smithfield. This was done for the purpose of foraging. At the old home, all the stock had been secreted at the back of the plantation, with the exception of one old horse that grandfather kept for plowing. Practically all the Negroes of the countryside had left their old masters, save a few faithful old house servants.

Grandfather had been plowing and at noon came in, left the old horse at the watering trough, sat down on the kitchen steps and pulled off his shoes to knock sand out of them. Suddenly he heard a noise and the advance guard of one section of Sherman's army dashed into the yard. They commanded grandfather to get up, they placed him in front of the horses and, barefoot, they double-timed him for about five miles to another plantation where they camped that night. Neighbors called to see the commanding officer and explained who he was and that he had left five small children alone at home, and about midnight he was released and allowed to return.

When the soldiers dashed into the yard, others followed. They soon found all the stock, shot down the chickens, and generally commandeered everything in sight. Beds were emptied of their feathers and filled with corn.

An officer told mother to put anything she desired in a trunk to have the children sit on it and assured her the soldiers would not disturb anything in it. She thought of bedclothing. At my oldest daughter's second birthday mother presented her with a bed quilt that she had packed in that trunk. It was the first bed quilt my grandmother had, made with her own hands, and a thing of beauty. Needless to say, it is priceless. It is more than 100 years old.

Practically everything was taken or destroyed. Several days later mother heard a hen cackle in the nearby woods. Upon investigation she discovered one young hen and a rooster. From these she started another brood of chickens. There was a set of blue porcelain china that belonged to grandmother and prized very highly by mother. This the soldiers took into the yard and experienced great delight in dashing, piece by piece, against the old spring house. As a child, I used to pick up fragments of this old china with which to play. All of these incidents quickened my interest in the battle of Bentonsville.

It is commonly thought that the Civil War ended with the surrender of Lee at Appomattox. It will be recalled that General Grant relates that Lee would not speak definitely for other Confederate generals when he surrendered, but surrendered his command only.

On April 9, 1865, General Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox, but it was not until April 26, that the supplemental terms of the surrender of General Johnston's forces to General Sherman were agreed to. Negotiations had been going on since April 18, and Secretary of War Stanton had released certain communications that were published in the New York *Times* that made it appear that Sherman was almost guilty of treason in proffering certain terms of surrender to General Johnston. However, time only served to prove the wisdom of Sherman and the selfish foolishness of Stanton.

The battle of Bentonsville, so little heard of, is of especial interest because of its being the last engagement of any consequence of the Civil War. The heaviest fighting of this battle occurred on March 19, 1865, the battle continuing through the twentieth and twenty-first. The aggregate loss of the Union forces was 1,604, being 191 killed, 1,117 wounded and 296 missing. The Confederate loss aggregated 2,343, being 223 killed, 1,467 wounded and 653 missing.

General Sherman stated in his memoirs: "With the knowledge now possessed of his small force, of course, I committed an error in not overwhelming Johnston's army on the 21st of March, 1865." It was perhaps an act of Providence that he did not. It would have accomplished no useful purpose, as the surrender of General Johnston proved, but would have sacrificed many more lives.

Today, the battle of Bentonsville stands almost forgotten, save by those who live in its immediate vicinity and who are reminded of it as they drive along the roadway and see the old parapets reaching out into the woods. The most of those old heroes who dug these parapets with their bayonets, and to whom the battle of Bentonsville meant the last roar of cannon, the last rattle of saber, in four long years of warfare, have passed to their reward.

## "I Read *in the* Papers—"

***I read in the papers*** that both Italy and Spain, after long neglect of Christopher Columbus, have begun to celebrate his birthday. Probably economic rather than sentimental reasons are behind these belated tributes to the great discoverer. Millions of Italians have gone to the Argentine and other South American countries and the cavaliers who accompanied Cortez and Pizarro into Mexico and South America have been followed by Spanish traders and other work-a-day people. Spain and Italy realize the economic possibilities of maintaining close contact with the national sentiment of Latin-America. More luxurious and faster steamers ply today between Italy and Spain and South America than to North American ports. And South American notions of the United States are largely purveyed by way of the Latin European press.

*The International Jew* in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set, $1. The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

***I read in the papers*** that projects for erecting buildings of fifty stories or more are being discussed. The Tower of Babel is being dwarfed. The time may come when it will not alone be the Andes or the Himalayas whose summits will shine with perpetual snow, but the towers and spires of the cloud-raking buildings of our great cities.

***I read in the papers*** that our familiar affliction, the common cold in the head, is misnamed probably because the acute infection of a microbe that has never been isolated by research workers is usually made possible by lowered resistance through exposure to cold, wet weather. An eminent medical man writing to the London *Lancet* calls attention to the neglected fact that "Colds" are often the starting point for much more serious illnesses and that they should not be treated lightly. "Call them by a name which will better indicate their gravity and stay in bed until they are better" is the gist of his advice. Many colds are already being called "influenza" by physicians who practice preventive medicine. It is a mistake to attempt to "walk off a cold" that may merge into something serious, when a day or two in bed would end the nuisance. Sir William Osler, for a lifetime the medical authority of Canada, the United States and Great Britain, was peculiarly subject to colds. His only cure was two or three days in bed.

# Universal Interest

The advent of the more gracefully styled Ford—the Ford of greater riding ease and comfort—the Ford of greater conveniences, was and is the subject of almost universal interest and discussion.

The reason is that people in every walk of life know that this attractiveness was added to the universal dependability which they had actually experienced over many roads and many years.

They knew that this new beauty was intrinsic rather than superficial. For through the years Ford has demonstrated that quality and precision of parts is necessary to volume production.

Unequalled mechanical facilities, in orderly arrangement, offer the public a Ford car of enhanced quality as well as beauty, without increase in price.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

Ford

# BRIEFLY TOLD

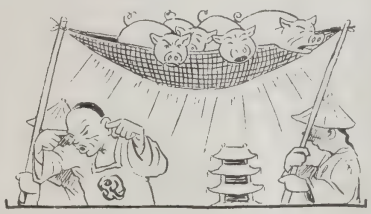
Dawson, Yukon Territory, Canada, had a population of 20,000 during the Klondike rush 25 years ago. Today it has 1,200.

According to the last census (1920) of the United States there were 1,920,220 more women in this country than men. In Great Britain the census of 1921 shows that the predominance of women over men is 1,720,802.

Systematic boxing began in England in 1740.

Rudolf Kruby, the Hartford "king of beggars," can ask for alms in ten languages. Arraigned in court recently for fighting, he said, "I would rather earn my bread honestly by begging than become a burglar."

Ottawa, the capital of Canada, will celebrate in 1927 the centennial of its settlement by Colonel By, British army engineer, who constructed the Rideau Canal. It was known as Bytown until about 1850 and made the federal capital to settle the disputed claims of Montreal and Toronto for the honor.



In some parts of China, pigs are marketed alive, the squealing animals being suspended in a hammock hung on large poles carried by two men.

Kaiser Wilhelm had a paper weight on his desk in Berlin that had been made from a stone broken from the very summit of Mount Kilimanjaro, the highest peak in Africa.

Bumblebees are the chief agents in cross-pollinating red clover, the honey bees playing only a very small part.

Alcohol production from the sap of the Nipa palm in North Borneo has possibilities of supplying the tropics with a motor fuel.

Forestry conservation was discussed in Poor Richard's Improved Almanac as early as 1749.

One loaf of bread a week was the allowance of nine-year-old Michael Faraday, from the Government of England at the time of the corn famine of 1801.



Hand-shaking is becoming taboo in Italy under Fascism. As a substitute the Fascist salute, consisting of the right arm extended upward, is given.

The debtor in India is so honest that he pays not only his own debts but also those of his father, brother, and other relatives.

Disease caused the death of twice as many soldiers during the Civil War as did wounds, but it was the cause of less than a third of the deaths in the World War.

Twelve-year-old Swiss farm boys must get up at four in the morning to cut grass with a scythe in the orchard, for their cows.

Dr. Howard A. Kelly, of Baltimore, predicts that delicate electric needles that part the tissues before they touch them will soon replace many of the scalpels now used by surgeons.

The heaviest short shower on record occurred on the Isthmus of Panama at Porto Bello, May 1, 1908, when 2.47 inches of rain fell in three minutes.

The tail of Tempel's comet, which makes its appearance every five and one-half years, is largely made up of carbon monoxide and carbon, two of the main constituents of automobile exhaust.



On "sauerkraut day" at Springfield, Minnesota, seventeen tons of sauerkraut were consumed by the thousands of persons who attended the cabbage festival.

It was probably William Jessop, builder of the first authorized public railway line in 1801, who gave the world the standard railroad gauge of 4 feet 8½ inches.

Professor Ellerman, of the University of Copenhagen, recently died as a result of anthrax contracted from a shaving brush made in China.

The private aquarium of the Duke of Bedford harbors a European catfish, which though more than 50 years old shows no sign of weakness.

Claude Etienne Pasteur, great-grandfather of Louis Pasteur, bought his freedom from serfdom with four gold pieces of twenty-four livres.

The oldest locomotives now in existence are "Puffing Bully" and "Urylan Dilly," built about 1812 by Foster and Hackworth of England.

A married woman of 21 in Southern Rhodesia may vote if her husband can sign his name and write 50 words in the English language.

The average weekly salary of the teachers in whose classes President Coolidge sat, up to the time he entered high school, was $3.85.



With his shirt torn to shreds by the wind, a young hobo was found hanging to the wing of an airplane piloted by the head of the California National Guard air force who made a trip from Las Vegas, New Mexico to Los Angeles.

Eight hundred tons of one-dollar bills will be put into circulation this year by the government.

Lincoln's press agent, Robert J. Walker, who rode a balloon across England in 1863 scattering propaganda for raising Civil War loans, died a poor man.

Fish caught off Halifax, sent to St. John, New Brunswick, thence by ordinary passenger steamer to England, were delivered in excellent condition at markets of Liverpool and London in fourteen days.

A revised ordinance of the city of Omaha reads: No person engaged in peddling as foot or handcart peddler shall have an assistant while so engaged.

The Philippine Islands could produce 75,000 tons of rubber annually.



Section of Firestone Gum-Dipping Units

# "I Would Like to Have You See How We Gum-Dip Our Cords"

I wonder how many car owners actually know that the greatest enemy to tire life is heat, created by internal friction, which not only weakens the fabric, but softens the rubber and causes blowouts and tire failures.

The earlier type of tire—the fabric—was of a tightly-woven construction that was extremely difficult to insulate with rubber. The cord tire—a later development—permitted much greater insulation of the cords because of its more open construction. This materially reduced friction and internal heat and doubled the tire mileage.

Firestone chemists and engineers felt that if they could find a way to insulate and impregnate every fiber of every cord with rubber, they could further increase tire life and such a method was found which we have called "Gum-Dipping."

I wish every car owner could see how we carry out this extra process in our special Gum-Dipping plants, and see the Gum-Dipped cords before they are sent to the tire factories for the usual process of calendering. You would then understand why Gum-Dipped Cords are the choice of the largest users of tires.

Firestone dealers—familiar with Gum-Dipping and its advantages—will gladly explain to you how thousands of extra miles are built into Firestone tires by our exclusive method.

H. S. Firestone
*President*

The Mark of Quality

# Firestone

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER

THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIV. OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL

THE world has outlived much and will outlive a great deal more, and men have contrived to be happy in it. It has shown the strength of its constitution in nothing more than in surviving the quack medicines it has tried. In the scales of the destinies brawn will never weigh so much as brain. Our healing is not in the storm or in the whirlwind, it is not in monarchies, or aristocracies, or democracies, but will be revealed by the still small voice that speaks to the conscience and the heart, prompting us to a wider and wiser humanity.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

DEA

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Vol. 26, No. 3 NOVEMBER 7, 1925 $1.50 a Year

NOV 16 1925
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

## How Big Should Congress Be?
*By OTTO WILSON*

## From Spain to Morocco
*By V. S. PRITCHETT*

## Does Office Belong to Widow?
*By HARRY PENCE*

## Anyone Can Make a Speech
*By H. S. M'CAULEY*

## Why the Movies Move Us Not
*By A. R. PINCI*

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

# BRIEFLY TOLD

Lord Playfair once remarked to an American audience, "Science has no country though its investigators have birthplaces."

Greek women more than 30 years of age, who can read and sign their names, will be permitted to vote in communal elections in 1927.

Chicago's city council has passed a resolution expressing a desire to secede from the State of Illinois to form a new state of Chicago.

Because mackerel mysteriously appear and disappear, making mackerel fishing fluctuating, the Bureau of Fisheries will study its movements and migration.

A pair of rabbits brought to Laysan Island multiplied so rapidly that their progeny starved themselves to death by destroying all the green vegetation on the island.



The respect for property in the time of the Duke of Rollo was so great that a pair of gold bracelets remained hanging on an oak tree near Rouen, unguarded and untouched for three years.

A license is necessary to drive a car in Washington, D. C., and to acquire the license one must be familiar with the regulations and be able to show that he can drive safely.

Scientists declare that the American farmer can be independent of European potash companies by the invention of a new process of making potassium sulphate from greensand.

Due to the dryness of his climate the modern Greek bids farewell to his guest with the wish, "May you have a safe journey and find good water."

The combined length of railway tunnels in the Alps is 46 miles.

It cost the states of the Union twice as much for education in 1923 as in 1918.

Germany has more than four million goats, goat cheese being a favorite dish there.

The motor vehicle and the airplane bid fair to surpass the camel, ancient ship of the Sahara Desert.

Sulgrave Manor, George Washington's ancestral home in England, is to be restored and kept as a museum of Washington relics.



To provide attractive ushers for his theater, a Berlin manager advertised for "60 presentable ladies." Nearly one thousand beauties and near beauties besieged his office. When he attempted to reduce the number of applicants by announcing that only bobbed-haired damsels between 10 and 20 were eligible it was necessary to call the riot squad to protect him from the angry females.

The highest weather bureau station in the world is that of the Regina Margherita "cabin" on Monte Rosa, Italy, at an altitude of 14,960 feet.

The nursery rhyme, "Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of water," may have originated in the "Down" country in Southern England, there being many "dew ponds" on the tops of the hills in this section.

It is said that a traveler wishing to walk through Spain can greatly improve his status by driving a donkey loaded with some peddler's wares.

Swimmers in the waters of Hawaiian districts generally wear a sheath knife as a protection against sharks.

A wrist watch was presented to Queen Elizabeth by the Earl of Leicester in 1572. It was described as "an armlet or shakell of gold, all fairly garnished with rubies and diamonds, having in the closing thereof a clock."



Hannibal had a herd of forty elephants in his cavalry.

The first known reference to the sugar beet is found in an old catalog of plants grown in the time of King Merodackbaladan, who reigned from 722 to 711 B. C.

"Thay haif said: quhat say thay: lat thame say," is the inscription which is carved in stone over the entrance to Marischal College in Aberdeen, Scotland, founded in 1593. It is said to be the motto of Earl Marshal Keith, the founder.

The milk of the goat, the ass, and the camel carried in skins was churned on the back of beasts of burden from the earliest days of recorded history.

The Cologne Cathedral, started in 1248 and not completed until 1880, carries the legend that the original architect sold his soul to the Evil One and haunted the edifice until it was completed.

The electron has now taken the place of our fathers' elemental atom.

Ten women are doing "men's work" in the Mount Clare shops of the Baltimore & Ohio Railway. They began the service during the World War, and proved so efficient that they have been retained ever since.



Ankle lamps are the latest fashion for smart Parisian women. The light can be flashed on and off at will as an almost invisible wire runs upward, usually terminating in the wearer's handbag.

The native Hawaiian rat is now extinct save for one small colony on a little island off the north shore of Oahu.

Destructive swells along the Moroccan coast that formerly caused untold damage to shipping are now predicted by studying the barometric depressions across the Atlantic.

Italians in France have quadrupled since 1872.

The word Roorback originated in 1844, when there was published to the detriment of James K. Polk, then a candidate for President, an extract purporting to be from Roorback's "Tour through the Western and Southern States in 1836."

A German, Dr. Karl Mueller, claims to have discovered a process whereby it is possible to reduce metal foils to transparency. This will greatly benefit the telephone, radio and musical industries.

November 7, 1925

* * *

Single Copy, Ten Cents

Subscription price in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies, $1.50 a year; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year.

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer;
C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

Vol. 26, No. 3

* * *

Change of Address

1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill.

# Presented in This Issue:

Mr. Ford's Page this week is on the vitality of men's hope of progress.

---

Congress is not so large as the law requires; for five years Congress has ignored the law that would make it larger; Congress is too large for efficiency as it is; yet Congress is the smallest popular assembly that any chief nation has. These facts create a certain problem. (p. 3)

---

The movies sulk because they have no standing with the intelligent classes. They lack this standing for obvious reasons which are clearly set forth. (p. 6)

---

Widows of statesmen were sentimentally popular as successors in office until other than "regulars" began to die; then the question came up. (p. 5)

---

Among the monumental literary works of the country are the Catholic Encyclopedia and the Jewish Encyclopedia. They are authoritative works of reference. A want has been felt for a Protestant work which should be similarly informative and authoritative. It is now to be supplied by "The American Encyclopedia of Christianity." The Editor of *The Continent* writes this article. (p. 14)

---

The romance of common salt, and its hundred uses, from laying the dust of roads to starting the stopped heartbeat. (p. 18)

---

How does tobacco affect college men? Antioch College made a test and a report. It's not so bad an effect as the extremists say, and it's not so good either. (p. 8)

---

Congressman Madden has a word about taxes that should go a long way, coming from him. (p. 8)

---

"Anyone can make a speech," says Mr. McCauley. No doubt of it. The best speeches are made by men who think they can't. They have talked so little they still have something to say. (p. 24)

---

Another installment of "Romantic Rascals" this week. This series has been unusually popular. We are glad, even though we are more interested in giving our readers the unbiased facts of modern problems. Jorgensen the First of Iceland, with his flag of three white cod on a blue field, is one of the most likable of all the rascals Mr. Finger has brought back to us. (p. 16)

---

The Riff country is daily in the news. Here is the scene from the Spanish side, an article redolent of the odors, colorful with the sights and clamorous with the sounds of African coast cities, Straits steamers, Barbary corsairs and modern bombing planes. Mr. Pritchett convoys us from Spain to Morocco with every realistic circumstance. (p. 2)

---

No better work can be done these days than close up the American line. We have been straggling. Eyes right to the First Americans! We are their heirs in every sense; we stand here in security because they stood firm in danger. The Signers of Maryland are presented this week by Mr. Lowden. Bold and saucy patriots, were they. The Reds of today point to them as co-revolutionaries. Yes, with this difference: our political forefathers were constructive. Their movement was their own, not alien-born, not spirit subversive. This puts the American Revolution as far from Bolshevism as Gabriel is from Satan's throne. (p. 20)

---

The Engineer is the prophet of the present; the Engineer spirit must infuse all the other professions, as it has medicine. Politics will be purified by Engineers. A good engineering story. (p. 12)

*CONTENTS*

From Spain to Morocco - - - - 2
*V. S. Pritchett*

How Big Should Congress Be? - - 3
*Otto Wilson*

Does the Office Belong to the Widow? 5
*Harry Pence*

Why the Movies Move Us Not - - 6
*A. R. Pinci*

Congressman Martin B. Madden's Statement on Taxes - - - 8

Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - 9

Editorials - - - - - - - - - 10

Growing Railroads Where Only Echoes Sprouted Before - - 12
*C. F. Christian*

Filling the Open Segment - - - - 14
*Nolan R. Best*

Romantic Rascals—Jorgen Jorgenson 16
*Charles J. Finger*

Salt—A Rare Utility - - - - - 18
*Gordon W. Kingsbury*

The "Signers" of Maryland - - - 20
*Carl Schurz Lowden*

Anyone Can Make a Speech - - - 24
*H. S. McCauley*

Byways of Old Cornwall - - - - 31
*Hebert Tangye*

# From Spain to Morocco

## Bad Smells, Barbary Corsairs, and Bombing Planes

By V. S. PRITCHETT

MY FIRST sight of the Moroccan coast, indeed my first sight of Africa, came after a day of dust, animal heat, and heavy salt coastal wind on a southward journey from Seville, Jerez to Algeciras. Still in my ears drummed raucous, gypsy Andalusia. I stopped at an isolated *parador* at the foot of the hill of Vejar, an almost inaccessible hill-town left by the Moors, an eagle's nest, a white gull on the tip of Andalusia's ocean of hills. Two gypsies were rending meat in the *parador* and they graciously offered me their meal. Then one got up, seized me by the shoulders and shook me merrily and cried in his dialect, "Ha, friend, we are good friends, eh? And if I met you in trouble I'd help you, no? And if you met me broken down on the road you'd help me, true? Now, tell me man, did you see the black saint on the road, the little black saint?"

He staggered away and drank more sherry; and so I left him, wondering how different the Moors would be when I discovered them in Morocco. The man's broken-up words, the sour, flat smell of wine, the flapping February heat, the powder dust and the spring clouds—a disarray of thunder-stained spheres—toppling among the high inland mountains, all seemed part of some humid, noisy gypsy song, a strained flamingo. The Moors had gone four hundred years before and Andalusia had been their stronghold and pleasure dome for hundreds of years. The Spaniards themselves were of Berber origin. Would Morocco be so different after all?

Then from a loop in the coast mountains I saw the mirage—Africa. Across the Straits, cloud high, was a long line firm enough to be seen, delicate enough to be scarcely visible. It outlined a far-looming form of gray paling into silver lavender which, descending, fused into penumbra over the sea. A gray petal against a silver sky, the African coast. With Africa only seventeen miles away, and the needle home lights of Gibraltar across blue Algeciras water, I slept that night a perfect sleep—an unconscious exultation—such as I had rarely experienced on Spanish soil.

The next morning the civil governor of Algeciras covered my passport with his costly and enormous signature and I left at noon by steamer for Ceuta, the nearest Moroccan port. White Algeciras cringed and flashed in the blue heat, sunken like a pirate city. It is a place of contraband, a haven for smugglers. They run their craft between La Linea and the town, creep over the boundary or bribe the armed *carabineros* who stand by almost every yard of that eucalyptus-dappled strand. The days of the Barbary corsairs seemed near.

The steamer plying between Algeciras and Ceuta runs when the crossing permits. The journey is often hazardous. Sometimes no mail crosses the few miles of Straits for a fortnight, ships drag anchor and are broken up against harbor walls or are sucked out to sea. My own return journey from Ceuta was horrible. I crossed in the wake of a four-day gale and before boarding the bobbing coal scuttle of a ship, I saw the carcasses of a dozen or more drowned horses on the Ceuta strand, where an enterprising Arab fellmonger was flaying them then and there. We broke plenty of crockery and glass in the crossing and as one wave came over the boat—as we got into the middle current—the chairs and tables shot into a heap in one corner of the salon and a Spanish officer suffering on the couch crossed himself devoutly and shouted, "Oh God, save us!" with great emotion.



The market place in the native quarter.

On deck a peasant woman and a man were quarreling hysterically in rending shrieks. The woman was being brought to Spain against her will. We were taken ashore on a launch—the steamer could not dock owing to the heavy seas—and the woman having knocked two officials to the deck, squared up to her husband, and the two of them flung at each other aided by the green upheaving of the boat.

My outgoing journey was fortunately peaceful. Chickens, ducks, pigeons, goats, mail, newspapers, rice, grease, food, vegetables, and oil were thrown about the deck and the boat smelled infernally of decay and blistering engine oil. On the

(Continued on page 28)



Tetuan. Plaza de Espana, where the Arab and Spanish quarters merge. Palace of the Caliph in right-hand corner.

# How Large Should Congress Be?

## Meanwhile Reapportionment Waits

By OTTO WILSON




WHEN Congress meets again in December it will face once more a duty it has been putting off for five years—the duty of redistributing its membership among the several states to accord with the population changes revealed by the 1920 census.

Never before in our history has this reapportionment waited so long after the census returns were available. Usually Congress has passed the necessary legislation in the year following the census, sometimes in the census year itself. In no case until now has it failed to act before the next ensuing Congressional election. But since 1920 not one but two Congressional elections have come and gone, and still the delegations of the various states remain fixed in accordance with their population of 1910.

As a result nearly half the states are represented in the lower House of Congress by either too many members or too few. This state of affairs is contrary to the spirit if not the letter of the Constitution, which decrees that, "Representatives and direct taxes shall be apportioned among the several states which may be included in this Union, according to their respective numbers."

Incidentally, the failure to reapportion the Representatives in the House bears directly on the choice of President and Vice-President of the United States. In the big conventions of the two major parties each state is represented by twice as many delegates as it has members of Congress, and in the electoral college each state casts as many votes as it has Senators and Representatives combined. At the 1924 conventions in Cleveland and New York, the Pacific Coast States should have had at least eight more votes than they actually cast, and Michigan should have had four more. In the election the west coast should have had at least four more electoral votes and Michigan two more.

Why has Congress so long held off making this necessary readjustment? Not from negligence alone, for many reapportionment bills have been introduced, and some have been debated and voted on.

The fact is, that Congress is now squarely facing an issue that has been steadily drawing nearer and nearer for 135 years. It can hardly be evaded much longer. Even if it is put off once more without definite decision it will come back in more insistent form than ever five years hence, when a new census is again taken.

*How big shall Congress be allowed to grow?* What *maximum number* shall be set as the limit beyond which the House of Representatives will be considered too large to function properly? That general question has so perplexed the national legislators that they have been unable to get together on any proposed reapportionment scheme, and that question, in the end, will doubtless have to be decided by the force of public opinion.

Many Americans think that the lower House is already so large as to be unwieldy. When the Constitution was adopted it started the House off with sixty-five members. That small body could meet in an ordinary chamber and debate every question fully, with each member having an opportunity to take a hand in the discussion. Now there are nearly seven times that number. They meet in a great hall and carry on their work often amid such noise and confusion that at times it is hard for a member on the floor to keep track of what is going on. When the confusion is at its height it requires real physical as well as mental sturdiness on the part of the Speaker to keep this restless, buzzing, joking, smoking, arguing, laughing crowd of hundreds of men and one or two women in hand. No Speaker ever tried harder to handle them than the late Champ Clark. Gallery visitors and members will never forget how his big voice would break into the debate every few minutes when the noise was unusually bad, roaring in outraged tones a regular, stereotyped formula accompanied by lusty swings of the gavel:

"The *House—bang!*—will *be—bang! bang!*—in *ORDER!* Gentlemen in the aisles will—*take—their—seats!* Those wishing to converse will—*retire to the cloakrooms!*"

Yet even Champ Clark, though he hammered many gavels to pieces, achieved only a partial success in preserving some sort of order.

It is the individual member, especially the new member, that suffers most from the growth of the legislative body. In his home district he looms large. He is the selected spokesman for more than 200,000 men and women. But in Congress during his first term or two he is likely to cut such a small figure that often he comes to feel that it would make little difference if he were to vanish entirely away. At every turn he has thrust upon him the feeling of being "out of it," but especially when he tries to take a hand in the process of making laws on the floor of the House.

All legislation, he finds, is controlled by a system. The leaders of the party in power start with a mapped-out program which they vary from time to time as circumstances make necessary. The leaders of the opposition also have a negative sort of program, which in

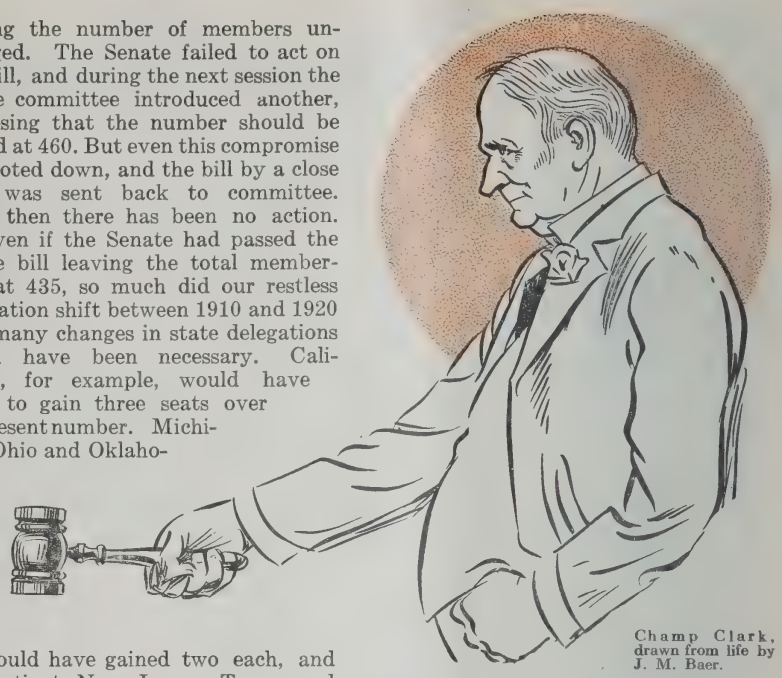
the nature of the case consists mainly in opposing the chief measures of the controlling party, especially when those measures reflect traditional differences of party doctrine. On both sides the leaders are almost invariably men who have spent long years in Congress. Between them the two organizations shape the legislation of the lower House, the one driving it through at times ruthlessly, the other modifying, delaying, criticizing, or on occasion helping along and claiming as much of the credit as possible.

When the party powers invoke the "gag" rule he is practically debarred from amending a measure that is being considered on the floor. He may not even be able to express his views on it, pro or con, for the benefit of the listening 200,000 voters back home. Very soon he finds that, on the floor of the House (and hence in the public eye), he has just about two prerogatives which he can exercise freely at all times. He can introduce bills, by the bushel if he likes, and he can vote.

However much this may irk his feelings of self-importance he is forced to admit, when he studies it over, that some such system is a matter of pure necessity. The size of the House makes it so. Should each one of the 435 members be given a free range in debating every bill that came up, the amount of business the House could put through in a session might be small indeed. Even as it is the House is by no means a model of efficiency. To carry through a legislative program of important big measures along with scores of minor bills in which influential members have a special interest requires a rare parliamentary skill and a knowledge of House procedure which only members of long service can attain.

With every increase in the size of the House this sheer necessity for a system which suppresses the individual becomes greater. So the new member outside the councils of power has about decided that the process of expansion has gone far enough. Early in 1921 the committee on the census, following the custom of nearly half a century, reported out a bill again increasing the membership, this time from 435 to 483. But the House balked. After a lively debate it rejected the report and adopted instead a minority report leaving the number of members unchanged. The Senate failed to act on the bill, and during the next session the House committee introduced another, proposing that the number should be placed at 460. But even this compromise was voted down, and the bill by a close vote was sent back to committee. Since then there has been no action.

Even if the Senate had passed the House bill leaving the total membership at 435, so much did our restless population shift between 1910 and 1920 that many changes in state delegations would have been necessary. California, for example, would have stood to gain three seats over her present number. Michigan, Ohio and Oklahoma would have gained two each, and Connecticut, New Jersey, Texas, and Washington one each. On the other hand, no less than twelve states, chiefly in the Middle West, would have lost, Missouri dropping two seats, and Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Mississippi, Nebraska, North Carolina, Rhode Island, and Vermont one each.



Champ Clark, drawn from life by J. M. Baer.

This would be the most drastic cut since 1860, when thirteen states suffered losses. Congress distinctly dislikes this process of cutting down state delegations. When a member votes for such a measure he puts many of his friends in danger of losing their seats, if indeed he is not one of the unlucky group himself. So the pleasant custom has grown up of raising the membership every ten years to just that point where every state will be assured of keeping all the seats it has, while those with increased population will gain several seats. Since 1880 no state has suffered the loss of a single member, and since 1860 only four seats all told have been cut off, three from New England and one from Virginia. But obviously the process could not go on forever, and from its action and inaction in the last five years Congress thinks there is no better time to stop it than now.

Should the House membership be kept at 435 it would still be the smallest popular assembly of any of the chief countries of the world. The House of Commons is the largest, with 615 members. Before the Irish left the number was 707. The German Reichstag has 493, the French Chamber of Deputies 580, the Italian Chamber of Deputies 535, and the Japanese House of Representatives 464. But in all these countries the parliamentary form of government prevails, and the government majority simply takes charge of the legislative program. Most of the time the actual work of legislating is carried on with only a fraction of the full membership in attendance. The difference between the parliamentary system and our own is shown by the fact that *90 per cent* of the public bills sponsored by the "government" in the British House of Commons become laws. In our Congress only about *one per cent* of bills introduced are finally written into the statute books.





Left to right—Mrs. Mary T. Norton, newly elected Congresswoman from New Jersey; Miss Alice Robertson, former Congresswoman from Oklahoma, presenting a bouquet to Mrs. Winifred Mason Huck, who succeeded her in the recent sixty-eighth Congressional election; Miss Jeannette Rankin, former member of the Sixty-fifth Congress.

# Does the Office Belong to the Widow?

## Three Congresswomen and One Governor Elected to Fill Their Late Husbands' Places

By HARRY PENCE

MISS JEANNETTE RANKIN was a member of the Sixty-fifth Congress (1917-1919) and found the experience disappointing. She did not seek reëlection.

The Sixty-sixth Congress was a "stag affair" and the last of that kind.

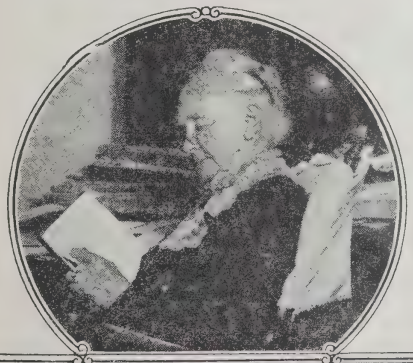
Miss Alice Mary Robertson entered the Sixty-seventh Congress from Oklahoma and although she did desire a second term she was defeated for reëlection.

She bore her defeat gracefully, however, for one of her first acts on returning for the "Lame Duck" session was to present a big bouquet of roses to Mrs. Winifred Mason Huck, of Illinois, who had triumphed in the election that Mrs. Robertson had lost.

In the old days in Illinois a fearless, honest man fought his way into the United States Senate. Even his enemies respected "Billy" Mason, but he had the misfortune to rush heedlessly into the era of rigid party regularity which has made party collar-wearers of many otherwise admirable men. He fought corruption at home and he opposed the imperial policies of the administration at Washington. This cost him his official head and in 1903 William E. Mason was elected to private life.

He "came back," however, and was serving with distinction as Representative-at-large from Illinois when he died, June 16, 1921. For years one of his ablest aides and advisers had been his daughter Winifred, married to Robert W. Huck, of Chicago, and mother of four interesting and intelligent children. Mrs. Huck had, and still has, a keen interest in public affairs and she is no political novice. She entered the race to succeed her father and was elected for the unexpired term in November, 1922. This was all she had to expect, for at the same election that seat in the Sixty-eighth Congress was filled.

Her service extended only from November 20, 1922, when Congress was called into special session, to the following March 3. In that time she endeavored, without success, to bring about the submission to the states of an amendment to the Federal Constitution requiring a popular referendum before the country entered into warfare.



Mrs. Huck, however, seems to have established a political precedent. In a sense she inherited her seat in Congress. It was a tribute to her respected father. While she was still in Congress one of the veterans of the House, John I. Nolan, of San Francisco, died and on January 23, 1923, his widow, Mrs. May Nolan, was elected not only to the unexpired term but to the Sixty-eighth Congress as well. She took her seat at once and was the only one of the three Congresswomen listed among the hold-overs.

Mrs. Nolan narrowly escaped the distinction of being the only woman in the Sixty-eighth Congress. Julius Kahn, also of San Francisco, died December 16, 1924, and on February 17, 1925, his widow, Mrs. Florence P. Kahn, was elected to succeed him. Thus, for a brief time, the Fourth and Fifth districts of California, both embracing parts of San Francisco, were represented by women.

Mrs. Nolan's services have ended. Her successor has been elected. But Mrs. Kahn will not be the only widow of a Congressman in the next House of Representatives. The East as well as the West has chosen to follow precedent. John J. Rogers, (*Concluded on page 26*)

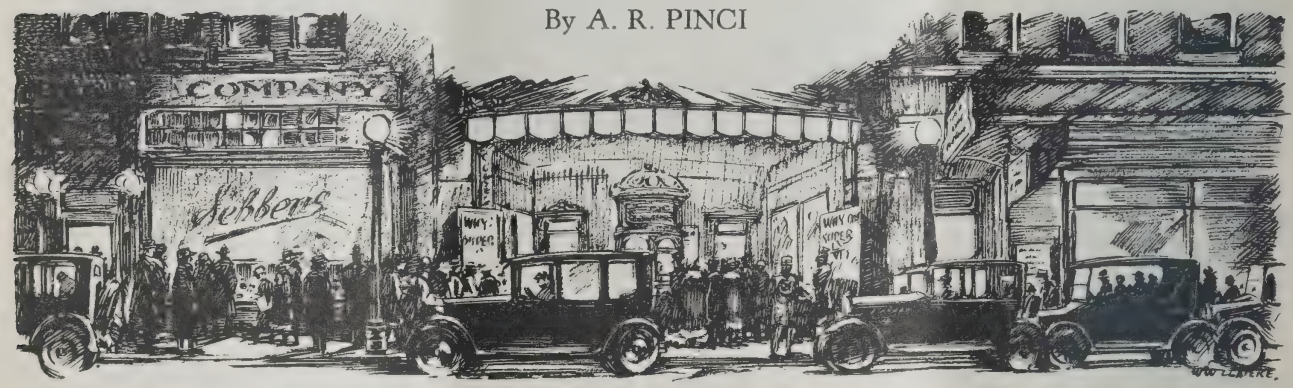


Circle—Mrs. Rebecca L. Felton, who succeeded Thomas E. Watson, of Georgia, as Senator. Lower (left to right)—Mrs. Nellie Taylor Ross, Governor of Wyoming; Mrs. Florence P. Kahn, elected to succeed her husband, Julius Kahn, of California; Mrs. Edith N. Rogers, Massachusetts, who succeeded her husband, Congressman John J. Rogers; Mrs. Winifred Mason Huck, Congresswoman from Oklahoma; Mrs. M. E. Nolan, present Congresswoman from California.

# Why Our Movies Move Us Not

## Is It Because the Film Misrepresents More Than It Represents?

By A. R. PINCI




PEERING from countless nooks and corners and shop windows an equally countless number of placards in multicolor have been announcing that this is a "Greater Movie Season." At first these placards seemed part of an advertising campaign, but in reality it is the first confession of inadequacy that producers and distributors have voiced. It is becoming evident to moviedom executives that the movies have stopped going forward. Their immediate task is to keep them from sliding backward, and to that task moviedom is dedicating itself more frantically than surface indications reveal.

***Position of Moviedom Is Unique***

This situation makes pertinent the question that the industry has been asking, not so loud that the public might hear, and that question is:

"What is the matter with our movies?"

Much of the criticism leveled at the movies has been less criticism and more attack. To attack an industry that every day quenches the wants of a few hundred millions of persons, more or less, is as senseless as it is futile. No attack can ever possibly hurt the movie business; if it is doomed to fail the cause will be congenital.

The major trouble of the movies is one from which no other industry or business suffers. Moviedom is the only commercial entity under the spell of transcendence, incomparableness, perfection, greatness, indispensability, and the combination of these and other superlatives has for convenience been boiled down to the now commonplace prefix of "super."

Unfortunately for the movies, the only adjective which describes them as a whole now is the word "superficial." This does not apply to the inevitable exceptions, which are indeed rare, but it applies to productions as a whole, as they are dished out to haphazard audiences in scattered theaters in horizonless localities, meaning that the movies do not fulfill the very mission that can and would make them progressive as well as indispensable. They have grown, and beneath the veneer of monetary glint one may see that they have grown commercially only. Now the limit of that growth is in sight. Either they must grow artistically by fidelity to life and living, or they must perish industrially.

Going to the movies is still a mere time-killing mission and nothing more. That realization has rankled the movie magnates and the movie directors. Shekels galore have been taken in but the relationship is impersonal, as far as the classes are concerned. For every time that one says, "Let's go to see Polly Moffett" or "Asleep in Bed," each denoting a great actress or an epical play, a thousand say, "Let's go to the movies." Any actor, any title, any theater, just so the show conveniently uses up alleged unusable time. Every means this world affords for distraction or vacation deploys some devotees from those who "don't care what it is so long as it is something," as in the case of travel, reading, motoring; but with the movies the proportion is the other way. It is so because the movies they have been giving us deserve no better welcome.

Moviedom suspects, and rightly so, that people pay to go to movies but that most of them go with a more or less conscious sense of protest, due to what?

***Our Intelligence Is Jolted by Something Wrong***

Due to the fact that when we go to the movies our intelligence will be jolted by something wrong that should have been right. Impersonally, impalpably, we as spectators cannot forgive that. We cannot forgive it in the face of the superadjectives with which producers and directors have clothed their achievement.

We go to the movies for entertainment. Thus we are not disposed at the outset to be overcensorious and we disclaim a wanton urge to find fault, even when such exists, so long as we are convinced that the fault is pardonable within the limit of human fallibility. Movie producers make and must make their quota of mistakes in their business as each and every spectator must make mistakes in his or her business. It is not the faults or the mistakes that irk us; it is the conviction that they try to sell us something as perfect when we know it is not so. Not every audience knows that; but some one in each audience knows it.

***We Allocate Blame for the Defects***

Publicity and propaganda have done their utmost toward softening the senses of the masses, and these take riotous colors, crowds, scenes, as a sign of "greatness," but those two narcotics have failed to prove effective with the classes. Advertisements will serve the purpose when they move you or me to enter a theater to see a certain show, but we enter indifferently, often aware that if we had something better to do we would do it. We become spectators, but how often have you remained tense, as if on guard against something superidiotic that makes you feel the same way for what you paid to attain that feeling?

So we begin to harbor a grudge against the producer, the director, the star, the supervisor. We blame each and we blame all for their combined inability to catch and remedy defects or absurdities that often transcend the comical. Don't let us blame the spectator who laughs aloud in what may seem the wrong place. You and I may not laugh aloud but we are in sympathy with the unknown a few seats away in the darkness. In fact, that unknown truly gets money's worth in that laugh. He or she is another to be added to the classes who thenceforth will refuse to take the movies seriously, if at all.

Moviedom would have us believe

otherwise, but the fact remains that there are thousands of thousands of individuals who seldom go to movies. This absenteeism is growing, too; it is no longer considered bad form not to have seen the "latest movie," whatever that is, any more than not to have seen the latest play or read the latest best-seller. One may still circulate freely among fellow men and women and not go to the movies at all; moviedom has failed in inspiring an outcast class made up of those who don't attend the movies.

Moviedom is now beginning to assume the defensive. After bombarding the public with the most blatant effronteries it is now cajoling us. The peppy ad with the punch is yielding to the genteel suggestion that "this is a greater movie season." That hint is intended for you and for me. The masses still can be psychologically defeated by eight-sheet posters, stupid phraseology, overawing unfinished climaxes, but the masses furnish mere money, and superartistry in supermovie superproductions must feed on something else than mere cash. The masses are apt to trample upon their movie favorites without notice or favor; and look at the household names of a decade ago that none of us can remember today! To make fame, especially the probationary fame which must necessarily be theirs during such industrial transition, the masses are useless; it takes the classes. But the classes are either apathetic or absent.

***"First Nights" Have Been Inaugurated***

Moviedom has undertaken to end absenteeism and to bring enthusiasm. So beautiful theaters, scientific ventilation, excellent music, special features, careful service and even radiocasting have been provided for. "First nights," even to French nomenclature, have been inaugurated; a première may cost even $5.50 including tax in New York City, which is going some, especially for those of us who have seen many satisfactory films, masterpieces of their kind, for a nickel, at a time when every night was "first night" too. In those days we went to the movies for recreation and were entertained, but we were satisfied in our minds that we were not overawed into the submissive rôle which film propaganda has created for us nowadays. In other words, we refuse to go to the movies as incense bearers to the superclass that has patterned a halo for itself without our leave. We won't deny the existence of excellent film workers; we may even admit that genius may not be alien to some of them; but we don't want their say-so or the say-so of well-anointed publicity.

The two-exhibition-daily policy has been tried, with reserved seats an' everythin', but filling houses has been another story. The chief purpose has been one of advertising necessity, predicated on the conviction that the rest of the country will not consider a movie a howling success unless it has gone through its Broadway baptismal performance. This belief is dwindling, but in its last days it is being used as a high-power selling slogan. Not to mention the absurdity of labeling "Broadway showing" an exhibition in the side streets. The trade permits this "courtesy," but, I ask, if the performances are so incomparable, if the genius of directors is so conspicuous, why is it necessary to attach the Broadway label to tell us about it, we who know how undiscriminating and mediocre the average Broadway audience really is?

***Most Dangerous Tendency of the Movies***

With any number of pictures turned out every day it is quite impossible to demand originality in the sense that sometimes originality is called for. Authorities are unanimous that there are not new plots and few new climaxes. So far the movies have been most original in their belief that they are furnishing us with truly original entertainment, when most of them are revamped plots of yesteryear and often yesterday.

Moreover, the most dangerous tendency of the movies is their insinuation in our midst as educational. On the strength of this word they have broken down certain barriers that seemed impregnable a few years ago. That they should be educational I do not question. But that they are educational in a teaching sense it is true—but they are misfit educators. How long would we tolerate teachers that taught what is not so?

Certain reformers have striven to blame the movies for much that is wrong in our daily life, and have even gone so far as to connect them with the wave of crime that is harassing the civilized world. Some movies perhaps exceed the reasonable in portraying badness, but it is not in the honest portrayal that they err. Their greatest mistake, almost a crime, lies in their portrayal of crime as it isn't. It takes them four and a half reels to develop badness and a hundred feet to portray nemesis.

Neither czars nor laws will ever save or condemn the movies. They have to transform themselves as mirrors of life and they have to do it against the insuperable odds of intelligence as represented by the classes. It is too flimsy a comfort to movie magnates that the movies are now a habit and at the very worst enough people will go to pay the industry for the trouble, hence their definite attempt to induce the classes to consider this a greater movie season.

***Should Cease Harping About Education***

The movies have everything. From the chairman of the board down to the brigadier general of studio street-sweepers, superproductions carry more titles than Burke's Peerage and Almanach de Gotha put together. Try it at the next superpicture you will see; note the assistant title editor and the other assistants.

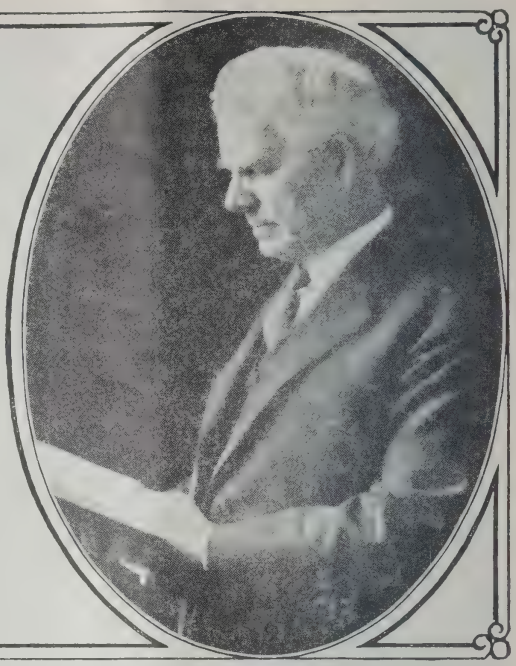
The movies should cease harping upon the claim that they are educational. That is the chief and growing grievance which American families have against the movies; it is also the chief reason why abroad they fight to see our movies and then satirize them. It is why, more than ever before, foreign peoples have an erroneous conception of the United States and I would not be far wrong if I said that some of the irritation felt against Americans on the part of foreigners may be directly attributable to what they imagine is the American mode of life, as movies picture it.

As things are now in moviedom, they can still sell us, on occasions, the opportunity to kill two hours' time, but we are not buying the entertainment seriously. It's up to the movies to save their market—and that market can be saved only by insuring the respect of would-be audiences.



### CONGRESSMAN MARTIN B. MADDEN'S STATEMENT ON TAXES

"I think the Inheritance Tax should be repealed. A 40% maximum tax, which is what the present law provides, is prohibitive, but any tax is unjust. The tax on inheritances must be paid while the estate is in the process of adjustment. That compels the heirs to borrow money and frequently imposes a burden on them which the estate is unable to bear. It forces the estate into the hands of a trust company or some other banking institution which supplies the money with which to meet the tax needs of the government and centralizes the power which should be exercised by the heirs themselves in the banking fraternity of the country. It frequently bankrupts the estate, but in any case it requires a mortgage to be placed on it. It takes it out of the hands of those who really should have it in charge. It is far better to have a live taxpaying estate than an estate which is bankrupt by the collection of the Inheritance Tax. It often requires the estate to be liquidated, the business discontinued, and costs much more to the government and to the citizens affected than its value can possibly be.



# How Smoking Affects College Men

"Antioch Notes," a bulletin of Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio, contains in the issue of September fifteenth an interesting article on "Tobacco and Scholarship." It says:

A CAREFUL study of smoking among men students at Antioch does not disclose any permanent effects of smoking upon blood pressure, lung capacity, or pulse rate; but a definite relationship is established between smoking and low scholarship. Among men students, 31.8 per cent of nonsmokers fail to maintain required grades, while 62.3 per cent of heavy smokers similarly fail. "Inhalers" fail most often. Before this study began, the more susceptible smokers had been eliminated, since many more smokers than nonsmokers had failed and been dropped from college.

A study of smoking among men students at Antioch has been pursued with thorough care and in accordance with sound statistical methods. Antioch students provide material of quite unusual value for such a study. Nearly all parts of the country are quite uniformly represented. About half the men smoke, and these do so openly. There is no motive for secrecy or deception. The men have shown interest in the research, assisting generously with information.

***Smoking and Athletics***

In actual experience at Antioch, nonsmokers seem to do slightly better in athletics than smokers. In track meets during the past two years they have gained an easy majority of points. On the other hand, all important events in our first swimming meet, held last spring, were won by two experts, both of whom were habitual smokers.

Of 177 students who now smoke, 74 gained athletic "letters" at high school or preparatory school, and 21 have won the college letters. Of 176 students who do not smoke, only 56 gained athletic letters at high school or preparatory school, but they also include 21 representatives with college (Varsity A) letters.

The tentative conclusion is that high school athletes tend to take up smoking, and so increase the number of athletes among college smokers, but that the smokers do not retain their preëminence in sports. This conclusion is supported by the fact that of students who began smoking in high school, 37 have high school letters, but of these only three have gained college letters by accomplishments in athletics at Antioch.

***Smoking and Physique***

Those who believe most firmly in the poisonous effects of tobacco commonly maintain that its use increases the speed of the pulse and alters blood pressure. There is some experimental evidence that in many cases these effects do follow immediately after smoking. If the speeding effect were permanent it would reduce the reserve power of the heart, and we should expect the athletic smoker to be handicapped by this loss of reserve.

Unfortunately for this theory, the average smoker's heart was found to be one-fifth of a beat per minute slower than that of the nonsmoker—probably a chance variation. We found no significant difference in the blood pressure or in the lung capacity of the two groups. If from one to six years of moderate smoking causes any permanent effect on the human machine, we have yet to discover it. If a moderate use of tobacco causes a temporary but not a permanent loss of physical efficiency in these respects, then the claims of those who oppose the use of tobacco must be modified.

***Smoking and Scholarship***

Of 23 men dismissed from Antioch last year for low scholarship, 20 were smokers. This fact bears upon all the following statistics. As the poorest students are dropped, the average grade of the remainder is higher. If most of those dropped are smokers, then the smokers remaining in college are a selected group who are less affected by the association of smoking with low scholarship. Were it not for such elimination, the scholarship of smokers would appear still more unfavorably.

On the basis of grading which prevailed when this study was undertaken, an average grade of 3.2 was required of students. A grade of 4 or higher was made by 23.9 per cent of nonsmokers, and by 7.9 per cent of smokers. The average grade of 176 nonsmokers last year was 3.51; that of 177 smokers was 3.14. The difference is .37. The mathematical probability of such a difference arising by chance is only one in 730 millions. The difference in scholarship of smokers and nonsmokers is real, with some assignable cause.

We cannot at once conclude that the habit of smoking is that cause. It might be a third factor. For example, sociability may be

(Concluded on page 26)

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

THAT of which men can say "we know" may be of large compass or small according to their definition of knowledge. When science makes the measurements of knowledge what we "know" tends to extend in quantity and diminish in quality. That is, the beliefs, the innate knowledge which has nourished the race for ages, does not meet the scientific test. And yet the *fact* that for generations and in all lands men have believed that they know certain things is itself a colossal item which science cannot disregard.

In the narrow sense men do not *know* that it is the destiny of humanity to make progress and leave behind one by one the difficulties of its ascent. Yet they believe it, else life would be less the adventure and lure that it is. Those who see a golden age behind and none before do not contribute much to life; their incentive is gone.

Now the fact that the wind is always blowing toward hopefulness, the fact that society as a whole never abandons the vision of something better farther on, the fact that successive blows and piled up disaster do not destroy their forelook, is something to consider. The question is not why men *should* expect better things; the question is why they *do*. That they do is a consequence of a law written in their natures; and that law is taken to indicate that fulfillment lies farther on. Man is not able, is not permitted to give up to pessimism. Pessimism is self-destructive, in principle, which seems to prove its essential outlawry in the universe. Men do not *know* in strict scientific method whether pessimism or optimism is the truth. But science knows that men's forward-looking, onward-going urge is one of the facts of nature.

It is when men turn their eyes from their vision to the actual realization of it that they make their nearest approach to skepticism. The goal so far; the road behind so short; the method of change so slow—at times, so overwhelmingly swift. And yet, succeeding upon every doubt, comes the wind again, blowing forward, filling men with the vitamines of hopefulness, the urge to progress.

Progress has its method the lines of which are found in progressive peoples. Peoples that have conceived the benefits of life as the rights of a class have achieved their rights to that extent, but having arrived there was nothing more to strive for, and the system thus motivated became obsolete.

Method seems important, because if the direction of progress is downward, then failure awaits those who assume that it is upward. In our day two main theories of progress are contending with results that are tending more and more to world-wide consequences. One movement contends for the leveling of all men down to the grade of the lowest man. Another movement contends for the leveling of all men up to the level of the highest man.

One is the revolutionary method which centers in Moscow and whose principal agents are of a definite breed; the other method is represented by the steady growth and progress of the liberty-loving commonwealths established by our own race.

The downward method is wrong, apparently, because it does not achieve even in partial degree its ends; there is an upthrust in the soul of man that defeats it. The upward method seems to be that of nature and destiny, because it is the one that takes root and grows, being fruit in wider liberty and fuller life. The more universally it is applied, the more evident its naturalness and wisdom appear to be. Level all men to the lowest degree, and there is no world. Level all men upward, and you have the world men have dreamed of and prophets have foretold.

Yet the level is not attained even by the upward method. The level never will be attained. It is not desirable; it is not possible. The higher the lowest man is permitted to rise, the higher the estate of all. In death, as in the downward method, all are equally low; in life there are varieties, all healthy, all fulfilling their destiny, but differing as tall corn differs from tall oaks.

If it were man's destiny that progress should be sought in the ooze and slime of reversion, evidences of progress would be found going that way. Wherever we meet progress, it is going the other way. The most colossal single failure in history has been the attempt to prove progress by descent. On the other hand, all the free commonwealths of the world are daily witnesses to the growth and fruitfulness of the attempt to prove progress by ascent.

The belief in progress seems to be irresistible.

*PHYSICAL necessity moves man to labor. Mental necessity moves him to reason. Spiritual necessity moves him to believe that life has a meaning, that the method of it is progress. The wind of destiny blows him ever toward a large hopefulness. It also drives him to see that his direction is upward. In terms of social advance this means that the method of social progress is not to equalize all men on the level of the lowest, but all men's freedom of ascent to the level of the highest. Equality by degradation has proved a failure; equality of ascending opportunity has lifted the world.*

# EDITORIALS

## *Advice and Counter-Counsel*

BRITAIN shows considerable resentment of the intelligent and well-meant counsel given from this side, yet does not hesitate in the least to give advice to us. To cite: the Right Honorable Arthur Henderson, whom many expect to become Prime Minister should another Labor government be elected, has broadly hinted that American labor is behind the times in not following the British example in organizing a separate party. That is advice, it is probably well-meant, but it is not intelligent. American labor passed through that period long ago and has definite ideas regarding it.

Then there was Arthur A. Purcell, Member of Parliament, who advised the convention of the American Federation of Labor to "establish the closest fraternal relations with the organized workers of Russia." That also is advice, but it is not intelligent.

American advice to Britain has to do with basic things; get down to work; stop messing with ca' canny tactics and disputes about wages, and get into production; neither labor nor capital can ignore the fact of production, yet both are handling it in a way that will fling them into the ditch, if they do not soon mend their ways. That is the character of our advice to Great Britain—get rid of your obsolete machinery, get rid of your absurd bantam rooster notions of a labor fight; learn the A B C of supply and prosperity, that lowered cost of production increases trade, and increased trade means more wages, higher purchasing power, more widely distributed plenty—get out of the rut and you will employ your 1,300,000 unemployed and transform your dole beggars into self-supporting and self-respecting citizens.

There is perhaps no more backward employing class in the world than that of England, and the kind of advice that emanates from the United States is about as welcome to them as an alarm clock to a sleepy man.

The advice that comes back to us in reply indicates more than ever the profound need that exists for the kind of counsel that we have given. Mr Henderson talks politics. Mr. Purcell talks politics. Indeed, worse than politics—they advocate a caste system. A workers' party! A Peasants' Party, so to speak. Organize, not as American citizens, but as wage-slaves, they advise. That is the height of the wise suggestion made by the man whom fortune may make Prime Minister of Great Britain. He is not to be severely blamed, because he does not know, unless it be blameworthy in a public man to advise without knowledge of the facts. He ought to know that there is no caste system in America. Doubtless there is one in England, and it is one of England's greatest danger spots today, but there is none here. Mr. Henderson should have known that. As to Mr. Purcell, with his willingness to yoke the free labor of America with the low-grade peasantry of Russia, he was sufficiently answered by the President of the American Federation of Labor William Green—"We wish that our friend who so kindly advised us and offered us such frank suggestions might take back to the Russian Red International this message—that the American labor movement will not affiliate with an organization that preaches that doctrine or stands for that philosophy."

American labor does not feel itself a separate caste from the American people—it *is* the American people. American labor exercises its right to diversity in politics as in religion.

This exchange of advice between the two nations establishes: first, that neither of us likes to take advice; second, that American advice to England is more to the point and more intelligently aware of the facts, than is English advice to America.

## *Orators and Doers*

GREAT words from behind which not even the most efficient vacuum cleaner could extract an ounce of reality have upon some of us an amazing effect. We grow enthusiastic over booming noises from a decorated platform. Aroused by high-sounding piffle we seize meshless nets and chase imaginary butterflies across vacant lots, under the impression that we are really accomplishing something in the way of a great reform.

It is easy for most men to learn to thump the table and shout nonsense until they are purple in the face. A lot of them are doing it. And some of them are getting away with it. But once, *all* of them were getting away with it, and oratory was regarded as probably the most important subject studied at school. What is the cause of the orator's lessening efficiency? Why is oratory as a study losing cast? Why, because people are beginning to see that no matter how much orating is done, all achievements and changes that are *perma-*

*nent, decisive,* and *irresistible,* proceed in our time from the silent laboratories of chemical and mechanical engineers. Even in our most verbose days the United States never elected her orators to the Presidency. National instinct told us that orators were not doers.

Gabble flourished in Rome because—Rome had no industrial engineers. When we have enough of them, our ears will get a grateful rest.

## *Toleration*

IT IS not much of a word; it is not much of a quality. It belongs to the borderland of barbarism. Merely to tolerate is to give less than is due. Merely to be tolerated is to receive less than is just. The continued use of this word in public speech shows how really little thought has been given to the problem of living together in a democracy.

Everyone goes along with the President in his denunciation of religious intolerance. Though why he should denounce it is not clear, as the thing itself is not as prevalent in this country, nor as dangerous, as measles. Yet if the President were speaking of measles he would say "measles," but when he speaks of "religious intolerance," what does he mean? Whose intolerance? What religion in this country is intolerant? Even a Presidential word does not carry very far unless it defines.

The curse of this country is a mushy spirit of indifference that goes by name of tolerance. Everything is tolerated but the American thing. That is tolerated nowhere; it is attacked everywhere. And every plea for tolerance seems to strengthen the intolerance of American things which the preachers of tolerance (who are also the non-practitioners thereof) advocate.

Unfortunately for Mr. Coolidge, his preparation for office did not include a journalistic interlude. If it had, he would have learned that intolerance is not to be described by the adjective "religious" at all, for it mostly appears in minds in which religion has failed to "take." There are intolerant minds in all religions at present in America. "There are A. P. A.'s on both sides of the fence," said a Catholic priest. What every editor knows is this, that when he prints an article defending 100 per cent Americanism from attack, he is accused of being hand in glove with the Klan; and when he prints the story of a visit to the Vatican, he is accused of spreading Catholic propaganda and being an emissary of the Pope. An article on an economic subject by Father Ryan stirs up the A. P. A.'s to protest; and an article on immigration brings the bitter charge that it is all a conspiracy to bar Catholics from the United States. The Jew, of course, is found on both sides. Division among Christians is nothing for him to weep over.

The trouble seems to be that tolerance, or what we mean by that term, is preached over the fence, and not at home. More often suspicion is preached at home. Inside the camp, watchfulness is commended to the people; in communications between the camps, toleration is the theme. It won't work. It must begin at home.

## *Fooling With Our Money*

EXPERT experimentation with the money supply, evidence that the present system is not perfect, continues at Washington. This paper, in an editorial published several weeks ago, showed the folly of the Treasury war against the dollar denomination of paper, which is further sustained in the latest information from Washington, that an effort is being made to provide a composite dollar of gold and silver alloy which will replace its paper representative, yet avoid the weight and bulk of the silver cartwheel, and still be free of the fluctuations of exchange.

As to this last point, no mint in the world can perfect such a coin. Metal money is made a legal tender for debt at its face when within a certain "limit of tolerance," but must depend on its *actual weight* in all exchange. The most delicate processes and accurate machinery yet devised have utterly failed to produce coins of gold or silver of absolutely uniform weight, individually. A packet of gold eagles, as put up at the mint, will have the exact aggregate weight and the exact number of pieces, but may contain single coins of a variant weight of one grain of gold, the "limit of tolerance" being half a grain over or under weight; there may not be a coin in the packet of exact weight.

In international trade, coin money, when used, is calculated by weight alone, whether perfect, mutilated or sweated, the mint stamp being but a certificate of quality. On the other hand the paper note is a certificate of exact measure, if enough remains to identify it.

The idea of the composite dollar is not new, except as to its purpose. During the silver struggle in the nineties, the late James E. Scripps, founder of the Detroit *News,* suggested a compromise of the differences between mono- and bi-metalism by creating a standard money composed of gold and silver mixed in a legally established ratio of metal content.

The Treasury suggestion of a composite dollar is not impressive. Such a composition is practically impossible of achievement, and the result would be to add another token to our subsidiary coinage. To make a subsidiary coin the unit of our money system seems a strange proceeding.

# Railroads Grow Where Only Echoes Sprouted Before

## Civil Engineers as Civilizers



"Twenty years ago our town had water just as bad as that."

By C. F. CHRISTIAN
ILLUSTRATED BY RUSSEL H. LEGGE

IF YOU lived in a town where the drinking water looked like that, who would be your best friend, the D. D. who can preach a good funeral sermon, or the man who could strain the mud and bugs out of your water supply?"

The query drew the attention of a group of men to a glass jar filled with a liquid the color of turbid coffee. In the bottom of the jar floated a cloud of sand grains and flakes of slimy looking material. The jar rested on a bare table in an office on the campus of a Midwest university.

From this office after four years' training young men go out to tackle big jobs, with service as their ideal, and the right to add to their signatures the initials "C. E."

A dark-eyed young man spoke first from around the pipestem he held clamped firmly between his teeth. "Twenty years ago our town had water just as bad at that. Why, I can remember when we had to remove the water meters on the average of once every six months. We had what we called the septic room where the meters were opened and exposed to the sun until the stink of the angle worms, dead fish, and other filth had subsided enough to permit the men to clean out the instruments."

"If we had told the people at that time we could put a spring in every home that would deliver water as cold and clear and safer to use than that bubbling up from a natural spring, they would have called us crazy."

It was the "chief" speaking as he replaced an unlit "stogy" in his mouth so that he could hold the jar up to the light with both hands for examination.

Just than a newcomer stepped into the office. "Have a drink of home brew," the chief invited cordially. "R. C., there," indicating a man in stained khaki with a nod, "is just back from the highway camp on the river and brought us this sample of the natives' liquid refreshment."

The man who strains the mud from city water supplies, and makes railroads and highways grow where nothing more substantial than an echo ever sprouted before, is best described in the words of George Fitch.

"The civil engineer is a quiet man with a thick coat of sunburn who spends his time revising climates, editing the landscapes, and training up rivers into lives of usefulness.

"He is not generally known because he is not found on the street, in the club, or decorating grand opera with a vast expanse of white shirt front. He usually lives in the wilderness in hip boots and a last week's shave. After the average man lives several years in the wilderness his own mother wouldn't know him. But after the civil engineer has lived in the wilderness for the same length of time his own mother wouldn't know *it*.

"He is usually of small size. If he only used his own hands he could not push around a small creek, let alone a river. When he desires to move a mountain or wipe out a few hundred miles of desert with a dam he takes his logarithm book and retires to a quiet spot where he fills an acre of brown paper full of figures. At the end of six months he emerges with a carload of blueprints and motions for the steam shovels to come up and get busy."

"Why do folks know so little about the civil engineer or his work?"

The chief shot back the answer before the question was fairly uttered. "The better the engineering the less you see of it."

"Our work is all underground when the job is done," growled R. C. "That reminds me," grinned the chief. "I was down on the Isthmus when they were building the Gatun Dam. Congress had heard that the water was backed up for 30 miles behind the dam and they were anxious about the ability of the dam to hold all that water. They sent a committee of Congressmen down to look things over.

"The dam was being made in sections by hydraulic fills. One section of the dam would be pumped full of liquid mud and left to set while they built up another section. Vegetation grows so fast down there that a short time after the mud dried it was covered by a dense growth of tropical plants.

"The Congressional investigating

committee walked out along the row of hills and depressions that was the dam. After they had traveled some distance I heard this question asked by one member of the committee, 'Well, where is this dam, anyway?' "

Though politicians often furnish engineers with amusement, their denseness in technical matters ceases to be funny when the success of public improvements calls for imagination and courage in making appropriations.

The civil engineer thinks in terms of elevations and reduces all hills and valleys to one common denominator —height above sea level. The layman is apt to think that the hill he happens to be on is the highest within range of his vision.

"Here is a civil engineering job as big as the entire United States," burst out the chief as he drew from a case a sheet of paper about the size of a folded newspaper. "Colonel C. H. Birdseye, who carried an unbroken line of surveys through the Grand Canyon of the Colorado last summer, is in charge of mapping every road, every farmhouse, school, church, watercourse, and finding the elevation of all the territory in the country. It is estimated that this civil engineering project will cost $40,000,000.

"When it is completed for the country it will save county and state engineers many surveys for drainage and highway construction. You would be surprised to know how few persons, even engineers, know about these maps and use them.

"To drain a large swamp a county engineer in this state prepared plans based on a survey that covered only a limited territory. His work was accurate enough within the scope of his survey and called for a system of ditches costing $50,000.

"His attention was called to the maps prepared under Colonel Birdseye's supervision. In a few minutes we were able to show him on these maps how to lay out a drainage ditch that cost the taxpayers $5,000 instead of 10 times that sum.

"A druggist from the central part of this state toured through England in his car using the British ordinance maps to guide him. When he came back he wrote us to find out if there were any such maps of American territory. We told him to send to the United States Geological Survey for the quadrangles of his locality, as the sheets of the topographical maps are called.

"Shortly afterward the Director of the Geological Survey was dumbfounded to receive an order for 500 maps of the territory around the druggist's town. Investigation disclosed that the druggist was giving a map to each of his customers and was pointing out to them where their houses stood, who had the highest ground in the neighborhood, and where drainage water left their farms.

"They say that some of the farmers framed those maps and hung them in the parlor. That scheme surely dashed a lot of hopes based on the common belief that every hill of any size is the highest in the community."

"How many highest points are there in the state, chief?"

"About one a month," he chuckled as he bit off a frazzled end from his "stogy" and aimed it at the wastebasket. "Every time there is a new moon some one writes in here to ask if his house doesn't stand on the highest spot in the state. We have to break the sad news to him that there is only one highest spot, at Campbell Hill, near Bellefontaine, 1,550 feet above sea level."

Topographical mapping, big as it is, is tame work in most sections compared with such spectacular feats as the construction of the largest cantilever bridge in the world over the St. Lawrence near Quebec. Eighty men lost their lives before the steel "K's" that form the trusses of that bridge crept out from towers on the north and south sides, over 1,800 feet of swift deep water, and gripped each other in the center of the suspended span.

"Measured in terms of lives lost I suppose the Panama Canal is the biggest undertaking engineers ever tackled," ventured the chief as he glanced at the men in his office to catch nods of approval. "The Americans had to organize mosquito police. Why, if you found a mosquito in your house you called a policeman who came and bagged the yellow fever carrier as our police would round up a burglar. Americans cleaned up the Isthmus, changed the name of Monkey Hill, where thousands of laborers were buried during the French occupation, to Mount Hope, and made the Atlantic and Pacific join hands in the face of sanitary odds that were overwhelming at the outset."



"Some of the farmers framed these maps and hung them in the parlor."

"What is the biggest piece of civil engineering in the world?"

"That is about the hardest question you could ask," he said after a long pause. "You might rate civil engineering accomplishments on the basis of the good they have done human beings. Using this standard I guess the Assuan Dam on the Nile is the biggest thing that civil engineering ever did for the world." R. C. and the young man with the pipe nodded assent.

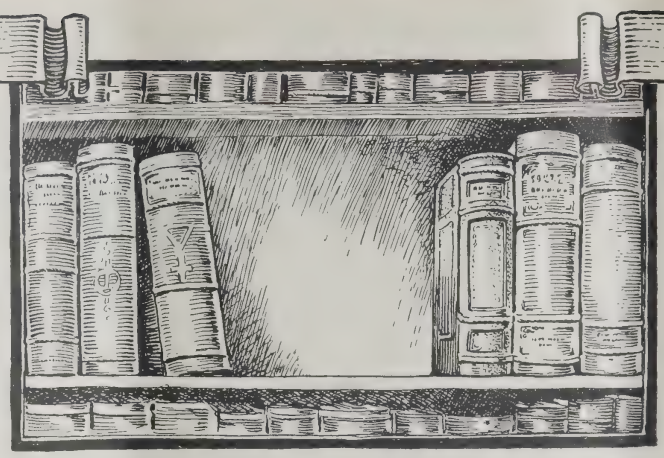
When the British took control in Egypt they found the richest agricultural region in the world periodically suffering from starvation because the Nile floods failed to provide enough water every season to irrigate the fertile valley and delta which has been the granary of the Near East since Biblical times. Droughts similar to those that caused seven years of famine in Joseph's time persisted until Sir William Willcocks threw a dam across the Nile and stored water in a lake 180 miles long.

Assuan Dam is a great engineering feat in addition to being the salvation of Egypt economically. It is more than a mile long, 6,200 feet. It is designed to permit enough flood water to pass in one day to cover the State of Delaware to the depth of six inches and leave thousands of gallons to slop over the edges of that state.

"Chief, that almost makes me believe that the civil engineer is doing as much or more for civilization than the preachers."

"I wouldn't say that. It wouldn't sound well coming from a civil engineer," explained the chief, but the little wrinkles around his eyes betrayed his amusement. "I might quote something one of our state's foremost citizens said after he had made a trip around the world.

"He told me that when he reached India he was looking for evidences of British exploitation of the natives. He admitted frankly that he was no lover of English methods of colonization. But he said: 'Missionaries had a free rein in India. The British denied no church the right to establish stations in India. Meanwhile the British are going ahead constructing waterworks, digging sewage systems to rid the cities of the scourges that breed where filth abounds, and, I believe, they are doing more to Christianize India than all the missionaries.' "



There Is a Vacancy on the Wide Shelves of Public Libraries

It May Soon Be Filled by Some Books That People Will Read

# The Open Segment

By NOLAN R. BEST

PERSONS who keep an eye on the signs of the times with zeal to discover tokens of religious interest rising in the world today should not overlook the shelf of religious reference works in the typical American public library. They will find well-worn books, and they will not mistake the significance of that. Americans today are asking many questions about religion, and authorities that can answer such questions, whether by print or voice, suffer no lack of attention.

On this religious shelf in the reference room two works are today conspicuous. They are, in the numerous volumes of the respective sets, massive and imposing—to some persons perhaps forbidding, for they do outwardly look learned. And, indeed, inwardly they contain plenty for readers to learn who have a wish to learn. But their air is the air bespeaking the teacher who diffuses knowledge—not the pundit who haughtily preserves it. They are books made to meet the minds of people who want to know about religion—who wish to satisfy themselves in regard to its teachings and to measure intelligently the mass weight of its influence in the world. And it is happily possible to speak thus in common terms of the character of both works despite the fact that they originate in highly contrasting precincts of religious faith. Both sets of books are religious encyclopedias. The earlier is the Jewish Encyclopedia; the other, its near successor in point of time, is the Catholic Encyclopedia.

The fair-minded observer, however, looking at these two great productions in the religious field, will be instinctively conscious of a vacancy beside them. The combined scope of these two great encyclopedias does not encompass the whole circle of thought and faith among religiously interested Americans. The Protestant element in the religious life of the United States still remains for authoritative statement of history and belief. If, therefore, as is cheerfully conceded, it is worthy loyalty which has prompted the sons of Rome and Judea to exalt, by the impressive means of great encyclopedias, the religions that respectively command their allegiance, it is equally befitting for Protestant religious leaders to fill up the open segment of this religious circumference with a Protestant Encyclopedia. Such an enterprise is already well afoot. A third companion will ere long be on the library shelf where the two previous works now stand.

The spirit animating this effort is not a spirit of contradiction or controversy. On this matter a good precedent is already set. To the praise of both the Jewish Encyclopedia and the Catholic Encyclopedia which have blazed the way for this new sort of religious literature, let it be said that calumny against other religions has no place in either of them. And, of course, the Protestant editors will not be outdone in that chivalry. Catholics and Hebrews have told their convictions affirmatively, testifying to their own ideals of truth, without disparaging the beliefs or impugning the sincerity of such as follow conscience by another road. They are frank advocates of their own tenets but pass no judgment on the tenets of others. And every Protestant of well-balanced mind must be instinctively conscious that any other attitude in the making of a Protestant Encyclopedia would betray a weakness inconsistent with Protestantism's real spirit.

When, therefore, these three religious encyclopedias stand side by side on the same shelf in American libraries, public and educational, they will not symbolize bigoted rivalry among men and women of diverse faiths. Rather they will be signs of bigotry being supplanted and overcome by that generous temper which, without abating a jot from its own testimony to truth according to its own understanding, is able to exercise an unbegrudged tolerance toward all persuasions of belief and preferences of form under which its neighbors worship God. Only in such tolerance of religious contrasts can American ideals be realized for the spiritual freedom of the individual soul in a complex society. And it particularly lies on Protestants, who have stressed the individual's independent responsibility before his Creator, to cultivate and exemplify the toleration that pays respect to all honest religion, regardless of the forms in which it appears. To that sentiment the Protestant Encyclopedia is prededicated. If it at all fulfills the avowed intent of its projectors, the Encylopedia will be an educative force, advancing the spirit of religious peace by its own practice of the conjoined virtues of positive faith and all inclusive charity.

But will the Encyclopedia be educative—educative of the prevalent mind in the rank and file of the various Protestant denominations? This question implies a doubt very much more extensive than the sphere of the churches. It really signifies a question whether encyclopedias are ever educative. The common impression of these many-volumed storehouses of knowledge is that they are dismal domains in which none but a confirmed and utterly leisured bookworm would ever have either disposition or time to burrow. But this idea should be taken for comparison and judgment to the light of some professional librarian's experience. What sort of people really do read the encyclopedias of the public library's reference department is information which sets at naught the notion that such books are used only by the loftily educated or the impossibly dull. Very practical folk and very busy and energetic folk, too, find their way to knowledge through the great pages of the encyclopedias. And if this is the fact in secular lines, there is no reason to doubt that it will be the fact about the religious encyclopedias—is even now the fact regarding those already published and in use.

The copies of the Encyclopedia which will certainly go into the public libraries will not represent its whole circulation. In reality that distribution will constitute only an outer fraction of the field it will cover. There will be sets of the work in thousands of ministers' libraries; it will find a place

in a multitude of laymen's homes besides. It will not be missing from the libraries of any of the colleges maintained under church auspices, and most other institutions of learning will possess it also. Moreover, in a comparatively short time, it should be found in the libraries of the majority of well-organized local churches. It will be a part —as the two former encyclopedias are —of every newspaper's reference library.

It is the vision of this wider use which will, I believe, be the most effective of all guaranties that the editors will not succumb to any of the snares of pedantry. Nothing written for mere display of learning, if the editors could so be tempted, would stand on the Protestant Encyclopedia's pages in face of the reminder that the volumes will find perhaps their largest use in the instruction of young people of high school age and college age. There is no lack in Protestantism more obvious than the general failure of religious education to make boys and girls entering the church understand how mighty an allegiance they are taking on themselves. Far too commonly these young folk are only conscious of entering into fellowship with the group of neighbors constituting their local congregation. And they are but little better off when they realize their association with that much more numerous company who bear the same denominational name. It is only when the young candidate for church membership appreciates the age-long story and the world-wide sweep of the universal church of prophets, apostles and martyrs — the mighty line of Christ's legions stretching through the centuries—that the solemn meaning of being a Christian can fully grip his soul.

***Something Useful to the Average Person***

To reveal these heroic dimensions of the Christian calling a sound training in church history is indispensable. Plainly the progressive church school must add to its Bible curriculum for its older scholars a larger education in the annals of the church. And whatever textbook is used for that purpose, the Protestant Encyclopedia will be invaluable—virtually indispensable—for that stimulus of collateral reading which in all secular education of corresponding grade is regarded as necessary to keep textbook work from becoming perfunctory. Thus will be furnished vivid human touches to enliven the dry bones of names and dates. To be sent to "read up" on a great character in the story of Christianity warms an interest which at any time may transform a plodding and unconcerned student into a soul athrill for heroic service. To these ends—as well as others of practical value to the makers of sermons and to both clerical and lay leaders of church activity—the Protestant Encyclopedia will be helped by the examples of its predecessors who, though not unmindful of scholarship, have not feared to be popular —meaning "useful to average people."

***The American Encyclopedia of Christianity***

The manner and method of putting forth this Protestant work are in debt in some particulars to the plan adopted for the Catholic prototype. That was not promoted as a commercial enterprise, but through a special publishing organization which became recognized as a quasi-church agency. With this advantage a work which, according to the estimates of professional bookmen, had practically no chance of reaching a distribution of 10,000 sets, has been sold in almost eight times as great a quantity as was thus marked out as a maximum. This Protestant undertaking, therefore, should not be thought of as a book exploitation, but in its real character as a great training project for the whole church, reaching out into its broad missionary field as well as the field of what is more strictly called religious education. In this aspect the freely given aid of the churches is expected to promote and extend its usefulness far more widely than sheer commercial methods could accomplish. For the sake of this great advantage, a group of eminent American churchmen, standing high in influence in a variety of denominations, have united to create the American Institute of Christianity, a nonprofit corporation, forbidden under the laws of New York to make money for itself. Under this organization the editorial preparation of the Encyclopedia has already begun, and the recognition of the effort is happily extending daily to new circles and bringing forth new coöperation.

Though the informal title, "Protestant Encyclopedia," is commonly used by the friends of the undertaking, it has been determined that the formal name of the work shall conform to the name of the Institute; it will be published as "The American Encyclopedia of Christianity." This will counteract any possible impression that the editors contemplate dealing with Protestantism alone; all forms of Christianity, West and East, will be recognized as within the universal Church of Christ.

Judge Henry Wade Rogers, eminent in the Federal judiciary, a Methodist, is president of the corporation. The chairman of the board of directors is Honorable Carl E. Milliken, war governor of the State of Maine and for the year past president of the Northern Baptist Convention. Vice-presidents are Dr. John A. Marquis, secretary of national missions in the Presbyterian Church, and Dr. Joseph Cullen Ayer, professor of church history in the Protestant Episcopal divinity school at Philadelphia. There has already been organized also a board of editors in which the equilibrium of denominations and theologies is even more interesting. Dr. Ayer is chairman. The secretary is Dr. William W. Rockwell, church history professor in Union Seminary, a Congregationalist. Their associates are Dr. Frederick W. Loetscher, of Princeton Seminary, Presbyterian, likewise occupying the chair of church history; Dr. Charles M. Jacobs, of Mount Airy Lutheran Seminary, also a church historian; Professor W. H. P. Hatch, of the New Testament chair in the Episcopalian divinity faculty at Cambridge; Dr. Benjamin W. Bacon, who teaches New Testament in Yale divinity school, another Congregationalist, and finally the only non-professorial member of the board, Dr. Henry H. Meyer, editor of the Sunday school publications of the Methodist church, to whose care will no doubt be intrusted those adaptations to Sunday school uses which have already been pointed out as a specially interesting feature of the Encyclopedia.

***Half the Board Specialists in Church History***

To initiates in ecclesiastical mysteries there are in this list several significant tokens. One is the collocation of Union and Princeton seminaries. These two schools have often been in conflict on doctrine and church law; their joint interest in this enterprise is therefore the most outstanding guaranty that the forthcoming Encyclopedia will not lean partisanly to any church faction. That half the board are specialists in church history is further assurance to the same effect. Better than other men they know how divided opinions have marked the whole progress of the church from the days of the apostles until now, and the essential business to which they are trained and habituated is the just interpretation of all the divergent views that mankind has held about religion. This certainly makes them the essential kind of men to dissipate the fear that any touch of injustice toward any man's scruple or conviction or interest may mar the honest impartiality of the work.





(Copyright, 1925, by Charles J. Finger)

WOOD BLOCKS CUT BY PAUL HONORE

# Romantic Rascals

## Jorgen Jorgenson, 1780-1844

(Eleventh of Series)

By CHARLES J. FINGER

CAREFUL Copenhagen parents sometimes warned their sons against too close companionship with Jorgen Jorgenson because of his reputed wildness. Yet he was a favorite everywhere, there was a fund of wholesome laughter in him, and any company was the brighter for his frank and happy face, his ready smile and his steel-gray eyes. Then there was no malice in his wildness. It was the wildness of a physical energy that overflowed, an energy that could hardly find expression. Could Jorgen Jorgenson have had his way, he would have leaped back in time, out of his year of 1794, and into far-off days when Vikings sailed the seas to discover new lands, Iceland and Greenland. Back he would have gone, out of a prosaic life and into the days of Ingjald, and Hrolf, and Ingolf, when men were fearless, when youths knew the play of sword and shield and spear, when men outfaced their foes and fought hand to hand, and war was no dreary affair of hiding from fire-belching guns.

Because of that passion for life vivid and free, there was a day when a party of lads, all straight-limbed and strong and active, spent a day out in the wind on the seashore, in mock battle with bows and lances, when they should have been sitting in serious study in classrooms. The end of that was Jorgen's expulsion from school, for when the trouble broke he stood up and declared that, having been the leader, the wrongdoing was entirely his. But he was forgiven soon after, when the town of Copenhagen took fire in the year 1795. Fifty streets were laid in ashes that June day, and when the flames touched the arsenal with its dangerous contents, and men and women fled in panic, down came a band of boys, Jorgenson at the head of them, and the lads fought fire with the fierceness of warriors, their axes crashing through walls and doors, themselves heedless of the smoke and flames that threatened them, valiant and stubborn until the battle was won. To show good will, the citizens offered the wild lad some quiet place in an office. But he laughed joyously and thanked them, saying that on the next day he would sail on the good ship *Agnes*, and would be out of the harbor before city people were out of their beds.

He was then in his sixteenth year, though looking older because of his build, being square-shouldered and well-muscled, and for the next few years he had for his music the tumbling spray, and the washing waves, and the whistle of the wind in the rigging. They were vivid years, adventurous years, wild years during which he grew to manhood under the Southern Cross. Sometimes he was in the antarctic on whale-hunting ships, beating about among ice floes and great bergs. Again he found life full and free in the neighborhood of Cape Horn, catching seals and otters and walrus. That led to inland adventures in Patagonia, to hunting wild horses which he sold in Chile and Argentina, to rhea chasing for the feathers and huanacos for their hides, now and then to expeditions into the Andes for Inca treasure. Tiring of South America, he sailed among the Polynesian Islands with a party of nondescripts from odd corners of the earth, men curiously hungry for treasure who tried to trade off useless stuff to the natives for things that would bring high prices in northern markets. After that he wandered in tropical jungles in Borneo, Sumatra, Burma, going here and there because of tales told of guarded temples where were gold, rubies, gems, and strange idols with precious stones in their heads. At last he shipped to Madagascar by way of Ceylon, from there to the Cape of Good Hope, then to the Gold Coast, and so to England. That was in 1807.

Then he found difficulties. For Napoleon had paralyzed the commerce of Europe and nations glared at one another in hate. Everywhere was discord, anger, unrest among the civilized nations; everywhere there seemed to be expectant war and physical and moral confusion; everywhere people were hysterical about victories and conquest, and church dignitaries were blessing the banners and armies of kings and emperors. But all that at first seemed to concern the adventurous Jorgenson not at all, and for some days he fraternized happily with English sailors in Shadwell and Limehouse, until he learned that England and Denmark were enemies. That was when someone who heard him speak of Denmark called him a spy. By way of emphatic denial he knocked his insulter down, then suddenly realized that every Englishman was supposed to be his foe, though, personally, he had not the slightest quarrel with any man from Land's End to John O'-Groats. However, the doings of princes seeming to involve him, he made his way to Copenhagen, and, before a month had gone, was second in command of a brig.

Before his ship cleared, trouble came. Into the harbor's mouth sailed a British fleet under Admiral Gambier and Lord Cathcart, and for three days iron death poured into the town. The lives and happiness of households were destroyed, and people fled from unknown dangers; the quiet geniality of the daily life gave way to the fury of battle; destroyers of patient industry were busy everywhere, and soon guns thundered from forts and ships, half of the city was on fire and happiness seemed to have fled. Then came the seventh day of September, 1807, when, to save her people, Copenhagen surrendered and eighteen sail of the line, fifteen frigates, six brigs and twenty-five gunboats fell into the hands of the invaders. But not the brig on which Jorgen Jorgenson sailed. That escaped, slipping past the English lines in the dark of night to become a North Sea rover. Somewhere on the Norwegian coast there was a hiding place where the water was six fathoms deep close to the land, a landlocked water with a narrow opening between cliffs; from that secret harbor Jorgenson's ship dropped out when the tide served, darting down on fishermen,

capturing a boat here and a schooner there, once making a daring attack upon a frigate within sight of Flamboro Head. But a lucky shot from the Britisher brought down the Dane's foremast, the brig was boarded, and Jorgen Jorgenson soon found himself in a Thames-side prison with nothing ahead of him but months of weariness.

But somehow the adventurer possessed the driving power and the appeal. Bluff and unaffected, men liked him, listened to him, trusted him. So, before long he was out on parole and mixing with men, hinting now and then at some high and splendid secret. His captors left him very free to go about as he pleased.

One day, in a tavern near Temple Bar, he fell in with a wealthy city merchant named Samuel Phelps, owner of the brig *Clarence* and financially interested in other ships. There was an hour of talk, during which Jorgenson weaved his magic spell, secure in the knowledge that commerce and war went hand in hand and that none were so loudly patriotic as those with a taste for profiteering. So the adventurer told Phelps of great opportunities in Iceland, Denmark's foreign market. He told of people starving because of the war and England's blockade of the seas; told him that the dead were being buried without coffins because of the lack of lumber; told him that sea water was being used instead of salt, that there was neither flour, nor sugar, nor iron in Iceland. He wound up by saying that the island storehouses were bursting with fat, and tallow, and oil, and wool, all of which England needed, while the things that the Icelanders lacked, London and Mr. Phelps had to spare. The end of it was that the *Clarence* sailed for Iceland under the command of Captain George Johnson, and Jorgenson, refusing to anchor his conscience to a responsibility, was on board as interpreter. In due time they dropped anchor at Hafnarfjord.

At first the Icelanders refused to trade with Denmark's enemy, but what with Jorgenson's urbane compliments to the *stiptamtmaor* Count Trampe, and his veiled hints to others that Captain Johnson might bombard Reykjavik the capital, the cargo was landed and trading commenced. Then, on March the twenty-second, 1809, the *Clarence* sailed for England with Jorgenson on board and James Sevignac left in charge of trading operations.

Without the radiant Jorgenson, things in Reykjavik did not go so well. To carry on the business by means of all those arm-wavings, and gesticulations, and strange contortions which went by the way of sign language was difficult, and, to make matters worse, Count Trampe had his suspicions that English notions of value and exchange were too elastic, so deportation soon faced Savignac and his men. But a warship, *The Rover*, chanced to drop into port, and its captain smoothed things over for the time in quiet and unobtrusive manner.

Still, Count Trampe had sown his storm and the spirit of the whirlwind had its eye on him. That spirit came in the person of Jorgen Jorgenson who had persuaded Phelps to fit out a second expedition, an armed merchant ship called the *Margaret and Anne*, on board of which was the merchant himself. Jorgenson, with joyous exultation, flung himself into the Trampe-Savignac trouble, and, at the head of a band of sailors and discontented or adventurous Icelanders, marched into town, seized the Count, seized his ship the *Orion*, seized the town itself. Then he was happy. Power and adventure faced him and it was no cloud on his happiness that officials proclaimed him outlaw. A country to govern lay before him and he would be Jorgenson the First of Iceland. He designed a flag—three white codfish on a blue field. Then he proclaimed himself Protector and Commander on Land and Sea; promised the institution of trial by jury; talked about schools; declared that all debts to Denmark were null and void, and had the felicity of seeing and hearing a salute fired in his honor by the *Margaret and Anne*.



With a ragged army carrying old guns, scythes, spears, swords, and sledge hammers.

Then came occupation and subjection. With a ragged army carrying old guns, scythes, spears, swords, sledge hammers, Jorgenson marched north, planting his flag and challenging any to oppose him. He was a warrior lord big with optimism and full of joyful and generous hope to set crooked things straight and to right wrong.

The fall was as swift as the rise. Returning to Reyjavik he found the British warship *Talbot* in possession. The fort had been thrown down and the guns were at the bottom of the sea. There had been trade agreements, and Master Phelps, being safe commercially, treated Jorgenson's aspirations with levity. As for the little army, it melted away, and when a file of British marines arrested the Commander, there was never a one to say a word or to strike a blow. So Jorgenson was led away handcuffed, and placed on board the *Orion* which was ready to sail for England in company with the *Margaret and Anne*, both ships being laden to the line with oil and tallow.

But the *Margaret* (Concluded on page 23)

# Salt—A Rare Utility

## Nature Provides an Ample Supply; Man Refines It and Devises Over a Hundred Ways to Use It

By GORDON W. KINGSBURY

WHEN you ate your eggs for breakfast, flavored your soup at dinner time or seasoned some delicate morsel of food on another occasion, did you ask yourself: Why did I use the salt? What is this thing called salt? Where does it come from and what is it good for?

The beginning of the use of salt in food is lost in prehistoric time. It is well known that animals will travel for miles to reach a salt well or the seashore and as one author pertinently remarks, "Man had but to follow them."

There existed in ancient times, and may still exist, residents of Asia or Africa who do not add salt to their food but this is explained by their food being almost exclusively of animal nature. Their food contains all the salt they need. The absolute necessity of common salt to the life of the animal organism makes quite unlikely the possibility of any ancient or modern people existing without it. With the gradual change in man's social development from the status of hunter and shepherd to the settled life of the tiller of the soil, the food changed from animal to a more or less vegetable diet; and with this change desire and need for salt increased.

Scientists say that we would quickly starve to death on food that contains no salt even if it were otherwise 100 per cent nutritious. Salt is essential to the formation of gastric juice without which there can be no digestion. In addition to being an aid or factor in digestion, salt is a purifier of the blood and a preventive of disease. Historians lay the great ravages of disease during the Crimean War to a deficiency in the salt rations of the warriors. Today, as of old, men eat salt for two purposes: First to aid digestion and second to prevent disease.



Six hundred feet "down" in a Louisiana salt mine These huge arches are 65 feet high.

Of the millions of persons who daily handle salt, few have any conception of the important part which common salt has played in the history of our race and of the great place it fills in modern economic life.

Salt is to most people but a simple condiment, yet wars have been waged for the possession of a salt well: the sites of towns have been decided by the proximity of the mineral; the trends of great roads have been bent for easy access to the regions of salt. Archeological investigations have shown that Nauheim, Salzungen and other salt wells have been the scenes of fierce combats for their possession.

As salt has been the cause of strife, so it has also been the means of deciding wars. History records that the Sellasians in the Illyrian war were forced to surrender to the Romans through want of salt; and the Circassians submitted to the Russians for the same reasons.

The French in Metz, during the siege of 1870, had to adopt a very elaborate but interesting method of manufacturing salt, to obtain for the army and the inhabitants this necessary factor for their health.

It may truly be said that in ancient times salt influenced human society as much as gold does at present; and, indeed, at some periods and in some places salt has been used as the medium of commercial exchange as gold and silver are now. Roman soldiers were at one time paid in salt, hence the derivation of our word *salary*. By interpreting these habits, customs and writings of ancient people we find that salt was considered an article of value and always held in great veneration.

Salt is a mineral and like other minerals it comes chiefly from deposits located beneath the earth's surface. Chemically it is a compound composed of two elements, sodium and chlorine. Its chemical name is sodium chloride. When separate and taken internally the elements which compose salt are poison, but when combined and used properly they assist to sustain life.

Probably nothing unless it be water is used more extensively by all civilized people than salt. Nature provides it for us in three forms: first in sea water in solution; second, in salt springs; and third, in the form of salt rock. From time immemorial man has obtained salt from sea water. This is still being done on our seacoasts and on the shores of Great Salt Lake.

In some parts of the world it has



Plowing salt near Great Salt Lake, Utah.

been possible to obtain a large supply of salt from what are known as salt springs. These springs are usually the result of water flowing over a deposit of salt rock and the amount of salt obtained from evaporating the spring water is so small that salt springs are an impractical source of salt supply for commercial purposes.

Rock salt forms the most common and practical source of our salt supply. Large quantities of salt rock are found in all parts of the world and reasonably near the surface of the ground. These deposits, the geologists say, are what is left of ancient salt seas. In the United States the largest deposits of salt rock are found in the States of Michigan, New York, Ohio, Utah, Louisiana, Kansas, Texas and California. According to Federal statistics, these states are the largest producers of salt in this country.

The largest source of salt supply in Europe is at Wielzka in Poland. This deposit of salt is said to be the largest in the world, the bed of salt rock being 500 miles long, 20 miles wide and 1,200 feet thick.

Some of the salt mines in Poland are so extensive that it is said some of the miners spend all their lives in them, never coming to the surface of the earth. Most of the deposits of salt rock contain impurities which need to be removed before the salt is fit for use commercially; however, some deposits like those in Louisiana show a very pure salt rock and when ground up this rock salt is suitable for table use.

In general, however, the salt made from crude salt rock is only fit for the most ordinary commercial uses. The most common impurity is gypsum and it is necessary to remove this gypsum before the salt can be considered pure.

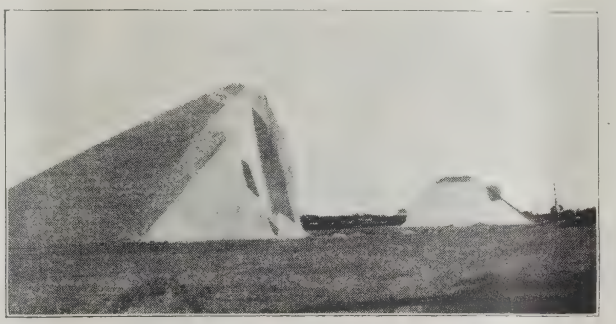
The usual way of obtaining salt from the earth is by means of salt wells. These wells are drilled in the same way that wells are bored for oil and gas. A pipe about six inches in diameter is lowered to the surface of the salt rock and then an inside pipe is put down, water is forced down between the two pipes and the pressure exerted brings up the dissolved rock or salt brine through the inside pipe. After the salt brine reaches the surface, the salt is extracted from it in various ways.

At present the crude open-pan system, where the brine was poured into open pans and fires were built below the pans, is almost obsolete. The most practical methods of refining salt today are known as the Grainer, Vacuum Pan and Alberger systems.

The Grainer system is similar in its operation to the old open-pan system, the heat being applied through steam pipes inside of the brine pan.

In the Vacuum Pan process tiny cubes of salt are formed and settle to the bottom of the pan in which a vacuum has been created. The salt is then drained out and is ready for drying.

The Alberger system of salt manufacture is a mechanical process which subjects the salt brine to a high temperature and removes the impurities by means of mechanical filters.



You have heard of icebergs. Here is a new one—a "Salzberge" in Cadiz, Spain.

According to recent government reports it is estimated that the average consumption of salt per capita for all purposes is about *one hundred pounds a year*. Each of us consumes from five to fifteen pounds a year on the table. Some medical authorities say that this is too much, while others point out that the human organism is entirely capable of rejecting a surplus of salt and that trouble is caused by an insufficient supply more frequently than by too much.

The salt we take into our systems aids digestion. Food that is improperly salted does not taste well and appetite is a barometer of what the system needs.

Salt also assists in the formation of red blood corpuscles and helps them in the absorption of oxygen, thereby stimulating normal body functions and tending to restore and maintain the body in a normal healthy condition.

But these are physiological functions; what are the usual and unusual uses of salt?

A study of the uses of salt brings out the fact that in industry the largest consumption is in the preparation of food products.

The manufacture of breakfast food, churning of butter and the curing of bacon; the preparation of sausage, sauerkraut and canned vegetables—these require enormous quantities of salt. Salt is also used in making glass, in the manufacture of dyes, in the operations of bleaching and preserving. Salt is also used in the flavoring of chewing tobacco. Commercial engravers use it in the preparation of high-grade half tones.

Great industries thrive by breaking up the sodium and chlorine found in ordinary salt. The soda forms the basis of a wonderful cleaning compound and the chlorine, which was in demand for gas production during the war, helps to bleach cloth in times of peace.

It is curious to note the many uses for salt in the everyday affairs of the average household. It has been said that there are more than a hundred different ways to use salt. In the sick room it has few equals. It relieves dyspepsia, is unequaled for nasal douches; dentists recommend it as a dentifrice and it has been known to cure a felon. Salt when properly used will relieve earache, toothache, aching feet, a sore throat and do wonders in relieving distress from burns, bee stings and insect bites.

There is a barber in Ohio who says he can cure dandruff and grow new hair on a bald head by means of treatments with pure salt.

Almost any housewife will tell you that salt is a great preservative. It is indispensable in the making of pickles: it keeps eggs, and preserves the color in boiled vegetables.

In the summertime salt can be used for making ice cream and in the wintertime it can be used to remove the ice from the sidewalk.

As a deodorant it removes the olfactory offense of onions from knives and cooking utensils, and being burnt it overcomes burnt odors from ovens and stoves.

Some housewives claim that salt will prevent milk from souring, make eggs beat quickly, prevent fish from sticking to the pan, improve the flavor of tea, coffee and cocoa, prevent cakes from burning and make cream whip rapidly.

As a cleansing agent salt has remarkable properties. It will remove stains from china and earthenware, take out grease, soot and ink stains from carpets; clean bamboo furniture and restore to whiteness sinks, drains and bathtubs.

Today the salt industry of our country is on a stable basis.

Some countries make the production of salt a government monopoly and in China they count the population by the amount of salt consumed.

A most recent development of the salt business in the United States is the request made by the health authorities of Michigan of the salt manufacturers offering salt for sale within that state, that they treat their product with iodine.

A study of the prevalence of goiter in certain sections of Michigan traces the difficulty to the lack of iodine in the drinking water. The use of salt as the most effective way of distributing the proper amount of iodine is a flattering compliment to the universal utility of this so-called common commodity.

No human beings have ever existed without a certain amount of salt.



# The "Signers"—

## Some of the Men Risked All They Had

By CARL
(Copyright, 1925, by

ON THAT memorable second day of August, 1776, when the Declaration of Independence was signed at Philadelphia, a certain rich man did not hesitate to do his full duty. As Charles Carroll wrote his name almost as plain as John Hancock's, which the king might read without spectacles, somebody exclaimed:

"There go a few millions!"

"What are millions?" the man from Maryland asked. "Neither my millions nor my writing will settle this just cause, but the bayonet will."

John Hancock, pursuing the fashion of real Americans, contributed a remark. Having observed that the Maryland leader had finished, he suggested:

"There are many Charles Carrolls, and the British may not know which one it is."

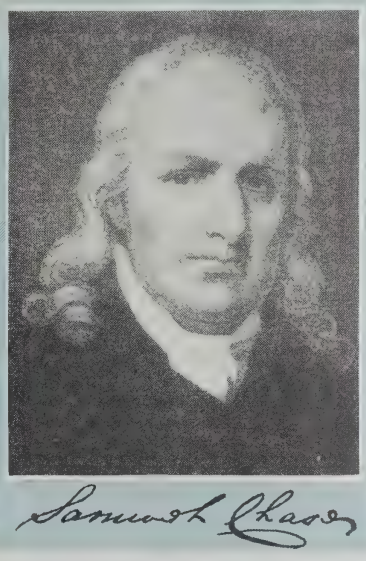
"Quite right," the signer agreed at once. "Let there be no doubt. There is only one Carrollton." Then he added the telltale words, "of Carrollton," for the purpose of sure identification.

More than three centuries ago Shakespeare said that some men are born great, some achieve greatness and some have it thrust upon them. Into the first category Charles Carroll might be placed, for he got a portion of his greatness by virtue of birth. However, like the scores of successful men of all times, he achieved much through sheer merit and willingness to work assiduously.

Charles was sufficiently astute to "marry wisely and well," as gossips say. He waited until he was thirty-one when many of his friends were wondering about his bachelorhood; then he suddenly "kicked over the traces" and wedded magnetic Mary Darnall who came of an ancient family or lineage, had beauty and a fortune.

But this lucky man did not "take it easy" as he might have done. When the colony, founded on the basis of religious tolerance and equality, proposed to override this principle, it was Carroll who picked up his sturdy pen and vigorously fought the movement. Under the name of the "First Citizen" he prepared a series of newspaper articles in which he presented his arguments so clearly and forcefully that they were not disproved. When the people finally learned that he was the author of the truly masterful expositions he immediately became a foremost (if not the first) citizen indeed.

When war with the mother country appeared inevitable, this famous son of Maryland received an appointment on the Colony's "Committee of Correspondence" which proceeded to set the stage for the coming conflict. He was also accorded a place on the Council of Safety (a progenitor to our Council of Defense during the World War) and in 1776 he was named a



Samuel Chase

member of the committee that sought to gain Canada's coöperation with us against Great Britain.

But Maryland sent the wealthy Charles and the other delegates to Congress with instructions not to consent to independence until they obtained her approval. As Carroll did not relish this arrangement he made strenuous efforts to swing the colony into line. Largely due to his skillful persuasion, together with that of Samuel Chase, Thomas Stone and William Paca, the assembly meeting in June, 1776, reversed its previous instructions and urged its representatives to do all in their power to make the "united colonies free and independent states."

This able patriot was no shirker. He served on the Board of War. He was a member of the committee that visited Valley Forge to investigate various complaints which had been lodged against General Washington for his supposed lack of military strategy. In 1788 Maryland elected him as her first Senator under the National Constitution. He retired to his manorial home in 1804; then, after a rest period of twenty-four years, he laid the cornerstone of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the first great railway system in this country.

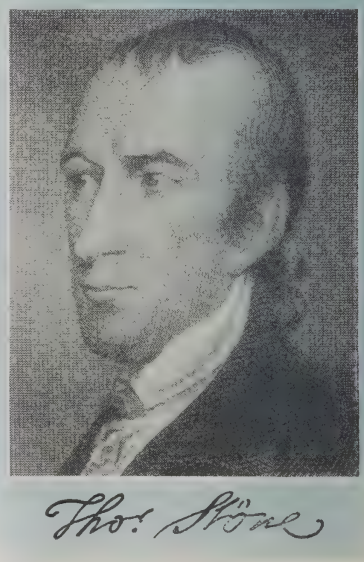
From the fourth day of July, 1826, which marked the passing of Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, until his own departure six years afterward, Charles Carroll calmly enjoyed the dignity of his position as the last survivor among all the signers of the immortal Declaration.

J. H. B. Latrobe, who wrote the life of Maryland's grand old man, said that the venerable patriot listened closely to the reading of the manuscript. He made no comment until the author reached the end when, after a pause, he frankly and humanly observed:

"You have made a much greater man of me than I ever thought I was. And yet you really have said nothing in what you have written that is not true."

His biographer pictured him as an attenuated old man with a prominent nose and a receding chin, small eyes that sparkled when interested, small head, white hair and a wrinkled face, but with manners and speech of a courtly gentleman. He would have made a fine study for a physiognomist because such features as beady eyes, small head and a receding chin are not usually found in men who attain some degree of enduring greatness.

Samuel Chase, one of his colleagues, was much more of a Beau Brummel than Carroll. He possessed a lofty stature, a well-proportioned figure, a handsome countenance, a vigorous body and a fiery soul. A friend aptly described him as moving "with a mob

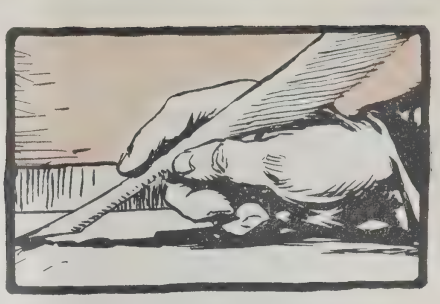


Thos. Stone

# —of Maryland

## in the Cause of This Nation's Freedom

SCHURZ LOWDEN
Carl Schurz Lowden)



at his heels." He was never lukewarm in his life. His outspokenness was forever getting him into trouble. He could not separate his feelings from his judgment. No one, however, questioned his sincerity and firm patriotism.

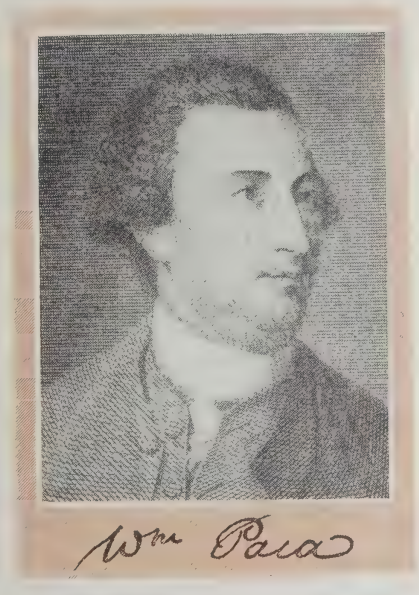
The Stamp Act, or tax, aroused Chase to physical action. He joined with others in forcing open the public offices at night, tearing up the hated stamps and burning the stamp distributor in effigy. The mayor and aldermen of Annapolis then denounced him as "a busy, restless incendiary, a ringleader of mobs, an inflaming son of discord, a common disturber of public tranquillity and a promoter of the lawless excesses of the multitude."

These words, though severe and relentless, were no cause of shame to the budding patriot. He had used his arms successfully; he would try his tongue.

"I admit, gentlemen," he answered, "that I was one of those who committed to flames, in effigy, the stamp distributor of the province and who openly disputed the parliamentary right to tax the Colonies, while you sulked in your homes, some of you asserting the parliamentary right to tax and esteeming the stamp act a benefic law. Others of you meanly grumbled in your corners not daring to speak out your sentiments."

It was bold and saucy language for a young men of twenty-five to apply to the constituted authorities of the city in which he resided. However, this uncompromising temper was thoroughly characteristic of Chase all of his life.

He found the attitude of Maryland very irksome when the assembly instructed its delegates not to vote in favor of independence. Chase ardently wanted freedom. He left his seat in Congress, and declared his convictions at numerous meetings. Though Maryland was the last of the original thirteen states to fall into line, it did so on the twenty-eighth day of June. The




zealous delegate wrote impulsively to John Adams.

"I am just this moment," he declared, "from the House with an unanimous vote for independence. The people have fire, if it is not smothered."

With the painful restrictions overthrown, Chase demonstrated his unquenchable enthusiasm by following closely after the express that carried his letter. The distance from Annapolis to Philadelphia is approximately 150 miles. He traveled two days, Saturday and Sunday; on Monday morning he occupied a seat in the Continental Congress, and proceeded to vote as he had wished to vote from the time he was first sent there.

Chase certainly ranked among the most ardently active patriots meeting in Philadelphia. The number and variety of duties imposed upon him were really more than should have been assigned to any one individual. He was so industrious and efficient that highly discordant matters, whether military, financial, judicial, marine or political, were placed upon his shoulders. Richard Henry Lee, Gouveneur Morris and Chase were selected to prepare propaganda against conciliation with Great Britain and urging the advisability of independence; it seems that Chase really did the writing while Lee and Morris approved his sentiments.

"If," he promised the people, "you will not listen to these false words of conciliation but exert the means of defense which God and nature have given you, the time will soon arrive when every man shall sit under his own fig tree and there shall be none to make him afraid."

The paper was long and forceful. Ministers were recommended to read it from the pulpit immediately after their divine services. I consider it picturesque, bludgeoning language. I like it; and yet I feel that this Roosevelt of his time might have accomplished even more than he did for the cause if he had not lacked tact, diplomacy and the sweet reasonableness of suave leaders.

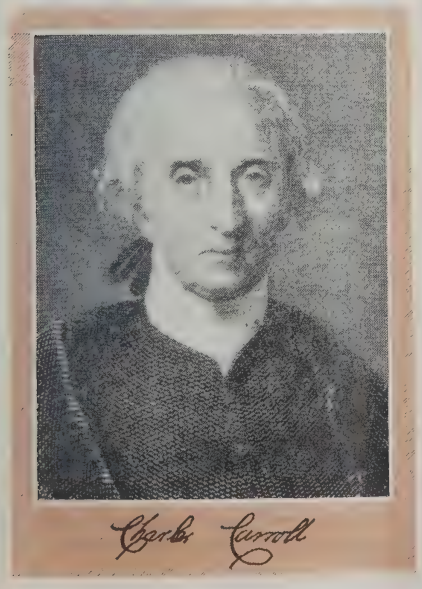
"The Demosthenes of Maryland," his associates named him. It is said of him that he was markedly vehement in his efforts for the passage of the independence resolution, and that at one time he violently exclaimed:

"By the God of Heaven, I owe no allegiance to the King of Great Britain!"

But he was not always rude. Chase had a kind heart. At Baltimore in 1783 he heard a young man debating in a club organized for that purpose. He liked his style of speech, discovered that he lived in Annapolis and was a pharmacal apprentice. The older man advised the younger to study law; on ascertaining that the youth had no means, Chase invited him to his own home and became his preceptor. Editors and publishers lay claim to locating and developing authors; Chase could have claimed credit for what he did as his plain duty. The eloquent young man of the debating club was William Pinckney, afterward Attorney-General of the United States, widely regarded as the most distinguished lawyer in America; he also served his country as minister to London, Naples, and St. Petersburg.

Chase himself passed much of his time abroad, particularly in London where he mingled with eminent lawyers. He liked William Pitt and Charles James Fox who had condemned the British policy toward the Colonies. On one occasion he stayed an entire week with Edmund Burke, who had delivered his famous "Speech on Conciliation," before the Parliament.

During the period that Samuel



Chase sat as a judge in Baltimore, a riot over party affairs culminated in the tarring and feathering of two men. Two citizens were arrested by the sheriff who deemed them so prominent that they would not need to give a bond to make certain they would come to the court session.

"Then," the judge answered, "you must go to jail."

He ordered the sheriff to take the accused men to jail, but the officer demurred. Chase then asked him to summon the posse comitatus to his assistance, but the sheriff explained that he could get no one to serve.

"Summon me, sir!" Judge Chase exclaimed. "I will be the posse comitatus. I will take them to jail."

A member of the bar interposed. He advised the judge to let the affair blow over, as the latter's life might be endangered. This suggested pussy-footing did not please the man on the bench.

*"The Life of One Man Is of Little Consequence"*

"God forbid," he emphatically replied, "that my countrymen should be guilty of so daring an outrage. Sir, with the blessing of God, I will do my duty. They may destroy my property, they may pull my house down over my head, yea, they may make a widow of my wife and my children fatherless; but, with the blessing of God, I will do my duty be the consequences what they may. The life of one man is of little consequence compared to the prostration of the laws of the land."

This short speech seems oratorical and vainglorious. However, in those old days the men were more heroic in their attitudes and habitually used a much more rhetorical, fulsome style than that employed by present-day statesmen.

Washington appointed Chase to the United States Supreme Court in 1796. He served in this capacity fifteen years, being frequently designated as "the most prompt, sagacious and learned judge of his time." With all this well-deserved reputation and despite the gratitude due him from the nation, he was impeached by the House, then tried before the Senate on charges of high misdemeanor and narrowly escaped conviction.

*Chase Faced Death Characteristically*

Why? Well, the cause may be found in his openness, in his custom of unreservedly expressing his opinions on national politics and censuring freely where he thought censure was deserved. It had been agreed to refer to him a case which he had already studied while it was threshed out before another judge. To save all the repeating of the evidence Judge Chase did publicly what other judges of the time did privately. He wrote out his judgment which he handed to the lawyers and jury before the case had been fully retried. His enemies accused him of prejudice; this term really means "prejudgment," and it was therefore truly accurate. Four years later the matter developed into a party issue with his conduct labeled "arbitrary, oppressive, unjust and having brought disgrace upon the character of the whole American bench." It is a miserable shame that this unquestionably sincere patriot and many others of the Revolution were mistreated or shabbily handled when they should have been revered for their deeds of the past and forgiven for their subsequent apparent shortcomings.

Chase faced death characteristically. When his physician ordered him to give up his favorite exercise, horseback riding, he knew that he could not live long. He put his affairs in order. He refused the last medicine tendered by saying, "God gives life," which, as it happened, were his last words.

The old judge was a strong Federalist; in fact, strong likes and dislikes were truly common in those days. He had a Democratic son-in-law. I suppose he would have preferred one of his own kind, but he made the best of the situation.

"Yes, sir," he whimsically told this son-in-law a few years before he had to give up horseback riding, "you are a Democrat. It is all right for you to be one, as you are a young man. An old man would be a fool to be a Democrat."

*When the Four Signers Met Together*

Chase made many enemies because he did not hold his tongue; for precisely the same reason, he kept many friends, and William Paca was one of these. Paca was a fellow signer, also an Annapolis resident. The two of them grew up together, as it were. Chase qualified in the mayor's court in 1761. Long afterward he reminisced:

"The bar then consisted of three practitioners, Messrs. William Paca, John Price, Jr., and myself. All of us had been students under Annapolis gentlemen who helped us for improvement without the remotest view of profit."

In 1771 an incident brought three of Maryland's four subsequent signers into contact with each other. Paca and a Mr. Hammond represented the citizens of Annapolis in a public letter of thanks to Charles Carroll for his activities "as an advocate of liberty." Carroll had carried on a paper war with the governor, and had questioned the latter's right to regulate the fees of civil officers by proclamation. Nevertheless the governor issued his proclamation which caused wide irritation. Paca and Samuel Chase then headed a group of citizens who took a copy of the proclamation to the gallows erected for the purpose just outside the city, hanged it there by a halter, left it the usual time for a criminal, cut it down, inclosed it in a coffin and buried it nearby while minute guns from an elegant armed schooner belonging to Mr. Paca were fired during the whole ceremony. The men then marched back inside the city limits and spent the remainder of the day in having a good time.

Now it may seem strange that there should have been an armed ship so long before the Revolution, also that it should be owned by Paca. It happened that the gentlemen whose estates were situated on the navigable waters of the Chesapeake contended with each other for the superiority of their bay boats. Paca had put small guns on his boat to put it ahead of those owned by others; so when he entered the city his arrival was often announced by the sound of the cannon.

Later this wealthy patriot opened his purse for the use of his public-spirited countrymen. On one occasion he and his fellow signer, Chase, supplied a volunteer corps with rifles at an expense that ranged around a thousand dollars.

*Paca's Policy of Gentle Persuasion*

Paca and his colleagues were for independence, but they had been specifically instructed not to consent to such a proposition. Though under this galling bondage from the colonial assembly, these delegates to the Philadelphia sessions did not resign because they hoped for a change in the instructions and they feared to step out lest their places might be filled with men who were opposed to independence.

In the meantime Paca employed a policy of gentle persuasion. Secretly he assisted in planning a naval armament, also aided in procuring saltpeter and other munitions for a war to be waged against a king that Maryland was publicly vowing to love forever. In the middle of May at the time when Congress declared that the royal authority had ceased and the separate colonies should form governments of their own, the Maryland convention reasserted its stand against independence. But this state of affairs could not last. The exertions of Paca, Chase, Carroll and other leaders induced the convention on the twenty-eighth of May to dispense with its opening prayer for the king and the royal family. After this initial step, the rest came easier; precisely one month later the original instructions were recalled and the delegates left free to vote as they thought best.

*Stone's Strength Lay in His Argument*

Throughout the trying period of the war Paca continued to be a member of Congress. He retired in 1778. Four years later he was chosen to be the governor of his native state. He was a man of remarkably graceful address, fine appearance and polished manners; therefore the courtesies of the governor's mansion were never more elegantly sustained than during his tenure of office.

Thomas Stone, the fourth Maryland signer, was a lawyer; he appeared in many important cases along with his friend, Samuel Chase. Though he had a weak voice and an unimpressive delivery, Stone's strength lay in his argument; his reasoning invariably cleared and became powerful when he warmed up to his subject.

What would you think of a boy so determined to obtain an education that he would ride ten miles each morning to school? Thomas Stone was that boy.

In 1775 Stone was a member of the Maryland assembly in Annapolis when the skirmishes of Lexington and Concord were fought. Greatly perturbed, he wrote at once to his wife.

"My heart," he told her, "is with you, and I wish I could see you, but many gentlemen insist that I should stay to deliberate on these important affairs. I wish to do my duty. I shall be obliged to stay here longer than I expected. We have accounts that numbers of people have been killed on both sides. I am truly apprehensive that this will preclude all hopes of any reconciliation between this and the mother country, a situation at which all thinking men must shudder. People here seem to feel very severely on the present occasion. I have determined to act according to the best of my judgment; but, in important and dangerous crises to which we are reduced, the best may err. Pray God preserve you and our little ones. We are apt to see times which will require all our fortitude to bear up against."

Although not a prominent man in Congress, Mr. Stone was placed on several important committees, perhaps the most difficult being the one assigned to prepare a plan for Confederation. Maryland was hostile toward the measure; as the only member from that colony on the committee, Stone felt hampered. Maryland refused her assent until 1781. From the twelfth of June, 1776, until the fifteenth of November, 1777, when the Confederation was adopted in Congress, Stone and the other members were constantly preparing, amending and improving the act; in fact, the act was the subject of debate thirty-nine times altogether.

When the Confederation had been adopted by Congress, Stone declined further reappointment and became a member of the Maryland legislature to fight for the acceptance of the plan there. His services were thus described by a gentleman who sat near him:

"He was most truly a perfect man of business. He would often take a pen and commit to paper all the necessary writings of the senate. Though appearing to have an irritable temper, he was mild and courteous in his general deportment, fond of society and conversation, and a universal favorite because of his great good humor and intelligence."

His wife died in 1787. With her passing he declined all business and sank into a deep melancholy. His physicians persuaded him to take a sea voyage. He went to Alexandria, Virginia, to embark for England; but his death occurred there before the start.

# Romantic Rascals

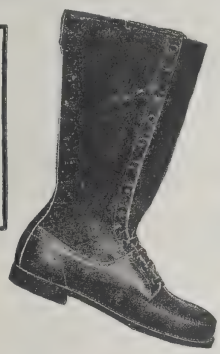
(*Concluded from page 17*)

*and Anne* never reached England, indeed never got out of sight of Iceland, and the gains of Mr. Phelps were swept away as swiftly as Jorgenson's ambitions. For Icelandic prisoners on board fired the ship, then made for the boats. At the first evidence of the disaster, Jorgenson was full of the splendor of courage. With others he rowed to the burning ship, leaped on board, and was like some strange spirit, running about the deck, beating cowardly and scared men into submission, helping to launch boats and batten down hatches, dragging senseless and half-choked prisoners from behind locked doors to safety. Nor was it any ordinary fire, for the cargo of oil and tallow soon caught and black poison smoke rolled over the water like a heavy cloud. Soon the vessel was like a blinding furnace.

But flouted, Law, like the gods, had to remember everlastingly and strike remorselessly, and, on landing in London, Jorgenson knew prison again, his only happiness being his memories. Being released at last, he was full of a fierce discontent, a discontent and restlessness that took him into strange company and unsavory adventures. His heedlessness and daring made him a tool for more nimble-minded rascals and at last there was an attempt at highway robbery on a Sussex road near Brighton. Because of that he was sent to Tasmania. There, an easier and kinder place than England for him, he recovered his old elasticity. He came again into glowing contact with earth and sky, and sun and clouds, and climbed out of the murky world of narrow-minded men and mean, with their plottings and intrigues. Instead of falling into the gulf with bushrangers and desperadoes, he followed a livelier inspiration. There was an exploring expedition fitting out to penetrate the wilder part of the interior, and Jorgen Jorgenson became a member of it. In that kind of thing was the delight of triumph and success, the following of things well worth the winning. It was the life vigorous and wholesome such as he loved.

At last, exploring being done, and a life of leisure being distasteful to him, he joined the Hobart mounted police, and was active to the day of his death, at the age of sixty-four, in the year 1844.


**More Comfort and Lower Cost Per Mile**



For the Whole Family if They Wear

**BASS MOCCASINS**

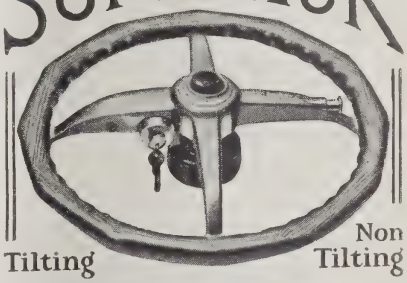
The complete illustrated catalog of Bass Outdoor Footwear tells you why. It's Free—write for Catalog I.

**Give Bass Moccasin Slippers for Christmas**

**G. H. BASS & CO.**
WILTON, MAINE

Shoe dealers interested in a Bass franchise in their vicinity should write for full information.

**SUPERIOR**



Tilting Non Tilting

RUGGED and beautifully designed, a fool-proof horn switch and locking mechanism combined with an exceptionally easy method of installation are a rare combination of features found exclusively in SUPERIOR LOCK STEERING WHEELS
*Authorized dealers.*
*Write for our proposition—it's interesting.*

**The Superior Metal Products Co.**
DEPT. W. ELYRIA, OHIO

**PATENTS.** Write for our free Guide Books and "Record of Invention Blank" before disclosing inventions. Send model or sketch and description of invention for Inspection and Instructions Free. Terms reasonable. Prompt attention. Highest References. **VICTOR J. EVANS & CO.**
920 9TH ST. WASHINGTON, D. C.

**PATENTS**

Time counts in applying for patents. Don't risk delay in protecting your ideas. Send sketch or model for instructions or write for FREE book, "How to Obtain a Patent" and "Record of Invention" form. No charge for information on how to proceed. Communications strictly confidential. Prompt, careful, efficient service. Clarence A. O'Brien, Registered Patent Attorney, 238A Security Bank Building (directly across street from Patent Office) Washington, D. C.



# Anyone Can Make a Speech

## Yes, But It All Depends Upon How a Person Sets About It

By H. S. M'CAULEY

THERE is no reason on earth why anyone of average intelligence should experience heart failure when he is suddenly called on to make an extempore speech at a gathering of people, or to prepare in advance an address to be delivered at some future time.

Talking to an audience is no harder than talking to a friend on the street corner. Indeed, it is easier and far more pleasant, for as a usual thing your audience does not interrupt or argue with you. It customarily applauds you. And whoever heard of an acquaintance doing that?

The average man is firmly persuaded that he can't make even a short talk. And the spectacle he presents when some overwhelming force finally induces him to "say a few words" at his lodge convention or before the city council when it is necessary to defeat the alley paving program that threatens to cost him and his neighbors $300 apiece is usually enough to justify such a conclusion.

But the average man *can* make a short talk or a long one, if he will go about it the right way. And furthermore the average man *must* make a talk of some kind in this day if he wants to get anywhere. If there ever existed a time when the world would beat a path to the backwoods mousetrap expert, that age has died. The man who gets ahead now must not only have the ability, but must be able to present it forcefully. He must be a verbalist as well as an analyst.

The most necessary requisite for the person who wants to make a talk is that he have an idea. This may seem ridiculous, but it is a fact that most people who appear foolish when they arise to speak do so because they did not know when they arose just what they wanted to talk about. They may have felt a vague urge within them, but it was not clear enough to supply their tongues with material for more than a few seconds.

I have trained several thousand men in the science and art of public speaking, and I have coached some of the biggest men in the Middle West for their appearance at directors' meetings, banquets, and conventions. Persuading my conferees, whether wealthy or obscure, to stick close to their subject and throw out extraneous matter has been one of my chief difficulties.

So if you are preparing a two-hour or a four-minute talk, start out by determining just what you are going to discuss and what you are going to say about it. Settle the nature of it before you start, and also clarify in your mind just what angles of the subject you are going to touch upon. Then stick to what you have laid down. Shoot with a rifle ball instead of a shotgun splatter.

Include nothing in your list of facts that does not bear in some way upon the topic with which you deal. This rule is important. Follow it, and you will have a clear-cut and coherent speech. Disregard it, and your talk will be rambling, hazy and weak.

For some reason that I have never been able to fathom, the inexperienced speaker wants to write out his speech fully in advance and commit it to memory word by word and period by period. Possibly he thinks he can't remember it unless it is learned after the fashion of the pieces he used to speak on Friday afternoon in school. This is a fallacy. Learning a talk word by word is next to impossible for a beginner, and if he accomplishes it his delivery is apt to be parrot-like. Usually the tyro ends by reading his address, an offense which I believe should be punished by hanging. Anyhow, I want some revenge for the thousand deaths I have died listening to mumbling amateurs groping their way through fifteen and twenty pages of single-spaced manuscript.

If you have followed my suggestion to pick out a central idea and muster your thoughts around it, you will have no trouble in following my next advice to arrange these thoughts in their logical order. I can't tell you just how to do this. If you know anything about your subject you will have slight trouble. Set down the main ideas as I, II, III, IV, et cetera, with the subordinate or amplifying ideas grouped after each, a, b, c, d, et cetera. Don't try to write out the talk, but put down merely the subject matter of the idea. Now go over this outline again and again until you can repeat it backward and forward. Get a mental picture of it. You will find this vastly easier than trying to learn several pages of manuscript by rote, and when this method is used the danger of your forgetting the speech is practically nil.

When you begin to speak you will have only to say what you want to about each of the ideas you have put into the list, and pass on to the next. While the outline itself may look pretty bald on paper, you will be astonished how fluently the words will come when you take up the ideas one at a time.

If your talk is to be a long one, there may be room for the introduction of several main ideas. But a very brief address should never be devoted to more

than one central topic. The Four-Minute Men of war days exemplified the wisdom of this principle very well.

Suppose you have been allotted from five to ten minutes to tell the club members (or a board of directors) that the proposed new roof on the boathouse (or the warehouse) should be of composition, rather than shingles. Your main idea then is, "composition roofing is superior to shingles for our purpose." An excellent and convincing method of presentation, which will do for this subject or any other in a brief talk, is as follows:

1. (a) Comparison of an incident showing the durable qualities of composition roofing with (b) an incident showing the less durable qualities of shingles.

2. Suggestion of the main theme of the talk: "Therefore, gentlemen, you can see that because of its durability the composition roofing appears better than shingles."

3. Explanation of four or five reasons for the difference in the incidents set forth in No. 1, such as methods of manufacture, materials contained, price, et cetera.

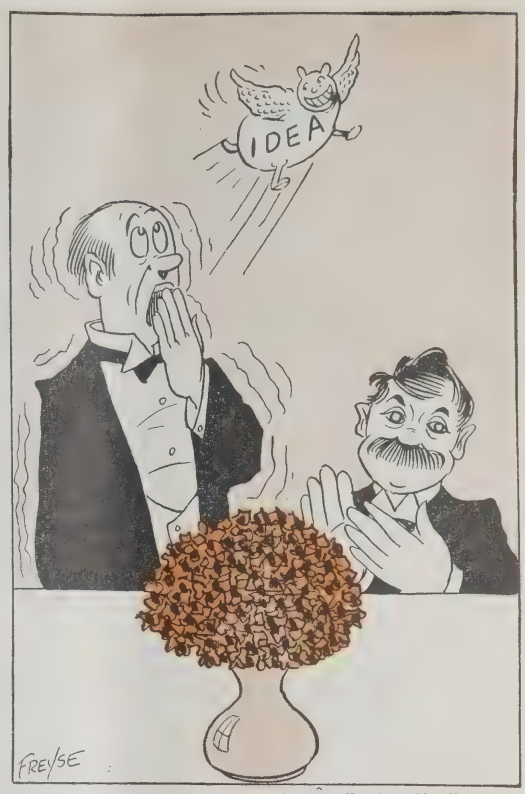
4. Confirmation with further incidents that show just where the reasons in No. 3 have been proved in practice, and when this occurred. Cite authorities, also, in support of your statement.

5. Conclude by summarizing very briefly your chief points: "So, then, gentlemen, because (1)....., because (2)....., because (3)....., and so on, I am sure you will want the extra durability in the composition roofing, rather than the shingles."

The actual delivery is the feature that frightens the timid into refusing to talk at all. But I want you to let this thought sink deep into your mind: If you could bring yourself to arise and express the ideas in your outline in the same manner, and using the same words you would employ in discussing them with a friend, you would probably be the hit of the evening.

The hardest thing which the beginner in speaking has to acquire is ease and nonchalance on the floor. Men who would abuse a traffic policeman with grace and distinction get tongue-tied when they face fifteen or fifty persons for whom they would entertain no more than average respect individually. They stutter, they stammer, they get red in the face, and do all sorts of ridiculous things. And yet never has such a speaker been able to discover a lemon or a brickbat in his audience.

The way to overcome this embarrassment, or, indeed, to avoid it altogether, is to go over and over your outline of ideas before an imaginary audience in an empty room, use any words that come to your tongue. If you work in front of a mirror, get quite a distance from it so you won't be grinning at yourself. This prevents your getting self-conscious. Do this, say, ten times, and you will be astonished how smoothly your words flow, and especially how readily your ideas present themselves when you call on them. Your fears of forgetting the talk will evaporate. Furthermore, you will be able to time yourself and avoid turning out as the pest who exceeds his speaking period and upsets the toastmaster, the other speakers and the audience. You can shorten the length of your talk either by leaving out some of the ideas you had included in it, or by speeding up your rate of delivery. You will find this latter very easy, after you have been over your talk plan three or four times.




"The most necessary requisite for the talker is an idea."

What to do with the hands is a problem that confronts every inexperienced speaker, and, indeed, proper gesture often puzzles those who have addressed gatherings for some time. A gesture is really a punctuation mark, or, say, an italic, designed to emphasize a statement. The trouble with the awkward motions made by many beginners in public speaking is that they are ill-timed. The punctuation, or the italics, have been put in the wrong place.

While the man who intends to make a forceful speaker of himself must expect to devote much practice to perfecting his gestures, it is true that a passable talk can be delivered without them. The speaker can "get by" fairly well if he allows his hands to hang easily at his sides, rests them from time to time on the table or stand before him, grasps the lapels of his coat, folds his arms, or even puts one hand in his trousers pocket. Mind you, I do not say that he must do these things. All of them are weak and inadequate compared to well-timed and graceful gestures. But for the man who is making his first address to a group they will do. Some mighty good speakers have these habits, and they somehow succeed.

Whatever you do with your hands, don't "fiddle" them nervously about, first here, then there, then some other place. So long as you can't gesticulate with skill, strive for ease in the disposition of your upper appendages.

While you are talking the greater weight of the body should rest upon your left foot, which is thrown twelve or fourteen inches in advance of the right. This will cause you to lean forward slightly, and will likewise cause you unconsciously to emphasize your remarks with swayings of the head and trunk,




"To be an orator, one must devote real study to the art."

which in turn will lend to your talk a force and conviction which it could never have otherwise. You will find yourself beginning to gesture slightly without thinking about it, which will be a further advantage.

One of the worst things a speaker can do is to throw his shoulders far back, fix his gaze on some point in the rear of the hall and maintain that position to the end. With your weight on one foot as I have indicated you will not be in much danger of doing that. But you must add further emphasis by addressing your statements directly to persons you can see before you in the audience. However, do not pick out any one person for your remarks. He may be grinning or sneering, and if you center too closely on him his individual action will have its effect on you. Select rather a little group in one part of the room. Then pass on to another. Each of your auditors in the vicinity of these people will think you have been talking directly to him, and your statements will sink home with double force. Experienced speakers make it a point to address all parts of the audience in this way at least once during the course of their talks.

If your first talk lasts longer than four or five minutes you may have some trouble with your voice. This can be avoided, however, if you are careful to rehearse your speech ten or fifteen times before delivery. You will thereby exercise your vocal chords and likewise learn if your throat needs care.

Unless you are different from most beginners the sound of your own words will frighten you when you first arise. The room will be deathly still, and your tones lifting and falling in the silence will seem altogether too vociferous. You may feel like lowering them, but it will be odd if someone at the back of the audience doesn't cry "Louder!" before you can do it. Not being accustomed to putting their lung power into their tones, most beginners habitually pitch their voices too low. They think they are talking loudly, but need to raise their pitch considerably before everyone can hear. So never hesitate to "yell right out." The best speakers use tones that would be called shouts in ordinary conversation. Your audience will criticize you for low pitch a long while before it objects to anything you may do in the way of noise-making. Don't be afraid on that score.

I am well aware that many persons will read these few directions and then say, "Well that may sound all right in theory, but you surely can't get made into an orator just by doing those few things." Very true. To become an orator you must practice for years, and devote real study to the art. This short article is not a textbook on oratory. It is merely a summary of the principles which I have found vital in my own work as a business speaker, and in training some pretty big business men, as well as innumerable students, to address audiences with ease and fluency.

If you will do what I have indicated herein, I'll guarantee that you will be able to arise in any gathering and make at least a five-minute talk which will not draw pity, or contempt, or ridicule. You may be considerably surprised, too, at the ripple of applause that follows your remarks.

## How Smoking Affects College Men

(*Concluded from page 8*)

associated both with smoking and with low scholarship. So we investigated further.

We found that heavy smokers have lower grades than light smokers. Heavy smokers average 3.00; light smokers, 3.23. More heavy than light smokers fall below diploma grade. (Students falling below diploma grade, 3.2, must improve scholarship or leave college.) Of nonsmokers, 31.8 per cent fall below diploma grade; of light smokers, 43.0 per cent; and of heavy smokers, 62.3 fall below.

Smokers who "inhale" have lower scholarship than those who do not. Of all smokers who do not inhale, 42.4 per cent fall below diploma grade; but of those who do inhale, 43.8 per cent of light smokers, and 65.1 per cent of heavy smokers fall below.

Smokers remaining in college fall steadily in scholarship (from 3.56 to 3.31 in three years). Nonsmokers maintain a nearly uniform average.

With these figures before us, it is hard to avoid the conclusion that smoking is actually a cause of mental inefficiency.

## "The Flower Pot"

OFF THE coast of Tutuila, less than a mile away from the entrance to the outer harbor of Pago Pago, American Samoa, there rises from the ocean a tiny islet of solid rock that reaches a height of about 60 feet above high tide level. The water is deep around its base, though it is only 50 feet or so offshore. It is circular in shape and on top is flat, and about 50 feet in diameter. A foot or so of earth covers the table-like top.

Years ago some one succeeded in planting a coconut tree on the top and now there are about a dozen coconut trees growing there. Some go straight up in the air; some incline over the precipitous sides. Bushes grow there that bear bright flowers. Vines send their tendrils far down the sides of the rock. It is a bright, exotic bit of tropical beauty that always brings a gasp of admiration from steamer passengers on the Pacific liners that enter the port.

"Why, it looks just like a beautiful flower pot rising from the sea," women passengers exclaim. And that is its name, "The Flower Pot."

## Does the Office Belong to the Widow?

(*Concluded from page 5*)

of Lowell, Massachusetts, representing the Fifth Massachusetts District, died March 28 last, and on June 30, 1925, Mrs. Edith M. Rogers was elected to serve out the unexpired term, which, in this instance, means the entire term.

As a variation a third woman is to sit in the next House. She is Mrs. Mary T. Norton, of Jersey City, New Jersey. She is neither the daughter nor the widow of a Congressman.

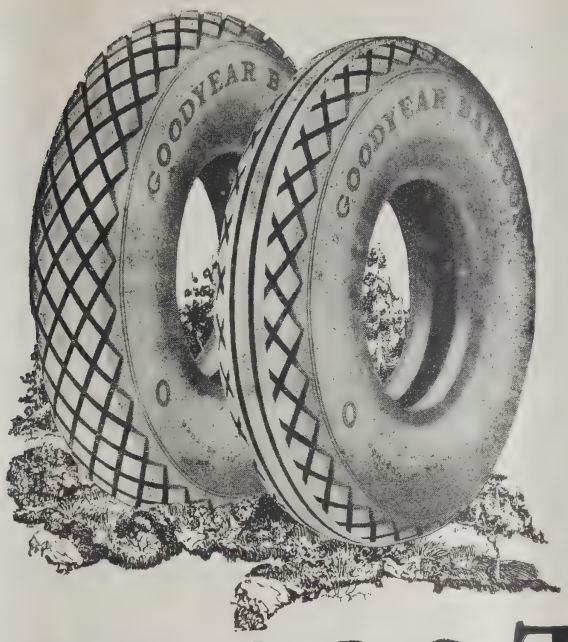
In all, seven women have been elected to the national House of Representatives and so far none have been reëlected. One owed her election to the memory of her father and three succeeded their dead husbands.

Of the two woman governors of states Mrs. Miriam A. Ferguson's election in Texas was the result of a state fight, the details of which are too complicated for narration here as it is not a case in point, but Mrs. Nellie Taylor Ross was elected governor of Wyoming because her husband, W. B. Taylor, the popular governor of that state, nominated to succeed himself, died a month before the election last November. That she was unskilled in statecraft was admitted by her supporters, but for all that her election does not seem to have been a misfortune to the state.

When Senator Robert M. La Follette, of Wisconsin, died, some currency was give the report his widow might succeed him, but the rumor was soon discredited. A woman, however, has represented a sovereign state in that august body. Senator Thomas E. Watson, of Georgia, died suddenly in 1922 and Governor Harwick, of that state, appointed Mrs. Rebecca L. Felton to the vacant place. Congress was not then in session and a special election was called, so that the appointment was regarded merely as a compliment to the "grand old woman of Georgia," then 87 years of age, long prominent as a writer, lecturer and publicist. Judge Walter George was elected to the seat before Congress was called into extraordinary session, but the South is justly noted for chivalry. Senator-elect George graciously waited a day before presenting his credentials so that on November 21, 1922, Mrs. Felton was duly sworn in and made a creditable speech before a full house and a crowded gallery.

Senator George's courtesy to an admirable woman was beautiful. The sympathy and consideration of the electorate in giving the faithful public servant's office to his widow are commendably generous. The sentiment is thoroughly worthy.

But is the precedent to become the rule?




SUPERTWIST *was conceived, perfected and named by Goodyear, and is used only in Goodyear Tires*

# 75,000,000 Tires

## *The experience behind today's Goodyears*

Not long ago a thrill ran through the great Goodyear factories as word went down the line that the 75,000,000th Goodyear Tire was coming through.

The average mind must stand a little aghast at that figure; it represents the greatest total production yet attained by any tire manufacturer.

Some concept of the immensity of this production may be had from the realization that here are sufficient tires to equip all the automobiles built in this country in the past ten years.

Another way to picture it would be to say that if shipped in one incredible trainload, 41,644 freight cars would be required in a train 315 miles long.

Yes, assuredly "more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind," but it is less the hugeness of this total which is impressive than its meaning.

For the long procession of Goodyear Tires through the years has been quite as much an ascending march of progress as a parade of ever-increasing numbers.

Lighting the course of that progress have been important Goodyear contributions to the art of tire-building, such as the tire-making machine, oversize design, and the straight-side tire.

Again, from Goodyear sources came the development of the multiple-cord principle, the pneumatic truck tire, and only recently, the remarkable material SUPERTWIST.

What these fruits of Goodyear invention and application meant to tire improvement in earlier days, the new cord fabric SUPERTWIST means equally to the balloon tire now.

It brings to the flexible-sidewall balloon that extra elasticity and endurance which are needed to reinforce this modern tire's comfort with durability.

SUPERTWIST does this because it far outstretches the breaking point of standard cord fabric; under the impact of road shocks the SUPERTWIST cords in a Goodyear balloon yield and recover, like rubber bands.

This distributes the blow more widely over the tire, minimizes any chance of cord breakage, and safeguards against stone bruises and similar injuries.

Within the Goodyear Tires you buy today are not only the lessons learned in building 75,000,000 other Goodyears, but the special advantages of a new Goodyear material developed for modern needs.

Yet Goodyears cost you no more.

*Good tires deserve good tubes—Goodyear Tubes*

GOODYEAR

Copyright 1925, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

*Goodyear Means Good Wear*

# From Spain to Morocco

(*Continued from page 2*)

captain's bridge were nine canary cages all occupied. The crew was as like a horde of Barbary corsairs as one could imagine. Half a dozen of them had oily-black, ringleted hair. Their jaws opened into cavernous and sardonic smiles and their teeth were huge, yellow and devouring. They spoke a weird Algeciras gibberish. The passage was calm and brief and was enlivened by the antics of a touring company of Catalan players, shabby and down at the heel. They laughed frayed shop talk at one another, wrestled, teased their mascot—a yellow bilious-looking poodle—and played drafts on the deck. When the boat entered Ceuta harbor and the shaggy promontories of Africa leaned, as it were, through our rigging, and we breathed in advance the Moroccan air, four of the actors leaped to their feet and shouted, "Catalonia, Oh, my beloved country!" with tremendous, booming irony.

I fought my way through officials, Arabs, soldiers, hangers-on, and kicked my way to the waiting train—a springless, narrow-gauge affair, running as far as Tetuán, and the only railway in the Spanish western zone. In a confusion of humans, color, and strident sounds our train jerked into Ceuta town and there was boarded by all the jabbering color of Africa. The mazed eye was almost dulled by the rapid variety and unexpectedness of color. One saw everything at once: one saw nothing. The sight was like a constantly shaken kaleidoscope. Tall coffee-colored Arabs, as slender as bamboo poles, their faces fringed by strangely grown whiskers, like crisp dry lace, billowed across the rails and clambered into the train. These men talked in throaty, falsetto voices, like the notes of thinnest organ pipes. They smiled meagerly or merely glowered. One saw white turbans and brown turbans wound like bandages over their high, illusion-less foreheads, skulls which shone intellectually as though the learning of eons had dried up the blood and fiber within and had left only a tired and gleaming skull. The orange and green robes, the vermilion and madder, the silken intricacy of design humanized and gave passion and blood to those polished skulls. The white dust rose from the ground, cutting the eyes, scratching, as it were, the acute light of the sun as grit sears a mirror. The sun's heat was thick, animal heat, as though an enormous ox were hung in the sky and exuding heavy warmth. Half-naked Arab urchins came from window to window selling melted pastries studded with flies. Spanish officers met on the platform and thumped swinging greetings on to one another's shoulders, or chatted with their studied indifference to Arab notables.

These international gossipers were interesting to hear; the abundant, enthusiastic gestures of the Spaniard, the short falsetto crackle of the Moor; the Spaniard politely genial, ceremoniously indifferent, the Moor restrained, narrowly smiling and with lively eyes, with a reed-like, ironic quality to him. Both blasé, both skeptical, both superstitious, both loving death. For can one doubt the analogy between the Spanish, particularly the Castilian cult of death and blood as in All Souls' Day, Holy Week and the bullfight, and the excesses of Ramadan and the Arab desire to fall in battle and so obtain the sure reward of heaven? Once on the shores of Africa one cannot doubt the Berber origin of the Spanish.



"Arab women outside Mosque Tetuan."

"Africa begins at the Pyrenees," taunted Théophile Gautier. That is true. Africa and Spain, separated by a mere 14 miles of choppy water and by a mere 400 years of history, are inevitably thrown together. The Arabs despise the Spanish as they despise all Christians and Jews; but the Spanish admire the Arabs and I have known many a Spanish officer, official and civilian who feels drawn by an inexplicable influence to the Arabs, learns their language and studies their customs eagerly and has as much fervor for Morocco as for Spain. The Spanish respect the Arabs, leave them alone, let the Sultan's government look after them, and ask no more than any Spaniard ever asks—to be left in peace. They have not given civilization or roads or railways as the French have. The Arabs have had definitely less of white interference from the Spanish than from the French. And the Spaniard, like the Oriental, lacks any sense of time or duty. Yet East is East and West is West and there is apparently no common ground even on the halfway soil of Spain. That was the tragedy of the Spaniard chatting to an apparently friendly Arab on Ceuta station.

So a machine gun corps was attached to an armored car at the end of the train and we started at sundown for Tetuán, the Spanish headquarters. The country was a deserted wilderness rising into storm-blue mountains. So it extends throughout the western zone to the impenetrable Riff Mountains, watered by few rivers and covered with a crawling undergrowth, the roots of which have seized the earth like tentacles and defy all efforts of removal. Little cultivation is possible. A valueless wilderness. The railway was protected by patrols and blockhouses. After a jolting, two hours' journey we passed through scrappy almond orchards and eventually through rain-green pasturage and madder soil freshly plowed to Tetuán.

I pushed in a crowd of choking robes to the customs where a mathematically thin Arab was chalking baggage distantly with the fingers of a Euclid. Tetuán station is well outside the town which is terraced, white and gritty on a fertile hill. The town is like a tray of chipped crockery. Its white isn't a sun-strong glare; it has an ominous, hollow, bluish shade to it which is thrown by the storm-blue gloom of the Gorgues massif which banks up thousands of feet, two miles from the scrappy terraces of the town. As far as eye can see the smoke-blue mountains lie to all horizons endlessly, piled up, covered by that knotted serpentine undergrowth. There is something savage and animal about these mountains. They stand, pant and sweat and resounding insect life drums and twangs in and about their hides. Such a herd is uncontrollable.

A hulking mongrel of a man was shouldering my luggage up the hill. We were following a retiring squadron of cavalry and limber. Suddenly there was an outburst of gun fire in the lower hills close to the town. The Arabs, I

gathered, were sniping the road. But the mongrel explained it with a dull, half-Spanish shrug. "It's one Moor. He's been at it for a fortnight. Every day at sunset he starts it when the posts retire and no one can find him—not even with airplanes." The desultory firing continued until midnight, at times bristling into a fusilade, the flashes and glint of fire visible on the mountain wall. In the morning the official dispatch read: "Without news in either zone." Laconic, splendid, stupid: a foolish, inevitable war.

The Spanish quarter of Tetuán is crude, ugly, dirty, inhabited by an odd mixture of criminals, half-castes, undesirable or merely restless Spanish exiles of low caste. The best hotel is occupied largely by officers, serves good food, but is dirty, smells, and is expensive. The Jewish quarter is filthy; lucre is literally filthy there. The Jews, fine, tall, hawk-like figures, capped and robed as in Bible times, sit and clink their money and exchange tidbits of news at filthy doorways. Their streets are straight and arranged at right angles, a relic of the almost recent days when the Arabs, jealous of the Jewish riches and hateful of their religion, would raid the quarter and massacre its inhabitants.

***Sickly Sweet With the Odors of Horrible Cooking***

The Arab quarter is a warren of alleys, tunnels, lanes, corners, clean and narrow. The air is sickly sweet with the odors of horrible cooking. In the booths are displayed the raw and fried entrails of birds and weird animals. There are strange limbs and tendons, a dreadful variety of flesh spiked on wood. The acrid smoke of frying stenches everywhere.

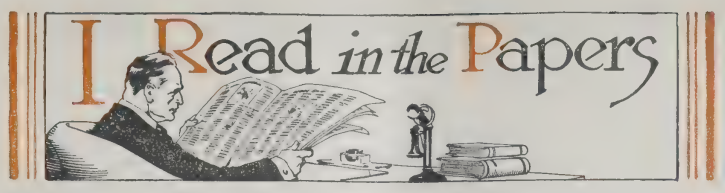
A group of Riffs passed in the market, hefty, dark-complexioned men with active muscles and warlike cheeks and jaws, querulous looking; a contrast to the almond-skinned, submissive Jebalas of Tetuán and all the country between it and the Riff Mountains.

"And Abd el Krin?" I asked.

"A man from the skies. A common man from under the skies. Any man could lead the Riffs," said my friend with superiority. "They live without laws."

I left my friend to his commerce. I shall remember his young smile, his fringe of wiry beard, the tilt of his fez, and the rich, almost lightless eyes. We had talked for many hours on everything, but how much nearer were we? I shrugged my shoulders; in the East one must put Fate among one's household gods.

This same fatalism and blindness and lack of contact or leadership characterized the Spanish headquarter authorities. The guerrilla warfare was wearing, sightless, a stupid day-to-day groping among the mountains, never affecting the enemy, and only demoralizing oneself. It is like that still.




***I read in the papers*** that 150 extremists in England are receiving salaries, bonuses, and other emoluments direct from Moscow. But many more than that are receiving their support direct from the British Government. It is one of the tenets of revolutionaries to "live off the enemy." Stanley Baldwin, the British Premier, is being taken to task by the newspapers, even those of his own party, for his attitude of easy-going cynicism toward the crowd that follows at the heels of the Soviet charge d'affaires. The pipe-smoking British Premier cannot puff away a menace of this kind. But he undoubtedly knows that. Neither can he alone destroy it. He is waiting for the English people to realize the situation.

***I read in the papers*** that the business men of almost every European country are hot under the collar at the operation of our tariff law which causes our government to send inspectors abroad to examine the books of concerns that export to America in order to determine costs and other data that will enable us to see if low valuations are being made on invoices to evade our high duties. To be perfectly candid about it, some of us who have encountered government agents, inspectors, enforcement officers and what not, who "check up" on the enforcement of domestic laws, have not been able to avoid meeting men who are unfit to represent the Federal Government. One cannot blame foreigners who are mad because they have been insulted and menaced by men who claim that they can blacklist firms that the inspectors do not approve. The opportunities for blackmailing, *abstraction of valuable trade information for the benefit of others*, and kindred abuses are as plain as a pikestaff. Our domestic experience with income tax, prohibition, narcotic, immigration and other agents indicates what other countries are objecting to.

*The International Jew* in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set, $1. The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

***I read in the papers*** that a councilman in one of the largest cities in the country is righteously indignant because a vigilant civic association has denounced the coincidence of his being the chairman of the city building code committee and chairman of the board of building appeals and salesman for a brick company. He has admitted sales to contractors for ten structures upon which his councilmanic committee passed judgment. It would be a mistake, however, for the citizens of smaller communities to leap to the conclusion that such dubious conduct is confined to the "big cities." A scrutiny of the open and silent associations, business, professional and family, of the members of councils and school boards almost everywhere will disclose profitable opportunities that are more often developed than neglected. If every community had an intelligent, fearless civic association that would not hesitate clearly to inform the public about these personalities, a tremendous amount of the present public spending could be saved.

***I read in the papers*** that a Los Angeles judge has sentenced two fake stock salesmen to from 30 to 300 years in San Quentin prison—a prison, by the way, quite unnoted for luxuries or easy-going ways. The judge denied them freedom on bail pending appeal and likewise denied motion for a stay of execution of the sentence. The maximum sentence was made possible by a number of "counts" or separate transactions and will make it difficult to scale down the sentences sufficiently to permit quick pardon or parole. If every state were to furnish the high-pressure stock selling fraternity with a number of similar examples of summary justice in defense of the public, we might hear less of worthless stock promotions.

***I read in the papers*** that a Minnesota grand jury indicted a county roads' employe for using in his own car $1.25 worth of gasoline that was charged to the county. The trial lasted two days and cost the county $117 a day and also cost the defendant his lawyer's fee. It was shown that this employe gave the use of his car while on service for the county in return for gasoline necessary to run it on official trips, and of course the trial jury acquitted him. It was suggested by the defense that the indictment was returned purely for political purposes because the slightest investigation would have disclosed the facts. This incident goes to prove how easily prosecutions may be undertaken for the purpose of persecution. It is as vicious to use the legal machinery for such a purpose as it is to fail to punish positive crime.

# A Progressive Program

The fact that the latest Ford cars are offered without increase in price means more to the public than the mere saving in money—it gives even added confidence in the soundness of Ford methods and policy.

To build to an ever-advancing standard of beauty, comfort and convenience without increasing price—is possible only through Ford resources, facilities, production methods and volume of output.

Every Ford owner is assured more than a present saving—he can feel confident of the sustained quality, both in performance and service, which makes his car a sound and satisfying investment.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

Ford

# Among the Byways of Old Cornwall

## A "Land of Myth and Mystery," Where King Arthur and His Knights Flourished

By HEBERT TANGYE

ABOUT a generation ago the people of England awoke to the fact that in the county of Cornwall they possessed a land with a history dating back to the Pharaohs, and with relics of all ages from the Paleolithic down. It was trading with Mediterranean peoples a thousand years before the rest of the country was civilized, and was Christianized a hundred years before St. Augustine came over to convert the heathen in A.D. 597. The attraction of a romantic past accentuates the charms of the verdure-clad hills and dales, the wild and rugged cliffs that have borne the assaults of the stormy Atlantic through uncounted ages, and the wood-bordered rivers like the incomparable Fal; while the ancient language, myths, legends, and a folklore old when the Scandinavian was still unborn add an interest even for the scholar. There are buildings that existed before the Conquest in 1097 and some from the time when Julius Caesar landed 55 B. C.; while there are others, such as the "Giants' Hedge," or wall near Love, whose age and object are lost in the mists of time.



The Sacrificial Rock. This curiously cut work at Carn Brea, Cornwall, is of unfathomable age, and has chambers shaped apparently for the sacrifice of large and small animals, and even suited to human beings, with an outlet for blood.

"One day the devil having nothing to do
Built a great hedge from Lerrin to
Love,"

runs the old couplet. This mysterious work is seven miles long, seven feet high and in some places twenty feet wide. It may be as prehistoric as the Sphinx, or as ancient as the great wall of China, for all that is known about it.

Scattered through the country are ruins of castles so old that their origin is lost in myth and legend. On the far north coast is Tintagel, otherwise Dundagel, birthplace of King Arthur, around whose heroic name cluster legends innumerable. Here he reigned after the death of his father, King Uther, and here the famous Knights of the Round Table became the first Order of that famous chivalry which in later ages so influenced the history of Europe for good and evil. Tennyson loved the spot, and it is the central scene of his greatest poem. In 1245 the ruins were restored, but most of the walls have long since decayed and fallen. Part of the castle is on a small island, which was once connected to the mainland by a drawbridge. In 1583, Sir Richard Grenville wrote that this bridge had been washed away within living memory.

This Grenville was the famous Cornishman who, in 1591, with his little ship, the *Revenge*, fought a Spanish fleet of fifty-three men-of-war, refusing to retreat or yield, and—

. . . After fifteen hours of fight
The unconquered sea-king stood,
Defying all the power of Spain;
Fifteen armadas hurled in vain
And fifteen hundred foemen slain.

* * *

Sir Richard's wounds were hot and deep:
Then cried he with proud, pale lip,
"Ho, Master-Gunner sink the ship."

A ruin around which myth and legend have thickly formed is Dunheved, now known as Launceston Castle. It was old and in disrepair when Edward the Black Prince, first Duke of Cornwall (the previous holders had been earls) visited his new duchy in 1353. The thinnest walls are three feet thick. The castle is just within the Cornish border, and for hundreds of years the judges of Assize ventured no farther into the turbulent West-country. Indeed, several revolutions of the Middle Ages originated in Cornwall and attained national dimensions. It was a land of smugglers and wreckers, and the privileges granted to men of position directly led to crime. Queen Elizabeth, for example, gave all wrecks at Scilly to the governor on condition that he shared them with the Lord High Admiral. In 1699 the law made wrecks the property of the governor *if none of the crew remained alive.* The law had no certain hold in the extreme West until the eighteenth century, and the tower of the old Pengersick castle still exists in a fair state of repair, in which a wealthy criminal found refuge in the time of Henry VIII, that king's officers not daring to venture into the county to arrest him.

Trematon Castle, another picturesque ruin, was granted by the conqueror in the eleventh century to his brother. About 160 years ago, when the sketch was made, the castle was in fair repair. Edward III gave it, about 1350 to his son the Black Prince when he created him Duke of Cornwall, so settling the title that it devolved, not by primogeniture as under the feudal law, but to the eldest son of the reigning sovereign. Thus a Prince of Wales is Duke of Cornwall even before he is specially created to the former title, and as Duke he becomes of age when he is born and does not have to wait until he is 21. This manor was held by the Cornish kings prior to the Conquest, and in 980 King Athelmaul reigned there. The name Trematon, or Trematern, signified *King's* Town in the Cornish language, which began to disappear in the seventeenth century, but was still spoken by some at the end of the eighteenth.

Of all the old buildings in Cornwall the most remarkable is the strange castle on Carn Brea hill. This hill rises sharply, almost precipitously, to a height of 740 feet and is in places covered with huge granite boulders, some weighing hundreds of tons. Perched right on top of two contiguous heaps of rocks at the highest point of the eastern extremity is a curious building, apparently on a foundation liable to shift at any instant. Yet, except the solid granite strata below, one might search the world through for a safer base, or one better calculated to defy the stress of the ages. Doubtless it is the oldest still inhabited building in the world, for notwithstanding its exposed position, open to every gale that blows, it has survived the storms of 2,000 years and is likely to continue for ages longer. Unlike the Norman and Saxon castles, it has no moat or outer walls, nor has it doors to be protected from assault by loopholes for archers and channels above through which melted lead could be poured on besiegers. Its one simple entrance in olden days was through a trap or flagstone in the flow of the bottom story, and this could only be reached from outside by one man at a time through a narrow space between two of the great granite boulders which form the foundation. This entrance was built up when a flight of granite steps was erected about a hundred years ago, but in the ages before powder was invented nothing could have been more secure, and it is the most ancient

method of defensive architecture known.

The walls are by no means as thick as those of Norman castles, but they must have been built with a much superior joining material, probably similar to that Roman cement the secret of which has been lost. Florence of Worcester mentioned this castle 500 years ago, and references by both Orosius and Julius Caesar, the latter in his Commentaries, have been identified with it.

From the flat summit of this hill many remains of Paleolithic and Neolithic races have been recovered. One unique cave between the rocks was found to have been an actual manufactory for flint implements, the floor being littered with chips. This flint stone is not found in Cornwall, and must have been brought at least a hundred miles. In later, but still prehistoric times, hut dwellers occupied the top of the hill, and the stone circles on which their huts were erected, on being excavated, were found rich in flint implements, while rock fire-pits for cooking were found in nearly every case. These hut circles cover the top of the hill.

In a comparatively modern period, somewhere between 2,000 and 3,000 years ago, a fortress was built on the top of the carn, and it would appear to have been occupied by the Phoenicians or other Semitic traders of that day. The plan of the fortress is almost identical with that of the Zimbabwe ruins in Mashonaland, South Africa. In both cases the granite blocks are used in such a way as to suggest that the builders had only been accustomed to build in brick, and they are set one upon the other without any cementing material. Sir Norman Lockyer has stated that at both Zimbabwe and Carn Brea the gateways are fixed on astronomical principles. The position of the altar is in each case the same.

King Solomon is believed to have obtained the gold for his temple from Zimbabwe, and it is a local legend that he obtained his tin from Cornwall. But it is, at any rate, clear that the same race traded with both these far-distant places, for, in addition to many references in ancient writings, corroboration is found in the fact that an ancient ingot of tin was dredged up some years ago in Falmouth Harbor (ten miles from Carn Brea hill), and an ingot mold of precisely the same curious shape was discovered at Zimbabwe.

On the eastern declivity of Carn Brea hill, not far below the Castle, is a tiny ruin which is on precisely the spot that measurements would give as the site of the cell of St. Ewinus or Uny, the founder of the church and estate contiguous. He landed in Cornwall sometime in the sixth century, and was granted the land by King Tewdar, a tyrant of that time. The cell is not large enough for any creature bigger than a large dog to lie down in, and as the locality has never been disturbed it is, more than likely, the actual original cell of such a strict anchorite as St. Uny. The cross in the photograph indicates the entrance.

Another famous saint, Piran, friend of St. Patrick, crossed over from Ireland to Cornwall some time between A.D. 400 and 500, and settled near the sea at a place named after him, Perranporth. (The whole of Cornwall so teems with villages named after the saints who ministered on the spot that it has been called "The Land of Saints.") St. Piran built a tiny church 25 feet long, 13 feet broad and 19 feet to the top of the gables, which in the ninth century was buried in the encroaching sands and so lost for a thousand years. In 1835 it was found again and uncovered. The sketch, from a rare old print, shows it as it then was, but much of it was carried away before protection was organized in recent years. Ultimately it was surrounded by iron rails, and later was completely housed in a substantial stone building, where it can be seen today. It is undoubtedly one of the oldest Christian buildings in the world. Beneath the altar a headless skeleton, without doubt that of St. Piran himself, was found, and was replaced. Above, there is a place for a sort of canopy in which the head was once lodged. It is historical that as late as 1281 the church possessed what was said to be St. Piran's head, which was kept in a box as a relic, and its absence from under the altar confirms this.

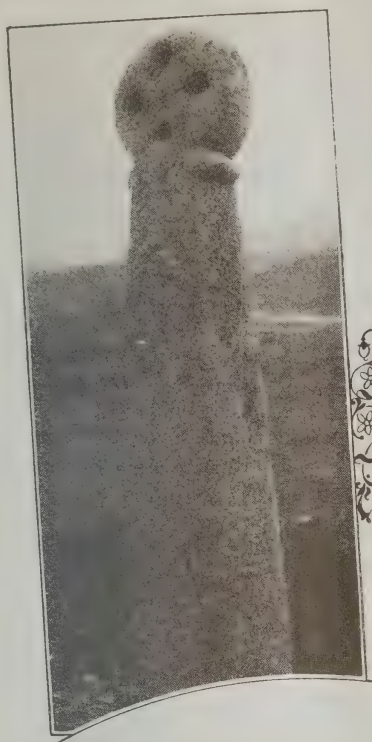


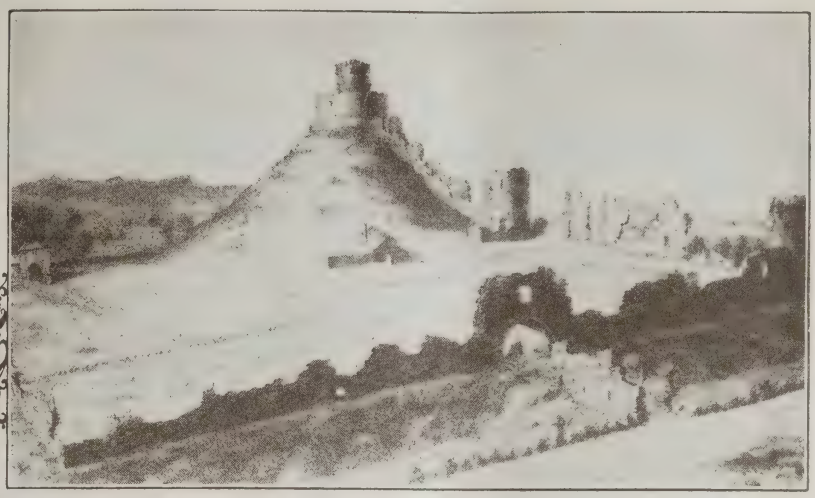
Tintagel (otherwise Dundagel) Castle, where King Arthur sat at the traditional Round Table with his Knights. (From a 160-year-old print.)

The county is noted for the number of its church towers set up in the Middle Ages, and which have in most cases outlasted several churches. In fact, it is not uncommon to see the old tower in one part of the churchyard and the modern church in another. These towers and churches sometimes possess gargoyles, the handicraft of the old monks, which are set at the bottom of water chutes well above the ground. Absurd faces, vomiting streams of water from their mouths on a rainy day, are an amusing sight. The monks of those days must have been a jolly lot, especially as there is a suspicion that the grimacing features perpetuate once living originals in caricature. The group shown is in the grounds of Trerice Manor House, built in 1570, from which they were removed during renovation, and are probably spoils from some earlier building.

Between Cornwall and the Scilly Isles is a raised bottom in the sea, declared to be the lost land once known as Lyonesse, which disappeared in the eleventh century with eleven towns and one hundred and forty churches. In 1014, says the old Saxon Chronicle, the sea "ran up as far as never at no time before; it drowned many towns and mankind too innumerable to be computed." In 1099 there was another devastating flood which, wrote the old Monk, Florence of Worcester, "buries towns and men very many, oxen and sheep innumerable." Tree trunks, doors and window frames have been dredged up in modern times, and fishermen declare that in clear weather at low tides remains of buildings can be seen, as well as paved causeways. A similar inundation took place near St. Michael's Mount, and in Mount's Bay on a clear day fishermen have seen tree trunks at the bottom of the sea. The old Greek and Roman writers describe islands and mainland which are not now recognizable. That great tracts of land have been lost is historical, and the similarity between the old languages of the Bretons, Cornish, Welsh and Scotch on the extreme west coast of Europe together with their obvious age, yet unlikeness to other European tongues, including English, has led to the conjecture that these border tongues may be remnants of the now legendary lost continent of Atlantis.

In the eighteenth century the Bretons of France could understand Cornish perfectly; a great number of the words were also common to old Scottish, and along the border of Northwest Europe.

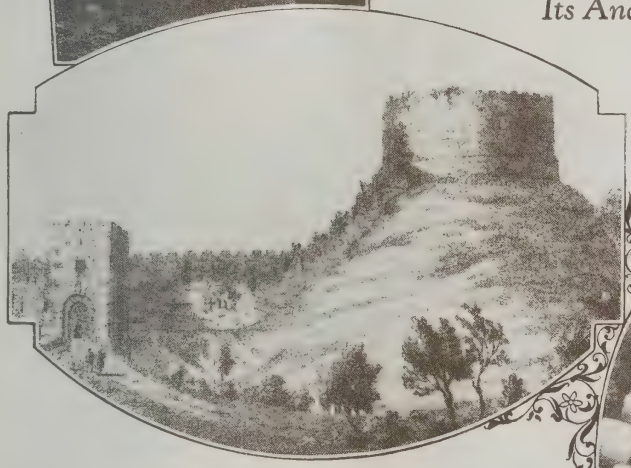




Left—Ancient cross at Perranporth, about 500 A.D. Above —Dunheved, otherwise Launceston Castle, famous in legend.

# *Old Cornwall:*

## *Its Ancient Monuments and Castles*



Trematon Castle, over 1,000 years old.

In oval below—Gargoyles removed from Trerice Manor House, near Newquay.





The two-thousand-year-old Carn Brea Castle, as it was one hundred and sixty years ago. The cross shows the entrance to cell of St. Ewinus.



These ruins are believed to be those of the Chapel of St. Piran.

Carn Brea Castle, as it is today.



THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIV. OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL
8-41

HOW many millions of people come into, and go out of the world, ignorant of themselves, and of the world they have lived in. . . . The world is certainly a great and stately volume of natural things; and may be not improperly styled the hieroglyphics of a better: But, alas! how very few leaves of it do we seriously turn over. This ought to be the subject of the education of our youth, who, at twenty, when they should be fit for business, know little or nothing about it.

—*William Penn.*

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Vol. 26, No. 4 November 14, 1925 $1.50 a Year


NOV 21 1925
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS


## Why Flappers Flap
*By SAMUEL CROWTHER*

## O. Henry at Work and Play
*By WILLIAM GRIFFITH*

## Robbing the Public by Post
*By AARON HARDY ULM*

## Grandmother's Bandboxes
*By MARY HARROD NORTHEND*

## How Cartoons Are Made
*By THOMAS L. MASSON*


CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

# BRIEFLY TOLD

A half-million people live on the desert land of the Sahara.

Lady Astor was refused permission to broadcast a speech before the W.C.T.U. on the ground that prohibition was too controversial for broadcasting.

Cornstalks near Ames, Iowa, grew 25.8 inches in six consecutive July days.

On September 23, 1880, when Washington's Monument was under construction at 160 feet, a cat jumped from the top without being killed, and as a result is now stuffed and in the Smithsonian Institution museum.

Herbert Spencer said that "to save men from the consequences of their folly would fill the world with fools."



Dreaming he was enjoying a swim in a nearby bathing pool, a farmer near Gettysburg, South Dakota, dived out of his bed and was badly bruised.

Perpendicular road cuts that form excellent nesting places for thousands of bank swallows can be seen in the loessal regions outside of Sioux City, Iowa.

The camel is thought to be the first animal used by man.

A member of the Portland, Oregon, fire department recently confessed to kindling thirty-eight fires, and approximate loss of property was $100,000.

A new dewberry that is larger and more disease-resistant than the ordinary garden variety is the result of hybridizing by B. M. Young, an electrical engineer of Louisiana, who makes a hobby of plant breeding.

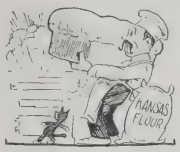
In many places in the Sahara Desert, it is burning hot at noon and freezing cold at night.

Charles Darwin once took from the foot of a wandering bird a small fragment of earth which, when moistened, and planted, produced no less than eighty plants.

South Carolinians pay a gasoline tax of five cents a gallon.

The boundary line between Poland and Germany is often crowded with men, women, and children bicycle riders.

The poppy again flourishes in China since the revolutionary generals have revoked the Imperial Edict of 1906 suppressing the cultivation of that crop.




The percentage of protein in Kansas wheat this year is so great that the bakers are afraid to bake with it unless diluted with a poorer grade of flour secured from other states. Loaves made from this "peppy" flour hit the top of the oven, they are so light, according to the State Board of Agriculture.

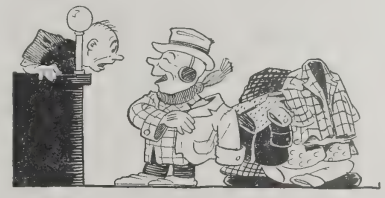
New York once received its water supply through a pine log water main, and a log 14 inches in diameter from its first water main of 1799 was dug up in a perfect state of preservation on July 27, 1923.

When bears climb up an aspen their scratches leave a permanent record on the tree.

The world's fur capital has ever moved westward, it having started at Vienna and moved to Leipzig, Amsterdam, Paris, and London, until now it is located at St. Louis, Missouri.

Prairie dogs and prairie owls are good neighbors, but both hate the rattlesnakes which infest their burrows.

Recent studies of soft pork by J. O. Halvorsen and Earl Hostetler indicate that to harden a peanut-fed hog the pig must eat two to three times as much starch as oil.



A Toronto man was arrested wearing twelve shirts, six towels, two suits of underwear and one scarf. When asked by the judge his reason for so much apparel he said cold weather was coming on, and he wished to be prepared. He was held on a charge of larceny.

Charles W. Law, of Davenport, Iowa, preached his own funeral sermon by having it prepared upon phonograph records a short time before his death.

Members of the Amana communistic communities in Iowa refuse to ride in automobiles and do not believe in painting their houses.

Dr. J. W. Turrentine, of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, says that half the girls living in a belt extending from New York to the Rocky Mountains have incipient goiter.

A map covering 2,750 feet of canvas, said to be the largest in the world, has been unveiled in Rome.

In the North Atlantic Ocean waves forty feet high are considered of extreme height, but a picture of a sixty-foot wave was taken from the *Leviathan* in November of last year.

Fresh hand-husked corn has at least four times as many bacteria on it as that which is machine husked.

In China there is one native Christian to every 200 inhabitants.




The beating of the tom-tom in Melanesia serves to warn the villagers of the approach of the tax collector who finds only cold hearthstones and deserted dwellings.

Though many hard-of-hearing persons think they hear better on a train than in a quiet place, recent experiments indicate that they do not, but the speakers talk louder.

A new sundial that tells time to within half a minute, on an ordinary clock face, has been perfected by W. E. Cooke, of Sydney, Australia.

An apartment house in Copenhagen built by the "Women's Home Building Society for unmarried, self-supporting women" has been named the "Clara Raphael's House" in honor of Denmark's first feminist.

The *N C 4*, first plane to cross the Atlantic, has been offered to the National Museum but was not accepted because of a lack of room.

Torrents of rain often fall during the sandstorms of the Sahara Desert.

November 14,1925

Single Copy, Ten Cents

Subscription price in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies, $1.50 a year; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year.

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer;
C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

Vol. 26, No. 4

Change of Address

1. Notify us at least tw weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill.

# Presented in This Issue:

Mr. Ford's Page this week discusses bigger competition.

---

One thing is certain: the flapper of fiction is not the flapper of real life. What about the flappers? A man who has widely observed them gives his impressions. He thinks the world has not degenerated into flapperism, but has risen to it. (p. 2)

---

O. Henry's own story was as good as anything he ever wrote. He was a character as well as an author. In this article one of O. Henry's editors tells the story of the man. It affords intimate glimpses of the author's life at that period when editors and publishers were beginning to form a queue to secure the things he wrote. (p. 4)

---

The following letter is from Wallace Smith Murray, who was Secretary of the American Legation in Persia during the period of the Imbrie incident:

October 6, 1925

"The Editor of
THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT
Sir.

I have seen and read with interest an article entitled: Another Indemnity –This Time Persia, which appeared in the issue of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT of September 19.

I should be very appreciative if you would, by the publication of this letter, make it clear that, in the conversation which Mr. Wilkie reports having had with me, the only comment which I had to make on the killing of Vice-Consul Imbrie in Teheran in July, 1924, was to point out the wise spirit of moderation combined with firmness at the proper moment which the Department of State employed in effecting a satisfactory settlement of a most difficult situation.

Needless to say, Mr. Wilkie's recapitulation of the incident itself is his own and not mine.

Very sincerely yours,
Wallace Smith Murray."

---

Parasites are generally hunted that they may be destroyed, but here are parasites cherished that they may be used to destroy other parasites. Certain parasites are more useful to the farmer and fruit-grower than all the fertilizers and methods of cultivation that scientists have devised. Scouring the earth for just the right kind of crop-saver is as full of thrills as the hunting of lions and tigers. (p. 6)

CONTENTS

Why Flappers Flap - - - 2
*Samuel Crowther*
O. Henry at Work and Play 4
*William Griffith*
The Parasite Hunters - - 6
*William A. DuPuy*
Robbing the Public by Post 7
*Aaron Hardy Ulm*
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - 10
Chats With Office Callers - 12
Grandmother's Bandboxes 13
*Mary Harrod Northend*
Why and How It Is "America" 14
*Louis C. Karpinski*
How Cartoons Are Made - 16
*Thomas L. Masson*
Lack of English May Mean Death *Marian K. Clark* 18
Who Is Paul Bunyan? - - 20
*Theodore M. Knappen*

The hold-up man is crude compared with the individual who uses the post office to rob the public. Old-time highwaymen used to rob the mail; the modern crook makes the mail his ally. How this is done may directly concern you. (p. 7)

---

"All the world's a stage," says Shakespeare, but the offices of certain business men are sometimes good places to hear what the actors are saying. (p. 12)

---

What is a bandbox and why is it a "band" box? Our grandmothers knew all about it. Bandboxes were to them as vanity bags and fancy purses are to the present generation. Bandboxes are now rare and desirable antiques. (p. 13)

---

The art of advertising is by no means new. Amerigo Vespucci was a better publicist than Christopher Columbus; that is why this continent is called America and not Columbia. Vespucci made the accounts of his voyages more interesting than those of his Genoese rival, and so they were more widely read. (p. 14)

---

Where do the cartoonists get their ideas? Cartoons have more than once played an important part in shaping public affairs. Pictures are often more powerful than print and documents. Thomas L. Masson knows all about cartoons, their making, and makers. (p. 16)

---

Why post up "Safety First" if no one can read it? Ignorance of English is the cause of much bodily injury and loss of life in industrial America every year. (p. 18)

---

The Secretary of the Baha'is in the United States and Canada writes with reference to a statement in our issue of September 19, which ascribes to the Baha'is of Teheran the belief that a certain fountain had been the scene of an authentic "miracle" and hence was to be regarded as a place of special sacredness:

"The Editor
THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT
Dear Sir:

The exact opposite is the truth. It was the orthodox Mohammedans who held this belief, the reason being the story widely spread among the ignorant populace that a Baha'i had received divine punishment at this fountain for having cursed Mahomet and the Moslem religion.

The superstition about the "sacred well," as a matter of fact, was but part of a widespread anti-Baha'i uprising fomented by the Mohammedan clergy with the object of bringing about another massacre of Baha'is at the time of one of the annual Mohammedan holy days. It should be of direct interest to all of Major Imbrie's countrymen that the immediate cause of his death in Teheran was his insistence that the authorities afford adequate protection for the local Baha'is, among whom were two American women supervising the Tarbiat School for Girls. It was solely Major Imbrie's courage and energy which prevented this armed uprising, thereby incurring the rage of the disappointed fanatics.

Among the Persian Baha'is today, the name of Major Imbrie is held in the highest reverence and gratitude as a martyr by whose sacrifice they secured a new degree of protection from the government and a wider hearing among the enlightened who direct public opinion throughout the western world. During the past eighty years more than twenty thousand Baha'is have been tortured and slain in Persia on account of their universal religion. The murder of Vice-Consul Imbrie served to lift the veil at last from this unbelievable story of cruel oppression.

Yours faithfully,
Horace Holley,
Secretary."

# Why Flappers Flap






## Because the Clinging Vine No Longer Clings

By SAMUEL CROWTHER

ONCE upon a time we had the clinging vine. Now we have the flapper. The first made a profession of dependence. The second makes a profession of independence. Both are expressions of their times. In the days of the clinging vine, the ambition of the male of the species was to get enough money to do nothing. Now the ambition is to get enough money to do something.

The vine had rather a rotten time of it. She had to keep herself ready to faint gracefully whenever etiquette said she ought to faint—as, for instance, if a mouse happened to stroll in.

No matter how hungry she was, she just had to peck at food in public—a real lady was not supposed to have an appetite. And her clothes were skillfully arranged so that she could not do anything even if she had wanted to. She languished from hoop skirts to sweeping trains to balloon sleeves. Always she had a steel and whalebone armor underneath about which polite people never spoke.

A woman's clothes express her desire for freedom. The clinging vine did not want any freedom and her clothes told the world she didn't. The flapper has stopped thinking about freedom—she has it. And her clothes show it.

Mixing up clothes and morality is all nonsense—it is getting into the rank, hypocritical field of formal virtue—into the domain of the silly old fools who buzz around the bathing beaches measuring the length of skirts. Exactly the same sort of people go out into Mohammedan countries and think they have accomplished something of high moral importance when they have persuaded a woman to go about unveiled—although in Islam it is the veil and not the skirt that makes a good woman. Perhaps some day a new prophet, inspired by our veil makers, will stage a counter offensive.

But what is this flapper we are talking about? Is she a terrible thing bent on upsetting her elders and their conventions, or is she just the new generation blossoming rather nicely? I first met the word "flapper" some twenty years ago, strolling about Oxford University with an undergraduate acquaintance. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"There goes the maudlin flapper."

I looked quickly to see something extraordinary—like an intoxicated turtle, or a demented peacock—but I only saw a very pretty, trim little girl with her hair done down over her ears.

"Where is it?" I demanded.

"Right there. Don't you see her? She is the prettiest girl in Oxford. She is the daughter of the head of maudlin."

And then it reached me! Magdalen is at Oxford pronounced as though it were spelled "maudlin." My friend was conveying to me the fact that here was the daughter of the head of Magdalen College. This was in the days when women still had ears; "flapper" denoted a girl with her hair dressed in flaps over her ears. And that, philologically, is that.

The modern American flapper—as far as dress goes—is a uniform national product. Humans being what they are, flappers differ considerably in size, in both artificial and natural coloring, in manner of speech, and in finesse, but when it comes to general get-up they are all alike. They all have short hair—the degree of shortness and frizziness, however, is a highly technical matter, which can be studied only with the aid of the barber shop charts. Styles in flapper hair cutting do not, I believe, stay put. The flapper age limit is indefinite; some flappers have one foot in the cradle, while others have one foot in the grave.

But aside from such details and the quality of clothing, the flapper uniform varies less than that of the army. I have been in nearly every state in the Union this year and I have yet to find any variation in the dress of the flapper, nor have I seen any younger girl who is not a flapper. We thought the "flu" spread rapidly, but if it had ever come within hailing distance of the spread of flapperism this would now be a sparsely inhabited country. Nobody is too poor to be a flapper, nor is anybody too rich. The homesteaders' cabins of the West, the Negro shacks of the South, the big houses everywhere all have their flappers. The thing is universal.



What is it? First let us get rid of the fiction flapper. There are just as many of her as there are of movie heroes in real life. She just isn't, and a lot of good white paper has been completely spoiled lamenting the terrible state of the flapper and exhorting her to refrain from going to the devil. Common sense teaches us that people do not strive for perdition *en masse*. It is a purely personal perquisite. Hell as a destination is no more popular than ever it was. Since the beginning of time, we have had people who could see only evil, and until the end of time we shall have them—the world would not be normal without them.

Flapperism also has nothing to do with what is grandly known as the Youth Movement. This movement is a little difficult to define but it seems to have something to do with youth knowing more than age—although there is nothing new in that idea. Children have been telling their parents that for ages—and trying to get away with it. As far as I can discover, the Youth Movement is a determined effort by self-conscious, serious young men, unsaved by humor, to educate and properly bring up not only their parents but all parents. *E pluribus unum* against lickings—spoil the rod and save the child. The flapper is too busy to get in on all this. She cannot go around to uplifting all parental humanity, and also she has learned that parents have their uses and that a great deal may be done with them if handled gently.

***Flapperism Is Not a Movement***

Flappers do not go in for being suffragettes. They care nothing at all for women's rights—whatever they may be. The principal distinction of the suffragette was that she tried to dress like a man who had bad taste in clothing. When they came asking for the vote, they got it almost at once, principally because it seemed fine to have someone who really wanted to vote. Now there is practically nothing for a full-time suffragette or feminist to do. A few have become enchanted with the notion of keeping their maiden names after marriage—because it makes married life so ingeniously complex. The suggested solution that the bride and groom hyphenate their names has been rejected, for a mathematician calculated that in ten generations names would widen to around three yards and calling cards would have to be rolled like Chinese prayers.

Being a flapper is not being in any movement. Being a flapper is just being a flapper—which is the same thing as saying being wholesome and alert. We have not degenerated into flapperism. We have risen to it. A woman's crowning glory may be her hair, or again it may not be—we no longer measure a man by the length of his beard, although at one time we did. A flapper is a flapper as far as clothing goes simply because the present style of women's clothing is more sensible and comfortable than any previous style.

***Woman's Single Vocation Not Now Marriage***

Flapperism is not a cult. It is simply a general and really unconscious recognition by young women that they are persons—and that is why the flappers are making America.

They are changing the economic position of woman—changing it easily and surely without any hullabaloo of processions and badges. It used to be that the single vocation of woman was marriage, and those who worked considered their jobs only as disagreeable stopgaps until some man would agree to marry and support them. By common consent a woman earning a good salary by her own efforts was less happy than a woman drudging in her husband's kitchen. The greatest of all disgraces was to be an old maid. The next greatest disgrace was to work after marriage. Unnumbered thousands of girls whose stories will never be told have broken themselves in poverty because they married husbands who could not support them and rigid, merciless convention forbade them to support themselves.

That convention has been nearly broken—it holds no longer among the young, it holds only among those who were brought up in it and who are too stupid to change. And another convention has been broken—the notion of man as a superior animal. The Mormons are about the only people who have been able to keep up the bluff. It is a fundamental in the doctrine of the Latter Day Saints that a woman may attain heaven, so to speak, only in the wake of a man. That is where the Mormons put one over. Outside of Mormon theology, man's principal superiority over woman has been his ability to beat her, but both custom and the law nowadays rather frown on wife beating—it is not considered as necessary to a tranquil home as once it was.

***Progressing Toward Equality***

Women going out to work found that many of the jobs on which men prided themselves outrageously did not require any particular brains, or in fact much of anything aside from being on the spot. The dénouement has been complete—a vast number of women have discovered that men, on the average, do not work hard and that only a few use their brains. They have found that the mystery around many jobs is not mystery at all but merely blankness. A shipping clerk can no longer boast to his wife of the rare acumen which caused him to send to Kalamazoo and not to El Paso a package plainly marked for Kalamazoo. A flapper may, for reasons of her own, listen demurely to a man telling her what a wonder he is, but she is more apt to break in:

"Ah, act your age."

Out of all of this are coming—in fact, have come—some very definite betterments. There are fewer marriages for purely economic reasons. Young women are not searching so avidly for men who can support them. It is possible for young people to marry and by their combined incomes from work live comfortably and happily until such time as the man can command a satisfactory income. With both husband and wife working, there is an economic security which breeds liberty. Liberty in other than name is irreconcilable with poverty—the happiness of poverty has been considerably overrated.

Further than this, a girl who has worked in the past and who can work in the future will not believe the fictions of a lazy husband. The kind of man who believes that he provides for his wife as of favor is getting pretty roughly handled these days. The man who is worth anything never spends a moment contemplating his superiority—he just hopes that too many people will not find out his inferiority.

And so we are progressing, through a natural process of work, toward that equality of the sexes which laws might decree but could not obtain. That is the significance of the flapper. She is flighty perhaps, but she takes off from solid ground—and returns to it.

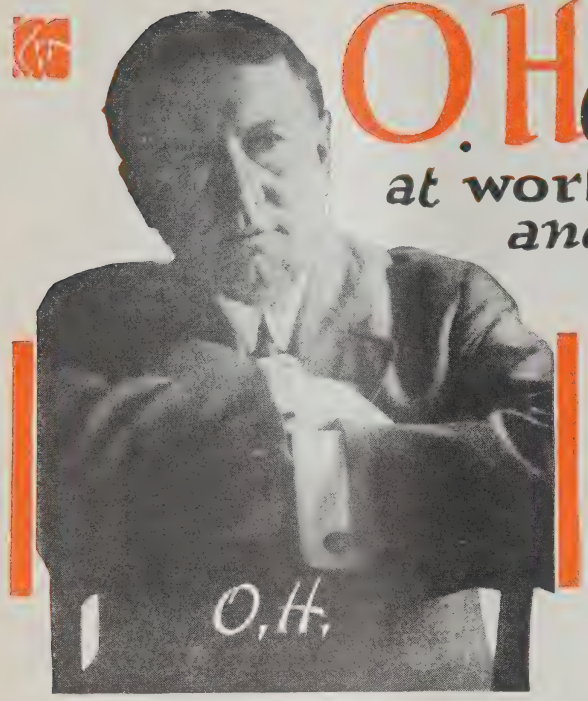
---

## Pioneer of the Salon

"THE beginning of the seventeenth century is marked by important advances in literary pursuits in France," says a writer on French literature. Reading that, there is imagined a kind of sporadic growth with a people turning from rough combativeness with a clear intention to cultivate the fancy and imagination. But that picture would be all wrong, for the literary movement commenced with one person, as national movements always do. That person was Catherine de Vivonne, a young woman of twenty years of age who found life at court tedious and disagreeable. So, declaring that she "would no longer attend the gatherings at the Louvre," she betook herself to her own house and decided to live her life on her own terms.

From Tallemant des Réaux we gather that the young lady had taste and originality. She was the first, he says, to have a room painted "in any other color than red or tawny brown." Blue velvet hangings with gold and silver embroideries she chose, and she also set the fashion of having separate rooms for special purposes, instead of dining, sleeping, meeting people, dancing or play-acting in any room that chanced to be convenient. For each of her guests there was a chair "or other seat, the best piece of furniture accorded to the highest in rank, and for each one present a screen as protection from the cold and draught."

So the Vivonne home became a *salon*, frequented by those interested in art and literature and the quieter things. "The idea that conversation might be a pleasure so great as to make it worth one's while to meet simply for the sake of enjoying it, had never occurred to anybody; people . . . . never met for the sake of talking"—(Jacques Boulenger). But to the new thing came poets, artists, men of taste and discernment; among them Corneille who read his works to the circle. It was a beginning and the idea and habit spread. Literature became fashionable and it became fashionable to appear cultivated. Well-bred society looked to its language and the enrichment of the vocabulary began. But the pioneer was Catherine de Vivonne.




# O. Henry at work and play

## Adventures With Editors and Others

By WILLIAM GRIFFITH

PLEASE send me $25. I've invited a friend to dinner. From the looks of him, he isn't going to pay for it; and I can't."

One afternoon in the summer of 1907 the foregoing characteristic note was delivered to me from William Sydney Porter, known to the fiction-reading world as O. Henry, and it hardly needs saying that the note was not protested. On the contrary, it was the part of editorial finesse to make a virtue of necessity on such occasions, in so far as it was all but impossible for a magazine, to which he was not already a contributor, to secure a story from the author of such inimitable tales as *An Unfinished Story, A Municipal Report, The Gift of the Magi, The City of Too Many Caliphs, Thimble-Thimble,* and others too numerous and familiar to mention.

It is fifteen years since O. Henry went

. . . on his infinite way,
Turning night into day,

and it is difficult to remember when and under what circumstances we first met. But it was sometime during the winter of 1906-7, and the meeting, which inaugurated a friendship only terminated by his death in 1910, was brought about through my desire to enlist him as a contributor to *The Broadway Magazine,* of which I had recently succeeded Theodore Dreiser as editor.

At that time O. Henry, though much sought after by the magazines, was far from being as well known to the public at large as his name is today and has been for more than a decade. Nor, in spite of his almost chronic need of money during the greater part of his creative years, was it a simple matter to secure him as a contributor; and for various reasons, valid or paradoxical. In the first place, a few publications, to which he had been contributing before and after his arrival in what he whimsically chose to call "Bagdad on the Subway," had secured prior liens on his work by advancing hundreds, if not thousands, of dollars to him for stories which had not yet been written, much less delivered. Parenthetically, it is a matter of record that O. Henry was as scrupulous in discharging his obligations to the editors for whom he wrote as he was as an artist pursuing his art. It remains to be recorded that he ever borrowed a plot, or misappropriated an idea knowingly, although in his latter years it was a custom of editors to send him outlines for stories such as they hopefully fancied would appeal to him for fictional development.

On one occasion, being in despair of a story from him to fill a yawning gap in the magazine I was editing, I ventured to suggest to him the possibility of a story based upon the idea of a Romeo cop and a Juliet housemaid having a lover's quarrel below stairs in a Fifth Avenue mansion, the master of which was an international financier. Distraught by the threatened loss of her blue-clad beau, the maid irritated the cook, who, in turn, succeeded in decocting an atrocious brew of coffee the next morning, a beverage of which the master of the house was particularly fond. As a result, the latter took his wife to task for having such a cook, and was properly cautioned as to the limitations of his province, domestically speaking. Arriving at his office with his temper ruffled, the financier was to preside at a board meeting to consider an international transaction which might involve the country in war, and so on. O. Henry listened patiently to the warmed-over Mother Goose suggestion, and remarked,

"Not so bad, in its way; but I'm afraid it would curdle the ink."

Apropos of his becoming a resident of New York at the age of forty, many accounts have been given. I am repeating his own in saying that he had for some months been staying with relatives in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, when he was invited by the editors of *Ainslee's Magazine,* to which he had contributed several stories, to go to New York with their guaranty to take at least one story a month from him at $100 each. He accepted the invitation, with the proviso that he be paid for the first story in advance. To the surprise of the editors, the publisher of the magazine authorized the advance payment, and a check was duly forwarded. A week passed, with no word from Oliver Henry, as he then signed his stories. But presently a letter arrived, explaining that the $100 sent him had mysteriously evaporated, and asking for another hundred. Again the publisher authorized the money to be sent, and in the course of a day or two O. Henry appeared. After meeting the editors, to quote himself, "They escorted me, with fear and trembling, to the office of the publisher, Mr. S——, who abruptly dismissed them, closed his office door and motioned me to a chair. Fearing the worst was yet to come, I hastened to thank Mr. S—— for his generosity, and assured him that his confidence was not misplaced.

" 'Don't mention it, my dear sir,' he rejoined. 'I was born and brought up in Pittsburgh, and was only too happy to assist in your escape.' "

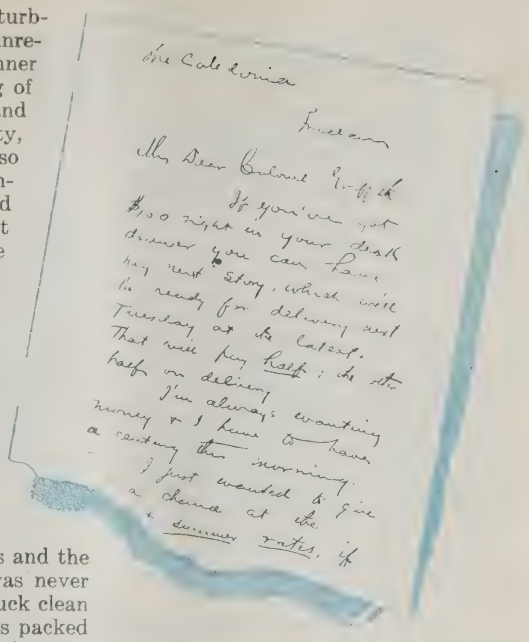
As to the origin of his now famous pen name, O. Henry once told me that he was in New Orleans when he began submitting stories more or less regularly to metropolitan publications, and that he had hit upon his pseudonym in this manner: One morning after the annual Mardi Gras ball in New Orleans he was reading the *Picayune* and his eye was arrested by the columns of names of those who had attended the ball. The surname Henri was predominant, followed by that of Olivier. He anglicized them to Oliver Henry, later abbreviating the Oliver to O.

O. Henry could not be prevailed upon to meet a man simply because the man was a celebrity nor, when he himself became a celebrity, would he tolerate being treated as such if he could help it. Many times, to my knowledge, would he decline flattering invitations to out-of-town week-end house parties attended by distinguished

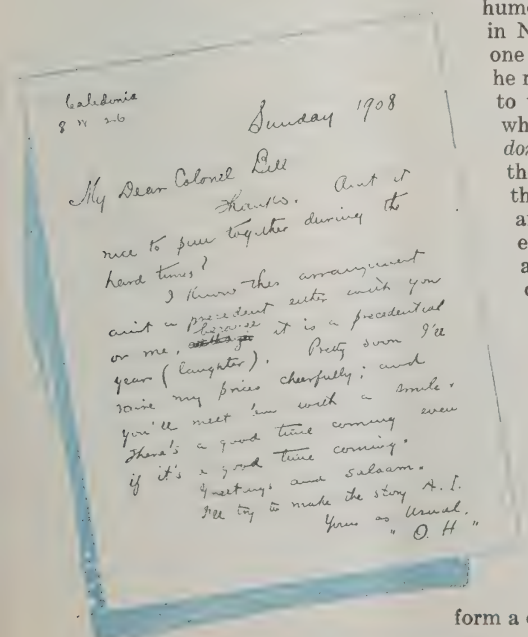
guests, preferring, we will say, to remain in the "City of Chameleon Changes" over Sunday, for fear, as he was wont to remark, "it will put something over on me in my absence." As his biographer, Professor Smith, observes, there was never a moment of his stay in New York when the then four million were not more interesting to him than the Four Hundred. One self-protective device that stood him in good stead was a sort of pan-American dialect which he adopted on such occasions and which served as a deterrent to prospective annoyers. Thus a woman, who had written to him about his stories and who insisted on bringing a friend to meet the great man, said to him afterward: "You mortified me nearly to death, you were so ungrammatical." Another method of evasion was to drop into a perfectly serious vein of Artemus Ward rusticity. There was humor in it to those who knew him well, but it was meant for those who sought him out of curiosity, and they frequently were disillusioned.

But with a congenial companion O. Henry was more interesting than his stories. Almost all, however, who have written about him mention his barrier of initial reserve. Till this was penetrated —and he had to penetrate it himself by sensing a potential friend in the casual acquaintance—there was no geniality. I am not of the opinion that this was due to innate modesty, so much as to his natural disposition to be a looker-on, rather than a personage, in his Bagdad. To have been a cynosure or a personage would have meant distraction from his work of taking notes for future reference and use in his tales.

A mutual friend of ours, a distinguished woman novelist, confesses that her first impression of O. Henry was one of disappointment. "He struck me as stolid and imperturbable in appearance and so unresponsive and reserved in manner that I had a miserable feeling of being a failure as a guest, and nothing hurts a writer's vanity, a woman writer's anyway, so much as to have her work considered more interesting and attractive than herself. But presently he began to sparkle . . . Unquestionably he was a great *raconteur*. Had his table-talk been taken down in shorthand, it would have sounded very much like his written dialog, only it was not circumscribed and curbed by the limits of the story and the necessity of keeping the narrative uppermost . . . His wit was urban, sophisticated, individual; quite free from tricks and the desire to obtain effects. It was never mordant nor corrosive, but struck clean and swift as lightning. It was packed with world-knowledge, designed to delight the woman of thirty or forty, not of twenty, and yet I never heard him tell a story even faintly *risque*."



It was after our acquaintance had deepened into friendship that O. Henry related an anecdote illustrating his early attitude and feeling with regard to life in the city of his adoption. It concerned a Texas character—a cattleman who became an oil baron overnight—who, for the purposes of the story, may be known as Colonel Nettlesome. As a cattleman in the Panhandle country, he had developed a capacious appetite for canned lobsters, the only variety then known in those regions, and promised himself a trip to the Atlantic seaboard and a lobster spree whenever fortune permitted. The advent of a rich oil gusher on his land enabled him to humor his ambition, and on arriving in New York and "putting up" at one of its most celebrated hostelries, he repaired to the dining room and, to the consternation of the waiter who attended him, ordered a *dozen broiled lobsters*. Asked by the waiter to repeat the order, the Colonel did so emphatically; and repeated it with even greater emphasis when the head waiter appeared on the scene. In the course of twenty minutes the doors leading to the kitchens were swung open, and in marched twelve waiters each bearing a resplendent salver on which reposed a lobster. "Life in Texas in those days," observed O. Henry, in telling the story, "was conducive to quick thinking; and no sooner did those waiters heave in sight than the Colonel decided what to do. He motioned them to form a circle around his table, and after proper deliberation pointed toward one of the delectable crustaceans, and announced, 'Serve me number seven.'"



His own whimsicality and quick-wittedness impressed me one raw November evening while we were walking down Sixth avenue, from his workshop, so to say, on West Twenty-sixth street, to Washington Place where we were next-door neighbors. At Twenty-third street our progress was interrupted by a nondescript collarless character possessed of a thirst that he was financially unable to assuage. Instead of giving him money, O. Henry ushered him into a haberdasher's, selected the most flamboyant red necktie on display, and instructed the salesman to put it on the derelict. The salesman hesitated, inquiring, "Aren't you going to get him a collar?"

"No," chuckled O. Henry, "I don't want to take away all his ambition."

On another occasion he was dining with me in my apartment, adjoining his own, and after dinner we thought of recruiting some neighborhood acquaintances for a game of poker, a game which rivaled bowling in his esteem as a nocturnal recreation. Using a desk telephone, O. Henry was talking to one of the required guests, who feared he couldn't join us because he and his wife had three guests for dinner. Stroking my Angora cat, which was purring around the telephone, O. Henry could be overheard announcing, "You're in the minority by six; there're eleven of us here."

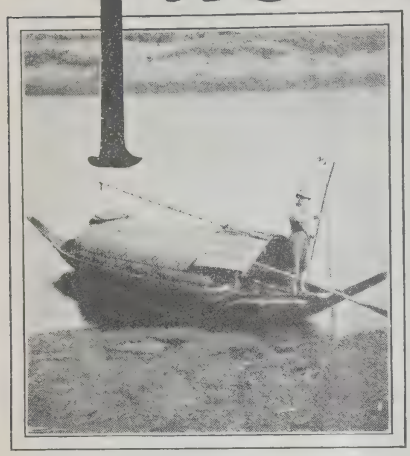
One of the earliest letters he wrote me bears simply the date of Friday, the summer of 1907. It was written from the Caledonia Apartments, in West Twenty-sixth street, New York, where O. Henry occupied for some time a small apartment in which he did most of his writing. In addition to revealing his chronic

(Concluded on page 24)

# The Parasite Hunters

## Saving Crops by Insects That Eat Other Insects

By WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY



An American parasite hunter in the back country of Assam, looking for an insect that would attack the citrous white fly.

THEY were Americans, doing this strange thing, and the peasants were, therefore, not greatly surprised. Americans, they held, always acted queerly. Yet that they should collect caterpillars, that they should employ hundreds of Frenchmen to help do it, was hard to understand. Then some wise old peasants offered a satisfactory explanation. Was it not known that one in a million of these caterpillars had a jewel in its head? Was it not known, also, that Americans were money mad? They were, obviously, collecting caterpillars for these jewels.

Far back in the hinterlands of China where there are only footpaths, other Americans were digging up little shrubs, putting dirt and moist sacks about their roots, hiring coolies to carry them hundreds of miles down to the sea on their backs. Yet these were but wild shrubs and the Chinese knew full well that there was nothing of value about them. They, like the French peasants, could not understand. Like the French they reasoned according to their lights. They had known men who hunted shrubs for the medicine they made from them. These strange men from the other side of the world, they concluded, were medicine makers.

But, in fact, they were neither jewel hunters nor medicine makers. Their mission was stranger than either of these. It was tiny insects, possibly so small that they could be seen only with a microscope, that these Americans sought. They were in each case after a very peculiar insect which they wanted to use for a particular purpose. They were after particular insects that lived upon other particular insects. They were looking for parasites to fight some insect that was injuring crops in far-away America.

This expedition to France, for instance, was gathering gypsy moth parasites. The gypsy moth's caterpillars were eating leaves with such rapidity in New England that the very existence of the forests was threatened. These moths had come to America from Europe and were frightfully abundant. There were still a good many of them in Europe but not enough to do any great harm. They did not develop in such numbers over there.



Colosimo, the caterpillar-eating beetle, introduced from Europe.

They were fewer in numbers in Europe because over there they had parasites that kept them within bounds. But the moth had got to America without its parasite. There was no restraining influence in America which was the reason it was so destructively numerous. The thing necessary to stop it, the scientists knew, were the parasites that were present in Europe. So, when these Americans gathered caterpillars in France, it was not caterpillars but parasites they were after. They were selecting caterpillars that were infected with parasites. Inside each of these millions of caterpillars there were tinier insects that were feeding upon them. Their mothers, little wasp-like creatures, had laid eggs in the caterpillars, knowing that they would hatch out and that the young ones would begin to bore from within. The Americans got the caterpillars while the parasites were in them, and hurried them away to America. When the parasites came out, when they became wasps, they would be over there where the caterpillars were uncontrolled. They would go forth and lay eggs in American caterpillars. Thus would they start new (Continued on page 22)



Shipment of parasites coming down to the sea from Interior India on their way to America to take part in the insect war.



A consignment of parasites arriving from abroad for distribution to farmers and fruit-growers in combating pests.

# Robbing the Public by Post

## Some Modern Methods of "Stand and Deliver" Which the Mails Make Possible

By AARON HARDY ULM

A YOUNG woman, suddenly left a widow with a babe to care for and no funds, saw in a rich and reputable newspaper an advertisement for persons to do easy and profitable work at home. She answered the ad and received a lot of florid literature, the purport of which was that, if she would send the advertiser $100 for a knitting machine and raw material, the product of her labor would be paid for at good prices by the concern. She did not have one hundred dollars. But a neighbor volunteered to care for the baby while the mother clerked in a five and ten cent store long enough to earn the sum which, when in hand, was forwarded. The machine came. Over it she bent for many weary hours and produced many bundles of socks and gloves. These she sent to the concern but to this day she has not received a penny for them.

She is only one of many thousands who, during the last dozen years, have been defrauded by that "home work" scheme operated at long distance via the United States mails. Most of them, like she, were pitiably situated, being shut-ins on account of fatherless babies that had to be cared for, or invalidism—many of them cripples—without means of support.

"This type of home work scheme is the most vicious and despicable imaginable," says the Better Business Bureau of the city from which the one in point was operated.

Several concerns that have employed the scheme have been the subject of investigations; the promoters of at least one of them have been indicted. That concern operated over a period of a dozen years, doing a business totaling around $6,000,000. Its securities were listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Its advertising was prepared and placed by a large and "legitimate" advertising agency and was run by many of the "best" newspapers and magazines in the country.

***What Two Vital Go-Between Mediums May Do***

Proceedings against the promoters no doubt will be pressed vigorously by the Federal Government and outside agencies, like the *Better Business Bureaus*, that are coöperating in the premises. The mails probably will be closed to them; they even may land in prison. *But if anything of account is being done with reference to the advertising agency and the newspapers and magazines which aided and abetted the fraud, it is not of record discoverable by this writer.* The two vital go-between mediums—the "legitimate" advertising agency and the "reputable" publication—make possible the promotion of the bulk of mail-fraud schemes by which the American public is deprived of a billion dollars or more a year.

But for these two go-betweens, an authority on the subject tells the writer, at least 90 per cent of the volume of mail-frauds could not be perpetrated.

Though organizations of advertising men have done much good work in combating these frauds, and organizations of newspaper and magazine publishers, as well as individual publishers, constantly have pledged adherence to honest advertising standards, it is superlatively easy for any mail-fraud operator to procure all the "aiding and abetting" he needs from both advertising and publishing realms. And he is not limited to the underworld strata of either. Some of the biggest of the advertising agencies have sold skilled service for most specious mail-fraud schemes. And numerous periodicals of the highest "moral" tone in so far as reading matter goes—including not a few devoted to religion alone—have been among the worst offenders in the running of notoriously dishonest advertising "copy."

***The Offense of Aiding and Abetting***

This doesn't mean that all advertising agencies will prepare and place fraudulent advertising or that all newspapers and magazines will run it. Many will not do so—at least knowingly. But other advertising agencies will handle it and numerous periodicals will publish virtually any advertising for which they are not "liable." Publications clearly are liable for obscene and lottery advertising, on account of which they may be thrown summarily out of the mails. But for lying, even viciously fraudulent advertising, the liability of neither the advertising agency that prepares and places the "copy" nor the periodical which publishes it has been definitely established in law. There is a Federal statute, however, which would seem to fix liability on both. It reads:

> "Whoever directly commits any act constituting an offense defined in any law of the United States, or aids, abets, counsels, commands, induces, or procures its commission, is a principal." (Section 332, Federal penal code as revised and adopted in 1909.)

Under that statute a person who merely worked as a clerk for a mail-fraud operator was convicted as a principal in the commission of the crime.

Then there is the conspiracy statute, making it a felony to "conspire" to violate Federal laws.

Both of these statutes have been invoked against "aiders and abettors" in offenses against the Federal Government, notably some arising under the Volstead Act. But in so far as can be found neither of them has ever been invoked against an advertising agency or a publication that assisted in the perpetration of a fraud via the mails. One once was invoked against a printer whose specialty was circular matter for the use of mail-fraud operators. He did more than merely print the stuff; he helped to write the "literature" and to form plans of operation, even to the suggesting of schemes. He was not punished, having saved himself by turning state's evidence.

***Something About Fake Gland Treatment***

As close relations frequently exist between advertising agencies and mail-fraud operators, there has arisen in several cases a strong suspicion of the existence of even a financial, if not a partnership, alliance between the agency and the ostensible promoters.

In any event, advertising agencies that serve these crooks do more than merely attend to the details of placing "copy," as they do when they serve legitimate advertisers.

Recently, for instance, the mails were closed by a fraud order to a concern which marketed, with much profit to the promoters, a fake "gland treatment." The chief promoter was a young man in his early twenties. The affair was put over by advertising which was accepted by many periodicals.

"It (the fraud order) terminates an advertising campaign, the object of which was to promote and trade upon the kind of superstition which leads the savage to eat the heart of a slain tiger in the hope of increasing his own courage and ferocity," says the report of the National Vigilance Committee on the case.

"The products sold were compounded for the advertiser by a manufacturing drug establishment, advertised by the ——— —. ——— Advertising Agency of ———, and sent out indiscriminately to purchasers by a staff consisting chiefly of young women employes."

"Apparently for the purpose of overcoming the resistance of newspaper publications to such flagrant copy, the ——— —. ——— Advertising Agency prepared and issued a booklet over the pseudonym of 'Walter Van Henry' which purported to be a treatise on gland rejuvenation . . . In this, as in other material employed, the occasional references which were made to the opinions of acknowledged scientists were wrenched from the con-

text in such manner as to distort and in some instances even reverse them entirely by the omission of every qualification."

The "laboratories" were found to be imaginary only. Before the authorities interfered, the promoters did a business totaling around $300,000.

"Judging from the numerous full-page spreads (solid pages of display advertising) which were employed," says the National Vigilance Committee, "a large part of the money coaxed from ailing and senile persons went into the cash drawer of the publishers who accepted this advertising copy."

Though the advertising agency is mentioned in the report and in the findings of the Post Office Department, the publishers who coöperated in perpetrating the fraud are not of record.

Even the mention of the agency is exceptional. This rarely is done, even though in a large proportion of the worst cases advertising agencies serve as intermediaries.

***Several Kinds of Agency Recognition***

They thus serve because an advertising agency, especially if "recognized," is presumably responsible. The publication looks to it rather than to the advertiser for payment of bills. Much advertising that is sent out by an agency will be accepted when if sent direct by the promoter would be rejected—particularly if not accompanied by cash. There are several kinds of agency "recognition." The chief one is that given by the American Newspaper Publishers Association. Another is membership in the American Association of Advertising Agencies, which fixes the ethics and standards for that branch of advertising activity. Members of these associations have very seldom been associated with advertising campaigns found to have been fraudulent.

What is done when an agency is found in the service of mail-order crooks? Almost nothing, in so far as the writer can discover. In specific cases, he is told, they are warned, and are advised to drop the accounts in question. The best agencies invariably drop such accounts when advised as to their fraudulent nature. Obstinate ones sometimes have to be told of the existence of section 332 of the Federal penal code, quoted above.

The agency and the publication usually plead ignorance, and it may not always be easy to overcome the plea in court.

***Invariably the Copy Bears Certain Earmarks***

"We accepted our client's or the advertiser's statements as true," they say, "and had no reason for doubting them."

A good defense in law perhaps, but a fallacious one in morals. Any advertising man of sufficient skill to qualify him for agency work, or to handle advertising for even a small newspaper, can spot outright fraudulent advertising on sight, nine times out of ten. Invariably the "copy" bears certain inescapable earmarks, which have been widely advertised to the advertising world by establishments like the National Vigilance Committee.

They have not been so widely advertised among the general public. In fact there is a very little general publicity on this subject; not nearly so much as it deserves as mere news or interesting information.

A few years ago the Solicitor, at that time, of the Post Office Department, said in his annual report:

*"It is worthy of note that some newspapers have studiously avoided publishing any matter relating to the issuance of fraud orders."*

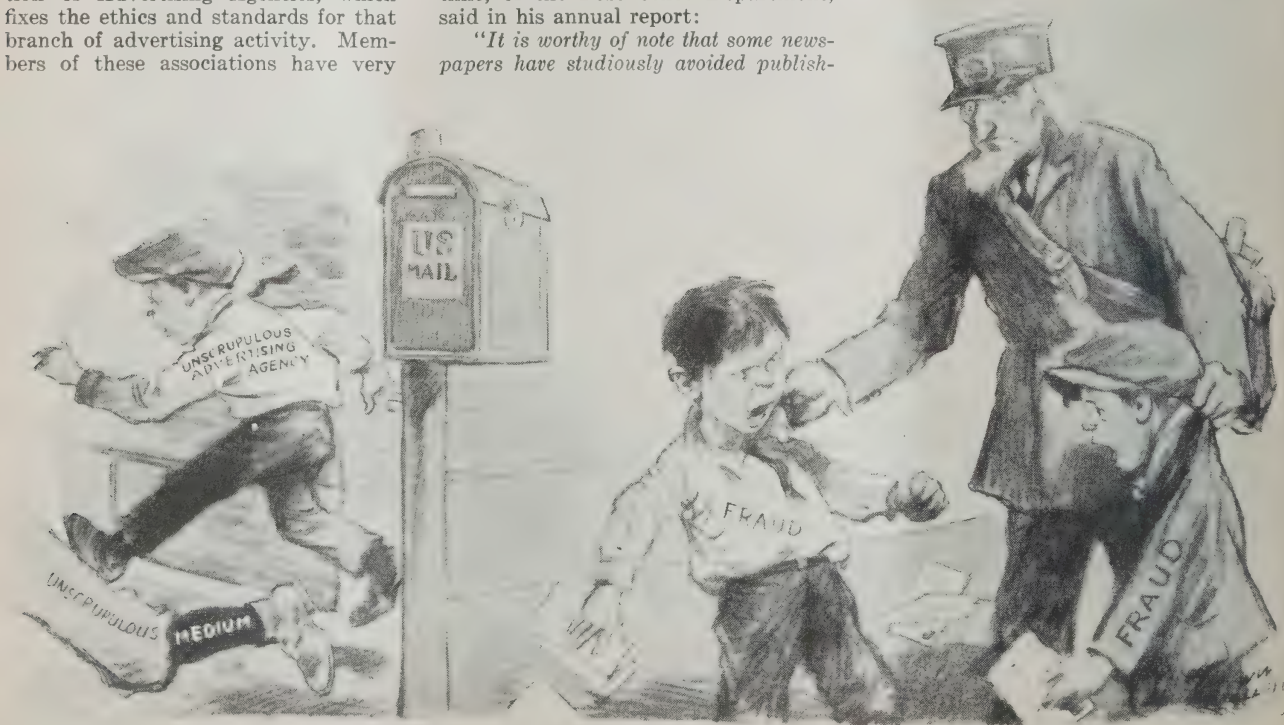
Writing of "blue sky" or fake stock kinds of mail-frauds, Rush D. Simmons, chief Post Office Inspector, said recently:

***Then There Is the Endless Chain Scheme***

"Whenever the Post Office Department secures convictions in fraud prosecutions, the newspapers give a great deal of space, as a usual thing, to the cases; but they do not generally publish the details of the schemes and methods of the promoters. They seldom describe or quote from the fraudulent advertising material, or comment on the selling arguments that were successful in floating the worthless securities. They play up all the dramatic incidents of the crimes and trials, but they fail to give an appreciable amount of information as to how the stocks were sold."

Recently, for example, a relatively new form of mail fraud, now being widely exploited, was attacked by the authorities. It is known as the endless-chain scheme. You buy a coupon for one dollar. This gives you authority to buy three other coupons at one dollar each. You sell these to three friends, who then can buy three each for sale to three friends of theirs. When your three have made their purchases you get ten dollars' worth of silk hosiery or other articles, and the ones you sell to can do likewise when the ones they sell to carry on the chain. It looks easy; when the authorities stepped in, one concern was taking in over $1,000 a day on this scheme. Its impossibility lies in the fact that if a single chain

(Concluded on page 26)




*Drawing by W. W. Clarke*

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

THE country is no longer afraid of mere bigness in business, as once it was. It has become generally clear that any business that performs a national service is necessarily big, though the single point in which it serves may be relatively small But there still remains among those who theorize about business a clinging distrust of bigness, a subtle distrust of size.

This fear and distrust would, of course, be justified if any single industry, or even the whole combination of industries, grew larger than the people, or threatened to seize more power than the people have. There are those who claim that this is just what our industrial order is doing—overtopping the people, usurping power. No doubt it is in human nature to do these things when possible, but under our method of living it is not possible. Human fallibility which makes possible the ambition, also makes impossible its achievement. That is one defense. The other is this: every despotism, in religion, government or business, raises its own triumphant rival.

It is probably unnecessary to go over again here the fact that bigness is more dangerous to the institution that has grown big, than to the community at large. For no institution grows large save by the support and patronage of the community, and that support is not given except in return for equivalent service. Yet, there comes a point in businesses which have grown artificially large where their essential bigness becomes a burden, where human ingenuity and managerial ability fail under the load. Corporations, trusts, mergers, may be piled one on top of the other and the resulting structure may look very imposing, but at the same time the managerial ability required to operate the giant concern has probably not been increased one whit. You may artificially, by bankers' means, build a gigantic world trust so called, but it does not function. It begins to crumble. It is too big for the men who built it. We have witnessed that in our own country often enough to know the truth of it.

We are speaking of industry, of course. Finance is different. No great business ability is needed in finance. Financial pyramids mean nothing. And they are coming to mean less and less.

Now, in addition to the dangers of artificial enlargement (natural bigness in business has its own natural limits) there is always the fact of competition. Theorists say that big business is the death of competition. On the contrary, big business is the motive to big competition.

"Oh," say the theorists, "big competition exists only for a time; then both big competitors merge, and they have the public between them." Indeed! It is a good line in a speech but it is not true to the facts. When big competitors merge it is because they both feel themselves slipping. Not only have they failed successfully to compete with each other, they have failed to compete with the public estimate of the service that should be rendered.

*SOME men defend competition as if it were in danger, or needed a public vote for permission to exist. Competition cannot be abolished; every attempted monopoly is an added impetus to a whole round of competitors. Big business, so far from destroying competition, only raises up bigger competitors. The bigger the stride toward monopoly, the bigger the compensating competition. Our economic observers seem to overlook that. Monopoly is beset on two sides; the Law is against it; the world was never given to one man, or one method. Big parasites are curbed by big competition. The bigger the attempted grab, the bigger will be the control.*

The contention that bigness in business destroys competition is quite false. We are accustomed to think of parasites in a descending series, growing ever smaller:

"Great fleas have little fleas
upon their back to bite 'em,
And little fleas have lesser
fleas, and so *ad infinitum*."

But competition cannot be regarded as parasitic. True competition is not, at any rate. Its best function is to keep service at its topnotch of quality. Even when it acts as scavenger, tearing down what cannot remain standing, it serves a good function. But—it is the public that pays for competition, just as it pays for monopoly. Better the former than the latter, whatever the difference in price, whether more or less. Competition very probably costs more; it is worth it.

There is no need, however, to think that the bigness of business diminishes the possibility of competition. Not at all. The couplet quoted above is not complete:

"And the great fleas, themselves in turn, have
greater fleas to go on;
While these again have greater still, and greater
still, and so on."

Nothing gets so big as to be beyond the two laws here noted, that managerial ability must equal assumption of power, and that competition keeps pace with initiative in every field. Size may be an impediment, but monopoly in any real sense is an impossibility. It offers a universal target. Its challenge is irresistible. Monopoly is of such a character as naturally to inspire in men the desire to grapple with it.

In emphasizing the bigness of attempted monopoly, economic observers have failed to notice the consequent increasing bigness of competition.

**"Ford Ideals," 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## *Still Another Peace Plan*

IN THE south of Europe there are certain volcanoes—Vesuvius, Etna, Stromboli—which are more or less active all the time. If not actually in eruption they are rumbling and threatening and belching forth black smoke and poisonous gases and causing unrest and uneasiness among the people in their vicinity. When an eruption takes place the surrounding country is made desolate and there is loss of life and property.

In the south of Europe also, among those peoples who dwell in the Balkan States, there are frequent mutterings and threatenings and outbursts that may or may not involve the other nations of Europe, but far too often do. From a very early period this part of Europe has been the breeding ground of trouble. Within the past half-century, or a little more, nearly all the wars, nearly all the uprisings and killings and massacres that have halted civilization and filled the graveyards have had their origin here.

The causes which led up to the Crimean War had their origin in the Balkan Peninsula. The "Bulgarian atrocities" of the seventies of last century led to the Russo-Turkish War and Plevna; then followed wars between the Greeks and the Turks, and the Turks and the Bulgarians, and the Bulgarians and the Greeks, and the Serbians and the Austrians. That last was the biggest eruption of all, it spread over the world, and the world still suffers, and will suffer for years to come, from that awful cataclysm.

And still, at Constantinople, and Sophia, and Athens, and Belgrade, in remote chambers and cabinets, there are being hatched plots and counter-plots aimed at further disturbance of the peace of Europe—and of the world at large. The same volcanic rumblings go on, the same poisonous counsels prevail, the same provocative invasion of frontiers and firing of shots.

Preserving peace, or preventing war in the Balkans, would seem to be the first self-defensive act of Europe.

## *College Humor*

HAVE you seen any of the alleged college humorous publications? They contain three themes: beating the profs, sex and booze.

We are willing to accept all of the frank things the youngsters do, and heaven knows they are frank enough. Low necks and short skirts no longer shock us. We refuse to be thrilled or startled by lack of underwear (even in cold weather) and dehosed knees. Even paint calcimine, enamel and slaked lime cannot hide the youth in their faces. Back-slapping and rough-housing, sex versus sex, though boisterous, is not deadly. But the consciously half-hidden, half-revealed smut in the college magazines would make Rabelais blush and it is said that he was some smutter in his time. Rabelais was rather open with his offense, however. It could be got at with a broom, or a cake of soap, or a spray full of disinfectant.

## *Maybe You Have Never Thought of This*

EVERY year or two we have to take a college course in anthracite coal. That is what a coal strike is. We pay for it in higher prices and inconvenience. What are we learning from it?

What is there to learn? There is this: A strike in the production of an essential commodity is the most absurd and grotesque of wars. Though neither party has anything against the public, both bring the consequences of war to it. The miners say they will mine no coal, but every day they consume things that the rest of us make and without some of which they could not live. They refuse to give us coal, but they take the groceries, clothing and other things that we continue to produce. The operators do the same. If we were to shut down upon operators and miners and refuse them everything that we make so long as they refuse to provide coal for us, they would have to resume the mining of coal. This is a world of interdependence in which no man is sufficient to himself. If coal miners or other groups are not willing to work for us why should we continue to work for them, merely to enable them to continue their warfare against us?

But this method is out of the question. Nobody, if he could, would suddenly shut off food and everything else from a population of hundreds of thousands of men, women and children. And if we could we wouldn't unless we were prepared to deal with something like a revolution. What is to be done?

If we would end strikes we must recognize our responsibility to those who provide us with the essentials of life. We must see that they get a square deal. We must go further and provide the social machinery to give them

a square deal. Tyranny in the form of law will not do. There must be justice. Both sides must be made to feel in their hearts that the social judgment is just. But to do this we must agree upon an underlying principle of justice upon which all settlements shall be made. That principle must embody this fact—that every worker is entitled to a wage sufficient to enable him to live decently, to enjoy some of the modest luxuries of life (which are now coming to be regarded by everybody as necessities) and to save something for his old age. If each of us wants the coal and the other necessities that our fellows produce, it is our duty to see that they get a square deal while they are working for us. And that is exactly what we do not do. Hence, strikes.

## *The Negro*

THE Negro is a human being. Under the Constitution his rights are precisely those of any other citizen. And so are his obligations. These are not all the facts, but they are important facts. Of importance too is the fact of Race, which is not understood as yet; indeed, attempts to understand it are scorned and denounced, and efforts are made to suppress it. The fact of Race cannot be suppressed. The fact of Race does not concern the Negro alone. All the Race Question that can possibly exist rises from suppressing the fact, not from facing it. It is one of the strangest aspects of our ignorance in these matters that we conceive the realization of Race to be the origin of the Race Problem, when really its origin is the attempted suppression of that realization. Races are here. They differ. Each has its function. Superiority is not a matter of argument but of achievement. Inferiority is not decided by achievement but by opportunity. Race lines are fixed. Nature punishes transgression with destruction. These are facts. And Race Rights are also facts.

The turn which the Negro's problem has taken in this country is interesting. Formerly the plea was made that he was deserving of assistance. He was regarded as a protégé who needed and expected help. The collection plate and the uplifters' program always hovered near him.

It is now emphasized, however, that the Negro might help himself. Given industrial opportunity he becomes a good worker. He is a good family man, though all too frequently he suffers in general esteem from the prevalence of rowdyism among his own race in some of the larger cities. At present he is restricted to those residence districts from which white people are moving away. Notwithstanding the fact that a highly respectable and valuable type of family life exists among Negroes, it is too commonly the practice of municipal authorities to segregate alongside the Negro settlement any special form of outlawry which police-politics may condone. When, to escape from this condition, Negroes seek respectable surroundings in districts inhabited by whites, difficulties ensue.

These conditions point clearly the way for the next step of self-help, namely, the establishment for themselves of communities where their families may be reared under the best and most congenial influences and where their rights as citizens may be wholly enjoyed. It is practically hopeless to attack as "prejudice" the real opposition which exists to mixing the races. The Negro does not want to crowd in among the whites; what he does want is the air, sunlight, space and sanitation which are to be had in white residential sections. He should have all these things in his own quarter. He can have them if he will intelligently construct such communities and render them illustrative of the virtues of his race at their best.

## *Ads for Cigarets*

"ASK DAD," advised the cigaret ad. And he will tell you not to. But they are getting around Dad by ringing in the authors to keep the cigaret tips burning. Will Rogers writes the ad and takes the fee, but honestly says that he doesn't use the stuff himself. Latest among the professional fag boosters is Irvin S. Cobb. He goes on talking about maple sugar up north. The melty days when sap drips into the pails; snowy New England groves; maple syrup, maple sugar, the essence of northern forests and winters and springs. That, he says, is like tobacco. Flavor of maple syrup; fragrance of tobacco. Mr. Cobb says he has not written advertisements for "manufactured products" because in doing so he would only feel like "a hired hand" exploiting this or that commodity "for so much a word." But with this special brand of cigarets, it is different. It gets to his heart.

Now we know what fame is in America, what its apex. It is to become admitted to the Cigaret Ad Writers' Union.

## *Fall Games*

CAMPAIGNS are over—for this year. What were they? Mostly competitions between sides, between groups of friends, each for its favorite's chance at a public job. In the meantime, the Commonwealth had no partisans. The autumn football season decides something; would that as much could be said for the autumn political games. Vote for Jimmy; vote for Harry; vote for Dick. When shall we begin to vote upon the highest community issues?




***The Man from Chicago*** dropped into The Office, and somehow the talk fell upon Germans. And then it turned to his imprisonment in Germany for five months, and the pitting of American against German wits. "Sometimes they were very clever," said he in describing their efforts to trap him, "but mostly they were just—German." Naturally, the German sense of superiority and the American's sense of the same clashed.

"The worst thing about solitary confinement is the gnawing desire to see or hear something familiar," said the man from Chicago. "I had a jailer who had a long white beard and looked like a saint, but he was the very devil for thinking up silent torture. I had nothing to read. I wanted to keep my wits about me, for they were continually trying to trick me into statements that I did not care to make. They wanted some little thing to hang on our Government, and I had to be on my guard. I had to keep my mind at normal. Then I began to draw out of my mind much of that with which I had stored it. With my thumbnail I scratched on the whitewashed wall the words of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. There grew upon me a terrible thirst of mind for a sight of the American Flag. If I could only see something familiar, like the Flag, it would be a great thing. So I made one. It took weeks of time, but I made one out of waste paper. The red stripes I made with jam. I hid the Flag in my cot, but I think it helped to keep my mind straight. It was a terrible experience, but now that I look back upon it I can see where it had advantages. The United States as a great Idea in the world never stood out so clearly for me, as it did then. I saw how little one man's life is worth when it comes to the preservation of a Free Nation. I felt myself one of America's defenders, even in that German jail. For that reason I would not stand up for their judges or generals when they came to my cell. I was an American! Let them do their utmost, they could not take that from me."

***The Man from the East*** dropped into The Office, looked at a copy of *Harper's* and remarked he was glad Dayton, Tennessee, was getting fair treatment at last. The deluge of New York abuse has collided with the fair-mindedness of the American people, and Tennessee is coming through.

"Of course, I don't agree with Dayton's theology or science, but its Americanism and its moral sense are admirable beyond words. I knew Bryan well, and I know Darrow. I can understand how, after a week of Darrow, Bryan should die. No, I don't intend that facetiously. Bryan never in all his life had such a glimpse into the abyss, into the profound negativeness of unbelief that was given him by Darrow. Bryan had a Dantesque experience. I think it killed him. He had no argument against it. There is no argument. He had no force to oppose it. There is no such force. It must kill itself, and it will. Darrow not only does not himself believe, but he is not willing that anyone else should believe. I can see his intellectual processes and understand them, and to a certain extent sympathize with them, but the effect of it all is poisonous even to me, his friend. Darrow himself appears to stand it very well. But the atmosphere he generates is dangerously depressing to some types of mind. I can stand it about an hour. I think Dayton whipped Darrow. Not Darrow's position in science, but Darrow the servant of the Everlasting Nay, as Carlyle would say. I wouldn't be at all surprised if Dayton should be the last considerable item in Darrow's public life."

***The Man from down York State way*** dropped into The Office and remarked that the book business was not so good this year. The best sellers were not selling so much as they did. A book that formerly would sell 150,000 copies was lucky this year if it rose to 100,000. Publishers and booksellers were feeling a little neglected by trade. The cause of the slump might be anything from automobiles to radios. Our Caller, who is himself an author—a novelist, in fact—thought maybe it was due to the dishwater that was served up as fiction.

"The old books are selling better than the new ones," he said. "I was with a group of men the other day and about the only thing they raved about was *Huckleberry Finn*. They talked of it with all the gusto that a great new book gives. I was with a publisher the other day who told me a bit of news about Louisa M. Alcott's *Little Women*. He said that all New York public libraries recently had to restock that book, and what do you think the order was? *Thirty-seven thousand copies!* Of *Little Women!* And in New York!"

"Well," said I, "that's the best piece of literary news I have heard in a long time. With Juvenile New York making 37,000 copies of *Little Women* necessary in the public libraries, New York may yet be admitted to America."

## "The Champion of England"

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY, where kings are crowned, where lie the makers of empire, warriors, statesmen, poets; where are commemoration tablets of England's mightiest and noblest, there is, on the wall of the West Cloister, a stone with an inscription that reads:

Beneath this Tablet Lie the Remains of
Mrs. Elizabeth Broughton,
Died 7th December 1784
Aged 59 Years
Also of Mr. John Broughton,
One of His Majesty's Ushers of the
Yoemen of the Guard
Died 8th January 1789
Aged 86 Years.

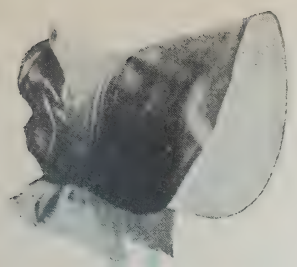
The John Broughton thus honored was at one time England's prize ring champion, who, born in 1704, began life as a Thames waterman, studied the art of boxing under a certain George Taylor, challenged and defeated his master in a fight with bare fists, opened a gymnasium and boxing school which was patronized by royal and fashionable folk, and was vanquished in April, 1750, by Lee Slack. His title to fame rested in his invention of boxing gloves, which, he assured his patrons, would "effectually secure them from the inconveniency of black eyes, broken jaws, and bloody noses," and, later, in the framing of a set of rules designed to discourage "unfriendly" practices in the ring. The "unfriendly" acts so denounced were "gouging, or forcing out the eye on an antagonist with the thumb," "the kicking of a man with nailed shoes," "the administering of punishment till life be extinct."

After his retirement from the ring, Broughton was appointed officer in the Yoemen of the Guard, and, according to some authorities, became a verger of the Abbey. At one time it was proposed to add the title "Champion of England" under his name, but the ruling Dean of the Abbey objected.

## Pita Floja Fiber Plants

THE first shipment of pita fiber to reach the United States recently landed in New York Harbor.

Pita floja fiber plants grow wild in many regions of Colombia. Its leaves attain an average length of fifteen feet. The fiber is of a very fine structure and, weight for weight, it is stronger than steel. It has an elasticity of one inch to the yard, has extraordinary resistance to the salt water and is easily dyed. It is divisible into one ten-thousandth of an inch and its ultimate fiber is about one-half inch longer than flax. Large tracts of the plant are found up the tributaries of the Magdalena and Atrato rivers in Colombia.



# "Grandmother's Band Boxes"



## Their Origin, and What They Held

By MARY HARROD NORTHEND

WHEN searching for things procurable, artistic and novel to use in house decoration, have you ever considered the advisability of the old-fashioned bandbox, with its pictured exterior, which may be tucked away and forgotten under the eaves of your attic? Decorative in design, they possess a distinct individuality and charm; fashioned of pasteboard, covered with hand-blocked paper, finished in gay color scheme, with one set of pictures on the side and another on top, they are surely very unique.

When did they first come into fashion and why? Old-time chroniclers tell us little, save they were not a feminine contraption, but designed for protection of neckbands worn by the eighteenth-century beaux. Ruffled shirts, and knee breeches demanded ornamental neckwear, thus wonderful creations with foundations of buckram covered with satin, silk and velvet, came into vogue, trimmed with rich lace and jeweled buckles; often were they so voluminous that only a box of generous dimension could hold them.

These bandboxes were diverted from their original use by our great-grandmothers who desired to utilize them to hold not only their headgear (not simple small bonnets, but calashes, muskmelon hoods, and poke bonnets, capacious enough to hide their fair faces) but smaller ones better to carry their muffs, wigs and caps which were in favor with the early nineteenth-century American belle.

Soon the boxes became so necessary that many different sizes and kinds were demanded, ranging from tiny ones, small enough to hold a cap, to those capable of holding party dresses, laces and camel's hair shawls. Time has dealt leniently with these old-time belongings, for we find them as rich in their bright coloring as when first made. The vegetable dyes of yesterday retain their colors far better than the anilined dyes used today. While we have steadily advanced in art, we have never been able to equal the rich tones of the colonial yellow, the soft shades of china pink, and the cool coloring worked into hemlocks, as depicted by our ancestors in olden days. These blend with the color notes necessary for interior decoration in present-day homes.

These forerunners of the modern hatbox reached the height of their popularity in the middle of the nineteenth century, fulfilling the mission of the traveling bag and modern wardrobe trunk. Protected from dust by cloth covering, finished with drawstrings, they could easily be carried on the pillion or stagecoach, arriving as fresh as when they started. Romances, sad and gay, are linked with their past history. Could they but speak, how eloquently would they relate stories, concerning bygone days and ways.

Into this art has woman intruded, for we come now and then across a quaint old-time wooden bandbox, labeled under the cover:

"BANDBOX MADE BY HANNAH DAVIS, EAST JAFFREY, N. H."

Such a one is still in existence owned by Lee Porter, of Boston, Massachusetts, an oval wooden box painted black, with yellow decorations. This type holds a special place in the old-time bandbox world.

Hannah Davis was enterprising. She purchased spruce logs, had them hauled to her door, then sawed and shaped them into proper lengths through use of a foot-power machine. Each one was oval in shape, sometimes covered with fancy wall paper, and again painted black with pattern drawn in. Their stability made them popular, especially for packing clothes to carry upon a long journey. Her prices were reasonable, rarely charging more than fifty dollars for the larger boxes and twelve and a half for smaller ones. These she delivered in person, within a limited area.

These boxes soon became very popular on account of both their convenience and reasonable prices. They came into style at a time when money was flowing more freely into our country, through the advance of commerce. This permitted better living and more elaborate dressing. In those days journeys were often made on horseback and necessitated lighter baggage as it was often fastened to the pommel of the saddle. Divested of their plain outer covering they were often artistic in decoration, especially when their soft faded exterior suggested the Japanese prints of that day.

Grandmother's bandboxes originated beyond question in France. For proof we come occasionally in a large collection upon one or more with "Carton-French" (for pasteboard) printed on it. They were copied in other countries, although the majority of those found today are of American make, illustrating events that took place during the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.

The majority of them are (Continued on page 25)




Events formed themes for bandboxes. So when the Grand Canal was opened we find it shown on the old-time box for holding headgear.

# Why and How It Is "America"

## Because Vespucci, Not Columbus, Best Understood the Art of Publicity

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

THE famous Spanish historian Gomara, in his History of the Indies, 1552, began the dedication to Emperor Charles the Fifth with this prophetic utterance: "The greatest event which has happened since the Creation of the world, aside from the incarnation and death of Him who created it, is the discovery of the Indies." Undoubtedly that remark was then regarded as a literary exaggeration. Evidently in disagreement was the Academy at Lyon, France, much later as it proposed about 1783, the prize topic, "Has the discovery of America been a benefit or an injury to the human race?" At the present time the world would agree that Gomara's statement was prophetic, fulfilled beyond dispute.

Full appreciation of the probable significance of the New World in future history was granted to two men who devoted themselves to making permanent records of the events of the discovery period, Peter Martyr and Ferdinand Columbus.

Peter Martyr, priest, ambassador and historian, began in 1493 to keep a systematic account of events in New Spain. The printed versions separated the events into decades and these "Decades" constitute the first history of the New World, among the most precious books on American history. A portion of the first Decade was published without Martyr's authorization in 1504; a separate volume appeared at Seville in 1511.

Ferdinand Columbus, son of the great Admiral, enjoyed the advantages of the best schools of his day. Ferdinand was devoted to the memory of his father and wrote an account of his life. This biography written in Spanish was first published in 1571 in Italian translation by Alphonse Ulloa. No trace of the Spanish original has ever been found. Ferdinand was interested, like his father and his Uncle Bartholomew, in maps as well as books, writing a work on the cosmography of Spain. Ferdinand Columbus was the first collector of Americana on record. The success of his father gave to Ferdinand the means to travel over Europe. On his journeys he collected rare books and particularly books which touched upon America. As Ferdinand was careful to note date and place of purchase with price these records give valuable information concerning book prices of long ago. In all, Ferdinand gathered a library of fifteen thousand volumes which he bequeathed to the Cathedral at Seville with provisions for placing the books at the service of students.

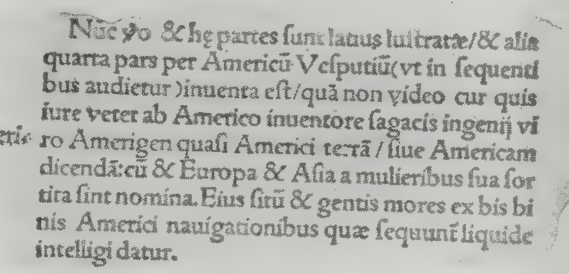
On the tomb of Ferdinand in this same old Cathedral at Seville a modest inscription was to be placed, devised by Ferdinand himself, stating: "Here lies Ferdinand Columbus, the son of Christopher Columbus, first Admiral, who discovered the Indies. He devoted himself to the cause of letters and of learning."

The provisions for the maintenance of the library at Seville were long honored only in the breach. Many of the volumes found their way to the book markets of London and Paris.

Today some of these valuable books with the detailed entries made by Ferdinand are found in other great libraries. The John Carter Brown Library possesses a book of 1507 with a note at the end in Spanish in the handwriting of Ferdinand Columbus: "This book cost 3 quatrines in Rome in June of 1515"; and a book of 1516 has a similar note. Fortunately the appreciation of the value of the Columbus library was awakened and today the library is protected and placed at the service of the public as Ferdinand intended. Among the most valued treasures of Ferdinand's library are a dozen books with marginal annotations made by the great Christopher Columbus himself. Ten American libraries have united to secure photographic reproductions of these works with the notes and in this form one may examine Christopher's handwriting in Cambridge, Providence, Ann Arbor, New York, Chicago, Washington and California.

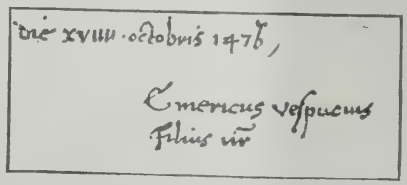
In any collection of Americana first place is given naturally to the letters of Columbus printed during the years 1493 and 1494 and later, which announced the birth of the New World. Not over one hundred copies of the letters of Columbus in fifteenth-century edition are known, as the works were fairly "devoured" by eager readers. The known copies are distributed among a few American and several European libraries. Now Australia and Asia are also entering the market for such rarities.

The first book to contain the name America was printed in the village of St. Dié in Alsace in the year 1507. This little cosmography ranks close in importance to the letters mentioned. In the same year the Alsatian students made a globe and also a large map of the world, which was found recently in the castle library of Prince Waldburg Wolfegg of Würtemburg, Germany.


Nūc vo & hę partes ſunt latius luſtratæ/& alia quarta pars per Americū Veſputiū(vt in ſequenti bus audietur )inuenta eſt/quā non video cur quis iure veter ab Americo inuentore ſagacis ingenij vi ro Amerigen quaſi Americi terrā / ſiue Americam dicendā:cū & Europa & Aſia a mulieribus ſua ſor tita ſint nomina. Eius ſitū & gentis mores ex bis bi nis Americi nauigationibus quæ ſequunt liquide intelligi datur.

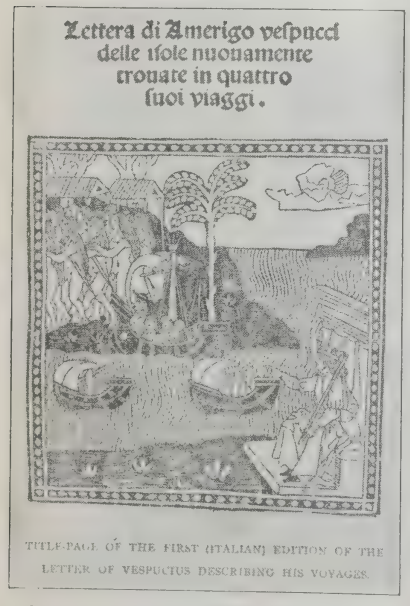
Ameri-
ca

The first appearance of the word America. This appears in the Cosmographiae Introductio published at St. Die in Alsace in 1507. The author, Martin Waldseemuller, states that it is called America after the discoverer, Amerigo Vespuccius, a serious error. The author adds that the feminine form America agrees with Europa and Asia.


die xviii octobris 1476

Emericus Veſpucius
Filius ur

Signature of Amerigo Vespucci in a letter to his father: "die xviii Octobris, 1476. Americus Vespucius, filius ur."


Lettera di Amerigo veſpucci
delle iſole nuouamente
trouate in quattro
ſuoi viaggi.

TITLE-PAGE OF THE FIRST (ITALIAN) EDITION OF THE LETTER OF VESPUCIUS DESCRIBING HIS VOYAGES.

The famous Vespucci letters, first edition, Italian, 1505. Vespucci made his accounts more interesting than those of Columbus and so these letters were more widely read and copied.

This is the first map with the name America upon it.

Among rare books the original records of great voyages of discovery command first place. The accounts of the voyages of Cartier and Champlain in the Great Lakes region, of Hudson and Frobisher, of Sir Walter Raleigh's adventures as described by the English mathematician, Thomas Hariot, touch regions where there is wealth and intelligent appreciation of the events of history.

The early history of the Great Lakes appears largely in the Jesuit Relations, small pamphlets recounting the struggles of the priests in carrying their messages to the Indian tribes of North America. These "Relations" are precious. Fairly complete sets are found in Quebec and in the William L. Clements Library at Ann Arbor.

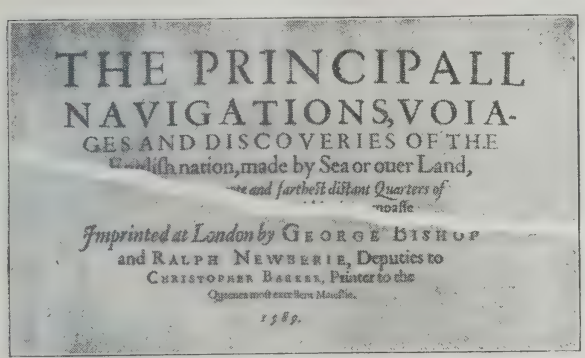
The early collections of voyages enjoy high favor also in the eyes of book collectors, furnishing frequently the



Illustration from the famous DeBry Voyages. Fine Columbus type of ship. Note the flying fishes.

great libraries of England and America.

Thomas Hariot, a mathematician and scientist, went, in 1585, on the colonization expedition sent by Sir Walter Raleigh to Virginia. During the stay of more than one year he made observations of the plant and animal life of the region as well as observations of the inhabitants. In 1588 appeared at London Hariot's *A briefe and true report of the New found land of Virginia, of the commodities there founde and to be raysed as well marchantable, as others for victuall, building and other necessarie uses for those that are and shalbe the planters there, and of the nature and manners of the naturall inhabitants.* Prominent among the products were potatoes, later introduced into Ireland, and tobacco and corn, now highly important world products.


THE PRINCIPALL
NAVIGATIONS, VOIA-
GES AND DISCOVERIES OF THE
English nation, made by Sea or ouer Land,
... and farthest distant Quarters of
... earth
Imprinted at London by GEORGE BISHOP
and RALPH NEWBERIE, Deputies to
CHRISTOPHER BARKER, Printer to the
... Maiestie.
1589.

First collection of voyages in the English language. Extremely rare and valuable.

In 1590 a folio edition of Hariot's work in English with twenty-two plates and a map was issued by Theodore DeBry in Frankfort. These two works are found together in the Clements Library, and in the Huntington Library in California. Either one would make of any library possessing it a distinguished library. Theodore DeBry of Frankfort began with Hariot's work the publication of a series of finely illustrated volumes with accounts of voyages. Hariot's account was published in three versions in Latin, German, and in English. The DeBry volumes continued to appear until 1634, making the acquisition of any complete set a work requiring real patience. During this long period of production the popularity of the work, the copperplate illustrations being largely responsible, made it necessary to publish second and third editions of some of the volumes. The collector desires all the variations and each discovery of a change in size or form of even an initial letter is hailed as an event worthy of note.

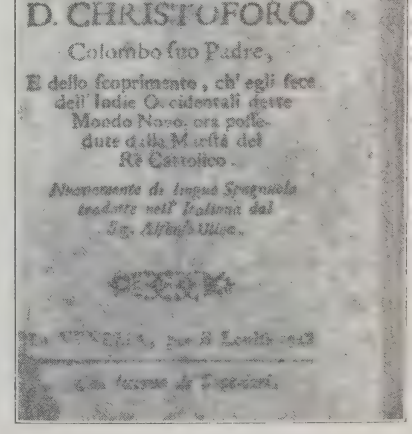
Printing began in the New World, not in Cambridge or New York as one is tempted to believe, but rather printing began in Mexico City in the year 1539. Mexican "imprints" of 1539 to 1600 are among the rarest of American treasures. Even those works printed in Mexico before 1800 are highly prized because of their rarity, due partly to the Mexican habit of revolution. Particularly the imprints which deal with the Indians or with any other subject than religion are desired; however, the religious works predominate, as they do in early New England and Pennsylvania. The material in all cases has little attractiveness today and was never really exciting literature.

Printing in the English Colonies began one hundred years after its appearance in Mexico and long after printing had appeared in Peru. In 1639 Stephen Daye set up a press in Cambridge, Massachusetts. The first product of this press was an almanac which type of literature continued in popularity from that day down to the present. Following the almanac a single leaf bearing the Oath for Freemen was printed, also in 1639. The next year there appeared the first English book, "The Bay Psalm Book," now counted

(Concluded on page 28)

earliest accounts of voyages of great importance. Of Cartier's first voyage to America in 1534, the Italian Ramusio included in 1556 an account which is the earliest known. Ramusio voyages appeared in three folio volumes of about 1,000 pages each; the work was so popular that other numerous editions of the separate volumes appeared from 1550 to 1613.

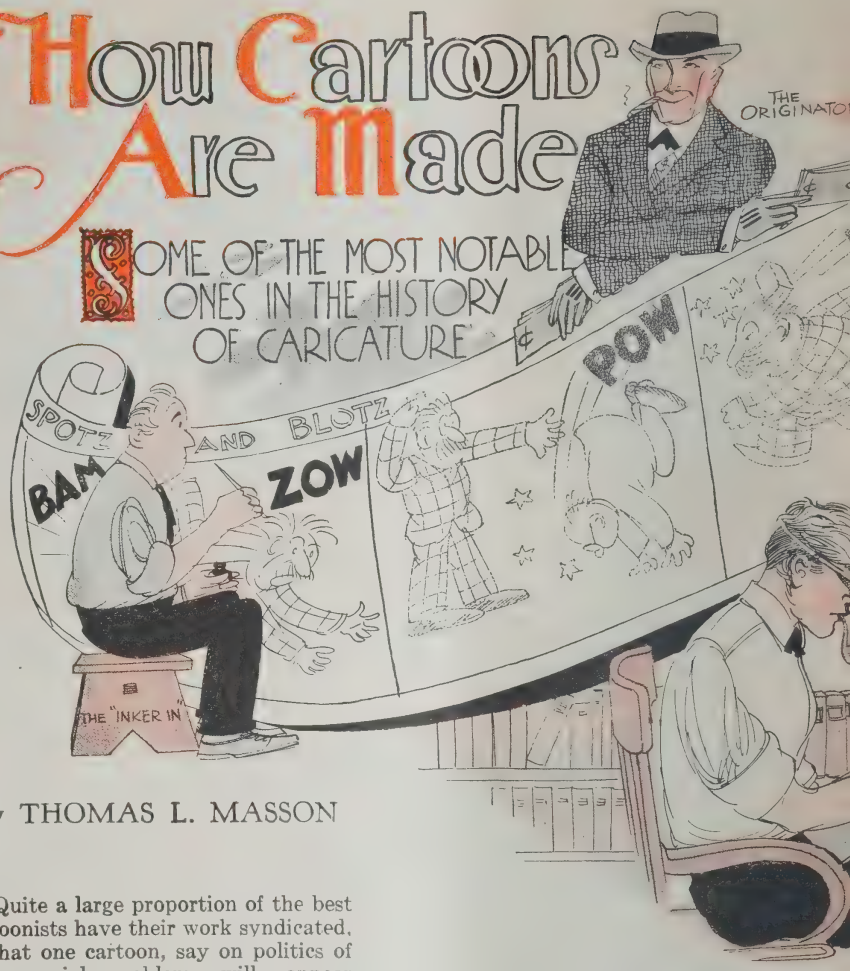
In 1582, Richard Hakluyt published "Divers Voyages Touching the Discouerie of America," to stimulate colonization. In 1589, the same author brought out a much larger collection of voyages which was well received. This work was issued in three parts, 1598-1600, entitled: "The Principal Navigationes Voiages, Traffiques, and Discoueries of the English Nation . . ." In the third volume Hakluyt gives in English Ramusio's account of Cartier's first voyage and a fragment of the account of Cartier's third voyage of 1540 which is unfortunately the only early printed record of that important voyage. Hakluyt's work is naturally sought by the


HISTORIE
DEL SIGNOR
D. FERNANDO
COLOMBO,
Nelle quali si tratta particolare, e veratt.
... della vita, e de' fatti
dell' Ammiraglio
D. CHRISTOFORO
Colombo suo Padre,
E dello scoprimento, ch' egli fece
dell' Indie Occidentali dette
Mondo Nouo, ora posse-
dute dalla Maestà del
Rè Cattolico.
Nuouamente di lingua Spagnuola
tradotte nell' Italiana dal
Sig. Alfonso Ulloa.

Title-page, Life of Christopher Columbus by his son, Ferdinand Columbus. The first edition appeared in 1570.

# How Cartoons Are Made

## Some of the Most Notable Ones in the History of Caricature




By THOMAS L. MASSON

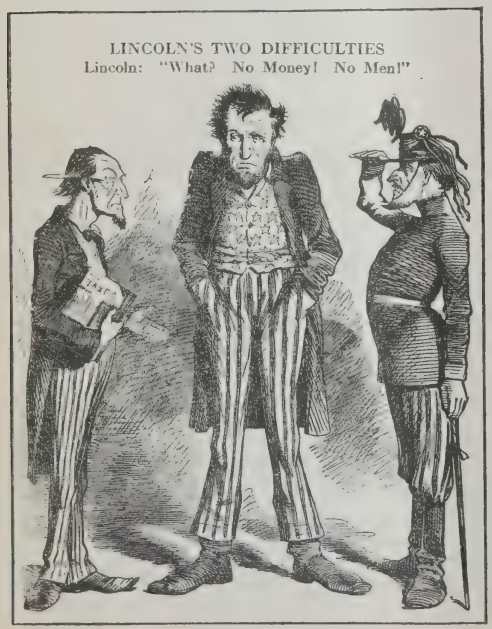
RECENTLY I sat in the studio of one of the greatest cartoonists in this country, a man who refuses to attach himself to any paper, preferring, as he says, to be guided by his own star.

He complained because his boy had just bought a three-dollar necktie, which he thought was grossly extravagant. He was probably right.

"I have had a lot of offers," he said. "One the other day of $300 a week, just for a part of what I do, but upon my word I'd rather wear a fifty-cent tie than do something which doesn't appeal to me. I guess the boy feels otherwise."

This doesn't mean for a moment that all attached cartoonists are slaves. On the contrary, a large part of the success of a cartoonist consists in his agreement and sympathy with the editorial policy of the paper for which he works. The public is quick to detect any note of insincerity. Besides, an artist cannot do a good cartoon unless he feels it.

One of the best cartoonists we have, employed by one of the largest daily papers, told me the thing which is hardest to bear is the indifference with which his work is treated by the management. He finished his preliminary sketches (usually rough outlines in pencil), they were approved without comment, published every morning, and that was the last he heard of them so far as the paper itself was concerned. The only "kick" he got out of them would be an occasional letter or message from some friend. This leveling of an artistic talent to a business routine is due to the pressure brought to bear upon the members of an editorial staff, which cannot waste its enthusiasm on superfluous surfaces.



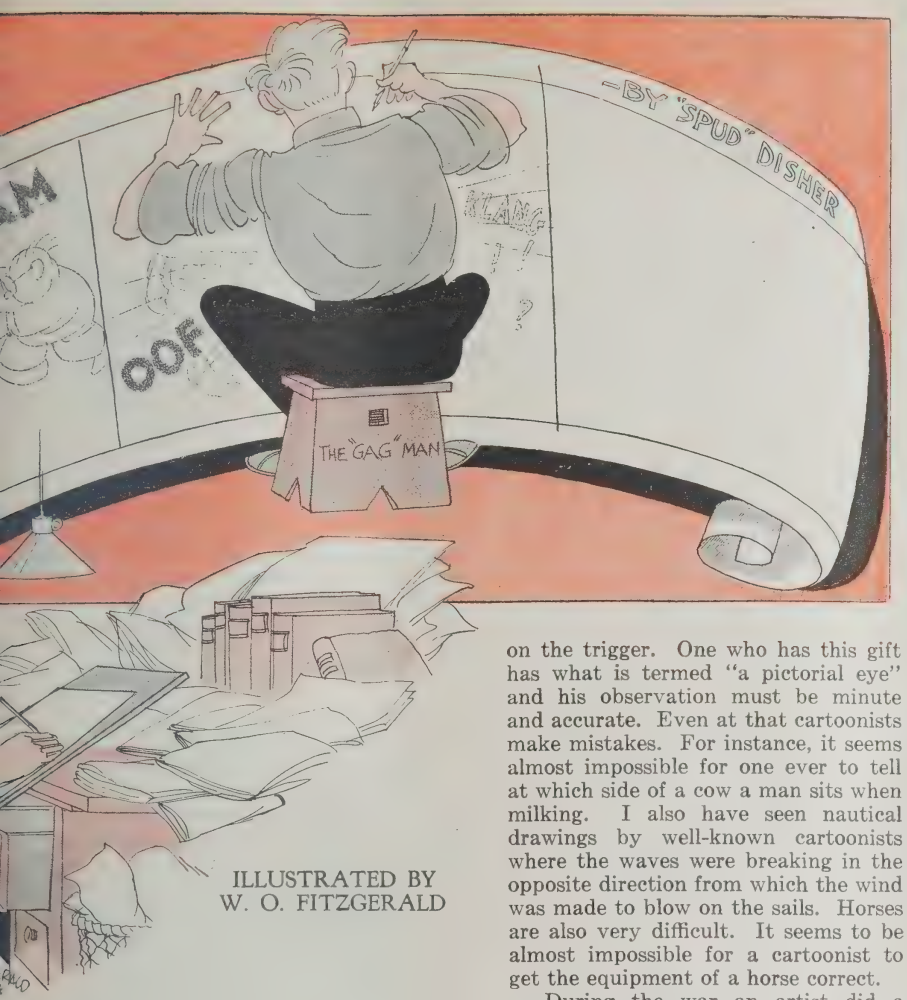

How John Tenniel used Lincoln as a character in a cartoon (*Punch*, 1862).

Quite a large proportion of the best cartoonists have their work syndicated, so that one cartoon, say on politics of some social problem, will appear simultaneously all over the country. This can be done only when there is time; that is to say, when the idea depicted will keep until it can be used.

This handicap has resulted in what may be termed a generalization of ideas, and has divided the work of cartoonists into the local and immediate, as differentiated from the more abstract and general. A local cartoonist will submit his idea to the editor or staff in the morning, or it will be suggested to him through conference. He will make his drawing, and this will be published the next morning, possibly with editorial comment. The same cartoonist, if he is in the first class, may also make a weekly cartoon, one which will keep, say, a month, and this will be sent out through the syndicate department.

The incomes derived by the best cartoonists are not nearly so large as the incomes of the best comic strip men, who may earn all the way from $30,000 to $150,000 a year. Many cartoonists on small papers get a weekly salary, rarely more than $50 or $75 a week. The rate paid for a single cartoon depends, of course, upon the reputation and ability of the artist and the periodical or paper. Some of the weeklies pay as high as $100 for a single drawing. Most cartoonists are attached to some paper, a free lance being the rare exception. As to the respective ability of the comic strip artist and the cartoonist, it is rather difficult to make any comparison. The work of the cartoonist seems to require a higher order of brains. If he is on a daily paper, he must furnish a new idea every day. His drawing must be so simple that its meaning is understood at a glance. He must be a student of affairs, and know the history of his country, at least in outline, and must naturally feel his citizenship.

On the other hand, the comic strip man after he has first evolved his characters (such as the Foxy Grandpa of Carl Schultze or the Mutt and Jeff of Bud Fisher) must do nothing else but ring the changes on them every day. In some cases the comic strip men, who have originated characters which have become familiar to the public, not only actually employ other men to furnish ideas, but even other artists to imitate their style and do the drawing, so that all they themselves do




ILLUSTRATED BY
W. O. FITZGERALD

is to draw their pay and take out a small part of it for those who are doing the work. This shows the enormous power of a single idea, which thus continues to support its creator indefinitely.

So far as the cartoonists and their work are concerned, however, I regret to say it is too often true that they know too little about the history of this or any other country, and even their knowledge of current affairs is superficial. There is probably no talent which displays itself as a gift like drawing. A man either has or hasn't it. Men who have it find their work in demand, and so swiftly do things move, that they have no time to acquire a sufficient background. The result is that a too large proportion of cartoons we see are not based upon deep-seated knowledge, or that kind of meditation which is necessary to produce masterpieces. Of course, as I have stated, a cartoonist is handicapped a great deal by the speed with which his work must be finished, and also by the fact that the genius for getting a complete situation on paper in the fewest lines is such a special thing in itself that it is not always accompanied by the capacity for study or research.

A popular cartoonist must be quick on the trigger. One who has this gift has what is termed "a pictorial eye" and his observation must be minute and accurate. Even at that cartoonists make mistakes. For instance, it seems almost impossible for one ever to tell at which side of a cow a man sits when milking. I also have seen nautical drawings by well-known cartoonists where the waves were breaking in the opposite direction from which the wind was made to blow on the sails. Horses are also very difficult. It seems to be almost impossible for a cartoonist to get the equipment of a horse correct.

During the war an artist did a cartoon for me of the marines and got the uniforms wrong. A howl went up from headquarters, not only here but in France. Later, another artist (Paul Stahr) did a cartoon of the Red Cross and Motor Corps women in color. We were both determined to get the picture right, so Mr. Stahr actually got together all the women in their uniforms and, grouping them, painted them from life. This picture now hangs in my library and a hundred years from now could be used as an accurate presentment of the uniforms our women wore during the war. Mr. Stahr will remember that he was paid $25 extra for this additional trouble to get the detail right. It was worth a good deal more than this.

Admitting that the artist has the proper skill and facility in drawing, the great difficulty in getting up a daily or even weekly cartoon is, first, the idea, and second, the setting. In most cases the subject is decided upon either by the editor or the editorial staff in conference. Then the artist may make a pencil sketch for further consideration; or, on his own account, may submit several preliminary ideas in the rough and a selection from these is made by the editor, the whole process taking but a few minutes. The most difficult part of the work is the caption or text underneath. Oftentimes this is suggested by the situation in the picture as, for example, in *Punch's* historic cartoon by Tenniel, of Bismarck, the caption "Dropping the Pilot" was obviously the only one.

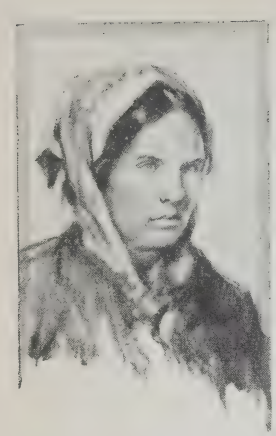
For purposes of pictorial representation in cartoons I have always kept on hand a set of the world's most famous picture reproductions, as they often serve as a basis to carry ideas. Fairy stories also, because they are so familiar to everyone, are a prolific source from which to draw. I would not dare say how many times *Beauty and the Beast*, *Cinderella*, and *Jack the Giant Killer* have thus been used as a basis for cartoons. These subjects, however, are rapidly exhausted, so that our modern cartoonists are forced to use modern objects—motor cars, flappers, gun men, radio sets, and a host of other things which have become part and parcel of our horizon and environment. When public men are used as the characters in cartoons they are pictured in all sorts of ways. Thus Kepler made Blaine as a tattooed man and Davenport made Mark Hanna with a suit covered with dollar marks.

In this country the custom of caricaturing prominent men is not so widespread as it was; that is to say, as cartoon subjects. But the art of caricature has made great advances. In England, *Punch* continues its traditional policy of cartooning public men, Raven Hill and Bernard Partridge keeping well up to the high standards of that best of comic weeklies.

It is only in recent (Continued on page 29)




Roosevelt was a popular subject with the cartoonists. This one by Sear appeared in the New York *Globe*.



# Lack of English May Mean Death

## Foreigners' Ignorance of Language Is the Cause of the Killing and Maiming of Many Industrial Workers in America Each Year



By MARIAN K. CLARK

DESPITE the fact that literally hundreds of millions of dollars have been spent in so-called "welfare work" in the past ten years, it is generally conceded that the non-English speaker in industry remains the greatest unsolved problem, the greatest accident hazard, and the greatest turnover liability with which the basic industries of this country have been and are now confronted.

Two factors of vital importance have been consistently overlooked by the average industrial management: first, the human problem—the *volker psychologie* of the Germans; and second, the language problem—the industrial dialect of the industry.

When the immigrant arrives in this country he is alien to our language; our customs. At once he is snatched up by a labor agent, perchance with an order for "forty Spaniards." He is hurried to a train; to a distant town; to a huge and high-power industry. He cannot understand the orders of his boss and his training in obedience goes for nothing when he fails to comprehend commands. He is "fired." Lacking any means of mutual communication employer and employe remain each to the other an unsolved mystery and from this misunderstanding follows the maladjustments that lead to industrial accidents, discontent, restlessness, dissatisfaction, segregation and finally turnover.

In one of the foremost industries of the country where turnover was excessive the costly "welfare work" consisted of milk pasteurization, tennis courts, ball grounds, hospitals, modern housing, et cetera, but the single men were sleeping in double shifts in vermin-infested bunks; while in the carbon rooms an out-of-order exhaust system blew dust into the eyes and lungs of the workers, blackened the atmosphere and piled in drifts upon the floor. It is needless to say that tennis courts cannot be considered an alleviation for the conditions described above. Elaborate systems of welfare management through overorganization often lose their human touch and become mechanical, many of them could very well be modified and simplified, for often their very complexity renders them cumbersome and inflexible and acts as a barrier between managers and those whom they desire to reach.

Until the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics began its inquiry into the accident hazard of non-English speakers in 1917 no systematized analysis had been attempted by a governmental agency to establish the relativity of the alien as an economic factor in industry. The result of that inquiry very definitely established the status of the foreigner as a high accident hazard and a high turnover factor in basic industries. In the same year the State Industrial Commission of New York, through its Bureau of Industries and Immigration, conducted an investigation, based upon the British system, and computed upon the testimony of four thousand non-English-speaking applicants for compensation, with the result that a definite relationship was established between alien illiteracy and industrial accidents. The results of both of these studies have proved conclusively that the ratio of high accident rates to non-English speakers is constant regardless of safety activities and high welfare expenditures.

In the minutes of the hearings before the Congressional Committee which investigated the causes leading up to the great steel strike, an official of one of the largest steel corporations dismisses the subject of the non-English speaker with the remark that "there is no way of getting hold of the foreigner." It is true, there is "no way of getting hold of the foreigner" in a furnace in Pittsburgh from a skyscraper office in New York!

Owing to our public school system the American workman is unit for unit the most efficient workman in the world today and industrial Americanization must begin with a common language for a basis, for whether it be to transform a foreign workman into an American workman or a common laborer into a skilled mechanic, we must bestow upon him first the language of the country.

The non-English speaker does not require scholastic instruction in this connection, nor is it the function of the employer to provide education for him, as such. Education of the alien, once fully admitted to the country, is the obligation of the state and the community of which he is a component part; but, introduction into industry of a system of Industrial English is to be regarded not as an *educational but as a commercial activity.*

It is an amazing fact that the Department of Economics in each and every university in the United States has overlooked this most important phase of not only industrial but political economy. Since the solution of this stupendous problem depends upon methods of instruction it is the patriotic duty of every university in the land to study these statistics, to organize extension courses, to compile vocabularies, to construct dialects and to wipe out the non-English speaker whether such courses are endowed or not.

One language in industry would make for stability, which lessens the excessive cost of turnover. It would increase efficiency and decrease the waste of the green hand. It is estimated that the cost of turnover in industries where non-English speakers are employed runs from 15 to 1,000 per cent, and an exceedingly conservative estimate of the cost of such replacement runs from fifty to five hundred dollars and upward a man. "Hiring and firing" constitutes the most excessive loss in modern industry and this, when added to the cost of accidents among non-English speakers, confronts the industrial world with a staggering loss for which no reasonable remedy has as yet been adopted.

In the 72,000 factories of New York State more than 2,000,000 workers are employed of whom more than 1,500,000 are foreign born. Of these, *400,000 cannot read or write in their own language and 700,000 cannot understand or speak English.* This is a condition that makes individual development impossible and is a barrier to industrial progress and a menace to industrial safety.

During the past decade industrial accidents in New York State have

averaged 1,000 a day. In compiling industrial accident statistics it has been shown that after the seventh year of operation in Compensation Law the peak has been reached, but in New York, with its excessively large population of non-English speakers, there has been a complete reversal of this experience and the ratio of 1,000 accidents a day, once reached, *has remained constant.* These 1,000 accidents a working day, resulting in either total or partial disability, mean casualties of 350,000 a year of which 14 per cent are fatal, and which cost as an initial expenditure, $20,000,000 per annum. To this sum must be added the cost of medical benefits, administration of the Compensation Law, wages and cost of turnover, all of which has increased the total cost of accidents, direct and indirect in that state, to approximately $35,000,000 yearly or at the rate of $117,000,000 a day for each working day in the year, and 70 per cent of these applicants, in the New York Office, present their claims through an interpreter.

This is an appalling record. It means that every year one industrial worker in every five in the State of New York is so seriously injured while at work that he is at least temporarily incapacitated. These figures appear most unfavorable when contrasted with corresponding statistics of other countries having no language problem.

In Great Britain in 1921, there were 7,315,866 industrial workers and only 283,361 accidents of which only 2,385 or four-fifths of one per cent were fatal; as against 2,000,000 workers in New York State having 350,000 accidents of which 14 per cent were fatal. This contrast is to be deplored not only on the ground of humanity but on the grounds of pecuniary and productive loss.

The fact that 70 per cent of the applications for compensation in New York City are presented through interpreters is concrete evidence that the non-English speaker is a huge drain upon industry, and, if this loss, as all investigations tend to prove, *is primarily caused by ignorance of our language,* its elimination should engage the undivided attention of the industrial management of our time. *"English for Safety"* should be adopted as an industrial slogan in all industries where non-English speakers are employed and results noted.

Ignorance of the English language, with consequent inability to read traffic signs, has been disclosed as a cause of traffic accidents which are so disastrously on the increase and the "Conference on Street and Highway Safety" has instituted an investigation to ascertain to what extent illiteracy may be considered as a factor in traffic accidents. The Delaware Safety Council has taken steps to ascertain facts about the type of driver who is the most frequent violator of traffic rules and the reasons therefor.

Connecticut is also taking into account the question of illiteracy as a factor in motor car accidents and had started a movement to teach enough English to foreign-born drivers to enable them to distinguish between "Go" and "Stop" signs and to recognize road signals. When it is considered that not only the lives of the drivers are at stake but lives of the public as well, it would appear that the time to insist upon such instruction would be before a license to drive is issued and not afterward.

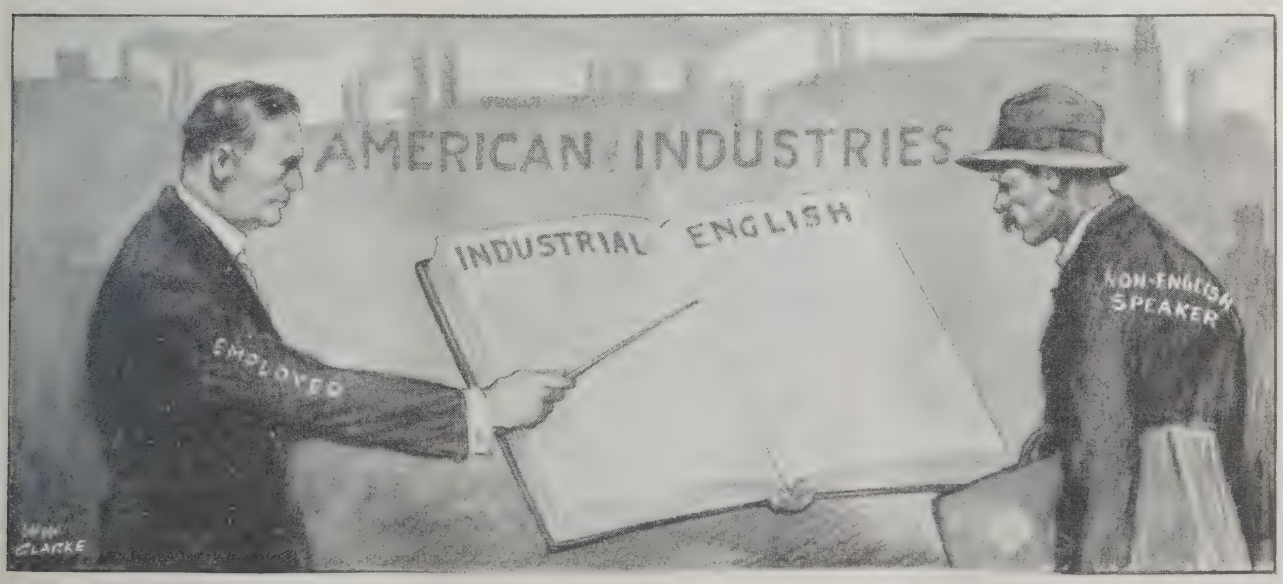
Some 14,000,000 persons in the United States are of foreign birth, nearly half of these cannot read nor write the English language and some 2,000,000 are illiterate even in their native tongue. They have been in general neglected, unappreciated, forced to segregate and denied, through ignorance of our language, the opportunities for contact with that which is best in American life.

*Their value to the country, to their families, and to themselves could be enormously increased by a compulsory amendment to the immigration law providing for the mandatory acquisition of an English dialect within a definite specified time after admission to the country.*

*No European nation has ever at any time tolerated the use of a foreign language by colonists after a specified length of residence, and no European nation has ever had even an approach to an immigration problem such as ours for consideration.*

Although these facts have been presented in the form of reports by government agencies, industrial and insurance statistics, safety conferences and private reports since 1917, the carnage still goes on and the absentee system of industrial management has completely supplanted the absentee system of landlordism from which the unfortunate alien had precipitately fled.

Upon the language of a nation depends the development of a nation, its literature, its type and its traditions. If a nation is to remain dominant the language of that nation must predominate. It cannot be tolerated at this particular epoch of American history that any foreign influence, either of race or language, shall gain the ascendency over either our characteristics or our institutions. If our national language is to remain the English language, then let there be compulsory requirements for every immigrant to learn an industrial dialect within a given stipulated period after his admission to the country, and one of the most valuable contributions to posterity that can be bestowed upon this nation will be the elimination by industry of the non-English speaker as an industrial entity in the United States.




"Introduction of a system of Industrial English is to be regarded not as an educational but as a commercial activity."

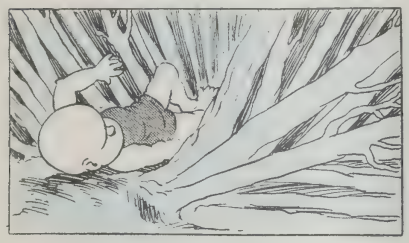
# Who is Paul Bunyan?

## —Great American Myth



By THEODORE M. KNAPPEN

CRITICS agree that staggering exaggeration is the mainstay of the American type of humor. If they are right, Paul Bunyan is not only the greatest and perhaps the only indigenous American myth, but he is also the magnificent personification of American humor. Well known among all who are associated with the huge forest industries of America, Paul has but recently attracted the attention of the



"Rolled so much he destroyed four square miles of timber."

literati. College professors are turning their inquiring spectacles toward his achievements, rejoicing in having a myth in captivity for their seminars and other literary clinics. "Colyumnists" are giving him free publicity, short-story writers are sending forth their own accounts of his adventures, the National Lumber Manufacturers Association plans a Paul Bunyan anthology for the eternal renown of its legendary hero, and a well-known publisher now announces the early appearance of a collection of his fabled exploits.

And yet many a well-informed person will ask, Who is Paul Bunyan?

Paul is the giant of the lumber jacks; a myth in installments; a living personage whom no one has ever seen, but to whose mythical biography a thousand imperturbable jesters of the lumber camps are still making their contributions.

It is passing strange that out of lumbering, and not out of war or religion, the Great American Myth has come.

In the run of a camp conversation about logging operations a tough and gnarled veteran of the woods will be moved to relate some deed of Paul Bunyan's performed "on the Big Onion, the winter of the Blue Snow" and another will respond with an account of a mighty achievement "at Shot Gunderson's camp on the Tadpole, the year of the Sourdough Drive." They toss the myth back and forth. Each fabricates a stupefying lie—majestic in its impossibility, grotesque in its contradictions. The unwritten law of these sublime contests in unrestrained fiction is that neither auditor nor veteran hearer shall ever evince mirth or wonder. These unworthy emotions are left for the greenhorns of the camp, but when an old hand surrenders to sniggers, it is the supreme testimonial accorded the anecdotal genius of the story-teller.

Some contend that Paul Bunyan was born in Maine, date of birth unknown; others say that the French-Canadian woodsmen found him and carried him with them to all the lumber camps of the Northern States from Maine to Washington; while there are still others who contend that he was miraculously born in the pineries of the Lake States. Judged by the extensive locale and the various periods of the exploits attributed to him he attained his prime between 1880 and 1900 when lumbermen were mowing the white pine forests of Michigan, Minnesota, and Wisconsin at a rate that rivaled Paul's unlimited resources

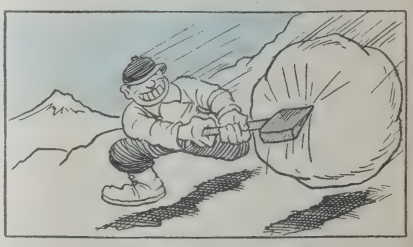
The version that honors Maine with Paul's birthplace says that no trustworthy account of his parentage or ancestry is extant. "When three weeks old," however, "he rolled around so much in his sleep that he destroyed four square miles of standing timber. Then they built a floating cradle for him and anchored it off Eastport. When Paul rocked in his cradle it caused a seventy-five-foot tide in the Bay of



"Saved nine barrels of ink one winter by leaving crosses off his t's and dots off his i's."

Fundy and several villages were washed away. He couldn't be awakened, however, until the British Navy was called out and fired broadsides for seven hours. When Paul stepped out of his cradle he sank seven warships and the British Government seized his cradle and used the timber to build seven more. That saved Nova Scotia from becoming an island, but the tides in the Bay of Fundy haven't subsided yet."

Paul grew up to be the mightiest of



"Paul's axmen had to sharpen their axes by rolling rocks down hill."

woodsmen, commanding the aid of certain powerful human and animal associates. Among these were or are Babe, the big blue ox; Benny, the little blue ox; Big Joe, the camp cook; Lucy, the cow; Elmer, the moose terrier; Sport, the reversible dog; Fido, the watchdog; Johnny Inkslinger, the headquarters clerk and bookkeeper, inventor of bookkeeping and master of economy (he saved nine barrels of ink one winter by leaving the crosses off his t's and the dots off his i's); Big Ole, the blacksmith at Paul's headquarters camp on the Big Onion; the Seven Axmen of the Red River; and The Little Chore Boy.

"When Paul invented logging," says the booklet, *Paul Bunyan and His Big Blue Ox*, published by the Red River Lumber Company of Minnesota and California, "he had to invent all the tools and figure out all his own methods. There were no precedents. At the start his outfit consisted simply of Babe and his big axe.

"No two logging jobs can be handled exactly the same way," we read, "so Paul adapted his operations to local conditions. In the mountains he used Babe to pull the kinks out of crooked logging roads (one very crooked road two hundred miles in length in Maine being quickly straightened in that way); on the Big Onion he began the system of hauling a section of land at a time to the landings, and in North Dakota he used the Seven Axmen the winter he logged off that state."

Some people doubt this latter achievement, but there are old-timers who were eyewitnesses, and besides there are no forests in North Dakota now—so there you have the confirmation of the tale! Moreover, Paul is credited with having saved North Dakota settlers not less than $563,000,-



"The men had to wait until Paul came to pick up the horses."

000 by clearing the land. If he had done as complete a job in Minnesota, say the wise ones, the northern part of that state would not still be a wilderness of impenetrable forests, small growth and brush, and sparsely settled. The incompleteness of the Minnesota job is attributed to the fact that Paul had not yet profited by the fruits of his inventive genius. For instance, it was not until the winter he logged off North Dakota that he invented the grindstone. Before that Paul's axmen had to sharpen their axes by rolling rocks downhill and holding the ax against the rolling rocks as they raced along beside them. In the Dakota hills rocks were scarce, and on the plains hills were few, and so necessity mothered the stationary revolving stone.

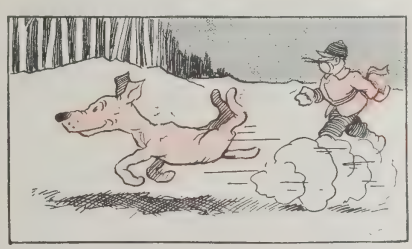
"This was much appreciated by the Seven Axmen, as it enabled them to grind an ax in a week, but the grindstone was not much of a hit with the Little Chore Boy whose job it was to turn it. The first stone was so big that working at full speed, every time it turned around once it was payday."

It was probably during the North Dakota operation that Paul invented the method of making a draft-team turn itself around. Before that when a sled returned from the landing and put on a load of logs the men had to wait until Paul came along to pick up the horses or oxen and the load and point them in the right direction. All of Paul's engineering inventions and efficiency methods were successful except his plan to run the camp in three ten-hour shifts a day and install the aurora borealis for night work. After a number of trials this plan was abandoned because the lights were not dependable.

Babe, the admirable Blue Ox, was an indispensable factor in Paul's great works. North Dakota would never have been logged off in one season if Babe had not been there to haul a section (a square mile) of timberland at a time to the landing and then haul the land back after the trees had been stripped from it. At six trips a day, six days in the week, a township of land was cleaned up every week. "Section 37 was never hauled back to the woods, but was left on the landing to wash away in the early spring when the log drive went out." A glance at any map of North Dakota will demonstrate the truth of this statement regarding Section 37, for not a township in the state has more than thirty-six sections.

"Babe was seven axhandles wide between the eyes," according to some authorities, says the Red River booklet; "others equally dependable put this distance at 42 axhandles and a plug of tobacco. Like other historical contradictions, this discrepancy comes from using different standards. Seven of Paul's axhandles were equal to a little more than 42 of the ordinary kind."

When Johnny Inkslinger figured cost sheets on Babe he found that upkeep and overhead were rather heavy, but the charges for operation and depreciation were low, and the efficiency was very high. Babe could not be kept at one camp for more than a single night, for he would eat in one day all the feed one crew could tote to a camp in a year. Between regular meals he would eat fifty bales of hay, wire and all; and six men were kept busy with picaroons picking the wire out of his teeth.



"Nothing can be said about the reversible dog."

Babe was a great pet and very docile, but he seemed to have a sense of humor. He liked to sneak up behind a drive of logs going down a river and drink out all the water, leaving the logs stranded. It was impossible to build a sling big enough to hoist Babe off the ground for shoeing, "but after they logged off North Dakota there was room for Babe to lie down for this operation."

Babe's water capacity came in handy the year Chris Crosshaul took a big drive down the Mississippi to New Orleans for Paul. Chris was a careless cuss, and when he came to deliver the logs, acceptance was refused because the marks showed they weren't Paul's. It was up to Paul to drive them back to Minnesota against the current. He simply fed Babe a good big salt ration and drove him to Lake Itasca to drink. The river was reversed and the logs went upstream faster then they came down.

Babe was a diligent worker but the wanderlust got him occasionally. At such times he would run away and roam through the Northwest with sad effects on its topography. His tracks were so deep that a man falling into one could only be hauled out with difficulty and a long rope. At the same time the tracks were so far apart that it was impossible to follow their trail. Babe's cavorting tracks made the ten thousand lakes of Minnesota.

Benny, Babe's sometime yoke-partner, was a gift to Paul Bunyan from a farmer near Bangor, Maine. Although Benny was inferior to Babe as an animate tractor, he could eat more. His digestive capacity was what caused the farmer to give Benny away, as he had only forty acres of hay and Benny had cleaned that up by the time he was a week old. At that he was undernourished, and weighed only "two ton" when Paul got him. Paul drove the Little Blue Ox from Bangor to his camp near Devil's Lake, North Dakota, in one night. Benny was a very notional beast and wouldn't pull a load unless there was snow on the road. That made it necessary to practice deception on him by whitewashing the dirt logging roads in the spring. Although Paul kept 200 men busy cooking flapjacks for Benny he was always hungry. In his hunger one night he went into such convulsions that he stirred up a wind that blew down what pine Paul had left standing in North Dakota. At breakfast time he tore loose from his moorings, stormed the cook shanty and began bolting pancakes. He swallowed the red hot stove along with the cakes and a fatal attack of indigestion resulted. The Black Hills are his grave mound.

Brimstone Bill was the ox-skinner who handled the two oxen. He was an unsung efficiency engineer and a great help to Paul. It was he who devised the idea of a buckskin harness for wet weather. Thus equipped Babe and Benny would pull the traces until they stretched from the load to the landing, where they were tied to a tree. As the leather shrunk it pulled the load up to the landing. In the meantime, Bill and his oxen were doing other work, such as hauling white snow from China. That was the winter of the Blue Snow on the Big Onion which was not suitable to logging roads. Fortunately, the Pacific Ocean froze over.

Great as he was, Paul Bunyan had some failures and disappointments,




"Deception by whitewashing the dirt logging roads in the spring."

usually due to "the mistakes of some swivel-headed straw-boss or incompetent foreman." In the long-remembered winter of the Blue Snow, Shot Gunderson, who represented Paul on the Big Tadpole, boomed his logs in a landlocked lake, (Concluded on page 32)

# The Parasite Hunters

(*Continued from page 6*)

generations of parasites in America. When these parasites grew sufficiently numerous they would check the pest, would bring Nature back to a balance. That was the end which the scientists had in view.

The hunters in China had a similar problem in hand but it had to do with the activities of a different insect. They were trying to counteract the ravages of the San José scale which got started in America some decades ago and spread to most of the orchards of the nation. It was scale medicine they were after but not medicine that would improve the health of those marauders.

The appearance of the San Jose scale, arch enemy of the orchard, started a world search for its parasites. The first task, no mean one in sleuthing, was to locate its native home. It was traced to Hawaii, to Australia, to Japan, but in each case found not to have been native there. It had been brought to those countries from somewhere else. Finally it was found along the Great Wall in Northern China, into which region there had never been any introductions from the outside, living on wild haw apples. This was its native home.

Here, also, was found a certain ladybird beetle that fed upon it and held it in check. Shipments of these were made to Washington but, what with the long journey and the strange climate, but two of them lived through the winter. One of these bore young. From her were raised many generations of ladybirds that were established in orchards from coast to coast. The war between the scale and the ladybirds was on and would have been fought to a finish, had not another method intervened. The lime-sulphur sprays came into use and, since the fruit grower could get immediate relief from them, he turned to them instead of waiting for the slower development of the parasites. Unfortunately the sprays kill the lady birds as well as the scale.



Habrobracon eggs on larvae of the European corn borer. Years have been spent to introduce a parasite that would lay eggs on the corn-borer larva, afterward to hatch out and devour it.

Here is another clear-cut example of the sort of thing that takes place in the shifting of insects from place to place. The sugar-cane leafhopper appeared in the Hawaiian Islands and, a few seasons later, was costing the planters $3,000,000 a year. One plantation, for example, had been making 10,000 tons of sugar a year and ran down to 800 tons. The United States, having taken Hawaii under her wing, sent her experts to study the problem. They soon discovered that this leafhopper had come from Australia. They hurried to that country, found out what were its natural parasites, collected quantities of them, hurried them to Hawaii and released them. One of these was a tiny creature which laid its eggs in those of the leafhopper. There the parasite hatched out and devoured the young leafhopper. Another leafhopper destroyer was a strapping beetle which went about the sugar cane and devoured great quantities of them. In a year, after these were introduced, they were so plentiful that the plantation cited above produced 11,000 tons of sugar. The sugar-cane leafhoppers have not worried Hawaii since.

Yet all of this is not so simple as it seems. It may require much time to find out what is the effective parasite of an insect. Maybe there are two or three that attack it at different stages of its development. If the destroyer is a moth, for instance, there may be a parasite that does good work by attacking it in the egg stage. Yet another may attack it in the caterpillar stage and another in the moth stage. It may be necessary to introduce all three.

Bringing a living insect from Australia to California, for example, may be a very complicated thing. It has, on occasion, been necessary to stop off at New Zealand and allow a new generation to be bred. Then a run might be made with these youngsters and Hawaii might be reached before, having lived for ten days, they died of old age. There a new generation might be bred and a run made for San Francisco, again in competition with the grim reaper.

There are infinitely delicate problems in handling this sort of livestock. One might be introducing, for instance, a parasite as big as a gnat. It, in turn, might have its own parasites, as big as a pin point. The task is to introduce the parasite you want, without bringing in the secondary parasite that would keep it from flourishing.



Adult Japanese beetles doing business with an apple.

Then there is the task of causing the immigrant to flourish in the new home. It may get along well and it may not. It is hard to know what is happening. Many parasites have been brought to America that have seemed to die out. Strangely they sometimes come to light after decades have passed, thus showing that they have been present all the time in small numbers, have not been noticed, but in the end have established themselves.

There is the case of a parasite of the Hessian fly, dreaded enemy of the wheat crop, for instance, that was brought to America in 1894 and released at Fredericksburg, Maryland. It did not seem to get hold and no specimens of it were found for many years. Twenty-three years later, however, it turned up and now it is abundant through Maryland, Pennsylvania and New Jersey and is performing yeoman service for the wheat growers and will probably spread and continue to do so to the end of time.

It is also true that parasites are not always the answer. In the case of the boll weevil, for instance, searches for effective parasites have been in vain. Certain insects that were already in the United States have attacked them and reduced their effectiveness as much as 10 per cent but have failed to destroy them. The search for an effective parasite never ceases, however, and may be found. Even now one that has been brought in may be slowly increasing in numbers and some day may turn the tide against this great plague.

This parasite hunting is one of the most peculiar tasks to which the government sets its hand. There is the emergency, for instance, presented by the recent invasion of the Japanese beetle, which, as a grub, lives on grass roots and as a grown beetle takes to the fruit trees. It is the most dangerous present pest. The government has had one

man in Japan and Korea for five years, doing nothing but hunting for parasites for this beetle. The trail grew hot and another veteran hunter was sent to help him. Then China was added to the possible sources of relief and two more men were dispatched to the Orient. India became of interest and others were sent out there. Russia became a prospect and difficulties of language being great, a scientist of that nationality was added to the staff of the American insect hunters. Yet this world search is not very far along.

There are more modest enterprises under way all the time. One does not hear much about the Mexican bean beetle, for instance, but it is a weevil that comes up from the South and attacks the bean crop. For years we have been sending men into Mexico to hunt for its native enemies. Some of these have been found but the menace to the bean crop is not yet defeated and the parasite hunters are still working on the task.

*Some of the Newest Plagues Out*

The European corn borer is one of the new plagues. It gets into the stalk of the corn and blights it. It gets in the middle of the cob and spoils the ear. It is one of the plagues that is just now harassing the agriculturist. The parasite hunters are abroad in search of those insects that, in other lands, keep it within bounds. They have established a laboratory in France and there a half-dozen scientific men are at work. They are sending corn borer enemies over all the time which are being established.

There is another newly arrived enemy of the garden abroad in the land, the earwig, which also comes from Europe. The alfalfa weevil is another native of that continent. The scouts in Europe are diligently on the trail of parasites that will master these pests.

It is only the present generation that has, with any degree of understanding and organization, set about a systematic fight on the insects. This idea of fighting insects with insects had its first striking demonstration when, back in the nineties, a scale, introduced from Australia, was wiping out the orange groves of California. Its native enemy, the ladybird beetle, was brought over and, in a year, had wiped it out. Then there followed the fifty-year fight in New England against the gypsy moth, the first great world combing for parasites, the establishment of hundreds of them, the ultimate turning of the tide. Thus were demonstrations put on, new applications of science shown to bring about practical results.

America has taken the lead in this fight, probably because she has suffered most. The great stretches of cultivated lands over here offer an opportunity for the spread of insect pests that is not presented elsewhere. They are introduced and, in the absence of their natural enemies, run riot. In America the summer season is longer than in Europe. Insects coming from that continent are likely to breed more generations in a year than they do at home. This causes them to become overnumerous. We have suffered more than other nations.

So we have developed agencies to fight the insects. The Bureau of Entomology, in the Department of Agriculture, has led the world in its studies of the insect problems. It employs more than 400 trained entomologists, more entomologists than existed in all the world a generation ago. It has developed an idea that is coming to be accepted all around the world. That idea is that man's greatest enemy and rival on this earth is the insect. Man and the insects are the two groups in the animal kingdom that are gaining in strength. The theory is that the insects are gaining faster than man, and that they may, in the end, do him to death by the simple means of eating up all his food. Man is inadvertently helping them to this end. He is furnishing them transportation that gives them new starts in new lands. He is killing off their prime enemies, the birds. In his crops he is providing them with food supplies such as they did not formerly possess. Recently, however, he has estimated the situation and thought of taking action to check this enemy. Now, finally, the conclusion has been reached that the most effective manner of campaign is that of setting insect to fight insect. So has an idea been born into the world that promises to develop vast possibilities.

*Insects Pave the Way for Famine*

The study of parasites is becoming world wide. Most nations are establishing bureaus of entomology modeled on our own. There is a commendable comradery among them. If a troublesome insect appears in Italy, for instance, that country sends out a bulletin to the entomological bureaus all around the world, asking for information on it. If we get a plague from Switzerland, we ask the nations of Europe for advice. The insect hunters of this country, wherever they go, apply first to the entomological bureaus and often find their work far advanced for them.

*A Ladybird Hotel Is Provided at Sacramento*

The end to which these experts on parasites are working is that of establishing parasite depots. The United States, for example, has a depot of ladybird beetles in Sacramento and will supply them to any orange-producing country that finds itself attacked by the scale upon which they feed. It has established a series of parasites of the gypsy moth and, should that pest get a start in New Zealand, or Argentina, it would be glad to help light the back fire. As time goes on the riddle of fighting more and more insects by the use of their parasites will be worked out. More and more depots will be established. Thus may man meet the rising tide of insects, a tide which he has heretofore tended to swell.

## Golden Rule Universal

AN INDICATION of the golden thread that runs through all religions, ancient and modern, pagan and Christian, collected from here and there expressed sentiments upon ideals; Duty, for example, or Diligence, or Tolerance, or Individuality, or Integrity. Everywhere is found exquisite simplicity and inimitable brevity, and everywhere the central idea was the same. Take the precepts on Justice.

Hindu. Do not force upon thy neighbor a hat that hurts thine own head.

Persian. Avoid everything calculated to injure others.

Chinese. He who strives to treat others as he would be treated by them will not fail to come near to the perfect life.

Grecian. He who commits injustice is always more unhappy than he who suffers from it.

Roman. Let not another's guilt make you sin.

Jewish. Thou shalt love they neighbor as thyself.

Christian. Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.


If shaving leaves your skin inflamed

INGRAM'S Therapeutic Shaving Cream is made particularly for you. It is more than a rapid beard softener—it prevents all after-shaving irritation and heals troublesome little cuts. It leaves your skin smooth, cool, invigorated and refreshed.

Thousands of men have told us that it makes shaving a pleasure—no longer a job to be dreaded.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50c. for the blue jar that contains six months of shaving comfort. Or send two cent stamp for sample.

Frederick F. Ingram Co.
*Established 1885*
117 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.
Also Windsor, Canada

*Made particularly for tender skins*



# O. Henry at Work and Play

(*Concluded from page 5*)

need of money, it is interesting as referring to his story, *Thimble-Thimble*, for which he was paid $200, a bargain price, as he facetiously says, in view of the fact that presently he was to receive from $500 to $750 and even $1,000 each for his stories:

"My dear Colonel Griffith: If you've got $100 right in your desk drawer you can have my next story, which will be ready for delivery next Tuesday at the latest. That will pay half; the other half on delivery.

"I'm always wanting money & I have to have a century this morning.

"I just wanted to give you a chance at the story at summer rates, if you want it.

"Please give the bearer a positive answer, as I'll have to know at once so as to place it elsewhere this forenoon. Yours very truly, Sydney Porter.

"P. S. Story guaranteed satisfactory or another supplied."

Readers of O. Henry need not be reminded that the *Thimble-Thimble* story, to which the foregoing letter refers, is a "trick" tale, on the order of Stockton's *Lady or the Tiger*.

Another letter, of even more interest to the great and growing audience of this master story writer, is not dated, but was written sometime in 1908, and is notable as disclosing his method of writing (always leaving a title, for instance, until a story was finished), and as referring to what has come to be regarded as perhaps the greatest of his tales. In a symposium conducted by the New York *Times* in 1914, in which some twenty of the foremost American fiction writers named what they considered the greatest American short story, the one referred to in this letter—*A Municipal Report*—received the largest number of votes, including that of Richard Harding Davis.

It will be observed that the author deliberately locates the scene of the story at Nashville, Tennessee, because Frank Norris, the novelist, had once said sarcastically, "Think of anything happening in Nashville, Tennessee!" As a further preface to this letter is the following extract from one written by Mrs. William Sydney Porter (his widow) in which she places this story at the head of a list which she regards as his ten best stories, with this qualification: "After all, I am not sure that it is *the* story—good as it is—for O. Henry's own face lifts from a Nashville (newspaper) 'roast' that was given that story, and I hear his puzzled, 'Why did it offend? Do you see anything in it that should offend?' " The letter follows:

"Title will follow with the remainder—have to take time on titles."

"My dear Colonel: The story—(you will please understand that this scenario does not give the effect) ends as follows:

"The old negro carriage driver is a relic of the old South. He is a night-hawk and a ruffian (probably) but his piratical depredations upon travelers & transients are for the sole purpose of supporting an elderly lady (the poetess) who is the last of the family to which he once belonged. All his small earnings are contributed to that end.

"Major Caswell, a type of the degraded Southerner, is living off the slender income of his relative (Azalea Adair). He is the rat & utterly despicable.

"Azalea Adair is a type of the tenderly nurtured lady of the old régime, but who is drained of her resources (furnished principally by the old negro) by her impossible relative.

"In the end there is a dramatic & mysterious murder, the victim being Major Caswell. The 'snapper' comes in the last paragraph, revealing the slayer by a bare intimation. The whole scheme is to show that an absolutely prosaic and conventional town (such as Nashville) can equal San Francisco, Bagdad or Paris when it comes to a human story.

"The beginning of the story is not yet written—there will be 2 or 3 pages (to follow) containing references to Frank Norris's lines in which the words occur—'think of anything happening in Nashville, Tennessee!' I have to look this up in *Putnam's Magazine*.

"It will work out all right.

"P. S. Your money back if you want it.

"P. P. S. Send the dough to the Caledonia. I'll wait here for it. And send it soon.

"There's just space enough here to send you my pussonal regyards."

That story having been accepted and published, another one was forthcoming presently as a sequel to an advance payment in full for, I think, the story entitled *Next to Reading Matter*. The letter says:

"Thanks. Ain't it nice to pull together during the hard times?

"I know this arrangement ain't a precedent with you or me, because it is a precedential year (laughter). Pretty soon I'll raise my prices cheerfully; and you'll meet 'em with a smile. There's a good time coming, even if it's a good time coming.

"Greetings and salaam.

"I'll try to make the story A. I. Yours as Usual, O. H."

It is my recollection that the prophecy O. Henry made with regard to a raise in rates was realized with startling suddenness, so startling that when he asked $500 for the next story he submitted, the business office, especially the publisher, declared it exorbitant and a reflection upon my bargaining ability. However, I had contracted for the story (I forget its title) and the price mentioned was paid. Circumstances made it advisable to resell it to another publication, and when no difficulty was experienced in getting $750 for it, another story was ordered from O. Henry. It turned out to be the titular tale of his volume, *Strictly Business*, and the following letter, dated July 10, 1908, having reference to it, was written from Good Ground, Long Island, where the author, with his wife and daughter, had taken a cottage for the summer. The letter is of more especial interest in that it makes note of the beginning of the gradual physical breakdown which culminated two years later. During that interim O. Henry frequently confessed to me that he would sit all day, pencil or pen in hand (he usually wrote with a pencil on yellow paper), at his little table in the West Twenty-sixth street apartment and find himself unable to write more than a paragraph. The letter reads:

"She'll be up in just a day or two—the first of next week at the outside.

"I've been kind of an invalid lately; but am rejuvenating in this fine cool air.

"Glad to hear you are extending the scope of *The Broadway*. It reads pretty good to me as it is. I intend to do some better work this summer down here; and I expect the story coming to you will show it—some anyhow.

"Some time when you can, like to have you run down here for a few days.—Nothing much to promise you except plenty of good grub, fine sailing & cold, cold nights under cover.

"Story in a few days—sure pop."

Shortly after writing the following note, with reference to the same story, O. Henry returned to New York to finish it. He found it difficult to write in the country, missing the sights and sounds and smells of the city of his inspiration. The story was completed and delivered as promised, the afternoon of the day this note was written:

"I was called out of town in a hurry Saturday night, in spite of my infirmities.

"Here's all of the story except about 8 or 10 pages which I am doing now—They'll be with you before 2 o'clock today.

"Will communicate with you personally or 'phonically later about the week-end stunt.

"P. S. Be Kam."

The "week-end stunt" referred to was a visit to his place at Good Ground, on Long Island, some forty miles from New York. En route together by train, I recall the speechless indignation of the Negro parlor car porter who, while using his whiskbroom on us, awesomely informed O. Henry that the young lady he had just been "handsoming" was John Drew's daughter.

"John Drew?" repeated O. Henry, with simulated ignorance. "Who's that?"

"Mistah Drew—John Drew, the actah," panted the busy but informative porter.

Turning to me, O. Henry inquired, "Colonel, did you ever hear of John Drew?"

I properly professed my lack of hearing, and the porter was rendered a bit apoplectic when O. Henry murmured to him, "My friend here is the son of P. T. Barnum, and he has never heard of John Drew. So you must be mistaken." Wherewith he characteristically cushioned his target with a five-dollar bill.

# 'Grandmother's Band Boxes



Grandmother chose often bandboxes that represented the flowers that grew in her garden.

(*Continued from page 13*)

made of pasteboard, with a covering of paper, pictured by printing with a hand press from wooden blocks, necessitating often three or four impressions in order to give them a wonderful range of coloring, from light to brilliant yellow, exquisite pink; in fact, all the colors of the rainbow have been shown.

Among the prominent designs was the State House, in New York, the Deaf and Blind Asylum, also in the same city. The first being shown on exterior and the latter designed for the cover. Old landmarks were also immortalized, for we come across the first capitol in Washington, combined in cover by the Deaf and Dumb Asylum of New York which formerly stood in the vicinity of Madison Square. This illustration shows a velvety lawn, dotted with trees, the central feature being a flight of steps at the entrance.

New York and not Venice is represented on the "Grand Canal" bandbox, the canal boat being drawn in a storm by mule power. Underneath is pictured an old aqueduct feeding a waterfall that dashes by the side of a mill. "The windmill and railroad" show horsepower as used for the drawing of rude cars, loaded with wood and varied freight. A primitive windmill is commonly featured in the landscape, which shows a simplicity of treatment that, combined with rich coloring, makes it most interesting.

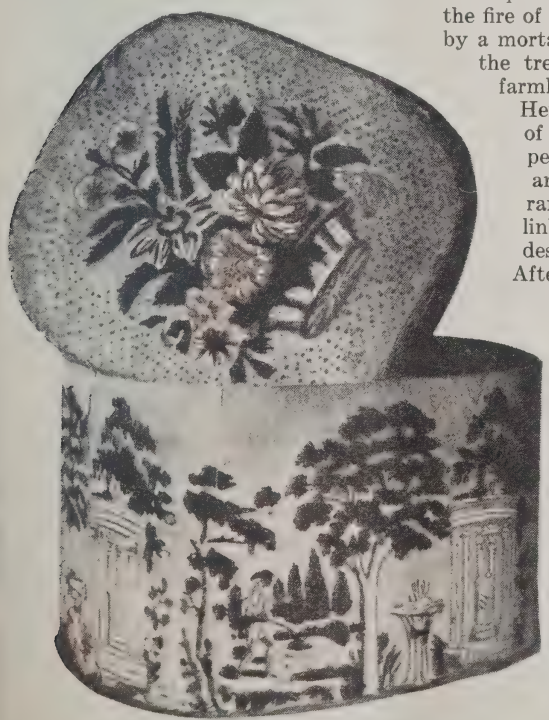
Military subjects were rivaled only by naval scenes. The former represents both infantry and cavalry executing their drills as performed during the Revolution. Favorite subjects of the latter are ships and shipping, particularly a view depicting the Sandyhook lighthouse with a full-rigged ship tossing to and fro upon a tempestuous sea, close by. This forms the side of the bandbox, the cover showing a man sailing a boat amid mystical mountain isles, covered with fantastic buildings.

Flower representations were in favor with the ladies, more especially those picturing artistic bits of garden where sported the gaudy peacock, its fan-like tail reflecting iridescent hues. This and the grapevine pattern are the ones found today pictured on old-time bandboxes.

Doubtless the hunting pictures originated on the gentlemen's bandboxes, being masculine in trend. They frequently depicted four huntsmen in full regalia resting after capturing the brush. This covers the top of the box, the sides picturing the coach and four waiting to convey them home.

Bridal boxes were generally finished in dull yellow and browns. Venus was a favorite subject chosen, one cover in particular representing a dancing scene in which the goddess is the central feature. The sides exhibited a Temple of Venus with altar and grove, the fire of the former being replenished by a mortal partially concealed among the trees. For the country folk, farmhouses were most prevalent. Here we find the different types of houses designed at that period, together with gardens and animals. This style is rarely found, but forms a link in collecting the different designs.

After the Revolution came a decided change in popular taste and the spread eagle, pictured on both cover and sides, came into vogue. Generals who had immortalized themselves in battle were also a favorite theme; particularly is Zachary Taylor found displayed on horseback overlooking the snowy camp tents. Where can we find among great-grandmother's belongings anything that equals the old-time bandboxes in historic interest, or that lends itself more adeptly to the interior decorating of today?



Sometimes the flowers were arranged in a basket. The bandbox showing temples and groves of trees.

The paper with which these were covered was at first made in Europe, and imported into our country, utilized for bandbox purposes only. Later on when we instituted paper making in our country, importation was practically done away with. Bandbox making became such an important industry that it was extensively advertised in the local papers. One of the insertions just after the Revolution shows the interest felt in them:

"Joseph S. Tillinghast,
Importer of
French Paper Hangings
and
Band Box Manufacture
Four doors west of the mansion house
Union Street,
New Bedford."

Within the last few years the interior decorator has realized the qualifications of these old pictured boxes and this discovery has forced a higher money value making them in price almost prohibitive. For this line of work their value depends largely upon their freshness, coloring, and size, but even dingy ones can be brightened by careful cleaning. Fortunate is he who possesses one or more of these treasures which can be utilized for decorative purposes in his home.

They are most attractive when used for waste paper baskets, not only in the library but the living room; all they require is a lining of paper cloth to hide the inside which is often an old newspaper or a dull, uninteresting white finish. Care should be taken in the choice of linings, choosing colors that will blend with the tones of the covering. Finish the top in a binding of bright-colored dress braid if designed for a colonial room, but for a twentieth-century apartment use silk harmonizing with the color scheme of the exterior.

Lamp shades can be most effectively designed through the use of this same

pictured bandbox. Toned by filet lace, they are much more effective if they are worked out in the same manner as the French do. What more artistic use could be chosen for them than this, for certainly they do add softness when used to conceal an electric light bulb.

These are very easily made, all one has to do is to remove the bottom and cover before slipping it over a wire frame that has been made exactly to fit it. Before using sew it on to a pasteboard frame finishing the top and the bottom with silk or braid. If when finished there is too much space at the top, sew a piece of silk in harmony with the color scheme; it will serve the double purpose of filling in the space and adding to its attractiveness while throwing the light more fully down on the table.

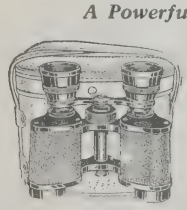
Your library is probably finished in dark wood and will need a bit of color to brighten it. Here the small bandboxes come into play. Line them with a bright bit of silk and place one on each end of the large writing table for the filing of bills, and so on. The effect is almost magical, enhanced, if a lamp shade and waste paper basket can be utilized to balance the decorative scheme.

We have dealt with the box solely, but the covers are fully as interesting and well fitted for wall decoration. When framed as pictures they resemble an old-time English print, in their rich coloring. The most effective way to work out a scheme is the use of a black glass mat framing it with a single black line, the type procurable for a medium price at almost any picture store.

For tray bottoms inserted in a plain gilt picture frame they are charming and quite out of the usual. Should your tray-lining become defaced it can be freshened through the use of one of the most decorative types of bandbox cover, being placed beneath the glass.

For chamber use, any carpenter can fashion a frame dividing it into partitions, high enough to allow a couple of these pictured boxes to slip into the shelves. They are useful to hold either laces or bonnets. The practical housewife can conjure up innumerable other ways decoratively to use this old-time feature so reminiscent of colonial days.

**Highest Grade Prism Binocular**
*A Powerful 8x Glass*



25 MM. Objective **$19.50**

Highest grade French 8-power day and night achromatic lenses; rack and pinion adjustment; weighs only 19 oz. Right eyepiece individual focus. **Brand new, not a war glass. Complete with leather case, postpaid in U. S., or will ship parcel post C.O.D., $19.50.** Our glasses sold on absolute money-back guarantee.

**BAKER & KIMBALL, Inc.**
385 South St. Est. 1913 Boston, Mass.

## State Tourist Bureaus

IN AUSTRALIA the government dabbles in all kinds of business and has found that in some it is easier to lose money than to make it. One line, though, in which an outstanding success has been scored both financially and from a standpoint of public service, is that of the state tourist bureaus, most notable of which is the one conducted by New South Wales, largest of Australian states.

This bureau, with headquarters in Challis House, Sydney, began as a public convenience. About 1920 it was put on a business basis, charged up with the amount of money the state had invested in it, given control of government-owned resort hotels and properties, and systematized throughout along lines of modern business efficiency. Its publicity department, ably handled, went after business from residents as well as from tourists from the outside, and its routing department arranged trips from a one-day sightseeing jaunt to any size desired.

Moderate rates are charged for everything and when one buys tickets from the bureau they include practically every item of expense he will encounter on his tour—railways, motors, hotels, meals and even morning and afternoon tea.

The Jenolan caves in the Blue Mountains are the greatest attraction in New South Wales, with many thousands of visitors yearly. Next in popularity is Mt. Kosciusko, famed as the only place in Australia where there is snow in the winter months of June, July and August. It is both a winter resort and a summer resort. Other places of interest include the Yarrangobilly caves, Abercrombie caves, Wombeyan caves, Bulli Pass, Sublime Point, river, lake and ocean beach resorts.

Some of these are not money makers for the tourist bureau, but that does not prevent it from giving as excellent service to the tourist as it does to the others. The big attractions help to maintain the lesser and the business showing at the end of the year shows a credit balance for all.

For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1924, the New South Wales tourist bureau showed a gross profit from all sources of 23,755 pounds sterling, approximately $116,000. After allowing for salaries, interest on capital invested, depreciation and contingencies there remained a profit of $45,000 to $50,000. The Jenolan caves had brought in more than $60,000 and Mt. Kosciusko more than $10,000 of the gross profit.

Considering that the traveler saves money as compared with any individually routed trips, gets excellent service everywhere and has expert aid in seeing that the time he has for his tour is all devoted to things worth while, and that the tourist bureau makes a profit for the state in rendering such service, its complete success is unquestionable.

## Robbing the Public by Post

(*Continued from page 8*)

were carried to the twentieth series of lengths, more than a billion persons would be entitled to ten dollars' worth of goods at only one dollar's cost. This case was the subject of a fraud order, which is being contested in the courts. Yet virtually no newspaper, even in the city where the concern operated, mentioned it.

And there has been like avoidance of publicity of general character of "home work" schemes of which there has been an epidemic, several of which have been the subject of Post Office Department fraud orders. The promoters of many of these have been "aided and abetted" by some of the most reputable newspapers and magazines.

"Most all home work schemes are frauds," says the Buffalo, New York, Better Business Bureau which has had occasion to investigate several of them. What it means, evidently, are the advertising ones. The writer knows one, that doesn't advertise, which is entirely legitimate and successful. Its operators have no occasion for advertising for workers, and they state that many desirable ones could not be procured that way.

There are many variants of the fraudulent "home work" scheme and all are so plausible that it is almost impossible for unknowing persons to discern, from the advertising, their elements of fraud. They offer to sell machines with which to do the work, guaranteeing to buy back the product at good prices. But when the product is sent in it usually fails to pass inspection and is returned. They advertise for lists of names and addresses, first selling an "outfit" for preparing them, and then the victims are told to sell the lists directly to mail order houses. Various kinds of outfits are sold for doing many kinds of work, on "buy back" guaranties that are worthless. Courses of study by correspondence are sold with the pledge that employment will be supplied or procured for students who "pass," few of whom ever do so to the satisfaction of the promoters.

Of these schemes—aided and abetted by many "recognized" advertising agencies and "reputable" periodicals—the general public knows nothing, as it knows very little of the methods used in operating many others. One reason perhaps why "sucker lists" are so valuable to these operators is that defrauded persons rarely are advised as to how they were mulcted, and keep on biting at other schemes in the hope of getting their money back. Some operators keep going successfully even after fraud orders are issued against them. They tell their dupes to remit by express instead of the mails

and many, knowing nothing of the integrals of the scheme, do so.

An effort was made to get a definition of the attitude of organized advertisers as to the agency factor but it was unavailing. The attitude of the run of high-grade publishers is fairly presented probably in the following:

The *Saturday Evening Post* was written and asked as to the responsibility of persons for whom that magazine recently was running a "home work" advertisement. One of its advertising managers replied as follows:

"For your information we wish to explain that we do not guarantee the advertising that appears in the columns of our publications, but before accepting any advertising it is our policy to investigate the moral and financial standing of the advertiser in so far as possible for us to do so. The appearance of such advertising in the columns of our publications is evidence that the information received upon investigation is satisfactory to us."

A statement which may mean much or little, depending on the character of the paper and its publishers—in this particular instance, very high.

The following conclusions seem to be justifiable:

1. The public is led to believe that the Post Office Department protects the mails from fraudulent operators and that the organized advertising profession policies advertising with the view of preventing its use, via the mails, by outright crooks. Possibly ten per cent of all mail-fraud operations—which, according to the authorities, take a billion dollars or more a year from the public—are apprehended and stopped by postal officials; but only, as a rule, after they have gone on profitably for varying periods of time. While advertising is policed in a measure by organizations like the National Vigilance Committee of the Associated Advertising Clubs and the Better Business Bureaus, it is done inadequately.

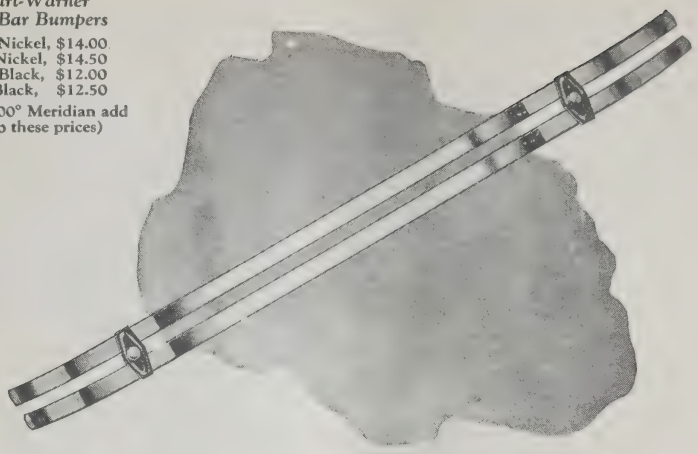
2. While perhaps the run of them will have naught to do with advertising crooks, it is easy for mail-fraud operators to get service from some recognized advertising agencies, as well as from many that are not recognized.

3. Though many newspapers and magazines will not "knowingly" accept fraudulent copy, numerous other ones apparently will do so.

4. While a measure of war is waged by both the government and private organizations against the immediate promoters of fraud schemes, little is done toward combating the chief and necessary intermediaries.

5. Though there is much informative propaganda on the subject, the public is insufficiently informed concerning these schemes; in fact, one might be justified in suggesting the existence of a "conspiracy of silence, but not a duly formulated one, to prevent disturbing but enlightening information from reaching the general public.


*Stewart-Warner*
*Double Bar Bumpers*
Front—Nickel, $14.00
Rear—Nickel, $14.50
Front—Black, $12.00
Rear—Black, $12.50
(West of 100° Meridian add $2.50 to these prices)



# Equip Your Car for Today's Traffic—

BEFORE you take your new car out on the busy highway, by all means have your dealer install Stewart-Warner Bumpers —front and rear.

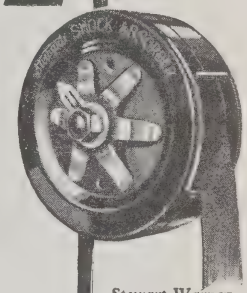
They will pay for themselves many times over in the protection they will give your motor car investment—as well as the satisfaction of safety you will enjoy.

Shock absorbers, also, are essential- giving greatly increased comfort and preventing dangerous "bouncing."

Stewart-Warner Electric Windshield Cleaner, Spotlights, Rear Vision Mirror, and Heaters are now recognized as necessities, especially during the winter months.

Equip your car with Stewart-Warner Accessories for today's traffic.

STEWART-WARNER
SPEEDOMETER CORPORATION
CHICAGO - U.S.A.



*Stewart-Warner*
*Shock Absorbers*
Per Pair, $15.00
West of 100° Meridian $15.50
Special Model for Fords $13.50
One front and one rear
West of 100° Meridian $14.00



*Stewart-Warner*
*Speedometer—*
*Special Model for Fords*
Colored dials tell when to lubricate
Complete $15.00
West of 100° Meridian $15.50

The Only Speedometer with the Colored Numbers and Metal Chart that Tell WHEN and WHERE to Oil and Grease

Stewart-Warner
Accessories

# Why and How It Is "America"

(*Concluded from page 15*)

one of the greatest treasures among books, "The VVhole Booke of Psalmes Faithfully Translated into English Metre. Whereunto is prefixed a discourse declaring not only the lawfullnes, but also the necessity of the heavenly Ordinance of singing Scripture Psalmes in the Churches of God." In the mountain regions of Kentucky and the Carolinas where there is pure American stock the psalm-singing congregations are found today and probably nowhere else in the world are the psalms "lined out," line by line, by the preacher for the congregation to sing.

In New York, William Bradford was the first printer. With his brother Andrew Bradford he set up a press a little later in Philadelphia. The Bradford imprints and any products of the presses of the English Colonies printed before 1700 are treasures found only in a few fortunate American libraries. A New Jersey bookseller came across a rare Bradford imprint and took it to New York to the office of a famous bibliographer. Before the seller had taken the book from under his arm the bibliographer remarked, "I see that you have a Bradford imprint." This type of familiarity is acquired only after long years of experience and only by one who has a kind of sixth sense for books. The bookseller is firmly convinced that this bibliographer can detect a Bradford imprint by smell.

A careful study of American literature in the period before 1775 reveals clearly the fact that the Stamp Act and the other commonly accepted immediate causes of the Revolutionary War were only incidents in a long series of events which were leading inevitably to separation. These pre-Revolutionary books of protest and the contemporary material dealing directly with the Revolution are of fundamental importance in understanding the American Revolution. Recently a famous Philadelphia bookseller came into possession of the original copy of the Declaration of Independence as sent to Emperor Frederick the Great. The price placed upon this document was $175,000, but whether it was sold has not been announced. More recently Maggs Brothers, booksellers of London, offered for sale an original copy made by Christopher Columbus, of his Book of Privileges. This important document, one of three copies known to have been made by him, was more modestly priced at $50,000. When one enters this realm of prices there is no comparison of values possible. Such manuscript documents are unique. With them one can compare only the Constitution of the United States, the Magna Charta, and a few other documents.

The most recent entry into the field of rare books are so-called Western Americana. The first books printed in California and the early laws of the western states command high prices. Early volumes, before 1850, which deal with emigration to the West, are also prized. The first newspapers of the West and Middle West are being sought by the many historical societies and libraries of this region.

Our knowledge of many minute details and of all fundamental elements of American history has been furthered by collectors of Americana. With almost prophetic vision the great and enduring documents of wide human interest have been sought and found and treasured by individuals afflicted with the mania for collecting. The prices paid for old American books by individuals whose sanity is well attested by their success in commercial fields has resulted in saving from destruction numerous invaluable documents. Largely due to the activity of collectors state historical societies have been organized and have contributed no little to the preservation of precious historical documents.

Like Ferdinand Columbus, many great American collectors have been inspired with a zeal for the spread of learning and so the priceless treasures of American history are made available to the qualified student, frequently too poor to own the most common books. The most recent gift to the public of a wonderful collection is the gift of the J. P. Morgan Library in New York City which would be modestly appraised at ten million dollars. Every gift of this kind removes forever from the market thousands of rare books. This serves to decrease the supply of rare books and thus, incidentally, with the growing demand, to increase prices. The truly great collector has been almost without exception the true lover of literature and history, able to appreciate the best in books. Both in literature and in history the cause of learning has been furthered by such collectors.

# Americanisms

AMERICANISMS, in language, may be termed those words and phrases peculiar to the United States and Canada that have originated in America or that have emigrated from Britain and continued in use here until obsolete, or nearly so, in Britain.

Certain newly coined American expressions indicate their origin on the frontier or in the forests. Our first settlers clearing the farming land on the Atlantic seaboard worked constantly on guard to preserve their lives and possessions from the inroads of the savages. Here originated such expressions as *going on the warpath, digging up the hatchet, burying the hatchet, clearing, to draw a bead, fight fire, a gone coon, salt-lick, hogwallow, raft, timber, paleface, Indian summer, trapper, scalping, took to the timber.*

Later on as the pioneer pushed westward to the Lake States, the Mississippi Valley and the Far West such expressions as *blazing out, cache, prairie schooner, squatter, squaw man* and *log-rolling* came into being. Western ranch life gave us such words as *corral, cowboy, tenderfoot, buckaroo, round-up, maverick, stampede, lariat;* the mining regions supplied *bed rock, grubstake, claim, prospect, placer, diggings, bonanza, pan-out* and *poke.* In the sparsely settled districts the necessity for neighborly help in gathering in the harvest or erecting buildings led to the custom of the *raising bee* or *building bee,* the *quilting bee,* the *husking bee,* and latterly the *spelling bee.*

Among the many English words used in America in a different or perverted sense are *barn,* for stable; *boards,* for deals; *corn,* for maize, whereas in England it means grain of any kind, in Scotland, oats, and in Ireland, barley; *cracker,* for biscuit; *depot,* for station; *dress,* for gown; *baggage,* for luggage; to *jew,* to haggle—in England, to cheat; *likely,* for promising; to *mail,* for to post; *reliable,* for trustworthy; *saloon* (happily a thing of the past—?—) for taproom; *smart,* for talented; *store,* for shop; *ugly,* for ill-natured. In America we also use different words for the same thing, as *conductor,* for guard; *editorial,* for leader; *elevator,* for lift. We also have examples of American words retaining their old English meaning. For instance, *fleshy,* in the sense of stout; *sick,* in the sense of ill; and *wilt,* a "provincialism" in England, in the sense of wither. *Right here, right now, right away,* are Americanisms and are not found in the colloquial speech of Britain.

When one remembers that the dialects of the counties in England alone have such marked differences that a Lancashire miner and Lincolnshire farmer can with difficulty understand each other, we may well be proud that a country as vast as ours has one common accent. More especially so when we consider the heavy influx of European immigrants from non-English-speaking countries. Because of the increasing foreign element in America our teachers are forced to devote much time to the teaching of English, a thing regarded in Britain as unnecessary, because the stock is more or less uniform.




A cartoonist is handicapped by speed.

# How Cartoons Are Made

(*Continued from page 17*)

years that the word *cartoon*, used in its modern sense, has appeared in the dictionaries. Up to the year 1843, a cartoon was a design which served as a model or study used in making frescoes, studies, and so on. An exhibition of such cartoons, many of them with enormous designs, was held in London with "a view to ultimate execution on the walls of the Palace at Westminster." This gave John Leech, the celebrated artist of *Punch*, a glorious opportunity to burlesque the whole exhibition. He drew a burlesque picture, representing a humble crowd of needy visitors to the exhibition of pictures on a suggested "free day" in accordance with the recommendation of the government. This design was itself suggested by Jerrold and entitled *Substance and Shadow* with the legend "The Poor Ask for Bread, and the Philanthropy of the State Accords—an Exhibition." M. H. Spielmann in his *History of Punch* says that after using these drawings and a number of others satirizing various public abuses, "*Punch* for a long time dropped the word cartoon, but the public remembered it and has clung to it ever since." It is not only remarkable that the word cartoon thus originated in the *Punch* office but the method of getting up a cartoon then is the same method which prevails today, not only in the *Punch* office, but very generally in all editorial offices. It is thus described by Mr. Spielmann, when the editorial weekly dinner is over and the coffee finished.

"Then the editor, who has been presiding, invites ideas and discussion on the subject of the 'big cut' as the cartoon is commonly called; and no two men listen more eagerly to the replies—suggestions that may be hazarded, or proposals dogmatically slapped down—than Mr. Burnand, who is responsible for the subject, and Sir John Tenniel, whose duty it will be to realize the conception. (This account was written many years ago when Burnand was editor and Tenniel chief cartoonist.) The latter makes few remarks; he waits, reflects, and weighs, thinking not so much, perhaps, of the political or social, as of the artistic possibilities of the subjects as they are brought up, and other points that recommend themselves both to the artistic and literary members of the staff . . . On one occasion, when Mark Lemon was editor and Shirley Brooks was recognized as the best suggestor, an exceptional incident took place. The subject was duly decided upon and Brooks went home. After he was gone, and none but Mark Lemon, Charles Keene, Sir John Tenniel and Henry Silver were left, Keene, to the surprise of the rest, made a suggestion in connection with the American war (Civil War) then being waged, that was immediately accepted as vastly superior to that which had previously been adopted; and the future editor was much astonished when he opened his paper on the following Tuesday and his eyes fell on a different and wholly unexpected cartoon."

In this country, however, at the present time, with certain exceptions, our cartoonists are much more independent than the previous description implies. Our method, as stated, is for the cartoonist to submit his pencil sketches first, but it almost always happens that the best cartoons are evolved by two minds working together. This is the ideal way. For a great many years I have (more or less humbly, I hope) assisted artists in this way. In these circumstances, sometimes the idea comes so quickly and inevitably that the whole affair is over in a jiffy. These ideas seem purely inspirational, so swiftly do they come, but to be accurate those which are born in travail and come slowly are frequently the best.

Theodore Roosevelt was the only public man I know who made no objection to the cartoons published about him but when they were particularly violent frequently sent a word of appreciation and asked for the original—which was invariably sent. When he was in the White House these cartoons were displayed by him to his intimates with great glee. Before America got into the late war we published a drawing by W. H. Walker showing some people in front of an aquarium. Behind the glass was a large fish with the head of Woodrow Wilson. The fish was labeled "Weak Fish." This elicited great applause from Mr. Roosevelt. I believe it was during the Taft campaign that one of the National Committees got one of our leading cartoonists to draw a cartoon for its own political purposes and inserted it in *Life* at the regular advertising rates. I discovered it by accident and stopped the press to get it out.

In getting up an idea for a cartoon




Cartoons are effective weapons of artists who have real insigh

there must be on the part of the artist and his collaborator not only perfect sympathy but a kind of combined moral indignation, a sense of injustice. Let us suppose that both of these collaborators are stirred up over the delay of the law. Thus Justice might be portrayed as the Sleeping Beauty, while the prince who is to awaken her with his kiss is pictured as Public Opinion. At this stage the figure of Uncle Sam might be interposed and (as anything in a cartoon is permitted to bring out the idea) he might be saying to the Prince:

"Young man, let her sleep on. I'm so used to seeing her asleep that you mustn't wake her up."

Thus a rebuke would be administered to Uncle Sam for his deplorable laxity, while Justice as a sleeper would reinforce the whole idea.

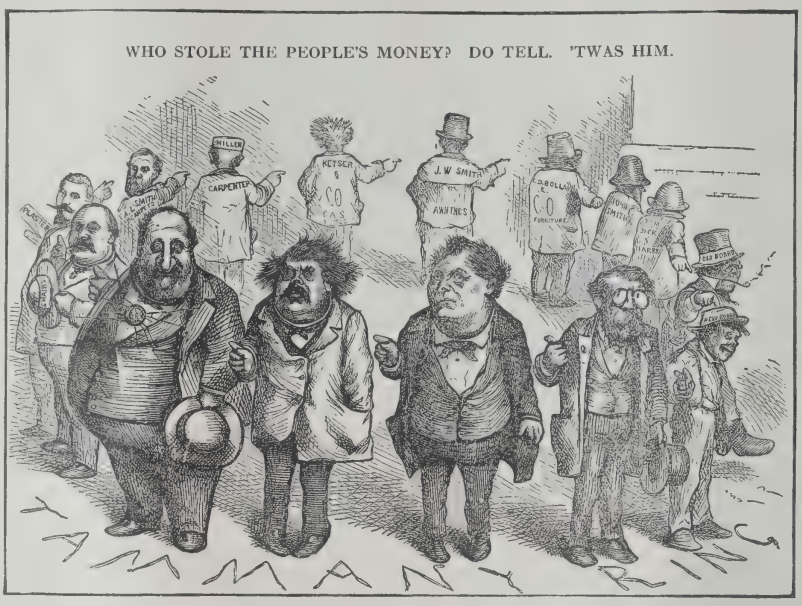
Cartoons are without doubt the most effective weapons in the hands of artists who have real insight and patriotism. As a medium to hold up Man to satire, to arouse him to a sense of his own defects, as a keen corrector of governmental deficiencies, they are as old as Man himself, when he first drew pictures on the rocks, caricaturing himself.

The oldest drawing in the British Museum is a cartoon dating from 1320 which represents two devils throwing a monk into a river, dealing thus with the Reformation. But as far back as we can go in Egypt we find cartoons satirizing popular customs; for instance, one shows a lady who has been drinking too much, with her maid, the caption being translated "Too Late with the Basin." This dates back several centuries before Christ. In India there is a famous cartoon of the god Krishna on his travels.

To come down to modern times, without doubt, the two most famous cartoons are in England by Tenniel and in America by Tom Nast, whose successful pictorial campaign against the Tweed ring in New York undoubtedly had more influence than any other factor in forming public opinion against Tweed. Sir John Tenniel's cartoon *Dropping the Pilot* has already been referred to. The one by Thomas Nast appeared in *Harper's Weekly*, August 19, 1871, representing a ring of politicians (since called grafters) with Tweed, each one pointing to the one on his right, the caption being:

"Who Stole the People's Money?"
Do Tell—New York Times.
'TWAS HIM

Perhaps the best cartoonists in America today are Herbert Johnson, of the *Saturday Evening Post;* Rollin Kirby,




Nast's famous cartoon printed by the New York *Times* in its campaign against the Tweed ring.

of the New York *World*, and "Ding" of the *Herald Tribune*. Then there are Fitzpatrick, also of the *World;* John McCutcheon, of the Chicago *Tribune;* Sykes, of Philadelphia, and indeed so many more that it would be wrong to set aside any special group or put one before another.

What happens in many cases is that a young man with the "gift" begins doing odd sketches for a local so-called small-town paper. At first his figures are crude but as he gains in facility he also gains in knowledge of affairs; but this, as I have said, is too likely to be superficial. When his work begins to attract outside attention he is gradually called to a larger field of influence and eventually may wind up as the staff cartoonist of one of the largest daily papers.

Among the total number of American cartoonists only comparatively few have studied in Paris. Quite a number, however, have gone over there after their reputations have been acquired. Many have gone through the art schools located in the large centers, New York, Chicago and Philadelphia, and many have made themselves without instruction. E. W. Kemble, creator of the Gold Dust Twins, began as a clerk, I believe, with the Western Union. He amused himself by drawing sketches on his desk pad. One day he left some of these sketches at Harper Brothers in Franklin Square. A few days later he called to learn the result and was paralyzed at being presented with several gold pieces, so much so that he forgot to ride and walked all the way to his home in Harlem, several miles. When he entered the dining room dinner was over and his father started to scold him, whereupon he threw down the gold pieces on the table and shouted, "That's what I made today." He never went back to his desk.

The war gave a great impetus to cartoon making. In England it offered a supreme opportunity to Bruce Bairnsfather, whose war cartoons, very humorous, were an enormous uplift to the Tommies in the trenches Louis Raemakers, the Dutchman, did some of the most dramatic war cartoons. In this country Charles Dana Gibson, C. B. Falls, W. A. Rogers, and many others were great forces in determining public opinion.

Pictures as a medium for conveying truth are being used more and more. A cartoon may have enormous power in molding public opinion and frequently has such power. Some cartoonists pay regular visits to Washington and are deep students, but these are too few. There are, of course, any number of art schools and academies. The thing I have in mind is something different—in effect it would be a school of practical current affairs as they are being so swiftly evolved, the object being to interpret our country pictorially, and to correct abuses pictorially from the highest ground. That is, of course, what every cartoonist is trying to do in his own way, and individual genius should be allowed its course. But this ought also to be done coöperatively so that the total amount of genius is always on tap.

## Origin of Oaths

THE word "curse" in the common saying, "not worth a curse," is a corruption of the old English word "kerse," meaning a wild cherry. Thus, in the *Vision of Piers Plowman*, an allegorical presentation of the world of men, written by William Langland about 1400, we have the passage, "Wisdom and witte now is not worth a kerse."

The expression "O Jimminy" comes from the pagan "O Gemini!" "The dickens!" as an exclamation has nothing to do with the name of Charles Dickens, but is by philologists supposed to be a contraction of the word devilkins.

# Value Determines Demand

It is a basic business principle of the Ford Motor Company that value determines demand.

Never has this principle been better exemplified than in the popularity of the latest Ford cars.

Embodying in even greater measure the familiar Ford characteristics of economy, dependability and utility, the improved cars also have striking beauty and finer riding comforts.

Yet—these finer, more beautiful cars are available at no increase in prices.

That their popularity should be without precedent is entirely logical—the result of applying a proven principle.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

Ford

## "I Read *in* the Papers"

***I read in the papers,*** of England, that a firm of alien money-lenders had got into difficulties as a result of a public campaign against usury. Many borrowers, emboldened to default, have disclosed interesting facts about money lending during bankruptcy proceedings. This firm borrowed funds at *fifty per cent interest* to lend to its clients. "One rather wonders," commented the Official Receiver, "if the debtor described the interest which he paid as excessive, what he called the interest which he charged when he re-lent the money."

The campaign in England is a very serious one. It has led to the Business Names Act by which it is sought to prevent Hebrew money-lenders from taking English names as a cover for their business.

*The International Jew* in 4 volumes: *The International Jew,* Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States,* Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life,* Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States,* Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set, $1. The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

***I read in the papers*** a story that reminds me that over a year ago THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT described how a group of high-pressure stock salesmen under the leadership of Colfax Gibbs had duped investors and involved a lot of country bankers in Western Michigan through the operation of the "myself-note" game. The Detroit *Free Press* says that Gibbs is supposed to be in Florida selling real estate.

One of Gibbs' former salesmen is now charged with wrecking another Michigan country bank through Florida real estate promotion financing. *This salesman had been paroled from the penitentiary after serving part of a sentence for frauds upon a Michigan investor.* Through what the Michigan Securities Commissioner describes as an "accident" this paroled prisoner and protégé of Gibbs was *again licensed to sell stocks in Michigan* with the result that another bank has been gutted of its resources. The outstanding feature of the Gibbs' "myself-note" game was for his agents to worm themselves into the confidence of small bankers, frequently splitting profits with them, and then proceed to raid the countryside.

People throughout the country are asking why crooks should be turned loose and officially licensed to return to their trade of fleecing investors and ruining banks. Here is something for business men to take up. The bank in question was a private one.

# Who Is Paul Bunyan?

(*Concluded from page 21*)

and towed them three times around its circumference before he discovered his 100 per cent mistake. The nearest stream was ten miles away, with high hills in between. Paul had to deal with this situation in person. He summoned Sourdough Sam, the cook, who made everything except coffee out of sourdough, and told him to mix enough dough to fill the big water tank. Babe hauled the tank to the lake and the dough was dumped into it. The dough rose, carrying the logs with it, and swept over the hills like a stream of lava from a great volcano. Tourists often go miles out of their way to see Sourdough Lake in Northern Minnesota.



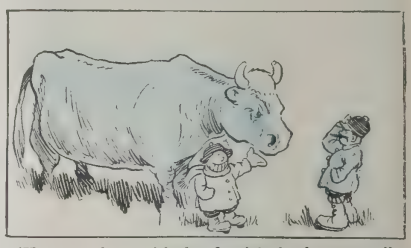
"The griddle was greased by skating over the surface with hams."

The Seven Axmen of the Red River —folks say they came from "down Bay Chaleur way"—were the best outfit Paul ever had. Mighty workers and prodigious eaters. It was they who cut over the whole of North Dakota from the one camp on the Big Onion, walking to and from their work daily. Each man had three axes and two helpers to carry the spares to the river when they got hot. There was always a danger of setting forest fires. Instead of axhandles the axes were hung on long ropes, and whirling these as they marched through the forests a quarter section of timber fell at every step.

When the Seven Axmen quit Paul he was hard put to do his work. It was then that he invented the two-man saw, half a mile long. He had trouble getting a man to handle the other end with him. This saw worked all right in level country but in rough country it cut only the trees on the hilltops. To remedy this situation Paul had Big Ole build the "down-cutter" —something like a mowing machine. It made the round of eight townships at a time, cutting a swath 500 feet wide.

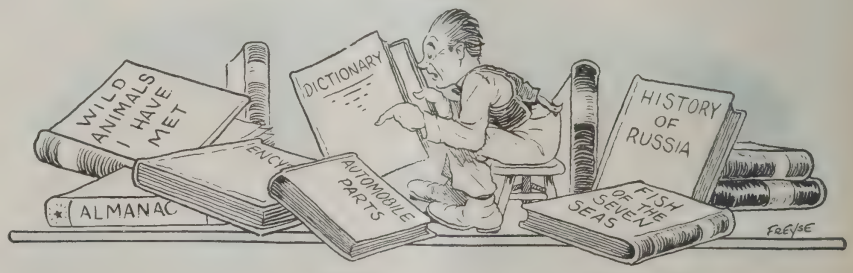
Paul had a hard time getting cooks with capacity and ingenuity enough to feed the Seven Axmen. After all the others failed he got his cousin, Big Joe, "from three weeks below Quebec." Joe had Big Ole make him a pancake griddle so big you couldn't see across it when the grease was smoking. The batter was stirred in drums, like those of concrete mixers, and poured with pipes manipulated by tackle. "The griddle was greased by colored boys who skated over the surface with hams tied to their feet. They had to have colored boys because they could stand the heat." Cooking operations were made difficult by the deep snowdrifts that piled up on the shanty. Big Joe had to keep digging a flue up through the snow. When it melted it left a hole 178 feet high standing in the air.

The limitations of space forbid selections from bits of stupendous myth about Lucy, the half-Jersey, half-wolf cow; or about Mrs. Paul Bunyan and her son, Jean, which have been recorded by E. S. Shepherd, of Rhinelander, Wisconsin, who worked in Paul's camp on Round River in 1862, "the Winter of the Black Snow." For the same reason nothing can be said about the Reversible Dog, resulting from a bungling surgical operation when an ordinary dog was accidentally



"He was undernourished and weighed only two ton."

cut in two, the hind legs pointing upward instead of down; about the adventures of The Little Chore Boy, or of others of Paul's human and brute confreres. There are thousands of such anecdotal bits and their number is being daily and nightly added to in the far-flung camps of the lumber industry, chiefly in the camps of the towering firs of the Pacific Northwest, where now, are about the only remaining stands of timber.




"And yet many a well-informed person will ask: 'Who is Paul Bunyan?'"

# "Frozen Music"

## ~we cannot melt it with indifferent glances

by Albert Wood A.I.A

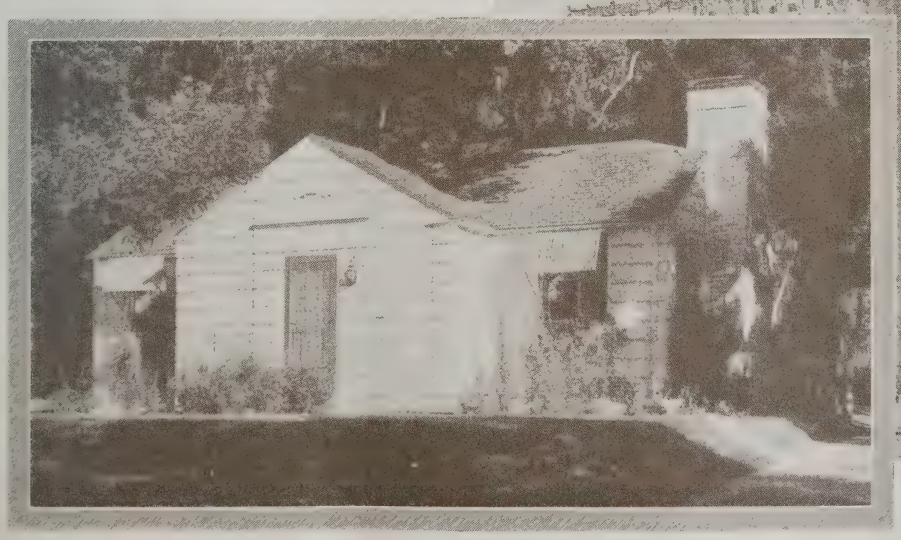
MOST folk enjoy music more than architecture or art. Little conscious effort is required to hear, but considerable conscious effort must be made to see. One does not usually notice whether buildings are fine or ugly; but when musicians perform, one is immediately conscious whether the music is pleasant or not.

From childhood the ear educates the mind to sound; the eye has not developed "conscious seeing." Yet, architecture may be made as music to the layman with a little conscious attention.

Buildings crowded together are distracting, just as museum rooms crowded with pictures are confusing. As well set a dozen orchestras to playing simultaneously, all claiming attention at once.

Concentration on fine pictures and fine buildings will give discernment and discrimination to one's sense of the harmonious, the interesting and the beautiful. Cultivate a courageous eye. Do not be easily misled by critics who overemphasize style or period.

The training of the eye may seem a slow process. Do not be discouraged. Devote ten minutes a day to exercising the eye and presently a new and wonderfully interesting world will open to your gaze—a world peopled with the many fine children of the artists' mind.



Two examples of the beautiful in architecture. The Broadway Temple, above, and a cottage that sings of "Home, Sweet Home."

THE LIBRARY OF T
UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL

THERE is more rough and tumble in the American democracy than is altogether agreeable to people of sensitive nerves and refined habits, and the people take their political duties lightly and laughingly, as is, perhaps, neither unnatural nor unbecoming in a young giant. Democracies can no more jump away from their own shadows than the rest of us can. They no doubt sometimes make mistakes and pay honor to men who do not deserve it. But they do this because they believe them worthy of it, and though it be true that the idol is the measure of the worshipper, yet the worship has in it the germ of a nobler religion.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

# The DEARBORN INDEPEN[illegible]T

Vol. 26, [illegible] NOV. 21. $1.50 a Year




CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

# BRIEFLY TOLD

So many whales inhabited the waters around the Revilla Gigedo Island off the coast of Mexico that the explorers called the place the "Cow Pasture."

Napoleon once said, "A great soldier like me does not care a tinker's damn for the lives of a million men."



Twenty tons of water is a burden that hundreds of thousands of American farm women must carry from the well to the house every year.

The Boston church in which Edward Everett Hale preached for years is now the property of the Methodists.

Johan Turi, a venerable Lapp, is said to be the only man of his race who has ever written a book.

A larger body of Norwegians and their descendants met at the Norse Centennial at St. Paul than has ever been gathered together in Norway.

Under Georgia's new child labor law, the age limit for all is 14, while for hazardous occupations it is 16.

A valuable book printed in 1696 on the art of raising and educating a prince was recently found in a gift bag sent to the poor of Los Angeles, California.

The Vatican has negotiated a loan of $1,500,000 with American banks.

Honeybees get nectar from the deep corollas of the bush honeysuckle by following big wood bees that puncture the tube with their strong black mouth parts.



"You *CAN'T* win! 13,000 police are sworn to 'get' you alive or DEAD! You have to get ALL the Breaks—one little slip means Sing Sing." This, printed on cards displayed prominently in street cars in New York City act as a discouragement of crime through the psychological effect of fear upon both the hardened and the potential criminal.

Headed by M. Paul Appell, rector of the University of Paris, a number of French scientists have signed a protest against the verdict given in the Scopes trial at Dayton, Tennessee.

Sitting Bull's headdress, saddle and coat were sold to the Wyoming Historical Society of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, for $600.

Among new freak golf clubs is one in the form of a comb for use in playing out of water. Another driver has a bored tube in the head of a club filled with quicksilver to give added weight and "whip" in playing.

Canada, in 1916, lost about one hundred million bushels of grain of one kind or another because of fungoid disease.

The rapid recession of a giant glacier has created a new tidewater inlet, cutting the Panhandle of Alaska in two, and giving British Columbia a new outlet to the sea to the north.




An elderly stock broker of Leicester has bought an island off the coast of England so as to get away from the honking of horns and the staccato barking of cutouts.

Eskimos of the Inland Barren Ground country never use blubber lamps but spend the winter in snow huts without any heat whatever.

K. C. Pratt, of the Ohio State University, says that ants are as sensitive to changes in temperature as the mercury in the thermometer.

Quaint pieces of advice issued to railway passengers in England in 1850 included the following: "Never sit in any unusual place or position. Seats on the roof are to be avoided. Passengers in a second-class carriage which has no door should take care not to put out their legs."

Woods Hutchinson has called the fly "the joy automobile of the germ," for as many as 6,000,000 germs have been found in the body of a single insect.

The hagfish, found in Monterey Bay, California, has three hearts, according to David Starr Jordan. Besides the main heart, it has one in the tail and in addition to this another special heart for the portal system of veins.

Up to 1903, Canton, China, had stalls capable of seating 10,000 students who came to take examinations for public offices.



Dancing competitions are a weekly occurrence among the gold miners of the Transvaal, in South Africa.

There were more domestic servants per one hundred United States families in 1870 than at any time before or since.

The original warrant for the execution of Charles I is in the library of the House of Lords. This warrant was produced by Colonel Harker after the Restoration and was the evidence upon which those who had signed it were excepted from the Indemnity Act.

During the last three years there have been sixty-three electric railway abandonments in the United States.

In the Irish Free State, single men and women receive equal pay for the same work. In case a man marries he receives an increase automatically; if a woman marries she receives a bonus, but automatically loses her job.

Clay pigeons or "Blue Rocks" are of American origin, having been invented about 30 years ago to substitute the ancient practice of shooting live birds.



Many coaches and carriages used by British royalty in the past have become the property of movie concerns in America. Before being sent to America, all crests and other identification marks are cut out of the paneling or of the upholstery.

Barbers, hairdressers, and manicurists in the United States have increased sevenfold in relation to the total population since 1850.

November 21, 1925

Single Copy, Ten Cents

Subscription price in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies, $1.50 a year; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year.

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer;
C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

Vol. 26, No. 5

Change of Address

1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill.

# Presented in This Issue:

One of the grand old men of this generation is Edwin Markham. Those of us who remember the crash with which his *Man With the Hoe* smashed through the complacency of a generation ago, have some sense of his power. His was a prophet voice. A great painting was made to give its message through a great poet. In presenting this article from Edwin Markham's pen we feel that we are making a distinct contribution to valuable literary history, as well as recalling to present readers great hours now past. (p. 3)

---

Mr. Pinci expresses in a gratifying way some thoughts that in the mind of a long-suffering public have long throbbed for utterance. The truth about the movies is just a matter of common sense, which seems not so common as its name implies. The movies have not yet won the middling intelligent classes (p. 5)

---

SPARE TIME is becoming one of our problems. What to do with *Leisure?* We have more of it than ever before. That means "everybody." For the more restricted "we," all of us say that we are busier then we ever were in our lives. True, but isn't most of it in our *Spare Time?* It is becoming quite a problem. We only hope that no one will be moved to propose a new Government Bureau to take over the regulation of the people's Spare Time. That would be the last straw. (p. 13)

---

Those who give their support to what is called "the Filipinization of the Philippines" should inquire what it means. If it means a stoppage of the beneficial work which has won the admiration of the world, we should go slowly. One thing it undeniably means is the driving out of the English Language and this means a return to the region of dark and primitive ideas. Language is the gateway into the world of light, and a plan which would deprive coming generations of Filipinos of that benefit should be scrutinized with some care. William E. Barton states the case. (p. 7)

---

Copp's Hill, Boston, is a mecca for many pilgrims. Here, overlooking the harbor, is the cemetery where lie many of old New England's notables and some of the obscure ones who took part in the historic "Boston Tea-Party." Down at the corner is the Old North Church in whose belfry, still accessible, was hung the lantern-warning for Paul Revere. It is a place where one lingers on the past. (p. 8)

---

A Maryland physician writes:

Apropos of your article on the "Illustrious Dead," page 13, of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT of Sept. 5, I think you will be interested in the following statement in regard to Ex-Governor and Vice-President George Clinton, whom you mention in your first column.

Clinton's body was enclosed in a lead coffin, which parted at one of the seams, and let in water, so that in 1908, 96 years after the burial, when the remains were removed to Albany, N. Y., for interment there, the coffin was full of water. I was asked to examine the body and report anything of interest. . . . .

There were large cavities in the lungs, suggesting that he had possibly died of consumption. D. S. L_____.

## CONTENTS

Thanksgiving—A Footnote to the President's Proclamation - - - - - - 2
How I Wrote "The Man With the Hoe" - - - - - - 3
*Edwin Markham*
If the Movies Say It Is, Probably It Isn't - - - 5
*A. R. Pinci*
Driving English Language Out of the Philippines - - - 7
*William E. Barton*
Copp's Hill, Where Heroes Rest - - - - - - - - 8
*May B. Whiting*
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - 10
Chats with Office Callers - 12
What Would You Rather Do Than Work? - - - 13
*Allan L. Benson*
This Country Has Money to Burn - - - - - - - 15
*William A. DuPuy*
Romantic Rascals—Belzoni, the Patagonian Samson 16
*Charles J. Finger*
Dollville's Annual Show - 21
*M. Norris Davis*
The Magic of Lake Tahoe 22
*Julian Hawthorne*
Advertising Old and New - 24
*James R. Daniels*

Advertising is a colorful art and is under general discussion. How far it will go, or what its next development of control will be, no one knows. That it performs a public service is indisputable. That, like other good things, it lends itself to misuse, is also certain. But it more speedily comes under the law of retribution for wrong and reward for right than most things. A young writer here discusses the subject from an unusual angle, in a style that promises much for his future work. (p. 24)

---

"Chats With Office Callers" is a new departure. This office is the meeting place of people from all parts of the world, and frequently the content of conversation is of more sprightly interest than is found in carefully considered articles. (p. 12)

---

This is a Thanksgiving Number. Thanksgiving is an American institution. *Think* and *thank* grow out of the same stem. This is the thought developed in "A Footnote to the President's Proclamation." (p. 2)

---

There are two ways of burning money, but the official way completely destroys it by fire. A page of interesting facts about the physical substance we call money is given this week by Mr. DuPuy whose authority to write is based on long study. (p. 15)

---

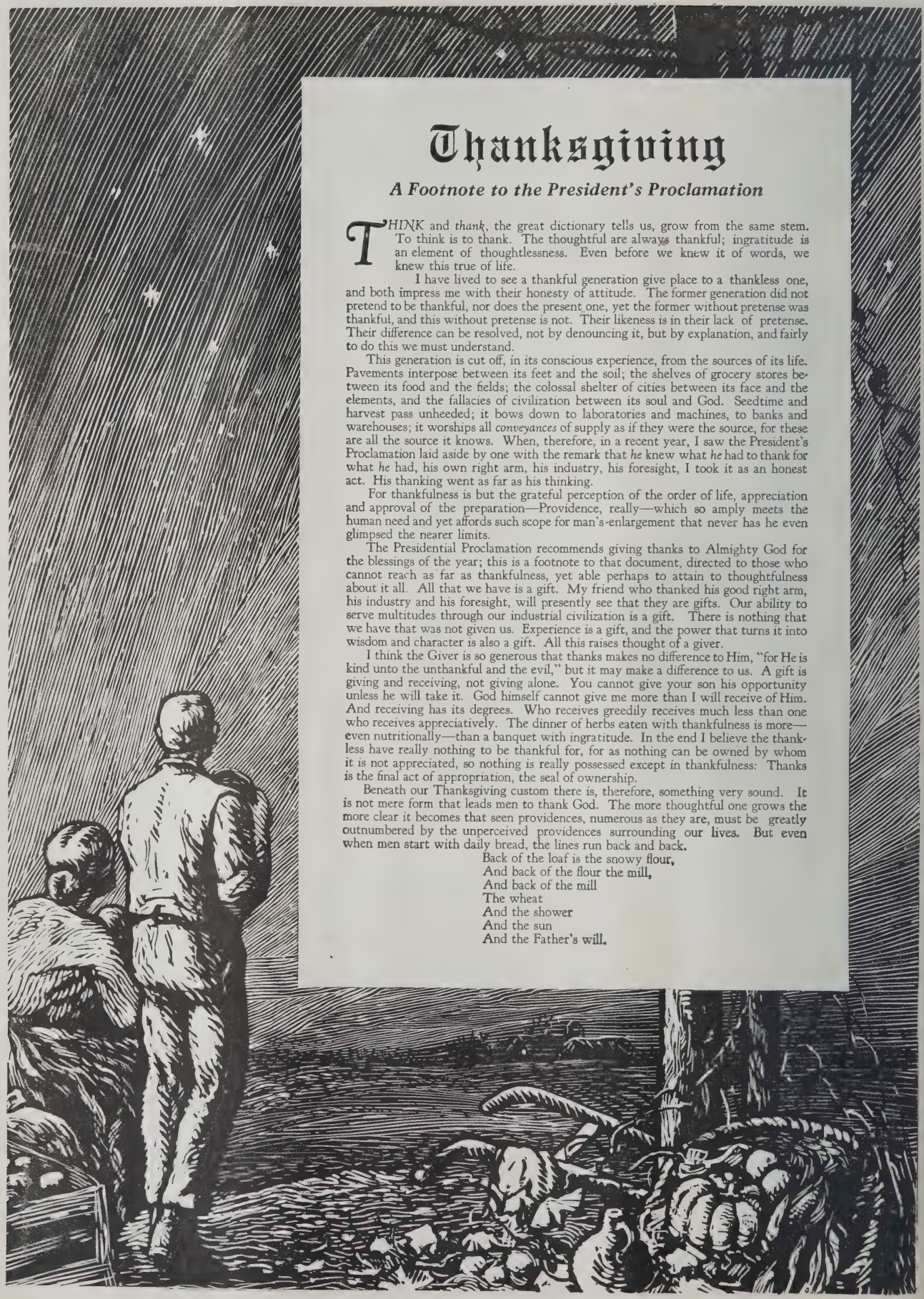
Blending the qualities of fiction and romance, but dealing with nothing save the facts, the "Romantic Rascal" portrayed this week is Belzoni, the Patagonian Samson. Bookman, monk, juggler, he had a strange career, which shows how different the world was in his days. (p. 16)

---

A Doll Show! Attended by Dolls from all over the world! Big dolls and little dolls, dolls in satin and dolls in rags, all equals in the freedom of Dollville! This occurs in Portland every year. In fact, it has been occurring for the past 23 years. A good idea. (p. 21)

---

The magic of Lake Tahoe compelled Julian Hawthorne to write this article, and as you read it you will see why. Mr. Hawthorne has seen the world, but little to compare with America in scenery. (p. 22)



# Thanksgiving

## *A Footnote to the President's Proclamation*

THINK and *thank*, the great dictionary tells us, grow from the same stem. To think is to thank. The thoughtful are always thankful; ingratitude is an element of thoughtlessness. Even before we knew it of words, we knew this true of life.

I have lived to see a thankful generation give place to a thankless one, and both impress me with their honesty of attitude. The former generation did not pretend to be thankful, nor does the present one, yet the former without pretense was thankful, and this without pretense is not. Their likeness is in their lack of pretense. Their difference can be resolved, not by denouncing it, but by explanation, and fairly to do this we must understand.

This generation is cut off, in its conscious experience, from the sources of its life. Pavements interpose between its feet and the soil; the shelves of grocery stores between its food and the fields; the colossal shelter of cities between its face and the elements, and the fallacies of civilization between its soul and God. Seedtime and harvest pass unheeded; it bows down to laboratories and machines, to banks and warehouses; it worships all *conveyances* of supply as if they were the source, for these are all the source it knows. When, therefore, in a recent year, I saw the President's Proclamation laid aside by one with the remark that *he* knew what *he* had to thank for what *he* had, his own right arm, his industry, his foresight, I took it as an honest act. His thanking went as far as his thinking.

For thankfulness is but the grateful perception of the order of life, appreciation and approval of the preparation—Providence, really—which so amply meets the human need and yet affords such scope for man's-enlargement that never has he even glimpsed the nearer limits.

The Presidential Proclamation recommends giving thanks to Almighty God for the blessings of the year; this is a footnote to that document, directed to those who cannot reach as far as thankfulness, yet able perhaps to attain to thoughtfulness about it all. All that we have is a gift. My friend who thanked his good right arm, his industry and his foresight, will presently see that they are gifts. Our ability to serve multitudes through our industrial civilization is a gift. There is nothing that we have that was not given us. Experience is a gift, and the power that turns it into wisdom and character is also a gift. All this raises thought of a giver.

I think the Giver is so generous that thanks makes no difference to Him, "for He is kind unto the unthankful and the evil," but it may make a difference to us. A gift is giving and receiving, not giving alone. You cannot give your son his opportunity unless he will take it. God himself cannot give me more than I will receive of Him. And receiving has its degrees. Who receives greedily receives much less than one who receives appreciatively. The dinner of herbs eaten with thankfulness is more—even nutritionally—than a banquet with ingratitude. In the end I believe the thankless have really nothing to be thankful for, for as nothing can be owned by whom it is not appreciated, so nothing is really possessed except in thankfulness: Thanks is the final act of appropriation, the seal of ownership.

Beneath our Thanksgiving custom there is, therefore, something very sound. It is not mere form that leads men to thank God. The more thoughtful one grows the more clear it becomes that seen providences, numerous as they are, must be greatly outnumbered by the unperceived providences surrounding our lives. But even when men start with daily bread, the lines run back and back.

Back of the loaf is the snowy flour,
And back of the flour the mill,
And back of the mill
The wheat
And the shower
And the sun
And the Father's will.

# How I Wrote "The Man With the Hoe"




The author of this article, from a photograph made during his recent visit to the new offices of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT.

The Hoe-man is not the workman in his best estate: he is the bemoiled toiler in the abyss of civilization

Edwin Markham

By EDWIN MARKHAM

A QUARTER of a century ago *The Man With the Hoe* electrified the world with its music and its meaning, with its passion and its purpose. All tongues seemed to be talking. The London *Critic* said: "No other poem ever swung so swiftly into the mouths of men from sea to sea." Joaquin Miller said: "*The Man With the Hoe* is the whole Yosemite—the thunder, the might, the majesty." Other voices called it "the battle-cry of the next thousand years."

"This Hoe-poem," said the San Francisco *Chronicle*, "attracted more attention than any other poem in the world." For, while it was printed first in San Francisco, it was soon flashing from continent to continent. It has been translated into thirty-seven languages; and experts estimate that it has been printed more than twelve thousand times in newspapers and magazines in all corners of the earth. It has stirred the social dream in millions of souls. Here is Edwin Markham's own story of it:

A man cannot escape from his past.

I am reminded of this fact when from hosts of friends and from thousands of my auditors comes the question: "How did you happen to write *The Man With the Hoe?* Tell us the how, the when, and the why of it." In the main, I have been forced to deny my friends an answer.

But now comes a request from Dearborn, a request that overcomes my inertia, a request that causes me to tell at last the details of the story of these forty-nine lines, which sprang out of my inkwell in the early dawn of the twentieth century.

Why have I been so long reluctant to tell the genesis of this Hoe-poem? First, because I felt the need of finishing new literary projects; and, second, because these reminiscences force me to become my own hero and rehearse my own exploits.

The ground for this poem was doubtless laid in the experiences of my youth, when, as a hard-worked, sunburned boy, I hoed and weeded the orchard and garden from dawn to dusk on my mother's farm and range, in the little Lagoon Valley in the Suisun Hills that spur in the Coast Range of California. A thousand times I have felt the ache in the back and the utter weariness of the long unbroken day's work, with no prospect ahead but another day's work.

But I am not sorry that I learned to work in my youth. It brought me into robust contact with the open air, with soil and sun; and it also gave me a first-hand knowledge of the bread-labor of the world, and a keen sympathy with all toilers.

I feel that it is a misfortune for anyone to grow up in wealth-sheltered homes where they miss this outdoor

experience. Moreover, it seems to me that in a well-ordered world, everyone would be expected to spend a part of his time in bread-labor, and this would make that labor light for all who are engaged in it. Has there ever been offered any good reason for dividing the world into two classes—one class to do all the physical labor and little or none of the thinking, and another class to do all the intellectual labor and little or none of the bodily toil?

Even in my young manhood, these ideas began to take root in my mind. I began to dream of a new world wherein all workers would be thinkers, and all thinkers would be workers. It would be a world based on a union of culture and labor.

Man is a compound of mind and body, and they both should have exercise in order to develop an all-round and healthy personality. The failure of our civilization to carry out this principle leads to innumerable disasters. Our physical workers, performing all the bodily toil, have a tendency toward misshapen bodies and undeveloped minds; while, on the other hand, our mental workers, confining themselves merely to mind labor, have a tendency toward corpulent bodies and nervous disorders.

Big influences were pressing upon my youth in those early days. I not only worked in my mother's orchard and garden, but I also rode my broncho on the tops and slopes of the hills, herding cattle or hunting for them when strayed away in the cañons of far-off ranges. A thousand times I gazed from some hilltop over the Sacramento plains toward the far-off ghostly line of the Sierras.

These vast expanses helped to widen the horizons of my mind. But there was another great influence at work, for in those days I had the happiness to be reading *The Gospel of Jesus*. This is the greatest democratic document in the possession of mankind. It is—when properly interpreted—a daring and powerful demand for the political and industrial liberation of the world.

It was not long before another great democratic document came to my hand to marshal the forces of my young spirit. I refer to a translation of Victor Hugo's romance, *The Man Who Laughs*. Here I came in contact with the soul of Hugo, the chief literary glory of France, a man alive with the glowing enthusiasm of humanity. I was seventeen years old, and all the energies of my mind were bubbling hot in their crater. The huge humanity of Victor Hugo was the fortunate mold into which the fluid emotions ran, cooled, and took form for the labor of a lifetime.

The cry against social injustice, against brutal wrongs, sounding through all this romance, reaches a startling climax in the hour when the young democratic hero of the story stands up in his seat in the Parliament of England and he is asked, "Where do you come from?" and he answers, "From the bottomless pit!" Then begins his terrible arraignment of the men in power, the men who have done nothing or next to nothing for the submerged millions struggling and perishing in the abyss of civilization.

He tells the startled lords of England that they are Privilege—that they should be afraid, for the true master of the house is about to knock at the door. "I come to warn you," he cries. "For myself, I am nothing, save a voice. The human race is a mouth, and I am its cry."

When I wrote *The Man with the Hoe*, I had not seen this awakening romance for years; but the spirit of it was doubtless alive somewhere in "the backward and abysm" of my mind.

Years passed, and I had worked my way out of farm and range, worked my way through two or three colleges. At last, in 1886, I was elected superintendent of schools in El Dorado County, in the beautiful foothills of the Sierras. Here, in 1849, gold was first discovered by James W. Marshall, a man who died in poverty in his little bare cabin at Coloma.

Even in those days, I was a reader and book-buyer (I have now 12,000) and I was still deeply concerned with the problem of the toiling millions. I still had the pain of sympathy in my heart.

I had in my library a volume that widened my knowledge and deepened my compassion. It was *A General Introduction to Social Science*, by Charles Fourier, that extraordinary social philosopher of France, who had won the attention of all forward-looking men in the early half of the nineteenth century.

This volume, packed with new social hopes, had been translated and edited by Albert Brisbane, an impassioned and high-minded reformer of those early days. These hopes of Fourier had gone out as a great tidal wave over the thinking world. Among other effects, this wave stirred the hearts of Nathaniel Hawthorne, Ralph Waldo Emerson, George Ripley, Margaret Fuller, Charles A. Dana; and it led to the organization of a social family known as Brook Farm on the outskirts of Boston. Here men and women of lofty spirit undertook to work together as comrades and to realize a higher life based on the union of labor and culture. For a number of years, this social experiment prospered greatly. Horace Greeley became the impassioned exponent of these new ideas, and opened the columns of his New York *Tribune* to the new social propaganda.

Fourier does not stand on the high idealistic ground occupied by Jesus, yet his criticism of civilization throws a broad light upon the Gospel, and makes it plain that Jesus had in mind the organization of (Continued on page 19)

## "THE MAN WITH THE HOE"

*Written after seeing Millet's world-famous painting.*

God made man in His own image, in the image of God made He him.
—Genesis.

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground.
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?
Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And marked their ways upon the ancient deep?
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this—
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—
More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
More fraught with danger to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in the aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched,
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immediacable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in the hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God
After the silence of the centuries?




# If the Movies Say It Is —It Probably ISN'T

## Just Why Is This So?

By A. R. PINCI

ILLUSTRATED BY W. O. FITZGERALD

WHETHER producers and directors of movies realize it or not, superproductions have really become commonplace. They have run out of plots and of adjectives. On the business side, competition is becoming so keen and even vindictive that the closed corporations of a few years ago have become stock companies which merge and consolidate as a measure of economy. Costs are going up and income has about reached its utmost elasticity. Whether income must snap or rebound is food for thought for even the most opulent cinematographic companies.

In the life of any and every business competition and the apparent stalemate must be faced, and what is done at the moment of crucial discovery will determine the future. It is not too much to say that the motion picture business of the United States is about encountering such a dilemma, all the more difficult because of the nice, secure, single-track padded path it found right along—up to now. It has been easy so far to extract nickels, dimes, quarters and even half-dollars from spectators, but a singsong that is neither melodious nor welcome, but dolorous and unmistakable, is the collective comment of patrons as they file out, whose remarks are overheard by theater owners and managers:

"I liked 'On the Sea by the Rocks' better," the comment goes. "They gave it last year and wasn't much different from this." This, by the way, happens to be entitled "By the Rocks on the Seas." Which is the quickest way to say that plots and titles are beginning to be so much like each other that we can decide on a hunch whether or not a picture is worth seeing. We have learned to discard much of such late entertainment as easily as bank tellers throw out spurious money.

It has been alleged that the phonograph industry broke down because radio defeated it. That is not true at all. Phonographs slumped as soon as the powers that presided over the record departments slumbered serenely on, believing themselves safe in the assurance that a few celebrated artists could be depended on to bring home the bacon. There are certain selections that have been recorded ten or twelve times. Even a music student could be forgiven for not having more than two or at most three of one kind. There are thousands of selections that have never been recorded.

So it is with the movies now. There are plots that are doing double duty right along. There are plots that have never been satisfactorily exploited. Moreover, one successful picture will bring on an avalanche of imitations, not necessarily bad, but which surfeit.

What are the people tired of with respect to the movies?

They are tired of bad stories varnished over by spectacular means; they are tired of the effort to "put over" certain actors and actresses when normally there is nothing for them to do. Finding a story to fit a certain actor and vice versa is one cause of trouble.

They are tired of the insincerity, the infidelity, the grotesqueness that marks most of them in some way. They do not represent life; they represent the personal tastes of the director who happens to be in charge, and even the most capable is so intent usually in putting over the big idea that the substructure of little ideas trails along like so many deformed creatures.

I have made no attempt as to the recurrence of titles and plots and sets. I believe a study of the subject has been made or is under way, which must be a colossal task at that. In most cases as soon as we get a scent of the plot we know how the story will evolve.

For example, if there is a Chinese there must be an opium den or a gang of smugglers.

If there is a cowboy we know that there must be some cattlerustlers with a bad man after the gal.

If there is a Northwest Mounted Police you could bet your last million against any odds that a half-breed is on the rampage and that "Get your man" will never be downed.

If there is a society man with waxed mustache and hair parted in the middle we are sure that he is trying to confuse Miss Millie's paw-paw by taking his money trickfully so as to compel marriage with a young lady who could shorten the picture in a more convincing way by boxing the villain's ears at the end of the fourth scene, second reel. (In real life she would.)

The appearance of a Japanese may portend two plots: in the case of a valet he is a spy of the Nipponese government; in the case of a master, he is either a prince in disguise or the adult edition of Peck's bad boy, Japanese version, luckily drafted for the American movies.

The Frenchman means some sort of Marsellaise plot or one of those diplomats that never lived except in the movies, occasionally getting us into a

war reminder, just as a doughboy links us with the National Anthem, trenches, smoke pots and more bullets than the war consumed.

No Italian could possibly live in the movies who did not eat spaghetti three times a day using his original Adamitic fork and taking the stuff in a gargling position and no such nationality could be depicted except by garlic garlands hanging near the front door, or he must be some sort of artist whom nature absolutely deprived of speech, judging by gesticulations which I hope some moviedom efficiency engineer ought to utilize for developing horsepower around the studio.

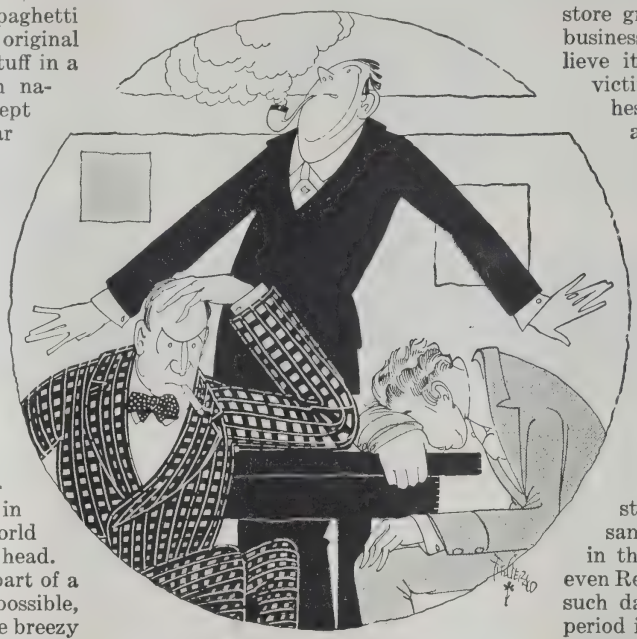
An oversize derby and a cigar planted in the middle of a square face whose mouth always twitches and droops at one corner means a detective who, unlike some legendary beings born with silver spoons in their mouths, came into the world with a hard-boiled hat on his head.

Since even an infinitesimal part of a complete list is physically impossible, I shall close with reference to the breezy young man who confronts us, pencil and memorandum book, y-cleped a newspaper reporter. If the newspapermen who are said to have gravitated to the movies ever reported anything in that fashion then we can absolve moviedom for most of its faults and go after, instead, its employment managers. And, to prove my seriousness, I should appreciate the name and address of every city editor who would approve memorandum books as a legitimate reporting expense. I should like to interview the owner of the newspaper employing both such editor and reporter.

But the point I wish to make is no doubt apparent. You and I, going to the movies, know what to expect in the way of dénouement, and we do not have to read the cast of characters (a useless appendage on the screen) to place most of them. We can't help knowing what they are going to do by their stereotyped appearance.

There is one thing in which apparently all directors seem to excel. That is a desire to confuse us by grandeur that somehow is unsatisfying. They predilect scenes that are supposed to be far, far beyond the ken of ye common peepul, so they relish Monte Carlo, the South Seas, Alaska, Siberia. When they do not feel like wandering so far from home they take two other localities; the ultra-smart-billion-carat set and the ultra-squalid slums, on the assumption that both are equally far from ye common peepul's ken.

The greatest objection to the movies is the conviction, when the screen animates, that the director considers you a most ignorant sort of person who by no means could possibly understand what he is trying to tell you—that is, understand it on your own account, and that his idea of things is paramount. All of us can stand a certain amount of exaggeration, so as to make other



They have run out of plots and adjectives.

limitations a little less obvious, but we draw the line at impossibilities and absurdities.

Who has ever seen a shanghaiing story that was not identical with previous ones? Once in a while I hoped, I earnestly prayed, for a shanghaied hero who would become lame, who would lose his life, and who admitted the impossibility of resisting a score of shanghaiers intent upon keeping him a good boy. I hoped equally often that the "girl" would be delayed by the elements or could lose her way, such has been her inveterate habit of getting into the fray for the sake of being saved.

I do not know who the rope-tying master of the movies is, but one of these days I am going to discover one whose pupils hamstring their victim a little more convincingly than my chain-store grocery boy ties a string at the business end of a broom. I really believe it is time to stop tying movie victims with rope and just use adhesive plaster. It would be novel and not so bulky.

I have not visited the bad frozen Northwest of the goldfields, but I have been in some bad places in my time, and for that reason it would be interesting to know the name of the director who originally fashioned the saloon ladies of either Bloody Gulch or Frozy Pass. Except for the fact that there have been so many of her, and that those I saw ten years ago would be too old now, facial surgery notwithstanding, I could imagine that the same ladies have been doing duty in that rôle all the time. I believe even Rex Beach pictures have portrayed such damosels of the pre-Spanish war period in silk stockings. Can he attest that at that time, somewhere near Nome, young women possessed such wealth in perfect silken stockings that they never appeared without them?

There is a type of story which is flourishing anew these days which I have in mind. The story, in its every portrayal, reveals the same absurdity. It may prove, this, that each story may have been copied from predecessors, but more than likely, since plots are cheap, that directors, lacking knowledge of such matters and being without a mentor who could direct them properly, looked up old pictures and took their cue from those. So here is a case of productions, some quite elaborate, involving a multi-million salary organization, (Concluded on page 28)




There is no doubt that more and more patrons are tiring of the stuff which exceeds cinematographic license.

# Driving the English Language out of the Philippines

By WILLIAM E. BARTON



The Negrito baby is more afraid of the camera than she is of the monkey on her mother's shoulder.

IN THE wake of Dewey's fleet there sailed to the Philippines one of the most interesting expeditions that ever left the shores of the United States. How long we were to keep the Philippines we did not know, but so long as we retained them, we intended to do as much as possible of our communication in some other language than the Spanish. By unprecedented measures, the Government of the United States undertook to transport to the Philippines a thousand schoolteachers before the end of 1901. The undertaking was surprisingly successful. In 1904 there was an enrollment in the public schools of 280,414 pupils. The educational force was 4,207, composed of 787 Americans and 3,414 native teachers. Now, in 1925, the end has nearly been attained of providing school facilities for every boy and girl in the Islands. The Vice-Governor of the Islands, appointed by the President of the United States, is the Commissioner of Education and also of Public Health, and the results of this double arrangement are worthy of all praise. Manila is one of the healthiest cities in the world, and the system of education appears, in spite of the limitations which I shall presently indicate, to have accomplished wonders.

More persons in the Philippines now use the English tongue than ever used the Spanish.

Please consider for a moment what that means. The United States has accomplished more in twenty-five years in the way of approach toward a universal language in the Philippines than Spain did in three hundred years. Those eight hundred American schoolteachers did not live and work in vain, and their successors have not wrought without result.

There are 49 provincial school divisions, each with its own director. There are 50 provincial high schools. There are normal schools and vocational schools of marked efficiency—the Board of Education receives $150,000 a year from the United States for the products of the vocational schools of the Philippines. There are 4,000 school gardens and 100,000 home gardens, a result of the economic stress of the World War. There is a university with an enrollment of more than 5,000, with courses in arts, science, education, medicine, law, engineering, forestry, music and other departments. The campus is finely located and has 45 permanent buildings.

In all this system of education, English is the language employed.

Please read that sentence again. When I was in Bilibid Prison I noticed that the women prisoners were learning not simply to make embroidery, a remunerative vocation, but were learning from charts to read in English, not in Spanish or any native dialect.

The purpose of this present article is not only to record this remarkable achievement, but also to say something of *a movement now under way, and gaining strong support not only in the Philippines but in influential quarters in America, to limit if not to overthrow this system of enlightenment.*

The literature of this movement is being sent to America by distinguished advocates of the idea, and the names of American scholars who approve, or appear to approve, the thesis are given glad publicity.

Since 1916, when President Wilson set out to Filipinize the entire government of the Islands with a view to speedy recognition of their independence, the American element in education has greatly shrunk. There are now only 330 American teachers as against 24,732 Filipino teachers. The school enrollment has increased from 280,000 in 1904 to 1,132,719 in 1923.

Of the Filipino teachers, 246 are college graduates, 3,411 are graduates of high or normal schools, and 20,475 are below the grade of high school graduation, about half of them having had no high school or normal training.

And they are all required to teach in English!

(*Concluded on page 29*)





Above—A crowd of educated Filipino young folks. Right—A group of Dyak children in Borneo.

# Copp's Hill, Where Heroes Rest

## Boston's Historic Necropolis

By May B. Whiting

THE cemetery always used to be regarded as a delightful place in which to spend a Sunday afternoon, and that idea is not so strange considering the sort of burying grounds that fostered it. For in those days there were no mere monuments with names and dates and platitudes, but dreadful sculptured faces to stir the imagination, and intimate lines that gave an inkling of the whole family history, even to the skeleton in the closet. When the movies were not dreamed of and the theater was a crime, the pious Sunday visitor could evolve in fancy a whole drama, say, "The Follies of 1695," with the epitaphs as a theme.

Copp's Hill Burying Ground in Boston is rarely situated on an eminence overlooking Charles River as it enters the harbor. At the foot of the hill Winthrop and his company first landed, coming over from Charlestown to avoid the mists from the lowlands, and on its crown they placed their windmill. For years the place was known as Windmill Field, and for two centuries it was a recreation center for the north end of the town as the Common was for the south end. To celebrate the surrender of Quebec "forty-five tar barrels, two cords of wood, a mast, a spar, and boards, with fifty pounds of powder" were set off, and, that there might be nothing lacking, the colony at the same time provided "32 gallons of rum and much beer." A pirate was once executed on the top of the hill, and, on this joyous occasion, the river was crowded with small craft filled with spectators.

In 1659 William Copp conveyed a parcel of land for a burying ground. This Copp was a shoemaker, or cordwainer, as they were called, and, besides his trade, he made a pretty penny investing in land. At one time he was fined for concealing money. Samuel Sewall, a few years later, sold to the town the adjoining field which he inherited from his wife, Hannah, daughter of the mint master who put the pine tree, instead of the English oak, upon the shillings. The land for a street was given on condition that it bear the name Hull "forever."

Parallel to Hull, bordering the burying ground on the east, is Charter street, named in honor of Governor Phipps whose mansion house was at its lower end, facing the water. Phipps was a ship carpenter in his youth and then became master of a vessel. On one of his voyages he learned the whereabouts of a sunken Spanish treasure ship, raised it and carried the booty to England, where he was knighted for his pains. This bold exploit pleased Andros, soldier of fortune himself, and he made him high sheriff, although at that time he knew nothing of law and could hardly write. When the new charter was granted, through the labors of Increase Mather, Phipps brought it to America and became first royal governor under it. He was a true friend of the Colonies and would have been a good governor if he had ever learned to control a fiery temper.

The Phipps mansion became the property of Captain Gruchy, a privateer, who built a tunnel from it to the water's edge. The night one

(Concluded on page 30)





Copp's Hill Burying Ground. Above—Christ Church, Boston.

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

THE emphasis given to wages in all discussions of economic welfare may seem somewhat extravagant at times, and certainly is proved to be extravagant when taken up and forced to strong conclusions without reference to parallel considerations of equal importance.

Thus, in the face of a class that regards wages as an element to be fought down as much as possible, it is necessary to insist on the fact that wages furnish purchasing power and the whole process of business depends on people who are able to buy and pay. It is necessary to insist that an attack on wages is an attack on the very foundations of that adequate production and exchange of supplies which is necessary to social life.

On the other hand, when special pleaders begin to declare that wages should absorb all the economies, all the increased profits made possible by industrial improvements, it becomes necessary to call attention to the essential class-nature and limited benefits of such a view.

As this view has again been lately asserted under very respectable auspices, it may be stated again. It is proposed that henceforth all the advantages accruing from better management such as increased production, lower costs, higher values, should be made over to wages.

That this is a most narrow, anti-social and unfair position needs only be stated to be seen. Take the case of one factory. It was built on one man's idea of a certain service which society needed and which up to that time had been only crudely met. Society responded, giving large patronage to the factory, which was thereby not only enabled to grow but to make still further improvements in the service which it rendered. Not the least of these improvements were internal, that is they occurred within the management of the business, the laying out of the work, the simplifying of the method, the saving of useless labor and wasted material, all of which permitted the service to be rendered at less cost than formerly.

Now, there were three ways this decreased cost, which was really increased profit, could go. The manager could say, "I will keep it all, because it was my ability that made this saving possible." Or he could say, "I will take this difference between what the article used to cost and what it costs now, and put it into the wage envelopes of the men." Or he could say, "It costs less to produce this service, therefore the selling price ought to be reduced an equal amount, and the buyer given the benefit."

In the first instance the argument could well have been: the extra profit belongs to the man whose brains made it possible. In the second instance, the argument could have been: the extra profits belong to the workers, the producers. In the third instance the argument could have been: the buying public has the right to necessities and service at the lowest possible cost.

*WHEN improved methods and better management make possible lower production costs, who should reap the advantage? Should the increased profits go to the capital end of the business, or to the labor end of the business, or to the public that buys the manufactured commodity? Each of these is a claimant. But it is only necessary to trace the possible effects of such a course to see how faulty it is. Just now the demand is being made that all the economies of business be used to increase wages. Why only wages? Why not also to decrease prices?*

The first attitude represents the extreme of the short-sighted capitalistic philosophy which ruled a generation ago, and which is swiftly passing. It is doubtless true that improvements in methods of production which have greatly reduced the costs of living have been the result of managerial brains. But managerial brains are rarely if ever capitalistic. If capitalism had the faculty of management it would thereby cease to be capitalism and would become productionism. The improvements of production did not come from the class that loaned the money, but from the men who actually put their brains to work in the industry.

These, if any, are surely a part of labor. They are a part of labor which is often lost sight of. If it were proposed to distinguish between the forms of labor, that which contributes brawn and that which contributes brain, the distinction being made in order to discriminate in the latter's favor, there would doubtless be some opposition. Yet under the arguments assumed above this is what should be done. "The men who contribute the ideas that decrease the cost of production should reap the additional profit"—how would that sound? Why, labor itself would repudiate the idea.

Yet that is what has been seriously proposed of late with reference to the other part of labor which did not contribute to the idea at all, but only to the lesser parts of the scheme. Whether this proposal has elements of common sense is a question about which no doubt exists. We shall state the case next week, in the hope that it may serve to clarify labor's thought in the matter.

**"Ford Ideals," 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## The Plight of the Parties

IS IT the "party" or the "organization"? The party is the rank and file of the people committed to a specific view of political problems and to a specific program of political action. The organization is the group at the top which attempts to swing the party this way or that, does the "trading," the tricks, the sordid diplomacy of place and prominence. It is the organization that kills the party. The party is natural, useful, inevitable. The organization is usually a cancer of narrow selfishness which grows upon the party.

In no surer way does the organization weaken and destroy the party than by forgetting that one of the functions of a party is to nourish future statesmen. Time was when parties looked over the ranks of their young men and saw governors, presidents and diplomats coming to the front. The party was the seed-plot of public service. That seems to have been changed. Organizations resent young "comers." They drive out ability. They discourage political enterprise. They are not training up young men to take their jobs, as all good business men do.

The natural result is that when parties today look through their ranks for candidate material, they find little or none. Take the plight of the Democratic party today. Not many years ago Democracy bristled with young men coming to the top, displaying fine mettle, acquiring ability. Today Democracy casts its eye hopelessly around to find a man to carry the banner. It is compelled by the very scarcity of men to take second-grade material, which the nation instinctively rejects.

Not only is this bad for the Democrats, it is bad for the Republicans, for it permits Republicans to go into elections with less than the best candidatorial timber. The excellence of one party personnel compels an equal or greater excellence to be displayed in the personnel of the opposite party. But this cannot be done when parties degenerate into organizations and when national elections become mere contests between two groups of politicians at the top. It is time for parties to inquire what the "organization" has done to them.

## Suppressing Facts in Boston

MAYBE it is not always wise to tell the facts. If police have laid a plan to trap a criminal, newspapers ought not to advertise the criminal of the fact—though they often do. But if a condition exists which is dangerous to the people, it ought to be advertised—but it frequently is not. We all know how careful newspapers are not to print anything that would be likely to offend theaters or stores.

An extreme instance, however, is taken from *Editor and Publisher* which in turn quotes from the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, as follows:

> "One of the most amazing instances of news suppression that has ever occurred in Boston came to light this week, with the detention of the man who for more than 10 weeks has been throwing missiles in a crowded Boston theater, and at practically every performance. For more than a month the facts have been common knowledge in every Boston newspaper office, yet not a single paper had the courage to print the facts. Instead, innocent persons were permitted to attend every performance, with the practical certainty that a deadly missile would be thrown and the probability that some one would be hit. Many, in fact, have been hit, but happily none of the missiles has reached a vital spot, although several women have suffered painful injuries to their limbs. Some of the missiles were sharp pieces of steel, others were comparatively heavy junks of iron or lead. That no more serious injuries resulted is little short of miraculous."

As an illustration of the extreme to which these things can go, this instance is worth recording.

## In 1987—What?

THE strategy of publicity seems to follow that of war, with equally bad results. It is now accepted as true that kings, when dissension affected the nation, often created a diversion in the form of foreign war. The European press and politicians seem to be using the American attitude on war debts to divert attention from Europe's internal troubles. *The war debts are not one of those troubles*, since they are not being paid. The Americans are asking only an understanding, an arrangement; why this should be made the ground for a campaign of hate against this country, is not plain to reason. The consequences of the state of mind which Europe is now stirring up may be more than French and English press and politicians are bargaining for.

It should be made clear, however, that the people of the United States are still thinking about the war debts. We are not at all impervious to the argument that Europe's men against our money represents the greater loss; we recognize that, because we lost men also. All we say is that to offer the solution of money versus men for our consideration is very unwisely done. It represents a form of thinking which gives us an uneasy sense of shame for those who use it. Yet, we recognize the poignancy of its fundamental truth.

We also recognize that the situation in Europe just now is such that it is better for her to figure on paying debts than on making war. If it is a question of millions going into munitions, or millions going into debt payments, we think it is for the good of the world that we insist on payments first.

But as yet it is only suggestion; it has hardly reached the stage of collection. And it is principally a present policy. No one knows what it will be a few years hence. Some of the arrangements that have been made run for 62 years. Many things will occur in the world before 1987. Think what occurred between 1825 and 1887; the record will be stupendous between 1925 and 1987. And different conditions will bring about different policies, no doubt of that. Our sons, to whom these debts will run, and Europe's sons to whom the responsibility for them will run, will both have new points of view, new problems. In 62 years such events may have occurred in Europe as to leave forever uncollectable all such debts. Such events may have occurred as would leave America in a position to take other attitudes. We do not know. Few of us ever expect Europe to pay. Europe herself has little notion of paying. If the present American attitude serves Europe by making debt embarrassment a hindrance to more war, America should be thanked, not hated. Anti-American propaganda in Europe is very dangerous to Europe—fortunately it does not touch us and would make no difference to us, but it is hurting Europe. It is creating a state of mind which must bring damaging reactions.

It is the wisdom of statesmen in Europe and America to say frankly whether the business attitude toward the war debts is not the best attitude to take in the present circumstances. As to 1987, that is two generations of leaders away. Other men, other times, other policies. These matters usually come out right in the end.

## *A Sound Conviction*

DELEGATE McCullough, of Omaha, in the discussion of the Campaign for the so-called Child Labor Amendment to the Federal Constitution, at the last meeting of the American Federation of Labor, told the advocates of the measure they had made the mistake of opposing the common people, and that they must educate the common people and secure their support before the effort to sew another patch on the Constitution could succeed. *The Presbyterian* read the same thing, and thus comments on the delegate's words:

> "Mr. McCullough is right. It was the common people who defeated the attempt to take from the family and the State the control of the youth of the nation up to the age of 18, and center it in a Washington bureaucracy. And it will take a lot of educating to make them change their minds."

*The Presbyterian* adds a straightforward declaration of its own position thus tersely:

> "The attempt to destroy the family by robbing it of divinely appointed rights, powers and functions and to make the state all-inclusive in its powers over the child, is anarchy in its worst form, and it cannot live inside or near to a republic."

That is the common mind of the common people on this question. Is there any likelihood of "educating" them out of that?

## *Failure of State Farming*

A STATEMENT, specially interesting because of its frankness, has just been issued by a select committee appointed by the British Ministry of Agriculture to inquire into the question of state farming. Under the Agricultural Act of 1919, the British Ministry of Agriculture was empowered to engage in "direct farming operations," and has had under its control, for several years, farm lands in Yorkshire and elsewhere. The scheme has been developed on a profit-sharing basis, but, so far, there have been no profits to share. On the contrary, "financial losses have been considerable," and the committee frankly declares that the country ought to realize the cost to the taxpayers by which the scheme is maintained.

True, the committee declares that "apart from the cost of it, the experiment has been a very successful piece of work as an instance of practical land settlement"; and it goes on to record the fact that there is "a very much larger population on the land than ever was employed before, living in good conditions, in decent houses, and with decent wages." But then it is always possible to secure all of these if money is no consideration. Such conditions, however, should be secured and can be secured while maintaining the industry concerned on a paying basis.




***The Man from New York*** came into The Office and told how Will Hays was being defeated all down the line in his fight for the motion picture producers. This man thought it significant that the Presbyterian church turned down Will Hays' plea and stood out for control, and that even the old ministers were firm notwithstanding the fact that Will Hays is chairman of the Ministerial Sustentation Committee which provides the living of worn-out ministers. The censorship in New York, this gentleman told me, was working well. Its services are not to be measured merely by the number of films totally rejected, nor the number of excisions made, but also by the number of immoral films that never attempt to show in the state because of the law. The New York motion picture censorship is not only self-supporting, but turns in a profit to the state.

Connecticut, also, this gentleman tells me, has passed a movie licensing law, providing for a $10 tax on each film shown in the state, and which enables the tax commissioner to revoke the license on any immoral film. Will Hays was actively engaged against that law also. Mr. Wickersham was one of the movie men's attorneys. I understand that the day was saved by the work of an Episcopalian clergyman, who offered to act as "friend of the court" to bring to light certain facts which he felt were not being sufficiently emphasized by the attorney for the state. So Connecticut lines up also.

Most of the things said against a censorship can probably be substantiated on the ground of pure art, but when it is a condition that confronts us rather than a theory, a condition of sordid exploitation of immoral pictures among the public, the American mind simply seeks to stamp it out. There is, after all, no difference between the purveyor of pornographic post cards and the purveyor of pornographic plays and motion pictures. We have police for the one, and who in the name of decency are the others that they should go free!

***The Man from England*** dropped into The Office and said that, from his point of view, England was in for a severe trial. "Not only are one and a quarter million men out of work, but much of the work now being done is slowly being crowded out. When the United States can sell steel in Birmingham cheaper than the English can make it there, it doesn't promise well for English industry. The whole country is astounded to learn that the greater the improvements in coal-mining methods and the greater the wages paid, the less coal is mined. Eighty per cent of England's population is made up of laboring people. Her normal unemployed is half a million. The greatest nation in the world treats its laboring people in a way hard to understand, and I feel that the retribution will be very severe. The English monied class are not 'good sports' when it comes to dealing with their own kindred in the factories."

***The Man from China*** dropped into The Office and said that China was on the move now and no one need expect her to slacken. He predicted that the nations would have to adopt another attitude toward the Chinese. Nothing was more absurd anyway than that the Western nations should assume that the Chinese were barbarous—they have an ancient civilization and an established character based on racial, religious and intellectual foundations. The Western nations will have to back down from their position—no doubt about that—and afterward they will find the Chinese good friends.

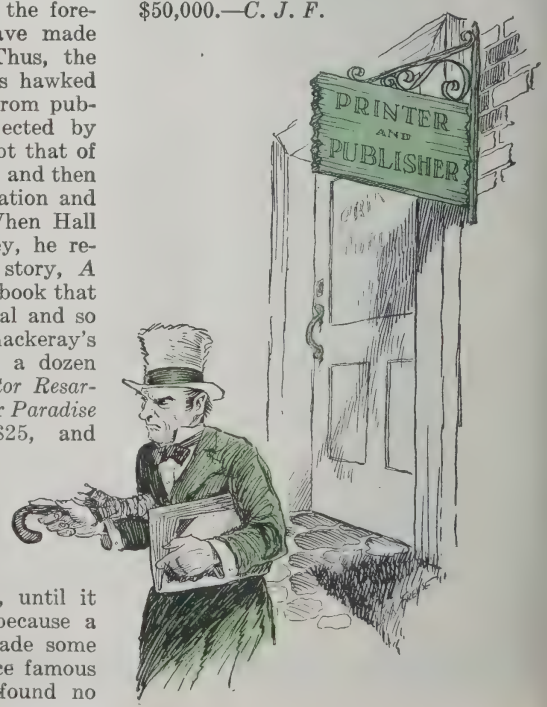
Our Caller said that Russia had a finger in the pie, but that there was no more chance for the Chinese going Bolshevik than for the Nordic American. Chinese just naturally have too much sense; they are too highly educated; their philosophy is too ancient and strong. Russia is trying to capitalize the present situation by subsidizing the noisier students. The method of the outbreak was not Chinese at all; when Russian gold ceases, disorder will cease, but that will not affect the issue in the least.

"There are more than 435,000,000 Chinese in China," said he, "and only about 325,000 foreigners. Of these about 25,000 are British and American. There are 85,000 Russians and more than 200,000 Japanese. So, you see, the 25,000 are really the center of the trouble, or more especially the 15,000 who are British. One trouble is that, copying the errors of the West, China thinks—that is, Young China—that something can be accomplished by 'hurrah.' But that is not Chinese. The lack is of a Central Government. It is impossible for Western peoples to conceive how smoothly China gets along without a Central Government.

"Where Western nations have failed is in exploiting China, instead of helping her. If we help her now, she will be grateful."

## Successful Books That Were Scorned

PUBLISHERS whose interests lie in the production of books calculated to make successful appeals to popular caprice are no new phenomena. But, aiming at money-making as the foremost consideration, they have made sad errors of judgment. Thus, the fine story, *Lorna Doone*, was hawked about by R. D. Blackmore from publisher to publisher, and rejected by every publisher's reader except that of Sampson, Low and Company, and then was brought out with trepidation and a paucity of advertising. When Hall Caine was reader for Bentley, he rejected Marie Corelli's first story, *A Romance of Two Worlds*, as a book that would have no popular appeal and so mean financial disaster. Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* was refused by a dozen publishers and Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* had no better fortune. For *Paradise Lost* Milton was paid $25, and Goldsmith sold his classic *Vicar of Wakefield* for $350, given as a special favor. No one would bring out *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and Fielding's *Tom Jones* was rejected time and time again, until it was brought out in 1749, because a slight play by its author made some noise in the world. The once famous *Mr. Barnes of New York* found no publisher, so Archibald Clavering Gunter brought it out at his own expense, spending $925 on the venture. In less than a year he had cleared $50,000.—*C. J. F.*



# What Would You Rather Do Than Work?

## The Great Problem of the Future Will Be How to Loaf Harmlessly

By ALLAN L. BENSON

PERHAPS you were born too soon. One never can tell. At any rate, it may interest you to know that the great problem of the next hundred years or so is going to be to learn how to do a scientific, non-skidding, pleasurable and harmless job of loafing. Loafing is by no means the right word, but it is the word that will be best understood today. Life with little labor is what is meant—life with a great deal of time to spend in doing whatever one wants to do.

It sounds easy and delightful, and it will be when we learn how to do it, but until we do, this kind of existence will probably be productive of more heartaches than any other problem that we have ever tried to solve. Any fool can work, but it takes not only a wise but an experienced person to use sensibly and enjoyably a considerable amount of spare time.

The human race is recapturing its leisure. It once had leisure and lost it but it is getting it back again. The discovery of how to make fire was what first set us to work because it enabled us to live farther from the Equator where food produced itself and clothing and shelter were unnecessary. People moved away from the Equator, not because they preferred cold and work to heat and idleness, but because the colder climes offered them a refuge in the struggle for existence. As Mr. Malthus told us long ago, the growing of two blades of grass where but one grew before always has a tendency to cause two children to be born where but one was born before. Malthus did not use these words, but that is what he meant. Population always tends to press to the limit upon subsistence. Fire made it possible for more people to live upon the earth provided they would forego some of their leisure.

The process of working like the mischief for a bare living is what the world has long called, and still calls, a distinguishing mark of civilization. This process reached its climax in England about a hundred years ago. It was then that leisure reached its lowest level. England had led the world in the adoption of the factory system of production. She had no competitors, the world was her market, and there was a demand for all the manufactured goods she could produce.

English manufacturers put on every bit of driving power they could muster. Adults were required to work sixteen hours a day. In the textile industries, children were employed, nights as well as days, some of the children no more than five years old, and when the tots fell asleep at their work, men hired for the purpose gently shook them until they awakened.

In the United States, fifty years ago, eleven and twelve hour days were the rule in industry. Workingmen then talked of the ten-hour day as workingmen now talk of the five-hour day. American industry is now mostly on an eight-hour basis, while here and there a trade works six hours and talks of five. And in England, the workday of a coal miner is fixed by law at seven hours.

The human race is recapturing its leisure. Mechanical power and machinery have so increased the productivity of the worker that it is not necessary for him to work so many hours to produce all of the commodities that the market can consume. Of course, the story is not quite so short as that. Workingmen have pressed and are still pressing for shorter hours. The resistance of labor and the increased productivity of power and machinery have worked hand in hand to shorten the workday.

Nor is the workday yet as short as it will be. We have only just begun to use power. We have only just begun to use machinery. We have only just begun to take the lost motion out of manufacturing processes. We have only just begun to use automatic machinery. As we employ more power and learn better how to do things, the workday will become shorter and shorter.

We are recapturing our leisure. Here in the United States, during the last fifty years, we have added four or five hours a day to the time that we may have to ourselves. The problem of what to do with our leisure is therefore a present one. It is not a problem with which only our grandchildren will have to deal. It is already our problem, too. We may not recognize it, but such is the fact.

What are we doing with the leisure that has come to us? We may be doing a little better than the savage when he wants to dress up and considers himself ready for a party when he puts on a plug hat and knots a tie around his bare neck; but we are making considerable of a mess of it. Nothing is apparently more difficult for hard-worked men and women than agreeably to dispose of some spare time. I recall the days of my youth when I was a newspaper worker. The last day before a reporter was to begin a week's vacation he was full of glee. Possibly Monday would pass without a sight of him. No later than Tuesday afternoon, he would amble into the office smoking a big cigar, the complete personification of wealth and leisure. Going from desk to desk he would offer sympathy to the downtrodden slaves who had to



work for a living. The next afternoon he would come back and do the same thing. I have seen them drop into the office every afternoon of their brief week's vacation, for the very good reason that they knew nothing else to do. They had been used to hard work and could not suddenly turn a corner.

We are all of us about the same. It is difficult enough to know what to do with a week, but when all of the workdays are cut from sixteen hours to seven or eight we have, whether we know it or not, a real problem. As a race, we have had to work so hard since we left the tropics that we have had little occasion to consider how we might most enjoyably spend our spare time. Much if not most of the opposition to prohibition is due to the fact that man has developed so few of his capacities for happiness. One hears nothing else in New York except that the town has gone to—well, let us not say where—and that there is nothing to do! There are a great many explanations of the drink habit, but the best explanation of all is that people drink because they have time to spare, crave recreation, and believe they know of no other way to enjoy their time.

*Crimes Committed on Behalf of a Thirst*

There is probably not a human being in the world who, if he knew how to handle himself, could not do many things, each of which would yield him more pleasure than he could get from drinking. But how many know how to handle themselves? This writer will frankly say that he himself does not. He once drank some, he now drinks none, because he does not believe in violating the law, he does not care to take the moral responsibility that comes from indirectly employing bootleggers to commit crimes in behalf of his thirst, and if he contemplated suicide he would know better means to accomplish his purpose than to drink the stuff that is now peddled.

I have suddenly drifted into my own attempts to solve the leisure problem for myself because, for twenty years or so, I have had more leisure than most persons have had. In a way I have, and in another way I have not. Subconsciously my work is probably always in my mind, and consciously it is there a great deal of the time when others would not consider that I was working. But I have had enough leisure so that I should know a good deal about what to do with it. And I very frankly confess that I know very little. One can read, yes; but what is reading in comparison with the direct human touch? A very poor substitute, indeed.

Why not have the real thing, real contacts with human minds—friends? Try to get them. Acquaintances may be had for the asking, but friends are all but impossible to obtain. The young, having many acquaintances, think they have many friends, but they are lucky if they have any. An acquaintance may be here today and there tomorrow, but one never wants a friend to go away. Yet what is a friend but an acquaintance who has proved worth while? That is exactly what he is. Are most persons not worth while? Probably everybody is worth while to one or more persons.

*Why Not Organize the World for Friendship?*

Why isn't the world organized for friendship? It is organized for almost everything else. It is organized for religion, business, science and many other things. There have even been some small attempts to organize it for friendship. Clubs are partly for this purpose, but in a sea of loneliness, a club is smaller than a tomato can adrift in the Atlantic Ocean. One can be more lonesome in a great city than anywhere else because he is so completely shut out. He is surrounded by everybody and acquainted with nobody. He passes clubs but he does not belong. If he joins one he may soon find he does not want to belong. It sometimes seems as if there are more boobs in clubs than anywhere else. That is because the experimenter has not yet found his own kind of boobs. It takes so long to comb a city for one's own kind. Life is too short. The only chance is to blunder into the right place very early in the game. I have done this once or twice in my life, but usually the place burned up or something happened to destroy it. I recall an exceedingly interesting luncheon club in New York that was wrecked by the war. Too much argument, too much bitterness; it was easier to scuttle it than to try to calm it.

What is one to do with his spare time? One may say that he can go home. Home is a great institution, but it can be overdone. Home would oftentimes be more popular if it were not patronized so much. Home is a place to which to return, but it is also a place from which to get away. One is likely to value his home more highly if he does not see too much of it. This goes for women as well as men. Home, carried to an extreme, becomes but another word for monotony. We all know what happened to the man who wagered that he could eat a quail a day for thirty days. Human nature rebels against nothing more than lack of variety. That is why we have so hard a time in disposing of the leisure that we are recapturing. We do not know enough ways to spend it.

*There Must Be No Turning Back*

We shall have more and better ways when we have had leisure longer. That the most experienced have learned so little about what to do with their time shows how difficult is the problem that we are now called upon to solve. If twenty years were enough to solve it, it would not be much of a problem. Centuries were required to train men to work sixteen hours a day. A century or two may elapse before we learn how to spend our spare time happily and wisely.

There will be no turning back. The world will never return to the sixteen-hour workday. Nor can the individual solve the problem for himself by devoting himself wholly to work. To do so would be merely to admit that the problem had beaten him and driven him back upon his ancestors.

Nor is it desirable that the world should turn back. There is no virtue in work, as such. Work is but a means to an end. We work that we may live afterward. Our predicament lies in the fact that we have worked so much that we have not found out how to live afterward. We have not found out how to entertain ourselves.

How can we be entertained? What have we to please? We have our physical senses. We have our minds. Gratification of the physical senses offers no solution, otherwise the problem would long have been solved. Our only unexplored possibility is the mind. From the little that we know of it, its possibilities for giving us enjoyment are infinite. The mind can derive pleasure from the study of a flower seed or a star, but it is perhaps most agreeably engaged when it is in direct contact with other minds. I think the happiest men I have ever known were those who had most developed the art of making friends and talking just enough to keep the other fellows showing off the best they had in their mental warehouses.

*"When Everybody Has His Own Airplane*

What one does for the pure enjoyment of it is still play even though he do it for wages. The creative instinct takes pay because it cannot live without it, but it would operate without cash if it could. Probably everybody has this instinct more or less. We shall never have so much leisure that we shall not want to do anything. But we shall do more things for the pleasure of doing them.

It is a very fine thing for the world that a good deal of leisure has already come to it and that more is coming. But it will have to pay a big price for what it gets. The poverty problem which is now on the way to solution was and is very little in comparison with the problem of what to do to keep from being bored stiff. The best hope that I can think of, for the moment, is that the time will soon come when everybody can have his own airplane and make the grand tour of the world for about eleven dollars' worth of gasoline. We should probably eventually tire of so much scenery, but at the end of each trip it would be so fine to go home, plant flowers, trim the rose bushes and at night do a little fishing on the radio.

As we learn how to use leisure life is bound to become more and more worth while. Our golden age is just beginning.

# This Country Has Money to Burn

## Millions Worth of National-Bank Notes End Their Career in the Incinerator

By WILLIAM ATHERTON DU PUY

THE Federal Government has just snuffed out the lives of $118,000,000 worth of national-bank notes, a currency which the people has carried more consistently in its pockets since the Civil War than any other.

This act calls to mind the fact that national-bank notes are scheduled for retirement, are to go for good as an element of the currency if the policy of Secretary Mellon is continued. It means that a piece of old financial machinery is to be scrapped in the face of the development of something new and better.

*Resolved That Bond-Secured Currency Should Go*

The people, all of whom have used national-bank notes all their lives, will probably never miss them. It is an odd fact in the United States that the users of money seldom come to know much about what it is like. They do not so much as know that they are constantly using no less than five types of paper money. The national-bank note is one of these types. If the program for its retirement is carried out there will be four types of paper currency in circulation instead of five.

It was the intent of the Federal Reserve Act of 1913 that national-bank notes should go. Two smaller blocks of the Government bonds on which they could be issued had previously been withdrawn. Secretary Mellon says: "The importance of simplifying our currency system by the elimination of the national bank note is paramount . . . A way should be provided for the gradual elimination of the bond-secured currency issued by the several thousand different national banks."

The individual who has occasionally stopped to examine his paper money has found that some of it carries the legend, "The Blank National Bank will pay to bearer on demand." That is national-bank money. About one-eighth of the paper money is at present of that type. In 1914 one-fourth of it was national-bank notes. In 1880 one-half of it was national-bank notes. Back of that, all the way to the Civil War, it was the only paper money besides the war-time "greenbacks."

*A System Which Has Served Its Purpose*

National-bank notes are, obviously, a historic element in the monetary structure of the nation. Steps toward their retirement means the removal of a currency which, prior to the introduction of Federal-reserve notes, stood out in impressive prominence.

This type of paper money was almost the first Federal paper money to be issued. The "greenbacks" had previously come out and both issues had grown out of the Civil War.

Near the close of the Civil War, the Treasury had needed two things—currency for circulation, and a market for its bonds. Out of these needs had grown the national-bank idea. Banks wanted the privilege of issuing paper money. They were allowed to do so under certain conditions. They must buy specified Government bonds and deposit them with the Treasury to guarantee the redemption of the paper money they were permitted to issue.

It was out of this Civil War idea that the national-bank system grew. It served its end. It created a market for Government bonds. Before the war the only paper money was that issued by state banks. The government had nothing to do with it. It was not satisfactory. To support the national-bank scheme the government taxed the state-bank issues out of existence.

And these other types of paper money that the citizen is likely to find in his roll! How do you suppose they came about?

*Gold Certificates Have Become Richest Element*

Well, there are the Civil War "greenbacks" already mentioned. They are still in circulation. They are an obligation of the Civil War that has never been paid. They are now called United States notes. They are a distinct type of paper money. They can be told from the others because they alone bear a red seal on their faces. Instead of retiring them, Congress provided that, whenever one of them came in for redemption, a new note should be put out in its place. Thus have $346,000,000 worth of them been kept going ever since. Thus were the people given a second type of paper currency.

The Civil War period, in fact, seems to have been an outstanding germinating period for currencies. Another of our types of paper money, gold certificates, started in the sixties. It was then provided that whosoever had gold and wished to exchange it for paper money had but to bring it to the Treasury where he would be given gold certificates. This is the yellow-backed paper frequently met today. Some gold certificates were issued from 1866 on, but the bulk of them was not great until the world's outpouring gold began piling up abundant stocks of it at about the beginning of the present century. What with the flood of gold from Europe resulting from the war, gold certificates have become the richest element in the currency, next to that baby of the group, the Federal-reserve note.

Then there is the silver certificate. Most of the one-dollar bills are of this breed. It came about because silver dollars were over heavy in the public pocket. Instead of carrying silver dollars the public deposits them and takes silver certificates as warehouse receipts. These slips of paper certify that there has been deposited in the Treasury of the United States of America one silver dollar payable to the bearer on demand. This type of currency has a blue seal on its face where the United States notes have a red seal. The dollar bills carry the face of Washington. Thus they add another currency to the list.

*National-Bank Notes Are Most Confusing*

Finally Congress provided for Federal-reserve currency. This was a thought-out money. It had one quality that was lacking in the others. It automatically adjusted itself to the need. When there was a boom and much money was needed, it poured forth. When times were slack, it contracted. The time may come when it will replace all the others. It may be the sole paper money of the next generation.

The national-bank notes are the most confusing of all because there are about 8,000 banks issuing them, no two alike. Their manufacture is the great problem at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, as no less than one hundred orders from the banks come in each day. These orders are small job lots in printing. The bureau must keep separate plates for each bank, must get out those plates, make ready on the presses, run a few thousand, and quit. It is quite different on the silver certificates, for instance, that are printed in the hundreds of millions, all just alike. Here plates may be put on the press and run, without a change of program, until they wear out.

*May Be 1930 Before All Are Gone*

The last of the national-bank notes cannot be retired until 1930. The reason for this is the fact that the government has sold the banks certain bonds, known as two per cent consuls, that do not mature until that date. It sold them, agreeing that they should have the currency privilege. The national banks bought them. So the government has got to keep about $600,000,000 in national-bank notes in circulation until that date.

Of course it is by no means certain that this type of currency will be entirely removed from the field. It is Mr. Mellon's policy to remove it. He will probably not be in office in 1930, however, and another Secretary and other Congresses may have different views.



# Romantic Rascals

## Belzoni, the Patagonian Samson
## 1815-1823

(Twelfth of Series)

By CHARLES J. FINGER

WOOD BLOCKS CUT BY PAUL HONORE

(Copyright, 1925, by Charles J. Finger)

OPPOSITE the prison in the town of Padua, there was, in the year 1778, a barber shop, and in it, a tall awkward lad, who was left in charge, spent more of his time reading Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe* than in pushing trade. So business fell off. Certainly the youth looked diligent and attentive, and he was quite courteous, but a giant of a lad standing well over six feet, broad-shouldered and strong as an ox, is not the kind to handle scissors or razors, especially when his mind is dwelling on the killing of savages; nor when the talk of such a one runs to outlawry and the like, is he likely to inspire confidence in the minds of mild old Italian gentlemen. One day when the youth sat, wide-eyed in wonder, his eyes deep in his book, the father came in from a day spent in the country, and, after looking in the box where the money was kept, with a view to ascertaining the state of affairs, but finding nothing to please him, fell into loud lamentations. But as soon as he had come to a pause, the lad broke into a wonderful tale about the experiences of Crusoe, telling of his horror on finding the footprint in the sand. At that it was some time before the father could find words to express his emotion, his mind running on his own troubles and not on those of the shipwrecked sailor, but when he recovered, there was a lively torrent of denunciation, with the son soundly berated for his idleness.

Now on one side of the barber place was a wineshop, and at the fag end of the day men often looked in after taking refreshment, to tell and to hear the news, such having been the custom for many years. So, as man and boy stood in perplexity, the son with eyes bright and shining and his mind on far-away lands, the father pondering with deeply corrugated brow, passing townsmen stopped, caught the drift of what was going on, and, in the manner of men, fell to advising and consulting, making their neighbor's business their own. It added to the solemnity of the affair that a stonemason, who had been working at the monastery nearby was of the party, and he was one who had much to say. Being heavy and ponderous of speech, qualities which often pass for wisdom, he was listened to, and his advice was to the effect that if read the lad must, then he should occupy himself with sacred books as did the monks in the place where he worked just then. That led to fragmentary talk and argument of much length, and, before the violet shade of the prison had darkened the shop, the fate of master Giovanni Belzoni was settled.

"Either books or beards it must be," declared the father, "so a monk you shall be, and time may show what becomes of all these idle dreams of profane sailors and heathen savages."

Because of that, into the Capuchin monastery young Belzoni was put, and there he stayed until he reached the age of twenty-four years, a giant of a monk with muscles of steel and dark flashing eyes, one who stood head and shoulders above any in that town, being, indeed, six feet and seven inches in his sandals.

Being, happily, a practical man who was quick with his hands, he managed to pass the time well enough, though he was often sadly wearied with altercations and arguments. But he found a kind of outlet in the study of hydraulic engineering, his instructor being an aged monk who had wandered far afield in his time and who told the young giant of wonderful things in the world; of Archimedes and his spiral; of a burning mirror by means of which, it was said, at the siege of Syracuse the Roman fleet had been set on fire; of Ctesibius and his steam engine; of the great lighthouse of Pharos; but especially of the land of Egypt where were obelisks, and pyramids, and the wreckage of hydraulic machinery used in bygone years. That last fired the young monk's soul and the hope of a life of activity filled his horizon.

After that there was little more cloistered peace for Belzoni. News came into the monastery of new wonders and excitements, of Nelson at the Nile and at Copenhagen, of Bonaparte setting the world on fire, of a strange ship without sails that moved on the river at London. Most wonderful as it seemed was the extraordinary news of a great burning glass made by an Englishman named Parker with which the rays of the sun had been made to fuse gold in four seconds and silver in three. There was much more stirring and in Belzoni there grew the idea that he lived in a dead world, while outside the monastery walls were opportunities, interests, pleasure, and, above all, activity. Then one morning the young man, who hungered for mechanical things and seemed tied to philosophical, started off, a loaf of bread and a flask of monkish cordial in his sack, and he trudged the roads westward until he came to Genoa. There he took ship, working his way as a sailor, and in time landed in London Town.

For awhile he enjoyed the clamor of voices, the ant-like activity of the rivermen and porters, the noises of the horses and the brawny-armed fishwives, the sight of the bargemen and sailors from all ends of the earth, but soon his pockets were empty. He had almost made up his mind to buy a porter's knot and learn the trick of carrying burdens from the holds of ships up steep and narrow gangplanks, when fate threw in his way a seedy looking fellow who had much to say and many genial prophecies to make as to what might befall if the young giant would agree to place himself in his hands. So the stranger led the way through many streets until at last they came to Smithfield, where, as it seemed to the Italian, a mad world had gathered. For Bartholomew Fair was in full swing and an amazing crowd jostled and pushed and elbowed; everywhere were flags and noise, laughter and singing, the sounds of fiddles and fifes and drums. There were people grimy, others bright and gay in fine clothes; in front of booths were great painted banners telling of wonders within—of pig-faced ladies, of wild animals, of spotted boys, of boxers and wrestlers, of Chinese jugglers. All London seemed to be eating, or drinking, or dancing, or standing about the doors of taverns.

It was the cunning dodge of the stranger to match his new find, for a consideration, against the Irish

giant who challenged any man to wrestle, but it fell out that as the two passed along, Belzoni was attracted by the sight of a sword swallower by the side of whom stood the show manager, gazing skyward and yawning, for the wonder by which he made his living interested him not at all. But while Belzoni stood lost in interest, the stranger, who was a man of resource and one quick to turn a penny, honest or otherwise, slipped away and entered into negotiations with the manager, selling that which he owned not. For he assured the manager that the big man in the crowd was his property by a kind of contract, and told many other lies, plausible and otherwise. On the whole, he managed matters so well and so dishonestly that in less than an hour's time he went off with money in his pocket, while the ex-monk was engaged, painted, dressed and crowned with a gorgeous velvet cap surmounted by an immense plume of white feathers, and two trumpeters announced, throughout the Fair, that the Patagonian Samson would carry about the stage any five men, at one and the same time, who cared to pay sixpence apiece for the privilege.

"The fine fellow threw off his velvet cap," writes old John Thomas Smith in his *Reminiscences and Recollections*, "and four chairs were placed around him, by which we ascended, and after throwing our legs across his lusty shoulders, we were further requested to embrace each other, when another man leaped, by means of a small wooden ledge fastened to Samson's girdle, and sat on our shoulders." A fourth man sat in Belzoni's arms and a fifth stood on the wooden ledge, and Belzoni "performed his task with an ease most stately."

That went on for some time, then the Patagonian Samson developed into the French Hercules, his own manager, performing feats of strength about the country, a happy cheat lying about his own powers, keeping mysteries going, bamboozling silly folk, startling the natives of a half-hundred towns. His famous advertisement worked splendidly with people agog for a fresh sensation, and it read:

Sig. BELZONI the Great
will cut
A Man's Head off
And Put It On Again
ALSO SEE
THE GRAND CASCADE!!

The last was a spectacular exhibition in which the Italian had employed his ingenuity, inventing what he called an "Hydraulic Temple," which on the first performance somehow went wrong, for the Grand Cascade became unmanageable and the water from a large tank overflowed, inundating the orchestra and showering those in the pit. But, by the quick wit of Belzoni and the coolness of his chief actress, who afterward became the wife of the poet Thomas Moore, a panic was averted and Belzoni, with Barnum-like acumen, made capital of the affair.

But the adventurer had a soul above that of a mere showman, and one day a rush of purpose burst upon him. It was when he met a Frenchman who had been in Egypt with Bonaparte and from him heard the story of a desert country through which a great river ran. At once the practical mind of Belzoni was all aglow. The dream of transforming a desolate place into a garden filled him. Not for nothing, he thought, had he studied hydraulics in the monastery. Where the conqueror had destroyed and plundered, he, Belzoni, would build and enrich. Where the Corsican had raised discord and anger and unrest, he, the man from Padua, would devote his life to social progress and order and peace.

So the show business, and money-making, and popular applause were abandoned, and Belzoni started to Egypt to make a wilderness fertile and to convert a place of drifting sand into a land where millions might live a busy, healthy life. But he soon found that his energy and strer could not win ag apathy and ind ence, against incompetence and irresponsibility, for the Egyptians would have nothing of his plans and ideas, so his vision of a land of fair cities died.

Then he turned his attention to other things. If the Egyptians disregarded the wealth he offered them, then they were not worthy of the valuables that they had, art treasures and antiquities and ornaments and statues, made by greatness long since dead. There was the granite Rameses II that stood at Thebes, for example. They saw it every day without appreciation, but at the British Museum in London it would be a wonder for admiration. So Belzoni laid his plans before a Mr. Henry Salt, British Consul General, and soon the monument was on its way to England. After that there were other things, pyramids to explore, temples to search, tombs and ancient buildings to examine, excavations to make, all of which Belzoni did. He discovered the Temple of Serapis, visited the emerald mines of Jabel Zabbarah, shipped treasures by caravan and by boat, crawled through passages in lost temples, fought Arab mobs, suffered hunger and thirst and desert heat, and when at last he returned to England, it was as a man famous among the learned and great. His own city of Padua honored him like a monarch and struck a medal in his memory.

There was one conspicuous appear-




Announced throughout the fair that he would carry any five men at one and the same time, who cared to pay sixpence for the privilege.

ance as a strong man in London, though not in an official or professional capacity. It was in the year 1820, at the coronation of George IV, when the doors of Westminster Abbey were closed in the faces of the crowd gathered to see the ceremony and to champion the cause of the rejected Queen Caroline.

Belzoni, with his friend John Murray, the publisher, and one or two other sturdy souls, had no idea of bawling and sweating with the mob outside when they had tickets of admission. So there was an attack on the door, Belzoni being very active with an improvised battering ram, and, in spite of the opposition of soldiers and the band of professional pugilists who acted as royal pages, the heavy-handed Samson got in.

For three years Belzoni enjoyed the [illegible]ny of the famous of his day and [illegible]ccepted as somewhat of an archeological expert, then, one morning the learned world rubbed its eyes reading this:

"From *The Observer*, of 1823.

*January 20, 1823.*] [*Price 7d.*

"Belzoni leaves town tomorrow on a new journey; but whether to make a tour through Persia or to try to trace the route of Mungo Park is not certain. Friday the traveller dined with the Duke of Sussex."

About the same time another peculiar item was in the newspapers to the effect that

"Lady Esther Stanhope (a) continues to reside in the Deserts of Syria as chief of a tribe of Arabs. She will not suffer an Englishman to approach her.

"(a) Lady Esther Stanhope (1776-1839) was the eldest daughter of the Earl of Stanhope, and for some time presided over the establishment of her uncle, William Pitt. In 1810 she left England, and spent the rest of her life in the Levant, where she adopted Eastern habits and obtained a great ascendancy over the tribes."

So it was guessed that Belzoni would probably "rescue" the titled lady. His real intention, characteristically hidden, was to make his way into the heart of unknown Africa, to Timbuktu. He landed on the Slave Coast and started his march, but, at the little native town of Benin in Southern Nigeria, he was seized with an attack of dysentery and died, December 3, 1823.

## St. Gregory and Usury

SAINT GREGORY, of Nyssa, wrote thus of interest on money:

"He who would give the name of robbery or parricide to the iniquitous invention of interest would not be very far from the truth. What, indeed, does it signify if you have made yourself master of the wealth of another by scaling walls or killing passers-by, or if you have acquired what belongs to you by the merciless method of the loan?"




***I read in the papers*** of Winnipeg, Calgary and Vancouver the full-page advertisements of the department stores which the Hudson's Bay Company has established in succession to its local fur trading posts. The company is the oldest chartered concern in the British Empire, dating from 1670, and until 1869 it owned and governed all of Western Canada, as well as the regions about Hudson's Bay. The famous "point" blankets that the company continues to sell were probably the first instance in the world of a one-priced article marked so that the customer could have confidence in the transaction. The blankets are made in four sizes and originally were exchanged for beaver skins, the currency of early trading days. The largest blanket has four black markers or "points" dyed into its edge, indicating that the price was four large beaver skins; the medium-sized blanket had three full-sized and one short "points," the price being three large and one small beaver skins and the small blanket has three full "points" for three large skins.

*The International Jew* in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set, $1. The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

***I read in the papers*** that the Florida land scandal is about cleaned up. It was a very courageous thing for Florida to do, thus to take the bull by the horns and run the risk of the inevitable misunderstanding of Florida land values which would follow upon an exposure of the real estate liars and pirates. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT had the facts a long time ago, but they involved men of a race with which this paper had other affairs to settle at the time. So it is all to the good that the exposure and clean-up came from other sources. It was a shame the way the parasites swarmed to Florida and played their game under the reputation for straight dealing which Floridans had established. It is always the way with these things; outsiders come in and spoil it. When Californians handled the real estate situation in their state, everything was straight and above-board. When Floridans handled the Florida boom, everything went smooth and straight. Then the fly-by-night fakers came in, and the game went bad. States should strictly protect themselves against this sort of thing. For the man who is "stung" never stops to think that the faker who "stung" him may have come from the East side of New York, he only remembers that he was "stung" in Florida. It is the name of Florida that suffers. And Florida should exercise a relentless control over the class that is jeopardizing her good name. We who know Florida know that all the mess was not of Florida creation; it is the work of speculative outsiders. But it is plainly Florida's duty to clean them out, for the sake of her own good name. The country applauds her efforts in these lines.

***I read in the papers*** that the much disputed "obey" in the marriage ceremony of the Protestant Episcopal church has at last been officially dropped by action taken at the Triennial General Convention in New Orleans recently. At the same time was eliminated the bridegroom's promise, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow." Even so, no marked change in the marriage relations is anticipated.

***I read in the papers*** that the Journal of the American Medical Association warns that "Civilized man is losing the taste for natural flavors and demands that his palate be tickled by various artificial flavors and condiments. These are not only expensive, but harmful. Not only are they irritants to the gastrointestinal mucosa, but they lead to overeating, for which they are largely responsible. . . A considerable economy could be obtained in this direction if more uncooked foods were eaten, such as salads, fruit, nuts and cheese, and if those foods which must be cooked were cooked for a shorter time."

***I read in the Harvard Alumni Bulletin*** that President Lowell, of Harvard, had this to say in a recent speech on the World Court: "There is a common impression that the founders of our national government had very little to do with foreign countries and believed in a policy of isolation; whereas in fact the relations with foreign countries were more insistent, more critical, and required more constant attention during the administrations of Washington, Adams, Jefferson and Madison than at almost any period since. . . . The Court will make international law, and from such a body let us not leave ourselves out."

It might be well if there was a revival of the international understanding and breadth of vision of former days.

# How I Wrote "The Man With the Hoe"

(*Continued from page 4*)

a new social order, which would sweeten toil and would shelter the people from the many needless disasters of existence.

All these experiences and studies prepared my mind to catch at least a glimpse of the vast problem involved in Millet's great painting, *The Man With the Hoe*, the grimly powerful picture of a French peasant bowed over his hoe in a field, the picture of a brutalized toiler. I came upon it, in 1886, reproduced in *Scribner's Magazine*, which was printing a series of articles on Millet and the austere and noble realism of his work.

Millet made his artistic home in the shadow of the forest of Fontainebleau. He has a Homeric directness in his paintings. He tries to make the common express the sublime. He endeavors to make the infinite visible. He is a democratic Michael Angelo. He is a Jupiter in wooden shoes.



(*After the famous painting by Millet.*)
"Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
the emptiness of ages in his face . . . ."

In *The Man With the Hoe*, I saw that Millet had swept his canvas bare of everything that was merely pretty, and projected this startling figure before us in all its rugged and savage reality. I was drawn and held by the terror of it: I saw in it the symbol of betrayed humanity. I immediately jotted down in my large notebook a few of the opening lines of my poem. They set the Hoe-man before us as Millet saw him on the fields of France:

Bowed by the weight of centuries he
leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.

Here were the few opening words, just enough to hold the place, enough to nail fast my purpose to write a poem that should cry the lost rights of the toiling multitude in the abyss of civilization—the multitude helplessly chained to the present, fettered to their narrow field, deprived of the enlarging education of the mind, deprived of the ennobling education of the heart.

I had made my entry in the notebook, but the cares of the world swept in, and the poem was not finished. But during the next thirteen years I made frequent and prolonged visits to my mother's home in San José. There I wrote out in their first form many of the lines of the poem. But they were only whirls of star-dust not yet concentrated into a moving orb.

After leaving the Sierras, I found myself, in 1898, in Oakland, at the head of the Observation School of the State University. During the summer vacation I was rummaging my old notebook, hoping to get on the trail of some suggestive memorandum for a poem. I suddenly came on the unfinished draft of the Hoe-poem. Mrs. Markham joined me in thinking that this must be the next labor of my pen.

But months slipped by till the next vacation in December; when I happened to go over to San Francisco to see a loan exhibition of great paintings. I had hardly entered the door when I saw something that thrilled me to the core of my soul, a painting that dominated the whole room: it was the original of *The Man With the Hoe*, from the immortal hand of Millet!

It had been lately bought for $60,000 by Mrs. William Crocker, whose family took an eminent part in the building of the Central Pacific Railroad. During the great fire of 1906, this painting was seized by a daring hero and carried to safety through flame and smoke and falling timbers.

I sat for an hour before it at the loan exhibition, sat there absorbing the majesty of its despair, the suggestion of its injustice, the tremendous import of its admonition. I saw in it the ruin of man, the ruin wrought by the powerful over the patient, of the strong masters over the silent workers.

I sat there for an hour, the pity and sorrow of this tragic figure growing upon my heart. I felt its terror, its mournful grandeur. I could not have been more deeply moved had some fearsome shape risen before me from Dante's dark abyss.

Of course, the Hoe-man is not *any* man using a hoe. Thoreau hoed his bean field near Concord; and he says that when his hoe tinkled against the stones, the music echoed out to the woods and skies. Thoreau could gather two harvests—a material and also a spiritual harvest. Why? Because he had the upward-looking and the light, and could hear in his soul the music and the dream.

I saw that the Hoe-man is not Thoreau the philosopher, nor is he the American farmer riding rosily on his reaper in the chromo.

I realized as I looked that I was gazing on no mere man of the fields; but was looking on a plundered peasant, typifying the millions left over as the debris from the thousand wars of the masters, and from their long industrial oppressions extending over the ages.

This Hoe-man might be a stooped consumptive toiler in a New York sweat shop; a man with a pick, spending nearly all his days underground in a West Virginia coal mine; a man with a labor-broken body carrying a hod in a London street; a boatman with strained arms and aching back rowing for hours against the heavy tide of the Volga.

Nor had his battle been confined to his own life: it was a battle that extends backward through his long train of ancestry to a remote antiquity. He was the multitude that molded the bricks of ancient Egypt—the multitude that paved the Appian Way and lifted the massive blocks of the Pyramids—the multitude that fought for Timur and Attila, not knowing nor asking why, and then sank like the

millions of raindrops into oblivion.

From this vision of the Hoe-man—his genesis and his destiny—I went home that afternoon like a man under a spell. I seemed to have come into first-hand contact with one of the tragic realities of our existence.

Immediately on reaching home, I wrote out the first stanza in its completed form. All the rest of the day I could only ponder and wonder over this arrested life, over this man who had lost step with the divine music of the world, over this victim of hopeless and joyless labor, over this piteous hulk of humanity degraded below the level of the roving savage of the wilderness. I saw in him the savage of civilization.

I woke the next morning at the break of day with the idea of my second stanza laid away, as it were, in the drift of the mind, ready to be molded into form. Leaping swiftly out of bed, I wove some of my old material with new lines that flashed swiftly in; and there on the page my second stanza stood complete.

*"That Poem Will Go Down the Ages"*

I could do nothing else that day upon the poem, nothing except to moon and croon over the lines, changing a word or revising a phrase. The next morning I awoke with the idea of my third stanza ready and waiting for the activity of my pen.

Strange as it may sound, each of the two following stanzas appear to be handed down to me in the same fashion, handed down, one by one, out of the white fire of the morning.

All the stanzas seemed to me more like gifts than creations. Where did they come from? Were they, in the deep of the night, laid away in the mind by powers that we know not of? Perhaps Hamlet is right when he cries out,

"There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

This is the brief story of how I happened to utter the awe and grief of my spirit for the Hoe-man, for the ruined majesty of this son of God. The poem sprang from my long purpose to speak a word for the humiliated and the wronged. I bore my witness. It is said. It is truth. Let it stand.

The poem was typewritten and in my pocket. On New Year's Eve, 1899, I attended a literary gathering in San Francisco at the home of Carrol Carrington, a friend of the famous Ambrose Bierce, the literary autocrat of the Far West. Bailey Millard, Juliet Wilbur Thompkins, and other literarians were present.

Each one was adding something to the hilarity of the evening. I was called on: my Hoe-poem flashed into my mind. I rose and read it.

Usually after a reading there is some applause. Auditors may applaud because they have enjoyed the reading. Or they may applaud because they are glad the reading is over! In my case there was no applause whatever. There were two minutes of utter silence.

Then Bailey Millard, the editor of the San Francisco *Examiner*, sprang to his feet, walked swiftly to my chair, and asked to see the poem. He read it hastily; then read it again, handing it back with the words, "That poem will go down the ages."

A little later, Mr. Millard urged me to let him print the poem, saying that he would announce it for two weeks in his columns, would print it in conspicuous type in the middle of his editorial page, and would herald it with a lengthy editorial.

So the poem appeared on the eighteenth of January, 1899, in the dawn of the twentieth century.

Dr. David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University, seized on the poem as a text for a lecture, wherein he made a plea for world peace, charging that the Hoe-man, the brutalized man, is caused by military selection in all lands. The best and most vigorous young men are selected to go into war and become cannon-fodder. Thus the weaklings are left to propagate their kind, causing a gradual degeneration of the race. This wholesome doctrine was proclaimed from hundreds of platforms in the Far West.

My friends among the editors were soon telling me that the Hoe-poem had caught the imagination of the nation. It seemed to stir the social idealism that lies deep, though often dormant, in the breasts of men. Within a month, it seemed that all the papers on the continent were printing the poem, with editorial comment.

Letters began to pour into the newspapers—some attacking the poem, others defending it. It was attacked from all points of view—theological, biological, geological, chronological, anthropological, zoölogical, phrenological. Thousands of men, ranging all the way from professors to plowmen, gave vent to their pent-up feelings in voluminous letters.

*The Battle of the Critics Rages Amain*

*I am happy to report that no plowman, no workingman, ever misunderstood the poem.* It appears that all workers looked upon it as a declaration in defense of their world-old cause.

But whenever one man attacked the poem, five or six men attacked *him.* Thus there were more defenders than attackers—five to one. But, oh, that one man who attacked was a man highly valuable to the poem, for it was that one belligerent person who kept the merry controversy alive—kept it alive for nearly two years.

Many of the attacking forces did not seem to understand that the Hoe-man refers—*not to the worker* in his best estate, in his higher and more intelligent condition—but refers only to *the millions caught down into the hell of drudgery*—the millions who have no time for rest, no time for thought, no time for the lofty hopes and dreams that make us men.

The Far West was the battle ground where the controversy was hottest. All the San Francisco newspapers, for several months, carried a page that printed the vast number of letters pouring in concerning the poem. I myself had a new experience in a deluge of letters from all parts of the world.

Soon the poem gave rise to a multitude of epigrams, witticisms, cartoons, parodies, essays, debates, sermons, printed volumes. One industrious doctor of medicine collected—as I remember it—more than four thousand parodies, including poems inspired by the Hoe-poem.

*It Was Given a New and Fresh Fire*

At this point, the whole battle was given a new start and a fresh fire, when Colis Huntington, a builder of the Central Pacific, suddenly offered a prize for an answer to the Hoe-poem. The New York *Sun* conducted the contest; and the enormous prize offered called out more than five thousand answers. Edmund Clarence Stedman and Thomas Bailey Aldrich were among the judges.

John Vance Cheney won the prize. I knew him well; and I wrote him a letter congratulating him, saying that his poem was a true creation of the Muse; but that it was unsound in its philosophy—was un-American and undemocratic. For Cheney takes the ground that the Hoe-man is "cast for the gap," is created by the Almighty for us intellectuals to stand on in order that we may keep our hands white, and may keep our feet unsmirched by the dust of the common road.

I look on Cheney's poem as the most pessimistic poem ever written in America, if not in the whole world. For the American idea is that no one is "Cast for the Gap," but that every one is created to rise to the highest levels. It is the duty of government to keep open all the gates of opportunity so that there shall be nothing to obstruct the common man in the achievement of the common destiny.

It has not been altogether pleasant to talk so much about myself; but it was not possible perhaps to tell the story in any other form.

## The "Origin of Species"

A STORY is told of Bishop Wilberforce, of Winchester, who, at a dinner, had to listen to a talkative young man across the table who had much to say of Darwin and his "Origin of Species."

"I can't see," said the young fellow, "what difference it would make at all to me if my grandfather was an ape."

"No," returned the Bishop, "I can't see that it would. But it must have made an amazing difference to your grandmother."



# Dollville's Annual Show

## Tiny People of All Nations Meet in Friendly Rivalry



By M. NORRIS DAVIS
ILLUSTRATED BY FLORENZ CLARK

AMERICA is a land of shows, exhibitions, pageants and displays. We are all familiar with the yearly automobile show, the style pageant, the health exhibits and the canned goods week displays, but only a comparatively small proportion of the population of the United States is permitted to share in and enjoy that most unique and interesting event—Portland's Annual Doll Show.

It is in Dollville, on an upper floor in one of the largest department stores, that the celebration is held. Coming in the autumn of the year, when most dollies need new wardrobes, the youthful "mothers" take added pleasure in fashioning dainty garments for their families, knowing that there is a chance for them to win one of the prizes at the show—or if not, at least to have the joy of seeing their favorite on exhibition, and to receive the present that is given each child that makes an entry.

For the last twenty-three years Dollville has been the scene of great excitement when the dolls were brought in, registered, classified, exhibited and judged. Competent, impartial women are named as judges, and they have a mammoth task before them in deciding upon the winning dolls. Although there are hundreds of dolls entered each year, there are thirty-four prizes in cash and toy merchandise given, so that there is a fair chance for a child to win from the class to which her doll belongs.



The special prize of $25 is offered to any organization or individual (adult or child) entering the best group of dressed dolls, consisting of not less than ten dolls. At the last show, this prize was won by a woman's club, who "staged" a most effective wedding party, with bride, groom, ring-bearer and other attendants.

The other prizes, for groups and individual dolls, are divided into classes. The best-dressed baby doll, the most attractive walking and talking doll, the character doll dressed truest to type, the prettiest bride, the most bewitching kewpie and the manliest boy doll, each have an opportunity to carry the tag that designates a winner. And the six-inch doll has an equal chance with the twenty-four-inch one, for the twenty-nine classes provide for that.



All dolls are welcomed to the Doll Show, whatever their style, size, complexion or costume. There is no entry fee, and each one there means that some little heart is hoping that her doll may win a prize. A quaint relic of other days is the first doll ever made in England, which rubs shoulders with a pert, plump kewpie. Court ladies in glistening robes look down upon dimpling baby dolls, in their long white dresses. The histories and customs of other nations are revealed in the dolls that hail from Japan, France, Holland, Iceland, Italy, Russia, Sweden and Australia.

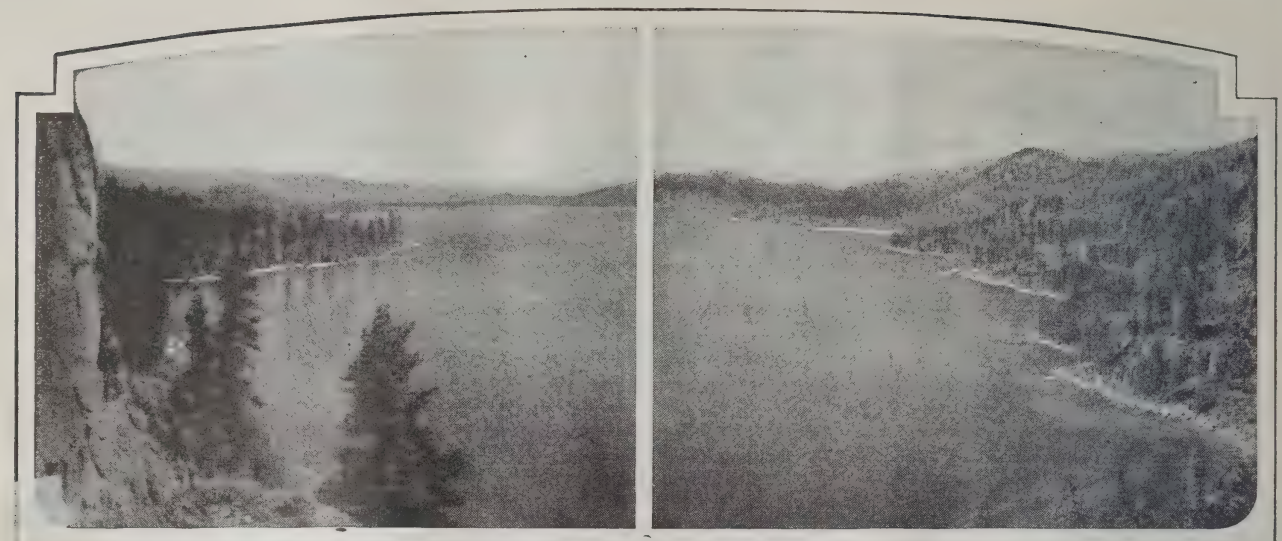
There are wooden dolls and china dolls, a great many of bisque and a few of leather. There are even dolls made of soap, close beside the Raggedy Anns of cloth. For several years there has been entered a cheese dolly, but so far she has not succeeded in carrying away any of the honors. (It is safe to conjecture that this figure is made from fresh material each year.)

Having an annual doll show of their own, Portland children are especially interested in the Festival of Dolls that occurs in Japan each year. On "the third day of the third month" each Japanese family goes to its fireproof storehouses and takes out the dolls and toys that have been accumulating there for generations.

With great ceremony these dolls are carried to the best room in the house, and arranged on shelves. The richer the family, the more dolls there will be in the rows—sometimes there are dolls enough to cover six or seven shelves, twenty feet long! Each doll is exquisitely dressed, and surrounded with its own tiny belongings. Small figures, representing the emperor and empress in antique court costumes, with the five court musicians (each with his special instrument) preside over each feast. Before this group delicious food is placed, by the little girls of the family; at each meal, for three days, this is repeated.

But how sad it must be for the little Japanese girls when the Festival is over, for the dear dolls and their cute belongings are packed away until another year. They cannot be fondled and dressed and undressed all through the year, as are American dolls. No doubt that is the reason why they pass from one generation to another!





Two views of Lake Tahoe as seen from Cave Rock.

# The Magic of Lake Tahoe

## A Titanic Cup of Granite Which Melting Snows of Ages Have Filled

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE

I NOTICED that, the higher toward the sky we climbed, the farther away it looked. It became a new revelation in blue, pure, delicate and intense, unknown to lower earth. It was spiritual, but just on the hither side of the limits of human sympathy.

There is nothing like it in Italy or in Switzerland; it isn't so virginal there: nor in India, unless you include the Himalayas. I never made acquaintance with Everest, except, from a distance, as a pallid ghost, a mountain of death. It has left behind it what we call sky, and soars into an awful solitude of transparent midnight, which noonday suns may enter but cannot illuminate, and the diamond-points of stars have no kindly twinkling. Such a sky is too appalling for beauty, and cannot rival the skies of Tahoe. When you reach Tahoe, stop and be content; you are high enough. Let those jagged rims of naked granite that surround it, and tower thousands of feet above it, delight your eye, but remain unprofaned by your foot: they are more profitable to imagination than to lungs and legs. You will gain nothing by plunging knee-deep into those white streaks and dapplings that gleam from their crevices and unsunned hollows—the frozen shreds of flesh which are all that nature has left on those gray skeletons of the planet. They are better so than made into snowballs for your trivial sport.

When the young Fremont, nearly a hundred years ago, looked down from those heights upon Tahoe, his first impulse, we may be sure, was to clamber down to that lovely azure: and Balboa, staring down from his peak in Darien three centuries before upon the Pacific, had a like desire, though what he beheld was less beautiful than this. The Spaniard stared as at an apparition; but there was the ardor of a lover in the gaze of the American.



View across Lake Tahoe.

The transparency of this atmosphere makes game of what artists term "aerial perspective"; and here is demonstration of the philosopher's dogma that space is an illusion of the mind. You concede (though you doubt it) that yonder summit may be a mile away; but to claim that it is twenty is absurd! But these exalted regions have a quality of their own, which we must learn as we would a new language. There is none of the dust and vapors of the lowlands. Its very touch is different—a benign softness and freshness, a freedom from material contamination, which make us realize with indignation how much our lungs have been abused hitherto.

But the softness is not voluptuous; it stimulates and exhilarates. During several days, however, it may slow you down a little; in this unadulterated medium of life, the substance of life seems to be lacking. You gasp for breath, and while your spirit soars, your body needs support. Well, rest and sleep for a while and in due time mind and flesh will resume their harmony. Regeneration is not an instantaneous process. Clouds are sky-born, and the clouds of Tahoe are worthy of their parentage. I had thought I knew whiteness; but it is not what I had supposed.

Those lowland masses of fair-weather clouds—cumulus is the name bestowed by science, I believe—had seemed to me hitherto to be the very apotheosis of white; but the whitenesses that rise around Tahoe taught me better. Islands float away from those radiant continents, and become diaphanous, and dissolve into the strong azure in which they float. The shores

from which they had detached themselves sometimes hang silent and almost motionless all day long; they heave their shoulders above the mountain rims and dwarf the planet itself.

But not seldom their interior regions begin to be modeled by hues of tender gray, which darken here and there, and now you are aware of that wondrous murmuring which betokens storm. The dazzling ranges are joined by allies as stupendous which come crowding up from the horizon with mutterings of stately menace, and the united majesties sweep slowly against the sun, which smilingly crowns their advance with splendor as he vanishes; outside the battlefield the untroubled blue still reigns. Now resound the echoes of Thor's hammer, and the sparks of his blows leap out like darting snakes, or shimmer in the distance. Soon, with a rushing and rustling among the pines, down comes the rain, pelting the dull earth with multitudinous laughter, the confetti of the vaporous carnival.

These summer revelries are soon over, but before it passes Thor will aim one blow directly at us, with a detonation to split your eardrums; and perhaps that tall old pine which has stood erect for a hundred years, now bows its high plumes to fate, shudders from crown to root, and, smitten asunder, falls. But the god of the thunderbolt is already grumbling in the distance.

Toward evening, the kings of the air gather in the west, putting on ceremonial robes. But at Tahoe, as elsewhere, though we know that the sun will set at the hour appointed, we can never foretell a "sunset": those fine humors and dispositions of the atmosphere that declare themselves in colors are too subtle for our prognostic. The most promising preliminaries prove ever and anon barren, and we are put off with pale yellows and neutral grays. And at other times, when the paraphernalia seem inadequate, and we say, "There'll be nothing tonight," behold! what imperial splendors all at once begin to glow and throb, and we run to get our neighbors to witness!

Tahoe, however, disappoints us comparatively seldom, and nowhere else is the pageant more exquisite. These tints are never heavy or turgid, but of a vivid translucency and lightsomeness that might defy even the rainbow itself, which must always deploy its hues against a darker background. Painters attempt them, but they are not to be reproduced from the resources of a mortal palette, not to be described in words, one might say not to be seen by the bodily eye. They tell their story to the soul, and memory or dream may faintly recall them.

They vanish abruptly, having so little kinship with earth, and then, after an interval, the stars begin their silent story. In the early weeks of summer, Venus, this year, was attended by Mercury, who flitted nimbly between her and Apollo, an atom of surprising brilliance in that golden field. But there is a queenly leisureliness about the larger planet, in contrast to the restlessness of the little Messenger of the Olympians. Meanwhile, in the east, arises the colder radiance of Jupiter, a Kohinoor of the heavens; I have a notion that Saturn is not far off, but Mars, whether or not canalled and inhabited, has withdrawn, perhaps offended at our official skepticism as to his human kinship with us.



Mount Tallac at Lake Tahoe.

Overhead stretches that cosmic belt of mystery, the Milky Way, with its Pleiades and Orion, its Betelguese and Bear. How they sparkle, and all but speak! They look so alive and so real and near, that we begin in some faint degree to understand their incomprehensible remoteness. Those little dots and specks of light that we discern from sea level are exiles in comparison.

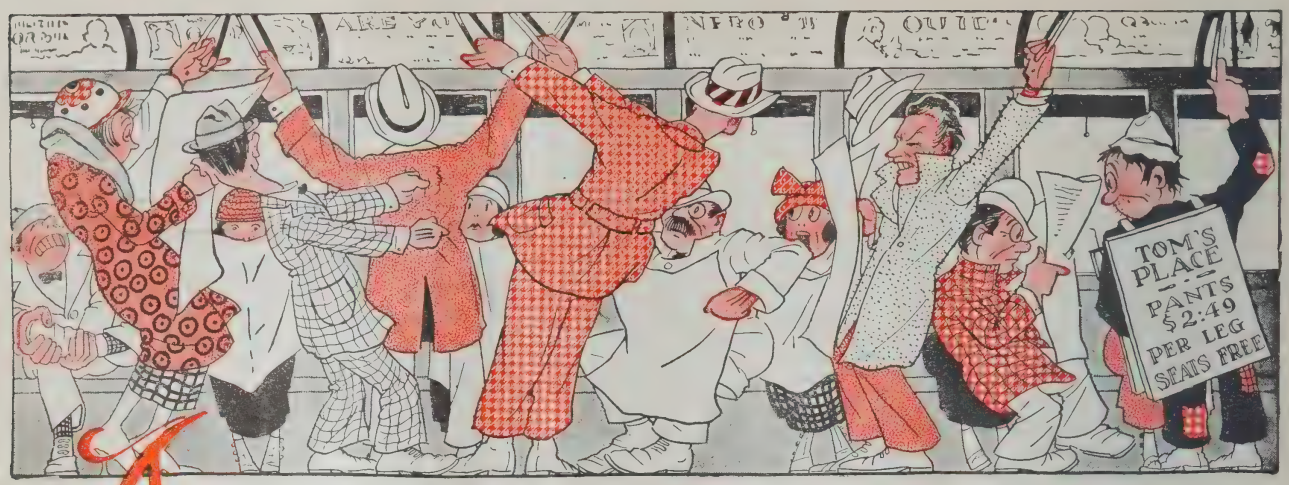
As for the moon, she seems to brush the tips of those pines that clothe the crest of the high eastern hill behind which she rises, and so bright is she that the eye flinches from her. A "dead world," forsooth!

Up here, we surprise nature in her factory. The place is but partially finished. Here protrude the gigantic bones which elsewhere are clad in the flowing contours of the habitable. The geological story, or surmise, has been told, and you may read it if you will. But it is too craggy and primal for ordinary digestion. What we see is granite, pale like those monsters which are said to dwell in the unsunned depths of ocean. They impend above us, they lift rank beyond rank behind each others' shoulders, they stagger aloft in incredible precipices. Here and there a pinnacle cuts the sky sharp as a tower of Cologne Cathedral, but a mile higher.

Altogether these Titans build themselves into a vast oval surrounding the many-tinted blue of the lake. You take them in at one eye-glance, but you might pass strenuous years in traversing their gulfs, gorges and acclivities. Here is granite enough to construct all the greater cities of our States and of Europe, and yet leave scarce a trace of the quarryman's work upon their sides. The mirror which reflects their array lies in such a crater as our telescopes reveal on our satellite, a record of cataclysm to exhaust the stretch of imagination.

Indeed, our geologist affirms that this sky-piercing wall is but the base and remnant of the heights that preceded human history. On the granite was piled lava, and on the lava heaped themselves thousand-foot layers of the primeval snows. Impenetrable clouds covered the vault of the sky, and snow hardened into ice; and there were no waters to fill the gulf that yawned between the cliffs. In these temperate days we think the Poles are desolate; but mortal fancy falters before this scene.

The clock of Time was set to centuries instead of to hours. But Change is older than Time and will outlast it. The glaciers began to move, grinding the granite beneath their heel and rending the lava from its hold. The gates of the rivers were unlocked, and their torrents raged downward and mingled their volume with the snows that brimmed the basin, and from that titanic turmoil was conceived the vast vase of purity that we name Tahoe. The mountains look (Continued on page 31)




# Advertising Old and New

## Publicity Methods, Like Literature, Have Become More Intensive With Passing Years

BY JAMES R. DANIELS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM H. FREYSE

AMERICA is rapidly becoming a nation of addicts. Picture no blear-eyed wretches, stealthily snuffing cocaine; visualize no drink-crazed sots quaffing spirituous liquors. Although we have these human wrecks they represent but a small percentage of our population. But the addicts number into the tens of millions.

Addicts are those who read ads. And who does not? With newspapers, magazines, billboards, street cars, storewindows and letters brought into play, the advertising barrage bombards us.

Quack remedies and "cure-all" advertisements which are so strictly censored by some publishers are not the creation of the modern copywriter. Witness this glowing gem which appeared in the *Mercurius Politicus* in 1660:

> Gentlemen, you are desired to take notice, That Mr. Theophilus Buckworth doth at his house on Mile-end Green make and expose for sale, for the public good, those so famous *Lozenges* or *Pectorals*, approved for the cure of Consumption, Coughs, Catarrhs, Asthma, Hoarseness, Strongness of Breath, Colds in general, Diseases incident to the lungs, and a sovereign Antidote against the Plague, and all other contagious diseases, and obstructions of the Stomach; And for the convenience of the people, constantly leaveth them sealed up with his coat of arms on the papers, with Mr. Rich. Lowndes (as formerly), at the sign of the White Lion, near the little north door of Pauls Church; Mr. Henry Seile, over against S. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street; Mr. William Millward, at Westminster Hall Gate; Mr. John Place, at Furnivals Inn gate in Holborn; and Mr. Robert Horn at the Turk's Head near the entrance of the Royal Exchange, Booksellers and no others.
>
> This is published to prevent the designs of divers Pretenders, who counterfeit the said Lozenges, to the disparagement of the said Gentlemen and greatly abuse the people.

Literary advertising is usually much quieter and in better taste than the more commercial variety, and this is as it should be, for creative work cannot be produced, bought and sold like hair tonic. Book advertising consists largely, though not entirely, in quotations from reviews. Publishers' ads show less change than other varieties; however, there have been great changes in their style from those of bygone days. Some of the advertisements current are models of good taste, dignity and salesmanship. Nevertheless another type of ad is all too frequent:

"Was Freud right? Is love sex? Read this most daring story of married life ever written. Every page is a thrill, every chapter grows more startling."

There is no better way to study the manners of a period than through its advertisements. The writer of an ad is not posturing for the benefit of some future historian. He is trying to induce the man in the street of his own time to buy. In attempting to stimulate purchasing the advertiser uses methods that will appeal to his readers. The advertiser cannot afford to go over the head of his public. He must employ the style that will bring forth immediate response from his readers. This is why ads reflect public taste so accurately.

Today the advertiser must be brief. We are in the age of speed. Yesterday, with fewer books and a more leisurely existence, the snappy, pepful slogan would have evoked horror and indignation. In the fifties a book could receive no higher praise than "elegant." "Elegant," "durable," "moral," these were the favorite adjectives of book publishers and reviewers. "Rabelaisian," "sensational," "exotic," "gripping," are now in common use.

It is interesting to compare publisher's advertisements of the present with those of the past. Whereas at present it is customary for a publisher to print elaborate and beautifully arranged catalogs and to advertise widely in newspapers and magazines, it was formerly the custom to insert many pages of advertising after the indexes of books. A survey of the publications advertised on the back of an old book printed in 1851 at Philadelphia is highly diverting.

They consist of a "Catalogue of valuable books published by Lippincott & Grambo, particularly suitable for public and private libraries."

The range of subjects is very wide, including a large selection of Bibles and religious works, standard poets, farmers' and farriers' encyclopedias, history, books of deportment, and, in fact, every branch of publishing.

In 1851 the Mexican War was a thing of the immediate past. Therefore we find numerous lives of Generals Taylor and Scott together with exciting tales of the campaign. The titles are enough to tickle the fancy of any lover of bold, dashing deeds—*El Puchero; or a Mixed Dish From Mexico;* or *Camp Life of a Volunteer* by "One Who Has Seen the Elephant."

A blurb that some enterprising publisher would do well to copy is that detailing the virtues of *A Dictionary of Select and Popular Quotations, taken from the French, Greek, and Latin, etc.* The publishers remark:

> "We should judge its author had surely been to a great feast of Languages and stole all the scraps. A work of this character should have an extensive sale, as it entirely obviates any difficulty in which readers are involved by the frequent occurrence of Latin,

Greek, etc., passages which we suppose are introduced by authors for a mere show of learning. This Dictionary of Quotations effectually removes the difficulty, and gives the reader an advantage over the author; for we believe a majority are themselves ignorant of the terms they employ. Very few truly learned authors will insult their readers with Latin or French phrases when plain English will do as well."

Judging from the various books of correct behavior, in this list, the young people of 1851 were most polite. Consider:

"The American Chesterfield or Youth's Guide to Wealth, Honor and Distinction, containing also a complete Treatise on the art of Carving."

And for the gentler sex there was the Rev. Bennett's "Letters to a young Lady, on a variety of subjects calculated to improve the Heart, Form the Manners, and Enlighten the Understanding."

This so excited the House of Lippincott & Grambo that they declared:

"We sincerely hope (for the happiness of mankind) that a copy of this valuable work will be found the companion of every young lady, as much of the happiness of the family depends on the proper cultivation of the female mind."

That's the way they advertised in 1851!

Of all the goodly company advertised by Messrs. Lippincott & Grambo, very few have survived the passage of time. Of these few Lawrence Sterne is one, and this too in spite of the fact that he was evidently not regarded in the best light by the publishers, for, while they confidently predict that a life of John Paul Jones will become as popular as *Robinson Crusoe*, they praise Sterne's *Tristram Shandy* but faintly. Listen to this:

"To commend or to criticise Sterne's work in this age of the world, would be all wasteful and extravagant excess. Uncle Toby, Corporal Trim, The Widow, the Captive, even the Dead Ass, this is all we have to say of Sterne; and in memory of these characters, sketches and histories, a thousand follies and worse than follies are forgotten."

Now is that any way to create an insistent demand for Sterne's books? Publishers nowadays are not so lukewarm. But if Sterne was somewhat slighted the Hon. Luke Shortfield was not. Mr. Shortfield essays Olympus with two gems: *Wild Western Scenes* wherein are narrated "Desperate encounters with savages—conflicts with serpents and minute descriptions of bear, deer, buffalo hunts," and *The Western Merchant*. This last contains useful instruction for the Western Man of Business who makes his purchases in the East. Likewise hints for those who design emigrating to the West, deduced from actual experience." The publishers describe the *Merchant* as follows:

"Business, Love and Religion are all discussed and many proper sentiments are expressed in regard to each. The moral of the work is summed up in the concluding sentence 'adhere steadfastly to your business; adhere steadfastly to your first love; adhere steadfastly to the church.'"

From these descriptions one would conceive Mr. Shortfield to be a noble, courageous, pious son of the West. With what consternation do we discover on another page a novel called *The City Merchant, or the Mysterious Failure* by J. B. Jones, the author of (Oh, horrors!) *The Western Merchant* and *Wild Western Scenes*. Is such duplicity possible? Can the dashing (yet wholly moral) Luke Shortfield and this J. B. Jones, with his knowing talk of cities, be one and the same? What does the child of the rude frontier know of the slick city merchant? And how could the town-bred Jones have acquired his "actual experience"?

Included in the list of standard poets is found the name of Mrs. Hemans. Felicia Dorothea Hemans died in 1835. But her poems went marching on. In 1851 she was ranked with Byron, Milton, Gray, and Cowper. In presenting a new edition her American publishers sang her praises in language that deserves to be immortalized. Hearken to this:

"As no work in the English language can be commended with more confidence, it will argue bad taste in a female in this country to be without a complete edition of the writings of one who was an honor to her sex, and to humanity, and whose productions, from first to last, contain no syllable calculated to call a blush to the cheek of modesty and virtue. There is, moreover, in Mrs. Heman's poetry, a moral purity and a religious feeling which commend it, in an especial manner, to the discriminating reader. No parent or guardian will be under the necessity of imposing restrictions with regard to the free perusal of every production emanating from this gifted woman. There breathes throughout the whole a most eminent exemption from impropriety of thought or diction; and there is at times a pensiveness of tone, a winning sadness in her more serious compositions, which tell of a soul which has been lifted from the contemplation of terrestrial things, to divine communings with beings of a purer world."

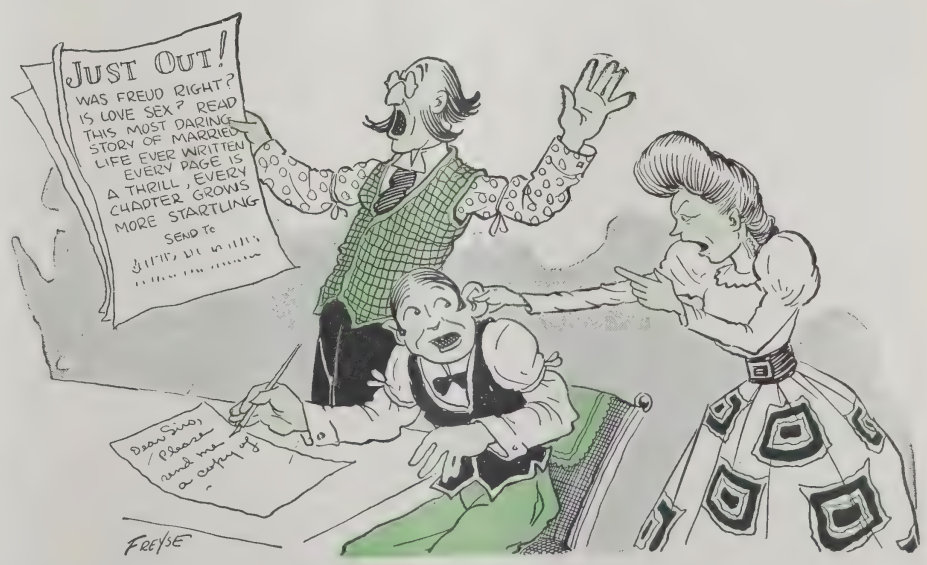
Turning from such lofty utterances to publishers' ads of the present day:

"A Whale of a Book!"

"Hits the Bull's Eye!"

"The Smart Novel all Society is Reading!"

And so it is with a feeling akin to "winning sadness" that we revert from the old ads to the new. No more the rounded sentences, exalted language and impassioned peroration. Truly as the poet (*not* Mrs. Hemans) so succinctly says, "Them days is gone forever!"




"Yesterday, with fewer books and a more leisurely existence, the snappy, pepful slogan would have evoked horror."

With all its bunk and blather, its absurd pretentious and "zippy" methods, advertising has played a tremendous part in developing America. Critics may satirize the advertising game and it has many ridiculous aspects, but it has accomplished great good.

Manufacturers have staged numerous advertising campaigns which have improved public taste in art, decoration, and the worth while. They have spent good money in telling Mr. Everyman and his wife how to be healthier, live in greater comfort and appreciate beautiful things. Incidentally, this type of advertising has been profitable to the advertiser, but isn't that legitimate? Certainly the American home today is better furnished, more comfortable, and is managed with far less drudgery than before the spread of advertising.

Dishonesty and misrepresentation in advertising are rare. It does not pay to have millions of buyers deceived. They may bite once. After that they not only shun the faked product but they cause their friends to do likewise. Reputable firms cannot afford to trick their customers. This is why nation-wide advertisers, spending huge sums every year, are reliable.

Advertisements, the best of them, are attractive. Well-known illustrators paint, draw and etch for nationally known products. Their work goes into many homes where there is no other artistic influence. Compared to illustrations for ads of the past, those of today are masterpieces.

The type in which an ad is set contributes no little to its success. A survey of contemporary magazines shows enormous improvements over older specimens. The greater use of "white space" and the advance in types are the principal changes advertising has made lately. Pick up this month's magazine and place it beside one of twenty years ago. There is a vast difference, and for the better, in their merely superficial appearance.




"And for the gentler sex there was the Rev. Bennett's letters to a young lady, on a variety of subjects calculated to improve the heart, form the manners, and enlighten the understanding."

Window dressing, too, has made great strides in the last twenty-five years. Compare the cheerful, well-lighted, nicely proportioned, department store displays of the present with yesterday's wax dummies, cardboard signs and general jumble.

What is known today as the trend of modern advertising is a development of the period from 1850 to the present. Prior to that time there were roughly two periods: The pre-printing stage to about 1450 and the early printing stage to 1850.

Advertising no doubt had its inception when man commenced to live in communities and competed with his neighbors for the necessities and luxuries of life. Much evidence has been unearthed that before the time of movable types there were handwritten announcements and inscriptions on walls. One of the oldest known advertisements of this type was written about 3000 B. C. and offered a reward for a runaway slave. This papyrus is now in the British Museum.

The earliest advertisements were merely announcements of events or a new product or a new method of marketing the product. Today, however, they are highly scientific, reliable commercial news of the manufacturer's wares, and people read and believe them as such.

# Thanksgiving Among Other Nations

THANKSGIVING Day is not exclusively an American institution. It was not initiated first by the Pilgrims. In one way or another it is celebrated in most of the civilized countries of the world. There are certain features of Thanksgiving Day as observed in America that are peculiar to this country. They are turkey, cranberry sauce and sweet potatoes.

A feast day of thanksgiving, at some time of the year, is a custom in nearly every European country. The Czecho-Slovaks have two autumn celebrations, one, *Obzinky*, which is a harvest home festival, and the other, *Posviceni*, which commemorates the consecration of the church. At the first celebration the merrymakers tie up the last grain in one gigantic sheaf, dubbing it the "old woman," and delivering it at the farmhouse with many appropriate ceremonies which end in a feast for all. In Monrovia the people actually tie up an old woman in the last sheaf, and the sheaf, without the woman, occupies a place of honor until Christmas arrives. In the Ukraine, the season that corresponds to our Indian summer is very short and disagreeable, and it is known as "Old Woman Summer."

The Ukrainians celebrate their thanksgiving in the spring because their autumn begins in mid-September and consists mostly of rain, while their spring is extremely pleasant. In feasting, a suckling pig represents the *piece de resistance* instead of turkey.

In Germany the harvest feasts of thanksgiving are made famous by the wholesale production of "klaben" or raisin bread which the good *hausfrau* makes in great quantities.

In Italy there are local picnics and feasts after the crops are harvested but no definite date of thanksgiving.

Denmark substitutes the goose for turkey. The goose comes into its own on Mortensday, or St. Martin's Day, and the harvest being mostly the cause of the jollity the rural districts make more of it than the cities.

In Poland the girl who has proved the most efficient gatherer of the harvests is decorated with a wreath and becomes the queen of her village, while prolonged dancing and eating rites are observed. This ancient Polish custom is dying out largely because of the advent of American farm machinery, which is much more efficient than the old gleaner method of harvesting. Therefore the object of the festivity has become more or less pointless.

Finland holds harvesting bees much as did America's own pioneer forefathers when labor was scarce and neighbors few and far between. Prayers for the next harvest are offered at this time.

In Norway the farm owners are hosts at many village banquets. Instead of turkey, the national bird in this instance is the "rype" or grouse.

Lithuania and Sweden have no festivities peculiar to themselves beyond small and local feasts of general thanksgiving when the harvests are in.

# Value Reflected in Sales

The practical economy of Ford ownership is appealing to an ever-increasing percentage of the motoring public.

Long famous for reliability and low cost of operation, Ford cars now have distinctive beauty and unusual riding comforts as additional characteristics.

As a result Ford sales everywhere are reaching new high peaks, while all previous production records have been shattered in meeting the demand.

It is an impressive victory for value—a striking proof of how the public benefits through Ford resources and the Ford policy of complete manufacture—from mine to finished car.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

Ford

# If the Movies Say It Is—It Probably Isn't

(*Concluded from page 6*)

starring the very ignorance that they attempt to conceal by dint of publicity and advertising. It proves that producers, directors, stars, actors, editors and cutting staff know nothing about what they are doing, taking for granted that if they are wrong the audience won't know anything about it.

The story in question has to do with a "secret code" that is stolen from one government at the behest of another government, principals being represented by agents in the rôle of ambassadors, free-lance diplomats, special agents, disguised individuals even the criminal element. Naturally the beautiful vamp, in modern parlance, must stalk through several scenes to inculcate upon us what she wants to do—and she must put on nine gowns and three sable cloaks to do it so that we can understand her. By we I mean the chap who has hocked a part of his lunch to take the best girl out, the fellow who buys his "benny" on the installment plan, and the white-collar worker who just inked the cuffs of the one he bought in 1914, and the ladies accompanying these several gentlemen. Those vamping gowns perhaps explain the high cost of government, I suppose. Think of how many changes a woman must be provided with before she can be safely employed as a code-wrestler!

***The Double Identity Stunt Was Introduced***

Well, considering the number of codes in existence, their theft in actuality is as rare as solar total eclipses. In one of the large New York theaters I witnessed during Labor Day week—that's pretty recent—a "thrilling" movie in which the "Secret Service" was the party of the first part, since it was obliged to recover a stolen code that a band of clever crooks was to sell to an international agent due to arrive from Europe a few moments before an amateur sleuth was drafted to repossess it. The double identity stunt was introduced, but what's more important, in this case the "code" was a sheet of letter-size paper, folded as millions of us daily fold our correspondence, as if it were the letter of a hardware dealer, say, acknowledging an order for one monkey wrench. How that piece of paper survived all the handling without tearing is still incomprehensible to me, and such paper ought to be commended to all those who require writing paper a little tougher than leather but not so hard as sheet iron.

Where did the director of that movie ever see an official government code of that shape, size and appearance? If he has ever seen one he is entitled to another million dollars' salary. In reality, codes are either large books or small ones, the latter not unlike pocket dictionaries, although I myself have handled an important diplomatic code which was folded like a map, printed on paper almost as heavy as bristol board. It was about ten feet long and when spread out a special easel was provided to hold it in convenient position. Folded, it was about the size of half a newspaper page.

***The Cloakroom Attendant Was a Spy***

Of course, the average spectator does not know a code from a cod, and takes the movies' word, if at all, that it is as depicted. It would have been so easy for all these directors who have given us such absurd "codes" to write to the Department of State for information, and no Secretary of State, I am sure, would have declined to furnish some descriptive data for the sake of fidelity if nothing else.

In another similar "stupendous" thriller, the code was left in an overcoat pocket by an embassy secretary who was so undiplomatic as to leave the garment, with its important contents, in the cloakroom. I admit some diplomats in this world don't look as if they were much more diplomatic than this movie diplomat, but to begin with diplomats cannot carry codes around and about like that. A code has a fixed place. If it is moved there must be an emergency—and no emergency would ever be by way of a dinner party.

The cloakroom attendant was a spy. How did you guess it? You see, you know much about movies.

Nothing could have been more stupid than the film of the *Eternal City*, Marion Crawford's famous novel, which was shown a dozen years or so ago. Although I was born and educated in Rome I failed to recognize the Eternal City and much of what went on; the "props" were all there, but as to the rest, it was a sadly ludicrous spectacle.

No one has a grudge against the movies and no reformer will find support who would destroy the movies, but there is no doubt that more and more patrons every day are tiring of the sort of stuff which exceeds cinematographic license and ignores the ends of the fictional.

## Majesty and Muddle

AN ODD light is thrown upon the ways and customs of royal society in the days of Charles II, from some of the letters of Fr. Tixier. He tells of seeing the English king at supper with Louis XIV and the two queens of Compiégne, and we have a vision of the monarchs at table wearing their hats, getting along quite comfortably without forks. The passage says that every time Maria Theresa spoke to Charles II, he lifted his hat to her, and "by the end of the meal his hat was most terribly greasy . . ."—*C. J. F.*



**RADIO AGENTS WANTED**
**5 Tube Demonstrator FREE!**
Earn $25 to $100 a week, part or full time. Everyone a prospect. Complete line standard sets and accessories, $5 to $90. Write today for illustrated catalog and exclusive selling plan for live dealers and community agents. 20TH CENTURY RADIO CO., 1391 Coca Cola Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

# Driving the English Language Out of the Philippines

(*Concluded from page 7*)

Some of them know precious little English, and that not of very high order. But they must all teach it. And to the very best of their ability they do teach it. I was present at the written examination of the foremost normal school in Manila, and I was on the campus on the day following commencement at the university and saw the photographs of the academic procession, and got the echoes of the day and its doings, and I have only words of the highest praise for the attempt that is made to give to those who are to lead the rising generation of Filipinos the best English possible.

But here we meet the difficulty which is concisely stated in this paragraph quoted from a document whose presentation and criticism is the purpose of this article:

> In teaching English, Filipino graduates of the University may be considered as having 75 per cent of the average efficiency of American teachers. A fair number of these may use English at home in preference to their native dialect. A few of them may marry college graduates, may adopt English as their family tongue, and may transmit the same to their children. But such men and women will always be a small minority in the Filipino community.

This I judge to be a fair statement from an article whose main purpose I shall presently state and most earnestly oppose. The graduate of the University of the Philippines does not speak English any too well. He uses it with grammatical correctness, but he has heard it almost entirely from teachers who are themselves but meagerly equipped to use or teach it.

The entire expense of the system of education employed in the Philippines is borne by the people of those islands. The United States does not pay a dollar of it. The system is maintained by taxation in the Islands, and remarkably well maintained, all things considered.

There has recently been issued in Manila a pamphlet of fifty-three pages by Najeeb Mitry Saleeby, M. D., D.Sc., entitled *The Language of Education in the Philippine Islands*. Dr. Saleeby is a Syrian, who was a resident of the United States in 1901, and one of the eight hundred teachers sent out by the United States Government. He has made considerable study of the languages and dialects of the Philippines, and has written several books or pamphlets on special subjects relating to these matters. His pamphlet is the occasion of much discussion at the present moment in the Philippines, and the daily papers have hot articles, not omitting fierce personalities, growing out of the publication and its discussion.

I will summarize Dr. Saleeby's argument, and mostly in his own language, though much condensed:

> The first stage of education is in the home, and the language used is the vernacular. The second stage is in the school, and the language is that of popular public instruction. The third stage is after school, and is in the vernacular. In America and in European countries the language of popular education is the vernacular. But in the Philippines the middle period of education is conducted in English, which is neither the language of the pupil's home nor that of the community into which he is to emerge.
>
> For more than three centuries Spain had the Islands and was not able to compel a common language, and the United States can never do so. Only a small minority of the people of the Philippines could speak Spanish in 1898. The military occupants of Manila after the victory of the Americans, and the Philippine Commission that set up the new civil government, were in agreement. An irresistible impulse came with the flush of victory and a driving zeal for action. It was determined to teach the Filipinos the English language. The Filipinos could not wish for a greater blessing than to have English as their home tongue. Spanish is out of the question, and the more than forty dialects of the Filipinos are a bar to common purpose and organization. But can the English language be taught to a million children by three hundred American teachers? Certainly not. And how shall it be taught by Filipino teachers who are mostly not even of high school grade?

His conclusions may be summarized thus:

> English should be taught in all the elementary and secondary schools. But it can never become the common national language of the Philippines. The language of public instruction should be the vernacular. Even if there be no common vernacular, three regional vernaculars, embracing the languages of the largest tribes, are preferable to one foreign language, and no financial consideration should prevent the people from the use of their own tongue.

But the Government of the United States does not intend to leave the Islands without proper safeguards of the interests which for a quarter-century she has created and safeguarded, and her compulsory use of English does not need as its justification any imperialistic design.

The newspapers of Manila for the most part do not appear to take this movement seriously. Not much of the reading public of the Philippines is Spanish, and Spanish readers will grow fewer. The attempt, therefore, to build up a newspaper constituency using the Tagalog would mean disaster to the newspapers. The leading newspapers in Manila, even those owned by Filipinos, are printed in English and will continue so to be printed. And the business men, even those who are Filipinos, do not want the Tagalog. But the movement has support in high places. Among those who are said to favor the Saleeby plan are Honorable Rafael Palma, president of the University of the Philippines; Professor Otto Scheerer, head of the department of Oriental languages in the University; Dean Francisco Benitez, of the College of Education; Dean Jorg Bocobo, of the College of Law; Dean Maximo M. Kalow, the extreme partisan of the anti-American group, and his brother, Honorable Teodoro M. Kalow, Ex-Secretary of the Interior. These are prominent names, and they are all of men committed to the anti-American program. More ominous is the list of scholars in the United States whose names are proclaimed as having written approvingly of Saleeby's plan. No doubt other names will be printed of American scholars and politicians to whom Saleeby's clever and misleading document has been mailed.

It is to be remembered that this plan does not grow out of the reluctance of the Filipinos to learn English. *They rejoice in the opportunity. To them the English is at once an introduction to the world of books and the field of business opportunity.* The opposition comes from a group of educated men who want to limit and as far as possible eliminate American influence in the Islands.

As for the thing proposed, it is as wild a scheme as ever was suggested since the erection of the Tower of Babel. The United States might as well declare that inasmuch as there are Indian tribes that have not learned the English language, the several Indian dialects may be taught regionally in the public schools, and Choctaw made the official language of the United States. America could as easily unite on Choctaw as the Philippines on Tagalog.

**PATENTS**

Time counts in applying for patents. Don't risk delay in protecting your ideas. Send sketch or model for instructions or write for FREE book, "How to Obtain a Patent" and "Record of Invention" form. No charge for information on how to proceed. Communications strictly confidential. Prompt, careful, efficient service. Clarence A. O'Brien, Registered Patent Attorney, 238A Security Bank Building (directly across street from Patent Office) Washington, D. C.

# Copp's Hill, Where Heroes Rest

(*Concluded from page 8*)

of his ships came in, the crew, with muffled oars, transported the cargo into the mouth of the tunnel whence the servants by torchlight bore it to his home. Gruchy was a member of Christ Church and gave to it from his treasure the four little angel figures that adorn the front of the balcony. But his magnificence was short-lived. After a few years he made over his property to his father-in-law and vanished from the town.

Phipps and Gruchy were typical of the North End, bold, seafaring men, pros[illegible]us and always ready for ad[illegible] while the Copp's Hill boys [illegible]ame to conjure with throughout the settlement.

***Pranks and Pageantry of the Past***

On Pope's Day, the fifth of November, was their annual contest with the boys of the south end of the town. Each faction, with an effigy of the Pope and perhaps of other political figures, paraded through the domain of the other, collecting coins, as they went, for their celebration. At evening the rivals met, and with a battle of fists, each tried to take away the other's pageantry. If the South Enders were successful, the effigies were burned on the Common; if they lost, the North Enders built their bonfire on Copp's Hill. This custom persisted until the Revolution, when the patriots realized that dissension, even in sport, was dangerous, so John Hancock gave both sides a dinner at the Green Dragon and persuaded the leaders to vow eternal friendship.

But the North Enders were too turbulent to remain altogether peaceful. They respected their agreement and left the South Enders alone, but, after the Revolution, many were the battles with snowballs on the ice of Charles River between the "Copp's Hillers" and the "Charlestown pigs." When Josiah Quincy became mayor, he put an end to this foolishness.

Henry Ward Beecher was a North End boy while the glory of the race persisted. "Follow the leader" was the test by which the chieftain was acknowledged. On one occasion a line of boys filed through the house of the Reverend Doctor Eliot and into the dining room where the family was at dinner. The irate clergyman hastily followed them to the door, administering a hearty kick to the last one out.

One day when Beecher had "stumped" all his followers except one, he jumped down the sheer cliff of Copp's Hill to the embankment beneath. Picking himself up, he saw that his rival had been equally willing to risk life and limb, so he ran down to Billy Grey's shipyard and out on the wharf where a vessel was moored. Up the rigging to the very top of the foremast he climbed and from there jumped into the river. When he came to the surface his companion stood on the deck, watching open-mouthed for his appearing, and young Beecher's sovereignty was established.

Its boys, its captains, and its preachers, all contributed about equally to the prestige of the North End. Here lived the Mathers, the glory of New England, and in the oldest part of Copp's Hill Burying Ground, near the Charter street gate, is the family tomb. This is the spot most frequently visited in the cemetery. A plain brown slab, greatly worn by time, rests upon a brick foundation, and on it is this inscription:

"The Reverend Doctors Increase, Cotton, and Samuel Mather were interred in this vault.

'Tis the Tomb of our Fathers
I died Aug. 27, 1723 Age 84.
C died Feb. 13, 1727, 65.
S died June 27, 1785, 79."

This tomb is owned by the descendants and is occasionally in our day used for burial. It is forbidden to make any more graves, but every once in a while the tombs are opened and some scion of an old Boston family is laid to rest with his ancestors. So it is that in this small plot of three and a half acres 10,000 persons are buried.

No wonder that a stroll through its paths brings up in fancy the figures of the old days. Here lies Deacon Shem Drowne, the cunning artificer who made the grasshopper on Faneuil Hall and the "wooden image" of Hawthorne's story; Robert Newman, the sexton of Old North Church; Nicholas Upsall, persecuted for his kindness to the Quakers, and William Mumford who bought a lot on Brattle street in 1694 and erected the first Quaker meetinghouse.

***"Perfidiously Slain by ye Indians"***

Along with the peaceful friends are tombs of a warlike significance. That of Captain Malcolm, although dating before the opening of hostilities, boldly proclaims him a "true Son of Liberty, a Friend of the Publick, and an enemy to Oppression." It also states that he lies in a grave ten feet deep. Here, indeed, British bullets could not reach him, but they did their best to destroy his stone. It was their target from their battery on Bunker Hill, and its numerous scars show that their aim was not so bad.

Here lies Major Samuel Shaw, an officer in the Revolution. In his boat, the *Empress of China*, he first carried the flag of the United States to that country. His descendant, Robert Gould Shaw, is honored by a bas-relief on the Common. Here is the stone of "Capt. Thomas Lake, aged 61 years, an eminently faithful servant of God and one of public spirit." As the legend continues, he was "perfidiously slain by ye Indians at Keenebec August ye 14th 1676." The lead from the bullets taken from his body was melted and poured into narrow slits across the stone.

***The Builder of the Ship "Constitution"***

Not all the graves have such a heroic theme. They say that Mrs. Ammey Hunt, who died in 1769, had a fearful bother with bounds and fences in her lifetime, and so the poor soul took the consolation of a very final, yet perfectly ladylike, last word. This is her epitaph:

"A sister of Sarah Lucas lyeth here
Whom I did love most dear,
And now her soul hath took its flight
And bid her spightful foes goodnight."

In the northwest corner is the tomb of Edmund Hartt, builder of the frigate *Constitution* which rides at her mooring just across the river. Nearby is that of Captain Joseph Leonard who brought a slip from the willow by Napoleon's grave in St. Helena and planted it beside the family tomb. It grew to a mighty tree, lending a romantic charm to that corner of the cemetery until the gale of 1888 destroyed it.

Near the Hull Street gate is the tomb for the mariners of all nations, and not far from that was a mound, now leveled by the process of time, where those poor little waifs, the unbaptized children, were buried. The stone of the grandchildren of William Copp is the oldest in the yard, bearing the date 1661. There is a tiny stone dated "July ye 5, 1690," marking the grave of Sarah Rule, aged nine, the little maid who once incurred the wrath of Samuel Mather by daubing his papers with ink.

A triple stone marks the grave of the first keeper of Boston Light, George Worthylake, and that of his wife and daughter. One November day in 1718 the three set sail for Noodle's Island, and, as the record states, "took in Heaven by the way." Their sad fate was the theme of Franklin's poem, "A Lighthouse Tragedy," which was popular in its time, but which the poet's father deemed pretty wretched stuff. No copy is extant today, and quite likely the world is no loser.

The faithful spouse of Betsy Darling was for many years a sexton, and when his wife departed this life and he felt old age approaching, he placed this request upon her monument:

"Brother Sextons, please leave a clear berth for me near by this stone."

Along with such homely messages there are rows and rows of stones carved with the armorial bearings of the families they represent. There are the Hutchinsons, the Gees, the Montfords, proudly dating back to the Norman Conquest, and dozens of others richly carved with heraldic lore.

# The Magic of Lake Tahoe

(*Continued from page 23*)

down upon it in tranquillity; and we little creatures camp and crawl upon its margins; build hotels and piers, and scoot over its surface in speed-boats. But the scene is too great to be vulgarized. And by and by our little era will pass away, and the mountains will forget that we were.

Emerson, whose poetry dwarfs mountains, loved pine forests, dwelt among them, and often refers to them in his poems.

When I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the pomp of Greece and Rome;
For what are the pride and power of the Street,
When man, in the bush, with God may meet?

He muses on how—

The sacred pine-tree adds
To her old leaves, new myriads;

And—

No architect can build
As the Muse can;
She is careful to select
Materials for her plan:
Rafters of immortal pine;
Cedar incorruptible,
Worthy her design.

His temple was among the pines of Walden; and Walden, lying deep and clear in her cup of mystery, which is fed by no visible streams, and from which is no outlet, is not unworthy to be classed with Tahoe, or rather each is in its own quality and degree incomparable. Emerson, however, might have considered Tahoe to be too large—an extravagance of beauty. Walden lies in thought and memory like a jewel; it is a lyric, a quatrain. Tahoe is epical; it conveys a thousand emotions. Emerson found in Walden the concentrated perfection that his genius loved and portrayed.

But he could not have escaped the Tahoe pines. In his day, indeed, the forests that crowd upon the shores of the lake, and range upward almost to the high mountain tops, were far more primitive than contact with man has made them now. After the rush of Forty-Nine these regions were penetrated by gold-seekers, and to serve their needs, the tall trees must fall. Down came the giants, and their bodies and members were transformed into sluices, retaining-beams, tramways and docks; the voices of bear and wolf gave way to the ring of the American ax.

*The Surge of the Pioneers*

After the surge of the pioneers had swept by, the real subduers of the wilderness followed, and their log huts and fences took further toll; but the forest, undaunted, met the attack with new armies, drawn from the roots of these who had perished. This second growth gave way in time to a third, and now a fourth begins; while the ax, though it bites still upon occasion, has slackened its offensive. But the battle is not over, and will last long; a time may be at hand when the shores of the lake may be lined with commodious board walks, with frequent piers and pavilions, and picturesque villas will rise above flowered terraces and the inevitable summer hotels will expand their verandas and galleries above lawns and playgrounds, and the old story of the fashionable watering place will be repeated; indeed, at the northeastern end of the lake it has already begun, and though the roads are not yet asphalted, the automobiles are numerous; they follow the woodpaths and the asphalt will follow them.

*Speed-Boats Waiting at the Wharf*

At the hotel you can get the luxuries of the city (if that is what you come to Tahoe for), and there are speed-boats waiting for you at the wharf, and fish also waiting in the lake, though they are not always as eager to take the hook as you are to take them. But if your culture and refinement are less sensitive, or if you are willing to forget them for a while, and study the finer things of nature, lurking beneath the sand and the sage, the pine needles and the shrubbery, and flashing before you from the lake: if you will pitch your own tent, draw and boil your own water, fry your own bacon and fish, and roll yourself in your own blanket for a nap or a night, while the waves lap at your feet and the pines murmur overhead; if you are content that sunrise and sunset, planets and stars, take the place of Chinese lanterns; and exchange the blare of the jazz-band for the night-silences and mysterious whisperings of the woods: then turn your back on the twentieth century, and invite your soul and spare your purse. The pines, even the second and third growths, have a story to tell, if you have courage to listen to it.

The pines outnumber the other trees hundreds to one, and botanists will tell you that there are fifty species of them alone. There are also groves of thick growing aspens, with white-green trunks and talkative leaves, of a tint so cool that you might fancy they twittered to keep warm. Oaks, too, and other adventurous trees have scaled these heights; but they are guests rather than fellows of the omnipresent pine. The aspens go to marshy places, sinking their roots in the oozy verdure that is fed by the underground springs that trickle down from the summits, generated from last winter's snows.

But the pines like to keep their feet dry; their sinewy roots ramble off near the surface, cross the forests roads, giving a jolt to the unwary auto driver, and, in fact, seem to feed less on earth than on air. The hard, pale granite peeps through the red-brown carpet of their fallen needles; they flourish on the naked rock, and stand for ages. Many of these rugged boles, even after Forty-Nine had come and gone, are from three to four feet in diameter, and mount aloft a hundred feet and more. Their bark is thick and furrowed; some species, at a distance, show the diamond-pattern of serpents. Shoulder to shoulder they stand, yet without undignified interference, for they will shed their lower branches if the space require it, and expand their plumes only when they reach the sky.

Often, pushing through these pillared labyrinths, you will come upon a grayed and whitened corpse lying prone, across and upward, slowly turning its own substance into the dust and mold of its grave. Ants excavate in it their galleries and forums. You can thrust your walking stick through the disintegrated fibers which defied gravitation for a hundred years; in death the monster is not contorted, but lies straight as in life, accepting fate. Some of these have been struck down by lightning; others were leveled by the ax, and abandoned; a few have succumbed to old age. But often a victim of the thunderbolt is not overthrown, though its life is gone; but years of sun and frost have blanched it ghastly white, and its bare limbs appeal to heaven. Others, death-stricken, began to fall, but were caught halfway by their comrades, and lean rigidly against that vain support. Dead or alive, the pine keeps its character.

The feature in a pine forest that affects me most is the exquisite straightness of the trunks. Up they go, undeviating, like lances, like arrows, like the shafts of the Parthenon, like the minarets of the Taj Mahal. They are slender just enough to escape the thought of weakness; they taper like the diminuendo of a musical note. We trace that clean smooth uprush through the branches which enhance its beauty by their rectangles, and see with joy its triumph at the top. Nothing in architecture so vindicates the loveliness of the straight line, acme of simplicity. It becomes in the pine the living symbol of a moral quality—an abstraction that is palpable. A man may learn virtue in the pine woods.

*A Great and Beautiful Work of Nature*

Some enthusiastic Californian or Nevadan would have it that Tahoe is "an inland sea!" But it seems to me to be precisely not that. It is a mountain pond, twenty miles by twelve, held in a cup of granite two thousand feet deep. And the lowest bottom of that pond is a mile above the highest point in the city of Los Angeles or of San Francisco. It is a great and beautiful thing, but its beauties are

not sea-beauties; the rhythm of its waves, the character of its shores, its calms and storms, its hues and changes, its evenings and its mornings, differ from the sea as much as do its dimensions. To compare them is not to dignify the lake, but to stultify and belittle it.

It is a noble chalice of the gods, lifted above the earth, but of it, its waters chill and pure, neither fevered by summer heats, nor frozen by the cold of winter. Its lovely surface covers a black abyss, precipitous, craggy and terrible, wrought by primeval earthquake and volcano; life, light and motion are absent from it. How many years, how many generations must have passed before the eager river plunging from the snowy heights ... fill this vast space and find its ... nd tumult subdued to this broad ...quillity! How long before the cup was filled to overflowing, and became the mother as it had been the offspring of the westward-flowing torrent!

Tahoe must always be a distinct picture in the mind of whomsoever has dwelt beside it. The great extent of the shore makes whatever privacy may be desired attainable; you can have the scene to yourself, or you may share it with a group of tent-folk, or you may, as I have said, congregate with Fashion at the north end.

Our cabin stands within thirty steps of the water, and tall pines overshadow it; at morning the surface is calm and the rising sun delineates every furrow and feature of the mountains opposite, and paints them with delicate colors; all day the breeze blows with the freshness of the sky unsullied by earth; at evening there is the splendor of sunset, and the sinking sun marks his path across the waves. Later, lights begin to brighten along the beaches—lights of cabins, and the red glow of bonfires fed from the limbs and fragments of fallen or moldering trees.

The air cools rapidly, and the breeze dies, and silence settles upon all, except for the remote tinkle of cowbells as the herds come slowly home to the milking.

The essential simplicity and beauty of life are revealed here. We have journeyed far from it during our few thousand years, but from this vantage-ground we can estimate the worth or worthlessness of our achievements. Forest, lake and mountain receive us back to their society with a stately indifference, behind which, however, we can feel a profound friendliness.

A man passed by here this morning, and stopped to chat for an hour. He was born beside the lake and lived here till his boyhood was past; then he went forth, saying to himself that he hoped never to revisit it. But every year since then he has come back; he has traveled the world and prospered, but nowhere had he found what met his inmost need as Tahoe does.

There is a moral in his story.

# Thanksgiving at Antioch College

By ELEANOR LEWIS

IN NOVEMBER of 1853 two gaunt buildings, a recitation hall and a girls' dormitory, both unfinished, represented Antioch College. Its twenty acres were unfenced and pigs wandered through them at their own sweet will; the dormitory doors were not in place, and the pigs sauntered, if they liked, into the dining room; the paths between and around the buildings were ungraveled and trodden into muddy slush; the teachers and students exercised admirable gymnastic powers in evading or jumping over the deep puddles, and even the Honorable Horace Mann, who had declined the governorship of Massachusetts to take charge of this inchoate seat of education, was seen to gather his coat tails in one hand, several books in the other, and take a flying leap to safety over some three feet of ankle-deep mud. It is remembered, too, that on another occasion he stepped on what seemed to be a large stone midway in a puddle, when the stone squealed, gave a preliminary heave which sent the president scurrying across, and rose to its feet as a large hog. The outward circumstances of the college spelled absolute disillusionment; there was trouble within as well as without; there was no endowment fund, and all money for "carrying on" had to be raised before bills could be paid. Even the glory of the autumn forests which had lent a brief charm to the scene passed with unwonted swiftness, and chill November succeeded October. And presently, in the midst of the gloom, came our national day of Thanksgiving.

What had poor unfinished bankrupt little Antioch to be thankful for? A great deal, thought Horace Mann—a deathless ideal! a vision of "one increasing purpose" to be striven for and, measurably, achieved at this crude little western school with its almost comic opera setting, its grim poverty and its glorious if sometimes tragic youth—the vision of an education which should combine sweetness and light, breadth of culture with spiritual insight!

Meanwhile, there was dinner! and here at least was solid ground for thanksgiving—so says our informant, a lady now ninety-one years of age, who was a student at Antioch from its opening until shortly before Mr. Mann's death. It was bitterly cold—she remembers that, as also that around the dinner tables were gathered the president and his family, including Miss Elizabeth Peabody, the famous kindergartner (Mrs. Mann's sister), and all the students who were not at nearby homes. As to the menu, probably the usual "fixin's" were present, but the only viand our informant is sure of was turkey, and this because of a remark from the president's 5-year-old son. He was a mischievous youngling, she says, and spoke his mind at all times with perfect abandon. Now, planting his small hands in his small pockets, he surveyed the loaded tables rather sourly: "Huh!" "I'd rather have a slice of ham than all that tuhkey!"

When dinner was over, Mr. Mann addressed his guests briefly but cheerily, saying among other things that he felt specially thankful to see these young men and women gathered around him here, and to know that the great doors of opportunity had opened for them all—a subject of thankfulness not only today but forever.

Some thirty years later Edward Everett Hale was on one of his frequent visits to the college, and as usual a group of students soon surrounded him, eagerly listening and occasionally questioning. He told us delightful stories—one of them a conundrum: "Why is a cat like the Athanasian Creed?" After due pause (for many of us had never heard of the Creed) he was obliged to answer it for us: "Because of the Damnation Clause (claws)." Then, as our laughter died away and we grew more serious, he said—and the words were never to be forgotten—

"I wonder if, as this Thanksgiving Day draws near, you, like myself, have ever tried to realize how much there is in the world to be thankful for, not merely our own personal blessings, but those greater ones which are almost as unrealized, ordinarily, as the air we breathe. We are all of us still in bonds of some sort—perhaps we always shall be—but do we realize how many evil bonds have been broken? We can gently jest today about the outworn creed of infant damnation, for the bond of that awful belief is broken. We are not afraid of God today;—do we not feel enfolding us the mantle of his love? He is no longer a terrible Judge—but the eternal spirit of goodness and truth and beauty."

He broke off, and we mutely watched him as he sat there, his head thrown back a little, and his dreamy gaze envisioning divine possibilities. Then he became practical all at once, and surveyed us rather humorously:

"It seems I must always get in a sermon," said he, as he rose to go.

There are three dormitories now; there is a "Horace Mann Memorial Library" marking the great president's last home, and daily growing in usefulness through the gift from the Carnegie Foundation; there are six hundred students, fine-spirited, eager-hearted youngsters, to carry on Antioch's noble tradition of service—"BE ASHAMED TO DIE BEFORE YOU HAVE WON SOME VICTORY FOR HUMANITY."

# "An Old-Fashioned Winter" The Goosebones' Prophecy

¶ WITH the first feel of crisp November mornings, folks begin to have concern about the weather. The corner-stove forecasters, who haven't missed a season in thirty years, flash into the limelight to deliver their several prognostications. From various "signs" these "nature students" may predict a mild winter, but they generally foresee a "hard" one; forecasts of a severe winter get more attention than the other sort.

¶ MAYBE the squirrels stored an unusually large supply of nuts and acorns—indication that the squirrels had received advance notice of a long hard winter. Possibly heavy rains had filled the ponds causing muskrats to build their houses large and high out of the water—large muskrat houses are an old Indian sign of a hard winter. Mayhap the birds begin their southern flight a little earlier than usual. Or—well there are numerous "signs" that indicate the character of approaching weather.

¶ HAVING obtained the desired publicity, the forecasters think little more about the matter unless a severe cold wave occurs. In this event, if the cold prevails three or four days, and all preceding mild conditions have been forgotten, they come again to the front. "Didn't I tell you it was going to be a corker?"

Said forecasters are often referred to as "goose-boners," but the goosebone is losing hold generally on the reading public, and the proper thing now is to be a "nature student" (whatever that may imply).

¶ BUT what about the old-fashioned winter, the kind we can all remember, the kind we are forever expecting but the kind we never seem to get any more? Is our climate moderating or are we mistaken about it after all, and is the old-fashioned winter a product of our imagination?

¶ THE facts in the case are displayed in United States Weather Bureau records for the past 50 years, covering conditions for several places in this country. Other accounts go back many years beyond this. They show that climatic conditions may vary within short distances, but that the various parts of the country are constant in their relations to one another.

¶ THE winter mean temperature at Philadelphia, for example, by decades during the last century exhibits remarkable uniformity. Considering individual months, the extremes are found fairly well distributed. In the final analysis there is little to encourage the belief that our winters are moderating. The idea is chiefly due to better living conditions.

¶ OUR memories are impressed chiefly by unusual events. We remember the severe storms and the unusual periods of heat and cold, while moderate conditions are soon forgotten. We remember the times when, as boys and girls, we got out after a heavy storm and wallowed in the snowdrifts, or tunneled under them, but we do not remember the conditions during the rest of the winter. We sum up events that we remember and conclude that "it is a long time since we had a real old-fashioned winter."



POLITICAL economy is not itself a science, but a system of conduct founded on the Sciences, and impossible except under certain conditions of moral culture. Which is only to say that industry, frugality, and discretion—the three foundations of economy—are moral qualities, and cannot be attained without moral discipline: a flat truism, the reader may think, thus stated; yet a truism which is denied both vociferously, and in all endeavor, by the entire populace of Europe, who are at present hopeful of obtaining wealth by tricks of trade, without industry.—*John Ruskin.*

ST
DEA

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Vol. 26 No. 6 NOVEMBER 28, 1925 $1.50 a Year




"THESE ARE THE BOOKS YOU REACH FOR FIRST IN YOUR OWN CHIMNEY CORNER."—*See Page 13.*

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH



# *Never Again!*

A machine called the Spinning Jenny was invented 161 years ago. Then for the first time a great occupation, textile-making, began to go from a home-work basis to a factory-production basis.

History terms this the industrial revolution. The machine age dawned. Never again could the old methods of the spinning wheel compete.

A far-reaching industrial revolution is on now, too. Age-old wastes in production and transportation are being eliminated by the ever-increasing use of Timken Bearings. Never again can some of the biggest old items of production and operating costs be fully justified.

To-day in electric motors Timken Bearings offer manufacturers cheaper, most reliable power. In shaft hangers and pillow blocks Timken Bearings conserve the power on its way to work. In all varieties of machine tools and other shop equipment Timken Bearings speed the output and better it, while lightening the load, and saving lubricant. In modern transportation—witness the various types of motor vehicles—Timken Tapered Roller Bearings also increase speed and capacity while they are reducing power and maintenance costs.

Timken economies are to be credited to extreme load capacity, great freedom from friction, as well as to fine Timken-made special bearing steel.

Available in the products of so many big, established, highly reputed machine tool and equipment builders, Timken Bearings loom large before every manufacturer who has a progressive policy.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., *CANTON, OHIO*

**TIMKEN** *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

November 28, 1925
* * *
Single Copy, Ten Cents

Subscription price in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies, $1.50 a year; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year.

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer;
C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

Vol. 26, No. 6
* * *
Change of Address

1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill.

# Presented in This Issue:

Mr. Ford's Page this week is on the proposal that all industrial economies should be used to raise wages.

---

This issue of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT is largely about books and bookmen. But that does not mean that it is "bookish." Not at all. It is entirely human. Look at the People who form its main subjects.

---

O. Henry at midnight, on a bench in Union Square, New York, making a pencil sketch of a tramp. And he did it so well that the man immediately recognized the likeness. O. Henry's editor continues in this article his delightfully intimate reminiscences of the great story-teller. (p. 3)

---

Homer Croy says that in many ways people are like apples. People can be sorted out under certain varieties, and put into their own particular bins and boxes. But do you know how to do it? As a novelist, Mr. Croy has classified many characters, and he says that some of our common ways of doing it—like making deductions from "a shifty eye"—are wrong. (p. 4)

---

Where is "The House of the Seven Gables"? Nobody seems to know. The son of Nathaniel Hawthorne scouts the idea that the house so-called in Salem is the one his illustrious father had in mind. Here in a charming way Julian Hawthorne tells as much as will ever be known of the origin and growth of one of America's greatest literary masterpieces. Imagine hearing Hawthorne read from his own manuscripts. (p. 5)

---

How much of American reading (not literature) comes to us via Ellis Island? A very great deal. The names that appear in numbers in any fiction counter are distinctly alien, and the contents of their books very much more so. Americans read on in blissful unconsciousness of what is being done to their views. If they were loyal to their traditions they would drink less freely from these wells of English very much defiled. (p. 8)

---

In Chats with Office Callers this week we are given some vivid bits of information by the Army Surgeon about his work on the field of battle. The Man From Hawaii also talks about the "Japanese Supremacy" myth in that delectable part of the earth. (p. 12)

---

Thomas à Kempis defines happiness as being seated in a quiet corner with a good book. This is what Gaius Glenn Atkins means by "Chimney-Corner Books." His article has a rich and mellow literary flavor and points to shelves that contain just the right kind of reading to enjoy "over a pipe," as Charles Lamb puts it. There is not only entertainment, but much that only a literary connoisseur can give in this contribution. (p. 13)

---

Who can tell what it means to be a writer, save one who has written and is still writing? Thomas Masson has not only made books, but has met many others who are in the same business. He has a store of information about how much the job is worth. One popular writer earns as much as $100,000 a year and "employs nineteen servants" in his house. But there are others who—have fewer servants. All writers do not die rich, nor live in plenty. And it is nothing against their quality, either. (p. 16)

---

A novelist who does not believe in plots and never uses them! That is Sherwood Anderson, if novelist he can be called. There is much discussion as to his rating in the world of art, but there is one thing distinctly in his favor, he has no theories about "Art." All that he is aware of is a pressure to tell life as he feels it—and he feels some aspects of it very keenly. Personality, not plots, is his prepossession. (p. 19)

---

There are two ways to tell a story, by pictures, and by print. The picture method is the most ancient, as old as the world itself. Wood engraving was brought to a high state of perfection by medieval craftsmen and carried by a line of skillful artists down to our own day. Much history is contained in these incised lines, of which the illustrations to this article include some excellent specimens. (p. 20)

---

The magic of old books, and the magic of an old bookshop! There is a big flourishing bookshop in the City of New York today which was built up from a primitive news stand at a street corner. Such men as Emerson, Lowell, Dickens and Thackeray have been attracted to this old literary emporium of literature, and have browsed among its shelves. Courtenay Savage conveys to us the atmosphere of this haunt of book lovers. (p. 24)

## CONTENTS

Seventy-Five Years of an Ideal - - - - - - 2
*Eleanor Lewis*
O. Henry in Light and Shadow - - - - - 3
*William Griffith*
Sorting Out People - - - 4
*Homer Croy*
Building "The House of the Seven Gables" - - - 5
*Julian Hawthorne*
Americanism in Fiction - - 8
*Lewis Worthington Smith*
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - 10
Chats With Office Callers - 12
Chimney-Corner Books - - 13
*Gaius Glenn Atkins*
What It Means to Be a Writer - - - - - 16
*Thomas L. Masson*
Sherwood Anderson - - - 19
*Lewis Allen*
Wood Blocks as Story-Telling Medium - - 20
*Henriette Boeckmann*
The Magic of an Old Bookshop - - - - 24
*Courtenay Savage*

---

### EDITORIAL NOTE

We desire to state that the article entitled "Mrs. Whitman Tells Her Story" in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT of October 3, 1925, was based upon extracts from Mrs. Whitman's letters, and that the letters from which these extracts were taken had appeared in *The Yale Review* of the preceding July. *The Yale Review* thus holds the copyright on the Whitman letters.

# Seventy-five Years of an Ideal—Antioch College

By ELEANOR LEWIS

IN THE far-away fifties an aunt of the writer was a student at Antioch College, under the presidency of Horace Mann, and from her have been derived many anecdotes and reminiscences of that period. She recalled vividly Mr. Mann's stately, somewhat formal presence, the penetrating keenness of his glance, his sarcastic treatment of wilful offenders, his instant kindness to those in need or trouble, and, above all, the impression of deep moral earnestness which one could not be near him without feeling. By many he was thought to be too stern, too rigid in his enforcement of rules and discipline. This may have been true, but, on the other hand, Antioch began as an experiment, and any misstep might lead to the failure its critics predicted. Mr. Mann felt that upon the character and conduct of his students rested largely the success of the experiment.

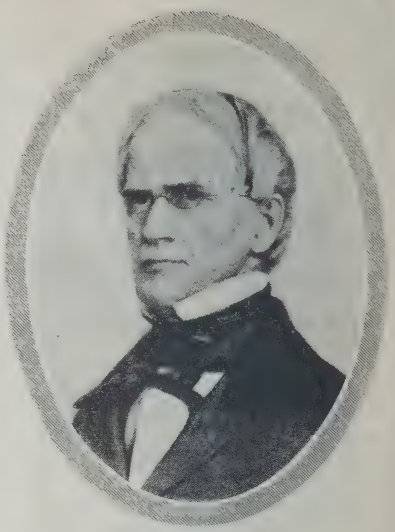
Those were the days of "Abolition," of "Non-Sectarianism," of "Women's Rights," and of "Co-Education"—splendid humanitarian efforts which carried with them, then as ever, the defects of their qualities. Then as ever, the golden mean was less easily obtainable than the extremes. Keeping step with the sane reformer went the unbalanced enthusiast, the "crank," and the reform was more often judged by these erratic ones than by its more level-headed exponents. When Horace Mann accepted the presidency of Antioch College, in 1853, he became the first of a distinguished line of men and women with high ideals of life and human accomplishment, which they hoped to see realized in the newly founded school. Antioch was a close second to Oberlin in coeducation; she was the first to open her doors to all races and colors; she emphasized a "deeply religious but unsectarian training"; and she was so profoundly antislavery as almost to be obliged to close when the Civil War broke out—so many of her teachers and young men answered the call to arms.

Henry Holt, in his *Garrulities of an Octogenarian Editor*, says, "There is a story of some small western institutions where all hands, teachers and students alike, went to the war; but if the story is true, probably they all went to free the slaves." The story certainly is true of Antioch; the college proper was closed, and only a small preparatory school was maintained for several years. She still cherishes the memory of her sons who lived and died for freedom in that war: of Professor (1st Lieutenant) Bardwell, and Dr. Warriner; of Lieutenant Hirst, of T. B. Burkholder, for whom the Burkholder Post of Veterans was named, and of whom it was said, "There was nothing the boys would not have dared or done for him"; of Majors Hamilton and Crapoe, of Marion Ross and many others. Some lived, others died, and a few returned to Antioch after the close of the war. The most tragic fate was that of young Ross, who, as one of "Andrew's Raiders," was hanged for his share in that brave but abortive venture. An escaped comrade wrote of him: "He was the firmest of us all. 'Tell them at home,' he said, 'if any of you escape, that I died for my country and did not regret it.'"



Portion of a letter written in 1857 by Horace Mann.

In this connection I may quote from an interesting letter written to President Morgan by Ross' classmate and friend, the Reverend Edgar A. Hamilton: "The brief period of my student life at Antioch," he says, "was for me impressive, of vivid memory and of deep influence upon my future career through the favor and grace of Horace Mann, whose fine influence with youth led my friends to send me there. The hour was tense with national issues, carrying us along as upon a floodtide. President Lincoln's first call for troops in April met with a ready response. Before sunset of that first day, sixteen members of the preparatory class threw down their books and marched to the front, incited largely by my lamented friend, Marion Ross. He often studied with Major Crapoe and myself, and when I was ill in a hospital at Washington he visited me. His tragic death was told me by one of his prison comrades, when I almost lost self-command under the recital of his treatment and death."



Horace Mann.

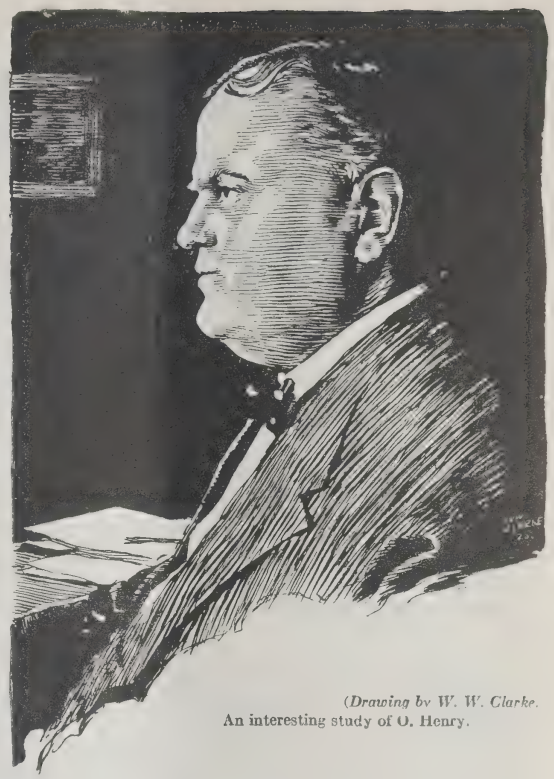
Although moral earnestness marked strongly the early Antioch, there was also a very human and youthful reaction from it in some ways. My aunt's recollections included a student described by his fellows as "all right but cranky," who cleverly Latinized his name of John Wesley Eddy into Johannes Hesperus Vortex, and who insisted upon wearing white clothes in winter, in order, as he explained, "to be in harmony with nature." Asked why he did not on the same principle wear green clothes in summer, he replied that one must draw the line somewhere, and he drew it at green!

(Concluded on page 33)

# O. Henry in Light and Shadow

## A Study of the Author, From Life

By WILLIAM GRIFFITH



(*Drawing by W. W. Clarke.*
An interesting study of O. Henry.

O. HENRY was not a great reader of books—was in no sense of the word a scholar—and so far as my observation went, during the last three or four years of his life, most of his reading was confined to periodicals and newspapers. All the more interesting was it to hear him say casually one day that for several years he had never failed annually to reread everything that Guy de Maupassant had written and everything that Joseph Conrad had published. His admiration for both these writers was profound, and he once remarked whimsically that he would rather hear Conrad repeat that "humanity is divided into two classes of people, those who burn and those who rot," than to shake hands with Roosevelt.

In perusing newspapers, he evidenced the keenest interest in the cartoons, the merits or demerits of which either evoked his praise or provoked his scathing criticism. Much of his own word-craftsmanship partook of the nature of cartooning and, indeed, O. Henry, as a young man in Texas, where he edited, wrote, published and illustrated *The Rolling Stone*, exhibited a very considerable pictorial talent. The Houston (Texas) *Post*, on which he was once a staff writer and illustrator, stated editorially at the time of his death that "As a cartoonist, Porter would have made a mark equal to that which he attained as a writer, had he developed his genius for it; but he disliked the drudgery connected with drawing and found that his sketches were generally spoiled by anyone else who took them to finish."

In the early days he illustrated many of his stories. However, it was before the present development of the art of illustration, and he did most of his work on chalk, in which the drawing was made, a cast of lead being afterward made with more or less general results of reproducing the drawing in the shape of printing. The generality of the result was at times disheartening to the artist, and Porter never improved upon his natural knack of embodying his brilliant ideas in drawings.



Scene familiar to O. Henry—near the Bowery Mission, whence this author drew many of his characters.

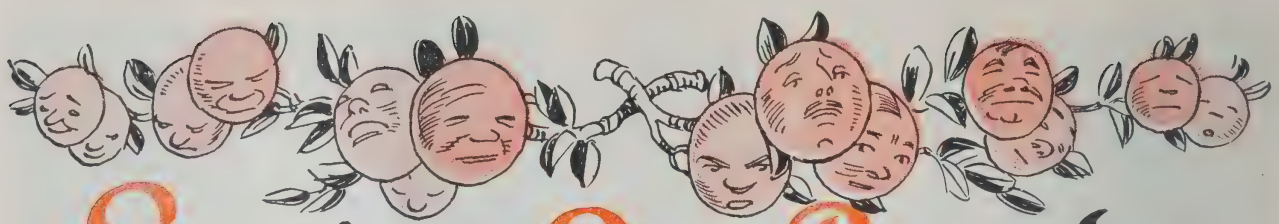
His ability as a draftsman was amusingly illustrated one night in Union Square, New York, to which we had adjourned after an hour or two spent in the neighborhood bowling alley. Seated near us was another bench occupant, considerably battered and tousled by the gales of the underworld. Producing pencil and paper from his pocket, O. Henry proceeded surreptitiously to make a sketch of the fellow. The picture done to his satisfaction, he suggested that we take a stroll around the fountain. Returning to where we had been seated, my companion stopped in front of the bench-warmer and, exhibiting his sketch, inquired mysteriously, "Do you recognize him?"

"Hully gee, 'tis me twin brother!" exclaimed the fellow. "And did ye know Mike Morley yure own silf?"

To the study of metropolitan denizens and moods and manifestations O. Henry brought the genial and generous curiosity of a modern Harun-al-Rashid. He prowled the town, with or without a companion. The "Big Canyons of the Money Grubbing Tribe," as he termed the section of towering skyscrapers at the lower end of the city, Fifth Avenue or First avenue, Broadway or the Bowery, Corlears Hook Park or Gramercy Square; no matter what the locality or the social practice of its residents, it was always Bagdad to O. Henry.

In masquerade the streets, bazaars and walled houses of the occidental city of romance were filled with the same kind of people that interested Haroun in his golden prime. Clothes might be different, but beneath them men and women were unchanged. He sat listening in the shop of Fitbad the Tailor; he saw the Little Hunchback, Sinbad the Sailor, the one-eyed Calendars, the Barber and his Six Brothers and Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves on every block.

A favorite field of his was the Big Store with its humming activity. He knew the ache in the heart of the tired little girl working behind the counter; her dreams and her aspirations. "The Little Shopgirl's Knight," Vachel Lindsay once called him. Who among the millions of O. Henry readers has ever quite forgotten Dulcie of *An Unfinished Story*, who held true to her idealization of Lord Kitchener; or Hilda of *The Third Ingredient;* or Mazie of *A Lickpenny Lover*, who, when the millionaire suitor for her hand (*Continued on page 27*



# Sorting Out People

## People Are Like Apples—There Are Not Two in the World Exactly Alike

By HOMER CROY

ILLUSTRATED BY RUSSEL H. LEGGE

MANY persons have a calculating slide rule for reading character—little catch phrases and old wives' tales that they think turn a character inside out at a glance. Don't put your faith in these slide rules. They can't bend around corners.

Here are some of them:



"The handshaker."

*The Warm Handshake:* They think that if a person gives you a warm handshake he is as honest as Lincoln, but don't be misled by it. Nearly everybody knows this handshake dodge and crooks and money-borrowing acquaintances especially are onto it. They can numb you to the elbow and then turn around and cheat you out of your eyeteeth. Yet a lot of people go through the world believing that a warm handshake is simply plumbing the depths of the human soul.

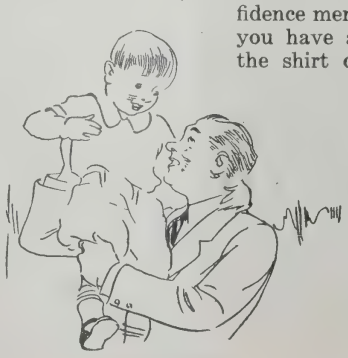
There is nothing to it. Some of the best and kindest people I know have a handshake that would make a frosty iron pump-handle seem like a warming pan. It all depends on the individual; it's a matter of temperament and has no more to do with character qualities than it has with the tides in the Bay of Fundy. Don't pin your faith on a handshake. Go deeper.

*If a Man Likes Children He Can't Be Bad:* It is a lovely sounding sentiment, but unfortunately it has nothing to do with a person's character. Some people are nervous and children worry them, and some simply can't unbend to a child's point of view. Much depends if they have known children in their own boyhood or girlhood. I can conceive of burglars being especially fond of children.

*If a Person Has a Shifty Eye He Can't Be Depended On:* This is a deep-laid conviction in many settled souls and they get a lot of satisfaction out of it, but it means little. The so-called "shifty eye" may be a matter of personal temperament; a person might not look Mr. A. in the eye and then turn around and stare Mr. B. out of countenance. Panhandlers and confidence men can look you in the eye till you have astigmatism and then steal the shirt off your back. About the only thing that a wandering eye indicates, on a first meeting, is that the owner is uneasy in his present surroundings, not sure of himself, or is slightly bored. Usually it is a temperamental sign, not a character quality.



"Shifty eyes."



"Likes children."

I look upon people as apples—there are no two in all the world *exactly* alike, but they fall into divisions and varieties and can be sorted out and put into bins and boxes. There is the Jonathan box, the Golden Grimes box, the Early Harvest box, and so on, clear down to crab apples. And there are a lot of crab apples in the human nature cellar, too.

Here are some of the boxes to drop your apples into when you sort them out:

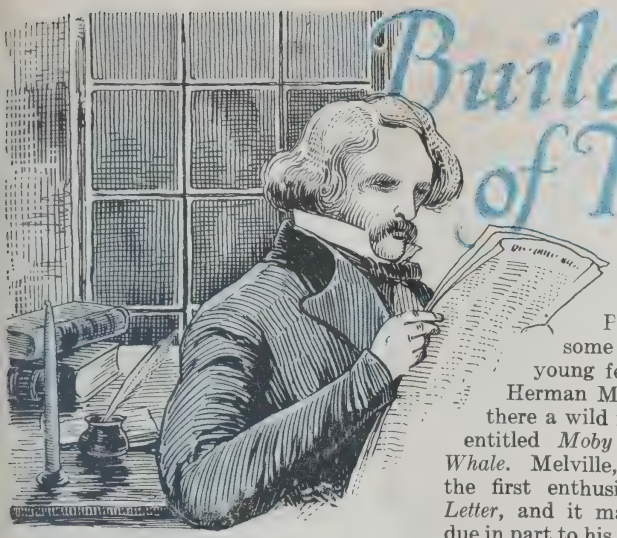



"Money grubber."

*The Money Grubber:* He wants money, or what represents money; it is his *dominant interest* and he goes after it tooth and nail. He is the rich man of the town; he has the big house with the cupola on it; there is always an outstanding one in every community. From the day he traded his first jackknife he has had his life set on making money—he has lived for it and he will die for it. Often there are specks on him.

*The Idea Man:* Naturally he desires money—that is, food and shelter—but it isn't the main driving force in his life. The biggest thing in his life isn't to get another half per cent out of a mortgage. His chief interest is in ideas, in things that he can't put his hands on. You find him in the lawyer, the doctor, the preacher, the priest, the professor. He likes politics, he is interested in the cause of war, in history, in the development of Man; he spends more time reading, more time thinking of non-money-making pursuits. He never makes as much money as the money grubber, he leads just as happy a life and is just as useful a member of the community.

(Continued on page 30)



The author of "*The House of the Seven Gables.*"

# Building "The House of The Seven Gables"

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE

AFTER *The Scarlet Letter* was off the press, and the first small edition was being followed by numberless others, as fast as the pressmen could feed paper into the machine, Hawthorne turned his back on the dingy old Mall street house, and on Salem, forever, and went westward, though not beyond the boundaries of his native state. He halted among the Berkshire Hills; and he could hardly have done better.

Had he gone on to the Yosemite Valley, for instance, he would have found it less conducive to imaginative writing. Such stupendous scenery disturbs the beholder's serenity, and distracts his thoughts; it compels attention to itself; it is tyrannical. Nature stares him out of countenance and alienates him from his fellow creatures, their comedy, tragedy and manners. The best he can do is to attempt to describe what he sees around him; and he soon finds that to be a losing game. What is the use of likening the Grand Cañon of the Colorado to the Last Sunset lying in the Crack of Doom? Language is not competent to such enterprises; the greater the noise of the words, the less do we see the thing about which they are shouting. But words rightly used may awaken memory, stimulate thought, touch emotion, and, best of all, because it includes all, kindle imagination. Genius is at its best in suggestion; if it cannot make you coöperate with its effort, it loses its labor. Without sympathy the page is blank, the canvas or the statue insignificant, and the artist no better than a mechanic.

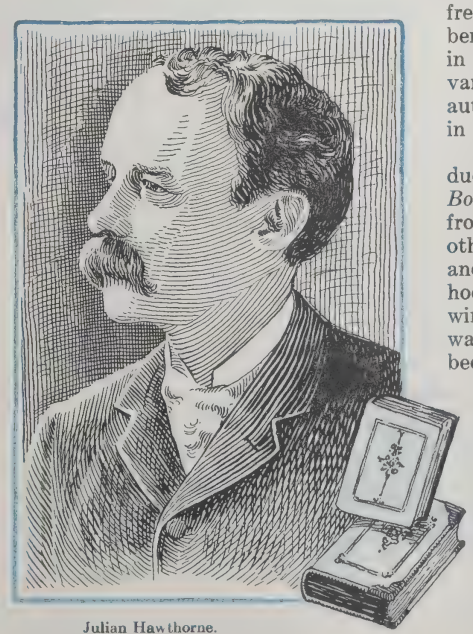
I don't know that the Yosemite and the Grand Cañon were known in the year 1850, unless to a few Forty-Niners, who were more concerned to make material for art than to create it. Even Berkshire wasn't at that time a fashionable summering-place; a few Yankee farmers dwelt here and there in their weather-beaten old frame-houses, and hoed their crops and milked their cattle. There was the town of Pittsfield, to be sure, some miles away, and a young fellow by the name of Herman Melville was composing there a wild romance of the ocean, entitled *Moby Dick, or the White Whale*. Melville, however, was among the first enthusiasts for *The Scarlet Letter*, and it may have been due in part to his urging that Hawthorne turned in that direction. But the deciding influence was no doubt exerted by Mr. Tappan—for some reason we always mentioned him in that style, though he was a most urbane, cordial and cultivated gentleman and never put on any airs. Mr. Tappan, at all events, was an admirer and friend of Hawthorne, and he owned quite a large tract of land, in Berkshire, occupied a handsome house there, and possessed besides a little red cottage on the brow of the hill that overlooked "The Bowl," as the beautiful lake was called that lay at the feet of Greylock and Monument Mountain, opposite. This cottage he offered to rent to Hawthorne on reasonable terms; in fact, the price asked by the year was hardly more than it might have brought by the week, when Lenox became fashionable. It burned down about forty years ago—it wasn't much bigger than a matchbox, and became a cinder in no time.



Mrs. Sophia Peabody Hawthorne.

But the year and more that we spent in the red house at Lenox was delightful and profitable to all concerned. It was the children's first taste of the country, and they thrived and prospered mightily. For Hawthorne, after Salem, it was a new existence, corresponding with the change in his state of mind from the drudgery of the custom house, the anxious and emotional toil of *The Scarlet Letter*, with the slow decline and death of his mother, and the dire lack of money that accompanied these conditions. Sorrow and hardship were past, success and comfort were ahead. And lovely though was the scenery of Lenox, it wasn't so grandiose or sensational as to interfere with the freedom of his imagination; it was benign and cheering; it could be taken in at a glance, and yet had enough variety to avert monotony. And the author had other books awaiting birth in his mind.

He has depicted Lenox in the introductions and interludes of his *Wonder-Book;* he called the place Tanglewood, from the forest of pines, walnuts and other trees that clothed the hillside and much of the rest of the neighborhood. When, after the summer, winter came, we couldn't tell which was the more delightful; and Hawthorne became like a boy again, and was our incomparable playmate, so that we thought the time wasted that he spent in his study overlooking the lake. When, however, he read the stories to us from the manuscript, we could forgive him, but could not understand why he should want to put them on paper, when they were so much more captivating in his living voice and expression. But the days of Homer



Julian Hawthorne.

and of the great improvisatories were gone, and in steps the publisher!

An author may lighten the stress of the book he is writing by thinking of the one he intends to write next. *The House of the Seven Gables* flowed out so easily from Hawthorne's mind—and yet its structure is so compact and its quality so mature; and, withal, it was done in so short a time—that I incline to think that he "saw" the characters and the story pretty completely before ever he wrote Finis to *The Scarlet Letter*. He allowed himself something like a regular novelist's plot, in this instance, and it is a good one. Plot stories are written more easily than are analyses of spiritual insight and interpretation, like *The Scarlet Letter* and *The Marble Faun*.

Hawthorne's usual way was to take some commonplace incident or situation, and to work out its relations with the profound and permanent conditions of life; as a geologist might pick up a pebble and expound from it the structure of the planet. Of course, there is a "moral" in *The Seven Gables:* morals were demanded in the mid-nineteenth century, and indeed no story that doesn't have a moral is a story, or worth writing or reading. My friend George Moore objects to plots and prefers to develop what he calls an anecdote. He read the *Seven Gables,* and was delighted with it till he came to pressing the secret spring which caused the portrait of Governor Pyncheon to start forward in its frame and disclose the deeds to the estate which had been sought in vain for two hundred years: that hurt him cruelly. Much argument, more or less edifying, may be had on this point. But when the dénouement explodes, it causes the reader to glance back through the entire building of the story, and to recognize a moral significance in it, symbolic of the whole course of events. It gives pleasure by justifying, as Milton says, the ways of God to man. No doubt, in real life, we see only such small arcs of the great circle that the far-off returns of reward and punishment are hidden from us. But the human mind, free from time-limitations, can sweep from zenith to nadir in a moment; and it is right in seeking in a work of imagination the satisfactions that are denied to it in a mere notebook of events. It likes to have the end foreseen from the beginning, and prepared for with the story-teller's art, which keeps the secret till the right moment. The less actual mechanism (such as a steel spring) the better, perhaps; but I think George was oversensitive.

Hawthorne at all events seems to have written the *Seven Gables* with a flowing pen, and to have enjoyed writing it. "It was a more natural book for me to write," he himself said, comparing it with the grievous labor-pains of *The Scarlet Letter*. It deals with a human frailty more widespread than the other, and which we therefore regard more leniently. Selfishness, however, is the root of all evil, and generates a peculiarly repulsive sort of villain, as well as many of lesser blackness. And we have no sympathy with a Judge Pyncheon, though Dimmesdale and Hester appeal to our inmost hearts.

It was congenial to Hawthorne, also, to depict the house itself of the tale, and to surround it with the Salem atmosphere. And here I will enlarge



The House of the Seven Gables which Julian Hawthorne asserts is not the original.

for a few moments upon a matter which, despite efforts to the contrary, has been ambiguous for many years.

No sooner was the *Seven Gables* published than Hawthorne was beset with inquiries as to the physical identity of the house which he had described, as well as to who Judge Pyncheon really was, and why the respectable and blameless family whose name was Pyncheon and which lived in Salem, should have been so undesirably pilloried in the narrative.

To the latter queries Hawthorne replied that he had picked out the name of Pyncheon as picturesque and suitable, and in total ignorance of the fact that a family of that designation was still living; and succeeded in placating the disturbed old gentleman who had addressed him on the subject. Otherwise, all the personages of the story were of his own creation; even the wicked Judge himself was as original as his forbear of the seventeenth century, though many people who were acquainted with a certain Mr. Upham, and his activities, persisted in thinking that he must have sat for the portrait.

Perhaps only writers of fiction can understand how fictitious characters are made; and even the maker himself cannot always trace the shreds and patches which may have given him the hints which he half unconsciously combines into the figure. But it is next to impossible to put a real person into a story; he or she isn't plastic enough, but is constantly running foul of the structure; the one destroys the other. Creative imagination requires perfect freedom and, paradoxically, the illusion of reality vanishes the moment real reality is allowed to creep in.

The house itself of the *Seven Gables* remains to be considered. I will quote a paragraph or two from Hawthorne's own preface to the book, which I suppose must have been written after the first edition of the story had appeared, for it seems to be in the nature of a reply to criticisms or inquiries:

> The house, he writes, was "a specimen of the best and stateliest architecture of a long-past epoch: a little withdrawn from the street, its whole visible exterior ornamented with quaint figures stamped in the glittering plaster, composed of lime, pebbles, and bits of glass, with which the woodwork of the walls was overspread. On every side the seven gables pointed sharply toward the sky, and presented the aspect of a whole sisterhood of edifices, breathing through the spiracles of one great chimney. The many lattices with their small diamond-shaped panes, admitted the light into hall and chamber while nevertheless the second story, projecting far over the base, and itself retiring beneath the third, threw a shadowy and thoughtful gloom over the lower rooms. Carved globes of wood were affixed under the jutting stories. The principal entrance, which had almost the breadth of a church-door, was in the angle between the two front gables, and was covered by an open porch, with benches beneath its shelter. Under this arched doorway . . . " and so on.

No clearer picture than this could be more concisely drawn of an object conceived to its last detail in the writer's mind. The house stands before us like a massive and tall tower of the Middle Ages, overhanging its base, and even suggesting by its coating of glittering plaster the solid stone of which its English equivalent would be constructed. It is compact, not spread abroad, done with a single motive, not added to from time to time by the taste or needs of subsequent generations, and the great central chimney completes its unity.

The gables point heavenward with a sort of symmetry, relieving the heaviness of the main building, and the sheen of the diamond window-panes, and the sparkle of the plaster overspreading the walls, lighten the gloom. It is all a symbol of ambition, pride and hypocrisy and the keynote of the romance. And as if to clinch the matter, its architect adds, "He trusts not to be considered as unpardonably offending, by laying out a street that infringes upon nobody's private rights, and appropriating a lot of land which had no visible owner, and building a house of materials long in use for constructing castles in the air."

All this seems explicit and categorical enough. But persons resolved not to see or hear are blinder than statues and deafer than the adder. The denial or delusion upon which they are resolved is dearer to them than the reality, and they transmit it to their posterity, its virus augmenting year by year, till at length it takes actual form in concrete wood and brick, its component parts labeled, with a *vade mecum* to guide the visitor from room to room, with photographs (at a price) of every detail and even with copies of the romance itself, profusely illustrated, and graced with an introduction by the hand of some lady—I forget her name—explaining copiously how and why that which is not, nevertheless is!

In short, a house with seven gables has been torn down from the sky of Hawthorne's imagination, and forced to masquerade in the substance of a sad and sprawling old building on a certain Salem street: a thing which began life as a two-ended, five-roomed domicile for some unpretending family, and had been added to from age to age to meet the requirements of various inheritors, till at last it presents itself to us a forlorn, amorphous agglomeration, which at no period of its casual existence could have offered the remotest likeness to the dignified and patrician structure which Hawthorne built in his little study in Lenox.

Yes, this is declared to be the only true and original House of the Seven Gables; and the wondering stranger is welcomed by a bevy of ladies, presumably in the employ of persons "higher up," as we say. The whole concoction is one of the curiosities of—not literature exactly, but—let us say, impersonation. After inspecting it, one is not encouraged to read the book; for how could a readable romance be written around a contraption so ungainly and vulgar?

I myself visited the affair some years ago, was greeted by the guardian nymphs, listened to their patter, wandered through the rooms, was shown into the garden, and almost expected to be confronted with the brood of Lilliput hens which figure in the story, or at least with the black cat which watches for Judge Pyncheon's soul. I was introduced to a stuffed easy-chair, however, and was preparing myself for the information that it was the identical chair in which the Judge sat down to await the appearance of Clifford. But, no; this was "Hawthorne's Chair;" and it was explained that Hawthorne was wont to occupy it while revolving the scenes of the story-to-be in his mind. Inasmuch as Hawthorne never visited the house after his fourth or fifth year, when it was occupied by two old ladies, relatives of his family, the chair seemed overlarge and in remarkably good repair.

The house has seven gables, however; indeed, there were eight, but the revisory committee suppressed the supernumerary one. There is also a secret staircase: none is mentioned in the story, but the committee, considering the problem of how Clifford appears inexplicably in one of the passages of the narrative, deftly availed themselves of an otherwise uncalled-for little flight of stairs which Hawthorne had omitted to mention. The house not only possesses a chimney, but two of them for good measure, neither, however, in the right place; for no "central" chimney is possible in an edifice which has no center to put it in. But enough of this desperate inventory! The committee deserves credit for the imagination which could see in this what Hawthorne had called "a specimen of the best architecture of a past epoch."

The question, Had the house any prototype? was often put to Hawthorne himself during his lifetime; he always replied with an emphatic No!

---

With all respect to Colonel Mitchell, he is not the Army and Navy of the United States. Yet his utterances are given columns, pages, reams of publicity, where official Army and Navy utterances are wholly suppressed. It is not fair. It is exceedingly bad public policy. A nation trained to suspect its Army and Navy will just as quickly suspect Mitchell, were he our war lord.

In view of the widespread and complete suppression by the American press of the facts which responsible and representative Army and Navy officials have to give, THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has decided to redress the balance as far as possible by letting Americans read what their defense representatives have to say *at first hand*.

This does not indicate a policy favoring Army and Navy contentions against Mitchell contentions in the present controversy. It indicates our belief that no controversy is fair or American that does not give the people the whole truth on both sides.

Next week we shall begin to print various articles on the question of airplanes in the American defense scheme.

---

# Going to Church in Samoa

"GO TO church Sunday" campaigns, considered so necessary in America and other lands, are among the nonessentials for churchmen in American Samoa. How to increase the percentage of the population ranked as church members and how to make the members regular attendants at services are problems that vex the minds and weary the souls of many ardent church leaders of many denominations in many lands. Not so in Samoa.

Latest official figures give the population of American Samoa as 8,058 and the church membership as 8,093, which, on the surface, has 100 per cent beaten. However, the population figure is that of the 1920 census and the church figure is of April, 1921, date. Thus time is allowed for the population to have increased by 35, enough to make the church figure a genuine hundred-per-cent accomplishment.

The church membership, including men, women and children, as claimed by the various denominations April 1, 1921, was as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| London Missionary Society | 6,783 |
| Roman Catholic | 860 |
| Wesleyan | 180 |
| Mormon | 270 |
| Total | 8,093 |

The above are the only denominations represented in American Samoa. All the missions there are self-supporting, except that of the Mormons. The Samoans are intensely religious, practically all profess to be Christians, and all go to church, even those who are not ranked as actual church members. There are some in the latter class, despite the 100 per cent figures given above. Every Samoan home has morning and evening prayers and Sunday is strictly observed.

The Samoan also is a generous giver to the church. Not only does he support his home missions, but sends missionaries to many other South Sea Islands and has thousands of dollars awaiting the annual call of the L. M. S. gospel ship. On each of the lesser islands of the Samoan group the largest building is the mission church. Occasionally the jibe is heard that "All fat Samoans are missionaries," but the Samoan only smiles at such remarks.

That success has attended the labors of the missions and their schools is attested by the remark in the latest official report of a governor of the Islands that: "It is said that all Samoans are able to read and to write, but their education is extremely limited, except as to the Bible, with which they are more familiar than is the average American."

# Americanism in Fiction

## Are All Americans Loyal to the American Tradition in What They Read?

By LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH



"There is a current tendency to depreciate and discredit the achievements of the Anglo-Saxon in literature."

PERHAPS we shall never quite agree among ourselves, whether critics or readers, as to the measure of departure from the literal permissible in fiction. The question comes violently to the fore as we enter the world of realism. There are those who cannot distinguish between realism and literalism. The tendency of the non-esthetic mind is to push realism into literalism, to insist that the poet shall be no more than a newspaper paragrapher, that the writer of fiction shall deal with facts as coldly as a historian, shall penetrate into their inner meaning and vitalize them no more than a drudging chronicler. Artists know that literalism is the death of art. Thinkers know that it is the death of everything but formalism in thought.

The question of the distinction between realism and literalism is one of growing importance. Any reasonably wide reading of current fiction will make it convincingly clear that many of our novelists have ceased to be artists, if they were ever entitled to that designation, and have become reporters on the assignment to police headquarters. They have become literalists, and they are reporting only what they see with their eyes on the ground. That men are creatures with legs and eyes and ears, with mouths and appetites, they know. That they are also creatures with purposes, that they are capable of making plans for the realization of those purposes, and that they have ideas and constructive visionings, they have not discovered.

Writers and critics who do not have this fuller understanding of what man is cannot deal in any adequate fashion with the empire-building of the great West. There is a current tendency to depreciate and discredit the achievements of the Anglo-Saxon as he is seen by some of those among our aliens whose intellectual riches are of the acquisition of their own generation.

There are a number of terms that should be defined before these alien critics pass judgment. How are we to understand the coloring, the aspect, of actual existence? What is the essential truth? The literal mind, if and when it is capable of recognizing the distinction between fact and truth, does it with some difficulty. Here our critics fall into the entanglements consequent upon that incapacity. It seems to be their conception of fiction that it is really only a transcript of certain selected portions of fact. Their literary preconceptions are very much like those of the novice who believes that he has a fortune almost within his grasp because he knows a true story, a real happening, that can be turned into a best-seller.

That it is a true story, that it is something that actually took place, will be its condemnation in the eyes of almost every editor who knows how literature is made.

Certainly a writer who is producing literature should not tie himself to the literal or subject his work to the test of the literal. The creative imagination, the possession of which distinguishes the novelist from the historian, will not have opportunity to exercise itself if it cannot go beyond the literal.

In treating American subjects, however, a writer must be first and foremost a loyal American. Some time ago I heard a naturalized Russian declare in an address that the naturalized alien was just as much an American and just as free to make this country what he wanted it to be as any one. This is not the understanding of any genuine American. Loyalty to the American tradition of decency, of constructive idealism, of hatred for the ugly and the unclean is fundamental to any genuine Americanism. Emerson Hough, a student of the life of the West, is quoted as declaring that it was his ambition to establish such a tradition and as saying, "I don't know that I'll have any success at it, but it's worth trying for." A writer having that spirit and that purpose is fairly certain to be attacked by the alien beneficiaries of our American empire-building. We shall have to endure the affliction of having too many parasites of that sort with us. They have been received at Ellis Island, have washed their faces and have gone through the barren ceremony of swearing allegiance to the Constitution. They then proceed to indoctrinate the American people with ideas that have never reared a civilization, but that have always attacked Anglo-Saxon civilization. That, perhaps, is not surprising: they are but working out their nature. The surprising fact is that Americans so seldom see what it means.

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

THE demand that all extra profits accruing through the economies of management should go to increase wages, has been brought into question. While it has always been agreed by just and progressive men that wages is one of the essential products of business, and that wages cannot be tampered with without hurting business, a demand like this reminds them that there are other things besides wages in the world, and of importance, too.

The cost of living is one of them. In our last week's page we supposed an industry which through efficiency and approved service was able to reduce costs to the consumer. It gave the benefits of its improvements to its customers. If an article cost a dollar less to produce than formerly, a dollar came off the price charged the consumer. By that process more people were enabled to buy the commodity. More buyers made a still larger business. A larger business still further reduced costs, which in turn increased the business still more. And so on.

Now it is obvious that however efficient the idea of economical production in that factory may have been, no such growth would have followed had the economy not been shared with the public. Suppose that the one dollar saved was added to profits, the price to the consumer remaining the same. There would have been no change in the volume of business. Suppose the dollar saved had been added to wages, there would have been no change in the volume of business. The few workmen employed in a small business would have been a very, very little better off, the business itself would not be better off at all, the buying public would not have received a cent of benefit.

But by sharing the profits with the public there was immediate and great public benefit, there was a stimulating reaction on the business, prices went lower, business increased, thousands of men were employed where but scores found work before, wages increased, profits mounted. *By starting at the right end* prices went down, which is to say that, to the public, values went up, wages went up, surplus went up, a general healthful condition prevailed.

The point is, this did not come by doing what is now demanded, turning all the profits into wages. It came by turning the profits into savings for the consumers.

There are more consumers than there are wage-earners. It is accomplishing more benefit for the wage-earner with a family of five, to reduce the cost of necessities for the members of his family, than to increase his pay without reducing his costs. That is, supposing that an increase in pay were possible under those circumstances. Increased pay comes through increased business, and no increase in business is possible except by increased accessibility of goods to the public through decreased prices. So that it is quite idle even to talk of a man having a choice between decreased cost of living and increased wages. There is no such choice. It is neither or both.

> *THE point at which to start the wheel of business going, is with the user or consumer. Make him the prime beneficiary of all the economies in business, and he supplies the motion which does all the rest. To say that labor deserves the big end, or management either, is to favor a principle that will destroy business. The big beneficiary of any business should be the buyer. Labor, as buyer, is therefore also benefited. Whereas, if all the benefit were withheld from the buyer and put into wages, this whole profitable series of increased demand, bigger production and higher wages would never get started at all.*

In the great round of life, labor is more of a buyer than a seller. The point at which to start the wheel a-rolling—the wheel that serves us all and brings the satisfaction of all our physical needs—is the buying end. Make things easy for the plain people to buy. That makes work. That makes wages. That makes surplus for extension and greater service.

The burden of it all seems to be upon the shoulders of management. Labor works along under any system. There is little or no concern in the shop whether the best method is being used, whether the best results are being had from materials or from the motions of men; it is a day's work just the same. The difference in a day's work is in production value, and this is the business of management. The result is that labor is the greater beneficiary, being the gainer in two ways, once by increased wages, once by reduced living costs.

And yet labor does not originate the ideas and methods by which it benefits. This will be denied mostly from a feeling that because of this failure an argument is likely to be made that labor is not entitled to participate in the benefits of these new improvements. That would be an entirely wrong conclusion.

The social truth is that *everybody is entitled to participate in any benefit vouchsafed to the human race.*

That is why the demand that wages alone participate is false to social truth.

**"Ford Ideals," 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## Growing

LAST month 72,701 persons subscribed and paid for the THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. These came from all states of the Union, Canada and Europe. It is part of the steady growth of this magazine, accomplished without any of the usual excitement of subscription campaigns. The magazine goes to people who want it for what it is, for the service it renders and for the position it occupies with reference to certain big questions.

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has always emphasized the essential element in public developments of importance. The daily newspaper cannot do that. It is at the mercy of haste, for one thing, and of the intolerable intolerance of all sorts of prejudices for another.

The newspaper is not to be charged with ignorance; at best it chooses not to embroil itself with the local prejudices with which our American communities reek; at the worst it becomes the organ of one or another group of these prejudices. Certainly its readers are not thereby equipped to take broad views based on facts concerning important national tendencies.

However, we are not discounting the newspapers; they have their place and fill it; we are merely saying that something more than the newspaper is necessary if its readers are properly to interpret what they read there.

Thus THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT does not seek to follow in the lines of other magazines. Why should it? They are filling their places, why duplicate them? It would be much easier to make a popular magazine, one that made no demand upon the mental apparatus of the reader, but such a magazine would not be THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. The news stands are filled with magazines in which it would be impossible to find a single statement which challenged a difference in opinion; the only possible challenge they offer is a difference in taste. But reading that does not challenge the mind is of little value.

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT is therefore not averse to the thought that there are always readers who, on one point or another, disagree with it. We are glad to have been provocative of thought in them. The worst kind of reading, as a steady diet, is that which never challenges us with a new and significant fact, or with a new angle of view.

## Not Christian Any More

WHEN the Alliance for International Friendship through the Churches arrived in Detroit for its convention, it was Christian; all its purposes were described as Christian; all its motives were called Christian; all its shibboleths were Christian. It left Detroit with an issued order that hereafter the "Christian" should be abolished. This was done upon the protest of a liberal Jewish rabbi, one Leo Franklin, who has never yet been induced or coerced to abolish his special creedal designation on any occasion, nor make the slightest concession from Judaistic demands, as some of the Christian clergy who have dealt with him on matters of intermarriage could testify.

And yet there was a singular propriety in the deletion of "Christian" from all the words and works of this association of pacifists working through the churches. For the movement as at present organized is not specifically Christian. That is, the expression concerning the outlawry of war is the invention of a gentleman named Levinson, who lives in Chicago, and who, though not "Christian," exercises a remarkable influence over the *Christian Century* published there; and its insinuation into the churches is managed by a series of organizations whose directors, and especially secretaries, are anything but Christian, even in name.

It was therefore not as surprising as it might otherwise have been that at the demand of Rabbi Franklin the very distinguished list of Christians (mostly clergymen) making up the officiary should have tamely submitted to blot out their very remote reference to Christ.

It relieves the Christian churches of much embarrassment.

---

## Radio Regulation

AN INTERESTING experiment in self-government was made in the fourth annual radio conference called by the Department of Commerce. It was an effort by Secretary Hoover to give the radio world the benefit of his central observation of the problems which have grown out of the amazingly rapid development of radio in this country, and to receive in return the counsel of the radio world as to how best these problems may be met.

The conference organized its business much

after the manner of Congress. The various departments and interests of radio were assigned to committees which continuously considered the problems before them and reported their recommendations. This covered the matters of licenses, stations, territories, programs, equipment, and so forth. Yet it was not a congress of those who were interested alone in the financial or publicity departments of radio. We have become too accustomed to special interests legislating for themselves without respect to the public. This radio congress included also "the ultimate consumer," so to speak, the buyer of equipment, the domestic listener-in, and representatives of the small boy. It was instructive to observe how at every step the interests of the juvenile radio fan were conserved. There are many thousands of amateur radio stations in the country, most of them conducted by boys, and their rights as the coming generation were not forgotten.

What effect this will have on the immediate future of radio remains to be seen. One effect which will be noticeable at once was the decision to go slow on broadcasting licenses until there is some mortality among existing stations. There are only 89 possible wave lengths at present and there are 578 broadcasting stations. That spells a traffic jam in the air. Doubtless with improved equipment and regulation all this can be handled in a manner that will not obstruct the fullest development of radio science and practice, and when this is accomplished, the total radio brain of the nation, as brought to bear in these conferences, will have to be credited with the feat.

## *Educational Embroidery*

THE English do not take our educational psychologists very seriously. The psychologists make up for it by taking themselves very seriously. They switch from socialized recitations to project method; from coefficients of correlation to coefficients of coördination; from tests and measurements to curriculum revisions with such chameleon-like naïveté that our laughter becomes rapturous if not positively rupturous.

These experts are humorous to the real teacher who has the spirit of a missionary and a mother in her; to the teacher who knows that standardization is impossible; to the teacher who knows that children are individuals and cannot be card-indexed, cataloged, classified, stamped and numbered. Above all, they are most humorous to the teacher who is able to get under the reserve of the child and reach its soul through love, understanding and appreciation. To such a teacher the rules and formulae, the recipes and postulates, the charting, graphing, testing and measuring are things to talk about at educational conventions but they are also things to smile over while facing a group of "shining morning faces" with little individual souls behind them.

Let the educationists have their words, their phrases, their high-sounding jargon and their theories. While they are amusing themselves in this way we can only hope that most of young America is sitting in front of women who were once children themselves and who are not entirely grown up as yet. Ask some teacher of your acquaintance about this.

## *Tackle the Big Ones*

IT APPEARS to be the general opinion that the League of Nations is to be credited with stopping the incipient war between Greece and Bulgaria. In the minds of the better informed this opinion may be somewhat modified by the knowledge that probably a word or two from certain governmental quarters had a greater efficacy than the League's order.

However, not to detract from the credit that is being given to the League, the event puts it in the position of having to go somewhat further. To retain the credit for having made two very small nations stop their fighting, some movement will have to be made toward inquiry into other wars now progressing—the two wars of France, and the war of Spain. League prestige will grow only when powerful nations are called to account. And this will also be true of the World Court. It will doubtless be employed to settle the difficulties of small nations, but it is quite another thing to call big nations to the bar of judgment. It has not been done. The day it is done, the world will get its first feeling that there is reality behind the talk.

## *The Organist*

A RECENT writer says that he likes to watch an organist at the organ, because that organist does so many things well at the same time.

He watches both keys and pedals; he watches the notes and the words of the music in front of him; he watches the choir as it interprets the music; and then he must watch through the mirrors in front of him to see how the audience is following.

This writer says: "If that Organist had the capacity of God he could play the Universe. For that is exactly what God has to do to be God. He must play the Universe. The Universe is God's full organ, and human lives and human lips are the solo stops."




***The Army Surgeon*** dropped into The Office and conversation soon fell upon surgery in the field. Of course, marvelous things were done in the field hospitals. I asked him why it was so. Well, said he, in the first place there were more marvelous things to do. Every possible kind of thing happened in battle. Private practice would not put before the surgeon in a lifetime what battle was likely to put before him in a day. That's one element. Then, under those conditions, a surgeon will do more daring things, things he has always subconsciously felt could be done but which he doesn't risk doing in private practice. Out on the field, however, where one's patients are several hundred wounded boys—every one of them looking something like your own boy—you will do things that seemed impossible. You become a fighter too—with death. And it was not entirely wisdom; plain *speed* had a lot to do with it. At the beginning of the war we lost 80 per cent of our abdominal cases. To be precise, we saved only 21 of every 100 boys who came to us with abdominal wounds. As the work pushed us and we were forced to work at top speed, we began to save more. In our outfit we got up to 82 per cent. I found that if I could open and close a man inside half an hour, he usually got well; longer exposure of his interior lessened his chances. Speed was a big factor. It was like everything else; no one suspects what he can do until he is up against it. And then, as organization became more perfect, the interval between the casualty and medical attention was greatly decreased. This was another aspect of speed, and it helped beyond measure.

***The Man from Hawaii*** dropped into The Office. We told him about those who had tried to alarm us about "Japanese supremacy" of those islands in another thirty years.

"It will be sooner than that," said he. "In another ten years the Japanese will represent the balance of power in Hawaiian politics. They will be American-born Japs, too. And in twenty years we shall have a Japanese government in the Islands—if the Japs want it, and *if* the United States does not set up a provincial government there. Still, when anyone tells you that the Americans in the Islands are alarmed, you may be sure they don't know what they're talking about. No Japanese politics could be half so bad as Hawaiian politics now are. The Japs couldn't be so bad if they tried. Some of us are looking to the appearance of a Japanese political predominance as our salvation from Hawaiian politics.

"How do the Japs feel about our exclusion of them? Why, they took it as a matter of course, until the United States began to apologize. That is where we let ourselves down in their estimation. Japanese are not fooled about their own people. I don't agree that they are all agents of Japan. They cling closely to their old traditions, but you don't see any of them moving back to Japan. One visit is usually enough for them. The home country doesn't draw them at all. I think that so far as loyalty goes, they can be turned into American citizens. They are bright, but they are not creative. There is no feeling against them in Hawaii, because there they do not come into competition with white labor; but what we shall ultimately do with the large numbers of Japanese we are educating is a question.

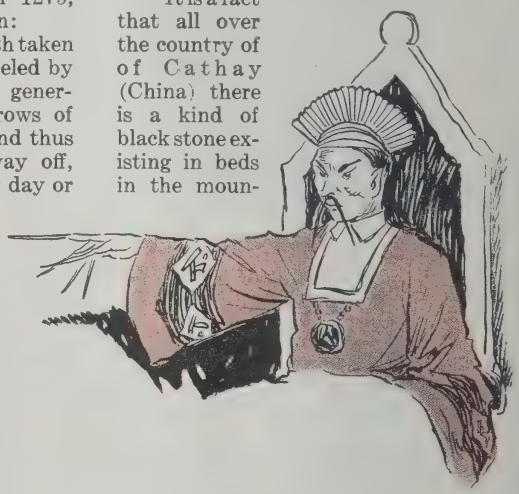
"The Navy visit left us all chuckling. It certainly had all the earmarks of a political show. Still, if it helps the Navy get money from Congress, why kick? But it was funny how the Navy refused to permit Japanese fishermen to go out and find Captain Rodgers and his men. Those sampans could have picked up our naval aviators in no time—but, no! the Navy would not have it be said that Japs rescued Americans.

"Don't be misled about Americans over in Hawaii; they have no problems at all. It is the fellows who come and stay for a day or two who can tell you all about Hawaii's past and future."

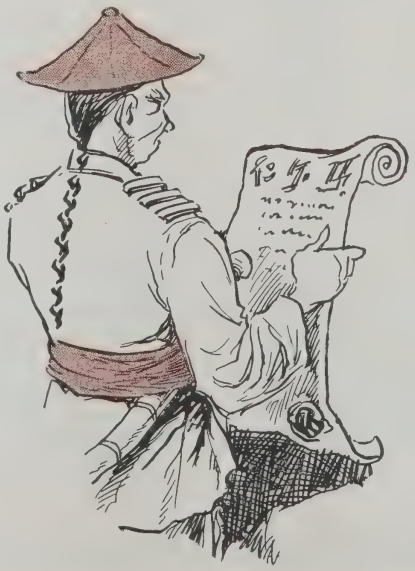
# Wisdom of Kublai Khan

THE following descriptive passages are taken from the account dictated by Marco Polo of his experiences in China, which he visited in 1275, during the reign of Kublai Khan:

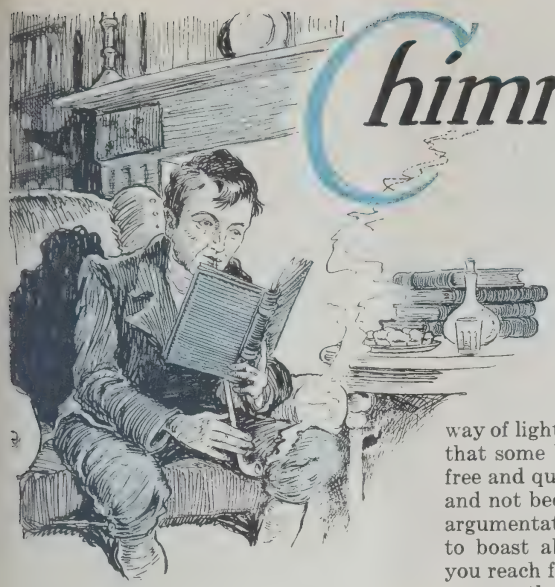
"The emperor, moreover, hath taken order that all the highways traveled by his messengers and the people generally, should be planted with rows of great trees a few paces apart; and thus the trees are visible a long way off, and no one can miss the way by day or night. Even the roads through uninhabited tracts are thus planted, and it is the greatest possible solace to travelers. And this is done on all the ways where it can be of service. The Great Khan plants these trees all the more readily, because his great astrologers and diviners tell him that he who plants trees lives long.



"It is a fact that all over the country of Cathay (China) there is a kind of black stone existing in beds in the mountains, which they dig out and burn like firewood. If you supply the fire with them at night, and see that they are well kindled, you will find them still alight in the morning; and they make such capital fuel that no other is used throughout the country. It is true that they have plenty of wood also, but they do not burn it, because these stones burn better and cost less.



"Moreover, with that vast number of people and the number of hot baths that they maintain—for every one has such a bath at least three times a week, and in the winter if possible every day, whilst every nobleman and man of wealth has a private bath for his own use—the wood would not suffice for the purpose."



# Chimney Corner Books

## "They Establish Themselves in the Affections of Men and Are Thereafter Nearly Immortal"

By GAIUS GLENN ATKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM H. FREYSE

A BOOK reads the better which is our own, and has been so long known to us that we know the topography of its blots and dog's-ears and can trace the dirt in it to having read it at tea with buttered muffins, or over a pipe, which I think is the maximum." So Charles Lamb, who knew both tea and tobacco and buttered muffins and books, set up a standard which has been generally approved and widely observed, though it may now be taken only for substance of doctrine.

There is, I suppose, no way of proving that the saying "over a pipe" is original with Lamb, but he is more likely to have fathered it than anyone else, and his choice of prepositions is a nice point for the antiquarian. It needs only ordinary observation to see that nobody could nowadays read a book "over" a pipe unless he were hopelessly shortsighted. But Lamb smoked and read in the days of the old church warden with a stem half as long as one's arm. The situation had its inconveniences, a long clay pipestem being as fragile as good resolutions, but it kept things in right proportion. The book came first and My Lady Nicotine supplied only a mellow and fragrant background, a drift of smoke to soften the austerities of the printed page and give the reader some stuff of dreams out of which to build an air castle if the book put him in that state of mind. Nowadays it is the smoke and not the print which gets first in a man's eyes, which is, maybe, symbolic of a deal of modern progress.

I have not quoted Lamb to take out a brief for a church warden or good Virginia leaf. He gave up tobacco himself and, I suppose few things in a sorely tried life cost him more. Nor does he mean to tell you that you must smoke a pipe to like a book, any more than burn down your house to roast a pig. He is just telling in his own rare way of light touch and whimsical humor that some books are to be read for the free and quiet pleasure of reading them, and not because they make you wise or argumentative or give you something to boast about. These are the books you reach for first in your own chimney corner; they open of themselves almost anywhere and no great difference.

You know them as well as the countryside you lived in as a boy. You are at home anywhere between their covers. You know what goes before and what comes after and you take them as you take a street or road which could never lose you with any turning. Such books are not common. An old one is a treasure, a new one is a discovery, to be shared with one's friends and they are the living heart of a man's library as they are the living, lasting heart of literature. Through some magic of style or some gleam of vision or a rippling play of humor or a wise and timeless humanity they establish themselves in the affections of men and are thereafter as nearly immortal as anything of human craftsmanship.

We have had of late lists of all kinds of distinctive books chosen by many tests. I wish someone would give us a list of chimney-corner books.

The older novelists would be sure to be there. One does not read Dickens to see how the story turns out, but just to go along with him through a land of rich imagination full of old inns and stagecoaches driven through an English summer night, and houses whose upper stories touch across narrow streets, peopled with human folk whom you know better than your neighbors. You never mind his leisurely movement; it is timed to your own temper, and he gives you a happy sense of being always at home in his pages, which testifies to a changeless unity of spirit between him and his generations of readers.

Thackeray has the same magic, and Charlotte Brontë, and Trollop for those who read him now; and DeMorgan nearly had it, and Archibald Marshall and Galsworthy, though they are still to be tested by time.

A deal of modern fiction is a strange country too often full of disagreeable people who get into all kinds of scrapes their creators cannot get them out of. They set a fast pace and they love problems. But one does not want problems at one's own hearthstone.

The best essayist can welcome Lamb's test. He could himself. Essayists generally are writers of the vagrant mind; they like to try new roads and love footpaths and to be abroad under the stars and build a little fire to linger by, and then go on again taking you with them through some region of insight and understanding, but always with plenty of turnings so that what you see and hear as you go along is as rare and pleasing as what they mean to show you when they have quite finished.

This you find in the essays of Augustine Birrell.

Birrell is an Englishman and by profession an equity draftsman and conveyancer, which sounds like Dickens and the cloistered quietness of Lincoln's Inn—one of the hoary varieties of English law practice. He sat in Parliament and the wonder is how he could ever have known so much outside his conveyances and the sittings of the House. We simply do not ripen that kind of mind in America; our publicists are not enough mellowed by literature, and the generality of our writers not enough broadened by affairs. But here is a man matured in the high comradeship of the living and the dead.

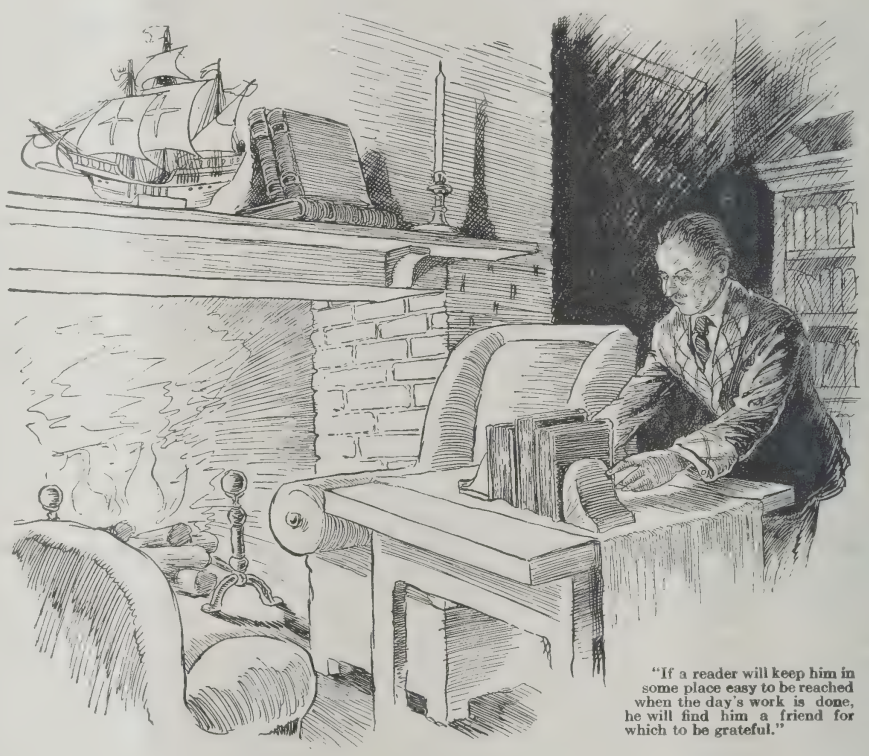
He must have read all his life long for the sheer pleasure of reading, and though I can discover no church warden, or briar either, in the frontispiece picture of him—and a fine, clean-cut face he has—his library smelled of tobacco for he admits it. He says of John Milton, "he had his hours of relaxation, of social intercourse and of music, and it is pleasant to remember that one pipe of tobacco. It consecrates your own."

Some of Birrell's essays seem to have been written for the pure joy of writing them—and the 10 guineas a sheet which would not come amiss to an equity conveyancer or even a member of Parliament. In such fashion he leads us happily through eighteenth and nineteenth century literature. I do not know that anyone has done better work. He writes out of a wealth of incidental knowledge, the sort of thing which comes from a mind long and entirely saturated in history, biography and front-stairs' gossip, with a little back-stairs' gossip for spice. If he

begins telling us about Pope he stops for a page to note how Samuel Johnson in his more bellicose moods piously observes that "the possession of great physical strength is no mean assistance to a straightforward life," and finishes with an anecdote of Professor Fawcett who used to skate furiously, though blind, and reassure his fearsome friends by saying, "Why even if I do run up against anybody, it is always the other fellow who gets the worst of it," and all this because Pope was a frail child and a little man.

I think Birrell put a deal of his own gospel in a paragraph he puts in Johnson's own mouth in his essay on Dr. Johnson's gospel:

"There is a great solace in talk. We—you and I—are shipwrecked on a wave-swept rock. At any moment one or the other of us, perhaps both, may be carried out to sea and lost. For the time being we have a modicum of light and warmth, of meat and drink. Let us constitute ourselves a club, stretch out our legs and talk. We have minds, memories, varied experiences, different opinions. Sir, let us talk, not as men who mock at fate, not with coarse speech, but with a manly mixture of the gloom that admits the inevitable, and the merriment that observes the incongruous. Thus talking we shall learn to love one another, not sentimentally but fundamentally." Birrell writes in much the same spirit.



"If a reader will keep him in some place easy to be reached when the day's work is done, he will find him a friend for which to be grateful."

But Birrell is best when he writes of whatever pleases his fancy and out of a mind curiously stored. Being a lawyer, he tells us of the strange ways of his fellow craftsmen. He knows British politics inside and outside, and gently chaffs his fellow politicians. The House of Commons, he discusses, rose from its sittings thirty years ago, but I dare say the House is much the same today. If you want to know with what a saving mixture of reverence and irreverence a Briton contemplates his distinctive institution he will show you. He wrote that essay before Ramsay MacDonald and his Labor cabinet could have been dreamed of, but I wonder if anyone could have given them more wholesome advice. There was, thirty years ago, he thought, need of increased representation in the House of the wage-earning community, and he hopes such representatives may be forthcoming.

"But if they are to do any good in the House of Commons they must go there, not as conquering heroes to whom the unknown future belongs, but as Britons anxious to contribute out of their special knowledge, from their hived experience, to the collective wisdom of the nation; they must be willing to learn as well as teach, to acknowledge mistakes, to widen their views; and, above all, must they recognize that the mighty river of our national existence, if it is to continue to flow as triumphantly as before, must continue to be fed by many tributary streams." Which is good advice for both sides of the Atlantic.

Being an author and a scholar, Birrell naturally says much about book writers and universities, and, above all, being very much alive, he has much to say about manifold human interests and always wisely and humorously. One could never be done quoting him, which would take away from the reader a great joy of discovery. Much of what he wrote antedates the war, though sometimes in a note he corrects the happier expectation of those now unbelievably far-off days by what time has brought and taught us. But for the most part the war and changing times have done nothing to change the meaning or value of what he said since it belongs to a timeless order too high for flying craft to over soar it, too simple and near at hand for guns to shatter it.

Speaking of Milton, Birrell tells us in a little essay on Thomas Tomkins, whose one bid for immortality, in spite of his name, was to have censored *Paradise Lost*, "that the manuscript of *Paradise Lost* has never been recovered." But I saw the manuscript a few months ago in the public display of the marvelous Morgan collection in New York, a collection, by the way, which gives you three centuries of English literature in the manuscripts and letters of the deathless great, a treasure beyond price, and incidentally the crossed and re-crossed pages of the greatest of them shows at what a price of time-forgetting toil they did their work.

Birrell's Tables of Contents are almost anything you please. John Milton and Thomas Paine, John Wesley and Gladstone, Emerson and Cardinal Newman, Epitaphs and Book Binding, Parliamentary candidates and Contempt of Court. He has written some of these essays as a kind of book review now much gone out of fashion. In that type of review a man of letters takes the title of the book and writes at length and learnedly about it, to put the author in his proper place by showing him that there are others who could do as much, or more, if they had turned their minds to it. The book under review is mentioned in a footnote and the reviewer gets 10 guineas a sheet from the *Contemporary* or the *Nineteenth Century*, and the book thrown in.

A happy trade at whose fires many an English writer boiled his pots while he wrote a book of his own.

There is no end to Birrell's happy humor. Pope, he tells us, "was taught his rudiments by stray priests and at small seminaries where, at all events, he had his bent and escaped the contagious error that Homer wrote in Greek in order that English boys might be beaten." All this on two pages of a volume opened anywhere.

I have just finished Gamaliel Bradford's *Bare Souls*. Bradford's essays in biography are as distinctive as anything done anywhere just now, and both Birrell and Bradford write about the same men—Lamb and Cowper, for example. I do not know how to

compare the essays. Bradford writes as an analyst of the soul; he loves to thread spiritual labyrinths and lay his subjects bare to the hidden heart of them, and he does this amazingly. He is all under the spell of our modern analytical and psychological method—an expert in spiritual dissection. He knows his subjects and I think you know more about Lamb when you have finished Bradford than when you have finished Birrell.

If you want shorter chimney-corner books done at home I commend Christopher Morley. He has the vagrant mind of the born essayist and the happiest of touches, but he has imagination too and a rare genius which moralizes a little and speculates—though not too much—and a gift of song. Morley is young yet but he has done amazingly already. His books have already the true characteristics of chimney-corner books; you can't keep them at home. The books which are the comrades of our firesides—or whatever corresponds thereto in our present scheme of domestication—are the most errant things in the world. They are as deceptive as the family cat which is always leading a double life and whose meek fireside air is merely a masque.

As long as a book stays on its proper shelf it is safe. I have weighty disquisitions on theology and philosophy which have not stirred for a decade. My heirs will find them unmoved and dust-covered when I am gone, and very much to their discomfiture; for they will wish then that their patrimony had been invested in more negotiable instruments.

But a book you are always picking up and reading never stays put. It wanders all over the house and gets left on railway trains and goes off with your friends and never comes back. Morley's books are like that, which is the reason I can't find the one I meant to write about. But *Where the Blue Begins* is here by a miracle for it went to England a while ago. It is as whimsical—I wish I knew a better adjective than that since it is much shopworn—as Barrie and has a touch of Kenneth Graham's *The Wind in the Willows*, for Graham is another favorite of the gods of rare imagination and wise fancy. Such as these never grow up at all, being deathlessly young and seeing life with the eyes of children though old in the wonder and lure of it.



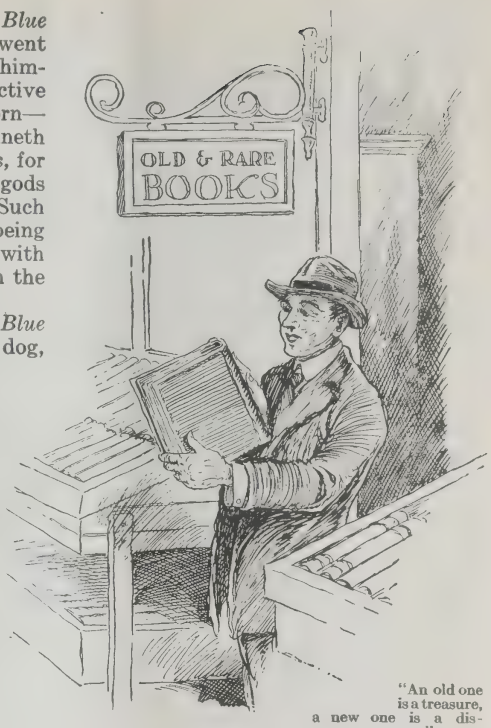
"It wanders all over the house and gets left on railway trains and goes off with your friends and never comes back."

You will be well into *Where the Blue Begins* before you find the hero is a dog, and then need to read it twice before you see what Morley is driving at. We may wander far afield only to find in the end that the blue of far and luring horizons begins at our own hearthstones.

Since Virgil kept bees and Horace gossiped about his farm at the Forum Club in Rome, writers of books have made much of the changing seasons and the observation of growing or winged things. And ever since Gilbert White wrote his *Natural History of Selborne* English literature has specialized in such studies. They are rare chimney-corner books for they will take you far afield without ever stirring from your fireside, and bring you the enchantments of spring when you are storm bound. A well-made catalog from a nursery will do the same thing.

Grant Watson continues this long succession worthily in his *Moods of Earth and Sky*. The name itself should sell it, because your chimney-corner book must always have a rare and taking name. He has written out of a most unusual combination of accurate observation, happy style and deep feeling for life and nature and the stuff of imagination of which poetry is made. A man is worth reading who can write about trees like this: "I sometimes ask myself what else there is in the woods beyond what I see with my eyes. I see the sunlight falling upon the leaves and shining through. The oak is very calm and serene . . . with a masculine courage. The birch tree is humble . . . and with entire confidence bends the tips of her wings toward the earth. I see that one tree is different from another, but do I rightly know them? Are the tales of fairies and tree spirits which come to us from the past but false imaginings? . . . Now in autumn time I think the tree spirits tell one another about the year's achievements and whisper warnings of the coming winter." Watson is always doing something like this. The only fault I find with him, he makes your room a prison and your work a discontent when the March sun lights your windows.

It is a surprise to find that Charles S. Brooks is at home on East 115th street in Cleveland, Ohio, and teaches in Western Reserve College, for his




"An old one is a treasure, a new one is a discovery."

*Pippins and Cheese* sounds like other places and times and reads as if he were a frequenter of old streets and taverns. I think the secret of it is that he takes fancy with him when he goes and can make a happy conceit of the simplest things. He sees how a bootblack makes a jigging melody with the long rag he draws across your shoes—the bootblacks on my corner do it to the music of a graphophone—or how an apple cart may be redolent of orchards in May or October, or how spring brings its magic to city streets. He has for friends all the characters of all the books and will go to the theater in Cleveland with Samuel Pepys or meet Falstaff in a corner grocery. For a man like that a cafeteria is as rare as the Cheshire Cheese, and Dr. Johnson will dine with him in spirit anywhere. *Pippins and Cheese* is a choice fireside book—but keep an eye on it. It will be gone before you know it. The copy about which I am writing slipped in a moment from a friend's table into my overcoat pocket.

I do not know much of Arthur Machen save that he has written a few books with curious names like *The Hill of Dreams*, distinctive for their style and an excess of imagination, and not likely to be named among the best sellers nor widely known. But when he tells us in *Far-Off Things* of his own boyhood in a rectory in Wales and a countryside where one might follow old Roman roads through a land where the legends of King Arthur and his knights lay like the sun-touched mist across the hills, and stops in the kitchens of old farmhouses whose stone floors were so kept that one might eat off them, he does far better.

# What it Means to be a Writer

## SOME INSIDE INFORMATION REGARDING the LITERARY WORKSHOP




"Standardized sources encourage so many immature or mentally unformed aspirants to write."

By THOMAS L. MASSON

ILLUSTRATED BY W. O. FITZGERALD

YEARS ago a now famous author (recently deceased) wrote a novel which had wide recognition but brought him small return. He grubbed along thereafter, making not more than five thousand a year until he passed middle life. Then another book he wrote caught the attention of the public. First as a serial, then as a motion picture (the rights of which were sold for $8,500) then as a book, to be succeeded by others in rapid succession, so that, within a comparatively short space of time, he had gathered up $80,000. All his life he had dreamed of having a home of his own. With the money thus suddenly acquired he built this home, to live in it only a few weeks before he died. Another now internationally prominent writer studied a certain magazine for a year. Getting the formula for short stories, his first story was accepted, and from then on he rose to the proud position of receiving a $50,000 advance for one work. A number of writers could be mentioned whose average annual income is from $50,000 to $100,000 a year. One of the most prominent and successful novelists in the country told me of his visit to another prominent novelist who was even more so. "He employed nineteen servants," he said, "and his house was a pandemonium."

A third novelist—a writer of mystery tales—told how, a decade ago, he went from publisher to publisher, and from newspaper office to newspaper office, looking for a job. He wrote a novel, which was accepted by a fourth-rate magazine and for which he received $250. It was "held" by the editor, and several years later he bought it back and resold it for $7,000. This man told me that he got $20,000 for a serial of eighty thousand words which took him a month to write. He sold the motion picture rights for $20,000 more. O. Henry, who, next to Poe, is perhaps our best short-story writer, died in comparative poverty. Were he alive today, he would probably be worth a million. A friend of mine who grubbed along for many years, writing odd things, wrote me about five years ago that he was going to try his hand at a novel. So doubtful was he of the result that he published it anonymously. It proved a best seller, and he sold the motion picture rights for $25,000.

Some years ago I was asked to appraise the writings of a deceased friend of mine, who had left several books of doubtful monetary value. I placed a value of a few hundred dollars upon them, as they had all been offered to motion picture companies, without result. A few weeks after the appraisal, however, the right to produce one of them was sold by the trustees for $13,500, the excuse offered by the motion picture companies being that they suddenly saw in this book a part for one of their stars.

Women, if anything, succeed even better than men. As high as $5,000 has been paid to a prominent woman writer for a short story. Several others receive from $2,000 to $3,000 a story. The price of short stories varies from $25 to about $2,500 (with the extremes noted). A special writer, particularly if he be a traveler, may receive from $500 to $1,500 each for articles which involve either research or travel. Newspaper rates are, of course, much lower, ranging from six dollars to ten dollars a column, although in the case of articles syndicated, writers frequently receive enormous prices for articles containing special information. This is generally true of war correspondence and inside news. I knew a young war correspondent who during the Russo-Japanese war borrowed the money to take him to the scene. When he finally returned he sold one article to a New York newspaper for $2,500. Another friend of mine—now one of our most prominent novelists, whose first short story I published—wrote minor articles for ten years, including many plays, only one of which was accepted, and that was a failure. So his first novels fell flat, until he finally wrote a farce that was a success. This led to other plays, and finally to novels again until, as he confided to me, he had "learned the formula." He was, however, unhappy. "I hate my stuff," he admitted, "but I have learned what the public wants."

I have indicated a number of in-

stances of large profits, merely for the sake of later counteracting the erroneous impression about writing which exists so largely among so many literary aspirants. This impression is that if a writer is possessed of talent and can afford to employ a secretary, he has only to spend a reasonable amount of time in dictating masterpieces which within a few years, or even months, will bring him a princely return. Also, *it is assumed that anybody can write without special preparation;* yet I know of no instance of successful writing that has not been preceded by a long preliminary training, involving, as a rule, heart-breaking discouragements which only the greatest courage and persistence have overcome. Also, most of the successful writers I know express constant anxiety about their work. They know that, while for a certain length of time they may be able to dispose of inferior manuscripts, this work continues to be judged by editors on its merits alone. Names count only in so far as they indicate that the men back of them are capable.

There are two things which the editors of fiction magazines are concerned about—the first is to get new writers, and the second is to keep the old ones up to their own level or higher. Thus the mail is very closely read on the one hand, and on the other, editors keep in as close touch as possible with their old contributors.

*Undoubtedly the story writer, whose work yields the largest monetary returns, is born to his calling.* He has, or has not, the gift—which, even at that, requires long training to develop. So it is with the dramatist, whose profits may also be as large. But aside from these two classes of writers, all the others (and the poets, of whom, alas! there are so few) are more concerned with the "joy of the working" than with the actual returns in money, as steady as those returns may be in some cases.

*Now it is against all this very considerable body of trained writers that the young literary aspirant*—whose name appears to be legion—*has to set his lance.* Let him not necessarily be dismayed, but at least let him at the start know the truth. Let him understand, first, that the large incomes earned by the few at the top are rare exceptions among multitudes who earn a bare living; second, that where a large income is earned it is not as a rule the result of the highest creative genius, but is due to a business ability of high order united with great talent in putting before the public at the right moment just what the public wants (a combination which requires as much preliminary training as that of any other selling profession), and third, that the technique of writing in itself, and aside from the writer's knowledge of life, requires long years of toil, and has been the continuous despair of even the greatest writers.

For thirty years now I have been reading on the average three hundred manuscripts a week from would-be contributors all over the United States and there is always the same prevailing note: "*I thought I would try my hand at writing, as I have always had it in me, and just at present I need the money, so I inclose—*"

There are one or two reputable courses in short-story writing, and some of the colleges have developed admirable methods of literary instruction. Generally speaking, the literary aspirant of genuine merit will steer clear of all props. Those who seek too much help from *standardized sources*, that is, who do not recognize them only as adjuncts, are beaten before they start. The fact that they depend upon these courses for help is evidence of that kind of weakness which indicates their incapacity for ultimate success. The true artist never takes the beaten path. The regular literary agencies which sell the writings of established (and in some cases of mere beginning) writers are, however, useful. Their relationship with the author on the one hand and the editor on the other is one of strictly business; although in many cases their advice is valuable, because wholly impersonal. *Some writers prefer to deal directly with editors.* This is largely a matter of temperament and inclination. Most periodicals and all important newspapers employ staffs of experienced writers, but this very rarely precludes the acceptance of outside material suitable for their purposes. The great difficulty with so many of the mediums (aside from the established literary agencies) is that they *encourage so many immature or mentally unformed aspirants to write,* not only upon the false principle that writing is an end in itself, to be pursued without first-hand experience, but also because, on this false principle, they can make money at it.




"Now it is a phenomenon of no trivial importance that all writing which finds its way into print must almost invariably be accompanied by an exchange of money."

*Now it is a phenomenon of no trivial importance that all writing which finds its way into print must almost invariably be accompanied by an exchange of money.*

But when we consider the writing of anything at all and the payment thereof solely as a money transaction, we are likely to overlook two things:



"Now it is against all this considerable body of trained writers that the young literary aspirant has to set his lance."

First, when a piece of writing is produced solely for the money it may bring, the transaction is ended the moment the money is paid; second, owing to the "pressure" of modern materialism referred to, writers who display great natural talent in the beginning, and make money too rapidly, almost invariably deteriorate. Their ability to produce is due to their very commonness: rising from common stock, they voice common aspirations. Out of rich families have come many writers of distinction; but not, as a rule, the most popular. I speak from first-hand knowledge when I state that no one realizes this more than the popular writers themselves. In common with other classes of successful men and women, they are the victims of a system over which they have no control, and it is remarkable how they manage to retain as much simplicity as they do. It must also be remembered that in itself success is expensive. A popular writer must maintain efficient help; he must travel about; he must dip into every environment which gives him his raw material.

Privation in the beginning, accompanied by the capacity for self-denial, is the best background for success. The test of any writing is that it is of benefit to somebody; not necessarily to everybody, but to somebody. If it fails there, it fails in everything, even if, temporarily, a writer makes money out of it. To be entertained is immensely valuable if the entertainment is of the right sort. Writing which leaves men and women mentally below their accustomed standards, even if they like it, does not make for a writer's lasting success. Most writers who start out are too ambitious. In the very beginning they want to write plays or novels. Failing this, they try short stories. Failing this, they throw up their hands and announce that all editors are afflicted with favoritism. Another illusion is that work in itself is everything. Work is necessary, but having solved the question of bare support, the end in view is what counts. As long as human nature is on its present basis, sex and sensationalism can be exploited by any writer for a certain length of time. In the end it is destructive. A writer should not only have something to say and know how to say it, but he should also be sure that it has permanent value. As a lesson in expediency, the story is related of Paul Leicester Ford that in a casual conversation on best sellers he declared on a bet that he could write one within a certain period, and thereupon produced *The Honorable Peter Sterling*. Louis Aggasiz, the naturalist, offered by a platform man $100,000 for a series of one hundred lectures, replied: "I have no time to make money." A writer of capacity and experience is certain to get a hearing. No good utterance, born of truth and sincerity, can be permanently suppressed. Archibald Clavering Gunter could not get his ultimately successful *Mr. Barnes of New York* accepted, so he published it himself. The history of the publishing trade, from *Lorna Doone* to *David Harum* and beyond, is dotted with similar incidents.

A writer must not only have something to say, but must acquire a manner of saying it peculiarly his own. To accomplish this result is his real object, and in its pursuit (which may easily require half a lifetime) all other objects are inconsequential. Poverty at some stage may be a necessary part of the program. He cannot consider himself in any way. He must give up everything for the end in view.

Specifically, a literary aspirant should lean on no material agency. He should keep himself free from all entangling alliances, either domestic or foreign. The greatest artist of all time understood the problem when he said:

"That every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."




***I read in the papers*** that the English railroads have granted commercial travelers whose affairs would ordinarily require them to be away from home over the week-end a one-way rate for the round trip home during that period. This is evidently intended to meet the steadily increasing use of automobiles by commercial travelers, who are thus adopting the methods of American salesmen in covering their territories. Thus the British traveling man has come to have the privilege of spending the week-end with his family, either through the use of his own motor car or the new, cheap railway fares.

***I read in the papers*** that our popular ideas of the English country gentlemen being a class of bluebloods who scorn tradesmen is largely a delusion. The Earls of Radnor, Essex, Dartmouth, Craven, Warwick, Tankerville and Pomfret, all very high-sounding to Americans, are respectively descended from a City merchant, a London mercer, a silk manufacturer, an alderman, a leather dealer, a tailor, a merchant and a Calais merchant. The famous Cornwallis and Coventry families owe their prosperity to "trade." Another delusion is that the old English squires belong to families that cling to their estates for countless generations. As a matter of fact the turnover is rather rapid, three generations is the average tenure of the great estates. The present rapid disappearance is due to a number of modern causes, the chief of which is the inheritance tax that was sponsored by Sir William Harcourt, whose political maneuvers compelled him to move to destroy the very class of which he was so conspicuous a figure. The more we learn of the fabled grandeur of Europe the less "grand" it seems from the Main Street viewpoint.

***I read in the papers*** that Fort Dodge, Iowa, has just replaced with motor bus service a street car system that has long failed to meet expenses, the deficit increasing every year. The street railway, especially the fast subway, is probably the best means that ever will be devised to carry wage earners in the great cities to and from work; but the needs of average sized communities seem to be better served by motor vehicles.

*The International Jew* in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set, $1. The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

***I read in*** *The Irish Statesman*, this characteristic and true observation:

"We may be quite sure that the children who grow up in a countryside where the waves of world-thought beat in upon them will grow up very different in mentality from their elders. . . . What kind of mentality there will be we cannot prophesy. The cinema has done a great deal to vulgarise imagination. Broadcasting may be vulgarised so that ear and eye alike will be debased in their sensitiveness. The thing itself must come. What its results will be for the Irish character will depend on the director appointed, his vision of what is possible and his catholicity of mind. He may finally come to be almost as potent as the Ministry of Education. Heaven forbid he should be solely what is called a 'highbrow,' but the devil will surely rejoice if he is incapable of understanding that there is an incorruptible spiritual atom in every man, and if he appeals solely to the same mentality as the Hollywood film producers imagine is common everywhere, and which they feed with vulgar farce and sickening sentiment."

# A Writer Who Does Not Believe in Plots Nor Use Them




By LOUIS ALLEN

Heading Design by GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

HAILED perennially by Edward J. O'Brien as the most significant writer of short stories of distinction in America; first winner of *The Dial* prize of $2,000 for the finest creative work by an American; censured and condemned by a large group of fiction readers, who believe a spade should be called anything but a spade, Sherwood Anderson writes steadily on, apparently unmindful of the wordy storms gathering about his leonine head. Whether or not we approve his manner or his matter, Anderson is unquestionably one of America's outstanding fictionists.

Sherwood Anderson likes to write; he does not relish talking about himself. He is volubility itself when discussing a wide range of topics. It is when one tries to dig into his personal side that his rock of reserve quickly blunts the interrogation point. I suspect this is the reason why so little has been printed about the man himself.

At first glance there is little about Sherwood Anderson to set him apart. He is of average height and stocky build. Large head with tousled hair and the features of a character actor attract. But it is not so much the salient chin, the wealth of hair or the wide expressive mouth that holds the attention; it is the eyes. Anderson's almost jet-black eyes, heritage of Mediterranean lineage, are his unforgettable feature. They are soft, feeling, sympathetic eyes, eyes that have penetrated into the inner man and woman with greater perception than have most of his contemporaries. Anderson is himself natural and human; he has written of natural and human beings.

Like De Maupassant, Anderson served a long writing apprenticeship before storming the editorial sanctums. Like George Eliot he wrote but did not publish until middle life. When he finally laid aside his apprentice tools and leaped into the literary ring, Anderson astonished not only by the maturity and originality of his conceptions, but by the lucidity of his style. While others were knocking at editorial doors with their first-born thoughts, Anderson patiently blotted and courageously consigned his work to the waste basket.

"I'm afraid I can't give you much real material," was his greeting when I met him in the shadow of the campanile at the University of California, Berkeley. Interviewers often find that men who depreciate their own reservoir of experiences are sometimes the deepest of wells when pumped. One who is to reach his half-century next year, who with only a common schooling worked into a position of advertising writing and short-story excellence before he was 38, and entered the novelist's field not without distinction at 41, seemed to connote material in profusion.

Apparently Anderson's family tree bore no preserved literary fruit before him.

"There have been no writers in my family so far as I know, but of the six children, seven, counting a baby that died in infancy, all either wrote or painted at one time or another. I have an older brother, Karl Anderson, a well-known American painter."

I had gathered from that succinct work *Who's Who* that Anderson was born at Camden, Ohio, September 13, 1876. This furnished the thread which he took up at once, in relation to his later writing experiences.

"Having listened as a lad to tales told by my father, who by the way was a natural born teller of tales, I wanted to begin inventing tales of my own. At that time I had no notion of writing. Later, when I began to write I believed I would never publish."

As one of a numerous family of painfully inadequate finances, Sherwood Anderson early went to work. He labored in a sheet iron warehouse, later as an assembler in a bicycle factory, later still as manufacturer and finally as an advertising writer in Chicago.

"What authors most influenced you?"

"That's pretty hard to say. Any good writer I read, I dare say, does something to me. As a lad I read avidly everything that came into my hands—Walter Scott, Shakespeare, the Bible, Jules Verne, dime novels, Stevenson, Whitman and Mark Twain—just to mention a few.

"Later, Van Wyck Brooks' *America Coming-of-Age* moved me deeply. He, with Waldo Frank and several others, had started a magazine called *The Seven Arts*, which died and was later reborn as *The Dial*."

As a qualifier of the youthful Anderson's penchant for reading, "omnivorous" seems entirely inadequate.

"A passion for reading books early took possession of me. So long as I had any money I did not work, but spent my time reading any book I could get my hands on. After working a few weeks I would have a few dollars saved up, and dollars meant leisure to read. That is about all dollars ever meant to me. Books have always fed my dreams. I am one who has always lived by my dreams. I can often get as much satisfaction out of a dull book as out of a brilliant one.

"All during the later years of my life as a manufacturer and as an advertising writer, I had been writing tales. I believe the first accepted story of mine was by *Harper's*. I was thrilled of course. The story wasn't first-class, I'm afraid. I have never been tempted to republish it in a book. My first novel—*Windy McPherson's Son*—was one of those novels written before any were offered for publication. In some places my tales were praised, in others blamed. I had moments of exultation in believing I had penetrated a little into the life story of some man or woman."

After *Windy McPherson's Son* came the novels: *Marching Men*, 1917; *Winesburg, Ohio*, 1919; *Poor White*, 1920; *The Triumph of the Egg*, 1921; *Many Marriages*, 1922, and *Horses and Men*, 1923. Scattered between the novels came a steady stream of short stories. In 1924 appeared the autobiographical *A Story-Teller's Story*.

Unlike Jack London, who abhorred the labor of composition, but forced himself to compose a (*Concluded on page 26*)



Tailpiece by that master of the block of wood and chisel, Thomas Bewick.

# Wood Blocks as Story-Telling Medium

## An Art That Is Now Being Happily Revived

By HENRIETTE BOECKMANN



An old wood block on which is cut a coat of arms.

THE Pharaohs might have had access to a newspaper before Moses was born, had they but thought of applying a coloring pigment to their relieved or incised inscriptions and then bringing them in contact with damp paper for supplying any number of impressions. The stamps used 3,000 years ago in Egypt to impress bricks, or the cylinders used as seals in Babylon, may be printed from today as from a modern woodcut.

It does seem, then, unaccountable that the world should have existed for so many thousands of years before the simple invention of wood-block printing was discovered. Conception and mode of treatment define the birth of this ancient art as occurring somewhere in the latter half of the fourteenth century.

There can be no gainsaying that wood blocks possess a remarkable quality as a story-telling medium, although the reason for this is at first puzzling considering the limitations of the artist equipped with only his graver and bit of wood. Within the narrow scope of a woodcut lies an inherent charm of simplicity comparable to that charm found in folklore and fairy tales. And back of the naïveté stands that very rare ensemble—the mentality of a wood engraver, he who works in memories of chisel cuts. For simple as are wood-block impressions, the cutting of a block is most difficult if a worthy picture is produced.

At present the world of arts witnesses what might be called a renaissance in the art of engraving on wood, so general has become the interest in art schools and among artists, linoleum blocks being used freely by students not only in institutions for the study of art exclusively but in many of the public schools as well.

When in 1916 I first wrote of wood blocks, few persons with whom I came in contact, who were not themselves artists, knew the meaning of the term, much less had they ever seen or at least recognized an example of this art, so that when a foreigner arrived with a collection of wood blocks and exhibited them in a leading western city before a women's club numbering thousands of members, there was a hubbub of enlightened interest.



This is dated 1550, and was used in *Illustrations of Shakespeare* by Francis Doure and also for an early Chap Booke, *The History of Adam bed, Clyon of the cloughe and Wyllyam of Cloudesle.*

In wood blocks, art and history go hand in hand, threading their way down the long paths of past centuries, a perspective of which we obtain today upon examining a collection of the little bits of carved pear, sandal, and box wood. The purchase six years ago of the world's largest collection of wood blocks from its compiler, J. Tarbotton Armstrong, by the railroad magnate, Henry E. Huntington, for his magnificent library and art gallery at San Marino, California, in which are lodged some of the finest paintings as well as the rarest books to be found in the whole world, reflects with illuminating intensity the revival of the art of wood engraving although at that time the groups of artists working at this craft were indeed very small, whereas today finds a growing group of excellent wood-block artists in all the great nations with examples of some of the work done by our best national artists reproduced in the *Century*.

It is from a selection of the wood blocks in this world-renowned collection in the Huntington library that the illustrations for this article were obtained, together with a number still in possession of the scholarly Englishman who through a period of thirty years sedulously gathered together this host of history-haunted blocks of wood cut with such exquisite care. From the eminent George Watson Cole, librarian of the Huntington Library and Art Gallery, I recently received word to the effect that his priceless assemblage of historical woodcuts has remained hidden to the art world, the blocks being still in the packing cases in which they were placed at the time of transfer in ownership. Many of the exceedingly rare volumes in the Huntington, Morgan, Frick, and other great libraries of this country, were illustrated from among these blocks now permanently located at San Marino.

Since there may be any number of copies of a book, but only one specimen of a wood block used in the printing of the book, the value of these old relics is readily understood. It is also true that while many of the earliest books printed have been destroyed, the blocks which illustrated them are still in existence, although it is a marvel that so many of the old blocks still exist since it was common in the day of their conception to toss them into the fire when the printer had finished with them.

Mr. Armstrong in his accumulation of these wood blocks was especially fortunate in finding, both in Britain and on the Continent, any number of models designed for illustration of children's books which engender a wealth of charm, disclosing, as they do, an invaluable record of fancies and fashions of childhood in pre-Victorian days. The first blocks used to illustrate *Aesops Fables, Pilgrim's Progress,*



As early as 1441 Caxton printed the first copy of this block entitled, *The History of Renyard the Fox.*

*Robinson Crusoe*, and a whole gamut of others not so generally known, were all assembled by Mr. Armstrong to be open to the public's inspection at the handsome Huntington estate in Southern California.

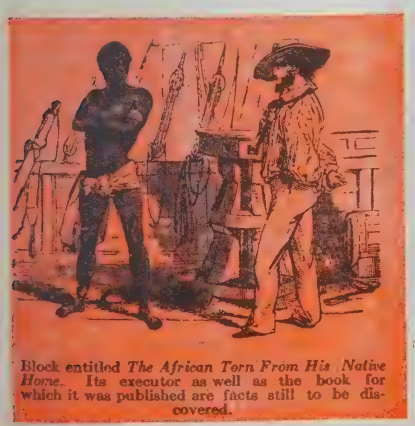
Another interesting feature of this vast collection is a series of blocks illustrative of Old London Cries as found in a quaint old ballad entitled *London Lyck Penny*, or luck penny, by that prolific writer, John Lydgat, a Benedictine monk who lived about the middle of the fifteenth century. A sample of the cries of London, as daily exhibited in the streets for centuries thereafter are:

"Sixpense a peck pease,
Rare Marrowfat pease."

"A croat a pound,
Black-heart cherries round and sound."

Addison has somewhere said, "There is nothing which more astonishes a foreigner, and rights a country squire, than the cries of London."

In 1844 there was discovered at Malines a woodcut dated 1418 which passed into the royal library at Brussels as the earliest known wood block bearing a date. The subject is the Virgin and Child surrounded by female saints, the whole being inclosed by a border on the block which is ten inches wide and fifteen inches long. The date appears to have been tampered with, and all critics do not agree on the exact date of its execution. However that may be, for several decades prior to the supposed date of this block, wooden stamps in relief were used to impress on paper and parchment the signatures and marks of kings, nobles, the clergy, and merchants as well as others; and there is no question but that at a very early period the illuminators of manuscripts often made use of a stamp to form their ornamental capital letters, giving these fourteenth-century carvers the credit, to some



Block entitled *The African Torn From His Native Home*. Its executor as well as the book for which it was published are facts still to be discovered.

measure at least, for the invention of wood engraving.

To the German card-makers, the first of whom were women living at Nuremberg, is the practice of wood carving generally attributed, since they used a wooden stamp to form the outlines of their figures to be later colored by stenciling.

When it became evident that the conception of these cheap and showy cards contributed a disastrous influence by adding, to an alarming degree, to the fascination of gaming, the clergy stepped in and a crusade was started against the card-painters, with the monk Bernardin of Siena—afterward sainted for his zeal—as leader. The crusade reached its climax when a fire was built before this monk's pulpit of what Burns termed "the devil's picture books."

Upon hearing one *Kartenmacher's* plea as to what he should now depend upon for a livelihood, the production of these playing cards being the only trade he knew, Bernardin with ready wit



From *The Dance of Death* the renowned series executed by Holbein and printed by the Lyons Press in 1538.

drew on his tablet the sacred monogram "I. H. S." (Iesus Hominum Salvator—Jesus the Savior of Men) in the center of a radiant sun, and said, "Paint this holy figure, and a better fortune will attend you." History records that the poor *Kartenmacher* did indeed grow rich from the demand for the new device he painted with such brilliant colors.

These coarse engraved outlines with their rude stenciled tints, generally in primitive hues—yellow, blue, red and green—came to be the pictures of the poor made in humble imitations of the missal or manuscript drawing which only the wealthy could afford. Scarcely any record is retained of their early beginning, they for the most part being but miserable works of art pasted against cottage walls. The few preserved have been found on the flyleaves of books. As the work progressed it was found that explanation of some of these pictures, usually Biblical, was necessary, and presently a text was added to these ancient examples of xylography, both text and picture being cut from a solid block of wood.

The printed pages thus formed were

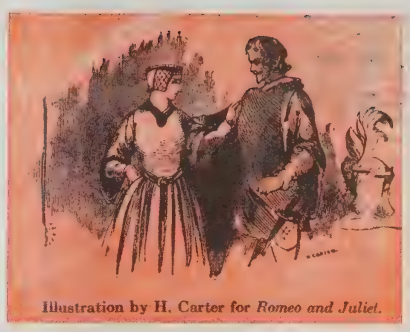


Illustration by H. Carter for *Romeo and Juliet*.

placed back to back, pasted together, and there was developed that earliest form of book we possess—the block-book. The best known of these block-books is the *Bible of the Poor* and the *History of the Virgin*. They were drawn upon wood in a coarse and crude fashion, yet in the very rudeness of its rapid work, this early block carving was on the road to the grandeur and true style demanded by wood engraving. There is a simplicity that is not without attraction in the illustrations of these first xylographic books, not to mention a lively sentiment of reality joined to a subtle and mystical spirit.

These block-books had the disadvantage of being engraved in solid pages so that in case of accident or error the mistake could be corrected only through paring out the part and substituting a fresh piece of wood for another engraving. The greatest of all improvements in printing was being developed, however, at this time; that is the movable type which eradicated the old hindrance.

Whether credit is due Holland or Germany for giving birth to the son who created the movable type was ever a much-mooted question, especially in bygone centuries. But we have this account from the worthy old printer, Ulric Zell, appearing in the Cologne *Chronicle* in the year 1499: "This most revered art was first discovered in Metz, in Germany, and it is a great honor to the German nation that such ingenious men were found in it. This happened in the year of our Lord 1440; and from that time until the year 1450, the art, and what belong to it, was rendered most perfect. Although the art was invented at Metz, as aforesaid, in the manner it is now commonly used, the first idea originated in Holland from *the Donatuses*, which were printed there even before that time; and from out of them has been taken the beginning of the aforesaid art, which has since been perfected more cunningly than it was according to that same method, and is become more and more ingenious."

In the earliest book to appear with a date and the printer's name—the Psalter printed by Faust and Scheffer at Metz in 1457—the large initial letters engraved on wood and printed in red and blue ink are the most beautiful specimens of this kind of ornament which the united efforts of the wood

engraver and the pressman have produced. They have been imitated in modern times, but not excelled.

The Nuremberg *Chronicle*, issued in 1493, is a ponderous folio with more than 2,000 cuts on wood devoted to representation of places as well as personages, real and imaginary, and scenes, sacred and profane. These are coarse in construction but have the advantage of possessing bolder effects in light and shade than usual with the introduction of the "cross-hatching," or shadow lines passing over each other—a difficulty at all times and soon extensively adopted in this graphic art numbered among the very oldest, although today's critics deplore even the slightest overture to this practice.

The historical scenes in the Nuremberg *Chronicle* were made by Michael Wohlgemuth, an artist of great repute in the old imperial city of Nuremberg, but now remembered chiefly as the master of Albert Dürer, the greatest name in old German art.

Upon the appearance in 1471 of Dürer on what was then a rather narrow stage of wood engraving, the art spread not only over the Continent but it arose to a pinnacle of perfection without going beyond its primitive condition of simplicity. Traced with breadth and decision, the drawings of Dürer teach us the concise, vigorous manner demanded by this kind of art. So colossal were some of this artist's woodcuts that they could be used only for ornamentation on the walls of a palace gallery or for the partitions of a vestibule. The Emperor of Germany, Maximilian I, was a great patron of the new art, and Dürer's greatest work, *The Triumph of the Emperor Maximilian*, is still preserved in long series at Vienna.

Taking into consideration all the copper engravings, the paintings, drawings and carvings, as well as written works on art with which Dürer occupied himself, it would have been impossible for this masterful artist to have cut all the wood blocks attributed to him. Hans Burgmair, there is every reason to believe, was one of the principal engravers of Dürer's designs.

The most remarkable of all these series of copiously illustrated books was given to the world in 1538 by the Lyons Press. This series, which has withstood all criticism and still remains triumphant, is the renowned *Dance of Death* from the models of Hans Holbein born in 1497. No facsimiles have hitherto fully equaled the original; they possess no needless display of mechanical skill, but are executed in a manner at once simple and efficient; and they are not remarkable for their mere delicacy of lines but for the fact that these lines properly convey their meaning which one finds so well illustrated in the present-day work of J. J. Lankes, whose work has been depicted in the *Century*.

In contrast with the work of Dürer's woodcuts, ofttimes covering a prodigious area, Holbein cut his designs from blocks smaller than the palm of the hand, some being only an inch square, for the accommodation of the carving delineating a complete landscape. Within the microscopic dimensions of a letter this artist represented the drama of Death twenty-four times repeated, the limitations of his field seeming only to act as a spur to his genius, so much of life and expression does he display in his minutest models.

These were the palmy days of wood engraving to which lovers of the art look back and regret that the press-work of those times was not on a par with the engraving, printing being far inferior to the careful work and brilliant inks of modern times.

Upon the advent of the seventeenth century, wood-block carving had sunk into the pitfall of illustration by means of copper plates. An inferior race of wood carvers and an overstocked book market led to the change in conditions. Chatto in his history on art observes that "between 1650 and 1700, wood engraving, as a means of multiplying the designs of eminent artists, either as illustrators of books or as separate cuts, may be considered as having reached its lowest ebb."

Then came the revival of the art through the work of one artist who had every claim to the title. He was Thomas Bewick, born in 1735 at Cherry Burn in England. It was in 1779 that there appeared from the press of T. Saint at Newcastle-on-Tyne an edition of *Gay's Fables* illustrated with the handiwork of this engraver who in a short time became universally distinguished. It was Bewick's genius which again called the public's attention to the neglected art of wood engraving. He was at once a pioneer and a masterly adapter, leading all who followed him to realize the possibilities of the art.



An exceedingly interesting block especially to students of French history, which was executed by the famous Cruikshank, and shows the Hotel de Ville looking down upon the Revolution of July, 1830, in Paris.

When in the latter half of the nineteenth century wood engraving was chained to the task of reproducing painting, sculpture, wash-drawing or line drawing, just as the half tone does today, the art again fell upon evil days. It was forgotten that wood engraving had a manner of its own, a manner developed by men who realized its limitations as well as its possibilities. William Morris, whose perfect examples of wood carving came to the fore in 1890, walks alone in bearing aloft the fine old standard of the ancient art during this interim of time.

The most sturdy hopes have been variously expressed this past year or two, in print and otherwise, for the flowering of a "Golden Age" in wood-block printing. Certain is it that sufficient arable material is at hand in which to cultivate this desideratum, not only in this country but in all the great nations of the world. In the last three or four years the popularity of transmuting the painter's art into the monochrome of the woodcut has grown so steadfastly that exhibition of the work of present-day graver-painters is not uncommon in the largest cities. An exhibition in New York recently showed the work of wood block artists from Holland, Great Britain, Germany, Japan, India, Italy, France, Czecho-Slovakia and our own country.

Prints from engravings on wood frequently afford undeniable evidence of lateness of impression by interruptions appearing in the lines of the work occasioned by the relief cutting on the block having been broken away in parts, or indented by the operation of printing. Until these imperfections occur the difference between early and late impressions of an engraved block is by no means so striking as in copper plate engraving. Wooden blocks are capable of throwing off an enormous number of impressions. Some of the old head and tail pieces, such as illustrate this article, were used throughout their publications, a number having given off as many as 450,000 impressions.

The charm of wood engraving is largely due to the fact that in the wood block we have the actual work of the artist, while in the more modern styles of engraving the process is purely mechanical. There is as much difference in a beautifully executed wood engraving and an ordinary half tone as there is between a photograph and a delicate water color painting; or between a piece of cast-iron work, and one that is of finely wrought iron. It is a pleasure and delight nowadays for one to turn to an old book or magazine and dwell on the masterpieces of this art in the past.

# Confidence Based On Performance

Thousands of Ford cars go out daily from the Ford assembly lines. They are delivered to people who have every confidence that their cars will perform reliably and economically.

More than twelve million Fords—used in almost every habitable land, under every conceivable motoring condition—have contributed toward this universal good will.

Every characteristic that has been instrumental in building good will for Ford cars in the past is even more pronounced in the latest Fords.

Economy, dependability and performance are today—as always—outstanding Ford characteristics.

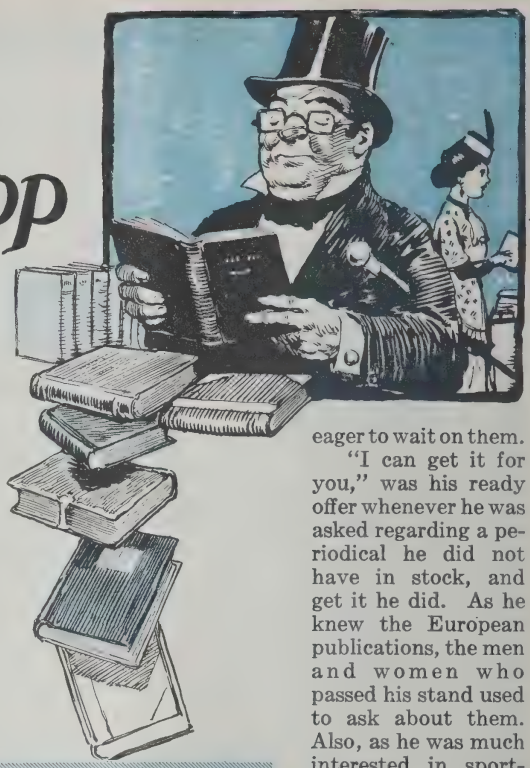
With recent improvements giving new beauty and finer riding comforts, Ford value is now more obvious than ever—and the demand for Ford cars is without precedent.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

Ford

# The Magic in an Old Book-shop

By COURTENAY SAVAGE



THERE is in a bookshop a soft magic that banishes time and place. Down from the shelves, where word pictures laugh at the passing years, comes a spell which hushes the rush of the city, and even modern men of great efficiency forget themselves as they linger in the presence of the ghosts that troop from the pages and tell their tales with such brilliancy that dead days leap into life and color.

It is doubtless because of this magic of books that so many people have been deeply interested in the fact that Brentano's has been moved from its old quarters near Madison Square, in New York City, to the more popular shopping neighborhood of Forty-seventh street just west of Fifth Avenue. True, other business organizations have moved, firms that have been in existence for as many years as Brentano's, for the great city stretching out its eager maw decrees that what was once a smart shopping neighborhood is no longer fashionable, but then Brentano's has been synonymous with the literary life of the city for more than seventy years.




Brentano's Literary Emporium on Union Square. From a drawing made for *Every Saturday* in the early seventies.



August Brentano—the founder of the bookshop that bears his name.

It was in 1853 that August Brentano opened his first news stand. Only a young man of vision, and of cheerful courage, would have dared to start business with a capital the total of which was a few dollars and a love of printed things—books and newspapers. And such a business—one that was a complete innovation, for in those days newspapers and magazines were almost wholly distributed by carriers who went from house to house, each carrier having his definite route, trying always to add a few new families, and hoping that there would be no hitch about collecting the weekly bill.

But August Brentano had an idea, new, startling, definite. Why shouldn't he establish a stand in one particular spot, and stay there until everyone knew just where he could be found when they needed a newspaper or a magazine? This was the idea that started Brentano's Bookshop!

The next morning passers-by on Broadway saw outside the old New York Hotel a young man standing behind a small stand on which he had displayed papers and a few magazines. It was an odd enough sight to cause comment, and those who stopped found a very cheerful young man eager to wait on them.

"I can get it for you," was his ready offer whenever he was asked regarding a periodical he did not have in stock, and get it he did. As he knew the European publications, the men and women who passed his stand used to ask about them. Also, as he was much interested in sporting events, he began to feature and recommend publications devoted to such news. At the time of the now famous Heenan-Sayres prize fight in England, in the days before the cable, young Brentano realized that his customers would be keenly interested in the details of the fight, so ordered a large quantity of English newspapers describing the bout. These were sent to him by the first steamer and he was on the dock to receive them. He had told his customers that he would have the papers and before the end of the day had sold out at the amazing price of $1 a paper.

Swiftly, such incidents as this established for him a clientele that included such men as Peter Cooper, Cornelius Vanderbilt, the men of the Goelet, Belmont and Astor families, in fact, all of the wealthy men who had their homes around Washington Square and to the east of the city along what is now East Broadway and Second avenue. From his small stand in front of the New York Hotel he moved to the hallway of the Revere House at Houston street and Broadway. In five years' time he had outgrown a news stand and had opened his bookshop in the basement at 658 Broadway.

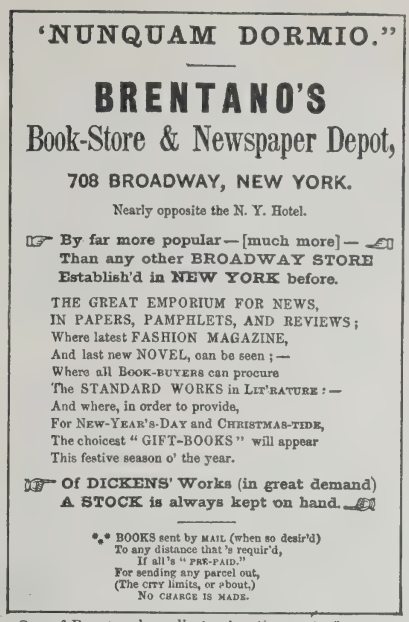
Five or six years later Brentano's Bookstore & Newspaper Depot had

become so popular that larger quarters were necessary and in 1865 he moved to 708 Broadway, next door to the tobacco shop kept by the father of Dan and Charles Frohman, young men who later in life were to be theatrical producers.

By this time the literary men of the day had begun to patronize Brentano's as a meeting place and the general public quickly realized that fact, going there, not only to buy books, but in hopes of seeing some of the city's famous personages. William Cullen Bryan, then editor of the *Evening Post*, as well as a popular poet of the day; R. H. Stoddard, George William Curtis, Edmund Clarence Stedman and Bayard Taylor were writers who frequented Brentano's—so did Alice and Phoebe Carey, who had come to New York from Ohio to establish their home—and when Ralph Waldo Emerson or James Russell Lowell were in the city, they found Mr. Brentano's shop as interesting as the Old Corner Bookstore in Boston. Charles Dickens when he visited the United States spent hours in the store studying the literature of the country that made him so greatly welcome—Thackeray was another distinguished visitor. Three other men who were frequent visitors to Brentano's in those days were U. S. Grant, then writing his memoirs; Chester Arthur, another ex-President of the United States, and Abraham Lincoln's son Robert.

Another help in establishing trade was Mr. Brentano's belief in advertising. He had a gift for doggerel verse and wrote ads in rhyme that appeared not only in the local papers but in the weeklies that were circulated throughout the country.

The popularity of his shop, and the growth of the city, forced Mr. Brentano's decision to move his business uptown in 1870, so he went to larger quarters at 33 Union Square. At 33 Union Square Brentano's literary emporium became firmly established as a literary center for New York. So widely known was Brentano's, and the people who used it as a meeting place, that *Every Saturday*, one of the most widely read weeklies of the day, printed an article on the bookshop about 1872, briefly sketching the career of the man who had established it and ending up with the advice that "all visitors to New York City must be sure to include this literary emporium on their list, for there they are sure to see the writers of the day."



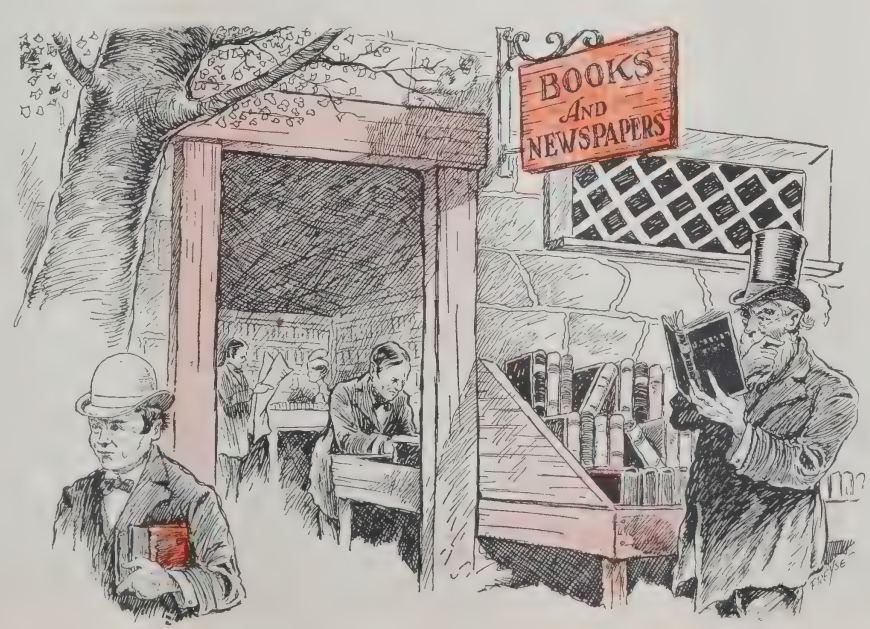
One of Brentano's earliest advertisements from a newspaper in 1869.

It was not only the writers of the day that might be seen at No. 33 but also artists, painters, sportsmen and the big business men of the city. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who was nearing the end of his career, was living on Washington Place not far from Union Square and was a patron of Brentano's. So was Peter Cooper, who, in addition to amassing his tremendous fortune, was most interested in popular education. It was Mr. Cooper who gave to the city Cooper Union, dedicated to the teaching of craftsmanship, and still a leading factor in American education. The building was erected in 1859 and Mr. Cooper's foresight was so great that he insisted that the architect leave a shaft in Cooper Union running from the basement to the roof.

"Some day some fellow is going to invent some sort of a platform which will fit in that shaft and folks won't have to walk upstairs," was Mr. Cooper's comment. Of course, time showed he was right.

By this time, the middle seventies, the "Century Crowd" were beginning to be known, and New York was assuming some of the literary glory that had previously belonged entirely to Boston. Frank Stockton, who was the editor of *St. Nicholas* and also the author of the delightfully humorous *Rudder Grange* worked at the *Century* office on North Union Square—so did Richard Watson Gilder. Richard Watson Gilder was the editor of the *Century Magazine* and he revolutionized the writing profession in America, by establishing the practice of paying for manuscripts as soon as he accepted them and printing the signatures of the writers in a conspicuous place. Most magazines never allowed an author's signature to appear, and of course the fact that the *Century* did brought to Mr. Gilder the first choice of all work of the best-known writers of America. And the close proximity of Mr. Brentano's bookstore to the *Century* office naturally meant that these writers "dropped in" to look over a book or magazine. There, too, they knew they were apt to meet a friend, perhaps William Dean Howells, H. G. Bunner or Brander Matthews.

Brentano's was also a gathering place for the people of the theater. Augustin Daly, one of the greatest actor-author-producers this country has ever known, said that he always went to Brentano's and "strayed through the atmosphere of plots" when he was writing a new play. The elder E. H. Sothern and his son, who is still playing, had charge accounts, so did Lester Wallack and Maurice Barrymore, Mr. Barrymore being the distinguished actor-father of Ethel, Lionel and John Barrymore of our day. Edwin Booth lived close by and was almost a daily visitor when not "playing on the road."




Mr. Brentano was always much interested in young people and he thoroughly sympathized with those who were fighting their way toward success—no matter what their objective. Young writers and artists could

browse in his shop seeking inspiration for hours and he was eager to say a helpful word to them, and how many of them found their inspiration there can only be guessed.

During the eighties, Mr. Brentano began to feel that his years of work warranted a vacation. He had no children of his own, but when his three nephews were old enough to work he had given them positions in the store. Now he allowed these nephews, August, Simon and Arthur, to buy the business from him. Arthur, by the way, is still at the head of Brentano's. Then August Brentano decided that he would like to make a tour of the world. The most famous citizens of New York vied with one another in giving him farewell parties and finally he set out with Montreal as his first stopping point. But the spell of the bookshop was on him—he never went farther than Montreal, and even though he had disposed of the business he came back to occupy his chair behind the cashier's desk until the time of his death in 1886.

*Where Big Men Browsed Among Books*

But the atmosphere that Mr. Brentano had established for his store did not cease to exist with his passing—Brentano's had become as much a part of New York City as the City Hall itself, for the spell of books had cast itself firmly over the United States, and even then we were known as a great reading nation.

When the dictates of fashion changed the swiftly growing city and Union Square became "downtown" Brentano's moved up to the Madison Square section where it was located for almost twenty years. The same atmosphere that had pervaded the Union Square stores—the business occupied two locations on the Square during the thirty-odd years it was in that locality—was successfully moved uptown. Writers and artists were as welcome as ever to "browse" and young men and women found in the place a source of inspiration. One of the things of which the firm is justly proud is that several young men of literary aspiration had found employment there in the days before they reached success, notably Phillip H. Bartholomae, who later wrote "Over Night" and other successful comedies, for the American theater, thus becoming a personage of note.

Personages!

Woodrow Wilson was for years a devotee of the shop, buying not only his books, but all his magazines at Brentano's when he was in New York, and General John Pershing, whenever possible, slips away from the responsibilities that crowd about him when he is in town to find the companionship that lies in a book. Chauncey Depew, Fannie Hurst, John Drew, George Arliss, Gertrude Atherton, Francis Wilson, Robert W. Chambers, Charles Dana Gibson, Edna Ferber; all are present-day "regulars" at Brentano's who saunter fascinated before the shelves.

*Magic That Troops From the Pages of a Book*

And when the passing of time found Madison Square out from the beaten path of those who frequented the bookstore—Brentano's moved farther uptown, carrying, of course, to their new quarters that same delightful disregard for the rush and hurry of the modern city that had made the original bookshop a sanctuary for the book lover, famous folk or otherwise, who wish to slip away even for a few minutes and find the magic that troops from the pages of a book.

# Sherwood Anderson

(*Concluded from page 19*)

daily stint of a thousand words, Sherwood Anderson's steady output is not attained by a set daily writing schedule.

"I like writing," he confessed. "For me it is no task. The smell of ink is like good wine to me, so every day I write until I am tired out and I go to bed thinking of nothing but what I want to write in the morning. Never was such a scribbler as I became and am even now. Ink, paper and pencils are cheap and I have taken full advantage of that fact, and have written hundreds of thousands of words which I have afterward thrown away. Some people have told me that all should have been thrown away," he added naïvely.

"Where do you gather your material?" I asked.

"I have never consciously gathered material anywhere, or by any method, certainly not from newspapers. I do not use plots—do not believe in them. There is a notion that stories must be built about a plot and that they must point a moral, or uplift and make better citizens. The magazines are filled with these plot stories. I call it 'The Poison Plot' as the plot notion seems to me to poison all story-telling. What is wanted, it seems to me, is form, not plot. Plots are frameworks about which stories are to be constructed and editors seem extremely fond of them. One gets an idea for a story. What is meant is that a new trick has been thought out. Nearly all the adventure stories and the well-known western stories are so constructed."

Evidently Anderson feels a sincere obligation toward the characters he creates.

"The materials of the prose writer are human lives. To him these figures of his fancy should be as real as living people. He should be no more ready to sell them out than he would sell out his men friends or the woman he loves. To take the lives of these people and bend or twist them to suit the needs of some cleverly thought-out plot, to give your reader a false emotion, is as mean and ignoble as to sell out living men and women."

*The Growth of the Modern Magazine*

The old triangle plot of two men struggling for the same girl or vice versa, ending happily and with a punch, does not interest him. He depicts the individual's confused inner life and its frustration; showing the individual as he really lives inside and that same individual as he acts in organized society. It is the struggle between surfaces and depths in the same man, not man's struggle with nature or with other men, that interests him.

Anderson blames the spirit of standardization, growing out of an industrial age, for the lack of distinction of present-day magazine fiction. He believes the modern magazine grew out of the demand for standardization of taste and material desires.

"The magazine with a circulation of a million or two million became not unusual," said Anderson. "The real purpose of such magazines was to create, through advertising, nation-wide demand for certain commodities. The magazines were business institutions run by business men with business ends in view. They have served their purpose admirably, and taken for what they are no man can quarrel with them. But we cannot spend our hours of leisure just looking at advertisements. We have to be intrigued into the pages of the magazines. The commercialization of the arts followed as a natural result.

*Writers Should Not Sell Their Birthright*

"The popular writer is just the man of talent who is willing to sell his talent to the business man who publishes the magazine, or to the book publisher after large sales. There is a job to be done and he does it, keeping his eyes always on the main chance, that is to say, on the great unthinking public.

"There are worse fates than being poor. If a writer has talent he should not sell out his birthright. My own belief is that there never was a people in the world more anxious for men of talent to stay on the track and be true to the crafts than the Americans. We all know something is wrong with the flood of cheap work we are always getting."

"What is your own favorite novel or character?" I asked finally.

"I like them all," he replied, "but do not like the way I have set some of them down."

ACTING PLAYS
For Amateurs Monologs, Recitations, Drills, Minstrel and Vaudeville Jokes and sketches; ideas for entertainment.
*Send for Free Catalog*
DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
542 South Dearborn Street - Chicago, Ill.

# O. Henry in Light and Shadow

(*Continued from page 3*)

pictured the delights of a journey to Venetian Italy, India and Japan, dismissed him because she thought he was a "cheap skate," who wanted her to marry him and go to Coney Island on a wedding trip?

Once, as the New York *Sun* observes editorially, there were those who questioned the durability of O. Henry's fame. They pointed out his "overindulgence" in malapropisms; to the fact that many of his best tales required for full appreciation intimate knowledge of the popular slang, or song, or political situation of the moment of writing. That intimate knowledge, such critics urged, a later generation would lack. But today, fifteen years after his death, O. Henry's popularity seems to have waxed rather than waned. Millions of copies of his books have been sold, and no few of them in insular England.

Of the many letters he wrote me, as author to editor, one of the last, written in pencil on yellow paper such as he used in writing his stories, was dated December 5, 1909, from Asheville, North Carolina, where he was staying with his wife and her family, vainly endeavoring to recover his creative energy. In it he expresses the hope of returning to New York to spend Christmas, but the state of his health was such that he did not leave Asheville until some weeks later.

If he realized that the shadow of death was hovering over him at the time, there is no intimation of it in the letter. This, however, was characteristic of his indomitable courage and inherent optimism. The "eventful night" referred to was the occasion of my marriage, at which he had officiated as "best man." The unfinished story he mentions was never completed, but was posthumously published in its unfinished condition, with an appended conclusion written by one of my associates on *Hampton's Magazine*. As for the letter:

"I've been intending to write you for a long time, but, the fact is, I haven't written a line of MS. & scarcely a letter since I've been down here. I've been putting in all my time trying to get back in good shape again. The simple life has been the thing I needed, and by or before Christmas I expect to be at work again in better condition than ever.

"It's as lonesome down here as Broadway when you are broke, but I shall try to stick it out a couple of weeks or so longer—I hope in time to wet my ears in a crock of Tom & Jerry with you at the glad Yule Tide.

"Tell *Hampton's* not to get discouraged about the story. It'll come pretty soon, & be all the better for the wait. As I said, I haven't sent out a line since I've been here—haven't earned a cent; just lived on nerve & persimmons.

"Hope you'll get your project through all right, & make a million.

"With the same old fraternal & nocturnal regards, I remain, Yours as usual S. P.



One of O. Henry's haunts—in the lower east side of New York, with its pushcarts and trash.

"P. S. I got a bill from the N. Y. Transportation Co. a few days ago for $20—the auto hire for the eventful night. I kind of suspect that you will have to pay it direct, as I haven't seen a twenty since the war. It strikes me that maybe I forgot to tell you that I hadn't paid it before I left town, so you can say that you thought it had been settled by truly

Yours, S. P."

Another characteristic letter, which also throws a light on his method of composition, came to me at an earlier date and refers to one of the stories (I am unable to recall exactly which one) included in the collection entitled *Roads of Destiny*. I remember, however, calling at his apartment on West Twenty-sixth Street, New York, in response to his telephonic directions to "come early and walk right up and knock soberly three times on the door," and receiving from him an autographed copy of that book which had just arrived from his publisher. The complimentary inscription reads, "To Wm. Griffith, Esq., one of the elect, from one of the electors, O. Henry, N. Y. April 30, 1909." And the admonitory letter, which bears no other date than Friday, evidently was inspired by my repeated requests for a story long overdue. His reference, in the second sentence, to rewriting the story is explained by the fact that it had been submitted under a different title to another magazine and had been rejected. The letter says:

"Keep your shirt on. I found that I had to re-write the story when it came in. I am sending part of it just so you will have something tangible to remind you that you can't measure the water from the Pierian spring in spoonfuls.

"I've got the story in much better form; & I'll have the rest of it ready this evening.

"I'm sorry to have delayed it; but it's best for both of us to have it a little late & a good deal better.

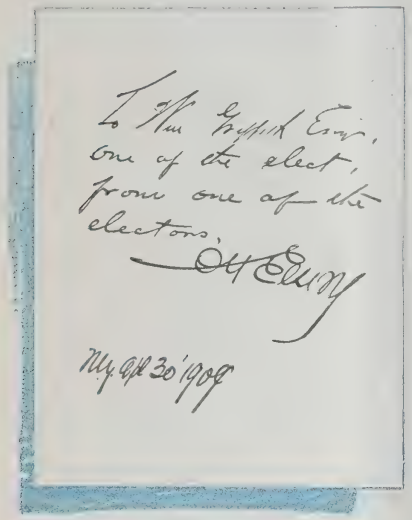
"I'll send over the rest before closing time this afternoon or the first thing in the morning. In its revised form, I'm much better pleased with it."

London needed Charles Dickens no more than New York needed O. Henry as a chronicler of fictional fact, and it is equally true that O. Henry needed New York, where his constant, underlying purpose was to find material for short stories, and to live incidentally. There is a good deal of autobiography in the sentences with which he introduces *He Also Serves:*

"If I could have a thousand years—just one little thousand years—more of life, I might, in that time, draw near enough to true Romance to touch the hem of her robe. Up from ships men come, and from waste places and forest and road and garret and cellar to maunder to me in strangely distributed words of the things they have seen and considered. The recording of their tales is no more than a matter of ears and fingers. There are only two fates I dread—deafness and writer's cramp."

Yes, it is beyond peradventure that this fine, tender-hearted candidate for immortality dreaded death less than the loss of his powers of observation and ability to express himself in fiction. Death came to him, not after a long and lingering illness, but rather suddenly, although somber signals of warning had been flying for several months.

During the latter part of May, 1910, he returned to New York from Asheville, and telephoned me to join him at the Hotel Chelsea, on West Twenty-third street, to "review the past and rehearse the future." An unforgettable remark he made on that occasion—and one that reveals how foreign to him was the thought of death—was "New York is my oyster,




and I'm a-goin' to crack it wide open, yet." A short time afterward we spent an early Wednesday evening at his favorite pastime, bowling; and his zest was astonishing, considering that he was to die within a few days. When the last game had been played, he rolled a handful of coins down the alley to the pin boys, and we adjourned to a nearby hotel to dine. In the course of the evening I ventured the suggestion that the time had come for him to undertake a novel, or at least a more sustained, if not more serious and purposeful, story than he had yet attempted.

"That's just what I intend to do," he replied; and proceeded to outline a tale that he planned to run about forty thousand words, which he was "going to get at right away." It was our last meeting.

*When O. Henry Made His Last Call*

Three nights later he was alone in his apartment in the Caledonia, when the infirmities that he had been fighting with such quiet courage suddenly got the mastery. He managed to reach the telephone and call a friend who was living in the neighborhood; then the receiver fell from his hand and he sank to the floor. The receiver remaining off the hook some length of time, and no voices on the wire, the switchboard operator was convinced that something was wrong. He summoned the superintendent, who found O. Henry lying unconscious where he had fallen.

The stricken author was hurried to a nearby hospital, on entering which and being asked what name he should be registered under, he answered: "Call me Dennis; my name will be Dennis in the morning." He had great difficulty in breathing, being subject to a bronchial weakness which had long dissuaded him from smoking, and had to be propped up with pillows. Through the night he retained consciousness and knew that death was approaching. An hour before dawn, just as the attending physician was leaving, O. Henry looked up with a little quizzical smile, and said: "Put the pillows up higher—I don't want to go home in the dark." He died shortly after daybreak of a bright Sabbath June morning.

*It Was Before Daybreak on a Sunday*

A mutual friend and magazine editor, Gilman Hall, happened to call for O. Henry at his apartment that morning, and learned what had transpired. In answer to his telephone message, I hurried to meet him at the hospital, and there, to our amazement, we were unable to learn where the body of our friend might be found. Neither his real nor his pen name was on the hospital register, and the day force had succeeded the night attendants who had supervised the removal of the body to an obscure auxiliary undertaking establishment not far from the hospital. More than two hours went by before we located the place, and satisfied ourselves as to the identity of the great writer.

At my suggestion, informal arrangements were made for a semi-public funeral service at the Little Church Around the Corner, on East Twenty-ninth street. It seemed the most appropriate place for the last rites of one who had celebrated the church in his stories; and we who arranged it are responsible for the quiet simplicity of the service, which has since been criticized.

By a strange confusion of arrangements, a wedding was to have been conducted at the church at the same hour affixed for the funeral service; and as the wedding party alighted from automobiles at the door, the sexton, black-gloved, professionally somber, greeted its members with the startling announcement that "The funeral of O. Henry is to be held at eleven."

The best man went to the rector, the late Dr. Houghton, who explained that a blunder had been made, and suggested that "The only thing to be done is for the bride and groom to wait an hour. I will marry them at noon." The pallbearers were waiting, just within the churchyard, for the hearse to arrive.

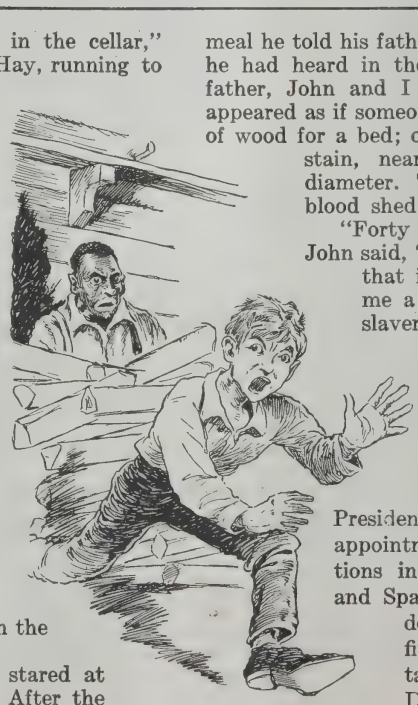
*When Sorrow and Happiness Met Each Other*

"Wouldn't O. Henry have enjoyed this?" remarked one of his friends in the sedate assemblage. . . .

"Life is made up of sobs, sniffles and smiles, with sniffles predominating," wrote the author of *The Gifts of the Magi*. It was peculiarly fitting that, in the closing paragraph of his life, Sorrow and Happiness should jostle each other.

# John Hay's "Ghost"

"THERE are ghosts in the cellar," cried little John Hay, running to his brother with big, scared eyes. "One of them spoke to me: 'Little Master, for the love of God, bring me a drink of water.'"



Charles Hay tells of the incident:

"John was so frightened that he hurried upstairs and went to his room. Next day my father stated at dinner that three runaway slaves had been overtaken by a party of officers from Missouri and the slaves had resisted arrest. One was captured, one was fired on and killed, and the third was wounded but escaped in the woods.

"My brother John stared at me but said nothing. After the meal he told his father about the voice he had heard in the basement. My father, John and I investigated. It appeared as if someone had used a pile of wood for a bed; on it was a blood-stain, nearly 18 inches in diameter. This was probably blood shed by the runaway.

"Forty years afterward, John said, 'I will never forget that incident. It gave me a greater horror of slavery than anything I ever heard or read.'"

Following Lincoln's election, Hay went to the Capital as assistant to the President. Then came an appointment to the legations in France, Austria and Spain. Under President Hayes he was first assistant Secretary of State.—F. D. H.

# Seventy-five Years of an Ideal—Antioch College

(*Concluded from page 2*)

She also recalled various love affairs, which again were a very natural reaction in a coeducational school, and in which the comic as well as the more serious element was not lacking. There was, for instance, the charming but flirtatious young lady, one of whose admirers mistook her gay friendliness for something more. From the theological school where he had gone from Antioch, he sent back to her a proposal of marriage. Before he met her, he averred, he had been able to give his entire heart to Jesus; now, however, he had only a divided love to offer. Rather scared, the young lady begged her brother to answer for her. This he did by unsympathetically scrawling across the letter, "Better confine your affections to Jesus," and returning it to the writer.



The "charming and flirtatious young lady," whose gay friendliness was taken by one of her admirers for something more.

Another young lady had a Quaker admirer who thus naively expressed his feelings: "Until I knew *thee*, Susanna, I could place everything upon the altar, a free offering to the Lord. But whenever I puts *thee* on, thee always slips off!"

Antioch's deeply seated idealism seems to have been ineradicable, although changing more or less both in object and form as the years passed on. Under Horace Mann, life was real, life was earnest, and frivolity was not its goal; but a more generous suavity characterized the later régimes. Thomas Hill, a brilliant scholar, became the second president of Antioch, but soon left to become president of Harvard, and a period followed in which the little college barely kept alive. Then, in the late sixties and early seventies, there were a few years of beautiful efflorescence under the presidency of Dr. George W. Hosmer. This was a golden period for the students, a period of keen interest in natural history under such inspired teachers as Edward Orton and Edward Waller Claypole; of admirable work in the classics under William Allen and others, of awakening interest in philosophy and German literature under Stanley Hall, and in English literature under James K. Hosmer.

Once more, too, famous guests visited the college: Isabella Bird Bishop in the height of her fame as a world traveler; Athanase Cocquerel, French liberal divine and author; A. Bronson Alcott who was reverently regarded, less on his own account, I fear, than because he was the father of the author of *Little Women;* William Rounceville Alger, who delighted his young audience with first-hand stories and descriptions of Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell and Holmes. And, above all, there was Edward Everett Hale, a trustee, good friend and frequent visitor, who was felt by the students, with much reason, to be their own particular "famous" man. He read to them in the college chapel *My Double and How He Undid Me,* and the immortal *Man Without a Country.* One evening, too, he met them informally at Dr. Hosmer's, and talked to them inspiringly of their civic duties—duties to their town or village, however small, and to their fellow citizens as well as to the country at large.

Of this golden period, Frederick Meakin (class of '74) has written:

"In Antioch as I knew her, along with the passion for work, and a generous hospitality to all forms of thought, there was on the whole a surprising geniality and soundness of tone, without too much religious phrasing or a too self-conscious morality. The hard work of a really good education is in itself a moral discipline, and that work had begun to tell. Quiet toil and steady self-development took the place there of the pretense and the noisy display which divert so much of the world's attention from the world's proper work, and obscure the fact that the roots of the virtues, intellectual and moral, must thrive, if at all, under ground."

With Dr. Hosmer's resignation, the college again declined. Financial troubles became acute, for the endowment fund, always small, had shrunk, and with it the teaching force and the student body. President Long, nevertheless, held things together for nearly eighteen years, and President (now Senator) Fess for another seven or eight: no small achievements, these; since for a good deal of the time the college "niver knawed w'ere a meal's to be 'ad." But one thing never failed her, that high idealism which was as the breath of life in her worn body, and which once again, under the presidency of Arthur E. Morgan, has won out. Antioch now enters upon a new period of activity.

Its technique differs in many respects from the old, but it is Antioch still, even to the small detail that it is not yet a millionaire institution. Its dominant principle may be described as the budget system applied not merely to its finances, but, primarily, to the all-round development of its students. "Nowhere else," said Horace Mann in his inaugural address, "have there been such waste and loss of treasure, as in the waste and loss of the human faculties. All spendthrift profusions, all royal prodigalities, are parsimony and niggardliness, compared with the ungathered, abandoned treasures of the human soul."

President Morgan, too, has felt deeply this tragic waste, and the Antioch of today is his effort toward its redemption—a superb yet practical vision of balanced, coördinated training of mind and body. And as, after all, the measure of achievement is its nearness to the end proposed, the new Antioch in its four years of existence has, so far, measured high. At the very least it is, as Miss Tarbell said of it, "a spirited adventure." To my thinking, however, it is not only that, but more—an enterprise founded on the rock of common sense, and illumined by the light of a high ideal—"the light that never was on land or sea." To vary the metaphor: it is the flame borne on by the torchbearer, passed from one hand to another, faint at times but never extinguished, and ever borne forward.

*Floreat Antiochia!*



The Cascade, Yellow Springs, Ohio, now property of Antioch College.

# Sorting Out People



"Idea man."

(*Continued from page 4*)

*The Man Who Looks In:* He is timid, self-conscious; he doesn't shine in a crowd; he cannot make a good speech. He is embarrassed upon meeting people, he doesn't show up well at a first meeting; he hasn't the flashy way about him so many people have. He is suffering from an inferiority complex. Then sometimes he talks a great deal just to show that he isn't afraid. He searches his ideas, and he does that surprising thing for a human being: he changes his ideas, for most people have their ideas handed to them by someone else at the age of fifteen and the coffin lid closes down upon them unchanged and unaired.

Rarely does a person change his idea on religion, politics, morality or divorce after he is fifteen. He is happier if he doesn't. There isn't nearly so much worrying and stewing around if you make up your mind once and for all and let nothing under high heaven alter it. But *The Man Who Looks In* isn't that kind. He is constantly taking his opinions out and examining them and brushing off the moth. He isn't content to lie on a bed someone else has made.



Left—"The man who looks in."

Below—"The man who looks out."



*The Man Who Looks Out:* He is the objective type. He thinks the same as his father thought; ideas slide over him like water across linoleum. They rarely ever soak in. He has voted the same ticket since he was twenty-one; he is *right;* the rest of the world is *wrong.* He is interested in physical contests—which side is going to win. You can hear him at any baseball game shouting a lung loose. He thinks that the League of Nations is something in Europe. The only leagues he is interested in are the National and American.

*Those Who Live on Superiority:* They think there is nobody quite so good as they are—just why no one is able to find out. Their children are too good to play with neighbor children. These people live in isolated superiority, looking down upon their neighbors, picking out small faults in others, which they themselves do not have, and placing everybody else beneath themselves.

It's just awfully hard for them to find anybody good enough with whom to associate. They don't get on with their neighbors, they don't get on with people at church, and they work in offices filled with "boobs." They can never keep their maids—their maids are just perfect devils. These people go about with a chip on their shoulder and feel slighted if somebody doesn't come along and knock it off. They are chip carriers; they usually have small funerals.



"Superiority."

*Big Fronts:* They are flashy, showy people who make a great impression on you at the first meeting—simply sweep you off your feet. Their talk is filled with mentions of rich and famous people they know, reference to "My cousin, Senator Alfalfa," "My dear friend, Count Thinblood," and "Do you know Mrs. Handfed of Baltimore?" Of course, you don't. Then they manage to convey the information that she is the richest woman in that worthy city and that the two are simply Siamese twins. "Gee," you say to yourself, "she must call Mrs. Coolidge 'Grace,' and Mrs. Vanderbilt must ring up every morning to have a chat just to start the day." They live on gossip; they wallow in it; they can start with a pinfeather and make a feather duster out of it. And then you meet them again. This time they don't seem quite so wonderful and charming. All they've got is in the show window. Keep on walking, they aren't worth looking in.



"Big front."

*Inchworms:* They are small, narrow, little people who go inching along through life, their heads on the ground, without ever getting a glimpse of the big, beautiful, wonderful things in the world. They are occupied by their own small rounds, small worries, little tasks. The biggest thrill of their lives is dinner time. Their chief ambition is to get to the movies early and grab a seat in the middle of the house. After the show is over they drop into the drug store and take home a pint of ice cream—and another big day is over.

They have little or no company, they rarely go anywhere, they take little interest in anything farther away than the front gate; they themselves and their dog and their son Sam—that is their world. They usually have small places in life, small routine jobs where they don't have to get all "het" up by thinking. They go inching along until finally the doctor comes silently out and asks for the names of the nearest relatives. They have lived but they have missed *life.* The world is too full of them. They were born inchworms and they will die with their back in a hump.



"Inchworms."

Of course, there are are smaller individual groups: There are the town grouch, the town eccentric, the wild boy, the gadabout wife, the complaining husband, the miser, and so on; but I mean these classifications are ways to sort your apples. They are not accurate because a thousand and one psychological and psychoanalytical differences come in—complexes, repressions, racial traits, inherited characteristics, and so on. People cross and recross, have a little of this and a little of that, but once you get the main division straight you can work out the lesser traits little by little.

Here are some of my own personal methods for picking out the boxes into which people go:

Listen to what the person talks about—baseball, bridge, money, gossip; notice what pops up oftenest in his conversation. People hover about their treasure.

Listen to what the person says about other people. Is he generous toward others, or small and petty? Does he harp on shortcomings? Is his conversation a scrubboard for the neighborhood dirty linen?

Watch the person react to a new idea. Is he always against anything new? The idea may have to do with the matter of church members dancing, or a new school bond or what not. Watch him react, then check up.

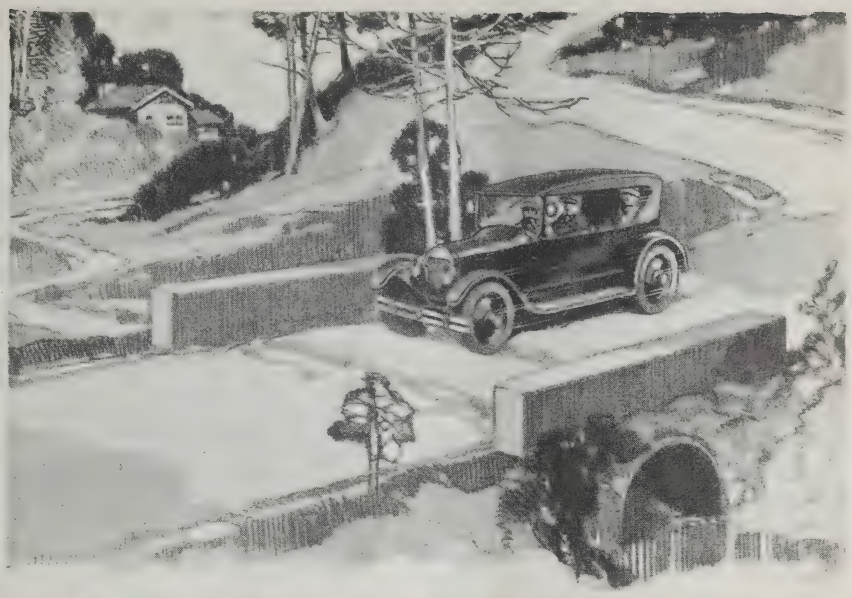
Is the person timid? Many people are and the average person talking to them never suspects it. The timid person is continually protecting himself by covering up. To disguise his real feeling he will often be bold and blunt and sometimes rude. Don't be misled by these outer indications—strip them off. Go to bed rock.

Does the person have opinions or merely prejudices? Try to get at what is behind his answers; does he deliver them on the spur of the moment without reflection and then stick to them because he is afraid it would lessen his dignity to admit that he is wrong? Try to determine if he really wishes to exchange ideas or merely to argue.

Who are the person's friends? It is the old story of birds of a feather. What does the person do when he seeks pleasure? What kind of people does he admire most?

Is the person a halfway man? In reaching an opinion of a person, try to get at whether he goes through with a thing or stops when the sledding grows hard. So many people in this world start off with a brilliant display of fireworks and end up a dud. They start this and they start that—and never quite put either over. Pick the all-the-way-through man even though he isn't as brilliant in the beginning.

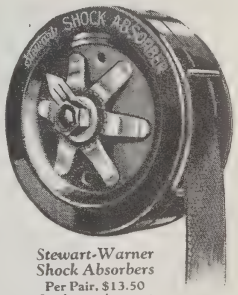
And, lastly, don't be fooled by education or lack of education. So many are apt to put a person down as smart if he has been to college and a gump if he hasn't. Nothing is further from the truth.

# Sail Over the Bumps with Stewart-Warner Shock Absorbers-

INNOCENT looking "humps" in the road are often the ones that cause the greatest damage. When you see a slight rise in the road—such as a culvert or small bridge bed—you are very apt to "sail" right over it. You can do it with Stewart-Warner Shock Absorbers in perfect comfort and safety—but without them your family will "hit the roof" or your steering wheel jump out of your hands. Isn't it far better to have Stewart-Warner Shock Absorbers than to "bounce" you know not where?

Any dealer can install them, and you will marvel at the difference they make in the riding comfort of your car.

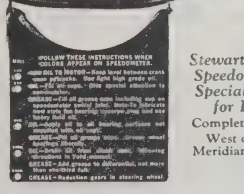



*Stewart-Warner Shock Absorbers*
Per Pair, $13.50
One front and one rear
West of 100° Meridian
$14.00

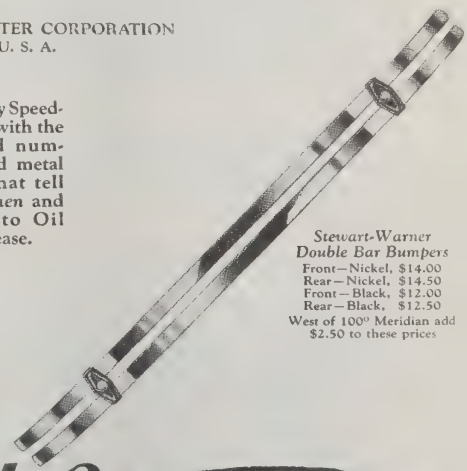
STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER CORPORATION
CHICAGO - U. S. A.




The only Speedometer with the colored numbers and metal chart that tell you *When* and *Where* to Oil and Grease.




*Stewart-Warner Speedometer—Special Model for Fords*
Complete, $15.00
West of 100° Meridian, $15.50



*Stewart-Warner Double Bar Bumpers*
Front—Nickel, $14.00
Rear—Nickel, $14.50
Front—Black, $12.00
Rear—Black, $12.50
West of 100° Meridian add $2.50 to these prices

Stewart-Warner Accessories

# BRIEFLY TOLD

There is no legal control of the practice of medicine in China.

Though the fox fights a trap until death, the lynx makes little or no attempt to free himself.

Last year eighteen cities with populations of 100,000 or more had death rates due to typhoid fever of less than 2.0 per 100,000.

In many Samoan villages the people collect rain water in huge galvanized tanks for drinking and cooking use.

Baron Gerard de Greer, of Sweden, reads the earth's ages and former temperatures and climate by studying differences in thickness and color of the layers of clay.

On some of the many islands that extend from the main Hawaiian group for 1,300 miles, practically no vegetation grows.



As the fire insurance agent handed a farmer his fire insurance policy, lightning struck the farmer's home covered by the insurance.

The population of "inner London" is declining while that of "outer London" continues to grow.

A new type of incubator which heats the eggs from the top as the hen does, has proved more successful than the old type where even heat is applied.

Empedocles spoke of the various bodies nature had given him. He was a shrub, a bird, a fish, and lastly Empedocles.

In Oregon one may be fined from $25 to $75 for throwing away between May 15 and October 1, "any lighted tobacco, cigars, cigarets, matches, firecrackers or other lighted material, on any forest land, private road, public highway, or railroad right of way within this state."

A memorial window has been dedicated in historic Calvary Episcopal Church in Fletcher, North Carolina, in memory of "Bill Nye," American humorist.

The *Cumberland Presbyterian*, of Nashville, suggests that in this time of attack on the Bible by agnostics it is good policy for Christian congregations to place a few copies in the pews, and offers good ones at half a dollar each.




Because her husband spent all his spare time at the radio trying for DX, a Minneapolis woman was granted a divorce and custody of her two children.

Sheboygan, Wisconsin, has the largest German population of any city in the United States. Twenty thousand of Sheboygan's thirty-three thousand persons are of German descent. Green Bay has a German population of 7,000 and Appleton is nearly fifty per cent German.

Christopher L. Sholes, inventor of the first practical typewriter, said in the early days of typewriting: "I feel that I have done something for the women, who have always had to work so hard. This will enable them more easily to earn a living."

"A kingdom of knowledge is greater than a kingdom of arms."—*Chinese Emperor Ho-Ti, A. D., 114.*

According to Dr. A. D. Imms, of England, 450,000 species of insects have now been found and described by entomologists.



A New York druggist worked alone in his store during a rush period for twenty-six consecutive hours. At home he dropped into a deep sleep and proceeded to have a terrible nightmare. So vivid were his dreams that he aroused the entire neighborhood with his cries and shouts. Believing him to be dying, the neighbors rushed him to the hospital, where a physician awakened him and cautioned him not to sleep on his back after a hard day's work.

Pueblo Bonito women of ancient New Mexico rouged their cheeks with brick-red rouge, dug from the thin lenses of compact clay underneath the sandstone cliffs.

Chicago school children of today readily passed an arithmetic examination given them from tests their grandparents failed in fifty years ago. This proves that despite curriculum complexities of today they are better arithmeticians than their forbears who held rigidly to the three "R's."

A white cross at every point in the road where an accident resulting in death has occurred is erected on Ohio roads. Some bad railroad crossings have as many as a dozen such markers.

There is no evidence that bees can hear, though their sense of smell is strongly developed.



English girls who take the advice of the British National Milk Publicity Council now rouge their cheeks by eating carrots and drinking milk.

A species of sheep born with short tails, making docking unnecessary, has been developed at the South Dakota Agricultural College.

It is said that the total possible water power output of French rivers is several times the present output of French coal.

Though James Watts' residence was recently torn down, a replica of his attic workshop as it appeared at his death has been erected in the Science Museum at South Kensington.

When A. F. R. Wollaston with his wife and party explored the Sierra Nevada Mountains, Indians who had never seen a white woman thought because of her long hair that she was Wollaston's father.

Madam Curie, discoverer of radium, recently saw for the first time the places from which her experimental ore had been brought, when she visited Czecho-Slovakia as a guest of that government.



# Why GUM-DIPPING Is So Important to Light Car Owners

Light car owners accustomed to extraordinary dependability of performance in every mechanical feature of the car—find that same unfailing character of service in Firestone tires.

Gum-Dipping, the exclusive Firestone process, impregnates and insulates every fiber of every cord with rubber—after which the cords are put through the regular calendering process.

The result is extra strength for the cords and minimum internal friction and heat—giving greater endurance that insures longer mileage and low cost—with added safety for rough winter roads or treacherous ice-covered pavements.

Buy Firestone tires now—benefit by the advantages of Gum-Dipping, found only in these big tires identified by the Mark of Quality that assures you—

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

Factories:
AKRON, OHIO
Hamilton, Ont.

# Firestone

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER. H.S. Firestone

THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL

## A PSALM

Thou visitest the earth, and
waterest it:
Thou greatly enrichest it with the
river of God, which is full of
water:
Thou providest them corn, when
thou hast so prepared the earth.
Thou waterest the ridges thereof
abundantly:
Thou settlest the furrows thereof:
Thou makest it soft with showers.
Thou blessest the springing thereof.
Thou crownest the year with thy
goodness;
And thy paths drop fatness.
They drop upon the pastures of
the wilderness:
And the little hills rejoice on every
side.
The pastures are clothed with
flocks;
The valleys also are covered with
corn;
They shout for joy, they also sing.

—*From Psalm Sixty-Five.*

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Vol. 26 No. 7 DECEMBER 5, 1925 $1.50 a Year

## Investigating *the* Air Investigations

BY E. B. JOHNS

DEC 7
UNIVERSITY

### On the Road With Buffalo Bill

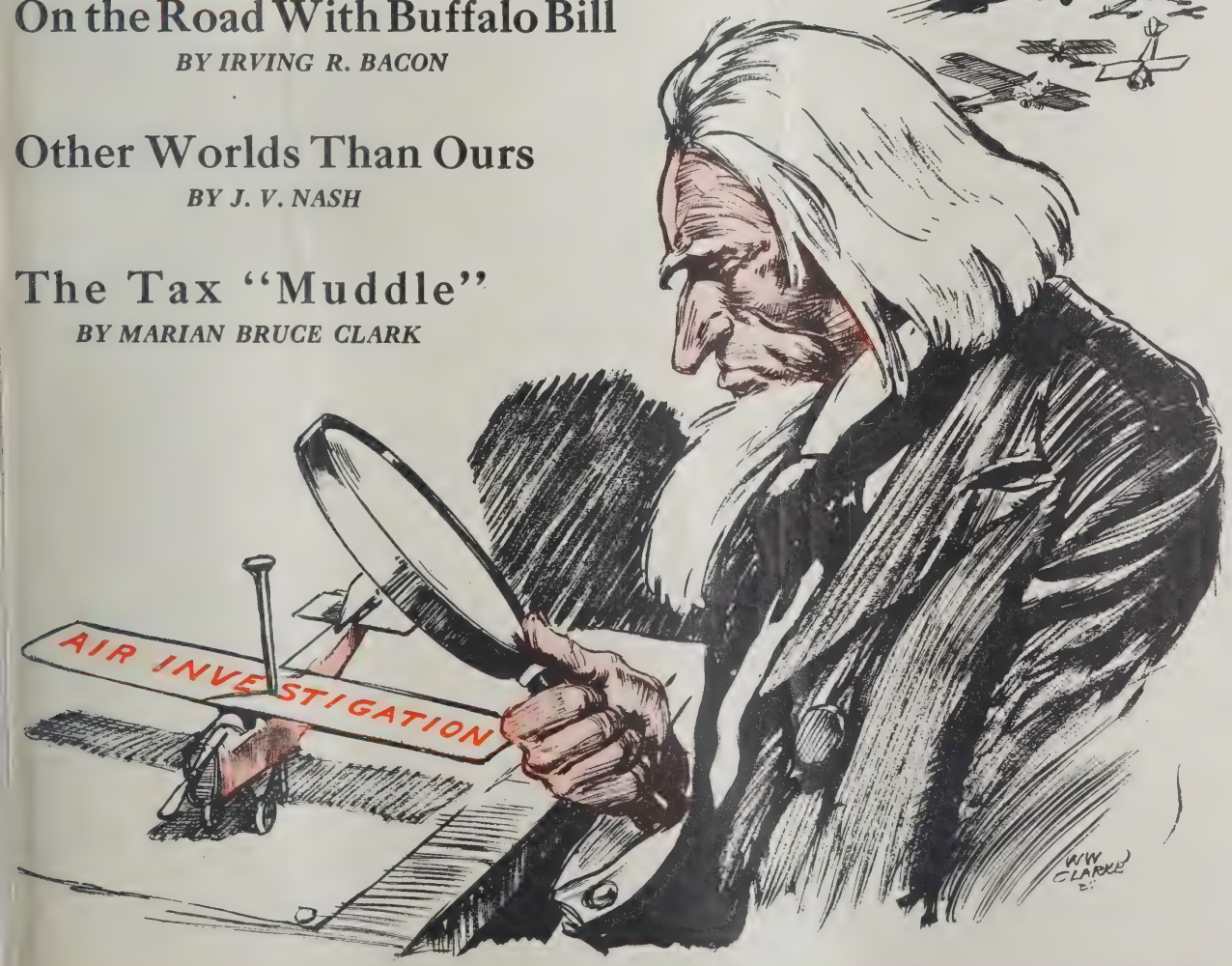
*BY IRVING R. BACON*

### Other Worlds Than Ours

*BY J. V. NASH*

### The Tax "Muddle"

*BY MARIAN BRUCE CLARK*




CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

# BRIEFLY TOLD

To continue the work of creating new plants and flowers, Stanford University proposes to take over Luther Burbank's experimental farm.

Though it is claimed that man has been on the earth 500,000 years, half his knowledge and control of nature has come within the last hundred years.

Harvard in 1642 was the scene of the first commencement exercises held in North America.

There was little improvement in Western Europe's agriculture from the fall of the Roman Empire to the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Peter the Great founded the Russian Academy of Science at what is now called Leningrad, in 1725.




"Turn, boys, turn, we're going back," were not the legendary words of General Phil Sheridan, when he completed the famous ride which has been celebrated in song and story. In an interview recently given, the General's widow said that the exact text of the command could best be expressed by dashes and asterisks.

It is estimated that the 11,000 tenants in the New York Equitable Building could get out in twenty minutes.

According to Scie Tou Fa, a Chinese official in Paris, America was discovered by the Chinese. He asserts that the first Spanish explorers in South America and Mexico were struck by the resemblance of the architecture there with that of the Far East. One Aztec divinity had an elephant head, which, he says, must certainly have come from Asia. A figure of Buddha was found in Mexico.

The ear of the katydid is situated in the tibia of the front leg.

Copper poisons have been found in ten per cent of the "bootleg" liquors that have been analyzed in Massachusetts.

The largest grain elevator in the world is that of the Canadian National Railways at Port Arthur and Fort William, holding 9,500,000 bushels.




In an effort to make his insects produce to the maximum a British Columbia apiarist has shipped 30 pounds of bees and ten queens to Auckland, New Zealand, where summer is just beginning, in the hopes of harvesting a crop of honey this winter.

If sugar from dahlia and artichoke tubers can be grown to supplement sugar beets, California sugar manufacturers may soon run their factories all the year round.

Nearly 100,000 goats, 2,000,000 horses and cattle, and 6,000,000 sheep are now grazing under permit in the National Forests of the United States.

John Muir wrote of Mount ainier's beautiful flowers: "This is the richest subalpine garden I ever found, a perfect floral elysium."

When Magellan circumnavigated the globe his command was, "Follow the flagship and ask no questions."

Tobacco is not used for smoking by the Indians of Santa Marta, Colombia, but it enters into their ceremonial form of greeting.

The ordinary house fly makes 330 wing-beats per second, which is probably the world record for rapidity among all natural fliers.



The first hen's egg laid in Spitzbergen has been mounted on a little stand and a suitable inscription placed on it. Artificial heat and sunlight must be supplied the hens of the new hennery which promises to be a success. Until recently hens were unknown in Spitzbergen.

Straight roads that offer an opportunity for speeding are more dangerous than curved roads, according to Wisconsin figures.

As an American family was about to leave Tokio for San Francisco, they found their twelve-year-old daughter missing. The father of the girl put his collie on her trail and in less than a minute before the train was to leave, the dog arrived with the missing girl.

In Africa the white ant is pounded into a paste and is considered a food delicacy.

The original "Royal" hybrid walnut tree on Luther Burbank's farm has for 15 years paid in nuts and grafts an annual interest of 6 per cent on $10,000.

Dr. F. G. Banting, famous for his work with diabetes, believes that the continued use of insulin will not only alleviate this disease but cure it.



Low-flying airplanes are frightening the chickens of Santa Rosa, California, to the extent that they are refusing to lay eggs. The county board of supervisors of Sonoma County have ordered aviators to fly higher when going over that region.

Lemon rinds are now utilized for the manufacture of pectin, the substance that makes jelly "jell."

A small fragment of the Bible, dating from the Emperor Constantine, has been found in a collection of parchments by Professor Bus. The fragment is probably a portion of one of the fifty handwritten Scriptures which Constantine ordered distributed throughout the Greek colonies.

There are no storms or hurricanes on the Island of St. Helena. In the course of sixty years only two flashes of lightning were recorded. There are no motor cars, no lawyers there, and only five policemen.

Naturalists connected with the MacMillan expedition report finding blue grass in the Arctic regions. Purple sandpipers have also been obtained in their first plumage, which is unknown to most ornithologists.

December 5, 1925

Single Copy, Ten Cents

Subscription price in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies, $1.50 a year; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year.

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer;
C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

Vol. 26, No. 7

Change of Address

1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill.

# Presented in this Issue:

Mr. Ford's Page this week discusses whether "division" or creation is the better solution of the problem of distribution.

Quincy Kilby, a votary of the stage, disposes of the question whether Shakespeare wrote Shakespeare's plays. And something more; he asks whether Shakespeare mentions any man or woman of his own time. Mr. Kilby's question and answer are interesting. (p. 2)

Air investigations are an endless chain. There have been scores of them. E. B. Johns, for many years on the *Army and Navy Journal*, has investigated the air investigations, clearing the atmosphere, as it were, of some of the things that obstruct flying efficiency. This aerial review of reviews gives an entirely new perspective. (p. 3)

LeRoy Hamilton, Mayor of Cuero, Texas, writes as follows:

The Editor,
THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT.

Dear Sir:

I have just read the article in your issue of the 10th under the heading of "Plunging Over the Precipice of Debt."

I agree with you heartily that something is radically wrong with the way our city governments have been and are spending money, but I believe the fault is not so much with the officials as it is with the people themselves who put the officials in office. . . .

People have found out that by taxing the other fellow they can have their cake and eat it too, and so the wild scramble to enhance the value of the country fellows' land by taxing it goes on. The result is that the ownership of any kind of property has become unattractive to the owner and he wants to sell, and let the other fellow pay the bill. Unfortunately the man who owns nothing at all has found out that ownership has become unattractive and so is not in the market for anything that can be levied on by the tax assessor. . . .

The thought of Socialism used to frighten me but it no longer bothers me because we already have it. Our property is just paying rent to the government and eventually a title to a piece of property will mean the right to live on it as long as rent is forthcoming to the government. . . .

Yours very truly,
Le Roy Hamilton.

Did Shakespeare Mention a Contemporary? - - - - 2
*Quincy Kilby*

Investigating the Air Investigations - - - - - 3
*E. B. Johns*

The Tax "Muddle" - - - 5
*Marian Bruce Clark*

How Your Instincts Disappeared - - - - - - 6
*Dr. Donald A. Laird*

When Is a Bet Not a Bet? - 8
*Harry Pence*

Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - 9

Editorials - - - - - - - 10

Colorful Wall Papers of Olden Days - - - - - - - - 12
*Mary Harrod Northend*

On the Road With "Buffalo Bill" - - - - - 16
*Irving R. Bacon*

How Customers Impose on the Merchants - - - - - - 21
*Edward J. Beck*

Great Figures in Fiction—Sydney Carton - - - 25
*Louis Worthington Smith*

A Preacher on Business - 28

Other Worlds Than Ours - 30
*J. V. Nash*

Some taxes yield a good return to the investor in the shape of security and stability, and others are absorbed like vapor but give no refreshing rain in return. A good tax should be like mercy—blessing him who gives and him who takes. The estate taxes and death duties don't do this. Marian Bruce Clark declares they have a blighting effect on industry and development. (p. 5)

It is a common fallacy that animals have instincts but that human beings have none, only intelligence. Perhaps our forefathers had less intelligence than we had, but their instincts were stronger. Dr. Donald A. Laird discusses this matter. He asks whether the human race may not be losing those instincts. Are we becoming less self-reliant, more collective in our reasoning, more dependent in our actions and decisions? (p. 6)

"When is a bet not a bet?" Change the "when" to "where" and the answer is "Ohio." Many devices are used to evade the gambling laws. Purses, pools and premiums all come under review in this illuminating little talk. (p. 8)

We must concede that our forbears had better taste in mural decoration than we have. The wall papers of those days were both pleasant and instructive. Even Benjamin Franklin took an interest in having pleasing and artistic wall papers. There were pictures of actual scenes and current events as well as of birds and flowers, and very faithfully done, too, in these antique wall coverings. Mary Harrod Northend tells us all about it. (p. 12)

The name of "Buffalo Bill" will continue as long as Young America lasts—the last of the Scouts. Here is a story of the great Plainsman as Showman. An artist went to live with the show: here are his impressions and pictures. (p. 16)

We frequently hear of merchants who impose upon their customers. Did you ever hear of customers who impose on the merchants? There is much that is illuminative in the merchant's end of the story. Edward J. Beck gives that side as he heard it in many interviews he has had on the matter. (p. 21)

Ralph Waldo Emerson said that he could do without the world. Anyway there are "other worlds than ours," as Professor Moulton tells us in an interview with J. V. Nash, but they appear to be well-disciplined worlds: the traffic system of the skies is very exemplary; planets don't collide with one another to their mutual destruction. It will be hundreds of millions of years before the sun gets near enough the earth to cause inconvenience. Professor Moulton knows the heavens better than most of us know our backdoors. (p. 30)

In this number, a preacher discourses on business, and gives us some angles not by any means ecclesiastical; and Louis Worthington Smith paints a word picture of Sydney Carton, the hero of what many consider to be Dickens' greatest novel. (pp. 25, 28)

# Did Shakespeare Mention a Contemporary?

## A Passionate Pilgrimage in Search of Light on a Controversial Subject

By QUINCY KILBY

THE question at the head of this article seems to be one that people in general have ignored, taking it for granted that Shakespeare like every other great writer often talked about those who were living in his own time. But did he? Did he in any of his writings, prose or poetry, ever mention any contemporary—sovereign or sycophant, magistrate or mummer?

My attention was first drawn to this subject when one Sunday evening many years ago Robert G. Ingersoll was lecturing on Shakespeare at the Boston Theater, of which I was then treasurer. In the course of conversation his manager, Mr. Farrell, who was also his brother-in-law, spoke of how strange it was that in none of his works did Shakespeare ever mention a contemporary. The idea was new to me and so when the next day I met Traveler Ball on the street I asked him about it. That gentleman, Mr. W. T. W. Ball, an Englishman by birth, gained his soubriquet by being for many years connected with the Boston *Traveler* as dramatic critic, and was looked upon as being an authority on Shakespeare.

"Let me see," he said, almost immediately adding, "Yes, he did. In his poem *The Passionate Pilgrim* he spoke of Edmund Spenser and John Dowdell, both of whom lived in his own time. I think you will find the allusion in the fifth canto."

I went home and consulted my copy of Knight's *Shakespeare*, finding that in the fifth canto he did mention both Edmund Spenser the poet and John Dowdell the musician, the idea being to ask which one would prefer to be, the writer of the song or the composer of its music. Thereupon I wrote to Mr. Farrell giving the dates of birth and death of all three men and saying that Shakespeare did mention by name Edmund Spenser and John Dowdell, adding "Now will you be good?"

In a few days came the response that it was now pretty generally admitted that Shakespeare did not write *The Passionate Pilgrim*. When I next met Mr. Ball I said to him, "They tell me Shakespeare did not write *The Passionate Pilgrim*. How about it?" He pondered a minute and then observed: "I'll see you soon," and disappeared in the direction of the Boston Public Library. In a short time he came to my office with the statement that it was now acknowledged that Shakespeare did write *The Passionate Pilgrim*, all but the fifth canto. And as the fifth canto was the one with the contemporaries in it, I was still up against a blank wall.

A few years later I was visiting the house in Stratford-on-Avon where the poet was born. In each room was stationed a custodian, fully equipped for answering questions. I told my story to one of these gentlemen and he replied that Shakespeare did mention two contemporaries, one being Giulio Romani, the Italian painter, and the other Sir William Lucy. Not Sir Thomas Lucy. He was the magistrate who sentenced the poet for poaching the deer and was afterward caricatured by him as Justice Shallow in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Sir William was a different individual and the poet thought better of him.

There the matter rested for fourteen years, until in 1923 I visited Stratford once more and found a different man in charge in the same room and spoke to him on the subject. It appeared that in the Shakespeare Memorial Theater that same evening there was to be a performance of *The Taming of the Shrew*, and on one of the showcases a first folio edition lay open at the prologue to that play, the one that deals with the Christopher Sly episode. The custodian called my attention to an allusion to a public house kept by one Marion Hackett, informing me that records showed that at the time the drama was supposed to occur, which was Shakespeare's own time, there was at Windsor a public house kept by a woman named Marion Hackett, thus making her the third contemporary mentioned by the immortal bard, the painter and the knight being the others.

Anyone who fancies that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's works will soon be disillusioned by a visit to Stratford-on-Avon. One of the rooms was in charge of a lady who was fully primed on the subject. She called my attention to the fact that Bacon, the "wisest, wittiest, meanest of mankind," was always most accurate in his writing, never making any mistakes, while Shakespeare made them by the thousand.

An author may have two very different styles of writing, as for instance Ray Stannard Baker, who as David Grayson produces very different material from his own special line; but an accurate man could hardly bring himself continuously to write inaccurately. She showed me a book printed in the early years of the seventeenth century, while the dramatist was still alive, which stated that the author of the plays was William Shakespeare and he lived at Stratford-on-Avon. In another book that I saw, also printed during Shakespeare's lifetime, the author spoke of the great writers then living in England, mentioning Ben Jonson, Edmund Spenser, Lord Bacon, Beaumont and Fletcher, William Shakespeare, Ford and Massinger, and others. This is very significant.

Another fact often overlooked is that Shakespeare, a hundred years before there ever was an English dictionary, used more words, and new definitions of old words, than Bacon had in his entire vocabulary. This also speaks for itself.

Some years ago I found in a Boston paper a poem written by John Ludlow and published in the New York *World* that is to me beautiful and most convincing. It is called—

(Concluded on page 15)



"At the theater in Shakespeare's time." Courtesy the *Illustrated London News*.

# Investigating the Air Investigations

## A Review of Reviews Relating to Matters Still Very Much in the Air

By E. B. JOHNS

AFTER having followed fourteen investigations of the Army and Navy as they relate to the Air Service, I hold strong convictions as to Colonel Mitchell's proposals." This was my statement upon leaving the staff of the *Army and Navy Journal* after more than twenty years of service on that publication.

More mature thought, however, convinces me that I was in error as to the number of investigations that have been conducted to determine the possibilities and limitations of aviation. I stopped counting when the returns showed about twenty-five major and more than a hundred and twenty minor investigations. The work of tracing all of the investigations must be left to some historian.

And the end is not in sight if the Senators and members who are to sit in the next Congress are correctly quoted. As a taxpayer, I suggest that if the next Congress is determined to start on another career of investigation, it investigate the investigations of the Air Service that have already taken place. It should appoint a large committee with a number of subcommittees so that the work can be distributed among the subcommittees and completed before Congress adjourns. There should be a subcommittee on the Congressional investigations, one on the War Department investigations, one on the Navy Department, and one on the Post Office Department investigation. Perhaps the largest committee and the busiest one would be the subcommittee to investigate the investigations of the Air Service that have been ordered from the White House. Another might be needed to look into the investigations that have been conducted by aëronautical societies and private citizens who have taken an interest in this subject. When these numerous investigations have been carefully studied, I venture to predict that any fair-minded committee will reach the conclusion that about all that can be said on the subject has been submitted to some committee, although Colonel Mitchell insists that "half has not yet been told."

Exposing myself to the dangers of starting a historical controversy, I am going to hand to Charlie Strobel the honor of conducting the first investigation of the possibility of a heavier-than-air machine. I think it was in 1902 when Charlie Strobel was managing Knabenshue who, after the first successful flight of a dirigible at the St. Louis Fair, was giving exhibitions at county fairs. I met Mr. Strobel at Washington, and told him that some of the members of the General Staff of the Army were interested in the performance of Knabenshue. He consented to go to the War Department with me and there divulged the fact that he had been conducting a quiet investigation of the efforts of the Wright brothers to build a "real flying machine," as he expressed it.

"Take it from me," said Charlie, "those boys will soon startle the world. I am trying to sign them up for some real flying shows. If they will go into the game with me, we will all make a fortune."

As I was then representing the Toledo *Blade*, in addition to the *Army and Navy Journal*, I promptly put a story on the wire as Knabenshue was a Toldeo man and Mr. Strobel was formerly manager of the Toledo baseball team. Shortly afterward, one of the members of the *Blade* staff dropped me a note in which he more than insinuated that Charlie must have been buying something that is now sold only by the bootleggers. Anyhow, the story landed on the front page and as it was not signed, I was not mentioned in the shots that the editorial paragraphers took at it.

Passing over the ancient history of aviation which led to the publication by the War Department of a quaint advertisement for a heavier-than-air machine shortly after the Strobel investigation, and the first flight at Fort Myers, Virginia, of the Wright machine sponsored by the War Department, let us plunge into the numerous investigations that took place after the United States was drawn into the World War. Aviation was in the early experimental stage when this country declared war against the Central Powers. Congress had not given either the Army or the Navy adequate funds to make even preliminary investigations or experiments. But when war was declared the limit was removed on the funds that were appropriated for aviation




"I stopped counting when the returns showed about twenty-five major and more than one hundred and twenty minor investigations."

and all other war or near war purposes. The day after the appropriations were made, your average statesman expected to look out of his office on Capitol Hill and see the air full of flyers. In a month or two, the country was thoroughly aroused not only on account of the lack of airplanes but because the American soldiers were not on the firing line in France.

Among the thousands of real patriotic people who rushed to Washington with ideas which they were confident would win the war, was Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor. Mr. Borglum held strong convictions that a combination of German traitors and corrupt interests was holding back aviation production and that if there was not an exposure the war would be lost. He succeeded in securing a number of interviews with President Wilson who he claimed authorized him to conduct a confidential and secret investigation. In October of 1917 Mr. Borglum went to the White House to submit his report to the President. At the same time, he gave out a synopsis of it to the press. Mr. Borglum was firmly convinced that the country should be aroused to appreciate what he thought was a perilous situation, and was willing to defy the war censorship that was in effect at that time.

While President Wilson entered serious objections to Mr. Borglum's method, he appointed the Hughes board. To restore confidence of the country in the efforts of his administration, President Wilson went into the Republican party and selected Charles Evans Hughes, the opposition presidential candidate. Before the investigation, which extended four months, was completed, Major General George O. Squires, U.S.A., Retired, was removed as Chief Signal Officer and the Air Service was separated from the Signal Corps. In Army circles, it was believed that General Squires was only one of several regular army victims of the unprepared condition of the country. The Hughes report did not reveal any serious corruption but rather brought out the failure of the administration and Congress to take steps to prepare the country, at least after war had been declared in Europe and there were dangers of the United States being drawn into it.

Even in the face of the enemy while the American Expeditionary Force was being organized and trained, air investigations were in progress. So many complaints were reaching the White House through confidential channels it is stated that the President sent a number of temporary officers overseas to investigate the condition of the American Air Service. Colonel E. Lester Jones, the present chief of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, and a personal friend of President Wilson, is credited with being one of the air investigators of the American Expeditionary Force. The President was not content with the report that came from General Pershing through official channels, but it is stated ordered a number of private investigations.

The records of the American Expeditionary Force show that Colonel William Mitchell had scarcely landed in France before he became restive. He had very little faith in the plans of General Pershing or of General Headquarters. He had an ambition to lead an air offensive against the German lines and felt that he was being restrained from winning the war.

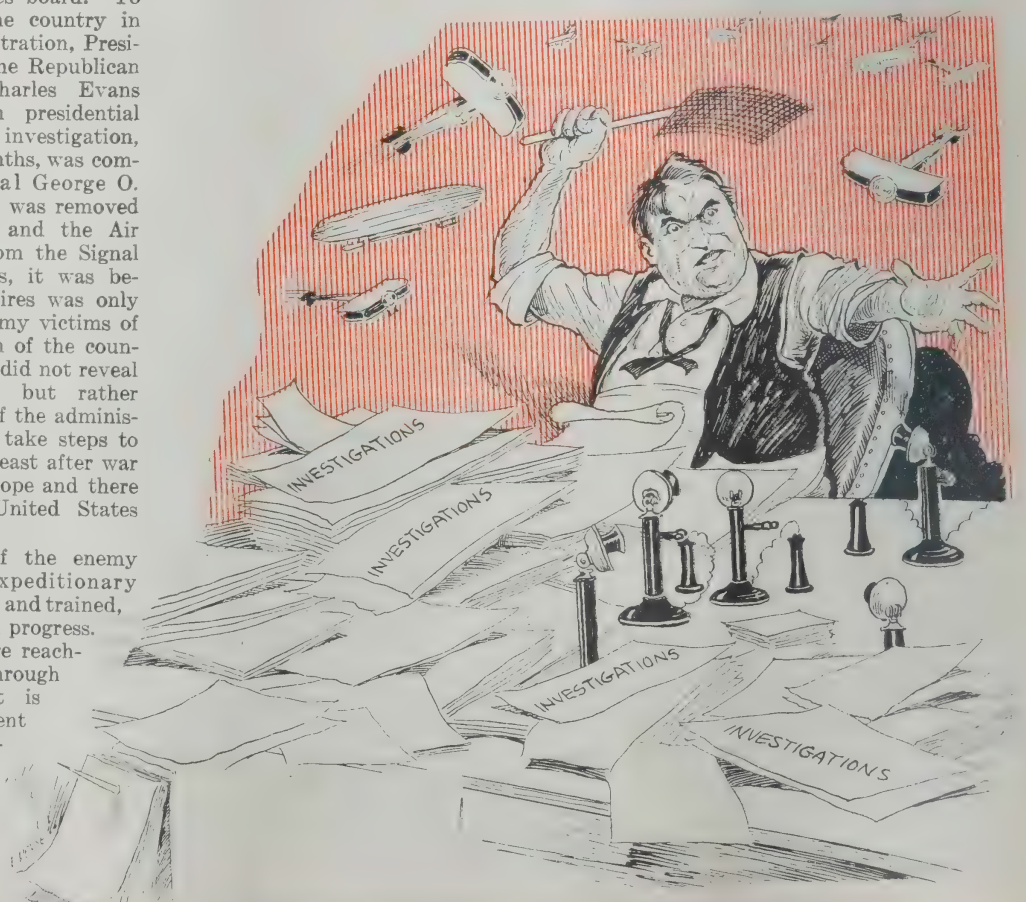
In the meantime, complaints from the commanders of the ground force that Colonel Mitchell was not coöperating with them in conducting operations were continually pouring into the headquarters of the corps, armies, and General (Concluded on page 26)

With all respect to Colonel Mitchell, he is not the Army and Navy of the United States. Yet his utterances are given columns, pages, reams of publicity, where official Army and Navy utterances are wholly suppressed. It is not fair. It is exceedingly bad public policy. A nation trained to suspect its Army and Navy will just as quickly suspect Mitchell, were he our war lord.

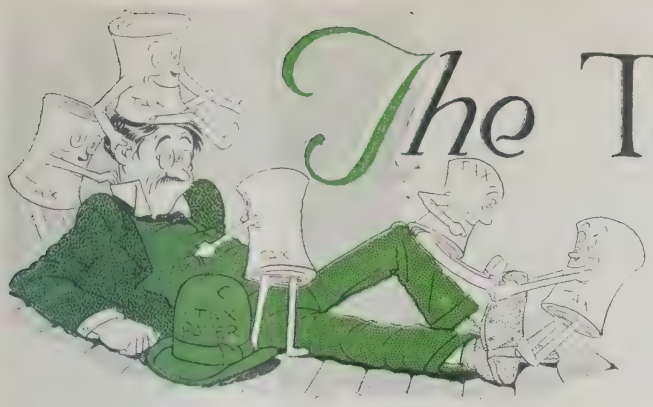
In view of the widespread and complete suppression by the American press of the facts which responsible and representative Army and Navy officials have to give, THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has decided to redress the balance as far as possible by letting Americans read what their defense representatives have to say *at first hand.*

This does not indicate a policy favoring Army and Navy contentions against Mitchell contentions in the present controversy. It indicates our belief that no controversy is fair or American that does not give the people the whole truth on both sides.

This is the first of a series of articles on the question of airplanes in the American defense scheme.




"The busiest one would be the subcommittee to investigate the investigations of the Air Service."



# The Tax Muddle

## Is Destruction and Not Construction the Result of Some of Our Taxation?

By MARIAN BRUCE CLARK

SINCE that parent of all taxation, the tax called "the twentieth," was levied during the reign of Julius Caesar, ships of state have been wont to steer clear of the pitfalls of multiple jurisdiction. Today, as in the past, the cry is "taxation for revenue only" and no political manipulation for the sake of expediency should be permitted to shift the bulk of responsibility for that revenue to any particular class of the population.

When Adam Smith said, "All taxes upon the transference of property of every kind, so far as they diminish the capital of that property, tends to diminish the funds destined for the maintenance of labor," he spoke, not for a day nor for a generation, but for all time.

Since all taxes are returnable in cash, the estate tax, as at present administered, operates today to "diminish the funds destined for labor." The law says that the tax shall be returnable one year from the death of the decedent and that it shall be payable in cash. In the settlement of the simplest estate of minimum value the time required for its administration is approximately one year; how then, in an estate involving millions of dollars in assets and obligations, as well as responsibility for the welfare of thousands of employes, can the bulk of its holdings be converted into cash without immense sacrifice and loss of values, destructive curtailment of operation, reduction of output, unemployment and shrinkage through forced liquidation? The answer is, *it cannot be done.* In such industrial curtailment the direct hardship falls not upon the legatee but upon the laborer.

From three to four months' time is frequently devoted by an expert auditor in the Treasury Department to the auditing of one large estate, and this after the way has been prepared by the orderly arrangement of the return compiled by the accountants for the estate. Whereas the original accounting involved the primary arrangement of stock-taking, the government examination is in reality only a re-audit. Therefore, it must be apparent that the physical conversion into cash of the bulk of a large estate cannot be accomplished without excessive loss and disturbance of business, when limited to a stated period of time. Industrial operations under normal conditions require huge cash assets, payment of estate taxes causes this cash to be withdrawn from its normal use and paid into the government where a large proportion of it immediately becomes inoperative, since the government, again to quote Adam Smith, "seldom maintains any but unproductive laborers."

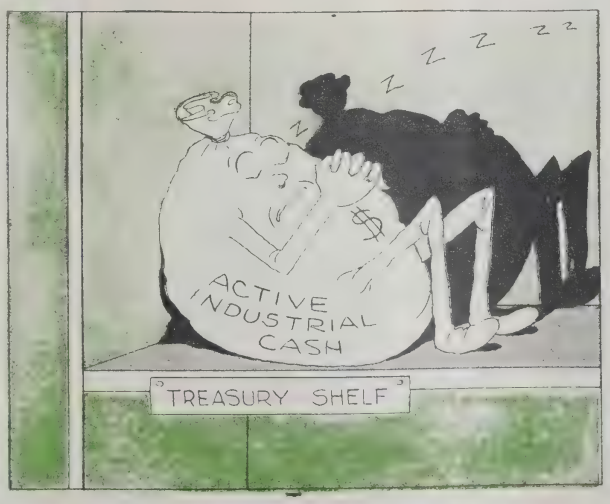
Taxes may not be paid through the medium of notes or other negotiable securities, Liberty bonds excepted, by means of which normal business is so largely conducted. Accounts receivable or other forms of long-term credits are not acceptable to Uncle Sam. The Treasury is the original "cash and carry" organization, so that while the revenues of an inherited business are found to be carried on upon a credit basis, the payment of the estate tax must be altogether on a cash basis, nor is the time extension granted by the law of any material benefit.

The additional cost of administration involved, the uncertainty of sustained values, the "substantial first payment" and the interest-bearing residue altogether counterbalance any apparent advantage. In fact, out of an average of some 14,000 estates annually audited by the Treasury less than ten per cent have availed themselves of the time extension provision, obviously for the reasons just stated.

It has been shown that the nation is under the condition of unregulated and, in the opinion of many, unconstitutional taxation resulting in demoralization of business, destruction of initiative, forced liquidation and an unhealthy money market; oftentimes destroying at one blow what has taken a generation to build up. The social, economic and industrial welfare of a nation are inseparably interlocked with its business interests; one cannot be impaired without affecting the other.

Inconsistency is rampant. So-called "exempt securities" are not exempt when they are inherited. Securities under the estate tax are not securities, they are "*privileges*" and as such are taxed at a much higher rate than as straight income. While the estate tax was obviously devised for the purpose of breaking up concentrated wealth, the gift tax operates to keep that wealth intact.

As of December 31, 1923, the outstanding valuation of tax-exempt securities was $14,900,000,000; on December 31, 1924, the value had increased to $16,000,000,000; while on August 31, 1925, the amount was $17,000,000,000, of which only $2,700,000,000 was held by the government. From these figures two deductions may be made: first, the amount of money being withdrawn from productive channels for investment in exempt securities is increasing at an alarming rate, and secondly, the revenue of the government resulting from this deflection is rapidly de- (Concluded on page 27)




"Payment of estate taxes causes this cash to be withdrawn from its normal use and paid into the government where a large portion of it becomes inoperative."

Your father had instincts. His conduct, thoughts, and abilities were controlled by these mysterious "springs of conduct."

It is very doubtful if you have the instincts that your father had. Your thoughts and daily actions may be very similar to his, but it is not wise to say that those mysterious instincts of his prompt your doings. The daily conduct of your children may lead those who know the family to say, "Just like his grandfather," or "Just like his father." But the children, even when grown, are very likely to be without all instincts!

Is the human race losing its instincts? What has happened to them?

Thereby hangs a tale,one loaded with significance for those who follow the nuances of human thinking.

# How Your Instincts Have Disappeared

## Are Men Like Kites Without Stability?

By DONALD A. LAIRD, Ph D.



IMAGINE a giant kite soaring in the heavens, steady through all the cross currents of the atmosphere: a kite that has been in the skies since the beginning of human life on earth and the beginning of human thoughts.

The kite is stabilized by a flexible tail, the end of which is cracked by the winds like the lash of a whip. A sudden shift in the wind causes the tail to lash severely. One day—eighteen centuries ago—such a wind strained the farthermost end of the tail to such an extent that it was partly severed from the remainder.

The kite represents philosophy. The tail represents the body of human knowledge and information by which the kite is stabilized. But notice: the kite keeps this knowledge up in the air!

About eighteen centuries ago Galen lived—an ancient physician who did much to bring medical knowledge down to earth. His experimentation and actual study of anatomy was a great stimulus to bring basic medical knowledge down to earth—down to actual observable fact and away from the high altitude of speculation.



He was unable to bring it entirely down to earth, however. He represents the cross current in the air which *partly* severed the tail from the kite. Consciously, or unconsciously, he was restrained by the trend of philosophical thought of that time. This is shown in his describing an alleged bone in which the soul was supposed to dwell.

Then came the vitriolic young Frenchman, Vesalius. It is said that one day he threw Galen's text on anatomy at his medical professor and stalked out of the classroom. He thought the tail should be entirely severed. He found many sympathetic ears among the medical students who could understand that anatomy and physiology as written by Galen in 150 A. D. might not be up to date at 1550 A. D. Together they made the most of their opportunities to study *human* anatomy by actual dissection, and rejected the assumption of the study of animals showing how human beings were put together and worked.

So about 1550 there was an unusually vigorous and sudden breeze which completely severed this section of the kite's tail with a zip-p-pp still echoing. Basic medical knowledge came down to earth. The source of authority shifted from the armchair to the laboratory, and the shortened tail unsteadied the kite of philosophy. But it helped medicine and ailing humans!

There is the kite, its tail shortened, carried unsteadily by every slight breeze, dangerously near crashing down to the tree tops, if not down to earth. Darting through the azure with more force and unexpected turns the tail naturally received more lashings.

And soon another section ripped and came wafting down to earth. Alchemy came down to earth, into the laboratory, and became chemistry. Other sections of the tail followed with unexpected suddenness and we find human knowledge expanding by leaps and bounds while *speculative* thinking suffers. But humanity benefits!

Stubbornly one section of the tail clung to the kite. Fifty years ago you could have seen it hanging on tenaciously. This is the knowledge of the human mind—psychology. There were a few broken threads but through thick and thin this fragment of the tail stuck like a brother.

Dr. Wilhelm Wundt left the study of physiology and inaugurated the first psychological laboratory at the University of Leipzig—another thread severed. J. McKeen Cattell started a laboratory for the study of mental problems at the University of Pennsylvania and another thread snapped.

Perhaps fifteen years ago the remaining threads were strained beyond their strength and the knowledge of psychology came down to earth. You may not have heard the shriek of the outraged kite as the science of thought and conduct broke off relations, but if you were to pick up almost any

psychological journal for this month you would find some of the old guard shrieking at the top of their lungs because psychology came down out of the air, put its feet on solid ground, and began to play with the other sciences who had also rudely left the armchair.

Sociology, economics, politics, are still clinging to the kite. There are many severed threads, however, and some day we may see them playing around on the ground with the rest of us. I can assure them that nowhere will they find a better group of playfellows. The thrill of a lifetime awaits upon them when they make their first laboratory discovery.

Your grandfather, you, your children, your business, your country have been vitally influenced by this kite. Especially does this last fragment of the tail to come down to earth influence you. In human significance it ranks next to the grounding of medicine. On a par with these will rank the grounding of politics, and how this is starting I shall point out in a later article.



Your grandfather, we have said, had instincts. Multitudinous ones. So did the lower animals, but grandfather was assumed to have more. We can obtain some insight into how the instincts were supposed to work when grandfather decided to buy a new suit by noting a splendid example of instinctive behavior in an insect.

Along the southern arm of San Francisco Bay are extensive salt marshes. Over these is a dense growth of pickle-weed except for some small splotches of barren sand which are covered with a sun-baked crust of salt, deposited at times of unusually high tide.

If you were at one of these sand areas in September you would see female digger wasps cut a small disc of the salty crust carefully away. Removing this disc unbroken she digs a miniature well with her jaws, being careful to leave a "flange" of soil to retain the crust disc when it is later replaced.

When the well is about three inches deep the crust is replaced temporarily, the particles of sand she has dug are carefully concealed in the dense pickle-weed, and she flies away. Perhaps fifteen minutes later we see her return, flying low because in her jaws she is carrying an inchworm which is limp and paralyzed. The lid is removed, the worm deposited in the pit, the lid replaced, and the wasp flies off again in quest of another victim to paralyze with her sting and deposit in the pit with its unfortunate predecessor.



Six worms are placed in the pit. Then she lingers with them a while and lays her eggs on the body of the last worm, gluing them fast to the worm, which will furnish food for the young when the eggs are hatched. The eggs laid, she replaces the sand which was removed to make the well which she lined with both life and death. Then the top disc of salty crust is replaced, bits of sand placed along the seam the disc makes, and these bits tamped down firmly with her horny head.

What an elaborate undertaking, accomplished so accurately! A female digger wasp shows the foresight of a general in enemy territory in the way she carefully secretes the bits of sand she removed from the pit, in the way she replaces the disc of crust every time she departs for another inchworm, in the way she paralyzes the worms by stinging—she does not kill them, but paralyzes them so that her young will have fresh food when the eggs hatch.

Elaborate, accurate, good generalship—and a female digger wasp does all this without ever having seen another wasp do it! That is instinct in an insect. We could give hundreds of examples of similar instinctive activities.

They are actions of a complicated sort which it is not necessary for one to learn to perform. Sneezing we do not need to learn, but it is not an instinct: too simple, a mere reflex act.

The digger wasp sometimes shows more "instinctive intelligence" than do human babes!

Grandfather, as a grown man, was supposed to have many instincts, too. Remember, though, that when grandfather lived the threads of the kite tail were starting to give way to let psychology come down to earth. When grandfather was in his prime Cattell was just starting the psychological laboratory at the University of Pennsylvania.

Like lower animals, he was supposed to have a hunting instinct. He was also supposed to have a collecting instinct, like the squirrels, thus explaining stamp collections and assortments of locks of hair, sometimes enough of the latter to fill a mattress. Then there was the instinct of migration which prompted going on vacations and some persons becoming tramps. And there were kindliness, teasing, tormenting, love, shame, bullying, adornment, play, and cleanliness. The last in spite of the fact that psychologists in grandfather's day probably had small boys.

Two decades ago it was asserted that 80 per cent of man's behavior could be traced directly to such things as these. That was from the armchair. Eighty per cent of our behavior may be given to teasing, migrating, hunting, and so on, but these are not instinctive. They are acquired, not inborn. They are learned, not inherited. Laboratory studies are demonstrating that *scarcely one-half of one per cent of our alleged instincts are instincts.*

Have you ever noticed a small boy dig frantically in the back yard—or as likely right in the front yard—until he had excavated a fair-sized hole? If it had been your grandfather digging away well-informed observers would have watched him—without interfering?—and said: "His instincts are now in the cave-man period." For instincts were conjectured to unfold in the way in which the race had evolved. A little earlier they might have observed grandfather building a playhouse in the crotch of a tree when they would have said: "His instincts are now in the simian period." Then when they noticed him swaying back and forth in front of the fireplace or were bothered by his squirming in bed they remarked: "There! He is now going through the fish stage in his instincts."



I know these sound ridiculous to you, but pick up any text in psychology which is a decade old and you will probably find the same illustrations used seriously. They are used seriously here, too, for they show the general method by which the entire instinct-logic operated.

Pick up the principal textbooks of psychology originating in England today, and you will find instinctive behavior of man greatly emphasized. Pick up a book by McDougall, of Harvard, and you will find the

(*Concluded on page 18*)

# When Is a Bet Not a Bet?

By HARRY PENCE




IN localities where betting in any form is prevalent the remark is often heard, "It is easier to convict a man of murder than of gambling." And the truth of the observation is seldom if ever disputed.

There seems always to be a way to get around the brute fact that wagers are made and money changes hands for other considerations than value received. The genius devoted to the invention of devices and subterfuges designed to cloak purely gambling transactions with a semblance of legitimacy and legality would, if altruistically directed, devise equally clever and efficient means for the alleviation of many human ills.

Gambling on the results of horse races is a felony in the State of Ohio. The law is clear, and so, it would seem, are the facts. Upon half a dozen race tracks thousands of men and hundreds of women walk up to the windows where mutual tickets are sold, put down their money and take their tickets. They then witness the running of the race and when the odds are computed the holders of winning tickets line up at another row of windows and receive in actual money the amount for which their tickets call.

There is no concealment. It is all done in the open for the world to witness. Brown says to Jones, "I bet on So-and-So." Brown and Jones regard the transaction as a bet. It looks like a bet. It has all the aspect of a bet. A cash stake is put up, a hazard is taken and the stake won or lost as it would be were it a bet.

But is it a bet, or a wager? Is it gambling within the meaning of the law?

The promoters of the game say that it is not. In proof they ask the public to read and note the backs of their tickets. On the reverse of all mutual tickets is printed,

> "This acknowledges the receipt of the sum of____Dollars voluntarily contributed by the holder hereof as a part of the purse, prize or premium to be awarded to the owner of the horse winning first, second or third place (as the case may be) in the race designated by this ticket."

Now it is perfectly legitimate for race tracks to operate and to offer first, second, third or any number of prizes to the owners of the horses.

If it can be construed that by buying a ticket on a horse the purchaser thereby becomes a part owner or even a participator in the purse or premium—if the mutual pool can also constructively be regarded as a part of the purse, et cetera, et cetera—there is a presumption that might appeal to a highly trained legal mind.

Puzzling over it a bit one begins to doubt.

At any rate at least two new racing plants were constructed last year on the possibility that the courts might legalize this fiction. The matter is in the hands of the court. The cases are pending and while the deliberate process of justice proceeds the tracks are operating on the presumption that the contention of their promoters is valid.

Verily it is easier to convict a man of murder than of gambling even when the law and the facts are clear and easier, much easier, when the issue is confused if even by so transparent a bit of verbal bunk.

Every reader's heart will warm to the fine spirit of such typical articles as these—

**"The Seven Poor Travellers"**
*By Charles Dickens*

**"Christmas on the Farm"**
*By Homer Croy*

in our Christmas issue, next week.

Special articles illustrated in gay holiday colors.

## How Scotland Nearly Lost Burns

ONCE the poet Burns was on the point of being lost to Scotland, and it was a dog that was the cause of it. This is how it happened:

One day, Burns, then about twenty-six years of age, went to see the races at Mauchline in the county of Ayr with his dog at his heels. The family had recently moved from the town of Ayr, where the poet was born, to the farm of Mossgiel. At the close of the races a dance was given and Burns' dog, still following at his heels, tracked him through the dance, to the great amusement of the lads and lasses present.

This caused the young plowman poet to remark in the same jocular vein: "I wish I could get one of the lasses to like me as well as my dog does." The challenge was accepted.

Some time afterward Burns was in Mauchline again, his dog following him. In passing the house of Jean Armour, the comely daughter of a master mason, the dog ran into the yard where Jean was spreading out clothes on the bleaching green. The dog, as dogs will do, ran over the white linen before it could be stopped by its master, and Jean asked the young man to call him off, at the same time half in jest, and perchance wholly in earnest, asking whether "he had yet got any of the lasses to like him as well as his dog did."

This was the beginning of a long and ardent attachment between the poet and the mason's daughter. In its earlier stages the love-making developed into Burns being forbidden the house and threatened with a lawsuit. The minions of the law got on his track and Burns in a sense became a fugitive. Here is what he wrote to a friend of his early manhood:

> My hour is now come—you and I will never meet in Britain more. I have orders, within three weeks at farthest, to repair aboard the Nancy, Captain Smith, from Clyde to Jamaica, and to call at Antigua.

But it was not to be. The friends of the poet, moved by his misfortune, put their heads together and determined to subscribe for the publication of a volume of his poems. Up to this time, Burns, in his spare moments, had written much, but had not had the opportunity or the means of publishing anything. The result was the famous Kilmarnock edition, under the modest title of *Poems, Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*, by Robert Burns.

The edition was one of six hundred copies, and it netted the author about a hundred dollars. A small sum truly, but sufficient to make Burns famous. Copies of the Kilmarnock edition now sell for more than five thousand dollars.

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

SHALL we divide wealth and so have less, or create wealth and so have more? Wealth, of course, being the things that men use, the commodities of life. This definition has to be made because the world still stupidly believes that money is wealth. And then it complains of the money power! The only power which the money-brokers wield is that given them by the people's belief that money is wealth. If money is wealth, why do we bother with bakeries and textile mills and farms and machine shops?

In the belief that wealth is money, and that there is just so much of it to go round, the ignorant of the world conceive a plan to seize the money and divide it. On several occasions they have succeeded, but somehow the money never was divided and the real wealth—food, shelter, clothing, security, convenience, all commodities of life—ceased to exist. As often as that ignorant method is tried, that same result will follow.

Insofar as this is a protest against money and in favor of true wealth, it is intelligible; but it needs instruction. The wealth-creators of the world are the only potent enemies of the money-brokers and money-kings. Neither money nor its broker-owners can create wealth; but when a real wealth-creator appears, he makes money and its brokers a secondary matter. The fight then begins to get control of him; as long as he continues to create wealth, he is safe; when he begins merely to "make money," he is gone, the money-brokers become his masters.

The greatest blows dealt to the anti-social forces of money and oppression are dealt by the producers of wealth. When the producers of wealth are induced, as they were in Russia, to cease that production and enter a mad scramble for the money, they simply deliver themselves into the hands of the money-brokers again, and in deeper bondage than before. In this sense, revolutions are always favorable to the money-brokers.

This is the simple principle, whose clear perception will do what all the idealists, reformers and honest revolutionaries are seeking: that equality is in possession and not deprival, and that possession is always possible through creation.

That is, if the world wants what its social spokesman says it wants, let it create it. Everything it wants is accessible. More accessible than ever before. Productive work, even fifty years ago, was much more difficult. But now more methods are known, natural resources are more abundant, ways and means have multiplied. The earth—which is the source of all our wealth—is an open door, compared with what it was to our fathers. All the wealth, all the raw material of wealth, all supply of physical needs, all future services, all inventions, all the means of development are here; they await the creative activity of man. Dividing what we have is nothing; creating more is our job.

*MOST radical social reform schemes assume that division instead of creation will solve the problem of the distribution of wealth. Division is decrease; creation is increase. Wealth (which is not money) cannot help flowing when enough is created. In Russia they "divided" the houses instead of building them; result, a worse condition than before. In America we do not "divide," we increase houses, and are in consequence the best housed nation in the world. "Division" means that there is nothing more to be had, that natural resources and human ingenuity are exhausted. This is false. Any man can get what any man has got by making it. Resources abound.*

Does anyone suppose that dividing the money is going to have any effect on this? It will have none at all.

In Russia they divided up the houses. In America we do not divide up the houses. Why? Because in America we say, "Any man can get a house without taking one away from his neighbor. Let him go get a house where his neighbor got one." How did his neighbor get one? He created it by his labor. When society begins to seize houses for general division, it is acting as if there were no more wood, or stones, or clay out of which to make bricks; no more labor, no more knowledge of how to construct houses, no more market for houses, nor more people to be housed.

That precisely is the belief of those who are always talking about dividing up; they assume that there is no more to be had. This is the basic fallacy. There is more wealth waiting to be owned and used than is now or ever has been known. There can be no owner or user of wealth except the man who creates it. Sources of natural wealth are not exhausted. The only thing that seems to be exhausted is the ingenuity and energy of those who want what others have, instead of wanting what is their own.

In the last analysis, no one can have anything that others have; one can only have one's own; and one's own is the product of one's ingenuity and energy combined. The more he makes for himself the more, inevitably, he makes for others. The less he makes for himself, the less there is for anyone, and then comes the diseased state of mind which suggests that dividing the other man's product equalizes the wealth of the world. It never has; it dissipates the wealth of the world.

"Ford Ideals," 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.

# EDITORIALS

## *Should the Poor Have Children?*

THE very interesting president of the University of Michigan is reported in the press to favor, among other things, the decrease of children in the families of the poor. He says that in other families the deliberate limitation of offspring is already practiced. It is not a new proposal, but somehow it fails to lose, even with excessive repetition, its power to nauseate the reason. It is always the poor! Yet nobody defines the poor. The poor are those who live in the back street. But the boys of the back street usually become the bosses of the boys raised in the front street, fifteen years hence, and the girls are likely to be the wives and mothers of a race virile enough to save the country from the shrinkage in morals and energy that will come upon it through "limited families." For selfishness is the great immorality.

Where are the poor? And what have the other classes, who can give their children "all the advantages," to promise for tomorrow? The poor of yesterday are in the seats of power today, and the families of yesterday that "had all the advantages" are going to seed. It may be something in a boy's favor that he has to go to work at fifteen (if the Constitution of the United States continues to permit him that much liberty) and thus escape the University, which more than any industrial system molds men down to robots. Forbidden all the "advantages" he may have a chance to make his way in life.

It may be possible one day to compel the poor to cease having children, but it is greatly to be hoped that no law will be proposed to compel the other classes to make up the deficiency. For the impression one gains from all this talk about limitation is that those who deliberately effect it are thereby conferring great benefit on the country. Those who can be brought into that camp do well by society in leaving no descendants. Meantime the "school of hard knocks" will continue to have the most distinguished sons and daughters.

## *Consistency*

IT BEING the New York fashion to spurn the northern white race and all that it stands for, it is not surprising that so facile a voice as that of S. Parkes Cadman, D.D., head of so facile a committee as the Federated Council of Churches, should join in the deprecatory chorus. There is something truly wonderful in a Nordic joining in the alien claque of aspersion upon his people. Of course, it is not unintelligible: the northern white race has a unique power of self-criticism which sometimes operates without proper consideration and leads it to join in other races' attacks upon it.

However, the distinguished clergyman slipped a cog in the Brooklyn address wherein his remarks are found: when it came to advising his audience of young men how to shape their characters, how to build their minds, how to equip their powers, he was Nordic to the core. He sent them to Shakespeare, Milton, Bunyan, even our American Lowell, the English Bible, all of them preëminently influential, unapproachable in excellence—and Nordic.

Not that one approves the term "Nordic" nor all for which it is made to stand, but there is danger of its enemies making it a great name. "The disciples were called Christians first in Antioch."

## *The Child Poet*

THERE is some discussion about the ability of a Brooklyn child to write the poems which now fill two volumes and are ascribed to her genius. The maturely intellectual give divergent answers, and all in all there is a murky atmosphere thrown around some of the most delightful lines that have appeared in this country for a long time. Edwin Markham, himself a poet of world distinction, has his doubts about it. Others, equally thoughtful, say, Why not? In a world where so much deception is being practiced the mere hint of it is sufficient to arouse a hue and cry.

Meantime, there is the poetry, and there is childhood, and there are Wordsworth's lines about the proximity of heaven to our infancy, and there are the prodigies of history. Poetry is essentially childlike. It is the straight, clear vision of childhood, unwarped by the pressure of hard experience, that makes poetry possible at all.

The disputants, however, seem to have overlooked one test. They have been busy asking, "Could a child do this?" There is another question which should be asked, "Could an adult do this?" We should like to see such an adult. Some have for a moment approximated it—with a fairy-like return to the mind of their childhood—but who has sus-

tained it? We should like to see the adult who would enter the lists with the child.

This twelve-year-old girl who can say, "I know all about the stars," and who can write the story of a seed carried between a camel's toes to an oasis in the desert, and who can give us lines like—

"A flower flamed, a parrot screamed, night spread her peacock tail"

—well, what is one to say of her? That her mother writes the poems? Very well, hurrah for the mother! But the mother says she doesn't write them, that little Nathalia writes them, and it seems pretty clear that if the mother were the writer of the Nathalia poems, the very spirit which would enable her to write such lines would constitute her greatest inability to misrepresent them.

The difficulty with grown-up critics is that the world is far more wonderful than they ever imagined, and when a little of the wonder breaks through and becomes articulate, they learnedly doubt it. However, there are the poems, and that is the main thing.

## *Where Is He?*

WHERE is the gentleman who used to give the neighbors the horrors by figuring out how soon the raw material of the world would be exhausted? The last time we heard of him, the timber of the world was almost gone! Coal was very soon to follow it in disappearance. Oil was to vanish. Fishing was to cease because the fishes were few. Humanity had used up everything, and universal deprivation, need and suffering were swiftly to ensue.

The gentleman of the grim prognostications did well to vanish, for all his prophecies have failed, even before the set time. The coal of the world is a drug on the market and is becoming less necessary than ever before; it is actually being set aside by water and oil. The oil of the world is just being tapped, and the promise is that it too may give way in time to agriculturally produced engine fuel. Fishing has been practically recreated by the newer methods. As to lumber, it is being subordinated to substitutes on every hand, metal, cement, composition. The only thing left for the prophets of gloom to work on is the cooling of the sun (a former famous honor) which is now becoming less and less even as a speculation.

Wealth unbounded awaited mankind's awakening to realization of its work on earth, and material for more wealth than ever nature stored awaits his patient manipulation of the elements out of which the raw material is made. There is no poverty except in man himself, and that is almost instantly curable by the enlistment of his intelligence in coöperation with nature.

## *Good Signs*

ONE of the most hopeful signs for the new time in Europe is the number of young men of all nations who are coming to America, with their sleeves up, to learn. They have a clear view of three things:

That industry must get clear of finance—such as finance is in Europe;

That industrial leaders must get away from the "office attitude" and even the corporation attitude and start their works from the ground up, no one being permitted to exceed the head of the business himself in the knowledge of every mechanical detail;

That there must be an economic union of Europe, for the abolition of customs frontiers, and any two nations making the start would become leaders of the New Europe.

Such is the rebound of the American industrial idea in Europe. True, there are still multitudes of European industrialists who cannot see these principles. Nothing is commoner than to hear the older men saying, "Oh, but you couldn't do that in Germany!" Yet, there are younger men who say, "But that is what we must do in Germany"—or elsewhere—"if we are to get ahead." The name Germany is used here because perhaps more of the "can't do it" is heard from that than from any other country.

The caste system of England, Germany and other countries has been appallingly strong. India had nothing "on" Germany and England for caste. That is being broken down, as it should be in any nation which is a racial unity. Nothing is more reprehensible anywhere than the oppression of one's own race, one's own kin, one's own countrymen.

## *Two Men Who Cannot Help*

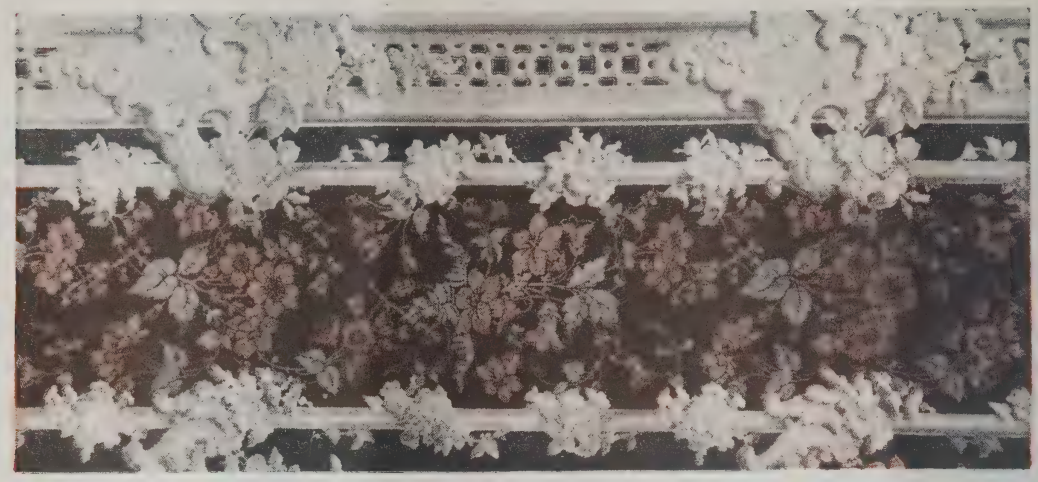
MR. WIGGAM says that in the present world crisis there are two types of men who cannot help very much.

One is the Optimist who believes that you can take a Sow's ear and make it into a silk purse by deep breathing.

The other type is the Pessimist, who, confronted with a choice of two evils, takes them both.

Of the two, however, the Pessimist is not without advantage. He walks cautiously at least, and with his eyes open. He at least asks questions. He may be a Pessimist but he is an inquiring Pessimist. An inquiring mind is a safer mind to follow than a mind that accepts everything, with a gulp and a smile.

The surprises and disappointments in store for the Optimist are usually very sad. But the surprises and disappointments of the Pessimist are always good and glad.



# Colorful Wall Papers of Olden Days

By MARY HARROD NORTHEND

HOW suggestive of the period when the Colonial dames trod the stately minuet or pirouetted through the Roger de Coverly are the scenic wall papers of yesterday. In imagination one listens for the rustle of the brocaded gowns and views the powdered hair and patches, as the fair dame courtesies to her partner in the spacious drawing room of the late seventeenth or early eighteenth century homes.

There is no phase of interior decorating that appeals more vividly or romantically than do these quaint relics of the past. Unfortunately they are fast fading away through deterioration, but many retain their pristine beauty. Perchance the consistent setting of the charming old-fashioned room may enhance their artistic value; the white wainscot, such an effective background for the choice mahogany furniture, stiff-backed to be sure, but in perfect sympathy with the surroundings.

Fashions pass, the pendulum swings backward carrying us away from plain panelled walls into the world of wall paper, causing the pictorial designs that were in evidence in great-grandmother's Colonial living room to reappear in the decorating of today. While many of these are genuine, others are but reproductions of the old-time art, the former far exceeding the reproductions in color value, as many of the latter are totally unlike the original, both in tone and character.

In 1765 Benjamin Franklin wrote to his wife in regard to a room he had just papered, "that the paper of the room had lost much of its bloom by being pasted up." We are sure that he was color-blind, for on her return she found he had used "several divers papers on the same wall."

There are, however, charming examples that have been copied from old-time blocks that are almost, if not quite, equal to the originals. The best examples now in existence date back to quarter of a century before the Revolution and cover a period of about seventy-five years.

These include pastoral representations where are painted high holiday tones of vivid green, long lengths of sunshine, falling athwart beds of flowers; there are graceful maidens coyly flashing ardent glances that pierce the lover's heart, artificial lakes where islands clothed in misty green disport themselves. Tall oaks and lofty elms unmatched in height, while white moons float in an azure sky. These are but a few of the many that have been indelibly stamped on my mind and which loom up at me so vividly from the past.

In imagination I am seated in a high-back chair which had been brought over by my emigrant ancestor. It was placed by the side of the fireplace with its McIntyre mantel. A cherry wood fire burned on the hearth in great-grandmother's parlor and I sit dreamingly watching the dancing flame while I listen to the story oft-repeated, concerning the pictorial paper that is hung upon the wall. It was brought home about 1800 by great-grandfather who was a merchant prince in my native town, to hang on the drawing room of the large square house to which he was





Left—Wall paper at Mount Vernon, home of President Washington.

Right—Modern Chinese treatment.

to bring his bride. Great care has been taken of this paper and its color scheme is as bright as when it was placed there more than a hundred years ago. It was a Venetian scene with a gray background, the figures in black and the water a soft shade of blue.

These old pictorial papers are now being eagerly sought after, for there are only a few that have never been used. The late war has seriously crippled the output of reproductions. To be sure the Paul Revere, done in soft grays, is still to be purchased, but the many-colored pictorial ones are rarely found in the market. Occasionally we come cross one which often brings as high as fifteen hundred dollars. The blocks for their making are still in existence, sometimes two thousand being necessary to complete a single pattern, but the workmen are not to be had who are capable of finishing them.

Eighteenth-century designs were drawn by famous artists and it is these that embody the choicest traditions of their period. It is really lamentable when you realize that both the art collector and the historian have not preserved more than a few of the specimens.

So costly are they that in many instances they are mounted on cloth and stretched over wooden frames rather than being pasted on the wall; this insures their being rolled up and carried away should the house pass out of the family. The cost of papering a room with them can be estimated when one finds in an advertisement, "Twenty-four sheets of China paper with figure and gilt ornaments, at twenty-four livres a sheet." In American money this is equivalent to $4.80. Today they are much higher than this.

The origin of the first wall paper is not known but we are sure that when Columbus discovered America the walls of many Spanish houses were covered with squares of stamped and painted leather. Other European countries copied this fashion, but in England it is claimed that it has never been popular.

The first wall decoration that was used in England was tanned skins of animals; later experienced artists worked designs upon tapestry. They were made in comparatively narrow strips and worked like a curtain, up and down upon rollers. Their use was to shut out drafts and hide the unsightly ugly walls. At the present time "tapestry paper" means an attempt to reproduce the effect of cross-stitch done in silk or worsted upon appropriate material.





Above—Chinese wall paper. Larz Anderson's house at Brookline, Massachusetts. Left—The Hunt.

Painted canvas was used as a cheaper substitute for tapestry, as was dyed cloth. From the records of the past it is doubtful if paper hanging came into use in England before the sixteenth century, coming to them from Spain, Holland and the Far East. They were used sparsely, for the people are a conservative nation and do not take readily to new fashions.

The coverings were made in blocks instead of, as today, in long rolls, and the shading was done by hand requiring the utmost care. Charming tones of red, blue, and brown, produced quiet color effects, needing from fifteen to twenty sets of blocks for this purpose.

Holland was the first to establish wall paper factories and was followed by France and England. The designs were copied from Chinese tapestries or Indian cotton. Flock papers, imitating the old Florentine and Genoese cut velvets, were also made. This gave to the surface of the paper a velvety appearance, produced by first printing the design with a gummy substance, sprinkling it afterward with fine particles sheared from woolen clothes and dyed in various colors.

The middle of the eighteenth century saw noted artists interested in producing new and original ideas, their inspiration being taken from nature, literature, or mythology. By this means panoramic landscapes were wrought so large that some of them covered a whole room without a repeat. It required an enormous number of blocks for this purpose. Take, as an instance, the Cupid and Psyche paper composed of twelve separate panels.



# The Ideal Christmas Gift

THE measure of your gift is not its cost in dollars. It is the spirit of true friendship and the sentiment it conveys to the recipient that count.

That's why THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT makes an ideal Christmas Gift. At small cost it enables you to express your friendship not merely at Christmas, but fifty-two times throughout the coming year.

For the folks back home, for brother, sister, or your dearest friends, THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT will prove an acceptable token of your esteem.

An attractive gift card is mailed with each subscription.

*Christmas Gift subscriptions may be left with any authorized Ford dealer, or, if preferred, mailed direct to*
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
*Dearborn, Michigan.*

This required no less than fifteen hundred blocks in its making.

One of the most popular subjects is Fenelon's version of the story of Telemachus which is shown in the old Knapp house at Newburyport. In color scheme it shows a background of clear peacock blue, scarlet and soft tones of green combined with black and white.

***Some Historic Scenes and Monuments***

We find this same paper on the Lindens, General Gage's headquarters at Danvers, Massachusetts. Though probably Directoire in type, it was not hung until some time in the sixties. There is an interesting story concerning this paper, for when the house was owned by Mr. Peabody, one of Salem's merchant princes, he came upon a wall paper factory in Europe where there was a complete sample set. Then he remembered in the old Forrester house, now used by the Salem Club, that during the time of his grandfather's régime, there was a similar one on the wall. For sentimental reasons he purchased and had sent home this paper which today is found in the upper hall of the mansion.

In the J. P. Lyman house at Ashby, Massachusetts, we find a most unusual paper. This is the "Paris Monument." It was imported in sections, each one of which was about eighteen inches wide, and thirty strips were required to cover the entire room. It is as fresh in coloring as when first placed on the wall early in the nineteenth century. There is no repeat in the subject which commences in front of the Invalid Hospital, a view being shown of the Bourbon Palace. We pass on beyond the Tuileries and the Triumphal Arch until we come upon Saint Stephen.

The historic "Pilgrimage to the Mosque of Omar" on the Bosporus, is the story of the wall paper in Lieutenant Parker Kemble's house in Marblehead. The house was built about 1743 and was lived in by Colonel William Raymond Lee, of Revolutionary fame.

Many of the reproductions of today are Chinese Chippendale in design, depicting groups of Oriental figures walking in a garden. They are delicately framed by fantastic trellises, from which are suspended urns filled with flowers and foliage. The colors are red, green, and brown upon black.

In direct contrast to the gorgeous Chinese Chippendale is a very interesting scenic paper that is shown in the Colonel Livingston mansion at Irvington-on-the-Hudson. It portrays Mary and her little lamb strolling through charming pathways where doves are hovering over them. Garlands of roses and branches of superb foliage together with exquisite scrolls and festoons inclose the scene, which is either gray upon a white background or old pastoral colors upon gray.

Hunting scenes imported from Antwerp were very popular. One of the best examples is in the Safford house at Salem, Massachusetts. Commencing with the huntsmen leaving the castle gate it follows the story of the chase until the capture of the brush. Scenes from Paris were much in vogue during Washington's administration as well as that of John Adams, for France was in high favor during that period.

Rarely is an American subject shown and yet at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, there is one of unusual interest, which was designed for a home in New Orleans. It was made in Paris in the early nineteenth century. All around the room there are shown in topographical sequence the Mississippi River, New Orleans, the National Arch in Virginia, Niagara Falls, and West Point. There are steamers plying up and down the river unloading their cargo at the pier, while groups of American Indians execute a war dance on a nearby bank. Over the fireplace we behold Niagara Falls, and dusky groups of African origin are scattered around the room.

A house built about the year 1820 by a sea captain has a very interesting paper, it having been brought home by the captain from one of his long voyages. It is printed from wooden blocks on rice paper in shades of gray and finished by hand. Although time has changed the color to a soft, yellow-brown of an old engraving, the designs are evidently the work of a European artist, but the rice paper and hand finishing stamp it as being a Chinese production.

Those who could not afford to import wall papers painted their walls in one color or they stenciled a simple pattern in imitation of French paper. Each one of these panels contained a picture, the chimney breast receiving special attention.

***Craftsmanship Was Perfect in Those Days***

In the old-time wall papers there was real meaning. They expressed distinct ideas, a single theme being often elaborated so as to decorate a whole room. This is particularly true of the Don Quixote which is shown in a Salem house, having been stored away in an attic for forty years before it was hung. This is one of the three choicest wall papers to be had in the country and the coloring is in tones of brown upon a creamy background.

In studying these relics of the past we are impressed by the fact that we have been unable even with the advance of science to improve or equal the tones. The methods were devised and perfected by craftsmen hundreds of years ago. Each color was printed separately and allowed to dry before proceeding with the next. This process gave it full depth and purity of tone.

It is the linking of the old scenic wall paper with that of the twentieth century that gives it intense interest and there is no more fascinating theme than to study the designs and compare them with the old-time tapestry and the reproductions of the present day.

# Did Shakespeare Mention a Contemporary?



Shakespeare before Lucy. (From an old etching.)

(*Concluded from page 2*)

MARY ARDEN'S SON

There are who claim that Mary Arden's son
Did not write Shakespeare's plays;
Too lowly bred.
Too grossly bred. Environed like a hind,
And fostered 'neath no academic shades.
So the wiseacres jabber, wag their beards,
And flout derisive his preposterous claim.
O solemn Dogberries! Colleges and courts
Are immemorial. Millions have they bred
In elegance and learning. Yet, august,
In solitary grandeur Avon stands
An inaccessible sublimity.
There is no peer to Mary Arden's son.
Oxford her gowns may teach to read and write,
But not to think—while the unlettered smock
Behind his plow, may muse like Socrates,
As in the earth the precious ore lies hid,
That pick and spade discover to the mint,
So in the infant mind the treasure lay,
Hutched in that beauteous brow by the same hand
That in the acorn stores the spreading oak;
And in the egg the blackbird's mellow flute;
And in the sun his inexhaustible beams.
When the predestined lad—a schoolboy's task—
The written word had mastered, his the crow
To pry his native treasury, his the spade
To dig the endowment of posterity,
The precious heritage of all mankind,
That affluent as Pactolus' yellow sands
Makes kings like beggars, beggars seem like kings,
Shakespeare gave forth what God in him had stored.

This pleased me so much that I wrote the following:

Ludlow, I thank thee for thy vivid lines,
That voice so well the Master's majesty,
Thy keen appreciation of the art,
That lifted him so far above his kind
That mortal never yet has followed him.
Thrice have I made respectful pilgrimage
To Shakespeare's Stratford, there to feast mine eyes
On sights and scenes familiar to his ken,
In buoyant youth and sober later years,
Here in the room where I indite these lines.
Above my head hangs Shakespeare's epitaph.
Rubbed from the stone that guarantees his rest,
While from a portrait opposite look out
The deep, impressive eyes of Edwin Booth,
Unequalled Hamlet of our modern day.
The actor vitalized the poet's lines,
But Shakespeare made great acting possible,
As oft he has before, as oft he shall.

I thank thee for thy tribute to his art,
The fruit alike of intellect and heart.

I sent these lines to John Ludlow, care of the New York *World*. In a few days I received an answer, but from another John Ludlow, who said that my letter had been forwarded to him, but that he was not the author of the poem and had never before heard of his namesake. If he ever should meet him he would tell him of my letter. And from that day to this I have never been able to reach my John Ludlow. I wish I could, for I consider his verse a gem and an example of true poetry.

Another item I learned in the Shakespeare house was that toward the end of his life he gave eight hundred pounds to a hospital and for that was entitled to sign himself William Shakespeare, gentleman.

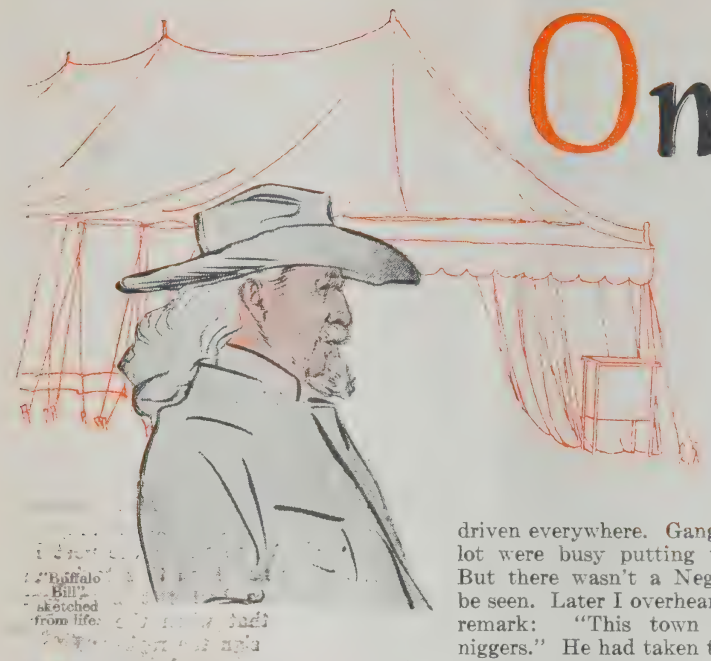
When last I was in Stratford I saved till late in the afternoon my visit to the church in which the poet lies. As the day had been threatening and showery there had not been many visitors, so that when the attendant asked me to sign the register I found but two pages covered. Thinking that perhaps some Americans might be in town I looked over the names to see if there was anyone I knew. What was my surprise to find my own surname there in the signatures of Constance, Blanche and Maud Kilby of Leicester, England. I would have given much if I could have met them and talked genealogy.

I called the attendant's attention to the coincidence and he remarked that there were no Kilbys in Stratford, but there was a family by that name only seven miles away. And then I found that Shakespeare's daughter married a man named Quincy, for her second husband, which encourages me to claim that the bard and I belong to the same lodge.

# A Curious Literary Parallel

IN *Pygmalion*, Shaw has his character Higgins meet a flower girl in the streets. By a freak of fancy he decides to train the "guttersnipe" who has a "good ear and a quick tongue," and turn her into a society lady. After teaching her to enunciate, to walk in and out of a room gracefully, to play certain society games, to use certain phrases, and to speak with pedantic correctness of pronunciation and beauty of tone, Higgins introduces her into polite society. All goes well for a time, but the crash comes when the flower girl, at a crisis, relapses into the guttersnipe and drops into a specialized jargon which shocks her hearers.

In the eighty-seventh chapter of *Peregrine Pickle* Smollett has his hero meet a "foul-mouthed beggar girl." Like Shaw's Higgins, Peregrine Pickle holds that the conversation of polite society is neither more edifying nor entertaining than "that which is met with among the lower classes . . . that the only difference, in point of demeanor, is the form of an education, which the meanest capacity can acquire." Just as Shaw's Higgins takes Eliza to classical concerts, to lectures, to plays where she acquires all sorts of things, so Smollett's hero culls choice sentences from Shakespeare, Otway and Pope, and teaches his pupil "to repeat them with an emphasis and theatrical cadence." At last there is a society function and all goes very well until at a chance remark the veneer is cracked, when all the maxims of caution are flung aside and the girl opens "the floodgates of her own natural repartee." In both cases the transformed woman marries a subordinate character, and in both cases there is a kind of hidden moral to the effect, as Higgins puts it, that "the secret is not having good manners or bad manners, or any other particular sort of manners, but having the same manner for all human souls; in short behaving as if you were in Heaven, where . . . one soul is as good as another."



"Buffalo Bill", sketched from life.

# On the Road

## Colorful Pictures of Colonel Cody

By IRVING R. BACON—

IT WAS back in 1901 that I first met Colonel Cody. In 1905 I journeyed with him from Chicago to his home in the Big Horn Basin where they called him plain "Bill"; stopped at his splendid hotel Irma at Cody, Wyoming, and at his ranches, including "T. E." his favorite. We hunted and prospected together, taking pack trains and staying for days in the snowy mountains, whole counties away from railroads. Then again I was with him for weeks in New York City; but an experience that stands out as most interesting is a two weeks' trip with the Buffalo Bill's Wild West and Pawnee Bill's Far East show, through Illinois and Iowa.

For years I had longed to accompany Colonel Cody on the road with his tent show, and to experience circus life in all of its peculiar phases. The fascination of a life of wandering with a portable city, which the show really was, with its eight hundred persons, six hundred horses and other animals, its vehicles, engines and all the paraphernalia included in the peripatetic make-up of the aggregation, so played on my imagination that I wrote Colonel Cody for permission to join him. Very shortly came a telegram: "Come on at once. Major Lillie is away and you can have his stateroom."

I joined the show at Springfield, Illinois, early one morning. All was activity and noise. Stakes were being driven everywhere. Gangs all over the lot were busy putting up the tents. But there wasn't a Negro laborer to be seen. Later I overheard the Colonel remark: "This town is death on niggers." He had taken the precaution to seclude his colored help—an example of the foresight he constantly employed.

Grazing in the arena was the herd of bison, guarded by cowboys who would lasso a buffalo that wandered too far. Great wagons kept arriving; grooms were feeding and cleaning the animals; a few pet colts wandered around at will, snooping into everything, principally the oats; and the big string of burros tied around a wagon drowned out the noises of the camp with their braying. The roar of camels and the shrill trumpetings of elephants joined in the chorus of pandemonium.

The Indians began to arrive. Some carried suit cases. Somehow suit cases in the hands of blanketed, painted Indians hardly harmonized with one's previous notions of the noble red man, but there was some consolation in the fact that most of the receptacles were dilapidated and had sprung out of shape by excessive packing. The Indians were perfectly independent of the others; as soon as they selected a camp site they began to open their bundles; tepee poles were collected and soon an old-fashioned Sioux village arose on the scene. The labor of putting up the tepees, of course, fell upon the squaws. They went at the work with vigor and good-nature; they can put up tepees faster than we can tents.

The quarters of Colonel Cody were modest and yet afforded him as much comfort as is possible in roving camp life. The horse-broke man may imagine it a hard life, but the initiated will laugh at the idea. "Why," exclaimed Johnny Baker, "I'm old enough to be the father of most of these men around here. I've followed this life for thirty years; and to look at me you wouldn't think I have had hard life, would you now?"

Colonel Cody's tent was about fifteen by twenty feet and covered by an extra fly which doubly protected him from storms and the hot sun. The heavy board floor was laid in sections and covered by a rug. A guard rope around the tent insured privacy, for if ever a man was pestered by inquisitive and officious individuals, he certainly was. The interior of the tent was arranged so that the front section served as an office and the rear as a dressing room. The Colonel's writing



"The big string of burrows tied around a wagon drowned out the noise of everything at times with their awful braying."

# with "Buffalo Bill"

## and His Wild West Show of Twenty Years Ago

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

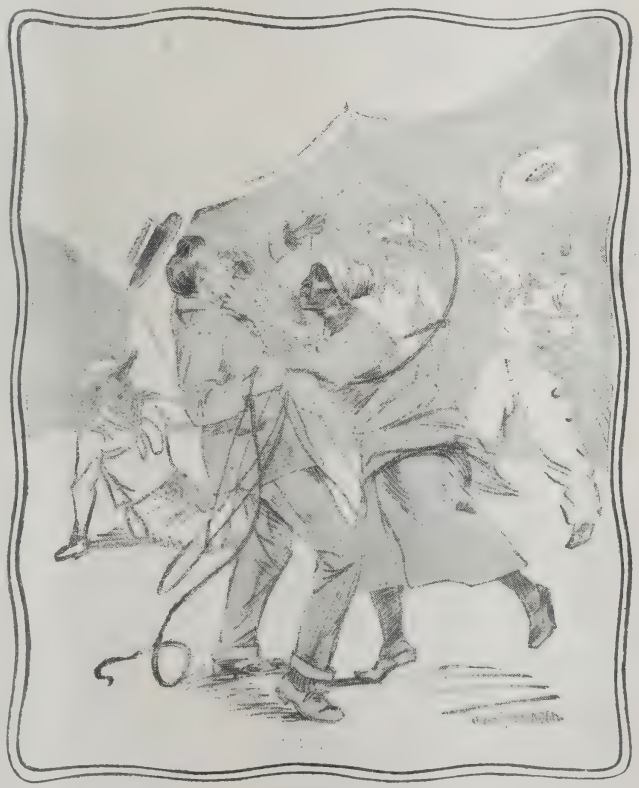


"Suit cases in the hands of blanketed, painted Indians, hardly met the approval of one's esthetic notion."

desk was a purely utilitarian piece of furniture—a take-down affair—with four legs of gas pipe, a board and a box. Inside the box were pigeonholes and shelves. A swivel office chair, a few easy chairs and a sanitary couch completed the office furniture. The dressing room contained a commode and washstand, the Colonel's wardrobe trunks and another sanitary couch. On this the Colonel, when tired and opportunity permitted, reposed, covering himself with mosquito netting. Woe betide the person who disturbed him then; if an employe, he was liable to discharge; and if an outsider, he probably got a very unpleasant reception. The Colonel's tent was the last to be taken down at night and with its contents it completely filled the prairie schooner that carried it.

In one large tent were kept the splendid big draft horses; in the other, the riding stock. It was easy to recognize the different groups, such as the Indian ponies, bronchos, cavalry, artillery and high school horses. There were Shetland ponies, too, and at one end the camels and elephants. It was a wonderful sight to see those great creatures cleaned. They would lie down and roll over from side to side as directed, while the grooms clambered all over them—scrubbing them vigorously meanwhile with steel brushes.

The interior of the men's dressing tent presented the most animated scene of all. Here, barricaded off by their trunks, were sheltered the different types represented in the show. Near the entrance was a group of Japanese. They were dapper little fellows, and busy at writing, mending or embroidering. Nearby were the dark-skinned Mexicans. "Mexican Joe" was cleaning a Panama hat for someone, another was busy blacking shoes and Carlo was braiding a lariat. Adjoining them were the Singalese. They were all men, despite their skirts, their soulful dark eyes and hair done up in knots—woman fashion. Many of them had long silky mustaches. They were busy washing for the others; and kept to themselves, never mixing in the rough play sometimes going on. Not so



"She gouged into his neck and face with her long finger nails, yelling in the meantime, 'Me no lasso.'"

were the Russians. They went around attired in Cossack costumes, rough and uncouth in manner, and were regarded as below the social level of the other members of the tent. Next to them were the Armenian acrobats, all well dressed in civilian clothes. They were busy practicing tumbling feats—all powerfully built and conscious of their strength. Some were regular bullies and made themselves a nuisance with their loud, rough talk and conceited manners. Alongside them were quartered a large group of American young men, who performed the Zouave drills. It was made up principally of college boys or the like, taking in show-life for the novelty and experience.

Perhaps the most picturesque group was that of the American cowboys. As a whole, they were "broke," despite the fact that they drew big pay.

Many women were in the troupe; and with the exception of Lula Parr, the Champion Woman Broncho Buster, all of them were married, and most of them were accompanied by their husbands, who took active part in the show.

The Dahoman people lived apart in typical Arab tents. Like many of the other races represented, they spoke little English. They would resent any familiarity, and sometimes in a savage manner, too. One evening when several of the boys were practicing spinning ropes and throwing half-hitches, a stranger taking part in the sport was enticed to rope one of these women going by. In a burst of rage she faced him, fairly screaming: "Me no lasso." The culprit's first impulse was to run, but a cowboy yelled to him to hang on to his rope or he would never see it again. So hold on he did, to his sorrow. He expected nothing more than a wallop or two from the rope the woman was gathering, but instead, she gouged into his face and neck with her long finger nails, yelling in the meantime, "Me no lasso," while the cowboys rolled on the ground in glee at the green one's plight. Another day a Dahoman woman, while doing washing

for some of the troupe, doused a pail of suds over a gentleman who attempted to photograph her. Young Cody, the Colonel's grandson, who was up to all kinds of pranks, had the greatest respect for one of these women, for she one day chased him over the top of the stagecoach and all over the lot with blood in her eye. Cody's lasso thereafter degenerated into a clothesline.

The most interesting people in the show were the American Indians. They pitched their camp apart. The older men were reserved and so were the women; but the young men, most of whom spoke English, were a new race. Their ornaments approached millinery more than anything else, being much overdone. They played baseball and tustled with the help around, seeming thoroughly to enjoy the show life, and the admiring gaze of the public. The older men held aloof, and in their leisure time smoked and played cards. Old "Iron Tail," the chief of the band, was affable and accommodating when treated right, but I have seen him, when annoyed, assume the most savage attitude, his eyes glinting like those of a serpent until one could imagine him about to raise the scalp of the offender. He took part in the Custer Massacre, but what he witnessed, few whites have learned.

The squaws spent all of their spare time at bead work; and earned quite a tidy sum, for they had orders ahead for beaded belts, fobs, gauntlets, moccasins, and pocketbooks, toiling until dusk, and even then continuing in the glare of the powerful carbon lights.

By the time the first bugle call was given, the Indians were all generously smeared with paint. They galloped through the rain and mud like veritable old hostiles, bringing cheers of admiration from the audience, with their splendid lithe bodies turning off the rain as it is shed by the waterfowl.

In walking through the grounds, one would notice a man molding balls from hot pitch. They were the ones "Buffalo Bill" and Johnny Baker so dexterously smashed. Farther on, men were making vile-smelling discs resembling grindstones in shape and color. These were the carbons for lighting the show. The arsenal consisted of a covered wagon and tent. Here were guns and revolvers being cleaned and cartridges being loaded. A harness maker was busily plying his trade. Adjoining him was a blacksmith shop and forge in full blast. Several horses were being shod, the "onery" ones being thrown and tied down. And so it was with the entire show. It was a veritable city, boasting of a bank, post office, countinghouse, restaurants, and everything necessary for a thriving community.

In the forenoon the show grounds were open to the public and crowds of inquisitive visitors tried the patience of the guards. In big agricultural districts the farmers made the seeing of the show a holiday, and most of them were on the grounds early.

The show carried with it farmers of its own, too, in the shape of an elderly couple dressed as typical "mossbacks." It was their task to appear early in the morning on the city streets, driving a quiet old white horse in disreputable harness, hitched to an antique buggy. The old gentleman with steel-rimmed spectacles, chin whiskers, high-water pants, boots and straw hat was apparently much attached to his buxom wife, who also was togged up in old-fashioned country finery—bonnet, white stockings and all. Their progress was one continual comedy, for they pulled off all kinds of stunts on the crowded city streets, even going so far in their capers as to get arrested at times. Always at the climax of the dilemma, however, when the excitement was tensest, they contrived to extricate themselves and yell out that they would meet the crowd at the show later. At noon when they returned for luncheon, they had a fair estimate of what the gate receipts for the day would be from the number of people seen moving in the city.

The farmer visitors took great interest in the buffalo traveling with the show and inclosed in a heavily built pen; about thirty feet square and six feet high. Guard ropes all around and plenty of danger signs were not enough to keep the inquisitive back. They would even clamber on the fence and gaze on these animals, just as if they were kind-faced old cows. But the animals were quite savage. Sometimes they would bang into the fence head on, almost breaking it down and scattering the bystanders in terror. They could jump the fence, too; one of them did, running amuck and killing a horse.

As the crowd stood around one day at a respectful distance, due to the repeated warnings of the guard, a farmer in derision blustered out a yarn of how a friend of his had forty and milked them every day, just as others do cows. A cowboy, who was busy nearby, cleaning his saddle, drawled out: "I would sure like to buy some of that 'ere milk." This remark so offended the man that he worked himself into a rage, but all the satisfaction he could get was the same laconic remark: "I would sure like to buy some of that 'ere milk."

# How Your Instincts Have Disappeared

(*Concluded from page 7*)

same emphasis. The psychological section of the kite tail has not quite reached ground in England in this respect.

Pick up a recent American text on psychology, and note how little space is given to hunting, collecting, wandering, acquisition, and the like. They are not compatible with the laboratory, and only from that vantage point can a knowledge be built. Dr. John B. Watson states, "actual observation thus makes it impossible for us any longer to entertain the concept of instinct."

This has far-reaching significance. It is not an academic question of what shall and what shall not be put in college textbooks, but goes to the root of many social and political questions.

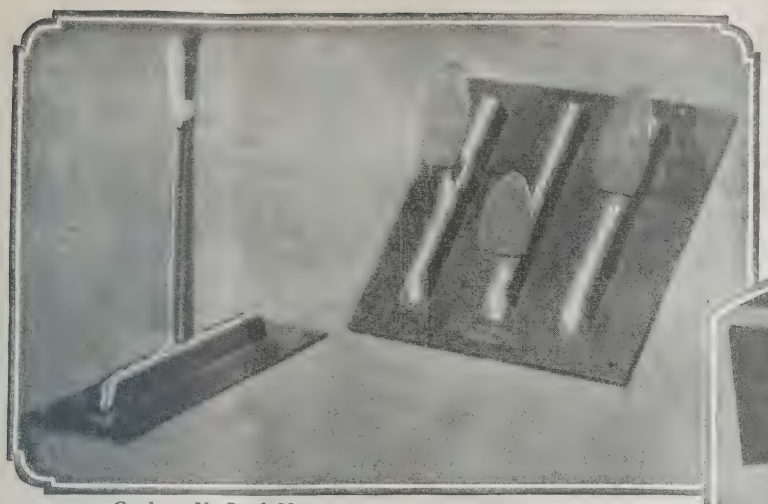
When grandfather's playfellow stole his jackknife, under the sway of an instinct psychology, informed persons would have said: "Too bad. The acquisitive instinct is unusually well developed in that lad." And that would have been the end of it, except for a possible whipping. On another day when he came home with a bruised nose it would be laid to the pugnacious instinct.

When your children are found with knives that are not theirs *there is no excuse for blaming it onto instinct.* It may be accidental, or it may represent a habit which has been or is being learned. You cannot train the female digger wasp out of paralyzing inchworms, but you can train a human out of the undersirable and into the desirable. It may not always be done, but is being done to an increasing extent weekly. Under the sway of an instinct psychology it would never have been done.

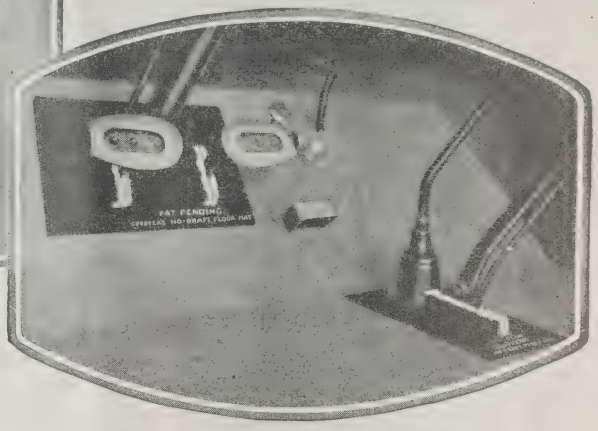
The cockroach has many instincts, and can be taught simple tricks which he will remember for not longer than half an hour. Instinct psychology would make us cockroaches. Some day it will come down to ground, as most of the American psychologists have, and find that the mark of the human being is capacity to learn rather than to exercise instincts. Psychologists can learn this, but not in armchair speculations. The laboratory may be less pleasant, but it is more necessary.

---

Russia has 50,000 women in public service, of whom 40,000 are members of local soviets. In high executive positions are the widow of Lenin (Krupskaya), chairman of the department of political education; Mrs. Trotsky, chairman of the committee for the preservation of art museums; Kollontal, ambassador to Norway; and Kamaneva, chairman of the federal bureau of cultural relations.



*Goodyear No-Draft Mats for all Ford Models*




*Goodyear No-Draft Mats for all Chevrolet Models*

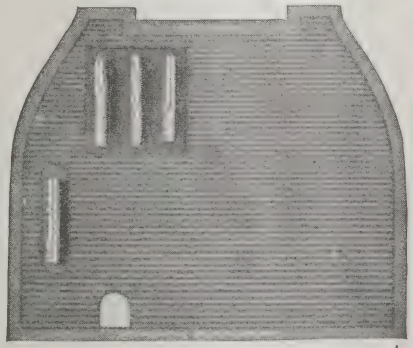
# *All-Weather Warmth and Comfort with Goodyear No-Draft Mats*

Why endure the chill, raw drafts that blow through the floor coverings of your car?—when in five minutes you can drive into your Ford or Chevrolet Dealer's and out again, equipped with the draft-proof, dust-tight Goodyear No-Draft Mat.

Designed to fit all open and closed models of both Ford and Chevrolet cars, the snug-fitting, raised rubber, wool-lined slots exclude dust, dirt, drafts and engine fumes.

* *

Note to Ford and Chevrolet Dealers: *Here is a timely selling item, a Goodyear product, and a genuine need at this season, from which many sales should result. Write for complete details to The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Inc., Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, Calif.*

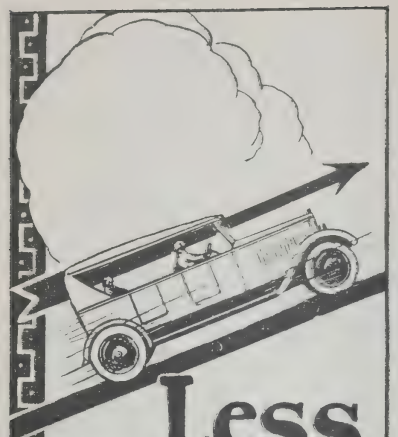


*This complete floor mat provides entire floor board covering plus the No-Draft features. There is a size for every Ford Model*

GOODYEAR

Copyright 1925, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

NO-DRAFT MATS



# Less Carbon

Heavy carbon content oils not only cause loss of power, but carbon not being a lubricant, contaminates the crank case mixture and on being forced with the oil between bearing surfaces, soon sets up friction.

Carbon deposits on pistons, valves and in the cylinder head of your motor are avoided when Humble Motor Oil is used. Humble Motor Oil has just the right body to properly lubricate all working parts of the motor, yet is light enough so that any part which is left on cylinder walls, piston heads or valves atomizes readily under explosion temperatures and burns cleanly. Most of the carbon in Humble Motor Oil is light and fluffy and is blown out through the exhaust, leaving little behind to foul the motor.

Make the Humble Chart Your Guide in Buying Oil.

SUMMER AND WINTER RECOMMENDATION:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **Apperson** | **H** | **H** |
| **Buick** | **H** | **H** |
| **Cadillac** | **H** | **H** |
| **Chevrolet** | **M** | **M** |
| **Flint** | **M** | **M** |
| **FORD** | *Flivolene* | |
| **FORD (Truck)** | *Flivolene* | |
| **Lincoln** | **H** | **H** |
| **Mack (Truck)** | **H** | **H** |
| **Nash** | **H** | **H** |
| **Overland** | **H** | **H** |
| **Star** | **H** | **H** |



HUMBLE OIL & REFINING CO.

HUMBLE OILS

HOUSTON, TEXAS





***The Man from Washington*** dropped into The Office and announced that if President Coolidge is spoiled, it will be the fault of the newspapers. "They thought they had to build him up to Presidential size," said he, "while the best thing they could have done for him and the country was to leave him as he was, simple and limited. He knew the value of his simplicity and also of his limitations. If he doesn't try to fill the picture the newspapers have made of him, well and good; but if he does, no telling what may happen."

"Any signs of his successor?" The Office asked.

"Well, you hear things now and then. But wanting to go to the White House and being wanted to go there are two very different things. The present occupant wants very much to stay. I wish he desired it less. I still feel that these matters ought to be left—partly, at least—to Providence. People who want the office too badly are not usually favored by Providence.

"We hear a lot about Hoover, but while he is regarded as possessing Presidential ability, it is doubted by his best friends that he would ever be a successful candidate. He doesn't know how. It isn't in him. He seems to be going ahead on pretty revolutionary government programs, and apparently with the President's acquiescence. But what that acquiescence signifies, is doubtful. Sometimes it means the President's approval. Sometimes it means the President's strong disinclination for a fight. In this instance, however, I think it partly means approval. Hoover would certainly not stay in the Cabinet and be a do-nothing. Whether any other Cabinet member would ever be permitted to do as much, is a question. President Coolidge probably figures that it is better politics to keep Mr. Hoover busy inside the Cabinet than to have him busy as a prospective Presidential candidate outside the Cabinet. I meet quite a number of persons in Washington who seem to hold that point of view.

"One thing is certain, whatever the heart-twitchings when the Presidency is mentioned, there is no overwhelming candidate in sight. I doubt if even Mr. Coolidge is the overwhelming candidate he was last time."


## Special Edition for Christmas

★ **Unusual articles and illustrations in holiday colors will make every reader feel the invigorating crackle of the good, old-fashioned Christmas such as the world used to know.**

★ **This issue will stand out among magazines. You will want to preserve your copy.**

## Out Next Week


***The Man from Italy*** came into The Office and talked about conditions in his country. He says that Fascism, which at its beginning seemed to be the strong hand which Italy needed, has now degenerated into a reign of terror. There is no free speech, no free press. The doctrine that might knows no moral obligations is found stated at length in Mussolini's speeches. The result, he says, is that Italians, the basic, thinking, loyal, responsible class of Italians, are silent, and the only active party against Fascism is the Communists. This is the irony of the thing, he says: Fascism came in to destroy communism; instead it has suppressed Italian sentiment in toto, leaving only communism with zeal enough to oppose it. If Mussolini, said our friend, would make speech free, remove the press gag, and cease to threaten the very lives of citizens for utterance of honest opinion, his rule would not stand three days. Italy, he insists, has elements of national and industrial strength. The younger men see things from the American point of view. They are all won to the Ford doctrine of higher wages and greater production. They are also won to the view that customs frontiers ought largely to be abolished in Europe. "Free trade for Europe within Europe," he says. He thinks the beginning will come in an arrangement between France and Italy to abolish trade barriers. It was not so much what he said, as the feelings that actuated him, which gave me such a sense of hopefulness. The younger generation of Europe is *seeing* the truth, is feeling the injustice of the workers' situation in that continent. It promises well. Industry, instead of politics, is occupying increasingly more of the younger generation's attention as the means of national recovery.



# How Customers Impose on the Merchants

By EDWARD J. BECK

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM H. FREYSE

DURING the exceptionally hot weeks of last summer, one of the large shoe stores in Detroit found that, contrary to expectations, the number of women entering the store to be waited on was increasing. Sultry and rainy days are usually times of inactivity, but in this instance more women came in to shop than on the temperate days.

But these women did not buy. The harassed clerk often took down a dozen pairs of shoes for a customer and frequently none of them were found satisfactory. Sales fell off, as they usually did at this season, but the clerks were kept busy showing merchandise to these feminine prospects.

One merchant called the attention of a fellow shoe dealer to this condition, and when the shoe men generally compared notes as they met each other, it developed that during the blistering days the same state of affairs was being repeated more or less in all the downtown stores.

A woman entered a store, seated herself with a sigh of relief and had her shoe removed. She wasn't sure exactly what she wanted; she was interested in the latest styles and wondered "what are they wearing now?" While the clerk was taking down some boxes, the customer removed the other shoe. First, there was some difficulty about size; then there seemed to be no style that suited exactly and finally she looked at her watch and said she had to hurry away to keep an appointment. She would come back later.

Here is the explanation that was finally found for this behavior. These women had come in not to inspect merchandise or to buy, but to rest their feet. They had come downtown in tight-fitting shoes, and walking on the hot pavements had swelled their feet to a painful degree. So they took a recess from their shopping and went into the only available place where they could get a temporary relief from their acute discomfort.

A woman with a belligerent mien went into a jewelry store with a bundle and asked where the adjustment department was. She was directed to the third floor.

"I have a set of silverware here which I bought some time ago. It is unsatisfactory. I want my money back," she demanded of the girl in the "return" department.

"Have you your sales slip?"

"No."

"How much did you pay for the set?" The woman mentioned a figure. "I've only had the set a short time and it's not what I want." As a matter of fact, she had had the set three months.

One of the well-known principles of this store is that "the customer is always right." The woman wasn't given a chance to squabble or argue, but was given the amount she asked without further questioning. She took the money and went to the elevator.

A sale of silverware was going on downstairs on the main floor. A 25 per cent reduction on all merchandise had been advertised. The woman went over to the silverware counter and bought another set exactly like the one she had just returned a few minutes before. She made a profit of 25 per cent and thus completed successfully what she considered a neat stroke of business.

The average American has a strong sense of fair play; he expects and gives a square deal. He is a reasonable fellow with whom to do business. But every large store has a minority of customers who take advantage of the merchant in many ways. The irascible customer is one of the pests who make the life of the clerk miserable. He illogically demands preferential treatment and is likely to explode in an abusive display of ill temper on slight pretext.

But certain impositions of the unreasonable and dishonest customer do more than detract from the general joy of life. They increase the cost of doing business and thus add to the prices the rest of us must pay for what we buy.

Take the matter of returned merchandise. One manager told me that 20 per cent of the goods sold in his place were later returned for credit. Another department store official who has studied the situation in a dozen different large cities estimated the percentage to be between 15 and 20 per cent.

"That's conservative," he said. "We had one customer who bought $300 worth of merchandise last month, but her net bill was only $24. She is an extreme and exceptional example of the abuse of credit and the return privilege."

"How do you prevent this sort of abuse?" I asked.

"In this store we have no set rule; our first consideration is to retain the good will of our customer, but some of the most modern stores require that the net bill shall be equal to at least 50 per cent of the gross bill. Another store I know about will not withdraw



"These women come in not to inspect merchandise or to buy, but to rest their feet."

credit privileges unless the percentage of returns is 75 per cent of the total purchases."

The practice of promiscuously returning goods entails a needless expense which must be borne out of the general profits of the business. The cost of delivery, the extra clerical work and a double amount of bookkeeping increase the overhead cost of doing business to which all the customers must contribute.

Some customers who have accounts in several stores order the same sort of merchandise from each so that they can compare the goods in their own home. They keep only one article and send back the rest. The fact that they are inconveniencing the dealer and putting him to unnecessary expense does not seem to bear any weight with them.

Wealthy patrons are sometimes the worst offenders in this respect. One bookseller has a number of rich customers who give occasional week-end house parties at their country homes. They order a dozen of the latest volumes to be sent out on approval. A few days later ten of the books come back as "not wanted." Frequently half of them bear evidence of having been read clear through, but only two or three are paid for.

"I can't do anything about it," said the dealer, "because I don't dare antagonize such prominent people."




"One manager told me that twenty per cent of the goods sold in his place was later returned for credit."

"The tricky customer lacks originality," said another bookman. "He's just like the fellow in a strange hotel who on retiring puts his money in his shoe to prevent robbery. He thinks his stunt is original. If a robber did sneak in the first place he would look would be in the shoe.

"Some people bring in books and want their money back. They have what they think is a plausible story. A husband or uncle or somebody has presented them with a copy of the same identical work and so they have no further use for the book. Usually they have read the book through; that can easily be detected by the way the book opens and by the fact that the back of it is not quite at right angles with the cover. They think they have a new yarn to fool us, but it's old stuff. I hear it almost every day.

"Some otherwise honest persons seem to have a double code of morality when it comes to books. Books and watermelons in the patch seem to be on the exempt list of honesty. We lose a lot through stealing. Our technical department suffers the greatest losses; the sturdy mechanic sees a $5 work on motors or a similar subject, and he seems to feel because it's in his special field he is entitled to it free of charge.

"In our secondhand department, one of the biggest nuisances is the man who comes in and makes our place a daily reading room. We encourage reading, but the fellow I am talking about will hide the work that interests him by putting it in the wrong place so he can find it when he comes back again. Meanwhile we can't put our hands on the book should there be a call for it."

Another nuisance to the storekeeper is the woman who "shops around" without ever having any intention of buying. Her peculiar method of having a good time at no expense adds to the burdens of the merchant and causes delay for the bona fide customer who has to wait until the clerk is finished with her.

An explanation for this futile mercantile sight-seeing is that it flatters the vanity to be waited upon. Some persons have an abnormal craving for attention; they enjoy being served. The restaurant or hotel that has a liveried footman to open the door recognizes this human weakness and caters to it. The customer who compels a clerk to take down a large assortment of articles and to heed her slightest preferences thereby experiences the shallow emotions of a temporary supremacy. She has found a cheap way of gratifying her egotism.

One of the ways by which dishonest customers get credit is to establish an account at two good stores, where they promptly meet their bills. They can then go to any other place in town and give these firms as references. They are given a high rating by the latter and on this basis the new store extends a liberal credit to them. They buy as much as they can, at as many places as they can and then disappear.

I was talking about some of the ways by which customers impose on merchants with a woman executive, who is connected with the Retail Research Association, an organization backed by the twelve or fifteen leading department stores of the country. Their aim is to modernize merchandising methods by exchanging records of experience and to promote business by finding new and better ways of really serving the customer. At the time the woman was installing a new service department in one of the member stores in a large middle western city.

"What are you doing to prevent the petty impositions of the customer?" I asked her.

"Nothing," she replied. "We never question the justice of a customer's demand. We try to satisfy them no matter how unreasonable they may be."




"Of course, a lot of customers are unreasonable, but when we satisfy them they are our best advertisement."

"Then you have a 'heaping coals of fire' policy?"

"We're not quite so idealistic as all that. We never ask: 'Is the customer right or wrong?' Our only concern is: 'Is he satisfied?' We take back any merchandise for credit, even if it has been used, because we believe that any goods which the customer has in his home which he regrets buying do us more harm there than if we lost his purchase money by a refund."

"You certainly wouldn't take back a used toothbrush, would you?"

"Yes, we would, but as soon as the adjuster had given back the money, he'd throw it in the wastebasket right in front of the customer's eyes. We never make any remonstrances or ask any questions until the customer has his refund and then we may try to get more details about the cause of the dissatisfaction. We avoid even the appearance of hedging on our policy.

"A woman comes in and launches a loud and long tirade about a transaction. She says she'll never trade here again and calls us a lot of names. Our man listens patiently until she has all her grievances off her chest and then he asks: 'What do you want us to do about it?' And whatever she says, we'll do.

"Of course, a lot of customers are unreasonable. But when we satisfy them they are our best advertisement. If they send in a small sample of calico for matching and want us to get them 10 cents worth of it, we will if necessary put a $25-a-week shopper on a whole afternoon's shopping tour to find what she wants, provided we haven't it. A woman wrote in from a suburb and said she wanted some genuine cotton bolls for a cotton wedding anniversary. She said she knew we didn't have such things, but asked us to get them anyhow. We wrote to some Texas connections of ours and they finally found what the woman wanted, after scouring the whole city of Waco. We wrote the woman that she had set us to a difficult task, because cotton was out of season and the new harvest was some months ahead. And we told her in detail how we had gone about filling her request. I'll venture to say that every person at that party heard about our unusual efforts; we got advertising we could have procured in no other way because the story of those cotton bolls was interesting and worth telling.

"A woman telephoned in from a country town 40 miles out and said she had to attend a funeral that afternoon and had no black shoes good enough to wear. She gave the size and asked us to hurry some out. An utterly unreasonable request—but in 20 minutes we had a special messenger with the shoes in a taxi on the way to the station. He missed the train and then took an interurban, arriving just ahead of the required time.

"A doctor telephoned in on the fifth of July and said he was just going to perform an operation and had found that his electric fan had been stolen over the Fourth. He wanted another at once and was very particular about the make. We didn't have the make he insisted upon. Then he made the unreasonable request that we loan him one of ours until he could buy a duplicate of the stolen one. In 10 minutes we had a fan on the way by special messenger. Before the boy reached there, a colleague in a neighboring office came in with the doctor's fan. He had borrowed it."

The store at which this executive is working is one of the most profitable mercantile enterprises in the United States. The owners have built up their business on the theory that "the public is always right" and their attitude of Tolstoyan nonresistance to the unreasonable demands of the customer has apparently been a remunerative one. The same principle, I was told, governed the leading stores in Boston, Cleveland, New York, St. Louis, and other large cities.

But prices would come down to a certain extent if we who constitute the buying public would let our relations with the merchant be governed by the principles of fair play and the square deal. The cost of storekeeping would be reduced and the consumers as a whole would benefit.

## The Dogwood Tree

MR. ERNEST H. WILSON, assistant director of the Arnold Arboretum in Boston, has spent more than twenty years in search of data about plants. He has traveled at least one million miles through China, Japan, Korea, South Africa, Australia and India. His research has led to the discovery, in all, of approximately 2,000 trees, shrubs and perennial plants never before seen outside the Orient.

The journey in search of the Dove tree (commonly known as the dogwood) a plant whose preferred habitat is the open woodland, the shady hillside and the roadside thicket, was the beginning of a series of plant-hunting expeditions which upset all the calculations and predetermined ideas of horticulturists the world over.

Not many days had been spent in China when Mr. Wilson suddenly discovered eleven Dove trees, at the height of their blooming season. Their existence had never been reported. He spent weeks waiting for the flowers to fall and the fruit to form. The production of seeds was enormous and they were sent back to England posthaste and planted. In time thousands of seedlings were pushing their way through the ground and in recent years they have flowered and have amazed crowds of people by their beauty.

It is claimed that the first Dove tree to flower on American soil is one in a garden at Newport, Rhode Island.




# What Better Gift?

A PAIR of genuine Rangeley Moccasins make a most pleasing and at the same time, practical gift.

There is a Rangeley for every member of the family and a style for every need—from high cut hunting boot to the comfortable indoor slipper.

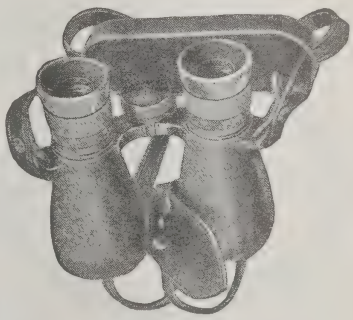
What youngster wouldn't be pleased to find a pair of real Indian Moccasins in his stocking?

*Send for Catalog I. and full information about Rangeleys for Christmas.*

**G. H. Bass & Co.**
*Shoemakers since 1876*
WILTON · MAINE

*SOLVE the Christmas Gift problem this year by sending* The Dearborn Independent *to your friends. An attractive card bearing the donor's name is mailed with each gift subscription.*

GERMAN ARMY OFFICERS' FIELD GLASSES
FREE TRIAL



8 power **$9.85** If you wish to keep them

*A Practical Christmas Gift*

Free trial coupon will bring you these genuine German War Glasses purchased at exceptionally advantageous rates of exchange.

Manufactured by most prominent of German optical factories. Many were received direct from the Allied Reparations Commission Conservative $20.00 value.

Finest achromatic day and night lenses. 40 m.m. objective. Dust and moisture proof. Pupillary adjustment. Built for service, regardless of cost, according to strictest military standards. All glasses guaranteed in perfect condition. We have sold 80,000 pairs of this model to date.

Shipped promptly on receipt of attached coupon on 5 days' free trial. If satisfied send check or money order for $9.85. **Order your field glasses today.**

**HENDERSON BROTHERS**
*Largest importers of field glasses in America*
**95 E. Federal Street Boston, Mass.**

FREE TRIAL COUPON

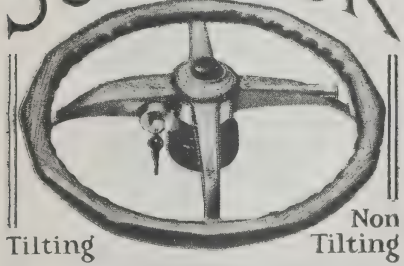
Gentlemen:
Please send me on 5 days' free trial one pair German Army Officers' war glasses. After 5 days' trial I will either return glasses or remit $9.85.

Name.....
Address.....
State.....
IND. 1




**PATENTS.** Write for our free Guide Books and "Record of Invention Blank" before disclosing inventions. Send model or sketch and description of invention for Inspection and Instructions Free. Terms reasonable. Prompt attention. Highest References. **VICTOR J. EVANS & CO** 920 9TH ST. WASHINGTON, D. C.

SUPERIOR



Non Tilting Tilting

SUPERIOR LOCK WHEELS have the highest approval of the Underwriters, automobile manufacturers, insurance and finance companies. They are easy to install, quickly adjusted to wear, absolutely theft proof and yet cost no more. A sample will show you more than a thousand arguments.
*Authorized Dealers Order Yours Today.*
**The Superior Metal Products Co.**
DEPT. W. ELYRIA, OHIO

**PATENTS**

Time counts in applying for patents. Don't risk delay in protecting your ideas. Send sketch or model for instructions or write for FREE book, "How to Obtain a Patent" and "Record of Invention" form. No charge for information on how to proceed. Communications strictly confidential. Prompt, careful, efficient service. Clarence A. O'Brien, Registered Patent Attorney, 283B, Security Bank Building (direct across street from Patent Office), Washington, D. C.




***I read in the papers*** that Scotland is finding that things are not going so well with her population. Of the entire population more than 45% or over two million persons live more than two in a room, which means that on the average at least five persons exist and sleep in a room and kitchen house. A recent report upon the slums of Falkirk indicated that the majority of the houses that were marked for replacement were built almost four hundred years ago. Scotland lost ten per cent of her population in a ten-year period before the war; there are 11 counties with less population than in 1921; 17 counties with less population than in 1850 and 5 with less population than in 1801. A qualified observer reports that if they were able to quit the country at least one-half of the artisans, miners and farm laborers would leave Scotland for Canada and the United States. Incidentally the troubles growing out of the refusal of Clydebank tenants to pay higher rentals did not originate with Scottish families, but others who had settled there by the government during war-time shipbuilding booms. The Scottish social situation is becoming still more complicated by the fact the South Irish are flocking in and the northern kingdom is taking on something of the aspect of the Green Isle.

***I read in the papers*** that neither the radio, the air mail nor the telephone have adversely affected the telegraph business. The leading telegraph company says that it is doing three times as much business as it was doing ten years ago. As for the air mail, the telegraph company says that a message by air mail often results in the reply being sent by telegraph, and radio communication still seems to be confined to messages to remote parts of the world, the heavy "trunk line" services between metropolitan centers is still done by wires overland and under the sea. At the same time the telegraph operators ascribe their ability to expedite their service as a principal reason for retaining a fortunate position. If an old thing is good, newer things do not supplant it.

***I read in the papers*** that commercial quarrying operations have begun upon the so-called Marble Mountain in the Big Bend region of Texas. This extreme western portion of Texas along the Rio Grande is sometimes referred to as the Alps of Texas and the unusual ancient mountains there teem with a mineral wealth that suggests the Canadian Laurentians. It is the principal American source of quicksilver and there are also deposits of copper, coal, zinc, sulphur, lead, silver, potash and clays. The Big Bend has another claim to distinction in that it is probably the last Wild West community in the United States. There are no railroads there and Mexican and American bandits combine to make the lot of the mining and ranching population as exciting as when "Billy the Kid" was alive. Texas is a big state but even so the sophisticated skyscrapers of Dallas loom up in startling contrast to the border outlawry of the Big Bend.

***I read in the papers*** that an organization has been formed in Indiana for the purpose of perpetuating the McGuffey readers. Half a century ago there were many small schoolhouses dotting Indiana's hillsides. The consolidated school was as then unknown. The lessons learned in these schoolhouses were the three R's, the readers prepared by Dr. W. H. McGuffey were the standard, and often the only texts. Many an old copy, its covers battered and leaves worn thin, went on the mantelpiece beside the Bible and the Almanac when new educational methods and subjects displaced the one-room rural school. The little red schoolhouse and the McGuffey readers became only symbols of an advance in the evolution of rural education. Now a public-spirited citizen from Bloomington has called a meeting of the "McGuffeyites" in Indianapolis, and an organization has been perfected and named whose purpose is to keep alive the traditions of the McGuffey readers and the little red schoolhouse days. The organization today has 200 members and publishes a monthly newspaper. It is a good thing that McGuffey methods and McGuffey precepts are being kept alive. There was far more wholesome logic and ethical instruction in these little books than there is in some of the encyclopedic volumes at present in use. Much wisdom was imbibed from the McGuffey font.

*The International Jew* in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set, $1. The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan.



# Great Figures in Fiction

## (Sydney Carton)

### Perhaps No Novelist Has Conceived a Finer Character Than Dickens Has in the Hero of His *Tale of Two Cities*

By LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

SELF-DEPRECIATION and recognition of his own shortcomings are the notes of Sydney Carton's character. He does not find his happiness in the assertion of himself in opposition to his fellows, whether by cleverness or intrigue or bravado. It is his pleasure to subject himself to his devotions, to give love rather than to exact its privileges, to spend himself for others rather than to insist upon their spending themselves for him. Fiction has its full share of gentle heroisms, but in the rôle of its great figures there is none at once more gentle and more heroic than Sydney Carton.

It is not until the close of *A Tale of Two Cities* that Carton fully reveals himself. It is when he is on the way to the guillotine in place of the man who has married the woman he loves that he becomes triumphantly what Dickens conceived him as being. The little seamstress going to her death with him for no reason of which she has any knowledge finds him a strength and a comfort in the last hard moments. They have between them the common bond of having ridden together in the tumbrel to the place of execution. In prison, too, she has known Charles Darnay, whom Carton is impersonating. Beyond that they are strangers who have been caught in the Revolutionary tumult and are the chance victims of its capricious furies. Out of the weakness and the unsteadiness of will by which he has seemed hitherto most to be distinguished, he has come to an unshaken resolution and a firmness of carriage in the very presence of death such as is the accompaniment of only the highest and purest bravery. So he serves as the dependence of the fainting heart and achieves a sublimity of self-sacrifice in laying down his life for his friend.

It is this spirit of self-sacrifice that places the novel in the nineteenth century. The time of the story itself is indeed earlier, but it represents Dickens and his way of thinking, as Barry Lyndon did not represent Thackeray. The satirist gives a realistic report of human qualities that flourished notably in an atmosphere not that of his own day. Dickens, on the other hand, lets us see the enthusiasm with which the humanitarianism that was the breath of his life had affected the world about him. Sydney Carton is a flame that has caught fire from the generous sentimentalism that emotionally was the glory of Victorian England and intellectually was its genius of betrayal. Dickens as the outstanding embodiment of that spirit is to be loved, but he is not to be trusted. He tells the truth about the expansion of the spiritual aspirations of his time. He does not arrive at the same certitude with regard to the actual doings of men.

The exaltation of self-sacrifice as a virtue and also as a means to happiness seems in the nineteenth century to have taken the place of the asceticism of the Middle Ages. It had at least the validity of a greater usefulness. It flourished in the concourse of men rather than in the cell of the monk. It was the spirit of self-denial socialized. Asceticism was abnegation self-centered. No priest is needed to tell his lay brother which is the finer and higher. Sydney Carton, waiting at the guillotine while the knitting women count one, two, three, four, and on, as the heads drop until it is time for him to place his neck under the ax, is perhaps the most notable figure that our fiction offers in illustration of that nineteenth-century passion.

Dickens was so individual that a great idealistic devotion might appear in him and be undiscoverable in any one of his contemporaries. He is, in this, however, not at all so alone. Individualistic as is Ibsen, not merely as a man, but as a thinker, he also plays somewhat upon the motive of self-sacrifice. In his interpretation of "Brand," Montrose J. Moses says, "He must always be ready to sacrifice." This is Ibsen's presentation of an intensely religious nature caught in a spiritual struggle of a sort characteristic of his day. In his later and more influential years Tolstoi made self-sacrifice the central item in his social and literary creed. He lived it and he expounded it with increasing fervor, and in the end he died by it. These two, Ibsen and Tolstoi, were among the few great outstanding literary creators and thinkers of the century. In the things that they thought they swayed the thinking of the world. They do not sway it so much now, but they are not of those who have passed into the number of the forgotten.

One reason for this lessening of the hold that they maintain on the allegiances of today is to be found in the weakening of our faith in the virtue of self-sacrifice. Even with such discrediting, Sydney Carton is himself imperishable. There may never again be such a tumultuous rush of violence as the French Revolution. There may never again be so mighty an urge to the exaltation of the spirit of self-immolation as was engendered by the titanic forces of that hour. There may never be a real Sydney Carton. The world has forsaken his ways. In actual ideals and aspirations it will hardly turn back, but in retrospective evaluation of what has been it will for long years follow Sydney Carton's tumbrel with admiring and loving wonder. At the same time it will have a beating heart for the coach that is carrying Charles Darnay and Lucie out of Paris on the dangerous road to security in England. Savior and saved are enshrined in that splendor of words by which those who have had no life in the flesh become human actualities and shape the thoughts and the deeds of men.

# Investigating the Air Investigations

(Concluded from page 4)

Headquarters. Officers were frequently detailed to investigate both the charges of the ground commanders and Colonel Mitchell, who was then Chief of the Air Service of the First Army.

Congress also took part in the investigation of the Air Service while the commanders of the American Expeditionary Force were organizing and training their men under high pressure for service on the firing line. The General Headquarters was continually besieged with Congressional visitors, and the first inquiry was as to the status of the Air Service.

The House committee on military affairs visited the American Expeditionary Force as an investigating body on the entire conduct of the war.

Secretary of War Baker conducted a personal inspection and investigation, paying particular attention to aviation.

Chairman Wadsworth of the Senate committee on military affairs started for Paris, but the Armistice was declared while he was at sea.

On November 11, 1918, the Armistice was signed and immediately General Pershing took steps to appoint the Dickman board with committees on every branch and activity of the Army. This committee was to make a study of the lessons of the war while the American Expeditionary Force was still in the field. This board was to recommend a general policy for the organization of future armies in time of peace and war. Aside from the regular commanders, a large number of temporary officers, who had made good overseas, were on the board. There was a committee on aviation and as this was a new service, great care was taken in the selection of the committee and in the preparation of its report.

The basic ideas recommended by the Dickman board were incorporated in the amended National Defense Act of 1920. Not only the General Staff which made the study on which the new military policy was based creating the Army of the United States took under consideration the Dickman report, but the military committees of the Senate and House gave great weight to it. In passing, it should be noted that both the Senate and House conducted an investigation of the air force when they were framing the new National Defense Act. Extended hearings were held by both committees on aviation, and the present status of the air force was fixed by the National Defense Act which is recognized as the first real military policy which this country ever had. It is in harmony with our traditions for a small regular army for training citizen soldiers that can be expanded into a large force without the attendant useless expenditure of money and loss of life that occurred at the beginning of the World War and every conflict into which this country has been drawn.

Congress and the Army thought that the new military policy would restore harmonious relations not only in the regular army but between the regular army and the national guard. This has been accomplished far beyond the anticipations of even the framers of the act, but another discordant element developed in the military situation which is led by Colonel Mitchell and has resulted in so many investigations.

Even before the Army left France, steps were taken in a group of Air Service officers to organize a movement for a united air service along the lines of the first Curry bill that appeared in the House. This provided for a Secretary of Aviation and a Department of Aviation as pretentious as the War Department with officers of equal rank and higher pay than Army or Navy officers. It was almost an exact duplication of the entire military establishment except that there was a larger percentage of officers than enlisted men, and would, therefore, be more expensive to maintain.

It was no secret in Army and Navy circles that there was a formidable organization of regular and temporary Navy officers behind the movement. It was reported to be heavily financed, as a large proportion of air service officers were men of means in private life.

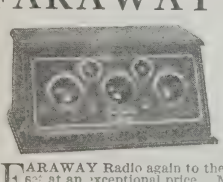
I think it was in 1919 that Major Frank B. McKenna, U. S. A., Retired, who had a splendid record overseas in the Air Service, came to me with a description of the plans of this powerful group of Army and Navy officers. Major McKenna himself is far from being a poor man, and is now a successful oil operator in Oklahoma. He said that the organization was looking for a man to take charge of its publicity, and that on account of my knowledge of Army and Navy affairs he offered to recommend me if I would accept the place. He expressed the opinion that my salary would be at least $12,000 a year with a liberal expense account. In no way did he intimate to me that the aircraft manufacturers were interested in the movement, and I have never been able to connect them with it. All interested were patriotic men and their motives were above question.

Instead of accepting the offer, I attempted to persuade Major McKenna not to join in such a movement. I had been studying the whole problem during the consideration of the National Defense Act, and had quite an array of arguments which I thought proved that the proposal for a united air service was unsound and dangerous to the defenses of the country.

I have noted that a number of the Army and Navy officers, who he said were in the movement at the time, have separated themselves from it. The organization has apparently lost all of its Navy adherents and a large proportion of its Army supporters.

However, Major McKenna's prediction as to the campaign that would be conducted for a united air service has come true. The great multiplicity of investigations that have been brought about will be dealt with in the next article on the Air Service.

FARAWAY RADIO



$29.50

Gets Stations
Far and near
Loud and clear

FARAWAY Radio again to the front. Amazing new set at an exceptional price. Most advanced set on the market today—designed exclusively for the new tubes. Users get stations from New York to Frisco—loud and clear. Operate with either dry cell or storage battery. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Don't pay $100 to $150. Write for our money-saving plan and literature.

2-Tube Set - $22.50
5-Tube Set - 65.50

Dealers: Biggest possibilities you ever heard of. Write for plan and territory quickly

THE FARAWAY RADIO CO., DEPT. DI.
125-27 E. THIRD ST., CINCINNATI, O.

## What Is Patriotism?

THERE seems to be a false ring in the oft-reiterated statement that to resist British oppression, a nation leaped to arms. For if that is true, how shall we bring into harmony with it the fact that, in spite of eloquent appeals, in spite of the offering of bounties, in spite of gifts of land and the most lusty urging, there was all that sad starving at Valley Forge, and Washington had an army that numbered less than nine thousand? Nor does it seem that the patriot army ever numbered more than 25,000. Fifty thousand men was the force Congress expected, but that number was never obtained. By way of telltale straw accounting for the deplorable situation, we have the statement of Captain Graydon who says that he made a long journey as recruiting officer in Maryland and gained only one recruit.

But Washington had to fight against apathy in another direction, and there is sufficient evidence to show that, far from leaping to the aid of their defenders, the farmers sold their produce to the British in Philadelphia, leaving the patriot army to get along as best it might, while Washington was forced to raid the supply wagons en route to the enemy, or to send south to Virginia and the Carolinas for supplies.

What must excite admiration is not the cherished and false ideal of a patriot nation panting for liberty leaping lion-like, but rather the spectacle of a determined man assuming responsibility, and lashing the faint-hearted to continued effort.

# The Tax Muddle

(*Concluded from page 5*)

creasing. Released for taxation, the amount of revenue represented on a five per cent basis would amount to $850,000,000 per annum, just eight and one-half times the revenue received from the estate tax, the repeal of which is no longer debatable.

The United States Government has used the estate tax as a special war revenue producer after each of the great war periods—1797-1802; 1862-1870; 1896-1902 and 1917-1925, but in no instance has it been continued except as an emergency measure. In the exact words of the Secretary of the Treasury appearing before the Congressional Committee:




"Oftentimes destroying with one b'ow what has taken a generation to build up."

"It is the opinion of the Treasury that the estate tax should be repealed. The reasons for this position have been frequently stated but I can summarize them as follows: There is no logical basis for the Federal Government collecting this tax.

"The right of inheritance is controlled by the States and the Federal estate tax is based only upon the theory that to transmit property by death is the exercise of a privilege which can be made subject to taxation, just as we might levy a tax on the privilege of selling property. The present law, with its 40 per cent maximum, has not been before the Supreme Court, and the question has never been determined as to whether or not you can confiscate a large part of the property through a tax on the exercise of the privilege of transferring it. . . . .

"Estate taxes have always been a source of emergency revenue. It is only in war periods that the Federal Government has made use of them, and except in the present case they have always been repealed when the emergency ended. They should be saved for this purpose. We ought not to use our reserve in time of peace. We may need it badly when the next emergency arises. There is no emergency now. . . .

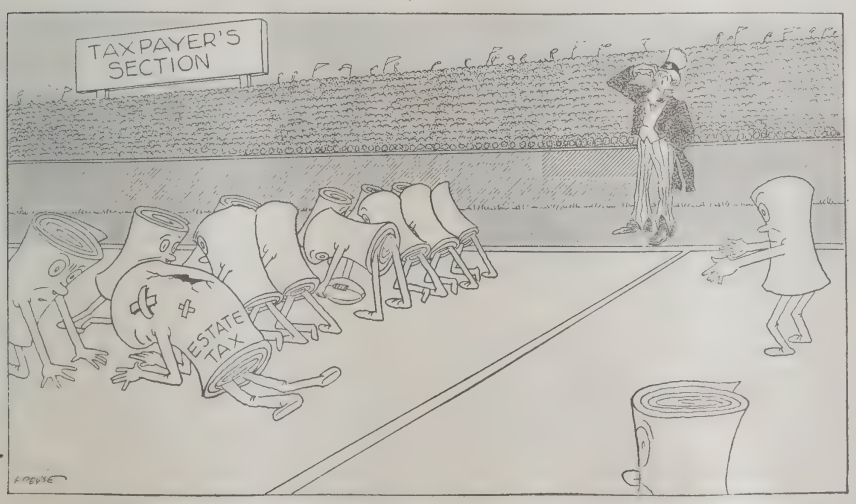
"The present muddle of death taxes in this country could in some cases take more than 100 per cent of what a man leaves. Excessive Federal taxes contribute largely to this muddle. The result must be that ultimately values are destroyed and with them the source from which the states must take revenue. . . ."

"The supreme danger to democracy," says Lecky, "lies in creating a state of things in which one class imposes upon another burdens which it is not asked to share, and impels the state into vast schemes of extravagance under the belief that the whole cost will be thrown upon others."

In New York State, we are told in the treatise by Gleason and Otis on Inheritance Taxation, "from one-third to one-half of all inheritance taxes are collected, and one-half of all litigation arising from the imposition of these taxes have been decided in her courts. In the last forty years the New York statutes have been codified or reënacted nine times since the first statute of June 30, 1885, and have been altered or amended no less than ninety-one times. She has taxed all personal property of collaterals and strangers, exempting only direct heirs." Moreover, in the fourth edition of this remarkable digest, just going to press, the operation of the gift tax will be thus described: "The gift tax is a new departure in Federal taxation, in truth there is little or no precedent for such a tax in any jurisdiction.

"It marks a further outreaching by the legislature to grasp at large fortunes and compel those who have acquired them to give large sums to organized charity or else let them go to the government. This is the undoubted trend of recent inheritance taxation. Such policy, if continued, must ultimately result in the ownership of a large share of the country's great industrial corporations by charitable and educational institutions. It will probably be changed, however, before any such calamity is permitted to accrue.

"The Federal theory is to assess the tax and leave the taxpayer to sue for a refund. This tends to oust the courts of their proper jurisdiction and place the burden of a contest upon the estate. It is vicious in principle, is an outgrowth of war conditions, but it makes matters so easy for the taxing officials and tends so effectively to increase revenue that the tendency to follow the Federal example is marked in the recent amendments to the state statutes."



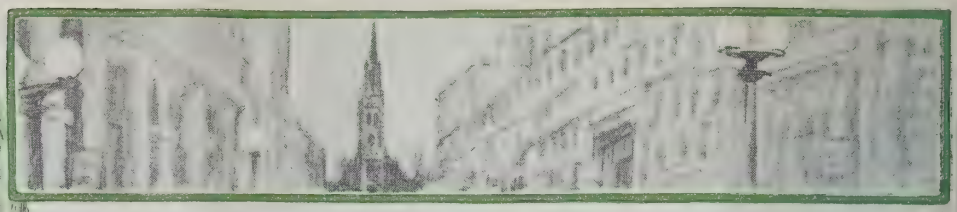

"We ought not to use our reserve in time of peace. We may need it badly when the next emergency arises."

## Ugliness Unadorned

IN THE beautiful harbor of Sydney, Australia, there lies a rocky islet that forms the one ugly touch to the whole place, like an offensive mole on the face of a beautiful woman. It has a broken-down little dock at which small boats can land. Large boats give it a wide berth because of its rocky sides. It has a mud-colored, homely look and a crumbling building on its uneven top does not improve its appearance. It has a gruesome history as a prison spot where prisoners are said to have starved to death in olden days in cells down in the rock.

Visitors on ships from the north, who have seen the "Flower Pot" near the harbor of Pago Pago, in Samoa, wonder why this islet in Sydney Harbor is not covered over with enough earth to grow trees, flowering shrubs and vines so that it may be made into a similar gem of beauty.





# A Preacher on Business

## Maintains That a Monkey Wrench Has Been Misused

ONLY that which facilitates exchange can be called business. And whenever business gets away from this it brings in another definition which the dictionary gives of the word: "Disturbance, trouble, ado, fuss." And this is about all that business, both big and little, gets us into.

What's the matter then? It is the money we have, the way we use it and the way it uses us. If money were the medium of exchange that it should be, the ways of business would soon mend. But our institutions of learning from bottom to top give no common-sense teaching on political economy. The "dope" handed out on political economy starts in the common schools with *interest tables* and examples of *profit*. "Thrift" was talked to us all during the war, and it meant only saving money to put it in the bank. In my town now the children of the schools are getting talks from bankers of how to draw checks and make out drafts. Our oldest daughter in the high school has just given her opinion of a bank president's talk the other morning in chapel. Yet with this foundation the youth of the land pass into college and university where they are further enlightened in the "Dismal Science," otherwise known as political economy. It is no wonder that they know nothing whatsoever of the most important matter of the economies of social life. We are living in the Dark Ages as far as a real political economy is concerned.

This is Sunday afternoon, between sermons In a fit of desperation, or inspiration, if you would call it that, I felt moved to do this writing. And I am writing my conviction that business has been monkied with and a wrench has been thrown into the machinery. That wrench is *MONEY*.

I remarked, or wrote, above that money, far from the medium of exchange it should be, has been made something else—a *commodity*, a thing of barter and sale. This takes it out of its right place. And out of place it is not in hand when it is needed for exchange, being like a blotter which some one defined the other day as a thing we look for while the ink dries.

As a commodity money is not only worth more than it is as a medium of exchange, but in the money market it is so "fixed" that exchange is subordinate, and any careful student will agree with me it is no longer a medium of exchange. Money towers above all commodities, because it is *the* commodity. Thomas Chalmers evidently had something like this in mind when he said: "Commodities are *not* the terminating object of the trading capitalists; *money is the terminating object.*" It is legal, I know, but it is illegitimate. This misuse of money fastens itself like a parasite upon every form of natural resource and productive labor simply to end in a multiplied accumulation of itself.

This is why we find ourselves always changing our description of money as "cheap," "dear," "tight," or "easy," "elastic," or "inelastic." If we had long and short yardsticks, large and small peck measures, and divers weights in our bag, we could as easily do business with certainty and justice, as we can with money that can be so adjectively defined. "Corners" in any commodity work harm, but corners in money murderously outclass them all.

# Strange Cause of the "Turbio"

"TURBIO" is the native term applied to the phenomenon which recurs frequently off the coast of Venezuela. The arrival of the "turbio" is signalized by a darker coloring of the water and the disagreeable odor of hydrogen sulphide. Next follows a boiling and seething of the waters which appear to be full of bubbles. The water is literally packed with incredible thousands of fishes in schools over which gather flocks of sea birds, which on occasion have gathered in such numbers as to make it impossible to see the horizon and even to interfere with navigation. The fishes swim about as if desperate and run aground by the hundreds.

The phenomenon was at first attributed to some mysterious subterranean or volcanic source, one theory being advanced that the disturbance was due to some current from nearby sulphur deposits. But scientific investigation shows the real cause of the trouble is in the sea itself.

Old Mother Nature causes an overproduction of a minute single-celled form of animal life called Gonyaulax. Samples of water taken during the occurrence reveal that a single drop contains from 900 to 3,000 of the Gonyaulax in the densest part.

Although the coast of Venezuela is most noted for the "turbio," it is not confined to that region. One of the first published accounts of a "turbio" describes its occurrence at the Island of Hondo, Japan. Here the water became streaked and patched with a yellowish-brown hue following which came the usual conditions of turbid water, disagreeable smell and mortality among fishes. During this same year a similar occurrence was noticed on the California coast. A red streak first noticed in the water of the harbor gradually approached the shore accompanied by an unusual show of phosphorescence, given off by the animal itself. The crest of every wavelet was marked by a green-blue light, while in the more quiet waters of the harbor the fishes, crabs, et cetera, made trails of fire as they moved. The sulphurous odor was unusually strong and the fishes, as usual, darted madly toward the shore in a desperate effort to escape. Presently dead fishes and other forms of marine life began to wash up on the beach. For nearly 200 miles along the coast extending several miles to sea the water along the beaches was a brilliant vermilion. Dr. H. B. Torrey, who observed this particular "turbio," declares that the sulphurous smell and the death of fishes and other marine animals are caused by the death and putrefaction of countless millions of the minute Gonyaulax themselves.

# "Less Haste–More Speed"

To meet demand for the improved Ford cars, a new production record of over 8,000 daily was set recently.

This was not due to accelerated individual effort, but to the co-ordinated efficiency that characterizes Ford manufacture.

So tremendous an output has been possible because confusion, waste motion, and the carelessness that grows out of haste, have been eliminated in Ford production.

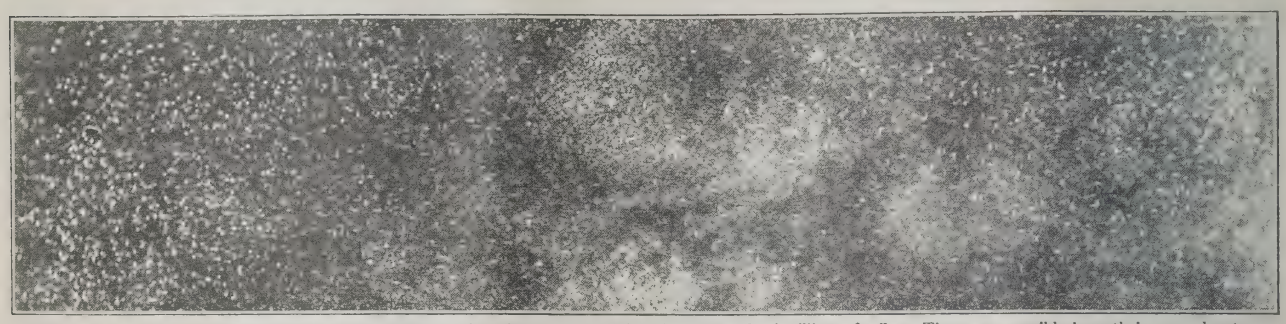
Accuracy of workmanship is essential in every operation. And to this, in large measure, must be credited the remarkably uniform performance of the millions of Ford cars in service.

The latest Ford Cars, which all Authorized Ford Dealers are displaying, are built with the care that has been rigidly enforced in Ford plants for many years.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

Ford

# Other Worlds Than Ours



Star cloud in which each speck represents a sun separated from its nearest neighbors by thousands of millions of miles. These suns possibly have their own planets circulating around them.

## Why Should We Worry About End of the World? Eminent Astronomer Says It Cannot Occur for Many Millions of Years

An Interview With
PROFESSOR F. R. MOULTON

By J. V. NASH

FROM the earliest times the star-spangled heavens have been a source of awe and wonder to mankind. With the unaided eyes, however, only a faint conception of the number of the stars and of their size, their distance, and their brilliancy is possible.

So it was that for ages our ancestors, knowing little of the real nature of the stars, looked upon them as mysterious objects which exerted a magic influence upon the affairs of human beings, and a class of men called astrologers grew up, who purported to read the fortunes of nations and of individuals in the movements of the planets, while the sun and moon were in many parts of the world accorded the honor of religious worship.

It was not until the invention of the telescope that the true science of astronomy was born, and when Galileo with his little glass detected the moons of Jupiter the epoch-making discoveries of the astronomers began.

Since Galileo's day the story of astronomy has been a record of brilliant progress constituting altogether perhaps the greatest of man's intellectual achievements.

In our own day astronomers have opened to our eyes new and larger views of the universe, revolutionizing our previous conceptions, and involving figures the stupendousness of which might well stagger the boldest imagination.

Among living astronomers, none has contributed more to this expansion of our knowledge of the heavens than Professor Forest Ray Moulton, of Chicago. Though his researches have already covered more than a quarter of a century, he is still in the prime of life and busily engaged in new investigations.

When, by a telephone appointment, I called at his office in one of the University of Chicago buildings the other day, I found seated at the desk an alert, well-groomed man whose appearance suggested the busy professional man, rather than the layman's mental picture of a savant in one of the most abstruse and recondite of the sciences.

To Professor Moulton, indeed, astronomy is anything but a dry and theoretical subject. He discusses his work with all the enthusiasm of a small boy in the country on the subject of fishing.

"I used to think, when a boy," he began reminiscently, with a twinkle in his eye, "that the days of adventure and discovery were over, and I felt sorry for it, as there seemed to be nothing left for the explorer to do. But later I found that Columbus never had such an adventure as a person gets when he explores in his mind the depths of the universe. Now I am glad that I didn't live any earlier, because of the marvelous riches that science has brought to us in our own day, which make life really worth living.

"With our powerful telescopes we sweep the heavens and millions of stars are revealed to us which the naked eye never sees. Many stars, indeed, are so distant that they can only be detected by long exposures of delicate photographic plates.

"There are uncounted myriads of stars, at least 500,000,000 of which are known to us. Every star, remember, is a sun. Generally speaking, every sun is comparable to our own in size, dimensions, temperature, the kind of light it radiates, and the like, though some of them are, of course, much larger, like the giant Betelgeuze, the diameter of which, as you may know, has recently been measured and found to be three hundred times larger than that of our sun.

"We have called the stars *fixed*, just as we used to speak of 'the eternal hills'; but only poets now speak of 'the eternal hills,' as we know that tomorrow, geologically speaking, they will disappear. So the stars are moving, but they are moving so slowly from our point of view that it takes a long time to detect the movement without the use of powerful telescopes. But we know from their distribution, from the forces operating on them, and from the underlying laws controlling them, that they are moving around among one another like bees in a swarm or people on State street on a busy afternoon."

Professor Moulton exhibited some photographs of star clusters, in which thousands of stars were visible, and packed so closely together that they seemed almost like a solid mass of fish roe. These stars, however, are so inconceivably distant that, as a matter of fact, each star is separated from its nearest neighbors by thousands of millions of miles, indeed by a distance 100,000 times greater than that which separates our sun from the earth, which is a distance of some 93,000,000 miles.

In addition, he explained, it is quite possible that these stars, being suns much like our own, have their planets circulating around them—dark bodies which at such a prodigious distance are far beyond the range of visibility.

While the total number of stars is, of course, unknown, since they stretch away into a filmy haze, even on the sensitive photographic plates, approximately 500,000,000 of them have been, as already indicated, identified by modern astronomy, although only about 5,000 are visible to the naked eye.

"If we watch these suns for only two hundred years," continued the astronomer, "we find that they seem to be moving in straight lines, but if we could watch them for 20,000 or perhaps 200,000 years, we should observe a curvature in their path. Our sun moves with respect to other stars about 400,000,000 miles a year. The average distance between adjacent suns is 300,000 times 100,000,000 miles. Many of these suns are so far away from our earth that it takes their light thousands of years to reach us, with the light

traveling at the rate of 186,000 miles a second.

"Our sun lies deep in a galaxy shaped like a lens or match. The galaxy of stars of which our sun is a member consists of at least a thousand million suns comparable to our own. About half of them are in most respects very much like our own sun, but some of them radiate thousands of times as much light and some of them are millions of times as great in volume.

"The thickness of this galaxy is the distance that light travels in twenty or thirty thousand years. Its distance through, from edge to edge, is approximately ten times this distance, or that which light travels in two hundred or three hundred thousand years.

"Outside of our galaxy are other galaxies in enormous numbers. Only during the last year have we been able to measure the distance to them. We take photographs of objects which are so far away that light has been on its way to us millions of years and we see them as they were at that long-ago epoch. It doesn't seem unreasonable that these galaxies in great numbers together form a super-galaxy, just as myriads of stars together constitute our galaxy, and it is quite possible that many super-galaxies form a larger cosmic unit which may be called a super-galaxy of the second order. Even then we probably have not reached the limit, for super-galaxies of higher and higher orders may exist without end.

"One naturally recoils from these immense figures; it seems unreal because it is unfamiliar. But to those of us who are familiar with it and are mathematicians the difficulties are not serious. There are more difficulties in an atom than there are in these great galaxies. There is as much mystery in the radio. It is hard to conceive of the marvelous amplification by the audion of those feeble impulses that go through the ether."

Professor Moulton explained how, by means of spectrum analysis, the nature of the substances in the sun has been ascertained. "Every kind of substance in an incandescent state," he explained, "gives forth a certain kind of light. Iron, sodium, calcium, et cetera, each gives its own kind of light. If there is a certain character of light that travels twenty feet in the laboratory, it will be the same if it comes millions of miles from the sun. So from the character of the light that comes from the sun, as registered by the lines in the spectrum, we can determine what is in the sun. So we know there is iron and nickel and cobalt in the sun, and in fact most of the common elements."

"It is highly probable," states Professor Moulton, "that the earth will continue to revolve about the sun and be in a condition suitable for the abode of the higher forms of life for hundreds of millions of years. Its ultimate destruction, however, is likewise highly probable. When our sun passes again near another sun, the planets which revolve about it at present will probably be utterly destroyed and scattered along the arms of a new spiral nebula, to be swept up and become parts of a new generation of planets."

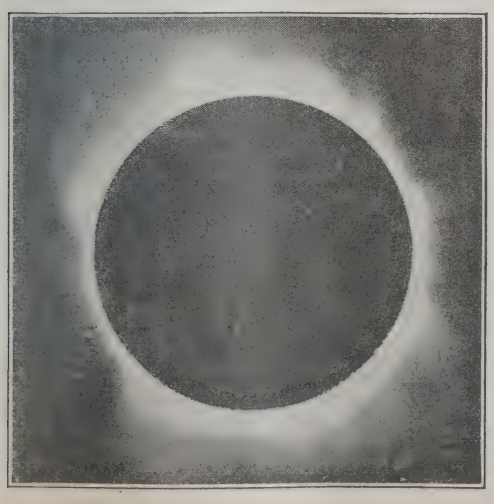
I next asked Dr. Moulton to explain something of the process by which solar systems such as our own are born. This question was of particular interest, because Dr. Moulton, in collaboration with the great geologist, Professor T. C. Chamberlin, is the author of the famous *Planetesimal Hypothesis* which is now so widely accepted both in this country and abroad, as the most reasonable explanation of the birth of our solar system.

Dr. Moulton, like other astronomers, had long been aware of the weaknesses of the old nebular hypothesis formulated by LaPlace as far back as 1796, and its inability to account for many facts, such, for instance, as the satellite system of Saturn. He first put forward the planetesimal hypothesis in 1900, and twenty-five years of subsequent investigation by himself and other scientists have increasingly confirmed its validity. In England it has been adopted and is known as the *tidal* theory.

In explaining this epoch-making hypothesis, he went on to say to me: "Our sun and its planets are, as I have already pointed out, members of a cosmic unit known as a galaxy, not an isolated group of bodies. About once in a period of *a thousand times a million times a million years* our sun will, on the average, approach near to another sun. Enormous tides will be formed and a certain amount of matter will be shot out, and in this way a spiral nebula will be developed. It will contain nuclei and vast quantities of scattered material. The nuclei in their circulation around the central sun will sweep up the scattered material and grow into planets.

"This is not a mere speculation. I spent several years in actual calculation to convince myself of its occurrence, and that it really occurred in the formation of our solar system is at least highly probable. Moreover, we have in the sky today all sorts of these spiral nebulae, which we can observe, tipped in every direction, from perfect flatwise to perfect edgewise." He brought out several photographs showing specimens of these interesting celestial formations.

"One such nucleus," he continued, "gradually grew into our present earth. The earth originally probably was too small to be able to hold an atmosphere or water on its surface. As it grew in size, by sweeping up the scattered material in its path, its gravitation increased and eventually it became surrounded by an atmosphere and largely covered with water. The process of



Left—Sun's corona extending outward for thousands of miles, displayed only at the time of a total eclipse. Spectrum analysis has indicated that most of the elements common to earth are present in the sun.

Right—The moon's craters and mountains, brought nearer to earth by a powerful telescope. Professor Moulton considers that life as we understand it would be impossible on this satellite.

*(Photographs used with this article from Yerkes Observatory.)*



growth produces circularity, and so those planets that have grown the most should have the most nearly circular orbits, and Jupiter and Saturn and the others do.

"The earth is still growing by the accretion of particles of matter. It is highly probable that in earlier times there were possibly thousands of pounds of meteoric matter falling every day on every square mile of the earth's surface."

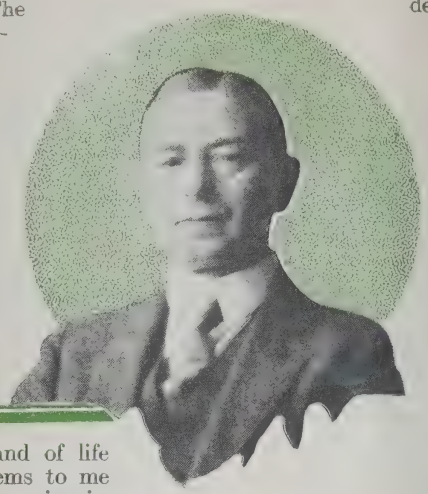
My next question had to do with the probable date of the appearance of life on the planet. "Life did not begin," he responded, "until our earth had reached approximately its present size, and this was probably two billion—that is, two thousand million—years ago. It is likely that life began first on the seashore where the air and the soil and the water unite.

"The water dissolved from the rocks various elements such as sodium, potassium, calcium, iron, et cetera, and carried them in solution into the sea. On the seashore there was an infinite variety of concentration of these various elements. There was also the rhythmic succession of day and night, and the pulsing tides and the lapping waves, which gave a variety so great that it is impossible now to match it artificially.

"Somehow, in a manner unknown, the first steps in the great life sequence upon the earth were taken. Of course, the first forms of life were very low. The smallest microörganism which we have today may be comparatively high in the scale, containing at least 100,000,000 molecules. Most of the life history of the earth was past before the vertebrates came on.

"This, as I say, all happened at the minimum two billion years ago. It may have been much farther back. Records indicate it.

"During all of that period the sun has radiated light and heat upon the earth almost exactly at its present rate, and during all that time the earth has never been visited by any great cataclysm which destroyed all life."



"The growth of worlds and of life through millions of years seems to me much more marvelous and awe-inspiring than a sudden creation a few thousand years ago," says Professor Moulton with reference to the spiritual significance of the new universe which astronomy is opening to view.

"The thing that impresses the astronomer most is not, however, the magnitude of the physical universe, nor its long duration, but the fact that it is perfectly orderly. Order is the foundation on which all science is built, and the orderliness of the universe in time, that is, its continuous and orderly change, is the essence of what is known as evolution."

He went on to assure me, however, that in case another sun did come dangerously close to the earth, it would take at least 100,000 years, after its approach first became visible, for it to reach a point which would bring about the cataclysm which he described. The inhabitants of the earth will therefore have plenty of time in which to make their wills and adjust their affairs. Nor is any such sun as yet even in sight.

"Besides," he concluded, "there is no immediate danger of this event, for the stars are so very far apart that the near approach of our sun to another sun will, as I have already stated, happen only about once in a period expressed by the figure 1 followed by fifteen ciphers."

While he did not deny the possibility of life on the planet, and perhaps of a very advanced order because of its greater age, Professor Moulton was somewhat skeptical about the reality of the so-called canals as artificial works of irrigation.

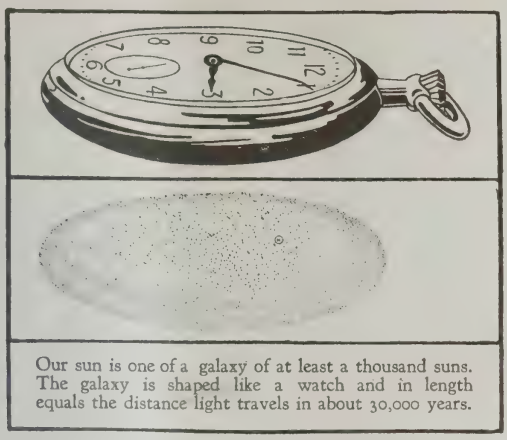
# Builds Ten-Room House Single-Handed

FASHIONED solely by his own hands, Samuel Siggins, of Fort Myer Heights, Virginia, has built a ten-room house within a period of seventeen years, utilizing his leisure hours. From foundation to roof it is the architecture of the builder. It represents at least 100,000 hours of labor. He conceived the idea of building a home from the utilization of spare hours in 1906, when he selected a site somewhat removed from the populated area around Fort Meyer Heights. In the same year, Mr. Siggins quarried the first stone for the foundation. Sand was obtained in the vicinity and conveyed to the site in a cart. Subsequently, every stone was placed and each nail penetrating the building driven by the hands of this master craftsman. The tile roof in placement is a result of his handiwork.



and even the plumbing system was installed in the absence of assistance.

As a builder of carriages, Samuel Siggins receives a compensation of seventy-five cents an hour, which rate, if he labored 100,000 hours on the dwelling, makes an investment exceeding $75,000. This artisan, however, counts his product a "labor of love" and wonders about how he will utilize his leisure hours when the finishing touches are added. Ten rooms and two baths constitute the attractive house, and the creator will move into this product of "his affection, hope, and pride," when completed.



Our sun is one of a galaxy of at least a thousand suns. The galaxy is shaped like a watch and in length equals the distance light travels in about 30,000 years.

# Other Worlds Than Ours

Amazing astronomers' pictures illustrating the article on pages 31—32 of this issue.



Spiral nebula which telescopes disclose in Ursa Major.



The Great Andromeda Nebula, the nearest galaxy of stars to be photographed, found to be distant about 1,000,000 light years.

THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL

BLESSED is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness; he has a life purpose. Labor is force, breathed into him by Almighty God, awakening him to all nobleness, to all knowledge. Hast thou valued patience, courage, openness to light, or readiness to own thy mistakes? In wrestling with the dim brute powers of fact thou wilt continually learn. For every noble work the possibilities are diffused immensity, undiscoverable, except in faith.

—*Thomas Carlyle.*

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Vol. 26 No. 8 | DECEMBER 12, 1925 | $1.50 a Year



CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH



## THE FIRST SNOWFALL

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was edged inch-deep with pearl.

*—James Russell Lowell.*



December 12, 1925

Volume 26
Number 8



The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

# The Essence of This Issue.

*Merry, Merry Christmas everywhere,*
*Cheerily it breatheth through the air."*

Draw up your chairs round the fire and have a look through our Christmas Number. It may be a little early, but we believe in Christmas beginning early and lasting late. Our writers and artists have caught the spirit of Christmas, past and present, and have recreated the atmosphere of the kind and charitable season. Surely it was a great gift of the Christ Child to humanity in our wintry climes, when such a glow was lighted at the heart of winter by Cheery Christmastide. "Merry, Merry Christmas—Everywhere!"

---

In this number Mr. Ford has something to say about growing a folly-proof race.

---

Dickens is the Master of Old Christmas scenes. More than any other, he knew just how to lemon and spice the wassail, how many plums go in the pudding, what part of sage and sweet herbs make perfect the turkey dressing, how the sirloin should be roasted and mince pies flavored. "The Seven Poor Travellers" take us to a quaint old town to dine with six companions who like himself seek sympathy and the warmth of a Christmas fire. Who the poor travellers were and what befell at their feast, makes one of Dickens' inimitable pictures of human hearts under the Christmas spell. (p. 4)



---

But the original and classic Christmas story was written by a beloved physician, one Luke, in whose Memoir of Jesus it appears. Luke made inquiry in Palestine into these matters, and wrote down his findings. In the story, as he tells it, scholars note a curious change of tone. Luke, as a writer, had a grand, distinctive tone—but when he comes to the story of the birth of Jesus, the style changes—it is like a woman's voice breaking into the narrative. It may have been Mary the Mother of Jesus telling these things to Dr. Luke. Being a modest woman, she would hesitate to tell them to a rough man like Peter or a young man like John. To this physician she could confide her story. (p. 8)

---

Christmas memories of those thrifty, hardy, peaceful pioneers, the Pennsylvania Dutch, are told by one whose "first Christmas away from home" was spent among them. May all folk away from home at Christmas find good Dutch friendship. (p. 15)

---

Are people better and happier now than they were fifty years ago? Philip E. King, in half a century of reminiscence, tries to settle the matter. (p. 18)

---

Did you ever spend Christmas on the farm? Did you ever see the rooster with his frozen comb, and icicles hanging from the eaves, the frozen pump, the snow-covered woodpile? Did you ever hear the crisp, frosty song of the sleighs and the jingle of the bells? If you have, then you will know that Homer Croy has written here a true record. (p. 25)

---

Carol singing has by no means died out, the waits still go their rounds "upon the midnight clear." There has been a renewal of the pleasant ancient custom. One who has spent more than one Christmas in England tells us all about this. (p. 28)

---

Even Christmas may be tinged with regret. Parents sit at home thinking about their children. An American father is doing that in this number. He thought that he would have his family all about him, but it has not turned out that way. In realizing their own dreams they have broken their father's dream. (p. 2)

---

The story of old American bottles is told by Mary Harrod Northend. (p. 12)

---

Horace Windham gives us a survey of Christmas customs in many lands. It shows how, after all, the human family is bound together by the remembrance of Bethelehem 2,000 years ago. (p. 30)



## CONTENTS

What Happened to a Dream - - - - - - - 2
*By An American Father*
"The Seven Poor Travellers"—*Charles Dickens* 4
Story of the Christ-Birth - - - - - - - - 8
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
Valuable Old American Bottles - - - - - - 12
*Mary Harrod Northend*
Christmas Among the Pennsylvania Dutch - 15
Christmas in the Olden Time - - - - - - 16–17
*Double-page drawing by W. O. FitzGerald*
"And It Came to Pass in Those Days" - - - 18
*Philip E. King*
Christmas on the Farm—*Homer Croy* - - - 25
Christmas Carols—*Hugh A. Studdert Kennedy* 28
Christmas Customs—*Horace Windham* - - - 30

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer;
C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

Single Copy, 10 Cents
Subscription price in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies, $1.50 a year; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year.

Change of Address
1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill.

# What Happened to a Dream

## Showing How a Clash of Ideas May Lead to a Crash of Ideals

By An AMERICAN FATHER

ILLUSTRATED BY EDITH GRIEVE

WHEN I was a boy, I did not much care whether there was anything else in the world except my grandfather's farmhouse. This house was the center of the universe to me; the little horizon that came down around it was the rim of the world. I think my grandparents felt much the same way. The family, as a whole, was all that each member of the family needed. Three uncles, an aunt, my small sister, my grandfather and grandmother kept me constantly entertained. Especially at mealtime. There was so much story-telling, so much conversation. I remember once feverishly beckoning across the table to my sister when grandfather was telling of some exploit in his youth when he and his sister were in danger. I forgot who I was and thought I was my grandfather.

And the evenings were so delightful, provided my grandfather and the boys did not play the violin too much. It was a good many years before I learned to like the violin; I had to go away from home to become convinced of its musical possibilities.

Only once during my youth did anything really sad happen. My aunt went to Kansas. My grandfather took her to the train. I went with them to the station. He was strangely quiet on the way home. I looked up at him to see what was the matter. I saw wet streaks on his cheeks where tears had coursed down to his white beard. I said nothing. He said nothing.

I had to go out in the world to make my own living when I was fifteen. Every Sunday I walked seven miles, just to be home for a few hours. Monday morning seemed the blackest time in the week because it was farthest away from the next Sunday morning when I could go home again. A year or two were required to reconcile me to being away from home.

As I grew to manhood, I realized that it was the fate of man to have a wife and children and have a world of his own under his own roof. As the thought kept coming, it took hold of me. Where was the girl who was to be my wife? She must be somewhere, even at that moment. In due time, these questions were answered. I instituted what we called "Goodnight talks." Every evening the children were gathered around and asked what good things they had done that day. It was a little method I devised to make them kind. And it was so delightful. One evening a four-year-old, after much thought, triumphantly announced that he had not struck his brother that day.

While the children were still young, my thoughts went ahead to the time when they should be grown up. It was a little hard just then for the too indulgent mother, but it seemed as if, when they were grown and able to take care of themselves, there would be nothing to be desired. We should have their companionship without the cares and anxieties which children cause their parents. The house would ring with laughter and buzz with conversation.

Well, the children are grown, but nothing of the kind has happened. There are four of them, the youngest eighteen and the eldest twenty-five, enough to make a houseful, but the house is more nearly empty than ever it has been since they were born. They are as good children as anyone could desire, no drinking, no dissipating, no laziness—those who are not in school work harder than I ever did—and, if I may say so, I have always been a worker—but they are not at home much of the time.

As nearly as I can remember, each of them pretty much dropped out of the family circle when he was about fifteen years of age. At that time in each of their lives, high school work began to bear down upon them, and for five evenings of the week they studied from dinner until bedtime. The other evenings were taken up by fraternity meetings and the social life that goes with school. When they became old enough to work, they worked all day and oftentimes well into the evening. The boys like to work. As a result, we see them only a moment



"My thoughts went ahead to the time when they should be grown up . . . . the house would ring with laughter and buzz with conversation."

at breakfast, and for a little longer moment at dinner in the evening.

And, as nearly as I can ascertain from inquiries, all of the other parents are alone. My children seem astounded that we have regrets, and tell us that all of their friends are at home as little as they are, and that their parents do not care. Of course, other parents do care. They care because they are "old-fashioned" as our children say we are.

Here is a clash of ideas—the old against the young. And the parents are not winning this time, as they have usually won when they and their children have disagreed. The parents are losing. They are in contact with forces that seem to be too much for them. Nor is it that children have suddenly become stronger than their parents. The children are but instruments through which new and powerful social forces are operating. Transportation has not been revolutionized for adults alone. It has powerfully influenced the lives of boys more than fifteen. Most city boys begin to own automobiles by the time they enter high school. They begin with very poor secondhand cars with perhaps a dry-goods box for a seat and rapidly acquire better ones. By the time they are eighteen years old they have owned half a dozen cars. Parents do not object because they want to be reasonable and they know that other boys have cars. They may not like the idea, but they have to put up with it.

It is astonishing what an area a boy can cover with a car. Ten miles in any direction after dark means nothing. And in this twenty-mile circle he finds a lot to do—friends to visit, dances to attend and what not. With a car and a good list of chums, such as every lad has, a boy can be out all the time—as most boys are.

Now whether it is agreeable to parents to be left pretty much alone after their children reach the age of fifteen has nothing to do with what is happening or what is likely to continue to take place. It is important to the parents but apparently it is not important to the children. The children want to be out and they are out. The parents may not like it, but they have to put up with it. Yet there remain two very important practical questions for the older generation to consider, the first of which is, "What mental adjustments should parents try to make to enable them to endure the absence of their children?"

I put this question first because nothing in life brings so much pain as blasting the dream of companionship



"With a car and a good list of chums, such as every lad has, a boy can be out all of the time—which most boys are."

with one's children when they are grown. I counted upon it from the beginning. As the years went past I relied more and more upon the children and less and less upon the outside world. And then the children disappointed me.

I cannot blame them. I can put myself in their places. I know how strong is the pull from the outside. The young instinctively turn to each other rather than to the passing generation. But that does not make it any pleasanter for the generation that is passing. To understand why this thing is happening is not enough, in itself, to enable parents to forget their disappointment. Something more than that will have to happen. Parents will have to become mentally readjusted to the new situation.

The present generation of parents probably will not be able to do this. They may try but they will never get over the ache. But the next generation will succeed. What will have to happen is this: *The love of children, as such, will have to die earlier.* It always dies, anyway, to be replaced by a different kind of love. The intense love of children, as such, is really but a means that has been evolved to cause us to take care of them. How this happened is perfectly plain. The children that were best protected and cared for were most likely to live and become the parents of succeeding generations. By this sifting process none of humanity is left except those who love children. And they love them so much because they are so helpless. When the helplessness passes, the love begins to pass or, rather, to change. A ninety-year-old lady loves her seventy-year-old son, but it is not the love that she had for him when he was a baby. It is a different kind, perhaps just as deep but not so intense. He can be away for years at a time, and so long as she knows he is all right, she is in no misery. But when he was a baby she could not stand it to have him away from her for an hour.

The truth of the matter probably is that the children of today do not need their parents as much as did the children of all preceding generations. They know it and go out, but we don't know it and regret. Yet it can scarcely be doubted that the fifteen-year-old child of today is as well aware of the nature of the world about him as was the twenty-year-old of fifty years ago. The twenty-year-old, even of my day, was an awful boob. Any bright fifteen-year-old now could take some money in his pocket and travel from New York to San Francisco without a particle of difficulty. By moving more about in their world, the young of today know more of it. They do not feel much dependence, except for material things, and they know that, if pressed, they could earn the material things. They are not afraid and they know their way about.

Nor will the young of today carry into their maturity any recollection of their home life that will cause them to grieve when their own children become old enough to be gone most of the time. Their memories will mirror back to them no such home as my grandfather had. Instead, it will seem perfectly natural to them to see the family circle dissolve, except for sleeping and eating purposes when, one by one, the children reach the age of fifteen. Did they not do the same themselves? They did. They know it and they will remember it. So the wrenching of heartstrings will be only for the generation of parents that is now passing. They may be able to think the thing out and understand it, but they will never become reconciled to it. There will always be a little ache behind the picture on the wall of their memories—a little disappointment that home was not what they expected it to be.

I said there were two questions for parents to consider. Here is the other: "Is it good for the children to spend so little time at home after they are fifteen?" If I can sacrifice my own feelings long enough to get the answer down I'll have to say that *I think it is for their good.* I do not mean that no harm can come to them. A great deal of harm can come. But from that point of view, this world is an exceedingly dangerous place in which to live and nobody is ever really safe in it. We can only keep in touch with our children as best we can *(Concluded on page 28)*

# The Seven Poor Travellers



"I stepped backward into the road to survey my inheritance."

By CHARLES DICKENS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. W. CLARKE

STRICTLY speaking, there were only six Poor Travellers; but, being a Traveller myself, though an idle one, and being withal as poor as I hope to be, I brought the number up to seven. This word of explanation is due at once, for what says the inscription over the quaint old door?

RICHARD WATTS, ESQ.
by his will, dated 22 Aug. 1579
founded this Charity
for Six poor Travellers,
who not being ROGUES, or PROCTORS,
May receive gratis for one Night,
Lodging, Entertainment,
and Fourpence each.

It was in the ancient little city of Rochester in Kent, of all the good days in the year upon a Christmas-eve, that I stood reading this inscription over the quaint old door in question. I had been wandering about the neighboring Cathedral, and had seen the tomb of Richard Watts, with the effigy of worthy Master Richard starting out of it like a ship's figure-head; and I had felt that I could do no less, as I gave the Verger his fee, than inquire the way to Watt's Charity. The way being very short and very plain, I had come prosperously to the inscription and the quaint old door.

"Now," said I to myself, as I looked at the knocker, "I know I am not a Proctor; I wonder whether I am a Rogue!"

Upon the whole, though Conscience reproduced two or three pretty faces which might have had smaller attraction for a moral Goliath than they had had for me, who am but a Tom Thumb in that way, I came to the conclusion that I was not a Rogue. So, beginning to regard the establishment as in some sort my property, bequeathed to me and divers co-legatees, share and share alike, by the Worshipful Master Richard Watts, I stepped backward into the road to survey my inheritance.

I found it to be a clean white house, of a staid and venerable air, with the quaint old door already three times mentioned (an arched door), choice little long low lattice-windows, and a roof of three gables. The silent High-street of Rochester is full of gables, with old beams and timbers carved into strange faces. It is oddly garnished with a queer old clock that projects over the pavement out of a grave red-brick building, as if Time carried on business there, and hung out his sign. Sooth to say, he did an active stroke of work in Rochester, in the old days of the Romans, and the Saxons, and the Normans; and down to the times of King John, when the rugged castle—I will not undertake to say how many hundreds of years old then—was abandoned to the centuries of weather which have so defaced the dark apertures in its walls, that the ruin looks as if the rooks and daws had pecked its eyes out.

I was very well pleased, both with my property and its situation. While I was yet surveying it with growing content, I espied, at one of the upper lattices which stood open, a decent body, of a wholesome matronly appearance, whose eyes I caught inquiringly addressed to mine. They said so plainly, "Do you wish to see the house?" that I answered aloud, "Yes, if you please." And within a minute the old door opened, and I bent my head, and went down two steps into the entry.

"This," said the matronly presence, ushering me into a low room on the right, "is where the Travellers sit by the fire, and cook what bits of suppers they buy with their fourpences."

"O! Then they have no Entertainment?" said I. For the inscription over the outer door was still running in my head, and I was mentally repeating, in a kind of tune, "Lodging, entertainment, and fourpence each."



"I bent my head, and went down two steps into the entry."



"I never saw a finer turkey, finer beef, or greater prodigality of sauce and gravy; and my Travellers did wonderful justice to everything set before them."



"I set out for Watt's Charity, carrying my brown beauty in my arms."

"They have a fire provided for 'em,' returned the matron,—a mighty civil person, not, as I could make out, overpaid; "and these cooking utensils. And this what's painted on a board is the rules for their behaviour. They have their fourpences when they get their tickets from the steward over the way,—for I don't admit 'em myself, they must get their tickets first,—and sometimes one buys a rasher of bacon, and another a herring, and another a pound of potatoes, or what not. Sometimes two or three of 'em will club their fourpences together, and make a supper that way. But not much of anything is to be got for fourpence, at present, when provisions is so dear."

"True, indeed," I remarked. I had been looking about the room, admiring its snug fireside at the upper end, its glimpse of the street through the low mullioned window, and its beams overhead. "It is very comfortable," said I.

"Ill-conwenient," observed the matronly presence.

I liked to hear her say so: for it showed a commendable anxiety to execute in no niggardly spirit the intentions of Master Richard Watts. But the room was really so well adapted to its purpose that I protested, quite enthusiastically, against her disparagement.

"Nay, ma'am," said I, "I am sure it is warm in winter and cool in summer. It has a look of homely welcome and soothing rest. It has a remarkably cosy fireside, the very blink of which, gleaming out into the street upon a winter night, is enough to warm all Rochester's heart. And as to the convenience of the six Poor Travellers——"

"I don't mean them," returned the presence. "I speak of its being an ill-conwenience to myself and my daughter, having no other room to sit in of a night."

This was true enough, but there was another quaint room of corresponding dimensions on the opposite side of the entry: so I stepped across to it, through the open doors of both rooms, and asked what this chamber was for.

"This," returned the presence, "is the Board Room. Where the gentlemen meet when they come here."

Let me see. I had counted from the street six upper windows besides these on the ground-story. Making a perplexed calculation in my mind, I rejoined, "Then the six Poor Travellers sleep upstairs?"

My new friend shook her head. "They sleep," she answered, "in two little outer galleries at the back, where their beds has always been, ever since the Charity was founded. It being so very ill-conwenient to me as things is at present, the gentlemen are going to take off a bit of the back yard, and make a slip of a room for 'em there, to sit in before they go to bed."

"And then the six Poor Travellers," said I, "will be entirely out of the house?"

"Entirely out of the house," assented the presence, comfortably smoothing her hands. "Which is considered much better for all parties, and much more conwenient."

I had been a little startled, in the Cathedral, by the emphasis with which the effigy of Master Richard Watts was bursting out of his tomb, but I began to think, now, that it might be expected to come across the High-street some stormy night, and make a disturbance here.

Howbeit, I kept my thoughts to myself, and accompanied the presence to the little galleries at the back. I found them on a tiny scale, like the galleries in old inn-yards; and they were very clean. While I was looking at them, the matron gave me to understand that the prescribed number of Poor Travellers were forthcoming every night from year's end to year's end; and that the beds were always occupied. My questions upon this, and her replies, brought us back to the Board Room so essential to the dignity of "the gentlemen," where she showed me the printed accounts of the Charity hanging up by the window. From them I gathered that the greater part of the property bequeathed by the Worshipful Master Richard Watts for the maintenance of this foundation was, at the period of his death, mere marshland; but that, in course of time, it had been reclaimed and built upon, and was very considerably increased in value. I found, too, that about a thirtieth part of the annual revenue was now expended on the purposes commemorated in the inscription over the door; the rest being handsomely laid out in Chancery, law expenses, collectorship, receivership, poundage, and other appendages of management, highly complimentary to the importance of the six Poor Travellers. In short, I made the not entirely new discovery that it may be said of an establishment like this, in dear old England, as of the fat oyster in the American story, that it takes a good many men to swallow it whole.

"And pray, ma'am," said I, sensible that the blankness of my face began to brighten as the thought occurred to me, "could one see these Travellers?"

"Well!" she returned more dubiously, "no!"

"Not to-night, for instance!" said I.

"Well" she returned more positively, "no. Nobody ever asked to see them, and nobody ever did see them."

As I am not easily baulked in a design when I am set upon it, I urged to the good lady that this was Christmas-eve; that Christmas comes but once a year—which is unhappily too true, for when it begins to stay with us the whole year round we shall make this earth a very different place; that I was possessed by the desire to treat the Travellers to a supper, and a temperate glass of hot Wassail; that the voice of Fame had been heard in that land, declaring my ability to make hot Wassail; that if I were permitted to hold the feast, I should be found conformable to reason, sobriety, and good hours; in a word, that I could be merry and wise myself, and had been even known at a pinch to keep others so, although I was decorated with no badge or medal, and was not a Brother, Orator, Apostle, Saint, or Prophet of any denomination whatever. In the end I prevailed, to my great joy. It was settled that at nine o'clock that

night a Turkey and a piece of Roast Beef should smoke upon the board; and that I, faint and unworthy minister for once of Master Richard Watts, should preside as the Christmas-supper host of the six Poor Travellers.

I went back to my inn to give the necessary directions for the Turkey and Roast Beef, and, during the remainder of the day, could settle to nothing for thinking of the Poor Travellers. When the wind blew hard against the windows —it was a cold day, with dark gusts of sleet alternating with periods of wild brightness, as if the year were dying fitfully—I pictured them advancing towards their resting-place along various cold roads, and felt delighted to think how little they foresaw the supper that awaited them. I painted their portraits in my mind, and indulged in a little heightening touches. I made them footsore; I made them weary; I made them carry packs and bundles; I made them stop by finger-posts and milestones, leaning on their bent sticks, and looking wistfully at what was written there; I made them lose their way; and filled their five wits with apprehensions of lying out all night, and being frozen to death. I took up my hat, and went out, climbed to the top of the Old Castle, and looked over the windy hills that slope down to the Medway, almost believing that I could descry some of my Travellers in the distance. After it fell dark, and the Cathedral bell was heard in the invisible steeple—quite a bower of frosty rime when I had last seen it—striking five, six, seven, I became so full of my Travellers that I could eat no dinner, and felt constrained to watch them still in the red coals of my fire. They were all arrived by this time, I thought, had got their tickets, and were gone in.—There my pleasure was dashed by the reflection that probably some Travellers had come late and were shut out.

After the Cathedral bell had struck eight, I could smell a delicious savour of Turkey and Roast Beef rising to the window of my adjoining bedroom, which looked down into the inn-yard just where the lights of the kitchen reddened a massive fragment of the Castle Wall. It was high time to make the Wassail now; therefore I had up the materials (which, together with their proportions and combinations, I must decline to impart, as the only secret of my own I was ever known to keep), and made a glorious jorum. Not in a bowl; for a bowl anywhere but on a shelf is a low superstition, fraught with cooling and slopping; but in a brown earthenware pitcher, tenderly suffocated, when full, with a coarse cloth. It being now upon the stroke of nine, I set out for Watt's Charity, carrying my brown beauty in my arms. I would trust Ben, the waiter, with untold gold; but there are strings in the human heart which must never be sounded by another, and drinks that I make myself are those strings in mine.

The travellers were all assembled, the cloth was laid, and Ben had brought a great billet of wood, and had laid it artfully on the top of the fire, so that a touch or two of the poker after supper should make a roaring blaze. Having deposited my brown beauty in a red nook of the hearth, inside the fender, where she soon began to sing like an ethereal cricket, diffusing at the same time odours as of ripe vineyards, spice forests, and orange groves,—I say, having stationed my beauty in a place of security and improvement, I introduced myself to my guests by shaking hands all round, and giving them a hearty welcome.

I found the party to be thus composed. Firstly, myself. Secondly, a very decent man indeed, with his right arm in a sling, who had a certain clean agreeable smell of wood about him, from which I judged him to have something to do with shipbuilding. Thirdly, a little sailor-boy, a mere child, with a profusion of rich dark brown hair, and deep womanly-looking eyes. Fourthly, a shabby-genteel personage in a threadbare black suit, and apparently in very bad circumstances, with a dry suspicious look; the absent buttons on his waistcoat eked out with red tape; and a bundle of extraordinarily tattered papers sticking out of an inner breast-pocket. Fifthly, a foreigner by birth, but an Englishman in speech, who carried his pipe in the band of his hat, and lost no time in telling me, in an easy, simple, engaging way, that he was a watchmaker from Geneva, and travelled all about the Continent, mostly on foot, working as a journeyman, and seeing new countries —possibly (I thought) also smuggling a watch or so, now and then. Sixthly, a little widow, who had been very pretty and was still very young, but whose beauty had been wrecked in some great misfortune, and whose manner was remarkably timid, scared, and solitary. Seventhly and lastly, a Traveller of a kind familiar to my boyhood, but now almost obsolete,—a Book-Pedlar, who had a quantity of Pamphlets and Numbers with him, and who presently boasted that he could repeat more verses in an evening than he could sell in a twelvemonth.

All these I have mentioned in the order in which they sat at table. I presided, and the matronly presence faced me. We were not long in taking our places for the supper had arrived with me, in the following procession:—

Myself with the pitcher.
Ben with Beer.
Inattentive Boy with hot plates. Inattentive Boy with hot plates.
THE TURKEY.
Female carrying sauces to be heated on the spot.

(Continued on page 21)



"My travellers right and left on either side of me, round the fire, myself and my chair closing up the centre."

# The Story of the First Christmas





AND it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed.

(And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria.)

And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.

And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judaea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; (because he was of the house and lineage of David).

To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child.

And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.

And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this *shall be* a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

*ST. LUKE II.*















# Mr. Ford's Page

NO ONE now denies that a sufficient amount of hardship and opposition is necessary to develop strength—any kind of strength. We recognize that in our games: all the sports of our people consist in surmounting some kind of opposition; there is always a contest. We recognize that in the world of make-believe: all our novels are tales of the manner in which people meet and attack the difficulties of circumstance. Hardships that harden without harshening, that develop strength out of weakness, and resistance out of softness, are recognized as good.

It is sometimes a question how far it is wise to save people from the ordinary course of hard knocks. There is in this and every country a great mass of people who are honest, easy-going and virtuous, who nevertheless are a fertile field for the play of every kind of fake and fallacy. They are the people who are usually "taken in" when there are real estate booms. They are the people who patronize the glib armies of salesmen who peddle stock which is guaranteed to make the poorest subscriber a millionaire in a month. They are the people who are most easily deceived by the illegal use of an honest industrial name by dishonest fakers. They are the people who give point to the shrewd observation that "there's one born every minute."

Now, in one view their plight is such as to arouse moral indignation and sympathy in their behalf. In many cases the deception of which they are victims means a lifetime spent in recuperation. Few there are who do not know the tragedies caused by the unscrupulous panderers to the material ambitions of the masses. They are bunkoed right and left by promoters, politicians, fake medical men, religious charlatans, real estate exploiters, high-power stock salesmen and the rest.

In another view, how can these people learn to use their eyes and their reason other than by having them tested in actual experience? How are they to learn that it is impossible to get something for nothing, except by trying it and failing? It is safe to say that no swindling scheme would ever succeed, or any doubtful scheme ever get a start, even among the masses, if the average man used his average common sense—or any common sense whatever.

As long as there are people capable of being victimized, there will be those ready to do it. As long as there are weak, unresisting human constitutions, there will always be disease. As long as there remains anywhere the capacity to be enslaved, the slave master will always appear. In view of that, where is the better place to begin: with the disease, or with the patient's power of resistance? In medicine, it is with the latter. In a community immunized to "something for nothing" schemes, what happens to the swindler? The same thing that happens to a disease germ that wanders into a healthy resistant body—it doesn't get anywhere; it dies for want of nutrition. Swindlers fail when victims think.

*WHETHER to be sorry for the victims of swindlers, or glad that they are getting experience; whether to desire a spineless population never tempted to folly, or a strong people who are proof-against it: these questions occasionally arise. Scientists who have fought rust in wheat and blight in corn are now considering whether it is not better to grow wheat that will resist the rust, and corn that will defeat the blight. If rust-proof wheat is a possibility, surely folly-proof people are equally possible. The swindlers who take millions a year from the people would fail if people were swindle-proof. And most of them would be if they refused to heed tales of something for nothing.*

The race has won its immunity from many diseases by the strength which it has stored up under numerous attacks. It is a beautiful law that when an attack is made, the body produces a defense out of its own resources. The body, that is, has experience of a certain disease; out of the experience it produces the antidote which renders that particular disease powerless in the future. "I am immune; I have had it," men say. But in business affairs, seldom is immunity so easily won. It often takes more than one or two sieges to convince men of their folly—especially this "something for nothing" folly.

However this may be, it is certain that all forms of disease, physical and social, will disappear, when there is no organism left in which they can flourish. There are scabs that attack the apple, blights that attack the corn, rusts that attack the wheat. For a long time we have been spending time, money, ingenuity and material in fighting the scabs, the blights, the rusts.

Now, however, the men who work in that field are thinking that perhaps they have been focusing their fight at the wrong end of the problem. They have spent their time with scabs and blights and rusts, when they might better have spent it with fruits and corn and wheat. So they have been reasoning this way: if it is possible to grow an apple that will refuse to have scabs; to grow corn that is not capable of being blighted; to grow wheat that is immune to rust, surely that is the way out of the difficulty.

Of course it is. It is the way out of all these difficulties. Grow people that will resist the impostures of dishonest propositions, and you have deprived all the exploiters of their gain. People who use eyes, ears and mind are seldom dupes of anyone.

**"Ford Ideals," 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# Editorials

## *Christmas, 1925*

CHRISTMAS will begin too late if it wait until the day itself. For Christmas comes neither with the dawn of yule, nor passes with the candle and the feast. It is a season which precedes the Day and lingers on past Twelfth Night. The true instinct of the church descries Christmas from afar, as did Mary the Mother and the Wise Men of the East; the season of Advent is a preparatory ascent toward the holy time, an invitation to journey toward Christmas in quiet expectancy. The approach to Christmas through feverish shopping days, in fond hope that the calendar will infallibly bring the Christmas spirit, is of all futile things most futile; the bitter reaction finds expression in the wish that Christmas might be abolished. And that will probably come; the kind of Christmas we have been keeping, without the expectation, the hope and beauty, the glowing truth of Advent, will certainly be abolished; it will abolish itself, for it is no true Christmas.

Christmas of all the year is the most natural of our festivals. It lights a fire at the cold heart of winter; it brings the comfort and living promise of a Cradle when all the world seems dead. It is the Festival of The Child, the enthronement of common things—Bethlehem, the stable, flocks, plain folk, swaddling clothes. It is the Festival of All People, for the Advent was not a ceremonial occurrence within priestly walls—the events which gave us Christmas transpired in populous places, with old folk, and shepherds, and pilgrims, and tax officials all around. It matters naught to the fact whether folk accept the Christmas teaching; a fact is not dependent on acceptance; but when the world a moment stops to think, it knows beyond the whisper of a doubt that the greatest fact in human history was the arrival of a Person on this planet, whose coming split history in two, and since whose Advent the world has been a different place, and whose Birth is marked by Christmas. Where His name is enshrined the people have security, little children are reared in plenty, women are honored, public order is a religion. Where His name is little known, the light has not yet dawned.

One need only take a globe and mark the countries where Christmas comes, to mark the countries where humanity approaches the status it was meant to attain. That is to say, Christmas marks the coming into the world of a new force whose beneficence has never ceased; a force so human and compassionate that little children sing of it with joy, and yet a force so godlike that angels sounded its marching music to this world. The fires that burn on happy hearthstones are its altar-fires, the cherishing of children's joy its alms, the loyalties of friendship its shining ritual, and its sacraments are Christmas cheer, Christmas charity, Christmas hope.

## *General Butler Quits*

IN THE fight between crime and law, which was staged in Philadelphia, crime has won. It has won with the consent of the decent elements in that city, at least so charges Brigadier General Butler, of the Marines, who has been Philadelphia's police chief for several years. He says that when it came to a fight, everyone ran away but the Mayor of Philadelphia. The decent classes, says General Butler, lampooned him, ridiculed him, ostracized him, showered him with contempt and in every possible way neutralized his efforts. He leaves his work, he says, with disgust; nothing could induce him to undertake civil service again except in war time.

Allowing for the element of bitterness which failure breeds, there is truth in what General Butler says, not only as regards Philadelphia but every other city. Crime exists with the knowledge and consent of the Citizen. The average citizen has resigned even his sense of citizenship; he is as detached from his home-town as he is from Rome or Athens. He looks on the local government as a strange group. The city hall crowd are one party; the police crowd are another party; the gunmen, gamblers and their followers constitute another compact group; all of them are more or less in sympathy with one another, have understandings and accommodations; but none of them understands or has much traffic with the citizen, nor the citizen with them. Even the newspapers voice downtown sentiment regardless of the residential sections. The city has been taken away from the Citizen with his consent, because he has delegated his responsibility to officers, without tying up their responsibility to him.

To this extent General Butler is right.

## *The Old American Dance*

ONE of the astonishing features of the autumn and early winter has been the widespread revival of the old American dances. After long neglect they are now discovered to be the very thing that a jaded generation has been looking for. The old music, the neighborly mingling of people in the square dances, the rollicking reels and joyous jigs, together with the vocal harmony of the calls, are all found to import a pleasure which the more sophisticated of the manufactured dances and the synthetic music of Tin Pan Alley (N. Y.) cannot give.

Twenty years ago the arrival of the new fad in dancing drove tens of thousands of mature dancers from the floor, and the more promiscuous methods adopted for public dancing drove the more reticent away altogether. Now, however, the older and more American dances return with a novelty they could hardly have had except for this rest of two decades. They come again as new, to both the old and the young. To the young they are, of course, all novelty, "the very latest." The play spirit, which the young have vainly sought in the newer forms, has been abundantly found in the classics of the other generations. The great triumph of the old American dances is that they have so overwhelmingly approved themselves to the younger American generation. This shows that both the dances and American youth are good at heart. More than that, it increases the sum of pleasure in this land, of which we have never had too much. We have learned to work, but we have somewhat neglected the equally important part of play. We are learning to play in the large-hearted, social and wholesome way of those whose characters and traditions shaped the nation.

Though the dance has somewhat departed from our practice these recent years, it cannot be said to have departed from our art, literature and music. It was never completely absent from our national thought of merriment and play. Its return argues a better balancing of life in other respects as well.

## *More Light*

ON PAGE ONE of all the newspapers we read, day after day, in prolonged series, with many side lights, the tale of one Captain Paul Foley's attempt to intimidate, perjure and otherwise tamper with the testimony of Mrs. Lansdowne's testimony at Washington. Captain Foley was at the time Judge Advocate of that particular inquiry.

On Page Fifty-eight of this day's paper (November 20), in an obscure corner, we read of Captain Paul Foley's exoneration by the court of any intention or attempt to do the things charged against him.

But nowhere, on any newspaper page, have we read that it was the sworn duty of the Judge Advocate to make preliminary examination of the testimony to be given by witnesses appearing before the court-martial. Every newspaper account which we have examined carried the implication that this officer, by stealth and in violation of all decency, sought to suborn the testimony of the widow of the *Shenandoah's* dead commander. No newspaper account informed its readers that Captain Foley was following with precision the legal forms prescribed for military inquiries. That he called on Mrs. Lansdowne at all was made to seem an evidence of his criminal intentions. No newspaper correspondent covering the trial thought it worth while to give the Army and Navy forces of the United States a plain square deal.

This is the thing which is constantly found in the Mitchell propaganda—its acquiescence in misstatements which invite public contempt for the Army and Navy. When Colonel Mitchell finished his tour of duty as air-chief and went back to his former rank, the routine demotion was called "persecution." When his utterances (made for that express purpose) forced his superiors to call a court-martial, it was trumpeted abroad as another instance of official persecution. When Captain Foley followed regulations in interviewing a witness, it is assumed without question that procurement of perjury was his motive.

These are exceedingly bad tactics; their consequences on all sides are such as to suggest that this Bolshevist attack on American institutions—for such are the Army and Navy—should cease. We make a distinction between Bolshevist attacks and sound American criticism.

## *Youth Movement*

IN A Michigan small town Armistice Day came round. Men had gone from that little town in 1917, some of them came not back, but most of them had brothers. When these youngsters went to school on the morning of November 11, they noticed that no flag was flying from the mast atop the schoolhouse. Thereupon, dispersing, they went home, gathered up flags and marched through the town. The school authorities explained that there was a flag displayed, but it was inside, in the school hall.

This typifies the true Youth Movement. Of the opposite type we have heard much and have seen little. There is no doubt that alien and anti-American influences have much desired to capture Young America, and have even made attempts at it, but there is equally no doubt that it is impossible.

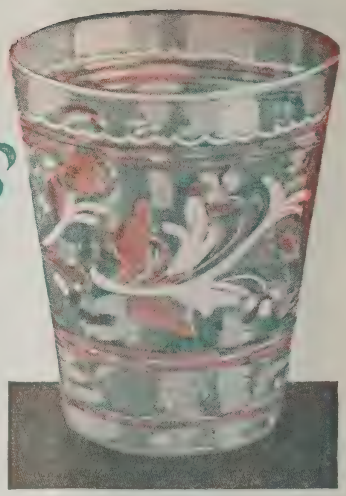


A valuable Steigel bottle.

# Valuable Old American Bottles

## Bottles Are Not Usually Collected But Discarded, But Here Are Some Specimens That Belong to History

By MARY HARROD NORTHEND



Another piece of Steigel ware.

IN THESE days of prohibition few persons have cause to think about the old bottle creations whose fancy forms and quaint ornamentations made them a distinguishing feature of American life during the rum, hard cider and whisky days of the past. The subject commands the attention of collectors today, for old bottles, their history and developmental changes, offer a field of absorbing interest to those who may be interested in their country's past. Even in this day it is possible to see in some homes queerly shaped containers which are being saved for their unique beauty as bottles. For such a collector, then, what possibilities exist in bottles of other times! Anyone who can be attracted by the shapes and designs of present-day bottles should be more than interested in the even more odd and ornate creations of bottle-makers of seventy-five and a hundred years ago.

The history of bottles in this country is almost inseparably tied up with the history of glass-making. Odd as it may seem, the first enterprise of note established in this country was a bottle manufacturing plant at Jamestown, Virginia, or rather in a dense forest about a mile from that early southern settlement. We can imagine the surprise of the native Indians when they first saw the white men pouring water or wine into these crystal-like bottles instead of into the skin bottles or canteens which were the utensils used by the natives for such purposes.




Left—One of the popular "Jenny Lind" bottles.

Right—"Moses" bottle.



The fact that glass bottles were made before any other kind of glass products in the Colonies is worthy of note. Subsequently other factories were started, many of them with the purpose of manufacturing trinkets such as glass beads, to be used for barter with the Indian neighbors.

The oldest glassworks still doing business, which has been uninterrupted since its beginning, is located at Kensington, Philadelphia, and dates from 1711.

Perhaps the earliest glassware used in this country were the plain and cut glass decanters which originally were imported from England during the Colonial era.

Connected with them is the tradition, now long since abandoned, that drinking vessels of glass, when made under certain combinations of astronomical conditions, would fly to pieces if any poisonous liquid were poured into them, and that drinking glasses of colored ware added flavor to wine and detracted considerably from the intoxicating effectiveness of the drink. The English "toddy glasses," forerunners of the modern tumblers, enjoyed the conditions of this old tradition. Most of the pieces of this era, such as the fine-cut decanters, are extraordinarily valuable today because they cannot be duplicated anywhere. Needless to say, the early American bottle-makers were much influenced by the kind and variety of pieces which had been imported from the mother country, and decanter-shaped bottles were among the first products on this side of the water.

Also of interest in this connection is the fact that as early as 1750 a certain immigrant baron from Mannheim, Germany, was manufacturing what is known as "Bohemian glass" in a shop near Philadelphia. This was William Henry Steigel who built his glassworks, a dome-shaped affair, large enough to permit a coach-and-six to drive in and turn around. Here he brought skilled workmen from the best factories of Europe and proceeded to turn out a richly colored, true Bohemian product which is now very valuable. According to taste, of course, there is virtually nothing in fancy glass which can compare in complete beauty with the real Red Bohemian glass decanter, and it is little wonder that Baron Steigel's bowls, goblets

and other pieces with their inimitable ruby tone, sometimes in delicate two-tone, red and white effects, should be so highly prized. And yet, in spite of the beautiful things which came from his shop, Baron Steigel failed in business within five years of beginning.

Of all the old glass made in America, perhaps the genuine old-fashioned bottles form the most interesting portion of history. Late in the eighteenth century fancy pocket flasks and bottles came into use and it seems to have been a matter of rivalry or keen competition that resulted in some of the ornamental devices which we find on them. Like the old potters, products were made to appeal to the potential purchaser through sentiment by opportune sketches and quotations, representations of contemporary events and patriotic or partisan feelings. The decorative sketches, ranging from simple floral wreaths to elaborate, complicated borders around portraits or scenes in high relief, were blown in engraved metal molds which had been prepared by professional mold-cutters.

In most cases it is difficult to determine the precise age of pieces which now and then come to light from old cellars or attics or reclaimed dumping grounds. Colors and sizes vary too much to be a good test. In general, it follows that all the older forms can be identified by their sheared necks and rough bases; the necks were sheared off with scissors, leaving them irregular and without finishing bands, and the base always showed a rough, circular scar which resulted from breaking the bottle away from the rod which held it while the workman was shaping the neck. Smooth and hollow bases were made during the period just preceding our Civil War, this improvement being made possible by a new process which employed a "snap" or case for holding the bottle. By similar improvements in methods, the products at this time also had rims added to their mouths. The ornamental schemes were worked out in transparent white, pale blue, sapphire blue, light green, emerald green, olive, brown, opalescent, or claret. Of the creations of this period twenty-nine interesting specimens are known which bear for ornament some form of the American eagle; nineteen have varying schemes built around the bust of Washington, and twelve employ the head of General Taylor.

The passing of time and the changing of taste brought new variations in shapes and in decorative designs. While the very earliest types were slender and arched in form with edges horizontally corrugated, the bottles of a slightly later time were generally oval-shaped with edges ribbed vertically. Following this fashion was the circular type with plain, smooth edges and at this same period some pieces show a kind of collar at the mouth. Then came the calabash or decanter shapes, no longer flattened or shallow, but almost spherical with edges that showed vertical corrugation, ribbing or fluting; these had long, slender necks with finishing caps at the mouth, hollowed smoothly or roughly at the base. The decanter had a long vogue.

After them came bottles arched in form, deep and flattened, having vertically corrugated edges, short broad necks capped with round and narrow heads; the bases were either scarred or flatly smooth. This type of bottle was generally in use until the modern flask shape displaced it. The flask with a broad shoulder, narrow base, plainly rounded edges, was not so ornate or elaborate but it served the purpose most efficiently. At this time there was also a revival of taste for the flattened, shallow types of the earliest manufacturers and many bottles of this period can be found today, having the distinguishing single or double beading at the mouth and the flat hollowed base usually smooth.

The most noted bottle designs date from the middle of the last century, such examples as the Kossuth and Jenny Lind bottles being particularly well known. It is an interesting fact that every period has been reflected in its bottles and at no time was this more true than when the containers were made with busts of the Swedish Nightingale on their sides. This was during the famous tour of the East in 1850 under the auspices of P. T. Barnum. It was the singer's daily custom to visit Tremont Temple, where she was appearing, to become familiar with its acoustic conditions. Each day the corridor was crowded with people eager to greet the most popular woman of the time, who, realizing the inability of the majority to meet the "popular" prices, walked back and forth through the assembled multitude with smiles and greetings for everyone. Today such a thing would be called a publicity stunt, and perhaps it was, at any rate it was just another of the little things which




Booz's "Log Cabin" bottle.



Left—"Fish" bottle.




"Success to the Railroad" bottle.

helped to swell the popular admiration of this remarkable woman. This admiration is reflected in the countless thousands of bottles which were turned out during her reign with her portrait for decoration.

*The Log Cabin Campaign and E. C. Booz*

Other portrait bottles carry similar reflections of public feeling at the time of their manufacture and sale. Between 1833 and 1837 the Kensington works turned out a dark-amber bottle with a creditable representation of a horse drawing a four-wheeled cart on rails; this was to commemorate the completion of the fourteen-mile-long Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The length of the picture required lengthwise portrayal on the side of the bottle, thus making the horse top the cart when the bottle was standing upright. Upon the margin of the panel appeared "Success to the Railroad." This decorated bottle is typical of that period of wild popular enthusiasms, of terrific political campaigns, of portrait chinaware and national expansion. The country was virtually "bottle mad" and between the years 1840 and 1860 every factory in the land boomed the decorated bottle, with all sorts of freak designs, novelties, jokes and advertising sketches of their faces. Such old concerns as the Kensington works at Philadelphia and the Whitney Glass Works (now a part of the Owen Bottle Company of Toledo), of Glassboro, New Jersey, have in their collections eloquent examples of the surpassing fad of that quarter of a century. More or less suddenly the bottle bubble burst and this type passed into oblivion, only to be sought after and made valuable years afterward by collectors.

Many of these bottles are extremely interesting and their stories vastly illuminating. For instance, there was a distiller named E. C. Booz in Philadelphia at the time of the "Log Cabin Campaign"; for him the Whitney concern put out thousands of bottles in the shape of eight-inch-high log cabins, supposed to hold a quart, the cabin being symbolical of the birthplace of William Henry Harrison, whose campaign for the presidency was perhaps the most heated in all our history. So scarce and unobtainable have these become that today they cannot be purchased for less than forty dollars and often bring as high as sixty or seventy, perhaps because our recently abandoned slang term for whisky—"booze"—derives from the distiller who used these hard liquor bottles.

Another valuable specimen, the Jackson bottle, belongs to the period of the "stormy thirties" when the hero of New Orleans was on the rampage. On the bottles he is represented in uniform with a throat-cutting collar which entirely obscures his ears. On another, the Taylor bottle, the portrait is inscribed with these words, "Taylor Never Surrenders" and on the Taylor-and-Bragg variety, the hardy old leader is represented as saying, as he did at Buena Vista, "A little more grape, Captain Bragg."

Then, too, there came into vogue a great variety of decorative designs centering in flowers, fruit, cornucopias, rural scenes, fraternal emblems (particularly Masonic, dating from about 1848-50), ships and eight-pointed stars, panels of fruit and grain, and one had a bold Pike's Peak pilgrim with staff and bundle—which, of course, dates from the first successful passage of the Rocky Mountains. Other interesting types are indicated in the specimen made by a Pittsburgh concern, which shows on one side an eagle monument and flag, and upon the reverse in the foreground an Indian with bow and arrow shooting a bird, with a tree and dog in the background. There was doubtless an almost infinite variety of design on these old glass products and it makes the sincere collector's blood run to tears just to think how many valuable specimens must be hidden away in old houses today unbeknown to their occupants. Every now and again an hitherto undiscovered design

*Something About Medicine Bottles and Ink Bottles*

appears from an obscure corner of the country, sometimes with extra-fancy ornamentations featuring animals, fishes, eggs, pickles, canteens, cigars, shells, pistols, violins, horns, lanterns, lassoes, prospector's implements and other equally prosaic and commonplace articles of social life. Sometimes unique shapes also appear, shapes such as the "glass fish" and the "Moses" bottle or "Santa Claus." The hope of finding relics such as these is in the heart of every collector or other individual who has the least interest in bottles.

Numerous enviably complete collections exist, both private and in our large museums, which are in most cases accessible for inspection. W. S. Walbridge, of the Owen Bottle Company, has an excellent assortment of varied types, some of which come in a class which is not ordinarily sought by collectors. He has, for example, several specimens of pre-1860 glass jars, such as were used for preserving fruit, ranging in size from small rough-mouthed cup-like pieces to tall affairs which resemble the modern milk bottle in shape. Other interesting pieces in this collection are old ink bottles with quills inserted, medicine bottles such as were used by the big patent medicine and proprietary preparation concerns, a toby bottle (shaped like one of those old mantel decorations), a Baltimore monument shape, another shaped like a domino block, another of a bear for Russian Kümmel, another of a standing Indian for Indian bitters and another of Moses-Smiting-the-Rock. Such freak bottles when viewed in their proper chronological classification form an interesting and illuminating study.

The bottle-making industry as it stands today is far removed from those ancient workmen's tables which produced the artistic Egyptian glassware and is an amazing development in many ways from the small works which gave to the world the magnificent Venetian ware in such small quantities as to be almost priceless, and, except to the studious eye, there seems to be little in common between the modern leviathan-like dimensions of the industry and those small shops from which those old portrait and freak bottles came. In a single year since 1917 one concern reports that it produced more than a billion and a half bottles. The milk bottle, which is a rather recent contrivance, was turned out to the number of one hundred and sixty million (160,000,000) in a single year by a single company. Truly this is the day and age of quantity production and standardization—the results of which are readily seen in the habit we have of considering all things so produced as serviceable necessities but otherwise valueless. Perhaps the day may come when our well-known milk bottle will have become a rarity, worthy of collectors' attention and bringing astonishingly high prices when found in excavations of old diaries or in old deserted houses. Perhaps some day the oddly shaped perfume bottles of the present day will be as seldom seen as is now one of those Log Cabin whisky bottles by way of which Mr. Booz established his name in the lexicon of liquor. The way of history teaches us that what is today a commonplace may be tomorrow an unobtainable and much desired antique with very apparent qualities of beauty. Yet I doubt if anyone will start collecting milk bottles or perfume bottles on the strength of this teaching.

*Delicate Creations in Old Attics and in Trunks*

At any rate, old bottles have a peculiar allure which, if given a chance, will not be denied. Casper Wistar's artistically designed pieces, the tiny flasks so small as to fit snugly into one's glove or pocket and so exquisitely colored, are considered priceless possessions. Some of Wistar's little pieces are decorated with colored glass ribbons running up and down the sides; on a few a tiny sea horse stares impertinently from a delicately wrought surface. There was a time not so terribly long ago, when the grandmothers could not go to church without their minute, gourd-shaped bottles containing salts which were resorted to at various times throughout the more-than-an-hour-long sermons of those days. Very often one comes upon such tiny affairs in museum collections.

And these delicate creations are not long past, either, and can still be found uncherished in many an attic's old trunks and boxes. But if the collector desires to go back farther, farther even than the modes in vogue in Europe before the discovery of America, let him seek (Concluded on page 24)

# Christmas With the Pennsylvania Dutch

## A Glance at Things Old But Still Very New

ALL my Christmas memories are tinged by my first Christmas away from home. It was more than thirty years ago, and I was then a bride of a few months. The house in which we were living, in a small Pennsylvania town, was hardly home. "It takes a heap o' livin' in a house to make it home," as Edgar Guest says, and we had lived there only a short time. Though we had not left our home state, this Dauphin County seemed like another country. The people were Pennsylvania Dutch; their customs were different, and up to this Christmas morning, their funny expressions had given me much quiet amusement.

But this morning was serious; nothing was funny. Christmas had always seemed to me the happiest and brightest day of the year. I did not know it could be so bitterly lonely and cold and gray.

The tall gray-green cupboard doors scowled down on me; the blank, desolate stare of the windows struck loneliness to the soul; beyond the little square panes was mound on mound of snow framed by cold and leafless trees. Here and there a cottage, but it meant nothing—mere buildings.

There was one way to shut it all out. I closed my eyes and saw the family at home, gathered around the breakfast table; saw them all laughing and happy. I could hear them telling with zest how they had been nearly caught bringing in some gift. I could see father smile his delight at all the surprises—dear old father, I knew he missed me and felt my absence that Christmas morning. Then the flood broke.



Home of the bride and groom.



One of the girls



"Mister."

A loud rap on the kitchen door! Tears were hastily dried, and when the door was opened, it disclosed two men with a large crate. It must be some mistake, I insisted; but investigation proved that it was mine, so the crate was brought inside, and left little room in the kitchen. A few minutes of frenzied tearing of wrappings revealed between the strips of a crate a beautiful couch, the gift of sisters and brothers.

Another rap at the door! A messenger with a special delivery letter from father, containing a check. Now the flood was loose. With a little homesickness, a little joy and a bit of self-pity, the tears blurred my eyes so it took a long time to read the letter.

Some one at the door again! Was this some trick? Choking back the tears, I answered the door once more. This time it was Alice H., the girl next door, come to wish the newlyweds a Merry Christmas. "Or isn't Mister at home?" was her surprised inquiry. Reassured that he was just catching up on sleep, she explained that Bessie had come in the previous night and was also sleeping in. Bess was a student at Westchester Normal School. Finally, "Well, Missus, I will go home yet and help get dinner started. You have your breakfast and slip on your hat and coat and we'll all run down to see Uncle John's."

Alone again! But now it was less lonely. Each time the door had opened, a great wave of Christmas cheer had floated in. After coffee, things began to systematize. Dinner here must be started, too. That big turkey must go in the oven. I smiled a little when I remembered how big and impossible he had looked when he had been brought in. The company gave every office man a turkey, and we had exclaimed with consternation over our fine gobbler. But it did not prove so impossible after all, for the next morning one of the neighbors had come in excitedly. Walter was to take part in the school entertainment and must have a kingly robe trimmed with ermine, and a crown. She, poor little mother, was completely at sea. In the old days at home, as the oldest sister of five live-wires, plays and costumes were quite in my line. It seemed like old times, and so it was real fun for me to make Walter's outfit. In good old Dutch fashion, Walter's mother just quietly took the turkey to her house and dressed it. And here it was, all ready for the oven. Alice and (Concluded on page 24)

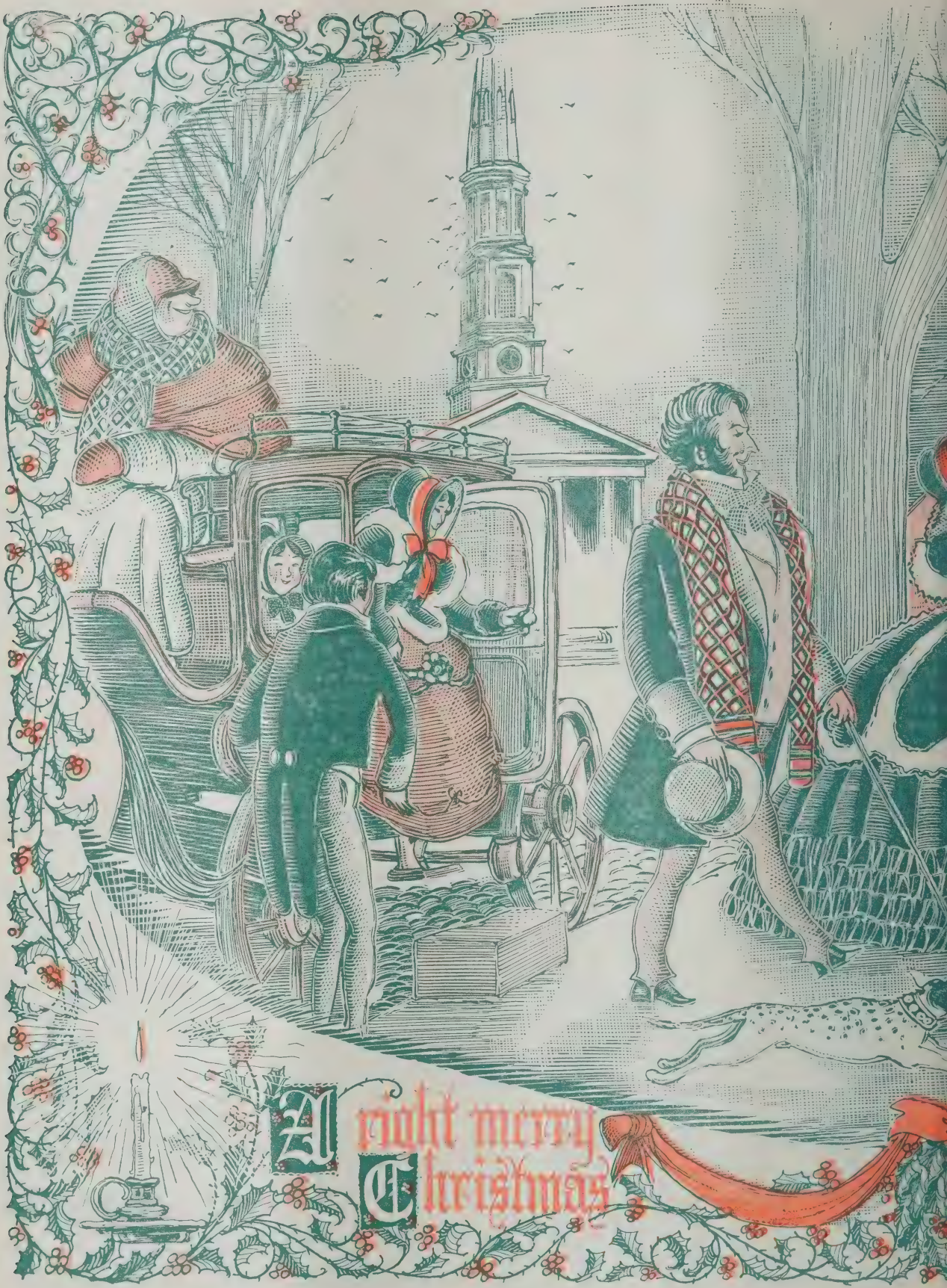



Illustration made expressly for THE DEA




INDEPENDENT by William O. FitzGerald.

# "And It Came to Pass in Those Days"

## Fathers and Mothers of Fifty Years Ago Did Things Differently to What We Do

By PHILIP F. KING

ILLUSTRATED BY RUSSELL H. LEGGE

FIFTY YEARS AGO HUSBANDS AND WIVES MADE AND MAINTAINED REAL HOMES. The old-fashioned home was a great institution and, next to the church, has exerted the most whole-



some influence on the life of our nation. In this home the father was the head of the family. The mother was supreme in the domestic and social features. The family gathered together at mealtime and good table manners were high marks of etiquette. Children were supposed to be quiet and listen to their elders. No ten-year-old boy or girl ever dared to lead and monopolize the conversation. Children were not allowed to eat meat for supper—it gave them bad dreams. Discipline was strict. Boys and girls *actually obeyed their paren's*. They either spent every night under the home roof or the parents knew where and with whom the boy or girl was spending the night. No child ever called on a chum or friend without permission.

Young married couples did not move to a flat; did not rent rooms for "light housekeeping"; did not sleep in apartments and take their meals at restaurants. They went to a house and made a home. Children were born, welcomed and reared in that home. They were taught to obey authority, to live together in peace and happiness, to be respectful and reverent, and to believe in God. The saddest fact in our national life today is the almost complete abandonment of true home-life by young couples.

FIFTY YEARS AGO REAL HOSPITALITY WAS EXTENDED. People liked other people, trusted and enjoyed them and gave and received invitations. Welcome was a big and meaning word. Hospitality was written in every man's heart. Company was prized and enjoyed. Sometimes one entire family would "spend the day" with a neighboring family. The children would play, the men would sit in chairs or on benches under the shade and talk crops, politics and the autumn fair. The women gossiped of style, weddings, canning fruit and other topics dear to the feminine mind. Newspapers were not so numerous as now and nearly everyone had some news to impart. The hostess for the day was not "put out" or embarrassed. If very intimate, the visiting lady would help in preparing the dinner.

Sometimes fifteen or twenty young people would go from church to "Grandpa's" and were received joyfully and fed bountifully. And no one enjoyed the day more than "Grandpa." The young people were not invited but were expected.

"Pop calls" were never made. Cards were not offered as visits. Families vied with each other in their invitations to dinner. Among these friendly and sociable people hospitality, warm-hearted and free, should be written with a big H. This old, kindly, neigh-



borly spirit has been crushed by our modern commercialism and love of selfish pleasure.

FIFTY YEARS AGO YOUNG PEOPLE HAD PARTIES. They played games in which all took part. There was no pairing off in dark corners. "Spinning the plate," "Poor Pussy wants a corner," "Dropping the handkerchief" were the most popular. Charades grew in favor with the young men and ladies. Ice cream was rare and considered a delicacy. Pig-foot gelatine was an acceptable dessert. At the parties the older folk were present and looked on with keen interest. "Virginia reel" was the only kind of dance allowed and in this the older people frequently took part.

Engagements were regarded as sacred and usually resulted in marriage. Divorce was rare. Courtships were long. Elopements did not often take



place. The young man usually spoke to the girl's father first. Gaining his consent, he "popped the question" to the girl. Marriages were notable events. The boys gave the groom a ride on a rail or some other form of charivari, which must be accepted in good-nature. Some kind of a 'ollification was tipped to the interested parties and refreshments of cake and custard were prepared and served.

FIFTY YEARS AGO GRANDMA'S PRESENCE IN THE HOME WAS A BENEDICTION. She was loved, humored and given respectful consideration. She encouraged her son, counseled and assisted her daughter-in-law and spoiled the children. She was the family physician, surgeon and nurse. She knew more about old-fashioned stomach ache, mumps, measles, chicken pox, stone bruise, cuts and worms than any doctor in the community. She was a great believer in oil, liniment and home-brewed herbs. She had a special chair in a special place. A lace cap covered her silvered hair and the needles played until the warm socks were done. She read her Bible every morning and on Saturday night taught the children their Sunday school lesson. She lived in the past, except when Bobby's buttons and Corinne's curls and the masculine marauders called her to the actual present. She sat in the "Amen" corner and beamed upon the preacher, and she believed every word he said. When she "spent the day" with a neighbor, something was lacking in the home. No one could define it but all felt it. Except when "poorly" she was cheerful and sweet-spirited. The



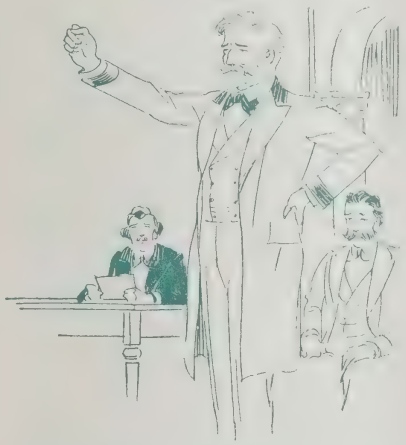
fragrance of her devout life was felt by all, and when she was taken by the angels that fragrance lingered, and her empty chair, with a shawl over the back, was touched with tender hands.

FIFTY YEARS AGO THE COUNTY FAIR WAS A GREAT AGRICULTURAL AND SOCIAL EVENT. Immense crowds attended, friends met friends and the big basket dinners offered ample opportunities for gossip and association. "The Fair" was not featured in those days by horse racing. It was a fair of exhibits. Cows, pigs, chickens, bulls, colts, sheep were entered, and the one in each class decided best by the judges proudly wore the blue ribbon. Fine blooded horses were in demand and attracted unusual interest. The best "gaited" horse—fox trot, pace, single-foot and "rack"—was considered a handsome prize. The best double team, the prettiest two-year-old colt, the finest stallion were the most attractive entries and received the largest purse. The fair was a great stimulant for good stock of all kinds One very interesting feature was the most graceful lady rider. The women brought "crazy" quilts, embroidery, preserves and other homemade articles. There was no public betting and very little private. Rivalry was keen but friendly. Silver cups were offered as prizes. Booths were arranged under the grandstand. Here was fun for the young people.



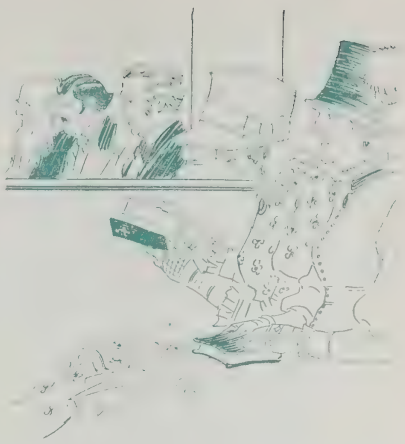
"Punch and Judy" were in their best days. Pies, candy and cake made another popular booth. No game of chance was allowed. The promoters of the enterprise proudly wore badges, marked in gold letters, "President," "Judge," "Director" and these badges were the "open sesame" to any booth, ring or stable. Brass bands enlivened the time between entries. These fairs were holidays and everybody was out for a good time and most of them had it.

FIFTY YEARS AGO THERE WERE MORE STATESMEN THAN POLITICIANS. Men of brains and integrity could be elected to office despite the fact that they were poor. Fifty years ago the United States Senate did not have a millionaire in its membership. Men were called out and elected. Political campaigns were vigorous but always on a high plane. The rostrum was popular, possessing dignity and courtesy. Great issues were discussed there in open and frank debate. The political boss was not so powerful. Politics were regarded as a science—not degraded to a camouflage to get in and secure the spoils of office. Bribery



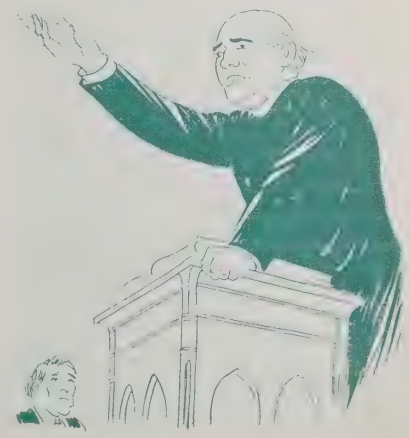
and chicanery were reduced to a minimum. Men of vision, men versed in statecraft, men of conviction and towering strength were held in high regard. Money did not play such a prominent part as now. The government was strictly masculine. The leaders of those days builded slowly but their work was solid.

FIFTY YEARS AGO THE SABBATH WAS KEPT HOLY. While in most homes it was regarded as a feast day, the cooking and baking were done on Saturday. Cold suppers were served. The whole family attended church. The men sat on one side of the building; the women and children on the other. The hymns were "lined" out. The congregation was respectful and the minister's sermons were taken as the law and the gospel. The Old Testament was preached from oftener than the New. Revelations were made thrilling. No games of any sort were allowed on the Sabbath. It was a long



and dreary day for the boys and girls. Memorizing Scripture verses was the salient diversion. The boy or girl who could answer the questions in the catechism was regarded as most promising. The old-fashioned "Singing School" would offer an opportunity to get out in the afternoon and it grew popular. The organ was not used. The tuning fork gave the pitch. They "raised" the hymn. Two communities would meet at the schoolhouse and have a singing contest. While many families were Puritanical in their endeavor for a holy Sabbath, yet its observance was a great teacher of reverence for things sacred. Boys and girls looked upon the church service as a time for quiet listening, and while they seldom got anything from the sermon they were taught patience and reverence. And these early lessons lingered in after years. The loss of the old-fashioned Sabbath or Lord's Day is one of the most perilous omens of today.

FIFTY YEARS AGO THE MINISTER PREACHED FROM AN HOUR AND A HALF TO TWO HOURS. He never got through and was never winded. He was not eloquent but he was earnest. He was not logical but he was lurid and loud. It took him twenty minutes to get "warmed up" and then he flung thunderbolts and opened the windows of the Almighty's wrath. And his hearers kept awake and trembled. The



preacher may have been lacking in love and tenderness but was sound in doctrine. He fought sin with both fists. He never compromised; he never put on the soft pedal. He was true to his convictions. The love side of God was covered. Justice, God's Foreknowledge, Predestination and Baptism were favorite themes. The minister preached with unction. He was stronger in dynamite than devotion. He had a "call." He molded sentiment. He indoctrinated his flock. He gave his best and his people were religious.

The teacher was called "Master." While not so polished and progressive as the modern pedagog, he was thorough and patient. The schoolhouse was made of logs and the benches were made of split logs, without backs. The boys and girls were taught their "letters" before they were taught to read. Reading, writing and arithmetic constituted the full line of instruction. When a pupil could spell and pronounce all the words in the old Blue-back spelling book he was spoken of as being "smart." The pupils did not skimp nor cram in those days but learned each leaf thoroughly.

FIFTY YEARS AGO FUNERALS WERE ATTENDED. The number present was not limited to the relatives and close friends. Rank strangers felt an obligation to attend. It was a great occasion for the preacher. The sanctity, silent beauty and nicety of arrangement and tactful comfort of today were wanting in the old-time funeral. Sympathy was given awkwardly but sincerely.

FARAWAY RADIO



$63.50

*Gets Stations Far and near, Loud and clear.*

FARAWAY Radio again to the front. Amazing new set at an exceptional price. Most advanced set on the market today—designed exclusively for the new tubes. Users get stations from New York to Frisco—loud and clear. Operate with either dry cell or storage battery. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Don't pay $100 to $150. Write for our money-saving plan and literature.

2-Tube Set - $22.50
5-Tube Set - 63.50

**Dealers:** Biggest possibilities you ever heard of. Write for plan and territory quickly.

THE FARAWAY RADIO CO., DEPT. D1,
125-27 E. THIRD ST., CINCINNATI, O.

ATTENTION!

BUY Concord Yarns direct from manufacturer at a big saving. Spun from long combed wool. Write for free samples, many beautiful shades and heather mixtures. 50c per 4 oz. skein. $2.00 per lb. Postage paid on all orders. Concord Worsted Mills (Dept. A.), W. Concord, N. H.

PATENTS

Time counts in applying for patents. Don't risk delay in protecting your ideas. Send sketch or model for instructions or write for FREE book, "How to Obtain a Patent" and "Record of Invention" form. No charge for information on how to proceed. Communications strictly confidential. Prompt, careful, efficient service. Clarence A. O'Brien, Registered Patent Attorney, 238B, Security Bank Building (directly across street from Patent Office), Washington, D. C.




***The College President from the Middle West*** dropped into The Office. Said he: "There is more wrong with suspicious old heads than with frivolous young ones. Older people always attribute to young people the same type of knowledge that older ones have. They forget the inhibitions, the natural idealisms, the biological protections of youth.

"My college is co-educational. Not long ago the president of a man's college called on me. 'Mac,' said he, 'I'd hate to be responsible for the moral life of these 500 boys and girls you have running around on your campus.' 'Harry,' said I, 'which would you be most afraid of—five hundred men and women of your age and mine, or those youngsters out there.' 'Mac,' said he, 'I'd have more confidence in the youngsters.' "

***The Doctor from India*** dropped into The Office: "Vegetarianism is great in theory, but in India we have little hope for the recovery of a vegetarian stricken with a disease. And if an operation is necessary, the results are nearly always fatal. The vegetarians of India have no resistance, their vitality is low, they become easy victims to any infection. Theoretically it should be the other way around. But any surgeon in India can tell you."

***A Political Reporter from Washington*** dropped into The Office: "Oh, you can hear all sorts of things in the Capital. Third term begins to loom pretty large now. The feeling against it seems to grow. Coolidge is reported to be very desirous of keeping on. Probably he is. And the slogan that this is not a second term but only a first elective term will be worked pretty hard. Some say that the old guard, the representatives of Big Business in the bad old sense, will be friendly to Coolidge until they get all the tax reduction laws that it is possible to get, then they will desert him and go to Hoover. The present fervent attempt at prohibition enforcement is regarded as wholly political. They want to forestall possible Democratic cries of 'We will enforce prohibition' (which they wouldn't) by showing how hard the Republican administration tried to enforce it, and how far they got. Oh, yes, I believe the attempt to get the common bootlegger is honest enough, but if Washington wanted to squeeze it at the source, I think it might be accomplished within a day or two. All this has a head, you know. There are millions in it. Get the source of the millions, the financial interest in bootlegging, and it's all over but the shouting. But be prepared to see some of your best political friends go to jail. That's the rub."

***A Man from Germany*** came into The Office. He had been an American merchant before the war; a member of the German general staff during the war; and is now courageously picking up the threads of his life and trying to find the interpretation of the lesson which the war read to the nations. He was discussing the racial unity of the northern white peoples and asking what had come between us that we had conceived ourselves as enemies. It was a queer trick practiced on our race when we were incensed to fight along national lines. "You must not forget that there are 14,000,000 Anglo-Saxons in Germany," he said. Of course, his idea is correct enough. The idea of race is rising in the world and it is a development to be hailed with joy and hope. It means a wider unity than mankind has ever yet seen. Those who confuse race-awareness with race-prejudice are distinctly the enemies of the world's progress and peace. Good church people are the likeliest to be misled in this matter. God made races; God gave races their work and responsibility; God gave races consciousness of their separate state; you can no more thwart the rising tide of race consciousness than you can legislate against the south wind in the springtime.

"You Americans pride yourselves on two things," said our German, "your colonial architecture and your baseball. Colonial architecture is as old as the Greek. Baseball was played in Germany before America was discovered. Even today in every town and village of Germany the boys play *ball-lauf*, which is in principle your baseball. We also have a game called *klot*, of very ancient origin, which is a combination of curling and golf. It consists in hurling flat rounded stones over the ice, from town to town, sometimes for a distance of 40 miles. The player who covers the 40-mile ice course in the fewest strokes wins the game. It is some game that can combine those two and stretch them out over forty miles. Yet you can tell a good deal from the similarity of sports among the peoples."

# The Seven Poor Travellers

(*Continued from page 7*)

THE BEEF.

Man with Tray on his head, containing Vegetables and Sundries.

Volunteer Hostler from Hotel, grinning, And rendering no assistance.

As we passed along the High-street, comet-like, we left a long tail of fragrance behind us which caused the public to stop, sniffing in wonder. We had previously left at the corner of the innyard a wall-eyed young man connected with the Fly department, and well accustomed to the sound of a railway whistle which Ben always carries in his pocket, whose instructions were, so soon as he should hear the whistle blown to dash into the kitchen, seize the hot plum-pudding and mince-pies, and speed with them to Watt's Charity, where they would be received by the sauce-female, who would be provided with brandy in a blue state of combustion.

All these arrangements were executed in the most exact and punctual manner. I never saw a finer turkey, finer beef, or greater prodigality of sauce and gravy; and my Travellers did wonderful justice to everything set before them. It made my heart rejoice to observe how their wind and frost hardened faces softened in the clatter of plates and knives and forks, and mellowed in the fire and supper heat. While their hats and caps and wrappers, hanging up, a few small bundles on the ground in a corner, and in another corner three or four old walking-sticks, worn down at the end to mere fringe, linked this snug interior with the bleak outside in a golden chain.

When supper was done, and my brown beauty had been elevated on the table, there was a general requisition to me to "take the corner"; which suggested to me comfortably enough how much my friends here made of a fire—for when had *I* ever thought so highly of the corner, since the days when I connected it with Jack Horner? However, as I declined, Ben, whose touch on all convivial instruments is perfect, drew the table apart, and instructing my Travellers to open right and left on either side of me, and form round the fire, closed up the centre with myself and my chair, and preserved the order we had kept at table. He had already, in a tranquil manner, boxed the ears of the inattentive boys until they had been by imperceptible degrees boxed out of the room; and he now rapidly skirmished the sauce-female into the High-street, disappeared, and softly closed the door.

This was the time for bringing the poker to bear on the billet of wood. I tapped it three times, like an enchanted talisman, and a brilliant host of merry-makers burst out of it, and sported off by the chimney—rushing up the middle in a fiery country dance, and never coming down again. Meanwhile, by their sparkling light, which threw our lamp into the shade, I filled the glasses, and gave my Travellers, CHRISTMAS! — CHRISTMAS-EVE, my friends, when the shepherds, who were Poor Travellers, too, in their way, heard the Angels sing, "On earth, peace. Good-will towards men!"

I don't know who was the first among us to think that we ought to take hands as we sat, in deference to the toast, or whether any one of us anticipated the others, but at any rate we all did it. We then drank to the memory of the good Master Richard Watts. And I wish his Ghost may never have had worse usage under that roof than it had from us.

It was the witching time for Story-telling. "Our whole life, Travellers," said I, "is a story more or less intelligible—generally less; but we shall read it by a clearer light when it is ended. I, for one, am so divided this night between fact and fiction, that I scarce know which is which. Shall I beguile the time by telling you a story?"

They all answered, yes. I had little to tell them, but I was bound by my own proposal. Therefore, after looking for awhile at the spiral column of smoke wreathing up from my brown beauty, through which I could have almost sworn I saw the effigy of Master Richard Watts less startled than usual, I fired away.

* * * *

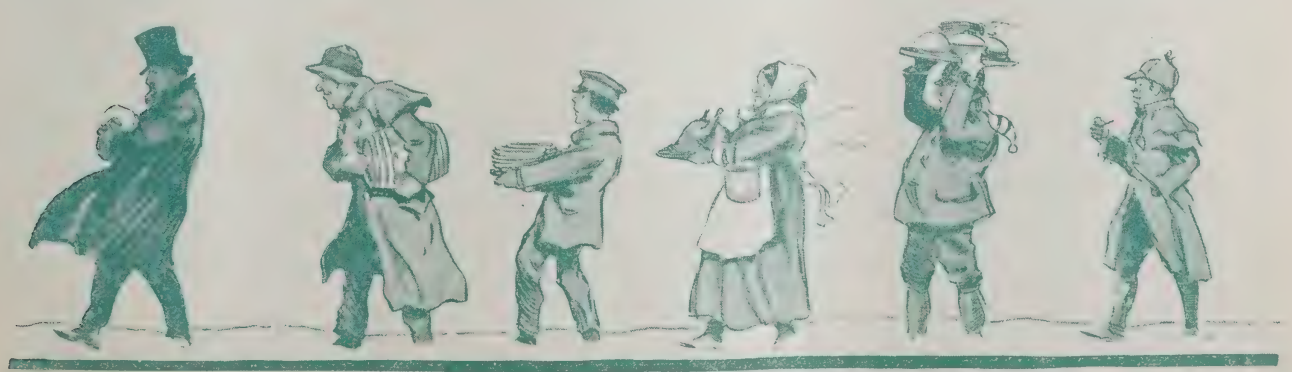
My story being finished, and the Wassail too, we broke up as the Cathedral bell struck Twelve. I did not take leave of my travellers that night; for it had come into my head to reappear, in conjunction with some hot coffee, at seven in the morning.

As I passed along the High-street, I heard the Waits at a distance, and struck off to find them. They were playing near one of the old gates of the City, at the corner of a wonderfully quaint row of red-brick tenements, which the clarionet obligingly informed me were inhabited by the Minor-Canons. They had odd little porches over the doors, like sounding-boards over old pulpits; and I thought I should like to see one of the Minor-Canons come out upon his top step, and favour us with a Christmas discourse about the poor scholars of Rochester; taking for his text the words of his Master relative to the devouring of Widows' houses.

The clarionet was so communicative, and my inclinations were (as they generally are) of so vagabond a tendency, that I accompanied the Waits across an open green called the Vines, and assisted—in the French sense—at the performance of two waltzes, two polkas, and three Irish melodies, before I thought of my inn any more. However, I returned to it then, and found a fiddle in the kitchen, and Ben, the wall-eyed young man, and two chambermaids, circling the great deal table with the utmost animation.

I had a very bad night. It cannot have been owing to the turkey or the beef,—and the Wassail is out of the question,—but in every endeavour that I made to get to sleep I failed most dismally. I was never asleep; and in whatsoever direction my mind rambled, the effigy of Master Richard Watts perpetually embarrassed it.

In a word, I only got out of the worshipful Master Watt's way by getting out of bed in the dark at six o'clock, and tumbling, as my custom is, into all the cold water that could be accumulated for the purpose. The outer air was dull and cold enough in the street, when I came down there; and the one candle in our supper-room at Watt's Charity looked as pale in the burning as if it had had a bad night too. But my



Travellers had all slept soundly, and they took to the hot coffee and the piles of bread-and-butter, which Ben had arranged.

While it was yet scarcely daylight, we all came out into the street together, and there shook hands. The widow took the little sailor towards Chatham, where he was to find a steamboat for Sheerness; the lawyer, with an extremely knowing look, went his own way, without committing himself by announcing his intentions; two more struck off by the cathedral and old castle for Maidstone; and the book-pedlar accompanied me over the bridge. As for me, I was going to walk by Cobham Woods, as far upon my way to London as I fancied.

When I came to the stile and foot-path by which I was to diverge from the main road, I bade farewell to my last remaining poor Traveller, and pursued my way alone.

Going through the woods, the softness of my tread upon the mossy ground and among the brown leaves enhanced the Christmas sacredness by which I felt surrounded. As the whitened stems environed me, I thought how the Founder of the time had never raised his benignant hand, save to bless and heal, except in the case of one unconscious tree. By Cobham Hall, I came to the village, and the churchyard where the dead had been quietly buried, "in the sure and certain hope" which Christmas-time inspired. What children could I see at play, and not be loving of, recalling who had loved them! No garden that I passed was out of unison with the day, for I remembered that the tomb was in a garden, and that "she, supposing him to be the gardener," had said, "Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away." In time, the distant river with the ships came full in view, and with it pictures of the poor fishermen, mending their nets, who arose and followed him,—of the teaching of the people from a ship pushed off a little way from shore, by reason of the multitude,—of a majestic figure walking on the water, in the loneliness of night. My very shadow on the ground was eloquent of Christmas; for did not the people lay their sick where the mere shadows of the men who had heard and seen him might fall as they passed along?

Thus Christmas begirt me, far and near, until I had come to Blackheath, and had walked down the long vista of gnarled old trees in Greenwich Park, and was being steam-rattled through the mists now closing in once more, towards the lights of London. Brightly they shone, but not so brightly as my own fire, and the brighter faces around it, when we came together to celebrate the day. And there I told of worthy Master Richard Watts, and of my supper with the Six Poor Travellers who were neither Rogues nor Proctors, and from that hour to this I have never seen one of them again.

# He Plays Santa Claus the Whole Year Round

YOUNG folk who doubt the existence of a Santa Claus should see Carl Herrman Braatz, of Washington, D. C. He is 77 years of age, stands about six feet tall, and has a long, flowing natural white beard and a red face. In the rôle of Santa Claus, which he plays each Christmas at one of the large Washington department stores, he wears a red velvet suit, trimmed in white fur, and high black boots. A bald spot on his head is covered with a red velvet skull-cap. A jolly laugh and a German accent further contribute to the personage which he so realistically typifies.



Carl Herrman Braatz.

"I feel that I was born to be Santa Claus to old and young," he told this writer as he recounted that it was five years ago that he was first employed by a Washington department store to act the part. Since that time he has shaken hands with more children than any person in the National Capital.

Santa Claus, as it symbolizes a spirit of giving and service, is not seasonal with Carl Herrman Braatz. He believes, true to the Biblical text, that it is more blessed to give than to receive—365 days to the year. This accepted truism finds real expression in his method of giving to needy and deserving persons at least one dollar every day—a practice which he will continue the remainder of his life. He is largely the owner of Central Mission, headquarters of a charitable organization in Washington. This is a refuge for the poor, the needy, and others sharing little of this world's goods.

Fortunate, is it not, that this giver of gifts is the recipient of a legacy? This was bequeathed him before he was either an honest-to-goodness Santa Claus or the head of a charitable organization, but the donor of this lifetime legacy must have had an intuition that Carl Braatz was destined to play the part well. No less a distinguished personage than the American historian, the late George Bancroft, who as former Secretary of the Navy established the Naval Academy at Annapolis, upon his death in 1891, bequeathed to the subject of this sketch one dollar a day for lifetime. This is how he is enabled to act as Santa Claus 365 days to the year to old and young, and is not merely a bewhiskered St. Nicholas who plays the part during the brief festive season.

# Points of Progress in Dewey's Life

AFTER the father of George Dewey had obtained permission for his son to fill a vacancy at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, he said to his son:

"George, I have done all I can for you. The rest you must do for yourself."

Young Dewey was put to the test in the Battle of New Orleans. He tells of his baptism under fire:

"I took up my post on the hurricane deck of the *Mississippi*, under Captain Smith. The Confederate ram *Manassas* pointed its nose toward the *Mississippi*. Captain Smith steamed alongside the gunboat, which he had mistaken at first sight for the *Cayugua*, flagship of our Captain Bagley.

" 'I want permission to run down the ram,' he called.

"Just then we saw our error! The *Hartford* came steaming by. Admiral Farragut was in her rigging, his face eager with victory, in the morning light.

" 'Run down the ram!' he called."

In that moment, when he saw Farragut, Dewey resolved to become as great an admiral. With the declaration of war between Spain and the United States, came the great opportunity.

Manila Bay had been mined by the Spanish, with the expectation that it would keep out the American fleet. But Dewey recalled Farragut's old words, "Damn the torpedoes; full steam ahead."

Dewey's dash into Manila Bay over the exploding torpedoes electrified the world. His calm command that May morning, 1898, to the captain of the *Olympia*, "Fire when you are ready, Gridley," is famous, and the name of George Dewey has been placed on the roster of great admirals of the world.

—*F. D. H.*

# What Happened to a Dream



"But why be lonely, at that? There are quite a number of things to do if we could only think of them—."

(*Concluded from page 3*)

and send them off on their daily journey with words of caution ringing in their ears and with correct principles of conduct blazing before their eyes. Of course, each of us knows the correct principles of conduct. That is one of the blessed bits of wisdom that come with parenthood. At any rate, we can tell them something, and we should do so. Tell them the best we know.

Children are better off outside the house than inside because children are like their elders, only more so. We all learn from each other but children have more to learn because they know so little of the world into which they have so recently been flung. And one of the things that we soon learn is that when a companion can teach us no more we soon tire of him. We do not know why we tire, but that is the reason. So long as we continue to learn we continue to like. We find the other fellow interesting so long as he has a new way of putting things and a way of seeing things from a different angle. When we know him so well that he no longer surprises us with new squints at things, we say he is stupid—or at any rate, we drop him without knowing why. The evolutionary process seems always to be driving us toward those with whom we may exchange ideas to our mutual profit, and to cut the connection when there is nothing more to be gained. That is why the young who are by nature so eager to learn make friends so easily, as it is also why those who are too old to learn become hard boiled, shut themselves up at night with their radios and hope to heaven that nobody will ring the doorbell. You may not think the young are eager to learn. The way they talk about their school would seem to indicate the contrary. But the young are very eager to learn and the books they like best are human beings of their own age who are traveling the same road with themselves and can tell them about the shows in the other two rings of the circus while they are looking at the performance in the third ring.

It is often said that the young of today are in an exceedingly dangerous position because of the bootlegging and boozing. I don't believe it. I have heard all about the drinking around high schools at school dances and elsewhere, all of which is unquestionably bad. But I still have some recollections of my own boyhood. I lived in a town that, by local option, was dry But three miles away was one that was very wet. I was taught to have a horror of drinking, but chums of mine used to have a habit of getting over to the wet town.

The dangers from drink, so far as the young are concerned, did not all begin with prohibition.

Oh, the children who are leaving us alone at home at night will get along all right, and when their children leave them, they will not mind it because it will be only what they did before them. But we who have our pictures of the past and the ashes of what were hopes of fireside joys—there is not so much hope for us. We cannot be reconciled by an explanation, nor can our heartstrings be painlessly severed by realization of the fact that even our fifteen-year-old children do not need us very much.

But why be lonely, at that? There are quite a number of things to do if we we could only think of them. I doubt very much whether it is a good thing for parents to form the habit of sitting around the house during the evening so much. It is a fine way to grow old fast. Maybe our children are really doing us a service by giving the old fireplace absent treatment. Perhaps we shall be compelled to go back to the ways of our youth and resume some of our connections with the outside world.

## The Yule Log

THE Yule Log played a prominent part in the early festivities at Christmas time. Steam heat in the modern apartments robs the living generation generally of the pleasant custom of having a log and a cheery fireplace. In olden days a whole family (as in Provence) would make it a custom to go out on Christmas Eve and fetch in a log, the while they walked in line according to seniority and sang a carol. One of the children—the youngest—would pour wine on the log just before throwing it on the fire. Prior to the French Revolution, it was customary in Normandy to have the prettiest girl present sit on the log, while the others in the party drank to her health. Occasionally a figure of a human being was outlined in chalk on the log, which was reminiscent of the heathen practice of offering human sacrifices to the fire. Nearly every household which had a yule log made sure to save a brand with which to light the new log on the next Christmas.

# Christmas With the Pennsylvania Dutch

(*Concluded from page 15*)

Bessie hallooed outside and we visited Uncle John who lived at the far end of Main street.

On the way back, we just must stop for a few minutes to see Cousin Clara. There, as at Uncle John's, we were served many kinds of cake and candies. Former puzzles began to clear up.

There had been such talk as: "For my cookies, I use two pounds of butter, so many pounds of sugar, and so on." Why pounds and pounds, I had thought, mystified. Are they making cake for the church fair? Surely *pounds* of butter and sugar must make enormous quantities. As a matter of fact, they do.

They make huge crocks of cookies, great pound cakes, and many fruit cakes to last through the Christmas season, when everybody visits and returns visits. Christmas here was not only a day but a *season* as well.

Every home we visited was scented by the pungent, Christmassy odor of evergreen, and brightened by a glittering tree. No Christmas tree in that region was complete unless at its very tip was a guardian angel and a star.

And last of all, late in the afternoon, we came to Uncle Hiram's. Uncle Hiram had married a Dunkard or Mennonite. She was a perfectly lovely little woman. As we walked home they told me something of this sect. I had never heard of them. The women wear brown dresses and bonnets. They do not wear any jewelry or ornaments except a white kerchief and cuffs. They always wear a white cap, which is called "The Power." The men wear large-brimmed hats and long frock coats.



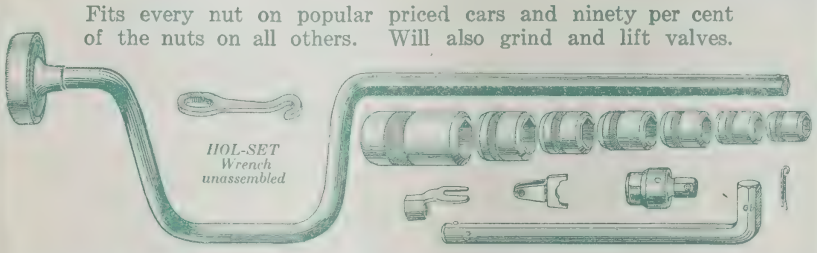
In the autumn they have a Love Feast. Great tables are set on a lawn and snitz pies (made of dried apples), apple butter, coffee or cider are served to any one who cares to drop in. Throngs of curiosity seekers visit this feast. The food is excellent, the hospitality sincere and simple, and many who "come to scoff remain to pray."

I am not quite sure on this point, but I think it is at the opening of this feast that the men greet each other with the Holy Kiss, and have the ceremony of feet washing. There were many of them in the village. They were very quiet and peace-loving, but strenuously objected to progress of any kind.

I feel sure that not a person in the village was forgotten that Christmas, or indeed at any other time. For myself, my first Christmas away from home had been turned by the magic of old-fashioned neighborliness into a lifelong memory of joy.


## A Husky Tool
**for Mechanic or Car Owner**

Fits every nut on popular priced cars and ninety per cent of the nuts on all others. Will also grind and lift valves.




**The HOL-SET WHOLE SET Wrench** Retails for $3.75

**44 Complete Tools in 1**

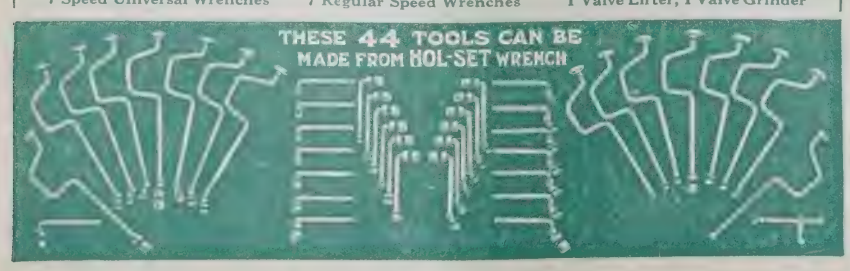


Hol-Set Wrench assembled for Tool Box.

Fully guaranteed against breakage. Built to stand hard usage of mechanic or car owner. For sale by jobbers and dealers everywhere, or write direct.

**HOL-SET Mfg. Corp., 81 Mt. Hope Avenue, Rochester, N.Y.**

7 "L" Universal Wrenches
6 "T" Universal Wrenches
7 Speed Universal Wrenches
7 "L" RegularWrenches
6 "T" Regular Wrenches
7 Regular Speed Wrenches
1 Speed Spark Plug Wrench
1 "L" Spark Plug Wrench
1 Valve Lifter, 1 Valve Grinder





## Valuable Old American Bottles

(*Concluded from page 14*)

in ancient Egyptian treasures for the ultimate in beautiful bottles. He will hear of or find such old specimens as the "tear bottle," so called because it was used to receive the tears which fell from mourners' eyes as they gathered for the last rites around Egyptians' tombs. One of these buried about 3000 B. C., has replicas in several museums. When found, such old bottles invariably emit the sweetest and most delightful odors imaginable when uncorked, and once again the seeker is carried away on time's wings to incense-filled situations, suggestive of fields and forests, hills and valleys where the sweetest scented flowers of all time were wont to flourish and bloom.

Can any avenue to the past be more pleasant for traveling than that which is strewn with old bottles? With its many crooks and bends and gaps, through stately parlors and magnificent boudoirs, past the mellow, smoke-stained taprooms of old inns and public houses, into sturdy old medieval castles and out upon the broad highway of antiquity—well, it might be interesting to keep one's eye out for unique shapes and colors in the products of bottle-making glassblowers!



"Presently you discovered it was Jess Carpenter."

# Do You Remember Christmas on the Farm?

By HOMER CROY

DO YOU remember how lonesome and dreary and monotonous Christmas used to be on the farm? But Christmas on the farm is getting more and more exciting.

In those old days the most exciting event of the winter occurred when the old rooster froze his feet. Do you remember how he limped and clodhopped around, how his comb got red and swollen? When spring came, still he couldn't walk well, and he would scratch those scaly, puffy feet, with the whitish-yellow nails, in the ground, flop his wings and go *clawk-clawk-clawk*!

Oh, it was a big event when the rooster froze his feet!

Do you remember the long winter evenings we used to have on the farm when nobody ever came and nobody ever went anywhere? But how about it nowadays? Do the farmers stay at home? Only when they are snowed in. They keep the old car so much on the go that they don't have to put in alcohol until Christmas.

About the only excitement, during those long winter evenings, was reading the patent medicine almanacs and wondering which diseases you had.

When you started in to read you would be feeling perfectly well, but pretty soon you would notice a slight headache. You would notice a ringing in your ears and shortly there would be darting things before your eyes, just as described in the book. The tongue, the book said, in such cases was usually coated, and then you would creep over to the mirror—and sure enough your tongue would be as gray as a rabbit's tail.

You were in the advanced stages of that terrible disease, whatever it was. You would feel weak in the knees and your hands would shake more than ever. By chance, your eye would fall on palsy and you would begin to read about that. Palsy, it said, was an affliction usually confined to people in their old age, but there were cases on record when it had fastened on young people—and then you knew that you had it; you were an exception.

Or maybe it would be palpitation of the heart. You had gone for years hardly knowing that you had a heart, except when you ran too fast, or something that way, and then you would begin to count your pulse. Jumping Jerusalem!—you had heart trouble! By this time your heart was racing like a threshing machine flywheel with the belt off. It must be going two hundred a minute. And then you would make up your mind that if you pulled through the night you would never, never be bad again as long as you lived.

Never again would you complain about carrying in wood for the stove, or feeding the calves, and when you milked Old Red again you wouldn't squirt milk on the cat, nor get your mother's maple sugar candy which she kept on a shelf in the pantry to give to the children after they had to take medicine—no, indeed. Pretty soon you would be sleepy and go stumbling off to bed and say the longest prayers you had said in months. In a few minutes you would be asleep and the next day there would be a little angel in pants running around that house. But in a week you would be back to normal again.

That was the way we lived on a farm in those days—getting all worked up over nothing. If it hadn't been for the patent medicine books, I don't know what we would have done for excitement.



"There was always a little boy to recite."

Do you remember how Christmas used to come?—not all of a jump the way it does now. It seemed to hold back as long as it could. Sometimes you would think it would *never* come.

Along in the autumn, your father would say, "Well, I guess we had better put up a couple of shoats and fatten 'em so as to have some spareribs for Christmas."

That was the first mention of it. How good it

sounded! It seemed as if it had been ages since last Christmas, but now it was actually coming again!

One day at dinner your mother said, "I think I ll turn in and bake a fruit cake this afternoon and let it season. It'll be good and tasty along about Christmas time."

There it was again, Christmas. Fruit cake this time. *Ummmm-ummm!*

You wouldn't hear any more about Christmas until one Sunday at church the Sunday school superintendent would clear his throat and say, "Brethren, it is time for us to begin to think about Christmas. It will soon be upon us. We must all work together and get a tree and some candy for the Sunday school scholars." He always called the Sunday school students *scholars*.

How Sunday school attendance picked up after that! Wasn't it a remarkable coincidence, how along about this time of the year, attendance climbed sky high?

For a day or two you would be excited about Christmas and then you would sort of forget it, and then one evening as you passed the church, the church would be all lighted up and you would wonder what it was, because it wasn't Wednesday night, and then you would hear the singing—why, they were practicing the Christmas program. And then you would gallop home like a colt let out of a stable on a frosty morning.

And then the first thing you knew your mother would be going through the Sunday school papers and books to find a nice piece for your sister to speak. It was a little closer now.

You began to think about presents and to hint to your parents about them. You said, "Of course, I don't know what I am going to get this year, but I'd like to have a pair of skates. All the fellers have them except me." Children didn't get so many presents in those days. But, for all I can see, the children were just as happy with their few presents as the children are today with the bundles and oodles of them.

*When Santa Claus Failed to Fool You*

You'd keep on hinting, but nobody seemed to pay any attention. At last you would think that you weren't going to get any at all. As Christmas approached, you grew more anxious, especially when your father said, "Well, I guess it's going to be a poor man's Christmas for us this year, because the crops have been mighty bad."

Of course, your father, being a farmer, always thought crops were bad.

One Saturday your father and mother went to town and when they came back they had a lot of crinkly packages. Your mother hid them under the lap robe and carried them to the house. Up to that time no package the size of a pea could have come into the house without your wanting to open it and see what it was, but now they could have brought in a stuffed elephant and left it in the middle of the floor and you would have pretended that you didn't see it. You might be a gorilla all summer, but when December came a pair of wings began to sprout.

The last day of school came, with recitations, as you called them, "readings," as they call them now, though they don't *read* anything at all.

The teacher said, "Now, children, you may put your books away for the day."

I wish I had space to tell about those recitations and speeches. There was always a little boy to recite. How his heart went pitty-pat when he stepped out on the stage for the first time until he heard somebody say, "I wonder what little fool is that." It just wouldn't have been Christmas if somebody didn't recite the pitty-pat poem. Or the poem, "Jes' Before Christmas I'm as Good as Good Kin Be." Or maybe "Bingen on the Rhine."

The teacher would make a little speech and tell what good children you had been all year, when not two weeks before she had pretty nearly licked the whey out of one of the students and a whole lot of you had been kept in, but now nobody could tell it the way the teacher talked. Oh, everybody was just as good as apple pie.

There would be a noise at the door and a man would come in carrying a basket, candy, licorice, gumdrops!

All the world seemed wonderful and everybody was good. Of course, it was the same old crowd you had seen all your life.

With Christmas Eve at the church came speaking and singing and noise and excitement. Santa Claus appeared all of a sudden. Some of the youngsters who didn't know anything thought it was really Santa Claus, but he didn't fool *you*. Presently you detected that it was Jess Carpenter who lived down the road a couple of miles. It was a shock at first to find that it was only old Jess, but still he had lots of presents.

Did it happen in your church? It happened in our church when I was a boy—that awful, blighting catastrophe which used to come so often on Christmas Eve. The cotton on the Christmas tree caught fire. I shudder now as I think of it. They don't have cotton on Christmas trees any more, and I am glad. That was a dangerous practice, and brought a terrible, blighting Christmas into many a home.

Few persons had Christmas trees in the home in those days, unless they lived near the timber where they could get the right kind of trees easily. This was before trees were shipped in from long distances. We hung up merely our Christmas stockings, around the stove and on the backs of chairs. Usually you wanted to sit up late, but tonight you went to bed like a shot. Burglars could have broken in and pulled off the wall paper and you wouldn't have heard them. No, indeed, not tonight.

*But Now Things Are Quite Different*

At last, CHRISTMAS itself. There were the stockings hanging in the same place but suffering from elephantitis—candy, books, toys, and more candy. Do you remember how you went flying around from one present to another? And eating with both hands?

But now things are different on a farm. The old, lonesome, shut-in Christmas is gone. It's no more lonesome on a farm now than it is in the city, because of the telephone, the radio, the automobile, and so on. The farmer isn't isolated any more. He can now whirl in to town in the time it used to take him to go out and catch the horses and hitch up.




# Cup No.3

## No harm can come if it's coffee without caffeine

Now all your people can drink coffee to their hearts' content. Children can enjoy it. All who are driven to coffee substitutes can have real coffee now, and all they want. People whom coffee keeps awake can drink it at midnight and sleep.

Science has found a way to remove caffeine from coffee. That is the poison drug. Yet every coffee delight remains.

This new-type coffee is called Kaffee Hag. The finest hotels now serve it, because of its delightful blend. Countless connoisseurs have adopted it, just because it typifies the utmost in fine coffee.

We simply open the pores of the raw coffee bean and extract the caffeine. That is a tasteless drug. Expert tasters cannot tell when we remove it.

All the quick bracing effects remain. The caffeine stimulation does not come until two hours after drinking, so nobody misses that.

Consider what that means. A delicious coffee which no doctor will forbid. No effect on the heart, nerves or kidneys, no wakefulness. No reason why children may not enjoy it. No reason at all for a substitute.

If you think someone in your home would enjoy such a coffee, let us supply a ten-cup test. Mail coupon now, with a dime (or stamps).

**Mail This Today for 10-Cup Sample; 10 cts.!**

KAFFEE HAG 1412 Davenport Ave. Cleveland, Ohio

Name .....

Address .....

# You can finish any surface with Lacq



You can finish stairways, floors of wood or concrete with Lacq and walk on them in less than one-half hour.



You can finish chairs, tables, desks, dressers, bedsteads or any pieces of furniture with Lacq and use them in less than one-half hour.



Finish kitchen cupboards, built-in china cabinets, bookcases, grillwork, or woodwork in any room—you won't have to wait for Lacq to dry.

## HOUSEHOLD LACQUEROID

## and use it in less than one half hour

This wonderful brushing lacqueroid, a newly discovered type of household finish, not only dries more quickly than any finish you have ever used, but it produces a wear-resisting surface that withstands the action of steam, water and acids. Its rich, lustrous surface will add the greatest beauty to furniture, floors and woodwork.

To Dealers: Lacq offers you an exceptional opportunity to serve your customers. Write for the "Story of Lacq"—address any one of the licensed distributors listed here.

There is only one Lacq—there is no substitute

The GLIDDEN Companies

PAINTS — VARNISHES — LACQUERS — ENAMELS

The splendid staff of our Research Laboratories has always kept us in the forefront of progress. They developed our Lacqueroid System for motor cars—a system in use by leading automobile manufacturers, and now they have discovered Lacq, a brushing lacqueroid that revolutionizes household finishing.

Edmund Joyce
President

| | |
|---|---|
| The Glidden Company | Cleveland |
| Heath & Milligan Mfg. Company | Chicago |
| Adams & Elting Company | Chicago |
| Campbell Paint & Varnish Company | St. Louis |
| T. L. Blood & Company | St. Paul |
| The American Paint Works | New Orleans |
| Twin City Varnish Company | St. Paul |
| The Forest City Paint & Varnish Co. | Cleveland |
| The A. Wilhelm Company | Reading |
| Nubian Paint & Varnish Company | Chicago |

*In Canada:*
The Glidden Company, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

*To Housewives—*

Lacq is made in a wide range of rich, beautiful colors.

SEND IN THE COUPON

and we will mail you a complete color chart that tells all about Lacq, and where and how to use it:

THE GLIDDEN COMPANY
*National Headquarters*
Cleveland, Ohio

Please send the Lacq Color Chart to

Name .....

Address..... D. I. 12-12

# Christmas Carols



By HUGH A. STUDDERT KENNEDY

SOME years ago, some individual set out to show that the "real old-fashioned Christmas," the weather of it, at any rate, was not so old-fashioned after all. With an air of almost indecent academic detachment this man laid vandal hands on a most cherished picture, the memorable Christmas spent by the Pickwickians at Dingly Dell. He had, he said, consulted *Howard's Climate of London*, and, as a result, had discovered that in the year 1830, the year of the Pickwickian party, the weather about Christmas time was, day by day, as Dickens in his memorable narrative described it. There was hard frost on the twenty-fourth, hard frost on the twenty-fifth, hard frost again on the twenty-sixth, with snow on Christmas Eve.

Now, if he had left the matter there all would have been well. But he went on to show that immediately after Boxing Day—as the day after Christmas is called in England—the weather grew milder, and he concluded with the remark that, after all, the real old-fashioned Christmas was just a cold snap such as might occur at any time during an English winter.

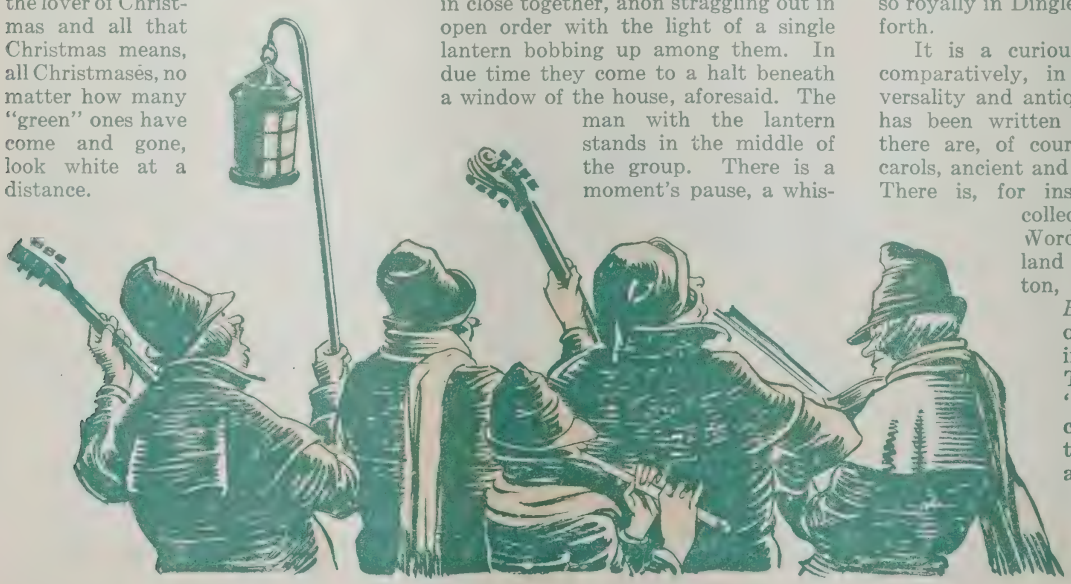
Well, it was a thankless task. Like all other wreckers of cherished traditions, he convinced nobody. Dickens' books alone, to say nothing of Thackeray or Washington Irving, were too much for him. To the lover of Christmas and all that Christmas means, all Christmases, no matter how many "green" ones have come and gone, look white at a distance.

It is the same, of course, with Christmas carols; they have only one setting. Within, the candles must be burning brightly, the fire of logs crackling on the hearth, sending its warm glow into the farthest corner of an old-fashioned room in an old-fashioned house, and without snow, of course, or at any rate hard frost, with the road between the silent hedgerows "compact and dry as a solid block of marble" glistening in the moonlight.

Along this road come the carol singers, a gay little party now bunching in close together, anon straggling out in open order with the light of a single lantern bobbing up among them. In due time they come to a halt beneath a window of the house, aforesaid. The man with the lantern stands in the middle of the group. There is a moment's pause, a whisper or two of instruction, and then, very softly the carol begins. It does not very much matter what it is, the famous "Cherry Tree Carol" or "I Saw Three Ships Come Sailing By," or

"God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,"

or something more modern. It always seems to begin softly, and to break upon the ear with a gratefulness all its own. So, at the first notes, the shades of the old-fashioned window in the old-fashioned house are thrown up, the curtains are drawn aside, and just such a party as entertained Mr. Pickwick so royally in Dingley Dell peers eagerly forth.



It is a curious thing how little, comparatively, in spite of the universality and antiquity of the custom, has been written about it, although there are, of course, many books of carols, ancient and modern, to be had. There is, for instance, the famous collection of Wynkyn de Worde, printed in England in 1521; while Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*, tells of a license granted, in 1562, to one John Tysdale for printing "Certayne goodly carowles to be song to the glory of God"; and again he speaks of "Crestenmas carowles auctorisshed by my Lord of London."

It was, indeed, in these years, when the spirit of the Reformation was sinking deep in the hearts of the English people, that Christmas caroling in England seems to have come specially into its own. So much so that, in spite of the onset of a civil war, one William Slayter was constrained to gather a collection "of the songs of Sion, intended for Christmas carols, and fitted to divers of the most noted and common but solemn tunes, everywhere in this land familiarly used and known."

So, every year as Christmas came around, whether it was a king or a protector that reigned in London, the "carowle singers" would go forth. Thus it has been ever since, and so it is today. Costumes have changed. The horn lanthorn gave way, long ago, to the storm lamp, and the storm lamp, in these days, may occasionally be superseded by the electric torch, yet the general circumstances of the real carol singing are forever the same—Irving's full moon and clear sky, his bare trees, his "thin, transparent vapor stealing up from the low grounds."

Of course, there is carol singing and carol singing. We have always had a strange fellow feeling for Scrooge in the stern attitude he adopted toward the youthful Saint Dunstan who sought to regale him with a Christmas carol through the keyhole. Yet it is curious how indifferent an effort will be acceptable. For the Christmas carol is essentially a folk song, and one of the joys of folk songs is that the folk can sing them, and the nice adjustment of parts is of little consequence. In the little party which fares forth into the moonlight to "go the rounds" there will always be a tenor or two who can sing tenor, always a bass or two who can sing bass, and there will always be a lady or two who can sing "seconds." For the rest they sing the tune

"Good King Wenceslas looked out,
On the feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about,
Deep and crisp and even."

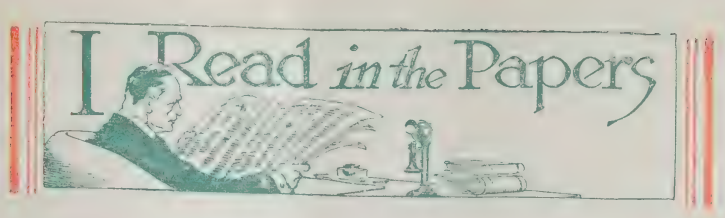
Only I was convinced, for many years, that the name of the king was "Wence," and that the tragedy of the thing lay in the fact that it was his "last look out."

## "Wassail! Wassail! Wassail!"

THE ancient custom of Wassailing was always an indispensable factor in the celebration attendant to the old-time Christmas, New Year's and Twelfth Night.

"Wassail"—"your health"—was the Anglo-Saxon drinking pledge, taken with the Wassail Bowl, containing a concoction called "lambs' wool," made of ale, apples, sugar and spices.

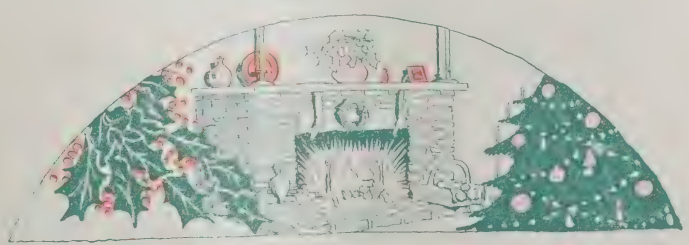
Because of the fruit they bore, it was customary on Christmas Eve to Wassail the most fruitful trees in the orchards. Celebrants gave their toast and dipped a branch in their jar of cider. Generally there was shouting, kettle beating and firing of guns.




***I read in the papers*** that *Money Musk* is being revived among other old tunes for the new old dances. The title of this tune has puzzled many. The relation between money and musk has defied their sense of interpretation. But the title has really nothing to do either with money or musk. The first syllable is pronounced "mon" not "mun." Moneymusk is the name of an obscure but very beautiful village on the banks of the river Don in Aberdeenshire, Scotland. Although small, the place is of ancient origin, and a few centuries ago was an ecclesiastical center of considerable importance. Sir Arthur Grant is the laird of Moneymusk. Later it became a gathering place where lads and lasses from the neighboring hills and glens danced reels and strathspeys. When a new dance tune was inspired on the spot *Moneymusk* became its name. The place is still a great dancing center.

***I read in the papers*** that the *China Weekly Review*, of Shanghai, writes with hot indignation on the subject of Chinese changing names. It makes interesting reading. We quote in part: "There is time to consider whether Chinese have any 'business' taking a 'foreign' or 'Christian' name. The gentleman, if such he is, who started the ball rolling betrays considerable irritation and waxes sarcastic over the fact that some Chinese assume names which most foreigners find it easier to remember than are the ordinary Chinese names. Mr. 'Joseph' Wong and Mr. 'Alexander' Hsiao are quite shocking to the one who started the correspondence, and the latter preens himself in rather a nasty way by ending his diatribe with the assertion of gratitude to Heaven that as yet no Chinese has been born who can wear a *pince-nez!* —Though why on earth any one should want to wear a *pince-nez* is more than many esthetically minded persons could explain. Moreover the writer showed his lack of acquaintance with the legal fraternity of this cosmopolitan settlement in making the last quoted statement, inasmuch as one distinguished Chinese lawyer—a graduate of an English University, by the way—does wear a *pince-nez*, and wears it as becomingly as a *pince-nez can* be worn! . . . There was a day in England and in America when a certain picturesqueness of names was common. The Puritans may have been drab in color of clothes and harsh in manner as Mr. James Truslow Adams claims, but who that comes across such names as Praisegod Barebones or Increase Mather can fail to rejoice that these people existed? Drab and colorless they may have been, commonplace they certainly were not. But returning to China, consider how much is to be gained by the Western student of history from the taking of a Western name by so distinguished a diplomat as Dr. Wellington Koo. To an English or American schoolboy, Koo V-kyuin would be unpronounceable and unrememberable, but Wellington Koo is widely known and easily remembered—and it is not difficult for the student and ubiquitous 'man on the street' to know that Mr. Wellington Koo's family name is Koo and not Wellington. Is that not worth a good deal? We should say it is—to Mr. Koo, at least."

***I read in the papers*** that all the time people are getting fatter and fatter, not only men, but women, especially women. In Morocco, and in certain parts of the interior of Africa, obesity is the hall mark of feminine beauty, and in his veracious history of New York, Washington Irving tells us that it was formerly the custom for the mayor and aldermen to be chosen by weight. But America is not Africa, and modern New York is a very different place from New Amsterdam; and still there are so many fat people that one would think there were special prizes to be won in this direction. However, the opposite seems to be the case. Most people are not really anxious to get fat, and this is why beauty experts and nostrum manufacturers are reaping a rich harvest. To an impartial mind there is but one conclusion: People of the present day eat too much and exercise too little.



# How Christmas Is Kept in Every Land

## There Is Universal Good Cheer, But Not Always Boars' Heads and Blazing Yule Logs

By HORACE WYNDHAM

THERE is a theory that Christmas was "invented" by Charles Dickens.

Well, even the crustiest of curmudgeons will admit that it was a very good thing to have "invented."

Despite the increasing materialism of the age, Christmas still has its customs and traditions. Things alter, but the spirit of the festival is eternal. A Puritan Parliament tried hard to suppress it. The attempt, however, was an ignominious failure.

In the matter of celebrating Christmas, different countries have their own special customs. Yet, they all seem to have one custom in common. This is that in which a Christmas tree, loaded with gifts, bears an important part. Its origin, however, is Teutonic, for it was introduced into England by Prince Albert on his marriage with Queen Victoria. But it was the Romans who took it to Germany; and, as every schoolboy knows (or ought to know), there is an allusion to it in the second Georgic of Virgil.

The agreeable practice of giving "Christmas boxes" is lost in the mists of antiquity. Such tokens of good will, however, were formerly presented on December 26, which was thus called "Boxing Day."

In bygone times kings and queens were very lavish in their distribution of "Christmas boxes." Even such a notoriously "close" monarch as Henry VII parted with considerable sums at this period. Queen Elizabeth, however, reversed the process, and, instead of giving them, accepted presents from her loyal subjects. One, from Archbishop Parker, took the form of "£40 in demi-sovereigns in a red silk purse," while Lady Cheeke offered "a russet purse with £4 therein."

Thrifty Elizabeth would also hold out a hand for gifts "in kind" from even the humblest members of her domestic staff. Thus, it is on record that "two rolls of cambric" were the tribute of "the Dustman," and "the Apothecary" filled the capacious royal stocking with "three boxes, one of green ginger, one of ginger candy, and one of orange candy." It would appear that Her Majesty had a "sweet tooth."

Pantomimes have long been associated with Christmas in England. The first to be seen in London was "Harlequin Executed," at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theater in 1717. This was followed by "Harlequin Doctor Faustus" at Drury Lane.

A very old custom connected with Christmas comes from Scandinavia. This is that of burning a "Yule log." In former days it was always lighted from a brand that had been carefully saved from the previous year's specimen. While it was burning, there would be a vast amount of feasting and singing and telling of stories.

To insure fitting merriment from morning to night, the squire or chief landowner in every village would appoint a "Lord of Misrule." During his sovereignty, which lasted twelve days, no glum faces were allowed. "The strong beer," says a chronicler, "was broached, and the black jacks went playfully about, with sugar, nutmeg, and good Cheshire cheese. The meat had to be boiled by daybreak, or else two young men would take the cook by the arms, and run her round the market place till she was ashamed of her laziness."

Other times, other manners. Nowadays, any cook subjected to this sort of discipline would "give notice" on the spot.

At the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge the functions of the "Lord of Misrule" were taken so seriously that they were intrusted to a Master of Arts. In the year 1625 his representative among the law students at the Inns of Court in London is said to have subscribed a sum of £2,000 to keep the fun going. King Charles thought so much of this lavishness that he rewarded him with a knighthood.

A standing dish in the old-time Christmas menu was a boar's head. This, escorted by minstrels, always followed the plum pudding and snapdragon. At Queen's College, Oxford, the "Boar's Head Carol," which dates from 1521, is still sung. This begins:

"The boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedecked with bays and rosemary,
And I pray you, my masters, be merry.
*Quot estis in convivio*
*Caput apri defero*
*Reddens laudes Domino.*"

and see there be mustard," says a recipe of the period.

After the boar's head came mince pies. These delicacies earned the esteem of "Rare Ben Jonson," who has recorded their merits in one of his *Masques*.

Christmas cards owe their popularity in England to the introduction of penny postage. While their sale is now said, compared with what it used to be, to have fallen off, it is still very substantial. The first card (with conventional holly and mistletoe on it) is understood to have been designed by a member of the Royal Academy, J. C. Horsley.

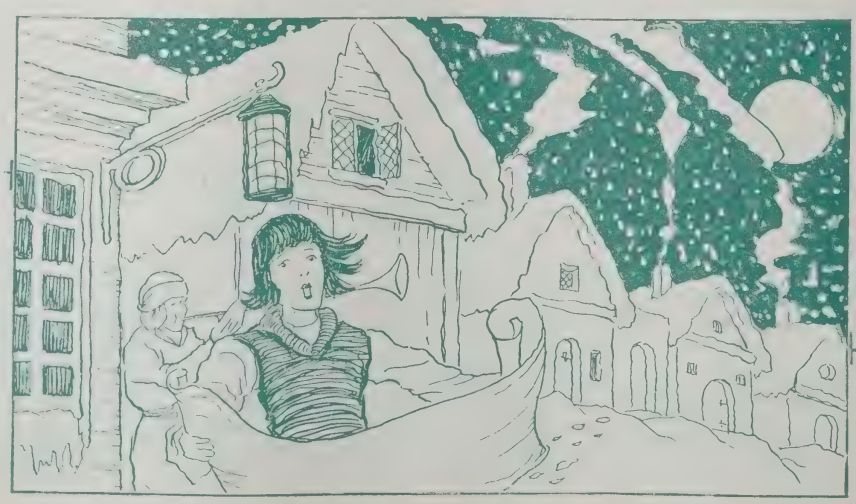
Long before there were Christmas cards there were Christmas carols. They date, indeed, from the dawn of Christianity itself. A very beautiful specimen was written about the year 1500, the first verse of which ran:

"When Christ was born of Mary free
In Bethlehem, that fair city,
Angels did sing with mirth and glee
*In Excelsis Gloria!*"

The most popular of all Christmas carols is probably "Old King Wenceslas." This is set to a thirteenth-century air, which, by the way, was adapted from a still earlier Latin one.

An ever memorable Christmas was was that of 1843, when Charles Dickens, who has done more than anybody else to keep the spirit of the festival alive in our hearts, wrote his *Christmas Carol*. When he died, in 1870, a ragged little girl was heard to ask tearfully: "Does that mean Father Christmas will die, too?"

Well, if the question is put to the children, they will certainly say "No!"



# A Logical Development

There is nothing strange in the fact that recently Ford production reached the high peak —even in Ford industry.

It simply means that the long-established Ford values are even better now. The latest cars are attracting unusual enthusiasm because they combine a new order of beauty, convenience and riding comfort with the well-known Ford reliability and low cost.

This greater value is the logical and inevitable result of the Ford policy of *complete* manufacture, from mine to finished car—and of striving endlessly to reduce waste, eliminate intermediary profits, and to develop the utmost production and distribution efficiency.

Any Authorized Ford Dealer will be glad to point out the many advantages in the latest cars.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

Ford

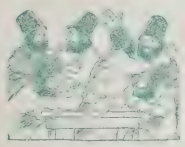
# Briefly Told

Connecticut with her Yankees led the states last year in invention, one patent being issued to every 1,082 inhabitants, while Mississippi brought up the rear with one to every 19,463.

The Chilean Hall of Fame contains many English and Scotch names.

The Canton Christian College in China has developed disease-free silkworms that produce several times as much silk as the ordinary farm variety.

In very early times the name for the British Isles was "The Country of Green Hills."



You cannot, it is said, gather six Russians together in a room without hearing six different opinions on any subject discussed animatedly.

According to Pliny, the Gauls of Caesar's time wore a ring on the middle finger, but the fashion of the next generation changed so that finger was left bare, while all the rest were loaded.

London's new automatic telephone system will take 15 years to complete.

The area where China, Tibet, and India meet is sometimes called "Any Man's Land."

Whales swim by moving their tail fins up and down, and they are able to swim so rapidly with so little apparent exertion because of the ideal propeller construction of their tails.

The sense of smell is the strongest sense that insects have. Few of them can see more than three feet, and they hear only through the vibration of their feelers.

Locusts, the short-horned grasshopper, have been a recurring plague through all history. This year they have become a devouring pest in British Columbia.

In the time of Cicero a Roman senator was prohibited by law from engaging in any business that would take him out of Italy.



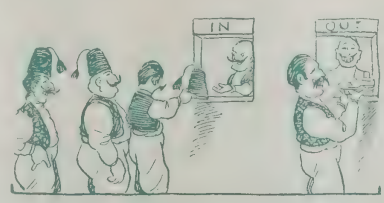
The Stone Age Man of Britain was clever enough to trepan a skull to relieve pressure on the brain. The teeth of the operating saws are so fine that to see them one needs a magnifying glass.

New York's first newspaper was published just 200 years ago. It was known as the New York *Gazette*.

The Christmas tree, which has become an almost universal symbol, and is by most persons supposed to have originated in Germany, had its origin in Egypt at a period long before the Christian Era. The palm-tree is known to put forth a branch every month, and a spray of this tree, with twelve shoots on it, was used in Egypt at the time of the winter solstice, as a symbol of the year completed.

A whole radio program has been broadcast from East Pittsburgh, received by London, and retransmitted to British India, thus joining East and West through the medium of the ether.

The song, "The Sweet Bye and Bye," composed in the lantern light of a country store, brought a royalty of $56,000, but not until 50 years after its composer, Joseph P. Webster, of Elkhorn, Wisconsin, had written it.




The Turkish headgear of yesterday is being made into foot warmers of today. The Red Crescent, corresponding to our Red Cross, is collecting discarded fezzes and having them made into bed slippers.

Newspapers in inland Asiatic cities are sold at reduced rates when earlier readers get through with them.

With the exception of a privileged few, Japanese radio enthusiasts are limited in their reception to the single wave length of 375 meters, their sets being sealed for other wave lengths.

As a beginning toward the goal of "the liquidation of illiteracy by 1928," the commissariat of Russia printed special primers and scattered them broadcast over the country in 1921.

The troubadour grasshopper is one of the four or five insects capable of making a noise. He has no voice. He uses his hard wing cases as a sounding board, drawing the shank of his leg across them and thus producing his music. The katydid and the cricket are likewise noisy, but the devil's horse is silent.



Impressed by the multitude of pamphlets issued by the Department of Agriculture, an Oswego, Kansas, farmer has appealed for information on "how to put on a shirt, eat an apple, peal potatoes, adjust a dog collar, and eat a chicken."

Scientists have found that Marathon runners and other athletes who eat sugar and candy before exertion come through their races in better physical condition than those who run "unsweetened."

Excavations in the San Francisco Bay region of California show that the Indians of 3,500 years ago had the same customs and lived then as their descendants live today.

It was in Delmonico's that salads of chicken and lobster first made their appearance, that chicken *a la king* and lobster Newburg were invented, that French fried potatoes, Russian dressing and terrapin were first served in New York, and that minute steak was invented by Edwin Gould.



# A Visit from St. Nicholas

ILLUSTRATED BY
RUSSELL H. LEGGE

'TWAS the night before Christmas, when all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;



The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.



Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave the lustre of mid-day to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,



With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;
"Now, *Dasher!* now, *Dancer!* now, *Prancer* and *Vixen!*
On, *Comet!* on, *Cupid!* on,
*Donder* and *Blitzen!*
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,



So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard on the roof



The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.
His eyes—how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.
He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;



A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose;
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle,
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,
"*Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good-night.*"

—*Clement Clarke Moore.*

THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL

BOOKS are the best of things, well used; abused, among the worst. What is the right use? What is the one end, which all means go to effect? They are for nothing but to inspire. I had better never see a book, than to be warped by its attraction clean out of my own orbit, and made a satellite instead of a system. The one thing in the world of value is the active soul. This every man is entitled to; this every man contains within him, although, in almost all men, obstructed, and as yet unborn.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

DEA

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Vol. 26 No. 9 DECEMBER 19, 1925 $1.50 a Year




. . . the chill wind . . . carried a shiver everywhere
The little brook heard it and built a roof
'Neath which he could house him, winter-proof —*Lowell.*

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

# BRIEFLY TOLD

It is an error to say that Franklin's kite experiment led to the construction of lightning rods. We have Franklin's own words that the kite experiment followed the rods.

The bald eagle is not really bald, but from a distance it appears to be so. Its head and part of its neck are pure white.

So far as is known, the state of Rome borrowed money from individuals for the first time at the beginning of the war with Hannibal 215 B. C.

A French historian has written, "Money is like the water of a river; if it suddenly floods, it devastates; divide it into a thousand channels where it circulates quietly and it brings life and fertility to every spot."

Figures given out by the rural economics department of the Ohio State University show that the average Ohio farm horse works only two hours a day at a cost of a little more than 15 cents an hour.

Women of the Kashgar oasis weep at the graves of their parents as a demonstration of their ancestor worship.

A Greenland conjurer against evil spirits once advised Kaj Birket Smith, a Danish explorer, to sew his boots to the back of his mother's dress to be worn there the rest of her life.

Ferdinand Boberg, the Swedish artist, in attempting to preserve a likeness of all that is characteristic in Sweden, has made more than a thousand drawings of old-fashioned buildings and early industries.

The Island of Culion, the Philippine site of the largest leper colony in the world, was one of the first places under the American flag to give women the right to vote.



With his head pillowed against a corner of the cement box, an Atlanta, Georgia, man went to sleep in a mortar of fresh concrete. He awoke encased in stone and it was necessary for him to visit a hospital to have the covering removed under the directions of surgeons.

Chuquicamata in Chile is the heart of the greatest copper-bearing area in the world. The largest single North American investment south of Panama employs here $100,000,000. The Chileans are the Yankees of South America.




Cooks in London, England, refuse to accept positions unless they are assured that their kitchens will be wired with a radio extension from the wireless installation of the family upstairs.

The United States Bureau of Fisheries has discovered that barnacles on ship bottoms collect only on plates painted blue and black and that other colors are practically free from them.

The Egyptian women thought they could strengthen their hair by rubbing it with a donkey's tooth crushed in honey.

Neither horses nor sheep will eat the "horse sorrel" or "sheep sorrel" that grows on thousands of acres of acid land that lime would remedy.




Headlights and tail lights on baby carriages are necessary in Milwaukee, according to the literal interpretation of city ordinances of that city.

The Bakarganj cyclone of 1876 from the Bay of Bengal brought so much rain that the loss of life from drowning was 100,000 in six hours.

Napoleon traveled from near Vilna to Paris in 312 hours. An ordinary traveler could not have done this distance in twice the time. Railways have reduced the journey to less than 48 hours.

Local anti-barberry laws were passed in France as early as 1660. The common barberry was completely eradicated from Denmark in 1903, since which time no black stem rust in wheat has been noticed there.

In remote rural districts in Norway the bride dons the native dress of her district and rides to the church ceremony on a pony.

A study of Washington's transportation shows that it costs the average car driver there 11.49 cents a mile to run his automobile.

Walking is not a "lost art" in Berlin, for hundreds of thousands of pedestrians fill the parks and boulevards on pleasant evenings and Sundays.

Many women in Danish restaurants in Copenhagen smoke cigars.

The Chinese do not bury their dead underground until a "lucky day" comes, the corpses often being kept in wooden boxes for many days, as centers of disease infection.

An asbestos suit that can be used for protection in rescuing a fire victim is on exhibit in the American Museum of Safety in New York.

Arabs call the snipe the "father of long noses."

Byron W. Huhn, silk hat manufacturer for most of the Presidents since the time of Grant, recently died at his Milwaukee home.

A man claiming to be a descendant of Alexander the Great is now a postmaster in the Sarikol Valley in India.

Three years ago, Andrew S. Rowan, the man who "carried the message to Garcia," in the Spanish American War, received the Distinguished Service Cross.

The Weather Bureau of India issues warnings of danger of sunstroke or heat apoplexy when the wet bulb temperature approaches 85 degrees Fahrenheit.



Shortly before the primaries last October, a columnist of the Erie, Pennsylvania, *Times* announced in his daily column that he was going to run for sheriff because he "needed the money." He meant the statement as a joke, but his friends took it otherwise and would not permit him to withdraw and he was elected sheriff, according to reports.

December 19
1 9 2 5

Volume 26
Number 9




# The Essence of This Issue:

Mr. Ford's Page this week discusses common sense as a business guide. (p. 9)

Although our Christmas Number came last week in all its color and flavor and good cheer, we are still within the date of Christmas, which justifies an overflow this week. Though such an explanation should not be necessary, should it? Suppose that Christmas lasted till Spring, would any complain? The right kind of Christmas really lasts a long, long time.

There is a little meditation that may lead you into the inwardness of the Season, a view of Christmas not often expressed. (p. 2)

"And that night, when the Star shone, and the Three Wise Men took their journey toward the East, they carried with them a necktie box, an egg-beater, and a silver cigaret case to lay at the feet of the baby King." Isn't that delicious? And doesn't it mark the difference between Xmas presents and Christmas presents? You will rather enjoy this little whimsy concerning the Three Wise Women who went shopping. (p. 19)

Outdoors in the winter woods of the North, where huge fires wrap the tall dark pines in ruddy mantles, they bootleg—beaver furs. The story is told by Donald Hough—the name itself a guaranty of authentic observation. (p. 4)

Well, politics are on us again with a jump. The World Court is the big international question before the American Congress. It has its friends, and its opponents. The line-up on either side is somewhat surprising, too. Senator Borah seems to believe that the Court is being trickily used as a means to inject the United States into the League of Nations. An article on the leaders of the opposing forces by Mr. Newman. (p. 5)

*CONTENTS*

Christmas - - - - - - - - - - - - - 2
Governors Plead for Their States - - - - 3
*Aaron Hardy Ulm*
Trapping Trappers in the Near North - - 4
*Donald Hough*
Should America Join World's Court? - - - 5
*Oliver P. Newman*
Women of No Occupation *Mary Willis Shuey* 6
Women's Cases Before the Jury - - - - - 8
*Philip N. O'Hara*
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
Hooked Rugs Have Come Back to Stay - - 12
*Ella Shannon Bowles*
Investigating the Air Investigations - - - 14
*E. B. Johns*
When a Storm Struck "Buffalo Bill's" Show - 16
*Irving R. Bacon*
Christmas or "Xmas"? *Clara E. Putnam* - 19
Where Are the Americans? Down South? - 20
*Harry E. Barnet*
Seen in an Egyptian Village *William H. Worrell* 30
Is There Iconoclasm in America? - - - - - 32
*Carson C. Hathaway*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer;
C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

This is not a Women's Number, yet there seems to be several articles of especial interest to the distaff side of the house.

For example: Why do they persist in describing the housewife as "not gainfully employed"? That is what one southern woman asks. And then she goes on to describe what a woman of "no occupation" does. *It is a story you will like.* (p. 6)

At the other end of the scale of woman-interest: why do juries so frequently acquit women prisoners? Mr. O'Hara notes that, though we divorce more women than any other nation, we become amazingly sentimental when it comes to sending them to jail. (p. 8)

This country will never go to the dogs—we yell too quickly for that. Don't mistake the din for the disaster. No people in the world seem to be so able to see in advance the probable result of certain tendencies; no people are so sensitive to the draft—so to speak—of coming events. That is why we hear of more evils than ever come upon us; we see them from afar and head them off. We scare the dogs away. Here is an example of how the cry begins. (p. 3)

We all like the South because it is American. But something of the Old South is disappearing in the new development. We print this article because of the sound value we think it has. (p. 20)

The gentle art of investigating, which supplants golf as a Washington amusement, has reached proportions that make the cross word puzzle and mah jong crazes, combined, look like pikers. It is very timely that Colonel Johns should investigate the investigations. (p. 14)

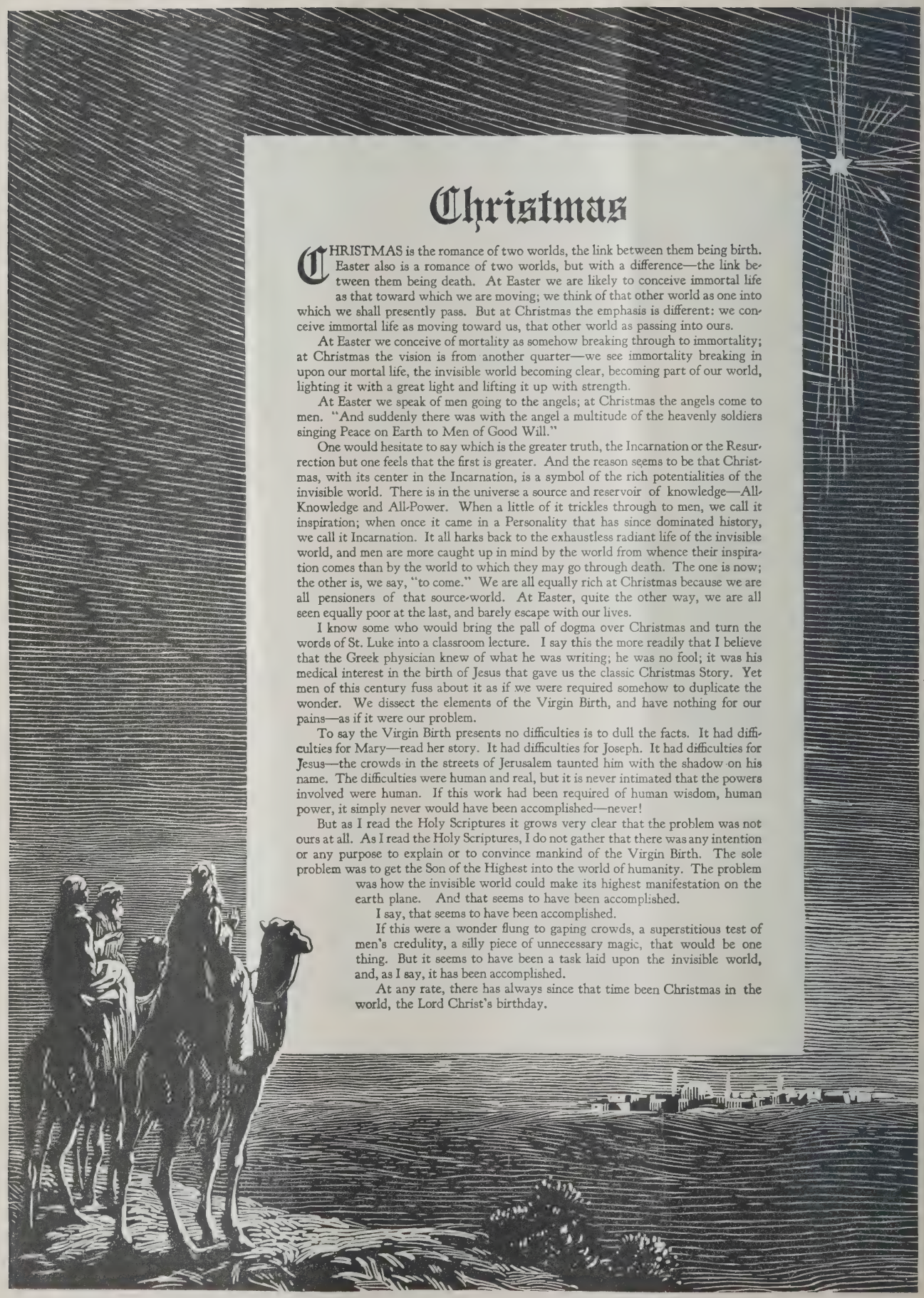
Hooked rugs—they seem to be part of the revived interest in the lovely old house furnishings of our forefathers. (p. 12)

"Buffalo Bill" is still a name to conjure with in childhood's pleasant land, and here is the experience of a man who lived with "Buffalo Bill" and traveled with his show. Mr. Bacon is an artist of high ability and made his own pictures. Then that night the cyclone struck the show— (p. 16)

Alas, for the builders of the Pyramids; they cannot now paint a window sash without splattering the glass with paint. Yet the blood of the Pharaohs runs very pure in Egypt. As for the "sheiks," the name means "old man." How is that for a blow at the little Valentinos of our land! And it is told by an Orientalist who knows. (p. 30)

SINGLE COPY, TEN CENTS. Subscription price in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies, $1.50 a year; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill.



# Christmas

CHRISTMAS is the romance of two worlds, the link between them being birth. Easter also is a romance of two worlds, but with a difference—the link between them being death. At Easter we are likely to conceive immortal life as that toward which we are moving; we think of that other world as one into which we shall presently pass. But at Christmas the emphasis is different: we conceive immortal life as moving toward us, that other world as passing into ours.

At Easter we conceive of mortality as somehow breaking through to immortality; at Christmas the vision is from another quarter—we see immortality breaking in upon our mortal life, the invisible world becoming clear, becoming part of our world, lighting it with a great light and lifting it up with strength.

At Easter we speak of men going to the angels; at Christmas the angels come to men. "And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly soldiers singing Peace on Earth to Men of Good Will."

One would hesitate to say which is the greater truth, the Incarnation or the Resurrection but one feels that the first is greater. And the reason seems to be that Christmas, with its center in the Incarnation, is a symbol of the rich potentialities of the invisible world. There is in the universe a source and reservoir of knowledge—All-Knowledge and All-Power. When a little of it trickles through to men, we call it inspiration; when once it came in a Personality that has since dominated history, we call it Incarnation. It all harks back to the exhaustless radiant life of the invisible world, and men are more caught up in mind by the world from whence their inspiration comes than by the world to which they may go through death. The one is now; the other is, we say, "to come." We are all equally rich at Christmas because we are all pensioners of that source-world. At Easter, quite the other way, we are all seen equally poor at the last, and barely escape with our lives.

I know some who would bring the pall of dogma over Christmas and turn the words of St. Luke into a classroom lecture. I say this the more readily that I believe that the Greek physician knew of what he was writing; he was no fool; it was his medical interest in the birth of Jesus that gave us the classic Christmas Story. Yet men of this century fuss about it as if we were required somehow to duplicate the wonder. We dissect the elements of the Virgin Birth, and have nothing for our pains—as if it were our problem.

To say the Virgin Birth presents no difficulties is to dull the facts. It had difficulties for Mary—read her story. It had difficulties for Joseph. It had difficulties for Jesus—the crowds in the streets of Jerusalem taunted him with the shadow on his name. The difficulties were human and real, but it is never intimated that the powers involved were human. If this work had been required of human wisdom, human power, it simply never would have been accomplished—never!

But as I read the Holy Scriptures it grows very clear that the problem was not ours at all. As I read the Holy Scriptures, I do not gather that there was any intention or any purpose to explain or to convince mankind of the Virgin Birth. The sole problem was to get the Son of the Highest into the world of humanity. The problem was how the invisible world could make its highest manifestation on the earth plane. And that seems to have been accomplished.

I say, that seems to have been accomplished.

If this were a wonder flung to gaping crowds, a superstitious test of men's credulity, a silly piece of unnecessary magic, that would be one thing. But it seems to have been a task laid upon the invisible world, and, as I say, it has been accomplished.

At any rate, there has always since that time been Christmas in the world, the Lord Christ's birthday.

# Governors Plead for Their States

## At Washington as Suppliants to State Representatives for Securing Justice

By AARON HARDY ULM

—Washington.

SINGULAR spectacles are common at the National Capital but not many are so strange as one which took place there recently. Curiously, its newness and oddity were scarcely recognized at all—perhaps because of its probable futility.

The spectacle comprised an appearance in Washington of a group of governors who came to plead for the states. The pleas were not made to the heads of bureaus who in many cases exceed in matters of power and prestige the heads of what used to be regarded as sovereign governments. For pleas to them on behalf of the states would be, in most instances, comparable to a canary pleading with a hungry cat.

The governors came to Washington to plead, with representatives of the states on behalf of the states. They addressed themselves to men who hold commissions signed by the governors of states and bearing state seals, but who now, in most instances, regard themselves wholly as functionaries of the Federal Government. These are members of the Congress of the United States, which by its very name is meant to be primarily an assembling of Representatives of the states, or the people thereof.

The plea, bearing on a point of taxes, may be sound or fallacious. Yet the fact that nearly a score of governors joined in making it is extreme attestation of a trend and perhaps some evidence of a revival. The trend is that of the Federal Government toward the usurping of rights and powers belonging to the states, and the revival is that of interest in the old subject of States' Rights.

In view of the history of that trend during the last dozen years, it is most curious of all that the group protesting it was led by the governor of a southern state. For most of the expansion of the Federal Government in recent times has been with the permission of, and even promoted by, most of the Southerners having to do with it and the political party which they support almost exclusively.

Barring a few individual instances, and some others that consist of platitudinous talk only, States' Rights doctrine has depended lately almost wholly for support on precincts not identified with it historically.

Originally this doctrine was supported mainly by "little" states which feared that they might be gobbled up or oppressed by the big ones. Then it came predominantly out of the South, and expressed itself through the political party supreme in that section.

But of late the most pointed and sincere appeals for States' Rights have been made by Northern Republicans of, usually, "big" states—men who, as a rule, think much more of Alexander Hamilton than they do of Thomas Jefferson.

What accounts for this change? The answer is so obvious that it is amazing none of the founders of the Federal Government thought of it. It is because the "little" states are more numerous than the "big" ones. Instead of the small state being endangered by the greater power of the large one, the "big" states have all to fear from the combined power of the "little" ones.

Neither bigness nor smallness is measured alone by area or population or both. By the first factor, representation of the states in the House of Representatives is divided. But all are equal in the Senate. Even without this advantage in the Senate, the power of the "little" states would be much greater than that of the "big" ones.

In gauging the true size of a state a factor equal to that of area or of population enters. This is wealth. Thus some states that are large in area or population, or both, line up on States' Rights with ones that are small—because they are or regard themselves as "poor." And, conversely, some that are small in one or both of the first respects line up with the "big" states because they happen to be rated as wealthy.

You might put it this way: The "poor" states are more numerous and, following a natural but not beautiful instinct, line up together against the "rich" ones.

This doesn't mean that the small or "poor" states are really burdened with poverty in a greater degree than the big and "rich" ones. It is probable that the reverse is the case; that is, when judged by na-

(Concluded on page 29)





At night, after the sleet storm, we built a huge fire and dried out."

# Trapping Trappers in the Near North

## Bootlegging Beaver Hides the Biggest Game Along the International Border

By DONALD HOUGH

I STOPPED at the end of the railroad; and because the little town was built high, I could see far to the north, to the east and to the west, where apparently limitless forests, snow-covered, reached to the horizon.

I was interested in the little town. It was the "jumping off place" for the only "Far North" in the United States: the northeastern corner of Minnesota, hemmed in by the Canadian boundary and Lake Superior. A wilderness of great forests and countless lakes lies there.

I had known the region in the summer, when people come to canoe through the labyrinth of waterways that has marked this country as a thing apart from other forest areas. I knew that in the summer all travel through more than five million acres of land and water and virgin forests is by canoe, just as it was when the Hudson's Bay trappers had counted it a great prize, and when the routes of the early French and English traders—yes, and soldiers, too—had counted its waterways as an important link of communication from east to northwest.



"The little girl's only plaything was a wooden cow."

But it is in the winter that the curtains are drawn and the dramas of our only North country, minus only the Sergeant of the Mounted who always gets his man, are enacted.

I had not gone far up the principal street of the snow-bound town when I met a wind-tanned man in parka and moccasins, driving a team of five huskies hitched to a long toboggan. I recognized him as a state game warden—one of more than a dozen of the best woodsmen in the North who were carrying on a relentless war against the biggest bootlegging game along the international border. No, you guessed wrong. It's beaver hides. Liquor running is childish beside it. Also, the profits of liquor running are pin money compared to the gains of the beaver trappers.

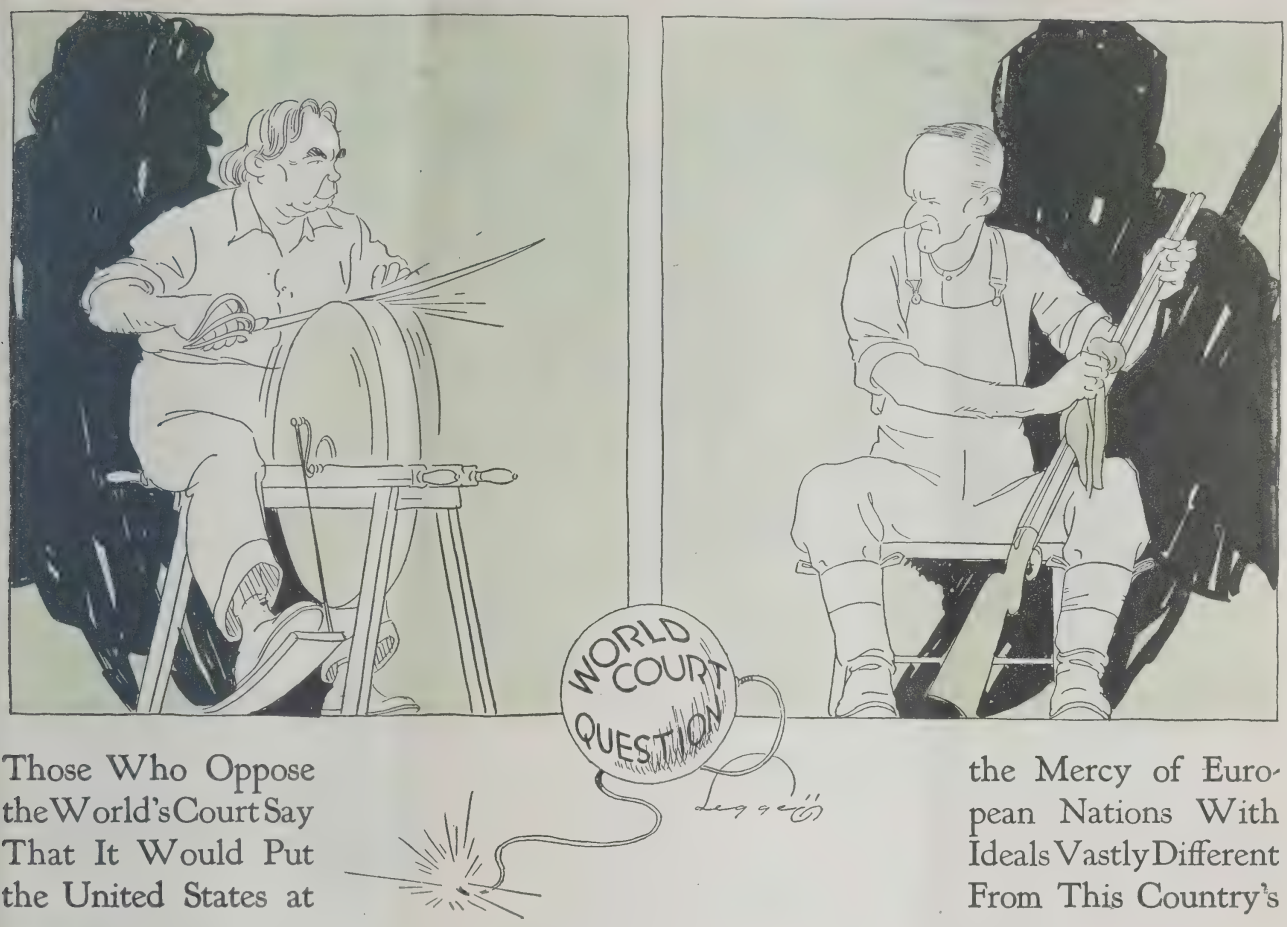
The game warden stopped and extended a mittened hand. His dogs lay down in the snow, their curled-up tails still wagging nervously.

"What's the dope?" I asked him.

"Going over the eastern trails," he said, "the outlaws are planning a drive and we're planning one, too. Five teams of us going out tomorrow."

Ten minutes lat- (Continued on page 24)

# Should America Join World's Court?




## Those Who Oppose the World's Court Say That It Would Put the United States at the Mercy of European Nations With Ideals Vastly Different From This Country's

By OLIVER P. NEWMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY RUSSELL H. LEGGE

THE question whether the United States shall enter the World Court comes up automatically in the Senate on December 17. On that date the World Court becomes the "unfinished business" of the Senate, which means that nothing else can be done (except by unanimous consent) until the World Court question is disposed of. This parliamentary status was fixed by unanimous agreement before the Senate adjourned last spring. It may be anticipated, therefore, that a final determination of the World Court issue will be reached. The end will not come, however, until after a long controversy, in which some of the ablest members of the Senate will be arrayed against each other. The struggle may rival in intensity the long battle over the League of Nations, prohibition or women's suffrage.

The question at issue is whether the United States shall adhere to the Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague (popularly known as the World Court) and, if so, upon what terms. President Coolidge is the leading advocate of American adherence, on the basis of the so-called Harding-Hughes reservations. Senator Borah, of Idaho, the powerful chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, is the leading opponent of American entry. Thus is presented the unusual situation of an Administration striving to put through a vitally important international policy over the head of the chairman of the Senate committee in charge of legislation dealing with international relations.

There is no public opinion favoring the United States entering the World Court. The people have not discussed it, have no leaning toward it. There is plenty of special propaganda, however, of the kind that is specifically addressed to officeholders, but not to voters. This Administration is in favor of entering the Court. Such a step, however, should not be taken without definite and general public approval. There is as yet not even public interest. In this respect the question is dead, or has not been born. If the people are to be put under jurisdiction of a European court, it seems reasonable that they should know something about it.

Back of Borah stands a small but vigorous group of Senators opposed to American adherence on the Harding-Hughes basis. Among them are Moses, of New Hampshire; Lenroot, of Wisconsin; Pepper, of Pennsylvania; Norris, of Nebraska; and Johnson, of California, Republicans; and Shipstead, of Minnesota, Farm-Labor. For the last few years these men have been distinctly the fighting members of the Senate. They are the "crusader" type. With them in the World Court battle is also picturesque "Jim" Reed, of Missouri, Democrat, another crusader. These Senators are aggressively opposed to the Administration's World Court proposal and may be expected to fight it with all their well-known combative ability.

Against this compact, vigorous, capable opposition the Administration stands without any aggressive champion. Most of the Republicans are inclined to go along with President Coolidge and pass his World Court resolution, with the Harding-Hughes reservations. It is strikingly significant, however, that there is no outstanding Republican (Concluded on page 27)



"No one else can care for my child as I can."

# Women of No Occupation

## One of Them Tells Us About Being "Gainfully Employed"

By MARY WILLIS SHUEY

ILLUSTRATED BY EDITH GRIEVE

THE woman who works downtown for $15 a week is "gainfully employed." The mother of several small children, busy with home tasks and problems, is *NOT* "gainfully employed." A philanthropist, perhaps—but of no gainful occupation!

Now this is no brief for wages for home women. Nor is it the pity-the-poor-woman plea of popular women's magazines. We are about the happiest women you'll find—we "unoccupied" mothers who are ignored by the industrial census-takers. But it rankles in our minds that, aside from sickly sentimentalities and oratorical flourishes, our work is really never considered.

As we see it, there are very few women who are as "gainfully employed" as we are! We control the greatest national asset—our thirty-five million children. Factories and stores and offices seem unimportant beside these. Both the work and the salary of the employed woman seem small when measured by *OUR* work and *OUR* returns. The woman with small children who holds a census job must draw a large salary before she can replace herself in the home and be sure that her children have approximately the same care that she herself would give them.

Of course, there are people who tell us that motherhood is a purely physical affair. It is merely a matter of a few months. They say that children can be as well cared for by a competent nurse as by a mother—better cared for, in many instances, as they will not be humored in bad habits. Some of the strict behaviorists among our modern psychologists are quoted to prove that a child actually develops better if let alone by the parent. But right there is where we quit being "modern" and turn fundamentalist!

No one else can care for *MY* children as *I* do You can't offer me any work that would take me away from my children that would seem half as important as what I am now doing. It isn't that I have a woman's-place-is-in-the-home complex, but my place right now *IS* in the home. Woman's place is always where she is needed most.

But the census-taker doesn't see it that way!

He came on a morning that had been a mad rush from the time the alarm clock sounded—one of those hectic mornings that every mother of little children knows so well that she comes to take them calmly.

Not that anything unusual had happened. We had just gone the customary routine, without accidents of any kind. There had not even been a cut foot or a bee-sting, nor had I been called to referee a fight. Just a plain, everyday, any-woman morning.

Mornings, to those of us who are southern-born, are somewhat complicated by a tradition on which we've grown up—that in the afternoon we must maintain the outward appearance of leisure. There is no harder job than to do housework and not *LOOK* as if you do! To do kitchen work, but keep a living-room attitude; to know Fannie Farmer, and live by her, but to talk Freud—that belongs to our job. To keep silver polished and our nails equally bright; to make up our beds and our faces too; to cook a dinner and then eat it as if we hadn't—that is real *ART!*

But we women-of-no-occupation manage it. Breakfast, to start the day right, must be a peaceful, almost orderly, meal. It isn't always simple to achieve that, when there are children to dress, school lunches to prepare, and all the other incidentals. Then the older children must be started to school, as the man-of-the-family leaves for his office. Rush and confusion may sometimes mar things, but as a rule things move in that smooth fashion that *looks* so easy!

The census-man came right in the middle of the morning. Up to that time the morning had gone as follows:

After the school-and-office exodus, the cook had done most of the housework while I prepared the baby's milk for the day, cut and arranged the flowers, marketed with the four-year-old, bathed and dressed the baby, and settled him for his morning nap.

We had guests invited for dinner that evening, and I had a club meeting at 2 o'clock. The cook must be nurse all afternoon, so I had made the early preparations for dinner while she finished ironing—that always unfinished task where there are babies. There had been the usual interruptions of telephone calls, a half-forgotten parent-teacher report to finish, and reminders from time to time that several of the newly ironed suits needed buttons.

That was when the bell rang, insistently. Too insistently, I might have known, for anyone I really wanted to see. It roused the baby from his morning nap, and I had to pick him up on the way to the door.

"I'm taking an industrial census," said the man, notebook in hand.

"Husband's name? Occupation? Anyone else in this house gainfully employed?"

That was stage one of this irritation about employment, for he frankly told me that *I* was utterly unimportant! There is no use arguing with a census-taker, but there is something downright aggravating in being told at half-past ten in the morning that you are non-productive! Later on in the day, bathed, relaxed and in the attitude-of-leisure, we might let it pass unnoticed. But not at 10:30 a. m.



There is something downright aggravating in being told at half-past ten in the morning that you are non-productive."

Stage two of irritation came that afternoon.

Perhaps the trouble was that I have never truly *BELONGED* to that club. It is a group of semi-professional women who take their work very seriously. They are clever and stimulating, and curb any tendency toward baby talk, but it is hard to be solemn about them. Some of them are married, some de-married, and nearly all are fairly successful from a standpoint of money returns for their work.

But those of us with mixed tendencies find ourselves Marys in the midst of Marthas, and Marthas when we join the Marys. Every now and then I got to wondering if it required as much effort and management to leave *THEIR* work as it did for me to leave mine. And wondering just what kind of homes these women had, behind the scenes!

They discussed investments and successful management—these women-out-on-their-own. There was nothing at all remarkable in the stories they told. I knew of dozens of women more successful—women who on small household allowances pay all the house bills, have attractive clothes for themselves and their children, save for summer trips and even manage a building-and-loan fund. There are financial wizards among the women-of-no-occupation. Next door to me is a woman with an allowance of $100 a month. She pays all the house bills for four—food, light, gas, ice, et cetera—clothes for herself and her two children, and keeps a part-time servant. Yet she always seems to be ready for any worthy church or charity appeals. *THAT* is what I call successful management; but I doubt if the employed women would consider her "gainful." She is just one of the "idle" women we sometimes meet playing bridge, wearing clothes that they have made themselves at costs that undercut even a correspondence course ad. Only they never tell about it, for it isn't the thing to put a low price tag on your best clothes!

The talk veered to this idle woman.

"Please don't start on occupations!" I protested. "The census-taker has already informed me today that I am not gainfully employed, so you needn't rub it in!"

"How ridiculous!" exclaimed my friend the decorator. "Isn't writing——"

"*Writing?*" I interrupted.

For it dawned on me that I had completely forgotten to tell the man I had a newspaper department.

The truth was that it seemed unimportant when he interrupted the morning's work of a lady of leisure.

I write, mainly because it is one of the things that makes me happy. I'm not satisfied unless I'm putting ideas into words. There is a lot more thrill in it than in the hardest game of bridge. I'd rather finesse a phrase than get a ten-spot, and there is more joy in a well-turned paragraph than in making a bid of five spades, doubled.

Besides, I'm looking to the future. My present job as mother of small children, general manager of a small home, is not going to last so very long. Children and incomes both grow, and I think we all need some work that is definitely *OURS*. Some day I may consider writing my real work, but at the present time I have no such delusions. My work is my children, and it is a full woman-sized job right now.

I tried to explain this to my friends-with-census-occupations, but they couldn't see it at all. They had that same "gainful" view, and they saw no gain in housework and sewing and keeping health and happiness in a family. Writing paid in money: homemaking didn't. Therefore writing is the "gainful" occupation in which I am engaged.

I came home, determined to find figures before I argued again. It takes a dollar sign to prove things to the career-ful, so here are some dollar marks on this "unoccupied" woman:

An expert in the Department of Labor tells us that if the work being done at home by women had to be paid for in dollars and cents it would cost at the very least—*TEN BILLION DOLLARS YEARLY*.

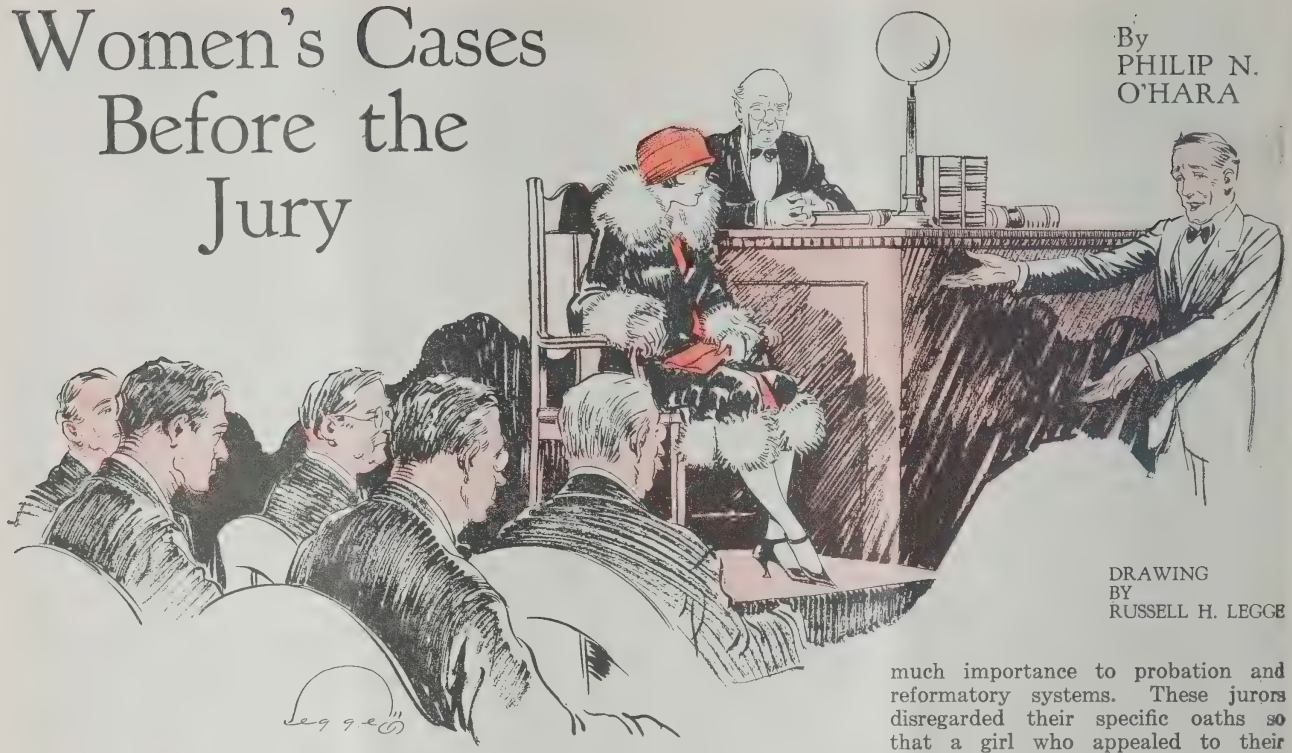
Of course, we aren't expecting it to be paid, and there isn't all that money left over to pay us *(Concluded on page 19)*



"A group of semi-professional women—and I got to wondering just what kind of homes these women had behind the scenes."

# Women's Cases Before the Jury

By PHILIP N. O'HARA



DRAWING BY RUSSELL H. LEGGE

WHY do American male juries so frequently return verdicts of not guilty in the case of women whose guilt is substantially indicated by the testimony?

The question was raised in my mind recently after sitting through the trial of a girl charged with being the decoy for a pair of bandits. She was not a "good" girl. Though only 19 years of age, she had run away from her husband and was living in adultery. There was little about her to appeal to the senses. The testimony showed beyond contradiction that she induced two youths to drive out to a lonely spot on the city outskirts. There her bandit associates were in ambush and, according to plan, relieved the victims of their valuables.

The case was clear-cut. The defending attorney did not seriously attempt to rebut the prosecution's contentions. In a general way he put forth a plausible version of the affair, but it was palpable that he did not expect to win the case on its merits. He made his greatest effort in addressing the jury. With much blandishment he orated to twelve good American citizens about the bleak gray walls of a prison and painted the harrowing spectacle of a girl still in her teens having to spend the rest of her life there. He did not seek to show that the girl was not the associate of bandits, but he did stress the unfortunate situation of a girl in the clutches of these wicked men.

He knew his jury, he knew what kind of an appeal would register. He was right. After nine hours' deliberation the jury returned a verdict of not guilty.

Allowing an interval to lapse so that they might shed the effects of forensic eloquence and reach a better perspective, I sought out three of the jurors who seemed to be of normal intelligence. I asked them if they really thought that the girl was not the associate of bandits.

All three replied that they thought she was.

I asked them if they really believed that the girl did not in fact decoy the victims to a particular spot so that they might be robbed.

All three replied that they thought the girl did so.

"Then why," I asked, "a verdict of not guilty?"

It was significant that all three predicated their explanations on the fact that the defendant was a girl of 19 years.

"If we found her guilty, she would have to go to jail," said the first. "I think that would do more harm than good."

"I don't think the girl should be held criminally responsible for her acts under the conditions," said the second. "She is young and foolish and was obviously dominated by the men."

"Say," said the third, "you don't catch me sending a kid like that to jail. What kind of a guy would I be?"

They left me with the conclusion that a jury is unwilling to leave a girl's fate up to the judge. It wants to control the final disposition of the case. It is not content to say whether a woman is guilty or not, but is anxious to insure that she shall not go to jail.

Other possible inferences are that a jury regards prisons purely as penal establishments and does not attach much importance to probation and reformatory systems. These jurors disregarded their specific oaths so that a girl who appealed to their sympathies might go free.

Yet each of the jurors, I am sure, realized that in liberating the girl they might not be adopting the course of greatest advantage to the girl herself. They realized, too, that their action might not be for the benefit of other citizens.

Now America is a hard-headed nation. When it indulges in sentiment, it usually does so as a little mental relaxation in much the same way as a woman may draw comfort from tears.

One must believe that the average American is so constituted that he will not send a woman to jail, except in trivial or particularly vicious circumstances. No other nation experiences the same repugnance in anything like the same degree. The American attitude may be attributed to chivalry and its logic is on the same order as Stephen Decatur's universally indorsed maxim, "My country, right or wrong." The American juror says, "Right or wrong, a woman."

Americans are not demonstratively chivalrous, but in practical ways they are superlatively so. The women of this country bulk largely in its economic construction with little or no male prejudice. They enjoy the greatest measure of personal liberty and independence. They come nearer to dominating their menfolk than the women of any other nation. And the men indulge them to an extent that makes other nationalities wonder.

And when they stand in the prisoner's dock they are like Caesar's wife, above suspicion. They are "not guilty."

Yet America leads the world in the number of divorces.

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

HOWEVER imposing the record of swindling may be, it would be a mistake to conclude that the majority of the people are easily fooled. It is true that the number of the deceived is large and the amounts involved are impressive in the aggregate, but both form rather inconsiderable minorities when compared with the whole. That is, the majority of our people use their common sense and the greater part of our money is honest.

With the agricultural scientists seeking a rust-proof wheat and a blight-proof corn and a scab-proof apple, thereby destroying the pests by depriving them of their nourishment, we may hope for people also to become more and more folly-proof and swindle-proof. If the reports are true, and every person bitten is thereby made more wary for the future, the total result must be that the field is being greatly restricted. If every man deceived is thereby turned into a deceit-proof man, the deceivers are bound to go on short-commons at no distant time.

It should be said, in all candor, that the strength of deceitful business practices lies not in the extreme cleverness of the faker, but in the ignorance of his victims. Swindlers are never clever. Their constant contact with an inferior form of mind in their victims robs them of the opportunity to become clever. Cleverness is the result of sound, strong minds working on each other under equal conditions and with similar motives. The swindler naturally picks what are called the "easy marks," the inferior minds, and works on them. It requires no cleverness. It is the irony of the natural law governing these things, that as the swindler grows more sodden in mind by the ease of his conquests, the victim grows clearer and sharper in mind by the pain of his experience. Like the disease germ, the swindler provokes the very force that is to destroy him.

The more important element in this duet is the ignorance of the victim. Once that is defined, a long step is taken toward its correction. The first element in this ignorance is basic: it is *greed.* By that is meant a primitive desire to get something for nothing. Of all the swindles practiced on people, there is not one in which the victim expected to contribute an atom of effort to the great increase that was promised him. He thought the other fellow was going to do it for him. This kind of greed is not to be confused with legitimate ambition to get ahead; the legitimate ambition usually connects with some form of energy and service which will justify the individual getting ahead. But in swindling operations the victims usually expected to get something for nothing. Once they become aware that nothing comes that way, that all the success they see has been paid for at a high cost of application and thought and energy and service, they will be safe from the spoiler.

> *NO ONE is fooled who uses common sense. When common sense says that one cannot get something for nothing, it also says that those who promise this are not reliable. That is, in common sense is the corrective of greed, which is the lure to most pitfalls, and a key to the knowledge of human nature. To know the law of increase and the motives of men is to be wholly safeguarded in all earthly affairs. Few people are not thus equipped. Only a small minority are ever victimized by swindlers, and of these the larger part knew better but took a chance.*

Another element of the easily victimized type of mind is *ignorance of human nature.* We praise knowledge of every kind, yet men often fall into the error of priding themselves on ignorance of human nature. One man said he would rather be fleeced of his last dime than distrust his fellow men. He had a complete misconception of what is meant by a knowledge of human nature.

It certainly does not mean the cultivation of a sour distrust; it means quite the opposite; it means a trained sense of discrimination between the true and the false, the good and the bad, the straightforward and the deviously deceptive. To lack that discrimination is to be of lower intelligence than the birds and dogs who are said to sense the attitudes of persons toward them. Merely to be distrustful is to lose from lack of contact with the good more than is saved by lack of contact with the bad.

In short, human nature being the chief element in human concerns, it is the sheerest ignorance to neglect it. "The human equation," we say, meaning the most uncertain element in all our computations. Those who know its weaknesses and its strength, its probabilities and its more fixed lines, its reactions to this or that given set of circumstances, its reliability when wholesomely motived and its deceit when it falls below the rule of right principle—those who know these things by observation, experience and the inner monitor, walk through the world avoiding pitfalls, free to focus their energy on true accomplishment.

To know that something cannot be had for nothing, and to know how to judge the human element, these form a prudential knowledge, against which sham has no power.

**"Ford Ideals," 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## *Locarno—Hopes and Fears*

HYMNS to Locarno have been many and fulsome; we join in the hope that they will all come true. Failure to join in the hymn should not be interpreted as antagonism to the hope. If two assumptions were true, Locarno might mean much. That is, if it were true that there is or was any possibility of war in the next quarter-century over the Franco-German boundary, and if it were true that nations regard diplomatic signatures as binding in desperate circumstances, Locarno might be said to have given standing ground for preliminary efforts toward the prevention of war. But since it was not at all probable that the next war would start over the question of the German boundary, and hardly possible that it should be started by Germany at all, or even by France; and since it is not probable that any nation would honor its signature at the risk of its national life, the whole matter leaves the world just about where it found it. With this possible exception—that Locarno may indicate a new temper, a new good will, which may spread. The agreement as it stands does not take in the more active war centers and makes no provision for the restraint of the more probable war makers in Europe. The assumption that France and Germany, once restrained, will keep the peace of Europe does not seem based in fact.

What is done is precisely what circumstances would have required in any case, namely, that Britain is called in as umpire in any war that might be started. It gives Britain the balance of power, as between France and Germany, in military matters, a position which she occupied without Locarno and which has been foreshadowed in every agreement proposed by her.

The most that can be said is that if France is truly suffering from fear, the word of Britain might have some effect in allaying that fear. But if she is suffering from *revanche*, Locarno may permit her to become more provocative. Whereas, Germany, if she had no intention of making war, is just where she was before. And if she intends making war she has an advantage she did not possess the last time in knowing the opposing line-up. The remainder of Europe, the really dangerous parts, the Locarno plan scarcely touches.

However, the circumstances have been most difficult, and if the statesmen really have found an element of peace and have utilized it and fixed it into the European structure, time will declare it. And time alone will declare it. There has been a rather noticeable overflow of political advertisement accompanying the business thus far. Solid contributions are not usually of the kind to receive so big an initial boost. Those who await the verdict of time will be wise.

## *Failure*

PROPAGANDA fed to the nations during the war is being carefully scrutinized. The head British propaganda officer informs the world that the "cadaver" story, which represented the Germans as cording up human bodies and shipping them to the rendering vats to recover the glycerine in them for munitions, was founded on the misreading of a German word and that the story was untrue. It is safe to say that it was so regarded by practically everyone who read it at the time.

It now appears, also, that the Kaiser did not refer to the British Army as "contemptible" but as "negligible," a distinction in terms with little difference in the quality of judgment it displayed. Whether as "The Old Contemptibles," as that army dubbed itself, or "The Old Negligibles," the result is the same.

However, to use these incidents as basis for the new propaganda that all the people were mistaken about the war, only indicates that the old system is still working. The story of the thousands of Russians hurried across America to the Western front was untrue. The Angels of Mons is a war imagination that will live, but has not been proved. The lopping off of children's hands in Belgium is unproved. But the *Lusitania* is not a fable; the *Lusitania* medal struck in Germany is not a myth; the Hymn of Hate is not a vain imagination; poison gas is not expunged from the record, and Edith Cavell is still dead. The reversal of the "cadaver" story and the "contemptible" report is not sufficient to affect the facts of the war.

Someone should proceed to a history of the failure of propaganda in the war, for as a matter of fact that is the only way to describe it, at least in civilized countries. No hatred was engendered in America. Very early in the war all England set itself against the atrocity rumors. England had Belgians by the hundred thousand camping there, the horrors of the German invasion were sufficiently visible and did not require the fantastic trimmings of

atrocity stories. France knew at first hand and needed no propaganda. The failure of propaganda should be studied. And this attempt to whitewash the war by showing how baseless were "cadaver" and "contemptible" is another kind of propaganda, headed for the same failure.

## *The Markings in Old Books*

GO TO that old shelf where your school-books stand, impressive but neglected. Thumb them over, reflectively. Take down, perhaps, a volume of Emerson. Let it open where it will and read at random through it, noting the underlinings and marginal notes put there for classroom purposes.

A very intelligent youngster marked this book, you discover. He recognized and pounced upon the best lines of the Sage. He appears to have had full understanding, this other self now a stranger to you.

A whimsical notion, but in looking backward it seems to you that you must have been stopped at some frontier line between youth and maturity while the agents for an all-powerful espionage system scrubbed you with lemon juice, removing the invisible writings a growing understanding had inscribed. And then that you have gone onward, as smoothly blank as the theoretical "wax tablet" of the psychologist.

For here before you, simply stated, are truths you were ten or fifteen stumbling years learning. You had them once—the markings show that—and they would have saved you many an error, pointed out many a short-cut, had you remembered; but some dumb notion that school and books have nothing to do with life and living caused you to cast them out.

Well, that is over and done with; but is there any way in which we can help our children carry any of these helpful things across the frontier?

## *"Wet" Money From Abroad?*

"PUSSYFOOT" JOHNSON may be right in saying that the anti-prohibition agitation in the United States is being maintained by European interests. When the United States went dry, it rocked the liquor business the whole world round. Even now there is more about the "failure" of prohibition in British journals than in all the "wet" newspapers of the United States. American visitors are constantly interviewed and when a "wet" is found, his testimony is painted on the skies. Yet the consensus of returning British visitors from America is that the thing works and that liquor smuggling has greatly lowered Britain in American esteem.

If Prohibition is as inefficient as the "wets" say it is, why do they wish it abolished or modified? Their profits are surely greater under a non-enforced law. But if Prohibition is efficient, and if as shown in State after State, and test vote after test vote, the country is unchangeably dry, why does the "wet" propaganda continue? Does any "wet" propagandist honestly expect that the United States will ever be "wet" again?

Then why the continued hue and cry? Probably "Pussyfoot" Johnson has the clue. The example of the "dry" United States is exercising a mighty influence on Europe. There is a silent change of attitude toward liquor. Who would have forecast, even five years ago, that the city of Glasgow would abolish liquor at its official functions? Yet that has come to pass. "The Business" is not so respectable as it once was. When a great lord recently arose and said that "whisky won the war" because the by-products of the distilleries went into the munition shops and also made yeast for bakers, it was promptly pointed out that America, without whisky for munitions or yeast, played no mean part in the matter.

If the "Trade" could get rid of that constant reference of America, it would be vastly worth while. Worth enough to pay gold into the American "wet" campaign, anyway.

## *A Professor Says It*

INFINITE satisfaction is reflected when any competent person gets something "off his chest." One feels that the quintessence of experience, emotion and wisdom is then being expressed. When Colonel Mitchell says what he thinks about his superiors, when Wilson said what he thought of Bryan—indeed, when any personal truth squeezes through the joints in our protective armor of make-believe, it is refreshing,even if not permanently uplifting.

Just see how it works.

Dr. J. B. Finley, upon surrender of his professorship at the University of California to become dean of the University of Mexico, left these parting thrusts for American colleges: "Our nation probably will be saved, for a few years at least, by the young men who cannot go to a college or a university . . . . A master of arts or a doctor of philosophy is now a boy whose parents have enough money to keep him in college until the professors are tired of looking at him."

That was certainly a stinger, as the boys say. It is as frank an opinion of the student as some students' opinions of the professors have been. And to a certain extent it is true, but not wholly. True enough, however, to give a taste of salt. Maybe the day will come when men of mind may be as strong to forego college as pink teas, golf or dandyism.




# Hooked Rugs Have Come Back to Stay

By ELLA SHANNON BOWLES

THE day of "picking up" early American antiques for "a song" is a thing of the past, and collectors, dealers and gift shop owners have explored back-country villages and grass-grown lanes, seeking the quaint "hooked," "drawn-in," or "pulled" rugs (and these are all one and the same thing).

There is real adventure in collecting these products of an old-time handicraft, and, if the mania once strikes you, you can't stop. Genuine, well-made, hooked rugs, if the designs and colorings are pleasing, and the vintage old, bring large prices; but once in a while, you may have the good luck to find one tucked away in somebody's attic.

What are some of the things one should know to collect hooked rugs intelligently?

I suppose that the first thing is age, and that in itself is a much-discussed question. Some authorities claim that these rugs are modern, relatively speaking. Others say that hooked rugs were made before the Revolutionary War. One rule is to examine the foundation material. If it is of the old homespun variety, the rug is no doubt old, unless some thrifty housewife, of a later period, unearthed a piece of old-time material in the garret, and used it as the foundation for her rug. One thing we do know: the women of New England, Nova Scotia, the Provinces, New York and Pennsylvania and some parts of the South, made their rugs, not only to use up bits of woolen materials and as coverings for their painted floors, but also to give expression to their creative instincts. The making of hooked rugs reached its height in the period just following the Civil War, but many of the products of this time were of unpleasing designs and crudely colored.



Most hooked rugs were rectangular in shape; sometimes one was square: quite often an oval or round rug was seen. Octagonal and hexagonal rugs were occasionally made. The so-called "door-rug" or "half-rug," serving its purpose before one's door, was commonly seen just after the Civil War. Those of you who love Rebecca, the whimsical child heroine created by Kate Douglas Wiggin, may recall one of these rugs, described in *More Chronicles of Rebecca*.

"Rebecca could see the Cames' brown farmhouse from Mrs. Baxter's sitting-room window. The little-traveled road with strips of tufted green between the wheel tracks curled dustily up to the very doorstep and inside the screen door of pink mosquito netting was a wonderful drawn-in rug, shaped like a half pie, with

'Welcome' in saffron letters on a green ground."

Early hooked rugs varied in size from those of eighteen by twenty-four inches in size to rugs large enough nearly to cover the floor of a small room. I have seen one carpet. It was made of squares of black flannel. A nosegay of bright flowers was "pulled-in" in the center of each square, and the squares were set between strips of "hit-or-miss," drawn in with, one wonders, how many hours of tedious work!

Some of the old-time color schemes were crude and garish; others showed the work of true artists. The dyes of grandmother's day, made of barks and flowers and herbs, had a way, unknown today, of holding their colors, so unless a rug was used commonly it did not gain that mellowness of tone so greatly desired by discriminating collectors. The matter of color is one way of telling age, for some of the old dyes, especially "butternut brown," cannot be mistaken.

Historical designs and landscape designs rank first in value. Village greens, stagecoaches, fields, with a bit of woodland and a fence, houses, ships—all contribute to the decorations of rugs. The laying of the Atlantic cable which left its imprint on Sandwich glass and other products of American handicrafts influenced certain border designs in hooked rugs. Environment was often a factor in designs. Along the coast you will find rugs that show ships, sails, shells and seaweeds.

The conventional patterns were perhaps the most common. It was so easy to "mark off" a design with a brick, a saucer, or a plate, or to draw squares and diamonds upon the burlap backgrounds! Nova Scotia contributed the shell pattern; Maine the rainbow rug; while the "hit-or-miss" rug was made in all localities.

Animal, bird and fowl patterns were quaint and amusing. I know of a famous journalist who delights in collecting rugs that are adorned with stiff-legged horses, queer barnyard fowl, impossible cows, dogs that resemble pigs, and snub-nosed kittens! I have seen parrots and peacocks used in rug designs. Once in a Central New Hampshire town, I was shown a strange animal whose proud owner assured me was a lion!

But loveliest of all the old rug patterns were the floral designs. Sometimes realistic wreaths and sprays, composed of the old-time favorites of Grandma's garden, were hooked-in upon the burlap background. Sometimes scrolls were used, with flowers, in a semi-conventional arrangement. A wreath of flowers in the center, with corner motifs of 'posies,' was a popular design. Autumn leaves, too, were frequently worked in their natural colorings. A widely known collector highly prizes an antique rug with a simple pattern of pansies upon a soft background.



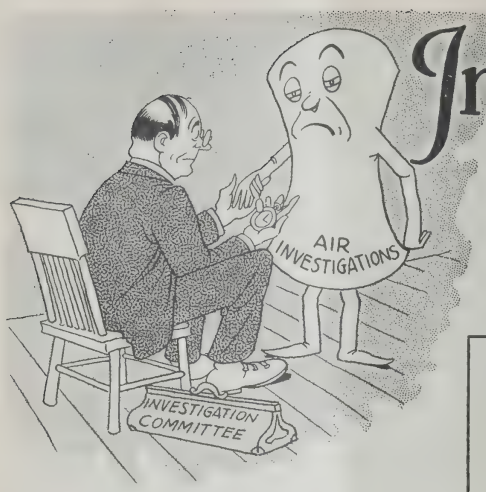
There is one problem that often confronts the collector of old hooked rugs: that of repairing them. If you can afford it, send them to an expert for the skillful touches necessary to restore them. If you can't, find some woman who does careful needlework, and let her pull in the frayed places with soft-toned knitting wools. In nine cases out of ten, if you pick up your rug yourself at a country auction, you will need to send it to the cleaner. However, I have known people to wash hooked rugs with lukewarm water and soap flakes.

After you have collected hooked rugs, what are you going to do with them? The answer is obvious: use them, taking care, of course, that they harmonize in every way with your furnishings and hangings. But, if you think your rugs too valuable to be walked upon, arrange them as wall decorations. They are both artistic and unusual.

Yes, there is joy, and adventure, too, in collecting these specimens of an old-time handicraft, even if you do not gain many trophies. If you have an open heart and love people, you will gain innumerable pleasures that cannot be seen by the naked eye. Let me quote from one of my favorite books, *Colonial Lighting*, by Arthur H. Hayward. His words about collecting old lamps may well be applied to rugs:

"One of the really lovely phases of collecting is the meeting with some old person who has lived the life of which these lamps and candlesticks are but a symbol. Upon the common ground of reverence and affection for that gone but not forgotten life, such a person will open the gates of memory and allow remembrances of childhood happenings and deeds of later years to sweep over them and you. Better than modern book and magazine are some of the events of their young days coming in homely fashion from faded lips."






# Investigating the Air Investigations

By E. B. JOHNS

Army and Navy are poor publicists. Even when they have a good case, they don't get it across. Glib challengers without the facts to sustain them make vast public impression, while solid Army and Navy facts are not accorded even back-page space in the newspapers. When an Army or Navy officer speaks, it is called "militarism." When an "outsider wanting in" speaks, it is noble discovery, epochal courage.

EIGHT Congressional committees have conducted annual investigations of the Air Service beginning in 1920. They are the Senate military and Naval committees and the House military and naval committees. With the advent of the budget, organization in the Senate and House, the War Department and Navy Department subcommittees of the Senate committee on appropriations, and the War Department and Navy Department subcommittees on appropriations were created. Every session has seen some bill before the military and naval committees of both Houses which has resulted in the hearings on aviation. The subcommittees of the appropriations committees have invariably gone into the subject at great length when the items for the Air Service were reached. If all of the testimony that has been given before these committees were collected, it would fill a good-sized library.

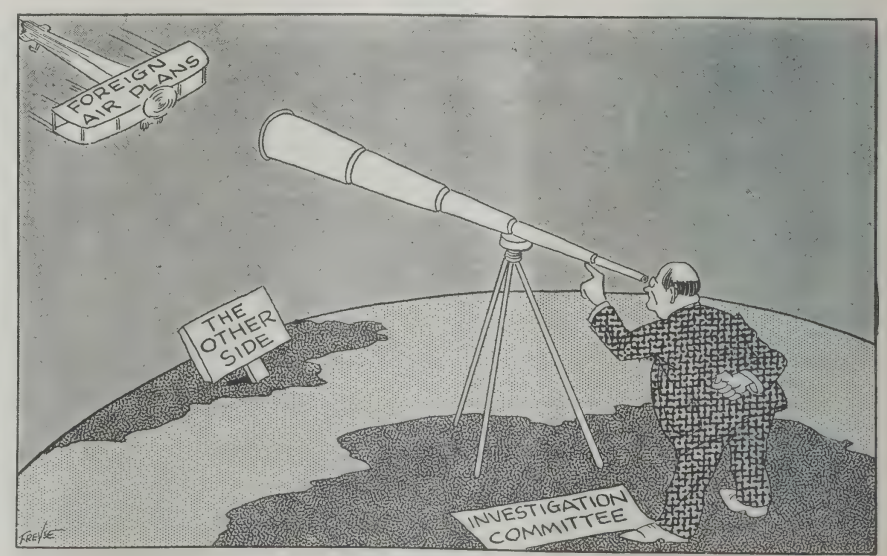
But this has not satisfied the separate Air Service partisans. They succeeded in having the Lampert committee appointed. This was "a select committee of inquiry into the operations of a united Air Service." The testimony consists of six volumes containing more than four thousand pages. A great proportion of the testimony was furnished by General Mitchell. There were a number of other special investigations by Congressional committees, but the Lampert committee broke the record. In the face of this, there is talk of further investigations at the approaching session. One member of Congress is quoted as saying that "Congress should have an investigation of its own and not accept the recommendations of the Morrow board."

As extensive as they appear, the Congressional investigations of the air problem, they are small affairs compared with those that have been conducted by the Executive branch of the Government. President Coolidge has ordered two special investigations. The Morrow board is the second presidential board that has conducted an investigation of aviation. At the President's direction, the Secretary of Navy ordered a special board to investigate the relations of the Air Service to the Navy.

This board met on September 30, 1924, and continued in session until December 4. It called seventy-four witnesses, not neglecting Colonel William Mitchell himself. All the authorities on aviation, not only from the Army and Navy but from civil life, were asked to appear before the special board. The testimony was spread out over 1,821 pages. Much of it was confidential and has not been printed. Secretary Wilbur, after he had read not only the testimony before the Navy special board but the long hearings before the Lampert Congressional board, can really be excused for his expression of doubt as to the necessity of further investigations when the Morrow board was suggested. The Mitchell adherents charge that Secretary Wilbur was attempting to conceal something but the Secretary could not understand what there was to conceal when he had spent a large part of the summer in reading the first presidential board's testimony and the Lampert hearings.

No publicity had ever been given to it but the War Department General Staff and the General Board of the Navy have, since 1915, been conducting annual investigations of the air problem. I have had the privilege of examining the records both of the War College and the Navy General Board. The technical name for a War College and a General Board investigation is "a study," but greater care is exercised in conducting their so-called studies than the public investigations of Congress or special boards.

It should be borne in mind that Army and Navy officers from the time they enter the service are indoctrinated with the idea that they are responsible for the defense of the nation. Both in the War College and in the General Board there is on duty a selected group of Army and Navy officers. There




"There were a number of investigations of aviation abroad."

must be something extraordinary in their record to bring about their detail to the highest assignment in the services.

Aside from this, they expect in the event of a war to conduct it. If for no other reason than personal safety, Army and Navy officers are interested in securing the most effective implement in war. In their studies they have continually before them the possibility of battles with a powerful enemy, and Army and Navy officers would be the last to discourage the development of aviation to its highest state of efficiency.

The report of the Lassiter board, which conducted one of the many investigations of aviation, is an evidence of the desire of the Army for aviation. The cost of its recommendations staggered Congress. The same is true of the recommendations of the special naval board that was appointed at the direction of President Coolidge.

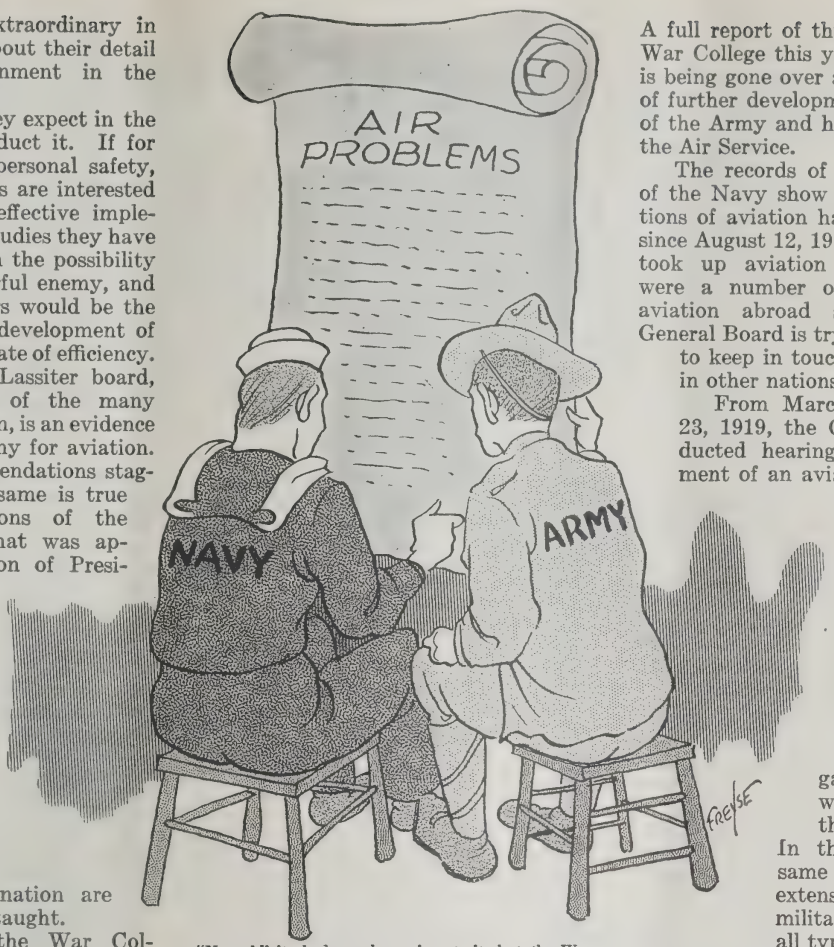
The Army air investigations are really conducted at two places. At the Fort Leavenworth School, the preliminary investigations as they affect units of the Army up to the division and corps. At the War College, the larger problems of the defense of the entire nation are taken up, studied, and taught.

For instance, at the War College, annually, there is an investigation of the effect of improvements in types of planes on air tactics and the strategy of the Army. In these investigations, an effort is made to reach a definite conclusion which is put into effect in the plans of the War Department for the organization and training of the Army. The conclusion was reached at the War College that any clear tactical doctrine with respect to the use of airplanes must be built around some particular type of plane that will be in use and will be put into quantity production when war starts. The War College is more interested in the development of the standard airplane than some freak or extraordinary machine.

An examination of the records of the War College shows clearly that every phase of aviation is being thoroughly studied as new inventions and improvements are developed.

Under the head of the value of air power as an element of national defense, the following subjects were investigated:

Mobility of aircraft; new types of planes; employment of air force by G. H. Q.; power of bombardment aviation; meaning of control of the air; employment of reconnaissance aviation; employment of air power in coast defense operations; anti-aircraft artillery; relation of civil aëronautics to military aëronautics.




"No publicity had ever been given to it, but the War Department General Staff and General Board of the Navy have been conducting annual investigations."

One of the most interesting investigations which I examined was the employment of the reduced air strength. In this an effort was made to work out plans as to how the existing strength upon the outbreak of war would be used until production was sufficiently speeded up to give the Army the planes that it would require. While it recalls in a manner the picture at the beginning of the World War, it was demonstrated that even with our limited capacity for production at present, we are far in advance of the conditions that existed in 1917.

At the close of each school year, the War College has what it calls field exercises. Last year, the problem made prominent the use of the Air Service. In this the Navy was brought in as the attack was assumed on the Atlantic Coast. Field exercises consisted of reconnaissance where actual problems of determining the site of airdromes and landing fields were based upon the present radius of action of existing types of airplanes. It was conducted at Camp Dix where the War College personnel was joined with that from the Signal Corps and the Air Service school of Langley Field. Airplanes participated and officers from the Army War College were taken up in airplanes as if in actual battle for the purpose of working out the problem. A full report of this was made to the War College this year and the subject is being gone over again with the view of further development of the strategy of the Army and how it is affected by the Air Service.

The records of the General Board of the Navy show that 110 investigations of aviation have been conducted since August 12, 1915, when the Navy took up aviation seriously. There were a number of investigations of aviation abroad showing that the General Board is trying conscientiously to keep in touch with the progress in other nations.

From March 5, 1919, to May 23, 1919, the General Board conducted hearings on the development of an aviation policy for the United States Navy. More than six years ago the General Board spent more than two months hearing testimony and recommendations on this subject. It was a more extended investigation than that that was conducted by the Morrow board. In the autumn of the same year, it conducted extensive hearings on the military characteristics of all types of heavier-than-air and lighter-than-air craft.

Among other subjects that have been thoroughly investigated by the General Board are:

Air stations; use of aircraft on surface ships; construction of rigid airships abroad; aviation needs for the future; characteristics of aircraft carriers; aviation activities in the Hawaiian Islands; airplanes to be carried on submarines; anti-aircraft guns for battleships; gas masks for aviators.

Aside from all these activities in the Army and Navy, there is the presidential board covering scientific or technical matters relating to aëronautics, and under its instructions institutes a searching investigation not only for the Army and Navy but "any individual, firm, association, or corporation within the United States." It is known as the "National Advisory Committee for Aëronautics" and was established by an Act of Congress approved by the President of the United States on June 14, 1915.

All of the Army and Navy air investigations are coördinated to the United States aëronautical joint board. This board is headed by the Chief of Staff of the Army and the Chief of Naval Operations of the Navy. General Pershing heads the Army group and Admiral Eberle the Navy group. It is composed, aside from the members of the General Staff and officers on duty with Naval Operations, (*Concluded on page 23*)

# When a Storm Struck "Buffalo Bill's" Show

## It Was Then That It Became a Wilder West Than Anyone Ever Paid to See

By IRVING R. BACON
ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR
PART II.

OLD "Iron Tail," one of the Indian Chiefs, was a favorite with the Colonel and he happened around frequently, never going away without a cigar. The yarns they spun together proved very amusing to guests fortunate enough to be present. One was of an elk hunt on which "Iron Tail" accompanied the Colonel. It seems that they made an early start, tracking the elk for six or seven hours until they became hungry and very cold. ("Iron Tail" always shivered and bore a pained expression at this stage of the story.) It happened that the Colonel had surreptitiously put a bottle into his saddlebag, so he went to his horse and secured it. "Iron Tail" was delighted at seeing the bottle, and naturally expected a big drink of whisky. The Colonel unscrewed the top of the flask, poured out the cover full and handed it to him. The Indian with a pleased expression hastily took a gulp; but instantly spat it out, dropped the cup and yelled, "Hot! Hot!" There was no fire and how the coffee could be hot was a mystery to "Iron Tail." He got real "fire water" and for many a day he couldn't figure out the workings of the thermos bottle.

In every town where the show stopped, many visitors attempted to meet Colonel Cody. During his spare time he was generally hard at work writing, even between acts, there being no such word as "procrastination" in his dictionary. Old friends were welcome always; but, when some stranger whose grandfather knew him or who perhaps had rubbed elbows or even shaken hands with him on some remote occasion attempted to refresh his memory, he was liable to lose all patience.

On such occasions, however, he usually wrote out a double pass which partly atoned for wounded pride. However, old acquaintances, such as scouts, plainsmen and trappers, always got a cordial reception.

Two notable events occurred during the tour through Iowa. At Davenport, the citizens presented him with a handsome loving cup. The presentation ceremony took place immediately after "Buffalo Bill" made his appearance in the arena. As the old scout drew rein and doffed his sombrero, with a background of the arena filled with riders from all corners of the world, the speaker for the occasion stepped from the vast audience and commenced an impassioned address. I have never seen a man of more noble aspect than that which Colonel Cody presented as he listened with head and shoulders thrown back, the sun glinting over his white flowing hair. There he sat astride his beautiful and handsomely equipped white charger, an inspiration for painter and sculptor.

The following day at Clinton, he was presented with another beautiful loving cup, on which were inscribed the names of forty citizens. Little girls dressed in white stood beside the flag-covered stand bearing the cup, and took part in the exercises.

The first night that I spent with the show, after the performance was over, I became concerned as to how I could keep from being lost in the confusion. I had been so absorbed in all the strange things happening around me that I had forgotten to get instructions. However, I found Colonel Cody, who made arrangements for my welfare. Very shortly I found myself mounted on a cavalry horse. Just ahead of us was the string of buckers, and behind the Arabs. This great lot of men and



"Grazing in the arena was the herd of bison guarded by cowboys who would lasso a buffalo that wandered too far."



"That they are genuine is easily to be seen by their lounging attitudes."

horses—bunched in numbered lots—started for the train in regular order. As we moved out two abreast, guided by the fitful torchlights that marked the route through the city at intervals, we passed through enough noise and excitement to scare an ordinary horse out of the country. Crowds of people struggled around us; long strings of electric cars clanged their gongs, and whizzing automobiles tooted their horns, turning the night into bedlam; and yet our cavalcade moved steadily along without a suggestion of nervousness from the horses.

It was a weird and fascinating sight, this loading at midnight, with the flare of torches lighting up the scene, silhouetting the forms of the men as they struggled and shouted at their work. On a separate track stood the long line of sleeping cars. One of these was pointed out to me as that of Colonel Cody. As I entered, the cook escorted me to my quarters, a large and comfortable stateroom, with berth, lounge, easy chairs, clothes closets and toilet facilities. Back of it was the bathroom, cook's room, and kitchen. The other end of the car belonged to Colonel Cody and in the center was the dining room or parlor, handsomely furnished.

I found the Colonel and his grandson awaiting me, and shortly afterward we sat down to a late luncheon. This fourth meal of the day was made up of fried chicken, pastry, fruits and soft drinks.

Very few cities permit performances on Sunday, so it was a day of rest after the tents were up. Colonel Cody remained in his car, writing letters and reading. However, many of the show people made this a regular gala day, dressed up in their best and put up at a hotel. In contrast the Indians kept pretty close to their tepees, avoiding as much as possible the gaze of the curious crowds which thronged the grounds. In the evening they were to indulge in their dances and singing. Far into the night the weird trill of the squaws and the "Hi-yei-yeis" of the bucks accompanied the pulsating throb of the drum.

Because of the leisure Sunday afforded to those particular types I was studying, I remained in camp all day, making Colonel Cody's tent my headquarters. Saturday had been pay day, and those who had gambling propensities drew to cover, some in rooms in the city hotels and others in secluded spots on the grounds. At any rate, if one had any craving to gamble, it was not difficult to get into a game. Some one had rigged up a gambling tent. Here on a long table, Negroes, cowboys, Mexicans and various Europeans and Asiatics rolled the merry bones in the game of "crap." At tables sat the real gamblers playing poker. Only white men, as they called themselves, played at one table, while at the others a mixed crowd sat. A prominent player at one of these was an Indian. He sat as stolid and expressionless as a statue—no one could read his emotions, I'm sure—and by the stack before him he seemed to be in luck.



"The Indian dropped the cup and yelled, 'Hot! Hot!'"

Late in the evening I retired to the Colonel's tent. The secretary and orderly were fast asleep in the front compartment. After what seemed but a brief nap I was awakened by the boom of a storm. A fresh wind had sprung up; and, as I listened to the roll of distant thunder, I noticed that the wind was picking up. I was now wide awake and had a feeling of apprehension. In threatening weather Colonel Cody was wont to fret and worry in a way that seemed

so strange, that I took the trouble to inquire of it; and found that his anxiety was due to his fear of a possible "blow down."

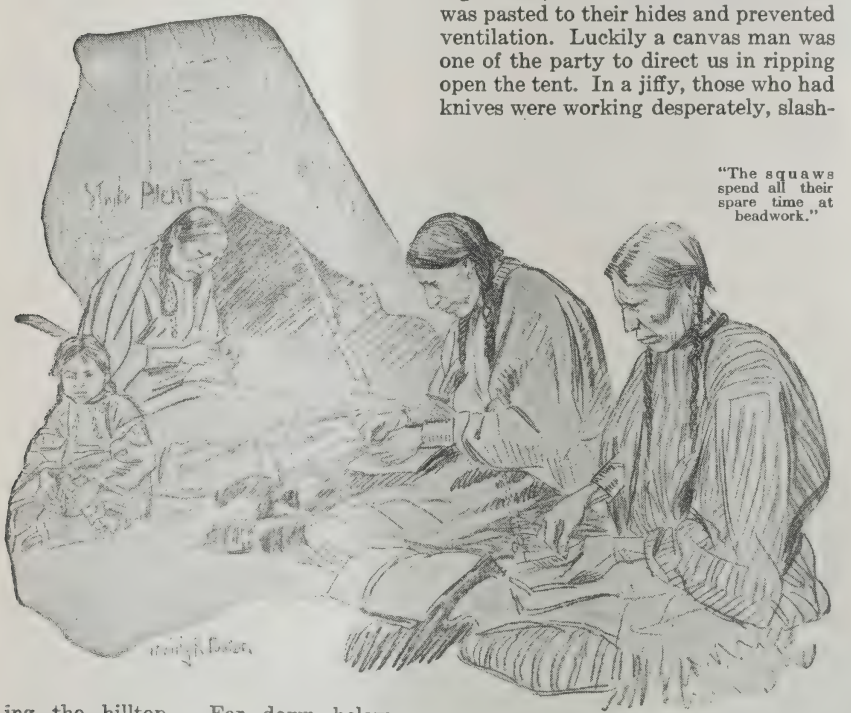
To have this tented city swept flat would be a dreadful thing indeed. People and animals might be killed or hurt and much property destroyed. But this night "Buffalo Bill" and most of the show people were quietly sleeping in the berths on the train, lying on the tracks far down in the valley below. Only a few watchmen were on guard, those others on the lot being fast asleep in tent or wagon.

My apprehension now turned into alarm, for the gale outside was sweeping the tent with tremendous force. The back end and top were bellying in and the guy ropes were tugging at the stakes in a manner that threatened to bring the whole thing down. So I hurriedly put on my clothing, slipped on my raincoat in the dark, and awakened the boys. My first impulse was to reach the open and get away from possible missiles such as flying stakes and poles, so I took refuge behind a great wagon.

Sheets of blinding rain were sweeping the hilltop. Far down below, when the lightning flashed, I could see that the air was full of dust and flying particles. The big top surrounding the arena was being whipped so by the wind that it resembled the billows of a storm-swept ocean. Suddenly a rent appeared in the eastern side—it was the beginning of a great gap—and then with a roar the whole side went down, seat planks, poles and rigging scattering off far to the lee like so many chips.

Dan and Billy now came out and we all went to work at taking up the slack on the guy ropes of the Colonel's tent. By the time we finished we were soaking wet, for the rain was driven up our sleeves and down our necks, drenching us despite our raincoats. A watchman with a lantern and two other drenched men sought refuge in our tent. They were in their stockinged feet and only partially clad. Their frightened eyes, their shivering and teeth chattering, disgusted me, for I love a storm. So I again went out, this time to find out how the rest of the show was faring. Presently I came upon a group of scantily clad and rain-soaked men. They, too, were braving the storm in the open as the safest place. A Cossack ran by, hit a stake and, falling with a cry of terror, yelled, "Me God, me die." An Arab camel tender was dragged out from under a wagon, where he had buried his head in a pile of hay, ostrich fashion. Tents were flattened down on all sides. Suddenly it occurred to us that there were others beside human beings who were in danger of their lives.

There before us was the horse tent, lying flat, with the exception of solid looking mounds. These meant smothering horses, for the rain-soaked canvas was pasted to their hides and prevented ventilation. Luckily a canvas man was one of the party to direct us in ripping open the tent. In a jiffy, those who had knives were working desperately, slashing the lacings and in fact anything that balked us in reaching the inside. Once under the canvas, we made a veritable tunnel by holding up the canvas until we reached the horses, when the halter ropes were cut and the animals passed out as fast as released. In this manner we worked our way along, making our tunnel more permanent by propping it up in places with side poles, until it resembled the chambers of a mine. So little room was there, that the horses had to be squeezed by us and, if any had taken a notion to cut up, we could have done nothing to protect ourselves. But none of the rescuers stopped to think of this, for buckers, mules, bronchos, fallen horses—some under poles which had to be literally dragged out—all alike were yanked out into the open, until every horse was rescued. Once outside, they were led into what was left of the arena.



"The squaws spend all their spare time at beadwork."

Now a new danger appeared, neighing stallions and wild reginals began to fight and raise havoc until a stampede was started. Deafening crashes of thunder and blinding flashes of lightning added to the confusion; but the boys, regardless of the danger of being trampled under hoof by the terrified beasts as they galloped hither and thither in the dark, headed them off time and again.

Up till now we had been depending on the lightning for illumination as there were only a couple of lanterns and a torch in the party; but at last we got a carbon light working. The ground was studded with stakes and nearly all of us had come to grief by barking our shins on them. Luckily the elephants stood quietly after being taken out; if they had joined in the stampede, we all might have lost our heads. In the dark it was hard to recognize the saddle horses, and one man almost got into trouble by trying to saddle "High Tower," the most vicious bucker in the string. Presently two men were mounted and they greatly helped in rounding up the horses. Picket ropes were put up in the arena and to those we fastened the animals as fast as caught. There was much hard work and danger attached to this task, too; but the boys stuck to the job until it was finished, even though some of them were barefooted and all of them soaked to the skin.

Further sleep was now out of the question, but some of the boys started bonfires, around the cheerful light and heat of which the cold and wet ones gathered.

Early in the morning I returned to the car to change my clothing and get a hearty breakfast. When the Colonel learned that no one had been seriously hurt and no stock was lost, he was in cheerful mood. A great many persons thought there would be no show that day; but when it was light enough to photograph, not enough of the wreck remained to make a decent descriptive picture. Gangs of carpenters got ready to splice and make new poles, canvas men took the ripped tent in hand, and the patching and splicing went on so rapidly that by noon everything was up again but the top of the east side of the arena. Some of the directors were for putting up only a portion of the seats, but Colonel Cody took a more optimistic view and ordered them all in place. It was well that he did, for the afternoon performance was crowded beyond seating capacity, just as it had been every day since I came.

# Is It Christmas or "Xmas" to You?

## This May Have Some Bearing on the Buying and Giving of Your Gifts

By CLARA E. PUTNAM

THREE Wise Women went Xmas shopping. They were cold, tired, and loaded down with packages.

"Have you everything?" asked the first.

The second Wise Woman's voice shook wearily. "Everything except something for the baby. I don't know what to get for him."

"Neither do I," agreed the third. "This Xmas shopping gets to be more of a bore every year!"

The crowd swept them from sight through an open doorway. Half an hour later they emerged, disheveled, but triumphant.

The first Wise Woman held up a box. "It's to hold neckties. Maybe he won't like it but he's so little that I don't think he'll much care."

"How pretty!" The second Wise Woman held up her purchase. "Of course he can't use it, but his mother can."

"And I got this," put in the third Wise Woman.

"He can't use it now, but maybe he can when he grows up. I hope he learns to smoke!"

And that night, when the Star shone, and the Three Wise Men took their journey toward the East, they carried with them a necktie box, an egg-beater, and a silver cigaret case to lay at the feet of the baby King.

* * *

There are Xmas gifts and Christmas gifts. There are those which literally involve the X quantity, meaning how much the other person will give you and how little you dare give him in return. There are real Christmas gifts which are prompted by the spirit of love that came into the world with the evening and the morning of the first day and found its culmination in the birth of the little Child Jesus.

Behind the counter of a department store during this festive season try to classify your customers as Christmas shoppers or Xmas shoppers.

A flushed-cheeked little woman with her burly husband. He handles the toys as if he were an overgrown small boy himself. You can mentally picture him down on all fours on Christmas morning trying to show a small Jimmy or Jack just how to run that train of cars. His wife seems to catch a glimpse of the same scene; you can tell it by the laugh in her eyes. Christmas shoppers!

Another couple. The woman has a worried pucker in her forehead. The man seems resigned.

"Henry, what can I get Aunt Mary that I didn't get her last year and she didn't get me and doesn't look cheap and doesn't cost more than two dollars and—"

An old man and his granddaughter, about fifteen, poorly dressed in an old-fashioned way. The man equally shabby.

"Now you go stand by the door, Gran'dad. Turn your back an' don't you look!" the girl orders.

"Now it's my turn," he says, coming back. "Mind, Mary, if you peek Santa won't come!"

What matter if neither of their gifts costs more than a quarter? What matter if they are homely, serviceable things that must be bought later, anyway?

Wouldn't you like to go shopping with Charles Dickens during this Christmas season? Wouldn't he revel in our holiday crowds? Wouldn't he poke fun at them, and sympathize with them—and wouldn't he love them!

There is Xmas shopping and Christmas shopping. If there is one present that you sigh and say you've *got* to buy, *that* is one present you'd better *not* buy if you value the Christmas spirit. You can go as far as your pocketbook will let you, if you give for the pure fun and joy of giving, and your Christmas is safe for another year.

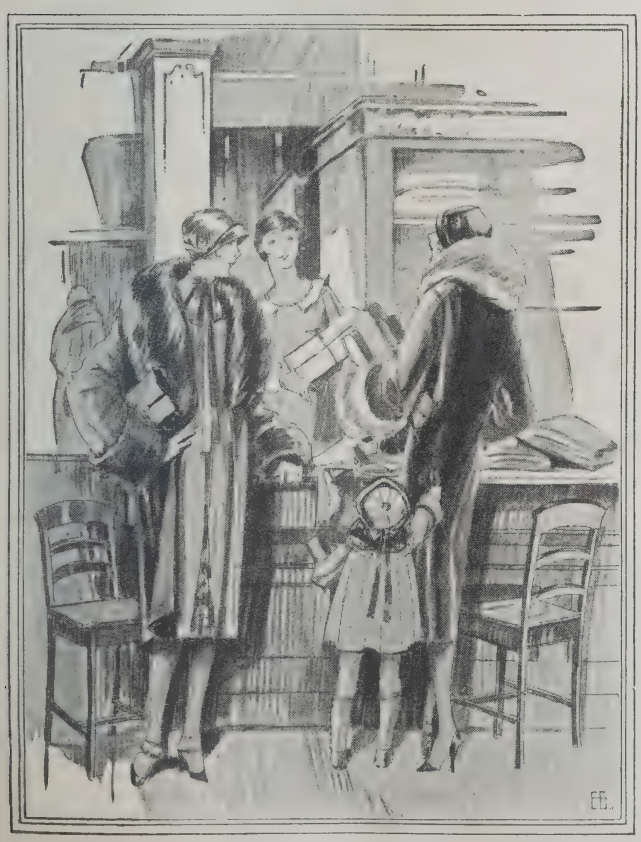
# Women of No Occupation

(*Concluded from page 7*)

anyhow. But suppose you figure what you are making a month, even at the rates you would pay servants for the work you do. Add up what it would cost to replace *YOU*, from a standpoint of labor, in your home. It will not add to your pocketbook, but it will add to your feeling of importance.

Those of us who are working at home have money returns, and we have returns greater than money. We have learned that the spending of money is just as important as the earning of money, and our financial worth is at least as great as that of our sisters working downtown.

We are learning that efficient management of a home is good business training, and the years at home with babies are not lost years, for those who want later to go on with outside work.



"We have learned that the spending of money is just as important as the earning of money."

We are getting a fairly accurate idea of our own worth, and it is really up to you to recognize it. We have full control of live little minds, responsibility for sturdy little bodies. The woman-who-posed-as-a-martyr has gone out of style, so you are not bored with complaints, but her descendants are carrying on her work, without her attitude.

For even a census-taker can't make us forget that we are people of importance, we women of no occupations.

# Where are the Americans? Down South?



Where Dix River joins the Kentucky River, at High Bridge, Kentucky.

## Have the Constructive American Stocks United Below the Mason and Dixon's Line?

By HARRY E. BARNET

THE South is saturated with American people, and with American traits. This is the full answer to the question recently put by the editor of a prominent northern newspaper.

"Tell me," he queried, "where are the Americans?

"I mean," he went on, "that this was a region wholly inhabited by people of an old American stock. They looked it. They acted it. The air of the region was typically American.

"Suddenly, the American type began to fade. That was but lately. The type is getting scarce. Alien casts of countenance are predominating. Alien thought seems about to rule the roost. Our common moralities are tinged deeper each year with foreign dishonesties. And the same thing is true of other regions that were like this one. I've just come back from a trip through a great many of them, and in all of them the question is, 'Where are the Americans?' "

There are, it is safe to say, more people of the divers old American stocks in the South today than you can scare up in any other section of the country. The South has its own. People of the other old national strains have been flocking there from everywhere. They're still at it. You can make a list of the constructive American stocks mentioned in *Winning of the West*, and other histories, and find an abundance of each of them below the Mason and Dixon's line.

These stocks are mixing up. There's no great herding to themselves of people of a particular stock. Nor is there bunching of people from the same sections of the country. Mingled with the courtliness and grace handed on from Colonial French and Spanish days in New Orleans, for instance, you find crisp New Yorkishness—it's genuinely American. The South is shot through, for another instance, with the clans of those who rushed into Oklahoma about forty years ago, and turned its expanses into something over which to crow. A rugged—and powerful—element is injected into the mass by the migration of mountaineers into the lowlands. Illinois people are plentiful among the picturesque Acadians in the Bayou Teche country.

The nasal twang of New England often hits your ears down around Mobile—something that is not exactly new, however. There was strong infiltration of New England ways—even of architectural ideas—in the Old South. Among others, Natchez was one of its traditional cities. Through the texture of Natchez there has always been a stout New England thread. But it never had a touch of harshness. It contributed its substance to the texture; and it took on the sort of softness that was a part of the charm of the Old South. There was happy blending of two elements.

Happy blending by wholesale is what is going on in the South nowadays. Each old American stock is contributing the best it has to the upbuilding of something distinct as the American nation. The whole affair is a piece of history making which to observe is like spending so much time three or four centuries back.

For stripped of the accidents of this age, and down to bare realities, in all that they do, as well as in the way they do it, these people are likenesses of their forbears. Outwardly, the things and problems to be dealt with are different. But fundamentally they're like the trio that failed to feaze the originals of the old American stocks, without regard to whether they were northern, southern, western or eastern.

Here is the idea. The old-timers faced a lot of dangerous things. They cleared out the most of them. Some were left over. Malaria in Mississippi, among others. Up to a short time ago, the disease stood higher in that state for destructiveness to human life, and hampering of agriculture and industry, than ever yellow fever stood in its palmiest outbreaks. The latter flared, slayed, raised the devil's own fuss—and went away. Yellow fever was spectacular, and brief. It got attention. Malaria is equally deadly, but it is a slow worker, and quiet. It slayed and disabled, but it failed to

get attention. Consequently, it was neglected, and went on and on, a serious drawback.

"Malaria used to be so common," Harris Dickson says, "that everybody had their chills-and-shakes days. I knew these days of every one of my friends, so I knew when I could find them at work, and when they would be laid up. It was routine. But no one I know has chills-and-shakes days any more. Malaria is almost wiped out."

Anyone can live in Mississippi, and be free from malaria. There has been a recent attack upon it that smacks of the persistency and thoroughness of the frontier breeds, when they put dangerous things to rout. And not in Mississippi alone. One of the reasons why the South is spurting ahead at a great rate is that all of its states have checked the inroads of malaria.

When it comes to spotting and developing native resources, these people of the old American stocks in the South are historical characters over again. Daniel Boone, for instance, had a keen eye for such things. One of his pets was the waterpower possibilities of Dix River in Kentucky! In a spectacular way, it has recently been controlled —and it is furnishing electricity. Cannot you half-imagine that had Boone lived he would have tried out development of the resources he spotted?

At any rate, here is something from which you can draw your own conclusions and comparisons. Small showing of possibilities has ever been made by a considerable body of Southern Negroes. They raised cotton and other crops, and divided them with the landowners in lieu of money rent. The question has always been whether once started, these Negroes could go it alone. If so, the South has a resource that has been wasting, like the waters of Dix River.

About the time its improvement got under way, a man who believed there is something in this class of Negro, bought several thousands of acres in a fertile Southern county that was all but abandoned, because the boll weevil practically put an end to cotton raising there. The land was divided into small plots; comfortable houses were erected on the plots, and the yards were well fenced.

Negroes were selected from the mass—and some were sorry specimens. As nearly as it could be done at the time, each Negro was set up as a planter. He rented the plots for money rent, to be paid for out of the proceeds of his crops. Two acres were allotted for commercial trucking; and two or three additional acres for cotton and corn. Inasmuch as these Negroes were penniless, they went in debt for horses, mules, cows, hogs and poultry.



Monument to memory of Confederate women, Jackson, Mississippi.

In about the same manner that the engineering details were carried out at Dix River, the Negroes were coached to become planters. They had to learn what to them was a new form of agriculture. The first year, three truck crops were raised, one after another. The Negroes received cash money for their crops. Then the cotton crop came along, and the Negroes received cash money for it. Thus, they had cash four times in one year. Furthermore, the Negro got all that was coming to him. He paid his rent. Paid either in full, or nearly so, for his livestock; his debt at the community store, and with but few exceptions these Negroes had money left over.

At one jump, their self-respect perked up. Theretofore, they had been the subjects of some queer deals. "Credit merchants" supplied them for a year at a time, and took over the Negroes' shares of whatever they raised, marketed the crops, and deducted the amounts of indebtedness. Settlements were annual. These merchants had things their own way—the Negroes were ignorant. The story of the "credit merchant" in the South is no sweet tale. If a Negro was lucky, he had a few dollars left out of his crop. The usual thing was that he had nothing—or was still in debt. If he had livestock, it was often taken away from him. The outlook was hopeless.

The Negro was trained to shiftlessness. Although furnished a house, and a garden, he took little interest in either, because he never could own it. If a garden was well fenced against rabbits, and the house porch had a good floor, it was a common thing for the Negroes to rip up the floor and tear the pickets from the fence for firewood, rather than walk fifty feet farther, and chop up a fallen tree. If the Negro gave his cotton crop all of the attention it needed, he still had the biggest part of the year to "jolly around"—loaf, in other words. So he had no work habits. No saving habits. This is but a hasty glance, but it touches the highest spots of a condition that is generally improving—but the effect is still there.

Convinced that there was no trickery about this new enterprise, the Negroes were hopeful with all of the enthusiasm that marks any Negro emotion. They realized the benefits of steady work—and commercial trucking is an all-the-year-round job. They could buy the land they worked—and they're doing this. Some are embarking in animal husbandry. All of them are going it alone. The result is that they're showing amazing possibilities in every direction. They are planters, and they realize their responsibilities. They pridefully show you their neat homes, and gardens, and livestock. Their pride in possession is pitiful. They tell you of their savings in cash. A hereto-



Where Negroes' crops are packed for shipping.

fore almost useless class of people has shown that it can be developed. Of course, it was no easy job.

Alienism is so completely absent in one big area, that you're repeatedly told there, "When we read in the newspapers about what is going on in New York, where even children born in the United States of foreign-born parents are publicly preaching the overthrow of our form of government, and where a committee was appointed to revise our history to meet the ideas of certain foreigners, we can't realize that such things are occurring in our United States. It must be some other country! We've never seen any aliens, and their American born, of that kind in our section. We don't want to see any of them. If they come here, and try such tricks, there'll be no languor about giving them short shrift."

The boast of one of the biggest southern industrial centers is of its freedom from the type of foreign-born one usually associates with industrial centers today.

The South is completely transformed. It is developing faster than any other section of the United States. And this is attributed throughout the South to the fact that Americans are at it, and that they are sticking to American principles that are tried and true. Foreign theories and isms have no show.

The prevailing thought can be summed up in the remark of a young chap, who, with his brother, operates a restaurant in a big southern city.

"We married sisters, and came down here about two years ago," he said. "We made the move to get away from the foreigners. Up in the part of Indiana we came from they were getting too thick to suit us. A good many people we know came South just on that account. They want to raise their children among Americans."



These Negroes two years ago faced a hopeless future. Now they have money laid by.

A lot of places are geographically in the South, but for various reasons—one, the newness of some of them—they never had the appearance and ways of the South. Their look and air was more northern, eastern or western. Now these places are trying to live up to their geography. They are actually moving backward to pick up as many southern traditions, and as much of the something that was the Old South as possible.

Take Birmingham. A bit over fifty years ago it was nothing but land, inclosed by mountains. But the land held within a stone's throw of each other all of the materials for making steel. These minerals were developed. A result is Birmingham, which claims to be the biggest city of its age in the world. It never was of the South. It resembled Pittsburgh—then, Chicago—at times, a western city. People from all of the old southern stocks came there, and helped build the city—and they left their traditions at home, together with heirloom furniture, and old silver.

The city was thoroughly materialistic. So much so that about a dozen years ago, people in Birmingham realized that it was growing into a misfit thing. A lot was heard there about the traditions of other southern cities, but Birmingham had none. People from different parts of the South who were brought up in old-fashioned southern ways wanted their children to see the side of life they knew. So the traditions of various parts of the South, from Virginia to the Mexican Gulf, are being brought in. They are like slips of plants that you stick into fertile soil—if you live in Birmingham you see the growth of these traditions and ways, just as they have been, and are, in any southern city, like Mobile or Richmond.

The materialistic ways are toned down. There's a blend that's difficult to describe. It arouses your enthusiasm. Physically, the city is much like the Old South. The latter wasn't far from being on the order of a huge family.

"I'm a New Yorker, born and reared," is a size-up that carries the idea. "But I've been in Birmingham for several years.

"When I leave for a little trip, I always want to get back between these mountains. I always feel, when I'm away from the city, that I'm only one of a number of sheep—and lost. Here, I feel that I'm protected. It's a peculiar kind of feel—that here I'm part of a big family, gathered into a big room.

In the biggest part of the South, "We're Moving On" means coming out of the atmosphere of the Old South. Some places are laying away old traditions and manners in rosemary, so to speak. Others are blending them with new ways from elsewhere. A few places are chucking the old things out, like you dispose of stuff that has passed its usefulness. Generally speaking, the South is losing its old-time settings. Here and there the result is gaucherie that brings a pang. Now and then, you come across artistry in blending. Yazoo City, Mississippi, holds fast to the charm of other days, and at the same time it has the best of these days and of all regions.

Heretofore, in the South, you had to be vouched for, and have satisfactory ancestry, before you were introduced to the best families. Now the inclination is to accept you, and see if you square up. You're given every social advantage until you prove that you're unworthy. But to get by you must have a pretty good standard of conduct.

You particularly notice the change in state capitals. In the old days, the man who ran for office generally owned many slaves, and a big plantation. He had a fine home, which was a social center. Frequently, he had been an officer in the Confederate army, and a glamour has always hung around these men. In fact, and in fancy, they were heroes. After the war they were land poor. Yet, they tried to hold their own, and keep up appearances. Although their clothes were threadbare, they were heroic figures. When they were elected, they brought their families to the state capitals, and there they maintained the pomp and ceremonies of their offices. They spent all they made maintaining their genuinely high social position. But they contributed little to the real progress of the capitals. Lately, the younger generation has taken charge; and people have come in from other sections of the country. The state capitals are "moving on."

Undoubtedly, the biggest change appears in southern women. Where formerly they were satisfied to go through high school, and a finishing school, now they're going in for higher education and careers. Southern women have objectives, and they attain them. Southern women are preserving the historic things of their regions—and to do this they are heroines, as they always have been, for they often have to do battle with politicians,

and ruthless and ignorant elements in order to prevent vandal destructiveness. In the erection of new buildings they are trying to preserve the southern atmosphere where it will not conflict with progress. A high spot is the tremendous interest that southern women have aroused in culture.

Jackson, Mississippi, is typical of the revolution in the South. The city is growing rapidly, but sanely. There is no frenzy about it. For each $100,000 spent in a commercial and industrial way, an equal amount is spent for a church, a school, a fraternity clubhouse, or like structure. The city is equally developing in each of the five ways necessary to a well-rounded city—industrially, commercially, fraternally, religiously and educationally. Jackson isn't a northern, western, eastern or southern city—it is an American city.

Through all this turnover in the South, you come across sheltered nooks where the Old South still reigns, and you get visualized reflections of that which once was general. Even to the custom of drinking coffee from saucers. A set of dishes in an old home includes glass saucers in which the coffee cups were placed after the regular saucers had been filled, so the drippings would not soil the table linen. And the mistress of the home pines for the days when no one drank a fixed number of cups of coffee each day, "but so many saucerfuls."

Below the Mason and Dixon's line, if a man tells you he will meet you in church, he is not indulging in a bit of slang. He means what he says. In no other section of the country, probably, has there been such a religious awakening—and there is nothing emotional and frothy about it. In one city a contractor has signs upon all of his various works, each sign bearing one or another of the Ten Commandments. Billboard space is donated in Birmingham by business concerns. Artistically painted upon the entire side of a big building, for instance, is, "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy." And in small letters near the bottom, "This space donated to the cause of religion by the makers of—" some brand of flour or other commodity.

Yes, the South is American.

## Investigating the Air Investigations

(*Concluded from page 15*)

of the Chief of the Army Air Service and the Chief of the Navy Bureau of Aëronautics.

The organization of the Army and Navy that I have briefly sketched shows how deeply interested the officers who will conduct any future wars into which the country may be drawn are interested in the Air Service. It is the function of the Chief of Air Service and his assistants to train and instruct the personnel of an air force. As the testimony before all the boards shows, flying officers control the operations of the air force and the machines that are used. The other agencies in both the Army and Navy must consider it as it would affect the winning of a war. They must keep in mind the basic principle of the art of war which has been recognized by all of the great commanders that it is the Infantry, the nation in arms, that must deliver the decisive blow.

In this connection, a lecture by a distinguished officer is recalled. The subject that was assigned to him was the "Functions of the Infantry." He went at great length into the functions of the air service, artillery, cavalry, and the supply system. He dwelt at great length upon how they should be trained and organized until his hearers began to think that he had not understood what was his subject. Just as his time expired, he remarked, "Oh, yes, there is the infantry. When the infantry is defeated, the war is over. I thank you, gentlemen."

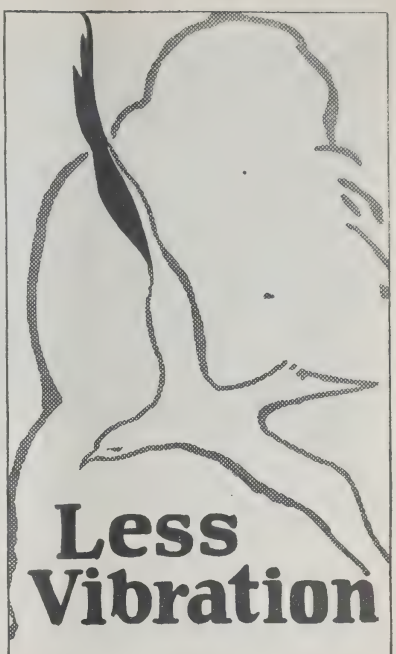
## Cricket in Samoa

WHEN a cricket match is to be played in Samoa, the entire population of both villages turn out for it. Wickets are set up in the widest spot to be found between the mountains and the sea, with some fielders ready to scramble uphill after balls and others at the edge of the surf ready to swim out after balls hit into the ocean. Both the hill-climbers and the seagoing players are kept right busy, too, when the game gets hot.

Men, women and children not playing in the game range themselves along the sides of the playing area, one village outfit on each side. These do the "rooting." When Britons play cricket the spectators keep fairly dignified. When applause is merited, it is dignified applause and does not distract the players. But a Samoan loves noise and 400 or 500 of them can make as much racket as a pop-eyed crowd of many thousands make at a crucial ball game in the big leagues of America.

The rooters on both sides begin a terrific din when the game starts and never stop while it progresses. With several hundred beating tin cans, yelling and shrieking and leaping about on the side lines, and with the players shouting to each other above the clamor of the spectators, the welkin is shattered beyond repair.

Games often last for several days and some have gone on for a week until the authorities have stopped them for fear the excitement would end in a battle royal between the partisans.

Less Vibration

Excessive vibration—the result of friction—means that the oil you are using has lost its lubricating properties.

Almost any fresh oil will hold up for a few miles—or until the motor really gets hot—but only a specially-refined oil—like Humble Motor Oil—can maintain the proper lubricating body under operating temperatures; keep down friction; hold an effective compression seal between piston rings and cylinder walls, and minimize crank-case dilution. Don't take chances with a poor oil.

The Humble Chart is your guide in buying the right oil.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Apperson | H | H |
| Buick | H | H |
| Cadillac | H | H |
| Elcar | M | M |
| Flint | M | M |
| FORD | *Flivolene* | |
| FORD (Truck) | *Flivolene* | |
| Lincoln | H | H |
| Nash | H | H |
| Overland | H | H |
| Star | H | M |
| White | H | H |

*The above shows recommendations for a few representative cars—Ask your dealer to show you the complete Chart.*

HUMBLE OIL AND REFINING COMPANY
HOUSTON . TEXAS





Home of Indian trappers along the Minnesota-Canadian boundary.

# Trapping the Trappers

(*Continued from page 4*)

er I was sitting beside a red-hot stove. Three of the wardens were there. There was John Linklater, wiry Indian; Bill Hoffman, a giant in bronze and handsome as a statue; Bill Hanson, chief of the wardens. There was the supervisor of the National Forest, and some men who had come up from the Twin Cities.

The party was leaving tomorrow for a trip of one hundred and fifty miles through the forest. Another party was leaving from the shore of Lake Superior, and all would meet at a certain lake.

Did I want to go? Of course. I made up a pack of a few belongings and the next morning, with the thermometer sinking low but a brilliant sun mounting into a blue sky, we set out: five teams of yelping dogs, and nearly a dozen men.

The first night we stopped at a deserted logging camp, and from Bill Hanson I learned about the beaver. There are countless thousands of beaver in this Superior Forest. They are protected by law. But the law has not always been observed. Until recently there were only two game wardens, and the outlaw trapping of beaver had flourished and men had grown rich from it. Two years ago the storm had broke. The trappers had divided into rival camps, and each camp decided to get rid of the other by exposing it to the state game and fish commissioner. When the smoke cleared neither faction was in power, and it was disclosed that during the previous winter nearly half a million dollars' worth of hides had been taken out of the forest: more than twenty thousand skins in all!

Wardens were drafted from other parts of the state; the best woodsmen in the Superior region were hired; and the war began in earnest. The outlaw trappers were not only crafty, they included the best woodsmen in the North. Wardens on snowshoes followed trails for days, sleeping in the snow at night when they must. Others slept out near beaver ponds in weather far below zero waiting to catch trappers at work.

But the trappers were experts, too. They knew how to cover up their tracks, knew how to hide their camps. Now and then a warden, braving more cold than a trapper cared to, outwatching a trapper at a beaver pond, made an arrest with frosted fingers and took his man to town; the two of them, like men who are together in the winter woods, camping out at night, breaking trail for each other by turns during the day.

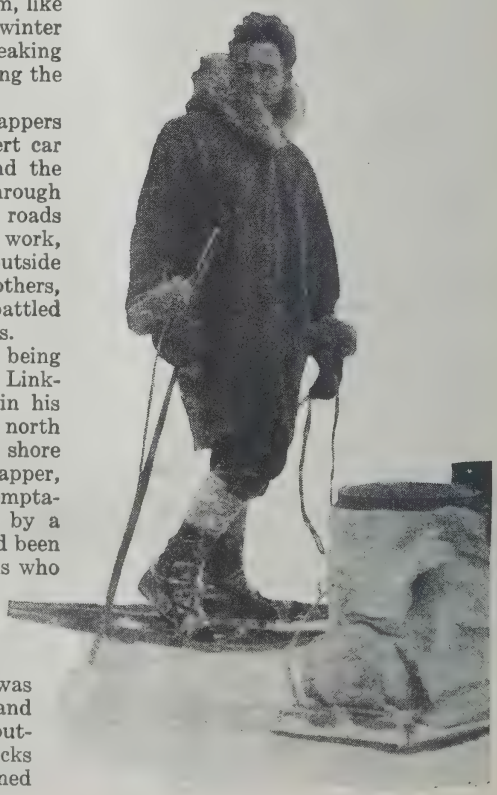
The outlets used by the trappers were watched closely. But expert car drivers were on the outside, and the roar of tuned motors echoed through the forests along the sides of the roads leading south. It was thrilling work, this battle with the cars on the outside by one corps of wardens while others, who knew the country better, battled the trappers on their own grounds.

It was a strange war that was being waged inside the forest. John Linklater, the Indian, had brought in his own brother from the wilderness north of Grand Marais, far up on the shore of Lake Superior; and a state trapper, who could not withstand the temptation of the fortune represented by a small pile of flat beaver skins, had been brought in by one of the wardens who had lain all night in thirty below zero by the side of a frozen beaver dam. Leo Chosa, quarter-breed Indian, expert woodsman and chief of the outlaws, was made head warden last year, and struck terror to the hearts of the outlaws, for he knew all of their tricks and hiding places. But Leo resigned last spring and disappeared into the woods with a dog team and a complete outfit. When he appeared in town next, he had a roll of bills large enough, as the saying goes, to choke a horse. He had been trapping, he said, in Canada.

The game and fish department decided to stop illegal trapping. Their dog teams and corps of wardens, with the assistance of the forest rangers, gradually gained the upper hand. But there had been threats on the part of the outlaws—for this is an outspoken country and an outlaw going into the depths of the forest is quite likely to do it with a brave flourish—that a big clean-up of beaver was due in the spring. Thus they would have to start work, hauling in supplies and locating their camps, early in March. And it was then that I had arrived at Winton and was on my way with the cavalcade through the interior of the forest.

The snow was soft on the second day, and the portages long. We were tired when we got to a forest ranger's cabin for the night, and the dog drivers were steaming with perspiration and shedding their fur-trimmed parkas.

It was at the end of the next day, as we were winding our way over a long portage trail through the woods, that we heard a droning overhead and saw a plane approaching. It dipped low over us, rose again, then spiralled and slid out of sight behind the trees. Two hours later, when we arrived at another old logging camp where we were to spend the night, we found the plane there, resting on the snow-covered lake near the shore.



The aviator talked with us for an hour, drank a cup of hot coffee, then got in his plane, rose out of the wilderness with a roar, and went back toward the town. I asked Bill Hoffman who he was, what he was doing.

"It's hard to say," replied Hoffman; "he has three planes on a lake near town. He flies away toward Canada. Sometimes all the planes are gone. It's a strange thing for this country, to see planes flying over the forest."

"Once last summer I found two barrels of gasoline and one of oil beside a little hidden lake in the middle of the forest near the Canadian boundary," observed Bill Hanson; and we let it go at that.

The wind blew hard from the northeast when we started out next morning and a haze hung over the eastern horizon, so that the sun was a red ball until near noon. In the afternoon the snow came, and the wind grew warm and turned it to sleet.

It was nearly dark when we reached the lea shore and set up camp near a trapper's cabin. The storm cleared after dark, and we made a huge bonfire and dried out our icy clothing.

But in the morning the blizzard resumed its march. Again we bored into it all day. We rested for a few minutes at the edge of the lake, then set out. The storm now was terrific. Once out on the lake, every sign of land was lost in the flying snow. Occasionally we could catch glimpses of a dog team or two, but generally we could see only a few yards ahead. While plodding along in the middle of the lake, I almost bumped into a group of men and a dog team. The men were watching a dog that was lying in the snow.

I joined them, and learned the dog had been poisoned. He lay stiff, his extended legs jerking spasmodically in short, nervous twitches. His eyes were glazing. He had eaten poison during the rest at the end of the last portage.

We camped early that night, and when we resumed our journey the next morning the storm had gone and the sun rose into a clear sky. We were now entering the beaver country. We had reached the interior of the Superior Forest. For three days we pushed on through a scenic wonderland, over trails denied to the summer traveler.

We passed many dams of the beaver, and we saw places where, their stored food having given out, they had come out on the snow and cut down trees, hauling the tender shoots and smaller branches through holes in the ice. We saw the tracks of moose and of wolves.

We saw two beaver dams that had been blown up with dynamite. The wardens held mysterious conferences.

Then toward noon of one day we turned a point near the end of a lake and saw a cabin. Smoke came from the chimney. A chorus of howls rose in the air and we could see huskies chained to trees around the cabin. Men came out, and welcomed us. One of them was the game and fish commissioner. With three dog teams, he had come north from the shore of Lake Superior. This was the meeting place.

The wardens from the south told of certain men who had come into the woods. That afternoon two wardens left our cabin and headed east, traveling fast and light.

We had planned on remaining at the cabin all night, but it was decided to continue. Again the yelping dogs strained forward in their traces, and the creak of snowshoes kept time. Two wardens from the south stayed at the cabin with one dog team. They had special work to do. The supervisor of the National Forest and I decided to stay with them.



"The party from the shore of Lake Superior was waiting for us at the cabin."

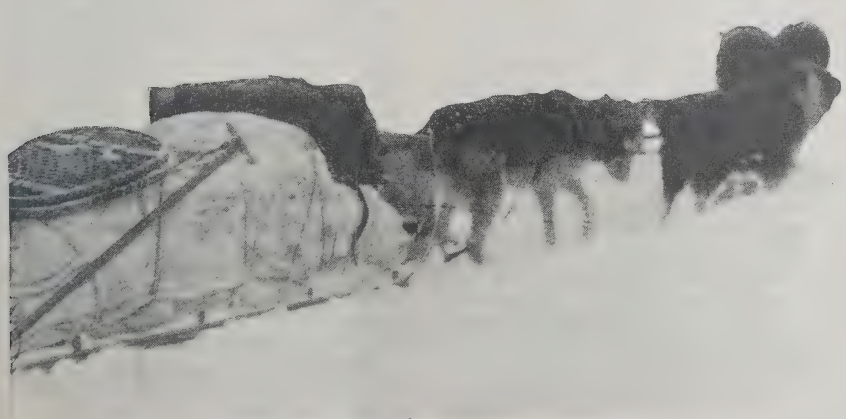
Later in the day we went out on the lake, cut a hole in it, and fished. It was cold work. We built a fire in the lea of a nearby drift and I'm afraid we didn't take good care of our lines. At any rate when we took them up we had to chop them out of the new ice.

In the morning the supervisor and I set out to catch the main party. All morning we traveled fast, and when at noon we came to a cabin in a clearing and there met our companions, we had covered eighteen miles of trail. We had seen several damaged beaver dams, and strange trails in the snow.

The cabin, the first habitation we had seen for more than a hundred miles, belonged to a man by the name of Charles Lewis. He lived there with his wife and little girl. Twice a week he snowshoed to the post office, thirty miles away on the shore of Lake Superior, after the mail. The post office also marked the location of their nearest neighbor. Lewis was a fine American of Maine type, and his wife was a splendid example of pioneer wife and mother. At the spinning wheel she made wool yarn, and from the yarn she made their clothing.

The little girl's only toy was a wooden cow, made by her father.

The family had lived there several years; had made a house and a small farm out of the wilderness. Lewis was an expert trapper, and was experimenting with the domestication of the fisher, a small animal but a valuable one for its rare fur. The trapper was a man of much more than ordinary education, and his wife was obviously a woman who had lived in more urban surroundings. It was amazing to see what these people had



Supervisor of wardens, "Bill" Hanson, with his team.

wrested from the wilderness. They lived in comfort, had everything they needed, in marked contrast to the scanty equipment of the more shiftless settler. All of it they made with their own hands from material at hand.

We enjoyed a fine meal with the Lewis family, then continued along the trail for a few hours more and camped in a large log cabin used during the summer as a vacation home by a Chicago man. We were nearing the shore of Lake Superior.

It was close to noon of the following day that we topped a great range of hills and looked at the ice-filled lake far below us. For two hours we walked downhill, then reached the shore of Superior. We were on the road that led to Duluth, some sixty or seventy miles away.

The party was now stripped bare of all supercargoes. We were patted on the back and herded into Charlie Nelson's hotel on the shore of the lake, and a telephone call to Duluth started transportation out to get us.

The wardens, rid of their encumbrances, turned back into the forest.

The grand offensive by the outlaw trappers fizzled out. A few had gone into the forest, but their reports on the manner in which the state was preparing to meet them discouraged the rest. The beaver war is about over. Now and then a trapper will disappear from the settlements and whirl into the woods, make a quick killing and come out again. It is hard to clamp the lid down on such a big country. But the systematic running of beaver hides is probably over. The best men are now on the side of the state. They fear nothing. They will take the hardest trails at a moment's notice. They have the best dogs in the North. And, like the famed Sergeants of the Mounted that flit through all of the Canadian Northwest and most of the American movies, they *Always Get Their Man.*

Within twenty-four hours I was dodging Chicago's traffic. Visions of blizzard-swept lakes, galloping dog teams, fur parkas and snowshoes, dense forests and unknown lakes, seemed far away indeed.

But it was within a few hours' travel of a city of four million persons that I had found the real Near North, no less romantic, no less gripping in its rugged geography and its touch of human drama, because it was not closer to the Arctic Circle.

## Fewer Free Passes

The extra time that can be spent at home in the morning and evening through the use of their own motor cars in going to and from work has led power house and equipment workers of the Omaha & Council Bluffs Street Railway Company to decrease their use of free passes to such an extent that the street railway commission made an investigation. The above condition was then discovered.




***The Man from Germany*** came into The Office quite belligerent in a way because, to his mind, only ignorance could permit an opinion that Germany had anything of herself to do to justify her place in the world: he seemed to think that Germany was all right, but the rest of the world was so wrong that Germany suffered by her inevitable contact with it. It was evident that the war was an embarrassing interval in this man's thinking, but important only as people remembered it; he said he was traveling to discover how far people had forgotten the war. He said that he found in America a decided inclination to let bygones be bygones, but at the same time he felt that his country was not being welcomed back with complete confidence. This he apparently regarded as a grievance. Yet he admitted that he did not see how it could well be otherwise, and indeed he was highly sensible of the fact that it might be infinitely worse. So he said he would continue his search for the American Opinion. He had a long list of people to see, many of whom were the last ones to inquire concerning *American* opinion. But it is, I suppose, all a part of that German "thoroughness" of which we used to hear so much.

***The Man from England*** dropped into the office and remarked that he was inclined to doubt the Pollyanna theory that the better acquainted the nations become, the more they like each other. In a long experience, he says, he has observed that the result was just opposite. At present, says he, the more the other nations see and hear about the United States, the more they hate us. England, he asserts, is no exception. The feeling against us which is being sedulously propagated in the British Isles is not only unpleasant in the extreme but, he feels, dangerous. Their feeling toward Germany is ardent love compared with their feeling toward America. Go down Regent street and you will see store windows filled with German goods, displaying German trade-marks, et cetera, to all passers-by. But if a merchant has a stock of American goods, he carefully removes every evidence of their place of origin—they would not sell, otherwise. Even the little brass tags indicating the American origin of certain modern machinery are invariably removed. A British traffic expert visited America this autumn, saw how we marked traffic bounds with broad bands of white paint on the pavement, went home and introduced it. As an American idea? No, that would have queered it. It was purely a British invention and discovery. The reason for this state of mind is obvious. Britain is slipping off her high places. Telling herself that she is the greatest nation in the world has no effect in improving her fortunes. She hates to bow to a nation which has only the Aristocracy of Work to boast of. She cannot forgive America for possessing more energy and brains than Britain does. So she just cordially dislikes us and says so with superior bluntness. For heaven's sake, said our visitor, don't be taken in by this "hands across the sea" stuff. You will never hear it again until England gets into such deep trouble that we shall have to pull her out once more.

***The Woman from the West*** came into The Office, hot on the trail of the militarists and the medical profession. We found it impossible to agree with any of her views, but equally impossible not to sympathize with her state of mind. It was not a case of need, but none the less one of trouble. I think none of us begins to realize the amount of trouble in the world, and it is better that we do not. This woman was a widow who had poured her whole life into her son. The war came on, but, as she expressed it, "he was not healthy enough to kill," and was rejected from military service. He enlisted in some other capacity. Determined, you see. Just like his mother. He was a fighter, so is she. But she blames the militarists that there was a war at all. Then her son became ill—this was after the war—and the mother thinks the doctors did not treat him properly. She now blames the whole medical profession. She has come to think that they have an economic interest in promoting disease. She has come to think that every sanitary advance in the world has been made against the bitter opposition of the medical profession. And she labors these points with shrewd intelligence. Utterly useless to point out to her the martyrs of medicine, even in our day, who have died to discover the cause and cure of disease. Utterly useless to cite instance after instance, even recent ones, where doctors have had to fight whole municipal political combines to get so simple a thing as sanitary sewage and alley-cleaning. All she would answer was that I was "pro-medical." I was on the other side. So she goes through the world with that monstrous belief in her heart that "the medicals" have an interest in continuing the ravages of disease among humanity.

# Should America Join World Court?

(*Concluded from page 5*)

leader *for* the Court. Administration support is mostly passive. At this distance it looks as if there is nobody to make a real fight, such, for example, as Senator Hitchcock made for President Wilson in the League of Nations battle.

The Democrats have announced that they will give practically their solid party vote to the Administration program. With the exception of Reed and possibly Blease, of South Carolina, the block of forty Democratic Senators will vote for adherence with the Harding-Hughes reservations, or anything similar to them.

This gives the Administration a big lever with which to start. It only needs to line up half the Republican membership in addition to the Democrats to produce a two-thirds vote. On the surface this looks as if it should be easy but the opposition also has an advantage. To win, it only needs to line up one more than one-third of the Senate—thirty-four votes. The administration must get sixty-six.

Those who favor American adherence to the World Court make the following arguments in support of their position:

1. That the Court offers a beginning in judicial settlement of international disputes—a traditional American policy.

2. That the World War demonstrated the necessity of such a Court and that the union of most of the nations after the war made it possible to establish it.

3. That the World Court is now established and functioning with the support of nearly all the civilized nations of the world.

4. That eminent judges administer the principles of international law and custom within a safe jurisdiction, limited to cases which both parties to a dispute agree to bring before it and to cases arising under treaties between the parties.

5. That the World Court is not a League Court but a Court of the forty-eight nations that have entered it.

6. That the Harding-Hughes reservations adequately safeguard American interests.

Those who oppose American adherence make the following arguments in support of their position:

1. That adherence to the World Court would put the United States at the mercy of European nations with ideals and interests vastly different from America's.

2. That the World Court is a League Court.

(a) It was created by the League.

(b) Its judges are elected by the Council and Assembly of the League, even though chosen from nominees submitted by the nations represented at The Hague.

(c) Its salaries and expenses are paid by the League.

(d) It acts as legal advisor to the League, giving advisory opinions when requested to do so.

3. That America is bound always to be in a slender minority, in representation among the nine judges and four deputy judges, because of the large number of votes of other nations participating in the election of judges.

(a) Australia, Canada, New South Wales, South Africa and the Irish Free State have one vote each in the Assembly of the League, thus giving the British Empire five votes in that body.

4. That the jurisdiction of the World Court is not sufficiently defined and safeguarded and therefore adherence would mean America's entry with her eyes shut.

5. That the provision of the World Court statute giving the Court jurisdiction *only* in cases where *both* parties to a dispute agree to take it to the Court makes it possible for any nation to deny the jurisdiction of the Court in any given controversy. While the United States would "play the game" in good faith and stand ready to submit any dispute to the Court, foreign nations, accustomed to intrigue, would remain free to submit or decline to submit as suited their pleasure.

Proponents of American adherence make a virtue of objection No. 5, President Coolidge expressing it in these words:

> "The Court is merely a convenient instrument of adjustment to which we could go but to which we could not be brought."

The Administration supporters also contend that any possibility of harm to America from European nations operating through the League is eliminated by the Harding-Hughes reservations, four in number, as follows:

1. That such adhesion shall not be taken to involve any legal relation on the part of the United States to the League of Nations or the assumption of any obligation by the United States under the Covenant of the League of Nations consisting of Part 1 of the Treaty of Versailles.

2. That the United States shall be permitted to participate through representatives designated for the purpose and upon an equality with the other states members respectively of the Council and Assembly of the League of Nations in any and all proceedings of either the Council or the Assembly for the election of judges or deputy judges of the Permanent Court of International Justice, or for the filling of vacancies.

3. That the United States shall pay a fair share of the expenses of the Court as determined and appropriated from time to time by the Congress of the United States.

4. That the Statute for the Permanent Court of International Justice adjoined to the protocol shall not be amended without the consent of the United States.

(A fifth reservation has been agreed upon by the Administration and its supporters and will be added to the above. It is as follows:)

5. That the United States shall not be bound by any advisory opinion of the Permanent Court of International Justice unless it has joined in asking for it.

Many Republican Senators feel that the above reservations do not go far enough to guarantee protection of American interests. They favor the amendment of the World Court statute and would withhold American adherence until all forty-eight nations accepted such amendments. They believe that only by such action can the United States be protected. "Reservations," they fear, would mean nothing to the other nations.

The Administration and its friends, on the other hand, argue that it is unreasonable for the United States to expect the other forty-eight nations, already operating successfully under the existing statute, to amend it at the insistence of the United States, which has been laggard in entering the Court. They oppose any Senatorial action which would call for amendment of the statute and hold that such procedure would be equivalent to refusal to adhere to the Court, for the reason that the other nations would not consent to amendment. It is argued that the Harding-Hughes reservations are adequate and that they can be validated by an exchange of notes between the United States and the forty-eight nations now in the Court.

It will start on December 17 and is likely to last all winter. Unlimited debate is still the order of the day in the upper house and this subject is one upon which members will seek to enlighten colleagues and constituents.

# Men and Equipment

Two vital factors in making Ford values what they are today, are the intelligent direction of man-power in Ford plants, and the use of the right equipment.

It is a Ford principle to encourage the individual to do his own thinking and to share with the Company the responsibility for the quality of the products and the maintenance of low prices.

By improving working conditions, by providing better machines and keeping them adequately cared for, and by making no task so arduous that it must be performed hastily or under strain, the highest standard of individual workmanship is sustained.

Only through the carrying out of this principle is the present scale of Ford output possible—and thereby the greater value that Ford offers you in motor cars.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

Ford

## Governors Plead for Their States

(*Concluded from page 3*)

tural resources, living standards and average personal income, they are probably in a better condition than the others. For example, the state where the biggest percentage of the population makes Federal income tax returns has the smallest number of persons. The incomes reported from the different states do not show very wide margins.

The difference is that in the "big" states a greater number of large single fortunes are found than in the average of the "little" ones. This is because of the tendency of fluid wealth, as represented by money or securities, to concentrate more at certain points than at others in the country.

This fluid wealth is the kind which can be reached most easily by taxes. The only way virtually by which the "poor" states can tax that in the "rich" ones is by using the Federal Government as an intermediary. And the only way they ordinarily can use the Federal Government as an intermediary is by surrendering some of their prerogatives and by compelling other states to do likewise.

These prerogatives enter into the life and being of States' Rights, or, more properly still, local self-government, for which the term States' Rights has been in much part a misnomer.

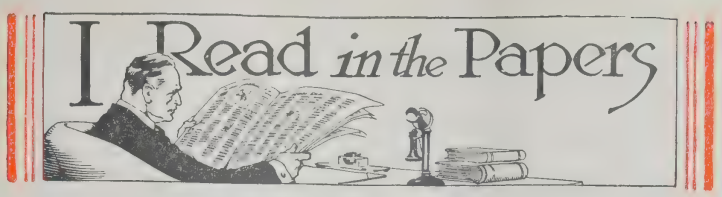
"Something should be done," someone declares.

"All right, let the Federal Government do it," the small or "poor" states are inclined to say, "as then it will cost us less than if we do it ourselves." This is because a few "big" states pay above the average Federal taxes and a majority pay less than the average.

And when such is the case they are not so censorious of the merit of the proposal as they would be if the cost fell equally on all.

Thus much that belongs truly to local government passes into the hands of Washington bureaus, and some of it is of a kind that folk, knowing that they must meet its cost, wouldn't permit local government to undertake.

But the process has gone beyond that. It now includes the distribution of funds among the states in the form of "fifty-fifty" appropriations. That is, the states must put up equal amounts for the purposes comprehended—these purposes being strictly defined by Congress, which provides for the maintenance of Federal supervision over the spending of what comes from state as well as Federal coffers. This calls for the conceding of rights from the states to the Federal Government and might call for, and make legal, concessions that go beyond the Federal Constitution.




***I read in the papers*** that no Nobel prizes will be awarded this year because of "the lack of qualified candidates" and the "need of funds for the Nobel Library and the Physical and Chemical Institute, both founded by Alfred Nobel as part of his memorial."

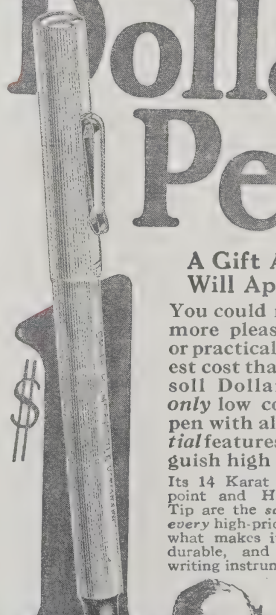
There seem to be lean intellectual years as well as lean wheat crops or corn yields. This is the first time since the Nobel prizes were given, twenty-four years ago, that all five of the prizes have been withheld. At least two of them, physics and medicine, are not only alive but continually expanding and developing something new. In chemistry, literature and physiology, probably not so much: certainly not in literature.

***I read in the papers*** that the iron ore deposits of Newfoundland constitute fifteen per cent of the world's known commercial iron ore. These deposits are being mined and ferried across a narrow strait to Sydney, Nova Scotia, where the only eastern Canadian coal deposits are located and blast furnaces and steel mills operated. Incidentally the Newfoundland government, regardless of the employment that the working of the ore deposits gives to citizens of the island, has imposed an export tax upon iron ore shipped to Nova Scotia although no such tax is levied upon ore mined and shipped to the rest of the world. The common sense of the founders of the American republic is emphasized by the fact that our Constitution expressly forbids the imposition of an export tax that merely would serve to limit the production and exploitation of natural resources.

*The International Jew* in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set, $1. The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

***I read in the papers*** that the largest apple orchard in the world, consisting of more than twelve thousand acres of trees and located near Hillview, Illinois, has yielded but fifty-one thousand barrels in its best yield of 30 years, and the owners were dissatisfied. The Illinois State Agricultural College, upon consultation, advised that beehives be set out in the orchard to further cross fertilization of the apple trees through the honey-seeking activities of the bees. As a result of setting one hundred hives out, the yield was increased to 65,000 barrels of first quality apples, 250 carloads of second choice or bulk apples for immediate sale, and it is estimated that ten thousand barrels were lost through an exceptionally early and severe frost. To clinch the argument on behalf of the bees, the neighbors in that section harvested fewer apples than in average years. An orchardist who had an orchard near another man's apiary obtained more apples from that orchard than his other one. Insects are absolutely necessary for the cross-pollinization of melons, cucumbers and some varieties of strawberries, and bees are the only insects that man can control.

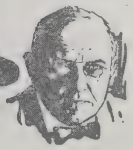
Chas. H. Ingersoll
EVERLASTING
Dollar Pen



A Gift Anyone Will Appreciate

You could not choose a more pleasing, lasting or practical gift of modest cost than the Ingersoll Dollar Pen—the *only* low cost fountain pen with all the *essential* features that distinguish high priced pens.

Its 14 Karat GOLD writing point and Hard IRIDIUM Tip are the *same* as used in *every* high-priced pen. That's what makes it so amazingly durable, and so smooth a writing instrument!



Three models to choose from—Men's, Women's, Juniors'.

*Designed, manufactured and GUARANTEED by Chas. H. Ingersoll of Dollar Watch fame.*

AT 15,000 DEALERS: If your dealer cannot supply you, we will fill your order direct, charges prepaid. Remit ONE DOLLAR for each pen ordered and specify models desired.

NOTICE TO DEALERS: Here is a low cost fountain pen you can SAFELY sell and recommend for value and quality. Order a dozen at trade price, GUARANTEED to meet approval, or write for liberal proposition.

CHAS. H. INGERSOLL DOLLAR PEN CO.
1112 Astor Street - Newark, New Jersey.
830 Market St., San Francisco - 31 W. Lake St., Chicago.

# Seen in an Egyptian Village

## Some Close-Ups of a People Who Are Just as Primitive as When Moses Lived



Peasant in field. The man has twisted a cloth about him to be photographed. They usully work entirely nude.

By WILLIAM H. WORRELL,

Ex-director of the American School of Oriental Research in Jerusalem, lecturer in Columbia University, professor in the Hartford Seminary Foundation.

IT IS quite easy to inform oneself about the geography, or history, or literature of a foreign country, but very difficult to learn anything about the real daily life of a foreign people. Books continue to be made from other books. Travelers often do not actually live among the plain folk; and, when they do, they see mostly what they have been taught to see. When they write they forget that they are describing *people*, not outlandish beings. Now, because it was my good fortune to spend a considerable time in Hawatka and other Upper Egyptian villages and in the slums of Cairo, I am going to try to tell just what I saw there from day to day. Not all that I shall say will be pleasant exactly, but you may be assured that every word of it is true.

The Egyptian peasant, or "fallah," although he speaks the Arabic language and professes in most cases the religion of the Arabian prophet, Mohammed, is a pure-blooded lineal descendant of the peasant who tilled the fields in the days of the Pharaohs. Christianity and Mohammedanism have not changed him much; so that, while we are learning about his ways today, we are at the same time learning about his ways in the time of Moses.

The thing that strikes one first in Egypt—after one has got used to the impressive monuments—is the *dirt*. The peasants live in little mud-and-reed-built houses, without roofs and without windows (for it never rains in Upper Egypt), without drains or latrines, without any water supply. No wonder that they spend very little time there, and live mostly in the open. Water is carried from a nearby inlet of the Nile. Slops are thrown off the housetops into the narrow, twisting lanes and into the courtyards below, as is also the garbage and animal refuse. The sun that shines every day in the year speedily dries up the water and such of the garbage and offal as is not immediately devoured by the multitude of hungry, mangy, yapping dogs, and the prowling bob-tailed cats, and the scuttling rats. You remember that cats were first bred in Egypt to eat the rats that ate the grain that lay in the storehouses that Pharaoh built. The dogs and cats were so useful that they finally became gods. In these dusty, dirty, draughty huts, then, elaborate and mostly fried food is prepared, over sickly fires of stubble or charcoal, in the presence of all the domestic animals and fowls, and under the superintendence of innumerable busy crawling things. The woman wears a trailing garment and veil which she uses indiscriminately for wiping her brow, the baby's nose, and the cooking utensils. Bread-cakes, and refuse-cakes for fuel, are baked side by side in the blistering sun. On the earthen floor are the bones and other solid remains of past meals. Inquiry as to the more intimate conveniences brings the reply: "O, my lord! Have we not all the open country, as far as eye can reach?" A mercy that they have the burning, disinfecting sun, and the dry desert air, though piercing cold at night; a mercy that there is no timber in Egypt with which to build roofs.



Blood of the Pharaohs. This peasant lad shows how pure the old blood of the Pharaohs has maintained itself.

The fallah is one of the laziest of created beings, and one of the hardest worked. His idea of bliss is to sit and smoke, or drink coffee, and gossip, or tell stories. He has to work very hard, not only plowing, sowing, harvesting, and marketing, but irrigating his land with the bucket and well-sweep, called "shadduf." He is very prosperous now, under the wise administration of Great Britain; but for nearly five thousand years he had been taxed to the point of extinction. He is 95 per cent illiterate. He cannot even understand the newspaper when it is read aloud to him, so divergent has his speech become from the written language. He delights in tales of deceit, and marvels, and fabulous wealth and ease. He will attend any number of religious services, of any length and character, for the sake of herding pleasantly with his kind, hearing speeches, and singing. He has no idea of the flight of time nor of its value. He will promise to meet you tomorrow at a certain time "if it please Allah." If you insist that he shall be there he will call it an appointment "inglizi," or after the manner of an Englishman, that is, on time. The native-operated steamboat on the Ibrahimiyyah Canal leaves "at sunrise, if it please God." You have to go early and sit around for an hour if you don't wish to risk missing it. When time for prayer comes the engineer-fireman shuts off the steam and prays toward Mecca.

The fallah is not veracious. He doesn't even try to be. He looks upon lying as one of the little social graces, and as one of God's gifts to the relief of life's tedium and imperfection. Why tell a disagreeable truth when one can substitute a beautiful fancification of reality? So inbred is this habit of speaking beautifully of things, and so unusual is the instance of frank utterance, that the mere mention of evil is regarded with repugnance: If you should speak of death you would be prompted to add the formula, "Far be it from the listeners!" If you are not thus tactful, your companions will mutter it under their breath. If you persist in this habit you will be an ill-omened person, to be avoided. Poor,



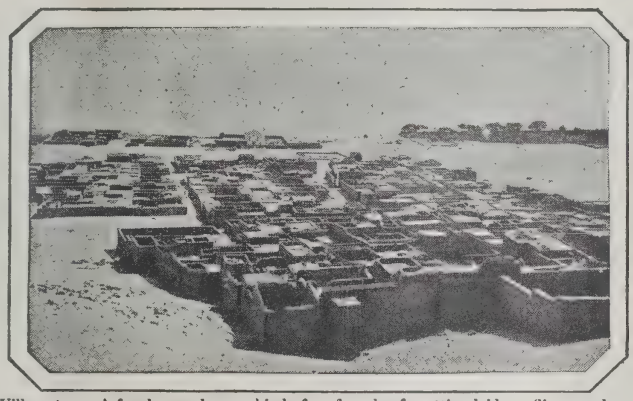
Peasant Moslem women in villages do not worry about veils. Only two of the eleven persons have normal eyes.

shivering beggars regale themselves with pleasant exaggeration of good that was or still may be. In short, language creates an artificial world; and language, being cheaper than opium or hashish, is the Egyptian's chief addiction. When the father of the family retires, at about forty, if he can, he is said to be "sitting in the house," which means that he is spinning wool for the family loom, and pleasant talk for all who will listen.

Centuries of poverty have bred the habit where it is not now the fact. A pair of shoes is a luxury. If you, the guest, have three or four, you will be expected to divide up with your host. There is little furniture, and that is cheap, tawdry, and in bad repair. Strange that the builders of the Pyramids and the Temple of Karnak cannot now paint a window sash without leaving a lot of paint on the glass. There is much cheap jewelry. There is great display of food when there are guests. At other times a man will go all day with nothing but water and a handful of dried dates, occasional minute cups of strong coffee, and incessant cigarets.

Hospitality is the Egyptian peasant's chief virtue—incredible generosity in the entertainment of total strangers, whom he would not hesitate to deceive, or cheat, or rob outright under other circumstances. Hospitality, of course, is always found among people who live in a certain stage of social development. There are no inns in Egypt, except in the large cities. One gives entertainment because one expects to receive it without question. It is not unjust to add that hospitality is enforced by implacable public opinion. If a man refused a guest, or received one for payment, he would make a public scandal. Did not one of the poets say of such people: "Their men can never say yes, and their women can never say no!" Hospitality is the chief subject of boasting, and the chief criterion of "nobility."

The lot of womankind in Egypt is not an easy one. She has a bad reputation in literature and in the mouth of men, and she has learned to live up to this. Even among Christians one never converses alone with a woman, or presumes to speak of her, or of knowing her. Among Moslems one has to pretend that there are no women, in the concrete, and related to the men with whom one associates. In cities like Cairo the whole house, except the reception room near the door, is "harem," or "forbidden." Women have no inner defenses, and are not expected to have any. Married life is for the man an agony of jealousy and suspicion, and for the woman a career of fear and evasion. Contact with the West has brought a certain amount of light to bear upon the causes of this situation and their remedy. There is a proverb now that runs: "Thief fears for house, paramour for spouse."



Village top. A few houses have a kind of roof made of matting laid on flimsy poles

Marriage among the Egyptian "Coptic" Christians is monogamous and permanent; and there still lingers the tradition of the greater blessedness of celibacy. But among the Moslems it is the precise opposite: marriage is the ideal state on earth and in heaven; a man may have three wives besides his concubines, and he may divorce any of the wives by merely putting them out of the house, and, here is the difficulty, restoring the dowry which he originally received from the wife's father. That is the theory. In practice divorce is rather difficult. The husband has usually invested or spent the dowry, or the wife has spent it in his name; and he has difficulty in saving so large a sum. Then there are the male relatives of the wife whose fists have to be reckoned with. They are the same the world over, law or no law. Polygamy also has its difficulties. The Prophet observed that a man was entitled to several wives only when he was sure of being just to them all—a thing which every Egyptian will admit is possible only to the Prophet himself—peace be upon him! Human nature is the same in Egypt as elsewhere, if not more so. No man can live with several wives in peace in one household. Few men can maintain several homes; and who wants more than one home anyway? No woman wants a lot of other wives hanging around, with different and decided opinions, foolish ones, about nearly everything. So most Moslem Egyptians are content with monogamy, relieved now and then by divorce and remarriage. Many Moslems pass their whole lives with one wife, sixty years in one case I knew of, and we may be sure that they were happy. A woman cannot divorce a man for any reason whatsoever, which I believe was the case also in England until very recent times, by the way.

If my readers could ask questions, I know they would say: "How about sheiks?" Alas for the Egyptian sheik, or "sheich," as he calls himself! The sheich is nothing but the chief man of the village, or the community, or the household. The word means originally "old man," and such he often is. The kind of person of whom my readers are thinking does however exist. The Arab lover, in the words of the poet, does almost "die when he loves." His love-poetry and song are most burning and extravagant. He cannot keep his business to himself.



Peasant family. My host, the sheik, with his family of four generations, seated with exact reference to age and rank.

It is a healthy sign when a nation is sufficiently interested in art that the people are ready to fly to arms over the subject. It implies that Americans can become enthusiastic over something besides stocks and bonds. Time was, not so long ago, when there was no American art. Now every village common boasts of the supposed likeness of an alleged hero.

# Is There Iconoclasm in America?

By CARSON C. HATHAWAY

THE average American regards any Greek statue as "art" but he receives the work of his own countrymen with distinct reservations. As he has never seen Messrs. Zeus or Apollo, he accepts them on faith but on the subject of twentieth-century statesmen, no sculptor can deceive him.

One of the first statues in this land was unveiled in New York City in 1770. It was an equestrian model of King George III. Shortly afterward, American patriots melted his royal highness into bullets. This fate was prophetic of the treatment to be accorded to many another work of art.

The second New York statue was that of William Pitt, dedicated in 1770. When British soldiers occupied the city, they cut off Pitt's head and arms, in which condition he remains to this day.

Thus was sculpture welcomed to the New World. For a time the pioneers were busy clearing forests and exterminating Indians—occupations not conducive to creative art.

One of the most noteworthy of the early sculptors was Horatio Greenough, born in 1805. He attended Harvard, later journeying to Rome to study art. His success with a group of cherubs designed for James Fenimore Cooper attracted Congressional attention and he was given a commission for a statue of George Washington.

Opposite the White House, stands Clarke Mills' famous statue of Andrew Jackson, which has created a furor of discussion. He boasted that, "It is the first equestrian statue in the world ever self-poised on the hind feet." For more than seventy years the Presidents of the United States have viewed *Jackson* from the White House door.

Protests aiming at its removal have been unavailing. It was argued that it was inappropriate to have a statue of Jackson in a park dedicated to Revolutionary heroes.

"Why not solve the problem," critics said, "by adding Washington and subtracting Jackson?"

At the mere suggestion, fiery indignation meetings were held in Tennessee. Andrew still waves his hat from on high.

All sculptors seem to insist on including Lincoln in their repertoire. Three years after his assassination, a statue of him by Lot Flannery was unveiled. Placed on a towering column, the statue was dwarfed. Flannery explained, "I lived in gloom following the assassination and I resolved to place it so high that no assassin's hand could ever again strike him down."

Although the statue was frequently criticized, it remained until 1919, when it was stored away. Some of the old inhabitants who had contributed funds toward its erection were still living in Washington and their views were more forceful than artistic. Congress itself directed that Flannery's *Lincoln* should be restored.

George Gray Barnard stirred up an international controversy with his Lincoln statue to be erected in Cincinnati. But when it was suggested that the work be presented to England a verbal battle was on.

"Respect seems to require that the statues should not be freaks of fancy which might, with few alterations, serve as figures of Ichabod Crane."

"Mr. Barnard has given us his vision of Lincoln, personal, human, absolutely sincere." And so on.

A compromise was effected. To London, a copy of Saint-Gaudens' *Lincoln* was dispatched, while Barnard's was unveiled in Manchester.

Frederick MacMonnies was assailed for his striking group entitled *Civic Virtue*, in New York City. The women discovered that it represented a youth standing over two prostrate maidens. It was announced that it had been carved from the largest single block of marble used by a sculptor since the days of Michel Angelo's *David*. Just as the *David* was set upon and stoned by angry mobs when it was being hauled through the streets of Rome, so *Civic Virtue* was assailed by a volley of verbal missiles.

"The same thing happened years ago when my *Bacchante* was refused by Boston," said MacMonnies. The woman had a bunch of grapes in her hand and they said it was the figure of a drunken woman.

Eventually, after public hearings had been conducted to determine the propriety of the group, it was formally accepted by the city of New York. Virtue still stands supreme.

In Washington, a monument designed by Adelaide Johnson had been presented to the National Capitol. It consisted of a huge marble block surmounted by busts of three famous suffrage leaders, Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Lucretia Mott.

After the monument had rested in Statuary Hall, in the Capitol, it was quietly announced that the block was so heavy that its presence would endanger the safety of the building. It was, therefore, consigned to the dim corridors of the basement where it is still visited by admiring delegations of suffrag-ists and -ettes.

To honor the memory of a prominent Washingtonian, a statue was installed representing a nude maiden petting a fawn.

Said the natives, between gasps, "The Judge would never have approved. He was a good Baptist. He will turn over in his grave about it."

One of the most unusual of modern controversies over a work of art has arisen over the merits of the idea expressed by the proposed Navy-Marine Memorial to be erected in Washington in memory of Americans lost at sea. The monument represents a huge wave of the sea over which seven sea gulls are poised. The birds are connected by an ingenious system of wiring so that they seem to be hovering over the waves.

"Sea gulls!" some critics have exclaimed. "How inappropriate. They are the scavengers of the waters. They are neither majestic nor beautiful."

"So are all birds scavengers," an answer has come, "including the famous American eagle, which we are proud to call our national bird."

So the controversies rage on. The generals on fiery steeds who adorn our public parks were not more daring than the dauntless sculptors who fly in the face of public opinion. No doubt the artists would do well to follow the example of the ancients and concentrate on gods and goddesses. American sculptors, however, with characteristic boldness, seldom behold a fat old politician waddling down Main street without being seized with an impulse to perpetuate his memory.

Perhaps some day, if our civilization falls, there may be buried a Venus de Chicago or an Apollo à la Kalamazoo that will persuade some distant peoples that we accomplished something really worth while.

# Iconoclasm in America

In illustration of the article facing this page



BARNARD'S representation of Lincoln, which was satisfactory for Cincinnati, but which became a storm center before it could be decided to present a copy to England.

LOWER center—Marine memorial created by Ernesto dei Pratta honoring Americans lost at sea.



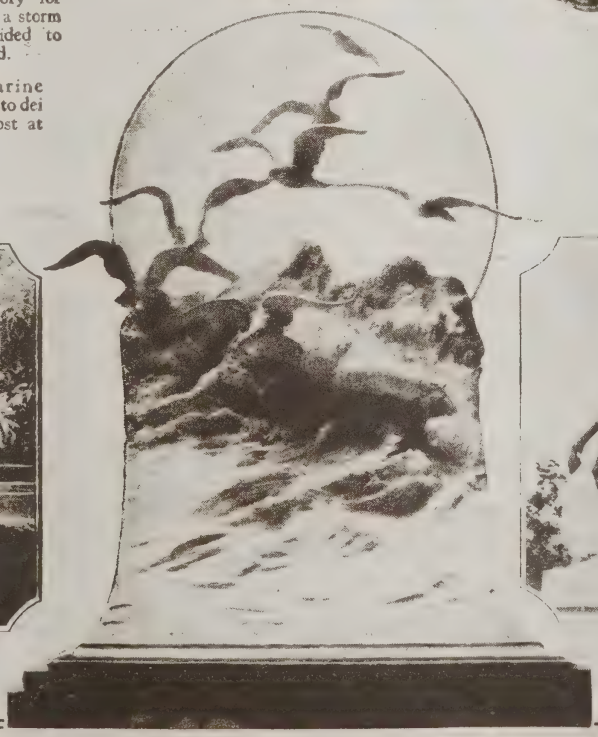


THE statue above was winner in a competition for a memorial to Judge Joseph Darlington, of Washington. His friends opposed it, but sculptor Jannewein said, "Better to represent the maiden as she came from her Creator than her dressmaker."

LEFT—George Washington by Horace Greenough, whose training in Rome inspired him to garb the President in the fashion of the old Roman gods. America greeted the statue enthusiastically, in the belief that it represented the Father of His Country at Valley Forge. It remained at the Capitol for a few years, but is now at the Smithsonian Institution.



THE suffrage group which one critic said made the women look as though they were emerging from the tub.





ANDREW JACKSON, the first equestrian statue made to stand on its own hind legs.

THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL

"UNTIL the great continent of America permitted peaceful and almost complete disruption of the folkways of the peoples from which the American colonists had come . . . . . the shell of old societies had always to be disrupted by violence in order that the society that had formed within them might come consciously into being. In the five generations since the new American society came into being, numerous new European, South American and Asiatic societies have, by violence, broken the shells of the societies within which they had formed . . . . . Change should never, henceforth, have to be sudden, violent, mechanical. It should be slow, continuous, organic."—JESSE LEE BENNETT—*The Essential American Tradition* (G.H.Doran Co.,N.Y.).

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

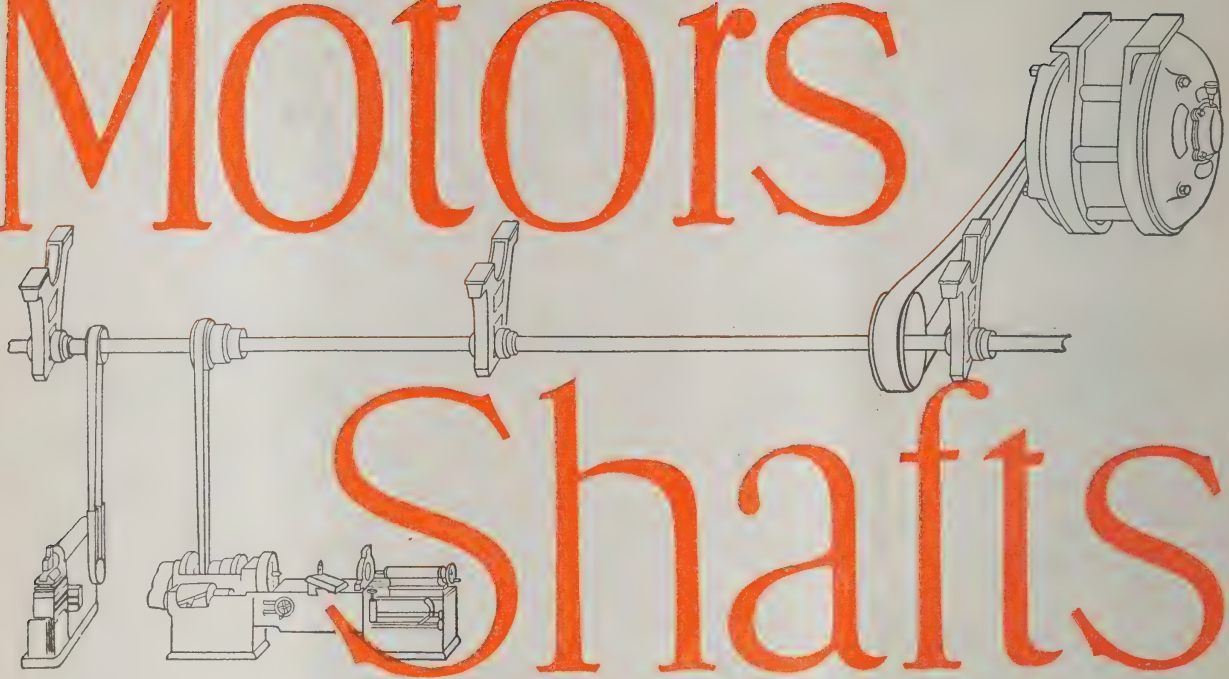
Vol. 26 No. 10 DECEMBER 26, 1925 $1.50 a Year



JAMES GRAHAM AT THE "PORTAL OF THE TEMPLE OF HEALTH."—*See Page 21.*

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

# Motors Shafts Machines



Power is applied with Timken Tapered Roller Bearings in electric motors. Power is carried on Timken Bearings in shaft hangers and pillow blocks. Power is at work in Timken-equipped machinery of every sort.

Along the whole path of production Industry economizes with Timken Bearings. They remove the drain of excess friction. Starting and running load is less. Lubrication becomes a petty item. Output is increased and improved.

Basic charges also shrink. Lighter power units and lighter belts are possible. Depreciation is halted by the faultlessly preserved position of Timken-mounted shafts, gears, and pulleys. Replacement is postponed by the extreme endurance of special Timken steel.

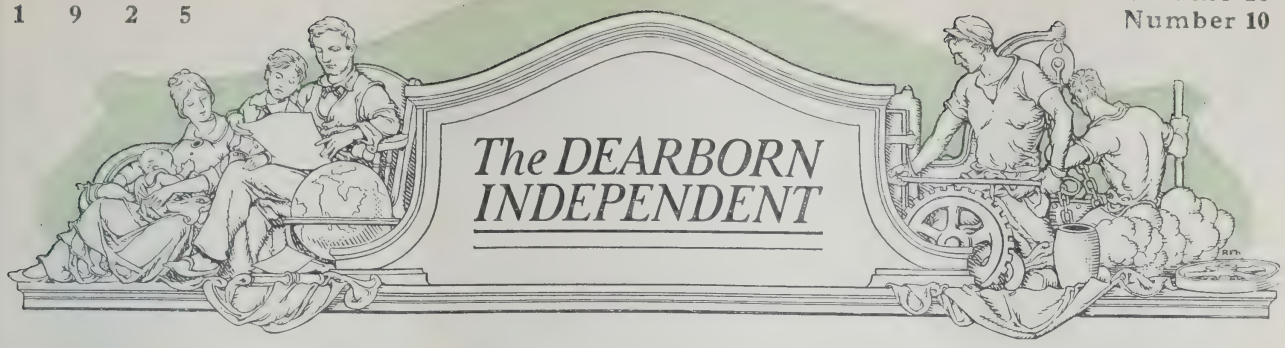
Throughout industry Timkens are used more and more extensively. In every type of plant Timkens can be used more and more intensively — for economical prime power, for economical power transmission, for employing power economically in every type of mechanical equiment.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., *CANTON, OHIO*

**TIMKEN** *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

December 26
1 9 2 5

Volume 26
Number 10



The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

# The Essence of This Issue:

Mr. Ford's Page this week is a discussion of the two ways of winning wisdom.

We definitely guarantee that if you read this week's DEARBORN INDEPENDENT you will be a more widely informed person; you will have a deeper reservoir of thought-stuff; you will have a broader vision.

First comes a Big American Story—one that has been much neglected. The Teapot Dome exposure began with a little country editor down in New Mexico. It cost him his liberty, it nearly cost him his life, he is now indicted for murder. A sensational disclosure of conditions in that part of the country. A proof that truth is stranger than fiction. Read this Carl Magee story and see what can happen in one corner of this country. (p. 2)

Mr. Coolidge, when a boy, made wooden cabinets. The work was carefully done, but the material was quite ordinary. That's one thing. Another: Calvin Coolidge doesn't know a thing that President Coolidge intends to do. His official self has no confidences with his personal self. That is what this publicist says, anyway. (p. 4)

Why not camels of the prairies? A sensible question before the motor car era. Even in the Sahara the motor supersedes the camel. But 70 years ago Jefferson Davis, then United States Secretary of War, introduced camels into Texas. (p. 19)

Can every race use democracy? Or is democracy a racial trait? It is probably right to say, the race that achieves democracy is worthy of it. Popular government works well among those people who evolved it. If it fails among those peoples who never grew it, does it not indicate the racial quality in democracy? (p. 7)

Emma Lyon was a nurse-girl, whom a medical charlatan made Vestina, Goddess of Health, and whom fate made Lady Hamilton, and whom Admiral Nelson made his affinity. Somehow, her inclusion as a "romantic rascal" seems harsh. But let that be. Many people have heard of Nelson's Lady Hamilton who have not heard her story. (p. 21)

Here is a stirring tale of the lure of gold—not of money, mind you, but gold. How can we measure the lure of gold in drawing men far abroad to inhabit the waste places and make them flourish? "The gold rush," the "gold fever" have been events of tragedy and glory, but always of immense historic and social significance. (p. 12)

The great nation to the north of us retains very dignified parliamentary forms; indeed, the royal system remains with many a colorful and impressive detail. Yet within this stately form the plain people practice an effective self-rule. (p. 24)

Is there a yellow race? Some say, yes, at once. Others are not so sure. The rising interest in race makes the matter important. There is reason to believe that the biggest racial discovery science has made is that we still have practically everything to learn about race on the biological side. On the historical and language side we know enough to cast doubt on much that has been taught us. One thing that a racial consciousness brings is a sense of relationship that overflows nationalist barriers. Too long have people of the same race fought each other in the belief that national borders made them a different people. (p. 5)

Professor Karpinski says that the principles of Americanism are Puritan and were documented for the first time by the Pilgrim Fathers who were, to all intent and purpose, what is meant today by Puritan. They gave form not only but character to America, and so it has remained and will remain. A study of the first appearances of American principles in formal writing. (p. 29)

China, now a land of unrest, is still the land of vast romance. China's Drum Tower is the subject of one of Mrs. L. M. Cramer's articles. (p. 8)

## CONTENTS

He Licked Fall in His Own Paper - - - - - 2
*William L. Stidger*
The President and Mr. Coolidge - - - - - 4
*Samuel Howe*
Is There Such a Thing As a Yellow Race? - - 5
*John Sloan*
Democracy Not for All Races - - - - - - 7
Mingling Modern With Ancient in China - - 8
*L. M. Cramer*
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
Tragedy of the Great Gold Rushes - - - - 12
*J. V. Nash*
Literary Memories: Writers and Publishers of Yesterday—*Thomas L. Masson* - - - 16
Jefferson Davis Brought Camels to U. S. - - 19
"Romantic Rascals"—Emma Lyon - - - - 21
*Charles J. Finger*
In the Gallery of the Canadian House - - - 23
*E. L. Chicanot*
The Men of the *Mayflower* as Fathers of the Republic—*Louis C. Karpinski* - - - - 29

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer;
C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

This is the last number of the year. The best part of such a time is that it enables us to look back a year and see if progress has been made. Magazine progress is of many kinds; it can show in appearance; or in the increased circle of its friends; or in the greater variety, depth and quality of the published material. We think our new form makes for better appearance; we know our circle of readers steadily increases; we trust our material grows progressively better. And as the old year rings out we broadcast to every reader and every friend and everyone else

**A Happy New Year!**

SINGLE COPY, TEN CENTS. Subscription price in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies, $1.50 a year; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year.

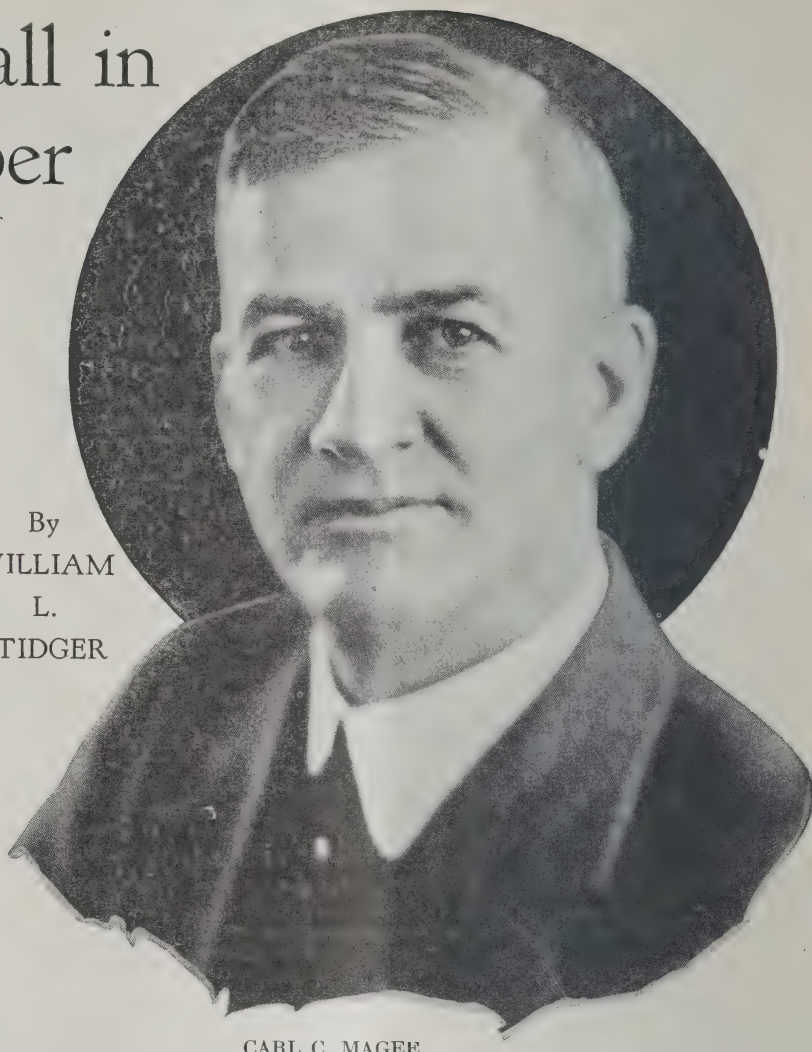
CHANGE OF ADDRESS. 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill.

# He Licked Fall in His Own Paper

## The Man Who Blew Up the Teapot

Honest editor—Sunday school teacher, now indicted for murder—starts exposure that amazes the nation.

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER



CARL C. MAGEE.

"DID you ever hear of Carl Magee?" a western friend asked me.

"Carl Magee is the fellow who smashed the Fall political ring, accidentally killed a man in doing it, a fellow who teaches a Sunday school class, edits a paper, and is credited with starting the famous Teapot Dome investigations—here's a man—look him up!"

I looked him up for an interview. He was coming through Kansas City. He had just returned from burying his son, Carl Magee, Jr., whose airplane had fallen two weeks before in Tulsa. He is tall, angular, dark-skinned, with deep-set eyes and shaggy hair; most people would think of Lincoln at first glimpse of his face.

He comes of an unusual family, of the quartet of Magee boys. One is a Methodist minister in Kansas City, one a Methodist minister in Seattle, one a millionaire oil operator in Oklahoma, and Carl Magee, the subject of this inquiry, is an editor.

When I interviewed him, this battling giant was a bit broken. Now and then, as he talked of Carl, junior, his strong jaw trembled a little, his deep eyes filled with tears. I found it hard to believe that I was talking with a man who had been the storm center of a nation's fight for freedom of the press, and the rights of the common people; a man who had fought one of the most strongly entrenched political rings this nation ever knew, a ring backed by the assets of one of the richest oil companies on the face of the earth. I could hardly conceive of this quiet-voiced man having fought with his fists, battling his way through unfair trials, suffering personal assaults time and again, jailed and bruised; now under indictment for murder because a stray shot from his gun in an unprovoked altercation and assault killed a boy who was trying to help him.

As we sat in his preacher brother's study one would have taken Carl Magee for the preacher, and his brother for the editor and the fighter. It was when Carl Magee got to telling of how many friends he had in Tulsa, Oklahoma, where his son fell to his death, that the break came in the features of this iron man.

"We had lived in Tulsa for years before I got into this Fall fight. We had to go to Albuquerque for my wife's health. I don't care much about anything but my wife and children, so we gave up everything and moved."

I learned from his brother what the "everything" phrase really meant.

Carl Magee had a large part in starting the school system in Tulsa. He was president of the Y. M. C. A. He was on the school board from the time the system had seven teachers until it had a hundred teachers. He was always on the board of the Chamber of Commerce. He went to Tulsa when it had a population of 1,800 and he left when it had a population of 125,000. He taught a men's Bible class in Tulsa for years.

Then started the story that the American people should know. Carl Magee told it in jerks.

After burying his roots deeply in the soil of Tulsa it was necessary to leave his lifelong friends and go to Albuquerque for the sake of his wife's health.

What was he to do now? Buy a newspaper, and try out some ideas he had been working around in his head. Tell the truth in it and see how it would work.

Curiously enough he bought his first newspaper from Albert B. Fall, of Three Rivers, New Mexico. Fall has had many an hour to regret that sale. Fall evidently was not a good reader of character or he might have known that a man with the Magee chin could not be bossed, could not be intimidated, could not be bought.

But Magee could not buy that paper without going to New York to see the real owners. The Albuquerque *Morning Journal*, he learned, had been purchased by a group of railroad men for the one purpose of electing Albert Fall to the United States Senate. With that little task successfully completed, they didn't have any further interest in the paper. It had served its purpose; it was in the market for sale.

"It cost me $115,000 to get that paper and $25,000 of the money went to Fall himself. I had to borrow from the banks to swing the deal," said Carl Magee.

"Fall was anxious that I should get a good start as an editor so he told me the inside dope on the political situation in New Mexico.

"He told me that New Mexico was two-thirds Spanish-speaking; that the juries are made up nine-tenths of Spanish-speaking persons; that in a trial all English-speaking witnesses must have an interpreter to convey their testimony to the jury; that most white men, 'even a white editor' if he gets into trouble, have to be tried by a Spanish jury. There was a curious threat about this statement of Fall's. He told me that the whole political ring was in New Mexico based on the old Spanish Don system. New Mexico, he explained, had been preëmpted by these Spanish Dons who had kept the peons and Indians in subjection for years. There are certain water holes in New Mexico and the man who controls these water holes controls the votes, for the common people must have water for life and soil and other things necessary for subsistence.

" 'And just as the Dons control the voters, so we control the Dons,' Fall said. 'We have learned how. We do just what we —— please in this state.'

"Needless to say, I went away from that interview disgusted with Albert Fall and the system of political dishonesty and exploitation of the people of New Mexico. I resolved that I would seek the truth about this iniquity and expose it to the world if it killed me—and it has nearly killed me several times."

"What do you mean, that it has nearly killed you?"

He answered quickly: "I mean that I have been beaten within an inch of death several times. I have been shot at. I have been in prison—and I am now under indictment for the accidental death of a boy who was trying to defend me when I was attacked by an ex-judge whom I had defeated for reëlection. It began with Fall.

"I had hardly got the paper in my own hands when I attacked the management of the land office because it was not run honestly. The end and aim of that land office was to help the political machine.

" 'Fall will get you yet if you don't watch out!' said some friends. They had hardly given me this warning when Fall himself roared into my office like a New Mexico cyclone. He banged one of my editorials down on my desk and shouted 'You lay off this! You lay off this!'

"I told him to mind his own business; that the paper was no longer his.

" 'That's all right. But you lay off of this land office or you'll be smashed to bits—just as if a train had run over you!'




Office building *New Mexico State Tribune*, Albuquerque.

"I knew that I was in for a real fight. But I did not know what a cut-throat crowd I was battling. I didn't know that they would stop at nothing; that murder was a favorite weapon; and that imprisoning a man with a crowd of Mexicans and having his eyes gouged out was one of their pet stunts; since it could be covered up by reporting that this gentle accident had happened in a jail brawl. The full truth of it came sooner than I expected, as you will find later in my story.

"One night I was driving in my machine when a man with a rifle stepped up and stopped me. I thought he was an officer.

" 'Come with me, you —— skunk!'

"I didn't move but said: 'Are you an officer?'

" 'Come on or I'll fill your —— hide full of holes!'

" 'It's more comfortable here in my own car,' I said to him, and at that minute another automobile came swinging around the curve.

"The fight was on all right and I was hounded at every turn. I kept up my running fire of editorials. One day I took my little daughter who was then eleven to see the capitol building in Santa Fé. As we walked through the capitol building a big husky fellow, employed in the building, without warning, hit me on the jaw. I sailed in. Nobody tried to stop us for everybody there knew what he was trying to do and who had told him to do it. That time I got the best of it—but not in the rest of the fights.

"They tried to 'get' me through the banks. They knew that I had borrowed heavily. Once notice came from the bank that a note I had for $60,000 would not be renewed. I went to my subscribers, told them that the gang was trying to shut me up and now had got at me through the banks. I took my troubles to the people like this five different times, asked them to buy bonds at $250 each, and every time they saved me from the banks.

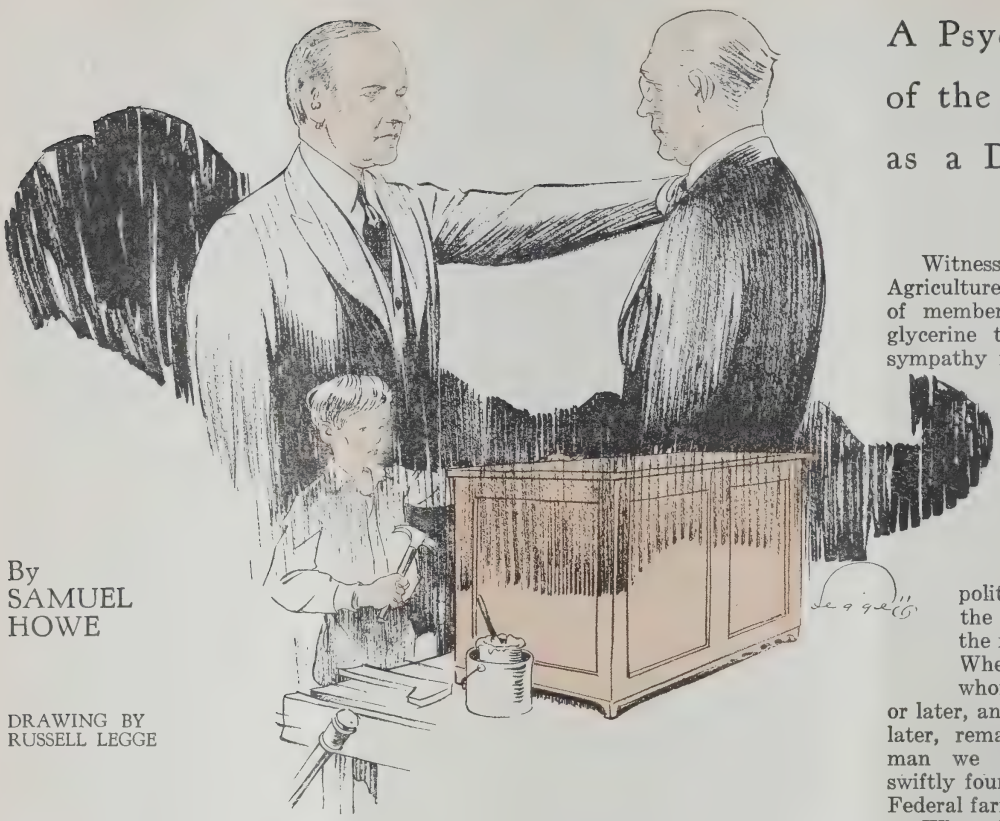
"Fall was back of this attempt to foreclose. He had promised to smash me, but he didn't succeed that time because the people stood by me. They felt that at last they had a champion. Five editors had been crushed preceding me.

"I didn't state things in a general way; I made them specific. I said: 'Mr. ———— (naming him by name) has embezzled three thousand dollars of the state's money and I can prove it!' That gave the

(*Continued on page 26*)



The lobby of the Meadow Hotel, Las Vegas, where the struggle between Leahy and Magee took place.



By SAMUEL HOWE

DRAWING BY RUSSELL LEGGE

# The President and Mr. Coolidge

## A Psychological Study of the Chief Executive as a Dual Personality

IN THE very early eighties a little ten-year-old Yankee boy made a little cabinet.

Other lads might content themselves with building miniature boats or carving watch charms out of peach stones, but this lad was by choice a cabinet builder. He selected and matched every bit of wood that was used. He made sure that it was all sound, free from knots and other imperfections. He alone planned the four full-width drawers, with two above, side by side, each half the width of those below. It was his throughout, every bit of it his own doing. His father still cherishes that cabinet. It was the work of his little son.

The ten-year-old cabinet builder is now the President of the United States. He has had to deal, and still deals, with cabinet-making difficulties far more harassing than those he solved in his boyhood. He couldn't build "from the ground up." He had to take over a job of another's planning, "as was." Some of the wood already in place was warped, knotty and unsound. He had to patch here, and cut out there, and replace. A good workman, taking joy and pride in his craftsmanship, President Coolidge must often have yearned for the freedom of circumstance he knew when, at the age of ten, he was building a cabinet.

Wherefore it is that when a piece of his cabinet drops out of the frame or is pried out, President Coolidge raises circumspection to the *nth* degree. It is true that when President Harding died and Mr. Coolidge succeeded to the presidency, he didn't give Secretary of the Treasury Mellon a chance to go through the accustomed form of submitting his resignation. Mr. Mellon at the time was in Europe and President Coolidge promptly cabled him to the effect that it was his duty to the people of the United States to remain at the head of the Treasury Department.

President Coolidge acted with celerity in that case, but his White House disposition never has been what could be defined as confiding or impulsive. If there are any who feel able to testify that the President is forever pursuing them with his confidence and eagerly whispering his secrets in their reluctant ears, let them hold up their right hands and be forsworn. The opposing fact is that the President doesn't even tell his secrets to Mr. Coolidge. The President can come to a decision, tuck that decision away in one of his neatly arranged mental presidential compartments and let it remain there, hidden even from Mr. Coolidge, until he is ready to take it out for renewed examination. So he guards against even telepathic intrusion.

Witness the case of Secretary of Agriculture Jardine. When a number of members of Congress, moved to glycerine tears by their professional sympathy for the farmer, were introducing bills for the suspension of the arithmetical tables and providing that "two and two shall make five," Mr. Jardine stood erect on his Kansas heath and answered the "what-shall-we-do-for-the-farmer?" political shrieks by saying that the best thing o do for the farmer was to let him alone. Whereupon Mr. Hoover, to whom all things come sooner or later, and usually much sooner than later, remarked aloud, "Here is the man we want," and Mr. Jardine swiftly found himself functioning on a Federal farm commission.

When there came a vacancy in the Cabinet and President Coolidge faced the problem of choosing a Secretary of Agriculture Mr. Jardine was nobly indorsed and extensively reindorsed. He came to Washington to appear before the House Agricultural Committee, then holding hearings at the instance of the political "for-Godsakers." The news began to seep around Washington that Jardine was to be appointed. The Kansas crowd felt very sure of it. Mr. Jardine himself began inquiry about Washington house rents and the price of round steak. When the President sent for him, as he did, the Kansan had a neat little speech memorized, based on the well-known formula, "I accept the appointment as a call to service." He didn't get a chance to deliver it. The President talked about the farmers and Jardine talked about the farmers, but nobody talked Cabinet. The President would not and Jardine could not.

Only a professional and highly trained psychologist could do interpretative justice to Mr. Jardine's disappointed state of mind when he packed his suit case and started back to Kansas. Only such an expert could properly analyze Mr. Jardine's reflections as he counted the telegraph poles flying past and thought of the frailty of human hope, the inutility of political ambition. It was only after Mr. Jardine had carried the carefully wrapped remains of his expectations clear back to Kansas that announcement was made at the White House that Mr. Jardine had been appointed Secretary of Agriculture. Secretive? President Coolidge? Not so! To be merely (Concluded on page 20)

The origin of the so-called "yellow race" has been for centuries one of the greatest ethnological puzzles. Now comes a celebrated Sinologue, who has spent the past quarter of a century studying the Chinese in China, with the flat declaration that there is no yellow race: that it and, probably, the red also, are merely mulattoes, modified by inbreeding of ages. The majority of ethnologists and anthropologists, however, still hold that there are three main divisions of man—white, black and yellow.

This article will be read with interest by readers who wish to be up-to-date on this important question.

# Is There Such a Thing as a Yellow Race?

By JOHN SLOAN

TWENTY-FIVE years ago a small man with letters enough back of his name to start a new alphabet went quietly out of the University of the Sorbonne, in Paris, with a one-way ticket to China. Reaching Hongkong, that man disappeared into the interior, and, with the exception of a few widely separated and brief visits to the outside world, he has been there ever since. On foot, on muleback, on canal boats and on camels, he has traveled more than twice the distance around the world, all in China. He has been the first white man to visit more remote tribes than he has fingers and toes. He has surmounted mountains and deserts and rivers, and not even revolutions nor civil wars were able to stop him. By what seemed a common consent, governmental and revolutionary leaders passed him, while bandit chieftains helped him on his way. Lordly Manchus and lowly lamas alike gave him assistance and he learned the great Gobi Desert and the twisted trails of the mountains of Tibet as well as the streets of Pekin.

The objective he sought was knowledge of the source of the Chinese as a race. He wanted to learn whence came the yellow man, and by what ethnological roads he arrived. In the quarter of a century of his study he has penetrated every province and has visited every town of more than 500 inhabitants in the vast republic, which he saw change from an empire overnight.

Now, in 1925, he has come out of China, with the results of his study—results with which probably few ethnologists will agree, yet which are as interesting as is this man who has passed twenty-five years out of the middle of his life alone in the midst of four hundred million people not overly friendly to the white races of the world.

His name is A. Legendre. He prefers to be known merely as a Sinologue—a student of the Chinese and their culture. Certainly, he has earned his right to this title, but he is going back to China, to learn more of the Chinese than he has been able to learn in the years since 1900. Yet he seems to have gathered enough to set the scientific world arguing until he returns again, even though it be at the end of another quarter of a century.

"There is no such thing as a 'yellow race,'" he says. "There never have been more than two divisions of man—the black man and the white man. The so-called 'yellow man' is merely the product of centuries of mixture of whites with blacks, blacks with the resultant half-breeds, and whites with the cross productions of all three. In other words, the 'yellow race' is mulatto, as is also the 'red race,' long believed to be an offshoot of the yellow. The original Mongol was a white man; the Mongol of today is a mulatto."

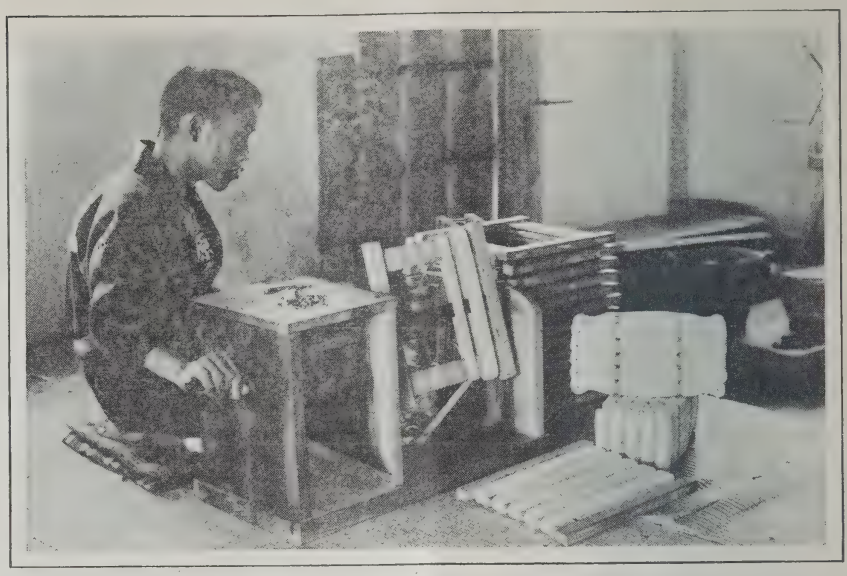
There are as many types of mankind in China as there are tribes, according to Dr. Legendre, and he has carefully limned—on an ethnological map—the comparative size, extent and number of each group. In Yu-Nan, he found the predominant Chinese to be white of skin, with long heads, thin, high noses, and an abundant growth of hair on their faces. In the lower part of Mongolia, the eastern end of Tibet and the northwestern section of China proper, he met with men and women almost pure negroid in color and characteristics. These people, few of whom are more than five feet in height, have dark skins, flat noses with the "cut-out" nostrils typical of the Negro, and hair "kinked" like that of the black man.




Outline map of the Chinese Republic, showing the areas of white, black and mulatto predominance in that country, including part of Eastern Turkestan and the northeastern section of Tibet, according to the results of Dr. Legendre's study of the so-called "yellow race" in all parts of China.

It is Dr. Legendre's opinion that all the people of China—and the other so-called "yellow races"—have passed through these transitionary stages, on their way from the original white and black stocks to their present yellow, brown and red colors.

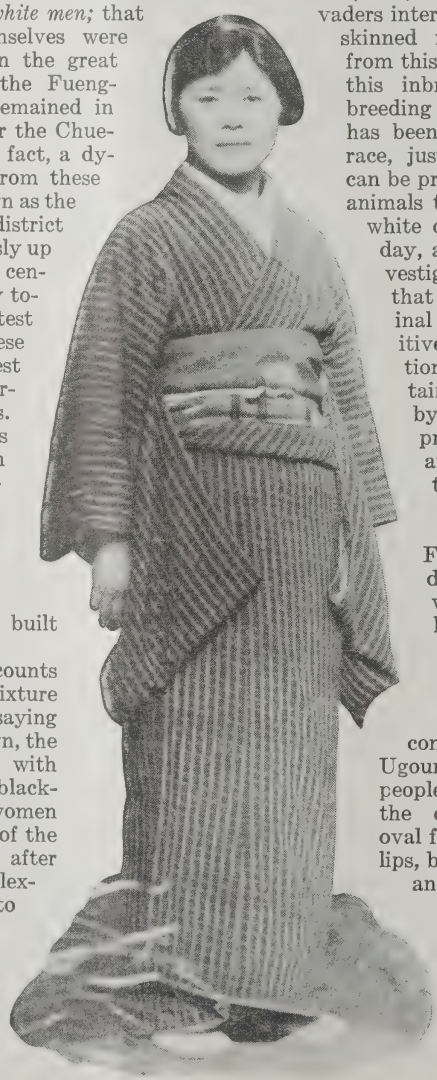
"In Shan-si Province, extreme Southern Mongolia, which has forever been the main route of migratory peoples moving both east and west through this part of Asia"—writes Dr. Legendre, in *L'Illustration*, of Paris—"I found that the people, prior to the Christian Era, and for the first century of that era, had suffered repeatedly from invasions by an enemy from the north whom they called 'Hion-Nu.' These were the Huns, thousands of whom settled in this section, and of whom more than 200,000 were slain by orders of the Mongol general Chue-Min, about A. D. 350. The records of this massacre say that these Hion-Nu wore beards and were blue-eyed."



The Japanese have traveled far from the original black-and-white cross which resulted in the so-called "yellow race," but here is a Japanese whose face and hands still present some evidences of remote negroid connections.

Further material gathered in this valley leads Dr. Legendre to say that Genghis Khan, Tamerlane and Attila, as well as other leaders of the migratory raids from the north into China and Europe, *were white men;* that the Mongols themselves were white, and that, in the great central valley of the Fueng-Ho River, Huns remained in numbers, even after the Chue-Min massacre. In fact, a dynasty descended from these Hion-Nu, and known as the Yuans, ruled this district of China continuously up to the late fifteenth century. In this valley today exists the greatest number of Chinese showing the strongest Aryan (white) characteristics and traits. For centuries, hordes of white men from Northern and Eastern Asia hammered on China, invading that great country and becoming absorbed into the vast mulatto race being built up there.

The explorer accounts for the original mixture of the races by saying that, as is well known, the invaders brought with them thousands of black-skinned men and women as servants; others of the black race came in after the movement of Alexander the Great to the banks of the Oxus. These blacks mixed with the tribes they found in China, and, in turn, the white invaders interbred with the light-skinned mulattoes resulting from this cross. Centuries of this inbreeding and cross-breeding have produced what has been named the yellow race, just as spotted cattle can be produced from parent animals that are either pure white or pure black. Today, according to this investigator, virtually all that remains of the original China and the primitive Chinese, is tradition, folklore and certain customs, still kept by the mixed bloods produced by the white and black penetrations.



Japanese woman who shows no indications of admixture of black blood, except for the minor factors of a nose flattened at the base and rather thick lips.

Dr. Legendre points out that the Duke Fa-a, founder of the dynasty of Tcheou, which endured nearly 800 years, from 1050 to 256 B. C., maintained himself by, and left to his successors, an army composed of Turks and Ugours. Both these peoples are white, with the characteristic long, oval faces, thin noses and lips, blue, horizontal eyes, and a tendency to beards. They added their quota of white blood to the mixed racial structure being built up in China. The Emperor Che Hoang Ti, founder of the T'sin dynasty, was a Sarmat (Persian) and he maintained a large entourage of his countrymen at his court, whence many of them spread white blood through China.

"After the opening of the Christian Era," says Dr. Legendre, "China was divided a number of times by white tribes from Mongolia and Manchuria. The rulers of the districts of China, in an effort to conciliate these warlike descendants of the Huns, gave the white men huge grants of lands and other concessions, as well as to the Turko-Iranians, who also invaded the country." The newcomers settled on these grants, made millions of unions with the women of the country, through whose veins black blood flowed, and thus still more white racial influence was added to the Chinese. Traces of these Turko-Iranians and of the Semites as well can be found to this day in Shan-si and throughout Northern China, particularly in Upper Mongolia and Manchuria.

"This enforced penetration of the white race into a country largely peopled by mulattoes and negroid peoples, was not only military," continues Dr. Legendre, "but also affected learning and religion. The first century of the Christian Era saw the introduction of Buddhism into China, and a general transformation of the arts in that empire. Recent discoveries in Chinese (east) Turkestan, and in Ho-Nan, Central China, indicate that it was through Hellenic influences in these sections that Greek art was first introduced to China, India and Japan. It is well known that Alexander the Great was responsible for bringing the Greek masters of art and music to India. Again, in the fourteenth century, there was a renaissance of art, literature and poetry, which we are now able to prove was promoted by Kublai Khan, the Mon-

(Concluded on page 28)

# Democracy Not for All Races

## Some Countries Respond to Popular Government; Dictatorships Succeed in Others

MOST political thinkers have long rejected the idea that democratic forms of government can be successfully applied to all races of men. Undoubtedly no small part of the post-war chaos in the Orient has been the result of the unwise work of American and ally propagandists during the war, who preached democratic formulas to the "lesser breeds" to counteract German propaganda.

***Democracy in Other Races Is Different***

But the problem of democracy in relation to the other races is something quite different from the problem of democracy in the West. The new skepticism is growing and acquiring formidable credentials, but I believe it is based on a misconception of the problem.

The new doubters of democracy in Britain and America have been pointing to the violent revulsion against democratic forms and methods in Russia and Italy, the growing atrophy of political parties and the creeping paralysis that has attacked legislative bodies even in the homelands of parliamentarianism.

If these manifestations are analyzed, however, the failures of popular governments to solve post-war problems will be found not to inhere in democracy or constitutionalism. There is no reason to lose faith in popular government *among those peoples who evolved it.* If it is not working well *among those peoples who never grew it,* that proves what has been known all along to those who have looked below the surface. Popular governmental forms in Eastern and to some extent in Latin countries have never had any deep significance. Underneath the *imported* parliamentary institutions of Latin countries, the old social framework coming straight down from the Roman Empire and embedded in the still dominant Roman law and police system survived. Government has been personal and dictatorial where efficient in such countries. Mexico did well under Diaz and Italy will probably live under Mussolini, because Caesarism is in the blood of the people and imprinted on all their social customs and institutions. *Popular government is the product of racial habits as expressed in racial traditions, manners and methods.* It cannot be created by conventions, documents, or fiat.

***The East Side Oligarchy Which Rules Russia***

The oligarchy which came up from the social sewers of the East Side of New York and imposed itself on the Oriental masses of Russia, after ousting the outworn Romanoff dynasty and its mush-minded successors of the Kerensky régime, has had to ask truce and charity of the popular governments of the West, whose destruction it proclaims.

* * *

Many modern discoveries turn out on examination to be new forms of stating old knowledge. The fact that the army mental tests showed that a huge majority of individuals possess only mediocre intellectual powers in comparison to the dynamic minority who lead, is *not* a *discovery.* It merely states in more or less dubious mathematical form a fact that has always been true. Men of sense have always been aware of it—however little many may have esteemed it expedient to emphasize the fact. Men of executive ability and with the gifts of leadership have always been keenly aware of the fact that the majority must be *led,* but they have also realized that one of the best ways to *lead* is to *enhance the faith of the led in themselves.*

Popular government in America has worked rather well for a century and more. It has worked well in Western Europe. *There is no reason to believe that the percentages of intellectual ability revealed by the army mental tests have varied much since Runnymede or the Long Parliament.* Here and there in America, principally in the cities, where the deluge of new peoples who have never evolved the habits of self-government has swamped the earlier types who had, democracy may be breaking down. But its failures are not due to the "intelligence ratings" of the newcomers, be they better or worse than those of the older breeds. The cause of the change is found in their different racial traditions, emotions, habits and *modes* of thought. This brings us to the core of the whole matter. *Success or failure of popular government is not primarily a matter of INTELLECTUAL capacity.*

***Success or Failure Not a Matter of Intellect***

Democracy does *not* depend on equality. If it did it would never have come into existence. For *equality* of intellectual endowment has never been even remotely approached by any group of mankind. The manifold chances for individual variation inherent in the modes of hereditary transmission of human characters make equality impossible.

Popular government—the rule of the majority—the determination "by the people" of the rules to be followed in the game of life—is a perfectly feasible scheme. Psychologists who are now stressing the inequality of individual intellectual capacities are forgetting the equally important discoveries made some years ago of the *startling equality of value in mass or group judgments.* Government is a matter of the mass—and hence the psychology of the group is of more importance in relation to politics and government than the psychology of the individuals composing the group.

Men acting in groups have a group psychology which is a distinct entity from the psychologies of the individuals composing the group. This is a difficult concept to grasp, but there is nothing better established in the whole realm of science or practical experience. The mental processes of a mob, a crowd, a nation, a congress or a jury are not the sum nor the composite result of the usual mental processes of the individuals composing those groups. Men in the mass reach a common level of mentality, because they inherit in common a large fund of ideas and feelings which are common to all the members of a race, just as the pigment of their skins or the shape of their skulls. Men acting as individuals display profound differences in intelligence and in mental processes and results.

***Democracies Get a Whack at Important Issues***

Men acting in groups—no matter what their individual capacities and processes may be—achieve results that are startlingly alike. There are laws of uniformity in such crowd action, some of which are being worked out by scientific investigators. It is certainly true that crowds approach equality as markedly as individuals display inequality.

But no matter how efficient professional politicians may be, in the long run democracies always get a whack at the important issues with the disguises stripped off. Then they settle them and settle them right. Democracy like the law "treads with leaden heel but strikes with iron hand." Certainly it is slow, but this very inertia is one of its virtues. If it *does* less than the more mobile autocracies and oligarchies, *it has much less to undo.* It has fewer achievements to its credit, so it has fewer mistakes and no disasters. Democracies have rotted from the moral decay of their peoples, but there is no record of a Democracy committing suicide in the fashion recently exemplified by the Prussian military order or the Czarist bureaucracy.

***Popular Instincts Prevail Over Propaganda***

This explains the apparently uncanny manner in which the popular instincts of the American people have prevailed over propaganda.



# Mingling Modern with Ancient in China

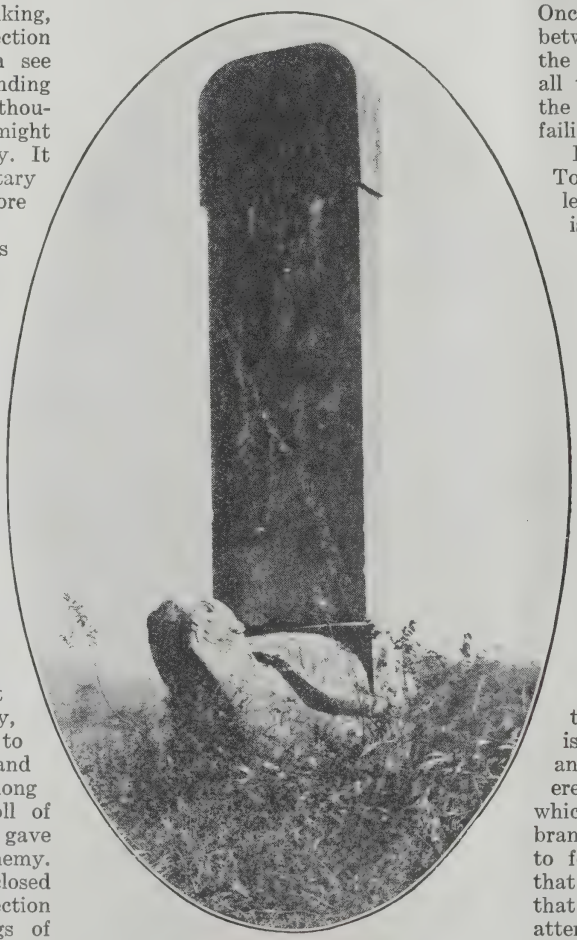
FROM one end of China to the other can be seen the splendid monuments of a bygone age, crumbling into decay for want of a "stitch" in the shape of repairs which would have saved China's wonderful old structures—temples, pagodas, city walls—to delight future generations. The exceptions to this rule have been very few, and usually, when repairs have been undertaken, the Chinese have made the mistake of modernizing whatever they have sought to repair, and the result has been ridiculous.

Take the Drum Tower of Nanking, for example. From every direction within the city walls one can see the massive Drum Tower, standing atop the hill known as Kulou. A thousand times I have wished that I might see it as it was in its greatest glory. It was erected in 1092 by military slaves of Che-tsung, 400 years before the discovery of America.

When the Drum Tower was new, it was used as a watch-tower, to guard Nanking against a surprise attack from an enemy horde. It also controlled the genii of wind, rain, thunder and lightning. The Augustan Sung, monarchial Yuan, magnificent Ming and autocratic Tsing dynasties, each in turn used its shrine for geomantic guidance. Marco Polo, in 1272, St. Francis Xavier, in 1528, and the elegant Ricci, in 1581, noted it, immortalizing its massive structure and unique architecture. Throughout the centuries poets and kings have added to its romance and fame.

The Drum Tower was built for military purposes primarily, but for two centuries no alarm to arm was sounded from it, and then, suddenly one night, the long silence was broken, and the roll of drums, sounded from the tower, gave warning of the approach of an enemy. The thirteen city gates were closed and barred. For further protection they were barricaded with bags of sand. Battalions of soldiers were posted on the city walls. From the Drum Tower the Ming, Tai Dzu, watched the battle between the two armies which took place near the river below, encouraging his men to victory by incessantly beating the great drum which gives the tower its name.

In times of peace the great drum was beaten through the night, once at sundown, once at sunrise, and at regular intervals to count the night watches—five times in all. It was also beaten to announce the approach of ambassadors and visitors of state.



The great stone turtle of Nanking.

But today its glory is spent. Today it is strung with electric lights. Its convex roof at night glistens with these lights—myriads of them—reminding one of the roofs of the places of entertainment at Coney Island.

A great stone turtle rests on the grounds of the Drum Tower. The turtle was erected by the people of Nanking more than four hundred years ago, commemorating a visit made by Kang Hsu. There is one story to the effect that the turtle was brought here for the purpose of obstructing the flow of intellect toward Soochow. Once there was great intellectual rivalry between Soochow and Nanking, and the former's candidates were winning all the honors in examinations, while the scholars of Nanking were steadily failing.

But these tales are of long ago. Today's story is different, and no less interesting. Today the turtle is held sacred by the majority of the people of the city, because of its supposed life-giving properties. These people go to the image when their children are ailing. They give their suffering little ones to the spirit of the turtle, symbolizing this by tying a cord about the neck of the creature, in the belief that death will not touch the child of so sacred an object.

There are other minglings of the ancient and modern in this old city, almost equally incongruous. From my east window I can look over to the campus of the University of Nanking. It is a Christian school, a mission school staffed about equally by foreign and native teachers. A new science building is being erected on that campus, and above the masonry have been erected great poles, to the top of which are fastened bunches of foliage—branches from bamboo trees. This is to fool the evil spirit into believing that a great forest has sprung up on that spot. An evil spirit will never attempt to go through a bamboo forest. The president of that university has vainly urged the folly of this.

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

THERE are two kinds of wisdom. In olden days they were called "the wisdom from above" and the wisdom from beneath. This description led people to think that the quality of one was good and of the other bad. But there is no bad wisdom. Any kind of error, whether of moral or method, whether intentional or knowing, is the negation of wisdom. There are no wise evildoers of any kind. They may be knowing, they may be clever, they may be "smart," but they are not wise. And on examination they are not so knowing nor so clever nor so smart, at that!

The older people, in noticing the two kinds of wisdom, or rather the two directions from which wisdom comes, thought that "the wisdom from above" was a mysterious gift from heaven, while the other was the product of more earthly levels. Of course, in all these things there is truth, if we can find it.

The "wisdom from above" that seems to be a gift is exemplified in the men who know without seeming to have to learn. Some men see through a situation where others see only as far as its first difficulty which to them seems insuperable. Some men get in a flash the secret of a situation while others are laboriously assembling its elements to find out what the situation really is.

The one knows; the other is learning.

This difference between men is often quite independent of their experiences since birth, or of what we call their "opportunities." We see men with hardly any experience at all, and sometimes with less than usual knowledge, exhibit a wisdom of attitude and judgment and action which compel a following. And then we see men who have had every opportunity to acquire experience and knowledge show by their actions that these do not constitute wisdom in any sense.

It is not possible reasonably to conclude, however, that the first class has never learned, or that the second class is not learning. One has arrived at a certain maturity, the other seems to be on the way. And this without any reference at all to their position in life.

With reference to the matters we have been discussing in this Page of late, namely, the ease with which some people are gulled, this distinction of wisdom has a practical application. Some people simply know fraud and impossible business judgment when they see it; others seem to be under the necessity of learning by painful contact with it, as a child learns the nature of fire by being burned.

That which is called "the wisdom from above" seemed to be the stored essence of previous experience; it has been attained and is ready for use. The other is still being attained by the process of experience.

The question then arises, is this higher wisdom obtainable for use by all? Can the mind at need send out and get it? There are those who unhesitatingly answer, yes. They say that under various figures. Some speak of it under the figure of prayer: "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that give h unto all men liberally; and it shall be given him. But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering."

Others speak of it under the figure of wireless: the universe is full of wisdom, it is the very expression of wisdom; if men put up their receivers they will receive it. This is true in experience. The fact of the universe comprises all our science and that is ever before us, being endlessly broadcast through the world of mind, as if in search of receivers. Man seems to be the receiver, the rationalizer and the transmitter of these things. Beauty, music, design, mechanics, vital truth are not created but perceived, received, by those who have antennae in the sphere of wisdom.

Others, still, attempt to give this experience a more scientific expression and speak of man as being equipped with invisible couriers which he can speed into the unknown to bring him back reports—the traveling part of his mind which may make expeditions into the world about and discover knowledge, which applied to the common concerns enlarges the environment of all the people. One idea, and the walls of experience are pushed back and widened.

In other words, those who will only plod may plod and come upon a little wisdom by the lower road, while those who will take the high road may come upon wisdom in larger degree and earlier. The low road is a rear-guard against mind-creatures falling below their natural estate. But the high road is the way mind-creatures were meant to take, and all will one day take.

Men live too far below their possibilities.

*CONTRARY to the old maxim, there is a royal road to wisdom. Hard knocks have place and value, but hard thinking goes farther in less time. There is a high road and a low road to wisdom. All that we call science and wisdom is all about us. As the air was filled with voices unheard of by us until we put up aerials and made receivers, so is all we need to live and to know in the universe; it is ours to make the contact. Awareness of it is the beginning of contact. Desire for it furthers the process. An attitude of discriminating receptivity is the beginning of advance on the higher road to knowing.*

**"Ford Ideals, "452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## 1925—1926

REVIEWS and Forecasts are the order of the day and will be amply attended by the historians and the prophets. The past year has been a good one in the material sense, the coming year has no visible—that is, no additional visible menace on its horizon. This does not indicate that we are over the border, out of the old era into the new. The world is still plagued by men who think that we must go back. The statesmen have no other vision than the reëstablishment of that which was. The mentality that is most largely articulate today is that which would forget or ignore that anything has happened to the world. The war was a wound of which many things in the world are still dying, and are not to be saved by any means whatever.

Most of the world's past fears of change have come of the long experience that change brought physical suffering. Changes are coming upon society but there is no indication of their being accompanied by hunger and homelessness. These things are not the necessary concomitants of change, though they are the inevitable consequences of destructiveness. Among races whose instincts are right and whose intelligence is sufficient for the task, the home fires are kept burning and the useful and necessary employments of life are maintained through the most epochal changes. Here in America it is impossible to foresee the daily life of the people break down.

This needs to be said both for the comfort of the fearful and the routing of the crass materialist who fancies that the world is safe if only the old order can be recaptured and set up again. It will not be set up. It will be thrown down more and more. And the more it is thrown down the more will the ideal-material age come in. Both our idealists and our materialists, in their separated status, are untrustworthy; the one forgets the source of his supper, the other forgets his soul. Both are one-winged things that can get nowhere. All the idealism we have is matter-based and all the materialism we have is idea-based; they are the male and female of life, subject to a sex war in philosophy, but one and undivided in experience. The weight of today's vision rises from the world which is called "materialistic." Where it does not so rise there is retrogression, with vast and needless human suffering.

The American outlook, therefore, is not that because no changes can be seen, no suffering may be feared. Changes are foreseen but suffering need not accompany them—indeed, will not, save some madness overtake us. "There's a Divinity that shapes our ends"; the Republic will fulfill its destiny. The air is filled with confused voices, but the voice of God is not the author of confusion.

## No Opinion on World Court

THERE is still no public sentiment in the United States for the World Court. Much work is being done for it, public officials are besieged in its behalf, signs multiply that the potent springs of political action are being touched, but still there is no public opinion. The people are not asking for the World Court—to say nothing of our membership in it; they have expressed no opinion on the World Court; if the United States becomes a member of the World Court it will be as impersonal to the people of the United States as a Presidential telegram of congratulation to the King of Siam on his birthday.

That is a fact. Not all the efforts of thoroughly regimented propaganda through the women's clubs, not all the idealistic preaching of misinformed and half-informed clergymen, not all the patter of unemployed minds that mistake a propagandist scheme of thought for the mighty tramp of world progress, can change it.

It is a fact of some significance, too. Our superior propagandists no longer seek to convince the people; they bring pressure to bear on political officials. Even the World Court cannot function without the moral support of the people who constitute it, and moral support is based on knowledge and conviction; these, however, do not seem to be wanted. Votes of officials alone are wanted; it is the machinery of the court, not the belief of the people in it, that is desired. Thus, there is no popular opinion on the subject. There is hardly any newspaper opinion on it. *And Congress ought to wait for a mandate from the people—not from the clubs and the salaried secretaries and the paid propagandists, but from the people.*

The people, indifferent as they may seem, are not so; reactionary as they may seem, are not so; provincial-minded as they may seem, are not so; they rightly distrust all the rigmarole of the false prophets of this disappearing era. They know by instinct that these are not the means and this is not the spirit upon which they can rely. It takes only a normal

amount of insight to understand that the strongest, most prophetic element in this whole situation is the silent instinct of the people.

It is rather strange that President Coolidge has not waited for the word of the people on this matter before giving his support to the plan. That he has not, speaks the strength of the propaganda gas that has focused upon Washington. This is preëminently a question on which the people of the United States should give mandate, and as yet they have not.

It may be right that we should go into the World Court. It may be right that we should stay out. In either case, *it is always right that the people should give the word.*

## *The President Is "Dry"*

APART from the humors of the "wet" press (one of them recently headlining a story, "Drys ADMIT Enforcement has failed") there was something of importance in the charges of the united committee on Prohibition that although President Coolidge has spoken right forceful words on taxation, militarism and the World Court, he has not taken the same strong attitude toward prohibition enforcement, and that Secretary Mellon's position as "ex-distiller" and head of the enforcement department complicates the situation.

The charges cannot be ignored, although officially they will be. The fact is that prohibition enforcement has failed, and the failure is due to government. No amount of dignified official umbrage will change that fact. And the government would not fail if it wanted to succeed; that is firmly believed throughout the nation; for when has the government ever failed to do what it wanted to do? All these charges about non-enforcement are essentially sound.

But when it comes to charging the President with dereliction because he has not pronounced upon Prohibition as he has upon taxes, militarism and the World Court, the impression is not so sound. He might as well be asked to take a strong stand on every constitutional amendment that has ever been passed. Let the President declare his unwavering belief in woman suffrage, in Negro citizenship; let him pronounce strongly on the Fourteenth as well as the Eighteenth Amendment!

Why should he? He assumed all that in his oath. He swore to uphold the Constitution of the United States. He gives no countenance to the violation of the law. He tipples at no one's pocket flask. He has no private barrel in the White House cellar. He does not frequent bibulous company. He is Chief Executive, not chief preacher.

No, there is no charge to be leveled against the President on that score. It may be that if he regarded the prohibition question as of the importance which some others regard it, if it were occupying a prominent place in his mind, it would appear in his utterances. Probably, however, it has done even better than that: it has appeared in his acts.

It was not a happy criticism of the President, because it was distinctly amateurish and one-sided. As to Mr. Mellon, his previous heavy financial connection with the whisky business led many to say that he was not whole-heartedly for law enforcement. Mr. Mellon's actions have never given ground for these statements. It was unfortunate, perhaps, for the general impression that the enforcement of the anti-liquor law should have come under the jurisdiction of one whose interests had been so closely allied with the liquor business, but that this has militated against enforcement has yet to be shown. This is a case where aspersions should be accompanied by evidence.

## *Off Politics*

POLITICIANS have never been noted for intelligence. They play their part, and it is useful only when they are the instruments of higher intelligences with high purposes. That they are now the instruments of higher intelligences is unquestionable, but that these are motivated by high purpose is somewhat to be doubted. Left to themselves, however, politicians sink to their own plane.

The Republican party leaders have learned nothing. Their ostracism of young Lafollette and the western Senators and Representatives is a piece of folly just as certain of retributive reaction as night follows day. Politicians, of course, cannot see this. "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil." But it will come.

And the so-called Progressives have learned nothing. The victims of this ostracism hold no more promise for the country than do the ostracisers.

For this reason the country will not be greatly concerned with the internal political fight, though that fight will have its inevitable effect on the tissue of the organizations themselves.

The country has moved off the political wave length. It finds its leadership elsewhere. The most that is now asked or hoped of politics is that it will not prove itself a hindrance to the people's proper work.

When politics returns again to be the public conference of the people's interests, not in government only, but in those basic things on which government is based, the era of statesmen will again be seen in the land.

# Tragedy of the Gold Rushes

## "Bonanza" Discoveries Which Brought Ruin on Their Trail

By J. V. NASH



ILLUSTRATED BY HARLAN JOHNSON

Placer mining with pick and pan.

SURELY there is no chapter in the history of the nineteenth century that makes more painful reading than the story of the four great "bonanza" discoveries which took place in that century—that of 1848-9 to California, that of 1851-2 to Australia, that of the early seventies to South Africa, and that of 1896-7 to the bleak wilderness of the Klondike.

In each instance the story, with slight variations, is the same—thousands of adventurers, including many criminals, and other thousands of poor "white collar" folk totally unacquainted with life in the wilds, joining in a mad rush to the gold fields in a barbarous and almost unexplored wilderness; many dying from hardship and exposure on the way, and, after arrival, the vast majority failing to find the gold they had expected and succumbing to disease, or returning empty-handed.

A few did "clean up" millions, but in most cases those who did were the least deserving of all—reckless, illiterate soldiers of fortune who didn't know how to use their newly acquired wealth wisely and in a short time dissipated it. Furthermore, the flooding of the market with immense new quantities of gold brought about a tremendous inflation of prices.

At the time of the first of the great gold rushes of the nineteenth century, the historic stampede to California in 1848-9, that state was a largely unexplored and uninhabited wilderness. W. F. Gordy, in his *History of the United States*, says:

"The difficulties and dangers on the plains and in the desert regions were many. There was danger not only from Indians, who often attacked the emigrants, but also from disease, occasioned by hardship and exposure. . . . . Bones of human beings, horses, and oxen lay strewn along the route . . . Among the gold diggers were disorderly and lawless men, who took advantage of the almost chaotic conditions. Angry disputes arose over mining claims; ruffians united to form bands of robbers; murders were frequent; and when disturbers of the peace were imprisoned, there was constant fear that a mob might release them."

Another authority describes the demoralization which followed the discovery of gold as follows:

"For three months there was little excitement, then a wild rush. Settlements were completely deserted; homes, farms, and stores abandoned. Ships deserted by their sailors crowded the bay at San Francisco—there were 500 of them in July, 1850; soldiers deserted wholesale, churches were emptied; town councils ceased to sit; merchants, clerks, lawyers and judges and criminals—everybody, flocked to the foothills.

"There was, of course, no home life in early California. In 1850 the women numbered 8 per cent of the population, but only 2 per cent in the mining counties. The miners were an energetic, covetous, wandering, abnormally excitable body of men. Occasionally a kind of frenzy would seem to seize on them, and, lured by the hope of new deposits of unheard-of richness, thousands would flock, on unfounded rumors, to new and perhaps distant localities.

"Such were the Kern River fever of 1855, and the greater Fraser River rush of 1858, the latter, which took perhaps 20,000 men out of the state, causing a terrible amount of suffering. Many interior towns lost half their population, and some virtually all their population as a result of this emigration; and it precipitated a real estate crash in San Francisco that threatened tem-

porary ruin. . . . Through varied instruments—lynch law, popular courts, vigilance committees—order was, however, enforced; better as times went on, until there was a stable condition of things. In the economic life and social character of California today the legacies of 1848-9 are plain."

Hardly had the worst phases of the rush to California begun to pass away, when wild rumors arrived of rich gold fields, in the remote wilderness of Australia. Immediately a stampede began, mainly from the British Isles.

The following testimony to the conditions which prevailed in Australia during the gold fever is that of contemporary witnesses.

By C. Rudston Read, published in 1853:

"The nearer we approached the metropolis (Sydney) did the scenes of recklessness and debauchery increase. At almost every public house between Paramatta and Sydney were fights and brawls of all descriptions.

"People who have never known what it is to have a hundred shillings, when they become possessed of thousands in such an extraordinarily sudden manner, cannot help telling everyone on the road of it, particularly if they meet at a coffee shop; or, instead of sending it down by the escort, convey it about their own person; when they very frequently get 'stuck up,' and if not killed, are disfigured for life, or perhaps left to die, unless some passing Samaritan lets them loose.

"A volume might almost be written on the ridiculous manner in which this class of people squander away their money; many, I have heard boasting at the diggings, as to the shortness of time in which they could 'knock down' a thousand or two pounds ($5,000 to $10,000) and return to the diggings, without sufficient to buy a pick-axe."

Here are some extracts from letters written by gold-seeking emigrants to relatives at home, quoted by John Sherer:

"The salaries in Melbourne have lowered one hundred pounds per annum, owing to the failure of nine-tenths of the diggings. It is awful. Nearly all the people have taken their passage back to England.

"You will scarcely believe it when I tell you that no less than seven ships from England have arrived here since Sunday last, none bringing less than 200 and 300 passengers each. . . . These people have nothing to do. The town is so full, that they are giving only half the wages they were a month ago. You may see quite gentlemanly men hawking wood and water about for sale, and working upon the roads. Out of the 200 who came out in the 'Blackfriar' and went to the diggings, nearly all have returned, and those remaining are earning only enough to subsist upon.

"Provisions are horribly dear. . . . Crime is very prevalent—in fact, the colony is getting bad altogether; and should the diggings fail, I do not know what will be the consequence. The convicts shoot you in a moment if you attempt to take them. In fact, it will be a complete California in a few months, if the diggings keep failing as they have for the last two months. . . . We have to sleep of a night with veils tied around our heads, to keep the mosquitoes and flies from us.'

Another:

"The gold fever appears to be raging all over Scotland and England at a fearful rate, so much so that I fear this country will be the scene of much misery and disappointment ere long . . . Gold digging is a lottery; for one successful man there will be a hundred who get nothing. You read in the papers of the lucky ones; no mention is made of the unfortunates; but if you were here, you would see plenty of them. The lucky gold diggers cannot spend their money fast enough. Of course, the first step is to get married. The bride is decked out in the most expensive manner possible. They only purchase the highest-priced articles, and spurn the idea of taking back change. They will drive out to Botany Bay, come home all drunk, and wind up with a jolly good fight. The class of men who have generally been lucky are of the lower orders, such as laborers, draymen, bullock drivers, and so on; and you can easily fancy what happens to men coming into town with a few hundred pounds in their pockets,



Victims of the gold fever en route for the diggings.

who never before had as many shillings. They go through it all in a few weeks, and go off again. Clerks and young gentlemen, generally speaking, are the most unfortunate."

We come next to the discovery of gold in South Africa, some twenty years later.

John H. Harris, writing in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April, 1923, on conditions in Africa, makes the following terrific indictment of gold:

"Gold, scarlet woman of the modern financial world, has ruined more men, while at the same time it has made more fortunes for a few individuals, than any other African commodity. The love of gold has been the root of almost every evil thing in Africa; seeking the lands wherein gold was secreted has caused the shedding of rivers of blood; while the gaunt specters of white men in the phthisis hospitals of Johannesburg tell today their own horrible story of the price those must pay who pit, blast, and mine, a mile below the earth's surface, for the precious yellow ore."

From 1836 to 1840, the Boers "trekked" far across the veldt to the wilderness beyond the Vaal River, where they established the two little republics known as the Transvaal and the Orange Free State.

A treaty was signed with the British Government, whereby the independence of the Boers was guaranteed.

Things went well until, alas, in the seventies gold was discovered in the Transvaal. The horde of adventurers which soon began to invade the country naturally came into conflict with the frugal and simple Boer farmers. For the next several years there was constant trouble. The bulk of the new settlers being of British extraction, their government was repeatedly appealed to by them for the protection of their "interests."

Space precludes any attempt to discuss here the rights and wrongs of this long controversy. In a few years the country was definitely annexed by England, but in the War of 1880 the Boers were victorious, and the British Government agreed again to respect their independence. Then followed another fifteen years of smoldering conflict, culminating with the "Jameson Raid" in 1895 and the breaking out of the final Boer War, which dragged on from 1899 to 1902.

Notwithstanding the fact that the odds were heavily against the Boers, they were formidable antagonists, every man being a trained sharpshooter and accustomed to the methods of guerrilla warfare. The losses inflicted upon the British were enormous. The result was the final destruction of the only white republics of the great continent of Africa.

***Johannesburg Was the Center of Activity***

Gold mining in the Transvaal involved difficulties greater than in any of the other famous gold fields. The surface deposits were quickly exhausted, but immense "reefs" of extremely hard rock, penetrating the earth to an indefinite distance, were found to be rich in the yellow metal. To extract it, however, necessitated the introduction of costly machinery, and this in turn required capital. European capitalists and exploiters, therefore, have reaped most of the profits from the South African gold fields.

"The larger mines on the Rand," says Meade, "have spent from $2,000,000 to $3,000,000 in exploration and development, and in equipment, before extracting a single ounce of gold." Mining operations are in many instances carried on a mile below the surface of the earth, in a temperature of almost stifling torridity.

Lord Bryce, who visited South Africa just before the outbreak of the final Boer War, gives an interesting picture of the gold region about Johannesburg:

"There is nothing in the natural aspect of the mining belt to distinguish it from the rest of the Transvaal plateau. It is a high, dry, bare, scorched and windy country, and Johannesburg, its center, stands in one of the highest, driest, and windiest spots, on the south slope of the Witwatersrand ridge, whose top rises some 150 feet above the business quarters. . . .

After an illuminating description of the methods of extracting the ore, he goes on to say:

"Hence, in the South African gold fields, the men who do the actual work of mining are not independent adventurers, but mere laborers, working in the bowels of the earth at a killing heat for miserable wages. . . ."

Meanwhile, in the late nineties, occurred the last of the great gold rushes of the century, this time to the frozen wilderness known as the Klondike.

"Rumors of these rich deposits," says Gordy, "drew thousands of gold seekers to the coveted land. They journeyed with all possible haste, undaunted either by rugged mountains, swift rivers, or the rigorous climate. Many died of hardships before reaching the land of their hopes, and many more were obliged to draw back. Only a few of those who reached the mines got the gold of which they had dreamed."

***Grim Horrors of the Klondike Rush***

J. H. Curle, a contemporary writer, relates:

"The Klondike, sooner or later, was to disillusion most of those who went there. . . . The gold lay mostly on the bedrock, under perhaps six feet of (frozen) gravel. . . . A reasonably good meal at Dawson cost a dollar. An evening in a dancing saloon, with suitable liquid refreshment for self and partner, ran into big money."

Speaking of miners who made a "clean-up," Jeremiah Lynch says:

"They had led a desultory, wandering existence in the North and Northwest for years, and when the Klondike granted them sudden and abounding wealth, it was a Fortunatus' purse. They were amazed if not abashed. So, from riding on horseback into Dawson saloons, smashing the mirrors and glasses and furniture, and paying thousands of dollars damages therefor without a murmur, to marrying ladies of questionable type and career, it was only a natural step."

Most vivid and realistic is Hamlin Garland's description of the terrible mountain trail over the Chilkoot Pass, main entrance into the Klondike:

"Upon reaching the end of the wagon road, and entering upon the trail, we came upon the *way of death.* The waters reeked with carrion, and all Nature was indecent and disgusting by the presence of carcasses. Within the distance of fifteen miles we passed more than 2,000 dead horses. It was a cruel land, a land filled with the record of men's merciless greed. . . .

"We got away at last, leaving behind us that sad little meadow and its gruesome lakes, and began the slow and toilsome descent over slippery ledges of rock, among endless rows of rotting carcasses, over poisonous streams




**Doctor Joseph Collins**

*(Author of "The Doctor Looks at Literature," "Taking the Literary Pulse," and "The Doctor Looks at Biography"),*

noted neurologist, writes about Freud, Freudianism and psychoanalysis, beginning in

**Our Next Issue—January 2**

*Three Strong Articles:*

**"Sigmund Freud—The Man and His Method."**

**"Freudian 'Dreams,' 'Complexes' and 'Sex Symbols.'"**

**"My Definition of a Freudian."**

"Psychoanalysis reads into the human mind something that is in the mind of the analyst," writes Doctor Collins. "There may be people in Austria who 'unconscious' are the cesspools that Freud describes, but I have not encountered such people in these United States."



A reproduction from a picture painted in 1849 by C. Nahl, entitled "A Holiday in the Mines."

and through desolate, fire-smoked, and ghastly forests of small pines. Everywhere were the traces of the furious flood of humankind that had broken over this height in the early spring. Wreckage of sleds, abandoned tackle, heaps of camp refuse, clothing, and, most eloquent of all, the pathway itself, worn into the pitiless iron ledges, made it possible for me to realize something of the scene.

"Down there in the gully, on the sullen drift of snow, the winter trail could still be seen like an inclined ribbon, and here, where the shriveled hides of horses lay thick, wound the summer pathway. Up yonder summit, lock-stepped like a file of convicts, with tongues protruding and breath roaring from their distended throats, thousands of men had climbed with killing burdens on their backs, mad to reach the great inland river and the gold belt . . . In all this could be read the merciless greed and impracticability of these gold seekers. Men who had never driven a horse in their lives, and had no idea what an animal could do, or what he required to eat, loaded their outfits upon some poor patient beast and drove him without feed until, weakened and insecure of foot, he slipped and fell on some of these cruel ledges of flinty rock. . . . Some of them had even been tied to trees and left to starve."

In his little epic entitled "The Gold Seekers," Mr. Garland presents in verse a pathetic picture of the tragedy of the Klondike. One or two stanzas follow:

"They go to a toil that is sure,
To despair and hunger and cold;
Their sickness no warning can cure,
They are mad with a longing for gold.

* * *

"Some will sink by the way and be laid
In the frost of the desolate earth;
And some will return to a maid,
Empty of hand as at birth."

Will there be other great bonanza discoveries in the future? From time to time rumors appear in the newspapers of important gold deposits in different parts of the globe, but they have proved largely deceptive; at any rate, there have been no stampedes to the new fields at all comparable to the four historic gold rushes of the past century which we have been reviewing.

"I have no way of judging of the future but by the past," sagely observed the great Patrick Henry; and, judging by the past, the discovery of a new El Dorado would be an unmitigated calamity for humanity. Take the case, for instance, of the little republic of Liberia, which for one hundred years has succeeded in maintaining its independence, and is today the only republic and the only independent Negro country in the whole immense continent of Africa.

A recent writer, in a book published after a visit to that interesting little commonwealth, declares that the worst misfortune which could possibly befall it would be the discovery of important gold deposits within its borders; the country would quickly be demoralized and debauched, it would become a bone of political contention, its independence would forthwith be extinguished and the country formally "annexed" by one or another of the great powers.

## Canberra—Australia's National Capital

MIDWAY between its two big cities, Sydney and Melbourne, and off the present main line of travel between them, the Commonwealth of Australia is building a city that, when completed, will become the national capital. When the time comes for it to appear on the maps, students of geography will answer the question as to what city is the capital of Australia by responding, "Canberra."

The Australian states and the Island of Tasmania federated themselves into the Commonwealth of Australia only twenty-five years ago. At the very outset there was keen rivalry for the honor of being the capital city of the new federal government, several cities inviting consideration. The choice soon lay between the two powerful cities of Sydney and Melbourne and there it became deadlocked, with each city insisting on its special merits and unanswerable arguments as to why it deserved to win.

The deadlock was ended by a compromise agreement that each city was to be the capital for alternating periods of three years. Sydney got the first turn and for three years it was the capital of Australia as well as of New South Wales. Then all the federal offices were moved to Melbourne and it became the capital of Australia as well as of Victoria. At the end of three years the federal business had grown considerably and there were objections to moving. So the original argument started anew.

Compromise again was needed. This time the decision was reached to give the federal government a permanent home in a brand new town, and a point about equidistant from each of the two big cities was decided on. Sydney was mollified somewhat by the fact that this site is in its own state, New South Wales. Melbourne was mollified somewhat by the fact that the federal government stays there until Canberra is built, and the job probably will take a number of years more. The new capital is about 300 miles distant from both Sydney and from Melbourne. Railroad connection to it from each will have to be provided when it is completed and ready for occupancy.




# Literary Memories: Writers and Publishers of Yesterday

## They Were a Lively Inventive Lot, With Good Taste

By THOMAS L. MASSON

ILLUSTRATED BY W. O. FITZGERALD

IF DENIS DE SALLO and Sieur de la Condraye, who are credited with starting the first magazine in 1664 (*Journal des Savants*), could stand before an American news stand of today, they would probably drop dead with shame to think to what stage they had brought the world.

Yet the other side—and by this I mean the decent side—is the one that wins in the long run. For in spite of the *luridity* displayed on our news stands, it is consoling to know that in periodical, as well as all other forms of literature, decency earns the largest profits.

Not long ago a friend of mine, whose business is located in one of our largest cities, with a population of 450,000, in passing to and from his office, was appalled to see so many suggestive periodicals displayed on the news stands openly. He appealed to the Post Office and then to the news companies, to discover that neither of these agencies was the medium for distribution—that the deliveries were made by truck. He then appealed to the Chief of Police, and he was backed up by the best business men in the city. The result was that within a few days, the sale of twenty-six of these "sex" periodicals was suppressed. This method has seemed to be the most practical way of solving this problem.

In this country nearly 4,000 monthly periodicals have a combined circulation of about one hundred million copies a month, running more than a billion a year, and this does not include the weeklies. The era of cheap magazines began in 1889 with *Munsey's*. This was reinforced by the ten-cent *Cosmopolitan*, projected by John Brisben Walker, and *McClure's*, by S. S. McClure (1893), who has recently come back to his first love which—under some management or other—has during all these years contrived to keep afloat. Mr. McClure was the first editor in this country to see the syndicate possibilities, and practically inaugurated and started the syndicate idea, "McClure's Syndicate" still running under his name. This syndicate was started in 1884.

Somewhat later than this (as I recall it, in 1894) Irving Bacheller secured the first syndicate rights to use Rudyard Kipling's writings. Bacheller and myself and Richard Watson Gilder, then editor of *The Century*, had formed a club, with quarters in the then oldest building in New York (on Monkey Hill, just underneath the Brooklyn Bridge). In this club were some of the most brilliant minds of the time. Among them was Stephen Crane, undoubtedly the originator of the realistic short story of today. Crane was delicate, was mostly silent, but we all, I think, recognized his genius. After his *Black Riders* came out and was praised by W. D. Howells, and a little later when his *Red Badge of Courage* achieved such success, he said to me one day, quite suddenly, out of a long silence: "I know now how Byron felt, when he awoke one day to discover himself famous." Last year Thomas Beer, whom I must regard as one of our very best short story writers, published a biography of Crane over which he labored four years, and which is a work of high literary merit. It was during some of the sessions of this club, which we named "The Lanthorn Club" that so many "modern" ideas were sprung. I remember quite vividly one evening Irving Bacheller read from the manuscript of a poem he had just received from Rudyard Kipling, the title of which was *The Liner She's a Lady*, the first two lines of which were

"The Liner she's a lady, an' she never looks nor 'eeds—
The Man-o-War's 'er 'usband, an 'e gives 'er all she needs;—"

Irving Bacheller had a slow drawling voice—one might say indeed it was a voice with a deep tonal background (he still has it, by the way)—and he read this poem of Kipling's with great feeling. Yet it must be confessed that we did not rise to it. None of us caught its true genius. It was at this time that I sent Mr. McClure, for his magazine, the manuscript of a short story about a baby who could talk from birth. He returned it to me with a note mildly depreciating it. After its later publication in another magazine, he wrote me to the effect that when I had anything so good as that to be sure to send it to him first. I returned his original note of declination, and he wrote back then and said that it wasn't his fault; he had been requested to read the story too quickly. He has, I think, contributed more lively edi-




"Denis de Sallo and Sieur de la Condraye, who are credited with starting the first magazine in 1664, would probably drop dead with shame to think what they had brought about."

torial ideas than it has been given to any other editor in at least one generation.

John Brisben Walker was also one of the most brilliant and creative publishing geniuses in this country but he was unfortunately not well balanced, and he had difficulty in getting on with his employes. At one time, indeed, it was proposed to form a club consisting of all the editors he had discharged. Some of these men afterward became quite prominent; I don't think any one of them was a failure. He had an unerring faculty in picking them, but afterward he couldn't retain them. He once wired me that he must see me at once on a most important matter, and at considerable inconvenience I got on a train and journeyed to his house on the Hudson near Tarrytown. I arrived late in the afternoon, took a conveyance to the house and was told to wait. Somewhat later I was ushered upstairs into his bedroom. He was sitting up, looking like an *edition de luxe* invalid. Immediately he offered me the editorship of the *Cosmopolitan* at three thousand dollars a year, which, even in those days, was not so large. I explained to him politely that I was already receiving three times as much, and, in some excitement, he got back at me immediately by shouting: "But consider the glory!" I had a hard time getting away from him, but I always admired him greatly. As I recall it, he projected and organized the first automobile race in this country, from Lower Broadway to Tarrytown, amid enormous enthusiasm. He was greatly enamored with Langley, the flying machine man, and always insisted that he was one of our greatest inventive geniuses. He once entertained me with a long and impassioned harangue on Russia (this was in 1895) and while the details are vague, I believe that most of his predictions have since come true.

On one occasion he came on from the West, apparently for the sole purpose of telling me that "No editor could be radical enough." He said the people expected it. "Don't be timid," he asserted vigorously. "No matter how radical you are, it won't be radical enough." Since then some of the most radical ideas have been and are appearing in the most outwardly conservative papers, which recalls a remark I once heard H. C. Bunner make. He was the brilliant editor of *Puck* at the time I began as literary editor of *Life*. He said: "If I refer in *Puck* to Jehovah, I call down the wrath of my people, but *you* can publish anything you want about Him and it doesn't matter."

This radical idea of John Brisben Walker stuck in my mind for some time, finally—with the approval of the chief editor and owner, Mr. Mitchell—resulting in our issuing the Improper Number of *Life*. Our intentions were quite normal and proper, however, as this celebrated number was simply a satire on indecency, and immediately recognized as such by the most intelligent of our readers, who uttered screams of delight. The circulation, which up to that time had been less than 100,000, rose for this number to 243,000. It excited the intense indignation of many conservatives, among them being Dr. Rainsford of St. Georges Church in New York, who wrote canceling his subscription. We returned a check for the remaining balance, and two weeks later discovered that a member of his family, noticing the paper had stopped, had renewed the subscription through an agency. The good doctor must have calmed down, as no more protests arrived.




"I can well remember the time when the editor was a kind of remote and sacred personage."

*Puck* was one of Mr. Hearst's failures. After Bunner died it was edited by Harry Leon Wilson and "Pop" Gibson, and later by John Kendrick Bangs, who was paid $200 a week to edit the paper and supply a large portion of the text; which, by the way, is never a good arrangement to make with any editor as it tends to repel outside contributors.

After *Puck* had run its course under Bangs, it passed into the hands of one of the Strauses, who bought it for his son. After expending upon it a sum variously estimated at from $200,000 to $300,000, it was sold to Mr. Hearst, in whose sheltering arms it passed out peacefully some years ago. He has quite recently purchased *Town and Country*, a very respectable monthly with a hitherto varied career, and he now owns six periodicals with combined circulations of more than three and one-half millions. Hearst is a man of extraordinary abilities, and I have always pictured him as a kind of typographical Machiavelli. It seems quite probable that his moral sensibilities, like the renowned Topsy, have never had a chance to grow up.

In spite of the present flood of sex periodicals, some of which have enormous circulations but which I believe will steadily decline in their popularity, the magazine industry as a whole (one of the largest industries in America) has been steadily improving for a number of years. This is due to various influences, the main one being that the large amount of capital now required to run successful magazines has made necessary a scientific study of methods. And this has led to the employment of only men of first-class ability as editors. Indeed, it is now high time that someone said a good word for editors who (aside from a few black sheep) are on the whole as able a body of men as we have in America.

I can well remember the time when the editor was a kind of remote and sacred personage, and the term *sanctum sanctorum* had some real meaning. He was either that or he was a pompous autocrat, whose sole judgment governed the conduct and methods of his paper. There is a historic episode, clinging to the traditions of the *Century Magazine* when Richard Watson Gilder (a most lovable person) was the editor—of how Robert Louis Stevenson had to wait in the outer office like a stranger (as indeed he was) and, as I remember, finally went away without seeing anybody of importance. Theodore Dreiser in his *Myself* complains of similar treatment in newspaper offices which, I regret to say, is still too common today. That sort of thing, quite naturally, might happen at any time; but today when it does happen in magazine offices it is the exception, and due to the great pressure brought to bear on all editorial staffs, and not to any ignorance of the im-

portance of all visitors. Cranks and bores will probably always exist, but even for these generally misguided people there is much more sympathy, for out of them either come occasionally big ideas, or they lead to big ideas. Every important periodical now has one or more and in some cases several men whose main business it is to get acquainted personally with all old and new contributors and, so to speak, to beat up the literary woods for further new ones. In short, justice to everyone is now the rule, always admitting exceptions. I remember quite vividly certain occasions when James Gordon Bennett, the second, owner and editor of the New York *Herald*, arrived from Paris on one of his sudden visits. The story is told that no matter where he was, his inkwell had to be freshly filled. One day he came and the ink was low; discharges followed. Men with families on their hands were discharged overnight or their positions curtailed merely for some whim. Bennett is now merely a symbol of a past era. Although one man may still be the boss, that man himself is guided and controlled by the spirit of coöperation.

But all progress is accompanied with backwash. Anyone nowadays who has something of importance to say, no matter how radical, can get it into print, if it is well enough done. The proof of this lies in the periodicals themselves. Along with much that is undeniably trivial, there has never been a time when there has been such good writing, so accurately administered by the highest intelligences. A perusal of the contents of single issues of periodicals like *The Atlantic Monthly, Harpers, Scribners, The Century, The Woman's Home Companion, Ladies' Home Journal, Pictorial Review, American*, and such weeklies as *The Saturday Evening Post, Liberty, Nation, Collier's*, et cetera, must impress anyone with the astonishing merit of the goods displayed. So accustomed are we in this country to depreciate ourselves and to admit so self-consciously the charge of commercialism, that we overlook one of the most overwhelming facts, namely: that the present era, through its periodical literature, is practically presenting an instantaneous view of life in all its aspects, unapproached in expression and artistic merit in any age in the history of the world.

In my opinion, there is no reason why we should so complacently and in many cases so servilely accept the patronizing criticisms of overripe European critics, most of which rise from a combination of envy and lack of understanding.

So far as our periodicals are concerned, we publish by far the most artistic and best-written magazines in the world. Anyone who doubts this, and who is also troubled with insomnia, should read some of the English reviews!




***I read in the papers*** that the old Parker House in Boston which gave its name to the famous breakfast table roll is now a thing of the past. That leaves only Young's to purvey the old flavor. We trust Young's will be allowed to remain. Built in 1854 the Parker House made hotel history not only through the creation of the delicious roll by Sanizan the chef who was paid $5,000 per year when that was a fabulous salary, but also by the establishment of the first hotel library. It was the home of the Saturday Club, the institution of Boston's great literary lights of sixty years ago, and the pompous Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company also made its headquarters at Parker's. The room in which Dickens slept and the hall in which Grant and his entire cabinet dined and the parlor in which Patti received her friends were indicated to Boston sight-seers. But the Parker House was built for gentlemen who were more accustomed to ask for a bootjack than for trouser pressing service and a modern and entirely unromantic hotel will take its place.

*The International Jew* in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set, $1. The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

***I read in the papers*** that smoking is to be permitted at Byrn Mawr, in accordance with a change in the resolution forbidding smoking which has stood since 1897. This change was effected by a vote of the self-government board of the college, a majority of the members of which do not smoke and do not care to smoke. This is taken as a straw that indicates the direction of the wind of public opinion.

***I read in the papers*** that all transcontinental railroad time records have been smashed by a so-called oil-electric propelled coach of the Canadian National whose time for the 2,937 miles between Atlantic tidewater at Montreal and the Pacific Ocean at Vancouver was less than 67 hours, an average speed of 43½ miles per hour. The fuel consumption was one gallon for every three miles. This performance together with the reports upon oil-electric locomotives that are being tried out would indicate that the steam locomotive like the steam marine engine is destined to be replaced by internal combustion engines wherever electric traction is not available.

***I read in the papers*** that thirty-five million tooth brushes are consumed in America every year. Making the liberal allowance of six months' life for each of these brushes it would appear that only about eighteen million Americans take that care of their teeth which the use of the brush implies. There would still remain about seventy-five million citizens who have more or less teeth and, on the most favorable figuring, it would seem that only one-fourth of them use a brush at all. Yet our best known American surgeon declares that the next step in the prevention of disease must come through better care of the mouth which with its moisture, warmth and loose tissue as well as immediate communication with the interior of the body is an ideal breeding place of germ life. Notwithstanding the need for improvement, America far and away leads all other so-called civilized countries in care of the teeth. The term "American dentist" stands for the best everywhere and foreign kings take care to have a graduate of American dental colleges in personal attendance upon the Lord's annointed although their subjects may go hang so far as dentistry is concerned.

***I read in the papers*** that Darrow and James Schermerhorn had a debate on Prohibition. It was a remarkable exhibition of Mr. Darrow's facile inconsistency. What he says with all his unction of grimace on one occasion, can be neatly reversed to fit conditions in the next condition. He quotes Scripture, while refusing to believe it, and practices law which in part he despises. Mr. Darrow, if signs mean anything, is pretty nearly punctured in this country. An able man, yes! Ability is the commonest thing in this country. Ability is becoming as common as honesty. An able man, but to what uses does he put his ability?

***I read in the papers*** that *Desire Under the Elms* had a short and unsatisfactory run in Detroit. It is explained by the Detroit *News* that there were not enough morons and degenerates in the city to support such a play. I did not see it, but even the "wise ones" whom I know and who saw it were one in their opinion that it was nastiness without cleverness, pornography without point. With no artistic necessity behind the writing of a play, no power can be expressed through it; that much is certain.

# Jefferson Davis Brought Camels to the U. S.

## Camels Made Fine Substitutes for Horses and Mules in Government Service

SEVENTY years ago Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War in the Cabinet of a Yankee President, Franklin Pierce, introduced seventy-five camels into the Southwest to demonstrate their adaptability to army transport in arid and mountainous regions.

The actual use of these camels quickly justified Davis in having undertaken the experiment. A Texas rancher promptly imported two shiploads of camels and a Nevada mining company also imported a number of them to pack supplies two hundred miles.



Camel secured for protection against a gale.

The camel idea was thrust upon Davis while he was a colonel in the Mexican War under General Zachary Taylor. During the campaign across the Mexican mountains and deserts, Davis was convinced that a trial of camels as a substitute for horses and mules for such grilling service should be made by the government.

Davis, after the Mexican War, became subsequently Secretary of War. He sought to get the War Department and Congress to give camels a trial.

In his annual report for 1853, Davis pictured the terrific military and civil transportation problems presented by the lack of either roads or navigable streams in the vast Southwestern and Pacific regions.

Indefatigable on behalf of the pet scheme of his friend Davis, Senator Shields finally wrested $30,000 for camels from Congress on March 3, 1855.

The naval storeship *Supply* was commissioned to carry these camels upon the long voyage.

Before sailing from New York, there was built a special camel cabin upon the spar deck of the ship. This furnished light and ventilation not found down between decks. There was devised a harness and roping arrangement, supplemented by rope fenders covered with gutta-percha air bags in front of the camels and bales of hay packed behind them. When the ship rolled the camels knelt and were prevented from kicking and injuring themselves as horses and mules do at sea. Porter declared to Jefferson Davis that: "The ship may be thrown upon her beam ends without a camel moving."

A special loading jig for the camels consisted of a scow that could be either run upon the beach or against a quay, and a camel car or car was fitted into the scow. The camels were first harnessed and then a block and tackle persuaded the animals to enter the car that was closed and floated to the ship side and hoisted on board.

Lieutenant David Porter, Commander of the *Supply*, visited a herd of 250 camels upon the estate of the Grand Duke of Tuscany near Pisa. These camels, whose ancestors were brought from Egypt two hundred years before, were performing the work of four times as many horses.

Porter and Major Henry Wayne scoured the Levant as eagerly for camels as Jason once sought the Golden Fleece in those parts. Tunis, Salonica, Constantinople, the Crimea, Alexandria and Smyrna were visited. Camel buying is said to be a more difficult art than horse trading, but these Yankees returned with good stock. Their reports were full of racy stories about matching wits with beys, sultans, pashas and their grafting officials.

The *Supply* sailed from Smyrna on February 15, 1856, with twelve male and twenty female camels and one calf.

The *Supply* put into Jamaica for six sweltering days. The camels were a local sensation, four thousand visitors inspecting the cargo in one day, much to the disgust of the camels, Lieutenant Porter reported. One adult camel died en route and two of six calves born on board lived.

The thirty-four surviving camels were landed at Indianola, now Port Lavaca, Texas, in 1856.

Major Wayne sent a camel to a forage barn at Indianola to carry four bales of hay, weighing 1,256 pounds. A Texas poet depicted the incredulity of skeptical natives when the kneeling beast of burden arose and calmly walked off with its heavy load.

The caravan passed through Victoria, Texas, on June 12. Major Wayne was having the camels stripped of their surplus hair in order that they might better withstand the heat and dust.

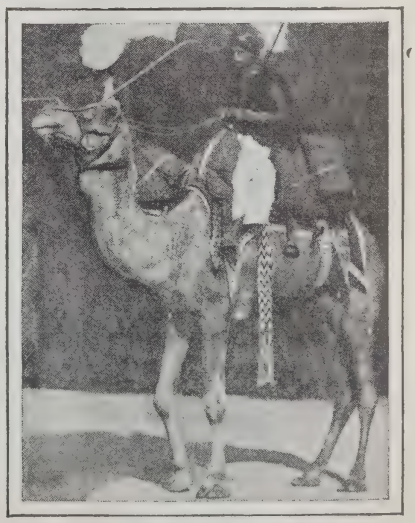
The camels were established in permanent quarters at Camp Verde, sixty miles northwest of San Antonio.

Six camels, accompanied by two six-mule wagons, were sent into San Antonio to carry back oats. The camels returned immediately to Camp Verde in 54 hours with 3,648 pounds of grain. The teams had to rest a day longer in San Antonio and returned in 96½ hours with 3,700 pounds upon both wagons. The camels stalked straight across the mountains, but the wagons had to follow the longer so-called roads. Twelve camels were once in San Antonio when continuous, torrential rains began to descend. The camels were each loaded with 325 pounds and returned to Camp Verde in 54 hours although wagons could not move through the bottomless mud.

Lieutenants Porter and Heaps were sent out in 1856 to get a second lot of camels. In Smyrna, they purchased forty-four, three of which died en route The average cost of the first lot was $300



Bactrian camel, with two humps.



Dromedary, with one hump.

and that of the larger second lot was about $250.

Lieutenant Edward F. Beale employed twenty camels to carry supplies while he was making a wagon road from New Mexico to California in 1857.

During the next four years Beale continued to use these camels upon exploring trips in remote parts of the Southwest. As Surveyor General of California, in 1861, he asked the War Department to permit him to retain his camels, but the bureaucrats declined.

Lieutenant Edward L. Hartz, quartermaster for a military survey party, used twenty-four camels to carry supplies upon a several months' reconnaissance in midsummer, 1859. The party crossed the Pecos River into West Texas, and went to Fort Stockton and Fort Davis and then penetrated the wild Big Bend to the Rio Grande opposite the Mexican Presidio San Vicente.

Hartz said that "The camels encountered hills and mountains of the most difficult nature; crossed streams, traversed prairies, some smooth, others rocky and broken by a rapid succession of deep arroyos or ravines.

On one day no less than fifty-seven arroyos, some fifty to seventy-five feet deep with smooth banks sometimes as steep as 45 degrees, were crossed.

Had the War Department persisted in the use of the camels after the Civil War, the public might have been converted. Anything associated with Jefferson Davis, however, was both anathema and political capital to those politicians that flourished for generations by waving the bloody shirt.

# The President and Mr. Coolidge

(*Concluded from page 4*)

secretive would with him take on the aspects of garrulity. *Mr. Coolidge* can and does talk. *The President* is silent even with him.

Take the case of Secretary of War Weeks and his successor, Mr. Davis. Everybody knew that Mr. Weeks was resolved to resign. Positively! After the very date the impending resignation was to bear became fairly public property, the President still expressed the hope that Mr. Weeks would remain. Mr. Coolidge doubtless knew the facts but he kept his knowledge of it a secret from his official self. He didn't let the President know a thing about what was doing.

Mr. Davis as Assistant Secretary had been performing, and performing well, all of the Secretary's duties while Mr. Weeks was ill. He had every reason to believe that he would be appointed, as he deserved to be appointed, to succeed his chief. But he didn't know it. All that he did know was that if he wasn't appointed, he would resign and go back to St. Louis. The first knowledge Secretary Davis had of the President's purpose came from the public and official announcement of his appointment to be Secretary of War. And still they call him "Silent Cal"! When compared with the *President's* habitual reticence, "Cal's" silence is loud noise.

Secretary Davis has "made good." When the demand for an inquiry into the whole problem of the nation's air force became acute, Davis met the situation not by receptively inviting, but by vigorously demanding such an inquiry. So much for the Secretary of War.

The Secretary of the Navy, on the remote and far distant other hand, gave out a statement that there was no need for an inquiry—no need whatever. So much for the Secretary of the Navy.

Whereupon the President promptly appointed a board of inquiry. It would seem that would cause Judge Wilbur to *THINK*.

It will be remembered that it was found necessary during the presidential campaign to suppress a speech Mr. Wilbur proposed to deliver in Denver and to call him back to Washington forthwith to wear a muzzle. Nobody would ever have known anything about it had not the Secretary broadcast the fact that he had been summoned and had he not used extraordinary means to hasten his journey.

He sped across country calling out in effect to all and sundry, "I've been summoned to Washington by the President for an immediate conference. Ask no more. My lips are sealed." They were. He didn't then know why he had been recalled. Timid folk began to worry lest war menaced and to ask why, where, what and who? All this needlessly spectacular display of itself at last forced out the truth, that the California judge merely was being taken out to the White House woodshed for a little discipline.

Even the manner in which Judge Wilbur came to be appointed was unusual. The President was gravely perplexed in choosing a successor to Mr. Denby. The times were politically critical, the need of appointive prudence acute.

It became known that the President had been unable to fix upon a choice and would welcome suggestions. Whereupon Bob Armstrong, the Washington correspondent of the Los Angeles *Times*, handed in, with commendatory comment, the name of Mr. Wilbur, at that time a member of the California Supreme Court. Of course, Armstrong is not to be held solely responsible for the appointment or for its consequences.

The President made his inquiries, the responses appeared satisfactory, and the appointment followed.

No one knows what the President thinks of the individual members of the Cabinet. Except in the cases of Hoover and Mellon, they are left to guess whether the President thinks they are hitting the bull's-eye or not. But, as to one or two of them, it is safe to say that if the cabinet-building President ever holds communion with whatever may be left of the cabinet-building ten-year-old boy of whom he is himself the growth, he says, in whatever may be the New England colloquial equivalent: "Bub, believe me, you certainly had one snap!"

# Something About Tattooing

TATTOOING is dying out among the Polynesian peoples, but dying slowly. The Polynesians comprise the native South Sea Islanders of Hawaii, Samoa, New Zealand, Cook Islands, Society Islands and the Marquesas. Few Hawaiians who are tattooed are seen any more. In New Zealand only the older Maoris are tattooed. In Samoa, to tattoo or not to tattoo is about the most burning domestic question of the day at the present time.

Occasionally a strong young man will die in agony from the torture of tattooing. Others suffer for months before they recover their health. This makes some young men inclined to shy away from it, especially as they know that the practice is being stopped in many places, but it probably will continue even if it has to be done secretly, until the young women put "thumbs down" on the whole thing.

For, be it known, a youth of 16 who is tattooed is a man. If he is 30 or 40 and not tattooed, he is still a boy. And the Samoan young woman prefers men to boys when it comes to suitors. She has her knees tattooed, from six inches above the kneecap to six inches below it. The men are tattooed from a fancy edging at the waistline, down to the knees. Their legs are tattooed so solidly that from a little distance they appear to be wearing purple tights.

The tattooing is done with sharks' teeth, edged like little saws, and the coloring is made from fruit and herb juices. The saw-like tooth is pressed through the skin, and so many times must this be done before the solid effect is obtained that it takes a year.

Samoans never tattooed their faces, as did the Maoris of New Zealand and the Marquesans. The latter two tattooed only their faces. Many Marquesans have faces that are covered solidly with weird stripes, circles and curves of various colors.



# Romantic Rascals

## Emma Lyon, 1761-1815

(Thirteenth of Series)

By CHARLES J. FINGER

WOOD BLOCKS CUT BY PAUL HONORE

(Copyright, 1925, by Charles J. Finger)

EMMA LYON, nursemaid, was tall and deep-chested, her eyes were blue, and she had a crown of soft dark hair that was like gold when the sun touched it. Until she was sixteen, she was quietly happy with her curly haired charges in the old garden with its wealth of shrubbery, its tall trees that carried yellow and crimson roses, its gossamered flower beds and shining lawn, and it was an adventure to come upon an unsuspected violet or an early snowdrop. But the family went to London, taking Emma, and soon she came to look upon the garden life as a time strangely dull and uneventful, indeed almost trivial and foolish. That was after she had seen Ranelagh, and Marleybone Gardens, and Vauxhall, where were fireworks and music and colored lamps. It was after she had known the thrill of streets and streets and streets, and the sight of ribboned ladies, and dandies who lounged in the park, and pastry-cook booths, and bustling tradesmen, and soldiers who had been in the American war; after she had found delight in the noises of horses and coaches and shouting hawkers, in the riverside with its boats with flags and pleasure parties and French horns. For she found London a place of high-hearted activity, and energy, and laughter, and movement, and exciting bustle. So she commenced to devour books of romance, and her mind became filled with dim pictures of greatness and wealth and honor.

One day, on adventure bent, while walking down Adelphi Terrace, she saw a tall man at the door of a house, and he was gay in sky-blue coat and silk stockings and buckled shoes. He was very grand in manner though somewhat wild of eye. Now that sense of rectitude which prevents young ladies from addressing unknown gentlemen did not burden the country nursemaid, so she spoke to the man somewhat chaffingly, saying, "La! What fine shoe-buckles have we got!" pointing to his shoes as she did so, and stopping in her walk to strike an attitude of mock admiration.

But the man made a large sweeping gesture as he took off his hat, and said, with vast solemnity: "Those cheeks! That skin! Those eyes! Do I then behold Vestina, the Goddess of Health?"

"Which Vestina ain't my name," answered Emma, and would probably have said more had not the man waved her into silence and then talked on so quickly that she was bound to listen.

It was a torrential outbreak of insufferable oratory delivered in oracular manner and much as if he addressed a public meeting, which in truth he did at the end, for passers-by were attracted and halted to hear, some in sheer idleness, some thinking the man harmlessly drunk, some holding him to be mad. But Emma was vastly interested first hearing the speech, though afterward it bored her intolerably, that is, when she had heard it many times, for it was the man's spoken advertisement and delivered on all occasions.

"But you are Vestina," he declared. "You are that creature I long have sought, and having found, light and beauty can henceforth reign triumphant. You behold in me no common man, but James Graham, a physician; nor does that physician stand at the door of a house, but rather at the Portal of the Temple of Health. So hear me one and all."

He paused a moment then and took snuff, for his crowd had commenced to gather and it was a time for his set and prepared speech.

"If there be one human being," he went on, "rich or poor, male or female, in this great metropolis of the world who has not seen this enchanting Elysian palace with its supremely brilliant and unique decorations, this Temple where wit and mirth, love and beauty, and all that can delight the soul, and all that can ravish the senses—if there be such a one, I say, let him or her blame himself and now stand forth, or forever afterward bewail his irremediable misfortune."

All of that he said with great speed, then, having run out of talk, he fell to tapping his snuffbox, looking not at Emma or the gathered crowd, but beyond, as one who saw visions.

"My name ain't Vestina, but it's Emma," said the nursemaid. "Nor I don't know nothing about what you're saying with your palaces and temples." She would have passed on, but the man came down the steps at a little run, touched her on the shoulder, bowed with great politeness, and looked so strange and, she thought, so wise, that she stood awhile.

"Vestina, Goddess of Health, hear me!" he exclaimed ecstatically. "Long have I sought you, the Blazing Star! You are no vulgar Emma as you think, but Hygeia herself, and I will make your fortune. Your kingdom awaits your presence. You shall be the Vestal of the New Jerusalem church. Enter then, I pray you, into the Temple."

He bowed again and again while saying that, then being finished, ran up the steps and beat loudly on the door with his gold-headed cane. The door was flung open and there came from within two tall men in splendid liveries and great cocked hats, who, at a sign from the man, made of themselves an escort, for him and for Emma, bowing very obsequiously.

"So we are a princess at last, are we," said the nursemaid, and gave a dashing representation of the grand lady, based on a character in some sentimental romance she had in mind, then skipped up the steps and passed into the house.

* * *

Soon there blazed and thundered over London the wonderful news of Doctor Graham and his Temple of Health. The place in the Terrace being found too small for operations, Schomberg House in Pall Mall was rented, and soon people came flocking. For in the city there was a public hungry for its customary diet of mystery and sensationalism, and Emma Lyon was very ready to help prepare the meal, it being her expressed belief that "them as 'as money and no brains, is meant for them as 'as brains and no money." And money came in

abundance. Two guineas were charged for entrance, ten guineas had to be paid by those who slept in the Celestial bed, and a thousand guineas was the price of a bottle of the famous Elixir of Life, many a wrinkled old dowager paying gladly, hoping to become beautiful as Emma Lyon, better known as Vestina.

*Found Wonderful Things in the Temple*

Those who followed the uncertain guidance of the charlatan and his helper found wonderful things in the Temple—things to astonish and amaze and startle. For there were silken hangings, and perfumed rooms, and hidden voices, and music that seemed to come from nowhere, and gilded stairways with stained-glass windows, and strange-sounding instruments, with Vestina hovering like a golden dream, while Graham himself, it was said, "suddenly appeared clad in oriental robes though every door in any room was locked."

That last, known as the Strange Manifestation, was very widely heralded and very widely believed. Of course, it excited the derision of the well-informed, and one of the honorable exceptions to widespread credulity was Horace Walpole. He wrote to his friend, the Countess of Ossory, August 23, 1780, telling her of his visit to the Temple and giving his sane account of the Strange Manifestation. Thus:

". . . In the evening I went to Dr. Graham's. It is the most impudent puppet-show of imposition I ever saw, and the mountebank himself the dullest of his profession . . . A woman, invisible, warbled to clarionets on the stairs. The decorations are pretty and odd; and the apothecary, who came up a trap door, for no purpose, since he might as well come up the stairs, is a novelty. The electrical experiments are nothing at all singular; and a poor air-pump, that only bursts a bladder, pieces out the farce . . ."

But Walpoles were few, and those willing to pay good gold coin for a new sensation were many. When the Temple of Health waned in popularity, there was a new and preposterous thing to induce a thrill. For Emma Lyon and James Graham had a doctrine to propound and people paid a guinea to hear it. This time it was, to quote the circular: "The whole Art of enjoying Health and Vigor of Mind and Body, and of exalting and preserving Personal Beauty and Loveliness." If certain instructions were followed, it was said whosoever wished might live to be a hundred years or more old. The means to physical perfection was the "Earth Bath," and hundreds paid a heavy price to see Graham and Emma buried up to their armpits in warm mud, Emma's hair "always elaborately dressed in the prevailing fashion, with powder, flowers, feathers, and two ropes of pearls on her neck and bust."

*Many Flocked to See the "Earth Bath"*

One way and another Emma had taken much money, and had made many facile promises to cure the aged of their infirmities, and soon there were those who, notwithstanding mud baths and elixirs, became filled with dark suspicion and grave doubt. For a time, Emma kept them quiet with fair words, or with a little nod and a smile, but soon they threatened activity and then Graham's Temple lost its Vestina, and Emma went to Bath, the fashionable watering place. There, society wondered for a time at her expensive hospitalities, and while at first there was suspicion of the rich-looking and splendid woman whose entertainments were wonders of service, and silver, and lights, and music, and cheerful company, doubt soon fled, and those who were invited were glad and thankful to be seen at her table. And Emma did things with artistic distinction, carrying off matters very well in her little court and managing her followers with spirit and intelligence, though it was abundantly clear that she was no prodigy of learning, nor free from a trace of vulgarity.

*Where Nelson Enters the Story*

There is no very satisfactory explanation of how she came to rule over the household of Sir Harry Featherstonehaugh, but rule she did, and when that arrangement came to an end, there was an alliance with the Honorable Charles Grenville, and it was whispered that Emma Lyon was descended of royal kings. So many doors were open to her and a prince of royal blood was happy when she smiled, and the artist, George Romney, rival of Sir Joshua Reynolds, counted himself lucky to be the painter of her portrait. Somehow that led to an acquaintance with Sir William Hamilton, member of Parliament, archeologist, respected fellow of the Royal society, K.C.B., ambassador to the court at Naples, and before long the nursemaid became Lady Hamilton, a smiling and magnificent society queen. Doubtless there was no very slavish adherence to accepted moral conduct in her composition.

Then came the strange affair not usually commented upon in histories, except in a veiled manner. For about Admiral Horatio Nelson, hero of Copenhagen and the Nile, the romantic Emma wove her web, and soon Nelson became one of a *menage a trois* with the Hamiltons, both men being the best of friends, and Lady Hamilton being more than a friend to both men.

We are told of Lady Hamilton's attitudinizing, falling from her chair in a pretended faint, when a celebrity walked into the drawing-room, spectacularly allowing her hair to fall about her, while Sir William "opened the curtain to give a proper light," and Nelson stood on one side in an attitude of rapt admiration. "That," said Sir William, "is one of the most perfect attitudes that Emma ever executed."

*The Gin-Sodden Creature of Calais*

In spite of a defiance of public opinion, it is clear that Nelson was not without his intrusive anxieties. We get a hint of that in his last words, spoken October 25, 1805, as he lay wounded to death on his ship the *Victory* at the Battle of Trafalgar. "Remember," he said, "I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter as a legacy to my country." Then, a little later, "Thank God, I have done my duty," which last may be interpreted as having either patriotic or sentimental allusions. For he had kept up his intimacy with Lady Hamilton after the death of Hamilton in 1803.

But the nation had no honors to bestow on Emma, and, being returned to England, she had to endure, as best she could, dark and gloomy days. She knew the inside of the debtor's prison and she knew life in sordid lodging houses. At last she tried to forget the dullness and tiresomeness of her sunset days in drink, and at the end she was a bedraggled, gin-sodden creature in the streets of Calais, avoided by those who had once sought her hospitality, all her hopes and aspirations crumbled into dust.

# Samoans Avoid the *Aitu*

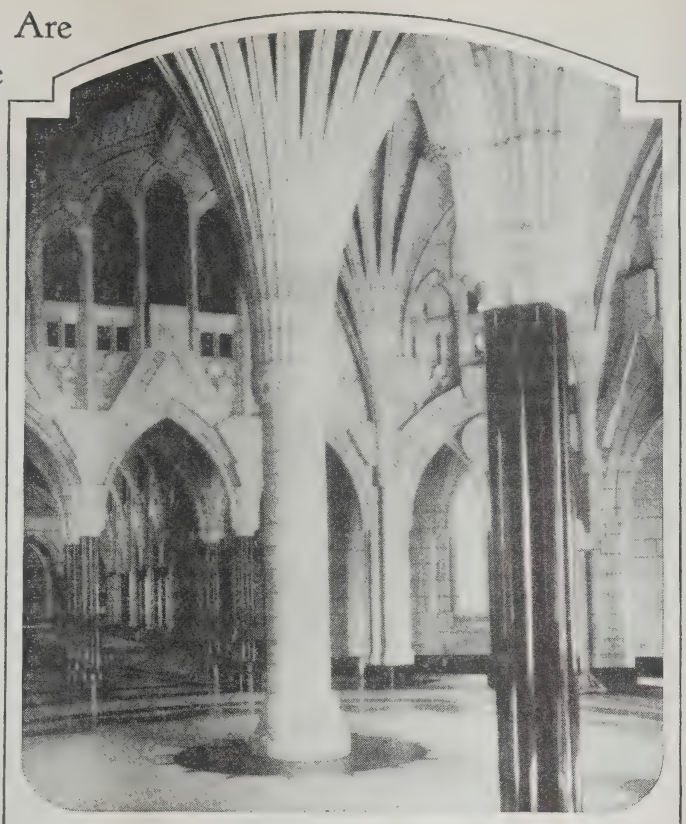
THE Samoan's love for ceremony, especially dignified ceremony, and for singing, has helped much in making him a church member and regular service attendant. But even with his acceptance of Christianity he still, in many cases, keeps a weather eye open for the ancient *aitu* (devil) that had the fear and respect of his ancestors. The *aitu* may be a back number, but you never can tell.

There was the young fellow, for instance, who showed his irreverence a couple of years ago by walking across an old chief's grave. His family and everyone else warned him about the *aitu*, did they not? Still he walked on the grave. A few days later he had a bad cold. Shortly after he was dead. Quick tuberculosis.

How much better it is for a Christian or anyone to respect ancient things and thus not arouse the wrath of the *aitu* on guard! So the Samoan gives the *aitu* a wide berth, hoping his slumbers among the holy places he guards will be undisturbed so long that they will become permanent.

## Ottawa Impressions Are Not Quite as One Might Look for

By E. L. CHICANOT



Main entrance hall, Parliament Building, Ottawa.

# In the Gallery of the Canadian House

TO SAY that I was thrilled when a journalistic friend offered to secure for me a ticket of admission to the gallery of the Canadian House of Commons which was in session is to understate my emotion. It really seemed too astonishing to be true. Though I had frequently been in Ottawa, the possibility of witnessing Canadian legislation actually in the making had never for an instant occurred to me before. Here I was in a part of the British Empire and yet I was shaken at being casually asked if I wanted to attend a sitting of the House. It was too utterly astounding.

With the pleasing sensation of having been especially favored I made my way up the long terrace leading to the hallowed precincts of State in a mood of much profounder reverence than possesses me on the occasion of my hebdomadal visit to church. Consequently I was considerably surprised, and not a little piqued, at the ease of my admission. A conservatively uniformed official, who might have been soldier, policeman, or store commissionaire, took my ticket after the nonchalant manner of an attendant at a picture house. There was no heavily armed guard, not even a solitary beefeater. There was no rigorous scrutiny, no searching for lethal weapons, no inquiry into my habits or ancestry. I might have been the most violent revolutionary. My attendant did not seem to mind. The pleasant idea I had harbored of being one of an especially honored few suffered a rude jolt.

I followed my escort through a series of somber, high, vaulted corridors in that splendid and impressive building which is gradually arising upon the foundation of the old legislature destroyed by fire during the war years. Finally he pushed open a heavy door, stood aside to let me pass in, and I was in the gallery. I walked upon a floor carpeted so thickly as effectually to deaden my footfalls.

Again I was to suffer disillusionment. I had pictured the gallery densely packed with a thrilled and awed crowd, swayed by bursts of oratory, pulsating with every human emotion. I found that I was one of a mere score or so of widely scattered spectators, apparently bored with the proceedings.

I had expected a dignified and impressive scene, the most rigid convention and ceremony prevailing, the awesome silence of the chamber broken only by the member holding the floor, upon whom all eyes would be focussed and to whose words every ear would be attentive. Instead, parliament, dissociated from its gorgeously solemn setting, seemed much more like a glorified meeting of school trustees in a rural district, gathered to deliberate over the question of painting the schoolhouse.

In a half-filled house, seated in twos, some with their hats on and one wearing a none too reputable cap, members lolled in their benches as though serenely unconscious that the eyes of a nation were fixed upon them, their deliberations and decisions eagerly followed and awaited. They laughed and chatted together and strolled in and out of the chamber in the most unconcerned manner. No one seemed the least interested in the member who was on his feet and orating who, however, kept thundering on quite undisturbed as if he expected nothing else.

The one member of the House who seemed to maintain strict decorum, who imparted to the assembly its lone touch of dignity, and seemed to restrain members from indulgence in absolute schoolboy outbursts of frivolity



Interior of House of Commons, Ottawa.

and irresponsibility, was the speaker who, from his throne at the end of the chamber, surveyed the benches before him with the kindly yet disciplinary expression of a schoolmaster. He held the House with a light but firm rein, checking the impetuous, quietly but firmly rebuking those inclined to become too unruly, making his decisions as to procedure in gentle but authoritative tones.

On the steps of the speaker's throne sat a number of page boys in the only Eton suits I ever saw in Canada. Their casual way of distributing themselves about the sacred dais was distinctly reminiscent of those old paintings depicting the courts of medieval kings.

Any remaining vestige of awe or reverence I might still have entertained was completely banished on making a survey of the members of the house. They were not in the least the eminently distinguished, or characteristically outstanding supermen I had fondly pictured the carefully selected legislators of the nation would be. In fact, I thought an unconventional portrait of the gathering might be taken and called "Jack Canuk in Repose," so typical would it be of the general Canadian public. All the Dominion types which are evolving were to be found there. There was the western farmer who seemed to have just doffed his overalls to put on his best suit which had been lying in the closet unpressed since his visit to the livestock show at Calgary or Regina. There was the alert, confident, sprucely attired Canadian business man who seemed just to have stepped out of his store or office and carried his tradition religiously with him.

There was the professional man, the doctor or lawyer, more intellectual in cast of countenance, and clothes not generally quite so spruce.

They were all average Canadians, the kind one meets in masses on the streets of Montreal or Toronto, sees at work on the farms of Alberta or Saskatchewan, encounters in the fishing towns of the Maritimes or the lumber camps of British Columbia. In only two cases that I could ascertain was my diagnosis hopelessly wrong. A most reactionary and socialistic labor member I had mentally set down as a Presbyterian minister, while the member of the nondescript cap who had all the appearance of being a violent revolutionary turned out to be a prominent and most respectable captain of industry.

Even the premier and leader of the government lost a good deal of his romance seen in this his most natural environment, and I wondered how he could sit so calmly, reflecting with head resting upon his hand, gazing most peacefully and benignly across at the leader of the opposition who on the previous day had cut his parliamentary reputation to pieces in that frank and ruthless way we have in Canada.



Main front of Canadian House of Parliament.

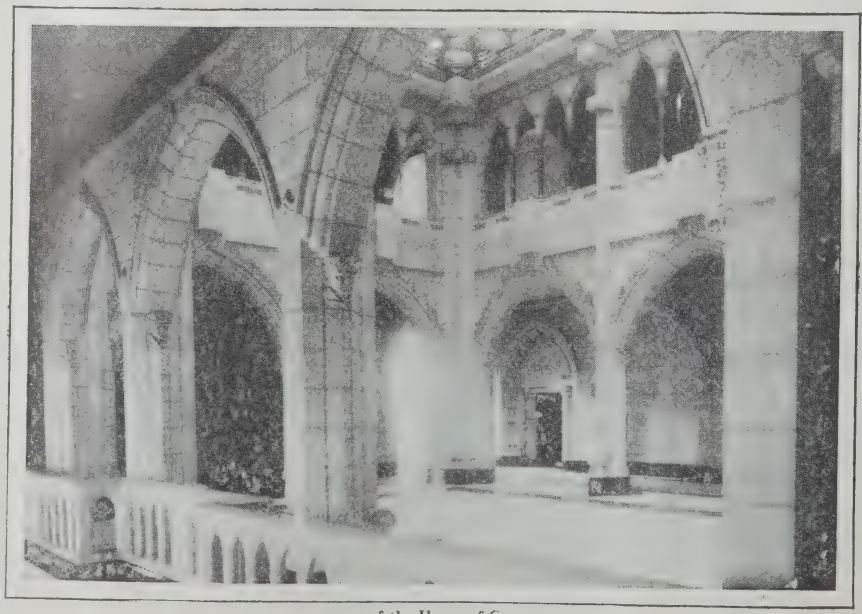
The proceedings of Canada's parliament are not characterized by that reserve of manner, that restraint of conduct, that dignity of procedure which one is wont to associate with British parliamentary affairs and, dieted on this from youth, to look for. Approximately about ten per cent of the members present appeared to have any interest at all in what the member holding the floor was talking about. Every few minutes one of these apparently attentive ones would tire and slouch out of the chamber with an expression of boredom which should have infuriated the orator, though he gave absolutely no indication of it.

The others were engaged in sparkling tête à têtes, writing letters, draw ing figures on their pads, or drinking copious supplies of water. They crossed to the other side of the house whenever they felt so inclined, though always pulling up in the center to bow respectfully to the speaker, and in every possible manner seemed to be endeavoring to impress upon the member holding the floor their total disregard for, and entire lack of interest in, what he was orating about. Occasionally, strictly against the etiquette of the House, and much after the impetuous manner of a daring schoolboy, a member would interject a remark humorous or caustic, to be reproved promptly by the speaker.

And yet a good deal seemed to be accomplished even as I sat there. The manner in which laws were made was terrifyingly simple once the process got under way. The member who had been holding forth worked up to a climax of oratory, which seemed only to deepen the air of boredom, and with a final glance at the Hansard reporters, who were his real audience and who would, through the official publication, spread his utterance through the dominion, sat down.

The speaker slowly read a resolution in his cultured French accent, asked for a vote, received a purely indistinguishable murmur from the House, and said "Passed." Another law had been added to the statutes, and Canadian life was hemmed about with another piece of legislation.

It is, therefore, not surprising to observe the voluminous amount of new legislation each session.



A corner of the House of Commons.




***A Former Cabinet Member*** dropped into The Office: "I have been trying to find out what the people are thinking," said he.

"And what are they thinking?" asked we.

"They are not thinking," said he. "I do not remember a time when the people were thinking less than now."

"And what do you think is the cause of it?" asked we.

"That is where I have to confess my unity with the people," said he, "—I don't know. If I knew, perhaps I could help. Nobody knows, so nobody is helping. Sometimes I think it is the natural reaction of the strenuous years of Roosevelt and Wilson. When these men led, the people had to do more or less thinking. They compelled the holding of opinions for or against, and an intelligent opinion requires some thought in its make-up. Maybe the people are resting up from that long experience."

"But," said we, "they have had Harding and Coolidge since then; surely these have been restful enough."

"Yes," said he, "but it takes a nation a long time to rest up. I don't like to think that we are getting soft. I don't like to think that our material prosperity has bribed us out of mental and spiritual activity. But—well, I'm puzzled."

"Isn't it possible," asked we, "that your political career predisposes you to gauge the people's mental activity by the amount of thought they expend on political affairs? When they are not agitated about politics, you assume that they are not thinking at all; isn't that your formula?"

"Well, there may be something in that," said he. "But if it is so—if they are merely not thinking about politics, what are they thinking of?"

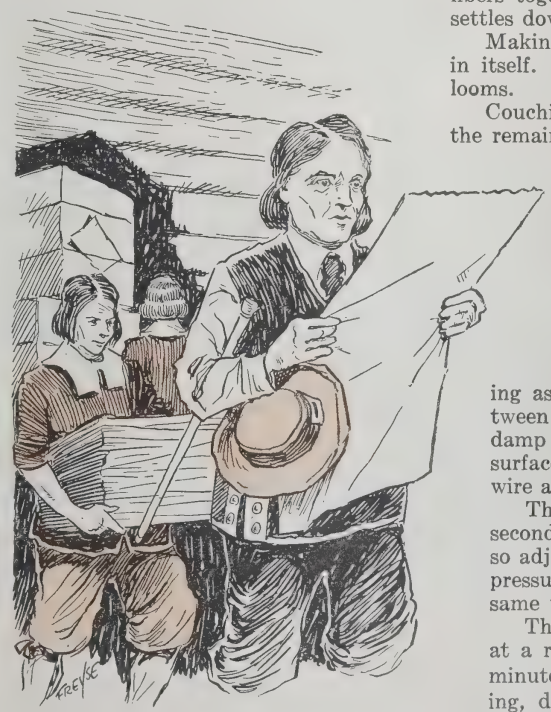
"There," said we, "we can make no pretense to omniscience. But, mark you, the people are thinking to this extent—they are thinking that all the thinking they have done before did not amount to much simply because it was political. They are thinking that life is only incidentally political, that we have been making the big tent out of what is just naturally a side show. That's what they're thinking. We are passing out of adolescence into earlier maturity as a people—and you know how people appear listless when really they are brooding through the most vital changes of their life. That is what is happening to the people. They are thinking, their minds are turning over, but it will not be the old things that come out when the process is finished; it will be something new. Better get ready for it."

"True," said the former Cabinet member, "instead of studying the people we had better watch ourselves, for what our own minds are doing will furnish a clue to what the people's mind is doing."

***The Man from Montana*** dropped into The Office and complained at the treatment he had received at the hands of an employment agency in the city. He said that, together with thousands of others in his circumstances, he had left the ranches and farms and come to the city to work until spring. The employment agency first took his $8.00 and told him to report for duty at a certain factory next morning. He was there on time but the plant was not hiring that morning. He returned to the agency and they told him to report again next morning at the same place. He turned up at the factory doors promptly the next morning. The man in charge of employment said there was nothing doing. The workman returned to the agency and demanded the return of his money. They gave it up reluctantly. Evidently the agency had no arrangement with the factory, but simply sent the man out there on the chance that he would find a job. This is a peculiarly vicious form of swindling. In Seattle the applicant for work receives his pay, from the agency, from the time his card is stamped in the employment office until he returns saying he has failed to find work at the plant recommended. The same is true in Montana cities.

# From Tree to Printing Press

THE basis for paper may be of two kinds—rags and wood fiber. Rags are generally used for finer grades of paper, and wood for the cheaper. This material is thrown into a huge vat, with a wheel inside which tears the material apart, and reduces it to a soft, pulpy mass. There is an arrangement for pouring the pulp over a wire gauze mold, which is an endless sheet moving around two rollers. Under the part which receives the pulp there is a series of small brass rollers, which keep it perfectly level, and arrangement of suction boxes and tubes, worked by air pumps, which draw much of the water out as the pulp passes over them.



The framework on which the surface of the wire gauze rests shakes with a sidewise motion, which works the fibers together before the pulp finally settles down.

Making this gauze is an industry in itself. It is woven by hand-swung looms.

Couching rolls press out most of the remaining moisture, and carry the pulp to the first and second series of press rolls. The paper next meets with a felt sheet, which keeps it in close contact with large drying cylinders, filled with steam.

Around these the embryo paper passes, drying as it goes. It is received between two smoothing rolls, or damp cylinders, which press both surfaces, removing marks of the wire and felt.

The drying is finished on a second series of drying cylinders, so adjusted as to give considerable pressure to the paper, and at the same time a glossiness.

The paper machine produces at a rate of from 30 to 75 feet a minute, spreading the pulp, couching, drying and calendering it as it goes, so that the stream of pulp flowing in at one end of the machine is in two minutes passed out, finished paper, at the other.

It has been estimated that an ordinary paper machine, making webs of paper 54 inches wide, will turn out four miles of paper a day.—*F.D.H.*

# He Licked Fall in His Own Paper

(*Continued from page 3*)

people confidence in me. I wasn't firing a bird-shot charge that would scatter anywhere; I was firing a rifle with one ball and I was firing it at somebody in particular, and it always hit."

Then came the big climax in the Teapot Dome scandal.

"This fellow Fall had already talked to me in a childlike way about everything. He told me about the political ring and how they managed it. Then he proceeded to tell me that he was broke; that he was glad to sell the paper and get his share That was when I bought the paper. Again in 1920 he told me that he was broke. He told me that he had unpaid taxes on his ranch which were in arrears some years. He even went so far as to tell me that he must get out of the Senate; that it was too expensive for him.

"Then late in 1922 it was known that Sinclair had come to Three Rivers in his special car.

"Early in 1923, Fall paid off his arrears in taxes, got two high-priced automobiles, and put about $90,000 into improvements on his ranch. You know you can't put in a big electric water plant without the neighbors knowing about it and talking about it.

"These rumors started me to work. I had the idea that something had been pulled off at Three Rivers as a result of the visit of that private car.

"Something was also being pulled off in Washington as well as at Three Rivers. My suspicions deepened when suddenly Fall went into the Cabinet.

"Everybody knows now, it is a matter of record, that Fall took up the matter of the lease of the Teapot Dome Naval reserves as soon as he got into office and I kept hammering at this thing long before it broke in Washington. I had heard rumors about a satchel with money in it. I kept talking about that satchel. I kept hinting at Teapot Dome and asking who was going to get the lease long before the investigations began in Washington. We knew about it down there."

"Did you go to Washington?"

"I did."

"What did you tell them?"

"I informed them that in 1920 Fall told me he was broke, but that since he had gone into the Cabinet he had spent over $200,000 on his ranch. Then I said to the Senators: 'I wonder where he got the money?'

"Before they called me, Senator Walsh was asking whether it was advisable to lease the Teapot Dome to a private corporation. I wired him and said, 'That's not the question to ask! Ask if it is honest; find out if it is a crooked deal.' That started the investigation on a different phase."

"Where did Fall get the money?" That was the question that started it all. That question was asked by editor Carl Magee, of whom the American people ought to know. The nation knows the rest of the story but it does not know that an obscure, determined, Christian newspaper editor started the ball rolling.

But the last chapter of this man's fight has been the most intense.

"One morning in June, 1923, a Spanish-speaking husky walked into my newspaper office in Albuquerque and said, 'I'm a deputy sheriff and I have been sent to take you to Las Vegas. I have a warrant for your arrest for criminal libel!'

"I looked at the warrant and saw that I was accused of libel because I had written of a certain judge who lived in San Miguel, 120 miles away. I wrote that he had grown too accustomed to old methods to see anything wrong in what had happened.



State capitol at Santa Fe, New Mexico.

"I was referring to the Fall case. I knew that this time they meant to do the worst they could do to me.

"I could have used influence and got out of going to Las Vegas. I asked my wife what to do, and she said something that heartened my soul.

" 'It would be easier to see you go to jail than to see you run.' "

Magee was warned that he was not to write anything about the trial.

But every day Magee wrote an article calling the proceedings unjust and illegal.

The Spanish-speaking jury, following the judge's orders, brought in a verdict of "guilty" within a few minutes and the judge imposed a sentence of eighteen months in the penitentiary and a fine. Immediately following this sentence Magee was put on trial before the same judge for contempt of court.

"I was put on the witness stand. The lawyer asked me if I still said that the judge who was trying me was corrupt and I said, 'He is!'

"When the second trial was over he sentenced me to another year in jail and a fine of $4,050."

"What happened then?" I asked.

"The governor immediately pardoned me and made a statement that the proceedings at Las Vegas were a blot on the state and a disgrace to all good people.

"I have nothing against Judge Dan Leahy in private life. But I criticized his public acts and I started a movement to defeat him at the elections and we licked him good.

"During the trial they put me in jail. My friends, the cowboys, were afraid for me. One little stunt the politicans had was to throw a man in jail overnight among a lot of Mexicans. Then they arranged it so that a fight would come about and the victim would have his eyes gouged out, and the politicians would tell the newspapers that nobody was to blame; it was just a fight in the jail."

Five hundred cowboys accompanied Magee to jail and told the sheriff that if anything happened to Magee, if he even received a scratch, they would tear the jail to pieces and the sheriff would answer to them. They brought

him his meals to avoid any mischance. They posted guards around the jail all night to be sure that nothing happened to him and every hour Magee would call out,

"I'm all right boys!"

His prison doors were left open. He thinks that probably this was to tempt him to try to escape; that would give his enemies a chance to shoot him as a fugitive.

***When Magee Went to Las Vegas***

Magee was pardoned by the governor. Then the governor wanted Magee to serve on the board of directors of the insane asylum.

"If he goes on that board I'll stamp his life out!" Leahy was reported to have said.

"That put me in a place where I had to go on," said Magee. "It meant that I had to visit Las Vegas every time there was a meeting. Judge Leahy lived there. The governor knew there was danger, but he said, 'I've got to have a man with courage to straighten out the affairs of that asylum. You're the man.'

" 'If I go to Las Vegas with Judge Leahy's threat hanging over me, I'll have to have permission to carry a gun for self-protection,' I told the governor.

"I had never carried a gun before, during all my trouble. I went to four board meetings and nothing happened. But one night when I started out my daughter Gertrude wanted to go with me. I was climbing into the automobile when Gertrude said, 'Daddy, do you have your gun with you?'

"I told her that I did not have it; that Leahy had had time to get over his hard feelings and that I didn't think I would carry the gun any more. She insisted upon going back into the house for it. I called for her to get the little gun, for there were two in my dresser. The big one, I said, was too heavy to carry. We were stopping at the Meadow Hotel. I felt so safe in that hotel that when I came in I would always throw my gun on the table before going downstairs to eat. But on this particular day I kept it in my pocket.

***The Fight in the Lobby of the Hotel***

"I had eaten my supper and was being interviewed by a girl reporter of a local paper. We were sitting on a big sofa in the middle of the lobby. Suddenly Leahy walked in. The reporter said to me, 'There's your friend!' There were several women in the lobby and I never dreamed that he would attack me. But suddenly he started walking toward me.

"Even then I didn't think he would attack me. However, I kept my eyes open. I had that little gun in my left pocket. I didn't even shift it. Suddenly he turned and hit me on the side of my head and knocked me to the floor. The gun fell to the floor. Then Leahy started to kick me. He kicked me in the face and all over my body. I instinctively lifted up my leg to protect my body but he pulled my leg down so that he could kick at my stomach. I was semi-conscious only, but was awake enough to see that gun lying on the floor. I reached for it and shot Leahy through the arm, but one of the stray bullets hit a young man who had been trying to save me from Leahy's assault. He had twice jumped on Leahy, who is a big six-footer, and had been shaken off. The lad received a shot.

"It went in through his neck and straight through the spinal column. It killed him instantly.

"Gertrude was upstairs in her room when she heard the shot, and ran down. She saw me lying on the lobby floor and saw the dead boy. She is only sixteen but that child acted like a grown woman. She took charge of everything; whispered into my half-conscious brain, 'Don't talk, Daddy! Don't say a word!'

"I am out on bail for murdering a man who was trying to save my life. Up to that night the fight was a merry one and I rather liked it. But from that hour it has been terrible. If I get one man on the jury who can speak and understand English I will be doing well. The district judge will be Spanish, the prosecutor will be Spanish and the sheriff will be Spanish."

"What happened to Leahy?" I asked him.

***The Story Sheds Light on Teapot Dome***

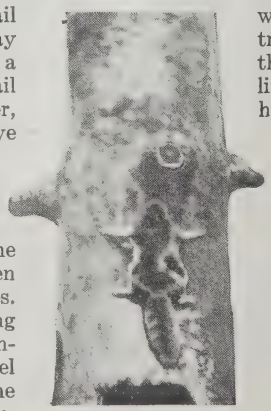
"Nothing! Nothing will ever happen to him by the act of man, unless the state attorney-general goes in and forces an indictment before the grand jury."

It seems to me that this is the most remarkable fight for decency and honor in politics; for freedom of the press; and righteousness in public thinking that I have ever listened to. I think the nation should know the story. It is the explanation of much that is obscure in the Teapot Dome scandal.

# Pohkahn, the Little Glider

By D. LANGE

POHKAHN is the Yankton Sioux for flying squirrel. Pohkahn is not really a flyer, but he is a bold and skillful glider. A soft fur-covered fold of skin connects his foreleg and hind leg on each side, and the long fine hair on his tail is attached in such a way that its lower side makes a flat surface. Thus the tail serves not only as a rudder, but it increases his effective gliding surface and enables him to make those quick upward turns in mid-air which are both a surprise and a delight to the observer, even if he has seen the performance many times.



Every time I see a flying squirrel jump boldly downward out of a tree top, I feel that he is going to hit the ground hard with his nose, but he never does. Always in the nick of time, he makes an upward curve and lands safely on his feet against the trunk of another tree, nose up and tail down. If he is in the traveling mood, he runs up the second tree about as fast as his cousin Adjidahno, the red imp of the forest, and down he jumps out of the top branches for another bold glide.

Although flying squirrels are at least as common as red squirrels, they are seldom seen. They are even common in most suburbs, where there are enough trees left; and sometimes they make their nest in the attic or the wall of a house.

They are strictly nocturnal and never show themselves in the daytime unless they are disturbed.

Their natural homes are hollow trees, and they are small enough to slip easily into a woodpecker hole. Old hollow trees should be spared, so that many birds and the little woodfolk may not be homeless.

Once I tapped Pohkahn out of a dead poplar, and for a moment I thought I had discovered the winter quarters of a whole family of flying squirrels, but I soon discovered that the little creature was fooling me. He slipped out of the hole on my side of the tree and promptly returned by a hole on the other side.

I returned a week later with my camera. To my delight, I found Pohkahn at home and managed to take his picture, showing him cleaving to the tree, where his buff fur blended perfectly with the deadwood.

Flying squirrels do not hibernate, but almost nothing is definitely known about their feeding habits. No doubt, like other squirrels, they eat nuts and acorns; and, in the absence of those, they get along on pine and spruce seeds and buds, for they are found far north of the limit of oaks and nut trees.

Their range extends from Nova Scotia to Florida and from the Atlantic Coast to California and Alaska.

# Is There a Yellow Race?

(Concluded from page 6)

gol, a white man."

In connection with this revival of art in China, Dr. Legendre goes on to say that Kublai Khan gathered artists, musicians, poets, writers and scientists from all parts of Asia, and even from Eastern Europe, making it worth their while to live in China and there produce the best of which they were capable. This period in Chinese art must have been comparable with that of Lorenzo the Magnificent in Italy. Continuing along these lines, however, the "re-discoverer of China," as Dr. Legendre has been called, says:

"One should not get the idea that the art of China is derived exclusively from Greece and Persia. Archeology seems to show that the art of the first dynasties was a reproduction of the art of Babylon. Griffons and dragons—the latter considered exclusively Chinese symbolism—are characteristic of Babylonian and Assyrian art. In short, China is a depository of Mesopotamian, Greek and Persian arts, each and all of which have been drawn upon to make up the composite of Chinese art, just as the black and white races have been drawn upon to make up the mulatto mixture which is now the population of China."



The Chinese on the right might be mistaken for a light-colored Negro. Interior China contains many natives who are more pronouncedly negroid than this man.

The search for original Chinese genius is hopeless, in the opinion of the French Sinologue, who believes that the mother idea for everything Chinese is to be found in some other and more ancient country, notably in that part of Central Asia inhabited since very ancient times by the Iranians (whites). "Even the much-discussed Chinese philosophy is no exception," says Dr. Legendre. "Not to mention Confucius, who was merely a moralist, the doctrine of Lao Tse, which is that of renouncement and abstemiousness, is only the repetition of a creed then prominent in India—the Oupanishad. One looks in vain throughout China to find anything approaching the great achievements of the white people of the world. In fact, the Aryan and the Semite are responsible for every civilization that ever existed on this planet, and for all the progress of humanity. They founded all the great empires, including the Chinese Empire. There never has been a 'yellow' civilization, just as there never has been a 'black' one. There never has been any kind of a civilization except that of the white races."

The process of absorption of the white invaders first by the negroids and then by the mulattoes through centuries which cannot be computed, is explained by Dr. Legendre as a "widely practiced polygamy." The same process is known to have operated in India, where the whites were absorbed through mingling polygamously with the "Anasas," or noseless tribes, which were, of course, negroid. To this day, however, the higher castes in India show plainly their Aryan ancestry, as—according to this investigator—do the ruling people of China. "For untold centuries, the Huns played major parts in China, India, the Iranian Plateau and Southern Russia," continues Dr. Legendre. "Their all-conquering armies roamed from the Yellow Sea on the eastern shores of Asia to the Black Sea in Europe; Asia yielded in terror to them, and Europe trembled at their approach. The Chinese called them 'Hion-Nu'; the Greeks named them 'Indo-Scythes'; and later historians of Europe have classified them as 'Turko-Mongols.' But the Huns of Attila and the Mongols of Genghis Khan have been considered always as belonging to the 'yellow race,' and the modern Hungarians and Bulgarians have been classified as descendants of Mongolians, similarly 'yellow men.' "

According to Dr. Legendre, these conclusions are all wrong. He claims to have records to prove that the greater part of the fighting forces of Attila and Genghis Khan were Iranians, Turks and Ousouns. Thus, the true Huns were peoples of Caucasian blood, white, many of them blue-eyed and fair-haired. Among them, and considerable in numbers, were men and women of small stature, prognathous jaw, flattened nose, and thick lips. These were Negroes, negroids and mulattoes, the servants of the white Huns, mixed with vanquished tribes which were carried in the train of the victorious Hordes. These black and gray and yellow underlings, who, because of their very numbers, gave the character of yellow to the moving armies, were of low biological development and utterly incapable of conceiving or carrying out the tremendous conquests, or the organizations of all the tribes of Asia, accomplished by the white Hun chieftains and their equally white armies.

In other words, the Attilas, the Tamerlanes, the Genghis Khans—large and small, all the leaders who sought to unite Asia against Europe—were not yellow men, but Turko-Iranians belonging to the white royal tribes of Mongolia. And the Mongols, in the beginning, were not a race, but merely one tribe in a race, all white, and so named from one of their greatest chiefs, Mong Gou, an ancestor of Genghis Khan. Heirs to a wonderful Iranian civilization initiated into the arts and philosophies of Europe by the Nestorians at a later date, they attempted to carry this civilization to dominance over the then known world—but were absorbed by the lesser tribes they conquered, to form the so-called "yellow race" of Asia.

In 1237 a vast Mongol horde entered Russia and, after carrying destruction through that country with fire and sword and forcing the princes to do homage, pressed into Poland and Germany and on the field known as the Wahlstatt, near Liegnitz, in Silesia, defeated an army of Poles, Silesians, and Teutonic Knights, in April, 1241, suffering such heavy losses, however, as to be compelled to retreat. In the same year another army under Batu Khan overwhelmed the Hungarians.

# The Men of the Mayflower as Fathers of the Republic

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

HISTORIans occasionally, and non-historians frequently, have treated the events of the seventeenth to the nineteenth of April in 1775 as the beginning of a struggle which culminated in the Independence of America. In very truth Concord and Lexington mark rather the end of a long period of struggle between the Old World and the New, and the inevitable complete separation which was foreshadowed in the early history of the colonization of the English colonies.

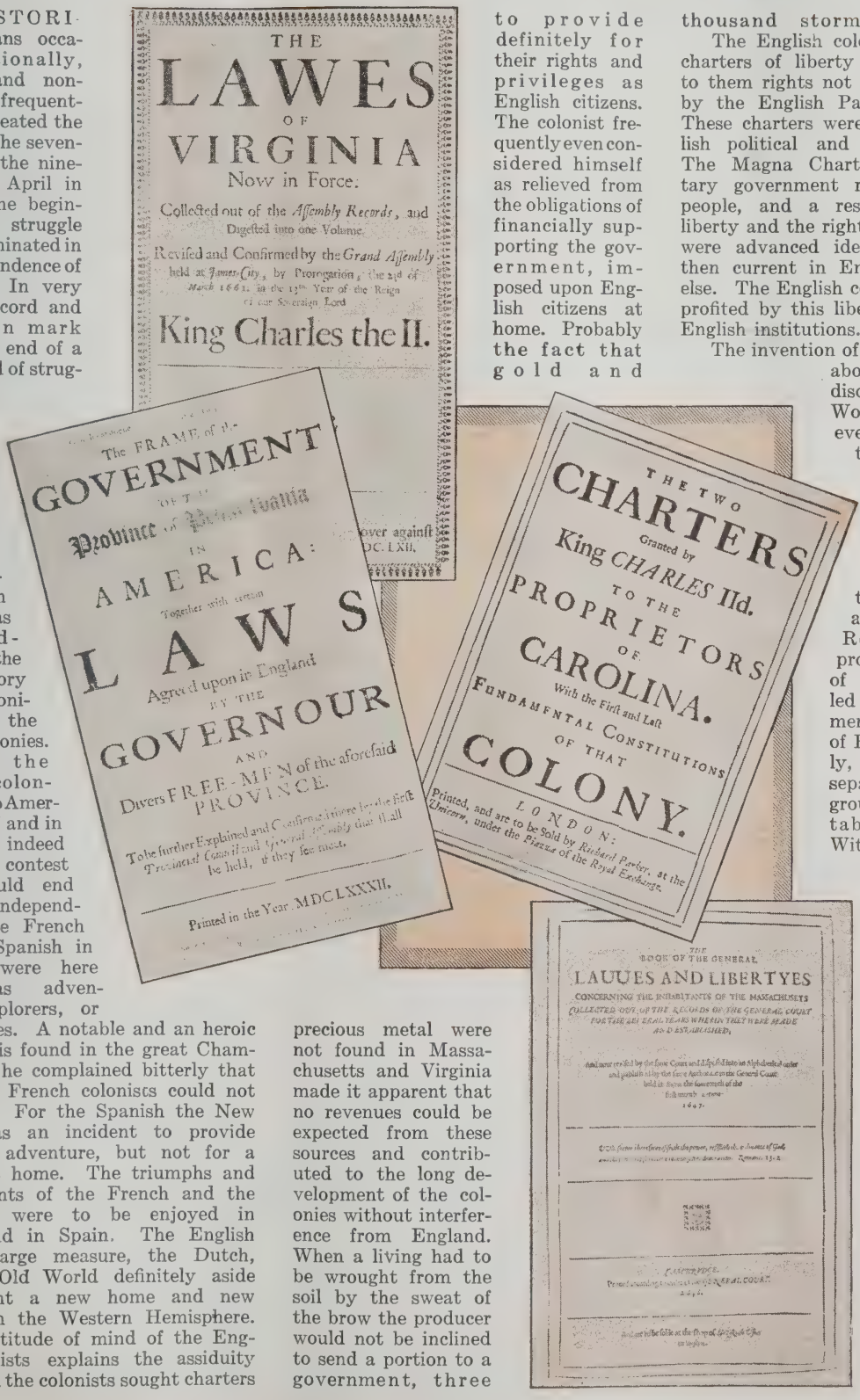
When the English colonists came to America in 1607 and in 1620 then indeed began a contest which could end only in independence. The French and the Spanish in America were here largely as adventurers, explorers, or missionaries. A notable and an heroic exception is found in the great Champlain and he complained bitterly that more true French colonists could not be found. For the Spanish the New World was an incident to provide gold and adventure, but not for a permanent home. The triumphs and achievements of the French and the Spaniards were to be enjoyed in France and in Spain. The English and, in large measure, the Dutch, cast the Old World definitely aside and sought a new home and new liberties in the Western Hemisphere.

The attitude of mind of the English colonists explains the assiduity with which the colonists sought charters to provide definitely for their rights and privileges as English citizens. The colonist frequently even considered himself as relieved from the obligations of financially supporting the government, imposed upon English citizens at home. Probably the fact that gold and precious metal were not found in Massachusetts and Virginia made it apparent that no revenues could be expected from these sources and contributed to the long development of the colonies without interference from England. When a living had to be wrought from the soil by the sweat of the brow the producer would not be inclined to send a portion to a government, three thousand stormy miles away.

The English colonists received the charters of liberty which guaranteed to them rights not subject to revision by the English Parliament or King. These charters were based upon English political and civic institutions. The Magna Charta, the parliamentary government responsible to the people, and a respect for personal liberty and the rights of the individual were advanced ideas of government then current in England as nowhere else. The English colonists in America profited by this liberal background of English institutions.

The invention of the printing press about 1450 and the discovery of the New World in 1492 were events which did much to free the human mind from the bondage of ancient tradition. Both events are connected with the revolt against the church, known as the Protestant Reformation. The progress of the ideas of religious freedom led to the establishment of the Church of England and equally, yea more, to the separation of a large group from that "established church." With this separation begins actively the history of the English colonies in America. In the early history of the New England colonists the struggle for complete religious and political liberty had its beginning, culminating in the American Revolution.

The persecutions which drove the Pilgrim Fathers to Holland placed them in contact with other forms of religious freedom and with political



# The Men of the Mayflower

institutions of an advanced type in the federal republic of Holland. Here these Englishmen enjoyed a large measure of self-government as well as religious freedom. However, these Englishmen did not desire to become Dutchmen nor to have their children and their religious and political ideas gradually absorbed and modified by the Dutch among whom they dwelt. Further the political situation in Holland threatened the continued spiritual freedom and the economic situation was also difficult.

When the *Mayflower* sailed away the spiritual leader of the Pilgrims, John Robinson, was elected to remain with the larger group in Holland. The letter of advice which he wrote reflects what we may proudly term the American attitude: "Whereas you are to become a body politic using among yourselves civil government, and are not furnished with any persons of special eminency above the rest to be chosen by you into office of government, let your wisdom and godliness appear not only in choosing such persons as do entirely love and will diligently promote the common good but also in yielding unto them all due honor and obedience in their lawful administrations; not beholding in them the ordinariness of their persons, but God's ordinance for your good."

***Humanity Revived Its Rights in the "Mayflower"***

The *Mayflower* landed not in Virginia as originally planned but at Cape Cod. Here a new charter of liberties was drawn up, again reflecting the ideas later so appropriately designated by Lincoln as government, "of the people, by the people, and for the people." This *Mayflower* compact of 1620 reads as follows:

"In the name of God, amen. We whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread sovereign Lord King James, by the grace of God of Great Britain, France, and Ireland King, Defender of the Faith, etc., having undertaken, for the glory of God and advancement of the Christian faith and honor of our king and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the northern parts of Virginia, do by these presents solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and one of another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by virtue hereto to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the Colony, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witness whereof we have hereunder subscribed our names at Cape Cod, the 11th of November, in the year of the reign of our sovereign lord King James, of England, France, and Ireland, the eighteenth and of Scotland the fifty-fourth. Anno Dom. 1620."

The famous historian, George Bancroft, has well said that, "In the cabin of the *Mayflower* humanity recovered its rights and instituted government on the basis of equal laws enacted by all the people for the general good."

***Religious Liberty Established in Maryland***

The Virginia charter of 1606 granted by James the First gave to the colonists the rights and privileges of English citizens. In 1619 Captain George Yeardley, as governor and captain general of Virginia, brought to Jamestown the new charter of privileges, orders and laws under which the House of Burgesses was formed as the first American representative Assembly.

The Dutch governors of Manhattan Island were not disposed to grant any political control to the colonists. Under Dutch rule New Amsterdam, although in the most favorable spot of America for a great commercial center, made slow growth. When the English in 1664 seized the city no one can deny that there was only the force of might and not of right. However immoral this seizure of Manhattan the union under one government of the colonies from Maine to Georgia (or even Florida) was geographically inevitable and was an essential step leading to joint action by these colonies. The Dutch colonists were quick to claim the rights of English citizens and the institutions of New England and Virginia were rapidly acquired by New York.

In Maryland under Cecilius Calvert, the second Lord Baltimore, and in Rhode Island under Roger Williams, religious liberty was established, together with a large participation on the part of the people in the making of laws.

***The Pennsylvania Charter of Privileges***

Connecticut was an offshoot from the colony of Massachusetts Bay. The six fundamental articles to which these colonists agreed in 1639 constitute, as Professor Charles McLean Andrews has well said, a "frame of government, expressing in written form the determination of Connecticut settlers to administer their affairs in their own way . . . . experimenting with a remarkable group of political ideas, chief among which was the right to exercise in all parts of her political system a complete control of her own affairs."

The Pennsylvania Charter of Privileges, granted by Penn in October, 1701, remained in force until 1776. As soon as he was made Proprietor and Governor in 1681, William Penn advised the settlers in the province of Pennsylvania: "You shall be governed by laws of your own making." Penn printed "Some account of the Province of Pennsilvania in America" in 1681, which had a wide circulation in Germany and Holland. This circular drew to the new colony Mennonites and Quakers whose descendants are found there today, reflecting in speech, in dress and in physical make-up the original settlers. The ideas which animated Penn continued no less to reproduce their like. In the ideas and ideals of the American Revolution and even of the Civil War the proud part of Pennsylvania connects as closely with Penn as the Quakers and Mennonites of today do with their forbears.

In Pennsylvania the word had power, and religious freedom was a reality from the beginning. In New England and in other parts of Colonial America the early political and religious freedom was by no means continued in unbroken succession until the Revolution, nor even always after the Revolution. Nevertheless the seed of the American Revolution is surely found in the hearts and minds of the early colonists, particularly the English who were able to transplant the best of the English ideas of government to the American shore where the soil long proved more suitable for their development than at home. Nor can it be denied that many of the institutions and legal procedures of New England are traceable to the influence of the Dutch among whom the Pilgrims had dwelt for some years.

***The Acorn Which Grew Into a Massive Oak***

It is interesting to note that that old patriot John Adams, in 1818, stated that the Revolution ought "to be traced back for two hundred years, and sought in the history of the country from the first plantation in America." This the newer historians are doing, and in *The Causes of the War of Independence* by C. H. Van Tyne and in *Revolutionary England*, 1691-1776, by James Truslow Adams, the student may now find the true story of the genesis of the Republic.

No accident caused the American Republic; the massive oak from the little acorn grows. Our form of government is the growth of an idea, the achievement of the enlightened thinkers and dreamers of many ages whose thoughts bore fruit in England and in America. This growth was not uniform throughout all the colonies of America. The eighteenth century, from 1700 to April 18 of 1775, witnessed many events which contributed to nourish the seed of liberty cast upon good ground by our colonial forefathers.

# Over Twenty Years of Service

The confidence placed in Ford cars today is the result of more than twenty-two years of careful manufacturing.

From the time when the Ford Motor Company was little more than a name—with its entire physical assets housed in a small brick building—it has been the aim of this Company to make every Ford car a testimonial to Ford quality.

More than twelve million cars have since gone out from the Ford factories. They have gone into every province of the civilized world, furnishing economical and dependable transportation.

It is natural that more good will should exist for Ford cars today than ever before; and that the demand for them should be without precedent.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

Ford

# BRIEFLY TOLD

Eli Whitney, inventor of the cotton gin, was a gunsmith. He introduced standardized parts and division of labor in his New Haven gun shop.

Last year direct taxes averaging $26 per automobile were collected from car owners in the United States.

During the past twenty-five years Germans have won the Nobel prize in physics, chemistry, and medicine, more than twice as often as any other country and six times as often as the United States.

The American inventor of the steamboat, Robert Fulton, is to be honored by a monument in the town of Ptombiers, France, the place where he conducted tests on the Augronne River in 1802.



In summer cracked ice served in bowls is sold at railway stations in Japan.

Christopher Sholes, inventor of the first practical typewriter and at one time editor of the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, was the first man to print the names and addresses of subscribers on the margin of newspapers for mailing.

Old German sheep-shearers from the Hartz Mountains shear as many as twenty sheep in a day, doing the operation so skillfully as not to cut the skin of a single animal.

Because sparks from railroad engines under government administration caused the great forest fires of Minnesota in 1918, the government was held liable for $15,000,000 damages.

Theodore Roosevelt: "It is the doer of deeds who counts in the battle for life—not he who looks on and says how the fight ought to be fought, without himself sharing in the struggle and the danger."

Long before Archimedes, the Mayas worked out a system for measuring time, which is more accurate than any system ever evolved in the whole course of the world's history.

Present-day traffic congestion, according to the *Christian Science Monitor*, is fulfillment of the vision of the Prophet Nahum, centuries ago, when he said: "And they shall jostle one against another in the roadways."



Rabbits in the high Cascade Mountains have put on their snowshoes for a hard winter. These creatures, called snowshoe rabbits, have long spreading toes, which in winter are covered with coarse hair, giving the feet a greater area.

Three readers complained of error in our computation that Judas' thirty pieces of silver, if placed at 4 per cent, would now equal a mass of gold equal to 345,000 globes the size of the earth. A professor of mathematics has computed that it might equal 365,000 of our worlds. In 1,900 years the sum would reach more than thirty million billion, billion, billion of dollars. Our statement, therefore, was essentially correct.

There is good sense in the Spanish saying, "Tell me whom you live with, and I will tell you who you are." Make it therefore your business, wherever you are, to get into that company which everybody in the place allows to be the best company next to their own; which is the best definition that I can give you of good company.—*Letters of Lord Chesterfield to his son, October, 1748.*



When Knud Rasmussen took his journey through "the Northwest passage" in 1923 with a solitary sledge and a single dog team, he completed the longest sledge journey ever made.

Oregon is proud to claim as assistant attorney-general an ex-schoolteacher, Miss Grace E. Smith.

Smallpox is popularly known as "Heavenly Flowers" in China.

The government entomologists studied the boll weevil, and their chief, Dr. Howard, formulated a plan for stopping it, but the bill he introduced in the Texas legislature failed to pass and a thirty-year war against the boll weevil followed.

Ireland was the only country converted to Christianity without the shedding of one drop of human blood.

Robert Lincoln, son of President Lincoln, received an order to report to Washington. He got to the theater just in time to see his father shot.



Natives of Oman in Arabia wear thick socks to protect their feet from the heat of the sand.

Dr. Florence Satin was the first woman elected to a full professorship in an American school of first rank; the first elected president of our leading medical societies, the Association of Anatomists, and the first woman on the staff of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research.

George Washington was born at Wakefield, his father's plantation.

Napoleon said the British do not make history; they take advantage of it.

General Sir Frederick Maurice placed Lee above Wellington as a general.

A Boston book clerk reading that the only copy of Poe's *Tamerlane* was in the British Museum hunted for a second copy. He found it and bought it with nine other books for $1.50. He sold *Tamerlane* for $1,950. A few years ago it brought $11,000.

The house rat, the wharf rat, and the sewer rat all belong to the same species. The rat can devour 40 per cent of its weight daily. In New York City fully $5,000,000 a year is spent fighting them.



# The Mark of Quality

MOTORISTS bought, in the first ten months of the fiscal year—110% more Gum-Dipped Cords bearing this trade-mark than in the same period of 1924.

This remarkable increase was due to quality built in by exclusive manufacturing processes—carried out by over 13,000 stockholding employees who, having a definite and direct interest, hold to the closest standards of painstaking, accurate workmanship in making every tire of Firestone's mammoth output a perfect product.

They use the best materials obtainable—highest grade rubber direct from the plantations and special fabric made in the Firestone Mills.

It is only natural, with such a high quality product, that Firestone has attracted the best tire dealers of the country to serve the motoring public, in keeping with the Firestone pledge.

Go to the Firestone dealer, whose service will still further increase your tire economy.

THE MARK OF QUALITY

The Mark of Quality

# Firestone

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER . H.S. Firestone

THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIV. OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL.
B-41

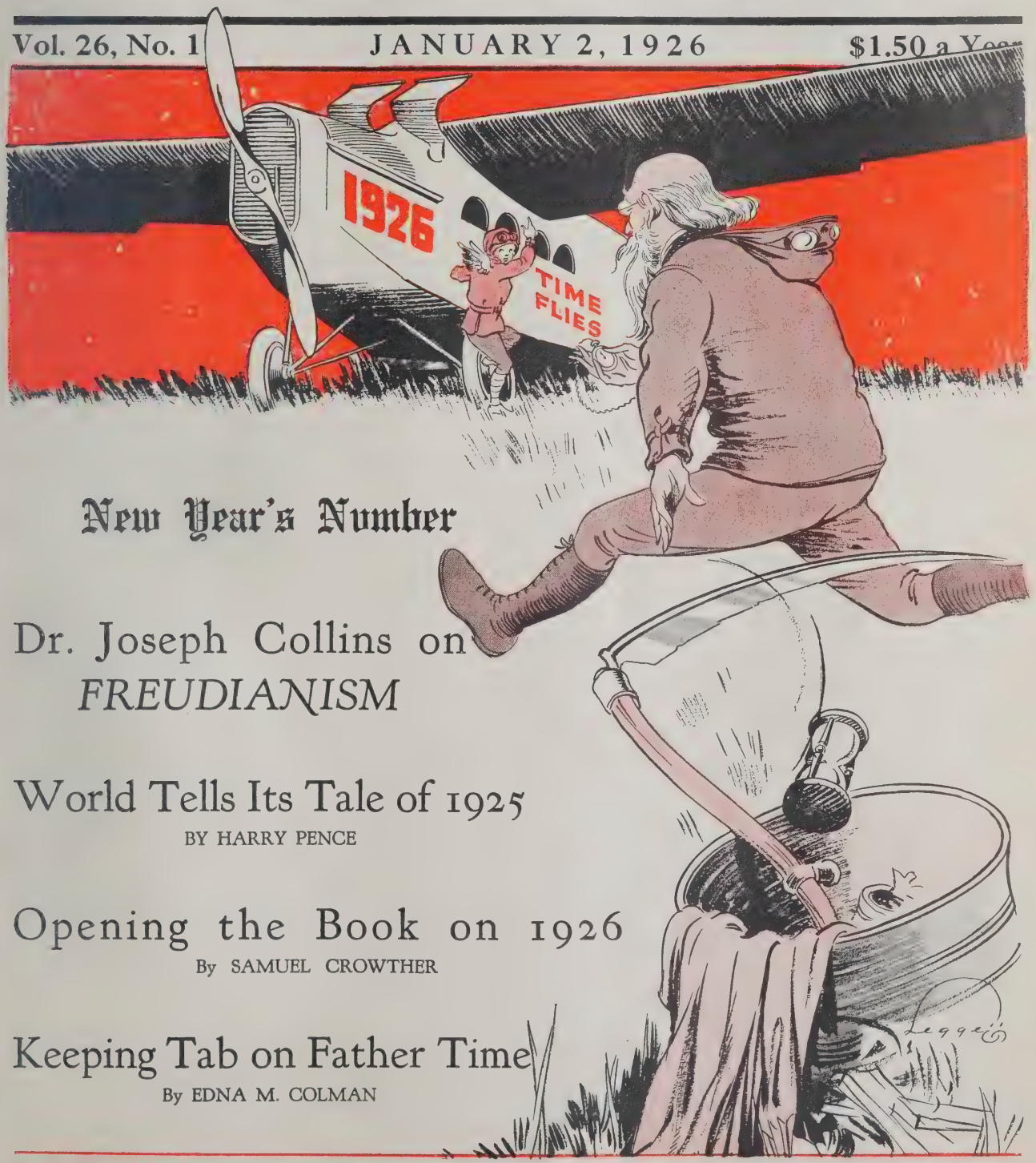
"IF TIME be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be, as Poor Richard says, the greatest prodigality, since, as he elsewhere tells us, Lost time is never found again, and what we call time enough always proves little enough. Let us then be up and doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all things easy; and He that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business, let not that drive thee; and early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise, as Poor Richard says."

—*Benjamin Franklin.*

DEA

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Vol. 26, No. 1 JANUARY 2, 1926 $1.50 a Year




## New Year's Number

Dr. Joseph Collins on *FREUDIANISM*

World Tells Its Tale of 1925
BY HARRY PENCE

Opening the Book on 1926
By SAMUEL CROWTHER

Keeping Tab on Father Time
By EDNA M. COLMAN

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH



G. H. Primrose and W. H. West.

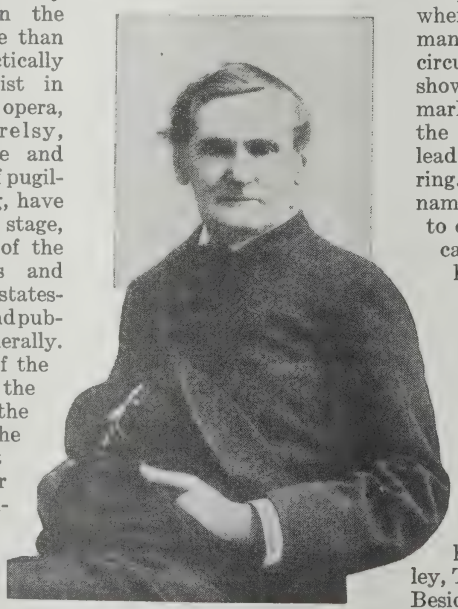
# The Box That Became a Throne

## Booth Brothers and Other Kings of the Drama Handed Wisdom from This Wood Box in Boston

By QUINCY KILBY

THE present Boston Theater, opened September 11, 1854, is shortly to be torn down. It will be replaced by a magnificent playhouse erected as a memorial to Benjamin F. Keith, the man who transformed variety into present-day vaudeville. But with the old house will go a million memories, for more famous entertainers have appeared on its board than on those of any other theater in the world. For more than fifty years practically every great artist in tragedy, comedy, opera, concert, minstrelsy, magic, vaudeville and the athletic arts of pugilism and wrestling, have appeared on its stage, as well as most of the famous lecturers and humorists, many statesmen, clergymen and public speakers generally.

In the front of the house, between the auditorium and the box office, was the business office, but when the manager had a more commodious suite erected for himself in another part of the building, this room came to me, at that time and for many years treasurer of the establishment. It was heated in winter by a soapstone stove inclosing a grate beside which for forty years stood a wood box padded on top and covered with carpet, thus making a comfortable seat, and on that humble box more famous people have sat enthroned than any other such box ever saw. Before my day Edwin Forrest often occupied it and the three Booth brothers, Edwin, Junius Brutus, Jr., and John Wilkes; E. L. Davenport, James K. Hackett, John E. Owens, John S. Clark, William Warren, John T. Raymond, William J. Florence, Barney Williams, Dion Boucicault—the list is endless.



Joseph Jefferson.

Many a time I have listened to words of wisdom from great actors sitting on that wood box. Denman Thompson was so frequent and so welcome a caller that we presented him with a key to the door for his permanent use. One noon he brought with him a bright-eyed old gentleman whom he introduced as Little Johnny Glenroy. Fortunately, I knew who Mr. Glenroy was—the first man in the world to turn a somersault on a bareback horse. He said, "Do you know when I first met Denman? It was in the circus when we were showing down on Haymarket Square. He was the boy that used to lead my horse into the ring. I didn't know his name then but we used to call him Reddy, because he was redheaded." Denman had done anything and everything in the circus, even turning flip-flaps in the ring, but he never got to be a real acrobat or rider.

Joseph Jefferson was often a visitor, as were his four sons, Charley, Tom, Joe and Willie. Besides being a great actor, Mr. Jefferson was a painter as well, delighting particularly in sketching woodland scenes. Once I was showing him the catalog of an auction sale of pictures that had belonged to Fred French, the collector, and we found in the list two paintings by Mr. Jefferson himself. He said to me, "I wonder where he got those. I never knew Mr. French."

"I think I can explain," I replied. "After your cousin William Warren died there was a sale of his effects and I happen to know that Mr. French bought some stuff there and that would account for his having the pictures."

"I suppose it does," he answered. "But I don't like the way you use that word 'stuff.'"

On Thursday, April 6, 1865, John Wilkes Booth sat on this same box talking with Orlando Tompkins, then one of the proprietors of the theater and a friend of both John and Edwin. He said, "Lando, I never gave you anything. Come over to Jones, Ball and Poor's and pick out a ring." They proceeded to the jewelry store on the corner of Summer and Washington streets, predecessor to the present-day Shreve, Crump and Low's, where Booth chose a bloodstone ring and ordered the inscription inside, (Continued on page 27)



Edwin Forrest.




A Glance at the Prospects for the New Year, Guided by the Things That Have Happened in the Past Year

Of Course We Ought to Take an Interest in Foreign Affairs Because This Is Our World and We Live in It

# Opening the Book on 1926

By SAMUEL CROWTHER

ILLUSTRATED BY W. W. CLARKE

IN TAKING a quick glance at the world as it seems to be today—in casting a kind of balance sheet between the good and the bad—it is not helpful to be either pessimistic or optimistic. Pessimism is an affair for the stomach specialist and optimism for the mental specialist. In the first condition the patient needs to have his digestion looked after, for the food he takes torments him and the world looks black. In the optimist the imagination is out of gear with the reasoning power.

The more normal approach is that of alert confidence which can distinguish between the good and the bad, apply common sense to both, and keep always in mind that the world lived yesterday and will probably live tomorrow. Applying impartial common sense to the nearest approach to facts that one can get, leads to the conviction that this world of ours is not going posthaste to the devil, nor is it moving with any unusual speed toward those regions which we call celestial. Nations neither rise nor fall overnight. Their progressions or retrogressions are slow movements and not happenings, and the day's news must be of happenings and more particularly of political happenings, and so we are apt to get our notions of peoples and especially of foreign peoples in terms of the fortunes of politicians instead of in the terms of daily bread.

We in America are regularly and assiduously accused of not taking enough interest in foreign affairs. Of course we ought to take an interest in foreign affairs because this is our world and we live in it; but the man in the street is intuitively right in refusing to get worked up over which one of a little ring of politicians happens to be in power at the moment in England, France, or Germany. It does not much matter what treaties or agreements they sign. They have been making and signing agreements ever since the war; there is hardly a foot of Switzerland that has not had an agreement signed on it. One of the problems of modern Europe is to discover new places to meet and sign agreements. What these politicians say or sign is of small consequence. It is what they do that matters. The encouraging fact is that none of them are doing much of anything—and nature is getting a chance to take its course.

Look at the most important subject first—ourselves. Where are we at? I have during the year been all through the country. It is solidly and completely prosperous. The well-being of our people is beyond comprehension. Even the poor are poor only by comparison with their fellows, for as compared with their former condition or with the people of other countries, they are rich.




The worker who will not give a day's work for a day's pay and the employer who will not give a day's pay for a day's work are both grumbling—which is right and proper. The farmers, speaking generally, are in pretty fair shape and the few who are in straits have to blame something other than farming for their troubles.

I have discovered no desire among the farmers for political aid, although many politicians are trying to stir up such a desire.

The farmers are through with the politics of getting something for nothing, and also they are through with the politicians who promise something for nothing. But a lot of the politicians do not know this and never will. To them a farmer who is prosperous and says so is an ingrate.

The land booms which have been going on almost everywhere in the country may be considered as minor sports, except in Florida where the boom has reached grotesque proportions. However, this very grotesqueness will probably bring on a sagging rather than a sudden deflation. The spirit is of adventure, not of investment, and adventurers do not go panicky over their losses, for they lose only their dreams and new dreams soon arise to comfort them. For instance, a man returning from Florida was asked by a friend how he had made out:

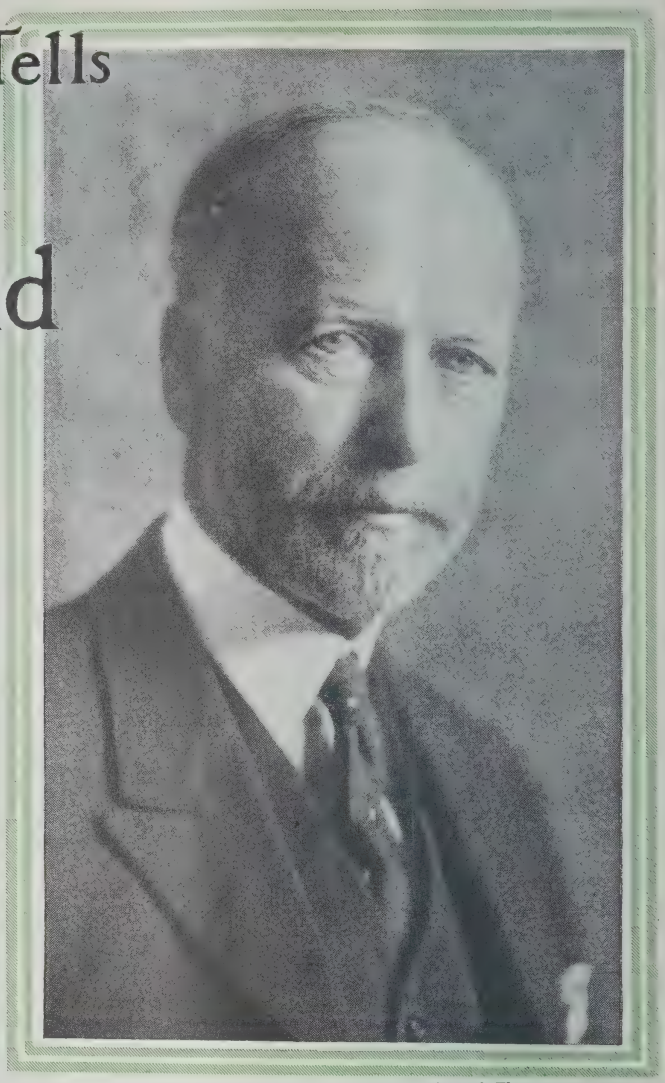
"Not so badly, not so badly," he answered. "I have nothing to complain of. I sold my dog for twenty thousand dollars."

"Sold your dog for twenty thousand dollars? Did you get the money?"

"No, not exactly, but I got two ten-thousand-dollar cats and I am holding on to them and watching the market."

(Continued on page 29)

# Dr. Joseph Collins Tells What He Thinks of Sigmund Freud -The Man And His Methods



Dr. Joseph Collins, noted neurologist, author of *The Doctor Looks at Literature* and other widely read works.

*Freud:* "It seems to me the public has no concern with my personality."

*Collins:* "It seems to me that the public has much concern with the personality of the individual who has sought to foist upon it such revolutionary ideas."

PART I

WHEN one asks that mythical creature, the man in the street, "What is psychology?" he answers promptly and correctly: "It is the science of the mind."

When asked: "What is the mind?" he says: "Oh, you know what the mind is."

He means: no one knows. We know that it is something that man possesses; an endowment of the human body which has a brain. And to this mythical man of the street, the brain is the organ of the mind. It would not particularly advantage him to be told that physiologists and psychologists hold that every cell of the body contributes to the mind, and that every cell of the body is influenced by its display.

The brain generates the mind from material furnished it by the body, and, having generated it, stores it or passes it over to the body to distribute. The distribution is called human action, conduct, life. All that we have come to know about its generation, storing and distribution has been systematically organized and formulated. This formulation constitutes a science, called psychology. This science was once wedded to metaphysics, but it has been divorced, and the former partners no longer speak, indeed they scarcely bow.

Psychology is a word that the ear and eye encounter frequently these days, and one might readily conclude that those who use it intend to convey something specific and concrete. But in its general usage, it has neither specificity nor concretion, neither exact connotation nor correct suggestion. We are told that it is the "psychological moment" when what is meant is the time is opportune; we are told that this or that is "poor psychology" when what is meant is that it is behavior not in harmony with what has come to be called "normal behavior"—or not in keeping with the account an individual has previously given of himself; sociological statistics are ladled out to us as "educational psychology" and "business psychology" has come to be synonymous with recognition of man's vanities and weaknesses.

To add further to the confusion, our newspapers, books and speech are filled with the words "New Psychology" with which they seek to convey that all we have learned about the mind from observation and experiment, from introspection and retrospection, from memory and association, from physiology and anthropology, from comparison and from pathology, has been superseded by theory and by conclusions based on premises which are false, or which cannot be proved. Such media of information seek to convey by direct statement or by suggestion that the countless professional workers in the field of experimental psychology are groping in a Syracusean ear of Dionysius, misled by the echo of their own voices.

The "New Psychology" claims that the most fundamental activities of the mind are non-rational and largely unconscious; that the power of reasoning plays a very minor part even in the most intellectual person, and that rational activity is merely a cloak for the action of deep-seated instincts and

desires, chiefly sexual, and that psychic freedom is an illusion. Psychoanalysis is the name that was given to it by its originator, Dr. Sigmund Freud, of Vienna. He presented it to the generation that is passing or that has passed; all scorned it, save a few personal followers. The present generation has found it more alluring and the doctrines have permeated ephemeral literature and casual thought to a remarkable degree. Many speak of it with the same assurance of reality and permanency that they use in speaking of taxes, original sin and poor relations.

In this presentation, I shall refrain from characterization. My object is to state the Freudian doctrine, simply and decently, and to tell of my experience as physician with it.

"It seems to me," writes Dr. Freud to his biographer, Herr Wittels, "the public has no concern with my personality, and can learn nothing from it, so long as my case, for manifold reasons, cannot be expounded without any reserve whatsoever."

It seems to me, however, that the public has much concern with the personality of the individual who has sought to foist upon it such revolutionary ideas as Sigmund Freud has done and whose name has become as familiar as P. T. Barnum's was fifty years ago.

"Tell me," said a young man to Hakeem the Wise One of Bagdad, "what is the priceless ingredient of a thing?"

"My son, the Priceless Ingredient of everything is the honor and integrity of him who makes it."

Hence, I present the man first, then the method, and finally an estimate of the spiritual gift.

Should Sigmund Freud live another year, he will have accomplished the psalmist's allotment. He was born in Moravia in 1856 and brought up in Vienna where he has practiced medicine more than forty years. His fellow-students recall him as a clever, conscientious, contentious student. Fritz Wittels, a former pupil and friend who has written his biography, says:

> "On leaving school, Freud went to England to visit. This journey expanded his outlook greatly. In Austria he had never been able to escape the sense of inferiority which early affected him, as it does all Jews in German-speaking lands, and especially those who move in intellectual circles."

In his heart, that is, in his unconscious mind, he knew that he was not only the peer but the superior of his fellows, and his conduct from then to now has proclaimed and asserted it.

One of Freud's most conspicuous characteristics is that he is suspicious of the motives of others. He prides himself in being a friendless man. An epoch-maker is bound to be misunderstood and therefore mistrusted and disliked. He has all the characteristics of his race, some of those of his countrymen, and at least one of the Anglo-Saxon: he does not know when he is licked. He is arrogant, domineering, unyielding, self-sufficient, self-satisfied; contemptuous of all who disagree with him. He has the most typical Messianic complex of his time. Scorn which penetrates the shell of the tortoise has no more effect upon him than a pop-gun shot has on an armored cruiser, and nothing entrenches him so securely in his own convictions as to have pointed out to him by world-wide recognized authority that his theses are unwarranted, his logic faulty, his conclusions erroneous.

> WHEN the Neurological Institute of New York was established in 1909, I had time, patience and patients to put the Freudian claims to the test of experience. For ten years, I worked at it industriously. As the result of such experience, I say that as a method of investigation it has value; as a trend in psychological research it is interesting. It may be found to be of service in the field of pedagogy, pediatrics and education. It has small value as a therapeutic measure in nervous and mental disorders of adults. It is a dangerous weapon in the hand of any man or woman who is not fundamentally moral, basically honest, elementarily ethical and primarily high-minded. I have seen many persons tremendously injured by it. I have seen only a few who have been benefited. It disintegrates character and degrades personality.

He says, "If one wishes to discover the realities of the world, he must be humble and keep personal preferences and antipathies in the background." He pretends to be unveiling the most important reality in the world: the nature, the soul of man, yet he is the reverse of humble, and he has consistently kept personal preferences and antipathies in the foreground. There is not a man of the group who gathered about him in reverend attitude twenty-five years ago, and who bound themselves to disseminate his doctrines, with whom he has not broken. He was not able to excite the admiration or gain the friendship of Meynert to whom he became pupil and assistant after he entered medicine; he was not able to gain the esteem of the personnel of the Charcot clinic, nor to keep the regard of his colleague Bruer who furnished him the material and some of the inspiration of the work on which his entire doctrine is based.

> "It has always been necessary to my affective life that I should have both an intimate friend and a detested enemy. I have invariably been able to satisfy my needs in this respect. Often enough the same individual has been both friend and enemy at the same time, or alternately."

He prides himself on this peculiar tendency toward attraction and repulsion. Enemies are those who do not accept his teachings, friends are those who do. "I have no use for other people's ideas when they are presented to me at the inopportune moment." Inopportune is any time when he cannot avail himself of them to bolster his conclusions, to support his claims, to make the worse appear the better reason.

He knows he was born to the purple. An old peasant woman had told his mother she would give birth to a great man, and a fortune-teller assured the parents the boy was destined to become a minister of state. His conduct always has been in keeping with the realization of these prophecies. As his friend and pupil says:

> "He has become a despot who will not tolerate the slightest deviation from his doctrines; holds councils behind closed doors; and tries to insure by a sort of pragmatic sanction, that the body of psychoanalytical teaching shall remain an indivisible whole."

He is imperious, intolerant, arbitrary, unyielding, suspicious of the motives that animate others to altruism, unable to see merit in persons or things not of his creation. The most prejudiced sane man in the world, he rails against prejudices in season and out.

Like the majority of Jewish philosophers, he is a mystic by nature, a proponent of the science of self-evident reality. He is not interested in the states of his consciousness. For him, the unconscious is the individual. But, unlike his parent, Plotinus, he has no interest in knowing God or seeing Him face to face. In fact, his philosophy dispenses with God. Its acceptation would do away with Him and with the ethical system on an emotional basis known as religion. He is a martyr by choice and inclination. He enjoys martyrdom, though keen to its drawbacks. He has suffered it that he might add to the sum total of knowledge. He warns others they must not enroll beneath his banner if they are short of courage:

> "A person who elects to be a psychoanalyst ruins his every

chance of success at a university, and if he goes out into the world as a practicing physician, he will find himself in a society which does not understand his aims, which regards him with suspicion and hostility; and which turns loose upon him all the malicious spirits which lurk within it."

Society would understand his aims if he stated them; it would not regard him with suspicion if his past performances and present activities were harmonious with society's aims and needs; it would not be hostile to him were he not hostile to it. So far as turning loose malicious spirits is concerned, he need not fear that very much:

*Dislikes Being Hopelessly Misunderstood*

there are not many available; they are in the employ of Freud and his followers.

From the writings and from the conversations of the founder of psychoanalysis, one gains the impression that he labors under a false belief, a delusion, which is that he is hopelessly misunderstood, particularly in this country. The late Stanley Hall was an admirer and disciple of Freud, and in 1909 he invited him to Clark University, to lecture on psychoanalysis. Mr. Wittels says he has been repeatedly urged to revisit this country, but he refuses because our food does not agree with his digestion. Had they fed him in Worcester on wienerwurst and kohl-rabi instead of on pie and crullers, his answer would probably be the same, for the real reason is:

"Freud dislikes being hopelessly misunderstood, and he is too sincere to endure fulsome praise from persons who completely misunderstand him."

He also believes that he is a target for the arrows of race prejudice. Fifteen years ago, when it was proposed by a group of disciples, some of whom had found it impossible to put up with the arbitrariness and intolerance of their master, to make Dr. Jung, of Zurich, president of the International Psychoanalytic Association, Freud, in a state of great excitement, said to his supporters:

*Jews Who Are Incompetent to Win Friends*

"Most of you are Jews, and therefore incompetent to win friends for the new teaching. Jews must be content with the modest rôle of preparing the ground."

Freud has not been content; he must plant it, reap and consume the crop, or direct the manner of its consumption.

No responsible writer has ever reflected upon Dr. Freud as husband, parent or citizen. No one who has discussed or characterized his revolutionary ideas has spoken of him as a rebel in conduct or as an antinomian in behavior.

He calls his contribution to knowledge psychoanalysis. No one who does not come in personal contact with many people or whose reading is not both extensive and catholic can realize how widely disseminated and accepted his doctrines are in this country where he claims they are profoundly misunderstood. The chief object of this communication is to set forth an epitome of them in plain language. The difficulty attending such presentation is that it is almost wholly concerned with a subject that has never been and is not considered proper or fitting for public discussion.

The authority for all statements concerning psychoanalysis as a method or as a body of doctrine is "A General Introduction to Psychoanalysis" by its originator.

"What is psychoanalysis?"

Freud himself answers:

"It is a method of treating nervous patients medically.

"It is a method of examining the mind, that is, the unconscious mind, of bringing its contents into consciousness.

"It is the science of the content of unconsciousness; it denies the identity of the conscious with the psychic; it claims that there is such a thing as unconscious thinking and unconscious willing.

"It maintains that those instinctive impulses, which one can only call sexual, play the leading, indeed the sole rôle in the causation of many nervous and mental diseases.

"It maintains further that these same sexual impulses have made contributions of inestimable value to the highest cultural, artistic and social achievements of the human mind."

*What Freud Thinks About Sex and Society*

And it goes without saying, it is a body of doctrine.

"Why, then, has its acceptation encountered such serious resistance from the public and why have psychologists denied its legitimacy?"

"It has been the constant and concentrated effort of civilization to divert the sexual instinct from its goal; to sublimate it, that is, to divert it toward an end that will benefit society. But it refuses to be diverted, it only pretends to be. It will stand only just so much interference. When that point has been reached, try to carry it further and you will get a nervous or mental disease for your effort. Sex and society are perpetually at war, but society camouflages its guns, uses smokeless powder and hides its troops. The world can conceive of no more serious menace to its civilization than would arise through the satisfying of the primitive sexual instincts, that is, by directing them to their original goal. Therefore society has diverted attention from that field. Society brands the truth esthetically offensive, morally objectionable, emotionally dangerous. It is human nature to deny the sexual motivation of man."

Freud and his followers contend that psychologists are not competent to pass judgment on psychoanalysis because they do not know the subject thoroughly. It is to be learned from a study of oneself, or better from suffering analysis by a competent analyst. Were one to refrain from passing judgment upon subjects that one does not know thoroughly, our conversation would be reduced even beyond present-day ejaculation, answers would conform strictly to Biblical injunction, and trial by jury would have to be abandoned.

*The "Unconscious" of Freud an Assumption*

The foundation of the triumphal arch that Freud has reared is the unconscious; the keystone is the sex-instinct. The "unconscious" must be assumed. It must be, therefore, it is. Psychology, the psychoanalysts say, is concerned with the "content of consciousness," psychoanalysis with the "content of unconsciousness."

*The reader must bear in mind that the "unconscious" of Freud is an assumption.* Some theory or hypothesis is needed to explain certain mental phenomena obviously beyond the field of consciousness just as a theory or hypothesis is necessary to explain radioactivity. Such theory has long been existent. Freud elaborated it and adapted it to fit the doctrines of psychoanalysis. He maintains that it is the storehouse of facts and ideas, in other words, of memory, the throne of the primitive urges or fundamental instincts. It is there that man's motivating dynamo, working silently in the day and noisily at night, is entrenched. It generates thoughts long and short; and wishes, chiefly bestial, always egotistic.

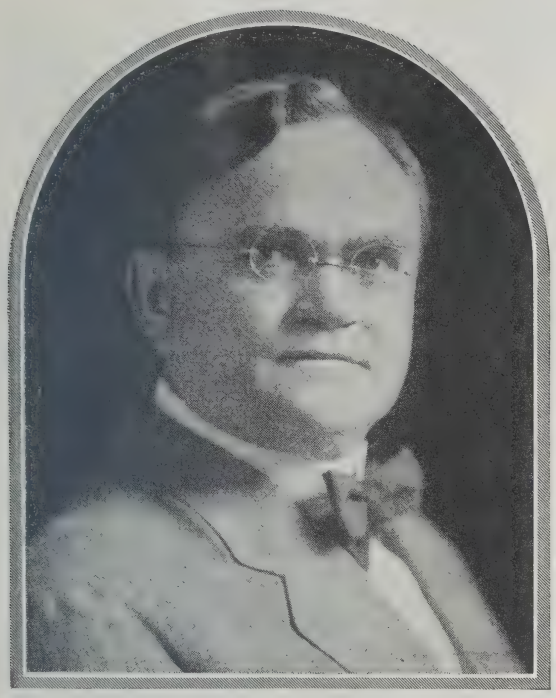
When Freudians are asked for evidence to support the claim that thoughts and ideas exist outside of consciousness, that which they offer is as convincing to the vast majority of psychologists as that furnished by the spiritist to support his contention. In fact, there is no more evidence of the continued existence of thoughts and ideas outside of consciousness than there is, in the scientific sense, for the continued existence of the individual after death.

*Twelve-Hour Shifts by Pan and the Devil*

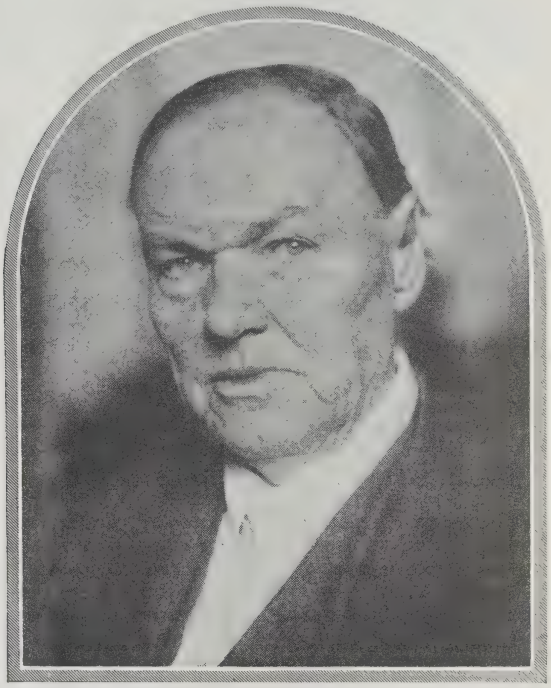
That there is something antecedent to consciousness, no one denies, just as there is a spring antecedent to the brook, and a brook antecedent to the reservoir. But is there a reservoir called "unconscious" antecedent to one called "conscious" with a flood gate between which is worked in twelve-hour shifts by Pan and the Devil? Psychologists say no, Freudians say yes.

I purposely refrain from discussing the distinction that Freudians make between the preconscious and the unconscious proper, whose generations are not only inaccessible to introspection but are qualitatively different.

# Darrow Debates Like a Wet Lamb



JAMES SCHERMERHORN



CLARENCE DARROW

## Story of a Forensic Battle in Detroit told by Schermerhorn, the Dry Defender

ALL about the debate with Darrow!

All about the debate about the debate with Darrow!

For there was a sub-debate preceding and following the forensic two hours at the Detroit Athletic Club of a December afternoon, on the wisdom of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Confronting each other in the minor encounter were Truth and Misreport, and Misreport won.

One Detroit newspaper gave it out that Wayne B. Wheeler, general counsel of the Anti-Saloon League of America, had run away from Darrow. Truth was he was tied up in Washington with forty-eleven committees at the threshold of the assembling of Congress.

Another Detroit daily took pains to publish twice that I ran toward Darrow. Truth was I was just finishing my Thanksgiving turkey in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia when Charlie Hughes, manager of the Detroit Athletic Club, besought me by wire to stand up against the gladiatorial Darrow, to make a Roman punch holiday. I took it.

"Volunteers to debate with Darrow!" Darrow, who eats 'em alive in the courtroom or on the forum!

As reference to an unlegalistic mortal, without controversial experience since those dim high school lyceum days when it was "resolved that the printing press had done more for civilization than steam," that Misreport was a choice morsel of merriment.

While I had no kidney for the encounter with the formidable Darrow of the press reports, stout scoffer and defender of the desperate, I permitted the persuasive Hughes to conscript me. If this be volunteering, let Misreport make the best of it! Which it did for its own purposes.

Truth and Misreport went at it again when the thing was over. While there was no vote on the outcome of the presentations, Truth—as expressed by a club membership far from sympathetic with Prohibition—assured me that

> I had shot a Darrow into the air;
> He fell to earth I know not where.

But Misreport, reduced to the necessity of saying one of three things—that the affirmative won, that the negative won, that it was a draw—let the impression prevail that it was anyone's victory.

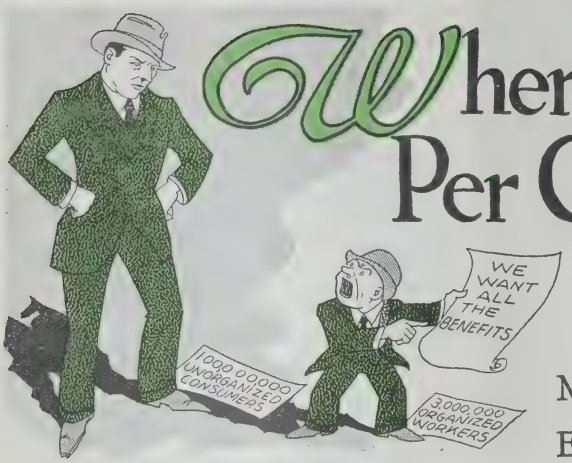
No strictures are intended for the bright young men of the press, who stuck bravely to their posts while the verbal artillery volleyed and thundered. Their function has suffered impairment since merchandising succeeded opinion-molding in metropolitan journalism.

In the light of countingroom necessity of deferring to the wet sentiment in dynamic but far from dealcoholized Detroit, Misreport might have gone further and done worse than developing the Darrow side with fullness, while reflecting imperfectly the Affirmative's three propositions.

No harsh censoriness is intended. It has not been so long since I sat where the reporters did but that I can sense the conditions under which they work, and the changes in journalism that vex the conscientious chronicler's spirit. Under the circumstances they made readable copy of the controversy.

The vanquishment of the wets' most adroit advocate—if I may accept with all due humility the conclusions of judges, lawyers, manufacturers, merchants, advertising experts and others who put aside their personal slant to reach a judicial decision—was more than I looked for in that liberal, if not saturate, presence.

I knew that I had to leave out emotionalism, so powerful a factor in the old red ribbon crusades. Neither was it any place to stress the spiritual aspect of the nation's renunciation. *(Continued on page 22)*




# Where Only Three Per Cent Would Benefit

## Is This a Square Deal? Should Three Million Organized Workers Be Helped at the Expense of a Hundred Million Consumers?

By BURT M. M'CONNELL

FIGURES were cited at the Atlantic City convention of the American Federation of Labor to show that although the output of industry in the United States had gained more than 9 per cent in the last two years, there was an actual decrease of 3 per cent in the number of men employed. The tremendous development of mechanical substitutes for man-power, resulting in increased production with a decrease in the amount of manual labor used, they maintain, will bring unemployment, low wages, and general distress in the ranks of labor unless it collects its part of the profits in higher wages and shorter hours.

This is interpreted as a demand that industrial labor be awarded the major benefit arising from the introduction of labor-saving machinery. No consideration whatever is given to persons not in the Federation, although they are in the majority and their purchasing power is not to be lightly regarded, even by organized labor. The Federation, in fact, places itself squarely in favor of depriving the consumer of every particle of value there is in an invention or a labor-saving device, and giving that value to the men who operate the machine invented. If this policy is put into effect the public would always pay the same amount for a manufactured article, even though the labor-saving machinery were devised to manufacture the article for one-quarter its present cost. If a new machine were developed to produce a certain commodity with the efforts of one-half the present number of workers, then the half that remains, under the Federation's policy, would receive double the pay they did when twice the number of men were required.

Such reasoning will not have a very wide appeal. What an unreasonable attitude for the three million organized workers to take toward the one hundred million unorganized consumers! The sponsors for this policy do not seem to realize that the cheaper a product can be made, through the use of labor-saving devices, the greater will be its sale, and the greater the number of men employed through this increased production. Perhaps these labor leaders have smiled at the lack of vision of the workers who predicted ruin for themselves when the spinning jenny and other machines were invented, but what they are now proposing with respect to wages and labor-saving machinery might have been inspired by those who feared starvation because a steam engine had been evolved.

If organized labor could make its policy effective, manufactured articles would be produced no cheaper, fewer persons would be able to buy them, we would have fewer conveniences and comforts and luxuries, the course of material progress would stop, and the workers' real wage (*the purchasing power of their earnings*) would remain stationary, whatever its money wage might become.

The history of the last hundred years has proved that labor-saving machinery benefits the workman in the long run. It reduces the cost of nearly everything that he has to buy, and thus indirectly raises his wages. Machinery has brought within the reach of the workingman luxuries which he could not have afforded in the day of hand labor. He has really been receiving, both directly and indirectly, a share of the benefits of machinery. The machines that have been invented for use in automobile factories have brought the motor car within the reach of almost everyone. The world today is supporting a vastly increased population, and in greater comfort, than at any time since man was created. There has been an extraordinary improvement in the standard of living, particularly among wage-earners. That class today commands more than half the national income, and enjoys things beyond the reach of the wealthy in earlier times.

"We are at the threshold of a great industrial era. We are in the infancy of super-power," said the president of the American Federation of Labor at the convention. But a wage policy that will seek to raise wages and reduce hours, as greater efficiency, new methods, machinery, labor-saving devices, and the harnessing of water power increase the production in industry, is not the way to meet the new conditions. The worker must not expect to be the sole beneficiary of industry; these benefits must be shared with the consumer, and the other workers—organized or unorganized. The benefits of increased production cannot be appropriated exclusively by organized labor, else production would speedily decrease.

NEXT WEEK,
in our issue of January 9,

DOCTOR
JOSEPH COLLINS
will look at

"Freudian 'Dreams,' 'Complexes' and 'Sex Symbols'"

This is the second of this noted neurologist's strong articles about Freudianism and Psychoanalysis.

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

THE passing of a block of solar time has always stimulated thought or moved to meditation. Once the new day was a source of wonder, and the new moon a time for religious celebration. In our times New Year is the principal time measurement celebrated among us—aside from Sunday. There is a feeling that old things depart and new things come, that doors are closed on the errors of the past and other doors are opened on the opportunities of the future.

"Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind."

"Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace."

"Ring out the false, ring in the true."

And yet we do not live long to learn that in world affairs a a year is not long enough for the inception and completion of any important process. We may indeed say that in such a year such a movement began, or in such a year such a tendency came to a head, but that these took place in one and the same year we cannot say. Most great human concerns are century or half-century plants.

The year just past may have witnessed, all unknown to us, the planting of a seed whose growth will affect human destiny in an unparalleled degree; the year to come may witness the open development of tendencies that have been proceeding among us unperceived; but the one will require years to grow; the other will have been growing for years.

In personal affairs it is entirely different. Human society has time, the individual on this earth plane has but the span of his life. It is therefore possible for individuals to achieve more in their personal universe than it is for society to achieve in the same length of time. Over his personal affairs the individual has a certain amount of control. He is equipped with powers whose evident purpose is to permit him to make a really amazing progress in a lifetime, whether it be the achievement of character or of work.

Thus individuals celebrate New Year, while society and nations do not. The individual rightly feels that even in so brief a time as 365 days his greatly desired things may be brought into being. He has wrapped up in his kit-bag of personality all the qualities necessary to produce the kind of life he most needs, the kind of life that will permit his fullest expansion of personality. All kinds of life do not permit this, nor the same kinds of life for all persons. True life success is that which witnesses the growth of the individual to his natural height in experience, wisdom and power.

There is, then, if we may express it this way, a more rapid turnover in the individual than in society, though it is probable that the turnover of society is dependent on the turnover of the individual. Society never rises as high as its highest individuals, nor sinks as low as its lowest; it fairly represents the average attainment in character and power of all the people.

*NEW Year has meaning for the individual if not for society. The bulk of society moves slowly. Ordinary movements are century or half-century plants. Great movements require five hundred years. But personality is a more mobile universe. The individual is a society in miniature and more responsive to his own control. He can make a year tell in his own affairs more than a half-century has often told in world affairs. We may move faster than society. Personal history may be more progressive than international history. The turnover, so to speak, is faster in men than in nations.*

Looking at it from the point of view of society we see how much the progress of mankind has depended on the personal turnover possible in the lives of some outstanding individuals. The history of the last twenty centuries could be told in the lives of twice twenty men. And again, looking at society from the point of view of the individual, we can see how society itself, though more ponderously affected, is subject to the same laws which govern the individual. It seems that the individual can respond more readily, however.

An instance of this is seen in the life of Queen Alexandra who has just died. As a young Danish princess of nineteen she married the then Prince of Wales, afterward King Edward VII. She had been married only three years when Prussia, with the approval of England, took that part of Denmark known as Schleswig-Holstein. Powerless as she was, she protested, but without avail. She saw that same policy go from strength to strength with increasing menace to the world. Then, 52 years later, in the 74th year of her age, she saw that policy ripen, burst, shake the world and collapse. So some old men in Lincoln's time saw the collapse of a mistaken policy. So we who are fifty years old have seen the rise, trial and failure of communism.

And yet, each man and woman, in personal affairs, can move faster than society. In the personal world we are free, to build our best. In the worst times the best lives may be lived. At New Year we traditionally remind ourselves of this fact.

**"Ford Ideals," 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## *Recognizing Bolshevism*

THE fight for the recognition of Bolshevism goes on in this country. It will become successful only when the American people forget the rivers of blood, the unparalleled rapine, the immeasurable destruction of honor and reverence and decency by which the present rulers of Russia reached that plane of terror which by some is named political power. It is a common saying that the people have short memories. A people who would give the hand of fellowship to the enemies of all liberty everywhere in the world suffers more than loss of memory; it suffers complete atrophy of moral perception.

To recognize Bolshevism is not to recognize Russia. Bolshevia is not Russia. For the Russian country and the Russian people the world has a natural and generous regard. The world recognizes the right of Russia to erect whatever government it pleases. We all recognize the right of Russians to govern themselves after the manner which seems to them best. But the Russian people have not erected the present government, and they are not governing themselves. The American government might as well recognize the Black Hand of Italy or the Communists of England or the Boxers of China; these are well-defined parties, and they exercise a deal of influence; but they are not the *peoples* with which our people will deal.

To recognize Bolshevism in Russia, as is proposed, is to recognize the right of a revolutionary party to infect all nations. This party infects France, England and China today with disastrous results and every menace to world safety and civilization. Bolshevism is not the government of Russia, but the anti-government of the world. These are statements which labor under the disability of being only too true and too poignant to be realized in America. England once tried to recognize Bolshevism but at the very moment of the pact being sealed, Bolshevism was caught red-handed setting communistic explosive to the foundations of the British system. The thing hasn't gone so far here, thanks to the watchful section of our government, but it has gone too far for any doubt as to Bolshevism's intentions toward the United States.

Are we to recognize the right to blow up governments around the world? Are we to recognize the right to destroy society? Are we to recognize the right to Bolshevize this country? Then by all means commit that act misnamed "recognizing Russia." It will place the Republic solidly behind the Anarchy of Bolshevism.

## *The New Eloquence*

THE old type of eloquence was high-flung, full of gestures, and great periods. The average audience today will have none of it—at least, none of it that exists for its own sake.

The new type of eloquence is what might be called The Eloquence of Facts.

Today public audiences will listen to facts. They want to be shown. They will not sit two hours listening to a solo performer, but they will sit and listen to a man thinking, or teaching, or relating something in the region of factual truth.

The new eloquence is The Eloquence of Facts.

## *Are They Reading?*

IT IS stated that the circulation of the New York City newspapers has declined over sixteen per cent during the last ten years, the decrease in copies being 544,024. At the same time the circulation of the so-called tabloid or picture dailies has leaped from nothing to practically a million copies. Don Seitz, of the New York *World*, says that he has got the key to the new situation from Japan: "The Japanese visualize everything; they don't read, they want to see; they don't want to be told, they want to observe.

"Thus in America to catch the indifferent multitude we have now the moving picture and the radio, which has had a curious effect on reading in this country. It is becoming increasingly difficult for writers and publishers to maintain a standard of excellence. People want their speeches and instruction turned on with the twist of a dial, as they turn on their gas or water. They want ideas conveyed to them in picture form, instead of through the medium of words."

This form will have its vogue, too, and will bring its own evils, its own recompense and finally its own corrective. Observation means little without reflection. In the old method we observed things pretty much as they really were. In radio and movie we observe them as someone desires them to appear. Our people are not likely to be stunted in their reflective powers; they may perhaps be stimulated therein. They are already reflecting about radio and movies. The fact that New York's reading of newspapers is declining means little if anything.

## *What Will It Cost?*

The voice of the opposition is well worth hearing. In these times it probably approximates wisdom. America is the opposition nation of the world, and the influences that would swing it into line to go helter-skelter with the mistaken crowd of European politicians are to be resisted. Such discussion as there is of public and international questions in this country finds always a higher and more practical plane.

This from the Washington *Post* is worth consideration. The United States sent General Pershing to South America to negotiate a dispute between Chile and Peru. Dissatisfied with the General's requirement that elections be safeguarded, Chile has drafted a note to the League of Nations. Reflecting on what would follow if at this time, and in these circumstances, the United States were a member of the League of Nations, the *Post* says:

> The Tacna-Arica controversy is a question pertaining solely to this hemisphere. If the United States were now under the jurisdiction of the league of nations court, the council of the league would be morally bound to take cognizance of Chile's protest by referring to the court the question of the legality of Gen. Pershing's actions. Thus the entire question would be reviewed by a court sitting in Europe, and the league council would act according to the opinion of the court.
>
> No one knows what a European court would decide, but it will be agreed that whatever its decision might be, the court would be taking jurisdiction over a political question relating solely to the western hemisphere. As the council of the league is directed by the great powers of Europe, its action in the Tacna-Arica case would be substantially the intervention of Europe in American affairs, something which the United States through tne Monroe doctrine has always been determined to prevent, even at the cost of war.
>
> In order to set up the jurisdiction of any foreign court or league over a political dispute in this hemisphere it will be necessary to knock down and destroy the Monroe doctrine, root and branch, and to reverse the national defense policy which the United States has followed since its foundation.
>
> No wonder the advocates of the world court are embarrassed by Chile's action. It forces them to face this issue squarely:
>
> Court or Monroe doctrine—which?

## *The Opening of a New Field*

THE selection of Lieutenant Colonel Clarence O. Sherrill, of the Corps of Engineers, U. S. Army, to be the first City Manager of Cincinnati suggests that a new and very promising field may soon be open to the competent and very highly trained men who find in the "service" limited opportunities for usefulness and individual advancement.

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has previously stated that in the formative period of this country, Army Engineers were the pioneer roadbuilders, railroad builders, lighthouse constructors and that they developed and improved the inland waterways.

For nearly a century the Military Academy at West Point has been training young men in all branches of engineering. They enter the military service more rapidly than places can be made for them and their promotion is necessarily slow. Many of them have, after a few years in the "service," resigned to engage in civilian occupations.

Caring for the physical needs of the City of Washington is the job at which Colonel Sherrill distinguished himself. And his training has been entirely non-political—the kind that cities need. Perhaps other cities will consider engaging the services of such men, and West Point and the Corps of Engineers are training a class of men who could scarcely find more useful employment.

---

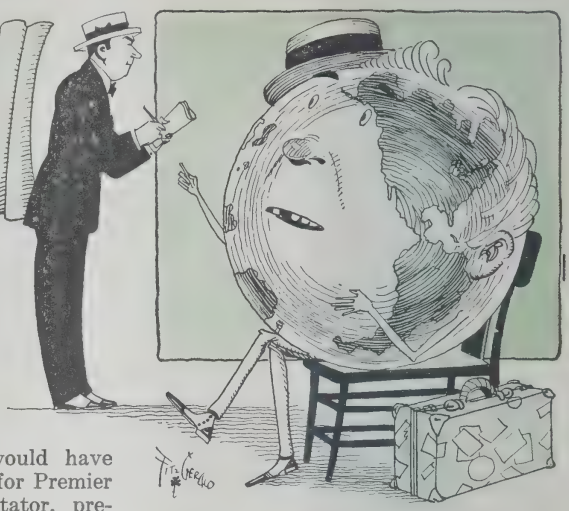
## *Every Useful Business Survives*

CHAIN store systems are frightening retailers and jobbers all over the country. They have squeezed the spread between maker and user until some of the less essential handling elements in the transaction are looking for a place in which they may expire.

There is a record of a Toledo wholesale grocer who, when he felt the chain store pinch, took off his coat, not to die, but to do battle. He established one-man, cash-and-carry branches of his wholesale house and told his grocery trade to cut the corners by stripping their shelves of stagnant, money-bound staples, and buying what they needed in a hurry. He took the chain-store cure and applied it to his own business. His twenty branches are said to do a business of $4,000,000 a year on an invested capital of $110,000.

Nearly every business operating on the ghost of 25-year-old practices is on the brink of death or a new deal. There is no checking American ingenuity and no chance of stemming consumer pressure for the right goods at the right time and price. And there is no stopping bright, broke young men with bright, promising ideas.

# THE WORLD TELLS ITS TALE of 1925



## A BACKWARD LOOK

BY HARRY PENCE

EVER unravel a tangled skein of yarn? The year is a big tangle of many strands, varying in texture and color, length and thickness. Let us see what we can do with it.

On January 17 President Coolidge told a group of newspaper editors that American newspapers are the best in the world, or, at least, they so reported with no expressions of surprise or dissent. News, as newspapers present it, may, indeed, be history in the making but its essential, vital truth is often




obscured by an excess of mere happenings, interesting, to be sure, but in the main unimportant if true.

When, for instance, on December 17, 1924, Brigadier General William E. Mitchell, assistant chief of the Army Air Service, told a committee of the House that America was backward in aviation and that the air service should be an independent unit of national defense, few editors realized and told their readers he had started something it would be hard to finish, if, indeed, it didn't finish him.

And when it was reported, on December 22, 1924, that the Allies would not evacuate the Cologne area of Germany on January 10, 1925, the treaty date, readers were left to attach their own significance to the disturbing announcement.

The explanation is easy. Over in Illinois a clergyman was on trial, charged with killing his wife that he might marry a more or less fair parishioner also alleged to have paved the way by killing her husband. "Yellow Kid" Weil, picturesque Chicago confidence man, provided good copy. A Michigan Congressman was involved in a sensational divorce suit, and several other "big news stories" and local sensations filled the newspapers.



Benito Mussolini

The Masons of America are just awakening to the fact that Free Masonry is practically outlawed in Italy and its members subject to persecution. Had they read their newspapers carefully, inside small type as well as first page scare heads, they would have known all this months ago for Premier Mussolini, the Italian dictator, presented the law aimed at suppression of Masonry on January 12. The item was brief and inconspicuously displayed, but it was there, although on the same day the retiring governor of Kansas was arrested on the charge of selling pardons—of which he was ultimately acquitted—and, more interesting still, on the following day or the next a seventeen-year-old San Francisco flapper killed her mother for trying to interfere with her riotous indulgence in jazz parties.

At the same time, it must be remembered, Paavo Nurmi, the Flying Finn, was defeating America's best runners in New York one day and Chicago the next, breaking records galore and having his amateur standing naggingly disputed, eventually returning to his native Finland chagrined at the reporters who, from the American viewpoint, treated him with a generosity "publicity experts" envied. Paavo didn't understand. He was an amateur in every sense. Months later it devolved upon one Harold ("Red") Grange to show how such situations should be handled.



Paavo Nurmi

On January 18 it became apparent that the international opium conference at Geneva was "slipping" and that substantial curtailment of the evils of the drug was improbable but the editors realized that the public would be more interested in the recapture, on that day, of the romantic bandit, Gerald Chapman, in his country refuge near Muncie, Indiana.



Gerald Chapman

And this turned out a greater news story than the editors then suspected, with the surrender of the prisoner to Connecticut by the Federal authorities, his trial, conviction and death sentence for the murder of a New Britain policeman and his desperate attempt to escape execution by demanding the right to complete his twenty-five-year term in prison at Atlanta despite commutation by President Coolidge, a legal fight still in progress as these lines are written.

Then, as an accompaniment, his pals, George ("Dutch") Anderson, gentleman thief and supposed scion of a noble Scandinavian family, and William ("One Arm") Wolfe, apparently common crook, on August 14, waylaid and killed Ben Hance, the Indiana farmer who revealed Chapman's hiding place, and his wife. Wolfe was convicted and sentenced to prison for life but Anderson escaped, reappeared in several places, proclaimed his identity while committing other depredations only to meet death in Muskegon, Michigan, on November 2, while resisting arrest and after fatally wounding the arresting officer, each chapter of the lurid tale taking place concurrently with events of national and world-wide importance.

The opium conference struggled on to an inconspicuous fiasco, General Mitchell twice reappeared before the House committee, criticizing the nation's air defense and those responsible for it with no other effect than arousing the ire of those criticized.

Why? In part the answer is that on January 30 Floyd Collins became wedged in Sand Cave, near Cave City, Kentucky, and from that date till excavators reached his dead body on February 16 speculations as to his fate and quarrels among his would-be rescuers constituted the big news of the day.



Floyd Collins

## February LEO

As if this were not enough a religious sect, with a membership scattered from Long Island to California, became imbued with the conviction



that the world was coming to its end on February 6.

Then there was the thrilling rush of dog teams and drivers with antitoxin serum for diphtheria victims at Nome, Alaska.

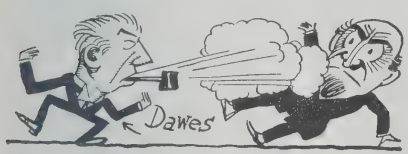
## March CANCER

When, on March 3, it was announced that General Mitchell would not be reappointed assistant air chief, would automatically revert to the rank of colonel and be transferred to Texas, the news was subordinated to that of a sensational English divorce suit and preparations for the reinauguration of President Coolidge.



President Coolidge

Even the inauguration of the President was obscured by the impassioned assault of the new Vice-President upon the cloture rules of the Senate. That




seethed until March 10, when the absence of the same Vice-President Dawes from his official post blocked the confirmation of Charles B. Warren as Attorney-General of the United States and contributed to the final rejection of the President's nominee on March 16.

On the latter date the head of an "irregular medical institute" in Chicago confessed that he sold cultures of typhoid fever germs to William D. Shepherd and as William N. McClintock, the "millionaire orphan," had died at the Shepherd home on December 14, 1924, apparently of typhoid, leaving his wealth by will to Shepherd and his wife, the inference was clear enough to bring about Shepherd's indictment for murder.



Wm. D. Shepherd

It was a big story and the papers "played it up so strong" that when Shepherd was brought to trial on May 18 it took three weeks to obtain a panel of twelve men sufficiently free from preconvictions to qualify them for jury service. After a sensational trial Shepherd was acquitted on June 26 but to date he has not been able to procure probate of the will disposing of the fortune alleged to have been the cause of all the trouble.

While the Warren fight raged a beautiful dream of 1924 quietly faded. A protocol for Arbitration and Disarmament proposed by the Assembly of the League of Nations was abandoned on March 12, when, after consulting her dominions, Great Britain rejected the protocol and France and Italy realized the futility of joining Japan in an effort to proceed without British coöperation.



Charles B. Warren

On March 18 the legislature of Tennessee passed and later the governor signed an act prohibiting in any school supported by taxation the teaching of any theory of creation conflicting with the Bible or advancing the hypothesis that man descended from the lower animals.

The event passed practically unheralded because on March 18 a series of storms, most violent in Southern Illinois but extending to other states, caused the death of 834 persons, nearly 3,000 minor casualties and an immense property loss.

The refusal of the Allies to evacuate Cologne came at a time when Germany was virtually without a ministry. Wilhelm Marx could not reconcile the opposing party leaders and not till January 22 did Hans Luther bring about a compromise combination which the Reichstag accepted on probation.

But the full effect was not realized till, on February 28, German governmental stability was further menaced by the death of President Frederich Ebert. Germany's president exercises little power or influence but the constitution provides for no automatic succession in case of death or disability. A vacancy must be filled at once by the direct votes of the people and in this election the Cologne affair greatly strengthened the monarchist and other reactionary parties whose success in the presidential contest threatened their capture of the next Reichstag, and the repudiation of the Dawes Plan.

The election was set for March 29 and as the time approached the situation became more and more alarming. The Luther ministry could do little but they tried hard. On March 21 Foreign Minister Stresemann proposed that the Allies and Germany enter into a mutual security pact to assure the peace of Western Europe. As if the political maneuver had been rehearsed England approved the plan in principle on March 24 and declared willingness to continue negotiations for its adoption.

The election was indecisive. No candidate received a necessary majority though former Chancellor Wilhelm Marx won a plurality and his success in the run-off on April 26 seemed likely.



Paul von Hindenburg

However, on April 8 Field Marshal Paul von Hindenburg was named as an added starter in the race and the old warrior accepted the nomination.

## April GEMINI

France was meanwhile having a governmental crisis of her own. Premier Herriot's financial program was repudiated by the French senate on the day of Hindenburg's nomination and on April 10 he resigned. Aristide Briand failed to form a new ministry and passed the task to Paul Painleve.

On the day Painleve became Premier of France, April 14, a peasant uprising in Bulgaria resulted in the assassination of a leading general and two days later, during his funeral services, the great cathedral at Sofia was bombed and 160 persons killed.

These events shared space with the opening of the baseball season, sensational exposures of complicity of prohibition enforcement officers and policemen with big and little bootleggers and the arrest of the former head of the Ku Klux Klan in Indiana for the murder of a young woman office assistant, whose death, on April 14, was, according to the jury which convicted him on November 14, the result of treatment she received at his hands.

Hindenburg's triumph, on April 26, did not plunge Germany into chaos.

A conference at Geneva debated regulation of the traffic in arms between the countries represented, reporting their recommendations on June 17 accompanied by an appeal for a joint agreement to outlaw the use of poison gas and disease germs in war. United States was represented at this conference and the American reports featured the speeches of the American more than the completed work of the conference.

## May TAURUS

Meanwhile public attention focused elsewhere. A new flotilla of specially designed coast guard vessels put to sea on the Atlantic coast early in May and seriously crippled the activities of "Rum Row."

On May 6 John T. Scopes, schoolteacher, Dayton, Tennessee, had himself arrested for violating the state anti-evolution law. He was indicted May 21.

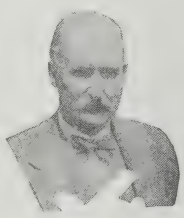
On May 14 Abd-el-Krim, chieftain of the Riffian tribesmen of Northern Morocco, launched a formidable drive against the French, thus imposing upon the new ministry at Paris a heavy financial burden at a time when the national budget was far from being balanced and our own State Department was insisting that some adjustment be made of the French war debt.

This problem, however, was left to the French. William J. Bryan had volunteered to aid in the prosecution of Pedagogue Scopes, a coterie of distinguished liberals had rushed to his defense, the Province of Ontario, Canada, returned to a beer basis and explorer Roald Amundsen, who on May 21 had undertaken an airplane flight to the North Pole, failed to return to his base at Spitzbergen on scheduled time. Chicago experienced the hottest May 22 in 54 years, followed a few days later by a cold wave and damage to the fruit crop by frost in many places.



Roald Amundsen

On May 28 the United States Court at Los Angeles ordered the cancellation of the E. L. Doheny lease of the Elk Hills naval oil reserves on the grounds that the transfer of the reserves from the navy to the Interior Department was illegal and the $100,000 "loan" to former Secretary A. B. Fall a bribe.



Albert B. Fall

Those who recall the reams of fine, white print paper devoted to reports of the proceedings of the Senate committee's Teapot Dome investigation might have wondered why news of the verdict was not more conspicuously displayed.

Nor was the killing of half a dozen Chinese students by the foreign police of Shanghai, China, on May 30, reported as an event certain to have far-reaching and grave consequences.

## June ARTES

A flurry followed Secretary Kellogg's warning to Mexico that her course threatened our peaceful relations with her; affairs in China seemed to go from bad to worse; the beer war and crime wave in Chicago increased in intensity and casualties.

Roald Amundsen, rescued by a relief expedition, returned to Spitzbergen on June 18 and on June 20 Donald MacMillan sailed forth to the arctics accompanied by naval aviators whose return was ordered by Secretary Wilbur on August 20 when conditions made their proposed flight to the Pole too hazardous.



Donald B. MacMillan

On June 19 the United States Court at Cheyenne, Wyoming, took issue with the Federal court at Los Angeles and upheld the Sinclair lease of the Teapot Dome oil reserves. The two cases have been carried to two separate Federal courts of appeal which, possibly, may also render different verdicts.

Toward the end of June the Riffians inflicted heavy losses upon the French in Morocco and the Italian debt parley collapsed, much to Dictator Mussolini's disappointment.

## July PISCES

Throughout July the one absorbing topic of news was the Scopes trial. The preliminaries, the trial itself, resulting on July 21 in the conviction of the accused, every possible feature of "local color" and "personalities" were exploited for domestic and distant foreign consumption. The grim aftermath, the sudden death of William J. Bryan in Dayton on July 26, only prolonged the controversy.



Wm. J. Bryan

And yet, in other respects, July was a memorable month. After a delay of over three years France ratified two remaining pacts of the Washington




Arms Conference, one of them authorizing an international conference at Peking to readjust the Chinese tariff and deal with the problem of the extra-territoriality. Largely through American insistence this conference met in Peking in October and reports indicate it may do much to better the Chinese outlook.

On July 8 France and Spain completed an agreement for concerted action against the Riffians, Marshall Petain took command on July 17.

Half a dozen American aviators joined out with the French, nominally in the service of the nominal Sultan of Morocco, and had bombed several villages and market places when word reached them that the American State Department regarded their activities as a violation of international law. They continued, however, to rain death in greater or smaller doses upon the belligerent and defenseless alike without fine distinction as to age or sex.

On July 21 Mussolini expelled George Seldes, American news correspondent, for sending out news that displeased the Italian dictator. On July 30 Elbert H. Gary called a meeting to organize a National Crime Commission, and on July 31 the French completed the evacuation of the Ruhr, formally relinquishing control a few weeks later.

## August AQUAR'S

August's most signal development was the failure to negotiate a renewel of the anthracite coal mine wage scale on August 4, the strike call of August

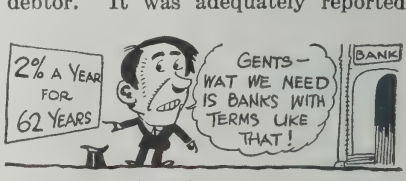



27 and the closing of the mines at the end of the working day of August 31.

This, however, was not so newsy and interesting as Edward W. Browning's adoption, on August 5, of a mature young woman, daughter of an immigrant, on the presumption that she was only a girl of sixteen.

Nor so spectacular as the big Ku Klux Klan parade and demonstration in Washington, D. C., August 8 and 9.

Between August 10 and August 18 the Belgian debt agreement was negotiated on terms very generous to the debtor. It was adequately reported




except as to its effect upon the average American taxpayer. Nor was the full significance of the French-English settlement of August 26 clearly conveyed to American readers. England agreed to take in full payment two

per cent a year for 62 years if the United States accepted the same terms. If not England reserves the right to require that France match payments to her with those demanded by America.

## September CPRNS

On September 1 two naval seaplanes, each carrying five men, left San Francisco for Honolulu. One was forced down soon after the start and the other failed to arrive in Hawaii. While the fate of its crew remained uncertain, the big navy dirigible, *Shenandoah*, was wrecked in Ohio, September 3, Commander Zachary Lansdowne and 13 of the crew losing their lives.



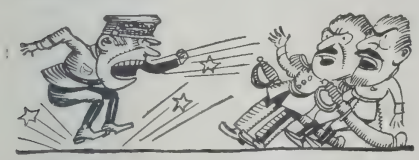
Lieut.-Com. Lansdowne

On September 5 Colonel, formerly General, Mitchell issued his arraignment of the army and navy aviation administrations, thus precipitating a storm that was little if any allayed by rescue of the crew of the second plane in the Hawaiian flight on September 10.



Col. Mitchell

President Coolidge on September 12 appointed a board of eminent men to investigate all branches of government aviation and Secretary Wilbur named a naval board to inquire into the causes of the *Shenandoah* disaster. The two boards began hearings on September 21, one



in Washington and the other at Lakehurst, New Jersey.

In the meantime Col. Mitchell was ordered to Washington and on October 20 a court-martial was named to try him for violation of army regulations.

But aircraft was not allowed a monopoly of public attention. September 6 France found more trouble on her hands in a rebellion of the natives of Syria which she holds under League of Nation mandate and on September 13 the Federal Council of Churches issued the first of its six daily installments of reports on the progress and effect of national prohibition enforcement. The report aroused resentment among churches and prohibitionists.

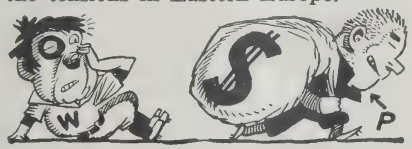
The French debt mission arrived in Washington on September 23. Exactly what happened is still obscure. The effort was not conceded to have been a failure till New York bankers refused France a big loan because a full settlement had not been effected.

Naturally, amid so much of interest, the American public, through their newspapers, had little opportunity to follow closely the deliberations of the Assembly of the League of Nations. Nor was the loss considerable, for in the main the sixth Assembly of the League was regarded, even by some proleaguers, as wanting in special interest and importance. During the League sessions, however, the long pending security pact was again brought to the fore and a conference arranged to formulate its terms.

On September 26 the navy submarine *S. 51* was rammed by the steamer *City of Rome*, off Block Island, coast of Massachusetts, only three of its crew of 36 escaping with their lives.

## October SAGTR'S

Early in October the premiers and foreign ministers of France, Belgium and Germany gathered at Locarno, Switzerland, the first important conference since the World War in which German delegates met those of the victor nations on an equal footing and, through the good offices of Foreign Secretary Chamberlain of England, negotiated an agreement whereby Germany accepted the *status quo* in Western Europe, eliminating Alsace-Lorraine as a possible cause of war in the immediate future. France, Belgium and Germany engaged to arbitrate their differences and England and Italy obligated themselves to take sides against the country declining to arbitrate or refusing to abide by an arbitration award. The entry of Germany into the League of Nations with a permanent seat in the Council was also provided for. The pact, agreed to on October 15 and initialed the following day, was accompanied by less specific agreements designed to relieve the tensions in Eastern Europe.




On October 7 the Pittsburgh pennant winners of the National League and the Washington leaders of the American League began a series of contests to determine the 1925 baseball championship. The series went the limit of the first four in seven games and on October 15, the day the Locarno Conference reached its final agreement, the thousands who thronged the ball park, and a score-board and radio audience of many millions cheered the returns of the decisive game in which the Pittsburgh team, coming from behind in the game as well as the series, won the coveted prize and the big end of the money.

Scarcely had the cheering subsided




when Greece and Bulgaria got into a wrangle and started to fight on October 20. The Council of the League of Nations met in Paris three days later and ordered a cessation of hostilities. An ultimatum on October 26 gave each country 24 hours to withdraw its forces within its own borders and the next day Greece, the apparent aggressor, bowed to the command.

France's difficulties increased in October, at home over money and taxation and abroad because of a rebellion of her mandate subjects in Syria, whose disorders in Damascus resulted in the storming of that ancient city by French artillery without sufficient warning to foreigners, thus arousing outside criticism and making necessary the recall of the military governor, long known in army circles as the "political general."

Not ready to comply with the Socialists' demand for a "capital levy," and unable to increase the national income in any manner acceptable to the Chamber and Senate, Premier Painleve resigned October 27, but resumed office a few days later with a new cabinet which excluded Caillaux, the most determined opponent of the capital levy. Painleve still made no progress and his government fell in November. Foreign Minister Briand failed in his first effort to form a new ministry but after Doumer and Herriot had also tried and failed Briand, on November 28, effected a combination representing only a minority but with a divided opposition.

## November SCORPIO

The Mitchell court-martial met October 28 and began its series of pyrotechnic sessions, while the President's aircraft board, its hearings over, digested its evidence and discussed its final report and while the Shenandoah inquiry struggled with a maze of conflicting testimony.

As the year grew old and time for the reassembling of Congress approached the American public, large and small taxpayers alike, were given ample assurance that the administration and both parties in Congress were agreed that Federal taxes be reduced, though they were not at all in accord as to what classes of taxpayers should benefit most by the promised reductions.

Naturally this has been very gratifying reading, but wasn't the Rhinelander divorce trial a whale of a news story!



Caught by the fierce gale.

# New Ye
# Lonely

By MAY B.

NEW YEAR'S is a day of happiness, of cheery intercourse with friends, and of rosy resolutions for the future. But for the mariner it has often dawned with unspeakable loneliness, beset with disaster, and with no prospect in sight except for a lingering death.

Such a day was New Year's, 1820, on Ducie's Island, a speck of coral in the Pacific Ocean. Three small boats had landed, and their crews, about twenty skeleton-like forms, explored the island. There was no vegetation except a little peppergrass, no possible food except a few turtles, but there was water. They made another discovery. There was a cave and on its floor were eight human skeletons. There was also a board with this inscription carved rudely by a sailor's knife, "Ship *Elizibeth* of London."

The emaciated forms withdrew in haste and sat down at the cave's mouth to hold a consultation. The previous August they had sailed from Nantucket in the ship *Essex*. Captain Joshua Pollard, Jr., had rounded the Horn and made his way to the "offshore fishing grounds" of the Pacific, hunting whales. On the last of November when whales were "raised," and the boats lowered, a sperm bull, ignoring the smaller craft, made a dash for the ship, striking her with a tremendous shock, passing under her keel, and coming up a hundred yards to leeward, where he lay on the water thrashing his tail in fury. Signals were set for the return of the boats, but before they reached the ship, the creature made another attack, jaws wide open, striking directly under the cathead and staving in the bows.

As soon as the crews were on board, masts were cut away so that the ship would sink more slowly, and there was time to get water, bread, sails, and compasses into the small boats. The nearest land was the Marquesas Islands, but the natives were not friendly, and so it was decided to steer for the coast of South America. Provisions for each man were a hard biscuit a day and half a pint of water, but at the end of a fortnight that was cut down one-half. Late in December land was sighted, Ducie's Island, and here, on New Year's Day, we find the wrecks of men that were once the crew.

In spite of the dreary warning of the cave, three of the men preferred staying on the island, and, with water casks refilled, the remainder started again. For a while the three boats kept together, then a storm came up and blew them all apart.

The boat in charge of the second mate was never heard from. The suffering of the crew on the third mate's boat was terrible. On February 8, one of the men jumped to his feet, cried that he would never give up, and dropped dead. Flesh from his limbs, cut in thin strips to dry, sustained life until, on the eighteenth of February, the brig *Indian* of London picked them up and carried them to Valparaiso.

The suffering in the captain's boat was more dreadful. They were, after the death of three men, reduced to the expedient of drawing lots as to who should die and who should be the executioner. The captain begged to sacrifice himself, but the others would not hear of it. At last he and the one remaining sailor were picked up delirious by the whale ship *Dauphin* which arrived with them at Valparaiso on March 17. The news of the *Essex* and her crew reached Nantucket before the arrival of Captain Pollard. He made one more voyage on the *Twin Brothers* which was wrecked on a coral reef, and then gave up the sea. He lived to be an old man, serving for many years as policeman, but never would he speak of the terrible adventures of that New Year's season. The three men left on the island were picked up before the breath of life was gone, and taken to London.

The loss of the *Essex* is almost a classic among whalemen, as is the story of the mutiny on board the ship *Junior*, bound for the Pacific by way of the Indian Ocean. For Christ-



The wreck

# r's Day n Seas

TING



Abandoned on a rocky shore.

mas Day, 1857, her log reads thus:

"At sundown shortened sail to main topsail and foresail. Middle part, strong gale. Latter part, heavy gale from southward."

After shortening sail, Captain Mellen gave each man a small glass of grog in honor of the day, then, with the mates, turned in for the night, leaving the deck in charge of the steersmen. Shortly after midnight, while the gale was still raging, five of the crew, headed by one Cyrus Plummer, entered the cabin, and, aiming at the captain and the sleeping mates, all fired. Not one of the shots was fatal. Plummer dispatched the captain, a sailor killed the third mate, the first mate escaped to the hold, and the second mate was wounded. Five of the conspirators were left in charge of the deck, and they silenced the remainder of the crew who tumbled out of the forecastle at the sound of firing. The ship was then headed for the Australian coast where the mutineers intended to land. As the ship drew near the shore, they saw the need of a good navigator so they hunted the mate out of the hold and invited him to serve them.

Before making port at Sydney, they wrote a full account of the affair in the log:

"This is to certify that we, Cyrus Plummer, John Hall, Richard Cartha, Cornelius Burns, and William Herbert, did, on the night of December 25th last, take the ship *Junior* and that all others in the ship are quite innocent of the deed.

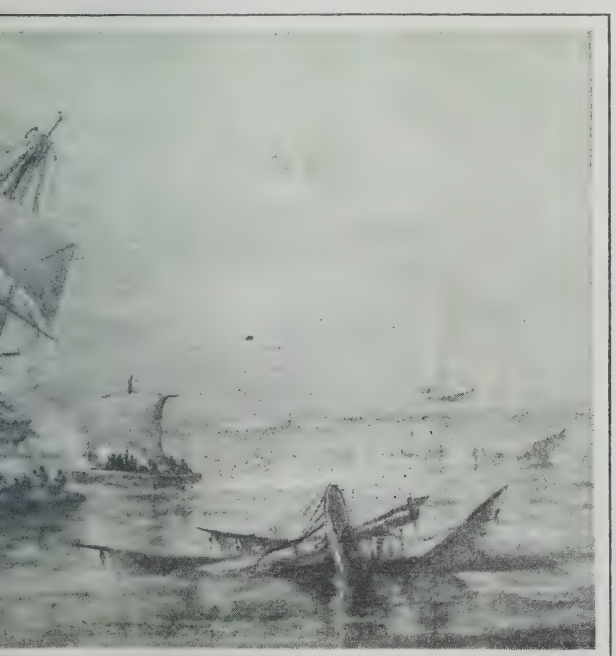
"The captain and third mate were killed, and the second mate was wounded and taken prisoner at the time. The mate was wounded in the shoulder with balls from a whaling gun. At the time we fired we set his bed on fire, and he was obliged, for fear of suffocation, to take himself to the lower hold, where he remained until Wednesday afternoon.

"We could not find him before that, but we undertook a strict search and found him then. We promised him his life and the ship if he would come out and surrender without any trouble, and so he came out. Since he has been in the ship he has been a good officer and has kept his place. . . . If we had not found Mr. Nelson the ship would have been lost. We are taking two boats and ten men and everything we want. . . . We particularly wish to say that all others in the ship but we five aforementioned men are quite innocent of any part in the affair." Then follow the signatures of the five conspirators and three witnesses.

But their days of freedom were short. Eight of the mutineers were quickly captured by the authorities and returned to the *Junior* where they were put in cages of hardwood and iron with a guard of six men to each cage. They were brought to the States for trial and General Ben Butler, of Civil War fame, undertook their defense.

It was no unusual thing, in the latter days of whaling, for a crew to be goaded beyond all reason by callous officers. Sometimes they were robbed so thoroughly, that, after a two years' voyage, their "lay" would be almost all eaten up by debts to the ship. Occasionally, after a year or so out, the food would be unendurable, and the crew was given every chance to desert at far away islands so that they would not have to be paid, and natives could be shipped to take their place. At any rate, although the judge charged the jury that all were equally guilty of the death of the captain, they convicted only Plummer of murder, three others of manslaughter, and acquitted the rest. Plummer was sentenced to die, but when his case was laid before President Buchanan the sentence was changed to life imprisonment. The three others were eventually released.

Consider New Year's Day on a reef in the China Sea with a wrecked ship and a crew of castaways for company. On December 25, 1858, the *Living Age* weighed anchor at Shanghai for New York. From the start her voyage had been unlucky, 153 days to Honolulu, 30 days beating around the



*Living Age.*

Horn with provisions low and scurvy among the crew. Hardly had she started on the homeward trip, when a northeast monsoon struck her, hurrying her along between the Formosa Channel and the dangerous Chinese coast.

The weather was thick and there was no way of taking observations, and the only reckoning made was by throwing out the log every two hours to ascertain the vessel's speed.

On the last day of the old year they realized that they were in the vicinity of the treacherous Pratas Shoals, and the course was changed to avoid it. Owing to the errors of log line reckoning, the ship did not swing out far enough, and about four in the morning, through the heavy fog, there was a cry from the lookout, "Breakers ahead," and almost at the same time the vessel sank in the trough of a wave and scraped bottom. With the next sea she floated, but only for a moment, for as its crest swept by, she sank again, sticking fast on the rocks.

It seemed as if she must beat to pieces, for the pound of the breakers was terrific. The men rushed for the boats, but before they could launch them, the seas swept them away like rose leaves. This new disaster demoralized the crew who were making ready to jump into the waves and take their chance at swimming to land, when the captain's wife came on deck. She had put on a suit of her husband's, cut off her hair, and tied a man's hat over her head. Her calm and cheerful manner did more than anything else to restore order, and all set to work to see what could be done to relieve the situation.

New Year's Day found them ransacking the stores, heaving overboard everything not absolutely necessary, patching up living quarters in the topgallant forecastle, and starting work on a flat-bottomed boat.

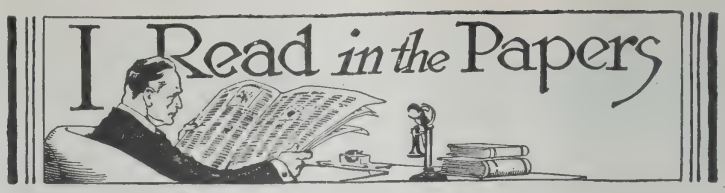
When this was done the chief officer and part of the crew set sail for the nearest island, about ten miles away, where they put up distress signals, made by sewing strips of red and white flannel together, and posted a lookout. One day they sighted a ship which approached, hove to, started to lower a boat, and then, to their infinite disappointment, turned and made all sail in the opposite direction. They learned later that the ship struck a shoal herself on approaching, and started to sink, and, fearing lest the 500 coolies whom they were taking to California would seize the ship if they delayed, decided to make all speed to Manila and report the plight of the *Living Age*.

On the morning of February 25 the English steamer *Shanghai* was sighted. Immediately the shipwrecked crew hoisted their distress signals and sent out their boat to hail her. She at once altered her course, came to anchor not far from shore, and lowered her largest boat. She was outward bound to Hongkong and there she landed the castaways safe and sound. For this rescue President Fillmore presented the captain of the *Shanghai* with a chronometer of gold.

High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete this simplified High School Course at home in-side of two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.

AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. H1237 Drexel Ave. & 58th St. © A S 1923 CHICAGO




***I read in the papers*** that down in Quebec a so-called business man, who instituted what the courts have declared was an unnecessary lawsuit and promptly lost it, was assessed the defendant's $125.50 for the defendant's costs as well as his own costs of $128.50, although the amount in dispute was but $23. Not content with this judicial disaster the complainant began another lawsuit against a third party in an effort to recoup himself the $23 in question and this suit also was lost. The incident serves to emphasize the fact that in every county seat throughout the world needless expensive litigation of the sort that could and should be promptly and cheaply disposed of by friendly arbitration is going on as it has gone on for hundreds of years. It is useless to blame the lawyers and courts because the bulk of these suits have been filed after the lawyers on both sides and the judges informally have urged a compromise. An appetite for unnecessary litigation is said to characterize a form of paranoia. The enormous amount of totally unnecessary litigation that is going on would seem to bear out the oft-made remark that the bulk of the crazy people are still without the asylum gates.

*The International Jew* in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set, $1. The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

***I read in the papers*** that wool producers, manufacturers and the men and women's clothing trades are concerned about the lessened American consumption of woollen garments, especially of the fine grades. Sir James Elder, the Australian commissioner to the United States, speaking on behalf of the principal wool-growing community to the world's greatest consuming country, has indicated these elements in the new situation: Central heating in American homes, offices and factories has enabled summer clothing to be worn throughout the year and although men and women buy heavy topcoats for their slight contact with the cold, that does not offset other decreases. Then the motor car, radio and golf have not only come to account for money that used to be spent for fine clothing but they also have altered American living habits. We do not go in for so much formal entertaining and theater going with consequent fine clothing as of yore. On the other hand the wise men of science have come to declare that it is a splendid thing for our bodies to get outdoors more and to wear less clothing in order that the health-renewing sun's rays may stimulate us to live longer and better. The sheep flocks throughout the world have tended to dwindle anyway for reasons that need not be dwelt upon here and it should not be long before lessened consumption and production tend to balance each other. This old world of ours, regardless of the growls of the disgruntled, has a way of adjusting itself to new situations and it wags on regardless.

***I read in the papers*** that a well-known medical authority is of the opinion that the bachelor's mortality at middle life is almost twice that of the married man, and he ascribes a portion of this extra death rate to the fact that the bachelor element is largely made up of left-overs, men who either have not had the courage to seek marriage or else were discarded by discriminating women in favor of more impressive candidates. This is a manifestation of the theory of the survival of the fittest and doubtless is sound doctrine, although everyone is familiar with instances where men and woman have remained single in order to discharge what they deemed obligations to relatives more or less unable to get on without such sacrifice.

***I read in the papers*** that certain reformers appealed to the Pope, whereupon they were severely denounced by several Catholics, lay and clerical, for their "intolerable impudence." I don't see it myself. Why not appeal to the Pope? There was a time when everyone who desired a powerful ally, when every righteous cause that needed strong support, appealed to the Pope. There was a time when the poorest mortal in Christendom had the right of appeal to the Pope. If it seems to American citizens that the Pope's interest might be enlisted in the campaign for a wider respect for law, and they ask him for this interest, I see in it nothing but a recognition of the Supreme Pontiff's natural inclination to those things which are right, and of his world influence. Certainly it is not impertinent, and certainly it is not impudent. The method of asking may be open to question, but the right of asking is not. Catholics, of course, have in their minds the charge that might be made of "papal interference" if the Pope should express himself on American domestic affairs, which, by the way, there is no probability of his doing. This, however, was probably not in the minds of those who addressed the Pope. As a matter of fact—dissolving much of the discussion that has been stirred up—the Pope is always and everywhere on the side of law abidingness.

***I read in the papers*** the strange experience which has dogged the footsteps of Robert T. Lincoln, son of the great President. As a young soldier he arrived from the war to resume life at the White House only a few days before the assassination of his father. He was present at that tragedy. Never since that day has he discussed it. He refrained from attendance at the Drinkwater play because it contained the assassination scene. Then, as a young government official, he was at the depot to meet President Garfield when he was shot. Fate continued to follow him, for the day he visited the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, President McKinley was shot. This is surely a chain of experiences that would be hard to duplicate.

# Went to Church—This Is What He Heard

## A Reader Relieves His Feelings in a Letter

A Reader of this paper writes a letter that contains some things which should be passed on:

For instance—"Last Sunday morning the pastor of our little church preached a very interesting sermon, and wound up with a discourse on the World Court, using the old threadbare argument, and clearly showing that he knew very little of his subject matter. Yet from his idealistic expressions one could take no exception, especially when one was convinced that he was tremendously in earnest and believed that he was preaching Christ's gospel . . .

"I, of course, agree with your point of view that the church should be interested in social and political questions, but the leaders who take the churches into these questions should be well grounded in their subject matter and have their position based on a little common sense and patriotism as well as idealism . . . I think it is true beyond the point of argument that nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand preachers are absolutely unqualified to meet the politician and so-called statesman or the agitator and advocate of interested parties on political questions on their own ground. As a rule their opinions are based upon the sayings of a Wickersham, a Taft or an Edward Bok. To say that an opinion thus formed upon the part of our ministry is well grounded and one upon which our American people can safely rely, I will confess does not appeal to me very strongly. It looks very much as if the World Court idea has been definitely agreed upon by practically all of the forces necessary to put it across and that the sponsors, through the glib use of idealistic terms, have largely committed the church to the whole proposition. I believe it will be a tremendous mistake. I am no more in favor of it than I was the League of Nations; in fact, see very little difference between them. I do not think Christianity is behind the proposition at all, but think that selfish motives are behind it.

"You will recall last spring there was a great deal of agitation looking toward the opening of our American ports to foreign vessels in coastwise trading. The object was to make a vital thrust at American shipping activities in the handling of our own commodities. We have had some splendid illustrations in this country of what it meant to have our freight piling up when there was an international disturbance which withdrew the ships of other nations from our commerce and we could find no bottoms in which to transport our freight. This, of course, gets back to the old argument of the importance of an American Merchant Marine. This agitation on the part of certain governments looked toward the conference of the International Chamber of Commerce which was held in Belgium during the summer. They intended to get resolutions through that body to which business interests of the various nations of the earth would have been committed, to prohibit the closing of ports to any foreign flag—which would, of course, have wiped out all of our laws regarding our coastwise trade and would also have destroyed the tremendous advantage American shippers have in having declared that freight shipped from New York to San Francisco via the Panama Canal was not coastwise trade.

"Intelligence sources of one of the branches of our government found out what was up, and before our delegates left for the Belgian conference they had a last-minute talk with them and placed very vital facts and argument in their hands. The result was, of course, the resolution was not put through. *Efforts were made to get this thing up before the League of Nations and put it through there,* but, of course, America not being a party, there was nothing could bind us and there was very little occasion to put it through with respect to other nations. Now, as one of the delegates informed me, this *World Court which they indorsed is to pass on the great business problems of the member nations.* I do not know what else it is for. We would probably be forced into the execution of some very undesirable decisions unless we adopted the German policy of considering our solemn agreements as mere scraps of paper, and I even think that Borah has made a tremendous concession when he intimates that he will agree to it only upon its complete severance from the League of Nations. Certainly, as a part of the League of Nations, the danger to us is tremendously increased, and our rights and responsibilities more greatly involved.

"We are to have governing agencies for international finance to take all of our question of currency and money and credit out of the hands of the people and place it in international agencies. With it naturally goes the power to govern and regulate international business; in fact, it seems to me that this is not only a tendency but a decisive step toward the rankest kind of international centralization. If we are hampered and impeded by national centralization, will we not be cursed by international centralization? As an independent nation, courageous, fearless and unfettered, we have been able to exercise a tremendous power in international affairs. Once we have forged these international chains upon us, we will be as helpless as a silent partner in a failing business. Our coastwise shipping question will probably be one of the minor things, important as it is, and if that becomes the subject of such jurisdiction, most certainly the Monroe Doctrine would be under the same kind of a jurisdiction.

"How in the world it is possible for our little preachers, given over to their continuous daily idealistic studies, to understand and form an intelligent opinion along this line is beyond me. They proceed on the theory I suppose that it is Christlike and in obedience to the principles of Christianity, and that if they go along in this great right course, everything else will take care of itself. This, however, is not the national message of the Bible.

"I have said all this to emphasize my feeling that our Christian ministry is proceeding upon very thin ice without good basis in fact for their position, resting their oars upon idealism against which it is always hard to raise a voice.

"I have a great deal of hope in the view I heard you express some time ago, to the effect that the intuition of the American nation saves us from a great deal of trouble; that no one hardly knows why we failed to go into the League of Nations, but that we did not. Most certainly Lodge's book does not give any valid explanation or show that the opponents of the League of Nations were actuated by the highest impulses and patriotic motives. We still are where we were, and, as you say, we hardly know why we did not go into the League of Nations, but we did not.

"I hope the politicians and idealists have not lulled the American mind into a sense of false security over this World Court proposition and that our national intuition will have a fair chance to express itself in spite of the politicians."

---

The writer of this letter did not intend it for publication, but has given permission for it to appear here. He is a man who knows whereof he writes, whether it be religion or international politics. He utters, we believe, the thoughts of many intelligent church people.

This question of political and international propaganda through the churches is coming to a head in this country. The plea of the international character of Christianity is largely vitiated by that section of the pulpit which is—perhaps unknowingly—inspired by anti-Christian and anti-American influences. Few clergymen, snared by words, trace the words to their source. They would be surprised to know that they are victims of a deliberate program to "use" them.

Next week—in our issue of January 9—we shall have more to say on this point.

# Indian Key, Where Rare Birds Resort

By GEORGE H. DACY



One of Florida's famous brown pelicans.



Peter Pelican has long been the matinee idol of post-card collectors as a result of the popular pelican limerick.



A cormorant caught unawares.

SPRINGTIME is bird time among the innumerable keys and islands which dot the multi-hued waters of Tampa Bay and the Mexican Gulf—a season when the peasants and aristocrats of the feathered species go a-courting, a period when approach by boat to the remote resorts of the rare birds will be greeted by the rise of untold thousands of honeymooning pairs whose feather colors include every tint of the rainbow, whose flight is so dense that it obscures the sun.

Visualize, if you can, the most tropical looking island your mind will picture set down in a latitude where the salt water is the bluest and where, as you gaze from land toward sea, you can recognize every color known to the art of painting. Feel the warm-tempered winds from the Gulf Stream as they sweep upshore. Gaze inland and see the scrubby mangrove, palm, blackjack oak, pin oak, live oak and sweet gum trees, as well as the wilderness of marsh grass, sawgrass and Spanish bayonets. You are on Indian Key, commonly known as "Bird Key," the most important bird sanctuary in the Tampa Bay group of diminutive islands.

With the abutting flats of sand, Indian Key covers approximately eighty acres although only about one-tenth of the area affords the choicest nestings for the 15,000 or more pelicans, cormorants, white ibis, roseate spoonbills, frigate birds, ward herons, blue herons, wood ibis, ruby-throated loons, white herons, laughing gulls, egrets and other flyers who there maintain springtime headquarters. A protected paradise for avian beauties—an island upon which man cannot trespass during the mating season unless he is escorted officially by Perry Wetmore, warden of Indian Key and one of the leading naturalists and bird experts of Dixie.

Through the solicitation of the West Coast Audubon Society, Uncle Sam several years ago designated four keys and one island in Tampa Bay as a Federal bird refuge. Perico Island, the largest land area of the group which covered 125 acres, was destroyed during a violent hurricane. The four keys still in use include Passage, Cow and Calf, Bush, and Indian keys, the last-named of which is most densely populated by birds during the mating months. Here are to be found some of the last flocks of egrets and roseate spoonbills—beauties that produce marvelous feathers which have long been coveted for the adornment of milady's bonnets, their use for such purpose now being prohibited.

Warden Wetmore, the guardian of Bird Key, was raised in the woodlands of Massachusetts and the Green Mountains of Vermont. His home was far from the houses of boy friends, so as a youngster he learned to make friends with bird and animal life. For hours at a time, he would sit quietly under a tree or near a bush where a family of fledglings were being instructed how to walk, eat and fly by their patient parents. By observation, young Wetmore learned all about the haunts and habits of the New England birds. As he grew older, he gathered collections of natural curiosities, gained adeptness in drawing wild life and laid the foundations for the scientific education which he has since acquired.

Perry Wetmore is the policeman of Indian Key. He protects the interests of thousands of rare birds. The annual feather crops of these birds are worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. It is Wetmore's duty to prevent feather hunters and poachers from trespassing on the island as well as to protect the birds from intrusions of excursionists and tourists who pass that way by boat. Despite a prohibitive Federal law, feather hunting is still practiced on Florida's West Coast and in the Everglades. It would take a police force as large as that of Atlanta to stamp out the evil. The feathers are smuggled abroad where their use is still permitted and where they sell for high prices.

Among the most curious feathered visitors that flock regularly to Indian Key are the frigate birds known popularly as "man-o-war" birds. They are natives of Peru, Chile and Patagonia. Strange though it may seem, these extraordinary birds come to Florida in the summer to spend the winter. That is to say, they leave South America in April and May, the winter season in that country, and migrate to Bird Island as feathered "winter-dodgers." They erect temporary residences high up in the trees with the cormorants and pelicans as their closest neighbors. They remain until the following December and then return to their permanent homes in the land of the pampas.

Despite the fact that the adult frigate bird has a body only as large as a bantam rooster, it has a wing spread that ranges from seven to ten feet and is better equipped for long-distance flying and soaring than any other bird native to the Americas, with the possible exception of the albatross. The frigate bird can remain for days at a time in the air. The long annual journeys which the birds make from Patagonia to Tampa Bay are striking illustrations of their remarkable wingmanship. Peculiarly enough, the frigate bird has one weakness—his spindling legs which markedly handicap him in flying. The little legs are just strong enough to support his body. They are not stout enough for a good take-off or a running



Patient pelicans and laughing gulls on waterfront at St. Petersburg, Florida.

start. The "man-o-war" bird has to roost on high cliffs or in stately tree tops. From such lofty perches, he can volplane down to get started again after rest from a long flight.

The frigate bird is easy to identify by its forked tail, each fork being about fifteen inches in length. The male birds are jet black while the females show some white feathers. The male has a curious red pouch in his throat, which he puffs out like a toy balloon during the mating season. The suitor who is the best pouch expander always wins the beautiful female as a mate. On account of its weak legs which deter the bird from alighting on the water and then easily rising again, the "man-o-war" gets its food by skimming low along the surface and snaring its prey on the fly—which, by the way, requires mighty accurate fishing.

Peter Pelican and his people who hatch out and develop annually at Indian Key to the number of from 2,000 to 7,000 young have furnished laughter for many millions of post-card readers. Some years ago, a Nashville newspaperman who ran a daily column of rhymes in his paper published an original limerick about the pelican which has been copied wherever English is read:

"A wonderful bird is the pelican,
His bill can hold more than his belly can,
He can keep in his beak, enough food for a week,
But I'm damned if I see howthehellhecan."



Warden Perry Wetmore and his dog.

Peter Pelican is a bird of antiquity. History does not state whether Noah housed a pair of pelicans in his ark but the chances are that "Pete" and his playmates were there. Science calls the pelican *Pelecanus onocrotalus* but really "Pete" and his people are not nearly so dangerous as this name sounds. The pelican was one of the many birds which the Old Testament Jews could not eat. Western Indians eat pelican eggs and use the feathers in making robes. Biblical lore refers to the pelican as a figure of desolation and sorrow. After a generous meal of many fish, "Pete" seeks solitude where he sits and looks solemn, aged and careworn.

The pelican's bill is a serviceable fish basket in which finny swimmers are carried by the parents to their young. The body of the adult pelican weighs from two to three pounds but often measures five feet from point of beak to tip of tail. The great spread of wings—usually it ranges from eight to ten feet—makes the pelican look much bulkier than it really is. The pelican is the eagle-eyed bird of the salt sea. Apparently basking in the sun and asleep on a lofty perch, the crafty old pelican watches every ripple of the waves far below. Suddenly, he spies a fish close to the surface and darts down quick as a flash and dives after the prize. When he reappears on the surface, he tosses back his head and stores the fish in the membranous pouch which overlaps his throat.

The pelicans of Florida's West Coast dive after fish from elevations of from fifteen to twenty feet above the water. They will fly, soar and then suddenly dart down in a slight spin and dive after fish. On the East Coast, the pelicans fly down instead of soaring and strike the water from altitudes of 50 to 100 feet with terrific force. When they come up from the plunge, their tail feathers are the first to reach the surface.

A flock of 200 white pelicans from the Northwestern States and Canada resorted at Indian Key latterly. They were representatives of a fresh-water family and captured their food by swimming along the surface and darting their heads down two to three feet when they spied fish near the surface. Association has had its effect on these white pelicans, for, after several months spent at Indian Key, some of them have learned to dive after fish in the same manner as that of the Floridian salt-water pelicans. Bird lovers would doubtless like to know whether the white pelicans teach their fresh-water friends up North how to dive when they return to their summer homes. If such a transformation is effected in the characteristics of the ordinary white pelican, the natural history reference books will have to be revised.

The several thousand cormorants which spend the spring at Indian Key are black in color and about the size of ordinary barnyard ducks. They are skillful, underwater swimmers, using their legs as well as wings in swimming. They speed through the water like sprinters and only the fleetest fish can escape them. The cormorants nest on anything available from the ground to the tallest tree. At daybreak, in a great flock, they leave the key to speed to the outlying islands in Tampa Bay where they remain daytimes and fish. The flutter of thousands of wings sounds like the roar of a mighty waterfall during the fifteen minutes it takes the great flock to get under way each morning.

The flock of wood ibis at Indian Key during the nesting season consists of humpbacked birds with long legs and good-sized bodies which resemble the storks of Germany and Belgium. The natural habitat of these birds is fresh-water swamps but they are attracted to the sanctuary at Indian Key by the flocks of springtime flyers that rendezvous there. The wood ibis are pure white except for a few black feathers on the underside of their wing tips. They are armed with long curved bills and wade around in the shallow water searching for crabs and minnows. White ibis are also springtime visitors to Indian Key as they have been hunted so persistently on the mainland that they now seek refuge on the coast keys and islands. They raise their young on the key but daily visit the mainland.

Although the popular supposition is that the roseate spoonbill is now extinct in Florida, a flock of about 100 of these wonderfully beautiful birds still resort at Indian Key. Years ago, there were millions of them in Florida but the feather hunters shot them off so ruthlessly previous to the period when Uncle Sam placed the species on the protected list that the variety is now practically extinct. A fine of $500 and a two-year penitentiary sentence now face hunters who kill roseate spoonbills.




# Go Back

## to coffee—all you want Coffee without caffeine

This is to people who must stint on coffee, because the caffeine affects heart, nerves or kidneys. Or to people forced to substitutes. Or to people who dare not drink coffee at night.

Science has found a way to take the caffeine out of coffee. Just the caffeine poison—that is all. No flavor, no aroma is affected. We open the pores of the raw coffee bean and remove the caffeine alone.

This harmless coffee is called Kaffee Hag. It is an exquisite blend. It is superlative coffee at its best—and nothing else.

Caffeine is a tasteless drug. Its removal does not change the taste. It does not alter the quick bracing effects. They all remain.

All we eliminate is caffeine stimulation. That never comes until two hours after drinking, so you don't miss that.

Think what Kaffee Hag means. A coffee rich in all coffee joys. So flavory that the finest hotels now serve it. Yet all can drink it to their heart's content, without a thought of harm. Children can enjoy it.

Let us send a ten-cup package for someone to try. Mail this coupon now, with ten cents.

Mail This Today for 10-Cup Sample; 10 cts.!

KAFFEE HAG 1413 Davenport Ave. Cleveland, Ohio

Name .....

Address .....

The HANOVER INN
HANOVER : N. H.
at
Dartmouth College

Open all the year round.
GOLF
TENNIS
Saddle Horses

PATENTS TRADEMARKS COPYRIGHTS
Write for our free Guide Books and "RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK" before disclosing inventions. Send model or sketch and description of your invention for our Inspection and Instructions Free. Terms reasonable. Prompt attention.
Victor J. Evans & Co. 920 Ninth Street, Washington, D.C.

Do You Know how much money the American taxpayers had lost on war debts up to December, 1925, due to the difference in interest payments? Read the up-to-the-minute facts in next week's DEARBORN INDEPENDENT.

# Darrow Debates Like a Wet Lamb

(*Continued from page 7*)

What reflection I was able to give the forthcoming set-to between platform engagements on my way North convinced me the only arrows I had in my locutional quiver for the seasoned foe were facts, accomplished facts; perhaps feathered with fables and gentle raillery to soothe the adversary's savage breast!

Truth is mighty and must prevail, of course; but I had seen Truth's interference crumble too many times in the path of Mr. Darrow's plausible and powerful attack to be sure that I could stop him. Many times he has proved himself master of artifice and appeal; and alack! they make up a great multitude who fail to differentiate sound from sense, fact from fury.

The expected unfriendliness of the club atmosphere was offset somewhat when I got on the scene in Detroit by cheery rooters who wrote that they expected me to "go straight into him and make a real cleaning with keen, quick convincing utterance"; that my antagonist had "had it far too easy in all his previous battles," and I must cut him down to his real size; that I could "poke holes in many of his conclusions"; that he was no Goliath and that I was like David, et cetera.

Meant to be heartening, these epistolary cheers did not have exactly that effect. Rather, they kept my thoughts reverting to the quaking moments in which "Bob Acres" makes ready to meet his redoubtable rival at the dueling-ground, not a whit emboldened by the hints of the other party's deadly marksmanship.

But it was borne in upon me that it would be well to find what Mr. Darrow had. All that I could find was that with reference to the nation's banishment of booze he had assumed an I-am-above-the-law bravado; that he would not deny himself what the Constitution had denied him; that outlawed liquor still flowed freely; that the enactment had been put over on the people by a handful of intolerants and fanatics while millions of our young men were off fighting for their country; that a horde of spies and snoops were invading American homes; that the accursed law had not changed his appetite; that big business, having deprived labor of the cup that cheers in the interest of quantity production, was getting its own bottled exhilaration right along, et cetera.

There was nothing in all this trite material of the Amendment and the Moderation leagues that was not familiar or answerable. If the other side were coming to the fray in his usual form I figured that he must be digging up much new stuff.

I looked for him especially to come fortified with a pamphlet issued in late November by the Moderation League, aiming at "the restoration of temperance," and presenting "A National Survey of Conditions Under Prohibition." By charts and figures the document seeks to establish the fact that drunkenness, drunken driving and intoxicated children have increased under the Eighteenth Amendment.

Although refutable through the bringing out of the fact that the comparison of totals in 1914 and 1925 does not take into account tremendous growth of population and the other well-known fact that drunks were not apprehended in other years unless they were making themselves obnoxious in public, but are now arrested on sight, the survey was fresher and more significant than the arguments Mr. Darrow had used on former occasions.

But whatever weapons the Negative had in his arsenal, the Affirmative made up his mind that he would furnish as little as possible for him to shoot at with a skill and precision acquired in great criminal cases. This much for discretion.

Accordingly, to establish the wisdom of the Eighteenth Amendment as a public policy (the phrasing of the Resolution was fortunate for the affirmative, upholding as it was the collective will of the people) I decided to devote the first 20 minutes at my disposal to an historically accurate recital of John Barleycorn's progressive depravity, rejection and execution—pointing out that his doom was not revolutionary, but evolutionary; not so much innovation, but continuation.

And furthermore, being six years dead, it behooved all good citizens, bowing to the expressed will of 98 per cent of the sovereign states, to let him lie where the cumulative condemnation of the people had buried him.

This fate of the liquor traffic, personified in John Barleycorn, foreshadowed for 70 years, I termed an event politically imperative, inevitable, permanent.

In the second interval I considered it absolutely tenable ground to develop the proposition that the banning of a commodity *that had never been given inherent rights by the Constitution*, always adjudged noxious and destructive, was not only an economic advantage, but economic destiny.

I felt reasonably sure I could count on acceptance of this contention, backed by the clear-cut declarations of Hoover, Babson, Forbes, Gary and others, by an audience present day by day with the outworkings of a marvelous mechanical age unburdened by widespread Sunday and holiday intoxication. A few comparisons from dependable sources were sufficient to show the gains in health, thrift, comforts, investments, homeowning for the workers. Wise, therefore, because economically advantageous; economic destiny.

In closing I conceived the idea of acclaiming as a wise national policy a Constitutional enactment that offers a moral equivalent for war. The denial of a thing many citizens think they ought to have, whether it be hurtful or not, will have power to develop the ability to endure hardness; so that, instead of a race growing soft through parental laxity, multiplied pleasures and indulgences, America will stay under training and be ready to show the superiority of a nation sober against other nations sodden.

The D. A. C. auditorium was packed to the doors; 2,000 were turned away. As Mr. Darrow and myself stepped out of the anteroom upon the stage, he rattled a blank sheet of white paper in his hand and drawled in his soft tone: "There's my speech."

I had two thoughts. One was that the great defender was taking the occasion too lightly. The other was that the structure of my remarks and corroborative data, in my side-pocket, savored of taking it too seriously. Impassioned advocacy of the moralities of our side beat it right then.

If it were a foil that the arch-denouncer wanted, he would be fooled. I was willing to personify the whisky plague in John Barleycorn, but I sensed the fact that it would be fatal for me to personify the shriveled, sour and salaried holier-than-thou uplifter the unconventional declaimer for personal liberty would have liked to have before him.

In disposing of John Barleycorn early in the proceedings I tried to keep in mind the proverb that "There's many a truth told in jest." Being officially and satisfactorily entombed, it devolved upon Darrow to subscribe to the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead to bring him back.

If he had got that far in the Apostle's Creed, it would be something for the faith-keeping Bryan to look down upon from the battlements of Heaven. There was some more badinage and a deal of raillery, that Darrow did not resent.

Quip and wheeze left his inscrutable countenance unclouded. He never looked the Ogre he had been painted. There was no suggestion of the carnivorous, flesh-tearing antagonist. Either he was mollified by good nature or had made up his mind to go on a diet in December.

He spent five minutes of his first period of 40 minutes in relating his astonishment at finding that teetotalism and a sense of humor could dwell together.

He could not conceive how anyone could extract any joy of living or wax eloquent or poetic from the Constitutional fluid that filled the silver pitcher on the table. He declared the Affirmative was getting too much fun out of life to belong on that side.

It was clear sailing for the Affirmative after that. The evident sincerity of Darrow's revealment of his astonishment made this five minutes the most meaningful of the afternoon to me. I thought of the familiar fable of the meeting of the two strangers:

"Didn't I meet you in Cuba five years ago?"

"Nix—I never was in Cuba."

"Neither was I—must have been two different people."

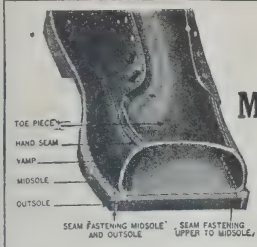
Darrow, in his mildness and in his willingness to come more than halfway to make our conflict of opinion amicable, was not the Darrow of the advance warnings to

## What They Said After the Debate

"Darrow wasn't so mighty, was he?—if he couldn't even get his own crowd to acclaim him after the debate."

* * * *

"If that is the best the wets can muster, the jig's up."

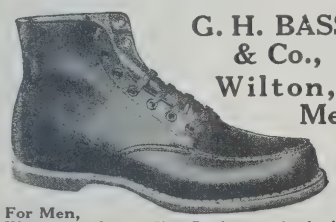



**Bass True Moccasins are Best.**

***Best for the Children Best for You!***

BEST because of their construction (see diagram above). Moccasins, the heritage of the American Indian, are lighter—more flexible, more serviceable and more comfortable than any other footwear. Who ever heard of an Indian with foot trouble?

**If you would have real foot comfort for yourself and the children write today for Catalog I. It's Free.**



**G. H. BASS & Co., Wilton, Me.**

**For Men, Women and Children.**

Shoe Dealers—write for information about Bass Agency.



**Next Week in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT**

**"American Pulpit Captured by Radicals"**

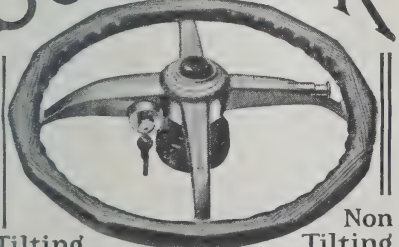
What is the preferred reading of a certain class of ministers? Have Churches been made links in a chain of alien propaganda?

**"Cleansing the Screen in New York State"**

Surprising facts about movie censorship. Will it be taken out of politics?



SUPERIOR



Tilting Non Tilting

SUPERIOR LOCK WHEELS have the highest approval of the Underwriters, automobile manufacturers, insurance and finance companies. They are easy to install, quickly adjusted to wear, absolutely theft proof and yet cost no more. A sample will show you more than a thousand arguments.

*Authorized Dealers Order Yours Today.*

**The Superior Metal Products Co.**
DEPT. W. ELYRIA, OHIO


me. We were "two different people" from the unthinkable controversialists we had envisaged before meeting.

There may be food for reflection here for both sides of a bitter issue. The French have a fine proverb: "The absent are always wrong." Another rendering of it is: "I don't want to know that man, because I want to hate him. If I know him I can't hate him."

Darrow got into his individualistic philosophy quickly. He denied John Barleycorn's demise; said he was seeing him and hitting it up with him regularly.

He found more pleasure in his society than he did before his reported execution. No home he visited was without his presence.

Big business, selfish and dishonest, was fellowshipping with him while the laborer was stripped of his legal right to refresh himself with his beer.

To this the natural retort was that the over-stimulated are not dependable witnesses of what they think they see. It was John Barleycorn's ghost, not "spirit of health, but goblin damned," that Darrow had seen.

Or, mayhap, some body-snatching wets, to give Prohibition a bad odor, were going about with the dreary corse fastened to their bodies as in ancient times, crying: "Who shall deliver us from the body of this death?"

They might better leave him decently inurned. No amendment to the Constitution has ever been annulled or amended. One-third of either house of Congress can forestall such action. A dry majority of one in either house of 14 states can keep the Eighteenth Amendment in the Constitution.

Either through indifference or mental indolence, Mr. Darrow met none of the three contentions of the Affirmative in support of the wisdom of the amendment as a national policy.

To be a bibulous ibex leaping from jag to jag, or to know many others who are, was not conclusive with reference to the resolution.

It rather was self-denunciatory, carrying its own revelation of contempt for constituted authority and one's obligation to the whole social structure; without extenuation certainly on the part of an expounder of the law.

Business, automobiles, Congress, parties, conventions, churches, reform groups, all should go rather than curtail a man's right to drink what he pleases!

A gospel of perfection surely; but presupposing a race of perfect men.

Mr. Darrow rose to his greatest height forensically when he developed his plea for personal liberty; but ignored completely the vital difference in indulgence in food, clothes, theaters, and the like, and the gratification of an appetite that puts the lives and property and happiness of others in jeopardy.

Cavalierly he set at naught that sacred principle of democracy that empowers the people to decide what they shall order to promote the general welfare.

If Clarence S. Darrow did his best on this occasion, and if Darrow's best is the die-hards' best, believers in a boozeless America may be of good cheer. Even those who came to believe in the Negative—and they made up the larger part of the audience—remained to acknowledge a lost cause.




**MORE *Mileage* LESS *Expense***

This is the experience of private car owners, as well as that of owners of a fleet of trucks who are using Humble Motor Oil.

Humble Motor Oil holds its lubricating body under great heat; forms a perfect compression seal; thoroughly lubricates all moving parts; prevents friction, and leaves little or no carbon in the motor when burned.

To be sure of getting the right grade of Humble Motor Oil for the car you drive, always consult the Humble Chart.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Apperson | H | H |
| Buick | H | H |
| Cadillac | H | H |
| Chevrolet | M | M |
| Flint | M | M |
| FORD | *Flivolene* | |
| FORD (Truck) | *Flivolene* | |
| Lincoln | H | H |
| Mack (Truck) | H | H |
| Nash | H | H |
| Overland | H | H |
| Star | H | M |

*The above shows recommendations for a few representative cars. Ask your dealer to show you the complete Chart.*

HUMBLE OIL & REFINING CO.
HUMBLE OILS
HOUSTON, TEXAS

# Keeping Tab on Father Time

## History of Some Queer Clocks

By EDNA M. COLMAN



TIME! the answer to every mystery, the solution of every problem, and the most overworked word in every language. Every minute, somewhere, somebody is talking, reading, thinking or working with a close watch upon time. Time has come to be the hydra-headed monster that drives the world of men and women to speed mania to beat its own swift flight. Time appears to diminish as man seeks to crowd into hours the performances that once consumed days and weeks, and with the perfection of each speed-making device, time and the importance of the saving of it is accentuated.

The mad race to exact every second's full quota of work, service, of pleasure, came with modern progress, and with each generation's mounting accomplishment in the day's work has also come a loss of much of the true appreciation and enjoyment of life, beauty and love and art, that belonged to a more deliberate period where speed was not the power behind every motion.

Now when every public and private activity is planned on a perfect schedule that fits each moment with its task or pleasure, and where time is the all-important factor, against which we all wildly struggle for fun, profit or just from habit, it is difficult to realize that time was once a matter of guesswork, dependent upon the sun, moon and stars.

When the first spark of intelligence stirred in the dormant brain of prehistoric man, it aroused him first to observe his surroundings and implanted impulses that took him beyond the actual creature needs of food, drink and fuel. Among these feeble gropings of mentality, the first seems to have been directed toward reckoning time, in an effort to note the days or suns to pass between changes of the moon.

The year with its succeeding seasons was already a fixed matter, so also were the periods marked by the moon, and these helped man to assemble for himself the units of time, and these sufficed him until his mental development required a thought of life and work beyond one day, with daylight and darkness dividing it so conveniently for him. But when it became expedient to plan for more than a day, man had to solve the problem for himself.



Clepsammia or sandglass, originated about the fourth century B. C. This specimen appears to be of the fourteenth century, A. D.

Counting by suns and all other shadow markers, the first attempt in this direction had the disadvantage of being useless when the dark, dismal days of rain, fog and snow made all light look the same, and allowed of no guiding lengths of shadow on tree or rocks to tell when one day had merged into another.

Determining to catch up with the days in some way, the cave man set to work, and with slow fingers obeying slower mind, he braided a long thick rope of grass, which he lighted at one end, after wetting it, so it would burn very slowly. After days of watching it, comparing it to the period of the average day when the sun was in command, he finally tied knots at intervals supposedly to correspond to sunrise, midday and sunset.

Comprehension expanding, he next laboriously made a rope seven times as long as his first one, with seven times as many knots. By the slow burning of this, in his cave, he could tell when a week had passed whether the days were fair or stormy.

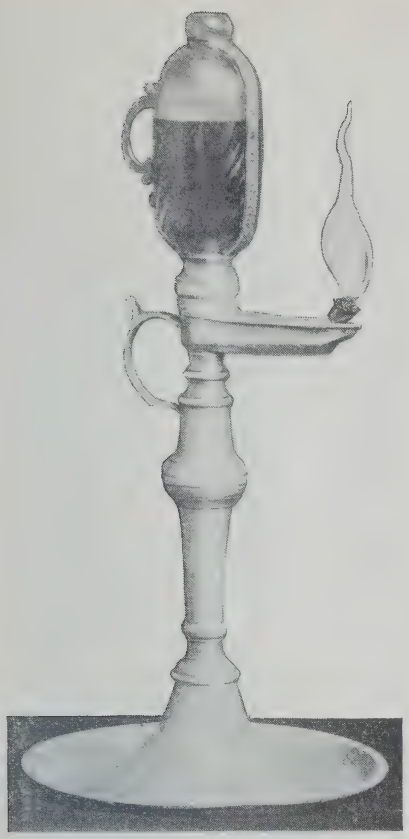
The knotted rope, slowly smoldering, day and night, the shadow markers playing only with the sun, were all the young world knew of time reckoners, from man's beginning for many centuries, and in some countries today these primitive methods are still employed.

Though the ancient Babylonians and Chaldeans kept their astrologers always studying the heavens, and though they made many learned deductions on the movements of the planets, there is no record of any special timepiece to their art or inventive genius, and research gives credit for the next step in timekeeping to the Egyptians, when, about 4000 B. C., one of them invented a water clock of simplest form such as is still used by Malay fishermen, and consists of a bowl or coconut shell with a hole bored in it, floating on water.

Later, about 2626 B. C., the "Yellow Emperor," Hwang-ti of China, devised a water clock, but the clepsydra, introduced to the Greeks by Plato, in the fourth century B. C., was the best example of these.

The clepsydra, of which a sample exists in the National Museum, at Washington, consists of a wooden frame with the hours marked on the sides. Cords are attached to the top of the frame, the other ends being wound around the metal pin or axis which is put through the drum which holds the water. This drum is divided on the inside into a number of sections, each having a tiny hole in it through which the water drips.

When in use the drum is wound to the top of the frame. Gravity pulls against the cord and the drum would revolve very fast if it were not for the weight of the water,



In this clock lamp, originated by the Romans, the level of the oil in the transparent reservoir indicated the hour.

which, as it goes from one little chamber to the other, makes the revolutions occur slowly. As this happens the metal pins or axis points to the hours on the sides.

Another form of water clock was to use a water-filled tank with a small opening in the bottom. In this a small boat was floated with an oar in it pointing to the hours marked on the sides of the tank. As the water trickled out, the boat sank lower and lower, but this like many other devices of early days was far from accurate.

When the first sundial was made by King Ahaz about 742 B. C., people were filled with admiration and wonder, and many thought the problem of time-reckoning had at last been solved. Though it proved useless on cloudy days, literally proving the legend on so many of the quaint old models—that of recording only the golden hours—yet it was for years the only measure of time.

Even after the clepsydra became more generally known as it did in Plato's time after the shortcomings of the sundial had resulted in experiments toward the discovery of a better method of reckoning, the sundial held its own down through the ages and has never lost its place in the hearts of lovers of antique treasures. With the revival of the antique styles in furniture, architecture, and landscape arrangement, the sundial came into popularity because of its artistic features; and now no garden with any pretensions of artistic design is without one.

The ancestor of the hourglass was of equal antiquity with the water clock. In its most ancient form it was known as the clepsammia or sandglass, which had its origin among the desert peoples of the East where water was too scarce and precious to be used for experiments of any kind, while sand, the most abundant of all their possessions, beset them upon every side.

Many legends remain of these quaint old time markers. One of the latest acts of Harun al Rashid, the caliph of Bagdad, just prior to his death in 809 B. C., was to send a wonderful gift to Charlemagne, Emperor of Rome and King of the Franks. This was an elegant water clock, made of bronze, inlaid with gold, and was a fitting example of the clever craftsmanship of the Orient.

It is recorded that the dial consisted of twelve small doors representing the hours, and opening at the one it pictured, when out of it came the same number of small balls, which fell at equal intervals one at a time on to a brass gong. It was so made as to tell the hours to the observer by the open doors and to the listener by the strokes on the gong. At 12 o'clock twelve tiny horsemen rode forth to close the doors. This bore an appropriate legend and was received with great enthusiasm by the "master of the West."

Charlemagne was not to be outdone in displaying either his appreciation or the splendor of a gift, so he supervised the construction of a huge sandglass with the hours marked on the outside, so ponderous that it only required turning once in twelve hours. Sand was not considered suitable for such a gift, so black marble was finely ground to dust and boiled in wine, the process being repeated a number of times before it was considered ready for use.

Both the clepsydra and the clepsammia were used in churches to regulate the time of services, in assembly halls, and courts, to call a halt upon the long-winded discourses and tiresome arguments of lawyers, statesmen and preachers. These devices remained in use until clock construction became general.

They were used all through the years of struggle of Julius Caesar, with the old Roman calendar which was so greatly in error that winter months were found to be falling in summer.

After long and arduous labors with his astronomers, the length of the year was placed at 365¼ days, adding an extra day to each fourth year. But in order to get the seasons adjusted to their proper places he had to add two months between November and December. This arrangement gave the year 445 days and was called "the last year of confusion." Caesar began his calendar with January 1, a plan which has since been followed. The rest of his plan prevailed from 40 B. C., until Pope Gregory revised it in 1532.

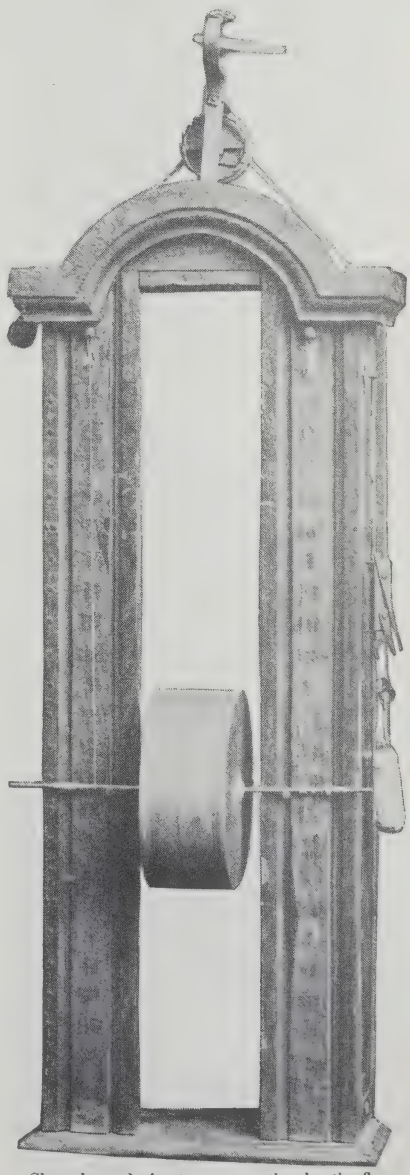
King Alfred of England, who stands out conspicuously for his efforts for his people, wished to divide the twenty-four hours so that he might devote eight to work, eight to sleep and eight to pleasure. In order to have these periods definitely marked, he devised the candle clock, shortly before his death about A. D. 900. This consisted of six wax candles, each twelve inches long and marked off plainly in divisions of inches. These were burned one at a time, each lasting four hours, using up the candle at the rate of twenty-four minutes to the inch.

The six lasted just twenty-four hours. The use of these candle clocks soon spread throughout the kingdom, but in the palace they were watched carefully by the chaplain who reported to the king, and when it was noted that the candles burned faster when the winds blew, the king devised shields made of thinly scraped white horn, made transparent and fastened to wooden frames, to surround the tapers. These were termed lanthorns and the forerunners of our modern lanterns.

The oldest clock of which English records carry a mention was placed in a turret, in New Palace Yard, opposite Westminster Hall in 1288, during the reign of Edward I. This is the year when old records tell of the lord chief justice who tampered with the court records and was fined 800 marks by order of King Edward, the money being used for the construction of a public clock in Westminster tower provided with great bells, the same bells which the royal Bluebeard, Henry VIII, lost in a gambling bout.

The earliest clock, from our acceptation of the term, was the work of Peter Lightfoot, a monk of Glastonbury, who brought forth in 1335 the first contrivance to deserve the name, since it was provided with a verge and balance escapement. In later years when pendulums came into use, this clock was provided with pendulum and anchor. This old pioneer in the timekeeping field is preserved in an English museum and is still going.

The setting up of the Lightfoot clock also marked a new era in timepieces, for up to the time of its introduction, clocks



Clepsydra, a device to measure time by the flow of running water. Originating about 4000 B. C., it is a step ahead of the sundial.

had been sharing the lives of monks in monasteries; but when this contraption with its iron wheels, with their lantern pinions appeared, clocks began to be constructed for the use of cities, and with this innovation the duties of the town criers were much curtailed.

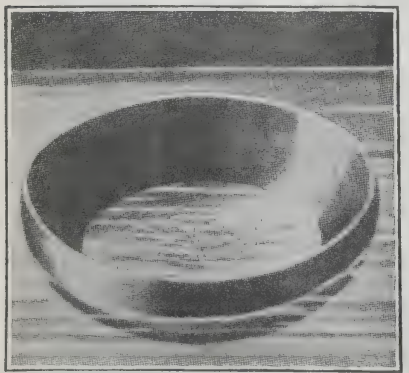
About the fourteenth century, another clock with wheels made its appearance. This was the work of Henry de Vick, or Weick, about 1364. In this, one large wheel was set in motion by a weight gradually unwinding a rope which moved a heavy bar attached to the wheel. This was made by order of Charles V, King of France, for the tower of the royal palace, now the Palais de Justice. It was put in place in 1379 and legend claims that the king insisted that the Roman Numeral IV be changed for four vertical strokes (IIII) to indicate the hour of four o'clock, a version that has since been used by many clockmakers.

This forbear of modern timekeepers is in reality the oldest style of clock of which accurate details are now available. It is interesting to note that the mechanism of this clock, which measured time before the discovery of America, still answered for the same purpose until 1850, for a period of five and a half centuries, and in that time its bell performed service for many of the notable events in the world's history, none more frightful than when it gave the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

To this old striking clock of one hand, which could only mark the hours and required winding each day, many elaborate timepieces owed their origin. The attention of many men of Europe, chiefly the monks, was concentrated upon the fascinating experiments with timekeeping devices, and soon many of the large cathedrals were provided with clocks. Some not only struck the hour but were equipped with mechanical appliances that indicated the motions of the planets.

Notable among the clocks of this period was one discovered in the palace of the Sultan of Tlemcen, Algeria, in 1358, which was a marvel of workmanship and heavily ornamented in silver. Above the case which held the works was a realistic picture showing a bird's nest in a thicket, with the mother bird in protecting attitude over her young as she watched the slow approach of a snake.

The hours of the night were indicated by sound, and ten doors representing the hours were placed in front of the clock. As each hour ended one of the doors rattled and shook and from two larger doors above it swept out two eagles dropping bits of copper into a copper basin to sound the hour.



Water clock—a bowl with hole in bottom for water to flow in. It always required the same length of time for the bowl to sink.

While the night watches were being taken care of in this manner the serpent made its way to the nest in the thicket and with a loud hiss pounced upon and bit one of the little birds in spite of its mother's efforts to defend it. At the same moment open flew the door that marked the hour, and a young female slave appeared holding an open book with name of the hour in verse. There seemed no limit to the amount of work expended upon these ancient contrivances.

During the fifteenth century belfry clocks provided with automatons became very popular.

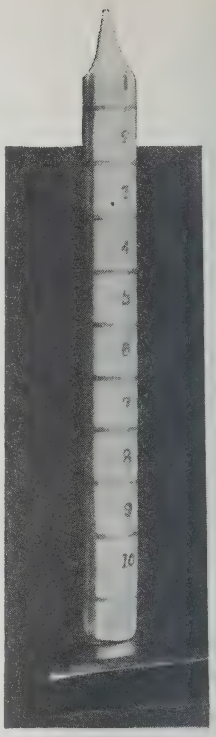
The belfry clocks at once sprang into high favor, since religious services demanded such close attendance and the heavy gongs were of the greatest assistance in calling the faithful to worship. The famous old horologe of Wells Cathedral performed this duty for five centuries before its works were entirely replaced by new mechanism. In 1835, Peter Lightfoot, its maker, placed twelve knights on top of the clock to march in rotary motion at the striking of the hour.

The most celebrated ancient clock tower of England was the old stone "Clochard" at Westminster, near the present clock tower of the House of Parliament. The bell on this tower announced the hours with such volume, that in normal weather all London could hear it distinctly. These bells carried the news of the coronations of kings and tolled sorrowfully for the funerals of rulers and princes. The keeping of this huge clock was intrusted by Henry VI to one of his loyal subjects with the remuneration of sixpence per day. "Great Tom" of Westminster, as this bell was called, was later removed to St. Paul's.

Of all the elaborate clocks that ever pointed out the time, and informed the public of the movements of the planets, the old Strassburg clock ranked first. Built in 1547 it was a continuous almanac, for by its remarkable construction the automatic adjustment of large plates indicated the motions of the sun, moon, earth and other heavenly bodies. The day of the month was pointed out by a statue. The time was struck by four large figures. The first quarter of an hour was struck by a boy pounding the bell with an apple, the half-hour by a youth striking the gong with an arrow; the third quarter by a full-grown man with a staff, and the fourth by an aged cripple who struck the bell with his crutch. The hour was announced by the figure of an angel that opened the door and bowed to the Virgin Mary. Another angel standing by turned an hourglass at the striking of the bell. The hour of noon was heralded by the procession of the twelve apostles. A large cock perched upon one of the towers flapped his wings, ruffled his neck and crowed three times. The Three Wise Men prostrated themselves before the scene of the Nativity.

The "Nuremberg egg" made its appearance in 1550, as a follow-up of Peter Heinlien's drum-shaped watch, the first one in the world, which had made a sensation just fifty years before. Heinlien's watch was a half-foot high, made entirely of iron, and was spring driven. The "Nuremberg egg" was so called because it was made in the home of the first watch and was oval in shape. This gave an impetus in clockmaking.

Discoveries of more compact works made smaller timepieces possible, and so the portable clock came into being, owing its existence to Heinlien's method of a long steel ribbon lightly coiled around a central spindle to maintain the motion of the wheels.



Alfred the Great of England devised a candle clock consisting of candles marked off in inch sections. Each candle burned four hours.

These portable timepieces, called table clocks, were sought as novelties by the élite of Europe. Because of the similarity of these models, the clockmakers began to evolve all sorts of weird designs and fantastic shapes. Jacques Joly, with his skull clock, taking the lead. Made of silver gilt, the forehead of the skull bore an engraving representing death with his hourglass and scythe. Standing between a palace and a cottage he appeared equally attentive to each door. One side of the skull contained a sketch of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden; on the other was a representation of the Crucifixion and the adoration of the two Marys. Inside the top of the skull, which was the lid of the clock, was a picture of the Holy Family around the Infant Jesus in the manger.

The lamp clock originated with the early Romans, but the best-known type is traced back to Philip II of Spain, about 1508. In his royal chamber he used a lamp clock so contrived that the level of the oil in the transparent reservoir indicated the hour. Similar timepieces have continued in use in various sections of the world since his day. This clock consisted of a long glass tube upright on a metal stand, with figures painted on the tube to indicate the hours, "12" being in the middle section, with "11" above and "1" below. The lamp was filled with oil up to the hour when it was lighted. As the oil burned away the time was indicated.

The sixteenth century, with its Shakespeare, Drake, Raleigh, Queen Elizabeth, Spanish Inquisition and American colonization, witnessed the greatest stride in clockmaking. The same year that gave Shakespeare to the world saw the birth in Italy of Galileo. With his brilliant mind, this boy of seventeen stood in the cathedral of Pisa, his native city, and watched the swing of a suspended lamp, and discovered the principle of the pendulum, the idea that was later to revolutionize clock construction.

The first pendulum clocks were made about 1657 by Christian Huygens, a noted Dutch astronomer, who presented one clock to his government.

About the same time Dr. Robert Hooke, of England, invented the hairspring as the method of applying the pendulum principle to watches. For his experiment he used a pig's bristle, and from this time on the clock and watch industry made tremendous strides since the important achievements were but improvements in the mechanical construction of the escapement and toward counteracting the effects of the changes in temperature.

Soon after these revolutionizing discoveries were made.

# The Box That Became a Throne

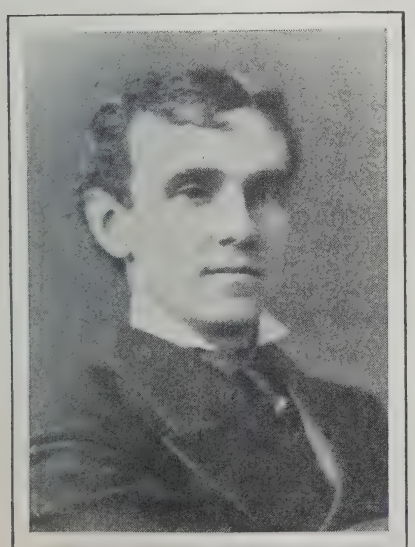
(*Continued from page 2*)

"J. W. B. to O. T." This he presented to Dr. Tompkins with the remark, "I may never see you again." They never did meet again, and the next the manager heard of Booth was eight days later when he killed Abraham Lincoln.

John Booth, as his intimates called him, was a very popular man, well liked by all who knew him, but he had the flaw of the brain that made him do what he did. When Orlando Tompkins died the ring became the property of his son Eugene, my employer for many happy years, and when he too passed away his widow gave it to me. It has naturally become one of my most valued possessions.

Charles H. Hoyt, the brilliant author of *A Rag Baby, A Tin Soldier, A Brass Monkey, A Hole in the Ground, A Texas Steer, A Trip to Chinatown,* and other delightfully funny plays, often visited the office and only needed an appreciative audience to run on by the hour iterating witticisms and epigrams in rapid profusion. I remember once after his quarrel with Thomas Q. Seabrooke, the comedian, who had been in his employ some years, he said, "If I owed the devil four thousand scallawags, I'd send him Seabrooke and ask for change."

Many were the minstrel men who came in from the early days of the Morris Brothers and the San Franciscos down through Haverley, Harry Bloodgood and Billy Emerson to George Thatcher, Luke Schoolcraft, Milt Barlow, Carroll Johnson, Primrose and West and Lew Dockstader. At one time Bloodgood's side-partner was Andy Leavitt, the banjo-player, who delighted in telling of the occasion when at supper in a country hotel the butter was so rank that Bloodgood spoke his mind concerning it in such violent language that the waitress burst into tears and left the room. In about one second the landlord came bounding into the place and made straight for the minstrel. As Leavitt described him, he was a husky individual with a forehead so low that his hair grew down to his eyebrows.



Lawrence Barrett.

"You don't like the butter, eh?" he roared.

"No, I don't," said Harry in explanation. "It's rancid."

"Well, you've got to eat it, and eat the whole of it, or I'll smash your face in," and he doubled up a fist the size of a coal hod.

And poor Bloodgood had to sit there meekly and eat every morsel of that dreadful butter, while his comrades, sympathetic but silent, sat and watched him, and the landlord leered loweringly.

One Monday morning George Primrose, of the famous team of fine dancers and successful managers, Primrose and West, sat on the wood box and told us of a new song that he was to introduce that evening to Boston, singing us a verse or two to show



Stuart Robson.

what it was like. In a few months that song had penetrated to every corner of the land, and during the war in Cuba in 1898 the Spaniards thought it was our national hymn. You know it well. Everybody knows it—"There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

The great fistic kings, John L. Sullivan, James J. Corbett and James J. Jeffries, all sat on that old wood box. Once while Corbett was world's champion, he was resting there, and the office kitten came in and stood on her hind legs before him, waving her little paws as if challenging him to a sparring match. He petted the little thing somewhat gingerly and said, "From my boyhood days I never could abide a cat. I suppose my objection dates back to when I was a youngster in San Francisco. Coming down the street in front of the Grand Opera House I noticed a crowd watching something on the sidewalk. I didn't look to see what it was, for a new poster had just been pasted up on the boards beside the door, and as I was always more interested in the theater than anything else, I ignored the crowd and started to read the bill. What they were watching was a cat having a fit, and the first thing I knew it landed full on my chest, spitting and scratching. I got rid of it without any harm to myself, but you can't wonder



Otis Skinner.

that since then I don't like cats."

Florenz Ziegfeld first came into the office in 1895 when he was managing the Sandow Company, at the head of which was Eugene Sandow, the strong man who is said to have been executed as a spy in London during the late World War. Ziegfeld at that time looked like a little dudish college student but he had enough in that head of his to make him the greatest producer of spectacular stage shows of our time.

Another young manager of very deceptive appearance was William A. Brady, who looked like a young tough, though he did bring us a number of fine performances. If any actor in one of his companies was for any reason incapacitated, Brady would jump on at short notice and give a better rendition of the rôle than the one who had been playing it for weeks. I consider him one of the best actors in America, though the public knows him only as a manager.

One memorable evening there were just three of us in the office, and I had sense enough to keep still and let the other two do the talking, they being William A. Brady and Colonel J. H. Mapleson, the operatic impresario, who so many years directed the affairs of Her Majesty's Opera in London and who was also the great discoverer of promising voices.

The two men represented the old and the new schools, but each respected the other, and I benefited by their conversation. Colonel Mapleson told of one night at Her Majesty's when the King's equerry brought to the opera two princes, George, the present King, and his elder brother, Albert Victor, then the heir-apparent. As they entered the retiring room of the royal box, Albert Victor took off his overcoat and laid it on a chair. George, too, removed his coat and carelessly threw it on his brother's. Whew! There was a commotion! The equerry lectured him severely on his presumption in throwing his coat on that of the heir-apparent, even though he was his brother. It was evidently a case of *lese majeste*, so strict are the rules of court etiquette.

Stuart Robson, the comedian, would come in, and at times Lawrence Barrett, the tragedian, both having summer homes at Cohasset, not far from Boston. There is a story, probably true, about a conversation between the two. Barrett, though a very fine actor, was somewhat lacking in magnetism and not personally particularly popular, and he was asking Robson why it was.

"I don't know, Larry. Give me your hand. Larry, your hand feels like a fish. You have no magnetism. Now I have the doggonedest man for a partner. He's full of it. In the one-night stands we get off the train at the depot and the hackman says, 'Hullo, Billy.' I go to the theater and begin telling the stagehand what we want, and he says, 'Wait till Billy comes.' "

And it was true. Billy Crane is living today, a man in the eighties, and he is known all over the country by his first name, as well as being looked upon as the dean of the theatrical profession.

George W. Wilson, who has been my friend more than half a century, often occupied the famous seat. George attained his seventy-fifth year last September and on his birthday Robert G. Larsen, representative of the Keith interests in Boston, gave a dinner in his honor, to which several of us old-timers were invited. We assembled in the very dressing room that George shared with Dan Maguinnis, the comedian, for



John Philip Sousa.

five years. Charles S. Harris, the manager, had decorated the room with programs of those early dates, as well as portraits of the stars who had appeared in the Boston Theater while George was there. The strange part of it was that those stars were all dead but one, and that one, Lotta Crabtree, passed away that very night.

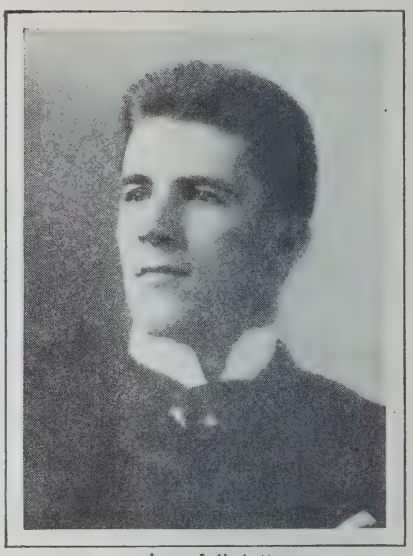
After leaving the Boston Theater George Wilson went to the Boston Museum where he stayed sixteen years eventually succeeding to the position held by that best-beloved of Boston actors, William Warren, as afterward on the road he succeeded Denman Thompson in *The Old Homestead* and James A. Herne in *Shore Acres*. Today he is hale and hearty, still rides a bicycle, thinks nothing of walking ten or fifteen miles a day.

Then there were the Hanlon Brothers, famous gymnasts and pantomimists, once six in number and now only two. My particular crony was William, the first man in the world to turn a somersault on another man's shoulders, and the originator of the bewildering tricks in their pantomimes *Superba* and *Fantasma*. When he was a youngster performing in Spain in 1847 Eugenie, Countess de Montijo, afterward Empress of the French, took a great fancy to him and used to dance him on her knee. Once she took him and his brother George to call on Queen Isabella, telling them each must go down on one knee, take off his hat and kiss the queen's hand. It was George's turn first and he got along all right except that he forgot to take his hat off. But William did all three things correctly and the queen picked him up and kissed him.

George Hanlon is living in New York today, and I have in my collection a program of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, of the date of 1846, in which Master George Hanlon is billed, with the information that he had already appeared before the Duke of Wellington and the Dowager Queen Adelaide. That means the real Duke of Wellington who won the Battle of Waterloo in 1815, while Adelaide was queen before Victoria, who herself was crowned in 1837. And the boy who appeared before them both is alive and hearty today.

Otis Skinner used to drop in whenever he was in town, for our acquaintanceship dated as far back as 1877 when he was a youth aspiring for a chance. There were three brothers in the family, their father, Reverend Charles Skinner (who has also occupied the wood box), being a Universalist clergyman. The boys all had the artistic temperament, though in each it blossomed in a different way, Otis becoming an actor, Charles an author, and Will an artist.

Henry Irving never came in while I was there and I am sorry for I have always heard he was very companionable. To my



James J. Corbett.

mind a great manager but not a great actor. Still I never claimed to be a critic. I know what I myself like.

Once while sitting on the wood box John Philip Sousa said to me that no band in America could succeed without a personality at the head of it, and I have often thought how true those words were.

I have the old wood box in my home now and as I look at it I am reminded of some verses I once wrote, and, by the way, all those mentioned appeared at some time at the Boston Theater and most of them sat on the old wood box—

If I should go to heaven when my work on earth is done,
I hope I'll meet the actors there whose forte was making fun.
I hope my old friend Barnabee, harmonious Henry Clay,
Will meet me at the summit of the steep and winding way.
I hope that William Warren and that other Boston man
Whom lovers of the theater entitled Handsome Dan,
Will be on hand to greet me, for wherever it may be,
The place where Dan Maguinnis is is good enough for me

I hope that Stuart Robson with his methods so unique,
His earnest, jerky manner and his mirth-provoking squeak,
With John T. Raymond, Jefferson, Nat Goodwin close at hand
Will make me feel at home when I have reached the promised land.
All those my cherished comrades of the years so long ago,
George Howard, Craven, Fortesque, will meet me there I know.
However strange conditions are beyond the Silent Sea,
Where Denman Thompson makes his home is good enough for me.

And then when I am sailing through the Islands of the Blest,
I hope I'll meet George Primrose and his partner Billy West.
I want to hear Luke Schoolcraft's voice, distinct though never sharp,
Explaining Mrs. Dittimus wants Coes' golden harp.
Jim Maffitt and Bartholemew though naturally dumb
Will say with Harry Bloodgood that they knew I'd got to come.
Though Thatcher, Billy Emerson I'll naturally see,
Where Hughey Dougherty hangs out is good enough for me.

Gus Williams I expect to see among the Mansions Bright,
Although without his dialect he won't seem really right;
Cool Burgess with that voice of his we used to know so well;
Inimitable Harry and his brother John Kernell;
Plebeian Billy Barry and aristocrat Hugh Fay;
Joe Murphy making horseshoes like he used to in the play.
Bob Slavin, Carroll Johnson I'm convinced that I shall see
With Charley Yale, all in the place that's good enough for me.

When from this world I'm forced to part,
The place where Harrigan and Hart,
Dan Colyer, Johnny Wild I'll see,
Is plenty good enough for me.

# Opening the Book on 1926

(*Continued from page 3*)

Congress is wrestling with a taxation bill which, whatever it may turn out to be, will be better than the last bill, for the reason that it cannot be worse. Many of our professional friends of the poor man who were intent on taxing wealth because it is wealth, and without knowing that there could be consequences, are discovering that the poor men do not want such friends. The economic sanity of the country is higher than the economic sanity of Congress, and the tidings are reaching legislative halls. The same tidings are also reaching the states, the counties, and the municipalities, but they are not being clearly comprehended.

Our largest danger lies in the excessive cost of state and local government. At the best, this has to be costly because the automobile is forcing the rebuilding of the nation's highway system, but a third or perhaps a half could be cut off the bill by a skilled management which would get a dollar of value for every dollar spent. We do not get this value because the citizens do not ask for it.

Another possible element of danger lies in the undue expansion of the installment credit system. Installment credit is poor man's credit. In a way it is not credit at all, for the purchaser does not take title until the last payment is made and, if he fails to make payments, he stands to lose the article and all that he paid. For years pianos, books, and household goods have been bought on this kind of credit and to a certain extent jewelry has been so bought. The smaller houses have always been bought in some such fashion.

It used to be considered rather disgraceful to buy anything except a piano on the installment plan, and there was eternal warfare between the rough-neck installment man and the poor purchaser.

Is the forcing of credit on people—for credit terms are now advertised—tending to overstock them with goods and bring about a sad day of reckoning? Undoubtedly a bad business depression with a great number of men thrown out of employment would have serious results, for these wage-earners would fail to make the payments which nearly all of them are obligated to make and, unless well handled, this might cause a smash everywhere.

But there is another angle. The man who has no property has no stake for which to work. He is in the condition of the fellow who says: "I'm a communist. I ain't got nothing and I'll divide up with anybody."

The installment plan has abolished the proletariat in America. At least one part of civilization has to do with the raising of the standards of living, and credit has been the greatest of all forces in raising our standards. Give a man a chance to know what better things are, and in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand he will work his head off to make them his own. I do not know of any country that ever raised its standards of living on a cash basis. That is something to think about. Is it not more reasonable to believe that the abuse of credit will hold its own cure and that it is not something to worry about?

So all is rather well with us. We are living by work and not putting much dependence on political magic. Europe is depending pretty much on magic and has lately been saved again by the Locarno Treaty, while it is more or less saved on dull week-ends by the League of Nations. We now have what is called "the spirit of Locarno." This treaty in essence is a guaranty by Great Britain of France against German aggression and of Germany against French aggression.

Germany is to enter the League of Nations, France and England are withdrawing their troops from Germany and also the various commissions which have been supervising the conduct of Germany particularly with respect to disarmament. France is out of the Ruhr and there is no longer any official military occupation of any country of Europe—which is a long step toward normal life.

The critical point in the Europe of yesterday was Germany. Today it is France, although in no European country are events moving smoothly, nor has the plain man anywhere more than the opportunity just to exist.

Germany is in for a long, hard, uphill struggle. Her currency is stable, and under the Dawes Plan it will have to remain stable, but she is without capital resources and, under the heavy taxation prescribed to pay her indemnity debts, will scarcely be able to accumulate capital for the operation of her industries. She will have to borrow money, and by the time the taxes and the interest on borrowed money are taken out of her gross income there will not be much left over for anyone.

The situation in France is not unlike it was in Germany before the complete financial collapse. France is today far worse off financially than when the war closed. France has not for many years been on a sound financial basis. The French hold money in high esteem—in such high esteem that they have never been willing to pay much in direct taxes and, even before the war, budget deficiencies were made up by issuing bonds without a due date and which are called *rentes*.

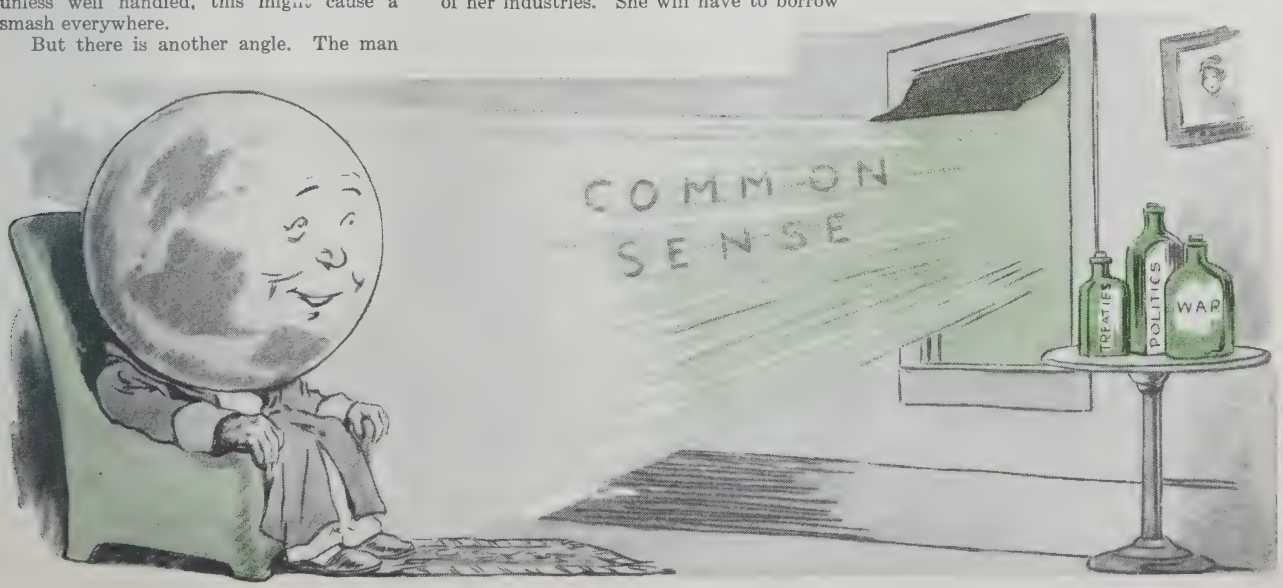
Even during the war, really high taxes were not imposed, and since the war the budget has not only never balanced, but the vast expenditure and waste of restoring the devastated regions have been carried in a special account, which was not counted in the national debt and which it was expected would be retired by German reparations. French Government bonds are no longer popular in France, and the deficits have been met by printing paper francs, that is, by the cruel taxation of inflation.

In addition, France has the extraordinary expenditures incident to the occupation of the Ruhr, of the Rhine, the active war against the Riffs, and the native disorders in Syria. These operations in Africa are ostensibly in the direction of colonization, but actually they are to provide black soldiers to reinforce the decimated white population of France.

In addition to this, France has supervised and financed the military establishments of Poland and Jugo-Slavia. Now she finds herself all but bankrupt yet still unwilling to face the facts, cut down expenditures, and increase taxation. Cabinet after cabinet has fallen through its inability to cure a malignant disease with a pleasant skin lotion. The French want magic.

Italy is kept within bounds under the stern dictatorship of Mussolini, which is every day becoming more difficult to maintain.

The Balkan States are, as usual, picking quarrels with one another and have had



some desultory fighting. Rumania, Bulgaria, Greece, and Jugo-Slavia are all agricultural countries in which the peasantry take almost no interest in politics, but in each country exists a small coterie of superficially educated men who gain their livings from the army or politics.

There are not enough wars to go around, and there are not enough political jobs to go around, and until someone finds something of a useful nature for these men to do, these countries will continue having wars and revolutions. They have had them almost continuously since they became independent states, and today their natural tendencies are augmented by the money and the propaganda of Russia; for Russian Communism can thrive only on carrion.

Great Britain is settling into a strange, unwholesome helplessness. The labor union is supreme, and it toils not neither does it spin. The British unions are mostly socialistic, and socialism since the war has gained ground, not because of any great conversion to its principles but because of its promise of something for nothing.

Prices in England are high—excluding the rent item—it costs as much if not more to live in London than in New York. British wages, according to their standards, are high—at least they are far higher than before the war. These wages are not productive, for the trades unions have strict limitations upon output and will not permit the use of labor-saving machinery in any really profitable way.

In general business and especially in the metal, coal and transport trades, the unions are supreme. Their leaders cannot consent to any reductions of wages, and stay in office. It is also unlikely that they will consent to the introduction of more labor-saving machinery, even if the British owners wanted to put in such machinery; and that is far from likely. A British company replaces machinery when it is worn out and for no other reason.

The owners are asking for lower wages and the men are resisting. They say, with truth, that they cannot get along on their present wages.

Coal mining has been subsidized, which is no solution at all. Unemployment is slowly growing until now around a million and a half men are out of work and living on the dole, that is, on government allowances.

The taxes are so high as to be confiscatory. But no one touches the real remedy—which is to make industry more productive and prices lower. Only in that direction can trade be revived and high, real wages paid.

China is seething, and politics, economics, and tradition are all mixed up together. India is in much the same case. Both are resisting foreign exploitation; resisting clumsily but more effectively than is imagined.

A dismal picture, all this? No, not at all. It all means—if it means anything—that the milling about under selfish, spouting political leaders is nearing the end, and the peoples of the world will have to try common sense, not from choice, but because everything else will shortly have been tried.

ATTENTION!

BUY Concord Yarns direct from manufacturer at a big saving. Spun from long combed wool. Write for free samples, many beautiful shades and heather mixtures. 50c per 4 oz. skein. $2.00 per lb. Postage paid on all orders. Concord Worsted Mills (Dept. A.), W. Concord, N. H.




***The Business Man from the Middle West*** dropped into The Office and remarked that the poor old church was being made the tool of unethical business practices. "We were approached some time ago by a sales promotion agency to make a deal with them to get our commodity into the churches—that is, get church people to sell it for a 15 per cent commission. It did not strike us as right. It was taken up, however, by another business, and now I see the good church people acting as saleswomen for a second-grade article. I am satisfied that it is neither good business nor good churchmanship. The incident moved me to make an investigation and I found one denomination that does not pretend to support itself by the contributions of its members—it depends on lotteries, dances, picnics, bazaars for its main support. Its principal business is thinking up new forms of entertainment. To me it seems a rather sad comedown for the church. That, with the pulpit acting as billboards for every new social theory that comes along, tells me that something of great significance is occurring."

***The Man from The Argentine*** dropped into The Office. Said he: they are beginning to think more of Americans down there. Said I: how is that? Said he: you know it was a long time before we came to recognize that there were other nations in the world. Europe discovered South America before we did. It has always been easier to go by ship to Europe than to the United States. The Argentine railroads are controlled by the English. Outside the railroads, the largest investments there are Italian. The Argentine is a great place for the overflow of Europe's starving population. It is an agricultural country *and always will be.* It has no waterpower, no coal, no wood, no minerals; so it must always keep to farming and cattle-raising. During the war the United States was the only market in which The Argentine could buy goods, with any prospect of delivery. But Europeans had always said "when you deal with an American, look out! he'll skin you out of your eyeteeth." That was their opinion of us. I am sorry to say that through the manipulation of commission merchants, the prophecy came true. Said I: and were those commission merchants American? Said he: they said they were; they were mostly Jews from New York. Well, the American Chamber of Commerce down there had a nice large mess to straighten out. It was not the fault of American manufacturers and merchants, and the people are gradually finding out that the American business man is a square shooter. Said I: how was the Prince received there? (The Prince of Wales, of course.) Said he: oh, he was received magnificently, but it was different when he went away. Said I: how was that? Said he: the Argentines expected a Prince—royalty—meticulous observance of the forms: they found a young fellow in a gray suit. It didn't impress them at all. They felt he had not lived up to the setting they had prepared for him. You know, what we praise in the United States as democracy, down there they regard as slovenliness. They expect a Prince to act the Prince. The young fellow didn't, and there was quite general disappointment. Said I: any good of Americans going down there? Said he: not to work; we can't compete with labor there. Labor can make money if it lives down near the ground, but American labor can't live that way. Americans are not up to the English in colonizing. Every American you meet is down there until the next boat or next year. "Home" is always in his mind, The Englishman and other Europeans go there to stay. Americans are too ready to tell the Argentines how much ahead the United States is, utterly unaware that the Argentine proves his superiority to us by finding himself different. You know how the Germans used to tell us how great Germany was? Well, that's the American habit now, and it doesn't show much common sense.

***The Man from Germany*** came into The Office with a tale of suffering genius. "There is no provision made anywhere in the world for genius," said he. "The poor and insane are cared for, the orphan and the aged, the sufferer from contagious disease; but the genius must delay his work to make his living. We have many instances of that. Of course, if a man is working on something of immediate use or recognized value, he will find plenty to care for him. But the philosopher who is probing the organism of the soul and seeking to analyze the human forces which may be developed and consciously directed—there is no one specially interested in him. And yet it costs so little to maintain him."

"Maybe," said someone, "it would be better for the philosophic product if the philosophers had to take the same worry about their affairs as other people must."

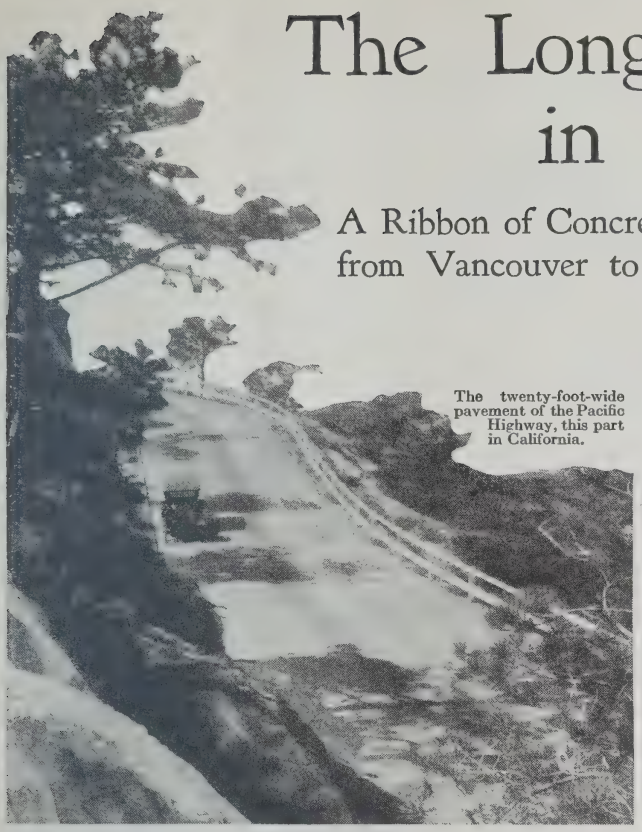
"Ah, yes, but genius, you know!"

***The Man from India*** dropped into The Office and expressed his opinions with directness and force. "England has learned nothing," said he. "I am in touch with present-day English statesmanship, and I can say that there is no hope for the future, no promise of wise leadership. England learned nothing from losing the United States. England learned nothing from losing Ireland. England learned nothing from her all but complete loss of Egypt. And she is learning nothing from affairs in India. Her failure to see where her true interests lie is ringing her round with enemies, and sapping her support at home. Look at the River Shannon in Ireland—a complete German colony now, everything German, a rear post of the enemy on her very soil. India would gladly remain a part of the British Empire. We are no secessionists. But we do insist that England shall cease the policy of rendering us non-productive while they suck the country dry. Let us all become productive and mutually helpful—in that way the Empire and England shall find prosperity and peace. As it is, the appalling stupidity of the world's leadership is rapidly paving the way for the next catastrophe."

# The Longest Paved Street in the World

## A Ribbon of Concrete, Nearly Two Thousand Miles Long, from Vancouver to Tia Juana on the Mexican Border

By ROBERT MORGAN

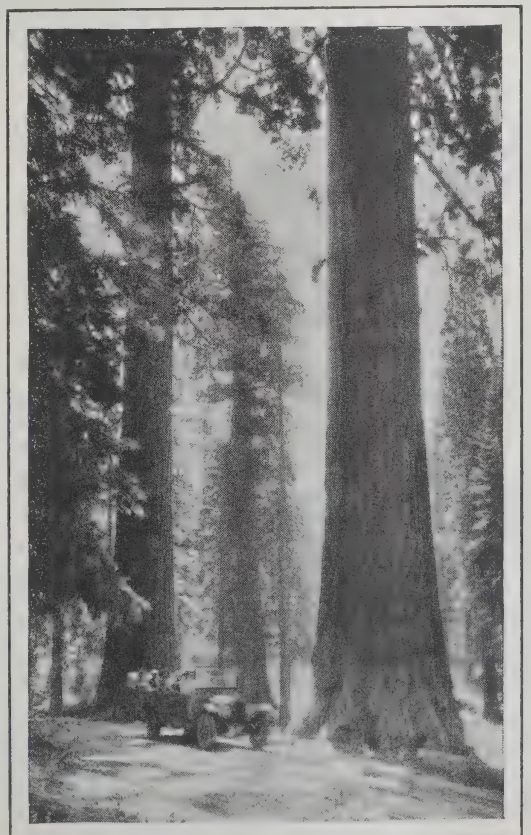


The twenty-foot-wide pavement of the Pacific Highway, this part in California.

IT STRETCHES, a ribbon of concrete, nearly two thousand miles long and three to four automobiles wide, from Our Sister of the Snows on the north, to Our Sister of the Sands on the south. Its head cradled in the lap of Vancouver, looking toward the pole; its feet resting on Tia Juana, stretching toward the Equator, it spans a distance almost equal to a straight line drawn from New York City to Cheyenne, Wyoming. It is the Main street of more than seventy cities, towns and villages. It is the Broadway of three states and nearly seven million persons. It is traveled every year by more persons than live in the United States and all its possessions, and more automobiles pass over it in twelve months than there are in the continental part of Uncle Sam's dominions.

It climbs to nearly a mile in the air, and it drops to sea level, one branch of it, indeed, slipping down until it is below the waters of the Pacific. Nine wide arms connect it with the remainder of the United States, and it touches submarine stations, aviation fields and navy yards. It passes over and along tumbling rivers that are literally liquid ice poured from mountain-clinging glaciers, and it presses through the dried-out beds of prehistoric seas, dead for centuries. It calls upon the oldest and largest of all living things, the redwoods towering hundreds of feet into the air, and it creeps where flat-leaved, earth-clinging cacti alone are able to survive the absence of water.

It is Pacific street, the longest paved thoroughfare in the world. It reaches from beyond the Canadian border on the north to within the Mexican boundary on the south. It is the highway of pine and palm, rhododendron and hibiscus, apple and orange and banana, the tepee of the Indian, the skyscraper of the American, and the adobe *casita* of the Mexican. It is never out of sight of the snow-crowned summits of the Sierra or the blue-green waters of the Sunset Sea; for the majority of its length both mountains and ocean are in full view from it. Now it clings to the seaward side of the Sierra, a mile in the air, and in a hundred miles the cream-crowned surf of the Pacific splashes the pavement with spray.



The Pacific Highway passes through "God's first temples"—the redwood groves of California.

It passes through nearly 20 degrees of latitude, and, since on the Pacific Coast of America, climate is a matter of altitude, rather than of distance north or south, this longest paved street carries one from the boreal zones to the semi-tropic. It is beautiful all the way, north and south and up and down. There is not an uninteresting mile between Tia Juana on the south and the gray bulk of Vancouver Island on the north. Yet one may traverse it from end to end, either way, and sleep every night in a first-class hotel; lunch every noontime at the best tables the most productive section of the United States can provide, and never look at a road map. Nearly fifty thousand plainly painted road signs in California alone tell the traveler every mile or two just where he is, which road he should take to his destination, and where he may the quickest obtain gasoline and oil and water. There is no road like it in the world, no other main street so long, no other thoroughfare of equal length whose population has increased more than 30 per cent in the last decade while that of the rest of the United States was increasing something like 18 per cent.

It is the only highway on which one may literally and figuratively "follow the springtime," keeping himself at all times in exactly the climate he desires, passing his summers in the cool north, his winters in the warm south, and autumn and spring in between. Coming into the State of Washington, southward bound from Vancouver—as one would be at this time of year or a little earlier—this paved street follows the shoreline of the Bay of Georgia and Puget Sound, in sight of Mount Baker, Mount Rainier, Mount Saint Helena, Mount Hood and Mount Adams, the snowy crest of the Cascades on the one hand, and the dazzling peaks of the Coast Range on the other. Through the glowing, growing cities of Seattle, Tacoma and Olympia, it moves on southward across Washington to the great cleft in the earth through which the Columbia River rolls to the sea. From Seattle goes out eastward the highway to Spokane, and on through Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, and the remainder of the real Northwest.

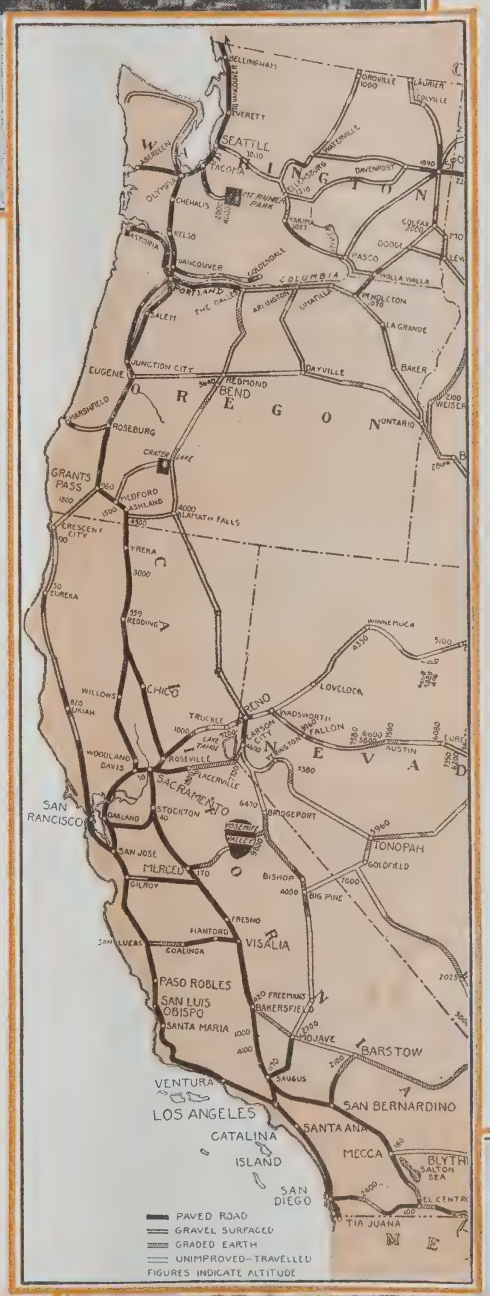
Up the gorge of the Columbia goes another highway eastward bound, through Oregon and Idaho and Wyoming and on to where Denver sits amid her thousand peaks. Once across the Columbia's leaping torrent, Pacific street wanders like a pretty child playing on the way home from school all 150 miles of the



Willamette Valley. Then it winds through the fir forests of the Umpqua range to the world-famous apple orchards of the Rogue River Valley. For towns in Oregon, it has seen Portland, the City of Roses, Salem, where the hops of America are taking the awards from the age-old fields of Bohemia and Bavaria. At Eugene, another highway flows away eastward, to join the main transcontinental motor path to Denver, and soon the longest paved street more than a mile to the sky-screening pines of the Siskiyous, on the southern boundary of Oregon, and an hour later the motorist is in Golden California.

The pavement winds along and around the foot of Mount Shasta, drops through the cañon of the Sacramento River into the wide and wealthy valley bearing the same name, passing Mount Lassen, the only living volcano in continental United States, and reaches the city of Sacramento, capital of the state. From the City of the Sacrament two highways slip away eastward again by way of Reno to Salt Lake City. But Pacific street never loses its intention of finding Mexico, and on it goes, a trifle west of south, down the valley of the Sacramento to cross San Francisco Bay over a new concrete-and-steel bridge at Antioch, or by ferry a little farther west. Thence it rolls its ribbon of stone into Oakland, and across to San Francisco and the Golden Gate by ferry, or down the mainland side of the world's largest landlocked harbor to San Jose, at the extreme southern end of the bay.

From Sacramento, too, another paved arm of this street passes down farther inland, through the potato empire around Stockton, and through the San Joaquin Valley, in which some of the states of New England could be dropped and never found again. This "inside route," as it is called, climbs the Tehachapi Mountains, over one of the finest and most expensive pieces of mountain road building in the world, drops down along the edge of the Mohave Desert to the town of the same name, and thence on into La Ciudad de Nuestra Senora la Reina de Los Angeles—better known as Los Angeles, and still more widely recognized as "New Iowa."




The other arm of Pacific street, wandering at will through the beautiful valleys and cañons of the Coast Range, comes out on the rim of the sea, follows the surf for more than 100 miles and leads its followers through the mountains into Los Angeles. From Bakersfield, on the inside route, still another eastbound highway wanders over the desert, crossing the murky Colorado at Needles, and plunging on through the gold-filled mountains and productive valleys of Arizona and New Mexico.

From Los Angeles two arms of the longest paved street continue ever southward, one across the Coast Range and down through the Imperial Valley to the Mexican border, where it, too, turns eastward by two routes, to cross Arizona and invade Texas; and the other hugging the Pacific into San Diego. From San Diego yet another highway goes east, through and around the desert mountains and along the boundary of the southern republic, to join the Imperial Valley arm of the great street at El Centro. Southward from the City of Saint James, dreaming beside the Silver Gate to the Bay of San Diego, it is only a few turns of the wheel to Tia Juana, Lower California, southern terminus of the Broadway of the Pacific Coast.

In this day of transcontinental highways, he who motors from the East, no matter whence or by what route he comes, will emerge one day on Pacific street. It rests with him just where he shall come into the longest paved street in the world, but if he is wise he will choose the northern routes in summer and the southern in winter, with those in between for spring and autumn travel. For the mud dries late on the roads of the Middle West and the snow is reluctant to leave the high passes of the Rockies. So far as California's section of Pacific street is concerned, it makes not the slightest difference to his comfort at what time of year the motorist comes into any section of it.

For those who prefer a little rougher trip, and who wish to see the West out where the West begins, there is a good road, though not paved, down the eastern skirts of the Sierra Nevada, but still within Oregon and California.



Above—Vancouver sky line, from the harbor.
Center—Map of route from Canada to Mexico.
Below—Street scene in Balboa Park, San Diego.



Near the southern terminus —looking over Balboa, San Diego.



*Refer to Pages 31-32 of This Issue*



Above — One of the places where the Pacific Highway dips down to ocean beach.

Left—Booth Bridge, Winchester.

Below—Mount Hood, Oregon, from the highway.

# *Along the Longest Paved Highway in the World*





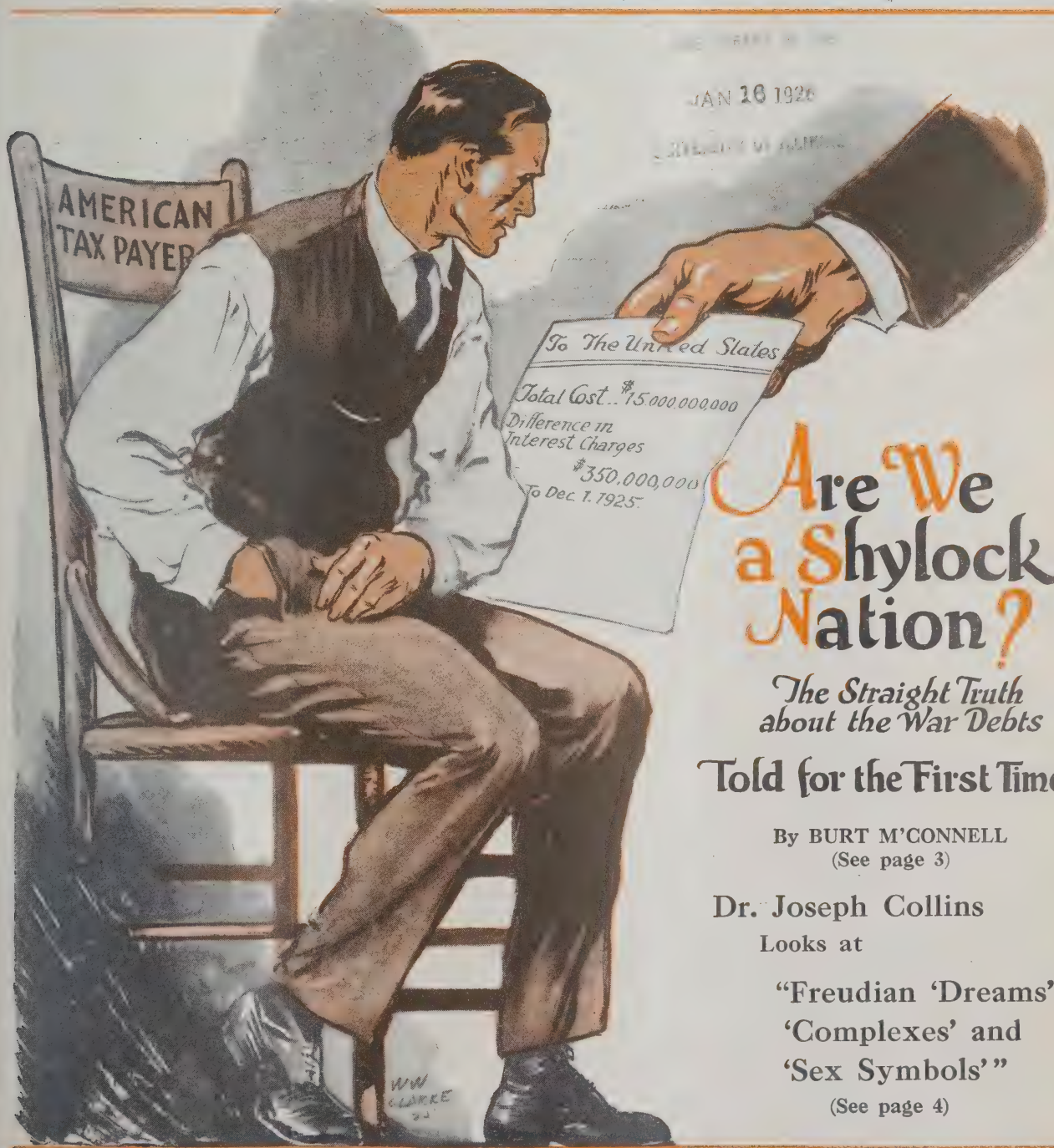
Lake Washington Boulevard, Seattle, with Mount Hood in distance.

THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL

THE Unity of Government . . . . is a main Pillar in the Edifice of your real independence—the support of your tranquillity at home, your peace abroad, of your safety, of your prosperity, of that very Liberty which you so highly prize. . . . . it is easy to foresee that, from different causes and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; . . . . this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed — it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national Union to your collective and individual happiness.
—*Washington's Farewell Address.*

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Vol. 26 No. 12 JANUARY 9, 1926 $1.50 a Year




## Are We a Shylock Nation?

### The Straight Truth about the War Debts

### Told for the First Time

By BURT M'CONNELL

(See page 3)

### Dr. Joseph Collins Looks at "Freudian 'Dreams' 'Complexes' and 'Sex Symbols'"

(See page 4)

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

# BRIEFLY TOLD

Professor Richardson, of Dartmouth: "A crisis confronts the American college . . . whose true significance is not always understood. The college is suffering from the results of its own success."

Archimedes was the first practical physicist.

"All roads lead to Rome": conversely, no roads lead to Venice. However, an automobile road is now being planned which will lead from Padua to Venice, and will form part of the Padua-Milan highway. Lovers of things historic groan at this modernizing of romantic old Venice.

Dr. A. A. Michelson in measuring the velocity of light used a set of mirrors 22 miles apart.

For 1925 there were seventeen successful candidates for the position of Foreign Service Officer, among them a young women of twenty-nine, the first of her sex to fill a consular position. She is Miss Pattie Field, Vice-Consul at Amsterdam.



When a Norwegian liner from the United States steams into Bergen, the passengers gather on deck and sing the Norwegian national anthem.

Horrified by the prevalence of debauchery in Mecca, the holy city of Arabia, it has been decided to invoke an old penalty imposed by the Mohammedan law which calls for the public stoning to death of criminals convicted of certain crimes.

A Frenchman by the name of Captain Delingette has completed the first crossing of Africa from north to south by motor.

The sandalwood in the Sandal Wood Island, one of the Fiji Islands, had been exhausted as early as 1815.

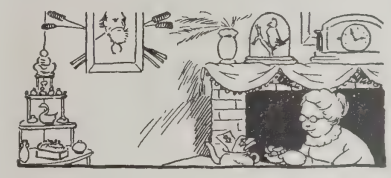
Dr. Philip B. Hadley, who has been studying bacterial growth in the Lake Huron River, has found that a bacteriophage in the water rapidly destroys bacteria so that it may some day be perfectly safe to drink it after filtration.

Mt. Sinai was once the seat of a great rain god.

It is a rare thing to find a defect in the eye of a rabbit.

Experienced generals in the Indian army of 1690 reckoned one good elephant equal to a regiment of 500 cavalry, or if properly supported by matchlockmen, at double that number.

The cotton plant gives off a substance similar to one found in herring brine that attracts boll weevils.



The United States Treasury estimates that more than $400,000,000 is hoarded in stockings, old sugar bowls, teapots, and old-fashioned cupboards, or otherwise kept out of circulation in the United States.

Four nations lost 376 men on submarines since the World War ended. Of this number Great Britain lost 154, Japan 134, Italy 50, and the United States 38.

The youngest author on record is Winifred Sackville Stoner. At the age of three she wrote a poem which has lately been set to music. At five she wrote a book which was published in Europe, China and Japan.

Mink raising as a side line to farming is proving a successful venture to a farmer near Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. This season he had 39 offspring from nine litters.

Between twenty and thirty saddle ponies will be broken for ski-joring, that most popular of winter sports which is to be featured at the Banff, Alberta, Winter Carnival, starting February 2 and continuing through February 17.



A German farmer considers it a good omen if a stork builds her nest on his housetop.

Though carbon dioxide is a waste product, animals breathing air from which all of this gas has been removed will die.

When horses were first introduced into Polynesia they frightened the natives, but they are now called "buaa-hovo-fenna," meaning "a pig which runs quickly over the ground."

The oboe is used for testing the acoustic properties of halls in some places in Europe.

In the Island of Cristoval off the coast of Australia there is a sect of "shark-men" who believe that their souls exchange with those of the sharks.

An English jury in 1893 compelled an advertiser to make good on his promise to pay 100 pounds if his carbolic smoke balls did not bring relief from colds when used three times daily, an old lady having used them with no relief.

Though the ex-bandit Cole Younger for many years carried 17 bullets embedded in his body, he died at the age of 72 in bed with his boots off.

The earliest insects of the British coal measures were extinct before the first rose was ever grown.

Theodore Roosevelt was largely responsible for the importation of Karakul sheep from Asia Minor in 1908. Pelts from Karakul lambs are made into Persian lamb coats.



Visiting cards were used by the Chinese for many centuries before Christ.

A single island off the South American coast contains birds' nests at the rate of three to a square yard and has an estimated population of five and one-half million birds.

German students in their sword dueling contests have been known to lose the ends of their noses without a whimper of pain.

Francis Darwin, son of Charles Darwin, recently died in England after many botanical experiments, among which was the measurement of the amount of weight lost by a gourd when the leaves were transpiring freely.

There are no frogs in the Hawaiian Islands although a single species of toad is found there.

January 9
1 9 2 6

Volume 26
Number 12



The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

# The Essence of This Issue:

Mr. Ford's Page this week shows that stock markets have nothing to do with industry.

Dr. Joseph Collins ("The Doctor Looks at Literature") turns his powerful X-ray on the Freudians and demonstrates the power of light and common sense on their whole system of symbols. Freud "has given arbitrary significance to everything in the heavens above and the world beneath," says Dr. Collins. Of Freudian dreams, he asks, "Does Freud furnish any proof? Not the slightest." (p. 4)

The depressing view of conditions in Great Britain is very common. The English say they are not yet ready for flowers. When V. A. Cazalet, M. P., was in this country recently, we asked him to give his views in an article. So here is England from the English official's viewpoint. (p. 22)

Is Uncle Sam a greedy, heartless collector of dollars from Europe's ruin? Are we as inhuman as we are pictured by some of our foreign debtors? Or are we ourselves paying the debts which Europe does not pay? Burt M. McConnell has some interesting facts about the amount which we Americans have shouldered of the $10,000,000,000 loans made to foreign nations during the war. (p. 3)

One of the tenets of Socialism, little brother to Communism, is the abolition of religion. Yet some of the most ardent socialist propagandists are in the pulpits of American churches, utilizing their posts to spread this Alien doctrine. Some idea of the extent to which the pulpit is being commandeered by Communists is given by Margaret C. Robinson. (p. 6)

A tiny germ, visible only under a powerful lens, can kill an elephant. Germs are probably as old as other forms of life. What killed all the weird, vanished animals of prehistoric times? They were not all exterminated by upheavals of land; disease took its toll; the germ was then alive. (p. 2)

His fifteen wives were very satisfactory to one African chieftain until he had to pay a poll tax on them. Then he began to prune down his family. The incident is delightfully told by Henri Galland, French colonial official, in another of his articles on the interior of Africa. (p. 24)

Hawthorne through the eyes of his son—this surely appeals to us all. The freedom which Hawthorne gave his boys to read is very refreshing these days. He believed in children browsing among books. (p. 7)

Say what you like about New York, but it controls the movies. Probably that is more than you can say about your state. And it makes $100,000 a year from doing it, besides preventing indecent pictures. Censorship talk is rather fooled—both ways. It is just a question whether decent citizens are going to do it, or picture producers of low-brows or low ideals. In most cases it is the latter. In New York it is the former. (p. 13)

## CONTENTS

Man Is Not the Only One to Be Sick - - - - 2
*S. F. Aaron*
Are We a Shylock Nation? - - - - - - - - - 3
*Burt M. McConnell*
Looking at Freud's Psychoanalysis - - - - - 4
*Dr. Joseph Collins*
American Pulpit Captured by Radicals - - - 6
*Margaret C. Robinson*
When Hawthorne Sat in His Big Chair - - 7
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - - - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
Jews Returning to Religion in Hungary - - 12
Cleansing the Screen in New York - - - - 13
*William Sheafe Chase*
What's in the Senator's Letter Box? - - - - 15
*By A Senator's Secretary*
Pictures in Shadow—Photography's Forerunner 16
*Mary Harrod Northend*
England as an Englishman Sees It - - - - - 22
*V. A. Cazalet, M. P.*
At Home With the African Black - - - - - 24
*Henri Galland*
Spiders and Ants as Movie Actors - - - - - 31
*Fred G. Jopp*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer; C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

Paul Revere, whose midnight ride is cherished in the hearts of all Americans, was also a worker in silver. Today many of the things he made 150 years ago, with the magic letters, "P. R." inside, are held almost priceless. (p. 8)

Shadow pictures—silhouettes we call them—are the ancestors of the photograph, and humble little scissors are the predecessors of our modern camera. The black pictures, profiles mostly, were tremendously popular during Colonial times and retained their vogue almost until the Civil War. (p. 16)

What comes in the Senator's mail? The morning letters of a public man form a curious cross-section of American life. (p. 15)

We have heard of screen butterflies, but what of screen microbes? Louis Tolhurst of Hollywood has perfected apparatus for photographing the microscopic lives that exist in a drop of water, and he records the antics and the savageries of "monsters" of whose existence the average person has not even dreamed. (p. 31)

How the Jews of Hungary are returning to the religion of their fathers and with what ceremonies they are received. (p. 12)

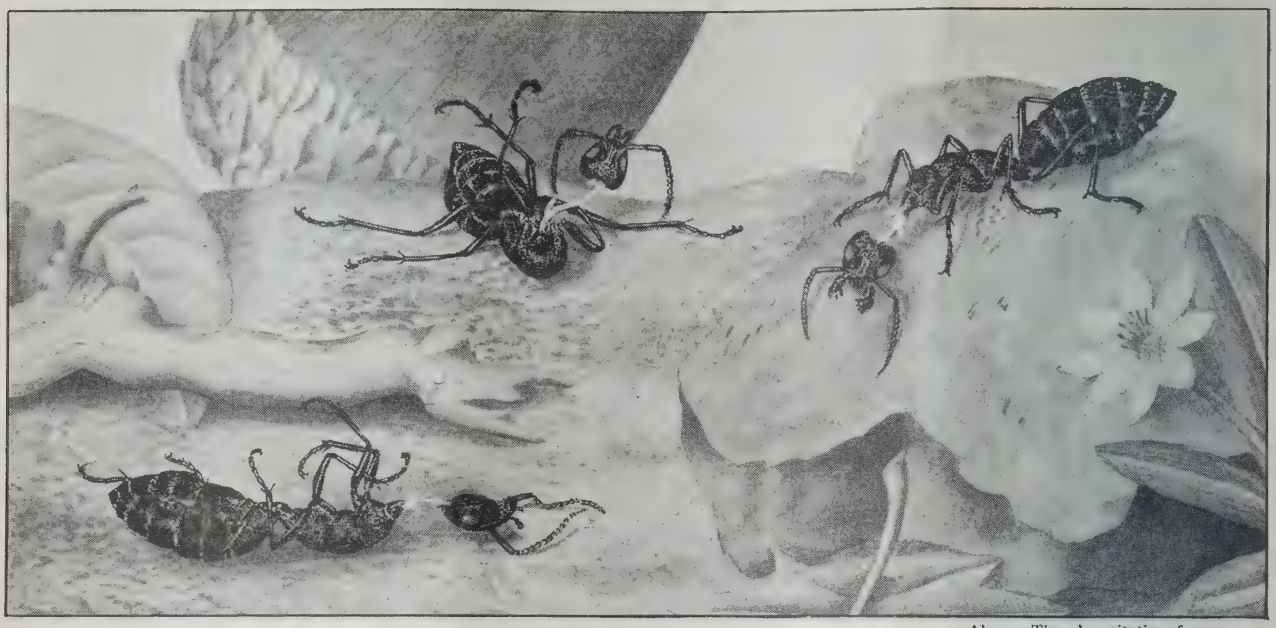
In future issues THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT will print descriptions and music of the old-time dances. They are rapidly becoming an integral part of popular assemblies and, of course, they are the only dances that schools and colleges can teach. The American dancing teacher is on tiptoe to greet the new revival.

Here at Dearborn a great deal of work has been done to collect the old American music, the music that cheered the pioneer race as it moved from coast to coast. The music Washington's troops sang, and Daniel Boone whistled on strange mountains, and Abraham Lincoln heard, and the people of the "Covered Wagon" trains loved. It is truly American. It has the pulse of life in it. No "blues" there. We shall reproduce some of these "pieces" from time to time.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.50 A YEAR in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year. Single copy, ten cents.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.



Above—The decapitating fungus peculiar to ants, often annihilating entire colonies.

## *Naturalist S. F. Aaron Offers Interesting Evidence That Among Animals*

# Man Is Not the Only One to Be Sick

WHEN we look back on past geological ages we find that vast numbers of animal and vegetable species ceased to exist. In many cases, perhaps the greater number, these exterminations of great beasts, little beasts, trees, shrubs, ferns and grasses, most of which are different from those now existing, their fossils being a telling record of their true existence, were caused by upheavals or submersions of land masses, glacial overflow or sudden changes of climate. But sometimes disease played the part, the result of the sudden attack of germs upon species unprepared for their resistance. This also occurs after gradual infestation.

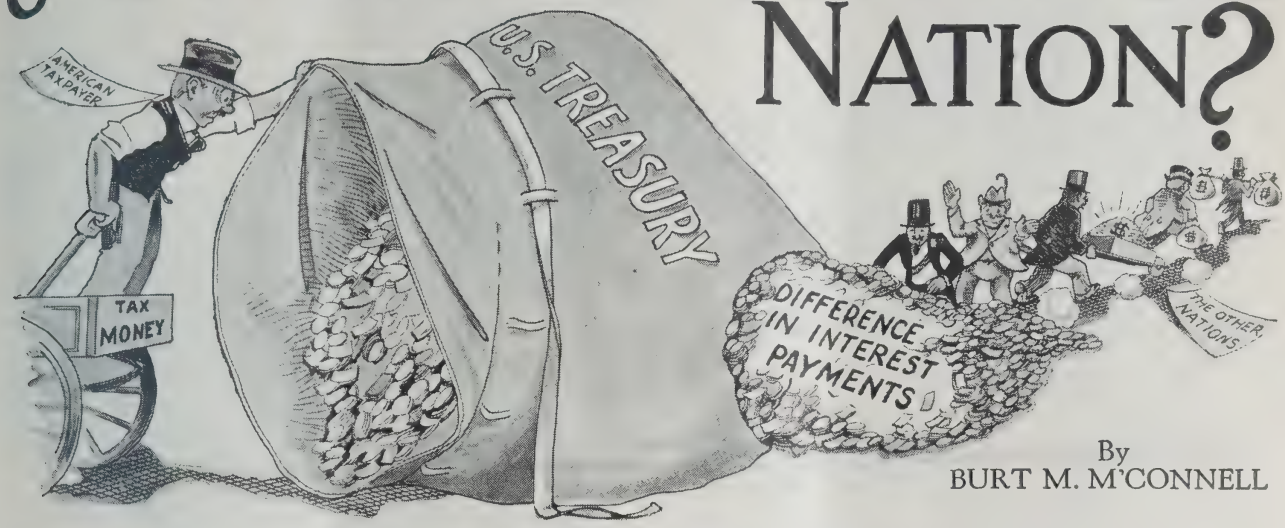
We see instances of this in present-day life, leading to near extinction, or that which is complete in localities. Certain sea birds have suddenly disappeared from remote islands and large numbers have been found dead or dying thereon. It is reported that a form of *phthisis* caused by the breathing of wind-blown sand nearly exterminated the lions in a portion of the Atlas Mountain desert plateau. We have witnessed sudden depletion of the ruffed grouse in sections of the eastern states. Supposedly due to a malignant disease the chipmunks or ground hackies were almost rendered extinct in Eastern Pennsylvania and Maryland, all over New Jersey and Northern Delaware, about fifteen years ago, by what was described as an internal trouble. Similar affections have attacked water birds, especially wild ducks in the West.



In this connection it is interesting to note the abundance of certain creatures and the scarcity of others that by all odds should far exceed the numerous species. This was observed by the earlier American ornithologists, wonderingly, respecting the shrike and the passenger pigeon. The former has no known enemies, is aggressively able, lays five or six eggs, nests in a sheltered place and yet is so uncommon as to make its appearance within its southern migratory habitat almost an event. The pigeon was a prey to numerous enemies both day and night, laid but one egg, was frequently driven to desert its nest which was placed openly upon the bare *(Concluded on page 28)*

Upper left—A house fly.
Upper right—Same, killed and distended by a commonly observed white fungus.
Below—A yellow jacket killed in the nest by a fungus, filaments of which protrude from the abdomen.

# Are We a Shylock Nation?




By BURT M. M'CONNELL

## The Facts Indignantly Refute the Slander on America's Debt Position

THERE has always been some doubt as to who won the war. The question as to who will PAY for the war, however, is settled.

You have guessed it: the American taxpayer.

The sum of $350,000,000 will have been sacrificed by American taxpayers if our future debt-funding agreements with France, Serbia, Rumania, Greece, Armenia, and Austria are as lenient as the agreements that have been entered into with Great Britain, Hungary, Lithuania, Poland, Finland, Latvia, Esthonia, Czecho-Slovakia, Belgium, and Italy.

For the difference between what we receive as interest from our foreign debtors and what we pay holders of Liberty bonds must be met by the American taxpayer. Up to December 1, 1925, this difference in interest charges amounted to the staggering total of $350,000,000.

We had expected Great Britain, France, Italy, and other foreign nations to pay the full principal of their loans, with accrued interest at 4¼ per cent—the rate of some of the Liberty bonds that made the war loans possible.

What has happened? We have granted Great Britain a 24 per cent cancellation of the principal and interest charges combined; Belgium a 55 per cent cancellation, and now the Italian agreement provides for a cancellation of 75 per cent of the debt, including principal and interest.

Interest payments on the Italian debt are to be as follows: None for five years, then one-eighth, one-quarter, one-half, and three-quarters of one per cent, respectively, for four successive ten-year periods; one per cent for another ten years, and two per cent for the final seven years.

Taking the whole period over which payments have been extended, *the interest rate is less than one per cent. This amounts to cancellation of interest.* If the Italian Government could pay us $520,000,000 in cash—one-fourth of the debt total—we should be doing better than will be possible under the settlement just made; for we could invest that sum at 4½ per cent and in 65 years it would amount to very much more than we shall get as the case now stands.

Under the terms agreed upon by the Italian and American debt-funding commissions, which their respective governments must ratify before they become effective, Italy is to pay a total of $2,407,000,000 over a period of 62 years in liquidation of an original indebtedness of approximately $1,648,000,000. She will pay interest at 4¼ per cent to December 15, 1922, the date of the British settlement, as that rate was used in the British agreement; and interest at 3 per cent to June 15, 1925, the date of the settlement with Belgium, and the rate used in the post-Armistice agreement with Belgium.

Thus Italy will pay us 24½ per cent of what her payments would be at the usual interest rates. In the first five years, while Italy is paying only a total of $25,000,000, the American people will be paying approximately $400,000,000 interest on the money they raised to send to Italy.

The settlement of the Italian debt marks the beginning of the third and perhaps the final phase of our official debt policy. The first phase covered the period from the end of the war until the arrival of the Belgian Debt Funding Commission last summer. The American Commission, willing to reduce the early *payments due* on any of the war debts, insisted on *full payment of principal and interest* at the rate of at least 3 per cent. The British settlement was the outstanding agreement negotiated in compliance with these terms.

The second phase of our debt policy covered the period from the arrival of the Belgian mission to the present time. During this period the American Commission apparently adopted a more lenient policy. The third phase began with the Italian negotiations, and brought our debt policy to a point where the *present capacity* of our debtors to pay, instead of their *future capacity*, is recognized as the controlling factor in debt negotiations.

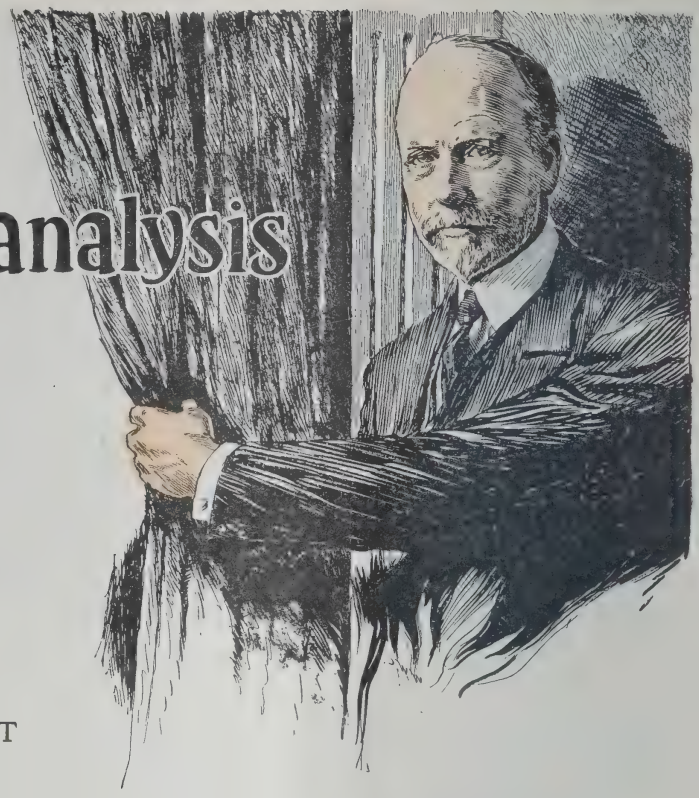
It is this that makes it clear that (Concluded on page 26)

In the *Congressional Record* is published the following table of the amounts owed the United States by foreign governments on November 15, 1922:

| | *Loan* | *Interest* | *Total* |
|---|---|---|---|
| Great Britain | $4,135,818,358.44 | $611,044,201.85 | $4,746,862,560.29 |
| France | 3,340,746,215.16 | 503,386,035.61 | 3,844,132,250.77 |
| Italy | 1,648,034,050.90 | 284,681,434.61 | 1,932,715,485.51 |
| Belgium | 377,123,745.94 | 60,073,383.65 | 437,197,129.59 |
| Russia | 192,601,297.37 | 39,712,670.78 | 232,313,968.15 |
| Czecho-Slovakia | 91,887,668.65 | 14,404,536.67 | 106,292,205.32 |
| Poland | 135,662,867.80 | 17,618,809.01 | 153,281,676.81 |
| Serbia | 51,104,595.58 | 7,994,087.92 | 59,098,683.50 |
| Rumania | 36,128,494.94 | 5,864,104.34 | 41,992,599.28 |
| Austria | 24,055,708.92 | 2,886,685.08 | 26,942,394.00 |
| Greece | 15,000,000.00 | 750,000.00 | 15,750,000.00 |
| Esthonia | 13,999,145.60 | 2,089,625.66 | 16,088,771.26 |
| Armenia | 11,959,917.49 | 1,677,256.88 | 13,637,174.37 |
| Finland | 8,281,926.17 | 1,012,436.10 | 9,294,362.27 |
| Latvia | 5,132,287.14 | 643,576.87 | 5,775,864.01 |
| Lithuania | 4,981,628.03 | 747,244.20 | 5,728 872.23 |
| Hungary | 1,685,835.61 | 202,300.28 | 1,888,135.89 |

# Dr. Joseph Collins Looks at Freud's Psychoanalysis

## It's "Dreams," "Complexes" and "Sex Symbols"



DR. JOSEPH COLLINS
(Reproduction of a drawing by W. W. Clarke)

PART II

THE "unconscious" alone is the mill that grinds the neurotic's grist.

The "unconscious" represents that part of our past experience which has been repressed and which cannot be brought back to consciousness by ordinary means. As convention and morality demand repression, the unconscious is a storehouse of primitive-instinct repressions, the most dominant of which is the creative instinct. Insoluble and unpleasant mental conflicts, ideas and desires may become repressed and completely forgotten together with the associations which might tend to revive them. The unconscious mind is often at loggerheads with the conscious. It often pretends to yield for the sake of peace, but in reality it is adamant: it never yields. It is primitive, self-centered, unyielding, often brutal.

The unconscious and its chief exponent have certain things in common.

The products of the unconscious are of infantile origin. The psychic cleavage into conscious and unconscious occurs in earliest childhood, that is, the first year.

> "The unconscious is a region of the mind, the content of which is characterized by the attributes of being repressed conative (striving) instinctive infantile, unreasoning and predominantly sexual."

It sometimes plays tricks on the conscious mind and often trips it. Such tricks and trippings reveal themselves most strikingly in errors of speech, writing, reading, hearing, mislaying and forgetting. Slips of the tongue and errors in general have a meaning. Errors are psychic acts that have a meaning, that is, they not only have a purpose but a definite position in the sequence of psychic relations. They arise through the mutual interference of two intentions. The interfering intention must itself first be interfered with before it can become interfering. Thus errors are compromise formations. They mean some success and some failures for each of the two purposes.

This "interference" may be known to the speaker before the slip, it may be recognized immediately after the slip, or it may be unrecognized, even denied, by the speaker. The speaker makes up his mind not to convert the interfering tendency into speech and then the slip of the tongue occurs, that is to say, the suppressed tendency obtains expression against the speaker's will for it changes the expression of the intention he permits, mixes itself with it or puts itself in its place.

In the second case, the suppression extends further, for the intention is no longer perceptible before the subject speaks. Despite this, the interfering intention is in no way deterred from taking part in the causation of the slip. Indeed, a tendency which has been suppressed a very long time may manifest itself in the error. As it does not become perceptible, it cannot be denied directly by the speaker.

The mind, like the body, strives to harmonize or coördinate its activities. When it does not or will not coördinate, a conflict takes place. Life is an endless succession of conflicts. Some handle them one way, some another. Most people, Freud claims, "repress" them. In that way they lay up treasure in hell. The "efficient" person is the one who has succeeded in reducing his conflicts to a minimum. When a conflict is repressed, that is the end of it, apparently, for it is no longer accessible to consciousness. But it is not the end of it by any means. Like its host, it is continually seeking expression and, as that is usually taboo, it finds such expression in indirect, symbolic and often curiously distorted form.

The conflicts that are habitually repressed are the painful and shameful ones—moral and modesty infractions.

"Complex" is a word that one hears or sees everywhere nowadays. Next to the word "terrible" it is perhaps the most beloved word of the American vocabulary. A complex is a system of associated mental elements. When any one of the elements is stimulated all the rest are often brought to light (that is, to consciousness) through the medium of their common effect.

Life is not "just one damn thing after another," as the despairing householder said, but an endless chain of complexes. Every complex has a specific emotional tone experienced as feeling when the complex is aroused. They are of all shapes, sizes, varieties. Most of them are based on instinct, some on experience, a few on education and enlightenment. The czar of the complexes is the ego-complex, the

instincts which center around the self, or empirical ego. It brooks neither interference nor suggestion. Then comes the sex-complex. It is an antinomian, but it pretends to be a conformist; the last of the three great complexes is the herd-complex. It is tameable and teachable, but never breakable.

For the Freudian the breeding and bringing-up ground of the three universal complexes is the unconscious. The sporting-ground is the conscious, but when they play there, they must wear their Sunday clothes, and have their party manners.

A conflict is a struggle between two complexes whose conations (strivings) tend to incompatible action. The antagonism of two impulses, both of which founded in instinct, are intimate constituents of personality. Were there no conflicts, there would be few "movies," no dramatists, and Upton Sinclair would be the only novelist.

The big battles are always between complexes flowing from the three fundamental complexes, and the most fiercely fought is that between sex and morality, sex and religion, sex and convention. It is not spectacular save in a few instances, for the battlefield is concealed, the fighters entrenched.

What is the fate of conflicts? Unless they win out we suppress them. When they are suppressed, they become a thorn in our sides which prevents us from breathing, a sliver in our foot which prevents us from walking, a fetter on our mind which prevents us from flight of thought or fancy, and finally they make us crazy or nervous. How they accomplish this and how to outwit them is the task Dr. Freud set himself.

Psychoanalysis searches out repressed ideas which, unconscious and unable to become conscious in the ordinary way, still influence and determine an individual's thought, speech and action. In the hands of a Freudian, it is a combination of Aaron's rod and divining rod.

The highroad to the unconscious is through dreamland. The dream is the way in which the psyche reacts to the stimuli acting upon it in the sleeping condition. It is not a disturber of sleep, as calumny says, but a guardian of sleep whose duty it is to quell disturbances. Indeed, it removes sleep-disturbing psychic stimuli by way of hallucinated satisfaction. The successful psychoanalyst is the one who can go Joseph, who was beloved of Israel, one better.

The reader must keep constantly in mind that psychoanalysis is "a method of treating nervous patients medically." Freud's disciples clamor for its recognition as an epoch-making adventure in psychology, but its originator does not. Freud maintains the study of dreams is not only the best preparation for the physician who would successfully handle nervous diseases, but that the dream itself is a neurotic symptom.

"Between practicing psychoanalysis and breaking stones on the street, there is a choice. The latter may increase one's self respect."

"Complex" is a word that one hears or sees everywhere nowadays. Next to the word "terrible" it is perhaps the most beloved word of the vocabulary

"The Freudian is not only the Master Potter who knows, and knows, and knows, but he is Bottom the weaver as well, and, like him, he rehearses most courageously."

In dreams, repressions gambol and frolic, but they are all masked, so that only a kind of X-ray eye recognizes them, and their camouflage is so perfect that they deceive everyone save the dream expert who must, of course, be a Freudian. Like him who was so successful with Pharaoh's dream, he is called an interpreter, because he finds the hidden meaning.

The first thing to have in mind about dreams is that they always represent the fulfillment of a wish. The dreamer knows what his dream means, but he does not know that he knows, and therefore believes that he does not know. Unlike the boy who says, "I know my lesson, but I can't remember," the dreamer with a little coaching, and particularly if he is credulous, readily is convinced that he knows what they mean. If the dreamer is a person of average sensibility and morality, he or she is profoundly shocked, shamed and humiliated.

The dream is not of spontaneous origin. Its stimulus may have its origin in the outer world or in some internal organ. Usually it has its origin in the psychic life of the dreamer, in sources unknown to him. Hence, it is probably the product of a complex. Its more remote associations, even those that are connected with the dream element, are determined by no other complex than the one which determines the dream-element itself, and will lead to disclosure of the complex.

A dream is made up of two parts: the manifest contents and the latent contents. The manifest content does not amount to very much; it is the latent content that is the important thing. What the dream seems to say, whether it be sensible or absurd, clear or confused, is not our concern, since it can under no condition be that unconscious content we are seeking. It is necessary to find substitute formations for each element of the dream; when we find those, the hidden unconscious displays itself.

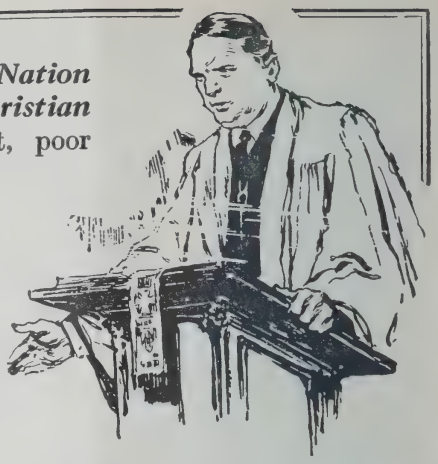
The procedure which changes the latent into the manifest dream is called dream-work; the procedure which interprets the result of such dream-work is psychoanalysis. Dream-work is done in shifts or stages. The first stage is condensation; thus the manifest dream has a smaller content than the latent one. The next stage is the displacement. This work is largely done by the censor. The next stage is what may be called translation. That is, the thoughts are converted into visual, psychic images mainly, for they constitute the web and woof of dream fabric.

These visual images are symbols, that is, they have most significant meaning for those in the know. Read the symbols correctly, and you read man's real thoughts; the ones he reads himself are mostly artifacts, hewed from convention, modeled by morals, stamped by society.

We learn the origin, nature and function of the dream from the study of children's dreams, for in all dreams, save those of children and those of the infantile type, distortion blocks our way. Dream distortion is lacking in children's dreams and the manifest and latent dreams are merged. The dream brings about the direct unconcealed fulfillment of the child's wish. All dreams are wish-fulfillments but they are submitted in dream language. Like all lan- *(Continued on page 18)*

WHEN the Neurological Institute of New York was established in 1909, I had time, patience and patients to put the Freudian claims to the test of experience. For ten years, I worked at it industriously. As the result of such experience, I say that as a method of investigation it has value; as a trend in psychological research it is interesting. It may be found to be of service in the field of pedagogy, pediatrics and education. It has small value as a therapeutic measure in nervous and mental disorders of adults. It is a dangerous weapon in the hand of any man or woman who is not fundamentally moral, basically honest, elementarily ethical and primarily high-minded. I have seen many persons tremendously injured by it. I have seen only a few who have been benefited. It disintegrates character and degrades personality.

"OUR preacher gives us the *New Republic* and the *Nation* and some of the more red-eyed slants of *The Christian Century*," says one reader. "That is all he knows. Yet, poor fellow, he fancies he is in the stream of modern thought. He thinks these publications are intellectual. Why don't you print an article about the preferred reading of a certain class of ministers in this country?"



# AMERICAN PULPIT CAPTURED BY RADICALS

## Churches Made Links in Chain of Alien and "Red" Propaganda, in View of "The Great Day" and "The New Social Order"

### Many Ministers Lured by Words That Stand for Things They Do Not See Nor Clearly Comprehend; Insidious Influences That Never Rest Inspire Numerous Sermons

By MARGARET C. ROBINSON

THE same forces which have brought destruction to the great country of Russia are striving for the mastery of the whole world. The Communists who control the "United Socialist Soviet Republic," of which what was formerly Russia is now a part, consider the revolution in that country only a beginning of the world revolution toward which they are bending their unresting efforts, and which is, of course, to include the United States.

Their aims are clearly set forth in the *Communist Manifesto*, published in 1848 by Karl Marx, founder of modern Socialism, and his rich patron Friederich Engels. This book is the bible of both Communism and Socialism, since both are based on it. One of the six fundamental aims which it teaches is:

**Abolition of religion.**

It would be natural to suppose that an open threat to destroy Christianity would arouse the churches to the defense of their religion.

We find, however, that many clergymen are found in the ranks of the radical Reds and that much of the most insidious, subversive propaganda in our country is carried on by men who, beginning as clergymen, have "graduated" into the ranks of the Communists. These men undoubtedly belong to two groups—dupes and adepts; the first and larger group having been deceived by the beguiling phraseology with which the Communist leaders, with oriental subtlety and cunning, know how to camouflage their real objects, making them appear pacific and humanitarian; the second and smaller group belonging, unquestionably, among the adepts, who know what they are doing.

A certain clergyman, editor of a well-known religious paper, lectured on Russia some months ago in an eastern city. He was very sympathetic with the Bolshevist régime and warm in his praise of one of its most famous women leaders. Our government has official documentary proof that this woman was a traitor to her country and a spy in the pay of Germany, whose private life is a scandal even in degenerate Russia, and her writings on the subject of free love have been widely distributed in this country by the Communists. Supposing in my innocence that the clergyman was ignorant of these facts, and that he would be glad to be saved from the humiliation of continuing to praise such a woman, I went to see him, to tell him what I knew about her. He was so angry that when I got up to leave, saying good afternoon, and thanking him for giving me the interview, he refused to speak to me; and about two weeks later I heard that he was repeating his praise of the woman! I am forced to the conclusion that *he* knew perfectly well what he was doing.

Socialism in the churches has grown with amazing rapidity in recent years. A few energetic radicals early entrenched themselves in leading theological seminaries, where their influence upon the students has been felt later in hundreds of churches throughout the country. Many congregations have grown restless under the radical preaching to which they are forced to listen unless they cut themselves loose from church affiliations. A surprising number of persons, both men and women, of fine character and intellect, have told me that they had stopped going to church because they could not accept Socialism in the pulpit. A friend who has herself been a church member for many years said to me recently:

"I don't urge my son (age 17) to affiliate with the church. I feel that on the whole he is safer outside."

Another woman of the same type said in all seriousness:

"Fortunately, the young people of today don't go to church much, so they won't be hurt by it."

Another said: "I have to pray hard when I get home to offset the effect the sermon has on me."

Certain so-called "Liberal" church papers feed regularly to their clerical readers radical propaganda of whose source these readers have no suspicion. When they hand on this material to their congregations, many of whom are much better informed, but unable to answer back, they frequently bring discredit both to their churches and to their profession.

Many of these clergymen claim to be *Socialists* but not *Communists*, not realizing that the two are identical in aim. The real distinction is that the Communists say what they mean, and openly preach Red revolution. The Socialists generally avoid this term, and talk about "the Great Day," "the Glorious Change" or "the New Social Order."

Lincoln Steffens, speaking to a convention of Christian Socialists at Reverend Percy (Continued on page 21)

# When Hawthorne Sat in His Big Chair

## Son of Great Writer Tells of Those Early Days in Their New England Home

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE

HAWTHORNE took more pleasure in the writing of the *Seven Gables* than he did in his other books; *The Scarlet Letter*, especially, he had regarded as a sort of unhappy duty imposed upon him. He was not given to rereading his stories after publication; but I have seen him glance through the pages of *The Old Pyncheon Romance* (as he had at first meant to entitle it) with approving nods. It recalled no memories of storm and stress: it was a true picture of the ideas and ways of old New England, and it portrayed the righting of an ancient wrong, not as man, but Providence, would right it.

Long after my father's death I saw the manuscript in the collection of George W. Childs; it was clearly and beautifully written, with very few erasures. This manuscript may, of course, have been a second draft, though if we assume a rewriting, the time he took for the composition must have been brief. But we can never know, and no one has ever known, what were my father's habits of composition. At a certain hour each day, he would shut himself into his study, and none knew what happened there till the book was finished, and he read it aloud to his wife. My sisters and I were not, of course, admitted to these readings, but my mother gave us some pregnant hints of those delightful experiences. Hawthorne's voice was deep but flexible and sympathetic, and his face would reflect the emotions of the passing scene, and of the *dramatis personae*, the changes being very slight, but interpretative. But I myself had ample opportunity to observe this, for he not only, as I have said, read *The Wonder-Book* and *Tanglewood Tales* stories, but in after years he carried us through the English classics—Walter Scott's poems and novels, much of De Quincy, Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, the best of Robert Burns, Washington Irving's stories and his *Life of Washington*, *The Ingoldsby Legends*—the list would be too long to enumerate here. Therefore, before my fourteenth year I had become familiar with the best of English literature—even knew much of the poetry by heart.

The benefit of such culture to a growing child is immense, the more because it comes in the guise of a great pleasure instead of a task. The family, after supper, would gather round the evening lamp, the old-fashioned "Astral," and dispose themselves to hear. Hawthorne would sit in his big chair, holding the book by the top with his elbow on the table, and read for an hour or two. Sometimes, at a vivid moment of the tale, he would stop, and ask us to guess what came next! Occasionally, one or another of us would guess right, which amused and pleased him. He had his own ideas as to methods of education: not to cultivate the external memory, but to cause the pupil to be eager to acquire, and fully to understand the subject at every point.

He was a good Latin scholar, and he taught me Latin, so that I was able to write and talk in that language before I was fourteen, and I never knew that I was "learning" anything; I was being admitted into pleached gardens of strange delight, where wonderful people dwelt. Horace, Virgil and Livy were my friends, and I accompanied Julius Caesar on his adventures in Gaul and Britain. Of Shakespeare I had all the songs, and some of the famous speeches, but little of the dialog; and I was preserved from those paraphrases for children, such as Charles and Mary Lamb, with the best intentions, perpetrated, and thus was able to discover the great plays for myself, at an age when I could begin to comprehend their meaning.

It was not until I was of full college age, too, that I read *The Scarlet Letter*, the *Seven Gables*, and *The Blithedale Romance*. My father probably kept the books out of my way; but I had no hankering after them; I felt, rather, a disinclination to them. My father himself so completely filled my cup of appreciation that I suppose I was a little shy of approaching another aspect of him; I thought it couldn't be so good.

But when the time came, I found him in the books, and no doubt was able to see further into them because I saw him. I had, of course, been conversant with many of his short pieces—such as the *True Stories from History and Biography*, *Peter Goldthwaites Treasure*, *The Artist of the Beautiful*, *Doctor Heidegger's Experiment*, *Davis Swan*, and others; it was my mother who first read these to us. The *True Stories* made me ardently patriotic, and my father always encouraged that emotion in me; so that when we went to England, in my seventh year, I wanted to kill all Englishmen, though at the same time I loved every Englishman that I met.

I think *The Marble Faun* was the first of the long stories that I read, partly perhaps because I had passed my boyhood years in the scene and atmosphere of Rome and Florence, and partly because I was safe from understanding the darker implications of the romance. The next, after our return to Concord in 1860, must have been the *Seven Gables*. The scene and characters of the tale seem to have been familiar to me from an early period: there were things in it that I didn't understand, but children pass over such things without sense of loss.

I remember no definite prohibition laid upon me not to read anything. Children put their own harmless interpretation upon obscure passages, and dwell upon what belongs to them. The danger of allowing children to browse in libraries is mainly baseless; the youngsters come out unscathed. On the other hand, books intended for children are commonly injurious to them; the namby-pamby and the goody-goody nauseate them if they are healthy, and disintegrate them if they are feeble.

What is terrible or tragic doesn't hurt them. I can see Judge Pyncheon seated heavily in that chair, his watch open in his hand, in the silent and slowly darkening house: I can't remember when I didn't see him. I can see the evil and cruelty in his heart; he is immovable in purpose as in body. His bodily immobility is, indeed, becoming unusual—extraordinary; as the darkness increases it is appalling. What is that dark stain that has come on the Judge's shirt-front; and why doesn't he brush off that fly that has crawled over his nose and is now approaching his wide-open eyeball? Is that a black cat prowling at the window? Nothing else moves in or about the ancient house: but for the Judge, all the stately rooms are empty. Indeed, can it be said that the Judge himself is where he seems to be, as the light of dawn begins faintly to illumine his awful features? The Judge is gone forever, and all that remains of him is a decorous suit of black broadcloth containing a dead body.

This is horror carried as far as art may permit; in no other of Hawthorne's books is it carried to the same degree; the nearest approach to it is when, in *The Marble Faun*, Donatello holds his victim over the deadly height of the Tarpeian Rock, and the death-shriek goes wavering upward, and ends with the dead thump on the stones below. But horror that accompanies the perception of justice done is not harmful; and children's imagination often invents it, or worse, for themselves. I used to be much more scared by the print of a naked foot on the sand beach of Robinson Crusoe's Island, for that footprint wasn't the end of evil done, but the omen of evil to come. The description of Judge Pyncheon's fate has been criticized as morbid. So it would be, were it portrayed for its own sake. But, because it is the payment of the wages of sin, it is justice, and justice is never morbid.

# Unburied Treasure

## There Are Stores of Gold and Silver in Dusty Attics and Auction Rooms of Which Captain Kidd Never Dreamed

The Collector's Story as Told to
CHARLES G. MULLER



ILLUSTRATED BY
RUSSELL H. LEGGE

WHEN Captain William Kidd, eminent collector of gold, jewels and sundry costly trinkets, hastily boarded a naval vessel off Long Island and took free passage to England at the British Government's urgent invitation to speed home and attend a highly important hanging to be given in his honor, he is alleged to have left behind many of the treasures he had picked up on his ocean travels.

Unfortunately these trophies of a wandering career were hidden below the surface of North American soil, and though thousands of people have tried to unearth them, Captain Kidd's treasures ended their travels when the captain ended his. Unless there is truth in a story I heard recently that the fortune of one of our best-known families is due to the digging up of one of Kidd's chests, there is no record to show that many of the pirate's caches have ever been found.

Yet what American boy has not dreamed of buried treasure and even dug and sweated in strange places after dark in the buoyant hope of hearing his shovel clink against a heavy iron chest heaped with doubloons and precious stones? How many expeditions have set forth to lonely Caribbean islands with secret maps whose weird drawings supposedly showed the locality, and whose black cross supposedly marked the spot, where the notorious captain buried uncounted wealth?

The lure of buried treasure has always fastened itself strongly on adventurous boys, and authors, since first there were authors, have loved to weave its fascination and romance into their stories.

But now there is another kind of treasure hunt to rival that age-old one, and its appeal is still wider. You shall judge for yourself whether it has as much mystery and wonder. Buried treasure may send adventurous boys far afield, but today another lure, the lure of UNBURIED treasure sends staid business men and lovely ladies, first around the auction rooms of this country and then around the nooks and crannies of the world. I think more persons in the United States are answering the call of unburied treasure today than have answered the call of buried treasure through generations.

What is this unburied treasure? Let me tell you a story. And remember, it is not a fairy story, even though there may be magic in it—the magic power of two small and obscure letters.

An old woman went to the offices of a large loan company in a big city one day and poured into the ear of an inattentive clerk a long story. The world had gone against her and had left her poor, old and weak, with no one to help her in adversity. She had scrubbed floors to make the few dollars that sufficed to feed and house her, but now she had lost her job. She had reached the very bottom of the slide from wealth to poverty. She had nothing to eat.

Many times before, the clerk had heard that story from lips that trembled as much as hers, and he knew that finally the little old woman would bring out a precious family heirloom on which she would expect to get a large loan of money, but which actually would be worth a few dollars at most. Exactly this happened. The old lady finished her bitter tale and, tears streaking her cheeks, she held out three old silver cups. They had come down through her family for several generations, she said.

The clerk, glad to have reached the real point of business, entered her name and address in the books, weighed the cups and gave her eight dollars for the silver in them.

The old woman was thankful enough to get the eight dollars, for it tided her over until she found a new job. For a while she hoped to (Concluded on page 19)

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

EVERY now and then the newspapers carry accounts of activity on the stock market, as if it were somehow a barometer of business. People are thus led to conclude that business is good if there is lively gambling in stocks, and bad if the big gamblers happen to best the little gamblers for a day or a week.

So far as industry is concerned, these matters have nothing to do with it except as being a hindrance The stock market as such has nothing to do with business. It has nothing to do with the quality of the article which is manufactured, nothing to do with the output, nothing to do with the market, it does not even increase or decrease the amount of capital used in the business. It is just a little show on the side.

It has very little to do with dividends. In the absence of the figures one can only rely on one's impression that a large part of trading in stocks is without reference to dividends. Except with the sober investing class, the dividend is of little consequence, at least it is not the main objective. The source of the profits sought in stock trading is not the earnings of industry by the production of goods, but the fluctuations in the demand for stock. And this demand is at the mercy of every whisper and report and manipulated rumor which may be spread abroad.

There are still some people who do not seem to understand that if not a single share of stock changed hands, it would make no difference to American business. And if every share of stock changed hands tomorrow, industry would not have a cent more or a cent less capital to work with.

This whole stock activity, therefore, is on a par with organized baseball, so far as the fundamental interests of business are concerned; it is a side show, unrelated to the basic principles of business and supplying none of the necessities of business. It has only a spasmodic and accidental relation to values. If the extreme speculative element were removed, the natural buying and selling of stocks would not be the primary function it is, but a mere side line of banking.

Of course, the philosophy of this Page is that "strings" on a business held by those not engaged in the business are hindrances and drains. This system practically compels many lines of industry to become money-makers instead of commodity-makers. When the chief function of any industry is to produce dividends rather than goods for use, the emphasis is fundamentally wrong. The face of the business is bowed toward the stockholder and not toward the consumer, and this means the complete reversal and denial of the primary purpose and justification of industry.

The absentee stockholder is one of the principal, though concealed, items in the unnecessary and preventable costs of living.

All this is defended, of course, by the statement that stock represents a contribution to enable industry to function. The story, however, is not so simply told. When preferred stock, for example, becomes a burden on production, the benefits of industry become private instead of public, and this cannot be defended on any terms. There have been known instances where a charge of $50 has been added to the cost of an article to meet the financial obligation. There was an extreme instance of a charge of $125 on an article to meet the "earning" requirement on money.

The principal ingredient in industry is not money, but ideas, labor and management, and the natural expression of these is not dividends, but utility, quality and availability. Money is not the source of any of these qualities, though these qualities are the most frequent sources of money.

Any business is better off whose money comes from the buyers of its product. Such money is not a charge on the business or on the public. Whereas money that enters any other way becomes a charge upon the business. Its main interest is its own increase, and the public never gets through paying on the original investment.

The best point about stock speculation is that some really good men lose at it, and are thereby compelled to go back to work. The stock habit takes too many men's minds off their legitimate business. Anything that drives them back to their proper sphere is a benefit to them.

Wealth is not increased by stock activity; at best it only changes hands. Wealth is not created; it is but a fictitious figure in a game. Worst of all, it is won without being earned, and this is never wholesome.

*THE money made in stock speculation is not made out of business; it is made out of other speculators. As betting at the race ring adds neither strength nor speed to the horse, so the exchange of shares in the stock market adds no capital to a business, no quality to the commodity which it manufactures, no increase in the production and no purchasing power to the market. As a barometer, the stock market indicates only the hopes and fears of the speculators, not the true condition of industry. It has nothing whatever to do with industry, except where it becomes an added charge on the manufactured article for the purpose of producing dividends.*

**"Ford Ideals," 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## *The World Court?*

AMERICANS who favor the World Court really favor an *idea*, not the form which the idea takes in the present World Court. Most Americans who say they favor the Court really mean that they favor some article they have read or some lecture they have heard about it.

All of us favor a method which will substitute negotiation for war. All of us favor a method whereby the justice of a dispute may be separated from its passions. All of us favor the appeal to reason rather than the appeal to force. These things go without saying. Yet to assume that to favor these is the same as to favor the Court is very much like assuming that to favor social justice is also to favor Bolshevism as a method of attaining it. We favor the objective itself. The next question is the method by which it is to be attained. As a nation we favored the idea of *a* League of Nations, but when we came to study *the* League of Nations that was offered us we found it to be different from the advance picture. We favored the idea; we rejected the *method* of attaining it.

That League which we rejected has set up a Court which we are asked to accept. The *Law* which that Court will enforce is the Covenant of the League of Nations. The Court is the law-body of the League. The *Constitution* of that Court is the Covenant of the League of Nations. It operates, has its authority, its rules, its principles from the League. Men like Elihu Root and John Bassett Moore strongly opposed making *the Covenant of the League the supreme law of the world*, and the World Court the agent of that law. But so it is.

Now we have a Constitution of our own. The Constitution of the United States is our supreme law. We have certain time-tried "doctrines" or principles of tested worth, as, for example, the Monroe Doctrine which extends to South America the same freedom from European interference as we ourselves enjoy. The question is, are we ready to subjugate the Constitution of the United States to the Covenant (or constitution) of the League? Are we ready to place the Monroe Doctrine at the disposal of a European court whose principles run counter to it? Are we ready to resign our decisions as to when, if ever, we shall fight to a court one of whose powers is to tell us when we must institute an economic boycott and when we must fight to enforce its decrees? Have we as citizens, or has Congress as our representatives, or has the President as our Chief Magistrate, the right or the power to do any of these things? We think not.

We are told, of course, that none of these extreme uses of the Court's power would occur. Probably not; we would not permit them to occur. Which further deepens the doubt—for, why should our nation bow to powers, and acknowledge powers, and subscribe to powers which we would not for a moment permit to be used? Do we, as a nation, usually go into such agreements with our tongue in our cheeks?

What we are most particular to impress is that the World Court is not bound by what the lecturer at the ladies' club says, nor by what the minister in his pulpit says; it is bound by what is written in the Covenant of the League of Nations. And citizens should study the matter before committing themselves to sentiment and hearsay.

---

## *Noble Nordic Darrow*

MR. CLARENCE DARROW recently in Detroit pleaded the case of a Negro client by making fervent pleas against race prejudice. In doing so Darrow exhibited a surprising amount of race prejudice himself, but against the whites. The blacks were all white to him, the whites all black. Not a white witness escaped Darrow's charge of perjury. Here is an oratorical gem of characteristic ray concerning the fifty or more white witnesses in the case:

"Every state witness perjured himself over and over again to send these defendants to prison . . . Men, women and children alike have come into this court to lie . . . They perjured themselves in favor of their noble Nordic race . . . Every one of them lied, right down to little children."

The white man who was murdered, the white neighbors, the police, the state's attorneys—everybody was a blackleg to Darrow. In fact, no Negro in the case could have felt more race prejudice against the whites: this writer is willing to say that few Negroes ever have felt, or ever want to feel, a race prejudice as intense and unreasoning as that of Darrow.

However, we confidently leave Darrow to the Negroes, where he wants to be, for we believe that the more intelligent American Negroes are beginning to realize the falsity of such friendship. There is in this country a deliberate and organized effort to Bolshevize the colored man. Every visitor to the recent scientific gathering at Moscow testified to the feverish activity of

Bolshevist chiefs in their new crusade to arouse the yellow and black peoples of the earth in a war against white governments. There are in Moscow now American Negroes being trained as Communist agents for work among their people in America. American Negroes know this and are arousing themselves to meet the situation. Let us hope they will handle it effectively. The destiny of the white race and the black race in this continent is to live together in the same economic system, and together they will resist all attempts to destroy the white man's civilization which is the black man's best security.

Mr. Darrow proceeded from Detroit to New York where he again spoke to Negroes. He again made sport of the "Nordic race." This irreligious representative of the religious Negro cautioned the Negro against piety. "There's another thing—you're too blooming pious," he said. He counselled the Negro to form of himself a voting bloc "to keep the white politicians guessing." In short, he exhibited in numerous ways that most degenerate form of race prejudice—prejudice against the race that bore him. Negroes don't respect white men who fawn upon Negroes.

## *Lawyers and Law*

MR. SCHLESINGER is a lawyer. He is quoted as saying that if Blackstone were here now he would be working in someone's law library for $100 a month. It is not knowledge of the law, he says, that counts, it is the ability to make somebody take your view of the law.

That uncovers the sore of lawyer law. Perhaps it goes deeper and uncovers the utter futility of all human law in the absence of rational behavior and good will. The law, we know, cannot prevent crime. The law cannot even decide disputes with justice. Perhaps it is outside human possibility that law should ever do this. Disputants could settle their disputes with justice; judges sometimes could, if permitted. But not the law.

Yet, on entering the polling booth the citizen does not require that he shall compel someone to take his view of his right to vote; the law gives him the right and he exercises it. On entering a bank, the depositor does not require to bring the cashier over to his view of his right to draw on his account; the law gives him the right, and he exercises it. But immediately the law gets into its own special territory, that is, the courts, it ceases to have such directness of operation, such automatic effectiveness. In the name of the law the plaintiff puts up his claim, and in the name of the law the defendant denies it, and the stronger lawyer is able to make the worse side the better case.

In such instances the law is merely Marquis of Queensberry rules for legal fisticuffs. It says, here is where you must fight, and this is how you must fight. It does not say: Law decides this, therefore there is no fight. In true law, however, it would be the law that fights—for the rights assailed, against the wrongs essayed. But our laws do not fight; they are but rules as to how the lawyers shall fight. And, of course, in such case Mr. Blackstone will always have to take a back seat for Mr. Schlesinger. Until such time, at least, as laws become automatically operative and not dependent on the personality, skill, strategy or low unscrupulousness of practitioners in litigation.

## *The Farmers Don't Like It*

THE general dissatisfaction with President Coolidge's program for the farmers grows out of an essential inconsistency between the President's real views and those which he supports for political purposes. He believes of course that there is no benefit in artificial helps supplied by legislation; he believes that the problems of agriculture are purely agricultural problems; yet with this belief he lends half a countenance to the other view, which would provide a legislative sop to placate those farmers who have not yet pierced through the baleful delusion of political salvation. A policy divided between truth and expediency is always weak. Instead of placating both sides it satisfies neither.

## *Bark Versus Bite*

THE most diverse opinions exist regarding Mussolini's rule in Italy. The operations of the Fascists are bitterly attacked on the one hand by persons who know, and highly praised on the other by persons who know. The disposition of outside governments seems to be that Mussolini be allowed to run his course, as if their shrewd conclusion were that such a course has a certain end. Mussolini himself makes no concealment of his principles. He believes in force. He does not believe in democratic government. He believes the old Roman Empire will become, in part, at least, the heritage of Italy. These are the principles he maintains in public speech. They have a most grave character, and the fact that they are not gravely regarded indicates that Europe has taken the measure of the man who utters them. The suggestion that Mussolini is playing to the Italians may explain much. But the fact that, outside of Russia, such ideals as those expressed have been, since the fall of the Kaiser, quite impotent in the world, is a more pointed one.

# Jews Returning to Religion in Hungary

## Budapest Synagogue Witnesses Dramatic Ceremony on Eve of "Day of Atonement"

A GREAT revival of Jewish interest in religion, as distinct from the national political interest in Zionism, is being witnessed in several parts of the world. The source and center of the new movement is in Hungary.

Hungarian Jews of the younger set, especially students of universities and various other institutions of learning, habitually denied their Jewishness whenever questioned by Jews or others. In this they were aided by their Hungarianized names, for most Jews adopted nationalistic names or translated the otherwise German name like Fischer or Schwartz for its Hungarian equivalent. It was very difficult to detect a person's religion under such misleading names. Furthermore, the very physiognomy of Hungarian Jews is so much gentilized, due to causes other than intermarriage, that it is very difficult to pick out a Jew in a Hungarian gathering. Even here in America, one could sooner pick out a thousand Russian or Polish Jews than ten Hungarian Jews. This together with their names has helped the younger Jews to conceal their identity.

If such concealment proved ineffective, then conversion followed. There is hardly any country where Jews became converted to Christianity in such astonishing proportions as in Hungary. Thousands of the younger Jews have within the past ten years forsaken their Mosaic religion and embraced the religion of Jesus as taught by the Catholic church. This reached its climax during 1920–21. Strange as it may seem, St. Stephen's Cathedral of Budapest numbers among its leading members quite a few of former Jews, several families of the Jewish aristocracy, such as Baron Deutch, Kornfeld, Ullman, et cetera. One of the priests in same cathedral, the Rev. Father Kovacs, was formerly a student in the Rabbinical Seminary as Kohn, but changed his affiliation.

The message of Zionism had no appeal to the Hungarian Jew. He was essentially and still is a Hungarian. The Hungarian Jew owes no allegiance to the Government of Jerusalem, nor is he capable of doing so. Those few Zionists who are known to be active are in the majority of cases immigrants from Russia, Poland, or Rumania. Religion did not seem to hold the youth in Hungary until the great revolution and counter-revolution of 1920–21. This was the period of almost total disintegration of Judaism all over Hungary. However, immediately followed the beginning of one of the most remarkable religious revivals of modern days.

During 1921–22, I conclude from visible evidence gathered in that country, Jewish leaders were unanimous in their opinion as to the source of their afflictions. They ascribed their plight as the prophets of old, to divine Providence for their backsliding. Hungarian Jewish communities issued orders signed by their chief rabbis for fasting, prayer, and religious devotion. Psalms were recited in synagogues and in private homes. Ritualistic laws heretofore lightly regarded were once more given proper attention. The rabbis preached on religious questions, on faith in Jehovah, on absolute repentance and on salvation, formerly unheard of. The Sabbath observance was given preëminence throughout the land. The result is very noticeable, since many storekeepers who formerly kept their shops open on the Sabbath are now closed during the day, a direct result of the revival spirit.

**The author of the following article, which has been written especially for THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, is a Jew.**

However, these things were merely external demonstrations of the new confession of faith. The most dramatic part of the great revival came about just prior to the great holiday, the Day of Atonement, 1922–23, and is still in progress. What happened on that memorable evening preceding the Day of Atonement would have to be spoken by an artist with a brush and canvas to impress the future generations with its somber magnificence. It was more like an Apocalyptic story of a heavenly court sitting in Judgment over condemned sinners than anything I ever saw. The ceremony as conducted by the Rev. Dr. S. Hevesy, chief Rabbi of Budapest, was unlike one may see in a lifetime. Several hundred Jewish men and women came back to the synagogue. The only punishment that was imposed upon them by the various rabbis was to deprive them of their synagogue seats for one year.

The Tabak Temple in the city of Budapest, the largest Jewish synagogue in the world, has had during its forty-five years of existence many great historical gatherings within its oriental walls, but the one which occurred on the eve preceding the Day of Atonement, 1923, was epoch making.

Being present, I could well believe the claim that there were not less than ten thousand persons present. This meeting, however, differed in kind from any of the past services on the eve of the Day of Atonement.

The atmosphere was that of an impressive funeral. For there were present over one hundred who were heretofore dead to Judaism and now standing in the presence once again of the open Ark of the Covenant decorated with white silk, the Jewish mourning color.

They did not all line up, or gather around the altar as they might have done, but, instead, took their seats reassigned to them after paying heavy penalties, in some cases the equivalent of $5,000.

The male choir sung as at a funeral, "Thus it shall be forgiven unto the whole congregation of Israel, and to the stranger (ger) within thy gates for all the sins of the people were involuntary."

The word "involuntary" as contained in the ritual was literally true of some members of that group that night. There were about one-half (50) of that number who had been in the civil service, military or judicial field of employment. Their Judaism was no barrier until the ascendency of the so-called Nationalists. Jews were given the choice of leaving the service or embracing the state religion. Some rejected but some accepted. Later, these latter were persecuted together with the others, which proved the fallacy of their choice. Judaism turned against them and the Christians never trusted them.

Not so, however, with those Jews of the nobility. They came back exactly for the same reason for which they left. And the Hungarian forgot and forgave in one breath, by reelecting these into high positions in the Jewish community.

Ever since that great service, occasional individuals apply to the Rabbinical Council of Budapest that they be taken back into the synagogue. It occurred within the writer's observation that one man and his family were rejected by the Council, who told him that his record as a Christian was injurious to the Jews, therefore he had better stay where he was.

There are certain moral obligations imposed upon such Jews who came back, as for instance: They are to attend synagogue services without fail for at least one year; the strict observance of the ritualistic food laws; to give a certain amount for charitable purposes; to burn candles in their homes on Friday evenings, and similar obligations.

The first apostle of the religious revival in Hungary, the Rev. Fr. M. Winckler, rabbi, reached Los Angeles sometime ago, where he stirred up the Jewish as well as the Christian people through his aggressive campaign, "Back to the Bible." Dr. Winckler belonged to the Hungarian neolog or reformed branch of Judaism which is more conservative than American Orthodox Jews.



# Cleansing the SCREEN in NEW YORK STATE

## State Recognizes That There Is Poison in Picture Films as Well as in Food

Next week, in the second of these articles, Mr. Chase will tell how the State of Connecticut handled the movies. It demonstrates some of the inner workings of the Movie Trust.

By WM. SHEAFE CHASE

THE law enacted by the State of New York in 1921 for the regulation of motion pictures has resulted in placing annually about $100,000 above its expenses in the state treasury. Furthermore, by removing from the films shown in the state much of the indecent, obscene, immoral, inhuman and sacrilegious scenes, and whatever would corrupt morals or incite to crime, it has become one of the most popular policies inaugurated by the Republican party. Fathers and mothers in the Empire State, awakened to the power for evil in the suggestive, salacious films, have come to appreciate the importance and necessity of having motion pictures examined and fumigated by duly appointed agents of the government whose duty is not to censor but to *inspect* all films intended for business purposes, *as meat and food are inspected to protect the people from decayed and poisonous materials.*

The law carefully avoids giving any censorship powers to the three motion picture commissioners each of whom is paid a salary of $7,500 annually so that they may be duly qualified by education and experience to perform their duties, which correspond to those of judges. In no other state does the salary of the censors exceed $3,000. Usually it is $2,500. Instead of examining testimony and determining whether accused persons have committed crime, these motion picture commissioners examine the pictures of persons in action and determine whether those pictures conform to moral standards fixed by the statutes of the state. If they come up to the required moral standards, they must be granted a license which authorizes them to be shown in licensed places of amusement. If any film in the judgment of the commissioners would tend to incite children or others to commit crime, they must refuse it a license, just as a policeman who has discovered a man who is aiming his pistol at his victim must arrest the criminal without waiting for him actually to kill the person. It is the function of government not only to *punish* criminals but to *prevent* crime.

The New York law differs from censorship laws because it does not apply to motion pictures which are not exhibited for commercial profit. A person is free not only to take a motion picture of his family or of a church pageant or dialog shown in a parish house, but to write a scenario, dramatize and film it, which he can exhibit anywhere he wishes in the state, provided it is not in a licensed place of amusement or for pay or in connection with any business enterprise.

The library committee which examines most of the books published and selects only those which are suitable in moral and literary merit to be admitted into the circulation of the library is never called the censorship committee.

The work of the New York State Motion Picture Commission corresponds to that of the New York Public Library Committee, except that the state movie law fixes the moral standards, provides for reversing arbitrary or erroneous decisions and permits the commission to eliminate evil scenes, so as to prevent rejecting the picture *in toto* from circulation in the licensed places of amusement.

It also differs from censorship laws in that the statute provides for an appeal not only from one commissioner's decision to the whole board for a review in the courts by a writ of *certiorari*.

Governor Miller, Frederick Boyd Stevenson, special editor of the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*, Mrs. Clarence E. Waterman, of Brooklyn, the New York Civic League, the Brooklyn Federation of Churches, the Society for the Prevention of Crime, the Women's Clubs of Brooklyn and of the state, especially of Buffalo, were some of the many prominent influences responsible for the enactment of the law.

There is a general agreement among disinterested people that the objectionable features of motion pictures have been very largely removed, though in a considerable number of cases the commissioners, instead of condemning objectionable films *in toto*, have contented themselves with removing the most indecent scenes, as in the case of *Foolish Wives* and *The Last Man*.

From August 1, 1921, when the law went into effect, to January 1, 1925, when the latest report was made, the following number of pictures were condemned:

1921—(5 months), 5; 1922, 72; 1923, 29; 1924, 34.

| | 1921 5 months | 1922 | 1923 | 1924 |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Number of films approved without elimination | 1,170 | 2,516 | 2,257 | 2,241 |
| Number of films from which eliminations were made | 160 | 861 | 586 | 627 |
| Number of licenses issued | 1,330 | 3,377 | 2,843 | 2,868 |
| Total number of eliminations made | 747 | 3,945 | 2,881 | 3,780 |
| The eliminations were for the following causes: | | | | |
| Indecent | 85 | 263 | 105 | 624 |
| Inhuman | 35 | 289 | 238 | 924 |
| Tending to incite to crime | 54 | 485 | 382 | 1,318 |
| Immoral or tending to corrupt morals | 61 | 235 | 126 | 816 |
| Sacrilegious | 5 | 26 | 29 | 66 |
| Obscene | | 2 | 26 | 32 |

The foregoing figures indicate that the New York law has kept many evil scenes out of the motion pictures shown in that state, which have been shown in the other states where there are no censorship laws. These figures also indicate that the *motion pictures as they have left the producers have been growing morally worse* rather than better since Will Hays took control of the industry. They were worse in 1924 than in 1923.

The report of the Chicago Board of Censorship which sees practically all motion pictures which are produced has stated that pictures have been steadily growing worse rather than better.

In the first six months of 1924 from 331 pictures reviewed in Chicago there were eliminations of 160 scenes of attacks upon women for immoral purposes, averaging about one scene from every two pictures.

In the last six months of 1924 from 457 pictures reviewed, 597 scenes of similar attacks upon women were cut out, averaging about three assaults upon women in every two pictures, an increase of 300 per cent.

The eliminations made by the Chicago Board of Motion Picture Censorship, in 1924, were:

| | First Six Months From 331 Films | First Six Months From 457 Films |
|---|---|---|
| Scenes of assault with guns | 677 | 1,134 |
| Scenes of assault with knives | 70 | 105 |
| Scenes of assault with other weapons | 44 | 85 |
| Scenes of hanging | 81 | 132 |
| Scenes of attacks on women | 160 | 597 |
| Scenes of nudity | 197 | 732 |
| Scenes of horror | 66 | 107 |

Another evidence of the increasing evil of the motion pictures is the censorship of motion pictures and the world-wide revolt of the nations of the Earth against American films. Mr. Hays' office is sending out a confidential letter to business men endeavoring to interpret this world revolt as a selfish protest against American films because American films advertise American styles of clothing, shoes, hats, furniture, machines and various articles of commerce. Mr. Hays wants the voters in the United States to believe that it is business greed and jealousy which incites the foreign objection to the American film industry, because American merchandise is taking the place of their native-made goods. Undoubtedly the films advertise and benefit American business, but it is ridiculous to claim that foreign censorships are due to anything else than to the immorality and race hatred pictured in American motion pictures.

Those who advocated the New York movie law realized that it would not accomplish perfectly satisfactory results, because it provides merely for the elimination of the worst scenes from bad films or for the total rejection of hopelessly bad films. *It has no power to affect the moral character of a picture before it is filmed.* To accomplish a thoroughly satisfactory cleansing of the screen from its vicious elements, it will be necessary by Federal regulation through Congress to deal with motion pictures *at the source of production*, before the expense of filming them has been incurred.

The Upshaw bill seeks to accomplish this without any compulsory previewing of films in interstate commerce. It provides for a Federal Motion Picture Commission with power to examine scenarios and the staging of the story before it is photographed and to make needed corrections before it is filmed. After it is filmed, the owner may, upon written application and payment of the fee, secure a *permit* to have it carried in interstate commerce, without having it examined by the Federal Commission. But in order to secure a *license* for any film, the approval of the Federal Commission must be sought by submitting the film for their examination. The permit, however, is automatically revoked if any state censor board or any court condemns the film. Even if an appeal is taken from the court decision, that film is forbidden to enter interstate commerce until it has been submitted to the Federal Motion Picture Commission and licensed by it.

Will Hays has worked diligently with the Republican legislators in 1923, 1924 and 1925 to secure the repeal of the New York State motion picture law. But he has signally failed in each case, especially in 1925 when the popular demand for the law was more evident than ever. The Republicans have come to consider it the most popular part of their political program.

This was demonstrated when Simon Adler, of Rochester, the Republican floor leader in the assembly, who had originally voted for the law and had twice voted against its repeal, announced that he expected to vote for the Davison bill repealing the law. There was such a popular protest in Rochester against his change of vote and the fact that it was suspected that improper political influences had been brought to bear through Mr. Hays, that Mr. Adler, after voting once for the repeal bill, thus fulfilling any promise that he may have made, finally voted to sustain the state movie law.

The New York Motion Picture Commission in 1924 rejected thirty-four feature pictures in all. In no case did the owner of any of these rejected films appeal to the court to have the picture licensed, as he had a right by the law to do. The very fact that the movie commission existed, probably kept out of the state a large number of films still worse than the thirty-four which were rejected. The owners of such vile films did not care or dare to submit their pictures to a commission which was certain to reject them, but *many of these films are now being exhibited in other states which have no censorship law*, and where the police activities are not sufficient to suppress them and where any such attempt would merely advertise the vile picture and thus increase its patronage.

If the movie commission were abolished, the thirty-four unspeakably bad pictures rejected by it in 1924 could and would have been shown in New York State. It would then have been the duty of thirty-four policemen to have the exhibitor of each of these bad films arrested and tried. If the court condemned the

(Concluded on page 30)

# What's in the Senator's Letter Box?

## Epistolary Bombardment by All Sorts and Conditions of Men

By A Senator's Secretary



"WHAT on earth do folks write to their Senators about?" That inquiry is often made by those who learn of the great mass of mail that is dropped into the Senatorial letter box.

A number of years ago, when the writer first became a secretary, Congressional mail consisted largely of a few letters relating to legislation, pensions and free seeds. But as the government has gradually attempted to regulate almost every activity of its citizens, correspondence has grown by leaps and bounds. The war added to the total, until now, if the average active Senator had to pay postage, he would not have much left out of his salary at the end of his term.

Some of the Senators of the old days perhaps thought it beneath their dignity to carry on what was termed "a correspondence school." One of them used to say he proceeded on the theory of every letter answering itself within about ten days.

However, the direct election of United States Senators made them more responsive to their correspondents. An unanswered letter might mean the loss of one or more votes. Memory recalls where a prominent man, who by his efforts had very largely caused the election of a Senator, turned against him because he did not receive a reply to a letter, and contributed very materially to the Senator's defeat for re-election.

Broadly speaking, Senatorial mail might be placed in four classes. Personal, legislative, departmental and the public prints. If the Senator attended to all of these personally, he would have no time to attend his committees, or the sessions of the Senate, and necessarily has to rely upon his secretary and office force.

The personal mail depends largely upon the business and personal interests of the Senator. The calls made upon him for charity and other things are many. From putting new seats in the schoolhouse at Perkins' Corner, a new steeple on the church at Possum Hollow, to the "permitting" of his name to be placed on the list for a large amount to some pretentious benevolent plan, the requests come. These do not include the personal pleas. Then the statesman will suddenly discover that a new baby has been given his name, which is enough said. As an indorser of notes, a United States Senator takes front rank.

Anonymous letters might be included under this heading, for all are marked "personal." The bravest man in all the world is he who writes letters of this sort. All the war crosses of all the nations should adorn his breast. He says things in his communication he would be afraid to think in the presence of its recipient. A statement on the floor of the Senate, a chance remark to a newspaper reporter that gets into print, is sufficient excuse. Some are amusing. A Senator made a joking remark about whiskers, and then the bearded fraternity got busy, and he heard more arguments in favor of this hirsute adornment than the Senator ever knew existed.

Communications relating to legislation are constantly growing. The art of propaganda has been developed to a fine point. If a Senator read only a part of the briefs, pamphlets and other material sent him, he would not have time to eat his meals and Senatorial eyestrain would be a slogan. Folks are keeping informed better as to national legislation, and, whether right or wrong, their Senator gets their views.

Some Senators make it a rule never to commit themselves on any question. Their reasons are worthy of thought. At times a bill is so amended after introduction that when it comes up for passage, the very purpose for which it was introduced has been defeated, and to keep a promise to support it would be directly contrary to the wishes of his correspondent.

Then there are times when a general wave of feeling will sweep over the nation which will cause a flood of letters in behalf of some worthy matter.



Departmental mail, or that which requires action with some of the many departments of the government, covers a large percentage of correspondence. The war and the after effects is the cause for a great deal of it. A Senator's office might almost be termed a clearing house for trouble. The wounded and disabled veteran cannot, either through ignorance, red tape or inattention, get action on his claim unless his Senator intercedes for him. Something like a million and a half claims in the Veterans' Bureau, and almost a like number in the Bureau of Pensions, will give you an idea of the size of this item. Countless other things go to make up this total. A physical connection with the Treasury of the United States is the aim of most of it.

Sadness and humor play their part. The cry of distress is often heard. A veteran, disabled by disease or injury, wife and children in want, no action on his claim by the government, makes a strong appeal. Perhaps it is his own fault. Sufficient proof has not been furnished. Instructions have not been followed. It may be that his claim is sleeping in a pigeonhole. It is then up to his Senator to aid in getting the matter straightened out.

Some of them make an impression on you that you can't shake off. During the first part of the war an incident made a lasting impression on the writer. A father and mother, aged and infirm, sent in a letter from their son on the battle front in France to enable the claim for allotment and allowance to be traced. The letter was written in an illiterate manner and stated, among other things, that the soldier realized he had not done for them as he should, but after the war was over he was coming back and work hard and take care of them the rest of their lives. The next edition of the paper carried his name as having been killed in action.

A letter from an old widower farmer, in reporting his success with certain seeds and information from the Department of Agriculture, cited that as an illustration of his ability to take care of a wife, and asked the Senator to find him a good one.

During the war a wife, who had been deserted by her husband for years, took a chance on his being in the army and sent a letter to him in care of the American Expeditionary Forces. It was delivered. His reply was sent to a Senator in an effort to secure an allotment and allowance. It was a casual reply, and the reader might have thought it was one of many that passed between them.

A Negro woman had her claim for compensation stopped because it was discovered she had never been divorced from her first husband. She admitted the truth of the assertion, but complained that the white folk had mighty little to do to go "pesterin' " about in another state concerning her. The former husband was no account anyway, and she didn't feel it necessary to get a divorce.

The knowledge that he has aided in seeing justice done, and that he has assisted someone that could not help himself repays a Senator for the effort, which if paid for in money would make some attorney or a number of attorneys wealthy. There is a feeling, as expressed in a letter of thanks, that "it is wonderful to be in a position to do something for someone."

(Concluded on page 20)



Depicting arrangement of hair in the early days

Peculiar hair arrangement worn by a Salem gentleman.

A facsimile of Longfellow's class portrait.

# Pictures in Shadow

By MARY HARROD NORTHEND

LONG before photography came into vogue, silhouettes were the fashion of the day. These we have grown to treasure, not only on account of their ancestral value, but for their representations of early costumes which, no matter how grotesque, never lose their interest.

Scarcely a colonial home in our country but has one or more of these little black pictures, possibly tucked away under the eaves in time of stress, but generally occupying a conspicuous place on the wall or mantel.

The silhouette is in reality the pioneer of cheap portraiture. It originated in France, and was taken up in Germany and afterward in England where the middle classes were the first patrons, the wealthier people and court circles growing interested in the art later on.

Many of the first attempts were grotesque, more especially to those who had been accustomed to delicate paintings on ivory or canvas, yet paper portraiture came rapidly into favor, partly on account of its moderate cost.

There is much confusion in many minds as to what the name silhouette means but it is after Etienne de Silhouette (1709-67), a French politician. It is given to many different processes and different ways of obtaining desired results. But we of today know it as black paper portraiture, cut out and pasted onto a white card, the edges finished with softening lines of paint. Sometimes a reversed method was taken and the portrait was outlined in white placed on a black card, but the examples are rare. There is one, however, still in existence in the Salem Institute; a bust of Eliza Townsend. This represents a young girl with powdered hair and high back comb, and is considered a very choice specimen of that period.

Shadow pictures became very popular about 1770, and he who possessed skill and was able to do good freehand scissors-work was greatly in demand. Artistic results were brought out, showing to advantage not only fine profiles but classical dress. So rapidly did the silhouette fashion grow that high-sounding names were introduced to make it more alluring, and about this time portraits done by this process were used to illustrate both histories and biographies as well as domestic scenes.

Today we find in many of the old English books of a biographical nature illustrations of this kind, while both England and Germany took advantage of this art to introduce profiles into the



A scene from *Midsummer Night's Dream* by Mary Hamilton Frye.



A matron wearing a mob cap and coiffure. The fashion in 1799. Essex Institute. Rev. Dr. Barnard of the North Church, Salem.

# Photography's Forerunner

ornamentation of souvenirs. The tendency of the time was toward Greek art, and this helped to individualize the scissors-work of shadow-portraiture. The cutting out with penknife or scissors developed from portraits to landscape groups, but profiles proved the most fascinating branch of the work and survived the longest in favor, as the purest mechanical shadow tracing, while it required no skill, gave an excellent likeness, that is, if traced with reasonable care.

Many of the noted artists of the early days became very expert in this art, and we are told that one of them while listening to lectures would cut out the portraits of many of the audience, his skill being such that he did it by touch alone under a table, so that none of his victims would discover what he was doing.

Do not for a moment think that this art lay with profiles alone, for it is related that one Karl Frohlich, a composer, brought into existence little *genre* pictures of children plucking flowers, winged cupids, old men and women drinking coffee, and fine landscape work; but as he never cut wooden blocks of his work it was not accessible for publication.

It is related of a German artist that while watching his sister cut embroidery he imbibed the idea of silhouette cutting; and he sent such marvelous cut-out flowers to Goethe that the poet was delighted with them and declared that he would decorate a whole room with his work.



Above—Surely no man would be seen in the street with shoes like unto the ones shown in the above silhouette.

Left—This shows one of Salem's old citizens.

Probably the best-known artist was Hubard, who came to the United States about 1833 and established a gallery in New York, where for fifty cents he would cut the portraits of his patrons. So popular did he become that his gallery was thronged with people, and although most of his work was done with scissors, he also worked in India ink, heightening the effect with gold penciling.

So lifelike are many of these portraits that they are today exhibited in the National Portrait Gallery and, authorities claim, are valuable in the identification of unknown portraits, for silhouette-making is an art in itself, and its very simplicity is effective, leaving no confusion of outline in the observer's mind.

In the Essex Museum at Salem is a rare collection of these silhouettes, one of them representing Rev. Thomas Barnard who dismissed his congregation that he might be able to be at the bridge at the time of Leslie's retreat. There is another one of Deputy-sheriff Dutch, who was the last man to wear smallclothes in this historic city by the sea.

Silhouette-making became very fashionable in Salem as early as 1804,

when William King came to the city to take profiles, and had much to do in this department. He was succeeded by several others until the art lost its attraction for the public. In 1828 we learn that "Master Hanks" advertised that he could delineate with scissors and paper every object in nature and art, it taking him only a few seconds to produce an exact bust of any person he saw. Several young women of Salem also became very much interested in the art, and creditable examples of their skill are still in existence.

America seemed to be the goal to which these artists were drawn, for Edouart in 1839 sailed to the United States meeting with immediate success. During his first year here, in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Saratoga, he took three hundred and eighty-one portraits, two of them being of August Belmont, of New York. The wives and children of officers of the army and navy, as well as Congressmen, were also done in silhouette, as were occasional slave pictures. In 1840 five hundred and thirty-one were taken in Washington and Saratoga Springs, and among them was that of General Winfield Scott.

It seems almost incredible that people of the standing of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the president of Harvard College, and the Appleton family, should have been so desirous of owning this type of portraiture, but it must be remembered that photographs were not as yet on the market. Fortunately, the descendants of these men are now able to treasure the likenesses of their families through the shadow art. Two of these silhouettes, in black wooden frames, are shown in Longfellow's home at Cambridge, Massachusetts. These represent his grandfather and grandmother on the Wadsworth side and are considered fine likenesses.

There is still treasured in Bowdoin College a class silhouette of Longfellow, which is considered a wonderful portrayal of his classic face, and is highly prized by the college.

In examining a collection of silhouettes it is interesting to note the great variety of wigs, for no two are alike. There are long and short queues tied with diminutive or wide ribbons, curls, and majestic rolls, all characteristic.

George Washington was the subject for many a silhouette, and these shadow pictures are of the greatest interest, not only to collectors but private individuals, most of them being made in India ink and cut with scissors.

As few of these silhouettes are marked with the artist's name, it is almost impossible to trace their origin.

Today we are going back to this method of portraiture, and it is by comparing the old and the new that we realize the progress that has been made in this art. Albums, filled with the evolution of the silhouette, have become a fad, more especially when the names and dates are written underneath them.

Some of the most interesting modern silhouettes have been done by the Cambridge artist, Mary Frye, who has demonstrated that profiles are not always necessary, and that it is possible to introduce life and character into full-face portraits as well.

Such is the story of the silhouette, the little black shadow picture.

# Dr. Collins Looks on Freud

(*Continued from page 5*)

guages it has to be learned and like Volapük it is very difficult. Dream-language is the result of distortion.

"What or who causes the distortion?"

"The Dream Censor."

"Who is he?"

"A creation of Dr. Freud, made to fit the case."

"What is his function?"

"To cut from the dream words and situations that would shock the dreamer when he awakes or would lead anyone to whom he relates the dream question his morality. He also keeps important information from the enemy."

"Who is the enemy?"

"Why, society and conventions, of course; that which is popularly called civilization and Christianity."

"Does the Censor confine himself to blue pencilings and erasures?"

"By no means; he rarely says straight out what he means; he conveys it by innuendoes and allusions, and he is the greatest of camouflage artists."

He is the myth that puts distortion in dreams.

"Is he a good and faithful servant of man? Should we destroy him and abolish the office?"

"Rather; without him we would be moral monsters compared to which Nietzsche would be purer than a virgin heart; the Censor's time clock has never testified against him, and should he resign or be dismissed life would not be worth living, for how could one go on living in the knowledge that one is a moral monster, continuously impelled by fate to commit not only the unpardonable sin, but whose heart's lusts are abhorrent, even his prayers abominations?"

"Is the *genus homo*, male and female, uninfluenced by convention, expediency and tutelage so bad as all that?"

"Indeed, yes, and worse; for these influences never reach the real individual.

"There is no other Hell than that 'unconscious' which is the real self of each one of us. The evil of egoism in human nature is measureless. The immoralities and excesses of which we dream nightly are crimes committed daily by waking persons. Good people, as Plato said, are those who content themselves with dreaming what the others, the bad people, really do. Remove the censor, indeed! What we should do is to pray that his elbow shall be given more power. If we should get orders and advices from the 'unconscious' and act upon them, the jig called civilization is up, and the symphony called morality is not only jazz but tom-tom."

"But is there no such thing as good dreams, dreams that are the satisfaction of justified wishes and urgent bodily needs?"

"To be sure, there are. They undergo no distortion. They need none. They can satisfy their function without offending the ethical and esthetic tendencies of the ego. If we did not have such dreams, the Censor, myth as he is, would be worked to death for it must be remembered we are fundamentally 'bad' and the censor is often put to it, resourceful as he or she or it is, so to distort our dreams that we shall not recognize their significance."

How does man achieve such profundity of immorality? Is he born so, or is it thrust upon him? Can he do nothing to counteract it? Is he incurable? Is there no such thing as psychic freedom? The Freudian gives answers to all these questions that conform to the Biblical injunction. Psychic freedom is an illusion; whatever success attends man's efforts to make himself pure spells hypocrisy.

There are simple persons and Missourians who will say, "I don't have dreams of that sort." The Freudian Joseph will reply, "You don't know what you are talking about. Your dreams which seem to you simple reflections of the currents of alert consciousness, properly interpreted, would surpass a thousand times anything D'Annunzio ever wrote about incest."

The Freudian is not only the Master Potter who knows, and knows, and knows, but he is Bottom the weaver as well, and, like him, he rehearses most courageously.

Anyone who is keen to understand dreams must first master their symbolism. The number of things that find symbolic representation in the dream is not great: the human body as a whole, parents, children, brothers and sisters, birth, death, nakedness are the important ones. The human person is symbolized as a house, parents as kings and queens, children, brothers and sisters as little animals or vermin; birth by water; death by a journey and nakedness by clothes and uniforms.

The symbols for the organs of generation are nearly as numerous as the stars in the sky and the pebbles on the shore: sticks, umbrellas, poles, steeples, towers, chimneys, trees, knives, daggers, lances, swords, guns, pistols, revolvers, firecrackers, faucets, water-cans, fountains, hanging lamps, collapsible pencils, fountain pens; quills, nail files, hammers, toothpicks; balloons, airplanes, dirigibles, fish, snakes and amphibians; hats, caps and cloaks, and "others too numerous to mention" mean one thing; pits, caves, hollows, pitchers, bottles, boxes, trunks, jars, cases, pockets, ships, rooms, doors, stoves, entrances, wardrobes, tables, books, snails and mussels, churches and chapels, apples and peaches, woods and water, watches and radio machines, jewels and treasures, shoes and slippers, sweets and pastries, mean another.

Briefly, anything in the whole world of fact or fable may be, and is when it appears in a dream, a symbol of the generative organs of the human species.

The language of the unconscious is like shorthand, made up of symbols; anyone who would learn it must go to school to Freud. He has given arbitrary meaning and significance to everything in the heavens above and the world beneath.

For Freudians, man's amatory life is never smooth sailing. The port of safety is always on the other side of seas subject to calms that may outlast its life and to hurricanes and typhoons that may wreck it. The calms are called narcissism and infantilism, the storms, incest and homosexuality. Every child goes through the stage of loving himself like Narcissus. Freudians think Benvenuto Cellini is the type of individual who never got beyond it.

They make no such claims for Jacques Casanova.

The next leg of his voyage is one that the child refuses to make without a parent, and if he or she gets be-

(*Concluded on page 23*)

# Unburied Treasure

(*Concluded from page 8*)

pay back the money to get the cups again, but fortune kept on frowning and in time, and in the struggle to keep alive, she forgot her heirlooms. By the end of a year she was down to nothing again, and at the very end of her resources. It seemed to her hardly worth while to continue the struggle.

At which point, at the nadir of fortune, she received a check for $14,000, in full payment for the sale of the three cups she had given as security to the loan company —$14,000, less the eight-dollar loan, less interest and sale costs!

What had happened? Collectors at the sale where the unclaimed cups were put up had found two letters on them, P R, and hectic bidding followed. It took fourteen thousand dollars to buy these three pieces, handiwork of that noted silversmith whose ride on horseback one midnight brought more fame than his trade, Paul Revere.

The old lady's cups were unburied treasure. Never hidden under the ground for a moment from the time Paul Revere sold them, they had grown more valuable every day until, like the cross on a pirate's map, the initials revealed the treasure.

To buy something for nothing and to sell it for much is one of the greatest fascinations of collecting, as I learned for myself soon after I became interested in this field. In a dark auction room in the city of New York I stumbled on an old letter, framed between two pieces of glass. It seemed to be written in French but I could make out only a few of the words. Altogether there was nothing extraordinary about it, yet I had a collector's hunch and, with quickened pulse, I bid and won it for the top price of seventy-five cents. Under the magnifying glass the framed letter turned out to be a note to the Empress Josephine from Napoleon himself.

"I am terribly tired," it read. "We have the Austrians on the run and are taking a two-hour rest before continuing the chase. Hastily. Your loving husband, Bonaparte, commander in chief of the army of Italy."

I sold the letter for $1,500. Thrill? Such thrills as that have kept me on the collector's trail for many, many years. But you shall hear of another kind of fortune.

A cabinet repairer at an auction one day picked up an old-time desk for some fifteen dollars, figuring to repair it and get a substantial profit from the resale. Had he finished repairs without any luck, he might still be happily fixing up old cabinets. But fortune, bad fortune as you shall see, came to him the day he finished the desk, for in a secret drawer he uncovered $42,000 in negotiable railroad bonds.

Picking up his hat, he banged the shop door shut, cashed a bond, and went off on a bat. Next he abandoned his store, bought an automobile and rolled to Saratoga Springs to place a few dollars on the nose of a promising pony. Luck had dropped a fortune into his lap but she had her fingers crossed when she did it. After a few lost bets he plunged, and the more he plunged, the more he lost.

Six months later, dead broke, he straggled back to his store to find himself penniless. The landlord had sold every stick of his cabinets to pay for overdue rent. The cabinet repairer no longer had money or business.

You see, you have to know how to handle your treasure after you find it. This gambling carpenter had stumbled on his through the sheerest luck and so perhaps there was an ironic justice in his loss of it. There is an old saying, "easy come, easy go," and strangely enough it seems to hold true for the collector.

But most of the big "finds" do not come so easily as the railroad bonds did, and when one is the result of a long search, you may be sure it is not recklessly squandered. Let me tell you, as an instance, of the story of the French woman whose son was called to the army shortly before the World War. By skimping herself from a small income the good lady was able to send the boy tobacco and pocket money. Then war came and the boy was killed. After that the value of the franc fell until the old lady could not even make both ends meet. A friend of mine, knowing she had lived in the old family home for years, went to see her on the chance of finding a few old pieces which might sell for enough to swell her income to a livable figure.

But the woman had nothing of value. Her furniture, though old, was worthless. Her possessions were few. Still, the collector persisted in looking at everything. Finally he reached the attic which held only some decrepit chairs and a trunk. Disappointedly he tossed the chairs into a corner and asked:

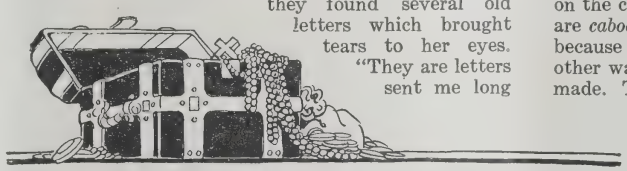
"What have you in the trunk?"

"Nothing but old dresses and papers," replied the old lady.

"Well, it's our last chance. Let's go through it."

They did, and in the tray of the trunk, they found several old letters which brought tears to her eyes.

"They are letters sent me long ago from the Island of Mauritius in the Indian Ocean. Give them to me."

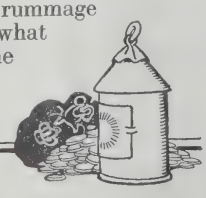


What have you in that old trunk? There may be something else besides discarded dresses and forgotten letters, something that "collectors" value.

Is there anything stored away in that dark attic that the dust and cobwebs have made obscure?

There may be "unburied treasure" in the most unlikely places.

Men haunt auction rooms and rummage around musty curio shops when what they are looking for may be in some remote corner of their own homes.



The collector did give them to her, but before doing so he took off the stamps. These sold and enriched the old lady's purse by more than 200,000 francs. They happened to be some of the rarest stamps known, unburied treasure of great value.

Even we who spend our lives seeking daily for astonishing finds like this do not know them when we come across them. We miss, or nearly miss, like a dealer I knew who went into Spain for a load of odd pieces to peddle in France.

In a Spanish convent, one day, he bought a statue of the Virgin dressed in a little velvet cloak studded with chunks of colored glass. For it he paid about fifty pesetas, ten dollars, and on his return to Paris, the dealer put the statue on the mantle in his hotel room which he used as a shop. Dealers and collectors came and bought, but they would have nothing to do with the statue which carried a price tag of 125 francs. For a long time it gathered dust on the mantle.

Then one Sunday the dealer, tired of business, took his pole and went off for a day's fishing. On the river he became friendly with another fisherman and the pair agreed to meet and fish the following week-end.

"Call for me at the hotel," suggested the dealer.

The following Sunday morning brought the new friend to the dealer's room where the statue, still unsold, stood on the mantle with its 125-franc tag. The fisherman looked it over and laughed.

"A hundred and twenty-five francs for this?" he asked.

The dealer, at once on the defensive, replied, "It's worth every sou of that price."

"My friend," said the other with a smile, "a hundred and twenty-five francs for this statue? You're an idiot."

"Well, maybe a hundred, but no less."

The fisherman laughed still louder. "I happen to be a lapidary," he said, "and I tell you that these chunks of colored glass on the cloak are rubies and diamonds. They are *cabochon* cut, polished oval like an egg, because no one knew how to cut them any other way in the days when this cloak was made. They are worth a fortune!"

It was only chance that left the statue on the mantle and brought the jewel expert to see it, but as in so many other games in life, chance plays a great part in the collector's hunt. That is part of the fascination of it.

Indeed, what but chance could leave me stranded in a small town in Spain's interior, only to give me the opportunity to buy, from a man of whom I'd never even heard, the collection of a lifetime? It happened early one morning after a sleepless night on the train. I was tired and hungry, and when the train pulled into a town and came to a stop with my car opposite a bakeshop, I dashed out for some rolls to munch until we should reach a station with a restaurant. While I was in the shop, the train pulled out and I sadly watched my coat and baggage speed away in the distance. Trains ran

once a day on this line, and here I was.

When the station agent had wired ahead to hold my belongings, I leisurely finished breakfast and went for a shave. It was going to be a long wait for the daily train tomorrow, I thought.

The barber was talkative. "You are a wine buyer," he guessed.

"No."

"You are a wool buyer then," he said.

"No."

"Well, if you are neither a wine buyer nor a wool buyer, I don't know what you are doing in this town," he declared, puzzled. "Only strangers in those businesses ever come here."

Then, "What is your business, señor?"

I wondered whether he would know what I meant if I told him. "I collect rare things like furniture, armor and rapiers."

He did know. "Then you should see the padre at once," he exclaimed, "for the old man has a most complete collection of all such things from this district. By all means, you must see him. My little boy will take you there right away."

And so I met the old collector. He was far past ninety years of age, white-haired and very anxious to liquidate his possessions in order to give his son a cash gift before death and so avoid an inheritance tax. He was a shrewd old man and he put his figure high.

"That's for everything," he insisted. "I won't sell a single piece separately from the rest. It's all or nothing."

I set my price, far below his, and told him that was all the money available. He shook his head. But I spent the day with him. Late in the afternoon he agreed to my figure and told me I would have to take everything away at night so that neighbors would not know he had sold and tell tax officials. So the unburied treasure that I had stumbled on in broad daylight was spirited away a few nights later with all the secrecy of pirate's gold. Scattered over the United States today is the treasure it took the padre a lifetime to amass. And many a doubloon and nugget of gold was paid in the scattering of it.

Often two of us have come on the same trove at the same time. In Madrid I discovered a chasuble, a priest's vestment, of real value and the proprietor set an acceptable price. It was noon, the banks were closed, and I did not have the money, so we agreed I should return after bank opening. When I came back the proprietor's wife announced I could not have the chasuble. The price was too low, she said.

We bickered. I kept going up. I had the money in my hand. Then, when I had gone sky-high in the bid the woman broke the news that she had just sold the chasuble to an English collector. Since then I have always paid at least a deposit. Usually I take my piece, jump into a cab and get away before any other treasure hunter gets on the trail.

Perhaps you begin to understand a little why not only collectors but private individuals spend years and fortunes gathering all sorts of odd pieces. Frankly, I think many of them do it just as the magpie gathers rubbish of all kinds and never does anything with it. That is one type of collector, the sort you read about in the paper every so often. One old fellow ninety years old used to do the rounds of New York's pawnshops every day, picking up any cheap thing and stowing it away in his place down near Gravesend Bay. When he died he left a collection of junk as weird as you could imagine. Three potato sacks were filled with watches. There were barrels of fish-hooks and bathtubs full of silver knives and forks, and the ceiling of his house was hung with violins, bass viols and cellos.

A wealthy old woman from Brooklyn was a bargain-counter fiend who avidly read newspaper sale advertisements. Any remnant at a low price would bring her to the counter. She would rush to buy stockings, corsets, silks and linens. Her heirs found twelve or fourteen rooms full from floor to ceiling with such odds and ends.

Just as a dog collects bones and some men collect wealth and keep on collecting it like slaves, so do people like these go on gathering the things for which they have a passion.

And yet there is a fascination and romance to the game that will take hold of you once you start, and never let you go. Whether you collect for a living, as a hobby or as an investment, once you start on the trail of unburied treasure you will follow it to the ends of the earth; through dark little auction rooms, weird lands and many strange adventures.

## Senator's Letter Box

(*Concluded from page 15*)

There is another item of mail, which might almost be classed separately, and the amount depends largely on whether your party is in power or not. It is the loud and ever insistent clamor to reach the Federal pie counter. If a Senator is a member of the minority party, he only gets the flare-back. Woe unto him if his party is in power. From rural carrier to the cabinet, he is bombarded by those who desire to offer their services to the nation. No position is too large in the mind of the applicant. Memory recalls an applicant for a place on the Interstate Commerce Commission from the owner of a livery stable in a small town, whose only knowledge of the intricacies of interstate commerce was to drive his patrons across the state line nearby.

The Civil Service has taken from the Senator and Congressman the greater amount of the pie to be distributed, but sometimes the intent of the law is evaded and trouble starts. The first thought of the Senator is to give anything at his disposal to some friend who is competent, but the difficulty is that there is usually a number of such friends, and only one position to be given out. Pity the statesman when the friends of John Doe write him that unless their man is appointed they are forever against him and his ruin is predicted, while the friends of Richard Roe are equally as insistent of the same result if their man is not appointed. He is in the midst of a bad situation. Many prominent public men have been retired to private life because of the wrong guess in a situation of this kind. The old saying that one friend made by an appointment causes a dozen enemies is not far wide of the mark.

There seems to be a lure about a position with the government that is hard to resist. A cashier of a bank in a good town wanted to be postmaster at a smaller salary and with far less prospects.

It has been said that Senators and Congressmen are adepts at "passing the buck." There are some who indorse men for Federal positions that are their superiors. A strong letter of indorsement in behalf of an applicant is sometimes followed with another stating the writer had to send the letter, but to disregard it. Some write indorsements of two or more applicants. Once letters came from a prominent man in the state in behalf of the four applicants for an important position. The letter of acknowledgement from the Senator mentioned all four, and it is a safe bet that the recipient did not show the letter to any of the interested parties.

Last, but not the least, are the public prints. It is one of the most important. The reputation of the Senator is made up largely of what the press says about him, and especially the press of his own state. Most folks like to see their name in print, if it is favorable. It is necessary to keep tab on what the papers say about the Senator, the other fellow, and conditions in general. The Senator finds it wise to keep up with the home news. Perhaps some friend does something that requires a letter of congratulation. Some of the local issues look as if they might involve him. How the home folks feel on national questions. Then the too great activity on the part of someone might be construed as meaning a possible opponent.

If everything is attended to properly, you are usually willing to call it a day.

## An "Innocent" Joke That Exceeded Its Limits

RUMORS led Carrie Nickerson to believe that on John Smith's farm somewhere was a pot of gold buried there seventy years before by two of her relatives. A fortune teller produced a map which purported to indicate the definite location of the treasure.

Months passed. When neighbors were discussing the matter at the Smith home, little Minnie Smith proposed that there be provided a pot of gold which the searchers might find.

An old copper kettle was filled with rocks, and two lids were fastened on the top, after there had been placed between them a note dated 1784, directing the finder not to open the pot for three days, and then to notify the heirs.

Then the kettle was buried in an old chimney seat in an abandoned dwelling on the farm. Carrie found it fourteen days later. She discovered the note.

"You must carry out those instructions to the letter, and you'd better deposit the pot with the bank at Cotton Valley until the heirs can be notified," was the suggestion of one of the helpers, who was "in" on the secret.

Carrie acted on this suggestion, but the cashier refused to give a receipt for a "pot of gold." The bank president, while Carrie was arranging with a lawyer to look after the legal formalities, examined the pot far enough to find that it contained nothing of value.

By this time the joke had leaked out, but the lawyer agreed to carry it along, and the next morning, when the parties appeared at the bank, Miss Nickerson, noticing that the pot had been opened, loudly proclaimed that she had been robbed. When she ascertained that it contained nothing but rocks, she proceeded to bombard those present therewith.

The next move of the disappointed treasure seeker was to sue the perpetrators of the joke, the cashier and the bank president, for $15,000 in the Louisiana courts.

Carrie died before the case came to trial, her heirs took up the fight, and the Supreme Court of Louisiana awarded damages.

"If Miss Nickerson were still living," it was declared in the official report of the case, "we should be disposed to award her damages in a substantial sum, to compensate her for the wrong thus done."

# American Pulpit Captured by Radicals

(*Continued from page 6*)

Grant's church in New York, said: "The idea of the Bolshevik is, we will not only *think* Socialism, *talk* Socialism, but we will *do* Socialism." Bolshevism to him was merely Socialism in action—and he was applauded by these Christian Socialists.

Few persons realize how widely this propaganda has spread, not only in the churches but in the Y. W. C. A., the Y. M. C. A., and other supposedly religious organizations. A report written by the Reverend A. L. Byron-Curtiss, national secretary of the Church Socialist League, which is made up of members of the Episcopal church, was prepared for the *American Labor Year Book*, put out by the Rand School of Socialism. (Volume II, pp. 358-60.) It says in part:

"The distinct advance of Socialist sentiment and movement among the church people of America was coincident with the spread of Socialism beyond the groups of the foreign-born. At the National Convention of the Socialist Party in Chicago in 1902, there were among the regular delegates a number of clergy and lay officials of different churches. Since that date two Christian Socialist organizations have been formed and are now very active, with the avowed purpose of extending the principles of Socialism among the church people of America. The first and largest of these is the Christian Socialist Fellowship, an interdenominational organization with offices in Chicago. It was organized in Louisville, Kentucky, in June, 1905. From the beginning its general secretary has been Reverend Edward Ellis Car, Ph. D. It publishes a weekly and a monthly paper called the *Christian Socialist*, with offices in Chicago. It has more than fifty branches and a large proportion of its members are allied with the Socialist movement and party. It holds annual and frequent district conferences. *Through its general office and local centers, Socialist sermons and lectures have been delivered in thousands of churches. Millions of copies of the official paper of the Fellowship have been circulated to preachers, teachers and social workers. Churches and Y. M. C. A.'s and colleges are opened to the message of Socialism as put forth by the Fellowship.*

"In 1911 the Church Socialist League in America was organized by a few clergy and lay people in the Episcopal church. For some years there had been a strong and very pronounced Socialist league in England.

"In spite of the conservatism of the Episcopal church and its members, that church has officially adopted radical and even revolutionary resolutions, and the influence of the Church Socialist League is discernible as giving color to them. A considerable share of the clergy are tinctured with Socialism. With but 6,000 clergy several hundred are avowed Socialists and nearly one hundred are members of the Socialist party. The League is able to present the parallel demands of militant Socialism to this Communion as no other society can. Reverend A. L. Bryon-Curtiss is the national secretary, and the official organ is a quarterly, *The Social Preparation*, the official address of both being Utica, New York. Officers and executive committee embrace the following well-known names: President: Rt. Rev. Paul Jones, D.D.; Vice-Presidents: Rev. Wm. A. Guerry, D. S., Rt. Rev. Benj. Brewster, D.D., Rev. Elliot White; Executive Committee: Rev. G. Israel Browne, Rev. Wm. H. Tomlins, Very Rev. Bernard Iddings Bell, Rev. A. L. Byron-Curtiss, William F. Cochran, M. H. Reeves, E. M. Parker, Vida M. Scudder, Charlotte E. Lee, Ellen Gates Starr." (Signed A. L. B-C.)

> "Many persons are undoubtedly sincere in thinking that Christianity is not Incompatible with Socialism. They forget that the abolition of religion is the cornerstone of Socialism."
>
> "Many of the clergymen claim to be Socialists but not Communists, not realizing that the two are identical in aim."
>
> "Bukharin, one of the leading authorities on Red Philosophy, says: 'Religion and Communism do not go together in theory or in practice. Between the precepts of Communism and those of Christianity is an impassable barrier.' "

Many of these people are undoubtedly sincere in thinking that Christianity is not incompatible with Socialism. They forget that the abolition of religion is the cornerstone of Socialism. *The Communist*, printed in Chicago, says: "*A religious or Christian Socialist is a contradiction of terms.*"

Bukharin, one of the leading authorities on Red philosophy, says in *The A B C of Communism*: "There are some soft-headed Communists who say that their religion does not prevent them from being Communists. They say that they 'believe both in God and in Communism.' Such a view is fundamentally wrong; religion and Communism do not go together either in theory or in practice. Between the precepts of Communism and those of Christianity there is an impassable barrier."

One of the rallying cries of the Soviet army is: "We have abolished God." Lenin, in the *Communist International*, urged on Communists everywhere the duty of making "militant atheism" an essential part of their doctrine.

In an article in *The Godless*, V. Dubovsky says: "Religion is the last stronghold of the bourgeoisie, it must be destroyed."

In the Communist organ *Pravda* (N. 28, 5V. 1923), a certain teacher named Vorona is praised because under his care the children "have become anti-Christians and atheists."

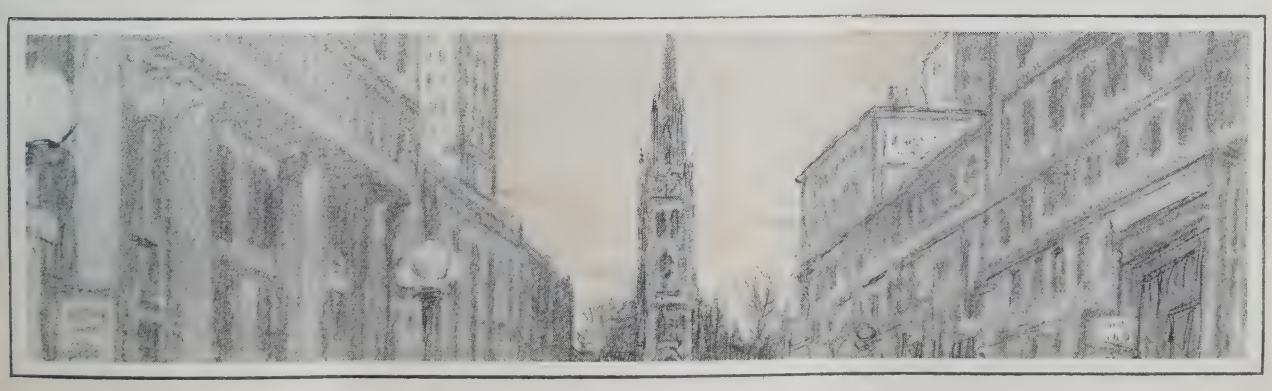
In a Communist leaflet by J. Stepanov, entitled *The Aim and Methods of Anti-Religious Propaganda*, we read on page 28:

"We cannot deprive ourselves of the pleasure to see the views of one part of the clergy opposed to those of the other. But we cannot stop at that and will make use of the splitting among the clergy in order to lead the masses away from any religion whatever."

Those who have taken the trouble to study the matter realize that the Communists are doing their best to widen the breach between the Modernists and the Fundamentalists in the hope of discrediting the church and "leading the masses away from any religion whatever." *The sudden tremendous enthusiasm among the radicals for Evolution, carefully camouflaged as a love of scientific truth, needs only to be investigated a little to disclose the fact that it is led by sympathizers with the government which has starved and murdered its scientific men until they are almost extinct.* They use Evolution as a weapon for diversion and for undermining religious traditions.

Lenin's widow, writing in *Pravda*, official Moscow party organ, April 9, 1924, refers to a scheme to accomplish "*the final establishment of positive*

(*Concluded on page 30*)



# England as an Englishman Sees It

## Member of Parliament Says That Conditions Are Not So Gloomy as Depicted

By V. A. CAZALET, M. P.

THROUGHOUT Canada and the United States there appears to be a very gloomy view taken in regard to the present and the future condition of England. These depressing opinions are no doubt encouraged by the press reports in the journals of the two countries. It would seem that everything that is printed is of the same character and portrays the darkest and gloomiest picture possible.

One of the difficulties in answering these reports is that there does exist a modicum of truth in many of the criticisms with which our present position in England is assailed. For instance, no one would deny that there probably are a large number of people receiving the so-called dole who are not entitled to it. No one who is cognizant of the situation would deny that the trades unions today have usurped for themselves functions for which they were never created. No doubt also instances could be found where the idea of "limitation of output" and a spirit of laziness have taken possession of a proportion of the population. All this may be true, but it is not true of the country as a whole. Let me first of all give a few facts in regard to this so-called dole.

The word "dole" suggests a totally false idea as to the real situation. It is an unemployment insurance fund to which the individual workers and their employers have contributed and are contributing very considerable sums. Every workingman in England today who is insured under this scheme contributes 18 cents a week. His master contributes 20 cents, and the government adds another 12 cents. The rates for women and children are somewhat less. The whole scheme has been devised and is operated on an actuarial basis. Up to the slump period of 1919 the fund was run on an economic basis, that is, the contributions paid in were sufficient to give weekly allowances to those who were unemployed.

During the bad period of 1920 and 1921, however, when the unemployment figure rose to more than 2,000,000, the insurance fund borrowed from the government to the tune of some $90,000,000. Since that day unemployment has decreased and the fund has paid off more than $60,000,000 of its debt, leaving a deficit today of about $30,000,000. These figures must, of course, be only approximate, as the exact ones differ from week to week. Out of one million three hundred thousand who are unemployed today (November) it may be that perhaps ten to fifteen per cent are drawing their unemployment money without having made adequate contributions to the fund. There may be others who are drawing their weekly dole and are not entitled to it by the strict letter of the law. This must always happen in the administration of a gigantic scheme of this kind.

To suggest, however, that England should abolish the dole is, of course, out of the question. When the last Conservative government was in office they did their best to tighten up the regulations. All their endeavors were frustrated by the Socialist government during the following year, who not only increased the amount of the weekly allowance given to the unemployed, but added some 70,000 who were permitted to draw it and who had not been previously entitled to it. The present government has taken and is taking every possible precaution to see that this unemployment insurance fund is economically administered and that only those who are entitled draw their weekly allowance. It is to be sincerely hoped that with the improvement of the trade the fund will soon again be operating upon an economic basis.

The figure for unemployment in England today is somewhere about 1,300,000. Before, however, drawing any conclusions from this fact, certain considerations should be borne in mind. Many people might imagine that with a figure of that magnitude trade must be in a very parlous condition. No one wishes to underestimate the seriousness of the position but it is no use either in England itself or outside to ignore certain essential facts. *We have today in England more people actually employed than we had in 1914.* Our industrial efficiency has increased very considerably. Therefore, without any shadow of doubt, *we are producing more goods than before the war.* On the other hand, our export trade has fallen by some 25 to 30 per cent. There is only one conclusion to be drawn from these figures, that is, *home consumption has increased enormously,* which means that the standard of living among the community as a whole has improved to a certain extent.

The material evidence of this can be seen by any traveler in England today. Nowhere, except perhaps in one or two industrial areas, do you see people who are on the verge of starvation or children who are not properly clothed. Even in the east end of London the children all appear to be well clothed and well fed. It might almost be said that never has there been a period in which there has been so little actual want of the necessities of life as at the present time. In the country districts everyone looks prosperous and one rarely, if ever, sees a beggar. The retail traders, the big dry goods stores, and especially the millinery establishments, are doing extremely well. Every year the income tax and super-tax returns increase.

There are, however, certain industries which are undoubtedly passing through a very crucial period. These industries happen to be those for which England in the past has been especially renowned, that is, coal, shipbuilding, iron and steel, and certain sections of the cotton trade. In all these industries there is grave and serious depression. In regard to the shipbuilding and the iron and steel trade, the depression is not confined to England alone. Only an improvement in world conditions of trade will ameliorate this situation. In regard to the coal trade, a few words of explanation are necessary.

Nearly the whole increase in the difference between the unemployment figure of this year and last can be attributed to the depression in this main basic industry. Last year and the year before the coal trade was enjoying almost a boom, owing to the situation created by the French occupation of the Ruhr. Since then there has been a rapid decline in the demand for English coal. Other factors, however, have been operating for many years to aggravate the situation. New mines have been developed both in France and in Germany. Electrical power in Italy and elsewhere does the work for which English coal was formally responsible. Oil has now largely displaced coal as a power-producing material. Before the war there was a mere handful of ships that burned oil in their bunkers.

Today it is calculated that one-third of the ships that ply the seas use oil instead of coal.

Then again, during the war many of our coal mines were operated on a totally uneconomic basis. No thought, time or money was expended in introducing new machinery or working the most economic seams. Coal had to be produced at all costs for the prosecution of the war. The result has been that many of these mines are left today in such a condition that it is impossible to work them on an economic basis.

Much more could be said in regard to the coal situation in England today, but I think I have said sufficient to show that there are many factors in the coal industry which are perhaps beyond the control either of any government or group of business people to remedy immediately. No doubt in the course of time science will show us new ways of using and developing our coal, but for the moment we are faced with some hundreds of thousands of miners who cannot be employed in producing coal at an economic price. The crisis in this industry will come next May, when the present subsidy granted to the industry terminates.

Another factor in considering the number of the unemployed in England today is the question of emigration. Before the war between 300,000 and 400,000 persons emigrated each year, chiefly to the United States and the Dominions. During the war there was no emigration whatsoever. Since then it has been on a much lower scale than in the years previous to the war. The net result of this is obvious. We have today a large proportion of our population who would not be living within the confines of the British Isles had it not been for the war. Added to this our population increases by approximately 100,000 a year.

There is one feature in the industrial situation in England which is often forgotten, and that is the housing conditions. During the war there were, practically speaking, no houses built and population continued to increase and emigration entirely ceased. Fortunately, before the war we had some 400,000 extra houses. These were rapidly absorbed during the war, leaving us with an appalling shortage ever since. In many parts of England today, even if there are jobs to be got and work to be done, men cannot be put into them because there are no houses in which they can live. There is, I was informed a few months ago, work for another 500 men in Coventry alone, but they could not be employed because there are no houses. It is quite conceivable that even if a dozen men were offered jobs in Glasgow, from some part of England, they would have to refuse them because of the housing shortage. It is good news to hear that houses are being built today at a greater rate than ever before, but it must necessarily take some time to overcome the shortage created by the war.

We have always been an exporting country. During the war we were unable to export many articles in which we excelled in production. Because of this new industries sprang up in various countries to make these identical goods. Since the war tariff walls have been raised against British goods in almost every direction. World trade has received many buffets and blows owing to post-war conditions. Yet in spite of all these chances and changes of fortune and the almost insuperable difficulties of depreciated exchanges and immense differences in costs of living, England has obtained for herself a very fair proportion of world trade which has been existent.

We are paying our debts with as little grumbling as perhaps can be expected. We have restored the gold standard at the expense of considerable criticism and at the cost of a temporary setback to certain of our industries. On the other hand, our position and our credit have never been better. With prospects of a real peace in Europe and the developments which science is promising us, we do not view the future with any undue alarm. It is certain that, given the opportunity, British industry will once more come into its own and a period of peace and prosperity awaits the British Empire in the near future.

# Dr. Collins Looks on Freud

(*Concluded from page 18*)

calmed, and many do, he or she gets an infantile fixation. Poets are frequently recruited from this class and Freudians hold Gabriel Rosetti up as example.

The next stage is a dangerous one and thousands are becalmed there; for it is there the son meets the mother and the daughter the father. This is the part of the sea of life bossed by Oedipus and where he busies himself throwing complexes unto child-voyagers for the fun of it, just as the boy throws pebbles into water to watch the circles the displacement produces.

The so-called Oedipus-complex, incestuous love for the parent of the opposite sex, accompanied by jealousy toward the parent of the same sex, and by the wish, mostly unconscious, to get rid of him or her by killing, is the psychic measuring unit of the Freudians, the root or nuclear complex from which few succeed completely to divest themselves. It exists, they claim, not only in neuropaths but in normal persons.

Those that fill their sails and get under way stealthily or openly have another sea to cross which is even more treacherous than the one they have passed—for it is strewn with lotus and many eat of it, with the result they are unable to fall in love with anyone who is not of their own sex.

"Man, in general, oscillates all his life between heterosexual and homosexual feelings, and denial or disappointment in one of these sides usually forces him to the other." There is nothing obscure about that statement made by the Founder in 1913.

Does the man who makes the statement furnish any proof of it? Not the slightest. However, his followers do not demand proof of anything he says, but proceed with Paulian energy to disseminate his doctrines.

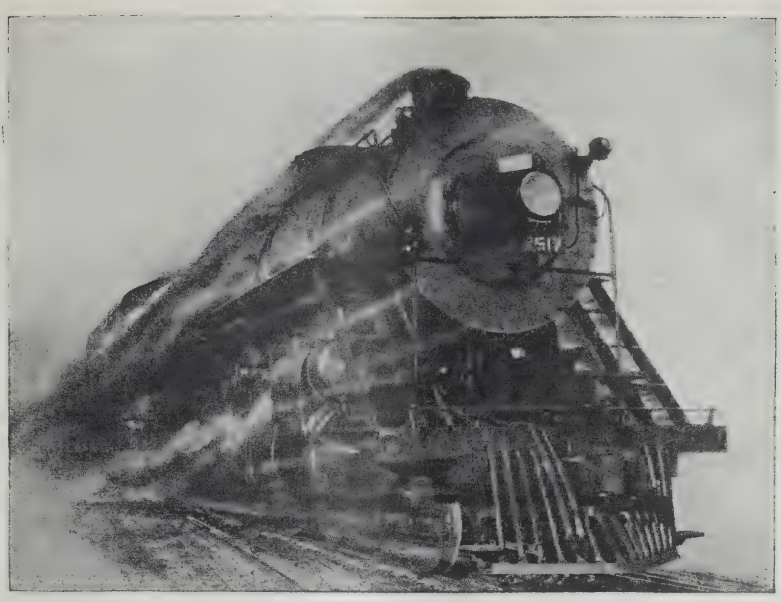
Those who make their escape from that sea find wind that fills their sails well-nigh to bursting, and make the port of heterosexuality with every inch of canvas distended; then they disembark, marry and bring into the world little moral monsters whom they work over, wasting their strength and squandering their money to transform them into big hypocrites.

"Sir, if you were shut up in a castle and a new-born child with you, what would you do?" said the irrepressible Boswell to his master. After a moment of seeming deliberation, heedless that the castle had neither wolf nor sheep, cow nor goat, Dr. ohnson answered:

"I should feed it."

Were he alive today and convinced that the teachings of Freud are founded in fact, it is likely he would say: "I would kill it."

Editor's Note:—The third and concluding article of this series about Freudianism and psychoanalysis will appear in next week's issue. Dr. Collins smashes nonsense in this great installment, entitled "My Definition of a Freudian."

# Making Railroad History

Five million dollars' worth of raw silk arrived in Seattle on the Steamship Kaga Maru from the Orient on Friday at 7:00 a. m. At 4:30 p. m. *Great Northern Engine 2517* hauled the silk out of Seattle in a nineteen-car train, arriving at St. Paul Sunday night at 11:05, distance 1,789 miles, running time fifty-two hours and thirty-five minutes.

At 9:05 the next morning, the same *Engine 2517* hauling Great Northern mail train 27, the fastest long distance train in the world, left St. Paul for Seattle and made the through run in 47 hours and 10 minutes, completing a round trip of 3,578 miles in 99 hours and 45 minutes running time between terminals, including stops for fuel and water, having twice crossed two mountain ranges—a record run for a single locomotive.

## New Oriental Limited

***Finest Train to and from Pacific Northwest***

*Engine 2517* is one of a fleet of 18 identical new giant oil burners used regularly in the service of the new "Oriental Limited" between Chicago and the Pacific Coast.

A staunch roadbed, heavy rails, easy grades, long stretches of straightaway, up to date signal systems, modern rolling stock, superior motive power—all operated by an alert organization of skilled men—made possible this remarkable performance.

Nine duplicates of *Engine 2517* transport you one way between the Twin Cities and the Pacific Northwest. Any one of them could equal 2517's record, if the need arose.

The tradition of Great Northern efficiency established by James J. Hill continues.

GREAT NORTHERN

# Great Northern

***A Dependable Railway***

**PATENTS**

Time counts in applying for patents. Don't risk delay in protecting your ideas. Send sketch or model for instructions or write for FREE book, "How to Obtain a Patent" and "Record of Invention" form. No charge for information on how to proceed. Communications strictly confidential. Prompt, careful, efficient service. Clarence A. O'Brien, Registered Patent Attorney, 238B, Security Bank Building (directly across street from Patent Office), Washington, D. C.


SNAKES, RASCALS AND PATRIOTS—

Saving human life from snake bite;

Escapades of Claimont, another Romantic Rascal;

More signers of the Declaration of Independence.

All Coming in Next Week's Issue

# At Home with the African Black





## Some Strange Things About Sundry Chiefs and Their Miscellaneous Wives, and the Weird and Mysterious Ethics of the Darkest Parts of the Tropical Jungle

By HENRI GALLAND

Administrator of the Colonies of French Equatorial Africa.

TRANSLATED BY MLLE. ANDREE PRATOUCY

I WAS then a newcomer in Africa. One evening I reached a village, the chief of which had fifteen wives for himself alone. He was an old fellow, his upper incisive teeth had been pulled out according to the tribal custom; he had oily hair, in the midst of which parrot feathers stood out, a thin beard braided into a kind of twisted fringe and adorned with glass beads; in short, an aged man, dirty and ragged, if the piece of cotton material that girt his hips could deserve the name of rag.

He said to me, squatting on his heels in the front of my tent I had just pitched, after the usual greetings:

"You know, from your paper in which you write down their list, that I have fifteen wives. As I heard that the poll-tax on wives is going to be increased, I intend to dismiss some of them whose names will be blotted out from your books. Those wives are no use to me, and I mean to pay for them no longer. I also want you to help me to get back the dower I paid for them, as I foresee I shall have troubles with their families."

To begin with, you must not be surprised at hearing that a chief can have fifteen wives. I knew another one who had three hundred of them! His name, if I must mention it, was "*Gantiome*," the great chief of the tribe of the Moundangs among whom I lived and who dwell about four hundred miles south of the Tchad Lake. This, doubtless, is rather exceptional; yet many natives possess two or three wives.

Let us come back to my old chief. I saw at once I had there an opportunity to get useful information about the family life of the African Blacks, and I tried to make my man talk.

"What!" I said to him, "you want to dismiss several of your wives—then you don't care for them, do you? We, white people, have only one wife, we love her very much and we keep her all our life long."

"Pfft!" he exclaimed contemptuously, cracking his fingers. "The *Nzambi* (God) created the white men, and then the black men. Our skins are different, so are our customs. From your brothers who came here before you I have gathered some knowledge of your customs.

"When my father was still alive I knew I should succeed him one day. Now, to be a chief like himself, I was well aware I should have to be rich and among the Blacks, as you may not know, the more wives one has the richer one is and, consequently, the more esteemed and respected one is. Thus it was I began to make up the dowry of my first wife. I have heard that with the white people it is the bride who pays it. Is it so?"

"Yes, so it is!"

"A queer custom, which I can hardly understand—yet I don't care. Once more, our customs are different, the *Nzambi* has willed it so. Well, the making of that dower was, by no means, an easy job. From the very beginning my future mother-in-law haggled over it and picked a quarrel with me. Didn't she claim the right to refuse a pig because one of its legs was twisted, and a kidling because it was one-eyed! She died long ago, my mother-in-law, and her spirit let me alone, owing to the many libations of palm-wine I offered on her grave. Besides, why was she so fastidious about it, since her daughter was not, no more than herself, perfect in body?"

"Then you didn't try, when you could do so, to get a fine, well-built girl?"

"Why should I have? This may be the custom with white men but what we black men look for is a stout and portly woman, knowing how to till the land and how to cook and able to give us children, which is another source of wealth!"

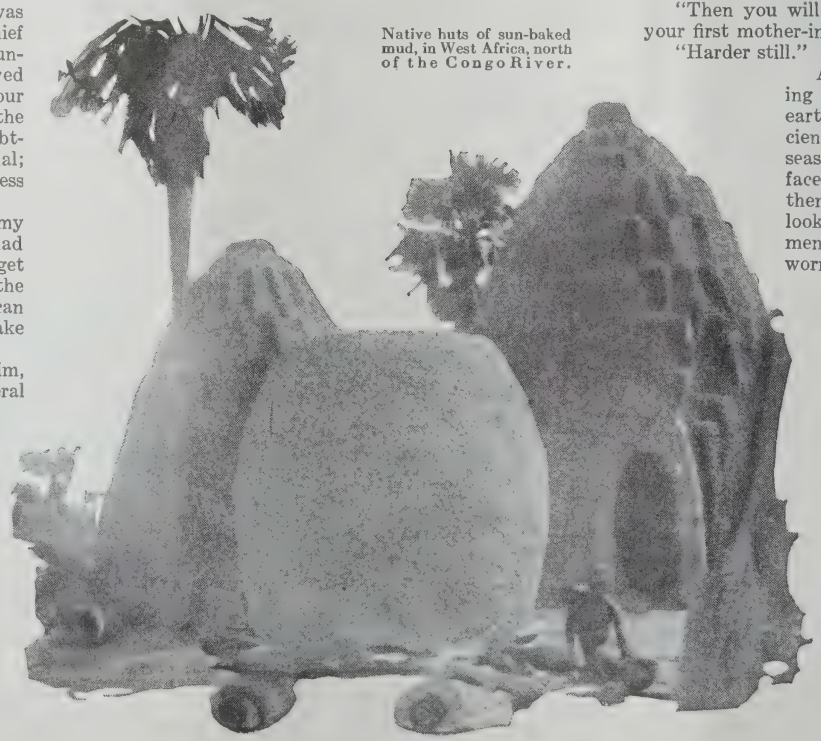
"In my turn, old chief, I will say to you: a queer custom! But tell me, why on earth are you bent upon dismissing several of your wives?"

"I have been intending to do so for a long time. First of all, they are too old and cannot any longer help me for my plantations, which are not a few.

"Now, I repeat it to you, children, daughters especially, are a source of income. My daughters—they are six in number—will find husbands and I shall require for them the paying of a considerable dower, for it is not anybody who can marry a chief's daughter."

"Then you will fix hard conditions, as your first mother-in-law did?"

"Harder still."



Native huts of sun-baked mud, in West Africa, north of the Congo River.

And the old man, drawing a huge whiff from his earthen pipe, almost as ancient as himself and as seasoned as his wrinkled face, meditated for awhile, then added with a roguish look, "Tell me, do not white men, when their clothes are worn out or fit them no longer, give the clothes up or change them?"

"Of course, they do, but why such a question?"

"Well," he went on, "with us, when a woman is too old or does not suit us any longer, we treat her as white men do old clothes, we get rid of her or we change her for another—that's all!"

And the man burst out laughing as only a black man can laugh, which took hold of the lookers-on, who clapped their

hands at the rejoinder of the old fellow. I could not help laughing, too, both at the rejoinder and the hearty laughter, which reached into the near forest and scared away a troop of birds perched at the top of some gigantic tree. Pleased with his success, the chief was in the right humor for talking. I went on with my questions.

"You mentioned as a part of the dower of your first wife a crippled pig and a one-eyed kidling that your sympathetic mother-in-law was reluctant to accept. Did you give only those two animals as a dowry? I thought you used to give much more?"

"We do. To those two animals I added many others. Two more pigs, three kidlings, a gun, two boxes of gunpowder, ten sacks of salt, fifteen pieces of cloth, two blankets and three pots. I have kept the reckoning of all that. Only, as I cannot put down words on paper like the white men who must do so because they have no memory, I have a way quite as good as theirs and less perishable. I have, for every one of my wives, a small bundle of short sticks; each stick represents one of the objects I brought as a dower."

And the old chief having beckoned to him one of his sons fetched from his hut several bundles carefully tied.

"You see," he said to me, "here is the bundle that represents the dower of my first wife, Kouloukissa."

And he counted: "Ten sticks for the sacks of salt, fifteen for the pieces of cloth, one for the gun, et cetera."

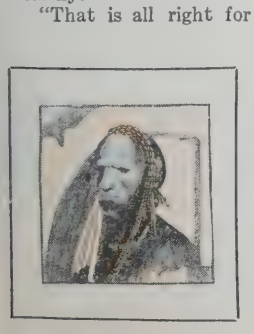
The sum was right. The old man had an unerring memory.

"You see," he added, "one must keep one's account with the utmost care if one does not want, at the moment of the divorce, to have worries and troubles with the family, always ready to quarrel over the paying back of the dower. Besides I have witnesses who will assert that the sticks of these three bundles really correspond to the objects that made up the dower of the three wives I want to get rid of."

"But," I retorted, "you mean to dismiss those wives whom you certainly found to your liking when you married them and who were glad to become yours, don't you?"

"Another one of those mistakes of the white men! But we seldom bother about the opinion of the girl. Why should we? We negotiate directly with the family, who cannot be anything but proud to give their daughter to a chief, above all to a chief such as I must have been then, powerful and wealthy."

"That is all right for a future chief; but how do your men manage, those who do not readily possess the things which must make up the dower?"



"They manage as they can, and it is not always very easy, for it is the richest, as you may see for yourself, who have the greatest number of wives. The suitors must make haste for there are sometimes a good many, and if one of them offers more than the neighbor who has already begun paying the dower, the family does not hesitate to dismiss the latter. But then——"

"But, then, do you know that it is quite wrong to do so?"

"This, again, is a view of the white people that we do not share. Besides, don't they do the same thing? Owing to their presence, the country is quiet and one can travel without being afraid to be killed and eaten. I have traveled a good deal and I have seen in the seashore towns goods put up for sale; although a white man had offered a certain price, another one did not hesitate to offer a higher price. That, too, was quite wrong. Yet you must find it quite natural."



The end of an African elephant hunt. This animal's sight is poor and he endeavors to move in sectors where scent and hearing count for more than sight. The elephant is of a restless, wandering nature, and sometimes makes long migrations. He never remains where he has been persecuted. An elephant seldom lies down unless sick.

"But it is not the same thing and women are not goods put up for sale."

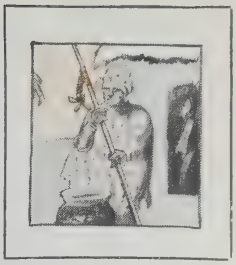
"We look upon them as such. Let it be repeated once more, it will be hard for white people to understand us!"

"Don't you love the wives who are left you, then?"

"I do a little certainly, but chiefly according to the services they render me, either in the work at the plantations, or in the markets, or in cooking the food, or, above all, in the number of children they gave me."

"This is all very strange. But, in your harem does it not happen that jealousy comes in and causes pitiful quarrels?"

"Sometimes, but the disputes of my wives do not trouble me in the least. Besides, they are not lasting. My wives need each other—they realize it so well that my first wife, Kouloukissa, urged me, one year after our marriage, to take another consort, as she said she had too much to do. I obeyed her at once and several times, and as she is the cleverest, the most skillful, supple and docile, she rules the others; now she has only to maintain her authority and to supervise the work of her comrades. The latter have no ground for complaint since I give them my slaves to help them."



"I know that you have slaves, like many chiefs. Who are they? Tell me about their life in your home."

"It is late. Tomorrow, if you like, I shall tell you many things you do not know. Now, I am going to bed."

* * *

I withdrew to my tent, musing about all that the old chief Boumba had told me and how deeply the family, among the Blacks, differs from ours. The family, I thought, does exist with them, but a family in which affective feelings cannot be compared with ours. Later on, having acquired a fuller experience, I came to the conclusion that to view them through the prism of our habits of thoughts and of feelings is an utter mistake.

I resumed my conversation the next morning with old Boumba; I shall sum it up here, along with the remarks I made later, which will help to form a clearer idea of what family life and slavery are among the African Blacks. Is one entitled to assert that, among the Blacks, the father does not love his children? Of course not, as I have often seen him, in native villages, playing with his young ones. But his love is most often reduced to its simplest expression. His fondness is for his daughters more than for his sons. I will mention farther on a fact which I sadly witnessed, showing that one does occasionally come across a father who loves his sons. Yet, as a rule, they interest him little, while his daughters are for him exchange goods, chattels, as it were, a capital that he will negotiate later on.

Are they treated with a special care? No. In villages children are brought up, or rather bring themselves up, as they can. The mother is subjected at their birth to certain rites, certain taboos on food which are disastrous for her health and theirs. In many tribes she must stay in confinement in her hut for a month or two, or even more—and that hut is stuffy and stenchful. Only after that long seclusion is she allowed to lead the common life again, when she has performed another rite which I am going to describe here, such as I observed it among the Bakongs and Basoundi tribes.

When the mother is allowed by the fetisher to leave her hut, she takes a basket made by two woven palm-tree branches in which she puts some red clay, a small calabash of palm oil, a hoe and a blazing brand that has been drawn from a fire, lighted on the day when the child was born, and kept constantly burning since. Then the woman goes out with all those tools and the baby; she walks three times round the hut from right to left, accompanied by members of her family. When that walking is over, the fetisher, who follows her, too, drinks some of the palm wine and spits it on the baby.

When she is ten years old or even before, the daughter helps her mother in her various tasks; sweeping of the hut and its surroundings, preparing the manioc flour, their staple food, work in the plantations, hoeing, weeding, et cetera. The boy, at the same age, goes hunting or fishing with his father or follows him wherever he goes. That walking monomania of the Blacks is well known; they are familiar with all the countless paths that cross each other in the bush and which lead to the palavers that take place in the most distant villages. Meanwhile, the boy lives free and untrammeled, in the forest, the bush, on the banks of the rivers.

From that time onward, although he retains the deepest feelings of affection toward his mother, he belongs to the tribe. He will belong to it still more when he enters one of those secret societies, so common among primitive peoples, and becomes a new man. As for the girl, she stays beside her mother until the would-be husband arrives; she learns all that concerns housekeeping so as to serve him.

That husband, as the old Boumba told me, is a real buyer; therein appears the frailty of a paternal love that sees in daughters a goods to exchange, a capital to be negotiated, thanks to a marriage, with none but an economic importance.

In a word, what does the father seek?—a son-in-law who will bring a considerable dower, who, through repeated gifts to the members of the family, will enable them to hold a respectable rank among their fellows. The age of the future husband matters little. The matrimonial transactions are often started before the girl comes of age—sometimes as soon as the girl and the boy are born. The marriage takes place only after long discussions that bear solely on the value of the dower, the choice of the goods or of the cattle that will make it. And as, in Africa, the natives grow rich only when they are old, one comes across feeble, impotent old men united with young, strong girls, simply because they were able to pay a large dower.

If after the marriage has taken place the husband finds that his wife does not suit his purpose, he holds his father and mother-in-law accountable for it and asks for the dower he gave. Divorce is justified by a deficient constitution or an incomplete education. One can easily imagine that the parents of the wife try to conclude an arrangement, being well aware that, after such a divorce, it will be hard for their daughter to find another husband.

Even when one of his wives happens to die, the widower insists upon getting back his dower, unless the father and mother-in-law replace the dead wife by another one of their daughters, which is not an uncommon case. But if the husband dies first, can the wife enjoy the freedom? Not in the least. She is handed over to the heir; one of her brothers-in-law, or one of her sons-in-law, according to the districts.

One evening I reached a village where I was to spend the night. An old man came up and explained to me that he knew that his son had been a slave for a very long time in the remotest southern part of the country.

"A scar of a burn which wounded his back when he was quite young, a limping of his right leg," he said, "will be a sufficient proof that I am not telling lies. I had to wait a long time before I knew what had happened to my boy, who had been kidnapped by slave-dealers; I have found out now. If you allow me to do so, I will follow you tomorrow to the village where my son lives. I have often asked him to come back to me, but all in vain. And the way being not safe, I never ventured to go there myself. With you, there will be nothing to be afraid of."

"It is a long way," I said, "I will ride there and you could not possibly follow me—but come with some elders of the village who knew your son and I will wait for you."

A few days after, the old man arrived at the village. I immediately called the man whom he considered as his son. The meeting would have grieved anybody to the heart: in spite of his father's entreaties, of the distinctive marks being ascertained, of the assertions of the elders, the son obstinately ignored my intervention, saying:

"That man who claims to be my father, I do not know him! What is the proof he tells the truth? I have always lived here, among people who brought me up. I have no other village but theirs. I am happy here and I shall stay here. Let that fellow go home and leave me alone."

And that scene, in the evening, was infinitely sad, as sad as that mysterious land of Africa when, like a leaden veil, the hard twilight of the tropics falls down over it, pervading one's heart with a universal melancholy.

## Are We a Shylock Nation?

(*Concluded from page 3*)

the American taxpayer is going to pay for the war.

Let us examine the figures that make such a broad statement possible. Our outstanding war debts amount to more than $10,000,000,000. On this amount we are paying the regular Liberty bond interest of from 3½ to 4¼ per cent, while we are receiving from European nations which have funded their war debts from one-eighth of 1 per cent, in the case of Italy, to 3½ per cent in the case of Great Britain.

This illustrates how the American taxpayer takes on his own shoulders a larger part of the costs of the war. He must give up the idea that the war burdens are going to be substantially reduced by payments from debtor nations. He must forget the British debt plan as the basis for agreements with other nations. He must content himself with partial cancellation—of interest, at least—for this is what the Italian "settlement" amounts to.

It is almost five years since the Chancellor of the British Exchequer admitted in a speech at Birmingham, England, that informal proposals for cancellation of all inter-Allied debts had been made to the United States Government by a certain European power, and had been rejected.

For two years the advantages of mutual debt cancellations were discussed by British, French, and American economic experts and bankers, but such proposals met with little sympathy in this country.

Not satisfied with our investment in the World War of 300,000 casualties and something like $15,000,000,000, certain European nations pointed out that the United States was a constructive partner of the Allies, and that mutual cancellations would be an equitable means of sharing the general cost of victory.

While these concessions were being sought, certain sections of the British press were charging Uncle Sam with having filled his pockets years before he filled his cartridge belt; with having entered the war, not to save his honor, but to save his skin.

The French press, meanwhile, was picturing Uncle Sam from day to day as a Shylock demanding his pound of flesh. No language could exaggerate the offensiveness of the Paris newspapers. We were described as extortioners, blackmailers, and profiteers. These papers apparently did not realize that the United States did her share in winning the war, besides loaning $10,000,000,000 to the Allies, and that without the aid of our forces they undoubtedly would have lost the conflict.

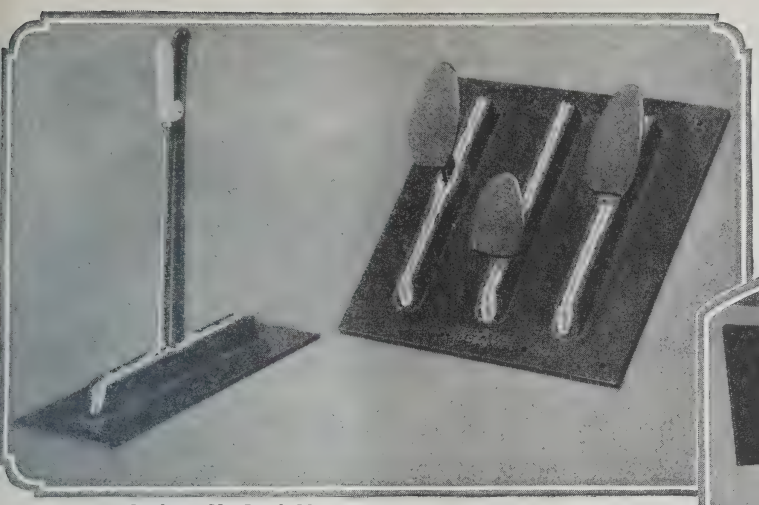
Apparently, they did not—or would not—understand that *our national debt increased in greater proportions during the war than those of Great Britain, France, or any other Allied nation.*

In 1920, when the campaign for cancellation of our foreign war debts began, American bankers loaned $15,000,000 to Belgium and $100,000,000 to France.

These private loans explain better than words the eagerness of American bankers for cancellation. *For if foreign governments were loaded up with heavy annual payments of principal and interest to the American Government, it would be difficult, if not impossible, for them to pay 7 per cent or more on private loans.*

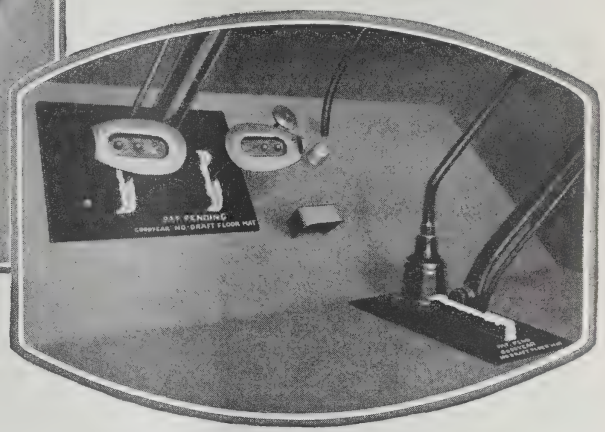
While we were virtually loaning foreign governments $1,000,000 a day through failure to collect our war debts, Great Britain, who owed us $4,000,000,000, had 3,000,000 men under arms, of whom at least half should have been in productive industries. France, who owed us $3,350,000,000, was maintaining a military establishment four times as large as that of the United States. Italy, who had borrowed $1,648,000,000, had an army of 300,000 men, and Belgium, whose war debt to us amounted to $375,000,000, was somehow able to support a military establishment almost as large as our own. Still the campaign for cancellation continued, on the grounds that we would never be able to collect the better part of the foreign war debts, and that we could put the whole world on a better economic footing by remitting it.

*Today the breadwinner in every family of five in the United States is paying nearly a hundred dollars a year in taxes, solely to pay war debts and to prepare for future wars,* while he realizes that our nation's debts have been piled up so high by the late war that his children will probably have to keep on paying the bill as long as they live. It was the realization of this fact that brought about the Disarmament Conference at Washington, for expenditures for similar purposes in Great Britain, France, and Italy were more than twice those of the United States. Since 1914 these four nations had trebled their expenses for military purposes and multiplied their total government expenditures by about six and a half. In the same period the United States has increased her debt twenty-four fold; Great Britain twelvefold; France eightfold, Italy sixfold. It has been estimated, in fact, that the World War cost the United States considerably more than $1,000,000 an hour for over two years.



*Goodyear No-Draft Mats for all Ford Models*

*Goodyear No-Draft Mats for all Chevrolet Models*




# *To Ford and Chevrolet Owners*
## *Drive in All-Weather Comfort*

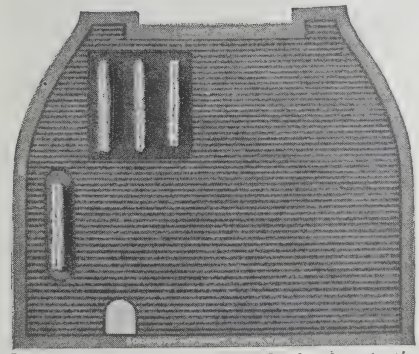
Conquered at last—the wintry drafts that come swirling up through the floor of your car.

The Goodyear No-Draft Mat, applied in five minutes by your Ford or Chevrolet Service Station, provides cozy, draft-free warmth and dust-proof comfort all winter long.

No matter what model of closed or open Ford or Chevrolet you are driving, there is a Goodyear No-Draft Mat designed to fit it.

* *

Note to Ford and Chevrolet Dealers: *Here is a timely selling item, a Goodyear product and a genuine need at this season, from which many sales should result. Write for complete details to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.*



*This complete floor mat provides entire floor board covering plus the No-Draft features. There is a size for every Ford Model.*

GOODYEAR

Copyright 1926, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

NO-DRAFT MATS

# Man Is Not the Only One to Be Sick

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 2



A common green, short-horned grasshopper (Chloealtis) killed by stem fungus. The knobs at the end of the stalks give off the spores or seeds.

limbs of forest trees and these birds formerly existed by the million, their flocks darkening the sky and they were only rendered extinct by the hand of man, notions otherwise notwithstanding.

Similar if not such glaring comparisons may be drawn between some of the rapacious birds and mammals and those vegetable feeders that are continually preyed upon. Why should the smaller hawks be generally so uncommon and the meadow larks so abundant; the weasels so seldom seen and the red squirrels encountered in every grove?

We have meager data on this subject; it is naturally difficult of investigation or understanding. Our observations of conditions other than enemies that influence the comparative rarity of species include principally those that destroy botanical forms, as the blights, rots, scabs, mildews and scalds and the fungous diseases of many invertebrates, particularly insects.

It is common in the early autumn to find dead house flies clinging to walls and ceilings, their distended abdomens either transparent or snow-white. This is due to two kinds of fungus, one colorless and exceedingly minute, the other of star-shaped growth and white with microscopic brown spots here and there. Another form is stringy, the fungous growth resembling the yeast plant, but adhering in festoons or twisted threads attached at one end. Other species of flies, the parasitic tachinids, the blow and meat flies and the longer-bodied robber flies are thus infested. I once found one of the latter that had died from the growth of a pale blue fungus that distended the entire body of the insect.

Grasshoppers, crickets, certain leaf beetles, especially the squash ladybird, wasps, bees, ants, ichneumon flies and the immature stages of many *Lepidoptera* are attacked by fungous diseases very similar to those of the two-winged flies, but affecting each form somewhat differently; a microscopic study has shown that there are almost as many different closely allied kinds of death-dealing fungi as there are species of victims.

The common Carolina grasshopper is one of the species of its family very commonly attacked; it is not an unusual thing to find both the adult and active pupa of this insect attached firmly to the top of a weed or grass stalk, its body dead and dried and semi-transparent, the lusterless eyes turned nearly white and appearing to stare with twofold animosity. Another form is the green Chloealtis; out of its body extend tiny white threads like the ends of silken strands.

One of the most interesting effects of a disease that attacks wild species is the decapitating fungus of ants. I do not know whether this has been observed by other naturalists or not; I have witnessed two epidemics of it. One was that of a black ant colony that had its nest in the end of a prostrate and rotting fence post; the colony was almost entirely wiped out and I found only a half-dozen victims. Later it proved to be total annihilation. The other colony was a larger one of black ants at the foot of a red oak. It was a thriving organization at one time and was still populous, but within three days after discovery the numbers had dwindled rapidly. Dead ants lay all over the ground and many were dying, in the throes of what seemed to be real agony, only that it is pretty certain that no insects, however highly organized, can actually suffer pain as the genus *Homo* understands that term. There were too many dead and dying ants for the birds or shrews to dispose of and surely these hungry seekers must have found them in all that time. The stricken inhabitants of that citadel under the roots of the great tree had evidently all left it, possibly of their own free will because of an instinct of colony preservation, or else were chased out by the still uninfected ants for much the same reason. There were no dead ants near the several entrances; they had all crawled away as far as they could go and only the still busy foraging, healthy individuals were passing in and out. Very odd is the fact that these latter were paying no attention to their stricken comrades; an injured ant they tote within the nest.

The peculiar thing about this fungus is its effect. All of the dead ants were nearly decapitated, the heads forced away from the bodies often almost half the length of the head and held by the muscular fibers and esophagus connecting these segments. Around each extended neck and protruding from the head, the prothorax, from under the first and second pair of legs and connecting the body with the severed head were delicately slender filaments like spider's web. And along the nearly severed and exposed neck fibers there was in each dead specimen a minute white mass the action of which had been to sever the parts and push the head away. Protruding from the mouth parts also there was a mass of similar fungus.

Here was tragedy as stark, merciless, dominant as the black plague that visited the ancient human cities of European Empires and those of North Africa and the Orient, sweeping its helpless victims before it. No doubt ancient civilizations and governments have been annihilated in this manner, rather than by wars; the ancient Maya perhaps, the Incas that vanished after the Spanish conquerors brought them the germ ailments of another civilization.

Except that we know that the superior human intelligence is capable of a greater fear and more positive horror of death-dealing disease we can really have little less sympathy for the ants. They have a finer, more equitable organization, a more peaceful intercommunication and their destruction puts an end to an intense, unerring industry and coöperative effort.

The bees also are not infrequently the victims of a disease or diseases. For years I have been curious as to why nests of large yellow and black bumblebees, actively maintained for two or more seasons, were suddenly deserted. These were placed in inaccessible places, as in the interstices between house timbers, under concrete porch steps, about the well curbing.

Were they, like their relatives the honeybee, victims of the hive moth? Moles or shrews could hardly annihilate these most venomous of the stinging group. And they would not swarm so as to include the entire sisterhood. It was the work of but a few minutes to cut sections through that nest and throughout the entire series of crude cavities and paper-like cells which do not deserve the name of comb. I found scores of dead bees, in all stages of development from newly hatched larvae to white pupae and bees emerging from the darkened pupae, every one the victim of a white, powdery fungus that choked the sutures of its segmented body.



Fungus attacks the larvae of May beetles. Upper—A normal grub. Lower—A grub killed and distended by the disease.

Out of fifty mud-dauber wasp cells, common in barns, woodsheds and most garrets and gathered at random, twenty or thirty may be infested by one or more parasites, one or two become the victims of hunting wrens before the cells are closed, a dozen give evidence that they will develop healthfully and the rest or often even ten or more will be found dead, killed by a fungous disease that shows under the microscope.

This may also be stated in about the same proportions for the digger wasps and the immature stages of many, if not all, parasitic insects, especially of that little creature known to the scientists as Pimpla that lays its eggs within and lives upon the bodies of the tussock moth and webworm caterpillars.




***I read in the papers*** that Waterloo Bridge is doomed. The famous span over the Thames, hailed for generations as John Rennie's masterpiece, is to be replaced by a modern structure. Two years ago an inspection was made of the bridge, which was opened in 1817, and it was declared to be in dangerous condition. Further examination showed that one pier of the bridge was sinking into the riverbed. Then followed a desperate, world-wide effort to save the venerated landmark. It was estimated that for a little more than $3,000,000 the bridge could be made safe; but Sir Edwin Lutyens, who designed the Cenotaph, reported to the London County Council that the bridge would eventually have to be rebuilt, and so the decision was made. The American Institute of Architects at Chicago declared that to raze the structure would be "an overwhelming catastrophe." Others, however, said that there are men living who can design as beautiful a span, if not one more beautiful.

***I read in the papers*** an exceedingly interesting story about Norman and Gerald Nairn, New Zealanders who fought in Palestine during the war. After the war these young men began the operation of a passenger service between Haifa and Beirut, running along the ocean sands. Then they attracted the attention of the whole world by projecting a scheduled caravan service of American motor cars between Beirut and Bagdad, a distance of six hundred miles that is made in four days over a route that has no roads and can only be compared with the desert-like regions of our remote West. Norman Nairn has recently made a couple of trips to America to arrange for the installation of American motor busses upon this Beirut-Bagdad service. This adventure of these two colonials can only be compared with the establishment of the Pony Express during our pioneer period. They have anticipated the Berlin-to-Bagdad railroad and shown the world what American motor cars and busses can do in the hands of enterprising men.

***I read in the papers*** that interest on the public debt takes 22.75 cents of every Government dollar, that public debt retirement from ordinary receipts takes 14.76 cents, national defense 16.32 cents and military pensions, retirement pay, annuities, World War allowances and life insurance claims 16.55 cents. Of the remaining approximate 30 cents of the government dollar 3.35 cents go to the general functions of government, 5.60 cents to public works, 1.88 cents to the promotion, regulation and operation of marine transportation, 7.40 cents to other civil functions, 6.48 cents to trust funds and 4.91 cents to refunds. Nearly one-half of this government dollar comes from income and profits tax, 22.85 cents come from miscellaneous internal revenue, 14.43 from customs revenue, and the remainder from interest premium and discount, fees, fines, penalties, forfeitures, repayments on investments and trust fund receipts.

***I read in the papers*** that the Merchants' Association and some theater managers in New York are coöperating with the District Attorney and the State Controller to put an end to extortionate theater ticket speculation in that city. A State law, recently held constitutional by the courts, makes it illegal to charge more than 50 cents over the price printed on the ticket. This ticket gouging is really a child of the managers' own conception. When they have a play that is drawing large crowds, they enter into agreements with ticket agencies to dispose of tickets at whatever price they can extort from the public; and they make it impossible for the layman to buy any of the better seats at the theater box office, forcing him into the hands of the speculators. One New York producer acknowledged rather baldly the other day that the prices charged were too exorbitant for the average Manhattan resident, but that the theaters—and the agencies—could get the amounts demanded from visitors from other parts of the country who come to the city expecting to be overcharged.

***I read in the papers*** that the Theosophists, or such of them as follow Mrs. Besant, are soon to produce their new Christ. We have been hearing of this for some years. News has percolated from India through the "lodges" and the official publications that a body was being prepared for the next incarnation of the great Master. The theory is that, in these exalted instances, the Master is never what he seems to be. That is, Jesus was not the Christ, they say, but the Christ, seeing a likely body in Jesus, seized and possessed it, and deserted it when his work was done, leaving Jesus to his fate. The same Master is now about to possess the body of one J. Krishnamurti, say the Theosophists. Indeed, a great meeting has been held in London which may be called the meeting of the Annunciation, only in this instance it is Mrs. Besant instead of the angel Gabriel who makes the announcement. To Mrs. Besant was granted, by occult means, the private information as to what body the Master should next occupy during his sojourn among men. The ceremony of the annunciation was almost synonymous with a very serious exposure by the *Morning Post* of some of the frauds of Blavatsky and some of the irregularities of Leadbeater, in which latter this same J. K. seems to have been involved. The new Messiah, who is also known as Alcyone, is a rather weak-faced Hindoo. He has traveled in America as recently as two months ago without causing comment; his epiphany has been several times announced and postponed; but now his selected press agents are preparing for the "coming," and his twelve apostles, it is announced, have all been appointed, presumably by Mrs. Besant. It is, of course, impossible to say how seriously even the Theosophists believe in this new annunciation, but that "Headquarters" has succeeded in giving it wide publicity is evident to all newspaper readers.

## Cleansing the Screen in New York State

(Concluded from page 14)

picture, undoubtedly in each case it would have been appealed at least three times, and even if each court was sure to condemn the pictures, they would have continued to be exhibited and would have been advertised by the court proceedings, from the lowest up to the highest court. Each condemnation would have advertised the evil pictures and increased their patronage. Before the final conviction *at the end of perhaps two years*, the pictures would have been seen by everyone that cared to see them, and have done all the evil they could. The great expense to the state in the trying of each of these thirty-four exhibitors three times would have served as the very best free advertising for the films!

There was no expense to the state in shutting out these thirty-four bad films and the other work done by the movie commission, but it brought nearly $100,000 into the state treasury above all expenses in 1924.

What Mr. Hays contends for is that while the right of a questionable film to be exhibited is being considered in the courts, the owners ought to be permitted to exhibit it until the highest court of the state has finally condemned the film. This I hold to be clearly contrary to the public welfare, because every additional court appeal necessarily increases the advertisement of the questionable film.

When the law was originally presented to the state legislature, it provided that the motion picture commissioners should be removed from partisan politics by making them a division under the state board of education to be appointed by the state commissioner of education with the approval of the state board of regents. But upon advice of Governor Miller, who advocated the enactment of the law, the appointment of the motion picture commissioners was put in the hands of the governor with the consent of the senate.

One of the chief defects in the working out of the law is recognized to be that Governor Smith's appointments of two of the motion picture commissioners have not been persons "with qualifications by education and experience for the duties of the office," as required by the law.

The people of New York, at the last election, adopted an amendment to the constitution which provides for the reorganization of the various departments of the state government.

Honorable Charles E. Hughes is chairman of the nonpartisan committee to whom has been committed the task of reorganization of the various state commissions and departments. This will be a splendid opportunity to place the State Motion Picture Commission under the state department of education and thus remove the appointment of commissioners from partisan politics. It would be a great assistance to visual education in the public schools, if the money received from the licensing of films, about $100,000 a year, were by law appropriated to the department of education for that purpose.

The conditions seem to point to the great probability that the New York State Motion Picture Commission will be freed from partisan politics by being placed as a division under the department of education.

# American Pulpit Captured by Radicals

(Concluded from page 21)

*atheism*" by using "an enlightened or purely rationalistic religion" as a "wedge" to drive out real religion. She states a maxim of Lenin's that applies not only to these Communist efforts to wipe out religion by working for atheism under the false pretense of religion, but to the entire strategy of the Communists. She says:

"Our duty is to apply in practice the maxim of Vladimir Iliich (Lenin): *'We must know how to build Communism with non-Communist hands.'* "

It is a matter of deep concern to thoughtful persons that the non-Communist hands of American clergymen should allow themselves to be used to build Communism, which aims to establish atheism.

Another way in which Communists are using the clergy is by securing their aid in working to disarm all nations which would oppose them. Two years ago the rulers at Moscow decreed that the anniversary of the beginning of the Great War should be celebrated in other countries as Peace Day. Hundreds of churches obediently set aside the chosen day for this celebration, with no idea that the order emanated from the country *which maintains the largest army in the world.* Armed Communism teaching the world peace through the Christian Clergy!

*It is a fact of sinister importance that those who assemble in mass meetings and demand that our country shall disarm never urge disarmament for Russia.* Other countries—Poland, France, England, Italy, the United States—are bitterly criticized for maintaining armies. With these countries disarmed, the "comrades" in Russia, with their huge Red army, could easily carry out their design for world-wide domination.

A letter from the Moscow correspondent of the London *Statist*, dated August 10, 1925, says: "During the past week 6,000 new young officers have been commissioned, and a corresponding increase in the ranks of the active military forces has been effected. It has been announced that the coming Russian Military maneuvers are destined to take place in the vicinity of the Polish border."

A Socialist member of the German Reichstag said during the war: "The German armies must continue to fight vigorously, while the German Socialists encourage and stimulate pacifism among Germany's enemies." This dastardly doctrine animates the Socialist propagandists, and is expressed in their slogan *"Arm the proletariat, disarm the bourgeoisie!"* In using their pacifist dupes to help disarm all nations except Russia, the Communists are again "building Communism with non-Communist hands."

It is a striking circumstance that so many professional pacifists—I know of few exceptions—were in sympathy with Germany during the war, and with Russia during and since the revolution. The way, apparently, to win the heart of the professional pacifist is to carry on a brutal and bloody war, or to wage a barbaric revolution which starves and murders hundreds of thousands of innocent victims. To study the reasons for this apparently anomalous situation is to detect the source of much of the propaganda which masquerades as pacifist, and which dupes so many well-meaning persons.

One well-known radical propagandist has stated that *their most fertile field is the theological school!*

A well-known Episcopal clergyman is on record as saying: "I want to take my stand on the basic right for anyone in the United States to be a Communist who wishes to be one"; and *he likens the Communist leaders Ruthenberg and Foster to St. Peter and St. John!*

"Christian Socialists" maintain that Christ himself was a Socialist, and that the early Christians practiced Communism. They base the latter claim on a passage in the fourth chapter of the Acts:

> "They had all things in common. Neither was there any among them that lacked; for as many as were possessors of land and houses sold them and brought the prices of the things that were sold and laid them down at the apostle's feet and distribution was made unto every man according to his need."

Is this what the Christian Socialists want? If so what prevents them, these well-known ladies and gentlemen who have joined the cult, from pooling their possessions and dividing them according to needs? Or do they merely want confiscation of the property of others? And what Biblical sanction do they bring for this?

A distinguished lawyer of known courage and honesty said recently:

"It is logically impossible for any man to believe in the commandment 'Thou shalt not steal,' or 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods' and be a Socialist, for Socialism is impossible without stealth of property, which Marx calls 'expropriation,' and without the employment of fraud or force to take that property from its owners. And yet there are bishops, priests, and ministers of all the churches, preaching various forms of Socialism. So long as the churches lack the courage or common honesty to stop these knaves, or fools, from using their pulpits to promote the wholesale robbery and slavery called Socialism or Communism, I find more consistency and inspiration in my profession and business than I do in the churches."

A distinguished English clergyman—distinguished among other things for having stood firm against the tide of Socialism which has carried away so many of his fellows—says:

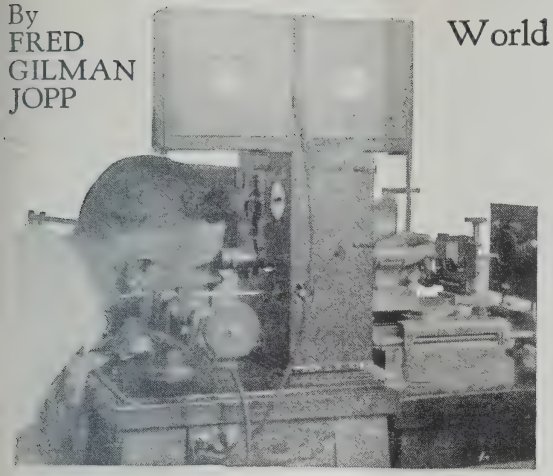
"The 'internationalism' of today is a force that works not toward world-fellowship, but by sectional organization, toward a world-wide Class War. It produces not a union of givers but a league of grabbers—a banding of people who insist that what other people have shall be taken from them. It springs not from a passion of love and service, but from an enthusiasm of envy and hatred. Its business is the overthrow of humanity. Fully developed, as in Russia, it assails all the virtues and all the religions which give dignity and power and beauty to life. *It would be well if any sincere would-be followers of Christ who are admiring it or playing with it, should realize that its opening amiable vagueness of theory disguises a deadly enemy of mankind.*"

To the Clergymen of America, who are making of themselves mere relay stations of alien and anti-Christian propaganda, there remains this question:

"What concord hath Christ with Belial?"

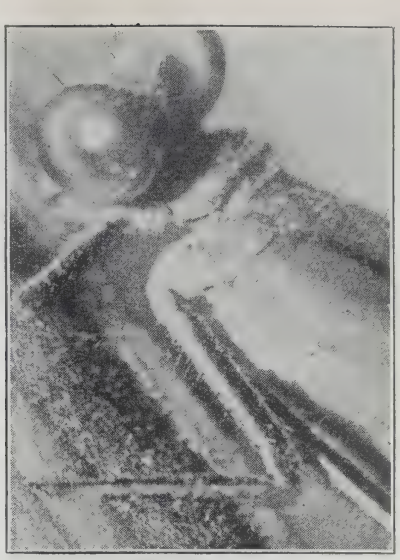
## On the Threshold of a Marvelous World in Which Insects Look Like Dragons

By FRED GILMAN JOPP



Mr. Tolhurst at the left peering through the lens of his microscopic apparatus.

On the right is a Tolhurst enlarged picture of an ant-lion fly.



# Spiders and Ants as Movie Actors

EIGHT million "extras" in a motion picture production.

Hollywood, accustomed to big figures, is literally stupefied by these statistics.

The jazz mind of the publicity man is for the first time unleashed—permitted to ride his typewagon high, wide and handsome.

*Flaming Doom*, with Sil E. Moth. *The Web of Terror*, featuring Lon Spider and Betty Fly. The super-comedy, *Sea Saw*, starring Marie Mosquito. Stories of which one never dreamed, new-born drama, characters beyond your conception, are on their way to the screen. And the most peculiar part of it all is that this complex life—with its tragedies, comedies, successes and failures—is going on continually beneath your very nose, and has been since the beginning of things.

We are just on the threshold of a marvelous world hitherto unknown save to scientists. The screen is about to justify everything that it has promised as a medium for education—for enlightenment and instruction.

Have you ever looked at a drop of water through a microscope? It will give you a shock to notice the million animated beings that populate the ordinary globule of moisture. For a drop of drinking water is a young cosmos all by itself. Often it has more inhabitants than New York City.

The myriad inhabitants of the liquid world are filmed with amazing results. Thousands upon thousands of them, of all shapes, forms and hues, "do their stuff" before the motion picture camera. Organisms invisible to the naked eye are magnified to the size of elephants and dinosaurs and engage in stunts as thrilling as the most hair-raising melodramatic scenes of human actors.

The one-eyed Cyclops, infinitesimal clown of the watery kingdom, is pictured billions of times its regular size. It performs on the screen with all the skill of Charlie Chaplin.

A swimming tank is pictured with six of these tiny organisms participating in a tank—a diminutive container, built into the eye of a No. 9 Cambric needle, the finest needle known.

Another sequence called for one hundred participants. There was no time to call upon the casting office. The cameras were waiting.

Give up in despair? Not at all! Louis H. Tolhurst, the enterprising director, prevailed upon his leading lady to hatch them—right in the camera's eye.

But who is Louis Tolhurst?

The name is familiar—at least it is becoming so in motion picture quarters, a growing sentiment that the screen is coming under the weight of a tremendous obligation to this young man. Scientists peer over their spectacles at him, for he speaks the language of Farraday and Spencer, Milliken and Einstein, and he knows more about microscopy than De Mille knows about bathtubs.

Imagine a map of sunny California. Dot it with twin cobalt lakes—his eyes; brown from the peak—his hair. Top the square chin with a smile that reaches down inside you and you will understand how Louie "gets away with it." In appearance and speech anything but a scientist he is just "a regular fellow" to those who know him. But no one understands his accomplishments as well as his fellows of the Society of Cinematographers, a prominent member of which recently said to me:

"We talk a lot about what cameramen have done in motion pictures—their success in photography and their skill in obtaining effects under all climatic conditions; but there is only one man in the industry that has really accomplished anything to brag about—anything that will live and bear fruit in the future. That man is Louis Tolhurst. There isn't a fellow in our game that is in his class. He is unique!"

Tolhurst grinned when I told him about it. His inborn sense of humor—God's most glorious gift to man—causes one to laugh both with and at him, for his has been a colorful career.

Hollywood didn't discover Tolhurst. Tolhurst discovered Hollywood. He was born there thirty-odd years ago.

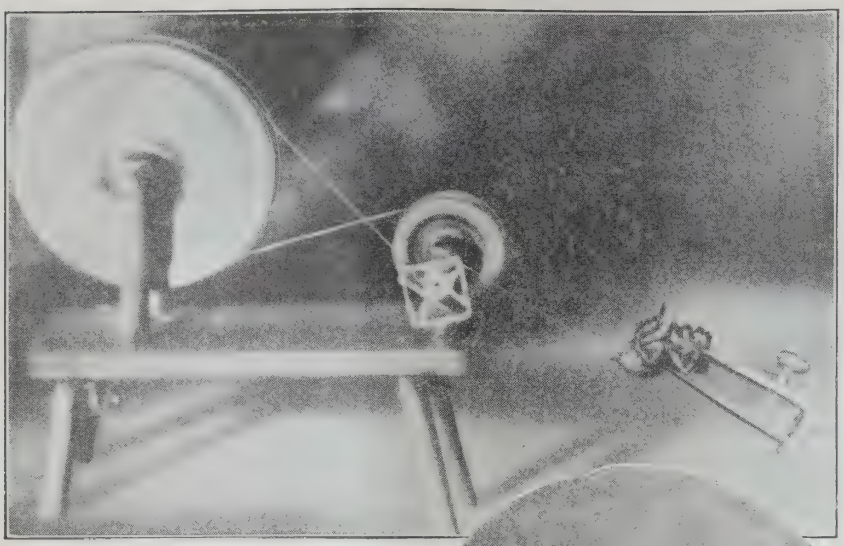
The microscope revealed to the scientist an entirely new world, the world of the infinitely small, but to the layman this fascinating world remained invisible until Tolhurst put it on the motion picture screen.

"I got to experimenting in projecting microscopic images direct from living specimens to the screen during my high school days. Perhaps my most difficult problem was to perfect a movie apparatus that would work in synchronization and harmony with a microscopic apparatus to the end that microscopic life could be thrown large as lions on a screen. I had to have lamps to illuminate my subjects without burning them. It is easy to see that a lamp energetic enough properly to light the microscopic image on the plane of a sensitive instrument would be hot enough to affect the organism and kill it. But after heartbreaking experiments I finally obtained a cool light that did the trick. The rest was easy.

"A later problem was the timely starting of the intricate apparatus. If, for instance, I wanted to catch the lateral race of a spider across its web in the undeviating path it makes when after a fly, I would have to get my camera functioning almost, if not quite, instantaneously. Either that or I would have to keep it running continuously and spinning off its footage of film until the instant when the insect moved. As it sometimes takes this capricious bug a whole day to perform just right, you will see that I was up against a joker. But by means of an electrically controlled clutch which can be operated from any part of the laboratory I now set the apparatus instantly in motion.

"An idea of the delicacy of the apparatus required is gained from the fact that the lens can be brought to focus *one hundred times* in the thickness of a human hair. Who will believe that within the thickness of a hair there are one hundred possible divisions? The reality of the truth of this statement brings us close to the line of research that has been popularly exploited as the 'Einstein Theory.'"

With his apparatus Mr. Tolhurst is able to focus on the life swimming in a drop of water that has been held between the surfaces of two pieces of glass tightly clamped together. In this "trace" of water, microscopic life lives and has its manifold being, swimming about as do goldfish in a crystal aquarium. And the distance between the two tightly clamped pieces of glass is, microscopically, so great that swimming organisms farthest back from the lens are *out of focus*. This is the reason why Tolhurst must make adjustments of one ten-thousandth



part of an inch. Besides bringing his microscopic apparatus to the peak of perfection, Tolhurst has the ability to dramatize the behavior of the minute beings he photographs. He even succeeds in giving them a witty angle through intelligent direction and clever titling.

We humans see the world in only one of its forms. Were we the size of ants everything about us would appear entirely different. The carpet would appear as a stubble field; every grain of sand a huge boulder; the legs of a chair as great obelisks, and the range of our vision would be so short that the chair leg would disappear in the sky.

A six-foot man would be more than two miles high. His foot almost one-third of a mile long. Every two-inch hair on his head would be 350 feet in length; and the palm of his hand could be computed in acres. His foot, if placed directly on top of us, were we the size of ants, would be attributed as an act of God. A shovelful of earth would be a landslide. What would we know of civilization? We have absolutely no conception of the world as seen through the eyes of insects.

In this world we would find creatures more terrible in their structures than any dragons described in mythology. Insects are fundamentally different in their entire structure from ourselves and the animals we see around us. In the first place, the skeletons of insects, instead of being on the inside, are on the outside, and they appear as monsters plated in armor of a substance tougher than steel. They are ferocious, cunning, cruel and, more than that, always hungry. To them the struggle for existence is just as real and even more engrossing than any struggle of which we know.

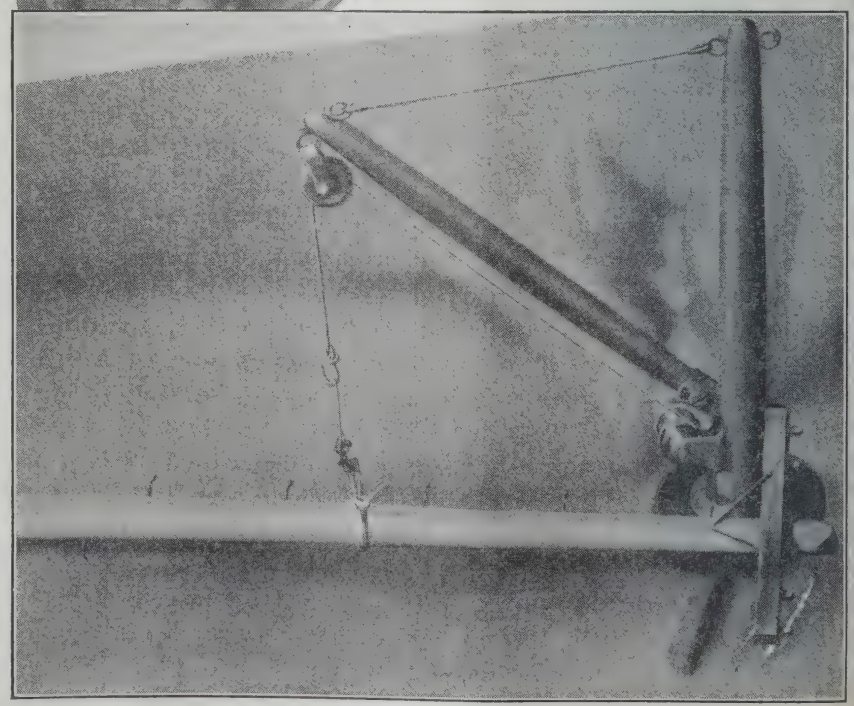
Thrills and shudders accompany the exploits of the robber barons of the medieval period, when stalwart knights of tremendous physical strength, encased in armor, rode out to prey upon caravans or traveling merchants. But man's cruelty and ferocity in those days was child's play compared with the scenes of robbery and pillage and slaughter, which are being enacted every hour of the day under our very noses.

Step this way, please! Do you see that great shimmering net over your head and that gigantic chimera in one corner of it? Yes, that monster is just an ordinary garden spider. He is armed with a skin that would make walrus hide appear like tissue paper in comparison. Eight powerful legs and eight eyes. Muscles that act without training or exercise. Contrast this with the training of human athletes. His two jaws terminate in lances through which, on the order of a hypodermic needle, poison is pumped into the unfortunate victims' bodies.

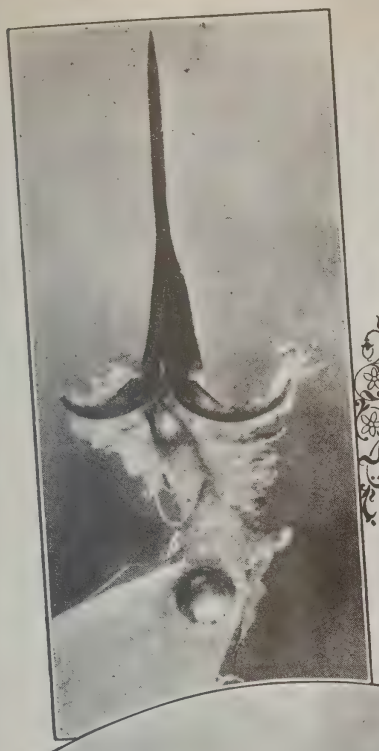
Look! Another ogre—a fly—has crashed into the web. Before he has made two kicks the spider is upon him, stabbing and lashing him around with ropes of silk more powerful than the cables which support the Brooklyn Bridge. What's that, the spider is peering down at you as if he wanted to embroider you into the design of the web? Ah, you're beginning to get an idea of an average day in the insect world. There now, you're human size again. Look down at that little rose bush. To think that you were afraid of a poor little spider. Well, it's all in the way you look at things after all, isn't it?

Bernard Darwin, a grandson of Charles Darwin, is a sporting writer on the London *Times*. When evolution splashed America he was offered a guaranty of $25,000 for a series of public lectures upon the theory made famous by his grandsire. But the junior Darwin appears to have a sense of humor. He declined to capitalize the family tree.

Tolhurst has made a motion picture on the subject of evolution. Its cosmic scope embraces creation from the nebular beginning of things down to the advent of man. It depicts the story of creation as told by science.



Surprising Glimpses at Tolhurst Films
Right—Ant lifting what to her is a telegraph pole. If a man were as strong in proportion to his bulk as an ant, he could lift 240,000 pounds.
Center—Enlargement of a fly busily engaged juggling a cork ball.
Above—By tickling its spinerets, this spider was made to spin against its will at a miniature wheel.





A Tolhurst photograph showing spiders in nymph stage.

# Camera Revelations of A Marvelous World

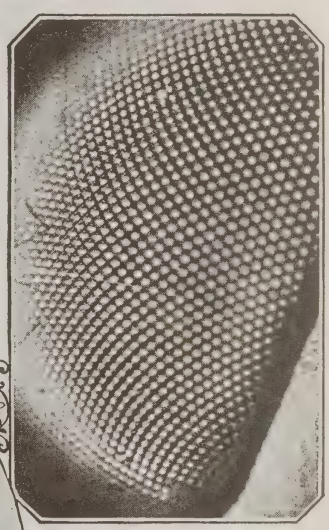
(Refer to article on pages 31-32.)



Upper left—Bee's stinger and sac containing drop of formic acid.



Oval, above—Nurse ant caring for nymph.



Above—One of the two great compound eyes of a fly.

Oval, left—One of a fly's filthy feet.

Below—Queen ant and the wings she sheds after her honeymoon flight.



Above—Magnified close-up of the head of a bee.



THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIV. OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL

THE progress of society depends on nothing more than on the exposure of time-sanctioned abuses which cannot be touched without offending multitudes, than on the promulgation of principles which are in advance of public sentiment and practice and which are, consequently, at war with the habits, prejudices and immediate interests of large classes of the community. The right of free discussion is therefore to be guarded by the friends of mankind with peculiar jealousy. It is at once the most sacred and most endangered of our rights. He who would rob his neighbor of it should have a mark set on him as the worst enemy of freedom.—
*William Ellery Channing.*

DEA

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Vol. 26 No. 13 JAN. 16, $1.50 a Year




Waking Up the Old American Dances
*See page 32*

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

# BRIEFLY TOLD

The MacMillan polar expedition took a gallon of codliver oil along to provide the ration with the necessary vitamines.

Dr. C. Macfie Campbell, of Boston, has found that scolding women and irritable "flappers" are often suffering from too much thyroid activity.

Eighteen children can go riding at one time in a huge donkey-pulled cart that was given to the babies of the Willesdon Guardians Home at the Park Royal Hospital, England.

The word "tariff" comes from the town of Tarifa at the entrance of the Strait of Gibraltar where passing ships were stopped for tribute in days of old.

The red fez originated at Fez, for a thousand years the Holy City of Morocco.

Abd-el-Krim, leader of the "Riffians," was once a student at the University of Madrid.




Rhineland dairymen have discovered that music soothes the milch cow and induces her to increase her milk supply.

Forty-seven Federal prohibition agents have been killed on the line of duty by unscrupulous rum runners and bootleg vendors.

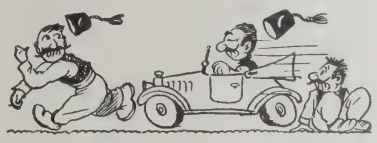
Letters seven feet in length to spell out "Salt Lake City" or "Salt Lake," easily perceptible at an altitude of 3,000 feet above the city, will be painted across the top of the world-famous tabernacle on the temple grounds at Salt Lake City, to guide army and other fliers.

In Japan, seaweeds are used at New Year's to decorate their round mirror cakes of rice dough.

Trotsky says, "Whereas England has most of her future behind her, the whole world is America's field."

Not cold, but the usual indoor winter atmosphere, warm, stagnant and humid, is held responsible for the malady commonly misnamed "colds." Sufferers are advised to isolate themselves if possible, and always to address their remarks to the ears of their listeners, and save their noses and mouths.

The Reverend H. R. L. Sheppard denounced fancy dress balls and special festivities of Armistice Day as "not so irreligious as indecent." To follow the solemn two minutes of silence and rededication with such festivity is compared with marching from a funeral to the quick and cheerful strains of a march.



In Constantinople there are few, if any, traffic laws. The native motorist goes through town at forty miles an hour, passing street cars on either side, careening around corners and violating every safety rule.

Valleys of salt twelve miles in length and of a proved depth of not less than thirty feet are to be found in Inyo County, California.

A goose egg weighing half a pound hatched a splendid pair of twin goslings.

The average wage in America is $5.60 a day in comparison with $2.28 in England; $1.55 in Germany; $1.24 in France; $1.14 in Belgium, and $0.96 in Italy.

The Bible is today printed in 572 languages.

A man's pet vanity, the crease in his trouser leg, was introduced by King Edward VII of England. The present Prince of Wales is also a great arbiter of fashion.

In Japan, carrier pigeons are used as a means of gathering news.




Romeyn Berry, of Cornell: "What this University needs, what all American Universities need right now, is less intellect and more boys who shave blue and who when they sing in the back room can produce those rumbling profundo notes from the waistline."

In Germany wireless telephones are connected with speeding trains.

New Yorkers receive 15 per cent of the total income of the United States.

A process has been patented in Budapest for the manufacturing of a coarse cloth from the shell of beans which is suitable for carpets and upholstery.

Two mice, captured in Africa, are no larger than bumble bees and have plenty of room in their small match-box nest.

The loss of life in India from snake bites, by the way, is appalling, no fewer than 16,777 deaths from this cause having occurred within a single year.

In Hawaii, Japan, and China, seaweeds of many kinds are eaten with relish.

Otto von Guericke, who lived in the middle of the seventeenth century, invented the first vacuum pump and perfected the first electrical machine.



The anthracite strike in Shamokin, Pennsylvania, meant nothing to a manufacturer of that city who immediately sank a shaft in his back yard, striking a hard coal vein which he worked.

Ant hills are established at the base of orange trees in China and fruit trees in Italy, so that the ants will protect the trees from injurious insects.

The long sleeves worn by both the men and women of the Kashgar oasis in Chinese Turkestan serve as gloves to wrap around their hands in winter.

India's weather bureau is studying air currents by setting free toy balloons and offering rewards for their recovery.

Neither retail nor receive scandal willingly; defamation of others may for the present gratify the malignity of the pride of our hearts, cool reflection will draw very disadvantageous conclusions from such a disposition; and in the case of scandal, as in that of robbery, the receiver is always thought as bad as the thief.—*Letters of Lord Chesterfield to His Son*, October, 1748.

It is said that when Caesar was a young man he owed a sum equivalent to about $1,330,000.

January 16
1 9 2 6

Volume 26
Number 13




# The Essence of This Issue:

Mr. Ford's Page this week discusses a neglected angle from which industry may be measured.

Our cover illustrates what is actually occurring in this country. The old dances are being awakened out of their sleep. People are calling them to come forth. Their merit shines brighter for the interval which has elapsed since last they were in use. And *please* don't call them "the old-fashioned dances." They are not old-fashioned at all. Call them "the old American dances," for that is what they are. See also p. 32.

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT and Charles J. Finger score five times in the Boston *Transcript's* annual round-up of the best stories published during the year. This is gratifying. "The Literary Lobby" of the New York *Evening Post's* Saturday book number quotes from Mr. Griffith's article about O. Henry and says, "We read this in *The Dearborn Independent of all places!*" The lobbyist should extend his reading. An analysis of our contents shows that literature was seventh in the list of the eighty-five principal subjects this paper discussed last year. And we have better material for this year.

Cut-rate citizenship—that is what our American brand is coming to be. Nowhere in the world is the privilege of being a citizen held so lightly. Nowhere is it more vulgarly urged and forced upon people who do not want it. We ought to stop peddling this priceless privilege. And we will stop if we digest the meaning of the article on page 3.

The monstrous doctrine of Freud is further and brilliantly exposed in this third article by Dr. Collins. "A few facts seem to support Dr. Freud's theory but the number that contradicts it is enormous," he says. We regard this series as an extremely valuable public service. We do not remember that Freudianism has ever before been so honestly, plainly and competently discussed for the general public. (p. 7)

The Chinese soldier, as he partly is, gives Mrs. Lowdermilk an interesting theme. "Partly," we say, because there is evidence that Chinese military tactics are beginning to change under the impact of modernism. But war, in the usual Chinese method, has been more a matter of hypothesis than carnage. (p. 5)

Neither the Movies nor Will Hays, "the movie magnate," bluffed the State of Connecticut. They pulled a silly campaign of boycott, but still the state stood firm. The principal ingredients of this firmness was an articulate decent public, responsive public officials and a high-minded judiciary. The result is that Connecticut has control of the movies shown in that state. (p. 14)

We have heard quite enough about the greedy propensities of the American. It is marvelous how the nations which accuse us of cold Shylockry float all their relief campaigns here. We have given Europe in remitted debts and interest, in relief funds, in actual cash and material assistance an aggregate of wealth that will astound history. Yet daily we suffer insults from foreign peoples because we insist that honorable men do business in a business way. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT challenges the attackers of the American spirit. Here are the facts. (p. 12)

Taking a crowd of blind children to a museum would be a rather hopeless task for most of us, yet it is done. It certainly is done! And the children know more about the museum when they get through than most of us with full powers of sight. This is an extremely human and interesting article. (p. 19)

Snakes! snakes! Now often on the hike or in the auto-camp the cry has rung out. Many snakes, of course, are harmless. Others deadly. The old facetious "cure for snake bites" was not efficacious. But Dr. Ditmars, Curator of Reptiles of the New York Zoölogical Park, set out to find the genuine anti-snake poison serum. He found it in Brazil. Now death is extracted from the sting. Brazil has become expert in combating snake poison. (p. 2)

An artist achieved a place in his profession, then suddenly lost the power of his right arm and of speech. It would have been the end of most careers. But Harry Loud Bridwell was different. (p. 28)

Did you suppose the Colossus of Rhodes bestrode the harbor? Yet there seems to be no evidence that it did. It probably stood on a pedestal. Anyway, at last it was sold for junk. A strange end for one of the Seven Wonders of the World. (p. 8)

Another "Romantic Rascal" (p. 16). Some side lights on the man who wrote the *Ingoldsby Legends* (p. 22). And the New Hampshire Signers of the Constitution. (p. 24).

Money is the least element in building up a growing business concern, yet most people foolishly think it is the most important.

Read Samuel Crowther's article: "The Power of Money" in next week's issue.

CONTENTS

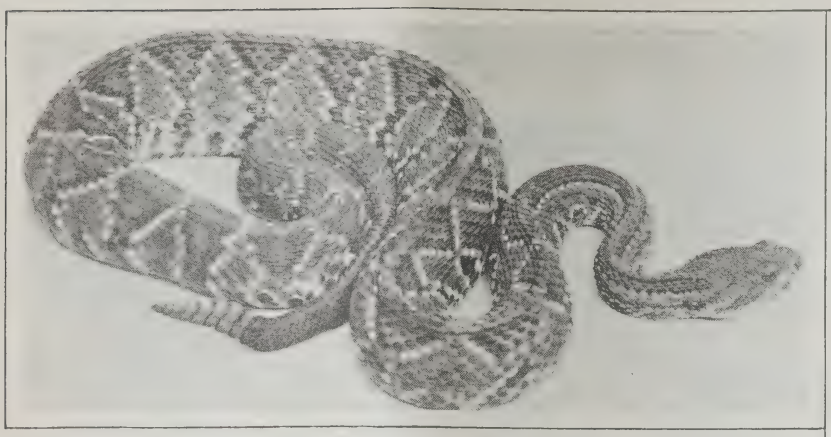
Removing Death From the Sting - - - - 2
*PAUL MACDONALD*
Peddling U. S. Citizenship Rights - - - - - 3
*MARIAN BRUCE CLARK*
Gain, Not Glory, Guides Chinese Soldier - - 5
*INEZ MARKS LOWDERMILK*
Dr. Collins Gives "My Definition of a Freudian" 7
*DR. JOSEPH COLLINS*
Colossus of Rhodes—A New Aspect - - - - 8
*RICHARD L. HOBART*
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
A Shylock Nation? Here Are the Facts - - 12
*BURT M. M'CONNELL*
How Connecticut Handled the Movies - - - 14
*WILLIAM SHEAFE CHASE*
Romantic Rascals—"The Tichborn Claimant" - 16
*CHARLES J. FINGER*
Helping the Blind to See - - - - - - - - 19
*CHARLES G. MULLER*
Side Lights on Author of "Ingoldsby Legends" 22
*L. DIXON*
The Signers—Three From New Hampshire 24
*CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN*
The "Come Back" of Artist Bridwell - - - 28
*HARRY PENCE*
A Dance a Week for Beginners—the Waltz - 32

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer;
C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor

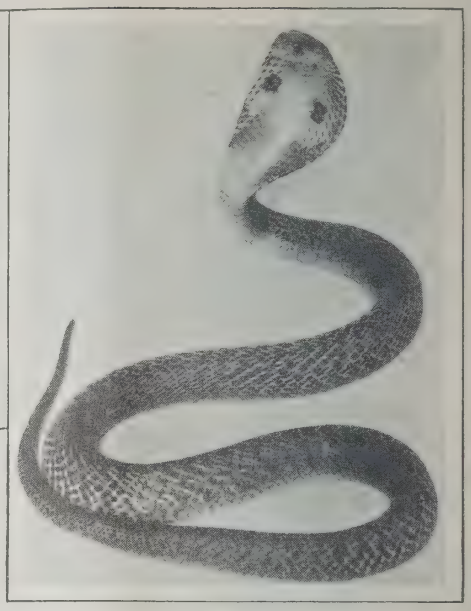
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.50 A YEAR in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year. Single copy, ten cents.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.



(C) Courtesy of *Nature Magazine*, Washington, D. C.



(C) New York Zoological Society.
Above, at left—South American rattlesnake. At right—Cobra.

# Removing Death From the Sting

## How the Venom of Deadly Snakes Is Collected And Made Into a Serum Which Saves Lives

An interview with

R. L. DITMARS

Curator of Reptiles and Assistant Curator of Mammals in the New York Zoological Park

By PAUL MACDONALD

I BELIEVE the hiking craze first started in California; I at least first observed it in that state. Then the fad traveled eastward.

The hikers in California dress for hiking. They go properly attired in shoes of heavy leather and in leggings and heavy trousers.

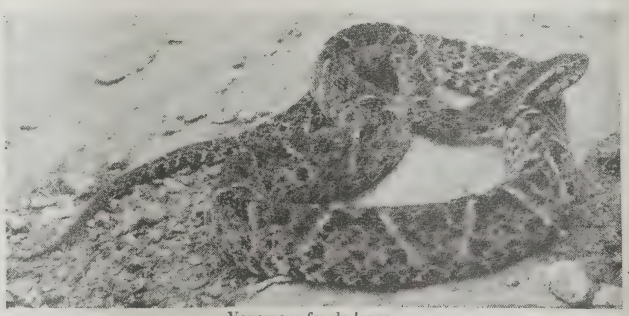
In the Mid-West and Eastern States the hikers, for the most part, go improperly clothed. This is particularly true of the women. Many of them go out on hikes wearing thin silk stockings and high-heeled shoes.

Besides hiking there has come the extended use of the automobile. Camping out is the thing today. Long auto trips, rests in the cool shadows of the woods, a bit of tramping thrown in. Many do it.

Never have our woods been so frequented as in the last few years. Never before have so many persons gone into the semi-wildernesses that remain in the various sections of the country.

This increasing interest in the outdoors has resulted in an increased number of snake bites. Poisonous reptiles remain in the United States and as more persons visited the unpopulated sections of their native land the number of persons seriously hurt or killed as the result of being bitten by poisonous snakes increased at an astounding rate.

Unfortunately we lacked an absolute remedy for these bites and what remedies we had were often too far removed from the scene of accident to be of any assistance. The result was an ever-increasing demand for protection and cure.



Venomous fer-de-lance.



(C) Courtesy of *Nature Magazine*, Washington, D. C.
Bush master.

Many of these accidents could have been avoided. The visitors to the woodlands were literally and figuratively babes in the woods. They knew little, if anything, of woodcraft. They had no knowledge of the woods or the creatures thereof. And, with the increasing number of accidents, there spread a fear of all reptiles and the solemn resolve by many never to enter the less trodden areas.

I began to make investigations. I wrote to every state board of health, to physicians and individuals and after months of inquiry I had the statistics gathered as accurately as I believed possible. They showed that each year in the last few years 150 persons have died in the United States as the result of being bitten by poisonous snakes.

(*Continued on page 30*)

# Peddling U.S. Citizenship Rights

## American Name and Ballot Are Forced on Aliens by Cut-Rate Americanization Methods

### Not the Number of Foreigners in the Country, But the Number of Alien Voters, Is the Nation's Big Political Menace

**The Farce of Making American Citizens in Bunches—Forcing a Hyphenated Allegiance—"Induced Naturalization" Should Be Stopped—No Other Country Cheapens Its Privileges—**

By MARIAN BRUCE CLARK

RECENT agitation concerning the appointment of alien teachers in the public schools of Washington, following a similar situation which caused a sensation in the schools of New York some few years ago, has raised the question of naturalization to a subject of the highest importance in view of the proposed amendments to the Naturalization Bill to be presented at the present session of Congress.

An Englishman visiting New York City some years ago found his way to the basement of the city hall during the celebration of the marriage ceremony by a duly empowered alderman; this is what he witnessed: Fourteen couples were instructed to "line up" before the official. Said this personage, "What's your name? What's your name? What's your name? What's your name? . . ." and then pointing to each: "Kiss your wife—kiss your wife—kiss your wife—kiss your wife . . ." The impression made upon the native of a country which is noted for its conservatism by this marriage *en masse* was somewhat more startling than pleasing.

Our naturalization ceremonies are conducted with the same indifference to sanctity and the same mass formation, and it is by such wholesale and impersonal distribution of the most sacred privilege of citizenship that we, as a nation, are encouraging disrespect for the solemn oath and its administration.

For many years *we have been actually peddling the priceless boon of United States citizenship under the guise of "Americanization."*

Naturalization is and must be conferred as a *privilege.*

It should be extended only to those who earnestly desire it and who are willing to strive for it.

The spectacle that may be witnessed in any naturalization court where collective oaths are administered is not conducive to national pride in the ceremony.

Prospective citizens may be heard grumbling about loss of time from their work or business, the necessity of producing witnesses, and so on, and the fact that *a large majority have been solicited* diminishes the respect and cheapens the value of the inestimable privilege of which they are about to become the recipients. This is our fault.

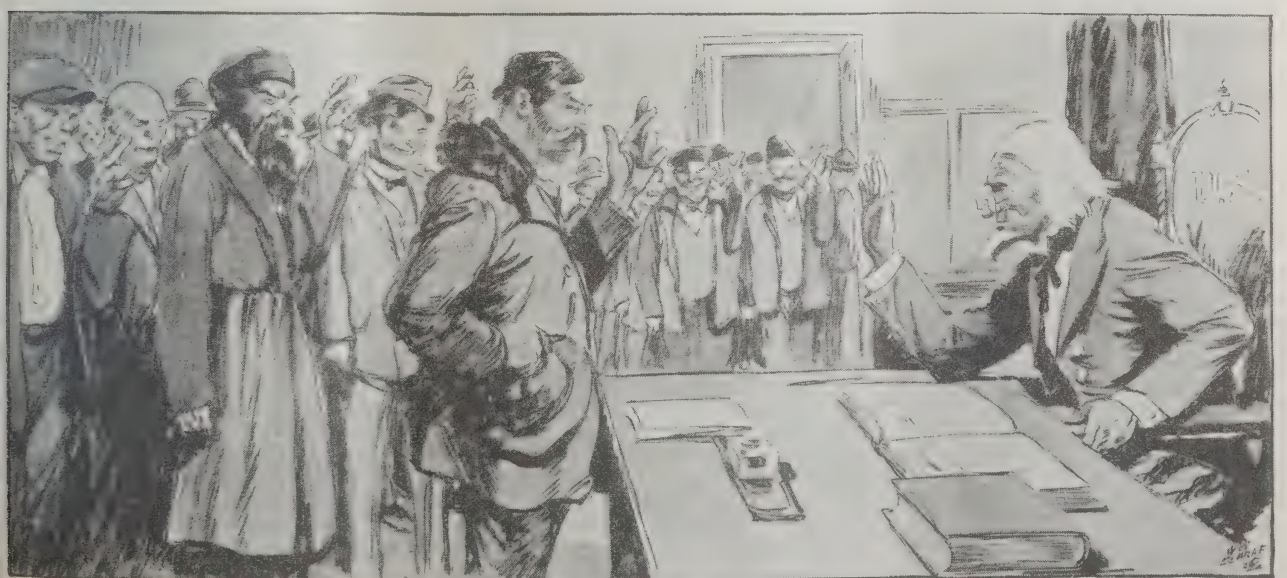
*Prior to the war not a single country in Europe or in fact in the world recognized our naturalization laws.* Germany, France, Italy and the Russian Empire drafted their reservists from not only our naturalized citizens but *from our natural-born Americans of foreign parentage* as well. Those who did not respond to the call were listed as deserters from the European armies.

Today members of the "Sons of Italy" recognize the sovereignty of the Italian King to the fourth generation born in this country and accept liability to military duty which this recognition entails. The Grand Master of the "Sons of Italy" is known in the order as the "Cousin of the King" and is entertained as such when he visits Italy.

France, upon the declaration of war, imprisoned American citizens of twenty-five years duration as deserters, and Germany had at all times a regulation "permit" issued to her nationals who were required to apply for *permission to remain German citizens after they had become naturalized Americans.* This form which was familiar to every immigration and State Department official reads as follows:

> "Laws relating to German Citizenship.
> Section 25:
>
> German citizenship will not be lost, if, before the obtaining of foreign citizenship, the written permission of authorized officials of his native state has been obtained and a publication of his intention is also filed before the German Consul at the place where the foreign citizenship is obtained."

These defects in our naturalization laws have not been corrected by either legislation or treaty provisions since the Armistice. In the eyes of Italy, Italians by birth whether naturalized or not, or American born of Italian parentage to the fourth generation, are still Italians subject to military



The spectacle that may be witnessed in any naturalization court where collective oaths are administered is not conducive to national pride in the ceremony.

duty; German naturalized citizens are still German with the same allegiance and obligations; Frenchmen are still French nationals in the eyes of France, and so on.

This statement does not challenge the individual loyalty of many of these naturalized citizens who are helpless to change these conditions. It is altogether the fault of our insufficient naturalization laws which do not enforce the protection guaranteed by the Constitution. To those, however, who, through the medium of membership in subsidized foreign societies, retain their contact and accept the fiat of the military provisions of a foreign power there should be the option of disfranchisement or absolute allegiance to the United States flag and Constitution.

The history of the naturalization courts in recent years is so replete with incidents depicting the incompetency of applicants for citizenship, their ignorance of the English language, their illiteracy and other defects, that were they not so tragic would be ludicrous, *and these incidents are invariably related in a spirit of amusement!* We are familiar with the newspaper illustrations of newly made citizens in the act of being sworn by the hundred. At no time has that most precious gift of American citizenship been held out as something difficult of attainment, hence worth striving for; worth acquiring the language of the country to attain; or worth sacrificing their foreign allegiance for.

There are at present no adequate requirements for preparation for citizenship. We require civil service examinations for common laborers, why not for a prospective American citizen?

Congress should realize that this laxity in adding to the electorate of the country may, if continued, seriously interfere with the maintenance of our present form of government.

From this point of view *it is not the number of foreigners in the country who count, it is those who vote who count,* and for this reason *induced naturalization should be legally prohibited* as well as induced immigration or contract labor. The one is as vicious as the other, and far more dangerous.

Those who are alien in race and religion intermarry among themselves, maintain their religions and customs and, as has been shown above, maintain their foreign connections and sympathies for generations. To these, without adequate investigation, we give the vote, they maintain their foreign societies, newspapers and colonies without abatement, they are increasing in numbers both as a result of immigration and because of their greater fecundity. It is the unwise and unrestricted naturalization of these foreign groups, *in groups,* that has made our municipal governments the worst in the world and this is true not only of New York City but of every city in the United States that has a large foreign population and consequently a large foreign and ignorant voting class. It only remains for a continuation of the neglect of the entire subject of naturalization by Congress for the effects to decrease the efficiency of our National Government. A retroactive and entirely reconstructed Naturalization Act would be the best thing that could be accomplished in any one session of Congress.

As an illustration of induced naturalization the following extract from the editorial columns of a Washington newspaper in connection with the alien-teacher discussion shows the general tendency to smooth over such situations in the old illogical way:

> "The proper education of the youth of this city depends largely upon the personnel of the instructors. American history, especially, may be distorted by those teachers who owe political allegiance to some foreign power or state.
>
> Loyalty to the public school system of this country on the part of those who persistently fail or refuse to become citizens may well be questioned. Here certainly is the one place where none but Americans may be on guard.
>
> It is understood that the new order does not apply to aliens now teaching in the schools. *To summarily dismiss such teachers might work a hardship, but they should be required to take out their citizenship papers within a stipulated time or retire from the service."*

Can it be possible to change an undesirable alien into a desirable citizen by "requiring" him to take out citizenship "within a stipulated time or retire from the service"? This has been the procedure, not only in the schools, but in all so-called Americanization work for the past decade or more, and the result has been anything but gratifying. It is this very method that should be considered in the forthcoming naturalization legislation.

No question of evading hardship, no pecuniary gain and no other sort of ulterior motive should be permitted to enter into the application of any foreigner for naturalization.

There should be no "required" citizenship, no induced citizenship, and no dual allegiance citizenship if we are to retain our present system of government.

It may very truly be said that the United States is today suffering from too much suffrage, not too little

The governor of one of the North Atlantic States, within a few months in addressing the members of the Stuben Society remarked that he hoped that his administration had been satisfactory to "the Germans of the State of _____."

At any hearing in relation to amendment of our immigration or naturalization laws one may hear opposition registered by and advice offered by persons who with difficulty make themselves understood in the language of the country whose government they are undertaking to control.

This is not an attempt to make an issue, nor to add one to the number of our problems. The issue is already here. It has projected itself into the nation's attention.

# Slaughtering the Slogans

MOST of the old-time chroniclers liked to dramatize their accounts of the climactic events of history.

But nowadays we have a lot of mythoclastic historians who have a flair for going to "original sources"; for digging into the prosaic, practical facts, and triumphantly proclaiming that "he never said it," or if he did say it, it was only after due deliberation—after the event.

In recent years these glamour-vandals have thus manhandled virtually every famous epigram and slogan that we have long cherished as the high spots of the thrill and romance of history.

However, "Old Put" is safe. Those of us who still like our history flavored with the old-time heroics will welcome a chapter in a book of reminiscences by Major George Haven Putnam, in which he recounts many of the sayings and doings of his illustrious forbear, General Israel Putnam.

You remember in your school history the famous order: "Don't shoot till you see the whites of their eyes." Well, here it is. Authenticated, verified, officialized, set down in black and white at the time by one of the General's officers—the order to the men in the trenches at Breed's Hill:

"Hold your fire until you see the whites of their eyes. Fire low. Save your shot—powder is scarce. Pick the officers."

Characteristic economy and efficiency.

Another official document, typical of Old Put's laconic style is reproduced in this record. A British officer in civilian dress was captured inside the American lines and ordered to be hanged. Captain Montagu of the British ship *Mercury*, sent a protest, raising the technicality that General Putnam did not have authority in the case, and threatening vengeance if the prisoner were executed. The General returned the following economical and entirely adequate reply:

"Edward Palmer, an enemy officer, was taken within our lines, has been tried as a spy, condemned as a spy, and shall be executed as a spy.

"Israel Putnam.

"P. S. Palmer has accordingly been executed."



A crowd is one of the easiest things to get in China. Note the large number of soldiers in the view above.

# Gain, Not Glory, Guides Chinese Soldier

By INEZ MARKS LOWDERMILK

NOW that all the nations of the world are attempting to live under the same roof, it is expedient that we learn to know and understand one another better, especially our big restless neighbor across the Pacific—China.

Perhaps in no other sphere are the mental conceptions of East and West at greater variance than regarding wars.

To the Western mind, war is grim and unrelenting. It is fought for a cause or principle and fought to the end. Difficulties or hardships are borne unflinchingly for the sake of the principle at stake. A soldier to us is strong and brave. He is loyal to his country, to his superiors and to his fellow men, even though this loyalty may cost his life. Disloyalty or cowardice are not tolerated. He stands for protection, law and order. The officers have no thought of rebellion against the national government, but all work under one authority and as one man.

To interpret Chinese by these standards simply cannot be done. The average Chinese soldier is not fighting for a great cause or principle or for a love of his leader. He makes a show of fighting because he is employed by some military man and given food and clothes and pay. If he fails to receive the latter, he turns bandit and gets it anyway. He does not allow himself to suffer much hardship or personal danger. He is often unfit physically and his bravery many times consists in bullying the unarmed masses. He is not loyal; soldiers and officers alike change sides, if bribes or personal safety seem to warrant it. War is rarely fought to destroy the enemy, but rather to gain a compromise.

With this background, it can be seen that war in China is far different from the general conception in America.

Recently word flashed that a new civil war had broken out in China. The following day, newspaper headlines in the western world probably read: "Fengtien troops driven from Shanghai," "Southern army now occupies the city," "Retreating soldiers cut railways," "Defeated Fengtien army fall back on Nanking but are driven across the Yangtze," "Thirty-five thousand of the victorious southern army enter Nanking in one day." Such headlines would be true but the American mind would visualize these events in a manner far removed from what actually took place.

This war was staged for the benefit of the proposed Tariff Autonomy Conference. Chang Tso-lin—ex-bandit—of Manchuria, who took control of the government last autumn, after extending his control from Mukden to Shanghai, does not want to fight aggressively now. He knows if he can stay in power until after the conference is over, the increased tariff revenues will be his to graft upon. Wu Pei Fu, whom Chang defeated last year, and all other "outs wanting in" claim that Chang's is a traitor government and wish to defeat him and get in power before the conference closes. Their motive is also the revenue. Both sides boast of patriotism, but it is simply a blind to hide their greed for money.

Chinese wars are generally wars of

presupposition, therefore there is seldom a major engagement. If one side is presupposed to have a disadvantage, it evacuates its position without a real contest of strength in the field.

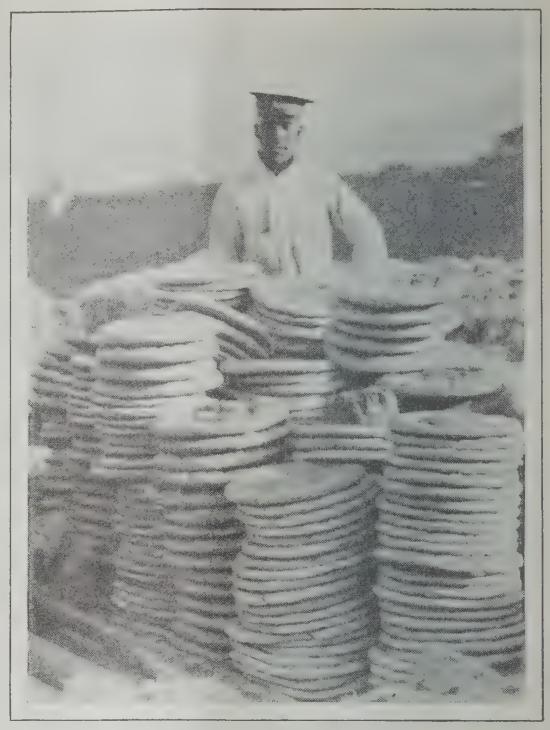
The details of the newspaper headlines supposed above, work out as follows: The Fengtien men realized that their line was too long and that Chekiang under General Sun was preparing to move troops against them. As before stated, Chang and his men did not wish to fight at this time. They waited until the American Tariff Autonomy delegates were established on the northbound train and gave them a few minutes' start, and then every train was commandeered and the rush of some tens of thousands of troops began. When the Fengtien soldiers were entirely gone except about four hundred still waiting for cars in the station, the "conquering army" took Shanghai, which consisted merely in marching into the empty barracks and making themselves at home. So far as anyone could hear, not a shot was fired, but the "victorious army" disarmed and took prisoners the few Fengtien men who remained.

Our Nanking governor heard that his Fengtien colleagues were clearing out. That he too might avoid conflict or personal danger, he made plans to get on the north bank of the Yangtze River. As a ruse, he sent invitations to a dinner party to which several American residents here were invited. The night before the dinner was to take place, under the cover of darkness, began the silent tramp, tramp of thousands of men. They opened the Nanking city gates and embarked across the Yangtze on requisitioned steamers to Pukow, the southern terminus of the Peking-Nanking railway. About 3:30 a. m., the local division, which one year previously had deserted Governor Chee and joined the so-called conquering northern army, now deserted the northern army, and made plans to join the oncoming "conquering army." When all the Fengtien men had left the city except a remaining few hundred, the traitorous local division became very brave. We were awakened by the sound of shots from various parts of the city.

No one was particularly alarmed, for old residents in China know that the Chinese seldom shoot to kill and one is not apt to catch a stray bullet.

By sunup all was quiet. And by the time a cable could reach America saying that "the enemy had been driven from Nanking and it was now occupied by southern soldiers," we were comfortably at breakfast.

The American children were very happy as they ran here and there, picking up souvenirs.



Chinese army bread, very comparable to lead.

These had been thrown by the Fengtien men as they ran away from the local soldiers who had been shooting into the air, to frighten the small Fengtien remnant into giving up their arms, and being herded together and led out of the city. So far as we could learn, two hours of shooting into the air resulted in two accidental deaths and four or five wounded.

It would not have been Chinese psychology or diplomacy deliberately to injure the enemy for fear that revenge might later be taken.

Thus our local division had not won the hatred of the enemy, and had a few disarmed Fengtien soldiers and arms to prove that they were loyal to the new and conquering southern army.

The only effect on the foreign residents was the loss of a few hours sleep, and even so, many thought the rifle volleys were firecrackers in celebration of some wedding or funeral and peacefully slept until morning. That day, schools and foreign business proceeded as usual.

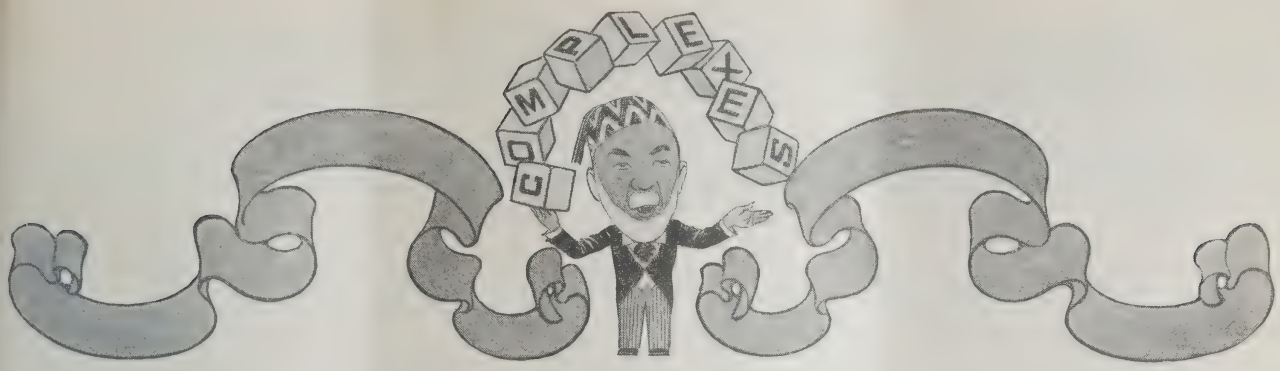
So far, one does not fear anti-foreign feeling when China is at civil war. Past experience has made every general, regardless of what side he is on, to have it strictly understood that foreign property and lives are to be protected. If there has been any temporary anti-foreign feeling among the masses, it immediately vanishes as civil war approaches and they seek the protection of our buildings and friendship. Thus far China is a land of privilege for the Westerner, and, even in time of war, city gates are opened for us and other courtesies are extended which are not given to the Chinese.

In interior cities foreigners have sometimes been subjected to long and trying sieges and worry. But in all the port cities, where foreign gunboats patrol the waters, a wholesome respect is shown. If war in China were really as dangerous to foreign residents as reports would seem to show, the homeward-bound steamers could not handle the crowds. Whereas reports show that home-bound traffic is very light at present. Personally the writer feels safer, in this port city of Nanking, than in attempting to dodge automobiles at the street crossings in America.

The effect of war in China on the Chinese people is a very different story. A standing army of a million and a half men requires money. Every time a general (Concluded on page 26)



When Chinese troops wish to cross a river, they commandeer junks for which the owner seldom receives compensation.




# Dr. Joseph Collins *gives* "My Definition of a Freudian"

Part III.

SOON after he graduated in medicine, Freud went, like all the medical world intrigued by neurology, to Paris that he might get inspiration and instruction from Charcot, then at the zenith of his career. Charcot's reputation extended throughout the civilized world. He was not a parent of neurology like Duchenne; he was a press agent, a drive organizer, an interpreter, an administrator, a lay St. Paul. He blazed a trail through the jungle Hysteria. He proved that hysterical manifestations (symptoms) disappear when the memory of the event (occurrence) that caused them was clearly and keenly revived, that is, brought to consciousness. He used hypnotism to accomplish that end.

I have said Charcot was a great organizer. He was the Andrew Carnegie of Neurology. He knew how to pick his assistants and coadjutors. Having picked them, he knew how and when to load them with responsibility; and best of all he knew how to incorporate with his own brilliant and versatile mind the products of the minds and industry of others.

In Charcot's clinic, when Dr. Freud was there, there was a young psychologist who has become world renowned; his name, Pierre Janet. When Dr. Freud returned to Vienna, he boomed Charcot and disseminated his doctrines, but he said little or nothing about Janet, and he has said little or nothing about him since. This would not be so astonishing had not Janet accused Freud, and were he not still accusing him of taking the materials of the structure, formed and filled, that he has erected, from him, without saying "by your leave" or "thank you."

Janet took the "unconscious" from the field of philosophical speculation. From experiment, observation and induction, he concluded it was a concrete reality and that it underlay certain psychological phenomena.

To show the extent to which Freud is indebted to Janet, I quote the words of the illustrious professor of psychology at the Collége de France:

> "In his publications, Dr. Freud, at first, altered the terms that I had used; he called 'psychoanalysis' what I had called 'psychological analysis.' What I had called 'psychological system' to designate the combination of conscious facts and of movements, either of the limbs or of the viscera which, together, constitute a traumatic memory, he called 'a complex.' What I had described as psychological dissociation or moral disinfection, he called catharsis. What I had called 'a shrinkage of consciousness,' he called 'repression.' But the gravamen of the matter is that he transformed a method of clinical observation and a therapeutic procedure with limited and precise indications into an enormous system of medical philosophy."

In reality, Dr. Freud altered the glossary of psychoanalysis and invented new terms for old ideas. But despite Dr. Janet's right to be regarded as the pioneer of the "New Psychology" it cannot be denied that Freud's enthusiasm and boldness gave it an impulse that was neither timorous nor limited. At first, he used hypnotism in order to investigate the causation of hysteria and to treat it as Charcot, Janet and others did, but he soon abandoned it.

In 1893, Dr. Joseph Breur and Dr. Sigmund Freud, both of Vienna, published in a Berlin medical journal a paper that was widely read and commented. I was studying neurology and psychology at a German university at that time and was deeply impressed with the communication. I mention it to inform the reader that my acquaintance with the Freudian doctrine has not been recent.

Their conclusions were: the various symptoms of hysteria stand in direct relationship to a mental (emotional), unpleasant, painful experience; a psychic trauma. The occurrence (the incident) is forgotten. Apparently it is wiped completely off the slate of consciousness, but it is not really. The psychic trauma writes on the unconscious mind with sympathetic ink. There are wizards who know how to make it visible. It cannot be done by ordinary means. It is to be done by "free associations" and "involuntary reminiscences," a kind of "*recherche du temps perdu.*" The memory of the "*casus belli,*" the "occurrence," continues to exist in the unconscious. It is jammed in there and acts like a foreign body in a wound; its existence is shown by the continuance of the original reactions and these original reactions are called hysterical symptoms. Bringing the memory of the occurrence back into consciousness is like extracting a foreign body from a wound. Nature aided by art then cures the wound. God does not have a hand in it as the immortal surgeon Ambrose Paré claimed. The emotion which was engendered by the shock and which occurred simultaneously and sequentially to the shock had no opportunity to work itself off, and so is jammed in and strangulated. It can work itself off now when the foreign body has been extracted from the wound, as it were, and, the fact that it has worked itself off is testified by a cessation of the hysterical symptoms.

This was the foundation upon which Freud built the massive structure that has come to be known as the Freudian movement, or the New Psychology.

(*Continued on page 20*)

# Colossus of Rhodes—A New Aspect

## It Is Now Asserted That This Statue Stood Erect and Not, as Tradition Says, Astride the Harbor

***The statue of Apollo, known as the Colossus of Rhodes, was built in 280 B. C. and thrown down by an earthquake in 224 B. C., after it had stood for a brief 56 years.***
***The belief that it bestrode the harbor entrance at Rhodes, ships passing between its legs, cannot be traced back farther than the sixteenth century A. D. Modern opinion is that the giant statue stood upon a pedestal and did not bestride the harbor.***

By RICHARD L. HOBART

MISCONCEPTIONS as to the Colossus of Rhodes have held sway over the minds of people since earliest history. Even men and women with some pretense of an education have pictured this colossal figure with feet astride over the narrow harbor of Rhodes; a figure woven from the fancy of the ancients and passed down and elaborated on from century to century. But this is far from being the truth. This colossal figure, said by many to be the most exquisite and perfect reproduction of the human body ever wrought by man, stood, almost beyond the shadow of a doubt, upon a high marble pedestal, feet together and with fire flashing from the eyes, to warn mariners of the dangerous rocks in the harbor.

Even the Immortal Bard, Shakespeare, presents this fallacy in one of his plays,

He doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
—*Julius Caesar*, Act I, Scene 2.

But what is this Colossus of Rhodes? This immense figure with six other marvelous wonders comprise what is generally accepted as the Seven Wonders of the Ancient World. These seven tremendous works of man's ingenuity are: The Colossus of Rhodes, the Great Pyramid of Cheops, the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, the Pharos of Alexandria, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon and the Statue of Zeus at Olympia. Only the second wonder mentioned above is visible today practically in its entirety. The Temple of Diana may still be seen in a few fallen fragments, still majestic when we allow our imagination to soar. Almost all are but a memory gleaned from patient perusal of ancient writings, pitifully few at that.

As to the Colossus of Rhodes we know but little, the rest being pure conjecture. The colossal figure was supposed to represent Apollo, sun god and protecting deity of the Island of Rhodes. One of the foremost pupils of the Greek sculptor, Lysippus, was the designer, Chares of Lindus by name, who required more than twelve years to complete his stupendous task. For all the painstaking care and almost unsurmountable obstacles overcome, the Colossus stood for but a short time as we term years in the history of the world. The statue stood for only some fifty-five or fifty-six years, the wonder of its time, to be ingloriously overthrown by an earthquake in the year 224 B. C.



If we should accept Pliny's estimate of its general dimensions (his is about the only thorough description extant), the Colossus was about 105 feet high. It was cast in bronze, that metal so extensively used by the ancients, and was laboriously raised section by section until it scompletion in 280-278 B.C. Stone work of cunning design and fit was found necessary for the interior of the giant casting to strengthen and keep it from buckling, although a tiny winding stairway was kept open extending to the massive head which was probably left large enough for a (Concluded on page 31)



# MR. FORD'S PAGE

RECENTLY a number of college men, seeking to understand the secret of American industry, conceived the plan of spending their summer vacations in the shops They entered as ordinary workmen, changed day and night shifts in turn, worked under foremen of various types and on jobs of various kinds, in short, took labor as the laborer must take it in every respect. For they needed to earn money too. And at the end they wrote their experiences.

What they wrote was interesting and in many ways gratifying. They were keen and inquisitive and intelligent; they were not partisan, except with that human partisanship which instinctively takes the side of the workingman as against the corporation; they were perhaps as good an average jury, those half-hundred students, as could be found in young America to try the case of modern American industry.

After examining the attitude of the employer toward the men, which was found satisfactory; and studying the various methods by which the interests of the men were conserved; and estimating the general social advantage which the employes won by being employed at that particular place, they gave their decisions, which in the main were highly favorable.

But here is a curious fact: had a school been examined and reported after this manner, the report would have dealt with the nice conditions under which the janitor worked, the high rate of wages the teachers received, the pension arrangements, the nice school furniture, and so on. Not a word about the product. If a hospital had been examined after this manner, the report would have stressed how comfortable the doctor's offices were, what nice accommodations were provided for the nurses, how easy and delightful was the arrangement of the internes' hours, and so on. Not a word about the service of that hospital to the health of the world.

That is, these college men, if one were to draw extreme conclusions from their omissions, would seem to assume that industry is to be judged by its benefits to those who are in it! As if the worth of schools is to be judged by the personal gain of teachers, or the worth of hospitals by the financial benefits derived by the doctors. Schools are to be judged by pupils—their work. Hospitals are to be judged by healed patients—their work.

*INDUSTRY is judged by almost every standard except by what it does. Formerly industry was judged by the profits of its owners. Now it is by the wages of its men. But the first and crucial question is, What does it for society? Few ask that. When business is studied, it is usually inside of the shop, it is not studied from the commodity in use. The particular squint of our present time on industry is more humane than fifty years ago, but it does not give complete ground for judgment. Industry's service is social, and so must be judged.*

And in the same way, industry is to be judged by its product. We forget that.

When you see a factory, the first question is, What is it doing for the world? In what way is it helping society? That is the first and fundamental question, just as with a school or a hospital. The first question is not, What are its wages? any more than that is the first question about schools or hospitals.

It is easy to understand, of course, why the young college men took the method they did. It is not long since the emphasis in industry was the profit for the owner. Everything flowed that way. The emphasis now is on the profit to the wage-earner. That is as far as we have got up to this time in the popular judgment of industry. It is right, of course, that wages should receive their just emphasis. But our judgment of industry will never be sound until we first give it the test of public service. The question of profits and wages will never find sound solution until the service motive in industry is completely established.

Industry was once thought to exist for the service of the owners and masters. Nowadays, to judge from what is printed and shouted, it is deemed to exist for the exclusive benefit of people employed in it. But these are not the first responsibilities of industry at all: its first duty, its first loyalty, its first purpose of existence, is the public. The public puts owners and workers both alike in the minority, so far as the individual industry is concerned.

This idea may not be welcome as yet. Anyway, the whole current of present-day thought runs on one side of it. Even in the colleges where men are trying to get at the secret of industry, they begin by asking how men in the shop are paid and treated? But when they are well paid and well treated, that does not answer the question, What is the industry doing to justify its existence in the world, to justify its availing itself of anybody's labor?

To call attention to this curious squint of the mind when it considers industry may be worth while. The factory justifies itself by its usefulness to society at large. If it neglects so vital an element as wages, it simply disqualifies itself from rendering any service at all. For these things all go together.

**"Ford Ideals," 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## *Ask the People, Mr. President*

THE President is reported to favor proposals which have not been the subject of nation-wide and vital discussion or public vote. He is even reported to be campaigning for them. This method, unfortunately, resembles that of the recent would-be Constitution-amenders, who let the people go hang while they concentrated their efforts on the officials of the government. As it is not the government, but the people, who amend the Constitution, this special focus on officialdom was fruitless.

It may be said that it is not the Government but the people, not the handful of officials at Washington but the nation which sent them there, that is primarily interested in matters which the President is said to favor. The World Court, for example. If the President desires to campaign for the Court, should he not do so before the people? Would it not be a sounder method for Congress to decide the Court question according to the opinion of the people? Would not the President himself be in a better position if he convinced the people first, and left Congress to them? The method which makes it appear that all these new commitments are merely *alliances of governments*, and not of *peoples*, has elements which our people do not approve.

There is no indication that American policy ever favored isolation from the *peoples* of Europe. There is nothing in the American mind that favors it now. But European *politics* and European *governments* are quite different things. The American mind is unalterably set against alliances with European politics or European governments.

What then is our surprise to behold in our own country the quiet assumption that our action in these matters may be determined on political grounds (as by the approval of the President) and made a purely *government* action (as by a campaign among officials and not among the people). This is something new. Instead of keeping us out of the European mess, it is importing the mess-making methods into our own affairs.

It should be brought earnestly to the President's mind that he and Congress are an insufficient power, but that he and the people may act without hesitation. And he should be advised to see that the propaganda by which he is surrounded may have no echo whatever out in the country. The American people are asked to take no part in making an engagement that vitally binds them to war and active participation in world politics. They are onlookers. Needless to say, they are capable, at an embarrassing moment, of becoming ruthless participants.

## *The Top of the Planet*

OVER the top of the planet by airplane is all done but the doing, and we may hear of it being successfully done almost any day. A combination of interests are linked for the feat. A newspaper system wants the exclusive story. A certain make of airplane wants the advertisement. Aviators want to demonstrate that no element but fire is now closed to their prowess. Explorers want to see what they can find. Militarists are looking for a short cut to the other side of the earth. Think of it—out of the Western Hemisphere into the Eastern Hemisphere by a jump over the ice of the Polar Sea! "Take the Polar Short Route to the Orient!" And that is not all by far. The Pole will be opened up. We may live to see a real estate boom develop in its vicinity. What better place is there on earth for a health resort? It is not a bouncing imagination, but quite within the realm of possibility, and within our lifetime, too, that "ordered North" will be as much a health note as "ordered South." Our race tends more to the Pole than to the jungle, and we may yet see golf courses laid among the ice hummocks, where endless tournaments may be held through the long arctic day.

## *United States Control of Pictures?*

TALK of Federal control of any kind usually grows out of state neglect. This is true of suggestions that a national censorship of motion pictures be established. Experience has shown that when local sentiment is too indifferent to accomplish what requires doing, Federal assumption of the local duty leads to little improvement. Besides, it sets up the always bad but now positively alarming habit of "Let Sam do it." Sam is doing too many things very badly indeed to be a candidate for more responsibilities, especially in matters that come so intimately home to the people as their entertainment. If Sam wants to censor pictures that are sent abroad—such as those which have caused the revulsion in Japan against the United States—that is well and good.

But at home the people can take care of their own pictures, should do it, and have done it. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT is publishing two studies of state control of motion pictures, based upon the experiences of Connecticut and New York. These articles will prove valuable to citizens of all the states.

## *Sounding the "Alert"*

COLONEL HOUSE has called at the White House—"by invitation." Correspondents, who usually speak from high but unnamed authority, have been at pains, and evidently by request, to minimize the fact. The President occupies a hard position; unavoidably he must have many conferences; but the appearance around him of the men who influenced Woodrow Wilson to his hurt is not reassuring. Should the next to appear be Barney Baruch, many people will have the right to conclude that the old crowd has broken in again. Mr. Coolidge has a reputation for wisdom, but it will only bear so much weight. He has not Woodrow Wilson's excuse for accepting certain counsel, for Wilson did not know; the exposures made in this country since that time, however, are such that Coolidge cannot help but know. "Mystery men" are out of date at the White House and elsewhere; they were connected with too many sinister things of the still remembered past. In the days of his enlightenment Wilson dismissed most of them; they should not be invited in again.

The nation is being slid, cautiously, silently, toward all that it has formerly abjured, and which no official has the right to change without the people's express vote. And in conjunction with the sliding process individuals appear who were thought to be in the national scrap heap when Calvin Coolidge was elected. Their reappearance, their still unsolved "mystery," their all too intimate connection with overseа influences, are, if not actually disquieting, at least occasion for alert attention.

## *A Fool Admits It*

THE Wise Man from the Village had just been described, to his face, as being a certain kind of a fool. "I know it," said he, "and you don't. In this special matter you are wrong—it is not foolish. However, as you say, I myself am a —— fool. I found it out rather early in my life. I found it out before others did. I found there were weak spots in my make-up. When I got out with the boys I gave all I had to the fun of the occasion and prolonged it beyond reasonable limits. I could completely turn myself from a man interested in work to a man who was interested in anything but work. People might have said that I was going to the dogs, only there is a time when that sort of foolishness begets amusement rather than censure.

"However, one day a man called me that kind of fool you have just described, and I hotly resented it. Then it came to me: 'I was a —— fool. There was no getting away from the fact. But what was there to do about it? That thirst for boon companionship was in me; that capacity for throwing responsibilities overboard was in my nature; it was simply there; that in itself is enough to make a man a —— fool.

"Well, I just accepted the fact. I sized myself up and wrote myself down. There I was. It was like a man who has a bad heart. The doctor tells him he has a bad heart. No use raging against it; there is the fact. What to do? Recognize the fact of a bad heart, and live accordingly. Maybe you know that people with bad hearts usually live longer than other people—if they know they have bad hearts AND if they live accordingly. They take care of themselves on their weak side.

"Now, I knew I was a fool. I knew the weak places in my armor. And I am that kind of a fool still. Nothing can change me. I am made that way. But, the point is, I know it, and live accordingly. I pass for a very wise and steady man, and I am one, but it is because I recognize my weaknesses and consistently take care of myself on that side.

"The world is full of —— fools. I don't blame them. Let them accept the fact, as they would weak eyes, or a game leg, or a bad heart, or tricky digestion, and they will win out.

"As I say to young fellows: 'You're a —— fool alright. Swallow the fact and build up defenses accordingly. There is always an inside something that is not a fool and that can steer the outside fool around his pitfalls. If you're a —— fool, admit it to yourself; take it into consideration whenever you have to make a decision, whenever your path lies over in the direction of your weakness. Then the fool will be saved from his folly."

## *Russia and Turkey—Comrades*

TO CLOSE students of world tendencies the treaty of friendship between Russia and Turkey will not be surprising; it is a direct advance along lines of action which have been long laid out with motives of menace to the Western world. Asia against Europe is not a wild dream, except on Asia's part. When the time comes Asia will find in her midst friends of the West and of Christianity. This will bring about the unexpected downfall of what will be the most ambitious but the last of all plans of world domination.

By
BURT M.
M'CONNELL

# A SHYLOCK NATION?
# HERE ARE THE FACTS

## Do They Show That European War Debts Should Be Wiped Off the Slate?




**In last week's issue some interesting information was given about the amount Americans have shouldered of the $10,000,000,000 loans made to foreign nations during the war. This week Burt M. McConnell throws on the screen some additional figures of importance.**

UP TO January 31, 1922, no foreign nation had made a move toward either paying its war debt or coming to a finding agreement with our Secretary of the Treasury. With the object of taking the bull by the horns, and doing something toward collecting these debts, Congress then authorized the formation of a Debt Funding Commission. Great Britain's counter thrust was the Balfour note. The British position, as set forth in the note, may be summarized as follows:

> Great Britain recognizes how the inter-Allied debts embarrass and retard the recovery of Europe. She is willing to cancel these debts as far as possible, but she is a debtor to the United States for more than $4,000,000,000. Inasmuch as the money borrowed from the United States was loaned again to other Allied countries, Great Britain must collect it if she is required to pay it. If other Powers consent to cancel their claims against her, she will write off the debts due her by her Allies and all her claims against Germany.

This note started afresh the cancellation campaign of Wall Street's international bankers. They maintained that we should wipe all war debts off the slate, partly because they are uncollectible; partly because the money which Europe borrowed had been spent with us. By August, 1922, no single country in Europe had made a practical move toward paying off a single penny of its obligation. Nevertheless, Congress held out against the campaign of propaganda, and specifically prohibited by law the cancellation of the principal of any war debt. It maintained that they were "good" debts, and that they should be paid, no matter how long a period of time the payments might cover. If we could collect only interest at 4½ per cent on the total European war debt, it was pointed out, we would have an income from this source of at least $475,000,000 a year, or enough to take care of half the interest charges on our own public debt, which had risen from $1,000,000,000 in 1913, to $24,000,000,000 in 1919.

After reading the Balfour note, public opinion in the United States was less sympathetic than ever toward any suggestion of a general all-round cancellation of war debts. American taxpayers had loaned every dollar of the debts to the government; they had denied themselves actual necessities in order to buy Liberty bonds. Inasmuch as the United States would be the only country to renounce anything of value in a deal of this kind, Great Britain would gain in the exact amount that we lost. No Wall Street banker who advocated cancellation of European war debts to this government ever considered for a moment forgiving the *private debts* of these same nations. And nothing would be gained by cancelling any debt if gigantic military and armament programs were to continue. So the American people refused to consider cancellation of any debt. Besides, they argued, Great Britain gained more by the war than any other Power, was perfectly solvent and able to pay, whereas Italy and France were not, and therefore no thoughts of cancellation were to be entertained.

Just before the Congressional election of 1922, President Harding made it perfectly clear that the United States was not wholly pleased with the fact that European countries were spending enormous sums in keeping military establishments even greater than those which brought on the World War. As a matter of fact, every well-informed person realized that Europe was poor because she was without credit, and she could not regain her credit until she was prepared to "clean house." Militarism, being responsible for most of Europe's misfortunes, would have been started off on another terrific jag if the advocates of debt cancellation had won their two years' campaign.

The gentle hint from this government that Europe could begin to pay its debt if it would substantially reduce its military burden, and that when this had been accomplished the United States would help her to reëstablish her credit through private loans—this gentle hint did not fall upon deaf ears. It was, in fact, the lever which brought about the Disarmament Conference at Washington.

When Congress created the American Debt Funding Commission, it made a hard and fast rule that Great Britain, which it anticipated would be the first European debtor to endeavor to come to an agreement, must pay off her debt within twenty-five years. Congress, which felt that it was responsible for the revenues of the government (and the terms of the

debt settlements would affect both revenue and taxation), steadily refused to reduce the interest rate, which then stood at 5 per cent, to any figure below 4¼ per cent, which was approximately the rate at which the United States borrowed billions in order to aid Great Britain and her Allies. As it was, a reduction of ¾ of 1 per cent—from 5 to 4¼—involved, roughly, a loss to the United States of $37,000,000 yearly.

This, in brief, was the message which the British Debt Funding commissioners carried back with them after their first visit to the United States in January, 1923, for the purpose of asking our Debt Funding Commission to reduce the interest rate on the British debt.

Congress and our Debt Funding Commission knew that every cent of the money borrowed was *not* used for the purchase of goods in the United States, as had been claimed, but that some of it had been used in keeping the value of the British pound (sterling) stable in the market. Our representatives also could have pointed out that we loaned this money when Great Britain needed it most and *at the lowest terms at which any nation during a war ever borrowed money;* that the goods which Great Britain bought were infinitely more vital to her than all the money in the world; that she knew the terms of the act of Congress under which she borrowed this money before she accepted it; and *that the war cost the United States practically as much as it cost Great Britain.* They also might have reminded the commissioners that Great Britain has invested hundreds of millions of dollars in oil, shipping, and banking since the war, and although unable to fund her debt to the United States or to pay over a hundred millions in interest, had consistently loaned money to foreign countries to bolster up her trade and commerce. They might have reminded them that, while we sold goods to Great Britain at war-controlled prices, the United States was charged trade prices for some of the things she bought in the British Empire.

With India producing practically the world's supply of jute, an essential war material, and the British selling it to us at a price higher than the British Government paid, it was necessary for us to take extreme measures, by cutting off the supply of silver to India, in order to obtain jute at a fair price. It was the same with wool. Furthermore, it is well known that Great Britain borrowed approximately a third of a billion dollars to pay off debts contracted by her with private bankers before this country got into the war. Had not Great Britain borrowed this money from the United States Government at 5 per cent, she would today be paying interest at perhaps 6 or 7 per cent—instead of 3 per cent. In her eventual settlement with our Debt Funding Commission, she agreed to pay interest at the rate of 4¼ per cent to December 15, 1922, 3 per cent for the next ten years, and 3½ per cent for the remaining 52 years.

England was not so badly off as she would have had us believe when her Debt Funding Commission arrived here. Under the Treaty of Versailles, the United States received no reparations; Great Britain got nearly all the merchant shipping of Germany. She scrapped the German navy, thereby eliminating her only great naval rival in European waters, and incidentally saving herself a naval expenditure of some $200,000,000 a year, or enough to take care of the interest on her war debt. She then killed Germany as a trade rival in manufactured steel and iron, as well as soft coal and lumber, by handing over to France and Poland some of the most fruitful mineral and forest territory of the former German monarchy. Finally, the British statesmen took from Germany an entire empire in Africa abounding in mineral wealth. England got all that and further reparations in gold that are to come from Germany. The United States got nothing except a big national debt.

It is impossible to determine the present capacity of any nation to pay, but who can determine in advance that capacity twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty years from now?

Of all the peoples in Europe, the French are the most prosperous. France's agricultural production in 1924 was equal to that of 1913; her coal production was 10 per cent greater; her iron production 30 per cent; her silk goods 17 per cent; her metal trade 15 per cent, and her cotton goods 6 per cent. Unlike Great Britain, she had no army of unemployed.

Why we should concede anything on this debt question cannot be successfully answered. The government borrowed this money from the people of the United States, and it pays interest semi-annually at the average rate of 4¼ per cent. To meet the interest charges, we collect from our own taxpayers more than $200,000,000 a year. Everybody who pays a Federal tax contributes some proportion of this sum, has done so for several years, and will continue to do so until our European debtors meet the annual interest rates. Until they do this—and they probably never will—the American taxpayer must make up the difference.

When France, five years after the war, had made no move whatever toward settling her war debt; when many of her leading financiers had, in fact, maintained that the debt could not be paid; when Premier Poincaré declared, in effect, that payment of the French debt to the United States was contingent upon the recovery of reparations from Germany, President Coolidge took occasion in his Message to Congress, in December, 1923, to remind France that this government did not favor the cancellation of war debts, but that it had no objection to adjusting them in accordance with the principle adopted for the British debt.

At that time France presented the spectacle of a debtor who is unable to pay, but is yet able to lend, by loaning 5,000,000 francs to Poland and her Little Entente allies—for the purchase of French munitions. France made no offer whatever to even fund her debt until the summer of 1925, and that was abortive. On the other hand, she established a credit with Wall Street bankers for $100,000,000 for the Bank of France, although at that time (in March, 1924) she had not paid a penny of the interest on her war debt and had not even indicated that she intended to pay. She had, meanwhile, paid both principal and interest on commercial loans regularly. That made her credit good with international bankers, and made the bankers willing to have the public indebtedness ignored or canceled in order to continue profitable private financial relations with the French Government and the Bank of France.

But while the French talked cancellation in 1923, there was talk, in the autumn of 1924, of an attempt to refund her war debts to the United States. Meanwhile, Poland, Finland, Hungary, and Lithuania had lined up with Great Britain and had come to a funding agreement with the United States regarding their war debts. In all these minor settlements, the Commission made concessions in interest rates which materially reduced the burden of the debt. But nothing came of the informal conversations between the French Ambassador to the United States and our Secretary of the Treasury. It was not until after Belgium had funded her debt that the Caillaux mission arrived. The Caillaux proposition, in brief, was that we cancel 60 per cent of the French debt. When this offer was rejected, the mission returned to France. The French finance minister's remark to newspaper correspondents that the French offer was a good one, for he wrote it himself, was either a very discourteous statement or an ill-timed jest.

(Concluded on page 27)

# How Connecticut Handled the Movies

## Bitter Fight Against Law Placing State Tax on Films and Preventing the Showing of Immoral Pictures, Lost by Trust in Courts

### Stinging Defeat May Cost Will Hays His Lucrative Czardom; Boycott on Nutmeg State by Magnates Proves Dismal Failure So They Capitulate

THE movie trust within eight days suffered two serious defeats.

On August 17, 1925, the U. S. District Court, which sat in New Haven, Connecticut, refused the application of the trust made by George W. Wickersham, ex-U. S. Attorney-General, to restrain Governor Trumbull, of Connecticut, from enforcing the new Connecticut movie law.

On August 25, the examiner of the Federal Trade Commission, after an investigation of more than three years into the industry, in which 17,000 pages of testimony have been taken, filed his report in which he found the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and five other organizations, Adolph Zukor, Jesse L. Lasky, and four other persons, guilty of conspiring to secure control and monopolization of the motion picture industry of the country.

The movie trust has apparently been caught red-handed. It is not likely that even lawyers like Paul Cravath, of New York, or Morris Wolf, of Philadelphia, can prove that the trust has not conspired to hinder competition unduly in the production, distribution and exhibition of motion pictures in interstate commerce. This seems to be established by the ownership of the trust of the first-run theaters in the thirty-nine key cities of the country and by means of the "block" system, whereby they have refused to release a certain much-desired film unless the exhibitor engages a substantial number of "block" or other films.

This disaster seems certainly to impend. But it will not actually have arrived until the Federal Trade Commission has handed down its decision and declared Zukor, Lasky and the others to be guilty of conspiring to form a trust. Yet even if the commission should not convict them, it is probable that Congress by act may provide for the Federal regulation of the industry.

The other disaster to the trust, however, has already arrived. One of the movie trade journals in headlines announces:

"CONNECTICUT FIASCO, HAYS' WATERLOO, EXILE TO ELBA MAY BE NEXT STEP. REPORTS THAT ZUKOR IS READY TO LET 'LITTUL GINRUL' GO ARE WIDELY CURRENT. USEFULNESS DEEMED ENDED AFTER NUTMEG STATE BUNGLE."

A New Haven paper in headlines announced:

"FILM TAX MAY COST WILL HAYS HIS JOB."

On June 2, 1925, both houses of the Connecticut legislature passed an act providing for a registration tax of $10 a reel on films from which motion pictures are to be exhibited within that state.

Will Hays and his legislative assistant, Charles C. Pettijohn, who was secretary of the Indiana State Democratic Committee while Mr. Hays was chairman of the Indiana Republican State Committee, forgot their political differences in their endeavors to stifle the movie law introduced in the state house of representatives by the Honorable Harry Durant, of Guilford, Connecticut. They thought that they had succeeded in having it suppressed in the legislative committees, but in spite of every opposition they could muster, the act was enacted by a large majority in each house.

Mr. Pettijohn was present at the time rallying the exhibitors to work against the enactment of the law. For selfish reasons, they ought to favor the law. For the fathers and mothers of Connecticut want clean movies for their children and the chief purpose of the law is to protect the young from the immoral influence of the screen and to compel the movie industry to furnish funds to help the state in dealing with the criminals which the screen has incited and trained.

Everything known to those astute political manipulators, Hays and Pettijohn, was done to prevent the passage of the bill. The frequently told story that the bill was hastily drawn and introduced in the last days of the legislature is a sob story to win sympathy for the supposedly abused movie trust. The bill was introduced early in February by Honorable Harry Durant, of Guilford, Connecticut, who was born and reared in New Haven and has had fifteen years' experience in motion pictures. The bill as originally drawn was almost identical with the New York State motion picture law and provided for a preview of all films by a board of examiners, commonly called a censor board, and for an approval by them, before films could be exhibited. There were two hearings before the judiciary committee. The movie representatives were vehement at these hearings in their denunciation of the so-called censorship part of the bill. They said that they were willing to pay the tax but objected to the censorship. The judiciary committee thereupon referred the bill to Tax Commissioner Blodgett for him to redraft the bill the censor board eliminated.

Mr. Blodgett worked on the bill for two months during which he conferred with the representatives of Will Hays and other leading Connecticut picture men. The bill was then taken before the committee on finance where all bills concerning taxation have to go. The bill was then reported out by the finance committee. The introducer of the bill says: "The only thing which wasn't regular and up during the bill's progress was the money used by the picture people to kill it, and which money might have been better used for the film tax for all the good it did." (New Haven *Times Leader*, October 1.)

When the bill was enacted by large majorities in both houses, the Hays representatives urged Governor Trumbull to grant a hearing upon the bill before he signed it. Tax Commissioner Blodgett opposed the bill at the hearing before the governor on June 11. Governor Trumbull was most courteous and patient with the protestations of the movie trust. He has three of the traits of a great statesman. He cannot be frightened, fooled or bought. In spite of the claims that the bill was unconstitutional and impracticable, he approved the act.

In the memorandum which Governor Trumbull made when he signed the act on June 24, among other things, referring to the fact that the censorship features had been eliminated from the bill in order to comply with the wishes of the movie industry and to subject the pictures to the least possible inspection and hostile criticism, he said:

> "It may be said that there was a considerable sentiment in the General Assembly favorable to a censorship of such pictures shown in the state. The picture industry at the hearing before the judiciary committee took the view that it was ready and willing to pay a tax to the state, if the censorship bill to which very vigorous opposition was voiced was rejected. The censorship feature contained in the House Bill No. 1079 amounts to the minimum in this direction. I do not believe that this feature of the act before me will prove disturb-

ing in the slightest degree to any exhibitor of the pictures. While I do not generally favor the censorship idea, it is not difficult to observe that this provision of House Bill No. 1079 may in some isolated cases be very useful in safeguarding the screen itself from misuse and abuse."

. . . "No reason has been advanced, indeed none was attempted, to show that the industry should not be taxed for the benefit of the state. On the contrary, all expressed a willingness to pay such tax."

The Fox Film Corporation and the American Feature Film Company, Incorporated, however, asked the U. S. District Court to grant an injunction restraining Governor Trumbull from enforcing the law.

On August 17, the decision of the court was announced, refusing to restrain the Governor of Connecticut from enforcing the law. The court denied practically all the claims of the lawyers of the industry.

The act in question prohibits the delivery of a film to the exhibitor who has the contract for the first run until the film has been registered with the Connecticut state tax collector and until the tax of ten dollars a reel has been paid. The movie lawyers contended that the law was a revenue measure. The court said: "*Whether the statute be regarded as a revenue measure, a police regulation or both, we regard it as constitutional. It does not prohibit the bringing of moving picture films into Connecticut and it only incidentally affects commerce between the states.*"

The movie lawyers claimed that the act was a restraint upon interstate commerce. The court decided that it was not, either directly or indirectly.

This law permits the tax commissioner to revoke a registration if he finds the film "to be immoral or of a character to offend the racial or religious sensibilities of any element of society." The movie lawyers claimed that this gave arbitrary power and made the act unconstitutional. The court said:

> "*Under this provision the commissioner is not clothed with arbitrary power. His authority to revoke exists only if the film is immoral or of a character to offend the racial or religious sensibilities of any element of society or otherwise. If the commissioner abuses his discretion and acts in an arbitrary and capricious manner and contrary to the plain intent of the statute, there remains the right to appeal to the courts which exist under the general principles of jurisprudence.*"

This act permits educational, religious, industrial and news reels to be given a permit to be exhibited without paying the tax. The law provides that any such permit may be canceled within the discretion of the commissioner.

Mr. Wickersham claimed that the censorship provisions of this act go beyond anything as yet upheld by the courts, vest arbitrary and uncontrolled power in the tax commissioner and are void under the Fourteenth Amendment of the United States.

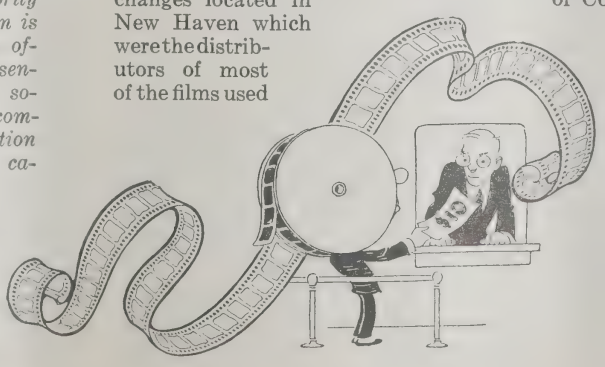
But the court declared to the contrary (7 Fed. Reports [2nd], advanced sheets, No. 2, Second Circuit). It said:

"This does not clothe the Commissioner with arbitrary power. One is clothed with arbitrary power only when the law invests him with power to act according to his own will or pleasure, capriciously, and without adequate determining principle. The Act involved herein does not permit such action but adequately indicates the determining principle by which his action is to be controlled. The use of the words 'within the discretion of the Commissioner' does not impart absolute and capricious discretion It is an administrative discretion, and it requires him to satisfy himself that such a state of facts exists that under the Statute a reel is of 'strictly scientific character,' or is 'for the promotion of educational, charitable, religious and patriotic purposes and for the instruction of employees by employers of labor.'

"In deciding that question he necessarily exercises discretion and judgment. It can be decided in no other way. And in doing so he does not have unlimited license to act irrespective of restraint. He must act in conformity with the intent and provisions of the Statute."

Upon learning of the court's adverse decision, Mr. Hays announced that for the present *his organizations would rent no more films to Connecticut exhibitors* but that the contracts already made with theaters in that state would be kept. The United States statutes forbid any boycott, as an illegal restraint of trade. Mr. Hays did not proceed to carry his threat into action.

The decision of the U. S. District Court which unanimously declared that the Connecticut movie law was valid was filed on August 17. Shortly after that all the motion picture exchanges located in New Haven which were the distributors of most of the films used in Connecticut moved out of the state. Governor Trumbull in approving the movie act had said: "The bill requires payment in the first instance by those who deliver taxable films for the purpose of exhibiting pictures therefrom in the state."



It was a brilliant idea for the distributing exchanges to desert the state. They thought that they could thus successfully dodge paying the Connecticut taxes. But they could not successfully violate their contracts to furnish films for the next three months to the Connecticut movie theaters. They were obliged, therefore, to send films in from outside the state, through A. Rosen who had formerly delivered films for the exchanges around the city, and also to arrange for the payment of the tax. It virtually amounted to one exchange in New Haven under control of the exhibitors instead of by the sixteen distributing exchanges. But to cover their defeat, the exchanges made a huge attempt at fooling the public into hostility to the new movie law.

They covered the Killfeather Building, on Meadow street, New Haven, where their exchanges had been located, with forty signs which under different wording united in declaring that the new movie law had driven the movie exchanges out of the building and 517 employes out of work. Facing the business section on the front of the building was the largest sign, which was two and one-half stories in height and equally as wide. It read: "This building is vacant. 517 former employes out of work. $500,000 pay roll lost to New Haven each year. Why? Connecticut State film tax law. Forced out of business."

Some of the other *sympathy-attracters* read: "Don't misjudge us for closing. Ask those who were formerly employed in this building."

"We are closed. All our former employes are idle. Why? Connecticut State picture tax. Not just—not fair."

"$500,000 formerly paid out each year in this building for salaries is lost to New Haven; ask your local representatives why this building is vacant."

"We are sorry we had to discharge our help. They are residents of New Haven."

The exhibitors, however, were intelligent enough to know that the people of Connecticut would not be deceived by such evident buncombe.

At a meeting 150 exhibitors decided that it would be inadvisable to attempt to pass the tax along to the public by increasing admission to their theaters. The *Film Daily* of September 9 referred to it in these words:

"This attitude is taken with recognition of the fact that the increased cost to each theater is *but slight and not a heavy burden for the average*

(Concluded on page 18)

# ROMANTIC RASCALS

(Fourteenth of Series)



The *Bella* never reached the port.

# "The Tichborn Claimant"

By CHARLES J. FINGER

WOOD BLOCKS CUT BY PAUL HONORE

(Copyright, 1925, by Charles J. Finger)

IN APRIL, of the year 1854, the good ship *Bella* left Rio de Janeiro, bound for England, but when four hundred miles out, she foundered, with all on board. One of her passengers was a young man, Roger Charles Doughty Tichborn, in his twenty-fifth year, heir to estates worth seventy-five thousand dollars a year.

We see him as a good-looking fellow, not very brilliant intellectually but with a fund of pleasant humor, well liked by his friends and companions, with a certain vivacity about him. That last perhaps was the result of his education, for he had been schooled in Paris, France, until the age of sixteen, when, in the year 1845, he went to Stoneyhurst College in England, a lad more French than English. In time he became an officer in the British Army, fond of sport, given to riding to hounds, to horse racing, to polo playing. For awhile he was stationed with his regiment in Ireland, then he was transferred to Canterbury. It was while there that he fell tremendously in love with his cousin Kate Doughty, and his mind ran on an early marriage. He admired her beyond measure and his whole happiness seemed wrapped up in her blue eyes, her slight girlish figure, her bright and pleasing ways. But Lady Doughty, the aunt, was a woman of decided opinions, and highly disapproved of the marrying of cousins. She had a peculiarly swift decisive way about her, and behaved very much like an overbearing man on occasion. So she proceeded to stamp out the romance as she would have stamped out a little growing fire, and her niece Kate was hurried off to the Continent and the young officer was told that the proposed marriage was a preposterous impossibility.

For a time, young Roger Tichborn was a disconsolate man, wandering about in despair, no longer the amiable and cheery officer-sportsman. There was an attempt or two to get into touch with Kate by means of letters, but the stern Lady Doughty stood guardian and Roger was unsuccessful. "You may as well travel," she advised him. "My objection is an inconvenient fact, but you'll find it is not to be surmounted. Why not try South America or some such place?"

Young Roger did try South America, more with the idea of finding a place in which to luxuriate in sorrow than in which to forget, and sailed from Havre for Valparaiso, Chile, where he arrived on June 19, 1853. Indeed, so much did he find the idea of forgetfulness foreign to him, that before he left England he gave to his friend a sealed paper the contents of which were secret from all but the two. In that sealed paper was a declaration to the effect that he would use a part of his fortune to build and maintain a church, if, within the space of three years, he married his cousin.

For ten months Roger Tichborn wandered, writing letters interesting and lovable and full of a winning gentleness, dated from all kinds of unexpected places, then at last he received news of his uncle's death, whereby he succeeded to the baronetcy and fell heir to the fortune; so he crossed the Andes and set sail in the *Bella*, which, as I have said, never reached her port.

* * *

Twelve long years passed, and everyone concerned had given up hope—everyone except Roger Tichborn's mother, the dowager Lady Tichborn. To be sure there were times when even her hope failed, but for a time only. Back she would come to the old expectation of seeing her son some day, somewhere. She imagined him in an out-of-the-way place, some island perhaps, far out of the track of ships, waiting in solemn patience as she waited. And during those long years she advertised constantly, in English and foreign papers, in Brazil, in Chile, in The Argentine.

One day, an Australian agency, established for the locating of missing friends and relatives, announced that the missing heir had been found, and then the Claimant appeared on the scene.

He was a great hulking fellow, a very mountain of fat, and learning his story as told in Wagga-Wagga, Australia, those interested in the disposition of the Tichborn estate at first laughed, then sneered, but soon became alarmed and anxious. For the mother, the Lady Dowager, rebelled at the suggestion that the Claimant was not her son. She was firm in asserting her belief, and the quiet little lady would have gone out to Wagga-Wagga had she not been prevented.

But those about her were unmoved by emotion and viewed things in the light of cold reason, held that the story told by the Claimant did not ring true. He had, he said, been picked up after the foundering of the *Bella*, and carried to Australia by a ship called the *Osprey*. There he had hidden himself, writing no letters, making no effort to establish his identity, not trying to get into touch with his most intimate friend, not even attempting to let the cousin he loved know that he was in the land of the living. He had imposed fantastic chains upon himself, taking the name of Castro and working as butcher, stockman, laborer, handyman. He had associated with the most ignorant and rough characters in the place, and once, in the year 1858, the finger of suspicion had been pointed at him as the suspected murderer of a gold digger named "Ballarat Harry." Against things intellectual and artistic he had turned his face, and, as it seemed, the young man of aristocratic training, of eager sympathy, of lively interest, had degenerated into a cloddish fellow. Indeed, so far had he moved from what he asserted was his real position, that in 1865, he had married an illiterate servant girl, already the mother of a child whose paternity was a matter of doubt.

If the mysterious Claimant expected to operate a little confidence game and draw out in time, he soon found that he had miscalculated. For coils tightened about him as he borrowed money from this one and that, and soon there were ramifications which spread, until extrication from the web he had spun was impossible. His creditors in Australia saw to it that they were secured in a way, and while negotiations were in progress he was urged to make a will insuring them repayment in case of death.

It was a document that was used against him later to his undoing, showing as it did a lamentable want of knowledge about his supposed property and family affairs. For instance, he stated that he was Sir Roger, the lost heir, and gave his place of birth as Dorsetshire, whereas the real heir had been born in Paris. The family estates, he said, were in the Isle of Wight, where the Tichborns certainly had no property. His mother's name he gave as Lady Hannah Frances Tichborn, instead of the real name which was Lady Henriette Felicite and Tichborn Hall he said was in the county of Surrey, whereas it was in Hampshire. Meanwhile there were some who had known him as Australian laborer and as the companion of ex-convicts and bushrangers, who swore that his real name was Arthur Orton, and his real place of birth Wapping, a poor section of London.

Though he denied that he was Orton, when at last he landed in England he went, not to Tichborn Hall, but to Wapping where he made investigation surreptitiously of the Orton affairs, as it is supposed, to prevent disconcerting recognition later. At any rate when the case came to trial, the Ortons swore they did not know him, though one, Charles Orton, who put in an appearance presently, swore that the Claimant was his brother. In all, he was in England for fifteen days without meeting any member of the Tichborn family, and when matters were pressed, he refused to grant an interview to his supposed mother, the Lady Dowager, unless it took place in Paris with no other members of the family present.

But in Paris there were difficulties. Three times the Lady Dowager appointed meetings and three times the Claimant made excuses, but at last his coyness was overcome and a hotel bedroom was the meeting place. The man from Australia was found in bed, in a darkened room, his face turned to the wall, but the mother immediately swore to his recognition. Something throbbed and stirred within her, she said. She declared that she knew it was her son, not by his face which had changed, nor by reminiscent talk, nor by affectionate greeting, but by his ear, and that day another saw him and denied him. It was M. Chatilion who had been Sir Roger's tutor. He had put little trivial questions, had referred to many of those minor things which often strike us so forcibly, but the Claimant was always at fault and complained of a memory destroyed by hardships and rough life.



He was found in bed in a darkened room with his face turned to the wall.

Nor was the meeting with Kate Doughty any more reassuring. She appeared with a lady friend. After the Claimant had addressed her in a letter as "My dear Cousin Kate," the Claimant mistook one for the other and did not recognize the voice of the lady for whom, presumably, he had hidden himself from the world. Nor when someone asked him in French for a match did he respond, but looked wonderingly at his questioner. Yet the original Sir Roger had been educated as a Frenchman and had read Molière and Châteaubriand with ease.

Later, the Claimant displayed a perplexing and uncanny knowledge of the doings of young Sir Roger, but that was after he had found two of the heir's military servants and a man named Bogle who had worked on the Tichborn estate. But of the contents of the sealed letter he could give no account, and, when pressed, came out with the startling statement that it had to do with his asserted seduction of Miss Kate, a piece of blackguardism that brought down the heavens upon him, fouling as it did the fair name of a good woman.

All of that, and much more, came out at the trial, and the carefully prepared structure collapsed when shipping records were examined and it was found that the log of the *Osprey* held no mention of the picking up of any castaways. Swiftly the Claimant changed his ground, declaring that it was an American ship of the same name. That being found untrue, he remembered the name of the ship to have been the *Themis*, then, again cornered, fell back on the plea of a destroyed memory.

That legal battle was the longest in England's history and cost the Tichborn estate more than $460,000. It was a battle in which all England took part, for there were great parades, and demonstrations, and noisy speech-makings, with the most incredible inanities and preposterous notions given currency. Chancery proceedings were instituted in 1867, and a suit in the common pleas court entered in March, 1871. The case dragged fearfully and on the 103rd day the jury decided that the Claimant was not the rightful heir, after the attorney-general had made a speech that lasted for twenty-six days.

There followed a trial of the Claimant for perjury which commenced on April 23, 1872, and ended February 28, 1874, when the man was found guilty and sentenced to fourteen years' imprisonment with hard labor. In the course of the trial, a hundred and more witnesses swore that he was not Sir Roger, and forty swore that he was the plebeian Arthur Orton, a pretender and a rascal. The case for the defense took

a hundred and twenty-four days, and Dr. Kenealy summing up for the accused made a speech that commenced on December 2, 1873, and lasted until January 14, 1874. Counsel for the prosecution spoke from January 15 to January 28, and the chief justice, in summing up, took from January 29 to February 28, 1874.

But the mystery of the Claimant did not end with his imprisonment. Released at last, on ticket-of-leave, for a time he went about as a pothouse hero, supported by the liquor men, making it good for trade while he declared his martyrdom. Then came a day in May of the year 1895, when, in a newspaper called *The People*, he published his confession of guilt. He was, he wrote, of no titled family at all, but, in very fact, Arthur Orton of Wapping and Castro of the Australian bush. At once he became commonplace in the public eye. Then on April 1, 1898, he died, and on his deathbed swore that he was indeed the rightful Sir Roger, and said that the confession was false and made for the money it brought.

Nor was he without believers among level-headed men. Members of Parliament openly championed his cause, and one, Mr. Whalley, went so far as to be fined for contempt of court. Mr. Guildford Onslow too was untiring in his efforts and spent some $75,000 supporting the Claimant. Then there was the bluff and outspoken Sir Wilfred Blunt, poet and statesman, gentleman to the finger tips. He has an entry in his diary of 1898 that runs:

"I remember seeing him once involved in some vulgar dispute in a café, while playing billiards, and he seemed to me to have behaved as a gentleman would have done under somewhat trying circumstances, and now they have buried him with considerable pomp, and a coffin plate recording his baronetcy, attended by the licensed victualers who supported him as a show in his last days."

Turning to the account of Blunt's first meeting with the Claimant, we find recorded the diarist's recollections of the Tichborn family traits, especially of eyebrows that met. So Blunt examined the Claimant curiously. "I was not prepared for exceptional intelligence," he writes, in 1868, "but I looked for the eyebrows, and there they were . . . I treated him (the Claimant) therefore as Richard Burton did, in the light of a young man of decent birth gone woefully to seed. His huge frame and coarse manner seemed to conceal reminiscences of aristocratic breeding . . . "

So there is a problem, still unsettled, still a matter for argument, a deep mystery every way in which it is regarded.

ATTENTION!

BUY Concord Yarns direct from manufacturer at a big saving. Spun from long combed wool. Write for free samples, many beautiful shades and heather mixtures. 50c per 4 oz. skein. $2.00 per lb. Postage paid on all orders. Concord Worsted Mills (Dept. A.), W. Concord, N. H.

$10 A DAY AGENTS

Your chance to make big money, showing our full size samples complete and filled. Our machines approved by (Fire) Underwriters' Laboratories and big Insurance Companies. Be first in your vicinity. No experience necessary. We deliver and collect. Sell to Farmers, Stores, Garages, Elevators, Mills, Warehouses, Factories, Shops, Homes, Schools, Auto Owners, etc. We are largest manufacturers of portable extinguishers in the world. Our big national advertising and Sales Manual helps you. Pay starts at once. Territory going fast. Write quick for free outfit offer. (633)



THE FYR-FYTER CO., 798 Fyr-Fyter Bldg., Dayton, Ohio

# How Connecticut Handled the Movies

(Concluded from page 15)

*house to carry.* Exhibitors against the proposal to raise prices point out that should an increase be effected it would either be so *trivial that public sympathy in their cause would be reduced* or *so unnecessarily large that when their patrons learned the truth, their sympathy would turn into resentment.* Some favor an increase in order to arouse more public interest in the situation but they apparently are a minority."

Mr. Hays has had the reputation of being, in some ways, a sagacious leader. It is therefore surprising to find that he made the blunder of trying to mislead the public into thinking that the tax of $10 a reel was larger than it was and by asserting that it was confiscatory. It may be, however, that Mr. Hays himself was misled by the lawyers in the case. For they, at the hearing before the court, through Mr. Wickersham, and in their brief, emphasized the great injury which the tax for the registration of each reel would bring upon their clients.

They stated that the Fox Film Corporation had contracts amounting in revenue to $51,250.25 for the next three months and that the tax thereon would be $8,630 for the 863 reels. This tax of $8,630 on a business of $51,250.25, they denounced as so large as to make the law unconstitutional. Mr. Hays also issued a statement to the newspapers claiming that the tax was confiscatory.

Mr. Hays talked *as if the tax paid for only one exhibition of a reel.* The fact is that the *ten dollars pays a registration fee which covers on the average 500 days of exhibition,* for this law provides that when a reel has once been registered in Connecticut, it never has again to be registered, no matter how many times it may leave the state.

***When Hays Was Cornered by Connecticut***

At the hearing in New Haven, on July 10, the plaintiff's counsel stated that the life of a film was only 100 days but the movie lawyers' brief contained an affidavit by Dermody which stated that the life of a reel is approximately eighteen months. If he is correct, a picture lasts 547 days. Suppose we call it 500 days. If so, the $10 pays for a registration fee of 500 days. The Connecticut tax, therefore, amounts to 2 cents a day per reel. The tax on the Fox Corporation for 863 reels is not, therefore, $8,630, but 863 times 2 cents which is $17.26 for three months' business in Connecticut. This effectually disposes of the claim that the tax is confiscatory.

When the public and the legislators at last comprehended how the Movie trust had attempted to deceive and browbeat the public to escape the payment of their just share of the taxes, public sentiment reacted violently against the trust.

Finally the people sensed that there was something strange behind this attempt to kill the Connecticut movie law other than first appeared. A trade journal exposed the secret when it said, "It is not the tax in Connecticut that matters, but remember that Connecticut was the first state to put a tax on gasoline and now nearly every state in the Union has followed that example."

No state has enacted state censorship laws since Hays was engaged to exercise his political talents to manipulate state legislatures to prevent them. But Hays saw that unless he could kill the Connecticut law his reign was doomed. Hays' attempt to induce legislators who had voted for the law to reverse themselves fizzled when the real motive of the trust was exposed.

Hays' defeat was finally passed off as a "compromise." It was announced on November 7 that the warfare against the law was ended, that the exchanges would be returned to New Haven, that the appeal to the United States Supreme Court had been withdrawn and the rental of films to Connecticut theaters would be resumed because Governor Trumbull had declared that he would recommend to the next legislature that the movie tax law be amended so as to eliminate the censorship feature. Governor Trumbull, however, has *not* surrendered.

He is quoted in the New York *Times* as saying that he did not believe any substitute bill would be proposed and that he would not make any specific recommendations. His chief interest, he said, was to help out the theater owners, as he recognized that there were weak points in the law.

***How Vile Pictures May Be Dealt With***

The next legislature will not meet till 1927. The taxes will be paid as the law requires. Connecticut will receive about $200,000 annually from the movies. The chief cause for rejoicing, however, is that *the new law makes it possible for any citizen in Connecticut, if an immoral or indecent film is shown anywhere in Connecticut, to take such action as will immediately banish it from the state.*

Before this law was enacted, there was no effective method of getting rid of an evil film. Any attempt to do so was sure to result in advertising the immoral film by court trials which advertised and increased its patronage. After various appeals in the courts the indecent picture might finally at the end of two years be condemned. The energy, time and expense would be futilely expended. For the vile film would not be eliminated until everyone who wished had seen the picture.

But under the new law, all that a person needs to do is to call it to the attention of the state tax commissioner. The commissioner will thereupon, after examination, if he considers the film immoral, revoke the registration of the film and prohibit its being shown in the state. There is no danger that the tax commissioner may be bribed or influenced to protect an immoral film which has been called to his attention. For he would in such case be liable to court review and deposition from office.

***Several States Preparing to Follow***

The outcome of these two disasters which have fallen upon the movie trust is that both the states and Congress may decide to set themselves free from the tyrannical control of the centralized movie industry.

Already several states are preparing to enact a movie law similar to that in Connecticut. New Jersey, Kentucky, Illinois, and Michigan are impressed by the consideration that without any previewing of films, which is popularly called censorship, the state can provide for an effective, speedy method of getting rid of a vile film without advertising it and at the same time add legitimate tax money to the state treasury.

# Helping the Blind to See

## By Using Their Fingers for Eyes These Boys and Girls Do Not Miss Much That Is Going

By CHARLES G. MULLER



"They take their handicap with a philosophy of laughter."

THOUGH a million and a half persons travel from all parts of the world each year to see with their own eyes the twelve acres of exhibits in the American Museum of Natural History, there are none who get a bigger thrill than the boys and girls who *see* the museum with their fingers—the blind children of New York City.

There is nothing they cannot *see*, from the smallest "darning needle" in the insect cases to the great sulphur-bottom whale that stretches seventy-six feet through a long hall. They grow silent with wonder *at sight of* the dogs and sledge that carried Peary to the North Pole, and they even locate the North Pole itself on a specially constructed map of the world.

You dare not tell a single one of these eager children that he does not really see but only feels all these things, for if you do he will raise a loud protest. In fact, he will try to prove you wrong. Putting his arms around the plaster globe that shows all the mountains, continents, valleys, and seas of the world, he will run his finger along an indentation.

"See, here's the Mississippi River," he'll tell you. "Here's China. Look, here's the Pacific Ocean."

Or if you come on a group of children in the hall where Caliph, the huge hippopotamus that used to be in the zoo, is mounted, you'll hear a piping voice call, "Hey, Lizzie. Come and take a look at Caliph. He's a block long."

When Lizzie takes her look, she finishes with, "He must have a lovely disposition. See how his mouth curls up at the corners."

See and look are two of the commonest words in the vocabulary of these blind children. They use them all the time, for they continually are trying to show the rest of their group what they themselves have just seen. It is easy to understand why they will not admit they are different from sighted children when one sees them constantly calling to each other to "come and take a look at" the animals. The museum



On this relief globe the youngsters can see all the chief rivers and mountains and oceans, and they can show you where the islands of the world are.

trance to new worlds. Many of them never have been outside of the city, and so have no idea even what a country road is like. The majority come from homes where families cannot take the time and often do not know enough to tell the really beautiful and interesting things about birds and flowers and animals. Through the years, the children have been forced to retire more and more into themselves because they find that people soon tire of answering their questions. In the museum they not only can ask all the questions they want, but they also can be sure of getting answers that they know are right. They do not have to unlearn the things they learn here.

So many blind children have so pitifully little accurate knowledge that their mistakes frequently bring a real tug at the heartstrings of their instructors.

One day, one of the women teachers found a puzzled blind boy feeling a bird.

"Do you want any help?" she asked.

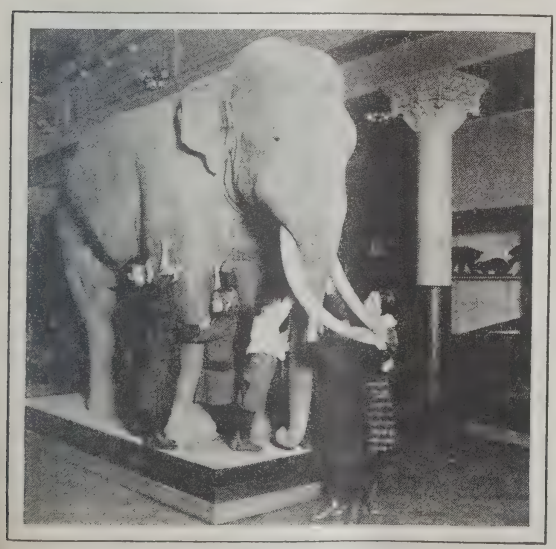
"Thank you," he replied. "I was just looking for his other two legs."

"But birds have only two legs."

The boy looked confused. Then he smiled. "That's a joke on me," he explained. "The only animal I ever knew was a dog, and he had four legs. I thought all animals had four legs."

The boys and girls who come to the museum to study nature learn quickly and retain what they gather. And though they have little knowledge when they come, they also have few misconceptions and few preconceived fears. They are cautious in using their fingers to see things, but they have none of the instinctive, unreasoning fears that the normal human has. Snakes, mice, and the various wicked-looking species of spiders do not frighten them.

One boy, who knew something about animals, was taken to the room with the common insects and reptiles that you find in the country. "See this glass case with



The big elephant gives just as big a thrill to blind children as he does to sighted youngsters. These blind boys and girls are taking a good look at him.

lecturers and guides never say feel—always, see.

For fifteen years blind boys and girls of New York City schools have been getting acquainted with wild flowers, strange peoples, birds, planets, the sun and the moon, through the initiative of the museum and the help of the Jonathan Thorne Memorial Fund which bears the cost of the work and also pays the children's carfare when they come to see the museum. Most of them otherwise would never have had any touch with nature. They would have gone through life as unaware of the wonderful worlds of life about them as the boy who had never seen a cat before he came to the museum.

For most of the children the museum is a real en-

the wooden frame?" said his instructor putting the boy's hand all around it. "See the hook at the end? Unlock it and let's take a look at these darning needles underneath the glass. See their wings?"

The boy was delighted. After the darning needles he took a look at live polliwogs and frogs in an aquarium. And finally, without a trace of the fear that a sighted boy would show, he picked up two live snakes that wriggled in his hand and gave him the greatest thrill of his life. "See the snakes," he called at the top of his voice, jumping up and down in his excitement.

Another boy, not so well versed in natural history, was given a snake.

"Now don't be surprised to find that he hasn't any arms or legs," he was told.

He took the snake in his hands and felt it all over. "Gee," he shouted in glee, "he's all tail!"

Such observations bring a laugh, yet the reasoning of these blind children is so astonishingly direct and true that instructors often are startled at the things the youngsters see. One boy heard a lecture on "How Seeds Are Scattered" and saw some hard ash keys, which carry the ash seeds on the wind. A few weeks later he came to the museum to hear about "Hiawatha's People" and saw the model of a birch-bark canoe and a graceful paddle. As he felt the paddle, he turned to the teacher.

"This is just the shape of the ash seed," he observed, a theory which learned scientists have put forth for years regarding the origin of the canoe paddle.

Another boy, 10 years old, came upon the walrus one day in the mammal hall. "Look at the frog," he called to his instructor.

"Have you ever seen a frog?" she asked.

"Yes."

"A real one or a picture of one?"

"A picture of one, and it looked just like that." Then for the first time the teacher saw the resemblance that the little blind boy had seen immediately.

Mostly the children like animals best, and they learn about the very big ones by seeing a model first. Then when they can recognize the different animals, they take a look at the real thing, many times bigger.

Now where you and I who can see compare the elephant or the giant whale with some standard measure, an inch or a yard, the blind boy or girl has no such standard and he can only compare things with himself. When he sees a polar bear, he thinks of it as three or four or five times as big as he is. The rabbit is only as long as he can spread his ten fingers, and the bluebird's egg is so small that he can easily hold half a dozen of them in his hand.

He is resourceful in seeing what he wants. When he wishes to find out how far out the elephant's tusks jut and how big the beast's flapping ears are, he has somebody lift him up on his shoulders. Even when he wants to look at the giant whale which hangs from the ceiling far out of reach, he sees it—by going up on the balcony and pacing off the distance from the whale's nose to its tail tip. Nothing is beyond him.

He even watches the earth revolving around the sun, and he sees the seasons change as the turning of the earth carries the various countries farther from the sun.



To see what Caliph, the former zoo hippopotamus, is like all in one look, the children study a model. Then to get the detail they carefully go all over him. Though he looks dour enough from the front, one of the girls thought "he must have a lovely disposition. See how the mouth curls up at the corners."

Because he has felt the warmth of the sunlight in the summer he can see the sun rays travel from sun to earth on a model solar system, while Dr. G. Clyde Fisher, who has charge of the museum's work with blind children, explains how everything works.

If these blind children actually could see, probably the first thing they would want to look at would be the birds and flowers, for they always are eager to hear the notes of the birds they have learned to know, and they grow most enthusiastic over descriptions of colorful plumage and bright flowers. Whether they really do see a complete, colorful picture of the birds is hard to say, for no one can tell what visions of color can or cannot be conjured up by a boy or girl whose eyes never have even seen the sunlight. But they chuckle with joy when they *see* the peacock vainly strut its gorgeous plumage.

In the spring, when even the air in city streets carries a delicate fragrance, they become acquainted with the arbutus and buttercups and daisies, smelling them and seeing them through fingers and by color descriptions of the teachers. In the autumn they experience all the thrill of hunting for nuts, without leaving the classroom. In winter they travel to Alaska and see themselves dressed in Eskimo clothes, driving dog teams to the North Pole on the very sledge that carried Peary there.

Even Helen Schulz, a young schoolgirl, can see the museum though she is both blind and deaf. Like Helen Kellar, she sees and talks with her fingers, and often she writes letters on the typewriter telling Dr. Fisher how much she enjoys seeing the many new worlds that the museum opens for her sightless eyes.

## "My Definition of a Freudian"

(*Continued from page 7*)

When Freud abandoned hypnotism as a means of securing psychological "catharsis" he continued the study of hysteria and of anxiety states by the technique of "free associations," which means the recovery of associated memories, of past mental experience and behavior awakened in successive associations.

Little by little, overwhelmed by his theory that each organ of the body has a double function, one organic and one erotic, he condensed his teaching in a threefold method of psychoanalysis: study of association of ideas; analysis of dreams and careful observation of small and otherwise insignificant facts of everyday life.

Careful reading of Freudian literature reveals that most of the clinical observations are made by one man alone, seldom is there corroboration or denial of anyone else. What might be convincing would be to see two or more psychoanalysts have the same results and make the same interpretations, either by the same method or by a different one.

Freud and his followers maintain that psychoanalysis represents not a fixed philosophic doctrine, but a growing body of science. This is one of the reasons their teachings seem to undergo such frequent changes, and their conclusions have such variability. Freud has recently said:

> "Whoever believes in the development of human intelligence will hear without surprise that I have learned to discard a part of the opinions once put forth, to modify another part. Still, I have been able to hold the greatest part unchanged and need retract absolutely nothing as entirely wrong and quite worthless."

Indeed, the method has undergone many changes, but recently its founder seems to have thrust one upon it that will alter its original principle. It looks as if he were determined to dethrone "Oedipus" and if he does, there may be revolution in the unconscious; there may be a Soviet régime there where everyone can do anything he pleases save laze.

The theory of repression and of conflict can scarcely be called new. It is as old as the history of civilization, and older. However, the important part that conflicts play in man's maladjustment to his environment, and in the causation of the psychoneurosis, was not recognized until Freud pointed it out.

Freud assumes that in mental phenomena nothing happens by accident and his work has been to find the causes upon which such phenomena depend. He finds them in mental process, in forgotten memories, in analysis of the unconscious mind, in dream-interpretation. Revive the repressed memory, the memory that consciousness has forgotten (or possibly, even, never knew) and, at the revival, let there be an appropriate emotional accompaniment, then the patient will begin to get well.

Freud obstinately maintains that all complexes are of a sexual nature, even the most superior forms of thought are of a sexual nature. A doctrine so partial and prejudiced must necessarily lead to partial and prejudiced results, and although the principle thus applied is fundamentally wrong, fantastically exaggerated, there is much truth in psychoanalysis.

That conflict is universally sexual can-

**PATENTS**

Time counts in applying for patents. Don't risk delay in protecting your ideas. Send sketch or model for instructions or write for FREE book, "How to Obtain a Patent" and "Record of Invention" form. No charge for information on how to proceed. Communications strictly confidential. Prompt, careful, efficient service. Clarence A. O'Brien, Registered Patent Attorney, 238B, Security Bank Building (directly across street from Patent Office), Washington, D. C.

**High School Course in 2 Years**

You can complete this simplified High School Course at home inside of two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.

AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. H1237 Drexel Ave. & 58th St. © A S 1923 CHICAGO

not be accepted; nor is it accepted save by a few. These few are exceptionally articulate. Neither can it be accepted that we are in possession of psychic processes of which we have never become aware, that never enter consciousness; and last of all it cannot be accepted that any such evolution of the generic instinct occurs as Freud maintains, and which I have previously enumerated.

When an honest man, a trained psychologist, who has familiarized himself fundamentally with psychoanalysis, says: "I have no mother complex, neither did I get stuck on any of the bases when I made my generic home run," they say: "You have, you did, but you don't know it." It is the Master Potter and the Mister Bottom that speak. There is no more use arguing with such a person than there is with a paranoic, or with an individual who maintains that it is snowing when the temperature is 70.

***The Doctor Defines a Freudian***

Freud's conception of the "unconscious" has not been substantiated by other means of research; indeed, it has been contradicted by them.

There is no justification for postulating a concept of free energy, sexual in character, derived from the primitive sexual instinct which motivates mental and bodily phenomena and which, thwarted, determines nervous and mental disorder. It is not true that such energy (the libido, Freud calls it) is the source of all man's energy. It is false that our moral, social, ethical, esthetic ideas and activities are sublimated sex energy.

My definition of a Freudian is "an individual who can keep a straight face without putting his tongue in his cheek when he reads a list of 'the symbols' " that the dreaming *genus homo*, white and black, yellow and red, in every clime and time, in all ages and at every age save infancy, employs a specific symbolism, universal in its application, seems to me not only unlikely but preposterous.

The Freudian doctrine appeals to persons who think diagrammatically and who are as sensitive to mysticism as tobacco is to water. It overwhelms those who are preoccupied with creating a fantasy world in which the fulfillment of wishes may be realized; and it intrigues potential Bohemians—trace-kickers, time-and-place-scorners whom society tolerates for that which they rarely possess, namely, genius.

The theory of psychoanalysis is based on assumption, and the doctrine is established on ill-founded premises. It goes against the grain of all those whose conception of the universe does not surpass its essential concreteness. When they ask proof of the soundness of the Freudian doctrine, what they get are axioms. They are willing to accept some axioms, such as that the whole is greater than its parts, but they are not willing to accept psychoanalysis axiomatically even though it has been obtained and arrived at by generalization and induction from observation of individual instances.

***Some of the Dangers of "Transference"***

We are told that it has cured cases when other means have failed. But what method has not cured disease when, "the patient was given up by the doctors"? Does anyone doubt the reality of cures by miracles and methods, be they Lourdes or osteopathy? Can Freud furnish a list of cures that will bear comparison with that of Mesmer?

The public has a fund of sheer common sense with which wonder-workers do not always reckon. It is all powerful in shaping opinions and in causing reactions. This public has been willing to be convinced by Freud, but there are many things that have stood in its way: first of all the monstrousness of the doctrine, and second the language and the nomenclature of its presentation. Public opinion is against it because its tenets are inimical to common sense, that sense which has never been crushed or overcome by a minority.

Those who form opinions about the Freudian doctrine from reasons other than general ones, find objection to it in the fact that the patient must have "special, affective relationship to the physician." This relationship tends to develop, rather than to correct, imbalance. And more than all, it involves a thing the Freudians call "transference." In plain English, the subject falls in love with the investigator and it is up to him or to her to transfer it. The difficulties, dangers and evils of "transference" are so obvious that they need no discussion.

Finally, Freudian practice reduces the hypothesis to a question of personality, of individual reaction. A tonsil operation will be successful even though the surgeon has a red beard that the patient dislikes, and digitalis ordered by a lame physician will be as effective as if it were prescribed by Apollo.

The Freudian sympathizer replies: "Everything in the world is based on assumption. The positions, relations and movements of the sun and of the earth; trade and commerce rest on the assumption that money given in exchange for goods is a fair deal; home and family on the assumption that love exists between the persons constituting them and that it will last a lifetime." All these, with one exception, are susceptible to proof, or tangible support and the proofs are not refutable. A few facts seem to support Dr. Freud's theory but the number that contradicts it is enormous.

***Looking for Complexes Stirs Up Trouble***

In one way psychoanalysis may be compared to religion: it requires faith to accept it. Faith is of supernatural origin and is not vouchsafed to everyone, but it is a measure that comes to the majority of individuals. In this age and day, when religious faith is becoming more and more tenuous, Christian Science, New Thought, New Psychology, which require more "faith" than is required for the complete assimilation of the teachings of the Christian religion, rival in their growth the green bay tree. The faith they demand, however, is less spiritual and they suggest to the individual that he is helping himself rather than being helped by an Invisible, Omnipotent Power. Strangely enough, there is consolation and solace in this thought for many.

How any fervent Christian can accept the Freudian doctrine transcends my understanding. It teaches that we are marionettes, and the unconscious pulls the strings; the unconscious that is heedless of our hails or our prayers, of our threats or our solicitations. "There is no such thing as psychic freedom," says Freud. We are what our unconscious makes us, and our unconscious does not know the meaning of ethics, convention, morality. The only person who has come up to its standards in modern time is Nietzsche, though many thought it nodded approvingly at Lenin.

Acceptation of the Freudian doctrine and confirmation of our conduct to its teaching might divest us of the psychoneurosis, but it would raze the temple that Christ designed and Paul built.

The psychoanalyst's obsession to look for complexes is often the means of stirring up trouble and of discovering plots which, left alone, would solve themselves. This is especially true of Freud's theory of numbers which, manipulated long enough, always results in the discovery of a hidden and shameful complex.

The French have a proverb: excess in anything is a fault. All fanatics are dangerous, and frequently their activities impede the progress of their cult more than its antagonists do. We are a nation of extremists, made up of persons many of whom have the emotional reactions of adult-infants; hence, we find great difficulty in keeping cool about the New Psychology. It is either "rot" or it is the companion of our waking hours, the curse of our dreams, the backbone of our conversation.

In speaking of dreams, Freud's analysis and interpretation of them engenders a series of objections that seem to the impartial critic very well founded. To say that the dream is the protector of sleep and not its interrupter would seem, in the light of Freud's contention, to be not only paradoxical but absurd, and to claim that we live our real and natural life in dreams through wish-fulfillment would seem to question the kindliness and love of our Maker. To accept it would be to strangle initiative, to kill progress and to put a premium upon inactivity.

***Those Who Are Drawn by Psychoanalysis***

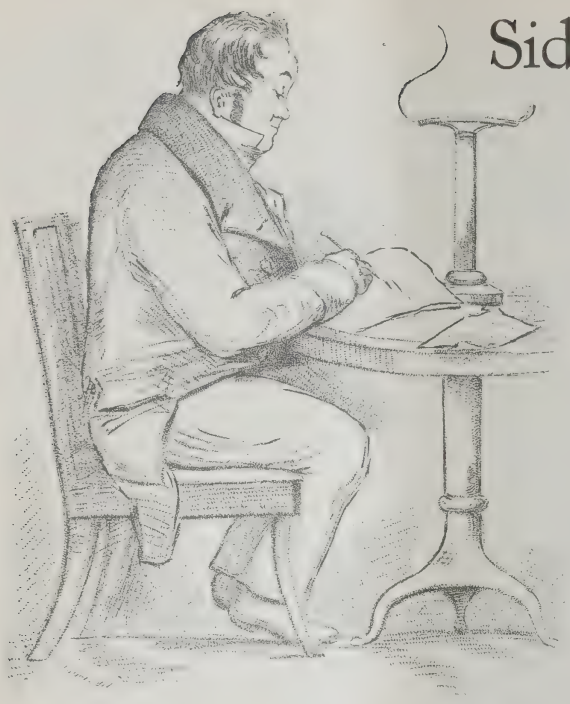
Psychoanalysis suffers more from what it does not do than from what it does. It attracts daydreamers, semi-sterile writers, half-baked artists, anchor-dragging clergymen, celibate feminists and few physicians. One of the extraordinary things about the Freudian movement is that so few doctors in medicine have been seduced by it. We are told that their besetting sin, jealousy, makes them oppose it. But why should they be jealous of Freud and not of Behring who discovered a cure for diphtheria or of Erlich who gave the *coup de grace* to syphilis? And will they be jealous of the man who will show them how to prevent and cure cancer?

When the Neurological Institute of New York was established in 1909, I had time, patience and patients to put the Freudian claims to the test of experience. For ten years I worked at it industriously. As the result of such experience, I say that as a method of investigation it has value; as a trend in psychological research it is interesting. It may be found to be of service in the field of pedagogy, pediatrics and education. It has small value as a therapeutic measure in nervous and mental disorders of adults. It is a dangerous weapon in the hand of any man or woman who is not fundamentally moral, basically honest, elementarily ethical and primarily high-minded. I have seen many persons tremendously injured by it. I have seen only a few who have been benefited. It disintegrates character and degrades personality.

***Cesspools Not Yet Encountered in America***

Psychoanalysis reads into the human mind something that is in the mind of the "analyst." There may be people in Austria who "unconscious" are the cesspools that Freud describes, but I have not encountered such persons in these United States.

Between practicing psychoanalysis and breaking stones on the street, there is a choice. The latter may increase one's self-respect.



Thomas Ingoldsby (from an old print by Barham).

# Side Lights on Author of Ingoldsby Legends

## Richard Harris Barham, a Man Whose Weird Imagination Took Highly Entertaining Flights

By L. DIXON

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM, better known to general readers as Thomas Ingoldsby, under which name he wrote the celebrated *Ingoldsby Legends*, was born on December 6, 1788, at Canterbury. His father died in 1795 when the boy was seven and the child was placed under the care of Morris Robinson, afterward Lord Rokeby, a Mr. Morris, and a third guardian who has been described as "a rascally attorney whose name has not been handed down."

At the age of ten, Richard was sent to St. Paul's School, London. He was a merry, sprightly boy, with a keen sense of humor and a general favorite among his fellows. There are several stories of his schoolboy pranks. He used to steal the shoestrings of the second master and boasted of his intent to continue the robbery until he secured enough to form a line that would reach from one end of the school to the other, a distance of seventy feet. His scheme was, however, frustrated by his being removed from the school before he had half accomplished his task.

A practical joke in which he and a boy named Diggle were concerned is thus described: The two boys, in course of walking discovered a Quakers' meeting-house and forthwith procured a penny tart of a pastry cook. Diggle marched boldly into the building and, holding up the delicacy in the midst of the grave assembly, said, with perfect solemnity, "Whoever speaks first, shall have this pie."

"Friend, go thy way . . . " commenced a drab-colored gentleman, "go thy way and . . . "

"The pie's yours, sir," exclaimed Master Diggle politely and, placing it before the astounded speaker, hastily effected his escape.

After leaving St. Paul's School, Richard Barham entered Brazenose College, Oxford, where he took his bachelor's degree. His college life passed unchecked by any parental authority or guidance. Despite a tendency to levity his tutors discovered much that was high-minded and sincere in Barham's character and he was treated with a good deal of indulgence. On one occasion an explanation was required of

## "As I Laye A-Thynkynge"

As I laye a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge,
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the spraye;
There came a noble Knyghte,
With his hauberke shynynge brighte,
And his heart was lyghte,
Free and gaye;
As I laye a-thynkynge, he rode upon his waye.

As I laye a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge,
Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the tree!
There seem'd a crimson plain,
Where a gallant Knyghte lay slayne,
And a steed with broken rein
Ran free,
As I laye a-thynkynge, most pitiful to see!

As I laye a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge,
Merrie sang the Birde as she sat upon the boughe;
A lovely Mayde came bye,
And a gentil youth was nyghe,
And he breathed many a syghe
And a vowe;
As I laye a-thynkynge, her heart was gladsome now.

As I laye a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge,
Sadly sang the Birde as she sat upon the thorne;
No more a youth was there,
But a Maiden rent her haire,
And cried in sad despaire,
"That I was borne."
As I laye a-thynkynge, she perished forlorne.

As I laye a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge,
Sweetly sang the Birde as she sat upon the briar;
There came a lovely Childe,
And his face was meek and mild,
Yet joyously he smiled
On his sire;
As I laye a-thynkynge, a Cherub mote admire.

But I laye a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge, a-thynkynge,
And sadly sang the Birde as it perch'd upon a bier;
That joyous smile was gone,
And the face was white and wan,
As the downe upon the Swan
Doth appear,
As I laye a-thynkynge—oh! bitter flow'd the tear!

As I laye a-thynkynge, the golden sun was sinking,
O merrie sang that Birde as it glitter'd on her breast
With a thousand gorgeous dyes,
While soaring to the skies,
'Mid the stars she seem'd to rise,
As to her nest,
As I laye a-thynkynge, her meaning was exprest:—
"Follow, follow me away,
It boots not to delay?"—
'Twas so she seem'd to saye,
"HERE IS REST!"

*(Thomas Ingoldsby's last verses, composed as lay dying, and described as without rival.)*

him respecting his continual absence from morning chapel.

"The fact is, sir," argued the pupil, "you are too late."

"Too late!" repeated the tutor in astonishment.

"Yes, sir. Too late. I cannot sit up until seven o'clock in the morning. I am a man of regular habits, and unless I go to bed by four or five at latest, I am really fit for nothing next day."

An impertinence, better rebuked by the look of dignified displeasure which it called up than by any amount of punishment that might have been inflicted.

All affectation was cast aside on the instant—an apology sincerely offered and silently accepted. A very good instance of the humor as of the nobility of the delinquent.

When college days were past, Barham had the intention to study for the bar and went so far in that direction as to enter the office of a conveyancer. Changing his mind, however, he took holy orders and became a curate at Ashford in Kent.

His marriage and, as the years unfolded, the cares of an increasing family made it imperative for him to add to his stipend. In 1813, he had been promoted to a rectorship, and four years later, removing to London, he became minor canon of St. Paul's Cathedral. In addition to clerical duties he turned his attention to literary work in earnest and sent light articles in prose and verse to the London *Chronicle*, originally edited by Dr. Samuel Johnson, together with items on the topics of the day.

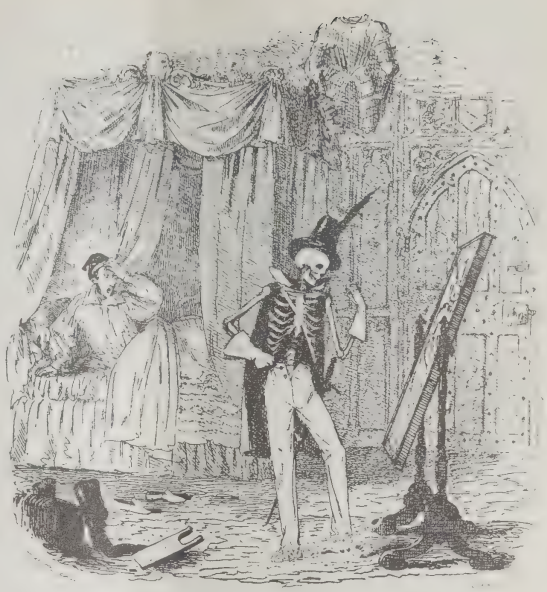
Before the removal to London, one of his charges was situated on the borders of Romney Marsh. Thereabout, reckless desperadoes engaged in smuggling often proved a terror to the unarmed and solitary pedestrian.

The rector never once met with any insult or outrage from any of these characters. Frequently, when challenged on his return homeward, late at night, he was permitted to pass unharmed with a brief "Good-night. It's only the parson." The long shadowy line of mounted smugglers then resumed their way, silently pushing ahead, their horses laden with tubs heavily filled.

They even, it is told, extended their familiarity so far as to make of the church itself a depot for their contraband goods.

In 1837 the first number of *Bentley's Miscellany* was published, the editor being the then rising fiction writer, young Charles Dickens. Richard Barham was approached for contributions and he assented with enthusiasm.

At the time of his entering into the fortunes of this publication, Barham was scarcely known at all as a writer. His first literary effort, an unsuccessful novel entitled *Baldwins*, was written in the course of a few weeks. The price he received for this book was £20.



"The Spectre of Tappington" (from an old print by Barham).

His later years were overshadowed by ill health which it was hoped a change to a milder temperature might alleviate and he went for a time to Clifton, near Bristol. Proving unavailing he returned again to London and to the house he had lived in for the last six years.

One of his last jokes was a grim one. As he was being assisted into the house, he remarked, with a twinkle in his eye, on the appropriateness of his being brought at that particular juncture to Amen Corner (Fleet Street).

For a few days only he lay there, his weakness increasing and his life ebbing away. His mind remained clear, however, and it was at this time that he composed his last and truly beautiful poem, "As I Laye A-Thynkynge."

Thomas Ingoldsby was buried in the vaults of the old church of St. Mary Magdalene in Old Fish street, London, one of those half-deserted city churches built by Sir Christopher Wren after the Great Fire. This building was destroyed by fire on December 2, 1886, and the body was taken to Kensal Green Cemetery, while the memorial tablet was transferred to St. Paul's Cathedral, where, in the crypt, it may still be seen.

As the author of the *Ingoldsby Legends*, Thomas Ingoldsby, as Richard Barham must now be known, ranks among the English humorists of first rank.

His first *Legend* was *The Spectre of Tappington*, written in prose, not as, in the case of the majority of the *Legends*, in verse. Legendary lore and the fables of the districts with which he was acquainted proved one source of the subjects of his writings, especially of those earlier ones. Topics of the day and his vivid imaginative powers supplied material for the later verses.

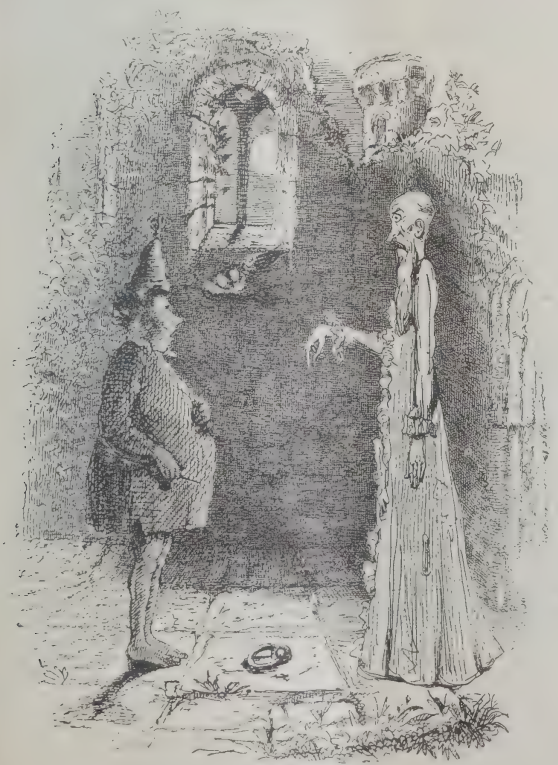
Many of his effusions were written while waiting for a cup of tea, a train or an unpunctual acquaintance. Who has read *The Execution* and not been struck by its forceful lines? A curious exemplification of grim horror in combination with fanciful drollery.

The ghost in the *Legend of Hamilton Tighe* was reported to have been seen in the family circle of an English country family, whether, as depicted in the poem, bearing his head in his hands, is not particularized!

*The Lay of the Old Woman Clothed in Grey* tells of a "well-disposed ghost" believed to haunt an old rectory within a few miles of Cambridge. It is represented to have been her custom to wander about the house at dead of night with a bag of money in her hand. Of this the apparition was said to have shown herself exceedingly anxious to be relieved offering it to whomsoever she happened to meet in her peregrinations. Nobody whom she encountered seemed bold enough to accept the gift, however.

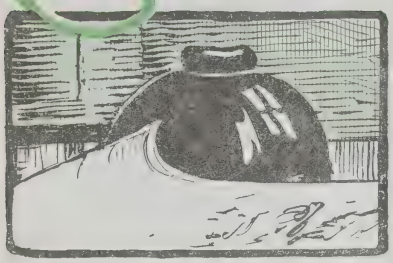
The belief for long existed that treasure lay concealed in the building and when the old house was demolished to make way for the new parsonage, the incoming tenant showed his belief in the existence of the old lady by expressly stipulating his right to whatsoever valuables might be brought to light. Ingoldsby recounts with a glint of humor, that, to his knowledge, the newcomer received but "three battered halfpence in fulfillment of the agreement." The lady in grey did not reappear after the destruction of her customary haunts.

Brief mention has already been made of the last verses composed by Ingoldsby shortly before he died. These lines have been described as without rival, nothing more beautiful existing "in the glorious roll of English literature than the stanzas of the swan song of this master of humor and pathos."



"The Ghost" (from an old print by Leech).

# The Signers—56 of '76



## Three From New Hampshire— Dr. Josiah Bartlett, Dr. Matthew Thornton, and William Whipple



By CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

(Copyright, 1925, by Carl Schurz Lowden)

"MY NAME shall be signed next." Thus spoke the second man that penned his name beneath the Declaration of Independence. He was Dr. Josiah Bartlett, of New Hampshire. John Hancock had affixed his signature first because of his position as the president of Congress.

I have wondered why Bartlett followed Hancock. I have wondered whether any system or order was observed by the delegates. Some light is cast on this matter by a biography I own; it bears the imprint of 1829.

The author says that in a second election in the early part of the year, 1776, Dr. Bartlett was again chosen a delegate to the Continental Congress. He was present on the memorable occasion of taking the vote on the question of a Declaration of Independence. On putting the question it was "agreed to begin with the northernmost colony; Dr. Bartlett, therefore, had the honour of being called upon for an expression of his opinion, and of first giving his vote in favour of the resolution."

It seems that the physician followed the president of Congress because New Hampshire happened to be the colony farthest north. A purely geographical reckoning, of course; and yet Bartlett was certainly highly patriotic and thoroughly enthusiastic. "He made the rafters shake," one of his biographers said of his vote on the resolution, "with his loud approval."

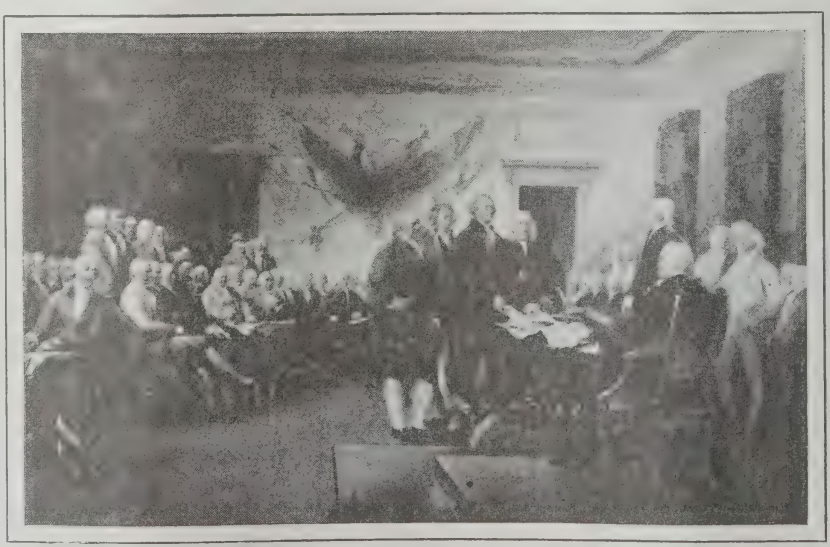
The New Hampshire doctor kept up a correspondence with John Langdon who had been selected as a delegate to Congress.

On January 13, 1776, Bartlett wrote to Langdon on the subject of independence, as follows:

"This morning I see in the newspapers that Portsmouth has appointed Messrs. Cutts, Sherburne and Long to represent that town in the provincial convention. By the instructions I find that the town is very much afraid of the idea conveyed by the frightful word, independence. This week a pamphlet on that thought was printed here and greedily bought up and read by all ranks of the people. I shall lend you one of them which you will please lend round to the people. On consideration there will not appear anything so terrible in that idea, as they might at first apprehend, if Britain should force us to break off all connections with her."

In May of the same year the doctor predicted a severe trial during the summer with Britons, Hessians, Hanoverians, Indians, Negroes and "every other butcher the gracious king of Britain can hire against us." He believed, however, that if the patriots could continue their stand throughout the year there would be an end of tyranny with an era of peace, liberty and safety.

"Use your best endeavors," he exhorted Langdon, "to keep up the spirit of the people, for our all is at stake, life, liberty and fortune. We have nothing to hope for if conquered. Our misfortunes in the war ought to animate us the more to diligence, firmness and resolution. To conquer is better than life, to be subdued is infinitely worse than death."



(C) Detroit Photographic Co.

Colonel John Trumbull's famous painting of the Signing of the Declaration of Independence.

It is said that a shoemaker should stick to his last. Perhaps Bartlett should have stuck to his pill bags, for I do not doubt that he was much more able as a physician than as a prophet.

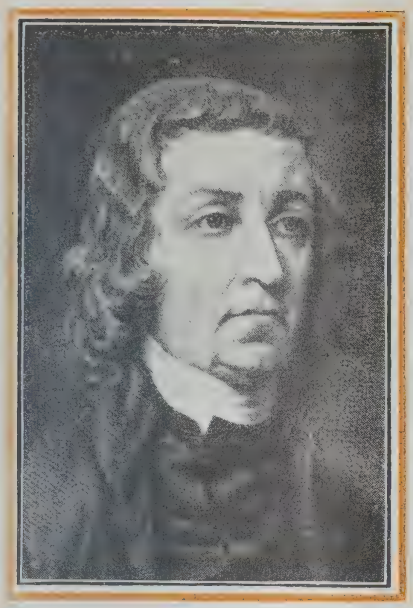
Consider Dr. Bartlett's cider case. In 1752 he had an alarming fever which seriously threatened his life. Various treatments had failed. His hope of recovery was slim, and he was desperate. He wanted cider to drink. He asked for it. His attendants told him that the use of it might be fatal.

But he insisted, and they finally let him have his own way in the matter inasmuch as he was a physician himself. He drank the cider at intervals through the night. It caused a copious perspiration, reduced the fever and promptly improved his general condition. Soon he was well. Thereafter Dr. Bartlett prescribed cider in fever cases. His rivals accused him of malpractice, but his cures rapidly made him a leader in his profession.

This cider experience opened the mind of Dr. Bartlett and emancipated him from the rules of arbitrary system. He employed the just principles of nature and common sense.

To him is ascribed the first application of quinine in cases of canker. Two years after the cider incident one of his own children became afflicted with the disease which had always been regarded as of an inflammatory character; Dr. Bartlett considered it putrid, gave the quinine and saw his own child recover. Before that time the malady had been almost as fatal as the plague; afterward, with the use of the new agent, cures were comparatively frequent. No one knows how many lives were saved through Bartlett's open-mindedness.

I wish to point out in this connection that Dr. Bartlett had a fine conception of ethics; for he tried the cider and the quinine on members of his own family. Many members of his profession would have first employed these agents on the patients that came to them in their regular practice, and would have remained silent if the results had been unsatisfactory.



DR. JOSIAH BARTLETT.

A man of the powers of Dr. Bartlett, of his decision and integrity, could scarcely be expected to go unnoticed in times that truly tried men's souls. He was considered a person who would discharge his duties, whatever they might be, with promptness and fidelity. He was elected to the legislature of the New Hampshire province from the town of Kingston. After serving on important committees, notably the committee on correspondence, he was elected to the Continental Congress in September, 1775. Four years later he received the appointment of chief justice in the court of common pleas; then in 1782 he became an associate justice of the supreme court of his state, and in 1788 he was advanced to the head of the bench. He had the distinction of being New Hampshire's first governor.

Elected governor in June, 1793, he died in May, two years later. He had held this office only a little more than six months when he realized that his retirement was advisable. So he addressed a letter to the legislature. It was his way of bidding it farewell.

"After having served the public for a number of years to the best of my abilities in the various offices to which I have had the honour to be appointed," he asserted, "I think it proper, before your adjournment, to signify to you and through you to all my fellow citizens at large that I now find myself so far advanced in age that it will be expedient for me at the close of the session to retire from the cares and fatigues of public business to the repose of a private life, with a grateful sense of the repeated marks of trust and confidence that my fellow citizens have placed in me and with my best wishes for the future peace and prosperity of the state."

Dr. Bartlett's patriotism could never be doubted. The sacrifices which he made for the good of his country were such as few men are willing to make. He earned a reputation as a wit and clever speaker. He was physically distinguished, too, being unusually tall and probably towering above all of the other signers.

There were two physicians among the signers from New Hampshire; in fact, the delegation graded about sixty-seven per cent medical, the other man having been a sailor and subsequently a merchant. Dr. Bartlett was next to the first to attach his name to the immortal document; his compatriot, Dr. Matthew Thornton, was next to the last to do this act. If one jumps at a conclusion, Thornton will at once be regarded as much less enthusiastic about the cause. The truth is that he was not sent to Congress until September, 1776, did not take his seat until November but was permitted to write his name beneath the official Declaration on the nineteenth of that month; he had been too busy with a military life to reach Philadelphia before that time.

Dr. Thornton worked assiduously in the colonial assembly. When Benning Wentworth, the British governor, fled, the physician became the boss of the province. As president of the convention of patriots he issued on the second day of June, 1775, a number of recommendations to "Friends and Brethren." I shall quote them because they reveal this man's earnestness. After urging coöperation with Congress and that no movements be started without the sanction of the committees of the respective towns or counties, he added:

"We would, therefore, recommend to the colony at large to cultivate that Christian union, harmony and tender affection which is the only foundation upon which our invaluable privileges can rest with any security, or our public measures be pursued with the least prospect of enduring success.

"We further recommend that the most industrious attention be paid to the cultivation of lands and American manufactures in their various branches, especially the linen and woolen; and that the husbandry might be managed with a particular view thereto, accordingly, that the farmer raise flax and increase his flock of sheep to the extent of his ability.

"We further recommend a serious and steady regard to the rules of temperance, sobriety and righteousness so that those laws which have heretofore been our security and defense from the hand of violence may still answer all their former valuable purposes, though persons of vicious and corrupt minds would willingly take advantage of our present situation.

"In a word, we seriously and earnestly recommend the practice of that pure and undefiled religion which embalmed the memory of our pious ancestors, as that alone upon which we can build a solid hope and confidence in the Divine protection and favour without whose blessing all the measures of safety we have, or can propose, will end in our shame and disappointment."

These were wise words delivered by a wise man. In many traits of his character he resembled the great Benjamin Franklin who certainly ranked among the wisest men of his time.

The physician liked to illustrate his points with anecdotes and fables. He was an accomplished story-teller. He frequently commenced some fictitious narrative and continued it through an hour or more for the amusement of his auditors.

Under the date of January 23, 1777, Dr. Thornton wrote an interesting letter to his friend, Mr. Weare. It was evidently penned from Baltimore. He mentioned his inoculation against smallpox and described the doctors he had; being a physician himself and being the subject of the operation, he was naturally much concerned; being as human as the general run of people, he could not leave out such topics as the war, women, religion and Congress.

"Soon after we got abroad," he told Weare, "the news of Howe's army on their march for Philadelphia induced Congress to adjourn to this town where the man with boots has a great advantage over the man with shoes. The carriages are stopped by the depth of the mire in the middle of the streets. The ladies with silk gowns and shoes make a fine figure."

It is not known that Thornton belonged to any religious denomination, but he attended church. It was the fashion of the time to show some devoutness.

His friends considered him rigid in matters involving money; perhaps he should have been less severe in his pecuniary claims. Still he was loved as a neighbor, exhibited powers of satire and had a vigorous mind. He wrote political essays for the newspapers after he had reached eighty years of age. During the same period he wrote a metaphysical work which was never published but possessed an odd title, as follows:

"Paradise Lost; or the Origin of the Evil called Sin, examined; or how it ever did or ever can come to pass, that a creature should or could do anything unfit or improper for that creature to do; or how it ever did or ever can come to pass that a creature should or could omit, or leave undone, what that creature ought to have done, or was fit and proper for that creature to do; or how it ever was or can be possible for a creature to displease the Creator in Thought or in Word or in Action."

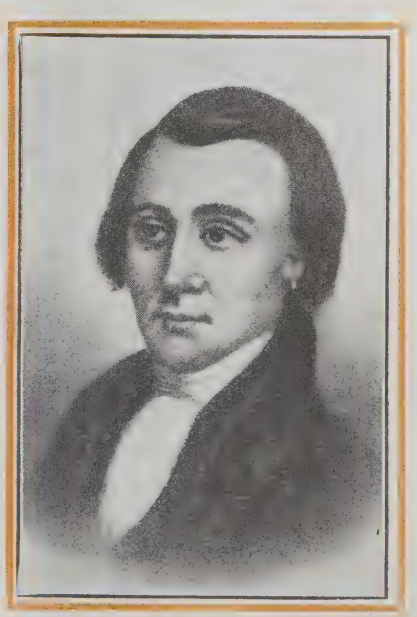
Somehow the whooping cough avoided Dr. Thornton in his childhood and did not find him until he had passed his fourscore milestone. As a physician he had often been exposed to the disease. He survived the attack and continued his medical practice; it was followed, however, by a palsy which so impaired his voice as to make him somewhat unintelligible.

He read much but almost never smiled, though he was distinguished for his good-humored hilarity.

He enjoyed the confidence of Washington, and he believed implicitly in his leadership.

A simple white slab on his grave bears the modest but noble epitaph, "Matthew Thornton, An Honest Man." He fully deserved this tribute. He was steadfast in his zeal for national freedom and allegiance to the document he had signed.

Rarely does a sailor become a statesman, or a statesman become a sailor. Not much



DR. MATTHEW THORNTON.

education is required to "sail the seven seas" whereas statesmanship cannot thrive without learning. There are exceptions to all rules, and the third New Hampshire signer was the exception to this one.

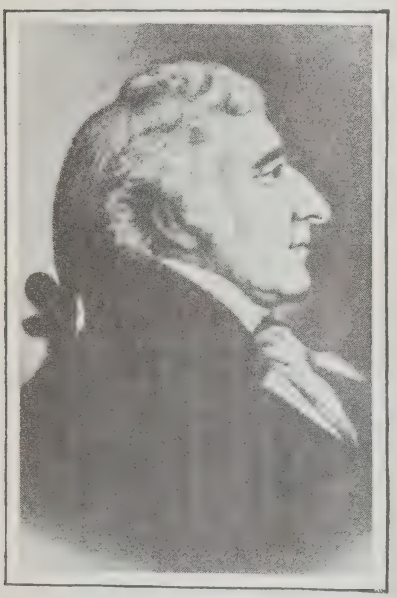
When William Whipple served as a cabin boy on his father's ship, his youthful ambition was to become a commander, too. His attainment of this objective did not satisfy him; so later he was a merchant, a member of Congress, a general under Washington and a judge of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire.

He married his cousin, Catherine Moffat, and resided in his father-in-law's family from the wedding until his death. One child was born to the couple, but it died.

The sailor patriot was elected to Congress in January, 1776, and took his seat on the extra day that February had by virtue of leap year. He retired from Congress about the middle of 1779. While there he was a member of the committees of marine and commerce, also a superintendent of the commissary's and quartermaster's departments. His absences from Congress usually meant that he was too busy fighting to think of legislation.

Whipple maintained an active correspondence with friends at home while he remained with Congress. His letters give a vivid historical picture of the times, besides throwing light on his character.

"We are daily in expectation of some grand military operations at New York. The militia are all marching from this colony. The associators are mostly gone from this city, Colonels Dickinson, Cadwallader, etc., at the head of their regiments. No doubt in a very few days twenty



WILLIAM WHIPPLE.

thousand men, if not more, will be embodied in New Jersey, besides the army at York.

"This declaration has had a glorious effect, has made these colonies all alive, all the colonies forming governments, as you will see by the papers."

Whipple left Congress in 1777 to share the command of New Hampshire troops with General Stark who had defeated a Burgoyne detachment under Colonel Baum at Bennington. General Whipple assisted in the capture of Burgoyne's army at Saratoga. He was named as one of two men to arrange the surrender.

# Gain Guides Chinese Soldier

(*Concluded from page 6*)

leaves a city, or is in need of funds for a proposed campaign, he goes to the chamber of commerce and demands a certain sum of money within a given number of hours, with the pleasant alternative that he will turn his soldiers loose to loot the city. This latter method always proves so destructive that the money is usually forthcoming.



Chinese railroads seem to be the personal property of the soldiers, who appropriate cars and engines at will.

The retiring Fengtien general took possession of the banks of our city the afternoon before leaving and relieved them of $600,000 in silver currency. The sum of $300,000 was taken from the bank of China alone. When the writer interviewed the head of one of the leading banks here, he strongly denounced the military leaders as being "worse than robbers or bandits." He said that the provincial treasury department would try to repay to the banks as much as possible, but at best it meant the loss of business and interest and, for all they know now, the loss of capital as well. This stripping of the treasury by military leaders is repeated several times yearly in practically every large city in China, with the exception of the model province of Shansi.

The generals "hold up" the cities for large sums, and the soldiers prey upon the villages and individuals in the countryside. A soldier does not mean protection to the Chinese masses but rather the *nth* degree of suffering and impoverishment. If the weather is cold and the soldier needs more bedding, he enters any home and takes it, even though the babies and children go cold. This is not done in one instance but in tens of thousands of homes throughout China. If he has a load to carry or work to be done, he impresses one or more of the Chinese laboring classes to do it for him. He will drag them from their homes, their hiding places or their work, and with never a minute to say goodby or make provision for their families they are prodded along with bayonets. For this service they receive no compensation except just enough food to keep them at work and a beating or even death, if the soldiers so choose. During the last week, hundreds of local men, tied together with ropes, have been escorted through our streets by soldiers. Some never return. They are considered just so many slaves for the military leaders.

Most Chinese soldiers do not seem to know the first rudiments of patriotism. They have always been considered the lowest class in Chinese society, illiterate and unprincipled.

During one of my civil war experiences in West China, the Szechuan general offered each of his soldiers $20 in hand, to take the Lung Chuan hills from the Yunnan soldiers. They fought all day and drove the enemy out of sight by nightfall. Then, fearing a surprise night attack, they all returned to the foot of the mountain to sleep, nullifying all the gains of the day.

Physically, the average Chinese soldier is often as unfit as his actions are immoral. The ofttimes childish or emaciated face of a so-called soldier, bent forward above soiled baggy garments hanging on rounded shoulders from which are slung his gun and parasol, does not arouse admiration.

Of course, there are some exceptions. The soldiers of the Christian General Feng are taught to read and are trained in some trade so that when disbanded they can return to civil life, rather than become bandits. Gambling, looting and immoral conduct are absolutely prohibited. Cities are cleaned up. Opium growing is stopped and good roads are built wherever General Feng is located. His soldiers are such good fighters and are so loyal to their leader that all the other military leaders fear to meet him in combat.

Governor Yen has made a model province of Shansi, and no bandits or looting soldiers are to be found. Peace and tranquillity exist throughout the province. General Yang, who was appointed by Peking to West China, did much for the capital city and won the confidence of the people by his use of public funds for the public good. There was so little graft or "squeeze" left for the local generals that they recently banded together and drove Yang out, and now have divided all the vast salt revenues among themselves.

Who knows what is happening in China now? Secret diplomacy and distrust are so prevalent that no two leaders dare combine for fear of treachery. Most of them are sitting on the fence, ready to jump to the side which promises the greatest personal advantages. No one knows what new line-up a day will bring forth. Recent political events reveal the fact that no enemy is ever destroyed, but rather is permitted to withdraw, because on some later occasion it may be advantageous to bargain for his support.

Feng's soldiers are the best fighters in China and victory or defeat may depend upon which side General Feng takes.

# A Shylock Nation? Here Are the Facts

(*Concluded from page 13*)

The question was not whether HE was satisfied with his offer, but whether the American commissioners were.

The settlements with Great Britain, Hungary, Lithuania, Poland, Finland, and Rumania have been approved by Congress. Those with Latvia, Esthonia, Czecho-Slovakia, Belgium, and Italy will be placed before that body at the present session.

Italy has long since balanced its budget and reduced more drastically than any other European Power its strictly military expenditures, while France has failed to tax her people sufficiently to balance the budget, and is expending vast sums daily in imperialistic and militaristic ventures in Africa and Syria. Since the war France has maintained an active army of from 700,000 to 1,000,000 men, with a reserve army of 4,000,000 men. She has built more airplanes than Great Britain, the United States, and Japan combined. She now has an army of perhaps 200,000 men fighting the Riffs—yet she cannot pay even the interest on her war debt.

Both France and Italy have enormous internal debts, highly depreciated currency, and are heavily indebted to England. But while French credit has been steadily declining, both within and without France, Italian credit, internal and external, has been improving because of domestic reform. The bargain with Italy is a much harder one from her standpoint than the one we made with Belgium. In the first place, the maximum sum Italy can expect from German reparations is $40,000,000 a year, as compared with $350,000,000 to be paid France. France is amply supplied with coal and iron; she is able to grow her entire food supply. Italy has no coal and iron, and must import much of her food supply. Italy has no natural resources, save water power, and that is only slightly developed. France, with a smaller population than Italy, has as much potential water power. France has large foreign investments; Italy has none. Every dollar Italy pays on our debts must be borrowed. In fact, Wall Street financiers predict that for ten years, at least, everything Italy pays under the war debt agreement will be supplied by American loans. That is the proverbial Ethiopian gentleman in the woodpile.

It required seven years to effect a settlement with Italy; we could just as well have waited seven more. For two years it has been the opinion of Congress, and apparently the opinion of the people, that other war debts should be settled on about the same terms as those agreed upon in the case of Great Britain. But the attitude of our Debt Funding Commission became more and more lenient, until finally it accepted as the basis of a settlement Italy's capacity to pay.

Now, it is possible to determine the PRESENT capacity of any nation to pay, but who can determine in advance that capacity twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty years from now? Apparently there are no provisional arrangements for the modification of these terms should Italy become increasingly prosperous in the next fifty years. Would it not, therefore, be well to make haste slowly about ratifying the agreement for the settlement of this debt of approximately $2,500,000,000, instead of accepting a fraction of its value because of Italy's incapacity to pay? Would it not be better to wait until the world has better readjusted itself? Under the present agreement, Italy will pay during the first ten years a yearly average of about $10,500,000 on a debt of $2,407,000,000. During the same period, Great Britain will pay about $160,000,000 a year on a debt twice as large. In the first five years, while Italy is paying $5,000,000 annually, the American people will be paying approximately $80,000,000 interest on the money they sent to Italy.

How was this settlement brought about? By New York bankers, who maintained that if money could be advanced to Italy she could be put on her feet, and that the United States would then receive a portion of the debt. Otherwise, they predicted, chaos would result and we would not even get the 24½ per cent that we shall receive under the present agreement. Incidentally, while the United States Government accepts an average of less than one per cent for the entire period of the Italian agreement, these bankers are planning to lend about $160,000,000 to Italy—at 7 per cent.

It is thus easy to see why they influenced the settlement of the debt; they didn't want to see the Italian Government loaded up with such heavy annual payments to the American Government as to make it difficult, if not impossible, for Italy to pay interest on private loans.

There also may have been political considerations, although this is difficult to prove. At any rate, in the arrangement for funding her war debt to this country, Italy is getting the handsomest Christmas present that a nation ever received.




***The Man from Bombay*** dropped into The Office: "India is coming to see that there is no help in politics. In spite of the fight against western industry, the idea is beginning to take root in many Indian minds that industry may be religious in that it serves. India has vast wealth buried in ancestral treasure chests. Few outside the country have any idea of the amount of money-wealth possessed by the native ruling families. But it is unproductive. Until very recently all our financing was done abroad. There was no need for that, and we are now seeing it clearly. As a consequence more and more of it is being done at home. The thing that will save India is modern business as it is conceived here at Dearborn—that is, business as the service of the multitude, not as the profit of the few. What India has rebelled against is business for the profit-motive merely. The West has not shown us much of any other kind. But we are beginning to get a glimmer of the possibilities for human betterment through business which is built on the service-motive."

***The Man from England*** dropped into The Office and remarked that he had changed his mind about a number of things: "For instance, I have come to think that the best represented nation abroad is the United States, and that the reason for that is that it has the fewest professional diplomats to represent it. I see we are trying to change that, and I am sorry. The advance samples of the professionals which we are turning out don't impress me. That, however, is not so serious as the fact that they don't impress anybody else. I know of two colleges now toiling earnestly at producing future diplomats and, frankly, I'm afraid of it. The way to train a future diplomat is to let him knock around Europe as a boy—working his way is best; make occasional summer trips there in modest fashion, living among the people; at the same time getting that best of training, the rough and tumble of American business life; and then, when he is mature, when he knows human nature, when he is a genuine American in-grain without social puffage or financial fluffery, let him give ten or fifteen years to the service, representing his country abroad. Otherwise, we are likely to become a diplomatic flop. Why, some men I know think they represent America by so thoroughly understanding the foreign point of view that they can't see the American point of view. As I see it, in representing us the American point of view is by far the more important."

***The Man from Czecho-Slovakia*** dropped into The Office to say that he had come out to America to study economic and industrial conditions. He was particularly interested in agriculture. He said that in Bohemia there were agricultural colleges and teaching centers not only in the larger cities, such as Prague (which he pronounced Praag, as in stag) but in the smaller towns and villages throughout the country. He proudly claimed that the Czecho-Slovakians were a highly cultured people, well advanced in getting the most out of the soil, as in other things. He had very much at heart the welding together of the Slavic peoples, beginning with the unification of the Balkan States. I asked him how this was to be brought about, and he said that a systematic progaganda was being carried on through a chain of about a score of newspapars with headquarters at Prague. A high government official was behind the scheme although not actively engaged in it. Peaceful and conciliatory methods were being advocated, and belligerent peoples, such as the Serbs and Bulgars, were being advised that cutting grain was better than cutting throats, and that gathering apples and gooseberries was better than collecting scalps; that medals won at agricultural fairs were just as valuable as those awarded by the minister for war. The man from Czecho-Slovakia wished to make it plain that in old Bohemia, particularly in the ancient city of Prague, they were proud of their ancient civilization, and had no sympathy whatever with the quarrelsome tribes in the Balkans, beyond a desire to bring them to a better way of thinking. He disclosed that logically there could be no real coming together of the Slavs until Russia took up the matter, and he hoped that Russia would do so in due time. The whole idea, he said, was to eradicate the sore spots in Europe and ultimately put an end to that unruly spirit which causes some of the Balkan mountaineers to shoot each other at sight. He thought that about ten years would bring about the desired change.

# The "Come Back" of Artist Bridwell

By HARRY PENCE

ILLUSTRATED WITH ORNAMENTAL DESIGNS By H. L. BRIDWELL



## A Designer of Beautiful Things Whose Enthusiasm Overcame Misfortune

FORTY-ODD years ago a lad of eighteen came to Cincinnati, from a little town in Central Ohio, intent upon obtaining such employment as would enable him to develop his talent for drawing.

His crude work manifested sufficient merit to procure for him a job with a lithograph house, and being a likable chap his elders on the staff coached and encouraged him.

The firm at that time specialized in poster work for the theaters, and the artist-in-chief, an Englishman, was intent upon raising the artistic standards of that line of work. Though originally a cartoonist he was, himself, a believer in thoroughness. He insisted that a poster could be something more than an extravagant, poorly conceived, carelessly executed conglomeration of figures and colors that would attract attention, but which could not bear critical scrutiny as a work of art.

Matt Morgan, the boss, made posters that not only advertised actors and plays, but also won the commendation of critics for their excellence of design and workmanship.



And in Harry Loud Bridwell, the novice, he found an ambitious student who absorbed instruction gratefully and soon developed a skill that, though it did not eclipse the fame of his mentor, soon established his own reputation as the creator of a distinctive style of poster work that appealed to theatrical promoters and stars and made the firm one of the leaders in that line.

Nor was it only a matter of craftsmanship and technique. "Bridwell Style" became a tradition, and even so great an authority as Joseph Pennell praised his work. In time he became his own salesman. He consulted with the producers and stars, contracted for their season's output and executed their orders—or rather gave them what he knew they needed, for though they could appreciate his finished work they could not tell him what to do and were well content to leave that part of it to him.

Thus, at forty years of age, H. L. Bridwell occupied a position of eminence in his profession. His income, according to the standards of the day, was a generous one.

All this he had achieved

without the heartbreaking struggle many another artist has had to make to achieve even a tithe of his reputation.

Then his fortune burst as a bubble. Suddenly, and without warning, he suffered a stroke of paralysis that not only took from him all use of his right side, but bereft him of speech.

Nor had he had an opportunity to prepare for the proverbial rainy day. His work had thrown him into association with men of much more than moderate means who believed in living up to a considerable portion of their incomes, and although he was not a man of extravagant habits he had found frugality an impediment to his progress.

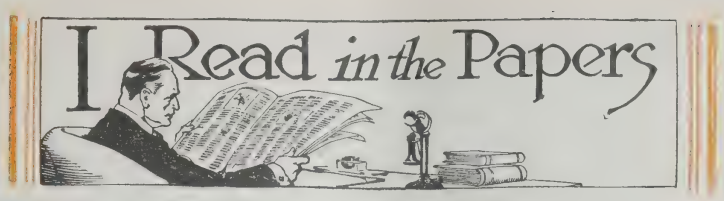
Not that this misfortune found him penniless. He had a home and sufficient capital for his immediate needs, but his vocation was gone. Soon or late he would reach the end of his resources, and as he had known nothing but success his mental distress aggravated his physical condition until his family and friends feared the combination might wreck his mind.



Gradually speech returned and for nearly a year the artist brooded over his condition and his own and his family's future. Then, one day, he called for pencil and paper and began to make seemingly aimless scratches with his left hand. His first rough effort was a leaf, such a figure as a child of five or six might trace, but another effort and then another followed until he had drawn that leaf six thousand times—until, to his great elation, the halting, uncertain fingers of his left hand began to obey his will.

And, what was more, his mind and spirit had not been as inactive as his hand. A new depth of thought and feeling became manifest in the work that at first lacked the deftness of his earlier products. Sketch after sketch followed until finally one of them seemed to him worthy of publication. It was issued and word flashed through the craft, "Bridwell has come back!"

This brought to the struggling artist a flood of messages of good cheer and encouragement. And Bridwell did come back. Within a short time after he permitted the publication of his first left-handed work he was again doing posters and decorations which were excellent from any point of view, but marvelous when considered as the work of a man who had, in only a few months, trained his left hand to execute the visions of his mind's eye.




*I read in the papers* that Mrs. Henderson, of Washington, is out for dress reform and the abolition of the cigaret habit among women. It is true, as she says, that many of our modern women's costumes come from the underworld of Paris. That, however, is not the argument that will bring any result. Does not one of our most widely read authors argue that it was the privileges demanded by the concubine that eventually determined the rights that were to be enjoyed by the lawful wife? Applying the same argument, it may be that the jades of Paris, in their revolt against decency, also achieved something in the way of freedom from unnecessary inconvenience. Certainly no one would contend that for comfort, and even appearance, the costumes of our mothers are to be desired above the costumes of today. The modern dress is a great advance in healthfulness, convenience and beauty. It is too much to attribute all these things to the underworld of Paris. No doubt the first "knickers" were worn by the town's tomboy, and it was an awful thing to do, but women gardeners and hikers and riders will say that the tomboy started a good idea. What is to be objected to in modern dress, that is, in its extreme phases, is its conscious reaching after an effect of immodesty. Modesty, of course, is only in the mind. But a good deal of intentional immodesty is placarded all over the cut of some dresses. They have the air of trying to see how far they can go. Short dresses are all right: so are low necks; but you can always tell whether a lady is wearing them or a shallow-pated girl who doesn't know that "the real thing," so much talked about in her crowd, is not at all what she thinks it is.

---

*I read in the papers* that the Communists who were arrested and tried at London have been given sentences ranging from five months to one year. The immediate result was an attack on the courts by such men as Ramsay MacDonald and Arthur Henderson. Their contention, of course, is that free speech has been curtailed. Their attitude throws a strong light on the progress which radical and revolutionary thought has made among the leaders in England. Anyone who knows MacDonald or Henderson does not for a moment suppose that they believe their free speech plea. They are compelled by their political allegiance to stand with the radical wing, and the free speech platform seems the most convenient one to use. The world is with them on the question of free speech. But, as court and public know, the Communists of London were not tried for what they said, but for what they did. They were not convicted of speaking, but of committing crime. Their crime was that of active sedition against the Government, and in it they used a very large fund of money. Persons who would appear in the streets to be the poorest of the poor were dispensing sums of money comparable with the secret funds of government. They were planning and committing active warfare against the people. That was their offense. That they were mostly people of an alien race, of known Bolshevik connections, that they refused to account for the large funds in their possession, are but additional lights on the case.

But supposing their offense had been merely the utterance of disapproving sentiments toward the government. In Britain they would not have been molested for that. *But in Russia they would have been shot.*

---

*I read in the papers* that Vice-President Dawes has been asked by anti-tobacco people to give up his pipe, and that the President will be asked to give up his cigars. It is rather early to comment. Mr. Dawes seems to have brought it on himself by counseling the pages of the Senate not to use tobacco. Advice which is not illustrated by action is always inconvenient. Not many of us can be successful sign-posts—pointing the way, but never going ourselves. The habit of chewing tobacco has almost disappeared from polite society. Public smoking is on the decrease. No one expects to meet lawyers, doctors, bank clerks, pharmacists, store clerks, conductors, chauffeurs with cigars or cigarets stuck in their faces. Newspapermen are about the only ones I observe these days who do not remove their "snipe" or "fag" when they address people. But even these are of the local variety. The real boys on the papers know better.

---

*I read in the papers* that the Vancouver, B. C., Board of Trade has received scurrulous letters from anonymous writers in the American Northwest protesting against the Canadian practice of lashing bank robbers and other social enemies. It is surmised that either associates of American yeggmen who have tried their hands in British Columbia and been lashed or others who have had in mind forays upon that province are the authors of these letters. This suggests that if the authorities of representative American cities were permitted to employ the lash upon the gangsters that are coming to make the lives of everyone dangerously risky, things would take a turn for the better, and this also applies to automobile traffic violators who regard running down pedestrians as more or less of a grim joke.

---

*I read in the papers* that the bar and medical associations in Cleveland are engaged in a serious endeavor to eliminate the so-called testimony of alienists and kindred witnesses in criminal trials. One of the governing factors in this effort is the belief that the bulk of the "expert" testimony in lawsuits and criminal cases is merely "paid" testimony wherein the experts support those who retain them instead of dealing with the situations from an impartial, scientific attitude. And, still, the opposing experts may both be right. There is seldom a person so utterly good or so utterly bad that something cannot be said on the other side. The judgment of a plain American jury is usually the soundest rule to follow in such matters.

# Removing Death From the Sting

(*Continued from page 2*)

Newspapers had been devoting considerable space to persons who had died as the result of being bitten by reptiles and this publicity resulted in the spread of fear.

Of course, there are many persons bitten each year by dogs afflicted with rabies but there is a cure for rabies and anyone bitten by a dog can be treated quickly and effectively but we had no such treatment, either established or ready, for persons bitten by snakes.

The condition called for a remedy and the annual death list demanded that the remedy be provided as soon as possible. I turned to Brazil.

At São Paulo, Brazil, stands the Instituto Soro Therapico (institute of serum study, or production). It is presided over by a scientist whose family name is the name of his native land, Dr. Vital Brazil. The Instituto Soro Therapico was founded under his direction, an institution controlled and maintained by the Brazilian Government.

Now, Brazil is a country larger than the United States and much different than our country. Both lands have uninhabited territory but while much of the uninhabited areas of the United States are barren, nearly all of the uninhabited regions of Brazil are packed with tropical life and poisonous reptiles abound in these sections.

The vast numbers of poisonous snakes occupying many parts of Brazil and the heavy toll they exacted from the population of the country each year caused the government to act and Brazil became the first land scientifically to fight snake poison, being even ahead of India where more than 20,000 are annually sacrificed to the fangs of the cobra.

When Brazil got her new department organized the first thing she did was to classify her snakes. There are three kinds of venomous reptiles in Brazil. First there is the Brazilian rattlesnake. Brazil has but one kind of rattlesnake and that one in astounding numbers. The rattlesnake made up one group. Another group included the lance heads, such snakes as the fer-de-lance, the bush master, urutu, jararaca and jararacacu. The coral snakes comprised the third group.

In each group were collected snakes of similar poison. Brazil decided upon a different serum for each group. Then a combination of these serums was used as a mixture for administration where the identity of the attacking snake was uncertain.

Brazil educated her people in poisonous reptiles. A national system was used to teach all Brazilians how to identify reptiles. Anyone attacked by a snake would know what kind of snake it was and this knowledge made it possible to administer the proper serum. If the victim was struck in the dark or if through fear identification was impossible or uncertain, then the mixture of the three serums was used.

Regarding this serum. It is secured through a comparatively simple process. At the Instituto Soro Therapico there are many horses kept for the production of serum, Say Brazil wants serum for bites from snakes in the third group mentioned here. The scientists at the institute take venom from the fer-de-lance, bush master, urutu, jararaca and jararacacu and inject it into the horses assigned to produce that particular serum. As soon as the reaction from the venom passes, each horse is given a fresh injection and a stronger one than that previous. This program continues for weeks and months until the horse is immune. As soon as the venom has no further effect on it a blood vessel in the neck of the horse is punctured and its blood is taken through a silver tube in quantities not injurious to the animal.

This may read like a harsh method but it really is not. I have watched horses continue eating undisturbed while the operation was in progress. They do not seem to mind it at all.

The blood from the horses is then allowed to stand until it separates. The poison comes to the top, a yellow fluid. It is removed and filtered until you have the serum and this serum is ten times stronger than any venom the snake can inject into a human.

I wrote to Dr. Brazil, told him of the trouble we were having with snake poison in the United States and asked whether he would not produce a serum for us. He promised to do this and I sent him some rattlesnake venom.

Several months after I sent this venom to Brazil one of our keepers, while cleaning the cage of a giant diamond-back rattler, was attacked by the snake and bitten through the hand. We immediately tried all the known remedies but, nevertheless, the man's condition grew steadily worse.



(C) Courtesy of *Nature Magazine*, Washington, D. C.
Coral snake.

I remembered having some cobra serum. I brought this out and we gave the wounded keeper two injections, one on each side. Minute after minute passed but his condition grew only worse. We gave him two more injections of the cobra serum but it had no effect whatever on his pulse beat. It was now certain that death was only two or three hours away.

While I was still working over the dying keeper I was called to the telephone. The man at the other end of the line was Dr. Brazil. He had just arrived in the country. Before even welcoming him I asked whether he had any rattlesnake serum and he told me that he had a few vials, made from the venom that I had sent to Brazil several months before. I told him to get the serum ready as I was bringing the victim of a rattlesnake bite to him as fast as it was possible to get him there.

We rushed the half-conscious keeper to Dr. Brazil. He gave him two injections of the new serum and within a few minutes his condition began changing as the antidote started its work. The next day he was fully recovered and as well as ever save for a somewhat mangled hand that we had badly lacerated in trying to get the poison from the wound to prevent its reaching the heart of the victim.

Had we been able to get the serum a few hours earlier it would have been unnecessary to apply the knife. Had we been unable to get the serum the man would surely have died.

Thus we had a demonstration of the serum first hand in our own official family in



(C) Courtesy of New York Zoological Society.
Copperhead.

the reptile house at the New York Zoölogical Park. Dr. Brazil, having thoroughly demonstrated that he can save the lives of people bitten by the most poisonous of American reptiles, I asked him whether he could manufacture a quantity of serum for this country and he gave me his promise so last spring I set out to get the venom for shipment to Brazil. I began hunting rattlesnakes.

Five thousand rattlers were caught and their venom extracted to make their kind less dangerous to American life. I caught as many as one hundred rattlesnakes in a single day.

To get the venom from the snakes I used a system, or method, contrary to those generally in use. I placed a parchment over a glass. I let the snake strike and sink its fangs into this parchment. After sinking its fangs the snake naturally released its venom and as the poison sack emptied the venom dropped to the bottom of the glass and I lost no poison.

After the venom was thus collected I spread it over soup plates and placed a glass bell over the soup plate to keep out germs. Each day I tilted the plates to aid in the drying. Any plate that carried an odor was immediately discarded. The odor signified that the venom was decomposed and therefore not fit for scientific purposes.

It required from four to five days to dry the venom and in a dry state it crystalizes. When thoroughly crystallized the plates were scraped and the crystallized matter assembled. When I had secured one gallon of crystal I took it to Dr. Brazil at the Instituto Soro Therapico at São Paulo. When I arrived there and showed the gallon of crystal to Dr. Brazil, he shouted loudly and called all his assistants, showing them the crystallized venom with a great deal of astonishment. It was the largest consignment that had ever been received.

The crystals were diluted in distilled water and the fluid was then injected into the horses that had been assigned to produce rattlesnake serum for the United States. The usual procedure was followed to obtain the serum.

One gallon of crystallized venom produced enough serum to last the United States for years to come. The serum will be sent here by the Brazilian Government and distributed by a firm in New York to whom the distribution has been assigned. The price charged will be just enough to pay the Brazilian Government the cost of production and the American firm for cost of distribution.

The venom, after being dried and converted into the crystal form, can be kept for fifty years without losing any of its deadliness provided the venom is secured by having the snake strike through the parchment. The various other methods are not so good since nearly all of them make it certain that skin, or flesh, or blood of the snake, or other foreign matter, will be mixed with the venom and cause decomposition, making the poison worthless for serum. Having the snakes bite through parchment, I was able to secure unadulterated venom and by going into the strongholds of the rattle snakes in early spring when they were leaving their nests after their long winter rest, I was able to get a sufficient number of snakes.

We started with rattlesnake serum because the rattlesnake is the most common of the venomous reptiles found in the United States and adjoining countries. The rattlesnake forms one group of the three poisonous groups of snakes in this country. In a second group we have the copperhead and the water moccasin. They come under the same heading because the poison of the two is practically the same. A mixture of the two poisons in one serum is equally effective for bites by either the moccasin or the copperhead. The third group holds the coral snake but the coral is rather scarce in the United States.

Of the various rattlesnakes found in the United States the diamond-back is by far the most vicious and deadly. It is one of the world's leading venomous reptiles. In a single county down South five persons died last year as the result of being bitten by diamond-back rattlesnakes.

In the Northern States comparatively few persons die each year from snake bites. I should say that more persons are drowned in bathtubs annually than are killed as the result of having been bitten by snakes.

While we have secured only serum for rattlesnake bites we are also securing serum to treat persons bitten by moccasins and copperheads. I have ordered five dozen moccasins shipped to Brazil. The serum secured from the moccasins will also take care of copperhead bites.

There is little to fear from poisonous snakes in the northern and northeastern sections of the United States. Most of the danger lies in the Southeast, the South, in Texas, along the border and Far West. With a general distribution of the rattlesnake serum most of the danger will pass and the loss of life be greatly reduced. Soon, there will be serum to fight the lesser evils, the copperhead and the moccasin. With the serums in operation there will be less fear in going hiking and autoing and camping.

# Colossus of Rhodes

(*Concluded from page 8*)

small altar and as a storage place for oil, as tradition says that a beacon light shone from the eyes at night by which the home-coming ships could be warned of the dangerous shoals in the harbor.

Tradition also says that Chares found a very slight error in his minute calculations and in a fit of grief committed suicide, but this has never been substantiated.

It is only reasonable that one should be curious about this statue and the events that occasioned so gigantic a task. It is necessary to go back into the history of that particular period for enlightenment.

The Island of Rhodes, famed for its climate, is the most easterly of islands in the Aegean Sea. The main city of the island Rhodes, now a handful of about ten thousand persons and then a mighty metropolis of several hundred thousand inhabitants, was the seat of the early Aegean culture and world trade, one of the main distributing points of Levantine and Phoenician goods and enjoyed political supremacy over the neighboring islands. This tiny island, only 45 miles long and 22 miles wide, was the envy of ancient powers owing to its strategic location. After many vicissitudes the islanders declared themselves friendly to Ptolemy, king of Egypt, through his connection with Alexander the Great, being one of the great king's personal bodyguard and greatest generals.

The Rhodians had aided Ptolemy in the defeat of Antigonus, ruler of Macedon, in the year 312 B. C., and it was only natural they should attach themselves to a great power for protection. But Antigonus could not easily forget the affront of the tiny island and five years later dispatched a force under leadership of his son, Demetrius, to wipe away the stain of defeat. Demetrius sailed with more than 40,000 men in a fleet comprising some 400-odd ships, many, many more than the total number of people then comprising the city of Rhodes.

The Rhodians, however, fought handily. They impressed into service the slaves with promises of freedom should a victory be won, and even the women and children; the women giving their hair to be used as bowstrings. But it was a losing fight. Steadily, day by day, the warships of Demetrius forced inward toward the harbor, the land forces with their terrible engines gained ground and capitulation was only a matter of a few short days.

Weeks previously, however, farsighted Rhodian generals, seeing how their defenders were vastly outnumberd, had dispatched speedy messengers to their friend and ally, Ptolemy in Egypt, and that august king, remembering the aid given him by the islanders, immediately sent an immense force, turned the tide of battle and defeated the Macedonians.

So grateful were the brave Rhodians for the aid rendered by their ally that they gave him the name of "soter," meaning "a savior" and that great Egyptian king went down in history as Ptolemy Soter.

Then, gods need be thanked and additional honor toward Ptolemy Soter made to commemorate this eventful war. Chares of Lindus, most famous pupil of Lysippus the great Greek sculptor, was commissioned to mold some giant memorial to Ptolemy's memory and then this great sculptor had his most divine inspiration. Was not Apollo the protecting deity of Rhodes, had not Demetrius in his flight left tons of metal war implements, then why not a colossal figure in the shape of Apollo to commemorate the aid of their Egyptian ally? The plan was at once put before the people and, although many said it was impossible, orders were given to collect the war engines of the Macedonians for remelting, and the gigantic task begun.

For twelve long years Chares worked on his inspiration until finally in 280-278 B. C. the Colossus of Rhodes looked over the sea in the direction of Egypt, finished, the most perfect example of colossal sculpturing ever devised by man.

After it fell, famed engineers from many countries tried in vain to place it on its pedestal again but no machine was known or could be devised to lift it. Even from its bed in the shallow part of the harbor the fallen Colossus excited the admiration of all who saw it and it was here that Pliny, the Roman historian, made his observations which are almost the only record we have today of Chares' inspiration.

Almost a thousand years later the Saracens conquered the island but these turbulent people hardly noticed the statue which to them was ungainly as it lay dismembered on the harbor rocks. Then, one day, a Jew saw a chance to add to his fortune and asked the captain of the Saracens for permission to take the metal away and the entire magnificent creation was sold to him for a few pieces of gold. It is said that the Jew carried away more than nine hundred camel loads of bronze and made a tremendous profit from its resale as junk!

# A Dance a Week for Beginners

## The Waltz: Giving the Correct Primary Step Used in This Figure

THE ability to dance is more than a mere social accomplishment. It means a certain amount of skill in producing rhythmic motion: it means a certain poise of mind and body; it means also a knowledge of formal deportment which proves valuable in most walks of life.

The word "dance," when seen in print, conveys different notions to different people. Some think of it as a jazzy rout from which they would themselves shrink and from which they would protect their children if possible. Others think of it as a monotonous round of steps, endlessly the same.

But those who know the old American dances, the dances which were part of the life of the pioneers from the Atlantic to the Pacific, have an entirely different conception of the dance. These dances are largely musical games, with just enough skill and color to make them attractive, and with the necessities of acquaintance and friendship deftly woven through them. People who are not acquainted cannot dance the quadrille or the circle two-step or the Virginia reel, without quickly becoming acquainted. People on unfriendly terms cannot dance these at all and remain so. These dances are social in the sense that they inevitably make for sociability among all who dance them. Thus they are preëminently the home, neighborhood and community dances, in a sense that other dances cannot be.

The basis of all good dance steps is to be found in the waltz. Master the waltz and there is nothing in dance steps that can thereafter puzzle you. So, in this little series of articles on bringing back the old American dances, we begin with the Waltz.

It is better, of course, if you have a teacher. But among groups of readers of these articles there will usually be one competent to teach. The directions are so plain that, once the principles are mastered, the student can himself teach others the rudiments. First get the idea; get the pattern of the step in mind; get the rhythm of the step by practicing it. To assist you in this we herewith give music, diagrams and directions. It will also be found useful to practice the exercises that are given.

In all dance study there is a period of awkwardness. But as practice is pursued there comes a moment when the whole thing comes clear and the steps are as easy and natural as if you had always been accustomed to them.

Many modern dancers who believe they are dancing the Waltz are in reality dancing a Redowa or two-step to waltz time. They are taking what is known as a *slide, close, step*, bringing the feet together on the second count. The true waltz is a *step, slide, close* which brings the feet together on the third or last count.

The point always to remember in a waltz is that the lady begins with the right foot in a forward step, the gentleman with the left foot in a backward step.

FOR GENTLEMEN—The first count of the waltz is a step backward with the left foot, followed by the backward slide to the right with the right foot, closed by bringing the left foot across to the right. Then follows a forward step with the right foot, a slide forward to the left with the left foot, closing by drawing the right foot to the left.

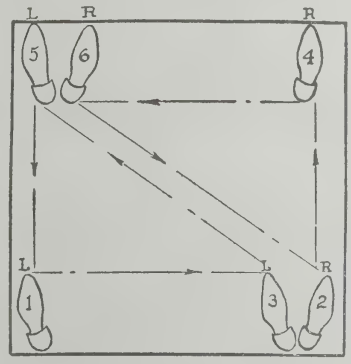
**Here is the beginning of good dancing—the waltz. The instructions given this week and next will give the principles involved; all that remains then is practice. Remember that in dancing one takes only the natural length of step: there is no reaching. The exercises given here should be first practiced individually, all standing in a line and making the movements together. When the step is understood it may then be done to music. After that in couples.**

FOR LADIES—The first count of the waltz is a step forward with the right foot, a slide to the left with the left foot, closing by bringing the right foot to the left. Then follows a backward step with the left foot, a slide to the right with the right foot, closing by bringing the left foot to the right.

Thus it will be seen that both lady and gentleman execute exactly the same steps but in reverse order. When the lady is starting forward with her right foot, the gentleman is starting backward with his left foot. When, in his turn, the gentleman starts forward with his right foot, the lady starts backward with her left. The movements compensate each other.

Thus there are six beats and six steps to the complete waltz movement, three in which the gentleman moves in a backward direction and the lady forward, three in which the lady moves in a backward direction and the gentleman forward.

START—DIAGRAM A




The letters L R refer to left and right feet. The figures give the order in which the steps are taken. Thus 5 and 6 represent the start as well as the finish. (1) is first step from start, the step backward with left foot. (2) represents slide. (3) is the close. Then the forward step with right foot is denoted by (4). The slide by (5). The close by (6).

*But the waltz always begins with the gentleman taking a backward step with his left foot.*

*And both forward and backward movement always complete on the third and sixth count with the feet closed.*

The accent of the waltz comes on the first and fourth counts, thus *one*, two, three, *four*, five, six. The waltz is composed of three beats to the measure, and there are three steps to the bar. The beautiful gliding movement of the waltz is gained by holding the first and fourth steps a little longer than the others, about one and one-half beats, which of course requires the other steps to be danced in faster time.

There are waltzers who have the correct step but have not mastered the secret of waltz time. They dance faster than the music and complain of the tempo of the orchestra. But the cause of the trouble is that they do not give the first and fourth steps their full value. This is a secret which will well repay all the effort it may require to master it.

In waltzing there is no definite number of turns in one direction or the other. The gentleman, as guide, will vary the dance by turning sometimes to the right and sometimes to the left. To whirl continually in one direction indicates an insufficient mastery of the variety which can be introduced within the limits of strict waltzing. The exercises given in this book will teach the dancer how to accomplish these changes.

The gentleman should not reverse without first preparing his partner by guiding her into a proper turning position. In a right turn the gentleman draws his partner toward him with his right arm and shoulder. In a reverse or left turn the lady is gently forced by pressure from the same arm and shoulder. The lady will continue turns in obedience to the pressure of her partner's arm and shoulder.

Turning and reversing are more easily done if the head turns slightly with the steps. Some dancers turn to the right with their head slightly inclined to the left. The head should be turned a little in the direction in which the body is going. It not only makes a much better appearance but it is essential to perfect balance.

### THE WALTZ

The full weight of the body is on the foot that takes the first step in each measure. The following exercise has been used for years with good results, and will show just where the weight should be.

### LESSON ONE, THE BALANCE

Step back on left foot, count one; lift right foot in front, count 2-3. 1 bar.

Step forward on right, count one; raise left foot in back, count 2-3. 1 bar.

Repeat all six times to waltz music. 8 bars in all. Then reverse by starting back with the right foot.

### LESSON TWO

Moving backward and forward in a straight line. These are simple walking steps.

Step back on left foot, count 1.

Step back on right foot, passing by the left, count 2.

Close left foot to right, count 3. 1 bar.

Step forward on right foot, count 4.

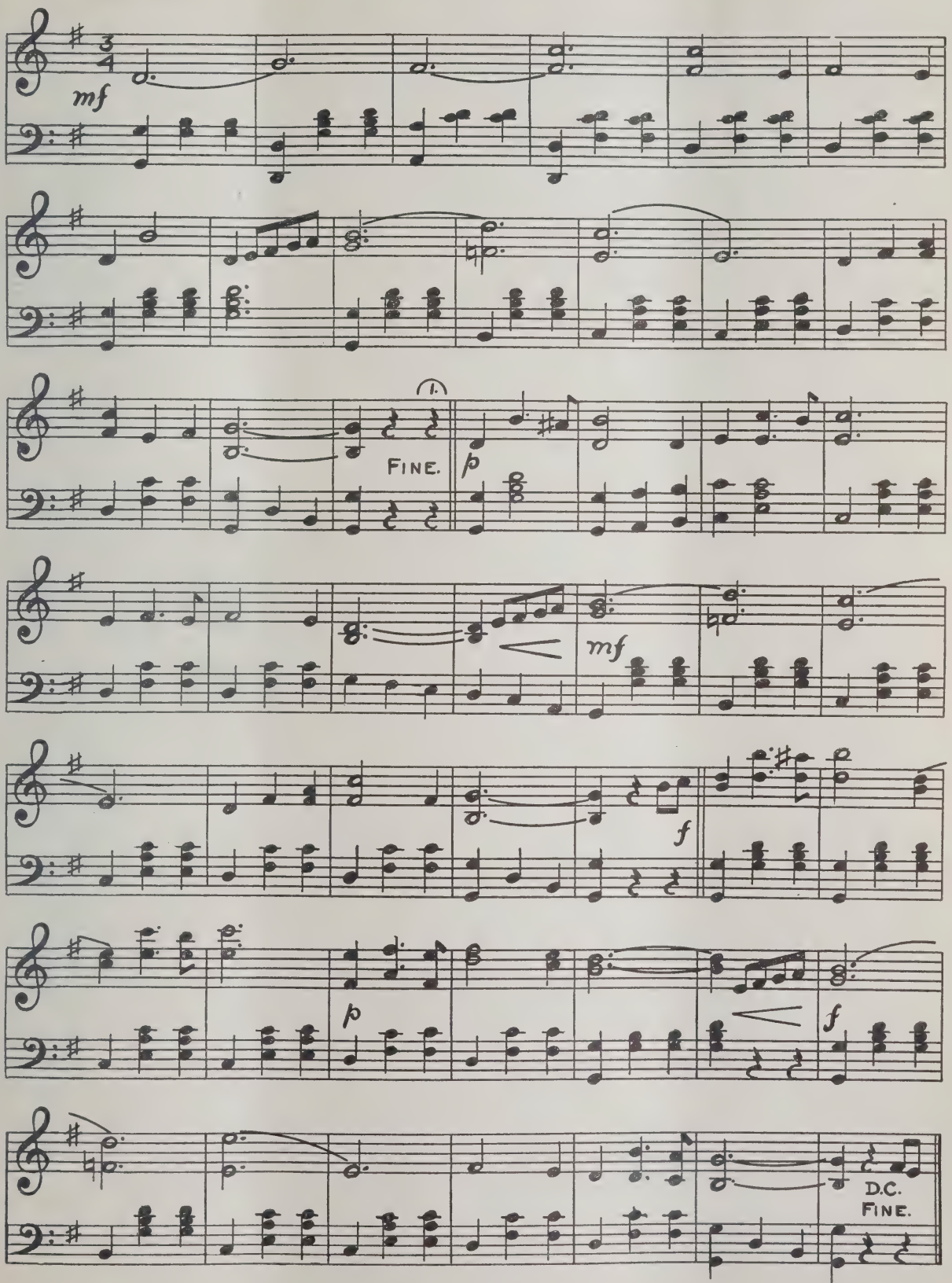
Step forward on left foot, passing by the right, 5.

Close right foot to left, count 6. 1 bar.

Repeat all until you have perfect control of the movement.

# An Old Southern Waltz

MM—152



THE LIBRARY OF TH
UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL

WE are bound to maintain public liberty and, by the example of our own systems to convince the world that order and law, religion and morality, the rights of conscience, the rights of persons and the rights of property, may all be preserved and secured in the most perfect manner, by a government entirely and purely elective. If we fail in this, our disaster will be signal and will furnish an argument stronger than has yet been found, in support of those opinions which maintain that government can rest safely on nothing but power and coercion. — *Daniel Webster.*

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Vol. 26, No. 14 JANUARY 23, 1926 $1.50 a Year




CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH



*A Steel Ingot*

Leaving Timken electric furnaces as a brilliant, boiling liquid, Timken steel is formed into these glowing ingots about six feet long. From the melt, to the ingot, to the finished bearings, every process is performed within the Timken plants.

# *Pillars of Fire for Your Car*

Like blindingly bright water, liquid steel pours from the electric arcs of Timken furnaces, employing the highest heat known. Irresistible mechanical monsters "toss off" the searing steel, roll it, pummel it, squeeze it, and finally out come—not automobile frames, or engines, or axles, but—Timken Tapered Roller Bearings.

Relatively small in size, Timken Bearings require the largest electric steel output in the world! Timkens are produced on a scale so large, because of their large importance in cars and trucks, among other mechanical devices. Of all American makes, 83% use Timken Bearings, and Timkens are widely used in Europe as well.

Transmissions, differentials, pinion gears, worm gears, rear wheels, front wheels, steering pivots, and fans are Timken-equipped. 150,000,000 Timken Bearings have been built. There are Timken plants in the United States, Canada, England, and France. A daily capacity of 132,000 Timken Bearings is required.

Widest public acceptance must be based on engineering endorsement of Timken advantages—high capacity for bearing stress from all directions—exclusive positive roll alignment—special precision "cages"—the possibility of simplified design and reduced weight—and supremely enduring Timken-made bearing steel.

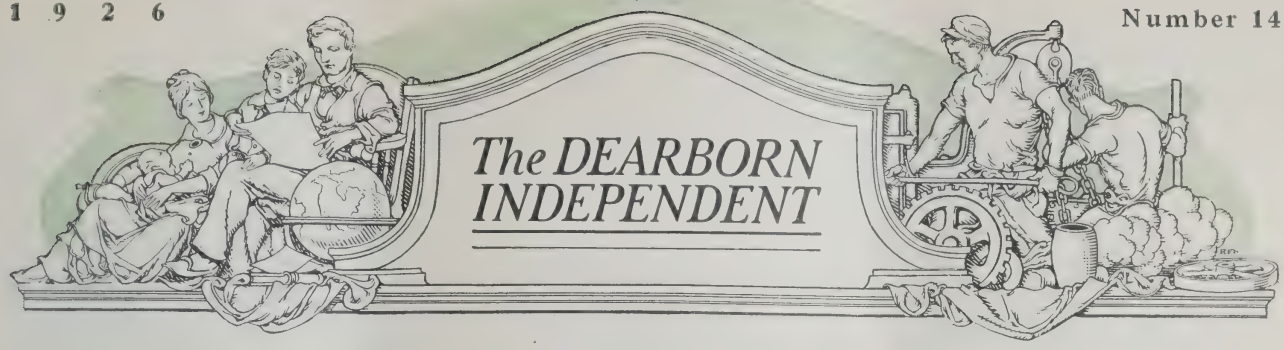
To produce bearings which constantly improve the operation and economy of motor vehicles is an inescapable obligation of Timken facilities and resources, so great in extent.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

**TIMKEN** *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

January 23
1 9 2 6

Volume 26
Number 14



# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

## The Essence of This Issue:

Mr. Ford's Page this week discusses the inconsistency in Government treatment of agriculture and business. (p. 9)

When Kipling wrote of "the road to Mandalay, where the flyin' fishes play an' the day comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay," he little thought, probably, that his panegyric would influence thousands of tourists to visit that far-off part of the world, so he permitted himself a few historical and geographical errors in the interests of rhyme and rhythm. William E. Barton has a delightful tale about them. (p. 5)

Money! Of what value is it when not accompanied by brains or by judicious management. False ideas are held concerning the power of money; to many it is both a synonym for success and an instrument for greater success. Samuel Crowther cites specific instances to correct our false impressions concerning the worth of money in business. (p. 3)

Many of our modern novels are written for persons with "servant girl minds"—so declares Basil King. In spite of this tendency on the part of some, the noted author has great faith in the soundness of most of the younger writers. On the whole, he explains in one of his rare interviews, they are honest and enterprising. (p. 2)

A new drive for some form of governmental aid for American shipowners is scheduled for the near future. Pap from the United States Treasury, as Aaron Hardy Ulm makes clear, is not what shipowners need so much as more enterprise on their part and less interference by the Government. The merchant marine problem is one of importance, and it is refreshing to read some common sense on it. (p. 6)

Who are we? Whence do we come, whither go? The riddle of the universe since the dawn of time! Ram Narayan, philosopher and student of Delhi, believes that dreams may bring the answer. Not with telescopes or other material mediums will the solution be found, he says; it will come from within ourselves, from our souls, our minds and our bodies. (p. 22)

Basil King Speaks of "Kitchen Literature" - 2
*Janet Mabie*
Exaggerating the Power of Money in Business 3
*Samuel Crowther*
On the Road to Mandalay - - - - - - - 5
*William E. Barton*
Going to Sea in Subsidized Ships - - - - - 6
*Aaron Hardy Ulm*
"Red" Russia Sets Stage for "Black Revolution" 8
*Burt M. McConnell*
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
"How They Get That Way" - - - - - - 12
*Paul MacDonald*
First Families of Chicago - - - - - - - 14
*Margaret Gray*
The Sad Tale of a U. S. Report - - - - - 15
Quaint China Figures on Cottage Mantels - - 16
*Mary Harrod Northend*
Ram Narayan, Dreamer of Delhi - - - - 22
*Arvid Reuterdahl*
Leading the Simple Book Life - - - - - - 24
*Thomas L. Masson*
A Dance a Week—Waltz, "Rippling Waves" 28
Cutting the Top Off a City - - - - - - 30
*Harry H. Dunn*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer;
C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

*WE publish in this issue (p. 15) the curious tale of a government report which exposes the weakness of a Sapiro organization, but which a high official of the President's cabinet (if not more than one) has been at pains to suppress. Sapiro asked for an investigation, the results of which turned out to be against his crowd. Then began the scamper to keep it quiet. At this writing the report is still suppressed. The curious history of this proceeding is worth reading.*

Professional sport is the beneficiary of the greatest free advertising in the world. Like Frankenstein the newspapers breathed life into an inanimate monster and this monster now exacts heavy toll of free space from its creators. This curious situation is disclosed in a most interesting manner by one who knows. (p. 12)

Gaily decorated little pottery figures of satyrs and of shepherds, of dairymaids and deacons, adorned the mantels in the rambling farmhouses and rustic inns of our ancestors. They are valued today by collectors not alone for their quaint beauty but for their associations and historical interest. (p. 16)

To study literature at its font instead of perusing hundreds of nonessential books—this is the interesting plan advanced by Thomas L. Masson, well-known editor and author. Mr. Masson advocates the reading by busy persons of "source books" (the outstanding things which the few best authors have done better than anyone else) to the exclusion of commonplace works. (p. 24)

Bolshevists are now endeavoring to convert the Negroes of America to Communism—and revolution. The success of their efforts depends not so much on their propaganda, which is weak, as upon the attitude of other citizens toward the Negro's struggle for just, economic treatment. (p. 8)

In a Chicago museum there is a series of little figurines, representing a history of the city's womanhood in wax. And back of each tiny statue is a story of sacrifice and achievement. (p. 14)

This week we print further dance instructions. There is a certain simple technique about dancing which once mastered makes all the rest clear. We are giving those primary principles in these articles, besides using them later to describe some of the more interesting American dances. (p. 28)

Dancing is a natural and wholesome recreation. Like everything else, if it goes beyond recreation, its benefits are diminished. The spirit of play is part of the divine equipment of man, and one of our sins is that we do not play enough. There still remains in some quarters a prejudice against the wholesome dance. Once upon a time the great Jonathan Edwards of Northampton saw nothing wrong in supplying barrels of rum to the workmen building his church, but he invoked the terrors of hell on people who read anything but religious books. In Northampton today it is the rum that would be questionable.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.50 A YEAR in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year. Single copy, ten cents.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

# Basil King Speaks of "Kitchen Literature"

## He Says Some Readers, Both Men and Women, Have "The Servant Girl Mind" and "Revel in Such Stuff"

AN INTERVIEW
By JANET MABIE

LATE in a November morning, when the skies were lighted by opal torches and there was a wilful hint of May in the air, Basil King sat in the drawing-room of his home in Berkeley street, Cambridge. The neighborhood is filled with a precious literary heritage. A bit up the quiet street, into which no grind of cars from the neighboring avenue penetrates, William Roscoe Thayer lived. Across the street there is the house, gaunt and yellow, where Richard Henry Dana, who wrote *Two Years Before the Mast,* lived. William Dean Howells lived nearby, too.

Basil King had come down the stairway into the formal drawing-room and had said at once, "Just let us go into the other room where things are not so stiff. You sit there, if you are comfortable. Will you have this cushion? No? My life seems to consist largely in removing cushions from chairs . . ."

There was a curious, intrinsic Chinese influence in the room, at variance with the man and with his neighborhood. A pair of Ming vases glowed one on each end of a mantel. There was a series of Chinese prints, figure-prints, brightened by patches of jade and scarlet and turquoise in the stiff habiliments of stately ladies. The walls were lined almost to the ceiling with books, a catholic collection, tincturing the flavor of the room with breadth of taste and discrimination. The ageless symbols of China were in the platinum and blue and scarlet of the rug on the dark, gleaming floor.

Basil King must have talked quite an hour, more than his wont probably, with a stranger. Of American letters and the rudimentary state of criticism in America. Of the brief days vouchsafed to the power of authors, of current books and reading habits.

He said, in answer to a question, "I never give advice. To writers or to anyone else. I never ask advice. I never take it." He laughed gently at the last, but it did not blur the fact that here was no author seeing in his own success, however bitterly won, leave to become dictator to others.

Now Mr. King is indubitably an author of long experience. Before the so-called "young writers" were ever thought of, and before men waged feverish arguments about the quality of genius in child poets, he was established. He began, early in this century, to write; he has now written nearly a score of novels; he is, therefore, an author of rare experience, for he commenced writing novels in days before men boasted that they wrote books in ten days or less. Having done these things, he identifies himself as a story-teller, asks only of life to continue to be a story-teller, not venturing to claim the higher title of novelist.

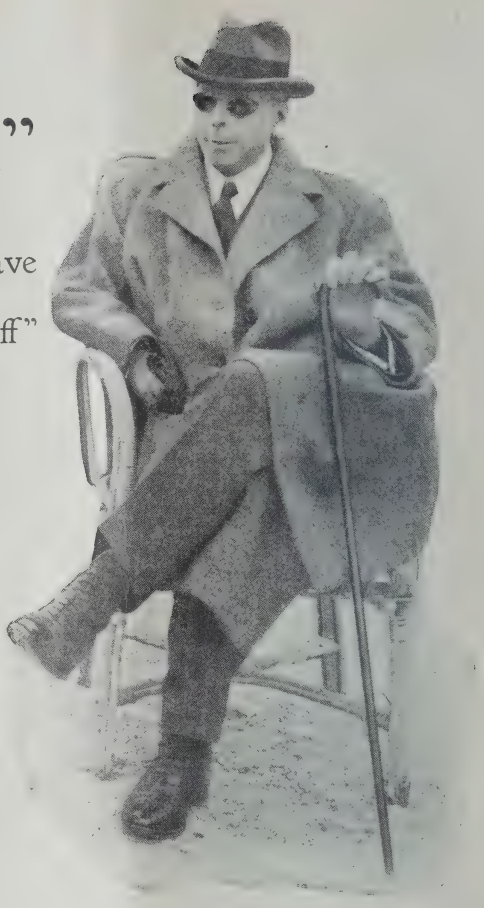
Some of his books have been anonymous. *The Inner Shrine* was published so, upon the influence of a publisher who believes that the public favor of anonymous novels moves in cycles of about a score and ten years intervals, and that the time for a new one coincided with his receiving the manuscript from Mr. King. Subsequently quite an extraordinary number of miscellaneous persons, with truly wondrous explanations of its genesis, claimed, more and less modestly, to have written *The Inner Shrine.* Later *The Wild Olive* and *The Street Called Straight* were likewise published anonymously, with similar remarkable revelations flying through the air, and always reaching Mr. King, of their authorship.

It was suggested to Mr. King after we had settled ourselves, he in a high-backed chair whose shadows blocked out everything but the resonant, careful, bronze voice, that perhaps he had something especial about which he would prefer to talk. If the interview had interrupted his work, as, to be sure, it must have, he might choose to speak of something which would help to preserve the continuity of his thought.

"Dear me, no!" he said. "I am too silent a person to respond to any such lavish opportunity!"

"The young writers, then, Mr. King. One hears a great deal about them. What do you think of them?"

"I think," he said precisely, "the young writers are important in that they are the voice of an actual generation. In fiction this is most important. We must not forget that a novel is only the printed form of the tale that used to be told by the living voice around the camp fire. That it is a living voice is what gives to the story the element we call pep, and of this the young generation are masters."



Basil King, the writer who "never gives advice."

It was quite a half-hour before Mr. King stepped aside from the austerity of answering one question, meticulously, at a time. He likes a questioner to record answers accurately. Perhaps it gives him a sense of security and reassurance.

Perhaps he has learned this policy of canniness from the experience which follows indiscriminate interviewing. But cautious answers make careful questions.

"Do you think, perhaps, that there is too much writing nowadays for an easy public, that the standard of American letters is thus being tarnished?"

"That seems to me to take care of itself. If we have what we call an easy public, and writers to satisfy that public, that is a phase of the moment which will pass. Everything passes, but nothing passes so quickly as the tale that is told. It ends with the telling, and something new takes its place. The standard of American letters will also take care of itself. If we consciously set to work to raise (Concluded on page 27)

# Exaggerating the Power of Money in Its Relation to Business

## Management the Main Factor; Common Sense Better Than Cash

By SAMUEL CROWTHER

WHAT makes the wheels go round? Money, of course. What is a corporation? It is a way of doing big business. What makes big business big? Money, of course. It all gets back to money . . .

Take some cases. About a year ago, out of Chicago came the news of the formation of a great grain-marketing corporation. It had entered into contracts to buy a large number of grain elevator companies and it estimated that eventually it would control the distribution of more than half of the country's grain. But it was a new kind of corporation, in that the officers were farmers or near-farmers, and it was expected that the stock would be almost entirely held by farmers. It was to be a gigantic coöperative without the awkwardness of the coöperative form of organization. It was a fine program that held many elements of public service.

Not long ago the company practically wound up. It did not have money enough to carry on—at least that was what the official *communique* essentially said.

Just after the war we heard a great deal of Hugo Stinnes and the vast industrial empire he was building with its capitol in Berlin. Within three years he bought controlling stock interests in nearly fifteen hundred companies. He had banks, mines of all kinds, iron works, steel works, automobile companies, shipyards, textile mills, chemical works, newspapers, hotels, and so on, through the whole gamut of business activity. Then he died, willing his properties to his family. Now the family has lost almost the whole of his empire—they did not have money enough, it is said, to operate the chain.

In the last couple of years many farmers' coöperative societies, which started off brilliantly equipped with warehouses, motor trucks, officers, and all the ordinary indicia of success, have liquidated, while others have just passed out, neglecting the formality as well as the expense of legal liquidation. The official reasons for the demise of these organizations, which were going to take the farmers straight to salvation without a bump, all boiled down to lack of money. Somebody who ought to have paid money didn't, and hence the disaster.

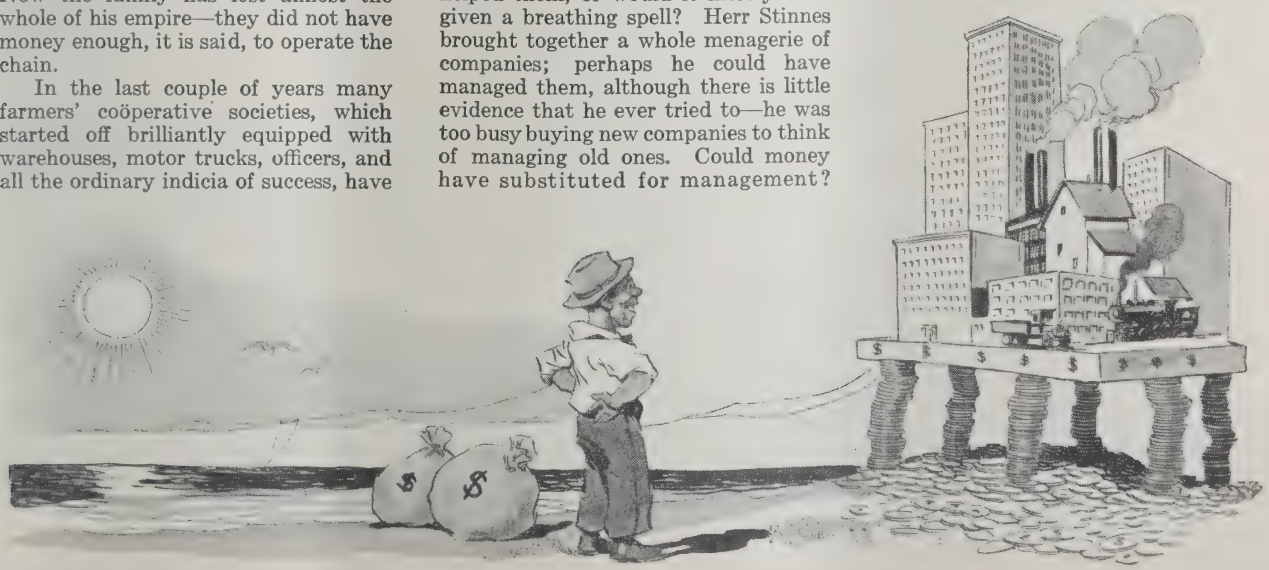
John Claflin, one of our most famous merchants, ranking with Marshall Field, John Wanamaker, and A. T. Stewart, made a conspicuous success in wholesale dry goods. Then he vastly extended, taking over other wholesalers and a chain of big department stores. He had experience, he had undoubted ability, and he had banking support to a degree that few men have ever had. But when the war came, he failed so tremendously that if the large creditors had not immediately got together, the failure might have rocked the whole financial system of the country. Now the properties which he acquired have been split up and are being successfully operated by different hands. Mr. Claflin failed because he could not meet his promissory notes—that is, he failed for lack of money.

But would money have saved any of these situations, or would it merely have prolonged the death? Did the grain corporation need more money or more management? The managers were capable, but neither they nor anyone else had any experience in handling so large and yet so delicate a machine as they had set up. Would money have helped them, or would it merely have given a breathing spell? Herr Stinnes brought together a whole menagerie of companies; perhaps he could have managed them, although there is little evidence that he ever tried to—he was too busy buying new companies to think of managing old ones. Could money have substituted for management?

Take some more instances. Not many years ago a dozen or more of the keenest and wealthiest of our financiers decided to organize a great corporation, which, by mobilizing brains and money, could go into any endeavor with a surety of success. Its field was to be the world. The project had in it a dash of romance; it was to be business, of course, but it had something of the spirit of the "gentlemen adventurers" of old. They organized the company and at its head they put an engineer with a proved record of success in the handling of great enterprises. Surrounding him was a group of vice-presidents, nearly every one of whom was nationally known.

It fairly leaped into business and before it was a month old had bought half a dozen successful corporations, and within six months it had shipbuilding companies, steamship lines, banks, and all sorts of companies and factories, with agencies and branches circling the globe. It started a few new companies, but mostly it bought old companies with established records of success. In 1919, when everybody was making money, it made money by the truck-load and it bought more and more companies. Then came deflation, and down went the company. It did not fail. Its organizers could not afford to let it fail. But had it been any other company in the world, it would have failed. It is still in business, but only a shadow of its former self.

Why did all this ability and money flivver? Here is one of the reasons. A man who was placed in charge of one of the companies which the big corpora-



tion had bought—call it M. & Company —told it to me.

"It's a sore point with me," he said feelingly. "I don't know what they expected me to do, but do you know they bought M. & Company on its record and without knowing what it had? One of the officers of the big company whom I knew from war work asked me into his office.

" 'We have just bought M. & Company,' he told me. 'Do you want to run it?'

" 'I don't know anything about it,' I said. 'Give me a chance to look it over.'

" 'No, we haven't any time for that,' he answered. 'That company has always been a gold mine. You go down and make it a bigger one.'

"That is how I became president of that company. Those were the only instructions I ever had, and, mind you, they had paid out three or four million dollars for M. & Company. I tried to get some instructions, but all I got was, 'Use your best judgment.' The officers of the large corporation were too busy buying new things to pay any attention to what they already had. But I had heard that in all big jobs one was just cast in to sink or swim—and this was a big job into which I had been dropped. The mess was awful. The accounts were so intricate and scattered through so many branches and agencies in half a dozen countries that it took me three months to find out just the general scheme of the business. Incidentally, I discovered that the former president, who was also the largest stockholder and had been bought out, was still regularly receiving his salary at the rate of nearly a hundred thousand dollars a year. No one had instructed the treasurer's department to take him off the pay roll!

"The old organization of the company was intact, except for a few men at the top—part of the value of the company was its organization. They had no desire to help me. They just went through the routine of their work and drew their pay. I never ran that company. I could not even get authorization from headquarters to have a complete audit made. Finally I had it done on my own responsibility. It showed that we were insolvent, and I submitted the report with my resignation and a recommendation that the company be wound up."

A story like that is almost incredible, yet every word of it is true. Exactly the same thing happened with a dozen other companies which the big corporation bought, and that is why it so nearly failed. But here is the extraordinary fact—not one of the companies taken over was a lemon nor bought at an unreasonably high price. Where, then, was the error which cost more than fifty million dollars? It was a prodigious yet at the same time a very simple one.

The directors, in spite of their experience, overestimated the power of money. They were all used to big things and they were all very busy with their own affairs, and thus, without any one of them realizing it, they plunged their new company into immense business without the management having a chance to season. They put out an all-star team but it hadn't any teamwork.

Another instance. Two able young men founded an export company in a small way. Their business grew so amazingly that within a year each of them was a millionaire several times over. Then they decided on a real expansion. They raised a great deal of money by the sale of stock, opened branch offices in nearly every part of the world, and for a time seemed to be succeeding beyond even their expectations. Then came the smash and their whole concern was wiped out. They had expanded faster than their ability to manage. The thing grew out of hand—no one man had his fingers on all that was going on.

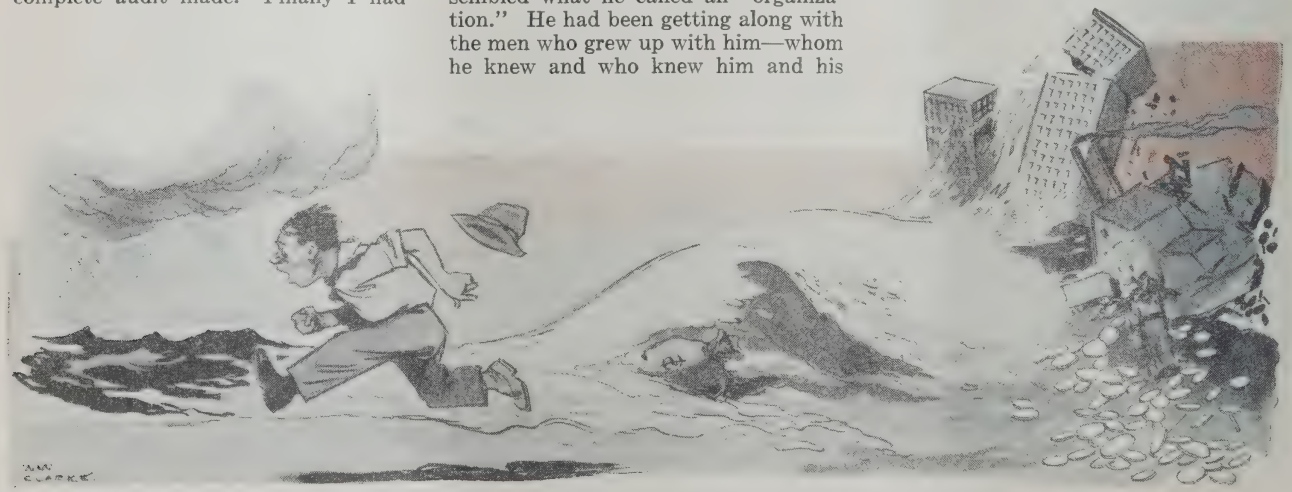
Take another company. The president was originally a salesman. He had started in a small shop with no capital and he prospered through his own personal force and keenness. He built a great factory and a great sales organization and with millions of dollars in bank, no debts, and ample credit, he resolved to make himself the world's leader in his line. First he assembled what he called an "organization." He had been getting along with the men who grew up with him—whom he knew and who knew him and his ways. He brushed these men aside as not being capable for the bigger business, and he hired half a dozen stars at fifty thousand dollars a year and up. He paid one of these men a salary of more than half a million a year. He started work on several large factories, went into numerous collateral lines, and delegated operations to his crew of high-priced vice-presidents. Instead of staying with his factory, as he had always done, he moved to a fine office in a big city hundreds of miles away, so that he could personally attend to matters of finance.

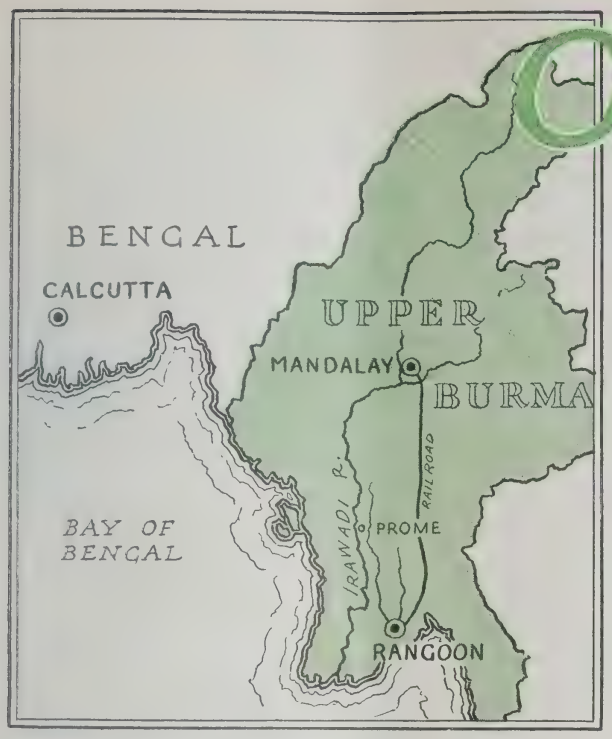
"I thought I was sitting on the top of the world," he told me afterward, "but when I woke up I found the world was sitting on me. My vice-presidents were all first-class men and every one of them is now earning more money than I paid, and one has made a really astonishing success, but they never had a chance to learn to work together. We thought we were building for the future, but as a matter of fact we were building only because we could get the money.

"I kept fooling myself until the bank showed me how many more million dollars I owed than I could pay. Then I got busy. I moved my office back to the factory. I quit thinking I was a financier, got rid of all my vice-presidents, sold the new buildings I was putting up for whatever they would bring, and went to work with my old organization. It took me three years to pay off what I owed, but I am clear now and I know a lot more than I used to."

Money does not make the wheels go around. Money is only the score of the management's ability. A corporation is nothing of itself—it may be of any size but it can never have more brains than the total of the brains put into it. Business success gets down to men and ideas. Men are not born full grown. Neither are corporations.

Few powers in this world have been more exaggerated than the power of money.






# On the Road to MANDALAY

## A Road Which Is Geographically Not Quite as Kipling Described It

By WILLIAM E. BARTON

THE road to Mandalay is longer than you would suppose. Maps are very deceptive devices. The geographers show you your own locality in maps of large scale, and the rest of the world, about which you know less, is shown on a smaller scale. To be sure, they give in the left-hand corner a little graduated rule of distances, but few persons look at that. Who can wonder that an enterprising London editor, at the time of the Galveston flood, told the story of the flood as alleged to have been written by his own New York correspondent, who had run over to Galveston in the morning and got back to New York in the afternoon in time to write up his story and get it to the cable office in time for the first London edition?

What London editor could be expected to know that Galveston was more than fifty miles from New York? Put the map of the United States down beside that of Great Britain as shown in any English atlas, and what reason could there be why an enterprising reporter should not have accomplished a feat like that? So about Mandalay. You can find it on the map of Burma, only two inches inland from Rangoon. Why not jump on one of the steamers of the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company, Ltd., and run over to Mandalay?

"On the road to Mandalay,
Where the old
Flotilla lay:
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin'
from Rangoon to Mandalay?"

This morning's Rangoon *Gazette* and yesterday's *Times* suggest a possible difficulty in the published schedule of intended sailings of the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company, Ltd. The express service boat leaves Monday night from Rangoon at 9:30, and there will be another next Saturday at 2:30 p.m., and these are expected to arrive at Mandalay nine days later. Returning, the service is a little more swift; one may return to Rangoon in eight days, or by good fortune and favorable tide in seven.

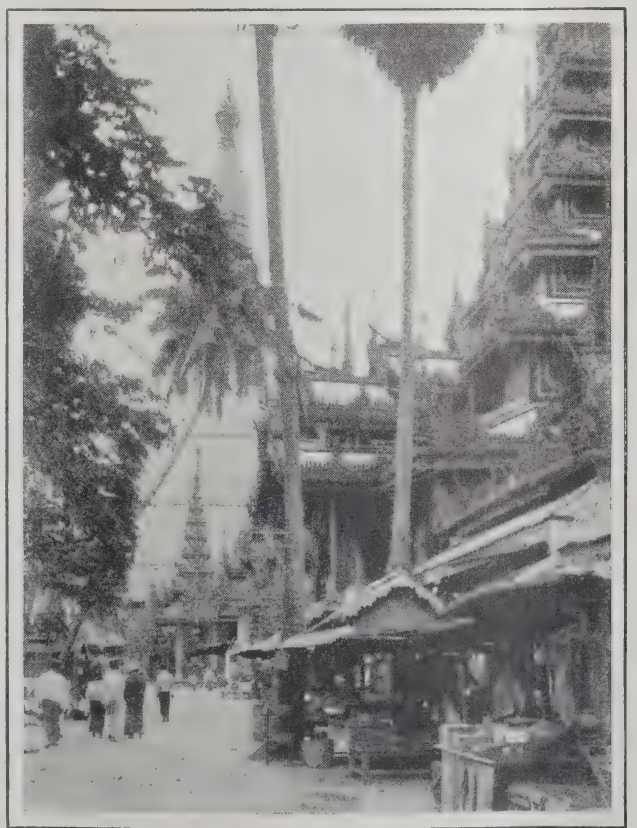
It is shorter by rail. A new station has just been completed at Mandalay and a new express service was inaugurated April 8, 1925, doing away with a bothersome junction, and saving nearly an hour. One may leave Rangoon at 5:30 in the afternoon and be in Mandalay at 1 o'clock the next afternoon. Returning, under this new schedule, one may leave Mandalay at 2 o'clock in the afternoon and be in Rangoon at 8:45 the next morning.

Most persons who make this journey would like to use the river, and these may go by rail to Prome, thus cutting out the slow movements of the delta, then a distance by river, and complete the journey by rail.

Mandalay is situated two inches above Rangoon, according to the map, but according to railroad statistics it is 386 miles by land, and the minimum distance by steamer is 708 miles. So if you expect the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company, Ltd., which has been doing business on an increasing scale since about 1860, to chunk its paddles for you, you must allow some time for the journey, for Kipling wrote with historical accuracy when he stated that:

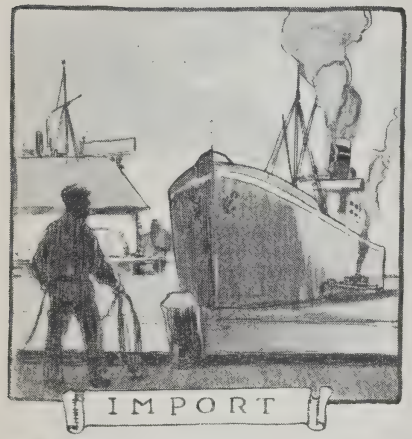
"There ain't no buses runnin' from the Benk to Mandalay."

That, if *(Continued on page 19)*



The Shwe Dagon Pagoda on the road to Mandalay.

# Going to Sea in Subsidized Ships




## Since 1917 the United States Has Spent $3,000,000,000 in "Aiding" Merchant Shipping; More Than All Other Countries for 500 Years; Yet Our Shipping Has Not Prospered

By
AARON HARDY ULM




THE country having had time to forget the dismal collapse of the ship subsidy movement that was sponsored chiefly by Albert D. Lasker—the best advertising man that ever tried to run the merchant marine—the seekers of Federal Government pap for private shipping are reorganizing their forces for another move upon the United States Treasury.

Of all the questions now or soon to be prominently before the country this probably is the most confused and muddled. On it can be said virtually whatever one pleases, because any statement can be supported with "facts," which are so numerous, complex and unestablished as to permit fancy to go the limit in any direction.

It seems strange that citizens of the United States should be indifferent to the merchant marine problem. More than half the states are on waterways that bear ships to foreign lands. Most prophets of our future held that we were bound to become a seagoing people.

In fact, we *are* a hugely seagoing people, though we don't know it. This last is because we go to sea, in the main, by proxy.

The $8,000,000,000 worth of foreign trade done annually by us makes us the first or second of seagoing nations in the commercial sense. This trade is the biggest element in the merchant marine problem. For without that trade a lot of mouths in the country would not be filled with things more necessary than words.

Theoretically, we could get along without foreign trade. Practically we cannot. Cut one-half the volume of our sea commerce, and every person in the country will feel the effect, as we did in 1921 when something like that happened.

Compared with this trade, all the ships on all the seas are, in the sense of value, a relatively small item.

"The total value of all ocean-going ships in the world before the war was not more than $300,000,000," wrote J. A. Salter, an authority on the subject. Those now in existence are worth probably less than one-half of what is paid annually for the carriage of freight and passengers to and from the United States, the sum being around $1,000,000,000. The trade is thus worth three times the value of the ships.

When the World War began 90 per cent of this trade was carried on via vessels operated under the flags of foreign countries. The other 10 per cent was, in the main, only technically foreign trade, being that done in nearby areas, as on the Great Lakes with Canada and in the Caribbean with the West Indies, Mexico and Central America. Only 1 to 2 per cent of our real over-sea commerce has been carried in American vessels.

Yet there was a time, in the first half of the last century, when 90 per cent of our foreign commerce moved in American vessels. It is worth noting that then there was less governmental meddling with ocean shipping than ever before or since. Also, according to good authorities, Americans were handicapped then, in relatively the same degree that they claim to be now, in the matter of construction and operating costs.

No doubt there were many causes, for American ships passing from the sea, chief ones probably being the opening of the West, the building of railroads and the development of manufactures. Americans found better opportunities for adventure, enterprise and profit on land than were afforded by the sea.

It seems historically established that, despite the romantic view, peoples don't "*go*" to sea; they are driven to it. Most of the "seagoing" peoples have been poor; that is, their countries lacked natural resources or other means to support their populations. They go to sea initially to get what they need from other countries. This was true of New England at the time when its ship owners were the world's foremost. It is attested also by the fact that our ships always have fared better bringing in than carrying out goods.

It follows that "seagoing" peoples are inured to low wages and low returns on capital.

Yet in some spheres American ships have held their own. This is true of those on the Great Lakes, but not so much of those operating in the Caribbean. It also is true of some specialized types of over-sea trade, notably that of petroleum tankers, and, to a lesser extent, ore ships.

The merchant marine problem as it stands today concerns chiefly the carrying of "dry" cargoes of general kind. Shipowners in other countries are ready and anxious, of course, to do this carrying for us, as they did before the war and, in fact, are doing now. They have the necessary facilities. For, despite the submarines, world ship tonnage available for foreign trade is 25 per cent larger than in 1914, while the volume of world trade is only about the same as in pre-war days. The excess of ships represents largely those built by the United States Government during and after the war. But all the vessels now remaining on the government's hands could be sunk and there would still remain adequate tonnage for handling all the commerce now moving or in immediate prospect. Much of this tonnage is not of the best type but the same is true, in perhaps less degree, of what our government possesses.

While foreign shipowners are more anxious than ever before to attend to our foreign shipping, there is some question whether, if it were left to them, they would not use the advantage to "hold up" the people of the United States, with excess charges and discriminations. No doubt foreign shipowners would like to mulct the United States in this as in other spheres. It is not proved, however, that they could. British ships, which are most feared in this respect, carry only about one-half of our exports and imports that move in foreign vessels. The rest is distributed among the ships of many countries. And the British claim, with a good deal of supporting fact, that

they are under as many handicaps as to costs in competing with the shipowners of these other countries as our shipowners claim to be under in competing with the British.

The cost factor is the chief basis for the demand that government aid privately owned American shipping. It is contended that it costs around 25 per cent more to build ships in the United States than it does abroad. This is due to higher wages, higher prices of materials, and, to some extent, better development of the shipbuilding industry in certain foreign countries. It is also claimed that it costs around 25 per cent more to operate vessels under the American flag.

It is contended that if the country is to have an adequate merchant marine the difference in costs must be made up in some way by the government. This might be done in one or all of several ways, as for example:

1. Outright subsidy; that is, money gifts out of the Federal Treasury to the owners and operators of merchant vessels.

2. Subventions, in the form of payments beyond the cost of rendering the service for carrying mail or direct contributions toward building and operating such vessels as might be valuable to the army or navy in case of war.

3. Discriminations in favor of American vessels. These might partake of several forms. One favored by many advocates of government aid are lower customs duties on dutiable goods brought in American vessels, thus enabling the owners of the ships to get higher rates for carrying such goods than charged by owners of foreign ships.

Outright subsidy, as indicated already, is in the discard; for it generally is agreed that the American public will not stand for it. There is a good deal of doubt as to whether it ever has been truly effective. Even Mr. Lasker admitted that subsidy had failed quite as often as it had succeeded.

Subventions have done better in particular cases, as in maintaining specially desirable routes. But they are not generally applicable, for all ships do not carry mails and only a comparatively few have distinct military value.

Discriminations are on the whole impracticable, for the reason that for the last hundred years the tendency has been for nations to agree by treaty to treat each other's vessels in the same way as to customs duties, port tolls, and so on. Discriminations, like virtually all forms of aid, are open to the objection that in no event has any country an exclusive right to their employment. That is to say, discriminations could be offset by counter discriminations. Subsidy and subventions could be similarly countered. There is no promise of final solution of the problem in these.

> *What the United States Government has spent in "aiding" merchant shipping since 1917 no doubt amounts to considerably more than all the help, in terms of money, given, in subsidy, subvention and discriminations, by other countries to their merchant shipping during the past five hundred years.*

The total is around $3,000,000,000, even after deductions are made for recoveries and for the value of shipping property still in the possession of the government.

Much of the sum is properly accreditable to the winning of the war, as the shipbuilding program of 1917-1919 was shaped largely for that purpose. Yet the bulk of the ships were constructed after the war ended, as have been spent most of that part of the sum which went for operation of vessels.

For every dollar's worth of carrying done by Federal Government ships since 1920 from 30 to 50 cents has been paid out of the Treasury to meet losses on operations and expenses of the Shipping Board. This does not include any charge for interest—that is, return on the capital investment in ships—or depreciation. If additions were made for these the losses on operations would have been around 75 cents for every dollar taken in for carrying freight and passengers.

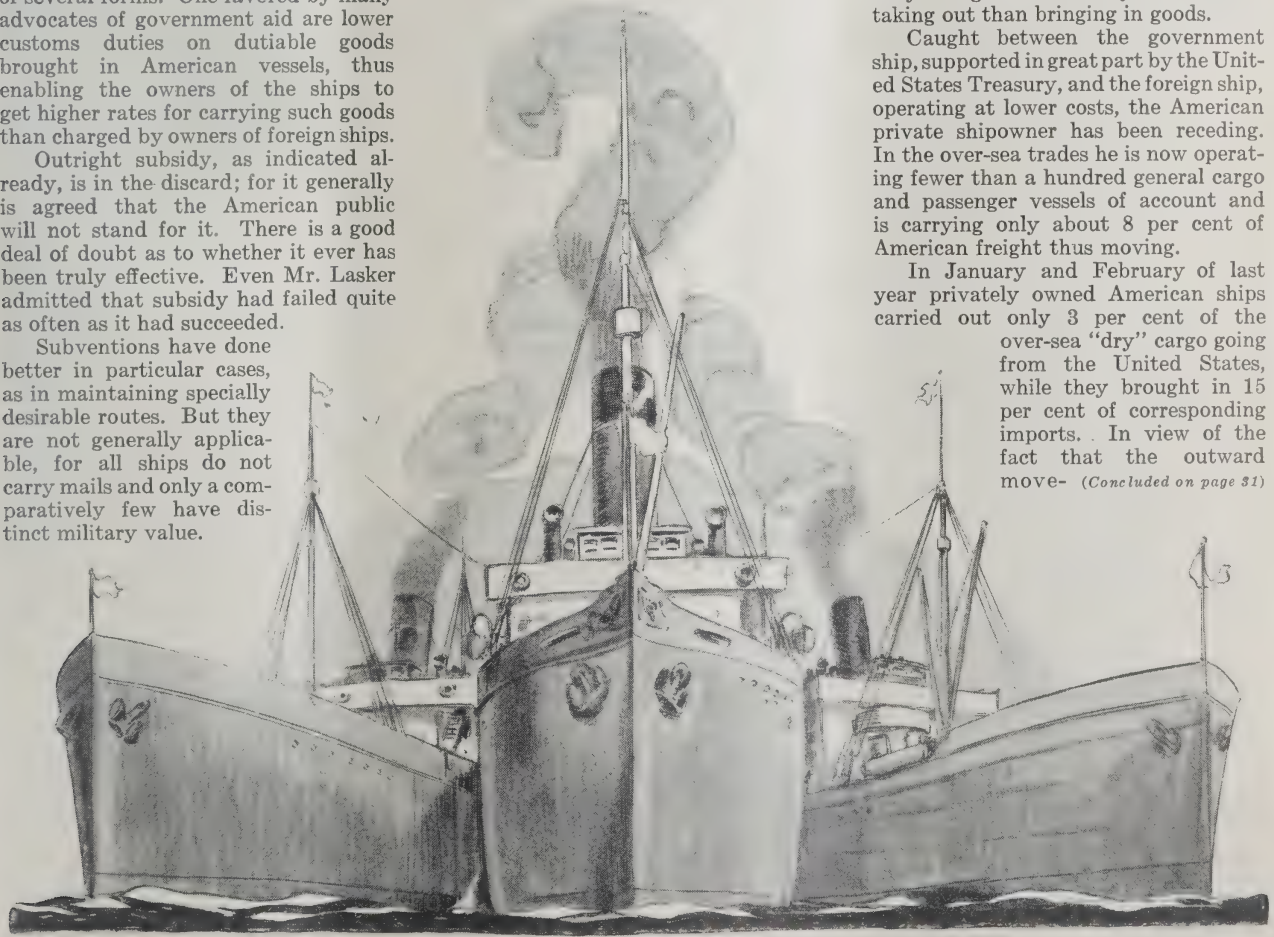
*Ours has been the most monumental use of "subsidy" the world has ever known.*

Yet, our shipping has not truly prospered. At high tide of governmental spending American ships carried more than half of our water-borne exports and imports. Since then the proportion so carried has been declining. It is now probably less than 40 per cent. And this is made up in large part of nearby trades and tanker carrying, in which spheres the privately owned American ship is secure to dominate without government aid.

Foreign ships are getting an increasing proportion of our over-sea carrying, especially that partaking of "dry" cargoes. And they do better in taking out than bringing in goods.

Caught between the government ship, supported in great part by the United States Treasury, and the foreign ship, operating at lower costs, the American private shipowner has been receding. In the over-sea trades he is now operating fewer than a hundred general cargo and passenger vessels of account and is carrying only about 8 per cent of American freight thus moving.

In January and February of last year privately owned American ships carried out only 3 per cent of the over-sea "dry" cargo going from the United States, while they brought in 15 per cent of corresponding imports. In view of the fact that the outward move- (*Concluded on page 31*)



# "Red" Russia Sets Stage for "Black Revolution"



By BURT M. M'CONNELL

THE recent attempt at Chicago of White and Negro Communists to convert the American Negro workingman to Bolshevism, and incidentally to spread Communism among the colored people of the entire world, together with the fact that young men and women of the colored race are in Russia taking a three years' course of training for the Russian "diplomatic service," reveals for the first time the aims and purposes of Red Russia where the American Negro is concerned.

For several months the Department of Justice has known that more than a hundred paid Communist workers have been steadily at work in the United States, and that some of them have been making a determined effort to enroll American Negro workers under the Soviet banner, with the idea of eventually staging a "black revolution." No attempt was made at the American Negro Labor Congress at Chicago to hide the fact that the movement is financed and directed from Moscow. In fact, it is estimated in Washington that more than $1,000,000 a year is being spent on organizing Communism in the United States.

The ambitious program, as set forth at Chicago, would have the Negro congress, under the leadership of Lovett Fort-Whiteman, known as the "reddest Red" of the Negro race, take the initiative in an attempt to "rally the Negro races against world imperialism." But the naming of White Communist workers on various committees is proof that the movement is not to be engineered and carried on by Negroes alone. It is these White Communists, with William Z. Foster at their head, who have set about, with carefully laid plans and ample funds, to convince Negro workers that their economic, social, and political emancipation is only to be had by affiliating with them. To quote a Chicago Communist daily:

> "As Communists we hail this (Negro Labor) Congress as the beginning of a movement with far-reaching implications. Not merely can it be the means of starting to mobilize the Negro workers for a struggle against the degrading restrictions imposed upon them as a race, but as American workers speaking the common language of the country, they can become a power in the labor movement. Furthermore, they will receive training that will enable them to play an effective part in the world's mobilization of the oppressed colonial peoples against capitalism."

Now, while the Bolsheviki may be back of the rebellion of the Riffs, the troubles in China, the insurrections in India, the battles in the Balkans, the labor troubles in England, and the disturbances in Germany, there is little likelihood that the Chicago powwow, with all its fiery speeches and resolutions, will have any influence whatever upon the Negroes of this country. Even if the American Negro workingman were deceived by Moscow's pernicious propaganda, there would be no reason for us to lose sleep over the movement to bring the Negro worker into the Soviet fold. In the first place, the average Negro of today is not the gullible, somewhat illiterate, and usually improvident citizen of forty years ago. In any Communist revolution—in any general attack upon private property—the American Negro has proportionately as much to lose as the American white man. Moreover, he knows this.

According to Dr. Robert R. Moton, principal of Tuskegee Training School, the great Negro educational institution of the South, American Negroes now own real estate valued at $1,800,000. Negro insurance companies have increased their assets in ten years from $3,000,000 to $7,500,000, and the face value of policies in force has increased from $50,000,000 to $250,000,000. Seventy-three banks throughout the United States, run by Negroes for Negroes, and owned by them, have a combined capitalization of $6,250,000, and their clearings have increased from $35,000,000 to around $100,000,000. Furthermore, there are sixty Negro fraternal organizations in the country today, with 1,500,000 members. They own lodge buildings and other property worth $6,000,000.

The Negro is naturally a "joiner," but no amount of clever talking is going to make Communists out of millions of Negroes who own their own homes, drive their own automobiles, manage their own stores, hotels, insurance companies, theaters and other enterprises, conduct their own colleges and have valuable deposits in their own banks. It will be hard for a Communistic agitator to fool them into taking part in an adventure in which they have everything to lose and nothing to gain. To assume that Chicago Communists with Moscow financial backing

(Concluded on page 31)

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

THE political superstition is deep rooted in this country that the inner essence of agriculture is not natural but artificial, that its seat is not on the farm but in Congress, that its expression is not economic but legislative.

This doctrine has been so long preached that it is actually believed, so that now the demand is made that we live up to it. And it cannot be lived up to. Hence it never is lived up to. But Congress after Congress makes a pretense of living up to it, with consequences of increased hypocrisy among the lawmakers and increased confusion among the farmers.

When government promises, as every government does, to make bread cheaper for the citizen and breadstuffs dearer to the farmer who sells them, it has taken on an impossible task, unless it undertakes to lessen the spread between the country and the city; but having also promised to make business good for the speculator and broker in between, this is not attempted; with the result that eater and grower are given government promises, while business in between is given government protection.

No government, however, is in a position to follow the line of political rectitude with the farmer unless it elects to follow the same line with other forms of business. And this is the increasing dilemma in which government finds itself as common sense illumines the fallacy of many of our political promises.

Having adopted the policy of make-believe with economic law by protecting other forms of business through artificial devices, there is no reason for excluding agriculture. If the steel trust and the sugar trust and various other commercial enterprises are to receive artificial protection, why not farming also? If a tariff system is to be maintained which permits certain manufacturers to charge higher prices to American consumers than are charged to foreign consumers for the same products, why should agriculture be made an exception?

Strangely enough, it is precisely when this system is applied to agriculture that all its fallacy becomes apparent. If political quackery is not the cure of agricultural ills, neither is it the cure of industrial ills, and this being true the quackery should be abandoned.

On this conclusion government is not prepared to meet. The part of wisdom would be not to add agriculture to the general mess and further impoverish its strength by teaching it to lean on artificial props, but to deal with all other business on the lines which are found to be honest as regards farming.

This wisdom is privately recognized by our best political leaders, but to act upon the logic is too much for their political courage. American politics lacks the moral strength to lose an election on a right issue. It would rather win an election and prolong an injurious superstition by pretending to do something for the farmer which it is well known will not help him. The Washington word for this is "placating the farmer."

> *YOU can prescribe political nostrums so long that people have to have them. Even if legislation does not accomplish its promises, people still cry for it. It becomes a habit. That is why Congress, knowing the fallacy of it, continues the farce; farmers have become so accustomed to it, they must have it. Besides, if government offers artificial aid to the sugar trust or the steel trust —why not to the farmer also? But it is just when this is proposed for the farmer that the fallacy of it is made clear. By refusing and exposing this legislative pretense, the farmer could force its abolition.*

The farmer has been taught to expect certain legislative motions and pretenses in his behalf, and he must be fed them or he will revolt. The long, long history of attempts to solve agricultural difficulties by laws has taught the politician, and should have taught the farmer, that they are useless. And they are useless for agriculture, though they still appear to be useful to politicians.

Regarding this long history of legislative treatment of the farmer's troubles, it may be said that the efforts made have been generally honest. It is not an instance of politics being able to do something for the farmer and then failing to do it. The intention has been good, the effort has been sincere, but agriculture is no more an affair of politics than is astronomy. Dishonesty enters when a politician who knows better continues to make the same old promises to the farmer who ought to know better but who sometimes doesn't.

Farming may be the rock on which the whole doctrine of government cure for the internal ills of any business will be wrecked. Government can create monopoly, it cannot create supply. It can arbitrarily fix prices; it cannot create buying power. It can apply promise poultices; it cannot enable any business to stand on its own feet.

In the end the farmer will have to do what the industrialist does—find and remove the defects in his own business, and move with the changes that are coming. No Government can do this for him. No government has ever done it for industry. Legislative action simply gives protection to defects and keeps them in existence.

**"Ford Ideals," 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## A Word to Congress

CONGRESS would do well to guard against legislation which is alleged to be in the farmer's interest but which may really be intended to pull Aaron Sapiro's chestnuts out of the fire. There are conditions in the Sapiro organizations which would be fatal if disclosed, and every effort is being made to prevent their coming to light. If some form of government aid can be secured in time to prevent the exposure of actual conditions, Sapiro and his crowd can utilize it to save themselves from public judgment. But we do not conceive that the Government of the United States exists for that purpose.

There is, to put it plainly, entirely too much consultation between high officials and men like Sapiro and Barney Baruch—agriculturists who had their training, one in Wall Street, and the other in a small lawyer's office. The Sapiro system of uplift has been a curse to the farmer, as a forthcoming lawsuit will plainly show. But, if in the interest of private exploiters, the power of the Government is going to be used in the form of financial legislation, and the Congress is to be influenced for private ends, the field of exposure will ultimately and of necessity have to become much broader.

It has been the Sapiro organizations which in the past have profited most by loans of government money, but even this did not prevent them being colossal failures and disastrous burdens for the farmers to carry.

If the lobbying of Baruch, Sapiro and their agents—their access to the White House for consultation—their alliance with Mr. Hoover—their power to delay the official reports of the Federal Trade Commission—are not enough to caution Congress to proceed with unusual care, the danger will be great of doing something which very soon will have to be undone.

## Who Are "We"?

DESCRIBING this country as "the United States of Homicidia" (to the great interest of the European press) the New York *Times* tells how "we" murdered so many persons here last year, how quick "we" are with the trigger, and remarks, "in short, we are good killers."

. Who are "we"? The *Times* does not mean its own staff—the "we" is not the editorial pronoun. The *Times* cannot mean "us"—for none of our acquaintances has murdered anyone.

Who are "we"?

The *Times* remarks that the English people do not murder, that the Scottish people do not murder, that the Australian people do not murder, but goes on to show, for example, that the Massachusetts people murder with frequency and vigor. Yet there was a time when Massachusetts did not murder, either. That was when the majority of the people of Massachusetts comprised the same racial stocks which to this day respect human life.

The American nation is not a nation of murderers, although that would seem to be implied in the *Times'* "we." Americans, entitled to the name, offspring of peoples whose souls are soil for the seeds of liberty and justice, do not murder.

The *Times,* by its inaccurate expression, is led directly to the neglected truth of crime in this country—*that it is largely imported,* that it is not a development of degeneracy in any of the races that helped build America, but the natural custom of races that have since swarmed in. *Crime in America is largely of alien origin,* and a line could be drawn across Europe whose southern side would show the place of origin of most of the murders committed in the United States.

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT renews its protest against the outrage of charging increased criminality to the American people. It urges publicists of every degree to abandon their fears and announce the racial quality of crime in this country. Only in such facing of facts can the finding of remedies be made.

## Bolshevism Meets Women!

SOVIETISM and Bolshevism are meeting for the first time the resistance of the primitive human instinct of self-preservation. Heretofore Bolshevism's whole appeal has been to that instinct. Now that the tables are turned, it gives a serious side light on conditions in Russia. The "war against God" has failed. The war against marriage has been seriously crippled by the revolution of Russian womanhood. The war against labor has also been postponed because of the threatening attitude of the workers. The Red Parliament, which is really an exclusive executive committee, met to promulgate a new "Law of Family Rights." The laws themselves are most repulsive to

honor and decency. But at that they were little worse than the laws that now obtain. Russian peasant women, however, appeared in force and showed the fallacy of the regulations. The position of women in Russia, they said, had in consequence of the laws become lower than that of animals, and had filled the country with outcast children. The protest of the women—all of them members of Bolshevik institutions—was so menacing that the Red Parliament actually withdrew the proposed laws, announcing that they were postponing the time of their promulgation.

The same thing has occurred with the new labor law which, to meet the increasing economic difficulties of Russia, planned to increase the hours of labor and reduce the wages. This law was kept a profound secret from labor members of the Bolshevik party, but somehow leaked out, whereupon the opposition to it found so general and threatening a voice, that it too was withdrawn for the time.

These recent events indicate that the people of Russia are finding their voice again. Which in turn indicates that they have found their heart. Having eaten out all the civilized products of the country, Bolshevism was compelled to turn on the raw capital of the country—which is none other than family integrity and labor rights. Even these inalienable possessions of human beings are not secure, it seems, against the depredations of the alien apostles of the new "freedom." We are witnessing in the world the development and progress of the greatest demoniac system ever permitted to come to power, yet there are still those who elect to regard it as a mere species of politics!

## *The Killer and the Helper*

THEY took a vote in France recently as to who, in all French history, is the most popular hero of all time.

Many thought that Napoleon Bonaparte would win.

But he did not. Louis Pasteur won. Napoleon was next, but thousands of votes behind.

In the last two years several biographies of these men have been issued from American presses. Napoleon's chapters are headed: "Moscow," "The Retreat From Russia," "Elba," "Waterloo," "St. Helena," et cetera, while Pasteur's life chapters are headed: "Studies on Crystallography," "Contagion—The Antiseptic System," "The Prophylaxis of Anthrax," "Rabies."

The one was the killer, the other the saver of human life.

We are more civilized when we vote to give our popular faith to a Pasteur, rather than to a Napoleon; to a doer rather than to an un-doer; to a Savior rather than to a Killer.

## *The Gigantic Lobby*

A COMPETENT Washington observer, Arthur Sears Henning, says this in the daily dispatch to the Chicago *Tribune:*

"Washington, D. C., Dec. 27.—[Special.]—The most gigantic lobby ever organized in the history of the country to put a single piece of legislation through congress is at work to procure senate approval of the measure providing for the adherence of the world court.

"This lobby consists of 281 organizations scattered throughout the country, all founded and financed by Edward Bok of Philadelphia, former editor of the Ladies' Home Journal and donor of the $100,000 Bok award for the promotion of world peace.

"There are several thousand paid workers in these organizations formed to influence the action of the senate through mobilized public opinion, and the pay roll, it is estimated, costs Mr. Bok several hundred thousands of dollars a year."

## *Why Investigate What Is Known?*

IT APPEARS that the British handlers of rubber are charging for it all that the market will bear—even more than it will bear without protest. This is true not only of the American market, but of the English market as well. There is a great howl from English motorists about the high price of rubber. In a year the New York price went from 36 cents to $1.09 a pound.

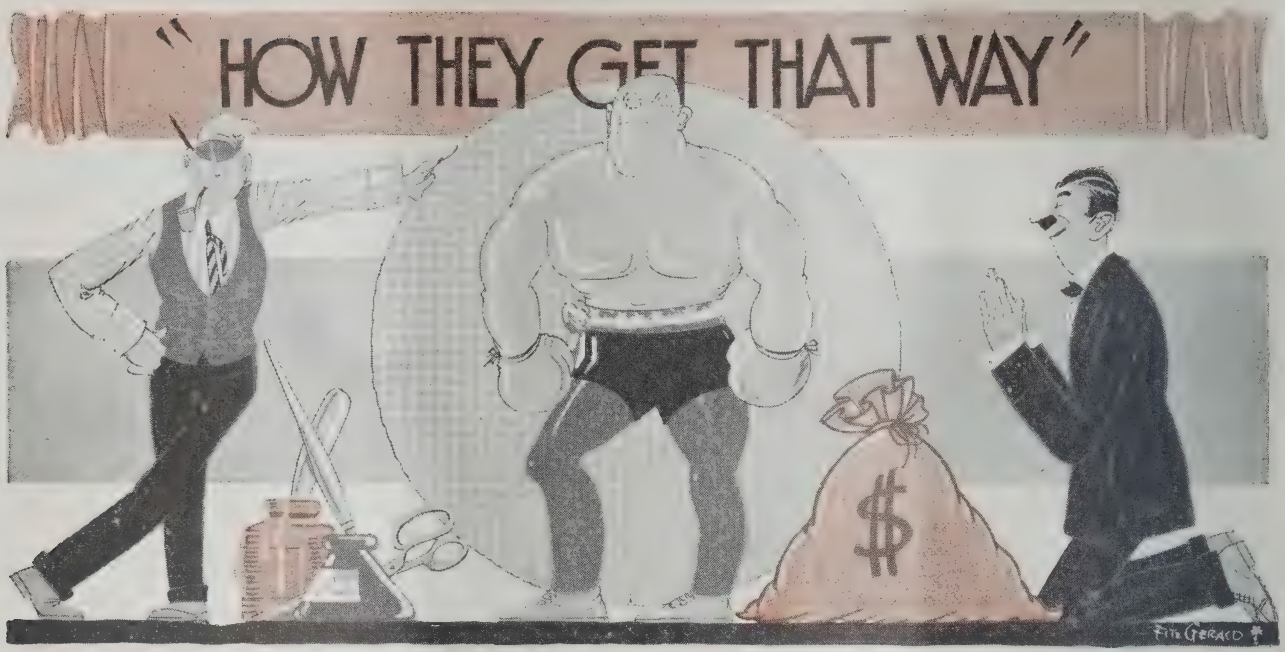
The reaction in Congress is rather amusing. It is now ordered that this state of affairs be investigated. Investigate what? British control of world rubber? That is a fact to which no investigation will be able to add a single point; all the facts about it are known. The high prices that are charged? To that also no investigation could add a single point.

It would be just as wise for the British House of Commons to investigate the aluminum trust of the United States, in which a Cabinet member is said to be so heavily interested. What would such an investigation yield? It is known that there is an aluminum trust; it is known that it keeps up world prices to such an extent that instead of making automobiles out of aluminum as we should be doing, the prices will permit only the making of pie tins. The British would not be so silly as to investigate what everybody knows.

We are getting a taste of our own American trust medicine, and we don't like it.

The way out is to get our own rubber. One would think that since 1914 the commercial interests of Great Britain have seen quite enough of the estranging effect of robber policy.

But there is nothing in the matter that calls for a Congressional investigation.




# Some Reflections About the Uses of Free Publicity in Making Sporting Idols

By PAUL MACDONALD

ILLUSTRATED BY W. O. FITZGERALD

WILLIAM HARRISON DEMPSEY, wearing spats, carrying a cane, barbered, manicured and turned out by the best of Fifth Avenue tailors, pushes his way through a crowd in the metropolis. His nose, a tribute to the art of plastic surgery, is slightly tilted, his manner somewhat bored. William Harrison Dempsey, champion of all boxing champions, is also probably a trifle vexed because of the jam in which he finds himself. True, the human jam is in honor of William Harrison Dempsey's professional position but he has held the top rank in his calling for a number of years and human jams have lost their novelty and exhilaration. Human jams have become something that William Harrison Dempsey has to endure.

As Mr. Dempsey slowly moves through the mob he probably does not hear a bystander ask, "How's that big bum get that way?" Should the question happen to fall upon the pummeled ears of Mr. Dempsey he may find secret delight rather than resentment in this expression of envy.

For the appellation is not far from being a literal one. Until that day when a shrewd promoter recognized in him pugilistic possibilities, Mr. Dempsey traveled blind baggage or tramped his way. He hoboed it across the United States. He was one of those on the outside looking in.

From the highroads this Dempsey, who is part Indian and part Irish, has been lifted to the high point of affluence. He found a Midas in pugilism and was figuratively hurled from poverty to wealth. He was changed from a nobody of the wide-open spaces to the biggest somebody in the biggest money sport of them all. And behind the Midas of Dempsey stood the mob that now Dempsey views with forced tolerance, and the newspapers.

"How do they get that way?"

Newspaper publicity plus the public weakness for idols. That is the answer. The newspapers make the idols and the public worships them.

The combination has produced a number of heroes whose biceps bulged but whose brows receded. It took John Lawrence Sullivan from a plumbing shop and made him the most popular man of his native land. It took James J. Corbett from a bank clerkship and set him on an imaginary throne. It did the same for Robert Fitzsimmons, who worked in a blacksmith shop; for James J. Jeffries, who was an iron worker; for Jess Willard, a Mid-Western farmer. Plain men and of plain callings borne to positions of dominance by a few well-timed blows of the fist.

Even before the day when John Lawrence Sullivan started on his hectic career the weakness for hero worship was with us. Sullivan inflamed it more than any other man before his time and newspapers began feeding it. The daily press had been rather negligent of sporting matters before the day of Sullivan but in him the public discovered a modern Hercules that could well be worshiped as a gladiator, a champion of might and worthy of popular acclaim. And the newspapers turned to sport. Since the time of Sullivan sporting news has formed an important part of the daily offerings of the press and to the presentation of news and comment has been devoted some of the best journalistic talent procurable. With these able writers casting their literary gifts into the columns of the newspapers, every sport has been pushed to expansion by priceless publicity until today baseball, football, boxing, polo, tennis, swimming, rowing, golf, basketball, racquets, track and field events, hockey, soccer, skating, and other sports find the greatest vogue they have ever had in this country.

"A soap manufacturing company spends one million dollars year after year in advertising and the fortunes it spent have not made its name so well known as the name of Red Grange," said Robert C. Zuppke, coach of the Illinois football team and the man that developed the most spectacular of modern backfield stars.

Neither the University of Illinois nor Grange spent one cent to have the name of Grange made a household word in the United States.

Pear's, Victrola, Ivory, Paris Garters, the Gold Dust Twins, Postum, Macy's, Gillette, Heinz, Tiffany, Aeolian, Camels, Hart Schaffner and Marx, Ziegfeld's Follies, Smith Brothers, Miami, Swift, Dunlop, Dobbs, Knox, Mennen's, Eastman, Fairbanks, Coca-Cola, La Palina, Gold Medal, Union Pacific, Remington, Ansco, Quaker Oats, Hartmann, Robt. Burns, Ward's, Berry, Holeproof, Lifebuoy, Du Pont, Victor, Sun-Maid, Whiz, Cantilever, Santa Fe, Burroughs, Parker, Eureka, Simplex, Ipswich, Rexall, Snider's, Pacific Northwest, Spratt's, Rogers, Campbell's, Gorham, Palmolive, Fisk, Fatima, Listerine, Glover's, Steinway, Hershey's, Tuxedo, Statler, Aspirin, Prince Albert, Ever-

Ready, Burberry, Lord and Taylor, Tecla, Coral Gables, Wanamaker, Haviland, Globe-Wernicke, Armour, Wurlitzer, Rookwood, Baldwin, Phoenix, and many other trade names were made known through the lavish expenditure of money in advertising campaigns, but there is hardly a sport that does not boast of one or more individual performers whose names are better known than any advertised article in the world. It is doubtful if as many people recognize any of these names as recognize the name of Tyrus Raymond Cobb, or the name of Babe Ruth, or that of William T. Tilden, or Paavo Nurmi. The penniless student, working his way through college and playing football because he likes the game, can get more national publicity by making an eighty-five-yard run for touchdown that decides an important major college game than any manufacturing company can get by advertising.

Football receives the most publicity among the amateur sports and baseball and pugilism draw the bulk of the space among the professional enterprises. These three furnish us our greatest sport spectacles, draw the largest crowds and have the most popular appeal; consequently, they get more columns of newspaper space.

There has been criticism from the layman that the space devoted to sports by the newspapers is all out of proportion to the importance of the subject. The left-fielder of the Urbana Wolves who comes to bat in the ninth inning with the home club three runs behind, the bases packed with home players, two out, and who, under these circumstances, bats the ball over the outfield fence and follows three runners over the plate, thereby winning the game, will find a two or three column likeness of himself in the Urbana *Morning Star* on the following day with the caption, "Clouting Mike Mulligan, Whose Circuit Wallop Cleaned Bases With Two Out in the Ninth," while the learned man of science who has worked in an underground laboratory for twenty-nine years searching for a cure for cancer will be lucky to get six lines of reading matter next to a department store display advertisement somewhere on the inside pages of the Urbana *Morning Star*, in the event that he does happen to discover a cure for cancer.

The scientist, who spends his life seeking ways to make the world safer from disease; Burbank and his followers, whose lives are consecrated to making the world more beautiful; inventors who devote themselves to making our days more pleasant; educators, whose sole job in this world is to give us more intelligence—these men and others labor tirelessly, most of them without ever receiving newspaper recognition.

It is a lopsided state of affairs, a condition that concedes everything to the body and extremely little to the mind. The worship is for the biceps and not the brow.

For two years the newspapers have published hundreds of columns on the possibility of a meeting in the ring between a former hobo and a former stevedore. The former hobo is the present holder of the heavyweight boxing championship, Dempsey, and the former stevedore is a Negro, Harry Wills by name, who used to work on the docks at New Orleans. The last heavyweight championship fight was between the former hobo and another former stevedore, an Argentinian named Luis Angel Firpo. This giant from The Argentine also washed bottles in a drug store. The fight between Dempsey and the South American challenger provided the most thrilling of all championship engagements in boxing and a return match between these two was a foregone conclusion. But they did not meet again. Firpo, dazed by the fortune thrust into his hands for meeting Dempsey, settled down to enjoy his wealth in delicious idleness, waxed fat and soft and slow. He will never again be good enough seriously to challenge for the heavyweight title.

With Firpo removed from consideration due to his lack of the desired physical condition, the newspapers selected the giant black from New Orleans as the logical opponent of the former tramp, but Dempsey has not devoted any attention to pugilism since his successful meeting with Firpo. He, too, settled down to enjoy life in the full. The fact that he gave no proof of his intention to meet the former Negro stevedore, or anyone else for that matter, did not prevent the newspapers from filling column after column with articles pertaining to such a meeting. This proposed pugilistic match between the former hobo and the former Ethiopian stevedore has been given more linotype lines than the newspapers devoted to the Arms Conference, the foreign debt settlement or the peace conference.



A company spends millions in advertising and its name is not so well known as the name of "Red" Grange.



We have developed the habit of taking hoboes, or stevedores, or bottle washers, or men of menial occupations and making them national idols. And the most prized of our heroes of sport are the gloved gladiators of our squared arenas, canvas-covered and roped off. We make heroes of baseball players and of football players but in neither sport does the topnotcher receive quite the adoration that is extended to the champions of pugilism.

When the pugilistic title holder "high hats the mob," to borrow a sporting expression, and when a Negro challenger sends word to white reporters of metropolitan dailies that he really is too busy to grant them an interview, we should not feel too harshly toward the former hobo and stevedore. They are, after all, nothing more than what we have made them. We should feel satisfied. Or, if we do not happen to

feel satisfied, we should at least not blame them, because we built the attitude that we scorn.

The sports section of any newspaper is the most widely read of the various departments. It has gradually claimed more space and more talent in the reportorial and writing end.

All, or practically all, that a newspaper can get out of its sports section is circulation. It gives countless columns to professional baseball but gets no advertising revenue. Major league club owners get all this publicity free of charge. It costs the newspapers a great amount of money, besides the space, to give this free publicity to a commercial enterprise. The newspapers have made and they maintain professional baseball but the baseball owners tell the newspapers, "You couldn't get along very well without us. You got to have us for your readers." Their claim is fairly accurate. If the newspapers did not satisfy a demand of the reading public they would surely ignore professional baseball. This they would much prefer to do. It would save many complaints from department stores and other big advertisers who often inquire why they are compelled to spend huge sums for advertising and the ball clubs get much better advertising free of charge.

Still, the newspapers can more easily answer the inquiries of the general advertiser than those of the theaters. Professional baseball is commercial amusement. It is conducted for public entertainment, just as is a theater. The highest advertising rates in newspapers are paid by the theaters and when they want to know why baseball gets all the free publicity and the theaters get only a few lines, the newspaper publishers are hard put for logical reasons.

A championship boxing bout, conducted under present conditions, is more commercial amusement than sport. The boxing promoter gets his advertising free. The newspapers create the principals in the ring dramas. They take a boy fresh from the plow, or the blacksmith shop, or the docks and by continued publicity make him what is known as a "gate card." They develop public interest in him. The subject of their newspaper writings and the promoter get the financial reward. The newspaper satisfies its readers.

The editor and the publisher know the lopsidedness of the condition but they are publishing the kind of newspaper they believe their readers want, and so they go along, devoting columns to sports, all the time creating new idols. Any time the reader shows any preference for world politics, science, or any other serious subject, the newspapers will be delighted to comply with the wishes of the reading public, but until such a time arrives the newspapers will continue to raise the beetle-browed of mighty biceps to invisible pedestals.

# First Families of Chicago

## A City's Progress Indexed in Its Womanhood

By MARGARET GRAY



Right—Mrs. Abraham Lincoln.
Left—Mrs. Potter Palmer I.
Below—Mrs. John Kinzie.

FOUR generations in wax! Silks and velvets rustle against gray homespun; basques and bustles vie with wide hooped skirts; a diamond tiara nods next to a quaint poke bonnet. Seventy-one tiny waxen ladies peer forth from their case in the Chicago Historical Museum, and smile brightly or stand coldly aloof. They represent Chicago's womanhood from 1840 to 1924, and each is an objective chapter in the city's annals.

The figurines were made by Mrs. Minna Schmidt, a prominent costumier in the city, and presented to the society on the thirtieth anniversary of her business career. Mrs. Schmidt has had a wealth of experience in this kind of work and is a recognized authority on period costuming. She was assisted in the undertaking by a special committee appointed by the society, who selected a group of most representative women and did research work for the donor. The likenesses were obtained by means of photographs and verbal descriptions, and in many instances the costumes are exact replicas of some still preserved by the various families. Mrs. William H. Brown, a miniature painter in Chicago, modeled the head of her grandmother and designed the costume which the little lady wears so becomingly.

Probably the best-known figure is that of Mrs. John Kinzie, the wife of Chicago's first white settler. She is a comfortable woman in a gray homespun dress and bonnet, black apron, and figured shawl. Mrs. Kinzie is most conspicuous because of her experience during the Fort Dearborn massacre. Her husband was a fur trader and Indian agent and a great favorite with the red men. The family was preserved through the efforts of Black Partridge, a Potawatami chief, but Mrs. Kinzie and her children witnessed many of the harrowing scenes.

Behind Mrs. Kinzie is Mrs. Nathan Heald, the wife of the captain of the fort at the time of the massacre. She is decidedly more feminine than the former. Her dull blue dress is made in Empire fashion, and long black curls hang over her shoulder. During the massacre Mrs. Heald was captured by the Indians who severely wounded her in an effort to secure unharmed the fine beast she was riding. Mrs. Kinzie witnessed the capture and persuaded the Indians to release their prisoner. At great personal risk the Kinzies hid Mrs. Heald in their boat and later on in their home, but eventually (Concluded on page 27)

# Sad Tale of a United States Report

## Mr. Sapiro Wanted It—Then He Didn't; and a Cabinet Member Proved Very Obliging

WITHOUT press agenting, on or about December 15, 1924, Aaron Sapiro paid a visit to the White House. It is reported that one of the things discussed with the President was a proposed investigation of alleged unfair practices on the part of certain tobacco companies against some of the tobacco coöperatives for which Sapiro was organizer and attorney.

This was preceded by a visit to the White House, on or about November 19, 1924, by Bernard M. Baruch, who is said to have dined with the President and discussed the farm situation, and perhaps, also, the Federal Trade Commission and a commerce court.

From January 5 to 8, 1925, the National Council of Farmers' Coöperative Marketing Associations, which is the Sapiro national organization, held its annual conference in Washington and President Coolidge delivered the principal address in which he is quoted as saying, "*To precisely such men and women as you who are gathered here, we must turn for the kind of agricultural leadership the country needs.*"

The President's address was said to have been largely prepared by some one in the Agricultural Department.

Sapiro was said to have announced to this annual conference that a resolution would be introduced in the Senate calling for an investigation of alleged unfair trade tactics employed by the American Tobacco Company and the Imperial Tobacco Company against the tobacco coöperative associations, and that the resolution would require the Federal Trade Commission to make an investigation and *report to the President within six months* and should the charges against the two companies be sustained the President would be enabled to lay the facts before the Department of Justice. This resolution was to be the opening wedge and following this investigation another would be asked "of all the strange combinations that have been fighting the organizations of dairy, grain and other coöperatives."

This was a very definite program, but what has happened to it?

On or about February 3, 1925, Senator Ernst, of Kentucky, introduced Senate Resolution 329, providing for an investigation of said tobacco companies and their relationship with the tobacco coöperatives, in precisely the manner outlined by Sapiro. This resolution was passed and the investigation ordered, commission being directed to report to the President on or before July 1.

The Federal Trade Commission immediately started the investigation.

On or about March 10, 1925, Senator Shipstead, of Minnesota, introduced Senate Resolution 34 asking for an investigation by the commission *relative to the growth and importance of cooperative associations* and interferences with their operations. The Senate passed the resolution and authorized the commission to proceed.

---

¶ THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has shown that Aaron Sapiro is a false leader of the American farmer—that Sapiro cooperative organizations are more beneficial to Sapiro and his associates than to anyone else.

¶ Sapiro has brought suit against THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT for One Million dollars. He claims that the publication of the truth has injured him to that extent.

¶ If so, it means that the American farmer has been saved One Million dollars, for there was no way for Sapiro to get that money, under the Sapiro cooperative scheme, except from the American farmer.

¶ Some of the devious circumstances which have transpired of late are herein related.

---

This later and fuller investigation has been enjoying a peaceful sleep.

The commission proceeded with the tobacco investigation and, on June 25, 1925, after having provided the tobacco coöperative association officials and the tobacco companies officials with copies of their tentative report, held an open hearing to see what objections there were to the report and if the commission had overlooked anything. It developed that the commission had found insufficient cause to charge the tobacco companies with the conspiracy and unfair tactics intimated in the resolution but it was disclosed that much of the trouble of the Tri-State Tobacco Association was due to internal management.

The representatives of the association objected to the report having anything to say about internal management. Evidently they did not want their shortcomings disclosed; they wanted an incrimination of the large tobacco companies or nothing.

It looked as if the investigation stirred up by Sapiro was to prove a boomerang.

The Tri-State officials asked for a re-investigation. It was granted. Evidently they are still less satisfied with the reinvestigation. The report probably more than confirms the former tentative report of the commission.

Things began to look gloomy, so one of the Sapiro Associates wired asking the commission to grant an audience to Sapiro and Mr. Davis—the latter gentleman is supposed to have been brought into the case to help handle the prosecution in the event the commission found against the tobacco companies. Mr. Davis is a Michigan man.

On or about September 14, 1925, Sapiro and Davis appeared before the commission and among other things they launched a vigorous attack upon investigator Haines, who is one of the best investigators in the public service and a clean and honest public servant.

Following the hearings and after listening to the arguments Chairman Vanfleet, evidently in disgust and exasperation, walked out unceremoniously, and the national council of farmers coöperative associations issued a news release featuring the attack upon Haines, in which it was said: "A complete change of attitude toward the case was asked of the commission by Aaron Sapiro." Evidently Mr. Sapiro objected to the inside management of his coöperative association being made public, and had attempted to divert public attention from the real cause of the association's trouble by trying to discredit the Federal Trade Commission.

It is important to note that this is the first matter of importance on which the commission, as presently constituted, has been unanimous.

The commissioners, at least two of whom are enthusiastic coöperators, and probably Commissioner Hunt also, seemed determined to find nothing but the facts and let the facts fix responsibility for the difficulties of the tobacco coöperative association.

Finally, after many delays in an effort to be fair and give the tobacco companies and the coöperatives full opportunity to present everything of importance they had to offer, the commission completed its report and on or about December 22, 1925, passed it unanimously and sent it to the President.

But, when the commission came to its final consideration, an unusual thing happened, and the first public intimation of this came out in a news article of December 30, which referred to "*charges that government officials, including at least one member of the President's Cabinet, sought to prevail upon the commission to delay its report.*"

Following this news statement, investigation disclosed that when the report came up for final consideration Commissioner Hunt stated to the commission that he had just been in conference with Secretary of Agriculture Jardine and that Jardine wanted the report delayed for about thirty days. Members of the commission objected and the report was passed and sent to the President.

Then something else peculiar happened. After a short delay the President sent the report to the Department of Justice, where it is possible for it to rest in obscurity for a while until certain other things can happen.

Evidently the President has been imposed upon.

The dispatch above referred to indicates that the report discloses "that the charges against the tobacco companies are not substantiated, and that the *(Concluded on page 31)*

# Quaint China Figures

By
MARY
HARROD
NORTHEND



A group of Wheildens figures representing Sir Walter Scott, a Highland chief, and two equestrian and two standing figures.

## Bits of History in Pieces of Pottery That Grow in Value With the Years

A WISE woman who wishes to adopt the fad of collecting, or who collects for the very love of it, takes one subject for the keynote and works out her scheme from this. With some this note is Lowestoft, possibly Crown Derby or Luster; one collects pitchers and others—and this is now becoming a fashion in collecting—cottage and mantel ornaments. There is no doubt but they are growing to be the fad; collectors all over the country are hunting for them and vying with one another as to who can collect the greatest number of odd pieces; but they appeal particularly to those who care little for china, pure and simple, but enjoy having something around them which tells a story.

One does not find them in large numbers, yet most collections include some specimens of these interesting ornaments. In these days of sufficiency one wonders why cottage figures are so popular. They have no use save as ornaments, and their size and shape render them useless except in cupboards or on the mantel.

Cottage figures, a century ago, were to be found principally in the china closets of the rambling farmhouses in England, or in the quaint old inns. Many of them were of the Toby variety for the serving of beer; others stood on the mantel in the cottage, valued treasures, because they had been handed down as heirlooms.



The Hunter with dog and gun.

One naturally asks where and how they originated, what china manufacturers first conceived the idea of these ornaments, for cups and saucers, teapots and cream jugs were far more useful and always a necessity.

Few, if any, of these figures of the earliest make had any artistic value. They were valued for their antiquity, and it was not until the eighteenth century when Ralph Wood and his son Enoch grew interested in their manufacture, that we find artistic value in them. The first attempts of the potters were whimsical affairs. They are now very rare, crude figures of enamels, decorated with lines, spots and splashes that were in vogue during the Slip period and they fall in line with those wares.

The most popular of these little ornaments are the Staffordshire. Possibly their bright coloring is responsible for it. Be that as it may, at the time they originated, prominent potters took up this art, producing different ideas so that there are few of the old-time ceramics that show such a variety of shapes as does this particular branch.

Once in a while we run across, principally in museums, crude figures of coarse pottery covered with slip and afterward decorated. These are easily distinguished, many of them being dark blue in color while others

# on Cottage Mantels

show green and red. A Toft specimen is most interesting. It has four colors and is considered one of the best extant.

There is no more interesting study to both the antiquarian and the lover of ceramics than cottage ornaments. They are so quaint in their design and represent so many different ideas that they might be said to be divided into three classes. The first of these are those made by Ralph Wood and his son. They represent the highest achievement in the manufacture of Staffordshire figures. One of the best examples is the group of "the Vicar and Moses." The second group contains many very valuable pieces. They consist of reproductions of many of the best-known statues in Westminster Abbey and other noted places. The third one is, by far, the largest class and was the work of men who in themselves possessed no original talent and who modified and adapted their materials as best they could.



Above—Franklin and George Washington were erroneously marked—Franklin bearing the name of Washington and vice versa. Bust of Shakespeare. Right—Figure familiarly known as "The Lady."



John Gilpin is also represented among the many cottage ornaments.



Should we happen into a cottage of a farmer in England and be invited into his parlor, we would find many specimens of this period. A castellated structure, designed to hold a small clock or a watch, is the central feature, supported on each side by figures of dogs or lions. On the dresser is a Spotted Cow used on occasion, for milk and cream. Then there are jugs, more especially the famous Tobies, showing the old man, sometimes seated and sometimes standing, always hugging his jug.

The earliest maker of the Staffordshire ware, especially cottage ornaments, was Ralph Wood. Before his time the productions were unsigned. Born in 1716 and dying in 1772 he did more to augment that particular art than any other maker. Among his marked subjects, we find Old Age, a beggar leaning on his stick. This is nin inches high. Then there is the Sportsman and the Bagpiper, both of which are highly colored and interesting. Unusual merit is shown in the earliest Staffordshire productions and we find Falstaff drawing his sword, the Shepherd and the Shepherdess with pipe and dog.

Probably the most unique specimen in existence is the elephant. He is shown with a castle on his back, a monkey forms the cover and the handle is a twisted serpent. This suggests oriental work and the effect is remarkably good. In the commencement of the modeling of these pieces, we find an underglazed pigment, being manganese, copper green, yellowing orange, brown and black and sometimes a low tone that is obtained by the mixing of two colors together. They represent quaint ideas of the early days and, notwithstanding the fact that many of them lack beauty and show hurried workmanship, they sell for a goodly sum.

Within the last twenty years, they have progressed, rising from the cottager's mantel to the collector's cabinet and covering a period of more than one hundred years. Most of them are marked, but they show distinct modeling and coloring which easily distinguishes them from the reproductions of today.

The ware produced from 1730 to 1780 is comparatively light. Figures made from deep-red clay, into which has been introduced the buff clay, were probably made by the elder Astbury, from 1736 to 1743. Many of these were small, not more than six inches in height, and are very much more mottled in effect than earlier ones. These pieces are highly prized mostly because of their historic and artistic value.

Years ago, in every country inn and beer house, the bear jug was very popular. It represented a large brown bear seated on its haunches with collar, muzzle and chain attached. One drank from the removable head which formed the cup.

Among other potters who took up this art was Wedgewood. He produced many figures representing lions, whose forepaws rested on a globe. These were colored in enamel with marble plinth. They were evidently designed after the lion of the Loggia d'Lanzi at Florence.

It was during the eighteenth and early part of the nineteenth century that busts came into vogue and we find Shakespeare, Milton, Napoleon and many others used. During John Wesley's visit to Staffordshire, a strong impetus was given to Wesleyan Methodism, busts of this noted evangelist being very popular with the cottagers. Wedgewood took up this line of art and produced remarkably well-modeled figures. Among them we find Minerva and Mercury together with many life-sized ones of contemporary celebrities.

Many of the smaller cottage ornaments were made for use. A little country boy dressed in red trousers, blue coat, yellow vest and hat, shakes pepper from the perforation of his hat. These little useful ornaments became so popular that as many as three or four thousand have been collected at once.

In the making of many of these figures curious ideas were carried out, as, for instance, Franklin and George Washington were conversely marked, Washington bearing the name of Franklin and vice versa. Sometimes these statues were reversible showing the army on one side and the navy on the other, thus giving variety to the pair.

Toad mugs are sometimes known as cottage ornaments and they were made in Leeds and Newcastle on the Tyne toward the end of the last century. Often on these mugs and jugs, more especially the old English pottery, are dates from 1775 to 1800.

Cottage ornaments were not confined to Wood and Wedgewood; they were made by almost every potter of the day. We find them in Bow, Derby, Chelsea and Plymouth. From the potteries in Chelsea originated many exquisite pieces, more especially between 1750 and 1769, that were called, in England, "Bosky" backgrounds, being flowery backgrounds exquisitely done and peculiar to this manufacture. The potteries were closed in 1784 at Chelsea and the business was transferred to Derby.

Herbert Minton, in 1838, experimented in making china figures in imitation of Sevres. He engaged a painter by the name of Steele who had worked in the Royal Derby Pottery. He painted the figures and in 1845 the manufacture of Parian was started. Many charming groups, busts and statuettes, all of them characterized by careful modeling and fine finish, were put out by the Copelands, many being copies of the work done by mid-Victorian sculptors.

With such interesting groups from which to choose one cannot wonder that the collectors of today eagerly hunt for original pieces, especially those to which a history is attached, pieces that stood in old inns and taverns in the early days and from which many a roistering bard quaffed his ale, in payment thereof scribbling verses to ornament a subsequent piece:

"The wicked and malicious man,
Projects all the mischief that he can."




***The College President*** came into The Office—it was several days before Christmas—and told his story.

"I'm up against it for the faculty pay roll," said he.

"How much is it?"

"Eleven thousand dollars. And here it is Christmas. Our professors will have to go over the holidays without their pay."

"Does it cost you $11,000 a month to pay your faculty?"

"No—this is for three months. We pay them every quarter. They are waiting until I can raise their three months' salary."

"How do you expect to get it?—that is, unless some one gives it to you."

"Well, students will begin to come in early in January. Their fees will help. But that is just a makeshift. We should still be three months behind."

Then the whole story came out. Here was a college which was trying to give something for nothing, and didn't have it to give. Poor students were encouraged to come on the promise that they could work out their tuition. Jobs were made for them—any old kind of makeshift job, many of them merely to make labor. The charges were ridiculously low, anyway. Less than a dollar a day gave a full-pay student his board and tuition. And it is good tuition, too. The faculty and staff are earnest and able. Their motive is excellent. But the false economic note is very evident. The college is in that frame of mind where it wants to give young men and women an education *for* next to nothing; but it cannot do so *on* next to nothing.

There is room for someone to show how colleges can hook up with productive industry so that instead of hunting jobs for students, they would be hunting students for jobs, making them self-supporting and also rendering a community benefit through the labor employed. In the college under discussion, very little of the labor was productive. And where it was, it was absorbed by the college community. Which is very much like a cow trying to live on its own milk. It can't be done. Colleges thus far have been content to live off donations clipped from swollen fortunes to ease their owners' consciences. There will be no such fortunes under the new era régime, all the fortunes will be at work. Education will have to tie in with the work and forget the donations. That is, of course, ordinary college education, or that part of it which has first to get the something which it wishes to give for nothing.

***The Man from the Next Room*** came into The Office with the remark that he had heard the oratorio "Messiah" the night before. "That is the way I go to church at Christmas," he said. "This year the rendition was superb. It reached very near the heights that Handel must have seen when the oratorio was born. There was a reverence and understanding which blended great organ, great orchestra, great choir and great soloists into one solemnity of utterance, as if the story of the Christ, from prophetic intimation to final crowning, were being told the earth for the first time.

"But I was jarred more than ever before by the applause. I sensed that the audience was also jarred. During the solos there was every evidence of a deep impression, not merely of the artistic abilities of the singers, but of the deep meaning of the theme. People who are sensitive to audiences know whether they are being held by the performance or the idea. In this case it was the beauty, or the supreme pathos, of some of the themes. Yet, having begun on the plane of applause, the audience did not wish to seem indifferent to the singers by omitting the customary signs of favor. However, when solo merged into chorus without a break for applause, there was evident relief. The contralto, as you know, has most of those mergers, so it fell out that the contralto, though a very great favorite, received less applause than the soprano who was constantly kept bobbing to the audience in front and the chorus behind. It was surely an inharmonious note.

"Imagine an outburst of applause following:

> 'He was despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.'

"Imagine, if you can:

> 'Thy rebuke hath broken His heart; He is full of heaviness. He looked for some to have pity on Him, but there was no man; neither found He any to comfort Him. Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto His sorrow.' (applause)

"It doesn't fit. No doubt my repugnance will be said to have its seat in the religious sense, but I think it may claim to have an art content, too. Is it art for a singer to come out of character as a prophet and acknowledge applause, or even desire it, as a performer? Unity is certainly broken. If cheap tragedies on the stage can request suspension of applause in order that the atmosphere proper to the piece may be preserved, why cannot the 'Messiah' claim as much? It is a question which I should like to put to people who are competent to discuss it. I count on my program for the oratorio no less than eighteen breaks for applause, not including the end. People who feel the situation sufficiently to stand during the great Hallelujah Chorus would really appreciate a discussion of the propriety of applause."

***The Man from Washington*** dropped into The Office: "The Mitchell case was a dud. The general had shot his wad beforehand. It would have been more of a dud if the newspapers had given the government a square deal. There was something sinister in the way the attack on the government was played up and the defense ignored. I personally went to the departments and asked why the facts were not given to the newspapers. I was shown that they were, but that the newspaper correspondents deliberately ignored them. The government was not able, in the ordinary course of news, to get a hearing. Personally, I regard this as a situation so serious as to call for national examination."

# On the Road to Mandalay

(*Continued from page 5*)

you believe what is told you in Burma, is the extent of Kipling's geographical accuracy in the poem which has made Mandalay famous. Round-the-world excursions now include Burma, with a considerable extra mileage and added expense, largely because Kipling wrote his poem. Lines from it are more often quoted on shipboard than of any other single composition:

"On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flying-fishes play,
And the dawn comes up like thunder
outer China 'crost the Bay!"

Everybody wants to go to Mandalay; even the most righteous and reputable persons on board the ship have a more or less definitely confessed desire to go

". . . somewheres east of Suez where the best is like the worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments, an' a man can raise a thirst."

And those who find that Mandalay itself is too far across country for them, still want to know about it, and to be able to tell their friends at home how far they have been on the road toward Mandalay. And they all want to know how accurate Kipling was. So far as I can discover, he intended to describe localities in one town, if any, and immortalized another. But of this later.

He who would take the road to Mandalay, or to any other place in Burma, sails first to Rangoon. That is Burma's one port. It is 737 miles from Calcutta, but the wide circuit necessary to avoid the shoals of the Irrawaddy delta will make it 750 miles, and that, with the trip down from Calcutta to Diamond Harbor, means three full days and nights. If he comes by way of Singapore, it is 1,061 miles. Burma lies at the northeast corner of the Bay of Bengal, and skirts the Bay with a shoestring coast line on the east side. The first Europeans to settle in Burma were Portuguese, who went there in the sixteenth century. Soon the East India Company, British, had factories there. In 1824 the first Burmese war broke out, and at its close, Great Britain owned the provinces of Arrakan and Tenasserim. The second war broke out in 1852, and at its close Great Britain owned Rangoon and the rich district of which it is the capital. The third war broke out in 1885, and at the close of that war, in which King Theebaw was captured and dethroned, Mandalay fell into British hands, and on January 1, 1886, all of Upper Burma was annexed to the British Empire, Lower Burma having already had that honor. All this time Great Britain has been on the road to Mandalay, and has arrived.

Rangoon is 21 miles up the Rangoon River from the sea, just above the junction of that stream with Pegu River and Poozoondaung Creek. Poozoondaung is a "sludgy, squdgy creek," and there are several others. The Irrawaddy River, as it nears the Bay of Bengal, changes its mind without notice, and abandons one channel and makes others. These several streams and a hundred others are mere moods, or muds, of the Irrawaddy. Rangoon has three hotels, the Royal, Allandale and Minto Mansions. They are fairly comfortable and expensive. There is also the Vienna Café, where a good meal is served at a high price. Mandalay has one hotel, The Gambles. It is fairly good. Thomas Cook says these are the only hotels in Burma, though there are some places where a traveler may obtain food and shelter, and to which tours may be arranged.

I note this sign of prosperous foreign residence in Rangoon, that the ricksha is now the vehicle employed by native half-castes and tourists. The English resident of Burma, to say nothing of official native residents, uses the automobile. The pagodas of the old régime and the red-painted, white-topped domes of the Standard Oil Company share the honors of the landscape. Rangoon has more than a third of a million inhabitants, and is an important business center. The business part of it is almost European.



Next to the Standard Oil and the Singer Sewing Machine Companies, the most important American commercial enterprise, judged from the standpoint of commerce, and by far the most important as judged by its age and results, I suppose to be the American Baptist Mission Press. It is more than a century old, and has the most up-to-date printing plant in Burma. I counted seven linotypes, and cutting, folding and type-casting machines to match. Books are printed in sixteen or eighteen languages. Important American and English houses doing a business in educational books have them set up and stereotyped and printed at this place. The presses and other machinery are all American in manufacture and the power is electrical.

"Labor is supposed to be cheap here," I said to the manager who took me through, "but you employ electricity." He said, "There is no such thing as cheap labor. The cheaper it is the more expensive it is. We employ the best labor-saving machinery we can obtain and operate successfully." This plant, by the way, is more than self-supporting. Begun when Adoniram Judson, an American missionary, in peril of his life, and for two years in prison, made his translation of the New Testament, it has grown till now it pays all operating expenses and some missionary salaries besides. Not a dollar from the United States now goes to its support, but it sells many thousands of dollars' worth of American books and makes a market for much American product besides.

There are not so many things in Rangoon that are worth the visit there. The most notable of the show places is the Shwe Dagon Pagoda. The Buddhists claim that this was first erected in 588 B. C. It was then only twenty-seven feet high. It has been increased in diameter and in altitude



Oval—The temple bells are calling. Lower—Buddha in the Shwe Dagon Pagoda.

until it is the most magnificent of all such structures in Asia. It stands on an artificial hill 166 feet above the street level, and it rises above this platform 370 feet, making it higher than St. Paul's in London. The pagoda at Pegu is larger, as is one opposite Mandalay, but the Shwe Dagon is the most gorgeous. All of the top is covered with plates of gold. Topping this is a gilded iron umbrella-shaped structure from which depend many gold and silver lights. He who ascends it must remove not only his shoes but his stockings.

The British do not like this arrangement which they claim is more political than religious, and devised to undermine British authority and compel submission. Some Americans remove their shoes and hose and go to the top and think it worth while. Others view the pagoda from various points outside and go to the entrance and are content.

One of the greatest bells in the world hangs from this pagoda. The British undertook to ship it to England, but accidentally dropped it into the river and were unable to recover it. The Burmese then asked permission to raise and restore the bell to its original position. Permission was somewhat mockingly given, and Burmese divers lashed enough bamboo together, attached it to the bell to float it and it was restored to the pagoda.

Whoever visits Rangoon wants to see "elephints a-pilin' teak." He sees them. There are large sawmills in Rangoon, and there one beholds two big tuskers, each one with a Burmese driver on his neck, ready to perform his expected task. One of these elephants takes up a not very heavy log and conveys it a short distance, and the other with trunk and forefoot shoves a larger log from one place to another. Both these logs are worn smooth by much conveying. The same elephant moves the same log back for the next group of tourists. The elephants are well trained, in this at least, that they pick up money with ease, and convey it to the men on their backs. How the logs are moved when they are wanted to be used in the mill, I do not know; but he is a very green and credulous tourist who supposes that he is witnessing anything but a stage performance in the sawmills of Rangoon. This, however, I noticed with interest, in the sliding of the log. The elephant that does that feat puts his trunk between his foot and the log. He may do it in part for some little help in steering the log, but the path is worn so smooth I doubt the need of it. I judged he was protecting the thick skin of his leg from possible abrasion. The bruise on the shin which football players call a "charley-horse" may not be a comfortable thing even for an elephant.

So much for Rangoon. Mandalay is a smaller city, the last capital of the Burmese kings, and was founded as late as 1857, by Mindon Min, father of Theebaw, who was defeated by the British in 1885. In Mandalay is the gigantic image of Buddha known as Setkyathiha, which has brought disaster to every city that has given it a home. It was cast in 1823, and is the largest brass image in Burma. It was set up in Ava, and that city was soon after captured and its king dethroned. It was then removed to Amarapura, and the reigning king, Pagan Min, was soon dethroned and his capital abandoned. It was set up in Mandalay in 1885, and in that year Theebaw, and his queen Supayalat, were dethroned and Mandalay was captured by the British.



Native boys by the Irrawaddy River

Mandalay was the capital of Burma when that empire was opened to the outside world, the first nation entering it in official diplomatic relations being the United States. President James Buchanan sent a mission there in 1858, and the mission was well received.

Mandalay was built to order, like Washington and modern Athens. Mindon Min selected the place as his capital after consulting the various auguries, and the work of building began, under direction of the astrologers and other augurs on February 13, 1857, that having been found to be an auspicious day. The city is located on the left bank of the Irrawaddy, and as the country is flat as that adjacent to the lower Mississippi, the situation lacks all that could have been given to it by picturesque surroundings. But it has pagodas in profusion, some of them notable, and there is now in course of construction a masonry building for the enshrinement of certain recently discovered relics believed to be of Buddha. A hermit-priest, U'Kanti, is the moving spirit in this work, which has the ambition of becoming the most splendid shrine in Mandalay. Thither even now the pious make pilgrimages from all over Burma.

There are temple bells everywhere, some of them little and others big, but that which is said to be the largest is at Mingun, not far from Mandalay. The bell is said to weigh 905 tons, but its exact weight is not known. It is twelve feet in height and has an external diameter of 16 feet, and the metal is from six to twelve inches in thickness.

The temple bells were calling to Kipling's British soldier, but not to worship. Where was the Burma girl with the whacking white cheroot, and the wasted kisses?

She was not in Mandalay, and neither was Kipling.

I asked different persons who were supposed to know whether Kipling actually navigated the muddy Irrawaddy and made use of the old Flotilla, and pursued by rail or river the road to Mandalay. I could not learn of any evidence of his ever having been in Mandalay, and it is difficult to see how he could have written the poem if he had been there. There is an American Methodist College in Mandalay, and an American lady connected with the school told me that the boys use Mandalay as a college song, but shout it in derision because of its geographical errors. There is no bay between Mandalay and China, nor is there any place in Mandalay whence one may look either eastward or westward to the sea. She said the dawn did not come up like thunder, but arrived very decorously. As to the Ten Commandments, she doubted if there were so many, and she remarked a certain economy in their use.

And now we discover, when we stop to read the poem, that none of the things which Kipling described were in Mandalay, but were on the road thither. I was told that Kipling spent one night in Rangoon. He rode up from the jetty in a ricksha, so I was informed, and spent what was left of the afternoon and evening on the veranda of the Gymkhana Club, smoking and possibly quenching the thirst which his visit east of Suez had produced. Doubtless his hosts said, "What a pity you cannot remain longer," which is one of the ways in which hosts waste the time of their guests instead of using what little time there is to some profit. And, apologizing for the fact that Rangoon is in a flat river delta, they doubtless told him that at Moulmein, 169 miles to the



Exhibition elephants piling teak for tourists.

east, and across or around the Marteban Gulf, one might obtain a beautiful view. They doubtless mentioned the Kyaikthanlu Pagoda as one from whose top one might see one of the finest prospects in Burma.

To the east are limestone ridges with jagged peaks, and beyond these the dim blue outlines of the Dawna range at the Siamese frontier. Perhaps the Dawna range suggested the coming up of the dawn, Chinaward. And they must have told him how, looking in the other direction, he could see the delta of the Irrawaddy in ribbands of sunlit beauty among the green plains created by its silt, with boats of the natives and ships of Europeans. And, of course, they told him how beautiful the Bay of Bengal was as seen from that elevation.

Perhaps they told him about the bell in the Kyaikthanlu Pagoda. It is not an old one, but it is interesting. It bears an inscription as unique as that on Shakespeare's tomb:

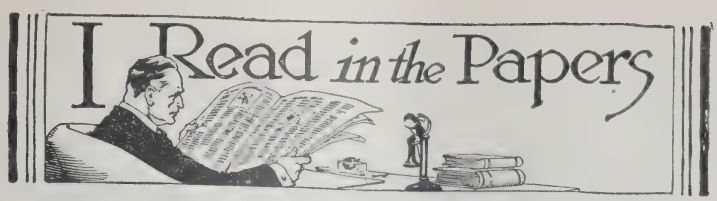
> This bell is made by Koonalenga, the Priest, and weighs 600 viss,. No body design to destroy this bell, Moulmein, March 30th, 1855. He who destroyed this bell, they must be in the great Heell and unable at coming out.

Kipling probably forgot the name of the pagoda, or if he remembered it he found that even with his love of working proper names into his poems, Kyaikthanlu was too much for his meter. But "the old Moulmein Pagoda" was good meter, and was accurate enough, and Mandalay was a musical name, one for which many rhymes could be found, which was not so true of Moulmein.

By the time he came to write his poem, he had forgotten most of his geography. From the old Moulmein Pagoda, one looks westward to the sea and the dawn, which makes its way out of China, comes up over the Dawna range and other mountains, and not out of any bay. And there are other inaccuracies or even absurdities of which they told me. But part though by no means all of these disappear when you remember that it was Moulmein and not Mandalay of which Kipling was writing. Moulmein is a really beautiful city, and has its own place in history. It was a place of some distinction and much beauty when Rangoon was a mere fishing village and Mandalay was less than that. Moulmein does not lie on the road to Mandalay from Rangoon, but lies eastward and a little south. But from England it might be considered as intermediate.

It was on the road to Mandalay, and quite as near to it as Kipling had any notion of going. If what they told me is correct, he had no intention of visiting either Mandalay or Moulmein, or even of staying very long in Rangoon. But the sheer necessities of versification and the musical name of Mandalay forced into the front of the story and the refrain of the song a town quite commonplace and not of any particular importance in the story.

There doubtless are Burma girls with whacking white cheroots in Mandalay, but the girl in the song was five hundred miles from there. So if you want to see the old Moulmein Pagoda, and find out whether the dawn comes up like thunder, and to look around for the neater, sweeter maiden, in the cleaner, greener land, you will go on the the road to Mandalay, but turn to the right at Rangoon, and in a railway ride of eleven and a half hours, supplemented by a ferry ride of a half-hour, you will see one of the most picturesque towns in Burma.




*I read in the papers* that the day of the pedestrian as a privileged party is declining. Time was when the man afoot was master of the road. That was because he was in the majority, perhaps. But wheels vie with legs for majority now. And pedestrians are regarded as only one kind of vehicle on the road—a two-cylinder biped, so to speak. And the bipeds are being treated rather roughly now if they collide with the motor cars. This has long been the custom in France (where the injured victim is blamed and the taxi-driver condoled with) but now it reaches Washington. In one day the police handed traffic "tickets" to 85 pedestrians, charging them with traffic law violations. The action was intended to enforce pedestrian obedience to the "stop" and "go" signs. And it is rather a reasonable action. If motor car drivers conducted themselves on the streets as pedestrians do, the result would be chaos. As many accidents occur through carelessness of the man afoot as of the man at the wheel.

*I read in the papers* that "all decorations, military or civil, have been abolished in Greece by order of the government." Perfectly natural. When things become worthless, they are thrown into the ash can. Not that decorations are necessarily wrong. One believes in them, for merit. We have a decoration in the United States—the Congressional Medal—which I think has never been abused. The theory of decorations is that when a man achieves great good for his people, they should mark it. The discoverer of a great medical boon; a great poet; a great inventor; a great solver of the economic tangle; a successful defender of the State; those whom all men honor and the State should specially honor. But when the titles and dignities are conferred on brewers, contributors to political funds, private money-lenders to politicians, ambitious social aspirants, and the rest, they simply become worthless. That is, worthless to those most worthy of them. And then their end has come. Some government throws them into the ash can. Thinking, perhaps, that it is destroying the theory of decorations. It is not—only the abuse of them.

*I read in the papers* that the Methodist young people at Evanston had quite a session. Well, there's different ways of whooping 'er up. Not long ago the boys did it with beer; now they do it with weak solutions of Bolshevism. Methodism has a tradition of effervescence, anyway. Without its occasional spurts of fire it would not have gone as far as it has. And as long as it confined itself to class-meeting and revival most people rather inclined to commend it. When it broke into politics, some looked at it askance. When it, in part, espoused Bishop Blake's abortive attempt to give a Christian interpretation to Sovietism in Russia, a more serious inquiry was developed. And then, when the so-called Youth Movement was hailed by sundry young and enthusiastic Methodists as the new salvation of the world, some even went so far as to suggest corrective action. My personal opinion is that the new ferment is neither so promising nor so menacing as extremists think. It is a rather crude mixture of Christian ideas, bunk and radical propaganda. Only boys and ministers and women fall for that sort of thing. Ring the changes on "peace, justice and righteousness" long enough, and you have got them. You can bait any kind of hook you like with that verbiage. I recognize the Christian tendency in much of this ferment: some of it is sincere, some of it is used as a cover. I recognize the bunk in it too: youth is never so happy as when tilting up the world; it is great sport, it is very helpful in the time of adolescence, and I for one would be last to halt it. I also recognize the alien propaganda: clever people use not only the young people's societies but also the pulpits to get their ideas into the people's mind. But—here's where I think that some of the more nervous and extreme critics ought to rest awhile—I recognize more than all these the fact that, with few exceptions, these young people are of Anglo-Saxon stock, and much as their adolescent minds may toy with certain things now, their souls are simply not the soil in which the things we fear take root. They cannot change their race, they cannot change their spiritual inheritance. In brief, and vulgarly, they'll come out of it. If all who were socialists and anarchists at 18 to 25 had remained so, the United States would now contain about 105,000,000 socialists and anarchists. But maturity cures many things.

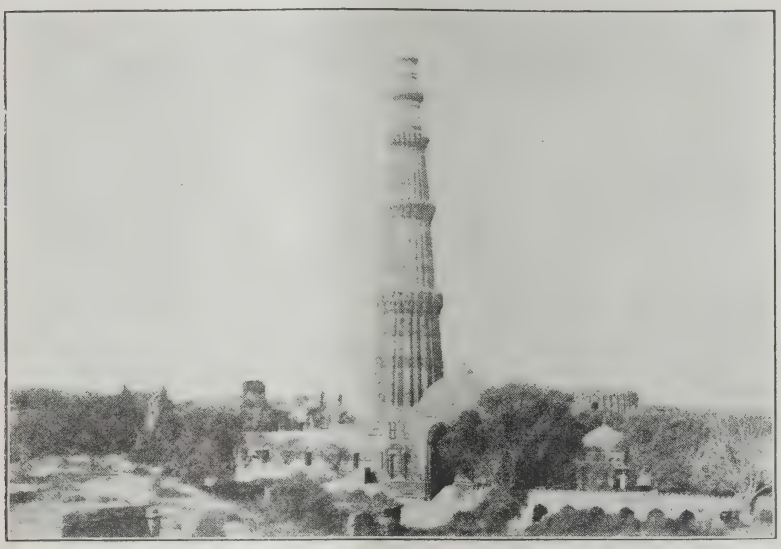
*I read in the papers* that Bugler Sellier has been given the cross of the Legion of Honor. He is the man who, at 11 o'clock on the 11th day of the 11th month, 1918, sounded "Cease Firing," and the echoes of his bugle, caught and carried by winds and wires, hushed into silence the guns of the Great War. Bugler Sellier will have something to tell, and his remote descendants will tell it until his memory cease. So it is that a simple act, often done as part of the routine day's work, may suddenly take on historic and mystic significance. Some of us would rather be Bugler Sellier with a brass bugle that halted the firing, than be kings and counselors who started it.

*I read in the papers* that the scientists of the Federal Department of Agriculture are struggling with the problem of overcoming the tendency of turkeys to disappear from the land. These delectable fowls are on the decline everywhere. The great Southwestern producing regions, our present main source of supply, showed a decrease of twenty-three per cent in 1925. A liver complaint called "blackhead" is the chief cause of turkey mortality but there are others. The underlying reason for the situation is that turkeys, which the Pilgrims found wild in huge numbers, have had insufficient time in which to accustom themselves to domesticity. In their wild state the turkeys warded off blackhead by eating certain nettles to which nature guided them, but now they must depend upon their human masters who lack such instinctive knowledge. A solution of the problem of continuing the traditional Thanksgiving bird is being sought by trying out the so-called chachalaca turkey, a native of Mexico.

# Ram Narayan, Dreamer of Delhi

## Seer of the Ancient Mughal Capital of India, Who Tells Us to Seek Within Ourselves Solution of the Great Problem of Existence

By ARVID REUTERDAHL



The Kutab Minar, one of the most majestic structures in Delhi.

WE JOURNEY to India. For a little while we ask you to forget the molecules, atoms and the electrons which your Western intellect has harnessed and which do your bidding as machines, instruments, and appliances in the service of the welfare of man. We go to Delhi, the mysterious, the historical, the ancient metropolis of the Mughal Empire, the present capital of India, and we begin to inhale the air of the Orient, laden with centuries of reflection concerning the ultimate nature of that reality which we recognize objectively as the material universe. We pass the Salimgahr outworks as we enter the city via the East Indian Railway, over the magnificent bridge which spans the Jumna River. Indra Prastha (the ancient city of Delhi), founded by the Aryan invaders, the most magnificent of all the cities of ancient India, is within a distance of ten or eleven miles from the present site of Delhi. The modern city was built by Shah Jehan. It is inclosed by a massive wall, provided with ten gates of which the best known is the Kashmiri Gate. The city has been the home of such priceless treasures as the peacock throne, worth about thirty million dollars, and the famous Koh-i-nur diamond.

We find our way to the home of one of India's great thinkers, a scientist, a philosopher, and a doctor of medicine—Ram Narayan, the Dreamer of Delhi. Dr. Narayan has sought the solution of the riddle of existence in dreams. He believes that in the shadowland of dreams the path to ultimate truth may be found. A subject of such importance demands consideration from many angles. To secure many and diversified views of the dream problem Dr. Narayan prepared a questionnaire, consisting of fourteen questions, which was submitted to the leading thinkers of India, Europe, and America. Dr. Narayan's own views together with the opinions of those who answered the questions were compiled and published in two volumes under the title *The Dream Problem.* A second part to volume two is now in preparation.

The questionnaire prepared by Dr. Narayan consists of the following interesting and crucial questions:

1. Who is it that sleeps, who is it that dreams and who is it that wakes up?

2. If it is one and the same person what *prevents* him from knowing, *during his dream state,* that he it is who before going to sleep was waking, and is now dreaming and what reminds him on waking that he it was who was dreaming when asleep?

3. If the personality in each state is different, what becomes of the waking-state personality during dream and what of the dream personality during waking state?

4. If, as many believe, the dream world is external to the dreamer and is real and independent of the waking world, who is its creator and what are the distinctive features of the dream world that will help the dreamer to distinguish it from the waking world during his dream state?

5. Are there any other worlds (astral, mental, spiritual, and so on) besides the two commonly known worlds of dream and waking states where men after death are believed to go, and are any of them eternal and unchangeable?

6. Is communication from one world to another possible; if so, how can a person in the dream world communicate with his friends in the waking world and vice versa?

7. If, as some contend, the waking world is as unreal as the dream world and we know of the unreality of the former only when we wake up into a higher state of illumination (just as we know of the nature of dream on awakening into this physical world) it may be asked why this so-called higher state of illumination also is not a dream in relation to a second higher state and this in relation to a third and so on *ad infinitum.*

8. Is it possible for a dreamer to remain cognizant, during his dream state, of the fact that he is dreaming? If so, what are the means to acquire this power?

9. Will a dream cease or continue if the dreamer becomes aware of its nature during the dream state?

10. How far is it possible to stop, alter or create one's own dreams as one wishes? What are the means to do it?

11. To what extent is it possible to be cognizant of one's own dreamless sleep state while sleeping?

12. What is the state of consciousness of a person after the so-called death of his body, for instance, does his personality survive and does he know that he is dead?

13. How can the created beings of the waking world and dream creatures of the dream world know their creator and dreamer?

14. Is there any ultimate reality, eternal, conscious and ever-pres-



The Kashmiri Gate, Delhi, scene of a desperate attack during the Indian Mutiny.

ent in all the states or worlds, and can it be known or realized by any such means that may be acceptable to all creeds and religions and suitable to every human being in all climes and countries?

The replies and comments on these questions are presented as a symposium of views in Dr. Narayan's work *The Dream Problem*. Many illustrious names appear in this remarkable compilation. Phases of the problem are discussed by Professor George Santayana, Dr. David Starr Jordan, Dr. James H. Hyslop, Dr. Robert T. Browne, Dr. Morton Prince, Swami Raghunath Rai, R. B. Nichhabhai Tatia, Babu Bhagavan Das, Sadar Mehar Singh, and so on.



Humayun's Tomb, Delhi, a marvel of oriental architecture.

The conclusions of Dr. Narayan are set forth in the introduction and in three remarkable dialogs between the Sage Vasishta and the Dreamer. A study of this work strikingly reveals the outstanding differences in Occidental and Oriental thought. The imprint of the external and physical world is readily noted in the answers made by many of the Western thinkers; whereas the replies of the Eastern sages indicate that they have sought knowledge through introspection and spiritual meditation.

From the many replies to Dr. Narayan's questionnaire we have selected two because of their brevity. The first is representative of Western materialism and the second is typical of Eastern idealism.

Answers by Professor Charles Roswell Paine, professor of eugenics, College of Physicians and Surgeons, St. Louis, Missouri:

1. It is I who sleeps, dreams and wakes up.

2. It is my tired condition that *prevents* me from knowing, *during my dream state*, that it is I who before going to sleep was waking, and is now dreaming. It is my rested condition that reminds me on awakening that it is I who was dreaming when asleep.



Dr. Ram Narayan.

3. I see no change of personality, only a condition present which the waking person lapses into and comes out of when rejuvenescence takes place through rest.

4. The dream world is internal to the dreamer, yet real but dependent upon a condition; not a separate creator.

5. No!—6. Impossible!

7. Materialism knows nothing of a higher state of illumination beside that of man's waking state.

8. Yes!—9. It may and it may not, depending upon the condition of the dreamer.

10. This is an art which only a dream expert can state regarding.

11. Only as my dream world records can I tell of its activities.

12. None! His personality survives only in the minds of others.

13. The same as I know myself.

14. I think not.

Answers by Sadar Mehar Singh, Sikh Priest, Amritsar, India:

1. Sleep is nothing but a dormant condition of a man's consciousness.

2. The thing that prevents him from knowing during his dream state that he is the same who before going to sleep was waking is his semi-consciousness of himself.

3. The personality in each state is the same.

4. The dreamer himself is the creator of his dream world.

5. There are other worlds besides the two commonly known worlds of dream and waking. Men go after their death to that world for which they are best fitted.

6. The person in his dream world can communicate with his friends in the waking world and vice versa.

7. All other stages and worlds are unreal except the power of God.

8. Yes!—9. It can be in either way. All depends on the will of the dreamer.

10. It is quite possible to do all this.

11. Only waking can make him fully cognizant of his full unconsciousness.

12. The personality survives and he knows that he has only had a change.

13. By practice and the strong desire to know each.

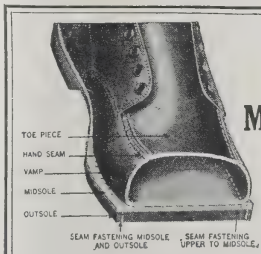
14. Yes there is. It can be realized by all and in all climes and countries. Full knowledge and search after *truth ultimate* is the resultant reality.

The materialist Professor Paine and the Sikh Priest Singh are not far apart in their views concerning questions 1, 2, 3, 8, 11, and 13. They disagree fundamentally in their answers to questions 6, 7, 12, and 14. In *The Dream Problem* the differences between Eastern and Western thought are brought out more clearly, perhaps, than in any other work. We quote the following from "The Third Dialogue Between Sage Vasishta and the Dreamer":

"The astronomers are busy in making more and more powerful telescopes to discover all the stars in the heaven and, in fact, they do see new stars each time they construct a more powerful telescope. But will they succeed, by this process of searching out an ever-increasing group of stars in the sky, in learning what to say of their Creator? No, the problem of ultimate Reality can never be solved by more powerful telescopes."

"We do not deprecate the scientific method. We admire its so-called practical utility and what the scientists have done and are doing. They have achieved great things in all departments. The sphere of action of the scientists, however, is confined to the objective world. In the subjective world, he can never penetrate unless he changes his method of investigation and turns his attention in the opposite direction."

Therefore, the Dreamer of Delhi tells us to seek within ourselves for the solution of the great problem of existence and being.

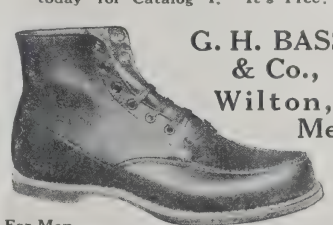




**Bass True Moccasins are Best.**

***Best for the Children Best for You!***

BEST because of their construction (see diagram above). Moccasins, the heritage of the American Indian, are lighter—more flexible, more serviceable and more comfortable than any other footwear. Who ever heard of an Indian with foot trouble?

**If you would have real foot comfort for yourself and the children write today for Catalog I. It's Free.**



**G. H. BASS & Co., Wilton, Me.**

**For Men, Women and Children.**

Shoe Dealers—write for information about Bass Agency.

# Reading the Simple Book Life

## Hints for Good Reading

By THOMAS L. MASSON



THE ideas that we pick up from the swirl of events that surround us on all sides are good, bad, or indifferent. Some of them come from remarks we overhear; some of them are evolved from our daily experience, and some of them from the things we read.

I can best illustrate the importance of a right idea by relating a personal incident. I keep a large open house in the near-country and upon occasions my children drop in with their children. In the midst of the hurly-burly coincident with pattering feet and the shouts of adolescents, one of my married daughters suddenly exclaimed: "I never have time to read anything any more. I sometimes wish I could get away from the care of these kids to a quiet corner by myself." That was a commonplace remark, and I presume that every day all over this country it is uttered in some form by thousands of women. Yet it happened at this particular moment that the children were all segregated in the nursery and we did have an idle hour ahead of us—which might, under ordinary conditions, have been filled with idle gossip, were it not for this impatiently expressed desire.

There were books at hand of all shapes and sizes, big and little, long and short, high-brow and low-brow. Our choice fell upon Shakespeare's *Macbeth*. Now if you know Shakespeare, as of course you do in a general manner—but if you are at all intimate with him in a special manner—you will know that he reads aloud better than any other author. His plays were written for average people and being fully aware of this, as a practical dramatist and stage manager, he never loses the thread of his story and never leaves you in doubt as to his meaning. Thus the reading aloud of *Macbeth* as a kind of aside from the "hurly-burly" of a busy week, so thrilled and excited us and transported us at once into another world of supreme tragedy and basic human traits, qualities and emotions, that out of this experience grew the idea which, in the belief that it may be useful, I pass on to many readers.

It is nothing less than this: That the obstacle which stands in the way of acquiring the soundest and best and truest kind of literary education is an illusion. When this illusion is dispelled, we suddenly find ourselves equipped with a mental and indeed moral and spiritual resource, which is almost beyond belief until one has actually tried it; for this idea, which grew out of the incident I have touched upon, enabled me to separate in my own mind the reading which had been permanently useful to me—and had contributed more to my happiness than any other purely mental thing I could name—from the reading which had been barren and useless and in one sense destructive, for it tended to make me an idler, a literary wastrel.

I was then almost as immediately amazed to discover what a small part of my life this good reading had taken; and how, in proportion to the time spent, it overtopped all the rest. Furthermore, and to forestall any misunderstanding, I must emphasize the fact that, although I am a writing and editorial person, my work consists largely in traveling about, in interviews, in many business and mechanical details; and that I have as little, if not less, time to spend on actual reading as any average person. By "average" I mean a woman with a family on her hands, or a man with the business problem of supporting a family. Knowing, as I do, a large proportion of our most notable creative writers—both British and American—I know how little actual conscious reading they do. Most of them—and this in a measure may be said of most of us—absorb typography through their pores, by a kind of unconscious process.

We need to know a lot, not alone of what is going on, but of what is being thought in the world today, and the necessity for all this is, as much as anything else, to protect ourselves against our own civilization. But above all, we must constantly keep ourselves linked up with the sources of our thought supply, otherwise we lose our perspective.

The other evening I was talking with one of the ablest medical men in this country and told him I thought the disadvantage of being such a sought-after man as he was gave him no time to himself. I was surprised to hear him reply that one of the greatest influences in his life was the periodical rereading of Emerson's essay *Compensation*. "That keeps me straight," he said.

The delusion which we all share in common about reading and which constitutes the obstacle I have referred to, against our progress in general culture, is that in order to be "educated" we think we must cover so much ground. This delusion amounts to a national weakness and we see its effects in our schools and universities, where new courses are constantly being added to an overburdened system, resulting in con-

fusion, waste and a weakened mental morale. It does not seem to be grasped that, no matter how complex our world seems today, it can all be traced back to a few sources and if we know these sources, everything becomes immediately intelligible to us, and this without special effort. It is not, however, my present business to deliver an essay on education, but only to deal with this problem in a severely practical way as it is applied to busy men and women in everyday life. And for this purpose I shall now present a few figures which anybody can understand.

*David Copperfield*, by Charles Dickens, contains approximately 360,000 words. To compute the number of words in a novel, select two pages, one of nearly solid description and the other of loose dialog. Count the number of words in each page, add them together, divide by two and multiply this by the total number of pages in the book. The result will be the approximate total number of words.

How fast can you read silently? This depends somewhat—as you will easily discover by experiment—upon the nature of the reading. *David Copperfield* can be read faster than *Macbeth*, because the flow of words is constant; whereas in any play like *Macbeth*, one has to pause involuntarily and readjust the mind to each speaking character.

The highest speed attained in a public test of unfamiliar matter where the reader was obliged to repeat the substance of what he had read, is 458 words a minute. From this it runs down to about 100 words a minute (lower school grades).

I, myself, have read *David Copperfield* over again easily at 360 words a minute. *Macbeth*, read aloud, required 150 words a minute; *Hamlet* read alone silently about 200 words a minute. The eye does not take in each word, but jumps from group to group in a series of flash pictures. It is this fact, established by tests, which is one of the reasons for the importance of rereading what I term source literature, because each word must be understood, visualized in its relationship to other words.

By source literature I mean books that have served as an original nucleus and have started a whole school of literature. The Bible is the best example.

Does all this seem dull, prosaic, too practical? On the contrary, I can positively assure my readers that when literature, take it as a whole, is approached in this spirit, reading becomes one of the most fascinating occupations in the world. Furthermore, you will be lifted up into another realm in which your own affairs, their daily drudgeries and the obligation to know what is really going on—all those things will be illuminated with a special kind of light. Lest I seem overenthusiastic, let me briefly enumerate some of the benefits accrued of this method (which I shall explain later more fully), each one of which can be demonstrated in practice.

First: it disposes of the illusion that it is necessary to read a great number of books in order to acquire culture.

Second: It makes plain the great truth (hitherto obscured) that by going back to a comparatively few sources of our common thought and getting to be on intimate and accurate terms with them, we are actually opening up the way to the easiest interpretation and understanding of all that comes after, of all that is now going on about us. This includes the keeping abreast of our modern thought and literature in all of its forms (lectures, newspapers, magazines, et cetera), with a readjusted perspective which enables us at all times to keep our heads above the waves. This method enables us to learn how to swim in a few quiet, pure pools first, so that when (as we are all obliged to do) we find ourselves floundering about in our typographical ocean, we shall be "on our own," and not dependent upon floating rafts or life preservers.

Third: It actually saves time and increases our happiness by furnishing us with a kind of daily gyroscope.

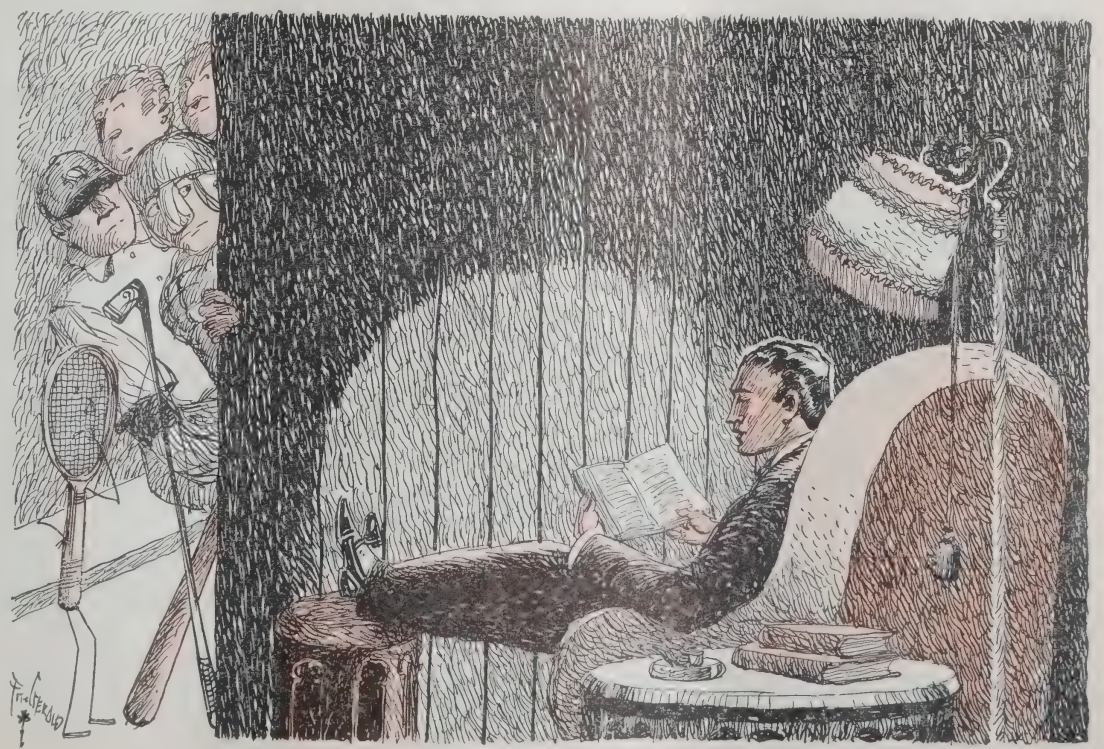
". . . thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things . . . ."

If I had my choice and had to be marooned on that dear old desert island invented so long ago by makers of book lists, and my guardian should tell me that all I could have there were the complete works of Charles Dickens, I should utter no murmur of discontent but take first precaution to house my volumes so that the moths could not get at them nor the rain pelt them. But we live in a teeming world where books by the best minds of all ages beckon to us on every side; and so if we are wise in our day and generation we shall adopt the source rule I am writing about, which is to take the one thing which the few best writers have done better than anyone else, and (however much we allow our appetites to feed on expectation) ignore the others. The choice lies with us, but it is permissible, of course, to be guided by the experts, by the general consensus. Indeed, there is no other way except to read first all the books, which would thus cancel our rule and defeat our purpose.

I think most of the critics agree that ten of Shakespeare's plays are entitled to permanence. Of Walter Scott there may be three or four; of Dickens the same; of Thackeray say three—and so on. These "high-water mark" books are easily ascertained and a matter of common hearsay. One may here consult the masses with safety, for the masses are generally right in the long run. If *David Copperfield* has been read by more people than any of his others, as seems probable, then it is safe to assume that it is Dickens' best book. If *Hamlet* has been read and acted more than any other of Shakespeare's plays then—and particularly as a source play—it may be safely assumed to be his best. And so on.

The proof of all this lies in our common speech. I counted more than fifty "quotations" from *Hamlet* that are in constant use, that have crept into the common tongue. In politics, we know what it means to say there is something "rotten in Denmark," or to revert to Dickens—in love, we know what it means to say that "Barkis is willin'." People say these things who have never read the books. Indeed, we have no conception of how practically all of our thought, our speech and our actions are the outgrowth of multitudinous sources, most of them hidden, but many in evidence.

One can scarcely walk the length of any main business boulevard in the United States without seeing Doric columns in front of our buildings. Where did these



We must make up our minds to give up things we can do without, and devote the time thus gained to reading.

originate? In Greece thousands of years ago. There is not a play produced which does not show like results in dramatic construction and stage business.

Is it not plain, therefore, just as there are a few fundamental human traits, that with comparatively little trouble we can get back to the sources of these traits and thus come to understand so much in our modern life that seems so chaotic and unintelligible? "It has long been known in Persia," said the shah of that country when he first visited England and attended a horse race, "that one horse can run faster than another." This law of thought, which permeates all of our active lives, can be illustrated by millinery. Thousands of hats, all similar in shape and design, suddenly blossom out all over. Where did they come from? Ask some obscure and creative woman in Paris and she may be able to tell you. Necessity often rules the original roost. Sarah Bernhardt—who was a source woman if there ever was one—had skinny arms. Hence elbow gloves.

It should now be easy for us to cast up our accounts and see where we stand. The first thing which amazes us in our survey is the comparative *fewness* of the books we have to read, the rule being first to find out what these books are and then to "grapple them to our souls with hooks of steel"—that is, to read them constantly over and over, until they become a part of us. We thus gain enormously in two directions, for we come to know an author very much more powerfully and accurately by reading his best book thoroughly than we do by skimming most of his books for appearance sake; and by thus knowing him, we make so many other later books superfluous, besides understanding so much more readily all the things about us which we accept without really knowing them. Thus if you want to appreciate the best of vaudeville, or the genuine comedy of Charlie Chaplin, read Aristophanes.

Practically all that is necessary to know about the drama can be learned from three plays: the *Prometheus Vinctus* of Aeschylus; the *Electra* of Euripides and the *Hamlet* of Shakespeare. I doubt if these plays aggregate more than 60,000 words. *Hamlet* (30,000) is nearly twice as long as *Macbeth* (18,000) and the *Prometheus* is about 12,000. If we estimate our average speed of intelligent reading at 250 words a minute these plays can all be read through in a little more than three hours. The following books can easily be read at the rate of 300 words a minute:

*Vanity Fair* (320,000 words) read in 18 hours, or 18 days reading an hour a day; *Pride and Prejudice* (130,000 words) read in 7 hours.

This merely indicates the general plan to be pursued and anyone in a moment's time easily ascertains ahead how long it will take to read a particular book.

The only remaining questions to be solved are: How many books are to be read, how shall we get at them and how often shall we read them? Personally, I don't believe in rigid systems or cut-and-dried lists, but I do believe in intelligent self direction and discipline, not only because these are necessary to produce the best people, but because they produce the greatest amount of happiness.

In my travels, I meet and talk with more women than men. My observation tends to show that working women in all classes read more than housewives.

The next and final step is to determine what sources are to be covered, and this must always be a matter of temperament, inclination and circumstance. It is a game that anyone can play. Macaulay read walking through crowded streets. Once acquire the habit, and it becomes automatic. It is, then, the substance of what one reads that counts.

Any field of reading may be selected.



The delusion about reading is that in order to be "educated" we must cover so much ground.

The rule is, locate the source books in that field. For example, no one—at least in this country—will dispute that in religion the Bible is the only source book. But the Bible is a whole library of books in itself. It contains a total of 801,328 words. Read through continuously at the rate of 200 words a minute would take 66 hours 46 minutes and 38 seconds, or reading for 8 hours a day would take 8 days 2 hours 46 minutes and 38 seconds.

The New Testament is 180,751 words long and at this rate slightly more than 15 hours would be required. The Old Testament is 610,577 words long and would take slightly more than 50 hours. This is the most important source book on all accounts, and therefore needs special attention. I first read it through (I took over six months, so it is easy to see I did not hurry) and marked everything in it of interest and value. I then discovered that the most important source parts for me were the Psalms and the Four Gospels. Together they are 98,941 (Psalms, 15,043, Gospels, 83,898) words and I now read them over every month regularly. This takes fifteen minutes a day. Aside from this I read over the other parts from time to time. For instance Ecclesiastes —one of the greatest books—can be read through in twenty minutes.

History, as a study, I suppose, has been more discussed than any other branch of human knowledge. Its usefulness not only has been severely questioned but its falsity condemned. But within the past decade a new kind of history has been developed in which psychology and sociology play no mean part. We may respect it while at the same time keeping to our rule to go back to the sources.

The lack of accurate knowledge of our own American history is certainly widespread and a matter for concern—due quite largely I think to the defects in our school system. Still we absorb certain racial atmospheres without knowing why. A Polish woman, very bright, in my daughter's employ, came back from the screen version of Emerson Hough's *Covered Wagon* exclaiming that she thought it poor, and didn't understand what it was all about. Yet it lies in the very background of our American consciousness.

When, in my own dense ignorance, I first began to look into American history, I found it necessary to go back to England, and from England to Rome. Rome got her culture from Greece. Cicero learned oratory in Athens. Among all the writers of Rome, the divine Vergil alone stands out as an original source.

In Greece I found my historical starting point in Thucydides' *History of the Peloponnesian War*, the greatest history ever written and a model for all time. It is here we find the sources of democracy, of imperialism, of everything humanity displays, in the original package. No one can compare the funeral oration of Pericles with Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, without being startled by their similarity. I should place Thucydides' history (in Jowett's admirable translation) as first on my list; and next, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, a monumental work written in sonorous prose, more than 800,000 words in length, and which would take at least 60 or 70 days to read through, reading one hour a day. In the life of Olive Schreiner, author of *The Story of an African Farm* and one of the great women of our modern world, her husband said she kept this book at her bedside, and read it continuously. I know of no better background to the reading of American history than the companionship of these two books.

As for our American history, what is one to do? I could give a list of excellent American historians (Parkman, Fiske, McMaster, Rhodes, et cetera) which would require the leisure of an antiquarian to digest. But our whole method is built on brevity—time saving; and I still insist on sources. For instance, Washington's letters to Congress, which can be read through in half an hour, repay a hundredfold for the time spent. Go to a library in an idle hour and look up the sources—Bradford's journal, other letters, diaries, presidential messages —and you will find yourself on the threshold of a new series of mental adventures. This should be play, not work. And consider the enormous value to American citizenship and the purity of public opinion if everyone did it? Every woman's club ought to have its American history source course.

In fiction the rule is absolute: *The best book of the best man.* Thus we have Fielding's *Tom Jones*, Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice* (which Disraeli read 19 times), Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, Scott's *Ivanhoe*, Dickens' *David Copperfield*, and in this country Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*, Mark Twain's *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, et cetera. This is merely a casual list; one must learn for one's self.

In essayists I would have but two, Macaulay and Emerson. Of these, if we select one of each for companionship, I myself require Macaulay's *Frederic* and Emerson's *Spiritual Laws*.

## First Families of Chicago

(*Concluded from page 14*)

they had to turn her over to the British.

Another interesting figure in this group is Mrs. Beaubien, wife of the first innkeeper in Chicago. She is dressed as a nurse and carries a child, but is young and charming.

The figure of Mrs. Jeremiah Potter, née Eliza Chappell, is proof that Chicago at an early period realized the need of an education for its young people. Eliza Chappell was born in New York where she learned the method of kindergarten instruction. In 1830 she was persuaded by an agent of the American Fur Company to establish a school at Mackinac, and the following year she came to Chicago. Her first school was in a log cabin just outside the reservation. It had two small rooms, one for her living quarters and the other for her school. The furniture was extremely crude. There were no desks and but a few rude seats. On a table was a globe, a hymn book, and a Bible, and on the wall was a map and some illustrations for geometry and astronomy. Each morning the children paddled across the Chicago River, and they needed no compulsory school law to force them to attend. Later she started a private school for girls. She took twelve of them into her enlarged home and prepared them to be teachers, thus founding the first normal school. She was evidently providing for a successor, for the following year she married the Rev. Jeremiah and evaded the fate usually ascribed to the schoolmarm. The little figure is handsomely gowned in brown serge and velvet, and a wide poke bonnet enshrines her russet hair and piquant face.

A dainty figure in the next group is that of Mary McVickar. Her father owned "McVickar's," the theater so famous in Chicago's early dramatic history, and now transformed into a movie palace. She first appeared there as "Little Nell," and immediately became a great favorite. She played other child rôles and materially aided McVickar in the struggling days of the drama. At eighteen she played Juliet with Edwin Booth as Romeo. This ended her career, for the following year she married the famous actor.

Mary Todd Lincoln is also in the same group. She is dressed in the gown she wore to the President's inaugural ball, but is somewhat thinner than she usually appears in her pictures. Her face is more girlish and appealing, and holds less ambition than one generally associates with Lincoln's wife.

Another prominent woman, represented by a severe little figure in a full gray dress, is Mrs. D. P. Livermore. She has made a splendid record for the Chicago women of the middle eighteenth century. She was highly educated, a teacher, author, and co-editor on her husband's paper. She was the only woman present at Lincoln's nomination, and initiated the U. S. Sanitary Commission during the Civil War.

Families that are leaders now in social and industrial life in Chicago have their representatives. Mrs. Cyrus Hall McCormick I, the wife of the inventor of the reaper, is a tiny figure in a high-waisted white satin evening gown. She was Miss Nettie Fowler, a society beauty of New York. Much of McCormick's success was probably due to her.

Farther down one sees Mrs. C. H. McCormick II, very regal looking in green velvet and pearls. She married the eldest son of the inventor and was well known in Chicago for her activity in social and cultural movements.

## Basil King on "Kitchen Literature"

(*Concluded from page 2*)

that standard we become self-conscious and pretentious. The spontaneous quality, which does not take itself too seriously, is always essential in writing."

"What, then, of the schools of journalism, the courses in fiction writing, don't they bend toward destroying spontaneity?"

"Such schools are helps. They are not intended to do more than suggest. They cannot impart the writing power to those who do not possess it. The writer must be born with the greater part of his equipment, or he will never amount to anything. Given his equipment he will find everything grist that comes to his mill, and be able to assimilate all help and suggestion. It is essential to him to preserve his simplicity and spontaneity.

"All writers, all thinkers, pass so quickly, so quickly become out of date. I talked the other night with a theological professor and he told me how difficult it was nowadays for theological students to read the sermons of Phillips Brooks, how dead he had become to the new generation. You may say, if you will, that that is the fault of the new generation, but saying it will not bring a dead voice back to life.

"I have been trying to reread three books which, a few years ago, filled me with enthusiasm. Tolstoi's *Anna Karenina*. Thomas Hardy's *Return of the Native*, George Eliot's *Mill on the Floss*, and do what I would, I could not recapture anything approaching the old enthusiasm. I found them very heavy and very hard to read. On the other hand I have been trying Scott Fitzgerald. Much as I dislike his subjects I can read him because he is young and living.

"Some of the younger writers seem to me to run to a kind of kitchen literature. *The Green Hat*, for example, seems to me only fit for servant girls. Of course, large numbers of the so-called higher classes, both men and women, have the servant girl mind, and only they can revel in such stuff. At the same time it is hard for a writer, whose day is brief, to resist the chance of making money. I remember some fifteen or twenty years ago hearing the remark attributed to Arnold Bennett that he must make what money he could at the time being as he knew the chance would not last. That might be said by nearly every writer in the world. For a few years he may have a big sale, after which he goes diminuendo."

Mr. King was asked about Willa Cather, the mention of whose work not infrequently provokes unusual enthusiasm. "I have," he said, "no doubt that Miss Cather is all the critics say she is. Personally I find her later books a little difficult to read. *The Lost Lady* was an admirable piece of work, but to me the subject was distasteful. A book in which the chief and most sympathetic character goes downhill never seems to me quite healthy-minded. Her earlier books pleased me better. I remember *O Pioneers* as a masterpiece.

"My feeling about the novel is that first of all it should be novel. That is, however old the theme, and all the themes are very old, a novel should present it from some novel point of view. This can only be achieved through the personality of the writer. If he keeps himself simple and spontaneous something of his nature will inevitably seep in and that is the only originality left to us."

Mr. King lapsed into utter silence. A clock with a ball pendulum drummed deeply . . . A finger of pale gold sunlight edged across the platinum rug . . .

"What do you think of Mr. Hutchinson's work?"

"I feel that Mr. Hutchinson's subjects are very sympathetic, but for me he is too wordy and he has a tendency to be hysterical."

"Are you, then, more interested in the work of some one among the contemporary writers, Mr. King?"

"I thought Mrs. Fairbank's *The Smiths* was very exceptional. Anne Parrish's book was, to me, very fine, although it has a clumsy title and an uninviting one. Louis Bromfield, as long as he keeps on his own ground, the Middle West, is admirable, but when he gets to New York some of his characters, especially Mrs. Callender and her son, become preposterous, and the crowd they had around them never grew in New York! On the other hand I know of no finer writing, done by any of the writers today, than his presentation of the Shane family. They were, I think, masterly."

"Are you pleased, on the whole, with the trend of the novels today?"

"I am always pleased with the trend life takes," said Mr. King. "Life seems to me very like a river meandering on, often turning on itself and seeming to go back, but in reality it is getting there. And where the young and old differ I take it for granted that the young tend to be in the right and the old in the wrong. The young are forging ahead to the new point of view, the old are lagging behind with that which has been outlived. That is the chief difference I see between them. The young writers of the present strike me on the whole as honest and enterprising. It is true that they are criticized, but there never was a time when they were not criticized. I read a short time ago an article on the young, taken from a copy of the London *Times* in 1844, which might have been written today. The young people of that time, when Queen Victoria was only twenty-four, were disrespectful, insubordinate, irreverent toward the past, almost non-moral, and lived at a pace which their elders found appalling."

There was one other question. There could have been a dozen. "What, Mr. King, do you think of the function of criticism in America today. Do you believe it is being properly exercised?"

Mr. King stood up and walked into a patch of sunlight. "I think," he said carefully in his sympathetic voice, "that criticism in this country is in a very rudimentary state. We have a few periodicals in which it is of a high order, but in general our publications pay it little attention. It seems to me, however, to be improving. I see no reason why it should not sooner or later become a vigorous factor in American life and letters. I want to see it unfold . . ."

That was all this man who is silent by habit said in that peaceful November morning. Above the narrow stairway the voices of the household could be heard. It is possible to learn that Basil King is not one of the writers who insist upon quiet and numerous moody decorations for their working hours. He works with his study door open. He likes to hear snatches of telephone conversations.

After all perhaps he is right. Perhaps it does not become a story-teller to be finicky when he can be so much else that is more valuable.



# A Dance a Week



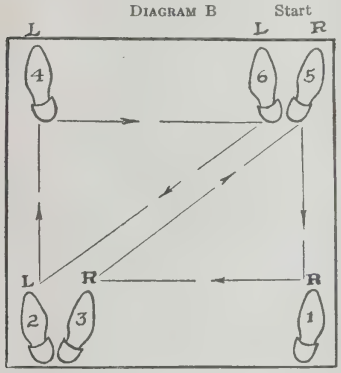
## Further Instruction on the Waltz Step

The use of diagrams in learning dance steps will be found helpful.

They may be chalked on the floor or permanently painted on a square of canvas or other fabric. It would be well to draw not only the square, but the positions of left and right feet as well as the numbers of the steps as they are given. In the more intricate diagrams, showing the turnings, the reproduction of the dotted lines will be found to be a help.

Diagram A, published last week, illustrated the waltz step, as the gentleman begins it, that is, by stepping back with the left foot. We now publish Diagram B which illustrates the reverse of that step.

DIAGRAM B




DANCING IN A SQUARE—THE REVERSE

Slide right foot back, (1)
Slide left foot to side, (2)
Close right foot to left, (3) 1 bar.
Slide left foot forward, (4)
Slide right foot to side, (5)
Close left foot to right, (6) 1 bar.

The beginner in waltzing will probably dance with little variation for a time, until the action of the dance becomes more or less automatic. But gradually there will come upon him a feeling of being hampered in his movements, of not being able to turn to the left or right at will without inconveniencing himself or his partner. He will then seek for further freedom of movement in the steps. In this he will be greatly assisted by the methods described in Diagrams C and D, the former illustrating the turn to the right, the latter the turn to the left. They follow in order.

Begin at the word "start," draw left foot back, toeing in along curved line to (1);
Slide right foot to side (2);
Close left to right (3); 1 bar.
Slide right foot forward (4);
Left to side (5);
Close right to left (6); 1 bar.
Draw left foot back, toeing in (7);
Slide right foot (8);
Close left to right (9); 1 bar.
Slide right forward (10);
Slide left to side (11);
Close right to left (12). 1 bar.

Draw a square about three feet on each side as in Diagram D.

DIAGRAM C

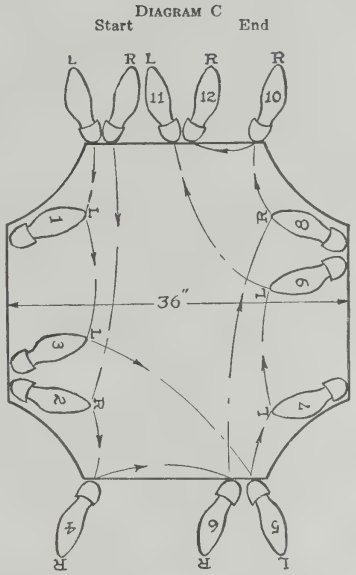
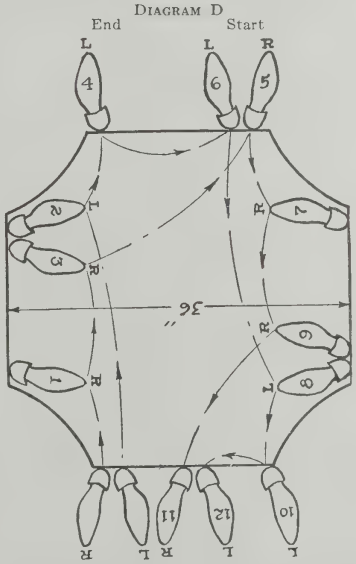



DIAGRAM D

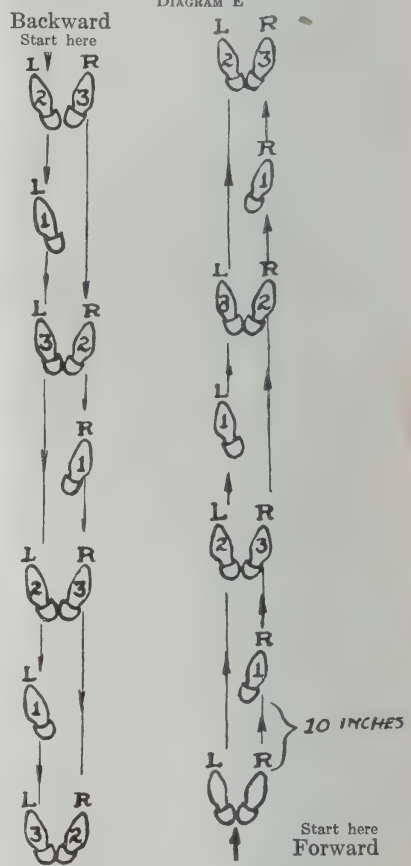



Begin at "Start," draw right foot back, toeing in, to (1);
Slide left foot to side, (2);
Close right foot to left, (3); 1 bar.
Slide left foot forward, toeing out, (4);
Slide right foot to side, (5);
Close left to side, (6); 1 bar.
Draw right foot back, toeing in, (7);
Slide left foot to side, (8);
Close right foot to left, (9); 1 bar.
Slide left foot forward, toeing out, (10);
Slide right foot to side, (11);
Close left foot to right, (12). 1 bar.

In all 12 counts, 12 steps or four measures of music. Repeat all 20 times.

There will also sometimes come in the course of dancing a situation in which it may be desirable to move in a direct line, either forward or backward. This is called the "pursuit step" and is illustrated by Diagram E. It is unnecessary to draw this diagram on the floor; holding the book in hand and following the methods described will make clear the elements of the step.

DIAGRAM E




THE "PURSUIT STEP"

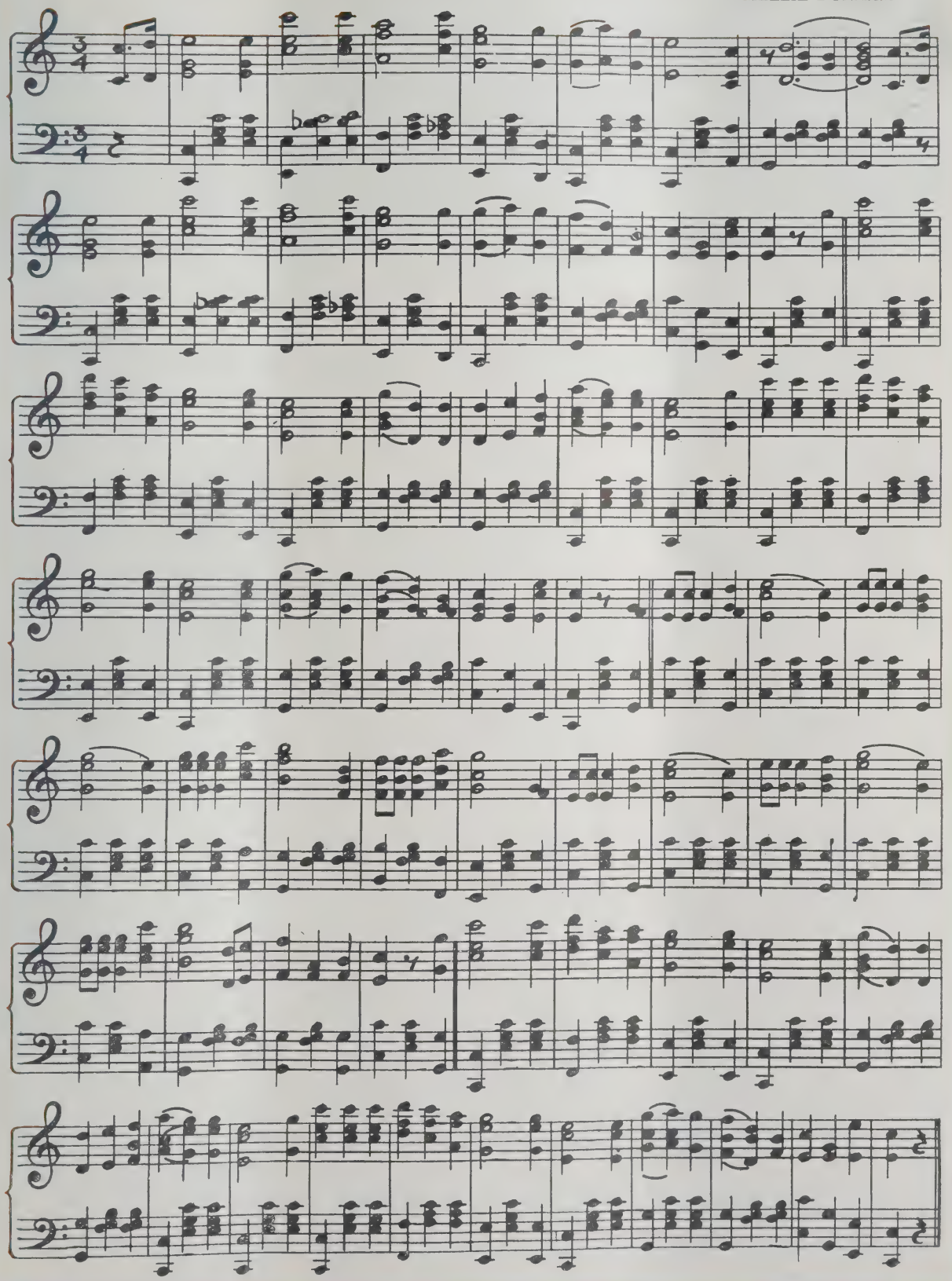
is executed directly forward or backward, without turning. It is also used as a preparatory step in reversing. A thorough knowledge of this step will improve any one's dancing. This diagram should be practiced faithfully until there is no question of doubt as to the ability of the dancer to execute it. The point to remember is, the "second step" is advanced for the first two movements—just two plain walking steps—and bring the feet together on the third step. The exercise:

Slide right forward, count 1;
Left foot forward, count 2;
Close right to left, count 3; 1 bar.
Slide left foot forward, count 1;
Slide right foot forward, count 2;
Close left foot to right, count 3. 1 bar.

Repeat all many times forward, then repeat moving in a backward direction starting with the left foot.

# RIPPLING WAVES

MELLIE DUNHAM





One of the hills surrounding the business district before the city started to reduce the street levels. This street was cut down as much as forty feet in some places.



The same street after the top of the hill had been removed. Many of the buildings along this thoroughfare, including one large church, converted their basements into ground floors.

# Cutting Top Off a City Helps Traffic

## Elimination of Steep Grades Proves Boon to Omaha

By HARRY H. DUNN

THE greatest problem of the American city today is that of traffic. Various expedients, ranging from subways for street cars and automobiles to elevated ways for street cars and pedestrians, have been tried with varying degrees of success, but it has remained for Omaha, a city of some 210,000 inhabitants, to attempt an entirely new method. Apparently, the results have been successful, not alone in increasing the capacity of the main arteries of trade, but in furnishing better and more easily available avenues to and from the business district.

The Omaha method of solving the traffic problem consists in cutting down all the elevations in the city to the same level, or to levels of such slight differential that they offer no obstacle to the rapid and continuous movement of traffic. The business district of Omaha is surrounded on two sides by hills, and on two sides by the Missouri River. The river front and the business district is level, but access to the business district from two sides has been through hills, most of which are occupied by residential sections, though business territory has crept back into some of these hills. To lay open the commercial heart of the city to traffic to and from all the large surrounding territory for which Omaha is the business heart, the city government has cut the tops off six of these hills, bringing wide boulevards directly across the summits of them—and crossing the boulevards at the site of each former hill with a wide cross-town street. In addition to this, the bridge across the Missouri River has been doubled in width, and the boulevards crossing what once were hills have been led into the business district, giving six inlets and as many outlets for traffic. There never can be traffic congestion in the heart of Omaha due to lack of wide avenues for the traffic to follow, either coming in or going out.

These public improvements have cost approximately $4,000,000. It is estimated that they have saved ten times this amount to the city in accelerating the movement of traffic, and in handling the purchasing public into and out of the business district. In fact, Omaha believes that it has solved the traffic problem for itself for many years to come, since it now has main thoroughfares capable of handling some four times the present traffic into and out of the commercial section.

In addition to the cutting down of these hills, of which more hereafter, Omaha has widened the bridge across the Missouri River into Iowa, without tearing down the original bridge, or stopping traffic either way across during the entire time that the work of widening was in progress. This in itself was no mean engineering feat. This bridge is a mile long, and to make room for the new sections which have doubled its width, it was necessary to move the whole structure eight feet to one side. This was accomplished by means of huge rollers, without interfering for a moment with traffic, and while an average of 4,200 cars daily were crossing it.

But, to return to the business of cutting off the top of a city to care for its traffic: Dropping street levels forty to fifty feet to eliminate hills would seem to be an expensive method of meeting the problem of automobile congestion, yet it has not proved so. The owners of the property along the tops and on the slopes of these hills have found that access to their property is increased more than 100 per cent, their once sloping lots are now level, and their land values have increased, in many instances, more than 500 per cent. As soon as they learned these things, they met the city halfway, cut their lots down to the grade level established by the municipality, and began erecting new buildings on them. Soon another important and interesting result of this work appeared—the business district began to expand, and what had been very small business, residential or boarding-house property, on the rim of the commercial section, became real business blocks with greatly increased sale and rental value. The reason for this, of course, is that motorists can now reach these parts of the city without climbing stiff grades.

The idea originated with a group of property owners who passed it on to the city. The method was simple—the property necessary for the widening of the street and lowering of its grade to eliminate the hill was condemned and paid for by the city. Work was then let out by contract on competitive bidding, in which *the lowest bidder got the job.*

Some of the hills were cut down as much as 50 feet; others as little as 20 feet, while some streets were raised, the greatest elevation yet added to a street having been 15 feet. When streets were raised into long approaches to meet the cutting down of a high hill, the property owners had to fill in their lots, instead of lowering them, but the earth from the cut-down hills served both to raise the necessary approaches and to fill in the lots along either side of these streets, so that the costs in either case were relatively low. As in other street improvement projects in American cities, long time was given to the property owner in which to pay for the work on his lot or lots.

In connection with this unusual method of handling traffic within the city, Omaha coöperated with five interstate highways, so that each, on reaching the city limits, enters immediately upon one of the broad, paved thoroughfares leading into the business district. This system gives ingress to and egress from the commercial section, not only to the residents of Omaha, but to every motorist living in all the trade territory contiguous to and dependent upon that business center.

Beyond these improvements Omaha has a drive fifteen miles long, following the winding Missouri River through the hills. It is in the form of two highways, each wide enough for two lines of motor traffic, with a tree-lined, grass-grown parkway between. This gives the city one of the finest water-bordered boulevards of any municipality west of Chicago, and property owners, as in the case of the cutting down of the hills, did all in their power to assist the city in completing this project. The general plan was to hold all new streets to eighty feet in width, and to widen as many as possible of the already established streets to that width. With all these improvements, the indebtedness of the city is still well under 4 per cent of the assessed valuation, the legal limit for such indebtedness being 5 per cent.

## Going to Sea in Subsidized Ships

(*Concluded from page 7*)

ment is more than twice the volume of the inward one this may seem strange. It owes largely to the circumstance that *the buyer has more control over the means of transportation than the seller.*

Here one runs into a rather curious circumstance. For the last several years the government has sold, and apparently has stood ready to sell without limit, vessels for private operation overseas on terms which undoubtedly offset the average of advantage as to costs enjoyed by foreign shipowners. That is, the prices charged have been so far below the cost of vessels abroad that savings in capital investment thus made possible exceed the margin of construction and operating costs which is claimed to weigh against the American and helpfully to the foreign owner. Yet the government still has on hand around 1,000 vessels which no one seems anxious to buy even on terms that are tantamount to a fully compensating subsidy.

Hence the situation must be beset by factors which subsidy cannot reach on anything like a general scale.

One of these probably is governmental interferences in ways other than the operation of vessels. While pretending to help him with one hand, the Federal Government uses its other hand to put many obstacles in the way of the private operator of over-sea ships. If an American, for example, wants to sell a ship to a foreigner he must first get the government's permission before he can do so. If he has his ship repaired abroad, under other than emergency circumstances, he must pay the government 50 per cent of the cost when the ship next returns to an American port. The Seaman's Act, whose purpose is a commendably human one, circumscribes him more than is any foreign shipowner in choosing and managing his crew. Some of the excess cost of building a vessel in this country owes to tariff duties on materials used. These and other interferences amount, in the end, to positive discriminations in favor of the foreign shipowner and ships operated under foreign flags.

*Americans avoid these hindrances by buying ships abroad and operating them under foreign flags,* which can always be done.

*When the war began, it is estimated that Americans owned and operated more shipping under foreign than under their own country's flag.*

Possibly as much is so owned and operated now.

Americans once overcame the handicapping factor of higher costs and made the American merchant marine the world's best. DeToqueville, writing his *American Democracy,* looked into the subject and declared that they did it by *sheer exercise of enterprise,* upon which the government put no restraint as it quite evidently does now.

Could they do it again if let alone? Some of the best of American ship operators believe that they could and would.

"I have always felt that a shipowner who must have 'pap' does not deserve to be in the business," declared Captain Robert Dollar. "We do not need any advantages over the other fellow. We can take care of ourselves. But we do ask for an even break. Government interference and foolish laws so far have prevented that."

# Sad Tale of a United States Report

(*Concluded from page 15*)

difficulties of the Tri-State Tobacco Growers Coöperative Association are due largely to the fact that its officers began in 1923 to withhold green tobacco from the market and sent it to redrying and storage plants; that at least twenty-seven officials of the coöperatives were financially interested in the redrying plants and deriving handsome profits from them in addition to their salaries from the coöperatives."

Such a statement of facts would clearly indicate that there is nothing for the Department of Justice to pass on, and the President of the United States should understand that and know that the proper place to send the report was to the Senate which ordered the investigation to be made and which alone could assume responsibility for making the facts public.

News accounts for December 31, 1925, state that Jardine has decided to summon farm leaders to Washington for a series of conferences on the farm problem; one of the conferences was announced for January 14. One of Mr. Jardine's invited guests for that occasion is Aaron Sapiro.

It is understood that the annual meeting of the National Council of Farmers Coöperative Marketing Associations is called in Washington for about the same time, and Mr. Sapiro will probably attend that meeting.

### LATER NOTICE

**This paper is necessarily made up some time ahead of the date of publication. The facts as given in the above article are not affected by later events. These events comprised the return of the report from the Department of Justice to the President, and its transmission by the President to the Senate, by which act it became a public document. There had never been any suggestion that the facts about the Cooperative Tobacco Associations indicated criminal action, and it is this which made it impossible to understand the President's action in sending the report to the Department of Justice. On the other hand the report could not avoid showing gross mismanagement of the said Cooperatives, and this was the point which it was to the advantage of Sapiro and his friends to conceal if possible, or as long as possible. The above story shows how far the effort at delay, if not at suppression, succeeded. We shall give the contents of the report in a later issue.**

## "Red" Russia Sets Stage for "Black Revolution"

(*Concluded from page 8*)

can move this essentially conservative race under the Red Flag of Soviet Russia is to ask too much of the imagination.

This is not the first time that a "black revolution" has been predicted. As far back as 1798 a series of wild circumstantial stories were published to prove that the French, together with the United Irishmen, were organizing the Negroes for a rebellion in the interests of France. In our own time, during the early days of the World War, it was predicted that the Negroes might be corrupted by German agents, but it turned out that there was less pro-Germanism among American Negroes than among any other element of the population. And 400,000 of them saw service in the World War. This record offers little encouragement to the Russian Communists who are circulating their propaganda among American Negroes.

While the Negro is accustomed to rely on the White man for many things, to appreciate his help and to work with him, and while he realizes that to join the Reds would mean a breach with his employer, it nevertheless must be admitted that the Negro has certain social and economic grievances. According to statements given out at Chicago, the Negro as a race is discriminated against; he is disfranchised politically; he is compelled to ride in "Jim Crow" cars; he is segregated in certain large cities; he does not enjoy equal opportunities and equal pay with the white workingman; in the South there are not sufficient educational facilities for his children. These, and occasional lynchings, embitter the Negro's life and impel him to occasional acts of rebellion.

In these unfair economic and social practices lie the only real danger that the American Negro may become Bolshevized. The way to make him a better and safer element of our population is to conduct an intelligent offensive against these real domestic menaces. If the American Negro becomes a radical it will be our fault, not Russia's.


# No Harm—
## No caffeine in
# This Coffee

Here is a pure coffee—a delightful blend—with the caffeine taken out. We simply open the pores and remove it, without affecting the flavor or aroma in the least.

Caffeine is the source of coffee harm. It forbids coffee to many, including all children. It forces others to be careful, to omit coffee at night. Millions of coffee lovers are driven to substitutes, simply because of caffeine.

Kaffee Hag offers you coffee at its best with the caffeine gone. The taste is unaltered. All the quick bracing effects remain. It means a coffee all can drink at any hour without a thought of harm. Countless homes now serve it, also the finest hotels.




Learn what it means to people at your table who should avoid caffeine. Send the coupon with a dime for a 10-cup package. It will open the way to new delights. Clip coupon now.

**Mail This Today for 10-cup Sample; 10 cts.**

**KAFFEE HAG**

**1414 Davenport Ave., Cleveland, Ohio**

Name.....

Address.....

# BRIEFLY TOLD

Queen Mary of England loves to walk, often coming back on foot from tours that start in a motor car.

The germicidal influence on cholera vibrio in the water of the river Ganges is due to bacteriophage, according to Dr. Philip B. Hadley.

Vitamine D serves to stimulate the active qualities of yeast. Vitamine E has as its chief characteristic the fact that it is essential to reproduction. The word vitamine originated not more than a dozen years ago. Vitamine C represents the one effective check to the disease of scurvy.

Charles H. Gilbert, professor of ...ology at Stanford University, has ...overed that the scales of a fish ...w its approximate age.

...What are regarded as the ances... of modern men are known as ...e Cro-Magnon races, coming, it is ...jectured, from the East by way ...orthern Africa.



In a 50-mile gale a six-foot man has a ton of air hurled at him every minute.

The ethrog, or Sacred Jewish Citron, is one of the costliest and most interesting, yet one of the least known fruits in the world. It is closely allied to the orange, lemon, and citron. Twenty-five dollars for a single fruit is not unusual.

The *English Poetry Review* of London awarded to Edwin Markham the international prize for a poem on Edgar Allan Poe.

In parts of Chinese Turkestan women are so numerous, due to the emigration of the men, that the marriage ceremony by the mullah and the bill of divorcement are given at the same time.

The first use of the numerals of which we have any record is in India and dates back to the end of the second century A. D.

By means of an instrument called the "brass brain," the movement of the tides can be foretold. There is only one instrument of this kind and it is owned by the United States.

*The Diamond Sutra* was the first book ever printed. It was a part of the Buddhist bible and appeared in A. D. 868. In 1314 China had a typesetting machine. A book was printed from movable type in 1409.



An Atchison, Kansas, painter smelled smoke while riding in his motor car. He thought his car was on fire and began to call loudly. Someone sent in the alarm and as the fire department dashed up the painter discovered it was but his necktie burning.

Bachelorhood in Japan is very rare, being almost unknown.

Benjamin Franklin mapped out the course of the Gulf Stream in 1770.

The Greeks gathered unto themselves many of the vices that come with wealth. They went under when the more virile Romans struck them. The Romans sent their strong men into all the world. They gave to modern civilization its system of laws and to our forbears the jury system.

Four Germans have discovered a way of melting carbon.

You may sometimes hear some people in good company interlard their discourse with oaths, by way of embellishment, as they think; but you must observe, too, that those who do so are never those who contribute in any degree to give that company the denomination of good company.—*Letters of Lord Chesterfield to His Son*, October, 1748.



English courts sometimes order home spankings for children and every elementary school still has its switch.

It is said there is a small sect in Tennessee trying to have a bill adopted prohibiting the teaching that the earth is round.

The difference in elevation between the deepest known spot in the ocean and the summit of the highest mountain is 11.7 miles.

P. W. Wilson calls Queen Marie of Rumania the mother-in-law of the Balkans.

The women of Carthage bobbed their hair and flew to the defense of their city against Scipio Africanus.

Louis XVI was fastidious in some things but not all. Disliking the prevailing style of oblong handkerchiefs he issued a decree ordering manufacturers to make them square, and square they have remained.

The word brain occurs for the first time in the Smith Papyrus of the seventeenth century B. C. This papyrus gives the most important medical knowledge we have from ancient times.

Prior to 1883 each city in America had its own time, which was determined by the time of passage of the sun across the local meridian, consequently the traveler going from one city to another had continually to change his watch to the local time.



A Civil War veteran, more than thirty years ago, made a vow he would not have his hair cut until William Jennings Bryan was in the President's chair. Upon Mr. Bryan's death, however, he consented to have it cut.

Carved stones sometimes fall to the earth from the sky. In 1910 a stone cylinder fell at Westerville, Ohio.

In the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, there is an Egyptian wooden coffin 3,900 years old. The drawing and painting on it are in a wonderful state of preservation. It is said to be the most important sarcophagus yet found.

There are over fifty English names for that lighting phenomenon commonly called "will-o'-the-wisp."

A curious fact concerning the 57 "deeps" in the ocean is that all of them are near the land.

Ruskin outlined a plan in *Sesame and Lilies* similar to the Boy Scouts, long before Baden Powell organized them.

The descendants of Confucius are well known in China today.

# 1925

Firestone's sales were $125,000,000 in 1925—a 47% increase over 1924—rounding out the Company's first quarter century. In 1925 were produced 53,000,000 tires, 3,500,000 cars, 520,000 trucks and 23,000 buses.

1925 saw the Balloon Tire—pioneered and developed by Firestone—become standard equipment on practically every make of car. Firestone Full-Size Gum-Dipped Balloons delivered 71,000 miles on a Detroit taxicab without a tire failure on any of the four wheels—a record performance. They won the International Sweepstakes at Indianapolis, May 30, with a new world's record of 101.13 miles an hour for 500 miles.

Firestone leadership is typified by these outstanding records. They clearly show the value of twenty-five years of concentrated effort upon tire manufacturing exclusively.

# 1926

Firestone's accomplishments in 1925, great as they have been, are sure to be exceeded in 1926.

The enormous tire output of 1926 will require additional men and machinery, and the exorbitant cost of crude rubber—around $1 per pound as compared with 35 cents per pound a year ago—will require vast increases in working capital.

Firestone—with vision to foresee and provide for these conditions—has expended over $3,500,000 in new plants and equipment and has issued $10,000,000 additional preferred stock.

Motorists should depend more than ever upon Firestone, with its long-established and rigid policy of using only the most improved methods, highest quality of materials, and advanced tire engineering—assuring Most Miles per Dollar.

The Mark of Quality

# Firestone

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER . . H.S. Firestone

# BRIEFLY TOLD

Night travelers in the wooded rural sections of Smoland, Sweden, will meet couples, men, or even single girls riding bicycles on their way to or from old-fashioned barn dances.

The villains in Chinese drama have no hair on the upper lip, for only good characters wear a mustache.

Early automobile courtesy decreed that every auto driver should stop and lead every horse he met past his car.

Horse-pulling contests were common in England more than a hundred years ago, the teams being hooked to trees and the horses that tried longest and went to their knees oftenest won the stakes.

There were but forty-four rural free delivery routes in the United States on July 1, 1900.



There is a tribe of snake charmers in India immune from snake poison. They catch cobras by charming them with music.

Magnus Swenson, now president of the Norwegian American Steamship Line, gave the Wisconsin legislators a molasses bath in the early eighties when the centrifugal machine he was demonstrating began going too fast, throwing the sticky syrup over the assemblage.

The pronghorned antelope, the swiftest four-footed animal of our western plains, is native only to America.

Many home yards and country roads in Europe are shaded by fruit trees, the law and sense of property rights being strong enough to protect the fruit from theft.

Dutchman, a horse that made a three-mile trotting record that stood for thirty years, was once a brickyard worker, but was "discovered" on an election day when his owner "pressed him into the service of carrying the free and independent voters to the polls."

Thomas Meighan, motion picture actor, says that the city of Killarney boasts one saloon for every fifty inhabitants.

The jointed cactus, introduced from England into South Africa in 1878 as a garden plant, has become a destructive weed which has ruined many farms.



The village blacksmith of New Moorefield, Ohio, is the town's champion cake maker, having annexed his seventh prize in this connection, competing with women widely known for their skill in cake baking.

Captain William Hogbin, Civil War veteran and one of a family of twenty-one children, was driven out of Dubuque, Iowa, in 1877 because he talked against liquor.

English college athletic teams have no highly paid coaches, for athletics are entirely in the hands of students there.

James Watt, inventor of the steam engine, was so poor that he was given a room free when studying at the University of Glasgow.

Frederick the Great of Germany learned to play the flute against his father's wishes.

The earliest automobiles were legally classified as steam engines.

England, with her love for open fireplaces, consumes three times as much coal per capita for domestic purposes as does Cermany with her closed stoves.

After keeping weather reports fifteen years showing losses on the Great Lakes from unexpected storms, Dr. I. A. Lapham secured the adoption of U. S. Government forecasts in 1870.




On a recent Friday the 13th the barbers of Mt. Horeb, Wisconsin, shaved all comers for 13 cents a face, and it is said that most of the village male population over 15 years of age patronized the shops that day.

Japan's first railroad wasn't built until 1872 or forty-two years after the Baltimore and Ohio, the first railroad in the United States, began its service.

Seventy-five prisoners at Waupun, Wisconsin, are taking correspondence courses from the state university.

The town of Fachi, on an oasis in the Sahara, is built of salt. It is said to have only 100 inhabitants.

Kissing under the mistletoe may soon disappear, because the United States Department of Agriculture has started a drive to exterminate mistletoe from our national forests.

A healthy beggar in a Chinese city let one of his finger nails grow to a length of twelve inches.



Habitual spitters will be disappointed to learn that there are no cuspidors in the bright and shining waiting room of Chicago's new Union Railway Station.

The first state gasoline tax was passed in Oregon in 1919.

In 1794 Ogden's Mare, the famous hackney, trotted forty miles in three hours, carrying a 152-pound load in the saddle, a feat which authorities say no living horse could do today.

A proposed but never enforced law required an auto driver to have a man carry a red flag fifty feet ahead of his car to warn people of his approach.

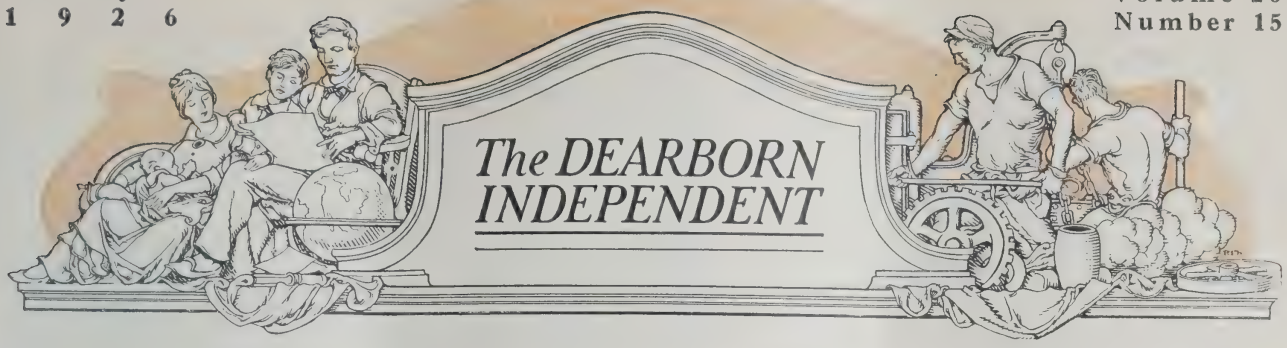
John Muir, the naturalist, received his first botany lesson under a black locust tree that is still standing on the University of Wisconsin campus.

Passenger pigeons, now exterminated, were once so numerous that they broke down cottonwood trees on islands in the Mississippi River.

Former Governor James Doty's home at Green Bay was the first brick house in Wisconsin, the brick for which was hauled by boat all the way from Detroit.

January 30
1 9 2 6

Volume 26
Number 15




# The Essence of This Issue:

Mr. Ford's page this week discusses the curious fact that present peace agreements are secured by military force.

Florida, to that state's everlasting credit, has taken measures to purge itself of real estate sharks and shysters, despite the unfavorable publicity and howls of rage that such action was bound to cause. Coupled with the tale of the exodus of the "binder boys," quondam denizens of New York's East Side, it makes a capital story of particular interest to all investors. (p. 5)

Now that she is gone we value Amy Lowell the more for the harsh and bitter criticism that was heaped on her while she lived. Even now we cannot fully appreciate, fully interpret her work; that must be left to posterity. But we can learn of the woman herself—her little ways—her "night-hawk" habit—even her cheroot—from those who knew her while she was still among us. (p. 2)

With the amazing growth of American cities in the past two decades there has been an equally amazing growth in the cost of municipal government. Indeed the average *per capita* expense in cities of more than 30,000 population has more than doubled. There is considerable food for thought in the figures presented by Aaron Hardy Ulm; corruption and inefficiency, apparently, still take their toll of the taxpayers' money. (p. 3)

Maggie Tulliver is one of the most pathetic figures which George Eliot has created. Possessing all the attributes that go to make a womanly and lovable heroine, she passes out of the story in a whirl of tragedy. Lewis Worthington Smith gives a finely directed analysis of this, one of the outstanding characters in fiction. (p. 20)

Of all the panaceas proposed for agriculture, probably the most bizarre is that one, recently evolved, which would create a new governmental bureau to meddle with the law of supply and demand and attempt to maintain an artificial price level This newest cure suffers somewhat under the lens of clear, unbiased analysis. (p. 14)

Romance in the South Seas is largely a romance of moonlight and—the tourist's expectation; it vanishes under the sharp, harsh light of day and of reality. Those who seek the glamour may find it, if they do not stay too long! (p. 8)

Stephen Burroughs was a suave and shriftless scamp, whose adventures are entertainingly set forth by Charles J. Finger in another of his "Romantic Rascals" stories. Burroughs, for some time a fake clergyman, lived by his wits among the hard-headed New Englanders of 150 years ago, a difficult achievement even for an accomplished rogue. (p. 16)

How often have you seen thrilling shipwrecks portrayed on the screen, or villages torn away by tornadoes, or actors balanced perilously on thin girders of skeleton buildings high above the street, and wondered how such things were done? The chances are that the Hot Dog Engineer—master creator of movie illusions—was responsible. (p. 21)

California was once thought by early explorers to be an island and was so depicted on the first maps. The error persisted for years until by heroic efforts Father Kino, a Jesuit missionary, determined the true character of the region. Colonization and the era of the missions followed. Professor Karpinski tells the story interestingly. (p. 24)

Their homes ransacked and burned, their fields laid bare, their sons accorded cruel treatment in British prisons, the New Jersey Signers of the Declaration of Independence suffered much for their country. But the severity of the enemy never caused them to regret their supreme act of patriotism. (p. 28)

The modeling of beautiful pieces of pottery from prosaic clay was a passion with Josiah Wedgewood; he put into the work the soul of the true artist. (p. 12)

Of course no one did it! But it was plainly written in the "copy" that the Colossus of Rhodes was erected 280 B.C. and overturned in 224 B.C. Plainly written. It appeared in the January 16 issue of this paper, however, in just the opposite order. Some superficial meddler who has not yet been discovered thought it preposterous that a thing built in the year 280 should be destroyed in the year 224. And transposed the dates! It would have been proper——A.D.! The B.C. makes the difference. The error was caught after a number of copies had got into the mails.

CONTENTS

Amy Lowell—A Woman and Her Message - 2
*JANET MABIE*
Twenty-One Year Tale of Cities - - - - - 3
*AARON HARDY ULM*
Florida Chases Out the Land Swindlers - - 5
*W. B. HOLLAND*
South Seas' Lure. Does It Live? - - - - - 8
*WILLIAM LEE CALNON*
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
Wedgewood, the Master Potter, and His Work 12
*MARY HARROD NORTHEND*
The "New Economics" for Farmers - - - 14
*ROBERT KENTON*
Romantic Rascals—Stephen Burroughs - - - 16
*CHARLES J. FINGER*
A Tragic Heroine—Maggie Tulliver - - - - 20
*LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH*
The Hot Dog Engineer of Screenland - - - 21
*FRED GILMAN JOPP*
They Thought California Was an Island - - 24
*LOUIS C. KARPINSKI*
The Signers—Quintet From New Jersey - - 28
*CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN*
A Dance a Week—The Rye Waltz - - - - 32

NEXT WEEK

Our next issue will be a special Lincoln number in which many hitherto unpublished facts about the great President will appear.

The first of a series of articles on the Navy's viewpoint on the air question will also appear next week, written by Captain William Satterlee Pye, an authority on naval and military operations.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN

Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer; C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.50 A YEAR in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year. Single copy, ten cents.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

# Amy Lowell—a Woman and Her Message



## "Sevenels," the Dun-Colored House and Its Literary Atmosphere

By
JANET MABIE

PROBABLY no other figure in American letters leaves such an indefinable sense of continuing influence as Amy Lowell. Amy Lowell has taken on eternal luster, both for her work and for the personality which as thoroughly frightened some of her admirers as it delighted others, whose literary enemies admired the very qualities with which they had to disagree.

Amy Lowell, like John Singer Sargent, belonged, in a special and intimate sense, to Boston. Amy Lowell, unlike Sargent, made her year-round home in Brookline. "Sevenels," the estate is named. An old-fashioned, dun-colored house of manorial proportions, set far back from Heath street in a frame of ancient trees, and with a garden behind it which had a peculiar glamour of its own and was to become known to folk in many countries through allusions to it in poems.

Amy Lowell was not a recluse. She was a member of one of Boston's oldest families who turned out, to the bewilderment of her host of connections in what is known as the Old Boston aristocracy, to be a poet, and she was to be seen, now and again, when her work allowed her, in cultural settings, at Boston Symphony concerts, occasionally at a theater, at a puppet show, even at a Paul Whiteman concert, beaming broadly over George Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue," and standing in the aisle beating her hands together soundly for an encore. She looked a smaller woman, physically, going down the broad aisle of Symphony Hall, than she did upon the platform when she was to read her poems. She was rarely seen in a shop although occasionally she visited a bookshop, but she would go to her publishers—Houghton Mifflin Company—and spend hours conferring about manuscript or proof or advance plans for a new book, and her arrival in the building brought an inevitable little typhoon of excitement among typists and other employes to whom she was a legend happily crystallized into a visible being. They were the folk who could tell you that Amy Lowell habited herself off the platform in black or Oxford-gray walking suits, amply cut according to the fashion of two decades back, and having preposterous bishop sleeves, all of which suited her grenadier mien as no modern style ever could.

"Sevenels" was the perfect setting for Amy Lowell. It had the grace of the mellowed tradition in houses; it did not scorn, in its fittings, the sound, old-fashioned, if complicated, even ornate precepts of furnishings handed down from another day. It was eminently comfortable, notwithstanding its multitudinous bric-a-brac and pieces of gilt furniture. Its great drawing-room, long and deep enough for half a dozen small groups of people to engage in its various corners in comfortable conversation without interrupting each other, was lined from floor to ceiling with books. Dog's-eared, ordinary books side by side with priceless bindings, tomes of tooled leather and thin quartos printed on handmade paper.

From the ceiling there hung the magnificent chandelier, dripping with hundreds of icicles of cut crystal, which only lived by day for its brief hour of dazzling brilliance at night. There were anachronisms in the room. If the shade of one among the table lamps was ordinary Japanese crêpe paper, spoked like an umbrella and sprinkled with trifling, unbeautiful flowers, it was because the lamp it completed was a favorite of Amy Lowell's for some fiercely personal reason, and her favorite had a right to share the same room with, say, a priceless Satsuma bowl or an Aubusson carpet that put its modest value and artistic nothingness to shame.

The time to see Amy Lowell at her best was eleven o'clock at night. She habitually worked from close to midnight until the breakfast hour of ordinary folk. Perhaps it began as a pose, but it continued as a useful and productive habit. In the morning she breakfasted, saw to most urgent mail and went to bed in the thick silence which inclosed her household by day. Late in the afternoon she was in conference with her secretaries. She kept two. It is a tribute to her greatness that no secretary to Amy Lowell ever had but the most profound admiration for her. It says something, that fact. For if it is true that no man is a hero to his valet it is also true that no man, or woman either, can be a hero to a secretary.

It was the custom for Amy Lowell to dine at about nine o'clock. Frequently she had guests. She enjoyed people, she worked desperately hard, and they changed the atmosphere for her. People of her own class they were, who came to dinner. Her dinners were famous in the little world they included. It used to be said that by ten o'clock she was just beginning to be at her best, and that from that time until her guests had gone and she went to her study she was incomparable. Witty and wise sayings, epigrams for the origination of which probably no other living person could have secured acknowledgment, brilliant discussions of current news, international pulse beats, this author and that composer—like *cabochon* jewels tossing in the clear pool of her conversation.

She had a gift for satire, even for sarcasm, but she had also a gift for tempering, when she would, both satire and sarcasm. She was easily aroused to intellectual anger and she fought like a tiger for her convictions. It was well known among those bidden to be her guests that one could not, if one contemplated opposing her in a discussion, do better than be prepared with absolutely in-

(Concluded on page 31)

# Twenty-One Year Tale of Cities

## American Municipal Government—A Concise Survey of Climbing Costs

By AARON HARDY ULM

A LITTLE more than twenty years of time has passed since Lincoln Steffins published his *The Shame of the Cities* and thus aroused national interest in municipal government. Up to that time the American city, with few exceptions, had, like convenient Topsy, "just growed." This was as true of its government as of its streets. Steffins showed that big city government as a rule was marked by wastefulness, graft, corruption and shortsightedness, all growing out of deplorable political conditions, notably of the ring and boss-dominated types.

Then began the first generally serious studying in America of municipal government, which was coming to be, as it now is, the form of government which most affects the daily lives of a majority of the people in this country. Something of a science of city government was evolved, as had occurred already in Germany. Many innovations were urged and some of them were adopted widely. One was what is known as the commission form, being the concentration of governing power in a few hands.

Then came the city manager plan. Even in cities which did not adopt such radical innovations big changes were made either in form or the administration of old forms. The city boss, of the old type, all but disappeared. City politics became at least less vulgarly corrupt. Meantime the cities grew in number and size as never before and underwent many changes in physical, esthetic and moral respects.

The Federal Government began to keep tab on them not for purposes of interference but for information only. Since 1903 the United States Bureau of Census has kept a continuing diary on the finances of all American cities of 30,000 or more population. This has been published in annual reviews which contain the only full summaries of municipal affairs for the country as a whole.

They have to do primarily with finances, the raising and disposing of funds, but this necessarily comprehends all important operations.

What do these show as to city government in America now and twenty-one years ago when the first was compiled?

They show, in the first place, that city government has grown enormously not only in the aggregate but in its comparative aspects as well.

When the first survey was made there were only 146 American cities of 30,000 population or more. In 1923 there were 248 of them. When the first census was taken in 1790 there was only one city of that size. This was New York, which had only 33,131 inhabitants.

In 1903 only about 25 per cent of the population of the country resided in cities of the size in point. In 1923 about 38 per cent of the country's population was concentrated in them. This is not only because the number of cities qualifying for the group has increased but also because of the growth in population of all of them. In fact, as a general rule the larger the city the greater has been the rate of population growth during the past two decades, though for the group divisions made by the census bureau the differences have not been large. However, it is apparent that the forces which make for accelerating concentration of population have not ceased to operate.

This is important for several reasons. One of them is the fact, disclosed by these studies, that the per capita cost of maintaining municipal government increases as a rule with the growth of the number of persons thus governed as a unit. And the cost of local government is a big factor in the cost of living in cities and no doubt in the cost of things produced in or services rendered by them for those who do not live in them.

For example, all governmental cost payments for cities of 500,000 or more persons averaged $68.67 per capita of the population thus governed in 1923. In some it was considerably more than that; in some others, less. But for cities of 30,000 to 50,000 population the cost was only $46.90 per capita, or about 35 per cent less than in the big cities.

How the cost of government in all cities has increased is shown by the following:

In 1903 the average per capita net government cost payments made by the 146 cities then reported on by the census bureau was $24.64.

In 1923 the same expenditures for the same cities averaged $60.29 per capita.

Thus the cost of city government, to the average family so governed locally, is around $300 a year; in some cities it is twice that and even more. This is superimposed on other costs of government—county, which in a few instances is included in city government, state and national. Much of it is of a kind not borne by folk outside of cities, though some of it is of that kind, and in the end, no doubt, everybody helps to meet it. When a woman in the Middle West buys a coat that was made in New York City she contributes in some part to the costs of New York City government—which, however, may serve to cut the cost of the coat.

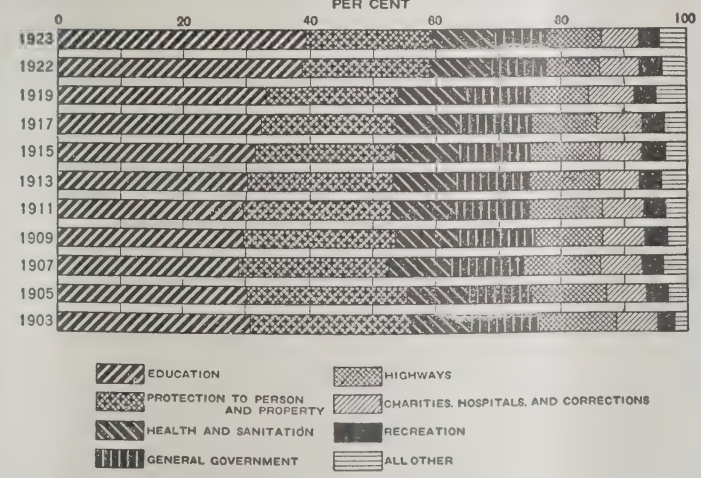
All elements of city government costs have grown faster than the general price level. There has been an amazing upswing since the war.

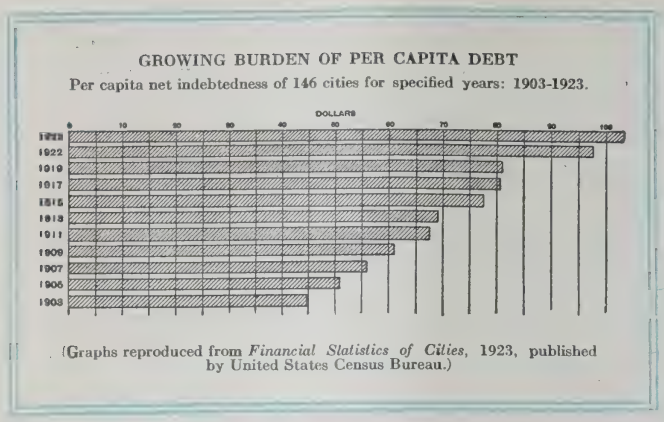
For example, the per capita expenses of general departments of government in the 146 cities for which there is a record for twenty-one years, was for the years indicated as follows:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1903 | $13.25 | 1919 | $22.28 |
| 1913 | 17.67 | 1923 | 35.25 |

HOW THE CITY COSTS ARE DISTRIBUTED.

Per cent distribution of principal general departmental expenses of all cities exceeding 30,000 for specified years: 1903-1923.






(Graphs reproduced from *Financial Statistics of Cities*, 1923, published by United States Census Bureau.)

The figures cover only the running expenses of such as school and police and sanitary departments. They do not include improvements, such as the paving of streets or the laying of sewers. The per capita cost of the latter activities have grown at even greater ratio. One reason for this is that the cities have been unusually active in making permanent improvements, on account of unusual growth during the war when the Federal Government took precedence as to construction. The reason why the interest toll has grown lies in the fact that the average American city never pays fully as it goes. Invariably, with most of them, revenue receipts run behind total cost payments. The margin is made up by borrowing.

Where, in 1903, interest payments for all cities above 30,000 population amounted to only $2.06 per capita, the average interest toll in 1923 was $5.82 per capita. It has grown steadily, as have the total of debts, aggregately and per capita, owed by the cities. Curiously, American cities as a whole run behind in just about the amount of their interest payments. In 1923 the revenue was less than total costs in the extent of $5.84 per capita.

The big cities come nearer paying as they go than do the small ones, but this has not always been the case as shown by the fact that their average per capita debts and interest payments are larger. In New York City, for example, $11.86 out of every $100 of revenues collected in 1923 went for interest. Of all the 248 cities reported on for 1923 not one could show a clean slate as to debt.

While they raise and spend much more than they used to do, the cities evidently distribute their funds more intelligently than of old.

For example, the cost of general city government—that is, the salaries of mayors and aldermen and the general or political overhead—has not increased as much as that for other items, such as schools and hospitals. In twenty-one years that cost has gone from $1.46 to $2.95 per capita in the average city.

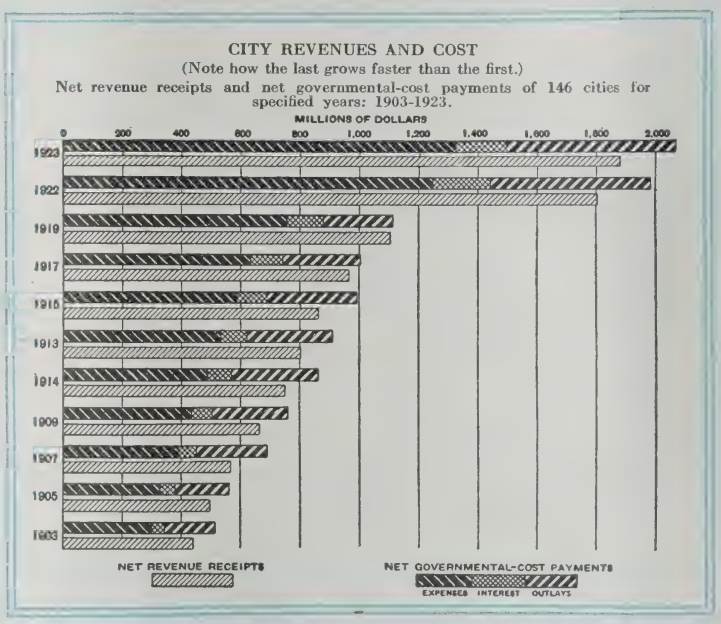
Even the cost of protecting human life and property has increased less than that for other items, being $3.35 per capita in 1903 and $6.82 in 1923. For health and sanitation, the per capita expenditures have grown nearly 200 per cent—from $1.21 to $3.34 per capita. Even expenditures on highways have not kept pace with those for specifically humane purposes. Those going for hospitals, charities and corrections jumped from 86 cents to $2.01 per capita.

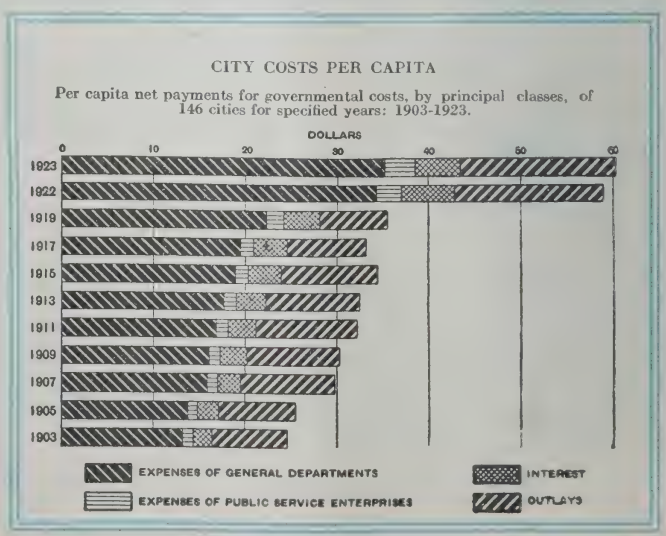
The best showing is for schools, on the operation of which the average American city now spends $12.87 per capita, compared with only $3.86 in 1903. Their cost of operating libraries—which were being brought prominently to the fore twenty years ago by Andrew Carnegie—still is an insignificant item in the finances of the average city. It has grown from 19 to 43 cents per capita. Public recreation, a relatively new item of cost, is a portion of the average city's funds that is growing faster than the average. It still is a small item, being $1.10 per capita, against only 35 cents in 1903.

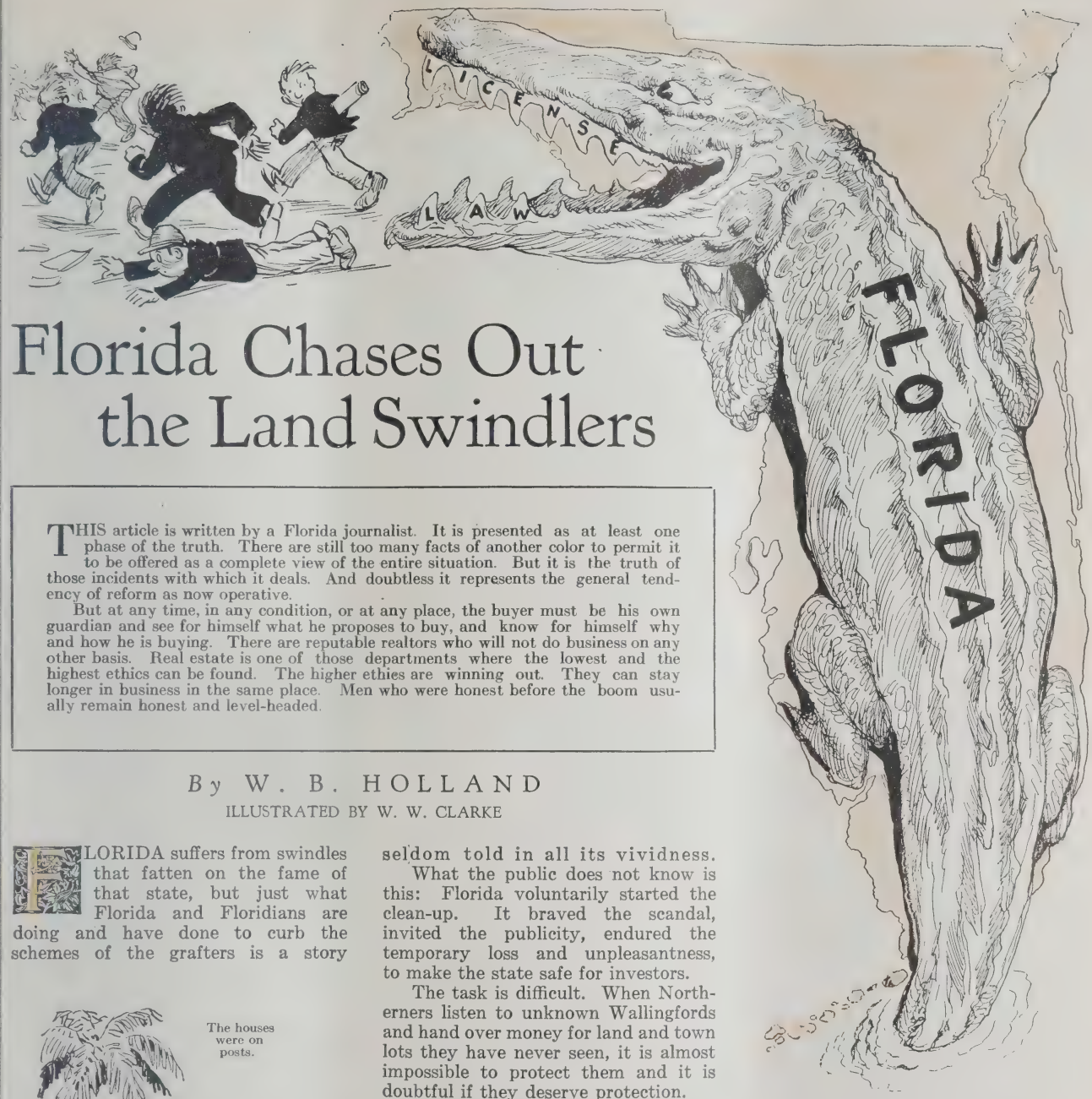
The foregoing figures are for running expenses; they do not cover outlays for permanent improvements, such as new schools. The distribution of these has changed in about the same way as operating costs, even more so in some respects.

For example, the construction of new highways has been subordinated in recent years to the building of new schoolhouses. When price differences are considered new highways absorbed less of city funds in 1923 than in 1903—as most motorists have reason for suspecting.

But where in 1904 (the figures not having been collected for 1903) the cities spent only $1.32 per capita on them, $4.44 per capita was spent on new school buildings in 1923. Outlays on libraries, however, have been less in recent years than during the early part of the century. The cities at present seem (*Continued on page 26*)






# Florida Chases Out the Land Swindlers

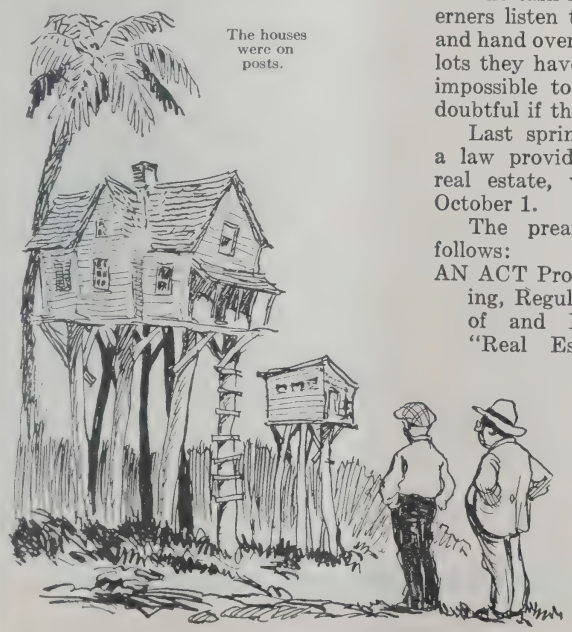
THIS article is written by a Florida journalist. It is presented as at least one phase of the truth. There are still too many facts of another color to permit it to be offered as a complete view of the entire situation. But it is the truth of those incidents with which it deals. And doubtless it represents the general tendency of reform as now operative.

But at any time, in any condition, or at any place, the buyer must be his own guardian and see for himself what he proposes to buy, and know for himself why and how he is buying. There are reputable realtors who will not do business on any other basis. Real estate is one of those departments where the lowest and the highest ethics can be found. The higher ethics are winning out. They can stay longer in business in the same place. Men who were honest before the boom usually remain honest and level-headed.

*By* W. B. HOLLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY W. W. CLARKE

FLORIDA suffers from swindles that fatten on the fame of that state, but just what Florida and Floridians are doing and have done to curb the schemes of the grafters is a story seldom told in all its vividness.



The houses were on posts.

What the public does not know is this: Florida voluntarily started the clean-up. It braved the scandal, invited the publicity, endured the temporary loss and unpleasantness, to make the state safe for investors.

The task is difficult. When Northerners listen to unknown Wallingfords and hand over money for land and town lots they have never seen, it is almost impossible to protect them and it is doubtful if they deserve protection.

Last spring the legislature passed a law providing for the licensing of real estate, which became operative October 1.

The preamble of the law is as follows:

AN ACT Providing for the Licensing, Regulating and Registering of and Defining the Terms "Real Estate Brokers" and "Real Estate Salesmen," Empowering the County Judges to Grant, Suspend or Revoke Licenses and Prescribing the Procedure; Creating the Real Estate Brokers Registration Board, Providing for Appointment of its Members, its Powers and Duties, Providing for its Expenses to be Paid Out of the "Real Estate Brokers Registration Fund" Herein Created, Prescribing Certain Offenses and the Penalties for Violating the Provisions Thereof.

A protective rather than a revenue measure, as witness the following:

If any objection is filed when a license is applied for, then the county judge is to set a date for a hearing and "If the County Judge shall determine that the applicant does not bear a good reputation for honesty, truthfulness and fair-dealing and is not competent to transact the business of a real estate broker or salesman in such manner as to safeguard the interests of the public, he shall sus-

tain the objections and deny the license."

There are 10,000 real estate brokers and salesmen in Miami, at least 12,000 in Tampa. The town of Lakeland, with about 23,000 inhabitants, has 900 men and women in the real estate business.

A conservative estimate is that at least 200,000 licenses will be issued the first year.

Men with records that will not bear close inspection will not get licenses unless they can force the issuance by going to law and it is not believed that many whose applications are denied will care to submit their cases to an unsympathetic judge.

The passage of this law was an attempt to drive out the crooks who had been attracted to Florida by the tremendous activity in real estate there. Thousands of these fakers had been previously driven from California by the operation of the license law there, and had hastened to Florida where they found the picking fully as good as it had been in the early days on the Pacific Coast when any man could become a real estate broker merely by having a few cards printed.

There is no denying that confidence men have used Florida's real estate boom to rob the gullible of millions. For many years large tracts of land have been available in Florida at prices ranging from $1.25 an acre up. Some of the land was valuable but much was worthless, being under water some of the time and so situated that draining is impossible except at a prohibitive cost.

Drainage on a large scale, as it is done in the Everglades, is at reasonable cost and advances the price of land rapidly to $50, $100 and even to $500 an acre. Even at the higher price the land yields a return, there being three to four crops each year, and no winter season.

Crooks got hold of this worthless land, laid it out in small farms or even in town lots, and sold it to the credulous all over the North. The price varied from $10 an acre to $500 or $1,000 a lot. Many of these "town sites" were far from a railroad or passable highway and not a house has been built on them.

Carl G. Fisher, of Miami Beach, tells of going down near Cape Sable some years ago to look at a tract of land which had been represented to him as a desirable investment and capable of development as a winter resort.

"We went pretty well over the property," he says, "and we saw just two houses. They were on posts eight or ten feet high and when we climbed a ladder and got into one of the houses there was evidence that the water had been at least a foot deep in the building. The stilts on which it was erected were not high enough. There was a chicken house, also on posts, and it was constructed of sheet iron, a necessary precaution to protect the fowls from depredations of wild animals to be found in the surrounding swamp and dense woods.

"It was dry when we were there and we went back into the woods a mile and there found the wreck of a schooner that must have drawn at least six feet of water. The tract was offered to me for $30 an acre, if my memory is accurate. It was not worth 30 cents a square mile. Yet that tract has been sold and resold until the present holders are probably obligated to pay $2,000 to $3,000 an acre for it."

It is a curious development that many enterprises that started as swindles have proved profitable for the dupes. A few years ago when Miami was first attracting attention a gang of crooks got hold of a tract of land near the city and laid it out in lots. They did not try to sell it in Miami nor in Florida. The people familiar with conditions could not be caught with such bait.

So the crooks descended on New York City where "Rubes," native and visiting, abound. A storeroom was rented on a prominent street and a young man was engaged as lecturer to extol the merits of the town lots adjoining the Magic City of Miami. He was supplied with lantern slides showing what was reputed to be scenes in and around Miami, beautiful pictures of magnificent country homes and convincing photographs of scenes in cane fields and sugar mills.

Two old residents of Miami chanced to pass the building in which the young lecturer was telling about Miami and explaining the pictures thrown on the screen by the magic lantern. The Miamians went inside from idle curiosity. They were astounded at what they saw and heard. Pictures taken hundreds of miles from Miami were exhibited and described as being typical scenes in and around Miami.

Views of a sugar mill that had operated for a short time 125 miles north of Miami and had failed for lack of business were shown and it was explained how fortunes were being made by growing sugar cane in land contiguous to that offered at such ridiculously low figures. At that time there was no sugar mill near Miami and no sugar cane was grown in Dade County except possibly a few stalks in gardens planted to give the children something to chew. It was a palpable, intentional, deliberate, cold-blooded swindle.

The lots were being sold at twenty to fifty times what the land had cost as acreage. City lots miles nearer the post office, courthouse and the First National Bank could have been bought by ordinary sale in Miami for a fraction of what the crooks were asking, and getting, for their "development."

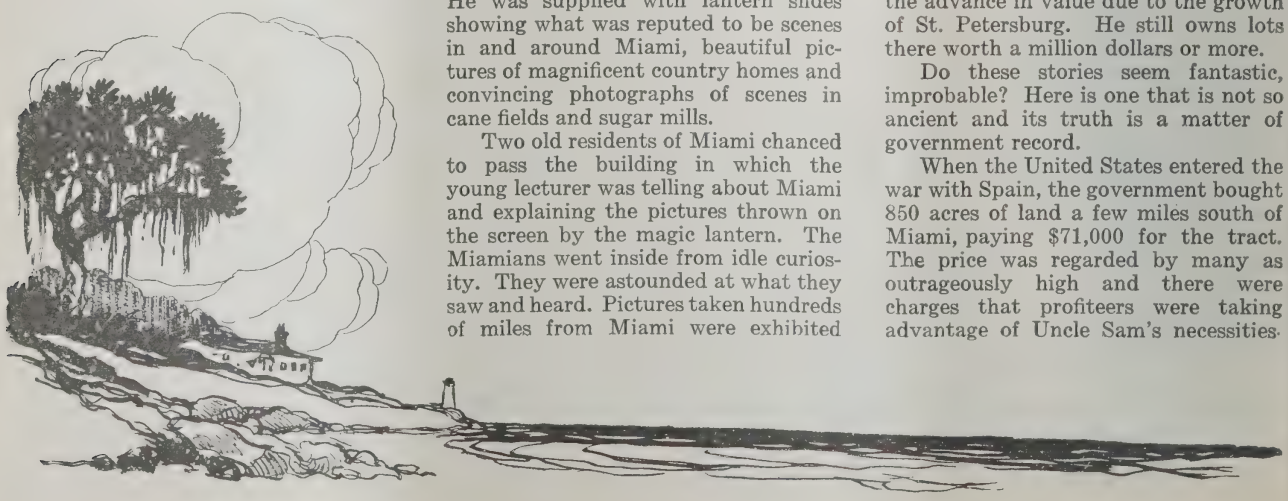
Today, however, by the irony of things, those "lots," laid out and sold by swindlers, are worth many times what the dupes paid for them and some of the purchasers have been made comfortable for life by a transaction conceived and carried out to defraud them.

A quarter of a century ago a colony from England bought a large tract of land on the West Coast at $25 an acre. There was no railroad near their purchase and the trip was made in wagons. The outlook was not attractive and when the colonists learned that their first payment had been used to buy the land from the state at $1.25 an acre they decided they had been swindled, so the colony broke up and the members scattered hither and yon.

The present city of St. Petersburg is located on the land that had been sold for $25 an acre before it had been bought at $1.25. One of the English colonists took title to an acre or two of the land as it was all he could get out of the money he had advanced. He kept the land and paid taxes on it and has made several millions through the advance in value due to the growth of St. Petersburg. He still owns lots there worth a million dollars or more.

Do these stories seem fantastic, improbable? Here is one that is not so ancient and its truth is a matter of government record.

When the United States entered the war with Spain, the government bought 850 acres of land a few miles south of Miami, paying $71,000 for the tract. The price was regarded by many as outrageously high and there were charges that profiteers were taking advantage of Uncle Sam's necessities.



It was declared that $90 an acre was an absurd figure for such sandy wastes.

The other day the government sold 800 acres—50 acres having been turned over to the U. S. Agricultural Department as an experiment station—for $3,500 an acre. At that price the entire tract would have given the government a profit of more than $3,000,000. Thus Uncle Sam has profited by the Florida real estate "boom" and has by accident made a sum that will permit further tax reductions.

Such conditions are "duck soup" for the swindler and grafter. Crooks hastened to Florida in swarms limited only by the capacity of trains and boats to carry them, other means of transportation being augmented by the thousands of automobiles that sped over the good roads leading southward. These undesirables flourished for a time with little to curb them and their successes brought more of the same fry until it seemed for a time that the crooks were to crowd and elbow dependable and scrupulous men into the discard.

Last summer the swarms of tricksters flocked to Miami in such hordes that conditions became unbearable. They gathered along Flagler street until they filled the sidewalks, none too wide to accommodate the crowds thronging the city. They gesticulated so violently as they talked of "ockeridge," the colloquial for acreage, that they were a menace to pedestrians. Their waving hands smashed women's bonnets, knocked cigars and cigarets from the mouths of men and made ingress and egress at the doors of buildings a perilous venture.

The police told them to "move on." They moved—but only a few feet. And their gesticulations did not cease as they bought and sold "ockeridge." They were giving the entire real estate fraternity of Miami and Miami Beach a black eye just as they had given a few black eyes to men who tried to get past them and had encountered their waving hands.

When brought into police court on the broad charge of disturbing the peace they insisted they had arrived in the city only an hour or two before their encounter with the police and were merely asking the way to a "sheep" hotel when they were arrested. They usually had witnesses who corroborated their statements.

The police were then sent out in trios and quartets. The first officer, usually in uniform, told the sidewalk speculators to move on. The second and third men, in plain clothes, watched the individuals who were ordered to "beat it" and noted whether or not they obeyed the order. The uniformed officer walked around the block and if he found the same men when he returned he arrested them. Stiff fines in the city court improved conditions and less business was transacted on the sidewalks.

In Miami Beach this gentry became known as the "binder boys" because of their methods of business. When a new development was opened they were first on the ground. They bought the most desirable lots, paying as small a deposit as would be accepted as a "binder." Their intention was to resell the contract given them for the sale of the lots before the time came for the completion of the first payment.

They were doing business with the money of the actual developer, running their engines with his steam. Prices the first few days after a new subdivision was put on the market have been lower than they were a few weeks later. Advances were always certain and were usually rapid. The binder boys took advantage of these conditions and were reaping a rich harvest with little risk and little capital.

Utterly unscrupulous, they were not handicapped by any necessity of telling the truth to avoid future trouble. Intent on immediate and quick profits they were "hogging" the business, interfering with the proper course of realty transfers while doing absolutely nothing to improve conditions or to encourage legitimate transactions.

The binder boys spread far and wide the stories of their huge and quick profits. They solicited remittances to be used in realty speculation. When received these remittances were used in such a manner that the money disappeared by a legerdemain that approximated theft but was usually on the safe side of the line separating legal and illegal transactions.

The reputable realty men of Miami Beach, men who had built the great resort and who had millions at stake, saw that something must be done. Just what that "something" would be was uncertain when the binder boys solved the problem by setting a trap for themselves and walking into it. Their rapacity and greed proved their undoing and cost them all their previous profits as well as the bank rolls they had brought with them.

A new subdivision was opened at Miami Beach and was advertised extravagantly. Pages were used in the Miami papers in advance of the opening and when the opening day arrived the binder boys were on hand. They bought extensively, paying as little as they could and agreeing to make a further payment within a week. They had skimmed the cream from the milk.

They hoped and expected to resell before the date of the first payment arrived. They had done so before and there was no reason they could not do so again. But before the day for the final settlement arrived another subdivision was opened adjoining the first one and was advertised even more extensively than the first had been. And the prices were about half of those asked for the lots which the binder boys had so blithely grabbed.

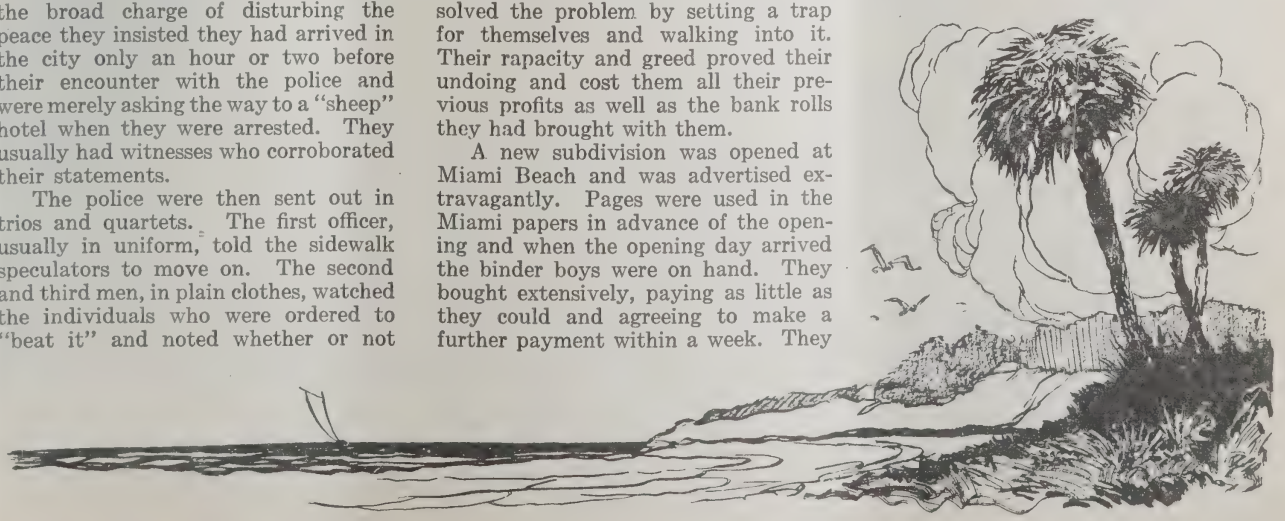
Resales in the first subdivision were impossible when lots in the adjoining tract, lots just as desirable in every way, were to be had for less money. The binder boys were unable to complete their first payments, they discovered that they had not bought the lots but had taken options on them and when they failed to meet the terms of the options they lost what they had paid.

It was widely told at the time that the binder boys had lost several million dollars. A man who was identified with the transaction and who is in a position to make an accurate estimate says that the amount dropped by the undesirables was about $800,000.

And the next day all the Grabsteins, Graftheimers, Crookinskis and Skinbergs who had been despoiled left Miami Beach. They have not returned and they were warned by other cities, principally on the West Coast, to which they fled, that they were not wanted.

When the new state license law begins to function men of this stripe will find it impossible to operate as real estate brokers and to buy and sell property for others.

Under the Florida laws the money paid as a "binder" gives the payer a color of title to the property in question. If this binder transaction is recorded it throws a cloud over the property that must be cleared before a proper title can be given. Of course, failure to make the next payment on time forfeits the buyer's claim but the title must be cleared by legal action like the foreclosure of a mortgage. *(Concluded on page 30)*





Coral rocks strew the shore of Pago Pago Bay.

# South Seas' Lure, Does It Live?

## There Is Romance for Those Who Seek It; But the Merchant Exclaims: "All Bunk!"

By WILLIAM LEE CALNON

"IF ANYBODY is 'hardboiled,' an American newspaperman with a record as police reporter, telegraph editor, city editor and political editor ought to be. When you get to the South Seas why don't you size them up as they really are and let us know if there is such a thing as the 'lure of the South Seas' that the romance writers of South Sea fiction like to talk about?"

This was the suggestion made to the writer a few months ago in Detroit and from the heart of the South Seas the question now can be answered.

The answer is both "yes" and "no."

It's "yes" if you have any romance left in you, no matter how deep and dormant it may be; if days and days on a boundless blue ocean with never a sight of another ship or a speck of land appeal to you; if purplish shadows on the sides of mysterious green mountains that rise abruptly from the sea and conceal all that lies behind them can arouse your curiosity when an isle is sighted at last; if waving coconut palms and giant ferns and tropic jungle and thatched round huts and brown-skinned natives wearing only short skirts of gorgeous hue and a barbaric look can bring back the boyhood thrill created by *Robinson Crusoe;* if the beating of mats with sticks and the clapping of hands in a monotone rhythm, accompanied by wild chants to strange tunes and the swaying of dark bodies in a dance that is different from any ever seen before can get you unconsciously swaying with it; if glittering moonlight that sends waving shadows of palms deep into the sea from white-sanded shores and countless stars that glisten with a brilliance unknown to northern skies can arouse any poetry in your soul; if the rotting hulk of a wreck in the shallows beneath a cliff that towers hundreds of feet straight up can awe you with its thought of sudden death; and, above all, *if you don't stay too long.*

It's "no" if you are imbued with the modern commercial spirit and take your efficiency methods seriously whether at home or abroad; if the sight of an athletic-looking man dancing his odd dances makes you think of what his productive ability would be if he were put to work on an eight-hour-a-day basis; if the unadorned huts appear dingy and unattractive when you look inside; if stories of the inhumanity of man to man in the days that still are scarcely done, appall you; if you don't like to live on canned meats and vegetables in a land groaning with fruits of all sorts and surrounded by a sea teeming with fresh fish; and if you stick around for a number of years.

Commerce is creeping up on romance in the South Seas, as it has done everywhere else in the world since man began his march of civilization and his bringing of everything he ran across to a basis of efficient usefulness. The South Sea Islands can produce many things that man wants and do produce many of them now. Transportation facilities are being increased and with this increase the islands are not so far away and their yield will become more and more familiar. The languorous native will be shoved aside by his more ambitious brother and by others who come in to establish commercial efficiency. In other words, the survival of the fittest will be enacted all over again.

Romance, like gold, is where you find it. But you never find it in the back yard of your home or in front of your apartment house. Others may come from far countries and find romance in your familiar places, but you will see nothing but comedy or tragedy there. Romance lies always in the far-away, strange places and among strange peoples. It is here still in the South Seas for those who know how to find it.

Commerce, though, will chart all the reefs, big and little, that even today are known to but a few old-timers who have sailed these seas since the days when every voyage was an adventure from which no one knew if he would ever return. Commerce will regulate the sea lanes and set down the hours and minutes it takes to reach any given place and return with a cargo. Commerce will systematize it all and poor romance will have to seek any other remote place that may be left in a world of efficiency.

But, even if civilization holds off a long time, the lure of the South Seas disappears anyway for those who sit down here and remain. The old sea tales of twenty, forty or sixty years ago may still hold their appeal, but the things happening today become merely part of the day's news or else nothing seems to happen at all.

I have talked with many old-timers here and they all put it the same way. Everything nowadays is sordid and matter-of-fact, they report. But, they admit, "in the old days—well—it was different then."

Take, for instance, Ben Kneubuhl, Pago Pago merchant and ship agent, here fifteen years, married and with a family.

"This 'lure of the South Seas' and the 'romance' is all the bunk," says Ben. "It's all in the minds of the romance writers. Of course, it is pretty and the natives are interesting until you stay here so long that you get tired of seeing the same things over and over. When I first came here I was interested in everything and got a thrill out of a lot of things I saw and heard, but not any more. When you have a family to take care of and a business to look after and you have to limit the amount of work you do be-

(Continued on page 18)

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

ALL of the peace plans now before the world are based on agreements to go to war. The advantage which it is hoped will accrue to peace is based on the assumption that if all possible future military line-ups are known in advance, no one will have the temerity to start a war. It is said, for example, that the last war (that is, the last but four or five: meaning the one which broke out in 1914) would not have occurred if Germany had known that Britain would help France. As if Germany did not know.

The League of Nations as a peace influence rests upon the presumption that it could use the force of its members to subdue any rebellious member or non-member nation. When, however, it was sought to make this presumption an explicit arrangement by which certain forces, the British Fleet, for example, would be practically under the direction of the League as a sort of Super-State, the attempt fell through.

The Locarno treaty is really a war treaty, binding Great Britain to go to the aid of one of several nations in the event of their being attacked by another. That is, the war armament of Britain is taken as the guaranty that certain other nations need not arm to the teeth because British force would be obliged, under the terms of the treaty, to be at their disposal in case of attack. A Locarno treaty signed by nations equal as to military power, with no powerful Britain to throw into the scale, would mean much less to the world. It is British military power that gives it weight.

The world has yet to see how much stress any of these arrangements will bear. They have not been tested as yet. But there is no inherent need for their failing.

What the peace-loving forces of the world are facing is the war-loving forces. If that fact could be realized, much waste motion would be saved. The professional pacifist misleads (usually in utter innocence) his or her followers by giving the impression that the world is just thirsting for peace, and that wicked powers like the United States will not permit it to have peace. Hence, they say, disarm the United States!

Only the most delightful fairy-tale credulity can avoid seeing that, as for peace, only certain peoples believe in it as *desirable*, and only such can believe in it as *possible*. There are other peoples who believe that war is above all things a biological necessity and therefore desirable, and that what we call peace is but an interval between wars. As some one has said, peace-time is a period when nations wage war through diplomats. But there are peoples who seem racially fated to the belief in war and for them it may have the force of a biological necessity. It is not, however, to these races that we belong; we are not the war-believers. The attitude of our people is that war is an evil against which we must protect ourselves, by preventing it if we can, by defeating it if we must.

> *A PEACEFUL nation is one that has the means to make war and refrains. Until the means are present, disposition toward their misuse cannot be fully known. In the present world the peace-believers confront the war-believers, and fortunately it is the peace-believers who are best armed. They, and no others, give such promises of peace as the League and Locarno may hold. Their power for peace seems to be in proportion to their power to enforce it. It sometimes seems that the course of history has been an effort to produce the invincible warrior, and through him to dominate the world for peace.*

A nation's will to peace can only be judged by its abstinence from provocative actions. It may have been in war frequently, but not have provoked war. An honest editor or official may be a storm-center in his community without being a belligerent man. In a choice between dishonor and strife, he is compelled to strive. Yet the provocation may have been from evil counsels without.

By this test the nations in which the pacifist propaganda rages strongest are the nations which are most pacific. The war record of the United States has been recently recited to suggest that we are a belligerent and provocative nation. There are now living the veterans of three wars, each of which was fought in defense of a moral principle. The fact that slavery was involved in one, worse than slavery in the other, and world democracy in the third, gives a caste to these wars—none of which was ours to begin—which requires a different definition than when European wars are meant.

That, then, suggests the problem of the world: how the peace-believing nations can inoculate with their belief, or at least restrain with their influence or force, the war-believing nations of the world. Which are the peace-loving nations, we do not fully know as yet—all of them. A nation must be capable of making war, and refrain, before its *natural* peaceableness can be known. Some nations, very great ones, too, are today physically unable to make war. Maybe they will continue peaceable even where they become possessed of this dread ability. But we know that there are nations able to make war who believe in peace. Shall they also be able to make peace? And is not their ability to make war a strong element in possible power of making peace?

**"Ford Ideals," 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## *Salvation Through Search*

THE Prophets of today are working with blue prints and diagrams.

Some of the greatest prayers of today are being prayed in Laboratories by Scientists.

The greatest Faith of this day is being demonstrated where men stake their lives on a chance discovery in a Laboratory; or build great Service Stations called Hospitals; or study the difficulties that develop in our ramshackle economic system.

Salvation through Search is a thought worth pondering. The engineers, the scientists, the explorers, the aviators, the airplane builders and pioneers, are the Prophets of today.

The True Scientist demonstrates the greatest Faith on earth, though he may call it something else.

He works and he lives in a realm of Faith. He reaches out into the unknown with Faith as his only spur and guide. All scientific discoveries are founded on a tremendous Faith in law, and order, and truth.

The other day a missionary-doctor carried home ten billion germs in his body. He knew that the only way to get them to an American Laboratory in order to study them was to swallow them and bring them home. There were no facilities in China to study them. He was coming home on a vacation. The laws would not permit his bringing them in any other way. So, the day before, he swallowed a million or so, and started for home.

This is the spirit of modern science. It is a Science of Faith.

## *Put Brains Into It*

GROSVENOR ATTERBURY, a famous New York City architect with a well-known record of achievement in his field, has found time to make a study of the social aspect of the housing situation of the workers of America and what he says is a challenge to the nation. Mr. Atterbury informs the American Institute of Architects that this country must organize the wholesale production of housing on the principle of shop manufacture to make possible the elimination of waste in processes and labor similar to the savings made in other highly developed manufacturing industries, such, for example, as have already given to the poor man his shoes, his watch, his clothing and automobile. "We need five, six and seven dollar rooms and we want them paid for by the tenant and not by philanthropists or the general public," says Mr. Atterbury. "All of the schemes now proposed for tax exemption, state or city financing through a public service corporation or otherwise, are emergency measures, unsound economically and very doubtful for accomplishing their real purpose."

This is straight thinking and straight talking and should serve to arouse the building industry to an effort to discover better methods for the public benefit. Mr. Atterbury has done a public service in denouncing the "welfare" method of approaching the housing situation. Every country in Europe that has spent public money upon vast housing schemes has wasted money, encouraged graft among contractors and politicians and done little or nothing for workers despite the raids upon honest taxpayers.

## *American*

MUSSOLINI'S statement that Italy is desirous of establishing Italian colonies in America, in all essential things Italian, including political allegiance, preceded his newly adopted policy of silence. But it has let loose considerable speech on the part of Italians in the United States. Loyal Americans of Italian birth have spoken out with strong denunciation of the Dictator's presumption. No doubt others have remained silent because of some sympathy with Mussolini's thought. It is folly to expect everybody to love America simply because it is America. The country is full of people who love other lands best. And perhaps it is right that they should. It would be the extreme of witless fanaticism to compel them to assert an allegiance they do not feel. American citizenship should not be forced on anybody. It should be a high privilege to be sued for, to be earned, something hard enough to get to make it prized when won.

All that Americans need is, not to reform Mussolini's thought nor invent plans for forcing unwilling Italians or other nationals to become Americans: all that Americans need is to remain American, and to keep America in their own hands. Then the hyphenated citizenship plans of Europe will not disturb us in the least.

There is no question now that Great Britain and the United States are the focus of hostile desires on the part of most of the world. There is now no question that European governments have regarded America as a good

place to send their undesirables. That little game was rather spoiled by the fact that a good many more desirables came along at the same time. It is generally accepted as true that even Mussolini regards the Italian workman as the best export article Italy has, because his emigration relieves the pressure of population at home and his faithful remittances relieve Italy's poverty. It is perfectly natural that Mussolini should endeavor to retain his hold on such men and that he should encourage societies in the United States whose purpose is to keep these men Italians in allegiance. Perfectly natural: the kaiser tried it also. But it is not feasible. That is what Italians have been trying to tell Mussolini.

### *House, Then Baruch*

RECENTLY it was remarked that as Colonel House had been called to the White House, the next logical step was to call Barney Baruch. That has since occurred. On or about January 10 Baruch, at the invitation of President Coolidge, was a guest at the White House. Of course, the announcement is that the President seeks advice. It is not an instance of the President not knowing what advice will be given him when he consults with Sapiro, Baruch, House and others of that ilk. Everybody knows what the advice will be. Wilson took it and suffered the most astounding reversal of public opinion ever experienced in the Republic.

The point is that after House, it was logical to call Baruch.

### *Too Big for a Sentence*

"I HEARD he was a," something viciously uncomplimentary, "but when I met him he did not impress me that way at all." The conversation concerned a factory official whose reputation in the shop was not the highest.

"But when I met him." That always makes a difference. Not knowing what discipline a man is under, what requirements are made by the successful achievement of a big project, we make judgments which may express our emotions but which are very far from putting values on the situation.

No man is small enough to be disposed of in a sentence. In trying to do this we resemble false gods. A man is too big to be disposed of in any number of sentences which any mortal can frame. He may be what you say he is—but he is other things as well.

### *Shining the Family Honor*

NEARLY fifty years ago the owner of a one-man Illinois bank went to the wall with $220,000 less money in the strong box than the depositors had left with him. There were a lot of one-man banks in those days, and many of them crashed on railroad, wheat or other speculative deals. Usually the banker went west and staked a claim one jump beyond the last banking law. This man dug in at home among his creditors and before he died managed to pay many of them back.

The other day it was announced by his children that within sixty days they would pay the last heir of the last creditor the last cent of the bank failure loss, with interest at 5 per cent. The family honor will be clean of a stain that existed only in its high standard of integrity. The old banker may have failed as a banker. He thought so. But he cut his mark high as a father.

### *Precious Privacy*

"LIFE is impossible," says George Bernard Shaw—quite seriously this time, "unless occasionally one can be an insignificant private individual." To which all the famous and notorious persons of the earth, except such as are fools, will say a hearty Amen. Privacy is the sweetest element in liberty, it is the highest fruitage of civilization, its worth unknown until it becomes difficult or lost. When the life of the plain people becomes public, a nation is on the decline. Life is mostly a thing of recesses and retirements. There is no such thing, ultimately, as a "public character," except it be The Almighty. We are all private characters. But when the pressure of curiosity or exploitation begins to be felt on our privacy, a feeling of beleagurement ensues which leads to protective measures. In G. B. S.'s case, it led to the adoption of a monomark beneath which to conceal his identity when he chooses.

### *Sapiro Dazed*

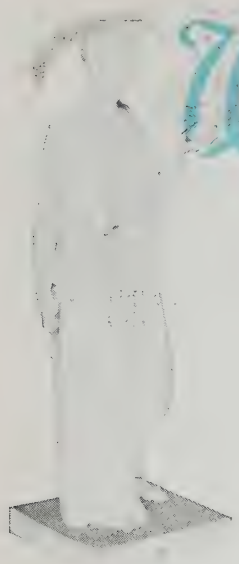
ONE of the acknowledged honest agencies of the Government has been the Federal Trade Commission. It has approximated the ideals of "no fear, no favor" in the investigation of business evils of this country. When, therefore, the Commission reports that certain coöperative associations have been badly mismanaged, it commands attention.

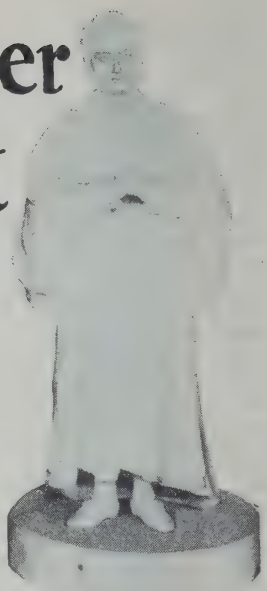
The case is this: Aaron Sapiro's tobacco coöperatives (like his other efforts) had failed miserably. Aaron blamed it on the tobacco trust and asked for an investigation of the trust, as the cause of the difficulty within his coöperatives. This investigation was undertaken with the result that mismanagement was given as the cause of the condition of the Sapiro coöperatives. Whereupon the tools of Sapiro met in Washington to assail the Commission. He will not succeed. Truth may have hard sledding in America these days, but it eventually arrives.

# Wedgewood, the Master Potter, and His Work

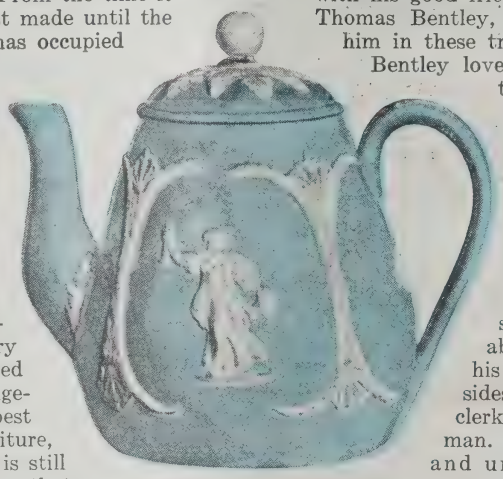
## The Englishman Who Produced an Artistic Ware Rivaling the Ceramic Gems of Greece and Rome

By MARY HARROD NORTHEND





LIKE an old-time romance reads the story of Wedgewood ware. From the time it was first made until the present day, it has occupied a place by itself and its artistic value is appreciated not only by collectors but even by those who have made little or no study of ceramics.



The decorators of a century ago were indebted to the artist Wedgewood for their best designs in furniture, and to many he is still known as following that line of art. He lived at a time (1730-1795) when England was in a deplorable condition as regarded the making of decorative pottery and nicknacks such as are seen today. On account of the monstrosities produced, she was forced to send to foreign ports to get what was demanded for public use. It was at this time, while the potters at Staffordshire were discouraged and in far from flourishing condition, that Josiah Wedgewood entered the field and revolutionized the whole world of ceramics.

Wedgewood was born of a long line of potters, and the love of art ran in his blood. As a student, we find him fascinated with cutting figures from paper, taking long walks into the woods, and studying nature in all her moods.

At an early age, when placed at the potter's wheel, his artistic taste was soon apparent, and he became almost immediately one of the quickest and most accurate of workmen.

With little money, sick and confined to his room, he was forced to intrust his secrets to others, who betrayed his confidence and stole his art. He labored under conditions which were appalling, and yet he overcame them. His indomitable will and splendid courage carried him through.

We love to think of Wedgewood with his good friend and partner Thomas Bentley, who stood by him in these trying times, for Bentley loved his art with the same ardor as his friend, and stood with him more closely than would a brother.

One of the reasons for Wedgewood's success was his ability to make his own molds, besides being his own clerk and warehouse man. He was simple and unassuming in manner, and his motto was, "If you want anything done well, do it yourself." The commencement of this business was very small, but the pottery that came from the hands of the great master and his workmen was of the very highest finish, even to the initial candlestick which was made by him.



Wedgewood remained at his bench all day long, assisting and advising his workmen, training them to such a pitch of excellence that they could not be equaled by any rival manufacturers. So quickly did his success come to him that, before he had been in business twelve months, he found himself in a position to enlarge it considerably, and finally to open a London show shop at the West End, filled with specimens so beautiful that the nobility spent hours admiring and purchasing.

The contour of the vases, the disposition of their embellishment, the classic lines of beauty, all show a leaning toward old Grecian and Roman art. This is accounted for by Wedgewood being a contemporary with the Adams brothers who used such ornamentations on the furniture made at that time. The manner in which he used the "swag" or festoon as an embellishment is characteristic, and gives a satisfying fullness and finish to his vases.

Jasper ware is the most noted and most beautiful of all Wedgewood's productions. It was his fourth great invention, and was his favorite. This received his closest personal attention, for he was a man who never ceased to develop any line of his work until it had reached the highest state of perfection.

This ware, while often seen, differs from the other Wedgewood in that it is made of white porcelain bisque, and is of such a quality that it can receive any color desired. Light blue and pink were two of the most popular tones used, and they were ornamented differently from the other Wedgewood in that they showed wonderfully graceful dancing girls, ornamentations and figures.

Notable among his wares was his Queen's ware, gaining him the title of "Potter to the Queen,"

an honor which came to him unsolicited. It was manufactured of a yellow material, invented by himself, and won him great renown. His absence of pride in the midst of fame is shown by the fact that while showing the gentry his works, he would suddenly divest himself of cap and coat, and, tying on a workman's apron, sit down to a thrower's bench while his partner turned the wheel. One of his favorite workmen would make balls of clay for his master hand, and Wedgewood, with great precision, would throw several vases, and, adjourning to the turner's room, would finish the work. In such a manner he gained the esteem of his men, and did all in his power to elevate his trade into a profession. He taught his workmen that it should be treated not only as a means of livelihood, but as something much higher.

Beauty of effect and decoration were wonderfully developed with Wedgewood, and he continued firm in his resolve to sustain the excellence of his work; he never went into competition with rival manufacturers by underselling.

From the time Wedgewood opened his showroom in London, he commenced to reap his reward. This made his ware better known, and its fame spread to France, Russia, and other countries.

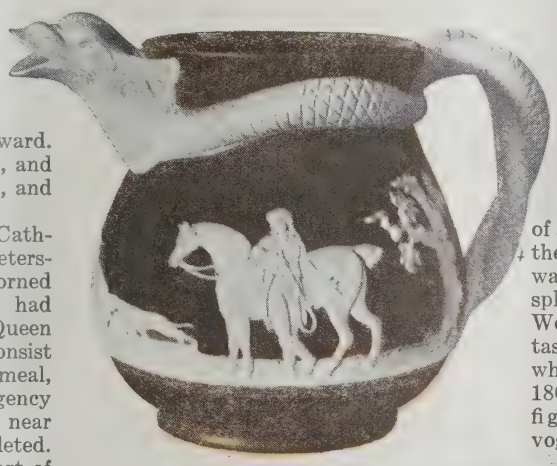
Through the agency of Lord Cathcart and the merchants of St. Petersburg, the palaces of Russia were adorned with ceramic gems which he had produced, including bas-reliefs. Queen Catherine ordered a service to consist of enough pieces to serve each meal, and in order to meet this emergency new works were commenced near Burslem and were soon completed. They received the name of the part of Italy noted for its beautiful pottery—Etruria.

It was demanded that each piece bear an extensive view of an English landscape, and many of Wedgewood's friends, including some of the best names in the peerage, offered their beautiful residences as models for sketching. Sir William Wolsley, and the Duke of Bridgewater were among these friends, and many prominent artists were employed. For this production, the partners received fifteen thousand dollars.

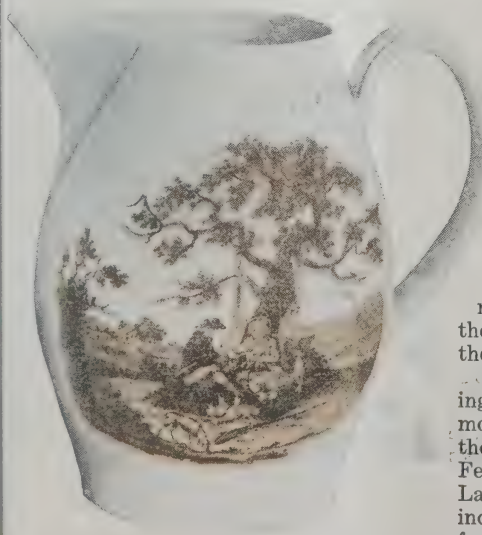


While the potter's name is found on most of his pieces, yet on many a fine bit it is perfectly illegible. His most valuable ware is, of course, that which is plainly marked. Wedgewood ware is not always white or cream color, but it is done in different shades of brown, black basalt; and in blue, pink, and a rare shade of red.

Some of the most beautiful pieces in Salem, Massachusetts, are in the Osgood collection. The pitchers, of which there are two, are of exquisite design and coloring. They are brown and white.



Another important piece is the hunting pitcher of plain brown coloring which is owned by Mrs. William D. Northend, of the same city. Some of the shapes are most graceful, as, for instance, the long-nosed pitcher in the Waters collection which is especially beautiful. The graceful curves in the pattern are noticeable, as well as the odd handle, which is very elaborate. The coloring of this pitcher is a dainty blue and white; not a single blemish is to be found in the whole piece, yet it is by no means the best work done by the great master.



The potteries in Staffordshire, covering an area ten miles long, were the most important in England, in view of the fact that besides Hanley, Conbridge, Fenton, Longport, Shelton, Tunstall, Lane End, and Stoke-on-Trent they included Burslem and Etruria, made famous by being the seats, first at Burslem and then at Etruria, of Wedgewood's potteries. One of the earliest Staffordshire products was what was known as "saltglaze" ware—a certain coarse pottery which was glazed by putting salt in the kiln in which the objects were being fired. This ware was formed in moulds, and in the case of plates the borders were often exceedingly pretty and intricate.

There are those who confine themselves to articles made by the Adamses only. The Adamses came of a race of potters, and William Adams, the friend and pupil of Wedgewood, was one of the few who used the splendid jasper body invented by Wedgewood, with almost the skill and taste of that master himself. The years when Adams worked, from 1787 to 1805, was the time when the classical figures of Flaxman had such a vogue.

It is often said that Adams "copied" Wedgewood, but while it is true that he worked in the same manner and material, there are details which are all his own, and his use of color and form was quite original with him. It is also true that of all the potters working at that time, his work, in its finish, came the nearest to the perfection of Wedgewood's, and after the death of the latter in 1795, many pieces of Adams' jasper had his name erased from them by unscrupulous dealers and were sold as Wedgewood.

There is no reason why the pottery industry should not be widely extended in this country. Wherever deposits of suitable clay are found at convenient centers, there are possibilities of development. Classes and schools could be established for instruction in designing and technique, and new masters and new methods might evolve a distinctive line of ceramics that would bring more than local fame. It was the absence of American products such as this from the Paris Industrial Exhibition of last year that caused considerable comment from those who hope to see American handicrafts in the front rank of the world.

# The "New Economics" for Farmers

## Is It a Fraud? Foreign Consumers Will Pay Less; Americans More

By ROBERT KENTON

ANOTHER commission is to be set up. Its purpose will be to "aid the farmer." If shaped as now rather authoritatively proposed, the new agency of government will be unique. There is none like it among the two hundred or more bureaus now operating in or from Washington. Among the fifty or more whose purpose is to aid agriculture the new establishment will be particularly unique. For it is to deal in or with the "new economics" which are now causing much thought, agitation and trouble of certain sorts in several quarters both here and abroad.

*Meddling with the Law of Supply and Demand*

Succinctly, it is proposed that the Federal Government meddle somewhat radically with the hoary law of supply and demand. This law, long regarded as invincible and not yet proved to be otherwise, is being disputed quite formidably. British rubber producers and Brazilian coffee growers have amended it at least for the time being. Potash producers in France and Germany and nitrates producers in Chile are likewise modifying its operations, as are agencies that control several products which we import from foreign countries. In most cases, foreign governments coöperate, even to the point of administering, as in the case of those having to do with rubber and coffee, those projects which are rooted in the "new economics." The purpose of all is to fix prices, or to maintain artificial price levels. The pocketbook of the prosperous American consumer is the prime incentive. The intent of the project which Congress is expected to authorize is very much the same.

"So long as we submit to these arbitrary exactions from abroad we cannot easily deny our own producers the right to make similar ones," said a person high in the government recently.

But what we propose to do in like way is in no sense retaliatory. Certainly, the foreign consumers of our products that will be affected will have no reason to complain. The crux of the plan is lower prices for them and higher prices for our own consumers.

*Lower Prices for Them and Higher for Us*

The plan, as so far developed, is probably the most curious one ever devised. Basically it is somewhat like the "sub-treasury" scheme advocated by the old Farmers' Alliance in the hard-time years of the early nineties. That proposal, as the literature of the time will show, scarified the adherents of "sound" economic principles. It envisaged the setting up of government warehouses in which would be stored the vast surpluses of farm products that were then rated as overproduction. On these products the government was to loan the farmers money. Though denounced at the time as horrifying, the essence of the plan has been used since then. The operations of the War Finance Corporation in recent years and of the present agricultural credits agency are modified applications of the principle involved.

The principle would be much amplified by the project which now seems on the way to establishment. The base of the scheme as now being expanded would not be storage for the purpose of equalizing the distribution of farm products. That probably will be a feature of the operations. But the chief one will be the reverse of that. It contemplates the liquidating of surpluses quickly by getting them out of the country hurriedly.

Wheat prices, let us say, lag. The producers inform a bureau in Washington that they need help in the form of better prices. The bureau then will take steps to collect the exportable surplus of wheat and get it out of the country. The surplus will be sold abroad at whatever it will bring. Then, it is presumed, the domestic price will become the world price, plus the tariff duties on imported wheat. That duty is now 42 cents a bushel, with corresponding duties on manufactured wheat products, like flour. It might be raised.

*A Commercial Concern Clothed With Power*

The bureau thus will be in many ways a commercial concern clothed with the powers of government. In fact, it is proposed that it be called the Federal Export Corporation. It will be patterned somewhat after the United States Wheat Corporation which operated during the war.

Its operations will call for the use of large sums of money. The procuring of these funds will be, if present proposals are adopted, the most unique feature of the scheme. The corporation will have power to levy a tax for the purpose on the farmers to be aided; that is, so many cents will be collected for each bushel of wheat sent to the market. The funds thus procured will be used in making up the losses on the surpluses thus sold abroad at any prices they will bring.

What is aimed at is the making of tariff protection provided for farm products effective. Except ones like sugar, of which we do not produce surpluses for export, this protection provided on unusually liberal scales in recent years, has not been notably effective in many instances. The reason is that where there is an exportable surplus the world price for it will necessarily, as a rule, fix the domestic price, regardless of the tariff, for what is left, though much the bigger part for domestic consumption. This has been the case with wheat—for the benefit of whose producers chiefly the scheme is being evolved—particularly when production has yielded large exportable surpluses of that product.

*Adventures in the Realm of "New Economics"*

It is doubted if the scheme will be accepted with all the details envisaged in the program of the farming groups that are demanding something of the sort. The Administration, while hitherto opposing such adventures in the realm of the "new economics," now seems convinced that the farmers are determined to procure something of the kind. While apparently acceding in part to their wishes, the Administration probably will concentrate its effort on keeping the adventure within as moderate and restrained bounds as possible. It insists that it will not stand for any form of price-fixing and apparently is opposed to the government going into the business of buying and selling farm products. The proponents say, however, that the aim is not price-fixing and that the government will only back present buying and selling machinery in carrying out the more or less arbitrary operations proposed.

"What we want," they say, "is the benefit of the kind of tariff protection that has long been enjoyed by many manufacturers. When they find large surpluses on their hands they simply dump their excess production abroad, at whatever prices it will bring, and thus hold up the domestic price at whatever level made possible by the tariff. Manufacturers can do that by their own effort. Farmers cannot, for the reason that there are too many of them and they don't control the machinery for marketing their products."

*What About Manufacturers Who Dump Surpluses?*

Whether manufacturers do dump surpluses in consequential extent into foreign markets at any prices they can get in order to hold domestic prices to the protected level is a question of fact that is frequently disputed. No doubt it has been done in some measure at times, but hardly on the elaborate scale contemplated by the farmers who are behind the pres-

(Concluded on page 18)

# Chats with Office Callers



***The Man from France*** dropped into The Office: "We are very badly thought of over there," said he. "Not that we should worry much. France must come to her senses on a number of matters, and the United States is one of them. But those who are guilty of breeding French hatred against a friendly nation bear an awful responsibility. And they are the French politicians. Caillaux is particularly vicious in this respect. He represents to France that he came over here, laid his cards on the table (which of course he didn't) and was kicked out of the door. The situation now is such that Americans resident in French cities tell me that their children come home from school every day battered up by hostile young Frenchmen, and the authorities will not interfere. I myself saw evidence of this. Children of Americans in some parts of France are terrorized out of the schools altogether.

"The hatred of Americans, however, is not so great as the hatred of the British. The feeling against us will wear off in time, but the feeling against the British is of long standing.

"From what I saw, I could not draw the conclusion that we should change our course to win French approval. The conclusion I drew was this—every American attempt at mingling in the affairs of Europe simply makes us a party to one side or the other of European quarrels. We can't do anything without getting into all of the innumerable international dog-fights in progress over there. We do best when we keep out: I mean we keep ourselves in a better position to be of help to Europe. Going in now, under any pretext, simply diminishes our influence."

***The Man from Florida*** dropped into The Office. "Very little of the speculation in Florida is done by native Floridians. Except where they held land or developed unusual business powers they were not in it. The speculators were mostly northerners. Florida is a northern state anyway—so far as population goes. But the real estate boom was sound and based on legitimate demand until Jew brokers began to pour in from New York and California. California, you know, chased them out. Then the razzle-dazzle began. But it didn't last long. Florida soon took them in hand and chased most of them out. A man is a fool, however, to buy 'unsight, unseen' anywhere, unless he knows the real estate man personally or has a fair idea of the proposition.

"Why, when the boom first broke, it was like a flood. It reached even the obscure little sleepy places far off the highway of travel. Real estate offices sprang up in country garages, in corner grocery stores, anywhere. Porches were partitioned off with wire fly netting, and the partitions rented out for real estate offices. I know of an instance where a horse block in front of a hotel was rented as an office—the man had to have somewhere to meet his customers, and the horse block was all he could find. In a little town, far off in the woods, lots jumped from $100 to $1,000 overnight—and sold, too.

"Of course, there will be big losses, especially in the business centers. In the end a piece of business property is worth only as much as it will earn. Small business corners in Florida have sold for so much that the biggest and costliest building reared on them would still cost less than the lot, and no amount of business could possibly pay a return on the investment. In such cases, someone is going to be caught holding a good big bag. On the other hand, people who buy for the sake of having their own winter homes there will probably always be able to get out what they invested.

"The poor? Well, if you are poor, just stay away. Just stay away! A mechanic can usually find work, but living costs are terrific. Only two years ago a tourist party could rent a camping site for $1 a month. Now it costs at least $5 to put up a tent in the woods. Food is very steep. Everybody is 'on the make.' And, besides, there is the very serious freight tie-up. Florida has just one railroad neck to the food supply centers, and that is choked. Hardly anything moves. They went from freight to express and from express to mail—now the whole thing is jammed.

"It is not necessary only to have money—you must have money to lose, before you think of entering the Florida game these days."

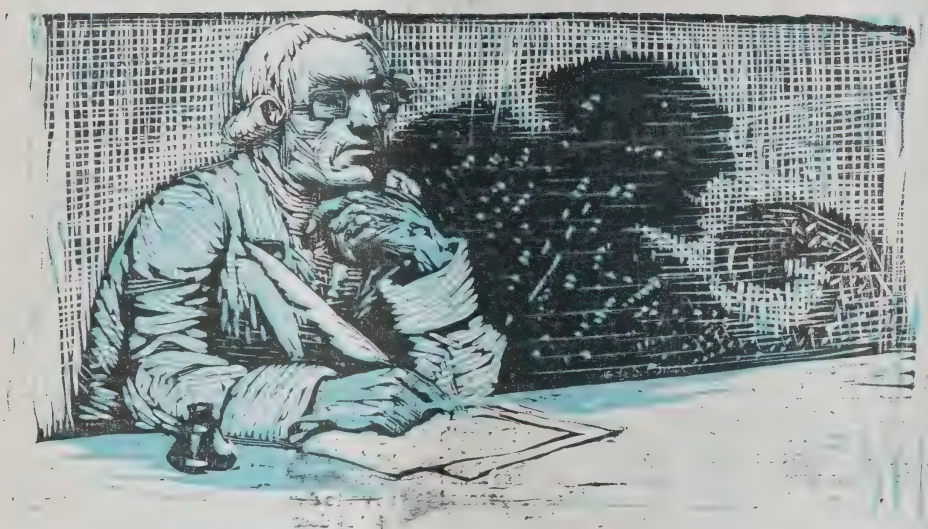
***"Oh," said the World Girdler,*** who came into The Office, "don't say 'Anglo-Saxon' or 'Nordic'; they're in such bad odor, you know. Yes, it's with the Anglo-Saxons and the Nordics themselves that the ill-odor exists. Other people would scarcely dare to say about us what we say of ourselves. Oh, yes, of course, it's a sort of measles, a spasmodic outbreak of self-criticism, but it is there. It is perfectly splitting out in the Orient or down in Africa to hear the Anglo-Saxon stop in the midst of his labors for the heathen to berate his own race. Oh, yes, indeed this happens, except he's English—the modern Englishman is the least Anglo-Saxon of the whole Nordic bunch, if you ask me. I heard an American surgeon in a God-forsaken place pooh-pooh the idea of the superiority of his race. 'At least, sir,' said I to him, 'your race has something to give which these other races need, and there are fellows like you who are willing to give it at the cost of a good deal of sacrifice too.' I counted up the sources of healing, order, supply, education, security, uplift, justice, within five thousand miles of him, and blame me if all of them were not from the British Isles or the United States. We have something worth while and we are willing to share it, that's sure. Of what other race in history can it be said. How many missionaries or embassies of healing did the Babylonians, the Assyrians, the Medo-Persians, the Greeks or the Romans send out? And did you ever hear of any of them sitting down and belittling their race as we belittle ours? Not that I would stop it—no; it is good for us to be self-critical; that's our salvation; otherwise our place in the world would lift us up to dangerous heights of spiritual pride.

"It does make me sick, however, to hear little college professors in 'jerkwater' colleges throughout the United States pour into immature ears of boy and girl students a mess of propaganda against our race and in favor of every other. I am not afraid of it, because race quality itself obliterates this teaching; but it doesn't seem fair to conceal from our college population a knowledge of the real qualities of our racial stock. It doesn't hurt the stock, for that *tells*, but it does diminish the student's legitimate confidence and enjoyment of his place in the world. Every race has something good to say of itself, and rightly. The only race in which this is taboo at present is ours. If it were to have any effect on race itself, it would be exceedingly dangerous, but what the professors and the propagandists say has no more effect on race than it has on the color of the skin or the measurements of the skull. Nature and Destiny have Race in charge."

"It is much easier to raise money for distant objects than for those near home," said the ***Professional Organizer of Uplift Movements*** as he indulged in reminiscence for a few moments in The Office. "You can stir up a great deal of pity for the Armenians, if they are on the other side of the world, where you could hardly get a hearing for people at the end of the street. Give me the German Children or the Devastated Villages of France or The Near East Relief or Grenfell's Labrador any time, rather than any specific American work—that is, to make a record. If it is some very worthy mountain school, or a plan to assist American students, or taking up the slack of poverty near at home, there is not nearly the same interest. My biggest success was immediately followed by my biggest failure: one project was foreign, the other—and I thought the worthier—was American. But Americans turned down the American plea. It is rather surprising, but it is true. Yes, I have heard all of the speculative explanations. But I haven't any myself. I simply know this: when I have to go out and raise money, it comes easier for something far away."

# ROMANTIC RASCALS

(Fifteentn of Series)



## Stephen Burroughs

By CHARLES J. FINGER

WOOD BLOCKS CUT BY PAUL HONORE

(Copyright, 1926, by Charles J. Finger)

HIS name was Stephen Burroughs, he was born in the year 1765, he lived to the age of seventy-five, and in his later years he gave the world the story of his life in a series of letters which were first published in 1811. Last year, 1924, a new edition was brought out from which this account is taken.

But first a necessary word about men of his type, for flabby-minded sentimentalists, who choose to look upon scamps and rascals as if they had not the power of choice, have clouded the issue with talk. Weighty words have been bandied about, tremendous words, words well calculated to darken wisdom, and a confiding public has been regaled with talk about "prophylaxis of degeneracy," "orthognathous types," "the result of the mixture of the brachycephalic and dolichocephalic with consequent reversion to primitive type," and that kind of thing, until it has seemed that the scamp stood a fair chance to become enhaloed as a martyr instead of being punished as a danger to society.

In the case of Stephen Burroughs, much has been said about his pleasing social qualities, his courteous and dignified manners, his extraordinary powers of conversation. But all those are, in a way, the armor of the rascal. The man who sets himself to work to impose on his fellows must, of necessity, cultivate a pleasing manner. Your brusque, clean-cut, sharp-edged and outspoken man would hardly be successful at a game of fraud. So you discover social charm in Emma Lyon, and in Wilkes, and in the Count St. Germain, and in William Parsons, and in a dozen others.

Stephen Burroughs then ran true to type and we are not misled when we see him armed with a lively imagination and a certain *insouciance*, a man full of sharpness and cunning. But we cannot close our eyes to the fact that like all other rascals, he is full of an egoism that makes him utterly regardless of the rights of others. And like others of his stripe, he lacks true perspective, sacrifices too much altogether to hasty and false success, thinking to gain by craft and intrigue the things which others gain by sincere and honest toil. Above all there is the lack of self-discipline, a quality most to be desired by men.

Burroughs contravened the law of heredity and the law of conformity to environment. His father was a good-hearted, mild-mannered Presbyterian clergyman, full of high-souled devotion to his cure, foremost in social work, possessed of a passion for moral perfection. On his son he lavished much, placing him for his education under Joseph Huntingdon, D.D., and, later, entering him in Dartmouth College. Of that education, which according to the custom of the time consisted largely of a study of mathematics and the reading of Greek and Latin, Stephen Burroughs spoke slightingly, saying that it gave no preparation for life but rather "an exalted idea of his own importance." In that complaint you have another sign of the rascal, with his lack of proper appreciation of the benefits bestowed upon him. As for the curriculum, it was much the same as that under which many mighty men grew and expanded and became useful in the world's affairs: Washington, for instance, and Pitt, and Hamilton, and Chatham, and Burke, and Doctor Samuel Johnson. Out of it those named got necessary things, just as Franklin and Lincoln and many others achieved a real discipline in the use of the mental powers with little or no instruction. For, after all, the object of education is the pursuit of genuine and accurate information to the end that there may be self-discipline, and sterling character, and good manners, and high breeding. Without those the mere acquisition of facts is nothing. But Burroughs was always a sentimentalist and, like sentimentalists, selected for his abuse something in which there was really no abuse. The fact is that he was an idle scholar and was expelled in the second quarter of his second year. So he blames not himself but the system. "The greater part of the time spent at universities," he writes, "amounts to nothing, or what is worse. It habituates the mind to a system of error and puts it upon the pursuit of wrong objects."

We see him at fourteen trying to enlist; we see him leading his father a merry dance and rather rejoicing when the old man begged him to complete his education, then at the age of seventeen the desire to wander came upon him and he left his home for Newburyport, a seaport town in Massachusetts. A lad of rough independence with disciplined mind might have shipped as a deck hand, or as a cabin boy, and so learned of the seaman's work in time, by hard knocks and stern striving.

But Burroughs was not of that kidney. He sought the easy way, the soft snap, as we of today would say. So, the ship "having no doctor engaged, I undertook to act in that capacity; and after obtaining the assistance, advice and direction of an old practitioner in physic together with marks set on each parcel of medicine, I thought myself tolerably well qualified to perform the office of a physician on board the ship."

And there you have abundant evidence of that egotism which makes

men of his mind utterly regardless of the rights of others. It was his comfort first, the safety, even the life of others quite a secondary consideration.

They sailed on January 1, 1783, played pirate for a little, capturing a merchant's brig from New York, and presently reached France where Burroughs tramped awhile, then returned to the United States. There was a year of loafing, at the end of which Burroughs became a school-teacher for four months, at Oxford, near Haverhill, but what with an affair with a married woman and a charge preferred against him for the robbing of a beerhouse, he discovered prejudices in those about him.

So there was a hasty departure and he made his way down Connecticut River to Ludlow, where he changed his name to Davis and applied for the position of clergyman, his stock in trade being unbounded impudence and ten sermons composed by and belonging to his father, the which he had stolen. "In the pulpit," he says, "I felt all the serenity of a calm summer's morning . . . No monarch, when seated on the throne, had more sensible feelings of prosperity." And, like the scoundrel he was, he laughed at those he defrauded.

His fraud being discovered he narrowly escaped punishment, for a body of citizens gathered to chastise him and there was fighting of a muddled kind, one man being knocked down with a stone thrown by Burroughs, the scamp himself leaping from a window flourishing an ax by way of weapon. It came out afterward that during his pastorate he was in touch with a half-rogue, half-fool, who professed to make silver. By a roundabout way that led, soon, to an alliance with a forger, and Stephen Burroughs one day found himself in jail on a charge of passing counterfeit money. He was placed in the pillory and given three years in the house of correction.

There is a certain amount of high-falutin' nonsense in Burrough's account of his first attempt to break jail, for the man had all the vanity of the criminal and had not read Baron Trenck for nothing, but still there was a measure of boldness in the attempt, for the fellow worked like a hero at the stone wall. But the effort to escape was a failure and, the work of destruction being discovered, he was chained to the floor, *a la* Jack Sheppard. A few days later he set fire to the jail but the fire was extinguished by the guards. A third attempt to escape by digging into a drain led to his being sent to Castle Island prison in Boston Harbor. There he set himself to work to incite the prisoners to mutiny, but when the time for the uprising came, he found himself alone in the revolt. Notwithstanding all that desperado business, the fellow was so glib, so persuasive, so able to impose himself on those about him, that he succeeded in gaining a measure of liberty as a kind of honor man, "going as he pleased to any part of the island without an attendant."



Being in time released, he worked for awhile as manual laborer, "until some opportunity should afford for other business," but work with the hands he found "somewhat mortifying," and he secured occupation more to his liking as school-teacher in the town of Charlton. There were other goings and comings, teaching here and there, then, in 1789, he was married to his cousin and in time became a father. But mischief and Burroughs were never long apart and one day there were new complications when he was awakened by the sheriff and placed under arrest on a charge of having laid violent hands upon three of his girl pupils at periods not long apart. The trial ended in his being sentenced to receive one hundred and seventeen stripes on the bare back, to stand two hours in the pillory, to sit one hour on the gallows with a rope about his neck, to be imprisoned for three months and to be bound to good behavior for seven years and to pay the charges of the prosecution.

Again that geniality of his stood him in good stead, and after two-thirds of the whipping had been given he was returned to prison to suffer the rest later. At midnight certain citizens, he says, opened the prison door and he was allowed to walk out.

It reads like a sort of fairy story how the man went to Long Island, found a position as school-teacher here and another there, sometimes on the eve of having his record published, sometimes in a feverish fear when some former acquaintance was in the neighborhood. There are abundant evidences of misery and of poverty and he dropped to the lowest point when he was joined by his wife. In spite of his rhapsodies of self-pity, we see his cold-hearted indifference. To be sure, he wraps his act up in frenzied words, but yet the act stands forth in all its baldness, and when his wife was hourly expecting the birth of a child, the fellow left her and set off to seek his fortune elsewhere.

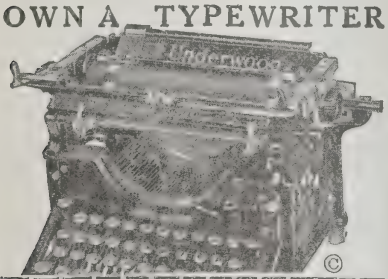
Borrowing here and borrowing there he found his way to Baltimore, and there a most amazing piece of business was transacted. For, as Burroughs writes, "there came a gentleman into my room, belonging to the back part of Virginia, and offered me a tract of land, containing 25,000 acres." Burroughs affected the man of affairs, and told the gentleman that he did not "carry money about for such an extensive purchase," but offered to buy at a shilling an acre, giving notes payable at three months, and the deal went through. On the next day Master Burroughs sold his land to a Scotch gentleman for $4,166, cash, bought back his notes at a discount and had $150 in hand as result of the negotiation.

Five years connection with the land business saw him at last with $30,000, invested in mortgages in Philadelphian property, and, counting himself safe, he sought his family. But his wealth took wings to itself, for he gave his Philadelphian agent a power of attorney to act for him, and the man sold, obtained hard cash, and fled to France.

For three years the father had the doubtful pleasure of the son's company, during which time Stephen managed the home affairs and estate in such way that before long there were entanglements and troubles. Then when the old clergyman was deeply embarrassed financially, the scamp left for Canada. Report had it that he was head of an academy, that he was private tutor, school-teacher, many things, then came the real news that he was forger on a large scale, "counterfeiting bills of the various banks of the United States," and he knew the inside of prisons at Montreal and at Quebec. Finally he turned upon his own assistants and betrayed them to the police.

So, having skirted the murky depths of Hades, he came at last to a time when sensational excitement palled. Perhaps he was filled with a genuine conviction that crookedness did not pay. Perhaps it was a moral change within the man at the eleventh hour. At any rate there were signs of that vanity in the criminal that makes him boast of his deeds, for he told his visitor much of his past life, and there was a touch of pride in his statement that he had escaped the gallows, though hanging as his end had been freely prophesied. He was then studying physic and teaching school at Three Rivers, Canada, and professed to have passed from "a life of sin and crime, to one of penitence and devotion."

OWN A TYPEWRITER




$3 and it's yours
if you clip this now.

The ace of writing machines—at a bargain price! A *free* trial, and easiest monthly payments if you buy! This Underwood No. 5—rebuilt from top to bottom—*five-year-guaranteed*—removes the last reason for not owning your own machine. Get our proposition with new and valuable Typewriting Manual, *free*.

FREE! Typewriting Manual, large catalog, and full particulars of free course in touch writing, if you mail this to SHIPMAN-WARD MFG. CO., 2301 Shipman Bldg., *Chicago*.

*Name* .....

*Address* .....

PATENTS

Time counts in applying for patents. Don't risk delay in protecting your ideas. Send sketch or model for instructions or write for FREE book, "How to Obtain a Patent" and "Record of Invention" form. No charge for information on how to proceed. Communications strictly confidential. Prompt, careful, efficient service. Clarence A. O'Brien, Registered Patent Attorney, 238B, Security Bank Building (directly across street from Patent Office), Washington, D. C.

# South Seas' Lure, Does It Live?

(*Concluded from page 8*)

cause of the heat of the tropics, it's all business and no romance.

"There's old Captain Joe Steffany. He's about the last of the old-timers around here. Knows every reef from here to Australia and over in the Fijis, the Solomons and all the others. When he was young the things went on which fiction writers like to hear about. He used to bring Solomon Islanders over to Western Samoa to work under labor contracts and bring others back that had finished their contract time. There were wild times around these seas in those days.

"Once the captain was on his deck, wearing only an old pair of dungarees that hardly reached his knees, when a big Solomon Islander told him he was going to kill another islander right then for stealing his wife from him. The other islander owned a big box, made in fancy style, in which he kept the few things he had. The captain asked the savage why he didn't get a divorce from his wife, instead of killing the other fellow, and let the other one marry her.

"He said he would if he could, provided the other fellow gave him the box he owned and took the three kids along with the wife. So the captain called them all up on deck, heard the case and granted a divorce. Then he married the rival to the woman, as they agreed to the bargain. Things like that don't happen any more."

Kneubuhl, as a side line, buys wrecks and salvages what he can. He buys ships and resells them. Some of these deals, as he told them, would make the basis for prime thrillers of the South Sea variety. I mentioned that.

"Oh, yes," said Ben, "maybe they would, but they only happen once in a while. Most of the time nothing happens at all and you are so far away from the rest of the world you hardly know what's going on."

So romance dies out if you stay too long, or else you become so jaded that you need fresh romantic occurrences every day or two to keep you interested in life. Perhaps it's just as well then that my stay here will be limited sufficiently to permit leaving while romance still lives and beauty is untarnished, with neither concealed behind the veil raised by the drab realities of everyday existence.

# The "New Economics" for Farmers

(*Concluded from page 14*)

ent outstanding scheme of agricultural aid.

But in a surprisingly large portion of the American manufacturing realm a new situation has come about, one that may be far-reaching, politically and otherwise. This new situation suggests the rapid approach of a time when American manufacturers will be predominantly against high tariff protection, even for themselves, in either principle or practice. The bulk of those identified with several big industries are rated now as being indifferent to or positively opposed to this form of supposedly governmental aid. They do not fear competition, even on free trade terms, from abroad. What they want more than tariff-sustained prices for their products are cheap raw materials and foreign markets. The prices of many raw materials of manufacture are affected mightily by the tariff and, to a large extent, the selling of American goods abroad depends on imports purchased abroad.

Thus a new orientation of the most perpetual of American political questions, that of the tariff, may be at hand. A member of the President's Cabinet, who, being a Republican, is naturally for the principle of protection, said, but not publicly, the other day:

"It is probable that before long the demand for tariff protection will come chiefly from the farm instead of from the factory as heretofore."

Hitherto American farmers haven't taken much interest in tariff protection except as a theory. The bulk of them in the East and West usually have supported high tariffs as something good for the country but of little benefit to themselves. Occasionally they have risen in rebellion against what they considered tariff-made high prices for things they buy. And in recent years several groups of them have been demanding higher and higher tariff duties on imports of farm products which compete with their own. They have procured them, too, but, so far, they haven't been very effective.

This new warmth of feeling on the part of the farmers for tariff protection owes no doubt in some part to the declining importance of foreign markets for American farm products, just as the reverse among manufacturers owes in large part to the growing importance of foreign markets for American factory products.

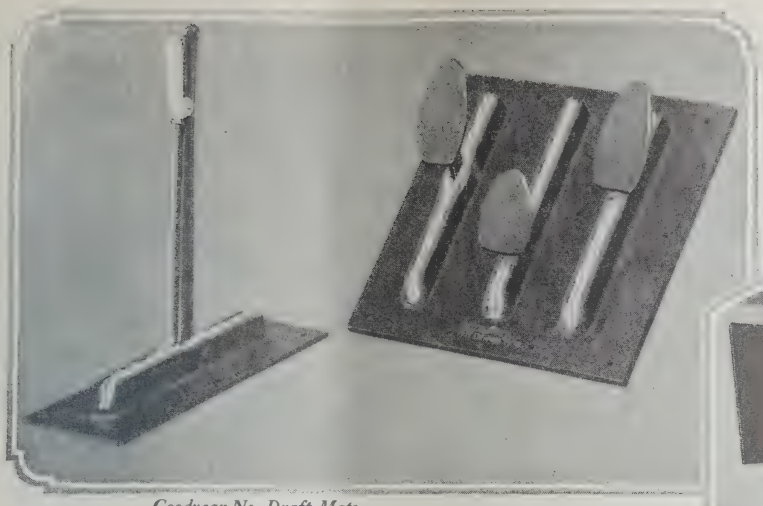
Recent studies made by United States Department of Agriculture economists show "that the consumption of foodstuffs in the United States is increasing much more rapidly than their production." This change has been going on since the beginning of the century, though it was interrupted during the war. "In the nineteenth century food production increased much more rapidly than population in the United States."

Still a large proportion of our farm products have to be exported and be thus sold in competition with all the world.

What is now aimed at by leaders who figure big in organized farming is the elimination of that competition as a prime factor in the making of the domestic price. For it they would substitute a flexible tariff.

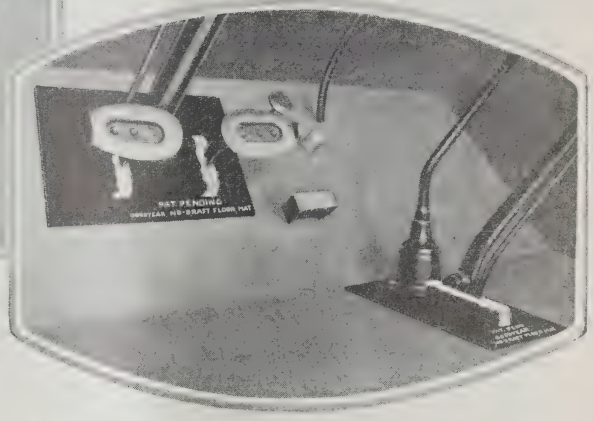
And, as an expedient for getting what they think they need, they are willing to approve what would be an extension to farming of a bureaucratic control more far-reaching than ever before attempted in this country during times of peace.

But the ultimate result of the agitation and conflict of opinion quite probably will be—just another government bureau.



*Goodyear No-Draft Mats for all Ford Models*

*Goodyear No-Draft Mats for all Chevrolet Models*




# This No-Draft, All-Weather Comfort

## *Means winter luxury to Ford and Chevrolet Owners*

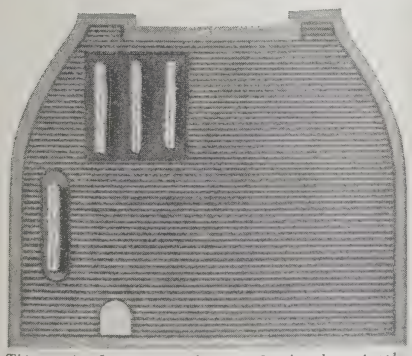
The ankle-chilling drafts, the dust and engine fumes that swirled up through the floor of your car are things of the past.

Drive into your Ford or Chevrolet Service Station or any Goodyear Tire Dealer and ask for the Goodyear No-Draft Mat. Applied in five minutes, and you're on your way in luxurious warmth and comfort, pedals and levers encased in draft-tight wool.

Goodyear No-Draft Mats are designed for all Ford and Chevrolet models, whether closed or open.

* *

**Note to Ford and Chevrolet Dealers:** *Here is a timely selling item, a Goodyear product and a genuine need at this season, from which many sales should result. Write for complete details to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.*



*This complete floor mat provides entire foot board covering plus the No-Draft features. There is a size for every Ford Model*

GOODYEAR

Copyright 1926, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

NO-DRAFT MATS

# A Tragic Heroine—Maggie Tulliver

## A Brief Analysis of One of George Eliot's Most Pathetic Characters

By LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH

GEORGE ELIOT is reported as having said that Charlotte Brontë had kept too close to the conventions in not permitting Jane to marry Rochester despite the mad wife. To me George Eliot's own great figure is Maggie Tulliver. She has more charm than Jane Eyre. She makes "the mill on the Floss" a more romantic place than Thornfield. She is a rebel also, and she has somewhat the same cause for rebellion. It is assumed that as a woman she is not free to make choice of the man she shall marry. It is not a lover that presumes to take possession of her will, but her brother, Tom. In the declining fortunes and the declining strength of the older Tulliver, Tom becomes the head of the family. It is an office with obligations, and one of those obligations is to see that Maggie does not marry the son of the enemy of the house.



Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, where George Eliot died.

The statement that Maggie has more charm than Jane may be in need of verification. I am not sure that she is beautiful, that she carries herself better than Jane, that she is at all more gloriously a woman. What I do know, however, is that her eyes can smile, that they can flash, that they can grow soft and tender. She is a creature of the affections. She is different from Jane in that her affections are gentler, more self-forgetful, more tenaciously unyielding. Probably Tom Tulliver is selfish. As far as he is so it may be possible to excuse him on the ground of his having a fixed, if false, conception of his duty. It is enough for the story that Maggie loves him. Her obligation to him goes back to their childhood together. It holds her more surely and enduringly than her love for Philip Wakem. It is no small measure of her protection against the temptation that comes to her in the form of Stephen Guest.

There has been some criticism of George Eliot for permitting Maggie to be influenced in any degree by fascinations so slight and unworthy as those that he has to offer. This is to forget two important considerations. In the first place a great many worthy and high-minded men and women have married unwisely. Some of them have also married so much beneath them that it is hard to believe that they have not done so consciously. Again, the tragedy of Maggie Tulliver's life is just that of the immersion in a narrow social atmosphere within which her faculties can have no scope and from which no deliverer offers her a means of escape. Stephen is only a subterfuge. Maggie recognizes him as no more than that. Perhaps Maggie should be superior to subterfuges. Perhaps she should not make compromises with her necessities. So to rise above our ordinary human limitations is beautiful and admirable. Unfortunately it is not always possible. Maggie does only as now and then the best of us must do. She pays the price as we also must pay.

Maggie is in rebellion against the conditions of life by which she is circumscribed. *The Mill on the Floss* is an earlier *Story of a Country Town*. It is a novel doing for rural life in England some such thing as Howe's novel did later for life in Kansas. It is the English *Main Street* of more than a half-century ago. It differs from *Main Street* in that, while no less than Sinclair Lewis, George Eliot shows the pettiness of starved natures living dwarfed lives under mean conditions, it is free from the futile rancors and twisted judgments by which the American novel is unfortunately disfigured. Maggie knows that she is caught in the net that life has woven about her. She knows that she is not responsible, that other agencies have been at work, agencies beyond her control or her foreknowledge. She hardly protests. She does not at all sputter or exclaim. She is a great figure because she carries her disasters greatly, bravely, without any outward show of distress. I am told of a recent writer, not of the blood of George Eliot or Maggie Tulliver, who clasps her hands despairingly and exclaims, "Oh, these cold Anglo-Saxons!" Maggie is passionately alive and she suffers intensely, but she never falls into the hysteria that such a writer would think proper for her. She is not quite serene, but she is high-hearted and finely self-possessed.

It is Maggie's poise, holding her secure in the face of the impulses that spring from her discontent, by which she makes head against the accumulation of her misfortunes. "Philip, I have made up my mind," she tells her lover in the hour of her great renunciation, "it is right that we should give each other up, in everything but memory. I could not see you without concealment—stay, I know what you are going to say—it is other people's wrong feelings that make concealment necessary; but concealment is bad, however it may be caused. I feel that it would be bad for me, for us both. And then, if our secret were discovered, there would be nothing but misery—dreadful anger; and then we must part after all, and it would be harder when we were used to seeing each other."



Marian Evans—George Eliot.

She and Philip together feel their common isolation from the larger life of the world. It is by so much the harder for them to part, for her to insist upon the separation, because it must be so complete a severance from all that can give life meaning for them. She has to oppose her strength of will to the bitterness of that realization and to the further bitterness of Philip's protests. "Nothing could make life worth the purchase-money of pain, to me," he tells her, "but some faculty that would lift me above the dead level of provincial existence."

This is the crucial thing in their common misfortune. Philip is gifted, and St. Oggs is not a place in which his gifts can find their natural fruition. Maggie is gifted also. She is modestly less conscious of it than he, and yet she too feels that her circumstances have shut her in within a narrower scope than will suffice for the needs of her nature. They are in rebellion together, and they two alone can understand each other, can feel alike about the occasion for rebellion, can offer each other some compensation for the lack of sufficiently fine satisfactions outside themselves. Even in this dependence of one upon the other, Maggie is strong enough to break the bond and go her way alone. Perhaps she does so unwisely. Perhaps she has been too devoted to Tom. Perhaps it is one of her weaknesses that she does not see that Tom is heavier and duller than she, that he has none of that eagerness of spirit, that upreaching of intelligence, that glow of human feeling by which Maggie herself becomes to our eyes a fullness of living womanhood, and a victim of circumstances.



Arbury in Warwickshire, the birthplace of George Eliot.

# The Hot Dog Engineer of Screenland

## Strange Transformations That Make a Movie Show

By FRED GILMAN JOPP



Cameras lined up at a big "set." Telephones are used to keep the director in touch with his assistants.

EVERYWHERE there was color—a continuous, illimitable background of green, flaring with violent reds, washed with misty blues, smoothed with deep lavenders, and golden with creamy yellows. It was as if some fabulous giant had spilled and messed the rainbow—the bazaars of India.

A reed-like piping, while a bronze form snaked aloft on a rope that ended in blue sky and nothingness. A mob, hypnotized by barbaric music that tightened the heart-strings. These snapped, raw and quivering, for a sweating figure tore past the disgusted players to wave a paper under the startled director's nose.

"What a fine Simon Legree you are," yells this wild man. "Here I have a dirigible wreck and a civil war on for tonight, and now you want"—glaring at the paper in his hand—"you want a woman burned at the stake. Dash it, we ain't got time to burn up any women. My gang is ready to drop. You and the other funny directors have kept them on seventy-two hour stretches and they're nearly dead. This last job *will* kill them."

But an unruffled director, used to handling mental explosions among star and technician, calmly explains that a change in script demands that a witch be sacrificed on the altar of fire, and "What's a woman or two between friends anyhow? Surely nothing to get hot about." It is too bad, of course, that the boys are overworked but they're drawing double overtime, aren't they? To suspend production would mean an expensive cast made idle and with the overhead assuming gigantic proportions, et cetera, et cetera.

And so the Hot Dog Engineer—for thus he is called in the Land of Flickering Tintypes—is once more dared to do the impossible. Despite the grief that already is his the woman is burned—horribly, as the next day's rushes prove.

All of which delight a certain star and director who dance out of the projection room to congratulate the hot dog engineer. But a hot dog engineer smart enough to burn a woman at the stake without even scorching her clothing is also far too clever to await congratulations and—more work. Wrapped in blankets, out beneath the stars and moon, far from Hollywood, twists and moans an utterly exhausted man. "Aw, be reasonable, C. B.," he mutters, "I can't build the Brooklyn Bridge in a week. Give me ten days."

Why is a hot dog engineer? What are his qualifications?

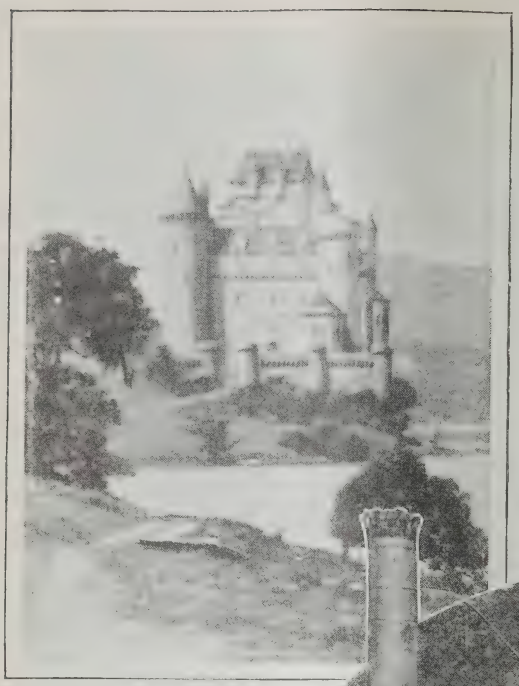
There are not half enough of him in Hollywood to supply the demand. Nature does not turn them out fast enough.

The hot dog engineer is a chap who has won his spurs in the four corners of the globe. He has been a member of the Foreign Legion; he has built railroads in the Andes and has fought lions in Africa. Authors make him the hero of their stories whenever the plot demands action. He is the most red-blooded of men—the adventurer.

He has forgotten more than most engineers know. The string of letters after his name and the palms and other medals rusting in his trunk are not one-half the value of his world travels, for he is on the lot for the sole purpose of throwing open his vast storeroom of experience and knowledge to those who demand it. Down through the years his photographic mind has indelibly recorded details of scenes long gone. But even more than these unique accomplishments is his ability to construct a typhoon or a skyscraper at a week's notice. His credit comes from the director—scarcely



The hot dog engineer can convert man into a monkey in six hours.



Beautiful view of a castle produced by the "glass work" method described in this article.

ever does his name appear on the screen. Hence, he must remain unidentified. The producers forbid his work being exploited.

Once this indomitable engineer of illusions arrives upon the set, the director's troubles are more than half over. To the latter remains the task of bridling the temperament of volatile stars, while to the former the more difficult assignment of making "reel" the unreal is left.

One day's orders to this versatile character would drive the renowned constructive geniuses to distraction. For instance, in his envelop at the studio he is presented with instructions to:

Find how Queen Victoria's hair was coiffured on a certain party day, how many maids in waiting attended and the exact position of the majestic locks?

Construct a portion of the great Spanish Armada and provide the proper atmosphere and costumes, before the camera is trained upon the scene.

Construct a tropical village in the typhoon belt, and ascertain the revolutions required by the wind machines to wipe it out.

Build a sphinx, and find out what kind of a baseball uniform was worn in 1898. And so on, and so on.

With feet elevated on his desk the hot dog engineer stares at the blank wall—seemingly. But in reality he is previewing the mental film that revolves around these assignments. In a few minutes he is at work and then facts and images are placed before the director, all this in an incredibly short time. Well done? Remarkably so! So well done, in fact, that millions in future audiences will gasp at the realism portrayed.

Cecil B. De Mille's engineer supplied a telephone system that reached into every nook and corner of a tent city that extended over twenty-four square miles of desert, a city of twenty-five hundred people and three thousand animals.

The operating set was dragged over the hot sands on a sled so that De Mille continually governed by phone the efforts of the vast ménage.

This same engineer constructed twoscore five-ton sphinx and transferred them to the desert where they were placed in avenues before the sumptuous palace of Pharaoh. What labor this mighty potentate might have saved had he a hot dog engineer at his beck and call.

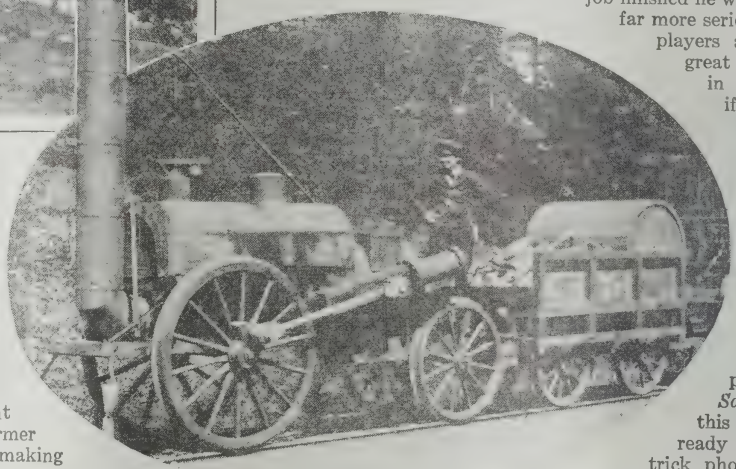
The original *Mayflower*, ship of the Pilgrims, cost approximately four thousand dollars, history relates. Charles Ray's engineer brought a replica before the lens that cost Ray sixty-five thousand dollars, a direct contradiction that hot dog engineers are employed to create illusions as money-saving devices. Many tons of machinery beneath the Hollywood *Mayflower* designed to heave and toss the craft in a terrific hurricane added to the realism. And even today tourists are given a touch of *mal de mer* when they trod its decks. Sea gulls still hover over the vessel.

No storm effects have ever approached those brought about in the *Old Homestead*. A battery of these storm agitators will tear anything that isn't set in solid concrete. When you see a cyclone on the screen wipe a whole village off the map remember that you are seeing an actuality, and that the wind machine is the ingenious brain-child of the hot dog engineer.

James Cruze's engineer was sent into the great open spaces of the West without a single Covered Wagon. He built five hundred of them on the spot where the scenes were taken under conditions exactly similar to those encountered by the original pioneers. But he did it in record time. And now to prove that the hot dog engineer really is versatile. With this mechanical job finished he was faced with another—one far more serious—that of protecting the players and cameramen from the great wild herd of buffalo used in the film. And dash him, if he didn't pull a Buffalo Bill—a thrilling hip shot that brought down a crazed brute directly in front of the lens. Had this one bullet not found its mark between the bull's eyes, Hollywood would have been shy its best director.

Harold Lloyd's engineer won fame in this strange profession in the filming of *Safety Last*. When you saw this picture you were no doubt ready to swear that oodles of trick photography was reeling before your eyes. On the contrary there was not a foot of trick photography and an ordinary motion picture camera was used.

The engineer forced the thrills for the heart-pounding comedy by building fake corners on the tops of real buildings and focusing the camera so that the slim edge of the real roof would not come into range.



Oval—Duplication of early locomotive, propelled by an automobile engine in the imitation boiler.

Below—An example of the miniature sets used to create illusions in motion pictures.



One could look straight down to the pavement seemingly miles below. That little ledge upon which Lloyd worked was no place for any man but one with real nerve. The fake corners were built in just far enough so that a fall could be prevented—if Harold worked fast—and so that the platform could be erected for the camera. Yet they were close enough to the edge that by shooting with the camera at the proper angle the drop to the street, far below, looked straight down.

And in another film Lloyd wanted a giant as a foil for his capers. The engineer wired frantically all over the world to all the known giants with no success. The giant was finally found—in Los Angeles.

Still another hot dog engineer is noted for the fact that he can make dynamite sit up on its hind legs and do tricks. And this engineer has yet to be burned from explosives of his own brewing. Dyna*mite* but she won't, for her master knows her likes and dislikes. In other words, he is a good mixer—mixing sometimes as high as twelve different kinds of powder to get the desired camera effects.

"Give me your finest piece of antique furniture," he says, "and I can set it all ablaze, then return it to you unscathed. Or I set an elaborate room filled with rare furnishings afire—let it burn for fully five minutes, then extinguish this fire and bet you any amount that you cannot trace a single effect of the flames—even on the most delicate wall paper." Impossible? Not at all! I've seen him do that little thing. And I've also seen a man, off balance, about to fall down a mining shaft (a movie set) set back on his feet by the concussion of an explosion set off below. This sort of stuff takes real brains and absolute fearlessness on the part of the actor.

It is the mission of the engineer to construct illusions for the camera scientifically and artistically. Without his genius the entertainment of the screen would suffer woefully. Many times the scene would be impossible to portray because of prohibitive expense. This and this only is the reason for trick photography. And trick photography makes it possible to create the illusion of danger without subjecting the players to unreasonable risk.

The hot dog engineer never exceeds the bounds of plausibility, except, of course, in comedies. He never aims to insult your intelligence. What illusions he creates can really be done. Every one of them is possible. But illusion is all that is needed and so he obtains it.

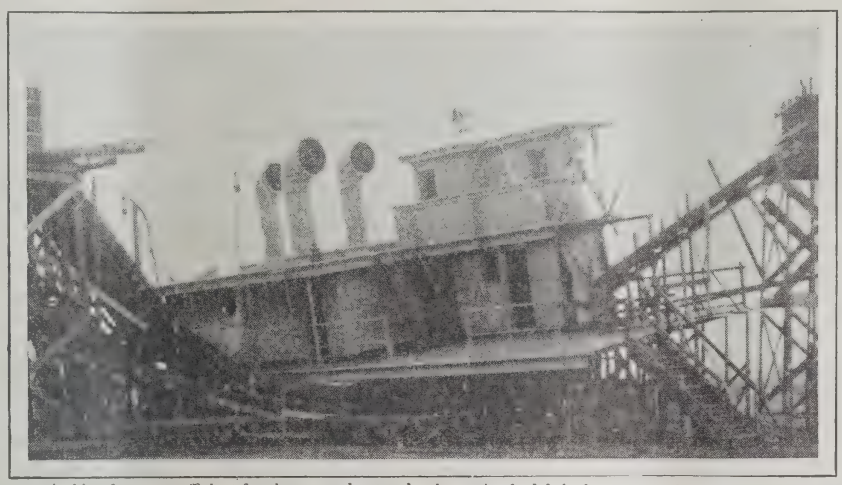
The past two years have witnessed tremendous changes in motion picture making—thanks to the hot dog engineer. There is hardly anything he cannot produce on the screen if given a little time. Foremost, perhaps, is a new type of camera with double lens.

One lens points to an unruffled lake, the other to a man walking toward the camera from a totally different direction. And now the miracle. The resulting film when thrown on the screen shows the man apparently walking upon the waters.

The rise of aëronautics has given the engineer further tasks of creating illusions among the clouds with planes and dirigibles.

"Glass work" is perhaps the most common and seems to produce the most convincing and realistic results. It is technically involved procedure.

Interior sets—ballrooms, stores, assembly halls—anything that is to be taken inside—are never constructed with ceilings. Generally three sides of the inclosure are erected, the fourth being left open for the camera. Since interior photography requires a tremendous amount of lighting the ceiling must be left open. That necessity gave birth to the "glass work" illusion.



A ship of parts—sufficient for the scene about to be shot. At the left is the water tank which releases the giant wave that washes the villain overboard.

The glass, usually a sheet about six feet square, is placed a few feet above the lens so that the upper half of the lens shoots through it. The first step, though, is to paint on the glass a ceiling that matches the three walls of the set; beamed ceilings, arches of elaborate design or other interior coverings—anything that may be desired; even chandeliers with lights placed behind them to give the necessary effect.

Exterior effects are achieved by the same process. Buildings intended for blending with glass are only constructed to the first or second story. Painted castles are thrown into the background or horizon with all the reality of the actual building. Speed does not enter into "glass work." Perfection is sought and obtained and the more intricate paintings often take months to complete.

Guesses are frequently hazarded as to how certain spectacular and thrill effects are secured. The great majority of picture-goers realize that the wrecks, floods, and forest fires are not always carried out in actual detail. In fact, many persons know they are done in miniature, and that by photographing small replicas of boats and bridges most realistic and dramatic accidents can usually be obtained.

To perfect this sort of illusion the ultra-speed camera is used, because miniatures photographed with the normal speed camera look faked, due to the fact that small objects do not move with the same ponderous deliberation of life-sized objects. For instance:

When a four-story building collapses, it takes several minutes for the débris to settle to the ground. Now if a four-story miniature, about two feet high, collapses, it is on the ground in a second. So one can easily see that the speed of the two actions differs so greatly that the illusion is utterly lost.

The waves of the ocean move slowly and show irresistible weight and power. But create artificial waves in the tank where the miniature ship is to be photographed and you produce only the effect of dinky splashing. Things are not as they seem as will now be proved.

To watch the hot dog engineer agitate his tiny ocean with paddles and tow his toy liner across the tank at lightning speed with underwater wires is not so good—to the naked eye, for the miniature ship has merely bobbed up and down in its ridiculous dash across the screen. Ah, but you have reckoned without the ultra-speed camera which takes five pictures where the normal-speed camera takes only one picture. Consequently, the action of the ship—to this ultra-speed camera—was only one-fifth as fast as when it occurred. And now the result:

On the screen the waves, instead of jumping and splashing, undulate slowly and ponderously. The illusion is given that hundreds of tons of water are rising and falling with endless monotony. And instead of bouncing around like a cork the ship rolls and pitches as do the great liners themselves. Motion pictures of the real ship could not be more convincing.

But answer this question: Why, with miniature work at the peak of perfection, does the director prefer blowing up a 4,000-ton steamer? This was done in a recent picture *The Half Way Girl* and 20,000 pounds of dynamite was used to destroy it.

The more liberal use of miniature sets and other devices for furthering photographic illusion has made necessary new and oftentimes ingenious directorial methods. More recently the trend seems to have gone toward the opposite direction—working on bona fide locations presents many new difficulties.

The desire to give conventional scenes novel and spectacular treatment is not always in the hot dog engineer's bag of tricks. Then the director's ingenuity tells.

Megaphones are not being used these days. Loud speakers, borrowed from the radio, flag semaphores after the military fashion, code signals issued by pistol barks, everything from portable sirens down to good old lung power, are now included to convey the director's instructions.

But the hot dog engineer is always two jumps ahead of the director. He must be—to hold his job.

Jules Verne dwelt fantastically upon the secrets of the ocean's floor and was termed a madman by an ignorant public. But now that the hot dog engineer is beginning to penetrate undersea mysteries it is proved that even Verne's imagination fell far short of the mark. On top of this comes the greatest mechanical feat of all, that of producing Jules Verne's *The Mysterious Island.* This photoplay has been scenarioized and is now being shot beneath the ocean in the Bahamas.

# They Thought California Was an Island

## It Took Centuries of Adventure and Hardship to Place the Golden State Correctly on the Map

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

THE romantic history of California is full of tragedies and disasters, largely connected with the quest for gold. The bitter irony of fate is nowhere revealed more clearly than in the numerous Spanish discoveries and settlements in California extending over three centuries, but without finding the hidden metal which brought about the great gold rush of '48. Almost wholly to Spanish heroes is due the discovery and the early colonization of this fertile and romantic region. No motion picture thriller, emanating today from this same California, can rival the story of these three hundred years of Spanish adventure.

When Balboa gazed upon the Pacific Ocean in 1513 a new epoch in history began whose culmination has not yet been achieved. The center of civilization was moving from the Mediterranean Sea to the Atlantic and "Westward the course of Empire" began to take its way. Magellan's famous expedition around the world followed by six years Balboa's discovery and made the Pacific a possibility for future voyages approaching from either direction.

The first vessels to sail from the Western Coast were built by Balboa. This ambitious individual was planning further enterprises when in 1517 the Governor Pedrarias charged him with treason and upon his conviction executed him. The lure of gold again was in the minds of the governor and his unfortunate victim, the discoverer of the Pacific.

The two vessels built by Balboa were utilized for further voyages and the exploration toward the south reached its highest point with Pizarro and the Conquest of Peru, so graphically told by Prescott.

The march toward California was continued by Hernando Cortes who, in 1518, began the enduring Spanish enterprise in Mexico. Lured on again by gold Cortes undertook in 1532 actively to explore the western coast of North America, but the two vessels of the first expedition, under Hurtado de Mendoza, were lost. On October 29, 1533, Cortes sent out two more vessels, built under his own supervision, and Lower California was discovered by them. At this time, it appears that from native accounts, Cortes supposed California to be an island. In 1534-1535 a colony was founded on Lower California at Santa Cruz but soon abandoned. The final Cortes expedition under Francisco de Ulloa left the port of Acapulco on July 3, 1539, and sailed well up into the Gulf of California quite definitely establishing the peninsula. In 1540 Cortes returned to Spain, nevermore to see the new world which gave him fame.




Father Kino's map of California, made in 1701 and printed in 1705, definitely reestablishing California as a peninsula.

The Viceroy Antonio de Mendoza, having vanquished his rival for honors and gold in the western region, began actively enterprises of his own. In the program of acquiring the northern and western territories the Franciscan monks were enlisted, represented by Fray Marcos. His instructions were "to note the kind of people . . . the quality and fertility of the land, its climate, the trees and plants, domestic or savage animals, the aspect of the country, whether rugged or level, the streams, if large or small, and the rocks or metals. And . . . to bring or send samples." With Fray Marcos in 1538 went the remarkable Negro explorer, Little Steve or Estevanico, who unfortunately lost his life among the pueblos of the Tunis. Arizona and New Mexico were both reached by this expedition and it was the report of the Franciscan which stimulated the further interest of Mendoza and the Governor Coronado who had been appointed by the viceroy in 1538.


CALIFORN
Pta de la Conception
Pta de los Reyes
Pta de Concepcion
Pta de la Engaño
Pta de Pinos
Pta de Almejas
Pta de Arena
Pta de Tortugas
Pta de Quemado

1542, the Bay of San Diego, in that region second only as a harbor to San Francisco. The ships were driven to the north by successive storms and attained a latitude of 44°, according to their reckoning and quite certainly as far as 42°30′, or the present Southern Oregon boundary.

The Spanish were at this time the most active traders in the Orient. Their returning ships suffered greatly at the hands of pirates, prevalent well into the eighteenth century. Particularly at the Cape of Good Hope pirates found it desirable to await the returning fleets. In consequence, the discovery of the passage via the California coast engaged the attention of the Spanish traders, particularly as a market for their goods was found in the colonies. Beginning in 1565 the galleons from Manila made practically annual voyages to Acapulco, taking advantage of the winds which directed their course to California, and then proceeding down the coast.



First printed map with California upon it in Ptolemy's geography, Venice, 1548.

The English name primarily associated with the American western coast of the sixteenth century is that of the great Francis Drake. This navigator had with Captain John Hawkins suffered from perfidious and piratical actions of Spanish seamen. With five vessels Drake embarked in 1677 upon a voyage of revenge, or from the modern point of view, of piracy. This voyage, destined to be one of circumnavigation, proceeded from England to Cape Horn and up the western coast accumulating as booty Spanish gold and silver, taken wherever it could be found. Incidentally Drake reached the coasts of California and Oregon. For seven weeks he encamped in a bay, now known as Drake's Bay. The return to England was by way of the Cape of Good Hope. The achievement of Drake was recorded upon a small silver map of the world; the metal is said to have been part of the Spanish booty. Queen Elizabeth received the successful adventurer in person and he became Sir Francis Drake. The maps of the end of the sixteenth century commonly designate as Nova Albion the region of modern California and frequently add that it was discovered by Drake. New England, then, first appears upon our western coast. All agree in delineating the peninsula of Lower California, and quite all maps of the sixteenth century continue the coast toward the north or northwest as a result of Drake's accounts.

The port of Monterey was established in 1602-3 as a possible base for repairs for the returning Manila galleons. This was the result of an expedition by General Sebastian Vizcaino who spent ten months in exploration of the coast, the last noteworthy Spanish naval effort for a century and a half.

From the cartographer's point of view the most interesting feature of Vizcaino's voyage of 1602 to 1603 is that the names which he proposed have so largely been perpetuated. Not only Monterey, in honor of his viceroy, the Count of Monterey, but also San Diego, the islands of Santa Catalina, San Clemente, Santa Barbara and San Nicolas, the Point of Pines, the Rio del Carmelo and San Pedro were all named by him. Apparently Vizcaino was very devout, or possibly in need of the intercession of the saints.

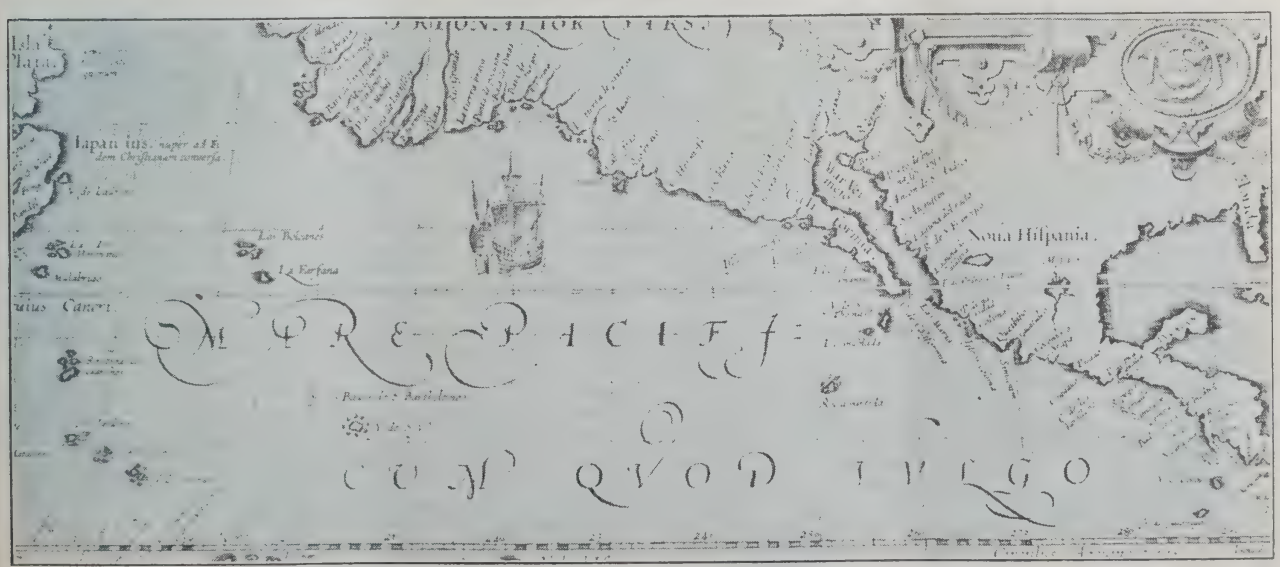
California first appeared as an island upon an English map of 1625, and continued so to appear upon practically all maps for a century. A fine work on voyages, entitled *Purchas His Pilgrimes* gave the island form in a map of America by Master Briggs. This was followed in 1626 by John Speed in his *Prospect of the Most Famous Parts of the World.* Both works were highly popular and enjoyed wide circulation. When Jansson's long-popular atlas made its appearance in 1638 the island form was further circulated by him. Through Jansson and Speed other European cartographers, like DeWitt, the Sansons, Du Val, and DeFer, continued the island until well into the eighteenth century. Jansson, it should be mentioned, played safe by using the peninsula form in his map of the world and the island form in his map of America.

A renewed scientific investigation of the question was the work of a devoted Jesuit missionary, Eusebius Francisco Kino. Born in 1644, in Trent of the Austrian Tyrol, Kino became a student of astronomy and mathematics at the German universities of Ingolstadt and Freiburg. Having dedicated himself as early as 1665 to the priesthood, and in 1669 to service as a missionary, Kino was appointed to the Mexican missions. He arrived at Vera Cruz in 1681, beginning his actual labors in the field in 1683 as Vicar of the Bishop of Guadalajara for California. Kino's early labors were in Lower California, but the greater part of his missionary life was spent in establishing missions in Pimeria Alta, in the region of the present Southern Arizona.

Kino's scientific interest was wide, touching economics, astronomy, geography, and cartography. In connection with his missionary activities Kino made numerous explorations mapping the regions visited.

At Ingolstadt Kino had been taught that California was a peninsula, a conclusion probably based upon the older maps. However, the popular opinion was against this view and the currents along the western coast made it appear possible that the island theory was correct. Even in 1698 he himself referred to California as "the largest island of the world." In 1700 Father Kino reached the Yuma junction, above the head of the gulf, and by 1701 had convinced himself of the true physical character of California.

Kino's history, a most important document, covering the years 1687 to 1707, was found some years ago in the Archivo General y Publico at Mexico City by the distinguished California historian, Professor Herbert E. Bolton, of the University of California. This work was published in translation by Bolton in 1919, at Cleveland,




First map of the Pacific Ocean, by Ortelius, 1589. California appears correctly as a peninsula.

with the title, *Kino's Historical Memoir of Pimeria Alta*. The passage relating to Kino's map and to the peninsula question bears the date 1702 and reads as follows:

"In the celebrated University of Ingolstadt of Bavaria, there was printed in my time a very finely executed general map of the terrestrial world by my father master of mathematics, Father Adamo Aygentler . . . That map, which I brought with me to the Indies . . . depicts California very correctly not as an island, but as a peninsula . . . In this belief . . . I came to the West Indies, and when I arrived at Mexico I was assigned by the Father Bernardo Pardo as missionary and royal cosmographer of California, and, trying to emerge from the doubts which attended these matters, I changed my position, first, because . . . Don Juan de Oñate . . . setting out from the villa of Santa Fe of New Mexico and traveling about one hundred leagues to the westward came to the Mogius, and, as the account says, to the sea, and this in the latitude of thirty-seven degrees. Second, because other accounts by others said the same thing. Third, because many other maps, and the principal modern cosmographers of Germany, Flanders, Italy, and France, etc., said the same . . . and I made copies of these very great new maps from the palace of Mexico . . . Fourth, because the many currents from north to south which I experienced in the voyages which I made in the Gulf of California were so continuous and at times so strong that it seemed as if the sea communicated with that of the north, and inclined me to the opinion that California was an Island; and as such I sketched it in some of my maps.

"But now already, thanks to His Divine Majesty, with various expeditions, and three in particular of one hundred and fifty, one hundred and seventy, and two hundred leagues, which I have made from here to the north of Nuestra Senora de los Dolores. I have discovered with all minute certainty and evidence, with mariner's compass and astrolabe in my hands, that California is not an island but a peninsula or isthmus, and that in thirty-two degrees of latitude there is a passage by land to California."

The map appeared in France twice in 1705, first in the *Edifying and Curious Letters*, concerning the activities of the Jesuits and secondly in the *Memoires of Trevoux*, a monthly journal devoted to wide scholarly interests. This same map was reproduced by a French geographer Buache about 1760 and in the atlases by Kitchin, popular in America at the end of the eighteenth century. The map was evidently prepared by Kino in 1701 and this, or another map, is referred to by him in the title of his history. His interest in the exploration of California appears in his original appointment as cosmographer and this topic is repeatedly touched in his discussions.

Kino's life was devoted to the service of humanity. His companion priest, Luis Velarde, after eight years of intimate daily association, said of him:

"No one ever saw in him any vice whatsoever, for the discovery of lands and the conversion of souls had purified him . . . he prayed much . . . He neither smoked nor took snuff, nor wine, nor slept in a bed . . . He never had more than two coarse shirts, because he gave everything as alms to the Indians." Father Kino used no salt and even put bitter herbs in his food so as to overcome the flesh. (Bolton, loc. cit. Vol. I, p. 63.) This type of heroic figure, combining the highest devotion to scholarship with a love for human souls and with utter forgetfulness of self, comes but seldom to the world. The deeds of Kino in California live there today, for the devotion of such a consecrated soul possesses qualities more truly eternal than anything else of human origin. His spirit continues to bless California.



First map of California as an island, from the English collection of voyages by Purchas in 1625.

For mariners the most important cartographical point in California is San Francisco Bay. In spite of the numerous expeditions from the time of Cortes on, no definite evidence gives indication that any European gazed upon this remarkable harbor until 1769, more than a century and a half after Vizcaino. During all this time, however, Spanish activity in America continued, penetrating northward and westward from Mexico.

A new attack upon the problems of the Pacific emanated in the first half of the eighteenth century from Russia, resulting in the discovery of Bering Strait in 1728 by a Danish navigator in the service of Russia.

Upon this followed other expeditions which doubtless stirred the Spanish to renew their claims to the West Coast. The Spanish statesman who more than any other was responsible for Spanish occupation of California was José de Galvez, visitor-general in 1765 in the department of public finance. In 1769 the much-desired harbor was accidentally discovered by Gasper de Portola, the commander-in-chief of the expedition which set out in search of Monterey and other harbors on the coast. Not until 1775 did a ship enter that harbor, although several Spaniards reached the bay by the overland route. The name San Francisco was given in honor of the Franciscan Father Serra, a leader in the movement. The further history of California is largely concerned with Spanish rule and misrule and finally the entrance of the United States into possession of the rich treasure of the lands of the West.

Honor and praise are due to all those whose lives are devoted to unselfish ideals, and in this large and noble company geographers have a goodly representation.

## Twenty-One Year Tale of Cities

(*Continued from page 4*)

to be more concerned over teaching people to read than with supplying their inhabitants with reading matter.

The census bureau does not, of course, undertake to report on the general efficiency of city government, as, for example, the extent of waste or graft. It merely presents the figures and lets others interpret them, or go beyond them to the character of the specific transaction.

In its last report on the subject, it does go, however, into the forms of city government now operating in American municipalities of 30,000 population or over.

Although there were many changes and much agitation for others during the past twenty years, the old English form of municipal government still predominates in this country. Only a comparatively few cities have dispensed with the ancient office of mayor, though a greater number have got rid of the old type of aldermanic legislative body. Of the 248 cities reported on, 114 now have some type of the commission form of government. A total of 36 cities of 30,000 or more population employ managers.

The commission form and city manager plans have been adopted more by the small than by the big cities. The ones of huge size have held rather tenaciously to the old municipal form of government, several having two legislative houses with the ward system of representation therein.

During much of the period covered by these surveys there was marked agitation for the extension of public ownership of public service enterprises, such as the supplying of gas, electricity and even street car service to the public. This does not seem to have achieved much. Measured by earnings, the cities as a whole seem to be "in business" on a slightly less comparative scale than in the early part of the century. In 1903, 11.5 per cent of their revenues came from public service enterprises; in 1923, only 10.4 per cent was derived from that source. They came in 1903, as they come now, chiefly from water supply systems, though numerous cities own, and some of them operate, other enterprises of similar kind.

Only six of those reported on in 1923 accredited any revenues to the earnings of street railways.

Although the period was marked by the origination of new ways for getting money in the form of taxes, the cities seem to have looked more and more to levies on general property for revenues. In 1903 only 61.4 per cent of all their revenue receipts came from the general property tax, but 66.2 per cent was thus derived in 1923. Other taxes, such as those in license form on business declined in relative importance as did special assessments. Yet the cities as a whole range almost the entire field of tax sources. A large number receive even inheritance and income taxes.

It is curious that the ancient form of county government still prevails in most cities where the territory covered by both is the same or easily might be so. In only eight large cities has the duplication been overcome by merging the two local governmental units. These are New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Baltimore, Boston, San Francisco, Washington, D. C., and New Orleans.

That of municipal kind is now the

costliest of all government in this country. The towns and cities of all sizes spend considerably more than the Federal Government, and the excess is increasing far beyond the ratio of population.

The governmental cost payments of the 248 cities covered by the last report of the census bureau aggregated $2,361,049,079. This, of course, does not include those made by the hundreds of municipalities of less than 30,000 population each.

The assessed valuation of property in the 248 cities surveyed in 1923 was $55,122,-289,085.

The aggregate of their debts at that time was $5,292,081,361—about 11 per cent of the assessed value of all property taxed in getting funds to carry and meet these obligations and other expenses.

Annual surveys of their finances over a period of twenty-one years indicate considerable improvement in municipal government as a science in this country. Many of the worst phases of political corruption have passed or have been modified. The distribution of funds indicate that much greater attention is now given to activities bearing on the health, physical and moral and even mental, of the vast population concentrated in cities.

The financing of these activities has been characterized by typically American optimism. That is to say, expenditures have been permitted to exceed revenues, with perpetual pyramiding of debt obligations, on the assumption that there is no limit to city growth and that it is bound to catch up at some time with this "looking to the future."

What is set forth above deals mostly with the cities as a whole. Among them are many and extreme variations. The financial statistics for each city above 30,000 population are set forth in the census bureau's annual reports on this subject.

## The Cruelty of Deflation

HERE is an example of the cruelty of deflation:

In 1866 the father of Peter Witt, a Cleveland traction expert, purchased a house for $3,000. At that time his daily wage was $6.

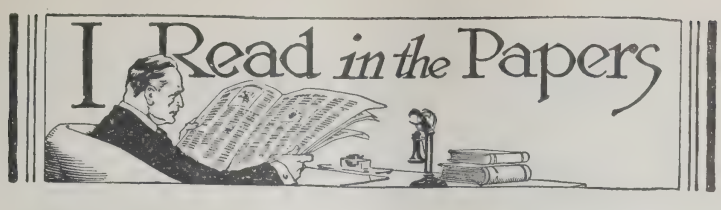
In 1873 he still owed $1,500 on the house. His wage in the meantime had dropped to $2 a day. All other wages and the prices of all commodities had been deflated in like proportion. He could buy as large a basket of groceries and meat for $2 in 1873 as he could for $6 in 1866.

Mortgages, however, were not deflated. With 500 days of labor at $6 a day he could have paid off the original mortgage of $3,000. Seven years later 750 days of labor at $2 a day were required to pay off the balance of $1,500.

Inflation is equally cruel to the owners of mortgages. If a man lends $5,000 at a time when common labor sells at $2 a day and the borrower pays back the money five years later when common labor is selling at $4 a day, the lender is "out" $2,500.

Inflation and deflation are the consequence of wars. Practically all invested wealth was confiscated in the countries of central Europe by inflation which followed the World War.

Inflation robs the strongest vault of its contents just as effectively as a burglar. Deflation burdens the borrower and the owner of large stocks of commodities to the breaking point.—*Imperial Type Metal Magazine.*




—that in a Brooklyn religious service, Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, who is president of the Federal Council of Churches in America, was handed up this question: "If a girl seems to be nice in other ways, but smokes, would you advise a young man to marry such a girl?"

To which the clergyman answered: "That may be simply a passing spasm in the child. Most girls I have seen smoke, don't do it nicely, and there is a nice way of smoking, as every smoker knows. You can always tell if the smoker is not used to it. They hold it very awkwardly, their lips tremble. The thing is wrong. It does not belong to them. There is no logic against their smoking as long as men smoke, but there is a lot of sentiment, and as long as the world is ruled by sentiment and not by logic, if I were a woman, I would think about it pretty carefully."

It seemed too bad to run the risk of this pearl of wisdom, uttered by the titular head of the Protestant churches in the United States, being lost to the world; hence it is rescued and reprinted here, without comment.

—that Senator Cummins has introduced a bill to provide Federal punishment for persons who cause to be transported in interstate commerce anything that they know has been stolen. The same punishment would be applicable to all those who knowingly assist in the rapidly increasing numbers of such enterprises. The ease with which a bankrupt or other business fraud as well as downright thieves can hustle things out of a community and into another state where safe and profitable disposal can be made of the loot is the cause of this law being proposed. So many county prosecutors and grand juries are unwilling to spend money for the pursuit, return and trial of these long-distance thieves that their crimes have too often been tolerated and thereby encouraged. The same condition led to the Federal law against automobile theft and also to the one against the burglary of box cars.

—that winter tourists south are complaining about Georgia roads. Just as I finished reading in a northern paper how tourists had abandoned their cars in the Georgia mud waiting to have them later shipped out of the state by freight, and how their indignant telegrams had poured into the Georgia state capitol, I picked up the Miami *Herald* and saw an Atlanta dispatch which says that Governor Walker, of Georgia, is making a six-weeks tour of the state in an effort to interest the people in good roads. The people of Georgia have disapproved bonded indebtedness for the purpose of building good roads. It is a great pity that our financial minds have so little inventiveness as not to have found a way to finance roads that will get the debt paid at least before the road wears out. The Georgia governor is proposing no new plan, he is trying to persuade the people to get good roads under the old plan. Well, good roads are essential, and good roads in Georgia would seem to be, from all accounts, super-essential. But there would be more and more good roads if a better system of financing them could be found. We haven't the slightest doubt that if our best financial minds were on the other end of the bonding habit, they would find another way.

—that Rabbi Wise has stirred up a little dust by admitting that Jesus actually lived. He could not well do otherwise. This scientific age has been forced past the place where it can longer regard Jesus as a myth. The Jews who resented Rabbi Wise's sermon did so on the ground that it disposes of the century-long Jewish teaching that Jesus was (1) a myth, (2) an illegitimate son, (3) a teacher of evil. These were in part self-contradictory and could not have stood anyway. But Rabbi Wise has rather forced popular Jewish thought up to the point of considering them. He says that Jesus actually existed, was a good man, and taught much that the Jews can receive. There is no doubt about that. The surprising thing is that the statement could arouse such opposition among the Jews and such interest among the Christians.

Dr. Wise, of course, is not to be considered the originator of this point of view. Like many preachers, his sermon but reflected his recent reading. A rabbi of Jerusalem had written a book called *Jesus of Nazareth* which had been translated by an Anglican clergyman of Jerusalem and printed in the United States by Macmillan. I paid $4.50 for my copy, long before Rabbi Wise's sermon was delivered. So I had the advantage of knowing something about the genesis and the accommodation of that sermon.

Now that so much general attention has been called to it, I am going to review the book in an early issue of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. I think that many Jews and clergymen may be interested to learn just what the book sets out to do.

—that travel in this country is no longer predominantly east and west in direction but is being balanced by north and south movements. Between four and five thousand motor tourists from the north were reported passing the junction of the Dixie and Old Spanish Trails in Florida daily in October. This suggests the summertime rush from the middle west to Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan and the cool northeastern states. Furthermore the railroads have not only announced new Florida trains but also have arranged entirely new services between St. Paul-Minneapolis and Dallas-Fort Worth and Kansas City and New Orleans and Boston and New Orleans. These giant strides of the movement of our people are going to be the deciding factor in breaking down that traditional difference in sentiment between North and South that still lingers. People are thus rapidly becoming citizens of the whole United States instead of remaining merely denizens of their respective "home towns" where social stagnation and provincialism hamper national unity and spirit.

# The Signers—56 of '76



## New Jersey's Quintet of Persecuted Patriots



By CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

(Copyright, 1926, by Carl Schurz Lowden)

PROBABLY the most generally talented person among the signers was Francis Hopkinson. "Jack of all trades and master of none," it is said; I believe this man had much more than the average competency in law, music, painting, poetry, in satire and the sciences.

Perhaps it will be well to let Dr. Benjamin Rush, a Philadelphia signer, introduce his New Jersey comrade who obtained his higher education in the Quaker city and there began to prepare himself for his career as a lawyer. Dr. Rush wrote of Hopkinson:

"He excelled in music and poetry, and had some knowledge of painting. These arts, however, did not monopolize all the powers of his mind. He was well skilled in many practical and useful sciences, particularly mathematics and natural philosophy, besides having a general acquaintance with the principles of anatomy, chemistry and natural history.

"But his forte was humor and satire in both of which he was not surpassed by Lucian, Swift or by Rabelais. These extraordinary powers were concentrated to the advancement of the interests of patriotism, virtue and science."

When the Hessians invaded Bordentown, New Jersey, where the Hopkinsons lived, the family narrowly escaped. The urgent need for haste compelled them to leave everything as they had it placed in their home. After the enemy evacuated Philadelphia in 1778, a friend brought to the many-sided man a volume which had been in the possession of a Hessian officer. Francis Hopkinson's name on the flyleaf proved it to be one of his own treasured books. Further examination disclosed this admission and comment by the enemy:

"I have taken this volume from the library of a Mr. Hopkinson who is a violent and uncompromising rebel. From the books and philosophical apparatus in his room, he is certainly a man of science."

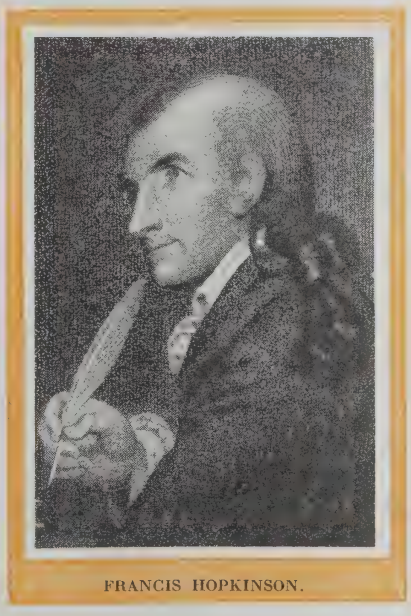
Chemical experiments almost constituted food for him. He assembled such a prodigious quantity of gearings and fix-ups of various sorts that when the Hessians occupied his home they were exceedingly leery, it is recorded, and expected an explosion or a genuine catastrophe from the "infernal" machines. Nothing, of course, happened; the enemy had not given him sufficient time to mine his own home for their destruction.

Franklin, also a many-sided person, enjoyed Hopkinson's widely stored mind and held him in high estimation. They were practically chums. To Hopkinson is attributed the first experiment of attracting electricity by means of a pointed instrument instead of a blunt one. He had the pleasure of first exhibiting it to Franklin who had been using his kite, string and key in drawing electricity from the sky. The pointed device permitted the current to pass quietly instead of noisily.

Hopkinson was the author of a large amount of satire. In 1774 he produced *A Pretty Story*, an allegory representing the grievances of the colonies. All classes read and understood it. As it had great personal appeal where abstractions would have had none, it did much in creating sentiment for the Revolution.

*The New Roof* was an allegory concerning the national constitution in process of adoption. It called forth generous commendation from Dr. Rush.

"It must last," the physician declared, "as long as the citizens of the United States continue to be happy under the present national government."



FRANCIS HOPKINSON.

Much of Hopkinson's material had only a temporary interest and was, indeed, little more than mediocre. Of his poems "The Treaty," "Science" and "The Battle of the Kegs," only the last has had life, and that is largely due to its historic appeal. "The Battle of the Kegs" constituted a practical joke on the British General Loring; it ranks high as a ballad of the Revolutionary War period.

Hopkinson was undersized, had small features, a quickness of speech, a versatile mind, and was extremely animated. His opinion on art commanded such high regard that his friends often committed to him the selection of paintings to be hung on the walls of their homes or bestowed on some organization.

This signer possessed a queer pet, decidedly peculiar, as it was nothing less than a mouse. It would come whenever he called it, sit by him at his meals and eat the crumbs which he gave it. His pigeons were so much attached to him that he could not walk about his home without receiving their attentions; perching on his head and shoulders, these birds seemed to enjoy intensely their human friend as a beast of burden.

Perhaps Francis Hopkinson was the queerest of the signers rather than the most variously talented.

If one of the signers had not been thoroughly persistent, it is almost a foregone conclusion that Dr. John Witherspoon, another signer of the Declaration, would have remained a resident of Scotland and nominally an enemy instead of the zealous patriot he was.

In 1766 the College of New Jersey wanted to have Witherspoon as its president. Richard Stockton, a graduate of the school, had planned a trip abroad; so the college authorities wished him to interview the eminent divine. Witherspoon had been asked previously, but had refused because his women folk preferred not to go to far-away America.

Stockton, then thirty-six years of age, scored his first notable triumph during the winter of 1766-1767. He presented his arguments so well and forcefully that Dr. Witherspoon could not refuse again. Ten years later these two men were both members of Congress from New Jersey and, as such, each attached his name to the great Declaration, Stockton's name coming first in the group and Witherspoon's following next.

On this trip and mission after Witherspoon the American had his adventures. One night in the city of Edinburgh he was attacked by a desperate robber; he defended himself so strenuously with a small sword that he wounded his assailant who, however, escaped. Later the failure of his baggage to arrive as ordered prevented him from crossing the Irish Channel in a packet which encountered a storm and was lost.

When Stockton met the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield, widely known for his good manners, he first obtained an adverse impression. The nobleman appeared to be infirm, had no teeth and very imperfect hearing. But Chesterfield's manner was so enchanting when he spoke that Stockton related afterward, "I forgot that he was

deaf and without teeth, and he appeared to me as quite remarkably handsome."

In Congress during the first stages of the momentous independence discussion the patriot listened respectfully and thoughtfully but clearly doubted the policy of immediate separation. John Adams, fired with a wonderful zeal as he ever was, made truly irresistible speeches and thereby convinced the New Jersey man of the wisdom of decisive action. In a short but energetic address delivered near the close of the debate, Stockton emphatically expressed his concurrence.



JOHN WITHERSPOON.

The delegate owned a large number of horses, had a fine library and an elegant home; these and his lands were plundered by the British. He himself was dragged from his bed at night, taken to New York, exposed to severe weather and given most inhuman treatment. Congress protested, as follows:

"Whereas Congress has received information that the honorable Richard Stockton of New Jersey and a member of this body hath been made a prisoner by the enemy and that he hath been ignominiously thrown into a common jail and there detained: Resolved, that General Washington be directed to make immediate inquiry into the truth of this report and if he finds reason to believe it well-founded, that he send a flag to General Howe remonstrating against this departure from that humane procedure which has marked the conduct of these states to prisoners who have fallen into their hands; and to know of General Howe whether he chooses that this shall be the future rule for treating all such, on both sides, as the fortune of war may place in the hands of either party."

This note resulted in his exchange shortly afterward. But Stockton never regained his health nor his library, one of the best in the entire country, which the British burned.

The signer held high rank as a capable orator and attorney. A number of the students he instructed became famous lawyers. He was both a skilled horseman and swordsman, as he proved himself in the encounter with the Edinburgh robber. Though sometimes haughty and often hasty in temper, he possessed many virtues.

In his last will or testament he exhorted his children to "remember that the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom." With regard to religious denominations, he advised them:

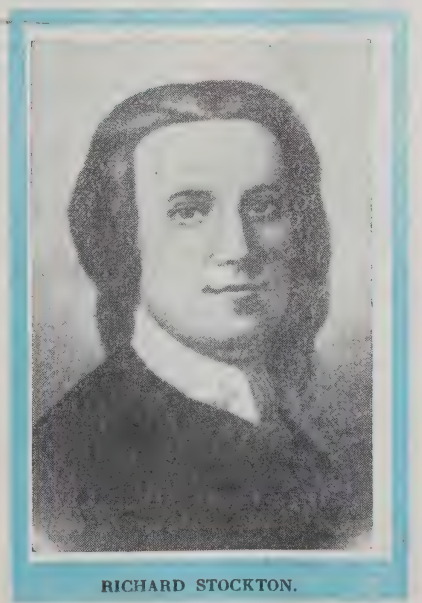
"As Almighty God has not been pleased in the Holy Scriptures to prescribe any precise mode in which he is to be publicly worshipped, all contention about it generally arises from want of knowledge or want of virtue. I have no particular advice to leave to my children upon this subject, save only, that they deliberately and conscientiously determine for themselves with which denomination of Christians they can most devoutly worship God, and that after such determination they steadily adhere to that denomination, without being given to change and without contending against or judging others who may think or who may act differently in a matter so immaterial to substantial virtue and piety."

Stockton was certainly pious, but not more than Dr. John Witherspoon whom he persuaded to move from Scotland to assume the presidency of the College of New Jersey, subsequently called Princeton. Witherspoon was an ardent Presbyterian. He wrote *Lectures on Moral Philosophy*, also *Thoughts on American Liberty* at the dawn of the Revolution, and a number of religious essays. He belonged to the orthodox faction of his denomination, preached every Sunday and urged family religion.

"How," he maintained, "can any person bend his knees in prayer every day with his family without its being a powerful restraint upon him from the indulgence of any sin which is visible to them? Will such a one, think you, dare to indulge himself in anger, or choose to be seen by them when he comes home staggering with drunkenness, unfit to perform any duty or ready to sin still more by the manner of performance?"

The clergyman, it seems, had something more to consider than I have yet mentioned with regard to his coming to America. Apparently a bachelor relative, who possessed much property, agreed to make him his heir if he would remain in Scotland; so when Witherspoon said goodby to his native land he renounced wealth and ease for the sake of spiritually benefiting other people. He thus clearly demonstrated his own sincerity.

His wife did not relish the idea of leaving "the land of my father's sepulchers." I think she must have become reconciled to the change, as her husband was wonderfully successful in developing the educational institution. The enrollment bounded upward, as the new president was already so widely known and so popular that many new students came to the college from every part of the colonies. He introduced philosophy, increased the scope of the mathematics instruction and then laid the foundation of a course in history. After a few years the colonies and the mother country began to disagree; the citizens showed their faith in Dr. Witherspoon by naming him as one of the delegates from New Jersey to Congress.



RICHARD STOCKTON.

Elected to Congress on the twenty-first day of June, 1776, Princeton's president took his seat shortly afterward. On the seventh of the month Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, had introduced his famous independence resolution, and the discussion began. It was Witherspoon's way seldom to enter fully into any debate at first but preferred to reserve himself for a highly concentrated effort after having made himself master of the subject. He had a good command of language. I surmise that the preacher planned the same sort of a course on this occasion; but a Pennsylvania representative, John Dickinson, jolted him out of his usual equanimity. This man pointed out the lack of money, the need of munitions, the absence of a trained army and the apathy of certain colonies. Regarding the measure as really premature, he insisted that the people were not ripe for the Declaration.

"Not ripe, sir!" Dr. Witherspoon burst out. "In my judgment we are not only ripe but rotting. Almost every colony has dropped away from its parent stem. And even your own province, sir, needs no more sunshine to mature it."

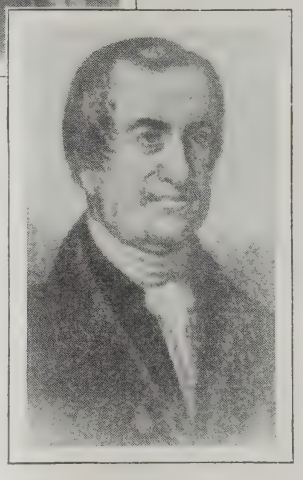
He had spoken on the impulse of the moment. The language was not particularly dignified; but it did not leave any doubt in anybody's mind as to the position of the only minister in the entire assembly.

Witherspoon was a member of a secret committee, with William Paca, of Maryland, and George Ross, of Pennsylvania, to coöperate with General Washington in recruiting soldiers whose terms of service were daily expiring during 1776-1777, as the morale of the army seemed seriously affected thereby. Then the victories at Trenton and Princeton gave renewed hope to both the people and the fighters. Congress considered it the psychological moment for a general address to the states, an address to stir them up to still more vigorous action. Dr. Witherspoon, Richard Henry Lee and one of the two Adamses worked together in preparing it. They were also charged to frame a recommendation to the several states to appoint a day of fasting and prayer. Besides being particularly active on the board of war, the minister was a member of a committee to prepare a manifesto on the injurious treatment meted out to American prisoners by the enemy; the authorship of this protest is ascribed to Witherspoon, and it is likely that his pen made a heavy contribution in the preparation of the other papers and addresses I have

mentioned. Assuredly he was not an "also ran" type of a man, but up-and-doing.

In fact, the college president was a member of such a large number of committees that it would be too burdensome to name them all. The college was neglected, almost ceased to function; war claimed every man's attention. When he retired from Congress in 1779, he resumed his position as head of the college. But the patriot was tired, worn out; accordingly he resigned in December, surrendered his house to the vice-president of the institution and moved to his country seat at Tusculum about a mile from Princeton.





Above—
"Honest John" Hart.
Right—
Abraham Clark.

"This I have had in view for some years," he informed a friend. "I intend to spend the remainder of my life here. You know I was always a scientific farmer. That disposition has not lost but gathered strength since my being in America. In this respect I received a dreadful stroke indeed from the English when they were here, they having seized and mostly destroyed my whole stock and worked such ravages that we are not fully recovered."

This signer did not escape persecution. None of the New Jersey delegates did; their state was much too continuously the battleground of the Revolution.

Useful horticulture appealed to Witherspoon. He took pride in the practicality and tidy arrangement of his garden. He was a scholar but not priggish; he did not look down upon men who smudged their fingers by working in the soil, for he did it himself.

"Doctor," a lady, walking with him at his home, once commented, "you have an excellent garden, but I do not see any flowers."

"No," the old patriot tersely replied, "neither in my garden nor in my discourse."

When Burgoyne's army was captured at Saratoga, General Gates sent one of his aids to carry the news to Congress. The officer must have loitered by the way for various amusements, as he did not arrive until after the thrilling news had been brought otherwise. Congress, according to the usual procedure, considered bestowing a mark of esteem upon him; finally they decided to give a sword to the man.

"I beg leave," Dr. Witherspoon ironically interposed, "to move that instead of a sword we should present him with a pair of golden spurs."

Towering six feet in height, the ex-Scotchman had a great personal magnetism; in this particular and his dignified appearance he ranked next to Washington.

He was married twice, his first wife being a Montgomery, of Scotland, who preferred to remain in her native land instead of coming to America. His second marriage excited much attention and near-scandal. Dr. John was seventy at the time, and his wife was only twenty-three years of age; he might have been her own grandfather, and this discrepancy or margin between their ages gave the gossips an ample opportunity to work overtime.

Blind during the two years preceding his death, he was frequently led into his pulpit where he invariably preached with his usual power. But I presume he was ever the same rugged disciplinarian still keeping all flowers out of his garden and out of his sermons too.

John Hart, a compatriot of Dr. Witherspoon, incurred during the war the greatest degree of suffering and hardship without any possibility of any individual gain. This man, a farmer, was known throughout New Jersey as "Honest John Hart" because he never took an advantage of anybody's ignorance or good nature.

When "Honest John" signed the Declaration of Independence, General Howe and the British army held New York. Hart's home and lands were within easy striking distance of the enemy. As soon as the names of the signers were known, the British would make special efforts to inflict punishment upon them. Hart fully realized the consequences of placing his pen to that document and writing his name thereon, and yet he was quite willing to pay the price, whatever it might be. It was this spirit of sacrifice and steadfast belief in certain principles that contributed almost as much as the armies toward the winning of the war.

The enemy soon invaded New Jersey. Hart was besieged in his farm home. He could have escaped before the enemy came, but he refused to abandon his sick wife; she lay virtually dying at the time. After her death he did escape. The British hunted for him through the woods and hills of the state. He moved from cottage to cottage and from cave to cave. He wore himself out; he existed as an exile and fugitive.

"Honest John" eluded every effort of his pursuers. He never lost his pluck. After the Battle of Princeton he joined Washington's army as a "buck private."

Abraham Clark of Elizabethtown seems to have been the same kind of a plain, honest man that Hart was. He did more than he said. He had courage and convictions by which he stood solidly.

"He persistently refused fees for his services," says one of his biographers. "When fees were offered he appeared more inclined to accept produce or merchandise."

It is not surprising, therefore, that Clark became known far and near as "the poor man's lawyer." His farms amply supported his family. Law was his hobby. The members of the bar regarded Clark as a traitor to their profession. This feeling grew still more after Clark had introduced into the state legislature an act to regulate lawyers in the New Jersey courts and to curtail the fees of practitioners.

A sunstroke caused his death in 1794 when he still needed two years to reach "threescore and ten."

# Florida Chases Out the Land Swindlers

(*Concluded from page 7*)

This takes time and is expensive and some of the binder boys used this method to force the return of some or all of the binder they had paid. But hundreds of these forfeited binders have been recorded and they will cause litigation that will not be settled for years.

The "binder boys" were aided in their transactions by the fact that real estate transfers have been so numerous that the office of the recorder of deeds in Miami has been months behind with its work.

Owing to the delay in getting the abstracts the binder boys always had sixty days and sometimes ninety days before they had to complete their first payment. Much can happen, and does happen, in Florida real estate in three months.

When N. B. T. Roney, one of the biggest operators in Miami Beach property, put on a big new development the binder boys were on hand and made deposits on all the choice locations. They paid small sums down, 5 or 10 per cent of the purchase price. They agreed to pay the balance of the first payment, usually a third or a fourth of the purchase price, at the end of thirty days, provided an abstract was furnished them ten days before the closing day.

They had no idea that they would have to hurry as they believed they would have two or three months in which to dispose of their options. They had put every dollar they could raise into these options and they had to sell in order to save their money. Roney set a force of men at work at night on the abstracts and ten days before the closing dates—all the contracts expired at practically the same time—he delivered abstracts to the horde of speculators and notified them that he expected them to make good their first payments on the dates specified.

They had never had any intention of making these first payments. They were dumbfounded—an unusual condition for them as they could usually talk with hands as well as vocal organs—and they became frantic when they approached real estate brokers and tried to sell their options.

In the meantime another subdivision was opened alongside the one in which the binder boys had invested so heavily. Lots in this second subdivision were priced lower, say a trifle lower than the lots previously sold would be with the amounts paid as binders deducted.

The binder boys were despoiled and hundreds of them disappeared. Trains and boats to New York were crowded, hundreds of the victims of their own cupidity leaving within a week.

Another plan that is in contemplation further to clarify the real estate situation in Florida is being backed by several civic and business organizations. It will put the marketing of subdivisions under state control by compelling promoters to give a bond to make the improvements they promise before they can sell a lot. In this way there will be a central bureau where facts about subdivisions will be assembled and where intending investors can get definite information about the lots offered to them.

In the meantime it is only common sense for persons buying real estate—in Florida or elsewhere—to make a personal investigation of the property or have such investigation made by a capable person in whom they have confidence.

# Amy Lowell—a Woman and Her Message

(*Concluded from page 2*)

vulnerable facts, because in the end it would not be a question of who had mere facts on his side, but of who had facts which would hold out longest and most uncompromisingly and remain unchanged under prolonged salvos of intellectual cannonading. It is not even necessary to deny the legend of her rigor, and the cavilers are answered by Hervey Allen's adequate contention, "As usual the world is half right, for 'tis the symbol of her most human and social talent, her marvelous after-dinner conversation."

Amy Lowell was not all iron and steel. Part of her was iron and steel, because, almost from the beginning of her literary career, she had to fight her way to recognition of the worth of her work. She began to write under the overshadowing, even embarrassing cloud of a loftily aristocratic position in the social pattern. She was never allowed to forget, in the early years of her writing and frequently not in the latter, that she was a Lowell of Boston. The fact was always mentioned as a means of proving that her poetry must be paltry, artistically. Even the newspapers never forgot, in dealing with her, monotonously to use, at every conceivable opportunity, the appallingly annoying rhymed toast to Boston:

*Not a Prude, but Ferociously Conscientious*

". . . where Cabots speak only to Lowells
And Lowells speak only to God."

It was once said of Amy Lowell that she towered above most contemporary versifiers—the choice of the word is not happy—like a sort of nineteenth-century Savonarola. Having decided to cultivate the gift that was within her, Amy Lowell became a crusader. She had to do a bit of crusading, as a matter of fact, with her family to start with, for her family had not expected to attune itself to the presence of a poet in its midst. It was inevitable that Amy Lowell should become the crusading kind of poet. She had the personality of a crusader, the temperament, the intellectual accouterments. She even had the figure of one. She was powerful and stern and her moments of sympathetic, semi-gentle reaction to incidents about her only made the essential sternness more apparent.

Amy Lowell was not a prude, but she was ferociously conscientious. If she was intolerant it was only of base things and qualities, obstinacy, and stupidity and ignorance. She loved beauty with an ecstasy that was transcendant. She knew where to find beauty. She often found it in humble places. Not among poor and sordid people as such, for it is possible to believe that she did not accurately understand the existence and realism of the very poor, of social outcasts and the figures in the panorama of degradation. But her quest for beauty was unremitting and she set down on paper what she had found of beauty as she saw it, and when she was laughed at, it hurt her, but it did not change her determination and her idolatry.

She was not always kind, Amy Lowell. She took, perhaps without realizing it, unfair advantage of her heritage of social importance and her literary accomplishment. For instance, she unfailingly created her own setting in which to read her poems in public, but instead of embroidered velvet curtains and a jewel-lighted proscenium it was by means of a goosenecked reading lamp which she carried about with her and loiteringly adjusted at the last moment after her audience was assembled, making caustic remarks the while about the chance individual who helped her with the wires. She frequently laughed bitingly while she chatted with the audience about clumsiness in general, and she sent a little chill of dread through the spectators for the unhappy helper.

Perhaps if someone whom she trusted had spoken to Amy Lowell quite straightforwardly about it she would have given up the practice. For she was not the woman to be gratuitously unkind from mean motives and no good purpose, as she would have recognized if her mind had not been on other things, could ever be served by japes at the expense of a janitor who, after all, only sought to do his duty, however awkward he was. But no one ever did speak to her about it, apparently, and while it was a comparatively small thing it took patience for many who saw her do it, unhappily even more than once, to remember that it was one among the extraordinarily few unworthy symbols of willfulness and class consciousness of which a brilliant character was capable.

In contrast to such paltry conduct there was her passion for the encouragement of dawning talent. Think of the foreword she wrote to the first book of poems by Hilda Conkling who was then only nine years old. All the delicacy, all the solicitude, all the appreciation of which a rarely sensitive and fine character was capable shone through the careful introduction to the work of a child whom she felt had the truly divine fire. Amy Lowell did not go about her task without caution. "At this moment I am faced," she wrote, "with a difficult task, for here is an author and her childhood in a most unusual position; these two conditions—that of being an author, and that of being a child—appear simultaneously, instead of in the due order to which we are accustomed; for I wish at the outset to state, and emphatically, that it is poetry, the stuff and essence of poetry, which this book contains. I know of no other instance in which such really beautiful poetry has been written by a child . . . ". She discussed some of the child's work critically and she concluded: "What this book shows is high promise; but it also has its pages of real achievement, and that of so high an order it may well set us pondering."

*When Amy Lowell Sealed Her Own Death*

Amy Lowell was not always a law unto herself. Once she stood by the fireplace and read, at "Sevenels," the first few paragraphs of the *John Keats* aloud to a newspaper writer who was calling, semi-professionally, late in an evening. She smiled, without the hard, defiant brilliance she often adopted when she smiled at audiences, as she said, "See if you like it," and it was to be seen that this woman felt, in the midst of her lonely, valiant battle for her place in literature, the ancient ache for appreciation. Had her auditor said, "No, I do not like it," Amy Lowell would not have changed it, for she wrote thus or so because she must, not to please an individual or a group taste.

It is certain that Amy Lowell sealed her own death when she did the *John Keats*. It had been her dream to go to England on a lecture tour. She had been deeply distressed by an attack made upon her by an English critic and perhaps she saw, as an effect of crossing to fulfill an unusually carefully planned series of lecture engagements, an opportunity to change the mind of this critic. Not by the personal equation but by a new understanding he should gain of her work. She had confidence that she could. Then she wanted to lecture at Oxford and Cambridge, even at Eton whither she had been besought to come.

The *John Keats* took longer than she expected. She worked slavishly at it. She drove herself on unbelievable journeys in quest of Keatsiana. Dinners at "Sevenels" became fewer. She postponed the English lecture tour several times. But finally the *John Keats* was finished, off the presses, and she set a new sailing date.

*When the Dinners at "Sevenels" Became Fewer*

Then one day it became known that Amy Lowell was ill at "Sevenels." The announcement was sinister in its brevity. But she recovered, and in April a large company of friends and sometime associates gathered at a hotel in Boston to give her a farewell dinner. Great figures in the field of American letters were there. Educators as well.

In the center of the head table was a great silver bowl of priceless orchids, flecked variously with minted gold, lilac, magenta. In Miss Lowell's own greenhouses at "Sevenels" there is a small but important collection of orchids and the orchids which glimmered before her that evening had been chosen by one who was aware of her knowledge of orchids and who would not disappoint it.

Amy Lowell made an urbane and wittily brief speech, quite at the end of the dinner. Then she read "Lilacs." Quite simply.

". . . Heart-leaves of lilac all over New England,
Roots of lilac under all the soil of New England,
Lilac in me because I am New England,
Because my roots are in it,
Because my leaves are of it,
Because my flowers are for it,
Because it is my country
And I speak to it of itself
And sing of it with my own voice
Since certainly it is mine."

Those were the last lines of the "Lilacs" she read and they held in them her tribute to the New England of which she was a part.

Amy Lowell had just turned fifty. She had reached a point in her life's work when the world and the cause of letters could least spare her promise, could only be helplessly appalled that a new volume of poetry must presently be published posthumously. And it could not look to her as it had for help and inspiration and beauty. She would have done an *Emily Dickinson*, too, whose country was also Hilda Conkling's country, of which Amy Lowell had already written "and there is a reminiscent sameness in the fauna and flora of her (the Dickinson) poems in these."

Then, in that hour of all the twenty-four when the spark of human life flames least brilliantly, Amy Lowell died.

Who shall say of her but that in the templed corridors of imperishable thought, "Her Soul goes marching on"?



# A Dance a Week



**Do It With Your Feet. That Is the Best Way to Learn a Dance From Printed Description Translate the Printed Word Into Immediate Action**

## The Rye Waltz

THE Rye Waltz is the best known and most popular of all waltz combinations. The writer recently saw this dance performed in Detroit, Michigan, by two thousand dancers. When the music started all of the dancers did not know this dance but its simple, graceful pointings, and glissades, with the jaunty spirit of the music, soon caught the crowd and in a short time all were moving harmoniously.

The character of the dance is threefold; the pointing, the slide, and the waltz. But the dance has only two parts, the second part being the waltz.



It is one of those dances where the music practically tells you what to do, once you get the pattern of the dance in your mind.

The first part is very pretty. Start up the music of "Comin' Thro' the Rye," with its first words, "If a body meet a body." Take waltz position. Gentleman begins with left foot, lady with right. The first movement is done in place. It consists of the gentleman extending his left foot to the side, toe lightly touching the floor, and drawing it back again until toe touches floor just behind the right heel. (For the lady it is the right foot that is extended.) Practice this to music: "point and draw-back, point and draw-back"—that's the way the music goes. Lady and gentleman stand in waltz position just as if they were about to start sidewise down the hall—the gentleman with his left, the lady with her right foot. But in this movement they just do the point and draw-back motion. A very pretty, jaunty thing.

After this (the very music will tell you that something more is to come) you make the glissade or slide movement (a slide-close-step, or chasse movement) to the music. You have done the toe-pointing movement to the words, "if a body meet a body." Now you go on with the slide to the movement, "comin' thro' the rye." We may rhyme the movements thus: (first) "point and draw-back, point and draw-back; (second) slide-a, slide-a, slide."

Master these two things: the toe pointed and drawn back twice, then the slide three times.

This leaves you in a position to start back in the direction from which you came (gentleman with his right foot this time, lady with left) and the same movement is repeated—"point and draw-back, point and draw-back; slide-a, slide-a, slide."

(The way to learn it is to *do it*. Reading this description will not help you very much unless you are somewhat familiar with the dance. *Doing it with your feet* will teach you more than just reading it with your eyes.)

These movements, down left, back right, down left, back right, are repeated four times, two to the left, two to the right.

Then the rye waltz actually begins. The music (still "Comin' thro' the rye") swings into the waltz rhythm and the couples swing away in the waltz.

After sixteen bars of waltz music, the first part is resumed:

"Point and draw-back, point and draw-back,
Slide-a, slide-a, slide."

At this point we insert the bare skeleton of the dance description as found on page 152 of "Good Morning," the new book of old dances published by the Dearborn Publishing Company, at the office of this paper.

THE RYE WALTZ

Music, Schottische and Waltz Tempo

I. Waltz position

Extend left foot to side, toe lightly touching the floor, (1);
Draw left foot just behind right heel, toe lightly touching the floor, (2);
Left toe to side again, (3);
Left toe back, (4).....1 bar
Slide close, slide close, (1-2);
Slide close, step to left, (3-4).....1 bar
Repeat same right thus:
Right toe to side and toe back, (1-2);
To side and back again, (3-4).....1 bar
Slide close, slide close, (1-2);
Slide close, step to right, (3-4).....1 bar
Repeat all 4 bars, total.....8 bars
II. Waltz.....16 bars

To give further grace to the schottische, which is the first part of the dance, you may raise and lower the heel of the foot you are standing upon, on every alternate measure of music, thus (the gentleman)—if you are standing upon the right foot you may raise and lower the heel of that foot four times, for there are four beats in the measure. This, however, should not be allowed to confuse you in mastering the forms of the steps.



The three chasse steps should be short, smooth glides, the body being held erect and the weight evenly divided.

In the pointing movement the extended toe should be touched lightly to the floor, the entire weight of the body being upon the other foot. This gives a light airy tone and helps to bring out the character of the dance. Dancers should remember to start the waltz with a fairly long step, the lady in a forward and the gentleman in a backward direction.

In learning the Rye Waltz, practice first the pointings in the schottische movement until you have perfect control of the feet. The writer believes the simplest way to learn any dance from a written description is thoroughly to understand the description from actual imitation at the moment of reading. The reader should execute with the feet before trying to memorize the words.

SUGGESTIONS AS TO THE SHOE. A thin-soled low shoe is best for the dancer because in them his feet are nearer the surface of the floor and therefore the better under his control. High heels do not permit full freedom of the limbs because they have a tendency to throw the weight of the body forward into an unnatural position. Here is where "the line of balance" comes in again.

SUGGESTIONS AS TO THE FOOT. It is good dancing style to turn the toe of the shoe downward with the arch raised, when the foot is lifted or extended. This is especially true of steps in contra dances or in the promenade.

In gliding movements the foot should skim lightly over the surface of the floor. There should be no pressure against the floor to cause friction and resistance. Pressure causes labor, which spoils the enjoyment of a dance.

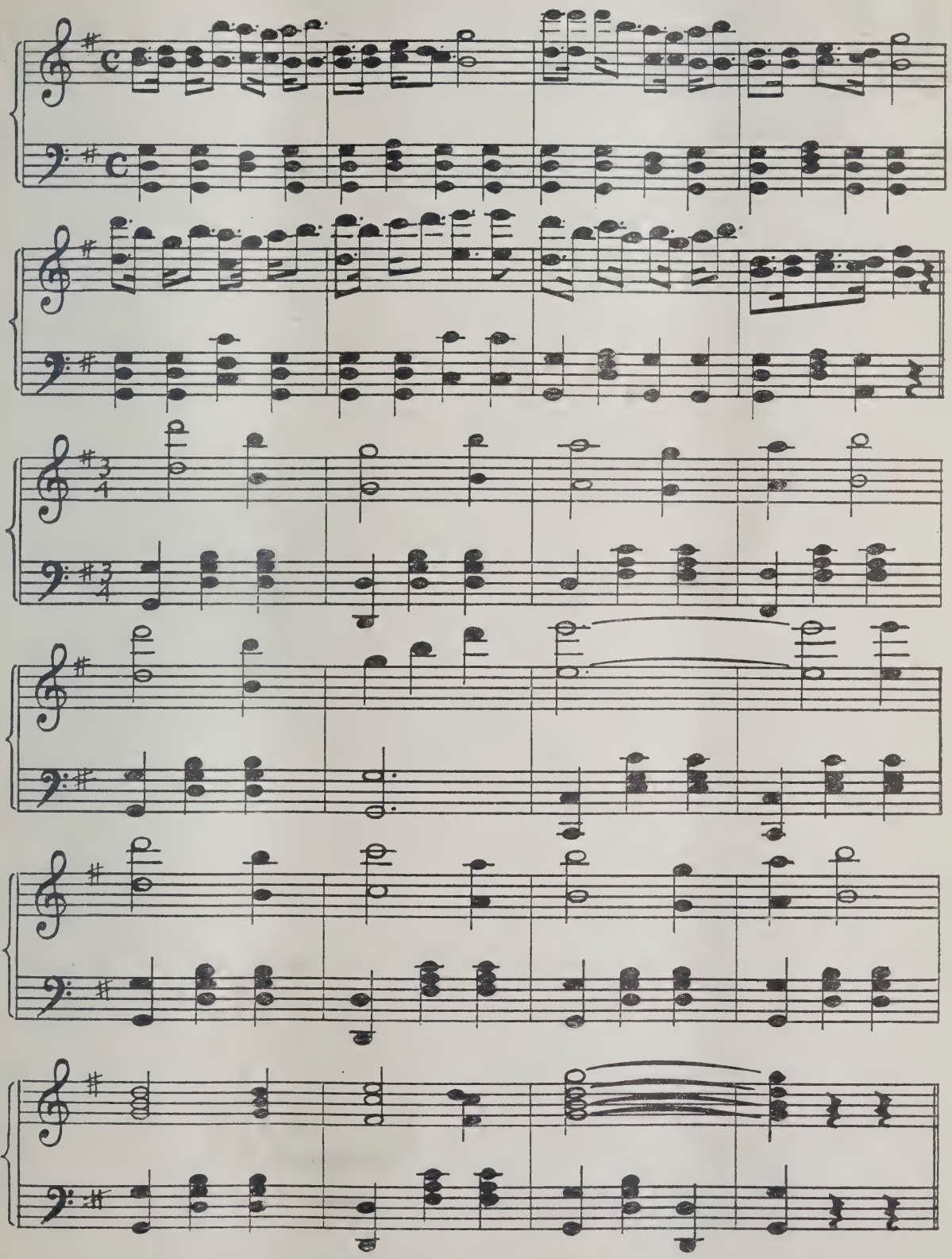
SUGGESTION AS TO THE CARRIAGE OF THE ARMS. There should not be bodily contact in a dance except through the arms. A gentleman should be able to guide his partner through a dance without embracing her as if he were her lover or her rescuer. His right hand should be placed at his partner's waist, thumb and forefinger alone touching her—that is, the hand being in the position of holding a pencil. This will give him a firm but gentle control in guiding the lady through the dance. The gentleman's left hand, when extended to hold the lady's right, should be slightly bent at the elbow, which is more natural and makes for better control.

The lady often rests too heavily on the gentleman's right arm, which tends to affect his balance. The lady should not lock her left arm under her partner's right; the gentleman holding his left arm out should not be asked to carry the weight of his partner's right arm also. The lady's right hand should rest lightly in her partner's left.

The lady's left hand should rest upon the gentleman's right arm, a little below the shoulder.

# Rye Waltz

MM—Schottische, 100; Waltz, 152



THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL

LIFE consists with wildness. The most alive is the wildest. Not yet subdued to man, its presence refreshes him. One who pressed forward incessantly and never rested from his labors, who grew fast and made infinite demands on life, would always find himself in a new country or wilderness, and surrounded by the raw material of life. He would be climbing on the prostrate stems of primitive forest trees.

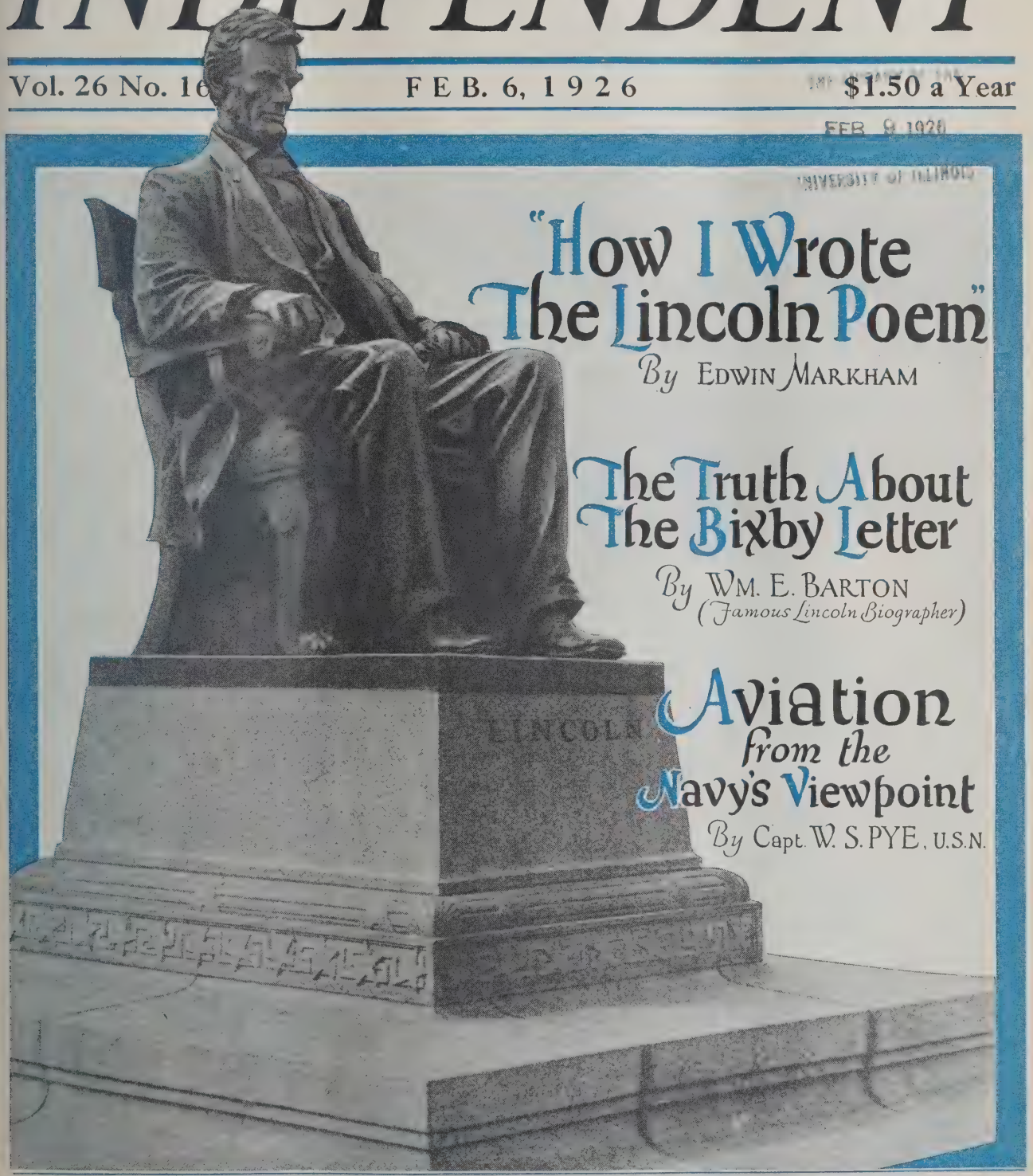
—*Henry David Thoreau.*

A

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Vol. 26 No. 16 FEB. 6, 1926 $1.50 a Year

FEB 9 1926
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS




## "How I Wrote The Lincoln Poem"

By Edwin Markham

## The Truth About The Bixby Letter

By Wm. E. Barton
(Famous Lincoln Biographer)

## Aviation from the Navy's Viewpoint

By Capt. W. S. Pye, U.S.N.

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

# BRIEFLY TOLD

Because Mohammed forbade reproductions of human beings, animals or plants in picture or plastic form, these decorations are absent in all Moslem architecture.

A pronghorned antelope can erect a patch of hair on its back into a fluffy white ball, which, shining in the sun, warns other antelope of impending danger.

Ex-President Harding, speaking at Seattle July 27, 1923, a short time before he died, said, "Fur farming will become as permanent a source of wealth as cotton in the South or corn in the Mid-West."

Though a retrieving game dog is a development of modern times, a Doctor Caius wrote in the sixteenth century of dogs that brought back the "boults and arrows" that had missed the mark.



There were 22,766 accidents in Wisconsin last year, including that of a man who dislocated his toe by catching it in a bed sheet and that of 89 who bumped into doors or furniture.

The custom of wearing long thin shoes with pointed toes became so prevalent in the fifteenth century that Edward IV, in 1462, decreed that only an English lord should don footwear with points more than two inches long.

Johann Warcososky, a seventy-year-old great-grandfather, was fined the equivalent of 50 cents by a Vienna judge for beating his wife.

Retiring Grand Master Mitchell of the Masonic Lodge says that a man who doesn't vote becomes a man without a country.

Lady Purdue, a Purdue University hen hatched in 1916, laid her 1,341st egg on September 11, 1925.

George Bernard Shaw's popularity in Germany is so great that it has evoked a new brand of cigar, the G. B. S. It costs eight cents.

There are many shrines and little chapels along some Bavarian roads.

Arab geographers of the ninth century put south at the upper end of their maps.



A cow's tongue was bitten by a huge snapping turtle near Tuckahoe, New Jersey, recently. The turtle refused to release its hold until it had been killed.

An early instance of a strike occurred in England in 1679 when a company of framework knitters and makers of silk stockings agreed not to work for a month in order to keep up their prices.

Al Istakhri, writing in the tenth century, wrote, "The south end of the earth is the Sudan, which borders on no other country; its boundaries are the sea and the deserts."

Some weatherbeaten stone steps still remaining at the gateways of many old-fashioned country houses are relics of the roadless colonial era when the saddle horse was used by both sexes.

A sanctuary to Jupiter crowned nearly all of the Seven Hills of Rome.

Briar root for pipes has become so popular in this country that France is reaping a rich harvest from its exportation. In 1924 its value was 80,000,000 francs.

An American woman, without even a native gun bearer, went alone through the heart of Africa. She was sent by the Brooklyn museum on a social mission which proved highly successful and everywhere she went she received the confidence of the people.



Holland farmers and farmerettes row out to the cow pastures in canal boats at milking time.

A hybrid cross between a leopard and a jaguar in the zoo at Madison, Wisconsin, is larger than either of its parents.

Because French miners brought from the wine districts of the South to the mines in Normandy could not accustom themselves to cider they returned home.

In A. D. 1000 the Norsemen established a republic in Greenland. The remains of their churches are to be seen today. This colony was the first to be established by white people anywhere in the Western Hemisphere.

While some scientists say plants can feel, others say they have brain power, in spite of the fact that no nervous system has been found in them.

Four lions that escaped from circus wagons and mingled with the crowd threw the populace of Jarnac, France, into a panic.



New Zealand farmers have golf courses in their sheep pastures and tennis courts on their lawns; furthermore, they take time to play.

There are 1,400 species of mosquitoes. Those that bite us are females. The males are vegetarian. A mosquito lays from 50 to 200 eggs at a time.

The largest lighthouse lens in the world is in Hawaii. It is nine feet in diameter.

The Louvre has the finest Egyptian collection in the world.

The first accounting was done by cutting notches in a stick. Then came two sticks called "tally," for both creditor and debtor. When the day of settlement came both sticks had to have the same number of notches. Tellers in banks were first known as tally officers.

Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, rejected a king and married a Roman citizen.

Cato was a prohibitionist. He drank nothing but water.

Certain plants under the action of ultra-violet ray will grow faster than in the sun.

February 6
1 9 2 6

Volume 26
Number 16




# The Essence of This Issue:

Mr. Ford's Page this week comments on Longfellow's line—"Learn to labor and to wait."

Just as we sat down to write these notes there came, from Wyoming, this letter, written in beautiful script:

"Dear Sir: Would you be good enough and prepare an extra fine spirited patriotic issue of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT for Lincoln's Birthday. I will order a subscription to Miss B—— P——, as a token of my gratitude toward her, for her teaching me how to become a good American citizen. I have got my citizen papers on January fourth, 1926.

"Miss P—— is teacher in naturalization and deserves to be highly praised by all the nations on earth for her kind words which she has for all applicants for citizenship; whether they are from England, or France, or Belgium, or Italy, or Poland, or Russia, or Germany, etc.

"Miss P—— likes to encourage her pupils to learn by heart the Gettysburg Address of Abraham Lincoln and when then one of her pupils is able to recite it, her eyes glare like stars and she says:. 'You see, he has said, "the world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here," but his words are not forgotten, and will never be forgotten.'"

It was rather late notice, but fortunately the Lincoln issue was all ready when the letter came. Indeed, the letter came just in the nick of time to get into it. We are pleased to include this new American with the old Americans who are represented in this number.

You will find here this week much material of original authority, based on recent research work. It will undoubtedly be filed away in many homes and publication offices and libraries as a valuable addition to Lincolniana.

Did Lincoln ever write that letter to Mrs. Bixby? Yes—although no one knows where it is. Facts recently found by William E. Barton, noted Lincoln biographer, prove that Lincoln was misinformed when he wrote the missive; only two of Mrs. Bixby's sons were killed in battle, not five. The original letter, once believed to be at Oxford, was never there. (p. 6)

CONTENTS

"Lincoln, the Man of the People" - - - - - 2
"How I Wrote the Lincoln Poem" - - - - - 3
*Edwin Markham*
Has America a Youth Movement? - - - - - 5
*William L. Stidger*
The Truth About the Bixby Letter - - - - - 6
*William E. Barton*
Lincoln's Premonitions of Death—*F. L. Black* 8
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - - - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
Aviation From the Navy's Viewpoint - - - 12
*Captain W. S. Pye*
"Burned Spuds"—How It Happened - - - 14
*By S. G. Rubinow*
The World HAS BEEN Reorganized - - - 15
*By Observer*
How Abraham Lincoln Looked - - - - - - 16
*William E. Barton*
"I Slept With Lincoln"—*Fred L. Holmes* - - 23
A Dance a Week—Badger Gavotte - - - - 32

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasure; C. B. Longley, Secretary, W. J. Cameron, Editor.

Edwin Markham's "Lincoln" is recognized as probably the greatest poem ever written about the Emancipator. In his own inimitable style, Mr. Markham tells how the poem was conceived, and he interprets some of the more striking lines for us. (p. 3)

Lincoln's dreams—weird, fantastic and portentous. They came to him, he said, before every important event. Some believe that he knew death was near those last few days at Washington. As F. L. Black tells the story, it is hard to feel that Lincoln was without some sense of his impending fate. (p. 8)

*OUR COVER*

*The Lincoln bronze in the public square at Hodgensville, Kentucky, where Lincoln was born. This memorial is the only thing that lifts the horizon of the sleepy little village, which reminds one of the phrase, "Can any good come out of Nazareth?"*

He slept with Lincoln 67 years ago, did Lucien S. Hanks, then a youth of twenty-one. Lincoln was restless and young Hanks didn't get much sleep until finally in the middle of the night he slipped away to a sofa in another room. (p. 23)

How did Lincoln really look? The contrast between two life masks, one made before he was President and the other after four years in office, is a tragedy in itself. (p. 16)

The "Youth Movement" in America, such as it is, is choked by its own loquacity. The Rev. William E. Stidger, trained and impartial observer, went to the Evanston meeting in really hopeful mood—but see how he came away! It's an amusing story. (p. 5)

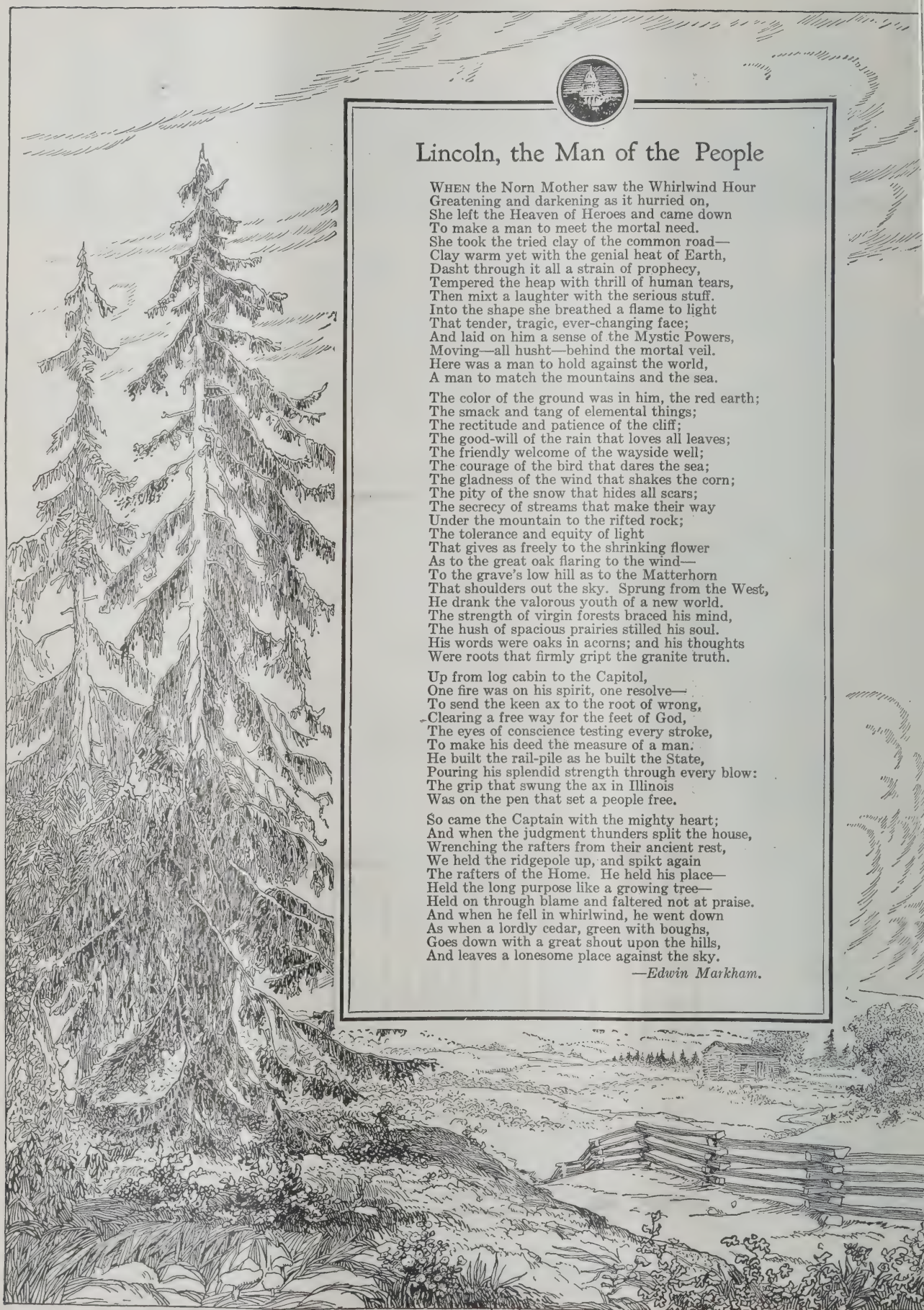
"Burned Spuds," is the title of an article published in *The Country Gentleman* for February, portions of which are here reprinted. The article is by S. G. Rubinow, aide to Aaron Sapiro in the organization of exchanges in Maine and Minnesota which collapsed after a short life. (p. 14)

Read the first of a series on aviation by Captain W. S. Pye of the United States Navy. It is with the hope of informing our readers on the true status of the Nation's air defenses that we are printing the series. Captain Pye served during the war as Fleet Tactical Officer on the Staff of the Commander in Chief of the Fleet, and is at present a member of the joint Army and Navy Aëronautical Board. He is also a Gold Medalist of the United States Naval Institute. (p. 12)

"The Longest Paved Highway in the World," in the issue of January 2, was read with interest by thousands. Our good readers out in Oregon were disappointed to behold Mt. Rainier pointed out in a caption as Mt. Hood, and we hasten to state that Mt. Hood belongs to Oregon and that it is one of the most beautiful sights to be seen along the "longest paved highway."

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.50 A YEAR in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year. Single copy, ten cents.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.



# Lincoln, the Man of the People

WHEN the Norn Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
Dasht through it all a strain of prophecy,
Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears,
Then mixt a laughter with the serious stuff.
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face;
And laid on him a sense of the Mystic Powers,
Moving—all husht—behind the mortal veil.
Here was a man to hold against the world,
A man to match the mountains and the sea.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The smack and tang of elemental things;
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves;
The friendly welcome of the wayside well;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The secrecy of streams that make their way
Under the mountain to the rifted rock;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky. Sprung from the West,
He drank the valorous youth of a new world.
The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.
His words were oaks in acorns; and his thoughts
Were roots that firmly gript the granite truth.

Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—
To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,
Clearing a free way for the feet of God,
The eyes of conscience testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow:
The grip that swung the ax in Illinois
Was on the pen that set a people free.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart;
And when the judgment thunders split the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
We held the ridgepole up, and spikt again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

—*Edwin Markham.*

# HOW I WROTE "LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE"

## By the Author, EDWIN MARKHAM

I AM frequently asked to give an account of the genesis of my three or four best-known poems. This is not an unreasonable request. And now THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT is telling me that the story of the Lincoln poem will interest the American people. So I am giving it to THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, and this paper in turn will give it to the four winds of the world.

In 1900, I had left California and was making my home in New York City. "The Man With the Hoe" was sounding over the planet.

I shall never forget the club committee that extorted from me a promise to write the poem—nor ever forget the days and nights spent in the passion of creation—nor ever forget that last night when the whole poem flashed upon me like a sudden revelation. It was a night of exaltation and humility; for in the deep hours of that night I seemed to be touched by some rushing wing from the Invisible.

But what was my preparation for the task?

Why did I turn with passionate interest to the writing of the poem?

Many times in my career I have been entreated—with the promise of a fat purse—to write poems heroizing this or that public character.

But I have usually declined "the honor," because I have frequently felt these persons to be lacking in solid virtue, lacking in the unselfish support of great causes, lacking in the fine sympathies of humanity—so lacking that they did not stir my imagination, did not excite my pen. Frequently they were mere time-servers, if not plain rogues.

An appeal to me to heroize a certain man who had risen to success without conscience is the basis of my versified satire just completed, a poem which I call "The Profiteer, a Rollicking Rime of This Towering Time." I am hoping that it will some day step forth into the glory of print.

It was altogether different at the sound of the name of Abraham Lincoln. At that sound, my heart leaped up, eager to pay homage to a man truly great. I was all afire with the idea.

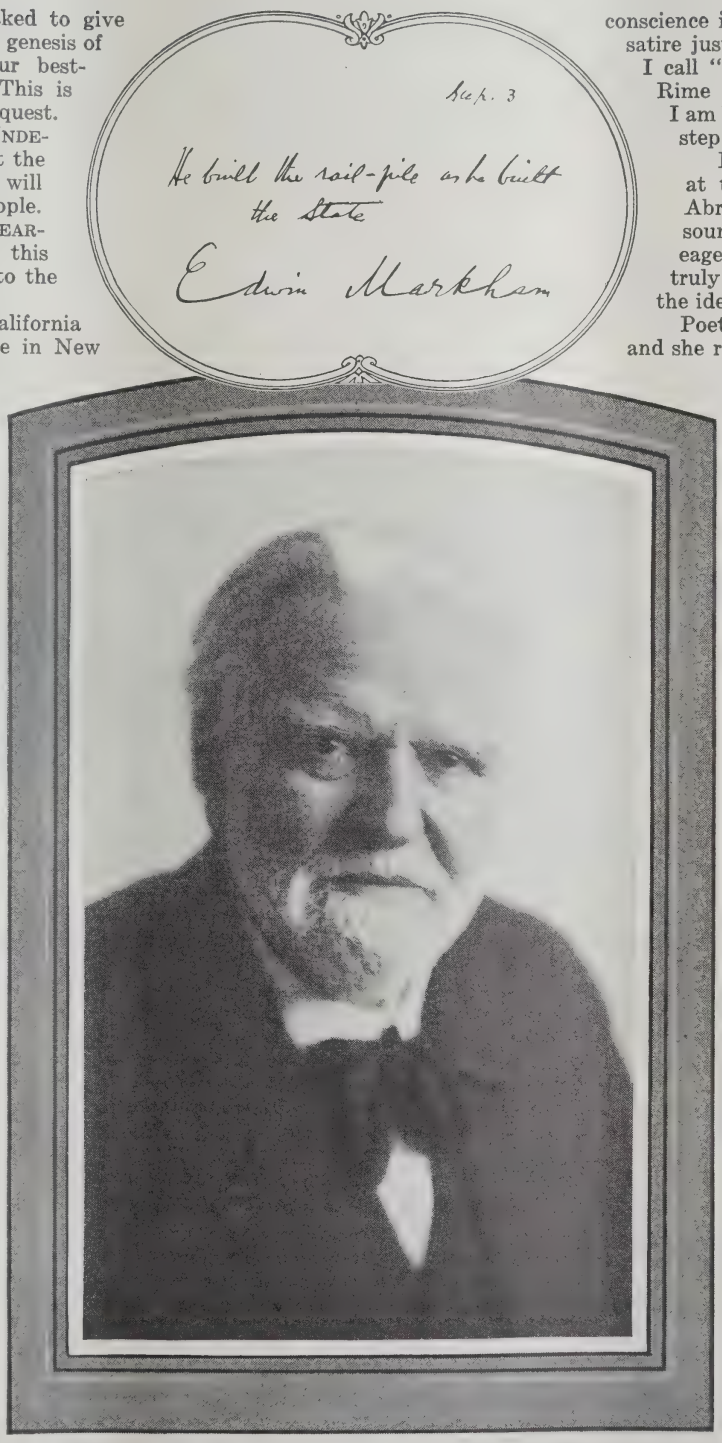
Poetry is the daughter of God; and she rises into her high moments only when she is stirred by the heroic virtues of men—their unselfish devotions, their noble ambitions, their lofty achievements. In her high moments, she comes keeping step with the music of humanity.

Why was Lincoln truly great? Not because he sat once in the presidential chair. The matter of importance is not the place a man fills, but how he fills it—not even the achievement of his life, but the spirit of his life.

A man in public life—if he looks on his office as a mere instrument to give him power and glory—is only an empty shell. But if he keeps his petty ego suppressed and looks on his office as a fortunate instrument to enable him to serve the people, to establish justice, to increase good will, then his office becomes an altar of righteousness, a hiding-place of the Almighty.

Lincoln belonged to this higher order of men. I was thinking of him, as well as of Cromwell, when I wrote these lines in my poem, "The Need of the Hour":

"What do we need to keep the nation whole,
To guard the pillars of the State? We need



The fine audacities of honest deed;
The homely old integrities of soul;
The swift temerities that take the part
Of outcast right—the wisdom of the heart.
We need the Cromwell fire to make us feel
The common burden and the public trust
To be a thing as sacred and august
As the white vigil where the angels kneel.
We need the faith to go a path untrod,
The power to be alone and vote with God."

In 1847, five years before my birth, my tall, broad-shouldered father was the captain of a train of covered wagons that journeyed toward Oregon and the sundown seas, creeping out of the Abe Lincoln country, out of the awakening Middle West. Yes, even in that early day, my adventurous folk joined in the great historic march of the home-seekers, a march that rose to a new tide with the news of the wonders in the Far West, a march that was to end only on the ultimate shores of the continent.

Five years after I had left my own dug-out log cradle in our cabin in Oregon City, within sound of the white wind-blown falls of the Willamette—even in that early time, Lincoln's name began to be a household word in our pioneer circles.

My people—always non-conformists and "come-outers"—were abolitionists of course. So they followed with hot partisanship the famous Lincoln and Douglas debates in the late fifties, debates on the problem of extending slavery into the free states. A little later—having moved to California as a child—I frequently heard the heated shibboleths of the time and caught the spirit of the national struggle.

There was one word that swallowed up all other words—"copperhead." To be called a copperhead, a southern sympathizer, in those days, was to be ostracized, scorned, cast out, spat upon.

I remember also how breathlessly my courageous mother watched the eloquent Starr King swing California for the Union.

In 1861 and after—even in our hill-girdled cattle range in Central California—I was old enough to hear the immense reverberation of the Civil War; and always the name of Lincoln sounded through that battle thunder as the deep hope-sustaining note of it all.

When the terrible brother-battles were over and I was old enough to read history, I began to be familiar with young Lincoln's early struggles and triumphs. I saw in his early fortunes a counterpart of my own. Back of him I saw hardy pioneer ancestors, all similar to my own, as pictured by my mother in friendly fireside talks. They were woodsmen and raftsmen and surveyors and trail-makers. And I saw young Lincoln in the wilderness, helping to build log cabins, helping to cultivate the hard, resisting soil, helping to hew down the ancient forests.

Here is the crashing climax of Edwin Markham's Lincoln poem:

"And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky."

This has been called "the most impressive climax in English poetry." It is sometimes said that the only other climaxes of the same order are found in Poe's "Raven" and in Bryant's "Thanatopsis."

In 1922, when the Congressional Committee, headed by Chief Justice Taft, were looking for a Lincoln poem to be read at the dedication of the Memorial Temple to Lincoln erected by the Government in Washington, D. C., they unanimously chose Edwin Markham's poem as the one most powerful among the two hundred and fifty Lincoln poems now in existence. President Harding delivered the address: Edwin Markham read the poem. There were one hundred thousand listeners on the ground, and three million over the radio.

The poem has called out the highest encomiums. Dr. Henry Van Dyke, of Princeton University, said recently: "Edwin Markham's 'Lincoln' is the greatest poem ever written on the immortal martyr, and the greatest that ever will be written." *The Book News Monthly* proclaimed this opinion: "Edwin Markham undoubtedly stands first among contemporary poets; and his 'Lincoln' and his 'Man With the Hoe' will survive the rack and ruin of time."

These are a few of a thousand tributes; and as they are so remarkable and from authorities so high, we decided that our readers would be glad to have some of the details connected with the original writing of the Lincoln poem. Hence we prevailed on Edwin Markham to tell the story.

Soon I saw him as the tall, stalwart young rail-splitter, saw him in that rude cabin on the Sangamon in wild Illinois—in that cabin with its clay floor, its log walls sealed with mud, its one window-hole covered with an apron, its huge fireplace with its flickering blaze of hickory logs. And I could see young Abe sprawled out before the flaming chimney, pouring over his borrowed book or else ciphering on the smooth blade of his shovel.

At a later period, I saw him as lawyer, as politician, as President, always with his rugged yet glowing spirit, always lighted with humor, always sensitive to justice, always pleading for human rights, always vibrant with a tender mercy, a noble compassion.

And now, in our own day, nearly seventy years after, Lincoln stands forth as the all-round man in our history, as the supreme man of the Republic.

And yet this immense personality had in him startling contrasts of experience. He won his path to place and power; and yet he lost precious and priceless things on the way—lost his wonder mother, Nancy Hanks, and his wonder sweetheart, Ann Rutledge.

There were in him also startling contrasts of character. He had moments of great jovialities, Olympian laughters—had moments also of gigantic glooms, Tartarian melancholies. In this regard, he was kindred to the great sons of genius, the great masters of literary expression—kindred to Shakespeare whose dramas sparkle with humor and yet also breathe forth the still sad music of humanity—kindred to Carlyle, whose prophetic pages shake with Rabelaisian laughters and also thunder with the prophecies of utter ruin for the world trampled by the blind hoofs of Mammon.

Lincoln never lost hold upon the practical: he saw that common sense is the highest of all revelations. Yet he joined the men—scattered over the ages—the men who carry an unworldly ideal, the men who have hearts of great compassion, the men who are eager to extend social justice, the men who are willing to suffer for a great cause, the men who are willing to take unprofitable risks for unpopular truths. They are the souls who are in touch with the Higher Power, with the One who watches.

These are the men who create in your breast the high poetic emotion. Hence at the name of Lincoln, my heart leaped singing; and for no recompense, only for my love of this lofty soul, only for the joy of the doing, I promised the poem and plunged with passion into the task.

The call came at the end of 1899, at the end of the nineteenth century. Four grave and reverend seniors, from a rich exclusive New York City club, knocked at my door in Brooklyn, my first home in the crowded East.

I was told that their select company were about to have a Babylonian banquet at Delmonico's to celebrate the first Lincoln birthday anniversary in the twentieth century. The rail-splitter whose early rations

(Continued on page 26)

# Has America a Youth Movement?

## Or Is It Merely the Meanderings of a Contingent of Cane-Carrying Crusaders?

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

IS THERE a Youth Movement in America? Answer: There is not!

I interviewed a dozen of the keenest editorial and ministerial minds in the press group and the ministerial group at the Evanston Conference, and unanimously these men agreed that there is no actual Youth Movement in the United States.

Stanley High has stated the case for a Youth Movement in Europe, but he would be hard put to it to convince anybody that there is a Youth Movement in America.

Each year since the war the so-called Youth Movement of America has been diminishing in spirit and size.

*Made Up Largely of Cane-Carrying Crusaders*

At Louisville the Easter meeting was a tumultuous gathering, with most of the tumult over the protests of ex-soldiers against war.

The Indianapolis Conference was milder than the Louisville Conference, and the Evanston Conference was not so turbulent as the average meeting of a Ladies' Aid Society.

It was made up largely of Cane Carrying Crusaders, and not once did the flaming sword of righteous indignation over anything seem to be lifted.

About a thousand students were present and registered, with about three hundred registered non-combatants in the galleries. These non-combatants were largely made up of preachers, teachers, and the curious who like to travel during the holidays to any spot where something may be going on.

We non-combatants went with the idea that there would be something going on; that great international questions would be discussed with some glimmerings of intelligence; that racial questions would be faced frankly and handled with ungloved hands; that social questions would be met with intellectual honesty and sincerity; that family skeletons would be trotted out and dusted off in this annual gathering of the clan.

*What the Negro Girl Said They Wanted*

And, mentioning Klan—up to Tuesday evening it had not even been whispered. There was not as much frankness in the discussion of this queston as one may find in the average annual church conference.

About the sanest thing that was said—and the frankest—was said by a Negro girl in these words: **"We don't ask you white people for social equality. We don't even ask you to help us up. All we ask is that you will get out of our way and let us help ourselves up!"**

In fact the conference could well be classed as a Conference for the Conservation of Conservatism. The youth of our denominational colleges are suffering from three things, according to an innocent bystander who happens to be one of the most brilliant minds in America: "With ignorance of international affairs; with a lack of discipline; and with a conservatism that would be a shame to their elders."

Compared with either the Louisville or the Indianapolis meeting, this conference was mild and gentle. It would have stood unhitched. It might honestly have been called a "Horse and Wagon" Conference.

There was more talk about a young University of Michigan teacher who went on a hunger strike than there was about the World Court. I heard rumors all day Tuesday and Wednesday of this chap's devotion. He had the executive committee worried. One of the prime movers of the conference confessed to me that he hadn't slept one night for thinking about that Martyr who was on a hunger strike. He got me curiously interested in this heroic chap. I pictured to myself a pale, anemic, Lincoln-like fellow, devoted to an ideal.

*Strange Reason for Going on a Hunger Strike*

I sought him out and found him to be a little round-bellied, temperamental boy born in Czecho-Slovakia, who looked like Humpty Dumpty—as fat as a cream puff, with enough superfluous fatty tissue to hibernate all winter. That chap could have gone on a hunger strike for weeks and never have known it. He had enough food stored up to last indefinitely.

When I asked him why he was going on his hunger strike and why he was burdening this harrassed executive committee and making them stay awake nights when world affairs demanded their immediate attention and unceasing devotion, he said: "They won't let me make a speech!"

"Are you a student?" I asked him.

"No! I'm a teacher of engineering in the University of Michigan."

"Then you have no right to make a speech, for you are not a member of this conference."

"But when the committee sent out their invitations they said that anybody could make speeches, and I want to make a speech! I've just got to make a speech! I'll starve myself to death if they don't let me make my speech!"

Then the tears came into his eyes. That boy certainly did want to make a speech. He was willing to starve in order to get a chance to make a speech.

So far as I have been able to discover, he did not make his speech and he did not starve. But there was more gossip in the lobbies, and more talk in the executive committee over this lad's hunger strike than there was over the question of capital and labor.

I even went so far as to take this boy to lunch, but he steadfastly refused to eat. He was in earnest about that desire to make a speech.

*The Four Whose Speech-Making Was Barred*

He was a symbol of the whole conference. Nearly everybody there had come with that same desire to make a speech. And—most of them made one. A few who were denied this privilege—about four out of the thousand delegates—expressed themselves in the lobbies. What they said was not highly complimentary to the committee that had charge of the speech-making, nor to those who actually made the speeches. In fact, I gathered from those devotional sessions in the lobbies that all the real speakers had been eliminated by the committee on oratory. These outcast orators, these eliminated elocutionists admitted to me and other curious onlookers that much priceless eloquence was being overlooked.

The only reason why more of them didn't go on hunger strikes was because my friend from Czecho-Slovakia thought of it first and it had lost its originality.

About the only persons who didn't make speeches at that conference were myself, the men who really sat behind the scenes to manipulate the lights and the smoke screens, and the janitor. And even the janitor broke over one afternoon when the session lasted until long past his mealtime, but his speech would not be fit to print in this pious paper.

The most momentous question settled at the conference was the decision of one speaker, shouting with a grand gesture of eloquence and a ring of renunciation: "Let's not scrap the Church!"

I felt greatly relieved at this. I looked in the newspapers the next day to see if the reporters had caught its full significance. I expected to see a big black headline across the front pages of the newspapers of the world: "YOUTH DECIDES NOT TO SCRAP THE CHURCH!" But they were not there! The speaker's magnanimous oratory, however, seemed to meet the unanimous approval of the students. I trembled

*Youth Makes a Momentous Decision*

*(Concluded on page 31)*

# The Truth About the Bixby Lette

## Dr. Barton Believes Lincoln Actually Wrote to Mrs. Bixby, But Thinks That Any Existing Copies Are Forgeries

By WILLIAM E. BARTON



William E. Barton, well-known authority on Lincolniana

THE letter of President Abraham Lincoln to Mrs. Lydia Bixby, of Boston, extending to her his own and the nation's sympathy in the loss of her five sons given in defense of the Union cause, stands alone in the history of the English language. When President Woodrow Wilson had occasion to write a letter of sympathy to the mothers of the American marines who were killed in the Vera Cruz affair, he conferred with Honorable Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, and both felt unequal to the occasion. By agreement Secretary Daniels, acting with consent and in the name of the President, sent to each of these mothers a copy of Lincoln's letter. Woodrow Wilson was no mean master of the English tongue, and had a just estimate of his own ability to say what needed to be said and say it well. But he confessed his own inadequacy in the presence of Lincoln's letter to Mrs. Bixby.

The question has recently been raised whether President Lincoln really wrote the letter, or whether it was a forgery. Several reasons are given for the doubt.

First, the original cannot be found. It was said to be in the collection of J. Pierpont Morgan, but it is not there. Several persons have claimed to own it, but on examination their copies prove to have been mechanical reproductions. It is affirmed in many quarters that the original is framed at Oxford University in England, either in the Bodleian Library or in Brasenose or Baliol College, but it is not there. Oxford wishes that it were there, and would give much to own it, but the university authorities are compelled to tell American tourists that they have never seen it. F. Lauriston Bullard, of the Boston *Herald*, was recently in Oxford, and his discovery that the Bixby letter was not where he had expected to find it has raised the question of its whereabouts. No answer has come to this inquiry. Lincoln's letter to general Joseph Hooker recently sold at auction for more than $10,000. It would be worth $25,000, probably, to any one who could find the Bixby letter in an attic trunk and who would be willing to part with it. But it cannot be found. Furthermore, the facsimiles vary slightly from each other, and it is doubtful whether they could have been made from the same original.

I am asked to answer the questions raised in this matter, and I am glad to be able to do so.

The text of the Lincoln letter to Mrs. Bixby is genuine. It is supported by a considerable amount of documentary evidence. It was written by request of Governor John A. Andrew, of Massachusetts, on a recommendation of Adjutant General William Schouler. I have examined all the correspondence in this case, and have photostat copies which are before me as I write. Lincoln wrote the letter and the text was published in the Boston newspapers within a week after it was written.

I am sorry to say, however, that I am not convinced of the genuineness of any of the reproductions. I have increasing doubt whether any of them are genuine. The story of possible forgery here is an involved one, and my own first judgments have undergone marked change as the result of this investigation. Frankly, I doubt not only the present existence of the Bixby letter, but question seriously whether any of the pretended facsimile reproductions were made from a genuine original. I think them a forgery made for commercial purposes.

But the text of the letter is genuine. Lincoln actually wrote it.

The question does not end there. When I first looked into this matter a good many years ago, I made a rather shocking discovery. So far as I know, my *Life of Lincoln* is the only book that tells the truth about this letter, and in that the story is condensed

Mrs. Bixby did not lose five son in the Union Army. Lincoln was mis informed. If he had known the trut he would not have written the lette

The information which Adjutan General Schouler furnished to Governo Andrew, and which Governor Andre passed on to the War Department wit the request that Lincoln write the lett to Mrs. Bixby, gave the following a the list of her sons, with their reg ments and the dates of their death:

"1. Sergeant Charles N. Bixby Company D, 20th Regiment Massa chusetts Infantry, mustered in, July 2 1862; killed at Fredericksburg, May 1863.

"2. Corporal Henry C. Bixby, Com pany K, 32nd Regiment, mustered i August 5, 1862; killed at Gettysburg July 2, 1863.

"3. Private Edward Bixby, recrui for 22nd Massachusetts Volunteers 'He ran away from home, and wa mustered in the field. He died of wound at Folly Island, South Carolina.'

"4. Private Oliver C. Bixby, Company E, 58th Massachusetts Volunteers, mustered in, March 4, 1864; killed before Petersburg, July 30, 1864.

"5. Private George Way Bixby, Company C, 56th Massachusetts Volunteers, mustered in, March 19, 1864; killed before Petersburg, July 30, 1864."

This is the information on the basis of which President Lincoln acted.

Here are the facts:

Cromwell and Lydia Bixby were married at Hopkinton, Massachusetts, September 26, 1826. She was twenty-five years of age, having been born in 1801. They had six sons and three daughters. There is a bare possibility that there was a seventh son, but I think John Bixby a second cousin and not a brother. The children, in the order of their ages, beginning in 1827, were Susan, Oliver Cromwell, Henry Cromwell, Caroline E., George Way, Charles N., Edward, Anna L., and Andrew Parker. The last, born in 1849, was named for his maternal grandfather.

Cromwell Bixby died December 22, 1854, and is buried at Hopkinton.

Mrs. Bixby drifted into Boston, probably with two of her sons, who went there for employment. They were shoemakers, working for wages in the employ of a shoemaking establishment. Charles and Edward followed this calling; Oliver was a shoemaker, but sometimes called himself a mechanic. Henry, too, made shoes, and so did George. Oliver and George were married, George apparently not very happily. Oliver left at least two sons and a daughter and has grandchildren and great-grandchildren living near Wolfboro, New Hampshire, where their mother died in 1914.

Mrs. Bixby never owned a home in Boston but drifted from one lodging house to another. I find her in a new place almost every year and in some years she changed more than once. All of her homes given in the directory were in humble neighborhoods. Now and then she lived with her daughter Susan in Providence.

Bearing on the question of Mrs. Bixby's veracity, which, unfortunately, we are under necessity of raising, it must be recorded that a few days after September 17, 1862, Mrs. Bixby called at the office of the Adjutant General with a pitiful story. She said her son had been wounded in the Battle of Antietam, fought on that date, and was in a hospital either in Baltimore or Washington. She had no money to go to him. Adjutant General Schouler related this story, verbally it would seem, to Governor Andrew, and the governor, a most kind-hearted man, drew his check for forty dollars. So far as the record goes, she did not name the son. Of all her sons, only Charles N. was in the battle at Antietam, and neither the casualty reports of the battle nor the monthly reports of his regiment, the 20th, indicate that he was wounded. The 32nd, to which Henry belonged, was at Antietam, but was not in the fight and suffered no reported casualties.

It may further be mentioned that when Mrs. Bixby first got her name in the Boston newspapers, she was receiving assistance "from the Churches and Christian women of Boston."

She may have believed that one of her sons was wounded. It is not certain that she intended to deceive. But I am afraid she did not return the governor's forty dollars.

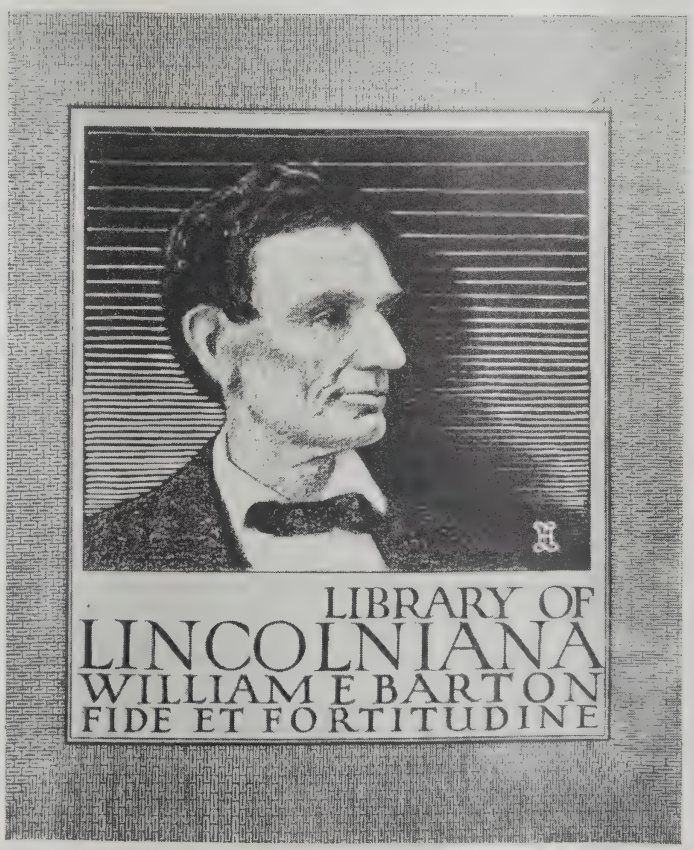
In that year, 1864, Massachusetts was making a special effort to send a New England Thanksgiving dinner to every Massachusetts soldier. General Schouler wrote a letter for the Boston *Transcript* saying that, while this was well, the good people of Boston ought not to forget that there were families in Boston whose fathers or brothers or sons were in the army, and who were as much in need of Thanksgiving dinners as were the soldiers themselves. He spoke of one woman who had lost five sons, and hoped that she would receive not only a dinner but some coal.

On Thanksgiving morning he visited Mrs. Bixby in person, taking with him not only the dinner, and the order for coal, but a considerable sum in cash which had come in response to his appeal. How much money he had received we do not know, but the *Transcript*, following the matter up, reported that already Mrs. Bixby had been receiving assistance "from the Churches and Christian ladies of Boston." He took her a substantial sum in addition.

But he carried something else to her. It was a letter from the President of the United States, dated November 21, which was Monday, and which reached Schouler on Wednesday. Apparently he took time to copy it for the newspapers, for it appeared in the Boston *Transcript* on Friday afternoon, in the *Advertiser* and perhaps other papers next morning. In the December issue of the *Army and Navy Journal*, which was printed about the (*Concluded on page 22*)

The Lincoln Letter to Mrs. Bixby, of Boston.

DEAR MADAM: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.




Dr. Barton's Lincoln bookplate.

# Lincoln's Premonitions of Death

## Warned of Assassination, Lincoln Dreamed of It

By F. L. BLACK



Wood block of Abraham Lincoln's face cut by Paul Honore, based on Volk's original life mask.

DID President Lincoln, in the weeks preceding April 14, 1865, have premonitions that his ship of destiny was about to set sail for unknown seas? One of his friends[1] states that from early youth, Mr. Lincoln had a presentiment that he would die a violent death, or, rather, that his final days would be marked by some great tragic event. Lincoln was a mystic, and was warned by so many to guard against assassination that it was often in his mind, which may explain his sometimes dreaming of it.

In many ways he was also a fatalist and refused consciously to worry about the time or manner of his death, yet the deep impression made on his subconscious mind by reading in his mail and hearing from friends almost daily that his assassination or abduction was being plotted had its effect, and when the gates of subconsciousness had been opened by sleep, out rushed these foreboding dreams. While neither Mr. Lincoln nor Mrs. Lincoln believed in dreams, they were both much impressed and haunted by some of the President's.[2] "It seems strange how much there is in the Bible about dreams," Mr. Lincoln was once heard to remark.

Just after his election in 1860, according to a story he told his secretary, John Hay, he was "tired out" with the excitement created by receiving the election returns and went home to rest, throwing himself upon a lounge in his room.

"Opposite to where I lay," said the President, "was a bureau with a swinging glass upon it; and, in looking in that glass, I saw myself reflected nearly at full length; but my face, I noticed, had two separate and distinct images, the tip of the nose of one being about three inches from the tip of the other. I was a little bothered, perhaps startled, and got up and looked in the glass; but the illusion vanished. On lying down again, I saw it a second time, plainer, if possible, than before; and then I noticed that one of the faces was a little paler—say five shades—than the other. I got up, and the thing melted away; and I went off, and in the excitement of the hour forgot all about it—nearly, but not quite, for the thing would once in a while come up, and give me a little pang, as though something uncomfortable had happened.

"When I went home, I told my wife about it: and a few days after I tried the experiment again, when, sure enough, the thing came back again; but I never succeeded in bringing the ghost back after that, though I once tried very industriously to show it to my wife, who was worried about it somewhat. She thought it was 'a sign' that I was to be elected to a second term of office, and that the paleness of one of the faces was an omen that I should not see life through the last term."[3]

The White House has always been a magnet for crank reformers and paranoiacs of all types, and it is doubtful that there has ever been a President whose assassination was not threatened or attempted by some insane person. Mr. Lincoln had lived face to face with possible assassination since his first entrance into Washington as head of the nation, for soon after his election, threats were made that he would never be permitted to take the oath of office[4] and on his way to Washington in February, 1861, for his first inauguration, he and his friends were warned at Philadelphia by Allan Pinkerton, then head of the secret service, that there was a plot to assassinate the President-elect when he reached Baltimore.

The leader in the assassination conspiracy was an Italian fanatic, Fernandino, formerly a barber at Barnum's Hotel, Baltimore, who advocated the assassination of Lincoln to prevent abolition and had gathered around him a circle of secessionist enthusiasts. The plot was discovered by secret service agents, who reported that Fernandino was willing to take any chances to kill Mr. Lincoln and had extravagantly stated, "I am destined to die, shrouded with glory, I shall immortalize myself by plunging a knife into Lincoln's heart." The deed was to be committed at the Calvert street railway station in Baltimore as Mr. Lincoln passed through.

Mr. Lincoln was told about the plot and induced secretly to change his plans so as to travel incognito through Baltimore in the middle of the night and on a different train than he originally intended. (Allan Pinkerton denies [p. 102] the truth of a story that has gained much currency that Mr. Lincoln was disguised in a Scotch cap and plaid.) The conspirators, warned by the news of the President's (Continued on page 28)

[1] Alex K. McClure, *Yarns*, p. 497.
[2] "Rec.," Lamon, pp. 115, 117.
[3] *The Life of Abraham Lincoln From His Birth to His Inauguration as President*, by Ward H. Lamon, James R. Osgood & Co., Boston, 1872, pp. 476-7.
[4] *The Spy of the Rebellion*, Pinkerton, p. 45.

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

PEOPLE used to talk a great deal about the means by which success may be earned; the emphasis now is on the fruits of success. Once a young man was willing to serve his apprenticeship at discipline and build up a capacity for usefulness; now the temptation is to think first of the pay. That is, where formerly the initial interest was in the individual's investment of energy, experience and industry, now it is in the dividends.

Longfellow's *"learn to labor and to wait"* seems slow to this generation. Still, there have been no substitutes found for learning, laboring and waiting. Knowledge, industry and the ripening of experience and judgment are still the inevitable elements of success. Where they exist, there *is* success.

Learn. Labor. Wait. The man who *knows* will always find more opportunity than the man who does not know. The man who *knows how* will always have a wider way than the man who has to be *told how*. The man who knows *why* will always be a peg above the man who only knows *how*. There is always something to know, whatever the job may be, always more to learn, for that is the way progress is made.

A small group of men were given work with which they were not familiar, and a man who *knows how and why* was put with them to give them all he knew. Did the group welcome this? Only a minority of them. The minority figured that this instruction was making them worth more and was costing them only the effort to learn; they were being enabled to increase their investment in themselves by a little attention. But the others felt that they were being somehow imposed on. They were paid to work not to learn, they said! And these are the men who most frequently look for "raises"!

It simply illustrates the low view men take of themselves. They want their pay to be "raised" but they do not want to elevate their inherent worth. If anyone told them that they were mere draft animals and not minds, they would be insulted; yet by refusing to conduct themselves as minds they simply emphasized their likeness to draft animals.

Not long ago a man went to speak to the younger students at a trade school which was provided by the industry concerned. The school was designed to permit men to rise from the degree of laborer to that of mechanic by teaching them what otherwise they could only learn at cost of time and school fees. He asked one young fellow a question and the lad replied, "Oh, the company does this just to get more out of us." "But," said the man, "when you leave they don't take away from you what they have taught you, do they?"

Under the sway of that peculiar form of unprogressive philosophy which seeks to keep back the workers of the country, this lad failed to see that it was himself who was receiving most.

It is rather sad to see men victimized by this curious method of self-depreciation. Yet that is the stock-in-trade of most of the "labor" doctrine which is being preached today.

Learn. Labor. Wait. This combination cannot be beaten because it is rooted in natural law.

Labor is compulsory. All of us must do it. The only labor that is pitiable is that which proceeds without the accompaniment of learning. It is that kind of labor which spells drudgery. Drudgery is witless work, thoughtless toil. Drudgery does not spring from the job, but from the drudge who performs it.

When it comes to waiting, another element enters. Man does not comprise the universe but coöperates with it. When a farmer plants the seed, the matter is then largely out of his hand; the earth takes it up where he left off. Man has certain causes within his control, but when he has given the impulse it is taken up and carried to completion by forces beyond him. We utter the sound with our throat, but the air, as we say, carries it along to another's ear.

This is where man links up with the invisible forces to which are given various names, and of whose existence humanity has never harbored a collective doubt. There is, in the invisible universe, that which takes up what we initiate and fulfills it according to its kind. The seed of desire or faith or action sets forth on its processes under the care of universal law, and arrives at its destined development. Men are planting those seeds all the time. The man who is diligent in the planting of good seed will find after while that he always has something coming to fulfillment, to fruition. And as the period of waiting between is filled with labor, there is no fruitless waiting.

"Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

*LEARNING, laboring and waiting are the ingredients of achievement. It is strange how reluctant men are to learn in connection with work. Yet it is only thus that work is made to yield its best and imperishable wage. Physical support is the immediate wage of work; mental and moral increase is the preferred profit; while what we call success is the increased capital by which life gains wider opportunity for usefulness. Waiting may better be named the period during which the causes which men set in motion are carried to completion by invisible forces. It is a period to be filled by more labor that continuous completions may fill the future years.*

# EDITORIALS

## *Lincoln*

NO ONE can explain Lincoln. He came out of the invisible, walked up to his task, performed it, and went back into the invisible again. America will always have such a man in such a crisis. We cannot analyze such men but we know the soil in which they nourish their roots. It is the common soil of the earth and the common thought of the race. Nothing can be expected from asphalt and ephemeral "modernism." The one does not offer space enough, nor the other time enough. The majority of our people live far from both, in space and in spirit. They will give rootage to another such as Lincoln when the time of need, the time for his appearing, comes again.

## *The New Method*

ONCE upon a time it was the people who had to be persuaded upon a great issue. Care was taken to give them the facts, the arguments, and observe their reactions. Nowadays the people may go hang. The focus of effort is the legislative assembly. The method is to raise such a racket in the vicinity of the legislature that it will believe the whole country has risen in demand for a certain measure. Woodrow Wilson had a habit which all President's would do well to cultivate: he used to go to his windows and look far across Washington, into The Country—into The United States. Recently the country's only interest in certain questions has been to inform the Government that the noise it hears is not made by The Country.

## *With a Capital "S"*

"FLORIDA Society Chuckles Over Snub" reads the headline. It is a type of newspaper story that requires no effort to believe. It is so like Society! There is honor among thieves, there is charity among the poor, there is sincerity among plain folk, but Society has never claimed, has never been credited with even the elementary social virtues. There is nothing social about Society—it is anti-social as regards itself, and it represents the anti-social elements with reference to human society at large. Society is not a coterie of congenial souls; nor the natural assembly of the cultured; it is not the meeting-place of kindred tastes, purposes or principles. It is not in any sense social. It is full of jealousy, dislike, resentment, vicious antagonisms, insincerity, vulgar ostentation and nervous apprehension. Of course Society will chuckle over a snub!—if someone else has courage enough to administer it. Those with courage enough to administer snubs for cause are not found in Society.

There is need for a new name for that crowd which meets around in one corner of the town and calls itself society with a capital "S." It is not society.

## *Holy Horror!*

THE pot is calling the kettle black. The seller of $1-(and more)-a-gallon gasoline calls the seller of $1-a-pound rubber a robber. The dollar's worth of rubber lasts longer, is worth more, than the dollar's worth of gasoline; under dollar rubber the motor industry has flourished, but under dollar gasoline it is greatly restricted. Not that either of them can be defended. And we are not attempting to defend them. We take the position of the consumer that they are both always too high. But to see the United States, the home of gigantic monopoly, perform such contortions of agony over the one ewe monopolistic lamb of another country is rather wonderful. Let the cartoonist draw Gasoline, Aluminum and Cotton holding up their hands in holy horror over the goings on of Rubber.

## *Burglary and the Bible*

HERE is one by the Rev. B. T. Cornell, that is worth pondering:

"Anyone would be foolish to contend that mere reading of the Bible in public schools would revolutionize the morals of the Nation overnight. It seems equally unwise to assert that it would make no improvement in a generation. The burglary insurance rate is:

$12.00 a $1000 in Boston
$22.00 a $1000 in New York
$27.50 a $1000 in Chicago

"Is there any connection between these figures and the fact that the Bible has been read daily in the public schools of Boston for 65 years, for 22 years in New York, and excludedfor30 years from the schools in Chicago?"

Supposing these statements to have been true at any time, they suggest a connection between private morality and public security.

# The World Court and the People

WHATEVER may have occurred in the Senate before this editorial appears, certain things need to be said and will always be true. Propaganda for the World Court has proceeded unchallenged in this country for a long time. Unchallenged, because the public assumed that disposal of the question of our entering the League of Nations also disposed of the question of our entering the League's Court. In the Court we are under the Law of the League, and that was precisely what the United States did not want.

When, however, propaganda assumed that lack of challenge meant agreement, and Congress was besieged on this assumption, it became necessary to prevent misapprehension by taking up the issue. It is an issue whose statement cannot safely be left to pulpits and women's clubs. This reference is not made in disrespect, but in full knowledge of their susceptibility to unreliable propaganda.

It became necessary to state to the people that the terms of our entry into the Court were set up in the constitution of the Court itself and that platform promises or pulpit prophecies made no difference whatever. Better buy Florida real estate on the rosy say-so of the East Side faker than approve our entry into the World Court on the say-so of men and women whose only authorities are nice little pamphlets that give only half the facts and misstate most of those.

This call to the American people thoroughly to understand what they were doing before they acted has been denounced as everything that a propagandist can think of when cornered.

Anyone who wants the American people to bind themselves to an agreement they do not understand, and which if they did understand they would reject, should be honest enough to admit that this is precisely his purpose. Some feel that it is justifiable to trick the nation into the League. There is not an intelligent supporter of our entry into the World Court who does not know that it would represent our entry into the League by the back door. But he may feel that by sneaking us into the League, unbeknown even to ourselves, that he is doing good by stealth. This is a peculiar form of political immorality to be guarded against.

Now, there are two things which are pretty certain in the controversy. One is that when the people understand that the Court is the bait, hook, line and sinker of the League, they will stay out of it.

The other is, that if the Senate is pushed into the League by the pressure of Big Business (for this matter has become largely the adopted child of international banking) the people will repudiate the Court upon the first occasion that it attempts to exercise its jurisdiction over the United States.

It may be that by the time this editorial appears in print the Court may have been shoved onto the country through the Senate. That will not at all affect the truth and timeliness of what is said here. It remains true whichever way events may fall. And the truth is this: that entry into the Court puts us under the Law of the League; and the first exercise of the Law of the League upon the United States or in the affairs of the Western Hemisphere will result in our repudiation of the Court.

Nothing so drastic as the exercise of the Court's power upon our affairs is contemplated, however. Therein lies the dishonesty of the whole matter. As a great power we shall be immune. We have taken care of that, largely, in the so-called "reservations" which are being insisted upon, but which do not legally reserve. There are no reservations in our adherence to the Constitution of the United States, and there can be no reservation in our adherence to the Constitution of the League of Nations. What is proposed is that we shall enter upon a relationship in which we are not sincere, the purpose of which is to further American financial exploitation of certain countries, although the ostensible reason is righteousness and peace.

There is only one contingency in which the Law of the League would be brought to bear on American affairs in a manner that would compel us to repudiate it, and that would be a desire on the part of the nations to place us in an impossible position where the League could declare us an outlaw nation and order the rest of the world to make economic and military war upon us. It is not inconceivable; it is not impossible. And our insincere entry into the Court would make us deserving of it. It is a possibility to which Americans should hesitate to subject their country.

It is the belief of most thoughtful citizens that the question of the World Court should have as wide and thorough a discussion before the Nation as did Article X of the Covenant of the League of Nations. That is all that this paper is urging. Discussion among the people seems to have been abandoned in favor of paid propagandist pressure on the Senate.

Those who oppose discussion of the World Court by impartial minds thereby confess the weakness of their cause.

# Aviation from the Navy's Viewpoint



## Showing the Actual Relation Between "Gadflies" and "Bulldogs" as Protectors



## PART I.

By CAPTAIN W. S. PYE, U.S.N.

ILLUSTRATED WITH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS, U. S. NAVY.

DURING the last several years, especially during the periods in which Congress has been in session, an intensive publicity campaign has been conducted in our newspapers and periodicals with a view to impressing the people of the United States, first, with the importance of aircraft in the national defense, and, second, with the necessity of an Air Service independent of the Army and Navy and under a separate cabinet officer.

The authors of this publicity include many officers of the Army Air Service, a few naval aviators, and certain civilian interests identified with aircraft production. Most of these air enthusiasts are conscientious in their convictions as to the paramount importance of the aëronautical element of national defense and truly believe that the War and Navy departments are not devoting to aëronautics the funds, personnel, or consideration which it deserves.

Many of the more radical, through lack of knowledge or disregard of larger and more intricate problems involved in the conduct of war, have permitted themselves to be misled as to the value of an air force as an independent element of national defense by false reasoning from the extravagant claims for present and future performances of aircraft, and by the results of experiments in bombing ships, which experiments were of a purely tactical character.

Some of those who are most enthusiastic for an Independent Air Service would undoubtedly profit by its establishment. The creation of a new service would insure an increase in rank and pay for most of the officer aviators who are supporting it, and the aircraft producers would be benefited by the increased expenditure for airplanes, which such service would immediately demand. In fairness to naval aviators, it should be stated that although they, too, might attain higher rank and pay in a new service, very few of them favor an Independent Air Service.

The proponents of the Independent Air Service would remove aviation from control of the Army and Navy and unite the Army Air Service and Naval Aviation under the control of this Independent Air Service.

The Navy has consistently opposed the formation of an Independent Air Service because it firmly believes that aircraft are of the greatest importance to the Navy and that an efficient naval air arm can be developed only as a part of the naval service. This active opposition to the Independent Air Service idea has caused its advocates to attack the Navy, and in countering this attack the Navy has been placed in a position which, to many, has made it appear that the Navy is opposed to the development of aëronautics.

The Navy is not opposed to the fullest development of aircraft; in fact the United States Navy has developed aircraft to a greater extent than has any other navy. What the Navy is opposed to is an attempt to reduce its efficiency by wresting its aircraft from it, and an attempt to create distrust in the professional ability of the personnel of the existing agencies of national defense. An attack with such objectives is in itself a serious thing, but more serious when, as in this case, it is based on half-truths, misrepresentation, and fantastical claims.

It is easy enough to criticise when no responsibility is attached.

In that part of their propaganda directed primarily against the Navy, the advocates of the Independent Air Service have endeavored to convince the public:

First—that the present and probable future development of aircraft has made the surface combatant ship obsolete.

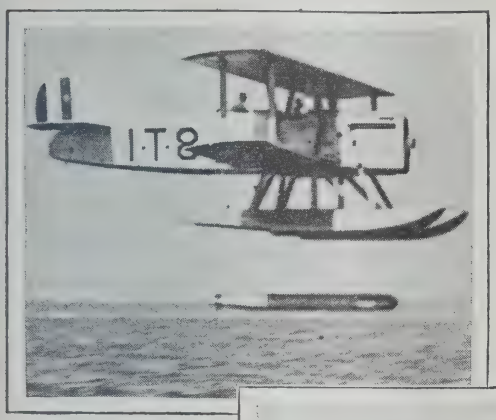
Second—that the Navy is not sympathetic to the fullest development and use of aircraft; is too conservative, and too much engrossed with ships to develop aircraft efficiently.

Third—to attain the greatest efficiency in national defense, there should be organized a combatant air service independent of the Army and Navy under a separate cabinet officer, and that the present Army Air Service and Naval air forces should be branches of this independent service temporarily assigned to duty with the Army and Navy.



Shell splashes, photographed during experimental firing at the former *Iowa* while operating under radio control.

For purposes of publicity, sensational statements are valuable. It is not strange, therefore, that in this publicity the public has been beguiled by fantastical claims for the present and future performances of aircraft, but it is regrettable that persons ostensibly concerned for the future of this nation should attempt to influence public opinion by perverting the results of bombing tests, exhibiting motion pictures which give decidedly false impressions, and publishing statements which cannot be supported by reason or logic.







Three types of airplane mentioned in this article: Upper left—Navy torpedo plane photographed while launching a torpedo. Center—Late model scouting plane. Lower right—Division of navy fighting planes in formation.

Clear perversion of the results of bombing tests against certain ex-German ships and obsolete American battleships is contained in articles which have been published in many of the leading newspapers and periodicals of the country.

Except for the accuracy tests with dummy bombs against the obsolete United States battleship *Iowa* operating under radio control, the bombing tests which have been conducted have involved no difficulties in the operation of aircraft. The Army planes were not allowed to participate in the *Iowa* tests, as the planes were required to go too far from land to make their participation practicable. The next experiments, in which the Army participated at the invitation of the Navy, consisted of attacks with bombs of various weights against ex-German war vessels. At a later date three obsolete American battleships were bombed, chiefly by the Army Air Service.

The vessels actually sunk by aircraft bombs were these ex-German war vessels (a submarine, a destroyer, a light cruiser, and a battleship), and the above-mentioned obsolete American battleships. The conditions under which these vessels were attacked no more resembled war conditions than rifle target practice represents an infantry engagement. It was like lion shooting on a clear sunny day with the lion securely tied by each foot.

These experiments were designed to determine the material efficiency of existing aircraft and the effectiveness of existing aircraft bombs against steel plates in the forms of ships. The Navy had a dual object: to determine the effectiveness of the aircraft and their bombs; and to determine how naval construction could be improved to resist the explosive effect of bombs. The Air Service advocates had but one objective, namely, to sink the vessels quickly in order to create a public opinion favorable to aviation.

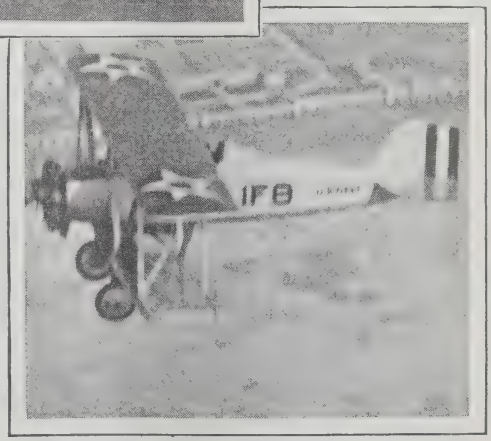
The conditions of the experiments denied to these vessels all means of defense. The submarine could not submerge; the destroyer could not steam at high speed on varying courses; the light cruiser and battleships could not change course, use anti-aircraft batteries, or be supported by fighting planes for their protection. These vessels could have been sunk in less time by torpedoes fired from destroyers or submarines or even by mines towed against their sides by lowly tugs.

Furthermore, these vessels, if they had been actual enemy vessels, could have carried out their mission of controlling sea lines of communication without approaching the area within which the planes were capable of operating from a base on shore.

The *Frankfurt*, a light cruiser with very little armor protection, was one of the ex-German vessels sunk. The attacks were made with the lighter bombs first in order to gain information of the damage sustained. Forty-six passages over the target were made by one or more planes either to drop bombs or obtain data for sights. The planes employed were nine Navy F5L, twelve Army Martin Bombers and five Navy Martin Bombers. A total of seventy-four bombs were dropped. Twelve direct hits and several hits close enough to have a mining effect sank the ship, 7 hours and 45 minutes after the first attack. Had the heavier bombs been used first, this time probably would have been less.

Although attention has been drawn to the absence of any possible means of defense, there is no intention to give the inference that vessels cannot be sunk by bombs from aircraft under war conditions. They can be, but the efficiency of such attacks will be very much less in war than in peace.

The motion pictures ostensibly representing the sinking of ex-German ships during the bombing experiments have been put together as cleverly as an animated cartoon, from scraps of films taken at various times and places. A false impression is created by the apparent continuity of the films.




These films, it appears to the Navy, have been prepared purely as propaganda by a certain group of air enthusiasts who desire to belittle the Navy before the public, and to convince the public that surface ships are no longer of any value. The spectacular sinking of these old ships serves a point in publicity for an Independent Air Service.

The films are mis- (*Concluded on page 20*)

# "Burned Spuds"—How It Happened

## When Cooperative Marketing Went Up in Smoke

By S. G. RUBINOW

In *The Country Gentleman* for February. These excerpts published by permission.

TWO of the country's biggest and most important coöperative marketing ventures have gone up in smoke. In the ruins of the conflagration, among the débris, are the charred and unrecognizable remains of the plans, hopes and work of three years borne in the minds of a group of men who worked without pause day and night to construct their ideas into practical and profitable business adventures for the American potato grower.

When I completed the organization and incorporation of the Maine Potato Growers' Exchange in April, 1923, it represented an association of 3,100 growers, a tangible acreage of nearly 60,000 acres pledged to a five-year coöperative marketing program, an air-tight legal structure that included the members, thirty-one district local association units, a central exchange, seven subsidiary warehousing corporations, warehouses, storage plants, grading and handling equipment, car linings, registered brands, nation-wide selling arrangements and marketing facilities, and a hand-picked body of trustees, governing boards and the strongest managing personnel that could be found.

What more could be desired to make for success?

At this writing the Maine Potato Growers' Exchange, after two years of operation, is in the process of liquidation. The adventure has proved that the plans of the organizers lacked three solid fundamentals.

Again, I must plead guilty to the charge of having organized and incorporated the Minnesota Potato Growers' Exchange. To that I must admit the fact that I was its general manager for its first and only year of operation.

*Organizations Which Eat Up Much Money*

Can the average business man or farmer appreciate what it means to construct one of these organizations?

Our problem was always lack of funds. In Maine, it is true, funds were not lacking for strictly organization purposes. A local organization called the Aroostook Federation of Farmers, a successful farmers' fertilizer-buying association, not only advanced me organization funds, but also loaned me its offices and its capable manager, Ray C. Gary, who later became the secretary-treasurer of the Maine Exchange.

In Minnesota, organization funds were borrowed from business men, bankers and railroad officials time and again, with no security or promise of repayment. When these borrowings were finally repaid the act so astonished the lenders that they turned the interest back to the Exchange.

These campaigns, starting with nothing and ending up in large farmers' corporations doing business in the millions, require funds for offices, mailing lists, postage, circular letters, house organs, salaries, travel expenses, equipment, meetings, conventions and a thousand and one different but necessary things.

*A Large Number Failed to Pay Their Dues*

I have heard it stated a number of times, by men who ought to know better, that the organization dues or fees which are obtained from members in commodity marketing associations are ample enough to swing the organizations through their primary stages of construction.

A notable article on farmer's cooperative appears in *The Country Gentleman* for February. Its author, Mr. S. G. Rubinow, was associated with Aaron Sapiro in the organization of several cooperative associations, among them the two potato associations named in the article. His experience and frankness are of value to students in search of the facts of cooperation.

Such fees usually range from three to ten dollars per contract. It must be remembered, however, that most of the so-called commodity associations have been organized in a period of acute agricultural depression when the farmers were supposed to be broke or at least not possessing any ready cash.

Fully one-half of Maine's membership failed to pay their five-dollar membership dues when they joined the Exchange. In Minnesota less than 3,000 out of the 14,000 members paid their dues when they signed the marketing contracts of their Exchange.

I have known times in the organization of the Minnesota Exchange when employes of the organization staff and I advanced money out of our own pockets to tide the campaign over. It's not the right way to build farmers' marketing associations.

Farmers should go into their own marketing exchanges not because they have nothing to lose by joining but because they believe that the movement is sound economically and because they want to gain something by joining.

But there were other factors that made for failure.

I don't believe any system of coöperative marketing will ever survive that makes it necessary for the farmers to wait a year before getting the complete returns on their crops. Theoretically, a seasonal pool for most crops is sound because it averages out the highs and lows of a fluctuating market and gives the growers of the same variety and quality of product the same price.

Practically, however, farmers are not in a position to wait a year for their returns. If they were so situated financially where they could afford to wait a year before getting their money, they probably would not need coöperative marketing to give them a larger share of the consumer's dollar.

That's factor number one of the bunch that helped burn up both Exchanges.

Now, after years of organization and operating experience I must confess that I don't believe in the iron-clad contract, compulsory method of coöperative marketing. People do things usually because they want to, not because they are compelled or forced to do so. You can't force deliveries and develop loyalty at one and the same time. Deliveries to a coöperative marketing association should come voluntarily because the members are getting more than the outsiders. The proof of the pudding is in the eating of it. Telling the members that their association is raising price levels for the benefit of outsiders doesn't create a coöperative spirit or develop coöperative marketing. It kills it. It killed the Maine and Minnesota Exchanges.

*Will Have to Be Revamped on Other Lines*

The iron-clad contract method usually results in a membership that lies awake nights wondering how the contracts can be broken or in a membership that stays awake days breeching contracts.

It is true that the failures of the Minnesota and Maine Exchanges are bitter pills to swallow not only for the farmers but for those who organized the exchanges. But neither the farmers nor the rest of us must get discouraged. There is a valuable lesson in every failure, sometimes greater than in success.

The coöperative marketing movement is sound. It is practical. It can be made to succeed. It will have to be revamped along entirely different lines. The organizations will have to be formed on a voluntary basis, will have to start carefully and slowly, and grow and build from the ground up, until they reach the peaks of efficiency and performance.

# The World HAS BEEN Reorganized

## By Bankers! Here's How It Was Done in Dozens of Countries

By OBSERVER

THIS World Court proposition is only one phase of the activities of international bankers. In the Washington *Herald*, of December 30, Senator Beveridge was reported to have written a Senator who is in the forefront of the fight against the Court to the effect that *profits of more than $500,000,000 by bankers and corporations which have loaned money to foreign nations will be made the instant the United States joins the World Court or the League of Nations.*

My opinion is that this amount is only a drop in the bucket. I think it will go far in excess of that. Beveridge probably refers only to those bankers and corporations who are supposed to have headquarters in America. I think it will easily run into the billions, if we include bankers and corporations of various nations, that is, the international bankers.

***A College Professor Does A World Job***

I want to direct your attention to *the reorganization of the world* that has been going on since the Armistice.

The Washington *Star* for December 27 carried an account of the fact that one of the most important accomplishments of the administration of ex-president Arturo Alessandri was the formation of the *Central Bank of Chile* (Banco Central de Chile), now being organized on plans drawn up by Professor E. W. Kemmerer of Princeton. It goes on to say that the Kemmerer financial mission has had little real sympathy from the politicians of Chile—that what it was able to establish in Chile in the *three months* the Commission was there was due to backing given by the army group that has dominated the Chilean affairs for a year. (Making over a country's finances in *three months* indicates not only a lot of outside power but a lot of inside knowledge.)

***Forcing Federal Reserve Ideas on Chile***

"It is said, and generally believed, that the army leaders who were running affairs in Chile, although President Alessandri and his cabinet were nominally in control, told Professor Kemmerer to go as far as he liked in shaking up Chile's financial affairs and that he would be backed up.

"Politicians were not in high favor with the leaders of the armed forces, and the *carte blanche* given to Kemmerer made him a virtual dictator of Chile's financial affairs for the time being.

"It is apparent that Professor Kemmerer took the army leaders at their word. He soon discovered that they could and would make good their promises to support him over any objections the Cabinet might raise to his proposals. It was but short work for him to prepare plans for the new bank, which is fashioned after the one he organized for Colombia, with certain changes to fit peculiar Chilean conditions.

"One of the principal desires of the Commission was to keep the bank out of politics and the politicians out of the bank. When the Commission submitted its draft to President Alessandri and the Minister of Finance, disputes arose at once over some of the essential features. Alessandri requested Professor Kemmerer so to modify the plan as to place the appointment of the President, Vice President and General Manager of the bank in the hands of the President of the Republic.

"The Commission refused to modify its recommendations on these essentials, causing a deadlock which was broken immediately by the military party, which forced the acceptance of the plan as proposed by the Commission.

"The new institution will be a bank of issue and re-discount, and will have the general features of central banks established in other countries in recent years. While the State becomes a shareholder and furnishes part of the capital, it is in no sense a state bank but a quasi-public institution in which the general community is given representation."

This bank is chartered for fifty years. You will note that it is virtually the same thing as our Federal Reserve System here. We thought at one time that our government was going to be a shareholder in its "Federal" bank, but we find that the government has very little to do with it; it is a bankers' proposition pure and simple and almost entirely controlled by them. The beginning of the bank in Chile probably dates back more than three years ago when an item appeared in the New York *Times* for July 5, 1922, stating that Professor Kemmerer had arrived in Chile *to study economic conditions.*

Professor Kemmerer's record in *Who's Who* shows him as financial adviser in 1901-3 to the U. S. Philippine Commission; in 1917 financial adviser to the government of Mexico; in 1919 to the government of Guatemala; and the list then lengthens into what follows.

***A Jolly Gold-Standard Globe-Trotter***

In the New York *Times* of February 9, 1923, there was a statement to the effect that Kemmerer was appointed on a committee by the *Colombian Government* to reorganize that country's finances and in the New York *Times* for October 9, 1923, is a statement that he resumed his duties at Princeton University after completing the work of reorganizing Colombian finances. In the New York *Times* of November 27, 1923, he describes the reorganization of Colombian finances by the American financial commission.

In the New York *Times* of January 5, 1924, we find that Kemmerer was appointed adviser to the American members of the committee investigating *German finances.*

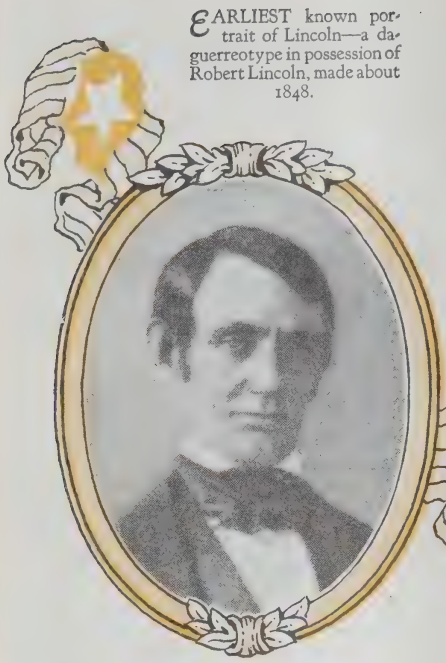
In the New York *Times* for April 30, 1925, Kemmerer predicted the resumption of the gold standard in France, Italy, and Belgium, following England's action. The close relation between the Federal Reserve System and the Bank of London in the reëstablishment of the gold standard in England is, of course, well known. Secretary Mellon's visit to London and the more recent visit of Benjamin Strong, of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, are also well known.

In the New York *Times* for October 3, 1924, is a statement that Kemmerer would investigate and advise the *Union of South Africa* on the reëstablishment of the gold standard, and in the New York *Times* of May 19, 1925, we find that the Union of South Africa resumed the gold standard, effective at once. There are other places where Kemmerer has been but all the details are not this moment at hand.

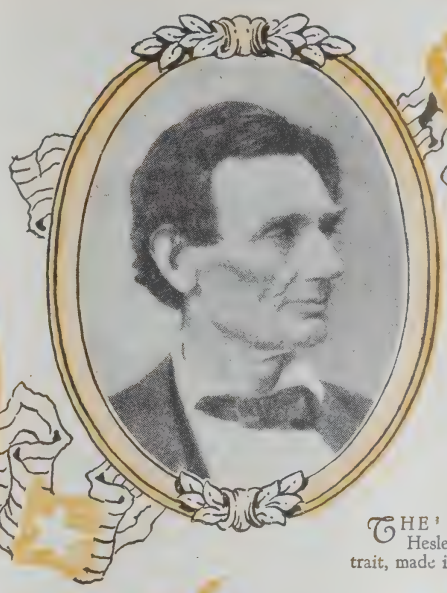
***What They Did in Poland***

The latest thing I have is from the Washington *Herald*, December 20, 1925, where Kemmerer sails to aid *Poland*—financial expert to act as adviser to government in difficulties.

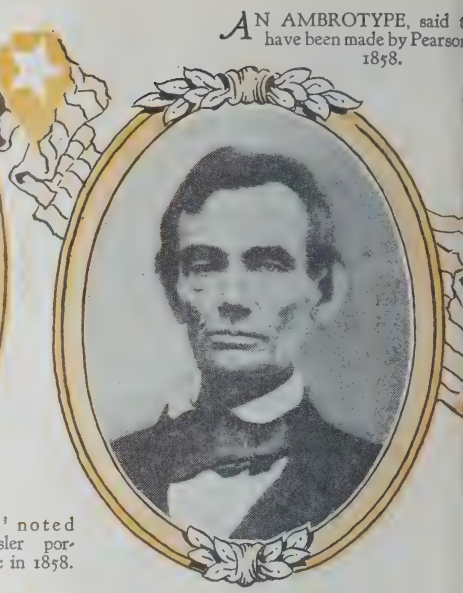
"New York, December 19. Dr. E. W. Kemmerer, of Princeton University, American expert on government finance, sailed for Poland on the *President Roosevelt* today. *(Concluded on page 25)*



EARLIEST known portrait of Lincoln—a daguerreotype in possession of Robert Lincoln, made about 1848.



THE noted Hesler portrait, made in 1858.



AN AMBROTYPE, said to have been made by Pearson in 1858.

# How Abraham

By WILLIAM E. BARTON



ABRAHAM LINCOLN entered public life at a period when the daguerreotype was becoming popular in rural America. Beginning about the time he went to Congress he sat now and then for a portrait, and extending through the time of his debates with Douglas he had many pictures taken. During the Civil War a large number of photographs were made. Frederick Hill Meserve, of New York, has original photographs, or copies made therefrom, of not less than one hundred different sittings. After his nomination for the Presidency, Lincoln sat for several paintings, and there were made of him two life masks in plaster. The second of these, made by Clark Mills a few weeks before Lincoln's death, is so cadaverous, showing so painfully the deep lines of care and grief, that I do not like to look at it. The original is in the Smithsonian Institution, and I have a replica of it, made for me there; but it is more like a death mask than a life mask.

But the Volk life mask is a thing of power. It shows Lincoln as his features were in the spring of 1860 before he had undergone the arduous care of the Presidency. Unlike a photograph, which under time exposure shows the face as it is when the man has tried painfully to look as he is told to look, and his personality has gone somewhere else, the Volk mask shows the undeniable Lincoln. In this I have a personal interest and one which I hope the reader will share.

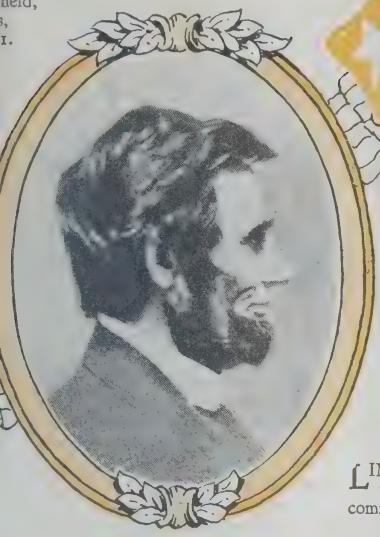
Leonard W. Volk was a pioneer sculptor in Chicago. That city had none too fine a sense of the value of sculpture even as late as 1893, when Lorado Taft began his most valuable and remarkably successful attempt to educate Chicago's taste in the products of the plastic arts. How Volk found courage to start in this profession in the middle of the last century is a matter of some surprise, but he did it, and succeeded.

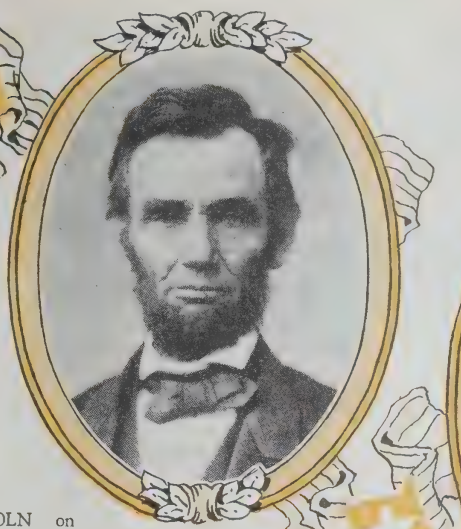
Volk was a relative or connection—I think a cousin by marriage—of Stephen A. Douglas, and Douglas, friend of education and the real founder of the University of Chicago, encouraged Volk and helped him to go to Rome for part of his education. In 1858, Volk made a life mask of Douglas, the mask being a means to an end, which was a statuette to be sold for campaign purposes. The Chicago Historical Society has the life mask, and I have one of the busts. In the Lincoln-Douglas campaign, Volk accompanied Douglas on his special train from Chicago to Springfield, and on that trip first met Lincoln. Seeing a possible sale for a similar statuette of Lincoln, he proposed that Lincoln should give him a series of sittings, which Lincoln promised to do when he should be in Chicago. In the *Century Magazine* for December, 1881, Mr. Volk told in interesting detail the story of Lincoln's visits to Volk's studio in the Portland Block, in the spring of 1860. It proved to be Lincoln's last visit to Chicago before his nomination, and the last case he tried before the United States Court—the famous Sand Bar case. Lincoln was in the city several days, and Volk made casts of his face and his chest.

America has two perfect life masks of her Presidents—Houdon's George Washington, and Volk's Lincoln. Although Volk did not realize it, he was a greater master of the mechanics of mask-making than he was a creative sculptor.

Truman H. Bartlett, for a genera-

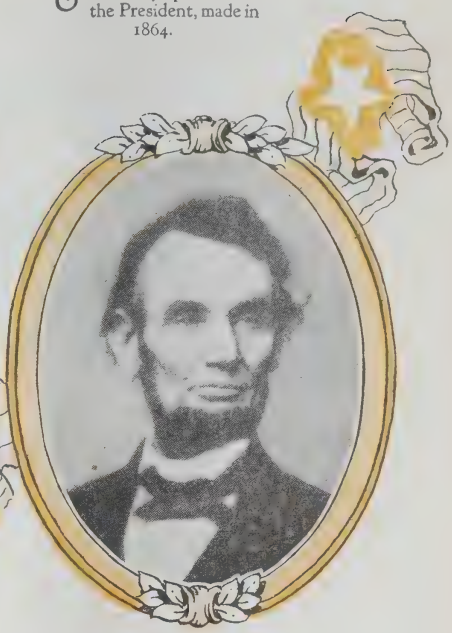
PRODUCTION of a portrait made by Germon, ...field, ...3, ...1.



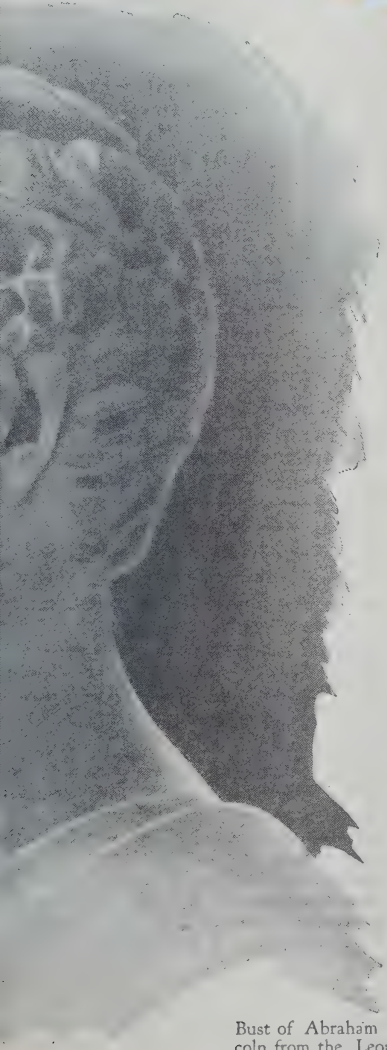


LINCOLN on the day he commissioned Grant Commander-in-Chief.

THE Brady portrait of the President, made in 1864.



# ncoln Looked



Bust of Abraham Lincoln from the Leonard W. Volk life mask.

tion a noted sculptor of Boston, made a statuette of Lincoln, which he criticized to me with great freedom. He made Lincoln's shoulders too broad and square, and his form too rigidly erect, so he said.

He first saw the Volk mask in Rome in 1871, Volk himself being then in that city. He asked Volk for a copy, but Volk refused it, and Bartlett did not like Volk very well. He wrote me in 1920:

"Volk had the marvelous good fortune to be connected with Lincoln at a moment of historic importance, but comprehended not the least shadow of what it all meant at any time. Making Lincoln's bust was to him simply a commonplace business, a hasty fact. His was a rapidly made bust, two weeks in the making. He needed the mask to accomplish quickly his scheme to sell the bust as political matter. He was strangely fortunate in making the mask when Lincoln's mind was alert with interest in the process, new to him, and curious as to the methods; hence firm of muscle and without emotion, a rare instance in Lincoln's life, of easily affected character. Volk was a sculptor of narrow sense in what his art implied. The whole event was one of those providential incidents that were so prominent in the life of Lincoln. Volk made at least two marble statues of Lincoln, both very bad, but as good as any other I know. While Volk made the mask as a help in making the bust, and had no just appreciation of the value of the mask itself, yet I must in justice say of Volk's bronze bust of Lincoln that I regard it as the best ever made. It is limited in the scope of its artistic skill, but an honest and sincere impression of Lincoln as Volk saw him; and he saw Lincoln, by rare good fortune, as no other artist ever saw him."

A quarter century or so ago a group of men, who were interested in the preservation of Volk's original, purchased from him the first cast made in the mold taken from the living face of Lincoln, and also the first casts of the hands. The thirty-three subscribers included Augustus St. Gaudens, Richard Watson Gilder, Allen Thorndike Rice, S. Wier Mitchell, J. Q. A. Ward, and other men of note. They presented these casts, duly certified, to the Government of the United States, for deposit in the National Museum. Volk's affidavit was filed with these casts, the date being February 22, 1886. It was stipulated that no casts should be made from these for a period of twenty years, and the privilege of purchasing casts now is properly restricted. At the end of the twenty years the mold was found inferior and a new mold was made. I have the certificate of the Smithsonian that mine is the first cast of the living features of Lincoln made in the new mold.

I am fortunate also in another possession. Mr. Bartlett procured plaster casts of the hands and face after Volk's first refusal, and took them with him to Europe, where he had them cast in bronze by a noted Frenchman. I do not know how many casts Mr. Bartlett permitted to be made from this, not many, and the Massachusetts Historical Society has Bartlett's originals. But there was an earlier set in bronze, made by Volk himself, or under his direction. This was done in the foundry of the Hecla Ornamental Iron Company, using the original plaster models of Volk. The Hecla Company became the Hecla-Winslow Company of Chicago, and then the firm of Winslow Brothers, the Winslows being connected with the company (*Concluded on page 31*)




***The Man from China*** dropped in The Office and remarked that a certain dispatch then appearing in the papers sounded very much like General Feng (he pronounced it "fung"). "It is an error to suppose that Feng is the tool of the Bolsheviks. It is true that he has Russian experts in his army; he would be foolish not to use such experts as he can get. But I think he knows enough about Bolshevism not to be misled by it. Feng, in spite of all that may be said, is a Christian in practice and principle, and that settles the question of Bolshevism. But we have to admit that Russia has made a better bid for Chinese confidence than America or Europe has. We have mostly *talked*, but Russia has *done* something. Russia came up to the scratch the first thing and voluntarily resigned all her Chinese concessions and all her claims to extraterritoriality—a long word which some would like to abbreviate to extrality. We can say what we please about Russia having done this with ulterior motives, but the fact that she has done it makes all talk seem very weak on the part of nations that have done nothing. There is no doubt that it is Bolshevism's policy to utilize centers of friction and disorder wherever it finds them. No use growing angry about it. Bolshevism is only acting with the most accurate consistency. It believes that the salvation of the world depends on the destruction of what it calls capitalistic governments, and whenever it sees enmity growing up against any established thing, it pitches in to increase it. That is perfectly logical. You can't blame Bolshevism for living up to its principles. You can blame yourselves for not understanding what those principles are. But Bolshevism will make no headway in China; the Chinese believe too much in government; I would say that they are biologically, intellectually and socially vastly the superior of the stock which offers refuge to the Bolshevik germ. They are really a superior people, these Chinese, as everyone who knows them will agree. And they are going to get what they demand in this trouble, and what they demand is right. Americans see it that way."

***The Man from Chicago*** dropped into The Office. He said that he thought there should be some constructive work undertaken in favor of the coöperatives. I said we had printed a dozen articles by Huston Thompson embodying the essence of his very complete and interesting study of the coöperatives in Europe, and asked where a non-political coöperative authority could be found today. He said it would be hard to find such a one. "Still," said he, "there are some. But they are busy looking after their own coöperative fields. The men who can do are not always the men who can talk. The best argument for coöperative organizations is an organization that is successful—for the farmers. If we only had men of ability who would start out with an honest determination to build up something for the benefit of the farmers instead of something for themselves, I feel that a great deal might be accomplished. But thus far the question has been largely in the hands of men who want votes or money. Financiers have actually shoved selected men into agricultural subjects with no other purpose in view than the political prestige that it would give these men as future candidates. And help for the farmer must be primarily non-political.

"Still, what can you expect? Help for all other kinds of business is political! Who used rate-fixing to help the railroads? The government did. Who fixes tariffs for the steel and sugar men? The government does. The farmer is forced to live among a lot of businesses which are raised to an artificial level by government protection or price-fixing. And the farmer asks why his level cannot be artificially raised too. Either we shall have to raise him, or quit raising the others. It is desirable, however, whatever we do, that we recognize the artificial character of what has been done. I believe in coöperation and I think it is a serious charge against business and financial men that they have regarded the farmer only as a source of revenue. It is a fact that he pays the highest and receives the lowest in every transaction he engages in."

***The Old Choirmaster*** came into The Office. He had just made a European tour with a choir made up of rather ordinary people. He believes that the chorus is the best vehicle of the singing voice, except in the case of exceptional soloists. He made a remark that set me thinking, perhaps because it chimed in with something I had always felt but did not express; and perhaps did not express it because of that lurking cowardice which so many of us entertain—the fear of being thought uncultured by our more pretentious neighbors. Well, the Old Choirmaster said that he did not like quartets and had never heard a good one. As he had been hearing them for more than half a century, the remark is worth considering. I never heard a good quartet either. Because there is no such thing, I suppose—that is, no such thing as a quartet, in the sense of being a fourfold unity. I cannot recall a quartet, of the professional sort, which did not impress me as being four highly individualized singers attempting to perform in concert. There is a church in our city which boasts a famous male quartet, but its work is always quite painful to me. I get the impression of four singers each of whom regards the rest as in some way his accompanists. Now, in a chorus, it is different. There are no individuals; there is the human voice in compass and perfection; there are no performers, there is performance. "Singing," says Sir Hugh Allen, "teaches the singer courage, and, combined singing, humility." That is it—there is a humility in a great chorus not found in a quartet. There is a tonal blend in a hundred which is not possible in four. Give me a hundred girls from the shops and a hundred men from the factories, under a plain teacher, and I will make the pomp of quartets look ridiculous. We run to individuals too much in this country. I wish every town had a symphony choir and every city fifty of them.

***The Man from the Next Room*** came in with some precious manuscripts from Revolutionary times in his hand. They were sermons preached before the Continental Congress in 1775 and 1776. Fast Day sermons, with reference to local strife and distresses, and rumors that Britain was hiring aliens to fight the Americans, and fears whether disunion among the colonies might not ensue. And with it all, the very familiar complaints that the people of that generation were not so good as those of the preceding one. The world, it seems, has been on the downward path a long time. In 1775 this divine was saying, as we read in his manuscript sermon:

"May it not also be justly said that ye ordinances of public worship & a strict observance of ye Sabbath is a crying Sin at this day & in part ye procuring cause of what we feel and fear? Our Fathers would not bear with such Prophanation of ye Sabbath as is now permitted . . .

"Again, is it reasonable to suppose that there is so much real piety among us as there was among our Fathers in Proportion to the Numbers & ours? They discovered such a Regard for God as to leave their pleasant Habitations & come into a wilderness to serve him; but Such Zeal for God tis not probable is now to be found among the generality of ye inhabitants of this Land.

"Besides, how do Prophaneness, Intemperance, Pride and Covetousness prevail beyond what they ever did among the first Setlers in this Land. Were some of our pious fathers to rise from ye Dead & visit our populous towns & hear ye prophane oaths uttered by Some of our young men, & even by some Children, & see Drunkards gathered together to abuse themselves with what God designed for our Comfort, or reeling about our Streets: may we not suppose that they would be filled with the utmost astonishment & think themselves to be in Sodom rather than in New England?"

It is always a question whether the world is growing better or worse. There are even those who do not agree that increased morality means spiritual betterment. It may be that the world is neither better nor worse, but that there is a constant shifting of emphasis in life.

# Lacq

# HOUSEHOLD LACQUEROID

## Not a paint — Not a varnish

—but an entirely new kind of household finish that dries to a rich, lustrous, wear-resisting surface *in less than one-half hour.* It is made in all colors for use on floors, furniture and woodwork.

## Easy to Apply Watch it Dry!



You can finish floors, inside or outside, with Lacq and walk on them in less than one-half hour. On any surfaces — floors of wood or concrete, or on stairways — you can get the most astonishing results with Lacq.



In less than one-half hour after it's finished, you can use this magazine rack. And you can finish chairs, tables, bedsteads, dressers, desks or any other pieces of furniture in the same quick and enduring way.



There's no long waiting for the finish to dry when you use Lacq. Woodwork in any room, window seats, built-in bookcases, or china cabinets, cupboards—in fact, any surface about your home—can be beautifully treated with Lacq.

## There is only one Lacq —there is no substitute

TO DEALERS—because of its new and distinctive character, Lacq will have an immediate demand in your community. It represents the greatest opportunity for service to customers ever offered the paint and varnish trade. Write for the "Story of Lacq."

The GLIDDEN Companies

PAINTS — VARNISHES — LACQUERS — ENAMELS

The latest achievement of our Research Laboratories is the final development of Lacq. This product promises to revolutionize the method of finishing household articles. The many years of constant study by our technical men have resulted in perfecting this discovery.

Adriance Joyce
President

| | |
|---|---|
| The Glidden Company | Cleveland |
| Heath & Milligan Mfg. Company | Chicago |
| Adams & Elting Company | Chicago |
| Campbell Paint & Varnish Company | St. Louis |
| T. L. Blood & Company | St. Paul |
| The American Paint Works | New Orleans |
| Twin City Varnish Company | St. Paul |
| The Forest City Paint & Varnish Company | Cleveland |
| The A. Wilhelm Company | Reading |
| Nubian Paint & Varnish Co. | Chicago |
| The Glidden Company of California | San Francisco |

*In Canada:* The Glidden Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Send for our new book, "The Garden of Color in Your Home."

Sent absolutely free together with a complete color chart that tells all about Lacq, and where and how to use it.

THE GLIDDEN COMPANIES
*National Headquarters*
Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me a copy of your new book and the Lacq Color Chart.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

DI-2-6

# Aviation from the Navy's Viewpoint

(*Concluded from page 13*)

leading in that they do not show the complete course of events. There is no statement showing the chronology of events prior to the attack. There is no statement of the number of bombs dropped; or of the total time elapsing from the first attack to the actual sinking.

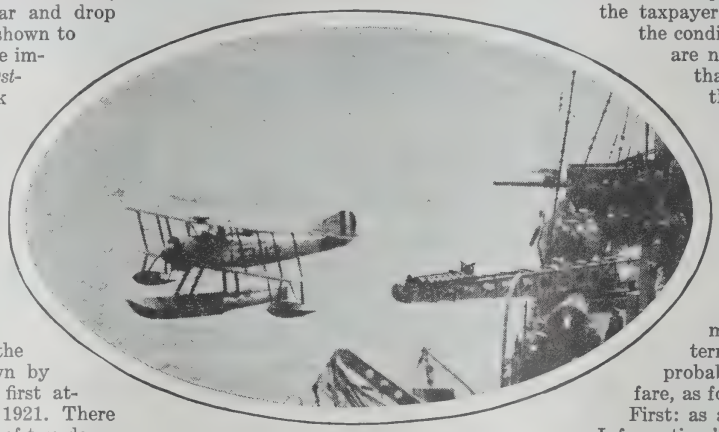
As an example, in the case of the *Ostfriesland* the ship is shown on the surface, next a group of planes appear and drop bombs, and then the ship is shown to turn over and slowly sink. The impression created is that the *Ostfriesland* was sunk by one attack in the course of a few minutes. In this connection the *Ostfriesland* is featured as a modern ship, whereas she was constructed in 1911, had been out of commission for nearly three years, had had portions of her armor removed, and no attempt had been made to insure watertight integrity.

The facts in the case of the *Ostfriesland* bombing, as shown by official records, are: She was first attacked at 12:20 p. m., July 20, 1921. There were six attacks covering parts of two days. Sixty-four bombs were dropped, varying in weight from 230 pounds to 2,000 pounds. Eighteen direct hits were made, with others close enough to have a mining effect. Many of these bombs were dropped from altitudes as low as twelve hundred feet. The ship remained afloat about twenty-four hours after the attacks began until 12:40 p. m., on July 21, 1921, when she turned over and sank.

That portion of the motion picture showing the bombs falling was made at a different time, and is a picture of bombs being dropped from planes over land instead of over the *Ostfriesland*. Close observation will show the ground beginning to appear just before the cut-out is made.

From the results of the bombing experiments the air radicals conclude that as aircraft can sink battleships, and battleships cannot pursue and destroy aircraft, aircraft are superior to battleships in national defense. The reasoning in this is on a par with the following: gadflies can kill bulldogs; bulldogs cannot pursue and destroy gadflies; therefore, gadflies are better protectors than bulldogs.

Air service advocates lay great stress on the fact that at present battleships cannot successfully defend themselves against aircraft. Neither can they defend themselves against submarines or mines, but the destroyer and mine sweeper have proved an effective counter to the submarine and mine. The counter to bombing and torpedo planes probably is the fighting plane, assisted by more effective anti-aircraft batteries.



Seaplane leaving catapult on a ship.

In the conduct of war as in the industrial operations of peace, material must be provided and personnel trained to accomplish definite tasks. Aircraft have definite functions in the conduct of modern war. In the performance of these functions they are indispensable. But the greatest care must be exercised to prevent air enthusiasts from attempting to perform functions for which aircraft are not suitable, considering their limitations.



United States battleship firing a salvo.

Unaware as the public has been of the false logic and misrepresentation contained in the Independent Air Service propaganda, it apparently has been led to erroneous conclusions. The spectacular nature of aviation, its newness, and the veil of mystery with which it has been shrouded, appeal to the public. The appeal to economy made by the sight in motion pictures of a battleship being sunk by bombs from aircraft is also pleasing to the taxpayer. What the taxpayer does not understand is that the conditions of experimental bombing are not the conditions of war, and that surface ships can exercise their power on the high seas without necessarily subjecting themselves to attack from shore-based aviation. The Navy believes that aircraft have an indispensable function in national defense, but does not believe that the surface combatant ship is obsolete.

Aircraft have four uses which may be expressed in general terms, in order of their present probable importance in Naval warfare, as follows:

First: as an element of the "Service of Information," to obtain information concerning the enemy's strength, disposition, and movements. This operation is called "scouting."

Second: as an aid to the control of major-caliber gunfire, called "spotting."

Third: as an element of defensive power to prevent successful enemy scouting; to protect planes engaged in the control of gunfire; and to assist in the protection of ships and bases against enemy torpedo and bombing planes.

Fourth: as an element of offensive power to destroy enemy aircraft, ships, bases, and personnel.

Within an area limited by the radius of action, and under favorable weather conditions, aircraft have no close rival in efficiency as an element of the "Service of Information."

Aircraft have greater speed than ships and consequently can cover greater areas of the sea in a short time. With favorable visibility conditions observers in aircraft, because of their increased altitude, have a greater range of vision than observers in surface ships or submarines and, because of better perspective, can determine the composition and disposition of enemy forces with greater accuracy.

These uses will be taken up in detail in a subsequent article.

# Ford



*Testing Ford crankshaft for hardness on the Brinnel instrument*

TUDOR
$580
F.O.B. DETROIT



## *Maintaining Quality Through Inspection and Re-inspection*

The reliability for which Ford cars are famed everywhere is determined first by the quality of materials used and, second, by the high standard of workmanship. ¶ The inspection system maintained is unusually thorough. Not only are parts tested at each stage in production, but frequent re-inspections follow, to insure against carelessness or inaccuracy on the part of inspectors. ¶ Only thus can the uninterrupted flow of Ford production go on, and the dependable performance every buyer of a Ford car expects, be assured. - - - - - -

FORD MOTOR COMPANY, *Detroit, Michigan*

RUNABOUT $260, TOURING $290, COUPE $520, TUDOR SEDAN $580, FORDOR SEDAN $660
*All prices f. o. b. Detroit*

# The Truth About the Bixby Letter

(*Concluded from page 7*)

first of the month, it appeared on the back page at the bottom of a column, and without a caption. Almost certainly Schouler gave the letter to all of them, sending it Friday morning with a little account of the success of the movement for the providing of dinners.

And it must have been Schouler who furnished another interesting item, and one which raises in my mind a persistent suspicion. I suspect that when he visited Mrs. Bixby *he found one of her sons in uniform* ready to eat his share of the Thanksgiving dinner. At any rate, the Boston papers went to him for a list of the five dead sons, and he gave the same list he had sent to Washington. But the item as it appeared in the Boston papers contained this added piece of misinformation, that *Mrs. Bixby had a sixth son*, who had been wounded but not killed, and who was at Readville hospital, nine miles from Boston.

***Only Two of Mrs. Bixby's Sons Were Killed***

The only probable way in which it occurs to me that General Schouler could have learned about a son at Readville is in the fact that her son Henry, whom she had reported to have been killed at Gettysburg, had been sent North for discharge a few days before the receipt of this letter, and was discharged a few days afterward. I judge he had reached the camp and hospital at Readville, where the largest of Boston's camps was situated, and that he was well enough to eat turkey on that day, and that Schouler, learning about him, or possibly meeting him face to face, was satisfied with the explanation that this was a son additional to the five that had been reported to him as dead.

But this we know. Only two of Mrs. Bixby's five sons were killed in battle. Charles N. Bixby was killed at Fredericksburg, as she stated, and Oliver Cromwell Bixby was killed at Petersburg, just as she said. Henry C. Bixby was captured at Gettysburg, and the first report was that he was killed, but this was soon corrected. He was alive, and if he was not in sight of Boston on Thanksgiving Day, 1864, he rejoined his mother shortly afterward.

We are ready now to take up the story of Mrs. Bixby's five sons in detail. We will arrange them in the order of their birth.

Oliver Cromwell Bixby was born at Hopkinton, February 1, 1828. His wife was named Watie Roulett. He had a son by a former marriage, who, in September, 1864, was committed by the court to the guardianship of his grandmother, Lydia Bixby, the child being six years old. Watie went to her relatives at Wolfboro, New Hampshire, and was subsequently joined by her own two children, a son and daughter. Oliver enlisted in the 58th Massachusetts Infantry, as stated in the letter of Adjutant General Schouler, and was killed at Petersburg, probably in the Crater fight, July 30, 1864. His widow, Watie, drew a pension until her death in 1914. So far as he is concerned, there are no corrections to be made in Mrs. Bixby's list.

***The War Record of the Bixby Brothers***

Henry C. Bixby was born in Hopkinton, March 30, 1830. He enlisted in Company K, 32nd Massachusetts Infantry, and was captured at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863. He was imprisoned in Richmond, was soon paroled and returned to the Union lines, and honorably discharged, December 19, 1864, less than a month after President Lincoln had written his letter. He may have been, at the very time of the writing of the Lincoln letter, in the camp or hospital at Readville, less than ten miles from Boston. He had been several months in the Union lines, and had had one twenty-five-day furlough since his discharge from prison. He resided after the war at Milford, Massachusetts, and died there November 8, 1876. His record is an honorable one but he did not lose his life in the service, nor is it easy to see how Mrs. Bixby could have thought him dead in October or November, 1864.

Charles N. Bixby was born in Hopkinton, February 8, 1833. At the outbreak of the war he would seem to have been his mother's chief support. His employer made oath that it was his weekly custom to pay his mother $5 or $6 of his $9 wages. He was the first of the Bixby sons to enlist, and was mustered in, July 18, 1861, as a private in Company D, 20th Massachusetts. He was killed in the second battle of Fredericksburg, May 3, 1863, and his mother drew a pension based on her dependence on him.

George W. Bixby was born at Hopkinton, June 22, 1836. He was married. He ran away, according to Mrs. Bixby, and to conceal his whereabouts from his wife he dropped his last name and assumed the name of George Way. He enlisted very late in the war, when bounties were high and bounty-jumping was profitable. His regiment was the 56th Massachusetts, Company B. This regiment, as well as the 58th in which his brother Oliver was killed, was in the Crater fight at Petersburg, one regiment suffering eleven and the other thirteen casualties.

***Important Evidence in the Probate Record***

George Way Bixby was captured in the Crater fight at Petersburg, and was imprisoned at Salisbury, North Carolina. There, according to the testimony of a fellow prisoner, a member of his own regiment, he deserted to the enemy; and this is the original official record concerning him. But on March 8, 1865, just as the Civil War was ending, a report which came through an unknown source to an unnamed subordinate officer under Lieutenant Colonel Gardiner Tufts, state agent for Massachusetts at the hospital at Annapolis, stated that George Way Bixby had died in prison at Salisbury. The War Department in Washington, and the Adjutant General of Massachusetts were more than willing to believe the latter story. Indeed, when the possibility of mistakes is considered, both these departments are to be commended for their desire to give the benefit of the doubt to every soldier concerning whom there is a charge of this character unsupported by positive proof. So far as military records are concerned, this is all that is known.

But I have discovered important evidence in the Probate record at Worcester. An uncle of these five Bixby brothers died in 1878, and, being unmarried and the last survivor of his generation, his small estate went to his nephews and nieces. A sworn list of these had to be made up, and it shows George Way Bixby alive in Cuba. His brothers and sisters and first cousins did not swear that he was alive in Cuba in 1878 if he had died in a Confederate prison in 1865.

The record that he deserted to the enemy is therefore presumably true and is the probable reason why he fled the country at the close of the war and did not return to claim his share in his uncle's small estate.

The quest of Edward Bixby has proved still more difficult. He was born in Hopkinton, July 13, 1843, and enlisted under his own name. Under that name he passed his medical examination. But before being sworn in, he obtained access to the muster roll and in the cramped space available wrote the name "Arthur" before his real name Edward. As Arthur E. Bixby he served, first as a member of Company C, 14th Massachusetts Infantry, and then, by the renumbering and reassignment of the regiment, as of Company C, First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery. He deserted, May 28 or 29, 1862.

***Poor Homesick Boy! He Was Only Nineteen***

But are we sure he was the same man, and the son of Lydia Bixby?

Yes, we are sadly sure. I have found in Washington an affidavit of Lydia Bixby, widow of Cromwell, making oath that she was the mother of Arthur Edward Bixby, and declaring that he was under age and had enlisted without her consent.

Poor, homesick boy! He was only nineteen. Had he waited a little longer his mother would have got him out. The order for his discharge was issued, but he had already deserted.

After the war he took to sea, returning in 1871 and living with his mother. By 1878 he had become a strolling cigar maker, a man addicted to drink. He died in a poor lodging house in Chicago, at 114 Madison street, January 4, 1909, and was buried in Waldheim Cemetery by the Cigar Makers' Union. His grave is near that of the hanged anarchists. But not a soul in Chicago of those who attended the inquest, or of those who stood near while the undertaker's assistant read the burial service (for no minister was called), suspected that this scion of six generations of Puritans was one of the five sons of Mrs. Bixby to whom Lincoln wrote his letter.

Did Mrs. Bixby lie?

For a good while I made myself believe that she probably thought all her sons were dead. They were all absent when she said they were dead, and she may have believed it. But these men were all able to read and write, and Henry and Edward were where they could reach their mother by mail. She also could write and did. They were not estranged from her and there is no reason to suppose that she was in total ignorance of the whereabouts of her boys. Charles and Oliver were dead, and George, after a record none too good, was and remained dead to her. Three sons were lost to her by the war.

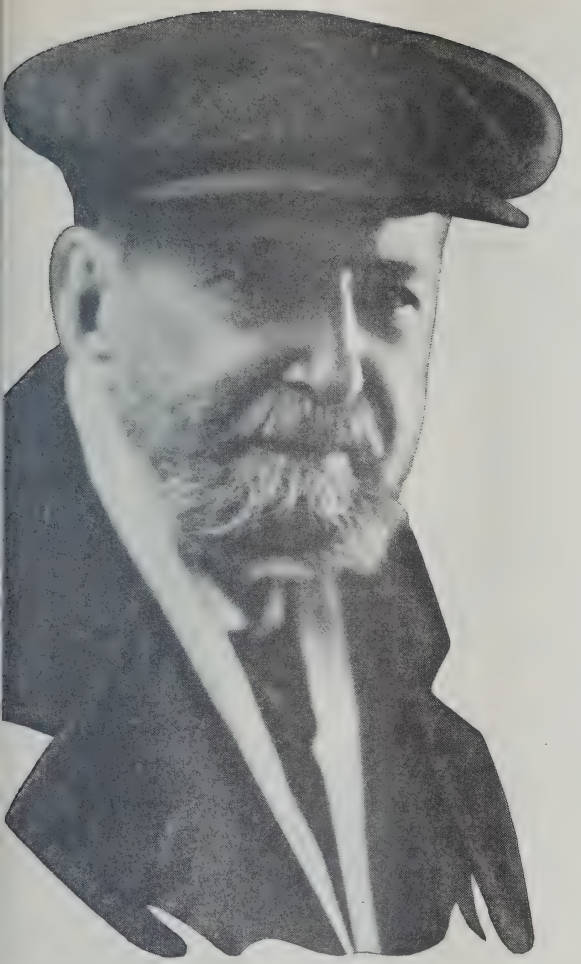
***Blundered, but It Was a Beautiful Blunder***

Widows were abundant in 1864, and women were not few who had lost a son, some two sons, and a few as many as three. If Mrs. Bixby capitalized her sorrow and added to its sum total, she was not alone in her indulgence. Grief is often criminally selfish, and sometimes sordid. She was sixty-three years of age, (*Concluded on page 26*)

# "I Slept With Lincoln"

## Lucien S. Hanks' Nighttime Experience

By LUCIEN S. HANKS
REPORTED BY FRED L. HOLMES



LUCIEN S. HANKS, who gave me this authorized statement of his reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln, is now eighty-seven years of age. When I interviewed him in July, 1925, he was in good health and the marvel was the retentiveness of his memory on this and many other events of importance in which he was either an onlooker or a participant. He was born on May 8, 1838, at Hartford, Connecticut, and was educated at the Mount Washington Collegiate Institute of New York City.

Mr. Hanks met Mr. Lincoln at Janesville, Wisconsin, on his visit there October 1, 1859, following the day after his famous agricultural address at the Milwaukee State Fair. Hanks was a young man, but he was like a watchdog in the sun, with eyes half-shut, yet all observant. His statement of events which transpired assumes historical importance, because it brings to light some of the human traits of Lincoln. He was jolly in company with younger people; he was nervous after his speaking efforts and when he slept he was exceedingly restless.

After the incident related below, Mr. Hanks, in March, 1860, came to Madison and was appointed teller of the state bank, which was the first state bank organized in Wisconsin under the general banking law of 1852. In 1865 he was elected cashier and subsequently vice-president. In 1890 he was chosen president and held this position until his retirement in 1920.

* * *

By Lucien S. Hanks

Well do I remember, when as a youth of twenty-one, I first saw Abraham Lincoln—and tried to sleep with him. I could not forget the incident though I were to live to be the age of Methuselah. It is more than sixty-five years ago and yet the event is as indelibly imprinted upon my memory as it was the day of its occurrence.

It was in the autumn of 1859 at the home of my uncle, William M. Tallman, at Janesville, Wisconsin. I was staying there at the time with his son Edgar, a boy a year older than I, and visiting a good deal with his sister "Gussie," about my own age. It was one year after the Lincoln-Douglas debates and Mr. Lincoln had come to Janesville, returning from the State Fair at Milwaukee, to speak on political issues of the day. As I now recall, it was his last visit to Wisconsin.

Mr. Lincoln was a guest at the Tallman home and I remember the impressions when I first met him. He was in the house talking with Mr. Tallman, a well-to-do and prominent lawyer of Southern Wisconsin. When I entered the room and saw him I thought to myself, "What a homely cove he is," an expression the boys used at that time.

"This is Master Hanks," said Mr. Tallman in introducing me.

"Hanks! That's a name familiar to me, my boy," responded Mr. Lincoln. I did not understand what he meant by referring so intimately to the name of "Hanks," but I afterward learned that it was also the name of his mother's family. So far as I know, however, the two families were not related.

Probably it was because of his homely countenance that I remember so vividly his appearance. On that occasion Mr. Lincoln wore a black frock coat, dark stock tie, black vest, thick heavy boots with double soles and his feet were as big as an elephant's. He wore a black slouch hat. I do not know what he carried in the old-fashioned carpetbag he had with him, but one thing was a nightgown, which he wore that night when I tried to sleep with him. He was scrupulously clean in his personal habits and appearance.

There are some other incidents of that evening which I recall. Sometime after the introduction I remember that Aunt Emeline told me I would have to sleep on the sofa that night because of visitors. I had thought the remark had passed unnoticed by others. But when Mr. Lincoln got back from his speech that evening, he touched Aunt Emeline on the shoulder and said: "The boy and I will get along together all right; he and I will sleep together." He had evidently overheard what Aunt Emeline had said to me earlier in the evening.

Before the speech Mr. Lincoln visited with the entire family. During the early evening "Gussie" and her mother went into the parlor and "Gussie" sat down on the sofa. Soon Mr. Lincoln went into the parlor and I followed, because I wanted to be near the girl, she was so beautiful, and I was in love with my cousin. Mr. Lincoln bowed to the mother and then sat down on the sofa, beside her.

"Now Miss Tallman, I want you to tell me about your beaux," he said.

"But I haven't any," she quickly responded.

"Are you sure you are telling me the truth?" asked Mr. Lincoln turning toward me with questioning eyes. What a moment that was to me!

In those days the Tallman home was one of the finest residences in Southern Wisconsin. It had been erected early in the fifties from pressed brick brought from Milwaukee. The rooms were large and the house was handsomely furnished. At one side of a wide hallway at the entrance were the sitting and dining rooms and



William A. Tallman home as it appeared at time of Lincoln's visit at Janesville, Wisconsin, 1859.

across the hall was a drawing-room, used only on occasions.

The evening of the visit, while we were chatting in the drawing-room, Mr. Lincoln faced the sitting room and I could see that he was interested in the next room. Finally he spoke what was in his mind.

"Mrs. Tallman, may we sit in the other room?" he asked. The suggestion pleased her. He evidently had the habit of making people feel at home with him. Soon it was time for the address.

Not being particularly interested in politics at that time I did not hear the speech. There was a dance in one of the neighboring houses and I went to that instead. It was about 11 o'clock when I came back. Lincoln had returned and was talking intently with Mr. Tallman. I went to bed—no one paid any attention to me.

I lay at the back of the bed, and believe that I went to sleep. Though I was awakened when Mr. Lincoln came in about midnight I pretended to be asleep. He undressed quickly and came to bed. For about ten or fifteen minutes he was quiet and apparently went right to sleep. He seemed very uneasy. Soon he gave vocal evidences of slumber. His body jerked and twitched spasmodically, and often he touched me. His long legs would be kicking around, the subconscious effect probably of his vigorous speech but an hour or two before. He and Mr. Tallman were strong abolitionists and perhaps their conversation before going to bed had made him nervous. He was very restless. There was simply no sleep whatever for me. I could stand it no longer. I slipped out of bed and went into the hall, where I slept on a sofa the remainder of the night. Lincoln never knew when I left.

In the morning a humorous incident occurred. At the end of the hall, near the stairway leading to the second floor, was a closet supplied with slippers. Everyone was expected to exchange his shoes for slippers before going to bed. By oversight Mr. Lincoln had not been informed of this custom and wore his boots to his room and then set them outside the door. Next morning he was late in coming down. It was nearing train time. Edgar was finally told to call him, but, as he started, Lincoln entered the sitting room. I can see him now. He was minus boots—his blue yarn stockings with white tips being plainly in evidence. Turning to Mrs. Tallman, he smilingly declared:

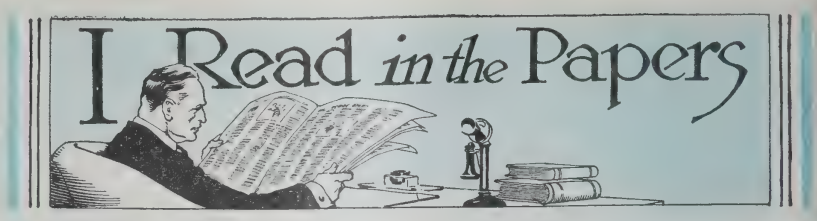
"I can't accuse you, but I have no boots."

Aunt Emeline was a bit mortified. Finding the boots at his door, the janitor had taken and cleaned them, but returned them to the downstairs closet. Lincoln sat down in the sitting room and pulled them on before the entire family.

I went by way of Washington in the autumn of 1863 to visit with Edgar Tallman and then on to my old home at Hartford, Connecticut. While in Washington I met President Lincoln on the street. I knew him the moment I saw him; he was such a homely looking fellow I could not forget him. President Lincoln apparently recognized me as someone he had seen before and stopped.

"I am Hanks, the fellow who tried to sleep with you," I said coming up and shaking his hand. Lincoln laughed, declared that he remembered the incident, and invited me to visit him. But I was in such a hurry to get back to my old home that I did not seize this opportunity.

I was shocked and pained less than two years after when I read in the papers that he had been cruelly assassinated.




—that the widely heralded propaganda that Quebec Province has obtained the bulk of the American automobile tourist travel because of the availability of liquor, thus depriving Ontario of the lucrative tourist business, is without foundation in fact. Figures compiled after the close of the 1925 tourist season showed that 1,342,742 American cars visited Ontario during that period as compared with but 236,103 American cars that went into Quebec. The Ontario Tourist Association has computed the expenditure of American Tourists in that province as about twenty-five million dollars and in Quebec slightly over fifteen millions; the length of stay of the cars was taken into consideration in this estimate. This would suggest that the American citizen and his family prefer prohibition to booze communities when touring Canada.

*The International Jew* in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set, $1. The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

—that although it costs $225 to send two motor truck loads of household goods from Binghampton, New York, to Paterson, New Jersey, as compared with but $62 for a railroad carload, the trucks are obtaining so much business that the railroads have started an investigation. It develops that the $62 rail rate is quite illusory. The railroads require many articles to be crated although the trucks do not and this crating may cost from $75 to $300 and then it costs an average of from $45 to $60 to have them hauled to the station and as much to have them delivered at the destination. Finally the movement of railroad cars is notoriously dilatory at times and the motor trucks are speedy and certain in their movements. Truck movements are directly to the place of destination—to the new doorstep. The New York *Commercial* demands that the railroads devise a method of safely shipping household goods uncrated and bluntly says that if the railroads do not pick up and deliver freight they will lose still more business of every kind.

—that Dr. H. Paul Douglass in a recent report upon "How Shall Country Youth Be Served" has made some significant declarations to the Institute of Social and Religious Research of which John R. Mott, the Y. M.C.A. chieftain, is chairman. Dr. Douglass, who also made the well-known Springfield and St. Louis church surveys, says that much of the so-called rural work carried on in this country by the national character-building agencies for youth is not rural at all. He found the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A., the Boy and Girl Scouts, the Campfire Girls and kindred organizations, were competing for prestige and support in many of the larger places while making little or no effort to reach boys and girls of distinctly rural areas. Dr. Douglass is quite right in affirming that "the good of the boys and girls of America is the end and object of all the work—not the agencies nor their systems, nor their treasuries. The waste of divided effort, the social disaster of such situations constitutes an imperative argument for finding some better way." Perhaps the basic reason for this distressing situation is that America is so rich and the financial supporters of so many welfare organizations have obtained their money so easily and are so generous in their impulses that insufficient scrutiny has been given to the real value of various agencies. It is particularly discreditable, however, that the boys and girls of the country, the richest source of men and women of character and genius of all ages and all climes are being neglected by these organizations that purport to interest themselves in the rural field.

—that the Great Northern, Jim Hill's railroad, will construct what will be the longest railroad tunnel in America, a seven-and-three-quarter mile bore under the Cascade Mountains in Washington. Thus the new tunnel will be over a mile longer than the Moffat Tunnel that is being pierced through the Rockies in Colorado, and twice as long as the famous Connaught Tunnel of the Canadian Pacific. This undertaking will shorten the line more than seven miles, eliminating almost six complete circles of curvature in the track and more than six miles of snow sheds in a region where the total winter snowfall exceeds fifty-five feet. So that it will speedily pay for itself.

—that "Golden Rule" Nash, Cincinnati clothing manufacturer and philanthropist, presented a petition signed by himself and 1,500 of his employes for the parole of John Sydell, who is serving a sentence of 25 years in the state penitentiary for participating in a pay-roll robbery of the Nash Company four years ago.

Sydell has served about three and a half years of prison sentence. During Sydell's incarceration Mr. Nash has had Mrs. Sydell on his pay roll as, he explained, to "take care of her four children," who were left destitute.

Mr. Nash told Governor Donahey that he will give Sydell employment if he is paroled. Sydell was not an employe of the Nash Company at the time of the pay-roll robbery, which netted $8,056. He is alleged to have planned the robbery, though not actually taking part in the holdup. He watched the proceedings from a point across the street, Mr. Nash said.

Mr. Nash said he was not asking for Sydell's pardon at this time, only a parole on which he may be released from prison to aid in caring for his family.

Both Prosecutor Bell and Judge Roettinger declared that it is their personal opinion that robbers and all holdup men ought to be compelled to serve in full their sentences. Neither has received any notice of the filing of the petitions, or of an application by Sydell for parole.

# The World HAS BEEN Reorganized

(*Concluded from page 15*)

"Dr. Kemmerer was invited by the Polish Government, on suggestion of *Dillon, Read & Company;* in announcing his appointment the banks characterized it as a most important step in strengthening the Polish financial situation.

"Poland turned to the United States for a financial adviser, it is said, because most of its financing has been handled in this country and it was felt that America was in a position to give it most disinterested advice.

"Dr. Kemmerer established the *Philippine National Bank* and the *Colombia National Bank.*

"He assisted in drawing up the *Dawes plan* and in banking circles is regarded as author of the statutes of the new *German Reichsbank.*"

If a growing theory is correct that *Dillon, ad & Company* maintains important nnections with *Kuhn, Loeb & Company,* ou can see this most important nnection.

In the Washington *Star* of March 1, 1925, s an account that the bill authorizing the nerican loan was discussed in the Polish et on February 27, and that there were ticisms that the rate of interest was too gh, and exceptions were taken to the aranties of amortization of installments d interest which included both *railroad enues and sugar duties.* It was argued that e tying up of these two sources of revenue uld make it extremely difficult to conct for future loans as virtually all the aranties Poland could give would be aady engaged.

"Premier Grabski disclosed that under the $50,000,000 loan contract with *Dillon, Read & Company* of New York, Poland had bound herself not to contract for any loan in the American market during the coming six months."

***Is It Dillon, Read or Kuhn, Loeb?***

In the Washington *Star* for March 10, 25, was the following item: "Large shipents of gold to Germany, independent of e credits established by the sale of the 10,000,000 American portion of the Gerin reparations loan last fall, will be made thin the next few weeks by the New York deral Reserve Bank acting for the Reichsnk. The exports probably will aggregate 0,000,000."

In the Washington *Star* of March 9, 25, Seymour Parker Gilbert, agent general r reparations payments, is reported as incating that during the first six months of erations of the Dawes plan, 570 million ld marks were paid by Germany. Against is amount the Agent General made payents of 454 million gold marks, leaving a sh balance on the Reichsbank of approxiately 116 millions.

According to the Washington *Times* of arch 11, 1925, there were $152,500,000 foreign securities sold in the United States ring the month of February, 1925. The ghest rate of interest was 8 per cent on an ue of $35,000,000 *of Polish Government nds.*

The New York *Times* for January 21, 1925, Paul M. Warburg is quoted as saying that the International Acceptance Bank Inc., felt justified in hoping a solid structure might rapidly spring up from *the foundation carefully laid* by the Dawes plan. "We may hope to see *king gold* bringing once more under his control the printing presses that had threatened to drown Europe in a flood of paper currency. *The battle in this regard was actually won when Austria, Germany and Hungary were once more placed on a gold basis.*" Evidently Warburg felt the importance of the Dawes plan and after expressing his expectations as to the pound sterling he remarked that France, Belgium and Italy probably would determine promptly the new levels on which to stabilize their respective exchanges.

***"King Gold Will Win the Battle"***

Warburg was making this prediction as to France, Belgium and Italy about the twentieth of January, 1925, while in the New York *Times* for April 20, 1925, Professor E. W. Kemmerer was echoing the same sentiments.

The Washington *Star* of April 10, 1925: "The Federal Reserve Board last night made public the results of a survey on the gold situation throughout the world in 1924, which reveals improvement in the financial condition of world powers which have been seeking to re-establish a gold basis for currency." The article claims that various nations have been considerably improved by a return to the gold standard and "the Board also called attention to increases in reserves carried by other European banks of issue, *none of them more than five years old,* which *represent efforts to shake off the economic results of the World War.* Including that of the Reichsbank, these reserves aggregate almost $400,000,000, representing a gain of $193,000,000 in the last twelve months. The *banks of issue* covered in the figures are situated in *Germany, Esthonia, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia, Russia, Lithuania, Latvia, Austria, Danzig, Hungary and Poland.* While omitting any reference to France, the Board called especial attention to the gold situation in *Australia,* the *Union of South Africa,* and *Argentina.*"

Is not this an interesting statement for the Federal Reserve Board to make in view of Professor Kemmerer's activities in these various countries?

***A Secret Dinner with Bolsheviks***

The Washington *Post* of May 1, 1925, printed an Associated Press dispatch to the effect that American bankers will help develop the Soviet gold field. It does not seem clear just what group of bankers it is, but there was a recent newspaper story of the meeting in New York between certain bankers, including Dillon, Read & Company and the Soviet representatives, which some thought looked toward the recognition of Russia. This dinner was conducted in the utmost secrecy at the Banker's Club, New York, and all information was refused to the American press. To learn the names of those who participated and what it was all about, the Associated Press was obliged to have its Moscow bureau cable back to the United States the account that had been denied the American public but fully cabled to the Bolshevik press in Russia.

The Washington *Star* of June 2, 1925, contains a statement that the new $45,000,000 Argentine loan offered by J. P. Morgan & Company and the National City Company was oversubscribed within an hour. Dr. A. C. Miller, member of the Federal Reserve Board, according to the Washington *Star,* May 24, 1925, lauded America's interest in helping Great Britain return to the gold standard. According to an account in the Washington *Star* June 2, 1925, finance minister De Stefani announced to the Italian Chamber of Deputies that J. P. Morgan & Company had granted a credit of $50,000,000 to a consortium of Italian banks to be used to stabilize exchange. Thomas W. Lamont, of the firm of Morgan, is supposed to have visited Rome in April and talked the matter over and he confirmed the report of the loan from New York.

## The Truth About the Bixby Letter

(*Concluded from page 22*)

in indigent circumstances. Her pension, I believe, was eight dollars a month. I shrink from asking how far she exaggerated her losses.

It remains only to tell the last of her story.

Sick unto death with Bright's disease, she went to Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, and died there October 27, 1878. She had bought two graves in the Maple Grove section of Mount Hope, a cemetery belonging to the city of Boston. The graves are numbered 423 and 424 and have no other mark. She lies in grave 423. So far as I am aware, no newspaper at the time commented on her death, or at that time linked her name with that of President Lincoln.

What did she do with Lincoln's letter?

Perhaps she left it behind in one of her many removals. Perhaps she sold it to the first person who offered her a dollar for it; and if so, it was probably purchased by some curious person who did not himself value it highly. It would be worth many thousands today, but it was not worth much to her. *She could not display it with two husky living sons in the room, whom the letter alleged to be dead.*

So far as we have any reliable information, the letter has never been seen since Thanksgiving morning in 1864, when Adjutant General William Schouler gave it to Mrs. Bixby.

President Lincoln blundered. Governor Andrew blundered. Adjutant General Schouler blundered. But it was a beautiful blunder. It grew out of a ready sympathy and a noble desire to comfort a poor widow in her heavy grief. It was a blunder, but I am glad it occurred.

And it is not a very light thing for a widow to lose three or even two sons.

# How I Wrote "Lincoln, the Man of the People"

(*Continued from page 4*)

were slices of bacon and a hunk of corn-bread was now to be honored with a groaning banquet table at twenty dollars a plate. And that famous democrat and friend of the people, Senator Chauncey Depew, was to be the peerless toastmaster.

Would I have the grace and good will to write a Lincoln poem for the memorable occasion? I was assured that I had been "chosen by the club from all the living American poets for this illustrious honor."

Yes, I would be glad to pay my homage to greatness. Yet I told my callers that I had to go out lecture-reading, had to take an eagle-swing over the Middle West. But I would meditate upon the poem all the way, and would return in time to give three weeks to the composition.

I remember that I said: "Gentlemen, for Lincoln I have a deep love and reverence. I will wait patiently upon the Muse: if she gives the poem to me, I will give the poem to you. I cannot promise with certainty."

Immediately on my return from the lecture-readings, I entered my study, plunged into meditation. I visualized Lincoln in the dramatic moments of his life. But nothing came to me out of the Invisible. Yet two immortal lines from Wordsworth swam into my mind:

"The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream."

I crooned them over for an hour. Why this crooning? Simply in the hope of tuning the mind to a higher vibration, to that higher level where moved of old the consecrated soul of the great commoner. In that hour, two or three phrases flashed out of the cloud of the mind, but the poem did not take form. The day ended, with little or nothing accomplished.

The next day also opened and closed with no poem, nor part of a poem. On the morning of the third day I took down from a favorite shelf a volume of Emerson, and read his essay on the great President. It did not awaken a great emotion: it did not kindle the eye of the imagination. That day also crumbled into nothingness. The next afternoon the anxious committee called on me for news. I told them that the Muse had not yet handed the poem down out of her mystery, but that I was hopeful, courageous, full of faith.

Thus I kept on and on, pondering and waiting, determined not to yield an inch of ground to grim discouragement. Two weeks evaporated and were gone.

Two days now remained before the dawn of the great day, before the fall of the great night, when I must rise in my place and read my ode to Lincoln under the glowing candelabra and among the stately presences of the rich and exclusive club in Manhattan. There is something witching and creative about the night hours; so I determined to sit up that night. I did so: I watched the stars away, but the Muse did not descend to me out of her secret place.

Now only one more night remained. I slept all that day, and then began to watch away another night, the last night on the brink of the great banquet. At midnight, I opened my first volume, *The Man With the Hoe and Other Poems*, and turned to "The Desire of Nations," where I prophesy the coming of the great social deliverer:

"He will arrive, our Counselor and Chief.
And with bleak faces lighted up will come
The earth-worn mothers from their martyrdom
To tell him of their grief.
And glad girls caroling from field and town
Will go to meet him with the labor-crown,
The new crown woven of the heading wheat.
And men will sit down at his sacred feet;
And he will say—the king—
'Come, let us live the poetry we sing!' "

I crooned these lines over, again and again. The heat of them penetrated me as a subtle fire, and seemed to dissolve the cold prose of the mind and to let into it the music of the spheres.

Out of this spheral music the Lincoln poem arose. For at two o'clock, the mystic hour of the morning, the deep hour when churchyards yawn and spirits walk abroad, in that mysterious hour the complete conception of the poem came to me—the conception of Lincoln as the providential man sent into the world for a great crisis of his people, for a great service to the race.

A creative idea flashed upon the long-waiting abyss of the mind. I saw that the Norn Mother, the Divine Mother, the Creative Mother of the universe, must descend into the earth from the Heaven of Heroes to mold this man—not to mold him out of the scarce porcelain from which She makes aristocrats and kings, but out of the tried clay of the common road, out of the clay from which She makes the common people. I saw also that this man of the solid and homely earth must have in him the dear and fondly remembered qualities of the old earth, the labor-place and the resting-place of the countless generations of men. He must have in him the color of the ground, the smack and tang of things, the rectitude of the cliff, the good will of the rain, the welcome of the wayside well, the courage of the bird, the gladness of the wind, the pity of the snow, the secrecy of subterranean streams, the tolerance of the light.

The poem had now leaped into its elemental form. I needed only to add a few details of the man's character, express his tragic ending, and the poem would be complete. In three hours the poem was finished, having been recopied three times, in my effort to revise and perfect the first draft. In another hour it was typewritten and on its way to the copyright office.

I soon fell into a tranquil slumber, and at six-thirty in the evening I was at Delmonico's with the poem that had been handed down to me out of the hushed mystery and wonder of the night.

*Questions by W. L. S. :*

My good author-friend, William L. Stidger, honors me with an ardent admiration for my Lincoln poem. At this moment, he flashes a few questions into this article for your eye, O patient and generous reader.

"I see, Sir Poet," cries my high-hearted friend, "an opportunity now to do a little psychoanalysis. I wish to search into your secret. I wish to find out for the readers of this article what memories inspired the striking figures and comparisons in your poem. What suggested to you the great metaphor:

" 'The rectitude and patience
of the cliff'?"

That figure, I answer, was suggested by a memory of my earliest boyhood. I was born under a great cliff in Oregon City; and the early memory that clings most tenaciously is the memory of that vast perpendicular rock soaring upward until it is lost in the clouds.

"Good, Mr. Poet, but what experience in the abyss of memories suggested the line:

" 'The good-will of the rain
that loves all leaves'?"

That rose out of my memories of the Suisun Hills, when—while a cowboy on my mother's cattle range—I was caught frequently in some flurry of rain which scattered its bright drops on all the leaves of the trees on the encircling hills. The cedars and oaks and sycamores, all sparkling with raindrops—it was a memory never to be forgotten.

"And now, Poet, I must know about that touching line,

" 'The friendly welcome of the
wayside well.' "

You are wondering whether I had a memory of some wayside well when I wrote the line. I certainly did. It was a well that I had passed a thousand times in my boyhood on my way to Suisun City. It was an open well with a pulley and a rope and with moss-covered rocks. It was a friendly place, where thousands of travelers stopped on the long road to refresh themselves with the cool water.

"That is a beautiful memory, but I am now anxious to know what suggested that tremendous figure of speech in which you ascribe to Lincoln

" 'The courage of the bird that
dares the sea.' "

After leaving my mother's cattle range, I spent years in the Teachers' College in San Francisco; and I frequently journeyed out to the Cliff House, where I would watch the sea gulls flying out to sea. I felt the courage of their daring flight. I may have seen among the rest a stormy petrel taking its venturesome flight over the waste of whitening waves.

"Now, Poet, have the kindness to tell your readers the memory sources of some of the other lines, like

" 'The gladness of the wind
that shakes the corn.' "

The corn figure was another memory of my boyhood on my mother's farm in California. In those early days, I plowed and planted acres and acres of corn; and it was a great joy to note the tasseling of the stalks and to watch the sudden leap of the long sword-like leaves when the glad wind rushed over the green and happy fields. The beauty of the scene had thrilled my young heart a thousand times.

And now, good friend, you are wondering about

"The pity of the snow that
hides all scars";

and your curiosity is keen because you know we didn't have snow in the Suisun Hills. You are right; but later in life I was a superintendent of schools in the Sierras, where there was a yearly fall of snow. Strangely enough, that wild territory in El Dorado County was frightfully seamed and scarred by the miners in the early mining era. Sometimes a whole hillside was swept away by hydraulic power. Winter freshets also left their deep enduring scars. But the first fall of the snow covered these ugly reminders and all was beautiful again: all ugly features were hidden by the pity of the snow.

You are also curious about

"The secrecy of streams that
make their way
Beneath the mountain to the
rifted rock."

Many times in my early outdoor life I have come upon streams, which suddenly disappeared, ran underground for a mile or so, and then as suddenly reappeared. That picture rushed in upon my mind when I wished to tell of Lincoln's habit of holding his tongue, of keeping his own council. He could speak: he also had the power of silence.

You have another couplet in your mind:

"The strength of virgin forests
braced his mind,
The hush of spacious prairies
stilled his soul."

These lines also rose out of my memories. I lived all my days among the vigorous mountain forests of the West—among oaks and redwoods and cedars. The prairie figure was suggested by the memories of the long silent leagues of prairie that I saw in crossing the American continent.

"This is all excellent, Mr. Poet," cries my friend again, "but what news can you tell of that greatest figure of all, in the last four lines of the poem, where you describe Lincoln in his death as going down like a stricken tree on the high hills. That is unquestionably the greatest figure in American literature."

I am not responsible for your literary opinions, Mr. Critic, but I can with safety answer your question. This figure of the falling tree was suggested to me by a hundred experiences in my romantic boyhood. Many times when looking for lost cattle in the mountains a wild tempest suddenly shook the earth; and I would seek shelter under some live oak tree through whose dense leaves no rain can penetrate. On several of these occasions I have seen a mighty tree give way before the rushing hurricane, and fall with a great shout upon the hills; and whenever I passed that way again where the tree had fallen, I always saw "a lonesome place against the sky." Every tree on those mountains was my friend, was dear to my heart; so when one was hurled prostrate, I could not help but see with wistful heart the vacant place against the heavens.

In the first draft of the poem, this last line was not inserted. But Mrs. Markham—who was also a mountaineer and who had often seen these "lonesome places"—urged me to add the line, for she also had seen a tree fall near her childhood home, leaving a lonesome gap in the forest ranks.

Yes, Lincoln went down in tragic death, but he is even greater in his death than he ever was in his life. For he has risen to become the national ideal, the great spiritual power kindling a great people.

# Medical Quacks of Other Days

EVER since prehistoric days there have been medical quacks. One of the strangest was Anton Mesmer. In Paris, he found prodigious vogue, especially among women. To enter his house was an impressive experience. He had assistants who were claimed to be able to transfer magnetism from their finger tips to patients. If a female patient were in a hysterical state, Mesmer himself, in his robe of silk embroidered with gold, and with his ivory wand, would stroke her eyebrows or her spine and calm her. The Queen of France commended Mesmerism and a pension of twenty thousand francs was offered Mesmer if he could prove that he had made any discovery in medicine and would communicate it to the King's physicians.

Mesmer objected to the latter part of the offer and left Paris. Two royal commissions were then appointed, on one of which Benjamin Franklin was a member. After five months of experiment a report unfavorable to Mesmer was returned, after which Mesmer retired to the country, with a fortune amounting to 340,000 francs. He died in 1815, at the age of eighty-one.


THERE'S HISTORY EVERYWHERE IN THIS ADVENTURE LAND



*In 1738, the French-Canadian, Pierre Gaultier de Varennes, sieur de la Verendrye, penetrated into today's Great Northern country, explored the Upper Missouri River and discovered the Rocky Mountains*

FROM bold Verendyre to James J. Hill, the country traversed by the Great Northern has been steeped in valorous achievement. Come out and feel its spell.

See the amazing cities, the productive prairies, the extensive apple orchards, the tremendous mining and timbering enterprises, the great rivers and "shining mountains" of Glacier National Park and your own Northwest.

NEW ORIENTAL LIMITED

*de luxe service—no extra fare*

This newest and finest of Northwest trains, with its specially Pullman built all-steel cars and its many innovations in travel convenience, makes the trip through the historic Northwest most delightful at this time of year.

GREAT NORTHERN

*"A Dependable Railway"*

*"See America First"*

New Oriental Limited westbound leaves New Chicago Union Station daily 11 p. m. via Burlington-Great Northern, St. Paul 11:25 a. m., Minneapolis 12:01 p. m. Eastbound leaves Tacoma daily 6:20 p. m., Seattle and Portland daily 8 p. m., Spokane daily 8 a. m.

MAIL COUPON

A. J. Dickinson, Passenger Traffic Mgr., Room 712
Great Northern Railway, St. Paul, Minn.

I am contemplating a trip through the Northwest about.....Send me literature.

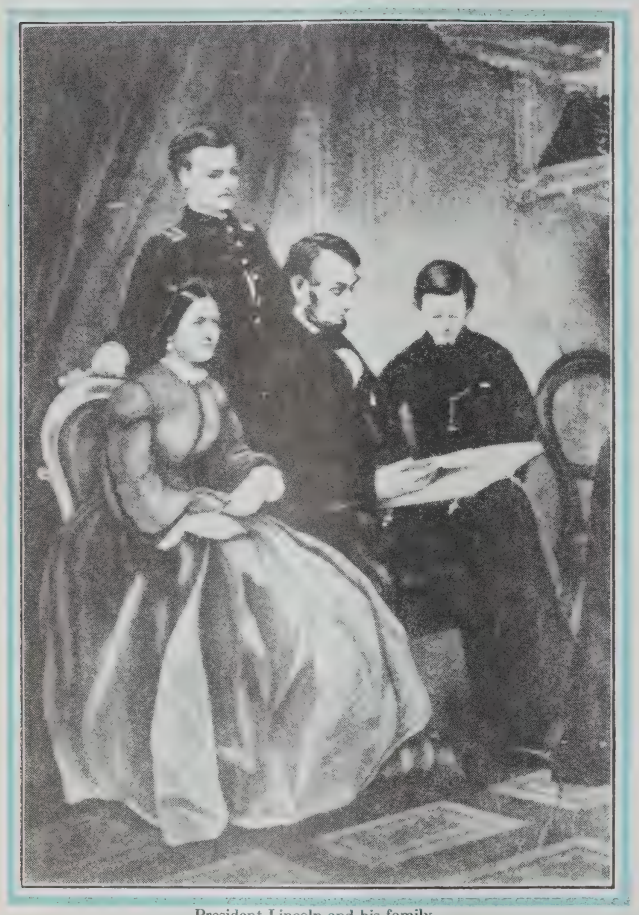
*Name*.....

*Address*.....

DI 2-6

# Lincoln's Premonitions of Death

(*Continued from page 8*)



President Lincoln and his family.

"Although he freely discussed with the officials about him the possibilities of danger, he always considered them remote, as is the habit of men constitutionally brave, and positively refused to torment himself with precautions for his own safety. He would sum the matter up by saying that both friends and strangers must have daily access to him in all manner of ways and places; his life was therefore in reach of any one, sane or mad, who was ready to murder and be hanged for it; that he could not possibly guard against all danger unless he were to shut himself up in an iron box, in which condition he could scarcely perform the duties of a President; by the hand of a murderer he could die only once; to go continually in fear would be to die over and over." [7]

safe arrival in Washington, sought safety in flight and were not apprehended. Mr. Lincoln always regretted his "secret passage" to Washington, for it was repugnant to a man of his high courage. He had agreed to the plan simply because all of his friends urged it as the best thing to do. [5]

Beginning with this plot Mr. Lincoln, according to his secretaries, Nicolay and Hay, was constantly subject to the threats of his enemies and the warnings of his friends.

"The threats came in every form; his mail was infested with brutal and vulgar menace, mostly anonymous, the expression of vile and cowardly minds. The warnings, not less numerous, were faithfully reported to him by zealous or nervous friends. Most of these communications received no notice.

"In cases where there seemed a ground for inquiry it was made, as carefully as possible, by the President's private secretary and by the War Department, but always without substantial result. Warnings that appeared to be most definite when they came to be examined proved too vague and confused for further attention. The President was too intelligent not to know he was in some danger. Madmen frequently made their way to the very door of the executive offices and sometimes into Mr. Lincoln's presence. [6]

John Bigelow, Lincoln's second minister to France, stated in 1865 that he had three years before warned the Secretary of State of plots against the lives of northern statesmen, but that Mr. Seward deprecated the idea in the following terms:

"There is no doubt that from a period anterior to the breaking out of the insurrection, plots and conspiracies for purposes of assassination have been frequently formed and organized. And it is not unlikely that such an one as has been reported to you is now in agitation among the insurgents. If it be so, it need furnish no ground for anxiety. Assassination is not an American practice or habit, and one so vicious and so desperate cannot be engrafted into our political system. This conviction of mine has steadily gained strength since the Civil War began. Every day's experience confirms it. The President, during the heated season, occupies a country house near the Soldiers Home, two or three miles from the city. He goes to and from that place on horseback, night and morning, unguarded. I go there unattended at all hours, by daylight and moonlight, by starlight and without any light." [8]

According to Ward Lamon, marshal of the District of Columbia, [9] Mr. Lincoln made the Soldiers Home about three miles northwest of the White House his summer residence, but refused to have a military escort to and from this place saying that there wasn't the slightest occasion for such precaution. One morning, however, in August, 1862, the President reported that the night before, about 11 o'clock, when riding his horse alone on his way to the Home and near the entrance to the grounds, he was startled by the report of a rifle seemingly about fifty yards away which frightened the horse to such an extent that he finished the distance at breakneck speed. The President refused to believe that he was the target, although he acknowledged that he heard the bullet whistle near his head.

November 1, 1864, the United States Consul at Halifax wrote the Secretary of State as follows: "It is secretly asserted by secessionists here that plans have been formed and will be carried into execution by the rebels and their allies, for setting fire to the principal cities in the Northern States on the day of the Presidential Election." [10]

David Homer Bates, in charge of the War Department telegraph, says that vague rumors of a plot to kidnap or assassinate the President had previously reached the War Department, but had been given little credence until just about this time a photograph of Lincoln had been received by Mrs. Lincoln through the mail which showed red ink-spots on the shirt front, with a rope around the neck.

Ward Lamon, marshal of the District, became so distressed in December, 1864, at what seemed to him Mr. Lincoln's carelessness, that at 1:30 in the morning he wrote the President as follows:

"I regret that you do not appreciate what I have repeatedly said to you in regard to the proper police arrangements connected with your household and your own personal safety. You are in danger. I have nothing to ask, and I flatter myself that you will at least believe that I am honest. If, however, you have been impressed differently, do me and the country the justice to dispose at once of all suspected officers, and accept my resignation of the marshalship.

"I will give you further reasons which have impelled me to this course. Tonight, as you have done on several previous occasions, you went unattended to the theater. When I say unattended, I mean that you went alone with Charles Sumner and a foreign minister, neither of whom could defend himself against an assault from any able-bodied woman in this city. And you know, or ought to know, your life is sought after, and will be taken unless you and your friends are cautious."

During the last weeks of the war, President Lincoln saw Petersburg fall into the hands of Union troops. A few days later he entered Richmond. It was during this trip that Mrs. Lincoln says that she was driving one day with her husband along the banks of the James, when they passed a country graveyard. "It was a retired place, shaded by trees, and early spring flowers were opening on nearly every grave. It was so quiet and attractive that they

[5] *Yarns and Stories*, McClure, p. 487; also *Recollections*, by Ward Lamon, pp. 46-47.

[6] *Abraham Lincoln, a History* by John G. Nicolay and John Hay, published by The Century Company, New York, 1890, Volume X—pp. 286-287.

[7] *Abraham Lincoln, a History* by John G. Nicolay and John Hay. Vol. X—pp. 288-289.

[8] *Retrospections of an Active Life* by John Bigelow, The Baker & Taylor Company, 1909. President Lincoln's Second Minister to France. Volume II, pp. 547-48.

[9] *Recollections Abe Lincoln*, p. 266.

[10] *Lincoln in the Telegraph Office* by David Homer Bates, The Century Company, New York, 1907—pp. 296-297.

pped the carriage and walked through it. r. Lincoln seemed thoughtful and im- essed. He said, 'Mary, you are younger an I. You will survive me. When I am ne, lay my remains in some quiet place e this.'"[11]

On the return trip from Richmond to ashington, members of the party were ich impressed by the tone and manner in ich Mr. Lincoln read aloud, two or three nes, a passage from *Macbeth*:

". . . Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further."

Possibly the most startling and gruesome Mr. Lincoln's many dreams was one he d a few weeks before April 14, 1865, which haunted him that after working ten days reluctantly told Mrs. Lincoln and two or ree others who were present. Later he erred to it in conversation with others.

"About ten days ago," said Mr. Lincoln, retired very late. I had been waiting for portant dispatches from the front. I uld not have been long in bed when I fell o a slumber, for I was weary. I soon gan to dream. There seemed to be a athlike stillness about me. Then I heard bdued sobs, as if a number of people were eping. I thought I left my bed and ndered downstairs. There the silence s broken by the same pitiful sobbing, but e mourners were invisible. I went from om to room; no living person was in sight, t the same mournful sounds of distress et me as I passed along. It was light in the rooms, every object was familiar to e; but where were all the people who were ieving as if their hearts would eak? I was puzzled and alarmed. hat could be the meaning of all is?

"Determined to find the cause a state of things so mysterious d so shocking, I kept on until I rived at the East Room, which entered. There I met with a kening surprise. Before me was catafalque, on which rested a rpse wrapped in funeral vest- ents. Around it were stationed ldiers who were acting as guards; d there was a throng of people, me gazing mournfully upon the rpse, whose face was covered, hers weeping pitifully. 'Who is ad in the White House?' I de- anded of one of the soldiers. 'he President,' was his answer; e was killed by an assassin!' nen came a loud burst of grief om the crowd, which awoke me om my dream. I slept no more at night; and although it was ly a dream I have been strangely noyed by it ever since."[12]

"Never since he had become nvinced that the end of the war as near had Mr. Lincoln seemed his friends more glad, more rene, than on the 14th of April. he morning was soft and sunny Washington, and as the spring as early in 1865, the Judas-trees d the dogwood were blossom- g on the hillsides, the willows ere green along the Potomac, and in ne parks and gardens the lilacs bloomed —a day of promise and joy to which the whole town responded. Indeed, ever since the news of the fall of Richmond reached Washington the town had been indulging in an almost unbroken celebration, each new victory arousing a fresh outburst and rekindling enthusiasm. On the night of the 13th, there had been a splendid illumination, and on the 14th, the rejoicing went on. The suspension of the draft and the presence of Grant in town—come this time not to plan new campaigns, but to talk of peace and reconstruction—seemed to furnish special reason for celebrating."[13]

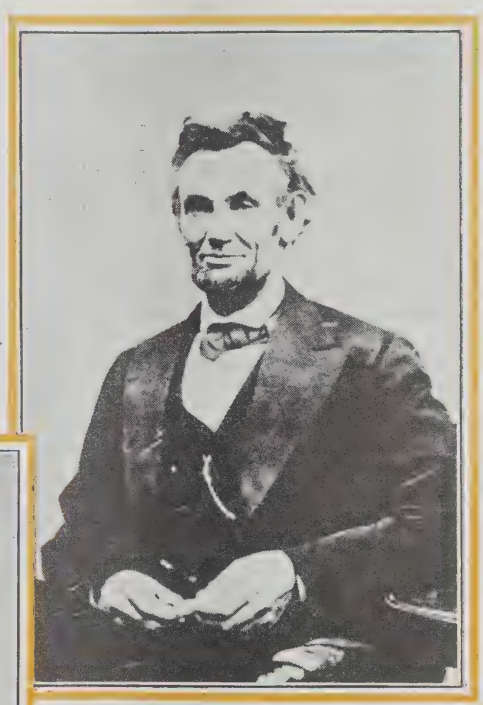
"The day was one of unusual enjoyment to Mr. Lincoln. His son, Robert, had returned from the field with General Grant, and the President spent an hour with the young captain in delighted conversation over the campaign. He denied himself generally to the throng of visitors, admitting only a few friends."[14]

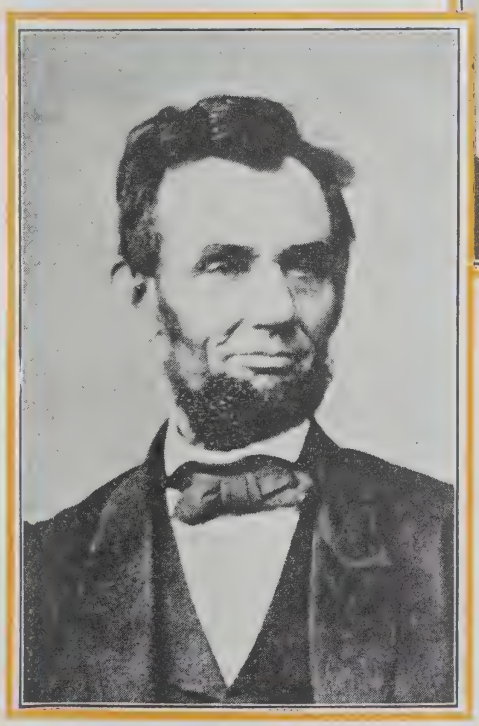
During the morning of the fourteenth, Mrs. Lincoln had accepted for herself and the President an invitation to attend a performance of *Our American Cousin* at Ford's Theater that night and had invited the Grants to be their guests. General and Mrs. Grant had not seen their children for some time and answered that if possible they wanted to take an afternoon train to Burlington, New Jersey, where the children were in school, but that if they remained in Washington for the night, they would gladly accept the invitation.

One of President Lincoln's last letters, written on the morning of April 14, was to General Van Allen who had written "requesting him for the sake of his friends and the nation to guard his life and not expose it to assassination as he had by going to Richmond." Mr. Lincoln answered, "I intend to adopt the advice of my friends and use due precaution."[15]

At the last presidential cabinet meeting at 11 o'clock on the morning of April 14, "The conversation turning upon the subject of sleep, Mr. Lincoln remarked that a peculiar dream of the previous night was one that had recurred several times in his life—a vague sense of floating—floating away on some vast and indistinct expanse, toward an unknown shore. The dream itself was not so strange as the coincidence, that each of the previous recurrences had been followed by some important event or disaster.

"The usual comments were made by his auditors. One thought it was merely a matter of coincidences.





Above—Abraham Lincoln, as photographed five days before he was shot. By Alexander Gardner, Washington, April 9, 1865. Left—Another of Gardner's photographs of Lincoln, made November 8, 1863. These two pictures show in striking contrast the toll exacted from the President in only two years.

"Another laughingly remarked: 'At any rate it cannot presage a victory nor a defeat this time, for the war is over.'

"A third suggested: 'Perhaps at each of these periods there were possibilities of great change or disaster; and the vague feeling of uncertainty may have led to the dim vision in sleep.'

"'Perhaps,' said Mr. Lincoln, thoughtfully, 'perhaps that is the explanation.'"[16]

After the Cabinet meeting, the President took a drive with Mrs. Lincoln, expressing a wish that no one should accompany them. His heart was filled with a solemn joy, which awoke memories of the past to mingle with hopes for the future and in this subdued moment he desired to be alone with the one who stood nearest to him in human relation-

[11] *Life of Abraham Lincoln*, by Ida M. Tarbell, ncoln History Society, New York, Vol. IV, p. 28.
[12] *Recollections of Lincoln*, by Ward Hill Lamon, ited by Dorothy Lamon Teillard, 1911, pp. 114-115.
[13] Ida Tarbell, Vol. IV, p. 29.
[14] *Abraham Lincoln, a History*, by Nicolay & Hay. The Century Company, New York, 1890. Vol. X, pp. 285-286.
[15] *Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln*, edited by Nicolay & Hay, Vol. XI, p. 94.
[16] *Seward at Washington*, by Frederick W. Seward. Derby & Miller, New York, 1891. Also McClure, and Nicolay & Hay, page 274.

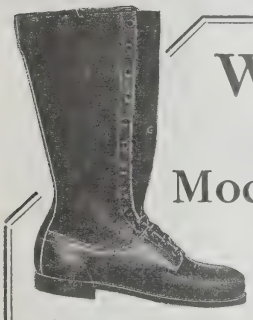
CLASS 25¢ PINS
BUY DIRECT FROM THE MAKER
CATALOG FREE
Either pin shown made with any 3 letters and 2 figures 1 or 2 colors enamel. Silver plate 25¢ ea. $2.50 doz. Sterling silver. 40¢ ea. $4.00 doz.
BASTIAN BROS. CO.
644 Bastian Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.
GHS 25
VICTORS
3490
2534

ATTENTION!
BUY Concord Yarns direct from manufacturer at a big saving. Spun from long combed wool. Write for free samples, many beautiful shades and heather mixtures. 50c per 4 oz. skein. $2.00 per lb. Postage paid on all orders. Concord Worsted Mills (Dept. A.), W. Concord, N. H.

PATENTS TRADEMARKS COPYRIGHTS
Write for our free Guide Books and "RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK" before disclosing inventions. Send model or sketch and description of your invention for our Inspection and Instructions Free. Terms reasonable. Prompt attention.
Victor J. Evans & Co. 920 Ninth Street, Washington, D.C.

The HANOVER INN
HANOVER : N. H.
at
Dartmouth College
Open all the year round.
GOLF
TENNIS
Saddle Horses

Secretary of Labor James J. Davis proposes enrollment of America's alien residents—read why in NEXT WEEK'S DEARBORN INDEPENDENT.



Why—
is a
Moccasin
?

The lightest—most durable—most comfortable footwear known.

Because it's made the Indian way, with smooth upper leather extending in one piece completely *under* the foot. This construction does away with need for the stiff, sharp-edged innersole, the welt and bottom filler found in ordinary shoes.

If your shoe store doesn't carry BASS MOCCASINS, write us direct for free catalog I. It tells the moccasin story, illustrates the different styles for men, women and children.

Write for it now.

*Shoe or Sporting Goods Dealers interested in carrying this profitable line should write immediately.*

G. H. BASS & Co. Wilton, Me.
Shoemakers since 1876

ship. In the course of their talk together, he said: "Mary, we have had a hard time of it since we came to Washington; but the war is over and with God's blessing we may hope for four years of peace and happiness, and then we will go back to Illinois and pass the rest of our lives in quiet."[17]

According to Colonel William H. Crook, one of President Lincoln's bodyguards, he accompanied the President during the afternoon of April 14 to the War Department. He stated that the President was unusually depressed and expressed his belief that he would be assassinated, but that if it were to be done, it would be impossible to prevent it, later adding that he would not attend the theater that night but for the fact that he was expected and his absence would disappoint the people.[18]

David Homer Bates claims, in *Lincoln in the Telegraph Office*, "that Stanton, the Secretary of War, having in mind the numerous threats of assassination which had come to his notice through secret service agents and otherwise, on the morning of the fourteenth, urged the President (p. 366) not to attend the theater that night."

To Mrs. Lincoln who suggested to the President that they decline the invitation to attend the theater that evening he answered that it was necessary for him to have a little rest, and by going to the theater he would escape the crowds of "overjoyed, excited people" who would visit him if he remained at the White House.[19]

General Grant, between one and two o'clock in the afternoon, having remained after the Cabinet meeting, was urged by the President to attend the theater with them that night, but Grant refused saying that he and Mrs. Grant had made arrangements to visit their children, and that Mrs. Grant was "desirous of leaving the city on the four o'clock train."[20]

After dinner that evening Lincoln told Noah Brooks, a newspaper correspondent who had called, that when Grant had decided not to stay and attend the theater, he "felt inclined to give up the whole thing."[21]

Colonel McClure, a friend of the President, says that probably one reason Mr. Lincoln did not particularly care to go to the theater that night was a sort of half-promise he had made to his friend and bodyguard, Marshal Lamon. Two days previously he had sent Lamon to Richmond on business connected with a call for a convention on reconstruction. Before leaving, Mr. Lamon saw Mr. Usher, the Secretary of the Interior, and asked him to persuade Mr. Lincoln to use more caution about his personal safety, and to go out as little as possible while Lamon was absent. Together they went to see Mr. Lincoln, and Lamon requested the President to make him a promise.

"I think I can venture to say I will," agreed Mr. Lincoln. "What is it?"

"Promise me that you will not go out after night while I am gone," demanded Mr. Lamon, "particularly to the theater."

Mr. Lincoln turned to Mr. Usher and said: "Usher, this boy is a monomaniac on the subject of my safety. I can hear him or hear of his being around at all times in the night, to prevent somebody from murdering me. He thinks I shall be killed, and we think he is going crazy. What does any one want to assassinate me for? If any one wants to do so, he can do it any day or night if he is ready to give his life for mine. It is nonsense."

Mr. Usher advised Mr. Lincoln that it would be well to heed Lamon's warning, as he was thrown among persons from whom he had better opportunities to learn about such matters than almost any one.

"Well," said Mr. Lincoln to Lamon, "I promise to do the best I can."[22]

That from Abraham Lincoln the war had exacted a terrible toll in mental anguish, no matter how much he tried not to worry about its awful problems, is shown by the startling contrast between pictures taken of him in 1861, 1863, and 1865 and two life masks made of him, one in 1860, the other in the spring of 1865. St. Gaudens insisted at first that the second was a death mask. "The lines are set as if the living face, like the copy, had been in bronze; the nose is thin and lengthened by the emaciation of the cheeks; the mouth is fixed like that of an archaic statue—a look as of one on whom sorrow and care had done their worst without victory is on all the features; the whole expression is of unspeakable sadness and all-suffering strength."[23]

In view of the President's many weird dreams and seeming premonitions it is not strange that "The Dream" by Lord Byron was among his favorite poems. To Ward Lamon[24] he often repeated:

"Sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence: Sleep hath its own world
And a wide realm of wild reality.
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears and tortures, and the touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off our waking toils,
They do divide our being."

[17] *The Everyday Life of Lincoln*, by Francis F. Browne, published by N. D. Thompson Publishing Co., New York & St. Louis, 1886, p. 703. Also Nicolay & Hay, Vol. X, p. 286.

[18] *Through Five Administrations. Reminiscences of Colonel William H. Crook*, pp. 64-67, Harper & Brothers, N. Y., 1910.

[19] *Lincoln's Last Day*, by John W. Starr, Jr., Frederick A. Stokes Co., pp. 19-20.

[20] *Lincoln's Last Day*, Starr, pp. 34-35.

[21] Starr, *Lincoln's Last Day*—p. 57.

[22] McClure, pp. 498-499. *"Abe" Lincoln Yarns and Stories, Recollections of Abraham Lincoln*, by Ward Hill Lamon, edited by Dorothy Lamon Teillard, 1911, pp. 280-281.

[23] *Century Magazine*, November, 1890, p. 37. Also *Outcome of the Civil War*, by James Kendall Hosmer, in "The American Nation," Vol. 21, Harper & Brothers, pp. 249-250.

[24] *Rec.*—Ward Lamon, p. 122.

## The Dampest Spot

RAINFALL at a certain place in the Hawaiian Islands is said to be heavier than at any other spot in the world. For half a century the world's record for rainfall has been attributed to the town of Cherapunji, in India. This is in the foothills of the Himalaya, about 4,100 feet above sea level. The moist monsoons have condensed rapidly on being forced up the mountain sides and the rainfall at Cherapunji has averaged 426 inches a year. Now come those who dig into such things to find that on the summit of Mount Waialeale, 5,080 feet above the sea, the rainfall averages 476 inches, and that during 1914 and 1918 it jumped to 600 inches, which is, of course, nearly two inches a day. Two inches of rain is equivalent to 129,280 tons the square mile!

## How Abraham Lincoln Looked

(*Concluded from page 17*)

under its former name. The head of the bronze department was a Frenchman named Jules Berchem. Winslow Brothers went heavily into munitions work during the World War, and when it ended closed out their bronze department. Being personally acquainted with the Winslows, I inquired what had become of their original bronze life mask and hands. They made search in their fireproof vault and found these invaluable articles, and very graciously presented them to me, together with the statement which I have summarized above. But my good fortune went further. I sought out Jules Berchem, of the American Art Bronze Company, and found that he has not only a set of molds of the face and hands, used by him for Volk in certain replicas which he caused to be made, but that he had also Volk's original pattern for the life-sized bust. Once a year on Lincoln's birthday, it became Mr. Berchem's pleasant custom to send me a bronze casting—first the right hand; a year later the left hand; a year later the life mask. And now I am to set up in my new Lincoln room a life-sized bust of Abraham Lincoln "Leonard Volk fecit 1860," the gift to me of Leonard Volk's friend, Jules Berchem.

No one has ever questioned the majesty of Volk's life mask. From 1785 when Jean Antoine Houdon made at Mount Vernon a perfect cast of the features of George Washington, the country waited until 1860 for a like perfect reproduction of the bony formation and muscular development of the face of a President. Richard Watson Gilder wrote a worthy poem about the cast of Lincoln's face, and Edmund Clarence Stedman wrote a noble piece of verse about Lincoln's hand that swung the ax and used the pen, and did both with regal power. Whoever makes a statue of Abraham Lincoln, whether in classic mold as did St. Gaudens, or in commonplace realism as did Barnard, or in friendly democracy as did Borglum, must have one quality in common with all the rest. They all must use the Volk life mask.

## A Million-Dollar Cape

BEFORE the white man came out of his lands to the east of Hawaii and the yellow man journeyed east to reach it, the native Hawaiian got along in sweet content with the fauna and flora of his islands. Of things that flew he knew only three birds, the dove, the mamo and the o-o. The latter was a small black bird with a bright golden feather on each breast. The mamo wore some brilliant red feathers.

Kings and chiefs wore capes and cloaks made from these feathers to show their rank. In the Honolulu museum there is kept in a steel vault a great golden feather cape that belonged to King Kamehameha the First, who flourished about the end of the eighteenth century. It took hundreds of thousands of feathers of birds that never had more than two of these particular feathers at a time, to make the cape, which reached from the shoulders to the knees of the wearer. The cape now is insured for a million dollars.

# Has America a Youth Movement?

(*Concluded from page 5*)

to think what might have happened if they had decided to do away with the church entirely.

At the time the Evanston Conference was proceeding, another momentous student conference of the Methodist Church South was in session at Memphis. A preacher friend of mine was in attendance. There were five thousand registered students. They too attempted to decide one of the great world-shaking questions. They were discussing the "Amusement Question." Some Desperate Daniel asked whether Dancing might be Permitted in Churches.

A church official arose in the meeting—a Watch Dog of International Morals—patted that body of five thousand students patronizingly on their heads and said: "My boys and girls, you are now getting into deep water. There is a little book called the Methodist Discipline which settles that question, and I fear you are treading on dangerous ground. You had best not discuss that!"

Wow! "Boys and Girls!"

Which reminds me that the only real excitement of the Evanston Conference was when Dr. Ralph Diffendorfer of the Methodist Episcopal Foreign Mission Board in answering a question from the platform, in a slightly patronizing but friendly manner, said: "Now, my boy, just be calm!"

*When the Doctor Said, "Now, My Boy"*

That "My Boy" was just like dropping a pile driver on a ton of dynamite, or playfully hammering a tube of nitroglycerin up against a brick building. There was an explosion.

The conference didn't like that "My Boy" phrase. It was old stuff. They had had enough of it. Would the speaker kindly take it back and tie it up in its Egean stall back in the past where it belonged? Would he please apologize to the conference for such a terrible insult? Would he please banish himself from the platform? And all this was said to one of the men who had made it financially possible for them to be there! But that crowd just wouldn't, and couldn't stand to be "My Boy'd!"

Except the Hunger Strike for the sake of the sacred rights of making a speech, the "My Boy" incident was the most talked-about incident of the conference. Mere matters like the World Court, the Racial Questions that confront the United States, and the question of Social Justice, were more or less subordinated to these two questions as to the inalienable right of every delegate to make a speech, and the question as to whether or not the men of forty years of age or over have any right to call college students "My Boy" in addressing them in a friendly gathering.

When these two questions were fully settled the time was up, the referee's whistle blew, the seconds wiped off the chests of the participants, the Resolutions Committees played hob with War, Peace, the World Court, the Ku Klux Klan, Labor, Capital; a package of Wrigley chewing gum was distributed to each delegate as a fitting souvenir of the conference, and everybody took in the Loop in Chicago. They were somewhat prepared for this hilarious adventure into the regions of the Loop, because they had just been through a series of Loop-the-Loops at the Oratorical Outing in Evanston.

*A Chance to Say Something, But Nothing Said*

Dr. Reinhold Neibuhr said in his speech: "There is a Youth Movement in Europe because Europe is bankrupt. There is no Youth Movement in America, in spite of the morning headlines, because America is rolling in wealth."

Which leads me to say, in conclusion, that the only enlightening moments on the set programs of this conference were those moments when some adult spoke.

If a thousand or more students from colleges all over America know and care as little about the great problems of life, and dare as little about them as this conference disclosed, it is a serious matter.

If this keeps on "we will be in the position of having perfectly wonderful places in which to say something and have nothing to say!" to use an expression of Dr. Hal Luccock.

Such was the conference held in one of the most beautiful church structures in America, the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Evanston, Illinois.

These students did not lack honesty of purpose. Most of them were in earnest and evidenced the deepest kind of sincerity. But, frankly, they did not know what they were talking about. Students who are isolated for four years from actual life and living cannot know. The professors themselves suffer from this isolation. These students were intelligent, they were enthusiastic, and Christian in their spirit. But it was plain to be seen that they were lost for facts.


# Pure Coffee

**without caffeine—not**

# Mock Coffee

Kaffee Hag is pure coffee with the caffeine taken out. It's a delightful blend—coffee at its best. All we remove is a tasteless drug. The flavor and aroma stay intact.

Caffeine is the drug which stints coffee with so many. It forbids coffee to millions, including all children. It keeps people awake at night. Countless coffee lovers are driven to substitutes simply because of caffeine.

We open the pores and remove that caffeine, without altering the coffee taste. As a result, we bring you all coffee delights without the coffee harm. All the quick bracing effects remain. Yet one may drink it at any hour without stint.




Serve Kaffee Hag to those in your home who should avoid caffeine. Let them taste its delights. Send the coupon with a dime for a 10-cup package. Clip it now.

**Mail This Today for 10-cup Sample; 10 cts.**

**KAFFEE HAG**

**1450 Davenport Ave., Cleveland, Ohio**

Name.....

Address.....



# A Dance a Week



## The Badger Gavotte—A Dainty Dance, Simple to Learn

The Badger Gavotte is a dainty dance and because of its ease and variety is a favorite with all who know it. It is extremely simple to learn. It consists of a walk, a slide and a two-step.

Let the couple stand facing the same direction, side by side, gentleman on the lady's left. (This is called the open position.)

Join nearest hands—that is, lady's left with gentleman's right. The gentleman holds the lady's hand, as if helping her to descend from a carriage. That is, the lady places her hand in the gentleman's.

The hands are raised a little in a graceful lift, to about the level of the shoulder. The position shown in the first photograph will give you the idea.



I. Starting position of the dance.

In this position, when the music begins walk forward four steps. Lady starts with right foot, gentleman with left. Count 1-2-3-4.

You might practice this several times just to fix it in your mind before going on.

After your practice, start again: Forward, walk, one-two-three-four. Now face each other, joining both hands waist high and held widely—that is, out toward the side. And continuing with the music, slide, slide, slide, step.



II. Arms extended, ready for the chasse.

The position for the sliding movement is shown in photograph 2.

The sliding movement is in the same direction as the walking movement. But as the sliding movement ends in "step," it will leave the couple in a position to retrace their steps. They are ready to face in the direction from which they came—this time the gentleman with the right foot, the lady with the left.

(There need be no confusion about this change of foot in starting: the point is, each party starts with *the outside foot;* in going one direction it will be the left for the lady, the right for the gentleman; in going the opposite direction these are naturally reversed. Remember—the outside foot.)

Practice that before you go any farther. Join nearest hands, walk one, two, three, four. Face, join both hands, waist high, slide-slide-slide-step.

When you have got this, which you will do quickly, then start back—walk-walk-walk-walk (face and join both hands) slide-slide-slide-step.

Do it over and over again, so that the movement becomes smooth. In walking you might bear in mind to make your step graceful. Make the walking step a smooth gliding movement, the ball of the foot touching the floor first, the heel last. And remember, always start the walking movement with the outside foot. If you omit this you will not be on the proper foot to glide into the sliding movement; you will have to shift, and this will break the rhythm of the dance.

Practice these first two movements. When you feel that you have them pretty well in mind, start out anew. At the end of the return movement (having gone one direction and come back) take the Waltz position and execute eight slow two-steps.

The two-step is simpler than the waltz step though it differs from it only slightly. It is a *slide, close, step.* (Whereas the waltz is *step, slide, close.*)

Then repeat all from the beginning, and continue as long as desirable.

The dance in condensed form is as follows:

### FIRST PART

Metronome 96 4/4 time

Open position, nearest hand joined;

Walk forward four steps: count 1-2-3-4 (1 bar).

Face each other, join both hands, waist high, and slide close; slide close; slide close; step (to the gentleman's left): count 5-6-7-8 (1 bar).

Turn and repeat all in the opposite direction, starting with outside foot as follows:

Walk forward four steps: count 1-2-3-4 (1 bar).

Turn, face each other, join both hands, waist high, and with right foot take, slide close; slide close; slide close; step (to gentleman's right): count 5-6-7-8 (1 bar); 4 bars in all.

### SECOND PART

Waltz position: Execute eight slow two-steps, starting with the left foot; and repeat all from the beginning. (4 bars.)

The position taken for the two-step is the same as that for the waltz and is illustrated in photograph 3.



III. Showing position of gentleman's right arm.

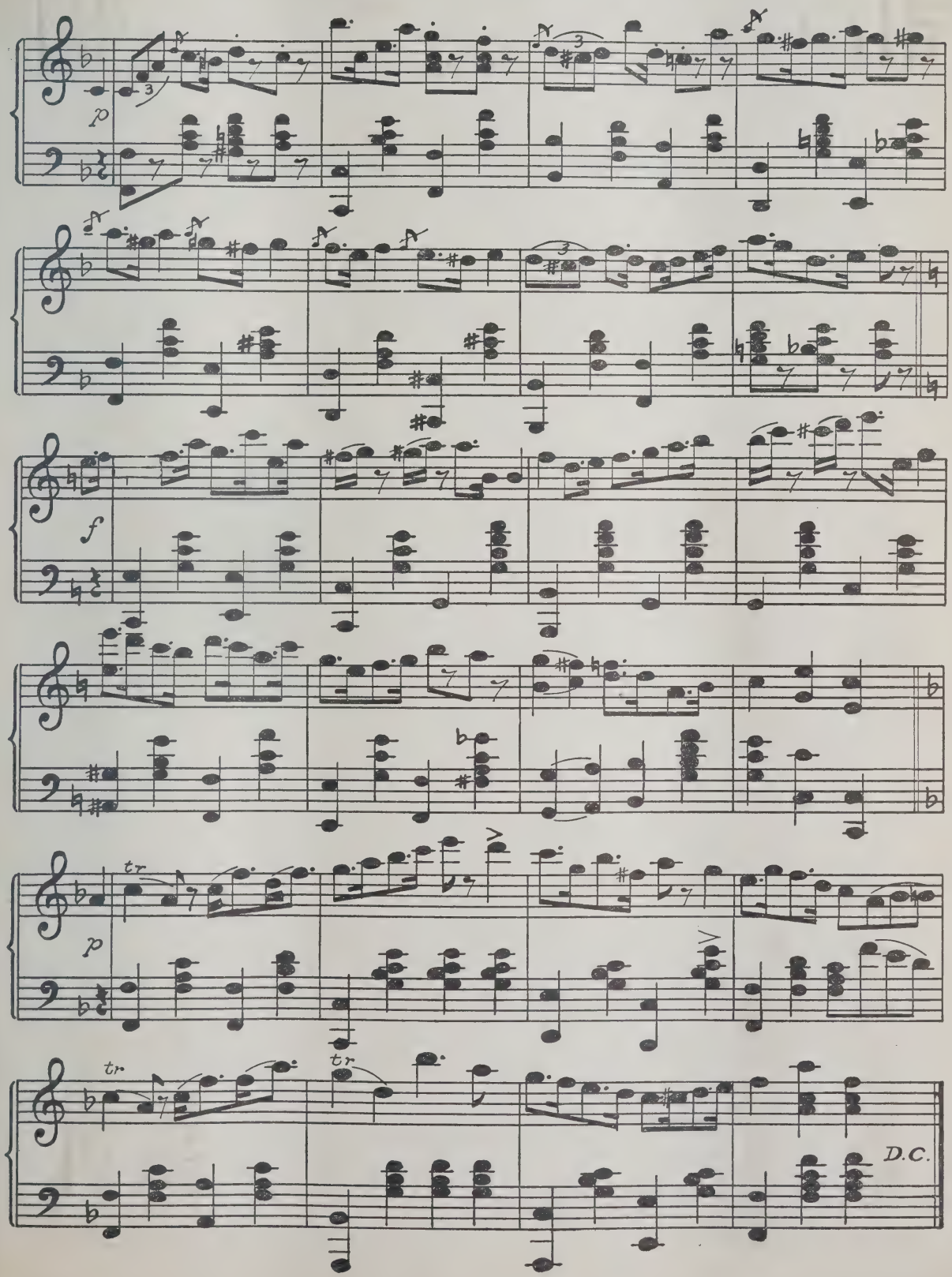
Please notice the gentleman's hand in photograph 3. He does not grasp the lady round the waist. His forefinger and thumb rest lightly against the back of her dress. The gentleman need only exert sufficient pressure to guide his partner through the dance. Another view of the same position of the gentleman's hand is given in photograph 4.



IV. Another view of gentleman's right hand.

# Badger Gavotte

MM—96



THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL

THE cause of civil liberty must not be surrendered at the end of one or even one hundred defeats . . . . . If there is anything that it is the duty of the whole people never to intrust to any hands but their own, that thing is the preservation and perpetuity of their own liberties and institutions . . . . . I fear you do not fully comprehend the danger of abridging the liberties of the people. A government had better go to the very extreme of toleration than do aught that could be construed into an interference with or to jeopardize in any degree the common rights of the citizen.

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Vol. 26 No. 17 FEBRUARY 13, 1926 $1.50 a Year

FEB 16 1926



ANOTHER ROMANTIC RASCAL—John Wilkes Before His King. (*See Page 13.*)

**Shall Aliens Be Registered?** Secretary of Labor Davis Says Yes - - page 4

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

# BRIEFLY TOLD

Aberdeen is the only university in Great Britain where the students wear scarlet gowns.




A number of women in New York City now have their jewels brought to them from the banks in armored cars.

A recent Sunday survey of forty churches in Washington, D. C., showed 7,000 persons present. In forty theaters on the same day 50,000 persons were found.

The United States and Russia are now the two foremost Jewish countries in the world; they contain about three-fourths of the world's Jews.

Near Alhambra, California, is a rose bush 50 years old, more than four feet in circumference at the bottom with vines 125 feet in length.

"Noise can be kept out of a room, just as well as a snow storm can," says Dr. Paul S. Heyl, chief of Bureau of Standards laboratory. "The main difference is that to keep out snow the stouter the wall the better, while to ward off noise the flimsier the wall the better."

A sprag is a piece of wood which is thrown between the spokes of a wheel on a coal-mining car to bring it to a stop on a grade, acting as a brake. Over three million feet of timber is required annually for making sprags in Pennsylvania.

The last six-master on the seven seas, the *Edward J. Lawrence*, went to her death in a crackling roar of flames while lying at anchor in Portland harbor, Maine.

Horses are barred from four of Washington's boulevards.

"Cycles and motor-driven vehicles must light their lamps 30 minutes before sunset, the exact hour of which will be fixed by the mayor." So decrees the mayor of Koege, a small town in Denmark.

About one hundred years ago the Presbyterian church council passed a resolution forbidding its clergy to appear in public when intoxicated.

There is a village in England called Tadley-God-Help-Us.

By taxing at its source, only four men are needed to administer the collection of Wisconsin's gasoline tax.

Bedsteads are uncommon in Japanese houses, as the Japanese sleep on thick padded quilts piled on soft mats which cover the floors.

Professor Polorny, of Berlin University, says that some clans of Irishmen are descendants from Eskimos.

The 1925 world's hay-bailing championship was won by five men from Nebraska who bailed two tons of loose hay in a little less than seventeen minutes.

During a siege of Samaria, in early Bible times, food became so scarce that "an Ass's head sold for four score pieces of silver."




Sixty-seven out of every thousand United States soldiers had the mumps in 1918.

The sandwiches served in the railroad stations of Norway are made by laying butter, fish, meat, eggs, or cheese on a single slice of bread.

The first Negro woman to be admitted to the Virginia bar in the history of the state was L. Marian Poe, of Washington, D. C.

"Tanks" got their name from the term used to camouflage their purpose when they were in the experimental stage.



A contemporary of John Wesley, a theological student at Leipsic, endorsing his view that cleanliness was next to godliness, took a bath, whereupon, because of his modernism, it is said he was refused his degree.

President Coolidge lost his coat in Chicago and was not aware of it until he read the morning's paper in Washington containing the statement that it was lost.

A phonograph having records of brass has been invented that can be heard 10,000 years from now.



Never make an important decision or enter into a big business deal on an empty stomach. Your mind isn't working and you'll probably get the worst of it, according to a professor of the psychological department of the University of Chicago.

At the suggestion of C. A. Dawson Scott, many noted writers of different nations have formed an international club, the first in the world. It is called the P. E. N., these letters standing for editors, essayists, novelists, poets and playwrights.

"I don't like the American girls because they wear their skirts too short and paint too much," says a real sheik from Cairo. He is Sheik Tolba Fabdalla Abdallah Kantab, who recently spent a vacation in Hollywood.

When Abraham Lincoln was offered a glass of champagne on a sea voyage as a cure for his seasickness he refused on the grounds that it made men on land seasick.

The *Carnegie*, the only ship of its kind in the world, was built for the study of the magnetism of the earth and all iron and steel is dispensed with. It is built wholly of wood as metal would affect the compass and many delicate instruments.

The Department of Agriculture has introduced buds of the wild peach that grows in the mountains of China. It frequently attains a height of fifty feet and is of rapid growth.

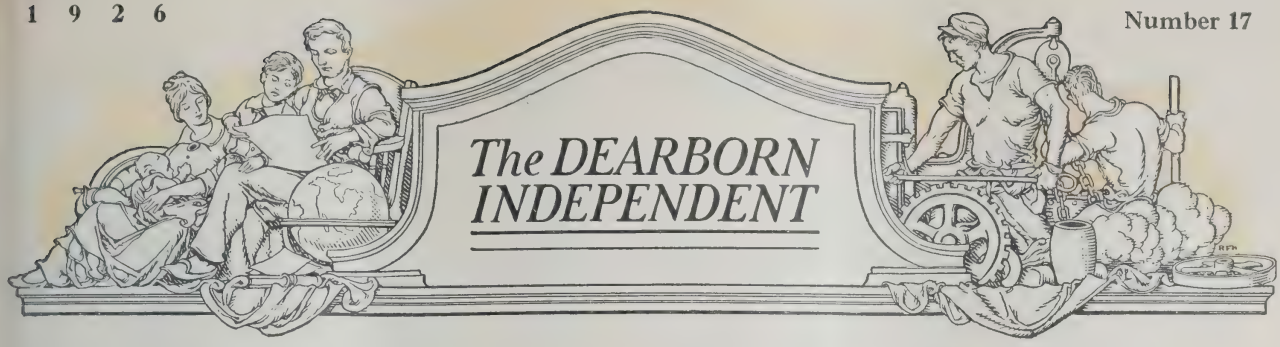
The Hoggars of the Sahara, like the other white races, have an exalted opinion of themselves though they do live mostly by banditry.

In times of prolonged drought, magistrates and barefooted women used to ascend to the Capitoline Hill outside of Rome in solemn procession.

Six o'clock in the morning is the usual opening time for Chinese shopkeepers.

February 13
1 9 2 6

Volume 26
Number 17




# The Essence of This Issue:

Mr. Ford's Page this week discusses "success by acquisition" and "success by contribution."

---

A gentleman sometimes writes to inform us that the Garden of Eden was located in Central America. But recent serious scientific discoveries have broached the question whether the plateau of Nevada is the oldest land on earth, and whether the white race originated in western North America? Certainly, our continent is just beginning to disclose its mysteries. (p. 15)

---

Even with our present immigration laws thousands of undesirables slip past the gates. It is estimated that 1,500,000 foreigners are illegally in the United States. Besides that, little more than half the aliens eligible to citizenship have taken advantage of this privilege. With these things in mind Secretary of Labor Davis, himself a foreign-born citizen, urges compulsory enrollment of all aliens. (p. 4)

---

And now we have it from no less an authority than St. John Ervine, the eminent British critic—Americans speak better English than do the English! We have long been of this opinion ourselves, but it has been hard to convince those who seem to have such a bias in favor of the English "leckchahwahs" who visit these shores to chide and censure us. (p. 8)

---

Thomas L. Masson, the humorist, was once a dyspeptic. He dieted and fussed and became the fearful slave of his stomach. He finally seized the ogre of indigestion by the horns and floored it. He ate it to death! So he can now write "The Joys of Eating What You Like." (p. 16)

---

The "Reds" have carried their message of sabotage and revolt to the Philippine Islands. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT prints herewith for the first time the story of the attempt to blow up United States Army airplanes at Camp Nichols, near Manila. (p. 6)

---

The vast Stinnes fortune has vanished, and the dizzy "vertical trust" of Stinnes properties has passed into the hands of the money-lenders. This is the "inside" story of the collapse of the gigantic "Konzern." Stinnes refused to have anything to do with the all-powerful alien financiers of Germany. Today they have their revenge. (p. 26)

---

The possibilities of this country being attacked from the air are dealt with by Captain W. S. Pye in his second article on aviation from the Navy's viewpoint. Is New York at the mercy of any enemy with a superior air force? Captain Pye analyzes the situation with remarkable clarity. (p. 3)

---

John Dos Passos has that faculty, peculiar to our younger writers, of arousing both admiration and wrath. Those who have been pleased, puzzled, or irritated will understand both the man and his works the better from perusal of this interview, one of the very few that he has ever granted. (p. 2)

CONTENTS

John Dos Passos—*Janet Mabie* - - - - - - 2
Aviation From the Navy's Viewpoint - - - 3
*Captain W. S. Pye*
Shall Aliens Be Registered?—*James J. Davis* - 4
Bolshevism in the Philippines - - - - - - 6
*C. F. Freeman*
English Is Better Spoken in America - - - - 8
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
Romantic Rascals—John Wilkes - - - - - 13
*Charles J. Finger*
Back-Tracking Man Through the Ages - - - 15
*Samuel Hubbard*
The Joys of Eating What We Like - - - - - 16
*Thomas L. Masson*
Early Arithmetics Published in America - - 20
*Louis C. Karpinski*
The Fall of the House of Stinnes - - - - - 26
*Walter M. Wolff*
A Dance a Week—The Varsovienne - - - - 30

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer; C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

John Wilkes was a clever scoundrel and an adept demagogue. Homely to the point of hideousness, he yet acquired such a command of words that he was equally proficient at beguiling a woman with flattery or swaying a mob with insincere eloquence. His story forms another of Charles J. Finger's entertaining "Romantic Rascals" tales. (p. 13)

---

*Arithmetick* as taught in early America was a haphazard affair. Even then it held terror for young minds, for the manuals were "made most easy" and "very clear and brief." Professor Karpinski tells of the first arithmetical textbooks used or printed on this continent. (p. 20)

---

When the Sapiro leaders asked for an investigation, they did not think it would lead to themselves. But it did, in spite of their protests. What the report conveyed will be printed in this paper next week and *every tobacco farmer should read it.* Every other farmer should read it too.

---

There's a dance in this issue—The Varsovienne—a very pretty thing and easy to learn. It is one of the chief favorites at Dearborn. The music for it is also printed. This music will be readily recognized by those of the older folk who danced thirty years ago, and even by those of the young people who have been so fortunate as to be raised in the country. (p. 29)

---

Next week we swing into the old square dances. These are really the sociable musical games of our fathers. The patterns are exquisite, the deportment graceful, and the whole effect on spectator and participant very pleasant indeed.

---

Our regular pages always present something of interest and value. "Office Chats" express a variety of opinion. "Read in the Papers" gives glints of ideas from here and there. "Editorials" usually have something to say on the greater or lesser news topics.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.50 A YEAR in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year. Single copy, ten cents.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.

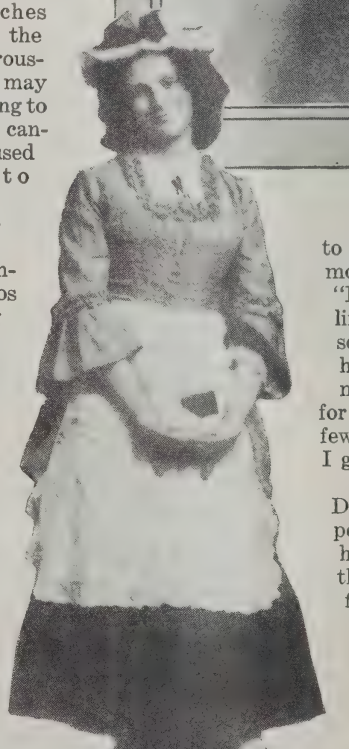
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

# John Dos Passos

## An Interview With a Writer Who Thinks the Theater an Excellent Medium for Making the World Kinder and More Civilized

By JANET MABIE





John Dos Passos, himself and (below) in character.

JOHN DOS PASSOS, product of a background which mingles a heritage, part Portuguese, part ancient Virginia aristocracy, yet who borrows all the colors of the world in which he is a vagabond as a chameleon borrows forest colors, is a curious and poetic genius who will never see himself as anything but a writer, a soldier of fortune with inclinations to turn an honest penny by writing. He is as happy in the frequent spaces when he is without two dimes to rub together in his pocket as he is when he can and does buy ridiculous rations of caviar and plover. That he starts to write a book in New York makes it neither impossible nor unlikely that he will write the middle chapters in Persia and the last ten lines in Rhodesia. If he knows that his periods of exciting critics by his work are about collateral with and as inevitable as the summer and winter solstices he gives no sign. He is peerless at keeping himself out of reach of well-meaning interviewers, he has been seen in the flesh by fewer persons whom he suspected might afterward write anything about him—and he is very sharp in this faculty—than any other writer of contemporary times, not barring George Bernard Shaw.

To begin with he has literally no address. Actually to see him is generally the result of having learned the secret of his whereabouts from someone who ends the communication by saying, "And if he finds out I told you he will raise the roof."

John Dos Passos does not look like the author who might as well have put his head into a hive of hungry bees as to have written *Three Soldiers*. He is long and thin and a great disappointment to a person who expected to find, say, someone the type of Ezra Pound or even Harry Kemp. He is more diffident—genuinely so, however—than even children are allowed to be. He speaks in sporadic torrents of words and stares miserably in the silences between, as one who says within, "What a fix to get oneself into." He will not sit in a chair while he talks. He balances precariously on the arm of one, or on the edge of a table, and now and then does a sort of desperate dogtrot up and down the room. And all the time he talks, he clutches frantically at the linings of his trousers pockets. He may be used to talking to himself but he cannot be at all used to talking to chance-encountered persons.

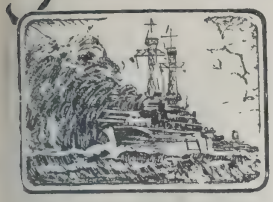
The circumstances of Dos Passos' agreeing to see your correspondent were as realistic as his writing. It was possible to get twenty minutes with him at the home of a friend in Cambridge, his temporary hiding place, in order to inform him how he could earn $200. The $200 was not paid him for yielding what is contained herein. It was paid him for a lecture he was asked to give on short notice and which your correspondent was unexpectedly instrumental in arranging. John Dos Passos never gave a lecture or a talk on books in public before last May. He probably never will again, for he emerged flushed and more embarrassed than usual, convinced that he was right in the first place, that he is no speaker. Now he was wanted very badly in this instance to talk about writing plays for the modern theater. At first he said, "But I never made a speeeh in my life . . ." caught himself and said, so solemnly that it seemed certain he must be joking, "But I need a new suit and if I can have $200 for speaking I can buy it and have a few dollars left over, what? Yes. I guess I'll come."

This betrays no confidence. John Dos Passos cares no more that people know he has periods when his finances are languid, than that they know of his royal flushes, fewer though they are, or that he has dark hair, and only a little of it.

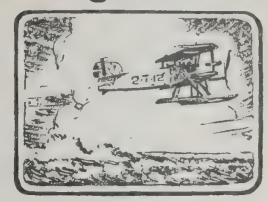
He is the son of a man who, in his time, was one of the greatest corporation lawyers this country has known and who drew the largest fee, during his career, ever recorded in a legal case. John Dos Passos, then, has simply passed beyond the golden spoon era. If he earns well, he lives, for a bit, as the world calls well. If not, why straw never made a bad bed for a man, and blue milk and biscuits of dubious freshness are still food.

He has no family ties whatever now. His father, the beautiful mother who presided so graciously over "Kintra," the estate on the fringes of Chesapeake Bay, are both gone. The money they left their only son (Concluded on page 28)

# Aviation from the Navy's Viewpoint



"There is no justification for the belief that progress would be accelerated or efficiency increased by depriving the Navy of the control of its own aircraft"



By CAPTAIN W. S. PYE, U. S. N.

## PART II.

ADVOCATES of an Independent Air Service declare, among other things, that a rigid airship operating from Europe can act as a base for sufficient airplanes to endanger our cities. It has been asserted that an airship of ten million cubic feet capacity can carry fifty bombing planes across the Atlantic, releasing these bombers when within the radius of action of our large cities.

How much plausibility is there in such a statement?

It so happens that no airship of such capacity has ever been built, but basing the argument on estimated design factors, such an airship, after allowing for weight of fuel for a return flight, and for crew and essential stores, would have a remaining lifting capacity of about forty tons. A bombing plane specially designed for being carried by the mother airship would weigh when manned, fueled and armed about four tons. Possibly ten such planes might be carried. But then what?

If all of these planes were released at approximately the same time the reduction in weight would cause serious embarrassment to the airship pilot. He must at all times maintain his ship in equilibrium. For each bombing plane he releases when the airship is just full of gas, the airship will ascend about six hundred feet. If the airship were full of gas this would cause the automatic valving of about 140,000 cubic feet of precious gas which can never be recovered. The launching of ten planes would entail a loss of nearly one and one-half million cubic feet of gas. As this gas costs $35 a thousand cubic feet, the cost of launching the ten planes would be about $49,000.

There is the greatest danger that the planes could not return to the mother ship because of enemy activity and the difficulty of navigation. If 50 per cent of the planes returned it would be a successful operation. As these planes would cost about $35,000 apiece, the loss in value of the planes would be at least $175,000.

When the airplanes return to the mother ship the additional weight would cause a rapid descent unless an equal weight in ballast were jettisoned. This situation is not so serious in United States airships which are fitted with special apparatus developed by the Navy to recover from the engine exhaust a weight of water equal to the weight of fuel consumed, which water could be discharged in lieu of ballast. But for foreign airships this would require the airship to carry additional ballast, thus reducing the number of planes which could be carried originally.

Within a limit of about fifteen tons the airship pilot can control his equilibrium dynamically through use of his rudders and avoid wasting his gas or jettisoning his ballast; but this means that he must fly his airship out of trim at the expense of speed, fuel consumption, and maneuverability.

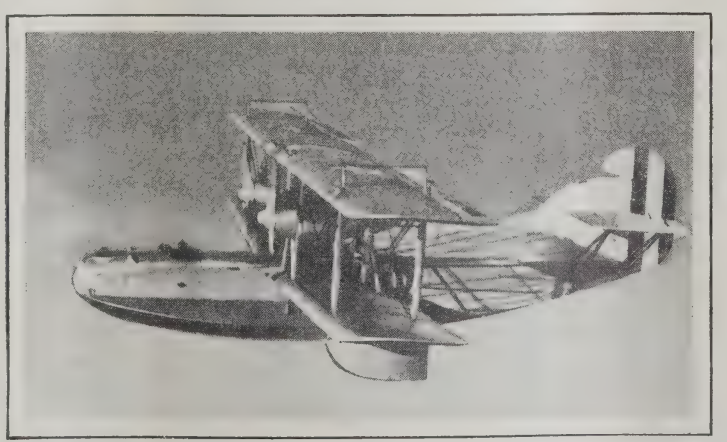
And even if an airship could act as "mother ship" to bombing and fighting planes, how many would be required to conduct a successful offensive against a strong defensive air force based on land, even should the airship be successful in avoiding destruction by naval aircraft? The probable cost of a successful bombing raid consisting of twenty one-thousand-pound bombs would be about $225,000. If we add 50 per cent of the cost of the airship on the basis that there is an even chance of her destruction the cost is about $3,725,000. Is this economical warfare? The whole idea is found to be so absurd, when subjected to practical analysis, as to be unworthy of serious treatment except for the purpose of showing its absurdity.

In the preceding article we referred briefly to the uses of aircraft in Naval warfare. These uses are (1) as an element of the "Service of Information"; (2) as an aid to the control of major-caliber fire; (3) as an element of defensive power to prevent; (4) as an element of offensive power.

Although the superiority in ability to gain information is recognized, the limitations of aircraft are such that complete dependence cannot be placed in them, and in modern navies battle cruisers, light cruisers, submarines, and, at times, destroyers are included in the forces required in the "Service of Information." Unfortunately, the battle cruisers which were building for the United States Navy were abandoned as a result of the limitation of naval armament treaty.

Superiority of information is invaluable in war. It insures the effectiveness of the commander's strategical and tactical plans and prevents surprise. Without information of the strength and disposition of the enemy, a commander is like a blindfolded boxer—he knows neither when nor where to strike, nor when he himself may be struck. As a consequence, this service, under ordinary conditions, will be the most important of the duties of aircraft.

*The importance of information makes it imperative that the strength of the air arm of the Navy be such as to insure gaining the desired information concerning the enemy while* (Continued on page 22)



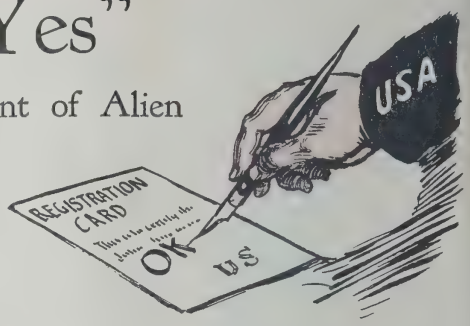
(C) Kadel and Herbert.

Naval scouting plane. The "Service of Information" at sea uses scouting planes principally, as the author describes in this article. They are large and of moderate flying speed to obtain the greatest possible radius of action.

# Shall Aliens Be Registered? Davis Says "Yes"

## Cabinet Officer Proposes Enrollment of Alien Residents as Preparation for Citizenship and Safeguard Against Immigration Fraud




By JAMES J. DAVIS

WHEN the United States originally enacted a law restricting the admission of aliens, first on account of race and later according to physical qualifications, it laid the foundation for a substantial problem. Every extension of the restrictive and selective provisions of our immigration laws has placed a higher premium on illegal entry into the United States and has resulted in bringing surreptitiously into our midst a great many persons who could not have passed inspection at our immigration ports. Notwithstanding the restrictions other than numerical which have made increasingly difficult the lawful admission of certain types of immigrants to the United States, our alien population has grown to enormous proportions. Of the more than thirteen million foreign-born who were in the United States in 1920, practically all of whom had been here sufficiently long to acquire citizenship, nearly half that number were then still alien.

The first attempt at numerical restriction gave us immigrants in such number that the naturalization processes still did not keep pace with the alien residents. It was not until further restrictive measures were taken and the net permanent increase in our alien population reduced to 201,586 in the fiscal year 1925 that naturalization occurred in sufficient proportion approximately to keep the ratio of citizens and aliens at a neutral point. In making citizens of foreign-born persons, we are still drawing upon the ranks of the six and one-half million residents who were here in 1920, practically all of whom then could meet the total residence period requirement for becoming citizens.

I make that statement because those who arrived in 1921 will not be eligible for citizenship until next year and as you all know, during the war and in that period following up to 1920, there was very little immigration to the United States. Passenger traffic during the war was restricted to that of emergency character because of the extreme danger of transportation upon the seas. Immediately following the war the facilities of all available ships returning to the United States were engaged to bring back the two million boys we had previously sent across.

The situation which confronts us today with reference to the alien within our gates, therefore, has two phases. On the one hand every extension of the selective and restrictive provisions of our immigration law has given impetus to the illegal traffic in humanity across our borders. On the other hand, as we have become more and more aware, our educational system and our naturalization processes have failed to provide adequate and suitable training for the aliens who have come to us to stay and who desire to become citizens.

A foreign-born citizen myself, and one who has trudged the path of an immigrant in a new and strange country, I am mindful of the many difficulties which confront the alien in America. I am sympathetic with him and realize his need for encouragement at every step. At the same time, I am mindful of the opportunities and privileges which have been accorded me, a stranger, in this grand republic and I am jealous that these opportunities and these privileges should remain in all their glory to be available to others who tread the road after me. The United States is my country and I regard the preservation of her institutions as a sacred trust. Not the least of these institutions is that of citizenship itself and I should not consider that my trust was being faithfully performed unless I did all that was in my power to enlarge that citizenry by making it easier for those who desire naturalization to acquire the qualities which I believe every citizen should have before being permitted to exercise the great privilege of participation in our local and national affairs. I am jealous, too, that the reputation for sincerity of purpose held by the foreign-born citizens who have renounced all semblance of allegiance to foreign states shall not be jeopardized by the presence and actions in the United States of aliens who entered in defiance of our laws and maintain that record of disregard for authority while here which was responsible for their original coming.



James J. Davis, United States Secretary of Labor, believes it is to the best interests of the alien lawfully in the United States to acquire real understanding of the duties, privileges and rights of citizenship.

The seriousness of these two problems led to my recommendation of a measure which can be expected to meet helpfully both these situations. This measure is calculated to enable us to discover those who have entered the country in defiance of our laws and it is fitted to insure at the same time that aliens lawfully in the country shall have means of acquiring a real understanding of the duties, privileges and rights of citizenship; that they will be attracted to exercise that right of becoming citizens which we believe is to the best interests of the alien as well as to the nation.

This measure I term the enrollment plan. The principal requirement can be stated very simply. Within some period of time to be determined, every

adult alien in the United States should be expected to go before designated public authorities and enroll himself, giving his name, age, allegiance, residence, occupation and similar information together with the time and place of his arrival in the United States. Annually thereafter, so long as he remains alien, he should renew this enrollment, at the same time recording such various additional details as would indicate what in the meantime has been accomplished toward his advance in knowledge of the country and its language.

In the case of newly admitted aliens the first enrollment would occur at the time of admission. It would be, more strictly speaking, a matriculation for a course of study in a new line of experience. After allowing for reasonable delay, it can readily be appreciated that it would not be long before the Naturalization Service, under which jurisdiction this enrollment should be placed, would have identifying records concerning practically every alien in the country, together with information useful in furthering the progress of the aliens themselves.

While primarily I recommend this enrollment as a means of helping the alien to help himself to the best that America affords, the plan would perform other great and important functions. It would make known the presence of those who have gained residence through deliberate violation of law and the moral effect of this discovery of a few would act as a wholesome deterrent to those outside the United States who contemplate using one of the underground passageways as a means of entry into the country. But the operation of my proposal would not confine its results to the revealing of the presence in the United States of those illegally here. There are unquestionably a large number of aliens in the United States who technically have no right to remain. The number has been estimated as high as one and a half million. Probably the majority of them arrived prior to the first numerically restrictive immigration law and now believe that they have every right to be here, including the right to become citizens. Unfortunately for them this is not true, because the acquisition of citizenship is not alone for law-abiding residents but is restricted also to those who have been legally admitted to the country. We all agree that persons whose very entry into the United States is in wilful violation of law can never make either desirable citizens or residents, but for those who came prior to the numerical restriction and who have proved themselves to be substantial residents, ought to be given an opportunity to have their residence made a lawful one. At this time there is no way of making such a previous entry a lawful, permanent one without departure from the United States and reëntry in possession of appropriate immigration visa. In many instances, to secure such visa requires residence outside the country for several years. The best interests of the Government, however, are not served by requiring this to be done. I propose that where such aliens upon enrollment are found to be desirable residents, the Secretary of Labor should be given authority to legalize the prior entry and permit them to remain as lawful residents eligible for citizenship.

> "While primarily I recommend this enrollment (or registration of all aliens) as a means of helping the alien to help himself to the best that America affords, the plan would perform other great and important functions . . . Unless some plan of enrollment is provided it will be necessary, in order to enforce the immigration laws, to have a force of officers to inquire into the legality of residence of aliens in practically all parts of the country. Such a system would be highly undesirable to all and might prove a source of embarrassment to many . . . The enrollment plan would provide the contact now lacking between the foreign-born resident and the Government. It would mean protection to the alien from the wiles and schemes of the nationals of his own country and those born here, who, as we all know, frequently bleed the foreign-born at every turn."

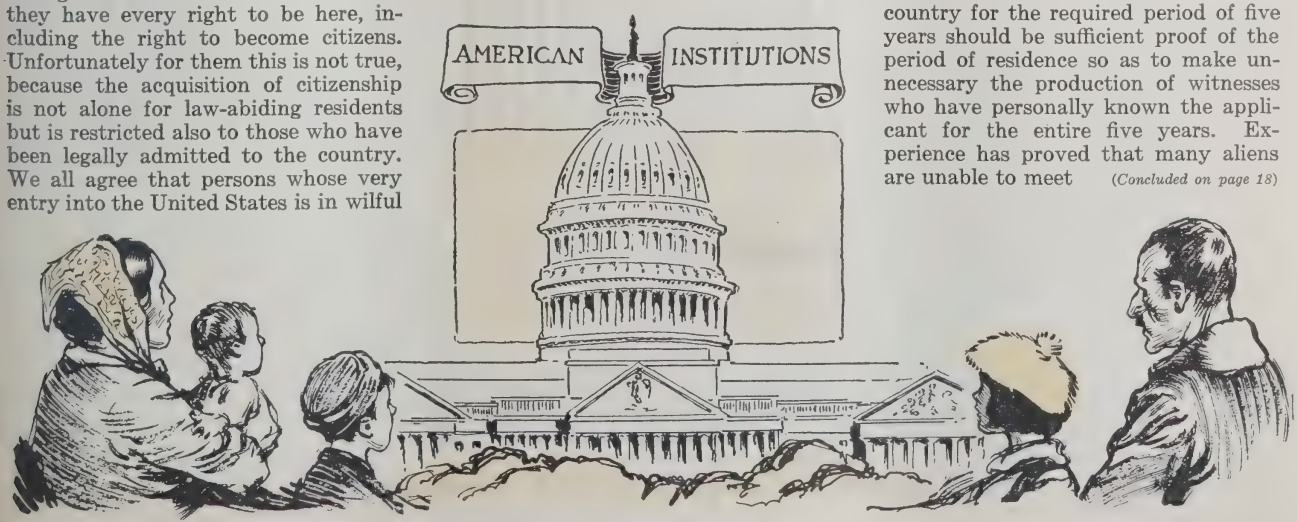
The smuggling of aliens is accomplished in many ways, including abuse of the Seamen's Law, which permits an alien seaman to leave his ship at an American port and remain in the country sixty days. The number of seamen deserting last year and failing to leave the country within the specified time was 19,710, which makes a total of 77,917 for the past three years. In order to secure the privilege of getting aboard ship as seamen, many aliens abroad have procured forged seamen's certificates. Numerous forged immigration visas have come to our attention and many fake alien reëntry permits have been taken up. The business of dealing in forged papers for the purpose of evading immigration laws has been a highly profitable one, but would be far less so if aliens who contemplated smuggling in had any reason to believe that we could detect their unlawful presence after arrival.

Unless some plan of enrollment is provided it will be necessary, in order to enforce the immigration laws, to have a force of officers to inquire into the legality of residence of aliens in practically all parts of the country. Such a system would be highly undesirable to all and might prove a source of embarrassment to many. But enrollment of all aliens would solve the difficulty at no cost to the Government because the small fee collected upon enrollment would be ample not only to pay for the benefits given individually to aliens but also for the administration of the law.

I do not recommend elaborate and costly machinery to accomplish enrollment. What I recommend is that officers designated by the Commissioner of Naturalization with the approval of the Secretary of Labor should enroll the aliens residing within the respective localities, where available clerks of courts, postmasters and school authorities should be appointed to serve in the capacity of registrars.

Upon enrollment each alien should be required to pay a small fee, in return for which he would receive a registration card (made out in duplicate, one copy being kept in the Naturalization files) and be directed to a competent source of training. Directly the Government should not direct the courses contemplated, but should approve the activities of the many helpful agencies now engaged in Americanization work.

The possession of a certificate of registration showing residence in the country for the required period of five years should be sufficient proof of the period of residence so as to make unnecessary the production of witnesses who have personally known the applicant for the entire five years. Experience has proved that many aliens are unable to meet (Concluded on page 18)



By
C. F.
FREEMAN



Filipino school children at play. In view of their future domination of the islands, it is certain that Bolshevist propagandists will endeavor to inculcate in their young minds the aims of the Soviet movement.

# Bolshevism in the Philippines

## An Untold Story—"Reds" Organize an Attack on the Air Service Which Is Providentially Frustrated

The writer has resided in the Philippines for the greater portion of the time since 1899 and is familiar with Spanish and the Tagalog dialect. As a newspaper man, as chief of a native police force in one of the great sugar-producing regions, and as a secret service operative in the Insular Customs he has had opportunities of observing the undercurrents of Philippine life such as are seldom given to the white man.

REALLY TO know and understand "Juan de la Cruz," the Filipino peasant whose people compose the great mass of the islands population, one must come in close contact with him and be able to speak his language. Naturally secretive as are all Orientals, he will talk freely and express his honest opinion to a foreigner only when he reposes confidence in him, and if this confidence is not violated the auditor may learn much of interest and value.

Hospitable and kind-hearted, but ignorant and credulous to the extreme, poor Juan becomes an easy victim for suave and convincing agents of Bolshevism who are known to be spreading their virus through the islands. Posing as friends of the Filipinos, who have come to aid them in their struggle for independence, such propagandists have already made their presence felt in America's far eastern territory; but it must be clearly understood that, however anxious the prominent Filipino leaders are for the fulfillment of their national aspirations, and though their individual utterances sometimes border closely on sedition, they cannot be justly accused of Bolshevik tendencies.

The Philippine Constabulary, through its widely scattered personnel of 6,000 officers and men, keeps a sharp watch over supposed Bolshevik activities, as does the Secret Service of the city of Manila, but these forces are insufficient to cope with the ever-increasing problem. The Military Intelligence Division of the United States Army coöperates with the civil authorities in every way, but is unable through lack of appropriations to employ more than a very limited number of special agents, and these only intermittently, and as the funds at its disposal permit. Much of the information it acquires is furnished gratuitously by American ex-soldiers who have married Filipino women and who speak the dialects, by the offspring of such marriages who have reached maturity, and by loyal Filipinos. Many of the latter desire the independence of their country but realize the dangers of Bolshevism.

To cripple and disorganize the military forces of a nation in order to obtain ascendancy is always the first effort of the "Reds," and their first demonstration in the Philippines, though nipped in the bud, was aimed at the Air Service. The publication of the story of this affair will come as a complete surprise to the majority of the inhabitants of the islands, as it has never appeared in the local press, though occurring nearly two years ago.

One day in the early part of 1924 an American seated in a Manila café was approached by a Filipino friend who stated that he wished to speak with him in private. The American, a veteran of the Philippine insurrection and a resident of the islands for many years, accompanied the Filipino to a private room and there listened to a tale which however improbable it might sound was soon to send him hurrying to the military authorities at Fort Santiago.

Briefly, and under a promise of secrecy which will never be violated, the Filipino spoke much as follows: "Señor, you know me for many years

and speak my language. I love my country and fought for it under Aguinaldo both against the Spaniards and Americans, but I realize now that independence cannot be gained by force of arms. There are foolish young fellows among us who think differently and have listened to the teachings of those who would plunge us into a useless struggle. A band of these young men have planned to attack the hangars at Camp Nichols and Camp Stotsenberg and to destroy the airplanes. Without the menace of the planes it would be possible to organize the 'taos' (peasants) in remote places and to make hostile demonstrations against American rule. It is believed that if the tactics of terrorism used by the Irish Republicans were repeated here that the United States would grant independence or at least make the same concessions that England did. Warn the authorities immediately, señor, but remember that if you betray me I will be assassinated."

Since the bloody affair of 1920 when a company of constabulary armed with repeating rifles shot down policemen and civilians in the streets of Manila, the authorities have realized that almost anything may happen, and in this case the army on receiving information of the proposed attack immediately prepared for it. The number of sentries around the threatened reservations was at once doubled and other precautions taken. Sure enough, the raid occurred two nights later when a party of natives attempted to break into the dynamite storehouse at Camp Nichols a few miles out of Manila city limits. American sentinels fired on them and it was ascertained later that one of the raiders was wounded. The affair was hushed up so closely for various reasons that not a word of it reached the public, but both Camps Nichols and Stotsenberg remained heavily guarded for months afterward.

The next demonstration, supposedly of Bolshevik origin, was made by a group of disgruntled native laborers and mechanics employed by the Army Quartermaster Department on Corregidor Island where the fortifications guarding Manila Bay are located. In this case the fresh water pumps of the island were tampered with to such an extent that water had to be brought from Manila to supply the garrison. Investigation proved that the majority of the supposed perpetrators of this act of sabotage belonged to an organization known as the "Legionarios de Trabajo" (Legion of Workers), the supreme head of which is a Filipino of openly pronounced Bolshevik tendencies, but no one was prosecuted for the crime through lack of direct evidence.

A few months later came the "Scout Mutiny" at Fort William McKinley close to Manila when several hundred native soldiers refused to obey the commands of their officers as a protest against the rate of pay which they were receiving. This mutiny clearly showed the earmarks of Bolshevist teachings, for the mutineers stood fast even after being warned of the consequence of their act. Evidently they expected strong backing from their comrades or from outside sources, but in this they were disappointed.

Their leader, a trusted non-commissioned officer, is now serving a twenty-year sentence, and his dupes two years each, while the Scout organization of five thousand men has justly or unjustly lost the confidence of the majority of American residents in the islands who see in it nothing but a potential menace. Bolshevism is undoubtedly lurking in the background of the agrarian troubles of the provinces of Cavite, Bulacan, Pampanga, and Nueva Ecija and much "Red" literature reaches the Philippines despite the vigilance of the postal authorities and the Customs Secret Service. Not a few of its agents are undoubtedly white men, although Filipinos who have visited other lands are in the majority. It is hard, however, for a white man to appear openly in this matter and his work, in a brown man's country, must be accomplished from cover in order to avoid detection.





A Filipino laddie and lassie whose smiles are well worth photographing.

Three years ago when Admiral Stark's refugee fleet of "White" Russians reached the friendly shores of the Philippines, many former subjects of the Czar, who were not so much "White" as "Red," scattered through the islands in search of employment.

So thoroughly have the Bolshevists imbued the Filipinos with the idea that American capital is their enemy that it is reflected in the native colonies in the United States.

A few weeks ago the American Guardian Association of Manila, which cares for and educates orphaned or abandoned children of American blood in the Philippines, made an appeal to the people of the United States for the sum of two million dollars to carry on their noble work. Wide publicity has been given to this appeal by reason of its being sponsored by Governor General Leonard Wood and endorsed by some of the most prominent personages in the Philippines and this country, including Vice-President Dawes, the Episcopalian bishop and two Roman Catholic cardinals.

And now the cry arises that the "pernicious influence of Wall Street" is behind this "plot" to educate American half-caste children with the view of their future domination of the islands, and to perpetuate American rule to the prejudice of the "independence" movement. The Bolshevists fear that the influence of these youngsters will militate against the "Red" rule which they desire to see in the Orient.



"Present arms!" Filipino Constabulary drilling at Luzon.

# English Is Better Spoken in America

## "Polate, Refaned Oxfohd" Is Spoiling the Language




WELL! Well! Well! It is as I always thought—the English of Americans is better English than the English of the English. But who would dare say so in face of our Womens' Clubs' great predilection for English "leckchahs" by English "leckchahwahs"? Certainly I should have hesitated, brazen as I am, had not St. John Ervine said it before me. Ervine, as you know, is an English playwright and novelist, besides being dramatic editor of the London *Observer*.

"Americans enunciate English more clearly than English people do," writes Mr. Ervine.

"His Holiness the Pope lately remarked that he understood English better when he heard it from Americans than when he heard it from Englishmen.

"It is idle to tell me that Americans speak dreadfully. Many of them do, but no fair-minded person can deny that educated Americans speak more distinctly than educated English people do.

"The English language is a beautiful language, and we shall be poor servants of our race if we allow it to be corrupted by empty-minded snobs. I have already referred to the fact that the word 'extraordinary' is seldom properly pronounced in England, but is nearly always properly pronounced in America. In England it is commonly pronounced 'extrawdiny.' What a way to speak a fine word!"

"What is one to do," asks Mr. Ervine, "with the parson who whines through the liturgy of the church like a sick hyena? One goes to church and hears a curate debasing the coins of speech by turning a prayer like the third collect of evensong into a miserable moan. How often have we heard that prayer spoken like this:

> "Laten ow deukness, we besee thee, oo Law, and bay Thay gray mehey defen us fawn all pahls and dangahs of theese nate for the lahv of Thay ownly Son, ah Saveyah, Jesas Chreest."

This is what Mr. Ervine calls "the polate Oxford voice." Water is "water," not "wotta"—"and anyone who pronounces it otherwise is either tone-deaf or a silly snob," says Mr. Ervine.

It is Oxford, he says, "polate, refaned Oxfohd" that is spoiling the English language in England.

He sets down a list of words as two university gentlemen mispronounced them:

> "Thahfah" for therefore. "Hoises" for horses. "Seteesfection" for satisfaction. "Deesah" for desire. "Ownly"—a Cockneyism—for only. "Fect" for fact. "Assoom" for assume. "Whah" for where. "Incompeeteble" for incompatible. "Suppowse"—another Cockneyism—for suppose. "Fewchah" for future. "Immejat" for immediate. "Idjat" for idiot. "Ideeah" for idea. "Kerikter" for character.

"Both these gentlemen are university men," says Mr. Ervine. "Is it not awful to think that that sort of lingo is being broadcast all over the country? It is still more awful that it is continually being talked on the stage. There are two places in which we have the right to expect people to speak clearly and well: the church and the theater. These are now nearly the last places in which clear and good speech is heard. I recommend readers to listen to the gentleman who announces the News Bulletins from London over the wireless. He has a fine delivery, and he speaks English, not Oxford.

"Two correspondents wrote to me a little while ago, defending the Oxford voice. They quoted professors to me. One of them actually told me that 'leckchah' and 'fewchah' and similar 'refaned' abominations are the correct South-of-England way of speaking. I regret to say that both my correspondents have been allowing professors to stuff their heads with nonsense.

"I will say nothing about elided r's, for I have said much about them before, and perhaps it is useless to expect English people to deal generously with this rich, resonant letter. But I implore teachers and persons in authority to insist on the Oxford voice being put where the Oxford trousers have now happily been put. If children at schools persist in saying 'leckchah' and 'fewchah,' wallop them. Wallop them hard. Make their hides tingle. Do not let it be said that your child talks 'polately.' Let there be masculinity in our language. And to all curates and priests and bishops I say this, that you should be unfrocked for whining and bleating your way through the loveliest liturgy in the world."

> "AFTER my visit to America I was ashamed to think that I had sometimes made *figure* rhyme with *nigger*. I used to be taught that only Cockneys sounded the *h* in *humor*; now the omission of the aspirate in this word is becoming an aristocratic peculiarity, like the now obsolete *yaller*, *brasslet*, *goold*, *cowcumber*, and *Hargot*. *Di'mond* is, I think, disappearing from West End drawing-rooms, and our daughters will probably call themselves *gurls*, a pronunciation which is still considered 'middle class.' All unaccented syllables tend to coalesce in an *–er* sound. It is said that some school children spell *to* as *ter*, which is the way they pronounce it. I have heard *chune*, for *tune*, and even *taown*, from young women who ought to know better. In an old-fashioned English grammar there appears (shocking to relate), among pairs of 'words which are pronounced alike but spelled differently,' *Indian* and *engine* ('injun!')."
>
> —*Dean Inge.*

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

"FOR the formula of success one must go to the author or lecturer who himself is usually not a conspicuous success, but who claims to know what the necessary ingredients are. The successful man can rarely tell anything of importance. "A few strong instincts, a few plain rules," as Emerson says, mingled with opportunity and bound together with fidelity, that is about the extent that words can go.

Men are always begging the question because there is no agreement as to what constitutes success. When it is pointed out that success is not in the result but in the cause, the statement is met with the shrewd and sceptic observation that it is the result which seems to count. So that there is really little to be gained by hearing or participating in the discussion. Every man who is troubled by the question should give his *own* mind to its solution. When he looks around for ready-made answers he has already demonstrated that even the true answer would mean little to him. Let him rely on his own ability to work the question out. Right or wrong his answer may be, but at least it will be original; and the curse of the age is that there are too few originals —we aspire to be mere copies.

We may set it down that the moment a man grapples with these matters for himself, he has already answered, in action, one of the questions concerning true success.

A recent writer, Basil King, makes a distinction between *success by acquisition* and *success by contribution*. This is a very neat way of putting the opposing points of view: success in *getting* and success in *giving*. No doubt they are related. There is no sound basis for saying that they should or can be separated. The trouble is that, in this order, the cart comes before the horse, the effect before the cause. And yet this order does illustrate their relative importance in most people's minds: getting is reckoned above giving.

Now, in a well-balanced society—and that is what we are moving toward—contribution will consciously precede acquisition. It does precede it even in the present imperfect system. Whatever is taken out, someone has put in. What men are asking is that acquisition shall be in a more reasonable proportion to contribution. But in so asking they have been misled into putting the emphasis on acquisition and steadily decreasing it on contribution. Let this tendency run far enough and we may stop the argument—there will be nothing left to acquire.

However, people seldom wish to philosophize about success—they want to be told how to get it. They want advice. Well, if one has anything to say which he thinks will help, let him say it. The potency of advice does not wholly depend on its wisdom, but partly on the state of mind of him to whom it is offered.

If a young man wants immediately to step into success, let him enter that phase of it which has always invited the better minds, the nobler natures. Let him at once become successful by contribution.

Just what does that mean? It means that he shall successfully do what he is doing. The success of a bakery is its bread; the success of a factory is its product; the success of a store is its service; the success of a job is its completeness and utility. Where are you? Answer that and you will know whether you ever have, of your own accord and actually, with conscious intent and understanding mind, contributed to *the success of the thing you are doing*.

If a man loves success, desires success, deserves success, he will love this phase of it first and preëminently, otherwise there can be no success for him. The success of acquisition is dead coal; but success by contribution is living fire.

Life is a bank in which a large capital has been placed to our account, through no effort and no deserving of our own. We are all born with the costliest of gold spoons in our mouths—life, personality, capacity to grow, to discover, to will, to apply—free gifts beyond price. And we have everything that ever anything was made out of—we have the Earth: given to us: free, sufficient, ever yielding new wealth. With the *mind* to work, with the *matter* to work upon, what success can there possibly be except that of contributing to useful ends that with which we have been so plentifully dowered?

If a young man could only see that his life is not in any man's power, that no foreman or corporation, no, nor social system, can keep him down—that all his destiny is in the hands of beneficent Law—that life's worth to him is measured by what he puts into it—he would at once start to build his life according to the principle of contribution. And then, because there is a Law, the matter of acquisition would begin to work equitably.

This is a clue of priceless value to the young man who can see it.

*THE successful man has nothing important to say about success; he did not achieve it by talk but by toiling at his task. Conspicuous successes are comparatively few because most people think of success as acquisition: it is more correctly contribution. People who are trying to break in by the gate of acquisition are knocking at the wrong door; the entrance to success is by the gate of contribution. Everything that is taken out, someone puts in. How much have you put in? Of your great endowment of life and its powers, how much have you contributed to any service besides your own? It is a good question for checking up one's usefulness.*

**"Ford Ideals," 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## "Aids to Innocence"

THE superior organization of the criminal world is gradually forcing itself upon public notice and, like most other evils, needs only to be *seen* to be destroyed. The police recently captured a noted desperado and multi-murderer. The handcuffs were hardly on him before arrangements for his defense were under way. A $50,000 defense fund. A newspaper syndicate story of his career of crime. His wife in motion pictures. The generosity of fellow-criminals and the curiosity of the public were relied upon to help him fight the law. But other things were under way also. Public knowledge of how the thing is done had the effect of preventing the thing from being done. There will be no motion pictures. There will be no newspaper syndicate story. The chances are there will be no $50,000.

It is not the criminal's superior cleverness but the citizen's preoccupation with legitimate matters that gives the former his seeming power. Once the citizen's attention is enlisted, the criminal's finish is near.

## A Great Shepherd

THE world will long remember Cardinal Mercier. No story of the Great War will omit to tell the heroism of this priest. He was the voice of Belgium crying out against force and injustice, and though force silenced him and justice seemed long delayed, the moral heroism of his protest kept it clamant and potent to the end. It is rather strange now to think that Germany was first morally defeated by a woman, Edith Cavell, and by a priest, Cardinal Mercier. His was the first voice to remind the world that conscience still was free, the first voice that had no truckling in it. Of course, he was in other ways a great man, else he could not have been great when the great occasion came. It was not an instance of the ecclesiastic eking out the stature of the man, but the man giving stature to the ecclesiastic. As a man and a Christian he became in a day the world's symbol of the unconquerable might of moral courage on the side of justice.

## Peary, Cook and Questions

CAPTAIN ROALD AMUNDSEN, discoverer of the South Pole, did a commendable act when recently he visited Dr. Frederick A. Cook in prison. Captain Amundsen is reported to have said in a lecture that Cook's claims to have discovered the North Pole stand on as good grounds as Peary's, and that Peary's story told practically nothing that Cook's story had not told months before. This is the view also held in England, where the controversy has been reopened. There it has been questioned, and quite seriously by competent men, whether Peary found the Pole. It may be that Captain Amundsen hits near the truth when he says: "It is possible that neither of them reached the pole." The question will probably be settled by airplane. The air-route has superseded the ice-route, and the next ten years will bring us more knowledge of the arctic regions than we have gained since arctic explorations began.

## Russian Oil—Soviet Oil

THE name "Russian" is still respectable. It goes as of yore in literature, art and personality. The names "Soviet" and "Bolshevik" are suspected of the world. The Soviets will not forward letters addressed to Russia; they must be addressed to the United Soviet Socialist Republics—the U. S. S. R. Yet when it comes to selling the oil of Russia, the Soviets cling to the old name—R. O. P.—Russian Oil Products. That name is good in trade; S. O. P. would not be. And considering that before Bolshevism the oil producer had to pay a royalty to the government, a 20 per cent income tax, and higher wages for a shorter day than the Soviets now allow to Russian workmen, the "Russian" business must be immensely profitable to the Soviets, who take everything from royalty to profits.

## Candlelight and Immortality

A CANDLELIGHT teaches Immortality. Dr. Henry Norris Russell, a Princeton astronomer, says:

"Just as the heated matter in the flame of a star sets something going which we call light, which goes on, away from its source into the ether, so that complex system, the human body, may originate something—the soul—which belongs to another realm (which, to give it a name, we may call spiritual), and persist there, after the body has disintegrated. In this realm the souls of men still exist."

Then he gives us a simple illustration: that of a tiny candle burning. We pucker our lips and blow it out. The flame disappears. But it has not been blown out. We have merely stopped the chemical processes of combustion. The light from that candle still goes on, out into space, and it will endure forever.

That is Immortality.

## *Burbank—"Infidel"*

MR. LUTHER BURBANK wishes to be regarded as an infidel. He exhibits a rather unusual relish for the word, unusual except in callow minds. It is sometimes found in youngsters who are sowing their philosophic wild oats. But the word itself continues in use among those who do not understand its meaning. Mr. Burbank thinks he would like to be known as a "true infidel," but if he succeeds in his desire he will first have to be one. And if he becomes one, he will be the first since the dawn of intelligence. The human mind is constitutionally unable to support true infidelity or atheism. Even the lowest forms of barbarism have failed to produce an atheistic tribe. Atheism, which is the heart of infidelism, simply does not exist, and cannot coexist with sanity. So that in this respect, like all amateurs in this field, Mr. Burbank does not know what he is talking about. It looks well in a newspaper headline but it does not stand analysis. Especially when, immediately following the stupendous statement, Mr. Burbank goes on to tell what he does believe. One ten-thousandth part of the least significant item of what he says he believes removes him far, far from the remotest chance of ever achieving his boyish desire to be a "true infidel." The dictionary is very useful as a starting point for such discussions.

## *Should Doctors Speak?*

THEY are having a row across the water with reference to medical instruction through the press. A doctor gave some information about colds to a reporter who, in printing the matter for the public benefit, inadvertently mentioned the doctor's name, whereupon the General Medical Council removed the doctor's name from its register of practicing physicians. It was shown that the doctor expressly forbade the use of his name, but that made no difference. Now the whole question is up for discussion. The United States, of course, is used as the chief example of the good and bad of medical publicity. Good in this, that it has medical publicity; bad in this, that most of the doctors who write do not practice, and most of the doctors who practice do not write. The United States method has the disadvantage (not through connivance of the medical profession, however) of opening up the news columns to dangerous publicity for all sorts of fakes—take the columns of telegraphic news given to Abrams' "box" for example. But on the whole, the American method seems to be the best that has thus far been evolved. The wider and more intelligent the public acquaintance with medical problems, discoveries and counsel, the better for the public health.

## *Military Training of Students*

IF ONE were persuaded that military training is being abolished in schools and colleges for the reasons officially given, the movement would have a different appearance. When certain people say,"if we wish our children to be good patriots we must first train them to be good citizens," there is no disagreement with that; but when they begin their training in citizenship by throwing aspersions on citizen defense, then we have a right to be troubled, even suspicious, yes and antagonistic. A Board of Education, which recently abolished military training in the public schools, was studied by this writer for some knowledge of its motive, and nothing was found beyond the statements made in a particularly virulent and recently widely distributed pacifist pamphlet of the most piffling variety. Yes, there was a general expression of desire to train the children in citizenship, but as to the citizen's duty to defend his country and his home, and training him in that, there was the strongest opposition.

Now, no one stands for the militarizing of the schools. And so far as is known, that has never been attempted. But it has always been recognized that exercise in group formation is beneficial to schoolboys. Since the World War taught the terrible price which a nation pays for unpreparedness in its men (this nation is always prepared in everything but men), it has been suggested that physical training and military training, where they run along together, might be advantageously combined in the larger schools. And it has been successfully done. Its very success has challenged the opposition of the professional pacifists.

In any case, such training should be elective. In no case has the complaint against training come from the pupils who have taken it. In most cases, where pacifism influenced the educational board, the students themselves have continued their training.

That is the fact which stands out in strange contrast to the pacifist propaganda around our educational boards: the American student himself is not a mollycoddle, he thinks it no damage to his character to accustom himself to the thought that a male citizen's duty to his country includes its defense; he thinks it no disgrace to his person to accustom it to the duties that may be required; in short, he is always more American than are the mixed racial elements of the educational boards that forbid him to face his duty.




***The Man from France*** came into The Office. "All that you read of the French Government is, of course, true," said he, "but don't make the mistake of judging the nation by the government. You in the United States once drove a line of distinction between the German people and the Prussian Government. You must think in the same way of France. In probably no land, except China, can you witness the same spectacle of a government so completely detached from the people. The French nation is fairly prosperous; the French Government is bankrupt. The French Government is more or less a side issue, like a private business in whose financial difficulties the public have no interest. French industry is very busy; they are even importing labor; but the government has little if anything to do with it. The French Government is apparently worrying a little about the foreign debt; but you can bet your last franc that the French people are not.

"To show what France and Spain think of each other, now that they are allies in the war against the Riffs: it is told in both countries that France got into the war on the side of Spain for the purpose of helping the Riffs. Incredible as such a story would seem in America, it is not told without much circumstantial embellishment. Desiring Spain to be whipped, France could not openly assist to that end, but by becoming Spain's ally and contriving to have enough men and munitions captured by the Riffs, France could effect a virtual reinforcement of Riffian military strength. So, you hear in Spain, whenever French guns and troops are captured: 'There go more troops and guns to the Riffs.' It is a delightful confidence such stories breed between peoples, isn't it?"

---

"Well," said the ***Man from South Bend,*** "you can say what you like about farming standing on its own bottom, but I happen to know farms that were managed right up to the hilt and hardly got by last year. It is all very well to say that farms must stand on their own bottom, and so they could, if steel mills stood on their own bottom, too, and if railroads did. But the farmer, unorganized as he is, is compelled to do business in every direction with highly organized interests, and not only that, with interests that the government has stepped in to help make profits. Still, a man doesn't always know what to stand for—whether the subtraction of this government protection from other businesses, or the addition of it to the farmer's business. After all the political pow-wow of the last thirty years, we are no nearer the solution than we ever were. There is more needing correction in our system than merely the farmer's methods. I would include the banker's methods too. But the moment you do that, you are rated as an anarchist. Yet money is one of the farmer's troubles, and it is harder for a farmer to get $100 than for a wheat speculator to get half a million. No one on earth pays so high a rate of interest as the farmer. Does anybody think that so-called farm legislation is going to help the farmer there? Not so long as the financial lobby knows it. That is what the Government is up against; it has been in partnership with money interests so long that it just cannot throw them over. Imagine Mr. Mellon approving anything that lowers the interest rate! Yet every other line of business strives for efficiency in lowering its prices. Did you ever hear of a bank proving its greater banking efficiency by lowering its interest rate—to borrowers—in order to start competition with other banks? I guess not."

---

***The Play Teacher*** came into The Office. He is not much impressed with professional athletics, or even spectacular amateur athletics, from the standpoint of play. "When the boy makes the big college team, there is no more play left in it for him; it is just work. And after he has made his mark in collegiate athletics there is mighty little taste for play left in him anyway. He is always measuring himself against professional perfection, and that kills the play spirit. Only amateurs can play. 'Records' kill play.

"The best play to take up is something you can keep up all through your life. Most people leave off play because the games of their youth are too strenuous for their age. The main thing about it is not the *game* or the *exercise* but the sense of having been *playing*. People think you mean games when you say *play*. Games are only means of playing. If you can't *play* when you are playing them, you are not *playing*. It is play we want. Not expertness in some game. Not even physical exercise gained through the movements of the game. But *play*—playing as children play, with fun and laughter and forgetfulness. If you don't get that out of your golf, or tennis, or football, or bridge, you are not *playing*."

---

***The Letter Man*** came into The Office with the following missive, the writer of which in a "N. B." pleads, "Is there no way you can get these facts to Mellon and Frank B. Kellogg?" Anyway, the letter fairly represents a stratum of opinion in this country.

"A little comment on your editorial 'Recognizing Bolshevism.'

"Recognizing Russia may be recognizing Bolshevism, I'll grant that. Now, what is Bolshevism? What is the Fascisti? They are only political parties in their respective countries. We have the Republican party, and the Democratic party in this country. Possibly a Progressive party. In 1924 when there was a contest for Presidency, the governing body (the Manufacturers Ass'n) gave a warning that unless Coolidge was elected the whole country would be idle. They might just as well have said it is 'verboten' to vote against him.

"Could Bolshevism do any worse than give us Prohibition, or rob the Veterans Bureau, or pilfer the oil reserves, or use their offices to supply their favored Bootlegger with permits. The people have short memories, but yours is not so short, that you do not remember these 'trifling' incidents. Perhaps you will remember the names of Charles R. Forbes, Harry Daugherty, E. L. Doheny, Albert B. Fall, and others.

"Right before our eyes they are trying to make us believe they are giving us a tax reduction by reducing income tax. The facts given in the Congressional chamber prove who is getting the reduction. I never paid more than $16.00 a year, as long as it has been in existence, and some years I didn't pay any. The poor class of people never complained about the income tax. Now, why is Mellon so enthusiastic.

"The only thing the people of the country are kicking about is that they have to use their home for a brewery, and be in 'hot water' all the time that a government agent is going to come and upset his home, arrest him, and fine him $100.00 plus. Then they try to make us believe they are doing us a favor by giving us a few dollars a year thru Income Tax reduction. We are willing to pay the 1924 rate of income tax, if we can get something to drink that won't make us sick.

"The sad part of all is that the cities, states and governments are building schools and universities of all kinds to educate us, and then try to dupe us on minor problems such as these.

"We don't want Bolshevism in this country. We want a free country. Now, what can we do to get it in these United States?"

---

***The Man from Washington*** dropped into The Office. " 'Herbie' Hoover's very brave attack on the British Empire—single-handed, too!—is regarded in Washington as having possible political bearings. You know, 'Herbie' wants to be President. He exerts more direct influence over the United States right now, by reason of the concentration of powers in his Department, than the President does. His closest friends tell him that he cannot be President. These friends include the most astute political writer in the country. And one of the things urged against 'Herbie' is that he is too gol-darned British. The greater part of his early life, you know, was spent with British interests. So something had to be done to show that he could square away against the British Empire, if necessary. There was rubber! They say the English have no sense of humor, but Hoover has certainly set them all laughing, from Land's End to John O' Groat's."

# ROMANTIC RASCALS

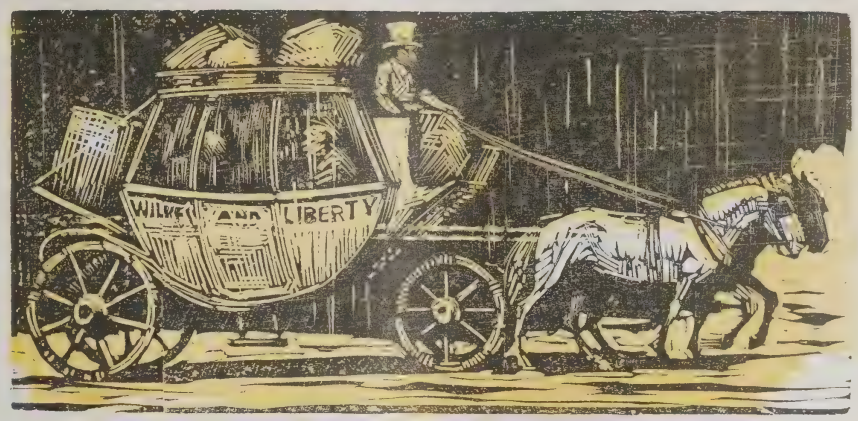
(Concluding the Series)

## John Wilkes

### Made "Liberty" a Catchword to Climb Into Mob Favor

By CHARLES J. FINGER

(Copyright, 1926, by Charles J. Finger)




WOOD BLOCKS CUT BY PAUL HONORE

Men and ladies of all ranks were required to mark "Wilkes and Liberty" on their coaches.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, traveling through England wide-eyed and curious, wondered to see the legend "Wilkes and No. 45 for ever," chalked up on so many doors and walls. He was by no means new to watchwords and the commonplaces of patriotism, and, for a time, could not quite decide to his own satisfaction whether Wilkes was a firebrand or a patriot, but at last compromised with himself by expressing amazement at the freedom of expression tolerated in a country choked with quaint usages and outworn statutes. It struck him that there was a curious balance between an organized aristocracy on the one hand, and an organized people on the other, and, above all, that there was a ready tolerance for expressed opinion.

"'Tis really an extraordinary event," he wrote, "to see an outlaw and exile of bad character, not worth a farthing, come over from France, set himself up as a candidate for the capital of the kingdom, miss his election only by being too late in his application, and immediately carrying it for the principal county. The mob, spirited up by numbers of different ballads, sung or roared in every street, requiring gentlemen and ladies of all ranks as they passed in their carriages to shout for 'Wilkes and Liberty,' marking the same words on coaches with chalk, and 'No. 45' on every door, which extends a vast way along the roads into the country. I went last week to Winchester, and observed that for fifteen miles out of town there was scarcely a door unmarked; and this continued here and there quite to Winchester, which is sixty-four miles away."

Franklin had stepped into the middle of a popular madness, and into a time when a newfangled watchword flew abroad like wildfire. He saw the masses swayed by a blind prejudice, saw them following the guidance, more or less erratic, of a man who knew very well what he wanted and how to get it. For the popular hero, John Wilkes, was one of those shrewd plotters who know the value of mouth-filling phrases. He was a political rhetorician of flamboyant boastings and high promises who had learned that it is easy to deceive those who wish to be deceived, to furnish notions for those incapable of original thought. He was one well skilled in the art of starting movements, of wire pulling,of winning popularity by dubious methods. He found that it paid and paid well to pose as the ministering angel obeying the Voice, and was big with the I-want-to-fight-for-the-rights-of-the-people attitude. What was more, he knew the mobbishness of the mob quite as thoroughly as did Napoleon, or that Nicholas of Cologne who started the Children's Crusade, and that his followers would never see that he had no higher aim than his own aggrandizement he took for granted.

John Wilkes was born in London in the year 1727. He started with odds against him for he was plain to the point of ugliness and had an inhuman squint and a rasping grin. He was a hard drinker, a gambler and a libertine. He became eloquent and full of social graces, was intensely selfish, and, although without originality, was quick to seize upon the ideas of others, and, slightly transforming them, give them the stamp of his own individuality. He was hungry for notoriety, full of sharpness and cunning, able to flatter individual or crowd, and laughed at those who were his tools and boasted of his success in imposition. Because of some of these qualities he was received by tens of thousands as a genuine overthrower of a bad system, and on his death an obelisk was erected at Ludgate Circus bearing the inscription written by himself, "The Remains of John Wilkes, A Friend to Liberty."

No man ever better carried water on both shoulders. Posing as a reformer and man of the people, he associated with titled rakes, with literary men, with foreign magnates and with high-minded idealists. When Lord Despencer founded his mock order of Franciscans, the Medmenham monks as they called themselves, Wilkes was one of them and took a lively interest in the formation of the Hell-Fire club that grew out of the organization. He was a shining light in the Old Cogers club in Shoe Lane where such men of wit as Judge Keogh, and Daniel O'Connell, and the eloquent Curran congregated. There were few public hangings outside of Newgate that he did not attend. He could pass from grave to gay in a moment and if there were contradictions in his conduct, well and good, the task of reconciliation could be left to others.

Controversy about him paid handsomely. To indulge in controversy where his material advancement was not served, was a waste of time. As for theory and practice, they were worlds asunder. While city alderman, talking large about example and character and tne rights of the individual, he was scandalizing his friend, W. Stafford, by writing to the charming Mrs. Stafford letters in which he called her "sovereign of my soul," and fell into enthusiasms with "if heaven had made me the guardian, protector, the, oh, rapture!—the possessor of those wondrous beauties and graces," and so on. "Give me," he said, on one occasion, "fifteen minutes start with a woman against the handsomest man in England, and I'll win. Your good-looking man forgets the effect of attention. I have to flatter to win, and flattery never fails with a woman."

As for laughing at his dupes, there is the classic instance when he, and his opponent Colonel Lutterell, stood for election, and the Wilkites were ninety per cent strong at a meeting.

"You see them," said Wilkes to his opponent. "Tell me, are there more fools than rogues shouting for me."

The Colonel eyed his opponent scornfully and replied: "Where would your hopes be if I told them what you said?"

"Where they are now," said Wilkes. "I would say that you lied, and they would tear you to pieces in ten minutes."

*How Wilkes Overcame Dr. Johnson*

But Wilkes' master stroke was to overcome the staunch old Tory, Dr. Johnson, to whom all rebels, George Washington included, were anathema. We get a glimpse of the Wilkes' method from Boswell. It was at a dinner party, and the old oracle looked askance at the demagogue, was indeed displeased to see him there. Boldly, Wilkes took his seat at the table by the doctor, and, knowing the man's weakness for a good meal, applied himself assiduously to loading his neighbor's plate, calling attention to a dish of roast veal. It was "pray let me help you to some . . . A little of the brown. And some fat, sir. A little of this stuffing. Some gravy? Let me have the pleasure of giving you some butter," and so on, until Dr. Johnson lost his surly virtue and became complacent, so complacent that he was completely won over. "Jack," said he, "has a great variety of talk. Jack is a scholar and has the manners of a gentleman . . . I would do Jack a kindness rather than not."

Wilkes found the secret of his sort of success when it dawned upon him that there was a great section of the public always agog for a new excitement. He had seen people forsaking their affairs for any new thing; for a sight of Dr. Dover the pirate who became physician; for a glimpse of the strong man of Topham; for a look at the Gunning sisters famed for their beauty. He had seen the whole town give easy currency to any preposterous notion, as when a crazed lifeguardsman foretold the destruction of London by an earthquake, upon which a frantic terror took the population and the roads leading to the country were crowded with vehicles, while a keen-minded merchant made a little fortune out of his obsolete stock, selling what he called "earthquake gowns for sleeping out of doors." There had been other crazes, for Theodore of Corsica, for Dr. Graham, for Psalmanazar of Formosa who told of impossible wonders. In each and every case any new form of mental dissipation served to interest and excite. So Wilkes resolved to mold the plastic material to his own use.

*He Called King George a Liar*

He chose journalism as his means, and his paper, the *North Briton*, first appeared on May 29, 1762. The earlier numbers were innocuous, but soon, political sensations and outrageous personalities became the ordinary diet. He had the gift of clever phrase making and he had a vigorous style that held the attention. He also had courage and, when taken to task, was ready to back up the pen with the pistol. For instance, when he ridiculed Lord Talbot's horsemanship at George III's coronation and Talbot objected, Wilkes became more sarcastic. Then Talbot challenged him to a duel and Wilkes met him on the field. Shots were fired but no one was hurt. The case was different when Mr. Martin took offense because of a printed insult, for Wilkes received a ball in the stomach which sent him to bed where he "was all spirits and riot" says Walpole, and his artfulness, pride and vanity made him new adherents.

But the climax came with No. 45 of the *North Briton* when, in an editorial, both iconoclastic and insolent, Wilkes aimed high, charging the king with uttering falsehoods in a speech from the throne. In a flash, Wilkes had all the notoriety he desired. At the same time there appeared a pamphlet fathered by Wilkes called *An Essay on Women*, which was denounced as obscene. So, making himself conspicuously objectionable, Wilkes had attacked two great prejudices.

*A Spell of Hero Worship and Hysteria*

Two days after the appearance of No. 45, Lord Halifax issued a general warrant against author, editor, publisher and printer, and there was an official raid in which papers were seized, Wilkes was arrested and placed in the Tower of London on a charge of sedition, and the printer was hauled to a less dignified jail. In that, outraged authority overstepped itself and failed to observe that respect for tradition and regard for precedent for which Milton had written and fought. The error was soon rectified in a way by Chief Justice Pratt who handed down his opinion that the imprisonment under the circumstances was illegal, ordered the release of Wilkes under bond, and awarded the printer three hundred pounds by way of damages for false imprisonment. Wilkes was behind the printer's suit, testing matters with an eye to his own future proceedings. The printer's victory was his victory and he saw to it that the result was noised abroad.

All that awoke the popular tendency to hero worship and hysteria. Of the rights and wrongs of the case, Tom, Dick and Harry knew nothing and cared less. Wilkes had been in prison for telling king and cabinet what's what, and Wilkes had somehow found his liberty. That was enough, and it was not clear why Wilkes should be tried again. And Wilkes was willing and glad to trade on ignorance. So there was raised the cry of "Conspiracy against Liberty" and it was taken up readily enough. In the eyes of the crowd Wilkes stood as a martyr. He was the tribune of the people. He was a blunt, spirited, rollicking and untame fellow whose sturdy openness was distasteful to organized authority. "Wilkes and Liberty" became a street cry. Men and boys were Wilkites or anti-Wilkites and the mania spread through the town and from the town to the country. Wilkes stood as the embodiment of social blessedness and men talked of victory and the gory field, though thousands who did so did not know Wilkes from Nebuchadnezzar.

*When Wilkes Became an Outlaw*

Then came one of those strange popular madnesses that sometimes seize multitudes. The offensive No. 45 was considered by Parliament and declared to be a "scandalous and seditious libel," and ordered burnt by the common hangman in Cheapside. December 3, 1763, when the city sheriff and the hangman appeared to perform the silly rite, they found men gathered in knots and crowds, and soon the cry "Wilkes and Liberty" was raised. Streets and alleys vomited people then, people lowering and angry and ready for mischief, and soon stones were thrown, then there was an ugly rush and some were hurt.

That was the beginning. Wilkes, who had lighted the blaze, fled to France and was legally outlawed, but the fire spread. Everywhere there seemed to be vigor and violence, and Wilkes leaped into the stature of a giant. He was elected to Parliament, elected alderman, and doubtless could have been elected king if that office was filled by Demos and his votes. Returning to London it was as though a national savior had appeared, and his progress was a triumphal procession. Men seized him, carried him shoulder high, pulled his carriage through the streets to Guildhall and the cry "Wilkes and Liberty" made the night a time of terror.

*He Sued Lord Halifax for Damages*

Meanwhile legal technicalities delayed matters, and there were misunderstandings and entanglements. Difficult knots had to be unraveled and much was to be set straight, things having been done that should not have been done by overenthusiastic officials. But Wilkes, with the decision of the lesser case in mind, sued Lord Halifax for damages because of arrest under an illegal general warrant, and was awarded four thousand pounds damages. While that left the original charge of sedition and the publication of obscene matter undisposed of, an hysterical public, looking at appearances, saw Wilkes emerging victorious. He had, apparently, won over his enemies, and all other trials were actuated by vindic-

(Concluded on page 32)

# Back-Tracking Man Through the Ages

## It May Be an Arrow-Point, a Potshard or Rude Writings on the Face of the Rocks

By SAMUEL HUBBARD

Curator of Archeology, Oakland Public Museum.



DID you ever trail a wounded buck into a pathless forest? There was a light fall of snow the night before, and it is melting fast in the rays of the morning sun. A telltale drop of crimson on a white patch of snow assures you that he passed that way. There are fresh tracks in the mud leading to the next patch of snow. With infinite pains and patience you follow the trail. A broken twig, a twisted leaf, a splash of mud; nothing escapes your keen eye and the concentration of mind which guides it. A primitive instinct compels you, backed by unnumbered and unknown ancestors who have done this very thing.

The trail leads down a cañon to the river; across the river to a wooded flat; across the flat to the base of the mountain; around the mountain, one mile, two miles, three miles, and at last success, the game is yours. Then you straighten up and look about, and you are suddenly overwhelmed with a realizing sense that you are *lost*. In the concentration of following the trail all landmarks have been forgotten. The whole country has an unfamiliar look and you know you have never been there before. You stand as a primitive man in a primitive wilderness, with only one link connecting you with safety, civilization and home; and that is the back-track.

Back-tracking Man through the Ages is something like that. A broken arrow-point, a shard of pottery, a circle of stones with a telltale bit of charcoal, spell a human home with a fire, and so bit by bit and piece by piece the picture is recreated. The trail leads into a strange country. The earth as we know it now is different from the earth as it was then. What is now land was then water, and what is now water was then land. Enormous pressure raised continents out of the sea, and submerged other vast lands beneath the engulfing waves. Great lakes occupied areas which are now deserts, and queer animals were then abundant which have long since become extinct. Forests of giant trees decked the mountain sides, and all that is now left of them is their petrified trunks of colored stone, bearing mute witness to their former splendor.



Upper left—Chalking carvings under the rostrum of the high priest. Circle—Temple carved on cliff at Grapevine Canon.

There is a striking analogy between the "stream of humanity" and a great river system, and as the trail we are following will lead us into the Grand Cañon region, we will use the Colorado River as an example of what is meant.

Just as the mighty Colorado River rises in some misty mountain in the unseen distance, and augmented by rills, brooks, springs, creeks, rivulets, rivers and tributaries, fights its way downward through rocks and rapids, through gorges and stupendous cañons to the peaceful plains, and finally mingles its tawny flood with the waters of the ocean, so the "human stream" comes from some misty mountain of the past.

First as individuals, as hunters and herdsmen, then as families, clans, tribes, nations and finally empires, this human stream comes roaring down the ages. Fighting its way against wild beasts, and against each other; against cold and hunger; against flood and drought; against fire and famine and pestilence. Down through the great cañons of the ages, this human stream is endeavoring to reach the "plains of peace" which stand by the "ocean of eternity."

Just as the river is made of drops of water, so this human river is made of people. Just as the molecules of water are hydrogen and oxygen, so the molecules of this other river are Man and Woman. "Male and female created He them." These unite to replenish the stream and thus keep it flowing forever.

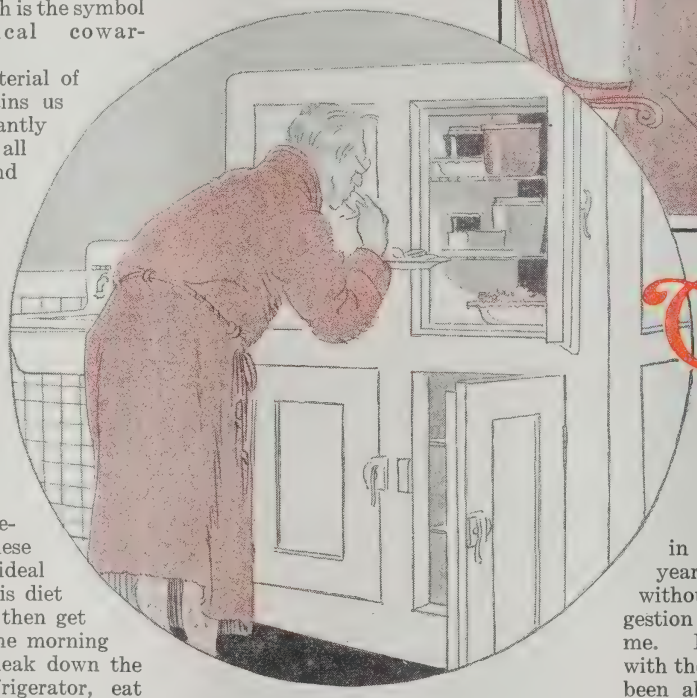
The question naturally arises, what have these people of the past to do with us of the present? The answer is very definite. We now know that our bodies are composed of billions of cells which reproduce each other continually without conscious volition on our part. All these cells are manufactured by our own bodies except (Concluded on page 25)

# The Joys of WHAT

## The Story of a Man Who Became a Dietetic Anarchist and Felt Much Better After Indiscriminate Raids on the Family Refrigerator



"Sneak down the back stairs to the refrigerator, eat everything in sight, and get well."



A MAN'S best friend is his stomach. Also his worst enemy.

It seems strange that, although we own our own stomachs, we do not control them. They are constantly doing things we don't approve of, and getting us into all sorts of difficulties. A conference of doctors sitting on a man's stomach is the symbol of our gastronomical cowardice.

Food is the raw material of our discontent; it sustains us in our errors. It is constantly being thrust at us from all points of the compass; and we haven't the heart, or the stomach, to refuse.

I spent ten years of my life trying to gain ten pounds, and the rest of my life trying to lose them.

A man will go to six doctors, each of whom will diagnose his case and give him a typewritten diet list. These lists will all be different, although by all of them his trouble is declared the same. From these lists he will compile an ideal diet. He will live on this diet for three days, and will then get up at three o'clock in the morning with a gnawing pain, sneak down the back stairs to the refrigerator, eat everything in sight, and get well.

There were two things I never could take, namely, bananas and coffee. Every time I ate a banana I curled up and passed out. Every time I drank coffee, which was every day, I felt worse, until at the end of a period of about three weeks, I would be laid up with a stomach attack. I accepted these attacks with composure, looked forward to them with a certain premeditated joy and would have been disappointed if they didn't come off. You can dramatize your stomach just as much as you can a set of flowing alfalfa whiskers, assuming that those adornments are in style (and I hear they are coming back, probably to offset the bobbed hair).

When I took a banana, of which I was passionately fond, I would say: "I know this is going to kill me, but what's a few gripes?" Similarly, I would summon what endurance I possessed to withstand the attack.

I had everything there was that any man has, who has a stomach, and more. During these intervals of utter collapse, I had tried every system of diet known to the ingenuity and imagination of man. I had lived on buttermilk and bacilli. No Bulgarian microbe, no matter how poverty-stricken he looked, was ever turned away from the entrance to my alimentary canal. If he didn't have rubbers, I supplied them. I maintained the finest army of Bulgarian microbes known to history, in splendor never before equaled. The name of a new stomach specialist I had never before heard of was more fascinating to me than the feeling of an astronomer "when a new planet swims into his ken." Tortured and terrorized, I struggled through a decade of doubt, despair and convulsions. Colic was my recreation.

One day, inspired by a complete and devastating hopelessness, I came to a sudden resolution. I had tried everything else and failed. There was nothing more to live for. I determined to see what would really happen if I gave my poor old derelict stomach a run for its money.

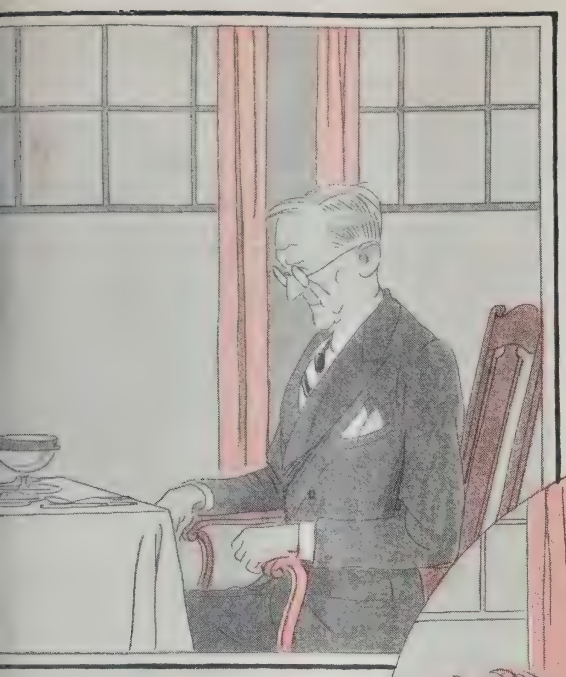
Forthwith, I went out and bought a bunch of bananas. Attached to them in my colicky dreams for years, and unable to eat them without pain, for years the suggestion of them had whipsawed me. I determined now to have it out with them. A man once told me he had been able to eat them if he scraped them after removing the wrapper. I had tried that but it was no use.

The bunch I bought was ripe, I will say that for it. I determined, however, to eat them, green, blue or purple.

I sat down and stuffed myself on those bananas. I am weak on statistics, but my recollection is that the first day I got away with eighteen.

At luncheon on that first day I ordered two cups of coffee. My poor wife, horrified, tried her best to stop me. But I had nerved myself up to the ordeal. With me it was do or die.

Looking back on this adventure, I can now state with perfect truth that it took sublime courage to make that first plunge. I had accepted the possibilities and was fully prepared to pass out before night, with all my colors nailed to the mast. To my astonishment and delight I experienced the first real comfort I had had for months. Not only did the bananas and coffee—along with other reckless things—agree with me perfectly but they appeared to be the one particular combination I had been waiting for all my life. Then, like Alexander, I began

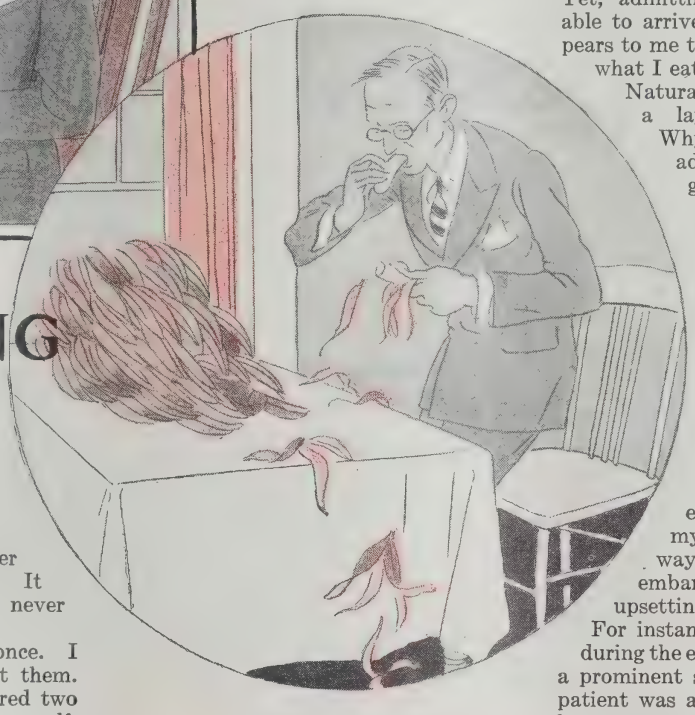


By

THOMAS L. MASSON

ILLUSTRATED BY RUSSELL H. LEGGE

"I sat down and stuffed myself on those bananas."



# of EATING E LIKE

to look about me for other major foods to conquer. It occurred to me that I had never been able to eat lobster.

I demanded lobsters at once. I fought to get them, but I got them. The following Sunday I devoured two large ones with dressing I made myself, of olive oil, mustard and vinegar. I went to bed that night and slept like a baby. For almost as many years as I could remember, I had never slept through a night without pain. I had been pronounced guilty of acute acidosis, fallen stomach, adhesions, ulcers, et cetera, yet here I was getting away with murder in the form of lobsters, bananas and coffee. In the face of a tortured experience extending over many years, here was a miracle happening not only before my eyes but inside of me. It is quite impossible to describe the exhilarating effect which comes with the release from a thralldom like this. Something mysterious, evidently all-powerful, had happened, and yet the cause was by no means plain. Of course, I had seen and talked with many persons who ate what they pleased, never gave it a thought and were strong and healthy. But here was a case of chronic indigestion, extending over a long period of time, which had baffled at least twenty specialists, and which suddenly disappeared in defiance of every known rule. The only thing which the doctors were agreed upon was that I was tubercular (I had come near dying of tuberculosis, having previously been given up by seven doctors). I had led a sedentary so-called brain worker's life and there was not enough resistance to overcome the effect of certain foods. I had been regulated beyond measure, had played golf by prescription, slept outdoors, had my predetermined food weighed and my hours of sleep carefully scheduled. During all this time I had managed to recover from the lung trouble, so severe that one-half of one lung was gone and one hemorrhage after another had kept me guessing. Yet in spite of all this I had kept going, nearly always in pain, the tuberculosis occurring twenty years ago and the affair with the bananas six years later: that is to say, for fourteen years after I had recovered from the tuberculosis I still had acute indigestion until suddenly—within 24 hours—it left me.

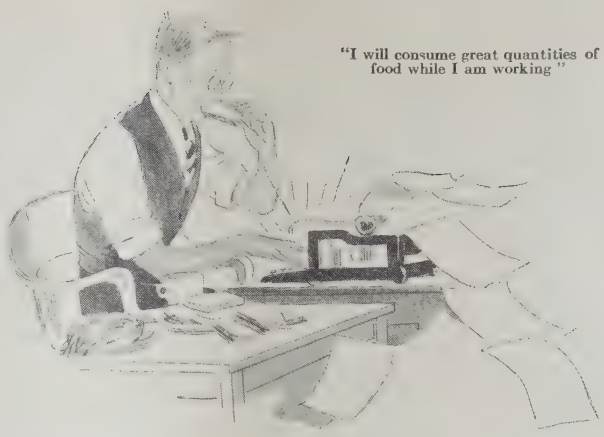
For the first week after my release I went about in a dazed state: whenever I felt like it I ate a banana and drank a couple cups of coffee—any time, any hour—just to make sure I wasn't dreaming. The thing seemed incredible. I may say now, after so many years of release, it still seems incredible—in a way. We may say what we please, but no one of us is quite certain ever that what he thinks is really true. Doctors account for these sudden cures in various ways, according to their various schools and beliefs. We are all of us building up rules and systems and laws, only to have them ruthlessly torn down and replaced by others. We are confronted with mysteries: we should go slow in forming definite conclusions about anything. Yet, admitting all this I have been able to arrive at something which appears to me to be sound with regard to what I eat.

Naturally, no doctor admits that a layman knows anything. Why should he? If he did admit it, he would have to go out of business. Besides, it is reasonable to suppose that a doctor who spends from four to eight years in studying knows more than one who hasn't. The main difficulty lies in the fact that there is always something beyond the sphere of merely physical observation and research which no doctor can ever get at: and this mysterious something is always stepping in at the most embarrassing moment and upsetting the whole treatment. For instance, I recall quite vividly during the early part of the war having a prominent surgeon tell me that if a patient was a cigaret smoker and had been operated upon, they had discovered that it was better practice to let him have cigarets, rather than to withhold them. It was a habit and to interrupt a habit like that put an additional strain on—what?—well, I suppose on the patient's morale.

It is not uncommon for a number of doctors, each one observing a patient, to arrive at diametrically opposite conclusions and to prescribe opposite systems of diet. Beyond this physical line is that mysterious realm of thought and feeling and it is within this realm—or because of it—that the charlatan works. It was one of those "tried-everything-else" cases with which most of us are familiar. But in this instance I had merely abandoned everything, resolved to do or die

And when upon the vantage ground I found myself, with apparently a safe margin, I sat down and thought about it calmly, to see if I could discover what it was that had cured me. I then came, quite slowly, to the conclusion which so startled me, namely: that *there never had been anything the matter with me.* I had

been imposed upon all my life by a set of conventions each one of which had added to my fears. My reason for thinking this was based upon a simple and, to me, quite obvious fact, that what we are afraid of is the thing that gets us because we are afraid of it. Then, again, when I began to question calmly some of the statements made, I saw quite plainly that they were guesses and could not be proved by any known system of logic. I had been told that ice water was bad for the digestion. One of the most prominent doctors in Boston denied this in a book. One man told me that rich cream in coffee was bad because it coagulated, et cetera. How did he know? We know, of course, the effect of certain chemical changes, but we do not know how they affect the temperament in human beings. The moment anyone told me I was not to eat a certain thing, I went out and ate it at once.



"I will consume great quantities of food while I am working"

What I really discovered was this: Owing to the conventions imposed upon us, a system of living which is good enough for the average doesn't take into consideration the feelings and requirements of exceptional persons and this leads us to eat too often when we are not hungry and not to eat when we are hungry. For example, if I came home at night, after a hard day's work, and refused to eat, my wife immediately jumped to the conclusion that I was "fixing" for another attack. I would, therefore, eat what I didn't want to appease her anxiety.

But just as soon as I had established the fact that my feelings were the only and best guide for my stomach, then I faced my wife with the facts. It took some time to convince her that when I just sat at the table and ate nothing at all, I was quite all right. As soon as she discovered, however, that I was very much easier to live with than before, that I had no more attacks, she fell into line with astonishing rapidity.

I then put into effect this rule of never eating when I was not hungry and of eating what I wanted when I was hungry. Occasionally one has to break this rule in company, but, when the family understands, it can be followed very well, and without embarrassment. I frequently go for a day without food, or on some days I will eat five meals. I agree with Arnold Bennett that the amount of food one eats depends upon how much brain work a man is doing. If, for example, I am writing a long story, I will consume great quantities of food of all sorts while I am working. But the period of relaxation immediately succeeding means no appetite at all.

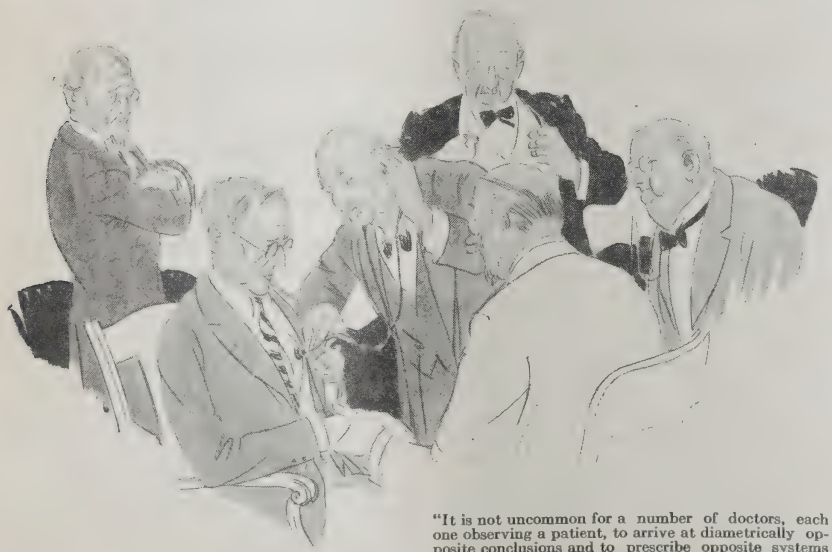
I believe the generally accepted statement that we eat too much food is good only in this way: that we eat too much at the wrong time, and probably too little at the right time, just because the recollection of how we suffered from overfeeding at the wrong time affects us.

It is not easy at first to be guided solely by one's feelings. But it comes with experience.

In my case I was easily able to do twice the work I did before, with ease.

So that, after all, what we eat and how much we eat is governed by circumstances, and in turn these circumstances should be governed by common sense.

It is not so much what we eat as when we eat it. Food, like medicine, must, to be effective, be taken at the right time.



"It is not uncommon for a number of doctors, each one observing a patient, to arrive at diametrically opposite conclusions and to prescribe opposite systems of diet."

# Shall Aliens Be Registered?

(*Concluded from page 5*)

ment of witnesses because of circumstances not otherwise detrimental to themselves or to the interests of the Government.

The enrollment plan would provide the contact now lacking between the foreign-born resident and the Government. It would mean protection to the alien from the wiles and schemes of the nationals of his own country and those born here, who, as we all know, frequently bleed the foreign-born at every turn. The coöperation of committees and the establishment of places where official, reliable, correct information is obtainable would benefit each individual. Education in the language, methods, ideals, and traditions of America means increased efficiency and attendant advantages to the alien, local community, state and nation and the world.

Enrollment would diminish the effect of propaganda by irresponsible agents of anarchism, communism and the like because the foreign-born would better understand American principles and, understanding them, would realize the folly of Red radical doctrines. At the same time it would reveal the existence of these sinister influences and aid us in our endeavor to rid the country of foreign-born agitators of that character.

I might detail at great length the activities which could be engaged in or approved by the Government to assist the alien in his struggle in this new country. Time and space, however, do not permit of inexhaustive treatment of the subject. The objective to be reached is the assimilation as rapidly as possible of this army of unnaturalized foreign-born. By assimilate, I mean not only to take through the process of naturalization, but to vest with an intelligent citizenship, each citizen understanding fully the obligations as well as the rights of that status and having a whole-hearted reverence for our institutions.

# "Why and Because"

WHY do we use the expression "apple pie order" when we mean that things are exactly in their right places?

Because every Saturday a certain Puritan dame, Hepzibah Merton, made a practice of baking two or three dozen apple pies which were to last her family through the week. She labeled each according to the day of the week on which it was to be used, and the pantry, thus arranged, was said to be in apple pie order.

Why is an unmarried woman called a spinster?

Because women were prohibited from marrying in olden days until they spun a full set of bed furnishings and thus, until marriage, they spent much time at the spinning wheel and were, therefore, "spinsters."

Why do clergymen habitually wear black?

Because when Martin Luther, in 1524, laid aside the habit of a monk and adopted the style of dress prevailing at the time, the Elector of Saxony used to send to him from time to time pieces of black cloth, that color then being fashionable at the court. Luther's disciples thought because he wore black, it became them to do so, and thus it came about that the clergy generally grew to regard it as the only proper color for them to wear.

Ford



TUDOR
$580
F.O.B. DETROIT

# *The Planetary Transmission Costs More to Build But Gives Better Light Car Control*

THE planetary transmission was developed as the simplest, most direct and reliable means of speed control for light cars. While this type costs more to build, its advantages far outweigh other considerations. Your car is more flexible in traffic —with starts, stops and speed changes made faster and more easily. Complete control through foot pedals makes it unnecessary to remove your hands from the wheel. Gears are constantly in mesh, preventing the possibility of stripping. The transmission, therefore, stands harder abuse; there are no costly replacements. Ford economy methods alone make it possible to build this superior transmission into Ford cars, yet keep Ford prices the lowest ever offered.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY, *Detroit, Michigan*

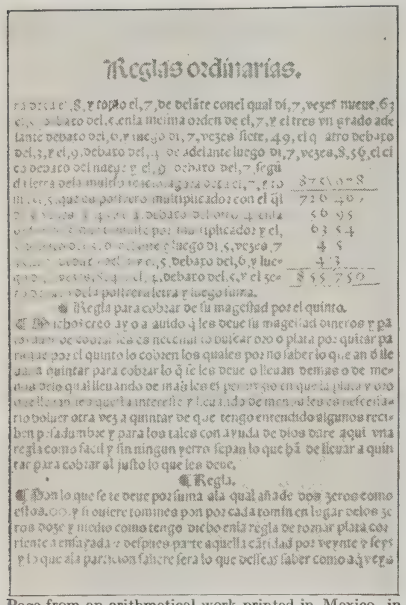
RUNABOUT $260, TOURING $290, COUPE $520, TUDOR SEDAN $580, FORDOR SEDAN $660

*All Prices f. o. b. Detroit*

# Early Arithmetics Published in America

## A Concise History of the Rise of the Art of Figuring Things Out

By LOUIS C. KARPINSKI



Reglas ordinarias.

Page from an arithmetical work printed in Mexico, in 1556, one hundred years before there was any printing in the United States.

WHERE and when did the first textbooks on arithmetic appear in America? Where and when did the first arithmetical works appear west of the Mississippi? What was the first arithmetical work to appear in the present United States? Few, indeed, could give the answer to the first question, and the answers to the second and third questions are not to be found in any printed book. The whole history of early printing in America is reflected in the bibliography of arithmetics printed in America before 1800.

The first arithmetical work in the New World appeared from the press of Juan Pablos of Brescia, printed at Mexico in the year 1556. The work in question is not strictly an arithmetic but a manual of tables for the determination of the value of silver and gold of different degrees of refinement. However, the author, one Juan Diez Freile, was a serious student of arithmetic and introduced approximately twenty pages of arithmetic and algebra into his book. The tables are of great interest for the history of American commerce and its effect upon European commerce. The great quantities of gold and silver launched upon Europe from the New World produced an inflation of prices entirely similar to that produced recently by a too-active printing press in European countries. A similar work was published in Peru in 1598 by one Juan de Bellveder but whether this contained any arithmetic is not known. It was, of course, in Mexico that the first printing press was established in America, about 1539; and from Mexico printing extended first to South America.

The arithmetical work given in this Mexican text includes a curious problem in multiplication arranged in tower or column form, following a procedure found in early Italian and Spanish treatises. Division problems, of which there are several, are solved by the laborious but long popular "scratch method," which continued in use in American schools far into the eighteenth century. The problems touching algebra or "the greater art" represent a stage of development of the subject not found in the northern colonies for two centuries. One of these problems reads about as follows: A boatman being asked the fare replies, "If you square the fare and add the fare to it you have 1,332"; What is the fare? The problem leads to the quadratic equation, $x^2 + x = 1{,}332$, giving $x = 36$ pesos, as fare. It was a truly learned boatman and passenger.

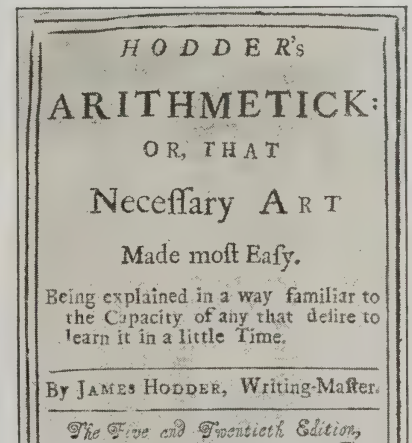
The first separate treatise on arithmetic to appear in the New World was the treatise, *Arte Menor de Arithmetica Practica*, by Pedro Paz, published at Mexico in the year 1623. The printer was Juan Ruyz; under his imprint works appeared from 1613 to 1675.

Although no copy of the arithmetic by Paz is at present known, some details concerning the work are available from earlier descriptions. In lieu of a preface the author addressed his readers in a sonnet, beginning:

> *"Entre, amigo Lector, commigo en Cuenta Queriendo darte Cuenta de esta Obra."*
>
> (Enter with me, friendly reader, into the art of counting, seeking to give to you an account of this book.)

The author plays upon the meaning of the word *cuenta* which like our word "account" may be used with various meanings.

Four pages are occupied by the title and



HODDER's

ARITHMETICK:

OR, THAT

Neceſſary ART

Made moſt Eaſy.

Being explained in a way familiar to the Capacity of any that deſire to learn it in a little Time.

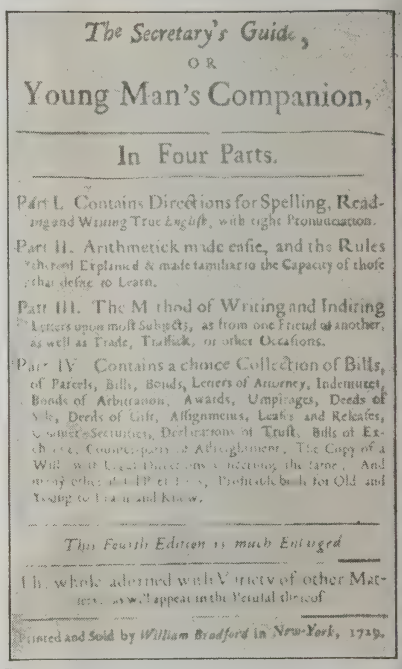
By JAMES HODDER, Writing-Maſter.

*The Five and Twentieth Edition, Reviſed, Augmented, and above a Thouſand Faults Amended, by* HENRY MOSE, *late Servant and Succeſſor to the Author.*

*BOSTON:* Printed by *J. Franklin*, for *S. Phillips, N. Buttolph, B. Elliot, D. Henchman, G. Phillips, J. Elliot*, and *E. Negus*, Bookſellers in *Boſton*, and Sold at their Shops. 1719.

The first separate treatise on arithmetic in the United States was a reprint from popular English work, Hodder's arithmetic, of which the first edition appeared in 1658.

the sonnet, followed by 181 folios (362 pp.) of text, and 6 pages of index. The work is divided into 21 chapters. Concerning the author it is known that he held the position of accountant or collector of tithes (*contador*) of the Metropolitan Church of Mexico City.



The Secretary's Guide,

OR

Young Man's Companion,

In Four Parts.

Part I. Contains Directions for Spelling, Reading and Writing True *English*, with right Pronunciation.

Part II. Arithmetick made eaſie, and the Rules thereof Explained & made familiar to the Capacity of thoſe that deſire to Learn.

Part III. The Method of Writing and Inditing Letters upon moſt Subjects, as from one Friend to another, as well as Trade, Traffick, or other Occaſions.

Part IV. Contains a choice Collection of Bills, of Parcels, Bills, Bonds, Letters of Attorney, Indentures, Bonds of Arbitration, Awards, Umpirages, Deeds of Sale, Deeds of Gift, Aſſignments, Leaſes and Releaſes, Counter-Securities, Declarations of Truſt, Bills of Exchange, Counterparts of Aſſignment, The Copy of a Will with Legal Directions in Writing the ſame. And many other Things, Profitable both for Old and Young to Learn and Know.

The Fourth Edition is much Enlarged

The whole adorned with Variety of other Matters, now firſt appearing in this Perfect dition of

Printed and Sold by *William Bradford* in *New-York*, 1719.

William Bradford, first New York printer, wrote the first treatise on arithmetic to be published in the United States. The illustration is from the copy in the New York Public Library.

The second known treatise on arithmetic is also in Spanish, the work of Don Atanasio Reaton of Pasamonte, in the neighborhood of Mexico. This work was printed at the press of the widow of Bernard Calderon, in the city of Mexico, 1649. The work is a quarto, with fourteen preliminary leaves followed by 78 folios of text. The great bibliographer of Spanish America, Medina, had an imperfect copy in his library. The author Reaton states in the preface that twenty years before he had prepared an arithmetic to be printed in Mexico, but on account of the enormous cost of printing he had sent the work to Spain where it was lost. The title of his more successful venture is given variously by different authorities, which title read probably as follows: *Arte menor de Arismetica y modo de formar campos, trata de las cuentas que se pueden ofrecer en los reynos de su Majestad. Por estilo muy Claro, y breve para que se aprendan sin maestro.* (Minor art of arithmetic and method of constructing fortifications, treating of the computations which occur in the kingdoms of his Majesty. In style very clear and brief so that one may learn without a teacher.)

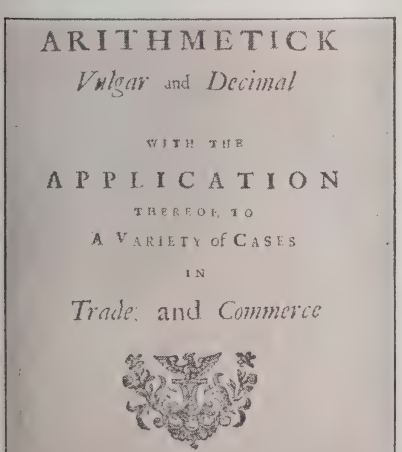
In what is now the United States the first arithmetic was included in William Bradford's treatise, the *Young Man's Companion*, first published by William and Andrew Bradford, "at the Bible in New York, 1705." No copy of the first edition has been located, despite the efforts made by the dean of American bibliography, Wilberforce Eames, of the New York Public Library, to locate a copy. Even of the second edition of 1710 only two copies, both imperfect but fortunately complementing

each other, are known. Undoubtedly the assiduity of American young men preparing themselves to be secretaries or clerks accounts for the destruction by continued use of these early American textbooks. Five or six editions of Bradford's treatise appeared in the interval from 1705 to 1729. The subtitle, "Arithmetick made easie," reveals that even in that early day arithmetic had a hard name among students.

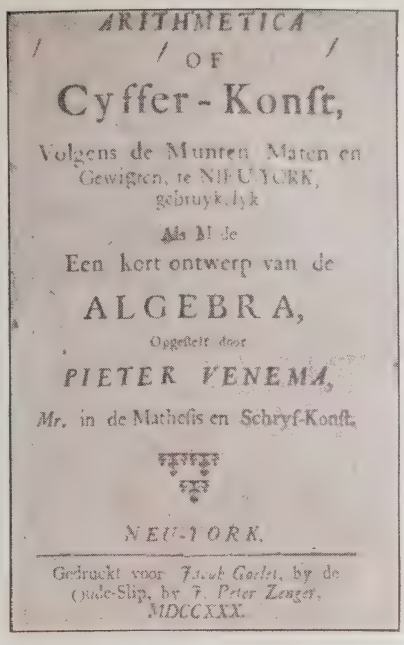
An English work similar to Bradford's Guide Book in title and in content appeared in a first American edition in the year 1748 at Philadelphia. This treatise, published as the work of "George Fisher, Accountant," is commonly credited as the work of an otherwise unknown "Mrs. Slack." Undoubtedly a woman's name on the title would not then have added to the prestige of a work either in England or America. During the third quarter of the eighteenth century the work held undisputed supremacy in the field of arithmetic, appearing in eight editions from 1748 to 1778. No other arithmetic textbook appears to have been printed in America during this period. In 1781 Thomas Dilworth's *Schoolmaster's Assistant* appeared in its first American edition and replaced Fisher in popular favor. After the American Revolution, the texts by the native Nicholas Pike gradually supplanted the English treatises.

The first separate treatise on arithmetic to be printed in Colonial America was the work of an Englishman, William Hodder, of which the first edition appeared in England in 1661. The Boston edition of 1719 precedes by ten years the first separate text by a native of Colonial America, Isaac Greenwood, whose arithmetic saw the light also in Boston. This gifted man was one of the first to give systematic instruction in algebra and arithmetic in a university of Colonial America. It is sad to relate that after eleven years in the Chair of Mathematics at Harvard, Isaac Greenwood was dismissed "on account of gross intemperance."

These two textbooks, by Hodder and by Greenwood, are not radically different in content from those used in many American schools today. Both include the scratch method of division as the most notable departure from modern procedure; both include the "single rule of three, direct and inverse" and "the double rule of three." Equation of payments, the rule of fellowship, and allegation "medial and alternate," found


ARITHMETICK
*Vulgar* and *Decimal*
WITH THE
APPLICATION
THEREOF, TO
A VARIETY of CASES
IN
*Trade*, and *Commerce*
BOSTON: N. E.
Printed by S. KNEELAND and T. GREEN, for T. HANCOCK at the Sign of the Bible and Three Crowns in *Ann-Street*. MDCCXXIX.

Arithmetic by Isaac Greenwood, Professor of Mathematics at Harvard University. "Scratch" method of division is shown.


ARITHMETICA
OF
Cyffer-Konst,
Volgens de Munten Maten en Gewigten, te NIEUW YORK, gebruyklyk
Als Mede
Een kort ontwerp van de
ALGEBRA,
Opgestelt door
PIETER VENEMA,
*Mr.* in de Mathesis en Schryf-Konst.
NEW-YORK.
Gedruckt voor *Jacob Goelet*, by de Oude-Slip, by *P. Peter Zenger*, MDCCXXX.

The third separate treatise on arithmetic in the present United States was in Dutch. The author, Peter Venema, had distinguished himself as a writer on mathematics before he arrived in America.

in both treatises, continued to within recent times in common school arithmetic. The subject of annuities was a continuance of English practice which disappeared in textbooks of the early nineteenth century. Hodder does not discuss decimal fractions, but Greenwood devotes twenty-two pages to the subject.

In 1730 Peter Venema published in New York a treatise on arithmetic containing the first printed material on algebra to appear in the northern colonies. The printer, John Peter Zenger, preceded only by Bradford in the art of printing in America, is a noteworthy figure in the history of the freedom of the press in America. His newspaper, which began publication in the year 1733, published certain criticisms of public officials and established with some difficulties those rights which New York papers today peculiarly enjoy.

In the period from 1730 up to the time of the Revolutionary War, only one other arithmetic proper appeared. This was John Burnham's Arithmetick for the use of farmers and country people, published at New London in 1748. During this interval Fisher's *Young Man's Companion* and Bradford's *Secretary's Guide* occupied the field. These works served as handbooks for the aspiring youth of that day; these works may be compared with the Harvard classics or with modern popular encyclopedias.

In the year 1774 there appeared in Germantown, from the famous press of Christopher Sower, Daniel Fenning's rapid reckoner in the German language: *Der geschwinde Rechner, Oder: des Handler's nutzlicher Gehulfe in Kauffung.* Sower published an English edition in the same year. A complete arithmetic in German was published in 1786 by the Brotherhood at Ephrata, Pennsylvania: Ludwig Hoecker's *Rechenbuechlein.*

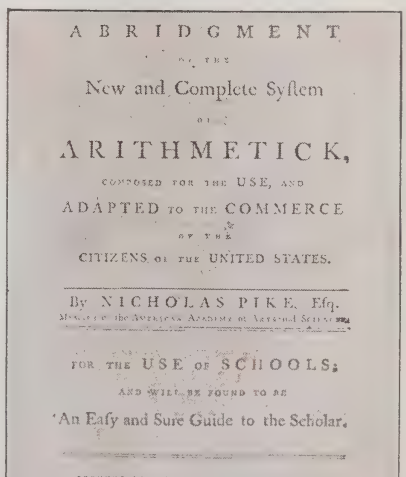
During the War of the Revolution some English texts were reprinted. In 1782 Benjamin Dearborn, of Portsmouth, published in that city his *Pupil's Guide* which was reprinted the next year in Boston. The year 1788 saw the appearance of the first widely popular native American arithmetic. Nicholas Pike, the author, was born in New Haven in 1743, was graduated at Harvard in 1766, and died at Newburyport in 1819. Pike's original work, the New and Complete System, appeared at Newburyport from the press of Isaiah Thomas, sometimes termed the father of American printing.

George Washington, upon receipt of a copy, wrote to the author a letter of commendation in which one passage is well worth repeating: "The science of figures to a certain degree is not only indispensably requisite in every walk of civilized life, but the investigation of mathematical truths accustoms the mind to method and correctness in reasoning, and is an employment peculiarly worthy of rational beings."

The work in unabridged form passed through five editions from 1788 to 1832. In 1793 Isaiah Thomas issued an Abridgement of Pike's Arithmetic which also enjoyed a large number of editions. For the abridgement the presidents of Yale, Harvard, and Dartmouth joined in commendation, somewhat analogous to our modern patent medicine approbations. In this chorus of commendation the professors of mathematics at the respective institutions joined and likewise even the President of the United States. The modern textbook writer would find it difficult to secure such fine publicity.

The earliest Canadian arithmetic is a French treatise, appearing in 1809: Jean Antoine Bouthillier's *Traite' d' Arithmetique pour l' usage des Ecoles, Quebec.* However, absolute first place is disputed by Rev. John Strachan's *A Concise Introduction to Arithmetic for the Use of Schools,* published at Montreal in the same year.

West of the Mississippi River the first arithmetic in the present United States was published at Oahu, Hawaii, in the year 1828. This little manual was written by missionaries for the use of the natives. Unfortunately in the title was included a phrase, "Child's Primer of Arithmetic." This offended the chiefs who were to study the text, nor would they devote any attention to the subject until a new edition was prepared without the offensive title. No copy of that first edition is preserved. Parenthetically it may be stated that one Rene Paul published an *Elements of Arithmetic* at St. Louis in 1822. The earliest arithmetical work on the western coast was in Spanish, published at Monterey, in California, in 1836.


A BRIDGMENT
OF THE
New and Complete System
OF
ARITHMETICK,
COMPOSED FOR THE USE, AND
ADAPTED TO THE COMMERCE
OF THE
CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES.
By NICHOLAS PIKE, Esq.
FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS;
AND WILL BE FOUND TO BE
An Easy and Sure Guide to the Scholar.
PRINTED IN NEWBERYPORT, BY J. MYCALL,
FOR ISAIAH THOMAS,
SOLD by him in WORCESTER.
MDCCXCIII.

Pike's arithmetic, widely used after the Revolutionary War.

# Aviation from the Navy's Viewpoint

(*Continued from page 3*)

*denying to him similar information regarding our own forces.* It should be apparent without argument that the Navy must have its own aircraft to accomplish this purpose, particularly when it is recalled that the Navy's sphere of action is often far from shore bases.

The principal type of plane used in the "Service of Information" at sea is called a "Scouting Plane." This type of plane is large and of moderate flying speed to obtain the greatest radius of action. Most of these planes are fitted to be used also as bombers or as torpedo planes after the enemy has been found. Because of the great size and weight of scouting planes, it is impossible to operate them except from airplane carriers, or from land or sheltered waters.

After the enemy has been located and the fleets are approaching sight contact, detailed information may be sought by smaller, faster planes of the "observation" type, or, possibly even by "fighting" planes.

In the "Service of Information" lighter-than-air craft of the rigid airship type may also prove of service. These airships, like the *Shenandoah*, have much greater radius of action than have heavier-than-air craft. Also, because of the buoyancy of the gas with which they are filled, they can slow or even stop their engines and drift.

But because of enormous size, comparatively slow speed, and consequent lack of maneuverability, they are vulnerable to attack by heavier-than-air craft, unless they can escape by rising to an altitude above the ceiling of the attacking planes, or be adequately protected by fighting planes assigned to that responsibility.

By control of gunfire, as the term is here used, is meant the determination of errors of range and azimuth to be applied to the gun sights to bring the center of impact of the shells upon the target. The major caliber guns of American battleships are fired by a single key. Such firing is called "salvo firing." When a salvo is fired, eight to twelve major caliber projectiles start simultaneously for the target. Because of small variations in powder pressure and other irremediable causes, all of these projectiles do not strike the water (or target) at the same point. At long ranges the dispersion in range may be as much as 1,000 to 1,500 yards.

As modern battleships may open fire at ranges in excess of 25,000 yards, it is essential that means be provided to estimate the errors with greater accuracy than is possible from the control station on the mast. At the maximum ranges the hull of the enemy ship may, from this station, be below the horizon. It is plain that increased elevation for the observer is required if accuracy is to be increased. Here is where aircraft come in.

The type of plane generally used at sea for this purpose is known as the observation plane. It is usually a small, comparatively fast, two-seater plane. The two seats permit it to carry, in addition to the pilot, an observer whose sole duty it is to observe the fall of the projectiles from the guns and to report to the firing ship, by radio, the correction in range and azimuth to be applied to the sights to bring the next salvo on the target.

*Priority in establishing the correct range may be a determining factor in victory. A superiority of volume of fire is valuable only when it is accurately controlled. The aviation arm must, therefore, be sufficiently powerful to insure the effective airplane control of major caliber gunfire and to deny such control to the enemy.*

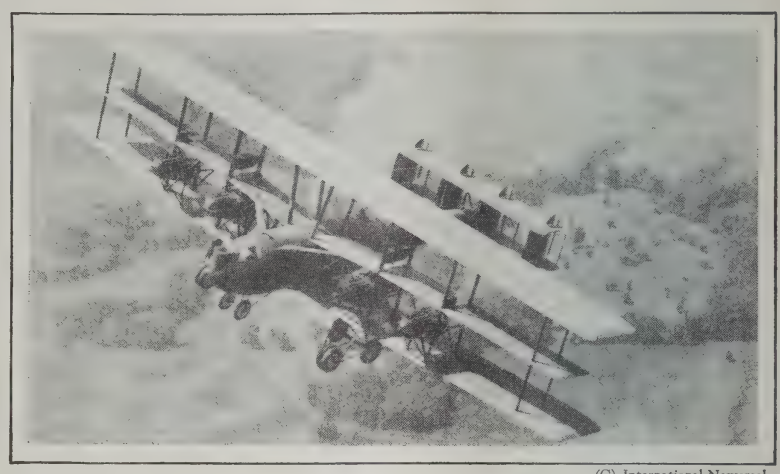
Effective superiority in fighting planes used as an element of defensive power will deny to the enemy information of our fleet, prevent the effective use of enemy bombing and torpedo planes, and prevent enemy interference with our aërial control of gunfire and bombing or torpedo plane operations. Such superiority when used as an offensive element will prevent the effective use of aircraft by the enemy in the control of gunfire or in bombing and torpedo attacks.

The ideal fighting plane is one which can overtake any enemy plane and has such maneuvering ability as to insure success in combat. *To a fleet which is superior in surface craft and submarines, the fighting plane, probably, is the most important type of aircraft.*

Bombing, torpedo, and fighting planes are the types which constitute the aviation element of offensive power. The fighting plane is used primarily to destroy aircraft and aviation personnel; bombing and torpedo planes to destroy ships or bases.

In the value to be placed upon the bombing and torpedo planes as an offensive element for the destruction of material and personnel lies the widest divergence of opinion between the Independent Air Service adherents and the more experienced officers of the Army and Navy. Naturally, the principal use of these types of planes at sea is the destruction of ships, for the loss of a ship entails both material and personnel loss. Unfortunately the difference of opinion is not susceptible of elimination by bombing tests.

The Navy does not contend that ships cannot be sunk by bombs from aircraft any more than it contends that they cannot be sunk by torpedoes from submarines or destroyers, or by mines. The Navy has provided for its own use bomb-



(C) International Newsreel.

Bombing plane (Barling's design), one of the largest of its kind. Bombing planes, as well as torpedo planes, are used prominently to destroy ships or bases.



Official Navy Photo.

An unusual glimpse at a torpedo plane in action, the photographer being just in time to show one of the torpedoes being dropped.

ing planes and torpedo planes, as well as submarines and destroyers. Bombing and torpedo planes may prove to be valuable in augmenting the offensive strength of fleets and should be provided as may be required for such purposes, but there is as yet no assurance that these types of planes have made surface warships obsolete for the performance of the Navy's mission.

The Navy is conservative. The navigation of ships through fogs, storms, and variable ocean currents soon leads the mariner to conservatism and to the practice of getting a definite "fix" from which to set a new course.

National defense is too important to be placed in the hands of radicals. Radicalism is dangerous. If it means discarding proved methods for those which are yet to be proved, and for which there is no justification in experience, it might easily be disastrous.

The conservatism of the Navy has resulted in a sure development of aviation, in the course of which each problem arising has been given careful consideration. In the development of aviation since the war, no agency has done more to assist than has the Navy, and none is more interested in its future development.

While the development in aviation and the construction of aircraft carriers has not advanced as rapidly as many desired, the limitation has been due primarily to reduced appropriations and the large amount of experimental work required. More liberal appropriations for naval aviation will produce more rapid development but the additional funds must not be obtained at a serious sacrifice of efficiency in some other arm. In this connection, however, it must be borne in mind that the Navy Department is responsible for maintaining the Navy in readiness for war whenever it may come, whether tomorrow or twenty years hence. Also that in allocating funds in time of peace, preference to some extent must be given those necessities which require the longest time to procure.

The truth is that while aëronautics in the Navy has not progressed so rapidly as the Navy desires, it has progressed faster than in any other Navy and is progressing with increasing acceleration as its operation as a naval arm becomes standardized. From the viewpoint of the Navy, there is no justification for the belief that progress would be accelerated or operating efficiency increased by depriving the Navy of control of its own aircraft.

Naval aviation is an indispensable arm of the Navy and should be of adequate strength to meet all contingencies:

(a) To gain information of the strength, disposition and movements of enemy naval forces while denying to the enemy like information of our naval forces;

(b) To insure airplane control of naval major caliber gunfire while denying like control to the enemy;

(c) To prevent the effective operation over the sea of enemy bombing and torpedo planes;

(d) To insure the effective use of bombing planes and torpedo planes in sufficient numbers to counteract any deficiency in other forms of offensive strength.

Let us discuss in greater detail the limitations of aircraft which have a vital bearing upon their value in national defense, and also some of the claims made for aviation by certain enthusiasts.

The most serious limitations of airplanes which affect their use in national defense are: small carrying capacity; inability to remain in the air in case of engine failure or fuel exhaustion; difficulty of navigation; difficulty of operation under adverse weather conditions; requirement of trained personnel for operation; difficulty of maintenance.

Carrying capacity is a very general term. The weight which a plane can carry is limited by that which it can lift off the ground or water when taking off. This weight is made up of several factors, some of which may be varied to suit the conditions under which the flight is to be made. These factors are: weight of personnel; weight of fuel and lubricants; weight of weapons; weight of stores (food, water, et cetera), spare parts, and essential operating instruments and equipment.

The personnel to be carried by a plane depends chiefly upon the requirements of the service for which the plane is to be used. In the fighting plane type one operator is the rule. He is pilot, mechanician, and gunner.

In "observation planes," especially those engaged in control of gunfire, the two-seater plane is the standard. Observation must be constant and radio communication rapid and accurate It is impractical for the pilot to manage the plane, and to observe and perform the radio communication duties with the required accuracy. In the larger planes of the "scouting," "torpedo," and "bombing" types the personnel is usually increased to three or five.

In the round-the-world flight large planes were flown by two persons. As both members of the crew were pilots they could relieve each other in flying the plane. Fuel tanks in large planes provide for the maximum available weight of fuel, but when such planes are carrying bombs or torpedoes the fuel tanks cannot be filled to capacity.

Fuel must be assigned a due proportion of weight, taking into consideration the personnel required for operation and the weight of the weapons to be carried. A reduction in operating personnel or weight of weapons permits, temporarily, an increase in fuel. It is under these conditions peculiar to peace operations that the long-distance records are established. It is only in the planes of the bombing and torpedo type that the weight of the weapons have a decisive effect upon ceiling and radius of action. Ceiling is the altitude to which the plane can climb.

The radius of action of a large plane carrying a 2,000-pound bomb will be very much less than that of the same plane carrying no bomb but an additional 2,000 pounds of fuel and lubricants. In discussions of the radius of action of bombing planes, therefore, it is essential to consider whether the plane is operating under war conditions (carrying bombs), or carrying additional fuel to make a peace record.

Because of the small space and weight available for carrying stores, spare parts, and essential operating instruments and equipment, neither seaplanes nor land planes are self-sustaining and more than any other type of fighting craft are dependent upon shore bases, or upon floating mobile bases such as aircraft tenders or aircraft carriers.

Records established by planes under favorable peace conditions are sometimes reported in such a manner as to create false impressions as to their war capabilities. We are told that there are in existence planes which can fly two thousand miles at a rate of more than a hundred miles an hour, and carry a four-thousand-pound bomb. The misrepresentation in this statement is this: although the plane may be able to fly two thousand miles without bombs, or get off the ground and possibly fly an hour with




America's world fliers passing majestically over the State of California, after completion of the first round-the-world trip.

a four-thousand-pound bomb, it cannot, as one might be led to believe, fly two thousand miles while carrying a four-thousand-pound bomb.

The radius of action of airplanes carrying an effective military load is limited. Fighting planes have the shortest radius; scouting planes carrying no bombs the longest. The bombing and torpedo planes may at present be considered as limited in operation to a radius of approximately two hundred and fifty miles from base for a plane carrying more than one thousand pounds of bombs and to approximately five hundred miles from base for a plane carrying one thousand pounds or less.

*Some of the Dangers Met by Land and Sea*

While there can be no denying the improvement in the reliability of aircraft engines, the record of airplane crashes in our daily papers testifies to the fact that they are far from perfect. Failure of one airplane engine, in all but a few specially designed planes, necessitates landing. In flying over land, as most of the flying is done today, there is, in case of a forced landing, usually a chance of finding an open field upon which the pilot can land without fatal results, but in flying over the sea, although safe landings can generally be made with seaplanes, the action of the sea may soon destroy the effectiveness of the plane. Only under favorable conditions can a seaplane "take off" in the open sea.

In over-sea flights in time of peace the Navy has detailed many surface ships to patrol the routes of the flyers. Such precautions cannot be taken during war, and a plane that comes down on the sea with a disabled engine or exhausted fuel is very apt to be lost. In recent maneuvers with the fleet both Army and Navy aviators have bravely accepted this risk in order to test aviation in the simulation of war, but even in these exercises aircraft have been restricted in their operations to reduce the danger of loss of life.

The experience of Locatelli and the almost miraculous escape from disaster of our round-the-world flyers, who in their flight to Labrador fortunately sighted land through a rift in the fog shortly before their fuel was exhausted, and the experience of the Hawaiian flight, indicate the danger of exhaustion of fuel while over the sea, and of the difficulty of navigation of aircraft.

*There Are Certain Limitations in the Airplane*

Over land, in clear weather, aircraft can navigate by observing rivers, railroads, roads, cities, towns, and prominent characteristics of the land. Over the sea there are no objects which can be used to check one's position, and aviators out of sight of land are forced to use observations of heavenly bodies, as do the mariners. When fogs obscure the heavens or objects below, as it frequently does, aircraft at sea becomes valueless for purposes of observation and can be navigated only with the utmost difficulty and danger.

The difficulties of navigating the air over the sea are greatly increased by several additional factors as well, such as:

(a) The speed of the aircraft, which makes necessary the rapid determination of position.

(b) The rapidity and variability of wind currents with which the aviator drifts, and his inability to determine these by observing fixed objects, as when flying over land.

(c) The unreliability of the airplane compass, due to the difficulty of compensating the magnetic compass and to the impracticability of carrying a gyroscopic compass because of its weight. A new type of compass is under trial, which, if successful, may remove or reduce this difficulty.

(d) The inability to stop, or anchor, in case of doubt as to position, a recourse to which ships resort when necessary.

The experience of Amundsen in his recent polar flight, besides demonstrating the danger of landing in any but smooth water, likewise illustrates the difficulty of navigation. It will be remembered that when he checked his position by observations after landing he found he had been set well off his course and that his actual position was fifty or sixty miles from his estimated position.

Although the most radical air service proponents claim that aircraft *can* operate in any weather conditions, such statement must be considered to mean they can fly in any weather conditions. Even the most radical would hardly state that they can carry out their war functions in any weather.

During the round-the-world flight the aviators were seriously delayed by weather conditions; one plane was lost due to forced landing at sea caused by engine failure, and one by the difficulties of navigation. The actual flying time from Seattle to Tokio was 68 hours 30 minutes, equal in time to less than three days. Yet the actual time consumed in reaching Tokio was 46½ days. It is only fair to state that the three planes which completed the trip to Tokio lost approximately ten days at Dutch Harbor awaiting news of the plane that was lost. But most of the delay was due to adverse weather conditions, which not only interfered with flying but frequently interfered with fueling and overhaul. On several occasions the planes were saved from disaster only by the heroic work of their crews and that of the Coast Guard Cutter *Haida*.

*Lessons Learned From the Round-the-World Trip*

This statement of the difficulties of the round-the-world flyers is not made in a critical vein. It was a wonderful trip, requiring the greatest ability, endurance, and heroism. But, if specially designed planes with the best picked personnel, at the most favorable time of the year, with maximum assistance from surface ships, arrive at a destination but 4,800 miles away with only seventy-five per cent of the force after a lapse of more than twelve times the actual flying time, what is the chance of aircraft conducting operations across the Pacific or any other sea without assistance from surface ships? And how effective would these operations be?

It may be interesting to recall the aid rendered in this round-the-world flight by ships. In addition to the exceptionally efficient and valuable work performed by two Coast Guard cutters and a Coast Survey vessel in the Aleutian Islands, the Navy employed at various times, covering a period of 128 days, thirty-three naval vessels. A total of 339 officers and 5,092 enlisted men participated, 135,556 miles were steamed by naval ships in connection with the flight, necessitating the consumption of 6,229,941 gallons of fuel oil which cost $321,157.30.

All naval authorities are of the opinion that effective coöperation of aircraft with the other arms of the Navy is dependent upon the aviator's naval training as well as air training. The surface ships, the aircraft and the submarines are parts of a team, and teamwork will be efficient only when all the elements of the team have common doctrines and standard practice and are operated under one command.

The proponents of an Independent Air Service believe that the coöperation can be effective without the aviators having special training as naval officers. This theory has been tried in Great Britain, and has failed. As a result of the failure, new instructions have been issued which require that all aircraft observers and seventy per cent of all pilots operating with the Navy shall be naval officers.

*A Theory as Full of Holes as a Sieve*

If the Navy is to meet the demand for trained aviation personnel, the number of graduates from the Naval Academy must be increased. The percentage of officers to enlisted personnel in aviation is much higher than in any other arm of the Army or Navy. By training these officers as naval officers as well as aviators a use can be found for them after they are too old to continue on flight duty.

Aircraft are made as light as consistent with a reasonable degree of safety. They are, therefore, subject to rapid deterioration in the operations of war. They require extensive overhaul and repair.

Aircraft require well-equipped bases and trained personnel for efficient maintenance. In over-sea operations these can be provided only by surface ships; that is, aircraft carriers, aircraft tenders, or storeships carrying necessary equipment for bases to be established on shore.

When pressed for an explanation as to how aircraft can conduct offensive strategical operations without the aid of surface craft, the air radicals give us something like this:

"Strings of islands will be seized by the strong powers as strategic points so that their aircraft may fly successfully from one to the other, and as aircraft themselves can hold these islands against seacraft, comparatively small detachments of troops on the ground will be required for their maintenance. An island instead of being easily starved out, taken, or destroyed by navies, as was the case in the past, becomes tremendously strong, because it cannot be got at by any land forces, and while supremacy of the air is maintained cannot be taken by sea forces."

This theory is as full of holes as a sieve.

First: islands in strings suitable for such operations do not exist in many parts of the world; and in many places, where they do exist, they are unavailable due to weather conditions.

Second: such a chain is only as strong as its weakest link. Hence the air force assigned to each island for protection would have to be stronger than the air force which an enemy could bring against it by sea. If the enemy's naval aviation has been properly developed the offensive force would have to be at least five or six times as strong in order to hold the bases forming links of the chain, for the air force at each base in the chain must be stronger than the enemy's naval air force.

*A Chain Just as Strong as Its Weakest Link*

Third: the offensive force would be limited to one line of approach to the enemy territory, namely, via the chain of islands. The weakest form of strategical offensive is that limited to one line of operations, for the enemy is thus permitted to concentrate his entire defense. This limitation to one line of approach destroys

the advantage of the initiative as to place of attack and route of approach, both of which are available to aircraft operating with the fleet. Trying to conduct air operations overseas via a string of islands would be the operation which would please an enemy the most. One great advantage of attack from the sea is the chance of surprise due to possibility of various routes and objectives.

If the strategy of conducting a war by aircraft alone operating via a string of islands is to be employed in the future it is certain that there should be a separate air staff, for no Army or Navy staff could approve such erroneous strategy.

It appears, from the Navy's point of view, to be clearly demonstrated that:

(1) Aircraft at present have little influence on operations conducted at distances of more than several hundred miles from their mobile or fixed bases.

(2) Effective operations of aircraft overseas are dependent upon mobile air bases (surface ships designed as aircraft carriers or aircraft tenders), or on over-sea shore air bases, supplies and equipment for which can be transported in anything like adequate quantities only by surface ships.

(3) The difficulty of navigation of aircraft materially restricts their availability for operations over large areas at sea, and their ability to concentrate for operations at distant points at sea, except through the coöperation and under the protection of armed and armored vessels.

Reduced to their essence, the proposals of the more radical air enthusiasts would, if carried out, defeat their own ends by abolishing the very protection of naval arms and armament necessary to enable an air force to operate in distant areas overseas. Granting the great value of aircraft for coast defense, and in the performance of functions for which they are suited, it must be apparent to anyone that aviation in its present state of development is neither self-sufficient nor superior to other branches of the national defense. It ranks properly as an arm of the Army and Navy.

There has been a persistent attempt by the advocates of an Independent Air Service to discredit the battleship. History, through the galley, sail and steam ages, has demonstrated the value of ships of maximum power, but we are told that aviation has caused a change and the battleship is no longer of value.

Let us analyze the situation which would exist in case all fighting ships were abolished. During war foreign trade is essential first to bring to our shores the raw materials we require for weapons, munitions and food; and, second, to retain markets for our exports on which we must depend for money and exchange for materials we require. Trade routes extend to all parts of the globe. We cannot protect all of these routes by aircraft.

Even if all fighting ships had been abolished, the first move would be to arm all merchant ships. The nation having the largest and fastest merchant ships would withdraw these from commerce and arm them with as many guns as they could carry, to operate against enemy merchant shipping.

It must be kept in mind that if combatant ships are abolished the merchant marine becomes the Navy. Are we willing to accept our relative merchant marine strength as our ratio of naval strength? If not, we must have fighting ships, and if we have fighting ships, we must have the types which are effective in the attainment of victory on the sea.

# Back-Tracking Man Through the Ages

(*Concluded from page 15*)

one set. The *sex cells* are given to us by our parents. We did not manufacture them, we *inherited them.*

Regarding the antiquity of man, however, we have more definite knowledge. H. G. Wells, in his *Outline of History*, says: "Such knowledge of the earliest men as we have, for example, is almost entirely got from a few caves into which they went and in which they left their traces. Until the hard Pleistocene times they lived and died in the open, and their bodies were consumed or decayed altogether.

"All the human remains in America, even the earliest, it is to be noted, are of an American-Indian character. In America there does not seem to have been any preceding races of sub-men. Man was fully man when he entered America. The Old World was the nursery of the sub-races of mankind."

This last statement that Mr. Wells makes about prehistoric man in America was the generally accepted idea at the time it was written. But in the past three or four years the "records of the rocks" have been more thoroughly examined and the disclosures they make are so startling and revolutionary that we may, and probably will have to, revise all of our accepted theories. Instead of America being the "New World" it may prove to be, geologically at least, the "Old World."

The attitude of the average scientist in this matter is reflected by Professor Ales Hrdlicka who writes on the "Origin and Antiquity of the American Indian," in the *Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution for 1923*. On page 485 he says: "The anthropologist of today knows definitely that man evolved from the nearer primates; there is abundant material evidence to that effect, regardless of other considerations. These primates must naturally have approached man in all important respects, a condition that could be realized only by the most advanced anthropoid apes; but the existence of such forms in America is very doubtful."

Because there were no anthropoid apes in America he assumes that man could not have originated here. Instead, a few Mongol tribes dribbled across Bering Strait, and, finding a manless region, they quickly populated the whole country and became the progenitors of the American Indians. And now comes a Western scientist, making an independent investigation, who boldly proclaims, apes or no apes, that the white race originated in Western North America. And he is beginning to believe that the Chinese people originated here also. He believes this white race established the Maya Civilization and constructed the pyramids, temples and altars which dot Mexico and Yucatan, and that they invaded Asia and Europe by way of the sunken continent of Lemuria, the mountain tops of which are the numerous islands scattered through the Pacific Ocean.

The discoveries of the Doheny Scientific Expedition into the Hava Supai Cañon in Northern Arizona, as told in some detail in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT of June 6, 1925, would seem to indicate that a race of people existed in America antedating the American Indians by several million years.

When Cortez asked Montezuma who built the palaces in the City of Mexico, and the pyramids on the plains, he replied, "Los Toltecs," meaning "the Builders." In other words a race of people preceding the Aztecs.

When we asked the Supai Indians, who made the inscriptions on the walls of their cañon, they replied "Couda-pah" meaning "people a long time dead."

Aside from the discoveries in the Supai Cañon, is there any basis for the belief that man may have originated in America? Captain Alan Le Baron, a trained Egyptologist, is working on the theory that the plateau, roughly occupied by the State of Nevada, is the oldest land on earth. There are geological maps which show that the area in question was an island, some forty million years ago. At that time the Gulf of Mexico was connected through to the Arctic Ocean. And because from that time to the present day this land has never been submerged under the sea, he argues it is the logical place to look for the origin of man, for the reason that his development has not been interrupted by any of the cataclysms of Nature.

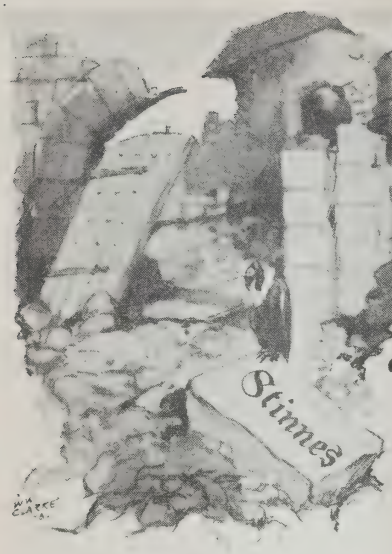
Confirming this he finds Egyptian, Babylonian and Maya characters inscribed on the walls and in the caves of Nevada. And strangest of all, Chinese characters of a pre-Manchu dynasty. As an indication of the great age of these, at the base of one carved cliff, an excavation 22 feet deep into cemented gravel did not reach the bottom of the carvings. Dr. John Endicott Gardner, author of Chinese dictionaries and authority on the languages of the Orient, identified these marks as the oldest Chinese writing yet found in the world.

For more than 3,000 years the Chinese have been seeking the origin of their own writing, and Dr. Gardner says that the Nevada characters are closer in resemblance to the most ancient form of symbols preserved in China, than the characters now in use by the Chinese people. He further asserts that this discovery is one of the greatest contributions to philology the world has ever known.

In Captain Le Baron's own words, "If man is a product of evolution, then the logical place to seek the first trace of him would be in that part of the world where Evolution could be carried on over many millions of years uninterrupted, and under climatic conditions favorable to his growth. A geological check of the whole world showed that there is but one such place, and that is the plateau of Nevada where my expedition uncovered a civilization of such archaic antiquity as to stagger the imagination.

"Subsequent discoveries proved beyond argument that Nevada and parts of California were inhabited prior to the Glacial Period by a race of people who were civilized to the extent of being able both to carve and paint on stone the events of their lives."

Evidence such as this along the "Trail" tends to confirm the belief of the leader of the Doheny Scientific Expedition that the symbols found in the Hava Supai Cañon are the most ancient records of man so far found in the world.




# The Fall of the House of Stinnes

## An Account of the Rise of Germany's Greatest Industrial Combine and Its Final Surrender to the Alien Money-Lenders

By WALTER M. WOLFF

*"Wie gewonnen, so zerronnen!" is an old German adage that could be most appropriately inscribed on the tombstone over the grave of the House of Stinnes. "Easy come, easy go."*

JUST at a time when the name of Hugo Stinnes was becoming more and more a kind of talisman on the Old World's markets and in the counting rooms of the Continent, when the master organizer of Germany at the age of 54 years was planning to conquer ever greater spheres in commerce and industry, Death called a sudden halt to his designs. With the demise of the man who had assembled one of the most gigantic complexes of material wealth in the world, cracked and crumbled the intricate structure as if shaken by a terrific explosion. What this business genius had amassed with his remarkable prudence and foresight, as we shall observe, soon slipped away piece by piece through the less uncanny fingers of his heirs, into the eager arms of the real heirs—the all-powerful Semitic financiers of Germany.

The question has often been asked in discussing the phenomenal rise of Hugo Stinnes: How was it possible for one man to heap together such enormous wealth—wealth which at one time was estimated to run well into the many hundreds of millions of dollars? How was he able so easily to attract to himself the choicest chattels, and to secure an interest or control in the greatest industrial syndicates of Central Europe?

In the main the secret of Stinnes' colossal successes was as follows.

Scarcely had Germany begun to emerge from under the shock of the Armistice, and with the smoke of the Revolution of 1918 still hovering like a pall over the land, Stinnes left for more prosperous climes. Here he began to invest in industrial enterprises what was even at this early stage in his career a respectable private fortune. It was this capital deposited in Hungary, Austria, Switzerland, Russia, Roumania, Jugo-Slavia and other countries, at a time when his German funds still possessed an appreciable portion of their pre-war purchasing ability, that enabled Hugo Stinnes to lay the foundation for his sweeping invasion of Germany later on.

Most of Stinnes' fortune at this particular time consisted of war-profits which he had accumulated with the aid of his factories and mines in Germany, as one of the leading producers of war materials for the imperial government.

It is important to remember, however, that Stinnes had begun to prepare for peace in time of war. While he was still engaged in delivering iron, coal and finished products for the army, he bought up ships from German concerns which were mighty glad to get cash for their idle property. When, then, the war came to a close Stinnes found himself already well started on the road to normalcy, far ahead of his fellow countrymen. With the vessels of all kinds which he had purchased so cheaply he now set out to carry his products to the world markets, and in turn brought back the necessary rawstuffs for his industrial plants.

But Stinnes' good fortune had only begun. Soon the catastrophal fall of the mark had set in, and with the help of his steadily increasing income from his foreign enterprises Stinnes could now purchase property of great value in Germany for a mere song. It will be recalled that during this critical period in Germany's financial history anyone with reasonable amounts of foreign exchange in his possession could buy almost anything his heart desired in the Fatherland.

Before a man like Hugo Stinnes, however, with almost unlimited foreign resources at his disposal, Germany simply lay prostrate. And it was at this point that Stinnes first really began to make a name for himself.

Somehow the great business wizard foresaw the ultimate fate of the German mark, and, contrary to his contemporaries who looked only through green spectacles and saw signs of economic improvement ahead, he firmly believed that sooner or later an inflation of the national currency was bound to come. In later years Stinnes maintained that he was as little responsible for the inflation fraud as any other single individual in Germany; it was merely a case of perceiving what was coming, and subsequently of adjusting one's affairs in accordance with prevailing conditions. Be that as it may, however, it will suffice to remark that Hugo Stinnes made the very best use of his time and resources while the harvest was ripe.

Within an incredibly short time Stinnes owned timber reserves that supplied pulp for his own paper mills which furnished the paper for his own newspapers. Banks, insurance organizations, railroads, canals, mines, shops and what not came under his supervision, and he was soon able to link up his enormous organization as one complete and independent unit. His famous fusion with the great Siemens-Halske-Schukert Electric Corporation, for example, was for the purpose of realizing his chief ambition—namely, to produce everything from the raw material to the finished article. "From the coal to the incandescent lamp"—was the grand parole of Stinnes' super-trust.

It was, of course, only natural that the less politic bankers of the day, as we have already noted, continued to labor under the delusion that the country was heading toward stabilization or "normalcy," of which normalcy Stinnes was perhaps the most brilliant example. And so *they speculated against him* by letting him have all the credit he wanted, but in the end Stinnes' "hunch" won out. He held the valuable property and the countless shares of stock while the money-lenders sat holding worthless paper marks, their early optimism having proved sheer self-deception and pitiful illusion.

But the day finally came when Hugo Stinnes ceased to move among mortals, and scarcely was he departed than a great transformation took place in Germany. Almost overnight inflation and chaos gave way to stabilization and order. The German mark struck bottom, and the frantic people turned their backs on the detested millions and billions of paper nothingness. But the Stinnes heirs, thanks to their sagacious sire, found themselves in possession of an overwhelming assortment of *Sachwerte*—that is, goods having actual material or inherent *value*. Their inheritance was almost entirely in the form of tangible, usable substance, and it was all as good as gold or better. The main thing now was to continue in father's footsteps and try to take good care of the going concerns he had acquired.

When Hugo Stinnes died his vast estate was divided up principally between his two

sons, Hugo, Jr., and Dr. Edmund Stinnes, and his widow, Frau Claire. As so often happens, the sons did not possess their father's genius; they began to lose their grip, knowingly or unknowingly, but none the less surely, on the imposing accumulations of the father. They could not or did not find their way about among the manifold complexities and intricacies of the extraordinary industrial labyrinth which the senior knew so well.

As yet this is to entirely overlook the most important stage in our story. Indirectly the heirs were not to blame for their failure in retaining the vast estate. It was not very long after Hugo Stinnes' death that in spite of his almost unlimited material wealth, the shortage of what we call "ready cash" began to manifest itself in the ranks of his gigantic organization.

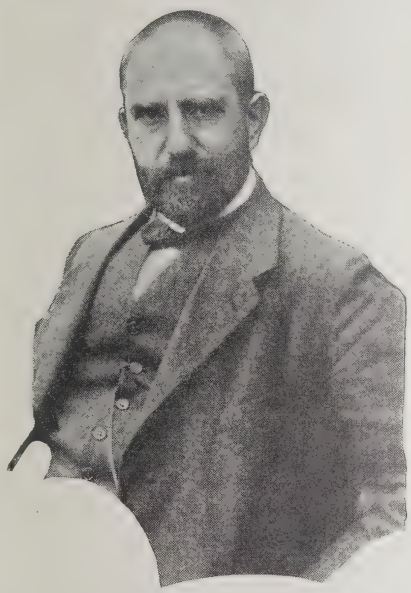
A trust of Stinnes' caliber needed constantly tremendous working capital for the purchase of raw materials and for overhead expenses. With the sudden stabilization of the German paper mark in November, 1923, at the rate of 4 trillion, 200 billion paper marks to the dollar (4,20 gold marks) the German commercial and industrial interests discovered that although they were stupendously paper-rich, they were woefully gold-poor—that is, without sufficient of the new, stabilized marks with which to finance or refinance their undertakings. And, the Stinnes heirs soon saw themselves to be no exception to the acute situation.

What alternatives should the sons of Hugo Stinnes choose if they were to remain in business and continue to meet their huge obligations promptly? There were just two alternatives, and the Stinnes brothers were forced to resort first to the one and then to the other—the last resort, which is the climax of our story. They began with placing on the market certain holdings which could be considered as excess baggage to the organization. But with no real money to speak of in the country, bona fide German buyers were, of course, out of the question. So Hugo, Jr., and Edmund Stinnes were obliged to offer large slices of the estate to foreign buyers who readily accepted the property, but hardly at what might be deemed topnotch prices. The father, it will be recalled, had bought at a time when property was going begging for buyers, whereas the boys were forced to liquidate at a time when not *Sachwerte* but cash was in demand. Hence they sacrificed the choicest bits of property in Germany and elsewhere in order to keep from going into involuntary bankruptcy. It was simply another example of the old, old story: when a man is obliged to sell he seldom finds buyers on the open market who are willing to take his goods at anywhere near their true value.

The heirs were not long in learning, however, that to sell land and industries, piece by piece, in order to keep the main plants in operation, was not exactly in accordance with their original plan of "retaining the whole." But there still was that other alternative beckoning the brothers to "come in and let's talk it over," and it is now that we approach the last lap in our narrative.

During the critical days when the money stringency began in Germany, practically the only banks which were able and, moreover, willing to come to the assistance of the Stinnes in their plight were the following Jewish financial institutions: Mendelssohn & Co., Berlin; S. Bleichroeder, Berlin; Delbrueck, Schickler & Co., Berlin; M. Warburg, Hamburg; A. Levy, Cologne; Solomon Oppenheim, Jr., & Co., Cologne; and Simon Hirschland, Essen, Germany. Thus for the loan of a few bags of coin, the House of Stinnes passed forever out of the control of the Stinnes family—into the waiting arms of the German-Jewish financiers!

Just how important a triumph of this nature was for the Semitic money-lenders in Germany may be gleaned from the fact that Hugo Stinnes, Sr., had always steadfastly refused to hobnob with these banking interests. His great organization was one of the very few German enterprises in which



THE LATE HUGO STINNES,
Who was Germany's industrial colossus, and whose immense fortune eventually was sucked in by the alien money-brokers whom he had abhorred in life.

alien influence did not play a prominent rôle. It is a well-known fact that Stinnes held himself entirely aloof from Semitic influences or environment.

For this and other reasons he was treated very much as an outlaw among the orthodox financial rulers, who were in consequence jealous of his successes and of the fact that he did not avail himself of their aid or participation in his undertakings. Stinnes probably knew that he was an outlaw to these people, but none the less he fairly reveled in the knowledge that he, too, was a power to be reckoned with—a power which possessed well-nigh dictatorial potentialities. And yet, in spite of his knowledge that the Semitic elements in Germany were his enemies, Hugo Stinnes always refused to commit himself on the subject, preferring to show his sentiments by his works alone.

With the master organizer gone to his last reward, what could have been more natural than that the alien money brokers should lie in wait for the children of Hugo Stinnes, who, as they soon observed, were tenderfeet as compared with the renowned father. And, sure enough, one fine day the babes-in-the-woods appeared. They were in sore distress; they needed financial help—loans, and nothing else. They found the aliens Johnny-on-the-job to lend a helping hand. As security, of course, the gracious money-lenders received Stinnes shares and Stinnes property, and the Stinnes family received funds sufficient to meet for a time its most pressing financial obligations—at more or less fancy rates of interest, sure enough! But somehow or other, before the Messrs. Stinnes knew it they had to have still more cash, and in order to get it one block of perfectly good stock and one enterprise after the other was "deposited" as security with the money-lenders. Well and good, but is there anyone in all the world who would even so much as suppose that the sons of Hugo Stinnes will ever see their pawned assets again?

The German newspaper *Die Wahrheit*, which is not affiliated with the Jewish newspaper polyp of Germany, best summarizes our comments in the following paragraph which it published shortly after the first symptoms of the collapse of the Stinnes organization:

"The assertion which is frequently heard that the German banks have again recovered their pre-war influence with the breakdown of the Stinnes interests is certainly true. The House of Stinnes was obliged to surrender its accumulations to those who were able to hold out longest. The shares of stock have simply changed ownership. Stinnes' fortune was amassed at a time when our lesser merchants were sorely distressed financially, and only those who saw into the future were enabled by means of enormous credits to heap together fantastic material wealth for which in the end they paid only a few miserable pennies. To these 'wise and successful business men' also belonged Hugo Stinnes. But those mightier than he among the captains of finance in this country have become his heirs. And verily, these greater financiers did not emerge from out of the industrial elements which were associated with Hugo Stinnes; they came from the class of money-lenders—namely, from that group WHICH SINCE TIME IMMEMORIAL HAS BEEN THE TRUE FINANCIAL POWER! Industrial capital is unable in the long run to compete with the speculative, manipulative financial bodies . . . One thing remains certain: German High Finance has won a tremendous victory!"

**PATENTS**

Time counts in applying for patents. Don't risk delay in protecting your ideas. Send sketch or model for instructions or write for FREE book, "How to Obtain a Patent" and "Record of Invention" form. No charge for information on how to proceed. Communications strictly confidential. Prompt, careful, efficient service. Clarence A. O'Brien, Registered Patent Attorney 2381 Security Bank Building (directly across street from Patent Office), Washington, D. C.

**ATTENTION!**

BUY Concord Yarns direct from manufacturer at a big saving. Spun from long combed wool. Write for free samples, many beautiful shades and heather mixtures. 50c per 4 oz. skein. $2.00 per lb. Postage paid on all orders. Concord Worsted Mills (Dept. A.), W. Concord, N. H.

Linene
REVERSIBLE COLLARS
Give Double Wear




**Linene Reversible Collars** are made so that they can be reversed when soiled. Both sides are alike, of fine starched cotton cloth. They are flexible, comfortable, and always smooth around the neck. You save money because these collars can be worn both sides, and cost nothing for laundering. When soiled, throw them away.

**SPECIAL OFFER:** We will mail you, for thorough trial, 5 sample Linene Reversible Collars of our up-to-date, improved Van Dyck style if you send us 25 cents with your address. Don't fail to state size wanted.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY
DEPT. 186 BOSTON, MASS.

# John Dos Passos—An Interview

(*Concluded from page 2*)

rolls forth at intervals from sources he scarcely remembers in the spaces between. It makes little seasons of prosperity, what there is left, after he showers portions of it about on unrelated people he dreams may need it. There are occasional royalty checks. And when there is almost nothing he eats frugally in dairy lunches or less. It is not a pose that he can live as happily without any money whatever as he can with sufficient for what we like to think are ordinary creature needs. It is a fact. He would cheerfully give you all the money and all but the meager essentials of clothes he has if you needed them. In fact, he believes it is uncivilized not to share whatever one has as a matter of fact and humanity.

***"Dos" Does Some War Service With the Italians***

When Dos Passos—his few intimates call him "Dos"—was in Harvard, where he was graduated in 1916, he was editor of the *Harvard Monthly*. He idolized Dean LeBaron R. Briggs, like many another student. His later work bears the imprint of the Briggs influence. He lived in the several halls which have become known, through the land, as the historic halls of Harvard: Ware, Ridgely, Matthews, Thayer. He was a classmate of E. E. Cummings and a certain congeniality, which has endured between them, is understandable.

Dos Passos was born to fly off to the ends of the earth at short notice. He behaved in general according to form during preparatory school days and college, then the real Dos Passos began to show itself.

First it was the ambulance service in Italy. There are officials of the Italian Army who could tell a tale or two today about the way "that young devil named Dos Passos from the States" stirred things up in the ambulance service.

He had, among other things, a passion for visiting Verona. Verona was some distance from his billet, but what was distance when one was young and, moreover, had an ambulance to travel in? So it became a byword in the unit, "Dos has gone to Verona. Back when we see him." He would hurtle over the intervening miles over roads that at the time lay in an incredibly dangerous zone, park the ambulance in Verona before this or that door, make his visits, entertain himself and others, then fly back to his base in the ambulance. It is understandable that, at the first decent opportunity, Dos Passos was among those who were shifted, all officially and quite according to form in these matters, from the Italian service to an American unit. The Italian officers sighed with relief for the morale of their commands as they saw him go, laughing a little in spite of themselves. And underneath all the bizarre and brave braggadocio lay the kernel of *Three Soldiers*.

***How "Three Soldiers" Came to Be Written***

Dos Passos would say that the remainder of his war service was only a succession of this and that. Immediately at its conclusion he wrote *Three Soldiers*, was bitterly assailed on all sides, did not care, because he wrote what his conscience told him to write, and if his mind had been deep bitten by the acid of war, well, war was hell, and who could say it wasn't? So he cashed a royalty check absently and flew off to Europe again.

He discovered a desire to go to Persia. Americans had not been going on tours in Armenia either since the Armistice. He would go there . . . and he would be the first tourist from America in Persia. So he went through Armenia to Teheran, Persia's capital. Then he crossed the desert from Bagdad to Damascus, with what he considered only half a native guide and with appallingly perspicacious bandits shooting at him from behind every twig. That they all missed him probably had nothing to do with their marksmanship. At Baalbek he sallied squarely into the midst of a dazed crowd of natives who gaped at him for a monstrosity, because they had understood they would see no tourists for ever so long.

Of course, Dos Passos had adventures on this strange journey. He will agree even now that it is not a sensible journey for a young man having relatives. But suddenly one day he was back in New York. And he told his publishers and the few who ran him down that not only had he no photographs to prove that he had taken, as he said, this crazy journey, but that he had quite forgotten whether he had been in peril during it, or had had exciting, narrow escapes. Thus he aroused a degree of disgust and infuriated disappointment in his hearers that satisfied even his exacting requirements for being left to his own devices.

It is difficult to pin Mr. Dos Passos down to theories of writing. One gathers he thinks the world is suffering from a plague of theories. He has a way of looking very wise and quite on the brink of saying something worth recording, then of breaking off with, "Oh, but I'm bad at saying things. Let me see . . . Hm.mm.mm.mm. Wait . . . I . . . No, no one would be interested in that. Ah . . . let me think . . . " He flops his long legs about, and grumbles softly like a pleased bear, as he thinks what to say. But he has a conscience, apart from his diffidence, and what he says he will do, he will do. He may make several false starts, due to what he calls, "the trash of blowing your own horn," but he will turn out ideas before he finishes.

***Does Not Call Ugly Things by Pretty Names***

He is the author of a play and he has convictions about writing for the modern theater. Perhaps he has written more than one play. But this one has been played, semi-privately, by the Harvard Dramatic Club, produced by his friend, G. Edward Massey of whom he says, with a glow, "And you know no one in the world could have done it so well . . . " The play is called *The Moon Is a Gong*. It is a title very much in keeping with one side of Dos Passos. Fantastical. Sheer, poetic imagining. Philosophic, withal, in the midst of its pronounced modernistic fabric. It was within a few inches of being produced in New York but Dos Passos battled the producers over the title. He wanted it called *The Garbage Man*. In the play Death is symbolized by *The Garbage Man*, a figure who appears at intervals and removes all useless people from the scene. The figure and its name are in keeping with another aspect of Dos Passos, his feeling for realism. He does not believe in calling ugly things pretty names. He thinks we are apt to smother the truth too much. It is not that he sees only ugliness. It is not necessary even to say that about a man who wrote:

"The autumn leaves that this morning
danced with the wind,
curtseying in slow minuettes,
giddily whirling in bacchanals,
balancing, hesitant, tiptoe,
while the wind whispered of distant hills,
and clouds like white sails, sailing
in limpid green ice-colored skies . . . "

It is that he has an urge in which sham has no place, nor misreading nor polite misinformations.

***Where the Films Fall Short of Theater***

He believes the theater is a stage of transition. Between what Lady Ilden in Thomas Beer's *The Fair Rewards* called "the Pinero rubbish," and the so-called drawing-room theater—the old idea of the library set and the fourth wall suddenly opening to admit the spectator—and something new, something more lively, less a fabrication. Phantasy he admits but it must go back and resolve itself into something basic. He believes the bluff of the theater has been called. The films have been found capable of securing better, more profuse pictorial effects than the stage. The section of theatrical invention that will survive, Mr. Dos Passos thinks, is that which the films cannot perpetuate. It is becoming the theater's function to put the audiences to work. It is a law of life that being a recipient obligates the individual. Then why should that law not be carried into the theater? Belasco has relieved his audiences of that obligation. They had no more to do, for instance, to create in their own minds an impression of the time of an incident, than to look at Mr. Belasco's carefully regulated clock on the wall. The screen has been doing the same sort of thing.

And now Mr. Dos Passos feels that the theater, which has been in the ascendancy since the war, has started back toward the Elizabethan form wherein the audience had to keep its imagination busy, had to look alive in order to perceive the play at all.

Shakespeare took old plays and worked them over. How many were there in the Hamlet series? Every new play being written now is one of a series, all elaborations of a single idea, being handed about from one playwright to another as popular, as, for example, *Beggar on Horseback*, *The Adding Machine*, *Roger Bloomer*, even Mr. Dos Passos' own *The Moon Is a Gong*. All founded on the same idea and made of ingredients that compel the observer to supply something, that precious quality of imagination without which the world must turn gray and dour.

***The Theater as an Agent in Civilization***

Mr. Dos Passos does not agree with those who talk of the theater providing an outlet for mass emotion. Rot, he calls it. He thinks our industrial pattern has made life very complicated. He thinks the theater is a communal factor, figure, if you will, in the modern pattern. He thinks it draws the sympathies of peoples together, it cultivates solidarity and patience one with another, and that through transcription upon the stage of problems in which the sympathies of the audience are enlisted, there is the hope of the world becoming kinder, more civilized.



# A Dance a Week



## The Varsovienne: a Dance of Graceful Movements; Follow This Description Carefully, and You Can Dance It

(The photographs on this page were posed by Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin B. Lovett, Masters of Dancing at Dearborn.)

The Varsovienne (sometimes spelled "varsoviana") is perhaps the most attractive of the dances we have thus far described.

At Dearborn it is known as Mr. Henry Ford's favorite dance. He prefers it because it is restful.

It will be the last of the round dances to be described at this time. Next week we shall take up the old square dances.

The Varsovienne consists of two parts, each resembling the other. It is better to master the first part first, for having done so, most of the second part will be immediately clear.

It is perhaps better to learn the general movement without being too particular, during practice, of the "grace notes" in "raise" and "point." But when the general movement is mastered, these grace notes should be put in their place.

In this dance there are two movements called "point" and "raise" respectively.

POINT.—At "point" in the dance, gentleman and lady extend opposite feet, toe pointed to the floor, heel raised, each dancer looking straight at the point of his or her extended foot. This is illustrated in photograph 1 on this page. Unfortunately the photo does not show the arched foot—toe pointing to the floor, heel raised. It is a movement which comes naturally to all graceful people, once they know it.

Remember that all these movements are natural, and are not to be exaggerated. The most common error is to stretch the limb or foot. That is not the idea at all. Let the length of the step be natural. Do not take any step that tests your balance. Simply



"Pointing" as used to finish the movement, slide, close, step, *point*.

point the toe forward and downward with heel raised, an arched point, without stretching or reaching.

RAISE.—In this dance, "raise" means to raise the free foot, toe pointed to the floor. This is illustrated in photograph 2. One of the "grace notes" of this motion is that it is accompanied by a raising and lowering of the heel of the foot on which you are standing. This is not at all involved or difficult, as an exact compliance with these directions will prove to you.

Now for the dance:

Dancers take the waltz position, but the movement is sidewise.

The movement is to the gentleman's left and continues until it is completed on "point."

We are going to use the figures L and R here to indicate right and left foot. These steps are for the gentleman; the lady's steps being the same, but on the opposite foot.

Take waltz position. The direction is sidewise, starting to the gentleman's left.

L slide, R close, L raise; L slide, R close, L raise;

L slide, R close, L *step* (to left side, turning) and R point (with right foot to right side).

Four bars in all.

(You will observe that the *step* brings you in position to execute the "point.")

That constitutes the first half of the First Part. You should not spare practice on this until you get the swing of it. Once done, it commends itself strongly to the dancer.

The second half of the First Part is just the reverse of the first half. The lady starts with her left foot this time, the gentleman with his right.

(Gentleman) R slide, L close, R raise; R slide, L close, R raise;

R slide, L close, R step (to right side, turning) and L point (left foot to left side).

Four bars in all.

That constitutes the first part, which you should practice until you have mastered it.

The Second Part introduces a little maneuver which might be described as a "dance half around" or "spring half around." It is obvious that were the dance to be performed after the style of the first part, the couples would stay in one place and would not move around the hall. This little "dance half around" provides for progress down the hall.

Gentleman, starting with the left foot raised to the left side, takes a slide, close, half turn, and point. Then he will reverse, and his turn will be in the opposite direction. As the dancer performs this movement, he will see how it always leaves him and his partner in position to continue their progress down the hall.

In compact form the dance is as follows:

THE DANCE

Metronome 138 Waltz Position Mazurka

L slide, R close, L raise; L slide, R close, L raise; L slide, R close, L step (to left side) and R point (right foot) to right side 4 bars in all.

Repeat the same with the right foot, to right side.

R slide, L close, R raise; R slide, L close, R raise; R slide, L close, R step (to right side) and L point (left foot) to left side (4 bars).

SECOND PART.

Starting with the left foot, raised to left side, making a half turn each time.

(Raised left) slide, close, step, point (right foot) 2 bars.

(Raised right) slide, close, step, point (left foot) 2 bars.

(Raised left) slide, close, step, point (right foot) 2 bars.

(Raised right) slide, close, step, point (left foot) 2 bars.

Repeat all from the beginning. The second part may be executed by turning alternately to the right and left.

Another version of the Varsovienne is to reverse the order of the above dance by executing the movements of the second part first, and the first part last.



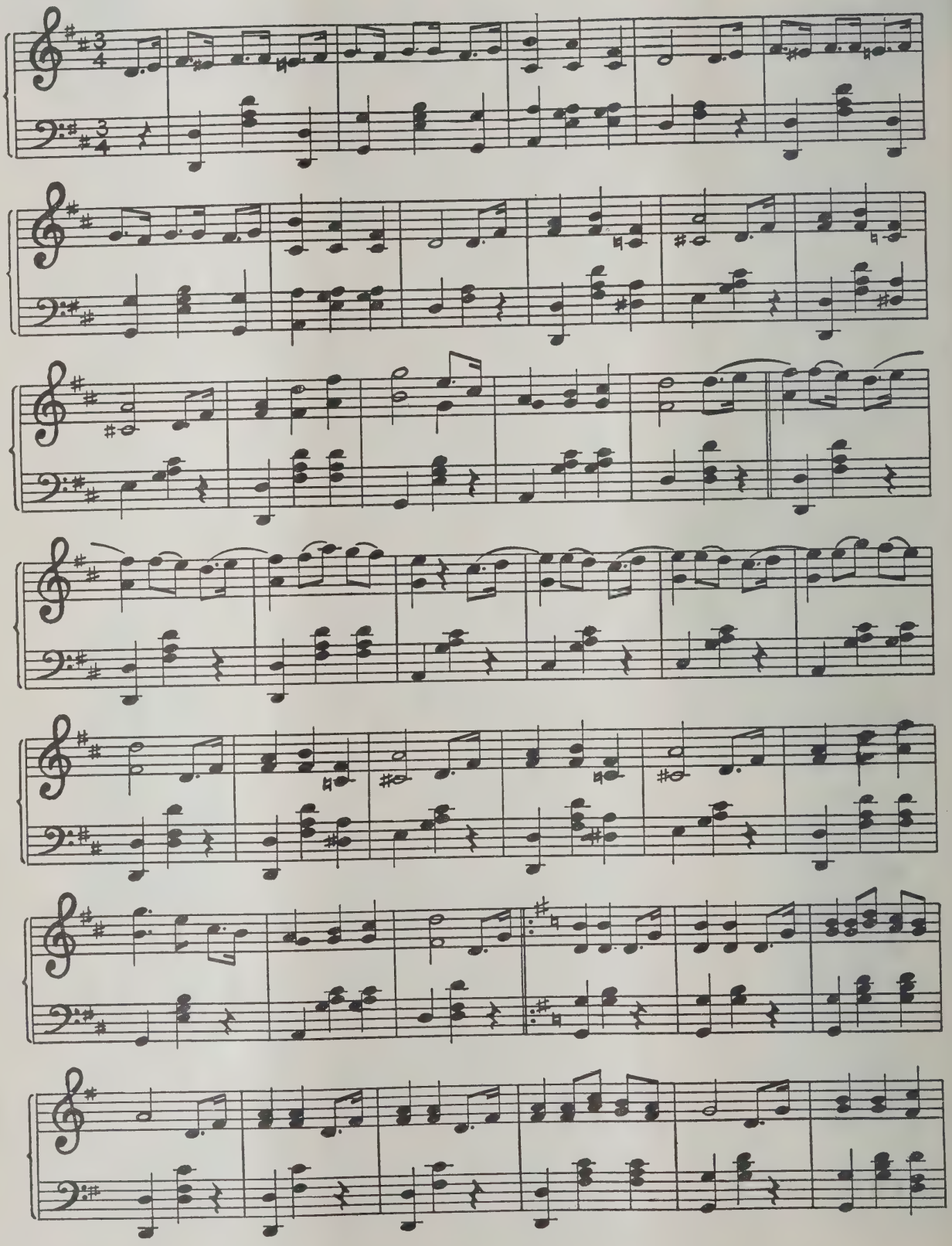
Starting the dance, foot slightly raised, ready for the slide.

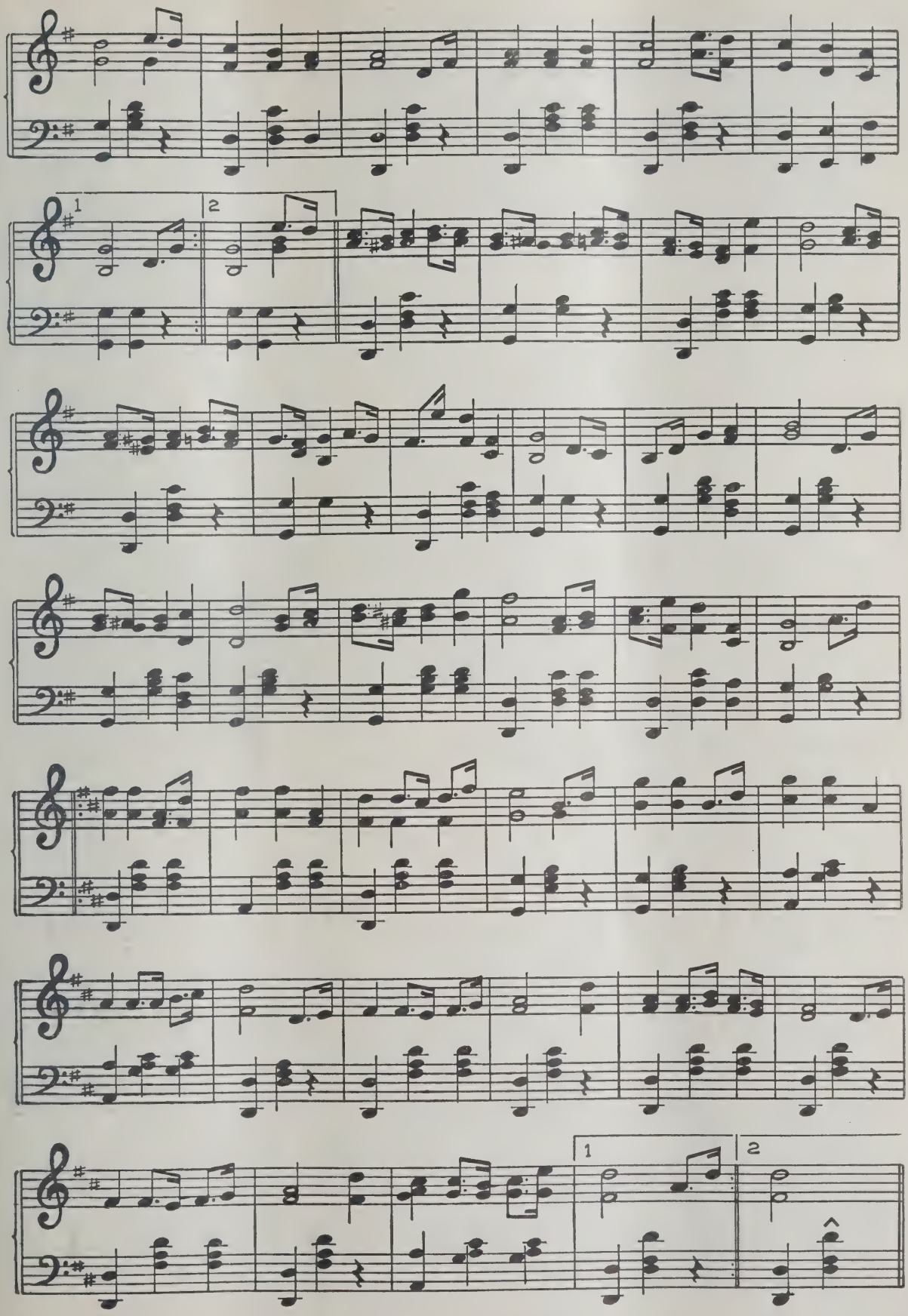
It is the style that makes the dance. But the dance can get its style only from the dancer. Many dancers, especially learners, are impatient of style because they consider it an unnecessary ornament or affectation. This is a fundamental error, as will be readily perceived when finished dancing is compared with the careless or vulgar variety.

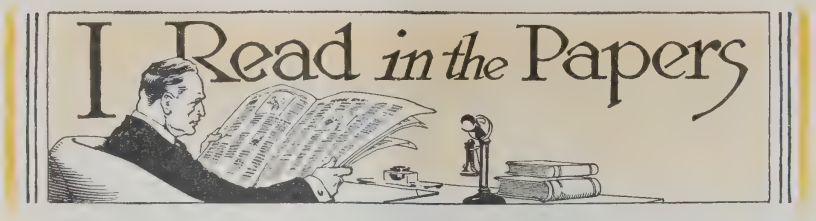
In the most finished dancing there will still be individuality of style. No two people do anything exactly alike. The length of step or the speed of movement may differ. So that a dancer must be able to fit his style to that of his partner, a thing easy to do with practice in dancing with many different persons. Dancers should favor one another as much as possible, but the gentleman will do the guiding.

# VARSOVIENNE

MM—138




1
2
1
2




—that one woman in New York had the spiritual integrity to challenge the aspersions cast upon the dominant racial stock in the United States by such men as Louis Marshall and Walter Lippmann. I should like to lift my hat to the lady. Her name, according to the New York *Times*, is Mrs. Robert Wylie Lyle. She was attending a luncheon at the Hotel Astor where the proposed registration of aliens was discussed, and where most of the speakers seem to have been Jewish. No such meeting with such speakers is ever complete without the usual quota of insulting references to the Anglo-Saxon. It appears that in this instance the other Americans took it, as they usually do, without challenge. Jewish aspersions against Americans are never resented by so-called Americans in New York. Hence it has become quite a well-known Manhattan sport for the aliens to insult the natives to their faces. Much as a celebrated Jewish comedian flings asides at Jesus Christ in the Yiddish tongue, his "christian" audiences never guessing what he means.

It appears, however, that this Mrs. Lyle is made of other stuff. She arose and protested. And though the meeting seems to have included the Presbyterian church and the Y. M. C. A. among its sponsors—the other sponsoring societies being Jewish—this woman was the only one to protest. She spoke the truth when she said it was shameful that men like Lippmann and Marshall who attacked Anglo-Saxondom in the United States should go unrebuked.

---

—that when the fiddler comes to Glenisla—a clachan in the Scottish Highlands—he loves to think he is in the hub of a wheel, with the valleys for spokes. And he travels down a "spoke" each night to a farm, where the family gathers by the fire in the stone-flagged kitchen to listen to quaint and spirited music which years of practice have brought well-nigh to perfection. Once he has completed his tour he goes home, for his "leave" is short, and spends his leisure evenings in the enjoyment of his instrument himself.

Every glen looks forward to his visit, and the lamplight in the tiny window heralds his approach. It is also the signal for people to call, and merry is the throng before the night is out. Impatient hands help take the fiddle from its case, and the fiddler with little ado strikes up a tune in quick time.

This frequently rouses the family to such a degree of enthusiasm that the rafters shake and the dishes sidle precariously near the edge of the shelves. It is then the fire brightens, faces grow ruddier. There is no time for intervals. Soon the kitchen is awhirl with merry feet and joyous shouts.

How gayly the lads and lassies join in the dance! Take your partners, curtsy, bow; cross and recross, step and turn; first the right foot, then the left; swing and turn and swing again. Dust rises from the floor. The chairs are moved; the table is pushed back. More room is needed.

And when the vigorous strains of the dance cease, the floor, once occupied by furniture, is an empty space, with the fiddler in one corner mopping his brow and chuckling audibly. A country audience isn't a critical audience. Rhythm and volume are essential, and quality of tone and correctness of pitch are but secondary considerations.

For a reel, the fiddler's preference is "The Miller o' Hirn"; for a Highland schottische (pronounced Settische) "Stirling Castle," and when he plays them the lamp seems to blink in sheer delight. But his evenings are not always bright and gay—there is a sentimental aspect which he would not forgo.

On a sheep farm, a woman who has seen the summer's sun come and go for many years looks forward to the visit of the fiddler. For she dwells in the past, and longs to relive a happy evening when her sweetheart—the pride of the village—played "The Lass o' Ballochmyle," as she never heard it played before.

Few people realize that the fiddler is a composer. Draw him into conversation and he will tell you how one of his famous tunes originated. He was sitting on the stump of a tree, lost to the world. It was noon, and the other foresters were idling nearby.

Suddenly he burst from his reverie, reached for the nearest branch, and putting an end of it in his mouth like a chanter played a tune with great gusto, beating time with his foot as if nailing the notes into the moss to make an impressionable record of them.

His composition bore a strange title, "The Fiery Pans"—strange only if you did not know that his eyes rested upon the bracken-covered hill of that name when the melody first seized him. The tune was a polka, and although reputed to be original there was much of it for which an earlier composer could take credit.

---

—that C. W. Barron, the best-known financial writer and editor that America has produced, says:

"The crude rubber situation with England and Holland is most interesting. We started the automobile industry when rubber was $1 a pound, and $2 a pound will not halt the automobile industry in this country.

"Rubber probably will sell lower this year, perhaps as low as 50 or 60 cents a pound, whereas in three or four years' time, with prosperity in the United States, rubber is likely to be nearer $2 a pound than $1 and this in spite of anything that Washington or individual corporations can do or say about it. It takes six years, at least, to grow a rubber tree to a size where it may be counted upon to yield rubber gum.

"The world has not enough rubber trees even to meet the regular 10 per cent increase in the output of motor tires in this country, to say nothing about the rest of the world. England is doubling her motor car output and at the end of next year will be manufacturing twice as many automobiles as this year."

## Romantic Rascals

(*Concluded from page 14*)

tiveness. So at least it appeared to the man in the street, and Wilkes fostered the idea of organized aristocracy plotting his ruin.

"In the whole progress of ministerial vengeance against me for several years," he said in a speech, "I have shown to the conviction of all mankind that my enemies have trampled on the laws, and have been actuated by the spirit of tyranny and arbitrary power." Time and time again he was elected to Parliament and as often was refused his seat on the technicality of his being an outlaw and guilty of sedition.

At last technicalities were cleared away and the trial on the original charge was heard. With great dexterity Wilkes kept up the martyr-hero pose, standing as one ready to die for the public good, a knight bright and shining grappling with the menacing monster that would throttle human freedom. And the million shouted louder and louder for "Wilkes and Liberty."

Not only shouted, but fought and died. April 27, 1768, when Wilkes appeared at the Court of King's Bench and bail was refused on the ground of his outlawry, the mob overcame guards and soldiers, removed the horses from the vehicle in which he was being taken to the prison, and dragged him about the streets. Officers had to fight savagely against people then, and, for his own protection and security, Wilkes fled by back ways to the jail.

The next day and the next night Wilkites seemed to be in possession of all London. The tumultuous shouting broke in on the court and there was spasmodic struggling at first, as mounted soldiers tried to disperse the crowd. All that nebulous disorder soon resolved itself into something definite, and the oaken fence about courthouse and prison went up in flames. There was firing and men fell dead, so, for the time, the paroxysm passed. But madness was in the mob.

Soon weavers, tailors, sawyers, laborers left their occupations and stormed government buildings, demanding their "Rights" and shouting for "Wilkes and Liberty." A body of sailors, catching the infection, marched many thousand strong to Westminster with their petition for "Relief of Grievances," then paraded to Limehouse where they boarded outgoing ships, seized the crews and tied up the vessels. Elsewhere in the country, dreamers and demagogues did their work, talking of persecution and conspiracy, so that outbreak followed outbreak with astonishing rapidity and the sentimentality which hypnotizes the crowd bore plentiful fruit. The madness reached its height when the result of the trial became known and it was learned that for the editorial in the *North Briton* charging the king with untruthfulness Wilkes was fined five hundred pounds and sentenced to two years' imprisonment, with a further fine of five hundred pounds and twelve months' imprisonment for the obscene pamphlet.

The public forgot its hero with astonishing rapidity, and Wilkes, being in time free, took his place in office and revealed neither special enlightenment nor exceptional wisdom. There is just one illuminating picture in which royalty and demagogue is shown with touching orbits. George III having expressed a wish to see "that rascal Wilkes" was gratified, and Wilkes assured the king that he had never been a Wilkite.





ABOVE—Japan asleep.

Upper left—Bread. This youngster of rural France is taking home a loaf nearly as large as he is. It is built on the general principles of the balloon tire (in shape at least) and will last the family a week.



Left—Music. She plays the organ, sings, and dances for the entertainment of carnival crowds, does this little Welsh miss, but in spite of her accomplishments her doll, perched atop the organ, appeals to her most of all.



# Happy Childhood ~ The World O'er

Right—Curiosity. This tousle-headed, round-eyed gamin is typical of the slums of Mexico City. He is dirty, and thoroughly happy.



London Bridge is falling down—in Holland. And the children of The Netherlands, all decked out in the traditional garb of their country, have as much fun at the ancient game as their English cousins.

THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL
B-41

I HOLD that, in contemplation of universal law and of the Constitution, the Union of these States is perpetual. Perpetuity is implied, if not expressed, in the fundamental law of all national governments. It is safe to assert that no government proper ever had a provision in its organic law for its own termination. Continue to execute all the express provisions of our National Constitution, and the Union will endure forever—it being impossible to destroy it except by some action not provided for in the instrument itself.

—*Lincoln's First Inaugural Address.*

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Vol. 26 No. 18 FEBRUARY 20, 1926 $1.50 a Year

## Cut-Rate Citizenship Is Too Cheap-Let Him Earn It

*By James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor*

THE LIBRARY OF THE
FEB 24 1926
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS




The Man Who *Slapped Washington* on the Shoulder

*By ALLAN BENSON*



In the Timken Steel Mill, reels of hot metal like this represent millions of bearing rolls, all in one piece. Later the rolls are cut, shaped and finished. Every process, from the very production of the steel itself, is carried on in the great self-contained Timken plant.

# Miles of Might for Motor Cars

Reels of rolls! Those little rolls in the Timken Tapered Roller Bearings of your car are spun by the mile in the great Timken steel mill. This is the mill with the largest output of electric furnace steel in the world. It is the only steel mill directly a part of the resources of a bearing plant.

What self-sufficient completeness—what massive operations—when bearings are hardly so much as 1% of the weight of a motor vehicle. But Timken Bearings so surely improve cars and trucks that 132,000 Timkens per day are added to the 150,000,000 already in use!

*Permanence*, silence, simplicity, and economy are the coveted characteristics which Timken Bearings assure in transmissions, in differentials, on pinion and worm gears, in rear wheels and front wheels, in steering pivots and in fans. Most largely responsible are Timken positive roll alignment, Timken capacity for both vertical and horizontal stresses, and Timken steel, as well.

Since 83% of all makes of motor vehicles in America use Timken Bearings, you can easily choose from among Timken-equipped automobiles and trucks.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

**TIMKEN**

***Tapered***

**ROLLER BEARINGS**

February 20
1926

Volume 26
Number 18



# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

# The Essence of this Issue:

Mr. Ford's Page this week de-
nes the condition of success as
oing more for the world than it has
one for you.

The Lincoln issue of February 12
et a welcome throughout the
ountry. This week we approach
ashington's Birthday with new
aterial about that great man. We
el sure it will prove of value.

Patriotism, to Washington, was
ove all other considerations. Al-
ough he entertained the warmest
eling for Lafayette, yet he sus-
ected even him on one occasion,
this now reprinted letter shows.
rare glimpse into Washington's
mperament. (p. 2)

The elements that combined to
rm Washington's character have
ng in erested historians. The 110
ules of Conduct, which he wrote
a copybook during his boyhood,
ad much to do with it; but the
ource of these rules has been
rouded in mystery. Here is some
ght on their origin, and how Wash-
gton came to copy them. (p. 19)

The supreme test of audacity—
apping General Washington on the
oulder! But Gouverneur Morris
d it, and thereby earned an undying
putation for rashness. Morris, cynical,
tter, irreverent, still had such a keen
tellect that he is considered to have been
e author of the Constitution. (p. 6)

Sapiro's demand for an investigation
the large tobacco companies proved a
omerang. The Federal Trade Commission,
elving into the situation, soon discovered
at mismanagement of Sapiro's tobacco
operatives was largely responsible for the
eavy losses suffered by the growers. The
port contained such amazing disclosures
at Sapiro sought to have it suppressed,
ut failed. (p. 14)

What have you done to *earn* your citizen-
ip? What have you done to *deserve* it?
hat does your citizenship mean to *you?*
ould you value it more highly if you had
win your right to it? Certainly you
ould! (p. 3)

CONTENTS

George Washington's Loyalty - - - - - - 2
Cut-Rate Citizenship Is Too Cheap - - - - 3
*Frank P. Sibley*
The Government Accuses the Movies - - - - 4
The Man Who Slapped Washington on the Shoulder—*Allan L. Benson* - - - - - 6
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
Marblehead, the Seaport of Romance - - - 12
*Mary Harrod Northend*
Why Sapiro's Co-ops Had Trouble - - - - 14
How I Put Art Into Photography—*J. H. Field* 16
Washington's Schoolmaster - - - - - - - 19
*A. G. Walker*
Aviation From the Navy's Viewpoint - - - 24
*Captain W. S. Pye*
A Dance a Week—Tichnor's Quadrille - - - 29

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer;
C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

The strangling of competition in the motion picture industry is responsible for the preponderance of inferior films, is the conclusion reached by government attorneys after nearly five years of exhaustive study. Unless steps are taken immediately to check certain practices, they say, complete control of the industry will soon pass into the hands of a small group of men, who will thereupon become sole arbiters of what we—and our children—shall see. (p. 4)

The business of war—stripped of its aura of glory—is essentially the business of imposing the will of one nation on another. Captain Pye dwells particularly on the uses of airplanes in war, and their relation to other fighting machines. He regards aircraft as auxiliaries, not substitutes for other weapons. (p. 24)

There is an art in recording the sunset with a camera, or the beauties of a wind-swept tree. The mood of the place must be caught as well as stark outlines. J. H. Field, noted photographer of landscapes, shares his camera secrets with us. (p. 16)

The romance of old Marblehead is the romance of its ships—the white, billowing clippers of other times and the trim racing yachts of today. The streets, the dwellings, the ancient inns and the old shipyards are redolent with memories of the past. But Marblehead also lives in the present. (p. 12)

Rabbi Joseph Klausner's book, *Jesus of Nazareth,* leaped into popular interest when Dr. Stephen S. Wise declared that the Jewish belief that Jesus was a myth is mistaken. Klausner goes very far in admitting the historical truths of the Gospels. We will print an analysis of Klausner's work next week.

For a generation William Jennings Bryan was a power in America. Defeated, ridiculed, and attacked as few public men have been, he yet retained a tremendous personal following. The secret of this power, his friends say, lay in his sincerity. One of these friends has written a series of intimate reminiscences on the Great Commoner, which will begin in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT next week.

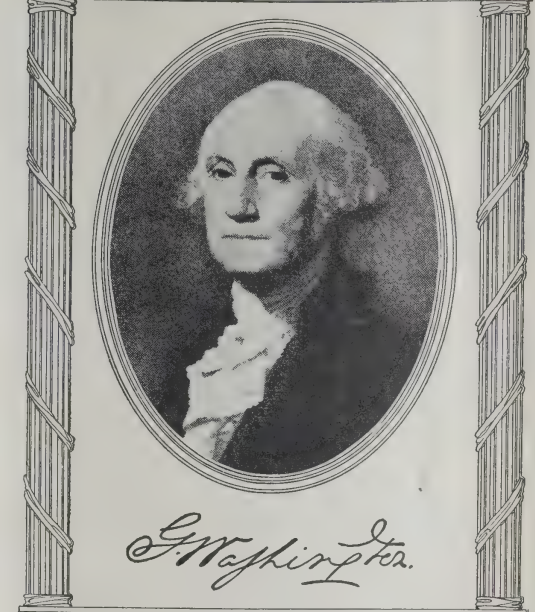
This week we begin a course of instruction in the old square dances. These are, strictly speaking, musical games. They descend through many generations to our people and afford desirable diversion and wholesome recreation. A few of the movements of the quadrille are described. (p. 29)

When the "Read in the Papers" gentleman referred to the Evanston Conference as a Methodist conference, he stepped into a careless error. It was an undenominational conference. His confusion was quite explainable, however, for it was a Methodist clergyman who "covered" it for this paper. The story as published in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT of February 6 is worth looking up, if you haven't read it.

UBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.50 A YEAR in the United States and its depend-
ncies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic
ostage Rate applies; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year. Single copy, ten
nts.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

# Washington's Loyalty




## Lafayette's Plan to Invade Canada Disapproved

## Because It Might Be a Move Against United States

GEORGE WASHINGTON had no loyalty superior to that which he gave his country. He held even his best friends suspect if their plans admitted the least possibility of danger to the American cause. An instance of this is to be found in the secret caution which he gave the President of the Continental Congress to be exceedingly wary of the Marquis de Lafayette in a plan which that nobleman was proposing. The plan was an invasion of Canada by French troops ostensibly in support of the American Revolution. The plan was given as Lafayette's own, but Washington suspected that it originated with the French Government in a desire to reconquer Canada from the British. Washington regarded this as a move against America.

The fact will strike so oddly on the minds of modern readers who have been schooled in legendary tale of Lafayette that it deserves to be known, if only as a curiosity. Besides it shows George Washington in the light of a farseeing statesman who in this instance at least saw farther than the diplomats of France, for it was later shown that the possibility that was so clear to Washington's mind had not occurred to the King of France.

The letter of warning reads:

Fredg., 14th Novr., 1778.

Dr. Sir,

This will be accompanied by an official letter[1] on the subject of the proposed expedition against Canada. You will perceive I have only considered it in a military light; indeed I was not authorized to consider it in any other; and I am not without apprehensions, that I may be thought, in what I have done, to have exceeded the limits intended by Congress. But my solicitude for the public welfare, which I think deeply interested in this affair, will, I hope, justify me in the eyes of all those, who view things through that just medium. I do not know, Sir, what may be your sentiments in the present case; but, whatever they are, I am sure I can confide in your honor and friendship, and shall not hesitate to unbosom myself to you on a point of the most delicate and important nature.

The question of the Canadian expedition, in the form it now stands, appears to me one of the most interesting that has hitherto agitated our national deliberations. I have one objection to it, untouched in my public letter, which is, in my estimation, insurmountable, and alarms all my feelings for the true and permanent interests of my country. This is the introduction of a large body of French troops into Canada, and putting them in possession of the capital of that Province, attached to them by all the ties of blood, habits, manners, religion, and former connexion of government. I fear this would be too great a temptation to be resisted by any power actuated by the common maxims of national policy. Let us realize for a moment the striking advantages France would derive from the possession of Canada; the acquisition of an extensive territory, abounding in supplies for the use of her Islands; the opening a vast source of the most beneficial commerce with the Indian nations, which she might then monopolize; the having ports of her own on this continent independent of the precarious good will of an ally; the engrossing of the whole trade of Newfoundland whenever she pleased, the finest nursery of seamen in the world; the security afforded to her Islands; and, finally, the facility of awing and controlling these States, the natural and most formidable rival of every maritime power in Europe. Canada would be a solid acquisition to France on all these accounts, and because of the numerous inhabitants, subjects to her by inclination, who would aid in preserving it under her power against the attempt of every other.

France, acknowledged for some time past the most powerful monarchy in Europe by land able not to dispute the empire of the sea with Britain, and if joined with Spain, I may say, certainly superior, possessed of New Orleans on our right, Canada on our left, and seconded by the numerous tribes of indians in our rear from one extremity to the other a people so generally friendly to her, and whom she knows so well to conciliate, would, it is much to be apprehended, have it in her power to give law to these States.

Let us suppose, that, when the five thousand french troops (and under the idea of that number twice as many might be introduced) were entered the city of Quebec, they should declare an intention to hold Canada, as a pledge and surety for the debts due to France from the United States or, under other specious pretences hold the place till they can find a bone of contention, and, in the mean while, should excite the Canadians to engage in supporting their pretences & claims; what should we be able to say, with only four or five thousand men to carry on the dispute? It may be supposed, that France would not choose to renounce our friendship by a step of this kind as the consequence would be a reunion with England on some terms or other and the loss of what she had acquired in so violent and unjustifiable a manner, with all the advantages of an alliance with us. This, in my opinion is too slender a security against the measure, to be relied on. The truth of the position will entirely depend on naval events. If France and Spain should unite, and obtain a decided superiority by Sea, a reunion with England would avail very little, and might be set at defiance. France, with a numerous army at command, might throw in what number of land forces she thought proper, to support her pretensions; and England, without men, without money, and inferior on her favorite element, could give no effectual aid to oppose them. Resentment, reproaches, and submission seem to be all that would be left to us. Men are very apt to run into extremes. Hatred to England may carry some into an excess of

(Concluded on page 28)

[1] This letter to the President of Congress, dated 11 November, 1778, is one of the best of Washington's military papers. It is printed in Ford, *The Writings of George Washington*, vii., 239.

# Cut-Rate Citizenship Is Too Cheap




## Getting Membership in the United States on the Deadhead Ticket

By FRANK P. SIBLEY

THE year 1925, *requiescat in pace*, was a great season for the gloom-casters, the anti-patriots and the Amalgamated Association of Crabs. It was, they are happy to inform you, a terrible year.

Murder has become a national pastime. See statistics. Self-respect has vanished from our country; nobody is ashamed to do anything. Youth has become vicious, manhood debauched and old age undignified. Worst of all, our alien population doesn't seem to appreciate the great privilege of becoming American citizenry. Our imports aren't all acting like the sort of American citizens of whom one could be proud.

Why?

One school of research says it is all the aftermath of the war. Another believes—see statistics—that the automobile is wrecking us as a nation. See statistics. There is even one school of thought that blames the movies and the radio.

Nobody seems to have suggested that we—and the aliens—do not value American citizenship *because it has no value.* Women, through long years denied citizenship, valued it enough to make a fight for it that went to fantastic lengths. But to men—and to foreigners—American citizenship is a deadhead ticket.

Citizenship is the birthright of the American baby. He is so accustomed to it by the time he is entitled to vote that he has forgotten all about it.

He values it so little that he even disdesteps the duties it carries—but he would scream with rage if one called him a short sport for trying to evade jury duty, or trying to shift his share of the load of taxes to the other fellow's shoulders, or getting a little lax in attending to the choice of his legislators.

Of course, if a war comes, a heavy percentage of the American citizenry will rush to enlist. Never mind why they enlist. It is the last duty, the great duty, the showiest duty, of a citizen who loves his country. Even then, however, the draft was necessary before enough patriots were secured.

Lovely inconsistency! He will put his bacon freely into the pan, but will shirk enforcing the law at the cost of a few days' loss of time. Maybe the American citizen doesn't really want the law enforced.

There was a Congressman who was a thief, a known thief who would have been in jail instead of in Congress if he had not owned his district judge body and soul. But why should anybody object to this state of things? There are probably one million thieves in the United States; does anybody contend that one million American citizens should be utterly without a representative in Congress?

Something basic is *wrong with our citizenship*, and more than one thinker believes that it is because *citizenship has become a deadhead ticket*, something that has *cost nothing*, and is valued at cost.

Except the men who earned the right to be proud by offering themselves for their country, none of us has the right to be proud of being an American citizen.

But must we get up a war every generation, in order to breed a self-respecting American citizen?

How would it be if we set another sort of price on citizenship? How would it be if we said to every boy and every girl, in effect, "We are proud of you. We know you, and we know and respect your father and your mother. We know you are self-respecting, truth-telling Americans, *and we want you for citizens*, to carry on our beloved country.

"It is no longer enough, however, just to be born in a country, to become a citizen of it. If this is to be your country, you must be able to point to *something you have done to make it your country*, some service performed for it.

"The boys who went to the war did service; they earned the right to citizenship in a most dreadful test. But we cannot and we shall not wait for another war to prove you. We are now all from Missouri, and you have got to show us."

Some germ of this idea appeared just after the war, when Senator Chamberlain offered a bill providing for universal and compulsory military service. There were so many flaws in the idea that it hadn't a chance of adoption.

But suppose the idea had taken the form of offering to the boy and the girl—since the girl becomes a citizen now, also, and should earn her place alongside of her brother—*the chance to earn citizenship.*

It should not be compulsory. It should say to the youngsters, "We believe in you." We believe you love your country and that you want to be a citizen. *If you want to be a citizen, some service you must do.*"

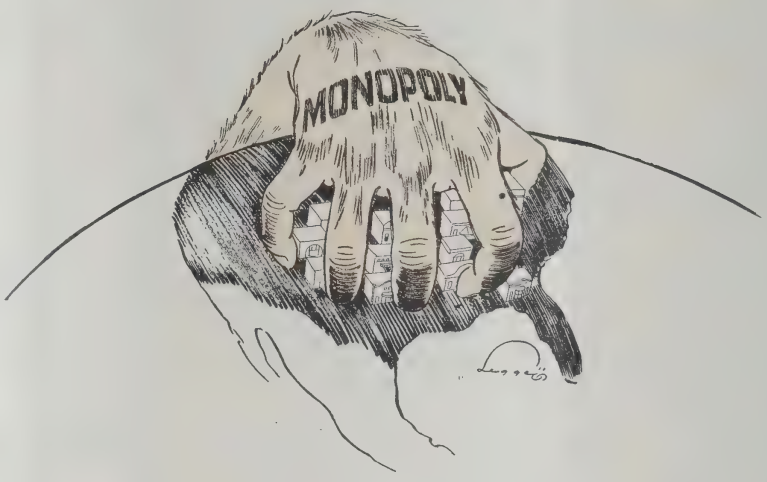
It should say to the incoming alien, "It is not enough to declare an intention of becoming an American citizen, reading a piece of the Constitution and taking an oath you do not even understand. *Show us!* If this is to be your country, serve her as an evidence of good faith—and of the fact that you are worth having as a citizen."

It would be simple enough to provide opportunities for service—in army or navy, if choice lay that way; in transportation, communications, munitions; in forestry, public works. If a boy couldn't find anything else, he could build a stretch of road.

To accomplish this only two acts are needed. One seems simple enough; it can even be done by a minority of the people, while the majority is looking the other way. It consists simply in amending the Constitution so that to the qualifications for the suffrage is added the phrase, "*and a record of public service done,*" with a provision that any person who has not the suffrage shall be deemed not a citizen.

The other thing needful is the certification of citizenship, and for this purpose nothing seems likely to be more effective than the system of universal police *(Concluded on page 31)*

# The Government Accuses the Movies




## Inferior Pictures Are Due to Growing Tendency Toward Monopoly in Industry, Federal Trade Commission Counsel Say

WE—the American public—spend one billion dollars a year to see motion pictures. It is a tremendous sum, the greatest ever expended for entertainment by any race in history. What do we receive in return?

Do we get the best pictures it is possible to produce? It is generally conceded that we do not. Do we get a fair percentage of good pictures? No! Then what do we get? We get a few good pictures, deplorably few, buried deep in the mass of drab, mediocre, often indecent films that come from the Hollywood producing mills with the regularity and general spontaneity of sausage from the grinder.

We pay well for the privilege of seeing motion pictures. Why do we not get a fair return on our investment? In other words: *What's wrong with the movies?* A perennial question, this, one to which hundreds of answers have been essayed. Actors and esthetes, critics and Congressmen, producers and preachers; all have propounded it and given their theories.

And now comes a branch of the government with its answer. It is given in the action brought before the Federal Trade Commission whereby curtailment is sought of certain of the activities of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and of Adolph Zukor, its president.

What's wrong with the movies? The attempt on the part of a small group of men who already have a dominating control to obtain a monopoly of the industry.

Attorneys for the commission tell us at length of the results of this control and this tendency toward monopoly: the stifling of competition among producers, distributors and exhibitors, the gradual elimination of independents from the field, the ramming of poor pictures down the throat of the public . . .

What's wrong with the movies? Here is what the government's attorneys say:

"It is absolutely necessary for the picture industry to have an open market and an open field for the independent producers, or for all producers who want to make good pictures. *If the exhibitor was not compelled to take the bad pictures with the good pictures, the bad pictures would soon be eliminated.*"

There is a sore point—the distributors are *compelled* to take the bad along with the good.

An open market, clean-cut competition wherein quality will survive and the dregs will gradually be drained away—that is the solution offered by the government's counsel. At present the open market is wholly illusory; it is desirable, but wholly prevented by the acts of certain powerful companies. It can be brought about only, it is said, by regulation, and discontinuance of certain practices that have grown up within the industry, practices that are denounced as unfair and coercive.

The movie question has passed out of the hands of the few; it is no longer a matter for desultory, academic discussion. It is a problem of such importance to the nation that it can be held second only to prohibition.

From fifteen to twenty millions of persons daily attend motion picture theaters in America, *75 per cent of them under 24 years of age.*

The overwhelming majority of those who view the films are boys and girls, youths whose minds are plastic. What they see projected on the screen is readily impressed on their minds; their habits are influenced, and their thoughts colored by those who make the pictures.

Thomas A. Edison declared before the commission that the motion picture is the perfect instrument for teaching. We get, he said, 80 to 90 per cent of our knowledge through the eye. His statements are proved by actual tests on children in his laboratory. Humans ar imitative, he declared and children especially are apt to mimic wha they see. Simila statements were mad by Dr. John J. Tigert United States Com missioner of Educa tion, Douglas Fair banks, and others.

The motion pictur industry has becom fourth largest in th world; it employs ap proximately 300,00 persons permanently there are nearly 20, 000 theaters in th United States, an some $500,000 a da is spent in construc tion of new theaters The industry, center ing in America stretches its fingers t all parts of the globe The industry has be come the greatest sys tem for disseminating propaganda (th picture men like to call it publicit or exploitation) ever devised.

Dominating this industry, govern ment attorneys say, is a little group o men whose control is so complete tha their word is virtual law. At th pinnacle is Adolph Zukor, who eightee years ago was operating nickelodeon in New York City, and before that wa conducting penny arcades. The govern ment filed its original action agains Zukor and his associates in 1921 Illegal combination in restraint o trade was alleged.

Zukor came to this country as lad of fifteen from Hungary. Hi schooling was meager. For a time h engaged in the fur business where hi partner was Marcus Loew, now head o a large theatrical circuit, and presiden of a producing motion picture compan second only in size to Zukor's. Then h went into amusement enterprises; th penny arcade and nickelodeon ventures His sensational rise to power in th motion picture industry is one of th amazing events of commercial life i America.

It is with this power, and th methods used in attaining it, that th government concerns itself in it action against Zukor and his associates

Proceedings against alleged trust are tedious affairs. During the thre years which elapsed from the time o the filing of the original complaint hearings were held in various parts o the country; numerous witnesses wer heard; sharp charges were aired; an volumes of testimony were taken After these hearings witnesses for th respondents were called, and then th

briefs of opposing counsel had to be prepared.

Because very scant newspaper notice was given this activity on the part of the government, the story of it is told here.

In their brief the government's attorneys, W. H. Fuller and Gaylord R. Hawkins, summarize the situation and denounce Zukor and his methods in ringing terms. The brief fairly bristles with such words and phrases as "treachery," "conspiracy," "wrecking crews," "unfair methods," "coercion," "dynamite gang," "intimidation," "spying," "despicable disparagement," and the like. Describing one incident wherein Zukor was said to have failed to keep a promise made to an association of motion picture owners, the attorneys declared:

"All Zukor could do when confronted with his treachery was to admit it and ask that he be given another chance."

The brief dwells at length upon "the ambitious design of Zukor to dominate and control the motion picture industry," and tells "how Zukor took advantage of his dominating control of production and distribution to destroy the independent producers of pictures, and to absorb the revenues of the large independent exhibitors." Shock advertising, one of the practices complained of, is described as "despicable disparagement employed for the purpose of blackmailing exhibitors into buying the pictures through fear of invidious slander."

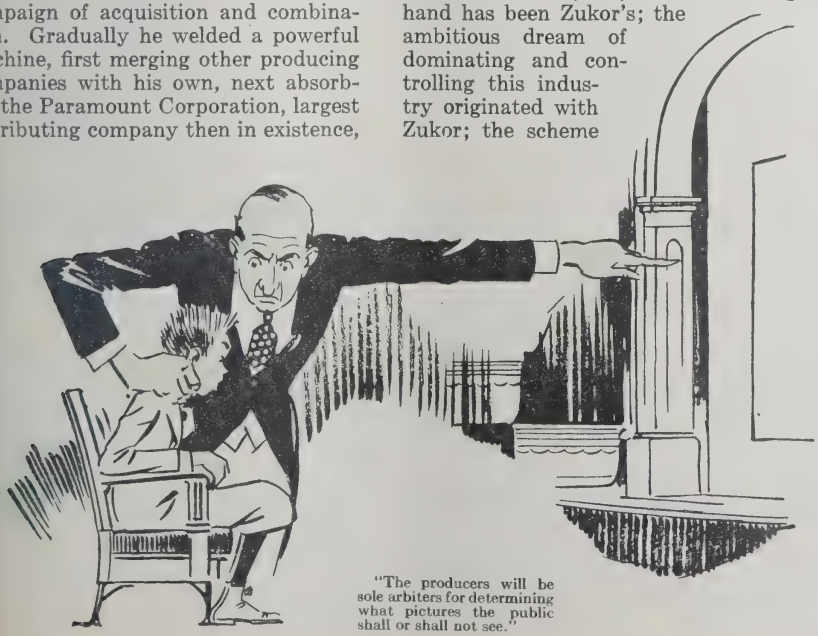
The basis for the government's complaint is found in the underlying principles of the movie industry. Primarily it is divided into three groups: (a) producing; (b) distributing; (c) exhibiting. In the early days these three functions were performed separately by separate concerns. When Zukor entered the industry in 1912 as a producer he immediately started a campaign of acquisition and combination. Gradually he welded a powerful machine, first merging other producing companies with his own, next absorbing the Paramount Corporation, largest distributing company then in existence, and dissolving it (retaining the word Paramount as trade name for his product) and finally acquiring scores of theaters in strategic or "key" cities throughout the country.

With these three agencies under one head the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation became the dominant one in the industry. In other lines of endeavor this producer-to-consumer scheme might be accounted advantageous to the public. In the motion picture industry it is a distinct disadvantage.

"The law and rules applicable to other manufacturing industries, and to distribution and sale to the consumer, furnish no hard and fast rules that must be applied to the motion picture industry," the Commission's attorneys state. "The latter, as the evidence shows, is in a class by itself; and to apply the ordinary commercial rules to it would result in creating a monopoly."

This distinction between the motion picture and other industries lies largely in the first-run theaters in "key" cities. Exhibition of a picture in such a theater is essential to the success of the picture; a large portion of the revenue is derived from such a showing, and the exploitation and publicity attendant upon such a showing are used to boost the film in neighborhood houses or in the smaller theaters of nearby towns. These first-run theaters are so expensive that their number is necessarily limited. Hence control of the first-run theaters in the "key" cities carries with it almost complete control of the adjacent territory. The power given Zukor by his control of first-run theaters, along with his position in the producing and distributing field, constitutes a menace to the industry, the government attorneys declare.

"In every move that has been made since 1914," they say, "the directing hand has been Zukor's; the ambitious dream of dominating and controlling this industry originated with Zukor; the scheme of uniting production, distribution, and exhibition under one company as the means of bringing about such a monopoly was Zukor's; the conspiracies and schemes to unite the three branches were planned and successfully carried out under the direction of Zukor."



"The producers will be sole arbiters for determining what pictures the public shall or shall not see."

What are these moves complained of by counsel? The methods used by Famous Players and its allies and subsidiaries in acquiring theaters comprise one. Coercion, unfair methods, intimidation are charged.

Decision to enter upon a "progressive policy" of acquiring theaters was made by the Board of Directors in 1919; a $10,000,000 stock issue was floated through Kuhn, Loeb & Co. The campaign started in the South where an alliance was formed with S. A. Lynch, head of an amusement concern bearing his name, and a corporation known as Southern Enterprises, Inc., was formed, half the stock being owned by Famous Players and half by Lynch. Zukor's company eventually bought out Lynch's interest.

When Southern Enterprises entered the battle it controlled the distribution of Paramount and other pictures. This control served as a two-edged sword. Exhibitors who were reluctant to relinquish their theaters, it was testified, found that their supply of good films would suddenly be cut off, leaving them virtually stranded. Without a sufficient number of good pictures to show, the exhibitors were generally forced to turn over their theaters to the trust's "wrecking crew," particularly if the trust in the meantime had taken over an opposition house. Price-cutting wars were frequent; few independent exhibitors could long afford to wage such a fight against Southern Enterprises, with its enormous financial backing. The mere threat by Southern Enterprises to buy an opposition theater was usually enough to force exhibitors to pay two or three times as much for Paramount pictures as they had before.

Such a campaign could have but one termination. Inside of two years Southern Enterprises and its subsidiaries controlled 160 theaters, in the six southeastern states. The testimony before the commission is replete with stories of threats, of broken promises, of men ruined by the machine. Those who still retained their theaters were paying higher prices for Paramount than ever before; they knew the power of the combine.

Then began the "invasion of Texas." New subsidiaries were formed. The advance of their officials into the Lone Star State was widely heralded.

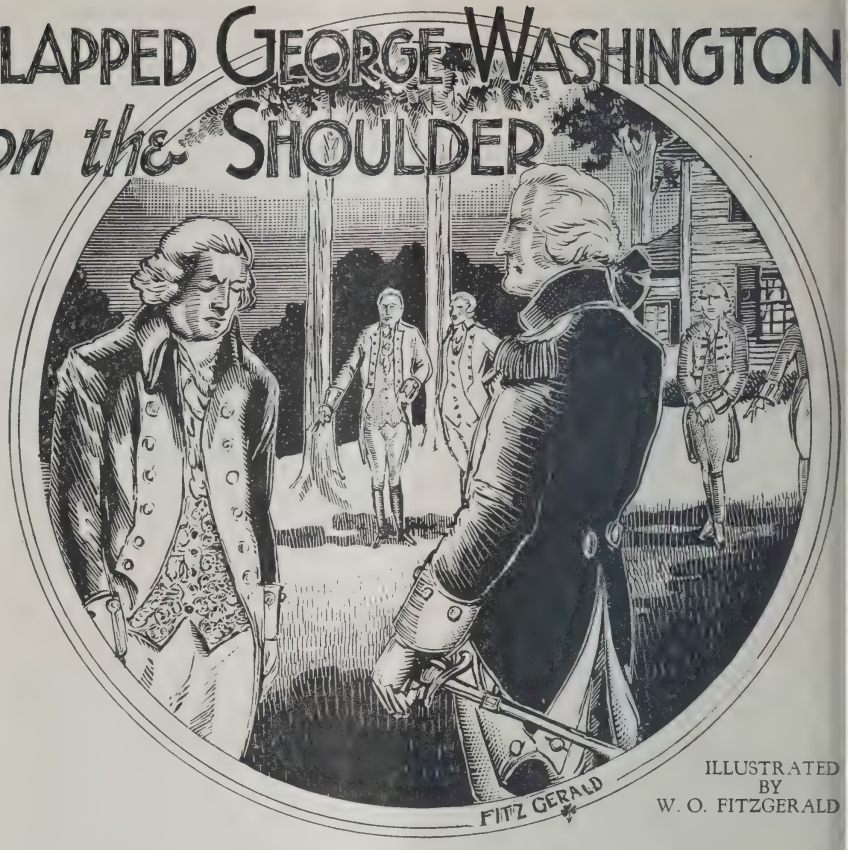
"The invaders became generally known and referred to by the exhibitors," the government's attorneys say, "as the 'wrecking crew,' and 'dynamite squad,' dynamite carriers,' 'wrecking gang,' and 'dynamite gang.' These names became so familiar and well known that these men were thus jokingly called at the offices of Southern Enterprises."

*(Continued on page 21)*

# The Man Who Slapped George Washington on the Shoulder

By Allan L. Benson

## He Did It to Win a Bet, But Never Repeated It




ILLUSTRATED BY W. O. FITZGERALD

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS died in the room in which he was born. There was nothing accidental about it. When he knew he was about to die he asked to be taken there. Morris was an unusual man and unusual men sometimes have strange preferences as to where or how they shall meet death. Tolstoi ran away from home and died among strangers.

The Constitution of the United States was written by Gouverneur Morris. Not one American in ten thousand knows it. Not one American in ten thousand knows much about Gouverneur Morris. Yet he was one of the most remarkable men that America ever produced. Few liked him. He was bitterly cynical and indulged an air of superiority that got on the nerves of his inferiors. But he had brains and he could write. No man of his time and few men of any time could arrange words so well—so nearly in accordance with the thoughts they were intended to convey, so simply and so powerfully. That is why the constitutional convention of which he was a member turned over to him the mass of resolutions that had been adopted during a four months' session and asked him to make a constitution out of them.

Gouverneur Morris was perhaps the only man in the world who ever walked up behind George Washington and slapped him on the shoulder as if he had been a hostler. He did it to win a bet from Alexander Hamilton. The story does not sound like anything Morris could have done, but we shall have to give it for whatever it may be worth as Max Farrand, Professor of History at Yale, considered it sufficiently well authenticated to relate in his book on *The Framing of the Constitution*. The incident is said to have taken place during a noon recess of the constitutional convention. The delegates, seeking a breath of cool air, were walking around the shaded grounds of the state house. Morris was boasting to the little group with whom he was walking that he stood in awe of no man and was afraid of none. Hamilton offered to wager wine and dinner for the bystanders that he would not dare walk up behind Washington and familiarly slap him on the shoulder

At this time Morris was 35 years old, rich, handsome, intelligent, obviously a "comer" so far as destiny was concerned, but still a nobody in comparison with Washington who was 55 and the last word in dignity and austerity. However, the wager was no sooner made than Morris walked up behind Washington and saluted him in the livery stable fashion prescribed by Hamilton. Morris said that Washington only turned and "looked" at him, but it was such a look as Morris never forgot. It was the most dearly won wager he ever collected, yet he apparently remembered it longer than Washington did. Years later, Washington appointed him minister to France and they remained friends to the last.

He came from a good family, born in 1752, just outside New York. By the time he was 16 he had graduated from King's College, now known as Columbia University. While in college he wrote a series of essays for the newspapers in opposition to the payment in interest-bearing bonds of the debt incurred by New York in the French and Indian wars; the bonds that he opposed were never issued. But, what a subject for a boy! He was fast in politics, fast in finance and fast in love; or fast in thinking about it, at any rate. Selected as the orator of his class at graduation he chose as his subject, "Wit and Beauty." When he took his master's degree he spoke on "Love." After that, Morris was not so fast in love. All his life he was a favorite with women, but he did not marry until he was 51.

On attaining 19, Morris was admitted to the bar. He had, for his age, a good legal mind, but he was only a boy. So the law soon had to do without him while he sought pleasure. He was very frank about it. He wanted a good time. His letters indicate that he had it. He was handsome, buoyant, and intelligent. The world is a dangerous place for the young, especially when they have money, leisure and life.

When the Revolutionary War began, Morris, like almost half of the population of New York, straddled the question. He was for just enough war to bring England to her senses, but no more. A little war, then reconciliation. During the first year of the war New York was so divided that it once made itself very ridiculous. General George Washington was coming to town; so was the British governor, Tryon. They were to arrive on the same day. Therefore, the colonial legislature, which was in session, had to do something. One or the other had to be welcomed. Which should it be? The legislature compromised by sending committees to welcome both and Morris was a member of the committee that welcomed Washington. A little later Washington insisted that such nonsense stop, and New York got in line.

Morris' position with regard to the war was very trying but he never flinched. His mother lived inside the British lines on Staten Island and sided with the British. A brother, Staats Morris, was a major general in the British Army. Other relatives were

Tories. Gouverneur soon saw that there was nothing for any man in the colonies to be but an American. "The worst that can happen," he wrote his mother, "is to fall on the last bleak mountain of America; and he who dies there in defense of the injured rights of mankind is happier than his conqueror, more beloved by mankind, more applauded by his own heart."

Morris closed his letter to his mother by sending his love "to such as deserve it," adding, "The number is not great." Once the struggle with England was on, Morris took his Americanism so seriously that he could tolerate Toryism in his mother, but in no one else.

In 1777, at the age of 25, Morris became a member of the Continental Congress. More than that, he became the trusted representative in that Congress of George Washington. Washington gave him many things to do, at least one of which was so confidential that the commander-in-chief did not care to have his name mentioned in connection with it. Washington wanted Congress to cease giving military commissions to foreigners. He regarded most of them as adventurers who, "in the first instance tell you that they wish for nothing more than the honor of serving in so glorious a cause as volunteers, the next day solicit rank without pay, the day following want money advanced to them, and in the course of a week want further promotion, and are not satisfied with anything you can do for them."

In 1779 Morris was appointed to the office that is now known as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. While in this office he formulated our present decimal currency system. Jefferson and Hamilton improved it, but the decimal idea was Morris'. Morris gave the name of "cent" to our smallest coin. Dollar, of course, is a Spanish word.

Morris had removed to Philadelphia to hold this office and the society of what was then the American capital occupied his spare time. No dinner or dance was complete without him. Women liked him not only because he was good looking but because he was witty and an excellent raconteur. Participation in this social life indirectly cost him one of his legs. It was his custom to drive about town behind a spirited team of horses. One day the horses ran away, threw him out, broke his leg and, a little later, it was necessary to amputate it. Ever afterward he wore a wooden leg. During the French Revolution, when a mob was chasing him in Paris, and calling him an aristocrat, this wooden leg perhaps saved his life. Morris stuck the artificial limb out of his carriage and asked the mob if it cared to assault an "aristocrat" who had lost part of his body fighting for liberty in America. The mob thought not and let him go. Of course Morris told a lie but he had to tell something in a hurry to save his life and the first thing he thought of happened to be something that would serve his purpose even though not true.

The great event of Morris' life, of course, at least so far as history is concerned, was his service as one of the eight delegates of Pennsylvania in the convention that framed our National Constitution. He was then 35 years old.

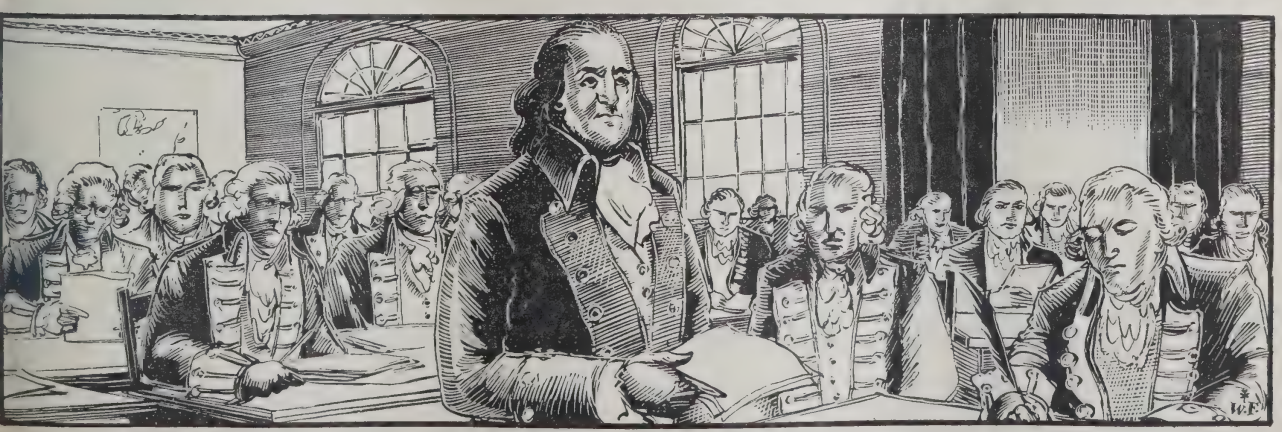
Professor Farrand says he was "probably the most brilliant member of the convention." Next to James Madison he was the most active man in the assembly. He spoke more frequently even than Madison, but the more he spoke the less he was admired. Every delegate recognized his great ability, but he was a cynic and had so little faith in mankind. Madison once chided him before the convention because of his tendency to assert "the utter political depravity of men, and the necessity for opposing one vice and interest as the only possible check to another vice and interest." Morris' distrust of the people showed itself in his advocacy of life tenure of the presidency. But he was not obstinate. Madison felt compelled to say of him that, "To the brilliancy of his genius he added, what is too rare, a candid surrender of his opinions when the light of discussion satisfied him that they had been too hastily formed, and a readiness to make the best of measures on which he had been overruled."

Yet Morris, because of his cynicism, was so unpopular in the convention that it was his custom to ask Franklin to introduce the measures in which he was most interested, believing that the convention would be more likely to favor them if sponsored by Franklin. Franklin was good-natured and did so.

But when the task to be performed was to take all of the resolutions that had been adopted during a four months' session and make them into a constitution, the convention turned only to Morris. He was appointed chairman of the committee on style, and as chairman composed the Federal Constitution.

Writing to Timothy Pickering about the Constitution on December 22, 1814, Morris said: "That instrument was written by the fingers which write this letter."

The year following the adjournment of the convention Morris sailed for Europe. Forty days were spent on wintry seas making the passage. He arrived in Paris on February 3, 1789, intending to remain but a short period; however, he stayed nine years. Washington gave him one or two semi-diplomatic posts around Europe and in 1792 appointed him minister to France. He was the only one of the foreign ministers who dared stay in Paris throughout the Revolution. His life was often in danger, but he said he understood that Washington sent him to Paris, not to protect his life but to represent the United States—and he insisted upon representing it. Police sometimes searched his house, pretending to be in search of incriminating documents, but Morris did not permit himself to be intimidated. All of this trouble arose from the fact that the revolutionists suspected Morris of sympathizing with the old régime which, as a matter of fact, he did, though he had been careful to steer a correct diplomatic course. Nevertheless, the revolutionary government eventually asked for Morris' recall and Washington recalled him, at *(Concluded on page 20)*



Morris, who was so unpopular in the constitutional convention, asked Franklin to introduce his measures, thinking the convention would favor them.




***The New York Editor*** dropped into The Office, saying that when he found New York shutting out his view of the country, he left it and went around seeing folks, just to keep his views in balance. He discussed the American passion for law. "I think there are over one million laws now on the lawbooks of the country. They are never enforced, they will never be repealed; it would take ten solid years of work by every local, state and Federal lawmaking body in the land to repeal them. They remain a monument to the American's pathetic belief in the potency of law. Sin is personal and you cannot make people good by law. Maybe you can somewhat restrict their tendency to badness; at least their expression of badness in overt acts may be discouraged. But even that cannot be achieved by merely passing laws. It is not the *severity* of threatened punishment, but the *certainty* of it, that restrains the criminally inclined. Changing from life imprisonment to capital punishment as the penalty of murder, for example, will have no effect, as long as the present *uncertainty of punishment* exists. Every criminal is a gambler, and just now the odds are twelve to one against his being made to pay the penalty of his crime. There are enough loopholes along the legal way to make crime look like a good gamble to him. If there was a *certainty* of punishment, he would be deterred—that is, the calculating criminal, of whom I am speaking; uncalculated crimes of passion will always occur."

---

***The Founder and Director of the Starr Commonwealth for Boys*** came to town and told about his work. "The normal boy may be mischievous, he may do many bad things, but he is not bad at heart. I have never found a case that could not be cured by what I call love—but that is a term that must be translated into a lot of wise personal interest and actual sacrifice in the boy's behalf. Most of the boys we call bad are just what we ourselves were in our day. I always say to the men's meetings I address: 'Will all the men here who have never told a lie, please raise their hands.' I have never yet seen a hand raised. 'Will all the men here who, as boys, never took what did not belong to them, please raise their hands.' Never a hand. Well, that is about all that the bad boys of today do. We men did not turn out to be rascals, and neither will the majority of these bad boys if someone takes a wise personal interest in them. I am speaking of normal boys. There is a multitude of boys whose badness has no responsibility, they are subnormal."

---

***The Schoolmaster From a Neighboring Town*** came to our town and relieved his soul of anxiety about the boy whose interests are other than books. "We overemphasize books in the life of boys whose bookish life stops at the seventh or ninth grade. From then on we try to force them into the book groove, they fail, and they keep on failing, and the sense of failure grows within them, and they go out into the world half expecting failure. That is a very great injury to give a boy. A man who fails at books might succeed at business or building. Every man needs to do what he can do successfully. I took a boy who had failed and failed and failed at school and put him in charge of our village plumber. I wouldn't release him from school control or discipline, but I let him study something at which he could succeed. Instead of a failure in the schoolroom he began to earn high marks in the plumbing shop. We saved him from accumulating a false complex of failure. I think we ought to do more of those serviceable things for boys. Not that I would let down for a moment the standards of book study. I believe in that sort of study or I should not be superintendent of a school. But I want the school to do something for the boy who is not going to college, who has no aptitude for professional life, who will never become a reader or student of books, but who will become a good and useful citizen—his social usefulness probably exceeding that of people who know more about books. Above all I want to prevent the school from fixing the stigma of failure upon a boy's own thought of himself, simply because books are not his strong point. We should send boys out with a feeling of confidence in themselves and in their ability to do something."

---

***The Man From the East*** dropped into The Office. "I have my doubts about some of the so-called commercial agents of the United States who wear monocles and pretend to be the purveyors of information to American business," said he. "My firm sent me abroad to look up certain matters, and I went about it as the ordinary American would, getting all the facts, observing the different elements which determined whether the thing should be done this way or that, and marking the interests that held out for one view as against another. Well, having, as I thought, given the question the preliminary once-over, it seemed a good plan to look in on an American consul and consult him. Oh, yes, he knew all about my problem. Indeed, the United States Government had printed quite an important pamphlet by him on that very subject. Government experts had adopted his view as the correct one by which Americans should be guided. With great expectations I got the pamphlet and read it. To say that I was astonished is merely to use better language than the case calls for. That fellow had taken verbatim the views of one of the worst one-sided propagandists in Europe. And this man's views were soberly put forth as the views of the Government. I went back to the consul the next day to read him the riot act. He had gone for a rest somewhere. But I left with his secretary full details of where and how the information in the pamphlet had been obtained and a thousand proofs that 99 per cent of it was misinformation. Naturally, I was somewhat checked in my enthusiasm for our representatives abroad, after that."

---

"Do you know where I was last night?" said ***The Man Next Door***—"You'll never guess. You know, there are only two birthdays celebrated the whole world round. One of them falls on December 25, and the other on January 25. (I once had a man ask me whose was it that came in December!) The January birthday, everybody knows, is that of Robbie Burns. Christmas feasts and Burns dinners are the only two birthday festivals that circle the globe. Any Scot'll tell you that.

"Well, I went down to the hall. And there I found 5,000 Scots. Young and old, some here for two or three generations, some just come. Plain folk, but honest—you could see that. And the program—there were thirty-five songs. Fancy sitting and listening to thirty-five songs. And the singers were not great artists either, far from it. They were nice and decent and pleasant-like, but not great. But the songs were the songs of home. You wondered how 5,000 people could sit there from 8:15 to 11:20 just listening to songs, but they were the songs of home; not the grand fighting songs either, but the sadder songs—

> "'Who'll buy my caller herrin'?
> O, ye may ca' them vulgar farin';
> Wives and mithers maist despairin'
> Ca' them lives o' men.'"

"And there were, on top of that, five dances, such as 'The Keel Row,' 'Reel o' Tulloch,' 'The Highland Fling,' and all that. And bagpipes too. And many a cheer when the name of the immortal Robbie was mentioned, and a deep hum throughout the audience keeping tune to some old song, and sometimes a deep subdued tramp of feet keeping time.

"But that's not what I came in to say. I tell you, sir, as a matter worthy of historical record, there was not a word about liquor, not a joke about 'Scotch,' not a reference to prohibition! I went to a high school play not long ago and there was a bootlegger in it. I went to a church entertainment and there were jokes about the Volstead law. At theater, lecture, movie—everywhere—I run into jokes about drink. Here were 5,000 Scots, and a long, long program, but no a whisper, mind ye, aboot whusky, or ony ither drink. Stories of Scottish bibulousness are like stories of Scottish stinginess—invented by Scots themselves modestly to conceal the truth."

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

ALL OUR discussions of success are weakened by the meaning which the present generation reads into the word. It is wholly exterior—something that "happens" on the outside. It concerns only immediate results. It is something that we get, as little related to what we give, or as little in proportion to what we give, as we can make it. These are the elements which render the whole subject of success a source of impatience or indifference to thoughtful minds.

Last week we had something to say about the relation between "success by contribution" and "success by acquisition," but it is almost certain that the former, if tolerated at all, is quickly leaped over in thought that the latter may be more quickly reached. The thing given, invested, contributed to the general good, must yield immediate private dividends, or a large percentage of our people cease to be interested.

The consequences of this attitude are quickly made evident. In the first place it tends immediately to overestimate the value of our contribution. A man says, "There! I have made my contribution; now where is the acquisition?" The chances are that he has made no contribution at all. The state of mind which runs ahead to the reward is almost fatal to the quality of any contribution. Desire for the dividend is so great that the value of the investment is often exaggerated. What the man refers to as his contribution is often not that at all, but only a partial return for what he has already had out of society. The riches of the average life are now so great, and are the consequences of so wide a variety of services performed by so large a number of persons, that what the individual does in return must be something of unusual value if it is to do more than square his account.

Another consequence of this attitude is that even the pretense of making contributions soon stops. A man who gives that he may immediately get something in return is usually ignorant of the law of growth and momentum. He wishes his single act to yield at once its fruit. But success is seldom if ever the result of a single act. The single act that seems to bring it is the last of a cumulative series of efforts, and its roots lie far back in a long continuity of industrious habit. Life is a field in which the planting of one seed does not bring forth a whole crop. Every day is planting time and every task is plow and seeder. The game is to keep it up. In due time one reaps—"if we faint not." The man who wants his reward immediately upon the act, as if life were a penny-in-the-slot machine, is the man who usually faints, or quits. He has no realization of the processes involved.

The spirit of contribution must be greater than the spirit of acquisition, but it cannot be so where the philosophy of grab and get prevails.

Recently we saw an example of this. A man who thought that he had done something unusual and had kept careful account of it all applied for recognition and reward. His claims were carefully examined and proved most ordinary. They indicated, of course, that he was somewhat more alert than the sleepy minds among whom he worked, but not nearly so alert as he might have been had he chosen better pacemakers. But the sad part of it was that his mind had been so long and strictly set on reward that he was wholly unable to see in correct proportions the poverty of the work on which he based his claims. Life had more than paid him for what he had done, and he had done nothing to put life in his debt. His wrong motive had not only obscured his judgment but had really impoverished his work.

*We begin as pensioners. Some people live two-thirds of their life on the provision made for them by others. We graduate into cooperators, earn our own living, hold up our own end of the job, produce a little extra for the pensioners that are coming on behind us. A few enter the third stage, where they do something more for the world than the world does for them. They put the world in their debt by making every man's living better, or his hope larger, or his opportunity wider. Just to hold up one's end of the load is a great and satisfactory thing; it makes one a man. However, it only squares the account. But to do for the world more than the world does for you—that is Success.*

We come into the world debtors, pensioners. All that we need has been provided for us by others. We spend a long time in that position, some people as long as a third of their lives.

Our second stage is that of coöperators wherein at least we hold up our own end, we produce an equivalent of our food and clothing and shelter and defense. That is, we work, we make our own living, and produce something also for those who are following us in the estate of pensioners. We say we are men when we make our own way, and so we are, for we have taken a man's place in the world.

A few enter the third stage where they become creditors of society: they do something for the world beyond what the world does for them. They bring in new knowledge or a new service never seen before. They put the world in their debt by making every man's living better, every man's hope larger, every man's opportunity greater. Whatever the field in which they achieve this, these are the successful men. And this is the true success.

That is what contribution means—doing for the world more than the world does for you. Just to hold up one's end of the load is a great and satisfactory thing. But shining success means doing more than that.

**"Ford Ideals," 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## The Great Unknown

MUCH named but little known, George Washington is still a stranger to his countrymen. From time to time they make pathetic approaches toward acquaintance by reminding themselves that the clay part of him was molded by the standards of his time; they recite with all the zest of fresh discovery that he swore. No man has left so full a record of his life and action, yet no man save Shakespeare shows so little of his inner self. The nation knows as an elder brother every great son it ever bore, but Washington remains aloof as father. We can trace Lincoln's struggles through every stage of the way. But of all his, hardly a word from Washington. There are great figures whose finishing is visibly completed in this world before the eyes of all: fifty-two years of preparation preceded Lincoln's four short years of exalted service. But Washington was full-armored when he came; he was as a man finished in the secret places of the Almighty ere setting forth: he came endowed with all his powers upon the field. At 17 he was surveying the new land; at 19 he was a major of militia; at 20 he was in charge of the Mount Vernon estate; at 21 he was an officer in the British Army fighting for Anglo-Saxon control of the continent; at 42 he was the most influential member of the first Constitutional Congress; at 43 he was Commander-in-Chief of the Revolutionary Armies; at 55 he was President of the Convention that drafted the Constitution of the United States; at 57 he was President of the United States; at 67 he died. His public service, early begun, continued from youth to old age, and every task committed to him proved him a finished man, invariably the organizer of victory.

This most uncommon man has never become known to the common people. It is somewhat the fashion to say that legend has obscured him in an unearthly veil; it is nearer truth to say that legend has sought to bring him near by making him familiar. But the legend of the cherry tree, no less than the legend of his prodigious powers of profanity, have failed of this intention. He still remains inaccessible. His fame descends from his greatness, not from his popularity.

From time to time, at the heart of great crises, or at the birth of new eras of enlightenment, a great soul steps forth, with a wisdom that was never learned, with foreknowledge that was never studied, and saves the established good or inaugurates new good that is to be. Then he vanishes into the veiled region whence he came. Of that race was Washington. And the more remote he appears, the higher lifted up, the more he will repay the attentive regard of his countrymen.

---

## In—Yet Out

AS ANTICIPATED—the people not being consulted—the Senate has voted us into the League of Nations' World Court, on terms that make us something less than a member and the Court something less than a Court. Yet to all intents and purposes we are in that court—

IF we can be in the Court and yet not be in the League; and

IF the Court consents not to render any opinion concerning the United States without our permission; and

IF the Court will not sit as a Court on any affair concerning us unless we say so; and

IF the Court will not be the World Court, but only the Court of that part of the World not represented by North and South America (that is, just as much of a Court as it was, and no more, before we consented to go in); and

IF the other half-hundred nations consent for us to be a member of the World Court without being subject to the World Court—a reservation which none other claims.

That is, we make a proposal similar to that an alien might make who should say: "I am willing to become a citizen of the United States with the reservation that United States law, United States police and United States courts shall have no jurisdiction whatever over me."

The other nations, were they equal in fact before the Court and were they free from pressure, would promptly refuse us membership under such conditions. But there is ample pressure to prevent them from expressing their true opinion; for the purpose is not merely to get us into the Court, but to get us into a situation where our hands will be tied and our mouths closed with reference to other matters that are now preparing.

There may yet arise contingencies that will make the Senate action of no effect. Giving the people an opportunity to speak on the question would make our entrance exceedingly improbable.

## *We ARE Disarmed*

AS THE only disarmed, or least armed, nation on earth it is quite proper that we should take part in the disarmament conference if only to educate some of our Americans in the tactics of those international events. The last disarmament conference was held at Washington where, as hosts, we evidently felt obliged to do everything our guests suggested. We went into that conference the strongest naval force in the world, and came out the weakest among the great powers. The destruction of new naval equipment which occurred in this country as a sequel to that conference will hardly bear telling.

What the new conference wants of us is probably our financial pressure in forcing other similar sacrifices on two or three other peoples for the purpose of increasing still further the military power of the principal beneficiary of this disarmament conference. What else can it want?—we are practically disarmed; we can disarm no further. We cannot be needed except to serve as pressure.

It is rather hard to say of one's own country that it always comes out at the small end of diplomacy, yet so it is. We are babes in the woods when it comes to these international dickerings. We should either learn the game, or stay out of it. This time we have nothing more to lose. We have no way whatever of compelling the only real military powers on earth today to disarm. But we may, by observation, learn how we were taken in the last time.

---

## *Race and Government*

MUSSOLINI was right when he said that parliamentary government had failed and would disappear; he was right so far as his field of observations and racial boundaries are concerned. He is right as Freud is right, if you limit Freud's declarations to Freud's people. These men discover and report facts concerning the racial stream in which they find themselves, and then proceed to make the application universal; this is where they fail. The Freudian complex does exist, let us say, but it would never have been discovered if Anglo-Saxon psychology had been the experimental ground. Thus, when Mussolini disposes of parliaments he is probably reporting with exact truth the trend of governmental development in certain racial strata. Democracy is not congenial to every race. Where it has been superimposed through imitation by idealists, it has failed. It will probably fail all along Southern Europe and among the Slavs; it is not their instinctive method. It will not fail among Anglo-Saxons, for it *is* their natural and instinctive method. Much of the confusion and dissension arising from present-day statements would vanish if we would bring ourselves to understand that a thing may be true of one race, and untrue of another.

---

## *Back Up Your Police*

THERE is great present need for the American public to realize its vital interest in the police. They are our fellow-citizens detailed to the duty, always arduous and often dangerous, of safeguarding our peace and security. In the fight against crime they are our front line. The public attitude of regarding the crime situation as a struggle between two teams, the Police Team and the Crook Team, with the public as mere spectators, is a dangerous attitude. If it continues, we shall have difficulty in getting police, and that will be for the public a rude awakening. Police duty is now the most hazardous in America. This paper has tried to get the figures on the slaughter of policemen last year, but no police authority possesses them or is willing to give them out. The figures were wanted to bring America to a realization, if possible, of the war that has actually started and is being carried on in our midst, with our public servants, the police, as chief victims. It is a subject which would be well worth publicity.

---

## *Leacock Sorrows*

THE world which owes so much wholesome laughter to Stephen Leacock owes him also a thought at a time when all laughter has gone from him. Few knew that behind the merrily bubbling wit of this modern humorist, was the staid professorial career of a political economist; fewer still that behind that was deep domestic sorrow. Mrs. Leacock had been for years dying of cancer, and passed away during a visit to England to try a new discovery. It is announced now that Prof. Leacock will devote all his earnings from his writings and lectures to help research workers who are seeking the source and secret of the plague. Cancer, once thought uncommon, is now tenth in our list of death-causes in the United States. And like other dread diseases its best ally is ignorance. Cancer is preventable; it is also curable up to a certain stage. Dr. Lane said in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT that he was sure of one thing, that he would not die of cancer, because he observed the rules of bodily cleanliness within and without.



# Marblehead, the Seaport of Romance

## The Story of a New England Town Where Pirates and Witches Once Flourished

By MARY HARROD NORTHEND

MARBLEHEAD, MASSACHUSETTS, a historic town lying midway between Boston and Newburyport, can well be termed a town linked with a glorious past. The chief charm lies in its originality, its crooked streets, its loyal citizens, and the fact that it has never lost its historic past. How it allures one, more especially a sea lover, by the romantic atmosphere which still lingers around it. Echoes, it might well be called, of the early settlers who came from the Jersey shores to wrest their livelihood from the sea, lured possibly by the thrill and danger they would encounter.

Side by side with the fascinating story of its past lies an equally interesting one of the present. These two, while being entirely unlike, have the exception that the outstanding feature of both lies in love of the sea and seafaring life.

From the days when the pioneer settlers floated rough canoes constructed from pine logs scooped into shape to float on the water, to the twentieth century when up-to-date designers have sent out, from the shipping yards of old Marblehead, fleet yachts, capable of holding their own against those of other lands, ships and their building have been interwoven with the life interest of the historic old town.

From these shipyards have been launched to float on the bosom of the landlocked harbor, every type of water-going craft. As early as 1647 the first shipyards were set up. One of them was at the entrance to the landlocked harbor on the town side of the shore now known as Peach's Point. The piers are still visible at low tide and give to the summer home, erected on the old site, the name of "Wharf House." The other was at the other end of the town.

A little more than half a century ago a coterie of gentlemen from Boston and adjoining cities formed an association known familiarly as the Essex County Yacht Squadron. This was later developed into the now famous Eastern Yacht Club with headquarters at Marblehead Neck, known as Nanepashemet.

In the annals of aristocratic sport, this club deserves fame, for the story of yachting on the eastern seacoast is practically coincident with its growth. It shares honors with the New York Yacht Club, and there has always been fully as much interest in this costly and exhilarating sport in Massachusetts as in any other part of the country. This has caused a rapid growth for competition with the fleet, ocean-going steam yachts, cruising cutters and sloops which betake themselves to New York and Newport waters and has led the Bay State yachtsmen to emphasize the racing features of their own crafts, until these boats designed for racing equal any in the world. The building of the Eastern Yacht Club house naturally incited a summer colony to build along the shore.

In the early days when British soldiers camped on Marblehead Neck, it was a neglected tract of land valued by the citizens of the town only for pasturage. Later it was used as a camping ground by sojourners from nearby towns, who put up a heterogeneous collection of shacks and tents. These motley shelters have been replaced, forever, by beautiful and substantial summer homes. Thus has the peninsula fulfilled the prophecy of the old-time owner who, when he inherited it more than a century ago, was laughed at for declaring the day would come when the land would be worth its acreage in gold.

Marblehead, sturdy little old sea town, still holds its own in an appealing power. The flavor of romance is still reminiscent of the dash and picturesqueness of past adventure, with here and there the color of intrigue, for Marblehead had its full quota.

Even the old houses seem to speak, to wink with their small-paned windows, to beckon one up and down the steps to the yards with their random terraces, as they mutter, "Here, here! it was in my secret room that a smuggler stowed his goods, that pirates tortured their victims. From that window were seen the lights of phantom ships before receiving news of wrecks that widowed half the town!"

There are tales a-plenty in the old town to satisfy a very exacting hunger for thrills! Marblehead is in reality a patchwork of byways, houses, plots of ground, where lurk at least the memories if not the ghosts of bygone mysteries, and strange adventures. Almost anything in the way of a "thriller" might be woven out of the string of yarns reeled off by the older inhabitants. Pirates, witches, phantoms, afloat and ashore, smugglers, intriguers, lovers with stories sweet or wild, you may have your choice!

If you are bent on one of these tale-hungry prowlings, you may be standing now, for instance, by the well that once belonged to the old Fountain Inn where Agnes Surriage met and attracted Sir Harry Frankland, resulting in the poor fisherman's daughter changing her life, from the little sea-beaten town to the aristocratic circles of Boston, London, and other great cities in the far-away world.

Woven like a scarlet thread into the fabric of the early history of shipping industries are fearsome tales of pirates, their deeds of violence on the high seas, and their wild carousings on shore. Some say that even now, at a stated time each year, screams of the "Shrieking Woman of Marblehead" can be heard as she returns to the scene of her torture, while until very recently the Pirate House could be visited and the very closet seen where Captain Quelch and his pirate crew concealed much of their plunder. The tiny house has been torn down now, to make parking space for automobiles!

Years ago the curing of the fish after a great catch was a very important feature of Marblehead's activities. For days after the arrival of a boat from the Banks, every hill and headland about the town were the scene of bustling and odorous occupation. The fish fence or "flakes" covered every available spot of high ground, not alone on the mainland but on the harbor side of the Neck, and all hands, regardless of age or sex, were plunged to the eyes in the redolent task. Care had to be observed in its doing, for the town's specialty was shipped to distant points, even to Bilbao and Jamaica.

In those days, "Old King Hooper" was king of the town. When the ships came in from long voyages to distant ports where the great cargoes of fish were consigned, his stalwart figure was to be seen on the wharves as he directed the moving of the bags of silver brought back in payment. Odd and picturesque it sounds nowadays—payment in bags of silver! The busy thrifty stir of his time is gone, and, like Hooper himself, is but a memory. The streets about the wharves wear a far different aspect now, quiet, except during the summer months; the wharves deserted.

It was in the days of piracy that the fishing industry was at its height when clumsy ships, high in the bow, carrying only three sails, and averaging seventy to ninety tons' burden, put out from the little town, bound for the Grand Banks, throwing a penny at Halfway Rock for good luck.

Then followed days of patient waiting and anxious watching. When at last the glad cry was raised that a sail was rounding the point, there was a mad rush for the housetops, the headlands and the wharves, everyone eager to determine by the cut of her sails or some peculiarity of her rig whose boat she was. Burning to know her luck, men and boys in dories swarmed around her as she slipped into harbor.

The old burying ground is a place in which to browse, studying the quaint tablets and the old sod-covered tombs. Such a quiet spot atop the hill: with pasture and bits of woodland to the west, and the ocean to the east, serene and blue in the sunshine, turbulent and gray in a storm. It was here that "Old Diamond," chief sorcerer of early days, tramped up and down of a stormy night, shouting his orders, so they say, above the wind's furies to reach and guide ships at sea safe into port. It was the daughter of this old man who was known as Moll Pitcher, the witch of Lynn.

Marblehead has its share of noted historical houses, chief among these being the Lee Mansion, the home of Colonel Jeremiah Lee. Tradition states that material for it was brought overseas in the owner's vessels. In its beautiful and spacious hall, a banquet was given to Lafayette in 1824; the dining room was equally honored in receiving Washington and later on Monroe and Jackson. At his home farther up the hill, Colonel William Lee entertained Washington who afterward presented him with a miniature of Mt. Vernon done in sepia and gold in appreciation of his hospitality.





Above—Old street in Marblehead, made picturesque by the irregularity of the houses.

Left—Castle Rock on Marblehead Neck, presenting an interesting view of an upturned face.

Not far off is Abbott Hall, an important building in its relation to Marblehead events. The original painting of the *Spirit of '76* hangs there, a gift honored in the giver as well as for its own sake, for Devereux is a name to conjure with in the region, a name woven into the history of the town since its first settlement.

No spot in all New England holds the historic interest found in loyal Marblehead, where the citizens live their own lives unmoved by up-to-date innovations.

On a summer night, looking down on the little town and across to the Neck, is an aspect of fairyland, for the harbor is alive with lights that gleam like jewels, and the moon throws a silver path on the water as a belated yacht comes creeping in, outlined for a moment before she slips again into obscurity.

# Why Sapiro's Co-Ops Had Trouble

## The U. S. Found It Was Not the Reason Which Sapiro Gave

AARON SAPIRO went into the tobacco states, with the help of others changed laws, promised the millennium, and was soon "explaining" why it did not come. Aaron is never at loss for an alibi. If he cannot pull an investigation, he can pull a lawsuit. He wins time by either method, and nothing else, but to one who is running so fast the element of time is very precious.

When the tobacco farmers went one year without pay for the previous year's crops, and another year without sales of crops at all, and another year when Sapiro association crops sold at less than others; when the farmers heard rumors of Sapiro association officials making money out of association activities, when the courts, through laws put on the books by Mr. Sapiro, Judge Bingham and others were holding farmers to contracts whose fraudulent promises were bankrupting them—naturally there was some uprising. And as the murmurs rose higher Aaron said:

"It's those trust tobacco companies. They won't buy association tobacco because they want to ruin the associations. I'll have them hauled up for investigation."

*Association's Troubles Were Due to Bad Management*

So he hastened to Washington, with the result that on February 9, 1925, the United States Senate ordered the Federal Trade Commission to investigate the American Tobacco Company and the Imperial Tobacco Company as to the methods and extent of their opposition and "practical boycott" of the Sapiro coöperative tobacco growers' associations.

As everyone knows, put the Federal Trade Commission after a trust of any kind, and that trust is in for a raking and examination which it never imagined possible. That is why there is so much dislike of the Commission in present political and big business circles. It is *too* thorough.

The Commission was directed to investigate and report to the President of the United States on or before July 1, 1925.

The investigation proceeded. The Sapiro assumption was followed, of course, that the troubles of the coöperatives were due to the diabolical machinations of the big tobacco companies. But as the Commission dug deeper into the facts, it became apparent that, according to association members, the association's troubles were due to bad management. The trouble was internal, not external, they said. So the Commission decided that truth required the investigation of both the tobacco companies and the management of the tobacco coöperatives.

At this there was great outcry from Sapiro and his associates. The investigation under which he hoped to shelter was taking on the color of an exposure. Ordinarily, men in such a position would have said: "Yes, we welcome investigation. We want our farmer-members to know that everything is straight and aboveboard, and that the associations have been managed in their best interests." But, no, there was nothing like that. There was instead repeated protest. Let the Commission report (sent to the President, December 23, 1925) speak for itself:

*Refused to Sell Any Tobacco in the Green State*

As the inquiry progressed along the lines set forth above, it soon developed that widespread defection existed in the membership of the Tri-State Tobacco Growers Coöperative Association. Several meetings had been held at which large groups of members sought to secure an investigation of the financial management of their association. Complaints against the management were also made directly to the commission's agents. Further indications of mismanagement appeared when a number of leaf-tobacco dealers and exporters stated that the association had refused to sell them any tobacco of the 1924 crop in the green state. The appearance of these frequent and various imputations involving questions of inefficient or faulty management on the part of the Coöperative obviously made it necessary for the commission to extend its investigation to an examination of some of the records and policies of the association to determine to what extent, if any, its management might be responsible for the conditions attributed to the two tobacco manufacturers. Accordingly, and simultaneously with the continuation of the inquiry into the allegations against the two tobacco companies, certain information was secured from the association relating particularly to its merchandising and redrying operations.

Following the completion of the inquiry, the officials of the Tri-State Tobacco Growers Coöperative Association requested that the commission grant them a hearing with respect to the matters to be included in the report.

On June 25, 1925, the commission tendered the three coöperatives and the two tobacco companies a public hearing, giving them an opportunity to file objections to the tentative report as drafted and to offer additional information. At this hearing counsel for the Tri-State association objected to inclusion in the report of that part of it which related to the management of this coöperative and moved that such part be excluded from the final draft of the report. This counsel furthermore requested "that if the commission shall decide to include that matter in the report that it be reopened and that the tobacco association be given a chance to be heard on the two subjects," namely, sales and redrying policies. The request of the coöperative was granted and the particular matters objected to reinvestigated.

Officers and directors of the association were carefully interrogated with respect to the findings challenged by their counsel and the minutes of the executive committee and directors were examined. Certain financial records were also inspected by one of the commission's expert accountants. The reinvestigation also included the securing of further information from other interests in the tobacco trade. This further extension of the inquiry has delayed beyond the time specified by the Senate the issuance of this report. The additional information secured corroborates the tentative report of the commission.

On September 14, 1925, counsel for the (Tri-State) Tobacco Growers' Coöperative Association (Aaron Sapiro, Earl J. Davis, and W. T. Joyner) again appeared before the commission to protest against any findings reflecting on the management of this coöperative and to request that another examiner not hitherto connected with the investigation be assigned to reëxamine this phase of the inquiry . . . The commission again complied with the requests of this coöperative's counsel and assigned a new examiner to investigate the McLeod charges and other matters . . . Nor did the other matters reinvestigated in any way alter the facts hitherto ascertained by the commission.

The commission has found no evidence of illegal agreements, combinations, or conspiracies between the American Tobacco Co. and the Imperial Tobacco Co. with respect to the buying and selling of tobacco and tobacco products.

*The Farmer Was Standing the Loss*

So the Commission went ahead and investigated both the companies and the Sapiro coöperatives, with the result that so far from proving that the companies refused to buy from the coöperatives it was shown that *the cooperatives refused to sell to the companies!*

The officials had been telling the farmers that they could not sell the tobacco because the companies would not buy. Along comes the Commission and shows that the tobacco did not move because the associations would not sell! And the farmer was standing the loss!

*Actually Prohibited From Buying Green Tobacco*

That there was dissension is clear. The report says:

This failure to sell in the green state a larger proportion of its 1924 deliveries to exporters and dealers was obviously designed by the association management to exclude such customers as purchasers of its green tobacco. Instead of holding or increasing its large clientele of buyers who purchased in the green state more than half of this association's first year deliveries, its officers later began an arbitrary policy of restraint and exclusion which reached its climax in 1924. Exporters and dealers were in 1924 in effect actually prohibited from purchasing association tobacco in the form in which they preferred and were equipped to buy it. The association explains that this policy was not adopted with the intent to exclude dealers, but as a means of preventing resales on the auction markets.

The association's selling policy and the effect it had in restraining a normal and unquestionably legitimate outlet for mil-

lions of pounds of the farmers' tobacco are shown in letters and other data secured from its files or received by the commission from numerous tobacco dealers and exporters, many of which will be found in the more detailed report accompanying this letter. These documents show clearly that practically all of the large exporters and dealers in the region of the Tri-State Association made efforts in 1924 to buy green tobacco from the association, but were denied opportunities to purchase under the same terms and conditions accorded to manufacturers. In the cases where unqualified refusals were not made the discriminatory terms imposed were such, these documents show, as to amount to a refusal to sell.

The bona fides of the charges of boycotting against the American Tobacco Co. and the Imperial Tobacco Co. as made by officials of the (Tri-State) Tobacco Growers' Coöperative Association is certainly open to question, when it is seen that these officials arbitrarily excluded several exporters and dealers whose individual requirements each year of bright southern tobacco exceeded those of the American Tobacco Co., and when it is noted that the aggregate potential demands of this class of buyers practically equals the combined annual purchases of the American and Imperial companies.

***"Cooperative Law" in Kentucky and Its Effects***

How this affected the average farmer is shown by an editorial written by Col. G. E. Webb. His peculiar way of writing is due to the fact that "coöperative law" in Kentucky makes it a crime to cast reflections on the management of the tobacco coöperatives or encourage any farmer to break his contract. Nothing nearer a gag law has ever been put over in this country in peace-time. In a future article, this whole series of laws will be described. Colonel Webb—mindful of the law—wrote:

> I have been asked many times by tobacco farmers if I could suggest any way by which they could get out of the five-year Sapiro contract. Some of these men have come to me with tears in their eyes. While I have and while I do sympathize with them, I have never in a single instance suggested or advised a farmer to break his contract. At the same time, I have never advised him not to do so. I only know what I would do under similar circumstances, and I do not hesitate to tell them what I would do. If a man, or a set of men, should come to me offering to sell stock in some certain concern and if he or they should make statements and promises that influenced me to buy this stock, and then I should find that their statements and promises were false, then I know what I would do.

***Sapiro Officials Said Companies Would Not Buy***

*Why did the Sapiro Cooperatives refuse to sell tobacco?*

The *reason* probably never can be made clear, but the *facts* are open for all men to read.

First, the Sapiro officials said that the tobacco companies would not buy. The Commission in its report prints the documents to prove that the associations would not sell.

Second, what the associations would not sell was the tobacco as it came from the farm. It insisted on redrying it. Now redrying is an initial process in preparing the tobacco for manufacturing use, and as each factory has its own process for its various brands, it prefers to treat its own tobacco. Besides, buyers for foreign shipment require a different moisture content than buyers for domestic use, and they both prefer to dry and prepare their tobacco according to their own needs. Thus the report quotes the purchaser of 41,000,000 pounds of the 1924 crop in green state:

> We prefer to buy our tobaccos on the auction sales, grading them as our customers may require, and after we bring the tobaccos to our factory we blend, pick, and rehandle these tobaccos, making them into standard grades and style. In this way we are enabled to match the requirements of our customers, and to give them standard grades of tobacco uniformly packed, and in this way keep proper standards of what we supply each customer with. We can do this very much better in this way than would be possible if we had to buy these tobaccos already redried and packed in hogsheads.
>
> Another very strong point in this is that we can, in redrying these tobaccos ourselves, pack them with any degree of moisture that our customers may require. Some tobaccos are packed for export to England, with the average moisture of the hogshead not exceeding 10 per cent. Other grades are packed with moisture limit as high as 15 per cent, and tobaccos packed for continental Europe, which are expected to sweat and ferment to some extent, are packed with even higher degree of moisture. All of this is controlled and handled in our factories in a much better way than is possible when tobaccos are bought already redried and packed.
>
> We think these same reasons will apply to anyone buying tobacco against specific requirements of manufacturers. It is very essential to have tobaccos graded and packed according to the requirements of your customers, and more important still to have the moisture just right.

***Those Who Bought Green Tobacco From the Pool***

The Commission's investigation goes very thoroughly into this question of boycott, and says:

> This table shows that the principal purchasers of green tobacco from the pool the first two years were Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co., R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., and a large number of dealers. Of its 1922 receipts, the two manufacturers bought over 50,000,000 pounds, and the 85 dealers or other buyers than manufacturers over 56,000,000 pounds, or a total of a little over 106,000,000 pounds—all in the green state. This was about 6,000,000 pounds more than the total deliveries to the pool of the 1924 crop. In other words, if these manufacturers and dealers in 1924 had purchased as heavily of tobacco in the green state as they did in 1922, all of the crop would have been disposed of. This would have enabled these officials to have met the demands of the growers for more prompt cash settlements. Instead of holding these customers who had been secured during the first and second years, a total of only 20,326,101 pounds, or 19.6 per cent of the 1924 deliveries to the pool, were sold in green order. Dealers who purchased green over 56,000,000 pounds of the coöperatives 1922 tobacco, in 1924 bought only 2,114,-610 pounds green.
>
> It does not appear that the association was able to recover this loss of dealer customers for its green sales by securing them or others as purchasers of its tobacco in the redried state.

Pages of letters are printed showing how the tobacco buyers pleaded for tobacco in the green state, showing also how the Sapiro associations insisted that they would sell nothing but redried tobacco.

Why? The associations were not in the redrying business. They were engaged in producing and selling the tobacco crop. Why did they then suddenly insist that they would not only control the selling function but coerce the *buying* function as well?

There are three parts to the answer. First, the association's formal explanation. Second, the explanation under analysis. Third, the financial interest of association officials in this new redrying project.

1. It is explained and admitted in behalf of the associations that they had no redrying facilities. When a crop was not all sold at once, the remaining portion was redried and stored in bonded insured warehouses for safekeeping. The redrying was done by private concerns. For redrying the 1922 crop 36 firms were engaged; for redrying the 1923 crop, 45 firms were given work. The price was generally about $1.75 per hundred. Then (so the explanation continues) the redrying firms tried to hold up the associations on prices, demanding $2 and in some cases $2.25 per hundred for the work. To counteract this move, says the explanation, the board of directors approved the proposal that officers of the company go into the redrying business.

So much for the explanation. It was made by an investigating committee of sympathetic members because of the great dissatisfaction the management of the associations had aroused. The committee mildly criticized the directors for not informing the members of the association as to what was going on.

2. Now, was the redrying price raised, or a raise attempted? The Federal Trade Commission summoned all the witnesses and all the correspondence and found that only one redrying firm had named $2 and another had said that the price of coal and hogshead material was advancing in price but that if other redryers were continuing at the same price, he would. Cross-examination of association officials disclosed that none of them had inquired and none of them knew that there was a movement to advance the price.

***Some Questions About the Redrying Policy***

But assuming their explanation is true, why did the new redrying policy apply to the whole crop and not only to the unsold stored portion as formerly? Why was redrying applied to all the tobacco regardless of buyers' preferences and necessities in that respect? If the redryers were holding up the associations on the price for this remainder redrying, the associations were right to protect themselves: but why did they insist (Concluded on page 31)



Stern beauty of a snow-clad land.

The maker of this picture is planning to turn many such places of beauty into artistic photographs.

# How I Put Art Into Photography

By J. H. FIELD

"FIELD, you are the luckiest kind of fellow in getting good snapshots," said a man to me a few days ago. Then he added, "How much would I have to pay for a camera like yours?"

There was a kind of serene certainty about him, as if he knew, beyond doubt, that landscape photography was a simple matter of strolling about with a camera, in a kind of disinterested way, now and then chancing upon something interesting, and condescending to patronize Nature and take a casual note of her charms. That there was hard work in the game, that there were difficulties to be met and uncongenial details to be mastered, never entered the man's mind. That a landscape photographer must wait upon Nature, that he never makes a picture on his own terms, that he never gets what he wants but takes what he gets and makes the best of it, and that for one success there are fifty failures, the enthusiastic gentleman could not understand. That for every picture made, successful or not, there had to be conscientious study, he would not believe. Nor could he grasp the fact that the man who makes a picture must, above all things, be submissive. There is no other word for it. Submissiveness is a necessity, though, of course, the end is enjoyment. But without submissiveness there can be no mastery.



**Mr. Field's high artistic ability in photography is very generally recognized at home and abroad. His work is on exhibition in every *salon* of any importance, and he has been the recipient of something like two hundred prizes, among them gold, silver and bronze medals. He has been in the forefront in international contests at Budapest, Geneva, Dresden, and Turin. Prizes and honors have been his for excellence in portraiture, and his work is widely reproduced in art magazines.**

**His views on photography are extremely valuable, not only to photographers, amateur and professional, but also to lovers of good pictures.**

**He makes his home in the Ozarks, at Fayetteville, Arkansas.**

I suppose, in the long run, the same rule applies to a successful picture that applies to a worthy poem or to a good story. That is, the sensation, or emotion, which was felt by the maker of the picture when he first saw the scene, must be transmitted to the person who looks at the completed photograph. That is the central thing to be remembered, and, the truth once grasped, it will become clear that to do what is desired to do effectively, many little circumstances must be combined. It may be a mist in connection with sunrise, or a certain light ray with peculiar glint on leaf or grass or some remote glow at the moment the setting sun touches the horizon; or it may be the aggregate of many things, each of them simple but all of them important. Omit this or that and you will presently discover that the really significant thing has vanished and the living inspiration is not there. A factor has dropped out, or another factor has appeared, and with the change, however slight, the familiar harmony of things has been lost. Or, as I have said, there may have to be effective, vigorous and brisk labor.

Take an instance. The lucky snapshot, as my friend considered it, had reference to the snow picture with its winding track and soft lights and shadows. But I myself made that track, tramping backward and forward twenty times or more, curving my path in a certain desired way, looking well to it that the three or four weeds to be seen in the lower left-hand corner were left intact for the purpose of the satisfactory filling in of spaces. The final effect, of course, is that of an accidental com-

position, but it was nothing of the kind. The essential points of topography and local characteristics were there, but there had to be something else—the selection of point of view, the feeling for arrangement of line, the decorative effect. Try to imagine the path going straight from the group of weeds to the house door, as it probably would have done had a man in a hurry run through the snow, and you would have had something commonplace and uninteresting and of no pictorial value.

I have said that with a slight change the harmony of things may have disappeared. True there may be a new beauty, but it is not likely to be the beauty and the spirit of the thing that enchanted on the first view. So, having caught an inspiration during a walk, when unprepared to take a picture, if one would capture it and give it permanent form, it becomes necessary to wait and watch for a possible repetition of conditions. I want to emphasize that for the guidance of all who would make pictures, for it must be realized, most strongly, that Nature rarely repeats herself. No less strongly must it be realized that every passing moment makes a change. As to that last, while it is easy for anyone to realize that the mystery of early dawn cannot be experienced at high noon, it is not so easy to realize that the grace of things as they are at five o'clock in the morning cannot be experienced by those who look for the same grace at half-past five, or even ten minutes past five. Or put it in another way. The spirit of loneliness of a stark and solitary tree on a gray evening in autumn cannot be conceived and portrayed in a picture of the same tree taken on a bright spring morning at early sunrise when bushes are in leaf and birds a-flutter.

It has always seemed to me that it is not the visible and material things that count, but that which we draw from contemplation. It is the divine quality in ordinary things that is to be sought. A couple of boys fishing with a bent pin may be passed with a mere glance as barefooted idlers, but again, the sight of them may bring happy fragrant memories of untroubled life. That is what I mean by the divine quality in ordinary things. The thing that counts is not that which can be gushed over with a "Oh! How lovely!" nor is it that which courtesy and taste seem to demand should be admired as a matter of course. Rather it is the embodiment of feeling.

Put it this way. Suppose that you are hurrying home on a chill evening in early winter, when the sky is overcast with laden clouds, and you happen to pass some outlying place with high-roofed barn and bare-limbed apple orchard, with white-flecked fences. Your first impression may be one of utter loneliness, even of heaviness and sadness, because you are apart from all that, and because your mind is fixed upon your own comfortable fireside and book-lined room. But suddenly a step or two brings you into harmony with things. You catch a glimpse of the farmhouse, of curtained windows and firelight glow and light smoke-plume rising blue from the chimney. You see the air full of feathery flakes; a lad running briskly toward the house, his shoulders snow-powdered; the house door flung open to admit him, his figure against the warm light that floods from the doorway.

At once it flashes upon you that the spirit of the picture is contentment and homely comfort, and then that you are filled with a desire to reproduce what you felt. But to do so becomes a task of magnitude. It is clear that there must be an infinitude of patience and perseverance, for it may be necessary to visit the scene twenty times before like conditions reoccur. Posing will be almost impossible, for forms and gestures cannot be imitated, plan and scheme as you may. Indeed, there is something strong and beautiful about natural movement, some quality of irrepressible energy which is not to be reproduced artificially, as every one must have discovered when told to smile before a camera.

Then there are the mysteries of lights and hues to be seized, if to seize them is possible, which in most cases it is not. And the shadow which, under one light, had an attractive aspect, under another light may appear fantastic. Then, perhaps at the end, while as far as may be discovered every salient thing has been caught, yet it may be found that while you have the outward semblance of things, the desired spirit is not in the picture and with all your pains you have scored, not a triumph, but a failure. To be sure others may call the finished thing a success, but you yourself have once more realized that you have not captured the thing at which you aimed, but have done the best with what you could get.

I think that I have said enough to show that besides possessing the desire, the will, the eye, and the camera, there must be patience and perseverance. There must be submissiveness, too, and also a willingness to sacrifice bodily com-



"Lights and Shadows." Nature affords everyone opportunity to achieve equal results in landscape photography.

fort for the game. Yet perhaps sacrifice is a wrong word, for after all it is the spirit of the game, it is the activity and the pursuit that delight. Indeed, if I never made a picture but only sought for possibilities, I would find something exciting and exhilarating in the search.

A man may have to leave his home long before sunrise to catch the fairy dew-beads on a cobweb, and yet fail to get them because of an unexpected breeze, but he will, nevertheless, have had golden prospects and a sunny morning. He may have to walk miles when it is below zero in an endeavor to get something of the stern sad beauty of a snow-clad land, but he will have found that the cold of a winter's morning is nothing to keep at arm's length. So, I say to the would-be landscape photographer, there are compensations. He may waste costly plates in an







effort to get a picture of a floating cloud which for a moment veils the sun; he may miss his supper trying to catch something of the spirit of a golden twilight fading to dusk; he must be prepared to face a roaring wind if he is to make a picture of a storm-tossed tree, but there will be for him new and unexpected happinesses.

So I come to practical details, and first the camera, because of ten persons who ask questions, nine want information about the machine. Now much nonsense had been talked about this and that in the way of outlay, but the truth of the matter is that the expense is comparatively light. My preference is toward a box with sufficient length of bellows and a long focus lens, working on a five-by-seven-inch plate. Generally the result will be a sharp-edged picture, too sharp-edged for comfort, too bold in outline. To mend that, and to get a soft effect, I give you a secret, very effective and satisfactory. It is this. Use two or three thicknesses of celluloid and ordinary bolting cloth between the negative and the printing paper. You will be amazed at the result. Try it.

Here is another thing, which runs contrary to the instructions. For the handbooks will invariably tell you to have the light at your back when taking a picture. The truth is that I have made, and have seen made, many delightful pictures which were taken with the camera turned toward the source of light, and I hope to take many more. Try for yourself. See what you can make of the elongated shadows of early morning and evening. Get away from cramped conditions and achieve something new. I offer one of my own experiments in this direction, a picture of a gray evening sky. However, in attempting anything of the kind let me give a word of warning. Use discretion and shade the "eye" of the camera as you would shade your own eye looking at a low sun. For, letting the sun shine directly into the lens, you run the risk of fogging your plate and spoiling your picture. But even at that, do not hold to any tenacious belief in the harm of all plate fogging. For, in that, too, there can be a kind of beauty if you proceed cautiously.

That again brings to thought something else. Do not despair of making a picture on a day when there is no gleam of sun. There are such things as mist and fog pictures with a soft-flushed sky, indescribably beautiful when well done. It is astonishing what a little thought and planning will do, if you have the vision. But see to it that you yourself are full of lively interest in your work. If there is a difficulty, grapple with it eagerly. If you score a failure, get busy with renewed intention. And last, when doing a thing, see if you cannot bring yourself to feel that it is the one thing worth doing in the world, whether it is picture making, developing and retouching, or merely keeping your things in order.

A writer who has visited Mr. Field's studio and knows his work says:

People have marveled, and asked Mr. Field how he ever succeeded in taking such a realistic view of a flower, or a vine-clad stump, or a bird just leaving her nest. Mr. Field always replies that it took lots of hard work and patience; but he never fails to add that he enjoys every moment of the time.

On a number of occasions he has gone as far as a hundred miles for a single picture; and he has waited two or three days to secure the correct atmosphere before taking it. He is never more pleased than when he is catching an interesting and characteristic mood of ever-changing nature.

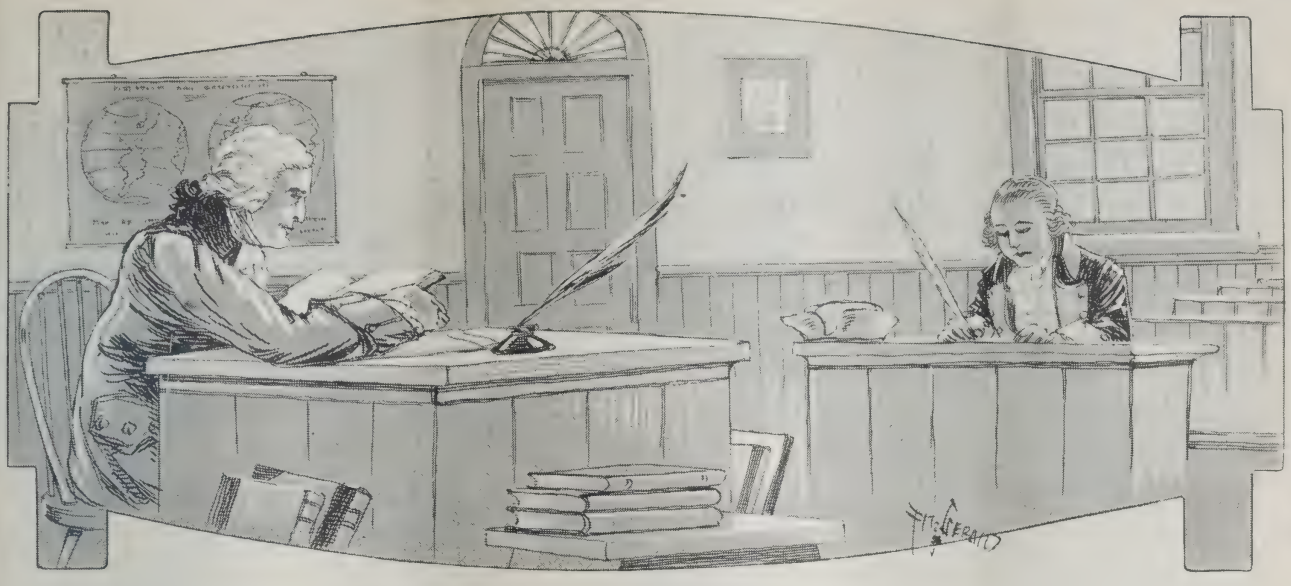
Mr. Field thinks the country of the Ozark hills, where he has been living for the past ten years, offers unlimited and unusual possibilities for his camera. He says it is because of the rugged romantic landscape under its soft purple haze. Most of his pictures that we have seen in the various magazines have their original in the Ozark hills. And there are many places of beauty, still undiscovered to the public, which Mr. Field is planning to turn into artistic photographs in the near future.

When asked about taking pictures of people, Mr. Field said he liked to photograph children best, because they are natural.

"Grown-ups, as a rule, always try to pose," he said. "Sometimes they cover their posing pretty artfully, but I can detect the strain and unnaturalness most every time. The majority of people don't want a picture of themselves as they actually are, but as they should like to be.

"I remember an incident of a young man who came to have his picture taken. He spent five minutes getting ready for each sitting, gave specific orders as to how I should set the camera, and posed like a movie idol. When he looked at the proofs, I could see at once that he was disappointed —that the pictures did not flatter him in spite of his efforts. He thrust them into his pocket and hurried out. The next day he came back and complained that he thought the light was too strong, that the lens must have been dirty, or something of that kind. So I had to go through with the whole process again. We usually think that women are the only ones hard to please; but I have learned better."

From this, it is easy to see that Mr. Field is a keen student of human nature. And he knows how to analyze character.



The suggestion is that these rules were taken down in school at Fredericksburg by Washington when 14 years old from dictation given by Reverend James Marye.

# Washington's Schoolmaster

By A. G. WALKER

ILLUSTRATED By W. O. FITZGERALD

IT WOULD seem unlikely that there could be any point of contact between the massacre of St. Bartholomew and the American Revolution. There is, however, a very definite and a very important connection, as an examination of the facts discloses the important part that James Marye, a Huguenot exile, the first rector of St. George's parish, Fredericksburg, Virginia, played in the formation of George Washington's character. In our impulsive way we shout loud and long about the man who created a nation forgetting that his transcendent gift to posterity was the gift of his heroic character.



In 1729 James Marye set sail from England.

The secret of Washington's character is a challenging quest.

A faded mouse-eaten copybook dated 1745, in the national archives at Washington, is a distinct lead in such a quest. This copybook would be in any case a treasured national possession, because of the fact that it belonged to George Washington and was written by him at the age of fourteen. But its contents and connection give it a greater value.

*The 110 Rules of Decency in Behavior and Conversation* are strikingly wise in themselves.

They were without question powerful factors in the formative period of Washington's life, and even to his latest day they crept through his quill pen and over his deliberate tongue.

For a hundred years Washington was credited with the origination and arrangement of these *Rules*. But the evidence is entirely against that theory. Vigorous boys—and he was very vigorous—are not usually given to such protracted deliberations. It was then suggested that he might have found the *Rules* in a book in the family library, and this suggestion rests upon a striking coincidence. Some forty years ago Dr. Garrett, of the British Museum, showed Moncure D. Conway a very interesting volume. The first part was a translation of *Youth's Behavior or Decency in Conversation*, from the French, by one Francis Hawkins, and the second an imitation and adaptation dedicated to women. The first part was the work of a boy eight years of age, who later became a Jesuit; the second was the work of Robert Codrington, a Puritan, and the volume dated 1664 had been published for him. This is interesting, especially because of the dedication. It is given with the capitals and spelling as in the original.

**"To the Mirrour of Her Sex Mrs. Ellinor Pargiter, and the most accomplished with all real perfections, Mrs. Elizabeth Washington, her only daughter and Heiress to the truly Honourable Lawrence Washington, Esquire, lately deceased."**

It is remarkable when one thinks of this volume and then of George Washington's copybook of 1745. Out of this arose the plausible suggestion that such a volume was in the possession of Augustine Washington and that the contents of the copybook had been taken from it. Against this is the fact that no such volume has been found and that there is no reference to one in any of Washington's writings.

There is also the suggestion that Washington might have found a copy in Lord Fairfax's library at Belvoir. Against this, however, is the fact that it was not until after 1745, the date of the copybook, that he became a visitor to Belvoir.

The theory that passes from prob-



James Marye had been brought up in monastic institutions.

ability to certainty is that the *Rules* were taken down in school at Fredericksburg, which Washington attended, from the dictation of James Marye, first rector of St. George's parish who belonged to a French Catholic family spelling their name "Marie." In the earliest references to him in the municipal records of Fredericksburg, his name is so spelled. He was born at Rouen in Normandy, his family being of ancient prestige and wealth. Educated in the best schools he was ordained to the priesthood.

The story of the massacre of St. Bartholomew deeply stirred James Marye. He resigned the priesthood and joined the Huguenots. Earnest efforts were made to reclaim him, and these failing, his family renounced him. He fled to England, and later was ordained in the Church of England by the Bishop of London.

In 1729 Marye sailed from England, his mission being to minister to his fellow religionists and fellow countrymen in Virginia. Records show that he was first in charge of St. James, Northam, Goochland County, and there his name was spelled "Marie." When St. George's parish was formed he was called there. He was inducted in 1735, remaining until his death in 1767. Therefore he must have been in the prime of his ministry in Fredericksburg in the year 1745.

In the municipal records of Fredericksburg there is mention of the starting of a school by the French. Doubtless Marye started the school and directed its activities.

It has been established that a French edition of *Rules for Youth on Decency in Behavior and Conversation* had been drawn up by "certain grave persons" in the sixteenth century. In 1617 they were printed at Pont-à-Mousson; in Paris in 1638, and at Rouen in 1651. There were also translations into English, Spanish, German and Bohemian.

At least ninety of the 110 Washington *Rules* were fairly well known in the schools and colleges of Europe before the year 1700.

James Marye had been brought up in the monastic institutions where Father Perrin's Latin translation, made in 1593, and the French edition were used side by side. During his stay in England he could scarcely have remained ignorant of what was in such common use at Oxford and elsewhere. The writing and spelling in the copybook of 1745 indicates haste, as of one writing from dictation. The style of the *Rules* is different from the other contents of the copybook, which again suggests their having been done to dictation. These indications point directly to James Marye. For example, take rules 109, 110 in the copybook.

(*Concluded on page 30*)




*for YOUR RADIO*
"B" Battery Power from your House Lighting Line
Guaranteed for two years. Shipped charged and ready to use. Units for 110 volts A.C.,D.C. or Farm Plants.
*Write for Descriptive Pamphlet! Dealers Wanted!*
KIMLEY ELECTRIC CO., INC.
2663 Main Street : Buffalo, N. Y.

**PATENTS**

Time counts in applying for patents. Don't risk delay in protecting your ideas. Send sketch or model for instructions or write for FREE book, "How to Obtain a Patent" and "Record of Invention" form. No charge for information on how to proceed. Communications strictly confidential. Prompt, careful, efficient service. Clarence A O'Brien, Registered Patent Attorney 2381 Security Bank Building (directly across street from Patent Office), Washington, D. C.


# The Man Who Slapped Washington

(*Concluded from page 7*)

the same time sending him a private letter commending his course. This letter fell into French hands and made matters worse. Washington settled the matter by sending to France as minister James Monroe, an avowed friend of the revolutionists.

Morris continued to remain in Europe, mostly in Paris, the guest of the best wherever he went. At odd times he posed for Houdon, the great French sculptor. Morris so much resembled Washington that Houdon used him as the model for the Washington statue that is in the capitol at Richmond, Virginia.



No dinner or dance in Philadelphia was complete without him.

Washington couldn't have been so cold and austere as he has been painted. He was always kind to Morris because Morris had stood by him at the time of the "Conway cabal," an attempt to displace Washington as head of the American Army and give the place to Gates.

While in France, Morris got Lafayette's wife out of jail and, as she said, saved her life. When she was in the direst poverty, he gave her money from his own purse upon which to live. Eventually, he got Lafayette out of prison and assisted him financially.

Returning to America, Morris settled in his old state, New York. He was promptly elected to the United States Senate. He also set in motion the movement that culminated in the building of the Erie Canal.

Morris once stumbled badly, but the story of what he did has been all but forgotten. He was so opposed to the War of 1812 that after its close he joined a movement that began in New England that had as its purpose secession from the Union. He had always been suspicious of the South and the West, particularly of the West. In the constitutional convention he urged that the Constitution be so framed that the West would always be held in subjection to the East. But in advocating the secession of New York and New England, Morris did not stand alone. All of what were known as the "ultra Federalists" stood with him, and the resolutions adopted by the Hartford convention were so worded that the state could jump either way, according to the development of events elsewhere. It appeared astounding that a man who had taken so prominent a part in the making of the Union should try to wreck it, but there was just this small excuse for him—the Union did not seem so sacred to him because he *had* helped make it. He did not look upon the Constitution as anything divine because he knew he had written it with his own fingers; and so far as the other members of the convention were concerned, he knew them all. In other words, Morris did not venerate the Constitution because he was too close to it.

On Christmas Day, 1809, Morris, at the age of 51, was married to Miss Anne Cary Randolph, of the famous Virginia family that bears that name. A son was born to them. When Morris felt death stealing upon him, he bought his ancestral home, and a few days before he died asked that he be removed to the room in which he was born. "Sixty-five years ago," he said, "it pleased the Almighty to call me into existence on this spot, in this very room; and how shall I now complain that he is pleased to call me hence?"

The day he died somebody told him the weather was fine.

"A beautiful day," said he, but

"Who to dumb forgetfulness a prey
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of this cheerful clay,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?"




Many small theaters have been forced out of business by the trust. Others have been compelled to surrender their houses to the big companies, while nearly all must take orders as to what pictures they may or may not show.

# The Government Accuses the Movies

(*Continued from page 5*)

One instance here is illustrative of the tactics employed. The combine was especially eager, according to the testimony, to acquire the Hulsey chain of theaters, with houses in Dallas, Waco, Houston and Galveston. Hulsey was one of the leaders in the First National Exhibitors Circuit, an organization of theater owners formed in 1917 to combat the growing tendency toward monopoly on the part of some producers. Hulsey had a heavy investment in his theaters and he depended to a large extent upon his bankers in operating his chain.

**About a month after the "invaders" first arrived in Texas the Federal Reserve Bank in Dallas received a message over its private wire from the Atlanta Federal Reserve Bank, to deposit $1,000,000 in the Security National Bank of Dallas to the credit of one of the subsidiaries of Southern Enterprises. The effect of this action was described to the commission by J. D. Williams, general manager of First National.**

**"Hulsey told me," he said, "that he had had interviews with his bankers and that the bankers got scared and would not finance him any longer, and told him he would have to sell out. So he was compelled to sell."**

Success also met the corporation's efforts in other cities.

"By the fall of 1920," the attorneys state, "Texas had been conquered by the 'wrecking crew.' Famous Players-Lasky Corporation owned or controlled the situation in every worth-while city in Texas. The company was looking for new fields to conquer."

In New England a man named Alfred S. Black was forming a theater combination of his own. Famous Players bought a half interest in his company, retaining him to manage the circuit. Black was noted chiefly for a little bag he carried with him. In interviewing exhibitors whose theaters he wanted to acquire he would open this bag, pull forth a set of architect's plans, and say: "Here is the plan for our new theater." Famous Players eventually bought out Black's remaining interest and formed an alliance with the Gordon & Gray circuit, which controlled numerous other theaters in New England.

Famous Players also entered into two complicated deals with the Stanley Company, which controls the situation in the Philadelphia district, and the Saenger Amusement Company, which dominates the New Orleans territory. Both of these concerns operate similarly, each not only owning theaters but controlling distribution through the maintenance of booking agencies. This control is condemned by the commission's attorneys as being almost absolute.

Zukor's company loaned $2,000,000 to the formidable Stanley Company and took shares of Stanley stock as collateral, thereby making Famous Players the largest individual stockholder in this firm. Zukor was elected to the Stanley Board of Directors. After the commission's attorneys had presented their evidence on this alliance and before the respondents began the introduction of their testimony, this deal was terminated. The Stanley Company paid off the secured notes then held by Famous Players by delivering its new *unsecured* notes in the face value of $1,250,000 and returning the shares of Famous Players capital stock held by it. This sudden action is roundly condemned by the government attorneys.

"Such a transaction was nothing more or less than an attempt on the part of these respondents to clean house before they presented their defense," they assert. "They knew that the commission had proved its case and they were trying in every way to get around the damaging evidence in the record against them."

A similar proceeding took place in New Orleans. Zukor's company bought a 40 per cent interest in the Saenger firm, but relinquished this soon after the government had completed its case.

"Again we assert that this haste and speed to make a seeming divestment of interlocking stocks and promissory notes is only another attempt by these conspirators to manufacture a paper defense for the record," the government attorneys say.

From the theater phase of the situation the commission's counsel pass to block booking. This is the custom of selling all of the producer's output as a whole. If the producer makes a half-hundred pictures a year, for instance, and the exhibitor uses one picture a week, it can readily be seen that this plan of block booking effectively closes that theater to all other companies. Another evil of this system is that the exhibitor very often has to buy his pictures sight unseen, and in many cases even before they are produced. He must depend upon the producer for the quality of the films; he can use no discretion or selection of his own in choosing pictures for his patrons. Carried to its logical extreme this means that, with block booking generally adopted, the producer will be sole arbiter for determining what pictures the public shall or shall not see.

"Block booking as practiced by the respondent is an unreasonable restraint because it closes the market to all other producers and compels the exhibitor to take the inferior pictures in order to get the good ones," the brief states. "It is an all-or-none policy, because if the exhibitor desires to make a selection the price is prohibitive."

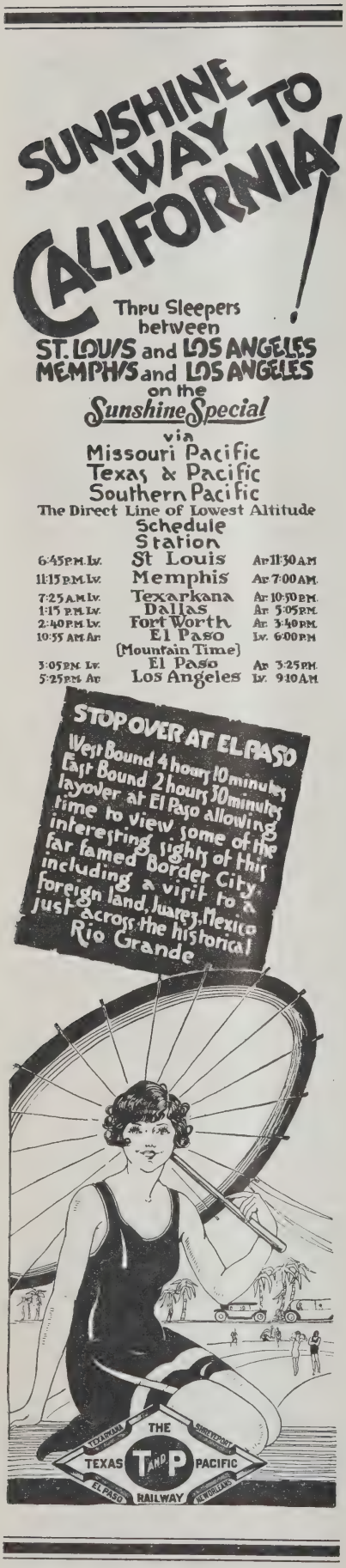
If a theater owner refuses to submit to such things as block booking, then other schemes are resorted to, according to the attorneys. They say:

"Another method of coercing and intimidating exhibitors who refused to pay the exorbitantly high prices asked by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation for its pictures was a campaign of advertising termed 'shock advertising.' This campaign consisted of a series of postal cards, letters and newspaper advertisements. The purpose was to force and compel the exhibitor to take the pictures by arousing the indignation of his patrons and inciting public opinion against him. The natural result of such calumny was to injure the exhibitor by humiliating and disgracing him and to bring him into ill repute with his patrons and fellow townsmen by causing them to believe that he was passing off mediocre attractions on them."

And then there is still another activity called "clocking." It is described as follows:

"As understood in the industry the term 'clocking' means the placing of a spy at an exhibitor's theater to count the number of patrons attending a performance and thereby estimating the amount of the box office receipts. This practice has been carried on by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and the information thus obtained used to coerce and intimidate exhibitors who refused to pay the unreasonable high prices asked for Paramount pictures. The practice of spying into the private business affairs of other concerns has long been held to be unfair by both the courts and the Commission."

And so we have the effects of this "dangerous tendency toward monopoly" on the independent theater owner: in perpetual fear of losing his theater to the trust, torn between the demands of the producer and the public, compelled to take all pictures offered him by the producer, subject to 'shock advertising' and 'clocking,' and obliged to boost the inferior pictures thrust upon him in order to obtain sufficient money





to pay the high prices demanded for them.

And what of the independent producers, and the actors who refuse to knuckle under to the combination? Here is the testimony of Mary Pickford, recognized as one of the most popular stars in the world, who tired of the "factory system" of the large companies and entered into production for herself:

"I believe if it is permitted to continue it will sound the death knell of the big artistic pictures, because they (the producers) will put aside a certain amount of money and schedule a certain amount of pictures to be done in a year; and one cannot make the bigger and better pictures under this method; one must have a free hand and free rein in order to make fine productions. And I believe if the pictures are sold in blocks and are controlled by one group of people that all incentive to make big pictures will be killed, and **I, for one, will retire if conditions continue or become worse than they are now,** because I cannot devote the time and energy to my films and worry about the distributing of them at the same time."

And Douglas Fairbanks:

"The only thing that will stimulate the industry, as I see it, is the full expression of the individual artists in this business, unhampered by such commercial attitude as taken by a great many of these combinations today. **I am at the mercy of the combinations and conditions that exist around the country.**

With such independents as Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, with their tremendous asset of popularity and their strong financial backing, confessing their inability to buck this omnipotent combination, what chance have the others?

It was to afford the independent producer with an outlet and to provide the theater-members with an adequate supply of good films that First National was organized in 1917. At first this firm contented itself with purchasing films made by others, the cost being prorated among the members. Later it entered the producing field for itself. From the beginning Zukor tried to break up this organization, the government charges. His original plan was to hire J. D. Williams, the general manager, away from the infant company.

"Zukor told Williams that if he declined to work with him that he would buy up all the individual units of First National, or a sufficient number to make it impracticable for them to buy any pictures," the brief states. "At that time First National had to have the consent of a majority of units before they could buy pictures at a certain price. Williams and the other officials refused to be bought, bribed or scared and declined all propositions to double cross and sell out First National."

Whether or not such a threat was made, Zukor certainly made inroads into the First National organization. By buying out Hulsey and others he obtained franchises in the South; he made alliances with the Stanley and Saenger companies, other franchise holders; he obtained still others by other means.

"From the time of the organization of First National in 1917," the brief states, "Zukor, as the evidence shows, always planned eventually to acquire its theaters and eliminate it as a competitor. This plan is now about to be consummated through these various 'business connections' which he has made throughout the country."

With the theaters of the country gradually being closed to them through the growing power of Zukor's company, the other producers were faced with a crisis. Those strongest financially entered upon campaigns for acquiring first-run theaters of their own; the weaker ones financially (but not necessarily artistically) were forced under. Nowadays when a small independent producer makes a picture it is nearly impossible for him to get an adequate showing of it, unless he can form an alliance with one of the powerful combinations.

A race is on between the big companies to acquire the most theaters; but how serious this apparent rivalry is, it is difficult to determine. Let us take, for instance, the two companies which are probably the largest in the country, the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The former is controlled by Adolph Zukor, the latter by his old-time associate, Marcus Loew. Zukor's daughter, Mildred, is the wife of Loew's son, Arthur. The Zukor and Loew interests are intermingled in many enterprises, in the ownership of some theaters, for instance, and in the exhibiting and handling of some pictures.

"In the light of the evidence," the government attorneys say, "it would be hard for anybody seriously to contend that there is any real rivalry or competition between Zukor and Loew. Their purposes, aims and ambitions are now, and have been for years, one and the same; and they are today in reality as closely connected as they were back in the '90's when working together in the fur business."

Zukor entered the industry through the producing end; Loew entered it through the theater. And now they are both at the top, each owning gigantic producing companies, distributing agencies and theatrical circuits. Thus is the circle closed.

And so we come back to our original query: What's wrong with the movies? And to the government's answer—the attempt on the part of a small group of men who already have a dominating control to obtain a complete monopoly of the industry. To bring an end to this control, the government attorneys request three orders from the Federal Trade Commission:

1. An order to the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and to Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky to divest themselves of all interests which they have in theatrical property where motion picture film is exhibited. Such an order would be far-reaching and drastic; it contemplates disposal of property valued in excess of $100,000,000.

2. An order directing the respondents to cease the policy of block booking.

3. An order to the Stanley Company and the Saenger Amusement Company that they shall either divest themselves of their theatrical interests, wherein motion picture film is exhibited, or shall divest themselves of all interests in organizations engaged in the distribution of motion picture film.

Since the government rested in November, 1924, the Famous Players company has steadily continued its policy of acquiring theaters, and the commission's attorneys have petitioned to have the hearings resumed so that this and additional evidence may be given. This acquisition of theaters is admitted by attorneys for Zukor, who are opposing reopening of the hearings as unnecessary.

Although Zukor did not take the stand in the case, a categorical denial of all detrimental charges was made in his behalf. Witnesses for the government were characterized by the respondents' counsel as

"a lot of riffraff," and the investigation work of agents for the commission was denounced as "backstairs work all over the country in collecting a lot of gossip and airing it." It is the contention of the respondents that a monopoly of the motion picture industry is impossible, that Zukor has merely been applying sound business methods to the industry in an effort to solidify it, that before he became connected with it the industry was in an embryonic, uncertain, hazardous state which he has done much to eliminate, and that he should be given praise rather than censure for his activities.

In December, some time after the hearings had been concluded, the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation organized the Public Theaters Corporation and turned over its 200 theaters to this new concern. A short time thereafter Zukor announced an alliance with Balavan & Katz, which controls 500 theaters in the Middle West. Samuel Katz was made president of the Public Theaters Corporation and the 700 theaters brought under one management.

A few days ago the New York *World* printed a story to the effect that a new plan is under way to draw the first-run motion picture theaters of the country, estimated at 3,000, into one gigantic holding corporation worth approximately $1,000,000,000. General denials to this report were made on behalf of the Famous Players company.

It is understood on reliable authority that as soon as the present case is disposed of, a new action will be instituted before the commission against another large company. And the present case is apt to be carried through the courts before it is finally settled, a matter probably of years.

## The Turtle and the Shark

ON ANY clear day when the sea off Tutuila at Samoa is not rough, the village school children will assemble on the bank overlooking the Pacific and sing a certain song. Soon there appears in the water below a turtle and a great shark. They seem to listen to the song.

Many, many years ago there lived on the island of Upolu, in Western Samoa, two great chiefs. The son of one chief and the daughter of the other fell in love and wanted to marry. Neither family would permit such a union. They decided to elope.

When their chance came they escaped from Upolu in a pulling boat and rowed for many miles until they came to Tutuila. Here they landed and for some time wandered about, living on fruits and coconuts. But they were not happy.

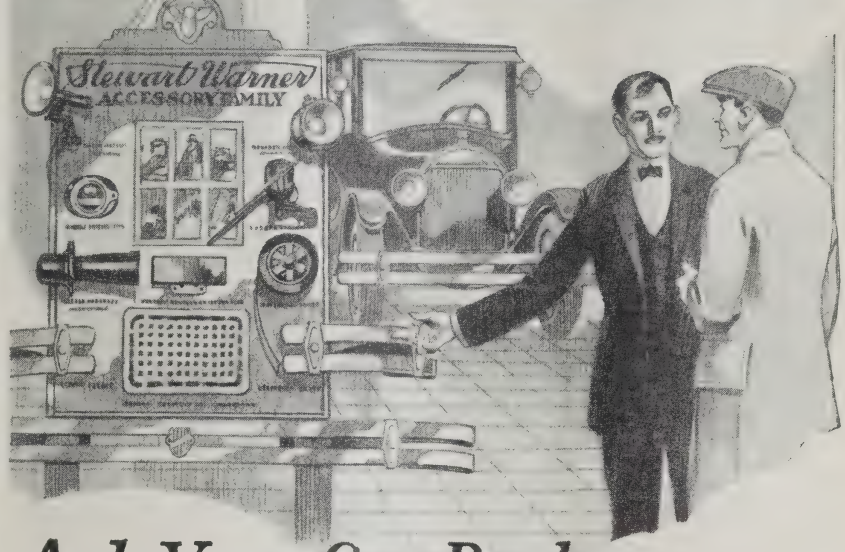
But after a short time the high chief of Tutuila took pity on them and to give them standing on the island adopted them into his own family. A hut was built for them and land given them to cultivate and look after. For a time they lived blissfully.

So much did they appreciate their happiness and so grateful did they feel to the high chief who made it possible that they began to think of some way in which they could repay him. Finally they had their great inspiration. They would cast themselves into the sea, and so, with their lives as a sacrifice, fittingly pay for the happiness that had been their lot.

From the high cliffs of the iron-bound coast near Vaitogi they leaped together into the sea and into eternity. Appreciating their sacrifice and the reason for it, the Polynesian gods reincarnated their souls in the turtle and the shark.


# STEWART-WARNER

An Important Campaign for Better Accessories




## *Ask Your Car Dealer —*

WHEN you buy your car you are buying transportation. With transportation you must have safety, comfort and service.

Ask your dealer to advise you how to equip your car to get these great essentials.

No doubt he will tell you without your asking, as many dealers do, but don't drive your car out on the busy highway without accessories which are absolutely necessary under today's driving conditions.

Your car needs a speedometer. It needs bumpers, shock absorbers, and windshield cleaner.

It is poor economy to try and get along without them. In fact, it is really reckless to do so.

Look for the Stewart-Warner display of "better accessories." All the essential accessories under one dependable name—backed by the largest institution in the automotive accessory field.

For safety's sake accept only accessories that you know are dependable. The Stewart-Warner name is your assurance.

STEWART-WARNER SPEEDOMETER CORPORATION
1826 DIVERSEY PARKWAY, CHICAGO, ILL.

TWELVE MILLION PEOPLE ARE TODAY USING STEWART-WARNER PRODUCTS

# Aviation from the Navy's Viewpoint





## "The Navy Believes That Naval Aircraft Are Essential in Protecting Commerce"

By CAPTAIN W. S. PYE, U. S. N.

ILLUSTRATED WITH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS, U. S. NAVY.

## PART III.

WAR is the employment of armed forces to impose a nation's will upon an enemy when diplomatic measures have failed. Wars are not caused by armies or navies. They result from the conflict of national policies, which policies are adopted by statesmen to obtain or retain what are regarded as national advantages.

In the democratic nations of today national policies of sufficient importance to cause war are of general knowledge and no statesman would be foolish enough to declare war unless assured of popular support. Wars of today demand the effective employment of every able-bodied man and woman in some capacity which adds to the nation's strength.

The forces of the nation which are necessary to the effective conduct of war may be divided into three general classes:

First, the fighting forces, the Army and Navy;

Second, the maintaining forces, agriculture, industry, finance, and transportation;

Third, the sustaining forces, honor, morale, and "will to win."

Clausewitz expresses this idea in these words—"There are three general objects which confine everything else within them: The military power must be destroyed . . . the country must be conquered . . . the will of the enemy must be subdued . . ."

These undoubtedly constitute the aims of decisive war, but it is seldom that the will of a nation does not break before its entire military power is destroyed, or its entire country is conquered. In fact, most wars end when one nation has become convinced, by practical demonstration, that its enemy has the potential power to achieve these results.

As people live on land it is evident that operations of war to be decisive must be such as to affect the situation on land. Operations on the sea and in the air are effective only in so far as their results affect the situation of the enemy on the land.

Keeping in mind the above-mentioned requirements for decisive victory in war, let us consider the capabilities of the air, sea, and land forces in attaining victory.

Can air forces destroy military power?

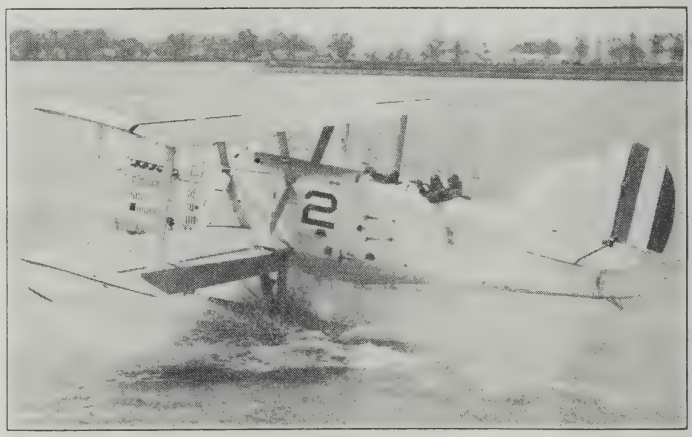
They cannot. During the World War Germany constructed more than 45,000 planes, France and her allies more than 190,000 planes. In the destruction of military power the use of aircraft, except as an arm of the Army, was practically negligible. It was only in coöperation with the other arms of the Army that aircraft were effective in the destruction of military power.

Can air forces conquer an enemy country?

They cannot. Aircraft have power to destroy material and personnel, but such activities do not conquer territory. Territory cannot be conquered by forces which hit and run. This has been demonstrated in Irak, where the British Air Force which is in charge of the operations has found it necessary to use infantry to control the occupied territory. The operations of the French aircraft against the Riffians have also demonstrated this fact. Air forces with their bombs and gas can damage, but they cannot conquer.

Can air forces subdue the enemy's "will to win"?

It is upon this point that controversy is most keen. The advocates of an Independent Air Service claim that a sufficient superiority in aircraft will insure the destruction of enemy material and personnel, including industrial, financial, and administrative establishments; and by such operations soon break an enemy's "will to win."



The scouting plane is indispensable to the Navy as a means of furnishing the battleships with information concerning the enemy. They are usually operated from airplane carriers, or from land or sheltered waters.

In order to accomplish these results, air forces will use bombs and gas indiscriminately. Women and children must suffer equally with men. Advocates of an Independent Air Service recognize that should the prohibition against indiscriminate bombing and use of gas contained in existing treaties and international law be effective, their chief argument for an Independent Air Service would be of no value.

International law prohibits the attack or bombardment, by whatever means, of towns, villages, dwellings, or buildings, which are undefended, except as a punitive measure for non-compliance with requisitions for supplies for the immediate needs of the force before the place in question.

Military works, military and naval establishments, depots of arms or war material, workshops or plants which could be utilized for the needs of the hostile fleet, or army, and the ships of war in the harbor are not, however, included in the foregoing prohibition. Manifestly it is practically impossible to separate the combatant and non-combatant elements of a large city.

The use of gas is prohibited by the treaty existing between the United States, the British Empire, Italy, and Japan. This agreement has recently been reaffirmed by the signing of a protocol, June 17, 1925, which bars the use of gas and also prohibits the spreading of disease bacteria.

The present policy of the United States is to provide aircraft for the Army and for the Navy. In time of war the aircraft of either service may be assigned to duty with the other service if the situation requires such use. This principle is exemplified by the service of the Marine Corps, Naval Railroad Battery, and Northern Bombing Group of aircraft, with the Army in France. A third service is like a fifth wheel. It will cause duplication in every supply and administrative branch and be a source of constant friction, both in peace and in war.

There frequently is made by the advocates of an Independent Air Service, a claim that the United States should have a powerful air force for offensive operations independent of the Navy. For what? An attack on Canada, or Mexico, or Haiti? In real oversea operations such a force would have to operate with the Navy. Why should it not be part of the Navy? Unity of command is essential to efficiency.

Can sea forces destroy military power?

They cannot. They can, if of superior strength, destroy or contain enemy sea power; but they cannot destroy land forces so long as such forces stay on land.

Can sea forces conquer an enemy country? They cannot. Landing forces of

Marines may capture and hold outlying possessions, but the effect of such operations is not decisive.

Can sea forces subdue the enemy's will? In most cases, no. There are, however, some countries like Great Britain which are not self-sustaining and which, by an effective sea blockade, eventually might be starved into submission. It will be noted that while the operation of the blockade is performed on the sea, its effect is felt by the people on land.

Can land forces destroy military power?

They can. Not only can they destroy the enemy's military power, but by the capture of air stations and naval bases can destroy air power and sea power as well.

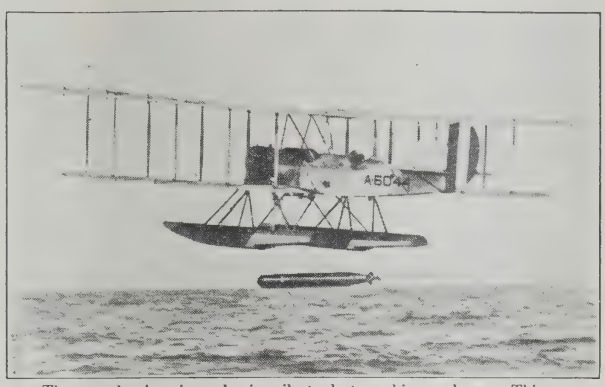
Can land forces conquer an enemy country? Yes, they can capture and occupy territory and by such action prevent reconstruction or rehabilitation. If methods of conducting war advocated by the Independent Air Service adherents are to prevail, an invading army can kill every man, woman, and child, and burn and pillage every village, town, and city in the invaded territory. A battery of artillery can put as much gas into a city in an hour as an air squadron can in a day. A fire deliberately started in an unoccupied city will do more damage than any quantity of bombs. The Air Service advocates seem to forget that armies can be just as ruthless as air forces, if that is the accepted policy.

While navies comprising sea and air forces have functions which cannot be performed by armies, the power of a navy unaided by an army is usually inadequate to insure victory. Also, armies comprising land and air forces have functions which cannot be performed by navies, but if the combatant nations are widely separated by the sea an Army cannot perform its functions without the aid of the Navy.

On the other hand, there are no functions of an Independent Air Service which cannot be performed by the air forces of the Army and Navy; and to deprive the Army and Navy of control over their own aviation would weaken rather than strengthen the combatant forces and seriously decrease the effectiveness of our national defense.

There is nothing peculiar to the strategy governing the employment of aircraft. Tactically the operations of aircraft differ from infantry and artillery and from surface ships and submarines. This is recognized, and air units so far as possible, both in the Army and in the Navy, are commanded by officers trained in aviation.

The importance of aviation in national defense, as has been pointed out before, is dependent upon the strength and characteristics of the fighting forces of possible enemy nations and the nature of the operations which would be required to win possible wars. The policy of the United States is to maintain a navy equal to that of Great Britain and five-thirds that of Japan, and to maintain a standing army only of sufficient strength to provide a nucleus for a war organization and to train the units of the National Guard and Organized Reserve.



The torpedo plane is used primarily to destroy ships or bases. This remarkable photograph shows such a plane just as it has dropped its messenger of destruction.

The Independent Air Service enthusiasts, playing upon the antagonism of the American people to aggressive war, continually refer to the value of aircraft in Coast Defense and assure the public that with sufficient air force at its command the United States can never be invaded. In view of the continued efforts of the Air Service adherents to deprive the Navy of air stations on shore, and their efforts to absorb some of the functions of the Navy, the operations of Coast Defense may be appropriately considered.

In its broadest sense the term "Coast Defense" implies the denial to the enemy of all areas from which offensive tactical action can be taken against our coast, or coastal sea areas, and, failing this, the destruction of forces employed in such operations. The term "Coast Defense" implies that the enemy has the initiative.

Offensive operations against a coast, or coastal area, may, for purpose of discussion, profitably be divided into two general classes:

(1) Primary operations—those in which an attempt is made by landing operations to seize, or by bombardment to destroy, vital objectives; and,

(2) Secondary operations—those in which attempt is made to seize or destroy minor objectives, to harass commerce, or to interfere with lines of communication by sea.

It is a well-understood principle that offensive operations of a primary nature cannot be conducted overseas without a marked superiority of force. It is, therefore, apparent that our fleet could not be engaged in offensive operations simultaneously with the conduct of such operations by the enemy, and, consequently, in the consideration of defense against primary operations our fleet must be considered an element of the defense.

This condition is often overlooked and in such cases the premise is advanced incorrectly that the fleet is not present to participate in the defensive operations. If the operation is a primary one directed against a vital objective the fleet will be present, for the premise assumes a superiority for the enemy which would prevent our fleet taking the initiative in over-sea operations.

Secondary operations are conducted by minor forces and defense against such operations will be required even while our fleet is engaged in primary operations against an enemy. But even though the fleet be absent the element of naval defense will be represented in the operations by the naval local defense forces. In secondary operations an enemy generally relies on surprise or upon favorable local conditions to warrant the assumption of the offensive.

Before proceeding with a discussion of types of operations it may be advisable to call attention to the effect of mobility on powers of defense.

Coast fortifications are immobile and purely defensive. They can be effective only against enemy forces which voluntarily come within range.

The mobile land forces of the Army (infantry, artillery, tanks, and so on) are the next lowest in the scale of mobility. Their rate of movement is slow and in defense they are confined to operations on shore.

The fleet is more mobile than an army as it moves at higher speed and over greater distances but it, too, except its



A division of torpedo planes "taking off." Torpedo and bombing planes are probably the most effective type in offensive operations against an enemy. The extent of their value, however, is an element of controversy.

aircraft and marine expeditionary forces, is confined to one element, the water. Its power can, however, be exerted against enemy aircraft, ships, and troops while embarked in ships, and to a minor degree against aircraft in the air and troops on shore.

Aircraft have the maximum mobility so far as speed is concerned but at present have only a comparatively small radius of action. They can, however, operate over both land and sea. They can attack all types of forces, but can be forced to action only by aircraft.

In operations in defense, the principle of superiority requires that an inferior fleet before accepting decisive engagement shall fall back to the area within which it can receive the support of shore-based aircraft, and efficiency demands that shore-based aircraft for this purpose and for defense of coastal sea areas shall be under naval control.

A greatly superior fleet will prevent an enemy from initiating primary operations. A greatly superior air force operating from shore may prevent the landing operations. Superior mobile land forces will defeat the enemy after landing.

We have been told that the development of aircraft has made it possible to conduct a bombing attack of such importance as to constitute a major operation. In the case of nations situated within the operating radius of aircraft from each other, such an operation constitutes a real danger, but the conduct of such operations overseas across distances from 3,000 to 5,000 miles raises supply and operating difficulties that are practically insurmountable unless the aircraft are carried by ships to within the operating radius of their objective. Long-continued attacks by hundreds of airplanes upon our industrial and financial centers might indeed be fatal, and defense against such attacks must be thoroughly considered.

Airplanes may operate from ships as bases or from shore bases. *In order to be successful in the operation of destroying the enemy bases it is apparent that mobility beyond that of aircraft operated from shore is essential, for if the enemy base can be reached by aircraft from our coast, our coast can be reached by aircraft from the enemy base.*

The only element which we possess which has greater radius than aircraft is the fleet, and it is to this that we must turn for the means of destroying the enemy aircraft bases whether such bases are ships or on shore.

The second form of defense against air attack, the destruction of aircraft while operating, will be most effective when conducted from shore, comprising as it does counter-attack by aircraft and action by anti-aircraft batteries. Of these two methods the counter-attack by aircraft is the most effective but, as in most counter-attack operations, the enemy has the advantage of the initiative.

An example will show this difficulty. There is a point about one hundred miles off Cape May from which airplanes can take the air from an aircraft carrier during darkness and by daylight be in position to attack the defended cities, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, or Washington. This assumed a flying distance of less than 300 miles to the objective. It is not probable that many planes would return to the carrier, but the damage done might warrant the loss of the planes.

Defense against such attacks cannot be met by local defense without marked dispersion of defense facilities. Such defense savors of the cordon system of defense which history has proved to be ineffective. The offense against the aircraft base is the best defense, and this can be accomplished only by the fleet, which has sufficient mobility to attack the enemy bases outside of the enemy aircraft radius from our vital objectives.

The Navy further maintains that operations against enemy forces attacking our commerce or sea lines of communications are purely a naval function and that to conduct such operations effectively it is essential that the Navy make use of aircraft based on shore both for the purpose of information and for attack.

Against landing operations, bombardments, attacks at entrances to seaports and against air attacks on shore objectives, the Army has a definite responsibility.

Before aircraft existed it was assumed, and properly so, that the information service of the Navy, required in its operations in defense of commerce and lines of communication, would be sufficient to obtain for the Army the information it would require in the defense of the coast against minor landing operations and bombardment. It had never been suggested that the Army have its own ships to conduct scouting operations for its particular needs. But with the increased efficiency of aviation there developed in the proponents of an Independent Air Service a desire to supplant the Navy aviation operated from shore and to usurp the Navy functions.

This idea was apparently based upon the necessity for information in order to take defensive measures against enemy air operations. Having convinced themselves of the necessity of shore based aircraft obtaining this information these enthusiasts now desire to take over all other functions assigned to naval shore based aviation and have raised the cry of duplication of effort. There is no duplication of effort now, but there soon will be if the Air Service advocates continue attempts to usurp naval duties. The Navy, it may be said in passing, has never attempted to usurp duties assigned to the Army, and has no desire to do so.

The Army is charged with defense of all objectives on shore against air attacks. The most valuable type for this is the fighting plane. The Navy aircraft operating from shore bases are charged with the defense of commerce and lines of communication. The most valuable types of aircraft for these operations are scouting and bombing and torpedo planes. The Navy has endeavored to avoid duplication of effort by omitting the fighting plane from the organization of shore-based aviation except for training purposes.

The Navy believes that naval aircraft operating both from ships and from shore are essential to the performance of its duties in protecting commerce and lines of communication. It is in no manner attempting to duplicate Army functions.

The Navy does not believe that aircraft can operate across the ocean unless carried by ships; nor does it concur in the idea of a Chinese Wall of coast defense, built up by aircraft.

The Navy further believes that with a superior fleet adequately supplied with aircraft our country is safe from any operations conducted overseas; that the best defense is a vigorous offense; and that the conduct of a vigorous offense demands over-sea mobility which is inherent only in the fleet.

USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL

JUST as the best watch needs rewinding—and the best tire needs reinflating—so the best way to get the longest life from any battery is to let a reliable battery man service it for you regularly.

Our efforts to give the owner greatest satisfaction do not stop at our factory. We come to your town.

The USL service man in your town is pledged to render USL Golden Rule Service, part of which follows:

**"We do not sell a new battery if we can give the owner better value by repairing his *old* one.**
**"We give an eight months' adjustment guarantee covering every repair.**
**"If a repair cannot be guaranteed we do not make it and show the owner why.**
**"We pledge to our customers the kind of service we would want to receive."**

We believe battery owners appreciate this type of service.

10,500 USL service stations and dealers dot the map. Look for the USL man in your town. Go to him and take advantage of "USL Golden Rule Service" regardless of the make of your battery.

**FREE TO ALL RADIO FANS**
**Ask your local USL service station (or write us) for a free copy of the USL Radio Log Book which enables you to list your dial settings for each broadcasting station.**

**U. S. Light & Heat Corporation, Niagara Falls, N. Y.**

USL Pacific Coast Factory Oakland, Cal. | USL Canadian Factory Niagara Falls, Ontario. | USL Australian Factory Sydney, N. S. W.

USL AUTO *and* RADIO Batteries

USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL

# Ford



## *Power and Flexibility*

THE Ford car enjoys everywhere an enviable reputation not only for giving complete satisfaction in everyday use, but for being the most reliable car under extreme driving conditions.

The famous model T engine develops ample power for any needs that arise. This power, combined with light weight, low gear ratio, and the simplicity and directness of the Ford control, makes the Ford car supreme in conquering the emergencies of difficult driving conditions.

This same supremacy of performance, which is essential in negotiating heavy sand and deep mud, is responsible for that quick "getaway," which has made Ford cars so popular for modern, crowded city traffic.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY, *Detroit, Michigan*

RUNABOUT $290, TOURING $310, COUPE $500, TUDOR SEDAN $520, FORDOR SEDAN $565

*All prices f. o. b. Detroit*

# George Washington's Loyalty

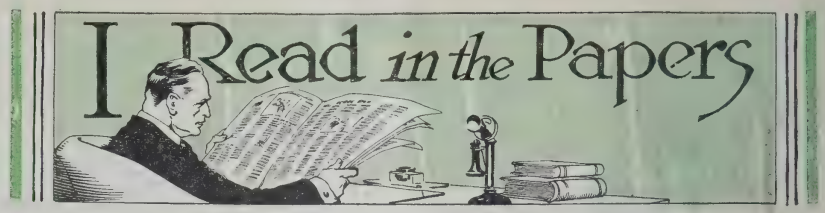
(*Concluded from page 2*)

Confidence in France, especially when motives of gratitude are thrown into the scale. If France should even engage in the scheme, in the first instance, with the purest intentions, there is the greatest danger that, urged on by the solicitations and wishes of the Canadians, she would alter her views.

As the Marquis clothed his proposition, when he spoke it to me, it would seem to originate wholly with himself; but, it is far from impossible, that it had its birth in the Cabinet of France, and was put into this artful dress to give it the readier currency. I fancy that I read in the countenances of some people, on this occasion, more than the disinterested zeal of allies. I hope I am mistaken, and that my fears of mischief make me refine too much, and awaken jealousies that have no sufficient foundation. But upon the whole, Sir, to waive every other consideration, I do not like to add to the number of our national obligations. I would wish, as much as possible, to avoid giving a foreign power new claims of merit for services performed to the United States, and would ask no assistance that is not indispensable.

your most obed' servant
G. Washington.

[Washington was not alone in his suspicions concerning Lafayette's project for the conquest of Canada. He had consulted John Jay, who concurred in his views, while President Laurens wrote him, "I demurred exceedingly to the Marquis's scheme, and expressed some doubts of the concurrence of Congress. This was going as far as I dared consistently with my office, or considering him as a gentleman of equal honor and tenacity.* * * The business was referred to a committee, who conferred with the Marquis. Their report was framed agreeably to his wishes, but the House very prudently determined to consult the Commander-in-chief previously to a final determination; and, although your Excellency's observations are committed, I am much mistaken if every member of Congress is not decided in his opinion in favor of them."—*Laurens to Washington*, 20 November, 1778. Lafayette's project was defeated, however, in an unexpected manner. As to this, one of Washington's biographers writes, "His (Washington's) words had no effect on Congress, but as it turned out, the plan failed through adverse influences in the quarter where Washington least expected them. He believed that this Canadian plan had been put into Lafayette's mind by the cabinet of Louis XVI., and he could not imagine that a policy of such obvious wisdom could be overlooked by French statesmen. In this he was completely mistaken, for France failed to see what seemed so simple to the American general, that the opportunity had come to revive her old American policy, and re-establish her colonies under the most favorable conditions. The ministers of Louis XVI., moreover, did not wish the colonies to conquer Canada, and the plan of Lafayette and the Congress received no aid in Paris and came to nothing. But the fruitless incident exhibits in the strongest light the attitude of Washington as a purely American statesman, and the comprehensiveness of his mind in dealing with large affairs."—Lodge, *George Washington*, i., 248.]




—that Rutenberg, Foster, and Zlotnitzki, the agents of the Third International in the United States, have received $340,000 for Communist propaganda in that country. Such headway as they have made is chiefly among the most ignorant class of workers—Chinese, Mexicans, and Negroes. Communists are unanimous in the opinion that the latter promise most for the Third International. James Jackson, a member of the Executive Committee, has stated: "The Negro is the worst exploited of all the proletariat. That is why he will make the best revolutionist." A congress of American Negroes was convened at Chicago on the twenty-fifth of last October. On the twentieth of September the first General Convention of the American Communist party was held in Cuba.

Communism's progress in Canada is thus recorded in the Soviet press: "Our agitators are touring the country from one end to the other, giving talks on Communism and organizing Communist cells in mines and factories." Canada is covered with a network of Communist schools where Leninism is taught. The party publishes propaganda journals like *The Worker* in English and *La Lutte* in French or Yiddish. It allies itself as far as possible with the trade-unions, encourages strikes, and is active among the unemployed, where it has organized some Soviets.

---

—that South Africa is a very pious—or, better said, a very churchly—country. Its discoverers, the Portuguese, never made much of an impression on it, but they erected lofty crosses at Point Diaz and on the Cape of Good Hope, where they first landed in the west and south. Then the Hollanders, fresh from the fiery furnace of a Thirty Years' War fought to defend their religious convictions, occupied Table Bay, and their descendants still cling with the tenacity of an ancient peasant race to the religious traditions of those forefathers. Last of all came the English, with their professed liberality toward every creed.

No other country, therefore, unless it be the United States, offers its people so wide a choice of sects. At Durban, the center of one-hundred-per-cent Britishers, with a white population of only sixty thousand, a person can worship with Anglicans, members of the South African Church, Presbyterians, Wesleyans, Congregationalists, Baptists, Lutherans, Swedenborgians, Christian Scientists, and Roman Catholics. Besides the edifices of these denominations, there are a synagogue, a mosque, and several temples of various Indian cults.

Therefore it is not surprising that Sunday is observed in South Africa very differently from in Europe. At the stroke of twelve Saturday night, all secular amusements, so far as they are licensed, cease. Dancing must stop; bars are closed. Bottle stores, where liquors are sold in the original package but cannot be consumed, must lock their doors Saturday afternoon. The only places that can sell intoxicants on Sunday are hotels and restaurants serving their regular guests. No theaters, cinemas, or concerts can remain open. Two of the larger Cape Town cafés have recently secured permission for their orchestras to play Sundays after 8 p. m., but this concession to worldly vanity has caused widespread indignation.

---

—that the area which at present comprises the British mandated kingdom of Irak consists of two separate and distinct lands, as distinct as ever they were in the days when they were named Chaldea and Assyria. Before and during the war the whole district was known to the outside world as Mesopotamia. In 1921 Winston Churchill, doubtless feeling that the word "Mespot" stank in the nostrils of the British public as a synonym for extravagance and wasteful mismanagement, bestowed upon the same area a name that most people considered a new one, and decreed that it should be called Irak, thereby supplying a red herring to be dragged across the trail followed by the "Anti-Waste" press.

Both names are, however, perfectly correct when applied to their particular areas, namely, Irak to the alluvial lands stretching from somewhat north of Bagdad to the Persian Gulf—the ancient Chaldea; and Mesopotamia to the Mosul province, including also, perhaps, the highlands of Kurdistan—the ancient Assyria.

The old Arabic name for Chaldea is *Iraq ul 'Arab*, "the Arabs' mud-bank," and this is a very apt designation, for the vast majority of the inhabitants, whether tribal or settled, are of definite Arab race, and all speak Arabic. On the contrary, the Mosul province is populated by a great variety of races, tribes, languages, and creeds. The Arab race is only second in point of population, giving place to that of the Kurds, while an element of some 60,000 Oriental Christians is of considerable importance. It is also noteworthy that all of the 22,000-odd Christians dwelling in the towns of Bagdad and Basra are immigrants from the Mosul region, where they really represent the oldest inhabitants of the land.

---

—that Dr. Forrest G. Tyson, superintendent of the Maine Insane Hospital, says:

"The Volstead Act and its enforcement has undoubtedly had the effect of decreasing the number of insanity cases directly and indirectly attributable to alcohol in its various forms.

"The man on the street will tell you that insanity, due to increased drinking of low-grade liquors and the increasing use of drugs which is supposed to have followed the shutting off of the liquor supply, has greatly increased. Such is not the case, and we have the figures on hand to refute such a statement covering a long period of wet years and the dry ones ensuing.

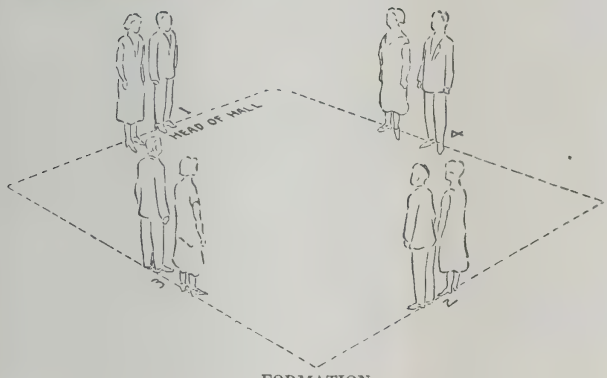
"I believe that the general tendency produced by the enactment and enforcement of the Volstead Act has been very beneficial. I do not know of any new cases of alcoholic insanity having developed since the passage of the Volstead Act. By that I mean actual new cases, of which we had no information before."



# A Dance a Week



## Introducing a Square Dance; Movements Common in a Plain Quadrille




FORMATION.

BALLROOM dances are divided into two general types—round and square.

The square dances are rapidly returning to their original popularity. Their eclipse by the round dances has proved to be temporary. The modern dances with their lesser demand for skill and spirit, their tuneless music, their tendency to jazz, their essential unsociability, are losing vogue everywhere. Unless a dance be sociable it cannot live long, unless it promote the spirit of play it will soon weary its devotees, and it is just here that dances requiring eight or twelve or sixteen persons as the unit for their performance make their appeal. More persons are thrown together, the spirit of grown-up play is irresistible, and besides there is a wider scope and a stronger demand for skill and style. The bane of the modern dance was its almost utter lack of grace, style and skill.

For the present we give a general description of the quadrille.

The quadrille, as the name implies, is a dance performed in a square, the square being formed by four couples, one couple on a side. These are designated head couple, foot couple and the two side couples. The whole square, or four couples, is called a set.

THE HEAD COUPLE. The head couple takes its name from its position nearest the head of the hall. So that it is important to designate which end of the hall shall be called the head. Usually the head of the hall is where the music is placed, farthest from the entrance. Where the music is on the side, it becomes the duty of the floor director to designate which end shall be considered the head of the hall. Thereafter in every set the couple which stands nearest the head of the hall (their backs toward it) will be known as the head couple, and with them all the movements will begin.

The quadrille may be described as a dance drill, or a very beautifully ordered game, in which couples pass and repass, swing, curtsey and salute, change and march, and make beautiful patterns of motion in time to music. It is most fascinating to the spectator, and exhilarating and joyous to the participant. It may seriously be said that until one has known the quadrille one has not truly tasted the most wholesome pleasure of dancing. It is not alone the poetry of motion, but the poetry of moving pattern also. Its evolutions are graceful, rhythmic and mentally stimulating to the dancer who has caught its spirit.

A plain quadrille is formed of four couples, one couple on a side. (A double quadrille has two couples on a side.) The head couple stands with backs to the head of the hall, the lady being on the gentleman's right. Opposite and facing the head couple stands the foot couple. To the right of the head couple, forming one side of the square, is the third couple. The fourth couple, at the left of the head couple, forms the other side of the square. It is well to have these numbers and positions in mind. The head and foot couples are designated *first four* in calls that involve them both; while the third and fourth couples are called the *sides* or *side couples*.

This week we present some of the preliminary movements of the quadrille, illustrated by drawings.

In figure 1, is given the formation of a quadrille, a couple on a side.

During the first eight measures the ceremony of "Address" is performed. This is a double address—first to your partner, then to the person next to you on the corner.



FIGURE 2.

The call is given "Address Partners" which is performed as follows:

Gentleman steps forward to center with left foot, turns and faces partner; closes right foot to left and bows. Coincident with this, the lady slides right foot toward center, faces partner, steps back with left foot, bending both knees for the curtsey, then draws left foot to right.

This is followed by the call "Address Corners," which is performed as follows:

From last position in "Address Partners," the dancers step back to place. The gentleman then slides right foot toward center facing the lady on his left, closes left foot to right, bows, and steps backward to place. The lady at the same time turns to face corner by sliding her right foot toward



FIGURE 3.

the outside of the set. She then steps backward for the curtsey.

The address to partners is illustrated in figure 2.

During the first eight measures of the music, all address partners, then corners.

It will be well just to practice a few of these movements without music and without any reference to their place in the dance. The movement "right and left" is found early in all quadrilles and may be practiced first.

The call is given "first four, right and left." The "first four" are the head couple and the opposite couple.

"Right and left" is executed by two opposite couples; couples cross over, ladies inside, gentlemen in passing touching lady's right hand. When in opposite couple's place, gentleman takes partner's left hand in his left and turns half around, and repeat back to place.

This should be done in sixteen steps; eight steps across, turn, and eight steps returning to place.

The crossing is illustrated in figure 3.

Couples join nearest hands and cross over, ladies passing to the center.

The turning is illustrated in figure 4, shown on page 30.

# Does Coffee Harm You?

## Then omit caffeine

Many people know that coffee harms them. It often affects the heart and kidneys. It keeps many awake at night. Millions of coffee lovers have been forced to substitutes.

The trouble lies in the caffeine. That tasteless drug, which adds no delight, is the source of all coffee harm.

Kaffee Hag is coffee with the caffeine taken out. It is pure coffee, a delightful blend. The full flavor and aroma are intact. Even expert tasters cannot tell that anything is missing. It offers a superlative coffee which anyone may drink at any hour without a thought of harm.




Countless homes have adopted it because of its quality. The finest hotels now serve it.

If anyone in your home fears caffeine, try Kaffee Hag. Send the coupon with a dime for a 10-cup package. It will be a delightful revelation. Clip coupon now.

Mail This Today for 10-cup Sample; 10 cts.

KAFFEE HAG

1451 Davenport Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Name.....

Address.....


## Washington's Schoolmaster

(*Concluded from page 20*)

109. *Washington:* "Let your recreations be manful not sinful."
*Hawkins*: "Let thy recreations be manful not sinful, there is a great vanity in the baiting of beasts; the bears and bulls lived quietly enough before the fall; it was our sin that set them together by the ears, rejoice not therefore to see them fight for that would be to glory in thy shame."

110. *Washington*: "Labour to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience."
*Hawkins:* "Labour to keep alive in thy breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience, for conscience to an evil man is a never dying worm, but into a good man it is a perpetual feast."

These comparisons fairly represent the differences throughout and also the high level upon which they are set.

It seems, therefore, not too much to say that in this exile we come face to face with an influence which has been deeply reflected in George Washington's life and principles. Among human agencies to whom honor is due for this great national legacy James Marye is entitled to an exalted place. We cannot measure the influence upon American life and destiny of this Huguenot exile.

The master has a little right in the glory of the pupil. For that reason James Marye has a right to be mentioned with George Washington. St. Bartholomew's Day broke at last on another continent in the deathless splendor of Independence Day.



FIGURE 4.

Arriving at the opposite side, gentleman takes partner's left hand in his left, and turns her half around. Each couple now stands in the other couple's original place. Repeat back to place.

Another movement found in most quadrilles is "Balance Four." This is illustrated in figure 5.

Gentlemen cross hands with partner, his right hand above, promenade seven steps to opposite side, each passing to the right. Turn, and return to place still keeping the lady on the outside.

Ladies chain is also found in most quadrilles. There is the plain ladies chain performed by only two ladies as shown in figure 6.



FIGURE 5.

Ladies cross to opposite places giving the right hands as they pass each other, and the left hands to the opposite gentlemen—turning once around—give right hand back—left hand to partner and turn to place.

Ladies grand chain is exactly the same movement except that the four ladies join in, four hands being crossed.

### SUGGESTIONS.

A dance step should be no longer than the natural step. To reach for a step is to take one longer than is natural, with the result that the body may be thrown off balance. An easy balance is one of the essentials of finished dancing. Balance is obtained by perfectly natural means.

Some dancers appear rigid because they do not permit the body to accommodate itself to the changing movements. In moving forward in a dance the body is naturally erect. In a rotary or backward movement there is a slight bend of the body forward. The reason for this is simple. In moving forward, balance requires an erect posture, while in moving backward, which is a drawing movement, the body bends forward. People do this naturally, but a dancer should have these matters in mind and examine his posture to see if he is acting naturally. Style is not artificial; it is doing things in a finished, natural way.

In a closed position, dancers should look over each other's right shoulder. If they do not, the angle of the body is out of line and balance is affected, making easy movements difficult.

Never imitate another unless you have satisfied yourself that he or she is a better dancer than you are. And the easy grace of balance is one of the best tests.

Every movement of every dance is timed to music. Some dancers hurry as if the music would not give them time to execute the movement. If feet and body, without haste and without lagging, move easily and naturally to the rhythm of the music, there need be no difficulty about "time."

SUGGESTION AS TO THE LIMBS. A straight, flexible limb is one of the requisites of good dancing and, it may be said, is also one of the products of good dancing. While knees are naturally bent a little in carrying the body into a new position, a bent-knee dance is ungainly, unnatural and likely to interfere with one's partner. Bending the knees brings the weight of the body down, while a straight flexible knee carries the weight upward. Not rigidity of the limb, but straightness with easy flexibility gives the dancer a more active foot and adds style to the dance.

SUGGESTION AS TO MUSIC. As a rule, dancers, especially beginners, pay too little attention to the music. They think about the movements of their feet instead of the rhythm which the feet will naturally obey if not interfered with by the dancer's anxious thought about making the right step. Giving way to the music, floating away on its rhythm, is the very essence of dancing. On the contrary, thinking of your feet is the easiest way to bungle your dance. Many really good dancers are usually ahead of the music, but it is difficult to convince them of the fact because they do not listen.

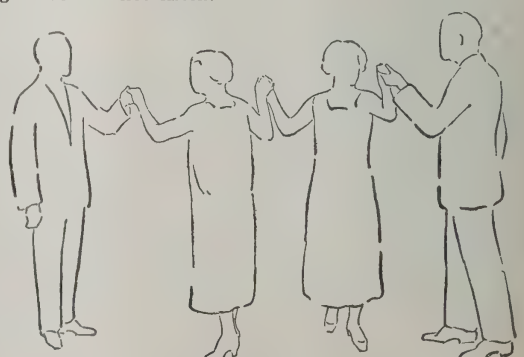


FIGURE 6.

# Why Sapiro's Co-Ops Had Trouble

(*Concluded from page 15*)

not only on redrying their own unsold portion, but all the buyers' tobacco as well?

And how did they reach the decision that association officials might go in and do private and highly profitable business with the associations?

3. The Federal Trade Commission, referring to the above "explanation" (which it prints in full) remarks: it "shows that the apprehension of the members of the Association with respect to its officials being financially interested in redrying plants was a cause of defection in the membership.

*"It does not show, however, that the co-operative officials other than those connected with the Edmonsdon Tobacco Company were financially interested in plants engaged to redry association tobacco."*

The Commission has an interesting set of figures to show how the association officers fared in the redrying business. One instance is of particular interest. F. R. Edmondson is a coöperative official, a warehouseman, with salary in 1922 of $6,000 a year. R. R. Patterson is a general manager with the cooperatives at a salary of $30,000 a year, reduced to $24,000 in 1924. T. C. Watkins was coöperative head of the warehouse department and a director at $18,000 a year, reduced in 1924 to $14,400.

These three gentlemen owned the Edmondson Tobacco Company—and they were coöperative employes.

We now quote from the Government's report:

Of the companies in which employees were deriving benefits by redrying association tobacco, the one which handled the most association tobacco was the Edmondson Tobacco Co. Two annual audits of this company, made by F. W. La Frentz & Co., covering the fiscal years ending June 30, 1923, and 1924, including the results from redrying the 1922 and 1923 crops, show F. R. Edmondson, T. C. Watkins, and R. R. Patterson each held one-third interest in this concern, a partnership, and each received one-third of the net profits either left in the business or withdrawn. The statement from the audits is printed below.

It is apparent that no capital was invested by either Mr. Patterson or Mr. Watkins, except through turning over their share of the first year's profits to the original owners, thereby acquiring one-third interest each; the other third being held by F. R. Edmondson, who was interested in the predecessor company. Both Mr. Patterson and Mr. Watkins were interviewed regarding their connections with the Edmondson Tobacco Co. and stated that (1) no articles of agreement were drawn up, (2) all arrangements were made verbally, (3) that they had never been connected with any redrying plants prior to their connection with the association, and (4) that the only written document relating to the Edmondson deal was a letter to each, written in longhand from Edmondson, stating that they (Patterson and Watkins) would share equally in the profits and in assuming obligations. Mr. Patterson also stated that he had charge of designating where leaf should be redried. Messrs. Patterson and Watkins did not derive any cash benefits the first year, except to secure a one-third interest each in the company. The second year they were compensated by cash withdrawals to the extent of $42,000, and $40,000, respectively in addition to a one-third equity in additional capital not withdrawn of $35,760.96 ($157,760.96 less $122,000), all accumulated through profits.

The "Statement of Operations" in the public accountant's report on the Edmondson Tobacco Co. shows the following results obtained from redrying association tobacco for the two years ending June 30, 1923, and 1924, covering the 1922 and 1923 crops.

**STATEMENT OF AUDITS OF EDMONDSON TOBACCO CO.**
(Covering fiscal years ending June 30, 1923 and 1924.)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Capital invested at the beginning of the year, July 1, 1922 | | None. |
| Profits during the year ending June 30, 1923 | | $50,944.49 |
| Credited to— | | |
| F. R. Edmondson | $16,981.50 | |
| T. C. Watkins | 16,981.50 | |
| R. R. Patterson | 16,981.49 | |
| Withdrawals during the year ended June 30, 1923 | | None. |
| Capital invested beginning of year ending June 30, 1924 | | 50,944.49 |
| Profits during year ended June 30, 1924 | | 157,760.96 |
| Appraisal increase value of Smithfield plant | | 2,250.00 |
| Total | | 210,955.45 |
| Withdrawals during the year ended June 30, 1924 | | 122,000.00 |
| F. R. Edmondson | $40,000.00 | |
| T. C. Watkins | 42,000.00 | |
| R. R. Patterson | 40,000.00 | |
| Capital invested June 30, 1924 | | 88,955.45 |
| F. R. Edmondson | $30,318.49 | |
| T. C. Watkins | 28,218.49 | |
| R. R. Patterson | 30,318.47 | |

**"STATEMENT OF OPERATIONS"**
Public accountant's report on Edmondson Tobacco Co.

| | Year ending June 30, 1923, on 1922 crop | Year ending June 30, 1924, on 1923 crop | Total and averages of the two crops |
|---|---|---|---|
| Pounds redried, dry weight | 10,100,442 | 23,955,249 | 34,055,691 |
| Amount, 100 pounds | $1,750 | $1,684 | $1,698 |
| Net redrying income | $176,758.46 | $403,445.78 | $580,204.24 |

# Cut-Rate Citizenship Is Too Cheap

(*Concluded from page 3*)

registration already in use in most Continental countries.

The mere color of an identification card would distinguish at once the native-born and the foreign citizen, the citizen and the person who does not value citizenship enough to get it.

Criminals are the only class who ought to object to carrying such a card; to every honest man it would be at once his most valuable possession. Twenty years ago, it is probable that most people would have revolted at the idea of carrying an identification card; today, nobody minds carrying his license to drive an automobile.

Many persons have put forward objections to the idea of citizenship service, but under analysis only two stand up. One of these is that before the age when citizenship service can be required, a large percentage of our school children have to go into industry to help support their families. It is said that only 10 per cent of the entrants complete their high school courses.

Perhaps the answer to this objection might be that as the family, not the individual, is the unit on which the nation is founded, the boy or girl who gives up his own benefit of education to support the family may be held to be doing honorable citizenship service, and win the only exemption permitted.

The other objection is not so often heard. It comes from the man who says, "You say this service would not be compulsory. What if the young people should say, in large numbers—'Thank you, I don't care for citizenship at the price'?"

When you hear that, you've found the man we've been looking for; the man who doesn't believe in American boys and girls. He is the man whose own lack of confidence is breaking down theirs.

If he doesn't believe in American boys and girls, he doesn't believe in American men and women. Can he believe in American institutions?

When you find that man, ask him, "Would you earn your citizenship if you did not already have it, by service?"

If he says "No," he has put a label on himself.

If he says, "Yes, I would," he is in the box of refusing credit to others which he claims for himself.

The time may be ripe for thought of a citizenship service plan.

# French Racers Carry Torch in Long Bastile Day Race

AT MIDNIGHT of Bastile Day of each year begins the annual relay torch race from Verdun to Paris. Various athletic organizations are represented by runners who bear lighted torches, racing in relays, on their way to the shrine of the Unknown Soldier in Paris. The runners are stationed every two of the 156 miles and each racer hands his torch to a waiting companion who goes on his way. Through the darkness of the night speeds the runner to the next relay station where another member of his organization takes the torch from his hand, repeating the operation until the flaming symbol is passed on to its final destination.

# BRIEFLY TOLD

Woodrow Wilson, until his death, was a field marshal in the Brazilian Army.

The government subsidy, voted English coal miners to prevent a strike, is increasing. The figures are: September, $9,000,000; October, $13,250,000; November, $13,250,000; December, $16,000,000.

No pauper's grave will be the fate of any resident of the town of Milton, Massachusetts. The town has a beautiful cemetery in which any citizen may have a lot for the asking.

Professor Joseph Barcroft who remained a week in a glass chamber, while all the air was pumped out except the minimum necessary to sustain life, gained a Cambridge University post.

In Greater New York you pay 85 cents for a haircut-shave. A plumber receives $2.00 an hour and is no more skilled than the average barber.



Wives are still purchased in the region of Persia known as the "Roof of the World," a common price being 100 sheep.

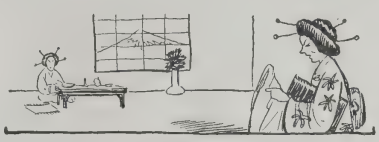
"I believe children lose a great deal if permitted to form their early impressions from the screen, rather than from their own observations of the world."—*Dr. Sanger Brown,* second chairman of the New York State Commission on Mental Defectives.

Noah Webster, author of the *American Dictionary of the English Language,* was responsible for the change in America of the "our" ending to "or." Thus labour, honour, behaviour, became labor, honor and behavior in America.

"At 23 years of age, plodding boys are at a level with those who were brilliant scholars. At 30 they pass them," says Dr. Cyril Norwood, head master of Harrow.

Milton did not live in poverty as is often stated. He lived in financial ease on the profits of large real estate transactions conducted by his father and himself

Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, after 17 years of absence from the White House, revisited it recently and spent an hour with Mrs. Coolidge noting the changes that had been made in the rooms.



There are no chairs in some rural Japanese restaurants, but the waitresses bring kimonos to wear and mats to sit on.

Soviet Russia has decreed that gypsies must get off the road and settle on the land. The name "gypsy" is a contraction of "Egyptian," as the wanderers were formerly called.

While the British radio public is complaining of "too much talk," the American radio public begins to complain of "too much music." A balanced program is desired.

Pilgrims to the number of 1,250,000 visited Rome during Holy Year.

There are 4,105 Masonic lodges in England.

It is now being claimed that the decline of population in France is as much due to high infant mortality as to a low birth rate.

The restoration of Rheims Cathedral will require 30 years.



The Oxford student who gets home after ten o'clock at night must pay a fine to the gatekeeper.

The publication in the London *Times* of a charge that Virginia had repudiated her bonds has brought a denial from Roswell Page, of Richmond, Virginia, and a challenge to produce any repudiated bond.

The poor Touareg man of the Sahara is allowed only one wife and he goes veiled. The women can have six husbands and no veils.

Dr. Jeans, president of the Royal Astronomical Society, states that recent discoveries indicate that the earth is situated not far from the center of the universe.

"Tabi" is one of the "original" words being used (words made out of the initial letters of words forming phrases) and means, "Towards a better Ireland."

It cost $3,459.21 to keep one inmate of the Home for Aged Farmers in Davenport, Iowa, last year. Five is the largest number ever housed there.

Suicides in Greece are buried separate from persons who die natural deaths. The suicide cemetery is next to the city dump.

Button Gwinnett, signer of the Declaration of Independence, from Georgia, left only nineteen autographs. One sold for $22,000 recently.



To avoid payment of William Pitt's tax on hair powder some of the Whig leaders met in September, 1795, at Woodburn Abbey to cut off their queues.

The 1,500,000 licensed listeners-in to British radio pay $2,800,000 annually for the privilege.

On December 17, fifty carloads of frozen halibut and salmon were shipped from British Columbia to eastern markets for the holiday season. This is probably without parallel in its size and the distance from water to dinner table.

The greatest deposit of helium gas in the whole British Empire has been discovered near Toronto, Canada. The wells are being operated in the interest of the Toronto University.

New York City has more than a hundred languages and over a thousand dialects.

The number of British aircraft hours flown per fatal accident had increased 92 per cent in 1925 over 1924, it was reported in the House of Commons, London.




# Firestone Performance Meets Every Demand of Light Car Owners

The qualities of reliability and economy, which have sold millions of light cars to American motorists, also account for the tremendous popularity of Firestone Balloon Tire equipment in this field.

The extra Firestone values—tested and proved for more than 25 years—are a result of experience, foresight and efficiency in manufacturing.

Gum-Dipping is one of Firestone's contributions to trouble-free tire service. This exclusive process impregnates and insulates every fiber of every cord with rubber after which the cords are coated by the regular calendering process.

Ask your Firestone Dealer to explain Gum-Dipping and the many other advantages you obtain by equipping with Firestone Full-Size Balloons—learn to depend on him for tire advice and repair service—both will save you money.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

The Mark of Quality

**Firestone**

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER . H.S. Firestone

THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL
6-41

WHAT though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy. Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry. Then plough deep while sluggards sleep and you shall have corn to sell and to keep. Work while it is called today, for you know not how much you may be hindered tomorrow. One today is worth two tomorrows, as Poor Richard says; and further: Never leave that till tomorrow which you can do today.

—*Benjamin Franklin.*

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Vol. 26 No. 19 FEBRUARY 27, 1926 $1.50 a Year




CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

# BRIEFLY TOLD

An ice jam extending from Goat Island to Port Day held back the water from Niagara Falls, making it nearly dry.

Milton S. Bottdorf, Hartsville, Indiana, is one hundred years old and has 117 descendants.

Over 4,500 runaway marriages are contracted every year in Elkton, Maryland, a village of 2,500. The "industry" is estimated to be worth $100,000 a year to taxicab drivers, "marrying parsons," hotels, restaurants and the county clerk.

New Harmony, Indiana, has just celebrated the centenary of the Robert Owen socialistic colony there. The first infants' school in America is said to have been established in this place. The first woman's club in America was founded there in the Fauntleroy home. The Owen home was for many years the home of the U. S. Geological Survey.



Beau Brummell broke a marriage engagement because his lady love insisted on eating cabbage.

San Antonio had its first big snow in more than thirty years. The people devoted two days to enjoyment of a snow festival.

When anyone starts the Charleston in the auditorium of the Indiana State University, one warning is given, which if not heeded results in the lights being turned off.

Perhaps the longest will on record is that of an English woman which contained 95,940 words and made four large volumes. The shortest will on record was written on the back of a sailor's identity check.

A highway magnet sweeper picked up more than 150 pounds of nails and scrap iron on five miles of road. Another stretch of seven miles yielded 603 pounds of metal. A half-mile of 18-foot pavement yielded 15 pounds of nails and similar matter from the gutter.

Sir Oscar Emanuel Warburg, of the London firm of Warburg & Co., relative of the banker Warburgs of Hamburg and New York, is chairman of the London County Council, which governs Greater London.

Prof. Howard T. Barnes, McGill University, Montreal, will visit Greenland in June with several tons of chemicals to test the effect of "heat mines" in breaking up icebergs at their source and thus keep the North Atlantic free of icebergs and permit all-year navigation of the St. Lawrence.



In Japan the Japanese cobbler is a carpenter who nails high stilts on to wooden sandals for wet weather and low stilts for dry days.

Many persons still send letters to travelers in the Philippines "in care of the American consul, Manila." Manila, as a part of our possessions, has no more need than Omaha of an American consul.

The college physician at Mississippi A. & M. College says: "I find practically all teeth in good condition whereas nine years ago I seldom found a set of sound teeth."

"A neighboring state is spending $300,000 a year for county agents to educate the farmer in the science of increased production. It is not spending a dollar to educate the consumer either at home or abroad in the use of these products."—*F. W. Sargent*, president, Northwestern Railroad, speaking in Minneapolis.

A prominent St. Paul attorney, sentenced for contempt, transferred his law offices to the jail and received his clients in his cell.

An American tourist bought an unusual belt of oriental design in a Cairo bazaar and presented it to a New York friend who manufactures women's belt buckles. The manufacturer glanced at the buckle and showed his own trade-mark stamp on it.



Beads were first imported into this country 400 years ago for the Indians. Civilized Americans now import more than $10,000,000 worth annually.

Rabbi Marius Ranson, Temple Beth-El, Albany, New York, urges that the world court be established in Jerusalem. He claims that passages in *Isaiah* and *Micah* forecast such a tribunal there.

The chance of escaping punishment for murder or manslaughter in Kansas City are eight to one; robbery, twenty-eight to one; burglary, fifty to one, according to the Missouri Association for Criminal Justice.

The "Sun Yet Sen University" has been opened in Moscow for the education of Chinese. The students will chiefly study "the theory and practice of revolution."

Unusual floods and heavy frosts have marked large districts in England and France.

The Hudson's Bay Company will operate an ice breaker on Hudson's Bay this year, for the first time in the 250 years' existence of the company, to open up navigation earlier than usual.

Phillips Andover Academy, Massachusetts, has acquired the rocking chair in which the Rev. Samuel Francis Smith sat when, as a student in the theological seminary there, he wrote the words to "America" in half an hour. The chair was once carried to California by a relative.



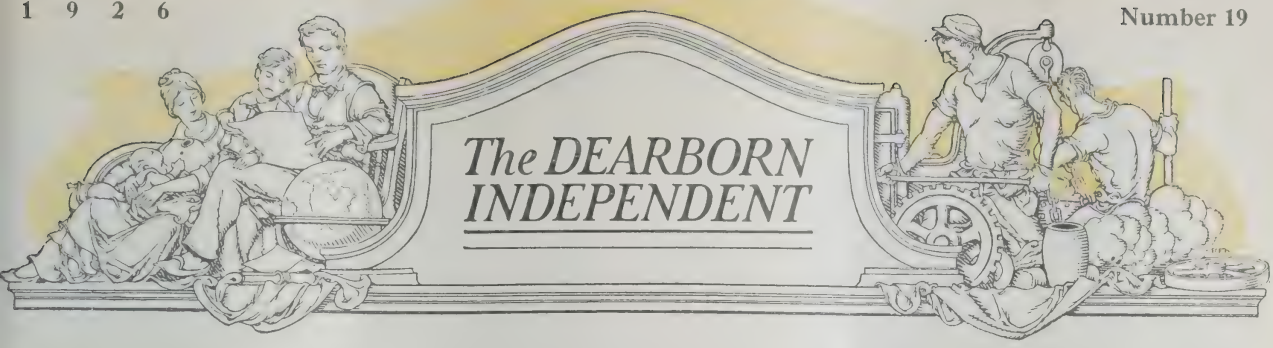
The wandering minstrel of the Swiss Alps skis from place to place with his musical instrument strapped to his back.

"I am a strong advocate of restoring the teaching of religion to our public schools, religion of the kind which has been abolished because of purely theological differences not because of its inherent lack of force in education."—*Henry Fairfield Osborn*, president, American Museum of Natural History.

G. M. Adams, Tyler, Smith County, Texas, produced sixteen bales of fine cotton on five acres and sold it for $2,484.46; in addition to winning prizes of $1,500. He declared that he had exploded the theory that one and a half bales were the maximum that could be raised on one acre.

February 27
1 9 2 6

Volume 26
Number 19




# The Essence of This Issue

Mr. Ford's Page this week deals with the qualities of practicability in ideas. (p. 9)

Bryan in the early days of his career—the Boy Orator of the Platte, the apostle of peace as a colonel in the United States Volunteers, the youthful candidate—these are some of the pictures conjured by James Schermerhorn in the first of his articles on the Commoner. The campaigns of a quarter-century ago are recalled; Bryan's advocacy of temperance; his journey to the Old World and the lessons he drew from it. Bryan had a strong weapon in his eloquence, his ready wit; therein (as the writer shows) lay the secret of much of his power, his ability to hold the affections of his followers. (p. 2)

A second article on the blight of Sapiro's tobacco coöperatives, as shown by the report of the Federal Trade Commission. Here we have the evidence of officers of the situation setting up a private business between the growers and the buyers, to the disadvantage of both. All members of Sapiro associations should read these articles. (p. 13)

We have all heard a great deal about Texas and the Fergusons, and we have wondered just what the conditions really were in the Lone Star State. Here is a clear, concise analysis of the diverse elements going to make up the peculiar situation there—the highway scandal, the Carter incident, prohibition tactics, the various incomes of "Jim" Ferguson, the prison parole record, and the charming personalities of both Mrs. Ferguson and her husband. The article may furnish you with the answer to that oft-put question: "Who is the real governor of Texas?" (p. 3)

Slanderous Jewish stories of the Saviour are dealt a severe blow by Rabbi Klausner, of Jerusalem, in his book, *Jesus of Nazareth*, a review of which is printed in this issue. Rabbi Klausner, while he rejects the Messiah, yet accepts most of the Gospels as historically true. He discards as untrustworthy many Talmudic traditions regarding his birth and life. The book is interesting as revealing the new trend of Jewish thought. (p. 6)

Captain Pye's articles on aviation, authoritative and keenly analytical, have been widely quoted and discussed; they have done much to clear away the fog of doubt and distortion surrounding the true facts of America's air defenses. The statements made by Captain Pye may be taken as expressing the Navy's official attitude. In his concluding article he states that the safety and integrity of the United States must always rest upon an efficient Navy, adequately equipped with aircraft. (p. 20)

Development of the home crafts would mean much to this country. It would provide agreeable and profitable work for many housewives; it would help to train the artistic sense of the race; it would give to cripples and semi-invalids a means of partial support. The industry (if it can be called that) is now infested by crooks who bilk thousands by means of shady mail order schemes; but the outstanding success of the honest enterprises clearly demonstrates what can be accomplished in a legitimate manner. (p. 5)

The Cabinet is one of the best known, and at the same time least known, official bodies of the nation. In a hazy way we know that its function is to advise the President; but we know little or nothing of the form this advice takes, or its importance, or the many traditions and precedents that are observed at Cabinet meetings. E. B. Johns gives an interesting account of what transpires at the gatherings of the President's official family. (p. 8)

A personally conducted tour of the Capitol. Hynes E. Terry, one of the most popular guides in Washington, takes us to the interesting places in that historic structure—the President's room, the Trumbull pictures, the Rogers' bronze doors, the spot where Brumidi fell while working on the frieze of the rotunda; the chambers of the House and the Senate. (p. 16)

Americans are true lovers of music; they make appreciative audiences; their operatic starts are excellent; some of their younger composers show great promise. This from an Englishman—Sir Henry Wood. Unlike many of his fiction-writing fellow countrymen, the famous orchestra conductor finds much to praise in this country. Delightful reminiscences of his latest visit are set forth. (p. 15)

A hint! The articles on the old-time dances which we are printing each week form a valuable compendium on this alluring phase of American life. Many of our readers not only are learning the dances, but are filing the articles away for their children and their children's children. In this issue we continue the description of the commoner figures in a quadrille. Next week we expect to give a full quadrille with music for dancing. (p. 29)

*CONTENTS*

When I Began to Know Bryan - - - - - 2
*James Schermerhorn*
"Who Is Governor of Texas?"—*Max Bentley* - 3
Home Craft for Idle Hands—*Aaron Hardy Ulm* 5
Jewish Rabbi in Jerusalem Writes
*Jesus of Nazareth* - - - - - - - 6
How the Coolige Cabinet Functions - - - 8
*E. B. Johns*
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
Sapiro Officials Run a Sideline - - - - - 13
"American Audiences Are Fine" - - - - - 15
*W. Teignmouth Shore*
He Guides People Through the Capitol - - - 16
*Hynes E. Terry*
Aviation From the Navy's Viewpoint - - - 20
*Captain W. S. Pye*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer;
C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.50 A YEAR in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year. Single copy, ten cents.

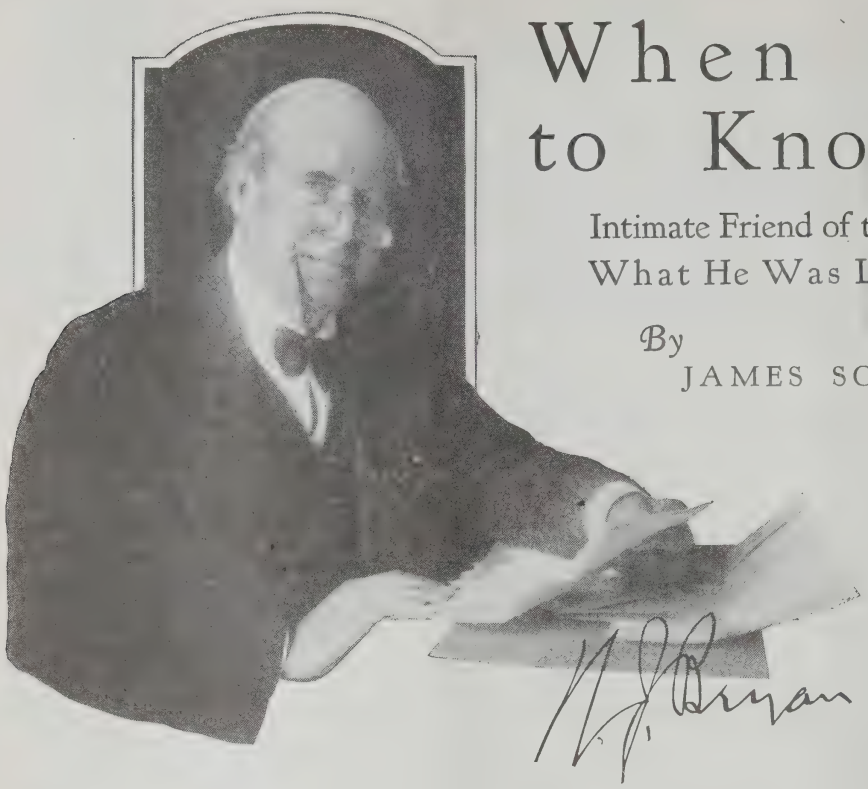
CHANGE OF ADDRESS. 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

# When I Began to Know Bryan

## Intimate Friend of the Commoner Tells Just What He Was Like as a Public Man

By JAMES SCHERMERHORN



WHEN they asked Charles Kingsley the secret of his happy life, the author of *Hypatia* answered simply:

"I had a friend."

If you would know the most enriching experience of forty years of newspaper and platform work, let me answer:

"I have been with Bryan!"

Combination of potassium cyanide with zinc in the extraction of gold took the dominant issue of 1896 out of politics.

The blowing up of the battleship *Maine* in Havana Harbor gave the presidential campaign of 1900 its chief point of controversy. With Spain conquered and Cuba free, there arose the question of what to do with the Philippines.

The interval between 1896 and 1900 saw the valiant figure of the free silver fight in a new and strange garb. He had taken off the somber panoply of the platform to don the regimentals of colonel of the Third Nebraska Volunteers.

Strange apparition! This believer in the Prince of Peace, this supporter of the pen and voice as against the gleaming sword, transformed into a fighting man by the call to arms of the President whom he had opposed in the campaign.

Bryan was stoutly opposed to any departure from the time-honored policy of holding no subject provinces. The fruits of imperialism, be they bitter or sweet, must be left to the subjects of a monarchy, he maintained.

By 1900, Bryan had become expert in "hippodroming"—the opposition's taunt for his rear-platform appeals to the people. He had learned how to get out of a shirt, dampened by perspiration, and into a dry one in a trice, and how to snatch, between train stops, the sleep that knits up the raveled sleeve of campaigning.

His gift of speech—the greatest among men of his time—disturbed his foes into derision. He was crowned by them, "Most Noble Grand of the Order of the Open Mouth." They once sought to break up an outdoor meeting by pushing a small portable sawmill into an adjoining lot. The contest was furious for a while but the sawmill surrendered.

No public character ever remained sweeter, more serene under attack. He really seemed to derive satisfaction, if not amusement, from the fierce aspersions of writers and speakers. It may have been his faith—"For so persecuted they the prophets that were before you." It may have been in his fine sense of humor.

Something kept him calm, unembittered, while "The heathen raged, and the people imagined vain things." Few ever saw his face flushed with anger or impatience. There is fun enough in politics, for those who can see it, to furnish an emollient for its acerbities. Bryan's teetotalism was responsible for a roar of laughter from the student body at the University of Michigan, when, about to read from a speech that he was answering, he said, as he reached for a glass of water—

"Here is an extract."

The fun broke out again a little later, as he was paying his respects to imperialism, when he declared with the glass of water in his hand again:

"Here is another thing I don't like!"

More than in his first campaign, Bryan made the Bible his textbook, as he inveighed against the imposing of authority on a so-called inferior people. He found no warrant in Christianity "to civilize with dynamite and proselyte with the sword."

"The Gospel to every creature had no Gatling gun attachment. Let it be known that our missionaries are seeking souls instead of sovereignty," he demanded.

The use he made of the story of Naboth's vineyard, during the Ann Arbor meeting, to illustrate national covetousness, has stuck in the memory since that distant day.

I can still hear his exultant full-toned imitation of the cry of the wicked Jezebel, after she had caused the owner of the coveted property to be stoned to death in the streets:

"Naboth is dead, King Ahab! Go and possess yourself of the vineyard!"

Grabbing the Philippines or any other foreign possession was analogous to this infamy, Bryan pointed out to the students.

To be aboard the Bryan special was to sense the hope that sprang eternal in the Democratic breast, as the loyal ones filled the car and the station platform.

"I hereby make application for the post office in this town," confided one of the faithful, as he took the Commoner's hand.

"Well, it is a bit early to begin distributing the offices," said Bryan, "but I will say this much: In the event of my election, I will appoint the best man."

"I thank you very much," said the applicant, going away thoroughly satisfied.

Tumultuous arrivals at every train-stop were so much a part of his life, that it would have been quite understandable if he looked for cheers and bands and welcoming throngs every time the train slowed down for a station, even on non-political journeys. A youthful Indiana citizen, now grown to man's estate, once aroused the great campaigner's ruling passion of getting to the heart of all matters. Bryan's special stopped at this youngster's town. Boylike, he wanted to grasp the big man's hand,

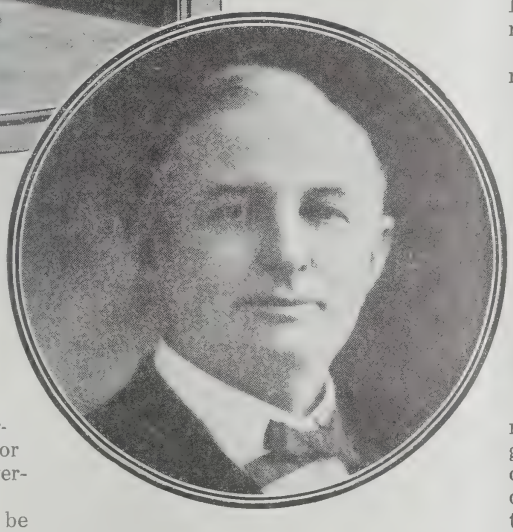
(Continued on page 24)

# "Who Is Governor of Texas?"

## Does It Make Any Difference Who Signs on the Dotted Line, So Long as It Is a Ferguson?

By MAX BENTLEY





Everybody calls her "Ma Ferguson," but her official name is Mrs. Miriam A. Ferguson, Governor of Texas. Her husband, James Ferguson, former governor of Texas appears in the circle.

OF COURSE you want to know—if you aren't a Texan. Every one is asking—except the home folk: "Just who *is* governor of Texas? Is it Mrs. Miriam Ferguson, elected with a smashing majority in 1924, or is it—as dark rumor runs—her husband, the former governor, James E. Ferguson?"

No discourtesy is intended to be conveyed to the office and person of the chief magistrate of Texas in the statement that Mr. Ferguson is he, rather than his wife. Texans understand this peculiar situation if the rest of the country does not. Mr. Ferguson was talking a language understandable to his fellow Texans when he said, during his wife's campaign, "Give Mrs. Ferguson your votes, friends, but I'll be governor. After all, does it make any difference who signs on the dotted line, so long as it is a Ferguson?"

It is true that on January 21, 1925, the day after her inauguration, he said he would merely "carry wood and water for 'Ma' at the Mansion." It is also true that two months later he asserted, "McKinley had his Hanna, Wilson his House, Coolidge his Stearns, and 'Ma' Ferguson has her Jim"; but Texans who have business with the governor necessitating visits to Austin transact that business, not with Mrs. Ferguson, but with her husband. He sits in the outer office, meeting callers, conferring with legislators, judges and department heads, seeing to appointments, and "talking turkey" generally, while Mrs. Ferguson remains in the governor's private office, signing papers.

There is nothing in this novel allotment of duties to arouse astonishment or chagrin, if you know the background. Texans remember that Mrs. Ferguson frankly admitted her dependence at the outset of her administration. "Recognizing my inexperience in governmental affairs I must ask the advice and counsel of others," ran the inaugural message.

Texas was excited and happy on that memorable occasion, and was in every sense of the word "for" the new governor and her husband. Although Mrs. Ferguson had been only a weapon with which the Texas electorate had satisfied its yearning to "swat the Ku Klux Klan" it was felt that she had done a very splendid and wifely thing in becoming a candidate for an office generally occupied by a man, after the courts had stricken her husband's name from the official ballot on constitutional grounds. Texas, after electing Mrs. Ferguson, heartily wished her well.

But the present state of mind is not so tolerant. To a great many Texans, government so obviously by proxy is becoming distasteful. An editorial in the November 28 issue of the Austin *American* summed up this point of view. It was entitled: "James E. Ferguson Should Cease to be Governor," and ran:

> "Mrs. Ferguson should personally not be held accountable for anything done by the Highway Commission. She should not be held accountable for anything done by any department of the government. Perhaps never before has any American state had in the Governor's chair a person who is in truth less responsible for the conduct of the office. The real Governor of Texas is an efficient person—a former Governor who happens to be the husband of the present Governor."

This editorial was a result of the Texas highway fiasco. Of all strange noises emanating from the seat of government this has sounded the dominant, harsh, and all attention-demanding note. Mr. Ferguson's active participation in the sessions of a Highway Commission, consisting of three members, two of whom (appointees of his wife) have lately resigned under fire, has sadly disturbed the state of tolerance with which Texans have heretofore been disposed to accept the dual rule of state affairs.

To understand how fervent has been the "roar," it is necessary to know that Texas has more miles of designated highways than any other state.

Its revenues for highway construction and maintenance—derived from Federal aid, a gasoline tax, and the vehicle license system—amount to about $20,000,000 yearly.

This is a sum greater than Texas spends for higher education, eleemosynary institutions and judiciary combined.

The highway department directly employs 3,500 persons and 5,000 others

indirectly. It is the most powerful division of the state government; and nearly absolute powers of administration are exercised by three part-time commissioners who are paid, each, the small annual salary of $2,500.

Consequently, if even a whisper is heard to the effect that administration of the highway fund is not all that it should be, Texas may be expected to rouse itself to an attitude of startled attention.

Such a whisper was heard last July. It came from a newspaper reporter, Silliman Evans, who murmured in the ear of Amon G. Carter, publisher of the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*, that he had been informed that certain highway contracts had been let to friends of two of the commissioners —Frank Lanham, chairman, and Joe Burkett—without competitive bidding, without bonds, and at excessively high prices.

The paper went after the situation hammer and tongs, and in a short time the state was in uproar. The attorney-general of Texas launched an investigation resulting in startling disclosures.

It was shown that the American Road Company, a Delaware corporation owned by Texans, with assets at the time of chartering amounting to three second-hand automobiles, an asphalt heating plant and $15,000 in cash, had been awarded large asphalt topping contracts at 30 cents per yard, whereas 10 cents would have been a reasonable price.

It was revealed that this company had rolled up tremendous profits, and had removed large sums of money from Texas to Missouri banks, besides declaring a $319,000 cash dividend. The attorney-general forced the return of the removed funds, to be held in escrow pending the outcome, and brought suit for cancellation of contracts, forfeiture of permit to do business in Texas, and recovery of $600,000 claimed as excessive profits.

The governor of Texas entered the scene—and in a way disconcerting to her own best friends and those of her husband; for she instructed Chairman Lanham to resent and resist to the end the bringing of the suit by intervening in the name of the Highway Commission, with the assistance of attorneys paid out of the state treasury. She contended, in defense of her stand, that the attorney-general had no authority to bring suit in the name of the state unless directed by the governor.

The plea of intervention was resisted by the attorney-general and denied by the district judge hearing the suit; singularly enough, the same judge who had, a year earlier, by ruling that Mrs. Miriam Ferguson had a statutory right to run for governor, made possible her election.

The ensuing judgment was a complete victory for the state. Officials of the road company admitted to personal friendship with Commissioner Lanham; they admitted the 30-cent charge to be excessive; they agreed to forfeiture of their Texas charter and confessed to judgment for $600,000, less a credit of $314,000 representing approved but unpaid estimates on work already done. They paid $286,000 to the state treasurer, and bade Texas *au revoir*.

The sequel to the American Road Company suit was the resignation of Commissioners Lanham and Burkett, by telegram and telephone. It was alleged that Burkett had been instrumental in the awarding of large non-competitive non-bond contracts at the 30-cent rate to another concern, composed of certain of his friends. That was the Hoffman Construction Company, at this writing being sued by the state for cancellation of contracts and return of $350,000 claimed to be excessive profits. The Hoffman company has expressed willingness to follow the American company's exit route, but the attorney-general perversely insists on an airing of the facts.

James E. Ferguson's comment on the American company suit was that in the end it will be shown that the state is the vanquished and not the victor, and stoutly defends the acts of the two commissioners appointed by his wife.

The furor resulting from the highway fiasco overshadowed, but did not eliminate, an earlier "issue" raised against the Fergusons. That was the pardon record. In the first year of her administration Mrs. Ferguson has issued more than 1,200 clemency proclamations, including 223 granting full pardons to convicts in the state penitentiary and 502 conditional pardons. Many have been granted to the "poor and friendless and forgotten." Mr. Ferguson himself would rather see "some of the big boys sent up." Last July, addressing the Texas Bar Association at Austin, he said, "In the Texas penitentiary there are today 400 men for violation of liquor laws, and not four of them are worth $5,000. Your governor is thinking very seriously of offering a reward of $250 for conviction on a liquor charge of every man worth $5,000 accused of violating the same."

Several months afterward Mrs. Ferguson did offer her reward, raising it to $500, her proclamation being issued two days before an exchange of letters between herself and Amon G. Carter. It was on July 3 that Mr. Ferguson made his bar association address, the same day on which (Continued on page 26)

You want to know whether the largest state of the Union is, or is not, really ruled by a woman. . . . So you come down to Austin. You drop off the train at a rather dinky depot, turn a corner, and are on Congress avenue. At this wide thoroughfare's upper end stands the majestic capitol lording it over the beautiful city of many hills. Gazing on it, you involuntarily exclaim, "What a noble building!" And so it is—in all respects a building befitting Texas' size and greatness. It ought to be, for its construction cost the people $100,000,000 worth of land. That is to say, the land is worth $100,000,000 now; but fifty years ago, when the state swapped 3,500,000 acres of the public domain to a Chicago syndicate in return for a capitol, it was adjudged to be worth a dollar an acre. The rise in value is mentioned here to show you what a going concern Texas is.

You enter. The second door on your right is the door to the governor's reception room. Many others are ahead of you, but the line melts away with businesslike dispatch, and in a few minutes you are ushered into the anteroom of the governor's private office.

A man reclining on a lounge rises to greet you affably. This is Mr. Ferguson, and you like him instinctively. It is true he was impeached while governor in 1917 and either resigned or was removed, according to the point of view, but still he is obviously a personage. He is a commanding-looking figure, tall, with iron-gray hair, melodious of voice and a bit old-fashioned of manner—in every way your conception of the "typical Southern gentleman."

He makes you feel thoroughly at home, and before you realize it has you discussing amenities.

Presently, however, you remember your errand. For brevity's sake you have beforehand written a questionnaire for Mr. Ferguson's perusal.

Mr. Ferguson smiles pleasantly as he receives the typed sheet from you; and very deliberately he begins reading. His expression does not change as he rapidly runs down the list; the suggestion of a slight stiffening which you have noted is only a trick of your own imagination, for as he hands the paper back he is still smiling.

As you pocket your questionnaire—it has not been answered—Mr. Ferguson says, "Our plans have not matured. We are not ready to make an announcement yet." He refers here to the Ferguson candidacy, and adds: "I say 'we' in exactly the same way that a man speaks of the firm for which he is employed as 'we'—if he is a loyal employe." After which he becomes tactfully silent, and you take the hint. As you rise to depart he again shakes your hand with firm cordiality and follows you to the door.

At that moment Mrs. Ferguson emerges from the governor's private office. If Mr. Ferguson has impressed you as being a person of intelligence and charm, how much more so his wife! She is dressed in black satin with a lacy white touch at the neck. Like her husband she is tall and dignified. It may be that she is not handsome—for she is a grandmother—but her face is strong and serene. She greets you courteously and after more amenities you depart—with mixed feelings: the feeling of satisfaction which one has after meeting attractive people, and a feeling of disappointment at not having had opportunity to talk with the governor.

But you have. Moreover, you have shaken the hand of the governor of Texas—twice. This writer, not being an out-of-stater, like yourself, but a native Texan, had no doubt on that score when he took up his hat and departed after his call on the Fergusons.



# Home Crafts for Idle Hands

## Showing How Art and Activity May Be Combined

By AARON HARDY ULM



A CITY lawyer met casually on the street one day a man he had known in another section of the country.

"What are you doing here?" he inquired of the old acquaintance.

"I am my wife's business manager."

This statement so astonished the lawyer that he asked for details. He had known the couple as moderately prosperous and easy-going middle class folk. He had been a corporation executive, she had given herself to homemaking and social activity. The lawyer recalled that a taste for art, expressed chiefly in the adornment of her home and the apparel of her children, had distinguished her slightly from other women of the community.

"You know how her friends used to seek her aid in designing garments for their children," said the husband. "Well, some who were well-to-do began to ask for more than advice; they persuaded her to select goods, design garments, and attend to the making of articles of wear for their children. Of course they paid her. The first thing she knew she had a business on her hands. She carried it on, mostly for pleasure and to accommodate her friends. She found assistants among other women who had spare time from home duties and a knack for fine needlework. No effort was made to expand the business, as she had no taste for commercial details. I volunteered to attend to the business phases of the enterprise, and soon found that I could profitably give my entire time to it.

"We are now doing a tremendous business. Since we can carry it on anywhere, we moved to this city because we wanted to live here."

The business as developed is a two-way mail-order and homecraft enterprise. Designs for articles with materials are sent by mail to workers scattered in homes, mostly village and country ones, in several states. These women do the sewing during spare time from home duties, and then return the finished articles by mail to headquarters. There they are gone over and perfected when there is need for improvement, and then are sold by mail. The concern has received orders from all parts of the world. And it has spent scarcely a dollar on advertising either for workers or customers.

I referred to it, as a legitimate home work enterprise, in an article, dealing in part with fraudulent home work schemes, published recently in this magazine. Letters asking for more information came to me from all parts of the country. But before telling of them or beginning the sermon that I have in mind, let me recite a sequel to the story about the meeting of the lawyer and the old acquaintance.

The lawyer went home and repeated to his wife what had been told him.

"I am going to make a trial of the idea," said the wife, who had spare time and a knack for fine needlework. She began to make novelties, like handbags and infants' caps and coats. These she marketed through a local store and in less than a year's time she was able to make a trip to Europe on her earnings.

How many persons are there in the country who might do similarly?

Letters to me regarding a former article indicate that there are a great many. Most of the writers wanted to know the name and address of the legitimate home work concern, with the view of applying for employment, though it was stated that the concern receives in due course more applications than it can consider.

"I am a shut-in and have no way of making money," says one correspondent.

"I do need to do something to earn money," writes another, a woman evidently who is kept busy most of the time with her household duties.

Another one has tuberculosis but still is able and wants to do something.

All have time, energy or talent which, owing to their various situations, is not being utilized.

Those who are thus situated have grown much in number in recent years. Labor-saving devices and the expansion of bakeries, delicatessens and semi-prepared foods have lessened for thousands of women the drudgeries of housekeeping. Then there are many women who prefer to pay for these drudgeries out of funds earned from work for which they have more taste or talent. As most factories and stores are conducted there is little room in them for the part-time worker. Then there are thousands of cripples and semi-invalids and elderly persons who are shut-ins but might do something, and innumerable children who are denied the best of training—interesting handwork.

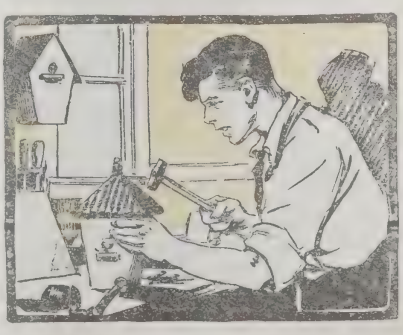
There are thousands of others who yearn for some kind of creative work that they can do profitably, at least as a side line in the home.

But they find that the home crafts—never highly developed artistically or commercially in this country—offer them almost no open opportunity, as they do for the people of other lands.

They might amount to much in this country, economically and otherwise, as, most notably, persons moved by instinct for thievery have found and demonstrated.

The commercial exploitation of the room and demand for home crafts—that is, the production in homes of articles calling for craftsmanship—has been left largely to dishonest promoters operating through the mails. In recent years they have evolved a multitude of attractive schemes, some of which have yielded large fortunes to the promoters, a few of whom have landed in prisons. In most cases the schemes are such that *(Concluded on page 27)*





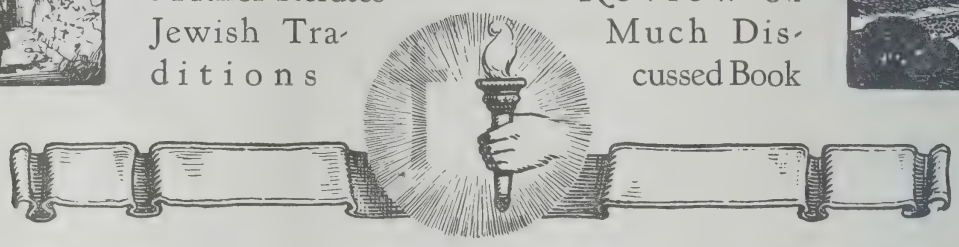


# A Jewish Rabbi in Jerusalem Writes *Jesus of Nazareth*

## Author Refutes Jewish Traditions

## Review of Much Discussed Book





BUT for a sermon of Stephen S. Wise, New York rabbi, the book *Jesus of Nazareth*, by Rabbi Joseph Klausner, of Jerusalem, might have passed largely unheeded in this country. The book was composed in modern Hebrew and was finished in Palestine in 1922; it was translated in 1924 by Dr. Danby, Residentiary Canon, St. George's Cathedral Church, Jerusalem, and published by the Macmillan Company, New York, 1925. Dr. Klausner is a Russian Jew who went to Palestine in 1920.

In the sermon by Dr. Wise, as reported in the newspapers shortly after Christmas, occurred two passages, one concerning the superior excellency of Jesus, the other stating that the Jews must "accept Jesus," which Dr. Wise afterward repudiated when called before the Jewish organizations which had been thrown into a tumult by the reports.

The Klausner volume comprises 434 pages with indexes and is divided into eight books. It contains some valuable portions, especially those which deal with the Hebrew, Greek and Latin sources, and those which describe the political, economic, religious and intellectual conditions of the period of Jesus' life. These alone would insure a respect for the work. It wholly destroys the common traditions of the Jews regarding Jesus—those extremely unpleasant legends which have so long been the bane of the Jewish people's thought on this matter—and holds strongly the view that Jesus was legitimately born (as opposed to the numerous and hideous Jewish stories of his illegitimacy), that he was a good man, that he believed himself to be Messiah, and that his teachings have great worth. The book, of course, rejects entirely the possibility of his having been divine in a special sense, or the promised Messiah.

Of principal interest to the Jew will be the result of the critical methods which Dr. Klausner applies to the *Talmud*, *Midrash* and *Tol'doth Yeshu*. In these Jewish works he examines all the references to Jesus, many of which were written before the Gospels were completed. The contents of these references he has no difficulty in exposing as false. "In the mouths of Jews and heathen opponents of Christianity, these stories were turned into subjects of ridicule: all the noble qualities of Jesus which the disciples had found in him were twisted into defects, and all the miracles attributed to him, into horrible and unseemly marvels." "These *Talmud* stories seem as though they are deliberately intended to contradict events recorded in the Gospels: the selfsame facts are perverted into bad and blamable acts." (p. 19) "Specially noticeable is the attitude adopted by the *Tol'doth* to the Gospel accounts. Scarcely ever does it deny anything: it merely changes evil to good and good to evil." (p. 51) "Nothing in the Gospels was denied: it was only perverted into a source of ridicule and blame." (p. 53)

It is impossible in this brief review to give the contents of the reports which Dr. Klausner repudiates, but these passages indicate some of his conclusions. "But can we also seek for historical truth among these *Talmudic* references?" asks Dr. Klausner (p. 20). He answers (p. 46) that the *Talmud's* historical importance in this matter is the testimony it bears to the existence of Jesus. Its contribution amounts to this, that there was a Jesus of Nazareth, that he "practiced sorcery" (worked miracles), that he beguiled and led Israel astray; that he mocked the words of the Wise; that he expounded Scripture in the same manner as the Pharisees; that he said he was not come to take aught away from the Law or to add to it; that he was hanged (crucified) as a false teacher and beguiler on the eve of the Passover which occurred on a Sabbath; and that his disciples healed the sick in his name. The slanderous traditions Dr. Klausner describes as "of a tendencious or untrustworthy character."

Of the two passages in Josephus which make reference to Jesus, Dr. Klausner says (p. 60), "The second we consider wholly genuine, and the first only genuine in part. It must be confessed that from neither do we learn much about Jesus; yet even from these fragmentary statements we at least receive confirmation of his and his brother James' existence, of his career as a wonder-worker and teacher,



nd of his terrible death—his crucixion at the hands of Pilate with, at east, the consent of the principal ews."

The author's estimate of the Books f the Gospels may be gathered from hese quotations: "It therefore follows hat the accounts in the first three Gospels are fairly early, and that it is nreasonable to question either the xistence of Jesus . . . or his general haracter as it is depicted in these Gospels." (p. 20) "But to cast wholeale doubt on the historicity of the Synoptic Gospels becomes more impossible the more widely we study all he branches of Judaism during the eriod of the Second Temple." (p. 126) f John the Baptist, he says: "There s, therefore, no grounds for suspecting he evangelists of deliberately inventing acts: in the story of Salome alone is here a legendary element." (p. 239) It can be accepted as a historical act that Jesus was baptized by John, nd also that Jesus, speaking to his isciples after the death of John the Baptist, said of him that he was a rophet and greater even than a rophet, that he was Elijah, the reatest of the prophets, and, therefore, he precursor of the Messiah." (p. 249) These are given as illustrations of the uthor's acceptance of the historical ramework of the Gospels.

This confidence is also extended to arious reported instances. For exmple: Jesus' reference to non-Jews s "dogs" (Mark 7:27) Dr. Klausner ccepts as an historical saying "which he Evangelists had no reason to inent." (p. 295) Again on p. 296: "It vas certainly then that there escaped rom him that sad, heart-rending sayng . . . 'The foxes have holes and he birds have nests, but the Son of nan hath no place to lay his head.' No aying could be more pathetically apt r more human." He also accepts such ayings as "Suffer little children to ome unto me and forbid them not, or of such is the kingdom of God"; nd the cry of desolation in the Garden —"Remove this cup from me"—for, ays Dr. Klausner, "none would afterard have invented such words, so ontradictory to the Christian belief." p. 332) He adds that "the following vords, 'but not what I will, but what hou wilt,' are an addition by the Evangelist, who could not think that a rayer of the Messiah could be reused, or that the Messiah need plead o God like a child appealing to its arents."

The latter sentence illustrates the manner in which Dr. Klausner, while ccepting the Gospels in the main as istorical, picks and chooses among he contents. Sometimes his reason for ejecting a statement is that it does ot appear in Mark. Other times his eason is as in this instance, a view, r motive, which out of his own mind e ascribes to the Evangelist. On the hole it may be said that his reasons or rejection do not stand comparison, in a scientific sense, with his reasons for acceptance. These lapses in the quality of the reasoning prevent the work from being monumental. The present reviewer, it should be noted, is not criticising Dr. Klausner for rejecting the Christian view, but for the manner in which his reasoning runs below par in doing so. However, what he accepts constitutes a landmark in Jewish criticism of the life of Jesus.



Dr. Klausner, even on the historical side, gives every evidence of having made no use of the mass of constructive criticism produced in the last twenty-five years. His references are largely of the German destructive criticism. This, however, has the effect of emphasizing the power with which the Gospels themselves forced from him admission of their historical dependability as reports of events and sayings. A mind like that of Dr. Klausner, after reviewing the constructive work of the critics of Britain and the United States, would find many more admissions to make of the invincibility of the Gospel record.

When he turns to the task of accounting for Jesus himself, Dr. Klausner encounters the same problems that all others have met, and is equally unsuccessful in solving them. Jesus' own account of himself is, of course, rejected. It is not contended that Jesus did not account for himself by saying that he was the divine Son of God; it is not even contended that he was an imposter in this; he was honest but deluded, good but misled, wise but inconsistent. This is Dr. Klausner's view.

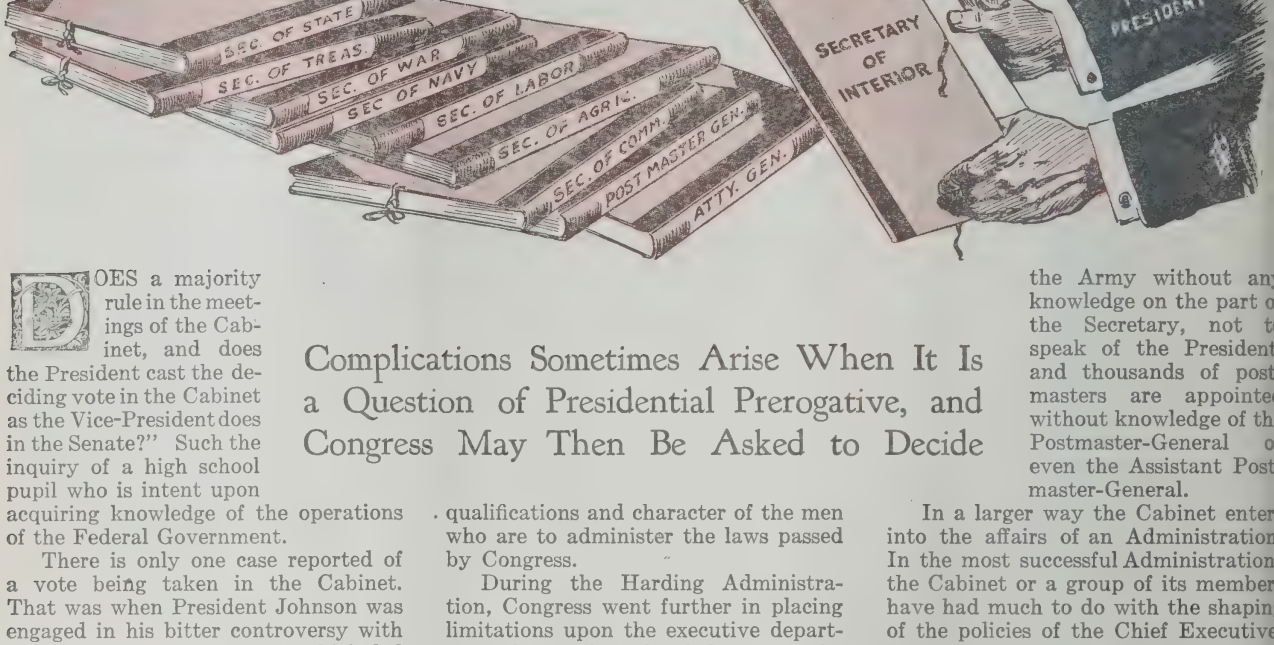
In this he is entirely consistent: if Jesus' own account of himself is not to be accepted, he must be otherwise explained. And if Dr. Klausner has failed to produce a single impressive line of counter-explanation, he has simply shared the fate of all others who have made the attempt. That Dr. Klausner is himself far from satisfied that a counter-explanation is possible, at least as yet, is indicated in several passages.

To begin with, the author declares that Jesus was not born in Bethlehem of Judea, but in Nazareth of Galilee. He simply declares it. No reason is given, except the overworked one that Bethlehem was written to harmonize with the Davidic descent of Jesus. Yet, Dr. Klausner insists that Jesus was not of Gentile birth, but a true Jew.

Then the author goes on to discuss the influence of the Nazareth scenery on Jesus—a long passage whose purpose seems more to create an atmosphere than to produce evidence. "There, cut off by mountains from the great world, wrapped up in natural beauty, a beauty tender and peaceful, sorrowful in its peacefulness, surrounded by peasants who tilled the soil, with few necessities of life—there, Jesus could not help being a dreamer, a visionary." (p. 236) This "dreamer" note continues until later when Dr. Klausner feels called upon to take issue with the conception of "gentle Jesus, meek and mild"; then he drops the "dreamer" note and sounds the doer. "Dreamy" is a term which mere writing men use concerning great doers, and great doers of incompetents. Dr. Klausner is a writing man. His description of Jesus as a "dreamer" is unfortunate, but simply illustrates again the impossibility of fitting Jesus' personality into any handmade description designed by ourselves. In discussing certain acts and attitudes, the author is forced by the facts to abandon the "dreamer" hypothesis. Dr. Klausner (Concluded on page 23)

# How the Coolidge Cabinet Functions

By E. B. JOHNS




## Complications Sometimes Arise When It Is a Question of Presidential Prerogative, and Congress May Then Be Asked to Decide

DOES a majority rule in the meetings of the Cabinet, and does the President cast the deciding vote in the Cabinet as the Vice-President does in the Senate?" Such the inquiry of a high school pupil who is intent upon acquiring knowledge of the operations of the Federal Government.

There is only one case reported of a vote being taken in the Cabinet. That was when President Johnson was engaged in his bitter controversy with Secretary of War Stanton, which led up to the impeachment of Johnson. The Cabinet never takes any formal action. It decides nothing. In a measure the Cabinet is the President's General Staff with the functions of investigating and advising him in national measures.

In making recommendations to Congress for legislation the President is in no way bound by the views of the members of his Cabinet. He usually accepts the recommendations of his official family in shaping his legislative program. Often, however, a member of the Cabinet will recommend legislation on subjects which come under his jurisdiction without the formal approval of the President, but when the President sends a measure to Congress to which a member of the Cabinet is openly opposed it is time for that member of the official family to resign.

As Cabinet members must be appointed subject to the approval of the Senate, the President usually consults the leaders of his party in Congress in selecting his Cabinet. This is done upon the theory that as Congress often passes legislation which confers executive authority upon members of the Cabinet, it should be consulted regarding their appointment. Such laws are administered under regulations framed by heads of departments. Sometimes the regulations must be approved by the President and other times this is not required. The regulations become law just as much as the original act. Therefore the right was reserved in the Senate to know something of the qualifications and character of the men who are to administer the laws passed by Congress.

During the Harding Administration, Congress went further in placing limitations upon the executive departments by passing what is known as the Budget Act. Under the Budget Act the office of Director of the Budget and Controller General were created. Both of these officers have more authority than the members of the Cabinet and on that account President Wilson vetoed the Budget Bill when presented to him for signature, giving as his reason that it was not constitutional. Eminent lawyers without regard to politics believe that President Wilson was right, but as neither Harding nor Coolidge have attempted to have it tested it remains an undecided question.

This is not the only instance in which the President and members of the Cabinet are compelled to ignore the plain technical provisions of the law in order to administer the affairs of Government. As the country grows and the Government becomes more complicated many matters which are by statute and even constitutionally the prerogatives of the President are really handled in the Department. Neither the President nor the members of the Cabinet could find time to carry out all of the legal directions in administering the Government. For instance, the President, under the Constitution, is the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy. In theory the Secretary of War cannot dishonorably discharge a private from the regular army. The order discharging an enlisted man reads, "By the direction of the President." In the Post Office Department legally the President appoints postmasters. But enlisted men are discharged from the Army without any knowledge on the part of the Secretary, not to speak of the President and thousands of postmasters are appointed without knowledge of the Postmaster-General or even the Assistant Postmaster-General.

In a larger way the Cabinet enters into the affairs of an Administration. In the most successful Administrations the Cabinet or a group of its members have had much to do with the shaping of the policies of the Chief Executive. This has often been carried to an extent that a dominating member of the Cabinet has been charged with really being the President. In other cases the claim has been made that the controlling force of an administration has been transferred to a "Kitchen Cabinet," composed of a group of unofficial advisers. Much was made of the influence of President Roosevelt's "Lawn Tennis Cabinet." There was a popular belief that President Roosevelt made many of his important decisions while playing lawn tennis with Gifford Pinchot, Harry Garfield, and a group of his friends.

These assumptions, however, are not borne out by Colonel Roosevelt's writings. He gives much credit to Secretary of State Root, his secretary, William Loeb, Jr., and Senator Henry Cabot Lodge. No small influence in the Roosevelt Administration was General Leonard Wood. The close relationship formed between President Roosevelt when he was a Lieutenant Colonel of the Rough Riders, and General Wood was Colonel, continued until his death. If Colonel Roosevelt had been alive there is not much doubt that he would have forced the nomination of Leonard Wood in the Republican convention of 1920. It was notable that all of the Roosevelt family was extremely active in forwarding the support of General Wood in that convention.

The troubles in every Administration start in the Cabinet. Leaders of the party are appointed to the Cabinet generally on account of the faction which they repre- (Continued on page 31

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

THERE is no lack of ideas in the world. The air is as full of them as it is full of jazz during broadcasting hours. A glance over society, or even over half a dozen newspapers and magazines, gives the impression that men's mental motors are not only running, but racing. There is great expression of energy, but the feeling grows that it is not properly harnessed, not wisely applied. Energy is good only as it flows into channels of use.

We tell young people only half the truth when we say that they must have ideas. And perhaps it is the more dangerous half, unless it leads to the other part of the truth that ideas have varying values. Some of them are worse than worthless, others that are good have no survival value unless given body and justification in some form of service.

These statements relate principally, of course, to ideas as they play their part in life's practical success. What we see in the practical world today is embodied ideas. Some of them are very old, so old that we have no knowledge of their beginning—ideas such as baking, weaving and the like. Others are traceable to the very men with whom they originated in human thinking. We have confidence that there are others still to come, and we like to think that great as the disclosure of natural secrets and the development of new processes have been in the last quarter-century, there are among our young men the bearers of still greater good for mankind. All things begin in the idea.

Every man of affairs knows how many fantastic proposals there are in the world, whose originators form a tragic group because they have left out the practical element. It is not too much to say that most of the strange things proposed could be actually accomplished—at least once—but the result would be merely a curiosity and not a new service.

There are three cardinal points by which a young man should test his ideas before he loads all his hopes upon them.

The first is the *need* of what he proposes. Contrary to what is sometimes said, we do not create needs for people; we only fill them. The people are not always conscious of what they need, but they become so the moment they see the fulfillment. The true servant of the people sees their need and has an idea how it may be met. He is just a little more clear-visioned than they. The people are mercifully unconscious of a good many things that they need until the servant comes who can give it to them. In social matters it is usually the idea itself that stirs up the discontent that in time remedies the deficiency. But in practical affairs, the new method, process or instrument that is to make life more efficient simply appears on the scene and takes its place in the list of useful things—and the people wonder how they ever got along without it. That, then, is one test: does your idea fulfill a need.

And is it *practical?* There are a hundred ways of doing any one thing, but there is one simple and direct way which once found will become universal. The whole tendency of life, whatever may be said to the contrary, is toward simplification. We are doing everything in the simplest possible way. That means, we are becoming more practical. Practical simply means capable of being practiced. The thing which in idea seems simple, but in practice is really clumsy, is immediately ruled out. Men are sometimes so enamored of their own fantastic inventions that they entirely lose sight of the user's point of view. That is the point of view which will keep a man practical.

*THE triple test of ideas upon which a young man trusts for success is embodied in three questions: Is it needed? Is it practical? Is it commercial? These all go together; they are sound and honest tests; if they are abused at all it is usually by those who have failed to pass them. The fulfillment of human need is the great success. To do this, the method or instrument proposed must be practical—that is, it must be usable. And then to get it abroad into use, it must be commercialized, which means, put within reach of all who need it. These are life's own tests; to know them may prevent mistakes.*

The next point of test is the *commercial.* Many an inventive man has rigged up things for himself that he could never dispose of in quantity to the public. Yet there is no possible doubt that public service on the scale required today cannot be given except by commercially available commodities. A thing is commercial when it is fit to enter the channels of commerce, and commerce simply means people getting together with the goods they have for each other's use. Commerce is the extension of use. Much as it has been vitiated by the less lovely elements of human nature, it nevertheless has a great and constant corrective in the Principle of Use upon which, after all, commerce must rest. The pin is a useful article, but it was not useful to the world until it was made in the thousands of millions—until, as we say, it was commercialized. To "commercialize" anything has come to have a degraded meaning, and yet everything *is* commercialized, because everything is at last paid for by commerce. The commercial test of ideas is one that we cannot escape, and the true and useful idea is never hindered by it. The only idea that has trouble with the commercial test is the idea that meets no need, or is not practically developed.

These are a few guideposts which years of observation have suggested as useful to young people who are trying to learn as much about life's successes as can be learned from the outside.

**"Ford Ideals," 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## What Is the Neglected Truth?

SOME magazines frankly state that advertising is their reason for existence—the reading matter is the bait for readers, but circulation for advertisers is the ultimate value they have to sell. Some magazines exist to entertain. Still others were created to afford outlets for certain specialized forms of literature, as poetry, high-grade fiction and philosophy. Many publications serve as bulletins for societies, causes or trades. Some magazines serve the home, others the leisure hour in travel, while others serve chosen lines of propaganda.

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has long announced its purpose to be "Chronicler of the Neglected Truth."

What is the neglected truth? The forms of truth which are neglected by the publishing world are numerous.

*There is the truth neglected because it makes demand upon the mental powers of readers.* A curious doctrine exists that the people refuse to think. Only the most elementary mental food must be given them, and that predigested and highly spiced. Unless truth can be adulterated and sensationalized, it is held unfit for publication. Thus we have the strange situation of trivial nonsense being decked out with every trapping of importance while important truth is avoided altogether.

*Truth is neglected when it is unpleasant.* The doctrine of "don't knock; boost" is excellent in all respects except its application. Neglect of truth leaves only doubtful things to be boosted. Refusal to put aside the unworthy elements in American life, renders them the only things remaining to be boosted. Neglect of necessary but unpalatable truth destroys the faculty of discrimination and falsifies the sense of judgment. The country needs strong doses of purging truth, that there may remain only those elements worthy of being boosted.

*Truth is neglected when it runs counter to powerful selfishness entrenched in business, politics or social tendencies.* Time was in this country when principle was reckoned bigger and stronger than any violation of it, and Truth was held as an invincible force. But the bad habit now obtains of granting squatter rights to any selfish or subversive program simply because it happens to exist and spreads itself like a green bay tree. Truth sometimes appears like a little David battling a giant Goliath, and puny hearts hold themselves prudently aloof for the event of having to congratulate Goliath upon a possible victory.

*Truth is neglected when it is new.* Truth is one and eternal, but the development of human experience with its inevitable errors requires new and larger aspects of truth to guide and interpret it. All our new problems spring from old evils. New aspects of truth are the antidote. Yet though they press upon us from every side, new glints of truth are hardly welcome because they force men to enlarge the field of their vision and readjust their mental make-up. Only by great help is new truth enabled to make its way to the minds that most need it.

The demanding truth, the unpleasant truth, the truth that challenges selfishness, the new truth, these are elements of the Neglected Truth which needs spokesmen today.

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT is free to serve the truth in all its neglected aspects. It puts up no protective lightning rods over any abuse, however powerful or apparently well settled. It avoids the base disservice of confirming indolent minds in their shameful ease. It does not shrink from the unpleasant but curative surgical duty of laying bare the sources of national infection to the light of day. It primarily believes in the curative power of the light. And if it be the light which we let in, its own radioactivity will confirm and justify it.

*Much that could be classified as Neglected Truth when* THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT *began its course seven years ago, is now not so much neglected.* Whether due to the efforts of this magazine or to the pressure of events themselves, is not for us to say, but many things which were passed in silence or in fear seven years ago are today feeling the antiseptic effects of widespread public attention. The forerunner in the work of opening up the festering sores to the healing virtues of the light, had to run the gauntlet of much dishonest misrepresentation and much honest misunderstanding. The surgeon with his sharp incisiveness and his relentless harrying forth of hidden evil is a pain-maker in his immediate efforts but a health-maker in the long lasting effects of his skillful work. It is so with those who undertake surgical work upon the social body, the thought body of the nation.

It is only the results achieved that show whether the work was urgently needed, wisely conceived and properly executed.

This magazine is now well past the period of misrepresentation and misunderstanding and the value of its work grows increasingly apparent. We have now entered well within the period of general approbation. But that does not influence us to rest upon our oars. Cowardice has not yet been replaced by courage in public places, nor has selfishness given place to service. The rights of the plain man are not recognized as they ought to be. The purpose of our national life is still obscured by false policies. So that there is still much work to do, more work than we saw at first. It may be said that we have only cleared a little space in which to begin.

## *Wise Statesmen?*

"HOW tall was Alexander, pa, that people call him great?"

The above line, from an old-time school reader, must recur to many when considering the claims to greatness of some of the statesmen in Congress—especially since the Donnybrook affair in which Senator Reed, of Pennsylvania, defending his party and business colleague, Andrew W. Mellon, from attack, brought his shillalah down full on the poll of his friend.

In its investigation of the Treasury Department, the Couzens committee reported the three Pittsburgh financial institutions in which Secretary Mellon is interested had been ruled as distinct corporations, and might make separate reports for taxation purposes; whereas, in similar cases, the law adjudges such combinations as one organization, which under a consolidated report is liable to a larger tax than non-affiliated.

In his attack, Senator Norris crossed his lines and charged the saving came through a consolidated report the Pittsburgh institutions had been permitted to make. That is, he reversed the facts.

Senator Reed then proceeded to rake Senator Norris over the coals by proving that in all such cases there was no other legal status for affiliated National, State and Trust banks, than to consider them as combined institutions. He knew, because he also was a director in each and had been consulted in the matter. This is precisely what Senator Couzens had claimed, but what Mr. Mellon's Treasury Department had denied. It was a curious crossing of wires, but it brought out the truth.

But the erroneous decision is made and the case is closed because the executive action of the Department leaves the government no recourse.

## *There Will Be No Change*

IT IS not the Senate that will deal with the Prohibition law—the Senate which lately mistook the mechanical rattle of organized propaganda for the Voice of the People—but the whole Congress, which is a more accustomed listener to the national thought. By that token it may be predicted that this "Gettysburg year," when it is hoped the prohibition law may be tampered with, will prove a final defeat for the "wets." They have every great newspaper in the land. They have a large religious backing among two influential denominations. They have many secret sympathizers among legislators and politicians of all degrees. Government officials, in high place, are known to be nominally "dry" only in obedience to the superior force of public opinion. But for all that, the United States will remain as it is with respect to the no-liquor law. Not a jot or tittle will be changed now or ever at the behest of the "wets." The only point that seems to be unsettled is the mind of the "wets," and that will be settled for all time once they challenge national opinion by attempting to change the law. The only change the country asks with reference to the dry law is a change toward greater effort in its enforcement.

## *The Couzens Investigation*

PUBLIC attention will be well repaid by Senator Couzens' report of his committee's investigation of the tax situation in the Treasury Department. Chaos reigns there, which can hardly have escaped being used as a cover for some highly questionable activities. The plain citizen is warned against the common misunderstanding that Senator Couzens entered upon his investigation because his own tax was the subject of Treasury Department inquisition. This is the exact contrary of the fact. Senator Couzen's personal tax was never questioned until he turned the spotlight on the Treasury Department. Regard it as punitive retaliation, or what you will, the fact is that the Senator's act came first, without reference to his own affairs. It is not unknown in Washington that official power is used in retaliation or to frighten away honest investigators. Not so very long ago, when a United States Senator opened up the as yet unfathomed criminality of the bandits who infested President Harding's administration, that Senator was thrown with an indictment by the Department of Justice—at that time the Department of amazing injustice. The Senator was cleared, but the old game of binding and gagging honest questioners has by no means ceased.




Said ***the Movie Man from New York:*** "The Lincoln film, to whose success so many of us looked, was a failure—as perhaps you have heard? No? Well, it was. And the reason was this: it is always a mistake to offer an American film in so un-American a city as New York. The words 'New York Success' mean that an attraction has made a successful appeal to the un-American mind. Only the alien thing gets by in New York today. The time is not far distant when the words 'New York Success' will damn any play or picture. The Lincoln film came in and failed, as I say. Some of us thought it was a burning shame. Will Hays, who is called the 'czar' of the movies, decided to give it a chance. So through his efforts the film was taken up and sent through American communities, where I understand it is being received as it deserves.

"You are perfectly all right in saying that the Jews own the movie industry, but I think I can tell you that the statement must be somewhat qualified. They own the physical effects, but they don't control as they used to. Kuhn, Loeb & Co. is doubtless the chief financier of the movies. But if you look down the line at the names of the men who control the actual business of production and distribution, you will see that they are not Jewish. And, of course, our Semitic friends have been forced to listen to some plain talk by Will Hays. One of the worst remaining features of the movies is the unchallenged ridicule of religion, especially as connected with the Protestant churches. Almost never is a Protestant clergyman presented as other than a sniveling hypocrite. The Catholics stopped sacrilegious misrepresentations of anything pertaining to their form of faith, even to the situations in which the habits of priests or sisters were worn. And, of course, the Jews have never been ridiculed. But the Protestant still receives mistreatment. He appears to be the only one who is not organized in a way that the movies respect."

---

***The Editor of a Newspaper*** paid a visit to The Office. He is able to discuss large exciting things in large calm phrases, and spoke serenely of "the present disintegration of the American family."

The phrase I had heard before, though not from a person of first-class intelligence like the Editor. So I asked in sympathetic tones:

"When did your family disintegrate?"

"Oh!" he replied, quickly. "Mine hasn't done so!"

"Nor mine," I said. "And both our families have been here a long time. Two typical American houses ought to be showing typical disintegration by this time, if there is such a thing as a general decay. Really, I would feel un-American, out of step with our own stock—but the other American families I happen to be acquainted with are fully as sound as our own. Do you know any American families that have disintegrated?"

"I hadn't thought—I don't," he replied.

"*Mayflower* descendants, Sons of the Revolution, children and grandchildren of Irish and German pioneers seem to me to be holding their own," I remarked. "They are holding their own, too, against forces of disintegration, literature and propaganda of degeneration, attacking every stage of our typically American life from the cradle to the grave. They have done some damage to individuals and families not rooted in Americanism, and even more damage in other countries. But when you see what you can actually call disintegration extending through typical and genuine American families I wish you'd let me know."

In large calm phrases he promised to do so, and we talked of Polar exploration.

---

Traveling through the United States ***the Man from Poland*** came to Dearborn and told us something of his people. "The Poles who do well in the United States would be only poor peasants in Poland; there is no way for them to rise there. Business is entirely out of the hands of Poles and is completely controlled by Jews. This has been true for so many centuries that the Pole has not had the opportunity at home to become a business man. The peasant on Polish estates receives six cents a day in summer and 20 cents in winter. The per capita circulation in the nation of Poland is one dollar and a half. We have a population of 30,000,000, of which 5,000,000 are Jews. The latter are given full representation in the government. We have taken a policy of reducing the liquor establishments to a certain small number in a county—not more than two or three, and of course we meet great opposition from the business classes. Our people are hard workers, beginning as early as four o'clock in the morning and continuing until long after dark. When the international financiers refused us loans, because of the reports circulated that we were abusing the Jews (how could we since they have the business?) the people gave up all the gold they had, heirlooms, keepsakes, personal jewels, and we raised $35,000,000 by that means. Yet I dare say the world heard nothing of it. The only gold that Poland now has is in the muscle of her peasants. We made a loan in America; the bonus was 35 per cent, with heavy interest. The Pole is a hard-working Christian man who follows charity with his neighbors to a greater extent than in most places. And we are looking to America as to a star of hope. We want Americans to understand us and our problems. In one of our cities, out of 12,000 high school students, 8,000 elected to study the English language, while only 200 elected German. That is an indication of the desire of our younger generation to get in touch with American thought and the American method of organizing industry."

---

We see an occasional real-to-goodness general in the office, but there is only ***one General Coxey,*** and he dropped in the other day. It is over thirty years since he "marched on Washington" with "Coxey's Army" and was arrested for walking on the grass of the Capitol. Men who were in Washington that day said that real fear existed; but there was no need of it; the "army" was not armed; the only weapon Coxey had was an idea. Many of the hobos that made up the "army" have since attained to high positions. I know a judge who "marched with Coxey," and an author, and an editor, and several business men. General Coxey is an honest man whose life has been devoted to an idea. It is an idea that will some day be realized in some form—there is no doubt of that.

The idea that the General is a visionary disappears on five minutes' acquaintance. He is, it is true, the apostle of an idea, but it is a reasonable one. And he has not profited by it; quite the reverse, he has put his profits into it. He is not one of those reformers who live by taking up collections or by contributions. All his life he has made his own living, and is still in business. On several occasions, when an extra insistent campaign was to be indulged in, friends have helped him with expenses. But he has mostly paid his own. He spent months in Washington trying to educate Congress. He has driven as far as 20,000 miles a year in his little car, attending to his business daytimes, and talking his idea nights. Seldom does he pass a country schoolhouse that he does not go in and speak to the children about the great idea.

General Coxey believes—and he is right—that our money system needs a complete overhauling and that our interest system, if left to run along, will swallow up the world. There is no possible doubt on these propositions. The General's "March on Washington" was a device to make the people think. "They will be thinking during the six weeks it takes us to walk there"—that was his program. But though sensationalism died down and public interest dwindled, Coxey kept announcing his truth. One night at midnight he was just finishing an address on how the people could remedy these matters by issuing currency on real wealth.

"But how can we do it?" asked a spectator.

"The way they do it," said Coxey pointing to a bank across the street. He is not against banking; he is against the privileges of banking as a private monopoly.

# Sapiro Officials Run a Sideline

## Tobacco Crops Redried in Plants in Which They Are Financially Interested

WHEN the Sapiro tobacco coöperative associations asked for an investigation of the tobacco companies which, it was claimed, refused to buy from the coöperative associations, the Federal Trade Commission discovered that the opposite was the case—the coöperatives would not sell to the tobacco companies. This was not the action of the membership but of the officiary. The reason for their action is found in the fact that a private and profitable business arrangement had been thrust in between the tobacco farmers and the tobacco companies. This business arrangement was devised by officials of the coöperatives themselves.

The Federal Trade Commission has made public its findings in this respect. One of the tables was printed in this paper last week; this week we give another and larger table showing at least 27 high-salaried officials in a private and profitable business made possible by shunting coöperative business in their own direction.

When trouble began to develop in the tobacco coöperatives, a special committee of local agricultural officials and farm journal editors was asked to look into affairs with a view to reassuring the membership. Lenient as the committee was, it could not avoid seeing how irregular the situation was. It therefore said:

> The officers of the association who engaged in this redrying business have come in for considerable criticism. The board of directors has also been criticized for permitting officers who were already receiving salaries to engage in redrying the tobacco for the association. From its investigations the committee believes that the association saved its members at least 25 cents per hundred pounds in redrying costs on the 1923 crop, and perhaps 50 cents per hundred in redrying costs on a part of the 1924 crop. The association got a large part of its tobacco redried at a cost of $1.75 per hundred in 1923, due to the fact that redriers came to this basic price. During 1924 the Edmondson Tobacco Co. further reduced its charges for redrying to $1.50 per hundred pounds.
>
> The committee believes that the Board should have announced this redrying policy at the time it was adopted and should have given to the membership a complete statement of the reasons for adopting the policy. Had this information been given full publicity, we believe that much of the criticism which has developed would never have arisen.

The Federal Trade Commission comments:

> The statement of the investigating committee quoted above shows that the apprehension of the members of the Association with respect to its officials being financially interested in redrying plants was a cause of defection in the membership.

"The next question which arose was, Who authorized officials of the associations to engage in private business with the associations?" This led to a very interesting series of discoveries: first, that the official authorization could not be found in the minutes; second, when the authorization was entered upon the records, after a lapse of two years, and at a meeting attended by Aaron Sapiro, it was still without the approval of the membership, to whom it had not been submitted.

To continue with the Commission's report on these matters:

> It has already been shown that many of the concerns in which officials were financially interested redried tobacco for the association in 1922. There is no evidence in the files of the association that such acts were approved by the membership or by the board of directors or the executive committee. First mention of the subject is noted in the minutes of the executive committee dated June 9, 1923, in the following:

*Concerns engaged in redrying tobacco for the Tobacco Growers' Co-operative Association, 1922-1924, and in which assoc ation officials or employees were financially interested*

| Name of company | Coöperative tobacco sent to redriers | | | Association official | Connection with private redrying company | Position with association | Association salary | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | 1922 | 1923 | 1924 | | | | 1922 | 1923 | 1924 |
| | *Pounds* | *Pounds* | *Pounds* | | | | | | |
| Edmondson Tobacco Co., South Boston, Va., and Chatham, Va. | 12,621,312 | 26,543,873 | 17,988,513 | F. R. Edmondson | One-third owner | Warehouseman | $6,000 | | |
| | | | | R. R. Patterson | do | General manager | 30,000 | 30,000 | $24,000 |
| | | | | T. C. Watkins | do | Head warehouse department and director. | 18,000 | 18,000 | 14,400 |
| South Boston Tobacco Co., South Boston, Va. | 2,174,560 | 5,865,726 | 6,572,590 | T. E. Hodges | One-half owner | Grader | 7,000 | 7,000 | 7,500 |
| | | | | T. F. De Jarnett | do | Grader and wrhsmn. | 5,000 | 5,000 | |
| F. D. Williams Co., Richmond, Va. | 4,391,590 | 2,534,620 | | F. D. Williams | Owner | Head of Virginia dark-leaf department. | 40,000 | 40,000 | |
| Richmond Leaf Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va. | | | 2,532,200 | F. T. West | ¾ interest | Assistant sales mgr. | 7,500 | 9,000 | 9,000 |
| | | | | W. S. Garrett | ¼ interest | Director and wrhsmn. | | | 3,600 |
| Dixon-Buchan Co., Mullins, S.C. | 854,168 | 2,949,616 | 1,726,555 | C. C. Dixon | Director | District wrhsmn. | 10,000 | 10,000 | 10,000 |
| | | | | J. H. Dixon | Vice president | Grader | 5,000 | 5,000 | 7,200 |
| | | | | J. S. Neal | Secretary | Warehouseman | 4,000 | 5,700 | 6,000 |
| Independent Redrying Co., Kingstree, S. C. | 1,291,047 | 2,357,686 | 1,528,440 | W. K. McIntosh | President | do | 3,600 | 3,600 | 3,600 |
| | | | | S. M. Glenn | Stockholder | Grader | 6,000 | 6,000 | 6,000 |
| | | | | E. C. Epps | do | Director | | | |
| R. W. Tuggle & Son, Blackstone, Va. | 541,799 | 1,536,638 | 1,896,702 | D. L. Tuggle | Sole owner | Salesman dark-leaf department. | 7,000 | 9,000 | 12,000 |
| Pamplin Tobacco Co., Va. | 142,019 | 195,310 | 611,972 | L. N. Ligon | One-half owner | Grader | 2,400 | 3,000 | 3,000 |
| Harvey, Roxboro, N. C. | 94,016 | 1,095,864 | 676,904 | J. S. Harvey | Sole Owner | do | 4,000 | 4,000 | 4,000 |
| H. R. Rogers & Co., Goldsboro, N. C. | | | 670,585 | C. L. Smith | 45 per cent owner | do | 8,500 | 8,500 | 7,500 |
| | | | | A. V. Bobbitt | do | District warehouseman | 8,000 | 8,000 | |
| Winn-Smith, Marion, S. C. | 402,052 | 1,406,738 | 811,148 | R. M. Winn | Part owner | Grader | 3,900 | 3,200 | |
| Boyd & Co., South Hill, Va. | 535,465 | 1,297,684 | 1,421,052 | T. J. Powell | Stockholder | Warehouseman | 4,000 | 4,800 | 4,000 |
| Noell & Son, Danville, Va. | | 423,903 | | E. L. Walton | Bonus agreement | District warehouseman | 8,000 | 8,000 | 9,000 |
| Reidsville Tobacco Co., Reidsville, N. C. | | | 1,302,352 | C. L. Smith | 20 per cent owner | Grader | 8,500 | 8,500 | 7,500 |
| | | | | S. M. Glenn | do | do | 6,000 | 6,000 | 6,000 |
| Raleigh Tobacco Co., Raleigh, N. C. | | | 1,047,164 | W. K. McIntosh | 40 per cent owner | Warehouseman | 3,600 | 3,600 | 3,600 |
| | | | | S. M. Glenn | Part owner | Grader | 6,000 | 6,000 | 6,000 |
| Carolina Redrying Co., Washington, N. C. | | | 764,602 | V. B. Shelburne | Partnership | Warehouseman | 3,600 | 4,000 | 4,000 |
| | | | | S. B. Baughman | do | do | | 1,800 | 1,800 |
| J. N. Gorman & Son, Greenville, N. C. | 818,276 | | | J. N. Gorman | Part Owner | do | 5,000 | | |
| W. A. Gray: | | | | | | | | | |
| Mullens, S. C. | 722,604 | 2,331,342 | 724,066 | J. R. Haymes | Half interest | Assistant director warehouse department. | 5,000 | 7,125 | (1) |
| Fremont, N. C. | | 2,266,244 | 860,566 | | | | | | |
| Durham, S. C. | | | 1,753,647 | D. E. Gray | Son of W. A. Gray | Grader | 1,800 | 2,500 | 3,200 |
| Total redried in plants in which officials were interested. | 24,588,908 | 50,803,244 | 42,889,058 | | | | | | |
| Total redried in all plants | 51,317,116 | 115,470,877 | 77,880,563 | | | | | | |
| Per cent redried in plants in which officials were interested. | 47.9 | 44.0 | 55.0 | | | | | | |

[1]Not ascertained.

Total three crops redried in plants in which officials were interested ..... $118,281,210
Total three crops redried in all plants ..... 244,668,556
Average per cent redried in plants in which officials were interested ..... 48.3

Mr. Williams and Mr. Patterson discussed the redrying and storage problems of the association.

The minutes do not show that a resolution authorizing association officials to engage in the redrying business was adopted, although the various members of the executive committee agree that the policy was approved by the committee and that the charges would not exceed $1.75 per hundred pounds. The following members were present: G. A. Norwood, Oliver J. Sands, Joseph M. Hurt, J. A. Brown, N. H. Williams, S. F. Austin; also Messrs. Watkins, Craig, Patterson, and Breedlove. Brown and Hurt voted against approving the policy. It is probable, therefore, that the majority of the board of directors were at least aware of the connection of certain officials with redrying concerns when the 1924 crop was handled. Suit was instituted by J. A. Wade in the United States district court in behalf of the membership against T. C. Watkins, R. R. Patterson, F. R. Edmondson, and the association to recover $500,000 alleged secret profits made in redrying but was dismissed on jurisdictional grounds. Suit was then filed in the Virginia State court which is now pending. This suit was discussed at a meeting of the board of directors August 14, 1925, as is shown by the following from the minutes of the association:

Mr. Sapiro discussed the suit brought by Mr. J. A. Wade, of Halifax County, against the association.

There was a discussion of the proceeding and action of the executive committee of this association at its meeting of June 9, 1923. This matter was considered in detail by the board. It appeared by the clear and uncontradicted statements of Messrs. Austin, Hurt, Sands, Norwood, and Williams, who were members of the executive committee and present at that meeting, that there was a resolution passed by the executive committee at that meeting authorizing officers, directors, and employes of this association to invest in redrying plants and redry tobacco for this association. It was further brought out by statements of Mr. M. O. Wilson, who was secretary for the committee and present at the meeting, that such a resolution was passed and that he, as usual, made a memorandum of same. It was further brought out by a statement of Mr. Wilson and Associate Counsel Joyner that when the minutes were written up by Mr. Wilson and by Mr. Joyner, who had not been present at the meeting, the resolution relative to redrying was omitted from the minutes of the executive committee meeting.

Upon motion, it was resolved and ordered by the board of directors that the minutes of the executive committee of June 9, 1923, be corrected by the insertion in them of the resolution originally passed by the committee; and the secretary of this board and of the executive committee is hereby instructed to amend said minutes and insert in said minutes the original resolution in words as nearly the original words as can now be reproduced. There were present and voting for this resolution among the other directors the following members of the executive committee of June 9, 1923: Messrs. Austin, Hurt, Sands, Norwood, and Williams.

Commenting on this interesting procedure, the Commission's report says:

No evidence was submitted to indicate that the membership has approved the action of the executive committee in 1923 and as approved by the board of directors in August, 1925.

## Oldest Bible Manuscript

∴

**So many readers have been interested in Professor Sanders' story of the oldest known manuscript of the *Old Testament*, which appeared in our issue of October 31, that more information on the subject will undoubtedly be welcome.**

**Next week Professor Sanders will further explain the rare fragments of papyrus containing portions of the books of the *Bible*, and these will be illustrated by reproductions of the oldest known manuscript of the Scriptures which is now preserved in the University of Michigan. One leaf of this precious papyrus was restored from no fewer than thirty-nine fragments.**

The tobacco coöperative marketing associations have been incorporated for the purpose of engaging in all activities connected with the marketing of tobacco and with authority to finance any operations in connection therewith. The Burley and Dark Associations purchased redrying plants and redried their own tobacco with the exception that during the first year of operation they contracted with private redriers in localities where they had not as yet obtained redrying facilities. On the other hand, the tri-State association, until the 1925 crop, had all of its tobacco redried by private concerns. The average cost to this association of redrying tobacco in 1922 was $1.80 per hundred pounds, in 1923, $1.74 per hundred pounds, and, in 1924, $1.79 per hundred pounds, or an average for the three years of about $1.75. The Burley association redried in its own plants during the three years about the same quantity of tobacco at an average cost of $0.71 per hundred pounds. It is evident that the policy adopted by the tri-State association resulted in a loss to the association. Even at the average cost of the Edmonsdon Tobacco Co. for the years 1922 and 1923, viz, $1.05, the saving to the association in redrying 219,866,812 pounds, the total quantity of association tobacco redried by private redrying concerns in 1922, 1923, and 1924, would have represented about $1,500,000.

The important data with respect to the redrying operations of the tri-State association, including a comparison of net financial returns to the grower on green sales with redried sales, are shown in the last annual audit of this coöperation made by F. W. La Frentz & Co., public accountants. These data, recently secured by the commission and submitted herewith, show that the total cost of redrying the growers' tobacco, including carrying charges, to May 31, 1925, was $4,332,598.95 on the 1923 crop and $2,843,918.98 on the 1924 crop, a total for the two years of $7,176,496.93. It will be noted in this exhibit that the net average return per pound to the grower was substantially larger on the parts of the 1923 and 1924 crops which were sold green than on the parts which were marketed in redried order.

The policy of the tri-State association with respect to redrying has been changed for the crop year 1925. At the present time it has under lease and is operating, on a cost basis, redrying plants at Danville, Va.; South Boston, Va. (2 plants); Darlington, S. C.; Rocky Mount, N. C. (2 plants); and Kingstree, S. C.

There is quite enough in all this to account for the very serious situation in which the tobacco coöperatives find themselves. The facts are so bad that they have never been made known to the membership. If the books were opened, as of this writing, it would be found that the whole structure was honeycombed by decay. It is only a matter of time when the incurable weakness of the Sapiro system will be manifest to all its hundreds of thousands of victims.

### Did the Sapiro Tobacco Co-operatives bring any benefit to the farmers?

### No; the farmers lost—on their own sales—$11,422,167 in 1922; they lost $10,015,317 in 1923.

The 1924 and 1925 figures are not available.

These statements are substantiated by the following report compiled from the Year Book of the U. S. Department of Agriculture and the Report of the Federal Trade Commission.

To contend that these figures do not represent a loss to the Coöperative membership is to imply that the Coöperatives are composed of inferior farmers producing inferior grades of tobacco in the same locality.

*STATEMENT showing net return to members of the Tobacco Growers' Co-operative Association, after deducting all operating expenses and reserves, on their 1922 and 1923 deliveries (F. T. C. report, pp. 122 to 125) as compared with nonmembers returns over the auction markets (U. S. Dept. of Agric. 1923 Yearbook, Table 390, p. 867)*

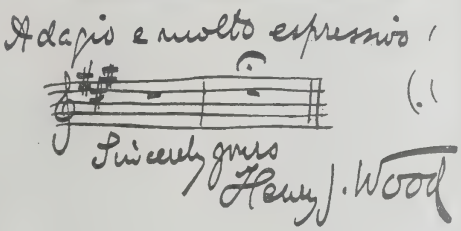
| | Pounds delivered to pool | Amount available for distribution or remitted to members | Average per pound | Price paid on open market (U. S. Agric. Yearbook) | Auction markets excess per pound over pool average | Total difference on basis of pounds delivered to pool |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1922: South Carolina | 20,032,214 | $3,103,985.16 | 15.5 | 23.0 | 7.5 | $1,502,416 |
| Eastern Carolina | 23,228,106 | 4,424,336.94 | 19.0 | 29.7 | 10.7 | 2,485,407 |
| Old Belt | 89,925,280 | 21,159,480.37 | 23.5 | 30.2 | 6.7 | 6,024,994 |
| Virginia Dark | 26,824,376 | 3,812,230.53 | 14.2 | 18.8 | 4.6 | 1,233,921 |
| Virginia Sun-Cured | 3,580,193 | 338,023.39 | 9.4 | 14.3 | 4.9 | 175,429 |
| Totals | 163,590,169 | 32,838,056.39 | | | | 11,422,167 |
| 1923: South Carolina | 34,532,990 | 5,955,403.13 | 17.2 | 24.0 | 6.8 | 2,348,243 |
| Eastern Carolina | 26,945,141 | 4,359,313.17 | 16.2 | 24.0 | 7.8 | 2,101,721 |
| Old Belt | 91,490,584 | 15,434,708.31 | 16.9 | 22.3 | 5.4 | 4,940,492 |
| Virginia Dark | 24,149,287 | 3,705,738.90 | 15.3 | 17.9 | 2.6 | 627,881 |
| Virginia Sun-Cured | 3,019,950 | 336,546.73 | 11.1 | 11.0 | | (3,020) |
| Totals | 180,137,952 | 29,791,710.24 | | | | 10,021,357 |

# "American Audiences Are Fine"

## Says Sir Henry Wood, Famous Conductor of Queen's Hall Orchestra of London, England

By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE






VISITING Primrose Hill sounds as if I had been rambling along the countryside; so some hundred years ago I should have been doing. Today this place with the pleasing name is very much a part of London town and by no manner of means is it primrosy! The hill remains green, with grass and trees, and from it on a clear day there is a fine panorama of the vast city. Round about cluster many "eligible" houses, and it was to one of these that I made my way one misty early-in-the-evening in October, aiming at a talk with one of England's most interesting men, whose name is widely known in America, where he has been a welcome guest, in years past and recent—Sir Henry Wood, the famous conductor.

I waited a few minutes in a delightful room; cream walls; chintz and china; flowers and brown leaves in many vases; variedly interesting pictures in silver-gray frames; a baby grand piano; a wide-mouthed gramaphone; over all an atmosphere of coziness and comfort.

In came my victim, briskly; apologizing for having kept me waiting; but I assured him, truthfully, that it was I who was at fault for being before my time, adding:

"Surely so good a musician always keeps good time?"

Whereat he laughed, indulgently; we sat, lighted cigarets, and got busy with talk.

Henry Joseph Wood was born in London in the year 1869, but he carries his years very lightly. His career has been varied; conductor of many foremost opera companies and orchestral societies, and at many theaters; to us in London chiefly endeared as the conductor and moving spirit of the Queen's Hall Promenade Concerts, which were founded in 1895, and which each autumn are more admirable in their catholicity and quality and ever more popular; conductor of the Queen's Hall Symphony Concerts and of an excellent series of Sunday concerts.

"You've been to the States lately?"

"Yes, we were there this year from the middle of June to early in August, and we were both delighted—my wife and I—we had a lovely time. Everyone was so nice and kind and hospitable. I went over at the invitation of Mrs. J. J. Carter, to Los Angeles; to conduct four concerts for her—in one week! You've heard of the Hollywood Bowl? It's an amazing place. A natural out-of-door concert hall. Holds over twenty thousand persons; and it was full for each of the concerts. The acoustics are wonderful, everyone can hear perfectly. I tested this, walking round, when the other conductor, Mr. Reiner, was in charge. I've never had a more attentive, intelligent, appreciative audience. The orchestra, the Los Angeles Philharmonic, was splendid; it was a rare pleasure to conduct such musicians."

"What about the programs?"

"At each concert I made the central piece a British composition. I don't believe in an all-British program, anywhere; I put in a British composition each time, one of our masters in the good company of other great masters. Compositions by Vaughan Williams, Elgar, Ethel Smyth, Delius, Holst—his *Planets*, which was greatly appreciated. Oh, yes, and Purcell, giving his orchestral suite in C minor.

"American audiences?"

"Fine! So keen; out to learn, and to appreciate. I gave them a good deal of Handel that was fresh to them; as a rule I found that they did not know, had not had the chance of hearing, much of him except the *Messiah*. One very fine musical feature over there is the way so many rich men take pleasure in music and in supporting musical enterprises. They give their money lavishly and unselfishly.

"Our American trip," said Sir Henry, "was a holiday and a rest."

"California?"

"The climate! I can't tell you what it is; it's perfect. The still air every night; the wonderful stars—I shall never forget those concerts out in the open—in that vast amphitheater under those glorious stars; and twenty thousand persons listening, absolutely silent. It was unforgetable; it was inspiring."

"Very different to a stuffy concert hall! I should love to have been there. Were the concerts free?"

"No; but only twenty-five cents were charged. Then, at each exit, there were big golden bowls, into which those who felt that way could drop an offering; a big note, maybe, perhaps only a dime. From this source Mrs. Carter gets quite considerable sums, which go to the support of the orchestra. I do hope to go there again; perhaps next year; and I've been invited to conduct concerts at New York, Boston, Cincinnati."

"Tell me more," I said, greedily, "New York? What about music there?"

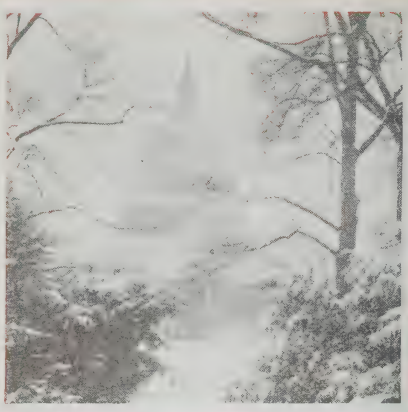
"One thing I was told by musicians there. The star conductors who go there are much too rigidly confined in the selection of their programs. I was told that during a period of six weeks, the various orchestras had given four performances of Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony and three performances of Brahm's First Symphony. For my part, I do my best, without being faddy, to give variety; to get a bit off the beaten track."

"You've been to America before, I know?"

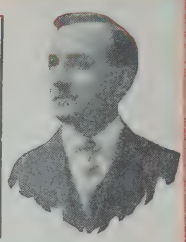
"Yes, and always had a good time. I was there, dear, dear, twenty-one years ago, as the first guest-conductor of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Then ten years ago for the second time I was offered the conductorship of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. I had to decline; I felt that we should all stick to the old country during that awful war. In spite of the air raids, and all the gloom and distress, we kept the concerts going all through at the Queen's Hall, sometimes with very small audiences; but we did our bit, we musicians."

"What about American composers?"

"There are some young ones of very great promise."



**HYNES E. TERRY is, perhaps, the best known among all that little body known as the "guide trust" operating in the nation's Capitol. He is one of the most popular men who ever filled a post of such public contact. Senators and Congressmen call on him to carry through their special constituents, diplomats, distinguished foreigners and important delegations.**



# He Guides People Through the Capitol

"DO YOU wish to go through the Capitol and see all the work and art in its history? It is twenty-five cents apiece. All paid. Follow me, little ladies." (Guide conducts party to front portico of Capitol.)

"Now the front of the Capitol; George Washington made this part, the front, which is east, the cornerstone ceremonies being held September 18, 1793. Far to your left you see the tree that was planted by Washington when he laid the cornerstone and out here (immediately in front) is where they build the platform on which they inaugurate the President of the United States each four years. Lincoln was the first President to be inaugurated here, as have all succeeding Presidents, all the way down to President Coolidge. In the grounds there are 64 acres, and the Capitol building covers three. The first part of the Capitol here is of sandstone from Maryland, painted every seven years to make it compare with the Lee marble in the House and Senate wings.



Above—At the front of the Capitol building, the doors designed by Randolph Rogers in Rome and molded in Munich in 1860. Right—Looking up 180 feet at Brumidi's masterpiece, in the rotunda.

"The doors are the Rogers' bronze doors, which represent the life and history of Columbus. They were molded in Munich, Bavaria, in 1860.

The first panel represents Columbus presenting his credentials, stating that the world is round, asking for aid, which is refused him. In the next panel he is receiving a letter from Father Perez, and also a letter from the king and queen in which they agree to finance him; and the last panel depicts him starting on his voyage.

"Above the doors is where Columbus lands at San Salvador. The next panel to your right—Columbus coming into contact with the natives. The next panel—bringing the natives back as a witness and proof of his discovery. The next panel—he is arrested on false charges; and the last is where he dies in a prison tomb. The doors weigh ten tons and cost $28,500. They were put in place in 1865. Come on, children, follow me!

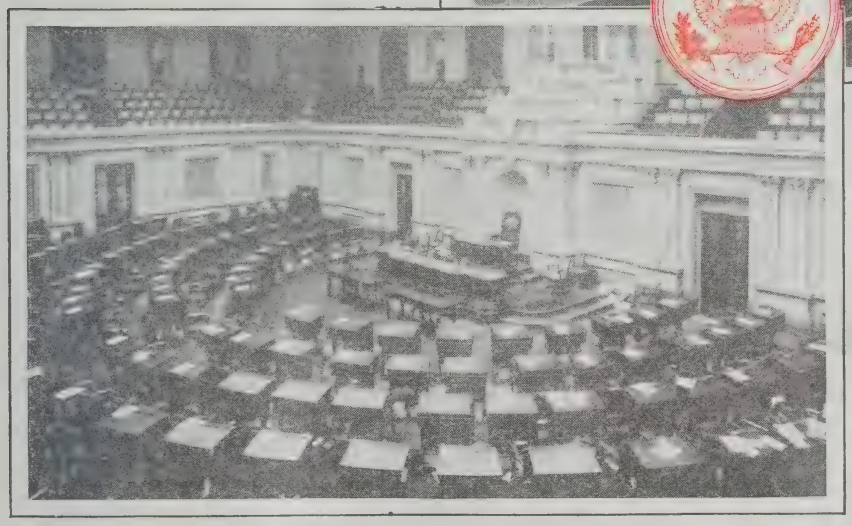
"Little family, stand back to the wall! See Brumidi's masterpiece. He received $39,500 for that painting, and finished it in 1865. It represents Washington in the center, to the right is Peace, to the left is Victory. Thirteen female figures in the center represent the original thirteen states. The one with the shield is Freedom, the next, Agriculture, Mechanics, Science, and Art and Commerce. On the copper bowl (across the roof of the dome), 21 feet deep, 65 feet across, are six thousand square feet of painted surface. Then in 1877 Brumidi started the frieze, 300 feet around, 65 feet from the floor, 9 feet high, painted in the wet plaster.

"First is the landing of Columbus at San Salvador. Next, Cortez in the halls of Montezuma, the son of the sun, in Mexico. The one with the horse and sword is Pizarro, conqueror of Peru. The one in the boats—the midnight burial of De Soto in the Mississippi River. The next is Pocahontas saving the life of Captain John Smith. Standing is the Landing of the Pilgrims; kneeling is Penn's Treaty. At that spot (pointing) Brumidi fell from the scaffold. Two months after that the fright brought on his death. Please note in the light part the early settlers building in the New England States. At that point (indicating) is where Costaginia took up his work after the death of Brumidi. Notice the different colors in the background. The next group is Governor Oglethorpe, of Georgia, negotiating his treaty with the Indians. The next represents the first shot fired in the Revolutionary War, a the Battle of

Lexington. The next is the reading of the Declaration of Independence on the steps of Independence Hall. The next is the surrender of General Cornwallis. The next is the death of the Indian chief, Tecumseh, chief of the confederacy of Indians. The next is General Scott entering Mexico, and the last on the frieze shows the discovery of gold in California, in '48.

"There (pointing) is where the Italian artist wished to paint the picture of Cleveland touching a button to start the World's Fair. Congress did not grant permission, so he quit. Now there is where they have an appropriation to finish the frieze by picturing the great World War. Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, got a $40,000 appropriation through Congress to finish it. Now behind you, you will see the four imaginary pictures; the first is the embarkation of the Pilgrims, the next is the landing of Columbus at San Salvador, De Soto's discovery of the Mississippi River. (That picture cost $12,000, the other three here cost $10,000.) The last is the baptism at Jamestown of the Indian princess Pocahontas.





Above—The House of Representatives, which with the Senate (left), constitutes Congress. Republican Senators sit on the right-hand side, and Democrats on the left.

"To your right are the famous Colonel John Trumbull pictures. He was a secretary on Washington's staff, and the paintings are sketched from life. In 1819 Trumbull sent a letter to the superintendent of the buildings and grounds, when they were preparing to build the center part of the Capitol, stating that if they would reserve a place for his pictures he would sell them to the government. In 1820 they started the center of the Capitol and in 1827 they finished it. Trumbull sold the paintings for $8,000 apiece, and they were placed here in 1828.

"Now, my family, follow me please. (Passes through corridor toward Senate wing.) In here is the original part of our Capitol. Washington laid the cornerstone September 18, 1793. It was occupied in the year 1800, and Washington died before it was finished. This is the first dome of our Capitol and beneath is the tobacco rotunda. Occupied in the year 1800, it was burned by the British in 1814. The Capitol then moved to Seventh and E streets, N. W., then from there to First and Maryland avenue, N. E., and, upon reconstructing the Capitol in 1820, Congress came back home.

"Beneath us is the room that Mark Twain good-naturedly called our national cuspidor. To your left is our first House of Representatives, called our old bake oven. The House occupied that chamber from 1800 to 1807 and then moved far across the way. In front of you is the room of the Supreme Court of the United States. This room was occupied by the Senate from 1800 to 1859, the Senate then moving into the far wing, and the Supreme Court moving from downstairs up here in 1860.

"Beneath the clock is Chief Justice Taft's chair. The public is privileged to go in while the court is in session. Above the door the shield of twenty-six stars and twenty-six states marks the admission of the State of Michigan in 1837. (Moving on toward Senate wing.) Now the Senate moved into this wing here in 1859. This floor of terra cotta tile was brought from England and laid in 1856. They could not duplicate this floor on the House side; so, they are putting down an Alabama marble.

"The busts you see along here are of the different Vice-Presidents. You will see Roosevelt, Sherman and Stevenson, and the next one you will see out here will probably be that of President Coolidge. This next statue is by Hiram Powers, and shows Franklin studying electricity. (Moves around to east of Senate floor.) On the wall you see the largest oil painting on canvas in the Capitol. The battle of Lake Erie, September 10, 1813, Commodore Perry changing his flag from the *Lawrence* to the *Niagara*. It was after this famous battle that Commodore Perry sent the message, if you can read it far above: 'We have met the enemy and they are ours.' Painted by Powers. (Moves to Senate balcony.)

"Now this room here is the Senate, composed of ninety-six Senators, two Senators from each state, elected for six years. The right-hand side is the Republican side, and the left-hand side is the Democratic side. (Someone in the party asked where was the Socialist side. Terry replied: "Outside.") Vice-President Dawes is constitutional president of the Senate and he presides over that body when in session. The Senate and House together constitute Congress. (Passes out and around corridor.) This painting shows the battle of Chapultepec, September 13, 1847. General Scott's army entering Mexico. (West end Senate Chamber.) Below here you see the statue of Hancock, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. (Passes to north side of Senate Chamber.)

"Now the next room is the President's room, where he receives the Senators on the last day of Congress, to finish the work before the House and Senate. He signs the bills here on

this old table, which was first used by Lincoln, and by all Presidents since, all the way down to President Coolidge. Now see the beautiful decorations here. Brumidi decorated this; he spent almost six and one-half years in this one room. The side walls are in oil and represent Washington and the first Cabinet; the ceiling is of water-color paint, representing Legislation, Liberty, and Religion. Notice the wonderful, beautiful colors.

"All of my family please sit down in the President's chair and look at the chandelier. Seventeen years ago it was an old black bronze and it cost about $25,000 to gold plate it with 22-carat gold. The floor is terra cotta tile.

"Now is there any question you wish to ask me? (Out of the door and down the steps.) The stairway here is the private stairway for the Senators and the President, and below you can see the wonderful corridor decorated by Brumidi. Side walls are in oil and the ceiling water color paint. (Stops at Senate end of corridor and points south.) From this Senate corridor to the House corridor is the longest corridor in any capitol in the world, 751 feet 4 inches long. Here is the Senate Committee Room on appropriations, Senator Warren is chairman. On this side here is our dining room.

"To your right here is the room formerly occupied by Senator Lodge. Here he used to send me through with the people from foreign countries. The last one I took through with him was Sir Esme Howard, the British Ambassador, and Representative Stephen Porter, of Pennsylvania, on the House side, was also in the party. In front of the Capitol Senator Lodge asked me why the city went out to the east. Not knowing Sir Howard was connected with Scotland, I stated that a Scotsman bought all the property to the east and was profiteering. So they built a bridge across the James street canal to the west of the Capitol, opened a store, Washington sold his property to the east, the city went out to the northwest and the Scotsman lost out. And Howard said: 'Don't be too hard on my family. We are not hard on yours.'

"This has been a great joke on me from that day to this. This warned me always to be careful as to what you say in the presence of diplomats. (Passes on through lower floor toward House side.) The only part left of the original Capitol is this floor. The old part was destroyed by the British in 1814, but this floor remains of our original Capitol of September 18, 1793. The side walls remain, but the inner part was all reconstructed in 1819.

"Now this takes you into the crypt of the Capitol, where in 1820 they started the tomb of Washington. It was finished in 1827. After much negotiation for the removal of Washington's body the State of Virginia expressed opposition to its removal; the will of Washington indicated that he did not wish to be moved from Mount Vernon. Martha Washington had previously given her consent to its removal only upon the urgent request of Congress. (Moves over to House side.) This is our House of Representatives side, which moved across in 1807, as before stated. Now up the stairs here leads you to Statuary Hall.

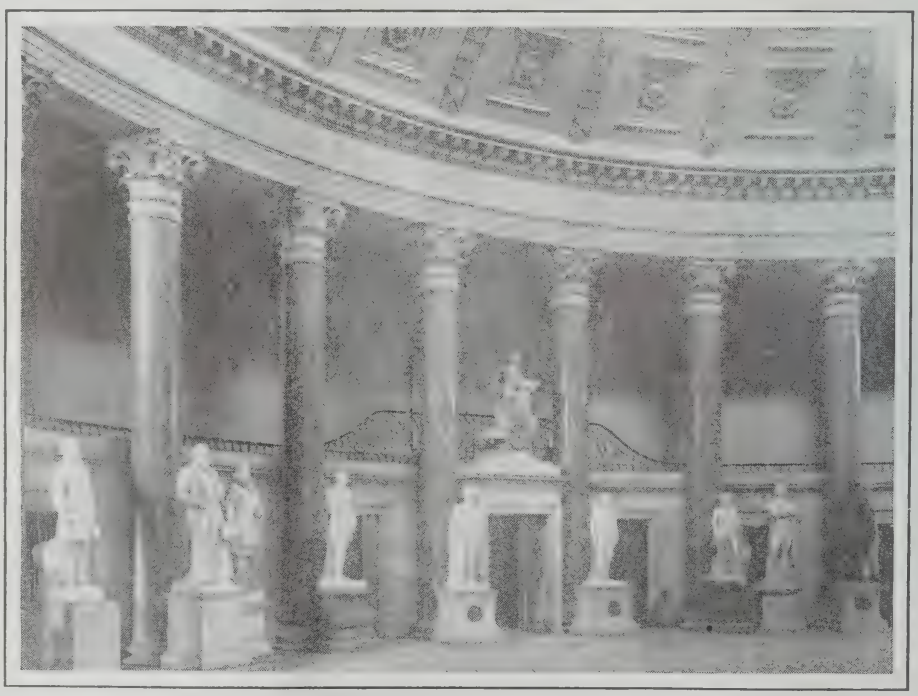
"This old room, from 1807 to 1857, was our second House of Representatives. It was changed into Statuary Hall, and each state in the Union is entitled to place the statues of two of its most distinguished citizens herein. At present twenty-nine states are represented. Name your states, and I will name your statues. Here is where John Quincy Adams (indicates spot on floor) dropped with paralysis while at roll call February 21, 1848. He wished to die in the Capitol. They carried him from this spot into the little room over there where he died February 23, 1848. Then the State of Massachusetts put this tablet here. Adams always complained of echoes of voices before he died. It was just the wonderful acoustics in this room. (Then Terry demonstrated the acoustic properties of the room.) Next is the 1857 part of the House of Representatives. (Passes to west end of House floor.)

"Back here is the *Westward Ho* picture, the immigration wagon train from the East to the West, over the Rocky Mountain trail, and into the lowlands of the Pacific Coast, and the discovery of gold in California, in '48. This shows the forty-niners on their way out and the setting of the picture is in the Eastern Rocky Mountains in the State of Wyoming, looking into the Yellowstone Park. This is the part here (indicating) that went to California. Back in camp is the part that went to Oregon. It was painted by Elmer Leitze, in 1863, who was complimented on the picture by Lincoln.

"This is the picture from which *The Covered Wagon* was made. Then below you see another picture, beautiful Golden Gate, looking into San Francisco Bay. Over to your right is the Seal Rock, the Cliff House, the Soutrose Heights. A little farther on is the Devil's Rocks, where the *Rio Janeiro* sank about 1900. It is more than 100 feet deep there. You see there the Twin Peak Mountains. The little red building is Fort Winfield Scott. Just beyond it is Presidio, San Francisco. Across the bay is Oakland. And the large mountain back there is Mt. Tamalpais. You can see Berkeley, and the island in San Francisco Bay is the Alcatraz Island; it is a military prison. To your left is Fort Baker, the tallest fort in the United States. It is sometimes called the Gibraltar of America, and the group of islands you see there are a group of the Fireline islands that extend thirty miles out from the beautiful Golden Gate, which at its narrowest point is 2½ miles across and about 200 feet deep.

"Now this next room is the room of a very wonderful friend of mine, Representative Stephen Porter, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the House of Representatives. I have taken many a distinguished party from this room through the courtesy of Mr. Porter, and tried to explain to them the history of our Capitol. I have had the pleasure of meeting most of the Presidents' wives and families, most of the Senators and Representatives, and the Cabinet officers. They have all been very fine to me.

"This next room is our House of Representatives, where Speaker Longworth, of Ohio, presides. The seat was just vacated by Senator Gillette, of Massachusetts. There are 444 chairs and 435 Congressmen. The second desk in front is where the President reads his message to the joint session of the House and Senate. The Senators take the three front rows of seats, Supreme Court Justices sit in chairs in front, and Representatives stand in the rear. The galleries are open to the public and the clock there governs the time for the House of Representatives. That is the clock which they turn back on the fourth of March to finish the work of the House of Representatives. Now you ask why they do not have desks. Because these Representatives toil ten and twelve hours a day in their private offices, and in committee rooms, so the four tables you see



Statuary Hall, which served for fifty years up to 1857 as the second House of Representatives. Twenty-nine states have here placed statues of their distinguished citizens.

there handle all the work that is before the House and desks would be superfluous. The chairmen of the committees handle the work on the floor. (Passes to back of House floor.) Back here is the Speaker's lobby and all the pictures you see are of the ex-Speakers of the House of Representatives. Our first Speaker was Mollinburg, of Pennsylvania, and all the other Speakers here you see have their portraits. One grand fellow was Champ Clark, whose picture you see here; a grand old soul was he. On this side is Uncle Joe Cannon, who has been in here 400 years; he told me so himself. He is now living in Danville, Illinois. There are four Speakers still living, Longworth, Gillette, Cannon, and Kieffer, of Ohio, who always wore a dress suit.

"Now this takes you to that famous painting, the *Proclamation of Emancipation*, showing Lincoln and his war cabinet; it was painted by Francis Carpenter, of New York, and presented by Miss Elizabeth Thompson, of Connecticut.

"Now, my little family, if there are any questions that you wish to ask me, before you leave, relating to the Capitol or the city or where you can find your Representative or Senator, I will be glad to answer or advise you. If there are none. goodby and God bless you."

## Passing of the Bells

PRACTICALLY every youth passes through the stage of collecting—stamps, coins, autographs, if he be esthetic; fish-hooks, tops and marbles, if he be but human. It is an instinct of youth, and it may be indicative of our youth as a nation that many of the finest collections in the world are found in America.

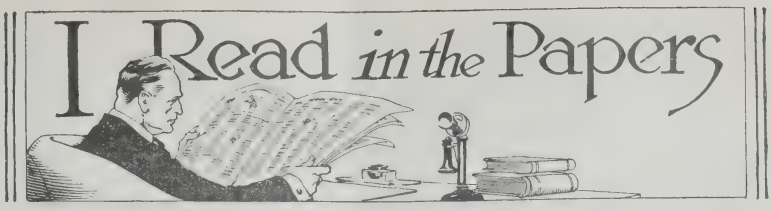
A curious and unique American collection is a garden of bells, attractively arranged at Glenwood Mission Inn, California. The collector became protector of the bells when his daughter gave him, as a Christmas present, in 1905, a curious bell with the Medici coat of arms. Historical objects had a fascination for Mr. Miller, and this bell appealed to his imagination and opened to him the large possibilities in old bells of various ages and countries and peoples.

His quest led him to all parts of the world. Bells are very often remelted, and it was in visits to foundries that he discovered and rescued from oblivion many of his most interesting and valuable bells.

To the poet the bell has always had a distinct fascination. Too often taken for granted, the bell has long played an important rôle in the life of civilization. Poe has perhaps expressed most realistically the place various bells have in our lives, and how much more was this true in the lives of our forefathers, when bells were used far more than now.

Sleigh bells, who hears them now? The little tinkling bell over shop doors. Church bells—they grow more and more silent with the years. The milkman's bell. The little bell that stood on the teacher's desk. Cow-bells. Bells on horses that pulled the street cars.

A change has come over our way of living, and this change, to a great extent, has marked the passing of the bell. In its place, we have numerous and divers whistles and electric bells. So the old bell, with its beauty or eccentricity of form, its careful workmanship and interesting inscription, and its variety of tone, is being relegated to the scrap heap of civilization. America boasts, in the Glenwood Mission Inn, the largest collection of bells in the world.




—that San Francisco Lodge No. 21 B'Nai Brith finds that its Jewish brothers are not always amenable to Americanization plans. One of its reports says:

"It might not be amiss to state here that we have already decided to change the name of our committee so that it is hereafter to be known as the 'Committee on American Citizenship.' The reason for this is that the word 'Americanization' implies a changing or making-over, a standardization, and to some people smacks of Prussianism. The committee believes that many in need of enlightenment did not attend the lectures because of this impression that the lectures were for those who were not yet Americanized. To many of our faith, the word 'Americanization' connotes conversion to Christianity.

"It is very apparent that it is a difficult matter to impress *aliens, foreign-born* and even native-born, with the value of understanding the fundamentals and ideals of American government. There is a regrettable indifference to this subject at present, since there is no great urgency or national crisis to stimulate interest. As evidence of this, it is only necessary to state that of the fifty aliens who enrolled, but *five or so* attended the lectures, the others giving various excuses for not being able to attend.

"Although we have been organized only about four months, we have assisted sixty applicants for citizenship. The sincere appreciation of those we have aided convinces us that we are fulfilling a long-felt need."

—that Jane Cowl, the actress, predicted at Harvard the other day that spoken drama would vanish from America within the next decade or so. For years motion pictures have been weaning patrons from the legitimate theaters. Where fifteen years ago there were 1,540 theaters available for productions on tour, *today there are only 674*. Many elements contribute to this condition: traveling expenses are higher; railway rates, actors' salaries, hotel bills, operating disbursements are almost double; long jumps must be made between cities. But other factors also enter in, factors attributable directly to the producers and managers. *Second rate companies* are sent on tour, billed as "the original Broadway cast." *Extravagant claims* are made for inferior productions. The public has become wary. But the theatrical men have made worse errors than these. Instead of improving their product and reducing their price, they have taken the opposite—and fatal—course of boosting price and lowering quality! And so we have what we have.

—that John Stachel, secretary of the Communist party in this country, declares that Reds spent close to $1,000,000 last year in propaganda aiming at the eventual establishment of a Soviet government in the United States. The money was used in educating workers to Soviet doctrines, to foment the awaited "revolution of the proletariat," and to bring labor organizations into the ranks of the Bolshevists. It is a vast sum, $1,000,000, but the Communists hope to raise still more this year. But isn't it rather a significant commentary on the futility of the Communists' program that, after spending $1,000,000 and more a year in the effort to make the American worker discontented with his lot, they still fail?

—that prohibition has brought about another horrible situation. Many of the imposing college clubs in New York City whose memberships are made up of alumni now located in the big city are having to cope with financial deficits that have resulted from the losses of the former juicy profits from the bars. If the object of higher education is a handsome club building in New York, the maintenance of which is normally made possible by a barroom, then prohibition is indeed a hardship on the college boys, a hardship that seems to be destined to continue indefinitely.

—that forty-five persons were killed and two hundred were more or less severely injured by gunshot wounds during the brief 1925 autumn hunting season in Pennsylvania. This record of tragedies indicates that the hunters in the woods are becoming more numerous than the game. In Michigan there were five times as many hunters as deer. Under such conditions, accidents are inevitable. Sport cannot be conducted with all modern conveniences without some very dire inconveniences. As modernly conducted it is less a sport than a mad scramble. There is another angle: on the fringes of the hunting regions the mortality among farm livestock sighted by reckless huntsmen is very high, and complaining farmers are seldom compensated by the invaders. The wholesale slaughter of wild life is one of the curious practices which would impress an observer from Mars as passing strange.

—that mules killed fifty persons in Mississippi last year according to the State Bureau of Vital Statistics. Twenty-five years ago, the newspapers were constantly recording deaths caused by runaway horses in city and country, and persons were being either killed or badly injured while handling those animals in the barn and barnyard and at work in the field. When we consider the slow speed of a runaway horse, and the frequency of accidents to children and others through being "run over" by light horse-drawn vehicles, it seems that great improvements have been made. The motor car has brought, for the first time order into traffic.

—that Henry J. Allen, Wichita publisher and sometime governor, addressed the Kansas state chamber of commerce upon the possibility that the present craze for business mergers may not be so good. "Merging seems to be in the air," said Mr. Allen who sniffed and went on to say that, "behind these mergers in a great many instances lies the sale of stocks and bonds on profits built from the fruits of the merger. Because we are in that vast speculative age which we characterize as 'big business' the spirit of merger has almost become a disease."

# Aviation from the Navy's Viewpoint



## "The Use of Aircraft to Defeat the Enemy Forces on or Over the Sea Is a Naval Function," Says the Captain



By CAPTAIN W. S. PYE, U. S. N.

CONCLUSION

ADVOCATES of an Independent Air Service propose to create an additional Executive Department of the Government to control civil, commercial and military aviation. Military aviation would be controlled through the agency of an Independent Air Service under this new Department of Aëronautics. Neither the Army nor Navy would have aviation of their own, but units of the Independent Air Service would be detailed to operate with the Army and Navy; in time of peace, presumably at the discretion of the Department of Aëronautics.

A bill, H. R. 10,147, known as the Curry Bill, has been introduced in Congress with the provisions indicated above. Although its title does not mention the Army or Navy, this measure, if enacted into law, would completely disrupt the agencies charged with the National Defense. No other piece of legislation ever proposed had the potential power to destroy at once the efficiency of both the Army and Navy. No bill ever contemplated such radical changes in our system of national defense. The Navy desires that the people of the United States shall consider the effects of this bill most seriously and with a full realization of the consequences which would follow its adoption.

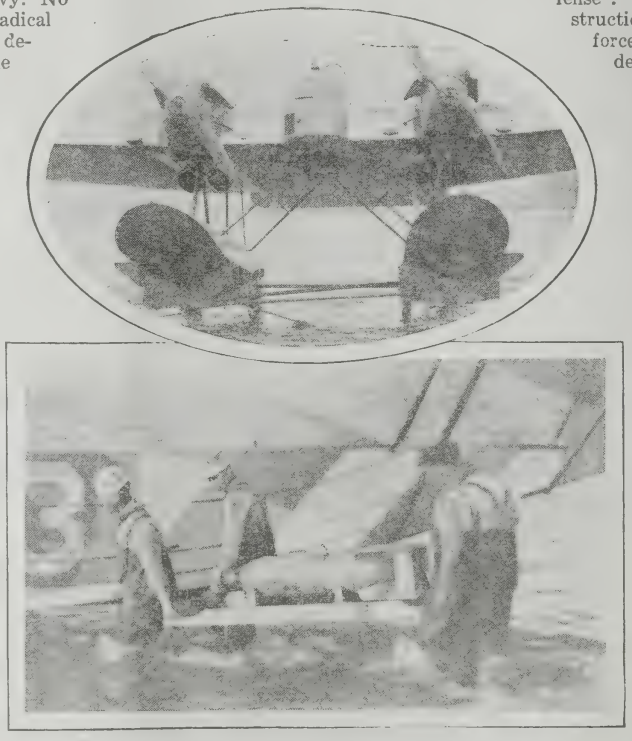
Naval aviation, under the Navy Department, is progressing more rapidly than aviation in the British Navy under an Independent Air Service. As a matter of fact the Independent Air Service in Great Britain is a failure.

The first main feature of the Curry Bill is the formation of an agency for the control of civil and commercial aviation.

The Navy Department believes in the formation of an agency for the control, regulation and encouragement of civil and commercial aviation, and has given its approval to H. R. 10,522, known as the Winslow Bill, which in its opinion provides adequately for civil and commercial needs. An organization providing for one agency to control both commercial aviation and military aviation is fundamentally wrong. Either commercial or military aviation will be neglected. There is no more reason for putting military aviation under the agency which controls civil and commercial aviation than there is to put the Navy under the Shipping Board.

The Navy's attitude toward civil aviation is expressed in the statement of United States Naval Policy promulgated by the Secretary of the Navy, December 1, 1922. This policy contains the following: "To give every possible encouragement to aviation in civil life, with a view to advancing the art and to provide aviators available for war." The Navy has always extended its facilities to civilian flyers and has often assisted commercially operated airplanes with service and emergency repairs at considerable effort on the part of naval personnel. Naval aircraft and naval vessels have frequently searched wide regions of the sea for civilian planes reported missing.

The Navy fully realizes the need of developing commercial aviation as a potential asset for war, but does not believe that commercial aviation can be made a successful proposition simply by act of Congress. Neither an Air Department nor an Independent Air Service, *ipso facto*, will create a flourishing aircraft industry. The Winslow Bill, which the Navy Department approves, would create a bureau in the Department of Commerce to control, regulate and encourage civil and commercial aviation. It would not affect Army or Navy aviation. The creation of a separate department to control aviation could be justified only on the score of necessity. In the view of most persons who have studied the subject, no such necessity exists.



Loading a seaplane. The lower picture shows sailors conveying a live bomb to Navy plane. The upper picture shows the method of carrying torpedoes under the wings of a Curtiss plane.

The second feature of the Curry (Air Service) Bill contemplates the formation of an Independent Air Service under the proposed Department of Aëronautics, for the control of all military aviation including that now belonging to the Army and to the Navy. Only so much of the bill as affects the Navy will be discussed, although the provisions of the bill which are injurious to the Navy are in nearly all instances equally inimical to the Army.

Section 3 of this bill, stating the provinces and duties of the Department of Aëronautics, reads in part:

"That it shall be the province and duty of said Department of Aëronautics . . . (to) perform all duties heretofore assigned to the War, Post Office, Navy and Treasury departments, or any other department of the Government, except as may be hereinafter provided, in time of peace and war, in so far as they relate to aviation, which shall include . . . the responsibility for air defense . . . the supply of personnel, the instruction, training and equipping of air forces for the national defense and the development of heavier and lighter than air material . . . "

The three main ideas in the above quotation to which the Navy seriously objects may be stated tersely as follows:

The Department of Aëronautics:

(1) Shall perform all duties heretofore assigned to the Navy Department relating to aviation.

(2) Shall be responsible for air defense.

(3) Shall supply personnel for, and instruct, train and equip air forces for the national defense.

The duties relating to aviation involve practically every bureau of the Navy Department. The Navy has been interested in aircraft design for many years and has produced several of the leading aërodynamic engineers of the country.

In its present and future development, aviation is intimately connected with the design and construction of ships. Aircraft carriers, aircraft tenders, battleships and cruisers all carry aircraft. Because of the close association of the officers engaged in aircraft construction and design with those engaged in the design and construction of ships, the best results will be obtained under the existing arrangement.

Naval aircraft bomb-sights, guns, bombs and torpedoes are designed and manufactured under the trained expert personnel of the Navy Bureau of Ordnance. Engines for naval aircraft are tested and produced under trained engineer officers of the Navy.

The personnel for naval aviation is obtained and trained by the Navy, most of the personnel having served some time in the Navy before being assigned to aviation.

The supply and transportation of naval aviation material is handled by the Navy Bureau of Supplies and Accounts in just the same manner as any other naval material. Naval surgeons and naval hospitals are available for any service required for naval aviators. Aviation navigating instruments are designed and manufactured under the supervision of naval officers experienced in navigation.

These and many other agencies in the Navy Department which deal with aviation matters and aviation personnel would have to be partially duplicated in the new Department of Aëronautics, with a corresponding increase in the cost of such duplication.

It is possible for the Navy Department to stop all activities in relation to aviation, but such action would not materially reduce the cost of naval administration overhead, because nearly all of the agencies are employed on other naval work which would have to be continued. Such action would, however, deprive the Navy of control over the development of an effective arm of the Navy and cause a divided responsibility for naval efficiency.

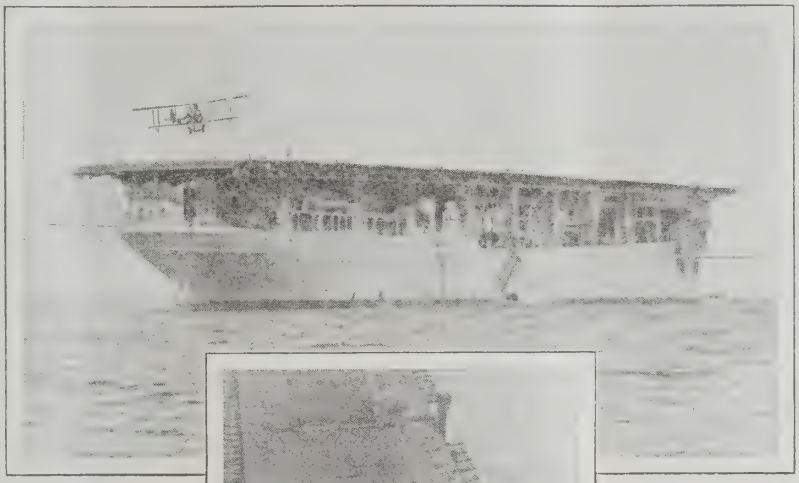
The provision of this bill making one department responsible for defense against a particular form of attack is contrary to the generally accepted doctrine that the Army is responsible for the defense of the continental United States and permanently garrisoned outlying possessions and for other major operations on shore, and the Navy responsible for maintaining our sea communications intact and destroying those of the enemy.

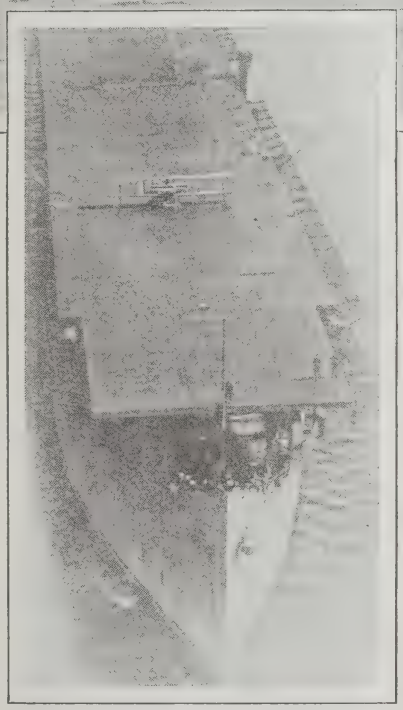
The present doctrine is not founded upon the type of weapons used or the means by which war is conducted. It is based upon the nature of objectives.

The Curry Bill further provides that "The President shall be, and is hereby, authorized to attach such units of the Department of Aëronautics as may be necessary for the coöperation with the land and sea forces of the United States in time of war or threatened hostilities . . . " and later in the same section—"Should the offensive or defensive operations in time of war or threatened hostilities . . . be, from their nature, aëronautical, the President shall be, and he hereby is, authorized to assign to the Department of Aëronautics, such units of the armed land and sea forces as he may deem necessary."

These provisions are manifestly impractical. High command requires the strategic direction of all arms, and, even in the larger tactical operations, it is essential that command be exercised by an officer having knowledge of the use of all arms and special knowledge of the use of these arms in coördination and coöperation with each other. The difficulty of determining whether attacks are or are not "from their nature aëronautical" is easily demonstrated by an example.

Strained relations exist with a European power. It is learned that the enemy fleet is mobilized and ready to start across the sea, and that, in addition to a number of troop transports, it is accompanied by aircraft carriers and other strong aviation units embarked in tenders, which, if a base near our coast is reached, may make its air force capable of making an air attack on our cities, or its expeditionary force capable of conducting landing operations.





Landing a plane on an aircraft carrier. The United States Navy will soon have three of these carriers, two of them among the finest in the world. They now form an integral part of any battle fleet.

The question at once arises—Is the operation against such a fleet primarily naval, primarily aëronautical, or primarily military?

Under present instructions there can be no doubt about the responsibility for the conduct of operations against the enemy naval forces and against the enemy air and land forces so long as they are embarked in ships. The Navy is responsible for the primary defense against all forces which approach the United States by sea.

By the proposed bill it would be necessary for the President to decide whether the anticipated enemy attack is primarily aëronautical, if so, the Army and Navy would operate under the Air Service. If not, the Air Service presumably would operate under the Army and Navy high commands.

Let us assume further that the enemy succeeds in obtaining a base within the operating radius of planes from some of our large cities.

The Department of Aëronautics would undoubtedly claim that the operation had become primarily aëronautical in its nature and even if the Navy Department had had control of the operations thus far, such control would pass to the Department of Aëronautics.

The existing doctrine may possibly force a change of command during the progress of an operation, but only if the Navy becomes convinced of its inability successfully to execute its assigned task. It will be noted that the command is determined by tasks rather than by the nature of the forces employed. In the accomplishment of its task the Navy needs aircraft and what is more it needs its own aircraft with naval officer pilots. The Army, too, requires aviation, but as the Army is charged with the defense against air attack on our cities the Army aviation can be united in one counter-attacking force or divided to coöperate with land forces as may be required. The decision and the operations in accordance therewith would be in the hands of the commander of the Army forces in the field who would be advised by a trained staff in which all arms would be represented.

If there was one principle firmly established by the last war, it was that unity and continuity of command are essential to success. In this connection the conclusions of former Secretary Weeks relative to the Curry Bill are quoted:

"Summarizing the above remarks, I consider as the fundamental defects of H. R. 10,147 (Curry Bill):

"1st—The proposed organization creates a trinity of command for our defense forces, with divided control in every possible theater of operations, instead of that 'unity of command' which is the foundation of success in war.

"2nd—It proposed an Air Service which is not a permanent and integral part of the Army, thus violating the second great principle of military organization—that arms which are habitually to function together in battle form permanent parts of the same organization."

The Navy concurs most heartily with the Secretary of War in the above conclusions.

The Navy claims (1) that the aviation personnel of naval aircraft must be a part of the Navy with the same training, traditions, doctrines and methods of operation, as other naval personnel; (2) that the instruction and training of naval aviation personnel can be efficiently conducted only by naval officers trained in aviation. The naval aviator must be a seaman and have a thorough knowledge of naval operations

before his special knowledge and ability as an aviator will be of much practical use; (3) that the naval aviation equipment differs materially in design from land equipment and that the coördination of aircraft design with the design of ships requires the control of the design of naval aircraft shall be retained by the Navy.

Naturally arguments likewise can be produced in support of the Independent Air Service idea. For this reason it is essential that we examine the British experience with the Independent British Royal Air Force. If Great Britain is satisfied that its system is efficient and operating satisfactorily it would constitute circumstantial evidence in favor of an Independent Service. If, on the other hand, inefficiency and waste are indicated, the warning should be heeded.

The existing situation in Great Britain will be discussed under the following headings: Organization, Economy, Operations, Technical Progress.

The advocates of a Department of Aëronautics and Independent Air Service continually refer to the fact that the British have an Air Ministry and an Independent Air Service, the Royal Air Force, and claim that these were created to meet the demands of war. They further claim that this organization has proved highly successful and that as a result of its creation Great Britain is now ahead of the United States in aëronautics. What are the facts?

The Royal Flying Corps, a part of the British Army, and the Royal Naval Air Service, a part of the British Navy, were amalgamated on April 1, 1918, as the Royal Air Force and placed under a separate department of the government called the Air Ministry.

The conditions which led up to this amalgamation were as follows: The Allied armies in France were hard pressed. The German fleet had been defeated at Jutland and was effectively contained. The British Navy was well supplied with aircraft and had at that time probably the most efficient air force in the world. The Navy, because of its major importance to Great Britain, had been given the priority in material.

Under these conditions, with the fate of the British Empire at stake, the British Navy agreed to the amalgamation of the Royal Flying Corps and Naval Air Service, in order to prevent friction which might result from dual control over aviation units to be operated in France with the British Army.

Although friction existed between the Navy and the Royal Air Force almost from the latter's creation, the situation was tolerated by the Navy without serious open antagonism until after the war was over. Since that time there has been continual friction which has resulted in frequent modification of the original idea until, at present, the British naval air force has been practically reëstablished although it is still camouflaged as a part of the Royal Air Force.

According to the latest instructions all naval aircraft observers and seventy-five per cent of all pilots serving in naval aviation are to be naval personnel temporarily assigned to the Royal Air Force. The Admiralty now makes its own aviation budget and this is submitted as a part of the naval estimates. The Navy directs the types of planes to be constructed for its use and provides the specifications.

Because of the dual control which still exists due to temporarily commissioning naval officers in the Royal Air Force and to the many questions of rank and precedence to command which these double commissions create, the situation is still far from satisfactory and has resulted in a low operating efficiency and neglect of an efficient war organization. The British press frankly admit that in naval aviation the United States is ahead of the British.

The advocates of an Independent Air Service claim that the creation of a Department of Aëronautics and a unified air service will prevent duplication of effort and result in economy. Quite the contrary has proved to be the case.

The creation of another department causes a complete duplication of effort of all administrative offices and services. The Royal Air Force has its own training stations, schools, hospitals and even its own corps of doctors, chaplains, supply officers, et cetera. Although the expenditures for British aëronautics have been large no effective air force has been produced. The situation can be no more clearly stated than in the following quotation from the London *Morning Post* of March 31, 1925:

> "The facts concerning the efficiency and equipment of the airplanes of the Royal Air Force stated by our aëronautical correspondent give cause for the gravest misgivings. It has been admitted again and again in Parliament that the Air Force is deficient in numbers, and Ministers have affirmed that the requisite increase is being effected by degrees. But of what avail is an Air Force, however strong in numbers, if its machines are hopelessly inferior to the aircraft of other powers? So inferior are they that our correspondent does not hesitate to say that 'Britain now lacks aërial defense.' Now it is the first and last duty of the Air Ministry to provide for the aërial defense of this country. In order to fulfill that duty the Royal Air Force was given an independent existence; its presiding Ministry was erected into a Secretary of State, a position denied to the First Lord of the Admiralty; and the Ministry has been plentifully supplied with money from the public funds. The results, six years after the conclusion of peace, are as described by our aëronautical correspondent. There is an Air Ministry, but there is no aërial defense. Alike in achievement and in equipment, this country lags far behind France and the United States; and probably, if the truth were known, a long way behind Germany also. The Air Ministry has expended and is expending many millions upon plant, buildings, schools, colleges, aërodromes, and a numerous and costly staff. It has been officially stated that the policy of the Ministry is to provide the structure of a great organization which shall be ready to accommodate the future expansion of the fighting force. That is a perfectly intelligible policy; but its execution affords no excuse for the neglect of the weapon itself."

It has been reported in the British press that there are 2,400 persons employed in the Air Ministry to arrange for the maintenance and renewel of 640 airplanes and for the control of their pilots and mechanics.

The British Royal Air Force has failed both as a commercial organization and as a military organization and yet there are in this country many persons who, apparently unable to profit by the mistakes of others, are doing their best to cause the United States Government to adopt this faulty organization.

Even in the field of operations the Royal Air Force has not been a success. Commercially the British air lines have not been as efficient as the German or even some French lines. No commercial air routes are financially self-sustaining.

The British hold no world's records for speed, duration or climb. The friendly competition between our Army and Navy aviation is more conducive to rapid development than is "a bureaucratic ogre which sits on the throne and, through its know-it-all attitude, hampers the development of aviation."

It is a peculiarity of human nature that there are always some people fighting to get what other people are fighting to get rid of. There is ample evidence that the British Royal Air Force is a failure; why should the United States require further proof of the impracticability of the Independent Air Service theory?

There is a practical difficulty in the execution of the provisions of the Curry Bill authorizing the President under certain conditions to place Army and Navy forces under command of the Air Force. It is this. The Independent Air Service officer personnel, in all probability, would be made up almost entirely of officers of the present Army Air Service and civilians. In the Army Air Service there are but seventeen officers above the rank of major, and but five of the rank or above colonel. Do the people of the United States desire to turn over command of our land, sea, and air forces to such a small group of officers? Would it be possible for this small group to execute with efficiency the strategical direction of a war? The Army and Navy War colleges, in order to provide officers who are trained in the conduct of war, have a yearly attendance of approximately as many officers as there are in the Army Air Service above the rank of captain.

If such training is necessary, and experience has proved that it is, it is a foregone conclusion that the officers of the proposed Independent Air Service will not be efficient in the direction of the strategical operations of combined land, sea, and air forces.

It is hoped that the analysis contained in this series of articles has helped to clear up the fog which has prevented the public from seeing aviation as the Navy sees it. Let us not forget:

1. The Continental United States is safe from invasion and from attack by aircraft unless the troops or aircraft are brought to our coast by a foreign navy.

2. That the primary defense against troops or aircraft transported overseas lies in an efficient Navy.

3. That to make the Navy efficient in national defense, it must be equipped with air power to insure the accomplishment of its task.

4. That the defense of the Philippines, Panama Canal, Alaska, and other outlying possessions is dependent upon a fleet capable of controlling the vital lines of communication.

5. That the best defense is a vigorous offense.

6. That the safety and integrity of the United States and its possessions must rest always upon an efficient Navy, and that Navy must be adequately equipped with aircraft; that the use of aircraft to defeat the enemy forces on or over the sea is a naval function and for this function to be efficiently executed aircraft operating with the fleet and from naval air stations on shore must be designed, supplied, maintained, manned and commanded by the Navy of which such aircraft are an integral part.

# Jewish Rabbi in Jerusalem Writes *Jesus of Nazareth*

(*Concluded from page 6*)

flounders more deeply when he attempts to treat the emergence in Jesus of the thought that he was Messiah. There seems to have been a brace of delusions, John thinking himself Elijah, Jesus thinking himself Messiah; which proves rather embarrassing to the writer who starts out to explain it all. Dr. Klausner thinks that in Jesus' case, it was the result of an extra bright day, the day Jesus was baptized: "Dazzled by the blinding light of the Judean sun, it seemed to him as though the heavens were opened and that the Shekinah shed its light upon him." (p. 252) Had the day been dark, perhaps the world had been spared Christianity! Who knows? Dazzled, obsessed and dreamy! Surely these are foundations too shallow on which to rear the edifice of twenty centuries of Christianity. I say that, not lightly, but following Dr. Klausner's own reasoning. He quotes approvingly Rousseau's saying: "My friend, such things are not invented; the matters told of Socrates—whose existence no one doubts—rests on far slenderer evidence than do those told of Jesus of Nazareth"—and—"It is far more incomprehensible that many men should have agreed to compose this book than that one man should have provided it with its subject matter . . . So impossible of imitation are the characteristics of the Gospels that the man who invented them must needs be greater than his hero." Again (p. 357) discussing the charge of fraud as connected with the story of the Resurrection, Dr. Klausner says: "That is impossible: deliberate imposture is not the substance out of which the religion of millions of mankind is created."

And still again (p. 359) discussing the scene with doubting Thomas: "Here again it is impossible to suppose that there was any conscious deception; the nineteen hundred years' faith of millions is not founded on deception."

Is it then founded on an obsessed dreamer mistaking a flash of sunlight for the Shekinah?

It is by such light treatment of the weightiest matters in his book that Dr Klausner falls from his position as a scholar. The treatment is not worthy his dignity as a thinker.

When he approaches the miracles (p. 267), Dr. Klausner admits "The problems of miracles in Jesus' ministry is difficult and complicated . . . Since modern science cannot imagine an effect without an external or internal cause, it is unable to rest content with the simple answers offered in the age of the Encyclopedists—that all the miracles attributed to Jesus, as well as to other great men in the world, are mere inventions deliberately contrived by 'cunning priests.' "

The author then proceeds to treat the miracles after the conventional "modernist" manner which succeeds neither in explaining them nor in explaining them away, a fact of which Dr. Klausner seems to be conscious, for he adds (p. 270), "This force which Jesus had, comprises some secret, some mystical element, still not properly studied by the ordinary psychologists and physicians and scientists, who are conversant only with the laws of nature so far determined by science." Something was done that remained, that required a kind and degree of power that we do not know; Jesus did the thing, and possessed the power, but what it was we do not know. We simply agree to deny that it was miracle. That seems to be the attitude. And yet Dr. Klausner indicates that the power by which Jesus worked his miracles was also the power which accounts for his influence beyond his death (p. 270): "Jesus obviously had a power of 'suggestion,' of influencing others, to an unusual extent. Had not this been the case his disciples could never have held him in such veneration, remembering and teaching every word he spoke; nor could his memory have so persisted and so influenced their spiritual and earthly life; nor could they, in their turn, have so influenced thousands and tens of thousands by the power which they had derived from him."

And yet, after saying this, Dr. Klausner goes on a guessing expedition of his own, and says that Jesus was really afraid to attempt works of power because he was afraid that he would fail; yet a few pages farther on we read "the reason for the Pharisees' indignation was, undoubtedly, that Jesus healed on the Sabbath regardless of the nature of the illness, whether it was dangerous or not." A man who was afraid of working miracles, because he was afraid he would fail each time he attempted it, would doubtless avail himself of the law which forbade the exercise of healing acts on the Sabbath where there was no danger of life being lost. Jesus being an observant Jew, as Dr. Klausner claims, would surely have known that the withered hand was not dangerous to life, and being also afraid to work miracles for fear he would fail, as Dr. Klausner claims, would not have done two doubtful, dangerous and uncalled-for things at once. Such passages as these illustrate the futility of trying to psychologize or psychoanalyze him who called himself the Son of Man. The attempts are not successful. Our forms are too small for the facts.

But this review must come to a close. Students of the Bible will find great interest in Dr. Klausner's discussion of the time of Jesus' death. His conclusions support the accepted view that the crucifixion occurred on Friday, Saturday being both the Sabbath and the Passover.

It is also worth noting that, although indulging in a good deal of hypothetical whitewashing of Judas (not objectionable in itself, but certainly not defensible on critical grounds), Dr. Klausner calls attention to the fact that Judas was the only Judean (as we should say, Jew) among the disciples. (p. 325) "Judas was an educated Judean . . . It was otherwise with the other disciples, all alike uneducated Galileans, dull of intellect, but warm-hearted."

This isolation of Judas confirms statements previously made in this paper. The judgment on the northern disciples as "dull of intellect" will have to take its chances when confronted by the Gospels of Matthew, Mark (Peter) and John.

As to responsibility for the death of Jesus, Dr. Klausner enters into a long review. Naturally there is in his mind the stigma which rests upon his race as a result of the crucifixion. And yet he does not deny any of the facts as they have been received by the Christian church. But he sets up matters worthy of acceptance, such as the fact that the ruling priestly party of the time did not represent the best Jewish sentiment, and that the trial before the Sanhedrim was in the nature of a preliminary investigation with recommendations. The Sanhedrim was competent to pass sentence of death, but not competent to execute the sentence. (p. 160) That was the prerogative of the civil power, then in the hands of the Romans. These statements, of course, accord with the facts: the Sanhedrim sentenced Jesus to death; the civil power approved the sentence and executed it. We may fully agree with Dr. Klausner when he says (p. 348): "A few only of the priestly caste had condemned Jesus to death and given him up to Pilate . . . The Jews, *as a nation*, were far less guilty of the death of Jesus than the Greeks, as a nation, were guilty of the blood of Socrates."

This review has observed the limits of the historical questions raised. There are others of equal interest which show Dr. Klausner to better advantage, in some respects. But as preserving the prevalent tone of the book, we close with another quotation (p. 342).

"Jesus was convinced of his messiahship: of this there is no doubt; were it not so he would have been nothing more than a mere deceiver and imposter—and such men do not make history: they do not found new religions which persist for two thousand years and hold sway among five hundred millions of civilized people."

## The Unarmed Invited To Disarm!

The European powers would have another conference to relieve the United States of the few first-class battleships and naval armaments which it has remaining after previous treaty arrangements.

Read next week in

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

how this country

"Never Lost a War, But Never Won a Conference"

# When I Began to Know Bryan

(*Concluded from page 2*)

even if he were sporting a McKinley button.

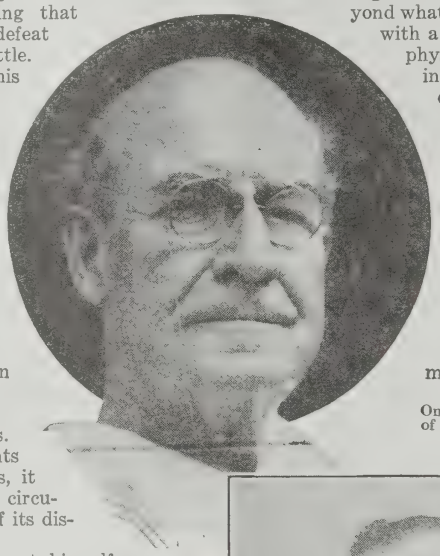
"I see you are not for me?" said Mr. Bryan as he took the upstretched hand.

"No, I'm not," said the boy frankly.

"Does your father feel that way, too?" asked the nominee.

"He sure does," answered the future voter.

When the Ides of November were come, Bryan's six million and more of the 1896 support held, but the war President and his robustious Rough Rider team-mate went above seven million. But sixteen years later Congress put into the Philippine enactment the guaranty of ultimate independence, the thing that Bryan went down in defeat for in that second battle.



Early it came to be his lot to lose his political life, that he might save it. *The Commoner*, published monthly in periodical or quarto form at Lincoln, Nebraska, became, he said, "one of our most valuable exchanges." While his brother looked after the mechanical and business details, Mr. Bryan maintained contact with his party through his contributions to its pages. By clubbing arrangements with other publications, it obtained a fairly wide circulation up to the time of its discontinuance.

He was able to report himself with a fullness and accuracy that the eastern press, never friendly, was not disposed to accord him. Thus he enjoyed, in a measure not given to many party leaders, a twofold appeal—pen and voice. He wrote, if not brilliantly, with clearness and courage, out of the abundance of campaign experiences, upon issues he considered of paramount importance. Take that word "paramount" for example. That is as far as he ever ventured into the vocabulary of unfamiliar words. Straightaway statement, embellished now and then with fable, illustration, or Scriptural allusion, seemed to serve best the earnestness of his advocacy. Always he gave the impression of unalterable conviction.

Mr. Bryan was 42 years old in 1902. Physically he had thrived on defeat, weighing 205 pounds after the campaign of 1896, and 215 in 1902. It remained for the managing editor of the Detroit *Times*, Allan L. Benson, to warn Mr. Bryan that his always keen appetite might prove a handicap in his future political labors. Benson himself had become a disciple of Fletcherism, and had reduced his portly frame to athletic trim by the no-breakfast plan.

Meeting the Commoner at the train in Detroit for a special interview, he laid into the three-meal visitor with the ardor of a young dietary convert.

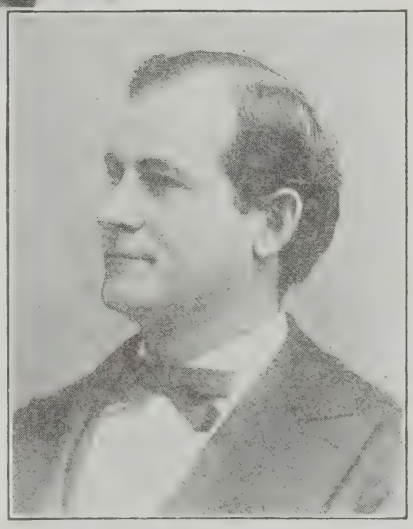
"Bryan, you're too fat!" was the greeting of Benson.

Bryan was not pleased; but he was slow to anger and plenteous in patience. He listened to Benson as he expounded the gospel according to Fletcher, that most people dig their graves with their teeth. The Commoner was impressed, and, discovering diabetic tendencies about that time, began to diet and consult the scales often. By 60 his weight was down to 202, which represented self-control, for he was a man of a large body, and had a keen zest for food.

That he continued his capacity for intense mental labor beyond threescore, would seem to disprove the report of excess in eating. Personally I never saw any signs of the gourmand in Mr. Bryan beyond what one would associate with a man of his splendid physical condition; nothing beyond that normal degree of appreciation of things to eat that a prideful hostess expects of those who share her hospitality.

The tales of a bunch of onions, or a dozen eggs or an entire beefsteak, consumed at one sitting, probably belong to those misreports of public

One man—the telling marks of a long and strenuous life in politics.



Mr. Bryan as he looked many years ago, near the beginning of his famous career. The upper view was one of the last made of the Great Commoner.

characters which the French dismiss with the proverb: "The absent are always wrong."

The "scandals" associated with Mr. Bryan's dietary indiscretions, the carrying of a toothpick in his mouth, and permitting his coat to show wrinkles and his trousers bagginess, may be nearer the truth. Weightier matters crowded upon his mind at times, no doubt, than getting rid of the quill between his teeth and the shininess and creases in his clothes.

It suggests the blamelessness of a life lived before men and women up to 65, that toothpick, palate and clothes-pressing figure most prominently in the head and front of his offending; and even these were exaggerated if we believe the testimony of a friend who saw him at the World's Missionary Convention in Edinburgh:

"Mr. Bryan wore a silk hat, a frock coat, striped trousers, patent leather shoes and carried a cane. He was, I thought, the handsomest man of the lot."

I met Judge Alton B. Parker as we were leaving the American church in Paris the first week in August, 1924. The biggest news from home just then was the result of the protracted Democratic National Convention in New York.

"My sympathies are with John W. Davis," said the Judge, "I am afraid Bryan will prove as troublesome to him as he did to me."

The Judge had reason for recalling with discomfiture his disastrous candidacy in 1904, in which he ran a million and a half votes behind the Bryan strength of 1896 and a million and a quarter behind his showing in 1900. Bryan did not bolt the ticket or knife the nominee. He simply damned the outcome of the St. Louis convention with faint praise. He was too straightforward to dissemble.

When he arose to return to the Democratic party the commission placed in his hands eight years before, and renewed four years later, he said the party might dispute whether he had fought a good fight, or whether he had finished his course, but it could not deny that he had kept the faith.

Judge Parker felt that the man who had been the leader of the party for eight years did not keep the faith with him; that the support he yielded was half-hearted at the best. Bryan, he felt, could not forgive his judicial temperament or his geographical disqualifications. He was of the East—the enemy's country.

Then the Commoner closed his convention speech with an appeal from his heart to the hearts of those who heard him, that they give the party a pilot who would guide the Democratic ship away from the Scylla of militarism without wrecking it upon the Charybdis of commercialism. It was a good guess that he had found a new and classic name for a New York possibility. And naturally his enthusiasm was not evoked by the action of Judge Parker in wiring that the party must amend its resolutions before he could consent to become its standard bearer.

In the campaign that followed, the far-reaching modulations of the Bryan voice were heard against militarism, rather than in persuasive appeals for the Parker candidacy. The Commoner attacked the Republican President, candidate for re-election, as the embodiment of the warlike spirit, as the granite and iron that represent modern militarism. So it was a case of one colonel of volunteers assailing another colonel of volunteers, the man-on-horseback figure of the Rough Rider.

"Do you, men of the East, desire to defeat the military idea?" asked Bryan. "Friends of the South, are you anxious to defeat the military idea? Let me assure you that not one of you, north, east or south, fears more than I do the triumph of that idea. If this is the doctrine our nation is to stand for, it is retrogression, not progress. It is the lowering of the ideals of the nation. More than that it is nothing less

than a challenge to the Christian civilization of the world."

Bryan went abroad after the campaign of 1904. In a Fourth of July speech in London he expressed the hope that this nation would lead the way in being allured by Providence to higher ground of international comradeship, winning the confidence of Him who said:

"And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me."

Unlike many of his countrymen, Mr. Bryan took his teetotalism with him on his travels in foreign lands. He justified his use of water in toasting an admiral in Tokio, when champagne was suggested, by saying:

"You won your victories on water and I drink to your health in water; whenever you win any victories on champagne, I shall drink your health in champagne."

A notable incident of this world tour was the interview between the Christian statesman of the United States and the seer of Russia, Leo Tolstoi, upon the latter's estate at Yasnaya Polyana. The two champions of the common people heartened each other by the interchange of experiences and aspirations.

Bryan's writings and speeches were enriched by these adventures in foreign lands. I saw and heard him soon after his return, and got the thrill of his message on immortality inspired by a few grains of wheat that had slumbered for more than thirty centuries in an Egyptian tomb; and the fine inspiration of his likening the finished human product to the fashioning and finishing process applied by the dextrous Japanese to their exquisite ware:

"There is first the vase, then the tracing of the design upon it, then the filling in of the colors, and, finally, the polishing to bring out the beauty. There is the basic material of body and mind, selection of the ideals that control the life; the filling in of the moral qualities that give tone and color; and finally the polish that comes with education."

With such imagery as this, Mr. Bryan mixed incidents droll and homely, such as the torture and discomfiture imposed upon a democratic visitant in getting him garbed for presentation at court, and acknowledgments to the world-encircling humble hen that provides everywhere a familiar edible to a pilgrim far from home and weary.

When we came together at the World's Press Congress at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, in San Francisco, the conditions in Festival Hall were very trying for an ordinary speaker. It was like holding a recital of chamber music in a boiler shop. Art Smith, the sky-writer, went higher than the speaker's loftiest periods, and neighboring brass bands made themselves heard above the bravest vocal effects.

But with Mr. Bryan's renown, his seemingly effortless bell-tones and his impressive pauses, it was different. A great audience heard him to the end and wanted him to go on, even in the very center of swirling exposition excitements and confusion. It was not a political speech, but he had a good time replying to the taunt of various Republican friends that he was a dreamer while President Roosevelt did things.

He said he did not pay much attention to the title when Senator Beveridge gave it to him until he read shortly afterward that Speaker Cannon called him a dreamer, and then Governor Hanly.

Seeing that he could not expect acquittal with such witnesses against him, he decided to plead guilty and justify.

"I went to the Bible, which tells of dreamers," he continued, "and among the most conspicuous was Joseph. He told his dreams to his brothers and his brothers hated him because of his dreams. They plotted to kill him—and he is not the only dreamer that has been plotted against in this old world. But finally they decided that instead of killing him they would put him down in a pit, but some merchants passing that way, the brothers decided to sell him to the merchants, and the merchants carried Joseph down into Egypt."

The Exposition visitors were following the speaker as if they had never heard the story before. Certainly they had never heard it told better. He went on to his point:

"The brothers deceived their father and made him think the wild beasts had devoured his son. Time went on and the brothers had almost forgotten the dreamer Joseph. But a famine came—yes, a famine—and then they had to go down into Egypt and buy corn, and when they got there, they found the dreamer—*and he had the corn!*

"So I decided that it was not so bad for one to be a dreamer—if one has the corn."

The taunt that Bryan was a dreamer alternated with the indictment that he was too intent upon getting the corn. Manifestly there was contradiction in these attacks, which followed him throughout his political and public career.

Neither was true. He was practical-minded enough to provide for old age through his pen and voice and fortunate real estate investments. But there could have been no undue capitalization of party honors in a fortune that did not at this time comprise much more than the farm in Lincoln and a ranch in Texas, and which never exceeded three-quarters of a million.

His answer always was: "It is clean money. The people know what I gave for it and where I got it."

"I went to the Bible!" That statement in the Panama-Pacific Exposition speech is enlightening as revealing the chief source of the Commoner's inspiration. Charles A. Dana, the veteran editor of the New York *Sun*, held that a young man was equipped for acceptable newspaper writing if he knew three books well—the Bible, Shakespeare and the Constitution of the United States.

Bryan's reading was wider than this, but he did not delve as deeply into history and science and the classics as those whose time is less given to intensity of action. The Book of Books was his inexhaustible mine of treasures; outside of what he drew on his travels, on Nature, on personal experiences, on biography and poetry of the heart—*Gray's Elegy*, *Lines to a Waterfowl*, *Cotter's Saturday Night*, and Walter Malone's *Opportunity*—for whatever embellishment he gave to conviction and advocacy.

It is understandable that the great hymns fell more sweetly upon his ear than any other composition; but *La Paloma*, the infectious Mexican air, was a favorite.

(*To be continued next week*)

# An Icelandic Tale

THERE is a curious tale in the Bragda Magus Saga, of Iceland, indicating an ancient belief in the prolongation of life.

The story relates how a man once presented himself before Charlemagne, giving his name as Vidforull. Seeing that the stranger was sturdy looking in spite of his wrinkles and his long white hair, the king made some remark designed to draw a tale from the man, whereupon Vidforull spoke enigmatically, saying that while he was old, he had been older, and might possibly become younger before long. At that the king said courteous things, as became a king, not casting doubt.

"Twice I have cast my skin, sire," answered Vidforull gravely, "and each time was I younger than before. More, this very month I shall slough it again."

"At what age do you cast your skin?" asked Charlemagne.

The stranger told the king that the first time he had cast his skin was when he had reached the age of three hundred and thirty years, and, when the happiness of life returned, he found himself as a lusty man of thirty. The second time he had been transformed, he said, was when Hermanric ruled in Rome, and then he had reached the age of two hundred and fifteen years.

Not long after, the king saw Vidforull standing by a great log in the hall, full of merriment, with eyes bright and shining. Vidforull dropped to his knee and said:

"Sire. The time has come. I have long desired to cast off this old skin that has well served me for many a day, and now I know that I shall become young again."

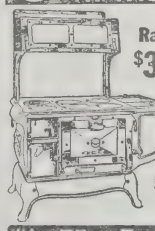
The king wondered a little at his words, but bade his court stand apart and watch in silence. No sooner was a place cleared than Vidforull bared his head, rubbed his skin here and there, then presently rolled it away, and having done so laid himself down at the foot of the post. And those nearest heard Vidforull mutter something, "Begone old age that I may arise again clean and strong."

For a little while the body of the stranger lay still and white, then to the amazement of all, it commenced to pass into the post, head first, the wood swallowing the body swiftly until there was nothing left of the man.

Charlemagne struck the post, but found it solid. The stout Earl Uppi made a sigh as though he would cast the log into the fire, but the king stayed him.

Nor was it long before new and strange things happened, for the log opened and out of it came a man's feet, then his body, then the wood split asunder and there stood forth a tall and noble-looking man who stretched out his hand toward the king and saluted him, and all that day and for many days thereafter there was the gladness of fellowship in that place.

Save 1/3 to 1/2 AT FACTORY PRICES



Ranges $37.75 up

New FREE book Quotes you lowest factory prices on Quality heating stoves, furnaces, porcelain enamel combination ranges, coal and wood ranges and gas stoves. 200 styles and sizes. Cash or easy terms—as low as $3.00 monthly. 30 days FREE trial; 360 days approval test. 24 hour shipments. 660,000 pleased Kalamazoo customers. Make a $25 to $75 saving by sending postal for FREE book today.

Kalamazoo Stove Co., Mfrs. 540 Rochester Ave. Kalamazoo, Mich.

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"
Trade Mark Registered

PATENTS

Time counts in applying for patents. Don't risk delay in protecting your ideas. Send sketch or model for instructions or write for FREE book, "How to Obtain a Patent" and "Record of Invention" form. No charge for information on how to proceed. Communications strictly confidential. Prompt, careful, efficient service. Clarence A. O'Brien, Registered Patent Attorney 2381 Security Bank Building (directly across street from Patent Office), Washington, D. C.

# Who Is Governor of Texas?

(*Continued from page 4*)

the attorney-general came out with a denial that he was "investigating" the highway department, "as reported by a North Texas newspaper"—and the same month that saw the launching of the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram's* investigation in highway affairs.

With these facts at hand it is not too much to assume that Ferguson was "after" Amon Carter. His opportunity to strike back at the publisher came in November. The scene was the football field at College Station and the occasion the Thanksgiving Day game between the State A. & M. College and the University of Texas. Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson were present, and so was Mr. Carter—enthusiastically rooting for the winning team. During the game he was heard to shout, "Hooray for A. & M. and Dan Moody." Moody is the attorney-general. It happened that Carter was standing near the governor's box at the time, although he afterward assured the governor he was unaware of her presence and meant no disrespect.

Mrs. Ferguson wrote a letter to Mr. Carter, which subsequently appeared in the press. It bristled. It alleged that the publisher, when he shouted "Hooray for A. & M. and Dan Moody," was under the influence of a spirituous beverage. It contained broad allusions to a "party" given by Carter some months earlier in Fort Worth, his home city, to a group of visiting oil magnates, whereat canes and other souvenirs with hollowed-out receptacles were handed around, the receptacles containing a pleasant liquid reminder of the occasion. And, on the ground that he had "set a bad example" to the youth of the state, Mrs. Ferguson demanded his resignation from the presidency of a state college board of trustees.

Carter's reply also was handed to the press. He asserted that the oil men's "party" had been shared by a considerable part of the Fort Worth citizenship, including city officials, and that no law of any character had been broken. He denied the governor's charges, bluntly characterized them as a "smoke screen" designed to cover the highway fiasco, and good-humoredly refused to resign from the board.

For two months persistent but not very intelligent efforts have been made in Texas to convene the legislature "for purposes of impeachment." Just whom proponents of the session intended to impeach has not been made entirely clear, but in any case the efforts have come to nothing. Lee Satterwhite, as speaker of the house of representatives, announced in November he would issue a call himself in December in event Governor Ferguson did not, and named December 15 as the time limit for her call. The Fergusons smiled and said nothing; the zero hour passed unnoticed by them. Then Satterwhite, finding no way satisfactory to himself by which he might call the legislature together, and when pressed by newspaper men, threw up his hands and admitted candidly that he did not know what to do.

Of course there was nothing to do. Impeach Mrs. Ferguson? For what? She has done nothing. She is an honorable woman, an old-fashioned grandmother, and the only legislative session thus far held in her reign was made notable by the solid and constructive things accomplished. Impeach her husband, then? He only "sat in" with the highway commission; he didn't award contracts, he has done nothing. Besides, he is not governor of Texas. He holds no official position whatever.



The State of Texas built this colonial mansion in 1854 to be the home of its governors.

Then why did Texas elect Mrs. Ferguson?

She herself says it was "Jim's vindication," for what the legislature and courts did to him in 1917; but a majority of Texas voters say it was something else. The mask, not vindication, was the dominating element of the 1924 gubernatorial campaign. There were nine candidates, and seven to divide the anti-Klan vote. The other two were "bloc" candidates: Judge Felix Robertson, Klansman, and Mrs. Ferguson. With her husband ruled off the ballot she obtained the 150,000 votes which are always his, whenever and for whatever he decides to run—the die-hard Ferguson-farmer-labor-German vote. And a very useful bloc it is. It was enough to nose out Lynch Davidson, the outstanding candidate last year, and put Mrs. Ferguson into the second or run-off primary—against Judge Robertson.

Thus the Klan became the single issue beyond peradventure. All else was forgotten. Was a Klansman to be elected governor of Texas? "No!" said Davidson and the other defeated candidates, and forthwith they took the stump for Mrs. Ferguson. And Texas said no. She was elected by an overwhelming majority and in January, 1925, journeyed in triumph to Austin to reoccupy the venerable colonial mansion on Capitol Hill built by Texas in 1854 for its governors; the same mansion from which the Fergusons had been—to use a Texas colloquialism—bodaciously kicked out, seven years earlier.

Texas pays its governor only $4,000 a year. No poor man has any right to take the job. Lynch Davidson could afford it (Will Rogers said of him, "Lynch is so rich he can afford to be honest"), but the Fergusons, in their straitened circumstances, could not afford to take it. Mr. Ferguson himself recognized that fact; he said, two weeks before his wife's inauguration, "I am a poor man; in fact, worse than poor. We figure our expense will be increased $20,000 when we move to the capitol, so there was nothing for me to do but to look around for something to do."

The statement was apropos of his having taken employment as general counsel for W. T. Eldridge at a reported annual salary of $20,000. Eldridge is a railroad owner and manufacturer of sugar and mattresses. Mr. Ferguson has been out of the law practice for some time. It was not explained precisely what service he had contracted to render to the Eldridge interests. Twenty thousand dollars is a considerable annual retainer, but Ferguson apparently found it insufficient for his needs; other methods to augment the family income were evolved.

For example, Mrs. Ferguson organized herself into the Capitol Syndicate, Inc., employed a competent writer, and sold her observations on life, in serial form, to newspapers.

Then, the governor's husband started out to fix a price for the governor's "interviews," to be paid by correspondents of eastern magazines and newspapers flocking to Austin to "write the Fergusons." However, that practice was soon given up, and interviews with the governor now may be had gratis—if at all.

The governor's daughter, Mrs. Ouida Ferguson Nalle, writes bonds for highway contractors and state officials. The Capitol Insurance Agency was a partnership composed of Mrs. Nalle and Mrs. Ruth Yett. Lately Mrs. Yett sued Mrs. Nalle for $939, or one-half the commission on a bond written for a highway contractor; alleging in her petition that Mrs. Nalle had expressed a determination to dissolve the partnership and write bonds singly.

Last June, W. B. Shoe, a $5,000 per year official of the State Fire Insurance Commission, announced he had been asked

to resign, because, he said, he had refused to subscribe for Ferguson's weekly newspaper, the *Forum*. This paper has been the ex-governor's liaison with his followers for some years. Soon after Mrs. Ferguson's inauguration it appeared with the advertising of highway contractors, railroads and public utilities: a "Good-Will" section supported by the latter groups, and a "More and Better Roads" section supported by twenty-odd contracting firms.

The *Forum* is proving an excellent source of revenue. The sponsors of the "More and Better Roads" section, for example, contracted to pay each about $20 weekly, or an aggregate annual sum of about $20,000. In some instances advertising space was solicited in letters written on the governor's stationery and signed "Jas. E. Ferguson," and in several of these letters were inclosed bidding forms for maintenance of highways, addressed to the Highway Commission.

No one can say how much money Mr. Ferguson has made since his wife became governor. Prior to his election to the governorship in 1914 he was wealthy, but unknown in politics; but the stormy years following, culminating in his impeachment, reduced him to comparative poverty, and since that time he has had hard financial sledding. His close friends say he frankly feels that the State of Texas made him the victim of a ghastly and conscienceless persecution in the course of which it stripped him of all he had, and that now his comeback gives him an ethical and moral right to make all the money he can, so long as he makes it within the law.

Although hostile breakers have beat upon them ceaselessly—the ex-governor has been a candidate for one office or another in every biennial campaign from 1914 on—the Fergusons are far from beaten. Their bitterest enemies do not deny that the tide of the family's fortunes is flowing back strongly after the ebb following the highway fiasco. The grand jury at Austin investigating highway contracts has been a "dud," so far as the criminal phase is concerned. Talk of impeachment has melted into thin nothingness. If the political outlook seems dubious, as it invariably does for the Fergusons three or four months *before* the primaries, that thought apparently is not worrying Mr. Ferguson—or his wife.

She lately proclaimed January as "Laugh Month" in Texas. "Believing that a cheerful, happy outlook is the best antidote for gloom"—so ran the proclamation, her 1,400th in twelve months. Just now, when the average Texan thinks of events of the past year, in their relation to the political fortunes of the Fergusons, his thought runs somewhat parallel with that expressed in the following editorial comment of the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram* on the "Laugh Month" proclamation:

"We can expect the Fergusons to laugh just as long as Texas stands for it; and we can expect the nation to laugh as long as we stand for it. The Fergusons say laugh, so let's do it. The joke is on us."

*Who Is Babbitt?*

**"I am!" says Sinclair Lewis.**

NEXT WEEK

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

# Home Crafts for Idle Hands

(*Concluded from page 5*)

they could not be operated honestly, being basically unsound.

*There is the "buy-back" scheme.* The home worker purchases materials, or an "outfit," for doing work on the promise that the output will be purchased when satisfactory at a stated price. Rarely is any of the product "satisfactory." Post Office Department inspectors investigating many of these schemes found that products purchased invariably were resold for less than the price paid the few workers thus favored.

*Then there is the "teaching-them-how" scheme.* A mail course in some kind of quasi-art work is sold, on the promise that after the studies are completed work will be provided the graduates. But few ever get through with the "studies." Usually the lessons consist of nothing more than mimeographed sheets or pamphlets.

Don't imagine that only stupid and badly informed persons "fall" for these schemes. Some are advertised so plausibly and in publications with such high rating for respectability and reliability that many persons of good intelligence are caught by the fascinating bait held out.

As the quack medical advertiser largely blazed the way for the legitimate display advertising, it may be that these fakers will contribute to the development of the field for home crafts in the United States. The success—for themselves—of these fraudulent operators is excellent evidence of the opportunities awaiting legitimate promoters. From all that the writer can learn, legitimate commercial promoters of home crafts are comparatively few in number and their spheres of operation limited. Of much larger number are the academic promoters, but these are not so numerous or so energetic as they might be.

***The Government Deals With Home Economics***

Even the Federal Government, which now deals extensively with the life and economics of the home, gives comparatively little attention to true home crafts. The home economics bureau of the Department of Agriculture, strangely enough, has given no attention to the subject, not even to the extent of collecting information. The Vocational Board of Education has given a little attention to it, mainly in connection with the work of rehabilitating persons injured in industry. Little attention is given to it by the Veterans Bureau in rehabilitating soldiers disabled by the war.

The southern branch of the extension service of the Department of Agriculture probably has given most attention to it. The Department's work, however, has had to do chiefly with the utilization of by-products of farms and farmsteads.

There has been some development, through this agency, of rug-weaving and of basketry as home crafts. In a few communities in the South these home industries have become sizeable ones.

Certain colleges, notably some in the mountain districts of the South, aim at the development of home crafts. A branch of Tulane University, in New Orleans, is endeavoring to evolve an American school of embroidery. Aside from what some of the Indians do, there is scarcely in the United States a single native and characteristic home craft, as this one might be.

This country has nothing to resemble the toy industry in Germany or the Roquefort cheese industry in France, both of which are sustained by home craftsmanship.

In fact home crafts have counted for so little in this country that we haven't even the fragments of a literature of the subject. A search of the Library of Congress yielded virtually nothing of that kind. Persons interested in the promotion of these crafts have had to go abroad for worth-while information. Several persons connected with the extension service of the Department of Agriculture have done this in recent years.

"Knowledge of some of the crafts which used to be carried on in some measure out of necessity has been lost or is possessed only by elderly persons," said one of these to the writer. "Here and there we find an old man who knows the art of tanning hides or that of tooling leather as these used to be practiced on the farmstead. Frequently, a farm family can make use of these crafts much more profitably than its ancestors, who used them solely because they had to. A farmer often can get for a raw hide only what a leather strap will cost him at the store. By turning it into tooled leather he might make it worth anywhere from fifty to a hundred dollars.

***The Raw Hide and What It Becomes***

"Scattered throughout the country many kinds of raw materials are now going to waste which might be used in home crafts. For instance, the making of baskets out of the long needles that fall from the pine trees in the South is becoming a profitable home craft for women and children in many communities. The wild honeysuckle vine likewise is being used in making baskets that find a good market among florists.

"Some of the biggest industrial establishments of the country grew from home production. The best known of our pickle concerns originated in the kitchen of its founder's wife.

"But Americans as a rule haven't had the time or patience to develop home crafts in the artistic and standardized way that is common in older countries. Markets often are uncertain because neither production nor standard can be depended on.

***Opportunities Which Are Open to Many***

"There are great opportunities open to persons who will organize marketing machinery for home craft products and assist in the building up of standardized production. Many things still can be made much better by hand than with machines, and the potential demand for such things is much bigger than the supply, but not the potential supply.

"The advantages to be derived from home crafts are manifold. They are not only economic, such as the utilization of materials that otherwise might be wasted and of the time of persons who do not fit into occupational work in stores, factories or offices, but the esthetic benefit is one of the biggest. Most persons have some of the instincts of the artist—a feeling for self-expression through the mind or hand. As the handicrafts pass out, these instincts are unexpressed by thousands who have not unusual talent, initiative or opportunity. The result is discontent with life."

In the writer's opinion there are in home crafts innumerable possibilities for persons with a little capital and good organizing ability to develop prosperous enterprises.



Unusual shot of the "spill" in the chariot race in the film *Ben Hur*. The forms of fallen horses are discernible through the dust.

# Are the Movies Cruel to Animals?

THE following protest has been sent to Will Hays by Mrs. Rosemonde Rae Wright, a deputy sheriff of Los Angeles County, California. It relates to alleged cruelty to animals in making the *Ben Hur* motion picture.

"For several weeks previous to the final shooting of the *Ben Hur* chariot race, I was present on the set and witnessed a number of rehearsals. I inspected the horses immediately after the tryouts and I found a number with lacerated bodies, torn mouths, skinned legs, etc. On Saturday, October 3, the great chariot race was shot, in which forty-eight horses and twelve chariots were used. As a Deputy Sheriff of Los Angeles County, and the Executive Vice-President of the American Animal Defense League, I was present.

"Just before the race, in company with a nationally known newspaper woman, I made a brief inspection of the arena. I found a small, powerful camera, all but the lenses concealed in drapery, between the feet of the colossal statue at the end of the central arena. At that time I had reason to anticipate that the 'accident' would occur directly in range of this camera for the 'close up.' I may say, incidentally, that there was no man behind the camera in the final race owing to the dangerous location, and that it was probably manipulated from the inside of the statue.



Four of the racing horses in *Ben Hur*.

"The first lap was made successfully, but as they came down the final stretch a horse in the lead team stumbled, which brought down three others with him. This was directly in range of the camera previously referred to, and not more than fifteen feet away. Came the frightened, plunging horses and chariots at terrific speed, no efforts being made through the loud speaker to swerve them to the right and thereby avert the climax that was sure to come. It seemed highly probable that the drivers were obeying orders and that the oncoming teams were directed upon the one that was down, until four chariots and sixteen horses were piled up together in a ghastly spectacle of cruelty. Only a beneficent Providence saved the animals from a horrible death.

"I was in the arena immediately after the 'accident' and saw the trembling, lacerated bodies of the frightened animals extricated from the débris. It was a bloody 'close up' in which the bodies of sentient animals and their sufferings were of no consideration whatever. I saw the body of an animal that had been killed the day before in the rehearsal; also the punctured breast, the torn, sensitive mouths and the bruised, bleeding bodies of others in the final race; also animals injured badly enough to be sent to the hospital."

Bearing on the same subject is the following affidavit:

"Emerson Hough stated that because he very much objected to the maiming and killing of animals during the filming of a picture, he was refused admittance to the lot.—Ellis Soper."

## You Pick Them: I Can't

By EARL REEVES

THE cartoonists and dramatists and movie directors must be having a terrible time. They need to tell us what a character is at a single glance, so that the business of discovering identities does not slow up their stories.

But where are the types?

Once you could put a straw in the corner of a half-open mouth, or some fodder on the chin, and you had a farmer. Or dandruff on the collar introduced you to a writer; long hair was the hieroglyph for artists; and a cold, hard eye meant a banker who lurked in a back room and foreclosed mortages on widows and orphans.

But I defy you to identify our milkman. He owns a farm, but he looks like a retired banker—one who left his gimlet eye behind when he left the bank for good. And as for my banker, he has the kindly eye of a family physician. Moreover, he sits out in front and his motto is "service." The other day I went to see an eminent statistician; and instead of a horn-rim-glassed owl of a man I found a shock of unruly hair, a brilliant smile and the eyes of an adventurer. Precisely that. The last college professor I talked to looked like a prosperous bond salesman; while the absent-minded, studious looking fellow I set down as a scholar proved to be the editor of our local newspaper, and a right brisk sheet it is too.

Casting memory back over some of the noted men I have met I discover that the world's most famous editor—a cabinet maker—looked a good deal like a country squire; his successor in editorial-Warwicking has the broad mouth and smile of a preacher; the leader in the he-man business of building skyscrapers is mildness itself; a certain great detective might be mistaken for a butcher; one of the speedy business world's leading supermen appears to be a clubman and has time for all the verbal amenities of life; a great mercantile organizer looks much like a barber; a very eminent inventor has something of the air of a judge; the most spectacular "journalist" of our generation looks more like a certain jazz king every day, while the jazz king looks less and less like a musician.

And as for millionaires. They seem to be, taken in the lump, a good deal like newspapermen. And newspapermen are not the eager and alert crew of stage and fiction: taken as a class they look a good deal like—well, like straphangers.

While the ladies—If a Parisian beauty who is no better than she should be dons a new creation in Rue de la Paix this afternoon and motors out through the Bois to the races to give the world a treat, the cables will describe the dress tonight, tomorrow it will be reproduced in New York, next week you will be able to buy a copy in Kokomo; and the week after that, Ma Perkins, who lives three miles north of Whynot, Nebraska, will be ordering the same thing from a mail order catalog.

You pick 'em: I can't.

For grandmothers look like flappers; sweet young things look like painted ladies; and I defy you to look over a bevy of femininity and say with accuracy that this and that and the other one are parents. My wife said I was wrong as usual; the peach we passed today was Boy's school-teacher, while the faded, timid thing was that demon of strong will, a trained nurse.



# A Dance a Week



## Some Further Instruction on the Correct Movements in a Plain Quadrille

Last week we gave a description of movements which ordinarily find place in a plain quadrille. A quadrille is usually made up of four figures, and what was given last week may be regarded as Figure 1 of a quadrille. Printed in ordinary description it would run thus:

Address partners, then corners
First four right and left ..... 8 bars
Balance four ..... 8 bars
Ladies chain ..... 8 bars
Half promenade ..... 4 bars
Half right and left to place ..... 4 bars
All join hands forward and back ..... 4 bars
Turn partners ..... 4 bars

The best method of turning partners is illustrated in Figure 1.

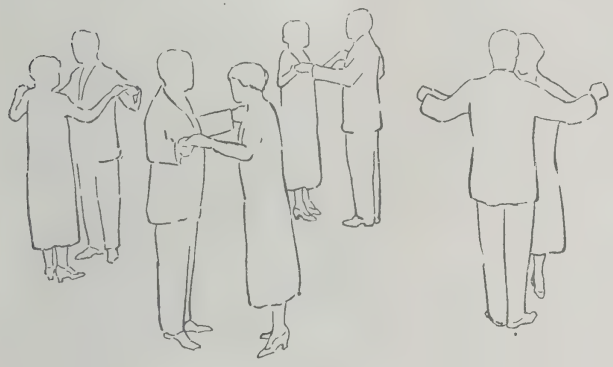


FIGURE 1.

Turn partners ..... 4 bars

All join hands with partners, arms extended, waist high, and walk around, one complete turn.

Couples on the side, repeat all movements.

---

The second part of the quadrille now follows:

WAIT FIRST EIGHT MEASURES

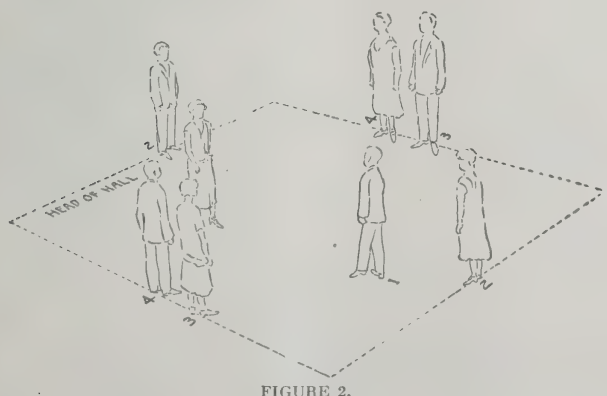



FIGURE 2.

First two forward, swing in center ..... 8 bars

Figure 2 above shows the starting of the movement.

The picture below, swing in the center.

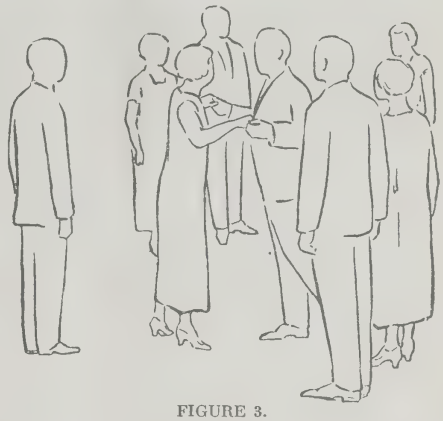


FIGURE 3.

Figure 3 shows first two about to swing in center.



FIGURE 4.

Figure 4—Ladies grand chain.

Four ladies grand chain ..... 8 bars

Four ladies cross right hands, walk half around, drop right hands, give left hand to opposite gentleman, turn one-half around. Each lady then returns to her own place by giving her right hand to the opposite lady, then left hand to partner and turn in place.

The next two forward, swing in center ..... 8 bars

The head gentleman and opposite lady turn in center.

Four gentlemen grand chain ..... 8 bars

Same as for ladies, the gentlemen giving right hands across.

The next two forward, swing in center ..... 8 bars

The next two on the side, farthest from the head couple.

Ladies grand chain ..... 8 bars
The last two forward, turn in center ..... 8 bars
Allemande left ..... 8 bars
All promenade ..... 8 bars

All cross hands with own partner, and promenade around the outside of the set. See Figure 5.



FIGURE 5.

---

Still another part of the quadrille may be danced as follows:

WAIT FIRST EIGHT MEASURES

Eight hands around as in Figure 6..... 8 bars



FIGURE 6.

All join hands, and circle to the left. One complete turn.

Four ladies cross right hands, balance in line.....8 bars

All promenade as in Figure 7..... 8 bars



FIGURE 7.

Cross hands with partner, and promenade in a circle.

Allemande left as in Figure 8..... 8 bars



FIGURE 8.

Each dancer turns back to back with own partner, walks four steps to the corner; meets new partner; they turn each other with right hand. Return four steps to place, and turn own partner with the left hand.

Grand right and left as in Figure 9.....16 bars

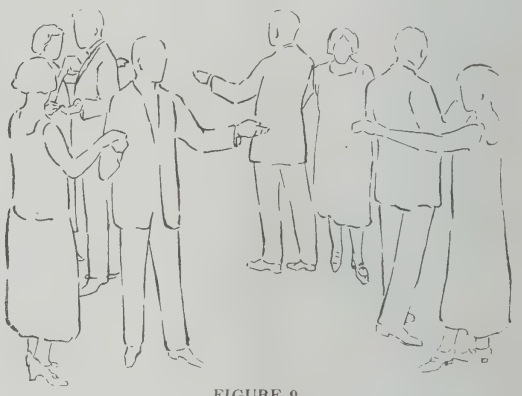


FIGURE 9.

Face partners, salute, then join right hands, gentlemen moving to the right, ladies to the left, passing in opposite directions. Gentleman then drops partner's right hand, and takes next lady's left in his left; next lady's right in his right, and so on, alternating left and right hand in order. When half around, he meets and salutes his partner, gives her his right hand and continues to place. Note: this is a weaving in and out movement, passing to the right of one, to the left of the next, until the complete circle is made.

All balance corners, turn partners asin Figure 10..... 8 bars

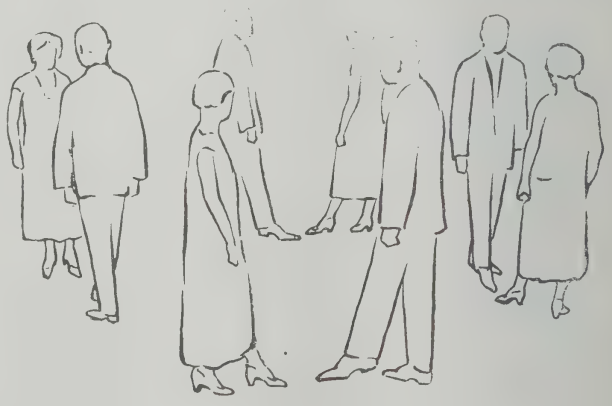


FIGURE 10.

Face corner lady, step to side with right foot, point toe of left foot in front, step to side with left foot, point toe of right foot in front. Turn and face own partner, join hands, waist high, and turn once around.

All promenade to seats..... 8 bars

Couples will cross hands with own partner, chasse a few steps, then link arms with partner and promenade the remaining distance to seats.

# How the Coolidge Cabinet Functions

(*Continued from page 8*)

sent. One of the great tasks of a President is to keep harmony in his Cabinet. Lincoln was peculiar in this respect. While the memoirs of the different members of his Cabinet reveal constant friction and often bitter feeling, none of the members quarreled with the President. Gideon Welles, Lincoln's Secretary of the Navy, in his diary, constantly railed about the evil influences of Seward and Stanton upon the President. Not in a single line does he question the high purpose and sincerity of Lincoln. The same is true of the other members of Lincoln's Cabinet in their accounts of the inside workings of the Administration. They all loved Lincoln, but hated each other.

Almost the reverse is true of the Johnson Administration. The outstanding quarrel which Johnson had with the members of his Cabinet, of course, was the differences he had with his Secretary of War. His removal of Stanton from head of the War Department led to Johnson's impeachment. At least this was the incident which was made an issue by Congress in the impeachment proceedings. However, the other members of Johnson's Cabinet did not have the respect for the President that the office deserved, which brought disaster upon him.

Second only to the troubles in Johnson's Cabinet were those in the Wilson official family. Had he been so disposed, Woodrow Wilson could scarcely have refused to appoint William Jennings Bryan as Secretary of State. The country recognized that it was the fight Bryan made against Tammany Hall in the Baltimore Convention that nominated Wilson. Yet Bryan was temperamentally unfitted to head Wilson's State Department. More than once President Wilson took personal charge of matters in the State Department. This resulted in the estrangement of his former champion in the Baltimore Convention.

No man, with the possible exception of Roosevelt, had a larger personal following than Bryan. From the time that he made the "Crown of Thorns and Cross of Gold" speech in the 1896 convention there was a large body of earnest people who followed him unfalteringly to his grave. His withdrawal from the Cabinet alienated from the Wilson Administration this faction of the Democratic party.

***Colonel House Irritated the Wilson Cabinet***

Colonel House was a constant source of irritation to the Wilson Cabinet. The President handled matters through him which members of the Cabinet thought should come through regular channels. In his letters, Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior in the Wilson Cabinet, revealed that there were very heated discussions in the Cabinet when the country was on the verge of going into war. In one of his letters he said:

"This led to the discussion of the great problem which we were all afraid to raise—why should we send out our ships without guns or convoys. Daniels said: 'We must not convoy—that would be dangerous.' The President said: 'That the country was not willing that we should take any risk of war.' I said that I got no such sentiment out of the country, but if the country knew that our consuls had been treated so outrageously that there would be no question as to the sentiment. This the President took as suggesting that we should work up propaganda of hatred against Germany. Of course, I said I had no such idea, but that I felt that in a democracy the people were entitled to know the facts. McAdoo, Houston, and Redfield joined me. The President turned on them bitterly, especially on McAdoo, and reproached all of us with appealing to the spirit of the Codeduello. We couldn't get the idea out of his head that we were bent on pushing the country into war. Houston talked of resigning after the meeting. McAdoo will—within a year, I believe.

***When Lansing Quarreled With Wilson***

"I do not know whether the President is an internationalist or a pacifist, he seems to be mildly national—his patriotism is covered over with a film of philosophic humanitarianism that certainly doesn't make for 'punch' at such a time as this."

This from Mr. Lane's letters should not be taken to indicate that he was unfriendly to the President. His letters were filled with the most fulsome praise of Woodrow Wilson.

When Wilson went to Europe to attend the Versailles Conference he was entirely out of touch with his Cabinet. During his absence Vice-President Marshall held meetings, but this was only to keep up appearances. When the President returned from Europe in July, 1919, he held a number of meetings of the Cabinet before he left on his western trip, but he did not get a grip on the affairs of his Administration. From that time until March 4, 1921, when his Administration came to a close, on account of his illness, the President did not attend a meeting of his Cabinet. Shortly after Christmas in 1920 Secretary Lansing incurred the displeasure of Woodrow Wilson by calling a Cabinet meeting. This was unprecedented and resulted in Mr. Lansing's estrangement from Mr. Wilson and his retirement from the Cabinet. During this long period of the President's illness, Admiral Grayson, Secretary Tumulty, and Barney Baruch were credited with being the real Cabinet. It was through this trio that the President was reached on all official business until the close of his Administration.

With the election of Harding the Cabinet once more assumed its normal functions. President Harding prided himself on conferring "with the best minds," and in his opinion there were none better than the members of his Cabinet. He established a precedent by calling the Vice-President into Cabinet meetings. Calvin Coolidge, then Vice-President, attended the meetings and was frequently called on for advice. The President emphasized the importance of this and insisted that it was not a mere form or compliment, but that he wanted the Vice-President to come into the official family. The press dwelt much on the fact that Harding had given the Vice-President something to do aside from presiding over the deliberations of the Senate. It was assumed that Harding had inaugurated a new policy which would be followed by his successor, but up to this writing Vice-President Dawes has not been asked to attend a meeting of the Coolidge Cabinet.

There were no serious differences in the Harding Cabinet. It was a happy official family as long as he lived. The oil investigations—which resulted in the retirement of Secretary Fall and Secretary Denby, two members of the Harding Cabinet who were retained by his successor—did not disturb the affairs of the Coolidge Administration. Even the resignation of Attorney-General Daugherty, after the sensational investigation of the Department of Justice, did not create a rift in the Coolidge Cabinet. Coolidge has been remarkably successful in handling his Cabinet under the most trying conditions—which accounts in a great measure for his reëlection.

With the approach of the next Republican convention the question naturally arises as to whether any serious differences will develop in the Coolidge Cabinet. There is a very active group of Hoover partizans who are attempting to impress the country with the idea that the Secretary of Commerce is the overshadowing figure of the Cabinet. Under the plan for the reorganization of the Departments of the Government the functions of the Department of Commerce are to be enlarged. This will give Secretary Hoover increased authority and make him more prominent in the country. Observers around Washington are of the opinion that a foundation for a presidential boom for Hoover is being laid.

How far this will go before it creates dissensions in the Coolidge Cabinet is a matter of much speculation around Washington. The question is being asked as to whether this is being done with the approval of President Coolidge. There is a theory that perhaps after all Calvin Coolidge will not be a candidate to succeed himself but is willing to have his mantle fall on the shoulders of Herbert Hoover.

The Cabinet really holds executive sessions. The newspapers usually carry longer accounts of executive sessions of the Senate than they do of the open sessions. It is assumed that unless the President indicates that he wishes something said about the Cabinet meeting, all of the conversation and the proceedings will be confidential. In one way or another Cabinet proceedings occasionally seep out to the press. But the memoirs of the members of the Cabinet which have been published from time to time show plainly that there is very little of the real discussions that take place made public at the time. When the President announces his decisions on important matters he rarely indicates in any manner whether he has the approval of his Cabinet. It is always assumed that he has unless some member makes a protest by resigning.

***Lincoln Did Not Worry About Cabinet Attendance***

Unless the President advises them otherwise the ten members of the Cabinet are expected to be in their places in the Cabinet Room of the Executive Office at 10:30 a.m. on every Tuesday and Friday. This, of course, is when the President is in Washington. When a member of the Cabinet, on account of illness or some other reason, cannot attend the regular meetings he must notify the White House or send his assistant. The matter of sending his assistant is a matter for the Secretary to decide.

President Lincoln, Gideon Welles' diary indicates, was probably the only Chief Executive who was not concerned with the attendance of the

members of his Cabinet. He never commented upon their absence while Presidents, both before and since then, have not tolerated neglect on the part of members to attend regular meetings. Under the precedents and usages from the foundation of the Government, the Secretary of State occupies a seat on the right of the President, and the Secretary of the Treasury on the left. The Secretary of War comes next, and the other members of the Cabinet in the order that their departments were created by Congress. The Department of Labor was the last created and therefore the Secretary of Labor is at one end of the table and the President at the other.

Promptly at 10:30 the President enters. This was a very formal and ceremonious affair until President Harding established another precedent. When he entered the Cabinet Room he began by shaking hands with the Secretary of State and passed around until he had greeted every member. He frequently interspersed his greetings with inquires concerning their health and their families and other personal matters. President Coolidge has followed this precedent and no doubt it will be continued as long as the President and members are on speaking terms. This would have been a very painful function for President Johnson during the stormy days of his Administration. There are no clerks, messengers, or any one except the members of the Cabinet in the room during these regular sessions. No record is kept of anything that is said.

If the President has any matter involving the policies of his Administration upon which he desires to seek advice he announces it sometimes in an informal manner and other times by reading a part of his message to Congress or speech which he intends to deliver. In making comments or suggestions the Secretary of State is expected to speak first. If he has nothing to suggest or no comment to make he indicates either in words or by the nod of his head. The others follow in the order in which they are seated, the Secretary of Labor being the last to speak. If the President has nothing to lay before the Cabinet he calls for suggestions or reports from the members beginning with the Secretary of State and continuing until he reaches the Secretary of Labor.

A member of the Cabinet who is expecting to take any action which would affect another department, or two or more departments, is supposed to bring the subject up at a meeting of the Cabinet. Frequently, also, a member at a previous meeting has been instructed by the President to investigate some subject and report to the Cabinet. Business is not transacted under heads like in lodges and societies, but the whole proceedings are informal. The President it is assumed will direct the line along which he proposes discussions shall be conducted.

There are times in every Administration when the President is under the impression that a member of the Cabinet is planning to bring up a subject at a meeting which is loaded with high explosives. He may fear that its consideration at that particular time will create friction and might lead to resignations. It is just such situations that require careful handling to avoid embarrassing developments in the councils of the President's advisers, which might not only affect the Cabinet, but extend to the party and Congress.

With this thought in mind Presidents have been known quietly to guide the discussions into what appears to be unimportant channels and waste the entire session while some member may be anxious to bring up what he thinks is of the utmost importance. Often this becomes apparent to other members who follow the lead of the President and discuss trivial matters.

At the close of each session it is the invariable custom for the President to announce that if any member has matters to bring up which are not of general interest to the Cabinet he will be pleased to see him in his office. The same order of precedence is observed by the Cabinet in calling at the President's office after the adjournment. The Secretary of State goes in first and if he is the aggrieved party who wanted to bring up some objectionable matter the President then has an opportunity to make plain his objections to the consideration of the subject in open Cabinet meeting at that time. In like manner the President will have an opportunity for a confidential talk with other members of his official family which may be of the highest importance after the close of the regular Cabinet meeting.

The thousands of letters that pour in daily upon the White House are referred to the members of the Cabinet. More and more each year the people, not only of the United States, but in far-off Alaska, Porto Rico, Panama, the Philippines, and Guam, are calling on the President to regulate their affairs. Recently there have been appeals to President Coolidge to lighten the burden of city, county and state taxation. By the White House correspondence one might reach the conclusion that a majority of the people have forgotten that they have any state or local officials. Representative Gallivan, of Massachusetts, provoked even the dry members of Congress to laughter by suggesting that President Coolidge should arm himself with an automatic pistol and go out and enforce Prohibition. Mr. Gallivan must have been reading some of the letters which have been received recently at the White House.

The handling of the President's correspondence is, however, a serious problem, and is treated seriously by the President and Cabinet members. Work of classifying the letters is started systematically by a force of clerks. The crank letters are eliminated. There are cranks who have written weekly letters to the President for years; some of them are still writing to Roosevelt.

Letters which apparently come from thoughtful and well-informed men and women are referred to the proper member of the Cabinet for investigation and suggestions. Form letters are stopped at their source. If a small group who are pouring thousands of letters into the White House think they are deceiving anyone it is suggested that they revise their opinions. During the last session of Congress, Secretary of War Weeks discovered that about twenty-five per cent of form letters being sent in by a pacific group bore no addresses and the signatures were strikingly similar. Evidently the men who were hired to sign these letters by using names from the telephone directory had done a very bunglesome job.

Of course, everyone connected with the Administration, from the President down, desires to keep in touch with the drift of public sentiment, but in order to do this they must carefully analyze the White House correspondence. It is recognized that these letters, as well as the press, are the barometer of sentiment in the country. The problem is to read the barometer correctly.

This subject is frequently brought up at Cabinet meetings. A secretary to whom a certain class of letters has been referred makes his report on them. Other members of the Cabinet comment freely on the subject with a view to giving the letters the acid test.

Thus through his Cabinet—his Council of Advisers—his general staff, the President is not only endeavoring to administer the ever-increasing complications of the government but to determine what the people think of the job.

## The Mount of the Holy Cross



The Mount of the Holy Cross is a celebrated peak of the Rocky Mountains, situated in Eagle County, Colorado, about 75 miles southwest of Denver. It derives its name from two snow-filled ravines which cross each other at right angles and present from a distance the appearance of a white cross.

# With Children—Around the World



A sunny smile in Sweden. This young miss from Leksand (Dalecarlia) is cordial to the camera.





School days in Kashmir (in circle). Education for this lad consists largely in the ability to read the Koran and to write passages in Arabic.



Gay raiment. Very serious in all his finery is this Hungarian boy, but his sister seems to have the saving grace of a sense of humor.



Tiny Italian Maud Muller "on a summer's day..." busily engaged in raking hay, and glad to have almost anyone pass that way.



Bound for church. And it is hard to tell which member of this little Dutch family is most intent on getting there on time.

THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL

THE sinew and heart of man seems to be drawn out, and we are become timorous, desponding whimperers. We are afraid of truth, afraid of fortune, afraid of death, afraid of each other. We are parlor soldiers. The rugged battle of fate, where strength is won, we shun. If our young men miscarry in their first enterprises they lose all heart. A sturdy lad from New Hampshire, or Vermont, who in turn tries all the professions, who *teams it, farms it, peddles*, keeps a school, preaches, edits a newspaper, goes to Congress, buys a township and so forth, in successive years, and always like a cat falls on his feet, is worth a hundred of these city dolls.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

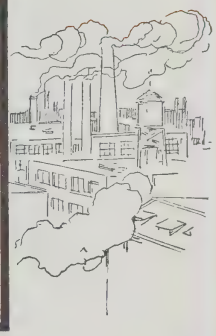
DFA

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Vol. 26 No. 20 MARCH 6, 1926 $1.50 a Year







## Why Farms Are Deserted

By DONALD A. LAIRD

## *Who Is Babbitt?* "I Am!" Says Sinclair Lewis

## *Never Lost a War,* But Never Won a Conference

By E. B. JOHNS

## The World With the Church

By DUNCAN MACCONNELL

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

# BRIEFLY TOLD

Snow was hauled to cover roads of Southern Alaska and British Columbia for the first time in civilized history.

Frosted knees have given the short skirt a setback in England where the residents have been experiencing unusually cold weather.

People in the rural districts of Sweden slip off their wooden shoes when they come into the house, where they walk in their stockinged feet.

Fowls fed on a ration of white flour by the Public Health Service soon died of beriberi, while other similar fowls fed on whole wheat showed no signs of disease.

When identical twins are born one is naturally right-handed and the other left-handed.



Luminous night-sticks for Paris traffic policemen are the latest thing in safety.

The dulcimer is the first musical instrument mentioned in the Bible.

The annual license fee for an auto in Japan is more than $200 and gasoline sells for 40 cents a gallon.

In some parts of Saxony, a bright-colored extra dress thrown over the shoulders of a peasant mother serves as a shawl in which to carry her baby.

Since remote times the surgeons of India have used the mandibles of ants as sutures for closing the edges of wounds.

In some German cities in the Ruhr district most of the milk delivery wagons are pulled by dog teams.

Carpets of paper yarn are being introduced in this country.

English is the leading speech of the world, being spoken by 180,000,000. German is second with 120,000,000.

Modern war paint cost a wealthy young Osage beauty $363 for a six-month period. Such accouterments as powder puffs, hair nets, lipsticks, rouge, shampoos and cold creams were included.

China contributed to the horticulture of Florida the Satsuma orange and the tung tree.



An early stagecoach line between Boston and New York advertised that passengers reaching Hartford at three o'clock in the morning would be allowed to "sleep in their seats" until five.

The jewels used as bearings in better grade watches are usually sapphires or rubies; those in cheaper watches are garnet; and in the lowest grade ordinary rock crystal is employed.

Electric fans are installed in almost every office in Greek towns such as Athens, Piraeus, Salonica, Patras and Delos.

The 20 bells set in the belfry of Grace Church, New York City, are rung regularly by a woman.

The umbrella was introduced into Scotland in 1780 by an Edinburgh surgeon.

Ringling Brothers began their circus career by showing a goat called Billy Rainbow at an admission charge of one cent.

Cancer is quite as common among dogs as among men.

Shortly before Columbus discovered America, sugar sold for $2.75 a pound in London.



A lioness that had taken refuge in a tree ten feet from the ground was shot and killed by Americans armed only with bows and arrows.

The clatter of French heels in a Paris subway transfer station is not unlike that of a flock of sheep running up a concrete gangway.

Mark Twain had his hair massaged daily up to the time of his death.

Synthetic beefsteaks made from cottonseed are forecast.

Nina Bang is the first woman to become a member of the Danish cabinet and is said to be the most efficient one in it.

Seven new species of barnacles have been discovered along the Pacific Coast by United States Government scientists.

Kerosene is now replacing electricity on buoys, barge canals, and in railway signaling. Certain special lamps will burn continuously for a year without attention.

Because of its effect on traffic, a London man was recently arrested for whistling to stop a taxi driver.

The harp is to adorn the new Irish Free State coins, which will replace British currency in the South of Ireland.



There is a shrine opposite the consulate of the Kashgar oasis in Chinese Turkestan that is frequented only by women and girls who pray for rich husbands.

Malay parents never punish their children.

Only eleven survivors of the Mexican War, all of them more than 95 years old, are on the rolls of the United States Pension Bureau.

A part of a primitive human skull has been found forty-two feet below the surface in excavations for Lloyd's on the historic site of the East India House in London.

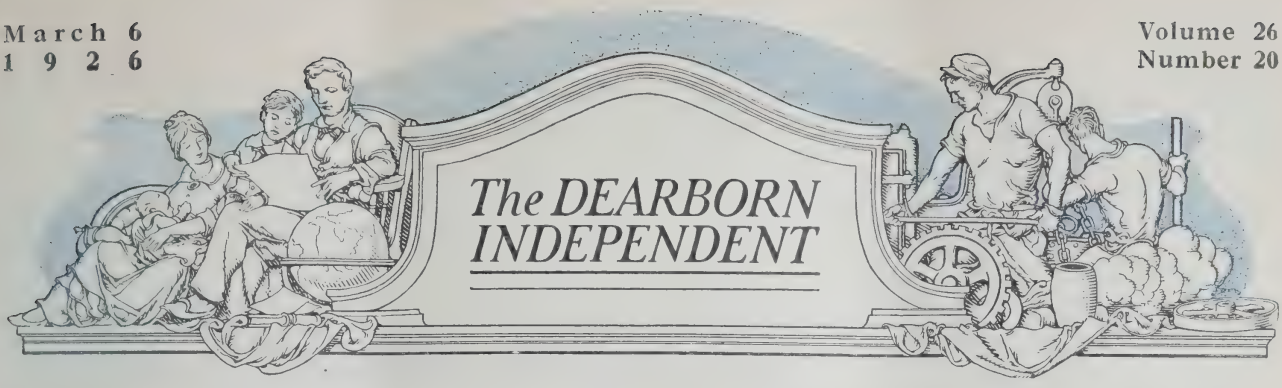
A huge 40-ton glacial boulder, dug from the University of Wisconsin campus, will be used as a base for a tablet in honor of Dr. T. C. Chamberlain, the geologist who gave the names to most of the glacial drift areas in the United States.

A famous Arabian geographer, born in A. D. 1100, was named Abu-Abdallah Mohammed Ibn-Mohammed Ibn Abdallah Ibn-Edrisi.

Galesville, Wisconsin has a curling team composed of men all over seventy years old, but this team often wins in competition with teams from neighboring towns.

March 6
1 9 2 6

Volume 26
Number 20




# THE ESSENCE OF THIS ISSUE:

Mr. Ford's Page this week deals with the outlawry of liquor.

Sinclair Lewis is "Babbitt"! Impossible? Not at all—*he says he is!* It is an extraordinary and delightful tale that Dr. Stidger tells of Sinclair Lewis, author of *Main Street*. Lewis is the direct antithesis of the man the "highbrow intellectuals" think he is. Saddest of blows he is an honorary member of Kiwanis. (p. 2)

The United States was stripped of virtually every vestige of naval superiority by English and Japanese diplomats at the Washington Arms Conference. In the name of peace our delegates made such astounding concessions that even now their full import is not realized. Valiant in war Americans well may be, but around the peace table they have been uniformly ineffectual. And now America, which maintains one of the smallest armies, is invited to another disarmament conference by the skillful European politicians! (p. 3)

This country is experiencing an agricultural revolution comparable to the great industrial upheaval of the past century. Through the process of economic elimination, many inferior farmers are being forced into industry where the demands are not so severe and where they are able to earn a better livelihood. Through this transition, as Dr. Laird points out, farms are passing into the hands of men who operate them on a scientific and productive basis. (p. 12)

The Child Labor Amendment again—this time disguised in sheep's clothing as a District of Columbia welfare act. Professional friends of the child, well paid and well organized, are again striving for paternalistic and socialistic legislation. An apparently innocuous *local* bill that has dangerous *national* possibilities. (p. 6)

Amid the blinding competition of the day many pastors, eager to fill their churches, are stressing entertainment to the sacrifice of true religious instruction. But they can only conquer competition in their own field. (p. 5)

## CONTENTS

Honestly—Who Is Babbitt? "It's Me!" *Says Sinclair Lewis* - - - - - - - - - - 2
*William L. Stidger*
Never Lost a War But Never Won a Conference 3
*E. B. Johns*
The World With the Church - - - - - - - 5
*Duncan Macconnell*
The Radical Trail in Welfare Laws - - - - 6
*Marian Bruce Clark*
When Coolidge Talked Against His Will - - 7
*Bernard G. Priestley*
Oldest Bible Manuscript in the World - - - 8
*Henry A. Sanders*
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
Why Farms Are Deserted - - - - - - - - 12
*Donald A. Laird, Ph. D.*
When I Was With Bryan in the 1908 Campaign 13
*James Schermerhorn*
France From a Third-Class Car Window - - 16
*Gaius Glenn Atkins*
Rescuing the Survivors From Wrangel Island 22
*Burt M. McConnell*
War Makes Stunted Children - - - - - - 28
*Albert Ernest Jenks*
A Dance a Week—"Grand Pa's Favorite" - - 31

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer; C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

It is an epic of the North—this story of the rescue of the survivors of the Stefansson Canadian Expedition from Wrangel Island. Had not the rescuers been successful in their last desperate dash, the men would have perished miserably, as did some of their comrades. Burt M. McConnell, leader of the little party that finally reached the bleak shores of the Arctic island, gives a graphic account of the heroic venture. (p. 22)

Across France in a third-class *wagon*. On one side of us a sturdy driver, his cattle safe at market and the merry jingle of coins in his smock; on the other a gay young soldier *en permission*, very blithe and handsome in his uniform of horizon blue; near at hand a woman in black, holding on her knees a blinking rabbit in a wire cage. The little train rattles along or draws up, puffing importantly, beside a tiny station. Surely the best way to tour the country. And Dr. Atkins did it just that way. (p. 16)

The Presidential campaign of 1908—Bryan, home from Europe, chosen standard-bearer of the Democratic party for the third and last time—the sweltering Denver convention! At his home in Lincoln, Nebraska, Bryan heard over long-distance wire the cheers that greeted his victory. Some more of James Schermerhorn's reminiscences. (p. 13)

So successful have been the efforts to piece together the fragments of papyrus comprising the oldest known manuscript of the Old Testament in existence that whole pages are now legible. Dr. Sanders, who told in the October 31 issue of the discovery of the relic, now gives us more information concerning the manuscript itself, describing particularly the meticulous care taken in restoring and preserving it. (p. 8)

The ancients pictured Atlas as bearing the world on his shoulders, and had they desired to know the weight of the earth, they would no doubt have consulted an oracle. We of modern times, less mystic perhaps but more practical, place a few delicate instruments in a subterranean room and make our deductions. (p. 30)

Who are the real victims of war? Women and children—particularly children, for on them rest the burdens of the future. Startling facts of the actual physical detriment caused children by war conditions are set forth by Dr. Albert E. Jenks, noted anthropologist. (p. 28)

A little-known side of Calvin Coolidge. We have heard much about the President's reticence. Here is an incident wherein he broke his proverbial silence to help a reporter get a good story. (p. 7)

Dissimilar rulings in similar cases! Just what system is the Treasury Department at Washington operating under, when it will hand down one decision in one case and a different one in another? And why should these dissimilar decisions be shrouded in questionable secrecy? The matter will be discussed soon in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.50 A YEAR in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year. Single copy, ten cents.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

# Honestly—Who Is Babbitt? "IT'S ME!" *Says Sinclair Lewis*

IN AN INTERVIEW WITH
WILLIAM L. STIDGER

SINCLAIR LEWIS has been my house-guest for two weeks. Just how much of a "Babbitt" is Mr. Lewis?

He likes to sit in a bathtub of hot water and shave himself with a safety-razor. That was one of George Babbitt's habits. I caught him at it the first night he stayed in our home and made him admit that this is where he got the idea of his realtor hero shaving in the tub.

"Who's there?" I yelled at him one night when I was uncertain as to whether it was our guest or a burglar who was wandering about the hallways about two a. m.

And he yelled back: "It's me!"

"Yes, Mr. Babbitt," I replied, "*'It's me!'* That's just how us Babbitts say it; never 'It's I!' "

Upon which Mr. Lewis put up a convincing argument that "It's me!" is even better than "It is I!" At least it is used so universally that it has become authoritative. However unconvincing his argument was, he did most successfully convince me that he is one of us Babbitts.

Mr. Lewis also does not hesitate to split an infinitive whenever he so desires. It inspires no holy horror in his breast. In fact, one would say that he dotes on splitting infinitives.

George Babbitt, realtor by profession, was an incessant smoker. He decided many times to quit smoking cigarets. So does Sinclair Lewis, but he probably has not got very far as yet. He testifies that he swears off on an average of thirty times a month. George Babbitt, you remember, bought a cigar lighter and put it on his automobile, "kidding" himself that it was for his customers' use.

It has been a great delight to my daughter to have the lighter on our automobile put to some use for the first time. Mr. Sinclair Lewis-Babbitt dedicated our cigar lighter officially the first night of his visit. That was a great event in this household.

When *Babbitt* was first published, a man by the name of George Babbitt protested at the use of his name, but, in the spirit of good sportsmanship, let the book go on.

"Every book I have written," says Mr. Lewis, "brings letters from dozens of men who bitterly denounce me, declaring that I have written them up; that I have ruined them; that they are going to sue me; that they will force me to make a written apology! Somebody is forever tackling me in towns that I visit, to tell me that I have pictured perfectly a certain man they know in their home town.

"One of the more recent complaints was cabled from Paris. This individual said that he was going to take the next steamer to New York and punch my head. Transatlantic service must be getting disgraceful—that was in October and here it is February, and he hasn't arrived yet."

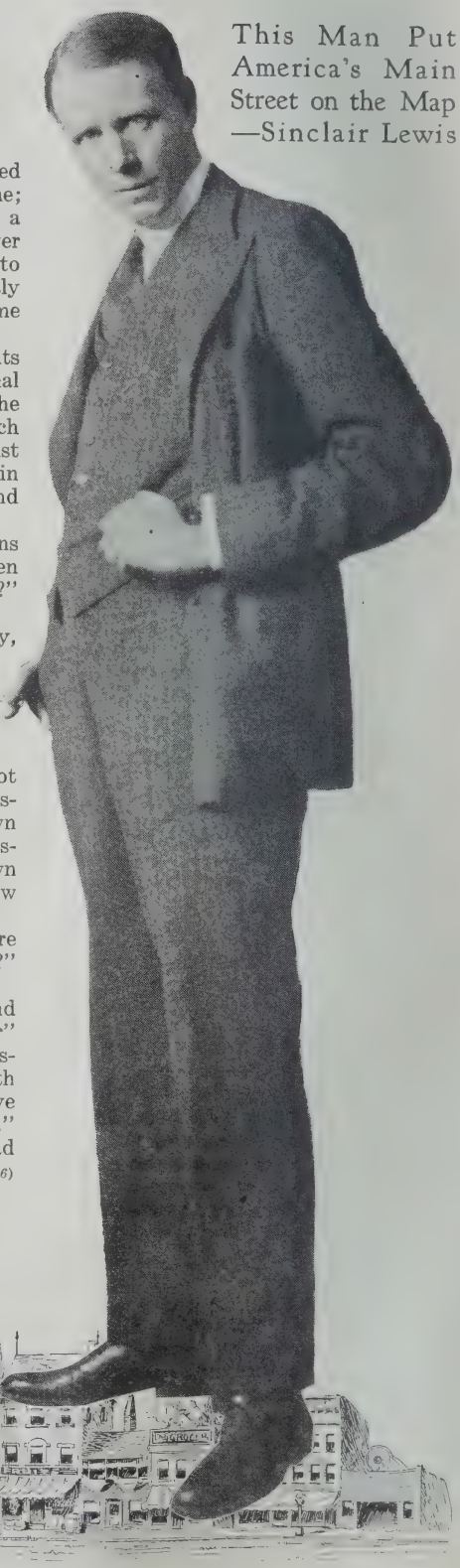
"What do you say to these persons who complain that you have written them up as characters in your books?" I asked him.

"To the more violent ones I say, 'Don't flatter yourself. My original for Babbitt is Mr. Sinclair Lewis, whom you see standing humbly before you this very minute. The book is largely autobiographical.' "

The truth is that Mr. Lewis is not a highbrow sitting up on the cross-beams of the ship of life, looking down upon us ordinary mortals with a disdainful grin. He is, to use his own words as spoken to me, "not a highbrow critic of American banalities."

"Do you think that Babbitts are really so bad, after all, Mr. Lewis?" I asked him.

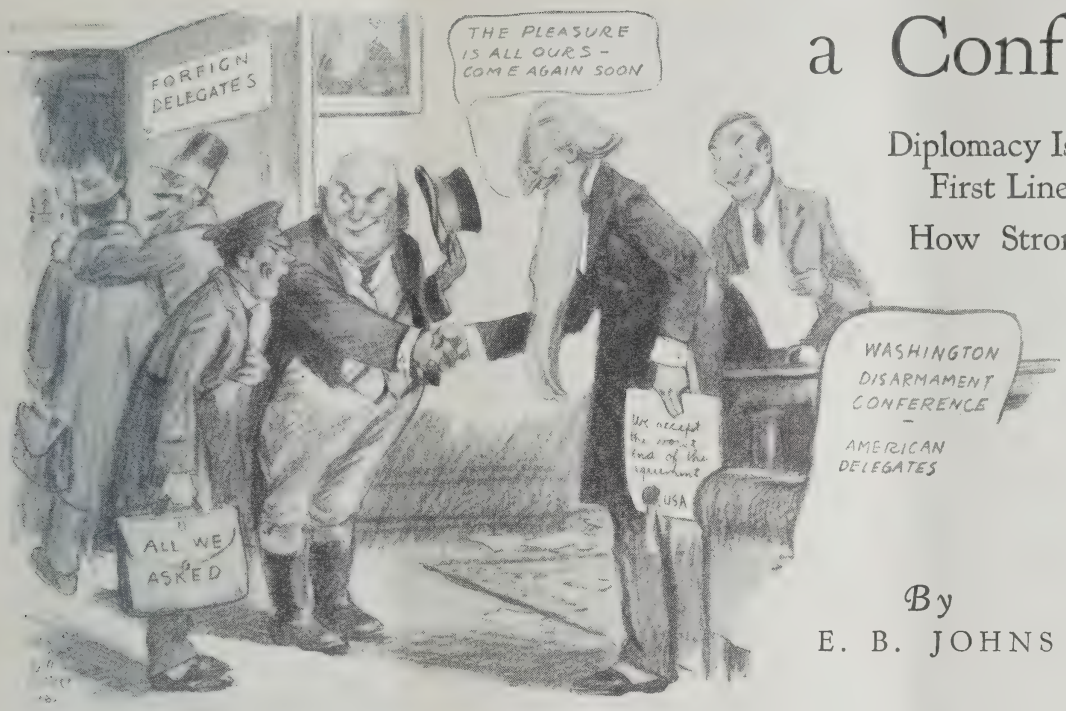
I knew what he had satirically and bitingly written about the "Go-Getter" business man and I recalled his dastardly digs at the average "Zenith Athletic Club"—"The Z. A. C.—five thousand members; three athletes." I knew the spots of derision he had smeared on the spiritual (*Concluded on page 26*)



This Man Put America's Main Street on the Map —Sinclair Lewis



# Never Lost a War But Never Won a Conference




## Diplomacy Is the Nation's First Line of Defense

## How Strong Are We?

By E. B. JOHNS

THE Disarmament Conference at Washington was a complete success—for the foreign Powers concerned. Nearly all their demands were conceded, while they yielded little or nothing. Mr. Johns tells the story in this number. Next week he will further pursue the matter.

WITH a record of never winning in diplomacy and never losing in war, the American delegates are attending the preparatory meeting at Geneva for another Arms Conference. As diplomacy is the nation's first line of defense, this is a serious indictment, but the history of all the negotiations participated in by this country at the close of a war, or otherwise, sustains it.

The only American foreign policy that has ever contributed materially to the peace of the world and the honor of the flag is the Monroe Doctrine. Still, this was not the result of a diplomatic conference, but a dictum of President Monroe. If an international conference had been called to develop such a policy, it would have broken all American precedents if anything like such a clear doctrine had been adopted. Even as it is diplomats, both of this country and other governments, have attempted at various times to befog it with strange and unusual constructions.

As the result of a diplomatic conference the American Government cannot fix the rate of toll for the Panama Canal. The Panama Canal is as much an American enterprise as the dredging of the Mississippi River or the Great Lakes channels. It is simply the largest river and harbor project that this government or any other government has carried through to a successful conclusion. It was built by American enterprise with American money, and through American soil. There is no more logic in denying the right of Congress to charge foreign ships tolls and allow American ships the free use of the canal, than to enact coastwise shipping laws.

Despite this, although President Wilson had in two campaign speeches made a promise that the canal would be free to American ships, after he had been elected he sent a special message to Congress urging the defeat of such legislation. President Wilson found that the canal was so deeply entangled by treaties that he could not carry out his promises made in good faith to the American people and at the same time keep the spirit of the treaties.

The War of 1812 was fought for the rights of American seamen. According to historians the United States won the war. There is nothing in the treaty of peace made with Great Britain at the conclusion of the war to show that this country had a just cause for war. Great Britain did not concede in the treaty that she did not have the right to impress American seamen.

What really happened at the Washington Arms Conference, which is the forerunner of the proposed conference, has never been told. There is British authority for the statement that the American version of the negotiations was not made public at the time, and evidently the time has not yet arrived when the American delegates care to talk of the inside workings of the conference.

Mr. Wickham Steed, famous London editor, quoted in the Montreal *Statesman*, is kind and frank enough to tell us that the American delegates did not take the country into their confidence. He said:

"The American delegates refused to give out any news during the conference. They left this whole matter with the British publicity agent, Lord Riddell, and I am not giving away any state secrets when I say that when Lord Riddell left Washington there was general lamentation among the American and other correspondents, who wondered where they would proceed to get the real news. That may have been quixotic on the part of the Americans, but rather than be under any suspicion of using their press to turn public opinion against nations with whom they may have had differences, they did this, and the American delegates were absolutely and honorably silent."

There is no doubt that "the American delegates were absolutely and honorably silent" during and at the conclusion of the conference. They have been "absolutely and honorably silent" since that time on the various debt cancellation proposals that were made at the conference by the "high contracting parties" when they arrived in Washington. The treaty itself made no reference to European indebtedness to this country, but the terms of the debt settlements are sufficient evidence of a gentleman's agreement which must have been entered into in the secret sessions. What was promised the European countries before they entered into the treaties is being written into the debt settlements. It would have been suicidal for the American delegates at that time, or since, even to breathe that such a condition as even a partial cancellation of debts was promised at the Arms Conference.

To begin with, *the Washington Arms Conference originated in Europe.* It is not necessary to cite any evidence on this point, as it is generally admitted. President Harding was carefully led up to a point where he was willing to call the conference. He was lauded for this act as a promoter of peace. The politicians in the Republican party were convinced that it was a master stroke that would assure his reëlection. A failure of the conference on the other hand, the politicians feared, would spell disaster for Harding and the Republican party.

***Britain and the Supremacy of the Sea***

President Harding played great politics in naming the Democratic leader of the Senate, Senator Underwood, as a delegate to the conference. The Democratic party fell into the game with the Republicans. A prospect of a reduction of the cost of maintaining the Navy appealed so strongly to the tax-burdened and war-wearied people of the country that the politicians feared to question the wisdom of the conference.

After the agreement was reached at the conference, President Harding and the Republican leaders were forced to defend it. The next presidential election was the controlling factor for the American delegates during all the negotiations. They did not realize, or think of, the effects that the nogotiations would have on the welfare and the defenses of the nation for all time. The delegates from other countries were fully aware of this situation and took advantage of it. The conference had been carefully timed so that the American delegates on account of political considerations would be forced to accept almost any terms rather than to see the conference break up without an agreement.

When the British delegates sat down at the conference table, for the first time in centuries Britain's supremacy of the sea was threatened. The completion of what was known as the 1916 Naval Program would have made Uncle Sam the master of the seas. Britannia would no longer "rule the waves." It could not, by any process of diplomatic reasoning, be construed that the 1916 program was an after-war threat of the United States. It was all worked out previous to the war, but the developments of the great conflict made it impossible for Great Britain to match it in battle construction. Even if her finances would have permitted it, Great Britain could not have overtaken the program of 1916, as the keels of most of the ships had been laid. The American program was so far advanced that Great Britain could not have overtaken it if she had filled all of her yards with warships.

When the war closed the battleship tonnage of the British fleet was about 972,750, while that of the United States was 814,500. This on paper gave Great Britain an advantage, but the difference in tonnage was more than overcome by the fact that the American ships in commission were more modern and had heavier gun power. This, however, was not what alarmed Great Britain, but the thirteen American capital ships of 552,800 tonnage that were under construction, some of which were nearing completion. Four of these capital ships were battle cruisers with a speed and range of guns not matched by any other warships afloat or even projected. With the completion of the 1916 program there were naval experts who believed that the American fleet would have actually equaled in strength the combined British and Japanese fleets. The whole story of its battleship strength is not told even by its great tonnage. Under the plans of the Navy Department all the lessons of the war were being incorporated into the new ships. It was confidentially stated around the department that one of the new battleships would be equal to three of the pre-war capital ships. The British intelligence service was well informed on this and, although the United States had just rescued Europe from the German war machine, British diplomacy, which knows no friends, when the control of the seas is involved, was determined at all costs to stop the American battleship construction.

***America's Sacrifice in Interests of World Peace***

The British delegates came to Washington to make more secure the feature of the British Empire. The same attitude was assumed by the Japanese, French, and the representatives of other countries. They could see peace only through increasing the relative strength of their navies.

Not so with the American delegates. Secretary Hughes thrilled the world with the generosity of his proposal. He announced in effect that America was willing to give up the control of the seas in the interests of peace. It almost amounted to a confession that America was not to be trusted with the power on the seas which had been held by Great Britain for centuries. The replies from the other powers on that day left no doubt in this country that Secretary Hughes' proposal would be accepted. It is doubtful, even at this late date, whether the majority of the people in this country realize that Secretary Hughes' proposals were not accepted by the other powers, but that *they demanded and got more than he offered.*

***When America Scrapped Her Battleships***

The Hughes plan placed a limitation on all types of warships. The other powers accepted limitations only on battleships. It was in battleships that the American navy was supreme. The limitations stopped just where America was strong and in such a manner as again to turn over to Great Britain the control of the seas. In cruisers and all other auxiliaries, with the exception of destroyers, the British Navy was superior. Even Japan was superior in cruisers.

The net result was while the American modern battle fleet has been scrapped, the race on cruisers, submarines, and other types, excepting aircraft carriers, continues at an increased speed, despite the asserted poverty of Great Britain and Japan. In this race no one who has a slight acquaintance with naval affairs will contend that America has got away from the starting post. The United States has now in commission *ten* (10) light modern cruisers of the type not limited by the treaty, with a tonnage of 75,000. The British Empire has *thirty-eight* (38), with a tonnage of 179,190; and the Japanese Empire, *sixteen* (16) with a tonnage of 82,210. Those authorized and appropriated for are: the United States, *two* (2) with a tonnage of 20,000; Great Britain, *thirteen* (13) with a tonnage of 125,100; and Japan, *nine* (9) with a tonnage of 73,995.

If the light cruiser tonnage were placed on the basis proposed by Secretary Hughes, Great Britain and the United States would be entitled to maintain 304,290 tons, and Japan 182,574 tons. The British Empire now has in commission and authorized just the treaty strength of 304,290. This includes two 10,000-ton cruisers being built by Australia. To attain her treaty ratio Japan only requires three cruisers of a tonnage of 26,359, above her strength in commission, under construction,

(Concluded on page 19)



# The World With the Church

## To Lead the Coming Generations, the Church Must Be Sure It Is Leading the Age

By DUNCAN MACCONNELL

THERE is no big business in the United States receiving such earnest supervision and direction, served with such a multitude of minds and hands, so untroubled for ordinary and extraordinary revenues, as the American church. Yet almost any other great enterprise or institution of our people is more conspicuously successful in carrying out the purpose which it arose to serve.

The American theater is a place of public entertainment. The American school is an institution for education.

***We Must Expect Changes in Church Methods***

The shop is a shop, and the newspaper a newspaper. But the stranger in a city does not know, when he crosses an unknown church threshold, whether he is expected to recognize a supernatural institution with a supernatural message, or whether he is entering a lecture room devoted to current topics in that same careworn outside world from which he came.

We must expect external changes in church buildings and methods, as they have come in theater and school buildings and in newspaper establishments. No new magic of lighting or stage illusion will transform a theater into a bank or a political convention. No modernization of a chemical laboratory can make a school into a mining camp. And no new methods of steel-girder construction, no innovations of organization, no leisure hour rapid reading of popular sociologies, can change the purposes of the church or the original simple tests of its success.

The time has come for this Christian nation, cherishing a spiritual constitution as well as a secular one, to consider the danger of a great failure in the higher side of our national enterprise. We are going forward by reserves of accumulated strength, according to the ancient promise by which mercy is kept for thousands of generations. We are advancing be-

***College Graduates for Sunday School Teaching***

cause the main body of the laity in the churches, and a vast proportion of the laity outside of the churches, cherish the principles of their religious inheritance as they cherish the primary liberties of our Constitution. They learned to love these principles of truth under old-fashioned preachers, just as they learned to appreciate the principles of liberty under old-fashioned Fourth of July orators.

The American churches thus still hold a spiritual prestige, despite the gaudy fashions of the world in the themes of the pulpit and the music of the choir.

But if the church is to lead the coming generations as it led those of old, it must be sure it is leading the age, and not following. It cannot successfully compete with the theater as a place of entertainment, or with the lecture platform as a rostrum of oratory, or with the newspaper as a commentator on world topics.

In one very large metropolitan church an order recently went forth that all teachers in the Sunday school or Bible school should be college graduates. This is a good example of following the age, instead of leading it. The present period is devoted to education. But this demand for college graduates to teach babies golden texts is certainly very different from the Apostolic age, when character was preferred to what passes for culture without reference to character.

***The Bible May Be an Unknown Book***

The church in question probably had no difficulty in finding college graduates enough to fill the roster of teachers. But that same church has been trying for several years to find a man or a woman qualified to teach the English Bible to a class of adults. By a Bible teacher we mean one who knows the Bible as an algebra teacher knows algebra. The teacher thus sought has not been found, and in any ordinary metropolitan congregation would be very hard to find—but there can be no trouble finding college graduates.

The Sunday school in question, of course, may expect to interest children, or adults, in the literary study of the Bible. If one thing is certain in this age, it is that we cannot interest people of today in the merely literary study of anything. The English Bible is great literature, but the reason for its power is not in its literary value but in its long prestige of spiritual authority. The Bible is an unknown book today to a great number of our literary men—allusions to it and citations from it even by professors of rhetoric are often grotesque. This is not because these men do not appreciate literature, but because of the spread of an indolent skepticism. If the Bible were only literature there would be no prestige to consider.

***International Peace as Main Theme***

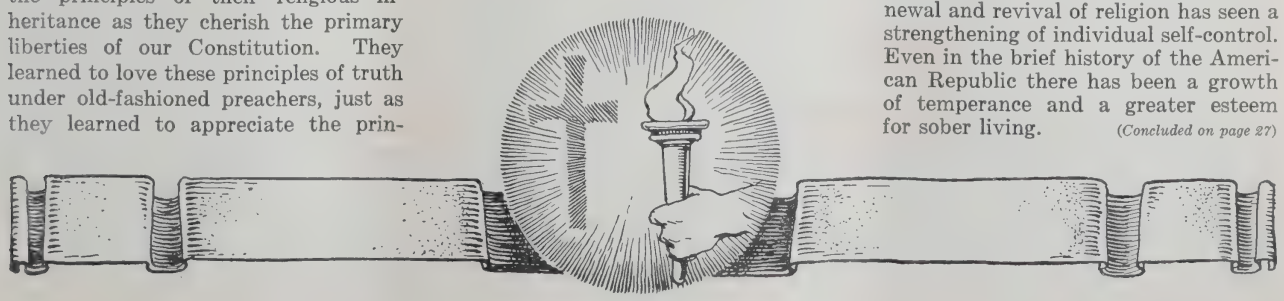
Literature does not often attain and never long maintains even a mediocre moral authority. College graduates in a Sunday school will have hard work to induce juveniles to memorize a rhapsody of *Isaiah* as their fathers mastered the Ten Commandments, when they were told these were written on tables of stone by the finger of God.

We have centered attention for some moments on a single Sunday school, but we can look at the same principles in operation in a larger field. If one were to inquire today what is the chief question men of the world are asking of men of the church, it is, "What about prohibition?" And, on the other hand, if we were to ask what is the chief question the pulpits of the churches of America are discussing, the reply would be, "international peace." And these are both, in their present aspect, secular rather than religious questions. The degree in which the desire of religious men will be carried out in these directions depends on how well the primary work of the church is done in the nurture of individual souls.

***Christianity Has Advanced Temperance***

The churches of Christendom have uniformly taught temperance, as a virtue, and have condemned intemperance as a vice. This has not been intemperance in drinking only, but in eating, in amusement, in fine clothing, and in other things. And there can be no doubt that under the influence of Christianity a steady advance in temperance has been made. Every great period of renewal and revival of religion has seen a strengthening of individual self-control. Even in the brief history of the American Republic there has been a growth of temperance and a greater esteem for sober living.

(Concluded on page 27)



# The Radical Trail in Welfare Laws

## Uplifter Lobbies Menace Progress Through Secret Manipulation of New Legislation

By MARIAN BRUCE CLARK

THE Child! The Child! The battle for the child! Of all legislative battles in history none has within its grasp more potential possibilities for evil than the efforts now being made for the radical control of children under sixteen years of age in the United States.

The recent activities in Washington of a lobby of professional social workers from New York State to supplement the District of Columbia Mothers' Pension Bill, by a bill drawn in New York, by New Yorkers and for obviously ulterior purposes, requires attention. The local aspect of the situation may be briefly described in the words of the chairman of the Washington Welfare Commission who says:

"Helplessness of the District of Columbia to obtain beneficial legislation of any sort was never so forcibly demonstrated as during the past few weeks, when a group of New York social workers have about succeeded in scrapping this city's carefully prepared Mothers' Assistance Bill in favor of one of their own vintage . . . The Mothers' Assistance Bill deals only with the people of the District of Columbia and the cost of giving it effect will come entirely from the taxes of the District. Consequently, no other part of the country is concerned in it except as one state may be interested in the local legislation of another state."

Why New York's maternal interest in the District of Columbia?

A District of Columbia Act is a Federal Act, however local in its primary intent it is, because the D. of C. is governed by Acts of Congress superseding all state law. An Act of Congress pertaining to the District of Columbia may be amended to repeal any or all of its purely local provisions and assume all of the force of Federal legislation applicable to all the states, second only to a constitutional amendment.

If, therefore, the District Committee would look beneath the surface for the underlying motive of the New York lobbyists, it would be found that the innocent appearing "separate agency" clause in the New York bill for the adoption of which they are making such a desperate fight, may be amended at the next session of Congress, to convert the newly established local "Welfare Board" into *a Federal Board with full bureaucratic control over all state activities connected with Mothers' Assistance, Mothers' Pensions, or Child Welfare in every state in the Union. This would establish a very excellent substitute for the defeated Child Labor Amendment.* It would be a long step toward meeting the demands of the socialist Workers' Party program for "full government support of all school children of workers and poor farmers" as well as another success in the specious trickery which has ever attended the methods of this class of lobbyists in its advancement of legislation both state and national.

It does not appear that the uplifter lobby from New York had gone into any of the forty-two states that have passed Mothers' Pension legislation and "demanded" that changes be made in the state bills or that they made any effort to dictate through what state agency the law should be administered. Why? The answer is clear. Under state legislation they could have obtained no national jurisdiction, *but* the District of Columbia Bill, *though a local measure, is also a Federal Act* carrying all of the force of Federal legislation and, by amendment at any future time, by any future Congress, can secure Federal control of all of the forty-two state agencies dealing with the disposition of dependent children in the United States. By the amendment of that simple "local" statute they can change the type of control, and its extent, to meet the most advanced communistic ideas of state support for children.

It *is a clever ruse that by which an innocent appearing local District measure has been suddenly elevated to the importance of a substitute for the Child Labor Amendment!* The apparently simple and innocent "separate agency" for the administration of this District of Columbia charity, has become the proposed vehicle through which this particular Federal Act may be amended, and amended, and amended, by the simple expediency of changing section *this*, and line *that*, with no publicity, no organized opposition, and no discovery until the necessary degree of control is attained *to add a new chapter to the attempt to conscript the childhood of the United States.*

These advocates of nationalization of humanity have met with such success, through the guilelessness of legislators, that they no longer think in terms of millions, but in hundreds of millions. State legislation no longer appeals to them except as a matter of preliminary organization until there are enough states bound by such laws as to give a worthwhile attempt at centralized Federal control. Through the well-recognized and familiar plan of gaining inside information concerning the administration of the particular state laws, their appropriations, expenditures and particularly the personal views of those connected with their administration for future use, the "State Conference" or the "National Conference" called by some private "welfare" organization contributes the data which gives the clue as to the psychological moment at which to strike for Federal control.

The public press reports of the conference on the subject of child welfare say: *"The personnel of those who participated in the Child Welfare Conference represented, in funds entrusted to their jurisdiction, approximately $100,000,000 for the care of children. They have had jurisdiction in the past and present of more than 500,000 children . . .* In the United States there is spent annually approximately $60,000,000 to care for the 150,000 children in orphan asylums and in institutions, with an additional $200,000,000 invested in property by public and private funds. *There are nearly 1,400 orphan asylums* throughout the country which, *in the light of this new concept,* must be adapted to other and needed uses . . . It takes considerable courage on the part of modern child welfare advocates to declare this forcefully."

It may well be that the opinion of those philanthropists who have invested and endowed that part of this huge $200,000,000 charity, not rep-

Are our legislators waking up to the danger described in this article?

In a recent interview ex-United States Senator Stanley is quoted as describing the paid uplifter thus: "A parasite class making a living by championing any and every measure that has an ounce of capitalizable morality in it . . . Everything in the moral, industrial and commercial world is to be owned, operated, supervised or censored from the birth of a baby to the burial of a corpse . . . and the appalling expense is touching the pocketbooks of countless millions, who are not yet awakened to its evils . . . if the American people are not aroused to the danger of Federal bureaucracy and national despotism the American Republic will go to pieces . . . Cut down the possibilities for madcap legislation and the thousands of leagues, lobbies and societies that today make a profitable living out of our legislative liberality will perish automatically. Make these panderers bring their proposals to the state legislatures where the pitiless rays of publicity can beat down upon them under the eyes and attention of those governments which are closest to the people."

resented by the public funds, may be considered of some value to the advocates of nationalization of youth. An ambitious program indeed to scrap 1,400 orphan asylums, founded by Christian Charity and by private funds, and to undertake to acquire mandatory control over the 500,000 children and the $100,000,000 appropriated by the forty-two states having jurisdiction over these dependent children, through the medium of a Federal law presented to the Congress of the United States through subterfuge.

As an illustration of what may be accomplished by amendment of any bill, the experience of New York State under the same lobbying methods may be recited. In 1915 the first law designed to assist widowed mothers and prevent separation from her children of a destitute mother was passed. It was known as the Widows' Pension law and was a great step forward in humane legislation. Then began the work of the "uplifters" for the amendment of the original law, enlarging the political machinery for its administration and increasing the number of children coming within its jurisdiction. At the present time, ten years after its enaction, this law provides for the wives—not widows—of convicts; of the insane; of tubercular husbands; and of those "otherwise incapacitated," whatever that may mean in a state having the multiplicity of social "welfare" and labor laws as has New York State. Under discretionary power it could mean incapacitation through either dissipation, vice, or mendacity.

Singleness of purpose has always been the predominating reason for Mothers' Assistance legislation, and it has been fostered and approved by advocates of child welfare for the sole purpose of *preventing the separation of mother and child*, originally through destitution following the death of the father. When this single fact is lost sight of, the appeal of the legislation falls to the ground.

Radical propaganda under the guise of "welfare" legislation is so alarmingly on the increase through Federal centralization that the underlying motive must be exposed in all its nakedness to millions of American citizens who pay excessive taxes for the countless boards, commissions, "special agencies," and other bureaus existing solely for the purpose of socialistic control. There is a vast difference between constructive *benevolence* and communistic *restraint;* between *industrial welfare* and *radical demands;* between charity and peonage. Year after year the professional socialistic uplifter succeeds in piling up laws, in amending laws, and in obstructing laws, and by each succeeding step approaching nearer to the goal of the conscription of human rights.

We find the program thus arranged:

First, the "serving-without-salary" board or commission;

Second, state maintenance;

(*Concluded on page 25*)



# When President Coolidge Talked Against His Will

By BERNARD G. PRIESTLEY

POLITICIANS have long ago learned that striving to get President Calvin Coolidge to do anything against his will and better judgment is as futile as trying to slide up a hill. Hardest of all is the task of inveigling him into talking when he does not want to say anything on a certain subject.

But once President Coolidge did talk against his wishes, in fact very much against them. Pressure or clever argument, however, did not prompt him to do so. He talked out of the goodness of his heart.

A few days after Calvin Coolidge, then governor of Massachusetts, was elected Vice-President of the United States in 1920, the writer called on him. There had been much harping in the newspapers throughout the country about the new Vice-President being given a greater part in administering the nation's affairs than had any previous Vice-President. The writer sought to learn what Calvin Coolidge proposed to do when he took office. Would he strike out and do things on his own initiative, instead of being the figurehead that the Vice-Presidents of the nation had been so often in the past?

When the writer was ushered into the Executive Chamber at the Massachusetts State House in Boston, Calvin Coolidge, alone and seated at the head of a big table, got up and extended his hand as he spoke a cordial greeting. No coldness or aloofness there! He did not know the writer at all. Probably had never noticed him, although during several years in newspaper work in Boston the writer had covered many of his speeches.

Calvin Coolidge listened without a word while the writer outlined what information he hoped to obtain. Then he deliberated for a moment.

No, he thought it would be premature for him to talk; particularly before he took office. If the people and leaders of the country desired to intrust him with greater power than had been given to any previous Vice-President he would strive hard to live up to their faith in him, but it would be out of place to start telling at that time what "*he* was going to do." Sorry, but he must decline to say anything whatever.

Evidently the writer, rising to depart, must have displayed some slight trace of his deep disappointment over the sudden termination of the interview, for the Vice-President-elect held up a staying hand and asked whether the interview meant much. Frankly the writer responded that he had just cut himself off from newspaper work to make a swim-or-sink effort to break into the magazines, that this was his first attempt at a magazine article, and that getting it meant a great deal.

Calvin Coolidge's face softened. After what seemed an age of silence he announced that as long as this was a matter of helping a man along the way he would talk briefly. But he added that he was doing so against his better judgment.

He did talk—and interestingly. When he got through all he did was to make sort of an apologetic request that the writer try not to get anything in the article that would place him in a false light.

That was all! His trust was complete.

Incidentally any of President Coolidge's contemporaries in state offices while he was governor of Massachusetts, or any newspaper man who was on the job in Boston at the time, will quickly tell you that he gained the reputation while he was chief executive of the Bay State of helping more persons than any man who ever held the office.

Yet, after all, perhaps the most exacting test of a man's humanness lies in a determination of what the home folks up in Vermont think of him. The following tribute from a man who grew up with him is typical:

"There's somethin' about Cal! 'at people like. He's kinda quiet an' c'am and he don't go 'round aclapping folks on the back, but that don't make him an icicle. He's warm-hearted—Cal is. He likes people. Dry fellow, too. Says things that don't may be sound much at first, but that make you pop your sides next day."

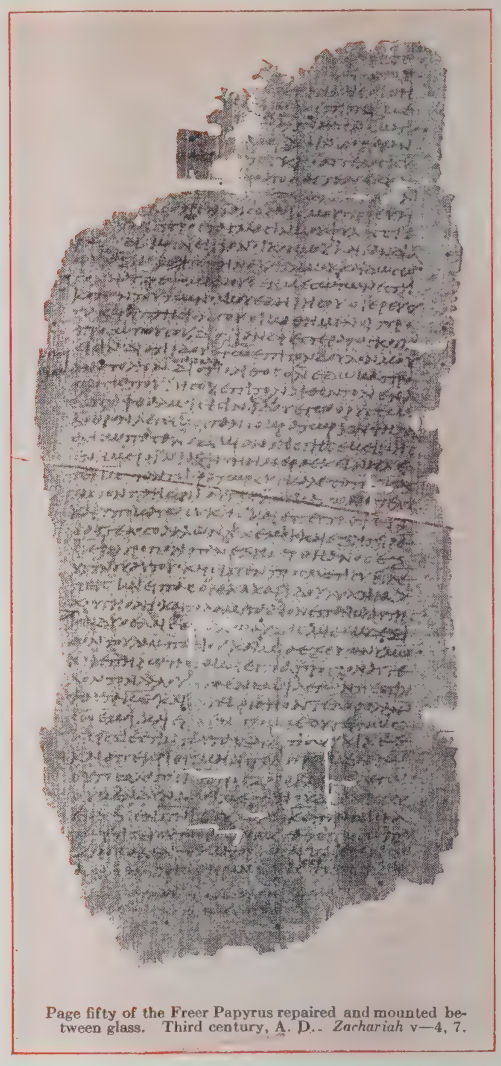
# Oldest Bible Manuscript in the World

## Some Further Facts About the Papyrus Fragments on Which Is the Original Text of the Scriptures

By HENRY A. SANDERS

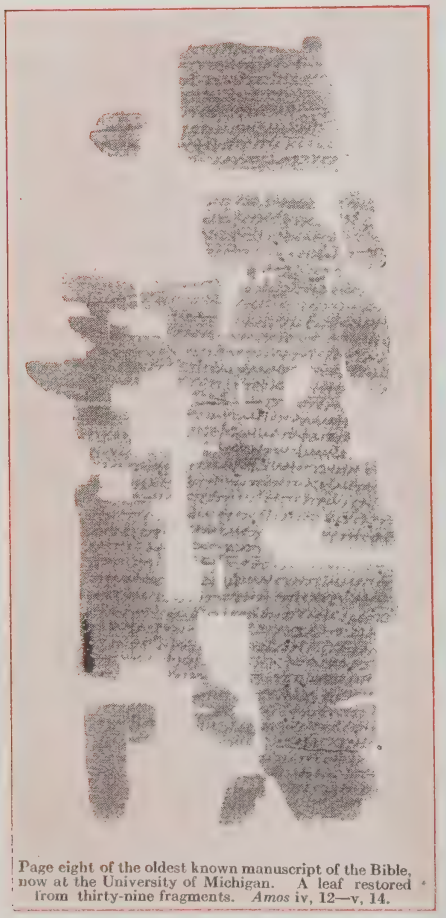
SO MANY inquiries have come about this the oldest known manuscript of the Old Testament, the story of which was told in the issue of October 31, that it seems in point to give more definite information on some matters and particularly to reproduce some views of the manuscript as the leaves were finally mounted and preserved.

The fragments were not so hopeless in appearance even at the beginning of my work as the view of the confused mass of papyrus fragments given in the previous issue would seem to indicate. There was to be sure another box of even smaller fragments but there were also twenty-eight large pieces, each containing about three-quarters of a leaf. The most of the smaller fragments were used in filling out the tops of these twenty-eight leaves, all of which were restored, so that seldom more than one whole line was missing. Indeed on many leaves only scattered letters were missing or illegible.



Page fifty of the Freer Papyrus repaired and mounted between glass. Third century, A. D.. *Zachariah* v—4, 7.

The accompanying cut of page fifty of the manuscript gives a good sample of the best preserved pages. The lower three-quarters of the leaf is mostly in one piece, while the top is formed of three small fragments joined together. At the bottom a broad margin is preserved but on the two sides the decay had almost reached the writing. On many pages the sides have suffered even more; yet in general one can see the beginnings and ends of all lines nearly to the top of the page. As the lines were all of exactly the same length, it is possible to reckon the number of letters missing in all places, where the edge has crumbled away. By this aid the text can be restored with a high degree of probability in most cases. The text of the Bible is in general so well established and the chief variations are found in so many existing manuscripts, that the number of letters needed to fill out a missing end of a line regularly shows what form of the text must be used to fill the gap, and with what manuscripts or groups of manuscripts the Old Papyrus must have agreed.



Page eight of the oldest known manuscript of the Bible, now at the University of Michigan. A leaf restored from thirty-nine fragments. *Amos* iv, 12—v, 14.

Originally the leaves had margins at the top and on both sides comparable with the one preserved at the bottom but with the ages they were worn off or crumbled away. A few more centuries of neglect or a little carelessness on the part of the finder would have caused incalculable damage to such delicate leaves. It seems almost like a special act of Providence that the Old Papyrus was found and brought away into safety at the moment when decay had just reached the writing on three out of the four edges.

Five of the manuscript leaves were built up out of many small fragments. The appearance is well shown by the accompanying cut of page eight, which is formed of thirty-nine small fragments, in part closely fitted together, in part placed as the continuous text of that part of *Amos* required. There is an entire line missing at the top and another about ten lines down, but otherwise the text can be restored with approximate certainty as in the more complete leaves. Rarely is more than a single entire word missing in any one place, and if other Bible manuscripts differ in the form of text preserved, the Old Papyrus must be assumed to agree with that form, which exactly fills the gap. In but few cases in the whole manuscript has it been impossible to fill out these gaps with a good degree of certainty.

The question most often asked is how these precious leaves are being preserved for the future. The fragments were at first assembled on large sheets of blotting (Concluded on page 19)

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

EVERY little while there is a flurry about Prohibition. It would seem to be the livest and most important question of the day, if one were to judge by the quantity of printer's ink given to it. It would seem also to be the chief topic of conversation in church, legislature, theater and university, to read the news items of the daily papers. King Tutankhamen was almost as alive for a short time recently, and by the same means.

When one travels among the people—not the downtown class, not the club class, not the local politicians, nor any class that judges the American people by a minority of degraded individuals—one gets quite a different view of the question. There are probably one hundred million people in the United States who go from day to day without the slightest consciousness of Prohibition as a debatable problem; certainly it is not the all-absorbing topic of their conversation. Liquor may be sensed in the theater, the legislature, the newspaper—it is not sensed at all in the millions of homes which comprise Our Country.

This false atmosphere of importance is created by men who live in a limited environment, who know "the crowd" but not "the people." Newspapers are especially illustrative of this fact. They are made downtown, but they are read out in the residential sections and in the suburbs; and the difference between downtown where "the crowd" is and the residence parts where "the people" are is so great that if editors should realize it, the liquor odor would be as carefully banished from the printed page as from the individual breath.

The gap between the people and their leaders is great in every field, and growing greater, but nowhere is it more discernible than in this matter of liquor. Leaders are still for it and the people are now, as they ever have been, against it. When the gap becomes wide enough, the people will put forth new leaders who have eyes to see the higher trends of the new time.

One has the privilege of withdrawing from the individual whose conversation, allusions, jokes, argument, and interest center around liquor. We don't have to listen to him. He lacks an audience except among those of his kind. But the newspaper and theater seem to feel that they have a special mission to make the people listen in public to the kind of thing they reject in private. The people will not submit to this imposition once they understand how the wires are pulled.

In common decency the liquor generation should be allowed to die in silence. Its agonies should not be one of the daily topics of American journalism. Prohibition was not intended to save those who had willfully and gladly sold themselves to alcohol; it was intended to save the country and generations yet to come. There are a million boys growing up in the United States who have never seen a saloon and who will never know the handicap of liquor either in themselves or their relatives. And this excellent condition will go on spreading itself over the country when the "wet" press and the paid propagandists of booze are forgotten dust.

*THE United States is "dry" not only legally but by moral conviction. American sentiment is not downtown sentiment, nor club sentiment, nor blind pig sentiment, nor newspaper sentiment; it is home sentiment, and workshop sentiment, and store sentiment, and school sentiment, and church sentiment. You must find the people's sentiment where the people live, and they don't live downtown. Newspapers are made downtown and read in the residence sections; if they were made in the residence sections they would be "dry" The American home is "dry" and the American nation gets its tone from the home, not the "wet" newspaper.*

There are, of course, aspects of the question which will come up for discussion in the future, but they will emerge from a "dry" country and not, as at present, from a "wet" propaganda. There will occur no concessions whatever as the result of a struggle between "wet' and "dry." When there shall have ceased to be such a thing as "wet" in the liquor sense in this country, then the things that remain to be done shall be done. There should be no mistake about that. The abolition of the commercialized liquor trade in this country is as final as the abolition of slavery. These are the two great reforms to which moral America committed itself from the beginning of its history.

One fact cannot be evaded in this question: for the first time the liquor evil is where it can be controlled. This was not true when it was legalized. The entire history of the legalized "traffic," as it was once called, is a story of attempts at and failures of control. Protected by a Government license; in partnership, as it were, with the Government of the United States; the ally of every harmful political movement in the country, the liquor traffic was entirely out of control. It could not be made to obey even the common regulations, such as forbidding children to frequent bars.

But under Prohibition everyone knows just where the liquor business stands—it is an outlaw. It has no more rights than burglary, incendiarism or any other crime. There was a time when the people of any neighborhood had to put up with it. No one has to do that now. Any neighborhood, any city, can be cleansed of this blot.

**"Ford Ideals," 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## A Bit of History

FROM Chester, England, comes the protest: "You are going to inform your countrymen of their magnificent sacrifices in the matter of the war debts! I wonder if you will mention, as a parallel, the amount of the repudiated loans lent by Britain to the Southern States in the American Civil War—$300,000,000 at 4½ per cent compound interest since 1865 will amount to quite a considerable sum now."

Why not mention it, if only to set the gentleman right in the matter? Britain did not lend the money. British investors lent it in the hope of gain, and if they did not know that their investments were highly speculative the fault lies with British promoters. They bet on the break-up of the Union, and lost.

And they were not war debts. A strictly economic reason was behind the transaction: cotton, more important to her then than coal, iron or oil. To protect their supply of raw material British financiers lent the proponents of slavery more than mere moral support, and lost by it and took their losses manfully. Britain prefers that her attitude and some of her maneuvers in that critical period be forgotten.

---

## Are Americans "Moderate" Drinkers?

THE forces which are befogging the liquor issue in this country forget recent history. Their appeals in favor of the "moderate" use of alcohol ignore the fact that it was the excessive abuse of alcohol which brought about the reform in this country. Whatever may be said by staid old gentlemen in clubs, the abuse of alcohol has characterized all its use in the United States. Otherwise it would have attracted no more attention than oatmeal porridge. We have always been under necessity to restrain the quantity of it which men use, regret that necessity as we may. We have recognized that in this country for several generations. It is no new thing. Regulation was tried; it failed. Moral suasion was tried; it failed. Under a century of appeal, the inroads of liquor became deeper and more tragic. We have now tried prohibition. For once the country at large is sober. Industry and the Home both testify to this fact, and they are witnesses without peer in this matter. When Slavery was abolished it did not immediately disappear without trace; the old psychology remained both in slave and master. That generation, raised in slave conditions, could not let go at once. But another generation came, and no one questions now that Slavery is prohibited and that the prohibition will stand.

Another thing which "wet" men pretend to forget is the treachery of the same liquor forces which now plead for restoration. The true story of this has been told, so far as we know, in only one place, namely, *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, which is volume four of *The International Jew*. The liquor business fell into alien hands which had no regard for the product or the customer; the situation was in all respects so inexpressibly rotten that even the drinking men of the United States cursed it and threw it out.

That bit of history should be borne in mind when the plea is made that the business be brought back. And it *will* be borne in mind, for the memories of the people are not so short as subversive influences wish they were.

---

## Bus Lines vs. Street Cars

FREQUENTLY, tucked away in the more obscure columns of the press, is found notice that another town has abandoned its street railway. The number of these must be getting pretty large in the United States. And now Canada seems to be following suit. An item just noticed says that St. Thomas, Ontario, has run its last street car over an electric line which was built in 1898. There were $50,000 worth of bonds which the city guaranteed, and which are still to fall due in 1928. The city took over the lines under a mortgage in 1902 (doubtless much to the company's relief) and has lost about $900,000 since that time. It is believed that no small number of street railway companies would gladly be purchased or even "seized" by the cities in which they operate. At least there is a disposition on the part of street railway managers to let municipalities meet the exigencies of changing conditions.

The street car seems to be going the way of its predecessor, the stagecoach. In St. Thomas, the motor bus line is taking its place. We are living in the time when the demand for rapid transit has become a necessity, both in economic and industrial progress. There are a multitude of new towns and cities which will never know what a street car line looks like; they are beginning their municipal careers with bus lines.

### *Snorting of War!*

MR. MUSSOLINI is at it again. But it must not be supposed that he is playing the mountebank. It is his merit that he is saying aloud what most of the others conserve in silence. He is preserving the peace by a new and original method—by threatening everyone with war. And no one is taking him up; the impression seems to be that he would fight, and therefore had better be left alone. If he conducted himself with submissive diplomacy as if he were afraid, the others would be crowding him; he does the crowding first, and apparently has the better of it. On his return from Locarno, "where the peace of Europe was settled," Mussolini told the Italian Chamber that at Locarno he saw the heavens swarming with fighting airplanes and saw the seas swimming with men-of-war. It occurred to him, he said, that Italy's best policy was "the ready sword."

Could not a way be contrived by which the pacifistic activities now proceeding in the United States might be transferred to Mussolini's realm for a year?

### *Strike's Over!—What of It?*

IN SEVEN strike years the coal miners have been "out" 655 days. That is almost a year and ten months. The loss of the recent strike is some $500,000,000. It is the public's loss. There is no suggestion that it is the loss of the mine owners. The prices charged in the large cities for the lowest grade of waste anthracite do not suggest the possibility of loss. The frequence of strikes in the coal business does not suggest that they are so ruinous as advertised—to the interests most immediately connected with them.

The strikes have been costlier, however, than any strike statistics can compute, because of the degree to which they have diminished the anthracite market. Recent canvass of one of the largest cities in the United States disclosed the fact that it made no difference when the coal strike was settled, or whether it was ever settled—the market for hard coal was hardly worth bothering with.

No amount of publicity material can discount the conclusion of all thoughtful people that an industry, which disturbs the country with as much domestic difficulty as the anthracite coal mining industry has done, must be the victim of very inferior management.

### *English as She Is Spoke—in America*

IT IS good to be able to save America from the English of the be-Oxforded Englishmen who come here to "leckchah "and who are accused, even in their own country, of destroying the English language.

It is equally good to be commended, as in this letter, by one who knows:

"Your 'English is better spoken in America' page is too good to be true. You, doubtless, need no pat on the back from me but I can't restrain the friendly gesture. Some years ago I attended a luncheon given by some Pittsburgh English Club in honor of William Lyon Phelps of Yale. Those present, for the most part teachers of English in the high schools and preparatory schools of the city, gabbled about 'littachah' until appetite was succeeded by nausea.

"The spoken word was garbled beyond all recognition in the best Harvard or hand-me-down Oxford style. Sick and hungry I was preparing a get-away when the honor guest himself rose for a few words. The atmosphere cleared. He used the vulgar pronunciation prescribed by the best authorities. I have often thought since how his English, pure and unbutchered, must have grated on those 'leckchah,' 'fewchah,' 'littachah' boys."

### *The Crowd*

THE Mayor of New York has discovered what so many men know, that the working places of public men see very little work accomplished. Mayor Walker says that he cannot work in City Hall. Of course he cannot. He can go into conference there, he can meet callers, he can hear the multitude of tales and appeals of which there seems to be no end, but he cannot work. If there are researches into city business to be made; if there are documents to be studied; if there is creative work of any sort to be done, the City Hall must be abandoned. Work there is simply impossible. So, Mayor Walker makes his excuses, and fades from sight to do a little work.

One of the amazing features of our times is the number of foot-loose people who are running around interrupting other people. By doorbell, by telephone, by office call, by battalions, regiments and armies they come—heaven knows from where!—the great swarm of Time Eaters whose main business seems to be to interest someone else in their business.

There are men who meet this modern plague one way, and some men another. Some men do not pretend to do the work they are supposed to do, but engage others to do it while they themselves meet the endless procession of callers. Others prefer to do the work themselves and engage patient substitutes to meet the callers. Neither way is best. Human contacts are necessary for the worker, and should not be entirely dispensed with. On the other hand, work is necessary for him too. A moderate policy would be best—were it possible! But where in America is it possible?



# Why Farms are Deserted

## It May Be Because Some of the Farmers Have Been Unable to Keep Up With Modern Conditions in Farming

*By* DONALD A. LAIRD, Ph. D.

CHRONICLERS of social history make much of the industrial revolution which altered almost overnight the entire industrial life of the white race. Machines were substituted for handwork; dingy, fearful factory buildings replaced the home, and children worked in dreary buildings at dangerous machines for unbelievably long hours.

Of course, factory buildings are not now so fearful; machinery is well guarded by safety devices, and children must attend the public schools and not endanger health, happiness, and morals as when the factory system was first introduced.

An *agricultural revolution* has taken place almost unnoticed. It is altering the entire fabric of our social life, and is responsible for the movement of population away from the farms, causing political orators much concern. The resultant change is making the farmer into one of the most important figures in our social life, and is driving many families off the farm, for reasons of the greatest significance as we shall shortly find.

My grandparents and great-grandparents, and their ancestors, were farmers. Practically all of my living relatives are farmers, but what different farmers from my grandparents! And what different farmers my grandparents were from their parents!

Therein is epitomized the agricultural revolution which, hand in hand with the industrial revolution, is rebuilding the country and our social life.

Great-grandfather Wheeler and Great-grandfather Carver scarcely sold a thing from their farms. Clothing was made in the farmhouse. Mutton and vegetables were taken to the blacksmith in payment for repairing the plow. Firewood was taken to the little church, and the best of the field to the minister.

Some butter, a few dozen eggs, and other products were conveyed to the village from time to time and exchanged for sugar, spices, tobacco, and some silver to pay taxes.

When my grandparents married and settled on the quarter-section it was a changed agricultural world. The fact that they bought cloth for garments rather than carding, spinning and weaving the wool they raised is but one reflection of this change.

The population of the United States had increased enormously. More people were living in cities and in need of the farm products grandfather and grandmother raised. But these cities were often great distances away, and freight and dealer's profits at times left but small sums from the farm produce.

As the city population grew, so the demands for farm products increased, which in turn necessitated more produce to the acre.

The scientist entered farming. State experiment stations discovered ways of increasing farm crops. The teacher entered farming. He took the discoveries of the experiment stations into the state colleges of agriculture, into extension courses, and to county agents.

Together these made the planter and reaper of crops into an engineer! Crop rotation, stock feeding, soil preparation; marketing, financing, complicated machinery, and educational courses have changed the routine farming of two generations ago into work more resembling that of a factory engineer.

The mental demands placed upon the farmer have rapidly increased and it is only natural that many farmers have been unable to keep up with these demands through lack of ability. A century or twenty-five years ago they could have been successful farmers. What becomes of them now?

Meanwhile the work of the industrial employe has been increasingly simplified. One engineer plans and commonly does the thinking for a hundred workers. Thus the mental demands upon the industrial worker have been growing less and less.

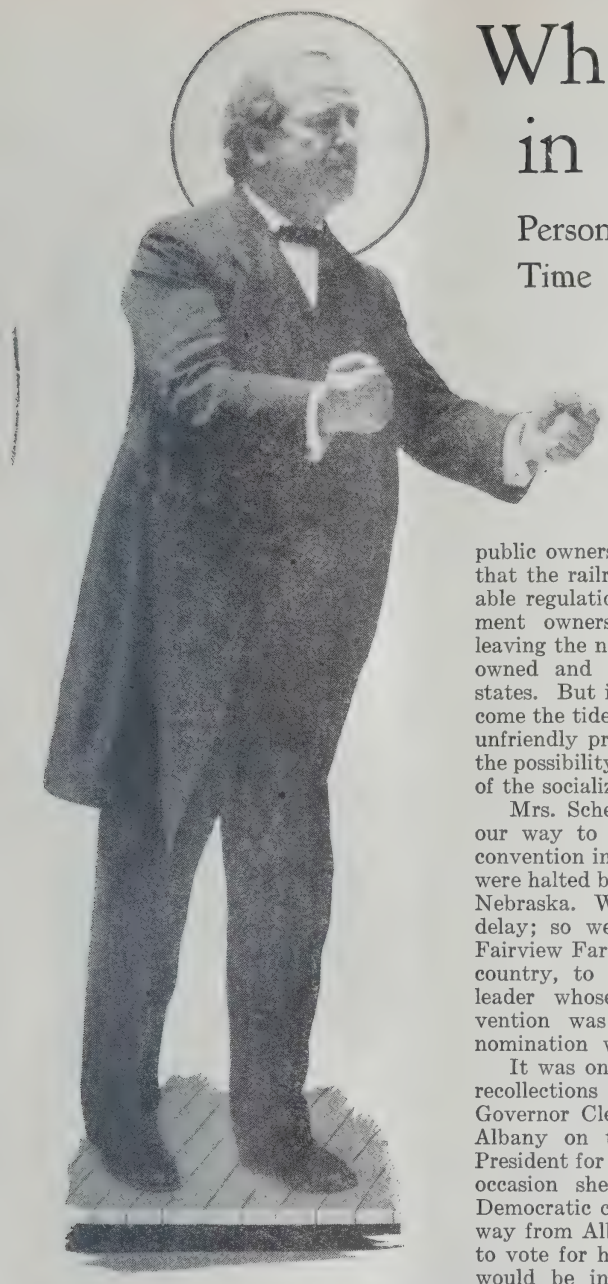
Many plants have been studied in which a moron earns more than the average farmer. A school-teacher in Minneapolis a short while ago met on the street one of her pupils of the preceding year. This pupil was a moron with the intelligence of only a ten-year-old child. To her embarrassment the teacher discovered that her feeble-minded pupil was now earning in industry more than she herself was paid by the city of Minneapolis.

So, it is into industrial work that the farmer who cannot keep in the race enters. There his thinking is done for him, and his work is much less complicated and less taxing on his mind.

It is a process of social natural selection with the intelligence of the remaining farmers increasing each week, due to their ranks being deserted by those less able to meet the increasing mental demands.

The bright lights, night life, and glamour of wickedness in the city is not what draws thousands from the farms each year. They are crowded off the farms by the increasing pressure of each farmer needing the skill, knowledge and intelligence of a factory superintendent.

Mr. Mencken's description of the farmer as a moron who has manure on his overalls and roasts his Rockford socks beside the kitchen range, as he reads the mail-order catalog may be accurate for his farmer relatives. But it certainly does not describe the modern farmer as I know him, and I gain increasing admiration for those who remain after each week's batch are forced off the farms into the city.



# When I Was With Bryan in the 1908 Campaign

## Personal Recollections of the Commoner the Last Time He Was Nominated for the Presidency

By JAMES SCHERMERHORN

PART II

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN received a tremendous ovation in Madison Square Garden, New York, upon his return to this country from his trip around the world. It was designed to place him in line for the Presidential nomination in 1908, and it was confidently predicted by his friends that Roosevelt's insistence in passing on his mantle to Taft would insure the election of Bryan.

But the homecoming leader, in an impassioned indictment of plutocracy, made a reference to railroads that was construed as an out-and-out declaration for government ownership—an unexpected incident that was received by the country in a way that decidedly lessened the prospects of Bryan's election. Mr. Bryan took occasion to point out later that he did not advocate public ownership, but rather indicated that the railroads, by resisting reasonable regulation, would compel government ownership of the main lines, leaving the network of local lines to be owned and operated by the several states. But it was impossible to overcome the tide of disfavor created by an unfriendly press, genuinely alarmed at the possibility under Bryan's leadership of the socialization of the railroads.

Mrs. Schermerhorn and I were on our way to the Democratic national convention in Denver in 1908 when we were halted by a cloudburst at Lincoln, Nebraska. We were in for a full day's delay; so we decided to run out to Fairview Farm, a little distance in the country, to pay our respects to the leader whose presence at the convention was not necessary, for his nomination was predetermined.

It was one of Mrs. Schermerhorn's recollections that she traveled with Governor Cleveland from Syracuse to Albany on the day he was elected President for the first time, upon which occasion she made merry with the Democratic candidate for going all the way from Albany to Buffalo and back to vote for himself. So we thought it would be in order to greet another Democratic leader in the week of his third Presidential nomination.

The square, substantial, roomy—but not palatial—country home, set on a hill, struck us as an ideal retreat from the stress of public life. There was inspiration for a publicist and philosopher in the unobstructed outlook over the fair Nebraska countryside. I remember the grassy eminence commanded a view of the state capitol, and other public buildings; one restful vista stretched away to the surrounding walls of a university, well out from the city. A healing, renewing place, it seemed, for one to bring his hopes and hurts and disappointments to.

The Commoner had just sent a group of marooned newspaper men away on a hand car to enable them to catch a Denver-bound train on the Rock Island, when we arrived. Such time as the long-distance connection with the Auditorium in Denver did not require, he graciously gave me in the discussions of the issues that were to form the battleground of the coming campaign. These had been foreshadowed in his monthly messages to the people through the pages of *The Commoner*, among them, popular election of United States Senators and publicity for campaign contributions, which have since been enacted into law.

As we considered the state of the Union on the hilltop that afternoon, Mrs. Bryan and Mrs. Schermerhorn were comparing notes with reference to the fall canning. The Commoner was blessed with a home situation that was never devoid of the sweet serenities and satisfaction of love-crowned domesticity.

Over that leased wire a day or two later the Commoner was privileged to hear what we heard at close range, like the deafening roar of many waters—the hour-long tumultuous demonstration of the delegates over his return to chieftainship after an interval of eight years.

We heard the blind Senator Gore announce in a musical drawl the position of Oklahoma, admitted to the sisterhood of states, the year before, beginning: "Oklahomy would rather be on the inside looking out, than on the outside looking in."

He had heard Ollie Janes, of the bulky figure and booming voice, pay eloquent tribute to the triumphant tour of the world, picturing the Commoner as a towering figure, a Saul among the prophets, among European presences.

Snug at home, the Commoner must have said to himself, "Bravo, Ollie!" when, interrupted by hisses, the keynoter cried to the anti-Bryan element—there was always an anti-Bryan element: "Oh, I've heard that sound coming out of a pipe-line before!"

James M. Guffey, oil and coal magnate, of Pennsylvania, was a type of Democrat whose presence in the party councils Mr. Bryan openly challenged. Sullivan, of Illinois, was another, and Taggart, of Indianapolis, another.

He looked upon their corporate connections and political and business methods as incompatible with the progressive policies of his party.

Thus there were dissensions and portents unfavorable to the third candidacy at the start. When the factions were clashing at Jefferson's tomb at the beginning of the split over silver, in the spring of 1896, the anniversary observers saw a Virginia farm home take fire and burn to the ground in the valley below Monticello. It was a symbol of the fate of the house divided against itself.

Salt River, in flood on the day of our call at Fairview, portended another dismal passage for someone. Then there was the snowdrift Denver brought daily from the mountain heights and piled right outside the Convention door as a hint to hot-weather sufferers of eternal chilliness close at hand. That presaged a cold fall for a party rent by faction and facing an opponent of the eye-filling Teddy Roosevelt's choice.

But Bryan, nothing daunted, took the stump and assailed trusts, reactionaries and corruptionists with his usual vigor.

His fame as a peerless platformer was now so universally acknowledged, he never lacked a tumultuous reception and hearing. If there was less fire, less rhetoric in his appeals, there was still that modulation and resonance in his oratory which has been described as "conversation raised to its highest power."

His opponents explained mockingly: "Yes, Bryan gets the crowds and the applause and his opponent gets the votes."

The inevitable taunts shifted from "The Boy Orator of the Platte" to "The Perennial Candidate." The monologists of the vaudeville stage quoted the old-time Democrat as saying: "No I ain't going to vote for Bryan, but I'm bringing my boys up to do so."

The United States was acclaimed the land "where any boy, no matter how lowly born, may become president—except Bryan."

"Bryan's name will go down in history with Washington and Lincoln," predicted one stage droll. "He lives in Lincoln, Nebraska, and is trying for the third time to get to Washington, D. C."

This bandinage the even-tempered Bryan accepted, as Mark Hanna accepted the cartoonist's dollar-marks on his clothes, as a part of the game of politics. His the soft answer that contained a quip or anecdote of his own, like the one he used to bring out the rapacity of private monopoly, intrenched in power by lavish campaign contributions:

"A life-saver was bringing a drowning man safely to shore under a sign that read: '$25 Reward for Every Life Saved,' when he was seen to drop the unfortunate man and make for a 'floater' not far away. This he brought to shore. 'Why did you forsake that poor fellow and pull in a corpse?' he was asked. His only answer was to point at another sign which read: '$50 Reward for Every Dead Body Removed from the River.' "

His speech to his fellow-citizens of Lincoln at the conclusion of the campaign revealed a heart overflowing with gratitude for blessings already his and beyond the power of a Presidential campaign to bestow—the influence of Christian parents and of men of ideals who helped to shape his course, and a faithful helpmate, children and grandchildren to make glad their declining years.

"I have been abundantly rewarded for what little I have been able to do," he said, "and my ambition is not so much to hold office, however great, as to know my duty and to do it."

When the returns showed that he lacked 1,200,000 votes of overcoming Judge Taft, he put his state of mind into a parable.



Bryan is here a subject for Artist Major's facile pencil. Two interesting studies are shown in the circles.

"A fellow somewhat the worse for indulgence drifted into a ballroom and began to make himself at home among the invited guests. A member of the reception committee quietly took him by the arm and conducted him to the door. He returned in a little while and insisted upon being the life of the party. The committeeman seized him without much ceremony and shoved him into the street. With an inebriate's perversity of spirit he sauntered back, whereupon two stalwart bouncers grabbed him and chucked him through a window. He got up, somewhat stunned, and, as he brushed off the dirt, soliloquized:

" 'Betcher I know whash the matter: They don't (hic) want me in there!' "

A demand that he retract a certain campaign utterance reminded Mr. Bryan of the preacher who asked the lawyer what he did when he made a mistake in a speech before the jury. The lawyer said that it depended upon the mistake. If slight he let it go, if important he corrected it.

"Exactly my plan," said the preacher. "For instance in my sermon last Sunday I started to say that the devil is the father of all liars, but what I did say was 'The devil is the father of all lawyers.' However, it was a trifle, and I let it go."

Mr. Bryan was speaking from a wharf shed at Wheeling, West Virginia, to a crowd that filled the natural amphitheater. It was a noisy gathering; there were frequent interruptions.

One man was so persistent with his heckling of the speaker that the other listeners took it into their heads to quiet him. "Shut up!" and "Put him out!" came from all over the hillside.

Bryan made his well-known motion with upraised hand for order. "Never mind him for my sake," he pleaded. "If you can stand him all the year round, I can put up with him for an hour."

The heckler subsided.

Nearly a year elapsed before I saw the Commoner again. He had returned to his Chautauqua work, keeping his editorial pen busy the while. I was on my way home from the annual meeting of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the United States in Louisville, Kentucky, when we met on the train between Cincinnati and Dayton. He had been publishing *The Commoner* eight years, and he was interested in the results of a questionnaire I had submitted to 100 daily newspapers bearing on the relation of "Upstairs and Downstairs" in the matter of advertising policy.

The investigation, reported to the advertising convention the night before, showed that a few prominent dailies had begun to exclude medical and financial copy that was palpably an imposition upon the reader; but that the general run of newspapers had not arrived at a sense of accountability for what they printed in their advertising columns.

Bryan was as outspoken and as forward-looking about the betrayal of reader confidence as he was in other far-reaching reforms, in which he was

a pathfinder, but which have since come to pass. His great service to his day and generation was his readiness to intercede for the unrepresented average man against the powerful and privileged.

Ren Mulford, Jr., the veteran sports writer of Cincinnati, then a correspondent of *Sporting Life*, joined the chair car colloquy and drew from Mr. Bryan the confession that his mental preoccupation had quite driven anything like athletic sports or games from his order of life.

During his tenure as Secretary of State, Bryan was often unjustly assailed for delivering public lectures. One incident comes to mind.

Upon the Sunday evening before Thanksgiving, 1914, he came to Ann Arbor, Michigan, to address the high school boys of the Young Men's Christian Association. He had sent on in advance blank forms to be signed by as many of the future citizens as cared to join the Secretary of State in a pledge to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors.

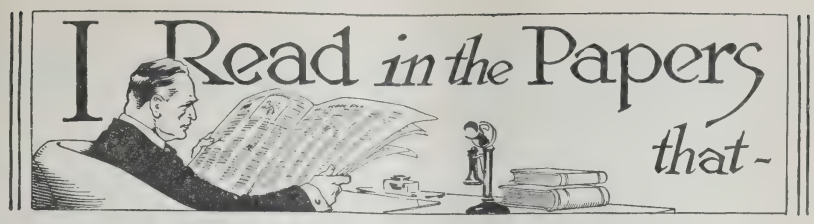
Some 15,000 signatures had been obtained, and these were gathered up into a bound volume and presented to Mr. Bryan, much to his delight.

That immense audience of high school students, filling the great Hill Auditorium to capacity, hung upon the Commoner's words as he told them of his own conversion when a boy of fourteen. He said he looked to that day as the most important in his life. It had far more to do with his life than any other, and the *Book* to which he swore allegiance upon that day had been more to him than any party platform. He begged his young hearers to lay hold of the tested and proved benefits of the Christian religion.

The false reports that followed Mr. Bryan up to the very last were in circulation in Ann Arbor following his Sunday night message. What a scandal to have a member of the President's Cabinet going about making speeches at $500 a night! And on Sunday night! And to a religious organization!

It happened that it fell to me to settle with Mr. Bryan for the committee. He refused to accept a penny for his services or for his expenses. He never charged for a Sunday address in all his speaking experience; and the contributions to good causes which he made without charge far outweighed the services for which he was justly compensated. Evil report travels faster than good report; correction never quite catches up with falsification.

The boom in Florida real estate toward the close of his life brought richness to Bryan's very door. His beautiful estate of Coconut Grove, near Miami, was enhanced by the remarkable rise in values along the east coast; even the cottage of the caretaker became a choice piece of realty; and his effectiveness as a speaker was enlisted by the subdividers who put millions into developments in the vicinity of Miami.




it is estimated that the average number of Americans visiting France summer and winter is 150,000, and that they spend annually in France 2,700,000,000 francs, and that the number of British tourists visiting France amounts every year to about 420,000. Englishmen, however, usually make a shorter stay, and therefore they do not spend so much, the sum of their spending being 2,100,000,000 francs. Fully 7,600,000,000 francs is brought into France every year by tourists. This is in the neighborhood of $295,000,000; according to present values, a tidy sum when one comes to think of it.

---

St. Paul the Apostle probably employed a stenographer, who took down his Epistles in shorthand. A thesis, submitted to the University of Chicago on recent studies of the Greek papyri, cites a contract of A. D. 155, in which an ex-magistrate of Ozyrhynchus apprenticed his slave to a shorthand writer, which indicates that the writing of shorthand in those days was a definitely established vocation. It is known that the art of shorthand flourished extensively through the Roman Empire during the first century B. C. The pioneer of Roman shorthand was Marcus Tullius Tiro, secretary and librarian of Cicero, in the first century B. C. Among the church dignitaries making conspicuous use of

*The International Jew* in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set, $1. The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

shorthand were St. Augustine, Origen, and St. Jerome. The latter employed ten shorthand writers.

As Greek culture antedated that of the Romans, it is quite admissible that the Romans got the idea of shorthand from them, as they did most of their ideas in architecture and sculpture. St. Paul, as a pioneer of the newest of new ideas, and the busiest man of his time, would naturally avail himself of the "winged art" when such was available.

---

an anatomical professor at the University of Geneva announces that he has had three successes in attempts to graft new eyes onto the optic nerves of tritons, an extremely inferior invertebrate animal. This experiment should not be prematurely accepted as proving that the same thing can ultimately be done with human beings. The professor while admitting he is still in the experimental stage says that "we have hopes." Many things can be done in the way of grafting and otherwise operating upon trees, plants and lower animals that cannot be done upon man. It is comparatively easy to graft whole branches upon trees but so far no one has grafted an arm upon a human being. And, by the way, where would the supply of spare parts come from if the Herr Professor's eye grafting ever could be done on human beings?

---

the Alliance of Declarants and Future Citizens, an association of Jewish citizens of New York, is sending a committee of six members to Washington to lobby for the Dickstein Bill. This bill would permit, according to its author, the entrance into America of several hundred thousand immigrants in excess of the regular quota by exempting from quota restrictions the wives and families of aliens who have merely declared their intention of becoming citizens. It may be that this bill is merely a sop that Sammy Dickstein, Congressman from the Twelfth New York District, is throwing to a racial element of his constituency, but their positive reaction in sending a lobby to Washington should indicate to the native American element of this country the stubborn refusal of the alien element to assent to the restriction of immigration from Eastern and Southern Europe and Western Asia.

---

Congress is again being importuned to purchase the unprofitable Cape Cod Canal from its owners at a price that will save them from much loss of principal. The spectacle of financiers who happened to guess wrong about the outcome of the operation of the Cape Cod Canal as a toll route turning to Congress to relieve them of a dead horse has been going on for years. The late Mr. Belmont, American agent of the Rothschilds, plunged into this canal project and sunk a fortune in it. The idea of Congress saving business men from losses after they have involved themselves in a losing enterprise will not appeal to the average taxpayer, but the pressure upon Congress to buy this canal has continued so long and become so strong that its ultimate purchase would not be surprising.

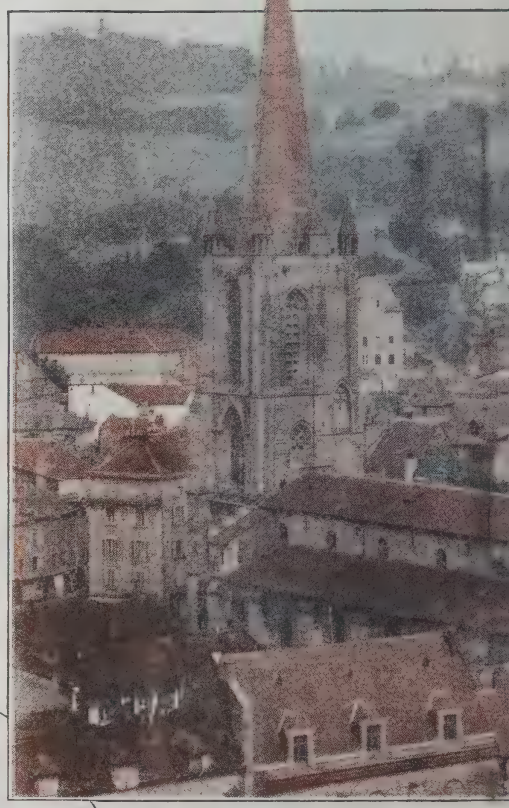
---

a semi-official dispatch from Rotterdam to the effect that the rubber boom in the Dutch East Indies has been a source of immense profit to the native Javanese who have sold their production on their own account at Singapore. The dispatch gravely states that these natives have become infected with the vices of the newly rich. Their overbearing attitude has become such as to make it desirable in the interests of Dutch prestige that the rubber trade be taken over entirely by Dutch hands. A syndicate of Dutch firms who are influential in financial and political circles has been formed to operate a monopoly of this rubber business. The natives will have to accept whatever is offered them by the syndicate, which will undoubtedly take good care to avoid a continuance of the infection of the vices of the newly rich among the clever, enterprising native element. These natives would be exceedingly ungrateful if they were to resent the operations of the new rubber syndicate. The incident serves to remind one of Mark Twain's comments upon "bringing the light to those who sit in darkness" —"It is pie."

# France From a

By
GAIUS GLENN
ATKINS

## Some Vivid Motion Pictures of a Country Where Peace Prevails But War Is Not Forgotten



Old and isolated Tulle, a typically quaint town of France, with its market place and Norman-Gothic church, and background of wooded hills.

THE shortest way to the heart of the French people for the wayfaring American who knows enough French to get a ticket and ask where to change cars is third class. It is also the cheapest way. A French third-class *wagon* is by nature a freight car adapted to the wants of the traveling public by the economic addition of simple necessities. It needs steps which are provided but not lavishly, though they do well enough after you reach the first one going up. One of the many accidents which added interest—and in some cases tragic interest—to French railway travel last summer necessitated our changing trains on a siding, and the spectacle of the trainmen getting their fellow countrywomen of substantial heft up into third-class compartments helped one to understand the magnificent way in which France rises to an emergency.

Of course, there are windows and bench seats running crosswise, sometimes theoretically softened with leather cushions, quite as often not. There are plenty of racks overhead for the endless bags and parcels, and with a touch of weathered paint outside the cars are done. They are short and dumpy and coupled up, with plenty of play in the couplings. Freight cars for the "grand quickness" are put in at intervals, some second-class coaches which are really very comfortable are added for the prosperous, and a first class or two for the opulent and exclusive, and you have a French omnibus train.

All French railway fares keep changing to keep up with the fluctuations of the franc, but they have not been able, apparently, to go up so fast as the franc has gone down. The ticket seller always consults his information sheet before making a price, but third class came to about one cent a mile American money last summer, and since it took a day to go 100 or 150 miles across country the amount of traveling one got for a dollar was amazing.

Western France is served by the state railway, and after a week of it an opponent of state ownership would have arguments enough against the nationalization of railroads to last a lifetime. On the other hand, the privately controlled French roads were about as bad, and the conclusion of the argument would be that the French ought not to operate railroads at all—which is plainly an absurdity. But their equipment is much worn, their roadbeds are poor, and their employes seem to lack morale.

The local trains are slow enough, but the *rapides* make up for it, and the engineers, being



A quaint, half-timbered house in a French town. Due to the stationary population, there have been houses enough in France for the last fifty years.

of a sporting turn, love to take a curve at 70 miles an hour. Railroad travel in France during August was a highly hazardous occupation, and the papers were full of collisions and derailments and the reasons therefor. Nor was the discussion all serious, as, for example, the French "columnists" were doing this sort of thing: "How shall I show my love for you, my darling?" "Travel by the Orleans Railroad."

But our trains came to no harm and carried us, kilometer by kilometer, through a land which needs onl to be seen and known to be love The stops were never more tha three or four miles apart; a re brick station, time-worn lik everything else. There is noth ing new in France save what w were so tragically taught to ca the front. There would be a sidin or two and a village street som where behind and an old gra church whose choir—often highe than the nave—gave the building curious humpbacked look.

I have puzzled often enough over th sudden way in which a high Gothic aps comes down to the rest of the structure. suppose, like so many other things in th world, it is all a record of hope unrealize and failing power. They built the cho first in some time of peace and prosperit and high faith, and then war came on an stopped them and they finished as bes they could with diminished force and maybe, saddened faith. I imagine tha often enough there was the anarchy o the Hundred Years' War between choi and nave and that the unfinished tower are mute memorials to the changin fortunes which for a thousand years hav made French history so strange a minglin of splendor and gloom.

But the churches are not all like that They are also harmonies in stone fro porch to flying buttress, or from stron foundation through rounded arch to th

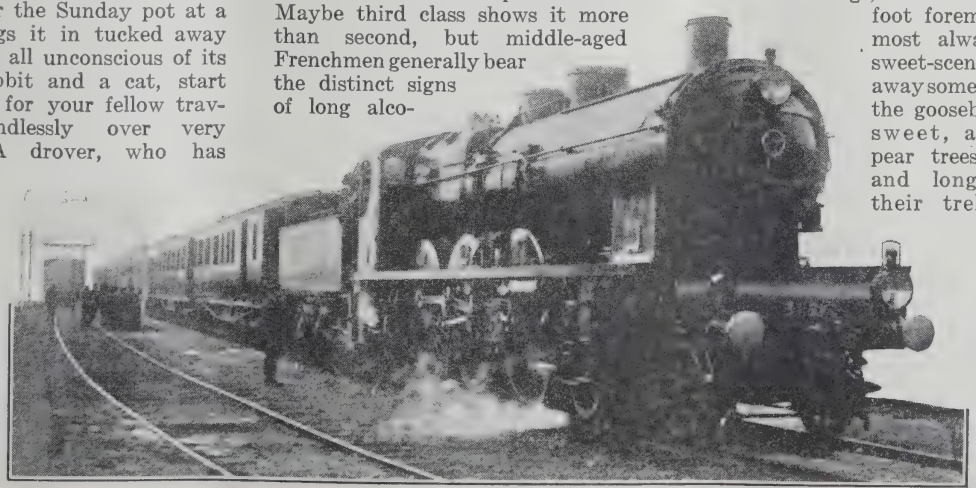
# hird-Class Car Window



perfect peace of their towers. Such buildings as they are very likely to belong entirely to the Norman period when the great dukes made peace with the mailed fist, or else to the early Gothic when the capable kings of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries kept their borders inviolate, or Louis the XII did justice under an oak tree, sitting as a father among his people.

The omnibus train carries all the traffic of the countryside. France is slow to use motor busses—very likely because the provincial folk are thrifty and gasoline is high—and there is nothing at all like our interurbans. So the woman who has bought a rabbit for the Sunday pot at a market town brings it in tucked away in a little wire bag all unconscious of its fate; or else a rabbit and a cat, start a sputter of talk, for your fellow travelers exclaim endlessly over very simple things. A drover, who has taken his cattle to market comes with his smock and whip and a fine free smell of cattle, or a commercial traveler with his bags of samples, or a family who want to sit together and push us all around—the women mostly in black. At the next station they all get down and we fill up with new passengers, or else wait while little freight cars are shunted in and out, sidewise—not so bad an arrangement either—and the express trains pass us.

Our neighbors talk and talk, eat their crusty bread and drink their sour red wine. There may not be much alcohol in it but enough of it induces a spirit of benevolence which embraces all the world, even Americans. Give a Frenchman wine enough and the payment of the national debt becomes a matter of supreme indifference. Maybe third class shows it more than second, but middle-aged Frenchmen generally bear the distinct signs of long alcoholization. Eye, cheek and nose are all signed with the marks of it and in general middle-aged civilian masculine France is physically out of training.



French local trains are slow enough, but the "rapides" make up for it, the engineers loving to take curves at 70 miles an hour.

Put a Frenchman in a uniform and he pulls himself together, shoulders up and stomach in; take the uniform off and he loosens out in every direction. Perhaps he and his ancestors have been in uniform so long that they are lost without it—and there are uniforms enough. All the youth of France are still in Horizon Blue. They were in every third class *en permission* with their knapsacks over their shoulders, a ration of bread and a bottle of wine therein, smoking cigarets, smiling at the girls and going home for their ten days.

The railway employes are all uniformed and the postman and gendarmes, of course. Subtract the uniforms from the male population and what is left has not force enough to carry on the everyday business of life with efficiency—and France shows it. For the villages, towns and cities through which the train takes its slow jerky way are pathetically time-worn. Hardly a village without roofless walls, farmsteads sagging with the weight of the years. Part of this is due to a stationary population—there have been houses enough in France for fifty years now. But even the stationary population is due more to a high death rate than a low birth rate. The birth rate is only a fraction of 1 per cent less than England and Wales, the death rate markedly higher. But the key to the economic situation in France is the enormous vital drain and overhead of the army. War, for whatever reason, has so long been the main business of the nation that the whole life of France reflects it in ways which a century of peace would be hardly sufficient radically to change.

Meanwhile your third-class *wagon* is passing from countryside to countryside of the loveliest and most fertile land in the world. It is mostly a land of hamlets and villages. Most French farming is done from a village center whose houses straggle along winding streets. The house and the barns make a hollow square into which the stables are cleaned to the ammonia-scented untidyness of the village generally. But here, as in many other things, the French put their worst foot foremost. There is almost always a walled and sweet-scented garden hidden away somewhere behind where the gooseberries grow purple sweet, and century-old pear trees are trained flat and long-branched along their trellises.

The isolated farm buildings—proportionately small in number—always suggest a little fortress, the inherited habit of old times when no man was safe. Sometimes the house is the windowed

end of the great stone barn, and always the farmer keeps his household, his grain, his gear and his cattle within his grange walls. But generally farm labor goes out from the village in the morning and comes back at night and never far, for the farms are small, there are no fences or hedges in the grain region between the little fields and from a hilltop they look like a tapestry or, better, a parquetry floor. Western France, south of the Seine Valley, is almost heavily wooded. The climate is kind to trees and the state and the habit of the people cultivate and conserve them. The nation produces its own timber supply for building and fuel and has a margin left for export. Brittany and Southern Normandy are famous dairy regions and the lush valley pastures carry astounding herds of cattle. Sheep feed along the coast up to the turn of the tide.

Cross the range of wooded hills you have seen for an hour in the distance and the open fields stand thick with such oats and wheat as you would think no soil could grow, and across it all a clear sunlight with just that mist-softened quality which makes it like no other light anywhere, and a majestical procession of soft white clouds whose drifting shadows touch the immemorial landscape with grave beauty; or else the clouds mass themselves and dissolve in a dash of soft rain and the sunlight washes the fields again to give a deeper green to the knee-deep clovers and alfalfas or be reflected in jeweled drops from the broad leaves of the sugar beet.

Now the great trees are looped with ivy and now the holly shows prickly and lustrous all along the hedges. There are roses and phlox in every dooryard and a weathered church tower against every horizon. Surely a lovely land. Here in their fields and pastures is the one unfailing thing in France. The peasants, born close to the soil and taking with the years the very color of it, love it with a passion beyond American imagination, and till it with an inherited lore of wisdom. They pass it on to their sons and buy every hectare of it offered for sale. Just now they are buying land at every chance. No use to put paper francs in a woolen stocking; they don't know what they will be worth when they take them out and government securities have their limitations, but land is land. Half of rural England seems on the auction block but you see few advertisements of land for sale in France.

Farming tools are heavy and crude but they suit the soil. It is a stiff soil and needs masterful tools. Their plows have reversible shares to save trampled turnings on their own or their neighbor's hectares. Their great smooth horses work in tandems to suit their narrow, crooked roads. Their ricks are built in perfect rectangles or circles —swelling out and drawn in and thatched with the skill of born craftsmen. A group of farms have one American binder between them, but there are few tractors, for the fields are not big enough. Every beet field repeats Millet's *Man With the Hoe* though it is more likely to be the woman with the hoe, bent in back-breaking toil with her heavy tool over her little bit of land.

One is tempted to believe that the whole weight of France is borne upon the backs of her peasant women. They build the ricks with the men, they glean the stubble with the children, they come home at night with a bundle of faggots for the fire or a bundle of clover and weeds for the rabbits. They keep the pot on the fire and go out on Sunday in their decent black to keep the fire of faith alight on the altars of their churches. They even dispute the garbage pails in old city streets with the cats. They are sad-eyed and their faces are like dark, dry, lined parchment. They have given their sons to *la patrie* and their daughters will do the same. They have nurtured the armies of the Louises and Napoleons and the Republic. They are the Niobes of motherhood with knotted hands and patient hearts.

This deep rooting of a tenacious race in a fertile soil is the secret of that great power of recovery which keeps France alive. Everything else is wasted and time-worn, the fields alone are fresh and unwasted. So you might cross France from Lisle to Nice or Brest to Grenoble or Bayonne to Strassbourg, the grain fields of the Beauce would give way to the orchards of Normandy; the pastures of Brittany to the vineyards of Bordeaux or Burgundy, but always labor and the love of the land and the beauty of hills and valleys and quiet rivers whose shining water courses are marked by poplars, and rippled by memory and poetry and crossed by low arched bridges worn by the feet of many generations.

"France," said a friend this summer, "should be the happiest land in the world." Her people have the genius for art and labor, her climate is kind, she is extraordinarily self-contained, she can feed and clothe herself, she has now the iron and potash of Europe and enough of its coal, there is no unemployment, her population is evenly distributed and generally near to the soil. The top-heavy concentration of population in industrial cities, dependent upon food importations and world markets and therefore at the mercy of world conditions, which is the menacing element in England and Germany, does not yet exist in France though it may be coming. French industry is generally carried on in small establishments, family affairs with small overhead and never overcapitalized.

There is almost universally something of distinguished craftsmanship, some contribution of art in all French products which gives them a rare monopoly, the monopoly of racial genius carried in the life stream of a marvelous people and safeguarded by the secrets of Nature herself. The shop windows of Paris are such a show of luxury in jewels and the craft of silver and gold smiths and all the silken, velvet stuffs of East and West as makes them a very shrine for women and, I suppose, a most costly display for men and particularly Americans. But the French do not wear their own jewels or silks and the nation shows a lessening force.

It goes deeper than the last war, though an observer of France would be a fool to ignore that. But there is somewhere in the national temperament a disturbing element which has made French history what it is, some cause which lies south of the northern frontier. A passion for military glory certainly, a want of corporate economic balance probably which cannot be compensated for by mere thrift, too much brilliancy and too little restraint of tough moral fiber, perhaps. At any rate France has had a strange fashion of undoing what she herself has created, and a glorious power to rebuild and yet always at a loss.

But your third-class car and your omnibus train do not carry you so far afield. They carry you by farmsteads and hamlets and stations with curious hyphenated names, the last syllable of which the station master sings out from the platform and you take your chance on guessing what it is. The basal organization of France is the *commune*—French for township—and the local stops generally serve two *communes*. The names themselves are history, or local tradition, or an old feudal holding, or some old, old feature of the land, or a river, or an abbey, no stone of which is standing, or a mill whose wheel has rotted these hundred years, or a chateau burned in the Revolution.

Yonder on the hill are fretted towers, here in the valley low homes of labor and love. You are seeking what you will: seagirt Mt. St. Michael lifting its spires and flying buttresses 200 feet above the wash of the tides; old walled St. Malo from which Jacques Cartier set sail, and the fishing craft still go out with ocher-colored patched sails; Caen, where they found the heart of William the Conqueror in a leaden case beneath the high altar, and show you the pockmarks of revolutionary bullets in the walls of a ruined church; Rouen whose builders made lace of stone and wrote the drama of resurrection and last judgment in the sculptured recitative of their portals; or Amiens, whose front of stone kings has outlasted time—and German shells.



Interesting combination house and cow barn on a French farm.

# Never Lost a War But Never Won a Conference

(*Concluded from page 4*)

or authorized, while the United States should have 21 more light cruisers of 209,290 tons.

The parts that the new types of cruisers have in a modern navy cannot be better described than the comment of that influential Japanese general, Yokosuka, made in 1920, when the Navy Department recommended a cruiser program to Congress. It is as follows:

"The American naval authorities lay special emphasis on the necessity of having a high speed for these 10 cruisers, and it can well be imagined what is the objective of American naval policy. Is it not an undisguisable fact that since the end of the World War America has been trying to devote her efforts to the Pacific? Unlike the cruisers hitherto built, those now proposed are to be of a specially large type so that they can conveniently cruise oceans. These facts should be duly noted by all interested in the future of Pacific questions."

This is a polite way of saying that the light cruisers, in addition to their functions with the fleet, must guard the sea lanes for commercial ships. Cruisers will be used to guard our merchant shipping from enemy raiders and to capture enemy merchantmen. Owing to the agreement entered into at the Washington Conference by which the United States is prohibited from fortifying and establishing naval bases in the Philippines, Guam, and even the islands off the coast of Alaska, the possession of a large force of light cruisers by the American Navy becomes imperative.

This leads up to the great concession that was made by the American delegates to Japan at the Washington Conference. While the British delegates were making a successful drive against the American battleship program, Japan saw the opportunity to strip the Philippines of their naval defenses. Like the British, the Japanese delegates attained their objective. Without adequate bases in the Pacific like those maintained by Great Britain and Japan, the American Navy is no longer in a position to enforce the open-door policy in the Far East. Hawaii and Guam are simply stepping-stones on our line of communications with the Philippines. Japan even wanted to include Honolulu, which is 3,500 miles from Tokio, in the agreement limiting fortifications. It is about the same distance from Japan as Gibraltar is from New York. No one in America ever thought that the fortification of Gibraltar constituted a threat against the United States.

The fortifications of Bermuda and Jamaica, about 600 miles from our mainland, is by far, more of a threat against this country than Guam is against Japan. Guam is just twice as far from Japan as Bermuda is from the United States. Manila is about 1,000 miles distance from the mainland of Japan. It is a great commercial port and is entitled to adequate defense as much as any other port. This great distance from the mainland of Japan makes the contention that it is a threat against Japan untenable. Even if it were half the distance its defense should not be classified as a military base maintained for the purpose of conducting an expedition against Japan. As far as the influence of the American Navy in the affairs of China is concerned, it is not on an equal basis with the Japanese Navy on account of the refusal of the conference to give it adequate bases in Guam and in the Philippines.

Even the scrapping of the 1916 program, which Captain Dudley W. Knox in his *Eclipse of American Sea Power* says would give a "certain first place (with no close second) in sea power and a positive ability to safeguard American interests the world over," is not the full measure of the sacrifice made by the American delegates at the Washington Conference. *The United States had already spent $330,000,000 upon this program. Practically all of this was scrapped. In addition, when all the bills are paid for executing the details of the scrapping, $75,000,000 more will have been expended in carrying out the agreement.* The older battleships that were retained under the treaty are now being modernized at the cost of $18,360,000, and the guns of the older ships should be elevated at a cost of $6,500,000. Blisters and undersea protection for seven battleships are necessary to bring them up to a post-war status at a cost of $4,375,000. The recommendations for keeping the present fleet up to the 5-5-3 ratio, both in material and personnel, is bringing out the fact that the completion of the 1916 program would cost less than the maintenance of the present fleet with its old ships at their high cost of overhaul and repair.

In its efforts to demonstrate to the country that the Arms Conference resulted in a great saving in the cost of maintaining a great navy, the administration is permitting the fleet to run down to a dangerous state of deterioration. There are now in the Department urgent demands for repairs and alterations coming from the commanders afloat which would cost $40,000,000, and after an extended survey and study the General Board of the Navy recommended the expenditure of $111,000,000, extending through a period of twenty years for replacements and repairs in order to bring the fleet up to the treaty ratio. The Navy is not at treaty strength simply because it may have the required number of tons of battleships. The tonnage should be in condition for war service. Battleships which are not in condition to go to sea for duty upon the declaration of war only give the nation a false impression of security.

The condition of the older battleships was brought out in September, 1924, when the *Florida* was found to be unseaworthy and was put out of commission in Boston harbor. The *Texas* and the *Arkansas* were not much better and were shortly after put in reserve. The *Florida* will have been out of commission for two years before her extended overhaul and modernization will be completed. She, with the *Texas* and *Arkansas*, is expected to be ready for service again in October, 1926. Thus, for two years the fleet has been one battleship below the treaty ratio, and for more than a year three battleships below the treaty ratio. In September, 1926, three more battleships from the scouting fleet, the *New York*, *Wyoming*, and *Utah*, will go into the Navy yards for a period of one year. In every way the fleet since the Washington Arms Conference has been scrimped and deprived of the necessary funds to keep it up to the peak of efficiency that is demanded to maintain the treaty strength.

Instead of training the year round, as is required, especially by the American Navy on account of the large number of recruits that come to it every year, its operations are restricted through lack of appropriations for fuel. In the next fiscal year, according to the appropriations reported out by the House subcommittee, the Navy will be compelled to abandon the maneuvers that it contemplated off the east coast. It is a vital necessity to mobilize the entire fleet in either the Atlantic or the Pacific oceans every year. This is the only way that the teamwork of the great organization can be maintained.

This effort to make a show of economy as a result of the Washington Arms Conference is striking at the very vitals of the entire naval establishment. It is not only having a disastrous effect on the ships and the *material* of the fleets, but on the strength of the men who are to man the fleet. The personnel of the British Navy as of October 1, 1925, numbered 95,922 men, while that of the United States Navy under the budget pending in Congress will number 81,702. The British Empire on the same date maintained a Naval Reserve of 10,425 officers and 64,742 men, as compared with 5,077 officers and 25,030 men in the United States Naval Reserve. This difference in the number of officers and men is expressive of the entire strength of both establishments and demonstrates clearly how far below the treaty strength the American Navy has fallen.

(*To be continued next week*)

# Oldest Bible Manuscript

(*Concluded from page 8*)

paper. Pieces of plate glass were placed on these to protect them and hold them in place while they were studied. When I had finished placing and reading all the fragments, they were mounted permanently between glass. For this strong, light, and clear glass was needed. Used X-ray plates from the University Hospital proved satisfactory and these were cleaned and cut in the proper size. Then the underside of a glass plate was moistened with gelatine and carefully lowered upon a fragmentary leaf as it lay on its blotter. The gelatine held the small fragments in place while the leaf was turned over. In this act the blotter holding the fragments was supported by a glass plate underneath, so that it could be pressed tight against the upper glass. As soon as the leaf was safely turned over the extra plate of glass and the blotter were removed. Another plate of the thin glass was then placed above the fragments and the two plates bound together by pasting a strip of strong linen about the entire edge.

The leaves can now be handled without danger of damage and both sides can be read with equal ease. A special case will have to be designed to hold the manuscript, since the seventy plates of glass used in mounting the leaves are extremely heavy and awkward to handle. When this has been done it will be possible to take out any leaf desired without disturbing the others, and if proper care is used the manuscript may continue to be seen and studied for many centuries to come.

# Chats with Office Callers



***The Man from Cuba*** came into The Office and discoursed about his delectable island: "We have affairs nicely divided there," said he, "we leave politics to the Cubans and business to the Spaniards. You would understand this better if you know how much of a business is politics in Cuba. The Spaniards are great organizers. Their hospital societies, or what you might call health insurance societies, are very wonderful. They support fine large hospitals with splendid staffs, and do it all on a small monthly fee from each member. That entitles him to any kind of treatment or care he may need. It is an example of the community spirit not often found in the New World. What Cuba needs most now is roads. There is considerable development awaiting the building of highways. Business is very good there, if you make a distinction between speculation and business. Of course, the grandiose manifestations of the sugar boom days have almost disappeared. The Cubans are like children with money—easy come, easy go. Men who made millions in sugar speculation and built great palaces sold their wonderful homes for five or ten per cent of their value. That is all past. Probably it can never occur again. But steady business based on the production of the land is very good. No, Cuba is not the place for an American seeking his fortune. No American could get down far enough to be a member of the working class there. And even private capital must be rather large to be effective. The most satisfactory relation the American can bear to Cuba for a long time to come is that of tourist."

---

"I don't like America to act like a hog, even in the name of Art," said the ***Man from the East.*** "You've heard of the mean, penny-squeezing deacon who stripped the widow's house of furniture because she needed money: that's exactly what we are doing to Europe's art treasures. And I have seen the cost of it in good feeling. We may hang up Europe's pictures on our walls, but let me tell you that in consequence Europe is taking down the picture of America from its walls. It is scandalous the rapacity which our dealers show in England and France—especially in France, where the difference in exchange makes it sheer robbery. In England it is conscienceless greed and callous pride; in France it is robbery. Suppose America were in such a plight that some supercilious Englishman should come over and buy Mount Vernon for removal to England, and some Frenchman should gobble up all the Lincoln relics we have for the enrichment of some Paris museum. We'd hate them for their bad taste, wouldn't we? Well, we have done something like that to France and England —something that no amount of dollars could ever compensate. And it will rankle —believe me, it will rankle. When you think of it, governments are not nearly so provocative of international bad feeling as individuals are."

***The Prohibition Official*** came into The Office and displayed two copies of a local newspaper. "That is what we are up against in the press," said he. "A man in Yonkers, who has never before been heard of by the great American public, indicates that he does not favor prohibition (although he is a clergyman, a former official of the Anti-Saloon League, and present officer of a church temperance society) and immediately the 'wet' progaganda machinery gets busy and every big newspaper in the land blazons the fact on its front page. I want you to look at this newspaper. See the original report shrieking from the front page. Now, three days later the Bishop of New York stood up in the great Cathedral of St. John the Divine on Morningside Heights, and in the plainest of language told the people of the United States that the quoted official represented no one but himself. I ask you to find a report of what the Bishop said—look through this Monday morning paper, and see if you can find it. Since that time, 18 or 19 bishops have expressed themselves as solidly in favor of the present no-liquor laws; I ask you to find where a single report of any of them has found its way into any of your local newspapers.

"It is the same everywhere. The American newspaper is wet. There are 'blind pigs' in the neighborhood of every big newspaper office in America; some of these 'blind pigs' are right in the same building with the newspaper staff. The feature stuff in most papers reeks with the downtown atmosphere of the law-violating class, and pours it into the hundreds of thousands of law-abiding homes that provide the newspapers' circulation.

"I suppose you know that the Government is beginning to take serious cognizance of the alliance between newspapers and bootleggers to discountenance the law. I have no inkling of what form any action will take, but it should have the effect of moving newspaper readers to tell newspaper makers that they are not interested in 'wet' propaganda—at least, not every day, and not on every page—and that they want it cut out.

"My own opinion is that some newspaper owners ought to be ashamed to look their own sheets in the face."

---

***The Man from Japan*** came into The Office: "Nobody flies over Tokio," said he, "because the Emperor lives there and it is permitted no human being to look down on the Emperor. When the American flyers came, they had to circle the city. Our great summer resort is at a much higher altitude than Tokio, yet in speech we 'go down' from Tokio to the higher place, and 'go up' from the higher place to lower Tokio, because it is the seat of the Emperor. Japan is one of the saddest places on earth, once you know it. The pressure of population and the terrible poverty are most depressing. Population pressure forces the people out of the Empire, or farther up the stony mountains. Easing the population pressure is something the world has got to deal with sooner or later. The Japanese Government is now paying heads of families to get out and go to Brazil, to relieve the burden on space and food. Living, at what Americans would call a working-class standard, is prohibitive in cost. After living in Japan, all the manufactured fear which we have in this country is worse than foolish. The Japanese seem to be secretive with us, but I have found that most of it arises from their shame over their poverty. They don't like other people to see how bare their country is in every way. They are proud, but poor, and their poverty has much to do with their dishonesty. Japan does not count for much in trade today because she does not know that honesty is something that can be put into materials. When Japan had a large lead pencil trade, her manufacturers conceived the brilliant idea of putting an inch of lead in each end of the pencil, never dreaming apparently that it would hurt their business. It was the same way with silk. When she had a great trade in that article, she began to make the center of the bolt bad, then a little more, and a little more, until half of it was bad. And now no silk will be purchased there that does not bear the stamp of American inspection. That is the great trouble with Japan—she imitates, and what she imitates is our worst faults. The principle of honor in goods has yet to be planted there. During the war Japan acquired an immense trade, but she has lost it all since, due to under-standard goods. Japan is not an enemy to be suspected, but a hard-up nation to be pitied. I like the Japanese people, yet I would not advise that they come to the United States in numbers. I think, however, they should come in on the basis of other people—this would make about 146 a year.

---

"Here's a collar I'd like you to look at," said the ***Man from New York,*** as he opened his hand-grip in The Office. "I bought this at Washington three weeks ago, had it laundered in New York, put it on yesterday, and now look at it!" He handed over a bit of three-ply linen that looked as if it had been worried by a pup. "Tear it," he said; it tore as easily as tissue paper; it seemed imitation linen, like the old paper collars we used to wear—but the paper collars were tougher than these laundered linen ones.

"That is what New York laundries do to our linen," said the visitor. "The laundries have almost completely changed ownership during the last few years. They are practically all in one kind of control now. And the service goes lower and lower. Formerly they only did poor work or lost your linen. Now they destroy it with chemicals and send it back to you. If there is collusion between the manufacturers and the destroyers for the purpose of promoting sales, it certainly is working splendidly. I have used up dozens of collars where formerly a half-dozen would last a long while. I would suggest to our sensational magazines of New York that they look into the laundry situation—but I know they wouldn't print what they find."

# You'll never need a Wet Paint sign with Lacq

## HOUSEHOLD LACQUEROID

**NOT PAINT ~ NOT VARNISH**

—but a startling innovation—a distinctly new product that will revolutionize household finishing.



Lacq can be used on floors, inside or outside, floors of wood or concrete, stairways, or any surface that gets heavy traffic. You can use this wonderful finish on furniture of any kind—chairs, tables, dressers, bedsteads, desks, etc.—on toys, wagons and bicycles.

And you can finish the woodwork in any room, cupboard, built-in china cabinet or bookcase—and put it into use quickly.

## for it dries in *less than one-half hour*

—and it gives you a rich, lustrous surface that not only withstands the most severe washing and scrubbing, but the action of steam, alkalies and acids as well.

You've never dipped a brush in any kind of paint, varnish, or enamel that flows so easily, gives such a smooth, even surface and holds its beauty for so long a time. Try it on floors, woodwork or furniture, and watch it dry!

To Dealers—Think of the wonderful opportunity this quick-drying lacqueroid gives you to perform a genuine service for your customers. Write for the "Story of Lacq"—address any one of the licensed distributors listed here

## There is only one Lacq —there is no substitute.

It is natural, when a new product meets with such an enthusiastic reception as did Lacq Household Lacqueroid, that it should be widely imitated. Imitation is not only flattery—it is often a measure of success.

Adriance Jayne
President

The GLIDDEN Companies

PAINTS—VARNISHES—LACQUERS—ENAMELS

| | |
|---|---|
| The Glidden Company | Cleveland |
| Heath & Milligan Mfg. Co. | Chicago |
| Adams & Elting Company | Chicago |
| Campbell Paint & Varnish Co. | St. Louis |
| T. L. Blood & Company | St. Paul |
| The American Paint Works | New Orleans |
| Twin City Varnish Company | St. Paul |
| The Forest City Paint & Varnish Co. | Cleveland |
| The A. Wilhelm Company | Reading |
| Nubian Paint & Varnish Company | Chicago |
| The Glidden Company of California | San Francisco |

In Canada: The Glidden Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Send for our new book, "The Garden of Color in Your Home."

Sent absolutely free together with a complete color chart that tells all about Lacq, and where and how to use it.

THE GLIDDEN COMPANIES
*National Headquarters*
Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me a copy of your new book and the Lacq Color Chart.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

D. I.-3-6

# Rescuing the Survivors From Wrangel Island

By BURT M. McCONNELL
Meteorologist, Canadian Arctic Expedition, 1913-1914.



THE greatest moment in Olaf Swenson's life—and mine—came in September, ten years ago, when we stepped from an Eskimo *umiak* upon the barren shore of Wrangel Island, that bleak and forbidding bit of rock a hundred miles off the north coast of Siberia. The sky was gray and overcast, but our hearts were light, for we could see, as the Eskimo crew rowed us ashore, a flagpole and a tent. Captain Jochimsen, Swenson's ice pilot, had blown our schooner's whistle at intervals as we approached the island, but no one had appeared in answer to its blasts. We had expected to find twenty-three persons at this spot, yet we could see only a dilapidated four-man tent, a flagpole, and a cross.

Now, as we stepped ashore a strange-looking individual, walking with jerky and uncertain footsteps, came to meet us. Not only was he taking a rifle from its case, but he seemed to be loading the magazine with cartridges. Had this man become crazed by hardship and starvation, we wondered? This, apparently, was the conclusion reached by our Eskimo crew. Pointing to their foreheads, they muttered: "That man long time not much eat. Him crazy." For a moment it seemed that they would turn back. But with his customary coolness, courage, and presence of mind, Swenson quieted their fears and they kept on paddling.

As this modern Robinson Crusoe, dressed in tattered skins, approached, two other castaways crawled on hands and knees from the tent, and bent their steps in our direction. But our attention was concentrated upon this first curious individual, as we boldly advanced to meet him. His shaggy, matted hair streamed down over his eyes in wild disorder. His grimy face was streaked and furrowed with lines and wrinkles. His caribou-skin clothes were begrimed with seal oil, blood, and dirt, and were in tatters. The color of his skin could not have been judged from a look at his hands, so stained were they. His full, unkempt beard effectively hid the emaciation of his cheeks, but his sunken eyes told of suffering and want. This wasted individual was John Munro, chief engineer of the *Karluk*. The cross, he told us, marked the last resting place of two of his companions who had died a few months before of a form of scurvy.

The survivors, Munro said, had given up hope of ever being rescued. They knew Wrangel Island's inaccessibility only too well. Their present food supply consisted merely of a few pounds of seal meat and half a dozen Arctic fox carcasses. Munro had but twelve cartridges with which to sustain himself and his companions by hunting throughout the winter. They had matches, but their clothing was insufficient for another winter. These castaways surely must have perished within two months had they not been rescued.

The appearance of Munro and two companions, as we walked toward the tent to collect their belongings, can better be imagined than described. For they had worked, hunted, and slept for more than six months in the garments they wore at this moment—hooded shirts and trousers of caribou skin, socks of mountain sheepskin, and sealskin boots. As we hastened back to the sturdy schooner, *King and Winge*, which had brought us to these uninviting shores (for Munro had told us that there were nine other survivors at a point some thirty miles distant), I had an excellent opportunity to study Olaf Swenson, owner of the staunch little vessel.



The *Karluk* imprisoned in the ice from which she never escaped.

One might call Swenson a modern Viking. His tremendous strength and endurance have served him well in the Arctic. The first time I met him, on shipboard en route to Nome, he impressed me mightily. He is six feet two inches tall, and without an ounce of surplus flesh. There is a magnetic directness about the steadfast gaze of his deep blue eyes, and a definite attraction in his frank, open countenance. From San Francisco to the mouth of the Mackenzie, from Petropavlovsk to East Cape, Siberia, Swenson is known as a "white man," than which there is no greater compliment in the lexicon of the adventurer.

In all the annals of Arctic history there is nothing to compare with the last voyage of the *Karluk*. Scores of stout ships have been crushed and swallowed by the insatiable white maw of the Arctic, but never before in history was a crew compelled to abandon a crushed and sinking vessel in the midst of the long Arctic night, with the temperature 35 degrees below zero, and in the midst of a raging blizzard. To make matters worse, the disaster occurred when it was darkest. It came about in this way:

Stefansson, with a scientific staff of nine, of which I was a member, and a ship's crew of fourteen, four Eskimo men, one Eskimo seamstress and her two girls—thirty-one in all—had set out in the whaler *Karluk* the previous summer, under the auspices of the Canadian Government, to explore as much as possible of the area lying between Alaska and the North Pole.

While the leader, with three of us—Wilkins, Jenness, and myself—and two Eskimos, were ashore on the north coast of Alaska hunting caribou, the ice in which the ship was held eighteen miles offshore broke away under the force of an unprecedented northeast gale, and carried the helpless *Karluk* westward to within 200 miles of Siberia, then crushed her as you would an eggshell.

Captain Bartlett, formerly Peary's ice navigator, was in command; Stefansson and the five of us who made the hunting party were still marooned on the north coast of Alaska, more than a thousand miles from the scene of the disaster. But Bartlett, in anticipation of the crushing of the ship, had removed several months' provisions to a safe place on the ice. The boxes were piled in brick fashion to form walls, with the tops of the boxes on the inside, convenient for opening. He had built houses in this fashion when on the North Pole dash with Peary. Covered with canvas and banked with snow, such a structure made a comfortable haven, which was named "Shipwreck Camp." The Eskimos also built themselves a shelter, and the twenty-five castaways settled themselves to wait for the end of the Arctic night so that they might retreat to Wrangel Island.

A phonograph concert was being given in the after cabin when the first warning of disaster came—a tremendous groan from the vessel's staunch timbers as the ice fields closed in. Then came the rush of ingoing water.

A few hours later the ice field receded, and in a moment the spot where lately a gallant ship had floated became a mere blot of black water, strongly contrasted against the spotless white of the surrounding ice and snow.

As the days lengthened with the return of the sun, Captain Bartlett began preparations for the grim race to land against starvation and the elements. First, an advance party of seven men and two sleds was sent to cut a trail over the jagged ice field with picks on which the retreat might be made. This required the utmost strength and endurance; often it was necessary to haul sleds up steep acclivities with ropes, and to let them down on the opposite sides in similar manner with considerable risk.

# Ford

THE FORD INDUSTRIES

## UNHURRIED PRODUCTION

The tremendous volume of Ford production is due, not to accelerated individual effort, but to the smooth, unerring and unhurried methods which characterize Ford manufacture. ¶ Uniform workmanship is the inevitable outgrowth of the Ford system which carries parts and materials to men who stand still at their work. Haste and waste motion are eliminated. Savings in time and human energy exclude carelessness and inaccuracy. ¶ Such method makes possible the car that enjoys world-wide recognition for surpassing value.



Ask any authorized Ford dealer for a copy of the 64-page illustrated booklet entitled "The Ford Industries"

***The Ford Coupe*** with sturdy all-steel body of finest material, displays the splendid design and careful workmanship that quality standards call for—well molded panels, graceful pillars, artistic molding treatment, plate glass windows and durable upholstery of attractive color and pattern.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
*Detroit, Michigan*



$500

RUNABOUT $290 TOURING $310 COUPE $500 TUDOR SEDAN $520 FORDOR SEDAN $565

*All prices f. o. b. Detroit*

Finally, when they arrived at what they believed was Wrangel Island (but which was in reality Herald Island, a barren mass of rock rearing itself abruptly out of the sea), they found their way blocked by three miles of open water. Electing to wait until the ice on which they stood drifted ashore, the first and second officers, with two seamen—all inexperienced in Arctic travel—piled their provisions on the ice, pitched their tents beside them, and sent the other three men and the two dog teams back to "Shipwreck Camp." This whole procedure was an error which Stefansson would not have permitted had he been present; he would have moved the entire camp as a unit from the scene of the shipwreck.

The officers and seamen who stayed with the provisions were never seen again; the shifting ice fields carried them off into that region marked "unknown" on maps of the Arctic.

Against Captain Bartlett's wishes, and contrary to the advice of their companions, another party of four—three scientists and one sailor—next departed from the base camp, poorly equipped and pulling their own sleds. Two of the scientists had been with Shackleton, but their experience was no match for the furious blizzards which frosted their feet and hands and broke up the ice over which they laboriously made their way. Their impatience to reach Wrangel Island ahead of the others cost them their lives. Four more thus were added to the list, making eight in all.

The main party, under Bartlett, then set out. Their slow advance was marked by innumerable hardships. For five days in succession a blizzard compelled them to seek refuge in the tents. Trails had to be chipped with picks and spears through rough ice piled into chaotic ridges. Vast floes had been tumbled and thrust upward into barricades by pressure, as if by the hands of a giant. Irregular blocks the size of a cottage had been tossed about like toys. It required three weeks for them to reach Wrangel Island.

First a comfortable camp was established on the beach, where driftwood was plentiful. Then Captain Bartlett and Katartovik, a young Eskimo, set out over the ice toward the mainland of Siberia, a hundred miles away, with seven dogs and a sled. Chief Engineer Munro was left in charge.

It was a terribly difficult journey, during which they lost several dogs and often fell into the water. Later in the spring the trip from "Shipwreck Camp" to the Island and the trip to Siberia and along the coast to East Cape could safely have been made by the entire party in Eskimo *umiaks*, but none of these sturdy walrus-hide boats had been saved from the wreck. The lack of these staunch, flat-bottomed little skiffs, built like bateaux by stretching walrus hides over a driftwood frame, was sorely felt, particularly when provisions were running low and herds of walrus could be seen offshore. With no means of securing fresh meat two of the survivors fell an easy prey to a form of scurvy.

Reaching the mainland, Bartlett and the young Eskimo continued to East Cape and thence to Emma Harbor, a distance of several hundred miles. They were then taken on a whaler to St. Michael, Alaska, at the mouth of the Yukon, where Bartlett was able to communicate with the Canadian Government by telegraph. On its request the United States Government sent the revenue cutter *Bear* to the rescue. This was the vessel which helped to rescue the Greely survivors thirty years before.

On her first journey the *Bear* was unable to get nearer than twenty miles to Wrangel Island. The Russian Government, which also responded to Canada's appeal for aid, sent two ice-breakers, but Fate played another trick on the castaways—war was declared (this was in 1914) and Russia recalled her vessels by wireless. An effort also was made by an American whaler to reach the survivors, but the ice being heavy and densely packed they were unable to get nearer than twenty miles to the island.



Above—The author and Storkerson construct a "sled raft" on the trip with Stefansson over the ice of the Arctic Ocean in search of land. Below—Typical Alaskan "husky" dog team and Alaskan sled.

I happened to be at Point Barrow, the northernmost tip of the American continent, en route to Nome, when the *Bear* arrived. When she did not succeed on her first trial I became alarmed for the safety of the shipwrecked party, and telegraphed from Nome to the Canadian Government, suggesting that it charter a vessel to proceed independently of the *Bear* and approach the island from a different angle. When this suggestion was rejected, I went to talk the matter over with Swenson, owner of the *King and Winge*, a tiny trading schooner. I assured him that I did not come as the representative of the Canadian Government, but urged him to attempt a rescue. The upshot was that he agreed to join in the race, and I was invited to go with him.

We left Nome for Wrangel Island, 600 miles distant, on September 3. On September 4 we reached East Cape, Siberia. Here Swenson engaged fifteen Eskimo hunters and secured an Eskimo *umiak*. This was for use in case the schooner should find itself, like the revenue cutter, unable to get near the island. Light in weight and covered with walrus hide, this boat could be dragged over the ice which might surround the island, and launched when open water appeared. Swenson proposed to be prepared for all emergencies. The next day, we sighted loose ice fields, and on September 6 entered the pack—a hundred miles short of our goal.

First came hours of ice bucking. The powerful little vessel, only 110 feet long, but with excellent engines of 140 horsepower, forged her way through seemingly impassable fields, and when Captain Jochimsen encountered an ice field through which the schooner could not force her way, he skirted its edge until he found an opening.

The ice was moving all this time under the influence of a southwest wind, which made the situation all the more dangerous for the *King and Winge*. The floes became heavier and more densely packed as we neared the island. Pressure ridges were passed which were almost as high as the masts of the schooner. Sometimes, when sent full speed into the ice, she would slide clamberingly upon the floe, like a polar bear struggling up out of the water, and break it down with her sheer weight. At midnight, when it became too dark to see clearly, the fight was postponed until daylight, and Captain Jochimsen, who had been on deck for more than twenty-four hours, retired for a three-hour nap. Progress was resumed with the coming of dawn—and slow and discouraging it was.

After three hours of bumping, crashing and grinding against the densely packed ice, we emerged from the hundred-mile field within sight of the precipitous granite cliffs of Wrangel Island, and an hour later the sandy beach near Rodgers Harbor, where Captain Bartlett had told us the survivors would be found, could be seen.

A tent was sighted at this point by the lookout in the "crow's nest" when we were within two miles of shore. As we came nearer a man emerged from the tent on hands and knees. I shall never forget his actions. He did not show signs of joy. He did not wave his arms and shout for sheer happiness when he saw the ship. He did not run up and down the beach to attract our attention, but rose and stood rigidly beside the tent, gazing at us as if dazed. Indeed, he brushed his hands across his eyes more than once, as if to clear away something which might be there, deceiving him, before he finally decided that the *King and Winge* was a real ship.

As soon as he reached this conclusion, evidently, he turned abruptly and entered the tent. Almost immediately he reappeared, bringing with him a British flag which he raised to half-mast. At first we were apprehensive that the entire party, with the exception of the one man we saw, had died, but soon two other men appeared. Still we were wondering; could it be possible that but three men remained of the twenty-three?

None of this trio made any demonstration. Each seemed dazed by his sudden good fortune, and stood near the tent and stared at us.

The first mate hastened the launching of the Eskimo *umiak*. When we came within a hundred yards of the beach, the man whom we first had seen started toward us. This was John Munro, although I was not absolutely certain of his

identity until I was within ten feet of him.

"Have you a doctor aboard?" was Munro's first question.

"No, but you don't need a doctor," Swenson assured him. "What you need is a chef, and ours is a first-class one. Hurry and get your things together, and we will go aboard and have breakfast."

"Breakfast!" smiled Munro, "I haven't heard that word in weeks."

"How many are left, chief?" I asked, almost timidly. We had called him that on the *Karluk*.

"There are nine at Cape Waring, all well the last I heard, but Mamen and Malloch died last spring and are buried near the tent over there." He pointed.

Fred W. Maurer, one of the *Karluk*'s firemen, then came up, weak and emaciated. I did not recognize him until Munro spoke his name. He smiled in recognition, but was so visibly affected that I refrained from questioning him. Templeman, the steward, next appeared. He was gaunt and very pale. Templeman in his charcteristic way the summer before had declared that he would "be the last —— —— to starve on this —— —— expedition." And now he reminded me of his profane but lightly uttered promise. The caribou-skin clothing of these two men was in the same condition as that of Munro; they had been compelled to wear it daily and sleep in it for six months.

The belongings of the rescued men were collected in a very few minutes, while I sat in the tent and wrote a message for any vessel that might arrive later. The tent was left standing to serve as a beacon.

We hastened aboard the *King and Winge*, which was immediately headed for Cape Waring, thirty miles to the eastward. Our Japanese steward prepared a delicious breakfast for the castaways, who also consumed quarts of coffee that morning, heaping spoonfuls of both sugar and condensed milk into each cupful.

On the way to Cape Waring the survivors each indulged in a bath—a luxury they had not known in six months or more. After their bath their old clothing was thrown overboard. They were given new clothing from the ship's stores, and by almost every one on the ship, and I loaned them a fox-skin sleeping robe which Stefansson had presented to me.

Although Munro had lost about thirty pounds in weight in the past few months, he was found to be in remarkably good condition and insisted on piloting the *King and Winge* to the other camp. He was soon coaxed below to the breakfast table, however, where he told a few of the party's experiences.

When asked why they all wore beards, a clean-shaven face being the most effective way of escaping frost-bite, Munro replied, "not a single razor was brought ashore, but I managed to keep my beard trimmed by pushing it up to within reach of my teeth and biting off the ends."

We reached Cape Waring, where the other survivors were living, almost before we were aware of it. With the aid of glasses we could see two tents on shore, and little black figures running up and down the beach, trying to attract our attention.

Snow now began to fall so thickly that the schooner could not be seen a quarter of a mile away. Several of the marooned men rushed out upon the ice to meet us. They had hunted every day, we were told, but had not been able always to kill enough game, so that at times the little band had gone hungry. They were in a desperate plight when we arrived, and had that day attempted to move their camp to the north side of the island where driftwood was known to be comparatively plentiful. They would have done this but for the snowstorm, in which case we would have been compelled to search the island for them. They had abandoned hope of rescue for that year and had but forty cartridges left. Forty cartridges with which to provide meat for nine hungry mouths for a whole year! For Wrangel Island can be approached by ships only during a few weeks each summer. Their flimsy tents were torn and full of holes and their food supply was almost exhausted.

The nerve-racking suspense suffered by the castaways while waiting for relief must have been terrible. They had no way whatever of knowing whether Captain Bartlett had been able to reach the mainland, and very few ships ever pass near enough to distinguish even a smoke signal on the island. Their rations, even with the strictest economy, lasted only until the first weeks in June, and for the three months previous to our arrival, they had subsisted on whatever game they could obtain. Wood was plentiful and fresh water could be had by melting snow or pieces of year-old salt-water ice that had been exposed to the rays of the sun, and thus made into fresh ice. Tobacco, tea, coffee, salt, sugar, flour and other luxuries they had not known for several months, but still they were alive and well and happy.

By stretching sealskins over a frame of driftwood, they had made an Eskimo *kayak*, probably the "crankiest" type of boat in existence, and in this Kurarluk, the Eskimo hunter, had been able to hunt seals with fair success. Only three dogs of their original twenty were left, and but one sled of their original three. The rest had been lost with their loads in the water between Wrangel Island and Herald Island, They had a plentiful supply of matches. but their clothing was woefully inadequate. One man had frozen the great toe of one foot in March, and it had been amputated with a butcher knife and the tin shears. Another had fallen into the water in March and had frosted the heel of one foot; he was still limping. They made a weird-looking procession as they walked out to the *King and Winge* by twos, with the Eskimo baby on her father's sled. After they climbed aboard the little rescue ship, we sailed for Nome—and civilization—by way of Herald Island, where we hoped we might find a trace of some of the missing men. But a solid field of heavy ice barred our progress, and though we skirted its edge for forty miles, no sign of the missing adventurers was to be found.

## The Radical Trail in Welfare Laws

—— (*Concluded from page 7*) ——

Third, the separate bureau or board;

Fourth, centralization through Federal bureaucratic control.

If such a program were to end with exorbitant taxes, coercion and the breaking down of constitutional governmental it would be bad enough but it goes far deeper—it imposes a condition in which no man is master of his home because of the constant supervision of Government agents, it creates a nation of beggars, slackers and irresponsibles who are taught to look to Government for their every need. Teaching people to be dependent on the Government is one of the most insidious methods of destroying national morale.

The ultimate object of centralized Federal control is socialistic;

The objective of socialism is communism;

The objective of communism is nationalization;

And the goal of nationalization is Sovietism.

Federal extension of power over our public utilities, our women, our children and our private property rights through the misleading "separate agency" plan leads to the establishment of bureaucratic boards, commissions, and other agencies that interpret their own laws, promulgate their own rules—often inconsistent with law—and administer their own finances, present the ever-increasing problem of the invasion of constitutional rights and the encroachment upon the prerogatives of private property and citizenship.

And when defeated in one corner these same people run to another corner and try to force the rejected thing on the United States, under guise of a local District of Columbia Act, it is time to call attention to it.

RADIO BARGAINS
*New 1926 Edition Now Ready!*
**Free** Radio Catalog & Guide of newest ideas. Newest 1926 developments illustrated. Shows savings up to 50% on standard radio parts, sets, kits. Be sure to get this thrifty book before you buy. Wonderful? Unusual? You'll say so. Also send names of 2 radio fans.
BARAWIK CO., 102-131 S.Canal St., Chicago, U.S.A.

The HANOVER INN
HANOVER : N. H.
*at*
Dartmouth College
Open all the year round.
GOLF
TENNIS
Saddle Horses



Why—
is a
Moccasin
?

**The lightest—most durable—most comfortable footwear known.**

Because it's made the Indian way, with smooth upper leather extending in one piece completely *under* the foot. This construction does away with need for the stiff, sharp-edged innersole, the welt and bottom filler found in ordinary shoes.

If your shoe store doesn't carry BASS MOCCASINS, write us direct for free catalog I. It tells the moccasin story, illustrates the different styles for men, women and children.

Write for it now.

***Shoe or Sporting Goods Dealers interested in carrying this profitable line should write immediately.***

**G.H. BASS & Co. Wilton, Me.**
Shoemakers since 1876

# Who Is Babbitt? "It's Me" Says Sinclair Lewis

(Concluded from page 2)

vests of the Noonday Lunch Club habitués. I knew that he had told us that the reading of the average Babbitt consisted of "the newspaper comic strips"; that the average music of us Babbitts consisted of the "Jungle Jazz." I remembered——

Then Mr. Lewis said to me: "I have still an additional shock for the intellectual highbrows."

"What is it, Buddie?" I asked him.

"I'm an honorary member of the Kiwanis Club of St. Cloud, Minnesota."

"Has this startling information ever before by any chance leaked out? I am writing this article for a magazine that has for its motto, 'The Chronicler of Neglected Truth!' I want special authority to tell the world that you are a member of a Noonday Lunch Club!"

"You have it," said Mr. Lewis with a grin. "You know," he said, "I did not write *Babbitt* in scorn of the average business man; I wanted to satirize inanities of which many others besides Babbitt are guilty. I wanted to hit the back-slapping, loud-yelling salesman type and make him see himself as he appears to others.

"All of my books—all of any man's books which have any realism—are largely biographical.

"One of the pleasures of living is ability to converse intelligently. The art of conversation has died out in America. Coming down here on the train between Chicago and Kansas City, I listened to two fairly intelligent, well-dressed business men talking. Their conversation went about like this for the greater part of the trip:

" 'How is your business, Jim?'

" 'Oh, fine. I put on an extra salesman this year.'

" 'Great! You put on an extra salesman this year. That makes eleven?'

" 'Yes, I had only ten last year, but business is better and I put an extra salesman on.'

" 'Yes, business must be better if you put on an extra salesman.'

" 'Yes, I put that extra salesman on this year. Business is better.'

" 'I should think so if you had the nerve to put on an extra salesman.'

"So it continued all afternoon. We passed a beautiful sunset but I doubt if they even saw it. In the midst of this glorious sunset the train stopped at a little town where there was an unusually large sandpit. Both of my fellow-travelers commented casually on the depth of this hole. It suggested commerce to them. The sunset suggested nothing. The sandpit absorbed them for a few minutes because of its size. Then they went ingloriously back to their comments on the daring business adventure of putting on an extra salesman. Said the more aggressive of the two: 'Yes, we put on an extra salesman this year. We thought that business was good enough to take a chance.'

"Then came the everlasting comeback of his friend, 'Yes, business must be good if you put an extra salesman on this year. That makes eleven salesmen you have, doesn't it?'

"It *was* monotonous. That conversation is an illustration of how dead and dull conversation has become in America. In the old days conversation was more vital. One hundred years ago when one of our pioneers had just been waylaid by a band of Indians and had fought his way home, or if he had killed a bear or had been compelled to swim a river, he had something to talk about. Lincoln liked to talk. He liked to sit around a red-hot stove and talk with his neighbors. Intelligent conversation with Lincoln was an art. The pioneers had heroic deeds to talk about. Today we converse mostly about motor cars."

"When they read *Main Street* in your home town did they become peeved?" I asked him.

"By no means," smiled Mr. Lewis, "They said, 'The boy has put the town on the map!' and they immediately called a restaurant by the name of the book. It bears the title 'The Main Street Café,' and across the street is the 'Gopher Prairie Inn.' "

"I have heard it said that they would lynch you if you went back to 'Main Street'?"

"Not so you could notice it. They have a sign up now which reads:

'THIS IS THE ORIGINAL MAIN STREET!'

"If the tourists who stop to get lunch or gas fail to make some comment on the fact that they are traveling over that immortal thoroughfare, the villagers will tell them about it and call their attention to the fact that they are standing on holy soil, namely, none other than 'Main Street,' Sauk Center, Minnesota."

During his stay in Kansas City, Mr. Lewis attended a meeting to which he was invited as my guest by Bishop Waldorf. It was not the kind of meeting to which he would particularly care to go. However, after some solicitation he went. They called on him unexpectedly to make a speech. He did. He stood between two bishops and said, "Damn." He hardly realized that he had said it. It caused a young cyclone of comment.

I, who had been urged to bring him, was accused of forcing him in. It was fun while it lasted. At a meeting of Methodist preachers the next Monday he was asked why he had said "Damn" in front of two perfectly respectable bishops.

His reply is another link in that inevitable chain which he and I are forging to tie him to Babbitt forever.

He said: "I did say 'Damn' but it was not a vulgarity on my part. Criticism of that word was a lack of knowledge of etymology on the part of those who criticized. 'Damn' is a shortened form of the word 'condemn.' However, I don't deny that ordinarily I am profane. I'm one of the common people I write about."

"Do you consider *Main Street* a fair representation of American life?" one minister asked him.

"I do not. I never said it was. No novelist can represent a type or a class. He cannot do everything in one book or in a lifetime. If I try to balance a good character against a bad character; if I try to be perfectly fair to good and bad alike, I do not write my book with passion."

"Do you think that moral purpose is necessary in fiction?" another preacher asked him.

"I do not. Any moral purpose in my books has been added incidentally or accidentally. I try to paint people as authentic human beings in their relations with each other. I try to portray them with honesty and with vividness."

*Arrowsmith* is the story of doctors and scientists. Mr. Lewis' father is a country doctor. He has a hundred friends who are in the medical profession. They all admit that, technically, he knows what he is talking about.

The original of old man Gottlieb? Well, he would rather not say. The original of Martin Arrowsmith? Well, once again: "It is largely autobiographical." He does not try to dodge the bad in his leading characters. They are good and they are bad. So is he. He admits it. He therefore admits that he is human. I have never known a man more intellectually honest.

There was an original for Leora of *Arrowsmith*. There is also a beautiful background for the more than wholesome and faithful love story that runs between Leora and Martin Arrowsmith; one of the most natural, the most lasting and loyal love affairs between an everyday man and wife that recent fiction has given us.

When *Babbitt* first came out I protested to Sinclair Lewis that in "Doc Drew" he had not painted all of the modern preacher. He had just pictured the efficient fellow, the advertiser, the alert, the active preacher; but not the pastor, the friend. With a smile he reached for a copy of *Babbitt*, and put this autograph on a flyleaf for my library:

"To William Stidger (who is NOT Doc Drew)

From Sinclair Lewis (who is Babbitt)."




## For Coffee Lovers

### Who fear caffeine

There is a coffee with the caffeine taken out. A coffee all may drink at any hour and to their hearts' content.

Not mock coffee, but real coffee—a rare and delightful blend. We simply open the pores and remove the caffeine. That is the source of all coffee's harm.

Caffeine is tasteless and odorless. Its removal does not affect the flavor or aroma in the least.

This coffee is called Kaffee Hag. The finest hotels now serve it. In countless homes it is the favorite brand.

Learn what it means to you and yours. A coffee you need never fear or stint. A coffee you can drink at night and sleep. Children can enjoy it.

This coupon with a dime will bring a 10-cup package to you. Get it for some coffee lover who cannot drink caffeine. Clip coupon now.

MAIL THIS TODAY TO:

KAFFEE HAG

10 Cups for 10c

1452 Davenport Ave. Cleveland, Ohio

Name.....

Address.....

# The World With the Church

(*Concluded from page 5*)

Yet, while the churches could teach temperance, they could not bring it about. The uncanny affinity of ethyl alcohol and the human senses continually showed itself, and scientific investigation tended more and more to regard alcohol as distinctly poisonous. Therefore, it very early became a conviction among many lovers of humanity that the only safe method to protect society from excesses due to alcohol was to protect society from alcohol in every intoxicating form.

***When Christianity Conquers Warring Nations***

This is a conviction which thousands of men who profess no religion share with religious men. It is a conviction which thousands of men, whose churches are not exponents of prohibition, share with members of prohibition denominations. But, after all, prohibition is a secular measure. It is like a law against bank robberies or a law against food adulteration. The churches, to whose keeping the nurture of men's souls is intrusted, have still the duty of teaching self-control, observance for law, in the matter of prohibition as in the matters of theft or assault and battery.

Yet when this great secular measure was finally adopted as a part of the Constitution of the United States, many seemed to think a great victory had been won for religion!

If prohibition is the chief question which the man of the world raises in discussing the church, international peace is probably the chief question which churchmen of today raise in discussing the world. Yet here, where some hopeful souls imagine the church is doing something, the present-day church can do nothing for the present crisis. The hope of peace in the world, through the church, depends not at all upon what any present organization of churches may be doing in the discussion of peace. *It depends entirely on the amount of work done by earlier generations of churchmen, rearing present-day statesmen in Christian principles.*

The only peace that came to the world was a peace which came as a Christian benediction. It was on account of the Christian principles of the victors that conquered Germany, Bulgaria, Austria, and Turkey were not overrun, blighted, and the people enslaved. The peace-treaty table at Versailles saw gathered about it men who professed to have advanced beyond Christianity in thought, but whatever was truly Christian in that treaty will endure, and what was not the ages must revise.

***Hope of the World Lies in Training Young***

*No religious organization for peace has accomplished any of the peace moves which have been made thus far.* The League of Nations has prevented some developments which might have led to war. The Treaty of Locarno promises much more calm to the world than any previous treaty foreshadowed. All that the present church organizations for peace have done is to discuss these *accomplishments of statesmen,* and also to discuss such schemes as "the outlawry of war," which they are at liberty to discuss, as they might discuss the relative value of chess and checkers. Neither chess, checkers, nor the outlawry of war have anything to do with the mission of the church to rear men in the nurture of the virtues which will bring peace by righteousness.

The world has made some advance toward peace since the World War ended. In this advance there is a selfish economical element and an altruistic religious element. But the altruistic religious element in the peace movement, whether it shows itself at Locarno or in the coming disarmament conference, is not to be ascribed to any present church organization for the outlawry of war, or any other ecclesiastical body meddling in temporal power. *The hope of the world is that there are men at these conferences who, in their boyhood, were nurtured under the pastoral care of obscure, long-sainted Christian teachers, who taught them peace as they taught them honesty, and told them the wickedness of conquest as they told them the wickedness of lying.* And the only hope of the future for peace is not in large organizations of church leaders making second-hand comments on the secular writings of laymen. It is in the degree in which the children in our Sunday schools are trained, by college graduates or others, in the authoritative principles of Christian conduct.


ADVENTURE LAND ON THE GREAT NORTHERN




Glacier
NATIONAL PARK

*Open June 15th to September 15th*

YOU will enjoy living at least a little while this summer amid the unspoiled million acres of Glacier National Park. Its glistening summits, its sparkling mile-high lakes, its great stands of first growth fir and pine, its flashing waterfalls, its tremendous vistas, at once possess you with their spell.

You do what you please when you please—fish, hike, ride horseback, climb; tour in motor coaches and motor launches; or just loaf luxuriously. You ride practically into the Park in the comfortable luxury of the de luxe New Oriental Limited or other fine Great Northern trains. The Great Northern's roadbed, running across the Continental Divide through low altitude Marias Pass, forms the 60-mile southern boundary of Glacier National Park.

Plan your trip now. Mail the coupon. Burlington Escorted Tours include Glacier National Park; or you can take one of the Great Northern's own fixed cost tours of one to seven days or longer. Inquire now.

NEW ORIENTAL LIMITED

*De Luxe Train—No Extra Fare*

GREAT NORTHERN

A. J. Dickinson, Room 712, Great Northern Railway, St. Paul, Minn.
Send me free books about Glacier National Park and cost from this point of a.....day stay in the Park for a party of..... I am particularly interested in ☐ General Tour of Park ☐ Burlington Escorted Tour

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

D.I.—3-6

*"See America First"*

*A Dependable Railway*

# War Makes Stunted Children

## The "Gaunt Dogs" Ravage a People and Devour the Food of Its Offspring

By ALBERT ERNEST JENKS
Professor of Anthropology, University of Minnesota

WHAT is the effect of war, not upon the death-rate of the children of a nation, but upon the physical development of those who survive? How long after warring armies have left the battlefields and put away their arms in peace, do the gaunt dogs of war ravage a people and devour the food of its children?

Anthropology has definite data at hand which partially answer these questions for a part of the people in the World War. It is not unlikely that similar facts exist among most of the nations of Europe which were actually engaged on the battlefields of that war.

In the spring of 1925 I was resident in Munich, Southern Germany, at the Anthropological Institute of the late Doctor Rudolf Martin. In connection with that institute I witnessed the 1925 annual measurements of Munich school children. So startling was underdevelopment among those children that I have had sent to me some of the material for its scientific value.

Most fortunately there is now available for comparison with the children of Munich, Dr. Bird T. Baldwin's standards for American-born school children, both boys and girls, of the same ages, published in the *Journal of Physical Anthropology*, January-March, 1925. Dr. Baldwin's data cover the records of "74,000 boys and 55,000 girls who had at least five repeated annual measurements; all were presumably healthy American-born children from twelve schools in the eastern and middle portion of the United States." Dr. Martin's measurements are of the school children of Munich as made annually in the schools. Those presented here are, as are those of Dr. Baldwin, the entire run of those in attendance at school on the day measured. It is evident that both groups of children are at the date measured the general run of the best of their age in each nation, because children physically, mentally, or morally unfit are less in attendance at public schools than are the fitter ones. I know of no facts to militate against the fairness and scientific value of using the two sets of measurements in the comparative study headed "Table I."

At once in the table is noted the great similarity between the American-born boys of the ages of 7, 8, and 9 years and those of the same ages respectively in Munich as measured in the spring of 1914—just before the beginning of the World War. An equally striking similarity is seen between the American-born girls of the ages of 8 and 11 years and those of the same ages respectively in Munich in 1914.

The practical uniformity in correlation of height and weight with age for boys of the age of 7, 8, and 9 years and for girls of the age of 8 and 11 years can mean only that the racial elements of America and of Germany are very similar, being largely Teutonic, and Alpine or Celtic, and also that under normal peace-time conditions the children of both nations enjoyed very equal conditions of health, nourishment and growth. So far as the boys are concerned those of peace-time Munich were slightly taller at 7, 8, and 9 years than were the American-born boys of the same ages. But thereafter, or in the age-groups of 10, 11, 12, and 13 years, the two nationalistic groups change relationship, and the American-born boys are consistently taller and heavier than the boys of the same age-groups in Munich of 1914. It would appear that the taller stature of American men, as compared with that of German men, begins its acceleration in the pre-adolescent period, and that the German males never catch up the lead gained by the American-born boys 10, 11, 12, and 13 years old.

The main purpose in publishing this article is to illustrate that such calamities as the World War stunt the childhood development of the nations actively engaged in the war, for at least six and one-half years. Although complete statistics are not yet available for the measurements of 1925, still from personal knowledge I know, and some photographs are here presented as evidence, that ten and one-half years after the beginning of the war the stunting and underdevelopment of the children is still most evident. Either the food supply is still short, or sufficient time has not elapsed for the children to make up their earlier loss of development.

As might be expected, the underdevelopment was more marked in the boys of 13 years than in those of 7 years. The war had definitely stunted 70 out of every 100 of the 13-year-old boys 5.7 centimeters or 2¼ inches, and 76 out of every 100 boys 4.7 kilograms or 10 pounds in weight. While 16 out of every 100 were more than 12.5 centimeters—practically 5 inches—shorter than the pre-war average, and 12 out of every 100 were 8.7 kilograms or 19 pounds lighter.

By consulting Table I, the stunted condition of the Munich school children six and one-half years after the beginning of the war is readily seen by comparing the height and weight of those of 1921 with those of 1914. In each of those age-groups the children, both boys and girls, of the year 1921 are shorter and lighter than those of 1914. And, as of course would be expected, the Munich children of 1921 are consistently shorter and lighter than the American-born children of the same ages.

The accompanying photographs help to visualize the meaning of childhood underdevelopment due to the effects of war.

The boy marked "A" in the 7-year age-group corresponds to the average type in the pre-war normal 7-year age-group of 1914. The boy marked "C" corresponds to the distinctly underdeveloped boy of 1921. The boy marked "B" corresponds to the average type of 1921. Of the total number of 7-year-old boys in 1921, 72.7 per cent were the same height as "B" and 81.9 per cent were of the same weight. While 11.6 per cent were taller than "A" and 12.6 per cent heavier; and 15.7 per cent were shorter than "C" and

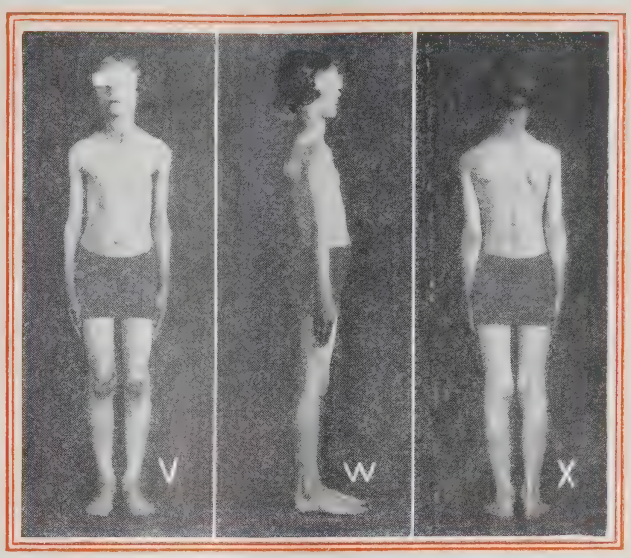
**TABLE I: Weight—Height—Age Standards of School Children.**

***A Study of the Effect of War.***

| Characterization of groups studied | Age in years at nearest birthday | Height in centimeters | Weight in kilograms |
|---|---|---|---|
| American boys, age-group mean | 7 | 119.5 | 22.75 |
| Munich boys, average in 1914 | 7 | 120.4 | 22.1 |
| Munich boys, average in 1921 | 7 | 117.2 | 20.8 |
| Munich boys, underfed in 1921 | 7 | 112.1 | 18.3 |
| American boys, age-group mean | 8 | 124.5 | 24.9 |
| Munich boys, average in 1914 | 8 | 126.5 | 25.0 |
| Munich boys, average in 1921 | 8 | 123.5 | 23.6 |
| Munich boys, underfed in 1921 | 8 | 117.7 | 20.6 |
| American boys, age-group mean | 9 | 131.0 | 28.25 |
| Munich boys, average in 1914 | 9 | 131.1 | 27.3 |
| Munich boys, average in 1921 | 9 | 127.6 | 24.4 |
| Munich boys, underfed in 1921 | 9 | 121.8 | 22.0 |
| American boys, age-group mean | 10 | 136.0 | 30.8 |
| Munich boys, average in 1914 | 10 | 134.8 | 29.0 |
| Munich boys, average in 1921 | 10 | 131.3 | 26.9 |
| Munich boys, underfed in 1921 | 10 | 125.3 | 23.6 |
| American boys, age-group mean | 11 | 142.5 | 35.1 |
| Munich boys, average in 1914 | 11 | 137.8 | 30.5 |
| Munich boys, average in 1921 | 11 | 134.5 | 28.7 |
| Munich boys, underfed in 1921 | 11 | 128.2 | 25.0 |
| American boys, age-group mean | 12 | 146.0 | 37.5 |
| Munich boys, average in 1914 | 12 | 143.0 | 34.3 |
| Munich boys, average in 1921 | 12 | 138.8 | 30.9 |
| Munich boys, underfed in 1921 | 12 | 131.8 | 26.6 |
| American boys, age-group mean | 13 | 152.5 | 41.2 |
| Munich boys, average in 1914 | 13 | 148.2 | 38.1 |
| Munich boys, average in 1921 | 13 | 142.5 | 33.4 |
| Munich boys, underfed in 1921 | 13 | 135.7 | 29.4 |
| American girls, age-group mean | 8 | 124.5 | 24.8 |
| Munich girls, average in 1914 | 8 | 124.3 | 24.1 |
| Munich girls, average in 1921 | 8 | 121.4 | 22.5 |
| Munich girls, underfed in 1921 | 8 | 115.0 | 19.4 |
| American girls, age-group mean | 11 | 139.5 | 33.1 |
| Munich girls, average in 1914 | 11 | 139.1 | 31.9 |
| Munich girls, average in 1921 | 11 | 135.0 | 28.7 |
| Munich girls, underfed in 1921 | 11 | 128.4 | 24.7 |




"G H I"—Munich school children in 1921; girls eight years old.




"V W X"—Munich schoolgirls in 1925; eight years old.

5.5 per cent lighter. It is thus evident that in the examples given of the 7-year age-group there were more boys in 1921 shorter and lighter than the underfed boys than there were those taller and heavier than the average in 1914. And this condition is also true, as could be learned from Table I, of all the age-groups of the 1921 boys.

About the same story is told in the statistics of the girls. Of the 8-year-old girls in 1921 the girl marked "G" corresponds to the average type of the normal 8-year-old girls before the war in 1914. The girl marked "H" corresponds to the average 8-year-old type of 1921, and the one marked "I" corresponds to the distinctly underfed 8-year-old girl of 1921. Seventy-five and eight-tenths (75.8) per cent of the 8-year-old girls in 1921 were the same height as "H," and 80.2 per cent were of the same weight. Thirteen and three-tenths (13.3) per cent were taller than "G," and 10.9 per cent were heavier, but 15.4 per cent were shorter than the distinctly underfed girl "I," and 8.9 per cent were lighter.

The height and weight measurements in Table I show that the average height of all the age-groups given, both boys and girls, of Munich for the year 1921 was 3.7 centimeters or nearly 1½ inches less than in 1914; and that the average weight was 2.5 kilograms or a little more than 5½ pounds less than in 1914. In other words, the stunting process during the six and one-half years following the opening of the World War has cost the school child in Munich between the ages of 7 and 13 years the average of 1½ inches in stature and 5½ pounds in weight.

Again, analysis of the table shows that the 1921 Munich boys of 7 years, both the average "B" and the underfed "C," are so stunted that neither one corresponds to any of the 7-year or even to any 6-year American-born boys—when one attempts to coördinate weight with height. The underfed 8-year type of Munich boy of 1921 is not found in the American-born groups of 8-years, 7-years, or even 6-years—when weight is coördinated with height. The same story is also true of the 9-year and the 10-year type of underfed boys in Munich in 1921; for their height, both are lighter than the 6-year-old American-born boy. The 11-year-old underfed Munich boy of 1921, however, is found in the group of American-born boys of six years, but even there he is one centimeter shorter than that American-born boy who is five years younger than he. The 12-year-old underfed Munich boy is not found in any American-born age-group of the same height. He is found only in groups of boys who are three centimeters shorter than he.

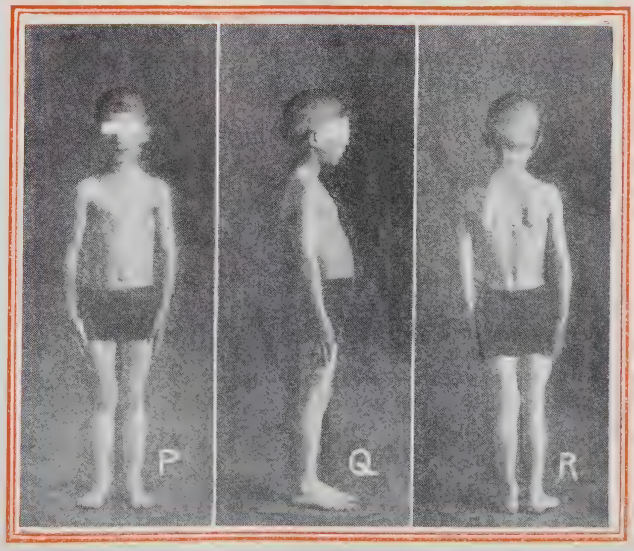
The Munich girls of 8 and 11 years reveal the same evidence of stunting. There are no 8-year, 7-year, or 6-year old American-born girls of the weight of the 8-year-old type. Even the 11-year-old Munich girl for her height is underweight for all American-born girls until the 6-year-old group is taken—and then girls 1.4 centimeters shorter than she must be used in coördination.

All the statistics and photographs of Munich children so far considered, subsequent to those of the normal year of 1914, relate to those who have had six and one-half years since the opening of the World War.

Some photographs and measurements of school children, studied in 1925 while I was at Dr. Martin's Institute, are presented without statement as to their anthropometric status among the other children of 1925, because such facts are not yet available. Those presented are typical; I saw many like them, and many worse. They illustrate that after ten and one-half years from the beginning of the war, Munich




"A B C"—Munich school children; boys seven years old.




"P Q R"—Munich schoolboy in 1925; seven years, six months old.

school children are still greatly handicapped in the matter of vitality.

The boy shown in "P Q R" was 7 years and 6 months old May, 1925. He was 115.2 centimeters tall, and weighed only 18.8 kilograms—the weight of the American-born boy 4.2 shorter.

The girl "V W X" was 8 years old May, 1925. She was 127.3 centimeters tall, but her weight was only 20.7 kilograms. That weight is found in American-born girls of 8 years who are 11.3 centimeters, or 4.5 inches, shorter than the Munich girl.

Scientific facts such as these, showing indisputable evidence of the disastrous effects of war on living children of nations, should have emphatic place in all arguments to outlaw war.

PATENTS TRADEMARKS COPYRIGHTS
Write for our free Guide Books and
"RECORD OF INVENTION BLANK"
before disclosing inventions. Send model or sketch and description of your invention for our Inspection and Instructions Free. Terms reasonable. Prompt attention.
Victor J. Evans & Co. 920 Ninth Street, Washington, D.C.

CLASS 25¢ PINS
BUY DIRECT FROM THE MAKER
CATALOG FREE
GHS 25
Either pin shown made with any 3 letters and 2 figures 1 or 2 colors enamel. Silver plate 25 ea. $2.50 doz. Sterling silver, 40¢ ea. $4.00 doz.
VICTORS
BASTIAN BROS. CO.
3490 644 Bastian Bldg., Rochester, N. Y. 2534

LAW STUDY AT HOME
Become a lawyer. Legally trained men win high positions and big success in business and public life. Be independent. Greater opportunities now than ever before. Big corporations are headed by men with legal training. Earn
$5,000 to $10,000 Annually
We guide you step by step. You can train at home during spare time. Degree of LL.B. conferred. LaSalle students found among practicing attorneys of every state. We furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 108-page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.
LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 3424-L Chicago
The World's Largest Business Training Institution

for YOUR RADIO
"B" Battery Power from your House Lighting Line
Guaranteed for two years. Shipped charged and ready to use. Units for 110 volts A.C., D.C. or Farm Plants.
Write for Descriptive Pamphlet! Dealers Wanted!
KIMLEY ELECTRIC CO., INC.
2663 Main Street : Buffalo, N. Y.

New Free BOOK
This New FREE Book
Quotes you the lowest factory prices on Quality heating stoves, furnaces, porcelain enamel combination ranges, coal and wood ranges and gas stoves. 200 styles and sizes. Cash or easy terms—as low as $3.00 monthly. 30 days FREE trial; 360 days approval test. 24 hour shipments. 850,000 pleased Kalamazoo customers. Make a $25 to $75 saving by sending postal for FREE book today.
KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Mfrs.
540 Rochester Ave, Kalamazoo, Mich.
"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"
Trade-Mark Registered

SHEET MUSIC CATALOGUE FREE
Illustrated, Amusing and Instructive. Never dies. Is sold in every country where people wear clothes. The oftener you hear it the better you like it.
STARK MUSIC CO.
3804 LACLEDE AVE., ST. LOUIS, MO.

# On Weighing the Earth

By S. R. WINTERS

THIRTY-FIVE feet underground, in the sub-basement of the Electrical Building of the Bureau of Standards in Washington, may usually be found Dr. Paul R. Heyl. He is not a recluse—far from it. His retreats to the depths of his cave are in pursuance of his efforts to recheck the weight of the world.

Scientists believe that there is an error in present calculations of one-fiftieth of one per cent of six sextillion tons (the numeral six and twenty-one ciphers), a matter of some few quintillion tons.

Deep in the cavern where the frost of winter and the heat of summer do not penetrate, are sensitive instruments, especially designed for weighing this globe, as well as the sun, moon and stars. It was thirty years ago that this planet was last, figuratively, put into the balances and tipped the beam within the accuracy of one part in one thousand. The present rechecking may serve to increase this accuracy to one part in ten thousand or better.

"I want to find out how much heavier the earth is than that cylinder," Doctor Heyl said, pointing to an instrument of rather insignificant appearance, compared to the immensity of the project. The apparatus contains two gold balls, whose weights are accurate to one part in 100,000, suspended from the end of an aluminum bar. The latter, in turn, is hung by means of a light wire. This permits the apparatus to rotate. Two steel cylinders are placed near these gold balls and their attraction for moving bodies is measured by the amount the gold balls deviate from the true course of their swing. The entire mechanism is operated in a vacuum and the observer measures its behavior at a distance through a series of mirrors. The weight of the operator as well as his body warmth would affect the true operation of the apparatus, if it were not remotely controlled.

The gold balls of this earth-weighing apparatus are started swinging by holding a bottle of mercury near them. These balls, contrary to a report that has currency in some quarters, do not swing in an orbit. They swing back and forth as a tortion pendulum, the period of the swing being about 30 minutes. The requirements for building this apparatus were so exacting that eleven months were required for the work. Doctor Heyl hopes to complete his observations during the next year.

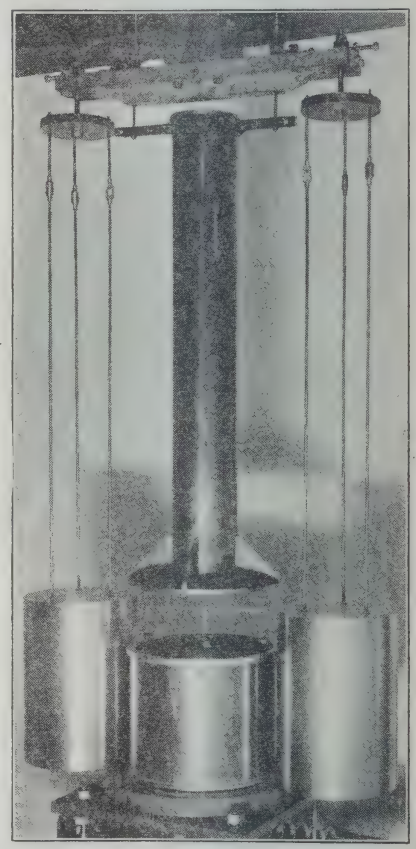
Then will begin the real problem—making the mathematical calculations. The assumed error with respect to the present estimated weight of the earth is only one-fiftieth of 1 per cent of the six sextillion tons which the earth is said to weigh. The experiments anticipate a reduction of this error to one five-hundredths of 1 per cent or about 120 quadrillion tons at the most.

"Of what value is it to the average person to know precisely the weight of the earth?" I inquired of Doctor Heyl.

"For practical purposes," he replied, "it means a closer knowledge of gravitation. It is a function of the Bureau of Standards to determine the constants with the greatest degree of accuracy. Incidentally, the results of these experiments should give us an indication of the earth's density.

When Doctor Heyl has completed his present task, he will have another scientific achievement to add to an already formidable list. In 1907, he was awarded the Boydon premium of $1,000 by the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia for having experimentally solved the problem of the speed of visible and invisible light rays. Notable among his recent scientific investigations was the attempt to explode the theory of relativity as advanced by Albert Einstein.

"I undertook to prove the theory of



Apparatus used by Dr. Heyl to weigh the earth.

Einstein wrong," declared Doctor Heyl. "I failed to prove him wrong but that does not mean that I proved him right."

Heyl was the inventor with Dr. L. J. Briggs, also of the Bureau of Standards, of an earth inductor compass, for which they were awarded the Magellan gold medal. Not unlike the purpose of the magnetic compass used on board ships, this instrument is designed to guide safely navigators of vessels and aircraft. This new type of compass utilizes the magnetic field of the earth, and it employs a revolving coil of wire instead of the conventional magnetic needle. It takes advantage of the fact that electric voltage of a direct-current dynamo is varied by changing the angle between the magnetic field and the brushes of the dynamo.



# A Dance a Week



## An Old American Square Dance—
## The Plain Quadrille—for Four Couples

This week we give the music and description of a quadrille. During the last two weeks we have described the several figures of a quadrille, which are now combined into complete dances.

### PLAIN QUADRILLE No. 1

### FIGURE 1

Metronome 116 Wait Eight Measures

During the first eight measures of the music, all address partners, then corners.

First four right and left..... 8 bars

Couples join nearest hands and cross over, ladies passing to the center. Gentleman, in passing, touches lady's right hand lightly. Arriving at the opposite side, he then takes partner's left hand in his left, and turns her half around. Each couple now stands in the other couple's original place. Repeat back to place.

Balance four..... 8 bars

Gentleman cross hands with partner, his right hand above, promenade seven steps to opposite side, each passing to the right. Turn, and return to place still keeping the lady on the outside.

Ladies chain..... 8 bars

"Ladies Chain"—Ladies cross to opposite places giving the right hands as they pass each other, and the left hands to the opposite gentlemen—turning once around—give right hand back—left hand to partner and turn to place.

Half promenade..... 4 bars

Half right and left to place..... 4 bars

All join hands, forward and back..... 4 bars

All join hands, start with left foot forward, advance three steps. On the fourth count bring right foot, raised, to the heal of the left. Starting with the right foot, walk back three steps, and on the fourth count bring left foot up in front.

Turn partners..... 4 bars

All join hands with partners, arms extended, waist high, and walk around, one complete turn.

Couples on the side, repeat all movements.

### FIGURE 2

Wait First Eight Measures

First two forward, swing in center..... 8 bars

Four ladies grand chain..... 8 bars

Four ladies cross right hands, walk half around, drop right hands, give left hand to opposite gentleman, turn one-half around. Each lady then returns to her own place by giving her right hand to the opposite lady, then left hand to partner and turn in place.

The next two forward, swing in center..... 8 bars

The head gentleman and opposite lady turn in center.

Four gentlemen grand chain..... 8 bars

Same as for ladies, the gentlemen giving right hands across.

The next two forward, swing in center..... 8 bars

The next two on the side, farthest from the head couple.

Ladies grand chain..... 8 bars

The last two forward, turn in center..... 8 bars

Allemande left..... 8 bars

All promenade..... 8 bars

All cross hands with own partner, and promenade around the outside of the set.

### FIGURE 3

Wait First Eight Measures

First four lead to right, chasse out, and form line..... 8 bars

Right and left..... 8 bars

Couples directly opposite execute the movement.

Ladies chain..... 8 bars

The same two couples.

All join hands forward and back, turn partners to place..... 8 bars

Couples in each line join hands, move four steps forward, and four steps back, then turn own partner to original place.

The side couples repeat all movements.

### FIGURE 4

Wait First Eight Measures

Eight hands around..... 8 bars

All join hands, and circle to the left. One complete turn.

Four ladies cross right hands, balance in line..... 8 bars

All promenade..... 8 bars

Cross hands with partner, and promenade in a circle.

Allemande left..... 8 bars

Each dancer turns back to back with own partner, walks four steps to the corner; meets new partner; they turn each other with right hand. Return four steps to place, and turn own partner with the left hand.

Grand right and left..... 16 bars

Face partners, salute, then join right hands, gentlemen moving to the right, ladies to the left, passing in opposite directions. Gentleman then drops partner's right hand, and takes next lady's left in his left; next lady's right in his right, and so on, alternating left and right hand in order. When half around, he meets and salutes his partner, gives her his right hand and continues to place. Note: this is a weaving in and out movement, passing to the right of one, to the left of the next, until the complete circle is made.

All balance corners, turn partners..... 8 bars

Face corner lady, step to side with right foot, point toe of left foot in front, step to side with left foot, point toe of right foot in front. Turn and face own partner, join hands, waist high, and turn once around.

All promenade to seats..... 8 bars

Couples will cross hands with own partner, chasse a few steps, then link arms with partner and promenade the remaining distance to seats.

### GOOD PROMPTING

This requires an intimate knowledge of music and dance construction; a good clear voice properly pitched for the acoustics of the room; a ready faculty for introducing changes as circumstances may require, and an exact sense of rhythm which will enable him to complete the call just before the strain of music begins to which the movement belongs. A good prompter if instructing a dancing class will see to it that in square dances the more experienced dancers are placed as head couples, and the others as side couples that they may have the advantage of observing others before beginning the movements themselves. The prompter should take his position at the head of the hall near the orchestra. The intelligence, ability, experience and courtesy of the prompter have very much to do with the character and enjoyment of the dance.

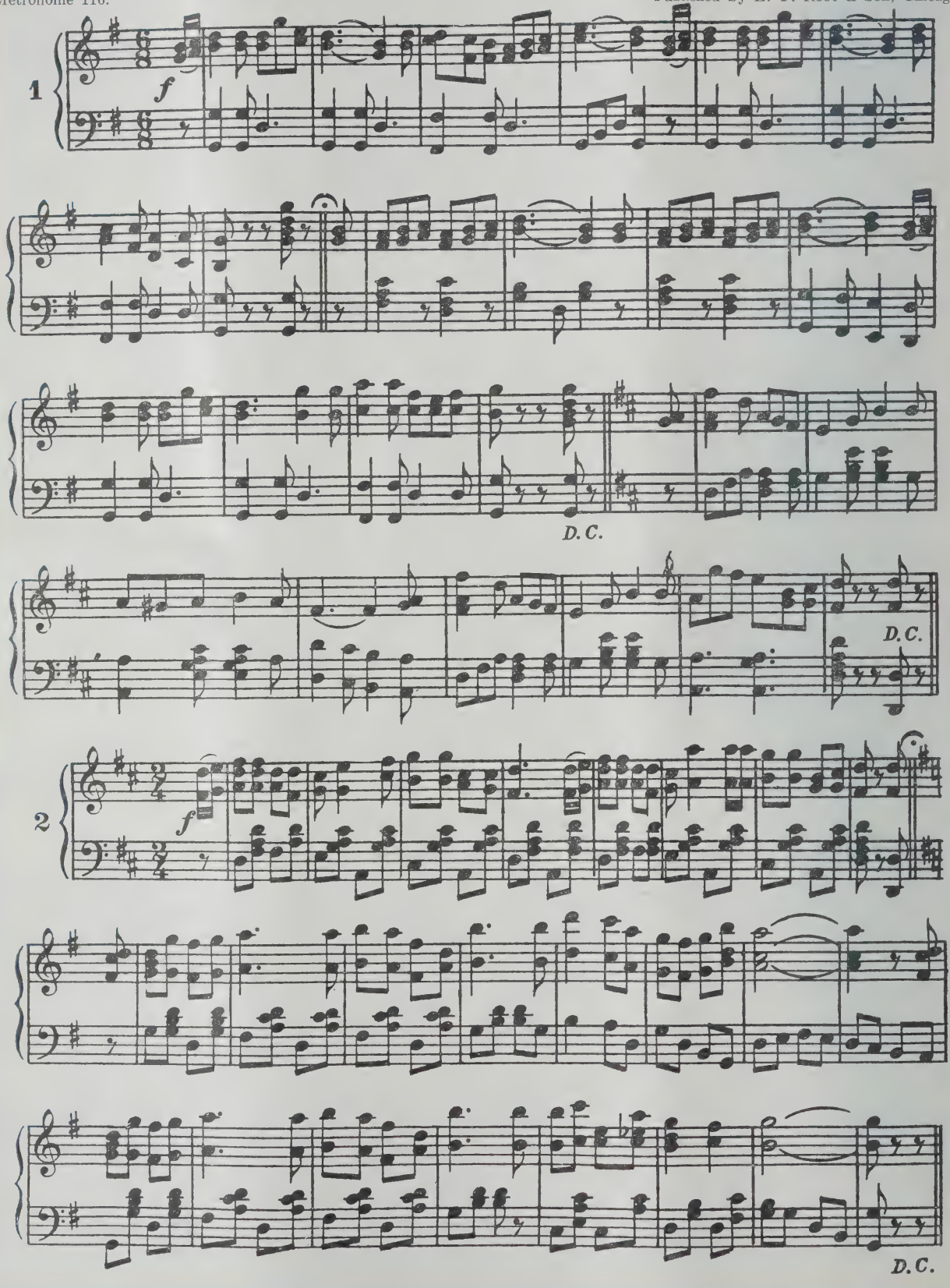
### SUGGESTIONS FOR FLOOR MANAGER

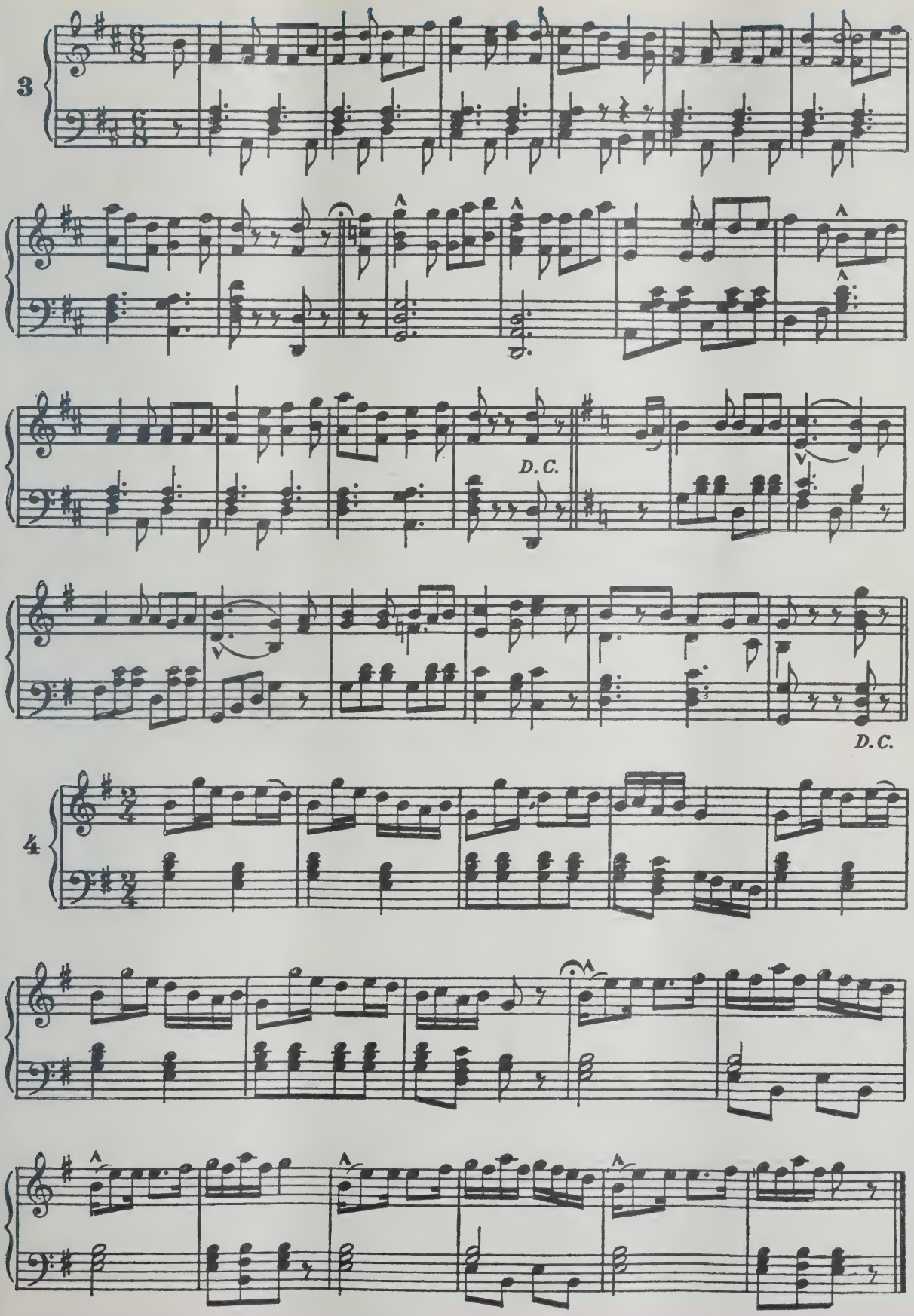
Floor Manager. The floor manager has full charge of all activities. He is in authority and all complaints or suggestions should be made direct to him. He sees that the sets are formed and completed and gives directions to the orchestra as to what and when to play, and has authority to change the tempo at any time. He should see that as many as possible are provided with partners as his position gives him the privilege of addressing any person in the hall without an introduction. It is usually the custom for the floor manager to instruct the leader of the orchestra to play eight measures of music of the contra or square dance, and then the prompter requests them to take partners for the dance.

# QUADRILLE, "GRAND PA'S FAVORITE"

Metronome 116.

Published by E. T. Root & Son, Chicago.




3
D. C.
D. C.
4

THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL
B-41
3

ANOTHER sort of false prayers are our regrets. Discontent is the want of self-respect; it is infirmity of will. Regret calamities if you can thereby help the sufferer; if not, attend your own work and already the evil begins to be repaired. Our sympathy is just as base. We come to them who weep foolishly and sit down and cry for company, instead of imparting to them truth and health in rough, electric shocks, putting them once more in communication with the soul.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

DEA

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Volume 26, Number 21

Ten Cents a Copy MAR[illegible] 13, 1926 $1.50 a Year




CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

# BRIEFLY TOLD

A FULL-BLOODED Sioux Indian is a member of the Capitol police force in Washington.

OLD-TIME DENTISTS recall the days when an aching tooth was pulled, no attempt being made to fill it. They visited the patients in their homes, devoting a half-day to their office practice.

TO SHAME CO-EDS in their public use of powder puffs, lipsticks and rouge, men students at the University of California shaved in class.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT used his sword with his left hand.

FLYING while intoxicated brought a fine of $50 to a San Francisco aviator.

TWO CHESTS of old war documents recently found in Washington contain a record of the officers of the Confederate navy. Names found on other records, it is believed, will increase the pension roll paid by the southern states to Confederate veterans.



CODLIVER OIL has been freed of its bad taste due to the efforts of two chemists.

AUTOMOBILE DRIVERS in the Mohave Desert come to a full stop outside the road limits to allow others to pass.

A CAR in the center of a Rock Island freight train jumped the tracks, rolling down an embankment. Trainmen hooked the two portions together again without noticing the missing car.

HIS "constitutional right to beg" was asserted by a 70-year-old street mendicant, arrested at Dallas, Texas.

SEAMS of coal twenty-five feet thick, and fossil remains of temperate and tropical trees exist only a few degrees from the North Pole, Captain Donald B. MacMillan declared recently.

A NATIVE religious sect in Rhodesia has been combating witchcraft by throwing all suspects into the water. Those who did not survive were considered guilty.

DR. CROSBY A. PERRY, thought to be the only real son of the Revolution, died at North Adams, Massachusetts, the other day.

THE YEAR 1926 corresponds to the year 7434-35 of the Byzantine era; and 5686-87 of the Jewish era.

SOWING and planting must be done under a waxing moon, reaping and cutting under a waning moon, according to an ancient belief that still exists in certain sections of the world.

ONLY 125 Indians remain in Indiana, where LaSalle found 50,000.

CENTRAL HEATING, tobacco smoke and varying temperatures are causing deterioration of masterpieces of art which can never be replaced, according to M. Albert Flament, French painter.



THRICE since his historic trip in 1852, Ezra Meeker, who helped to blaze the trail to Oregon, has crossed the continent. In 1906 and 1910 he covered the ground by ox-team. In 1924 he covered 1,300 miles of the trail by airplane.

SPRUCE LOGS eleven feet in diameter so damaged machinery in a Western Washington sawmill that the balance of the tract will not be cut, and the grove will be made a National Monument.

DANCING MASTERS in France have applied for patent laws to protect them in new dances they may invent.

THE "SOCIAL CENTER" of New York's fashionable population is now in 68th street midway between Fifth and Madison avenues.

FOREIGN PRODUCTION of tobacco, especially in the Balkans, has increased so much since the war that American exports fell fifty thousand tons during the first nine months of 1925.

DAVID HOWARD STANDISH, of the ninth generation in direct descent from Captain Miles Standish, of the *Mayflower*, has just died.

THE FUTURE MANAGER of the hotels and dining cars of the Japanese railways is obtaining training by serving as an American dining car steward after having worked in the Waldorf Hotel from dish-washer to room clerk.



NEW YORK UNIVERSITY is sponsoring an "Around the World College" as part of its regular course. This floating university, with 450 students, will visit five continents, 35 countries, and 50 foreign ports in its 240-day cruise.

HOLLAND sends the greatest tonnage through the Suez Canal—with the exception of Great Britain.

BY CROSSING with a tree that has just been rescued from extinction in Hawaii, larger cotton plants have been produced.

TURKEY will use Roman letters in place of Arabic letters.

DRIED MUSHROOMS imported from Russia have been found in Worcester, Massachusetts, to have explosive bullets stuffed into their stems in the hope that explosions would occur either during preparation or cooking.

IT COST $3,459.21 to keep one inmate of the Home for Aged Farmers in Davenport, Iowa, last year.

A ROMAN saucepan made of clay about A. D. 100 was found in London during the excavations on the old post office site.

SNOW FLEAS can stand cold but not dryness. The skin of these soft-bodied little insects is so delicate, and evaporation so rapid that dry air is quickly fatal to them.

THE FLAG of Denmark is said to be the oldest unaltered national flag. Its cross dates back to 1219.

THE POTATO forms one-fourth of all the food of Americans and Europeans.



WHEN a distinguished visitor enters a Japanese office or laboratory he is at once served with tea.

DRAKE'S famous ship, *The Golden Hind*, was destroyed by teredos—the bivalve Mollusca commonly known as shipworms. They honeycombed its timbers with their burrows.

ACCORDING to the law in Argentina three-fourths of a wife's earnings can be taken to pay her husband's debts.

BRONZE PENS were used by the ancient Romans.

WALRUS feed on mollusks and star fish.

SCIENTISTS are investigating a process invented by a Frenchman for the extraction of pure rubber from worn-out rubber products, at a cost of only 30 cents a ton.

THE PRESIDENT of the University of Indiana deplores the passing of family prayers on the ground that, "they are occasions in which to lift the thoughts away from cares of life and to seek that divine peace which passeth understanding."

"MOST OF THE THINGS worth having—books, music, scenery, sport, a holiday with a knapsack on your back, friendship, love—are to be had for little or no expenditure of money."—*Jerome K. Jerome*, author.

March 13
1 9 2 6

Volume 26
Number 21




# THE ESSENCE OF THIS ISSUE:

Mr. Ford's Page this week deals with the growth of leisure.

Joaquin Miller—lovable old fraud! Some of his verse will long be read, but Miller himself will best be remembered for his bombastic little eccentricities which so endeared him to the people. Here is a refreshing yarn about him—about his autobiography, which was largely fiction—and the stories with which he regaled his hearers. (p. 3)

What concessions will be demanded of the United States at the forthcoming disarmament conference? Our army is already at a minimum and our navy rendered inefficient; will foreign diplomats still try to bargain with *us* over *their* disarming. Japan has the immigration exclusion act; France has her debt; England has many hidden trading points. (p. 4)

Jews in America are awakening to the basic reasons for the antagonism often held against them. They are realizing the perils of false leadership. Many Jews themselves today are urging Jewish reforms they would not have dared a few years back. Here is an article on the present status of the Jewish Question. (p. 6)

Can the alien psychologists measure America's soul? Are the methods they use big enough to compass the spirit of this young giant of the world? By what standards do alien critics judge, when they proclaim that this nation "is not psychologically safe for democracy"? Is not their judgment as worthless as the superficial data upon which they base it? (p. 8)

Shareholders in a building and loan society—and there are nine million of them in the United States—are not mere depositors. The officers are their servants and they are responsible for their actions. Moreover they may be held legally responsible for the association's debts in case of insolvency. (p. 12)

Why should five-sixths of the rulings made by the Treasury Department be shrouded in secrecy? Why is there discrimination in applying principles differently to similar cases? Why are taxpayers forced to engage *former employes* of the Department to get what the law intended should naturally be their rights? These questions, and others, will be answered next week in a startling article on some happenings at Washington.

Lithuania—land of dark forests and bright romance, of ancient language and modern entity. We know little of this strange country where the people speak a tongue so closely akin to Sanskrit that they can converse with the Hindus of India, yet there are one million Lithuanians in America. Herewith is an article well worth reading. (p. 24)

A house in England for the summer—a ten-room stone dwelling at the seashore for $24 a week! Often we are asked about comparative prices; this story answers the queries. A housekeeper and cook at $3 a week; gas (for heating and lighting) and water at $2.53 a month. Certain other things, however, are higher than in this country. (p. 2)

A personal account of Woodrow Wilson—the man and the statesman—will form a feature of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, beginning with the issue of March 27. The articles are by Huston Thompson, one of his closest friends and advisers, and at present member of the Federal Trade Commission. Mr. Thompson has done more than recount happenings; he has interpreted America's war-time President as few writers have done. (p. 20)

A new plague has arisen to harass wild fowl in their battle against extermination. With their numbers tragically thinned by their natural enemies and by the guns of sportsmen, ducks and their brethren of the air are now facing a more deadly and insidious danger—the smearing of oil waste and black grease on the surface of navigable waters by ships. (p. 16)

A pilgrimage to Selbourne, the village of Gilbert White, quiet philosopher, poet and pastor, who lived two centuries ago. A plain man who found all nature in his village and made it famous among the places of the mind. Still standing are the vicarage, where he was born, and The Wakes, where he lived for many years, and died. (p. 20)

Bryan at the convention of 1912, when he turned the tide for Wilson! Seldom has there been a more dramatic incident in political history, or a more portentous one. James Schermerhorn takes us behind the scenes at Baltimore and shows us Bryan in his moment of victory. And then the later conventions, the one at San Francisco, where the Commoner met his first great defeat within his own party, and the one at New York—his last. (p. 14)

The Virginia Reel, probably the most popular of the old-time dances, is outlined this week. It is really a simple dance to learn, yet one of the most beautiful and most enjoyable when executed properly.

*CONTENTS*

I Rented a House in England - - - - - - 2
*Philip Robert Dillon*
A Close-up of Joaquin Miller—*Allan L. Benson* 3
Why Is America Invited to Disarm? - - - - 4
*E. B. Johns*
What About the Jewish Question? - - - - 6
Measuring America's Soul—*T. Cameron Taylor* 8
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
Some Building and Loan Pitfalls - - - - - 12
*William A. McGarry*
At Later Conventions With Bryan - - - - 14
*James Schermerhorn*
Whistling Wings—*James Clyde Gilbert* - - - 16
Gilbert White the Seer of Selborne - - - - 20
*W. Teignmouth Shore*
Lithuania—the Country of Kosciusko - - - 24
*Rev. George F. Jonaitis*
A Dance a Week—The Virginia Reel - - - 30
Friendly Houses—How to Build Them—
*Albert Wood, A. I. A.* - - - - - - - - 32

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer; C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.50 A YEAR in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year. Single copy, ten cents.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

# I Rented a House in England

## Showing How an Enjoyable Vacation at an English Resort May Be Spent at Little Cost

By PHILIP ROBERT DILLON



EARLY last spring I wrote, from New York, to an agent whom I knew in Somersetshire, England, asking him to secure for me a furnished house at Weston-super-Mare, a seaside city and summer resort of 30,000 population on the Bristol Channel, directly across the water from Cardiff, Wales, which I desired to occupy for three months in summer. He answered that he could get one for five pounds a week, which was equivalent to $24 a week at the prevailing rate of exchange. I wrote at once accepting it, and we sailed for England, my wife and I, arriving at Weston-super-Mare on July 15.

Having in mind the American furnished houses at seaside places one might rent for $24 a week in the summer season—we had never seen any except small bungalows or shacks at that price—we, of course, expected but a small house at Weston. We were quite astonished to find ourselves domiciled in a handsome stone dwelling of ten rooms, which included drawing-room, dining room, kitchen, scullery, large hall, large nursery, five bedrooms, and bath. However, the owner had reserved two small bedrooms to store his things, leaving us eight rooms.

While there was nothing very exceptional in the offering of such a house for rent, there were not a great many at that price. But an estate agent in most parts of Britain—they leave off the adjective "real" in England—would be likely to have one, or several, on his list. The English-Speaking Union, an altruistic organization designed to bring together in harmony the English-speaking peoples of the world, with headquarters at Trafalgar Buildings, Charing Cross, London, offers to put Americans in touch with responsible estate agents or directly with owners who want to rent their houses. The secretary of the Union will answer all inquiries by letter from America. No fee is asked for this service.

The decorations and furniture were of the typical middle-class—substantial and comfortable—in the style of the Victorian early '90's.

The house, of graystone, was richly dressed outside in English ivy. A seven-foot wall inclosed the grounds on three sides, and a box hedge arose above the coping of the low front wall, shielding the front garden from the street. At the rear was "the garden"—the definite article is always used when referring to the space at the back of an English house—in which were flowers and fruits.

Silver and linen did not go with the house. We discovered at once that we had committed an error in putting all our silver and linen in storage at New York before sailing. It would have been so easy to make a small parcel of silver knives, forks and spoons and put it in one of the trunks, and we might have packed our bed linen, table linen and bath linen in a small plain board box with the books and put it aboard ship with the luggage. We had much cause to regret our carelessness in this respect later in London and Paris. Linen and silver can be hired in England and France, but they are expensive and the dealers are inordinately fussy.

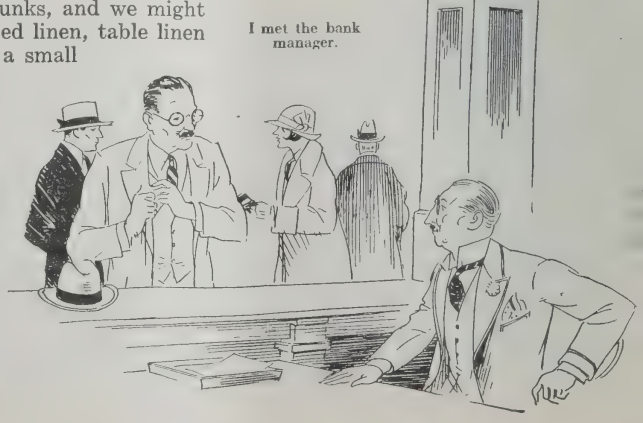
Fortunately, the house at Weston was well furnished with kitchen cutlery. Indeed, the kitchen cutlery of England, of the fine steel which is commonplace in that country, is quite good enough for ordinary daily use in the dining room. But there will be occasions when one ought to have silver in such a house as we rented, if one wants to conform. Americans who travel know that the English people are conventional. One does not break conventions in England. If one does it, one will quite likely be made to feel that he or she is a nuisance.

Obviously, the first business after arrival in a community where one is to remain some time, in England or anywhere else, is to establish one's financial credit. Almost the entire banking business of England is done by a few great banking concerns with headquarters in London and branches all over Great Britain. Among these great concerns are the Westminster Bank, Midland & City Bank, Lloyd's Bank, Barclay's Bank, National Provincial Bank, Stuckey's Bank, International Bank, and a few others. A branch of one or more of these will be found in every city and town of England, Scotland and Wales with a population of 3,000 or more. The business of taking your letter of credit or draft to a bank, everywhere in England, and establishing your credit, is easily and quickly done.

It was my good fortune to meet, on the day after our arrival at Weston, the manager of one of these branches, and the good impression I then received of the personnel of the

(Continued on page 22)

I met the bank manager.



# A Close-up of Joaquin Miller

## When the Poet of the Sierras Called to See Some Friends in Washington

By ALLAN L. BENSON

VERY few persons this season are building funeral pyres in their back yards upon which to cremate their last remains. One might canvass the whole country and not find a single back yard thus equipped. That is because America has lost the only Joaquin Miller it ever produced or ever will produce. A dozen years ago the body of our old "Poet of the Sierras" went up, one might almost say, in flames of his own making; at any rate, he laid the fagots that others, after his death, ignited. And he was just as peculiar about a number of things as he was about his pyre.

One of the most interesting works of prose that Joaquin Miller ever wrote was his autobiography, which I got him to write and for which I paid him $300 of the late Frank A. Munsey's money. Anyone who knew the gentleman who looked after Mr. Munsey's Washington cash box at that time will understand that $300 was quite a sum of cash.

*When Joaquin Blew in to Washington*

It happened this way: I was at that time editor of the Washington *Times*, which Mr. Munsey owned. One day in November, 1906, Joaquin walked in with a letter of introduction from an old friend of mine, B. O. Flower, editor of the *Arena Magazine* which was then published in Boston. Mr. Flower wrote to inform me that Joaquin was touring the East, expected soon to be in Washington, and that perhaps I could get him to write something for me. The letter of introduction that he sent along was entirely unnecessary as no one who had ever seen Joaquin before could ever forget him and I had seen him, back in the '90's, in the Bohemian club in San Francisco, at which time I had conceived quite a vigorous boyish disgust for such nonsense as his long hair, streaming down over his shoulders, and his brown corduroy suit, the trousers of which were tucked into his high boots.

All of this disgust disappeared the moment Joaquin spoke. He was very nice, very amiable and gentle, and almost the first thing he said was that we had better go out and have a drink. Having no intention whatever of affronting a great poet who was almost twice my age, we left the paper to run itself for a few minutes and were soon in a famous old place on E street which, in its day, killed more newspaper men than were killed in the Great War.

I noticed that on the ring finger of Joaquin's left hand he wore a tremendous diamond, as big as a carbuncle and flaming like a star. I had never before seen anything like it except one that Sam Shortridge used to wear, when he was a young fellow in San Francisco, and probably before he had ever dreamed of going to the United States Senate. A gunman would go crazy now to see such a ring as either of these; worth $600 then, $2,000 or more now.

Then we got down to business. Would Joaquin write something for the paper? He would write anything I said. "All right then," said I, "write your biography, and I will print it serially in the *Sunday Times* and syndicate it through other papers all over the country."



A few days later he brought down the first batch of manuscript. I looked at it and was dumfounded to see that I could not read a word of it. It was the worst writing I ever saw. He did not seem surprised or humiliated when I uttered these professional remarks. Instead, he said he would have his wife decipher it and copy it on the typewriter. His writing was "duck soup" for her; she read it without hesitation, he said.

With his help, she got through the manuscript, but he once gave me a book containing some pretty nifty stuff on a flyleaf that I have never been able to read to this day; nor could she read it all.

I shall never forget the first sentence of Joaquin's story of his life.

"I was born in a covered wagon pointed west," it ran.

What a sentence, what a picture—what a thing to put on a screen! A covered wagon writhing its way toward the setting sun; going down into the "valley of the shadow" with a woman. The misery and the heartache of a wanderer set off for strange lands—then the miracle and the glory! Of what stern stuff were those pioneers made. Why not call this movie "How the West Began"?

Don't call this movie anything. There was not a word of truth in it. Joaquin Miller was born in Indiana in 1841 and did not start west until 1843. He began his story the way he did because he thought it was a good way to begin it. He wanted to be interesting and he was. Furthermore, he did not think the real truth of where and when he was born was of any importance.

*What Made the Millers Move West*

In writing a biographical sketch of Joseph Lane, an early Senator from Oregon, Joaquin began: "I do not know where General Lane was born. I do not care. This unimportant fact can be found in almost any book of biographies, however." So can the facts about where and when Joaquin was born. And the encyclopedias say Joaquin did not start west until he was two years old. The family might never have moved if a Boston crook had not come along with a wagon load of clocks. He told a hard luck story about a sick family back East and induced Miller's father to take the clocks and give a mortgage upon his farm as payment. When the mortgage fell due the farm was taken. Miller told this story himself.

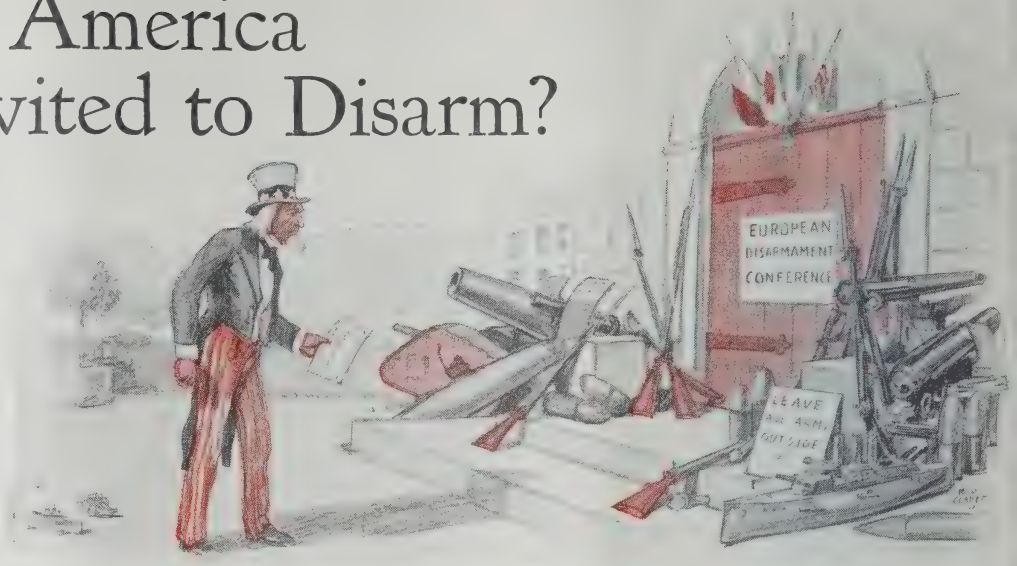
As a harmless (Concluded on page 26)

# Why Is America Invited to Disarm?

## She Is Already Showing the Way to Other Nations

PART II

By E. B. JOHNS




HAVING attained its objective in throttling the American Navy at the Washington Arms Conference, Great Britain immediately began "to consolidate its position" and to prepare for another advance. Japan and the other nations, who may attend the second Arms Conference, are preparing to improve their positions in the great international game of world politics. Only America is dreaming of perpetual peace.

This is what led up to the invitation to President Coolidge to attend the preliminary for the second Arms Conference. As stated in the previous article, when the first conference was called the American Navy was threatening British supremacy on the seas. It was rapidly approaching a strength at which it would be the dominating factor in the Far East. It could then really have put into effect the "open door" policy which has been, and will probably continue to be, only a fiction.

In ratifying the Washington Arms Conference, the United States surrendered this strong position in the world's affairs without any material or spiritual reward. It was pointed out in the previous article that the only reduction in the cost of the American Navy has been through the refusal of Congress to maintain it at a treaty efficiency and to appropriate for auxiliaries which would have brought it up to a treaty basis. If the Navy had really been maintained at the strength and efficiency of the British Navy since the Arms Conference, there would have been a material increase in the Navy Department budget. Eventually there would be a decrease in the cost of maintaining the Navy under the Washington Conference Treaty, but in working out the details of the scrapping program an increase would be necessary for a term of years in the appropriations for the American Fleet.

***War Department Budget Ignores War***

*Then why is the United States called into another Arms Conference?* Of course, it is not *our* Army. If the provisions of the National Defense Act were carried out the United States would have a smaller land force than most of the second-class powers of Europe. And according to Secretary of War Weeks and his successor, Secretary Davis, the National Defense Act, providing an army for the United States composed of the Regular Army, National Guard, and Organized Reserves, is not being provided for in the War Department budget.

***This Country Is Actually Disarming***

We have not even an adequate nucleus for a land defense force. By the reductions in the Army and the dangerous neglect of the Navy *the United States is actually disarming as demanded by the pacifists.* In good faith the question naturally arises, *"Why do not the other nations follow America's example, gradually disarm, and pay their debts?"*

That Great Britain is seeking to further strengthen her position in the world has been evident for some time. The peaceful pretensions which have been laid down in this country by Great Britain, France, and Japan, since the Washington Arms Conference, indicate that they have other objectives that they will seek to attain at their next conference. Prior to the ratification of the Washington Arms Conference Treaty by all of the nations, Great Britain sent a wave of preachers to this country. Every Sunday some distinguished English clergyman appeared in one or more of the pulpits in the larger cities. It is estimated that 700 came to America in the course of a year. Of course, this was not spontaneous; it was carefully organized. Japan worked through the missionary societies.

Through these agencies England and Japan were calling upon America to disarm. This, on the heels of the great sacrifice that America made at the Washington Conference, and its indifference as to whether its Navy was maintained at its authorized strength, was a curious proceeding.

The clergy were followed by English lecturers and educators. Prominent among these was Dr. John Holland Rose, professor of naval history, at Cambridge University. He dwelt on the futility of naval defense in a series of lectures. It would appear that the learned doctor might have found a great field for his crusade at home. Great Britain is impoverishing its treasury to keep a stronger fleet afloat than any other nation.

Lord Lee of Fareham, who came to America last winter, revealed one objective of Great Britain in the next conference. He directed his attack against the submarine. In a number of talks to distinguished and influential auditors, Lord Lee advocated the elimination of submarines by another international agreement. This same proposal was made by the British delegates at the Washington Conference, of whom Lord Lee was one.

***French Subs Are a Menace to Great Britain***

French submarines are a menace to the control of the sea by the British Navy. They would prove a very nasty problem in the event of war with France. Speaking on the subject at a dinner of the Philadelphia branch of the English-Speaking Union, Lord Lee said:

"At the last conference Britain, possessing a much more powerful submarine force and more efficient submarine force than any other nation, was willing to sacrifice her entire submarine force in the interest of world peace and reduction of excessive burden of taxation, but Britain's friendly advances in this respect were not met by other nations concerned. To achieve success in this one particular I believe America should approach France, and,

sing the influences which America can ring to bear on France in view of the reat obligation which France was un- er during the war and still is under to merica, I cannot fail to believe that ich approaches would be received by rance in the spirit in which made, and ould result in France's agreement to iminate her submarine force, if all other ations were willing to do the same."

It will be observed that Lord Lee rges America to thrust herself into the ntroversy over submarines between reat Britain and France. The sub- arine issue between France and Great Britain is becoming quite acute. The "obligation" referred to no doubt is the French debt.

*Taxing America to Strengthen British Navy*

e would have the United States exert nancial pressure upon France. Such procedure would open the way for a unter proposal from France for the ncellation of her debts by the United tates. France professes to be in sore nancial straits and might enter into a bmarine agreement if her debt were nceled.

Of course, this would be taxing merica to increase the strength of the ritish Navy, but that was exactly hat took place at the Washington rms Conference. Incidentally, can- llation of the French debt would reatly enhance the private American vestments in France, while it was re- oving the submarine menace to the ritish Navy. What a combination of ternational bankers and English dip- mats will do in secret agreements, nly the *results* of the second Arms onference will tell.

Another factor in the situation at e second Arms Conference that must e taken into consideration is the con- ssion that will be necessary to make Japan, if she approves any agreement r the elimination of submarines. It ould be borne in mind that the sub- arine has a very important function in e plans of the Japanese avy.

Japan is building bmarines with a fever- h haste. Submarines are so a vital factor in the efense of the long coast e of the United States. ith submarines the de- nses of Manila and the hilippines could be rengthened. *The defense America of course will t be pressed by the Amer- an delegates or receive any rious consideration at the nference.* Any one who ggests that the United ates should have an ade- uate Army or Navy would e immediately classed as militarist. It is not nec- ssary here to consider hat submarines amount in the defense of the nited States of America.

What must receive consideration by the Conference will be the price demanded by Japan for the elimination of her submarines. A recent survey of the reception by the press of Japan of the second Arms Conference proposal reveals that there is a sentiment in that country in favor of holding all arms conferences *under the League of Nations.* The United States is urged to join the League of Nations and make any move toward disarmament through that organization.

*Japan Trots Out the Question of Immigration*

The immigration question is also brought to the front again quite prominently by the Japanese press. Several influential papers insist that it is an international question. There can be no peace, it is insisted, until the ban placed by the United States on Japanese immigration is removed.

The comments by the Japanese papers should be taken seriously, as they are more under the control of the government than are American publications. It is insisted by the *Osaka Asahi* that:

"The United States is not in a position to promote such a conference because of her injustice towards Japan, by which the United States legislature passed the immigration law including the Japanese exclusion clauses. She has sown the seeds of discord between our two nations. We are not pleased with the selfishness of the United States, who does not care for international morality when it is inconvenient for satisfying her greed.

*Some Comments by the Japanese Papers*

"The ill-feeling which the enactment of the immigration law excited, and the American boycott movement which the American injustice encouraged, now appear to be largely abated, but they have not been dispelled. External anger has subsided into internal animosity. We shall never forget the ignominious humiliation. As long as inward resentment lies hidden deep in our minds, the dark shadow of enmity will not be struck out of our mutual relations.

"The shadow must be taken away in order to improve Japanese-American relations and to promote the peace of the world. However successful the participating Powers may be in limiting the number of auxiliary vessels and in revising the Washington Treaty, international peace will not be established. Let it be supposed that an opportunity will come at which the United States can justly claim the promotion of an international disarmament conference, and that will be the time when she repents her injustice and when she will have revoked the immigration law. The shortest cut to international peace is the elimination of the causes of war rather than to limit armaments."

*Eliminating War Causes Brings Peace*

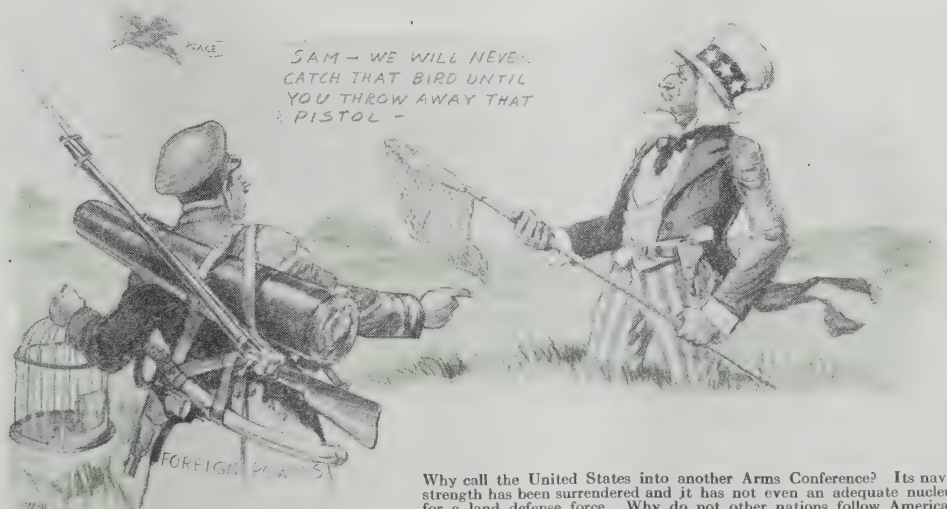
How easily a domestic question may become an international one, depending on the point of view of the man that is making the argument, is shown by the position taken by this paper. It speaks "of the freedom of migration" as a "divine right of man."

It continues:

"It is one of the fundamental rights, so-styled, in the United States Constitution. This is a question common to all human beings. The immigration law enacted by the United States is contrary to this great principle, yet she is mentally blinded in insisting that the adoption of the law is purely a domestic affair. This argument is absolutely illogical. Just as individuals composing society have no absolute liberty, no nation who is a member of the international community is entitled to absolute liberty.

"A concession in order to assure the fundamental rights of men, irrespective of nationality, is the primitive definition

(*Concluded on page 23*)




Why call the United States into another Arms Conference? Its naval strength has been surrendered and it has not even an adequate nucleus for a land defense force. Why do not other nations follow America's example—gradually disarm, and pay their debts? Then would the dove of peace find a resting place.

# What About the Jewish Question?

## A Frank Exposition of the Present Status of This Situation

"I SEE you have an article on Rabbi Klausner's new book," said the office visitor, "and you treat it very fairly. Tell me, how did the impression arise that your paper was ever unfair to the Jews?"

"Is there such an impression?" we asked.

"Well, probably not now, but you know there was a time when you were subjected to a good deal of criticism because of your Jewish articles. After that the report was spread that the Jews had forced you into silence."

"You can put it down as pretty certain," we replied, "that we were not forced into silence by anyone. There are two reasons: First, we have not been silent; second, there is no force that can compel THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT to be silent on any vital public matter. We want, if we can, to set an example of free speech in this country; but we feel that speech, to continue free, must always be fair."

"Then, why was there so much criticism?"

*Jewish Religion Was Not Being Attacked*

"There was not any single reason, but a number of them. The Jews themselves said that we were joining in the persecution of a downtrodden people. Their principal men were able to bring political and financial pressure to bear on prominent Christians to repudiate the idea of persecution of a minority. They even drew up public pronouncements. They induced William Howard Taft to deliver an address on the subject which he did with admittedly no study of the documents involved. We ourselves could have signed all the protests against persecution, for we do not believe in it and have never engaged in it. Then there was the opinion based on misinformation that it was the Jews' religion that was being attacked. Far from that, we have always held that a Jew who followed the Mosaic law and the Prophets' teachings would be unexcelled as an American citizen. Besides, there was the flabby moral condition of the American mind which made it unpopular to hold any opinions that tended toward disagreement. Gentiles had so far succumbed to pro-Jewish propaganda in this country that even to mention the Jew in any tone but that of extravagant praise was to commit a breach of propriety. It even went so far that a university president in an eastern state said that it was dangerous to mention the Jews at all. So that all that was said on the subject was said by politicians looking for Jewish support or by the Jews' own numerous press agents. Any American newspaperman will know what is meant."

"Well, what was it that you had against the Jews, anyway?"

"We had nothing against them as Jews. That would be foolish. If you have read the numerous Jewish books which have appeared during the past five years, you will see that the Jews themselves have wrestled with the question of why their presence creates criticism.

*Jews Are Liked When Acting Like Americans*

"Some of the writers have been honest enough to deal with palpable Jewish faults; others have contented themselves with repeating the century-old explanation that all other peoples are jealous of the Jews because the Jews are abler, smarter, quicker, more successful than they. Dislike is explained by the fact of unlike'; that is, that the manners of Jews are different, that they are foreigners. Now, as a matter of fact, Americans also are disliked where they are foreigners. As to the Jews being smarter, we have never been convinced of it. We don't think they are. When they play the game according to American standards, they are on a level with other people. But when they throw aside our principles, they make a shoddy success which is not lasting. The worst effect of this is that they sometimes influence Americans to lower their standards to meet the Old-World practices which many of the Jews bring with them; and this, of course, has a bad effect all round."

"You were not conducting a campaign against Jews as Jews, then?"

"Not at all. How could we have hoped to convince people of the truth of what we were saying, if we had done that? A Jew is a human being. He is known of his neighbors. Americans do not take anyone's word against people they know. There is not a Jew in America who can say that he has been at all discriminated against because he is a Jew.

*In All Great Wars There Were Directing Minds*

But many of them have profited by seeing themselves as in a mirror, and have corrected—or have begun to correct—many of the things which they saw were out of place here. That is, America has been making its way into their minds, and we believe that in the long run they will see that THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has been rather a courageous friend to them. It takes more friendliness to point out faults than to gloss them over. Anyone prejudiced against Jews as Jews cannot discuss them fairly or intelligently."

"Can you tell me, then, just at what you were aiming?"

"Yes, it can be stated very simply. The Jews had been taught for centuries that they were in the world, but not of it. The rest of the peoples were benighted. They were inferior to the Jew in every sense. Their nationality meant nothing. The nations were, to use the Old Testament word, 'strangers' to whom it was lawful to do things not lawful to be done to fellow-Jews. This feeling, the higher it went in Jewish finance, spelled enmity to Christian civilization. It made the Jew a victim of that attitude called super-nationality; that is, he was among all nations but allied with none. In war, it was not his fight, but the fight of nations with which he had nothing to do. It has been said for centuries that Jewish financiers have been the beneficiaries of wars. There must be some foundation of truth in a conviction that lasts for centuries. There were evidences of it in the last war. What we were trying to do was to unravel the confusion of the world by showing that in all these great tumults there were directing minds, schooled through centuries to know just what to do. Take a family like the Rothschilds, or the Warburgs. They have dealt with governments for generations. They know all the secret springs.

*Jews Predicted the Coming of World War*

International finance, which is a mystery even to some statesmen, is an open book to them. We have shown by Jewish publications that the World War was predicted by Jews years ahead, and not only that, but the results of the Peace Conference as well. We have shown that the destruction of Russia was not an accident, nor yet the results of a popular uprising of the Russian people. We have shown that at the heart of world affairs was a dangerous power, which once seen and known was shorn of half its power. In showing this, we have helped the Jewish people to see that much of their leadership, particularly in politics and finance, was the worst kind of leadership they could have."

"Oh, that is the 'international Jew' that you talked about?"

"Yes. Just as in Germany the Prussian power and the Prussian idea were superimposed upon the German people, who are inherently a good people, so in Jewry this international power follows a program which brings inevitable odium and suffering to all the plain Jews. And just as President Wilson succeeded in showing the Germans the difference between Germanism and Prussianism, so we have sought to show the difference between Jews and international nationalists. We believe that the Jews are beginning to see it. It was most natural that the Jewish leaders should

do all in their power to misrepresent not only our motives, but all our statements (millions of Jews not being English readers) because once the multitude of common Jews saw the point, the power of international Jewry was in danger. And you may take our statement as fact that many, many Jews have seen the point, not only in this country but elsewhere, and the power of the international leaders is at the beginning of its end."

"Is there no way for you to get this idea more rapidly into the minds of American Jews?"

"No, so far as we can see. These great results are not attained at once. There must be time for the facts to penetrate. During the period that our articles were appearing there was vehement protest and denial. Since that time, however, Jewish leaders of the better sort have been repeating some of the very things that we said."

"I have heard that the articles were first inspired by a personal pique of some sort."

*The Reason for International Jew Articles*

"That was one of the stories circulated. It was said in one report that financial pressure was the cause of it. Another report said that disappointment in Madame Shwimmer's representation was the cause of it. There were many such imaginative attempts to account for the articles. But there is not a shred of truth in any of them. The work did not arise out of dislike, prejudice, revenge or anything like that. It arose out of the solemn conviction that the time had come for someone to clear the air by speaking out, by speaking such things as any American could confirm by his own observation. That was the sole reason for the articles being printed. It can be further said that the greatest restraint was practiced in all that was presented. We resolutely cast aside the sensational, the curious, the more arousing facts. Our purpose was not the embarrassment of our Jewish citizens, nor yet to engender suspicion and dislike in our Christian citizens. It was simply an effort to take time by the forelock and do in America in the right way what was sure sooner or later to be done in the wrong way. If the work had not had elements of benefit to the Jew as well as to the others, it could not have lived; it could not have gone on justifying itself to an increasing number of both Jews and Christians as it has done."

*Socially Minded Jew an Asset to America*

"Where do you stand with reference to the Jew now?"

"Just where we stand with reference to any other human being. A socially minded Jew is an asset to America. There are many such. We can quite understand the bonds of racial loyalty which made them cling to their people while denouncing us. But clinging to their people and clinging to the anti-social attitudes which have prevented their people—as a people—from winning the esteem of the nations are two quite different things. There are many, many Jews of the highest honor and character. Those of the rank and file are hard-working and honest. They have a place in America. They can become highly useful to America. But they cannot do that by insisting on Judaizing America, for that cannot be; it is not written in the stars. There are Jewish working men and women by the millions, professional Jewish men by the thousands, who do not approve the 'international' idea. They want to be Americans; they want their children to be Americans. And if there should ever come a day in America when the principle of equal rights to the Jew is endangered, THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT shall be found quite as powerful in their defense as any that they can look to. We do not say they should cease to be Jews. We do not say that they should 'amalgamate.' We do not say that they should flock by themselves. We only say that they should regard themselves as participants on equal terms with others in the responsibilities of maintaining American ideals and in the enjoyment of them. We do not approve social ostracism for the Jew because he is a Jew. It is only too evident that certain social clubs which debar Jews from membership admit Gentiles who are a disgrace. Character, and character alone, should be the measuring rod. We know too many Jews of character to be ignorant of the heights to which Jewish character can attain."

*Thousands Want to Be Americans*

"What will your future course be?"

*It Is the Gentiles Who Need Attention Now*

"That depends altogether on circumstances. We may say this, however, we do not expect it ever again to be necessary in America to repeat the thorough-going discussion in which we engaged. If the Jews are wise—and we think they are—they will finish the work themselves. There is a great deal of self-criticism going on among them now. Statements which would have roused the most angry condemnation, had they been made in this paper, are now being made in the Jewish press by Jewish leaders. That is what we mean by the Jews themselves finishing the work.

"It is the Gentiles who need attention now. They require a thorough overhauling to disclose wherein they have slumped. They need to be pricked in their pride and their honor until they wake up. And when we start this, there will then be no question as to whether we are motivated by good judgment and intention, and fully equipped with the facts. We have coined the term 'Gentile boobs,' and we think it is entirely fitting to great sections of our people."

## Dr. Johnson as Dr. Pomposo

HITHERTO unknown sketch of Dr. Samuel Johnson, in the character of Dr. Pomposo, a name which Churchill had given to Johnson, is found in a novel in the picaresque style, the third edition of which, published by John Murray, in 1786, has just come into the rare-book market. This novel is entitled *Modern Times* or the *Adventures of Gabriel Outcast*, supposed to be written by himself in imitation of *Gil Blas*. The author was John Trusler (1735-1820), an eccentric divine.

Every Johnsonian will recognize more than one trait of the master in the following humorous excerpt from Trusler's *Modern Times*, which in no way detracts from his reputation as a "hard-boiled" philosopher:

He told me he was going to pay a visit to his friend Dr. Pomposo, a very extraordinary character, though of great erudition, and asked me to accompany him. Wishing to be acquainted with men of learning I accepted his invitation and cheerfully went with him. When we reached Pomposo's house I was introduced to him as one of the *literati* whom he must be proud to receive. He never moved from his chair, but (which was in him a great mark of condescension) desired me to be seated. He had several persons with him, and each had a pocket-book and pencil in his hand. On our being seated among the rest, he grumbled forth, "That the *literati* of the present times were but few; that the era of learning had long gone by, and that latter pretenders to it were but quacks in the republic of letters, that literature had been poisoned by the modern dispensers of words; and that without speedy correction and illumination in science, we should fall back into the barbarities of darker ages."

Scarce did he utter a word, but every one in the room, except ourselves, had his pencil to his paper, and was copying from his mouth, as if he had been an oracle. The persons present, I found, were a parcel of scribblers who by adulation and praise were admitted to visit him, and who, by starting different topics, generally brought away with them a much greater store of ideas than they carried there.

On my observing to my new acquaintance, that, though education generally polished the manners of the world, it seemed with respect to him to have lost its influence, for that he appeared to me to be quite a cynic, and a *Hottentot*, he admitted my observation to be just. "With all his learning and his knowledge," says he, "he is a bear in his manners and looks down with an affected pity on men who have little else than their rank or their fortune to distinguish them."

# Measuring America's Soul

## Can Alien Standards Produce Accurate Tests When Applied in Ignorance and Misunderstanding?

By T. CAMERON TAYLOR

TRAVERSING the rank field of alien literature on the subject of American psychology, carefully and with due respect, I am reminded of a stirring elephant-hunt in a dark corner of Africa in the not far remote days when the chief in whose ground a hunted elephant fell claimed the under-tusk. The claim rested upon the fact that the wild elephant, in his rooting and digging for salty earth, usually used one tusk more frequently than the other—became "right-handed" or "left-handed"—and that the tusk most used, while it might not appear the bulkier of the two, was always more heavy and of beautiful, close-set, solid ivory.

The natives believed that when at length a stricken monster staggering on his great limbs crashed to earth, he fell on the side of the heavier tusk. Of the particular chase mentioned, it need but be said that a native hunter having lodged a poisoned spear in a huge tusker, and the hue-and-cry passing us, we joined in the hunt. It proved a long chase. Mile after mile the elephant plunged ahead, and as he crossed the domain of one petty chief after another, each turned out his best men in an effort to stop the wounded animal, to check him till he fell, that the claim to the under-tusk might rest there; and through each cordon of yelling black warriors the great bull dashed unheeding. On the third day we gave up the chase, returning in our tracks. And as the chiefs in succession told us the tale of the scattering of their chosen men by the infuriated animal, and of failure to secure the under-tusk, or a substantial consideration therefor, there was invariably forthcoming a comment based less upon observation than upon chagrin: "The ivory did not appear to be good."

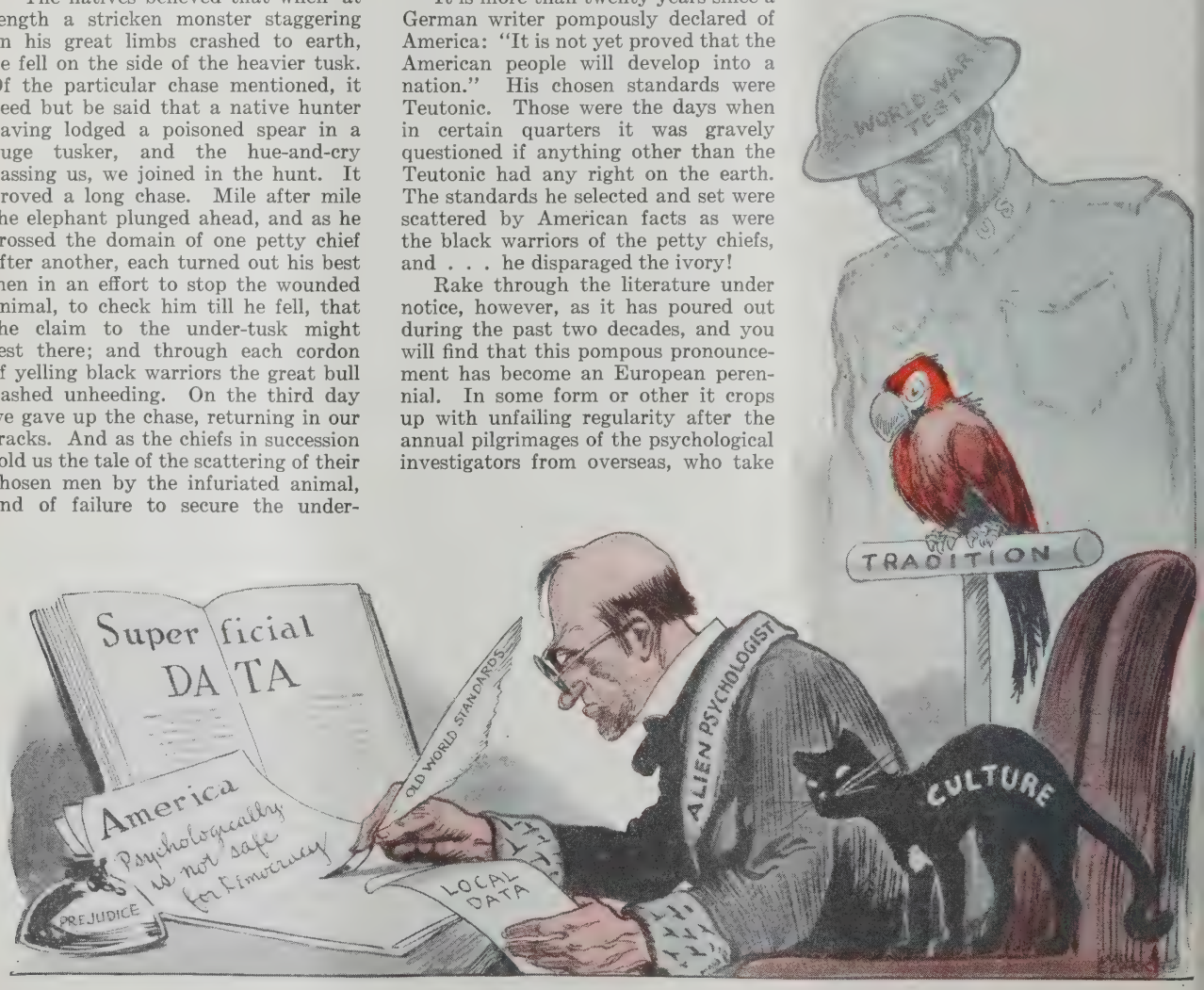
The chase through the mass of published comment of alien writers on the psychology of America, in quest of exact evidence as to the depth and breadth of the tests to which they had subjected the American mind, and the further quest of proof of the validity of the standards they applied, brings vividly to mind the petty chiefs stringing out their selected warriors and seeing them scattered, and the subsequent disparagement of the ivory they did not get.

It is more than twenty years since a German writer pompously declared of America: "It is not yet proved that the American people will develop into a nation." His chosen standards were Teutonic. Those were the days when in certain quarters it was gravely questioned if anything other than the Teutonic had any right on the earth. The standards he selected and set were scattered by American facts as were the black warriors of the petty chiefs, and . . . he disparaged the ivory!

Rake through the literature under notice, however, as it has poured out during the past two decades, and you will find that this pompous pronouncement has become an European perennial. In some form or other it crops up with unfailing regularity after the annual pilgrimages of the psychological investigators from overseas, who take a brief holiday and an ocean voyage to measure America's soul.

The characteristic vagueness of the charges of America's psychological unsoundness has always been baffling, but at length there has come an assertion definitely worded and straightly stated, capable of being handled, and—more happily still—susceptible to test by a standard applicable to the democracies of the whole world: "America is not psychologically safe for democracy." The test will be applied in due course. Meantime what of the validity of the standards applied by the psychologist spectators in measuring America? Where and of what was it formed, this Micrometer of the Mind which reveals America as psychologically inadequate in a vital aspect. Was it in lands "psychologically safe for democracy"? Was it made in Europe, and of the traditions, mentalities, ideals and standards which have democracy there "safe" in battle-line, bread-line, and dole-formation?

(Concluded on page 28)



# MR. FORD'S PAGE

THE trend for many years has been toward more leisure for all the people. The story of this trend through the generations discloses to us most of the follies and most of the nobilities of human society as it has wrestled with its economic problems.

Nature fixed the first limits of labor, need the next, the inhumanity of man to man had something to do with it for a long time, but now we may say that law—economic law, as we are beginning dimly to discern it—will do the rest. The history of leisure is the story of man's long groping after the law of leisure.

The gain consists in this, that with discovery of some elements of the law of leisure, there ceases at once the condition in which one class of people becomes the law for another class of people. That is to say, it will no longer rest with one class to determine what is good or what is harmful for another class, because the law of the matter determines what is good for both of them.

Perhaps it is better to illustrate this. There was once a general opposition to the number of holidays in this country, based upon the abuse of leisure which was justly chargeable to large sections of our population. The leisure time did more harm than good, the better observers said. Just now in France a learned professor is accounting for the increased consumption of alcohol by pointing to the eight-hour day, which he denounces as a device which gives workingmen more time to drink. It will be generally granted, as a practical thing, that if men are to drink their families into poverty and themselves into degeneracy, the less spare time they have to devote to that purpose the better.

That is the way various things are tangled up—leisure and dissipation—so that often one cannot make a given improvement until certain other improvements precede it. If people are to have leisure, they must have means to make it useful rather than destructive. And, as a general thing, in order to learn how to use leisure, they must have leisure to experiment with. That is how we viewed it in this country at least, for we began the experiment of leisure even while there yet existed the abuses which had made leisure such a dangerous thing for large sections of the community.

There were people who saw the danger of it; there were people who saw the good of it. They were both right: everything that is good is also dangerous, when mishandled.

The motives were mixed. Those who thought that leisure was harmful usually had an interest in the products of industry. The mill-owner seldom saw the benefit of leisure time for his employes, unless he could summon up some rare feeling of humanity. But humanity is not a perfectly effective motive, because it is subject to moods of feeling and is not necessarily based upon the solid foundation of law. This was the weakness of most of the pleas for leisure for the working class, they were based upon sentiment.

*AMERICANS of every class have more spare time than the people of any nation in the world. By abolishing the abuses which made the leisure of the people to be periods of disgusting debauch and destructiveness, we have removed the last big reason for any class to say of another class that leisure is injurious to it. But leisure is by no means secure as long as it is regarded as a privilege forced by the demands of a class. It is not secure as long as industry regards it as "lost time." There is a law which definitely relates leisure to economic well-being and this week's Page is an introduction to that law.*

Taking it altogether, everybody viewed leisure as "lost time." It was time taken out of production. It was a suspension of the proper business of the world. Everybody looked at it that way. The thought about leisure usually went no further than that here were hard-driven working people who should have a little surcease from their labors; the motive was purely humane. But it was felt to be followed at a considerable cost. There was nothing "practical" about it. The leisure was regarded as a "loss."

The concern felt on the matter, however, was an indication of the way affairs were moving. And as is usual in such matters, to move one thing requires that other things must be moved to permit it. A number of things changed at the same time in this country. There began a very spirited and successful campaign against those influences which had degraded the leisure of the people. One after another these influences were brought under control. In course of time, even control was adjudged as insufficient; nothing but complete abolition would suffice; so these influences were abolished.

There remained no big apparent excuse, then, for any class to say of another that leisure was a detriment to their character. It is admitted on all hands that, while much of the leisure occupations of the people is sheer frivolity and trivial nonsense, there is a larger percentage than ever before who are capable of making their leisure count. That is, our people are becoming more and more expert in the effective and profitable use of leisure.

But leisure has still another value, which should be studied. We shall return to it in another week.

**"Ford Ideals," 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## *Ancient and Holy Things*

WE OUGHT to keep them forever—ancient and beautiful things.

There are no songs being written in this Jazz Day that compare with the old songs that grew up out in our own country. What Jazz songs compare with the plaintive, melancholy, and the deeply moving melodies like "Swing Low Sweet Chariot"; "Nobody Knows De Trouble I's Seen"; "I Can't Hear Nobody Pray"; "Singin' All Over God's Heaven"?

Just now, there is a revival of interest in the Negro Spirituals. A dozen books have been published recently on these Spirituals. We are beginning to put a proper valuation on our ancient and beautiful things.

There is a national revival of the old American dances; they are finding their way back to their place in the heart of America.

He who saves for America the old music, the old songs, the old hymns, the old customs, the old recreations, the old wholesomeness and freedom, is making America his debtor.

---

## *A Way We Have in America*

IN HUTCHINSON'S book *One Increasing Purpose* there is conversation about smoking in the presence of ladies.

It is carried on in the home of an English nobleman of high repute. The visitor, Mr. Simon Paris, is struck by the fact that the men do not smoke until the women go. The man of that home, Sir Henry, says: "We have a custom of not smoking until Mother and the girls have gone from the room and then we smoke like chimneys. It is just a little way we have."

We once had "a little way" of that kind in the United States of America. It rather became us, too. Sometimes we pretend that we are forever "off" the puritanical, as we call it, but we cannot quite forget the cleanliness and courtesy of the home dining rooms where the younger sons did not blow smoke, between courses, around their mother's and sisters' faces.

Women in these United States do not smoke with very much grace. A European said: "American women are cigaret wasters."

When we innocently asked him what he meant, he said, "They don't really enjoy cigarets. They don't inhale them down deep into their lungs as if they tasted good. They nibble at them. They waste good cigarets. American women never will be able to smoke cigarets with any great naturalness or any great joy."

We don't think they will, either.

Our European knows exactly what he is talking about, because his women smoke naturally. Ours do not. It is still "A little way we have."

---

## *The President Speaks—or Echoes?*

MR. COOLIDGE can speak when he wants to. It is unfortunate that so often the impression is given of his talking in someone else's footsteps, so to speak. The President's good word for Italy and Mussolini would have been much more effective had not Otto H. Kahn said all those things before him, and had not the press of the country, with singular alertness, caught the deep alliance between American diplomatic favors and the trend of American bankers' loans. We do not like that "dollar diplomacy" which makes the State Department and the President the private and disposable appurtenances of international bankers. We do not like to see Otto H. Kahn speak first on grave international matters, and our President follow quickly with a "yes, yes."

If Mr. Coolidge would show some independence in these matters, his situation before the people would improve. If, for example, he would speak a good word for a worthy nation of which the international bankers refuse to speak a good word, it would indicate independence. To make it very plain, if by a single act Mr. Coolidge would indicate that his entire foreign policy is not dictated by the desires and demands of international bankers, mostly Jewish, the above comment would lose its point. But it retains its point while the case of Poland exists. Poland is a Christian nation, which has served humanity well as the bulwark against which the westward storm of military bolshevism broke itself. Overrun by four armies, yet repelling every enemy of Christian civilization, Poland has suffered extremely but has never surrendered, nor has she asked the world to compromise her debts. Poland has always paid. The virtues of the Poles are known by the several millions of them resident in the United States. As deserving allies and dependable debtors, they are without superior among the nations.

Does anyone in this Administration speak a good word for Poland, or make easy a good deed for Poland? No. Has Mr. Coolidge done so? No. Will he do so? Not unless he is able to defy the international banking group which, *by order of its Jewish members*, has decreed that Poland shall not be helped. The Republican Administration does not feel strong enough or free enough to defy that money group. Mr. Coolidge, we make bold to say, is fully aware of this. But, if Otto H. Kahn, or even Barney Baruch, should one day turn with warm attitude of friendship toward Poland, we should then expect an answering echo from the White House.

The President will not go far, at home or abroad, talking in these men's footsteps.

---

## *"Thinking Internationally"*

A DEAR lady writes us with something like tearful anxiety, bidding us "think internationally." She desires that *everybody* "think internationally"—but just what she means by the phrase she does not say. It would be ungracious to look over the lady's shoulder, but we could make a good guess as to the names of the periodicals and pamphlets which she has been reading, for we also have followed their effort to have the American people "think internationally." And neither do they tell us what it means. It is a delightful, mouth-filling phrase much used by "liberals"; but what does it mean?

If it means *to think as Europe thinks*, we must decline: Europe's plight is due to the quality of Europe's thought. We shall avoid that plight by avoiding that thought. We know what France thinks. We know what Russia thinks. We know what Italy thinks. We know what Germany thinks. We know what Czecho-Slovakia, Greece, Bulgaria and Austria think.

They all "think internationally." In fact, they do nothing else. International diplomacy and international finance are the curse of Europe. Money and force are their elements. Russia is a particularly brilliant illustration of a government that "thinks internationally." And France comes next. Not to speak of that commanding figure, Mr. Mussolini, who sometimes thinks internationally to such a degree that it becomes embarrassing to the objects of his attention.

So that if to think internationally means to think as Europe does, it is safe to say that the United States will continue to refuse to do so.

If, however, it means *to think about the international situation with understanding and good will*, it may be said that our people are doing that, and with good results. We are perhaps better equipped for that kind of thinking than any other nation. In the first place, we are international. Our population is made up of all the races under heaven. We have in our midst the ruling and the subject peoples. We have, as a nation, a first-hand slant on every national situation. We have descendants of the British stock who can judge British facts and tendencies. We have Italians who can judge Italy from the American point of view. We have Germans who can measure Germany by the standard of this Republic. And so on, through the list. We thought internationally in 1776, and in 1898, and in 1914, and in 1917, and have done so ever since. In fact, it is only recently that any nation comparable with us in power and influence has thought internationally, in the modern sense. When a few of them tried it, Locarno was the result.

And the sum of *our international thinking has been American thinking.* That is, we have thought of international matters as Americans. Not as Europeans, not as internationalists, or anti-nationalists, or pro-nationalists, but as Americans. Wherever we have touched the life of the world for good we have done so by standing upon the American principle, and not upon any other. The more American we have been, the more practically useful have our proposals been. We have faltered and caused confusion only when we have acted on the principles and views of peoples who are buried under the traditions and prejudices of their past, people who have lured us to partisanship in quarrels which are not ours. When we have gone to Europe with our own minds and our own principles we have always been able to suggest or do something that has helped to clear up the gloom.

And that is the only kind of "international thinking" that America can afford to do, if her motive toward the nations is one of good will.

"Think internationally" is a weasel-worded phrase which conceals implications that it dare not express.

It needs to be challenged, clarified and defined.

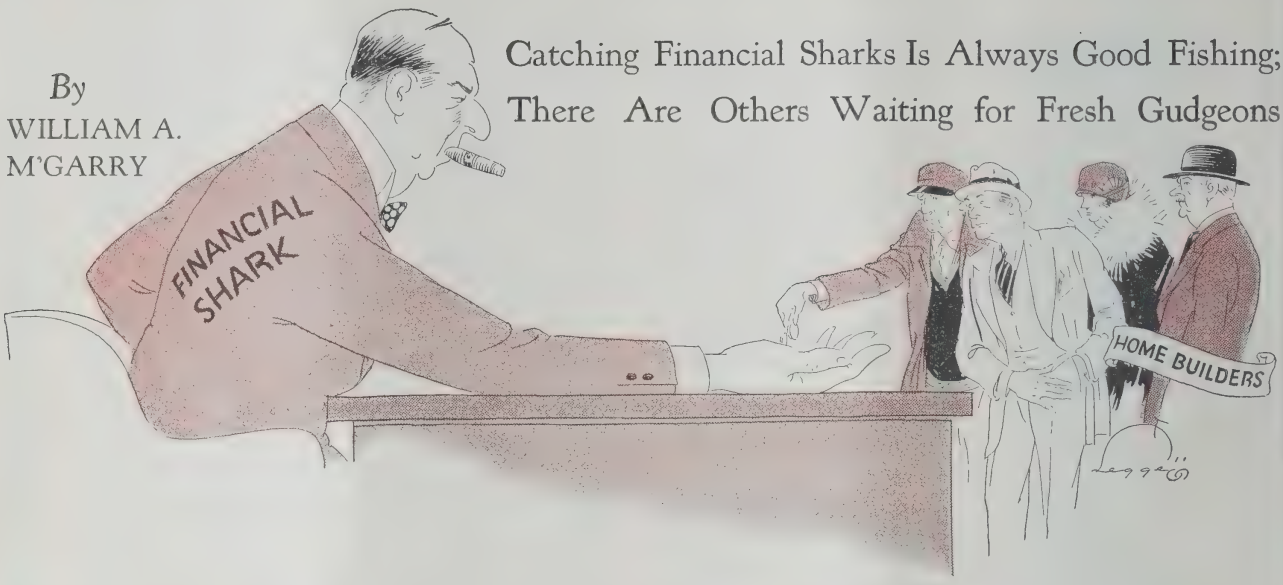
Think as Americans, *think forth from the American principle*, the American experience, the American motive *about the international plight*. Think about that plight, to be sure, but as Americans.

But to take the international plight, fallacies, and untruths, and think forth from these as a basis, is fatal both to Americanism and to the world. We strongly suspect that what our friends the propagandists want us to do is just that.

# Some Building and Loan Pitfalls

## Catching Financial Sharks Is Always Good Fishing; There Are Others Waiting for Fresh Gudgeons

By WILLIAM A. M'GARRY




NINE million building and loan shareholders in the United States who naturally want to keep this form of savings free from the manipulations of financial sharks may be helped in their endeavor by an understanding of just what happened in Philadelphia, where twelve men went to jail a few weeks ago for the confessed looting of seventeen building and loan associations.

Since the men confessed—after two of them had been convicted in a bitterly fought trial—it has been generally assumed that the whole story appeared on the surface. The fact is, however, that hardly anything has been published about the fundamental cause of the crash—a series of operations within the law, yet utterly at variance with the original spirit and purpose of the building and loan system.

If this omission stood by itself it might be ascribed to the overshadowing interest of developments during the trial. But now that the trial is over and the swindlers are in prison cells, another and even more significant evidence of the "soft pedal" has come to light in connection with the plan to rehabilitate the seventeen defunct associations. It was found impossible to conceal the crimes committed, but every effort is being made to minimize their lesson by avoiding open discussion of the reasons for these crimes, and the inevitable effect of them.

Obviously, this is the only information that can be of any use now to the shareholder in preserving the recognized financial soundness of the building and loan system. It is to his interest to know what made the swindle possible, and what it is likely to cost. If he has that knowledge he can prevent a repetition elsewhere. Without it, as will be shown, he is dependent on the personal honesty of directors and officers to a far greater degree than is generally understood.

The first point for the shareholder in a building and loan association anywhere to grasp is that he is not merely a depositor. Under the law, confirmed by judicial decisions, a building and loan association is to all intents and purposes a partnership. Now this implies a very definite responsibility. In a bank, owned by stockholders and making profits from the funds of depositors, the contributor to a saving fund cannot possibly lose more than he puts in. The building and loan shareholder, however, is in the same position as the bank stockholder in event of losses. The officers are his servants, in the eyes of the law. He is responsible for their acts.

If the building and loan officers bring the association into insolvency through dishonesty—the only method possible and the one used in the Philadelphia case—each owner of a share of stock in that association may be sued for recovery exactly as any partner in a business enterprise may be held responsible for the firm's debts. As evidence of this, hundreds of creditors have taken preliminary steps against each of the seventeen associations in Philadelphia, and each suit against an association involves every one of its shareholders.

But at this point a curious situation has developed. Instead of permitting the law to take its natural course, various large creditors and others have stepped in with a plan to "rehabilitate" the seventeen associations by merging all their assets into one. Albert M. Greenfield, one of the largest real estate operators in Philadelphia, who makes no secret of the fact that his office controls more than twenty other building and loan associations, has been named trustee for the seventeen insolvent associations. He is now, with the assistance of another court, trying to get the approval of all creditors to his rehabilitation plan. If some of the creditors hold out for their legal rights it is plain that the plan cannot be put into effect. And some of them are holding out.

The natural question of the outsider after learning this much is: "Why should the big creditors want to rehabilitate these associations?" Two answers may be given. One is that these creditors are anxious to protect the shareholders and to preserve the good name of the building and loan system. The other is that the associations are insolvent, and the big creditors are in so deep that they cannot possibly hope to get thier money back by straight legal action. Naturally, the creditors are using the first answer for all it is worth. They are quite willing to be put in the position of public benefactors.

The fact is, however, that most of the seventeen wrecked associations were deliberately organized for speculative and more sinister purposes of the men now in jail. At the trial it was brought out that the total number of shareholders in all of these associations does not exceed 1,500, and according to state bank examiners and other expert witnesses, and the admissions of the criminals, not more than fifteen per cent of these shareholders were bona fide. In other words, the great bulk of the names carried on the lists of members was made up of "straw men" for the various speculators involved. Others had a good idea of what was going on. They were in the game for what they could get out of it.

All the creditors are well aware that



The syndicate system brought in money evils, first, by compelling the wage earner to compete with big capital.

legal action against men of this type would be a waste of time and money. Therefore in the event suits are brought the claimants must depend for collection on the few hundred honest shareholders who had put all their savings into one of the seventeen associations. Since most of these honest victims also obtained mortgages to help them buy homes, and since the speculators saw to it that the prices of these homes were amply inflated, the average equity subject to recovery at law is so small as to be negligible.

It is quite evident therefore that the only hope of the big creditors is to bring about a rehabilitation, and to take their payments in installments over a long period of years, as they can get them. If this can be done it will mean that the new association so formed will be placed on a parity with others which always have been honestly managed. It will start with a tremendous load of debt—the total losses ran well up to a million dollars. How many wage earners would care to join such an association, no matter what assurance might be given that their interests would be protected?

An understanding of this plan makes it fairly clear why creditors are not anxious to talk about the cause and effect of the building and loan smash. But the situation becomes even clearer when the collapse is traced back to its beginning—the other point about which nothing is being said. As everyone knows, the building and loan system is the poor man's method of getting credit to aid him in building or buying a home. Mutual and coöperative in every sense of these words, it was always intended only to make individual loans and not to speculate.

The foundation of the swindles perpetrated in Philadelphia was laid back in the war boom days when someone discovered that there is nothing in the Pennsylvania law—or in that of most other states—to prevent syndicate loans. Up to that time there had never been a shortage of building and loan funds. Any workman who could get together as little as $50 could buy a small home by joining a building and loan association. He obtained from this organization a second mortage on which he paid twelve per cent a year, half of this being applied to principal and half taking care of interest.

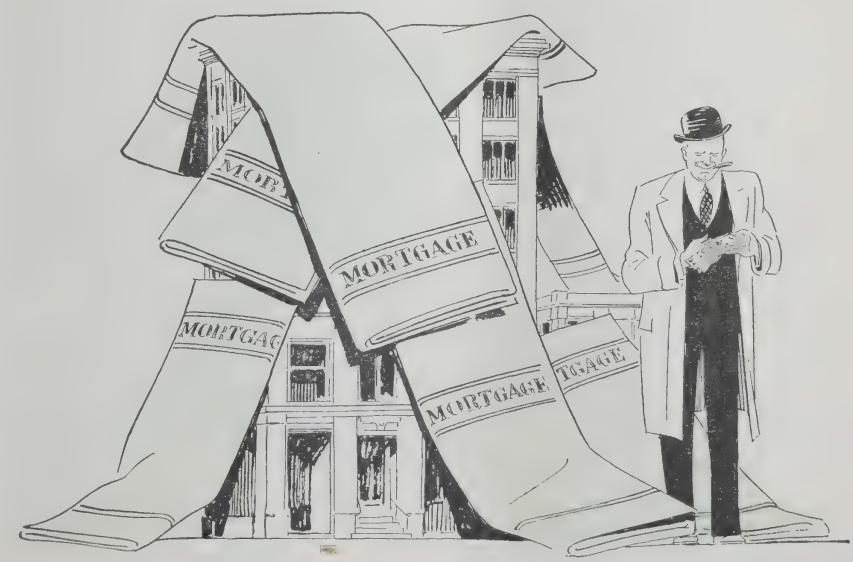
The syndicate system brought in many evils. First, by compelling the wage earner to compete with big capital, it made possible extortionate commission charges by real estate men who came into control of the associations. Then it encouraged speculation in high-priced central realty, and it made possible an orgy of inflation. Big real estate speculators began some years ago to reach out for control of the building and loan associations. Since the shareholders rarely did more than pay their monthly dues, this was easy in some cases. A speculator had only to buy stock in an association, get himself or a straw man elected as secretary, and the wedge was in place. Of course, there were many strong, substantial associations that could not be taken over. So the speculators started new ones.

In 1922 the State Banking Department of Pennsylvania took cognizance of the dangers of this system and began to issue warnings. Since then at frequent intervals the Department has tightened up on its regulations and has issued statements designed to prevent exactly what happened this year. At the last session of the legislature the Department had introduced a series of bills which would have made the crash impossible, or at least would have minimized the losses. But these measures were killed by the speculators and money lenders' lobbies which were making fat profits out of syndicate loans.

The scandal in the misuse of building and loan associations has been an open secret in Philadelphia since that time. Repeatedly the newspapers have published records of specific cases in which speculators bought a property and then loaded it up so heavily with mortgages divided among many associations that the buyers actually paid themselves cash in taking title. The scramble got so wild that one speculator advertised that he controlled twenty-nine associations. This was too much for the others. They soon induced him to quit advertising the fact because of the effect it might have on shareholders.

That was the easy money field which attracted the sinister genius of Alexander A. Roseman. He got into it first in 1922, but the records indicate that he was too greedy then and in too much of a hurry. On May 19, 1922, he was arrested on a warrant sworn out by the State Banking Department charging him with the embezzlement of $53,900 from the Philadelphia Investors' Building and Loan Association. He was held in $25,000 bail for court. But when the day of trial arrived Roseman had made restitution, and the association officials dropped the prosecution.

But Roseman was not cured. In spite of his arrest, he had determined to get some of the money that was obtainable by trading on the nation-wide reputation of the building and loan system for financial integrity. This time, however, he tried to save his own skin by operating (*Concluded on page 27*)




Loaded up with mortgages, divided among associations, the buyers actually paid themselves cash in taking title.

# At Later Conventions With Bryan

## As a Correspondent or as a Convention Orator the Commoner Was Equally at Home

PART III.

By JAMES SCHERMERHORN

APART from his literary skill, the name of William Jennings Bryan at the head of a convention story had come to have no mean value in newspaper offices. As a correspondent he sat in the Republican convention in Chicago in 1912, and witnessed the split over Roosevelt.

This middle-aged man who had polled upward of 20,000,000 votes himself in three campaigns came and went like any special correspondent. He never dressed for his part in the quadrennial spectacle. In fact, his shiny alpaca suit and his untrimmed locks were not far from unkempt. He always wore a cap, which he thrust in his side pocket as he reached his seat —to save the checking fee, according to the wits who sat about him.

James Kirby Risk, of Indiana, faithful through three campaigns, joined Mr. Bryan and myself as we walked over to the Chicago Athletic Club on Michigan avenue, to talk over the developments of the tense week beginning with Roosevelt's Sunday night pronouncement in the auditorium: "We stand at Armageddon and we battle for the Lord." It was Friday afternoon. The hope of a compromise on Hadley, of Missouri, the suave and conciliatory temporary chairman, had faded. All in our little group foresaw the impending disastrous Republican ruction. The special correspondent did not say it, but he could scarcely have repressed the wish that the Grand Old Party had taken it upon itself to split on the rock of factionalism four, twelve or sixteen years before.

Baltimore a few days later, and behold! the Bryan who sent in the story of the split at Chicago is tremendously active in shaping the story that is to be written here.

First he is on the platform in the old effective form, employing the familiar modes of manual emphasis—the clasped hands, the outstretched hands, the outstretched arms—urging the adoption of a resolution that will disqualify any candidate "who is a representative of or under any obligation to Morgan, Ryan, Belmont or any other member of the privilege-hunting, favor-seeking class." The resolution adopted, he sends the second thunderbolt reverberating through the convention when he announces that Nebraska will not participate in the nomination of any man whose nomination depends upon the vote of the New York delegation, but that it withdraws its support from Clark and casts its ninety votes for Nebraska's second choice, Governor Wilson.

That Bryan rose above all personal or selfish considerations in this dramatic action, which made Woodrow Wilson the nominee, is palpable to anyone who recalls that Wilson in 1907 wrote the Joline letter, in which he prayed that "we could do something, at once dignified and effective, to knock Mr. Bryan once for all into a cocked hat."

Mr. Bryan was not thinking of grudges or of getting even at Baltimore, but of "letting the people rule."

I went back to the hotel with him after this signal achievement, which had caused the banners of a majority of the states to press in joyous accord toward the platform where he stood, and others to be flaunted in his face in insolence.

"It has been a great day," he said —the day of his last convention victory —"but Democratic sentiment back home brought it about. Tens of thousands of telegrams poured in on the delegates. I heard from 3,300 persons in this way myself. I was merely instrumental in letting that public opinion bring its coercive power to bear upon the convention.

"I never advocated a man except with gladness, and I have never opposed a man except in sadness. If I have any enemies in this country those who are my enemies have a monopoly of hatred. There is not a single human being for whom I feel ill will; nor is there one American citizen in my own party, or in any other party, whom I would oppose for anything unless I believed that in not opposing him I would surrender the interests of my country, which I hold above any person."



Woodrow Wilson and William Jennings Bryan on their way to a Cabinet meeting.

They wanted to hear Mr. Bryan, then Secretary of State, at the convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World in Baltimore in 1913. The organization, which had adopted "Truth" as its motto, was holding its sessions in the auditorium where Mr. Bryan said to the Democratic delegates one year before:

> "The trouble with so many men is they do not believe in resurrection. They do not seem to know that Truth cannot die; that no grave can confine it."

They thought it would be most fitting to have the Commoner come back and speak of integrity in the printed word and in every transaction of business life.

I volunteered to take the invitation to the Secretary of State in Washington, and did so. But he was absorbed in the project nearest his heart, namely, world peace by postponement, and was obliged to decline.

With unfeigned satisfaction he showed me the pen with which treaties with foreign nations had been signed.

From steel composed of melted swords, Secretary Bryan had nickleplated paper weights made in the form of plowshares, bearing the inscription: "They shall beat their swords into plowshares." These paper weights he was accustomed to present as symbolic souvenirs.

The Democracy sought to make a

third successive triumphal entry into power by way of the Golden Gate. Mr. Bryan, according to custom, first attended as a special writer for the press the Republican convention with its Saturday night culmination in the selection of the thoroughly groomed Harding.

He was now sixty. Perceptibly older, grayer, more furrowed, he still showed the alertness and versatility of the younger pressmen, throughout the week of clashing candidacies at Chicago.

The orators of the convention were older men than he. Nothing in the deliverances of Lodge, Depew or Cannon could have given him any concern over the retention of his laurels as the leading political spokesman of his time. Journalist and author—a dozen at least of his works having come from the press—what a prideful achievement to have the afternoon of life made glorious and fruitful by supremacy, also, in the realm of the spoken word!

Twenty-four years after their divergence on the silver issue, the oratorical gladiators, Bryan and Bourke Cochran, clashed again on the liquor question at San Francisco. It was the outstanding incident of the convention, Bryan battling magnificently for the moralities; the deep-voiced Cochran bringing his Celtic fervor into play in advocacy of liberty and expediency.

I had sent a young reporter, two years out of the university, winner of oratorical honors himself, to report the San Francisco proceedings. The young man wrote:

"He faced a great opponent when Bourke Cochran made his plea for 'that morality that comes from men's hearts.' But Bryan retaliated with 'If you do not want enough alcohol in your beer to make you drunk, what do you want any alcohol in your beer at all for?'

"It was a stirring scene, a battle of oratorical giants. Neither won the vote of the convention, the soft Southern shafts of Carter Glass and the brilliant rapier-like thrusts of Bainbridge Colby kept the delegates away from Cochran's beer and Bryan's bone-dry prohibition.

"Above the speaker's stand, at his right was the Marine Band, and at the left a great pipe organ. Senator Robinson, of Arkansas, directed the activity of these two instruments of noisy celebration. Whenever a demonstration lagged, Senator Robinson waved either right or left hand, and organ or band started up 'Dixie,' 'East Side, West Side' or some other song of inspiration.

"But when Bryan finished his tremendous appeal and stood, arms outstretched to the convention—waiting its approval or dissent—there was a moment's hush. In that moment




Bryan was frequently used as a subject in cartoons. When he saw this one, he summoned his wife and son to glance at it, and then wrote for the original drawing. His death occurred before the picture was delivered.

Senator Robinson wheeled and held both hands up to the music gallery, checking any demonstration. Then the crowd rose to its feet. It seemed as if the impulse to cheer had struck 12,000 persons at the same instant, so tremendous was the first outburst. It rose and gained in power. The Bryan enthusiasts tore the state standards from their sockets and laid them across the feet of the Commoner. Nebraska was first—Bryan's own state. Others followed. There was a terrible battle in the solid ranks of the New York delegation—they remembered Baltimore—but a Bryan warrior bore the standard to the platform.

"Bryan stood there, choked with his emotion and his never abandoned hope. For forty-three minutes, that crowd, unaided by band or organ, paid its shouting, tearful tribute. Three or four times Senator Robinson tried to check the applause with his gavel. It was a little less than three-quarters of an hour when this was accomplished.

"Then a new figure appeared on the platform. Not the magnetic Bryan, in loose alpaca coat and challenging voice, but the immaculate Colby in satirical vein.

"'I could speak more loudly,' he began, referring to the thundering climax of Bryan's speech 'but I find a man thinks better when he speaks more quietly.'

"It was all over quickly. Glass followed Colby. The passion of Bryan's appeal dwindled under the rapier and the sword. Cochran had served his purpose and sat back smiling. The convention ratified the weasel-worded resolutions in the platform—without change—the crowd filed from the auditorium, thrilled still by the spectacle of Bryan—winning, then so quickly losing."

"My heart is in the grave," said the Commoner to those who had words of comfort for him, as he quit the scene, undone. Did he think of Russell, the rejected, in 1896, or Clark the uncrowned in 1912?

Early June, 1924, found him in Cleveland, following from his seat in the press section the all but frictionless unfolding of the Coolidge plan of action and the strategy that turned the LaFollette defection into Democratic despair. His specials to the newspaper reflected the high regard he felt toward the President's personal integrity and good purposes.

From Cleveland he came to Detroit and Lake Orion. I joined him at his hotel Saturday afternoon. Then when the reporters and cameramen had gone, he read to me the hearty letter of congratulations he had penned to Charles G. Dawes on his nomination to the Vice-Presidency. He recalled when they were poor and struggling lawyers together in Lincoln, Nebraska; how their friendship and mutual good will had continued through all the years, despite political disagreement. He closed by wishing him "everything but votes."

The foremost Democrat publicly announcing admiration for the opposition ticket!

He rang for a stenographer to take the syndicated Sunday school lesson study that was to go out to the newspaper clients that night—a feature growing out of his immense Bible class at Miami, Florida, which to many was a memorable part of their winter experiences in the Southland.

Bryan bore a new state standard to the twenty-second national convention of the Democracy. The commanding figure had always (Concluded on page 21)

# Whistling Wings

## Being the Life Story of Bronzehead and His Feathered Brood

By JAMES CLYDE GILBERT



The first day of the fall migration Bronzehead led his flock safely across Lake Superior and the Straits of Mackinac.

MOTHER Redhead duck had chosen as her nesting place a hummock of rank vegetation on a small islet near the mouth of a spring creek. This creek emptied into the north end of Grass Lake. Another larger stream drained Grass Lake south into Lake Superior. Mother Redhead had chosen the site well. Entrance to the water was by means of a narrow tunnel, shrouded in grass and dense growths of bullrushes. The Redheads are poor walkers, and she chose to glide off her large nestful of buff eggs directly into her natural element. Daddy Redhead, with his coppery, reddish head glistening in the sunlight, kept at a distance paddling about, ever on guard to see that no harm befell his little home in the rushes.

Eventually, ten of the eleven buff eggs cracked under the pressure of growing bodies, and ten fluffy little balls of duck came silently creeping out. For ten hours they nestled close under the mother's wings, uttering not a sound that might betray their presence to wandering minks, fisher cats or the like. Most of them came into the world on a cold, misty day when great billows of fog swept across the marshland. By the time the fog had disappeared the ten were ready for the water. Mother duck cautiously preceded them to the water's edge, silently slipped in and convoyed them out into the shallow channels. They took to the water with glee, dipping their tiny heads and spinning about in the back currents.

Days passed and all was peace and harmony in the swamp lands. Well concealed in the waving sedges that literally dropped food into their gaping mouths, the Redheads fed silently upon the ripe grain and seeds, dabbling on the surface of the water, or suddenly tipping tail upward and stretching their little heads downward in the shallows.

In this manner they probed the muddy bottom for mollusks, fish, worms, rootlets, and various forms of vegetable matter dear to the heart of the duck. One exceptionally large drake in the little flock was the acknowledged leader. We shall call him Bronzehead. He was constantly exploring new waterways, secret streams and tiny bayous in the acre or so about his home. Later on, in the absence of the mother, he led the little flock about the marsh to the various feeding grounds. Always keen to scent danger, he steered clear of ambushes and kept a weather eye open for hawks, owls and other enemies.

The season advanced. The days grew shorter. The ten ducklings had been reduced to seven, three having met death in various ways. Number one was snatched from the flock in a flurry of spattering water and brandishing wings, by a fox who had lain in wait on a hummock close by a narrow channel through which the luckless duck had paddled. Number two fell a prey to a slinking mink who sank his teeth in the bird's neck one night as the flock lay sheltered in the lee of an island. The third suffered a terrible death in full view of his brothers and sisters.

One evening they soared to a little pond east of Grass Lake, and were peacefully feeding on wild rice, when a dark shadow passed under the flock, pausing beneath the center of the group. Suddenly, with a loud quack of terror, one of the ducklings was seen to flutter helplessly on the surface. Gradually it was drawn down beneath the water and drowned. The dark shadow passed on, dragging the body of the duck with it. It was a huge snapping turtle that had taken this means of obtaining a dinner. The helpless duck is held by the foot under water until it dies. It is then eaten at leisure.

But all was not tragedy. There was one icy spring that came welling out of the dense swamp, rippling over stones and logs like music. One bower in particular appealed to the ducks. It was at the edge of the lake just where the creek spilled in from a spring a few feet beyond. The water glided over a miniature fall with a silvery murmur that was pleasing to the ears of the wild creatures on a sultry day. The members of the flotilla would congregate about this spring, diving and refreshing themselves in its icy waters beneath the overhanging cedars.

Autumn came in a burst of glory. Frost whitened the landscape and turned the leaves of the deciduous trees all the colors of the spectrum. A snappy wind from the northwest sent the ducks foraging. They wanted to be in good condition for the flight south. One morning there was a film of ice on the pond in which the flock rested. The chill of autumn crept down on the swamp-land lakes. Other flocks swept southward with whistling wings. By this time the young had learned all the tricks of flying, and took to the air with a joyous cry. Over swamps, hills and timbered valleys they swept southward. To the east the glistening waters of Long Lake lay like a silvery ribbon fifty miles in length. Other flocks arose from the waters of Trout Lake, Owl Lake and Wintering Lake. The sky was filled with the quacking of a myriad host.



In the dense swamps of Mississippi and Louisiana the Redheads passed the winter with other wild fowl.

The first day they crossed Lake Superior and the Straits of Mackinac, finding a resting place in a quiet nook on Mullet Lake in the northern part of the Lower Peninsula of Michigan. In the early morning they took flight again and landed in Saginaw Bay where the awaiting hunters gave them a rousing welcome from a battery in a blind. Two of the flock fell. The remaining seven, consisting of five young ducks and the two parents, joined another group and continued on their way. They were gaining in strength. With necks outstretched, wings beating rapidly, they sailed over Southern Michigan, Northern Ohio and dropped in a quiet bay in a little lake in Northern Pennsylvania. An early morning hunter got two of the group before they sped south next morning. One of the two was Bronzehead's father.

Bronzehead now took the lead because of his strength. Another drake from the flock, picked up in Saginaw Bay, made the turn east toward Maryland, and Bronzehead followed as it was new territory to him. He soon forged ahead again and that night the entire group dropped into the silvery waters of Chesapeake Bay. This was a new experience for the young ducks. They soon learned to hunt their food in the salt water and in the wild celery marshes along shore. Certain members of the flock insisted on flying inshore to feed, and Bronzehead, from the deeper water offshore, could hear the dull boom of shotguns and see the remnants of the flock whistling past for other fields. Bronzehead and six others fed in what appeared to be open water, but suddenly two gunners arose from sinkboxes placed in a bunch of wild celery and opened fire. One of the gunners was using BB shot, and two of these struck Bronzehead, but did not seriously injure him. Four of his companions failed to follow. It was a great day for hunters on the Chesapeake. One of the four birds killed was a sister to Bronzehead.

Bronzehead, together with the remnants of his own and the Saginaw Bay flock, joined the Canvasbacks, the Scaups, the Golden Eyes, the Buffleheads and other sea ducks and sped southward. In the great swamps of Mississippi and Louisiana they spent the winter. Here, among the alligator hunters of the 'Cajun country the Redheads spent a glorious winter. Spanish moss festooned from cypress trees overhung the misty bayous. The bellow of the bull alligator and the squawking of the herons was music to Bronzehead and his kind. Egrets and other native birds were their companions, and there was food for all.

In early spring the Redheads became restless. Bronzehead had grown to a full-sized drake. His well-rounded head and throat were a bright reddish bronze. The lower neck, lower back, and fore parts of his body above and below were black, and the rest of the back, sides, and shoulders were waved with black and white lines of equal width, giving the parts a silvery gray aspect. With wings a brownish gray, minutely dotted with white, he was a beauty. His mate, for by this time he had made a selection, was of a more sober hue. Her upper parts were a dull grayish brown, the feathers edged with buff, or of an ashy tint, which gave them a mottled appearance. Her forehead was wholly brown with a reddish line behind the eyes and cheeks. The rest of her body was a grayish buff.

As the sun rose higher with the coming of spring the ducks grew restless. There was much quacking and flying about, and one sunny morning they took flight north. Now they had nothing to fear from gunners, for the Federal Migratory Bird Law was one statue that was vigorously enforced. Without the sound of a gunshot in their direction they winged their way north by easy stages.

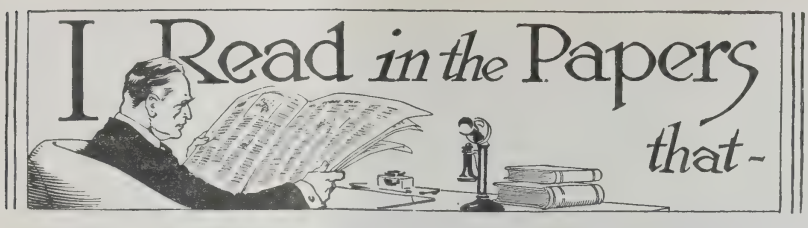
In the quiet waters of an estuary of Lake Nipigon in Ontario, Bronzehead and his mate raised a family of twelve and returned with them to the Louisiana swamps for the winter. On the way south they followed the same general course of the previous year, but Bronzehead, grown wary of shore lines and blinds, fed farther out and brought his family safely through. His flock scattered in the South and mated for the northern flight. He and his mate remained at White Lake in Southern Louisiana.

The winter passed uneventfully, and spring found Bronzehead leading a flock of Redheads north along the Atlantic coast line. They made their way leisurely, feeding on the rice beds of the Georgia savannahs and marshes and hugging the coast to North Carolina. Between Cape May and Montauk Point, Bronzehead brought his flock down to feed. As it was the spring migration he had little to fear from the gunners, and they fed comparatively close to shore. Bronzehead noticed that the wavelets were not breaking into whitecaps as they should in the breeze that was blowing inshore, and there was a peculiar odor that told him all was not well. A shimmering, black substance gummed his feet and prevented his diving with his usual celerity.

Far offshore a few rum-runners and tramp steamers were smoking their way to the Bahamas, South America and the Orient. The ducks were tired and for some time they swam about, but with a certain undefined fear that all was not as it should be. A black, oily substance gummed their bills and nauseated them. But it was a resting place if nothing more and they remained, coating themselves with the oil. With a roaring exhaust a revenue cutter rushed out from behind an island and steamed toward an incoming boat from rum row. They passed close to the ducks, frightening them. They sought to rise, but only two of the eighteen in the flock were able to clear *(Concluded on page 27)*



They sought to rise but felt themselves pulled down as by an invisible weight. Greasy, black oil penetrated their feathers and burdened their wings. The hot sun beat down. By nightfall all were dead.




the standing joke about the Swiss Navy will no longer exist, so far as a mercantile marine is concerned, after July. A number of composite steamers designed not only to navigate the Rhine but also to venture across the North Sea to English ports will be put into service at Basle, eight hundred miles from the seaboard. The present Swiss navigation is limited to river fleets that ply between Basle and Rotterdam.

The International Inland Navigation and Hydraulic Power Exhibition will be held in Basle at the same time the new river-ocean steamship service is inaugurated.

---

two hundred elk were shipped from the Flathead Indian reservation near Missoula, Montana, to Middleboro, Massachusetts, where the National Elk Grazing and Breeding Association has provided a new home for the animals. They made the trip in ten electric-lighted express cars at a cost of eighty thousand dollars, which included the round-up and loading as well. It is planned to transfer four hundred more of this elk herd to Middleboro, and needless to say those in charge of the undertaking hope that the expense may be pared down through experience.

---

at the instance of Senator George W. Norris, the Senate has passed for submission to the various states for their ratification a proposed amendment to the Federal Constitution that would require the President to be sworn into office upon the third Monday in January instead of March 4. If it is adopted it will automatically end the "short session" of Congress composed of many members who have been defeated at the November elections meeting in December and legislating until their successors take office in March. The efforts of these defeated but still legislating Congressmen are largely devoted to job hunting and many of them are entirely willing to give their vote, just repudiated by their home constituency, to support any political group or the President, either outgoing or incoming, that will land them in a "lame duck" job. The original intent of the long interval between Presidential elections and the assumption of the office was to permit Congressmen from remote states to arrange their affairs and make their way to Washington by stagecoach.

---

the so-called airline highway between St. Louis and Kansas City has just been opened to traffic. This 261-mile road, 20 miles shorter than any railway between those cities, is the first paved highway across any trans-Mississippi state. The improvement will be hailed with delight by motorists all over the nation who have the most vivid and distressing memories of the mudholes of the dirt sections of transcontinental motor routes west of the Mississippi River. It is greatly to Missouri's credit that she has performed this great public work although she is not so rich a state as a nearby commonwealth that still lags in paved road building.

Albert Parker Fitch, a growing college power in this country, told a group of "Youth Movement" youngsters:

*"You are lovable, but irresponsible and superficial, and, despite all your radical statements, inherently conservative. Your minds are undisciplined and dissipated. You have impressions of ideas, but not ideas.* A little less intellectual conscience and a little more moral conscience wouldn't hurt."

---

The *Living Age* gives a very interesting side light on Briand's ideas:

"He said to me only the other day, after coming back from Locarno: 'Our Nationalists are funny people. They start out by declaring that Germany is a horrible country with twenty-four million more inhabitants than we have, who cherish an indestructible love of militarism, and possess industrial plants that enable them to equip themselves for war overnight. But what consequences do these Nationalists draw from all this? That we must irritate that dangerous country in every possible way and neglect no opportunity to make it hate us. But even that is not enough. The second article in their creed is that we should be on the worst possible terms with England, that we should shout and write on every occasion that she is trying to ruin us. And as to the Italians, we must make it clear to them that we do not take them seriously, that we shall treat them as the "mandolin-players" that we claim they are. And, to put a finishing touch on this magnificent policy, it is imperative, last of all, that we have no relations whatsoever with Russia, and that we abuse the Americans for greedy pork-packers because they have the impudence to demand back the money they loaned us. You may say that I am exaggerating and that such a political programme could emanate only from an insane asylum. But just watch those people, my friend. Listen to them, read their newspapers and their books, and you will see that I am not exaggerating. In fact, I am not putting it strong enough."


## Our pages now closed to advertisers

A DIFFERENCE of opinion has always marked THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT'S attitude toward taking advertisements. This is true both of our readers and our management. Many readers have prized the Magazine because it was free of advertisements, and regretted to see it depart, even temporarily, from what they thought was a fixed policy. The highest authority in our management also has shared this view, from the very beginning. Latterly, however, other opinions took precedence for a time. The taking of advertisements had begun and was proceeding with very satisfactory success, when it was finally ruled that the character of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT did not comport with the practice of accepting advertisements, high as we naturally esteem that form of publicity.

It therefore becomes our duty to announce that the pages of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT are closed to advertisers. We appreciate the ready patronage of some of the best business institutions in the United States, among whom we may mention:

Valentine & Co., New York City
Berry Bros., Detroit
U. S. Light & Heat Corporation, Niagara Falls, N.Y.
Canal Bank & Trust Co.,New Orleans, La.
Kalamazoo Stove Co., Kalamazoo, Mich.
Reversible Collar Co., Boston
Timken Roller Bearing Co., Canton, Ohio
Firestone Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio
Kaffee-Hag Corp., Cleveland
Stewart-Warner Speedometer Corp., Chicago
John C. Moore Corp., Rochester, N.Y.
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio
Victor J. Evans Co., Washington, D. C.
G. H. Bass & Co., Wilton, Maine
The Hanover Inn, Hanover, N. H.
The Bassick Mfg. Co., Chicago
Great Northern Railway
Texas Pacific Railway
LaSalle Extension University, Chicago
Kimley Electric Co., Buffalo
The Glidden Co., Cleveland
F. F. Ingram, Detroit
Fyre-Fighter, Dayton
Clarence A. O'Brien, Washington, D. C.
Henderson Bros., Boston
Baker & Kimball, Boston
Shipman-Ward Co., Chicago
Dramatic Publishing Co., Chicago
Bastian Bros., Rochester, N. Y.
Oliver Plow Co., South Bend, Ind.
Stark Music Co., St. Louis
Illinois Central R.R.
International Correspondence Schools, Scranton, Pa.
Hunting & Fishing Magazine, Boston
Superior Metal Products Co., Elyria, Ohio
Humble Oil & Refining Co., Houston, Texas
Faraway Radio Co., Cincinnati
Hol-Set Mfg. Corp., Rochester, N. Y.
Concord Worsted Mills, W. Concord, N. H.
Chas. H. Ingersoll Pen Co., Newark, N. J.
American School, Chicago

# Chats with Office Callers



"But the object of writing to you," ***says a Colorado Correspondent,*** "was to get an idea out of my system to Mr. Ford and Mr. Edison, if in your opinion it is worth consideration—(simply this) that all money coined by our Government contain an alloy sufficient to attract a magnetic needle. Coin and bullion will be transported across continent, as has been, for a long time to come. Case of heavy loss by robbery, if buried could be located. Further explanation will come to you of your own thinking."

---

***The Lawyer from the West*** dropped into The Office, and the talk turned on sanity: who showed most intellectual energy, the sane or the insane? "The worst licking I ever took in a lawsuit was given me by a crazy lawyer," said this legal light. "It was a will case, and the attorney for the other side was crazy as a loon. I had a case which was absolutely right in every particular. You could try it every week for the next ten thousand years, and my side would win every time; but this time a crazy lawyer broke it up through sheer brilliancy of attack. No one knows how he did it. But he did. I have had a great respect for crazy people ever since. Had the jury been crazy, or the judge, we might have got a retrial; but the fact that a mere attorney was crazy, made no difference whatever. The verdict, which he won, stood."

---

"I have a list of sixty-one plays," said ***The Man from New York,*** "every one of which is sheer propaganda. I mean by that, the plays were put on the stage to influence the American people to think in a certain way about a certain religion or a certain race. And some of these plays have been surprising popular successes. They are extremely well done, and they get their idea across without the audience suspecting. Of course, that is the supreme excellence of propaganda that its cost is paid by the people to whom you are feeding it. I suppose the chief reason these plays go so big just now is that they are all clean plays; they deal with human emotion and sentiments of righteousness. They take the Anglo-Saxon Christian standard and exhibit it as the standard of other people who daily repudiate it. But decent theater audiences recognize the standard as their own, and receive it with warmth—taking along with it, of course, the racial or religious character that happens to be theatrically attached to it.

"I suppose that I would be denounced for calling attention to this, if it were known that I did. Why? A fact is a fact, and no one should object to it. This five dozen of propaganda plays is a fact, yet to call attention to the fact would bring extremely unpleasant consequences. After all, any race or religion has the right to do this if it wants to. What I contend is that the people who are being fed this propaganda ought to recognize that it is propaganda. I admit the right of the people behind the plays to use the plays for propaganda if they can. But I contend for the right of the people in the chairs to know that it is propaganda they are paying for.

"It seems to be a part of the legitimate work of the Drama Leagues and Play Clubs and Theatergoers Societies to include this as part of *the technique of viewing a play.* One really cannot blame the people behind the plays, one blames the stupid blindness of the people who attend the plays. Every play-goer, whether the play be on the stage or the screen, should add to his tests of its quality and worth, this inquiry: *What is its purpose? What idea is it trying to insinuate? What group would be principally interested in planting the idea of this play in the American mind?* I say that this is a legitimate part of the work of viewing and judging a play. And I want the American theatergoing people to become such judges!

"What they will find, of course, is that many times they are paying $2.50 to $6 a seat to support 'wet', racial, religious, or anti-immigration-law propaganda."

---

"I don't believe in pacifism; I believe in friendship," said ***The Man from Washington,*** as he looked out on fields of Michigan snow—"a statement which may not be startling, and perhaps not appear important, were it not that *the friends of pacifism seem to be the enemies of friendship.* I have been interested for a number of years in promoting friendly contacts between people of various nations and races, and have had the satisfaction of seeing some excellent results of a very tangible kind. As a rule, efforts toward friendship are not misunderstood; friendliness is something the whole world can understand; but of late there has been a strong current of enmity against international friendship, and it comes from one quarter only. If you imagine that therefore we can afford to ignore it, you are mistaken, for the fact is it is most effective. *Pacifism has not peace for its objective, but the disarmament of enemy nations.* Pacifism is waged most strongly among and against the English-speaking nations today. That in itself were a fact sufficient to compel attention in normal times, but the times are not normal. The disarmament of the English-speaking nations is desired by enemy nations. The weapon toward that is pacifism. Another very strong weapon being waged is the weapon of separation. There was once much said about friendship between Great Britain and the United States. Today there is more said about the dislike which is being fomented in Britain against the United States."

---

"I think the tide has turned," said ***The Observer from the West*** as he talked in The Office. "I think the youngsters of today are coming back to normal. That seems to be the opinion of all the people I have consulted lately, including a number of college and university heads. The fever is past. The common sense which must save them, if they are saved at all, has asserted itself. Some of us always thought it would; some of us doubted it. Take it in my own case: I talked to my boys until they began to dislike me and I them. I tried to show them the futility of all the alien tendencies which they were following. I tried to show them the greater ideals and traditions of their own literature and music, than of the half-baked, loose charlatans of today. Nothing doing! I was the 'old fogy,' and I easily became a victim of the delusion that this was the last generation, that the youngsters were destined to overthrow all that the race had secured to them. Then I quit talking. I let the next generation meet its own fate in its own way and with its own sins upon its head. After a period of silence I noticed that the boys were coming around to the old standards—quietly. They were showing themselves born sons of America. They were suddenly not sheiks at all, not Menckenites, nor Dellites, nor Cabellites; they no longer sat in the seat of the scorner, which is a fairly certain indication that they were no longer walking in the way of sinners. Why it happened I can't say. It came upon them as spring comes. Maybe my silence had something to do with it—it may have let the common sense of my sayings get separated from the irritableness caused by my saying them. Anyway, things are so much better now that one has a great hope in youth and a great confidence in the faith that blood will tell. I have half a faith that it is blood that is at the bottom of it. A fig does not bear thistles. The American Christian tradition was not preparing to fruit in a generation that should prove poisonous to itself and to us. Hardly. When we remember that our boys and girls spring from the same stock that we spring from, and that it is in the fiber and sap of that stock to recall its principles and act on them, we may feel entirely safe about the future. Blood tells! Racial fiber is indestructible! Our youth have both."

---

"Yes," said ***The Man from the Coast,*** as he talked over matters in The Office, "we have felt the competition of Florida a little, but not enough to pull us below normal. Where Florida has made itself felt as a competitor is not in the business or settler class, but in the tourists who can go here or there for a few months. By prodigious advertising Florida drew them in her direction last year, but from all accounts her inexperienced handling of them did not tend to hold them. But we of the coast do not feel that we have lost anything permanently to Florida. No doubt that state will develop marvelously. It is within a day or two of many of the principal cities of the country. But the lure of California and Oregon and Washington will continue to be strongly felt. I came across the country in a train that was almost empty; we had clear sunshine every day until we hit the city limits of Chicago."

# Gilbert White the Seer of Selborne

## He Is to the People of England What Thoreau and Burroughs Are to Americans

By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

DRAWINGS BY L. PERN BIRD

IF FAIRIES linger anywhere in England, and I like to believe that they do, it must surely be in woods such as those that hang upon the steep hillside over the pretty Hampshire village of Selborne. Perhaps they were near to me, the "little people," that bright afternoon in June, as I sat looking down through the trees into the broad valley Who shall say that they were not The mystery of the dense woods; the golden light of sunset shifting and sifting through the leaves and boughs; the multitudinous small sounds that frequent every woodland and the gentle sighing of the summer breeze; distant noises from the village; lowing of cattle afar off; the evening songs of the birds:

"Romantic spot! from whence a prospect lies
Whate'er of landscape charms our feasting eyes,
The pointed spire, the hall, the pasture plain,
The russet fallow, or the golden grain . . .
Till all the fading picture fail the sight."

Sundown was as beautiful as the morning had been. Through the heat my friend and I had walked from a small country railroad station, by dusty roads and lanes, between hedges decked with dog-roses, pinky-white and whitey-pink, the Tudor rose, one of the flowers of the Wars of the Roses, the most lovely of English wild blossoms. After the glare and heat of the daytime it was very pleasant to sit here, lazily, on the grassy hill-top, thinking over what we had seen during the afternoon's ramble in the village and talking about him whose birthplace, place of death and of final rest we had visited.

But for the Reverend Gilbert White, Selborne would be unknown to fame; one of the many lovely villages in England, no more. Fortunately for generations past and to come, this kindly, keen-eyed parson made it his habit to write letters to various of his friends in which he told them a little, too little, of what he was and what he did, and much about what he saw and heard in the woods and fields, about birds, beasts and fishes. Brought together these letters made up *The Natural History of Selborne*, which was first printed in the year 1789, and has been printed again and again. Kin he was to Henry Thoreau in one way, finding in and around his birthplace enough to feed his own mind and ours; though he was not altogether a stay-at-home, riding many a mile on his journeys to and fro.

The sun had shone searchingly as we came into the straggling village street that noontide: thatched cottages, creeper-clad; here and again well-worn stone steps leading up to their doors; twisted chimney stacks; front yards and latticed windows ablaze with old-fashioned flowers; the village green, here called the Plestor; the village inn and a tavern or two; a few small stores; and the big, red-tiled house, named The Wakes, wherein Gilbert White lived for many years and wherein he died—though little remains of the old house save an unchanged room or two, and in the garden the gray sundial, which he set up there in the year 1761.

First we visited the vicarage, where he was born on July 18, 1720, his grandfather then being the village pastor. It is a fine sample of the comfortable English parson-house; he himself describes it as an "old, but roomy and convenient edifice . . . Behind the house is a garden of an irregular shape, but well laid out; whose terrace commands so romantic and picturesque a prospect that the first master in landscape might contemplate it with pleasure." As indeed did we. All so peaceful and sedate; trim; the close-clipped hedges and the well-shorn lawn; the bees murmuring among the flowers; the gentle song of the brook as the foot of the steepish slope that falls down from the grassy terrace; the tall trees blue-gray against the clear sky, over which now and again sailed a massy white cloud. Gilbert White often walked this garden, for though he was never the occupant of the house he was always on terms of close friendship with those who dwelled there.

Then we passed beneath a wondrous old yew tree—planted some six hundred years ago—into the "God's Acre" that surrounds the parish church, in which Gilbert White ministered often, sometimes as curate of Selborne, more often voluntarily. The building is of great age; much spoiled by the hand of the restorer; interesting chiefly as typical of the English parish church; to the student of history and architecture affording little of concern, but filled with charm for the lover of country life. Standing by the ancient stone font, in which Gilbert White baptized many a Selborne babe, we look through the deep-shadowed porch to the green churchyard, where the history of the village is writ in tombstones. We look up at the black-beamed roof, recalling his note about it: "I remember when its beams were hung with garlands in honor of young women of the parish, reputed to have died virgins; and recollect to have seen the clerk's wife cutting, in white paper, the resemblances of gloves, and ribbons to be twisted into knots and roses, to decorate these memorials of chastity."

On a tablet, set somewhat high up on the wall, we read: "In the fifth Grave from this Wall are interred the Remains of the Rev. Gilbert White, M.A., Fifty years Fellow of Oriel College, in Oxford, and Historian of this, his native Parish. He was the eldest Son of John White, Esquire, Barrister-at-Law, and Anne, his wife . . . which said John White was the only son of Gilbert White, formerly Vicar of this Parish. He was Kind and Beneficent to his Relations, Benevolent to the Poor, and deservedly respected by all his Friends and Neighbors . . ." For once in a way here is an epitaph that does not lie! He died on June 26, after a short illness, which was the result of a chill contracted while conducting the funeral service of a parishioner.

Then out again into the churchyard,





Above—Grave of Gilbert White—the headstone on the left of the cross, with the initials "G. W." Below—The Hanger wood on the hill over Selborne. "The green-coated hill."

where close beside the chancel wall is a gray headstone, on which is carved the simple record: "G. W. Died June 26th., 1793." In his will he had ordered that his funeral should be "as plain and private" as possible, and that "six honest day-labouring men, respect being had to such as have bred up large families, may bear me to my grave, to which I appoint the sum of ten shillings each for their trouble . . ." the which request was fulfilled. Many a pompous tombstone stands over unholy and forgotten dust; many a resonant epitaph tells lies about the dead; but here, humble in death as in his life, sleeps one whom the world loves and will not soon forget. He had often expressed his desire to live and die at Selborne, and his wish was granted.

His personality is like the faint scent of lavender in an Old-World house. He was a quite ordinary country clergyman save that he wrote an immortal book; he who looked only for that immortality which he taught was the reward of a blameless life. A friend wrote to him: "Your work . . . will immortalize your place of abode as well as yourself." Seldom had critic spoken so truly.

Unfortunately there is not any painted portrait of him, but we are told that he was no more than five feet three inches in stature, "of a spare form and remarkably upright carriage"; very active; his face alive with kindliness and generosity. He died a bachelor, but he must not be accounted as in any way inclined to be an anchorite. We get many glimpses of his hospitality to relations and friends, by whom he was much loved. A quite humor, as shown by this: some information about the habits of the swallow being given him, he inquired if the farmer from whom it was gained was one likely to know what he was talking about. This curious reply was given: "Why, yes, he is a married man." Gilbert White made comment: "Though I am a very unworthy bachelor, I presume I know swallows as well as most married men."

Often we gain more insight into a man's character from side lights than from a blaze of examination. As thus: of Gilbert White a nephew wrote, "If I were called upon to say in what point he particularly excelled, I think I should say that it was in his mode of addressing his poor neighbors. His kind, philanthropic, and charitable tones and his humane inquiries made them feel that he was their true friend."

He did not disdain good food or to look upon the wine when it was rosy; upon one occasion noting mournfully that the morning's twinges of gout gave him occasion to ask "whether I drank too freely among my friends?" And he was acquainted with other liquors than port wine; in a letter to his niece he says: "Not long since I bottled out some very fine raisin-wine. The next morning before I was up Thomas came and told me that he thought the wine had fermented and broke some of the bottles; for a stream of wine ran from under the vault door. To this I replied like a philosopher, that it was impossible that the fermentation could be come to such a degree in so short a time. Thomas came up again, and told me that the stream smelled also of brandy or rum. This account confirmed my first suspicions. So I got up and went into the cellar: when, woe is me, the shelf was fallen down and—*caetera desunt*."

The keytones of his character were kindness and gentleness. "I was born and bred a gentleman," said he, "and I hope I shall be allowed to die such." He lived and died a gentle man.

We stayed in Selborne that Saturday night, sleeping in an Old-World room of sloping roof and many angles, with rough floor, and with a tiny window that looked out on the village street. Then on the Sunday morning, again we went into the shadowy wood, described by himself as "a long hanging wood called the Hanger. The covert of this eminence is altogether beech, the most lovely of all forest trees, whether we consider its smooth rind or bark, its glossy foliage, or graceful pendulous boughs." We made our way along the edge of this woodland and crossing the highway came to the brow of a grassy knoll. Before us stood up the green-clad hill, dominating, I almost said domineering; before us lay spread the village in its sheltered vale; the red roofs and those that were thatched; and the gray church tower in which the bells were ringing:

"Hark, while below the village bells ring round,
Echo, sweet nymph, returns the soften'd sound;
But if gusts rise, the rushing forests roar,
Like the tide trembling on the pebbly shore."

or, to quote Gilbert White once more:

"Now climb the steep, drop now your eye below
Where round the blooming village orchards grow;
There, like a picture, lies my lovely seat,
A rural, shelter'd, unobserved retreat."



The vicarage and the church tower. "A rural, shelter'd, unobserved retreat."

# At Later Conventions With Bryan

(*Concluded from page 15*)

appeared at the head of the Nebraska delegation. Now the Commoner came as a delegate-at-large from Florida. He had gone there in the hope that the milder climate and the sea would benefit Mrs. Bryan's health, seriously impaired since the World War period.

Setting forth in his automobile, he had made a canvass for a place on the delegation from the state of his adoption. Although he had brought out the name of A. A. Murphree, president of the State University at Gainesville, Florida, as his choice for the Presidential nomination, he accepted a place on the delegation subject to instructions to support McAdoo.

How sharp the contrast between Bryan at Cleveland and Bryan at New York! How striking the difference between the rôle of looker-on and leader; of copy-maker and platform-maker! For Bryan's deepest interest in the proceedings centered in the resolutions. He was against the projection of racial or religious bitterness into the campaign; and he favored a referendum on going into the League of Nations.

That was the last picture I had of the Commoner in action at a convention. Stripped to his shirt, hot, tired, yet serene and composed! I would have given anything to have had a look into his mind right then, and obtained his summing up for his own satisfaction of all the appeals of those feverish, unseemly hours, in which "this will get you the votes, gentlemen of the committee!" was the reiterated clincher of the propagandists.

Bryan emerged a victor from the long, heated sittings of the committee that followed the two days and nights of open sessions. His conception of a platform won. He scored another triumph. He had the respect of his associates. As the day dawned at the end of their deliberations, they asked him to lead them in prayer.

Full-armored, the worn man of faith took the majority report to the Madison Square Garden, which had been mechanicalized as every one knows—now—into an Al Smith self-nominator, guaranteed to run an hour and forty minutes without recharging. It was not just the atmosphere to take a tired mind and body into.

There came Bryan. He arose at the end of a four-hour debate, about one o'clock on Sunday morning. Quite all right for one whose religion and politics had never been strangers. The better the day the better the deed. His fatigue was evident. For nights, he had not slept. His face was deeply lined. Beginning, as was his wont, in conversational tones, his introductory was scarcely audible, for the Garden rocked with tumult, and it was some time before Chairman Walsh could restore order.

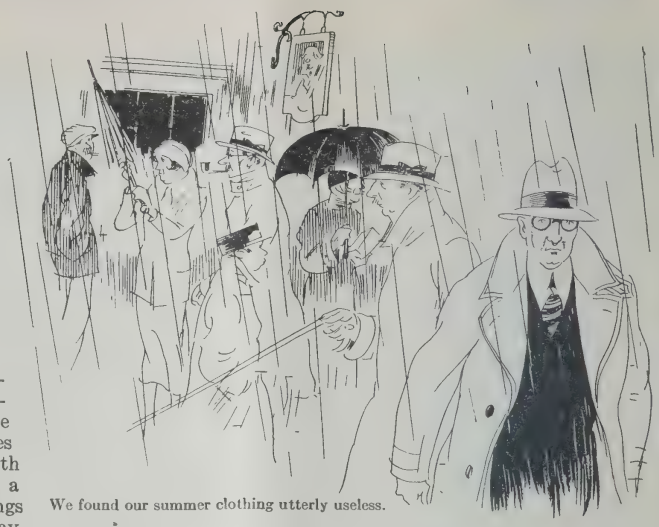
But interruptions and taunts were the Commoner's tonic.

"I'm getting to be an old man, and this will probably be my last platform appearance," he said as he asked for quiet. There were cheers at this, whereupon he added: "But don't be too sure about it. I may fool you by coming back!"

It was his last convention, as he had prophesied.

# I Rented a House in England

(*Concluded from page 2*)



We found our summer clothing utterly useless.

English banks was strengthened during the succeeding five months. First of all, the English bank official is, by education and tradition, a man of courtesy and more or less social distinction. Particularly outside London, he is a man of standing in the social life of the community. It is also true that he has a better knowledge of over-sea people than the officials of the other activities in the economic life of England and, I may add, a far better knowledge of America than the average professional man of England.

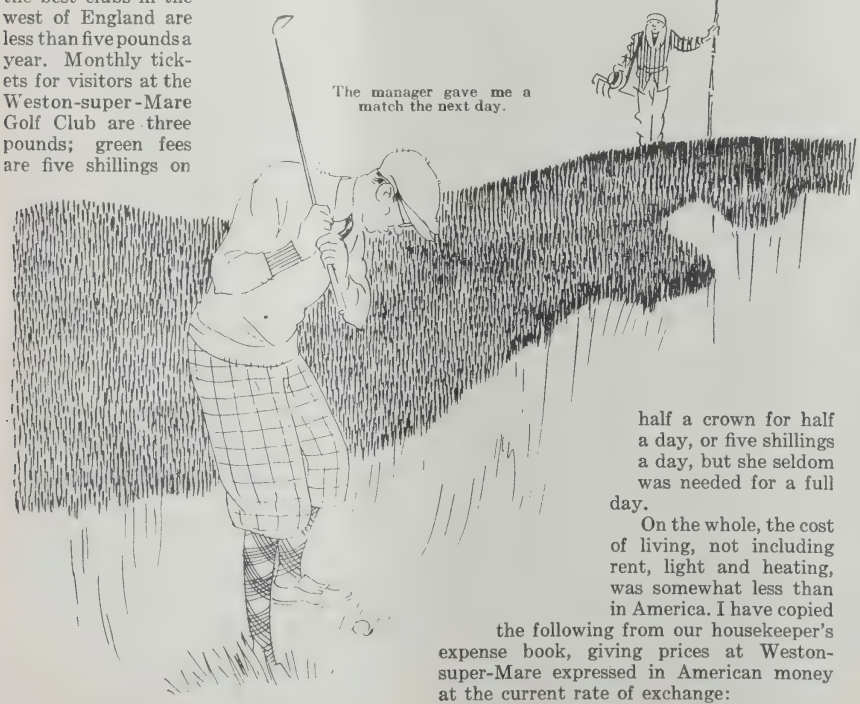
The bank manager called at our house in a semi-formal way, before accepting my account. Doubtless he desired to know, as fully as possible, for good business and social reasons, what sort of people we were, and he wanted this knowledge before taking our money in his bank.

When we had completed the preliminaries of opening an account, the bank manager, noticing my bag of golf sticks in a corner of the room, at once offered to put me up at his golf club and give me a match the next day. We knew no one in the town, and I was indeed glad to accept. So I met, at the golf club during the next three months, a number of the representative men of the countryside within a radius of twenty miles and experienced the charm of English society. In all of this, the bank manager was the chief agent. From this, and from later observation in other parts, I was led to the belief that the great banking houses have unobtrusively taken over the pleasant duty of welcoming over-sea visitors to England and extending England's hospitality in the most practical way, by introducing strangers into the social life of England.

The cost of golf is very low compared with America. The average annual dues of the best clubs in the west of England are less than five pounds a year. Monthly tickets for visitors at the Weston-super-Mare Golf Club are three pounds; green fees are five shillings on week days; this is the tariff at Burnham-by-Sea, one of the great championship courses, situated also in Somerset. But there are many other courses in that section with green fees at half a crown (two shillings and six pence) a day. Later in the season I played half a dozen of the courses in and near London. The North Surrey Golf Club—a typical club—at Streatham in South London, charged half a crown on week days and double on Sundays. The highest fee I paid in England was at Hendon, not far from Wembley, within the limits of London—quite a "swagger" club—charging ten shillings on Sunday.

The cost of golf balls ranges from 35 cents to 70 cents. Clubs cost about one-half the American prices. Caddy fees average one shilling and six pence, or 36 cents, for eighteen holes, all over England. I was given to understand that the cost of the game in the northern counties was much lower.

Unquestionably, the cheapest commodity in England is domestic help. We had a housekeeper who assumed entire charge, and was a good cook, who asked twelve shillings a week. After a little while I voluntarily increased her wages to eighteen shillings, or about $4.25, and she was entirely satisfied. Another woman came in to do the washing and cleaning for half a crown for half a day, or five shillings a day, but she seldom was needed for a full day.



The manager gave me a match the next day.

On the whole, the cost of living, not including rent, light and heating, was somewhat less than in America. I have copied the following from our housekeeper's expense book, giving prices at Weston-super-Mare expressed in American money at the current rate of exchange:

Eggs, 45 cents per doz.; bacon, 39 cents per lb.; steak (best), 39 cents per lb.; chicken, 37 cents per lb.; roast beef (sirloin), 34 cents per lb.; brisket, 22 cents per lb.; canterbury mutton, 34 cents per lb.; spring lamb, 42 cents per lb.; veal, 43 cents per lb.; sugar, 9 cents per lb.; rice, 12 cents per lb.; white bread, 9 cents per 3-lb. loaf; brown bread, 12 cents per 2-lb. loaf; butter, 45 cents per lb.; milk 10 cents per quart delivered; cream (Devonshire solid), 68 cents per lb.; tea (good quality), 70 cents per lb.; coffee (good quality), 70 cents per lb.; potatoes, 4½ cents per lb.; broad beans (larger than Lima beans), 5 cents per lb.; peas, 4 cents per lb.; cabbage (average weight 3½ lbs.), 6 cents each; cauliflower (average weight 4 lbs.), 8 cents each; plums, 16 cents per lb.; oranges (rather small), 4 cents each; apples, 8 cents per lb. (about 4 apples); onions, 4 cents per lb.; cheese, 38 cents per lb.; coal (Welsh bituminous for grate use), $11.50 per ton.

Gas and water bills are collected quarterly. The cost of water and gas for our house for twelve weeks was one pound seven shillings, or $7.60. As we used the gas for both heating and lighting, there being no electirc wiring in the house, the cost was surprisingly low.

Smoking tobacco—pipe and cigaret tobacco—is about three times as costly as in America.

A fair cigar can be had for a shilling, about the same quality as the American two-for-a-quarter cigar.

We found the quality of practically all foods superior to that of the same name in America. The bakers' bread from the shops was so superior to the bread sold in New York as to astonish us. Potatoes had a delicious flavor unknown to us in the States. All other green vegetables seemed larger in size and more delicate in flavor. So with native fruits, particularly plums, which have an exquisite flavor and are abundant. The apples, of all the native fruits, seemed to us inferior to American apples. Of course the oranges were imported, and most of the grapes. Some grapes are grown in England "under glass."

Clothing, for both men and women, was about 40 per cent cheaper than in America. This does not include boots and shoes, which we found to cost almost exactly the same as at New York.

Of all clothing, sports suits were the

cheapest and best, costing less than half the price at New York.

We had brought with us across the seas summer clothing, such as one wears at New York in July. We found it utterly useless. Hot weather, such as all Americans know, is unknown in England. At Weston, during July and August, the temperature last year rarely rose higher than 70 degrees in the sun. The average at night in the house was lower than 60 degrees and fires in the fireplaces were needed.

We quickly found that woolen underclothing, such as one wears in late November at New York, was most comfortable for summer wear in England.

One might say, with very little exaggeration, that there are no ice boxes nor cellars in England. Provisions keep in summer above ground without ice. The pantry, or "larder" as it is called, is fitted with a small screened window open to the outside air, and that is all that is necessary to keep meats and vegetables fresh.

Above all, the American traveler before starting out should remember that it rains nearly every day in England. This may not be literally true, but I feel sure that the average American who has spent five months in England will say so, in the way we have of sizing up things.

But rain is England's greatest blessing. The country is surpassingly rich in green and amazingly beautiful because of the rain, and the soil is the most fertile in Europe. So the English people make no fuss at all about wet weather. To be wet is the normal condition of the race. They trudge in the rain unconcernedly. Shopping and outdoor work go on just the same, wet or dry; golf and football games go on unless the rain be a regular downpour; tennis does not stop because of a drizzle; even cricket, the dryest of the games, will go on in weather that would cause the "calling" of a baseball game.

One may often see hundreds of people standing or sitting in the rain, listening to an open-air band concert.

I saw a religious meeting in the open air at Weston, an eloquent preacher addressing 1,500 people for three quarters of an hour, and all the time the rain fell steadily, but the preacher held all his audience and carried on without taking any notice of the rain.

And hardly anybody in England wears "rubbers." They do wear substantial shoes and woolen stockings. Strangest of all to me, nobody in England seemed to catch cold from wet feet. This sane and healthy characteristic of the English climate remains the most salient of my memories of the five months' stay in that country.

England is a paradise for automobilists. The roads everywhere are good. But one must remember that the rule of the road is "turn to the left." I did not dare to drive myself, but after a couple of months I got used to the turning left.

From Weston, in the first week of October, we went to London and took a flat there —but that is another story.

**The Treasury Department at Washington**

has been returning dissimilar rulings in similar cases.

Why? And why secrecy?

Read of it Next Week in
THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

# Why Is America Invited to Disarm?

(*Concluded from page 5*)

of liberty, but the United States is not willing to make such a concession to Japan. It is extraordinary that a wayward and selfish nation intends to promote a conference of such lofty principles.

"It is a mystery to us that so earnest an advocate of peace as the United States hesitates to sign the Peace Protocol and to join the League of Nations. Her sincerity is greatly doubted. Does not the United States see how assiduous Japan is to strike out the causes of war and to prohibit resorting to arms?"

Japan raised the immigrant issue at the Washington Conference. She will press it again at the second Conference. This is the reason she wants the United States to join the League of Nations. She will no doubt attempt to hail the United States before the World Court on the issue.

It must be admitted that the Japanese press is logical in insisting that the limitation of arms will not remove the source of irritation between the United States and Japan. Until the American people are ready to welcome Japanese immigrants of all classes to our shores there will always be a possibility of war, despite the hypocritical pretensions of the diplomats of both nations.

***Merchant Ships May Become the Sea Power***

All of the nations that are represented at a second Arms Conference will have their price for entering into any agreement with the exception of the United States. Despite the agenda that may be formulated at Geneva the discussion will take a wider range and may take unexpected turns.

There is a report in well-informed circles that Great Britain will bring forward a proposition for the elimination of battle or capital ships, making the limitation on warships the type of light cruisers now being built. It is even suggested that the tonnage will be fixed below that of the *Omaha* class of the American Navy.

On the face of it, this would appear to be a great stride in the limitation of naval armaments. The capital ship is the largest, and therefore the most expensive, naval vessel afloat. Contrary to the general impression, it does not cost as much per ton as the smaller sizes. Great Britain could reasonably expect support from France, Italy, and the smaller nations to any proposal that would eliminate battleships. Even Japan would not interpose very strong objections.

The adoption of such a proposition would be the death knell of American sea power. The United States would not longer be rated as a first-class sea power. With all of its wealth and interest at stake in the affairs of the world, it would then rank with Italy, Greece, and the smaller nations.

To show how largely American sea power rests on battleships let it be assumed that all warships, from battleships down to mine sweepers, submarines, and even armed naval tugs, be scrapped under an international agreement. Then the control of the sea would pass to the merchant marine. In the event of war, nations would arm their merchant ships. The present steel-hulled merchant ship has more armor protection than a battleship previous to the Civil War. The nearer the nations of the world approach a condition under which all warships are scrapped, the more the merchant marine becomes the sea power of the nation.

The answer to the question as to why Great Britain would abolish the battleship is her overwhelming merchant marine. The danger of such propositions to the United States is shown in the rapid disappearance of American merchant ships from the seas. The war-built American merchant tonnage, which was such a great factor in winning the war, is being scrapped even more rapidly than its navy. With the battleships gone and the small force of cruisers, the American sea power is going back to the condition that existed just prior to the Civil War.

***The Future of our Battleships***

But it is not necessary for Great Britain to secure the adoption of such a radical proposition as the elimination of the battleship to start another boring-within process in the American Navy. Under the terms of the Washington Arms Conference the first replacement of American battleships will be in 1931. Three years prior to this, or in 1928, legislation authorizing two new battleships for replacements under the treaty will be up in Congress.

If the British diplomats can, with their foresight and acknowledged skill, create conditions under which negotiations for the elimination of battleships may be pending, how difficult it will be to secure any legislation for the authorization of building two large battleships. With the coöperation of the pacifists in Congress and in the country, the legislation may be held up from session to session, and even after the ships are authorized adequate appropriations may be withheld and thus postpone the building of the ships. Opportunities will be afforded at the second Conference for the introduction of all sorts of propositions which will delay replacement in the American Navy under the treaty.

***The President's Attitude to Other Nations***

President Coolidge has one advantage over President Harding in entering the Conference. Despite the efforts of the British diplomats to create a contrary impression, it is pretty well understood that it is a British affair. The American delegates should regard themselves as guests at the party, and this should be made plain to the American people. It entirely rests upon Great Britain to make a success of the Conference. Only the pacifists and internationalists will protest if President Coolidge refuses to make another sacrifice of the American interests at the second Conference.

But will President Coolidge take advantage of this situation? Will be continue to out-maneuver the British diplomats in the affair? In suggesting that the Conference be held in Washington, Great Britain is attempting to shift the responsibility for its success upon the shoulders of President Coolidge. If it is held in Washington it will be necessary for President Coolidge to issue the invitations to the other nations. Unless President Coolidge makes it plain that the invitations are issued at the request of Great Britain the popular mind is apt to regard it as a Coolidge affair. It is the popular impression that frequently controls elections, and herein lies the great danger to the American people if the President is a candidate to succeed himself.

A COUNTRY which claims as its sons Kosciusko, who fought with Washington for American liberty, and Henry Sienkiewicz, famous author of *Quo Vadis?* is of interest to Americans. Of the purest Aryan stock, the people of Lithuania have preserved a language which is the only modern European survival of the ancient Sanskrit, and yet they teach English in their public schools to foster modern culture. Capital punishment has been abolished. More than 1,000,000 Lithuanians live in the United States. The author of this article came to the United States from Lithuania in 1897. He served as a chaplain in the American Army in France during the World War.

# Lithuania—the Country of Kosciusko

By REV. GEORGE F. JONAITIS

ON AN October night in 1890 I was sitting on an upturned well-bucket in my father's home on a small farm near Kurshany, in Russian Lithuania. My mother was reading to me from a Lithuanian prayerbook. I was ten years old.

Suddenly there was a hammering on the door, and before I could open it the latch was smashed and a Cossack burst in. My mother hid the prayerbook under her dress.

The Cossack, a burly fellow with terrible-looking moustache, grasped my mother's arm:

"Where is it? Where is the Lithuanian book?" he roared. "Come, I heard you reading the forbidden tongue."

My mother cried out when the Cossack twisted her arm. I kicked at his shins, but his big boots only hurt my toes. He kicked me into a corner.

"Then if you were not reading you were talking your language. And the Little Father forbids that too. You know it," said the Cossack, and he began to overturn the table, the fish-barrel, the chairs, looking under everything for the forbidden book. He kicked an earthenware butter-jar from a low shelf and it smashed to bits on the floor. It was five months before my father could buy another crock. Money was not often seen in a peasant's home in that part of Russia in those days.

Finally the Cossack went out. He was singing the Russian national air, a church hymn, as he wiped from his moustache some homemade beer he had found in the cupboard.

"You, you young fighter," he jeered at me as he went out, "you'll do your good fighting in the Little Father's army, if you don't kick your way into the mines on Cossack shins." And he went out content with having done his duty.

The mines he talked of were in Siberia, somewhere off in the east, cruel, cold and eternal. I knew from the stories of my mother.

My mother took the prayerbook from under her dress and read it again, but in a voice that was almost a whisper.

That was Lithuania in 1890. Priests were hunted down. Some were shot, more were sent to Siberia. In forty years, from 1864 to 1904, only about twenty Catholic priests were ordained in Lithuania. They would come from their ordination in Germany and go shortly to the mines or their graves. I believe my vocation for the priesthood was largely furthered by that thing in human nature which makes proscribed professions appealing to a man with red blood in his heart. That, and my mother's determination that I should have an education in spite of Romanoff ukases.

To most Americans Lithuania is just a "country in Europe," created by the Great War. Few could locate it readily. But Lithuania has lived with an unchanged language and customs, and a national spirit longer perhaps than any other European race. The language is unique. Only the ancient Sanskrit, of known tongues, resembles it today, and so well has it been preserved that a Lithuanian sailor, landing in India, has been able to find his way about among the Hindus by using the Lithuanian language.

The Lithuanian is probably the purest Aryan stock in Europe. Undoubtedly it came from Asia, but when, history does not certify. It has kept itself unmixed of other races, largely, in the fastnesses of forest and lake that lie between the Baltic and the Black seas.

Slavs have poured over this land; Tartars have come with fire and sword; Poles have fought with Teutons there; the Turks' advance on Europe burned out in our marshes; but Lithuania has kept its language, its history and its racial entity.

Today Lithuania, as shaped by the peace treaty and the League of Nations, lies surrounded by East Prussia, Poland, Latvia and the Baltic Sea. The Letts of Latvia are a kindred people, differing mostly in that they are Lutherans. Their language is a Lithuanian dialect.

Practically all of Eastern Poland, the "corridor" that lies between Lithuania and Soviet Russia, is historically and racially Lithuanian. The majority of the inhabitants of these districts, Vilna, Grodno and part of Minsk, are true Lithuanians. It is hoped that these will be added to the republic peacefully. Lithuania now has about 3,000,000 people. If these provinces are added the population will be about 6,200,000. If there is a political union later with Latvia, which is probable and is being considered, the combined countries will have about 15,000,000 inhabitants.

The word "Prussian" is a corruption of the Lithuanian "Borussian." A stem of the Lithuanian race occupied anciently what was the Prussia of 1914. But in the thirteenth century that country was overrun by the Teutonic Knights and thoroughly absorbed into the German race. Prussia, therefore, is a political, not a racial designation today.

Memel, or Klaipeda in Lithuania, is the chief port of the country. The free port of Danzig is nearby, and, if the union with Latvia comes, there will be the harbor of Riga, one of the finest in North Europe. All these are on the Baltic, the great sea which gets its name from *baltus*, Lithuanian for "white." As indicating the antiquity and early influence of the Lithuanian tongue we have the word *gallus*, meaning "land's end," which undoubtedly gave to the Romans their "Gallia" for the France of today.

The racial characteristics of the Lithuanians—about 87 per cent of the stock is still unmixed—is a long head, blue eyes, straight nose, over-white skin, and inclination to tall stature. They differ in many ways, besides speech and customs, from the Slav, Teuton or Pole.

Elisèe Reclus, in his *Geographie Universelle*, says: "The Lithuanians, together with their brothers, the Lettons (Letts of Latvia) constitute a nation, a race apart, composed of men who are very intelligent, full of fancy and poetry."

In a preface to the Lithuanian Grammar of Milke, Kant, the great philosopher, says: "The Lithuanians are fair-dealing men, full of the consciousness of their personal dignity." There have been hints of Kant having been of Lithuanian extraction, but this has been disputed.

The spirit of true democracy has always been a Lithuanian virtue, of which the people are proud. From savage clan, through feudalism, kingdom and empire the "council of the people" has ever been the ideal of government with the Lithuanian. In America he becomes an American easily. While he preserves his natural love of the land from which he came, and his pride in its history, he is absorbed easily, by inclination, temperament and aspiration into the body of a people who evolved and have kept alive the first real democracy. There are about 1,000,000 people in the United States who were born in Lithuania.

The attention of the world was focused recently on Lithuania when on January 9, 1923, a volunteer army of Lithuanians, from the country immediately adjacent to Memel, stormed that port and captured the French garrison installed there by the Allied High Commission. Generals Budrys and Simonaitis led the assault. The Allies approved the seizure, and Memel is now developing a healthy trade for Lithuania.

President Alexander Stulginskas, of the Lithuanian Republic, has since credited the sudden and bloodless action that added Memel to Lithuania to an American sailor, who served in the United States Navy before and during the World War, and who was visiting on furlough the Lithuanian village in which he was born. This American tar organized into an efficient attacking army a peasant militia from the farms of the Lithuanian countryside surrounding Memel, and when the assault was made on the city an American flag was flying side by side with the Lithuanian banner at the head of the attacking column.

In Arlington cemetery there is the grave of Lieutenant Samuel Harris, U.S.A., who, after the World War, threw himself into the struggle of Lithuania for freedom, enlisted in the Lithuanian Army, rose to a commission, and gave his life in battle against the Bolsheviki before Kovno. Harris was an

American descended from several generations of Americans, and, when, in France, he learned that Kosciusko was a Lithuanian, not a Pole as most Americans have believed, he threw in his lot with the land of the knightly Lithuanian who had helped America in its struggle for freedom.

Lithuania has adopted a military policy of a small "skeleton army" of regulars around which can be built a war footing drawn from a citizen militia kept in training without interfering with industrial activity.

The new republic is putting into practice the advice of Napoleon to the assembly of the Cispadane republic at Modena, which he set up after driving out the Austrians: "Never forget that laws are mere nullities without the force necessary to support them. Attend to your military organization, which you have the means of placing on a respectable footing."

Lithuania has been unusually fortunate in the unity of its people toward democratic government without threats of anarchy induced by personal ambition.

Vilna, ancient capital of Lithuania, is in the hands of the Poles and all the province of Vilna, besides that of Grodno, and the half of Suwalki not already occupied by Lithuania, is claimed by the republic. The people of these provinces, with the exception of perhaps 20 per cent of Polish descent, and 10 per cent Jews, mostly living in cities, are true Lithuanians, by blood, language and customs. Minsk, an adjoining Soviet state, also is largely Lithuanian.

The new republic has not declared it will war with Poland or Russia over its claims to these lands, but it has informed the League of Nations that it will not accept any decision for the disposal of the disputed territory until a plebiscite has been taken, at an early date, to prevent further Polonization or Russification.

Ancient Lithuania stretched from the Baltic to the Black Sea. Its eastern boundary was a line running from the mouth of the Dneiper, along that stream and thence to the mouth of the Duna. On the west the boundary ran from the mouth of the Vistula, along the Carpathian Mountains and down to the mouths of the Danube. This territory now includes Lithuania, Latvia, East Prussia with Danzig, Eastern Poland, Galicia, Moldavia and Bessarabia, White Russia or Minsk, the Ukraine and the Crimea.

The pagan tribes of this vast region of swamp, sparkling lakes and thick forests, lived their lives of hunting, agriculture and fishing, far back into history, retiring into their forests while the barbarian hordes swept over their lands to appear in history against the Roman Empire and during the early Middle Ages. They had no touch with Europe save perhaps their trade in amber, which was sent from the Baltic to Rome of the Emperors to decorate its beauties.

They worshiped in their forests on open altars. Parkunas, the God of Thunder, was their Supreme Being and God of Gods. Next below him were Patrimpa, God of all good things, bounteous crops, teeming lakes and plentiful hunting, and Pykoulis, the God of punishment. There were many minor gods, and a priesthood descending in families, as the Levites in Israel.

As Slavs, Tartars, Poles, Germans and Turks swept across the land, the Lithuanians retired into their forests and swamps and their limits began to contract.

The consolidated tribes first appear in history as a war-power in 1316, when Gediminis, Grand Duke of Lithuania, gave his daughter Aldona in marriage to Casimir, son of the King of Poland. Her dowry was 24,000 Polish prisoners set free at the wedding, and seems to indicate military ability on the part of her father.




POLAND LITHUANIA & LETTISH COUNTRY.

POLAND LITHUANIA LETTISH COUNTRY.

From that time the history of Lithuania became almost inseparably connected with that of Poland. But Lithuania ever retained its own language, customs, money and tax system, and there were times when the countries were not only separated but actually at war with one another.

After 1864 Russia, which had ruled Lithuania since the Partition of Poland, ordered the suppression of books printed in Lithuanian.

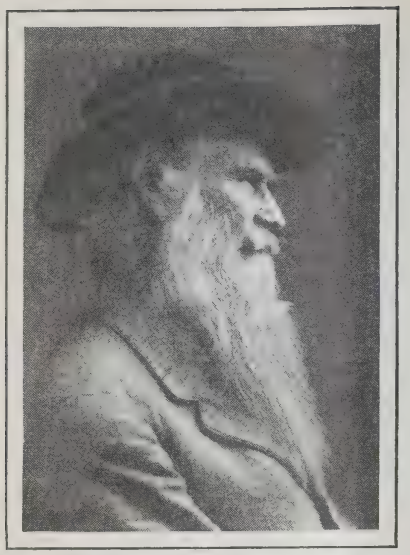
Then followed a "war" that would have been a comedy were it not for the exiles, whippings and stagnation of learning that went with it. Russian agents would seize at the border Lithuanian books printed in Tilsit, and burn them. Lithuanians, given Russian schoolbooks and Polish prayerbooks by the government, would burn them. Thus war was fought with fire, with books the only victims, and publishers waxed rich. But Lithuanian mothers kept the language alive by teaching their children from precious, hidden books in darkened cottages and farmhouses. From 1840 on, by an imperial ukase, even the name of Lithuania was banned in Russia, and the region was known officially only as the North East Province.

Since 1904, following the threat of an uprising coincident with the Russo-Japanese War, the ban on Lithuanian print has been lifted.

Today Lithuania is shaping itself with the United States as its model. It is teaching English in its schools, considering it the business language of the world. It is rebuilding its roads on American specifications. It has a permanent commission in America to study trade, industry, building, manufacture, farming and cattle-breeding. It has abolished capital punishment. Its principal products are rye, flax, potatoes, oats, barley, cattle, hogs, horses, hides, and poultry. Its manufacturers include brick and tile, glass, linen, iron tools, meat packing, and beer. Its vast forests are being developed for timber and woodpulp. It has an area about that of Kansas, and if it gains the territory claimed it will add land as extensive as Maine, giving it a total area of 112,000 square miles or about the size of Michigan and Wisconsin combined.

# A Close-up of Joaquin Miller

(Concluded from page 3)



Joaquin Miller, in later life.

liar Joaquin was never excelled and seldom equaled, yet I cannot imagine that he ever in his life was guilty of a lie for the purpose of taking advantage of anybody. Joaquin told whoppers just to be a good fellow, to amuse and entertain his auditors or to shock them. As entertainment he used to tell such yarns as the one about the five years he lived with the Modoc Indians, though competent authorities say he was never near enough to the Modocs to have seen them with a telescope. Here is an example of the fibs he used to tell to shock people:

It was for months his habit to appear promptly at 5 o'clock in the afternoon and stand exactly upon the threshold of my office, never saying a word until I had turned and spoken to him. One afternoon in the dead of winter when it was already dark he appeared and asked me if I would go with him to a bazaar that the society women of Washington were holding and at which Miller's daughter, Juanita, was in charge of a booth. The purpose was to pick Juanita up and take her home.

We had no more than entered the great building in which the bazaar was being held than one of the society women spotted him and started toward him as rapidly as her high heels and tight shoes could carry her.

"Oh, Mr. Miller," she began, "I am *so* glad to meet you. I am Mrs. Blank and I have always had the greatest admiration for your poetry. And you have *such* a charming daughter."

Joaquin never batted an eye or said a word. As the silence grew into seconds a strange look came into the woman's eyes. Still Joaquin said nothing. Panic began to peep out from under her eyebrows.

"Are you not Mr. Joaquin Miller?" she asked in a tone that indicated she was undecided as to whether she should run or faint.

"I am not," replied Joaquin.

The woman was undoubtedly convinced that he was lying, but she was not quite ready to give up the chase.

"You are *not* Mr. Joaquin Miller?" she repeated, almost plaintively.

"No," he lied again.

She let her eyes rest upon him for a second or two more, then turned and walked rapidly away, obviously tremendously embarrassed and probably good and mad. She knew she had been bunked but couldn't prove it.

The great knight errant, Fate, however, is always lying in wait to avenge the wrongs of fair ladies, and a few days later President Roosevelt bumped Joaquin harder than Joaquin had bumped the lady; at any rate, Joaquin thought so, though I didn't.

It came about this way: Joaquin came to me one day with the suggestion that a World's Fair be held in Washington in 1912 to commemorate the hundred years of peace that had existed between Great Britain and the United States since the outbreak of the War of 1812. What Joaquin wanted to do was to write a page article for our Sunday magazine section proposing the thing and have me print it. I told him to go ahead.

I had the stuff stuck in type and gave him proofs of it. Then he had another great idea. Why not take the proofs over to the White House and have Roosevelt approve the exposition idea? Roosevelt was a friend of his. He had even begun one of his western books with a verse from one of Joaquin's poems. The other proofs were so dirty by this time that I had new ones made on nice glazed paper and one morning we sallied forth for the White House.

***When Miller Went to See Roosevelt***

We were ushered into the Cabinet room where about 40 others were waiting. Roosevelt was in his little office, just off the Cabinet room. Pretty soon we heard the President's high falsetto voice call out: "Mistah Millah, I will be out in a few minutes." Roosevelt always softened his "r's" in true New York fashion.

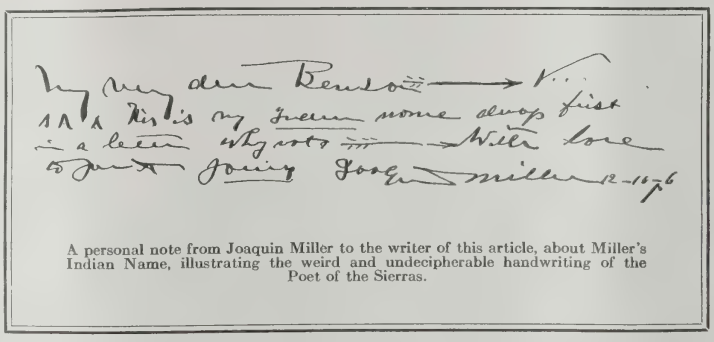
That wasn't so bad. Everything was promising so far. Pretty soon the President came out. The whole bunch of us arose and instinctively formed into line to meet him. When Joaquin got to Teddy he pushed the proofs into his hand and began telling him all about it. Roosevelt looked at the proofs a second or so in a troubled sort of way and replied that he couldn't think of taking time to read them then and that Joaquin might leave them.

What more could Roosevelt have said? Obviously he couldn't let a considerable number of other men wait while he read six galleys of newspaper print. But Joaquin apparently had expected that Roosevelt would do just exactly that. At any rate, he was tremendously crestfallen. He never said a word until we had got out of the building. Then he said: "I would not have had that happen for gold."

When Joaquin came to Washington he found a home awaiting him; also a wife and daughter whom he had not seen for years. The home was an apartment belonging to Mrs. Miller's sister. I was often a guest at this place and never saw a happier home. Joaquin's wife, daughter, and sister-in-law, each of them treated him as if he were a king and he treated each of them as if she were a queen. Joaquin would sit at the head of the table with a dull reddish skull cap on his noble head (he had a fine forehead, splendid blue eyes and a strong nose) and a loose house coat flowing from his shoulders—he looked something like an ancient king. After dinner he would ask his daughter Juanita, a very lovely girl then in her twenties, to play on the harp, which she did well. It was wonderful to witness the kindness and courtesy with which this old man treated his daughter. He was gentleness itself.

***He Looked Something Like an Ancient King***

All of this mutual courtesy would not have been so remarkable if the fact had not been that Joaquin and his family never lived together and seldom saw each other. They were friends but did not mind a continent between them. Joaquin never had stayed much with any of his wives, and he had had three; the first a squaw, by whom he had a daughter; the second, "Minnie Myrtle," a California newspaper woman, whom he met on a Tuesday and married on a Thursday, by whom he also had a daughter, both of whom he left in a few years; and lastly, Abbie Leland, the mother of Juanita.



A personal note from Joaquin Miller to the writer of this article, about Miller's Indian Name, illustrating the weird and undecipherable handwriting of the Poet of the Sierras.

Sometimes he would take me to call on an old friend of his, Vinnie Ream Hoxie, a sculptress, and the wife of an army officer; the sculptress, by the way, who made the Farragut statue in Farragut Circle, Washington. Mrs. Hoxie at that time was working on a great statue of Alonzo Cornell, which is now at Cornell University, and she used to show us this statue and call it her "big man." Many a happy Sunday afternoon or evening we passed in her studio. She too had a harp upon which at Joaquin's request she used to play. In return, he would recite for her his poem "Columbus." That poem is now in American schoolbooks, and Americans will still be reading it when airplanes are doing in ten hours what Columbus took two months to do. So long as America is America, that poem will never be forgotten.

So far as Joaquin's dress was concerned, he was a fake. He liked to appear much more uncouth and careless than he really was. I remember one day when we were

passing Harris & Ewing's photograph gallery in Washington, Martha Ewing came rushing out to request Joaquin to come in and pose for some pictures. When he went in his trousers were outside his boots, but when he faced the camera he pulled one trouser leg above his boot-top and left the other where it was. He gave me a fine study of his face and under it made a few Indian symbols resembling wigwams, hatchets, and so forth, and added: "My Indian name, always first in a letter—why not? With love to you and yours, Joaquin Miller."

On a stormy day in March, Joaquin left for California and I never saw him again, though I heard from him to the end of his life. Once in California, where there was no winter, poems began to come to him and one of these poems he sent to the San Francisco *Bulletin*. A few days later he called at the cashier's office for his pay. The cashier handed him $10. Joaquin yelled murder, declared he had been insulted and expressed interest as to just what kind of a fool the cashier took him to be. R. A. Crothers, owner of the *Bulletin*, happened to be standing near and moved over to ask what the row was about. Joaquin told him and repeated that he had been insulted.

"I see, I see," replied Mr. Crothers. "Now let's fix this thing up. Suppose we make that $15 instead of $10?"

"Oh, *that* will be all right," replied Joaquin, instantly mollified, for he had the simplicity of a child.

Miller was not a great poet because he had nothing much to say. But if he lacked in thought he was bursting with feeling and he had a wonderful sense of color. Some of his poems are as gorgeous as a desert sunset, some resound like the echoes of thunder in the mountains. Nor will the glamour that he put on California ever come off. Outwardly he was sometimes something of a charlatan, due mostly to his desire to make people sit up and take notice. Often he seemed to get a kick out of saying the unexpected, regardless of how little sense there was in what he said. Example: Elbert Hubbard, when he visited Miller's home, commented on the absence of books. "Books!" retorted Joaquin. "Books are for people who can't think."

But beneath the bluster, the faking and the buffoonery, Miller was a good deal of a man. But of judgment of the things that take place in the world of men he had none. When the Civil War was on it seemed to him fitting that the little weekly newspaper in Oregon, of which he was the editor, should espouse the cause of the South, for which his office was sacked and the type thrown into the gutter. On another occasion he took the part of some Indians and was thrown into jail by the whites. Later an Indian shot him in the leg with a bullet and another sent an arrow into his neck.

He couldn't get along with anybody but himself and his friends, not because he was bad, but because he had an instinct for taking what others believed to be the wrong side of questions.

Once he tried to establish an Indian republic at the base of Mount Shasta, an act of folly for which Joaquin said he would have been hanged if he had been old enough. When he left Washington he told me he was going back to Oregon and run for the United States Senate. He had not lived in Oregon for 40 years, but that did not matter. "Someone like me is needed," he told me, "to arise in the Senate and fittingly portray the matchless beauty of this great state."

# Some Building and Loan Pitfalls

(*Concluded from page 12*)

through straw men. Within a few years, by the beginning of 1925, he had brought together a group of seventeen associations. Isidore Griver was secretary of all of them. The directorates interlocked. Under Roseman's direction all were used in the same way.

Roseman had discovered that banks took building and loan paper for granted. The law provides that an association may borrow up to twenty-five per cent of its paid-up stock for the purposes of buying mortgages, and Roseman knew that other speculators had exceeded this limit without getting caught. So he and his associates launched a carnival of speculation on borrowed funds. When the paid-up stock records were not sufficient to justify more loans, they simply altered the records. After a time they even began to sell stock certificates which they swore were paid up. In other words, they simply tore the certificates from a book, had all the officers sign and then peddled the stock among the banks for whatever they could get.

It is significant that even when the extent of these operations were revealed many big speculators and money lenders bitterly criticized the State Banking Department for taking over the seventeen associations. It was argued that if the Roseman group had been allowed to work out its own salvation, the natural increase in realty values would have made up for the losses in time. That argument is now recognized as absurd.

It has been proved that it is possible to wreck a building and loan association.

The great majority of building and loan associations, of course, are safe. But the widespread nature of the speculative practices that led to the downfall of the Roseman group is indicated by this statement made from the bench by Judge Harry S. McDevitt when the defendants were lined up before him to be sentenced.

"We must let those not in this case who are doing the same thing, or worse," he said, "realize that they cannot break the law and escape punishment."

After the arrest of Roseman and his associates it was freely predicted that none of them would ever go to jail. The theory was that the bankers who had handed over hundreds of thousands of dollars for worthless pieces of paper—not only to the Roseman group, but to others—would swallow their losses to protect themselves. If the State Banking Department had been willing to overlook embezzlement, larceny, fraudulent financial statements, conspiracy and a lot of other crimes to which the criminals later pleaded guilty, the matter might have been hushed up. But when the case got to Judge McDevitt all hope of this ended.

Attorneys for the defendants carried one appeal for delay to the State Supreme Court, after the lower court had announced that the case must go to trial. McDevitt was upheld. Trial was started on two indictments naming five of the conspirators. Of these, William D. Rodgers and Jacob Marbin elected to stand trial, while Roseman and Samuel B. Lush pleaded guilty, and Griver pleaded *nolo contendere*, or no defense. All three took the witness stand and admitted all the charges made against them. A verdict of guilty was brought in against Rodgers and Marbin, who then changed their pleas to no defense on the remaining indictments.

Rodgers was sentenced to ten years, Roseman to eight years and Marbin to seven years in jail. Griver, secretary for all seventeen associations, drew six years when it was shown that he did not profit to the same extent as the leaders. Other prisoners and their sentences are Harry Gottlieb, two years; Rudolph C. Bender and Max May, one year each; Martin Q. Kline, six months; Frank W. Bless, three months; Sidney Fridenberg, three months; William Fields, three months; Maurice Kline, three months; John B. Magee, $1,000 fine and five years' probation; Alfred Scarlett, $500 fine and three years' probation, and Herman Lush, five years' probation. Samuel B. Lush remains to be sentenced.

Pennsylvania is now planning to reintroduce bills in the legislature which shall draw a sharp line between the speculative form of building and loan, devoted to syndicate loans on central realty, and the original home owners' system. It is possible that a special session of the assembly may be called to consider this and other questions. Other states, where the building and loan system has developed on a large scale, probably will take similar measures to prevent a repetition of what happened in Philadelphia. At present it is impossible so long as the officers are honest men. But unless shareholders exercise real control over their associations speculators often may gain control of them, and once that happens anything is possible.

# Whistling Wings

(*Concluded from page 17*)

the water and one of these soon fell exhausted. The others felt themselves pulled down as by an invisible weight. A greasy, black substance penetrated the feathers and burdened the wings.

Another great troop of Redheads, flying in a close body, came along, making a roar like thunder, as their long, strong wings beat the air. They were about to alight but observing their dying comrades they continued their flight leaving their kin to be washed up on shore.

No more would Bronzehead lead his flock into the northern wilds. No more would the Cajuns welcome them home in winter. The *canard violon* of the "swamp angel" lay rotting on the Atlantic seacoast, together with hundreds of his kind.

This crawling, deadly, insidious oil from ocean-going vessels will not mix with water. It accumulates more dirt, becomes thick and viscid. With its ropy, glutinous consistency it spells destruction to the ducks and other birds alighting on the surface of the sea where it is prevalent. It will continue to do so until we somehow contrive to keep a clean ocean. Ocean steamship companies, particularly the oil burners, will probably be glad to coöperate in order to conserve the game that we have protected in partnership with Canada. The white sands of our ocean beaches will be saved from becoming greasy, slimy masses of oily muck, and the surf vegetation will be saved from the deadening and smothering effect of a floating mass of grease that always carries with it dead ducks, fish and other dying organisms. It is something that no one will want to see reach its climax.

# Measuring America's Soul

(*Concluded from page 8*)

Our psychologist critics show no adequate instrument for measurement and comparison. People seek throughout their works in vain for some formula which would entitle them to compare; nothing is available which could yield them title to condemn. There is lacking that formula which will divine unerringly the depths of the human mind, which will be unaffected by the superstrata of tradition and sectional culture and metaphysical predilection, which will penetrate the deeps of inborn influences and the greater deeps of those elemental repulsions of type and color—biologically beneficent, probably—to the bedrock of the common mind of man. Still, and in a sense deeper than is conveyed by the words,

"The wildest *dreams* of Kew
Are the *facts* of Khatmandu,
And the crimes of Clapham chaste
in Martaban;"

the Micrometer of The Mind is not yet!

How, then, do the over-sea psychologists achieve their comparisons? Superficial data commonly used against America, often merely local in source and evanescent in significance, can be ignored by those who are successfully handling the facts upon which the data are based; especially in view of the wider test available. The Arabs have a saying which might be commended to the attention of the bulk of the visiting psychologists: "The froth on the stream may go with the wind; the banks are cut from below." If our music and our dancing are negroized, that is but a phase. If our regard for law is open to question, it will be less so when the urge of development is succeeded by the closer organization of a developed land. In the attitude of the over-sea psychologist one seems to discern something of that lack of realization of the broad facts of America which marked the declaration by a distinguished over-sea intellectual destructionist that "the sinking of the *Lusitania* was the first fact about the war small enough to enter the American mind." In point of fact, the sinking of the *Lusitania* was *the first uncolorable, untwistable, unassailable fact about the European war which was ever presented to the American mind*—justifiably suspicious of the renewal of ancient European hatreds and rivalries with which it desired to have no connection. *And it was acted upon.* The European psychologists have not satisfactorily shown that they possess an instrument by which they can measure fairly the American soul. A means has been offered, nevertheless. The test was a wide-open one—world-wide. It was the most terrible test under which democracies ever shook. How did America, which has been declared to be "psychologically unsafe for democracy," behave then in the service of democracy and by the methods of democracy?

The answer is open to full examination. It is to be found in the history of the European war; it is given in the work of an army representative of the *whole* of America, in the bearing of that army in pursuit of a common purpose for the service of democracy. Other armies from the lands "psychologically safe for democracy" were there demonstrating their ability to submerge all differences in a common aim, toward an end deemed essential to the preservation of democracy. It is only necessary to view the demonstration less as a display of military strength than as a test of the psychological fitness of peoples to meet the demands and the manifold disciplines of democratic action, to obtain the perspective from which we desire to examine this assertion that "America is not psychologically safe for democracy."

Be it noted, again, that that top-section of the American people which was sent overseas was representative of *the whole of America*, of lands as varied in fact as those which sent to the British colors the Canadians, the South Africans, the Australians, the New Zealanders; it bore with it the American outlook such as it was, the American capacity for democratic action, such as it was—such ability and desire as it had developed to sink the personal, to move and act in common on the lines democracy imposes, to fulfill under new and bitter stress all the obligations of the ideal: "Of the People, by the People, for the People." No examination of trivial data could afford such a test of all America as that which was borne in the face of all the world. With what results? These:

America is the land of individual purpose. Individuality is marked. (That is one of the things which disturb the distant psychologist.) There is a similar marked individuality in the men of British colonies. Placed under like conditions, for a common purpose, for grim work involving a democratic submergence of individualism for the common good and an amenability to irksome disciplines, comparisons were possible between the peoples. Such comparisons involve no disparagement of any.

We have facts to present in demolition of the assertion that America is not psychologically safe for democracy; that is all. And one of these facts is that the war proved to the uttermost that in capacity to unite and submit itself to common action, the American people under arms compared well in democratic action with the soldiers of another race. The virile Anzacs, for example, lusty, dashing, devil-may-care, did not always find the common aim—the democratic demands of the situation—sufficient to submerge their prejudices; did not always conform to accepted method; had to be carefully officered by specially selected and acceptable types. The type had to be acceptable to the Anzac, moreover, rather than to the British War Office, than which point none was given greater care by headquarters. Remember, we are discussing only capacity for democratic action. As in the Boer War, so in the last war, the South African colonial too had his prejudices besides his patriotism and his democratic capacity. "We recognize no officer but a General, and no General but our own." The Canadian had his individualistic ways also, requiring skilled management. To go no further than these observations upon the peoples of most marked individualism, and most like the American, it is cold fact that the army records prove beyond any doubt that the American was second to none in his ability to move democratically under the most testing conditions.

The full tale of the individualistic peoples in their fulfillment of the obligations of democracy is at the disposal of the psychologist, in the war records. He will find that in loyalty to selected officers, in sincere desire to render adequate service, in discipline, in restraint, in tenacity, in whole-hearted devotion to what was democratic service in arms, America proved as essentially "psychologically safe for democracy" as any nation, to say the least of the matter. We have not heard it suggested that Canada, or Australia, South Africa or New Zealand are in any way "not safe for democracy." And while the purpose of these notes is but to direct attention to the more patent results of a great test applicable to one assertion of over-sea critics, the matter might be examined further were such an assertion worthy of it. Be it suggested, it is not. Of like stamp and similar lack of sound basis are many others.

One glance at the lands where democracy is "safe" should be sufficient for the American. A people sloughing the memories of bitter traditions for new and clean and wholesome mental equipment, and moving ahead on a path uncluttered with the rubble of old and savage codes and creeds, will test in cool leisure the pessimistic assertions of the alien psychologists and remain undisturbed. It will test them if it is not too busy, doubtless.

The American, it would appear, has not changed with the years. Individual purpose possesses his latest accessions from all lands. Practical progress and introspection do not flourish together.

"And while reproof around him rings
He turns a keen, untroubled face
Home, to the instant need of things."

## A Novel Defense

IF A PROMOTER sells property to the corporation organized by him, at an exorbitant profit, the corporation may go into court, cancel the sale, and compel the promoter to pay back his illegal profits.

All this is very trite corporation law, but in the case of Old Dominion Company vs. Bigelow, the promoter set up a novel defense when the corporation demanded an account of his stewardship and gains.

"My associate promoters and I hold nearly all of the stock of the corporation. If we pay back the cash it will increase the value of our stock, so we will be the winners just the same. Even if our profit was illegal, making us pay back is just like shifting money from one pocket to the other, and the courts will not force us to pay back considering that a very small part of the stock will be benefited by it, outside of our own."

The Massachusetts Supreme Court, however, was not impressed and ruled that the promoters could not rely on their own wrong in their own defense.

"If the argument were once allowed to prevail it would only be necessary to corrupt one single shareholder to prevent the company from ever setting the contract aside. It may be said you give to the shareholder, who was a party to the fraud, a profit, because he will take it in respect of his shares, and since, as between co-conspirators, there is no contribution, therefore his brother conspirators cannot make him repay his proportion. But the doctrine of this court has never been to hold its hand and avoid doing justice in favor of the innocent because it cannot apportion the punishment fully among the guilty."



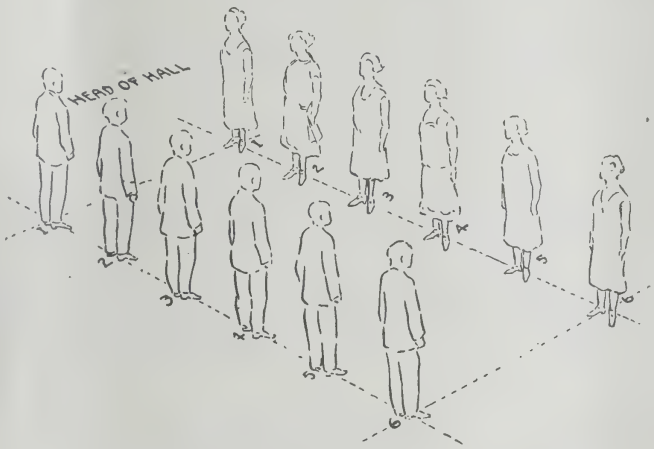
# A Dance a Week



## The Virginia Reel—
## A Favorite of Many Years' Standing
## Also Known as the "Sir Roger de Coverly"

The very name of this dance stirs memories in the older folk and lively interest in the younger. Here is a dance which sets forth at its best the Anglo-Saxon spirit at play. For all the old dances were games of a sort—musical games. The Virginia Reel (also known once upon a time as the "Sir Roger de Coverly") is a pleasant game between six on a side, six ladies on one side, six gentlemen on the other. They line up facing each other. Then the movements of "head lady and foot gentleman" and "head gentleman and foot lady" make a pretty interlacing of patterns, until all six couples have played the game through.

The points are simple. Head lady and foot gentleman take the lead, and then head gentleman and foot lady alternate, in the same movement. That is, in the crisscross movements of the dance, two couples are engaged; the movement of head lady and foot gentleman and followed by head gentleman and foot lady. Each completed round leaves the former head at the foot, and so the line moves up until each couple has had its turn as head.




These movements are finished, so far as the head lady and her partner are concerned, with the reel. This is a rollicking reel down between the lines from head to foot. The couple begins the reel by turning each other around once *with right arms.* (Don't do it any other way, or the pattern is spoiled.) Each other with *the right arm.* This swings the lady over to the line of gentlemen. She turns the first gentleman once around in line with *her left arm* through *his left arm.* This swings her into the center again. In the meantime her partner has been turning the opposite lady in line, linking his left arm through her left arm, and, reeling, he is also swung into the center. The partners now swing each other once around with their linked *right arms.* And so they go reeling down the line. Remember, swing your *partner* with the linked *right arm.* Swing your side of the line with the linked *left arm.* You reel around the opposite party in line, which swings you back into the center, when you reel around your partner again, and then back to the line.

In this way you go down the entire line. Then the reeling couple take hands and chasse up the center to their places at the head of the line. The music changes into a march. Head lady and head gentleman turn and face the head of the hall and march, making a sharp turn toward the foot of the hall, or line. When the whole line is turned and the head lady and gentleman are now at the foot, they form an arch with their raised arms, through which the whole set goes through by couples.

This leaves the second couple now head lady and gentleman. And the dance is started again until all six couples have served as head couple.

Once done, with care, the pattern of the dance is very easily fixed in the mind.

Follow the directions carefully and the movements will become clear.

Metronome 116.

Formed in two straight lines, six couples in each set.

Do not walk through the changes, but use a light, springy, trot step, with plenty of action from the toes and ankles. The head lady and the foot gentleman begin all movements in the first period, and are immediately followed by the head gentleman and foot lady who execute the same change. The music and dancers start together.

Head lady and foot gentleman forward and back.....4 bars

Both advance forward four steps, meet, bow and curtsey, and return to place, each moving backward.

Head gentleman and foot lady forward and back.....4 bars

Head lady and foot gentleman swing with the right hands.....4 bars

Head lady and foot gentleman advance four steps, join right hands, "shoulder high" make one complete turn, drop hands, and return to place moving backward.

Head gentleman and foot lady swing with the right hands.....4 bars

Head lady and foot gentleman swing with the left hands.....4 bars

Both advance and swing with left hands.

Head gentleman and foot lady swing with left hands.....4 bars

Head lady and foot gentleman swing with both hands....4 bars

Both advance four steps, join both hands, make one complete turn, and return to place, moving backward.

Head gentleman and foot lady swing with both hands....4 bars

Head lady and foot gentleman dos-à-dos.....4 bars

Both advance four steps, passing each other right shoulder to right shoulder, each takes one step to the right side, back to back. Without turning, turn around each other, and move backward to place.

Head gentleman and foot lady dos-à-dos.....4 bars

Head couple down center....8 bars

They join both hands, chasse down the inside of the set, and return to place.

Right arm to partner, all reel.....32 bars

The head couple link right arms, and turn once and a half around. The head lady then turns the next gentleman in line with the left arm once around, while her partner turns the next lady with his left. The head couple then turn each other once around, with right arms. The head couple turns the next couple with the left, then turns own partner with the right. This is continued until the head couple has turned each dancer in line, and has reached the foot of the set. There, they turn each other half around, so that each is on his respective side. They then join both hands, chasse up the center eight steps, to the head of the set. Both are now in their original places.

The idea is that the couple in reeling down the line from one side to the other, link arms and reel each other at each crossing from one side to the other. There will be five crossings, making ten contacts with the linked arms of the other dancers, and five contacts in the center of the set with one's own partner.

March.....16 bars

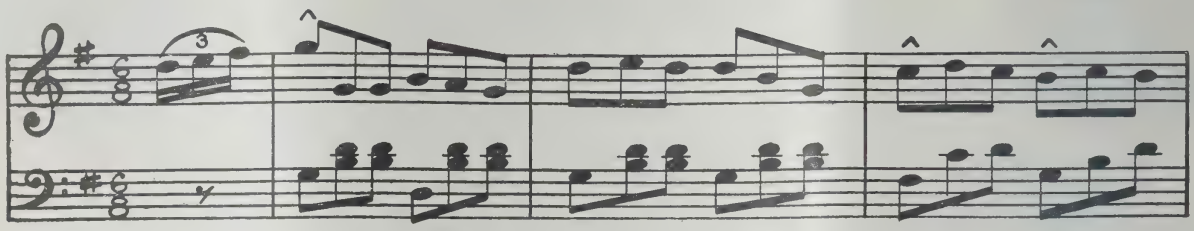
Execute a sharp "about face" toward foot of line. Ladies march to the right, gentlemen to the left. When the head couple reach the foot of the set, they stop, raise both hands, forming an arch, while the line makes an "about face" toward the head of the line, passing under the arch, up the center to the head.
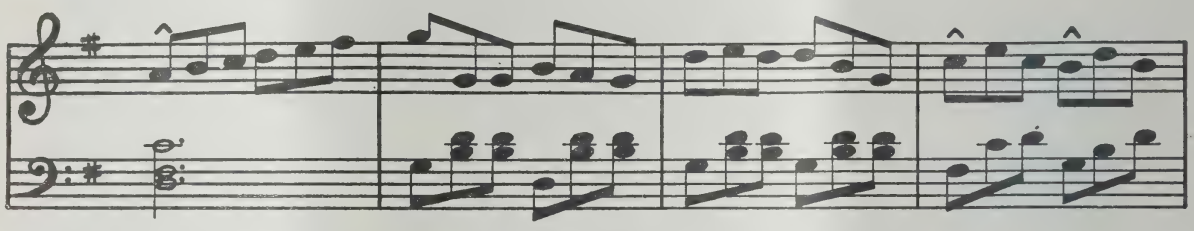
NOTE.—The couple who started the dance are now at the foot of the set and, of course, foot couple. The new couple now at the head of the set begin the movements and each in turn, until the original couple is back at the head of the set, when the dance is finished. To reel, always turn your own partner with the right arm, and other couples with the left. To end the dance call,—All join hands forward, turn partners, promenade to seats.
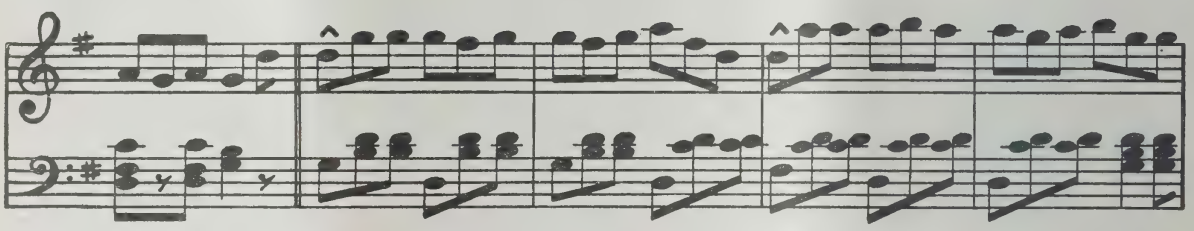
# Virginia Reel

Metronome 116

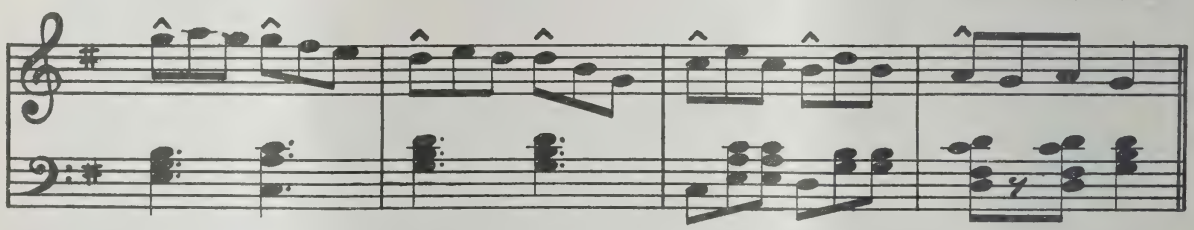
Larry O'Gaff.



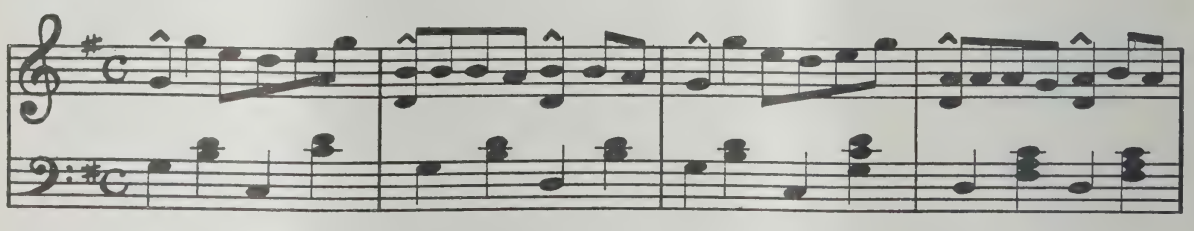


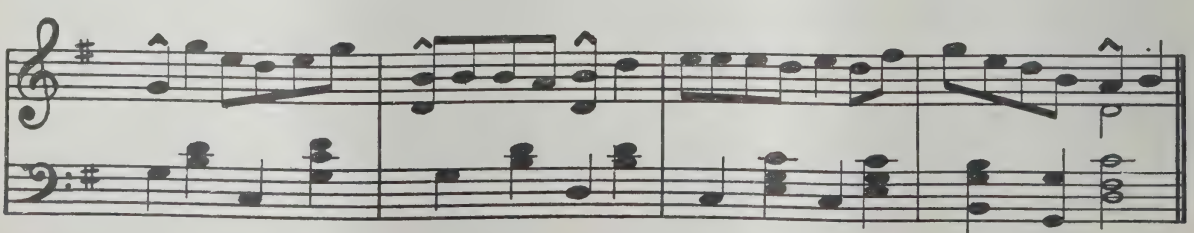


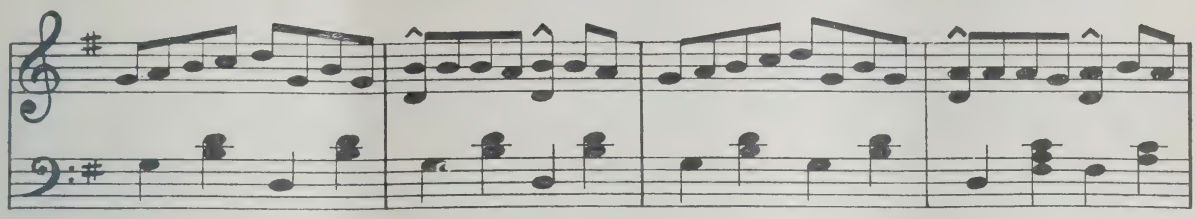
D. C. until "Reel."



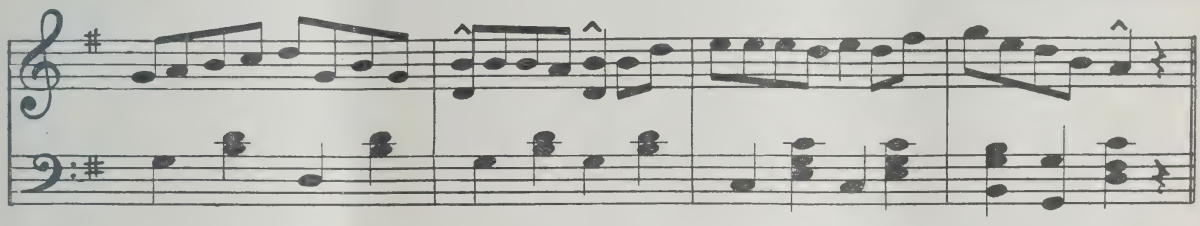
REEL (Mrs. McLeod)



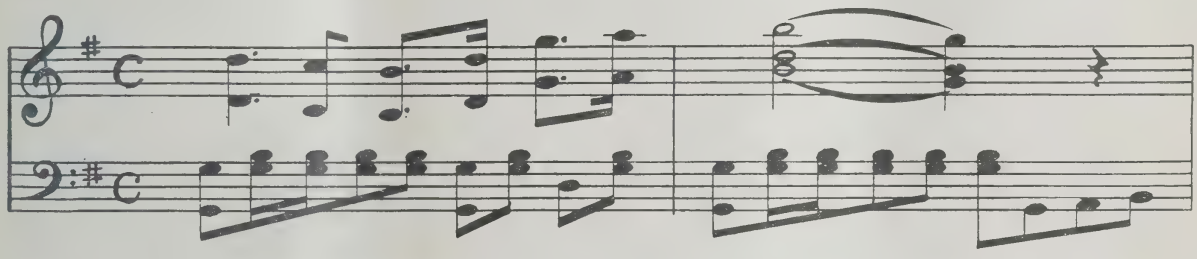


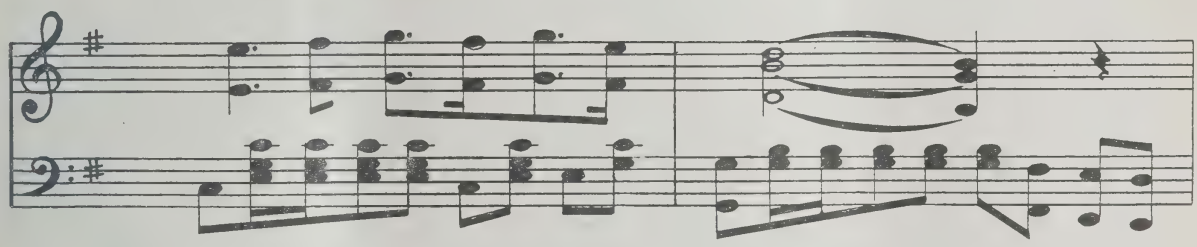


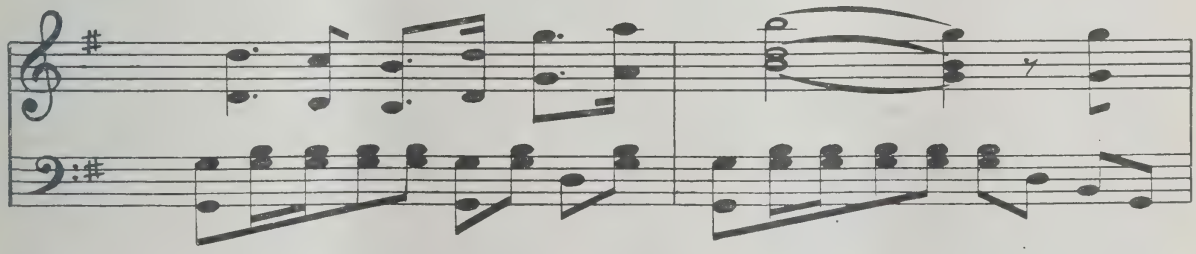
D. C. Reel until March

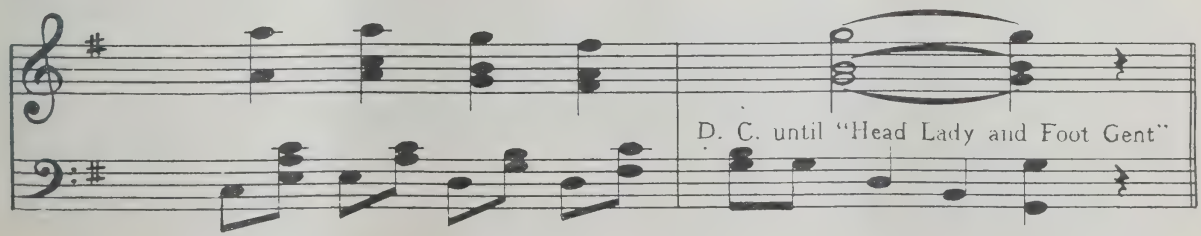


MARCH (John Brown's Body)









# Friendly Houses—How to Build Them

## Some Useful Hints From One Who Has Studied the Subject

By ALBERT WOOD A. I. A.

HOW much help, if any, can an architect give you in the planning and building of your home? If you are one of the vast army who expect to embark on the great adventure of home-building in the spring, this question is doubtless giving you some concern.

You may engage an architect to prepare plans and specifications, and act as your adviser from the beginning to the end of the building program, or you may decide to proceed without an architect's services. In either case, there are a few fundamental things about the art of home-building that you should understand before you permit your ideas to take concrete form.

In the colonial period, and even when our grandfathers built homes, the problem was comparatively simple. The range of available materials was not great. The general style of architecture was more or less uniform in character. Workmen, maturing under an efficient apprentice system, were well trained in the more or less standardized system of design and construction, which we broadly characterize today as "Colonial."

Then, the general plan of the houses had much in common, and individuality was achieved by the varied treatment of such features as entrances, porches, fireplace mantels, stairways, and similar details, to which was added the inspired touch of well-trained craftsmen-architects.

In those days, a brick was a brick, and there were not forty different colors and textures to choose from. Windows and doors, gables and shutters, chimneys and cornices were all members of the same family, and worked harmoniously together to produce esthetic agreeableness and practical results.

For the prospective home-builder of today, the problem is far more complicated. The choice of first-class building materials is unlimited, as well as bewildering. The general style of architecture is no longer uniform, and craftsmen-architects have gone the way of the family doctor. With our varying climate, landscape, and topography, we have embraced the styles and periods of every civilized country. Our workmen are no longer self-sufficient craftsmen, able to produce beautiful detail without blue prints.

We are seeking individuality in the mass as well as in the detail of our houses—far beyond reason. There is a lack of modesty and restraint in our demands. We have developed an exaggerated sense of what constitutes the picturesque. We expect to assemble, in some ingenious manner, an unlimited assortment of requirements into one harmonious structure—all within the means of a limited purse.

We want everything that we have seen and fancied, and expect an architect to translate all this into terms of plans and specifications.

It should be expected, therefore, that during this process of translation, the "Castle" of one's dreams becomes in reality the "Cottage" of one's means. A room or two less in size, a few gables and a dormer trimmed off, a few unnecessary frills eliminated—your house may yet retain all the essential qualities of a truly fine home. In fact, this process of elimination—this recognition of quasi-necessary utilities is the means by which construction costs are reduced and greater definition given to the character and comfort a home symbolizes.



A picturesque composition in a "Colonial" type of house.

Thus, whether or not an architect is consulted, an elimination contest should be held. We might take as an example the motion picture producers, who cut ten thousand feet of exposed film to less than five thousand feet used to tell the story on the screen. Perhaps you have been thinking for a long time about this home-building adventure and have accumulated a vast store of ideas, some vital and good, many more or less conflicting or unnecessary, and *all* of them obviously impossible of realization in an average-sized home.

Few people know the relative value of the different rooms used in their own scheme of living. They would be astonished, if they had a fairly accurate record of the hours spent in each room, and this is most important in drafting a well-balanced plan.

By listing the space requirements in their proper sequence of importance, both the architect and the builder will be helped to determine essentials. If you find that more hours are spent in the kitchen than elsewhere, then the kitchen should be as good as any room in the house. Should you desire, above all else, a fine living room with a fireplace, and proper space for books, piano, and comfortable furniture, be prepared to make reasonable sacrifices, if necessary, to accomplish that end.

Do not use up the "great open spaces" by demanding numerous closets and storerooms, only to find you are left without one really livable room in the house. Closets usually cost more per square foot of floor space than rooms do, and in a well-planned house, closets do not occupy what would otherwise be just waste space, because there should be *no waste space*.

Regarding the choice of materials, do not insist upon all that appeals to you of brick, stone, stucco, half-timber, and shingles, being blended into one dazzling creation. There are, however, some interesting combinations of materials that produce great beauty when handled by an expert, but if your heart is set on having an odd, pictureque or quaint result (and you can afford to do it), instruct your architect to let his fancy have full play.

Better to decide on one material, if possible, or a suitable and simple combination, and stick to it in the interest of harmony and economy. A well-built home of wood is every bit as comfortable as one of masonry, so have the material you prefer. To build in "a workmanlike manner" is the important thing.

And when you at last move in and hang the crane, may you say, with Christopher Morley:

"Our little house is a friendly house,
It is not shy or vain;
It gossips with the talking trees,
And makes friends with the rain."

# Planning and Building

## Translating Fancies *into* Practical Results

*In illustration of Mr. Wood's article facing this page*



AN orderly style—simple, dignified and effective! Materials are not blended here to dazzle.



THE wall surfaces in this example are well-studied; developed from an orderly plan.

DOORWAY to a "friendly" house. Here interesting materials are well assembled.



THE style exemplified below breathes the spirit of "Colonial" America.



THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL
6-41



THERE are plenty of persons who have already made the assertion that they believe the American people have a short memory and that they intend to revive all the foreign associations which most directly interfere with the complete Americanization of our people.

Our principle in this matter should be absolutely simple. In the first place we should insist that if the immigrant who comes here in good faith becomes an American and assimilates himself to us he shall be treated on an exact equality with everyone else, for it is an outrage to discriminate against any such man because of creed or birthplace or origin.

But this predicated upon the man's becoming in very fact an American and nothing but an American. If he tries to keep segregated with men of his own origin and separated from the rest of America, then he isn't doing his part as an American.

There can be no divided allegiance here. Any man who says he is an American, but something else also, isn't an American at all. We have room for but one flag, the American flag, and this excludes the red flag, which symbolizes all wars against liberty and civilization, just as much as it excludes any foreign flag of a nation to which we are hostile.

We have room for but one language here, and that is the English language, for we intend to see that the crucible turns our people out as Americans, of American nationality, and not as dwellers in a polyglot boarding house; and we have room for but one soul loyalty, and this is a loyalty to the American people.

Theodore Roosevelt

DEA

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Volume 26, Number 22

Ten Cents a Copy | MARCH 20, 1926 | $1.50 a Year



CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

# BRIEFLY TOLD

COMMUNISTS spent $1,000,000 last year in propaganda aimed at eventual establishment of a Soviet government in our country, according to the secretary of the Communist party in America.

SUGAR CANE was cultivated in India before the Christian Era, for Alexander the Great's soldiers brought back the "Honey-bearing reed" from the banks of the Indus.

AT NIKKO, JAPAN, there is a lacquered bridge over which only members of the royal family may cross, and they but once a year.

THE COMPANY in London operating the omnibus lines issues about 4,000,000 tickets every day.

AT MIDNIGHT on December 31, a pig is liberated on the floor at many German parties, for it is considered a good omen to touch a pig on New Year's Day.

A NATIVE Christian in Japan has copied the whole Bible on a piece of paper 6 feet long. Every word was written by hand and the task took seven years.



FARM WOMEN in some sections of Sweden cook their coffee in glass water bottles.

GROWTH OF prohibition sentiment in Cumberland, Maryland, has caused that city to change the name of Wine street to Glenwood. Residents of the thoroughfare complained that the former name was obsolete, and furthermore was the butt of much ridicule.

ABULFEDA, the Arabian geographer of the thirteenth century, said that the town of Fez, Morocco, got its name when the people who dug the foundations found a fez in the ground.

NO PRESIDENT was born, lived at the time of election or is buried west of the Mississippi. Only one President—Harding—died west of the Mississippi.

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS a pint is paid for blood for transfusion purposes at the Wisconsin General Hospital at Madison, and 168 University of Wisconsin students supply the demand.

LARGE GROWERS just across the Mexican line from Nogales, Arizona, have contracted with two airplanes to dust their tomato fields with insect powder to combat bugs and worms.

IN REPORTING the capture of German troops by the Americans during the Revolutionary War, the London *Morning Post* said that the prisoners were employed in the cabbage fields making "sour grout."

NOAH WEBSTER, author of the "American Dictionary of the English Language," was responsible for the change in America of the "our" ending to "or." Thus labour, honour, behaviour, became labor, honor and behavior in America.

ON NOVEMBER 10, 1685, a Dr. Plot presented the Royal Society at Oxford with a coconut, a rare gift at that time.

THE BEGGARS of China are organized into guilds.



A "LONGFELLOWS CLUB" has recently been organized in a western city. Its purpose is not to honor Henry W. Longfellow, but rather to foster comradeship among the tall men of the city.

MR. POLK, of Tennessee, nominated by the Democratic party at the Baltimore Convention in 1844, was the first "Dark Horse" candidate of any political party.

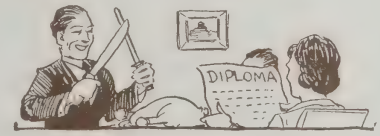
DR. C. E. FOX, of England, tells us that when a sharkman of the Island of Cristoval dies, "his body is taken to the shark rock and bathed, and two lines of lime are drawn from ear to heel; while this is being done two similar lines appear upon the shark, who also dies."

TWENTY-THREE women in England make a living by cleaning chimneys.

FARMERS CUT an inch off the tail of a fattening calf every 10 days in the 17th century as they thought the resultant bleeding would make the veal whiter.

IT COST the Federal and state governments one and a half million dollars to wipe out the 1924 and 1925 outbreaks of the foot and mouth disease among Texas livestock. The indirect loss is estimated to have been fourteen million dollars.

HAD NOT Bartholomew, brother of Columbus, been detained by pirates when on his way to ask aid from Henry the Seventh of England, America might have been discovered in the name of the British king.




A domestic science school in Chicago has started a course in meat carving to aid husbands.

FROM A 30-by-30-foot patch of ground, a night watchman at Menominee, Wisconsin, raised 43 bushels of potatoes, a rate of more than 2,000 bushels an acre.

THE PORTLAND CLUB of London is the supreme authority on bridge as played under the English code.

A SMALL BOY recently digging in a garden in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, found a hollow stone containing the note, "Fort Howard, February 1830, Indians attacking. Ammunition running low. (Signed) J. D., commander."

"THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING world is moving across the Atlantic. Thank heaven my boys all speak American."—*H. G. Wells.*

AN ALDERMAN in borough council in London stated that it took one bricklayer a minute and twelve seconds to lay a brick. When he refused to withdraw his remark the union ordered out forty bricklayers.

THE OLD Norwegian custom of "Julebuk" or dressing up in comic costumes and calling on friends is still practiced between Christmas and New Year's Day in many Norwegian-American communities.

A KITE FLYER, for the weather bureau at Ellendale, North Dakota, was killed on a clear day by a discharge of electricity coming down the kite wire



ONE of the earliest observations of the generation of static electricity was made in 1759 when a Mr. Symner found that his stockings had a tendency to fly together when he took them off.

THE BATANGI, a race of Africa, reverse the Darwinian theory of evolution by asserting that monkeys are descended from man.

IN ORDER TO insure an oxygen supply for their young, bass clear away the decaying weeds and water plants from small spaces in the sand before depositing their eggs.

FRANKLIN PIERCE (1853-1857) was the only President who retained his original Cabinet through the full term of office.

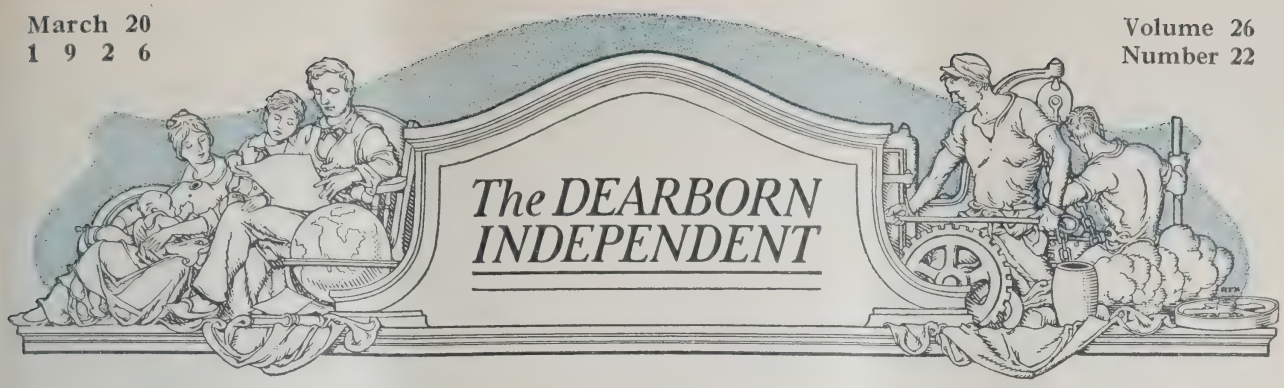
DR. HARVEY'S discovery of the circulation of blood about 300 years ago marked the beginning of the growth of modern medical science.

A SPECIES of flying snake that inhabits Southern Asia and the Malay Peninsula leaps from tree to tree much as do the flying squirrels.

PLANS HAVE BEEN made for deepening famed Lake Geneva to make the Rhone navigable as far as the Swiss frontier.

March 20
1 9 2 6

Volume 26
Number 22




# THE ESSENCE OF THIS ISSUE:

Mr. Ford's Page this week discusses the industrial value of leisure as a factor in increasing the consumption of commodities.

*I see a thing and I report it!* This is Sinclair Lewis' secret formula for the writing of successful novels. He is a reporter by instinct, by training. That is all. But it is hard work, this transcribing of what one sees and hears and thinks. The thrill of success is largely counterbalanced by the struggle, the strain, yes the poverty, that go before. Dr. Stidger gives us another intimate account of the author of *Main Street*. (p. 2)

The gold that was Captain Kidd's—does it form the basis for the vast Astor fortune of today? An eminent authority on history declares that it does! Old records and old books tell of interesting dealings between John Jacob Astor, the fur trader, and one Jacques Cartier, who dwelled on Deer Island off the coast of Maine and whose pockets were always well filled with gold. (p. 8)

. Few men of the nineteenth century were read as widely as William Holmes McGuffey, who wrote such things as: "Here is a lit-tle boy. He has a new slate, given him by his fa-ther." Familiar? The words surely should be, for they are from the *New Second Eclectic Reader*, which you probably studied as a child. This is an engrossing story about Dr. McGuffey, compiler of the famous textbooks. (p. 16)

The storm of scandal long hovering over the Treasury Department has at last broken! Startling disclosures are made by the Congressional Committee which has been investigating the Bureau of Internal Revenue. Secrecy has enveloped most of the income tax rulings. Millions in taxes have been refunded or rebated *to corporations*. But there has been no rebate *to the farmer*! (p. 3)

Old? Why you're not old! Many of the greatest accomplishments the world has known have been done by men past the proverbial threescore years and ten. Don't mope about, thinking how *useless* you are; make yourself *useful!* Get a new interest in life—and stay young. This article tells you how. (p. 12)

And what is more natural than that a few vacation hours be utilized for the instruction of our children in religious matters? The disintegration of the home, the growing disregard for law, may be attributed directly to the lack of proper spiritual and moral training for the youth of the nation. Dr. Krumbine, originator of the famed Dayton Plan, gives an inspiring account of the purposes and results of the movement. (p. 21)

The Dawn City of America! Surely it is a phrase to fire the imagination. Twenty centuries ago in the heart of what is now the Nevada desert there lived a race that constructed houses (possibly the first on the continent) and built a city, six miles in length and one in width. It is a fascinating story, this of *Pueblo Perdido*—the Lost City. (p. 6)

## CONTENTS

How I Write and Why I Write—Sinclair Lewis 2
*William L. Stidger*
Government Loses Tax Millions - - - - - 3
*Charles B. Brewer*
Is a Movie Renaissance Possible?—*A. R. Pinci* 5
Perhaps the First of American Cities - - - 6
*John Sloan*
Is Astor Fortune Founded on Captain Kidd's Gold?—*H. H. Dunn* - - - - - - - 8
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
Reach Out for New Interests—*Mary E. Bayley* 12
The Last Days of William Jennings Bryan - 14
*James Schermerhorn*
The Grand Old Man of the Little Red Schoolhouse—*Benjamin Colby* - - - 16
When the Maple Sap Is Running - - - - - 20
Giving Back the Bible to Our Children - - - 21
*Dr. Miles H. Krumbine*
A Dance a Week—Money Musk, Pop Goes the Weasel, St. Patrick's Day in the Morning 28
An Olden Quilting Party—*Garetta H. Pierce* - 32

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer; C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

The poorest movies often make the most money. Why? Because the public apparently likes to be misled by lurid titles and equivocal films. Producers, realizing this, cater to crass ignorance and to vanity. Reform within the picture industry itself seems distant. Organized effort on the part of the patrons is needed. (p. 5)

Why did Bryan oppose the Darwinian theory of evolution so vigorously? Why did he brave the storm of sarcasm and ridicule that was bound to result? His enemies accused him of seizing the issue to keep himself in the limelight, but this accusation was hardly fair or just. Rather, some inner monitor always was urging him forward, Mr. Schermerhorn declares in the last installment of his lucid, interpretive articles on the Commoner. (p. 14)

In these days of airplanes and radio, of automobiles and motion pictures, it is well to pause once in a while in remembrance of another age when life was more leisurely and more neighborly—the age of "bees." They were truly American, these "bees," when men and women gathered from miles around to share their pleasures and their harder tasks. Here is a delightful tale of an old-time quilting bee. (p. 32)

Sun shining on the bare limbs of forest trees. Snow in patches under the evergreens. The chattering of squirrels punctuated by the staccato drumming of the downy woodpecker. The drip, drip of maple sap falling in buckets. And the sweet odor of the boiling syrup! If you would feel the thrill of the sugar camp, read this story of spring in the north woods. (p. 20)

It is a rare treat we have for our readers: a new tale by Charles J. Finger. It deals with Magellan and his trip around the world—*The Voyage of the Victoria*. Many new things are related: how a firm of keen merchants and not the King of Spain financed the trip; the fanaticism of Magellan, who had little of human kindness; the part that Barthema played. The first chapter will appear in an early issue.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.50 A YEAR in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year. Single copy, ten cents.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

# How I Write and Why I Write

## Sinclair Lewis Talks of His Methods in the Making of Some of His Books

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER



"WHAT few people understand about an author's life, even a man who writes a successful novel," said Sinclair Lewis one evening as we sat by the wood fire, swapping opinions, "is that period in the novelist's life which is filled with poverty, struggle and strain, before the highly successful novel puts him in that greatly desired position where he can thumb his nose at the world.

"Neither do they understand that period of unutterable depression which follows immediately the strain of writing a novel.

"I thought of *Main Street* for fifteen years. It came to me in my junior year at Yale, during a vacation back in Sauk Center. It was a tedious vacation. I had gone duck hunting, prairie chicken hunting. I had mowed the lawn. I had gone to the soda fountain. I had taken in the usual parties, if there were any. I was bored. Then I got to studying. The idea of the book came to me.

"First I wanted to call it *The Village Virus*. It was my original intention to picture a young lawyer settling in this little town, with high ambitions and ideals. Then after a few years he is going about the village with a two days' beard, and dirty linen; often with his coat off and his suspenders flapping. Then, before he knows it, the Village Virus has got him.

"That was originally to be the name of *Main Street*. I am glad that somebody saved the book from that name.

"The years, after the conception of the idea of the book, sped on. I did a lot of newspaper work. I was an editor, a publisher's reader, and an advertising man. I traveled, and got married, and all the time that Village Virus was working around inside until September of 1919. Between September of 1919 and October of 1920 I wrote the idea into a book called *Main Street*."

"Had you written other books in the meantime?"

"Several. But all of the time I was brooding over that Village Virus idea," said Sinclair Lewis.

"How did you actually write it?"

"I said to Gracie, my wife, 'The time for *Main Street* has come. It's now or never! If I write it I am going to offend some of the editors who have been accepting my short stories. The book will make me a world of enemies. It will not sell more than fifteen thousand, if it even sells that.' "

"You didn't expect it to sell very well, then?"

"I certainly didn't. None of us expected it to sell, not even Mr. Harcourt, the publisher.

"But Gracie was a good sport and agreed that I should go ahead. We had the baby, Wells (named for H. G. Wells), and a few thousand dollars which we had saved from my short stories. It took, as I have said, nearly a year to write the book. When I got through I was broke.

I had to borrow five hundred dollars from my doctor father out in Main Street, Minnesota. He sent it. He didn't even say, 'There I told you so. Why don't you quit the writing game and do something practical, something that will make you a living?' No, he just sent the check without a word of either advice, regrets, or caution. I love him for that. Then I had to borrow another five hundred. The book was not going. I was tired out physically.

I was sapped. I was blue. I wrote a story for *The Saturday Evening Post*. It was no good and Lorimer sent it back. That made it worse. I thought that I was through with the writing game, I felt as if I was no good and could never do another piece of work. You see I had worked night and day for at least eight months. It usually takes me two years to write a novel. I did this one in eight months. I'll never drive myself that way again.

"I sent the rejected story to *Harper's* and they bought it—God bless 'em. They saved my courage and they kept me out of jail! I wrote another and both the *Post* and *Harper's* turned it down. It went out four times and finally landed. I was desperate. I was broke again, for my borrowed thousand didn't last long in New York City. The book had not, as yet, begun to sell in any unusual way.

"Such periods of depression in the life of a writer seldom interest people. They think that a successful author's life is all a bed of roses. They think of him as riding in limousines all his days, from infancy on. They see him jaunting about with chauffeurs, butlers, haughty maids, drinking champagne and doing society. They never think of him as a hard-working craftsman with a wife and child to support.

"Then *Main Street* began to go and the problems were partly solved. No, not entirely, for there was the next novel to think about, and to wonder about—to wonder whether one could ever write another, and, if so, could one keep even his present standard up—but all of it hazy and uncertain."

"Just what gave *Main Street* its phenomenal sale?" I asked Mr. Lewis, feeling that this was a question that all of us embryo Main Street authors would like to ask.

"I have a theory which I think is correct. You see, we had just been in the war. Thousands of our Main Street boys had been away for the first time from Main Street. In fact they had gone clear to France and England. Much to their surprise they found the French, instead of being a lot of 'frogs,' were educated and cultured. They found English 'Tommies' who were Oxonians and read Greek in the mud holes. That gave the Main Street boy a great deal of respect for the 'Tommy.' That boy learned that there was a world that Main Street didn't realize existed. He became humble. He became introspective and self-critical. He was willing to admit

(Concluded on page 25)

# Government Loses Tax Millions

## Some of the Facts Disclosed by the Select Committee's Report to Congress

By CHARLES B. BREWER

An astounding report has been returned to Congress by the Select Committee, which was authorized in March, 1924, to investigate the Bureau of Internal Revenue. The work was threefold, comprising: (1) The administration of the prohibition laws; (2) a statistical investigation to ascertain the cause of the marked year-to-year variation in taxable income; and (3) the administration of the income and estates tax. The Committee declares:

"There has been *gross discrimination* in arbitrarily allowing amortization for reduced postwar cost of replacement in some cases and in denying it in others similarly situated . . .

"Mr. Greenidge (head of the engineering division of the Income Tax Unit) appears to be *ill informed* as to the work under his jurisdiction, *incompetent*, and *generally unfit* for any position in the Government service requiring the exercise of engineering ability and sound discretion.

"There appears to be a growing tendency by authorities superior to the appraisal section chiefs to make a production record *regardless of principle* and to give *persistent and influential taxpayers* anything required to reach a settlement . . .

"All amortization allowances exceeding $500,000 have been reviewed by the Committee's staff *and improper allowances in this class alone appear to amount to $210,665,360.40. The tax on about two-thirds of this amount can be saved to the Government by prompt action of Congress.*" (The above italics are ours.)

MOST of the abuses which occur in tax matters are made possible by the deep secrecy which covers all tax actions. Whose purpose does secrecy serve?

The Senate Committee investigating tax matters showed that *secrecy as to names and amounts was inconsequential* as compared with *other forms which secrecy has taken.* The report of this Committee showed:

a. That five-sixths of the 20,311 rulings applicable to income taxes are kept secret; (pp. 7 & 237)*

b. That rulings settling cases were unavailable as precedents even to those who should apply them;

c. That gross discrimination in applying principles differently to similar cases was prevalent; (pp. 7 & 144)

d. That failure of taxpayers to claim what was rightfully their exemptions followed; (p. 7)

e. That taxpayers were thus forced to engage former employes of the Department to get what the law intended should naturally be every citizen's right; (p. 237)

f. That the effect was to place a premium on the services of ex-employes who artificially profited thereby; (p. 7)

g. That the filing of claims, which grew between March, 1924, to March, 1925, from over 93,000 to over 254,000, was another of the inevitable results. (p. 239)

***Importance of Accuracy in Tax Data***

If precise information ever was necessary to people or firms whose financial interests are vitally affected, it is on income tax requirements. There is scarcely a subject, however, upon which there is a greater diversity of opinion. In what is probably as intricate a piece of legislation as was ever enacted and as to which there was a crying need from the public for advice, it is found that dissimilarity of interpretation seems to have been the rule. Forming, as it does, an important part of the greatest financial undertaking in the history of the world, a slight difference in interpretation of a single item in a single account often means millions of dollars. Who passes on such questions? The report says:

"Discretionary power vested in the Commissioner is actually exercised by division heads . . . governed by no adequate rules or instructions" (p. 6) with "almost unlimited discretion to be secretly exercised." (p. 8)

What happens may be seen by following a single subject—amortization; which means, briefly, plant and equipment added for war purposes after April 6, 1917, the usefulness of which ended or was diminished when the war ended and for which the law permitted a decrease in tax. Actual cases of interpretations at different times show:

| | |
|---|---|
| *One account,* | |
| Originally claimed | $ 659,000.00 |
| Finally claimed | 10,924,025.52 |
| Finally allowed | 8,912,879.00 |
| *Another account,* | |
| Originally claimed in 1919 | $ 6,852,697.36 |
| Claimed after November, 1921 | 18,268,435.82 |
| Finally allowed | 15,589,614.39 |

The totals of all accounts listed (which includes those above a half-million dollars only) show these are not exceptions.

The total originally claimed was $331,527,046.18.

The total finally allowed was $425,-921,945.92. (pp. 176-179)

***Deductions Allowed For Amortization***

Yet the Senate Committee reported that $117,-000,000.00 of this *was outlawed* (p. 183) and "improper allowances in this class alone appear to amount to $210,665,360.40" (p. 4) and, also that "There has been *gross discrimination* in arbitrarily allowing amortization for reduced postwar cost of replacement *in some cases and denying it in others similarly situated*" (italics are ours). (p. 5) That is the charge: *different* rulings on the *same* things.

Though the law provides for a "reasonable" deduction to be allowed for amortization and the Treasury has to decide what *is* reasonable, yet such was the passion for secrecy that on this subject the report states:

"*The Solicitors' ruling in this case, published on October 26, 1925, . . . constitutes the first official statement of the principles which are to govern the determination of amortization allowances ever promulgated by the Bureau of Internal Revenue.*" (*p. 150*) (Italics per report.)

And, more to the point, the Committee stated that this date of October 26, 1925, was:

"*A year and eight months after the close of the period within which amortization allowances could be re-determined.*" (*p. 150*) (Italics per report.)

This secrecy does not concern income tax *returns.*

It concerns the *rules* by which returns must be judged.

This is not a matter of divulging private affairs. It is natural that even those with nothing to conceal should shrink from indiscriminate publication of their private affairs such as the law is written to protect. But it is impossible to conceive what legitimate reason should exist for so withholding from those persons and firms *the rules which will determine how deeply they must dig into their pockets.* The people pay this tax. It is their sovereign right to know how much they must pay and that all shall be treated alike.

***Why Are Rules Withheld From Taxpayers?***

---

*The minority report states 4,500 rulings were published. This would mean only ¾ were secret. It adds:

"The bulletins in which rulings are published have contained for the last two years a statement on their covers as follows:

" 'No unpublished ruling or decision will be cited or relied upon by any officer or employe of the Bureau of Internal Revenue as a precedent in the disposition of other cases.'

"Surely everything possible has been done by the bureau to insure the publication of rulings and *to prohibit the settlement of cases in accordance with any ruling not published.*" (*Minority Report p. 20, Cong. Record, 2-6-26, p. 3122.*)

Just what this means except to emphasize how secrecy and not discrimination was encouraged is not clear.

Here are instances of dissimilar treatment of similar cases. On pages 185-189 of the Senate report it is stated:

For one firm, $9,913,841.86 tax and *penalty for fraud* was compromised for $2,631,381.81. (p. 185)

For another firm, $1,546,341.03 *another penalty for fraud* was compromised for $310,000.00. (p. 189)

For another $1,888,828.29 *another penalty for fraud* was compromised for $100,000.00. (p. 192)

Information as to the first reached the Treasury through an anonymous communication and led to the discovery (p. 185) by checking of accounts. As to this matter the Committee further states:

> "Notwithstanding the fact that this tax was assessed upon *fraudulently concealed* income, it was compromised upon the taxpayer's *unverified* statement as to his ability to pay," (p. 187) (Italics are ours.)

***Ninety Per Cent of Penalties Are Compromised***

and further shows whether or not the "unverified statement" was correct by adding:

> "the stockholders were left with a property which had a market value of $4,113,730.50 at the time the compromise was effected and which now has a market value of $16,303,544.25." (p. 190) . . .
>
> "Deliberately compromising taxes for less than can be collected is an abuse of discretion . . . This, the Attorney-General has said, the commissioner is not authorized to do," (p. 190)

yet, "*Ninety per cent of the fraud penalties are compromised,*" says the report. (p. 192)

In addition to the "refunds" of $151,000,000.00 *allowed* in 1925 and recently published, the total refunds (says the report, page 193) amounted to $459,090,825.49 from beginning of fiscal year 1921 to April 30, 1925, and there are many other "*credits,*" "*abatements*" and "*allowances*" *for amortization* and *for invested capital and so forth* where discretion must be applied which do not enter into these figures because of settlement before such amounts are arrived at.

A taxpayer, therefore, when told by the Senate Committee that the huge sum of $459,090,825.49 has been "refunded" has an idea of the amount of discretion which may be applied in such matters though it is a small measure of such discretion when the full report is studied. It is many times the size, however, of such measure as would be guessed at from a perusal of the annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury. In this refunds are referred to as follows:

***Refunding of Taxes Illegally Collected***

> "In the foregoing statement of receipts no deductions have been made on account of refunds, which for the fiscal year 1923 were as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Refunded taxes illegally collected, claims prior to July 1, 1920 | $71,980,947.24 |
| Refunded taxes illegally collected, 1921 | 34 502,757.76 |
| Refunded taxes illegally collected, 1922 | 14,784,563.07 |
| Refunded taxes illegally collected, 1923 | 2,724,552.87 |
| Total refunds | 123,992,820.94" |

(*Secretary of Treas'y Report for 1923, p. 431*)

It is to be hoped that any taxpayer who derived satisfaction in December, 1923, from being told that so many old debts for "1923," "1922," "1921" and "claims prior to July 1, 1920," had been paid off, did not see the next year's report of the Secretary for there he would have seen:

> "In the foregoing statement of receipts no deductions have been made on account of refunds, which for the fiscal year 1924 were as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Refunding taxes illegally collected, 1920 and prior years | $29,244,233.15 |
| Refunding taxes illegally collected, 1921 | 11,854,300.19 |
| Refunding taxes illegally collected, 1922 | 7,772,246.91 |
| Refunding taxes illegally collected, 1923 | 4,476,790.98 |
| Refunding taxes illegally collected, 1924 and prior years | 83,658,654.42 |
| Total refunds | 137,006,225.65" |

(*Secretary of Treas'y Report for 1924, p. 237*)

Information is lacking as to difference in meaning of years *prior* to 1924 as *tabulated* and "1924 and *prior years*" and as to the necessity for refunds in "1920 and *prior years*" and also refunds in "1924 and *prior years*" since all *prior* years are given. If, however, the taxpayer saw the two reports and had his satisfaction changed to disappointment, his disappointment was doubtless changed to concern last December when another report was as follows:

> "In the foregoing statement of receipts no deductions have been made on account of refunds, which during the fiscal year 1925 were made from the following appropriations:

| | |
|---|---|
| Refunding taxes illegally collected, claims accrued prior to July 1, 1920 | 452,934.42 |
| Refunding taxes illegally collected, 1924 and prior years (2) | 49,209,535.60 |
| Refunding taxes illegally collected, 1925 and prior years | 11,945,475.98 |
| Refunding taxes illegally collected, 1926 and prior years | 90,301,391.33 |
| Total | 151,909,337.33" |

"(2) Includes $17,777,642.45 refunded as a 25% reduction under provision of section 1200, revenue act of 1924."

(*Secretary of Treas'y Report for 1925, pp. 375, 376*)

The Senate Committee must be correct in the statement that from March, 1924, to March, 1925, progress in a backward direction was shown by an increase in "Returns five years old or older" from 29,576 in 1924 to 31,669 in 1925 and in "Returns three years old" from 93,955 to 254,352 in the same year. (p. 239) The same Senate Committee also stated, "The unsatisfactory conditions developed by this investigation are the inevitable result of delegation of almost *unlimited discretion to be secretly exercised.*" (p. 238) (The italics are ours.) The Committee also expressed the opinion that but few of the "unsound settlements" would have been made "*if it were not for the belief that they would never become public.*" (Again our italics.)

***Publicity Would Have Armed the Farmer***

*Publicity Would Have Armed the Farmer and Others With Valuable Information Seemingly Unknown Even to the Solicitor.*

It has been remarked above that "amortization" formed an allowance for plant and equipment acquired for war purposes. "Whether *land* is a proper subject for amortization under this act may be a debatable subject," said the Committee. (p. 145) The Committee report stated, however (p. 144), "When asked if amortization *could be* applied to land, Mr. Gregg, solicitor for the bureau, answered as follows:

" 'No, sir; we have ruled specifically that it does not apply to land (p. 3185).' " The report then gives the names of five (5) firms where it was "*admitted* before the Committee *that it had been applied to land* and gives the names of sixteen large corporations *where it had also been applied* and these were named as a limited class where such allowance was over $500,000 in each case. (p. 144)

The question *was* ruled on, as remarked by the solicitor, but it was *not consistently ruled on* as he stated it was; for the Committee report states "numerous cases are noted where amortization on land is *denied*," notably in the case of a large concern where it was denied although the *appraisal showed evidence of a loss.* (p. 145)

***There Was No Rebate to the Farmer***

The report referred to this inconsistency of ruling as "the worst kind of discrimination" and added:

> "Millions of dollars have been lost by farmers who purchased lands at inflated war values, but, with the exception of two large sugar companies, no allowances upon farm land have come to the attention of the Committee's staff." (p. 145)

There was no rebate to the farmer.

The importance of such allowances is shown by a tabulation aggregating a value of $425,921,945.92 of such as were examined by the Committee's staff. (p. 146) Over $65,000,000 of *one* class, says the report, were " 'purely tentative' and inaccurate" (p. 148) and though the basis of every large allowance theretofore made was condemned by the first authoritative ruling on *another* class, no redetermination was ever attempted—not even for the case ruled on. In fact, the period for redetermination was allowed to expire before the ruling was published. (p. 149)

In one of these cases the Committee's staff took exception to items which involved a (*Concluded on page 23*)

# Is a Movie Renaissance Possible?

## It Is, if Movie Patrons Move all Together

By A. R. PINCI

WHEN one of several DEARBORN INDEPENDENT readers, who have been good enough to write me their comments about the present-day motion picture situation, which recently appeared in these columns, pointedly requests a remedy for what he terms "the present (movie) unpromising plight," the inference is natural that the problem is not exclusive with the writer. Inasmuch as the reader who takes the trouble to write to editor or contributor often represents thousands of other readers who feel more or less the same way about it, the communications I received would indicate that I have spoken for an inarticulate but nevertheless intelligent and interested group. That this is so is proved by the fact that my correspondents have agreed with me.

One communication most difficult to answer calls forth additional observations. Its writer is Roscoe Carpenter, vice-president of the Twentieth Century Motion Picture and Dramatic Clubs, Incorporated, with national headquarters in Indianapolis. After saying that he believes all that the articles said, Mr. Carpenter adds in part:

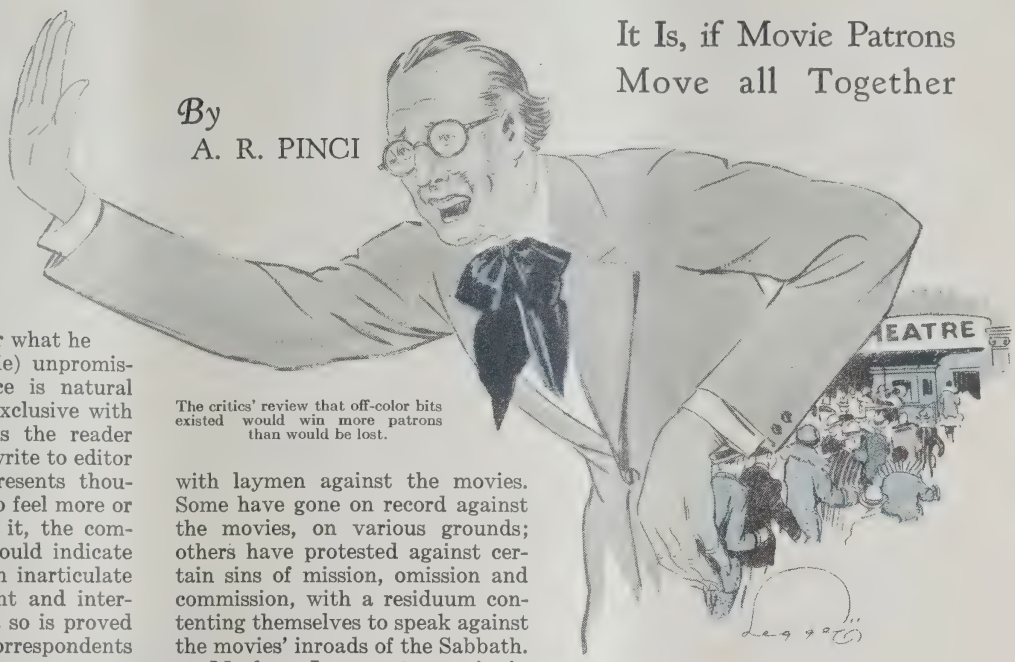
"I am left to wonder if anyone who calls attention to this fact has in mind an intelligent and tangible remedy. The thing that is of moment importance to me is a remedy for such a condition. The present producers and distributors of motion pictures no doubt have a reason and purpose in exploiting such pictures. It may be merely money, but in many instances, I am inclined to believe it is more than money."

***The Remedy Exists Collectively***

Mr. Carpenter, in his official rôle, requests information about a remedy, if such exists, and even hopes that the writer is "in position to do something to cause motion pictures to become the great medium for teaching and inspiring the people."

Since the briefest answer is the best, be it said here and now that the remedy is not in the possession of any one person or group of persons. It exists, but it exists collectively, through the majority of the motion picture adherents, if and when they act together. In other words, while we admit its existence, we must dismiss its practicability. Keeping the majority of the American movie-going public herded together long enough to effect a corrective strike or boycott is impossible.

Occasionally churchmen have joined with laymen against the movies. Some have gone on record against the movies, on various grounds; others have protested against certain sins of mission, omission and commission, with a residuum contenting themselves to speak against the movies' inroads of the Sabbath.




The critics' review that off-color bits existed would win more patrons than would be lost.

Much as I regret to say it, in my experience I have found that the average churchman's objection is dryly dismissed on suspicion of its sometimes assumed but sometimes ultraobvious selfish motive. When the average churchman berates the movies or moviedom, the reaction in most cases is, vernacularly, "that somebody is always taking the joy outa life." And if churchmen, who have the advantage of addressing simultaneously their parishioners, fail to convince the latter of moviedom's shortcomings, what chance is there for any one else to do so?

The newspapers?

The newspapers have their responsibility to the public, of course, but their influence is not so absolute that they could do anything about the matter. If the public hits upon a remedy against ridiculous and sensational supermoviedom the newspapers will propagate it, so long as it is news. Newspapers could begin tomorrow to reproach the motion picture industry for its chief product, but would that keep patrons away from their favorite movie houses, hero or heroine, or title? "The Fourth Estate," in this instance, is no match for the fifth, if it is true that our movies have become the people's fifth estate.

***Where the "Fourth Estate" Falls Down***

Editors are to blame in many cases, however, where they have established the so-called movie criticisms. Few newspapers indeed make any pretense to criticize the first releases as they come to town. There is a distinction, of course, between "reviewers" and "critics," and a review is not a criticism. Of the critics who criticize the movies professionally, not one in a hundred is competent to do the job reasonably well. If he or she is, none except a very rich newspaper could afford to pay for such service. A few magazines, like *Life*, *Judge*, and *The New Yorker*, are contributing some outstanding analyses week in and week out, but what does the average moviegoer care about them?

It will be remembered that *Life*, a dozen or so years ago, found that the reviewing privilege was denied to Metcalfe because he really critized. Producers and others went out of their way to prevent the publication from even buying seats after the reviewer's seating privilege had been suspended. The rumpus went through the New York courts. Nevertheless, the bad and rotten shows kept on appearing; the only effective test was the box office.

***Bad and Rotten Shows Kept on Appearing***

Unlike any other nation in the world, the United States has no love for the critic, no matter what may be under criticism. Multitudinous reasons render American groups oversensitive to it and they resent it; all the more if it is called for. If magazines and newspapers fail to be aggressive in this field it does not mean that business reasons are the cause. If readers did not object, it would not affect the income or standing of any periodical to be freely critical. So long as most readers will not grant the editor the right to denude fraud and bunk—a right which the reader exercises individually without restraint—the press cannot and will not be useful in the matter.

(Concluded on page 27)




Situation of one of several communal houses excavated in the "Pueblo Grande" in Nevada. This house stood on a mesa between a one-time river and a row of hills. It had three fire-holes for cooking and several outbuildings. Numerals indicate the order in which rooms were excavated. Work conducted by Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation.

# Perhaps the First of American Cities

## A Long-Lost Pueblo of Nevada Where Americans May Have First Built Houses

By JOHN SLOAN

THINLY covered by shifting sands and rolling fragments of rock, the ruins of a city about six miles long by one mile wide are being excavated on the eastern bank of the Muddy River, in Southern Nevada. Investigations so far carried on—and being continued—indicate that this is the oldest city in America north of Mexico. It is quite within the realm of possibility that it is the first of all cities built in the New World, though there are ruins in what was once the Maya Empire, in far Southern Mexico, which may have antedated this community buried in the barren desert of the West.

Here in this valley, at least two thousand years ago, lived a people who had learned to make pottery, round it and paint it; to raise corn and squashes and cotton; to weave cloth from that cotton; to make vegetable dyes and color their cotton cloth; and, possibly most important of all, *to build houses of more than one room.* From it went southward those still-living tribes known as the Pueblo Indians, whose ancestors, in this *Pueblo Perdido de Nevada*—literally, "the lost city of the land of snow"—had learned how to construct permanent homes, and had begun to appreciate that the gathering together of a tribe in one settlement produced not only greater safety, but greater advancement in comfort, and greater security of food supply.

Perhaps, from this Mother City went southward the remote ancestors of the Maya, who became, between 1000 B. C. and A. D. 600, the Greeks of the New World. Perhaps, in this long-lost pueblo of Nevada was evolved for the first time in the Americas the art of house-building, crude at the beginning, but to be developed later into the communal homes of the Mòki and the Hopi and the other Pueblo tribes, and, possibly, into the palaces of Chichen-Itza and Palenque and Mitla. These things we do not know, but it is certain that this Lost City of Nevada was built and flourished and fell to ruin long before men had built similar towns in any other part of what in now the United States. Without much doubt, this settlement antedates by hundreds of years the mysterious cliff dwellings and the interesting clay and stone communal houses of New Mexico and Arizona.

The Nevada ruin which stretches along the east bank of the Muddy River, from a point opposite the Mormon town of St. Thomas to Overton, has been known to prospectors, Indians and farmers in this section for many years, but it was not until the summer of 1924 that a detailed description of the surface appearance of the low walls, shards of pottery, and external evidences of graves was given to Governor J. G. Scrugham, of Nevada, by John and Fay Perkins, brothers, prospectors in the Muddy River region. The governor reported the discoveries to the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, and M. R. Harrington, archeologist of that institution, led an expedition to the excavation the *Pueblo Perdido* in the late autun of 1924. The results have been a tounding, second only in importance American archeology and ethnology those discoveries made by the Dohe Expedition to Hava Supai Cañ Arizona, last winter, described in the columns a short time ago. The wo of exploration was suspended duri the summer months, but it is believ that only the surface has be scratched, and that more valuable d coveries than any yet made will rewa the investigators.

So far, about fifty houses have be excavated, out of hundreds in the ar of six square miles covered by the cit Ruins of many more structures we destroyed by cultivation by presen day farmers outside the present limi of the Lost City, so that at one time probably covered an area of not le than ten or twelve square miles co parable with a community of 30,000 40,000 inhabitants today. Houses the Lost City, however, are not clo together, as in a modern city, but a scattered, so that this community pro ably never held more than eight or t thousand persons in its most populo and prosperous days. The houses ran from one or two rooms to one of twent one rooms, all one story, built of cru bricks of sun-dried mud, possibly t earliest form of the adobe still used b the poorer classes of Mexico in buildi their homes. During the twenty ce turies or more that have elapsed sin the Lost City fell to ruin, these wal

have been eroded and washed away, until nothing remains to mark each house but a pile of mud, mixed with rocks. A few fragments of walls, preserved beneath drifted sand, remain standing, but these are exceptions.

More interesting than these walled houses, however, are the pit-houses, found in certain sections of the *Pueblo Perdido*, and in themselves showing the great age of the ruin. Among the earliest habitations of man in Asia—whence it is believed that man came to the Americas by way of Bering Strait—are pits dug in the ground, and roofed over with brush and sticks built into the shape of an inverted V, or a half-circle. Houses of this kind have been found in the Lost City. In other words, in this one primitive community have been found not only the earliest type of *constructed* habitations of man, but also the second and third steps in house-building, the second being the erection of four joined walls to the height of a man's head, and the third the putting together of two rooms so that one wall forms a partition between them. These factors in house construction had been known for centuries when the Pueblos built their communal cities in New Mexico and Arizona, and quite apparently the ancestors of these Pueblos developed these methods in *El Pueblo Perdido de Nevada.*

The pit-houses are worth a moment's consideration. As excavated in this dawn-city of America, they consisted of oval pits dug to a depth of two or three feet, eight to ten feet long and six to eight feet in their greatest width. They were floored with adobe and the sides of the pit smoothly walled with the same material. From the ground upward, the sides and roof of these most primitive of permanent houses were made of wattled brush, crude matting, or small saplings stood close together for walls, and laid similarly closely for the roof, not unlike the *ramadas*, or brush inclosures, set up as shaded places of rest near the adobe houses of present-day Mexican Indians. That these pit-dwellings in the Lost City had no permanent walls is indicated by the fact that the pits so far excavated have contained no stones or fragments of baked clay, being filled with drifted sand and the brush, of course, has long since perished.



In between the pit-dwellings and the more pretentious walled and roofed houses of the *Pueblo Perdido*, appears an intermediary type of building, which starts with the pit, but has an encircling wall of adobe, or adobe and stone, apparently once roofed with brush or saplings. In these improved pit-houses, the walls have fallen into the pit, but the roofing has disappeared. Probably the development of the house of more than one room was a direct outgrowth—right here in the Lost City—of these pit-dwellings. Some prehistoric builder, erecting his own home, discovered, probably by accident, that if he placed the pits close together, and made them square-cornered instead of oval, he could use one common partition wall for two adjoining houses, and, at the same time, obtain greater solidity for both structures. From this discovery—comparable in importance with modern man's development of the skyscraper—came the single house containing a number of rooms, and, later, the two or three storied communal building of the Pueblo Indians, long after their ancestors had left the mother community of the *Pueblo Perdido.* Probably several centuries elapsed during which man in America was content with the one-story house of several rooms, before he evolved the idea of piling one story on another to obtain more house room on the same ground area—but the fact remains that his first idea of a *permanent home* in a *(Concluded on page 31)*



Circle—One of a large number of well-preserved skeletons, buried 2,000 years ago or more, with pots of food and primitive treasure, in Nevada's Lost City. Below—One house of the Lost City, showing some of the pre-Pueblo architecture and the method of excavating.



# Is Astor Fortune Founded on Captain Kidd's Gold?

## Dr. Bolton, of the University of California, Tells Strange Story of a Lonely Cave and Buried Treasure

By H. H. DUNN

MAINTAINING that history is sometimes stranger than fiction, Dr. Herbert E. Bolton, chairman of the history department of the University of California and dean of the magnificent Bancroft Library there, rises from his seat as one of the premier historians of the world to say that there is no use to hunt for the treasure of Captain Kidd, and adds that, as a matter of fact, there has been no use to hunt for it for nearly two centuries, because, away back at the end of the seventeenth century, it was found, and became the basis of the Astor fortune of today.

Ever since men became interested in the piles of gold established by other men in the New World, it has been believed that John Jacob Astor laid the foundations of his particular pile on the skins of little animals, trapped and sold for the protection and beautification of the leading ladies of the world. We have read for years of the hardships suffered by this brave and daring pursuer of pelts, apparently inspired with the sole motive that his descendants should own most of Manhattan Isle, and have plenty of time to play tennis. Comes now, however, Dr. Bolton, with an armful of proof, and a cynical smile to show us that the Astor fortune came out of an iron-bound oaken chest, filled with doubloons, pieces of eight, sets of plate and other valuable things, all looted by Captain Kidd from Dutch, Spanish, French and English merchantmen whose high prows he crossed with most influential solid shot.



"Some time ago," said Dr. Bolton, after I had climbed four flights of marble stairs to find him completely surrounded with ancient Spanish documents in the heart of the Bancroft Library, at Berkeley, "the Olmstead family came into possession of Deer Island, off the coast of Maine, by purchase from an Indian chief. Some years later, a descendant of this same family erected a summer home on this island, and there Frederic Olmstead spent the summer of 1893. He sailed, fished, and entertained his friends, as a wealthy and socially inclined man will do, and the summer would have passed as an incidental to American history had not the inquisitive Frederic found a cave on one of his rambles about the island.

"Entrance to this cave was visible only at low water; the flood tide covering its entrance, but a combination of ebb tide and Olmstead at the same point and at the same time revealed a cross, nearly the size of a man standing erect with arms outstretched, cut deeply into the outer wall of the cavern, and visible only at the lowest point of the receding waters. At the foot of this cross, Olmstead, being a man of muscle as well as of means, dug, until he came to a square pit in the stone floor of the cave beneath the layer of mud and sand put there by the sea. Marks made by the heads of bolts and by iron-bound corners showed that a tight-fitting chest once had been driven into this rectangular bed, which apparently had been carved a trifle too small for the box it was intended to receive.

"His interest aroused, Olmstead turned to the historic documents concerning Deer Island, and found from them that more than 90 years before, one Jacques Cartier, a trapper and hunter, had lived on the island; that he periodically visited the settlements of the mainland, his pockets well filled with gold, which he soon exchanged for the strongest liquid refreshment the times and the taverns could supply.

"When Cartier had reached a certain point in his celebrations, he invariably attempted to purchase either all of Deer Island, or that part of it on which his cabin and this cave were located. Eventually, he succeeded in buying, with current gold, the latter section. The trapper, then well along in years, also let fall a few remarks which led to further questioning as to the source of his funds.

"So interesting were these remarks that some of them were written into the documents which accompanied the papers of title to the island long prior to the passage of these papers into the hands of the Olmstead family. Curiosity so aroused led Frederic and other members of the Olmstead group to the ruins of Cartier's cabin, which then remained on the island. There, in the rubbish left by the trapper, was found a scrap of paper, on which, written in cuttlefish ink, and still legible, were the words 'Absolute secrecy must be maintained—John Jacob Astor.'

"Olmstead then went to New York, with the idea that the records of the first Astor's financial transactions might throw some light on the cave, as well as on Cartier's periodic rises to prosperity. There Olm-

(Concluded on page 30)

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

THE economic value of leisure is an idea which has not found its way into the thought of industrial leaders to any great extent. While the old idea of "lost time" has departed, and it is no longer believed that reduction of the labor day from twelve hours to eight hours has decreased production, still the positive industrial value—the dollars and cents value, if you will—of leisure, is not understood.

It will be borne in mind, of course, that the statements made above regarding "lost time" mostly relate to our own country. They are by no means true of all other countries. The hours of the labor day were increased in Germany under the delusion that thus the production was being increased. It was quite possibly being decreased. With the decrease of the length of the working day in the United States an increase of production has come, because better methods of disposing of men's time were accompanied by better methods of disposing of their energy, and thus one good thing brought on another.

These angles are quite familiar. There is another angle, however, which is destined to come more and more to the fore, namely, the positive industrial value of leisure to industry because it increases consumption.

It will require no argument to show that where people work longest and with least leisure, they buy less goods. No towns were so poor as those of England where the people, from children up, worked fifteen and sixteen hours a day. They were poor because people who are thus worked become less and less valuable as workers, and therefore earn less and less, and therefore buy less and less. They were poor because people who worked such inhuman hours had no time to cultivate needs, even if they had time and money to fulfil them.

Now business is the exchange of goods, the more easily and plentifully made, the more conducive to general prosperity. And goods have their vogue only as they meet needs. And needs are filled only as they are felt. And they make themselves felt largely in leisure hours. The man who worked fifteen and sixteen hours a day desired only a corner to lie in and a hunk of food. He had no time to cultivate new needs. No industry could ever be built up by filling his needs, because he had none but the most primitive.

*THE industrial value of leisure as a promoter of the consumption of goods, and thus as a stimulant to business, has been proved. People who have more leisure must have more clothes. They must have a greater variety of food, more transportation, more service of various other kinds. If we should come to a five-day week the result would be beneficial to industry and commerce. Instead of business being slowed up because the people were "off work," it would be speeded up because they would consume more in their leisure than in their working time.*

Business has grown as a direct result of the growth of the people's margin of leisure, because it is in their leisure hours that the people's minds expand and their sense of a fuller life grows strong. Think how restricted business is in lands where men and women both work all day long, from dawn to dark, even in this present time. They have no time to let the needs of their lives be felt. They have no leisure to buy. They do not expand.

When, under the benign influences of American industry, women were released from work, and became the wives at home, the buyers for the family, how business expanded, and how the American home became enriched. We owe a great part of that to the leisure of our women, who were thus given time to sense the further needs and to go out and find the merchant or manufacturer who was supplying them. The American Wife, as household purchasing agent, has both leisure and money, and the first has been just as important as the second in the development of American business.

If we should come to a five-day week in this country, the result would be very beneficial to industry and cor merce. There would be other benefits, of course, but at present we are confining the discussion to the coldest business factors. We are seeking only to show that the interests which would naturally expect to be adversely affected by the change would be the first to benefit.

In the first place, the people who enjoyed a five-day week would consume more goods than the people who would be working a six-day week. Leisure time is a period of consumption and of the use of various utilities which are not employed when the community is at work. People who have more leisure must have more clothes. They must have greater variety of food. They must have more transportation facilities. They naturally must have more service of various kinds.

In the second place, this increased consumption would require greater production of supply than is now the case. Instead of business being slowed up because the people were "off work," it would be speeded up because the people consume more in their leisure than in their working time. This would lead to there being more work. And this to more profits. And this to more wages. The result of more leisure would be the exact opposite of what most people suppose it would be.

**"Ford Ideals," 452 pages, cloth bond, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## The World Objective

PERHAPS now that the Soviet leaders have announced in so many words that their objective is nothing less than world revolution, those who regarded that program as the fearsome dreams of over-anxious folk will take the fact with seriousness.

Nothing comes of blaming the Soviets for what they do. They are perfectly consistent in all that they do. Their creed consists in the belief that the world must be turned upside down by revolution, and all that pertains to present-day order, culture or production destroyed. Believing that, they are perfectly consistent in the means they adopt to achieve it. Their weapon is treason and violence. Their objective being world-wide, so is their propaganda. No country is free from it. It is not any longer denied even in China. South America, India and other spots on the earth are active centers of dissemination of Soviet activity.

With the facts in hand, there is no duty more incumbent than that of alertness. It is impossible that Bolshevism can get the upper hand in the United States. Indeed, in their latest statement on the progress of their aims, Soviet leaders at Moscow specify the United States, Great Britain and Japan as the three principal centers of resistance to revolutionary propaganda. The reason for this is not our superior foresightedness nor yet our more active defensiveness; it is merely that we do not offer the kind of mentality that falls in with Bolshevistic aims. In other words, we are not that kind. Neither are the Anglo-Saxons anywhere. Nor are the Chinese and the Japanese. Russia will be disillusioned regarding China.

Nevertheless it seems almost inevitable that though Bolshevism cannot conquer this country, it can trouble it. We shall not surrender, but we shall suffer. The world uprising of the communistic elements will bring difficulty everywhere—they are causing difficulty already. But the end is not at all in doubt. It is sad, however, to see nations hastening into troubles which they might lessen by decreasing their indifference to the signs of the times.

It can never be said that Russia has not plainly told the world what it is doing and what it hopes to achieve.

## Whose Ox Is Gored

CANADA has long regarded the activities of the rum-runners with remarkable complacency. Coöperation in stamping out the nefarious traffic has been noticeably lacking. Whisky designated for "Mexico" had been shipped to interior points with official sanction. The attitude of the Dominion has been one of benign tolerance. But now the shoe pinches the other foot.

Smuggling is a trade that can operate in two directions. Why should an ambitious and hard-working rum-runner make the return trip to Canada without cargo? Why not smuggle contraband into that country also? Surely a bit of logic to appeal to any active bootlegger!

And so Canada now has a smuggling scandal of her own. The Dominion, so it is said, has been defrauded of millions in excise through the secret importation of dutiable goods. Bribery and pilfering of the exchequer are charged. Rumor reaches up to embrace high government officials. An investigation is under way in parliament. And a storm of righteous indignation against the evils of smuggling sweeps the country.

---

## Clean Humor Draws the Crowds

WILLIAM HODGE came to Detroit in *The Judge's Husband*, his own play, and the theater was packed at every performance—and would have been packed for weeks had he remained in town.

Fred Stone came to town with his family and his show, and if all the theaters in Detroit could have been turned into one, Fred would have filled them all at every performance.

Ed Wynn came to town, and no one bought a ticket the week he was here—they were all sold out the week before. He left the town full of talk about the folly of bringing Ed Wynn to Detroit for only one week.

George Cohan came, and the possessors of tickets would not trade them for seats on the New York Stock Exchange—they were just that scarce.

Why? Clean shows, Al. No nasty hits, Al. None of your dirty double-meanings, Al. Straight Anglo-Saxon fun—clever, fresh, refreshing. You can tell the comedian of alien grade from our own: our own are clean, clever, frolicsome, genuine.

The Christian comedian seems to be showing the New York producers how to start a run on the box office.

### *English or Jargon?*

LIVING in an age of changes, it is not surprising that we find our language being seriously affected by new vogues. Brevity has led to slang and slang, if not checked, must eventually lead to jargon and disintegration. The English language belongs to no particular country; it is the heritage of the Anglo-Saxon race. It is the newest language. It was young and crude when Latin was old and in ornamental decay.

The power of a language is expressed in its writers. English is a vital language. It has taken the best of the other languages with which it has come in contact and discarded the frills and unessentials; it is the language of a living, growing race. It is essentially a language of deeds and enterprise. Its very terseness denotes action.

But terseness must not degenerate into illiteracy. The infusion of countless races tends toward corruption of the native tongue. Literature suffers from neologism. Vulgar writers of foreign birth or extraction think it clever to violate our rules of grammar, of usage; they discard rhetoric for gibberish. This heritage of a great language is one we should jealously guard. It is a task not for a few learned professors or compilers of dictionaries, but for the press, the stage, the rostrum, the schools and colleges. We must take care that ours does not become a language of the gutter.

### *Blather*

THE American immigration law excludes from the United States:

> Those persons who have been convicted of or admit having committed a felony or other crime or misdemeanor involving moral turpitude.

Secretary of Labor Davis heeded this clause when the Countess Cathcart blandly admitted an offense we still hold reprehensible in this country. The law—unquestionably a good one—has been on our statute books for nearly twenty years. Thousands of undesirables have been excluded under its provisions. During the past year alone 251 persons were barred, with no great hue and cry raised in their behalf. But the 252nd case became a cause.

Lady Cathcart's arrival was heralded by zealous press agents. Her exclusion was capitalized down to its last dregs. Excitable women rushed to Washington shouting "discrimination." Saffron newspapers took up the plaint.

The cause suffered somewhat when a warrant was issued for the Earl of Craven, partner of her adventure, but the little group of apologists bravely carried on.

And then suddenly a great light shone forth. The countess, it was revealed, had come to America to peddle a play she had written. The crest of the publicity wave swept past, a little muddy at the edges. But the countess smiled—she had disposed of her play at a substantial price. Her subsequent admission under a court ruling came as an anticlimax.

### *Why Let Them Out?*

THE release from an Illinois prison of a wealthy youth serving a sentence for murder, and the recent freeing in California of a notorious swindler who had victimized scores of poor people, bring forcibly to attention again the inadequacies of our present parole system. Locally these two events are held scandals; nationally they form part of the cumulative indictment against a system shot through with imperfections.

The most glaring deficiency of the system lies in the fact that practical politicians and maudlin sentimentalists seem to govern our parole boards. Prisoners for the most part have the idea that they are released either because of political "pull," or because of lachrymose exhibitions of "good behavior." There is also a fatal defect in our prison system, judged as an expiatory and restorative institution. Rehabilitation of prisoners is a splendid thing. But the system of social protection and individual reclamation is not improved by indiscriminately throwing open prison doors.

Not long ago it was estimated that murderers sentenced to life imprisonment in one of our states served an average of seven years each. By no stretch of the imagination can seven years in prison be deemed expiation for cold-blooded murder.

### *Paid For*

A RATHER worn motor car made its way down the road. Its pep belied its evident age. It had started long ago, a shiny new thing, but though it had lost its shine and newness, it was still going strong, its inmost heart untouched by the superficial tributes paid to time. Gaily it sailed along, patches of brown rust showing here and there. On wooden spokes were places bare of paint. But the sturdy chug of its engine belied its external forlornness. It came and passed, and lo! upon its broad but shabby back this legend:

"You May Laugh At Me, But I'm All Paid For."

And that rather stops the laugh. It starts people thinking on another tack. She's a shabby old bus, maybe, but she belongs to the aristocracy of independence for all that—when she's all paid for.

It is a legend that many a big important car would be proud to wear.



Sitting on nail kegs discussing politics and settling the nation's problems.

# REACH OUT FOR NEW INTERESTS

By MARY E. BAYLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLAN JOHNSON

LONGFELLOW sets forth only a few of the accomplishments of old age. For some of the world's most precious possessions have been produced by those who have reached the mark commonly known as "old age."

Cicero at the age of sixty wrote *De Senectute.*

Adam Smith, of Edinburgh, the greatest political economist of his day, when an old man wrote the book entitled, *Inquiry Into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations.* This book was responsible for England's policy of free trade and later for the adoption of a high protective tariff by America.

Losing his income, Luigi Cornaro at the age of 95 took up scientific farming and showed Venice how to reclaim and cultivate large tracts of waste land.

The great Titian, who as a child began to paint with the juices of berries, was at work on his marvelous painting—the Pieta—when at the age of 99 he was carried off by the plague that swept Europe in 1576; and the inimitable Michael Angelo was still at work with chisel and brush, when death claimed him at the age of 89. Verdi, the great composer, when long past 80 was at work in his studio. And August Rodin, the eminent sculptor, was at 80 "too young to die."

When he produced some of the greatest novels in literature, Victor Hugo was considered an old man. And William de Morgan wrote his first novel after 65.

William E. Gladstone, Premier of Great Britain, won some of his greatest triumphs when past 80, and at 82 was yet Premier.

Chevreul, the French chemist, who gave to France the dyeing process that assured to her the supremacy in the silk trade, lived to be 103. At the age of 94 he was in full charge of the Museum of Natural History in Paris. Before the New York Academy of Medicine a few years ago, ex-Senator Chauncey Depew (now nearing 90) told of being in Paris at the celebration of the 102nd anniversary of the birth of Chevreul. A gala performance was given at the opera at which Chevreul received a great ovation, which he met with enthusiasm. He did not leave his box until two in the morning. The following morning he attended a military review, in the afternoon he read a highly scientific paper, and in the evening attended a banquet at which Mr. Depew had the good fortune to be placed beside him. While they were in conversation an old man on the other side was filling his glass repeatedly and drinking to the health of everyone. This occasioned Chevreul much anxiety and Mr. Depew asked who the old gentleman was. Chevreul replied, "That is my son." Mr. Depew asked how old the boy was, and received the reply, "seventy-six."

The grand old man of American public health—Doctor Stephen Smith—(founder and first president, American Public Health Association) wrote *Who Is Insane?* when 93, and when on the verge of "attaining my century" wrote the first chapter on the history of *Public Health from 1871 to 1921.*

William Dean Howells wrote *Years of My Youth* at 77. He was presented with a gold medal about this time by the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Mr Howells lived to be well past 80.

When 84 Joseph Choate was still the recognized leader of the American Bar. From the time when he led the fight against the Tweed Ring in 1871 down to the last he was active in great affairs. He found time, however, to take honors in law and letters, and from 1899 to 1905 was ambassador at the Court of St. James, where he shone with distinction.

When 65 John Quincy Adams began his career; and this might also be said of Alexander Cassatt, the developer of the Pennsylvania Railroad system. Mr. Cassatt was well past 60. He had retired and considered himself an old man. He was a golf player. But one day there came to him on the golf course a messenger to say that he had been elected president of the Pennsylvania Railroad. With this message interest in life returned. The blood leaped to his heart. He was young again. All his life he had dreamed of a railroad in terms of engineering. The seeming impossibility of his dream ever being realized had smothered and dwarfed his potential greatness. And so he accepted on one condition: that he was to have a free hand as to engineering plans and money to finance them.

Mr. Cassatt became president and carried out the great plans he had dreamed of many years before, for the New York terminal, the elimination of grade crossings, and other improvements so radical and sweeping that only railroad men realized how much was done in the Cassatt régime.

The "Tiger" of France, M. Georges Clemenceau, is past 80, and our own "Uncle Joe" Cannon—who served the nation for 46 years as a legislator—has celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday.

Henry Holt wrote a book, *The Garrulities of an Octogenarian Editor,* when he was 82 years old. In one chapter, written at midnight, he told of having been around town in various active occupations all day.

Major George Haven Putnam, vet-

eran publisher, was 80 years of age not so long ago and in a talk with reporters told them that he liked it.

Charles W. Eliot led what used to be called a narrow life until the American people began picking out college heads as governors of states and presidents of the United States. For 40 years he was active president of Harvard University and saw it grow from a comparatively small college into one of the world's greatest institutions of learning. He became in 1909 president emeritus. Mr. Eliot's lectures and articles on social and scientific subjects are accepted as the best thought of our country.

Some years ago Chauncey Depew, the veteran of American politics, in delivering an address on "The Art of Growing Older and the Value of an Interest in Public Life," said when he was a boy seven and a half years of age his village had any number of old men and women. Every woman past fifty donned a cap which proclaimed her antiquity and wore a gray shawl which advertised the poverty of her blood. Every man retired at seventy and lounged indolently about the house or sat on a nail keg in the village grocery store and discussed the events of the day. Today one cannot find a woman wearing a cap, and indeed it is difficult to distinguish the mother from her daughter, and it is equally difficult to find an elderly man on a nail keg discussing politics.

Mr. Depew stated that he knew of nothing that had had such a tremendous effect upon the world as that utterance of David in the 90th Psalm: "The days of our years are threescore and ten, or even by reason of strength fourscore years, yet is their pride but labor and sorrow." "No one knew," he said, "how many untimely deaths this had occasioned. For this had been proclaimed from the pulpit as an inspired saying and men and women died because they believed it." In other words, the reason men and women became old more quickly in other days was because they thought about it more. It was impressed upon them that the proper thing to do was to grow old and that the proper place for a man of 80 was in bed.

In *The Garrulities of an Octogenarian Editor*, Henry Holt mentions an interesting fact along the same line regarding William M. Evarts, one of America's most brilliant lawyers. He states that Mr. Evarts, reaching the age of 80, went to bed and stayed there until his death four years later. There seemed to be nothing wrong with his body and he was apparently in good health, but he insisted that bed was the only proper place for a man after he reached 80.

There are few more interesting subjects than the question as to when age begins to touch a man and impair his powers. "After reading Ranke, Gladstone and Moltke," says Freeman, "one is inclined to place the beginning of old age in the seventies." Roger Bacon, however, claimed to be an old man at 52 and Sir Walter Scott thought himself old at 55. There is, we believe, no generalization that can be prudently applied to all. Attempts to draw a deadline have brought about many mistakes.

During the administration of Cleveland, when Morgan and Pugh represented the State of Alabama in the United States Senate, Judge Pettus, who was then turning 80, wishing to be elevated to the Federal Bench, sought the aid of his Senators. And when he went to Pugh, the Senator with some show of irritation, said:

"Why Pettus you are too old to ask for this appointment." "Maybe I am too old for the Federal judgeship," replied Pettus, "but I am young enough for the United States Senate." Mr. Pettus went out and made a rattling fight. And not only did he beat Pugh but he served for years in the Senate and made a fine record. Perhaps Pettus was an old man until Pugh stirred him up, but he then became young.

This, and the many instances of men coming back from retirement to a wonderfully active career, would seem to bear out the contention: "That if life still holds novelty for a man, he is young whenever and wherever that novelty touches him." For age, as it has been repeatedly proved, is not so much a matter of years as it is of point of view, that is to say—habit of mind.

"To know how to grow old is the masterwork of wisdom and one of the most difficult chapters in the great art of living" is a profound observation which we owe to Henri Frederick Amiel, the Swiss philosopher. From a perusal of the life of some of the "grand old men and women," it will be found that an energetic life mentally and physically is the formula they have followed as a means of achieving the masterwork. There is an old saying to the effect that many a man has achieved riches by a strict adherence to his own affairs. But like most old sayings it is true only to a certain extent. For it fails to mention that those who play this system seldom achieve anything else but riches.

That one—and especially one who has attained years—should have a wholesome interest in every phase of life—that he should know who the people are who



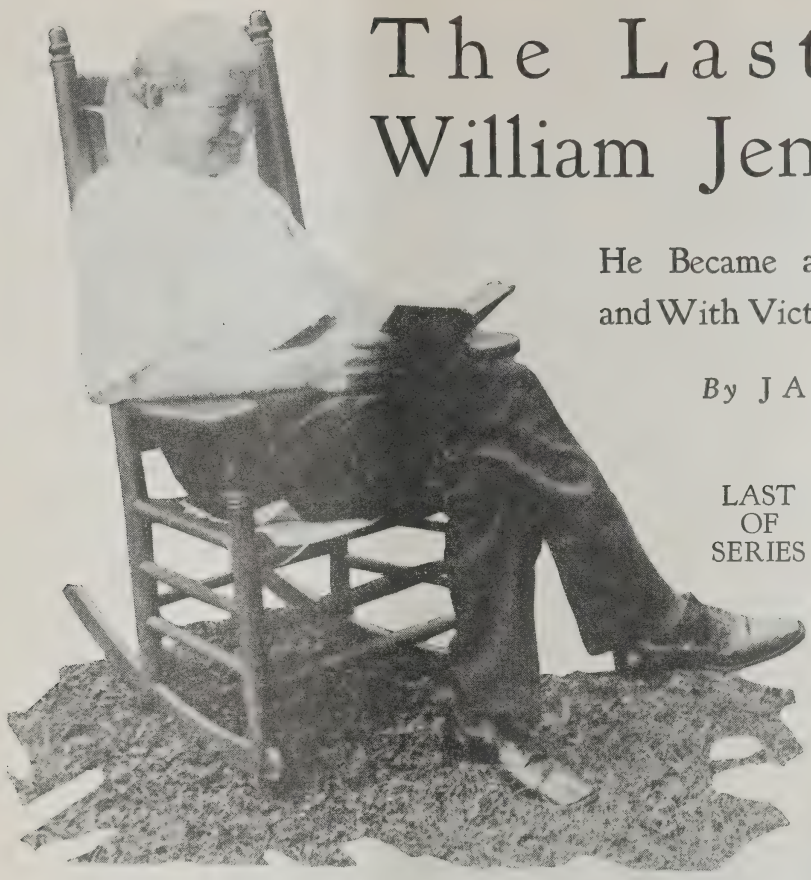
After he became seventy years of age Michael Angelo was put in charge of the construction of St. Peter's.

(*Concluded on page 19*)

# The Last Days of William Jennings Bryan

## He Became a Crusader Against Evolution and With Victory Behind Him Died in Harness

By JAMES SCHERMERHORN



LAST OF SERIES

Mr. Bryan enjoying a respite from his arduous work during the famous "evolution trial" at Dayton.

"BOYS, you'll have a better time going to hell with me than in going to heaven with Bryan!" This was Clarence Darrow's greeting to a group of lads at the courthouse door in Dayton, Tennessee. It revealed the temper of the Scopes defense; the great criminal lawyer's scoffing at the Commoner's belief in God and the angels.

His seventh Presidential campaign behind him in 1920, with victory falling to the foe, Bryan had turned at once to the last supreme issue of his unwearying career as an advocate. Perhaps it would be more fitting to say as a crusader.

From addressing himself to what he looked upon as political wrong thinking and doing, he took up in dead earnest what he condemned as scientific error and presumption touching the origin of man. He went after evolution hammer and tongs. His impatience with the Darwinian theory of the beginning of man was reflected years before in that most famous of his Chautauqua addresses, "The Prince of Peace."

"Go back as far as we may," he told his audiences, "we cannot escape from the creative act, and it is just as easy to believe that God created man as he is, as to believe that, millions of years ago, He created a germ of life and endowed it with power to develop into all that we see today."

He had urged two reasons for his disbelief in the theory that man is the co-descendant with other mammals of a common progenitor. One was that he feared we should lose the consciousness of God's presence in our daily life if we accepted the theory that through all the ages no spiritual force has touched the life of man or shaped the destiny of nations.

The other objection was that the Darwinian theory represents man as reaching his present perfection by the operation of the law of hate—the merciless law by which the strong crowd out and kill off the weak. He preferred to believe that love rather than hatred is the law of development.

"If man links himself for generations with the monkey, it then becomes an important question whether he is going toward him or coming from him—and I have seen them going in both directions," said Mr. Bryan. "I do not know of any argument that can be used to prove that man is an improved monkey that may not be used just as well to prove that monkey is a degenerate man, and the latter theory is more plausible than the former."

He was ending, as he began, a quarter of a century of agitation with a surprise issue of his own creation, and investing it with tremendous vitality.

When he came with his anti-evolution thunderbolts to the First Baptist Church of Detroit on a Sunday night early in 1921, I confess I was no keener for the latest Bryan offensive than I was for the first. It looked as if my friend had gone far afield for his intense antagonism of evolution. So I thought and what could doctrinal disputation possibly get him?

And, of course, the Bryan-baiters lost no time in saying that he had turned back the hands of the clock and that he was leveling jeremiads at imaginary traducers of Holy Writ and old-fashioned religion, to bolster waning popularity and to prolong political prestige and platform appearances.

"An issue for another try at the White House!" said the knowing ones.

"First page space in the newspapers nothing else!" leered others.

But the impression one took away from that crowded church was that of an unrecanting gospeler defending the faith against growing disbelief and materialism—another Luther crying "Here I stand; I can do no other God help me! Amen."

As I sat late with the tired fundamentalist at the Detroit Athletic Club that night, he told me that the alarming spread of atheism among students was on his heart, and he was going to the University of Michigan the next day to warn them against scientific teachings that tended toward doubt and then disbelief and Godlessness. I asked him for a copy of the speech and although it filled an entire page with what I feared was none too thrilling matter, we ran it in full the following day.

Bryan was disappointed in the size of the student audience at Ann Arbor and ordered extra copies of the paper to the amount of $100, for which he paid out of his own pocket and sent them to a representative to be delivered among the students. There was no suggestion of self-seeking in that act nor in the gratuitous plea of the night before.

It was Chicago in 1896, Madison Square Garden in 1906, Baltimore in 1912, San Francisco in 1920 over again—ready to spend and be spent for that inward monitor that would let him do no other, even though it meant delivering his body to be burned.

Yet all the time "smiling through." When the guests came late through the storm to his sixtieth anniversary dinner at the Aldine Club in New York, he

said that he could sympathize with them—he had been out in the wet and cold many times himself.

Bryan went to the country with fundamentalism. He went to the General Assemblies of the Presbyterian churches with it. He had been a member of this denomination since his conversion at the age of 14. Thrice he made the issue a test in the selection of the moderator.

*"As Great as Ever, Mr. Bryan"*

His genius for stirring up the public mind was again demonstrated. His appeals to the student bodies incited educators to strike back in defense of scientists and their purposes. Clerics of the liberal school decried from their pulpits the taking of backward steps in religion. Secular and religious newspapers got quickly into the discussion, the daily press having lost none of its asperity toward the Commoner. The "monkey in the case" was tiptop material for the fun-makers of the comics and concert stage. The song-writers seized upon the tuneful elements of the discussion. Of course, you couldn't keep hand organs and coconuts out of the picture.

The Commoner sometimes used a most effective yet unusual device for getting in right with his hearers. He would propose two or three different speeches and let them decide by show of hands which subject they would like to have. Generally the vote was indecisive, which would leave him the privilege of making the selection and smoothing the way to the theme foremost in his thoughts at this period—the upholding of the Book of Books, letter and line.

"Next to the belief in God, I would place the acceptance of the Bible as the word of God," he would say. "I need not present arguments in its support; its claims have been established; the burden of proof is upon those who reject it. Those who regard it as a man-made book should be challenged to put their theory to the test. If man made the Bible, he is, unless he has degenerated, able to make as good a book today. Let the atheists and the materialists produce a better book than ours, if they can."

One Sunday morning in Detroit he spoke in the Central Christian Church. The pastor, Dr. Edgar DeWitt Jones, a friend and admirer for 20 years, who placed him at the head of popular orators of the twentieth century, detected a marked slowing down in the Commoner's delivery. A great deal of the old fire and magnetism were lacking, he thought.

But in the afternoon the presence of a great audience keyed the famous pleader to the old-time pitch. Again there was the well-remembered rhythm to his speech, the rising and falling of sentences like the waves of the sea. "It was possible," said Dr. Jones, "to beat time to the measured phrases."

When the pastor exclaimed, "As great as ever, Mr. Bryan!" the Commoner smiled and said: "Drop a line to Mrs. Bryan and tell her so, I don't want her to think I am slipping."

So Dr. Jones let Mrs. Bryan, down in the Florida home, know that her husband still had the power of commanding the applause of listening thousands.

*Only One Yellow Peril, the Lust for Gold*

He appreciated the element of oratorical surprise which Mr. Bryan used frequently with telling effect. He had heard him in a twenty-minute speech at the World's Missionary Convention in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1910, when he captivated the audience, composed of some of the most distinguished churchmen in Christendom. Following a Chinese scholar, president of a Christian university at Nanking, Mr. Bryan began:

"We have heard much about the yellow peril, but I am here to say to you that there is only one yellow peril, and that is the lust for gold."

"The striking epigram was born of the moment," said Dr. Jones, "and it was so clever and so true that it brought the delegates to their feet in rounds of applause."

*When He Fought, and Won, His Last Fight*

Bryan's presentation of his case against the teachers of evolution to several Southern legislatures bore fruit in Tennessee, where a law was passed making it a misdemeanor to teach that man owes his origin to a lower form of life. The apprehension of young Scopes for violating this enactment in the public schools of Dayton prompted Mr. Bryan to volunteer his services without pay in the prosecution of the case.

Saying that while they were not the beneficiaries of any Florida real estate boom, they would come to Dayton and defend Scopes, Clarence Darrow and Dudley Field Malone aligned themselves on the other side of the case. This professional slur was the signal for the unfailing lampooning of Bryan.

I had dropped off at the little Tennessee town to see about joining the Bryan party on its pilgrimage to the Holy Land in February, 1926. I did not know till I reached Dayton that it was to be a congratulatory call upon the Commoner. But the calm in the somnolent streets indicated that it was all over but the pronouncing of sentence.

The court, after excluding the defense's great cloud of scientific witnesses, had adjourned over Sunday. The issue was reduced to the culpability of young Scopes in defying his employer, the State of Tennessee.

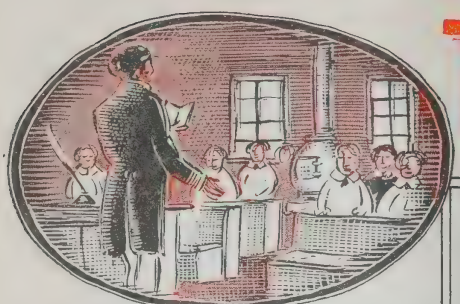
It was a happy triumphant afternoon on the Bryan porch. Delegation followed delegation in congratulatory calls. I recall distinctly what he said to a small group of newspaper friends, not for publication, but because he wanted to set them right.

He was not against science or scientists, but in all his public life he had voiced his admiration for the proved and provable principles worked out by the light-seekers on the frontiers. But the origin of species and genesis of human life in the one-cell amoeba were guesses; and in preference to the theories and speculations of biologists he would take the Bible version of the be-

(Concluded on page 26)



Mrs. Bryan, despite her position, has been little photographed. This picture was made at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bryan's daughter in Los Angeles.



# THE GRAND OLD MAN OF



Presbyterian Church at Oxford, Ohio, where Dr. William Holmes McGuffey preached to capacity congregations nearly one hundred years ago. Dr. McGuffey preached more than three thousand sermons during his life, and could repeat any sermon years afterward substantially as first given.

## Dr. William Holmes McGuffey's *Eclectic Readers* Have Molded the Characters of Many

By BENJAMIN COLBY

DRAWINGS BY W. O. FITZGERALD

Haste thee, school-boy, haste away,
Far too long has been thy stay;
Often you have tardy been,
Many a lesson you've not seen;
Haste thee, school-boy, haste away,
Far too long has been thy stay.
—*McGuffey's Third Reader.*

IF ONE sought to learn just how many schoolboy feet had been hastened by the readers from which this classic gem was taken, he would have a Herculean task. The paltry few hundred thousand copies of our "best sellers" become insignificant in comparison with the sale of these famous books of another day. The most reliable estimate, made by a man who sold them for many years and retired as general manager of the house that published them, places the total sales since 1836 at between fifty and sixty million—a record exceeded only by the Bible. When it is remembered that during the period of their greatest use schoolbooks were not obtainable so readily as today, and that sometimes they passed through many hands before their period of usefulness was over, the influence of the *Eclectic Readers*, written and compiled by Dr. William Holmes McGuffey, is seen to be really incalculable.

To that generation which we speak of as the "present" these readers form merely a faint figure of yesterday, a voice, hardly distinguishable, echoing down a musty and unexplored corridor. But to millions who conned their pages in schoolhouses from the Great Lakes to the Gulf, and eastward to the Atlantic, they are remembered as freshly and clearly as a fascinating novel that might have been closed regretfully last night.

The characters of the novel, though, may have become blurred in a sleep of eight hours, and the novel itself perhaps had been forgotten in a few months, whereas the imprint of the McGuffey Readers has been indelible. They mark an epoch of well more than half a century, when America was still half-pioneer. The songs of poets and the weighty utterances of statesmen during this time have been forgotten, but surely there is not to be found a former McGuffey pupil who cannot recite from memory—

"Oh were you ne'er a school boy
And did you never train,
And feel the swelling of the heart
You ne'er can feel again?"

So deep and lasting was the impression these books produced that former McGuffey pupils recently have been banding together in what might be termed "alumni associations"—the alumni of the Little Red Schoolhouse. In Columbus, Ohio, New York City, Indianapolis and in many other towns and cities the "McGuffeyites" have organized.

Before one can understand such a movement as this, one must know the books, themselves, the well-worn, dog-eared volumes, passed from hand to hand and becoming rarer and rarer. Here and there can be found a complete file of the readers, from the First through the Sixth. At Miami University, where William Holmes McGuffey compiled the original series of four books, in the office of a Cincinnati publishing house, and in a few other places such files exist, but they are guarded jealously, as treasures that could hardly be duplicated.

They were not merely readers as the child of today knows such textbooks. They were a combination of literary guide and moral preceptor. In addition to teaching the English language, they offered a strict moral code, in which every wrong was punished and every good act rewarded. Each story pointed its moral without sugar-coating.

Who has not heard the tale of the boy tending sheep, who twice raised the cry of "Wolf!" when there was no wolf, just to see the men come running from the village? When the wolf did come, the men who had promised to help paid heed to his shouts, and many sheep we killed. McGuffey ends this characteristically by—

"The truth itself is not believed,
From one who often has deceived."

This story is one of many that ha become familiar throughout the ent country chiefly through the distribution McGuffey's Third Reader, probably t most famous of the series. Another clas from the Third Reader is the adventu of Harry and the ghostly guidepost, wi the usual clearly expressed, didactic mo at the end.

The signpost, which arose "in dead white," held Harry at bay in the darkne for some time. Finally he conquered h fear and went up to examine it. When

# LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE





Above—McGuffey Hall, Miami University, where the work of the famous schoolmaster is carried on by training men and women in modern pedagogical methods.
Circle—Table used by Dr. William Holmes McGuffey in writing and compiling the famous *Eclectic Readers*. He built the table himself. The relic is preserved at Miami University.

ound it was only a friendly sign to direct
m homeward—

"Ah well, thought he, one thing I've
learned,
Nor shall I soon forget;
Whatever frightens me again,
I'll march straight up to it."

McGuffey began definite moral instruction with the First Reader. The mischievous boy who played ghost and made another boy insane offered an instance of the dire consequences of wrongdoing. And coward came surely to the chimney sweep who was tempted to steal a watch, but put it back. He was educated by its owner in recognition of his honesty.

The fable of the hen that tried to get her chickens to cross the brook by jumping from stone to stone came in the Second Reader. The chicks refused to make the effort and complained that she expected too much—all but one valiant, who tried and failed. His mother rewarded his pluck by giving him the first food when they returned home. In the McGuffey Readers the good always got the goods.

These moral lessons continued throughout the series, but always there was a definite advance toward maturity in each reader. In the Fourth Reader there were seventeen selections from the Bible, Bacon's Essay on "Studies," two extracts each from Milton and Shakespeare, and other selections of literary worth.

The material used in the Fifth Reader —compiled by Alexander H. McGuffey, a half-brother of William Holmes McGuffey —was taken from the great writers, historians and preachers, and contained much leading to a true appreciation of the best in the English language. Bryant's "Thanatopsis," "Hamlet's Soliloquy," "Speech of Henry the Fifth to His Troops," Patrick Henry's Speech before the Virginia Convention give an idea of the type of reading offered in this volume and in the Sixth Reader, which drew much from it.

"In these books we were indeed led by a schoolmaster, from beautiful maxims for children up to the best thoughts of a long line of sages and poets and naturalists," said an old McGuffey pupil who became a famous preacher. "There we all first learned the awful weakness of the duel that took away a Hamilton; there we saw the grandeur of the Blind Preacher of William Wirt; there we saw the emptiness of the ambition of Alexander, and there we heard even the infidel say, 'Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God.'"

If an institution is the "lengthened shadow of a man," what a remarkable man must have been William Holmes McGuffey, whose shadow, after half a century, is growing through sheer spontaneous appreciation of persons who received his teachings as part of their earliest remembrance!

He was born in Washington County, Pennsylvania, in 1800, the son of Alexander McGuffey, who had come to America at the age of six in 1774. Education was difficult to get in those days; a great public school system did not exist. Scattered "academies" lifted their impecunious heads bravely here and there in what then was the West. One of these had been built in 1802 by the Rev. Thomas Hughes, a Presbyterian clergyman, at Darlington, Pennsylvania, and was known as the "Old Stone Academy." He obtained money to build this school by traveling horseback eastward through Pennsylvania, and even to New England, soliciting.

The story is told that McGuffey's mother, on a summer day in 1818, was praying in the garden behind the McGuffey log cabin, thinking no one near, when Hughes came by on horseback. She was praying that opportunity might be afforded for the education of her children. Hughes later sought out the mother, and as a result William Holmes McGuffey entered the Old Stone Academy.

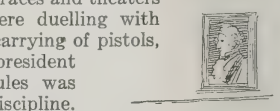
McGuffey was twenty-six years old when he graduated from Washington College, following his academy preparation. His education was obtained under conditions that would seem hard indeed to the youth of today. At the academy, where his board cost seventy-five cents a week, McGuffey lived on bread, butter and coffee for breakfast; bread, meat and sauce for dinner, and bread and milk for supper. The tuition charge was three dollars a

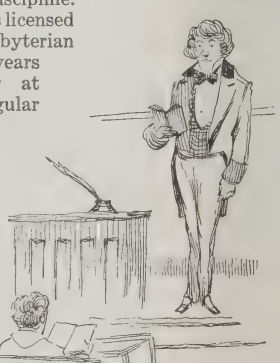
year. During the summer vacations he worked in the fields, continuing his studies and walking many miles each week to recite his lessons to a clergyman.

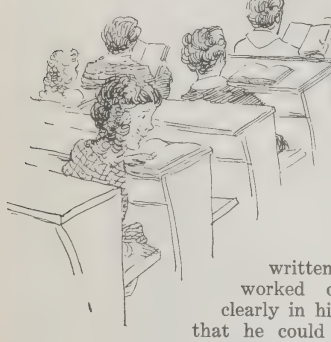
His college course was interrupted by the necessity of earning money, and during a year spent teaching school in Paris, Kentucky, he met Dr. Robert H. Bishop, president of Miami University, who was so impressed by the young man that he obtained his appointment as professor of ancient languages at Miami, March 29, 1826, even before McGuffey had received his bachelor's degree, which he got shortly thereafter.

Miami had opened its doors for collegiate instruction only two years previously, although it had been authorized by Congress in 1792 and founded by the Ohio Legislature in 1809. It was a school thoroughly in earnest, as is evidenced by the announcements of that time, which read: "Study hours, 5 to 7 a. m. and 2 to 5 p. m.; prayers, 9 a. m. and 8 p. m." The estimated expenses for the year were $93. Amusements such as attendance at balls, horse races and theaters were banned—as also were duelling with deadly weapons and the carrying of pistols, dirks and stilettos! The president who laid down these rules was criticized for his strict discipline.

Dr. McGuffey soon was licensed as a preacher in the Presbyterian church, and spent ten years teaching and preaching at Miami. He never had a regular charge, speaking in the college chapel and occupying the Oxford Presbyterian pulpit. At both places he drew capacity audiences. His sermons, never







written, were worked out so clearly in his mind that he could repeat them years later substantially as first given. He was a man of rigorous mental habits.

Here at Miami Dr. McGuffey prepared the original series of *Eclectic Readers*, the First, Second, Third and Fourth. The first two were published in 1836 and the others in 1837, by the firm of Truman & Smith, of Cincinnati. It was his fortune to be sought by his publishers rather than to seek them out, for even at that time he had become recognized as a pedagogical authority.

A princely royalty of ten per cent was to be paid to Dr. McGuffey by his publishers until one thousand dollars had been paid, after which the books were to become the property of the publishing firm. This contract was carried out, but Dr. McGuffey's services were retained for revision of the readers, and later an annuity was settled upon Dr. McGuffey by the publishers, which continued until his death.

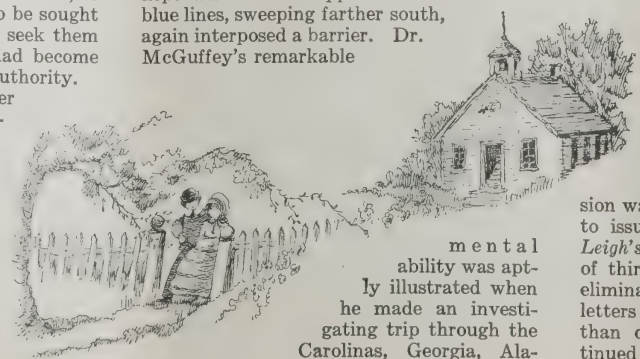
As might be expected of a series of books that have had such a great influence on American life, they were compiled in a very thorough and systematic way. Before material was placed in the readers it was read to a group of children gathered at Dr. McGuffey's house, and their interest was estimated. In this way the children themselves collaborated in editing them.

Dr. McGuffey was an omnivorous reader, especially of newspapers, and whenever he saw anything that might be used in his schoolbooks he clipped it and filed it away. For this purpose he had built a revolving octagonal table, each octagonal section containing a drawer reserved for one of the readers or some other special subject. This table is preserved at Miami University today.

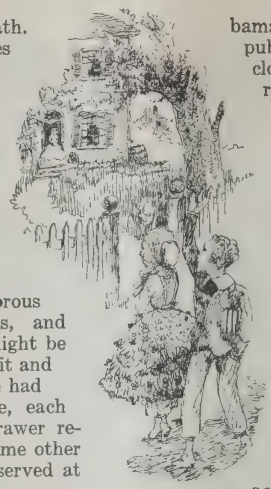
The First, Second, Third and Fourth Readers were "improved and enlarged" in 1838. McGuffey's *Rhetorical Guide*, which afterward became the Fifth Reader, was compiled by Alexander H. McGuffey and published in 1841. The name was changed two years later, when the four books of the original series were remodeled extensively, "newly revised," as the title-pages said. In 1853 the *New McGuffey Eclectic Readers* were issued in six books instead of five, and remained substantially unchanged until 1879. Notice was given at this time that the engravings used were copyright property and must not be used by others. Previously, most of the illustrations had been evident copies of English woodcuts. After a revision in 1879 the readers were used widely for the remainder of the nineteenth century.

As early as 1841 seven hundred thousand copies of the *Eclectic Readers* had been sold. Even then the possibilities of the books were seen by one member of the Truman & Smith partnership, and when differences arose in the firm Winthrop B. Smith chose the four readers and two other books against all the other assets, and agreed to take them as his share when the firm was dissolved. The deal was made and Smith became sole owner of the series.

When the Civil War opened the *Eclectic Readers* had spread throughout the Mississippi Valley. Their sales in the South were heavy, and when the advancing Federal lines cut off communications with Cincinnati, the Methodist Book Concern, of Nashville, promptly took up their printing and kept the market supplied until the blue lines, sweeping farther south, again interposed a barrier. Dr. McGuffey's remarkable



mental ability was aptly illustrated when he made an investigating trip through the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi for his publishers shortly after the close of the war. Meager reports of looting and carpet-bagging of a defeated people—in some cases practical servitude at the hands of a riffraff—came north from a demoralized textbook market, and Dr. McGuffey was sent to find out the exact situation. During a trip in which he visited nearly all the larger cities of the southern states and talked with the governors and other important men, Dr. McGuffey never made a note, yet when he told his story back in Cincinnati it was with an accuracy that could not be questioned. It is said that he never hesitated for a name while giving an account that consumed several days.



The author of the McGuffey Readers was at this time professor of natural and moral philosophy at the University of Virginia, a post he had held since 1845. Leaving Miami in 1836, he had been successively president of Cincinnati College, president of Ohio University, and a professor in Woodward College, Cincinnati. He remained at the University of Virginia nearly thirty years, until his death, May 4, 1873, and was one of the most popular members of the faculty. It is said he taught "with the simplicity of a child, with the precision of a mathematician, and with the authority of truth."

In Virginia he labored for the passage of a public school law, as he had also done in Ohio. Soon after joining the university faculty he made a tour of the state in the interest of such a law, but it was twenty-five years before he was rewarded by achievement of his aim.

Dr. McGuffey is described by Henry H. Vail, long connected with his publishers as literary editor, as:

"A man of medium stature and compact figure. His forehead was broad and full; his eyes clear and expressive. His features were of the strongly marked rugged Scotch type. He was a ready speaker, a popular lecturer on education, and an able preacher."

His activity was unceasing. At the age of seventy-three he wrote a book on philosophy as the result of research and study over a period of ten years, but so critical was he of his own work that after the book, of 500 pages, had been set in type he became dissatisfied with the manuscript and ordered it withheld. It is now in the hands of Dr. Charles McGuffey Hepburn, his grandson, who is dean of the Indiana University Law School. After Dr. McGuffey's death, in 1878, the readers were revised again, this being followed by another revision in 1901. Most McGuffeyites probably will be surprised to hear that they are still having a steady sale, although, of course, greatly changed from the books of fifty and seventy-five years ago. Along about the time the 1879 revision was made, the publishers were induced to issue the readers, as an experiment, in *Leigh's Phonetic Spelling* using an alphabet of thirty-eight characters which sought to eliminate confusion arising from certain letters in the regular alphabet having more than one sound. But they were discontinued and the regular readers re-adopted.

# Chats with Office Callers



***The Man from Alaska*** dropped into The Office. He was most emphatic in his assertion that we in the States know little of the real Alaska. Alaska, he said, is a continent in itself. It is the last frontier. It is a fertile land with a multitude of natural resources. Grains, fruits and vegetables will mature in the long, hot days of summer. The sun, in midsummer, sinks low in the haze, a glowing ball, but does not drop below the horizon. The temperature frequently rises to 100 and 120 degrees. The rich earth steams and a sea of Alpine flowers spring up on the peat soil, blossom, mature and scatter their seeds. We think that a man who would take a dog team 1,500 miles across Northern Alaska with the temperature cracking down around 40 below is an exceptionally hardy individual. Not at all says the Alaskan. It is made in easy stages with fast dogs. The driver is clothed in furs and a hooded parka. The log rest rooms are frequent and cozy. The air on the trail is bracing and invigorating. The only thing one must watch is the ice.

Frequently in crossing the bays and inlets of the sea, great chunks of ice break off and start seaward. If the dogs and man are not alive to the situation they are lost forever. What does the future hold for Alaska, I asked. Alaska, said he, is the last frontier. It is a matter of transportation only. But we are not ready for development. We still have the Inland Empire and the rich valleys of the coast states to fill. These will soon be populated and the overflow will find its way north to our territory. If we Americans were a colonizing race as are the British we would have a larger Alaskan population. Alaska is one-third the size of the United States and has but 35,000 whites. Great Britain will furnish transportation for a family of five from Glasgow to Alberta for $16. Alberta does her duty when they arrive. When the Canadian Northwest and our own Northwest is filled we will see Alaska come into its own.

---

"I don't know where we are going to wind up in this country," said the ***Banker from The City*** as he sat at lunch, "if we keep going as strong as we have been on this credit business and installment selling. It is not quite popular to say so, I know. Bankers' associations are being freely quoted in favor of going into debt. Credit associations are naturally in favor of it. My wife tells me that credit customers are preferred to cash customers at the stores. If you ask for credit, there is nothing they will not do for you. If you lay your money on the counter, they don't feel that you belong. We are more strongly organized now to enable people to get credit than we are to enable them to pay cash. It does not look like a wholesome situation to me.

"I know families that are all filled up with installment payments. Their entire income is parceled out in payments they have to meet. Now, that means that they *have* bought; it also means that they are not buying *now*—they cannot. They are sold up to the limit. All that is possible for them to do is to add to the debts on which they are paying, still further debts on which they cannot pay. Either way, as it seems to me, we are forcing a condition where some interval of normalcy, some breathing space, must ensue: either we shall have to slack up a little until people get enough cash accumulated to go on a cash business, or we shall have to slow up until people get their present schedule of installment payments out of the way so that they can buy more. As a matter of fact, you cannot stretch credit any further than you can money. For all this credit, someone is supplying the money. You have got to get down to brass tacks eventually.

"There are legitimate credit responsibilities which people should take on their shoulders. For example, few can pay cash for a home; it is legitimate to purchase a home on the installment plan. But for the multitude of commodities which are now the objects of credit the people used to pay cash or nearly so. They never thought of doing anything else. When they wanted some little thing for the home, they bought it and paid for it. If they did not have the money, they saved it. They used to pay cash for their automobiles too. What has happened to move them off a cash basis? I am very far from being pessimistic, but I strongly dislike to see the American home become subservient to 'installments.' I would like to see the tone of independence come back—'I owe no penny I cannot pay; I envy nobody, no not I, and nobody envies me.'

"Of course, I don't want to suggest what might happen if some day everything slackened up and installment payments stopped. But it is something that the careful man will think of."

# Reach Out for New Interests

(*Concluded from page 13*)

keep the world moving and how they do it—is the precept which has kept youth alive in many of our most noted veterans.

A wholesome interest outside of one's home or business will go a long way toward keeping the thoughts from troubles and grievances. It has, in fact, been proved time and again by both men and women that a continual reaching out for new interests to make a part of the mental and physical geography makes for physical and mental vigor. Men and women of this type may be young at 60, 70 or 80, while the person who is mentally and physically idle may be old even before 50. And when we stop to ponder the cause, it is not difficult to find—the avoidance of a narrow, introspective life.

Activity is unquestionably the foe of decay. As long as one is alive there is a chance to do things. Frequently we hear people say: "Oh, that is beyond me," or "I am too old to begin to study anything new." Why set limitations? There is in the mind no element of time. Time is merely a chance for unfoldment. Time is opportunity.

There is really no proper time for anyone to step out of the world of thought and action. For maturity should, after all, really mean a larger opportunity for service. And is there any good reason why anyone should spend the greater part of life accumulating wisdom and experience only to throw it away by supinely admitting that a certain number of years constitutes the span of life:

"For what is age but youth's full bloom
A riper more transcendent youth,
A wedge of gold
Is never old
Streams broader grow as downward rolled."

The same idea is beautifully expressed by Le Gallienne in his reference to an old oak tree:

"A 100-year-old oak tree has the spirit of life more abundantly and victoriously than when a mere sapling; the fire of youth in the old tree is mightier than in the swaying, trembling sapling. Thus by 'old' is meant that it has gone on victoriously adding strength to strength, freshness to freshness for 100 years. Not that it has lost its efficiency, nor withered and decayed. Call it old when its limbs turn black and leafless; meanwhile it remains mightily young—young as the morning it greets."

---

"BUT why, you ask me, should this tale be told?
To men grown old or growing old.
It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.
Cato learned Greek at 80;
Sophocles ————
Wrote his grand *Oedipus*
And Simonides
Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers
When each had numbered more than fourscore years.
And Theophrastus, at fourscore and ten
Had but begun his *Characters of Men.*
Chaucer at Woodstock with the Nightingales
At sixty wrote the *Canterbury Tales.*
Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last,
Completed *Faust* when eighty years were past.
These are indeed exceptions, but they show
How far the Gulf Stream of our youth may flow
Into the arctic regions of our lives
Where little else than life survives."

# When the Maple Sap Is Running

## Rare Delights of Woodland Sugar Making

When you see the vapor pillars
Link the forest with the sky,
You may know the days of sugar-
Making then are drawing nigh.
Frosty night and thawy day
Make the maple pulses play,
Till congested with its sweetness,
It delights to bleed away.
—*Perrin B. Fisk, 1860.*

MAPLE sugar making in the old days was a far different process from that used at present. In the region where I was reared, expensive evaporating pans and fire arches were unknown. Northern Michigan was covered with virgin hardwood forests; maple had little value other than for firewood.

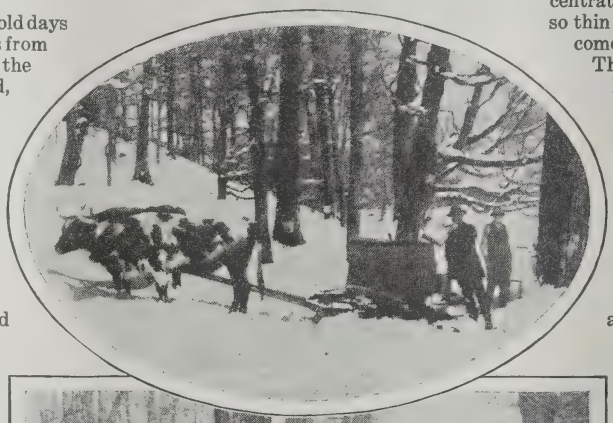
About the latter part of February, we would "feel the spring" in the air. Noisy crows would congregate in the tree tops. Mist was in the valleys, and the sound of water dripping from the trees tinkled musically on the deep-crusted snow. A tinge of wood smoke, hanging low, foretold a rain storm. The mellow light of the late winter sun brought memories of the Indian summer days of autumn. Cold, frosty nights followed by warm, sunny days brought ideal sugar weather.

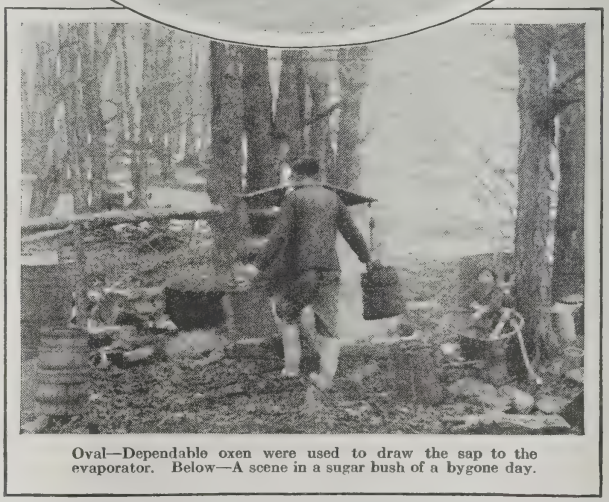
To tap the tree we chopped a 16-inch gash diagonally across the south side about three feet from the ground. Just below the base of the cut we would drive the iron spile maker two inches into the tree. Removing the iron from the cut, we would pound into the incision a sharpened wooden spile. The sap would run down the gash and out on the spile, dripping from the end in a steady stream. For sap containers we used shallow milk pans eighteen inches in diameter and five inches deep. These were blocked level at the foot of the tree. A sled drawn by a yoke of oxen was used to collect the sap. On the sled were two large barrels, with screened holes in the top, and each barrel had a spigot near the bottom.

The sap was gathered in large pails suspended from the ends of a wooden yoke by means of a heavy cord or fine chain, and stored in barrels about the fire. It was boiled down in huge black kettles, such as are used today by the Negro mammies of Georgia and Florida, to do their washing in the open.

Ten feet from the open fire a hardwood post ten inches in diameter was set into the ground, extending five feet above the surface. In the top of this post was driven an iron rod two inches thick, extending eight inches above the post top and exactly in the center. A hardwood pole, nine inches thick and twenty feet long, thoroughly dried, was then laid on the post and a 2½-inch hole was drilled into the pole six feet from the smaller and lighter end. Through this hole the iron rod stuck up an inch or so above the horizontal pole. The kettle was chained to the small end of this pole. The other end, being heavy, acted as a counterbalance, making it an easy matter to swing the kettle on or off the fire to refill or empty.

The product was strained and placed in containers for distribution. Boiled in the open the sirup was somewhat darker than that boiled in the evaporators. This was due, no doubt, to the fact that rain-washed twigs and bits of shaggy maple bark, moss and other forms of "clean" dirt would find its way into the kettle. But it was good. After a lapse of twenty years I can still taste the maple taffy we made by pouring the last of the kettle boilings on the snow, where it hardened.





Oval—Dependable oxen were used to draw the sap to the evaporator. Below—A scene in a sugar bush of a bygone day.

As the demand for maple sirup grew, the more enterprising farmers and lumbermen replaced the old kettle with the more modern evaporator. This evaporator was a single shallow pan, resting on an arch made of stone mixed with clay. It was usually built in the open, on a hillside with the hill dug out a bit for the back end of the arch. The smokestack was at the upper end to insure a good draft. Sometimes it was built under a shed. The inflow of sap was regulated by means of a stopcock on a hose leading from a barrel containing the oldest sap, placed at an elevation above the evaporator. Later on the single evaporator gave way to the more modern evaporator divided into sections.

As the sap became thicker it was run from compartment to compartment until the last pan held only sirup. As it thickened it was tested with a spoon to determine its proper consistency. The sirup consistency is governed by statute in Michigan, and the sirup maker must test his finished product with a hydrometer. These hydrometers, as well as thermometers, are used to get the sirup to a point where it is not so concentrated as to rapidly turn to sugar nor so thin as to ferment and sour when summer comes. If it sours, vinegar is made of it.

The sap sled is still used, but the yoke has disappeared as the sled trails are made nearer the trees. No longer are the maples slashed, cut and disfigured. Small holes are bored into the trunk and an iron circular spile is driven in. A sap bucket is then hung on the spile and the run is on.

The season usually lasts three or four weeks, sometimes longer. In certain bushes it takes as high as 50 gallons of sap to make one gallon of sirup or 7½ pounds of sugar. The first run is generally richer in sugar, hence it takes less for a gallon of sirup. From 6½ to 9 pounds of sugar, according to the kind, can be made from one gallon of standard sirup, with an average of 7½ to 8 pounds. A bush of 100 trees should produce 40 gallons of sirup or 300 pounds of sugar.

The old days are passing. The pleasure of driving a yoke of oxen attached to a sap sled through the early spring woods is of the past. The saucy squirrels, scampering up the maple trees, would kick bark, spiders and lichen into the sap pail. But I would delight in again breaking the ice of one of those pails and drinking the sap of an early spring morning when the frost whitened the old rail fence and ice hung from the spiles. The sun would break through the trees and the red-headed woodpecker drum his tattoo on the dead hemlock. At the next tree we might disturb the cock grouse and hear him fly off on thundering wings. One must penetrate far into the bush to find these things now.

On cold winter mornings, when the rich maple sirup trickles over the hot buckwheat cakes or the crisp, brown waffles, one is apt to see a mental picture of a sturdy old-timer, muffled up to his ears and, perhaps, shod with snowshoes, trudging over snow-drifts that crunch under his tread. Over his shoulder one visions the yoke with a pail dangling from each end, brimming with sap. All about him stand towering maples denuded of leaves. To the uninitiated they look like rugged oaks. Hardwood trees, they have little in common with the soft maples of our roadsides. Here and there between the maples grows a clump of hemlocks, some tall and spreading with dark, green needles, others little more than mere shrubs. The perennial green of the hemlocks add a touch of color to the still hardwoods, a touch of life in an apparently dead forest

"I THOROUGHLY believe in university education for both men and women," writes Professor William Lyon Phelps, of Yale, "but I believe a knowledge of the Bible without a college course is more valuable than a college course without the Bible. Western Civilization is founded upon the Bible; our ideas, our wisdom, our philosophy, our literature, our art, our ideals come more from the Bible than from all other books put together." Such an imposing statement, from a source of recognized authority, behooves us to think twice before we set aside as another bit of pious talk the current plea for more adequate training in the Bible, for a more intelligent study of the Bible.

# Giving Back the Bible to Our Children

## Some Important Points About the Dayton Plan for Again Restoring Religious Training to Youth

By Dr. MILES H. KRUMBINE

THIS nation of ours was intended by the "founding fathers" to be reared and nurtured in religion. The constitution of more than one of the states says quite plainly, as that of the State of Ohio says: "Religion, morality and knowledge being essentially necessary to the good government and happiness of mankind, schools as the means of instruction have ever been encouraged by legislative bodies, not inconsistent with the rights of conscience." The foresight of the founders of our great nation envisaged a people steadily maintained and constantly refreshed in their moral and civic life by stedfast attention to the inspiring ideals and sound principles of their religion. They not only assumed that our civilization rests on the Bible but they made provision in the great documents that guarantee us our liberty for the furtherance of that knowledge. Religion and religious education therefore are not merely a desirable issue but clearly belong in the organic structure of civic training.

One who surveys the American nation daily sees clearly enough that we have permitted our great heritage to slip from our grasp. Fifty years ago the public school curriculum contained an abundance of material for real training in religion. We were neither so bigoted nor so spiritually dull that we resented the presence of Biblical and other religious material in our public school curriculum. We took quite seriously the value of training in religion in citizenship making. Since that time we have completely secularized the public school from kindergarten right through high school and state university.

***Where Religion Is Made a Side Issue***

Religion is definitely set forth to the mind of the child as an issue desirable perhaps, but having no place in the organic life of the American school. To my mind this is deplorable beyond words.

That this great nation, founded by men who brought only a dominating religious motive as their source of strength and power, should so cavalierly dismiss the means by which that motive could continue to play on the life of the on-coming generations, should so nonchalantly secularize its schools, gives one pause.

I understand clearly enough that a minority can and does object to teaching religion in the public schools because not everybody that lives in America is Christian. On the other hand, I should like to point out that there are social tendencies in modern American life that trace back, in my mind, directly to the indifference to religion which has possessed us.

The first of these tendencies is evident in any city in America if one visits either the court of domestic relations or the homes of that city. America is witnessing the rapid disintegration of the home. There are children in my city who call themselves "alimony children" and are called that by their little friends. They have no homes and their future is the future of those who must of necessity be brought up without the beneficent influence of the home, however humble that home may be. In time past there was no divorce evil, though of course there were divorces, because the great underlying principles of religion, which insist on integrity of character, stability of principle, the sanctity of agreements between people, the exercise of will in all the relationships of life, were in operation. It is worthy of note that from 1620 to 1691 in the first Pilgrim community (with a population that during that period ran up into the thousands) there were only six divorces and very few cases of immoral conduct of any sort or variety. This Pilgrim community is the rebuke of history to our modern laxity in this respect. The future is dark indeed when one contemplates the social possibilities of this evil unless we can somehow restore the place of religion in the life of our people.

***Divorces Were Few Among the Pilgrims***

The second alarming social tendency is the disobedience of and disrespect for law. We, as a people, have fallen into the habit of expecting our country to be run by government through the medium of law. For each new crisis we want a new law. At the same time we have permitted ourselves to be mastered by our selfish instincts and have given way to the will to disobey in a manner that is positively astounding. At the present moment the popular trend certainly is that any man or group of men who dislike a law can disobey, ignore, or by their conduct nullify it without running the risk of public scorn and displeasure.

Disobedience to law cannot be overcome by passing new laws compelling people to obey the law. The very suggestion is absurd. So far as I can see the only way to develop a law-abiding nation is to inculcate the age-old religious principle of obedience, first to fundamental moral law of the Ten Commandments, and then such other laws as of necessity spring from them. We will counteract this tendency when we get back to a religious basis for our national life.

A third alarming fact in our social life is the high hand with which graft and corruption have dealt in our land without begetting so much as a ripple of social indignation. That there is graft and corruption in public life is not dangerous to the social order when men and women still have in them the capacity to become morally indignant. That capacity has given way to a tame acquiescence in modern life. But we acquiesce because our own ideals have suffered impairment. The proper approach is the building up of our own ideals, and again we are face to face with religious training. We build up ideals when we derive them from the authoritative basis of religion.

I have pointed out the current problem in the home, in the state, and in the world, and the unmistakable fact stares us in the face that every one of these problems brings us straight to a new appraisal of the meaning and value, the real social power, of what might be called a re-birth of religion, the renaissance of religious life. To have said this much, however, is to solve nothing. Queen Victoria at one time was very much distressed at the social life of the higher classes. She asked Mr. Delane, the editor of the London *Times*, that he frequently write articles pointing out the immense danger and evil of the wretched frivolity and levity of the views and the lives of the higher classes. Lytton Strachey facetiously adds: "And five years later Mr. Delane did write an article on that very subject yet it seemed to have little effect." No, articles of protest and analysis are not enough. One must go quite beyond that. I shall try to point out what perhaps may be done as a meager beginning.

***Citizenship Begins in Training the Children***

The logical place to begin, if we are going to rear a generation of law-abiding, home-making citizens, is with the children. If you want to convert an Indian, the old saying was, catch his grandmother. If you want to make an American citizen catch the child. Not only the church, but also the civic groups, the chambers of commerce, the industrial institutions, the schools will have to take very seriously the budding, child-life growing up around us. Indeed, that very child-life is suffering from the prevalence of divorce. The juvenile crime

rate has increased more than 450 per cent in the last fifty years. Little can be expected from "alimony children" in a population where we have now two divorces to every fifteen marriages.

Today one doesn't have to argue nearly as strenuously as ten years ago for a new program of religious education. Men and women are saying today, "Give us your program. We believe in your objective." There is a growing conviction that we need more religious education. The question now is: How can we get it, what can we do?

The more you speculate about practical ways and means, the more you are confronted with the solemn fact that the program of the average American child is already overcrowded. All kinds of agencies, societies, and clubs have combined with the public school to mortgage every moment of the growing child's time and every ounce of his energy. Our belated attempt to penetrate his life with a program of religious education has put us at a disadvantage. None the less something can be done; a beginning must be made.

Two things have been done in my city, Dayton, Ohio, and it is of those that I have been asked to write.

The first and most obvious way we can get into the life of the American child with a program of religious education is during vacation time. The First Lutheran Church of Dayton, of which I am the pastor, has undertaken to do this in a manner that has commended itself to a considerable number of men who know a great deal more about it than we do. Six years ago we organized what we have called a Summer School of Religious Education. The public schools in America turn our children out for three months in the year, so why not make use of that time for religious training. Some parents at once raised the question whether it wouldn't be too hard on the children to insist on school work in summer or vacation time. The consensus of opinion among men who know seems to be that any child is better off in a school which has a recreational program than to run free on the streets without directed and organized activity. Six years of experience convinces us that we are doing the children no physical harm by taking them into a religious school for three hours a day, five days a week, for a month in June and July. In other words, we do have the time and can set up fairly adequate programs of religious education throughout our country if we have a mind to. I shall describe briefly our own church program.

*The Genesis of the Dayton Plan*

This project is educational. It is not an amiable plan to relieve overworked mothers during a part of the vacation period, nor is it a philanthropic enterprise to take children off the streets. It is an attempt to put religion on a par with any other fact of experience, to make it a subject of education. Our teachers are all experienced public school teachers and are employed at a salary. The principal, as well as the director of music, is from the public school staff. The system of grading and the discipline are not unlike that to which the pupil is accustomed in his educational experience. The school begins the Monday immediately following the close of the public schools on the preceding Friday. The project gears in with the public school program, at least in the mental attitude of the pupil to it.

What then is it that we study?

It is of course impossible to capture the spirit and spontaneity of a project such as our Summer School of Religious Education in a few phrases, however neat they might be. I shall not attempt, therefore, to describe the daily routine of our program of work. I shall content myself with the presentation of a few fundamental principles on which that program rests. To any one who is interested in the specific and technical working out of the program I shall be glad to furnish a descriptive folder upon request. In outlining our program of work I am quoting liberally from an article I wrote for *Good Housekeeping* for March, 1925.

*A Great Book With a Great Meaning*

We spend the first hour every morning in studying the Bible. We study it not as a textbook of science nor merely as a great literary document. We study it as a book of religion, the source of life and light, and inspiration. We believe this great Book, which has been written into the inner life of the most progressive nations on the earth, has great meaning for us. We are after that meaning.

Our aim is not to store the mind of the child with a great mass of information about a lot of curious happenings that are recorded in the Bible. We are not anxious to make out of his mind a cold storage vault full of data that would otherwise decay if exposed to God's honest sun. We are definitely anxious not to present the Bible as one more book out of which things must be learned. We do try to make the ideas and ideals, as well as the important facts of the Bible, so vivid and interesting that the pupil will be led to regard the Bible as a fascinating and helpful book. We frankly acknowledge the prime importance of "The Book" and try to come at it in a manner fitting its importance. We try to create a love for and an appreciation of the Bible in the mind of the pupil. We believe we are succeeding. At the end of our first year's school a young student of the high school grade, who is now a sophomore at university, said to me, "I never knew the Bible is such an interesting book. I spent four hours last night reading it and, believe me, it was interesting."

Our method of teaching the Bible is the oral, reproduction story-telling method. It is very simple. The teacher tells the story in her best manner, trying to make simply a great story out of it. Next day or the day after the pupil reproduces that story quite in his own words, though of course retaining the main outline of the teacher's presentation. The story is then reduced to outline form in a notebook that the pupil keeps. It is a notebook specifically designed for our school and the private possession of the pupil. Great interest is shown in the keeping of this book. Each Bible story so recorded is illustrated with a small copy of one of the masterpieces of religious art.

We spend a half-hour each day studying the life of some notable person who has distinguished himself by actually living the ideals we are taught to cherish. Our characters are selected from the mission field, the general field of humanitarian effort, social reform, et cetera. We study, for instance, in the eighth grade the life of Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, of the Labrador. (To heighten our interest we have twice had Dr. Grenfell as our guest.) Two weeks are spent on his biography; the other two weeks are given over to an attempt to appreciate the significance of William Lloyd Garrison.

*Dignified Hymns versus Jazz Hymns*

In the seventh grade the daily half-hour is devoted to a series of characters, including Raymond Lull, St. Francis of Assisi, James Chalmers, and others. The sixth grade divides its time between the life and work of David Livingstone and that of Booker T. Washington. Other grades have material suitable to their age.

"Idealization is the dynamic of moral conduct," Cope tells us. The child mind, and in that sense we are all children, thinks in images and not in abstract principles. Morality is learned by example a great deal more than by precept. Our aim is to present the story of these men's lives in the most vivid manner possible without any attempt at preaching. The pupil has no textbook from which he studies the character under discussion. He depends on the account given by the teacher and then outlines the story in his notebook. We hope by this process not only to teach the sound principles of right-living, social responsibility and unselfishness but also to rally the good in the depth of youth, to quicken the imitative zeal of the young.

A twenty-minute period is given each day to the study of the great hymns of the ages. We know that religion can be sung into the heart and life of childhood. John Wesley shook all England and, according to Lecky the historian, saved England the horrors of a revolution similar to the French Revolution by leading a great revival of religion in the life of his country, a very significant fact for modern times. But John Wesley had a singing brother, Charles, whose hymns were at least as important as his brother's sermons. We learned during the war the enormous power of hymns and songs to heighten morale. Frederick the Great had learned long since that a singing army is a winning army. It is that principle that we are trying to apply in our program.

It was an evil day when the church gave up its dignified hymns and started to sing what are called "gospel songs" but what are really the forerunners of jazz. We are slowly emerging from that day. I have any number of letters from parents telling me that one of their sources of gratification is to find that their children are being weaned away from jazz, seemingly by the love of dignified hymns acquired in our Summer School. The "lost radiance" of American

"Wilson's FIRST NIGHT in Paris"

WHEN Woodrow Wilson arrived in Paris to meet the Allied leaders in the World War, it made real history. Next week Huston Thompson, who was intimately associated with the President during these momentous years, will tell the story of what happened. It will be the first of a remarkable series about Wilson.

religion will be found when we learn again to sing the hymns that have been the battle cry of great social forward movements; that have sustained disheartened peoples in times of dire distress and threatening disaster. We are observing the experiment with much interest. H. Augustine Smith's excellent compilation of hymns in his *Hymnal for American Youth* is our guide to material for this period.

Thirty minutes each day are given over to the dramatization of Bible stories. The composition of the scenes, the assignment of the parts, the costuming, and the manner of final presentation are all achieved by coöperation and determined by the vote of the class. The dramatizations are later presented at the assembly period before the whole school.

From twenty to thirty minutes each day are set aside for a period of worship for the entire school. This is the most satisfactory and meaningful thing that we do. Religious education has no meaning unless it disposes the mind of the pupil to worship God. Historically understood, the gratification of the sense of kinship with the unseen is the heart of religion. You may commiserate the benighted heathen, you may hold in contempt the supposedly crude practices of the ancient pagan world, you may sneer at what you call the superstitions of sects differing from you, but fundamentally these external manifestations, these ceremonials, these mechanisms, the strings of which you think you see, are the life of religion. They are frequently traditional inheritances like some old piece of furniture from an ancestor's dwelling, which you don't exactly know what to do with but which you are not satisfied to cast away. They are at all times only the scaffolding used to erect the temple of worship in which man makes his approach to God. The aim of religious education, as I see it, is to create within the life of the child the certainty of God and to furnish him with the necessary mechanism, let us say, by which he comes to God.

To achieve this end we have turned over to the pupils a program of worship which is entirely their own and with which no adult has anything whatever to do. They conduct their own processional march in the church auditorium, they offer their own prayers, they present what might be called a combination Bible story and religious homily, et cetera, the whole service being conducted by them. The very evident delight of the children in this period of worship is convincing. Children, as a matter of fact, have no doubts. Belief in God, prayer and the worship of God, come as naturally to them as do all the other things in life. Our aim is to preserve that spontaneity and cultivate what might be called "the natural religion," which is a fact of childhood, that it may retain its radiance and sincerity when the days of sophistication come.

We do not try to fill the mind of the pupil with any theological ideas. Our children come from all denominations. In the course of the five years we have had twenty-two religious groups represented among them, all classes and creeds. Of course we are not trying to make Lutherans out of these pupils, we are not trying to give them our own particular idea about God. All we are trying to do is to arrange a medium for the natural impulse to worship. We are thereby making the fact of God a personal experience.

A word about prayer is in order. We have set for ourselves the definite task of teaching our pupils the *(Concluded on page 30)*

# Government Loses Tax Millions

*(Continued from page 4)*

difference in the tax in a single corporation of $21,438,513.69. (p. 149). Representatives of the Bureau of Internal Revenue "conceded" that these "were *made upon a basis condemned* by what was then the only published ruling on the subject" but about which "*an agreement had been made* by the engineers of the Income Tax Unit with this taxpayer whereby it was agreed *that this allowance was a permanently closed matter which would not be reconsidered.*" Yet, immediately after the Senate Committee had fully discussed the case, *its reconsideration was ordered* by the Commissioner and sent to the Solicitor "on 16 questions involving the fundamental principles involved in every amortization allowance" on which, the report states, "approximately $600,000,000 is allowed before there is any authoritative definition of the principles which are to be applied to its determination." (p. 150)

In this connection the committee also drew attention to the fact that "only the most casual examination of these subjects" could be made for the reason that there was a

> *"Time limitation upon the right of this committee to have access to records of the bureau."* (p. 195)

These words should shame every American who reads them. A Committee of the Senate of the United States, reporting the finding of gross discrimination, bureaucratic control and violations of the law on the inside of one of the Federal departments, is limited in the time the Department will permit it to examine Department records. This action was taken against a Senatorial Committee six months after exactly the same thing happened to a Congressional Committee which had similarly reported frauds, abuses and loses in other divisions of the same Department handling the Liberty Bonds these income taxes are now assessed to pay! (Cong. Record March 6 and March 10, 1925, speeches of Congressmen King and Steagall.)

***Frauds, Abuses and Losses in Other Divisions***

The charges by the Senate Tax Committee are specific. They relate to a variety of abuses. They concern many officials. *And they would not exist but for secrecy.* Many of them have been recited but these should not be overlooked:

> (a) "The invested capital of this corporation was *illegally inflated* to the extent of at least $45,000,000 for 1917, which *resulted in a loss of tax* to the Government for that year of $1,969,998.62." (p. 199)
>
> (b) "This same $45,000,000 of inflated value was included in the invested capital of *1918 after it was known to the Commissioner to be unsubstantiated and excessive, after it had been deducted from 1919 invested capital as excessive, and over the protest of" two section chiefs and "resulted in a loss of tax for 1918* of $2,506,648.56." (p. 199) (Italics are ours.)
>
> (c) "The property (referred to in last two paragraphs) was included in invested capital . . . of $90,000,000 in direct violation of the 1917 act." (p. 200)
>
> (d) "The valuation of this property at $90,000,000 was excessive by at least $45,000,000" and "was allowed to stand for 1918 by the express order of the Secretary of the Treasury (3372) of March 6, 1924." (p. 200)
>
> (e) "The committee on appeals and review allowed a value of (in 1922 in another case) $2-256 930.48 in excess of the maximum fixed by the 1917 act." This action, states the report, by "the committee of appeals and review, in an unpublished ruling and without giving notice or opportunity to be heard to the engineers who were familiar with the case and who had placed a much lower value on same." (pp. 200, 201) (The value fixes the allowance. The greater the allowance, the less the tax.)
>
> (f) "Thus," reads the report in concluding remarks in another case, "in the month of June, 1922, the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, against the advice of the solicitor, grants a refund of $3,035,771.55 . . . and in the same month publishes a cumulative bulletin proclaiming that such a thing cannot be done under the circumstances in this case. From the solicitor's memorandum (addressed to the Commissioner) it also appears that the tax on $11,500,000 of profit is also waived 'as a matter of policy' although the legality of the tax is not questioned." (p. 205)

***Their Policy to Discourage Such Protests***

*More Secrecy. What Happens if Employes Tell the Truth.*

> (g) "It has been and now is the policy of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue to discourage such protests and to make examples of subordinates who make them." (p. 225)

"Such protests" referred to several cases where integrity was crushed. Employes who would not be parties to shady transactions resigned or were discharged and other employes, who discovered fraud in the tax of the favored and sought to remedy it, saw their protests intercepted in a Division Chief's office and diverted until, at a secret meeting with the fraudulent taxpayer, a reduction from $571,492 to *$482.16* was arranged and accepted and afterward set up as a bar to prevent the collection of the fraudulently concealed tax. (Pages 225 to 229 and 2146.) About one of such cases the report pertinently remarks:

***What the Division Head Did***

> "The division head took the case away from the auditor and closed it . . . There is no way for this case to come to the attention of any higher authority unless the auditor had protested over the head of his division chief. The efficiency rating of this auditor, his chances of promotion, and liability to discharge were all under the absolute control of this division head, and if this auditor had any desire to hold his position, to say nothing of being promoted, it was necessary for him to keep quiet." (p. 225)

And in *another* employe's case with *another* Division head the Senate Committee adds:

"Mr. Briggs filed a protest against the determination of the committee on appeals and review in the X case and against the action of the conferee in the Y case . . . After the X case and the Y case were presented to this committee, they were ordered reconsidered by the Commissioner and, upon reconsideration, Mr. Briggs was sustained . . . Mr. Briggs' protests in these cases saved the Government an immense amount of tax. *He was summarily dismissed* on April 23, 1925, *IN THE INTEREST OF ECONOMY*." (p. 226)

The Senate Committee adds, further:

"This investigation disclosed the fact that the Chiefs of the *metals, coal,* and *timber* valuation sections of the Engineering Division were exceptionally capable men who have consistently tried to protect the Government from the unsound bargaining policy in the Income Tax Unit. Since the conclusion of our hearings EVERY ONE OF THESE MEN HAS BEEN REMOVED FROM THE EXECUTIVE POSITION HE HELD." (p. 226)

Still another employe, Mr. Daniel F. Hickey, attorney, in affidavits introduced by Senator Norris (Cong. Record Feb. 8, 1925, pp. 3202-8) gave examples of fraud, favoritism and collusion of which a superior admitted knowledge but plead compulsion from "HIGHER-UPS.' The following sentences are in one of the affidavits:

"EVEN THOUGH I REPORTED ABOUT A DOZEN CASES OF FRAUD TO THE COMMISSIONER, EVEN THOUGH THE INTELLIGENCE UNIT AGREED WITH MY REPRESENTATIONS, EVEN THOUGH IN SEVERAL CASES THE SOLICITOR AGREED WITH ME, THE *MEN WHO PERPETRATED THE FRAUDS WERE KEPT IN THEIR HIGH POSITIONS* AND I WAS TRANSFERRED. THEY DID TRY TO GET ME OUT OF THE WAY, BUT THEY DID NOT DARE TO FIRE ME. I RESIGNED." (Cong. Record Feb. 8, p. 3204).

Senator Norris exhibited these sentences in his plea to permit proper examination of income tax reports. The apparent purpose was to make distasteful anything which might interfere with secrecy.

But the "master's voice" had spoken. Deaf to the record of fraud, favoritism and corruption THE SENATE VOTED TO INTRENCH SECRECY.

And this Committee might also have added, had they known the facts, stated on the floor of Congress to have come from a present assistant Attorney-General, that the tentacles of the Greatest-Secretary-of-the-Treasury-Since-Hamilton have reached into the Department which has control of the administration of justice to have appointment made of those supposed to prosecute liquor cases in his Pittsburgh district and to have discharge meted out to another in this same Department of Justice because he dared to examine fraudulent Liberty Bond matters THOUGH ORDERED SO TO DO BY TWO PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES—and this, AFTER A SELECT COMMITTEE OF THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES, SOLELY ON TREASURY RECORDS AND TESTIMONY OF TREASURY OFFICIALS AND EMPLOYES, MADE A VIGOROUS PROTEST. (House of Representatives Report 1635, 68th, 2nd Sess.)




the Hebrew Free Loan Society of New York City loaned $1,185,160 without interest or other expense to borrowers in 1925 with a loss of only $1,037, or one-twelfth of one per cent. During its existence the society has loaned $17,000,000 to half a million borrowers. President Julius J. Dukas who has headed the society for twenty-one years is justified in saying that: "The society has proved that its principles are sound and that the poor are honest and will repay their obligations if afforded the opportunity to do so. We are a poor man's bank. Our profit is not recorded in dollars and cents but in the good we are enabled to do." This is in refreshing contrast to the conduct of most men who, not content with having acquired fortunes in their own business, invest in so called wage-earners' loan "banks." These banks pay large dividends to their owners, and by the use of the term "bank" the owners avoid being known as ordinary loan sharks.

---

a professor in a western college found by questioning the students in his classes that many of them believed that cheating in college examinations was justifiable when the purpose of the student was to make a mark to please his family.

All students questioned said they believed that under certain circumstances any crime could be committed without offense to the prevailing standard of honorable behavior.

A new ethical code, this, and one possibly in keeping with the doctrine of moral laxity so stridently preached by those who pride themselves on being thoroughly *modern*. But it is scarcely one to appeal to those who still cherish the old American ideals of truth and honor.

---

Shane Leslie, the noted critic, has some pertinent remarks about John Singer Sargent and his work in *G. K's Weekly*, edited by G. K. Chesterton. He says:

Though Sargent limited his brush of portraiture to the patricians and the money-makers, and to the daughters and wives suitable to their race or riches, in a sense his brush was a fierce leveler. There was no peerage in his painting and no privilege. They all had to come under his analyzing eye, his cynical penetration and his technical paint-laying. He put on his layers of paint with as total indifference to the feelings of his sitters as a bricklayer to his bricks. When he admired he laid the paint thick, and when he was scornful he did not skimp, but laid the paint all the thicker. He avenged himself upon many a dull sitter or ugly face. Paint, which is the great medium of disguise, became in his hands the servant of truth. He never hung his easel with veils. He fashioned it to the purpose of a mirror. Those who essayed to look into the mirror did at their own cost financially and at their own risk posthumously. The ladies of the Wertheimer family can never bury their salient features. Sargent painted Mr. Wertheimer as Shakespeare painted Shylock.

The Semitic tribe receive the compliment of intense trouble. Something in their remoteness and racial traits caught the grim fancy of the master, who has certainly used color to distinguish the disputed color difference between European Aryans and Jews. The Houston Chamberlains of the future will use Sargent's pictures to illustrate whatever they have to say on the race-origins of whatever the inhabitants of England may then be. But if Sargent has been impish in delineating Jews, when faced with gross and stupid Capitalism, Scotch or English, he has been bluntly contemptuous. The blundering plutocrat and the shifty alderman, who decorated Corporation rooms or their own dining-rooms seem damned before their time.

The Jews could buy his pictures but never his brush.

*The International Jew* in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set, $1. The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

---

the long-sought volume of *The Northern Californian*, containing hundreds of hitherto unpublished and unknown poems and other writings by Bret Harte, has been found in California.

Some seventy years ago, Bret Harte, then in his early twenties, was a member of *The Northern Californian* staff serving as occasion demanded in the triple capacity of compositor, printer's devil and assistant editor. The paper was published weekly at Arcata, then called Uniontown. Week by week there appeared stories by "a young effervescent boyish Bret Harte, poking whimsical fun at the foibles of high and low alike."

The Uniontown of those days was the commercial shipping center from which supplies were sent to the northern mines, and through this little frontier town there flowed continually that wonderful flotsam and jetsam of the times, the miners, the traders, the gamblers and the "sky pilots" afterward destined for immortality in the pages of *The Outcasts of Poker Flat* and *The Luck of Roaring Camp*.

Thus a weather report in the Bret Harte manner: "The jar of the Heavenly Water Bearer was accidentally upset, one day last week. In the language of one of our noblest poets—'It Rained.' "

# How I Write and Why I Write

(*Concluded from page 2*)

that there were some nations on the face of the earth besides the United States.

"He had seen huge armies, great machines. He was awed by war. He had heard all his days that the United States could lick any nation on the face of the earth and do it overnight. He began to see that the United States, even with the coöperation of Britain, France, Russia, and a score of smaller nations, wasn't doing it very fast; and that there was a possibility that if the United States had been fighting alone, she might have had to take a considerable time to lick Germany.

***"Main Street" Came at the Right Moment***

"With all of these new experiences he began to think. His horizon was widened. He became self-analytical; even critical. That popular song, 'What are you going to do with him down on the farm, after he's seen Paree?' put into popular expression what I am saying.

"My book came at just that moment. Before the war, it would not have sold. If it had come a year later than it did it would not have sold; it came at just that precise moment when America was self-analytical, and looking for what was the matter with itself. That gave it its start.

"It was not to most people even an interesting book. I have found very few who have read it clear through. But, somehow, it finally got to be conversation. You had to read it to be polite. One man, a friend of mine, said to his daughter, 'Why in thunder are you reading that truck Sinclair Lewis writes?' 'Why because everybody is reading it and talking about it, and I've got to read it, Daddy.' "

"Did you, by any chance, plan *Main Street* to come at just the psychological moment?" I asked him.

"I did not. I am no genius. I could not, and did not foresee. It was mere chance that it came at the right time."

"Now tell me how you write." I begged him.

"I have told you how I wrote *Main Street*. I took twelve years to write it. At least I was brooding over it twelve years. The actual writing took about eight months. *Babbitt* took two years to write. I was planning *Babbitt* only a few years.

"I like to get off by myself when I am working on a book. I like to settle down in a hotel room in England, or Bermuda, or take a house in Kansas City, and live, while I write, as normal a life as I can.

***Hammers It Out on His Typewriter***

"I do not dictate and I do not write longhand. I hammer it out on my typewriter. I map out a town like Zenith, for instance. I had dozens of drawings of Zenith. I had every table, and chair, and picture in George Babbitt's house placed. That house was more real to me than any house I ever lived in."

"What town was Zenith?"

"No particular town. It was a composite of a dozen American cities which I know."

"But what other preparations do you make for a book?"

"I wrote a sixty thousand draft or scenario for *Arrowsmith*. Then the novel itself was two hundred and eighty thousand words. In the final draft I cut it to two hundred and four thousand. That meant a lot of real work. That first outline draft was as long as the usual detective story novel.

"On *Arrowsmith* I associated with me for a year Dr. Paul DeKruif, a scientist of international reputation. I had him by me all the time of its planning, so that I might ask him technical questions. I try to be exact in detail."

"Do you always outline a book before you write it?"

"Yes."

At present Mr. Lewis is working on a new book. It is to be a book dealing with a certain profession and a certain great institution which has come to be a vital part of American life.

I have watched him for several weeks studying that particular institution, its executives, its life. He is most painstaking. He wants to see men of every type and belief connected with it. He wants to see the freaks as well as the orthodox leaders. He wants to see the little children, the young people, and the adults. He has visited old women, women as old as ninety, and has played with the little children as young as five and six. He is the most thorough investigator and the most discriminating framer of questions that I have ever known.

He works with thoroughness and a professional intensity.

Tall, slender, nervous, red-headed, slightly bald, homely as an old shoe; but withal a brilliant mind, he is always a stimulating force. He is an incessant talker and his host is fortunate if he gets to bed an on average by one o'clock a. m. He smokes cigarets incessantly, says he drinks whenever he can get it, but carries it with poise and dignity. Liquor stimulates his conversational powers to a marked degree, but he says that it always leaves a reaction which is not good.

***Intimately He Is Just "The Play Boy"***

He has a slightly irritating manner of standing off in an English fashion and criticizing the rest of us. But when you get to know him intimately you learn that this is just "The Play Boy." He is the most wholesomely boyish man I ever had in my home. He is boy all over and through and through. He passed his forty-first birthday with me, and was more of a boy than many a man of thirty.

His mind runs like a Niagara power plant. He flashes fire and wit. He works late and gets up early, generally before his hosts are ready. He is a small-town, country boy suddenly thrust into the limelight, and, whether he will confess it or not, still has a little loneliness for "Main Street." At least, like the rest of us, he doesn't get away from a feeling that he likes to go back home—for a day at least. The stay may be short but he knows it is good to get back.

He is human. He cusses a little. It took him some time to get used to the family prayers of a preacher's home, but he seemed to enjoy them when he did.

His sarcasm bites like an icy wind, but I saw him stand up before a Rotary Club, a Chamber of Commerce, and a preachers' meeting in Kansas City and tell them what he thought of them in a way what made them like it.

When I introduced him to Kansas City as my friend, I told the various lunch clubs, churches, and literary organizations that my motto for the visit of Sinclair Lewis was this: "I may wholly disagree with every word that the gentleman says, but I shall defend to the death his right to say it."

He tells smug, complacent bishops, lunch clubs, preachers, and preachers' meetings what he honestly thinks; but he is just as willing for them to tell him what they think of him. In fact he likes it.

One girl came up to him following an address he made in my church and said, "I may as well be honest with you. I hate your books. They made me mad."

Mr. Lewis replied: "But, honey, I don't expect you to like my books. If they made you mad that is exactly what I wanted. That means that they made you think. I am glad."

This girl was a reporter on William Allen White's Emporia *Gazette*, an unusually intelligent type, and she replied: "But after hearing your general philosophy of life set forth here tonight in your address, I now understand what you are after in your books. You want to shake us out of our stupid ruts. I agree with you, for I have lived in a small town all my days!"

I have never seen Mr. Lewis when he did not take criticism in a good spirit.

He is the most volatile combination of brains and frail body I have ever seen. He is nervous, fidgety, kindly. He is a small-town man who likes more than anything else the pleasure of sitting on a bench in a garage chumming with the mechanics; or on a barrel in a grocery store, swapping stories with the village grocer, especially if that grocer happens to be a rebel.

If I am any prophet his new book will contain more T N T than all the rest of his books put together.

I have already told how he writes. Now I shall give in his own words the answer as to why he writes.

"I write because I can't help writing. I am a reporter by instinct and training. I have been a reporter all my days. I see a thing and I just report it. I write because I have a message. I hate provincialism, and I want America to get out of her provincial ruts. We have come of age. We no longer need to lean on Europe. We are developing an architecture of our own. We have become the richest nation on earth. Now let us become the most intellectual nation on earth. The best lover is the best critic. I love America more than the 'Booster' does. I want to tell the youngsters, those who are dreaming, those who would rather be research experts or poets, without hope of reward, to go on in that vision. If they are insane I am insane with them, and I find my insanity an incomparably agreeable state.

***Writes Because He Can't Help Writing***

"The scholarly attitude is a desire for knowledge without demand for a return in money or credit. It is a willingness to endure labor for the joy of it.

"We must search for beauty. Beauty, I believe, is a terrible and dangerous thing. You find it in Shakespeare, Milton, and Homer. It is in the tragedy of life. Let us cease to be figures in nice fiction—let us be mortals who face life and its dangers; who find a happiness even in its disasters."

# The Last Days of William Jennings Bryan

(Concluded from page 15)

ginning of the human family. He disclaimed emphatically any intention of campaigning the country to put God into the Constitution.

This remained with me because of an unusual incident. As the Commoner talked low but earnestly to his callers, a woman who was passing called from the fence and asked: "Do you mind if I stop and listen?"

How many millions had drawn nigh to hear what Bryan had to say!

Recollection of the Commoner and his invalid companion, in their tender interdependence that tranquil afternoon, is something to carry through the years. She included law in her college training so she could be an understanding helpmate, and she was always standing sympathetically by. There they were, growing old and gray, but like Darby and Joan, staunch and true through shadow and sun.

***Bryan's Defense of Religion and the Bible***

He was all tenderness to her in her helplessness, and she beautifully concerned as to the measure of his strength. When a group of Knoxville citizens called to get Mr. Bryan for an address, she warned them and him not to add to his burdens. All in vain, this sweet interposition. The Knoxville delegation went away with the promise of the Commoner's coming. Only they must be sure that fresh white radishes were procurable where he was to be billeted in some quiet spot in the Smoky Mountains.

Then there was the agreement to make a speech somewhere Sunday if radio-broadcasting apparatus could be installed. After that another in Nashville; more of the "Memoirs" to go to the publisher, and the closing argument of the Scopes case to be given final revision in the light of the week's developments.

That plea, fated to appear only as a posthumous summing up of the Commoner's position, separated the real issues from the misrepresentation, intentional or unintentional, that had obscured both the letter and the purpose of the law.

Mr. Bryan proposed to bring out that there was no interference with freedom of conscience. A teacher can think as he pleases and worship God as he likes, or refuse to worship God at all. He can believe in the Bible or discard it; he can accept Christ or reject him. And so with freedom of speech. He can, so long as he acts as an individual, say anything that he likes on any subject. The law does not violate any rights guaranteed by any constitution to any individual.

But, Mr. Bryan pointed out, this law deals with the defendant, not as an individual, but as an employe, or official or public servant, paid by the state and therefore under instruction from the state.

It did not have its origin in bigotry; it was not trying to force any form of religion upon anybody. The majority was simply trying to protect itself from the attacks of an insolent minority to force irreligion upon the children under the guise of teaching science. What right has a little irresponsible oligarchy of self-styled intellectuals to demand control of the schools?

Christians must build their own colleges to teach Christianity. It was only justice that atheists, agnostics and unbelievers should build their own colleges if they wanted to teach their own views or attack the religious views of others.

"Religion is not hostile to learning," Mr. Bryan contended. "Christianity is the greatest patron learning has ever had. But Christianity knows 'the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom,' now as in the past, and they therefore oppose the teaching of guesses that encourage Godlessness among the students.

"The science of how to live is the most important of all the sciences, but it is necessary to know how to live. Christians desire that their children shall be taught all the sciences, but they do not want them to lose sight of the Rock of Ages while they study the ages of the rocks; neither do they desire that they will become so absorbed in measuring the distances between the stars that they will forget Him who holds the stars in His hand."

The Commoner, now showing the scant locks and the furrowed lineaments of the worn warrior, but seemingly good for many more battles, felt that he must go on in a cause that had come to possess his whole being as the crowning crusade of his toilful 40 years. He must write, he must speak, he must counsel, he must confer, he must plan, even if this exhausting stay in Dayton foreshadowed what he was prepared to suffer, if need be, namely, martyrdom. Ready to offer himself in the same vicarious spirit that impelled exposure to the adroit Darrow's unsparing shafts as he went voluntarily to the witness stand for his God and his Bible.

Darrow's atheism was set down by the Bryans as more sweeping than the doubting of Ingersoll. For did not the eloquent infidel say at his brother's grave: "For in that night of death, Hope sees a star, and Love, listening, can hear the rustling of a wing"?

I quoted another part of that funeral oration to further illustrate Ingersoll's questioning: "Every cradle asks us whence? and every grave whither?"

But neither made any comment.

But the solemnity of the moment moved the Crusader to a self-revealment that, he said, would sound better after he was gone. Although convinced that the end would come quickly in his case—he had confided to friends in Detroit a year before the premonition of death from the bursting of a blood vessel while on the platform—how little he realized this confidence would be released in ten days!

***Made Each Step a Matter of Prayer***

What he confided was that he had made every weighty transaction of his life a matter of prayer to his Maker before entering upon it. Even his first speech in Congress, which caught the attention of the nation, had been taken to the Lord in the sacred communion of the closet.

It brought up the image of Chinese Gordon, brave British commander in the Sudan, carrying a Bible always, as well as a sword. It recalled the lonely Lincoln, saying that the consciousness he had no other place to go in the nation's extremity brought him upon his knees before his Maker. It answered the question of many of the Commoner's close friends: "Why does he take up the cudgels at Dayton in such a dubious cause?"

At that moment it was written in his will, executed just before leaving for Dayton, in connection with a gift of $100,000 for Christian education, that while he devoted a large part of his time to study and discussion of political questions and had found abundant reward in the reforms adopted with his humble aid, he felt more interest in religion than politics because religion is the only influence that controls the heart, out of which are the issues of life.

The lament of Wolsey, "Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my king, he would not in my old age have left me naked to mine enemies," had no relation to the Commoner's consecrated and fruitful life. Paralleling his domination of Democratic councils for 30 years, had been his Presbyterian eldership, his Bible class leadership and his powerful spiritual appeals from the platform. He had served God, country and party with equal zeal.

But at the last he seemed on the threshold of a single consecration. Democracy was to go that he might give his ebbing powers undividedly to orthodoxy. In the half-day we had together at Dayton, not a name or word or incident came up out of all the vivid and stirring scenes in which we had chanced to be associated throughout three decades as party, platform and newspaper associates.

***And So It Was Until the End Came***

It will be remembered that he released his supporters from obligation to him as aspirant for the United States senatorship from Florida because he felt disinclined to continue his activities in politics. At the conclusion of the last Presidential campaign, he announced retirement from the lecture platform to devote his time to the writing of his "Memoirs" and to other tasks.

Then came what he believed in his soul to be a covert organized attack in the name of science upon the Christian religion, and he hastened to Tennessee as the volunteer and uncompensated assistant to the state prosecutor.

Following his success in that trial, he was planning to go to the country with the issue raised by the scientists, atheists and agnostics. The powerful voice was to be heard in the ringing affirmation: "The Bible is good enough for me."

Then beyond that loomed the crowning oratorical experience of his unexampled platform career—the series of uplifting addresses in the far-away land where Christ and the Twelve spake.

So at the moment of our parting there appeared little prospect of the enthralling Bryan advocacy being longer divided between Christian faith and political philosophy. The Cross alone had won the field.

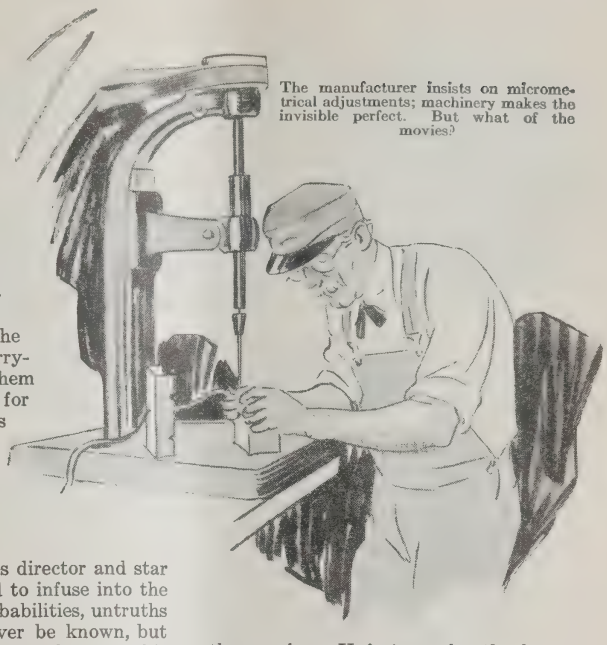
A few days later at Sharon Lodge, in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia—his father's native state, which never deserted him in his political struggles—I got the message that the Happy Warrior had passed away without pain in his Sunday afternoon siesta.

The lines of one of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," which Mr. Bryan once said he wanted for his epitaph, came to me—

"And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his Gods?"

# Is a Movie Renaissance Possible?

(*Concluded from page 5*)



The manufacturer insists on micrometrical adjustments; machinery makes the invisible perfect. But what of the movies?

A newspaper reader will feel sore at everybody because he has just spent a dollar to see a movie worth 3 cents and 17 minutes of time; this reader will call it every name possible. But if the editor publishes a diatribe one-fifth as bitter as this reader's, the latter will at once embark on a mental scalping mission. One reader —a hundred readers; one town—a hundred towns. Editors could overlook inconsistent individuals and communities, but in the course of years it has been found that few readers want criticism unless it agrees with their opinions.

So we have mild reproaches or preposterous praise in the press. To readers is left the delightful monopoly of excoriating and attacking.

It is true that in many cases advertising patronage and other *sub rosa* interests cause editorial policies to be shaped in accordance with bank-roll ethics. But do the communities in interest object? Do they kick? No. When the local arts club or its counterpart gives its monthly meeting one of the principal guests is the dramatic-musical-radio-movie "critic." No matter what kind of merry ha-ha's greeted his recent contributions, he—and sometimes she—is given the opportunity to explain whys and wherefores, and the meeting adjourns like all well-regulated mutual admiration societies.

The Will H. Hays organization is a costly superstructure which merely adds to the amusement expenses of the nation. It has no effect upon the deep-rooted ignorance of producing organization units, of self-advertised supermanagements.

A manufacturer interested in his product is not satisfied with normal, visible perfection. He insists on micrometrical adjustments. Draftsmen and machinery are employed to make the invisible perfect, and if superexactness is required new and costly precision adjuncts are resorted to.

There is no reason why movie producers should not be equally careful. There is no reason why they should not employ means and individuals that would correct the glaring faults first, the ordinary ones afterward, and finally adopt standards as precise, in every sense of the word, as a billion-dollar industry merits.




The correctness of the butler's matutinal attire is unchallenged.

To what an extent the practice of directors marrying stars and featuring them directly is responsible for the blah and bunk is neither here nor there but it is significant that such teamwork, often ending in divorce courts, is commonplace. To what extent the pairing enables director and star to do as they please, and to infuse into the picture extraneous improbabilities, untruths or superfluities, may never be known, but my observations are that wherever this arrangement exists the production suffers. I have even noticed it where "trades" were obvious. When a certain director's wife stars under another director the latter governs himself accordingly, because his own wife, if he has one, may require similar attention. Reciprocity knows no bounds —and the public suffers.

Vincent Astor, in an interview in *Collier's* denied that there is any longer such a thing as "high society." He said that the notion is based on "Hollywood interpretations of the luxurious laziness of the so-called Four Hundred."

Mr. Astor must have seen a few movies. Very likely he has seen those which featured the kind of society where butlers serve breakfast in evening dress. A five-dollar bill to any butler in or out of a job would be sufficient to buy pointers from him, one of which is the *faux pas* just described. But is it conceivable that a superdirector, fifteen years removed from peddling, would stoop to get knowledge from a waiter? How can the public ask a $2,000-a-week genius to be taught details of the sort by a worker whose services are rated by employment agencies at, sometimes, $100 a month?

Maizie McMickey, Becky Willettstein, and Nita Bellini, who work side by side at the notion counter of the big department store, are not going to question the butler's matutinal get-up.

Yet let an Irish cop appear on the scene, and if there is something a wee bit wrong Maizie will resent it; if the secondhand shop scene is not just so Rebecca is going to snicker, since her "old man" has owned a successful one for a generation and she was virtually raised in the midst of slightly used art goods; while Nita will flash a sneering glance if the peasant scene is defective.

The movies are highly commercialized, but that is not a fault. The fault is the *excessive commercialization of ignorance and vanity* as repsented by those who make the movies. Unfortunately, the box office tells nothing. Even a bad movie will make money.

I do not believe that the domestic problems of movie folk are news, in any sense of the word, any more than those of the traffic policeman, the ice man, the doctor. If organizations can prevail upon newspapers and newspaper associations—notably the Associated Press, and similar bodies—to refrain from featuring items of that sort a step in the right direction will have been taken. If something nasty happens, publish it fully, as in the case of any other individual, to the extent that the community and taxpayers are interested.

Producers were quick to discover that the star plan had its objections, its drawbacks, its losses. What stars of ten years ago are stars today? The system was modified, little by little, and in turn stars modified it themselves by their own organizations.

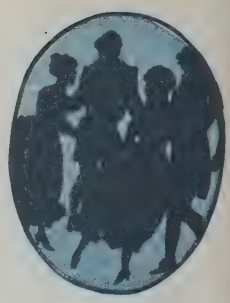
Though I have blamed the director for most faults, since he is the court of last resort in picture making, I do not wish his elimination. Most stars who have acted as their own directors have failed dismally; authors who have ventured forth to stage their stories have clearly revealed how they suffer under the screen's direct proof. We can excuse the director; he is a creature of the industry and has not had the opportunity to learn everything despite his practical success; we may find for the actors, who have been accustomed to management and therefore relieved of framework detail, but for the author, there are no alibis. He or she either knows or does not know. And if they don't know they have no business writing.

Briefly, even royalty, after generations of usage, finds it essential to maintain etiquette by means of masters of ceremonies, social secretaries and other means, to guard against *faux pas* and prevent mistakes. But the movie industry, more important than all the combined royalty of thirty centuries, expects itself to be royal with no safeguards of any kind except a censorship against which it balks and which is useless as well as banal.

Isn't it time for producers to call in means by which the preventable defects and the regrettable mistakes can be eliminated outright? And throw overboard the grotesque and costly staffs of ignorance now hanging on?



# A Dance a Week



## *Money Musk, Pop Goes the Weasel, and St. Patrick's Day in the Morning*

The tune "Monymusk," to give it its original Scottish spelling, was composed by Daniel Dow, a famous fiddler and musician, who was born in Perthshire, Scotland, in 1732, and died in Edinburgh on January 20, 1783. He was a teacher and giver of concerts in Edinburgh from 1763 till his death. Dow published various collections of Strathspeys in one of which "Monymusk" appears under the name of "Sir Archibald Grant of Monymusk's Reel," probably about 1770. Sir Archibald and Lady Grant were great favorites in Edinburgh, and out of compliment to them the tune was called "Monymusk," being the name of their estate in Aberdeenshire. The village of Monymusk is on the banks of the River Don, about twenty miles from the city of Aberdeen.

Another popular contra dance that has met with much favor for many years is "Pop Goes the Weasel," a description of which we are giving this week to our readers. The music bears the same title.

### MONEY MUSK

Six couples in a set. Give first call before the music begins.

First couple swing once and a half around..... 8 bars

First couple advance, give right hands, and turn once and a half around and stop, the gentleman between the second and third ladies, and his partner between the second and third gentlemen. Both are now in opposite lines.

Forward six..... 4 bars

Gentleman who is standing between two ladies will join hands, while his partner who is between two gentlemen will also join hands, and all move forward four steps, and back four steps.

Swing three-fourths around..... 4 bars

The same lady and gentleman join right hands and turn three-quarters around, so that they finish between the lines, the lady facing toward the head of the set, her partner facing her and toward the foot of the set.

Forward six..... 4 bars

The lady joins left hand with the gentleman on her left, and right hand with the lady on her right, forming a straight line, facing toward the head of the set. The gentleman joins right hand with the gentleman on his right, and left hand with the lady on his left, all facing the opposite three. All forward and back.

Swing three-quarters to place..... 4 bars

The same couple join right hands, swing three-quarters to their own side of the set, one couple below, where they started. This leaves two ladies together and two gentlemen together.

Right and left..... 8 bars

The same two couples pass through to opposite side of set, each give the left hand and turn. Return to place in the same manner.

The same couple continues the dance, progressing toward the foot of the set, casting off one couple each time, continuing until all couples have gone through the movements. After the first couple has danced by three couples, the couple then at the head begins. There are now two couples leading at the same time. To end the dance call,—All join hands forward, turn partners, promenade to seats.



### A GOOD EXERCISE FOR THE KNEE JOINTS

One who sits at a desk all day, or rides in an automobile, or lacks opportunity to use the muscles of the limbs to any extent, cannot expect to dance as well as a more active person.

One reason is, that cords between the thigh and knee tend to shorten when they are deprived of proper exercise. This can be overcome by the simple physical actions here described. The joints of the knee are of supreme importance in the execution of the steps of the dance. The following exercises will lubricate and strengthen not only the joints of the knee, but also the muscles and joints of the toes, ankles, and hips.

THE EXERCISE—Stand feet together, weight entirely upon the right foot.

Count one—Bend right knee, and at the same time, slide left foot out to side.

Count two—Raise and draw left foot to right.

Count three—Down with foot and slide left to side again.

Count four—Raise and draw left foot to right again.

Do this eight times and then take the opposite foot for the same number of times. The body should be lowered about six inches when the knee is bent. Another useful exercise is to stand, feet together, raise leg upward, knee bent, toes pointing to the floor, lower and raise again. Repeat this several times, then exercise opposite leg.

One does not realize how little control the average person has of the muscles of the limbs until one begins to dance. Persons who can walk, run, move up and down stairs, find it difficult to control the muscles or joints in any given position for an accurate length of time, as is required in dancing. The above exercises will be found very beneficial, whether or not one dances.

### POP GOES THE WEASEL

Metronome 112. Six couples in a set. Call first change before music begins.

Head couple down the outside and back..... 8 bars

Head lady and gentleman walk down the outside of their own line eight steps and return to place.

Down the center and back..... 8 bars

The same couple join inside hands, and promenade down to the foot of the set, eight steps, then change hands, and return to place, eight steps.

Circle three hands around..... 8 bars

The same couple join hands with the next lady, and circle three hands once and a half around, the second lady stopping opposite, and facing her original place. At the word POP in the music, the active couple release the hands of the other lady, at the same time raising their own joined hands, forming an arch, under which she passes, and returns to her own place.

Circle three hands around with gentleman..... 8 bars

Repeat the same with that gentleman.

Repeat all, going below one couple each time. The other odd couples 3-5 begin the dance at the same time and continue until the end of the set is reached, when each couple rest one repetition of the dance. The same applies to the head of the set. To end the dance call,—Join hands forward, swing partners, promenade to seats.

### ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN THE MORNING

Six couples in a set facing. Call first change before the music begins.

Head couple down the outside and back..... 8 bars

Head couple down the center and back..... 8 bars

Cast off, forward and back six..... 4 bars

Cast off, means to go below one couple.

Six hands half around..... 4 bars

Forward and back six..... 4 bars

Six hands half around to place..... 4 bars

First two couples cross right hands half around..... 4 bars

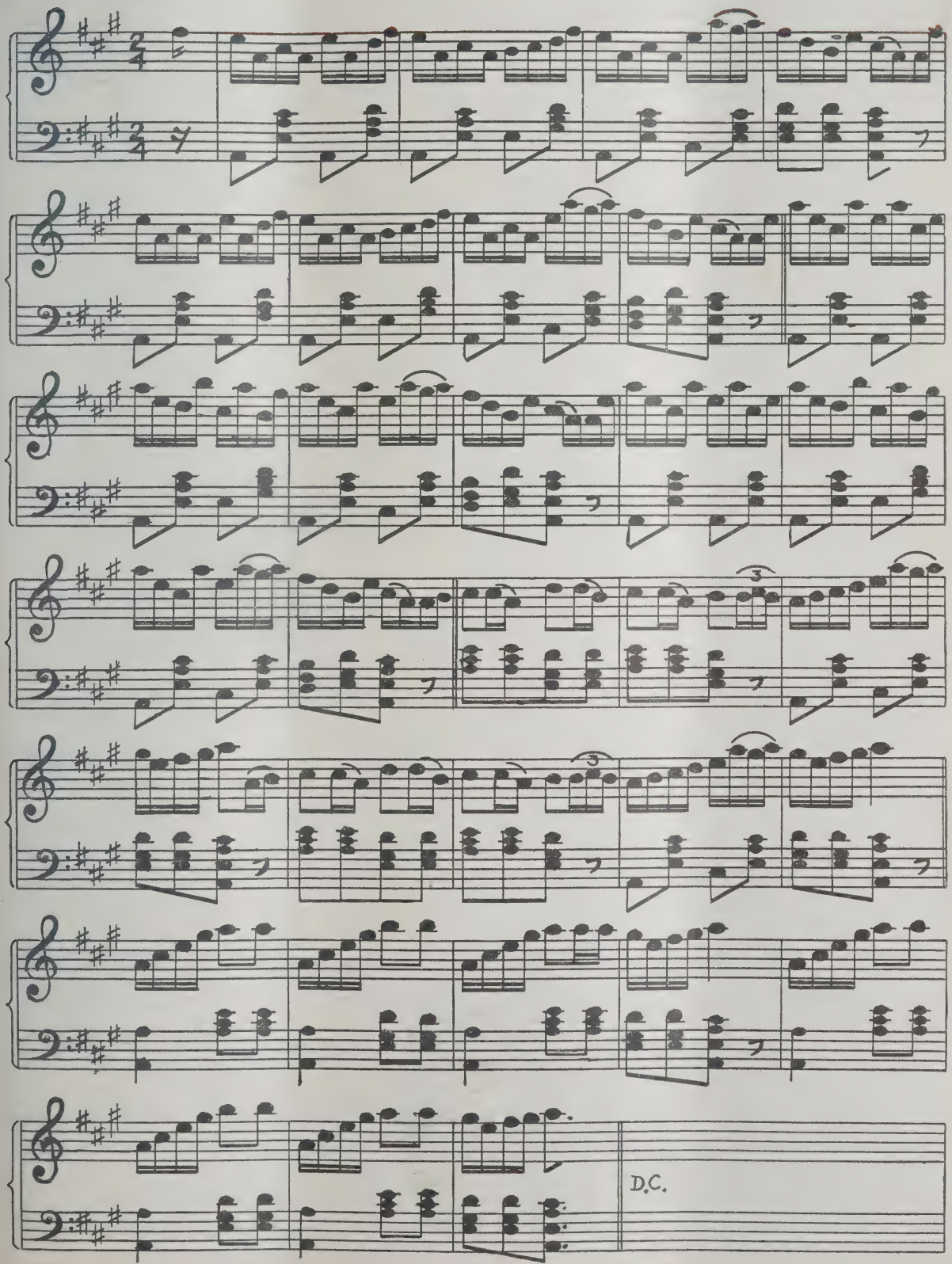
Left hand back..... 4 bars

Ladies chain..... 8 bars

Play six times. To end the dance call,—"All join hands forward and back. Turn partners, promenade to seats."

# MONEY MUSK

MM—112



# Astor Fortune and Captain Kidd's Gold

(*Concluded from page 8*)

stead found that, preceding the year 1802, Astor's annual bank deposits ranged from $200 to $600, and that they were returns from the marketing of his furs, as notations on the deposit slips explained. This was the period at which John Jacob was supposed to be laying the foundations of the Astor fortune in the fur trade, but there was not much indication of any future fortune in the amounts laid by each year by the fur-trader.

"In 1802, however, the maximum of $600 a year leaped all at once to $1,400,000, deposited to John Jacob Astor's credit. Accompanying this deposit was a notation that it covered 'French and Spanish gold coins,' and 'considerable jewelry.' Intrigued by his discoveries, Olmstead then crossed the Atlantic, and, searching in London, found the records of an old jewelry firm, still in business, which showed that Astor had been paid, in 1802, the sum of $1,400,000—the same amount deposited in New York—for French and Spanish coins and jewelry. Thereafter, there was no similar sale by Astor, and no deposit of similar size in any bank of which record can be found.

"It was finally discovered," continued Dr. Bolton, "that the cross on the cave had led Cartier to the discovery of the chest filled with the 'Spanish and French coins and considerable jewelry.' Astor, who had been in the habit of trading with the trapper for his furs, bought the chest and its contents for $5,000, according to further records found by Olmstead. Jewelry, notably a pair of bracelets, which had been taken from a Lady Dunmore, while she was honeymooning with her husband on board a British ship, by Captain Kidd and his men, were found among the treasures sold in London by Astor, according to another and later Lady Dunmore of Olmstead's day. These bracelets eventually were returned to their owner, but they assisted in establishing the chest as having been buried by the famous pirate, or 'gentleman adventurer,' as one prefers to consider Kidd.

"When Captain Kidd was hanged at Execution Dock, London, in 1701, on formal charges of having murdered a member of his own crew, and of piracy on the high seas, he handed to his wife a paper on which were written in his own hand the figures 44286618. Olmstead's curiosity was further aroused by these figures, and was oddly appeased when a relative of his, an engineer, took the location of the cave and found it to be latitude 44 degrees, 28 minutes, and longitude 66 degrees, 18 minutes —44:28; 66:18—the number which Kidd had passed to his wife so that she could find the location of the spot in which something of value was buried. That which the pirate intended her to find from record, the trapper found by accident, and, being unable to dispose of it, sold it to John Jacob Astor for about one three-hundredth of its value.

"The chest which had held the treasure was found by a member of the Olmstead family in the hands of a Vermont junk dealer, and, on being carried to the cave, was found to fit perfectly into the hole which had been carved in the floor of the cavern. Thus, one by one, the links in the chain of historical evidence as to the source of the Astor fortune were forged and a true story more strange than the vast majority of fiction plots was brought to light after two centuries."

Hidden treasure, whether buried by pirates or persons who came by it honestly, has cost more money spent in hunting it than the value of the treasure sought, is the opinion of Dr. Bolton.

"Captain Kidd's treasure," he said, "probably has occupied more attention, cost more money, and been hunted more frequently than any other. From Cocos Island to Sleepy Hollow, men have hunted Kidd's hoard, and the body of the beheaded negro whom Kidd is said to have buried with the treasure. Legend declares that this unfortunate black man was the one selected by the pirate to help him bury the loot, and that this assistance was paid for by death to the man. The skeleton of a beheaded negro, the skull resting on the chest, was uncovered some years ago by laborers working near the André monument in Sleepy Hollow, but no further search is recorded as having been made there for treasure."

Rye, New York, also has its Kidd legend, the tale going that a strange man, garbed in accepted piratical costume, begged shelter one stormy night from a farmer's wife, whose apron he filled with pieces of strange gold the following morning. The mysterious stranger, who immediately disappeared is said to have been Captain Kidd.

From Great South Bay, Long Island, comes down to us the story of the fisherman, who dreamed seven successive nights of treasure trove, buried at a spot the fishermen knew well. At length he took his boat and rowed to this point, but the following morning he was found lying across his own doorstep, unconscious and nearly dead. His spade, the handle marked with his initials, and with wet sand still clinging to the blade, was found some days later in a graveyard, several miles from both the fisherman's cottage and the point where he had dreamed the treasure was buried. The fisherman was unable to give any account of his movements after he had landed on the point.

Nearly every Atlantic port, and many of the coastwise villages have their legends of Kidd and his buried treasure, but more matter of fact investigators, some of them very famous historians, indeed, have declared that Captain Kidd never buried any treasure whatever; that what he took he spent for his own enjoyment, largely on wine and women, meanwhile furnishing the song himself. But now comes Dr. Bolton, whose books on the olden days of America are classics, with the seemingly well-substantiated word that Kidd did bury his treasure, but that it was found some two centuries ago, by one who with it laid the foundations of one of the greatest fortunes of the modern world.

# Giving Back the Bible to Our Children

(*Concluded from page 23*)

art of personal prayer. The popular American vice is to do things by proxy. Most of our games are played by people who are payed to play them while we sit in the bleachers and look on. We play by proxy. It is literally true that most of us do our praying by proxy. We have undertaken to cultivate the art of individual prayer and to develop a habit of participation rather than the "bleacher attitude."

After five years we have a group of young men and women, some of whom are now freshmen and sophomores in college, others are in high school.

The method by which we aim to teach the art of prayer is simple enough. We secure from each child the first week of school a prayer that he has written without having had preliminary warning. The various classes then severally combine their prayers into what has been called a "composite prayer." This composite prayer is true to the ideas and language of the child and becomes the class prayer. Each pupil learns it. They use it in unison frequently in the morning at the beginning of the day's work. Many of the smaller children, I am told by parents, use the prayer in the home at bedtime. Some of the prayers we get are gems of sincerity. The important thing about training in prayer is not the specific prayer made but the development of a habit of praying. America needs not so much "prayers" as "pray-ers." We are trying to develop "pray-ers."

One day each year is set aside for the carrying out of a program of service. Each class selects the special object of its interest and then plans some deed of helpfulness to be done. The lower grades usually take toys and candies to the Day Nursery. The Crippled Children's Home, the County Orphan's Home, the Widow's Home, the Soldiers' Home are all visited by the pupils, where they bring either entertainment, gifts or some token of thoughtfulness and cheer. At the same time each grade sends a token of appreciation to workers away from home. Thus one grade sent several hundred books to Tuskegee Institute, another a gift of money to Dr. Grenfell. We hope in this manner to relate precept and practice in a vital way.

The main significance of a project like this at the First Lutheran Church, Dayton, turns on the fact that it is a dramatization of a feasible program of religious education. We are showing that children will respond to our kind of a program of religious education. Religion is interesting to them when properly taught. It is work, hard work, three hours a day in the summer time, but our pupils do it. Our church is a downtown church: nearly all our pupils live some distance from it, some from six to ten miles away, yet for five years our enrollment has exceeded two hundred and twenty-five with an average daily attendance that ran this year 93.5 per cent. The enrollment of the public school with compulsory attendance probably cannot equal that

# Perhaps the First of American Cities

(*Concluded from page 7*)

*solidly build house* originated in this Lost City of Nevada.

Archeologists studying this ruin and the artifacts found within it have learned that here in the midst of what is now largely desert, but apparently once much better watered and more heavily grown up to vegetation, these first builders irrigated and farmed the lowlands, producing beans, corn and squashes. They gathered mesquite beans and screw beans on the surrounding hills. They produced a good grade of cotton in the valleys and from it wove clothing of about the texture of our cheesecloth. Fragments of this cloth, found in the graves of the Lost City, still retain colors—red and blue and purple

***The People Were in the Stone Age***

—applied by means of vegetable dyes, made we know not how. Fur cloth also was produced, by cutting the skins of rabbits and other animals into long, narrow strips and twisting them, after which they were woven into blankets. Even more interesting, and probably more valuable in the economics of life in *Pueblo Perdido*, was the feather cloth, made by first twisting fiber of wild plants into slender strings, which were wrapped in the down from the breasts of birds. This "yarn" was then woven into blankets, light and beautiful, yet warm and protective from the cold. Feather cloth similar to this was made in the Nahua Empire, under its Aztec rulers, in the Vale of Anahuac—the present Valley of Mexico—and a still more valuable robe, limited to the use of the Aztec nobility, was made from the skins of humming birds and other brilliant-plumaged winged wanderers of the jungles. But the fact that these people of the Lost City, who doubtless settled in what is now Nevada some centuries before the Christian Era, knew or evolved this feather-weaving is of the utmost value in determining the age of their civilization.

The people of the *Pueblo Perdido* were in the Stone Age, as demonstrated by the presence of arrowpoints, knives and drills made from flint and by stone grinding slabs for corn, similar to the *metates* in use to this day by Mexican Indians. Strangely enough, no stone axes or grooved hammers have been found in the ruin. Possibly this is an indication that the people were either so isolated, or so well protected by surrounding deserts that they never went to war. Perforated beads of shell and turquoise, nicely rounded and well-drilled, compare with the chipped flint arrowheads and knives in excellence of workmanship. The tur-

***Pottery Which Opens Book of the Dead***

quoise probably came from the ancient mines on the Colorado River, while the shell must have been obtained from the Gulf of California, or from the Pacific Coast, either one of these sources being hundreds of miles away. In all probability they received these "raw materials" through intertribal traffic, or by traveling traders—there is no means of our ever knowing which.

But it is the pottery found in the Lost City that really opens this New World "Book of the Dead" to our eyes. Indeed it was from this pottery, found in myriads of fragments in the rooms and in scores of whole vessels in the graves, that the city was first thoroughly identified as having been built by the ancestors of the present-day Pueblo Indians. This pottery, also, has added confirmative testimony as to the age of the ruin. Dr. A. V. Kidder, a leading authority on western and southwestern peoples, divides the prehistoric record of these tribes into periods—first, that of the basket makers, who flourished about 2,000 years before Christ, who had learned to raise corn and squashes, but were ignorant of pottery and house-building; second, the post-basket makers, to whom is attributed the invention of pottery; third, the pre-Pueblo period, when the people developed the types of pottery we now call "Pueblo," and raised corn, beans, squashes and cotton, wove good cloth, but still lived in pit-dwellings; fourth, early Pueblo, in which houses of two or more rooms were built, and pottery materially improved; fifth, the greatest period of Pueblo pre-history, when the huge communal houses were built of stone, marking the highest development of communal civilization in America; sixth, the late prehistoric period, when the beginning of the decline of the Pueblos appears to have set in; and seventh, that period from the middle of the sixteenth century down to today, starting with the conquest of the Pueblos by the Spaniards.

In this scheme, which is considered by authorities to be correct, Mr. Harrington places the buried city of Nevada about the close of pre-Pueblo (third) period, or the beginning of the early Pueblo (fourth) period. This was probably about the time of Christ; possibly some centuries earlier; exactly, it may never be known, but the

***They Learned to Build and Weave***

evidence of the pottery discovered in the *Pueblo Perdido* supports Mr. Harrington's idea. "Plain pottery, usually black, is very abundant in the ruin," said Mr. Harrington, "but this furnishes little clue to the identity of its makers. It was only when we had obtained examples of bowls and jars of white and gray and rich red color, on which tasteful designs had been drawn with black paint, and had, in addition, discovered pottery in which the decorations were worked out by varied corrugations of the outside surface, that we were able to say definitely that the 'Lost City' was built and populated by Pueblo Indians.

"Taking the pottery as a whole, while its resemblance to Pueblo ware is unmistakable, there are certain characteristics which stamp it as belonging to an early period of Pueblo history. Literally thousands of fragments of this pottery lie scattered about the sites of the old houses, and these, with the whole vessels frequently found in the graves and occasionally in the rooms, are proving of great value to our study. It was by their means that we were able to identify the ruins as Pueblo in the first place, and in fixing the exact period to which they belong. We are now virtually certain that here in the valley of the Muddy River, 2,000 or more years ago, the ancestors of the modern Pueblos learned how to build permanent buildings, to weave fine cloth, to make good pottery, to develop irrigation systems and improve their agriculture, in short, developed the arts which, in after years, made the civilization of the Pueblos one of the highest in ancient America north of Mexico."

The walls of the houses so far excavated in *El Pueblo Perdido* are almost uniformly seven inches in thickness. At first, this uniformity of thickness may seem peculiar, but it is probably the result of the fact that the normal spread of the hand of a man of the size of the present-day Pueblo Indian averages seven inches. Probably in placing the adobe and stones in the wall, this width was unconsciously attained and maintained by the workman. The diagram published herewith shows House No. 2 excavated in the Lost City. It is a house of seven connected rooms, and three other rooms, or buildings, all circular, which may have been

***Fireplaces Where Cooking Was Done***

either storage houses, watchtowers, or small forts. Three fireplaces, each of them seventeen inches in diameter, provided for the communal cooking, and probably also heat for meetings of the people who lived in this large house, comparatively large, yet only one-third the size of the twenty-one room, one-story house also unearthed in the Lost City. There are indications that the figures labeled 6, 8, 9, and 10 may have been watchtowers or small forts, guarding this part of the *Pueblo Perdido*, but the absence of weapons of war from the ruins would indicate that they may have been storehouses for corn, beans, dried squashes or the seeds of the mesquite and screw-bean trees growing wild on the surrounding hills.

Rabbits, deer, mountain sheep and probably ground squirrels furnished the meat supply of these pre-Pueblos, who evidently had no domestic animals except the dog. In the main they seem to have lived on vegetables, since bones of animals are far from numerous in the ash piles, fire pits and kitchen middens around their homes. As a matter of fact, the diet of many of the southwestern and western tribes in what is now the United States was largely vegetable, as it was of the so-called "building Indians" farther south. Even today, the food of the Mexican Indian in great part consists of corn, beans, squashes and the fresh wild fruits of the jungle, yet many of these Indians live to abnormal ages and carry perfect sets of teeth to their graves.

The dead of the people of the Lost City of Nevada were buried in pits, some of them in sitting positions, the chin resting on the knees and the arms either hanging at the sides or folded across the chest. Pottery

***There Came the Need for Better Homes***

bowls of large size were found intact in most of these graves, and this leads to the opinion that food was buried with the dead, a very ancient custom, possibly responsible for our placing flowers on the graves of our relatives and friends.

Certainly this city was founded a very long time ago, probably by a migrant tribe who here met the proper conditions and the opportunity to develop the more sedentary arts of agriculture, pottery-making, dyeing and weaving. With the development of these arts came the need for permanent homes, with the result that in the heart of the great western desert was built, not only the first city, but the first house in what is now the United States.



# An Olden Quilting Party



By GARETTA HATCH PIERCE

IN THE days when motion pictures and automobiles were undreamed of, when books were not so plentiful as now, when many of the necessities as we know them today were inconceivable luxuries, there prevailed an excellent custom for making work an amusement, for fostering a spirit of helpfulness that tended toward comradeship, and helped to destroy that loneliness so common in the isolated pioneer homes.

It was the custom of "bees," in which all the people of the countryside joined to perform the work of some neighbor. There were the "raisings," when a house or barn of logs was to be built. There were the logging bees, when trees were cut and hauled from a piece of land, thus preparing it for cultivation. People from miles around would gather at the spot; and many hands made light work and cheerful hearts. And when the task was finished there would be feasting and frolicking, games or dancing.

There were paring bees, when apples were pared, quartered, cored, and strung from rafters, there to be dried by the heat from the glowing fireplace; husking bees, in which the farmer's crop of corn was husked and stored in capacious cribs; threshing bees, still held in some parts of the country; wood bees and bridge bees, where many accomplished easily what one could not do alone; and within the homes were sewing bees, for sick neighbors, perhaps, or for the needy of the district.

And then there were the quilting bees. As long as old-time quilts are used to grace and beautify beds, just so long will the memory of these bees remain. It was a slow task to transform countless bits of calico into a quilt of varied patterns, a thing of beauty and taste, but it was a loved one, for therein lay almost the sole outlet for the artistic genius of the countryside. Many are the treasures of this art still in existence, and art it surely was.

* * *

A quilt was to be made for the minister. Weeks of preparation preceded the bee. Each woman pieced a block according to her means and skill (and, wonder of wonders, they were all nearly of a size when joined together in a medley of figures like the vagaries of a turning kaleidescope, but mathematically square). There was some discussion as to whose block should occupy the most prominent place, and ultimately it was given to the daughter of a ne'er-do-well who gave promise of a brighter life. Next the lining and cotton must be bought. A committee of three was chosen, and a trip taken to the next town.

* * *

At last the preliminaries were completed—the lining, batting, and cover fastened on the frame—and the ladies all assembled for the quilting.

Each brought a basket, a contribution to the feast which was the most important part of the day's doings to us children.

ALL the early American quilts were named. Hence we have such names as The Coach Wheel, The Flower Pot, The Tulip, The Oak Leaf, The Snake Fence, The Log Cabin, The Crow Foot, The Star, The Rising Sun, The Irish Chain, The Nine Patch and scores of others. There are such unique names as Robbing-Peter-To-Pay-Paul and The Old Maid's Dream. The former is an ingenious design in which a part of one figure is carried over into the next to complete it. The significance of the latter name is obscure. But whoever it was who dreamed its intricate design and splendid colors and then executed the work assuredly had a flair for beauty.

One woman brought two pyramids of butter, shaped like two huge pineapples, the sides covered by fluted leaves. There were "ris" biscuits, friedcakes with the traditional hole in the middle, doughnuts like twisted ropes piled high, fried chicken, a boiled ham, cookies, innumerable pies, cheese, pickles, preserves, baked apples, baked pears, and tea. Truly a feast no one could despise.

The expert quilters soon began their work. They marked the herringbone line with a piece of chalked twine. This was held taut while a helper lifted and snapped it. The resulting plain white line showed where to quilt. The needles flew in and out and the quilt began to assume shape.

There were some drawbacks to the pleasure. One woman had economically dyed the delaine dress which she wore. The wool had "taken" but the cotton had not. And, notwithstanding her repeated washings, whenever she laid her arm on the pretty quilt it left a smudge.

Tongues flew as well as needles, and the ears of "little pitchers" heard and remembered. The women discussed last Sunday's sermon, which had been about the increasing slave power. One illustration I remember:

"You might as well try to extinguish the fires of Mount Etna with feathers as to prevent the coming upheaval with compromise and talk."

Fragments reached our wondering ears: A voice above the din: "When I was a little girl a man, dressed all in white, appeared before my father, who was chopping in the woods, and said: 'One year from today I will preach here.' Then he departed."

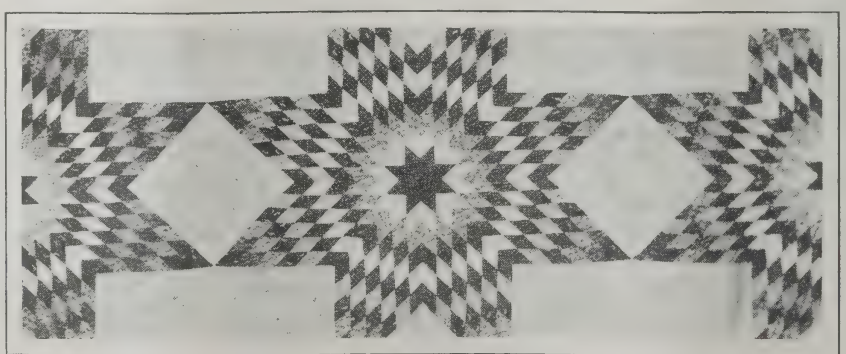
Of course such an apparition was much talked of, and neighbors filled up the space in the woods with rude seats and a platform. At the appointed time a large audience assembled and the "White Pilgrim" came and preached a sermon they never forgot. The evangelists of that time—the White Pilgrim, Peter Cartwright, Lorenzo Dow and many others—made a permanent impression upon the settlers.

Bits of local history began to be remembered—a little girl, lost in the forest, slept for two lonely nights beside two kind "dogs" who kept her warm. A hunter discovered the "dogs" to be bears; and they lost their lives through their kindness. Another child, a little boy, only two years old, was stolen by the Indians and reared by them. When nearly grown he was discovered by a missionary and returned to his own people. The boy expected to have been forgotten, but his mother saw the group coming and shouted his name.

And so the time passed quickly. The quilting was finished, the quilt bound, the feast demolished, and a committee appointed to present it to the preacher's wife.

A few months later the firing on Fort Sumpter echoed through the land. We were unprepared, as we always have been, for war. When the first call was made and volunteers began to pour into Washington there were not sufficient tents, muskets, or blankets, and eager citizens supplied what they could.

And thus our gift to the pastor was caught up in the bloody maelstrom of war.



"The Old Maid's Dream." The diamond-shapes are separate pieces of material sewed to form the mosaic effect.

THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL

THERE are men who, in the face of all history, of the great changes wrought in men's condition, and of the new principles which are now acting on society, maintain that the future is to be a copy of the past, and probably a faded rather than bright copy. From such I differ. Did I expect nothing better from human nature than I see, I should have no heart for the present effort. I see signs of a better futurity, and especially signs that the large class by whose toil we all live are rising from the dust.

—*William Ellery Channing.*

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Volume 26, Number 23

Ten Cents a Copy | MARCH 27, 1926 | $1.50 a Year





CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

# BRIEFLY TOLD

APRIL FOOL'S DAY originated in an ancient pagan festival, such as the Huli festival of the Hindus, or the Feast of Fools, celebrated by the Romans on February 17.

RECENT WRITERS giving their memoirs of Roosevelt quote his saying, "I am not a good shot," but omit the remainder of the statement—"but I shoot often."

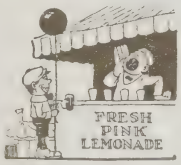
H. W. WILEY, pure food commissioner, says, "The people of our country are learning little by little that the whiteness in flour is inversely proportional to its nutritive value."

THE SWEDISH girl gives her fiancé a plain gold band ring upon her engagement to him, while she in turn receives a similar token from him.

LAST AUTUMN, hundreds of miles of picket fence were put up along public highways in New York and Middle Western states to prevent snow from drifting onto the road.

ONE HUNDRED COTTAGES and barns will be built without nails, near Vermilion, Alberta.

THE SULTAN'S palace in Constantinople, the Yildez Kiosk, will pass into the hands of bankers to be converted into another Monte Carlo.




A RED BLANKET fell into a circus water-trough and stained the water red. From this it is said came the first pink lemonade which became so popular with circuses.

QUEBEC SERVING MEN of a hundred years ago removed the tablecloth with one expert whisk while the fruit dishes and finger bowls remained undisturbed.

CHRISTMAS TREES in France are potted and used for several years, after which they are planted in forests again.

THE AVERAGE FRESHMAN woman student at the University of Kansas weighs 119 pounds and is 5 feet 4-6/19 inches tall. A few years ago the averages were 126 pounds and 5 feet 3 inches.

EIGHT MILLION American Sunday newspapers are sold annually in Canada where Sunday newspaper printing is forbidden. American monthly and weekly magazines have a circulation of one million in Canada.

THE AMERICAN-CANADIAN Pecuniary Claims Commission has awarded the Cayuga Indians, now of Canada, formerly of New York, $100,000 in settlement of a guaranteed annuity of $23,000 that the State of New York ceased paying in 1809.

THE BRITISH unemployment dole will be paid for another year.

"BUFFALOE" WAS the original official spelling of Buffalo, New York.

THE ELEVEN HUNDRED West Point cadets eat a ton of meat, 300 pounds of sugar, 250 pounds of butter and 600 pounds of flour in breadstuffs and drink 1,200 quarts of milk daily.




A PATRON in a Swedish restaurant helps himself to sandwiches, cheese, and cold meats before ordering a warm dinner from the waiter.

WOMEN SPEND two to five times as much for shoes and stockings as for hats.

THERE ARE ABOUT 67,000 miles of trunk oil pipe lines, mostly eight-inch size, for the movement of crude oil from the fields to refineries.

UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE co-eds are eating "a head of lettuce a day to keep cosmetics away."

THE ONLY HAND-CUT marble building in America is the Pierpont Morgan library.

NEW JERSEY'S ANNUAL expenditure of $225,000 for mosquito extermination has increased taxable values $43,000,000 in affected areas.

A TURKISH RADIO owner may be questioned by the authorities at any time for his reasons for desiring to "tune in" on particular stations.

A LUMINOUS SPIDER exists in Burma, but no specimen has ever been caught.

IN 1874 the famous Dr. Osler examined two of his friends for life insurance. The one now surviving was refused insurance because of valvular lesion of the heart.



NEWSPAPER BOOTLEGGERS in Italy clandestinely sell newspapers which exceed the limit of criticism allowed by the Fascist Government.

TOKIO, JAPAN, is nearer the western extremity of Alaska than is Seattle, Washington.

A SEEMINGLY ORDINARY piece of carpet at 10 Downing Street, the official residence of the British Premier, was discovered, in the process of cleaning, to be a Persian rug of great value.

A TAME ELEPHANT eats more than one thousand pounds of green fodder and twenty-five pounds of unhusked rice daily.

FEDERAL RESERVE BANKS state that it costs the average bank 7¾ cents every time a depositor draws a check.

J. WARREN KEIFER, Springfield, Ohio, ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives is 90 years old; "Uncle Joe" Cannon will be 90 in May, and Frederick H. Gillett, the only other living ex-Speaker, is 75.

COLLECTORS PURCHASE about $55,000 worth of specimens every time a new postage stamp is issued by any country.

JOHN E. ANDRUS, of Yonkers, reputed to be worth $100,000,000, rides to and from work each day in the subway, although he is eighty-five years old.

THE MOMENT a young crocodile breaks its shell it is as active as at any time during its life.



ON CHRISTMAS eve, Norwegians put up a sheaf of grain for the birds to eat.

AMERICANS ARE seeking to lease Alberta lakes, for the purpose of raising mink and muskrats.

MORE THAN NINETY tons of reindeer meat were shipped into the United States from Alaska in 1925.

OBERLIN COLLEGE, Ohio, owns $10,585,000 worth of stock of the Aluminum Company of America, the gift of Charles M. Hall, a graduate, who discovered the process of making aluminum by electricity.

TOKIO AUTOMOBILES have mud guards attached to the wheel hubs to prevent mud from splashing on pedestrians.

ONE OF THE most deadly poisons known is that used by natives of Central Papua, who stick their arrows and war spears into a decomposing human body. A scratch of the skin from a weapon so treated means death within three minutes.

OSTRICH FEATHERS are no longer in demand due to bobbed hair. Ostrich skins are being made into handbags.

THAT WOMEN BE admitted to the ministry in Scotland was a resolution approved by the Presbytery of Hamilton, Lanarkshire.

EIGHT THOUSAND Bibles written in Chinese have been purchased by the Chinese National Army for distribution among its officers.

March 27,
1 9 2 6

Volume 26
Number 23




# THE ESSENCE OF THIS ISSUE:

Mr. Ford's Page this week discusses some "radical" and some "conservative" hindrances to progress.

---

Paris had gone mad! Outside Prince Murat's palace the crowds swirled in a frenzy of joy. *"Pres-ee-dent Veel-son"*—the words were a pean of victory. All the pent-up emotions of four long years of war were loosed. The savior of France was there, living and breathing in their very midst, come to avenge their wrongs, to reshape destiny. *"Vive le Pres-ee-dent Veel-son!"*

---

And inside the mansion Woodrow Wilson, calm, methodical, heedless of the cheers, went about the task—of selecting his future home! With Mrs. Wilson he plotted graphs and discussed cities. The world was at his feet; he talked of climate. (p. 2)

---

Another glimpse of Paris! Passion Week—but a few months before. The great drive of the Germans was on: white-faced men and women grimly awaited bulletins from the front. Weary refugees. Streams of wounded. An airplane hovering overhead; another, and another. And then the Big Gun—and death! (p. 4)

---

Let's swing to the other end of the scale—to life, and its preservation. Medicine has made tremendous strides, but it still has far to go. Dr. Alexis Carrel, famous surgeon noted for his research work in the Rockefeller Institute, tells with engaging frankness some of the things doctors cannot do. (p. 14)

---

The romance of plants. Have you ever wondered where the dahlia in your garden originated, wondered how it came to your home? Have you ever thought of those men who pass their lives in the dark places of the earth seeking beautiful flowers and trees for *your* enjoyment? Their adventures read like fiction. (p. 30)

---

*The mob is dead! Long live the law!* Well might this be the slogan of North Carolina, for that state has ended the reign of the mobmen. Read this story of the heroic attempt of the commonwealth to purge itself of the disgrace of mob rule. It is unique in the annals of the South. (p. 7)

---

Mentioning law enforcement naturally brings us to the prohibition problem. The question is asked on all sides nowadays: Can the dry law be enforced? The answer is: *It can!* Here is an article on a county where the law is *rigidly* enforced through the coöperation of the citizens and the courts with the prosecuting attorney. (p. 19)

---

Comments, both adverse and favorable, from all parts of the country, greeted the recent publication of George H. Brownell's articles on farm conditions. They form an interesting cross section of thought on agricultural matters. Some of them are printed herewith. (p. 12)

*CONTENTS*

Wilson's First Night in Paris—*Huston Thompson* 2
Passion Week in Paris, 1918—*William L. Stidger* 4
Consolidated Stock Exchange—Finis? *A. R. Pinci* 6
North Carolina Crushes Mob Rule *William H. Richardson* 7
When the Stars Foretell Trouble *Frank D. Hopley* 8
Mr. Ford's Page 9
Editorials 10
What Do Our Farmers Think of Agriculture? 12
Things That Doctors Do Not Know *Dr. Alexis Carrel* 14
My Fiddle and I Since Long Ago—*Clyde Wier* 16
Prohibition Can Be Enforced 19
Mount Taishan, Oldest Worshiping Place on Earth—*Cameron Wilkie* 21
The Business End of Mormonism *George F. Stratton* 25
A Dance a Week—The Sicilian Circle 28
Adventures in Plant Hunting *E. I. Farrington* 30

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer;
C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

The Morman church is operated on a strictly business basis. The members contribute the Biblical tithe; and in return they receive many benefits. Occasionally their contributions are in the nature of insurance premiums, for they always receive aid in time of trouble. The church has vast holdings; its interests extend to all parts of the globe. This account of its management will interest members of other denominations. (p. 25)

---

The study of the stars comes to us from antiquity. The ancients were in awe of the planets; they tried to correlate their movements with known happenings. Dr. Arthur W. Brooks, Episcopal clergyman and modern student of astrology, has been remarkably successful in forecasting earthquakes and other disasters. He gives us the secret of his predictions. (p. 8)

---

For unknown centuries men have mounted the slopes of Taishan in China to worship their gods. Confucius trod the path to its summit some 2,500 years ago, and the hill was then old as a place of reverence, as old, possibly, as any in the world. Its origin as a holy spot is unknown. It seems as immutable, as mysterious, as the Orient itself. (p. 21)

---

Among the many dubious appendages to the complicated financial system with which this country is burdened, the Consolidated Stock Exchange has occupied a leading position. Its usefulness, long questioned, has been vigorously challenged since the bucket shop scandals of a year ago. Its passing, reported near, will occasion little regret. (p. 6)

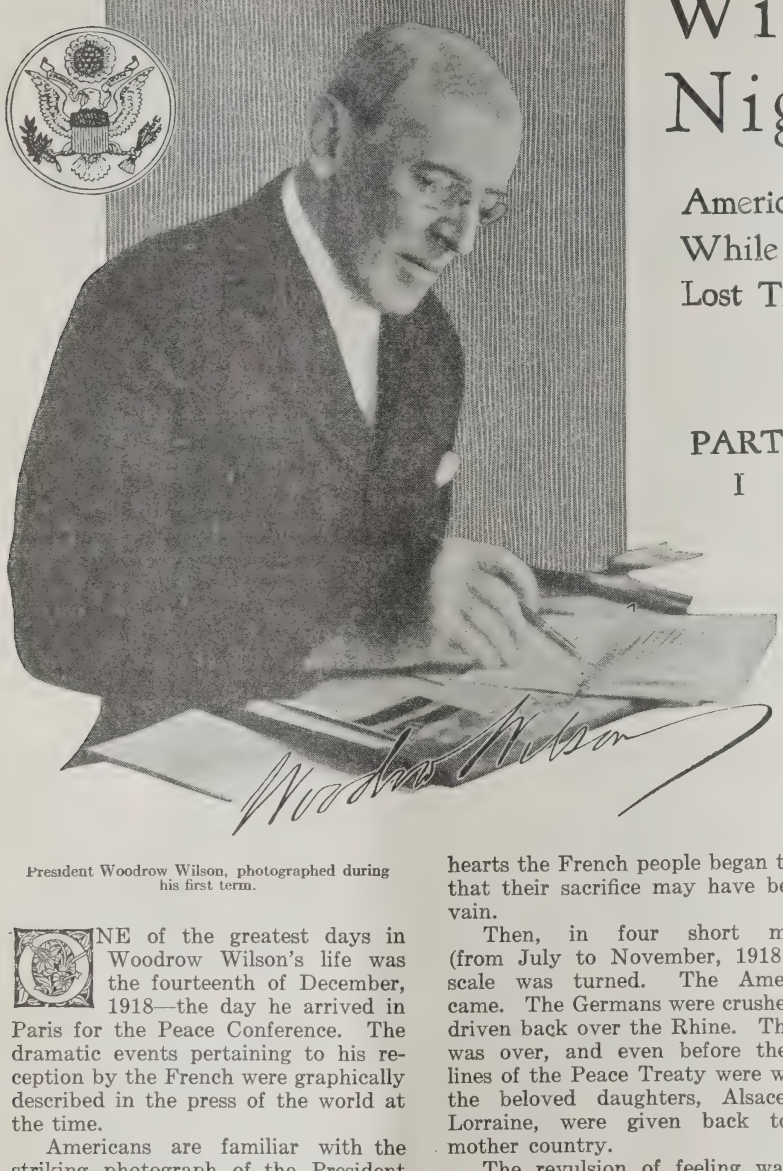
---

It requires genius to make a violin, just as it requires genius to play one. Never again, perhaps, will there be such violin makers as flourished in Cremona some three hundred years ago, Stradivarius, Guarnerius, the Amati. Their story is set forth, as is a short history of the violin (or fiddle), noble descendant of the old viol. (p. 16)

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.50 A YEAR in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year. Single copy, ten cents.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.



President Woodrow Wilson, photographed during his first term.

# Wilson's First Night in Paris

## American President Kept His Head While the People of the French Capital Lost Theirs in a Wild Tumult of Joy

By HUSTON THOMPSON

PART I

"If you can keep your head
when all about you
Are losing theirs . . ."

Thus sang Rudyard Kipling in h famous poem "If," which might very a propriately have been dedicated to or i spired by Woodrow Wilson had Kipli known the mental and spiritual pro esses of Wilson that memorable nigh

What was Woodrow Wilson doi while all Paris was losing its head, f losing its head it surely was, eve though it was on joy and *Vin Roug* On this night of this eventful, signi icant day in his notable career, whi the other prospective plenipotentiari were scheming for advantage in t approaching negotiations, how did t American President spend his tim The answer is revealed by a series characteristic incidents in Mr. Wilson life. They also reveal for the first tim a vitally important insight into h heart and mind on the eve of the Pea Conference. Undisturbed by the fren of happiness swirling about him Paris, and unmoved by the selfish d mands of his Allied associates, M Wilson talked frankly and calmly his approaching duties.

"I suppose you will soon be goi up to see the devastated regions, wor you, Mr. President?" asked an o friend from America, who called up Mr. Wilson that night.

The President looked up over h eyeglasses from a table, where he h been giving close scrutiny to a cros ruled sheet of paper. He sighed, la down a pencil he had been holding a allowed an expression of mock sorr to spread over his face.

"*Et tu, Brute?*" he asked, holding his hand in protest.

His caller showed his surprise his expression. He had been in Fran a year. For the month prior to M Wilson's arrival he had heard t French talk excitedly about taking M Wilson to the devastated regions. T newspapers had been full of it, and had accepted the plan of a visit perfectly orthodox. Everybody we up to see the devastated regions.

Mr. Wilson slowly took off h glasses, leaned back in his chair, a glanced affectionately across the tab

ONE of the greatest days in Woodrow Wilson's life was the fourteenth of December, 1918—the day he arrived in Paris for the Peace Conference. The dramatic events pertaining to his reception by the French were graphically described in the press of the world at the time.

Americans are familiar with the striking photograph of the President and Clemenceau, the old Tiger of France, riding in a carriage through the dense crowds of the Place de la Concord, Mr. Wilson standing and waving his silk hat at the surging throngs. The mercurial French people could not contain themselves as they realized that the man who, as they said, had ended the war, had given them back the "Lost Provinces," and who was the chief magistrate of the super-race that had turned the scale against the Germans, was actually in their midst.

All day Paris thrilled in joyful turmoil. Business was suspended. The American President had come, to finish the job himself! By eight o'clock that night thousands of frantically happy people were milling through the streets between the Hotel Crillon, the American headquarters, and Prince Murat's palace, where Mr. and Mrs. Wilson were stopping. For four years France had suffered in a devastating war.It looked as if the country would be overrun. With bowed heads and torn hearts the French people began to fear that their sacrifice may have been in vain.

Then, in four short months (from July to November, 1918), the scale was turned. The Americans came. The Germans were crushed and driven back over the Rhine. The war was over, and even before the first lines of the Peace Treaty were written the beloved daughters, Alsace and Lorraine, were given back to the mother country.

The revulsion of feeling was tremendous. From the depths of despair the French people swung to a pinnacle of joy that reached its greatest height the night of the day Woodrow Wilson arrived in Paris. From his house as a center, great waves of emotional ecstacy swept over the city. Poilus, girls, officers, American soldiers, Belgians, Italians, "Anzacs," Red Cross nurses, Canadians, British, and hundreds of thousands of French civilians of all ages and classes swarmed through the streets. Vehicular traffic ceased. Gay groups seized the German cannon adorning the parks as war trophies, tossed pretty girls upon them and hauled them all over town singing the Marseillaise. Men and women, boys and girls, soldiers and civilians of all nationalities on the Allied side of the lines, threw their arms about each other, danced hilariously, kissed each other on the cheeks and cheered for "Pres-ee-dent Veelson"—and for the country which had answered, as ever, the call of civilization and humanity.

toward Mrs. Wilson, who sat beneath a reading lamp sewing, very much as any American wife might sit with her husband in the evening.

"You know," he said, "I haven't heard anything but 'devastated regions' since I got off the boat in Brest yesterday morning. Everybody I meet wants to rush me off up there to see the damage done by the Germans."

He paused and his face settled into stern lines. The humor of a moment before suddenly faded from his eyes. His strong jaw came forward just a trifle and his firm mouth shut like a steel vise.

"Well," he declared, "I don't *want* to see the devastated regions. You know, as a boy, I was reared in the country through which Sherman marched to the sea. My boyish eyes saw the remains of Sherman's devastation. I don't *need* to see the devastated regions, therefore, in order to understand what has happened. Besides that, I don't want to see the devastation; I don't want to get mad. I want to keep my temper and my reason. I think there ought to be *one* man at the Peace Table who isn't angry, who isn't consumed by hatred and desire for revenge."

He ceased and toyed with his glasses for a moment. Then he looked up, with a patient smile on his face.

"In fact," he said, "if I had my way I'd adjourn the Peace Conference for a year and give all parties time to go home and get some of the bile out of their systems."

At that time Lloyd George had just completed a campaign for reëlection of the war ministry of which he was the head. His speeches had pledged the coalition government to "hang the Kaiser" and to maintain British supremacy of the sea. These points were mentioned by Mr. Wilson's caller as evidence that there was considerable "bile" to be got rid of.



Clemenceau, Wilson, and Lloyd George, photographed in Paris.

"That is true," said Mr. Wilson, "but I'm not worrying about Mr. Lloyd George's naval policy. Reduction of naval armament must be brought about; it is one of the inevitable results of this conflict, and Mr. Lloyd George will have to be reasonable. If he isn't I shall simply introduce him to the interesting fact that we are in position to build a much greater navy than England, if we have to."

The French "bile" of that time had been clearly revealed by M. Clemenceau's public utterances, just prior to Mr. Wilson's arrival. His position was that, first, Germany must pay to the last sou, brick for brick and stone for stone throughout the devastated region. Nobody dreamed what such a total would be, but that made no difference. Clemenceau (supported by French public opinion) pledged himself to get back, in the Peace Treaty, every dollar of damage Germany had done and every dollar that the war had cost France.

Secondly, Clemenceau demanded that Germany should be stripped of her merchant marine and that she should be denied any raw materials.

These were the two extreme demands of his chief associates with which Mr. Wilson had to deal. In each case the Premier had publicly pledged himself to his own people that his program would go into the Peace Treaty. Mr. Wilson knew this, but having "kept his head when all about him were losing theirs," he also knew they were impossible conditions. That was the reason he told his caller, on the historic night in question, that he didn't propose to go to see the devastated regions, that he did not want to lose his temper, and that he thought the Peace Conference should adjourn for a year before undertaking to write a treaty.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Wilson did, however, visit the devastated regions. He had not given to the French the same reasons for not going which he so frankly *(Concluded on page 22)*



Typical of the crowds which everywhere tendered Wilson a tremendous ovation on his visit to Paris. Wilson is in the carriage.



# Passion Week in Paris, 1918

## When the Big Gun Boomed and Brought Gethsemane

DRAWINGS BY GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

Paris from Notre Dame Cathedral.

THERE is no better time to tell it than this Passion Week of 1926, after eight years have passed

Friday, March 22, a week before Good Friday, the Big Gun began to fire on Paris. My diary of that date says:

"This is the first day on which a gun has been used by the enemy to fire a distance of seventy-five miles on a defenseless city filled with men, women and children. The city is stirred as never before since the days of the French Revolution. Business has stopped. Shops are closed. The tramways and subways are motionless. None but Americans are on the streets of Paris. There is something dreadfully ominous in the very air. The awful uncertainty of those great shells dropping, dropping, regularly every twelve minutes from out of the sky, seemed to stifle one. At first we did not know whether they were bombs from Gothas or what. Then came the announcement late this afternoon that the shells are coming from the Big Gun."

*Saturday, March 23.*

"Promptly at 7 the Big Gun dropped its first shell for today into the city. One needed no alarm clock to rise by this morning. The first shell shattered some glass in my hotel. We had an air raid again last night. Up yonder on the Somme the Big Drive has begun, and down here the air drive has begun. The Big Gun all day long and the Gothas at night. It is intended to terrify.

"Every twelve minutes the shells have dropped into the city. The railroad depots are literally crowded with people leaving the city with their children. I visited three *gares* today and baggage is piled up everywhere. I talked with a man in charge about the possibility of checking a trunk for a friend who had to go to Bordeaux, and he said that they would not promise to touch it for two weeks, because of the great exodus from the city of old men, and women and children. They were overwhelmed."

*Sunday (Palm Sunday), March 24.*

"Another air raid last night about one o'clock, and the Big Gun promptly at seven this morning. It is a strange Palm Sunday. The papers are filled with the awfulness of the loss of life up on the Somme line. It looks dark. Bishop McConnell preached a Palm Sunday sermon on the subject, 'How the Spirit of Christ Comes Back After It Is Apparently Crushed.' It was almost weirdly appropriate, and full of an eternal hope in such dark days as we are now passing through this Passion Week. He told us of how on Friday of this week he had spoken to a thousand Scottish guards the day before the big drive began. He had spoken in an old tumble-down theater near Amiens, and when he asked them what they wanted to sing they selected

*'O God, Our Help in Ages Past,*
*Our Hope for Years to Come,'*

and somehow this hymn had an uncanny prophecy of events that were about to transpire. The Bishop told us that he had preached to those boys on 'How Men Die,' and in a week most of that group to which he had preached had make the supreme sacrifice for humanity.

"While the Bishop was preaching three shells fell so close to the church that their explosion shook the windows. It was a strange service for Palm Sunday. We were a restless crowd, and it is no small tribute to the eloquence and power of the man that he kept that great audience of English-speaking people there at all, for the shells were too close to be safe. The newspapers humorously called it 'Bomb Sunday.'"

***The Big Gun Began to Throw Her Death***

*Tuesday, March 26.*

The Germans have taken Noyon, only thirty-five miles away. We have been notified as to where we shall get truck transportation in case the city is evacuated. Hand baggage only, allowed. I visited the Gare du Nord today. It is piled to the ceiling with the baggage of old men and women fleeing Paris. I saw old men and women in wheel chairs by the hundreds, men and women who have never been out of Paris in their lives. The Big Gun stopped shelling us for some reason this afternoon. We do not hear much news from the front, but we know that awful slaughter is going

on up there on the Somme. It is a weird time. It is a strange Passion Week."

*Wednesday, March 27.*

"Cold and sunless today. When I got up this morning there was what I call a 'War Sun,' blood red through the heavy mists that covered Paris. Last night there was a wonderful moon, but no air raid. Germany is sparing us for some reason. There is a rumor that she is so sure of entering Paris that the raids have stopped and the Big Gun has ceased firing. They do not want to destroy any more now that they are so near.

"I heard some French gamblers betting even money that the Germans would be in Paris in two weeks. The British have officially admitted that the situation is most serious. The French newspapers are saying, 'The enemy is so close that it is becoming difficult for the Allied Armies to maneuver.' We went to bed last night with the Germans only an hour away by train. But today a Frenchman with whom I ate dinner said, 'It is good news that we get today noon.' "

***An Awful Night in the Gare du Nord***

*Thursday, March 28.*

"Spent the whole day in the Gare du Nord caring for thousands of refugees pouring in from northern towns where the drive is pushing forward. They are pouring in at a rate of 2,000 a day. I went down last night at one o'clock and have been there all day. It is an awful sight. Old women carrying tiny babies have tramped on foot fifty and sixty miles, with nothing to eat for three days. This strangely sad Passion Week. They have been driven by thousands from their homes. One woman saw her little girl killed by a bomb, and she just had time to lay her on a bed and run for a truck that was to evacuate them. Three babies were born in the Gare last night. So continues this drama of life, death and suffering amid which one is brought to a realization of the divine in humanity. It is a strange Passion Week. If ever these poor refugees, and if ever these poor women, with their babies born in a cold basement of a railroad station, have gone into Gethsemane it is now.

" 'Never such a Passion Week since Christ!' one hears exclaimed on every side. That phrase seems to be on every lip. There are such strange parallels. The world seems to be betrayed this week. It looks as if the French and English armies will be separated and the channel ports taken. We say in our hearts that it shall not be, but we have to face facts."

*Good Friday, March 29.*

"I have never spent a Good Friday in my life when I felt more in the atmosphere and memory of Christ's sufferings long ago than I have today. In addition to the poor refugees with whom I worked all day and night, the piteousness of their suffering haunting me, I spent half an hour in the Madeleine this afternoon. The great church was crowded with soldiers of many nations, and men and women were everywhere. The service was strangely filled through and through with the 'Presence'; as if He were on earth again in a strangely human fashion in the suffering of the world. The churches are crowded today. Half of the French who are pouring into them are wearing black. Thousands of women and little children with weeping eyes passed me as I stood at the steps of the Madeleine and Notre Dame. This morning I came home from an all-night's work with the refugees, before daylight. I stopped at a church where working men gather and it was packed to the doors.

***The Old Woman Who Lost Her Crucifix***

"One of the refugees that we took to the hotel last night was an old woman. She had not brought much baggage, but she had brought a crucifix, a family relic. We had to put the refugees to bed on the floor of the hotel lobby at the Pavilion. This dear old woman somehow lost her crucifix, and when she discovered that loss she was more inconsolable than one other woman, I tried to comfort, who had lost her baby down at the Gare du Nord. She wailed and cried and shrieked so that she kept the rest of the tired refugees awake. We could not quiet her. Finally she got the whole crowd of more than two hundred refugees searching for that lost crucifix, until at last they found it and all could sleep.

"I went back to the Madeleine again this afternoon; it was crowded; when I came out the sky was covered with heavy black clouds to the north. One imagined it was the dense smoke from the big guns up on the Somme and around Noyon. The enemy seems to have gone mad with hate for this sacred day. The clouds drifted over Paris as from a burning world. Here and there between the clouds were blue patches. An aviator was patrolling the sky around, and around, and around Paris. Then others joined him, a great air patrol. The Germans had been threatening a daylight raid for some time, and as they seemed to prefer sacred days for their terror, it was expected today. Full churches make good targets.

***It Happened at "the Ninth Hour"***

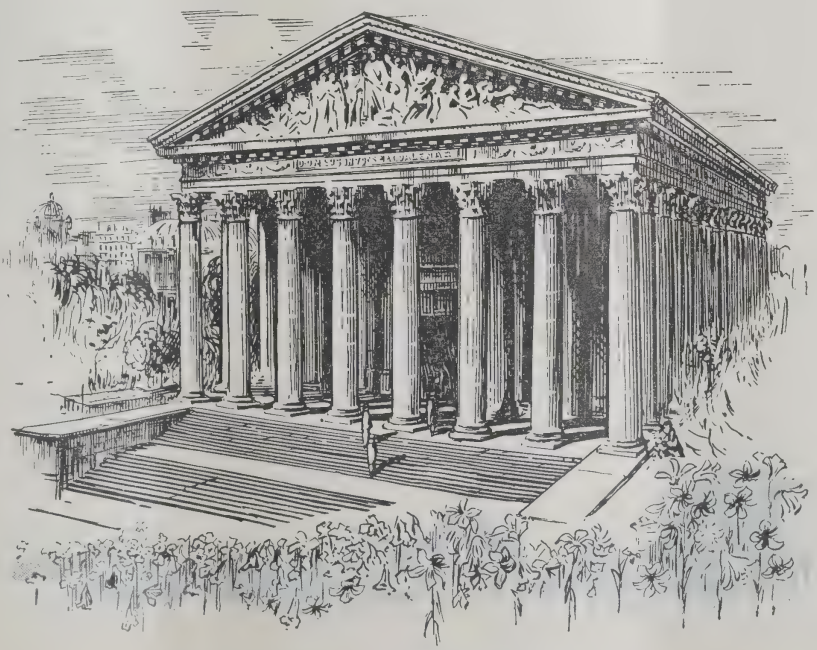
"About fifteen minutes of three I left the Madeleine crowded and packed with worshipers, to walk to my hotel. I was thinking of Good Friday in America—of my church folks—my family—all keeping worship."

"The Ninth Hour"—

"The Big Gun had been silent most of the day, but suddenly I heard an explosion. It was the Big Gun. I looked at my watch and noticed that it was three o'clock almost to the dot, 'the ninth hour' of the Bible narrative.

"The earth shook as with convulsions. It may have been my imagination, but that shell somehow seemed nearer than any that I had felt.

"Then the news came. It spread like fire over Paris. That shell had thrust itself on this Good Friday afternoon, like the spear thrust into the side of Jesus—it had thrust itself into the side of that ancient and beautiful church of St. Gervais; at three o'clock, 'the ninth hour'—the hour that Jesus gave up the ghost. Hundreds of people were kneeling in St. Gervais, and seventy-five were killed. More than a hundred others were terribly wounded. What I saw there will haunt me forever."



The Church of the Madeleine, in Paris.

# Consolidated Stock Exchange—Finis?

## New York Financial Institution Reaches Stormy Crisis in Its Career

By A. R. PINCI

IN A FEW DAYS, or weeks—the precise time is not yet fixable—the Consolidated Stock Exchange in New York is expected to pass into history. Whether a new stock exchange will emerge from the ruins is not known, though rumors are current that such a plan is contemplated. Its dissolution was agreed upon by its Board of Governors, February 11, when this laconic announcement was posted on the bulletin board:

*Announcement Posted on Bulletin Board*

"Resolved, That the Governors of the Exchange confer with the members with respect to dissolution of the exchange and liquidation of its assets."

The assets consist chiefly of real estate holdings, estimated at $2,000,000 and pro rata equities, informally valued at about $5,000.

The announcement is regarded by many authorities as a sort of *pro confesso* judgment, coming after the attorney-general of the State of New York won the first of a projected round of legal battles, undertaken under authority of the general business law of the State of New York, known either as the Martin Act or the Blue-Sky Law. The victory consisted of a temporary injunction, which Deputy Attorney-General Keyes Winter sought to make permanent, and which, on the other hand, President Thomas B. Maloney intended—so he said during preliminaries and trial—to fight to the bitter end.

The fact that he secretly submitted his resignation to take effect February 15, and that the promised legal battle for existence will not materialize, are regarded as a great victory for the Martin Act, but more important still, as the doom of bucketing.

Bucket shops—which are offices and not stores—are those places where facilities are given for making bets in the form of orders or options based on current exchange prices of stocks, grain, petroleum, mining, et cetera, but without any actual buying or selling of the property. Bucket shop transactions are, under the laws, wagers, and the maintaining of a bucket shop is generally made an offense by statute.

*Several Firms Engaged in Bucketing*

It has been no secret that while the Consolidated Stock Exchange was not guilty of bucketing practices, that it tolerated speculative methods and made it possible for many brokers to do business who could not have done business without affiliating with it. Especially away from New York and the big cities, the gold-leaf lettering on certain offices reading "MEMBER OF THE CONSOLIDATED STOCK EXCHANGE OF NEW YORK" exercised an illusive influence which made business very good for those so-called brokers who believed in "dressing up" their business. In most of these instances untutored investors did business under the misapprehension that they were dealing with the New York Stock Exchange.

Significant indeed may be the fact that the Consolidated Stock Exchange's era of great prosperity coincided with the period when bucket shops were most active and numerous. Malodorous publicity accompanied the exposure of several firms which engaged in bucketing, while other firms which failed were more or less suspected of it. The 1921 deflation period weeded out a score, and more, of doubtful brokerage houses. Most of those had been or were members of the Consolidated Stock Exchange.

*There Would Not Be Great Mourning*

The effect on the public was not evident at first, but recent events seemed to prove that members of the Consolidated Stock Exchange were not suffering from the opulence prevailing elsewhere in stockbrokerage circles. The New York Curb Market, which gained its name because for a long time it was homeless and did business where Broad street traces a faint southeasterly elbow, has attained a financial prestige which is believed by many to surpass the Consolidated's heyday.

The passing of the Consolidated Stock Exchange will not be accompanied by great mourning. In the financial district it has long been considered a "maverick." The bulk of all trading has been apportioned between the New York Stock Exchange and the New York Curb Market—the Big Board and the Baby Room. None of the statements of some of its officials, friends and champions—that it was the little man's trading place—have been verified. Little men have traded in it, of course, but that did not make it the stock exchange for the little fellows.

It had long been contended that the Consolidated Stock Exchange duplicated the New York Stock Exchange. Consolidated officials denied that, but the fact was that the Consolidated really depended on the other institution's ticker and prices in determining its quotations. No satisfactory reason has ever been adduced by Consolidated officials as to why they stubbornly resisted the New York Stock Exchange's attempt to remove its tickers from service there.

At a time when public confidence in the Consolidated Stock Exchange was not noticeable, bucket shops were being prosecuted in the courts, member houses were posting their failure for huge sums, W. S. Silkworth, then president, in reply to a newspaper questionnaire, explained in part its service as follows:

*Trading in Odd Lots of High-Class Securities*

"The service which the Consolidated Stock Exchange gives is distinctly unique in regard to all transactions in odd lots. The Consolidated Stock Exchange, it is interesting to note, was the first exchange in the United States to start trading in odd or broken lots of high-class securities. This departure was made as a concession to, and in fairness and justice to, the investors and traders whose limited means prohibited them from dealing in as many shares as the unit of trading on the New York Stock Exchange."

Incidentally, there are two or three odd lot houses, members of the New York Stock Exchange, who do a huge business, and at least one of those transacts a larger business than the entire Consolidated transacted any one day. The odd lot house differs from the ordinary broker in that it has no personal customers, as its clients are brokers and bankers; in its transactions acts as a principal, not as an agent, as do other stock exchange firms.

The standard unit of stock purchase and sales on the New York Stock Exchange, since its foundation, has been 100 shares, but the daily business in odd lots has attained such proportions as to oblige the Stock Exchange to provide facilities for the handling of such orders.

Weighing facts as they are, the student of our financial history of the day will note at once that New York Stock Exchange trading has been increasing, whereas Consolidated Stock Exchange trading has been decreasing. This low ebb mark has been considered by many authorities a proof of the present useлessness of the Consolidated Stock Exchange.

*New York Stock Exchange and Consolidated*

It must not be understood, of course, that membership in the latter house is a stigma, or that membership in the New York Stock Exchange is virtue itself. There are responsible individuals in the latter today who formerly were members of the Consolidated. Probably in the near future present members of

(Concluded on page 2

By WILLIAM H. RICHARDSON



Front of the North Carolina state capitol at Raleigh.

# North Carolina Crushes Mob Rule

## Campaign Against Lynching Lands Scores of Citizens in Jail; "God Save the State That Has to Depend on Mobs to Protect the Women"

IT REQUIRES no stretch of the imagination to visualize the succession of striking victories for law and order recently won in North Carolina. This state, when it awoke to a realization of its economic possibilities, after years of torpidity, set in motion programs that attracted nation-wide attention. The awakening, which was the result of the leavening influences of education, was attended by the birth of a new spirit which found expression not only in material advancement and educational achievement but also in the establishment of higher human relationships. The physical proved to be incidental; the spiritual factors involved became dominant.

In the suppression and punishment of mob rule lies North Carolina's greatest achievement. The utilization of material things for the advancement of the people and to promote their happiness was, of course, commendable. However, all that was required, once this state was educated to the point where it realized its needs, was that the abundant supply of available natural resources be capitalized and pressed into service. But in the great moral crisis that was at hand creative forces were brought into play. It has been seen that there was something at work besides merely a desire on the part of an American commonwealth to be materially great.

A handful of soldiers, sworn to help maintain order, can disperse a mob, because a mob is a coward. But it requires community and judicial courage to punish those who constitute a mob when they are apprehended.

For nearly five years there has not been a lynching in North Carolina. The last one was during the summer of 1921. The probable formation of numerous mobs, however, has been prevented by the use of troops at the first sign of trouble. Yet, in spite of all precautions, there were two notable outbreaks during 1925. In each instance the offenders were not only rounded up by the law but were tried, convicted and imprisoned, a thing heretofore unheard of to any great degree. In this wholesale victory for law and order North Carolina won the plaudits of the entire nation.

Between April 1 and November 15, 1925, threescore men were arraigned in the Superior Courts of North Carolina for alleged participation in attempted mob rule. That they should have been arrested at all was an innovation. Convictions and the imposition of prison sentences resulting from these trials not only attracted favorable attention abroad but served as a warning at home. In other words, the world now knows that North Carolina will not, under any circumstances, tolerate mob rule. The laws of the state must be respected, and those who attempt to administer them outside of courthouses do so at their peril.

Experience has shown that a mob is a coward, not only collectively but individually as well. Of the sixty North Carolina offenders arraigned in court during 1925, many threw up their hands and did not even offer to put up a fight when they found themselves in the meshes of the law. Their plea was for mercy, a virtue that they themselves had been unwilling to exercise while acting in the heat of passion. This was strikingly true in one case where the mob proved to be probably the most unmerciful of any that had ever assembled in North Carolina, when it took a white man from jail and inflicted a form of punishment to which death would be preferable to most men. While the majority confessed, some held out and were tried by juries and sentenced to terms ranging from a few months on the roads to thirty years in the state's prison.

The thirty-year man, whose sentence was equivalent to the maximum imposed in North Carolina for second-degree murder, appealed his case to the Supreme Court. He lost. The opinion affirming the verdict and judgment of the lower court was a scathing denunciation of mob rule and a declaration that it must be forever driven from the state.

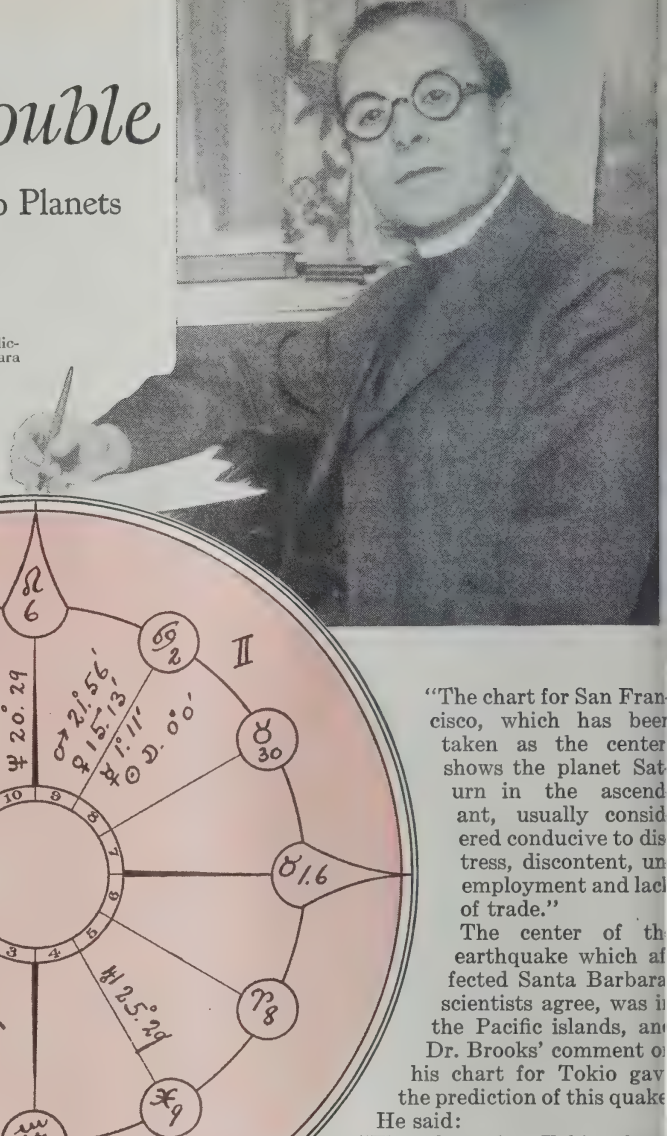
Members of the Supreme Court who passed on this appeal and concurred in the written opinion deciding it against the prisoner were: Walter P. Stacy, chief justice, and W. J. Adams, George W. Connor, Heriot Clarkson and L. R. Varser, associate justices. It might be added that each of these gentlemen is an active member of the church. Chief Justice Stacy teaches one of the largest Methodist Sunday school classes in the South. Associate Justice Varser, since resigned, taught, during his residence in Raleigh, one of the largest Baptist Sunday school classes in this section. Associate Justice Clarkson is an active Episcopalian, having served as senior warden in St. Peter's Church in Charlotte, which has furnished the diocese of North Carolina with two bishops. Of the remaining two, Associate Justice Connor is a devout Episcopalian, and Associate Justice Adams a devout Methodist.

By far the most dramatic battle and brilliant victory for law enforcement ever waged and won in North Carolina took place (*Continued on page 23*)

# When the Stars Foretell Trouble

## Relation of Earthquakes and Cyclones to Planets

By FRANK DORRANCE HOPLEY



Dr. Brooks, who predicted the Santa Barbara earthquake.

PLANETARY influences were the direct cause of the recent earthquakes in California and Montana. Certain of the stars in conjunction at that time had an important bearing on the seismic disturbances."

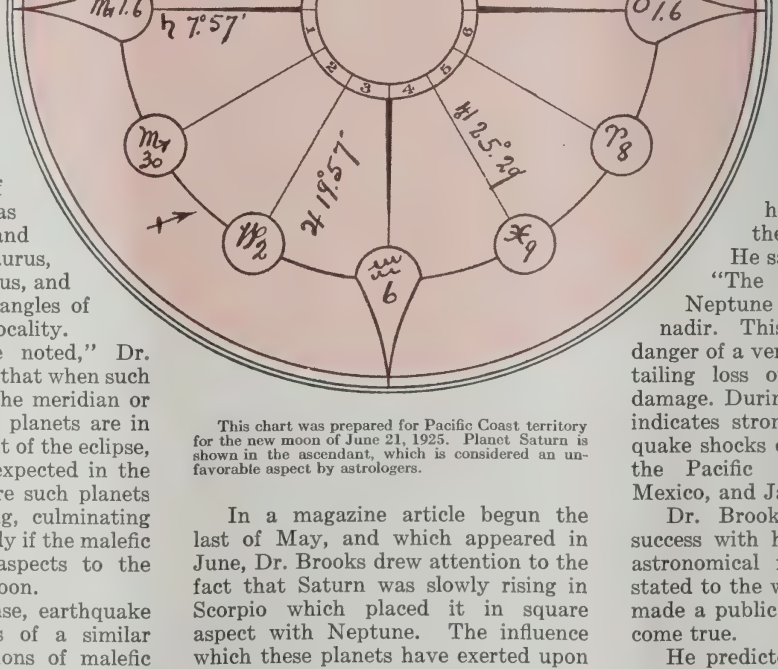
This statement was made recently by the Rev. Dr. Arthur W. Brooks at the Fraternity Club in New York City. Dr. Brooks, who has made an intensive study of the heavens for years, has forecast disasters with remarkable accuracy. He predicted the earthquake at Santa Barbara two weeks before it occurred. How does he reach his conclusions? He says:

"By scientific investigation over a long period of time, it has been ascertained that earthquake disturbances, tidal waves, cyclonic and tornado disturbances may be expected as a sequence to eclipses, and also the alignment of certain planets such as Mars, Neptune, Saturn and Uranus in the signs of Taurus, Leo, Scorpio and Aquarius, and likewise if these are in angles of the chart made for any locality.

"Then it is to be noted," Dr. Brooks went on to say, "that when such malefic planets fall on the meridian or nadir, especially if such planets are in fixed signs at the moment of the eclipse, earthquakes are to be expected in the parts of the world where such planets are either rising, setting, culminating or on nadir, and especially if the malefic planets form adverse aspects to the eclipses of the sun or moon.

"In a secondary sense, earthquake and other disturbances of a similar nature follow conjunctions of malefic planets, such as Mars, Neptune, Uranus and Saturn."

Dr. Brooks stated that the period of planetary influence after an eclipse depended on the length of totality of such eclipse. In the eclipse of January 24, 1925, the totality was one minute and eighteen seconds. This would indicate that the planetary influence would last for one year and two months.




This chart was prepared for Pacific Coast territory for the new moon of June 21, 1925. Planet Saturn is shown in the ascendant, which is considered an unfavorable aspect by astrologers.

In a magazine article begun the last of May, and which appeared in June, Dr. Brooks drew attention to the fact that Saturn was slowly rising in Scorpio which placed it in square aspect with Neptune. The influence which these planets have exerted upon the earth in similar aspect caused Dr. Brooks to predict the earthquakes that shortly came to pass.

Dr. Brooks' calculations were made on astronomical formulae. The article in question was finished June 12 and accepted by the magazine June 14, two weeks before the earthquakes occurred.

The article referred to the Pacific Coast thus:

"The chart for San Francisco, which has been taken as the center shows the planet Saturn in the ascendant, usually considered conducive to distress, discontent, unemployment and lack of trade."

The center of the earthquake which affected Santa Barbara scientists agree, was in the Pacific islands, and Dr. Brooks' comment on his chart for Tokio gave the prediction of this quake. He said:

"The chart for Tokio shows Neptune rising with Saturn at nadir. This is an indication of the danger of a very serious earthquake entailing loss of life and considerable damage. During the quarter the chart indicates strong possibilities of earthquake shocks occurring in Asia Minor, the Pacific islands, Persia, India, Mexico, and Japan."

Dr. Brooks has had remarkable success with his predictions based on astronomical formulae. In fact, he stated to the writer that he had never made a public prediction that had not come true.

He predicted the great earthquake in Japan some time before it happened. He foretold the illness and death of President Harding, and six days before the President left on his western trip Dr. Brooks wrote him urging him not to go. The deadlock in the Democratic Convention of 1924 was predicted by Dr. Brooks several days before it occurred as well as the nomination of John W. Davis. Dr. Brooks' horoscope of Calvin Coolidge (Concluded on page 1

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

IF THE chief barrier to progress is human inertia, the next is misdirected human energy. Nature itself, the propulsive power of life, overcomes the first. But it requires experience, and reflection upon experience, and the wise interpretation of experience to undo the errors, or rightly direct the efforts, of the second.

Both conservatism and radicalism, as we know them in their extremes today, are the enemies of progress. It is becoming quite the fashion to cry down all progressive social aspiration by identifying it with bolshevistic destructionism. It is only too true that the progressive movement has been seized and used as a cloak for the active agents of the subversive movement; and it is only too true that unprogressive conservatives have seized upon this as an excuse to attack all progressive movements and thoughts; and between the two the spirit of progress seems to have been suppressed—damned on both sides by misidentity.

But both sides being in by trickery—one to misuse the party of progress by using it; the other to condemn the party of progress because of this misfortune—the result can only be a clear exposure of the falsity of both positions.

There are today two falsehoods. First, the falsehood of the so-called radicals that progress requires destruction of what exists. Second, the falsehood of the so-called conservatives, that progress is identical with anarchy and destruction.

It requires no words to dispose of the first falsehood. The people of this country are quite clear-sighted on that point. The bulk of the nation are too well fortified with common sense to become disciples of that theory. We are racially undergirded by instinctive self-protective apprehensions which have determined the development of our type of civilization.

The second falsehood has the greater power and is working at present the greater deception. In their extreme revulsion from the doctrines of the destructionists our conservatives have fallen into a suspicion of all criticism of the present social order as being destructive in origin and purpose. The people's healthy rejection of the "bolshevik" has led ultra-conservatives to use that term as a defamatory label on all progressive thought.

If this were a mere matter of strategy, if it were simply agreed that while the forces of destruction were abroad all right-minded men should band together to hold things as they are; if it were simply agreed that because the destructive movement had stolen the progressive livery it were better for the progressives to remain in abeyance for a time, all that could be understood and would mark the agreement between all right-minded citizens of conservative or progressive tendencies. But when the conservative element joined with the destructive element to make the progressive spirit an odious thing, it became time to state the matter as it is.

Both extreme radicals and conservatives are consciously and intentionally the enemies of progress. The radicals do not hesitate to say it in so many words. They say boldly that they do not want the social machinery improved, they do not want the lot of the working man bettered, they do not want the slack between the people's will and political action lessened, they do not want life to grow better and better for the multitudes. They say that they want things to grow worse, the worker's lot to grow harder, the government to grow rottener, they want life in the United States to grow unendurable, for then they may have hope of leading our people to destroy all law and order. This they preach in so many words. It abounds in their printed works. It explains why they regard social improvement as their enemy.

*DESTRUCTIVE radicalism is the foe of progress because it knows (and says) that betterment of social conditions neutralizes revolutionary activity. Hard-shell conservatism is the foe of progress because it thinks of human wealth in terms of the present quantity and is moved by unintelligent selfishness. Both attack progress, one by assuming its name and robe to disguise the purpose of radicalism, the other by attacking it as "bolshevism." There are too many attempts to suppress progress by calling it names. Suppression of progress plays into the hands of the social enemy. Every advance in social justice establishes the nation.*

The conservatives have not the high excuse of a fanatic cause for their attitude; they dislike progress simply because it is going to cost them something—at least, so they think. It is going to cost them most heavily in their selfishness, that is all. Conservatives dumbly imagine that social progress means division of the present wealth, to the decrease of their store. They have no idea of the productive abilities that would be liberated by more justice and opportunity, and by the greater general increase of wealth to all. They have not thought that far. Their own selfish policy having but little increased the general wealth, they are blinded to the power of unselfish social improvement to increase immeasurably the general stock of the things we need to live. To them also, all friends of social improvement are the enemy.

Between these two parties, one representing the misdirection of human energy, the other the inertia of selfishness, progress has for a time been prisoned. It is now time to recognize that there are three in the field, and that true progress cannot be misidentified with either of the others to its hurt.

**"Ford Ideals," 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## *Stocks vs. Business*

THIS magazine has long contended for the proper understanding of the stock market as having nothing whatever to do with business. Stocks up or stocks down, they have nothing to do with the quality and quantity of industrial production. That this idea is finding lodgment in the American mind was strongly indicated by the calm public demeanor which greeted the latest break in the stock market. In other years, all kinds of business would have reacted with a tremor; this year none was affected. The American people are beginning to understand that what occurs among the speculators of Wall Street has no more effect on American industry than the fate of the bank at Monte Carlo. We have said that the best service the stock market renders the public is so thoroughly to shear otherwise capable men as to compel them to go back to real work. Anything less than production is not a man's work.

## *Chicago Will Act*

THE confession of Chicago's inability to cope with organized crime is the most shameful acknowledgment in the annals of American cities. With the authorities supine or incapable, with courts failing to function properly, law-abiding citizens are at the mercy of alien gunmen who make terror and murder highly specialized avocations! Was there ever such a damning indictment of inefficient officialdom as the plea of 200,000 citizens to the Federal Government for protection? Witness their description of conditions there:

> There has been for a long time in the City of Chicago a colony of unnaturalized persons hostile to our institutions and laws, who have formed a supergovernment of their own—feudists, black-handers and members of the Mafia—who levy tribute upon citizens and enforce collection by *terrorism, kidnapping and assassinations.*

The story of Chicago's disgrace is a story replete with details of the glamourization of iniquity—of elaborate kowtowing to gangsters, of police officers attending bootleggers' banquets, of despicable assassins set up as heroes by the yellow press. The golden coffin of Dion O'Bannion and the steel vest of Martin Durkin are symbols of the whole monstrous scheme—a scheme which has its reflection in unbridled killings, in robberies, in bomb outrages, in brutal attacks.

Jurors have been taught by speedy reprisal not to vote for the conviction of gunmen! The records of the courts form a monotonous repetition of acquittals. Forty policemen have been slain in line of duty during the past five years, *yet only three men have been hanged for the murders!* Chicago's lawlessness casts its somber shadow over the surrounding country for hundreds of miles. Swarthy gangsters swarm forth to rob and kill, and then rush back to the city for shelter and protection.

Once the pride of America, Chicago has become the fetid breeding place of crime. The city must purge itself of the vicious criminal larvae—or consent to its being done by others.

## *Going Too Far*

THE Baptists of Minnesota, as an organization, are asking legislation forbidding any teaching of the Darwinian theory of evolution in the state university. The cause of religion has in such friends its worst enemies. The right to restrict education in this manner, if logically extended, would preclude any information as to the theory of religion itself. It is part of the education of the modern man to know the elements of the theory of evolution, just as it is for him to know the "nebular hypothesis," which is another interesting but unproved theory.

In earlier days religious denominations undertook the task of public education. The work of instruction was regarded as a sacred duty. Many of our greatest American secular universities were founded by religious individuals or bodies. There has never been any doubt about the duty of these institutions to explain all the philosophies that have commanded the intellectual respect of mankind. Theories must be understood to be intelligently evaluated.

The evolutionary philosophy is no exception. Objection can only arise where acute partisan propagandism crams the philosophy down the student's throat as the final truth. Laws cannot dispose of a philosophy or scientific theory. Only fuller knowledge can do that.

When the theory of evolution is presented to the student, the off-side of the case

should be stated, too. The case against evolution is of quite as great scientific respectability as the case for it; and an educated man is able to state both. By this test many if not most of our teachers of evolution have not been educators but propagandists.

The opportunity to analyze the merits and defects of the theory of evolution is the college student's due. The same is true of religion itself, for no principle is more a subject of dispute than is religion. If, however, evolution is being taught as a covert sort of anti-religion, the Baptists of Minnesota have the right to protest that the teaching of anti-religion has no place in a state university.

## *Whiten Washington*

THE movement to restore a respect for Sunday to the capital of the nation is worthy of encouragement. We read every history save our own with the mind of the historian-prophet; we know what Babylon typified and pagan Rome and frivolous Paris; we have always passed from the morals of the Capital to the menace of their threat to the State. Reading the city of Washington thus, it is possible to get something like Carlylean reactions. In the capital of the nation there is every evil thing—gambling and legislative dishonesty being the least of evils. The inside story of Washington would somewhat resemble Babylon turned inside out. It is not the sober place one would expect in view of the responsibilities with which it is charged. It is a place of frivolity, low trickery and vice. On Sunday its movie audiences outnumber its church attendance ten to one. If there is any city in need of the rectifying influences of a meditative and religious Sunday it is the city of Washington.

It is not, however, laws that will accomplish this, nor sheer denunciation. But it would do much good if a faithful mirror could be held up to the capital that it might see itself, not in the glamour which it carries to itself from the thousand places of origin, far-sundered, of its temporary residents, but as it is.

## *Lo! The Poor Alien*

*HUMANITARIANISM* is the catchword adopted in the latest assault on this nation's immigration bars. Specious pleas for pity for the poor alien accompany the attack. Heart-rending tales are conjured; cold facts are coated with lachrymose appeals; reason is borne down by propaganda.

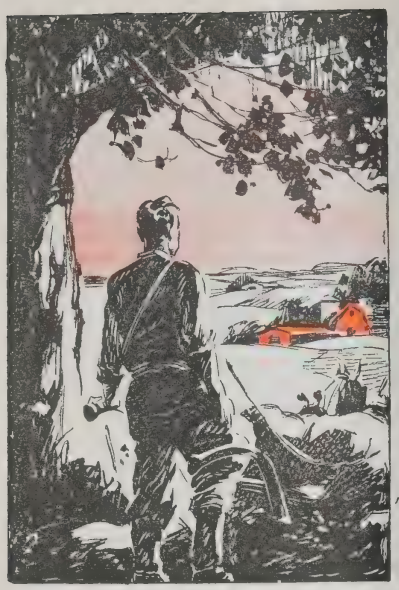
The most insidious of the eighty-odd measures for tampering with the immigration law, now before Congress, is the Perlman bill. It is purely a Jewish proposal, devised by Representative Nathan Perlman, indorsed by Carl Sherman of the legislative committee of the American Jewish Congress and staunchly advocated by Rabbi Stephen S. Wise. The bill would admit to the United States fathers, mothers, wives and unmarried children of alien residents, regardless of quota restrictions. Under the present law 164,667 immigrants are allowed to enter the country each year; the Perlman bill would grant admittance to 622,000 more.

The arguments of its proponents are best set forth by Rabbi Wise: "Whom God hath joined together," he proclaims, "let no Congressional enactment rend asunder and keep asunder." But wherein has Congress rent asunder these aliens? Did it compel them to leave their homes and come here? Has it forbidden them to return to their families? Has it decreed that these families shall not enter under the regular quota regulations? No! Why then should we again allow a foreign influx into America, merely to please those who would use sentiment bolstered with false statements as a weapon to enforce their demands?

Congress did not separate these families. They separated themselves in full knowledge of what they were doing.

## *Adjourning to the Country*

SENATOR BORAH'S announced intention of continuing before the public the debate which was suppressed in the Senate is receiving powerful emphasis from the condition of international affairs. The lath and plaster peace of the politicians gives ominous signs of cracking. The old diplomacy of war becomes every day more apparent, its present weapon being the verbiage of peace. All this should help misled Americans to see that peace as a "plan" and peace as an achievement may be quite different things. All of us stand for Peace; most of us see that the talk-and-paper temple reared for her is not sufficient to contain her. And all Americans, of every party, strongly agree that when the people of the United States take up international political alliances of any kind it should be by their express word, and not by the activities of Mr. Bok or Mr. Coolidge, for with all possible respect for these gentlemen, they are not and never can be the American people, and they have no means of knowing the people's mind except through the people's voice. Senator Borah is wise in continuing the only important debate *silenced by order* in fifty years. And when the debate is finished the people will give their vote.



# What Do Our Farmers Think of Mr. Brownell's Articles

## Interesting Cross Section of Thought Revealed Are Advanced But No Real Solution Is Offered;

AS EXPECTED, George H. Brownell's analytical articles on agricultural conditions in this country, printed in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT in the issues of October 3, October 10 and October 17, have caused widespread comment.

Many persons agree with the views expressed by Mr. Brownell. Others differ on some points, and some criticize his entire analysis in caustic and bitter terms. The different reactions to the articles in various parts of the land and by various types of people are interesting as providing a cross section of American thought on agricultural matters.

Although Mr. Brownell described in detail many of the existing farm evils, he did not present any solution of his own. Instead he wrote:

"But if I am confessing to an inability to provide a remedy, I am by no means at a loss to predict what is going to happen to agriculture in this country . . . Farming will be surely, adequately and profitably conducted in this country by the same methods that our large industries are conducted . . . Guided by experience gained in other forms of industry, it will employ the advantages of large-scale production to reduce the prices of farm products and thus increase consumption . . . There will be absorption and amalgamation of small farms into large units of a thousand, five thousand and more acres directed by an able chief from a central office located in a city or village."

Several critics, basing their arguments on the premise that this prediction was the writer's solution to the present situation, vigorously attacked a number of the points raised. One of the most interesting comments is that by James E. Boyle, professor of Rural Economy at Cornell University. He writes:

"In general I say your diagnosis is good, although I cannot fully agree with your remedy. No doubt, we do have too many acres, too many farms, too many farmers. Your remedy for this situation is corporation farming, apparently . . . I believe we are moving from the corporation farm to a farm which I call the family-sized farm.

"You prove that we need larger farms. My answer is yes, we should abolish the forty, fifty and sixty acre farms in a great many cases and put in their place a farm two or three times as large. This would secure the benefits you have in mind without going to the doubtful experience of corporation farming. I believe the farm business requires the undivided personal attention of the farm owner or tenant twenty-four hours a day about 365 days a year. In short, I do not think you could apply what you term large-scale business methods to farming.

"I think you are right about coöperative marketing. Coöperative marketing has actually proved that the marketing problem in the last analysis is 90 per cent a production problem and 10 per cent a marketing problem."

*Speaks About "an Enemy to the Farmer"*

A sharp rejoinder comes from W. H. Bean, of Blue Mound, Illinois, who does not appear to like anything about the articles. He says, in a letter to this magazine:

"It is rather a surprise that you should permit such an enemy to the farmer to take up so much of your space . . . Frankly I am grieved that you should place your paper in antagonism to us. We can get along and prosper without you, but we hate to lose a friend."

Another reader, who seems not to be a believer in the soft answer, is Joseph Thomas, of Honey Creek, Iowa, who writes:

"I consider your article on farming, written by George H. Brownell, an insult to any farmer. As any fair-minded man will admit, we produce enough but don't get enough for it. And the worst enemies we have are those university professors who write for the magazines. Why don't they get on a farm and prove their talk? It is only a scheme to put the farmers out of business, and then when the land gets in the hands of a monopoly you will not get farm produce as cheap as you have been."

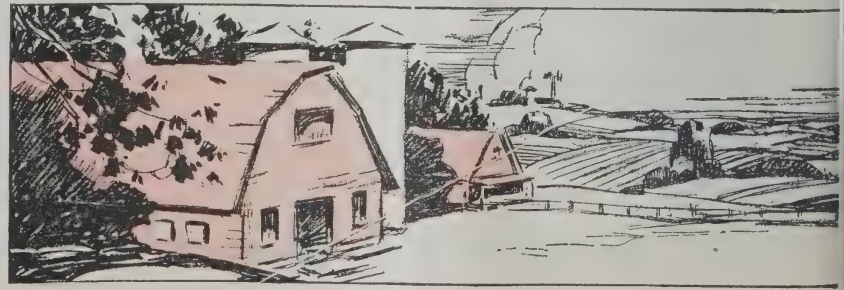
B. Waldron, of Brucefield, Ontario, writes a frank and interesting letter:

"Yes—they made me hot under the collar until I remembered I held very similar views, and still hold them, but have also acquired other views about the economics of farming . . . Mr. Brownell, to do him justice, I might say, is right up to the minute on farming, but painfully out of date and old-fashioned and obsolete on his economics . . . Ask any ordinary person what they are looking for and working for, and the answer will be money. But it isn't money. It is food, clothing and shelter we are striving for, just as did our prehistoric ancestors and as will our descendants a million years hence.

*High Cost of Implements As a Factor*

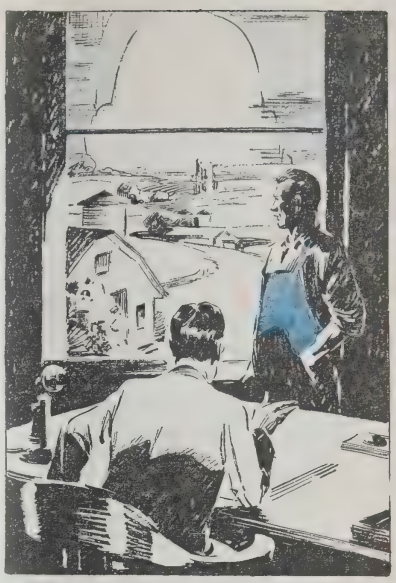
"About sixty years ago the United States and Canada became imbued with the protection bug: 'High tariff must protect our infant industry.' Now America is mainly an agricultural country and as such its farmers produce a surplus of foodstuffs, and this surplus is sold abroad in open competition with the world; and the prices received abroad for the surplus set the farmers' selling price. But when the farmer buys he purchases in a protected market, in consequence of which his buying power is much reduced . . . The farmers' prices have receded to a pre-war basis while the manufacturing prices have not."

An important feature—the cost of implements used on a modernly equipped



# Think of Agriculture? Are Analyzed by Readers

## By Letters of Comment, and Numerous Theories Various Phases of Land Problem Are Treated



farm—is stressed by Asher C. Sackett, of Sunfield, Michigan. He writes:

"The tool question is a big one; it is a big bill of expense which our fathers and our grandfathers did not have. A small, one-man farm takes as much money for harvesting tools as one three or four times its size. Farmers should coöperate more in the matter of harvesting and planting machinery and plowing and fitting. If two eighty-acre farmers could agree and own a tractor together it would dispense with one or two horses for each one. We might go further and say that cow barns, sheep sheds and pig pens could be used jointly. The trouble is that it is hard to get two men who can see, think and believe alike; and not get jealous of each other or think that the other man is not doing his part."

Objection to the nation's banking system is expressed by T. B. Hillmon, of Maywood, Illinois:

"I have read Mr. Brownell's articles and just want to tell you that I do not like his remedy, as it is too old-fashioned. His remedy is the same as that of India, England and France and all the other nations that are run by the landlord system. It sure looks like the rich people are going to own the farms if we do not change our system of getting money to the people. Our present system makes it impossible to diminish any debt after it is once contracted, and we have to go deeper in debt to pay the interest. I should think any man who can diagnose as well as Mr. Brownell ought to be able to tell the cause of the centralization of wealth. The reason why the farming business is a failure is: The farmers have been paying eight per cent interest for money and their business only pays two per cent on the investment."

***A Remedy Like India, Britain and France***

Guy A. Peterson, of Madison, Wisconsin, comments as follows:

"I read the first article with considerable interest, because save for a seeming ignorance of the trend of agricultural land prices in the eastern states and a few minor details, it was a thought-provoking article, with more or less truth in it. Of course we have a few large farms in America that are making money. Some of these are producing as much or more food than would have been produced from the same land, had they been divided into average-sized farms, but the trend of American farms is certainly not pointing to large units of one thousand to five thousand acres. We want the family-sized farm, not only because that seems to be the farm that makes for the most happiness and stability in our rural sections, but because that size of farm will produce food more economically than will either a larger or smaller farm. The number of acres on that farm will depend on the type of farming followed. Many of our five and ten acre vegetable and flower farms are really larger farms, that represent more investment of time and labor, than some of the thousand-acre wheat farms of Kansas or the Dakotas."

One particular phase of the articles—that in which Mr. Brownell recommended elimination of the scrub or "boarder" cow—is taken up by John D. Nims, of Jerome, Idaho:

"The discussion centers around what may be called the super-cow. In other words it is assumed that it is possible to produce a breed of super-cows, and through this process eliminate the average cow. This is not possible; it is no more possible than it would be to produce a race of all super-men. It has been said that quality, as well as price, is simply relative."

As to the use of business methods on the farm, Paul Walker, extension expert for a large milling company, has this to say:



"My observation in the past few years has led me to see that in every community there is at least one man who is making money at the farming game. All the rest are merely breaking even or going under. In turn I have noted that these individuals making money are the types who would have been successful business men."

W. Morgan Shepherd, vice-president of the *Southern Planter*, oldest agricultural magazine in the country, has this comment to make on some of the points stressed in the articles:

"Food costs the consumer too much and at the same time the producers receive too little. It is this gulf that will have to be bridged in some way. Coöperative marketing does not look to me from this distance as being able to do the trick. It may help in the form of a close organization of farmers, but all the money to be made in farming will have to come out of more economical production."

In conclusion, a short quotation is given from a letter written by Mr. Brownell to a California man who protested that the underlying cause for farm unrest was the middleman's profit. Mr. Brownell's answer follows:

***Middleman's Profit As a Cause***

"There is no 'deadly spread' between the producer and the consumer. Modern business strife is so keen and so ruthless that the moment a so-called middleman fails to perform a genuine worth-the-pay service, he is eliminated by either the man to whom he sells or the man of whom he buys. Once in a great while, for a brief moment, some middleman beats the game; but never for long is he able to set aside this inexorable law of business . . .

"Business today is looking for *volume* of business as a source of profit. It wants many little profits on many units—and not a large profit on a few units."

# Things That Doctors Do Not Know

## Can Modern Medical Science Build Up Better Men and Women?

By DR. ALEXIS CARREL

IT APPEARS particularly appropriate, I believe, to speak of the progress of medicine in this hospital (Rockefeller Institute) where for many years the clinical divisions and the laboratories have worked together for the greatest benefit of the patients and also for the advancement of medical knowledge, that is, for the good of the future patients. We must always realize that the only purpose of medicine is to decrease human suffering by preventing disease or curing it. But this end cannot be reached except through a scientific understanding of the functions of the organism when they are modified by pathogenic factors.

Today, medicine consists of an immense quantity of observations, partly empirical and partly classified according to scientific method. It is a science in the making. While the treatment of certain diseases, for instance, the disturbances of the pancreas and the thyroid gland, is thoroughly scientific, the handling of others, such as mental diseases, is still entirely empirical. It is obvious that the progress of medicine is bound to the development of the sciences concerned with living matter and living organisms. These sciences, which deal with intricate physico-chemical phenomena and meet with immense technical difficulties, have advanced much more slowly than those which concern themselves with non-living matter and occupy a lower rank in the hierarchy of knowledge. Physiology, which was in its infancy when physics and chemistry were widely developed, cannot as yet supply to medicine in every part of its field the information necessary for the scientific study of its problems. As the physician must help patients afflicted with all kinds of disease, he cannot always remain in the territory which has been scientifically explored. Therefore, his task is very much more difficult than that of the physiologist who can select his problem, reduce it to its simpler terms and solve it by techniques accurately adapted to the subject of the experiments. On the contrary, the physician must wander through the entire field of medicine and often meet with diseases due to unknown causes and developing within an organism of unknown resistance. He is helped by his scientific knowledge as far as it goes. But when he has reached its limit, he has to guess. The great clinician must possess the intuitive power of the man of genius.

*Preventive Medicine Does Much for Human Life*

The past fifty years have been a period of triumph for medicine because the revelation by Pasteur of the rôle of microörganisms in disease has led to the creation of bacteriology and immunology. These sciences have brought about in a spectacular way the conquest of infectious diseases, a fact of momentous importance to humanity. The death-rate of the population of civilized countries has been decreased by better hygiene and efficient protection against cholera, plague, yellow fever, and also typhoid, tuberculosis, et cetera. Not only has preventive medicine determined an increase in the quantity of human beings, but it has allowed profound modifications in their mode of living. Men are crowded into large cities and into factories where they work as part of the machines, without danger of great epidemics and without seriously impairing their health. Immense armies, which heretofore would have been rapidly reduced in size by infectious diseases, are kept in the field for years without large spontaneous losses. The admirable work of Gorgas in Panama has opened a new era in the history of mankind. Life in the tropical climates has been rendered possible for the white man, who has thus acquired the power to dominate the entire world. While the ultimate significance of Pasteur's discoveries cannot be foreseen, it is certain that medicine, in protecting men from infectious diseases, has already accomplished miraculous progress.

*What the White Man Has Done for Tropics*

But we may doubt whether this victory has so far brought much happiness to the world. Has it greatly modified the position of the average man as regards disease and death? Probably not. Although the adult individual has much fewer chances of dying from smallpox, cholera, tuberculosis or typhoid fever than fifty years ago, his expectation of reaching the age of seventy-five or eighty has not markedly increased. But he surely has more prospect of being tortured by some form of cancer, afflicted with slow diseases of the kidneys, the circulatory apparatus, the endocrine glands, of becoming insane, suffering from nervous diseases, or of making himself miserable by his lack of judgment and his vices. Modern medicine protects him against infections which kill rapidly, but leaves him exposed to the slower and more cruel diseases and to brain deterioration.

*Causation May Find a Way to Prevention*

There is no great hope of immediate improvement in this situation, in spite of the remarkable advances which have been made recently in physiology by the discovery of the active principles secreted by endocrine glands, by the building up of the science of nutrition and by a better conception of respiration, of metabolism, of the acid-base equilibrium of the blood, et cetera. Although great progress has been accomplished in the treatment of diabetes and of the disturbances of the thyroid gland, it is far from possible to cure these diseases or prevent their occurrence, as we are still absolutely ignorant of their causation. The insufficiency of medicine is more flagrant when it deals with tumors. What are the determining factors of cancer? What is its nature? What are the causes that render the human organism susceptible to malignant tumors? No one today can give a scientific

answer to these questions. We do not know what brings about arterial hypertension. Our ignorance of the causes of chronic nephritis and of most of the diseases of the circulatory apparatus is practically complete. It is neither possible to cure nor to prevent them. Our lack of knowledge is still greater in the field of the nervous and chiefly of the mental diseases, whose nature remains almost as mysterious as it was during the Middle Ages.

It is clear that the future progress of medicine must consist in finding the nature and causation of some of these diseases and their prevention. Medicine should attempt to lead men to extreme old age without suffering, and also to increase their moral and intellectual value, because the quality of the individuals is far more important than their quantity for the happiness and progress of the community. To expect this from medicine does not appear to be asking the impossible when we consider what has already been accomplished. If our civilization does not crumble, and if scientific research goes on at increased speed, we can reasonably believe that our expectations will be fulfilled. The scientifically organized hospitals, the large medical clinics and their multiple laboratories, the institutes for medical research in this country and in Europe, by merely continuing the investigations in which they are at present engaged, will, without any doubt, immensely advance our knowledge of the nature and mechanism of disease. But fundamental principles have to be discovered; entirely new fields must be opened, and this can be accomplished only by pure science.

Science, when connected with medical research, does not go far enough from the beaten road, and is often handicapped by its attempts to make useful discoveries.

***Pure Science Has No Object But the Truth***

On the contrary, pure science has no immediate practical purpose. Its object is merely to find the truth and to understand the universe. It does not attempt to make discoveries which could be applied to industry or medicine, but seeks an accurate conception of the world in which we live and of our relations to it. Pure science classifies the empirical knowledge of nature that we already possess. Beyond the apparent and often puzzling complexity of phenomena, it detects the common element which underlies their seeming diversity. Then it can draw the generalizations which we call laws and predict and reproduce the phenomena at will. The understanding of nature always has led to its control. Pure science which seeks knowledge in an absolutely disinterested way becomes, almost in spite of itself, the great power of this world. There is no other manner of obtaining a thorough knowledge of nature and of mastering it.

If physiology were studied as a pure science far from hospitals and medical schools, by men possessing the creative imagination and the spirit of the discoverers of the fundamental principles of physics and chemistry, the secrets of the functions of the body that we still lack would be brought to light. These discoveries would indirectly lead the physician to understand the nature of the diseases of the organs whose functions are incompletely known today and to prevent them. This institute of pure science, where physiologists, physicists and chemists could devote themselves to the investigation of fundamental problems, would also create the proper conditions for the building up of the science which will occupy the summit of the hierarchy of human knowledge, the science of thinking matter and energy.

***Nervous System Is the Most Complex***

The development of this new psychology is our only hope of improving the quality of human beings. But it will be an immense task, because the structure of the central nervous system, as unveiled by Ramon y Cajal, is of infinite complexity. It is probable that the discoveries which will open this field to scientific investigation will be made on the frontier of physiology and physics, and will require the development of entirely new methods by some man of genius. Modern psychology, in spite of its progress, will have the same relation to this supreme science as alchemy to the chemistry of our day. Our knowledge of cerebral physiology is in the embryonic stage. We are still entirely ignorant of the properties of nerve cells, the nature of nervous energy and the significance of telepathic phenomena. No one suspects the manner in which memory, intelligence, courage, judgment and imagination are connected with the brain cells. The possible affinity of certain structures of the brain for some chemical substances secreted by endocrine glands and other tissues has never been studied. While courage may be caused by the effect of the sex glands on the cerebral cells, and may not be due to a property inherent in those cells, creative imagination, judgment and other qualities possibly require for their development the action on the nervous system of substances produced in other parts of the body, or possibly introduced into the organism with the food. The knowledge of the conditions that permit the evolution of judgment, imagination, kindness or courage in a race, family or individual, or of the conditions that bring about the disappearance of these qualities, would give the human race far more happiness than the complete eradication of plague, cholera and typhus from the earth. At the same time, the discovery of some of the fundamental properties of nerve tissue would enable medicine to prevent many of the nervous and mental diseases.

***Increasing the Quality of Human Beings***

It is obvious that the functions of the brain must be better understood in order that, without intellectual or moral deterioration, the human race may stand the new conditions of life imposed on the individual by modern civilization. The spiritual progress of man could be greatly promoted by a scientific knowledge of the physico-chemical phenomena which take place within the brain cells. Instead of merely increasing the number of human beings, we could increase their quality. The progress of medicine, understood in this manner, would be the most important factor in the development of civilization. As Descartes wrote, three hundred years ago, we must ask from medicine the solution of the problems which are vital to the greatness and happiness of the human race—"*c'est a la medecine qu'il faut demander la solution des problemes qui interessent le plus la grandeur et le bonheur de l'humanite.*" (Reprinted by permission from *The Scientific Monthly*.)

# My Fiddle and I Since Long Ago

## The Story of "The Trembling String" Sounding Through the Centuries

By CLYDE WIER

ONCE on the road between Chicago and New York a distinguished violinist entered the Pullman and took a seat in my section. He held in his hand a well-worn violin case which he had refused to trust to the sedulous porter. This I eyed for some time with a curiosity akin to longing, for I never let an opportunity to see a great instrument escape. Then I boldly addressed the owner: "Will you please be so kind as to let me see your fiddle?" He gave me a quick glance and then opened the case, revealing a violin at the sight of which I shouted like a child: "O that marvelous Guarnerius!"



Viola d'amore.

From that moment sprang a strange friendship that time has not been able to wither. Now, after long years, as I write I can still see that great violin with its brown breast, and its back thickly covered with a red, velvety varnish that looks dull and intense and smouldering, waiting only for the master's spirit to breathe on it and end the restless sleep of its fire.

Now, had that man been a lesser light, he would, at my request, have stiffened himself in his seat and said, "Sir, I should be glad to show you my *violin*, I have no *fiddle*." And then I should have replied with equal haughtiness that I would spare him the trouble; I had good violins myself at home.

What's in a name? I do not know; but I am certain that although fiddle is as reputable a word as violin, the unenlightened insist on the latter term. Both words seem to enjoy an equal antiquity. Fiddle is akin to the Latin word *fides*, the diminutive form of which is *fidicula*. The player was called *fidicinarius*, and the verb "to fiddle" was *fidicinare*. The cognate Greek word, as old as Homer, is *phormingx;* and that the instrument was regarded with love we know from the adjectives lovely, very lovely, beautifully wrought, highly decorated, et cetera, that attend it in all poems.

On the other hand there are philological experts who say that fiddle comes from the Latin word *vitula*, a calf, and is related to *vitulinus*, of a calf; *vitulor*, to celebrate a holiday. Whether the verb implies eating veal or playing the fiddle they do not make clear in the definition. Whatever it means, it probably went with the Northmen to England where it has lived in good repute ever since.

The word violin is the Italian diminutive *viola*, which is as old as the Italian language itself, and serves as the generic name for the whole viol and violin family. So the name itself is enough to establish the first point of interest in this most human of all instruments—human in its personality, in its pathos, in its frailty, which passes the frailty of women—and that point is its antiquity.

It is believed that the perfected violin, as we know it, was produced about the year 1550. But it may have existed much earlier. If an old manuscript should be found, telling how Columbus fiddled to the Indians, it should give rise to no incredulity on the part of the fiddle lover. Homer speaks of the vintagers gathering grapes while a youth played to them on a sweet-voiced viol and sang to his music a lovely song.

This naturally raises the question of the relationship between the viol and the violin families. The viol is the much older instrument; more uncouth and inartistic. It has since gone the way of all good things that have been supplanted by better things. But just how, when, or why the violin supplanted the viola we shall never know. Some experts tell us that it was a mere matter of evolution; a case of inanimate man from inanimate monkey. And there is certainly as much difference between an old viol and a Stradivari violin as there is between an ape and an Apollo. They are both with us; one triumphs in the museums and the other in the hands of the music makers.



Da Salo viola.

The generic name for the viol and violin families is *viola*. The sole living representative of the viol family to be met with in daily musical life is the base viol. The others have all given place to the stronger voiced violin family, a survival of the fittest, which in the musical world is the loudest.

The oldest violas were instruments resembling in general contour, the large basses of the modern orchestra. They were, of course, more beautifully made and had their sound holes shaped like the letter C rather than like the letter *f*. Their measurements were greater than those of the viola used today, and their voice was of a tenor quality rather than an alto. All other members of the family reveal by their very names the fact that they are afterthoughts.

After the viola had found favor, a need arose for a deep-voiced instrument to accompany it. So the violone (viol+o-ne, big) the double bass, was invented. Its huge size made it very inconvenient to handle and created a demand for a smaller bass, which was met by the viola da gamba, the viola held between the legs. Then there was the lovely voiced viola d'amore, sometimes heard on the concert stage today, and a dozen other modifications, the very names of which are known only to the expert.

But the most important modification was the violino, the dear little viol (viola+ino) which is smaller than the viola and is constructed on an entirely different model, the most important features of which are the change in proportions of the upper and lower bouts, the arching of the back to correspond to the arching of the top, and the improvement in the sound holes. The violin in its turn created a demand for the new viola and the violoncello, the most noble voiced of the entire family. It is this little group, the violin, viola, and vio-

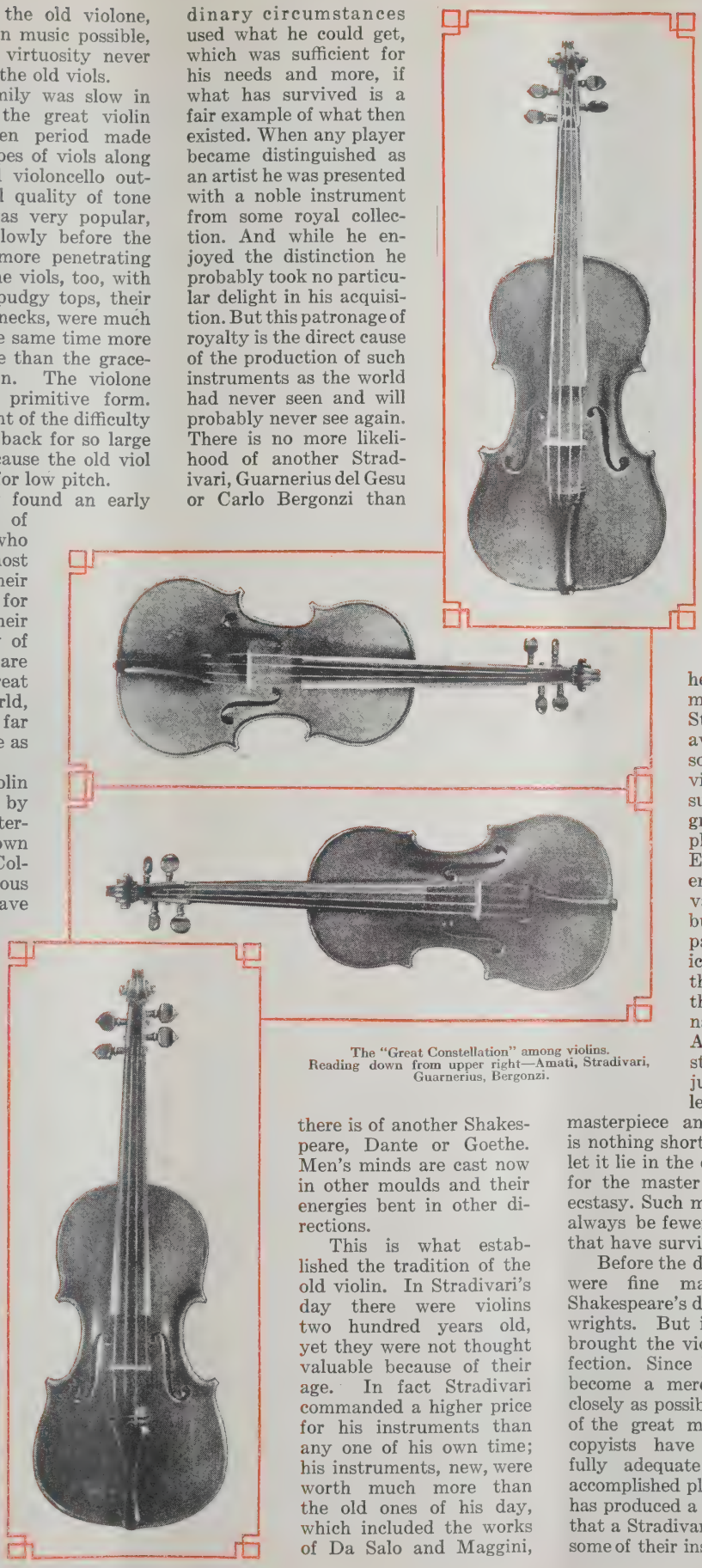
loncello, assisted by the old violone, that has made modern music possible, and given rise to a virtuosity never known in the days of the old viols.

But the viola family was slow in passing. Many of the great violin makers of the golden period made gambas and other types of viols along with their violin and violoncello output. The thin, nasal quality of tone heard in the viols was very popular, and gave way but slowly before the broader, richer and more penetrating tone of the violin. The viols, too, with their flat backs and pudgy tops, their deep sides and broad necks, were much less artistic and at the same time more difficult to manipulate than the graceful and smaller violin. The violone alone has kept the primitive form. This may be on account of the difficulty of making an arched back for so large an instrument, or because the old viol tone is more suitable for low pitch.

The violin family found an early vogue at the courts of kings and princes, who ordered from the most famous makers of their day complete sets for the orchestras and their chapel choirs. Many of these instruments are now included in the great art treasures of the world, and command a price far in excess of their value as musical instruments.

And because the violin family was cherished by royalty it became interesting to men of renown and men of wealth. Collections were numerous and some of them have become world famous. Only among musicians did it remain what its makers intended it to be, a musical instrument. And in the matter of instruments musicians have never been very discriminating. Who made their instrument was never so important as how the instrument felt and sounded.

It took a Paganini to establish the vogue of the great Joseph Guarnerius, although at the time hundreds of his instruments must have been in the hands of competent performers. The finest examples of the art were in the hands of royalty; the musician in ordinary circumstances used what he could get, which was sufficient for his needs and more, if what has survived is a fair example of what then existed. When any player became distinguished as an artist he was presented with a noble instrument from some royal collection. And while he enjoyed the distinction he probably took no particular delight in his acquisition. But this patronage of royalty is the direct cause of the production of such instruments as the world had never seen and will probably never see again. There is no more likelihood of another Stradivari, Guarnerius del Gesu or Carlo Bergonzi than there is of another Shakespeare, Dante or Goethe. Men's minds are cast now in other moulds and their energies bent in other directions.



The "Great Constellation" among violins. Reading down from upper right—Amati, Stradivari, Guarnerius, Bergonzi.

This is what established the tradition of the old violin. In Stradivari's day there were violins two hundred years old, yet they were not thought valuable because of their age. In fact Stradivari commanded a higher price for his instruments than any one of his own time; his instruments, new, were worth much more than the old ones of his day, which included the works of Da Salo and Maggini, who rank still among the great masters. Now, a concert player is ashamed to perform on a violin made later than 1800. That is not because all violins made since then are bad, but because it is considered the thing, and the only thing, to play on an old master instrument. There are many new violins that are equal to the needs of the most eminent artists. Moreover, very few of the eminent artists of today are worthy of the great masters. Kreisler, who plays a Stradivarius, is one of the very few who deserve such an instrument.

A player needs an instrument that will express what he has to say; anything more is superfluous. A Stradivari played by the average student will sound like a student violin; no one would suspect that it was a great Cremona. The plaintive sweetness of Elman's tone is certainly enhanced by the Stradivari on which he plays, but there are depths of passion in that magnificent specimen, one of the best in the world, that a man of Elman's nature can never explore. A less distinguished instrument would serve him just as well. And for a lesser light to have a great masterpiece and abuse it day by day is nothing short of criminal. Far better let it lie in the collector's safe and wait for the master touch to wake it to ecstasy. Such masters are few, and will always be fewer than the great violins that have survived the shock of years.

Before the day of Stradivarius there were fine makers, just as before Shakespeare's day there were fine playwrights. But it was Stradivarius who brought the violin to its ultimate perfection. Since his age the artist has become a mere copyist, imitating as closely as possible the model and details of the great masters. Many of these copyists have produced fine violins, fully adequate to the demands of accomplished players, but none of them has produced a great violin in the sense that a Stradivari is a great violin. Yet some of their instruments are such close

copies that they sell on the market for the genuine Stradivari, with little danger of detection.

How many of us know the best in art in any field? And who has had an opportunity to train his eye and ear on the great master?

The opportunity to train the eye is becoming more and more remote, but it is possible for one who has a discriminating ear to learn much about the tone of famous instruments. The phonograph is the most available help. A Kreisler record will reveal the reedy lusciousness of tone characteristic of Stradivarius. Maud Powell's tone will sound less reedy; its characteristic is a sort of vitreous clarity that is peculiar to the Guadagnini; Elman's record will show Stradivari sentimentalized. Of course it is much better to hear the players themselves, but that is too seldom possible.

***Different Ways of Playing a Violin***

One notes after much experience that the fine Italian instrument, made for the emotional Italian, suffers more or less at the hands of the foreigner. For example, a Frenchman plays with great skill but with too much intellectual repose, a Jew plays with whining saccharine voice or the exaggerated pathos of a street beggar; only at rare intervals do we hear a man evoke from the instrument all the variety and wealth of beauty that lies sleeping within.

It is easy to see that the violin may be considered from two rather widely divergent viewpoints: as a musical instrument and as an art treasure. The demand for the first is more easily satisfied than the sentimental or the temperamental will admit. The seeker for a suitable instrument on which to play can hunt among the professional players until he finds a fiddle that pleases him; then he can bribe the owner to surrender it, knowing inwardly that the bribe must be much greater than the intrinsic value of his "find." Or he can go to a dealer and from him purchase for five times its worth a fifth rate old instrument that happens to be for sale. Or he can secure from the same dealer for about twice its value, a new instrument made in Mirecourt or Mittenwald, play it and await developments. Or, finally, if he is not in a hurry, he can get a reputable maker to build him a fiddle, and again take his chances on the outcome.

The great masterpieces are all sold, and the owners are satisfied; so in the market there is little fluctuation. What five hundred dollars could buy twenty-five years ago five thousand will not tempt today. Why? The question is simple, the answer rather complex.

In the first place a genuine Italian instrument of first or second rank is so superior to all others of any age or date whatsoever that there is absolutely no competition. A well-preserved Stradivari gives a great artist the advantage that a hundred million dollars gives the man of business. And now that some of these same millionaires have turned their attention to collecting fiddles, the fiddler with the fiddler's wage is going to find the quest for such an instrument increasingly difficult, if not altogether hopeless.

***Collecting Fiddles as a Hobby***

But he need not despair. As we know, the average musician has never had better than the average instrument. And today the crop of average instruments is large. Moreover, there are many excellent makers in the world today, both in Europe and America. Almost all of them build on the best models, use good materials, and are clever workmen who are anxious to make a reputation.

The American instruments are, many of them, honestly built, and have the great advantage of being to the climate born, so they are less liable to dry out and check, become nasal, or develop a shriek. It is, of course, of the utmost importance to be sure about the skill and intelligence of the maker; a man deficient in either skill of hand or creative instinct can never make a distinguished fiddle. Of course right here lies the great difficulty. How is one to determine the question of skill and intelligence, when each individual maker is loud in the assertion that his is the one true genius, and wisdom will die with him?

Well, somehow it is always settled. And when the proud owner takes home his new instrument he should proceed at once to educate it. Scale practice will bring out the tone; it is good for the instrument and good for the player. After it has, in automobile language, run its thousand miles, it will be somewhat played in, and will delight the audience, at any rate. This should please the performer, for he never hears himself as others hear him. An instrument that sounded as pleasant under the ear as many instruments sound back in the hall would not be heard to advantage ten rows back. In the end a new instrument will be far more satisfactory than one of those old multi-cracked, many-patched wrecks from the shop of antiques. Let him have those who in his inexperience knows that the old instrument is the best; he has not played a new one and unfortunately never will.

The field of art is altogether different territory, and the collector who gathers from it a dozen or more authentic specimens and preserves them intact for a generation or two is one of the world's benefactors; and this in spite of the hue and cry that is raised against him by those who insist that fine violins should be in the possession of men who play them. The trouble is, the field fairly bristles with obstacles in the form of hopeless fakes. An instrument to qualify as a work of art must be unmistakably authentic; and it must be moreover the work of one of the few great makers.

***Field Bristles With Hopeless Fakes***

The Amatis, the Guarneri, Stradivari, Carlo Bergonzi—these are the great constellations. Then going back beyond these we find Paulo Maggini, and back of him Gaspar da Salo who might be considered the father of the violin as we know it. Coming on this side of Stradivari we find the Guadagnini, the Gagliani, and Laurentius Storioni, the last of the great Cremonese. As a sort of afterthought, come Pressenda and Rocca. There are many points to be noted in the work of these makers—the few points of similarity and the many of divergence. None but the greatest connoisseurs can note them all, and connoisseurs are not met with in the ordinary channels of intercourse.

The careful student might note the models, the varnish, and the workmanship. Books by the score have been written on all of these subjects, all of which one might read without adding to his ignorance. There is nothing more hopeless than reading about such things unless it be writing about them. Who can describe the arch of a Stradivari top, or the varnish on the back of a Joseph Guarnerius, son of Andrea? Certainly I shall not attempt it. The point is this: each maker is different in many details from all other makers.

# When the Stars Foretell Trouble

(*Concluded from page 8*)

pointed out that his election was assured.

"I do not pretend to have supernatural power," Dr. Brooks declares, "or to be a soothsayer or anything of the kind. Astrology is an exact science, and those who have studied it know that it cannot fail if interpreted rightly. Give a series of charts to a dozen astrologers, and every one of them will read them the same way and make the same predictions."

Asked for the exact procedure in arriving at his "prophecies" Dr. Brooks said:

"It is purely a matter of mathematics. In simple language, a chart is first calculated for the day, the month, year, hour and place of any event according to the definite laws of astrological procedure. This chart is in reality a map of the heavenly bodies for a given time and place. It is interpreted according to the position of the heavenly bodies in relation to the signs of the zodiac, and the angles of the chart together with such configurations as conjunctions, positions, squares, trines and sextiles of one planet to another."

When seventeen, Dr. Brooks began to be interested in astrology. He came in contact with a clergyman who was a student of the stars, and fell under the guidance of this man.

In 1921 Dr. Brooks first made public his astrological predictions. The writer saw letters of approval to Dr. Brooks from men in high political, educational, theological and literary life, among which are several from the White House.

# "Conscience Money" and the Indemnity Bond

"MY BOOKKEEPER got away with $100,000 in cold cash last week," the employer explained, "and I hold your surety bond for $25,000."

"Why didn't you notify us before?" the Indemnity Company demanded.

"He went away Friday night, and we didn't have the slightest suspicion there was anything wrong till we got a letter from him this morning."

"Got a letter?"

"Yes, he wrote a full confession, said he didn't feel right in making such a big pull, and inclosed the key of a safety box were we found $50,000 of the stolen funds."

"Well, that's certainly fine for us."

"How so?" the employer demanded.

"Clause 17 of the policy says that both parties shall share any recovery made by either on account of any loss in the proportion that the loss of each bears to the total loss."

"And how would you figure that out?"

"Easy enough. One quarter of the $50,000 'recovery' comes to $12,500, deduct that from the face of the policy, and it leaves $12,500 for us to pay."

"Yes, but you insured me up to $25,000 and I lost just double that amount."

"You've overlooked the 'recovery clause' in the policy."

"That clause doesn't apply to 'conscience money' that the embezzler pays back voluntarily," the employer argued, and the Wisconsin Supreme Court ruled in his favor.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY BAKER has the desire to do what is right. He cannot be purchased at any price. He is backed in Schoharie County by a Law and Order League which has more than two thousand members. Furthermore Schoharie County has a Supreme Court Judge who believes that people shall abide by the law. It is believed that these three features combined in any locality will put the fear of the law into any criminal and will greatly reduce crime.



# Prohibition Can Be Enforced

## Ask the People of Schoharie County

TRAVEL where you may in Schoharie County, in New York State, you will not hear it contended even by the bitterest enemies of prohibition that the law cannot be enforced. These people give vent to their feelings in another way, namely, by cursing the law and the officers and citizens who enforce it. For the Volstead Act *is enforced in that county, and let there be no mistake about it.* Schoharie County holds itself up as an example of the fact that the National Prohibition Law can be enforced as well as any other law—as well as the laws governing larceny, assault, or murder.

The crusade to close up the places where intoxicating liquors were sold in this county began about a year ago, when Alberti Baker, the district attorney; Preston Kennedy, a husky evangelist preacher; George Oliver, a deputy sheriff, accompanied by a Federal officer with a search warrant, entered one of the largest and most popular hotels in the county, took possession of the bar and liquors, arrested the owner and proprietor, urged and procured a speedy arraignment of him in the Federal court, which resulted in his plea of guilty and a fine, and the commencement of padlock proceedings against him, as a result of which he disposed of the hotel and left the state.

Under the present ownership and management the bar and bar fixtures have been removed, and in their place are soda fountains and ice cream tables patronized by children and women. As a booze place the hotel is a thing of the past.

The result of this raid and cleaning up was that dealers in illicit liquors began to sit up and take notice.

Section 22 of the Volstead Act provides as follows:

"An action to enjoin any nuisance defined in this title may be brought in the name of the United States by the Attorney-General of the United States or by any United States Attorney or *any prosecuting attorney of any state or any subdivision thereof* or by the commissioner or his deputies or assistants. Such action shall be brought and tried as an action in equity and may be brought *in any court having jurisdiction to hear and determine equity cases.* If it is made to appear by affidavits or otherwise, to the satisfaction of the court, or judge in vacation, that such nuisance exists, a temporary writ of injunction shall forthwith issue restraining the defendant from conducting or permitting the continuance of such nuisance until the conclusion of the trial."

Under this provision of the Volstead Act the district attorney began a general crusade to make the county absolutely dry. He personally conducted raids and searches, aided at times by his son Richard, a senior in Harvard, during the vacation period, and by local and Federal officers, at times engaging in personal encounters, for the purpose of obtaining evidence upon which to base the injunction, or padlock action under the section quoted.

At the county seat, Schoharie village, there had existed for a half-century on the main street, alongside the only bank in the village, directly across from the courthouse, a saloon which had been wide open, not only during the days when the law permitted it, but even on Sundays, long after the Volstead Act was passed.

On a late Saturday evening last April this same preacher, the district attorney, his son, two live-wire young Federal officers, and two state troopers, entered the barroom of the saloon, took possession of it, searched the bar and the customers present, found intoxicating liquor not only in the bar but on the patrons, arrested the proprietor and his bartender, caused them to be prosecuted in the Federal court, and with the evidence brought an action in equity, and in less than two months had the building closed. It is now being used as an electrical store and shop.

This was the first action of the kind brought in the state courts of New York, and Hon. Charles E. Nichols, of Cobleskill, New York, was the first justice of the Supreme Court to grant an injunction and judgment in such an action in the state. The action was contested, but under the law, it not being triable by a jury, justice moved rapidly.

*There has not since been seen a drunken man on the streets of the county seat.*

Since that time at least a half-dozen raids and searches have been made and many places closed. Some of these were large hotels and one or two private residences. The actions have been expedited by bringing them in the state court instead of in the Federal court which was crowded to capacity, and by the state court being nearer and more accessible, and holding its terms more frequently. All the orders and judgments in these cases were made by Justice Nichols, who sat during a portion of his vacation period to hear the testimony.

As a result of these actions several other dealers in illicit liquors went out of business, some of them leaving the county. There is not now a public place in Schoharie County where intoxicating liquors are being sold. It may be that now and then there may come to light a place where an individual has made homebrew, but such places are quickly closed and the booze confiscated.

Drunkenness in this county is a thing of the past. The county fair is held at Cobleskill in October and continues for four days. It is patronized by thousands of people. It is said that at the last fair there was an entire absence of drunkenness.

Said the district attorney: "Schoharie County is not different from a majority of the other up-state counties of New York, nor do I believe it is different from other counties in other states, barring those containing the larger cities; and I undertake to say that by the simple, direct method pointed out by section twenty-two of the Volstead Act the illicit trafficking in intoxicating liquors can be stopped. At least the National Prohibition Law can be enforced as well as the majority of other penal laws.

"Of course, attorneys must devote some time to the prosecution of the cases; at the outset bootleggers and rum-sellers must be handled with a drastic hand; and when they see that the prosecution is in earnest and that no favors are to be shown, they will yield as quickly as any other class of criminals. In my county they have become submissive. I do not beg them, I do not deal with them. I have come to the point where I can defy them. Since the people have seen that I am in earnest and am desirous of stamping out a great evil, they have come to my rescue, and they are with me and aid me whenever they can. I am sure this will be the case in all the counties here-

about. I know the neighboring counties of Delaware, Otsego, Greene, and Schenectady and am satisfied that the citizens will support the prosecuting officers in closing the liquor places."

In Schoharie County the people have recently organized a Law and Order League. It has a large membership made up of the county's best citizens, including the entire membership of the Harder Manufacturing Company of Cobleskill, nearly all the clergy of the county, physicians, merchants, lawyers, many farmers, the district attorney and sheriff. The president of the league formerly resided in New York City. He is Charles Gardner, police justice of the village of Middleburg.

Mr. Gardner frequently assists in searching places against which complaints have been made, for the purpose of procuring evidence. Meetings of the league are held in the courthouse and in churches.

In every community like that of Schoharie County there are large numbers of men and women who are strongly in favor of seeing the Eighteenth Amendment enforced. Little enthusiasm will be shown, however, where little is being done in the way of law enforcement by the officials. But quite naturally when the prosecuting officers show zeal and interest and get results, popular enthusiasm will become manifest. It will show itself by the offer of aid to the prosecuting officers and by organizing in the way Schoharie County has done.

In Steuben County in New York State, the district attorney has already followed the lead of Schoharie and is prosecuting under the section of the Volstead Act referred to. Steuben's citizens have also organized for law enforcement.

It will be readily seen that the injunction, or padlock order, must have a salutary effect on the offender. A fine may deter for the moment, but it is of little consequence in view of the enormous profits received in the sale of liquors. Jail sentences may prevent for a season, but such sentences are usually short, except in the cases of extreme violation.

In the case of the closing of the building, however, a different situation arises. The property of the owner or tenant is rendered useless for a time and the occupant is out of business.

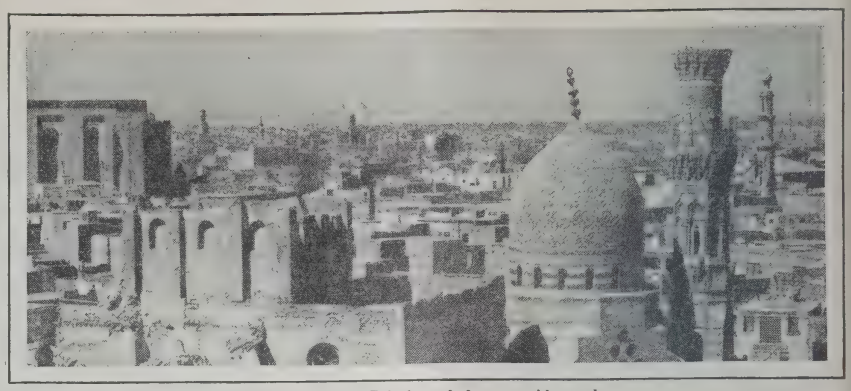
In the Schoharie County padlock cases the judgments provide that there should be posted, on conspicuous parts of the closed building, notices containing the following words: "Closed by Order of Charles E. Nichols, Justice of the Supreme Court." The judgment has been complied with in each instance

## The Star Cluster *Hercules*

A PHOTOGRAPHIC image of the star cluster *Hercules* looks merely like innumerable splotches of white on a black background. But scientists have counted more than 30,000 stars, each many times larger than the earth's own sun. The most luminous giants in the group exceed a thousand suns in light emission.

The *Hercules* group is so far distant that it requires 36,000 years for its light to reach the earth.

Dr. Harlow Shapley has afforded a new and startling conception of the magnitude of the physical universe. He estimates that the now known stellar universe is about 100,000 times larger than had been suspected previously.



Looking across Cairo's roofs from an old temple.

# The Ways of the Egyptians

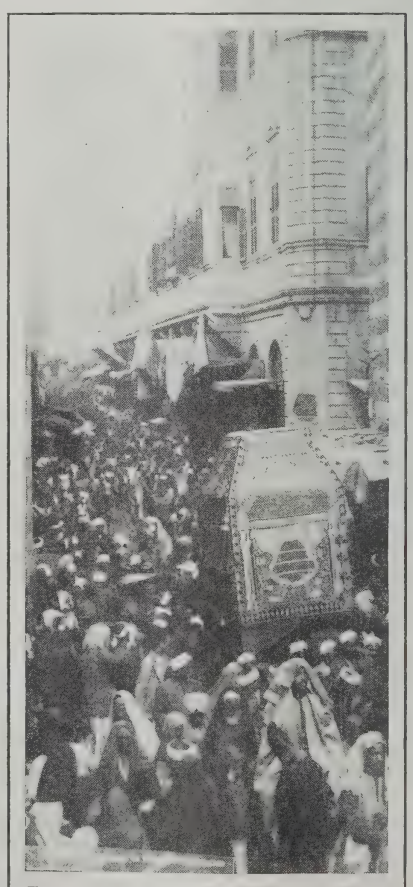
By WILLIAM H. WORRELL

THE old woman in Mohammedan Egypt is a pitiable object. She enjoys neither confidence nor respect. She is the butt of ridicule, the symbol of ugliness, intrigue, and malevolence. In one story we are told that the devil himself is afraid to come to Cairo for fear of meeting a certain old woman there, whose conduct shocks him so. In point of fact, however, the old women of Egypt do stir up a lot of trouble in families, carry a lot of tales, and, all in all, interest themselves far too much in matters of men and women.

Good-natured as the Egyptian is, he quarrels and fights a great deal, because he is simple-minded in his natural human selfishness. But when he fights he takes care not to hurt anyone much. Usually he grasps his opponent by the collar, and twists it, meanwhile calling upon the Prophet and the true believers to witness his wrongs.

Beneath my window in Cairo a woman with a tub of wet wash on her head collided one day with a man similarly carrying a pan of hot baked beans. The woman addressed the man for ten minutes in the presence of a large and appreciative street audience, and never repeated herself once. Peacemaking is a common activity among well-intentioned people; and it works surprisingly well. I knew a man who went regularly every morning to be slapped in the face by another because a quarrel with that man had once brought him a piece of good luck. Being superstitious, like all Egyptians, he argued that more slaps would bring more good fortune.

When life has actually been taken, however, the Egyptian is implacable. Social custom and religion demand this. There is then a blood-feud, which differs little from the same sort of thing in Kentucky or anywhere else. Such a feud was started in the village of Hawatka by the death of a Moslem through the falling of a roof-tile from the Coptic church. The first Christian whom the relatives met had to flee for his life. In view of such possibilities families and religious communities in the villages live in quarters which can be barricaded and defended if necessary. In case of a feud, "if your life is long," says the Egyptian simply, "why then you will not be killed."



Crowds in an old Cairo street.

When I came, after an interesting sojourn there, to leave Hawatka, social relationships became complicated. The Khawaja (myself) did not give away any of his "six pairs of shoes" (one pair being rubber overshoes). He refused outright to cure with his pills an old man who had been blind from birth. A can of American salmon which he had presented to the sheik was declared to be poisoned. He had scattered no gold pieces, though it was known that he had brought with him from America a whole sailboat-load of napoleons.

All this ingratitude after my dispensing quarts of tablets of *Cascara sagrada* to groups that waited all day upon my bounty!



"Nan-T'ien-Men" or the "South Gate of Heaven." This gate is beautifully built and is at the top of Taishan.

# Mount Taishan, Oldest Worshiping Place on Earth

By CAMERON WILKIE

HUMAN beings are incurably religious. Some writer has said that.

Carlyle says that the chief thing about any man is his religion.

In some way or another men have always worshiped; first the world of nature—wind, stars, streams, the ocean, the hills, the storms—and then through the centuries they gradually got to worshiping one God.

In China is old Mount Taishan, which is said by historians to be the oldest worshiping place on the face of the green earth; older than Egypt, older than the temples of Mexico, older than Assyria and Babylon.

And to add to the interest in this ancient mountain of China, it is located on the Shantung Peninsula, that much-discussed and much-disputed strip of land which Germany took from China; and which then was given to Japan by the Versailles Treaty, but which has been given back to China by Japan.

Shantung is called "The Holy Land of China." Why? Because it is the birthplace of Confucius, and the burial place of this same philosopher. Also because it is the location of the old sacred mountain that I climbed and about which I write.

We were a happy crowd that climbed the six thousand stone steps to the top of old Taishan. There were about fifty of us. We had just visited the birthplace and burial place of Confucius, the Chinese sage, and it was quite natural that we should be more or less thrilled at the thoughts of a climb to the top of that great mountain where human beings are said first to have worshiped.

Old Taishan is south of Tsinan. It is the beautiful, outstanding peak of a range of hills, and in wintertime it is always crowned with snow.

The work of engineering and building that stone stairway of six thousand steps could have been no child's play, as one of our party, an engineer, told us. The way winds along a mountain stream part of the time, and these granite steps, smoothly carved, are so old that no historian knows who put them there. Each step is from six to twelve inches high. Hundreds of thousands of pilgrims make this ascent every year.

Confucius climbed this mountain in his bare feet and worshiped from its highest eminence. On the top of the mountain there is a stone shaft beside which I stood with a sense of reverence. Carved upon its plain surface in Chinese characters is this sentence:

"Confucius stood here and felt the smallness of the world below."

No wonder the great sage felt the smallness of the world below, for, of all the beautiful views from great heights I have ever seen, this is unsurpassed.

The whistle of a locomotive coming faintly from the valley below seemed out of place. The thrill came when one added to the beauty of the view the consciousness that one was standing on a spot where men and women had come to worship three thousand years before the Christian Era; when Europe was a wilderness, and when the Mound Builders were the dominating people of our American continent.

The Chinese coolies who carried us up that mountain in their chairs were a happy lot.

The chairs in which we were carried part of the time were borne by two coolies, who, when they were tired of walking one way, would swing you around as if you were a feather; and they seemed to arrange that swing just when you were hanging over a precipice.



On the way up Mount Taishan. It's hard to climb a mountain like this.

Personally I did not use my chair much, only now and then on an easy slope. The coolies looked me over when I employed them that frosty morning and told my friend, who could speak their language, that they would have to charge an extra dollar to carry "the colossal one."

I paid the extra dollar and the rest of the party had a lot of fun at my expense calling me "the colossal one."

All the way up this steep granite trail, there are two distinct features: Hundreds of beggars who live along the way, year in and year out; nice sleek, fat beggars who make their living that way—and, I presume, send their sons to college. They get money from tourists and from native pilgrims who come by thousands each year to renew their vows. In the period immediately after the Chinese New Year as many as a hundred thousand pilgrims a day ascend Taishan.

The other feature of the climb up the mountain is the series of beautiful gates and arches that mark the ascent, and through which all of us had to pass to get to the top. Each gate has been erected in commemoration of some great dignitary making the climb, or has some religious significance.

The first great archway is called: "I-T'ien-Men," or the "First Heaven Gate" and is a magnificent piece of architecture. There is also a statement carved on its enduring granite that Confucius passed through it when he climbed Mount Taishan.

"The Flying Clouds Hall" is one of the temples on the way up which attracts attention. "The Ten Thousand Genii Hall" is another shrine on the way commemorating the fact that Emperor Kao-Tsu stopped here on his ascent in A. D. 595. "The Temple of the Horse Stopping Place" and "The Temple of the Horse Turning Back Peak" are two of the halls along the way.

At the top is the "South Gate of Heaven." Beyond that is a bridge that is called "The Cloud Stepping Bridge."

From the "Nan-T'ien-Men," or the "South Gate of Heaven," it is a half-mile to the Taoist temple which is the crown of old Taishan, and the mecca of the pilgrims.

The last gate is the "South Gate of Heaven." There are something like fifty steps that lead directly up to this archway and they are so steep that it seems almost as if one were climbing a ladder.

The climbing of Mount Taishan made one think of the "Songs of Ascent" which the ancient Hebrews used as they marched up to the Temple in Jersualem, and up the Mount of Olives. It recalled Sinai and Horeb, for men and women have always liked to build their worshiping places on stately heights.

# Wilson's First Night in Paris

(Concluded from page 3)

had expressed to his old friend from home. He had merely put off and put off the suggestion, in the hope that the plenipotentiaries would soon be at the Peace Table and that the demand for his trip would be forgotten.

By early January, upon his return from England, the insistence had become so great that he decided for tactical purposes he must visit the war region. He would not have done so except that he found that his evasion was making the French suspicious of him and thereby lessening his influence. He knew he had a hard job ahead to bring France to accept conditions which Germany might possibly be able to fulfill. To still the clamor, therefore, he made a hurried trip to Rheims, Chateau Thierry, and Belleau Woods. He left Paris after breakfast by motor and was back for dinner, but the French demand was satisfied. He had seen the devastated regions—a tiny part of them.

But Mr. Wilson's thoughts that night were concentrated on keeping cool. His actions were well in keeping with his thoughts. He had done all the thinking and planning that was possible in calm, imperturbed America. Now he was in the center of cross currents of hate, ambition, jealousy and altruism. To keep cool, he switched his thoughts back home.

Before him was a cross-ruled sheet of paper on which he was working when his old Washington friend called. He was sitting at a table in the center of the room, with Mrs. Wilson opposite him. He had cleared a space in front of him and had made the lines and cross lines on the paper himself, in his careful, accurate way. He had been filling in the spaces made by the cross ruling, setting down precisely drawn numbers with a finely pointed pencil. At the time his caller entered he and Mrs. Wilson were seriously discussing these numbers. Down the left-hand side of the sheet was a column of geographical places. Across the top was a list of queer headings. The whole, without the numbers which had been inserted, was as follows:

| | Freedom | Intellectual Advantages | Social Advantages | Recreation and Amusement | Climate | Average |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| New York | | | | | | |
| Washington | | | | | | |
| Richmond | | | | | | |
| Charleston, S. C. | | | | | | |
| California | | | | | | |
| Bermuda | | | | | | |
| Boston | | | | | | |

As the caller cast interested eyes at the strange document Mr. Wilson smilingly confided its import. He and Mrs. Wilson, with Paris gone mad at their front door, were discussing where they would live after



President and Mrs. Wilson on Liberty Bell Rug, at Versailles Palace.

March 4, 1921. Mr. Wilson had conceived the idea of reaching a systematic, scientific determination of the relative advantages of the various places which they thought they might like. Instead of guessing in a hit-and-miss fashion they had, first, set down the seven places for which they felt some attraction. Then they had classified the things which they desired in any place, putting freedom first, followed by intellectual advantages, social advantages, recreation and amusement, and climate. Using 100 per cent as perfect they set down a percentage for each place under each heading, added them together and divided by five, to get the relative average advantage of each.

For example: Boston was rated high in intellectual and social advantages but low in climate and freedom, while California and Bermuda were listed high in climate and freedom and lower in other respects. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Wilson seemed to be conscious of the fact that the whole world was trembling with expectancy over the official acts of the American President, to be launched on the following day, or that the organization of the civilized world was destined to be affected, probably for all time, by his policies to be promulgated within a few hours. Joy-maddened Paris would have been surprised if it had learned that the President and his wife were sitting in the middle of the capital absorbed in the debate of whether Boston should be rated 87 or 88 per cent in intellectual advantages and whether Richmond should be given 50 or 52 in climate—

"If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same . . ."

—If Mr. Kipling could have looked into the library of Prince Murat's palace that night he would have seen the thought in those lines of his personified.

# The Story of the Submarine

THE idea of being able to propel a boat through water, beneath the surface, has long engaged the attention of men.

Aristotle describes a vessel of this kind which was used in the siege of Tyre, more than 2,000 years ago. Calluvius is said to have invented a submarine gun, or under-surface weapon, for the propulsion of the famous Greek Fire.

In the sixteenth century, one Olaus Magnus, the bishop of Upsala, gave a description of some leather skiffs, or boats, which were used to scuttle ships by attacking them from beneath, two of which he claims to have personally examined.

"There were pirates in Gruntland," he says, "who employed boats and vessels made of skins for traveling wherever they wished, either above or below the water, and by means of such they pierce and make holes in passing merchant ships."

An Englishman, William Bourne, in 1579, patented a submarine of his own invention. It was designed for Buckingham's expedition to the Isle of Rhé. It was fitted with leather joints so arranged that they could be made smaller or larger by the action of screws. It used water as ballast, and had an air pipe for a mast. There is no evidence that it was put in commission.

In 1600, a Dutchman by the name of Cornelius van Drebbel produced several submersible vessels. He claimed to have discovered a process whereby he re-oxygenated air, which enabled the boat to remain for a long time under water.

In 1773, an American named Bushnell invented his famous "Turtles." They were small, upright boats, in which a man could sit, and submerge himself by means of leather bottles, which had their mouths projecting outside. An attempt was made to blow up an English fleet with these boats, each of which carried a torpedo, but it was unsuccessful.

Various attempts to build a submarine boat, that would be practical, were made in various countries from the time of Bushnell down to 1887, when Holland produced the boat which bears his name, and from which the present submarine, with its high degree of efficiency, is an offspring.

# North Carolina Crushes Mob Rule

(*Concluded from page 7*)

in Asheville, in November, 1925. A series of heinous crimes had been committed there and the spirit of resentment against the perpetrators was at white heat. Following the arrest of a Negro suspect, an unsuccessful effort was made to storm the Buncombe jail, where he was thought to be confined, in order that he might be removed and lynched. But the Negro was not there. He had been removed for safe-keeping. Later, a second Negro was arrested charged with a capital offense against a white woman.

When the Superior Court met to try these cases, Governor Angus W. McLean ordered the adjutant general to proceed to Asheville, with definite instructions to take charge of the situation and preserve order at any cost, calling to his assistance as many state troops as should be necessary. Two units were summoned and served until the trials were concluded.

One of the Negroes was convicted and sentenced to be electrocuted. Twenty-nine white men who were alleged to have been leaders of the mob that attempted to take him from jail, or would have attempted it if he had not been removed, were placed on trial. They were not tried for taking the Negro, because they did not get him, but for taking *the law* in their own hands. Eleven were convicted and nine pleaded guilty. Four were sentenced to terms in the state's prison and eleven to terms on the county roads. Suspended sentences were imposed on the remaining five. The most remarkable thing about the whole proceeding was that one of the Negroes was acquitted, even though the community was stirred up to a point where it was thought that troops might be necessary to preserve order. This Negro was tried inside a circle of bayonets. The governor, sending the troops, had declared that the law must take its course. Although he was identified by the prosecutrix, the prisoner set up an alibi that stood the test and was believed by the jury. He appeared in court without counsel, and Judge A. M. Stack, presiding, appointed G. Lyle Jones, a former state's solicitor, to defend him. Although it did not know what effect its action might have, the jury acquitted the Negro and he was afforded protection until he could leave the community.



Judge Neil A. Sinclair, who imposed on indicted mobmen sentences as high as thirty years in prison.

From the bench Judge Stack made the following comment:

"That was the worst mob I ever heard of. God save the state that has to depend upon mobs to protect its women. The women of North Carolina do not have to depend upon mobs for their protection; the law will attend to that. What the officers needed down there that night were a few machine guns. North Carolina must put more red pepper in its handling of criminals."

When the doors of the Buncombe County jail closed behind the convicted and sentenced mobmen, North Carolina, in its persistent fight for the abolition of mob violence, had won a notable victory. It had sternly contradicted the erroneous impression so often expressed in many sections that a Negro could not get a fair trial in the South; it had set at rest any remaining doubt as to whether mobbers could be convicted.

Although six thousand persons signed petitions asking executive clemency for the self-confessed and convicted Buncombe County mobmen, Governor McLean, on February 10, 1926, flatly declined to interfere with the prison sentences that had been imposed. Petitioners informed the governor that the families of these men were suffering. Whereupon, the chief executive officially called on the mayor of Asheville to seek aid for them in that community, informing him that in case this plan did not work he (the governor) would help him to secure outside aid.

"I regard these cases as of unusual importance," Governor McLean wrote the Asheville mayor, "because they represent a concrete example of law enforcement. While the law must be vindicated by the punishment of those who showed contempt for it, consideration must be shown to the innocent members of their families who are likely to experience inconvenience during the time the necessary processes of the law are in operation."

Governor McLean's statement, issued when he definitely and finally refused to extend clemency to the imprisoned mobmen, will go down as one of the really great state papers in North Carolina.

"The families of these prisoners have my deepest sympathy," declared Governor McLean. "It is an unpleasant duty to decline these applications with the full knowledge of the distress that may result even though the prisoners themselves be responsible. I am sure the good citizens of Asheville, the churches, the civic organizations and others interested in human welfare will see that these unfortunates are provided for."

Then, the governor turned his guns on lawlessness, and declared:

"When the State of North Carolina takes a prisoner into custody it then becomes responsible for his safety and that responsibility remains until his case is disposed of in accordance with law.

"A prisoner in custody of the law is entitled to the same protection as is the judge on the bench, or the solicitor who represents the State in the prosecution!

"In this instance the State of North Carolina went to great expense in order that the prisoner in question might be given a fair and impartial trial. The National Guard of this State was called into service at the expense of the taxpayers. The prisoners (mobbers) sought to destroy the very process of government on which they now rely. The governor is the instrument of the law just as the jail is the instrument of the law. They were given a fair and impartial trial and convicted by jurors chosen from their fellow men. The sentences imposed, it seems to me, were eminently fair and just and might easily have been more severe.

"Those who are asking for clemency for these men should remember that the crime they committed was one of the most serious known to our law—serious because the sovereignty of all the people of the State



"There shall not be a lynching while I am governor, if within my power to prevent it," vows Angus W. McLean, Governor of North Carolina. He ordered special terms of court for trying mobmen after he had offered rewards for their capture.

was trampled underfoot and insulted by the mob when it attempted to take the law in its own hands. "In a democracy like ours, the laws and the courts set up for the enforcement of the laws represent the true sovereignty of the people, because the people can only express their sovereignty through the laws that are enacted by their representatives for the protection of society.

"No question of mere sentiment should enter into a case of this kind. Sentiment should be all upon the side of the people whose sovereignty was insulted. No man can calculate the damage that may be done to the good name and fame of North Carolina by even one lynching, and the only way to suppress lynching is to let those who engage in it understand that they will be punished and punished severely."

As to the Negro under sentence of death, the woman he was convicted of having assaulted wrote the governor a letter asking that life imprisonment be substituted for the death penalty. However, Governor McLean stated he would take no action until the prisoner's appeal had been passed on by the Supreme Court.

Sentiment for law and order in North Carolina is confined to no one section of the state. The events just outlined occurred in the state's most cosmopolitan city, located near the western border of the state. In the purely homogeneous east, nearly 400 miles from Asheville, a less recent but equally striking example of judicial courage and community sentiment against lynch law occurred at Williamston, in Martin County.

A young white man, born and reared in a northern state, was arrested on a capital charge preferred by a salesgirl. Without warning on the part of the mob, this young man, while awaiting trial, was taken from jail, hurried to a spot near the town of Williamston and mutilated.

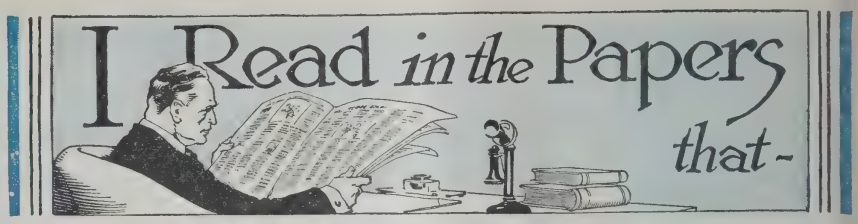
Following this affair, Don Gilliam, the brilliant young solicitor of the district, was instrumental in rounding up more than thirty men charged with participation in it. Governor McLean ordered a special term of court for the trial of the young white man charged with the capital offense and the men who had mutilated him. The man who faced the capital charge was freed by order of the court. The mobmen were sent to prison and made to pay heavy fines.

The presiding judge in this instance was Neil A. Sinclair, of Fayetteville, a terror to mobmen. Every man that had been arrested was indicted by the grand jury on the opening day of court. Those who did not subsequently throw up their hands and plead guilty were convicted by a jury of Martin County men. The prison sentences imposed by Judge Sinclair ranged from six to thirty years in the penitentiary. Many of the defendants were required to pay $500 each to help defray the expenses of the special term of court called to try them.

In his charge to the grand jury, Judge Sinclair rebuked lawlessness in no uncertain terms. Before closing court, after the men had been sentenced, he declared that the experience of those about to begin their prison terms should serve as a warning to any who, in the future, might contemplate attaching themselves to mobs for the purpose of taking the law in their own hands.

This, also, was one of the most notable sessions of court ever held in North Carolina, within the borders of which Virginia Dare, the first native white child of North America, was born and christened.

North Carolina's experience in its war on mob rule has shown that vociferous protests, alone, no matter how sincerely they are uttered, cannot stamp out this evil.




Gilbert K. Chesterton, in *G. K's Weekly*, pays his respects to Lloyd George and his erstwhile friends in this wise:

Of course, the best joke in the comedy of *Much Ado About Mond* is the fact that Mr. Lloyd George, of all men, was moved by anger to anti-Semitism. What he said was really rather witty; the sort of thing that is usually said by public men in private life. He said that Mond, like another famous Jew, had gone to his own place. But when we remember how Mr. George's party and public following once howled aloud with horror at us for calling a Jew a Jew, we are naturally amused to hear him calling a Jew a Judas. Poor Mond may or may not be like another member of his race, but there were a good many other members of his race against whom Mr. George showed no such Jew-baiting ferocity. There was Marconi Isaacs, for instance; did he go to his own place; and was that place of punishment the palace of the Viceroy of India? There was Marconi Samuel; did he also go to his own place; and was it his appointed penalty to help the Jews to bully the Arabs? Anyhow, it is amusing for those who discussed these things twenty years ago to see them turning up again when they happen to serve somebody's turn. And Mr. George, having been everything else, may as well be an anti-Semite too before he dies. For the rest, these quarrels in the lobby do good on the whole. In the simple words of the homely old English proverb, when professional politicians fall out, ordinary citizens may occasionally come by their own.

ɛ ɛ ɛ

the University of Michigan is going to send a unique scientific mission to Greenland this summer to obtain information about the ice, mountain and marine features of that island. The outstanding feature of the project is that Peter Freuchen, former Danish governor of the Thule Eskimo settlement in Northern Greenland, and Fred W. Bartlett, a graduate of the Michigan geological department, have volunteered to remain behind and pass the balance of the year in a tiny, snow-buried hut 100 miles eastward from the coast, in order to record weather conditions. This hut will be in a desert waste of snow and ice 7,000 feet above sea level. A temperature of 30 below zero prevails in midsummer, and kerosene becomes like lard in the extreme cold of midwinter. It is in the Greenland area that the boreal blasts which sweep down upon the northern hemisphere are bred. It requires from three to five days for one of these blizzard-like storms to cross the ocean to Europe. The observers are to determine whether it would be feasible to have a permanent observatory there to give Europe wireless warnings of storms. All of the benefits of such a weather service would accrue to Europe as American blizzards originate either in or beyond Alaska.

ɛ ɛ ɛ

Judge John M. Killitts, of the United States district court for Northern Ohio, continues to make the path of the fake stock transgressor hard. Josiah Kirby, dapper, persuasive Cleveland promoter, obtained forty million dollars through the sale of so-called securities before the crash came. Although he was tried in several courts, Kirby seemed to bear a charmed life until he came before Judge Killitts. A mistrial occurred the first time. Instead of postponing the retrial indefinitely Judge Killitts insisted that it be conducted at once. Kirby was promptly convicted and sent to join Dr. Frederick A. Cook, who was also tried before Judge Killitts.

ɛ ɛ ɛ

new American loans to European governments are pending. In this connection it might be well to recall that private loans to governments have frequently remained unpaid. England loaned large sums to Portugal during the Napoleonic Wars, but although England still carries the debt on its books Portugal has never moved to repay the advance. England herself failed to pay to bondholders the loans that covered the saddles Wellington purchased during his campaigns. And Italy has just recalled that the loans which Henry VIII of England contracted with Florentine bankers have never been repaid. The Fuggers; international bankers of the Middle Ages, lost their leadership because their kingly clients contracted more easily the habit of failing to pay than they contracted the loans.

Present-day foreign government loans might be said to date from the bonds that the late Austrian Government sold to the Rothschilds. But Austria never repaid any of these loans in their entirety. Sometimes a bond issue would be paid by selling even more new bonds, the surplus being duly wasted. The purchasers of Mexican, Turkish, Egyptian, Persian, Chinese and Central and South American government bonds have had more or less unhappy experiences. The fact is that the average government loan represents the desire of politicians and misled citizens to live beyond their income, and there seldom or never comes a time when people are willing to tax themselves sufficiently to pay off such foreign debts.

ɛ ɛ ɛ

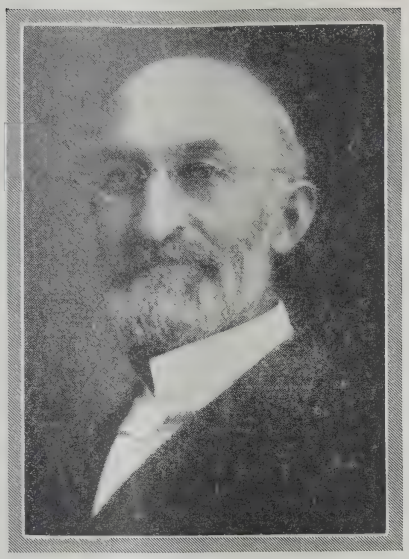
Fred E. Smith, truck driver, addressed members of the New York Junior Board of Trade and Transportation: "If you want to learn something about traffic in New York," he said, "go out and drive a truck." Mr. Smith, attired in a sheepskin coat and sweater, attended the conference at his own request. He was obviously fidgety while lengthy and highly technical discourses were given by traffic experts. The maps and diagrams on the walls meant little or nothing to him. But when it came his turn to speak, he had something to say. "Go out and drive a truck," he shouted, and his audience applauded. In his own way Smith had voiced the old doctrine about high-flown theories being worthless unless based on actual experience. And the theorists realized its truth.

# The Business End of Mormonism

## Latter-Day Saints, Having Passed Through the Wilderness of Pioneer Days, Are Now in the Promised Land of Prosperity

By GEORGE FREDERIC STRATTON

ONE of the most costly and finely finished office buildings in this country was recently completed in Salt Lake City. Its cost was very nearly one million dollars without the ground, and the entire building is used exclusively for the varied administration affairs of the Mormon church.



President Heber J. Grant.

No one can stroll through that building without feeling that it was built for business—big business; and in talking with the heads of the various departments, the wonder grows amazingly of an organization, despised and belittled because little known, carrying on and increasing in marvelous variety, industrial and financial operations planned by its leaders.

The inscription on the marble slab over the entrance to the building, "L. D. S. Church Offices," gives no indication of the duality of the church business—a business which combines the activities of its religious mission with the administration of its earnings from the very large and varied industrial and financial operations in which it is engaged.

In the early days, the beginning of industrial development, if a Mormon way out on the desert or up in the mountains or in a well-developed region had an ambition for some improvement of land or business—if he wanted to build a gristmill or creamery, a blacksmith shop or an irrigation dam, he usually went first to the bishop of his ward—a man who had probably been his school chum and his neighbor for years. If the proposed enterprise looked thoroughly businesslike and was too large for local accomplishment, that bishop had only to communicate with headquarters at Salt Lake and the matter would be investigated. If it were a sound, promising proposition, it would receive encouragement and financial aid on a purely business basis. The policy of the church was to aid, leaving details and management to local officers.

The gross amount of such business, tabulated and administered in that great office building, including its historical, general recording and genealogical work, is enormous. Large as are the figures in the president's report, which is mentioned later, and which relate only to purely church affairs, the industries in which the church is financially interested, enormously increase those figures.

President Heber J. Grant is the president or director of no less than ten incorporated banks, railroads, manufacturing and land companies in which the church has large holdings. He is chief over more than nine hundred churches, six magnificent temples, three of the largest colleges, several great hospitals; of the entire organization of the church day schools and of the church Sunday schools and other auxiliary associations and of all the foreign missions.

Many of the largest manufacturing and mercantile establishments of Utah and the neighboring states are controlled by the coöperation of Mormon capital with other investors. Among them is Zion's Coöperative Mercantile Institution, with a six-million-dollar department store and wholesale warehouse in Salt Lake City; the great Utah-Idaho Sugar Company, capitalized at twenty million dollars with sixteen factories in Utah, Idaho, and Montana, each of which cost from half a million to a million and a quarter dollars.

The church owns a large interest in the greatest pleasure resort between the Missouri River and the Pacific Coast—Saltair on the Lake, which was partly burned last summer and is now being rebuilt at a cost of $350,000; in the largest theater for legitimate drama in the city; one of the brightest edited daily newspapers; in the most beautiful and commodious hotel and the splendid public museum. Mormon capital controls three of the most solid banks and an equally solid insurance company; a large book publishing house and a finely stocked bookstore.

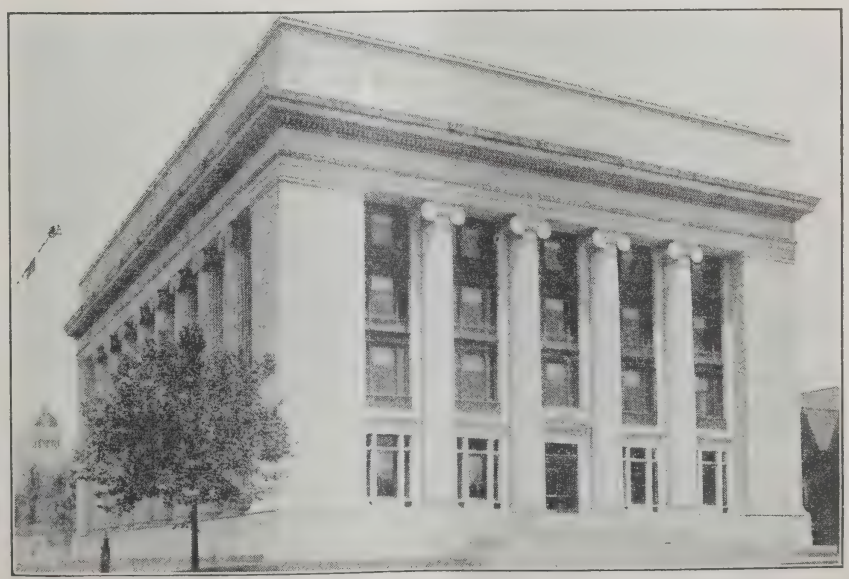
These are all Salt Lake City institutions. All over the intermountain region, wherever there are Mormons, there are found smaller exploitations and industries in joint stock companies many of which owe their success to the financial aid and advice of the church leaders.

To understand the system and efficiency with which the secular affairs of the church are managed, it is necessary to consider the organization.

The president is the head; the source of last appeal in any matter of doubt or dispute, and he has two counselors—Charles W. Penrose and Charles W. Nibley, both old, experienced, well-tried men.

There is a quorum known as the Twelve Apostles, which is the next chief advisory body on both sacred and secular affairs. Next come the "Patriarchs" whose work appears to be solely with the spiritual side of Mormonism. Then there is the presiding Council of Seventy. There are more than one hundred quorums of seventy located wherever Mormons are settled. From them the missionaries are chiefly drawn. There is also the Presiding Bishopric whose functions are chiefly devoted to temporalities and who has a large, fine separate office building.

With the exception of the Patriarchs, there is scarcely a man among all those officials who is not, more or less, actively engaged in personal business. For instance, Bishop Charles W. Nibley, one of the president's closest advisers, has been very active in the conducting of the great Utah-Idaho Sugar Company, the twenty-million-dollar corporation, and in other business.



Million-dollar office building of the Latter-Day Saints.



The church buildings, including power plant which supplies heat, light and power for business buildings as well as the church buildings.



President Grant's private office. With the exception of hardware and glass, the beautiful building is entirely of Utah material.



Hotel Utah. Capitol building in the distance.

Business atmosphere surrounds every man who holds a church office, even down to the bishop of the smallest country congregation. Let me give the occupations of some I have known. Several are farmers; one is the proprietor of a large general store; one is a blacksmith; another the owner of six thousand range sheep; another the cashier of a bank; another the owner of a mountain sawmill; another the manager of a mountain stage line. Many of them are prosperous and very active men, yet every one of them is ready at a moment's notice to drop his plow handles or his account books to answer any call of sickness or distress or other local duty of his calling.

All the high executives and general church officials have private offices in the great office building with beautiful meeting rooms for their committees and anterooms for their clerks and stenographers. There is a large general office with the accountant and his clerks; a treasurer, a mission secretary, and a transportation manager.

We gain an impressive view of the large activities when we learn that the duties of that transportation man are entirely absorbed in routing officials and members to distant parts of the country and abroad; in arranging and purchasing transportation by rail, steamer or pack outfits for missionaries to all parts of the world and in securing special rates from the railroads to bring in the great numbers of country church members to attend the semiannual conferences, the state fairs or special concerts and recitals at the great tabernacle.

Some day, when men care to segregate a man's religious life or creed from his business methods and activities, which is commonly done in short biographies of big men, the splendid achievements, the jovial activity, and the magnificent breadth of view of things material, will place President Grant in his well-deserved rank among the captains of industry. Sixty-seven years of age, he may be seen constantly motoring or railroading—perhaps out on the Great Salt Lake Desert and the Skull Valley for a social talk with his church members; or south into Utah's Dixie to preside at the dedication of a new meetinghouse; or still farther south into Mexico to talk and encourage the great Mormon colony there, or north to Alberta, or sailing west to Hawaii for similar purpose.

When he is at home—resting, he calls it—he attends directors' meetings or visits the local wards, giving his "brothers" clear, incisive, practical talks on how clean, straight business affects life here, making that to his hard-working and level-headed hearers the basis of his sometimes very eloquent remarks on the hereafter.

Andrew Carnegie frequently said, and apparently took pride in saying: "It is not the work I have done which has placed me where I am, but the selection of the best men obtainable to do the work."

It takes a good man to select good men and perhaps the experience of the steel magnate was that of the Mormon magnate and his lieutenants. Business men in the intermountain region and others who come from the great business centers of the East to look into business opportunities and natural resources, pay close attention to a Mormon's descriptions, especially if Mormon capital is in the development.

It has been said rather commonly that in Utah no one but a Mormon can get a position in any of the big Mormon exploitations. This is erroneous. I have lived in Utah for a dozen years, have been in close contact with the biggest and the smallest business men in all parts of the state, but I know of only one case in which the employer, a small manufacturer, had any rule of that kind. And he was, some time back, excommunicated from the church for nonconformance with its doctrines and rules.

Mormons are like Freemasons or Odd Fellows or Catholics in that respect. Other things being equal, the preference is given to the brother of the order or of the religion. If there are two candidates for a position without any choice as to their abilities, the member of the brotherhood—whatever it may be—gets the job. But if that member is inferior to the other man in any way, the other man gets the job.

Brigham Young, from the start of his colony, was strongly opposed to any prospecting for minerals. The doctrines of his church are largely based on those of the Old Testament days when tilling soil and herding cattle engaged all of man's activities. He urged emphatically that gold was useless among them except as an indication of wealth and such indication would be far more strongly indicated and emphasized by tilled lands, orchards, and farm homes.

That the far-seeing gentleman was wise in that is curiously demonstrated by Nevada today. The most sparsely settled state in the Union, it has a property wealth far greater than any other of the five intermountain states. But indications of such wealth are very, very scarce. Less than two per cent of all its great area is farmed, although there are cattle and sheep running on the ranges. You may drive across, north to south, east to west, and see little improvement since the days when Indians and coyotes were the only living things.

The Mormon leaders also felt that mining would surely bring in a very undesirable people and greatly disturb the steadiness and industry of their settlers.

But the stampede of '49 put the lure of gold into all men and prospecting commenced. Gold was found by some Mormon hunters in the nearby Oquirrh Mountains even before the great discovery at Sutter's mill in California. The recovery at first, without any equipment but cradles and dishpans, was very small, but some years later outsiders came in, built stamp mills and a smelter and presently Mercur was one of the roaring mining camps with millions of dollars' worth of value taken out.

Most of the great mines of Utah have been so discovered and developed by Mormons. The famous Bullion Beck Mine of Eureka was capitalized and developed by Senator Reed Smoot associated with several of the officials of the Mormon church.

# Consolidated Stock Exchange—Finis?

(*Concluded from page 6*)

the Consolidated will become members, too, for there is nothing to bar them if their business ethics have been unstained.

Very strained relations existed for a time between the two exchanges, until recent times, when the Consolidated was virtually ignored. The Hughes Commission of 1909, after an exhaustive report which now in most instances would be out of date, said that tension between them was increased by the method by which the Consolidated obtains the quotations of the other, through the use of the tickers conveying them.

"It is probable that without the use of these instruments," the report added, "the business of the Consolidated Exchange would be paralyzed, yet the right to use them rests solely upon a technical point in a judicial decision which enjoins their removal." Ten years ago the Stock Exchange tried again to remove them, but the injunction protected the Consolidated. That led to the belief and frequent assertion that the latter was a parasite of the larger institution, since it could not function without the tickers.

***Some Facts About Membership***

Persons familiar with the financial fabric of the metropolis believe that this injunction marked the doom of the Consolidated—the more or less nebulous boycott which has crystallized into dissolution proceedings.

The Hughes report also said this of the Consolidated:

"It is nevertheless a secondary market of no mean proportions. By far the greater part of the trading is in securities listed on the main exchange, and the prices are based on quotations made there. The fact that its members make a specialty of broken lots is used as ground for the claim that it is a serviceable institution for investors of relatively small means. But it is obvious that its utility as a provider of capital for enterprises is exceedingly limited, and that it affords facilities for the most injurious form of speculation—that which attracts persons of small means. It also permits dealing in shares not listed in the main exchange, and in certain mining shares, generally excluded from the other."

Parenthetically, for several years these mining stocks were dropped, but a few months ago steps were taking to reinstate them.

The actual value of membership has always been a conundrum. Seats sold for $2,000. They also went begging for a few hundred dollars. President Silkworth, in an article written in 1921, said that at that time membership in the Consolidated Stock Exchange possessed "greater value and promise than ever before in its history." That prediction not only has not come true, but the opposite has been the case.

Originally the New York Mining Exchange, by 1885 it had absorbed the National Petroleum Exchange, the Miscellaneous Securities Board, the American Mining and Stock Exchange and the New York Petroleum Exchange and Stock Board. In that year its membership was 2,403. By 1916 it had declined to 671 firms, with further declines until, in 1922, 410 members were listed, of which only 22, it was said, actually transacted business, and of these only three firms had been established prior to 1900.

It was unfortunate for the Consolidated Stock Exchange, of course, that Mr. Silkworth was tried in October, 1924, for alleged fraudulent use of the mails in connection with bucketing charges, and was found guilty, with five codefendants, the following December. At that trial D. C. Raynor, a defendant, attempted to strike Mr. Silkworth.

Another trial was that of Charles A. Stoneham, which culminated with his exoneration, but the publicity attending the case was not a recommendation. Other more or less conspicuous trials took place. Then there were the score of failures which served to shake confidence until little of it remained.

The great question now is whether a new Consolidated Stock Exchange will be organized. With the passing of Thomas B. Maloney, whose resignation became effective February 15, who proved himself a poor leader and whose attitude was regarded with dubiousness by both the attorney-general and a dissenting group of members, its fate rests between the two. New officers have been elected, an inevitable action in view of the resignation of the former officials, but just what this will presage it is difficult to say. In financial circles, however, it is doubted whether any effective reorganization or reëstablishment will take place.

So far as state officials are concerned, they will not interpose objections if reorganization is contemplated, but the injunction grip probably will not be loosened for the present, and the state will not forego its technical advantage of checking up on whatever reorganization plans are taken. But it is unlikely that the new institution will have the benefit of the New York Stock Exchange tickers. And, as of today, the whole organization seems to have reduced itself to a real estate holding company, since the Consolidated's home is on a valuable corner, and its sale, if this should follow, ought to produce somewhere near $2,000,000, at current values.

***Martin Law Slated for Attack***

Meanwhile, the constitutionality of the Martin law seems to be slated for attack. At the time of writing the state was ready to defend it. The attack was indicated in connection with the defense of George Graham Rice, also known as Jacob Simon Herzig, who was indicted early last January under the Martin provisions. If that happens, the Rice case will be a mere incident compared with the contest attaching to that law's validity. A blue-sky law had been sought for many years, and while the statute is considered still imperfect or inadequate, it has been the means of bringing to justice many schemers whose results in detaching a gullible public from its money have been astounding. Every banker and business man will be aroused by the possibility of an adverse decision.

***Business Men Want a Foolproof Law***

The opinion supporting unconstitutionality, according to the New York *Times*, was written by Louis Marshall, who holds that the Martin Act makes of the attorney-general of New York the actor as well as the judge, with unfettered discretion—a procedure which "partakes of every element of the infamous third degree."

So far as I have been able to learn, no objection is entertained against the review of the general business law for its constitutionality or unconstitutionality. But business men want to be sure that a foolproof law will be available as soon as the other is found faulty, should this prove to be the case. New York City, with a fairly bullish market and plenty of money pouring in from investors and speculators, would be unthinkable without a blue-sky law of some kind.

And a victory by those who would have everything to gain by such a verdict would be a greater calamity than the passing of Consolidated Stock Exchange, in the opinion of many I have interviewed.

# "Commence, Don't Begin"

THE editor of a magazine was asked recently to give some advice to a young writer who had been brought to his attention by a friend. He thought a moment and then said tersely:

"Tell him: Don't begin, just commence."

There is a world of wisdom in that short remark.

A writer often begins his tale with an explanation, perhaps, of the theme, the people, the place in which the plot is laid or, as is often the case, he may moralize for a thousand or more words. Then when the reader is about ready to drop the magazine uninterested, the author really commences his story. "Get them in the first paragraph if you want to hold their attention" is applicable both in literature and in life.

Many a man has lost out because he only *began*, and did not *commence*. Perhaps he is a salesman who, when he enters the office of a prospective customer, tries to ingratiate himself into the other's favor before coming to the point. He speaks of the weather, talks of business conditions in general, and the outlook for the coming season. When at last he has made his beginning, and is ready to commence his sales argument, it falls flat. Another commences who when he enters an office says: "I am here to tell you of the new issue of municipal water bonds. They pay 7½ per cent interest. As the city is behind them they are as good as gold. Just sign on this dotted—" Notice the difference?

The preacher, the lecturer, the public speaker of any kind, often bores his audience and gets it out of sympathy with him, just because he *begins* with a long introduction, taking perhaps twenty minutes before he *commences* what he has to say.

One of George Eliot's stories starts thus:

"Things never *began* with Mr. Borthrop Trumbull, they always *commenced*."

# Most Ancient Musical Instruments on Record

By ANNETTE BARRETT DEWEY

THE most comprehensive records of early music and musical instruments are found in Chaldea and Egypt. Scientists have concluded that the cradle of the human race is situated in the high plateau of Asia. Whether this be true or false, it is a fact that some interesting records of ancient music have come from cities in Western Asia Minor. But the oldest records come from China.

There were many writers of dance and ancient music, on playing the Kin and Che, and on construction of the scales, in China in 2277 B. C. The Chinese philosopher, Confucius, wrote of ancient music in 551 B. C.

Students of investigation have found that the Chinese were much advanced in the science of music at the time the Pharaohs were building the Pyramids.

A peculiar characteristic of Chinese musicians is that they like to institute the likeness between heaven and earth, and intellectual and material things. They use eight sound-giving bodies—stone, metal, silk, bamboo, wood, skin, gourd, and clay.

The Sheng, used in their temple ritual, is one of their most important instruments. It is of the gourd principle, and its base was originally formed from the gourd or calabash. A circular piece of wood with holes around its margin in which seventeen pipes are fitted is placed at the top of the base. Each pipe has a small free reed of copper fitted inside, and a small hole just above the bowl to prevent them from speaking when air is drawn in by the player, unless the hole is closed by a finger. To play the instrument, it is placed to the mouth with the pipes slanted toward the right shoulder.

The sound of silk is exemplified in the Kin, or Ch'in. Its strings, which are stretched over a wooden frame, are made of twisted silk. The Kin was the favorite instrument of Confucius. In his day, it was made with five strings, to agree with the five elements, and the upper part was round, to represent the heavens, while the bottom was flat, to represent the ground. Later, the number of its strings was increased to seven, which could be tuned to the pentatonic scale.

Other Chinese instruments are the Se, or Che, and Flutes. The Se is a stringed instrument. Some have twenty-five strings, while others used by the best musicians have only thirteen or fourteen strings. To play them, two small ivory picks are used.

The Flutes are made of bamboo. Some are fixed to be blown at the end like a whistle, others are arranged like our own modern flute. They are varied in size, and have from three to six holes. The Ti-Tzu, the most popular flute, has, besides the six finger holes, one to blow and one that is covered with a thin membrane to produce different sounds. The most ancient and peculiar flute is the Tche, which was in use 2205-1122 B. C. It has three holes on each end and one in the middle. It is played by blowing across the middle hole.

In Japan, the Hichi-riki, Sho—an instrument much like the Chinese Sheng—and the Koto are recorded among the ancients.

The Hichi-riki, on the clarinet order, is about nine inches long, and is played by drawing in the breath. The Koto is the Japanese national instrument. It has thirteen strings, and can be tuned to produce a scale like that of the aeolian.

Hindus belonging to the Aryan race, and originating in Central Asia, were great lovers of music, both vocal and instrumental. They held minstrels in the royal courts, and all religious services were conducted with music. Their instruments were trombones, flutes, and strings.

The most important, also the most ancient Hindu instruments, are the Vina and Ravanastron. The Vina is made of a pipe that is four feet in length, and is attached to two gourds, called resonators. It has seven metal strings stretched over nineteen graduating frets and touching only the last and highest one. It is constructed and played on the same order of the present guitar and mandolin.

The Ravanastron, considered the original stringed instrument, played with a bow, resembles a violin.

It is thought that the Hungarian gypsies got their music from the Hindus.

Following the above-mentioned instruments, as civilization developed, came harps and flutes of many types, horns, the bass viol, the organ perfected in 742, the clavichord, the harpsichord, and, finally, the piano, which was first invented by Bartolomeo Christofori, of Tuscany, perfected by Gottfried Silbermann, of Saxony, in 1737, and approved by the renowned composer, Johann Sebastian Bach.



# A Dance A Week



## SICILIAN CIRCLE

Any number of couples may take part in this dance, and continue as long as desired.

It is usually performed in a circle formation, although it may be danced in a straight line in sets of two couples. The couples in each set face each other, their backs being toward the couple in the next set. Dancers and music begin together.



All forward and back..... 4 bars

Gentleman joins partner's nearest hand, and walks forward and backward.

Circle four hands around.... 4 bars

Both couples join hands in circle and move to the left.

Ladies chain..... 8 bars

Right and left..... 8 bars

*All stand and balance..... 4 bars

Face own partner and each execute a balanced step.

(Step forward on left foot, and swing the right in front, step on right foot, swing the left foot in front.)

*Promenade once and a half around..... 4 bars

Cross hands with partner, and promenade once and a half around and finish facing the next new couple. Repeat from the beginning.

To end the dance call,—"Join hands forward and back, turn partners, promenade to seats."

*NOTE—In some localities, the last two calls are omitted, and the following substituted:

Forward and back..... 4 bars

Forward again and pass through..... 4 bars

In passing through couples drop hands and pass on to meet a new couple. The entire dance is then repeated.

### SCOTCH REEL

Form as for Sicilian Circle, couples facing up and down the hall. Call first change before the music begins.

Swing opposite with the right hand..... 4 bars

Swing own partner with left hand..... 4 bars

Balance four..... 8 bars

Ladies chain..... 8 bars

Right and left..... 8 bars

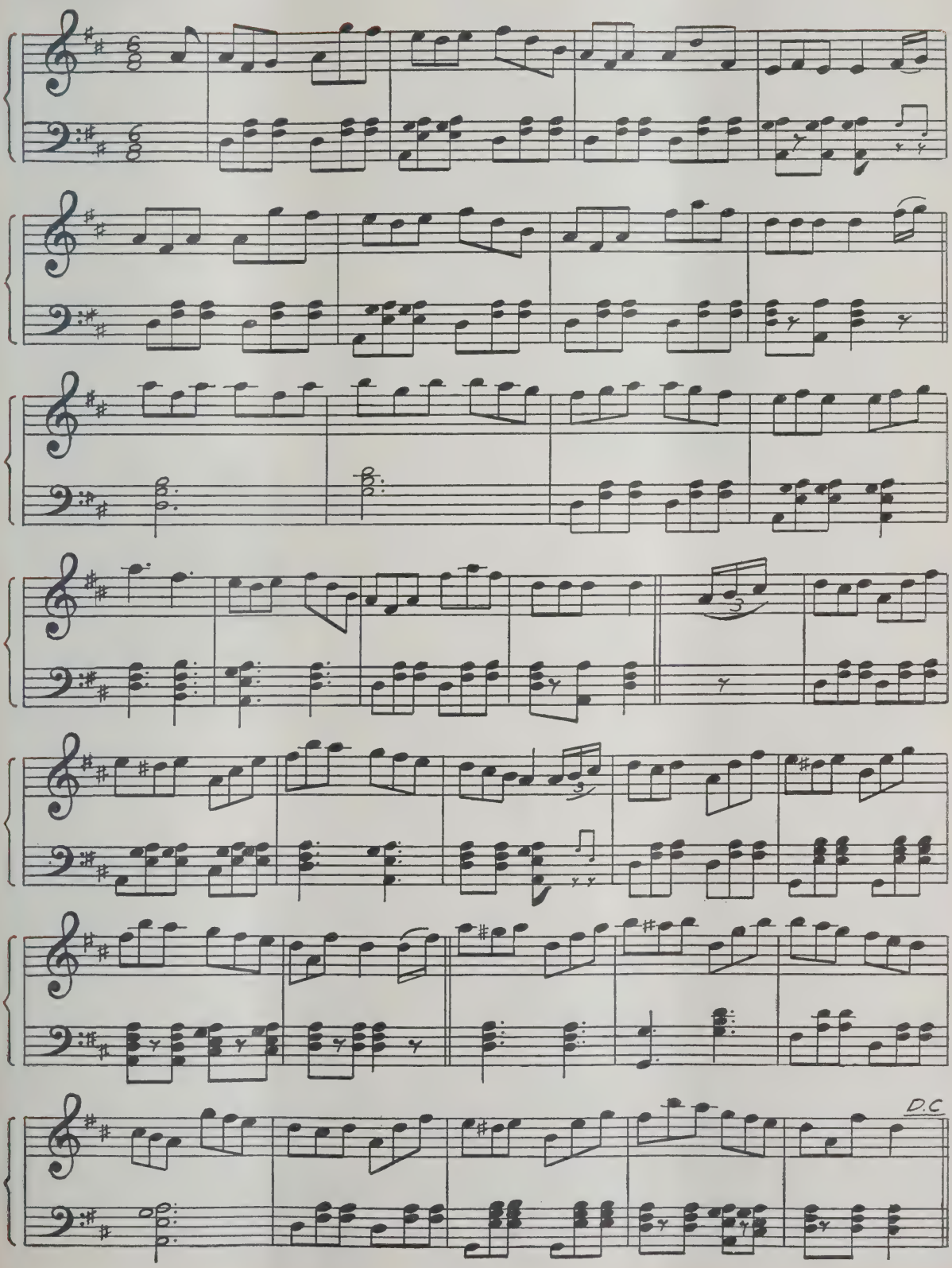
Forward and back..... 4 bars

Forward and pass through..... 4 bars

Repeat as long as desired. To close dance call,—All join hands, forward, turn partners, promenade to seats.

# SICILIAN CIRCLE

Metronome 116



# Adventures in Plant Hunting

## Combing the Earth for New and Rare Specimens of Nature's Floral Gems

By E. I. FARRINGTON

A LARGE proportion of the flowering plants which adorn our gardens have come from foreign shores. Most of them have been introduced within the last half-century. Many of them have been obtained at the risk of life and limb. Some are associated with adventures and experiences as thrilling as those described in the most imaginative novels.

Plant hunting has always gone along with the exploration and development of new countries. Missionaries and pioneers have often been botanists as well. Sea captains have carried hundreds of new plants from distant shores to their native lands and many of these plants have thrived in their new environments. Introductions made in this way, however, have been spasmodic and casual. It has remained for trained men with scientific minds and wide botanical knowledge, as well as unlimited resourcefulness and unquestioned courage, to make the search for new and rare plants a systematic undertaking.



Korean balsam fir—a new conifer of great value to American gardens.

It is an interesting fact but a natural occurrence that one or two of the most venturesome of the early plant hunters turned to America in their search for plants. They were Englishmen and the New World was thought to contain unknown plant material which might be worthy of a place in gardens. David Douglas was one of these early plant scouts and one of the most successful. The number of conifers he sent back to England was astonishing. At least half a dozen species of American pines are now to be found in many parts of Europe, all grown from seeds sent back by Douglas. Many plants of other kinds were found available for English gardens, a total of 217 species, according to the records. It is not surprising, therefore, that American travelers find English gardens filled with American plants, some of them being grown more commonly, indeed, than in the gardens of the United States. Later Douglas went to the Sandwich Islands, where he was killed by falling into a deep hole made by the natives for trapping wild cattle.

The best known of the last centuries' plant hunters was Robert Fortune, who died in 1880. He, too, was an Englishman. The fact had become known that China was filled with plant material of the most alluring nature. Fortune found and sent home such plants as forsythias, barberries, daphnes, bleeding hearts, anemones, wistarias, azaleas and chrysanthemums, some of which are now among our commonest garden plants. Once he disguised himself as a Chinese, to secure a double yellow rose which he had seen on a wall in a mandarin's garden.

Fortune won the gratitude of all horticulturists, yet he hardly nibbled at the store of plant treasure which China held. Others were to follow in his train, but, in the meantime, other parts of the world were being botanized. Thomas Lobb found hundreds of new orchids in the Philippines, in Burma and in India. Richard Cunningham chose Australia for his field of research but the natives caused his tragic death.

South America proved a treasure house of orchids and of water lilies. Among the latter, *Victoria regia* created a sensation because of its immense size. Poinsettias and Bougainvilleas were found on the southern continent. Mexico produced the dahlia, which was first introduced by way of Spain, then lost and reintroduced some years later. Japan proved a fruitful source of new plant material as soon as it was opened up to foreigners. Fortune went there on his second trip to the Far East and was greatly interested in the chrysanthemums which he found in every garden. Several species were sent to England and from them have come the enormous shaggy flowers seen in the flower shops of this country at the present time. This same plant hunter had already introduced from China the small-flowered or pompon chrysanthemum, so that the name of Fortune is very closely connected with the history of the chrysanthemum in the western world. In the eastern world this history runs back to far distant ages. The chrysanthemum must have grown for 2,500 years, for in his work, the *Li-Ki* (ninth moon), Confucius remarks that "The chrysanthemum has its yellow glow."

The early plant hunters soon established pleasant relations with Japanese plant growers, with the result that American as well as European gardens are filled with Japanese material. Many of the finest outdoor lilies come from the Island Kingdom and when the so-called Easter lily bulbs of Bermuda began several years ago to deteriorate and prove unsatisfactory for forcing, a Japanese lily of similar character was discovered and is now imported in immense numbers.

Professor C. S. Sargent, of the Arnold Arboretum, visited Japan many years ago and discovered several splendid shrubs and trees which are now flourishing in this country, *Azalea Kaempferi* and some of the ornamental cherries being among them.

Japan has been a fertile field but China has supplied the greatest number of new plants. Many of them have come to this side of the globe through the intrepidity of Dr. Augustine Henry, who went to China as a medical officer in 1881. On a trip which carried him a thousand miles up the Yangtze he began to find new flowers and shrubs which looked as though they might be suited to cultivation. Soon he became engaged in a series of plant explorations which lasted over a period of 20 years and in the course of which he sent the almost incredible number of 158,000 dried specimens to the Kew Gardens. He discovered what he called the Dove tree and which he described in such glowing terms in letters home that a great firm of seedsmen in London determined to send out a special mission to obtain seeds of this tree. It had appeared from Dr. Henry's reports that the tree was very scarce and was to be found only in a very remote part of China. He himself had seen only one specimen but had found it lovely beyond comparison. The man who was chosen to travel thousands of miles into an unknown country and to live for months among more or less hostile people was Ernest H. Wilson, who was thus launched upon a career which has made him the most famous of living plant hunters and has placed him high among the plant hunters of all times. Mr. Wilson, who is now assistant director of the Arnold Arboretum in Boston, has spent 20 years in China, Japan, and Korea. Two years ago he returned from a journey to South Africa, Australia, and India which lasted two years and during which he covered 100,000 miles. In all, he has traveled at least a million miles in his search for plant material which heretofore has been unknown in American and European gardens.

All this traveling, most of which has been done in sparsely settled regions where privation, danger, and toil were daily accompaniments, has resulted in the introduction of at least 2,000 trees, shrubs, and



The wonderful Regal lily, discovered by Mr. Wilson in Western China.

perennial plants never before seen outside the Orient. Many of these introductions have proved remarkably well adapted to European and American conditions.

The journey in search of the Dove tree was the beginning of a series of plant-hunting expeditions which upset all the calculations and predetermined ideas of horticulturists.

The young man had not spent many days in his search before he became convinced that this might be the case. Then, when he was going forward with considerable enthusiasm, he suddenly discovered eleven Dove trees, the existence of which had never been reported, and they were at the height of their blooming season. Then and there Mr. Wilson set down his belief that there was not another tree in the north temperate zone more beautiful. He spent weeks in close association with these trees, waiting for the flowers to fall and the fruit to form. Nature was kind to him. The production of seeds was enormous. They were sent back to England posthaste and planted. In time thousands of seedlings were pushing their way through the ground. He himself and an assistant potted up fifteen hundred. Later, through mischance, many were destroyed, but others were planted out and grew thriftily. In recent years they have flowered and have amazed crowds of people by their beauty.



An Asiatic redwood.

It was Mr. Wilson who discovered the Regal lily when climbing through the mountainous districts of Szechwan. Thousands of them clothed the plateau at his feet. Of course, he coveted them for American gardens. He instructed his coolies to carry his sedan chair down a winding road hardly more than five feet wide, but some instinct caused him to glance up the mountain side just in time to see a great mass of rock and earth swiftly sliding down. He leaped from his chair and as he did so a great rock sent it careening into the valley below. Another rock struck the plant hunter and broke his leg. His coolies fled up and down the path in which he lay outstretched. Then, to make matters worse, a mule train came marching down the defile. As it happened, the landslide had actually jumped the road, with the exception of the rock which had struck the traveler. Before an escape could be made, the mules, each with a heavy burden lashed to its back, passed over his body. He counted them as they moved slowly along, one by one. There were forty in all, but not a hoof touched the prostrate man, although, as Mr. Wilson now says, each foot looked as big as a dinner plate while it hovered above his head.

Presently the coolies returned and the injured man was carried to a Chinese city three days' journey away, where he lay for twelve weeks before he could walk even on crutches. It is not surprising that a slight limp still remains as a reminder of his adventure.

The point of the whole story is, however, that as soon as Mr. Wilson was able to travel again he went back to the mountain and collected hundreds of lily bulbs which were brought to America where they have thrived as well as in their native Chinese soil. Now the Regal lily is to be found in gardens all over this country and has proved itself one of the most beautiful of all Chinese introductions.

The introduction of the Dove tree and the discovery of the Regal lily would probably have been enough to win for Mr. Wilson the Victorian Medal of Horticulture, which was awarded him some years ago, and which he alone of all horticulturists in America has received. These two achievements helped to win him fame, as well as the name of "Chinese Wilson."

One trip to the Far East carried him to the Island of Formosa, where he made the discovery of a wonderful tall evergreen called the Taiwania, which is a close relative of California's big tree, the giant sequoia. Very few of these trees are in existence but a number have been propagated and are now growing in the warmer parts of this country.

The journey through Formosa was fraught with adventures. As is well known, this island was until recently inhabited almost wholly by ferocious tribes of men whose chief end and aim in life was to acquire as large a collection of heads as possible with which to decorate their huts. Now the island is policed by Japanese and a reasonable degree of safety insured to travelers.

Mr. Wilson had a bodyguard of ex-head-hunters or potential head-hunters, who accompanied him with great reluctance along a wild trail to points never before reached by a white man. Only one method was discovered by which the men could be kept traveling day after day. When they loitered and refused to go any farther, they were allowed to fire the traveler's gun. They never succeeded in hitting anything, but the mere act of pulling the trigger seemed to give them keen delight, and by the promise of allowing the performance to be repeated a certain number of hours later, the little company was kept moving.

Several enterprising plant hunters representing the Department of Agriculture at Washington have been the means of introducing valuable flowers, fruits, and vegetables into American gardens. One of these men, unfortunately, has lost his life in recent years. Frank N. Meyer was a true plantsman. For nine years he wandered on foot along the pathways of China, seeking plants which would grow in America. His travels carried him into the more remote parts of the Far East. He collected wild alfalfa in the Caucasus and Siberia, Chinese pears from Manchuria, almonds and peaches from the Kansu Province, chestnuts near Pekin, persimmons in the Ming Tombs valley, citrus fruit on the Yangtze, jujubes in Shantung, cherries and apricots in Russian Turkestan.

It has been stated that Meyer traveled more miles on foot than any other plant explorer who ever lived. His days were filled with excitement.

One night he disappeared from a river steamer, on which he was traveling, and his body was found several days later.



A 60-foot pear tree, found by Mr. Wilson in Korea.

Wilson Popenoe has done much of his plant hunting in South America and penetrated sections of the southern continent which have seldom been traversed by a white man, except those hunting for orchids. Mr. Popenoe has given his attention largely to fruits and vegetables, and has introduced many new kinds.

Professor N. E. Hansen, who is in charge of the experiment station of South Dakota, has introduced plants which will stand the rigorous climate of the north country. Siberia has yielded the greater number. Through Professor Hansen's wanderings the northern range of states now has a long list of fruits, flowers, and ornamental shrubs which will go through the hardest winter without loss.




"I like to boost a good book when I find one," said ***The Man from the Next Room.*** "Have you ever read *The Confessions of a Reformer?* It is by Frederic C. Howe. I met him once. A mighty fine man, but far too good for the reforming game. To be a reformer you have got to smoke out the real rogues, and I don't think Howe ever did that. He saw the people who were playing the 'system,' and he went back of the scenes to their bosses, but he didn't go back to *their* bosses. Yet he had every opportunity to observe. I don't know of anyone who has so thoroughly, and yet so kindly, analyzed the fatal weakness in Woodrow Wilson's character. The honest reformer is a good judge, even if he is not a good prosecutor. Howe's picture of himself and other idealists going with Wilson to Paris in the glory of great messianic expectations, and the terrible disillusionment that followed, is a true and valuable report of what the good soul of the world suffered from the peace. A novelist will some day take up Howe's work and make it live before the world.

"Mr. Howe was born well, in that he was born an American of church-going stock and, as I judge, of Unitarian culture. He was one of those 'helpers' who come into the world with a passion to help overburdened, cheated and abused people. I think he is inclined to sneer at the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon, but that is no matter (it seems to be a fashion he has picked up); there is *no* superiority except that of being able to render superior service, and *that* is not a matter of claim or denial—it exists or it does not. If Howe denies it, all I can say is that he exemplifies it. He knows the religion of the people, and I am glad that he does not feel too superior to it. He fought with Tom Johnson at Cleveland, and gave up a promising law career because he could not make money out of a system which he clearly saw was riding 'on the backs of the people.' Of course, everything rides there; the people themselves ride on their own backs; I am riding on mine; so are my children and neighbors; it is the destiny of the race. Howe went into charity work, but was too honest to continue in it. Any honest soul will be disgusted with organized uplift work, sooner or later. He worked with Dr. Parkhurst in cleaning up New York, but he saw too clearly the point of view of the German saloon keeper who was driven into deviltry by the laws they made at Albany. He tried to show Dr. Parkhurst the bigger issues involved, but had no success. He was made United State Commissioner at the Port of New York, and then the war came on, but Howe felt too keenly the biting injustices imposed upon poor people by malice and cruelty to hold his peace. As an appointee of the President, he thought he could bring the Wilsonian justice and mercy into the service of those who had no friends—but he was told to shut his eyes and his mouth and let the nasty work go on. And so on, throughout his experience, until he saw at Paris the highest American ideals traded, and basely traded, to prevent one individual's personal humiliation.

"I would say that Howe's book—every word of which can be relied upon—should be read by young Americans. And they should then begin their thinking where Mr. Howe leaves off. I would send Mr. Howe to discover and describe an evil; I would not send him to discover the people who *consciously* maintain the evil, *knowing it to be such.* And it is rather unfortunate for the world, though fortunate enough for Howe's peace of mind, that he never did discover what that stonewall which he was always finding was made of.

"But the futility of reform, the baffling of the good heart of American intention, have never been better told than in *Confessions of a Reformer.*"

❦ ❦ ❦

***The Financial Journalist*** came into The Office and expressed the opinion that financiers were beginning to adopt a different attitude toward industry, especially in the matter of receiverships and exploitations. "It was once the custom—and in isolated instances still is—to regard the receivership as a wrecking agency, by which everything was to be reduced to money in the speediest possible way, at whatever loss. That idea is giving way to the more modern one that a business in difficulties is sick, and that it needs nursing, and that under a skillful receivership it may be restored to strong financial health. The more of that kind of work we can see, the sooner the breach between finance and industry will be healed. If finance does not exist to aid industry, what does it exist for? That same spirit is being manifest in great financial mergers of industrial concerns. Formerly these mergers could be regarded as purely financial, with no regard whatever for the industrial elements involved. The merger was made, the values inflated, the stock unloaded upon the public, and that was the end of the affair so far as the financiers were concerned. Nowadays they do it somewhat differently: I don't mean that all of them do it, but the modern ones, the best of them, do—they go into industry with a sense of responsibility for the industry itself and the part it plays in the life of the people. That is, certain financiers—the younger ones, incidentally—are getting away from the narrow ideal of money brokerage and are broadening into the ideal of the utilization of money in productive channels. When a majority of our financial men get this view, a bigger step will be made toward continuous prosperity than by anything that has been attempted thus far."

❦ ❦ ❦

***The Man from Alaska*** stopped in at The Office between trains. Speaking of the large reindeer herds and the native Eskimo herders of the Seward Peninsula, he said: "The natives are very religious. In one instance a herder owed the trading post a bill of $84 for necessities purchased. When called upon to pay he said, 'Jesus told me he would pay the bill. It will be paid.' The trader said nothing. He knows the $84 is gone forever unless the native receives a second visitation in which he will be instructed to pay it. This is not an evasion on the part of the native. He actually believes Jesus will pay the bill. White men of this particular district are known as 'Jesus men.' Each family of Eskimos have their own private herd of reindeer in addition to those belonging to the government which they handle. One native received a divine message in which he was instructed to start a reindeer herd for Jesus. The native set aside four reindeer. The herd has increased to 300 and is still growing. Not one is killed and the other natives assist in every way in perpetuating the 'Jesus' herd, as it is called." My informant said he firmly believes it will in time become the largest herd of reindeer in the world, as there is no cost in connection with its upkeep.

❦ ❦ ❦

"Regarding your article in praise of the way Americans speak English," said ***the Man at the Wayside Inn,*** "here is a true story. One of Mr. Longfellow's American friends was in Europe at a *table d'hote* where some English people were making fun of Americans for their pronunciation and queer phrases. When she could stand it no longer, she said in the beautiful English of the best families of New England—'We may not speak your language, but we understand it.' It was the cut direct, and it won respectful silence."

❦ ❦ ❦

"I have just come from Florida," said ***The Annual Tripper to the Southland.*** "Crowded out? No. The congestion you have read about was over early. You don't see the railway stations piled with baggage any more. No one is excited about the crowds. The publicity that went over the country about real estate and congestion and high costs of living certainly put a crimp into Florida. I saw hundreds of automobiles driving back North as early as New Year's. And real estate is not moving. I heard from pretty good authority that one of the biggest real estate concerns was in a serious way because of the failure of this winter's sales to come up to expectations. That doesn't mean losses or anything of the kind: it means that an unnatural boom period, left to run wild, has petered out. Florida decency did what it could to straighten out the worst of the fakes, but it began too late. A good deal of the damage had been done. If a community has a boom thrust upon it, you cannot blame it for taking all the money offered to it, but surely we are all old enough and wise enough in business matters by this time to understand that such things cannot last. One permanent effect a boom has, nevertheless; it always raises the level of normal prices. Unless a panic should ensue, Florida prices will never recede very far below boom levels. But the trading will be slower. And here and there a loss will be taken."

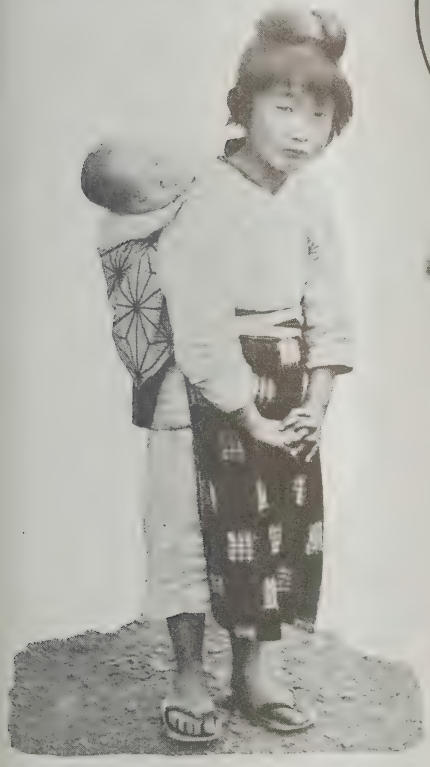
# "Little Mothers" of Different Nations



*Above—Poor but charming French peasant girl tending her baby sister.*



*Right—Turkish girl in Constantinople carrying her hefty brother.*



*Left—Typical street gamin of Tokio whose style of hairdressing is giving way to the modern "bob."*



*This little Swedish girl is "killing two birds with one stone," as the saying states. She is delivering milk while taking care of a younger member of the family.*

F 41
1-41
THE
UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL

LIFE and literature need the inspiration which idealism quickens and promotes. The history of thought shows that a people given to sensationalism and the lower forms of materialism have run to ruin. Only that which inspires life and nobility of thought can maintain and preserve itself from speedy and ignoble decay. And we have too palpable evidence of corruption, public and private, to leave us in doubt as to the tendency of not a little of the cultivation and teachings in our times.

—*Amos Bronson Alcott.*

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

lume 26, Number 24

'en Cents a Copy | April 3, 1926 | $1.50 a Year



CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

# BRIEFLY TOLD

A HOLLOW golden Easter egg, filled with pearls and other gems valued at about $100,000, was presented by Napoleon III to his Empress at Easter in 1862.

THERE ARE only 50,000 horses in New York City.



EACH OF more than 200 Peosta, Iowa, farmers recently donated a pig to pay off a debt on their community church.

"WORLD'S CHAMPION NEWSBOY" is title given Edward Snyder who in 48 years has, without a "stand," sold four million newspapers upon the same corner in Baltimore.

THE NATIONAL ZOO in Washington has had so many requests from children to see giraffes that an expedition has been sent to Africa to obtain specimens.

NEW YORK POLICE officials declare that soliciting membership subscriptions for mythical anti-prohibition societies is a profitable fraudulent activity.

A MAN WHO WENT over Niagara Falls in a barrel in 1911 without mishap slipped on an orange peel in Auckland, New Zealand, and broke his leg.

ONLY TWENTY-SEVEN per cent of the 11,786 regular army officers are graduates of West Point.

JANUARY WAS the wettest month ever recorded in Ireland. Twenty-five inches of rainfall was recorded at Kilgarvan, County Kerry. This is about the average London rainfall for a year.

COST OF CORROSION of iron in all its uses in America is $300,000,000. The corrosion of waterpipes represents one-third of this sum.

"MADE IN JAPAN" was found printed on the reverse of American flag rosettes given to guests at a "100 per cent plus" Americanism banquet in Chicago.



COLORED PRISONERS in the county jail at Milwaukee have been found using raw potatoes, lump sugar, and cubes of salt in games of "African golf."

THE GREAT meteor that lies buried between Williams and Flagstaff, Arizona, weighs twelve million tons and is composed of a nickle-steel alloy that also contains nine million ounces of platinum worth a billion dollars.

INDIANS upon reservations do not have to pay income taxes although some of them have good incomes from business ventures.

THE TERM "*bits*" comes from the frontier practice of hacking Spanish dollars into eight pieces or bits to provide change, as small minted coins usually were lacking.

EUROPEANS had $6,000,000,000 of American securities, mostly in railroads, at the outbreak of the war. Americans have not only bought these back, but have loaned $3,000,000,000, privately, to their former creditors.

STREET TRAFFIC may impress vibrations of sound on the air amounting to a force over a plate-glass store window of several pounds.

IRISH FREE State judges will wear gowns of Irish poplin instead of traditional silk, and they will not wear the "full-bottomed" wigs that adorn English judges.

THE OLDEST existing corporation in the world is a Swedish mining and smelting company chartered in 1193.

THE KNOWN nickel reserves of Ontario are equal in value to the national debt of Canada.



THE BIRDS' NESTS so relished by Oriental gourmets are made by a sea swallow which collects edible seaweeds as a lining for its home.

THAT EYES DO NOT get exhausted after a hard day's use, because nervous impulses from the brain to the eye offset the fatiguing effect of vision impulses from the eye to the brain, is a recent scientific discovery.

A MURDERER'S chance of being hanged if tried in London is 93%. In America his risk is only 5% and his chances of escaping detection are also good.

AMERICA SPENDS $300,000,000 a year for the construction of basements in residences.

LOCAL, state and Federal taxes cost each Indiana family $332.55 in 1925.

THERE ARE 237 divorces each year to every 1,000 marriages in Leningrad.

THE FIRST REPRESENTATIVE dictionary in the English language was compiled by John Bullokar and published in England in 1616.

AMERICAN CITIZENS comprise 92.7% of the 1,812,986 inhabitants of the State of Kansas.

ANTS FROM the same colony placed at telephones five miles apart appeared to recognize each other's sounds.

HENRY SAPP, 6 feet 10 inches in height, has just died in Bath County, Kentucky, after being known as the tallest man in the state.

THE BRITISH East Indies furnish 50% of our tea; Japan and Formosa 30.7% and China and the Dutch East Indies the remainder.



A CERTAIN species of the cactus plants contains a pocket at its core which is often found to be filled with enough water to quench severe thirst.

A DOG AND CAT laundry has been opened in Brockton, Massachusetts. An attendant calls at the home for the animals, and delivers them fully bathed, massaged and marcelled.

POLYGAMY IS VIRTUALLY nonexistent in Turkey these days and women there are being trained in various professions, including law and medicine.

THE MEOW OF A CAT imprisoned in a vault set off the delicate burglar alarm in the First National Bank of Santa Barbara.

WHISTLES FASTENED to the bodies of carrier pigeons used by the United States Army in the Canal Zone frighten hawks that would otherwise destroy the messengers.

AUSTRALIA has just harvested her apple crop, and forty-three steamers will carry 2,500,000 cases to Europe.

TOURIST TRAINS composed of cars that have bedrooms instead of berths, and that also have recreation hall-gymnasium cars, will be operated in America this summer.

PERSONS with a slow respiration rate, a lower pulse rate, and a lower body temperature are the more intelligent according to some scientists.



AMONG THE ARABS and the Icelanders whistling is strictly forbidden. English miners think it unlucky to whistle in a cave and some sailors think if you whistle on a ship you will bring on a gale.

APRIL 3
1 9 2 6

Number 24
Volume 26




# THE ESSENCE OF THIS ISSUE

Mr. Ford's Page this week discusses the question of whether our present "ways" are adequate to the store of "will" which is now rising and active.

---

The world was unknown! Into it sailed Magellan and his crew of hardy ruffians. Ostensibly his going was for the glory of Portugal. Actually it was to get information for the great mercantile houses that helped to finance the journey. Vast seas lay ahead, vast seas and the waste places of the earth. Big Business was behind the venture. Charles Finger gives the first of his stories on *The Voyage of the Victoria.* (p. 16)

---

His pencil is more potent than any sword. With one stroke he slashes thousands of dollars from the nation's expenditures. His power is virtually absolute! He can nullify acts of Congress; he can disregard the will of the people. By title he is the Director of the Budget. (p. 3)

---

"You've got the first page, now, Governor, and if you treat us right you can keep it." Thus spoke an unabashed newspaperman at Woodrow Wilson's first conference with the press, following his nomination for the Presidency. *"But you will have to do some stunts . . ."* Wilson—sedate, pedagogic, somewhat austere—froze.

---

Dislike grew into antipathy. Unhappy encounters made Wilson at first guarded, then scornful. He refused to court publicity. The Washington correspondents were perplexed. They could not understand his attitude; it was preposterous! A President who refused to pose when ordered! Trivial? No! Very important! For these men interpreted Wilson to his countrymen. (p. 5)

---

Nature lives—by death! The beauty, the softness that overlies the earth serves only too often as a cloak for frenzy and violence. Most creatures that live prey on those that are weaker than themselves, and are in turn the victims of the stronger. From their first moment of light, life is for them a grim, harrowing experience of pitiless slaughter. (p. 2)

---

Have you ever read *all* of Swedenborg?

## *CONTENTS*

The Killers' Struggle to Exist—*S. F. Aaron* - 2
Legislating in Secret Session—*E. B. Johns* - - 3
Why Wilson Disliked Reporters - - - - - 5
*Huston Thompson*
The Fallacies of Philanthropy—*Armstrong Perry* 6
Galli-Curci Swayed by Swedish Mystic - - - 8
*C. W. Barron*
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - - - - - 9
Editorial - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
Will Palestine Ever Pay Its Board? - - - - 12
*William E. Barton*
Washington Irving's London Has Gone - - - 14
*Duncan MacConnell*
The Voyage of the Victoria—*Charles J. Finger* 16
The Gorilla at Home—*C. R. Aschemeier* - - 19
Manipulating the King's English - - - - - 29
*Alan Moore Robinson*
A Dance a Week—"The Ripple" - - - - - 32

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer; C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

A real task—one which took C. W. Barron, famous financial expert and author of this article, fourteen years. But Galli-Curci read the works of the great Scandinavian sage in a single summer! A new insight, and an interesting one, into the remarkable and diversified abilities of the noted singer. (p. 8)

---

Where is the London of yesteryear? Gone; as are the houses that Washington Irving described, and the streets, the inns and the people. The modern city has gobbled the old. But though the landmarks have vanished, the charm that the writer found still remains. The old London seems nearer to Americans because of Washington Irving. (p. 14)

---

Words are dangerous things! They are packed with dynamite. Their misuse leads to embarrassment, often to calamity. Wars have been caused by the reckless use of words, by their misapplication or misinterpretation. Only by words can we express the thoughts within us. Without them we are as dumb as the lower animals. There is a proper word to convey every experience in the human scale. Why not use it? (p. 29)

---

At heart he is not a bad fellow—the gorilla. He will fight humans only when cornered. His reputation for ferocity is largely unearned. Fundamentally he is not savage; he slays for food, or in defense of himself. His face is his true misfortune. The real danger in the gorilla is that *he* will be exterminated by overzealous specimen hunters. (p. 19)

---

Palestine is no longer the Promised Land! In spite of the Zionists, few Jews have migrated to their ancient homeland, where they still form a decided minority. Money is abundant; but it is sent in from the outside. Little is produced. The Jews realize that Syria today is barren, scanty of manna. To them America is the land of milk and honey. (p. 12)

---

You give a dollar for charity. How much of it goes to the poor? How much for administration? Philanthropy has become a business, technical and complicated. In the country if aid is needed, aid is given. In the city a report is written and statistics are gathered. (p. 6)

---

Whence springs the agitation to tear down the nation's immigration bars? What men are sponsoring the eighty-odd measures now before Congress? Their identity is in itself a revelation of their purpose. An important article on this attack on our country's barricades will be printed next week.

---

A letter from South Carolina: "Your paper has been placed in many of the homes of our city. It has become so popular with our people that one of the leading women's clubs has adopted it as the medium from which they select the programs for their meetings. It is becoming more and more popular with readers here. It is made up of the cleanest and most instructive articles of any magazine that comes into the hands of the writer. I think it a fine idea to close it to advertisements.—F. E. Clinton."

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.50 A YEAR in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year. Single copy, ten cents.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

All Animals Wage Unending War for Mere Right to Live



By S. F. AARON

Left—A big fox squirrel is so formidable that the least sagacious weasel fears to attack.

Circle—Pekan killing a porcupine.

Below—Robber fly attacks a ground spider.

# The Killers' Struggle to Exist

THE term "struggle for existence," used with reference to the common processes of nature and especially to animal habits and characteristics, best expresses the almost perpetual seeking of food and dodging of enemies.

The sentimentalists, too often lightly influenced by the beauty and grandeur of Nature as carelessly observed, blunder with trite phrases regarding the aspects of peacefulness and loveliness. If the latter term may consist of any sort of undoubted attractiveness, however imbued with those features commonly opposed to loveliness, as cruelty, feudal hatreds, rapacity, none the less interesting if tragic and often horrible, then we shall not challenge the term. But as for the other, there is no such thing as peacefulness in all animate nature any more than there can be with a human army ready to attack or retreat.

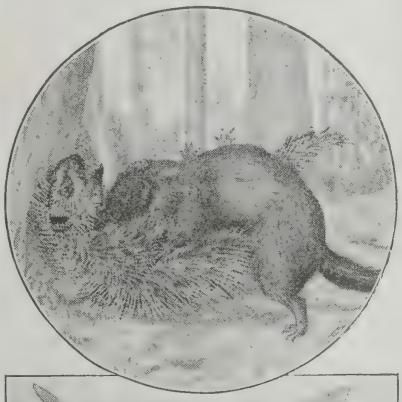
Even those scenes that have moved the poets to sing of the tender mercies of Nature are really more fraught with dangers and more often interrupted by horrors than is commonly known. The nesting mother bird when she

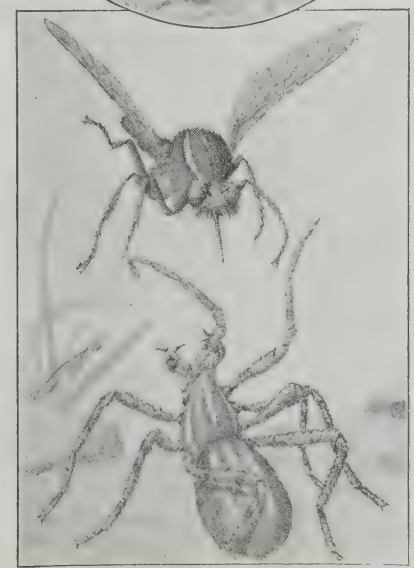
"—feels the eggs beneath her wings
And the heart in her dumb breast
flutters and sings"

is nearer the influence or effect of tragedy than any sentiment bordering on happiness and contentment.

Warfare is the common impulse in nature inspired by blood lust, rivalry, or hereditary animosities. Perfect accord, where it does exist, is exceptional; it results from the need of mutual protection from enemies.

Among animals, from the microscopic plasmodium that destroys its host to the killer whale or orc, largest of carnivorous creatures, throughout the whole wide field of zoölogy, there are a far greater number impelled by predacious tendencies than by appetites exclusively vegetable. To enumerate the latter among the vertebrates of North America would be merely including the hoofed animals, the rabbits, the porcupine, the beaver and perhaps certain pocket gophers. All others have a taste for animal food; the true killers craving it almost exclusively, many vegetarians accepting it and often eagerly seeking it.





Even the innocent-looking chipmunk and that finest four-legged expression of grace and beauty, the flying squirrel, delight in what chance offers them in the way of birds' eggs and young, especially if the rightful defenders of the nest are not at home. The dainty little deer mouse, most inoffensive of quadrupeds, finds an insect diet so much to its liking that it sometimes hunts in winter for the hibernating species.

Among the birds, reptiles, batrachians and fish there is none that does not relish animal food, even the nut-cracking parrots eating largely of insects. During the summer the seed-eating finches and all the gallinaceous family, from bobwhite to the wild turkey, live mostly upon insects, and this may be said also of a good many swimming and wading birds.

Although the insectivorous creatures are classed apart from the flesh-eaters and are not referred to as predacious, they are killers nevertheless; often the agents of death in a manner to surpass the tragic deeds of the true Carnivora.

Hardly anything more pitiful can be imagined by the nature lover with a broad and universal sympathy than the flycatcher seizing a gay-winged butterfly and tearing the gorgeous thing apart, or the rifling of an industrious ant colony by the flicker's long, sticky, lapping tongue. A handsome ichneumon fly, lately

(Continued on page 30)

# Legislating in Secret Session

## Budget Officer Rules United States and Is Not Answerable to the People

By E. B. JOHNS
ILLUSTRATED BY W. W. CLARKE

LEGISLATION in secret session of a bureau is the result of the administration of the Budget Act. Laws passed by Congress which are carefully considered in the regular legislative committees now only amount to an expression of a wish—a hope, or a desire that the Government shall engage in certain activities. In the secret session of the Bureau of the Budget *appropriations are being refused to carry out the plain provisions of the laws of Congress.*

All of this is being done under the high-sounding title of a scientific co-ordination of the expenses of the Government. Any attempt to secure open hearing at which the Congress and the country will be informed as to why reductions or increases are made in appropriations for the Government are stigmatized as an attempt to break down the Budget System.

For the first time since the foundation of the Government have the members of the Cabinet been prohibited from going before Congressional committees and frankly discussing the needs of their departments. They are called upon to stultify themselves by pretending that the Budget estimates are sufficient, although they may be totally inadequate.

The making of the Budget begins with a great show of publicity. At a gathering which is called the business meeting of the Government (though no business is transacted in it), the President makes a speech. He dwells on the importance of economy and the reduction of taxation, which the entire country enthusiastically applauds. The Director of the Budget follows with a still longer speech in which he assumes that every reduction in the expenditures of the Government is a saving and an absolute economy.

No opportunity is given the members of the Cabinet to discuss the effects of the further reduction in the expenses of the Government upon its activities. In general terms and in the abstract the Cabinet members in their annual reports, previous to the so-called business meeting, have told the President the disastrous effects of previous reductions in the appropriations for their departments. They are not permitted at the business meeting to question the further reductions that are proposed.

> The United States is now ruled by a Budget Officer. No law of Congress can be made effective unless he supplies the money—and sometimes he doesn't. He reduces Army and Navy below policy strength by simply slashing appropriations. And he is not answerable to the public for it. The work is done in secret.
>
> *Read About This New Method of Neutralizing Congressional Government.*

With the broadcasting of the speeches of the President and the Director of the Budget the departments and the Bureau of the Budget go into a series of secret executive sessions. These continue until Congress convenes. During this long period no member of the Coolidge Cabinet is allowed to discuss the Budget estimates. But the Director of the Budget frequently discusses the Budget and the merits of the system in his public speeches.

The processes of paring, raising, and lowering the principal items in the Budget goes on in secret conferences. It must not be imagined that politics do not enter into making the Budget. Undercurrent statements are to the effect that there was some sort of a significant deal framed up by Secretary Hoover and the river and harbor bloc in Congress by which the Director of the Budget has ceased to cut the river and harbor estimates, as he does the other essential activities of the government.

From the beginning, the river and harbor bloc in Congress ignored the Budget estimates. The first year when the Director of the Budget pared the river and harbor estimates to fit in with the economy program the river and harbor bloc went on the floor in the House and raised them to the recommendations of the Army engineers. For the last two years the Director of the Budget accepted the engineers' estimates. Incidentally, Secretary Hoover has been the star speaker at a number of meetings of the river and harbor advocates. The Secretary also went before the River and Harbor Committee and urged large appropriations for inland waterways. Under the plan for the organization of the departments of the Government, river and harbor work is under the jurisdiction of the Secretary of War as one of the



civilian activities of the War Department, but the Secretary of the Interior seems ready to take over this work.

The public buildings of the country have not been as fortunate as the rivers and harbors. There is no organization advocating adequate public buildings like there is rivers and harbors and there has been no fixer for these facilities of the Government. It is now thirteen years since a public building bill has been passed by Congress. The chairman of the Public Building and Grounds Committee of the House in urging some legislation says:

"In many of the cities of the country the public business is being conducted in such overcrowded, ill-ventilated, and insanitary buildings as not only to reduce materially the efficiency of the employes, but to seriously jeopardize their health. In many cities postal employes are compelled to work under artificial light, both night and day. They are located in many instances in damp, insanitary basement rooms, and are so crowded that in numerous buildings the space where each employe works averages from twenty to seventy square feet. Undoubtedly human beings should not be compelled to work in buildings where the space allotted to them is less than 10 by 10 feet, or a hundred square feet.

***Handling Postal Business on the Sidewalk***

"During the holiday season for the last few years a number of cities have handled heavy parcel post business on the lawn or sidewalk under the protection of guards, but without protection against bad weather."

The only step that has been taken this session to relieve this deplorable situation is the reporting out a bill from the House Committee which authorizes an expenditure of $165,000,000 throughout a term of ten years. How much will actually be expended will depend upon the action of the Director of the Budget. Laws like the one proposed in the bill are no assurance that they will be carried out by the Director of the Budget.

A striking instance of this is the treatment of the Reclamation Service under the present system of administering the Budget. Under the Reclamation Act of 1902, a reclamation fund was created. This law provided that the funds should be maintained through the sale of public lands, royalties on oil and coal, and the money that is paid in the Treasury by the owners of land that has been reclaimed by the Government.

***Reclamation Funds Are Controlled***

The Secretary of the Interior, under the act, is given the authority for the distribution of the money on the different projects, which are approved by him and authorized by Congress. The money is to be expended for no other purpose than reclamation of the arid lands.

Yet the Director of the Budget has assumed control of the reclamation funds. He insists on submitting estimates for reclamation work, although such a staunch supporter of the Budget System as Senator Smoot declares he has no authority for such action.

By his unreasonable reductions in the appropriations for reclamation work he is greatly retarding the development of the West. For instance, this year there is $12,745,742.96 available in the reclamation fund. The Director of the Budget submitted estimates for the expenditure of only $7,681,000. There are approved and partially completed reclamation projects which will cost ultimately about $60,000,000. If the Director of the Budget would permit the expenditure of the funds that are set aside for this purpose the projects would be completed in five or six years. Under his policy it will be ten or twelve years before they will be completed. The money is simply allowed to lay in the Treasury and the only possible purpose that can be in the mind of the Director of the Budget is a mere showing of a reduction in the appropriations to maintain the Government.

***Hushing Up Army and Navy Estimates***

*Special effort is made to suppress any discussion of Army and Navy estimates.* If any information is published as to the effect of the Budget estimates on the nation's defenses, there is a sharp rejoinder from the White House. It is generally termed Army and Navy propaganda to break down the Budget System. Apparently the Budget is more important than not only the reclamation of arid lands, the condition of public buildings, but the defense of the nation. At least this is the attitude of the President as portrayed by the press.

The strength of the Army is supposed to be fixed by the National Defense Act, and the Navy by the Washington Arms Conference. Before the advent of the Budget, after open hearing, Congress appropriated money to carry out the provisions of its acts, but under the present administration of the Budget the National Defense Act and the Naval Treaty are being ignored. No attempt is being made to maintain the Army, the National Guard, and the Organized Reserves, at the strength authorized by the National Defense Act. No one who has given the subject serious thought will contend that the Navy is at treaty strength. It is only necessary to cite President Coolidge's first message, and the annual reports of two secretaries of war, and two secretaries of the navy to sustain the statement that the strength of the Army and Navy has been reduced below the danger point in the secret sessions of the bureau of the Budget.

In his first message to Congress, delivered on December 10, 1923, the President said (the italics are ours):

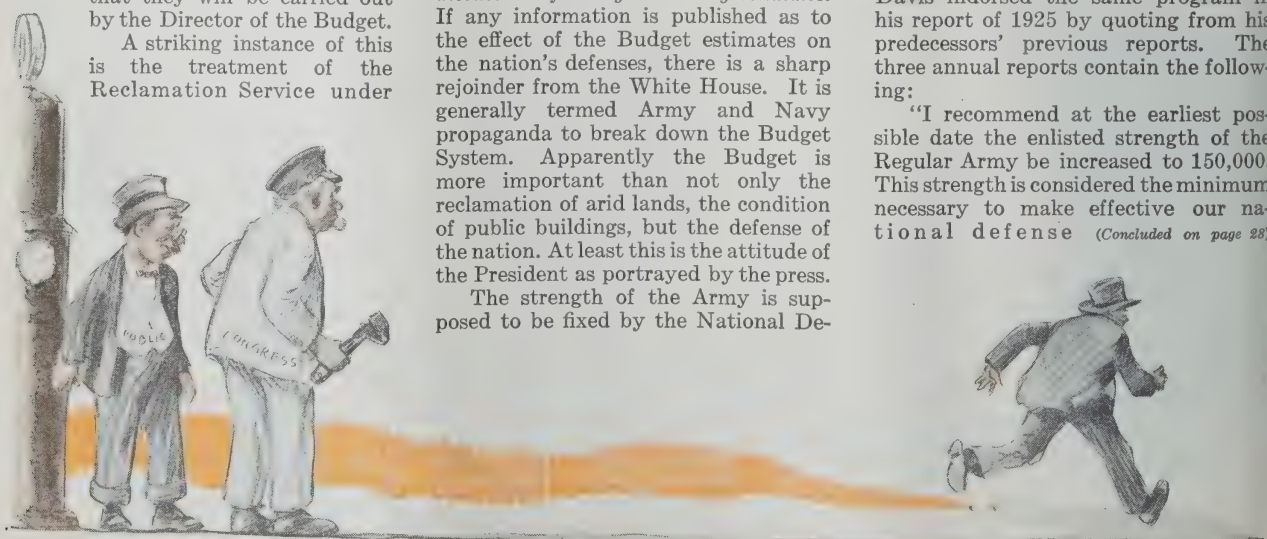
"For several years we have been decreasing the personnel of the Army and Navy, and reducing their power to the danger point. **Further reductions should not be made.** The Army is the guarantee of security of our citizens at home; the Navy is the guarantee of the security of our citizens abroad. **Both of these services should be strengthened rather than weakened.** *Additional planes are needed for the Army, and additional submarines for the Navy.* The defenses of Panama must be perfected. We want no competitive armaments. We want no more war. But *we want no weakness that invites imposition.* **A people who neglect their national defenses are putting in jeopardy their national honor.**"

***When National Defense Is in Jeopardy***

Coolidge's Secretary of War in 1923, and again in 1924, outlined how the Army should be strengthened rather than weakened, as urged by the President in his first message. Secretary Davis indorsed the same program in his report of 1925 by quoting from his predecessors' previous reports. The three annual reports contain the following:

"I recommend at the earliest possible date the enlisted strength of the Regular Army be increased to 150,000. This strength is considered the minimum necessary to make effective our national defense

(Concluded on page 28)



PART II.



Governor Woodrow Wilson and his family, photographed in 1912 immediately after receiving news of the nomination. Left to right, they are Eleanor Wilson (now Mrs. McAdoo), Jessie Wilson (now Mrs. Sayre), Mrs. Wilson, Margaret Wilson (with sweater) and Mr. Wilson.

# Why Wilson Disliked Reporters

## Distaste for Publicity Developed Into Aversion for Newspapermen Through Their Boorish Blunders

By HUSTON THOMPSON

ALTHOUGH Woodrow Wilson was a master in the art of creating and directing public opinion he knew little about the mechanics of publicity. He not only cared nothing about them, he even disliked them. Of his many marked characteristics this was one of the most interesting.

From the standpoint of the White House newspaperman, Woodrow Wilson was at one and the same time the poorest and the best "copy" that ever came to Washington. He was good "copy" because he did and said big official things, which made big news for the first pages of newspapers. He was poor "copy" because he would never do any unofficial publicity stunts. He would not pose for his picture. He would not "come outside" to be snapped with some important caller or delegation. He would not be dramatized, stage-managed, or standardized.

For example: In the 1912 campaign Wilson and Bryan held a big joint political meeting in Lincoln. It was the first time they had met since before the Baltimore Convention, where Mr. Bryan had played such a vital part in the Wilson nomination. I had come on from Denver to meet Mr. Wilson and travel with him through Nebraska and Colorado. Mr. Wilson was to spend Sunday with Mr. Bryan at the latter's home at Fairview. It was big news and a dozen newspaper photographers were on hand to make pictures of the historic event.

After the preliminary greetings at the railroad station the photographers asked the crowd to step back, so that they could get a picture of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan. The crowd good-naturedly obeyed. The two heroes of the occasion faced the cameras and were snapped.

"Wait a minute," said one of the photographers, "we want to get you shaking hands."

*"I'll Not Pose, It's Too Artificial"*

Ninety-nine public men out of a hundred would have smilingly acquiesced. Mr. Bryan, who knew the value of publicity inside out, smiled and stuck out his hand. Mr. Wilson frowned.

"No, I'll not pose," he declared, "it's too artificial."

Mr. Wilson flatly refused to furnish advance copies of his speeches. He would not change his plans or accept suggestions from the newspaper correspondents, although such action frequently would have resulted in more and better publicity. On this same 1912 campaign trip in the West a correspondent traveling with him asked him at breakfast about 9 o'clock one morning for an advance synopsis of two or three hundred words concerning a speech to be delivered at 1 o'clock.

"You know, Governor," the correspondent said, "the World's Series starts today and unless we can get an advance of your speech, to be sent out during the forenoon, we won't be able to use a line of it. From 1 o'clock on the wires will be closed to everything short of the assassination of a President."

Mr. Wilson's long lower jaw snapped shut and his eye flashed for a second. Then his face relaxed into a smile.

"I know it is highly presumptuous of me," he said, "to run for the unimportant position of President of the United States while the World's Series baseball games are being played, but nevertheless I'm going to do that very thing."

He did not give the reporters the advance synopsis and the result was exactly what the correspondent had predicted.

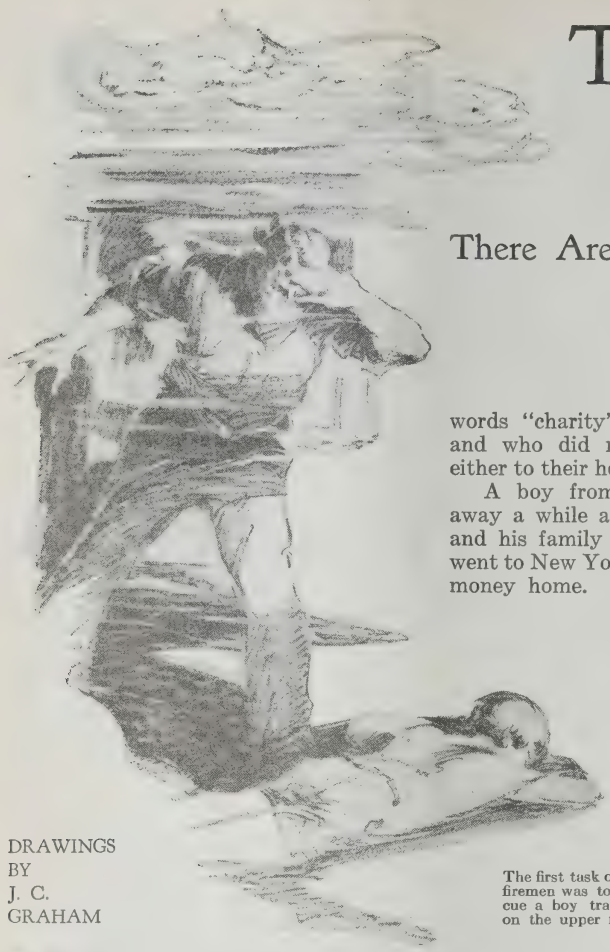
Mr. Wilson's mental attitude toward most newspapers and some newspapermen was tinged with contempt. "If you see it in the paper it's not so," he frequently remarked, more in earnest than in jest. The correspondents, especially in Washington, where the corps is generally composed of able, older men, sensed Mr. Wilson's attitude early in his career. Frequently during the 1912 campaign, and afterward at the White House, his attitude was openly and directly expressed. It caused amazement because it was so directly at variance with the historic attitude of men in public life.

Newspaper re- (Continued on page 26)

# THE FALLACIES OF PHILANTHROPY

## There Are Some Glaring Inconsistencies in Organized Charity; Is There a Remedy?

By ARMSTRONG PERRY



DRAWINGS BY J. C. GRAHAM

The first task of the firemen was to rescue a boy trapped on the upper floor.

THE fire siren shrieked. Instantly the streets of the little village were filled with excited people. Some learned the location of the blaze from the telephone girl. As they ran, they thought of the thirty years it had taken to establish the home that was now threatened.

Even before the alarm had been turned in, the nearest neighbors had helped the father and mother to rescue an invalid boy. Others had broken the fall of the sixteen-year-old daughter who, driven from her bed by the smoke, staggered gasping to a window, climbed onto an icy porch roof, slipped, and fell to the ground.

The first task of the firemen was to rescue a twelve-year-old boy, trapped on the upper floor. After braving smoke and flames, they found him dead, within five feet of a window.

The fire was extinguished, and the village doctors ministered to the injured in the homes of neighbors.

The next day, the man's employer moved a willing tenant out of a house across the street from the damaged home, and moved the afflicted family into it, so that rehabilitation could start with the minimum of inconvenience. Someone else started a relief fund. Within twenty-four hours, every burden that could be borne by others had been gladly shouldered by people, most of whom had never learned the distinction between the words "charity" and "philanthropy," and who did not think of applying either to their help in time of need.

A boy from the same town ran away a while ago. His father was ill and his family desperately poor. He went to New York to get a job and send money home. A fire broke out in a tenement near the one in which he occupied a hall bedroom. Rushing to the spot, full of the desire to help, he was thrust back by firemen. Standing outside the rope that was stretched to keep the crowd away, he saw death and destruction stalk through the doomed dwelling. He saw thieves snatch articles from the household effects that were carried out. He saw shivering women, wailing children and dazed men led away by policemen to whom misery seemed to be an old story. Moved to inquire what would be done, he was told that probably some organization would take care of them.

This boy of seventeen visited a Young Men's Christian Association. He was invited to a religious service and a Bible class supper. The gymnasium and other attractive features were shown to him. It all interested him very much and he wanted to join, but he found that the membership fee, cost of gymnasium suit and other initial expenses amounted to three times his weekly wages. There were men in the Association, of course, who would have been glad to help, but self-reliant young men do not like to become objects of charity.

Philanthropy is a beautiful thing in its hand-to-hand working with those in need, but in its modern, highly organized forms it sometimes loses power.

A modern philanthropic organization includes four classes of persons: the beneficiaries who are supposed to benefit by its work; the volunteer workers, who serve without compensation; the salaried professional workers, and the contributors who give money, freely or under pressure, to pay the bills. Outside, are the 92 per cent of well-to-do persons who could afford to contribute but who give nothing and the 95 per cent or more of the population who, according to the professional workers, ought to be reached by the work, but are not.

Some beneficiaries harbor certain fallacies. One is that everything a philanthropic organization offers should be free of charge. Why should it? Who wants to be pauperized? Another is that the charges made by the organizations yield a handsome profit. They do not. A Young Women's Christian Association cafeteria will be criticized for its seventy-five-cent meal while the head waiter of a big hotel retires to a castle in Europe with a fortune gained from patrons who paid five times the Y. W. C. A. prices for food that was no better.

In the country districts where philanthropy is unorganized, where it is set in motion by a real and visible need, and where no charge is made for service, such fallacies do not exist but the moment philanthropy is placed in charge of professional officials and financed by persons unknown to the beneficiaries, they arise.

*An Unlimited Field for Beggars*

Philanthropies must have system. If certain types of cases cannot be conveniently included, they are conveniently forgotten. For example, farm boys, because of the difficulty of reaching and organizing them, usually are left out of philanthropic plans although they constitute about 50 per cent of the boy population and have obvious needs. Worse yet, they sometimes are included, nominally, but given no real share of the benefits. Meanwhile, in some cities, philanthropies compete for the interest of the middle-class boy until he must feel like a greased pig at a Fourth of July celebration when the crowd is let loose on it.

There are so many philanthropic organizations that an investigation in New York, some time ago, revealed the fact that a beggar could secure food, clothing, and shelter for two years without applying to the same one twice. By that time he would be forgotten by the first one that aided him

ad could start making the rounds again.

Conditions such as these brought ito being organizations of te Associated Charities pe, designed to coördinate forts. The latest develop- ent is the Community Chest hose guardians col- ct contributions and stribute them among proved organiza- ons, according to eir respective needs according to the pres- re which each is able to ing to bear.

One beneficiary defined ilanthropy as "giving it ck." In a sense this is true, r no man can accumulate the ice of a college building, a blic library or a park without the sistance of many workers; but it is a llacy to assume that giving it back cash will solve any problem. The ead of a large corporation was ap- oached by a workman who demanded:

"Why don't you divide your in- me with the men who help you make !"

"That's a good idea!" the million- re answered. "I'll begin right now, ith you."

Dividing the amount of his income y the number of employes, he showed s caller that it would give each of em twenty-one cents a month. "Here your twenty-one cents," he said. Be sure to come back every month r your share."

The volunteer workers cherish some llacies also. In the majority of hilanthropic organizations, the vol- nteers constitute a large majority. or example, in the Boy Scouts of merica there are more than 168,000 olunteer officials and less than one ousand salaried officials. Under such system, the volunteer workers often el that since they are bearing the runt of the work, the duty of the verhead professional staff should be lighten their labors. Such is the in- ention, but the effect of overhead rganization, nearly always, is to make ore work for the volunteers. A outmaster remarked that the paper ork requested by the national office— eports, statistics and what not— ould require all the time available for ork with his troop, if he did it.

The more philanthropy organizes, e more the labor and the expense crease. The relief and rehabilitation a family whose home has been rned, so easily handled by sym- thetic neighbors, becomes difficult hen handled through an organization. irst, there must be an investigation y a trained and salaried worker, who ay ask embarrassing questions about e family income and other matters. ommittees must meet and decide hat needs to be done and how to do . Superior officers, who may be far way, must gather impressions from ritten reports and authorize expendi-



Rushing to the scene of the tenement fire, he was thrust back by firemen.

tures. No one is free to go ahead and do the simple and obvious things that neighbors can do. Everything must be made to fit the system and the budget.

Some of the fallacies of the professional, salaried officials of philanthropies are developed by what has been described as "biting off more than you can chew." Whole-hearted, overburdened volunteers, carrying the local work and helping to raise money to support salaried workers, sometimes yield to an impulse to become salaried officials themselves. It is an alluring prospect, for a man who has been a blessing to one community, to think of organizing and directing work that shall do the same things for a hundred or a thousand communities.

But in a year or two, the impressions made may begin to fade. There was a world of satisfaction in being on the spot when the home burned, in helping to rescue those in danger and in signing the subscription paper. A very different feeling comes over a philanthropic executive when he sits at a desk with statistics showing that there are 25,000 cases in the state needing attention, and that his budget is running low and must be replenished by a financial campaign. The whole scheme sometimes develops into a highly professionalized game for executives in which are used tactics borrowed from everything from football to draw poker.

One fallacy that the professional worker is almost sure to acquire is that the volunteer should be able to learn the system, do all his work and send in his applications, reports and statistics promptly and in the prescribed way. There is no way in which a man who spends his days pushing papers over a desk can understand the viewpoint of a man who works eight to twelve hours a day earning a living for a family and then gives an evening or a day a week trying to do something to help the rest of the community. The recurrence of mistakes, which the office man sought to eliminate by publishing a paragraph in the official organ, irritates him and makes him feel that the men in the field are fools. The volunteer, on the other hand, often feels that a handbook of several hundred pages, application blanks of four or more pages, and report forms in any number, is too much red tape for a man to bother with when he has people to attend to. It is always interesting to hear local workers talk frankly about the national headquarters.

One fundamental fallacy in philanthropy is the be- *(Concluded on page 31)*

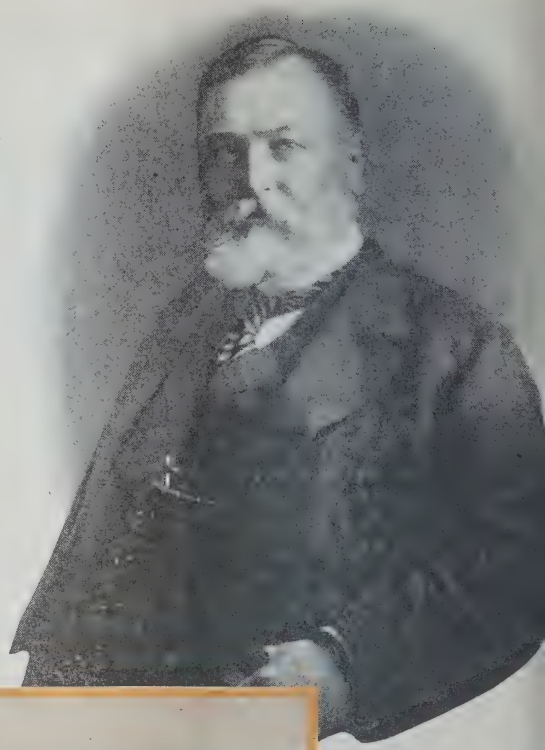



A man investigated 36,000 beggars' cases and reported that he did not find one who needed the alms.

# Galli-Curci Swayed by Swedish Mystic

## Prima Donna Gives Wonderful Interpretation of the Writings of Emanuel Swedenborg

By C. W. BARRON



THIS article combines three remarkable personalities. Galli-Curci, the great singer, who is the subject of the article; Clarence W. Barron, owner of the *Wall Street Journal* and world-famous financial authority, who is the writer of the article; and Emanuel Swedenborg who may be called the Spirit, the *raison d'etre*, of the article. We present it for the pleasant light it throws on all three.

I HAD thought to head this article "Galli-Curci, the Brain Woman." It would have been misleading to many; because Galli-Curci, while holding the most wonderful brain that I have met or heard of in woman, is much more—a true woman with a life and soul of affection for all that is ennobling and uplifting in the family, and in color, form, and music.

No one can have read her account of herself in four articles in *The Ladies Home Journal* without having been astonished at the breadth and fullness of her life in art. But there is another side to her developing life that I would present.

The work and writings of Emanuel Swedenborg, whether in the domain of science or theology, are beyond the reach of the majority of mentalities. As an economist writing state papers on weights, measures, coinages and currencies, he is easily comprehended. As an engineer transporting ships overland he is easily visualized. As the head of the great mining industry of Sweden, writing practical books on mining and smelting, declared to be the foundation of modern metallurgy, he is of interest in the encyclopedia of scientific history. As the writer of volumes—original studies in search for the human soul—he is not without human interest.

But when one comes to the realm of the unseen, where there is neither time nor space upon which to rest mental conceptions, few may enter into the fullness of the revelation which has come into the libraries of the world through Emanuel Swedenborg, and concerning which no one can yet declare whether it is a philosophy, a religion, or a science



C. W. Barron and Amelita Galli-Curci, from an autographed photograph to Mr. Barron.

Think of twenty modern-sized volumes, originally written in the Latin tongue and unfolding from the Hebrew of *Genesis* and *Exodus* the internal or spiritual sense that lies beneath the letter. Another dozen more similar volumes that not only expound every picture set forth in the book of *Revelation* as conveyor of a tremendous truth of universal application throughout invisible degrees of creation and life, but also illumine all the problems of sex as presented throughout the universe from the union of the love and wisdom in the divine down to sex crystallization in the mineral kingdom; include the deepest of all works ever written entitled, in the original Latin, *Angelic Wisdom Concerning the Divine Love and the Divine Wisdom*. Then answer to yourself the number of years that ought to be required to master these thirty-two volumes.

(Continued on page 23)

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

"WHERE there's a will there's a way" is probably universally true, but one should not conclude therefrom that the "way" as the channel or vehicle of the "will" is a minor consideration. Periods of history which are marked by the rising of the human Will have proved dangerous when not provided for by adequate "ways." That is all that makes a flood destructive, the lack of "ways" to convey the force of the waters.

Yet there is generally more energy used in efforts to arouse the Will than to provide the Way. Perhaps this is altogether right in most periods of human development. In the absence of any great show of Will it may be necessary to concentrate on its arousal, trusting to events to make a Way. But when the dynamos of human Will have been started and their power increased, and the energy becomes more plentiful than are the ways in which to use it, then the question of utilization—the question of the "way"—becomes insistent.

There is beyond question a great Will toward a better social system rolling up on the horizon of human consciousness; is there a Way in which it can flow to fruitful fulfillment? Is humanity ever prepared beforehand for that which is plainly seen to be on its way toward us? Do we ever control the direction of our development? Do we ever prepare a highway for the Will that seems certainly advancing upon us?

*THAT rare and invincible human energy which comes in the form of Will has never been too plentiful in the world. To create it and arouse it to action has been the purpose of long effort. "Where there's a will, there's a way" has been the encouraging word. Now, however, with a rising tide of Will in the world, we are beginning to sense the importance of its having a Way. The misdirection of energy is an element in all tragedy. The question today is Where's the Way for the Will? To know which way the tide of energy will move and provide it "ways" is to be wise in one's generation.*

Programs are exceedingly tedious things when there is nothing to fill them with, and plans of campaign are mere mockery when there is no moral energy to make them go. And one sees that everywhere in the world today—programs and plans of campaign with no energy in them, and great headwaters of Human Will and Desire and Vision with no channels—no programs or plans of campaign—in which they can flow.

One is not even prepared to say that these two parts should be brought together. One is not at all convinced that the coming tide of human energy is going to flow into the channels men have now built ready for them. They don't seem to fit. The mappers of the Way have not seemed to understand the velocity and weight of the Will. They have not caught the direction of it. There is a vague sense that perhaps this flood of new Will might contain elements of danger and that the best thing to do would be quietly and quickly to lead it into convenient and conventional channels and let it trickle away harmlessly.

But it is probably not the function of the Way to control the Will, but it is probably the right of the Will to have a Way which answers to the reason for its arousal and the direction of its purpose.

If statesmen are those who clear the way for Almighty God, the true Way-Mappers are not those who would trap and control the rising tide of Will, but those who would hasten it by adequate Ways to the point where it is going. It is scarcely possible that anyone should successfully harness this new and rising tide of Will to turn his own private water wheel. And yet that is what nearly all the prepared "ways" of these times suggest—the effort of this institution or that cause or the other campaign to utilize the rising Will to be its own private motive power.

That cannot be done. Wisdom consists in trying to determine which direction the rising tide of Will is likely to take, and building ways for it to flow in that direction. That is all there is to prophecy, statesmanship, luck, success, service—knowing which way the stream of life is moving now, and preparing a Way for it to go.

It is rightly said that the interests of the age are material, but it is wrongly meant. The interests of the age are in material things because it is in relation to material things that injustice most frequently shows itself, and hindrances to the beauty of common life most frequently arise. It is not things themselves that engage men's attention and vision, but the justice and the common beauty which these things now serve to obscure but which they may be made to serve. The Will that is headed toward the situation with regard to material things is not itself a materialistic thing nor is its interest in anything less than that most spiritual quality—justice.

If we are able to reach a conclusion what we would first do for the world if we were able, if we can reverently imagine what the Almighty would do for the world today if humanity permitted it, then it is possible to form some idea of the direction in which the rising tide of Will and energy is moving; and from this we may reach a conclusion as to where and how the Way ought to be built for the triumphant passages of the Will to Social Justice.

**"Ford Ideals," 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## *Who Is the "Laughing Stock" Now?*

THE reluctant conclusion is being forced upon citizens that it is not the law so much as the Government that is being made a "laughing stock"—to use the stalest current newspaper platitude—these days. There is nothing whatever against the law which excludes a Vera, Countess of Cathcart, from these shores, but there is a great deal against a Government which backs and fills with the law because that lady is able to bring pressure to bear. And what makes the Government look rather more foolish is the fact that even the courts are made to play their little contributory part in what resembled a piece of publicity for a very feeble stage play of which the Countess is said to be the author. This was hinted at the first, that "the play's the thing," and the Department of Labor, court proceedings, bally-hooing lawyers, incessant interviews and general pooh-poohing of the American contempt for irregular women were only scenery and bill-boarding for the play.

In all this we are ready to admit that the Countess of Cathcart, with very trivial skill, has outwitted the men whose occupancy of office requires them to be referred to temporarily as the Government of the United States, and has made *them* a laughing stock. The country is ashamed of them.

The same conclusion prevails with reference to the no-liquor law. The aliens have proved themselves able to outwit the men who temporarily comprise our Government. The bootleggers are better organized and have more brains—or use more—than our enforcement agents. The no-liquor law still stands in austere dignity as the sign and symbol of this nation's readiness to deny itself for the sake of its higher life; *it* is no laughing stock. But the men temporarily masquerading as Government, miserably failing to observe their oaths of office and to use the means which the people afford them, are the laughing stock in this matter. *They* have failed, and not the law. The bootleggers are the Countesses of Cathcart of the Prohibition law.

We append a few of the names of the recent list of the indicted as published in the current newspapers. These are the men whom our law-officers say they cannot control. Any committee of private citizens could easily accomplish the task of law-enforcement on these people.

St. Paul—Benjamin Gleeman, Harry Gelman, Morris Roisner, Nathan Bader, Samuel Harris, Abe Ginsberg, Morris Miller and Benjamin Weiss, Leon Gleckman, Louis Roisner, Harry Bernstein, Jack Gleckman, Samuel Gleckman, Abe Gleeman, Nathan Gleeman, Morris Zuken, Al Wender, A. Saxon, I. Saxon, Morris Goldberg.

Philadelphia—Benjamin and Frank Fogel, Benjamin and David Gersonstein, Albert Haimowitz, Charles Schwartz, Herman Fuererstein and Nathan Sawinski, James Silberstein, Ed. Silberstein.

---

## *Answering Back*

IT IS reported in the press—and we naturally make considerable allowance for detail—that an actor was arrested for interrupting the Rev. John Roach Straton in a sermon in the theater at West Palm Beach, where the New York divine is holding forth this winter. The exodus of ministers south in the winter and north in the summer suggests that Satan is now a commuter. Anyway, the papers report that Dr. Straton said some uncomplimentary things about actresses (which seems very unlike him) and that one Stuart Robson arose in the audience and protested on the ground that his mother was an actress. It seems quite right that a son should thus defend his mother even though she was not in the mind of the speaker nor her relationship to Robson known. The curious element in it all is that the man should have been arrested for disturbing Dr. Straton's meeting. One can hardly imagine the Doctor objecting to disturbance. He welcomes each rebuff which turns a formal smoothness rough. He probably does not regard the pulpit as "coward's castle" where a man may say what he pleases free from challenge. The ideal public meeting is one of give and take. Of course, there should be some orderliness about it. The inherent right to ask a question is observed everywhere in Great Britain. But here in the United States the right to speak out in public departed with the old town meeting; we sit mute. Our philosophy in regard to disputers is packed in the pithy modern proverb: "If you want to talk, hire a hall." Still, it might be regarded as true that every auditor who helps pay for the speaker also helps pay for the hall, and therefore has a certain right in it. No speaker worth his salt wishes to speak to a muzzled audience. And anyone who can get a word in edgewise of one of Dr. Straton's addresses is by that fact marked out for consideration as being no mean citizen.

### *NO—Don't Let Them See It!*

NO, WHATEVER we do, we must not permit the public school generation to see the Bible. We must not permit them to see or hear anything concerning the practice of prayer.

We may still permit the President to take his oath of office on the Holy Bible.

We may still permit the United States Senate to open every session with prayer by a chaplain paid by the Government.

We may still permit the House of Representatives to open every session with prayer by a chaplain paid by the Government.

We may still permit our ships at sea the services of naval chaplains who read the Bible to the sailors and marines, and pray in their hearing, and are paid by the Government.

We may still permit the Government to appoint and pay chaplains for our army posts at home and abroad, and maintain an army chaplain's school for the preparation and training of men who read the Bible and pray for and with the United States soldier.

The National Republican Convention may still open its daily sessions with prayer.

The Democratic National Convention may still open its daily sessions with prayer, yea, though the Convention run for three stormy weeks.

Our separate States may provide chaplains for the prisons and penitentiaries, whose business it is to read the Bible and pray with and for the unfortunate.

But the ten or fifteen future Presidents who are now in our public schools—

The future Senators, Representatives, party leaders, officials who are now by the thousands in our public schools—

We must keep the Bible from them!

We must keep the knowledge of prayer from them!

We are permitted a Christian form of Government, but we are forced to maintain a pagan public school!

Every President of the United States to date has been reared in a school that was opened by Bible reading and Prayer.

Why not our future Presidents also?

It is a question hammering for an answer from the conscience of the American people.

---

### *French Gymnastics*

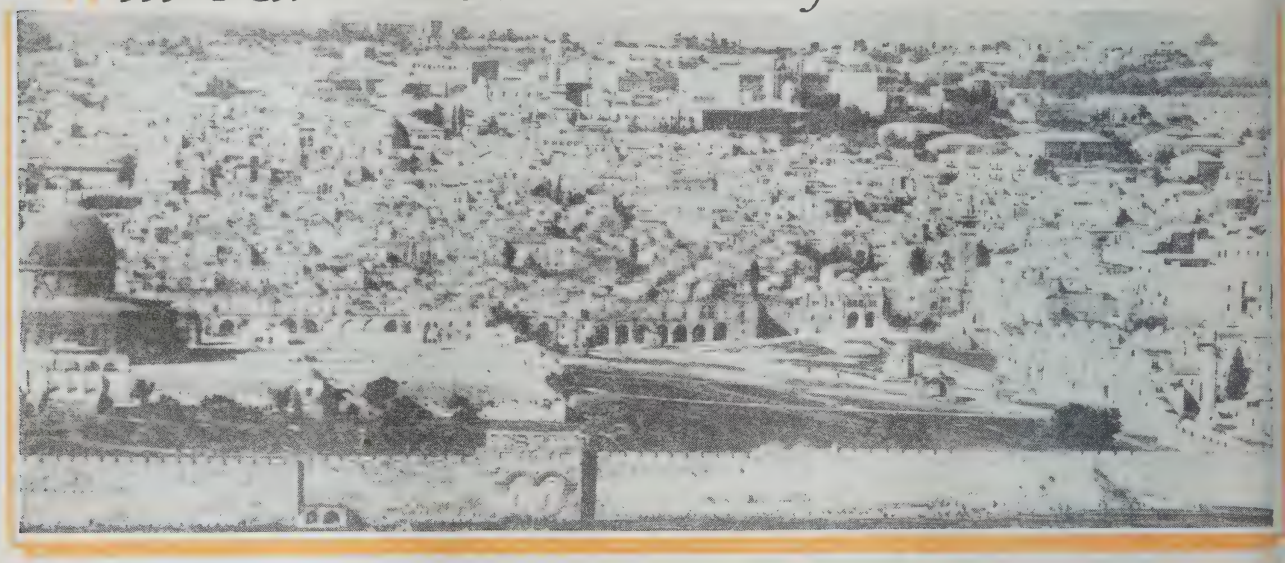
M. PIETRI, described as one of the ablest and most active members of the Finance Commission of the French Chamber, has come to the conclusion that not only does France owe Great Britain nothing, but that, on the contrary, Great Britain is in debt to France. The same, he insists, is true as regards the United States. In answer to the question "How come?" he readily replies. "Hitherto," he says, "we have not contested our creditor's bill; now we must discuss it item by item. If we thus examine the items of our debt we shall find that the total includes not merely the price of the goods, munitions and supplies that were sent to us, but also the sellers' profits, and, in addition to that, the heavy taxes on war profits which the English and American governments imposed upon their manufacturers, and which the manufacturers, in their turn, levied from their customers. These enormous profits taxes the British and American governments have already collected. By not deducting them from the sums they are now claiming from us, they are trying to collect them a second time." Well, it sounds very plausible until one reflects that if the munition manufacturers, et cetera, had not been making munitions, et cetera, for France they would have been making something else for somebody else, with profits for themselves and taxes for the Government into the bargain; that the bill would have been paid long ago and no questions asked; and that the money thus received would have been turned over again and again to larger profit still. M. Pietri will have to try again.

---

### *Confiscated—Mussolini*

MUSSOLINI sometimes seems puzzled by the opinion held of him outside of Italy. In his inability to understand is to be found the element which will eventually dispose of him. The charge against him today stands in this fashion, that he has established an intolerable tyranny over the opinions of his people. Much of good he has done; no one questions that. Qualities of strength have marked some of his actions; that is gladly acknowledged. But it is too evident that he, who once was headed for Bolshevism via Socialism and the destruction of authority, has now almost reached Bolshevism via politics and the abuse of authority. We do not need to rely on conflicting statements from abroad in these matters. The New York papers report that the Italian Consul General in that city has notified the editor of an Italian newspaper published in New York that his old home in Italy has been confiscated by the government because criticisms of Facists have appeared in the New York publication. This is a very commonplace action of a political régime which Mr. Otto Kahn covers with great praise.

# Will Palestine Ever Pay Its Board?



Old Jerusalem, the outer aspect of which has changed little through the centuries.

## Money Is There Now, But It Is Not Money Which Was Dug Out of the Soil Either as Ore or as a Crop

By WILLIAM E. BARTON

"WHAT changes do you note in Palestine since your last visit?"

This was the question which met me as I recently journeyed through the Holy Land. I had not been there since the War.

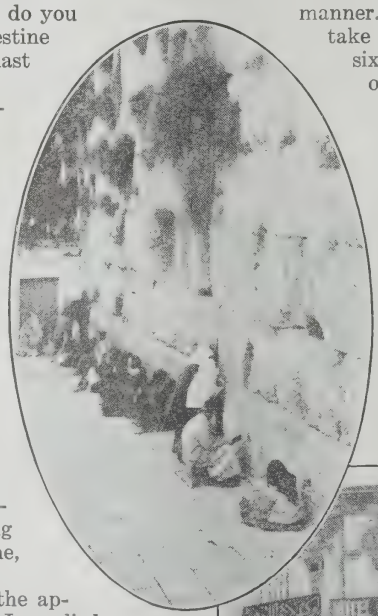
I answered, "Good roads, red roofs, automobiles, the presence of British soldiers, and the absence of lepers from the streets."

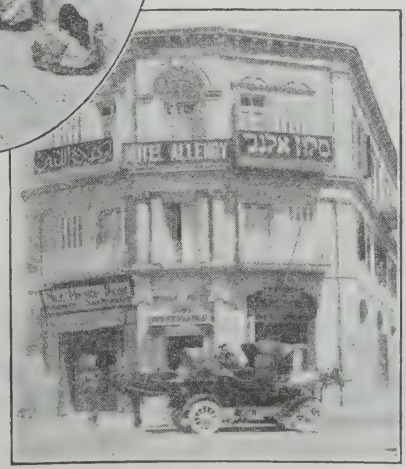
"Do you not include the widespread prosperity?" one intelligent American, long resident in Palestine, asked me.

"I might include the apparent prosperity," I replied, "and I am glad of it, but I am at a loss to attribute it to anything that can be made permanent; money is plentiful, and beggars are few. But is the country really prosperous?"

One gets a variety of answers.

Modernity jostles antiquity in present-day Palestine. The ox and ass turn out stolidly and insolently to give room to the intrusive automobile. A train of camels moving along the railroad track, where no better road is provided, takes the siding for the express from Kantara, and the two hoot at each other, each after its own manner. It is now possible to take the train in Cairo at six o'clock at night, eat one's dinner in a dining car, rest fairly well in a sleeping car, and eat luncheon promptly at noon in Jerusalem; or one may land at Haifa in the morning, take an automobile for Nazareth, eat luncheon beside the Sea of Galilee, and sleep that night in the Grand New Hotel which is neither new nor grand, or in the New Allenby, which is the old Du Parc in Jerusalem. Jerusalem hotels are about the only things that have not changed. Those that I have named are the best now, as they were a quarter of a century ago, and neither of them is very good or ever was. They might, however, be worse.






Oval—Celebrated Wailing Wall of the Jews. Lower—Hotel Allenby, Jerusalem.

But what about this prosperity of which one becomes immediately conscious, and what about the Jews whose coming in such numbers has created this prosperity? Other war-ridden countries are crushed and feebly attempting to rise. In Palestine money is abundant. That painful poverty which was formerly apparent on every side is largely gone.

There can be no doubt about the rapid increase in the number of Jews in Palestine. It is claimed that not fewer than 30,000 Jews migrated to that land in 1925. This is equal to more than one-third of the entire Jewish population there in 1922. If we compare such an immigration with the "quota" which the United States permits in any one year, we shall be impressed at once with the fact that such an influx is quite as large as can easily be assimilated. It is claimed by zealous Jewish authorities that there are now as many as 130,000 Jews in that land; others say that this is an exaggeration, and takes no account of the outgoing tide, which is considerable. The whole population of Palestine at the outbreak of the World War was not over 600,000, and it is somewhere between 800,000 and 900,000 today. For thirty years before the War, Baron

Rothschild had diligently sought to encourage Jewish immigration to Palestine, and succeeded at the rate of about 1,000 a year, or 30,000 in a generation. Those Americans who visited Palestine before the War were not highly impressed by the average of these immigrants. There were Zionist colonies, and some of them were doing well, but the average pre-war Jew was not a farmer, and we do not yet know that the newer Jewish immigrant is a better one.

But since the War the increase is enormous. More Jews entered Palestine as intended residents in 1925 than the total net increase for 30 years under Baron Rothschild. New colonies are springing up in the most fertile parts of Palestine, and irrigation projects are under way in other parts.

Still, only about one-eighth of the population of Palestine is Jewish, and the increase is attended by serious difficulties. In so far as it is presently successful, that success is achieved by a process of depopulation and repopulation all the more effective because it is not done violently.

The average American visiting Palestine and seeing large areas of land transferred from Arab owners to Jewish colonies, asks, "Don't the Jews pay for all they get? Well then, whose business is it?"

But the intelligent Arab answers, "You Americans view such matters as belonging to the individual alone. The Jews do pay for all they get. They pay double, treble, quadruple prices. Thus they outbid all possible competitors and plan to make over the population of this land. This country does not belong to the Jew. It has been ours, undisputed, for two or three times as long as America has known the presence of the white man. Naboth's vineyard is being taken from Arabian ownership not by perjury or oppression, but by Jewish gold poured into a Zionistic treasury. Our race, our religion, are being dispossessed, and we are powerless to prevent it."



Natives of Palestine at work on an ancient threshing floor.

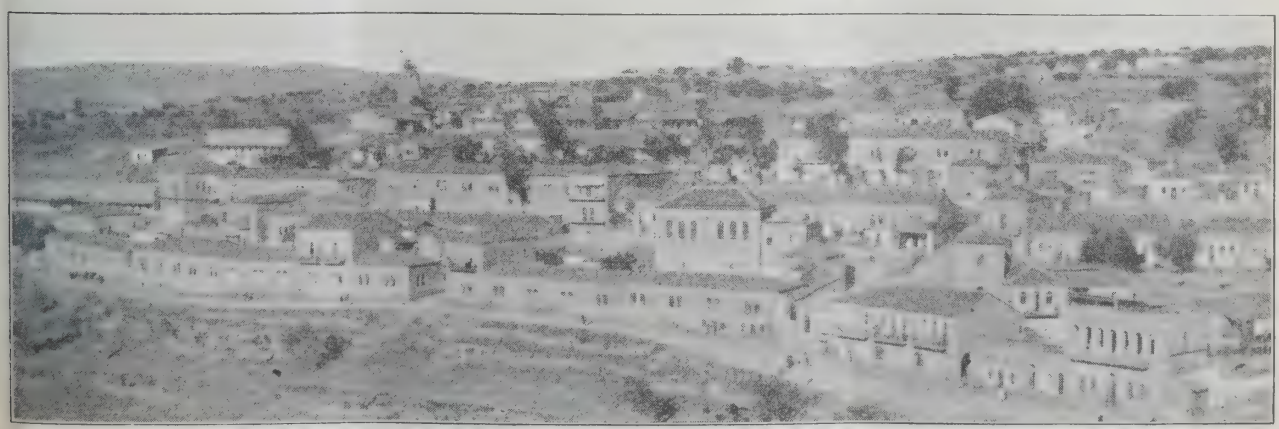
It is nearly two thousand years since the Jew had any part in the ownership of Palestine. The kindgom of Israel went down in 721 B. C. The smaller kingdom whose capitol was Jerusalem went down in 586 B. C. The land was ruled successively by Assyria, Babylon, Persia, Greece, Syria, and Rome.

Jerusalem was destroyed by Titus in A. D. 70, and the land was knocked about from pillar to post until the Crusades, when for a time it was under Christian influence. For seven hundred years and until the World War, it has been controlled by the Turks, and very badly controlled.

These changes have almost obliterated everything that was significant in the political and religious life of Judaism. The shrines of Palestine are mainly Christian shrines. The Jews have but one sacred place in Jerusalem that possesses any considerable element of antiquity—the wailing place at the site of the few remaining stones at the foundation of the ancient temple. But Bethlehem, Nazareth, Calvary, Gethsemane, the Sea of Galilee and a score of other of the most visited of Palestine's sacred spots are purely Christian in sentiment. Palestine is no longer in any important sense a land of Jewish associations; its sentiment is Christian.

But the Jews of all the world have no other land to which any sentiment whatever is attached. They lived for a millennium in Spain, but Spain is not the land of the Jews. They have been for centuries in Germany, but Germany is not a Jewish land. They have constituted for innumerable generations a large proportion of the population of Poland, and they have no love for it as belonging to them. They have been in the United States since the days when New Amsterdam was a Dutch colony and there are about one and a half million of them now in New York City, but this land is not their national home. And they have a sentiment based in a cherished historical tradition that makes them think of Palestine as their own.

This feeling goes back to the time when every nation and tribe had its own god. Naomi never questioned that if her daughters-in-law returned to Moab they would go back to Moab's religion, nor did Ruth doubt that if Naomi's people be- *(Concluded on page 22)*



A Zionist settlement just outside the walls of Jerusalem. Jews are being invited to Palestine by this sort of colonization.

# Washington Irving's London Has Gone

## The Glamour of His Descriptions Persists. Though the Landmarks Have Vanished

By DUNCAN MACCONNELL

TWO nations may be gladdened some day to see the better sentiments of England and America given noble embodiment—in a statue of Washington Irving in London.



Washington Irving.

It will not matter whether the sculptor is Yankee or Briton. It will not matter whether the monument is a gift of the United States to the United Kingdom, or a gift of London to the memory of a native of New York. In either case it will enrich and ornament both lands. For no other figure, of real life or poetic allegory, could so personify the present manly sympathy and upright understanding of these nations. To this day the sweetest and soundest expressions of this better feeling are found in the writings of Irving. The present-day eloquence of Anglo-Saxon concord proclaims, after the jangling rivalries and suspicions of a century, the truth which Irving proclaimed before the century began.

Irving was a stout American, upon whose head in childhood the hand of Washington rested while the stern and impersonal chieftain uttered a personal blessing. Irving was so stout an American that he refused to write for the London *Quarterly* because it had been unfriendly to his country. Yet, as he was the first American interpreter of British life and character, he was also the most kindly, tolerant, appreciative student of the mother country and the mother nation. And this was discerned in Britain in his own lifetime, by such far-visioned men as Jeffrey, of the Edinburgh *Review*. Jeffrey, famous for his immediate recognition of the greatness of the unknown boy poet Keats; famous for his uncanny discernment of the personality of Scott in the anonymous *Waverley Novels*; famous as the master of Macaulay and the great original source of a thousand lesser thinkers and critics, greeted Irving as cordially in print as Scott greeted him personally at Abbotsford.

The sentiments which Irving expressed, which won such response from Jeffrey and other large-minded men, today seem strikingly contemporaneous in tone, and show why it may be feasible some day to give shape and form to an Anglo-American understanding in an Irving statue.

The influence of Irving, realized or unrealized, rests upon every American visiting London, and upon every American thinking about London. He had the receptive audience of all America in its youthful day, and he had the power to charm. It was of historic significance that he told his receptive audience good and worthy things of their British kinsmen, that he used his spell to attract and not to alienate American sentiment on English themes. In his own age this won appreciation as cordial as his appreciation of the finer English things. For his *Sketch Book* sketches, written for American readers and published first in America, were reprinted in the stately columns of the London *Literary Gazette*. When through the influence of Scott a London edition was brought out, Irving was established as an author of the whole English-speaking world. The records of his life abound in testimonies and tributes received from Moore and Byron, from Lockhart and Mrs. Siddons, from scholars and historians, honors from societies and a degree from Oxford University.

The American who thinks of Westminster Abbey thinks of Washington Irving's Abbey, whether he has ever studied *The Sketch Book* or not. All later travelers and American guidebooks have felt the softened Gothic charm of his antique rhetorical style, so suited to the solemnity of that eternal monastery.

The ordinary rushing traveler cannot saunter or loiter or wander, by day or night, as Irving did, about the Abbey, through the corridors of a thousand years. But there is something of Irving in his thoughts and expectations, whether he knows it or not. It may be the vivid memory of a lover of Irving. It may be a random unconscious inheritance, like a phrase of Shakespeare in the patter of a pugilist. And if one has had the early fortune to meet and to know Irving, and to see how in his writing London is filled with wonder like Sleepy Hollow itself, all the metropolis recalls Irving, as in other moments it recalls Dickens or Defoe or Johnson to their devoted readers.

Now we come to a statement which seems in contrast with what we have said. Though Irving wrote of London, and wrote so charmingly, he seems as little known to the ordinary present-day Londoner as the first foreign author to mention the town—Tacitus of Rome. Though the great Jordan reprinted the individual articles of *The Sketch Book* and the great Murray published the English edition of the complete work, and several of Irving's later works had their first publication in England, the writings of Irving are not easily found in London stores. One American visitor, wishing to refresh himself by reading Irving "On London" in Irving's London, went forth blithely to purchase a new copy of *The Sketch Book*. He did not succeed. He made as many twists and turns of travel as Irving relates of himself in trying to find The Boar's Head Tavern. In one store he was offered an elaborate illustrated edition of the series of articles on "Christmas" found in *The Sketch Book*. It was only when he had wandered far out among the secondhand bookshops on Charing



Westminster Abbey.

Cross Road, and had inquired and searched diligently like a prophet of old, that he came upon an American edition, and went on his way rejoicing and marveling.

Perhaps more than one traveler who has read Irving has had some disappointment in not finding Irving's enchanted London. For even Londoners love illusion in their vast capital.

There was Dr. Samuel Johnson, who, as Macaulay said, "did not believe in the earthquake at Lisbon, but believed in the Cock Lane Ghost." Dr. Samuel Johnson, after spending a happy hour reading of the pranks of Prince Hal and Falstaff in The Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap, in Shakespeare's *Henry IV*, determined to go down to that tavern. He went, and told with vast delight of sitting in the very chair where once Prince Henry sat, and in the place of Falstaff! The great joy of a great illusion! The Boar's Head Tavern in which Johnson sat was a later structure, built to replace the original which was destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666. Dr. Johnson sat in a tavern two hundred years younger than the youth of Prince Hal, a tavern which was christened half a century after Shakespeare's funeral. It was almost with a note of lamentation that Irving came to write, a generation after Johnson, that the whole Boar's Head series of episodes in Shakespeare are fiction and myth.

"So vividly and naturally are these scenes of humor depicted," he writes, "and with such force and consistency are the characters sustained, that they become mingled up in the mind with the facts and personages of real life. To few readers does it occur that these are all ideal creations of a poet's brain, and that, in truth, no such knot of merry roysters ever enlivened the dull neighborhood of Eastcheap."

*Pilgrimage in Search of the Boar's Head*

It was in spite of this, he said, that he, "loving to give himself up to the illusions of poetry," determined to "make a pilgrimage to Eastcheap, and see if the old Boar's Head Tavern still exists." No one can estimate how many Americans, reading Irving's *Sketch Book* or guidebooks tinctured with *The Sketch Book* pigments, have made a "pilgrimage to Eastcheap." This one traveler, at least, made that pilgrimage, the same who had first sought after Irving until he found him in a secondhand bookshop. He did not hope to find The Boar's Head, after Irving could not, but he hoped at least he might see something of what Irving saw.

But he found, not only that the old Boar's Head Tavern had vanished in the Great Fire, and that the new tavern had likewise gone before Irving ventured thither—but even that portion of Eastcheap no longer exists. Verily there was once a Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap. Nothing remains of it save the carved boar's head which now rests among the museum memorials in the Guildhall of the city. There was a tavern which Johnson visited, where Goldsmith did some writing, where William Pitt and other famous men at times ate and drank in honor of Shakespeare and Falstaff and Prince Hal. There had been an earlier Boar's Head, reaching back to Shakespeare's time when that part of Eastcheap was full of taverns and the taverns were full of Elizabethan poets. But when one looks to find what Irving found, at least the site of The Boar's Head, he is shown the monument to the Sailor King William the Fourth, as somewhat near the spot where Falstaff sought oblivion and Johnson found illusion.



Ann Hathaway's Cottage, Stratford-on-Avon.

Eastcheap in Irving's time had changed from the Eastcheap of the old poets, where, as Lydgate sang,

"One cryed ribbes of beefe, and mony a pye,
Pewter pottes they clattered on a heape."

But Irving, who complained that "the madcap royster has given place to the plodding tradesman," could at least find the homes of these plodding tradesmen above or about the shops. Directly across from the site of the Boar's Head he found a "tallow-chandler's widow," seated in her little back parlor and looking out upon her rear garden. The back parlor and the garden cannot be found in that present Eastcheap, where space is priceless—they would be as much out of place as tallow candles in one of the present-day counting rooms.

In going to Eastcheap, Irving tells us of pausing in Little Britain. Later in *The Sketch Book* he describes Little Britain in a rambling essay ascribed to a resident. One who visits today the region which he mentions, near Christ Church School, Bartholomew's Hospital, Smithfield, Aldersgate street, and Bull-and-Mouth street, now no more, can find only a portion of the streets he names, and none of the personages of the essay, nor the descendants of them.

The chronicles of Little Britain, as set down by Irving, lead one to parallel his own words on Shakespeare's Boar's Head episodes:

"So vividly and naturally are these scenes of humor depicted, and with such force and consistency are the characters sustained, that they become mingled up in the mind with the facts and personages of real life."

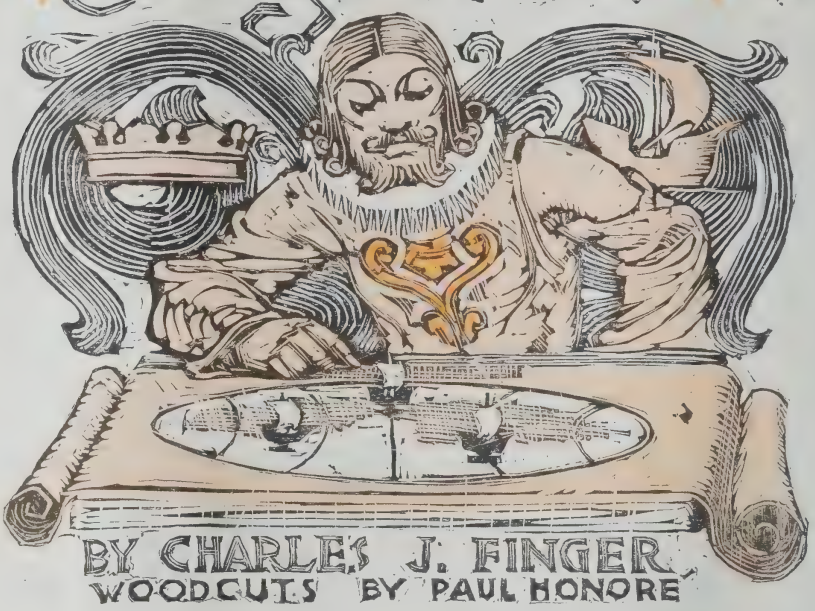
One can imagine that out of one window he will descry peering the gaunt ominous visage of Skryme the apothecary, "with a brown circle around each eye, like a pair of horn spectacles." He looks also for the rival of Skryme as the oracle of wisdom, the retired cheesemaker, who "lives in a fragment of one of the old family mansions."

In Irving's own record one can see, by the faithfulness of his chronicle, the shadow of the coming change. The most charming episode in his sketch of Little Britain is his story of the Lamb family, the household of the retired butcher and their advance in style, with the rivalry of the Trotter family, and the laggard imitation of the Lamb girls' French bonnets and other innovations by the young ladies of the region. The fortunes made today in Little Britain, the wealth of holders of property or retired merchants in that vicinity, might well mean baronetcies and baronies. Perhaps today the descendants of Lambs and Trotters sit in the House of Lords.

*Reflections in the Old Temple Church*

One who follows over London the paths marked by Irving's record of himself can find his way to the Temple Church, and there behold the tombs of the returned Crusaders. He can go out into the Temple Garden, but will be no more likely to see nursemaids of the type Irving saw, than to see the convivial Dr. Johnson fiery in argument, or the attentive Boswell, busily noting the master's words. If he visits the Charterhouse, he will be told that the clients of the place no longer reside there, though the institution is maintained, and the bounty of the ancient founder continues to protect old men in their helpless years.

# The Voyage of the Victoria



BY CHARLES J. FINGER
WOODCUTS BY PAUL HONORE

## Light on the Dark Ages

*First of a Series*

ONE of the great adventures of history, Magellan's voyage, was as great as that of old Hiuen-Tsaing, or of the Vikings, or of Ludovico Varthema, or of Scott who died in the Antarctic. As a boy the tale of it fired me, so much so that before I gained the year supposed to mark manhood, I was planning to follow his course. That, in part, I did later, following four hundred years or so in his wake, going ashore at his anchorages, living awhile on the island which he made his base in the straits, sailing where the ship that deserted his fleet went, riding inland at the place where he marooned two men, always re-creating in imagination the scenes and happenings.

But reading books written about him by well-meaning but misinformed men who knew nothing of the actual conditions in the straits and elsewhere, and noting what has been taught children in schools, I find I have a desire to write something about the man and his work with a wish to do my share in clearing up a few inaccuracies and misunderstandings. For instance, I quote this from a school history: "Portugal sent Amerigo Vespucci to make further explorations (1501). He followed the coast of South America till Antarctic ice drove him back."

It struck me as being strange that the explorer could have coasted so far south, evidently to Tierra del Fuego, without having seen the straits; for, being stopped by ice, he had presumably long passed the latitude of the opening, and coasting could not have missed it. In another juvenile history I find it said that the men with Columbus feared the coming to the edge of the world and a place where the ships would drop over into nothingness, which seemed to betoken an adventurous spirit that bordered on suicidal insanity and did not at all square with another assurance a few pages before, that the knowledge of the sphericity of the earth had been attained through the Moors.

Perhaps of all those misconceptions the most mischievous is that which sees men of bygone ages as being steeped in ignorance, to the point of being unaware that the earth was a globe. For it must surely be obvious that there were sailors enough, intelligent though unlearned, who had seen the circular visible horizon and its dip at sea, not to mention the phenomenon of hull-down ships outward bound. Yet, somehow, there is in all of us a curious and illusory sensation by which sometimes we get glimpses of a wealth of knowledge in the past and so sit humbly at the feet of past generations with a kind of Confucian admiration, as when we learn of excavations in Babylon or the discoveries of antiquarians in Central America. But at other times we are inclined to look upon ourselves as sitting superior, heirs of the ages high-lifted, regarding all who went before us as utter barbarians; as for instance when we read of Samuel Pepys the public servant learning his multiplication table at the age of thirty; or as when we think of men of the Ice Age, quite forgetting that although they lived thirty thousand years ago, according to the scientists, they had domestic animals, used utensils, sewed skins, drew animals on the walls of caves in a way far more spirited and accurate than many of us can do today.

The truth is that we have a kind of shifting viewpoint, like that of a man in a boat on a wave-swept sea, now in the depths with overtopping waters all about, a moment later on the crests with an extended horizon. More rarely we get a higher and saner viewpoint, the viewpoint of emergence and submergence.

Still more rarely we realize that it is hardly possible to say with safety that a certain people were thus and so at a given time, seeing that there were planes and planes, ignorance here and knowledge there, side by side, refinement touching boorishness, poverty eyeing wealth, judgment rubbing elbows with stupidity, business men keen and alert close to the thriftless, and that it has been so down the ages.

Under the Saracen leader, Kalif Al-Mamun (813-832), the dimensions of the earth had been ascertained, the length of the year had been calculated and correct astronomical data had been obtained. That meant much for the mariner. In every city in the lands bordering the Mediterranean the productions of Arabic literature were copied, collected and translated, and everywhere in the Saracen world were colleges. We have that on the authority of Gibbon.

Just as posterity might turn to a presidential proclamation for evidence of contemporary ideals, so we can turn for evidence of cultural ambition to the order of Al-Amun which ran in part thus: "They are the elect of God, his best and most useful servants, whose lives are devoted to the improvement of their rational faculties; that the teachers of wisdom are the true luminaries and legislators of the world, which without their aid would again sink into ignorance and barbarism." This then is some slight indication of the nature of the foundation upon which the Spanish and Portuguese civilization was built. And from that time, up to and long past the days of Magellan, those were days of emergence, not submergence.

Running parallel with all that

effort to attain, there was admittedly illiteracy, ignorance, credulity and apathy. Wild and extraordinary beliefs were held, and men distorted the stories of explorers, for sensationalism is no new thing. For instance some held that what was unmistakably Paradise had been discovered in India; some that the Wandering Jew walked the earth; some that alchemists had power to turn lead into gold and to rejuvenate the old; some that in parts of the earth were bright-colored sheep, giant birds called rocs able to carry off an elephant in one claw and a hippopotamus in the other. As to this last, there have been guesses that one meant the guanaco of Patagonia, the other the condor, as described by unknown adventurers, but the guess is too far-fetched.

There were traditions, very old and a little puzzling, about a vast continent in the western sea. There was Strabo who had said that the only hindrance in the way of passing from Iberia (Spain) to India was the vastness of the ocean, and he went on to hint at two countries that ran north and south. Then Bembo, in his *History of Venice* (vii, p. 257), told of a French ship once that met with a boatload of strange men (Indians) not far from the English coast, who had apparently come from the western lands. Fact was all mixed with fiction, though there were careful minds which separated one from the other.

Stepping into the life commercial we find immense activity of a kind unsuspected by the average man who has not looked into the matter and who conjures up a picture of petty trading in ramshackle booths, or of merchants going about with baskets and bundles. But there were, in fact, merchant princes very enlightened and very enterprising, like that man of Augsburg, Conrad Roth, who came very near to monopolizing the pepper trade, who established regular shipping service between the Elbe and Lisbon, who as a necessary side line turned to the formation of a postal service between Italy, Germany, France, Spain and Portugal. He died in 1579. Then there was the House of Fugger, also of Augsburg, so wealthy, so well organized, so keen for advantage, that it was able to lend and lose without a whimper eight million ducats to the Hapsburgs and to the Spanish kings. It had agents and correspondents all over the known world who forwarded full reports of events to headquarters to the end that proper policies might be adopted and profit made. It is reasonable to suppose that the mysterious Thomas Tison, who lived somewhere in South America about 1526, was some such agent of a similar house.

The Fugger News-Letters, vastly interesting and important documents, the originals of which are in the Vienna National Library, contain a tremendous amount of history and present a vivid picture of the time. And if ever the reports made for and to the De Haros, another commercial house, are found, light will be shed on much that is now dark and at which we must shrewdly guess. For the De Haros were Antwerp traders dealing in spices and peppers and costly woods and gold dust, their trading points everywhere and anywhere, their ships leaving on unknown missions, their executives men of high training and strict methodical action whose devotion to duty was sincere and who worked patiently for real and enduring results. It is important to know that, when the proper time came, the De Haros gave financial support to Magellan and bore at least a fifth part of the cost of the entire expedition.

We see then a powerful commercial house with an elaborate organization and all kinds of knowledge at its command, full of a spirit of initiative, with intelligent eyes and ears everywhere, its mental forces marshaled, as it were, its leaders men of efficiency, its whole aim the development of trade in new lands; exploitation if you will. Everywhere connected with that house was discipline, everywhere were men of remarkably broad views and sound loyalty. But at the courts, both Spanish and Portuguese, there was a different atmosphere. There were men with ulterior motives, men petty and jealous aiming at their own narrow advantages, men given to befogging issues with long speeches, objections and precedents, overbearing churchmen, subtle sycophants, courtiers grotesque and ridiculous, a royal master surrounded with flatterers.



Ships of the House of De Haro on trade explorations had found the strait and Schoner made his map from information furnished by the mariners themselves.

Apparently two active groups had to do with Magellan, one of these with a clear-cut policy, the other with no policy at all. One with knowledge and information, the other without. One a commercial machine acting as a unit, the other a loose aggregation of individuals separated by jealousy and suspicion. Suppose there was previous knowledge of the existence of a strait leading to the Pacific, which of the groups would be most likely to have the information? Which would be more

eager to forward matters? Certainly in considering world affairs it does not do to overlook the dominant influence of commerce.

As to the question of knowledge of a strait let it be said that when finally the royal permission was given for the expedition, the purpose was set forth in these words: *para buscar el estrecho*, that is, *to search for the strait*—not to see if there was a strait, but, it would seem, to hunt for a strait the existence of which was already known. Still, to hang so much on so small a peg, a word that well might be a pen slip or the error of a clerk, would be silly were it not for other circumstances. And these are the circumstances in brief:

First, consider Prince Henry the Navigator, issue of the marriage of King John of Portugal and daughter of John of Gaunt. In his youth he studied navigation while living austerely in his castle near Cape St. Vincent; then there were activities, voyages, discoveries, the founding of the slave trade and the furnishing of free labor in the mines and plantations of the conquistadores.

In 1419 Prince Henry discovered Porto Santo by accident, his ship being forced to run before a gale. The discovery of Madeira then came as a matter of course. How far he went, what seas he sailed is not known. But there is an interesting passage written years later by one Antonio Galvao, in his *Tratado* which runs:

"In the yeere 1428, it is written that Don Peter, the king of Portugal's eldest sonne (brother to Prince Henry), was a great traveller. He went into England, France, Almaine, and from thence into the Holy Land, and to other places; and came home by Italie, taking Rome and Venice in his way; from whence he brought a map of the world which had all the parts of the world and earth described. The Streight of Magellan was called in it the Dragon's Taile." (This would indicate that the existence of South America was known at least 64 years before the voyage of Columbus.)

Second, there is the case of Schoner and his maps. Schoner was professor of mathematics in Nuremburg, in 1515. As may be seen by the copy of the map made that year and another made later, but very much like the first, his outline of South America is fairly correct, with that correctness which a map-maker might attain working from a description, or from a rough chart furnished by some uneducated navigator. There is a strait shown, not flung in at random by any means, but situated approximately about latitude 45 degrees, or nearly seven degrees north of the correct position. If Schoner guessed, he made a most remarkably lucky shot, getting not one, but two bull's-eyes, for, almost in the correct position to the east of the straits is shown a group of islands, clearly corresponding to the Falklands, but which, according to history, were not discovered until 1592.

Again, turning to the Ruysch map of the world, made in 1507, there may be seen a notation written across that part marked as Santa Cruz Land, to the effect that Portuguese ships had sailed as far south as latitude 50 degrees. Add to that the fact that the curious gentleman who came out of Italy, to sail as passenger with the Magellan expedition, has this in his notebook:

"The captain knew that he had to navigate through a very well-concealed strait, having seen it in a chart preserved in the treasury of the King of Portugal and made by Martin of Bohemia, a man of parts great."




The southern extremity of South America, showing the Strait of Magellan, said to have been notated as the "Dragon's Taile" by Prince Henry of Portugal 64 years before Columbus discovered America.

Finally, not to make too long a tale of the matter, there is an old German pamphlet, a translation made from the Portuguese about 1514, which is the record of a voyage made by the writer, "a strong friend of his captain." It was an expedition financed by several merchants, a Christoffel de Haro one of them, and, in the course of the voyage the mariners found a strait going from east to west, "Mallaque not being far distant."

If that was not the passage between Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, what was it?

What seems probable is this: The House of De Haro was active in trade extension. Their ships were everywhere, in parts known and unknown. On one of those trade explorations the strait had been found and reported to Christoffel De Haro, and Schoner made his map from information received from the mariners themselves. The De Haros kept the information and their counsel, seeing a possible way to the Spice Islands, with a strong probability that new lands would be discovered, meanwhile waiting proper opportunity to fit out a stronger expedition with a strong man to command it. Opportunity presented itself when political conditions were right for action. The Magellan expedition had the appearance of a government affair, but the real springs of action were hidden in commercialism, and royalty, and those about the royal figure were much as pawns in the hands of astute men who knew what they wanted and the easiest way to get it.

As for the argument of the improbability of a lone ship making so daring a voyage to the far south when an organized fleet experienced such difficulty, that is weak. Both the fury of the southern seas as well as the danger of the straits has been exaggerated. The Vikings did many daring things. Or take the case of the buccaneer, Captain Sharp, who tried to find the Magellan Straits from the west and rounded Cape Horn in a rough season all unknowing that there was any such way into the Atlantic. Or, what of Captain Slocum who sailed down the Atlantic Coast alone in his sloop, the *Spray?* For the matter of that, I, with two companions, coasted south from Bahia Blanca and through the straits in a cutter, nor was the feat in any way memorable, and only exciting long later, when we were wrecked off the coast of Tierra del Fuego, our craft being light of cargo at the time.

# Where the Buffalo Survives

SOME transcontinental trains serve prime buffalo steaks and roasts on their dining cars, the buffalo being taken from private herds supported by the railroad serving the meat. On October 17, 1909, thirty-seven head of buffalo were turned upon the range established by a railroad near Ravalli, Montana, and today the herd numbers five hundred. Each year it is necessary to dispose of a number of the animals in order to keep the herd within the food capacity of the reserve. There are six nationally owned buffalo herds in the United States. The two largest are in Yellowstone National Park and the Montana National Bison range. The Canadian herd, located in the Wainwright National Park, is reported to contain 10,000 head.

Sixty years ago the Indians of the West subsisted mainly upon the buffalo and as long as the supply held out they were able to defy the white men. The flesh was excellent food, and when sun-dried would last for a long time. The hides were used for lodge material, winter clothing, harness, boats (in the form of the Missouri River coracles), shields and various other necessities. Different uses were found for the bones and horns. The sinews were used for thread by the Indian women. At no time did the Indian kill buffalo merely for the love of killing. It is true that in the later stage of the buffalo the white traders encouraged the Indians to kill indiscriminately and as the buffalo hide became a valuable commodity the slaughter increased. From 1860 on an army of white hide hunters, with the aid of their Indian allies, followed the herds and killed so many that careful estimates indicate that on the average 2,000,000 hides a year were sent to market between the years 1865 and 1875. The hides were stacked like cordwood on the banks of the Missouri waiting for the fleet of steamers to take them down to St. Louis to market. The price per hide was $1.00.

The hides for the most part were made into robes, although a poor grade of leather was also made. The "wool" was spun and made into cloth for gloves but this industry did not long survive.

# The Gorilla at Home

## This Anthropoid, Usually Very Peaceable, Is Much Maligned

By C. R. ASCHEMEIER



IN THE early part of 1916 I was asked to accompany Professor R. L. Garner—better known as the "monkey man"—to the French Congo, to procure a collection of natural history specimens for the Smithsonian Institution, particularly the anthropoid apes occurring in that locality, namely, the gorilla and the chimpanzee. After much delay, we left New York City on December 18, 1916, bound first for Bordeaux, France, where we made a month's stay, finally sailing on the French steamer *Afrique*, since wrecked in the treacherous Bay of Biscay with five hundred persons aboard. In due course we reached Dakar, Senegal, our first stop on the coast of Africa, docking at sunset, just as many of the Senegalese, who are Mohammedans, were at prayers with their faces toward Mecca. Their flowing robes of many colors made a very vivid picture.

At Cape Lopez a few trading posts and the natives of a village were all that welcomed us. I had imagined that I would see gorillas on the spot, but it was quite a while before I saw any—in fact not until we had gone up a river from Cape Lopez to Lake N'Kami. My very first one was a youngster, captured in the bush by natives who had killed the mother. It tried hard to get away, but did not scratch or bite.

While in the French Congo I saw gorillas in nearly every kind of country—on the plain (though close to the bush); in hilly and in marshy country; in trees and in the deep bush, in short, everywhere but on an island where I saw chimpanzees. However, gorillas seemed to like the deep jungle.

I had my first view of a full-grown gorilla a while later, when I was on the plains looking for buffalo or some other animal that might replenish our larder. I saw what first looked like a human footprint, but my guide said: "N'gina"—meaning gorilla—and I was thrilled with the thought that I might see a full-grown ape. In pidgin English my guide told me to follow him cautiously because, as he said, the beast had just passed. The print was at least twelve inches long, and, as I was wearing a number seven shoe, my foot was entirely lost in it.

Upon coming around an edge of the bush, we were rewarded by a view of a magnificent, full-grown gorilla, sitting on a limb in a medium-sized tree. It did not appear to mind us at first, and I stood for about two minutes looking at it—which is a very long time for a gorilla to remain still after seeing anything, especially a human being. But when it moved it did so very quickly, using its immense arms to great advantage, and soon disappeared.

While I came across many gorillas in my wanderings in the bush, a few encounters and "brushes" with them stand out more prominently than others, and it was while stopping with Chief Edembi, that I had the good fortune to have dealings with a large family group of gorillas. We were at the chief's village on Lake Ngovi, and in the early morning, while eating "chop," a native came across the lake to tell Chief Edembi that the "N'gina" were ruining his plantation of bananas and plantains, and would "white man please come for shoot him."



The author modeling a bust of a gorilla. To the right is shown one of the large specimens collected by Mr. Aschemeier on his journey in Africa.

I needed no second invitation; and calling my faithful guide and helper, Pambo, I started for the place in a canoe accompanied by two other natives, making as much speed as possible. Upon arriving, Pambo and I hurried along until we came to several plantain stalks which the gorillas had pulled over. At first this seemed to be only wanton destruction, but we found that the animals had apparently been looking for the right-flavored ones, as the inner part of some were pulled out and eaten. We thought our quarry had escaped; but upon glancing toward some tall trees on the edge of the plantation, Pambo exclaimed:

"He live for tree!"

Sure enough, two of them were just climbing up a thick vine hanging from the top of a large tree, and cautiously we made our way toward them. By careful maneuvering we got nearly to the foot of the tree, watching them intently all the while. I counted eight in one tree which appeared to be eating something, and fortunately their backs were turned to us.

I consulted with Pambo as to which one to fire upon; and while we were whispering and pointing, two or three animals on the ground which we had not noticed gave a warning cry. Action was the word! Down the vine the gorillas started. I fired, and brought down a fine male specimen, while on the others came, hand-over-hand fashion, at least twenty-five in all.

For a long time I stood there, studying this mighty beast of sinew and muscle which I had killed, fully realizing that it could, with little effort, have torn me limb from limb when alive.

It was late when we got back to the village. Edembi was much pleased to know that I had procured an "N'gina" to be "put in the house"—meaning the museum. I tied a tent fly about the gorilla, also a bell, as leopards were prowling around the village at night. The bell rang several times during the night, scaring off the leopards. At daybreak the next morning I measured the beast, skinned it, and preserved the skeleton, which I tied high up on a bamboo pole that night on account of the leopards, which would not be denied, however, and badly mutilated one of the shoulder blades by leaping upon the skeleton from the ground. During my two months stay at Anguanamo the leopards killed fifteen natives and wounded three.

Finally I bade goodby to Edembi, and started for Ogouma, which was several days by canoe. On the way my helmet blew off, and as I backed the large canoe to recover it, some clay, which had been packed in the stern to stop a big hole, washed out, and for the next twenty minutes the paramount issue was speed, both in bailing and in paddling the canoe to shore. The water was very rough; and had we gone a half-mile farther we would all have been lost, as the lake widened out to nearly four miles at its widest part. We sank, but luckily in shallow water.

Arriving at Ogouma after an exciting trip, we put up in an old bamboo house, formerly used as a trading post by an Englishman. Ogouma was the scene of many a stirring gorilla hunt.

At Ogouma the Rembo N'Kami is very narrow, and on hearing a commotion on the opposite bank, Pambo, another native and I crossed in a canoe to investigate. The noise had ceased by the time we reached the other side, and Pambo suggested that they should scout around while I waited for them at the meeting of two trails. After a long wait I heard a shot; and after a short while I heard another. Of course, I believed that the second shot meant that the quarry was ours, but such, however, was not the case. Presently both natives came running. Pambo said he had shot one gorilla while in the midst of about twenty of them, and that "dey done live for come katch him." Both of them looked it, as their loin cloths had been torn by the bush as well as their bodies.

Professor Garner suggested that I make a trip up to Eschira by a trail which had been used by no less a personage than Paul du Chaillu, the discoverer of the gorilla. It is, however, claimed by some that the gorilla was first seen by Andrew Battel, an Englishman, during his wanderings in the bush after escaping from his Portuguese captors.

So, leaving Ogouma with a small group of carriers, we reached Kruso, the first town in Eschira, where we put up for the night. Presently a native came to my hut and asked me to come and talk to his chief, and, as I spoke both pidgin and N'Kami, I readily assented.

I was conducted to the hut of the chief, a very old man, lying on a native mat beside a smoking fire. After wishing me "M'bolo" (Good day, Sir), he asked me what had become of Du Chaillu. He said he had accompanied the latter on some of his hunts while a boy; that they had called him "Paully," and that Du Chaillu had shot a gorilla not far from the town. The chief also said that the famous explorer was a fearless man.

Resuming our march the next day, we reached the St. Croix Mission, and were very hospitably received by Pére Remey, a French Catholic priest. The priest was quite a hunter himself, and, having been in the country a long time, he had had many exciting encounters with gorillas. The mission overlooked a large plain, and in the distance loomed a lofty mountain; but my stay was cut to one week, as a native arrived with a note from Professor Garner, begging me to return at once as he was very ill and had to go to a hospital on the coast. So I bade Pére Remey farewell, and made Kruso in the middle of the night. At daybreak I was again on the way, leaving the carriers to bring up the rear. Rain fell unceasingly for a day and a night; and after crawling on a log across a swollen stream, I made a safe landing.

The next day was Sunday. We were in need of meat, and a native came in to say that he had seen an antelope not far off in the bush. I at once took my gun and followed him. Penetrating a thick growth of bush, I saw the outlines of a beautiful antelope, and, taking aim, I brought it down. Returning to the house, I sent some boys to bring it in. While preparing this antelope, we heard a great commotion across the river, which at first sounded like wild hogs. But suddenly a terrific gorilla-yell split the air, and it seemed as if the pigs and the gorillas were disputing the right to be found together on the same place in that bush.

I gave Pambo a gun, and sent him to investigate. One boy accompanied him. I was busy with the antelope when I heard a shot, a roar, another shot and another roar; then a third shot—and silence.

A little after dark Pambo and his companion came in, the former saying he had shot a gorilla. He had broken the animal's arm with the first shot; it had tried to get at him while thus disabled; the second shot had slowed it up, and the third had finished it. The boys had tied it to two stout poles, but it had proved too heavy for them to bring in unaided. So, taking a lantern, I set out with seven boys. For a time we were lost and had to wade in water up to our necks; but finally we located the gorilla and carried him to the canoe; but it was a task even for seven boys to carry the huge beast.

Ill as Professor Garner was, he managed to get down to the beach to look at the animal, pronouncing it to be a very fine specimen. This particular gorilla is now mounted and on exhibition in the United States National Museum; it has a reach of eight feet, is over five feet three in height, and weighed in the neighborhood of three hundred and fifty pounds.

One of the most frequent questions asked me in regard to the gorilla is whether they carry off natives, especially women, into the bush. There is absolutely no truth in this story, and whenever I inquired in regard to it, the natives of the gorilla country always answered in the negative, accompanied by a laugh.

An interesting thing about the gorilla is its partiality for porcupine meat. Not only did I learn this from the natives, but I personally noticed that the feces of the animals often contained porcupine quills. Fruit also constitutes part of the gorillas' food; I have often seen them in trees eating fruit of different kinds.

The gorilla is among the least-known animals, and very little has been learned of its habits. As a rule, they generally see the hunter first, and do not stop for a "conversation."

The fierceness of the gorilla has been greatly exaggerated. It will retreat in most cases when it has a chance, and only when cornered or wounded will it put up a fight; it has some "notches" to its credit, where the hunter has come out second best. Several natives showed me what the gorilla had done to them—one woman's face had been badly mutilated as a gorilla had knocked her unconscious by a single blow from his ponderous hand, and another native had had the calf of his leg horribly mangled by the animal.

But when one is getting evidence from natives, it is always best to have proof before making assertions; were one to believe all the stories told of the gorilla, the beast would be a monster, indeed.

The gorilla is, of course, protected to a certain extent, but ought to be protected to the letter, or it will soon become extinct. While some natives do not partake of its flesh, others are, however, very fond of it. I discouraged this practice all that I could, and by the time I left the country many had given it up. But for how long I could not say, though I sincerely trust it was permanent.

Such hunters as go to West Africa for sport generally leave the gorilla alone; but the over-ambitious scientific collector must be curbed, or the animal will soon be exterminated. Personally, I collected but three—for a group—together with nine chimpanzees; but the latter are much more plentiful, and, of course, I could have taken a great many more of both.

# Uncle Sam Smashes Dishes to Study Them

By GEORGE H. DACY

THE dish juggling and dish smashing stunts of slapstick comedy have been duplicated latterly in Uncle Sam's scientific shops at Washington where national experimenters have broken 6,000 dishes and 8,000 samples of table glassware, plate and window glass in order to study them.

These extraordinary tests have proved that made-in-America china and glassware are more durable than the best of imported goods. The largest restaurants and hotels report that they lose one dish out of every five by breakage each year. One Chicago hostelry reports a $50,000 dish breakage bill annually. Many millions of dollars' worth of plates, cups, glasses and saucers are shattered because of fragility of imported chinaware.

The Washington strength tests in the national laboratories have proved American dishes and glassware to be the best. At present, eight of the leading hotels in this country are conducting service tests of American and imported crockery and glassware. Experts say that these worthiness investigations will also demonstrate the superiority of our domestic goods.

An iron ball attached to a pendulum was allowed to fall different distances and strike the various specimens of crockery and glassware in these novel strength trials. In each case, tab was kept on the weight of the ball and the length of the arc through which it was swung. Tests in which glass tumblers were exposed to sterilization temperatures and boiling water have proved that machine-made glasses which cost one-half as much are as durable as handmade specimens.



All kinds of structural glass have been tested in mammoth tryout machines which are capable of exerting a pressure of as much as 100,000 pounds. Gravity shot towers have also been used in developing stress and strain in the glass samples. Severe water pressure has been harnessed to duplicate the wild forces which wind and storm use to buffet against plate-glass windows in stores and private homes. Never before in the history of glass manufacture has so much valuable material been destroyed in order to solve all its secrets. The results will revolutionize certain phases of the dishware industry.

# Chats with Office Callers



"Speaking of the sale of National Cash Register stock," said ***The Business Expert from New York,*** as he dropped into The Office, "I suppose you remember the stories that used to be current about the National's methods of stamping out competition. Well, most of them were true. The early days of Standard Oil had nothing to teach the National about getting rid of competition. I knew Mr. Patterson very well, and ordinarily he could be described as a wise man, but he was never business man enough to put the right value on his competitor-busting methods. It was extremely costly; it was extremely un-American; it was extremely unbusinesslike, but I am sure that John H. never saw it that way. The irony of it all was that the National never triumphed over its competitors in the way John H. Patterson thought it did. It won its triumphs in its invention department. They were always making a better and more serviceable cash register. They were always putting more value into it—more ideas—more usefulness. And that was what won. It was not the competitor-busting that won. If the invention department had not kept making a better cash register all the time, the activities of the competitor-busting department would have ruined the business. But John H. never saw that."

❦ ❦ ❦

***The Midwestern Clergyman*** came into The Office:

"The wide-open Continental Sunday," said he, "is foreign to the American Spirit.

"It is an importation, an adaptation and it will not thrive.

"Bishop Manning, a short time ago, startled the Church world by advocating a wide-open Sunday. Clergymen from all over America came back, some with condemnations, some with approval, and some offering halfway agreements with the Bishop.

"I watched the progress of this discussion and it seems that the consensus of opinion boils down to these five general agreements:

"First: That the United States does not want the wide-open Continental Sunday.

"Second: That most Clergymen feel that it is no more harmful for a poor man to play on Sunday than it is for a rich man—and most rich men whom I know play all day Sunday. How is it with you in Detroit?

"Third: That wholesome play is not harmful nor irreligious on the Sabbath.

"Fourth: That commercialized play is a bad thing on Sunday; that it keeps men from doing the very thing that the Sabbath was instituted for; that of getting recreation themselves.

"Fifth: Most of the responses to Bishop Manning indicated that two-thirds of the preachers were willing that the whole matter should be tested by what Jesus said: which is that the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath.

"In Hutchinson's *One Increasing Purpose*, there is a glimpse given of a happy, normal English home. I was deeply impressed with one incident. On Saturday night at eleven-thirty the dancing stopped among the young people. A visitor asked the beautiful daughter of the house why. She said: 'Oh, Father just doesn't like for us to go frolicking into Sunday you see.'

"Frolicking into Sunday. It's a good phrase that Mr. Hutchinson has given us.

"It about sums up what we think about it in the United States. We are old-fashioned enough not to like the business of 'frolicking into Sunday.'

"The business of 'frolicking into' and 'frolicking' through the Sabbath is a European importation which does not set well with our original American ways.

"Will the European change us? We shall see. There are a lot of him coming this way. Maybe there will be so many that even this old American tradition and prejudice against 'frolicking into Sunday' will go, along with a lot of other truly great American traditions.

"At least we ought to be aware that there is real danger of having the Continental Sunday substituted for our American Sabbath. I am told that most of the actors of America, including the Equity Association and the Vaudeville Organizations would prefer not to play on the Sabbath but Jewish theatrical owners compel them to play."

❦ ❦ ❦

"We have taken a turn for the better," said ***the Man from the Next Room*** who had been away from town. "There seems to be a scent of spring in the moral atmosphere. The people are 'rounding to,' showing that fads may come and fashions go, but blood tells. I detect a distinct return to normalcy, so to speak, in newspapers of the better type and in magazines. Of course we shall always have the opposite kind, but their power to influence the higher types has been definitely lost. The Menckens may stay with us, but they will descend more and more to the status of vaudevillians in intelligent esteem. All our critics who hailed a new era in the idiosyncracies of the irresponsible 'artists' of recent months are being definitely shelved. The old substantialities are coming back into favor, and those who refused to bow the knee to Baal are in the finest kind of position. Even the comic strips of our newspapers are beginning to show signs of returning decency and sense. Youth also is exhibiting its real quality and has cast aside the disguises under which it recently masqueraded; it has come through unscathed.

"And why should it not be so? Of what stock are we that we should go to pieces in a generation? Who are we that the ends of the world in moral collapse should come upon us? Was that to be the end of centuries of building on the part of our fathers? Hardly. There was always in our race the long, long reserve of moral endurance and resiliency. The very life in us is of such long and fine descent that it cannot be corrupted. The power of the good to stage a come-back is unparalleled. Nothing else can. The most dangerous loss of faith a man can sustain is to lose his faith in the unrivaled endurance of the morally good and the inevitable response of his race to it, when it calls deeply."

❦ ❦ ❦

"One thing that does not look well in America," ***said a Massachusetts Man,*** "is the prosperity-in-spots which is noticeable here. That means adversity-in-spots. Go through the South and the industrial opportunities are few, the agricultural opportunities numerous but hard. Go into New England and the factory chimneys are cold, the gates closed. They tell us that industry is shifting—cotton to the South, shoes to the Middle West. But it would seem that this great country has sufficient internal need to keep each district normally busy in supplying itself. All parts of the country should be busy and happy. Of course, in a sense, retribution has fallen upon New England. It never was able to see anything in industry but low wages and high dividends. This brought labor unions in, and in the fight between unfair unions and unfair bosses, industry was killed. Industry was always a means to a private end with its owners. And now 'Ichabod' has been written over the once leading industrial section of the country—'the glory has departed.' The most completely unionized part of the country is now deprived of industry. It need not have departed; it could have spread—had management been better and labor been fairer. Rule or ruin was the motto of both sides, and ruin threatens both."

❦ ❦ ❦

"I used to know old John Burroughs," said ***the Man from Virginia,*** "and it was an unceasing delight to watch his ways. The impression he made on me was one of insatiable curiosity. He wanted to know about everything. He quickly got through the superficial facts and came to the shore of mystery, in every simple thing. He found as much mystery in a chicken as in a man. It was rather amusing the way he would admit that an old hen baffled him. The first time I met the old philosopher-naturalist I was driving an air-cooled motor car—one of the old type. Mr. Burroughs noticed the difference in the shape of the thing and immediately began to ask questions. Then he made me lift the hood and describe the internal anatomy of the thing. It was not like an expert machinist asking questions, but an alert mind trying to find its way through the unfamiliar field of machinery. Once on the track he never let go. We went for a ride and crossed a bridge which ran above a railroad track. A freight train was coming. The smoke curled up through the interstices of the boards in the bridge. 'Stop!' said John Burroughs, 'I always count the freight cars.'

"I think that typifies the spirit of youth which he maintained so long—he always counted the freight cars."

# Will Palestine Ever Pay Its Board?

(*Concluded from page 13*)

came her people, their God should be her God. The Jews believed that when they were in Egypt Jehovah heard a language which He understood not, and they asked "How can we sing Jehovah's song in a strange land?" The god went with the land.

The disruption which followed Solomon's reign of glory found for the first time in the history of mankind two nations worshiping the same God. And later, when Palestine overflowed and swarmed, the Jews found that their religion was portable. In Babylon they devised the Synagogue, an institution not provided for in the Law of Moses, and, in spite of all the partially successful efforts of the authorities to centralize the Jewish religion, at Jerusalem, the local places of worship prevailed not only in Palestine but wherever there was a considerable number of Jews. The God of the Old Testament could be worshiped in any land. The *Book of Jonah*, is some noble soul's testimony to a faith that God had a right to be heard in Nineveh, and that Nineveh, which had already gone down to doom before this book was written, and had died in its gross polytheism, might have been saved to a nobler life if Israel had done its duty. The God of the Jews could be found anywhere. A Jew might take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea and yet find God. That was a great and late discovery.

*A Wilderness That Will Not Blossom*

But while this faith had its important bearing on the continuity of the Jewish race or races, for they are by no means unmixed, it did not tend to give them a land; and cruel persecution has kept them sighing for a national home, which very few of them have cared to occupy! While Baron Rothschild was securing, with lavish gifts, an increase of 30,000 Jews in Palestine in 30 years, the Jews in the United States have increased in 40 years from about 200,000 to at least three million. There is not the slightest probability that the migration of Jews to Palestine will begin to be as great as it is to the United States. I know no reason why we should not be glad to see every Jew resident in Palestine who cares to go there especially if he will work when he gets there.

Palestine has no iron, no coal, no navigable streams, no harbors. It has a limited area of tillable soil. The Valley of Esdraelon, or Meggiddo, is as rich as the land in an American prairie. The Jews have bought great patches of it. They will till it somewhat better than the Arabs have done, but not very much better. That land is now cultivated and has been cultivated for thousands of years. If the Jews bring more scientific methods, as they probably will, they will somewhat increase the productivity of even the fertile portions of Palestine. And, if they draw water from the Sea of Galilee and the Jordan and irrigate land that is now sterile, as they propose to do, that will be almost net gain. But neither the Jews nor anyone else will till the wilderness of Judea, nor produce paying crops on the denuded hills of Ephraim. There will not be increase of fertility proportionate to the increase of population.

And under the best of conditions what can Palestine export?

There is available for export, barley, in limited quantities, olive oil, and oranges, and not a very great amount of any of these. Jaffa oranges still are good. I ate them instead of drinking water between meals, when I rode horseback through Palestine twenty-five years ago, and it was good to get back and find them still juicy and appetizing. But they grow oranges in Florida and in California as well as on the coast plain near Jaffa. Can Palestine ever export anything that will somewhat nearly even the balance of trade? Money is there now, but it is not money which was dug out of the soil either as ore or as a crop. Can Palestine ever support itself with a much greater population than it has at the present time?

Here is where the American tourist is misled. He is shown a number of thrifty Jewish colonies, some of which are bringing sterile land under cultivation. He is shown a fine flour mill and a large cement factory at Haifa. But he is not shown any crop product proportionate to the money expended. It is too soon to expect that, perhaps; very well, he is not shown any real promise that there can be increase proportionate to the money spent, and that money is given by rich Jews, who prefer to live in New York and not in Jerusalem. Furthermore, this tourist is not shown any smoke emerging from the smokestacks of the cement factory or the flour m ll, and the longer he stays the less smoke he is likely to see. Both those institutions are bankrupt. They cannot run without coal, and every pound of coal must be imported. It is cheaper to import the flour and the cement.

Cement—there are shiploads of it. The roads are white with its leakage. It means sanitary construction, rat-proof construction. It is to be commended. But that cement was made in Germany. It can be laid down on the dock in Haifa very much cheaper than Haifa can ever produce it. Not every American tourist learns this fact. He sees the cement factory and sees the new cement construction; they are strangers to each other. What can Palestine produce that will support and construct and transport? It has automobiles, but it has to import every pint of gasoline. It has factories but they cannot afford to operate. Its industrial future would seem to depend upon its sheep-raising, its vineyards, and a very limited agricultural development. There will be no reaction for a good while. Money now is flowing in and will continue to flow in quantities still larger. But if Palestine ever has to pay for its board on the plan of its present bill of fare, it will have a sorry reckoning.



The second "Station of the Cross" is situated in this quaint old street.

The most conspicuous monument of the recent Jewish ascendancy is the new Hebrew University in Jerusalem. Lord Balfour, who snatched Palestine away from its possessors to present it to a small minority of its inhabitants, thereby to please the Jews of Europe and America, was present at its dedication. The Moslems did not love him, but refrained in general from hostile demonstrations. Feeling, however, is deep and bitter. The people of Syria and Palestine had reason to expect that the pledges of Great Britain and France would be fulfilled and that the end of the War would give them independence. Instead, France gobbled Syria, and the result already is bitter and bloody. Britain, that did not want Palestine for herself, gave it, without herself owning it, to the Jews. Some people think that was a glorious act, and that it fulfilled prophecy and wrought justice. But a large majority of those who live in Palestine and whose interests are affected by this gesture, the Moslems and the Christians, view the whole performance with displeasure and deep misgiving. So far as they can see, Great Britain might with equal justice have presented the United States to the descendants of the red tribes who once owned this country, and have called upon the world to applaud its act as one of long deferred justice. A fairly good case could be made for such a transfer.

*The Moslems Do Not Love Balfour*

Palestine is well policed by the British soldiery. I found myself admiring the courtesy and courage of the young soldier lads who were doing their duty.

There is no indication that the Jews will attempt any plan of governing Palestine. Such an undertaking would be too sanguinary for pleasant contemplation. I should be inclined to think that any gesture on the part of the Jews toward the setting up of a government of their own would be likely to result in a revolt that would wipe out the whole Jewish population. However, the leaders of the Zionist movement hope for the time when they will be in the majority and can do as they like.

There is no unified and accepted program of Zionism. There is hope of establishing a series of colonies, so many of them and so large, that the Jews who choose to make their home there can feel that the land is theirs. There is hope for a congenial, coherent, united population, whose support is based on agriculture. Beyond that there is very wide difference of opinion.

But however many Jews are persuaded to live in Palestine, the average Jew in Poland who seeks to migrate—and one cannot wonder if they all have that desire—thinks not of Jerusalem but of New York City as the city of his hope, and America as the land of promise.

# Galli-Curci Swayed by Swedish Mystic

(*Continued from page 8*)

Ralph Waldo Emerson, poet and writer, educated for the church, delved into Swedenborg as he wrote his *Representative Men* and declared him one of the "missouriums and mastodons of literature," not to be measured by whole colleges of ordinary scholars, but whom only a few may read.

President Charles Eliot of Harvard University and Five Foot Book Shelf fame, in his youth, was a considerable reader of Swedenborg. One may see the reflex of it in his article entitled, *The New Religion*.

Can you believe that Galli-Curci, known as one of the great opera singers of the world, and all her life devoted to art and music, could take a summer's vacation, read those thirty-two volumes and master them with an understanding more vital than student or preacher?

About two years ago there appeared in a Cleveland paper a paragraph that, among her other accomplishments, Galli-Curci had read all the theological writings of Emanuel Swedenborg. The claim seemed so absurd that I thought it might be easily punctured by a simple inquiry as to the edition. I therefore wrote directly to Madame Galli-Curci and promptly came the reply:

Des Moines, Iowa.
Nov. 12th, 1923.
Dear Mr. Barron:

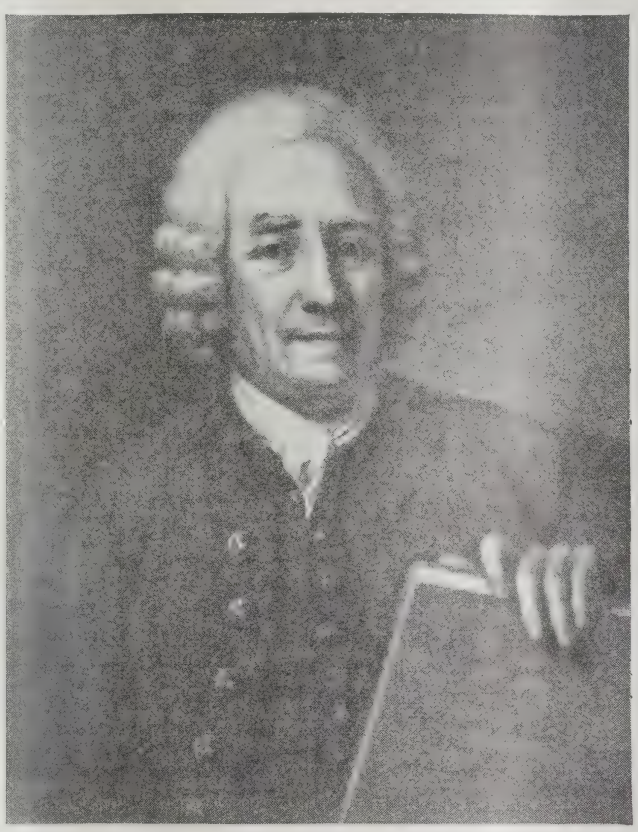
I have your letter of the 7th inst. Yes, I have read in the past year the complete Swedenborg Works, in fact it is the Rotch Edition of Houghton Mifflin & Co. that I have.

You ask me what my relation is today to his works. Now that is a "large order." I can say certainly that the Bible to me is a greater work than it was before. By that I mean it takes on a deeper meaning. I have a tremendous respect for the intellect of Swedenborg. His direct simplicity of style and sincerity of purpose together with the fact of his intensive study and accomplishment in other fields are enough for me to put the stamp of truth on his entire Works. I am certain that I shall continue to study them all my life.

Believe me Sincerely yours,
A. Galli-Curci.

My astonishment was intensified. I had caused the publication of the Rotch Edition of Swedenborg's works in 1907, the translation of which, for this edition, began thirty years before; and I have been for some years chairman of the Rotch Trustees.

Familiar over many years with Swedenborg's general theological writings, I had set out to read the entire thirty-two volumes preparatory to an advertising campaign for the sale of this edition. Reading a few pages each day—about all that an ordinary brain could daily digest—I finished my self-imposed task in fourteen years. I shall probably finish a second reading, at my present rate of progress, in perhaps ten years. Is it possible that a woman with no previous knowledge or relation to these books had really intelligently read them within a year?



Emanuel Swedenborg, scientist, theologian and thinker.

I therefore wrote again and received a reply from Los Angeles, of date June 5, 1924:

> It is quite surprising the number of letters I have had regarding my interest in Swedenborg—which leads me to believe that there are more people interested than we probably imagine.
>
> I note your expressed wish to have a chat with me, but owing to my foreign bookings I shall not be in Boston again for at least a year and a half.

I replied that I would travel quite a distance to meet her for a half-hour's chat as I was interested in advertising to the public the value that was in Swedenborg's works. I suggested that perhaps it might be arranged when she came east of the Rocky Mountains or was at her summer home in the Catskills. Appointment was made for September by letter in which Galli-Curci wrote as follows:

> I think I ought to tell you that I hardly feel competent to give very valuable advice. I do not claim to fully understand so gigantic a work as Swedenborg's, but I read it continuously and it has meant much to me. I wonder how the general public would receive it? Certainly there are some to whom it would mean much.
>
> In a previous letter, of March 3, 1924, to a friend of mine, she had written:
>
> I first became acquainted with the Swedenborg works last spring just a few weeks after I had lost my dear mother in April. I, of course, had known of Swedenborg as one of the greatest intellects of all time, and by a peculiar coincidence, just after the death of my mother, I received a circular describing the Rotch Edition of the works and lost no time in sending for the complete set which absorbed me during my entire summer vacation. They have meant and mean more to me than anything else I have ever read. It is a great experience to have one's intuitions corroborated by so eminent a mind as Swedenborg.

I motored up into the Catskills, and by a rough mountain road from Highmount to still greater heights at *Sul Monte*, the beautiful Galli-Curci home perched upon a mountain spur twenty-five hundred feet above sea level and commanding a magnificent panorama in the valley below, with fields and orchards; and lakes and mountains beyond. Here it is not Galli-Curci, but Mr. and Mrs. Homer Samuels at home in a perfect Italian villa and courtyard, the stone-wrought buildings most artistically arranged; the home beautifully furnished, everything having its position, its service and its beauty.

It looked as though this sun-kissed nest might have been perched here for many years. "We have been here only two years," she said, "but we did a lot of planning and studying before we built."

The large reception room and library looks out east and west. To the south is the beautiful music room in the form of a chapel and on the north side of the room is the wall of books in the center of which were the thirty-two volumes in the half-leather edition which Madame Galli-Curci describes in her writings as: "My admirable Swedenborg whom I love to read," and of which Houghton Mifflin people say: "It is the handsomest set of books we ever issued"—this, of course, pleasing to me, as I had selected the binding, the type and the paper with the cream tint that every newspaperman knows is most restful to the eye.

One volume was missing, but it lay upon

the table and Madame explained that she had recently been showing it to a friend. But the book showed that it had been thoroughly read.

Hours flew like minutes. I wasn't the questioner. Mr. and Mrs. Samuels were at me with the sharpest and deepest questions. They seemed in perfect harmony, mentally and spiritually, as in their work in music.

She wanted to know about the "Grand Man" that which had not seemed clear to her. Responding, I told her about the wonderful things in *The Apocalypse Explained,* which Swedenborg had left in manuscript and which was later published, but had not been included in the Rotch Edition, limited to the works (including *The Apocalypse Revealed*) that he had himself published and deposited in the libraries of the world. In this work she would find many wonderful things on this subject. But it would be easier to comprehend it if she would forego the idea of time and space and consider, as Swedenborg says in *The Apocalypse Explained,* that every society in the heavens connects with some organ of the human body and helps to sustain it. Therefore the heavens have the organization of the "Grand Man," but we need not think of it as shape or figure.

***Read Thirty-Two Volumes in One Season***

"Yes," exclaimed her husband, "I see it; it is organization." I explained, also, how the *Psalms* likewise connected with every society of the heavens, and how the world within and without was knit together in one grand poem and song of creation, man in the image of his Maker and knit into Him through the heavens, from which he has life in every organ of his body.

"Now I understand," she said, and asked me for explanation of other things. Her intelligent questions, as well as her statements, left no manner of doubt that Galli-Curci had performed the stupendous feat of reading the thirty-two volumes of Swedenborg in a single summer season. She declared *Heaven and Hell* and the other works are really taken from the *Arcana,* which is the greatest work of all, but it is very difficult reading and I do not think everybody can read it. *Heaven and Hell* is a very attractive and popular title and concerns that about which people are most eager to know; but it is not one of Swedenborg's great works; although it makes a good, popular and introductory work."

Galli-Curci understands the writings of Swedenborg even better than theologians, because she puts them into practice in the broadest life of loving helpfulness. Her speech was earnest and direct; her words well chosen and straight from the heart. No one could doubt the integrity of her statements.

***Swedenborg Helped in Her Work***

It was Galli-Curci's great love for her mother and the desire to know the world whence her mother had gone that had caused her to devour Swedenborg with avidity. She said that, propped up in pillows, she read it in bed until long after midnight. She could read it very rapidly because *arcana, proprium, conjugal,* and such Latin terms were to her Italian, but very difficult of translation into English. (*Arcana* carries the idea of box within a box and is often translated "secrets." *Proprium* involves all that is of man's own, whether good or evil, internal or external—his self-hood, *conjugal* or *conjugial* is the sex union that exists in all creation.)

Amelita's father was Italian, her mother Spanish, and she was educated at a German school in Milan where she was taught French and English, so that she early had mastery of five languages.

She said that Swedenborg had helped her in her work. She had no longer to think of herself but of her audiences, and let the music flow through her; regard herself just as a medium for life to pour through. She felt with and for her audiences, and singing was no effort for her.

"The more you do—the more you give forth—the more life and energy is poured into you, and you are stronger and not weaker for the doing, the working and the singing. I always feel stronger; I am not exhausted at all by my singing. Swedenborg shows the reason and how life comes in as you pour it forth usefully to others. You don't have to try or worry or fret. You know it is not you but that it is just being done through you."

Speaking further of the help Swedenborg had been to her in her work she said: "One gets so much more confidence. The other world and the one life, that comprehends all life, becomes reality and all fear and worry vanish."

I said to her: "I have recently determined that it is really faith acquired or inherited that does the big things in the world. John D. Rockefeller acquired faith from his Bible-reading mother, and borrowed all the money he could, to store oil when it was going to waste and considered of no value. He had faith in the Author of that oil. E. H. Harriman was the son of a clergyman who never earned more than $600 a year; but he was brought up in a religious atmosphere of faith and in faith he never faltered, whether rebuilding the Union Pacific when the men who preceded him said it never could be worth it, or filling in across the apparently bottomless Salt Lake to make a shorter rail route."

***Sir Basil's Opinion of the Star***

We talked of Emerson, Henry Ford, Sir Basil Zaharoff, and I read to her a letter I had recently received from the so-called "mystery man of Europe" who has been, for many years, a dear personal friend of mine and as open and frank as it is possible for one friend to be to another. Among other things Sir Basil wrote:

> Replying to the last paragraph of your letter of 8th instant, asking if it is true that Japan has ordered 140,000 machine guns from the British Vickers Company, I must tell you that Japan has not ordered one single machine gun, but it is evident that your papers keep the Japanese fire going by always using the bellows.
>
> What you tell me about Galli-Curci is very pleasant, because I am one of her greatest admirers, and consider her a big musical star, who is adored for her singing, and much appreciated for her learning.

We talked of many of the issues of life and death. I said: "I see so many people about me who are really dead because they are doing nothing and have no interest in their country or its future, or anything outside of themselves."

Madame replied: "Only by doing, by expressing, or letting life express itself through you do you live and get yet more life. The more you give out the more you have."

Her husband said: "One of the wonderful things to me about Swedenborg is his explanation of the difference between human life and animal life, and how man has a soul that cannot perish."

He thought that advertising Swedenborg's works might be helpful if it contained some little biography telling who Swedenborg was and what he had done. They both thought that his life and work and accomplishment had been so wonderful, and it seemed so little was generally known about him.

I suggested she should expand her four biographic articles in *The Ladies Home Journal* into a little book that would be helpful. She said that she could easily do that, and thought she would. She thought she might say something in the book that would be helpful to students, whom she wanted so much to help.

***How Galli-Curci Discovered She Could Sing***

She took me into her music room, built somewhat like a chapel, and which she called her church, showed me various photographs and asked me to select. I chose one, which she autographed, and one of herself and her husband, which they both autographed. She showed me photographs of her father and her mother, who must have been very strong personalities. Her mother's face, she said, was always like that—just breaking into a smile.

I noticed that her father's ear was the ear of Napoleon, and she said that he had a great resemblance to Napoleon, especially about the eyes. I said I could not understand how she could then have been brought up a poor girl. Certainly her parents had capacity to create and accumulate. She exclaimed: "Oh, I was brought up with luxury. But when I was sixteen my father's fortune was all swept away.

"I then said, 'Here is my opportunity to help.' And from sixteen to twenty I carried the family with my music and teaching. It was then I discovered my singing talent. I had always sung in my girlhood, but did not have ambitions as respects my voice. I had been trained to music on the piano. Then at sixteen I began to teach and to sing.

"It is probably true that if my father's fortune had not been swept away I should never have advanced as a singer. Father recovered his fortune later in Brazil, but I continued my career."

Don't think for a moment that Galli-Curci's life has been one triumphant upward flight to fortune and to fame. When a world-famous prima donna, she wrote: "Fame! O! magic word that lifted my tired feet over the hard, unyielding stones of the streets of Naples; that gave me the visions of the opium eater when I ached for food in those far-off and fugitive days when, with strength far spent, I strove to charm passersby on the other side of the street with my poor song."

***An Afternoon Never to Be Forgotten***

Galli-Curci showed me a wonderful photograph of Duse, so expressive of tragedy and the tragedies in her own life. It was given to her in Chicago not long before Duse's death. She had talked with Duse of Swedenborg and said, "Why don't you read him?" Duse had replied: "Perhaps we shall meet Over There. If so, will you give me just a little handshake?" And the reply was: "I will."

Discussing the difficulties of translation, I noted that it had taken 100 years to determine that *conjugial* and *conjugal* were but two ways of spelling the same Latin word and that it meant only marriage love, which begins in the divine union of love and wisdom and permeates all creation. "Yes," said Galli-Curci, "the book on *Marriage*

*Love* is a wonderful work. I read it with much interest. Do you know, I do not believe as some artists do, that to portray certain characters you have to go down into the slums and get bad association into yourself. I do not believe it at all. I find that people want a good woman on the stage, whatever she presents, and you can present evil without being evil. Do you know, audiences are repelled by an artist whose character they distrust, whatever the artist may attempt to represent, good or bad?"

I responded with a line from Emerson: "What you are speaks so loudly to me that I cannot hear the words you say." Both Madame and her husband thought that a wonderful line. Her husband is a great admirer of Emerson, and was very familiar with his essay on *Compensation*.

It was indeed an afternoon never to be forgotten. Every word is impressed upon my memory. Later came this letter:

"Sul Monte," Highmount, N. Y.
Sept. 23rd, 1924.

My dear Mr. Barron:

You have asked me to write you what the reading of Swedenborg's works has meant to me. I first became acquainted with these books shortly after the death of my mother about a year and a half ago. To me it is the most inspired and sound philosophy that I have ever encountered. It is an explanation of life—its meaning and purpose—which satisfies that something within us which we know is only appealed to by the truth. As fantastic as some of the "revelations" may seem on first acquaintance, one is fortified in the knowledge that it was written by a man whose thought had for years been trained in the strictest schools of science and sound reasoning and it is therefore impossible to believe that Swedenborg's personal experiences, unusual as they were, are otherwise than set forth. A man of his tremendous mentality and scholarly attainments cannot have been misled by phantasies of any sort. To believe that they are products of imagination does more violence to one's reason than to accept them as Swedenborg gives them—statements of fact falling within the limit of his personal experiences. The greatness of the work, however, lies in the soundness and comprehensive scope of the philosophy therein set forth. I wish that more people might come to know these inspired works. Believe me, with best wishes,

Sincerely yours,
Amelita Galli-Curci.

Writing later from Australia she says: "I have had a great joy out of the inspired works of Swedenborg, and I read them all the time."

Some day some one may write a volume about this most wonderful woman. If she could find the time she might write it herself, and better than anybody else, for her literary ability is second only to her musical talent.

I have here written only a chapter, with no ambition in authorship; but rather ambition to help others who, like Galli-Curci, may come to understand that happiness is in helpfulness—the simplest summary of the writings of Swedenborg and the life lesson of Amelita Galli-Curci Samuels.




the drastic regulations imposed by the government of Hongkong, China, against the importation of arms into that Colony are beginning to have a great effect in checking crime. No revolver, pistol, or other firearm may be brought into Hongkong without a special permit. Any infraction of this rule by either Europeans or Asiatics is punishable by a sentence of twenty-five years' imprisonment and *ten strokes of the lash*. That sentence means just what it says. The Hongkong government has not yet instituted a pardon board.

Robbery by armed Chinese has shown a marked decrease since the law became effective. Hongkong being the main port of entry into South China, the local regulations of the Colony are affecting the hinterland, as it is impossible for Chinese to get arms or ammunition through the Colony, the regulations giving the police authorities power to seize any arms or ammunition found on board any vessel in local waters which has not been declared.

---

"the profits in the liquor business are so great that men who might be earning a decent living otherwise are tempted into this nefarious traffic in brandy and rum, and, what is still worse, the example of so much drinking everywhere about the city is corrupting our public servants and our youth in a pernicious way." And then I discover that what I have been reading is not a news item of the day but an extract from an edict issued by the burgomaster of the city of New Amsterdam, now New York, some 250 years ago. The burgomaster was greatly concerned over the situation. "The common people and the city's servants," he continues, "are seriously debauched, and what is worse, the youth, seeing and following are drawn from the paths of virtue and into all sorts of irregularities. Hence also proceed cheating and smuggling and frauds and clandestine sales of beer and brandy to the Indians and natives as daily experience, God help us, shows, from which nothing but new difficulties between us and them ought to be apprehended." It is not until we come to this last sentence that we have any reason to suppose we are not reading a piece of contemporary criticism of modern life and morals. Truly the mark of the beast is always the same.

---

Dinshah P. Ghadiali, originator, lecturer and sales manager of Spectro-Chrome Therapy, who was recently sentenced to five years in prison and fined $5,000 by Judge Bean of the United States District Court at Portland, Oregon, for violating the Mann Act has appealed his case. Ghadiali, who styled himself "colonel," was the subject of an article in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT for March 15, 1924, in which his scheme for curing all the ills of humanity through "attuned color waves," emanating from his own machines, was discussed at some length. It was Ghadiali's custom to give lectures on his discovery in various cities, charging from $50 to $200 for the twelve-day course. Those who paid the sums and listened to his lectures were privileged to purchase one of his machines at a cost of $425, and to tack the letters, S.C.T., meaning Spectro-Chrome Therapist, after their names. They were then ready to treat that portion of suffering humanity which visited their offices.

---

the February criminal term of the circuit court at Lexington, Kentucky, probably established a world-record in 45 convictions, two hung-juries and three acquittals, out of 50 cases tried. Of the eight capital cases included in the above docket, three death sentences were inflicted, three life-terms, one 21-year sentence and one hung-jury. Then there were 13 felony convictions carrying 82½ years in penitentiary sentences and 24 misdemeanor convictions carrying six years, 165 days and one hour in jail sentences and $3,350 in fines. Judge Richard C. Stoll and Commonwealth's Attorney, Maury Kemper, says the Lexington *Leader*, deserve universal recognition for this clean-cut administration of justice of a sort that will make potential evil-doers avoid Fayette County Kentucky.

---

Frederick E. Keppel, president of the Carnegie Foundation, has been conducting an inquiry into so-called adult education in America with special reference to the opportunities afforded those who are either unable to qualify for regular college courses or to spare the time necessary for full collegiate work. None of the universities blessed with immense private endowment funds has drawn upon them to maintain "extension" work for the classes just mentioned. The largest endowed university indicates that in 1924 the receipts from students attending extension courses aggregated almost one million dollars as against expenditures of less than two-thirds as much. The stronger state universities demand about five-sevenths of the cost of such courses from the students and the smaller state institutions require that the full cost be paid. On the other hand none of these universities ask that the more fortunate full-time students pay anywhere near the cost of their education, the proportion of such payments in no case equaling that required from the extension course students.

*The International Jew* in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set $1. The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

# Wilson Disliked Reporters

(Continued from page 5)



Governor Wilson's summer home, at Seagirt, New Jersey, known at the time as the "Little White House." It was here that Wilson received news of his nomination.

porters (particularly political writers) are in the habit of having public men go out of their way to be accommodating. Many public officials (whether of high or low degree) are "publicity hounds," who have made a close study of the game and play it to the limit. Mr. Wilson's attitude, therefore, was not understood. It mystified the newspapermen and, in the last tragic years of his life it may have lost him some journalistic attentions which probably would have been his if his earlier contacts could have been on the intimate, easy-going basis which the correspondents assumed was their due.

As a matter of fact there was an easily understood explanation of Mr. Wilson's attitude. Very early in his semi-public career as president of Princeton University, he had found himself so often misquoted or carelessly reported by the press, that he came to the conclusion that in their haste to get out today's edition the reporters gave little thought to accuracy and cared little for the judgments of the future. Accuracy was to him an obsession. The misquotation of a vital truth apparently did not disturb his ego. It did, however, fret him because he feared that it might add to the loose thinking and talking of the day that he had observed was so prevalent.

His publicity complex reached back into his early Princeton days. In October, 1908, he delivered an address before the American Bankers Association at Denver, Colorado, that caused considerable comment among the bankers and in the press. One of his startling sentences of that occasion was that "men had almost forgotten to féar the Government—but had fear only for the power of capital." To correct this state of mind among the business men he advocated a revitalizing of our governmental functions. In amplifying his recommendations he was led to discuss the point of view of the Socialist toward the Government, and to contrast the Socialists' program with that of the Democrats. The following morning one of the leading papers of Colorado, which was then a Democratic organ, but at that time not sure of Mr. Wilson's progressiveness, carried an editorial in which it both praised and condemned his speech. The editor had lifted a sentence from the context of Mr. Wilson's speech, and put it in quotes so that it had Mr. Wilson saying without any qualification that the principles of Socialism and those of Democracy were almost identical. This statement, as coming from a college president, was sure to arrest the attention of the thinking public.

The editor, having thrown aside entirely the setting from which the sentence had been lifted, then sought to pulverize the idea conveyed by his quotation. He said in substance that Socialism sought to reach its growth through plutocratic despotism, whereas the Democratic party sought to attain its ends by the route of the greatest possible liberty of individual action. With a closing "stinger" to the editorial, he said that "college presidents should be more careful not to add to the mental chaos already in existence."

The next morning as Mr. Wilson was reading his paper, his eye lighted upon this criticism of his speech. A shadow crossed his countenance as he read it.

There was no escaping the fact that this hasty piece of reportorial work upset his usual calm demeanor, though he gave little expression to it. However, at the station just before the train pulled out, he asked me if I would see that the statements were corrected. I did so by calling upon one of the other papers and comparing with its editor what Mr. Wilson actually had said and the language of the editorial. It is needless to say that the editor made a sufficient display of the corrected statements.

What Mr. Wilson had actually said was that the abstract principles of Socialism were not difficult to admire; that they were hardly distinguishable from the abstract principles of Democracy. He believed that the object of the thoughtful Socialist was to effect such an organization of society as would give the individual his best protection, and his best opportunity, and yet serve the interest of all rather than the interest of any one in particular. Socialism, in his understanding, contemplated an organization of mutual benefit, based upon the principles of the solidarity of all interests. *But, said he, the program of the Socialist was another matter. It was not unfair to say that the programs of Socialism so far put forth were either utterly vague or entirely impracticable.*

On receipt of a corrected statement of his address in the press, he expressed his relief in no uncertain terms by return mail.

This lack of strict accuracy on the part of the press made him extremely cautious. One night during his preliminary tryout for the presidency in 1911, Governor Wilson, after speaking to the Harvard students at Sanders Theater, Cambridge, addressed the Princeton alumni at a downtown Boston hotel. In the middle of his remarks some young men entered, sat down and pulled out paper and pencils.

"You are representatives of the press, I believe," said the Governor with a smile. "Now I will know how to govern myself. I have learned from bitter experience how necessary it is to measure one's statements when the press is present."

He said it with a smile, but with such emphasis that his meaning was not lost on any of those present.

It was the pyramiding of incidents similar to that which occurred at Denver that made Mr. Wilson skeptical and fearful of the work of the reporters and caused him to shrink within himself in their presence. This dread of being misinterpreted in regard to the ideals he believed in, or the policies he advocated, caused him to say more than once in the desperate days of the world conflict that he spent much of his time trying to keep from saying the right thing in a way that could possibly be misinterpreted.

President Wilson's attitude toward the press was also based to some degree on the fact that he had never mixed in the rough and tumble of local politics, but had lived, except for a very short period as governor, the life of a comparative recluse, so far as journalistic contacts were concerned.

The average public official usually reaches his goal by going into politics in his own town, running for the city council, serving there a few years, and then becoming mayor or district attorney, from which it is a logical progression to Congressman, Governor, Senator, and perhaps President.

Mr. Wilson had none of this background. It was due to this, in fact, that he and the newspaper correspondents got at cross purposes in their very first meeting after he was nominated for President. The story of that "conference," given to me by an experi-



Wilson's cabinet of newspapermen at the White House.

enced newspaperman who participated in it, and here related for the first time, explains an important, misunderstood phase of Mr. Wilson's subsequent, official activity as President of the United States. If some of the newspapermen had not got off on the wrong foot in that very first gathering Mr. Wilson would undoubtedly have met the Washington correspondents more openly when he entered the White House eight months later, given them his confidence, and been helped over some of the rough spots of his difficult administration by more friendly coöperation.

On the day that Mr. Wilson was nominated by the Baltimore Convention he was in the Governor's summer home at Seagirt, New Jersey, with Mrs. Wilson and his three daughters, Margaret, Jessie (now Mrs. Sayre) and Eleanor (now Mrs. McAdoo). He was living the quiet, secluded, happy life of a Southern gentleman, surrounded by his womenfolk—a view which Mr. Wilson always held of his home, whether it was in his modest cottage at Princeton or the Executive Mansion in Washington. With perfect freedom the family strolled about the grounds, took a dip in the surf, played tennis on the courts back of the house, hiked about the neighborhood, lounged on the broad verandas, read, sang or gossiped as they pleased, without interruption or restraint.

The next day, July 3, 1912, they were deluged. Everybody in New Jersey who could get there swooped down on Seagirt. In fact, it seemed that everybody in the United States within twenty-four hours of the little station ( which isn't even a town) had suddenly been seized with the same idea: To go to see Governor Wilson. The effect was stupendous. A literal swarm of humanity, of all ages, sorts, classes, nationalties, and persuasions, overran the Governor's cottage, drove the family to the upper floors and took possession of the premises. For twenty-four hours utter confusion reigned. There was no order or system about anything. When a member of the Wilson family showed his or her head he or she was dragged about and almost trampled underfoot by a surging, curious crowd of people who pushed and shoved themselves through the house as if it were a public hotel.

***The Fateful Session With Newspapermen***

Among the mob was every variety of journalist known to the craft, from the economic expert to the sob-sister. At every door, front, side, and back, was a crowd of news photographers and motion picture operators. If the charming, dignified Mrs. Wilson, a courteous, cultured Southern lady, or if one of the daughters, seeking to avoid the crush, bethought herself to slip through the kitchen, she was pounced upon the minute her face was seen, her hands were seized and she was dragged into the open and made to stand up and have her picture taken.

"Here, not that way! Turn around, so the light'll show your face."

"Look this way. That's right. Now, let's have some action! Smile!"

Such commands were rattled at them as they were shoved hither and thither at the bidding of utter strangers. In the meantime, Mr. Wilson was seized whenever he could be reached and pulled and hauled about while questions were hurled at him as if they came out of a Gatling gun. Every conceivable sort of inquiry was propounded, from a demand for his opinion on the length of golf trousers to what he thought of the Prince of Wales. Also there came letters and telegrams.

Without any office force whatever, and without any place in which to house such an organization if he had had one, Mr. Wilson found himself, the second day, with an even carload of mail to open and answer. A low rambling building was eventually requisitioned from the National Guard, which has a rifle range at Seagirt, and army tents were erected on the lawn for the accommodation of clerks, telegraph operators and reporters, but long before these orderly preparations had been made the historic first newspaper conference had been held and the seeds of trouble sown.



Woodrow Wilson and Secretary of State Bryan, at time of the first cabinet.

By sundown of the second day some one advised Mr. Wilson that it was customary for presidential nominees to see afternoon newspapermen at 11 a.m. and morning newspapermen about 7 or 8 p.m., so the word was passed about that a conference would be held immediately after dinner in the Governor's library.

By this time a set of guards in the person of family friends had been pressed into service. The crowd had been driven out of the house itself, and at each door a determined individual had been posted to prevent any further intrusion. The big galleries running around three sides of the house continued, however, to swarm with visitors, who peered into doors and windows in an effort to see the Governor. The hunted family imprisoned itself upstairs. Accustomed to quiet dignity in their home and given to the habit of courteous consideration of each other, they were thoroughly upset by the whirling events of those first two days.

At the hour appointed for the newspaper conference about thirty-five men and women trooped into Mr. Wilson's library, eager for the interview, avid for news. During the previous two days this comparatively secluded scholar had become the biggest news source in the country. Publications of all descriptions were hungry for "copy" about him and his family. The four big press associations, the larger daily papers, and numerous weekly and monthly magazines were represented. An unusual condition (which bears on the result) was that most of the newspaper correspondents were New York City reporters.

The two national conventions, at Chicago and Baltimore, held during a terrific heat wave, had worn out the political staffs from the Washington bureaus. For this reason only one Washington political writer was present. Ordinarily the press associations and the larger newspapers send experienced political reporters from their Washington offices to "cover" presidential candidates.

The correspondents ranged themselves in a half-moon on one side of the room and Mr. Wilson entered, striding rapidly with a springy step as was his custom, a kindly smile on his lips and a friendly welcome in his eyes. He wore a well-tailored blue serge coat, flannel trousers and white shoes. His whole attitude, manner and expression indicated that he was happy to see the correspondents and that he anticipated a cheerful, agreeable conference with them. He half sat and half leaned back on the edge of his desk, facing the group, his eye meeting theirs frankly. He was in a pleasant mood and radiated good-nature.

'Good evening, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I am sorry I cannot provide better accommodations for this meeting but, as you have probably observed, our facilities here are limited. I hope you will overlook our shortcomings."

"That's all right, Governor," promptly exclaimed an unabashed reporter from one end of the semicircle, "we don't care how long we have to stand up if you'll give us some hot stuff."

Mr. Wilson turned his head quickly toward the voice and the least little bit of his happy expression faded from his face. It was only momentary, however. The reporter grinned and Mr. Wilson's smile came back. Just then a voice came from the other side of the group.

***"Wilson Feels Like a Frog"***

"You've got the first page now, Governor," it said, "and if you treat us right you can keep it. You want to do a lot of stunts, though, or Teddy'll take it away from you."

Again a slight shadow passed over Mr. Wilson's face. He turned toward the new speaker, but before he could say anything a third correspondent broke in, from the center of the crowd.

"We're all on space down here, Governor," he said, "so the more dope you hand out the fatter our strings will be."

At this observation the happy light faded almost entirely from Governor Wilson's countenance. His mouth came down at the corners, as was habitual with him when disturbed or worried. His eye ran quickly over the group, as if he were trying to figure out what sort of people these were who had been sent to confer with him over the serious business of the presidency. His cogitations, however, were interrupted, and

from that point the so-called conference moved rapidly, if strangely.

"What you been doing today, Governor?" one young man demanded.

"Really, I hardly know how to tell you," Mr. Wilson replied, running his hand over his eyes as if trying to brush away distracting thoughts. "It has been rather a kaleidoscopic day, I . . ."

"Some politicians came to see you, didn't they?" demanded a new interrogator.

"I believe there were a few visitors from Washington," the Governor replied. "I recall that one was Senator Reed . . ."

(The first member of Congress to call on the new party leader.)

"What's Reed's initials?" came from one end of the line.

Governor Wilson looked toward the speaker in surprise.

"James A." he replied quietly.

"Is Reed a state Senator or a United States Senator?" another journalist asked.

As Mr. Wilson turned to answer this query his face was set in firm, serious lines. His thoughts were as plain as if he had expressed them aloud, and he subsequently confirmed them by telling exactly what was in his mind on that occasion. It was this:

"To think that my destiny is in these hands!"

As the interview progressed Mr. Wilson drew more and more within himself. Every instinct of frank discussion of his candidacy was snuffed out by the lack of tact of a half-dozen "hard boiled" Manhattan Island reporters, to whom the conference was a gala event affording opportunity for them to shine. Only once did the Governor give a flash of his natural, amiable attitude toward what he used to call "the laying of minds alongside of each other." That was when a correspondent asked him what he was doing about his mail.

"Why," replied Mr. Wilson, with a smile, "I feel like the frog that fell in the well. Every time I jump up two feet I fall back three."

The next morning, as he looked over the newspapers, thinking to find some reflection of the seriousness with which he was entering upon the campaign, he was shocked to discover, from the headlines, that "Wilson feels like a frog."

This was typical of many things that happened early in the presidential canvass and served to create what would now be called an anti-newspaper complex, which exerted an influence upon Mr. Wilson's eight eventful years in the White House.

## "The Greatest Fool"

WHAT Benjamin Franklin would have thought of the assemblages of wise men held during these recent years may be found in one of Ben's letters of 1784.

"It is wonderful how preposterously the affairs of this world are managed.

"Naturally one would imagine that the interests of a few individuals should give way to general interest; but individuals manage their affairs with so much more application, industry, and address, than the public do theirs, that general interest most commonly gives way to particular.

"We assemble parliaments and councils to have the benefit of their collected wisdom; but we necessarily have, at the same time, the inconvenience of their collected passions, prejudices and private interest.

"And if we may judge by the acts, arrets and edicts, all the world over, *for regulating commerce, an assembly of great men is the greatest fool upon earth.*"

# Legislating in Secret Session

*Concluded from page 4*

program. *The present strength is not enough. We are already cut to a dangerous low limit in our foreign garrisons and these cannot be cut further.* On the other hand, the enlisted personnel in this country is unduly strained in the effort to maintain the various training camps and to operate them during the civilian training camps in summer. As a result the morale of the Regular Army, 'the force that should constitute our standard of military efficiency,' is below what we should demand of it."

In his annual report of 1923, after an enlisted strength of 86,000 for the Navy had been adopted as a compromise—a minimum below which it was not safe to go—the then Secretary of the Navy said:

"Economy has been enforced in every branch of the Naval establishment and it has been our continual effort to use funds appropriated so as to secure the fullest results possible for every dollar expended. Forces at the Navy yards, training stations, and other shore stations have been reduced to the minimum that is required for the maintenance and operation of these activities. Further reductions would be highly injudicious and inconsistent with efficiency and economy."

But Budget reduction in appropriations for the Navy continues, although by law in 1923 the strength of the Navy was supposed to be fixed at 86,000. In his report for the fiscal year 1925, Secretary Wilbur said:

"The appropriations in the pay for the Navy permitted enlisted strength to be maintained at 86,000 as intended by Congress until the three last months of the fiscal year 1925, when it became evident that unless the numbers were reduced a grave danger of overexpenditure would exist. Accordingly, recruiting was suspended and the enlisted strength allowed to decrease to 84,289, in June of 1925. The same appropriations for pay of the Navy having been made for 1926, as in 1925, *it is evident that a more serious shortage in funds appropriated for the pay of the Navy faces the department for the present year,* and as a result it has become necessary to reduce the average strength for the first several months to 82,000. The policy to be adopted during the second half of the present fiscal year will depend upon the funds remaining available during that period."

***Nibbling at the Vitals of Our Defenses***

Referring again to President Coolidge's first message when he said: *For several years we have been decreasing the personnel of the Army and Navy and reducing their powers to the danger point,* it should be stated that at that time the average strength of the Regular Army was 119,574. Its authorized strength was 125,000, *but that had not been maintained* and President Coolidge warned Congress of the dangers of making this reduction. He said that "both of these services should be strengthened, rather than weakened." *But they have both been weakened.* For, at present the enlisted strength of the Army averages 118,000, despite the fact that both former Secretary of War Weeks and Secretary Dwight Davis declared that 150,000 is demanded to carry out the provisions of the National Defense Act. No one knows how much further the strength of the Navy is to be reduced through the secret operations of the Budget.

This system of nibbling at the vitals of the nation's defenses through the operations of the Budget is illustrated in a striking way by the Army Appropriations Bill that was reported to the House at the beginning of this session. Two years ago, after extended hearings, a bill was reported out of the House Committee on Military Affairs providing for 1,800 additional noncommissioned officers for the Regular Army. The bill was passed upon the urgent request of the National Guard, reserve officers, and educational institutions which maintained military departments. Noncommissioned officers who have been the backbone of the Regular Army are now recognized as a vital part of the civilian training system. They are the backbone of the Army of the United States with its components of the Regular Army, National Guard, and organized reserves.

***Budget Officer Greater Power Than Congress***

But the appropriations bill as reported to the House which carries the Budget's estimates in effect repeals this noncommissioned officers' bill. It provides for the same number of enlisted men that are in the service now, but reduces the total pay for enlisted men by $938,000. Aside from the great injustice of taking this money out of the pockets of the enlisted men of the Regular Army, the reduction will make it necessary for the War Department to decrease the number of noncommissioned officers to the strength that it was before Congress passed the bill for the increase two years ago.

That is, the Budget officer is a greater power than Congress. Even the Supreme Court dare not reverse Congress *secretly.*

The wisdom and the correctness of the theory of a budget for the Government is not questioned here. It does, however, appear that the items of the budget of the Government should be discussed freely by those who are qualified to do it, not only before Congressional committees, but in public meetings. The people have a right to know whether the reductions called for in the Budget are crippling the machinery of the Government. Above all they should know whether the defenses of the nation are being maintained. *It is for Congress to decide what should be the strength of the Army and Navy,* but this decision should not be made without a free and open discussion of all the questions involved so that Congress can act intelligently and with full knowledge of the people of the country.

The present system of administering the Budget will not long endure. It is not in harmony with American institutions. Sooner or later the American people will insist upon knowing how the Government is being conducted and their money expended. They will not forever submit to secret bureaucratic domination of the affairs of the nation.

***Americans Will Demand a Change***

When they speak through Congress they are going to question the right of any one man—a Budget officer—to nullify their word. Dictatorship in the financial affairs of the nation is the most powerful form of dictatorship that could be imagined, as it controls the very forts of the nation's welfare.

# Manipulating the King's English

## Brevity and Lucidity Are Our Best Word-Soldiers When There Is a Dress Parade

By ALAN MOORE ROBINSON

UNLESS we are adept at "making signs" to those with whom we would communicate, we must make our thoughts known by the spoken word; and happy is he who



employs such shades of rhetoric as will dodge all colloquialisms as one would the shadows.

In case of the written word—"putting our word-soldiers on dress parade"—let us remember brevity and clearness:

"If I am ever obscure in my expression, do not fancy that therefore I am deep. If I were really deep, all the world would understand," says Charles Kingsley.

"Clear writers, like clear fountains," says Walter Savage Landor, "do not seem so deep as they are."

We are all familiar with the story of the editor who, in returning a long manuscript, enclosed the terse note:

"Boil it down, story of creation of the world told in 80 words."

The lovesick swain caught the spirit of this brevity when he poured out his soul in a note of two words:

"Dear Mary:

*Will you?*"

To which Mary replied with equal directness:

"Dear James:

*I will.*"

When there had been a mild mutiny in General Grant's army, and the soldiers were later assembled expecting a reprimand, in walked the General with boots and spurs, and a red bandana around his neck. The assembly was hushed in expectancy. Grant stepped forward on the platform:

"*Go to your quarters!*" he commanded, and his effective four-word speech was ended.

Arlo Bates, in his "*Talks on Writing English*," gives this illustration of the suppression of nonessentials:

"Water having been brought, Pilate, according to Miss Corelli (in *Barabbas*), thus proceeded:

"Slowly lowerin his hands, he dipped them in the shining bowl, rinsing them over and over again in the clear, cold element, which sparkled in its polished receptacle like an opal against the fire."

The Bible finds it possible to say all of this that is necessary in the words:

"Pilate took water, and washed his hands."

Why wander into the mazes of:

"This is the edifice that was erected and constructed by a gentleman commonly known by the name of Jack," where, "This is the house that Jack built" answers our purpose better and is far more direct?

As a former teacher of English, the writer has found it possible to speak correct English the year round without resort to slang or catch phrases for clarity or emphasis. There are, however, those who still maintain the latter of the following phrases is more effective:

"Mademoiselle, your charms are irresistible! I love you!"

"Gee! Kid! I'm stuck on you!"

The raw "aunt" and "bath" of the Middle West find strange contrast to the proper "äunt" and "bäth" of Boston.

The expression of the American cowboy on leaving a casual acquaintance:

"Good-bye, I hope I shall *strike* you again some time," recalls the friendly retort of a visitor in the city to the street car conductor who had gotten chummy with him:

"I hope I *run across* you again some time."

"*Not if I see you coming first!*"

"I *calculate* he won't *show up*," says the vernacular of the Southwest.

"I *presume* he will not *appear*," says the proper New Englander. We *stop* (come to a standstill) at a street crossing, but we *stay* (dwell) at a hotel. Why put a "chew" in con-grat-*u*-late, a "jew" in ed-*u*-cate, a "toot" in in-sti-*tute* (tewt), a "doo" in *dew*, when their *proper* pronunciations are more beautiful?

"That was a good *take off* we saw at the theater," you say, meaning, of course, "a good *imitation*." The sophisticated "I will give your proposition a *write up*" is relieved by the unsophisticated "I will write a *description* of your proposition."

Let us not give the *lie* to civ-il-i-za-tion, and let us en-*u*-mer-ate and never "en-*oo*-merate": and leave the *high* out of hi-poc-ri-sy, and not forget there are *four* syllables in temp-er-a-ment and temp-er-a-ture.

To be correct we say:

"She was en-rap-tured (*tewred* not



*choord*) with the scene." "His fa-mil-iar (*yar*-i-ty was obnoxious." "He was cov-et-ous (*tus* not *chus*) of the cou-pons (*koo* not *kew*), but was too cour-te-ous (*kur* not *core*) to ask for them."

Have you ever tried eliminating the modifying adverbs, "very, very," leaving your sentence stand out clearly alone, "That was good"? Similarly, have you familiarized yourself with the meaning of the words, "wonderful" and "grand," and do you use these with caution born of a desire to give just the right shade of meaning?

The most ungrammatical sentence ever uttered, "*Is them sheeps yourn?*" is euphoniously substituted by the correct, "Are those sheep yours?"

Col'-umn (kol'-um, never *kolyum* nor *kolume*) does not find a comparison in volume, which is properly "ume" at the end.

Learn to place every word where it belongs in a sentence:

"She was going *only* to the store," means she was going to the store and nowhere else.

"She *only* went to the store," means she and no one else went to the store.

"She went to the store *only*," has the same meaning as the first sentence.

"My *only* object is to warn you," means the object I have is to warn you.

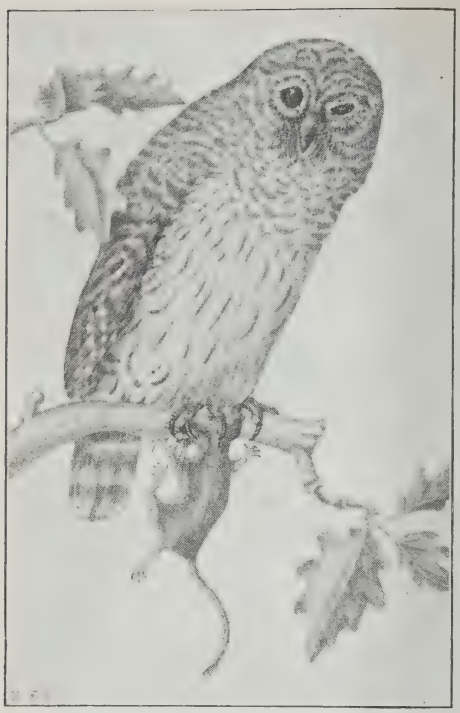
"My object is to warn you *only*," means to warn you alone, and not some one else.

To return to directness of expression:

"I prefer the kaleidoscopic aggressiveness of this metropolitan city to the somewhat soporific influence of a somnolent town," is far more clearly expressed in:

"I like this city. Its industry and progress appeal to me. Small towns are too quiet."





Barred owl clutching half-grown wood rat.

# The Killers' Struggle to Exist

(Continued from page 2)

emerged from its silken pupal case within the body of a luckless caterpillar and winging its way across a sunny stretch to seek victims, in turn, is taken into the wide mouth of a whippoorwill. Is there so much difference between these acts and the no more sanguinary captures of the falcon or eagle?

Size is regarded with more interest in nature tragedies; bulk counts. The peregrine falcon striking down a duck cannot elicit the interest given to a puma alighting on the back of a deer. Compared to both, the robber fly overcoming a wasp seems a trifling incident, though as a matter of fact more reckless bravery and a harder struggle is witnessed in the latter contest than is ever enacted by the feathered or furred killers. The insect world is full of encounters for life and death that far surpass in fury anything that the vertebrate creatures know, which hints that a coat of mail is more conducive to daring than the fabled backbone. Witness the contests—not always one-sided—between the steel-blue pepsis wasp and the giant tarantula, a black carpenter ant and an ambush bug, a cone-nose assassin bug and a big bumblebee, an under-stone dwelling centipede and a carabid beetle, a tiger beetle and a robber fly, the larva of a ladybird beetle and that of the vicious golden-eyed fly, both bent upon a diet of plant lice.

However, the bloody deeds of the creatures that more commonly come to our attention, because more easily if not nearly so often observed, are sufficient to satisfy that interest in savagery inherent in the most gentle minds. No matter what may be our somewhat enforced and surely meritorious opinions of prize fights, bull fights and the like, most of us cannot break away altogether from an admiration of superior strength and the heroism of the conqueror. And with this comes a persistent gloating over a brave and effective defense.

The sanguinary successes of the puma upon deer fully the size and weight of the big cat, the attack of a giant bear on young cattle with the horns of the leader threatening bruin, the forays of a lone bobcat into a bunch of sheep, an eagle's like-mindedness with regard to lambs or its daring to invade the congregation of strong-winged geese, the wolf and the jack rabbit, the fox and molly cottontail, the mink and the muskrat, the pekan and the porcupine, the weasel and the squirrel, the shrew and the mouse, are all, proportionately, nuts to our mental crackers.

However lacking in interest these instances may be as they come down the scale, it must be confessed that as the size of the blood seekers is reduced the sanguinary tendencies are increased, so that with the weasel and the shrew the fighting insects are almost equaled.

Few of the birds—always excepting the great horned owl which may be likened to the bobcat among feathered folk, and the shrike, winged representative of the weasel—show exceeding bravery in attacking creatures greater or equal in size and strength. Some hawks are very bold.

The before-mentioned peregrine falcon must get an advantage over equally powerful wings when it rips open the back of a waterfowl. There is on record, probably authentic, an instance of a great horned owl evidently mistaking a mink digging in the snow for a rabbit, seizing and wounding it, but being in turn quickly dragged down and killed.

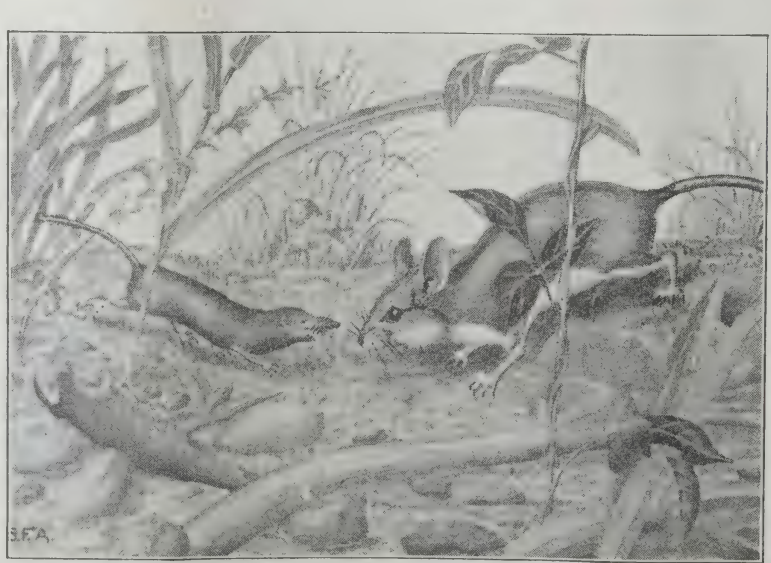
Less credit for daring should be given to those creatures especially endowed by Nature for capturing and killing their prey. The claws and fangs of the cats, the talons of the rapacious birds, the bill of the shrike give superiority over those animals possessed only with the desire to kill. Many of the killers are endowed with blood lust alone. Thus the mink, except being a little larger, should have small advantage over a rabbit, and the largest weasel none; though the cottontail is so timid that when seized by stealth he can only struggle to get away. If he dared to use his pincerlike incisors, applying to such an effort all his strength and agility, the killers would respect him. The weasel has a similar but less marked advantage over the gray and fox squirrels, and there have been incidents where the latter, cornered, have defended themselves so well as to drive the would-be assassin away. There is little credit given among experienced woodsmen to the stories of bobcats attacking deer; if such instances occur they mark the greatest evidences of bravery on the part of a predatory creature attempting to prey upon an animal very much larger. But cases are cited of the lynx attempting to reach a fawn and being defeated by the agile and sharp-footed doe.

There seems to have arisen within the valiant breast of the Cooper's hawk a bitter animosity toward the chanticleer, especially if the latter be white or brightly colored and decidedly alert in the defense of his harem. I have heard of many cases of this winged assassin passing over a flock of chickens out of which it could easily have picked a delectable victim, and making a direct dash to close with the feathered boss of the barnyard. This nearly always resulted in the quick death of the corn-fed fellow.

I know of one case, however, almost the reverse: the falcon attacked a pit game rooster, and as the terrible talons found their hold in the neck and breast of the defender, the blow of the long spurs disabled and brought the aggressor to earth where it was dying beside its expiring victim when picked up by the farmer's boy.

The winged attacks of swift hawks upon larger and by no means defenseless herons, bitterns and giant grouse—often intended and witnessed in the days of falconry—show no small degree of courage, although for the most part the attacks are made from above, the quarry being unable to make an adequate defense. It is well known that no lone hawk, nor even eagle, will attack one of the larger herons on the ground, fearing a blow from the sharp lance-like beak.

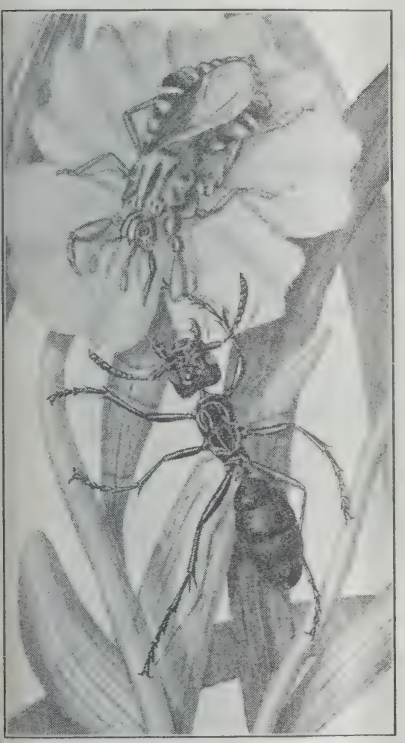
Owls are not second to the hawks in boldness, although they have the night to cover



Deer mouse, about to enter its burrow, attacked by a long-tailed shrew.

their assassinations, generally attacking diurnal creatures at rest. The great horned, the barn, the snowy and, perhaps most notably, the barred owls, are abroad as much in daylight as at night, although they make their forays on the hen roosts mostly after dark. The killing of large chickens, ducks, guinea hens, young geese and turkeys, and wild birds of equal size, is not uncommon among the larger species, while the little screech owl, bravest of its race, may attack partridges, rats, squirrels and even poultry.

The weasel's bloodthirstiness and daring surpass that of all the true Carnivora; the little creature will not only seek to attack the timid hare and pursue the fleeing squirrel, but it will sometimes succeed in cutting the throat of a wild goose, a fair blow from the wings of which would disable the quadruped. When very hungry, weasels have been known to seize and hold



A blood-sucking ambush bug has seized a carpenter ant, but there is an even chance that the bug will be killed before its lance-like probosis can be used effectively.

for a time young woodchucks. Even the fox and the raccoon respect full-grown woodchucks.

Bravest of all the backboned animals are the smallest quadrupeds: the shrews. Here is a degree of daring that may be partly the result of ignorance, for these tiny creatures at times expose themselves to the possible attack of numerous foes, such as owls, hawks, shrikes, weasels and minks. Shrews seem to know nothing of retreat, unless receiving a hurt from the teeth or claws of a cat, or the sharp bill of a grouse. Not unfrequently, aided by their deterrent odor, they will bite the feet or lips of a cat so as to cause it to retire a little; they will bite a person's shoe, refusing to retreat to cover close at hand, and probably having no sense of the size or prowess of an aggressor. A shrew would nip an elephant's toes if placed beside it.

Into the burrows of mice twice its size and strength the smallest shrew will boldly crawl, and without hesitation, as proved when the two have been caged together, will attack and often kill the rodent.

# The Fallacies of Philanthropy

(*Concluded from page 7*)

lief that a man can write a check and give it to an official of a philanthropic organization, and that then the interest of the contributor will be effectively expressed to, and understood by, the beneficiaries.

If all the philanthropic organizations had succeeded, there would be in this country today few hungry people, less illiteracy, virtually no underdeveloped bodies, few defectives, no homeless orphans, no indigent widows, no preventable accidents or disease, no unhappy homes, and no war. In place of this ideal condition, we find that the poor are still with us, many of them ignorant and diseased, and the crime wave has become such a deluge that three billions of dollars are stolen yearly in America. Philanthropy increases, but the conditions it tries to eliminate seem to increase faster.

***Organization Does Not Express Ideals***

Philanthropy has given America some of her noblest institutions, but in most of these there are fallacies. One of these is the false idea that the machinery of organization can express the ideals of the man who provides the funds.

Organizations come to depend upon printed matter, lectures and other impersonal contacts with the beneficiaries. If printed matter could solve the problems of humanity, they would have disappeared long ago.

In the Y. M. C. A., it is assumed that boys are kept off the street and that they absorb the ideals that the organization represents. Records kept in one of the best of these organizations revealed that both assumptions were fallacies. Only ten per cent of the members used the building as often as three times a week. Ten per cent never came at all after paying their membership fees. The pool tables developed a group of youthful "sharks" who introduced every gambling practice known to the public billiard parlors. Only constant vigilance kept them from gambling openly, and money changed hands outside. The strong athletes yielded the gymnasium floor unwillingly, if at all, to boys who needed exercise. Instead of absorbing the philanthropic ideals of the founders and contributors, some beneficiaries exhibited every form of selfishness.

The director had too many boys to handle, as all of his kind did. It is futile to suppose that one man can make the ideals of any organization effective in the lives of 400, 200 or even 100 boys, under such conditions. Charlie Chaplin and Bill Hart seem to have more influence on boys, such as it is, than all the welfare workers combined. It may be because they are given the opportunity to put thirty days of work, if necessary, into thirty seconds of a photoplay as seen on the screen. Incidentally, they seem to make about as much money as all the welfare workers combined.

***Inconsistencies in Organized Philanthropy***

The public holds to some fallacies in a way that hinders intelligent philanthropic work. One is that, because it is more blessed to give than to receive, a lot of small change should be dropped into the tin cups of street beggars. A man who investigated 36,000 cases reported that he did not find one in which the beggar needed the alms. Another illusion is that persons who beg from door to door must need help or they would not descend to that method to secure it. Most of these beggars are professionals, according to investigators, and they have all their donors carefully classified.

Philanthropy finds it difficult to adjust itself to some situations. No sympathy can be aroused for the children of the rich, though many of them are among the neediest of our little ones. The poor we have always with us, but we do not like them to be too near. We cheerfully resign them to professional charity workers. The people of the slums avoid some of the institutions that they might use with profit. Only those who have lived among them know how certain of the poorer class shrink from a marble building and from the hearts of the same material that sometimes are found there.

There are some glaring inconsistencies in organized philanthropy. The Y. M. C. A's main argument in soliciting money has been that it aims to develop Christian character. Psychologists pointed out long ago that the time to shape character is when the boy is just coming into manhood, yet it was a long and at times almost disheartening struggle to induce the Association officials to give adequate space or leadership to boys. Even yet the best parts of some Association buildings are used by men far beyond the impressionable, character-forming years, and the boys have only what is left after the men are provided for.

***Where the Boy Scouts Fall Short***

The Boy Scouts of America has as its major aim the preparation of boys for participating in citizenship, yet it has concentrated so strongly on activities for boys from twelve to fifteen years of age that ninety per cent or more of the Scouts escape from its influence before they reach voting age.

If strong and virtuous civic leaders do not usher boys into constructive, participating citizenship between sixteen and twenty-one, the crooked politicians will. None can avoid participation, for neglect of civic duty has a strong effect upon the affairs of every community, state and the nation.

It is difficult to measure the results of philanthropy, especially when depending upon the reports of interested persons. Statistics may be impressive and worthless; or they may be full of errors and still show results of the highest value. One thing we can be sure of, however: intelligent neighborliness that radiates warmth and good cheer is as certain to produce results as the fire that burns beneath the boilers of industry.

A check written to get rid of an importunate official of a philanthropic organization may dissipate its energy in turning the wheels of the organization. Investigators are finding a good deal of duplication and lost motion in philanthropies that have stood high in the public esteem. But the encouragement of one man by another in whom he is able to find an example worthy of emulation always helps both.

This glimpse of the seamy side of philanthropy is given in the hope that the genuineness, the common sense and the thoroughness with which small-town neighbors take care of real needs as they arise may be applied to the work of organized philanthropy and drive out the fallacies.

# Kodiak Legend

IN KODIAK legends, Shliam Shoa was the one supreme god who created the heavens and earth; but of light there was none.

From among his innumerable attendants and subjects were two creatures of singular beauty and loveliness. These two, a human boy and girl, he placed in the choicest of his dominions, with the single reservation that they should not eat of the grass with which their new domain was so richly carpeted.

From the first the girl was consumed with curiosity, and said to the boy, "Let us eat of the grass. What harm can follow our act? Shliam Shoa will never miss what we eat from the abundance around us."

But the boy demurred and urged her to desist, saying they should be satisfied. The girl, however, grew restless and dispirited and would not talk.

Her unhappiness made the boy miserable but he stoutly maintained the wrongfulness of disobedience, until she told him she would never sing or even speak again unless he joined her in eating of the grass. Then he submitted and they both plucked of the grass and did eat thereof.

And at once the first dawn broke in the eastern sky, flooding the whole land with its radiance and exposing to them their complete nakedness. Much ashamed, they quickly fashioned garments of the feathers of the eider duck to clothe themselves.

When Shliam Shoa came to visit them he was so enraged that he drove them out into a region where they could have nothing except at the price of hard labor. They tried to get back but the door was bolted and barred.

At length a baby was born and then another until five had come. Then the five died suddenly and the parents were wild with grief. Shliam Shoa appeared and asked: "Why do you grieve?"

They replied: "All children born to us die."

"Grieve no more," said Shliam Shoa, "for I will sing you a song and all your children thereafter will grow strong and multiply and cover the whole earth. And they shall pay me tribute of one skin of the fur seal each season, and shall live long and find good hunting, and there shall be continuous joy in all the igloos and barabaras of your children."

And thus the children of Kyktag, the first man, peopled the earth.

But after a time the payment of seal skins to Shliam Shoa began to be neglected and finally were entirely refused by all save Kyktag and four of his sons who lived with him; the delinquent children asking: "Why should we pay tribute for that which is ours?"

Shliam Shoa was much enraged and told Kyktag that he would send the waters of the sea to cover the whole land and drown every living thing dwelling upon it. Thereupon Kyktag built a huge bidarka and stocked it with meat for a year. When Kyktag and his wife, Unalakleet, and the four obedient sons and their wives had embarked in the bidarka, the tides rose above all former levels, drowning all but Kyktag and those with him.

After many days the aliak (flood) subsided and the bidarka grounded on Kodiak Island. Then Kyktag sent off his four sons, one to each of the four points of the compass, to multiply that the earth might again be populated.



# A Dance A Week



## THE RIPPLE

This dance is a smooth, gliding movement. It is composed of two slides to the left side and a step backward with the left foot; and two slides to the right side and a step forward with the right foot. Count, 1 and 2 and 3—1 and 2 and 3. In first movement, gentleman makes backward step with left foot, lady makes forward step with right foot. When gentleman makes forward step, lady makes backward step. The movement is that of a rhythmic ripple.

### THE DANCE

Waltz position.

Left foot to left side—*slide*, and *slide*, and *step backward:* count 1 *and* 2 *and* 3 (1 bar).

Right foot to right side—*slide* and *slide*, and *step*, forward: count 4 *and* 5 *and* 6 (1 bar).

Repeat all, until the dance is ended. These same steps may be danced forward in a straight line if desired.

### ANOTHER VERSION OF THE RIPPLE

Execute the *step* first, and the *two slides* last. The count is the same.

Step back upon left foot; count 1.

Take two slides with the right foot to the right side; count *and* 2 *and* 3 (1 bar).

Step forward on right foot; count 4.

Take two slides with the left foot, to the left side; count *and* 5 *and* 6 (1 bar).

Repeat all. In this version start the turn on the first and fourth counts.

## THE NEWPORT

Metronome 92 ¾ Mazurka

Waltz position.

Gentleman step back on left foot, count 1.

Point right toe to right side, and close left foot to right (weight on left), count AND 2.

Point right toe to right side, and again close left foot to right (weight on left), count AND 3.

Repeat with right foot forward.

Step forward on right, count 1.

Point left toe to left side, and close right foot to left (weight on right), count AND 2.

Point left foot to left side, and again close right foot to left (weight on right), count AND 3.

Repeat all.

NOTE. The difference in the steps of the Ripple and Newport. The former dance is *two* slides and *one* step. The Newport is *one* step and *two* point close movements. The count is the same. The transfer of weight in the Newport is made only on the first count of the measure. In the Ripple there is a transfer of weight on each beat in the measure. The same music may be used for both dances, but should be played a little faster for the Newport.

## THE THREE STEP

Waltz position.

The dance is a slow, smooth, gliding movement, with a step to each beat.

The step is *slide, close, step*. There are many combinations of steps used in the dance. The following is a popular version of the *Three Step*.

Slide left foot to the left side; count 1

Close right foot to left; count 2

Step back on left foot; count 4

Step back on left foot; count 3 (1 bar)

Slide right foot to right side; count 4

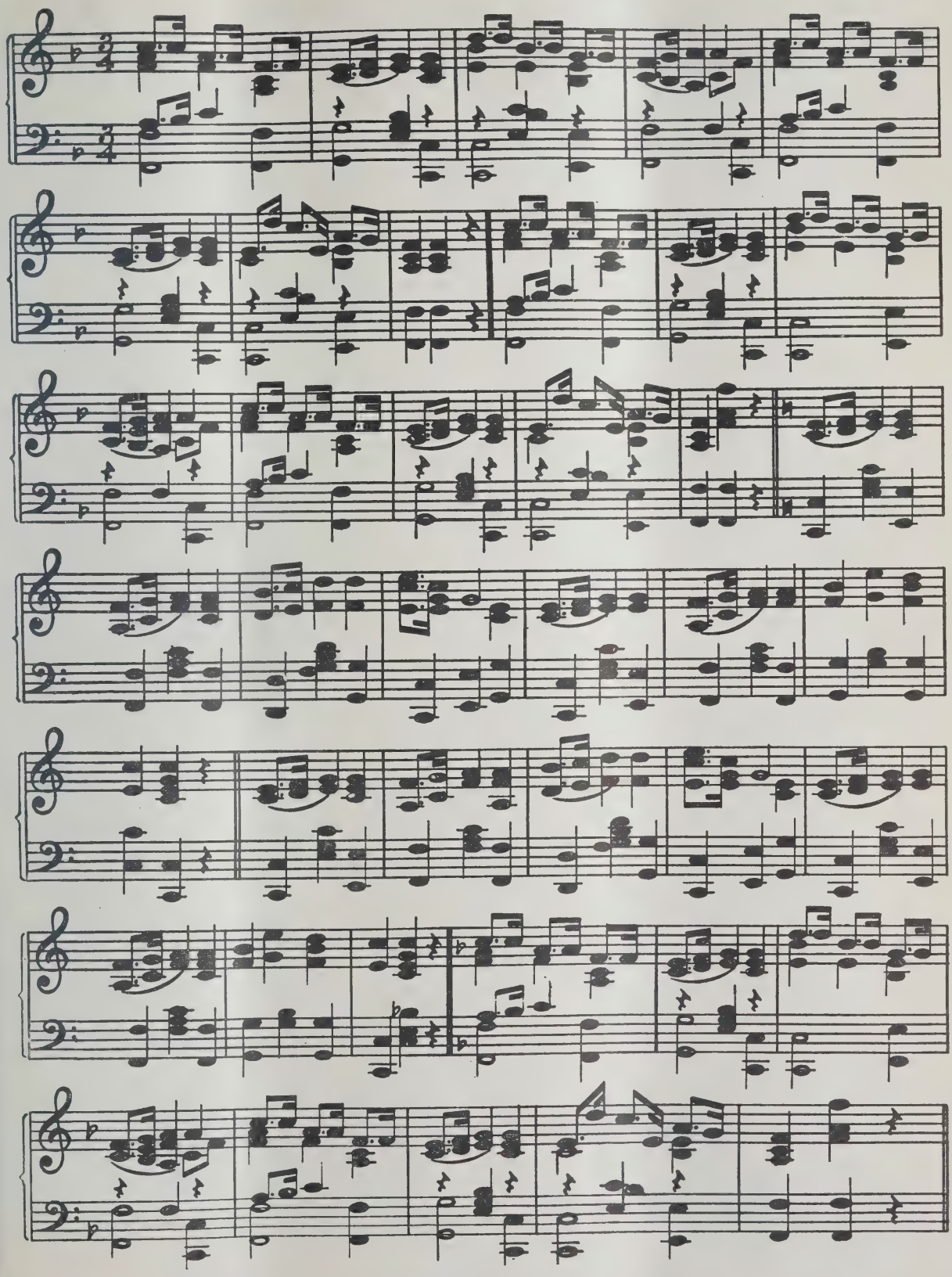
Close left foot to right; count 5

Step forward on right foot; count 6 (1 bar)

# The Ripple

Metronome 88

¾ Mazurka



THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIV. OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL
B-41

IN the end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre.

And, behold, there was a great earthquake: for the angel of the Lord descended from Heaven, and came and rolled back the stone from the door and sat upon it.

His countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow.

And for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men.

And the angel answered and said unto the women, Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified.

He is not here: for He is risen, as He said.

—Matt. 28:1-6

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Volume 26, Number 25

Five Cents a Copy APRIL 10, 1926 $1.50 a Year



CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

# BRIEFLY TOLD

THE ACTUAL date of the Crucifixion has been fixed as April 7, A.D. 30, by certain students who base their conclusions on astronomical observations.

THE CANADIAN wheat belt has been extended northward more than 100 miles by the propagation of garnet wheat, a new early maturing grain.

A FARMER tourist who sold his farm for $14,000 deposited $13,000. Now he cannot recall the name of the bank or town wherein he made the deposit.

LUTHER BURBANK has evolved a new corn which bears from eight to fourteen ears on a single stalk.

ENGLISH farmers have been prosecuted for selling apples containing 1/30 to 1/15 grain of arsenic in a pound. The poison came from insect spray.

BECAUSE he prayed with his face toward Jerusalem in the north, instead of Mecca, in the east, an old dervish of Hebron was tried by a Moslem religious court as a heretic.

NEARLY five million dollars in money orders, checks and drafts is found annually in the dead letter office.

THE ACOUSTIC troubles of many halls have been solved by the newly discovered sound absorption qualities of eel grass, a Newfoundland seaweed.

THE SHIP *Constance*, a Baltic lumber carrier built 202 years ago, is believed to be the oldest boat still in service.

AUSTRALIA by the introduction of rabbits has suffered an annual crop loss of $100,000,000, and a yearly extermination expense of $5,000,000.



CONCEALED in coffins, eleven young Chinese were smuggled aboard a San Francisco liner at Honolulu.

THE SULTAN of Johore, one of Malaysia's wealthiest rulers, has a set of diamond teeth.

A FOOT in repose is one size smaller than when it bears the weight of the body.

SUNSHINE through window glass is only 64 per cent pure, according to Dr. Charles Mayo.

A FLORIST whose name was omitted from the New York City telephone directory was awarded damages by a Supreme Court justice.

CHINA supplies nearly all of the handmade lace brought into the United States.



BARS OF SALT are still in use as currency in Abyssinia.

A TRANSCONTINENTAL motor car service is operated between San José, Guatemala, on the Pacific Coast, and Puerto Barrios on the Atlantic Coast.

FATHER LEJEUNE, a pioneer British Columbia missionary, has found words of Hebraic origin among the Indians, thus supporting the tradition that Chinese ships brought Hebrew traders to the Pacific Coast 800 years ago.

A CYLINDRICAL seal inscribed by Sumerians in Mesopotamia indicates that the unicorn of heraldry originally was a rhinoceros.

GOLD OF the value of £4,955,708 has been recovered from the wreck of the *Laurentic*, submarined during the war.

AN ATTORNEY in Sonora, Mexico, guarantees settlement of divorce cases within three days.



MOSQUITOES, it is said, were introduced into the island of Morea in the South Seas by an aggrieved whaling captain who sought thus to get revenge on the natives.

FLINDERS Street Station, Melbourne, Australia, handles 238,000 passengers daily, a traffic unequaled by any other station in the British colonies.

WORKERS in a Bisbee, Arizona, copper mine recently broke into a limestone cave 200 feet long, 80 feet wide and 40 feet high.

THE SO-CALLED "cold light" of luminous fishes and insects is the result of oxidation, but the heat, possibly less than one-thousandth of one degree, cannot be measured by present instruments.

SCIENTIFIC research in the course of 150 years has increased the productivity of labor fourfold, halved the time required to perform routine work, and enabled each person to consume twice as much wealth as formerly.

THE CANADIAN Parliament informed the British Premier six years ago that Canada desired no more titles conferred on its citizens unless the Canadian Government recommended such honors, and none has been recommended since then.

THE BALTIC Sea was a fresh-water lake in the Ancylus period, 9,000 years ago.

SUGAR is the only food commodity which is supplied to the consumer in a state of complete chemical purity.

THE HALF-TONE printing plate was invented in 1881 by Frederick E. Ives, a Cornell University research worker. The Government Printing Office was the first user of his plates.

GEYSERS heat greenhouses and supply power to laundries in Reykjavik, Iceland.

THE NATIONAL DEBT could be paid in twenty years with the money handed over annually by the American "investing" public to stock swindlers.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S early home has fallen into ruins and now is being utilized as a cattle shed.

PSYCHOLOGICAL tests tend to prove the Chinese method of vertical writing and printing causes less eyestrain and permits quicker reading than the "across the page" method.

A MONOPOLY of the quinine market is held by the Netherlands Government.

THE LOTTERY is a national institution in Spain. All participate, from the richest grandee to the humblest newsboy. The prize is known as the *gordo* (fat fellow).

TWO FUNNELS, both superfluous, are carried on the world's largest motorship as a concession to appearance, as passengers do not like to see a ship without them.

A TEN-TON armored war tractor, bullet-proof and powerful enough to knock down a house, will be used by the sheriff of Huron County, Ohio, to arrest criminals who barricade themselves



TENNIS was played in the Middle Ages in Europe. At that time the ball was struck with the palm of the hand.

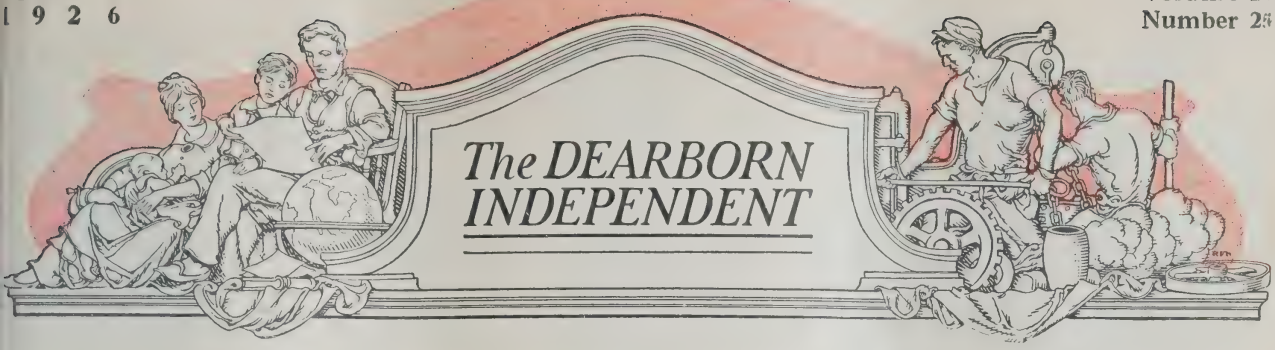
AN AMERICAN fruit company in Central America furnishes free medical advice by wireless from its hospitals to steamships in the Caribbean.

SMALL-CHESTED men live longest, according to insurance company statistics.

FRENCH Legion of Honor members must now buy their own crosses; and the beautiful parchment decrees have been replaced by paper ones.

April 10
1926

Volume 26
Number 25




# THE ESSENCE OF THIS ISSUE

Mr. Ford's Page this week discusses the great assistance which the "wets" are giving to the "dry" cause.

This generation of youth is no worse than its predecessors—nor as bad. It knows more—it should. "Why she knows more than her mother did at her age!" Mighty good thing she does. Knowledge is protection. We older ones think of some kinds of knowledge as a stain—probably because ours came that way. Some people have a knack with bad boys and can bring them around. Other people, lacking the knack, should keep hands off. Surprising how things right themselves when the nagging ceases. Nagging begets irritation and resistance. Here is the story of a bad boy. (p. 8)

You heard the common slander on your Government, but did you resent it? No—because you did not know how. They said your Government was cruelly keeping immigrant families apart. They told you sob stories of poor people separated by our cruel immigration laws. Our laws are known beforehand by every immigrant who comes and *he separates himself from his own family—he* does it, *we* do not. And his family can come in their quota. We resent the lying slanders heaped without rebuke upon the considered laws of the United States. Read the truth about it. (p. 22)

Everybody used to "eat with his knife," that is, convey food from plate to mouth by means of the knife. An "Office Chat" tells you why. (p. 21)

Most of us have seen enough pictures of mountains and castles and cathedrals; we want to know how to live when we get to London and Paris. Notice the "we." Even school-kids go abroad now. Student tours, 36 days, $365, put foreign travel within everyone's reach. You remember Mr. Dillon's article, "I Rented a House in England," in our March 13 number. Here is another of the same kind—"Housekeeping in a Paris Flat"—with everything you want to know, very entertainingly told. (p. 3)

*CONTENTS*

Woodrow Wilson Was Best and Worst Copy - 2
*Huston Thompson*
Housekeeping in Our Paris Flat - - - - - 3
*Philip Robert Dillon*
Never Separated a Single Family - - - - - 5
*Kenneth Watson*
Life and Death Act on the Screen - - - - - 7
*H. H. Dunn*
What's the Matter With Jim? - - - - - - 8
*Judge Henry Neil*
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
Golf—Can You Pick the Champions? - - - 12
*Paul MacDonald*
Lincoln's Murder—Amazing Man Hunt - - - 14
*F. L. Black*
What It Costs the Chinese to Worship Their Ancestors - - - - - - - - - - 16
*Inez Marks Lowdermilk*
Is America a Nation of Coffee-Bibbers? - - - 19
*Dirk P. DeYoung*
A Dance a Week—The Lancers - - - - - 28

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer; C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

Wilson and Roosevelt were bitter enemies, but Wilson had himself better in control. What each man said in private of the other never bore printing. But Wilson's rapier was more than a match for the Rooseveltian Big Stick, and the Colonel never got the open fight with the Governor which he sought. Here is some inside information as to how the two men handled each other behind the scenes. (p. 2)

There is one item in the high cost of living from which we are exempt; but they have it heavy in China—the cost of ancestor worship. Of course, we owe all to our ancestors, but in China they *pay it*. Funerals are as fatal as famines in sweeping away the resources of whole families, so great and costly is the esteem that must be given to the dead. This is an article direct from China by a woman who knows the country and loves the people. (p. 16)

An Irishman asks, "Why this union of Jews and Irish in *Abie's Irish Rose, Kosher Kitty Kelly* and *Hogan's Alley?*" Read his remarks in "Office Chats." (p. 21)

As an interlude in the prohibition squabble, Dirk P. DeYoung rises to inquire "Are We a Nation of Coffee-Bibbers?" We here in the United States consume half the coffee output of the world. At that we average only one cup per capita, per diem. If all the world had a cup a day, there would be an enormous coffee shortage—90 per cent of the world would go coffee dry. Our forty-million cups of coffee may be Mocha or Java or something else by name, but it is mostly all South American. There is no coffee publicity in the writer's statement that coffee moderately used is not injurious to health. We let the statement stand because the exception is probably one in half a million. There may be immoderate coffee drinkers, but a cup a day for each American hardly proves us to be immoderate as a nation. (p. 19)

Out of every great career, little careers trickle on their way, each with its own interest. What, for example, was the later life of the man charged with complicity in the assassination of Lincoln, John H. Surratt? His mother was hanged for the crime, but he escaped. What befell him between that time and his death in 1916, would make the most thrilling fiction were it not the unadorned truth. The author is F. L. Black, whose research into the myth of John Wilkes Booth's escape and survival is so well known. (p. 14)

Golf—what a wallop that imported word is coming to have in America! It sounds like the first breath of spring and carries in it the magic of summer and the golden light of long fragrant autumn days. It seems that American golfers are challenging the world. (p. 12)

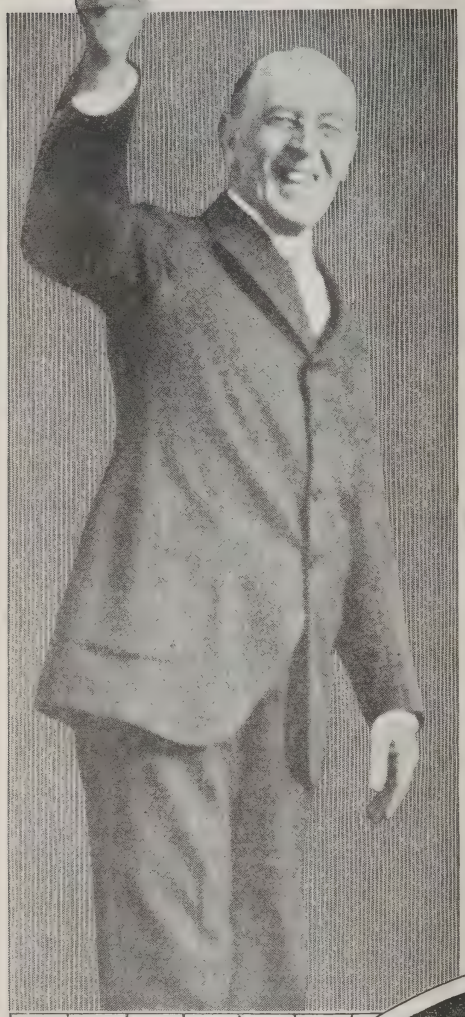
Is President Coolidge changing his mind about European affairs? It looks like it. Events are now proving the arguments of those who said that the World Court was a League bait. Read the Editorial—"The President Sees and Speaks." (p. 10)

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.50 A YEAR in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year. Single copy, five cents.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

# Wilson Was Best and Worst Copy



## His Passion for Accuracy Conflicted With Newspapermen Who Ignored Serious Things to Ask Him "What He Ate for Breakfast"

PART III.

By HUSTON THOMPSON

UPON more than one occasion in the 1912 campaign, Woodrow Wilson labored under an unsuspected strain which taxed his wonderful reserve of patience and forbearance to the limit. Like the mythical hero of Rudyard Kipling's *If* he restored his fighting nerves with the thought in the two lines:

"If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies."

Mr. Wilson was shocked at the newspaper interpretation of his candidacy. As the campaign got under way his feeling grew from surprise and disappointment to indignation and disgust. His whole life had been studious and methodical. He was also distinctly thorough. Instead of his passion for accuracy, especially for accuracy in statement, decreasing as he entered political life it grew more meticulous. Confronted by any new problem he devoted himself to it conscientiously, got together all the facts pertaining to it, and then thought it out to a logical conclusion. Such was his attitude toward his duty as a candidate for President. He was tremendously serious about it. He felt the weight of a great responsibility and did everything in his power to treat it as such.

But the newspaper correspondents wanted to know what he ate for breakfast!

He believed that the country was preparing for a "solemn referendum," and his disgust was immeasurable when, after delivering what he considered an important address on some vital, economic issue, he would pick up a newspaper and read that: "Wilson rides in seat thirteen."



Above—President Wilson snapped in a moment of action at St. Louis on his trip around the country. Oval—Inauguration of President Wilson, surrounded by the familar faces of a number of governmental notables.

In an address in New York on one occasion he was discussing public opinion. He said it did not originate in large cities but in the small towns, on the farms, in the valleys and mountains where people had time to think. Turning aside playfully from his theme he humorously said:

"Public opinion in America comes from the crossroad store, where men sit around the stove on a winter evening and spit into a sawdust box; and whatever else may be said of the habit of chewing tobacco, this much must be said in its favor: It makes men think because they have to stop between sentences to spit."

He was horrified to discover, the next morning, that the newspaper reports practically ignored the serious part of his address but proclaimed to the world in headlines that "Chewing tobacco makes men think, says Wilson."

But despite his attitude toward the press, he had a dramatic, impressionistic way of presenting a situation that compelled recognition. In the 1916 campaign he produced a remarkable contrast with Mr. Roosevelt, whose name he refused to mention throughout the campaign, despite the latter's frantic references and utterances to draw him into doing so. His impersonal, unnamed rejoinders to Mr. Roosevelt's attacks put the former "Bull Moose" leader in a position similar to a pugilist who shadow-boxes with an invisible opponent.

This method of President Wilson's almost drove Roosevelt to despair. At the same time the reading public, through the press pictures of the situation, was having unconsciously etched upon its mind the picture of an adroit personality that was very persuasive.

It was a rare sight on those beautiful October afternoons in 1916 at charming "Shadow Lawn" when President Wilson, speaking from the front porch of his summer residence to tens of thousands of Democratic pilgrims, would lift that accusing index finger of his right hand, and pointing at an imaginary Roosevelt, answer his latest attack by always smilingly addressing him as "the articulate part of the Republican party."

(Continued on page 23)



Apartment on the short rue des Eaux, in Passy, where the author lived.

# Housekeeping in Our Paris Flat

## How Two Americans Fared in the French Capital and "Got to Love Passy"

By PHILIP ROBERT DILLON

I SAID to my wife, one day in London:

"I would advise you to take Mrs. Bindle with us to Paris. I know she would like to keep house for us there, and everyone says that they speak English everywhere in Paris. I feel she could get along in English with the household shopping."

Mrs. Bindle was our English housekeeper, an elderly woman of Devonshire, with all the conservatism of the West-of-England people, who still hold their tradition of superiority to the French that has been handed down from past centuries, particularly from the time of the Napoleonic Wars. She was a competent cook and manager in the English way, and had managed our house in Somerset three months and our flat in London two months with thorough efficiency. She had voyaged to America but never to France. She knew not one word of the French language.

Mrs. Bindle agreed to undertake the adventure, and indeed it was a great adventure for the three of us, to plunge into housekeeping in Paris for a six-month stay, not knowing the city nor the language. My own French was of the theoretical sort learned in school years ago. But our traveled American friends had said: "English is spoken everywhere in the world, now," and we had swallowed that comforting statement.

So we three arrived at the *Gare du Nord* in Paris, one sunny day in November, and went to a small hotel near the Madeleine, temporarily; and four days later installed ourselves in a flat in the rue des Eaux, in the section called Passy.

Our English friends in London had said to us: "Don't go to the Latin Quarter to live. It is not nice. Go to Passy. You will love Passy!"

These English friends were successful business people who lived in a large handsome house at Sydenham, London. It is essential that successful business people of London should live only in certain sections of London which are recognized by society leaders as proper residence sections. We found out later that "successful" business people of Paris live anywhere they like, many of them in unfashionable sections, and the place of residence in Paris doesn't make nearly so much difference, socially, as it does in London, or even New York.

It is generally true that a river running through a city divides the inhabitants socially. This is true of London; the people north of the Thames patronize and poke fun at the people on the south side. New Yorkers in Manhattan for a century have assumed airs of superiority over the people of Brooklyn across the East River. The rule holds good in Chicago. Paris is an exception.

The river Seine flows through the city in an arc from east to west, about two-thirds of the territory being on the right bank. The Latin Quarter is on the left bank. Also on the left bank is the old St. Germain quarter, the most aristocratic city quarter in the world for two centuries. Here lived the old noblesse of France. Their palaces are still standing, and many of their descendants still live in that quarter. The land is low along the riverside.

About fifty years ago began the movement of the rich nobles and the *nouveau riche* to the heights at the western side of the city; to Passy, Auteuil, Neuilly, on the right bank adjoining the great park called Bois de Boulogne.

Yet the left bank still holds on socially. Myron T. Herrick, the American ambassador, lived there, near the tomb of Napoleon, until this year when he moved to the new American embassy in Passy on the right bank.

And it must not be forgotten that the University of Paris is on the left bank, and also the Luxembourg Gardens, one of the beauty spots of the world, and the parliament of France —both the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate.

But, when one does not know a city, it is well to take the advice of eminent *bourgeois* friends. It is always safe. Only the sophisticated may move at once into a bohemian environment, such as the Latin Quarter. So we went to Passy, and it is true that we did get to "love" Passy.

I went first to an English real estate agent, the best known in the city. "I want a furnished flat in Passy," I said, "three bedrooms, drawing-room, dining room, kitchen, and bath; central heating and elevator."

"How much do you want to pay?"

"Twelve hundred to fourteen hundred francs a month for six months" ($60 to $70 a month).

He looked at me scornfully and closed the book, saying: "We have nothing less than 2,500 francs a month."

I went to a French agency in Avenue Champs Elysées, a large concern where not one of the personnel spoke English.

Yes, they had furnished apartments, "four pieces" for as low as 1,600 francs on the left bank, and three such in Passy for 1,800 francs a month.



Mrs. Bindle came in from her marketing with her face beaming.

The obvious thing to do was to go and look at the rooms.

I paid fifty francs registration fee and signed a paper agreeing to pay in addition ten per cent of the first month's rent if I completed the lease. The landlord would also pay the agency a commission on his part. Then they gave me the addresses of three apartments in Passy.

The second one I visited was in rue des Eaux. Here I made the pleasing discovery that a "four piece" apartment in Paris means actually six rooms and sometimes seven. The kitchen and small bedroom for a domestic servant are not counted as "pieces," nor is the hall which may be bigger than the kitchen, nor the butler's pantry if there be one.

This apartment in rue des Eaux was on the ground floor in a six-story building with elevator. It had a large entrance hall, large *salon* (drawing-room), dining room, kitchen, two large bedrooms and one small bedroom, large bathroom, and many closets. There was steam heat and a fireplace in each of the "pieces." There was electric lighting, and in the kitchen was a combination stove for both gas and coal

The *salon* was handsomely paneled in mauve. The furnishings of the entire apartment were sparingly elegant, though worn. The china was sufficient, with a slight tendency to elegance. Only the cutlery was inferior, being of commonplace steel and showing that it had been sharpened by the grinder for many years. I again regretted, as in England, that I had not brought our own table silver with us from New York.

Blankets and quilts were upon the beds, but no linen, nor was there any table linen. We found that it is the rule in Paris that the tenant shall furnish the linen and silver, but exceptions are increasing and probably landlords will eventually furnish linen, and perhaps silver. We hired our linen by the week from a concern which specializes in that business.

I accepted the flat and so informed the *concierge* (the superintendent or janitor who has charge of a building and who is almost always a woman). She spoke not a word of English, nor did the landlord.

Next day I returned and signed the lease, which the landlord's lawyer had prepared. I found that the price of the flat was 1,825 francs a month. I asked the *concierge:* "What is the extra 25 francs for?"

"It is for the renting agency," she said.

So the landlord made me pay his part of the agency commission, as well as my own, and two months' rent in advance.

Then we took the inventory, the *concierge* and myself, noting every crack in every dish, and every spot in each curtain, carpet and rug. On the day we left, six months later, we again took the inventory, and I had to pay for every additional crack and spot and bruise on the furniture. These extra cracks and spots cost me about fifteen dollars.

Thus the rent and charges, not including the *concierge's* monthly tip nor the breakages of china, amounted to approximately $100 a month.

We had paid Mrs. Bindle in England 18 shillings a week (about $4.00) which was higher than the prevailing wages. We translated this into French money and continued her wages at 85 francs a week; the prevailing rate at Paris a year ago for what is called a "general" in England and is called a "maid to do all" (*bonne a tout faire*) in France, was 240 francs a month ($12.00).

It was borne in upon us crushingly from the first day that if you want to keep house in Passy without any knowledge of French, you must be prepared for misery. We hunted the neighborhood to a distance of half a mile for any grocery, butcher shop, bakery, vegetable shop where they spoke English. Not one could we find. Several drug stores displayed the sign "English spoken." Later we found out that one ought to take such signs with a grain of salt.

Mrs. Bindle was panic-stricken. At first I went with her to buy our groceries, and gave her lessons in French money. Later she would go alone to the nearest shops and would manage to get things by pointing her finger at them as they lay or hung in the shop. I gave her a small book in which the shopkeepers would write the names of the articles purchased, the quantity and the price, all in French.

After a couple of weeks she had mastered the rudiments: That a kilogram ("kilo" for short) is 2 pounds, that a litre is about a quart. She never grasped the hectogram ("hecto" for short) which is one-fifth of a pound, nor the metre nor any other French unit of lineal measure. Fortunately, the French still use the term "livre" (pound) and mark the price of meats and vegetables very often by the "livre." Mrs. Bindle pronounced it liver, just like the liver of "liver and bacon," and got to know it was a pound. The French pronounce it almost like the last syllable in "believe."

One day Mrs. Bindle came in from her marketing with her face beaming and she burst out in delight, "I have found a lovely American lady. She lives near here."

She related how she was in a grocery shop trying to buy spices and things that were not in sight while the shopkeeper was shaking his head hopelessly, not understanding her, when a lady who was waiting to be served, spoke in English and vol-

(Concluded on page 31)



We took the inventory, noting every crack in every dish.

# Never Separated a Single Family

## Open-Door Immigration Strategists Slander the United States Government

By KENNETH WATSON
DRAWING BY W. W. CLARKE

THE "melting pot" of the United States is perilously near boiling over again!

Up to March 1, a total of 67 bills designed to modify the immigration law had been introduced in the House of Representatives alone, and many more in the Senate. With two exceptions all seek to amend the act of 1924 so that various classes of aliens may enter.

An idea of the enormous increase that would follow if all the "open door" policy bills were enacted into law is gained from often repeated statements of Representative Albert Johnson, of Washington, chairman of the House Immigration Committee, and one of the leading authorities on that subject in the world.

"If all the various proposals intended to modify the law were to be adopted, five million aliens could enter," is Johnson's startling announcement.

Not all this tremendous influx would come at once—the governmental machinery could not handle it. But passage of the various bills would result in a million aliens entering annually.

"The United States would then again be confronted with the same conditions which led to the passage of the 1924 law," Johnson says.

**Who is back of all these proposals to let the bars down?**

Most of the legislation is the product of Congressmen from New York or Chicago—cities already overflowing with huge foreign-born populations.

Foremost among the various organizations openly appearing before the House Immigration Committee is the American Jewish Congress. In fact, its president, Rabbi Stephen Wise, of New York, in testifying recently to urge passage of the most liberal of all the liberalizing measures—the Perlman bill—boldly accused Congress of being a divorce court which is keeping thousands of aliens from joining relatives in the United States through its action in passing the 1924 law.

"Whom God hath joined together, let no Congressional enactment rend asunder and keep asunder. After all that is exactly what has been done," Rabbi Wise dramatically exclaimed.

The Rabbi and other witnesses, including Carl Sherman, chairman of the legislative committee of the American Jewish Congress, and Rowland Mahany, former solicitor in the Department of Labor, asserted that the quota provisions, which they claim are preventing the uniting of families in the United States, are inhuman.

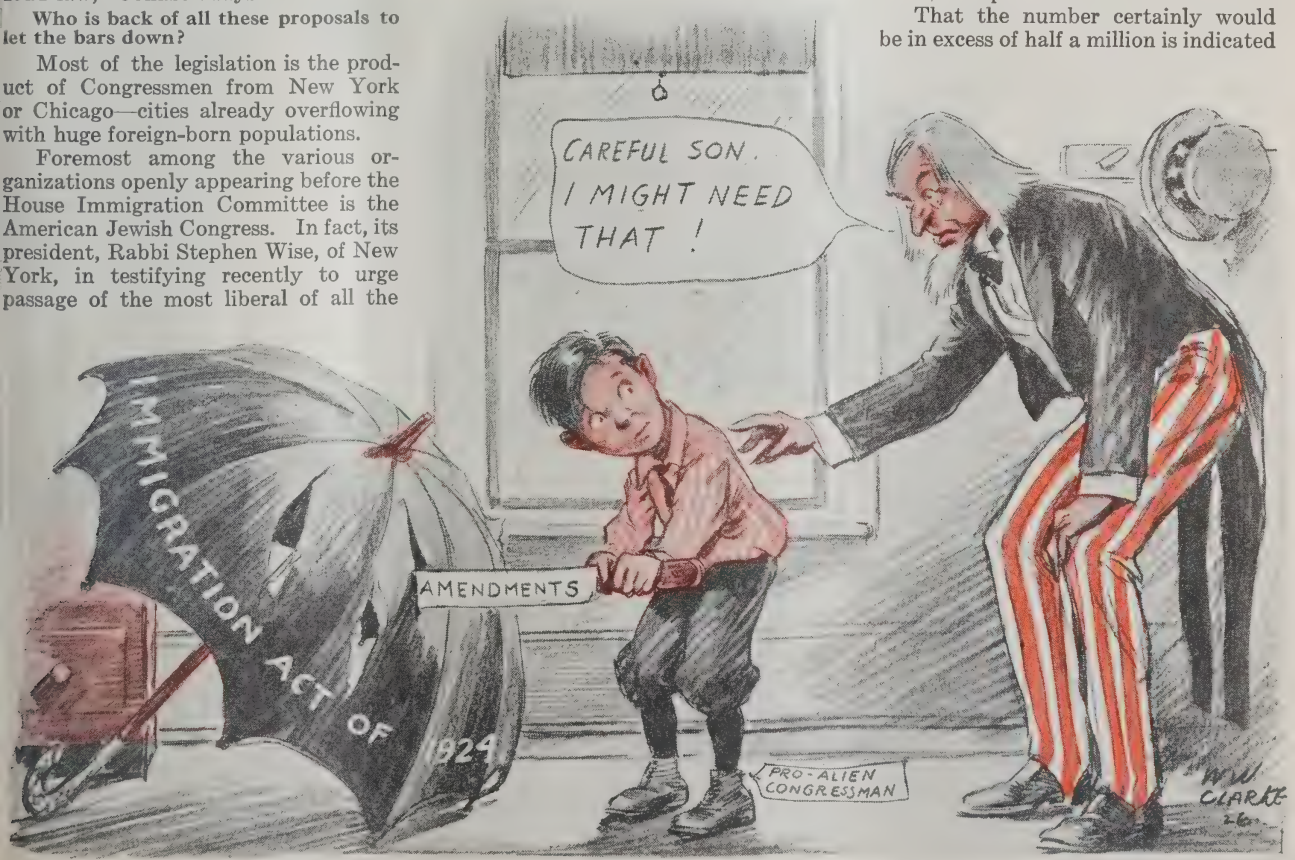
Sweeping changes which would liberalize the immigration law to a greater extent than even under the conditions immediately following the World War are contemplated by the Perlman bill, introduced by Representative Nathan Perlman, of New York City.

At present *wives of American citizens* and *alien children under 18 years of age* are exempted from the quota provisions of the law. Representative Perlman is endeavoring to *raise the age limit to 21 years* and to provide further that not only *wives* of citizens, but their *fathers and mothers* as well may enter outside the quota provisions.

Perlman further urges that the same privilege of entering beyond the quota be extended to the same category of relatives of any honorably discharged veteran of the American military or naval forces in the World War. Not content with thus liberalizing the law, Perlman also stipulates in his bill that all aliens legally admitted to the United States prior to July 1, 1924, who have declared their intentions even of trying to become American citizens, shall be entitled to bring in the same class of relatives outside the quota.

Just how many aliens would be added annually to our alien influx if the Perlman bill passes is problematical. Supporters of the measure place the number as low as 40,000 to 50,000 annually, but many Congressmen contend the migration would reach more than a million aliens a year in addition to the 164,667 permitted to come in under the quota.

That the number certainly would be in excess of half a million is indicated



by incomplete, but official, estimates prepared by American consuls abroad and telegraphed to the Department of State in response to a request made by Representative Johnson.

The Immigration Committee chairman had asked Secretary of State Kellogg to have the consuls in countries affected by the quota law prepare estimates on the number of relatives in their districts who would be admissible to the United States if the Perlman bill were enacted.

On February 24, after partial returns had reached the State Department, Assistant Secretary Wilbur J. Carr advised Johnson that the number of such relatives was already officially estimated at 577,450. More than half of this number, or 350,000, it was estimated, would be able to emigrate from Italy alone.

Other large numbers were reported from most other Southern European nations whose tremendous influx into the United States after the war prompted Congress to "clamp down the lid." These estimates include 60,000 for Czecho-Slovakia; 20,000 from Jugo-Slavia; 15,000 from Hungary; 10,000 from Syria; 8,700 from Russia; 5,100 from Lithuania; 5,000 from Rumania; 1,700 from Greece and 1,000 from Palestine.

Great Britain's total was estimated at 42,700, including Ireland. Other Northern European countries were placed as follows: Germany, 8,500; Norway, 4,500; and the Netherlands, 600.

On March 1, the State Department advised Johnson that estimates just received from other consulates had increased the total number of relatives of our alien population eligible to enter the United States under the Perlman bill to 622,000. Even this estimate is incomplete as numerous consuls have not had sufficient time to prepare accurate estimates.

While this total of 622,000 admissible aliens may not exactly reflect the result of passage of the Perlman bill, it is at least accurate enough to reveal that the number of relatives permitted to enter would be ten or twelve times greater than the maximum estimates given by proponents of the Perlman bill.

### *Congress Is Not a Divorce Court*

The attack made on the present immigration law by Rabbi Wise aroused considerable resentment during one of the hearings on the Perlman bill and precipitated a clash between him and Representative Johnson.

Rabbi Wise had commented on the fact that Perlman has made the claim that $80,000 has been paid into the United States Treasury by aliens for consular visé fees, but that still they were not permitted to enter.

"Let me ask you right now. Congress is accused of acting as a divorce court in putting asunder 'those whom God hath joined together.' Have you any knowledge as to whether parts of families are coming to the United States now within the quotas as advance agents for their families?" Representative Johnson asked.

Rabbi Wise replied that he had no such information.

"You who are expert in the problem of immigration and European history, knowing as you do the economic state of Jews in Russia and Poland and Rumania today, I wonder whether it is quite accurate to describe the immigrant, driven by economic necessity, by social oppression, by racial discrimination, by religious antagonism—that is, driven to this country or to seek admittance to this country, whether it is quite fair to speak of him as the advance agent of his family," he said with considerable feeling.

> *"Don't you know, as a matter of fact, that the immigration law of the United States has never separated a single family?"* asked Representative Holaday.
>
> "I do not know that," Representative Perlman replied.
>
> *"That they all came here voluntarily; that they can return at any time. I notice in this morning's paper that there are 10 ships sailing from New York to Europe. The statement that is generally made, that the immigration law separates families, I seriously object to,"* Representative Holaday declared in no uncertain tone.

"Just exactly as fair as to stand there where you stand and charge that the Congress of the United States is acting as a divorce court," Johnson retorted.

A few minutes later another clash developed. It ensued when Johnson picked up a book written by a French author which described alleged activities of an organization known as the *Alliance Israelites Universale* in inducing persecuted peoples of Europe to migrate to the United States.

"I suppose the public will have to admit that the legislation spoken of (immigration laws) became necessary because of the activities of such organizations, including one called the *Alliance Israelites Universale* from 1860 to 1910 to promote this immigration?" Johnson asked.

Rabbi Wise declared with emphasis that this particular organization had not sought to induce Jews to leave Europe and emigrate to the United States.

Previous to the occasion that Rabbi Wise appeared in support of the Perlman bill the author of the measure also aroused some of the committee members by his denunciation of the present quota law.

Representative William P. Holaday, one of the restrictionists on the Committee, asked Representative Perlman to state in what manner he considered the present law inhuman.

"Because it separates families; because a husband who is here cannot have his children come and join him; because the wife as a citizen of the United States cannot bring her husband here," Perlman replied.

This claim, which is so frequently advanced by persons contending the law is unjust, has been so frequently shattered that Representative Holaday was not long in doing so again.

But quite apart from the perfectly logical argument advanced by the Illinois Congressman that there is nothing to stop reuniting of familes abroad, the fact remains that unless physically, mentally or morally disqualified, *relatives of citizens can join them in the United States.* Possibly the uniting cannot take place this year, but in no admissible cases will the delay be much longer than that period.

Strangely enough one of the other especially determined onslaughts to batter down the immigration barriers came during hearings on one of the two bills which provides for strengthening the present law. This is the so-called Box bill to place Mexico, Canada, and the countries of South and Central America on the same quota basis as European nations. It was introduced by Representative John C. Box, of Texas, another strict restrictionist on the House Immigration Committee, and has a companion bill known as the Bacon bill, drafted by Representative Robert Bacon, of New York, which would apply the quota to Mexico only of the above nations.

Opposition to the Box bill, however, took an entirely different tact than the humanitarian appeal stressed by proponents of the Perlman bill. Here interests seeking a supply of "cheap" labor came forward with the song and dance that "agriculture in the West and Middle West is doomed" unless more labor can be obtained.

The hearings developed the startling fact that beet sugar manufacturers are seeking to break down the strict contract-labor laws, which have been in effect for forty-odd years, in order to bring in thousands of Mexican peons to work in beet fields of Colorado, Montana, Michigan, Ohio, Minnesota, Nebraska, and other Western and Middle Western states.

### *The Matter of the Mexican Peons*

The admission was drawn reluctantly from C. V. Maddux, labor commissioner of the Great Western Sugar Company, of Denver, during the last few minutes of most extensive hearings. Maddux acted as chairman and principal spokesman for a group of the sugar manufacturers and western Chamber of Commerce officials styling themselves as a "group of farmer delegates."

In stressing the needs for agricultural labor, Maddux and every other one of the 30-odd witnesses had been careful not to mention contract-labor. Most of them had been content merely to urge repeal of the $10 visé fee and $8 head tax, which *(Concluded on page 22)*



Sections from the first microscopic motion picture made, showing process of fertilization of a flower by pollen grains. First two panels show pollen grains sending out tubes of protoplasm under influence of the liquid content of the stigma of a flower. The second pair of views shows these tubes well developed, and the third group shows them fully extended.

# Life and Death Act on the Screen

## A. C. Pillsbury Films Bacteria and Pollen in Action; Motion Pictures of Flower Fertilization

By H. H. DUNN

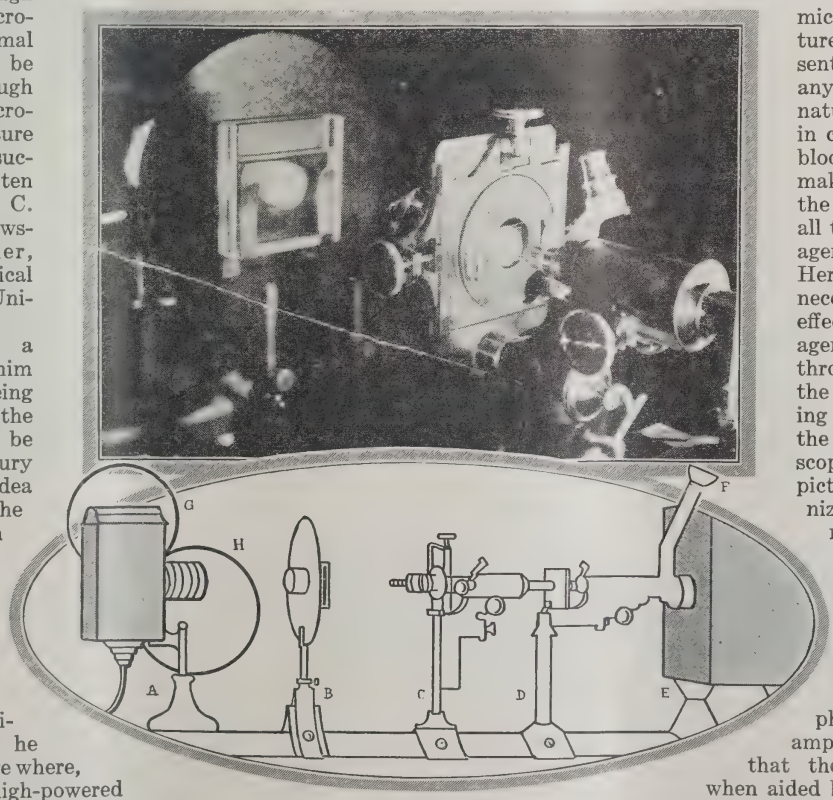
ON A thin glass stage, not more than two inches long by half an inch wide, the tiny germs that produce life, and the even smaller bacteria whose unchecked activities result in death, have at last been compelled to reveal their secrets to man.

Too small to be seen by the unaided eye, many of them moving with such rapidity that the eye wearies and the brain tires after a few seconds of watching them through the strongest of microscopes, these infinitesimal creatures now may be studied at leisure through a combination of microscopes and motion picture cameras brought to success in 1926 after ten years of effort, by A. C. Pillsbury, a former newspaper photographer, working in the botanical department of the University of California.

Men called him a dreamer, warned him that his time was being wasted, and declared the result he sought to be unattainable. Pillsbury doggedly held to the idea that the lens of the microscope, which never tires, and the eye of the motion picture camera, which never wearies, could be brought together to the aid of man in his battle with communicable disease. Now, he has arrived at the stage where, out of a line of high-powered microscopes, the lens of the camera under his direction picks the protoplasm of the pollen grain as it fertilizes the ovary of the flower—in other words, the beginning of life in the vegetable kingdom, an activity never before seen by man.

Through the same lenses, the same camera views and records the movements of the bacilli of typhoid, pneumonia, and other communicable diseases, slowing down their motions, raising their size to that of footballs or yardsticks, as their shapes may be, and it permits the bacteriologist to sit hours at a time watching these emissaries of death, just as you and I watch actors and actresses on the motion-picture screen.

Magnified 110,000 times, these bacteria go through their processes of reproduction, growth, destruction of tissues, contact with blood corpuscles, and, finally and most important, reveal the effect upon themselves of bacteriophages, or hostile bacteria introduced into the glass slide which makes the stage on which they perform.




Above—The stage on which minute living creatures are photographed. It consists of a glass slide in front of the microscope. Oval—Working arrangement of instruments, *A* being a light, *C* the primary microscope and *E* the motion picture camera.

In the making of these microscopic motion pictures it is possible to present the bacteria under any and all conditions, natural and unnatural, in cultures and in actual blood or tissue, and to make lasting records of the effects upon them of all the disease-combating agencies known to man. Heretofore, it has been necessary to study the effect of these remedial agencies with the eye through the microscope, the resulting records being open to error. But the eyes of the microscope and the motion-picture camera, synchronized in this new process, never err. What the bacteria do, that the camera records, literally picking the picture out of the eyepiece of the double-microscope. The bacillus of typhoid fever, for example, moves so rapidly that the human eye, even when aided by the best of microscopes, is unable to endure the strain of watching it for more than a few minutes at a time, and it is claimed that accurate pic-

(*Concluded on page 26*)

# What's the Matter With Jim?

## The Story of a Boy Who Would Only Work When He Thought It Play

By JUDGE HENRY NEIL

ILLUSTRATED BY W. W. CLARKE

JIM wants to drive me in an automobile from Philadelphia to Los Angeles in forty hours. "Do it? Sure I can do it," he says. "We'll cross the plains at a hundred miles an hour; we'll go over the mountains at eighty."

Jim really means what he says. And he might do it, too. Jim is likely to wind up famous—or else as a convict for life. It all depends on the way society treats him. Jim has the physique of a boy of nineteen, but a spirit that has never grown up. He interests me intensely just because I have met thousands of boys like him. They are in jails or institutions for delinquents, and the only reason they are there is because they haven't found a harmless game to play, the way Jim has, with his speed mania and his rebuilt autos.

Nobody ever noticed anything out of the ordinary about Jim, as a small boy, except that his school-teachers said they could never make him take any study seriously. All boys like to play, but Jim never liked to do anything else. Finally the grammar school promoted him into the high school just to get rid of him. His eternal spirit of play had upset the decorum of the whole school.

Jim really learned something in high school. He did well in mathematics, because he found it was something like a game that he could play with himself. But after awhile mathematics began to bore him. He had discovered a more exciting game.

The first his parents knew of it was when they were called into a neighbor's to take a phone call from a Philadelphia hospital: "Your boy will live," they were told, "but his nose will never look the same again."

Jim's parents didn't even know he was in danger of dying. They thought he was in school. But he hadn't been going to school for weeks. He had been breaking the speed laws in "borrowed" cars. Here's what Jim confessed when they were allowed to see him in the hospital:

"I met Sam Slawson in the park this morning, and he said, 'Let's go to Jonesville to see the auto races.' He didn't have the carfare, though, and I didn't; so he said he'd borrow old man Heinie's delivery truck from back of the grocery store, and come back and pick me up in the park.

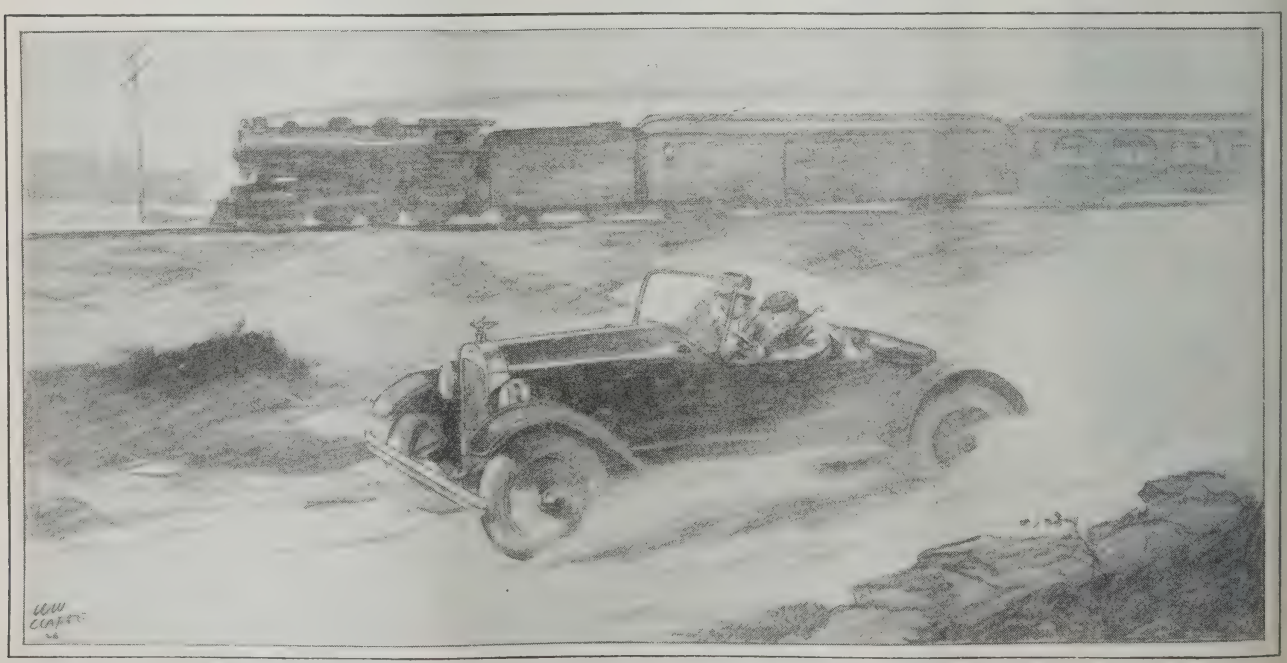
"He came along with the truck in a few minutes, and said he'd driven out through the alley, and nobody had seen him, and that we'd have the old bus back in its place again before anybody missed it. So we drove to Jonesville, and we had a bully time. Cripes! but those races were fine. One fellow ran away from all the others. The fellow in the third car couldn't see because of the dust, and he ran into the fence and a plank went straight through his body. His wife was in the grand stand and saw him killed."

Since I have come to know him, Jim has frequently told me that most automobile racers are killed sooner or later. Jim wants to be an automobile racer.

He isn't cold-blooded; but imagination was left out of his make-up and its place is filled by a vast boyish craving for excitement. He is a perfectly normal youth, but has carried over beyond adolescence the play-spirit of a boy of twelve years.

On the way back from the Jonesville races, Jim took the wheel and stepped on the gas. He was on fire with the excitement of what he had seen. But he emulated those racers too well. At a sharp turn in the road he went through the fence at forty miles an hour, and turned over in a ditch; and he came to in the hospital with the bridge of his nose smashed in. Twice since then a bit of bone from his shin has been grafted into his nose, but it doesn't look natural yet.

Jim's father paid the groceryman $200 for the smashed car, and put the boy to work with him in the factory. He developed a passion for machinery, and worked so hard the foreman said he'd wear himself out at that rate in a year. But it didn't last. One Sunday (Concluded on page 27)



Jim wants to be an automobile racer; he tries to beat all the trains if we are running parallel to the tracks.

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

WHEN we speak of studying history we usually mean studying books. History is being made all the time, is passing before men's eyes, and the opportunity to study its pre-library phase should not be lost. We do not get very far with history in the books unless we have a sense of it in present events.

It is instructive to observe the present phases of movements that march along together in this most interesting age. Inevitably we are participants, even partisans, in these movements, but that should not prevent us from that occasional detachment of mind which enables us to view these movements as outsiders.

Some people write and speak as if great movements were dependent solely on the pro-partisans and not at all on the con-partisans. Take, for example, prohibition. Many think that the movement for a dealcoholized humanity depends solely on the efforts of those who favor prohibition. This is surely a partial view. All life is movement, but that special movement which we particularly see, and on which we focus our interest, is like the column of dust-motes which a shaft of sunlight reveals. All the air of the room is like that, but the shaft of light illumines a strip that we may see. And there the dust-motes dance together, in unison and opposition, no one of them hindering the movement more than the other helps it, but all together parts of the movement.

*THE "wets" must be given large credit for making the country "dry." They furnished the excesses and stupidities which aroused public opinion to action. And they will yet complete what they have begun. All that is needed to enforce prohibition is for the "wets" to pursue their campaigns a little farther; goad public opinion to the level of imperial demand and invincible action, and the thing will be done. The "wet" has never received the credit due his great part in making booze an outlaw. However unfortunate Prohibition may have been in its friends, it has always been most fortunate in its enemies. Opposition puts good causes across.*

The "wets," so-called, are as much a part of the prohibition movement as the "drys," and it will be the "wets" that shall at last make the country "dry."

Is this a paradox? Not at all. Only the exaggerations and excesses of the "wets" can put across a "dry" campaign. If this had been a sober country, we should never have had prohibition. If the liquor business had been fortunate enough to have had brainy leadership, the question would probably have been settled in a different manner. But the liquor business did not have brains in its leadership, and has none now, which, together with an increase in "wet" gullibility, makes the finest kind of support for the "dry" program.

In the movement for a liquorless country you cannot minimize the immense aid given by the "wet" forces; they furnish the resistance which enables the movement to gather speed and power The country could not go "dry" without them. And it is becoming "drier" all the time becauseof them.

Here is history before our eyes, with one of its most obvious lessons, namely, that movements are composed of opposing forces, and that the negative force is not to be despised. Without it there is no victory.

See how the saloon created this great tide of prohibition sentiment in the first place. For 100 years, America asked the public house to be a good community neighbor. It refused. America asked it to exclude little children from the bar. It refused. The refusal goaded public sentiment into passing ordinances. The saloon refused to obey. This refusal caused the level of public sentiment to rise high enough for enforcement. Reform after reform was suggested, each refused by the saloon. Each refusal added height to the head of public sentiment, and year after year it rose higher and higher, lifted by the assininity of saloon leadership. Higher and higher, year by year, until at length it leaped the dam and swept away the whole business. Prohibition was born in the stupidity of the liquor leaders.

And that stupidity still favors the movement. Just now tremendous efforts are being made to lift prohibition to the status of the big issue in the next campaign. The "wets" are financing those efforts, just as the poor saloon-keeper of other days financed the very campaigns that sealed the doom of his business. The last liquor dollars are going now for a campaign whose only possible issue is to *make possible* the enforcement of prohibition. If, as they say, enforcement is impossible now, their further efforts against it are the only thing needed to make it possible.

This is the way history is made. *The opposition brings the thing to pass.*

To know history is to have no fear whatever of the fate of good causes. However unfortunate they may be in their friends, they are always most fortunate in their enemies.

It is a great historical movement we are witnessing, the spectacle of a nation acting after a century of deliberation to administer self-discipline, to enforce a self-imposed reform. All are caught up into that movement; all are assisting that movement whether they vote "for" or "against." No argument can deprive the "wets" of the lion's share in crystallizing the public opinion that has made and will keep the country out of partnership with booze.

**"Ford Ideals," 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## *The President Sees and Speaks!*

IT WOULD now appear that the march of events is to accomplish what the voice of the American people would have done had it been permitted to be heard. The League of Nations and its subsidiary, the World Court, are steadily shedding their disguises and are being seen of all the world for just what they are—unworthy of the high names they have borne, mere agencies for the unregenerated political prejudices of Europe.

Events are proving the truth and sincerity of the arguments lately urged in this country against our participation in the World Court. Its proponents falsely preached that the Court was no part of the League. Now the League itself gives them the lie by assembling the members of the League to say whether the United States can enter the World Court under the terms we have made. If the League is honest it will not permit us to enter because our so-called "reservations" make the Court something less than a Court, and make us something less than a member.

However, the evil spirit of Europe is not dead. That which wrecked Europe is still active. In two months it destroyed Locarno, threw the League into its true place, and thoroughly exposed the humbug of the proposed disarmament conferences. The League and all its political appendages is now seen not to be the savior of Europe but its cat's-paw. Events have disclosed what argument expressed and wisdom foresaw.

There can be no partisan satisfaction in this, no satisfaction at all except that the broken reed on which the world was invited to rest its weight is now proved to be broken. It is not the idea of a League of Nations that we oppose, but the insufficiency of this *League* which is a sham and a delusion and a snare. It is not the idea of a World Court which we oppose, but the present World Court as the legal agent of the sham League of Nations. It is a great day for the World when shams are shown to be shams. It will throw the world back upon the realities, among which are sincere good will and a wise comprehension of the bases of peace.

No blame attaches to the statesmen of Europe. With the utmost good will they cannot make bricks without straw.

There is satisfaction, however, that our own Country was spared the deception. One nation high and dry is of more aid to the world than if it too were floundering in the upset of Europe's incorrigible passions. No thanks to anyone for this, but to the Providence that has signal purposes for this Republic.

It is of the greatest importance, as well as the highest gratification, that the Washington authorities, and the President especially, give evidence that they see things as they are. We quote here a Washington dispatch from the political correspondent of the Detroit *News* (March 18), which indicates our Government's attitude at present:

> American return to more active participation in international councils, presaged in the resolution of adhesion to the World Court and President Coolidge's tentative acceptance of a place in the proposed League of Nations disarmament conference, has been set very far in the future by the recent developments at Geneva in the opinion of our ablest European representatives.
>
> Alanson B. Houghton, ambassador to Great Britain, and Hugh S. Gibson, minister to Switzerland, who advised with the President and Frank B. Kellogg, Secretary of State, have painted the gloomiest sort of picture of the situation, as affecting international accord. They have said in effect that the nations of Europe have learned nothing from the World War and that the condition today is only less dangerous than in the years before 1914 in the respect that the powers are so impoverished as to make it difficult for them to carry on war.
>
> There is no present hope of a successful conference for reduction of armaments, either on land or sea, the President has been told, and the Locarno pacts, so hopefully hailed as the beginning of general European accord, actually are working to accentuate the division of the Continent into two antagonistic camps.
>
> The main points of the report of the ambassadors are substantially as follows:
>
> > The League of Nations no longer is a world league. It is a European council which is engaged in splitting into two camps . . .
> >
> > The European powers do not want to disarm and do not relish participation of the United States in their councils. Each side is merely using this country in an effort to pull its particular chestnuts out of the fire . . .
>
> The President has been told that the proposal of the disarmament conference in its beginning did not spring from any sincere desires of the European powers to disarm. Rather, Messrs. Houghton and Gibson have said, it was forced on them by considerations of the provisions of the Versailles Treaty in the course of the conference at Locarno.

In a second dispatch, the Detroit *News* (March 19) said further:

> The exceedingly pessimistic views of American Government officials with regard to the European situation constitute the most amazing turn in the tortuous course of American foreign policy that has occurred in many a day.
>
> It is not so much that President Calvin Coolidge and Secretary of State Frank B. Kellogg are discouraged with the outlook for settlement of the manifold disputes existing between the European powers, as that they have suddenly adopted a policy of frankly revealing this state

of mind. The statement as to the situation, while it was blanketed with the anonymity always applied to American governmental disclosures regarding foreign affairs, came from such a highly official source and it was so definite in tone as to startle all those who heard it . . .

On the side of future developments the whole statement pointed to an early withdrawal of American acceptance of the disarmament invitation as the first step in return to a policy of strict isolation from all matters political in Europe. The inference was unmistakable that from now on we will keep hands off in all respects, at least until there is a distinct change of heart on the part of the European nations . . .

There is reason to believe that the real design of the American Government in its outgiving was to indicate to Great Britain that she must get out of the internal intanglements of European politics if she is to expect further American support in adjustment of the economic difficulties of the continent . . .

## *If It's Pagan, It's Harmless*

WHEN GitcheManito, the Good Mystery, created the earth it was bare, without trees or shrubs. Then he created two Indians, a man and a woman. This, in Indian Mythology, represents the Creation. Long ago a great storm came. The Indians baked a great earthen pot and in this pot two of them saved themselves. Also two rattlesnakes were saved in a like manner. When the waters sank a dove was sent to find land. It came back with a grain of sand which immediately stretched becoming dry land. This is the Indian version of the Flood. Thunder has a nest where a very small bird sits upon her eggs during fair weather. When an egg hatches, the skies are rent with bolts of thunder. Such is Indian mythology which is to be taught to the young people of the Cheyenne high school by Chief Brave Hawk, a full-blooded Sioux chieftain from the Rosebud reservation in South Dakota. Fifty years ago Sheridan sent Custer to the Little Big Horn to teach the Indians the power of the Great White Father. Today the grandnephew of Chief Rain-in-The-Face teaches the descendants of the white soldiers the beauties of Indian lore as told to the dusky boys and girls who knelt at the knees of some old Nokomis hundreds of years ago.

And it is all permissible. No one objects. Why should they? For this is not the forbidden Biblical cosmology, it is only a pagan cosmology, and therefore wholly unobjectionable.

## *How the U. S. Can Boost the Air-Mail*

THE air-mail is in a peculiar position so far as public use goes. When railroads came in the Government did not advertise "Send Your Letters by Rail," thus leaving the people a choice between the stagecoaches and the locomotive; the Government simply lifted the mail onto the steam cars and that was the end of that. The Government made the change. Now, however, the airplane has come in and the Government is satisfied with advertising "Use the Air Mail," giving the citizen his choice between mail train and airplane. Why not make the air-mail an integral part of United States Postal Service by lifting all long-jump mail off the trains and sending it by plane, not at the choice of the sender, but as part of improved Government service. There will still be local mail enough for the trains to carry.

On some of the mail routes only a few ounces of mail are carried every day. The reason for this is that it is left to the sender to decide, and the public impression is that a lot of red tape surrounds the sending of a letter by air-mail. Air-mail could cease being a selective *de luxe* service with a great deal of benefit to itself. It could carry tons where it now carries ounces if the Government itself would use the air routes for the regular transportation of mail where air routes are established.

Air-mail does not promise to become much of a factor in American business until the Government hooks it up with the regular mail service. At present it is largely a matter of romantic interest. We write about air-mail as the melodramatists used to write about "The Night Mail." And most people have in it only a postage stamp interest. The air-mail will grow as it becomes less of a *de luxe* service depending on the selective interest of the public and becomes more the Government's usual method of forwarding our letters.

## *Pensions for Criminals*

FORTY-FIVE years ago, on March 13, Alexander II, Emperor of All the Russians, was assassinated. Nine of the assassins are still alive—although the ferocity of monarchical Russia has been represented as of so vicious a degree that such a fact would be considered impossible. Nevertheless, according to the Soviet officials, nine of the assassins are still living—eight women and one man. To commemorate the event, to encourage the cult of assassination, the enlightened Soviet government has pensioned each of the surviving participants with $112 a month, an enormous sum in Russia these days, equal to the highest salaries in the government. This is not at all out of the ordinary. In the sand dunes of Michigan, when the United States Government swooped down upon a most secret conclave of the Soviet secret propaganda in America, a list was found of a number of Americans marked for assassination. The reward of past crimes furnishes a very clear proof of the policy which would be followed in the event of future crimes.

# Golf—Can You Pick the Champions?




From left to right—Glenna Collett, Francis Ouimet, Macdonald Smith, Walter Hagen.

## Americans Will Attempt to Capture Leading British Honors

By PAUL MacDONALD

DRAWINGS BY W. O. FITZGERALD



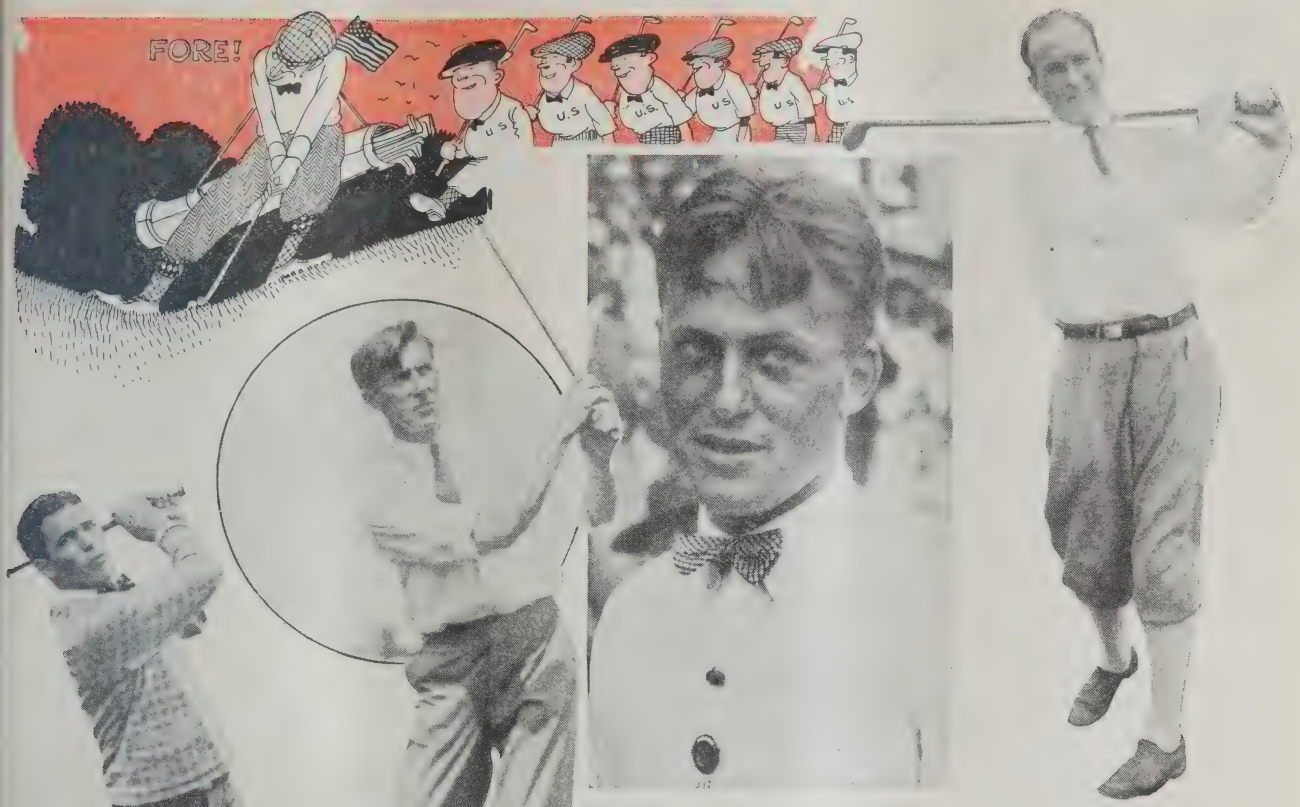
THIS spring America is launching the strongest offense against Great Britain that she has yet produced. Before the United States again celebrates the anniversary of her independence on July 4, her home-bred golfers will have attempted to capture the leading four golfing honors that will be competed for in the British Isles this year, namely, the British amateur championship, the British open championship, the Walker Cup and the British women's championship.

In her attempt to take from Great Britain the choicest of her golf prizes, the United States has marshaled together the finest array of golfing talent procurable on this side of the Atlantic. She is sending eight amateurs to Great Britain to lift the British amateur championship and again win the Walker Cup, emblematic of international supremacy at golf. She is sending the pick of her professionals to retain the British open title and the best of American women golfers will make her second attempt this year to lift the women's championship.

If the United States fails to win at least two of the four championships it will not be the result of careless selection and lack of preparation. The group of amateurs that will try first for the British amateur crown and then for the Walker Cup is headed by the brilliant Bobby Jones, probably the best golfer in the world, amateur or professional. Supporting him will be Robert Gardner, Francis Ouimet, Jesse Sweetser, Jesse Guilford, Watts Gunn, George Von Elm and Roland Mackenzie. Nearly all of them have helped make amateur golf history for their native land and it is doubtful if at any time a group of amateurs as talented as this octet has been assembled.

In the British open tournament will be found the best professional golfer the United States has produced, Walter C. Hagen. His reputation is as powerful on the other side as it is in America, for in three years he twice won the British open title and in the other year he was runner-up, missing the championship by a single stroke. Hagen won at Sandwich in 1922, finished second to Arthur G. Havers at Troon in 1923 and landed first again at Hoylake in 1924. He did not compete last year. "Long Jim" Barnes, present holder of the British open crown, and Macdonald Smith, will also go from these shores and try for Great Britain's open honors.

Smith might have won last year but for the crowds that swarmed the fairways, jostling him and so interfering with his play that the handicap beat him, an occurrence that has since caused British golfing authorities to decide upon an admission price for her big tournaments in the future.




Left to right—Watts Gunn, "Long Jim" Barnes, Bobby Jones and Robert Gardner.

There was no admission in the past and the countryside declared a holiday, people swarming over the links and making play at times impossible.

Miss Glenna Collett will try for the second time to lift the British women's crown, and since Miss Joyce Wethered has announced that she does not intend to compete, the chances of the American girl are excellent. With Miss Wethered engaging in the tournament Miss Collett would be up against a better golfer. Miss Wethered was undoubtedly the best of her sex, but Miss Collett may be ranked second. She failed to win the British title last year, but went to France and captured the French championship. Later in the year she won the United States Women's National. She averaged 78 in her major tournaments in 1925 and turned in a card of 71 in her match with Cyril Tolley, the crack English amateur. The 71 defeated Tolley and stands as one of the finest performances ever delivered by a woman golfer.

The British press seems considerably excited over the American invasion this year. English writers point out that America is confident not only of winning one of Great Britain's golf crowns but expects to make a clean sweep, and that her golfers will return to the United States possessing the Walker Cup, British amateur, British open and British women's titles. And the British press incidentally takes a pessimistic view on England's chances of preventing America from winning two or three of these honors, if not all.

There has naturally been much criticism, and this is directed at the men in control of organized golf in Great Britain. Why, asks the British press, have not steps been taken to defend against this invasion?

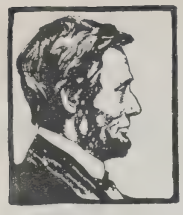
While the United States has, with its usual careful planning and foresight in such matters, been engaged on details of organization and arrangement, the golfing officials on the other side have done nothing. They have always gone about international competition in sports in a haphazard way. As an instance: England does not name her Walker Cup team until after the British amateur is played, and then the golf authorities select the eight men that did the best work in the tournament. This places a severe handicap upon the men selected. The Walker Cup is decided by team play and it is impossible for men, matched a day or so before team play starts, to do their best. The pairings are generally a strange mixture of golfing temperaments and the men paired more often than not show strangely dissimilar styles. Cyril Tolley, one of England's crack amateurs, has had four different partners in four Walker Cup matches, and in only one of them did he and his partner win. On this occasion, in 1923, he was paired with the brilliant Roger Wethered at St. Andrews.

The United States gives particular care to her pairings. In each bracket are found men suitable to one another's style. They train hard and systematically, observe diet, regular hours and, in brief, live up to the same training program that is followed by college athletes during their season of activity. They use every possible safeguard to prevent defeat.

England has never done this. England has taken a stand something like this:

"It is all right for Americans to do that sort of thing but not for us British. We do not make a business of golf; it is a sport with us; therefore there is no need of going into training and intensive practice. If we lose we shall lose gracefully."

But this attitude is not to the liking of all Britishers. They ruled for many years in golf and in polo. Their supremacy in golf exists no longer while in polo they have fallen completely before the American assault. *(Concluded on page 32)*



# Lincoln's Murder—Amazing Man Hunt

## John Surratt, Papal Zouave, Accused of the Crime, Who Leaped for Liberty Over a Hundred-Foot Precipice

By F. L. BLACK



"WHOSO sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," ominously quoted the judge in his charge to the jury in the case of John Harrison Surratt, accused of the murder of Abraham Lincoln. Surratt had escaped to Canada and been concealed for five months by friendly priests; he then fled to Liverpool, London, Paris, Rome; was discovered in the Papal Zouaves and arrested by order of the Pope; he later escaped to Egypt; was arrested again, to be brought in chains on a gunboat to Washington; tried for his life, released, and then deserted by the Genius of Adventure.

This sounds like the synopsis of the strangest fiction, but it is what actually happened to Surratt, Confederate dispatch-bearer and spy, who was a party to the Lincoln abduction plots, and whose mother, Mary Surratt, paid the extreme penalty for her participation in these crimes.

The assassination of President Lincoln occurred sixty-one years ago this week. Testimony was offered at the trial of the conspirators in May, June, and July, 1865, to show that John Surratt had been in Washington on the morning of Friday, April 14, the fatal day, but in his lengthy and highly sensational trial, two years later, he established that he had been in Elmira, New York, arranging for a prison delivery of Confederate captives when John Wilkes Booth played his last tragic act in Ford's Theatre, Washington.

"At the breaking out of the war," said Surratt in telling his story to a Rockville, Maryland, audience in 1868, *"I was a student at St. Charles College, in Maryland, but did not remain long there after that important event. I left in July, 1861, and, returning home, commenced to take an active part in the stirring events of that period. I was not more than eighteen years of age, and mostly engaged in sending information regarding the movements of the United States Army stationed in Washington and elsewhere, and carrying dispatches to the Confederate boats on the Potomac. We ran a regularly established line from Washington to the Potomac, and I being the only unmarried man on the route had most of the hard riding to do."



John Surratt in his Zouave uniform.

He then told of his meetings with John Wilkes Booth and the latter's proposition to kidnap President Lincoln and take him to Richmond. Surratt claims that although at first "amazed, thunderstruck, and in fact, I might say, frightened at the unparalleled audacity of the scheme," yet after two days' reflection, he concluded it to be practicable and "led on by a sincere desire to assist the South in gaining her independence," he told Booth that he was willing to try it. Then followed months of plotting to capture the President, plotting which failed.




In Surratt's own words: "One day we received information that the President would visit the Seventh Street Hospital for the purpose of being present at an entertainment to be given for the benefit of the wounded soldiers. The report reached us only about three-quarters of an hour before the appointed time, but so perfect was our communication that we were instantly in our saddles on the way to the hospital. This was between one and two o'clock in the afternoon. It was our intention to seize the carriage, which was drawn by a splendid pair of horses, and to have one of our men mount the box and drive direct for Southern Maryland via Benning's bridge. We felt confident that all the cavalry in the city could never overhaul us. We were all mounted on swift horses besides having a thorough knowledge of the country, it being determined to abandon the carriage after passing the city limits. Upon the suddenness of the blow and the celerity of our movements we depended for success. By the time the alarm could have been given and horses saddled, we would have been on our way through Southern Maryland

*(Printed in the Washington *Evening Star*, December 8, 1870. Reprinted April 12, 1908.)

toward the Potomac River.

"To our great disappointment, however, the President was not there, but one of the Government officials—Mr. Chase, if I mistake not . . . It was our last attempt."

Surratt stated further that the enterprise was then abandoned, and that soon afterward he was given Confederate dispatches to carry from Washington to Richmond, where he arrived on "Friday evening before the evacuation of that city." He left the next morning and again reached Washington "the following Monday," at four o'clock p.m., April 3, 1865. He claims that he left for New York the next day without having seen Booth, and that this was his last time in Washington "until brought there by the United States Government a captive in chains."

He attempted to see Booth in New York but was informed that the actor was in Boston. Surratt then proceeded to Montreal, and after remaining a week was instructed to proceed to Elmira, New York, to make sketches of the military prison and gather information that would aid in the release of the Confederates confined there. Surratt testified that he registered as "John Harrison" in Elmira on the Wednesday before the assassination, palmed himself off as a Canadian in an "Oxford cut jacket and a round-top hat, peculiar to Canada at that time," and remained there until Saturday, when he learned of the assassination and that it was rumored John Wilkes Booth was the assassin.

On the following Monday, after spending the week-end in Canandaigua, a village near Elmira, with the intention of going back to Baltimore, he bought some New York papers and was startled with: "The assassin of Secretary Seward is said to be John H. Surratt, a notorious secessionist of Southern Maryland. His name, with that of J. Wilkes Booth, will forever lead the infamous roll of assassins."

Montreal, not Baltimore, suddenly became his destination. Arriving in Montreal, which had become the home

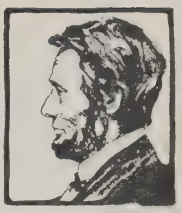


Mrs. Mary Surratt, the only woman the United States Government ever hanged.

of many Southerners, Surratt was secreted in the house of a friend where he remained until advised that his hiding place was suspected and the house was to be searched. He left immediately, but after the authorities had satisfied themselves that he was not there, he returned and remained until he left Montreal about a week later. Then as Charles Armstrong and disguised as a huntsman he hid in the home of Father Charles Bouchers, a priest in St. Liboire, a small town lying about 45 miles south of Montreal in a thinly settled territory.

During these days he naturally became greatly worried about the possible fate of his mother, who had been arrested and was being tried as one of the assassination conspirators. He was assured by friends, however, that there was no cause for uneasiness and that any action on his part would only make matters worse.

These friends, he says, became frightened at the prospect of breaking the news of his mother's death sentence, and it was only by accident that, several hours after the death trap had been sprung, he procured a paper containing the news of her execution.



Surratt told his Rockville audience that after partly recovering from the effect of the shock he went to his room and remained there until dark; then signified his intention to leave the place immediately. "I felt reckless," he said, "as to what should become of me. After visiting Quebec and other places, with the reward of $25,000 hanging over my head, I did not think it safe to remain there, and so I concluded to seek an asylum in foreign lands."

Father LaPierre (Surratt Trial Records—p. 908), a priest of Montreal, cared for Surratt from late in July until early in September, and then accompanied him to Quebec, where, disguised and under the pseudonym of McCarty, he placed him on board the *Peruvian*, bound for Liverpool. Convinced that there was an American detective on board, and bewildered by his own imagination, Surratt confessed to Dr. McMillan, the ship's physician, his true identity in an effort to obtain protection and advice.

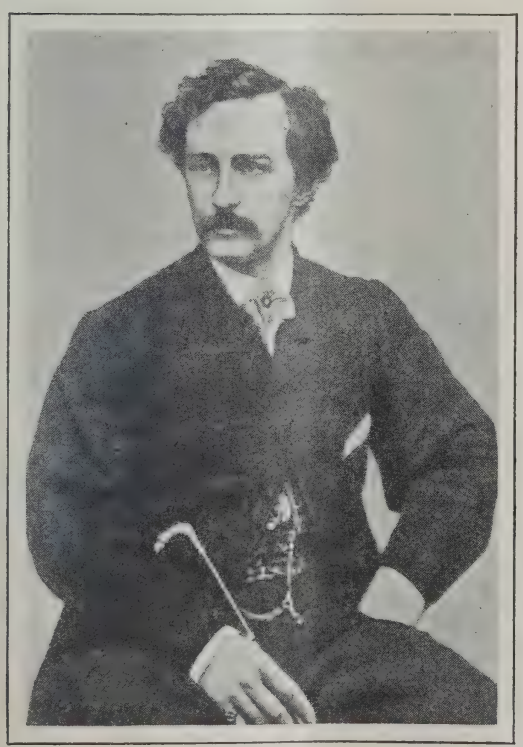
Either feeling it was his duty or with a desire to collect the reward still offered for Surratt, the doctor, on September 26, informed the United States Consulate at Liverpool of the presence of the fugitive. The vice-consul conveyed this intelligence to Washington, but to his surprise, on October 13, received the following from the Acting Secretary of State:

"I have to inform you that, upon a consultation with the Secretary of War and Judge Advocate General, it is thought advisable that no action be taken in regard to the arrest of the supposed John Surratt at present."

The only explanation that has ever been given for this action, and the subsequent delays in apprehending Surratt, is that official Washington began to doubt whether the execution of Mrs. Surratt had been advisable and was not anxious to reawaken the storm that resulted from what many termed her "official murder."

After waiting until early in November for funds expected from Canadian friends, Surratt made his way to London and then to Rome by way of Paris, where after a few months, under the name of John Watson, he enlisted in the Papal Zouaves. This was during the war between Pope Pious IX and Garibaldi, and recruits were welcome in either camp.

By a strange coincidence, Henri St. Marie, a Canadian who had known Surratt three years before in Washington, had also become a Zouave and recognized him. Surratt appealed to St. Marie to keep his secret, but the latter succumbed to the temptation of the large reward. He (Continued on page 30)

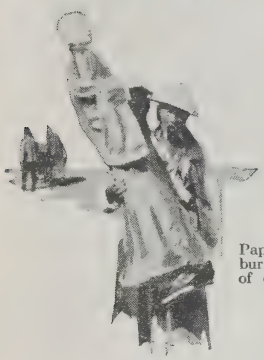


John Wilkes Booth.

# What It Costs the Chines

## Cathay Expends Tremendous Sum in Doing Reverence to Its Departed

By INEZ MARKS LOWDERMILK



Paper wife to be burned in honor of departed husband.

CHINA is a land of ancestors. The silent population greatly outnumbers the teeming, struggling millions of both city and countryside. The land of China must support a double population and supply food for the living as well as space for the innumerable host of ancestors who have gone before. Yet the living are now estimated at four hundred and thirty-six million.

The most conservative medical statistics say that seven out of ten children born in China die before the age of five. The present population represents only about three-tenths of those born. Thus during the life span, which, in China, the available statistics say is about twenty years, the born population of China approximates one and a half billion persons and is almost equivalent to the entire living population of the world.

An attempt to count the graves in China today would be more difficult than to count the stars in the Milky Way. In past history, all graves were razed to the ground at the beginning of each dynasty. However, the Manchu dynasty did not destroy the Ming tombs, and when the monarchy turned into a republic, the Chinese were too democratic to do this to their ancestors, and so the graves have not been razed for about seven hundred years. The life span in China is short. Religion and custom demand a proper burial. Imagine, if possible, the grave-strewn appearance of every landscape where graves are protected and worshiped and never intentionally destroyed. The landscape often seems to grow nothing else.





This overcrowding by the dead is largely the result of the ancestor worship taught by China's ancient sages. Three things are unfilial and having no sons is the worst, says Mencius. Confucius requires a man to cleave to his father and mother and compels his wife to do the same. He taught that the happiness of the soul in the next world was dependent upon having sons in continuous line to worship the departed spirit. This man-made idea has made China go sonmad.

Ancestor worship with its obsession for sons and more sons is responsible for a long train of ills in China today. It compels the adoption of sons in a family already overflowing with daughters, even though there is no provision for their support. It is the cause of polygamy and concubinage, with its resulting heartaches and tragedies. It leads to early dependent marriages, and this brings into existence millions of human beings, who, by reason of the excessive poverty, can scarcely keep soul and body togeth

It causes infanticide among the po Daughters are too much of a luxury to brought up when the mouths to feed already too many. Three surveys, each one thousand rural homes, showed th there were almost a third more bo than girls. Every city has its home unwanted babies, in which there seldom, if ever, a boy.

Ancestor worship, when interpret in its results, is one of the heavi yokes which ever a people was co pelled to bear. The generation of tod is chained to the generation of the pa Ancestor worship makes dead men in gods who require more space a reverence than that accorded to t living. This backward look for ce turies produced the leaden conservatis from whose shackles the n China is now trying to extrica itself. China may cast away idols, but ancestor worship tenacious persists among all classes.

Overpopulation in most countries sults in new conquests and colonizatio People in China are dependent for fo supply from the surrounding soil becau transportation is slow and primitiv They never leave their homes except du ing severe famines. Thus the increa



Above, right—Graves on Chinese farm which farmer will not disturb. Above—Caskets of the poor, awaiting burial. Ceremonies may have taken place weeks previously.

# to Worship Their Ancestors



re—Nearly all Chinese funeral processions have bands playing on native instruments. Only the rich can afford s which play foreign instruments and tunes. Left—Giant men and animals take part in funeral processions to frighten evil spirits.

ing population attempts to live on the former food supply and a frightful condition of poverty results, especially in North China.

China needs more land in and around her densely populated centers. If she *ld*, she could increase her acreage re from ten to thirty per cent by level- all graves to the ground, and thus vide space and food for the living. A n is honored after death by the size of grave and the space allotted him with- he surrounding earth wall. Sometimes n a hundred square feet to an acre is s reserved for the grave of some in- ential ancestor.

While the living are deprived of this d for producing food supply, grave ds do have some economic value. rly the grass is literally shaved off grave lands and carried into nearby ns to be used for fuel. Even the roots dug up. And all this in a land under- l with some of the richest coal deposits he world, lack of transportation making products of nearby regions unavail- e. But need for food from the soil is great essential. If the number of are miles devoted to graves in China ld be computed, it would, without bt, bring into service many millions cres of tillable lands, and always in the st densely populated regions where the ggle for bare existence is the keenest. The worship of the dead is a tremen- s financial burden to the people of na. For nothing else does custom de- nd such a lavish expenditure of money, regardless of one's financial condition. People of all nations desire a decent burial for their dead, but ancestor worship requires that the Chinese spend a far greater sum in proportion to income than that expended by other races. Elaborate display and ceremony assure the departed spirit of an easy time in Hades and a speedy rebirth into a high estate on earth.

Considerable information has been obtained on the cost of funerals. The money and display are in accordance with one's age and status in the family. It is thought inconsiderate and unfilial for a child to die, and up to the age of fifteen no rites are observed at its burial.

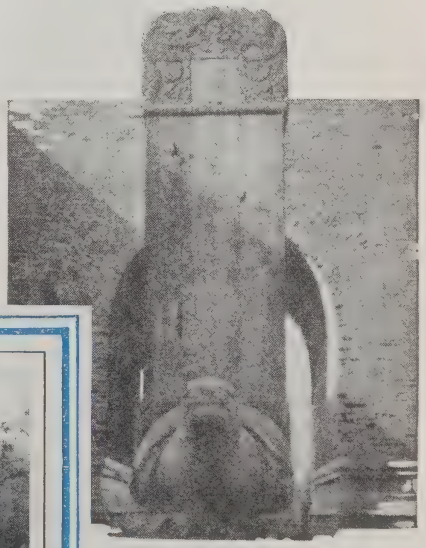
The very rich will spend $100,000 or more on a funeral. The rich spend from $1,000 up, according to their available resources. The middle class spend approximately an entire year's income, which, of course, is the savings of many years.

Imperious custom demands that the poor, in spite of their poverty, have funerals far beyond their means. As a result, the poor man very frequently has to mortgage all his possessions, borrow money, and saddle himself with a lifetime debt, for this one display.

Borrowing money is one of the curses of China. The average rate on absolutely safe property is 24 to 36 per cent yearly. On unsecured short loans the poor man has to pay from 50 to even 100 per cent interest.

Fifty to eighty dollars, Mexican, is the amount usually spent by poor families on the funeral of a head of a household. The appalling amount of this sum is not realized until one considers that the average income may be only $80 to $250 a year, and that every cent is needed for bare essentials. There is seldom an opportunity for the accumulation of savings. Funerals act like famines in sweeping away all savings and usually plunging the family into debt.

Since custom requires that even the poor bury a parent on a scale which the family resources do not warrant, most rural towns have coöperative burying associations. These are composed of a given number of families. Upon the death of the head of a household, each family gives a stated sum of eighty cents or a dollar, Chinese money. This assessment supplies some ready cash that can be paid back in small amounts as other deaths occur. The custom which requires that





Above, right—Turtle, significant of longevity. Lower—Approach to the Ming tombs at Nanking. One who can throw a stone which remains on top of an elephant will have a son within a year, it is said.

huge wooden caskets be provided for parents was instituted centuries ago when extensive portions of China were covered with forests. It is now one of the heavy economic burdens of ancestor worship. Chinese caskets are made of thick pieces of the best woods, varying in weight from eighty to a thousand pounds. *Lan mu* is considered the best because of its lasting qualities.

Some years ago, *Lan mu* slabs of a casket, buried for two thousand years, were unearthed at the University of Nanking. They were in such good condition that furniture has been made of them. A man's financial status usually can be rated by the size and thickness of his casket. Coffins cost from $15 to $8,000. The former are thin, knotty boards. The expensive ones are made of rare woods.

If a son wishes to please and comfort his father, he will present him with a large and expensive casket while his father is still in good health. It is stored in the home or nearby temple until needed. This gift proves that he is a faithful son and will attend to all the proper rites and ceremonies when the father departs. Although China

***Making Precious Trees Into Burial Caskets***

is almost treeless in many regions as a result of man's destructiveness, this extravagance of wood in caskets persists, even though the people live in mud houses with only the barest necessities. It is no doubt true that more of China's precious remaining trees are made into caskets than are used in making homes and furniture and comforts for the living.

China now yearly imports millions of dollars' worth of Oregon pine from the United States for her present industrial needs, and she is taking no steps to provide lumber to meet the great industrial development which is sure to come to China in the next few years.

In China, the lack of expense connected with birth is more than made up for in the expense and rites connec ed with death. Everything is prescribed by custom. The corpse must wear clothes of certain materials. These must be of an uneven number. Usually five, seven, nine or eleven gowns. Should the corpse accidentally wear an even number of garments, another death in the family would speedily result. The garments must not have buttons, for these would weigh down the soul in its upward flight. Fur garments must not be worn, for this would cause the soul to be reborn into the animal whose skin was in the casket.

At death, each soul separates into three souls. One soul remains with the body, one goes to Hades and the third enters the ancestral tablet and is worshiped daily. The tablet is made of wood and occupies the central place on a table next to the inner wall of the guest room.

When death is imminent, firecrackers are set off to clear the air of evil spirits in order that the soul may have an unmolested journey to the next world.

***The Geomancer's Strange and Weird Work***

In China, one cannot be buried except on days that have been decreed by the almanac as propitious for burial. Should an unlucky day be chosen, the corpse would be uncomfortable and ill at ease in its resting place, and take revenge upon the family by causing some calamity. A professor of magic or a geomancer is, therefore, invited to set the day and site for burial. On no account must one be buried in the same spot where years previously another had been buried. This would result in a disastrous mixing of souls. The geomancer is able to detect this by means of forked sticks. In choosing sites, he has no regard for the economic values of land. The result is that graves are located promiscuously, and often on the most fertile and productive parts of the farmer's fields.

This geomancer has a very remunerative position and muc'i influence. The owners of land must be generous or their lands will be condemned. The purchaser must be generous or an unlucky site will be chosen and disaster befall the living. All graves, except those of the poor which are huddled together, must be located satisfactory to the *feng swei* or "wind water" good luck of the grave. This produces the most difficult problem of the foreigner buying land in China. One family owns the land, while the graves are owned by an equal number of families. These graves are not included in the deed and are only with great difficulty and patience removed.

Last year our neighbor had the basement excavated and foundations in for a new home. The geomancer decreed that the obstacle of a foreign house would destroy the *feng swei* of an important ancestor nearby. The Chinese were obdurate, and there was nothing the American could do except dig up the foundations and build his house on a different place. Our success was a trifle better. The scaffolding had been put up for the first story when the relatives of several ancestors in our yard came to life. They tore down the scaffolding, and for seven months, all operations ceased while middlemen discussed pro and con. Ultimately permission was given to proceed with the building.

The reluctance of the Chinese to move graves is better understood when one knows that there are two courts in hell reserved for those who dig up or remove graves except under certain conditions. However, the Chinese are finding that some of their ancestors bear removal if sufficient money is offered.

***Living in Hades With the Comforts of Home***

The Chinese do not seem to know whether the path of the soul lies by way of the Buddhist or Taoist religion, and if funds permit, both are called in to chant prayers for the dead and secure his speedy release from Hades.

A funeral in China is not a solemn occasion as for the westerner; instead, it is a period of lively celebration. The chanting of priests, the pounding of drums and gongs continues from early morning until far into the night. The relatives and friends of the deceased take up a partial abode in the home. Several feasts are given.

The courtyard is hung with rented embroideries of bright red. The rooms of the house are covered with scrolls sent by friends, which enumerate the merits of the deceased. In an important funeral, there may be several hundred of these, representing a large expenditure of money. The celebrations usually last seven days, and if funds permit, every seventh day following until the forty-ninth day, when the casket is buried.

The Chinese arrange for the departed one to live in Hades with all the comforts of home. All art cles burned are supposed to enter the spirit world and so the family prepares quantities of imitation money, houses, servants, paper clothes, rickshaw, jewels and other things. Recently paper automobiles and a driver have been added to the list. Since modern invention has introduced safes with combination locks, these also have been imitated in paper and thus sent to the dead, so that they may keep

***Burning His Paper Spirit Wife***

their valuables in safety. Sometimes a paper wife or concubine will be burned at the grave so that the man will not be lonesome, but I never heard of burning a paper husband at the grave of a wife.

The catafalque is a large rectangular frame, covered with red embroidery and placed over the casket. An even number of coolies, usually from eight to thirty-two, carry the coffin. The procession starts with a volley of firecrackers to ward off the evil spirits. Also quantities of paper punched with holes is thrown into the air from time to time. Evil spirits must pass through every hole they encounter, and this process delays them until the corpse can reach the grave in safety. There is always a Chinese band and if means permit, another one which plays foreign music. Their favorite tunes in our city are "Yankee Doodle," "Over There," "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," and "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground."

Every funeral procession contains numerous banners and embroidered parasols, and giant men and animals to scare off the evil influences. Beggars rejoice in a funeral, for they are employed, sometimes by the dozen, to carry the various articles in the parade. The procession may be more than a mile in length.

The nearest male relatives of the deceased walk just ahead and carry streamers attached to the casket. They are dressed in white sackcloth, and are bent over in abject sorrow as they walk. Following

***Must Worship Dead for Sixty Years***

the casket are the women relatives. Numerous rites are performed at the grave amid the noise of firecrackers and the calls of the coolies as they lower the heavy coffin into its shallow receptacle. The deceased at last is laid to rest, even though it may have been months since his death. But the family must continue their worship of the departed one at the grave every autumn and spring festival for a minimum of sixty years, and by offering food and incense in the home before his tablet.

Every funeral produces a new ancestor. His going depletes the family savings and very likely plunges them into debt. His thick heavy coffin has used up a portion of China's much-needed timber. Quantities of paper have been burned or thrown into the air. His final resting place, unless he belongs to the very poor, will be much larger than that accorded graves in other lands. It will withdraw another plot of ground from the production of food, and China is worse off, in spite of her overpopulation, than if he had never died.

## Napoleon as a Cook

MARIE LOUISE, the second wife of Napoleon I, used to enjoy relating how her husband discovered her in the act of preparing an omelet secretly in her apartment.

"Bah! You don't know how to do it at all!" he exclaimed, taking up the utensils. When the moment came to toss the omelet, Napoleon wanted to do it himself. He tried to perform this important operation, but had no more success than the great Condé, who pitched his omelet into the fire. Napoleon's fell to the ground and he was then obliged to confess his want of experience, and let the Empress continue her cooking alone.

# Is America a Nation of Coffee-Bibbers?

## Its People Drink Upward of Forty Billions of Cups of This Seductive Beverage Each Year, Consuming More Than Half of World's Production

By DIRK P. DE YOUNG



(C) E. M. Newman.
Coffee pickers at Santos, Brazil.



Cup-testing coffee.

TWELVE and one-half pounds of coffee, three hundred and seventy-five cups of the aromatic liquid for each subject of Uncle Sam a year—more than forty billion cups of the refreshing drink—consuming more than half of the world's supply of the little green bean, is the coffee-bibbing record of this United States of America.

Most of the coffee consumed here comes from Brazil, which produces more than half of the world's crop. Stationed at Santos, the great Brazilian coffee port, as a consular official, some time ago, I got a whiff of this tremendous coffee business, as well as of the berry itself in its native state.

Santos is only a small city, but it handles many million bags of coffee, exported from there to all the ports of the seven seas. The great coffee warehouses there extend along the entire water front of a well-dredged river which accommodates ocean-going steamers of any depth, while the docking and loading facilities of the port are unexcelled.

Every steamer which stops there, and thousands do, takes on a cargo of coffee for somewhere. Santos is all coffee, coffee, coffee. Wherever you look, whithersoever you go, you hear about coffee, see coffee, and smell coffee, nothing but coffee. Furthermore, as you approach the city from the ocean, winding your way slowly up the little river by steamer, the aroma of the green beans greets you. Indeed, there is only one thing in Santos which overshadows coffee—mosquitoes. They have a breed there which is a little larger than the coffee bean itself, with a stinger like a bumblebee—a species of the bug far superior in all points of nuisance value to the famous New Jersey breed. It is furthermore no exaggeration to state that for every bean of coffee in the port there are at least two mosquitoes, while compared to the rest of the world in the production of such insects Santos no doubt holds a record there, too, producing more than half of the world's supply of anopheles. But those pests are in Santos, the seaport of the great coffee-producing region of Brazil, not in the fine area where the plant itself is cultivated.

Coffee comes to Santos by rail from São Paulo, the capital city of a Brazilian state of that name, a very wealthy city, and the real headquarters of the world's coffee industry. The port of Santos, a few hours' ride below, is connected to the metropolis on the mountain tops above by a cable railway, one of the great engineering feats of the world. The route winds upward along the edge of deep ravines, while the track is worked with terraces all along it. Rock-carved ditches, with clear streams of water trickling down from the wooded mountain tops higher up flowing through them, form only a part of the beautiful landscape along the roadbed.

In São Paulo, the commercial center of Brazil, the hustle of New York and the fashions of Paris meet. It consists of an old and a new town, the new embracing the latest and most up-to-date of modern civilization, while the old is typical of Spanish America. The opera house there—the Municipal Theater—which eclipses anything of its kind either in North or South America, is a work of architectural art. The New York Metropolitan Opera is not even second class as compared to the one in Buenos Aires, while this one at São Paulo—where the coffee barons of the world live—with its fountain and geometrical parkway, built on the edge of a high slope overlooking the city, far excels the one in the gay capital of Argentina.

The coffee tree grows in that region which lies gradually south of the city of São Paulo, where the soil and climate of that section is peculiarly adapted to the staple. Indeed, it thrives so well there, that preventive measures are taken from time to time to stop overproduction. The coffee tree is not native to Brazil, having been brought from Arabia, where the coffee habit originated.

Although authentic records go back only about five hundred years, it is thought that coffee-drinking is of a much older period. It is not reported that coffee beans were found in the tomb of King Tut, but we read of public places for coffee-drinking and amusement in Egypt, Syria, and Turkey, long ages ago. Coffee-drinking was popular in Venice as early as 1616, and was highly popular in Paris during the reign of Louis the XIV, spreading to Berlin and Vienna in the seventeenth century, and to Holland, where for many generations the Dutch housewife never allowed the coffee pot to get cold.

For a long time the world's supply of coffee came from Abyssinia and Arabia, but the demand for the delicious cup caused the cultivation of the berry to spread to other parts of the world, and finally to Brazil, where three-quarters of the earth's production now takes place.

For a long time Germany and Holland held the world's consumption record, but now those people cannot hold a candle to the coffee-bibbing proclivities of Uncle Sam, where more than a billion pounds are required for our annual brew, used regularly in at least 95 out of every 100 families.

The coffee bean is constructed of fibrous tissues formed into tiny cells, visible only under the microscope. These cells contain the aromatic oils to which coffee owes its delicious flavor. Those oils quickly lose strength when exposed to air, which makes it necessary to keep ground coffee in a tightly closed container. Coming to the housewife in roasted form it is already cooked, needing only to be mixed with boiling water to get instantaneous solution, and a cup which cheers but does not intoxicate. The aromatic properties of the bean, and a substance known as caffeine which mildly stimulates, give the brew its distinction and its popular following.

When the fruit of the coffee tree ripens it is red, resembling cherries or cranberries.

The coffee bean, which we use, is the seed of the fruit. When the berry dries it turns brown. Normally each berry contains two seeds, flat on one side and rounded on the other, with the two flat sides snuggled up together, protected by a covering of parchment. Some of the berries contain but one bean, rounded in shape, and called a "peaberry." The bean has two coverings, the outside one like thin paper called the "parchment," and the inside one fine and soft as silk called "silver skin." Both of these coverings have to be removed before the coffee is roasted.

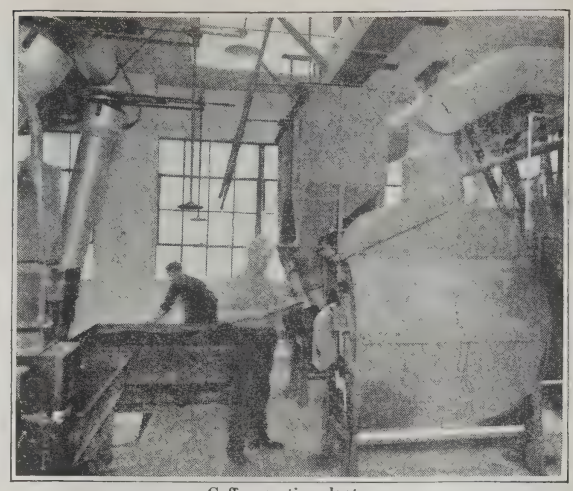
Coffee trees are planted in rows like an apple or peach orchard, and the fertile soil between the rows is kept clean by careful cultivation. The coffee harvest extends from May to September. The picking is done by men, women, and children, who strip the fruit from the branches into baskets, stripping off at the same time leaves and twigs, which are afterward sifted and winnowed out. After picking it is piled in heaps to dry, and later hulled and washed by various interesting processes.

Large two-wheeled carts, drawn by mules or horses, coming in from the plantation to the sheds, empty their cargo into a V-shaped trough, where the water from a reservoir mingles with them. After the berries have been thoroughly submerged, they rise to the surface in the next trough just below, which acts as a settling basin for material heavier than the fruit. From there the flow of water carries the coffee through concrete conduits to a hopper in the drying flats, which latter are tiled basins several acres in extent where the berries are laid out to dry in layers of from two to three inches in depth. It takes seven days of such process to prepare the berry for the final operation, hulling.

In those seven days the berries are raked together and spread out again several times, while covered by a canvas occasionally to heat them thoroughly. When completely dry they are taken in cars to the separator where the husks are blown off, and the green bean is sacked, ready for roasting, which is generally done in other countries than Brazil, for export uses. It is an interesting sight to see the great coffee flats filled with brown berries, and the laborers sweeping, piling, and mixing them under the blazing sun of São Paulo's clear blue skies. And it is a far cry from those large South American coffee plantations to the millions of American breakfast tables, from which the steaming brew is sipped.

A little journey through the fields of these large Brazilian coffee plantations, where the forty billion cups of American-drunk coffee originate annually, is of unusual interest. You will find there also a coffee-plant nursery, where the small plants are raised for transplanting in the orchards later on. As the sun is very hot there, the tender shrubs are first set in small baskets, kept in the shade of large trees until they grow strong enough to withstand the scorching sun. Thus the nursery there serves almost a directly opposite purpose of nurseries here, where young plants are perforce shielded in hothouses from the cold.

Coffee-picking, also interesting to observe, is done mostly by white pickers, instead of colored ones as in the cotton fields of the South, even though Brazil has its quoto of ex-slaves, too. Pickers on ladders can be seen for mile after mile along regular columns of coffee trees planted in a red-clay soil. Many hands are engaged in the picking process, stripping the twigs, and shaking the little pods to the ground from trees sometimes nine feet in height, even though the coffee plant is classed as a species of shrubbery rather than as a stately tree. After being shaken from the bushes to the ground by men, the berries are gathered up by women and children, to be screened of sand, earth, and other extraneous matter.



Coffee roasting plant.

There is a government experiment station at Campania, some distance to the south of São Paulo, in the heart of the coffee-growing region of Brazil. Not far from there is one of the largest coffee plantations in the world, with 6,000,000 plants on its broad acres. On the road from the government experiment station to that plantation is a bamboo-lined avenue, about five miles in length, a solid tunnel of bamboo trees, through which the sunlight filters in spots of golden light and green shadows. After entering the plantation itself, we pass through several miles of coffee trees before we arrive at the *estancia* and plantation sheds, where the invited guest is entertained with a free hand. The hospitality of the Brazilian is world-famed; in this coffee region, where the lord-proprietors are more opulent than the kings of Europe, the favored visitor is lavishly wined and dined.

But coffee is not served, generally speaking, in Brazil, where it is abundantly grown, as we serve it here, with a weak mixture of the bean diluted with rich cream. There



Coffee beans in their first operation after being brought from the plantation.

the morning cup consists of a little portion of strong, black coffee, and three or four times as much milk—not cream, which is scarce in that country. The rest of the day, it is served in the coffee houses of Brazilian cities in its pure and unadulterated state, without milk or cream, in a small cup, just a trifle larger than a good-sized thimble, strong enough to walk alone. Those coffee parlors are as numerous in São Paulo, Rio de Janeiro, and Santos, as ice cream and candy kitchens in the United States, where, for a few *mil-reis*, a person can coffee-bib the whole day.

Most of these coffee plantations are financed in São Paulo, a city of more than 300,000 inhabitants. Foreign capital, of course, is heavily interested in the industry. There is a coffee exchange and all the other paraphernalia necessary to the conduct of such a large national business in several Brazilian cities, including Rio de Janeiro, which was formerly itself the great coffee port of the world before Santos took first honors from it. But much of the roasting of coffee is done in the United States.

Again, when the green coffee beans come into the roasting establishments of America, they receive another thorough cleaning before they are roasted in revolving perforated cylinders over a hot fire. This roasting process is necessary to develop the aromatic oils which determine the characteristic flavor of coffee. It calls for elaborate machinery and expert skill in judging when the beans have reached the proper degree of roast, after which process is completed the coffee is dumped from the oven into perforated coolers, where a blast of air passes over it. Before roasting, green coffee is graded by roasting small samples, ground fine in small electric mills, and "drawn" in the cup by pouring in boiling water. The tester places each cup of coffee on a round revolving table opposite the sample of roasted beans from which it is brewed, and tests the brew by both smell and taste.

Coffee used moderately is not considered injurious to health, while in general the consumption of the product is the greatest in countries where civilization is most advanced. The Department of Biology and Public Health of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, after two years of experimental work, has declared that coffee should never be boiled, recommending the "drip" or "filter" method. The container or serving pot, for the best results, for the brewed coffee, should be glazed earthenware, china, glass or agateware. And it should be served at once. It is not necessary to boil, even in using the old-fashioned coffeepot. The water in the pot can first be brought to a hard boil, after which the grounds are put in, removing the pot from the fire first. After standing two or three minutes, it should be separated again from the grounds into a serving pot and kept hot but not boiled until it is served.

Adding fresh coffee to old grounds spoils the taste. Used coffee grounds are of no more use in making coffee than ashes are in building a fire. Coffeepots should be kept clean, not only for the sake of cleanliness but to enhance the flavor of the brew. If these suggestions are followed those forty billion cups of the "universal drink" consumed in the United States annually will contain a distinctive aroma and delicious flavor, while wives will have no difficulty keeping their husbands at home.

# Chats with Office Callers

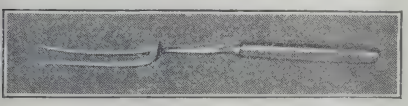


***The Crowd*** was discussing a certain man; when "he eats with his knife," said one—"he's a sword-swallower."

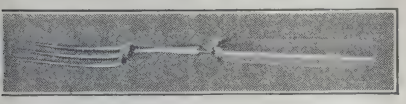
Said another: "It is not so long ago that most people were doing that."

There was consternation. "And *you* did it too," he said. The challenged party looked startled, thought, made to speak, hesitated, and finally said: "Well, of course, in poor families where they didn't know—"

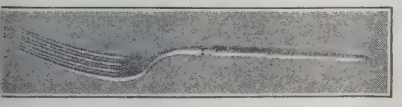
"No, I don't mean poor families nor those where manners were not taught," said the author of the general indictment. "I know you came of poor family and I shouldn't wonder if your manners were just as poor, but you conveyed food to your mouth with your knife simply because you couldn't do it with the old forks they used to have. Do you remember the old straight two-tined affairs? They were intended only to pinion the piece of food to the plate. I can show you one now.



"Then there came the three-tined variety just as straight, and just as awkward as a means for conveying food. Here is one of those.



"Last of all the present curved, four-tined variety which is perfectly adapted to the uses described in the most meticulous book of etiquette.



"We have all kinds of forks now, sensibly made to fulfill their intended uses: salad forks, and the like. Our friend who eats with his knife is still under the spell of the forks of his boyhood days, that's all. He hasn't noticed the improved styles in table silver.

"Old-time knives were meant to be eaten with. You can see that by the spatulate tips they carried—regular shovel-like ends that could lift a hefty load."



❦ ❦ ❦

"Irish though I am," said ***the Man from New Jersey,*** "and all the generations before me, and my children after me, thank heaven, for I married an Irish girl, I cannot see the meaning of the way they link the Irishman and the Jew on the stage these days. Hang me if I can! First we had 'Abie's Irish Rose,' and it was very sweet and human-like and everybody liked it, and why not? It was clean. It was such a change from most of the things that were going on the stage just then. The critics were there with the water bucket, of course, saying that it wasn't much in the way of drama, and maybe it wasn't, but it had the elements of drama, which are life and love and clean ways, and so all the folks liked it. Then came 'Kosher Kitty Kelly'—and there you get it again, the Jew and the Irish girl. And then comes 'Hogan's Alley' along with them. I don't understand it, I don't. A friend gave me a list of plays and movies which he told me to look up—here's the names in my pocketbook—and he said it would be worth while seeing them, for they were all the Irish-and-Jew variety.

"Now, thinks I, once or twice is natural, but why the flood of these things? You can't fool the Irish and the Jews about each other by means of stage-plays. No siree. Ask anybody in New Jersey. So I asks my friend, and he says that there has been some kind of a hook-up between the authorities, whoever they are, but I don't believe it, unless it's a union against the K. K. K. in which case I'm with them, but not on the 'Abie's Irish Rose' or the 'Kosher Kitty Kelly' plan. My own idea is that they ought to lay off that stuff. Once in a while it happens. But not enough to fill a whole theatrical circuit and all the movie houses."

❦ ❦ ❦

"The truth is," said ***the Man in the Library,*** when the above was called to his attention, "I had given only passing attention to the union of Irish and Jews in recent plays. But I have been struck by the number of Jewish propaganda plays which have come out. 'Abie's Irish Rose' and 'Kosher Kitty Kelly' are doubtless approved by the theatrical overlords because these plays recommend the Jews, and do it very skillfully. But there are other more direct pieces of Jewish theatrical propaganda such as 'Humoresque,' 'Welcome Stranger,' 'The Immigrant,' 'The Wanderer,' and several others. Whatever the Jews are holding mass meetings about and bombarding Congress for, you will soon discover in certain plays. It is one way of getting the idea across to the public. 'The Immigrant,' for instance, simply dramatizes the arguments of the American Jewish Committee in their efforts to undo the American immigration law. As some one has remarked, you have to take off your hats to the cleverness which makes Americans pay at the box office for un American propaganda."

❦ ❦ ❦

"Do you notice," said ***The Man about Town,*** "how they are slipping women into the cigaret advertisements now? Just keep your eyes peeled as you turn over the magazines, and see how the young woman is appearing in the ads of various brands. The tobacco companies are deliberately fostering the use of tobacco by women. It is bad enough to have their press agents use the radio to tell us that cigarets are the most harmless form of tobacco, but when they portray girls of high school age and young débutantes as natural parts of their cigaret ads alongside the young smoker of the male species, I have a feeling that they are raising something against themselves which may prove very embarrassing. It will be interesting to watch how far this goes. I am curious to know whether the tobacco business is going to display the same brand of brains that the liquor business used."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, The Ford International Weekly, published weekly at Dearborn, Michigan, for April 1, 1926, State of Michigan, County of Wayne, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Fred L. Black, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan; Editor, W. J. Cameron, Dearborn, Michigan; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, Fred L. Black, Dearborn, Michigan.

2. That the owners holding one per cent or more of the stock are:

The Ford Motor Company of Delaware; Henry Ford, Dearborn, Michigan: E. G. Liebold, Detroit, Michigan; Clifford B. Longley, Royal Oak, Michigan.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: none.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders, who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

FRED L. BLACK,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 17th day of March, 1926.

[SEAL] EDGAR J. MATZ
(My Commission expires April 18, 1928.)

# Never Separated a Single Family

(Concluded from page 6)

they claimed was acting as a deterrent to a sufficient supply of Mexican labor.

Mexico, like Canada, is not on a quota basis, but the various witnesses insisted that this $18 charge, which is $10 more than under the old act, has been the prevailing factor in reducing Mexican immigration from 89,000 in the fiscal year 1924 to slightly more than 32,000 last year.

Five years ago the beet sugar interests had urged Congress to remove the then $8 tax; waive the literacy test and permit their labor representatives to enter Mexico and contract for peon labor.

The admission that these interests are still seeking to nullify the contract labor laws was drawn from Maddux when Representative Box pinned down that witness to tell the committee exactly what the sugar interests desired.

"Are you acquainted with the fact that they then asked for the remission of the head tax—the visé fee was not then in existence—and for a waiving of the literacy test, and a waiving of the contract-labor provision," Box asked Maddux, referring to the demands of 1921.

"I am," Maddux replied.

"Those were the three things that the people in the industry wanted then. They wanted the literacy test waived, the contract-labor provision of the law waived, and the $8 head tax waived. A great many gentlemen at that time told the committee they could not get the necessary labor with the literacy tests and the contract labor law barring their efforts to do so. Now, I want to know what circumstances have intervened to make you believe that you can get labor out of Mexico that is literate and that you can get it without violating the contract-labor law. In other words, why did you drop those two points in your liberalization?" Box asked.

Then, for the first time was disclosed the carefully guarded secret that the beet sugar interests never have abandoned their attitude toward the contract-labor laws. Several days previously Maddux had submitted a proposal that Congress create a board of three Cabinet members to "determine from time to time the necessity of importing a sufficient number of agricultural laborers into the United States to meet existing or pending needs."

After first stating that the beet sugar men do not now want illiterate Mexican laborers admitted, Maddux finally allowed that they still do want the privilege of entering Mexico and shipping out thousands of Mexican peons to the United States.

"In the memorandum of recommendations that we submitted to your committee several days ago, we included the word 'import,' which we thought embraced the right to contract for laborers on the other side," Maddux said.

Dangers of permitting such a practice or of Congress yielding to any other demands that would liberalize Mexican immigration were stressed during the hearings by Congressmen opposed to such influx. Representative Box showed how the average Mexican peon, accustomed to a frugal mode of living, menaces the standards of American farm labor and told of instances where Americans have been driven from their jobs because Mexicans would do the work so much cheaper.

The Texas member submitted statistics prepared by California municipalities which disclosed that the bulk of charitable budgets in many of the cities are being expended on Mexicans. For example, in Los Angeles, where only seven per cent of the population is of that race, the Bureau of Catholic Churches reports that Mexican families require at least 50 per cent of its budget, while 73 per cent of the city maternity funds are expended on Mexicans. Also that 43 per cent of all the city hospital cases there are Mexicans.

Various witnesses representing the beet sugar manufacturers testified that few Mexicans remain in the United States after their seasonal labor in the beet fields is completed.

This testimony was refuted in an emphatic manner by official figures from the Department of Labor disclosing that only 3,000 of the 32,000 Mexicans who entered the United States during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1925, have returned to Mexico.

Representative Box also submitted Census Bureau statistics showing that the number of foreign-born Mexicans residing in the United States has increased from 103,339 in 1900 to 486,418 in 1920.

Since the hearings on the Box bill were concluded, Representative Bird J. Vincent, of Michigan, has introduced a bill designed to carry out the requests of the beet sugar interests.

Outstanding among the numerous other bills seeking to modify our immigration laws are: The Jacobstein bill, patterned along the lines of the Perlman measure, but much less drastic; the Dyer bill to permit American-born Chinese to bring in wives from China; and a bill introduced by Representative Royal Johnson, of South Dakota, to permit aliens now living abroad who served in the American forces during the World War to enter the United States outside the quota provisions.

Numerous other bills are designed to correct alleged discriminations practiced against aliens by American consuls abroad or to permit entrance of certain small classes peculiarly affected by the law.

What the effect of all the pressure being brought upon Congress to modify the law will be is a difficult question to answer at this time. When Congress on May 26, 1924, adopted the law the sentiment was overwhelmingly in favor of a strict immigration policy.

So far this year, however, the only active stand in favor of a continuance of the present policy, other than that taken by some of the Congressmen on the House Immigration Committee, has been by the American Federation of Labor.

## Great Writers Who Have Failed as Novelists

IT MAY seem a solecism to declare such great writers as Carlyle, Froude, Shelley, Charles Lamb, Tom Hood, Henry Ward Beecher, and Walt Whitman were not successful as novelists—yet it is a fact that every one of these attempted novel writing, only to produce, in nearly every instance, a work outdone by far less gifted pens.

Usually the effort, as in the case of Carlyle, was but a single one.

The title of Carlyle's early novel was *Wotton Reinfred*. It recalls the *Sorrows of Werther* in its sentimentalism. Carlyle was learning to write, and the lesson seemed to come hard. Certainly it was not an auspicious beginning. The hero is plunged into a philosophy of despair through no cause, it would seem, save that he had been jilted by a lovely girl. The novel was never completed, the author seeming to have awakened to the futility of it when it was about three-quarters finished.

It would not be fair to call the *Two Chiefs of Dunboy*, by James Anthony Froude, historian, and biographer of Carlyle, a failure, for it is far from that. The work is full of action, and contains clever character delineation. But it does not measure up to his work in other lines.

Charles Lamb wrote a story, hardly long enough to be called a novel, entitled *Rosamund Gray*. It is hard to believe that this is not another of Lamb's whimsicalities, but its internal evidence forbids any such belief. It must have been a very early effort, but it is scarcely a credit even to adolescence.

An unpleasantly melodramatic effort, yet with here and there certain blended qualities of humor and pathos is *Tylney Hall*, by Tom Hood. On the whole it is well that Hood never repeated the attempt. Posterity will remember him as the author of the *Bridge of Sighs* and the *Song of the Shirt*.

It is seldom that we think of Henry Ward Beecher as a novelist. Yet he wrote a passable achievement in *Norwood*. Mr. Beecher tells of his perplexity when called upon to write a continued story for a newspaper. He says that he was wholly unacquainted with the mechanism of novel writing and essayed the task required of him with some apprehension. *Norwood* has some grace of style and the flexibility that characterized Beecher's orations, but the story moves too leisurely for modern readers, and the incidents are approached by paths which readers of today would find somewhat tortuous.

There are two romances in prose by the poet Shelley—it is fortunate there are no more. One, *Saint Irvyne, or the Rosicrucian*, has all the faults of youth and inexperience. Some of the descriptions of natural scenery reveal the nascent genius of the poet, but some portions are very crudely written and it is a trifle ridiculous as a whole. *Zastrozzi* is quite as bad. These youthful performances excited the laughter of Browning, Swinburne and Rossetti, all Shelley disciples and Shelley enthusiasts.

James Hogg, known as "the Ettrick Shepherd," wrote verse a century ago which attracted much attention. Some of this verse is included in most anthologies. That he also wrote a novel will be news to many.

There are also Francis Parkman's forgotten novel, *Vassal Morton*, and Walt Whitman's first attempt at writing, *The Inebriate*, which lovers of Whitman would rather forget.

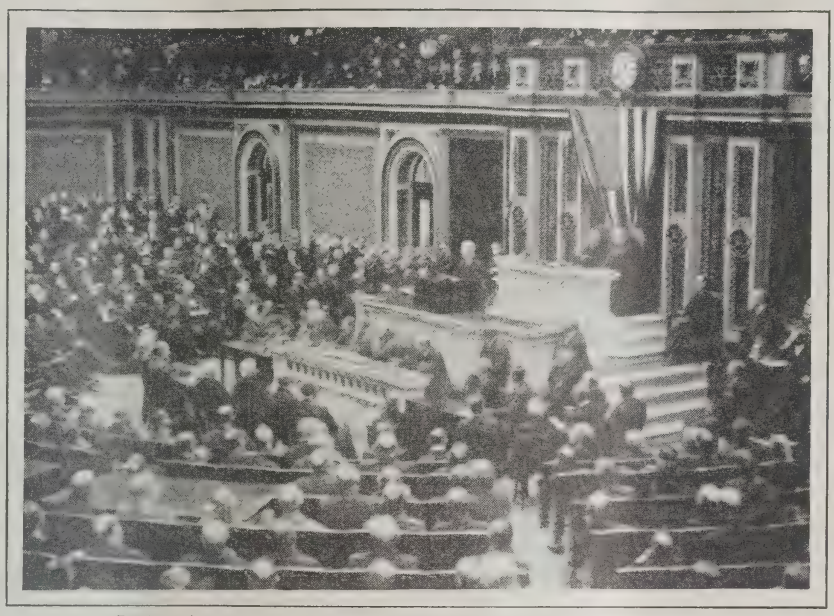
Many instances could be added to those given of eminent writers who have unsuccessfully essayed the art of novel writing. The search for these would probably reveal other instances equally interesting.

# Wilson Was Best and Worst Copy

(*Continued from page 2*)

Mr. Wilson knew that Colonel Roosevelt was seeking to engage him in a controversy, and had observed President Taft's failure to cope with Mr. Roosevelt's tactics in 1912. When urged to make rejoinders to Mr. Roosevelt's attacks, Mr. Wilson countered with a story. He said that there was once a political speaker who was not vicious enough in his attack on his opponent to satisfy his friends in the audience, when from the back of the room one of them yelled: "Call him a liar and make it a fight."

President Wilson knew that his style was not calculated to meet the tactics of Colonel Roosevelt any more than was Mr. Taft's. By not naming Colonel Roosevelt he sidestepped the personal issue. At the same time he thrust with a rapier whetted with words that left no doubt in the mind of the public as to whom and what he was attacking. He fully believed that he was putting Mr. Roosevelt at a disadvantage in tactics, and at the same time was effectively answering his attacks. But he never realized that at the same time he was dramatizing himself through this curious duel.



President Wilson never hesitated to take his demands personally before Congress.

While Mr. Wilson avoided the name of Mr. Roosevelt in the 1916 campaign, he did not use the same tactics in 1912. The reason for this was that in 1912 Mr. Taft was the object of Mr. Roosevelt's attacks. So absorbed was the Colonel in this battle that he almost forgot that Mr. Wilson was running. Occasionally the Governor gave him a gentle reminder. Watching President Taft and the "Bull Moose" leader committing political *hara-kari* in their assaults upon each other, Mr. Wilson added zest to the situation by throwing the spotlight on Mr. Roosevelt in a way that brightened the press copy of the reporters traveling with him.

***Wilson's Reply to the "Bull Moose"***

In the early morning hours of October 7, 1912, Governor Wilson's train drew into Pueblo, Colorado, one of the leading steel-producing cities of the West. The program called for three addresses, the first one in a theater at eight o'clock in the morning. It was a cold and an unearthly hour to break into the political arena. The air of the theater not only reflected the atmosphere of "the morning after," but it too was cold and clammy. Nevertheless the house was packed. Practically all of the seats were filled with laboring men dressed in their working jeans. Many looked as if they had just come from a night shift over at the steel plant. This type of audience appealed greatly to Mr. Wilson, who soon forgot the handicaps of the surrounding conditions as he warmed to his task. At the close of his address he drew a picture. It was so simple and clear, and so embellished with lights and shades of humorous sarcasm that the working men began to smile; first a laugh here and there, and then a roar of delight.

Governor Wilson had begun by saying that if he were a cartoonist he would draw a picture of the biggest monopolies of the United States standing up in line in front of Mr. Roosevelt, with the latter trying to lead them in a "Hallelujah Chorus." He compared Mr. Roosevelt's declarations against the trusts with their actions in the business world. Then he said that the United States Steel Corporation and other organizations of a like type were behind the "Bull Moose" leader's plans for controlling the trusts through the creation of a governmental body that would supervise them. He concluded with a description of the discords in that chorus if Mr. Roosevelt tried to control the monoplies in accordance with his previous declarations against their practices.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, when his special train stopped for a moment at a small town, one of the reporters brought to the rear end of Governor Wilson's private car a two-page telegram from the "Bull Moose" leader. Following the usual direct Rooseveltian style, the telegram said, "You had not the slightest foundation in fact for your charges. You have no business to make such a statement unless you have the proof, and if you have any proof, I demand that you make it public immediately. If you have not, then retract your statement, as the only manly and honorable thing to do."

As he began to read the Governor raised his eyebrows, slowly his lips set, and when he had finished he looked off into space for a moment. Then he slowly crumpled the telegram into a small ball, tossed it into a corner, and turning to the reporter with a nonchalant detached air said, "Oh, let him wait."

Here was news. The Wilson statement and the Roosevelt rejoinder caught the fancy of the newspapermen. They saw a clash between two fighters of the first order, one swinging the big stick, the other thrusting the rapier. That early morning audience in the theater had moved the schoolmaster to sketch a picture that caused the "Bull Moose" to shake his locks and roar as he had not roared before. The Wilsonesque method of reply for the time being was silence. That same night at Albany, New York, Colonel Roosevelt made the Wilson utterances the basis of a bitter philippic, and on the next day he kept hammering away on the Wilson statement.

Finally at Topeka and Kansas City, Governor Wilson, never deigning to mention the telegram, said to his audiences in a mild and mock surprised sort of a way that he "understood that Mr. Roosevelt was distressed by his suggestion the other day that the United States Steel Corporation was back of Mr. Roosevelt's plan for controlling the trusts." Continuing, he said: "Mr. Roosevelt interpreted my remarks to mean that the trusts were supporting him with their money. I was not thinking about their money. I do not know whether they are supporting him with their money or not; it does not make any difference. What I meant was they were supporting him with their thought, and their thought is not our thought. I meant"—and here he thrust again with all his energy—"and I say it again, that the kind of control which he proposes is the kind of control that the United States Steel Corporation wants."

***When Wilson Became Good Copy***

From this time on the campaign on the Democratic side picked up very much from the correspondents' point of view. Governor Wilson, with the dexterity of the dancing master and without any of the ordinary expedients of a politician, had become the best of copy.

After the campaign of 1912 a group of correspondents, numbering about a dozen, accompanied him to Bermuda for a rest, and remained with him at Princeton and Trenton while he was President-elect. His personal relations with these men were most cordial. In all the give and take over little accommodations and conveniences affecting a party while on a protracted journey, Mr. Wilson was the most courteous and considerate person of the group. He became very fond of most of the correspondents, but he never became reconciled to what he considered the flippant, irrelevant, unimportant stories which they wrote

about him and his family. Nor did he ever accept philosophically the fact that the papers failed to handle the campaign as if it were the serious thing he conceived it to be. He put the blame for this on the newspapers, and, except on one occasion, he refused to accommodate his campaign methods to existing journalistic customs.

The one exception occurred when the Wilson party was traveling to Atlantic City in a private car. One of the correspondents knocked at the door of the Governor's stateroom. Bidden to enter, he sat down opposite Mr. Wilson.

"Governor," he said, "I've got something on my chest and I want to get it off."

"All right," replied Mr. Wilson, "shoot! What's bothering you?"

"I find myself under the necessity of telling you that you don't practice what you preach," said the reporter.

*Taking the Governor to Task*

Governor Wilson looked up quickly and a little resentfully at the speaker.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean this: I heard your speech to the Young Men's College Club in New York, Saturday night. I listened particularly to what you told them about irrational obstacles. You said, very emphatically, that the college man's chief trouble in life after he leaves college is in learning to take cognizance of illogical facts; that the study of philosophy and logic in school tends to make a man ignore an obstacle if he thinks that, logically, it should not exist. You urged the college men in your audience to be on the lookout for such barriers and not to run into them blindly, but to examine them and perhaps to go around them, over them or under them. You declared that a man was of no use in any walk of life until he had developed this ability to deal with illogical facts."

"Yes, that's what I said," remarked Governor Wilson. "You've got the point. What about it?"

"Well, ever since you were nominated you have been ignoring an illogical fact," replied the correspondent.

"What illogical fact?" Mr. Wilson demanded.

"The illogical fact (as you view it) that American newspapers will not pay telegraph tolls on speeches, no matter who makes them or what they say."

Mr. Wilson turned and gazed intently out of the car window. There was a tense attitude that continued so long that the correspondent began to think he might have overstepped the bounds of his professional privileges. Suddenly Mr. Wilson threw his head back and laughed heartily, turned to the correspondent, slapped him on the leg and said:

*Why Newspapers Cut Down Wilson's Speeches*

"You've got me this time. Ever since the campaign opened I've been feeling uglier and uglier toward the newspapers because they have not published my speeches in full, but I haven't once tried to find out why. You know, I think a Presidential campaign is a mighty serious thing, upon which the people should receive every possible degree of enlightenment. I think the newspapers should print every word that each candidate utters."

"Of course you do," replied the reporter, "but the illogical fact remains that they won't pay telegraph tolls on those words. They can't afford it."

"Well, now that we've got that illogical fact out in the light where we can see it," said Mr. Wilson, "what shall we do about it?"

"That's easy. Get out some advance copies of speeches that can be sent to the newspapers by mail. If you'll do that every paper will publish them. Most papers will publish them in full. Instead of getting a few paragraphs you will then get columns. Send the speeches out ten days in advance so that papers at the farthest points can be reached in time to put the stuff into type in their slack hours."

"But I simply *cannot* make a speech to a stenographer," Governor Wilson complained.

"You'll have to," said the reporter, "that's the only way you can deal with this illogical fact. When we get back to Princeton on Wednesday take the rest of the week off. Get up advances on two speeches, to be delivered two or three weeks hence on our next western trip. Release one for morning newspapers, and, about two days later, one for afternoon newspapers. Select towns about 500 miles apart and use different themes."

"But I can't commit a speech to memory, and I *will* not read from a manuscript," said Mr. Wilson. "When I try to follow a prepared speech I always wander off onto something else, which comes into my mind at the moment. I like to work my way along through an address by the reactions I get from my audience."

"It doesn't make a particle of difference whether you deliver the prepared speech," explained the reporter. "All you have to do is to make *a* speech in the towns and on the days specified in the advance copies. Then, instead of talking to an audience of a few thousand, you'll talk to the whole country."

Mr. Wilson took the last two days of the week off and remained at Princeton, closeted with a stenographer. He dictated two speeches and they were turned over to the publicity director of the Democratic Committee and properly distributed. Both of them were used in practically all the daily papers in the country.

*No More Use for the Stenographer*

The next time Mr. Wilson and the correspondent met was at breakfast in the Wilson private car the Monday morning following their conversation on obstacles. The party had started from Princeton on a western "swing round the circle" late the night before. The Governor had to climb over a bench at the end of the table in order to reach a vacant place beyond the reporter. As he towered above the table while standing on the bench he bent over and shook his fist in the correspondent's face in seriotragic manner.

"Young man," he said, "you gave me the worst two days I ever had in my life, but, by Thunder! I'm never going to have any more like them. I've made my last speech to a stenographer."

And he had, at least so far as the 1912 campaign was concerned. Not another advance copy of a speech was prepared, and Mr. Wilson's resentment at what he considered the frivolous attitude of newspapers became greater and greater. It was only by the utmost restraint that he concealed it. Sometimes his feelings burst forth in spite of himself, as on the occasion when he resented persistent efforts to find out who was going to be in his Cabinet. One New York paper had withdrawn its correspondent because of his failure to discover this big news and had sent an older, less considerate man from the city staff with orders "to get the Wilson Cabinet." This correspondent went at Mr. Wilson as if the latter had been a precinct detective holding out a murder clew on a police reporter. At each journalistic conference the new man cross-examined the Governor, trying by a process of elimination through a word duel to get some inkling of Cabinet probabilities.

"I will not answer any more questions concerning the Cabinet," Mr. Wilson finally declared. "You seem to think that the chief reason for choosing a Cabinet is to furnish news for your newspaper. I take a different view. It is my responsibility and I consider it a serious one. I do not propose to be embarrassed by your speculation. In fact, sir, I do not consider my activities in this particular as any of your damn business!"

The correspondent, following the "sweating out" process sometimes applied to City Hall officials in New York, published Mr. Wilson's outburst, including the "damn." The Governor immediately wrote to the publisher of the paper, demanding the reporter's recall. The next day the correspondent was relieved and the man who had formerly been on the assignment was sent back.

*And So the Reporter Was Sent Back*

"What I cannot understand," said Mr. Wilson, in a confidential talk with a few newspaper friends, just before leaving for Washington to be inaugurated President, "is why all your questions all winter have been: 'Who will be in the Cabinet?' The name of the particular individual slated for a particular portfolio seems to be as far as your interest goes. Not one of you has ever asked me *what kind* of a man I want for this post or that post, although it seems to me that this question is more important than the mere identity of the person to be selected. I have spent hours considering the qualifications required for each Cabinet position and I would have been glad to talk on that subject at any moment; to have given you my view as to what sort of a man I believed should be Secretary of War or Secretary of the Treasury or Attorney-General. But you have never shown the slightest interest in that phase of the situation."

Schooled to pursue "spot news," the correspondents saw no further than the all-absorbing political and personal question, "*Who* is it to be?" It never occurred to them to ask, "*What kind* of a man is it to be?"

This illustrates perfectly the difference in the point of view between Mr. Wilson and the newspaper correspondents. He spent his days studying one line of philosophy, only to be doused with cold water at an apparently irrelevant, frivolous query of a reporter when he met the correspondents in conference. They, on the other hand, felt his contempt for their trade without knowing the reason for it, and resented his failure to give them his confidence. In varying degree this condition continued throughout his whole administration.

*Why There Was Trouble With Newspapermen*

Victor Murdock, newspaper editor, former Congressman and one time Chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, having closely observed Wilson's career in the White House, said recently that his difficulties with the newspapermen were due to the fact that he came to convictions and proceeded to action only after severe logical processes of thought, while the news writers had a desire to write fleeting news impressions into permanent history. "This news group in Wilson's day succeeded in fastening upon Wilson the reputation for intellectual arrogance."

"The newspaper mind," said Murdock, "is impatient with logical processes, and

newspaper unkindliness to Wilson was essentially the result of the newswriters' revolt against logical processes. Instinct, impulsive and eruptive, makes news. Logic doesn't make news. Woodrow Wilson was forever fighting instinct back with reason, inch by inch. The philosophy of current news has small space for that. But permanent history has a place for it."

After Mr. Wilson became President he discovered that the papers published his speeches and statements in full. The rule that newspapers will pay tolls upon and print everything a *President* says is just as inflexible as the rule under which they do as they please about what a *candidate* for President says. As President, therefore, Mr. Wilson could put across to the country whatever he wanted to say, without even seeing a newspaper correspondent himself. And because he was President the things he did (such as going to Congress in person to deliver his messages) were of themselves news that was also bound to be published irrespective of the attitude of the newspaper correspondents. By the use of these two instruments—what he did and what he said—Mr. Wilson successfully created and directed public opinion while ignoring the agencies by which he reached the public.

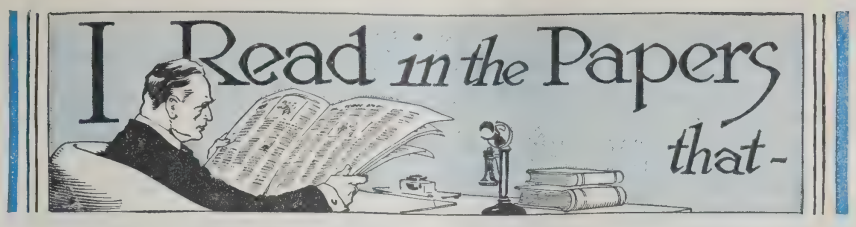
## Seeking to Know of What the Earth Is Made

PRECISION instruments have extended our field of accurate observation as regards the constitution of the earth's interior. Kelvin and Darwin found that the earth, considered in its totality, must be regarded as composed of material aggregates whose average rigidity is greater than that of steel. Late seismographic investigations have indicated that the earth consists of concentric layers composed of the same general type of material, at least through a depth of 3,000 kilometers. Research also has shown that the earth's material exists in a solid state to a depth of *at least* 2,500 kilometers in fairly well-defined layers. It has been pointed out that the outer layer is about 50 kilometers thick.

This solid outer layer consists principally of granite, syenite, diorite and porphyry. The average density (or specific gravity in terms of water as the standard) is 2.6. The middle layer is composed principally of a rock-like material rich in iron in those portions nearer the earth's center. The average density is 4.8. The inner layer has an average density of about 11.0.

In 1907, Dr. W. H. Pickering advanced the hypothesis that the moon was composed of matter dissociated from the outer layer of the earth. The conclusions of Pickering were based upon the assumption that the continents compose about one-quarter of the earth's surface.

Professor Stjepan Mohorovicic, of Jugo-Slavia, holds that the process by which the moon was detached from the earth required many millions of years. He finds that the material constituting the moon is composed not only of matter detached from the earth's outer layer, but also of comparatively small amount of that more dense material which composes the interior portion beneath this layer. Mohorovicic finds that the moon is composed of an outer layer of about 400 kilometers thickness and an inner layer of an average thickness of 1,340 kilometers. He gives the density of the outer layer as 2.7 and the value of 4.7 for the inner.




Dr. Norwood, headmaster of famous Harrow, has this to say about the religion of the modern boy:

"An interesting feature of the new type of boy is that he takes an earlier, and certainly more individual, interest in religion. It is, I believe, quite a natural development, due to the general atmosphere of discussion prevalent throughout the country, which boys and girls reflect very quickly. As far as my own experience goes, however, there is definitely less agnosticism among the clever young men and boys than was the case ten or twenty years ago. My own belief is that there is a reaction among young men at the moment against revolutionary and unorthodox ideas which have, perhaps, been overdone as a result of the war and the troublous times which have followed.

"This profoundly important change, which I have personally observed, though I have no evidence to justify me in saying that it is general, is one of the most remarkable experiences I have encountered, for the cleverer people have always been expected to disbelieve a great many things. It is not, however, an indication of a lack of interest in the boys themselves or a tendency to accept, rather than to find things out. Rather is it that the bias with which they approach the more important subjects is to defend rather than to pull to pieces, to conserve rather than to destroy."

❦ ❦ ❦

the jazzbrows can learn something from the highbrows in music.

The objection to jazz is rhythmic monotony. The "rhythmic ingenuities" of jazz are highly conventional, and nearly always confined to the top-line of the music. The accompaniments are nearly always a plodding, mechanical emphasis of every beat, and the very negation of rhythm as a part of the musical language. Look at the fight-music in Tschaikowsky's *Romeo and Juliet*, the first dozen bars of the Introduction to Act III in *Lohengrin*, the dance of the puppets in the first scene of *Petrushka*, the first number in Schumann's *Carnaval*, and find what the highbrows may teach the jazzbrows in "gift for rhythm."

❦ ❦ ❦

Sir Arthur Keith, of the Royal College of Surgeons, is of the opinion that the proof of evolution is incomplete. In a lecture before that body he asked:

"Can any of the various forms of fossil anthropoids serve as a point of departure for the human family?"

Man, he said, had been followed backward in time through the Pleistocene period to the end of the Pliocene period by means of his fossil remains and by the trail of his stone implements. In the still older formations, those of the Miocene period, fossil remains of many kinds of anthropoid apes, had been found, but among them there was none to which the name human could be applied.

Now the distinctive features of man were his brain and foot, and in no case had geologists lighted upon any fragment of these parts. The Miocene anthropoids were known from the fossil remains of their teeth and jaws. All the evidence pointed to the teeth and jaws of early man as being similar in size and form to those of anthropoid apes. Hence, with only teeth and jaws at his disposal, an expert could not distinguish a possible human ancestor from the type which might have evolved into the gorilla or the chimpanzee.

Hence at the present time the student of man's evolution found himself in a state of suspended judgment.

❦ ❦ ❦

a Paris motor-car tire firm has adopted a new method of advertising. In a way the half-column which they have published in nearly every French paper seems to be a reflection on themselves. They have taken statistics from among their workmen, and have discovered that if their factory is typical of the whole of France the country will in a very short time become a desert. They have found that for every ten parents who die only three children are born. Out of a hundred workmen's families they found that sixty-two had no children, that twenty-seven had only one child, eight had two, while three had three or more. A hundred families, that is to say, two hundred people, would be replaced by fifty-five. If this continues, complains the advertisement, in time to come there will be no other course open to us but to employ foreign workers in the factories, while France itself will require emigrants from abroad if her prosperity is to be maintained.

❦ ❦ ❦

"Dixie" was the product of a Northern winter sixty-seven years ago, says the Syracuse *Post Standard*.

The discomforts of late winter did not then send as many people South as now, for Florida was farther away, and was not then so inviting. The frost-bitten ones could picture an Eden of ease on Southern soil, but they stayed at home and shivered until spring warmed their shriveled souls and bodies.

One of them did something more. "I wish I were in Dixie," he told his wife as he looked out upon the stormy streets of a Northern city. And then, being a minstrel, he wrote a song embodying that wish, a song that was to be sung by marching armies in a war that was soon to come.

It is not alone the weather which brings back a thought of what Daniel Decatur Emmett did. Recollection is prompted by the fact that public attention is being directed to a half-forgotten part of the song, which was not sung in the popular version, for the writer feared that it would be disapproved by the more orthodox of religionists. It went:

Dis worl' was made in jiss six days,
An' finished up in various ways;
Look away, look away, Dixie Lann.
Dey den made Dixie trim an' nice,
But Adam called it "Paradise";
Look away, look away, look away,
Dixie Lann.

# Life and Death Act on the Screen

(*Concluded from page 7*)

tures of this germ in motion never have been made, even by the most expert of microscopists. But Pillsbury, slowly winding his film through the projector, shows this infinitesimal death-bringer in all the details of its activities under whatever conditions the bacteriologist may demand.

These are the first sharp and clear images ever made of bacteria in motion, where the entire field, filled with any number, from one to a myriad, may be watched with ease, and every motion of each individual "bug" studied at length and repeated at will.

The discovery came indirectly as the result of Mr. Pillsbury's work in making motion pictures of flowers in the Yosemite Valley. Studying these blossoms, he became interested in the manner in which grains of pollen, entirely invisible to the unaided eye, penetrated the stigma and then the ovary of the flower, resulting in the production of seed and the perpetuation of the species. His first work to this end was to study, through the microscope, the passage of the pollen grain into the stigma of the sweet pea, then the extrusion of the tube of protoplasm from the grain, and the entry of that tube into the ovary of the flower.



Pillsbury about to crank out a few feet of motion pictures, when interrupted by a friendly bear cub.

Next he tried making motion pictures of this process through one microscope, using the entire flower in the process. As he worked, he found two microscopes necessary, and at length succeeded in synchronizing a pair of these instruments with a motion picture camera equipped with a special lens of his own devising.

When he had gone this far, he saw that the blossom did not furnish a suitable background for the moving pictures of the activity of the pollen grain. Then he placed the pollen grains, freshly gathered, in the little glass stage, and introduced to them an almost microscopic drop of the fluid found in the stigma of the sweet pea. The pollen grains in the slide performed exactly as others had done in the stigma of the flower. First, the grain enlarged abnormally, racing about the glass slide as if endowed with life; then, suddenly, the tube of protoplasm shot out, wandering about in search of the ovary of the flower, and then the pollen grain died. When Pillsbury threw this picture on the screen, he had the first motion picture of the beginning of life in the vegetable kingdom. Later, he introduced the ovary of the flower into the tiny stage, with the pollen grains, and made pictures of the complete process.

Other flowers were similarly pictured, and the results led the experimenter to try his synchronized microscopes and camera on bacteria, with the result that it is now as easy to study cultures of the deadliest of bacteria on the screen as it had been difficult to follow them with the eye glued to the microscope before Pillsbury linked the lenses into a tremendous magnifying power. By injecting solutions of various kinds into the "stage" on which the bacteria are performing, Pillsbury has obtained some very interesting results, but these experiments are left to the bacteriologists and the physicians who may thus obtain a permanent record of the effect of each drug on the bacilli of the various diseases studied.

When the results of Pillsbury's work with the pollen grains became known, the facilities of the botanical department of the University of California were opened to him for further experimental work and for the development of his discovery, under the helping hand of Dr. T. H. Goodspeed, associate professor of botany, and there the persistent photographer developed his method of putting disease germs into motion pictures.

Incidental to the work with the pollen grains and the making visible of the beginnings of life in the vegetable world, was the appearance clearly to the eye of the nucleus of each grain. Botanists had known, of course, that, in every pollen grain, there is a nucleus, but it had not been seen before, owing to its identity of color with the remainder of the grain. When the Pillsbury motion pictures are enlarged, however, this nucleus becomes visible, and botanists have the opportunity to observe just what happens to it when the protoplasm is extended into the ovary of the flower, a step in the production of life which they had not previously been able to see. Development and motion of the fertilizing protoplasm also are plainly shown.

In the pictures as projected on the screen, the pollen grains appear about the size of silver dollars, and the tubes of protoplasm are from one-quarter to one-half inch wide.

Pictures of single pollen grains and of a single bacillus have been enlarged to the size of footballs, but for all practical purposes, enlargement to the size of an egg is sufficient for study, though it does give the lay observer a thrill to see a germ as large as a derby hat go dashing erratically across the screen, particularly when he has been warned that he is about to see some of the deadliest of bacteria in action.

The Pillsbury discovery is to be devoted to the uses of bacteriologists, botanists, zoölogists, biologists, and the medical profession in general.

## When the Broker Breaks the Law

"I'LL give you a mighty nice commission if you'll place $200,000 worth of the new issue of Elko bonds that I'm handling," the broker suggested.

"How much?" the salesman queried.

"Ten per cent."

"And where would my selling territory be?"

"You can have the whole State of Massachusetts outside of the city of Boston."

"I'll take a shot at it, on those terms."

"Of course, I'll forward the bonds to you, you'll sell them, and turn over the money to me, and I'd have to have a bond for $50,000 at least, to provide that you'd account for all money taken in, and return all unsold bonds on demand," the broker suggested.

"Well, I'll give you a bond on the Ajax Surety Company, if that'd be satisfactory."

"Quite so."

The salesman started in, did a flourishing business for a few months, and then departed for parts unknown and inaccessible, and without returning the more than $40,000 which he had received from purchasers of the bonds.

The broker promptly called upon the Ajax Surety Company to make good the resulting loss.

"Did you comply with the requirements of the Massachusetts law in reference to non-resident security salesmen?" the Surety Company demanded.

"I did not," the broker was forced to admit.

"And I presume you are aware that the Massachusetts laws say that it is unlawful to sell securities in the state without complying with the requirements of the law in all respects."

"Yes, I believe that is true."

"And, that being true, we will not recognize the bond, nor pay you anything on account of your alleged loss."

"Crack on, as fast as you like."

And the Surety Company was quite safe in taking this ground, as, in a recent Massachusetts case, the evidence showed that *X* employed *Y* to sell intoxicating liquors in territory where such sales were unlawful, *Z* gave a bond that *Y* would account for the liquors and money received by him, *Y* failed to account for 1,000 dozen bottles, *X* sued *Z* on the bond, and the Massachusetts Supreme Court ruled that X could not collect on the bond, on the ground that the employment was illegal.

"It is established that a party to an illegal contract will be left by the law where the law finds him. A collection of authorities on that point is not necessary. It is also established that a contract for a single consideration is wholly void if that single consideration is paid in part for an illegal act," says the Massachusetts court, and the same rule has been laid down in Kansas, Missouri, New Hampshire, New York, Vermont and Wisconsin.

In a few states, however, including South Carolina and Ohio, the courts have ruled the other way on the ground that the agent, having received money which belongs to the principal, will not be permitted to retain the money on the ground that the transaction in which he received it was contrary to law.

# What's the Matter With Jim?

(*Concluded from page 8*)

he and a group of smaller boys found a small stick of something beside the construction work on a new road. There was an argument about whether it was dynamite or a piece of carbon from the street light. The boys had a bonfire going, and Jim said he would prove that their find was dynamite.

The experiment was a complete success. When Jim regained consciousness in the hospital this time he was minus one eye and one finger. He tells me that this doesn't worry him at all. He can drive faster with nine fingers and one eye than most fellows can with a complete set of each.

Jim didn't go back to the factory after this. His parents didn't know what he was doing, or what to do with him. One midnight they received still another phone call. Jim was in jail. He hadn't been doing anything in particular—just driving with three other boys at high speed along a country road, without lights. Jim pleaded guilty when his case came up, and the judge, finding that none of the boys had any regular occupation, sent them all to a reform school.

That's where I got acquainted with Jim. It is a hobby of mine to visit reform schools. I have studied their methods in England, Ireland, Scotland, South Africa, and in practically every American state. Essentially they are all alike. They have fine buildings and beautiful grounds and the best of intentions and lots of boys to reform. And they don't reform them. I have gone into the official reports, and talked with the boys themselves, by the hundreds. I have found that the reform schools live up to their names in less than five per cent of cases.

When I met Jim in a Pennsylvania reform school he interested me enormously. I thought, "Here's an ideal living laboratory for experimentally working out the problem of the delinquent boy." I met his parents, and when they asked me why he was always in trouble, I said I'd try to find out. He was paroled, and I hired him as my chauffeur. Jim doesn't know he is an experiment. But he is having a wonderful time. He always tries to pass every car on the road, and beat all the trains if we are running parallel to the tracks. I am not having quite so good a time. I am sixty-three years old, and have been in two wrecks myself. I have a better memory and more vivid imagination than Jim, with his speed mania. His fondest dream, I think, would be to tune up an old automobile and race an airplane with it.

When I told him the other day that I had to go on business to the Pacific Coast, he promptly said, "Fine. I'll drive you. I'll put a new fast head on the engine, and we'll beat the best train time by half. I'll save you two days."

"No you won't!" I remarked. "I've gone through a fence and over an embankment and been hauled out from under my car, just the way you have. But I'm less anxious to repeat the experience. Besides," I added, "we'd be arrested before we got ten miles from Philadelphia."

"Tell you what," Jim came back. "We'll get the Philadelphia Sesqui-Centennial people to fix it up for us. Gee! Bet they'd *pay* us for it. Save you time, and your railroad fare too, and pay you money! They'd do it for an advertisement of the Exposition. A record-breaking run from Philadelphia to Los Angeles! They can get the police to clear the way all across the continent, and we'll do three thousand miles in forty hours. I'll drive without sleeping, and we'll only stop for gas and oil, and we'll eat as we drive."



Judge Henry Neil, author of this and other articles in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, discussing a manuscript with Mrs. Wallace Reid.

Jim isn't just talking. He'd try it if he had half a chance; he'd set out to average 75 miles an hour in an automobile all the way from Philadelphia to the Coast—and if anybody could do it, Jim could. He drives like a demon, and knows more about automobiles than any mechanic I have ever met.

As a living experiment in the causes of juvenile delinquency, Jim has taught me a lot already. He is congenitally incapable of understanding anything but play. A great number of the juvenile delinquents that I have talked to in reform schools are just like Jim. They get into magnified mischief, and finally into ways of crime, and they don't realize they are doing anything but play. The childish desire to have a good time is their only fault. We have got to do something about them, it is true, but we can't do it by punishing them like adults when in fact they are still only boys.

The whole country is excited these days about the scandal of crime. We have got to seek one of the roots of that evil in juvenile delinquency. Today more than 78 per cent of robberies are committed by youths under twenty-one. In several of our large cities the average age of murderers is twenty-one. Some of the most atrocious crimes of the last year have been traced to criminals in their teens. To check this tendency we must check the spread of juvenile delinquency. Certain classes of juvenile delinquents, like Jim, are less easily reformed than they are redirected. You can't make them grow up past the play age if they are still in it. You can't make them see the difference between harmless play and mischief that borders on crime. If society doesn't give their play-spirit free rein in harmless ways, city conditions will lead them into wayward habits.

Jim cannot be interested in anything that is not a game. His father asked me: "What am I going to do with Jim? All he does is fool with automobiles, and get himself arrested. He doesn't earn enough to keep himself. Must I keep him all his life?"

I said, "You must either keep him playing, until he grows up, or the state will keep him in jail."

So Jim's father has killed all the chickens, and turned the henhouse in the back yard over to Jim for a garage. Jim has made it into a machine shop, and when he isn't driving my car, he spends all his time there rebuilding junk cars. He'll buy two or three cars at $25 or $35 apiece, and put the best parts together, and I'll give him a little money to buy tires and batteries and other needed parts, and pretty soon he'll have a neatly painted, glistening monstrosity that will deliver enough speed to please even him. His father's back yard is full of hybrid cars and junk. Jim sells some of his weird creations, and he often sells some of the discarded metal from a car for more than the car itself cost him.

But he won't work for wages at a regular repair job in a garage. That isn't play.

As I have listened to the cases of children in juvenile courts in all parts of the country, I have wondered at the number that were charged with violating the law when they were really only children trying to play. Often their play had led them into waywardness only because in their environment there were no harmless methods of play available.

I have explained this to Jim's parents, and they have stopped trying to make him act like a man. At his age he is only part boy and part man. Society can learn to handle such cases as Jim's father has. It can learn to distinguish between children with an exaggerated craving for play, and the real juvenile delinquent who may be amenable to punishment or deterred from crime by prompt and drastic enforcement of punishment upon others. It can learn to direct the energies of boys like Jim into activities that they consider play, and then no other restraint upon them will be needed.

But now that Jim is provided with enough money and sympathetic coöperation for the maintenance of his weird machine shop, he doesn't get arrested any more.

Of course the speed craze may break out in him again. I am leaving shortly for Los Angeles—by train. I really wouldn't be surprised if I found Jim waiting for me at the station there, in a mud-covered automobile, with a record-breaking transcontinental trip behind him. His childishness may make him famous yet. Or it may make him a public nuisance. But if Jim ever has to be locked up for the safety of the rest of the American people, I make just one plea. Don't let's put him in a typical reform school and try to make him over into something that he isn't.



# A Dance a Week



## THE LANCERS

### A Graceful Square Dance—First Two Figures

### FIGURE ONE

ADDRESS PARTNERS, THEN CORNERS



First four forward and back..... 4 bars

Partners join nearest hands, gentleman starting with left foot; walk forward three steps. On the fourth count, raise the right foot to the heel of the left. Starting with the right foot, walk backward three steps. On the fourth count, bring left foot up in front.







And forward again and turn the opposite..... 4 bars

Walk forward four steps, give both hands to the opposite, and turn once around, and return backward to place.

First couple promenade between the opposite and return on the outside..... 8 bars



First two couples cross over. First couple cross hands, second couple separating to allow the first to pass between. Returning to place, second couple cross hands, and the first couple separate.

All balance to corner and turn partners..... 8 bars



All turn, face corner; each dancer take four steps toward each other, and four steps backward. Then all face their own partner, give both hands and make one complete turn to place.

The side couples then start the movement. Repeat all, until every couple has passed through. Play four times.

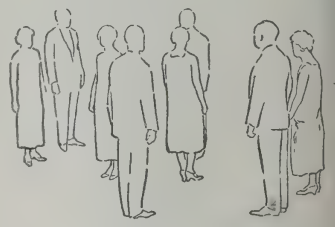
### FIGURE TWO

WAIT FIRST EIGHT MEASURES

First four forward and back..... 4 bars



Turn ladies to center, facing partners..... 4 bars



Both couples join hands with their partner, and walk four steps to the center of the set. The ladies turn facing their own partners, while the gentlemen make a slight bow, and walk backward to their original place.

Chasse right and left..... 4 bars

The two couples who still face their own partners, begin each with the right foot, slide four steps to the right side, then four steps to the left side. They are still facing partners.

Turn partners..... 4 bars

Gentlemen step forward, give both hands to partner, and turn to place.

Side four separate to heads, forward and back..... 4 bars



Side couples separate from their partners, join hands with the first four, forming two straight lines, four persons in each line. From this position the dancers, with hands joined, walk forward four steps, back four steps, forward again and

Turn partner to place..... 4 bars

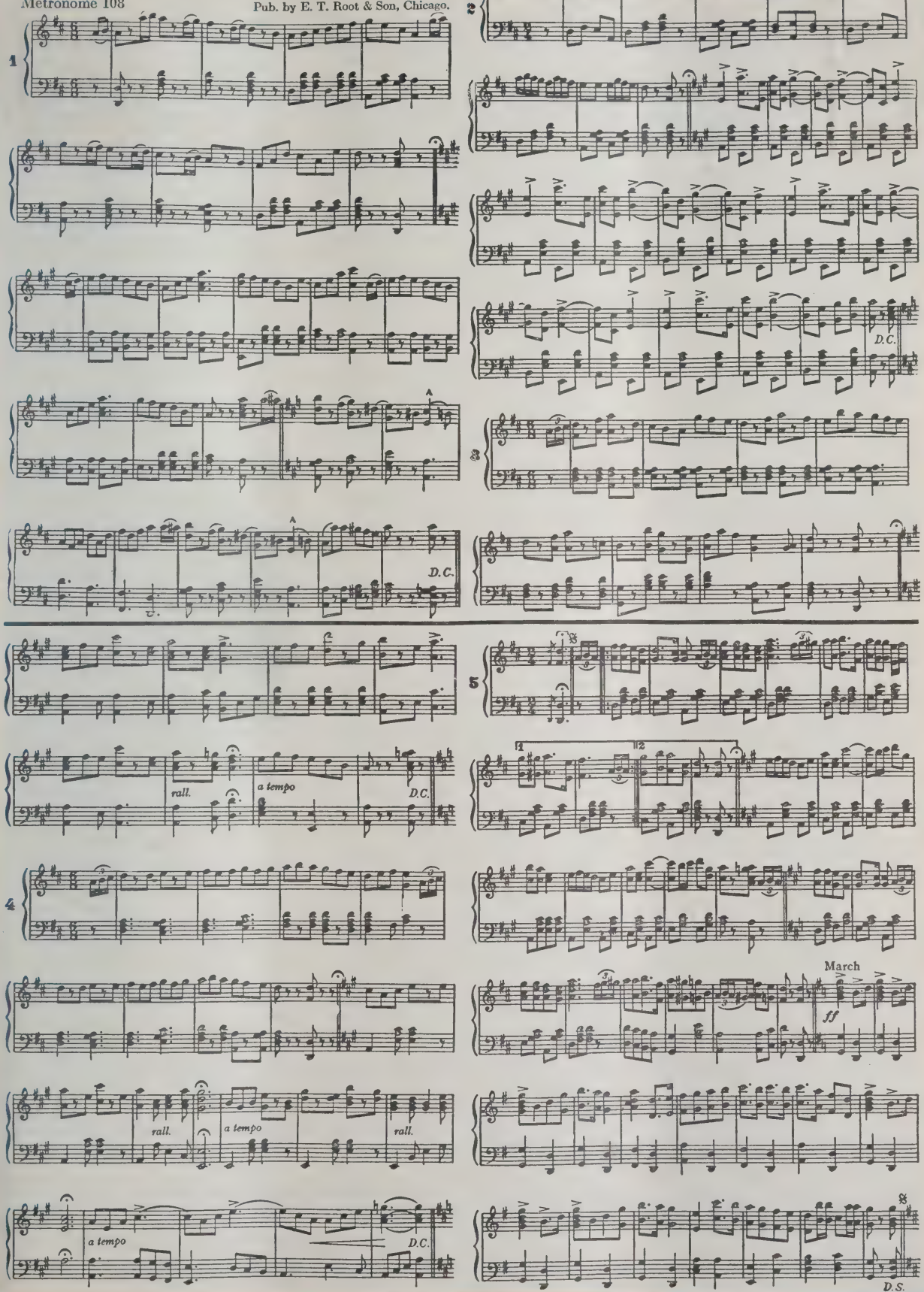
Play four times, two for the head and two for the sides. In forming the lines on the side, the first four separate.

NOTE—This concludes the first two of the five figures of The Lancers. The remaining three figures will be presented in next week's issue. The piano accompaniment for the complete dance will be found on the page facing this; next week the music will consist of the violin selection for the same piece.

# LANCERS "ORIENTAL"

Metronome 108

Pub. by E. T. Root & Son, Chicago.



# Lincoln's Murder—Amazing Man Hunt

(*Continued from page 15*)

informed General Rufus King, then American minister at Rome, of Surratt's whereabouts and of the details of a confession he had made. General King advised the Papal Government of these disclosures and by order of the Pope, the following instructions were issued:

November 6, 1866.

Colonel: Cause the arrest of the Zouave Watson, and have him conducted, under secure escort, to the military prison at Rome. It is of much importance that this order be executed with exactness.

The General, pro-minister, Kanzlei.

Lieutenant-Colonel Allet,
Commanding Zouave Battalion, Velletri.

Lieutenant-Colonel Allet telegraphed as follows:

Pontifical Zouaves, Battalion Headquarters,
Velletri, November 7, 1866.

General: I have the honor to inform you that the Zouave John Watson has been arrested at Veroli, and will be taken tomorrow morning, under good escort, to Rome. While he was searched for at Trisulti, which was his garrison, he was arrested by Captain De Lambilly, at Veroli, where he was on leave.

I have the honor to be, General, your Excellency's
Very humble and obedient servant,
Lieut.-Colonel Allet.

His Excellency, the General-Minister of War, Rome.

PONTIFICAL TELEGRAPH
Velletri, 8:35 A.M. Nov. 8, 1866.

His Excellency, the General-Minister of War, Rome:

I received the following telegram from Captain Lambilly: At the moment of leaving the prison, surrounded by six men as guards, Watson plunged into the ravine, more than a hundred feet deep, which defends the prison. Fifty Zouaves are in pursuit.

Lieut.-Colonel Allet.

The story of these three days cannot be more graphically related than by Surratt himself: (Interview with Surratt—Boston *Sunday Post*, April 3, 1898.)

"In the meantime I was confined in a cell in the old monastery. The second day after my arrest, or rather the second night, a messenger arrived from Antonelli directing the officer in command of the post, the Baron De Serappo, who you will remember married Miss Polk of North Carolina, to have me sent to Rome under heavy guard the moment the summons was received. I was awakened at four a.m. by the rusty key grating in the lock of my cell, and by the light of a flickering lantern I saw that my untimely visitors were an officer and six soldiers, all heavily armed. At once I knew what it meant, and when the lieutenant in command ordered me to dress at once in order to go to Rome I at once made up my mind that, let the consequences be what they may, I would not go to the Eternal City.

***He Arranged a Plan of Escape***

"While dressing I mentally arranged a plan of escape. This old monastery was built on the side of the mountains, nestling on one side, and the west side was directly over a precipice over a hundred feet high. A wall four feet high guarded the court yard. I was determined to break away from my captors and go over the precipice. When I was finished dressing I was placed in the center of this guard and we slowly ascended the stone steps of the old building, worn smooth by countless feet of many generations of monks. We reached the court yard and turned towards the left. Just as we reached the point I had selected for my attempt I made a break for liberty, and running quickly across the court yard jumped on the wall. Gathering myself for the attempt I took a long breath and jumped into space, doubling my legs slightly under me as I did so. About thirty-five feet from the top of the precipice there was a bare ledge of rock jutting out from the face of the mountain and about four feet broad. By great good fortune I landed safely on that ledge."

***A Fearful Leap for Liberty***

Surratt was asked whether he knew of the existence of the ledge or landed on it by accident.

"Know of it?" was his answer. "Why of course I knew of it. Do you think I would have been such an idiot as to jump over a 100-foot precipice to certain death in that manner? Many and many a time my comrades and myself in hours of idleness would lean over that precipice and wonder how many feet it was from the wall of the court yard to the ledge, and it was an open question as to whether a man could jump from the wall and land safely on the ledge. While dressing I was determined to make the attempt. It makes my blood run cold to think of it now, though. However, I managed to land on it safely and my legs doubling up under me, my head struck the bare rock with fearful force."

After describing the scene of wild confusion and surprise by his sudden break for freedom and the attempt made by his guard to shoot him, Surratt continued. "I was brought back to my senses by the reports of their rifles from above and the bullets flattening themselves on the bare rocks unpleasantly near my head. Dizzy and sick and shaken, I managed to gather myself together and crawl out of danger and gradually make my way down the side of the mountain to the little town which nestled at its base. Running along the main street of the town I ran directly into the arms of a detail of Zouaves. They were as much surprised as I, but I had the advantage of being on the alert. With me it was almost a matter of life and death. Doubling quickly on my tracks and expecting every moment to be hit by some of the bullets which were flying around my head, I ran like a frightened deer; through alleys, down dark streets and across lots I sped, and managed to elude my pursuers.

"In the meantime the entire town was in an uproar. Everyone had the alarm, and all the gates were guarded. Selecting a good point I managed to get over the wall and headed down the white Italian road toward the coast. I should have said at the beginning that all this took place during the early hours of the morning. It was four a.m. when I was aroused and told to dress. By the time I had left the town a few miles in the rear, the sun was high in the heavens and I was congratulating myself on my three escapes when I was suddenly startled by the sharp command:

"'Halt! Who goes there?'

"'Friend,' I answered in my best Italian, recognizing that I had run into a Garibaldian camp. Glancing at my papal uniform, the outpost was by no means reassured. In the meantime I had raised my hands above my head. Bringing his rifle to his shoulder he was pressing the trigger unpleasantly hard. Raising my hands even higher in the air I sang out to him 'Lower your rifle, man; can't you see my hands are up?' Still covering me with his rifle he ordered me to advance within a few paces of him and called out lustily for the corporal of the guard. That officer came on the run, and seeing my rig called for the sergeant of the guard. He no sooner caught glimpse of my dress than he called for the officer of the guard. To make a long story short, I was soon surrounded by a mob of Garibaldians of all ranks and sizes. When I told them that I was an American, a deserter from the *Papilo Guardo* and wanted to get to the coast, they treated me with the greatest kindness."

It was the third of November when Surratt escaped from the Papal Zouaves. On the sixteenth, having made his way to Naples, he there represented himself to the British consul as a Canadian citizen and obtained, through the aid of the consul, passage to Eygpt. But the American Consul of Alexandria, having been informed of his destination through the authorities in Naples, boarded the vessel upon its arrival there and placed Surratt, easily recognizable in his Zouave uniform, under arrest.

Surratt remained in an Egyptian government prison in Alexandria from November 27 until December 21, when a naval vessel, the *Swatara*, dispatched to that point, received him in chains and sailed for the Washington Navy Yard. The *Swatara* was quite small and the commander was in a quandary just where to put his prisoner. According to one of the officers on board, the "commander finally concluded to relinquish his bathroom, which was outside his cabin, with a door opening on the spar deck, and it was fitted up as a stateroom, and the prisoner made as comfortable as could be." (Geo. D. Barton, New York *Sun*, May 20, 1916).

***Surratt Is Sent Back to Washington***

Two months later, after storming through heavy seas and a hard gale on February 21, 1867, Surratt, who was a wretched sailor and had suffered greatly from seasickness, was again in Washington, facing an indictment in the criminal court for the District of Columbia for the murder of Abraham Lincoln.

On June 10, 1867, his sixty-one day trial began. Few murder trials have been more spectacular or harder fought. Joseph H. Bradly, Sr., Surratt's leading counsel, lost his temper and challenged the judge to a duel. While in Washington, St. Marie, the fellow-Zouave who had betrayed him, was

"in constant, though apparently groundless, terror of being assassinated," and when St. Marie suddenly appeared on the stand to testify, newspaper correspondents present noted "a single, deadly glance passed between him and Surratt."

More than two hundred witnesses were examined, some of whom testified that Surratt was in Washington on April 14, 1865, the day of the assassination. But the defense was able to impress eight of the jury, seven of whom were southern born, that Surratt's alibi was sufficient for acquittal. After three days' balloting the judge was informed that the jury was divided and "could not possibly make a verdict." They were dismissed and Surratt sent back to the old Capitol prison, where he remained until June 22 of the following year. He was then released on twenty-five thousand dollars' bail.

Three months later, the prosecution, realizing the apparent futility of proving that Surratt took part in the assassination of President Lincoln, attempted to press charges of conspiracy and treason. It was then learned that the two-year limitation for such an indictment made a trial on these charges impossible and the court freed John Harrison Surratt from further duress.

After attempting a profitless lecture tour, he settled in Baltimore and for many years was employed by one of the Chesapeake steamship companies. The remainder of his life was uneventful, and his death occurred early in May, 1916—fifty-one years after it would have taken place had he been tried by the same tribunal that sent his mother to the gallows.

Surratt was not inclined to talk of his experiences, and few who met him ever knew that behind his piercing gray eyes, deeply hidden beneath heavy brows, there was the memory of hairbreadth escapes rivaling in romantic interest and dramatic detail those of the wildest fiction.

The material in this story was obtained from files of the newspapers of the period, the official reports of the Surratt trial issued by the Government Printing Office in 1867, and an interview with Surratt which appeared in the Boston *Sunday Post*, April 3, 1898, the New York *Sun*, May 20, 1916, and *The Assassination of Abraham Lincoln* by Oldroyd.

## Woodrow Wilson's Gift

AS President Wilson was leaving Billings, Montana, three barefooted lads of 12 or 14 chased alongside the last car of the train. "Hey, Mr. President, take this!" shouted one, handing up a little flag. Mr. Wilson took it. "Here, Mr. President, take this!" cried the second. His gift, a yellow chrysanthemum, was also accepted. These two boys, radiant with grins, dropped out of the running, leaving the third with gloom pictured in his face. He had nothing in his hands to give.

Suddenly, when it seemed that he could no longer maintain the increasing pace, his freckled countenance beamed. He reached into his pocket and held something tiny toward the President, panting: "Here y'are, Mis-ter—Wilson!" The President's hand closed over the little fellow's. When it came away it held a worn silver dime.

"All he had!" said the President gravely regarding the coin. "That's America. It gives all it has. I'm going to keep this!" Then he swung his cap to the happy youngster until the town vanished in the distance.

# Housekeeping in Our Paris Flat

(*Concluded from page 4*)

unteered to interpret for her. So Mrs. Bindle got what she wanted, and she told the "lovely lady" what a hard time we were having. "I am the housekeeper for Mrs. Dillon. Won't you come and talk to her? We never hear anything but this furrin' parleyvooing!" said Mrs. Bindle.

At any rate, we did not chide her for her forwardness, and we had an honest-to-goodness dinner that day.

Several days later my wife was arranging flowers on the window ledges when a lady passing in the street stopped and spoke to her, making herself known as the lady who had interpreted for Mrs. Bindle. My wife said, among other things in the conversation, that she had a longing for a cup of American coffee; she couldn't get used to French coffee.

Two days after there came to our door six ladies bringing packages, led by our American "lovely lady." They brought a coffee pot, American coffee, cream, and cakes, just an old-fashioned American surprise party, and what a time they had at the coffee feast that afternoon! They were all Americans who had lived in Paris some years, quite charming women. That was the beginning of our acquaintance with many of the 25,000 American permanent residents of Paris.

But Mrs. Bindle fell into utter hopelessness. She could not learn the French names of foods. The French money system was a horror to her and the instigator of a nightmare when she went to bed. She complained that the "centimes" were driving her crazy. There are 100 centimes in a franc; the smallest French coin is a 5-centime piece with a hole in the center, worth at the time of writing one-fifth of an American cent. Nothing can be purchased with it, but it is used in making change.

At the end of two months I put Mrs. Bindle on a train bound for Calais, and pinned on her a card in French telling her identity and destination and bespeaking kindness for her. She arrived safely at her home in the west of England and I was told by her parish rector that she has given daily thanks to the Almighty ever since for bringing her out of France alive.

Then we installed a French housekeeper, one who knew not one word of English, and from that time to the end of our stay in the flat life moved rhythmically for us.

She undertook the entire management of the kitchen, dining room, and the cleaning and arrangement of all the rooms. She did all the catering and cooking. Our breakfast (*petit dejeuner* meaning literally "little breakfast") was the usual French coffee and hot milk and bread—nothing else. The *dejeuner* (literally "breakfast") was served at 1 p. m. and was quite like an American midday dinner without soup (there is no "luncheon" in France). Dinner was served at 7 p. m., a meal much like *dejeuner* in quantity, and with the addition of soup.

I advanced her the money for purchases, 200 francs at a time. She would take her basket each morning (including Sunday morning for food shops are all open on Sunday), and go to the shops or markets, bringing home whatever she liked, without consulting us. She aimed to surprise us at each meal, preparing each repast mysteriously. She had a book in which she kept a record of all her purchases and the prices. If she received a commission, privately, from each shopkeeper on everything she purchased, it was none of my business nor did I inquire about it. This commission belonged to her by right from time immemorial; the custom is established in France as firmly as the "squeeze" in China.

For all this service we paid her 100 francs a week (about $5.00), which high salary made her the envy of other French women engaged in a similar occupation.

We allowed her to retain a *femme de menage*—a woman who comes in to clean the rooms—twice a week, we paying this woman 10 francs to 13 francs for each day she came.

These wages seem low, compared with American wages, but it must be remembered that an unskilled laboring man in Paris at the time was getting $1.25 a day. Masons (builders) got $1.60 a day. Street car conductors earned $28.00 a month. I was told that the editor of one of the leading magazines got $80.00 a month. Clerks in banks got about $25.00 a month. Stenographers (women) got from $18.00 to $30.00 a month.

I have copied from Henriette's expense book the following list of *comestibles* with the prices we paid, expressed approximately in American money of the exchange current at the time:

| | |
|---|---|
| Beef (roast) | 50 cents per lb. |
| Beef consomme (boiling) | 32 cents per lb. |
| Beef steak | 40 cents per lb. |
| Mutton cutlet (chop) | 75 cents per lb. |
| Mutton (leg for roasting) | 50 cents per lb. |
| Mutton (for stewing) | 25 cents per lb. |
| Lamb (leg for roast) | 50 cents per lb. |
| Lamb (for stewing) | 30 cents per lb. |
| Veal (roast) | 55 cents per lb. |
| Veal (for stewing) | 30 cents per lb. |
| Veal brains | 40 cents per lb. |
| Pork (filet for roasting) | 60 cents per lb. |
| Bacon | 52 cents per lb. |
| Chickens (for roasting) | 50 cents per lb. |
| Pigeons | 50 cents apiece |
| Bread | 7½ cents per 1 lb. loaf |
| Butter | 50 cents per lb. |
| Eggs | 4 cents each |
| Tea | 95 cents per lb. |
| Coffee | 50 cents per lb. |
| Milk | 5 cents per quart |
| Potatoes | 7 cents per lb. |
| Leeks | 20 cents per bunch (about 3 lbs.) |
| Carrots and turnips | 7 cents per bunch |
| Peas | 20 cents per lb. |
| String beans | 30 cents per lb. |
| Mushrooms | 40 cents per lb. |
| Spinach | 5 cents per lb. |
| Cauliflower | 15 cents per medium head |
| Apples | 10 cents per lb. (three large apples) |
| Pears | 20 cents per lb. |
| Prunes | 25 cents per lb. |
| Apricots | 25 cents per lb. |
| Oranges | 2½ cents apiece. |
| Swiss cheese | 40 cents per lb. |
| Brie cheese | 35 cents per lb. |
| Roquefort cheese | 45 cents per lb. |
| Fish (Whiting) | 15 cents per lb. |
| Fish (Mackerel) | 15 cents per lb |
| Fish (Herring) | 10 cents per lb. |
| Fish (Sole) | 60 cents per lb. |
| Fish (Lobster) | 50 cents per lb. |

A semi-bituminous coal was used in the kitchen stove; it cost $1.00 per 200 lbs. English anthracite cost $2.10 per 200 lbs. In the fireplaces *boulets* were used—coal dust pressed into hard oval-shaped nuggets about twice the size of a hen's egg; they cost 85 cents per 200 lbs.

Our electric lighting bill averaged $4.00 a month. The gas averaged $2.50 a month.

After all, nobody can get the true flavor of life in Paris if he or she does not understand ordinary French conversation. From the very first day my wife spoke—I had almost said chattered—French with the housekeeper, and that, in itself, one might say, justified the adventure of keeping house in Paris.

## The Practice Babe

THEY are pioneering out in Oregon. The day of the covered wagon, the log cabin, the stockaded fort has passed, it is true, but the spirit of the West is still leading its men and women on to worthwhile achievements. One of the greatest of these is its development of an essential accomplishment—that of sensible motherhood—brought about through the education of its college girls at the state agricultural school.

The idea of the practice house is not new; one is maintained in connection with nearly every home economics department in colleges of any great size. There are, no doubt, many as interesting and as perfect in detail as that at the Oregon State Agricultural College, Corvallis, but this school is to be complimented for its leadership in an essential training given in connection with their practice house course. This training is for the proper care of babies, and is not done by books and charts and dolls, but by the actual guardianship of a real baby.

Miss Grace A. Johnson, professor of household administration at the college, is in charge of the practice house, and supervises the care of the baby. During their several weeks' stay at the house, each girl is given a week during which she is responsible for the proper care of the child, and, although Miss Johnson lives at the house, and oversees the schedules, the practice babe is, for seven days and nights, the absolute charge of his student nurse.

At different times, there have been six babies cared for by the students, for periods ranging from several months to the full school year. Miss Johnson told me that they had never had an unfortunate experience with their babies, nor have they had a contagious disease among them.





Master Rowen Whealdon, with his practice "mothers." Left—How the "practice baby" at O. A. C. looked at nine months, when he weighed nineteen pounds five ounces.

Rowen Robert Whealdon came to the practice house at the age of two months, weighing just seven pounds. He had been a premature baby, tipping the scales at six pounds, and up to the time he arrived at the college, had seemed to make but little progress in gaining either strength or flesh.

His progress was very gradual, but was constantly in the right direction. No trouble was experienced in keeping him on a good logical schedule, and it was not long before he was eating and acting as a normal baby should. When he was a year old, he weighed twenty-four pounds, which was four times his weight at birth. The following is the program used at that time:

6:00 a.m. 8 ounces whole milk.

8:30 a.m. Rises, orange juice, prune pulp or apple juice.

9:00 a.m. Bath.

10:00 a.m. Cereal, 8 ounces milk, bread crust.

1:00 p.m. Wakens from nap.

2:00 p.m. Vegetable, bread crust, 8 ounces of milk.

4:00 p.m. Ride—Afternoon nap.

6:00 p.m. Supper—cereal, 8 ounces milk, bread crust.

7:00 p.m. Bed for the night.

Only whole grain cereal, such as rolled oats or wheat-flakes are used, and he is having considerable variety in his vegetables, using spinach, carrots, tomatoes, et cetera.

# Golf—Can You Pick the Champions?

(*Concluded from page 13*)

There are many English sportsmen that are adopting the American viewpoint. They say:

"If the thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing well, at least as well as it is possible for us to do it. If we want to continue international competition then we should try to win at least our share of it. There is no sort of satisfaction to be derived from continued defeats and one of the surest ways of inviting defeat is to continue a policy of drift. Why not set out with our well-known determination to retrieve some of our lost athletic prestige?"

The United States has won four of the five Walker Cup matches played to date. She will probably win again this year. The United States seems unbeatable in golfing team play.

The same eight that try for the Walker Cup will go after the British amateur championship. That is something else again. While England cannot muster eight amateur golfers to compare with the eight that represent the United States, still in individual play there is nothing to assure security of a nature that team play offers. The best golfer does not always win a tournament. Luck is often more important than skill.

In the past the British amateur championship has always been a next to impossible goal for Americans. Only one man, Walter J. Travis, was ever able to win the title for the United States. He did this at Sandwich in 1904. Robert Gardner came near turning the trick at Muirfield in 1920 but on the 37th hole of the final match the old hoodoo again asserted itself and he lost to Cyril Tolley. But, as already remarked, never before have so many good American golfers been present in British tournament play and Britain has had better representatives in the field than this year.

After our amateurs complete their challenge in Great Britain the professionals will start and America expects to have more than a dozen of her best in competition. Here again the United States will be represented by more good golfing talent than any other country, and will therefore have a decided edge.

No one denies that golf has gone back in Great Britain. America has better golfers, both amateur and professional, than can be found on the other side. But for this Yankee supremacy we have to thank Great Britain and not credit ourselves. Great Britain made it possible by supplying the United States with the bulk of instructors and these, Great Britain's sons, developed the golfing stars that the United States boasts today, the same stars that have lowered England's golfing pride.

England has lost golfer after golfer to the United States. Early this year Archie Compston, professional champion of England, came to the United States for an exhibition tour. Six weeks later he cabled back to England that he had accepted a position as pro with a New York golf club.

Most of the good British pros succumbed to American offers in the past. Only a few of her stars were able to refuse the big inducements held out on this side and in the list of those that remained in Great Britain are found such men as Edward Ray, Harry Vardon, Abe Mitchell, James Braid, and George Duncan.

In the last six years the United States open championship has been won by four golfers that were born and trained in the game in the British Isles, namely: Edward Ray, James Barnes, Cyril Walker and Willie Macfarlane. Ray is the only one that has not long been settled in this country.

While four British-born golfers were able to win the United States open in six years it is a paradox that Walter Hagen, American-born, was not able to win it but that during the six years this same Hagen twice won the British open championship and finished runner-up in another year. Barnes, who won the British open last year, is British-born, although he resides in the United States.

There is this about the controversy in regard to golfing supremacy: Hagen, admittedly the best of professional golfers, and Jones, probably the best golfer of any class, are both American-born. To this the Englishman will reply: "Yes, but they were taught by British professionals."

And there, as they say, you are.

# The Jolly Old Pedagogue

*from George Arnold —*
*in McGuffey's Sixth Eclectic Reader.*

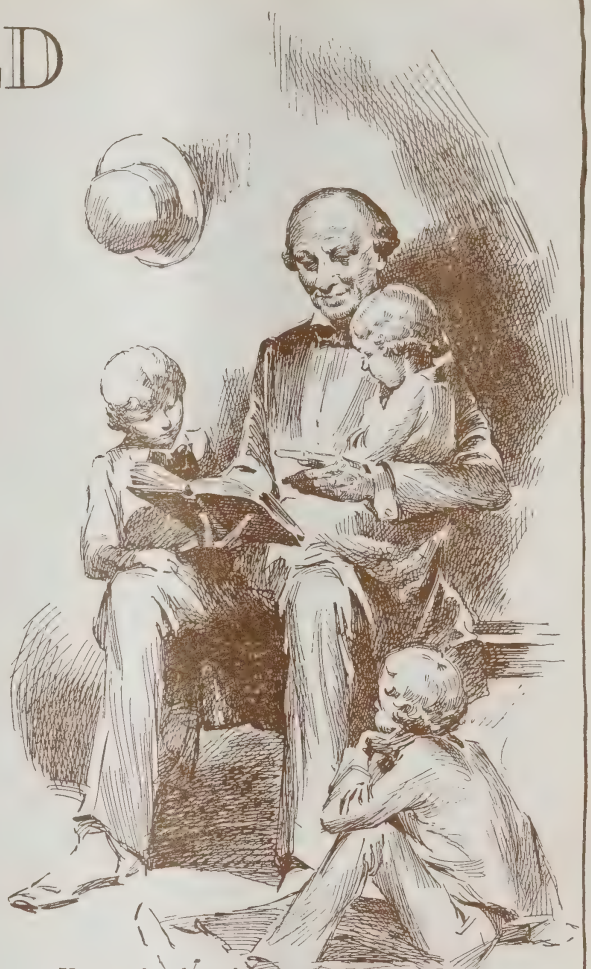
'Twas a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
Tall, and slender, and sallow, and dry;
His form was bent, and his gait was slow,
And his long, thin hair was white as snow,
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye:
And he sang every night as he went to bed,
"Let us be happy down here below;
The living should live, though the dead be dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.



He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane,
With roses and woodbine over the door;
His rooms were quiet, and neat, and plain,
But a spirit of comfort there held reign,
And made him forget he was old and poor.
"I need so little," he often said;
"And my friends and relatives here below
Won't litigate over me when I am dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.



With the stupidest boys, he was kind and cool,
Speaking only in gentlest tones;
The rod was scarcely known in his school,
Whipping to him was a barbarous rule,
And too hard work for his poor old bones;
Besides it was painful, he sometimes said:
"We should make life pleasant down here below-
The living need charity more than the dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.



He taught the scholars the Rule of Three,
Reading, and writing, and history too;
He took the little ones on his knee,
For a kind old heart in his breast had he,
And the wants of the littlest child he knew.
"Learn while you're young," he often said,
"There is much to enjoy down here below;
Life for the living, and rest for the dead!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.



He sat at his door one midsummer night,
After the sun had sunk in the west,
And the lingering beams of golden light
Made his kindly old face look warm and bright,
While the odorous night winds whispered, "Rest!"
Gently, gently, he bowed his head;
There were angels waiting for him, I know;
He was sure of his happiness, living or dead,
This jolly old pedagogue, long ago!

THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIV. OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL



THE most sweet and tender, the most innocent and encouraging society may be found in any natural object, even for the poor misanthrope and most melancholy man. There can be no very black melancholy to him who lives in the midst of Nature and has his senses still. There was never yet such a storm but it was Aeolian music to a healthy and innocent ear. Nothing can rightly compel a simple and brave man to a vulgar sadness. While I enjoy the friendship of the seasons, I trust that nothing can make life a burden to me.

Henry D. Thoreau

DEA

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Volume 26, Number 26

Five Cents a Copy APRIL 17, 1926 $1.50 a Year



CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

# BRIEFLY TOLD

IN 1842 THE London *Illustrated Daily News* printed the following: "A pigeon has been known to fly 190 miles in five and one-half hours—a speed that no human being could ever attain."

AMERICA IS THE only country to standardize color for industrial purposes, 1,410 textile and allied concerns agreeing each season upon the same color card.

ALIENS COMPRISE 23 per cent of the prison population of New York State, costing the taxpayers $7,000,000 a year. Of the criminally insane 35 per cent are aliens.

BOULOGNE, FRANCE, is going to buy back its massive oaken gates, seized by the English in 1514, and now reposing at Hardres Court near Canterbury.

THE MOST DANGEROUS age of public playground users is five years.

IT TAKES TWENTY minutes to affix Georgia's great seal to a document, because of the complicated process of 1799 still in use, requiring a dye, gilt paper, wax wafers, paper wafers, and ribbons.

A FLOWER EXCHANGE column is conducted by a Southern newspaper, whereby those who grow geraniums, larkspurs, or iris in their gardens may exchange the blossoms with those who grow snapdragons, clematis, cannas, and the like.




KOREAN coolies have the habit of sleeping on railroad ties during hot summer nights.

STUDENTS IN American schools, from kindergarten to college, total 25,000,000.

THE FIRST BRITISH rubber plantations were started in Ceylon about thirty years ago. Seed for the trees were smuggled from Brazil by an Englishman.

SKILLED TOREADORS are becoming scarce in Spain, where the bullfight is beginning to lose its popularity.

BEAUTY SURGERY was practiced by the ancient Greeks, and the Romans straightened noses and flattened projecting ears.

THE UNITED STATES and Brazil are the only nations in the world that confer the ownership of mineral rights with general land ownership.

AUTOMOBILE TIRES in the vicinity of Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts, are cut to shreds by ragged clamshells, which are carried high aloft by gulls and then dropped to concrete roads. The gulls use this method to extract the clams.

RECENT TESTS SHOW that the bee is color-blind to red shades and has to rely upon its sense of smell in detecting flowers of that color.




MASSACHUSETTS has not built a prison cell in more than 20 years and many such cells are now vacant. Jails of several large cities have been closed.

LIZARD FARMING forms a new occupation in England, to supply the demand for lizard-leather shoes and hand bags.

THE TIN DEPOSITS of Banka, Dutch East Indies, once among the richest of the world, are becoming exhausted and dredges are mining the submarine extensions of the ore beds off the mainland.

THE FIRST OPERA, *Dafney*, was composed by Perri in 1549. The first opera house was opened in Venice in 1637.

A CUBIC FOOT of platinum weighs more than one thousand pounds. It was once so cheap that swindlers substituted it for gold.

TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND gallons of water is used to manufacture a ton of paper.

CERTAIN RESTAURANTS in Lisbon, Portugal, chain the knives and forks to the tables.

TWO-THIRDS OF the 4,267 centenarians in the United States are Negroes.

AN ABANDONED, CIRCULAR, earthen water reservoir at Jacksonville, Illinois, has been converted into an open-air theater, said to have wonderful acoustic qualities.



THE GREEK, Pythias, is believed to have been the first traveler of history to approach the Arctic Circle and reach the Land of the Midnight Sun. He made a voyage of discovery in 32 B. C.

PARROTS AND MONKEYS congregate upon telephone wires in Mexico, causing much trouble for the companies.

BACTERIA HAVE been found in oil wells one thousand feet deep.

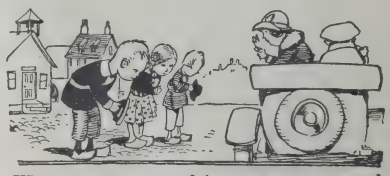
LONDON SUBWAY CARS fit the tunnels so closely that they force out stagnant air by their piston-like action.

NEWSPAPER WANT ADS, by their volume, form a barometer of business activity, according to a Harvard economics professor.

A TAX OF five per cent on every meal costing more than one dollar is planned by the Quebec provincial government.

A PHILADELPHIA BAPTIST church, needing a pastor, advertised. Fifty applications were received.

THE IMPORTATION of snails from France to the United States increased from ten tons in 1923 to 240 tons in 1925



WHEN A PARTY drives past a rural Swedish school at recess time, the youngsters come to attention, bring their wooden shoes together with a clatter, bow and doff their hats.

A. S. M. HUTCHINSON, author of best sellers from *If Winter Comes* to *One Increasing Purpose*, is married at the age of 47 to a girl of 22.

IN ITS FORTY years before the public, *Ben Hur* has earned—as book, play, and movie—more than $20,000,000. It was written by General Lew Wallace, of Crawfordsville, Indiana.

THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL Theater at Stratford-on-Avon has burned. Shakespeareans now hope that a beautiful structure will replace the ugly brick edifice that stood so long as a monument to lack of imagination.

A PHILADELPHIA BANK recently was quoted to the effect that in that city 85 to 90 per cent of all furniture, 80 per cent of all phonographs, 75 per cent of all automobiles and washing machines, 65 per cent of all vacuum cleaners, 40 per cent of all pianos, 25 per cent of all jewelry and 13 per cent of all radio sets are sold on the installment plan.

THE AMERICAN SHOE industry makes little more than half the quantity it is equipped to produce.

April 17
1 9 2 6

Volume 26
Number 26




# THE ESSENCE OF THIS ISSUE

Mr. Ford's Page this week discusses that imaginative thing known as the "saturation point."

Relatives have relatives! Advocates of the Perlman bill, which would throw open the gates of this country to the relatives of immigrants regardless of quota restrictions, insist that it would admit only a very few. But—*these relatives have relatives of their own, who in turn would be eligible for admission!* Remember that fact—and others contained in this article—next time you encounter pro-alien propaganda. (p. 3)

From aliens let's turn to Americans. The story of America can be traced in its cities: in Boston, where Bunker Hill stands as a monument to the forefathers; in Philadelphia, with its quaint Quaker traditions; in Richmond—where you will still find the heart of the Old South. A charming tale of a charming city. (p. 2)

And while we are considering aliens and Americans, compare the licentious plays imported for the delectation of New York's foreign-born, with the home-talent ones produced in "opery houses" and village halls a generation ago. Perhaps it was not great art, but surely it was rare entertainment. This story will bring back memories to you. (p. 8)

If you want to steal apples, don't take rotten ones from the ground. *That's a felony.* Take nice ripe ones from the tree. *That's only a misdemeanor;* and neither the farmer nor the policeman can arrest you without first procuring a warrant. This illustrates some of the peculiarities of our laws. Professor Waite of the University of Michigan reveals the stupidity of the statutes governing trespass. (p. 24)

Friends may die, or move to distant parts, but good books are constant companions. And no work can so fill a man's life that he cannot find time for some outside interest. A college education does not insure success; but it does provide a basis for culture—which the student himself must carry on. Allan Benson makes some interesting observations. (p. 16)

*CONTENTS*

Merry Richmond, Rich in Romance - - - - 2
*May B. Whiting*
Letting in the Alien Flood—Why? - - - - 3
*Kenneth Watson*
Two Dozen Ways to Keep Sane - - - - - 5
*Donald A. Laird, Ph. D.*
Woodrow Wilson—Taker of Chances - - - 7
*Huston Thompson*
The Drama of Our Youth - - - - - - - - 8
*Caroline E. Vose*
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
Literary Fakers and Their Fakes - - - - - 12
*Charles J. Finger*
A Dinosaur Breaks Into History - - - - - 14
*Samuel Hubbard*
What to Do to Make Life Worth While - - 16
*Allan L. Benson*
Paul Revere Tells His Own Story - - - - 19
There Is Nothing New Under the Sea - - - 22
*A. J. Montgomery*
How to Steal Apples - - - - - - - - - 24
*John Barker Waite*
Beating the Grain of Mustard Seed - - - - 31
*H. R. Mosnat*
A Dance a Week—The Lancers, continued - - 32

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer;
C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

"And you, beloved, are a nut." Thus sang Anna Knish, and the intelligentsia hailed the words as the dawn of new and beautiful poetry. But night came instanter. The author disclosed that the poems, far from possessing a mystical, hidden meaning, actually comprised a ribald hoax on the pseudo-literary. The article is the first of three by Charles J. Finger. (p. 12)

Keep sane. We've often heard that admonition; but how should we go about it? The world today lives under peculiar conditions. In many ways they are the most favorable ever known, but in some respects they are dangerous. We all work under pressure, but we need not break under the strain. Dr. Laird tells us how and why. (p. 5)

There is a name known to every American child—Paul Revere, whose famed ride to warn "every Middlesex village and farm" is classic in the annals of the Republic. Most of us learned the story of the ride from Longfellow's poem. Here is Paul Revere's own account of it in his own words. (p. 19)

A strong, white light seems to be shining upon the Administration. Reports from two ambassadors are not only illuminating—but devastating to the hopes of those who would embroil this nation in the great European muddle. President Coolidge now has the facts; the question is: what will he do? The editorial—"A Sudden Squall"—will interest you. (p. 10)

When did man first appear on earth? No one knows. One guess probably is as good as the next. Discoveries are made. Theories are formed. And then everything is toppled over by new discoveries. In an Arizona cañon is a pictograph of a dinosaur. Scientists believe that dinosaurs vanished before the first man came, yet this was drawn by human hands. Who put it there? (p. 14)

Are you planning to set out new trees in your yard this year? Read this article about a type of elm recently evolved. You will find in it valuable advice, which may aid you in making your selections. (p. 31)

When Woodrow Wilson was convinced that a thing was right, he battled for it with all his strength, regardless of consequences. Here is an interesting side light on how he came to enter politics—because of a sacrifice to an ideal at Princeton. "They kicked me out," he said; but they really kicked him into the Presidency. (p. 7)

Resentment is voiced by many laundrymen at the "Office Chat" in our March 6 issue, wherein *The Man from New York* decried the destructive tendencies of modern laundries. Some even intimated the interview was fictitious. The fact is that the caller was so prominent that were his name mentioned it would be readily recognized on two continents. The public in every part of the country is complaining about the way clothing is affected by the cleansing process. If the laundry business would heed these plaints instead of resenting them, it would do itself real service.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.50 A YEAR in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year. Single copy, five cents.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

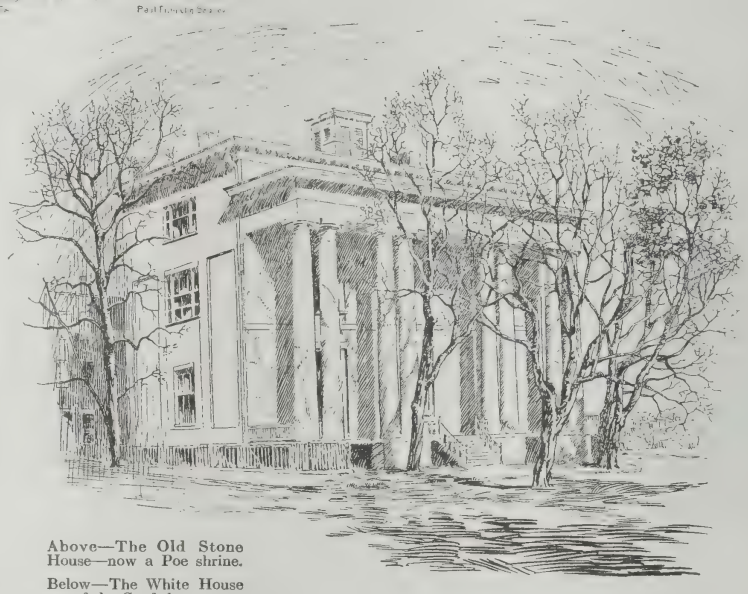


# Merry Richmond, Rich in Romance

## Not Quite So Lively as of Yore, But Its Rare Old Traditions Are Still Undimmed

DRAWINGS BY PAUL FRANKLIN SEAVEY

By MAY B. WHITING



Above—The Old Stone House—now a Poe shrine.

Below—The White House of the Confederacy.

RICHMOND, like Rome, is built on seven hills. In true classic style its capitol crowns one of them, and from all sides the streets come climbing sedately up to it. And what pageantry they have witnessed, the streets of Richmond! First they were only red clay gullies with Colonel William Byrd II, the "Black Swan of Virginia," riding gaily through them, building, as he says, "not castles only, but cities in the air." Then there were long trains of pack horses laden with furs coming down from the hills, and canvas-covered wagons moored near the market and tavern, like ships about a wharf.

After nearly fifty years comes Benedict Arnold and his Queen's Rangers, harrying the town and pouring wine into the streets so that men and hogs walk strangely in the mire. Then Lafayette to the rescue, himself retreating before Cornwallis and making a road into the wilderness known today as the "Marquis's Road." But how gay the city was that Christmas with news of the surrender at Yorktown! There were candles in the windows and fireworks in the streets as there are today at Christmas time, and a Peace Ball with the queen chosen by lot, so that a shoemaker's daughter led off the dance, followed by ladies in taffeta and gentlemen in silken "smallclothes" and bag wigs.

There were bits of sinister pageantry, too, amid the gayer. Once there rode through the streets three mysterious figures in purple coats and hoods, a rope around their necks, and each one seated on a narrow box that was to be his coffin. They were Spanish pirates riding to the gallows, and on the hills of Richmond a goodly throng enjoyed the spectacle. In the sad sixties the flower of the South, the Confederate Army, marched proudly through the streets amid the rebel yell, "ahwee." Then a besieged Richmond, the entrance of the Federals amid blazing warehouses and homes, a broken city that would need years of slow rebuilding.

And all that colorful life centered about the square and the capitol, designed by Jefferson, who, while abroad, fell in love with Grecian architecture. He sent over the French sculptor, Houdon, who worked at Mount Vernon, modeling from life the statue of Washington that adorns the rotunda. In the grounds is another statue of the general seated on his horse and surrounded by six of his friends. Some of these history has almost forgotten, as Thomas Nelson, Governor of Virginia, who, when the Continental Congress was bankrupt, raised $2,000,000 on his own estate for the army, and never received a penny in recompense. At Yorktown he trained the cannon on his own home and demolished it because it was thought to be the headquarters of Cornwallis.

In 1807 Aaron Burr, one time Vice-President of the United States, was tried for treason in the capitol at Richmond. Chief Justice Marshall, who presided, was thought to have a leaning toward the prisoner, while President Jefferson detested him. Day after day Burr appeared, beautifully attired in black silk, his hair powdered and brushed back from a countenance pale and immobile, except for dark, burning eyes. With him was his beloved daughter, Theodosia. When out on bail, the prisoners were entertained in many Richmond homes, Chief Justice Marshall so far forgetting his dignity at one time as to dine with them. After nearly three months the jury found Burr not guilty according to the evidence before them. His counsel strove for a verdict of simply "not guilty," but they refused and Burr was sent back to Ohio for a trial which never came up.

In St. John's, a little white church on one of Richmond's hills, an earlier and more momentous drama was enacted. In order to get away from Lord Dunmore, who was governor in Williamsburg, the convention of patriots assembled in the town by the falls of James River. Washington was there, and Jefferson, and Patrick Henry, who sat in a pew by the east door, now marked by a bronze plate. Early in the convention he shocked the more conservative by proposing that Virginia raise an armed force. For three days the motion was debated, then, "with unearthly fire burning in his eye," he arose and made the famous speech, closing with, "I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death."

"Infamously

(Concluded on page 30)

# Letting in the Alien Flood—Why?

## Relatives Have Relatives—and the Perlman Bill Would Admit Them All

By KENNETH WATSON

AN "ENDLESS CHAIN" of aliens, or "relatives," increasing immeasurably each year would be admitted to this country regardless of quota restrictions if the Perlman bill—sponsored by Representative Nathan Perlman, native of the ghetto, vigorously advocated by the American Jewish Congress and allied organizations—should be passed by Congress!

Its effect would be to nullify the immigration law of 1924, which limits the number of aliens admissible in any one year. Contrary to the assertion of supporters of the measure that it would mean an annual additional entry of only 40,000 to 50,000, opponents have demonstrated that 622,000 could swarm to America immediately; and that this number would eventually *increase* rather than *decrease*.

Under the present law *citizens* may bring in their wives, and children under 18 years of age, *outside of quota provisions*. The Perlman bill would not only extend this privilege to the fathers and mothers of citizens and increase the age limit of children to 21 years, but it would grant it to *alien residents* who declared their intention of becoming citizens prior to July 1, 1924.

This means that as soon as aliens now coming in become naturalized, they in turn could bring in their fathers, mothers, wives and children *outside of quota regulations*—an incalculable swarm! This was forcibly demonstrated in the testimony before the House Immigration Committee of Coert du Bois, chief of the visé division of the State Department.

Du Bois showed that if the Perlman bill is passed that Poland alone will furnish as many aliens as supporters of the measure claim would come into the United States from all Europe. He said:

"I made something of a study of Poland to see what would happen. The present Polish quota is 5,982, with a demand against it of 75,000, as we know. Now, under the Perlman bill the 3,000 preference relatives would be non-quota and would come forward at once. In addition, there would come forward at once about 33,500 relatives of aliens, making a total of 36,500 Polish-born persons that would come into the country immediately or as soon as the visés could be ground out. In the year 1926-27, you would still have the quota of 5,982. Under the preference provision of the Perlman bill the entire number would be relatives of aliens, so we would have 5,982 relatives of aliens coming in under the quota, or a total of 42,048 of Polish birth."

"All the 42,000 upon arrival in the United States would be entitled to the certain privileges for *their* relatives still in Poland under the Perlman bill," Du Bois stated. (Relatives all have relatives, too).

"In other words, the 42,000 would be the beginning of an endless chain?" Representative Bacon asked.

"Yes, sir," Du Bois replied.

"It would accumulate like a snowball rolling down the hill?" again queried Bacon. "Yes, sir."

Another weak link in the arguments advanced by interests trying to batter down the present restrictive law is that their charges that Congress is acting as a "divorce court" and separating families of aliens is unjustified. This was asserted most strenuously by Rabbi Stephen S. Wise in his testimony before the committee.

"*As a matter of fact, members of aliens' families are not absolutely barred today. They are simply deterred by the quota restriction. Some are entering every day. Some will reach here next month; some next year.*" Representative Albert Johnson, of Washington, chair-



man of the committee declared recently on the House floor.

Johnson then proceeded to show that there is nothing in our law which prevents an alien from uniting his family in some other country.

*"If an alien wants to unite with his family, there is nothing to prevent such union in the country from which he came. No alien comes here except by his own initiative. Our government does not separate any alien from his family,"* he said.

He pointed out that the initial arrival of an alien in the United States and his first separation from his family is purely voluntary and in most cases with a full knowledge on his part of the difficulties he may face later in getting them into the country.

"It follows that we are under no obligation to conform our governmental policies to his desires or alter our statutes to suit his conveniences," Johnson declared.

This point was illustrated in a simple, but strikingly forceful manner by Representative William P. Holaday, of Illinois, another member of the Immigration Committee.

"Suppose during a big league baseball game a man arrives with his wife and is informed by the ticket seller that there is just one more seat unsold. Under this circumstance the man either has the option of departing with his wife, allowing her to see the game alone, or going in himself. If he decides on the latter and then the minute he gets inside the gate sets up a complaint that the ball park is separating himself from his wife, whose fault is it? That's exactly the situation that is presented in many of the most strenuous complaints now being made that our laws are inhuman," Holaday informed the writer.

When Rabbi Wise appeared before the committee recently he advanced the claim that the Perlman bill would not be opposed by organized labor.

"The thing that interests me," he said, "is that at this time, there is no opposition, in truth, there can be no hostility, explicit or implicit, upon the part of the forces of organized labor in America. There can be no hostility because the proposed amendments to the bill, after all involve no possibility of the introduction of any competitive industrial force in the American life, and, without having the right to speak for labor, I think you will find upon investigation, that organized labor will not lift its voice, in truth, morally, it cannot, against the provision."

A few days later the Rabbi's testimony was contradicted most emphatically by Edgar Wallace, who appeared before the committee to speak for the American Federation of Labor. Although Wallace's purpose before the committee was to discuss another phase of the immigration problems, the Mexican situation, he also took occasion to voice vigorous opposition to the Perlman bill.

One of the interesting recent developments in the discussion on the Perlman bill has been the position taken by Representative Meyer Jacobstein, of Rochester, New York, himself author of a bill to modify the existing law. Although his own measure is far less extensive than the Perlman bill, Jacobstein startled the Jewish lobbyists by declaring that he had come to the conclusion that even his bill would be too drastic in its application.



These are some of the relatives. And they have still more relatives. And all the other relatives have relatives. Relationship is an endless chain. The United States did not separate this family from its head. He came, knowing the law. His family can come, too, in their quota turn. To charge the quota law with separating families who knowingly separate themselves is to slander the humanity of the United States. Challenge that false propaganda wherever you meet it.

"Suppose that Mr. Sabath, Mr. Dickstein and Mr. Perlman (all authors of immigration-tampering proposals) could show that the number that would come in under their bills would be very small," he declared. "There would be no argument—you probably would let them in. So I immediately began to make an investigation of the facts, regardless of where the facts were going to lead me. Gentlemen: I will say very frankly that the facts ran counter to one part of my own bill. I am frank to admit that if I had had all the facts before me when I introduced the bill, I would have altered my bill a little bit."

The dangers of the bill sponsored by beet sugar interests for allowing Mexican peons to enter, virtually without restriction, were emphasized by Mr. Wallace of the American Federation of Labor in his testimony before the committee.

"I do not think we can afford to have a sort of contract-labor, a sort of peon labor in this country," he declared.

Wallace predicted that as soon as the beet sugar interests learn they cannot continue to obtain huge numbers of Mexican peons, that they will perfect mechanical methods for lessening the labor obligation required in beet production.

"They will find a method. I do not see any reason why there should not be some method of cultivating sugar beets, except to have little children crawling on their stomachs. In this migration that is asked for here the main desire is to get the wife and the little children. You can tell me that these children go to school, but I have seen them on their stomachs in the beet fields, picking weeds or thinning out," Wallace testified.

Far larger than the economic problem involved in continued introduction of hordes of Mexican peons into the United States, looms the social problem that such a situation presents. For it is well established that the Mexican race does not easily assimilate with our nationalities, and even some of the strongest proponents of the attempts to modify the Mexican restrictions admit the enormity of this problem.

When other witnesses attempted to minimize the problem and stated that a few thousand Mexican laborers could not possibly affect the United States, Representative Johnson showed the ignorance of their positions.

"This committee knows from its studies that the largest number of black people ever brought in during any one year was less than 8,000. Who would have thought at that time that a great race problem would have come, leading to a great war, from the introduction of those few blacks?" Johnson said.

He predicted that one of the imminent dangers, unless Congress legislates most wisely on all immigration problems, is the development of *a peasant type of agricultural laborer.*

"I will add to what I have said that I am in mortal fear that the United States will come all too soon to tenant farming and a peasantry of its own. I see that coming on, and as I think of it I realize that the nation, because it is a new country with an enormous population, cannot hope to escape the farm situations of the older countries."

# Two Dozen Ways to Keep Sane

## Not Heredity, But Ways of Thinking and Living Cause Mental Breakdowns

A FEW days ago a student came to me, glanced around the laboratory, and asked if anyone could hear us.

"Doc, I'm worried. A cousin of mine, school-teacher at Evanston, has been acting funny for some time. Saw her last summer and was struck by her queerness.

"Now," he continued with effort, "they've had to take her to a private sanitarium and they don't know if she will recover. For a while she is very happy and excited, then she gradually becomes glum and gloomy and will sit around weeping for a week."

It appeared to be a case of what is known as manic-depressive mental disorder.

"About one-fourth of people who have mental disorder recover," I said laconically, trying to encourage him.

"But think of the family, even if she is one of the fortunate fourth," he countered.

"You mean—"

"If this thing is in the family any of us might have a breakdown like that."

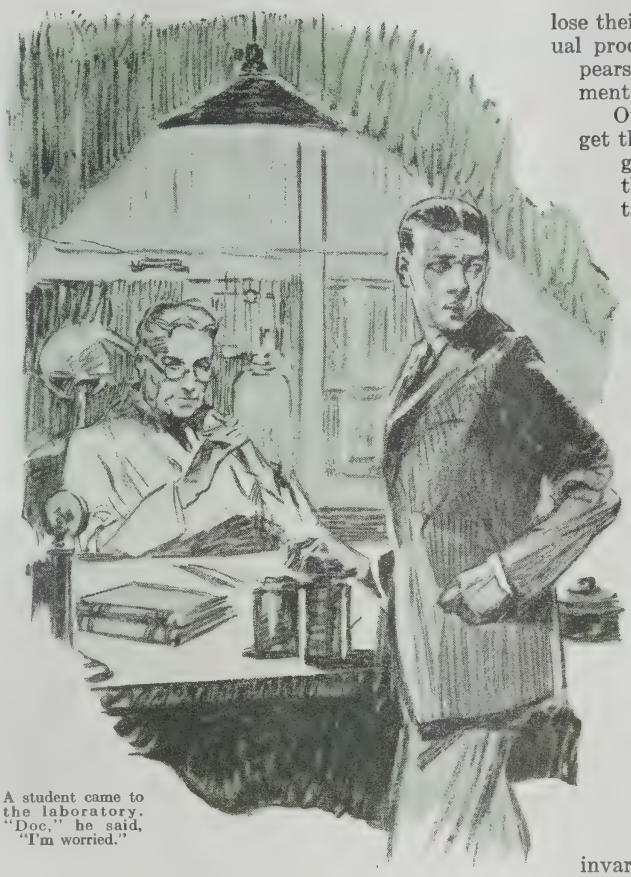
He voiced a very common opinion, one that causes much mental anguish, and one for which there is but scant, if any, foundation.

From the bookshelf just back of my chair I took Dr. Myerson's new book on the inheritance of mental diseases. I told the student how Dr. Myerson had found little basis for the belief that mental disorder was inherited. It may run in families, but for reasons other than "bad blood."

"Your cousin who is mentally ill may have a bad effect on the family," I said, "if the family worries about heredity. It is the worry, not the heredity that is bad.

"Feeble-mindedness does run in families. But your cousin was not feeble-minded for she was a school-teacher. You are not feeble-minded because you read magazines and newspapers readily.

"There is nothing especially unusual about your cousin," I continued. "Last year there were almost as many persons admitted to mental hospitals as there are in the Silver State of Nevada; more than there are in the great steel city of Gary.



A student came to the laboratory. "Doc," he said, "I'm worried."

By DONALD A. LAIRD, Ph.D.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. C. GRAHAM

"It is not heredity, but ways of thinking and ways of living that caused most of these mental breakdowns. Your cousin probably was not bothered by her way of living."

He nodded assent.

"In her ways of thinking?"

"She always was prudish, but that was her parents' fault. They would not let her go with fellows when she was in college and had her upset most of the time about the sins of the world," he said. "They let her have no close friends. If she was not home from her teaching by four o'clock her mother went after her. Her mother went with her whenever she had to be out evenings."

"Now does that sound like bad heredity or a foolish mother?" I asked.

"I think I'd go off the handle myself if I had to live like that," was his reply.

And I agreed with him inwardly.

This girl of 28 had not suddenly "lost her mind." For years she had been slipping. People do not suddenly lose their mental control. It is a gradual process and in many cases it appears possible to check the development before it has gone too far.

One is not born that way, they get that way. There are two dozen good rules to prevent getting that way which I use in my mental hygiene work with students, a surprising number of whom seem to be well along toward getting that way.

These rules are:

1. Avoid alcohol to any excess. About 5 per cent of mental disorder is due directly to alcoholic excesses. Women are not afflicted with alcoholic psychoses—as breakdowns due to this cause are called—as frequently as are men, but they do occur with regretful commonness among women who appear to be as susceptible to the disastrous influences as are men.

2. Avoid social disease. One out of every ten mental patients is taken to wards with paresis, which is caused solely by social disease. Five years ago this form of mental disorder was considered incurable, and after a few years with the disorder death invariably followed. Advance in treatment during the last few years, however, is bringing about wonderful cures.

Not all mental disorders can be so remarkably relieved, however. The ounce of prevention by right thinking and right living still beats a ton of cure in most cases.

3. Keep physically fit. At the Trenton, New Jersey, State Hospital Dr. Cotton is bringing about what appear to be phenomenal recoveries by removing points of infection in the body. A good rule is to have a complete medical examination on every birthday, including X-ray examination for hidden infections. Exercise of a vigorous kind out in the open should be taken every day. If you were to visit a mental hospital you would find the patients taken outdoors for a walk two hours each forenoon and again two hours each afternoon. At the Chicago State Hospital you would find a gymnasium instructor prescribing exercises for patients.

4. Avoid hunting for reasons to justify everything you do. Most of the activities of daily life are so unimportant that it does not matter whether you wear this necktie or that one. Still there are many people who spend a



Have hobbies which do something, not merely think something.

long time deciding which tie to wear, which thing to do first, whether to start a letter "Dear Sirs" or "Gentlemen."

Accept your decisions without quibbling, and do not bore others or handicap yourself by continually explaining just *why* you did just *what* you did.

5. Mingle freely with others. Do not be socially backward. Do not be a recluse who lives in a world of fancy rather than in the world of reality. Avoid even a tendency in this direction. Take in some social gathering at least once a week. Drop in some evening and visit neighbors. Be a social being and you'll be a healthier person mentally.

6. Do not be afraid to express your emotions. Let your feelings of joy, admiration, dislike, and enthusiasm be known. If you do not feel these, you'll be surprised to find how soon they can be acquired if you merely pretend a little admiration and enthusiasm. Is there some national figure for whom you show admiration? Some civic activity in your community about which you are enthusiastic? By all means find some if you do not have them now.

7. Keep your stronger emotions under control. Anger, hatred, and sex cannot be entirely crowded out of one's mental life, but they should be guided as a spirited horse. You do not try to keep the horse motionless, but rather to guide him with a tight rein. So with these more spirited emotions. Accept these emotions as natural, but always try to control and guide them.

8. Recognize that work under pressure and hurry is not necessary in modern life. Have you really tried to be easy-going for an hour or two each day?

9. Learn how to relax and rest, both mentally and physically. The farmer's horse relaxes during the work whenever his master releases the reins. Many moderns do not have this horse sense.

10. Do not work by fits and starts. Do not alternate extreme work with rest. Work steadily and consistently, and work becomes easier.

11. Play as well as work. But keep the two separate. Do you know how to enjoy a concert, outdoor exercise, reading, the theater? Each day you should have several hours' diversion of one of these, diversion different from the work of the day.

12. Realize that you are not an exception. Others have the same trials, the same human weaknesses, the same failures. You are not the most unlucky person, your problems are not different from anyone else's. This does not imply to give up, but rather to recognize that after all there is nothing unusual about it, or about yourself for that matter.

13. Have some close friends. Marriage seems to be the only way some can gain a close friend, and from this does marriage win the special support of the mental hygienist. Friendship, however, requires both give and take; it demands personal sacrifices at times.

14. Talk over your troubles. You have many little irritations which do not merit the dignity of "trouble." But when troubles arise take them to your friend, your family, or your priest and talk them over. Don't try to forget them, don't shirk them, don't spend useless worry over them: talk them over with someone.

15. Avoid keeping things to yourself. The secretive person gets nowhere, and his secretiveness may help get him into the mental hospital.

16. The gossip who tells all he knows—and some that he does not know—is as harmful to himself as his opposite, the secretive person. There is a balance which we can all achieve.

17. Do nothing which you may later regret and worry over. The easiest way to choke off worry is at its source.

18. Don't be a prude. And at the same time do not be a rake. Acknowledge the biological necessity and imperativeness of sex.

19. Don't have a hypersensitive conscience. Do not make a moral mountain out of the molehills of everyday conduct. Be moral, think morally, but don't make a moral issue out of everything.

20. Be considerate of the feelings of others. Outspokenness, a tendency to belittle others, to slur them is a close relative of the mental patient.

21. Do not be suspicious of the motives and morals of others. The school-teacher with whom we started this article failed in this, but she had been raised that way by her parents. Others are not trying to get the best of you and are not moral degenerates.

22. Set a reasonable goal for your ambition—one that it is possible to attain. Forget the mansion and servants; set your goal on a six-room bungalow, a cheap car, a steady job, the respect of others. You can find happiness and success where you are and in simple things.

23. Have some hobbies—flowers, poultry, fishing, saving, helping. Have hobbies in which you *do* something, not merely *think* something.

24. Forget your heredity. One person is responsible for you—you.



Keep physically fit. Exercise in the open every day.

# Woodrow Wilson—Taker of Chances

## Was Always Willing to Risk All He Possessed in a Single Throw

PART IV.

By HUSTON THOMPSON



President and Mrs. Wilson on their way to Carnegie Hall, New York City, where the President delivered his first public address after the signing of the Peace Treaty.

AS I SUGGESTED in a previous article, Woodrow Wilson was a supreme taker of chances. The well-known and universally respected American trait of good sportsmanship found its exemplification in him. He loved to "take a chance" in putting his cause to the acid test.

To one who studied the outward expression of the inner workings of Woodrow Wilson's mentality it is hard to believe that Rudyard Kipling could have had anybody else in mind when he wrote his great poem, *If*, which was to Mr. Wilson more than a favorite composition in English literature—a chart which he often said, before and after he became President, he tried to follow. When he took up his residence at the White House he had a copy of *If* framed and hung upon the wall.

Time and again Mr. Wilson "made one heap of all his winnings" and risked them on "one turn of pitch and toss." He seemed to reach a stage of spiritual exaltation when he thus threw his cause into the balance, with the chance of defeat sometimes apparently greater than the chance of victory. To his cautious, crafty political advisers—a type that believes in "playing safe"—his bold gamble to stand or fall on "one turn" invariably caused a feeling akin to prostration.

One of his first dramatic gambles occurred when he was president of Princeton. An alumnus offered $500,000 to the university, with the condition that $500,000 more be subscribed to put with it. Half a million could, of course, easily be raised for Princeton at any time, so the gift was practically a million dollars. However, certain stipulations were attached as to how the money should be used. Mr. Wilson disapproved of them.

The bequest was to go to the building of a graduate college. One of the conditions was that this college should be located some distance from the university campus. For a long time President Wilson had sought to bring the university life closer to the campus. He feared that the conditions of the bequest would, among other things, cut off the graduate students from the undergraduates, and make for exclusiveness just as the location of the social clubs some distance from the campus had so affected undergraduate life.

About this time Woodrow Wilson delivered an address on Abraham Lincoln in Chicago, and upon his return to Princeton, he gave an informal talk on the subject: "Would a college education have helped Lincoln?" Apropos of his address, Mr. Wilson was engaged upon a program of trying to make the life and work of one of our oldest eastern institutions fit young men for a career of service in a democracy, and, as he put it, not merely provide a country club for the acquirement of a decorative culture. "Princeton for the Nation's Service" was his slogan, and opposed to him was the opinion of those who would have higher learning a kind of "Art for Art's sake."

Four years in our modern college, said he, would have given Lincoln no additional chances of being of service to his country, but four years under such a social system as existed in them would have been a most serious handicap to him.

"For," said Mr. Wilson, "Lincoln's strength lay in his close kinship with the understanding and desires of the common people, those who were in the everyday struggle. It was because he never lost touch with them that he was able to solidify the North and lead it to victory through four years of a civil war.

"The social life of our colleges today, through its fraternities and clubs, encourages young people to become acutely critical and discriminatory of those with whom they associate, and to select as companions only

(*Continued on page 27*)



Delegation at Governor Wilson's summer home notifying him of his nomination for the Presidency of the United States on the Democratic ticket.

# The Drama of Our Youth

## Village Theatricals When Father and Mother Were Characters in the Play

By CAROLINE ELIZA VOSE



VILLAGE theatricals—oh, what fun they were! They were common to sections of the United States so that many of us treasure them as an exciting, happy part of our country-spent youth.

No play put on by any skilled theatrical producer, however famous or artistic, can ever cause the same thrill or stir the emotions I experienced at witnessing the plays given in our village hall when I was a child.

They were truly community affairs, entered into by young and old, with everyone feeling a certain responsibility for their success. Antedating motion pictures, the radio, and automobiling, they were among the few important social events of the year.

Did the wooden sidewalks require extension or repairs, was there need of grading and fence mending at the cemetery, did the school lack globes, or the hall need shingling—then give a play to raise the money, of course. Yes, give a play.

I can feel it yet—the excitement in the air when I would first hear about the proposed drama. Nearly everyone called it a drama, only many people pronounced it *drayma*.

I always listened eagerly whenever the grown-ups discussed the entertainment.

"Mamie Cole's doing awfully well. I'm glad she's got a part this year," father would say.

"Yes, and Foster Hamilton's good, too, as the hero," Sister Sue would chime in.

"How's Jo Bendix doing, Will?" mother would ask.

"Jo? Jo is fine. Truly that man ought to go on the stage, and Bertha Cleaves is the funniest thing as the old gypsy woman. You'll die laughing when you see her."

I hoped nobody would die laughing, but I could hardly wait to see Jennie Cleaves' mother as an old gypsy woman. I never had seen one in real life.

My delight was unbounded whenever members of my family were in the cast. How I lorded it over my less fortunate companions!



"My father's going to be in the drama, and he's got a big part, too," I would proudly inform Sybil Bruce. Before Sybil could recover from this crushing blow, I would cruelly deliver another. "Sue's going to be in it. I think she's the heroine." The last word was pronounced somewhat gingerly.

"Tommy! Tommy Pike, did you know my father'n sister are both'n the drama?"

With the children whose relatives were also for the time being actors I developed a close intimacy. I found a great deal to discuss with them. The principals themselves were not more ardent than was this younger group shining in reflected glory.

The rehearsals, except the last two or three, were held at the homes of different people in the cast. Once in a while—joyful occasion—a rehearsal was held at our house. Mother always let me stay up for part of it if I promised to be absolutely quiet. I was quiet, so quiet usually that she forgot I was there till it was all over. Extra lamps were lighted, no electric lights in the country in those days. Even the best parlor one was brought out into the sitting room. The furniture was all changed around until I felt as though I were in a strange room.

It was more or less a point of honor for every member of the cast to attend all rehearsals. The men may have had a long strenuous day hauling wood, cutting ice, ploughing, or getting in crops, but dressed in their "store clothes" they turned out for a rehearsal just the same. There was much laughing and talking at first followed by the rehearsal itself. There was no regular coach but everyone made suggestions. Afterward no matter how late it was mother always served something to eat: cake or cookies with perhaps cornballs and homemade candy, and not infrequently hot coffee and doughnuts.

The costumes were indeed a community affair. Everybody in the neighborhood hunted about in closet and attic for suitable garments for the actors, and everybody was willing to lend. Old dresses were made over, and new ones were fashioned out of cambric, cheesecloth, and other inexpensive materials. I used to watch with wonder the marvelous transformations into wearing apparel wrought with ordinary strips of cloth and with the heterogeneous contents of rag-bags.

Finally the longed-for evening would arrive and I would clutch my fifteen cents in my hot little hand, for I always wanted the fun of paying for myself. I felt important handing my money to the ticket-taker at the door. It might be Mr. Tracy, the postmaster, or Sybil Bruce's

(Concluded on page 18)

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

AMONG the imaginative exercises of the human mind is the creation of that mysterious verbal quantity known as the "saturation point." It is much discussed, but so far as known an actual exhibit of such a "point" has not been made. If someone would actually produce, in history or contemporary experience, a true illustration of the "saturation point," it would be a matter of great interest.

To take a matter near at hand, where is the "saturation point" in transportation? Time was when a few favored people owned oxen. Just when the "saturation point" in oxen was reached, if ever it was, is not known. But it was succeeded by a time when more people owned horses then ever owned oxen. The horse had his day, yet we do not remember ever having heard that the "saturation point" was ever reached with reference to him. But the horse was succeeded by the bicycle, and more people owned and rode bicycles than ever owned or drove horses. Looking back upon those days no memory arises of any discussion about the "saturation point" in bicycles, yet gradually the automobile came upon the scene and more people drive automobiles than ever rode bicycles.

The point of these facts is that the "saturation point" of the service which we call transportation has never been reached, that each new means of transportation has had wider use than any of its predecessors, and that even with all this only a small portion of the world's population is served by transportation facilities.

This subject has been discussed so exclusively from the salesman's point of view that we are inclined to neglect its larger implications. The first thing to do, obviously, would be to gather a few "saturation points" together for study. But the "points" are missing. They are yet to be produced. We discover that we are talking about something that has never existed, and that probably cannot exist except in fear or unfaith in the future.

Saturation points, it would seem, have the habit of turning into something else the closer you approach them. When the pulling power of locomotives was "saturated" with heavier loads, the result was larger locomotives, larger cars, larger loads. The "point" was not an end, but a beginning.

Where is the "saturation point" in education? Just as it had been reached in Europe—that is, when all the gentlemen's sons had been educated—someone discovered that the plain people were competent to receive instruction also, and education has never yet caught up with the large order which that involved.

There is no "saturation point" for any service, but there probably is such a "point" for some methods. In salesmanship, for example, the time comes when all the people who are natural self-starters, that is, the people who *sell themselves* what they want, are fully supplied with your commodity. They are limited in number and are finally filled up. That is the "saturation point" of the lazy or resourceless salesman. He must wait for these self-starters among the people to use up what they have bought and come again.

*ONE of the mirages of the mind is the quantity called the "saturation point." Such a point does not exist in any service. Society readily gets too much of a bad, destructive or negative thing, but not of a good, constructive and positive thing. In business lines, whole sections of the United States are still virgin fields. If this is so of our country, what must be true of the world! As to people who are self-starters, who buy voluntarily, there is indeed a saturation point for the lazy or resourceless business man. But such self-buyers are few; a world of less ready-minded people await the cultivation of their faculty of use.*

But another type of salesman uses this "point" as a door beckoning him into the wider field of those who must be sold, who must be shown their need of the service you have to give and persuaded of your ability to give it. And this class grades away into various "saturation points," as the more-ready and less ready-minded are reached.

People who talk about the "saturation point" in automobiles today have in mind the people who have owned cars, or readily incline to own cars; they forget the tens of millions in the United States alone who have never owned cars, yet have use for cars, and need to be labored with in order to bring them abreast of their own times. When this is true of the United States, what of the world at large?

It is very clear from such considerations that "saturation points" are mirages of the mind, the reflections of indolence or basic lack of confidence.

Until every one has what he needs, and a way of procuring it when he needs it, we have no right to talk about oversupply in this world. Of course, if everything is to remain just as it is, the borders of possibility are soon reached. But everything is not going to remain stationary. The man who keeps reaping is the man who keeps planting. And the nation that keeps selling is the nation that keeps creating buyers. There are millions of potential buyers in these United States who must be paid wages which will enable them to buy. For buyers make workers, and workers make spenders, and spenders make business, and business makes prosperity, and prosperity pays back its benefits on everyone. There is no "saturation point" in the people's reception and use of the benefits of prosperity.

**"Ford Ideals," 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## *Crime Five-to-One Foreign*

THE too well-founded charge that our crime is not American but imported seems to have pricked the New York *Times* on several occasions. In the Whittemore case the *Times* takes up the racial sources of the criminals and says: "The leader himself is of old American stock, his wife is of German descent, the two financiers of the gang are of foreign Jewish birth, the lieutenant gunman is Italian. It is a microcosm of our whole population."

On this showing, crime is five of foreign origin to one of American. And the whole gang is not yet in evidence. When they are all rounded up the ratio will be much higher. But it will be quite useful for the *Times* to continue its attention to the matter. Every contribution from an unconvinced party makes the general contention more evident.

## *HOW?*

CONGRESS is casting about for the thing to do with reference to prohibition. The first thing to do is to enforce the law by men who believe in the law. The prohibition law has been largely in the hands of its enemies from the first. A "front" has been maintained by persecuting the minor offenders while the wholesale major conspirators have usually gone free. And there has been too much talk about what "we are going to do." The source of the greatest doubt which the public feels concerning General Andrews is that he is talking. General Smedley Butler did that in Philadelphia—very unlike a Marine—and his experience should be a lesson to other enforcement officers. What the nation asks is action. General Andrews does not need to inform us by interviews of what he intends to do. We could well forego the interviews for the pleasure of picking up the papers some morning to read of what he has *done*. In this matter, history is preferable to prophecy. Believers in the law, doers not talkers, these will show us what can be done.

## *A Sudden Squall*

ONE of the strangest outbursts of which the American press has been the vehicle was the two-day torrent of criticism which greeted the reports of Ambassadors Houghton and Gibson to the President. Newspapers pretended to think it a horrible thing that ambassadors should tell the President the truth about Russia; and yet upon examination it appeared that it was not the newspapers who thought it, but someone else, and the identity of the someone else did not appear. At the same moment the same kind of criticism was raging in England, but it cannot be that England should make such sudden use of our press!

Anyway, it all died down in two days. The assumption was preposterous that an American ambassador, seeing through the farce of European peace, should tell his Chief, and, within certain discretion, his countrymen, what the facts are.

The case is so bad that adjournment saved the shell of the League of Nations from collapsing. Mr. Chamberlain was not to blame, for his secret negotiations were in the best and most approved European manner; he was acting in a situation which left no other action possible, even though it is well known that such action always has destructive consequences, whether immediate or remote. In Mr. Chamberlain's case, the consequences were immediate. The fault was with the fatuity that four months ago hailed Locarno as the world's salvation and Chamberlain as its savior. It is just as well that Europe early learn what is false and what is true.

It appears that truth has been told at the White House. We now hopefully await active evidence that the truth is being consulted in our foreign relations.

## *Somebody Is Looking for Trouble*

IN CONSIDERING the Mexican situation it should be borne in mind that trouble between that country and the United States has long been the desire of various interests. This fact should be considered in Mexico even more than in the United States, for it is Mexico that has been playing with fire, and if the conflagration should break out, Mexico would be the chief sufferer. The United States has stated officially that it seeks not one foot of Mexican territory. Mexico is therefore relieved of all fear of aggression. If, under the security of that promise, Mexico should lend herself as the agent of those who would harass the United States, it would then be Mexico that would be chargeable with creating a new situation. There are many interests seeking trouble between the countries. Some of them originate in this country. Others abroad. There are commercial, religious, and political ele-

ments involved. It is not forgotten that Germany had a scheme whereby Mexico was to attack the United States to withdraw our attention from the World War. It is not forgotten that Mexico and Japan have been nearer neighbors than Mexico and the United States. Well-wishers of Mexico desire to see her pursue a course in harmony with the successful ideals of civilization which mark her northern neighbors. If she seeks counsel elsewhere, and orders her course on contrary lines, she is creating a situation which she will not be able to handle.

## *Reserved Against the Hour*

MR. TROTSKY takes another fling at the United States. But he does not misstate the facts. However much he may dislike the facts, he recognizes them and acknowledges them. And what he says should not alarm, but hearten us. When Trotsky storms about the United States being the greatest obstacle in the way of Communism, we should be thankful that it is so, that the conjunction of these strange times should find a nation so morally and materially impregnable that the high priest of Communism is compelled to acknowledge it. It is not for nought that the United States has come to its place of power at this time. Its mission and destiny are providential, and its service will be performed.

Mr. Trotsky's (rather Braunstein's) speech will not be without its use if it throws light upon the mission of the United States for those who have inclined to believe that the United States has evaded its mission. A nation set to do a specific work is rightly guided when it forbears to fritter its power away in trivial ends. The futile trivialities of the European political *debacle* would have included us, had our country been a party to the impossible and unnatural schemes which were offered us. And it was not due to our wisdom that we escaped the lure. It is due to some national instinct deeper than thought, some distinct direction of the national feeling about the times and their meaning. In great events nations are thus led, and it borders on something like sacrilege for men to say that the United States, in following a deep instinct, is evading its duty. What if that instinct is preserving the nation—power and vision intact—for a service the rest of the world has now unfitted itself to perform? What if the enemy, as articulate in Trotsky, sees the situation more clearly than some of our misguided prophets?

There is something in the instinct of the American people which is worth trusting. This is the lesson which some of our proponents of a false "internationalism" must learn.

## *Who Pays the Piper?*

WINSTON CHURCHILL does himself little credit and his country little service by exhuming that chimerical but strangely active corpse—the cancellation of war debts. As Chancellor of the Exchequer and a leader in the Tory party he may believe his denunciation of America a clever political move. Actually it serves only to comfort those common enemies who seek to strain friendly relations between the two nations at a time when England may need friends badly.

Churchill's picture of the United States as a land fattening on wealth "drawn from the devastated and war-stricken countries of Europe in an unbroken stream across the Atlantic" may be rhetoric, but it is nonsense.

All Europe is agreed on one panacea for its ills—letting America pay for its war. Why should we? This country was not consulted when the torch was applied in 1914. The war was not of our making. At its conception it was scarcely even of our concern. When we did enter it in the name of democracy, there was no niggardliness in men or money. Yet the politicians of Europe—setting up a claim because of this very aid—would place the whole tremendous financial burden of the war on the back of the American taxpayer.

Nor is this all: damned for his stinginess, the American taxpayer seldom retorts that he is already paying all of his own share and half of Europe's—which he is.

The United States has gone to the very limit in granting concessions and virtual moratoriums, in fathoming "ability to pay," in affixing low rates of interest. We are not (as pictured by the foreign press and politicians) a nation of Shylocks demanding our pound of flesh. There is some thought that Churchill is playing for a breakdown of the British-American funding agreement. If so he is wasting breath; to reduce financial arrangements any further would be equivalent to paying an admission fee for getting into the war.

## *Good Will*

THE only permanent good in the world is good will. Most of the differences which exist are due to the withholding of it. Good will brings many men of many minds together for the achievement of one good end. Good will even abides the trial of unwise methods, to give time for their weakness to appear, that so the advent of better methods might be hastened. Good will has the sense to wait in confidence the total abandonment of what is harmful or useless, as soon as it is found to be such. Thus good will is not mushy but wise; it discriminates without despising. It arms wisdom with amiability.

# Literary Fakers and Their Fakes

## Wherein the Delightful "Spectra" Hoax Is Told and the Eulogists of Modern and Ultra-Modern Verse Are Engulfed in Sorrow

By CHARLES J. FINGER



ILLUSTRATED BY W. O. FITZGERALD

Knish was a Russian princess and Morgan was of the soil, sturdy son of New England, so they said.

MY FRIEND William Marion Reedy, who lived and edited his *Mirror* in St. Louis, loved his joke, big-hearted grown-up boy that he was. And, because there was a consubstantiality between the man and his work, there was always a friendly sense of contact and geniality in his paper. But because of that love of fun, and because of his natural elasticity, the things he printed sometimes puzzled serious people, more so because it was pretty generally conceded that the man was pervaded by a genuine love for what is best and truest in literature.

Still, Reedy had a dark suspicion of those who professionally set out to affect the lives of others; he feared beyond all things the appearance of pontificality. As a corrective to any tendency that way, he would mildly satirize those things and ideas that he held most in esteem. For instance, when he was giving Masters' *Spoon River Anthology* to the world, he did not hesitate to run a parody making merry with the poet's philosophy whereby all the sins and shortcomings of the individual are blamed, not on the individual himself because of his lack of discipline, but on society. One verse ran:

JOHN BULL FLESHMAN

There was once a butcher
Who, for love of a chorus lady,
Disembowelled himself with a meat axe,
On her sofa.
Now I do not claim that this was
particularly wrong,
I do not condemn the man.

I simply say
That when a useful man animal
Would make such a miserable shift
Over an amour with an abandoned
woman,
There must be something rotten
In the moral fabric
Of the community which bore him.

But the Elmer Chubb hoax was his most lively coup. It had been taken for granted that Reedy would keep an even course, philosophically, not bearing in the direction of the wild-eyed reformers, nor cruising toward the restrictive wing, so when his *Mirror* came out with a mass of strange stuff written by one Elmer Chubb, LL.D., Ph.D., many were mystified. There was advocation of a national religion; there were arguments advanced in favor of all kinds of restrictive measures; there were platitudes, puerilities, asininities.

Chubb was plainly a petty-souled creature full of a wishy-washy sentimentality. And yet he seemed to have rubbed shoulders with a variegated assortment of interesting people. He was an execrable poet and bored readers with his sonnets. He was full of a lachrymose sympathy with all sorts of odd notions and theories. But who he was, no one knew, and the secret was never revealed. That Chubb was the pen name of Edgar Lee Masters was never told; but so it was.

To be a hoaxer on occasion, however, does nothing toward making one immune from hoaxes, and Reedy tripped where others tripped.

About the latter part of 1915, there appeared in different magazines of solid respectability strange poems over the names of Emanuel Morgan and Anna Knish. The *Little Review*, a very radical and advanced magazine, printed some of the effusions. The *Forum*, in its issue of June, 1916, carried a kind of exposition of aims, setting forth that the new movement would push the possibilities of poetic expression by a method not wholly different from the methods of the Futurist painters. Like *Les Jeunes*, the new school used an incomprehensible jargon; there was a flavor of the Symbolists about them; like the Vorticists they set great store on the immense importance of the "live word" which was to dazzle, to shock, to stun. Emanuel Morgan expressed his genius in metrical form and rhyme. Anna Knish chose the medium of a verse free to the point of looseness. I quote Morgan:

OPUS 15

Despair comes when all comedy
Is tame
And there is no tragedy
In any name,
When the round and wounded breathing
Of love upon the breast
Is not so glad a sheathing
As an old brown vest.

Asparagus is feathery and tall,
And the hose lies rotting by the garden
wall.

The Anna Knish style may be judged from this specimen:

OPUS 118

If bathing were a virtue, not a lust,
I would be dirtiest.

To some, housecleaning is a holy
rite.
For myself, houses would be empty
But for the golden motes dancing in
sunbeams.

Tax assessors frequently overlook
valuables,
Today they noted my jade,
But my memory of you escaped them.

Today it seems incredible that sapient editors could be played with as they were, but, apparently, they were overcome by a vague respect for the mysterious non-understandable. One famous magazine of revolt called *Others, A Magazine of the New Verse*, accepted and printed this in all seriousness:

. . .
There is a stone wall, leading to a
motherly tree,
Which clicks with the flickering caress
And parts for the leap—
And you, beloved,
Are a Nut.

As if this thrust did not suffice, Morgan had, in another place, this piece of challenging sarcasm:

Smell me, a dead
fish . . .
Taste me, a rotten
tree . . .

while Anna Knish, challenging in her turn, talks in her Opus 80 about her house of glass, and, taunting the editors who accepted all in grave seriousness, says:

Sometimes
I am terribly
tempted
To throw the
stones myself.

Viewed in retrospect it all looks like a piece of transparent impudence that would deceive no one, but deceive it did. To be sure there were hard-headed fellows in the business world, and some in the world literary too, who, having read the poems gave up all attempt to make sense out of them as hopeless. Others saw in them nothing but dementia, but on them was poured hot sarcasm by the illuminati. For what could Philistines who praised Whittier and Burns be expected to know of such highly idealized art? How should Tom, Dick and Harry comprehend human thought when it was idealized to such a point of refinement that none but the rare intelligentsia could appreciate it? So there was wordy warfare, and much was said about metaphysical moralists, and more was said that was scornful of the ruder barbarians.

Meanwhile there were columns of ingenuous gossip over the personalities of the authors. Knish was a Russian princess who wrote in English and lived in Italy. Morgan was of the soil, the sturdy son of sturdy New England ancestors, and so on. Knish, said one close critical student of contemporary literature, was "lyrically whimsical,"

***The Advent of the Book Called "Spectra"***

and Morgan was quaintly paradoxical, but "through the veil the attentive ear could recognize the golden quality of the notes" though they "would never penetrate into the public consciousness."

Then, in 1916, Mitchell Kennerley published for Anna Knish and Emanuel Morgan a thin volume called *Spectra, A Book of Poetic Experiments*, and, lo! and behold, there was a very favorable press. Here at last was something new, something strong and primal. Here was something not derived from Swinburne, or Tennyson, or Browning, or any other verse-maker. Here were very perfect exponents of their age. Here was the magnificent result when the restricting bonds of tradition were loosed. Here, in a word, was a wreath to place on the tomb of the fundamentalists.

Among others, Reedy fell for the hoax, though his panegyric was accompanied by some reservations. "Vitalized grotesques," he wrote of the poems in his *Mirror* (Vol. xxv, No. 47, page 768), "vitalized grotesques which at first seem like parodies of some recent new poetry." There you catch the ghost of suspicion. Still, he was a man who cultivated a tolerance of opinion not his own, and did not stop with that first sound judgment and true impression. "I think," he continued, "they are a distillation of pure joy in the senses and the incalculable friskiness of thought and fancy."

***Then Came the Flash of Lightning***

But other critics were more bold, and, in torrents of verbosity, plumed themselves upon their acumen and paraded their discovery as a glittering achievement. John Gould Fletcher suspected nothing, and, [from his London home, praised the "vividly memorable lines." So the great day of liberation was hailed. For the traditionalists there was nothing but darkness and death.

Then out of a clear sky came a lightning flash. Anna Knish yielded to that temptation to throw the stone into the glass house she had builded, and there were splinterings and crashings and smashings. Off went her mask, and it was no seething imagist of a Russian princess who stood revealed, but, instead, a young soldier poet, a commissioned captain, then on the point of embarking for Europe. It was Arthur Davison Ficke, well enough known for his work—always finished and artistic, always harmonious and intelligible. His partner in the hoax, Emanuel Morgan, was Witter Bynner, also a poet, the subject matter of whose verse can be understood, and enjoyed too, by learned and unlearned alike. So a great silence fell on the critical world, and some who had found an occult meaning in that

And you, beloved,
Are a Nut

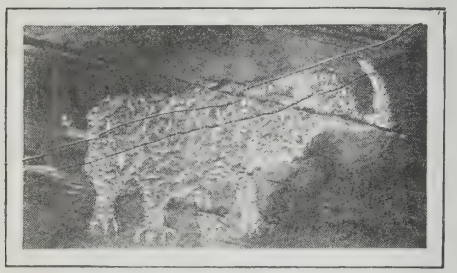
retired into themselves and indulged in lonely visions, or else went apart to weep with those that wept. They had chanted loud odes and the crash left them dumb.

But elsewhere there was world laughter, just as there had been world laughter when Molière raised the laugh against preciosity with his *Les Precieuses Ridicules*, in 1659. And (Concluded on page 26)



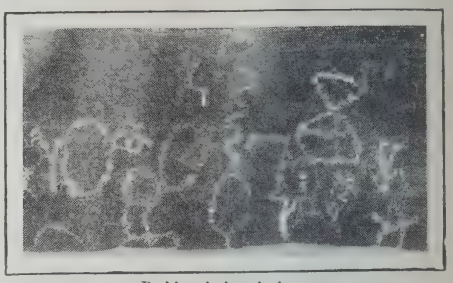
Apparently the editors were overcome by a vague respect for the mysterious non-understandable.

# A Dinosaur Breaks Into History



Petroglyph of rhinoceros.

## If Man Drew a Pictograph From Life, It Upsets Many Theories



Prehistoric inscriptions.

By SAMUEL HUBBARD

THE discovery by the Doheny scientific expedition of a petroglyph, or rock drawing, of a dinosaur, in Arizona, raises the question regarding the antiquity of man. Was man present during the Triassic Period when dinosaurs flourished? Most evolutionists, geologists and paleontologists have answered emphatically *No* to this question.

One scientist who saw the dinosaur picture said: "It looks more like a dinosaur than anything else, but if I admit it is a dinosaur that upsets all of our theories regarding the antiquity of man, and even changes our conclusions about geology, and I am not prepared to do that on the evidence of only one such pictograph."

As against that argument, however, there is only one part of the brainpan and one leg-bone of the celebrated *pithecanthropus erectus*, and from these fragments a brief has been filed connecting man with the apes. Also a single molar tooth has been found in Wyoming. Upon this evidence it is claimed that the great apes once lived in America.

The proponents of evolution describe to us the orderly succession of life on this planet, from the lower single-celled forms up to the complex creatures we find today. From seaweeds to mollusks; mollusks to fishes; fishes to reptiles; reptiles to birds and mammals, and last of all appeared man. Most of us have accepted this statement without question, because the facts seemed to point that way. *But if man actually saw a live dinosaur, and drew a picture of one, then that statement is not true.*

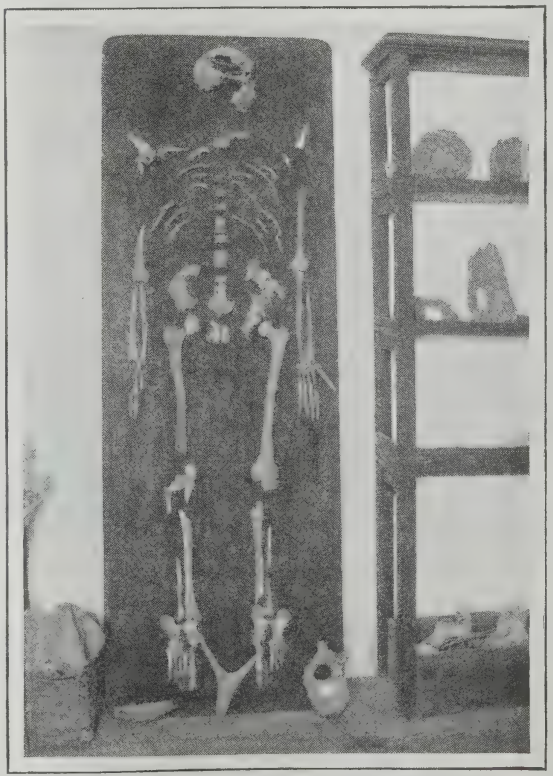
On close analysis it is seen that the idea that man was the last animal to evolve is not really based on provable facts, but is an assumption that such must be the case. Scientists have arrived at this conclusion because the remains of prehistoric man have so far been found only in the more recent formations.

Our present knowledge of prehistoric man is mostly obtained from caves in Europe. Discovery following discovery has put man's advent further back into the past. The records of the Egyptian priests showed an organized civilization more than 10,000 years B. C.; then there was a jump to 20,000 years; then came the Neanderthal man; the Heidelberg man; the Piltdown skull, and finally the celebrated *pithecanthropus erectus* or ape-man of Java. In point of time these go back 50,000 years, 100,000 years; even 500,000 years. Some scientists now talk about man having been on earth one million years ago, without seeming to tax credulity.

The remains of prehistoric human beings are most difficult of all to find. "Earth to earth and dust to dust" is no mere figure of speech. Human bones turn into dust. Even in a dry, desert climate like Nevada or Arizona, you open a burial vault, and there in the midst of the gray sand that litters its floor is a yellowish brown circle of dust which, on analysis, proves to have been human bones. There is nothing to show what the man looked like or how long he had been dead.

The caves in Europe are nearly all in a limestone formation, and the water percolating through this limestone has fossilized the bones and aided in their preservation.

Just on the frontier between France and Italy, a bold headland juts out into the blue Mediterranean. On account of its red color it is called *Les Rocques Rouges*. A long narrow slit faces the sea, but widens a little as you go in, and forms the *Cave of the Barma-Grande*. It is about halfway between the French town of Mentone and the Italian town of Ventimiglia.



Skeleton, 7 feet 2 inches high, found in the Cave of the Barma-Grande, near Mentone, France.

An Englishman, who became interested in the exploration of this cave, not only excavated the accumulation of rubbish in the cave itself, but he built a small museum called the *Prehistoricum* to hold and exhibit its contents.

The original floor line of the cave is some 54 feet above the present floor level. At a depth of 34 feet five skeletons were encountered. These had apparently been buried in the fireplace, as the bones were mixed with ashes and charcoal. One was the skeleton of a very powerful man of middle age. He was 7 feet 2 inches tall. Another was a young girl about 18 years of age, and the third a youth of about the same age. The boy was 6 feet 6 inches tall, and the girl was over 6 feet. In the hand of the girl was a long obsidian dagger, similar in workmanship to the spear points made by our California Indians; around her neck was a necklace made of the vertebra of salmon.

These two skeletons were left *in situ;* a box with a glass cover was built around them. The skulls showed a race of people fully as intelligent as our

own. They have been classified as the Grimaldi race, an offshoot of the Cro-Magnon, from whom the people of Europe are supposed to be descended.

It was estimated by scientists that the accumulation of detritus over these bodies to a depth of 34 feet, required at least 20,000 years. My personal opinion is that this is an underestimate. At lower depths, beneath these human skeletons, were found the bones of the mammoth, woolly rhinoceros, reindeer, horse, aurochs, great cave bear, and other animals.

In our Arizona cañon we find a different problem to solve. On the walls of the Hava Supai Cañon we find where prehistoric people, of unknown ancestry, have drawn pictures of animals long since extinct in America. How long these animals have been extinct no one really knows, but the method by which these pictures are made indicates great antiquity. They might easily be a million years old, perhaps more. They are deeply cut through the black oxide, or "desert varnish," which forms on some of the red-sandstone walls in this cañon. The only way they can disappear is to "weather off," which in this dry desert climate would require a time too great to compute.

I explored this cañon some 30 years ago. I saw these pictographs at that time and described them on my return. Mr. Doheny and his prospecting party were there some 15 years prior to my visit. General Crook, of the United States Cavalry, had been in there, and the infamous John D. Lee, of the "Mountain Meadow Massacre," had found sanctuary in this wild spot, in his vain endeavor to hide from United States marshals.

The suspicion that these petroglyphs might have been executed by cowboys or prospectors is too absurd to be considered. I know of wall-writings in this cañon which are absolutely inaccessible. The way up to them has long since disappeared and caved off. They can only be seen from a distance with field glasses, or closely examined by bringing in expensive equipment. This is also evidence that they were not done by any of the Indian tribes at present inhabiting this region.

One of the big questions at issue in this matter is, how old is the Supai Cañon? Was it in existence when the dinosaur made the tracks we found and described out in the "Painted Desert"? Was it formed during the Triassic Period, or at a much later date? If it was eroded at a later date then did dinosaurs persist long after the Triassic Period ended? If dinosaurs came down into the age of mammals, why don't we sometimes find their bones mingled with mammal bones?

Frankly I do not know the answers to these questions, and furthermore I do not know any one who does. This whole subject involves a profound knowledge of geology, with special reference to a study of this region. As my opinion would carry no weight I do not venture to give it, but shall confine myself to those things I have seen and can interpret.



America's renowned Grand Canon, showing the Colorado River, thousands of feet below, eating its way deeper and deeper into bed rock.

And yet, when I attempt to draw a pen-picture of this vast region, and try to visualize it to those who have never been there and seen it for themselves, I am simply overwhelmed with the hopelessness of the task.

When you make your painful way down into one of these great gashes in the earth, you feel like a tiny parasite crawling around in a wrinkle of the skin of some huge monster. Stand with me for a moment on the very rim of the Grand Cañon. At your feet is a gulf so huge and so uncanny that it is beyond all your previous experience. There is nothing in your past that you can measure it by.

When I tell you it is a mile deep and from 12 to 18 miles across, the figures have little significance. But when I prove to you that that picket fence on the north rim is in reality a forest of tall trees, the immensity of it all begins to creep into your consciousness.

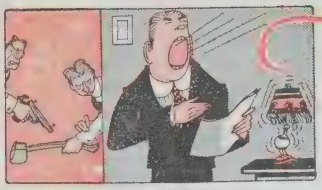
Next I show you my barometer with the needle registering 6,700 feet above sea level, and then I show you where your heel is grinding a petrified clamshell into dust. When I demonstrate that the Kaibab limestone you are standing on contains millions of these clamshells, and that it is in truth the bed of an ancient sea, you begin to realize that strange things have happened here in the past.

Then I point out Red Butte, an isolated peak rising above the plain, crowned with a sinister cap of black lava. I explain to you that that is all that is left of 4,000 feet of sedimentary strata which towered above the spot you are standing on. What great cataclysm swept away 4,000 feet of sandstone, limestone and shale, covering hundreds of square miles of territory? If you could have stood on the rim of the cañon as it was then, you would have been looking down into a gorge 10,000 feet deep, instead of the puny colossus of today with its mere 5,000 feet of vertical depth.

And when you ask me what mighty Titan carved this huge gorge, for answer I tell you to listen. Out of the deep abyss at your feet there comes a low rumbling sound, like the deep-throated growl of some primitive monster. You look, and down there, between perpendicular walls, rushes the tawny red streak of that terrible river, even now eating its way deeper and deeper into the black Archean granite, the very bed rock of the world.

And now, when I tell you that strange peoples worked here, and left their "records in the rocks"; and strange animals left their footprints in sandy shores, which have long since turned into stone; and the salt waves of the sea once dashed their spray upon the mountain tops; and huge volcanoes, beside which Vesuvius would have looked like a pimple, spilled their horrid brew over the face of the land, you will understand why I put my pride in my pocket, and in all reverence and humility stand in the presence of this GREAT THING, which is still waiting for an interpreter, and frankly admit that I don't know what it all means.

Prehistoric man was in a state of continual warfare with the great Carnivora of his day, or else he was fighting against other tribes of men. In either event he had a horror of being eaten.



In learning to sing, disregard the neighbors.

# What to Do to Make Life Worth While

## Many People Consider That a College Education and "Success" Are Synonymous, But Here Are Some Who Are of the Opposite Opinion

JUST when the word "success" was put into the dictionary does not much matter. A hundred years ago—fifty years ago—the majority of Americans were content to get along as best they could and let it go at that. There is no record that Lincoln's parents ever worried about his education. His stepmother may have helped him a little with the pine knot by which he read his history, but apparently even she never had any dreams for him. Parents were content to let the future take care of itself, apparently believing that no amount of planning could much alter it.

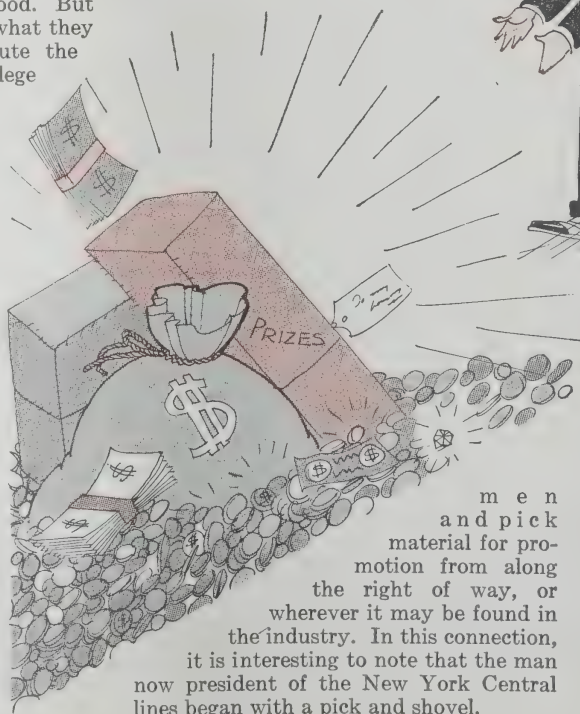
We have changed quite a little in the last 50 years. We have changed so much, in fact, that never before did the world behold such a spectacle as now exists in the United States. We have discovered the word "success" in the dictionary, and from its printed page it blazes out at us as if it would burn the paper. We have associated success with education, with the result that all the colleges we can build—or at any rate, all we have built—are not enough to hold the students. Our passion for sending our youth to college is without parallel, anywhere at any time.

We have technical schools for those who would be engineers, law schools for those who would be lawyers, and all that, which is logical and all to the good. But those who do not know exactly what they want to do—and they constitute the great majority of American college students—take a general cultural course, serene in the belief that a college education will be of great help to them in whatever they may choose to do. That is because the great reason in America for going to college is to become a success in life. A college education is supposed to pave the way to success in anything. Young men go to college now in order that they may make money later.

How cheap success would be at such a price! Four years in college and then, presto, a flying start down whatever path one might choose, with rewards, emoluments, prizes and riches coming with increasing frequency and in larger packages to the end.

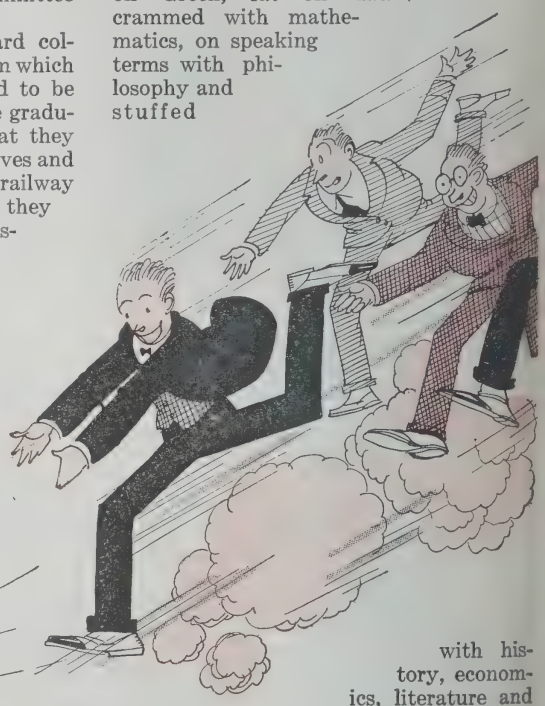
Yale University has done a real service in showing exactly what this sort of striving for success has led to in one industry. Yale appointed a committee to make a survey of its graduates and the graduates of other colleges in the field of transportation. The inquiry extended over a period of ten months, 300 leaders in the business of transportation were interviewed, a hundred transportation agencies were combed for facts, 20 universities and technical schools were visited; and this is what the committee found:

Railway executives do not regard college graduates as good material from which to select those who are to be trained to be executives. They say that college graduates are not "steady pluggers," that they have too high an opinion of themselves and are too eager for promotion. One railway president said that such men, when they begin, are liabilities rather than assets. There is little or no demand from railways for college graduates merely because they are graduates. They prefer to train their own men and pick material for promotion from along the right of way, or wherever it may be found in the industry. In this connection, it is interesting to note that the man now president of the New York Central lines began with a pick and shovel.




Yale's survey was confined to transportation, but the facts must be the same with regard to every other industry. It must be true of manufacturing, merchandising and every other similar activity, and for the same reasons that it is true in transportation.

Obviously, the reason why college men are not sought by transportation companies is because they know nothing about transportation. They come from their studies knowing, one might say, almost everything except what, if they are to be transportation workers, they should know. They may be long on Greek, fat on Latin, crammed with mathematics, on speaking terms with philosophy and stuffed with history, economics, literature and many other subjects but they cannot run a locomotive, fire a freight engine, dispatch trains, make out a tariff schedule or a time-table. A man who can operate the levers in a signal tower knows more about railroading than the whole crew of them. He learned what he knows about railroading while they were in college learning something else.



Now, the rewards of modern industry are for those who know how to make modern industry function in the best possible manner. Whoever would get these rewards must be a man of facts. He must know his business. What he does not know about something else will have absolutely no bearing upon his success in his particular field, which will always be in exact pro-

tion to his special knowledge of that
d.

The best way to learn how to do any-
ng is to do it. If you want to learn how
sing, don't take a mail order course,
d all its literature, and not make a
se until you think you are ready to
pear in grand opera; don't do that—
your lungs, disregard the neighbors,
l sing. You will make some kind of a
awk, anyway, and any kind of a noise
step toward singing. So it is with rail-
ding or anything else. The best
ce to learn railroading is on a
road. The best place to
rn manufacturing is in a
nufacturing estab-
ment. If one
not learn a
i n g

*By*
ALLAN L. BENSON

ILLUSTRATED BY
WILLIAM OGG
FITZGERALD




Four years in college and then, presto, a flying start down whatever path one might choose with riches and rewards awaiting.

industry. The place to learn about industry is in industry. Whoever goes to college to make money will not make it. And whoever neglects to equip himself to earn a reasonable amount of money will not be able to enjoy a cultural education, no matter how much of it he may have. The body comes first, then the mind.

But the mind comes upon the heels of the body. The moment man is fed, clothed and housed he seeks to enjoy his mind by using it. A cultural course, such as one may take at college, turns the mind toward some of the things that it may enjoy. But there is no such thing as getting a cultural education even in college. All anyone can do is to begin it there. Whoever gets it must keep at it for life. And it may be got without going to college at all. It can be obtained with any fullness only by a lifetime of reading and reflection.

The books in college make but a small group in comparison with the books outside. If "reading maketh a full man," the only place one can become full is at home where it will take him all his years to do it. If there were any way that the young could be induced to form the habit of reading while still in high school, it is a grave question whether colleges, as they are now organized, would find much that they could do.

It is a very serious thing for a young man who has his way to make in the world to take four years off to go to college while the young men who are destined to be his competitors in the struggle for existence are learning their business where men know how to teach it; that is to say, in business. A bright youth in industry will, in four years, gain such a lead over a bright boy in college that it is more than likely the bright college boy will never again catch sight of him.

It is also a very serious thing for a bright boy to go into industry, read nothing but the sporting pages of the newspapers, and never give a thought to anything except his work. Sooner or later he must begin reading or he will never do much thinking except about his work. And no work is big enough to fill a man's life.

There is something in human nature that reaches out beyond the job and tries to get in touch with everything in the universe. Nobody is satisfied just to know himself. Those who read nothing but the sporting pages at least want to know about the sports. It is their effort at understanding, and the more one knows something about, the richer is his life.

Making the most of one's life is, therefore, a matter of promoting two lines of development. One line, by providing money, makes life possible, the other, by providing appreciation of things worth while, makes life rich. No amount of money is worth so much as a taste for good books. Friends die or move away, but good books remain. Good books are whatever are good for you. No book is good for a reader if he cannot understand it. As the understanding increases, taste calls for something more solid. But solid does not mean soggy. Books that are good for a reader always interest him.

What kind of books are interesting? All kinds. Or, rather, all subjects are interesting if they are handled by somebody who has something to say and says it. The North Pole may be a bit cold, but many a hot book has been written about its vicinity. Everything in the world is interesting if it is told as it is. One will, therefore, always do well at least to take a dip into every book upon which he can lay his hands. Read to be informed, read to be amused, even read once in a while to see what an ass the author is. Sometimes there is no pleasure greater than this.

The tragedy of many millions upon this earth is not alone that they have so little, but that so little is in them. Little is in them because they never put much in. Things worth while can be put in only through the mind, and the mind is fed only through the eyes and ears. A craving for good books is worth more than any college education because it lasts for life while college ends in four or five years.

Industrial workers should be, and some day will be, the best educated men and women in the world, because they will know both how to do things and how to appreciate things. He hops along on one leg who has technical skill without ability to take in and comprehend the world about him, or who has understanding and

ere it is being done he certainly cannot
rn it where it is not being done. And
at this world wants is men who know
w to *do* things. That is because things
ve to be done in order to serve the world
th material goods.

Anyone can serve you who can do the
ing you want done, even though he
ows how to do nothing else, but no one
n serve you who cannot do the thing you
nt done, even though he should know
w to do everything else in the realm of
lustry.

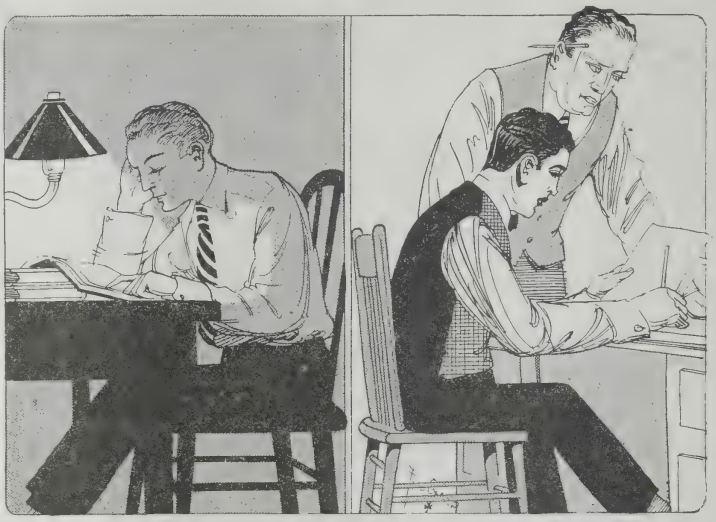
Nor is this an argument in favor of
niting the knowledge of man to the re-
irements of his particular occupation.
is not an argument of any sort. It is an
ort to straighten thought. It is an
tempt to prevent people from going to
e delicatessen when what they really
nt can be found only at the hardware
re two blocks up the street.

When Yale tells the world that college
apparently no place to learn how to
n a railroad, you should be able to tell
urself that it is no place to learn any-
ing connected with the operation of

appreciation without technical skill. Always and forever, variety is the spice of life. Reading is never so enjoyable as after one has worked with his hands a while. Nothing but reading cracks the nerves and makes the children flee for safety.

No doubt about it, we shall have to revise our ideas of what constitutes education and of the relationship between the completion of a course in college and the acquisition of money from industry. There is no relationship between college and industry. College stands for appreciation, industry for production and the ability to appreciate is not the ability to produce. Some of the smaller colleges know this, Yale is apparently beginning to suspect it, and all of those who are now going to college will later find it out to their sorrow.

The American desire for success is commendable, as is the American desire to learn, which is but another way of saying that American colleges are destined to undergo a great change. They will be more like technical schools and less like universities. The accent will be placed upon production, with appreciation second. Every student will be taught how to *do* some useful, productive thing, and while he is learning it he will be taught how to appreciate the many things in the world that have no sort of relationship to the industrial art he learns. Some of these arts can be taught as well in college as anywhere else, but railroading and deep-sea navigation are not of this number. College will then have its great value because it will be teaching the young both how to produce and how to appreciate, how to make each apart of their daily lives. That is life and nothing else is.



It is a very serious thing to take four years off to go to college while the young men who are destined to be competitors are learning where men know how to teach.

We can already see the currents flowing in this direction. On the one hand we see great industrial organizations—a few at any rate—offering cultural education to their employes by means of night schools. These schools are but a beginning, yet they are a beginning and they prove the recognition by both employers and employes of the need for both kinds of education. And we also see technical schools and a few small colleges that teach students both how to work and how to enjoy the world in which they live.

The colleges that are still providing "general courses," without apparent recognition of the fact that the first necessity of life is to know how to do something useful, are largely wasting their time and the time of their students. And what an army of such students there is! They are trying to learn how to make money when all that colleges know about money is that rich men give it to them.

# The Drama of Our Youth

(*Concluded from page 8*)

father, or jolly Ned Cole. Anyway it was sure to be some neighbor who had a friendly word for every comer.

The hall—it had no other name, but was ever designated simply and impressively as the hall—was, in my eyes, literally a glorious blaze of light. It mattered not that the blaze was produced by means of numerous ugly brass kerosene lamps. The hall was a familiar place. I often accompanied mother there to the sewing circle meetings on Wednesday afternoons; I ate there almost every Saturday at the Village Improvement Society supper. I really knew the hall thoroughly, all its nooks and crannies, all its possibilities; and yet on a "drama night" I always felt I did not recognize it. It seemed miraculously to be converted into a strange, magic room where the most amazing happenings might occur.

I would make my way to one of the three or four backless benches placed in front for children which, oddly enough, never seemed hard or tiring. These benches were invariably crowded with wide-eyed, expectant children impatient for the performance to begin. We used to gaze at the crude, improvised curtain (which had a fixed habit of getting stuck) with admiration and awe.

"Bet my father's the best one in it!" Billy Stinson was whispering and nudging me at the same time.

I tried to edge away, for I hated to be nudged, but I only succeeded in pushing against Sybil Bruce who made a vigorous protest.

"Your father's going to be the villain, ain't he?" again whispered Billy. "Gee, I'm glad my—"

The rise of the curtain fortunately interrupted Billy's sentence. From that moment on we were all absorbed in the play. I was not conscious of sitting on a hard bench with a group of hot little wriggling boys and girls, in a stuffy room smelling of kerosene. I was in another world, far from home, with people I knew and yet did not know. Secretly I wished my father were not the villain, or anyway were not the man no one seemed to like. I nearly screamed when he was pushed down through the trapdoor. I wanted to call out not to hurt my dear father. But I comforted myself with the thought that it was not all absolutely real and that father was not truly being hurt.

The time he was the cruel slave owner in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* I cried right out, though, and had to go back and sit in mother's lap. *The Hidden Hand* was a creepy story. When that white ghostlike hand kept appearing and frightening the characters on the stage, and scaring me, too, I found it hard to realize it was just Sister Sue's hand, and that at home I'd heard her tell all about it over and over again. I liked best the play in which Aunt Belle had a comic rôle and where everyone repeatedly said of her, "Mis' Peasley, she's a bouncer!" How I laughed and laughed whenever those lines were spoken!

But even amateur theatricals, be they ever so interesting and exciting, must have an end. The curtain inevitably had to go down for the last time, and I had to prepare to go home, not, however, before I had ecstatically greeted father, Sue, and Aunt Belle in their wondrous make-up and queer stage costumes. I always begged to stay to the dance afterward, for an after-the-play dance was always a big part of the evening's entertainment for all except the youngest members of the audience. Even we were usually permitted to go into the grand march, and to stay long enough to watch a Portland Fancy, one quadrille, or a lancers. I used to get so excited when Len Evans finished tuning his violin, nodded to Miss Abbie Cole at the piano and began calling off: "Balance your partners . . . Up and down the center . . . Ladies' chain . . . All hands round . . . Forward and back . . . First and every other couple pass through!"

Reluctantly I would allow myself to be dragged away from the gay scene. I would clasp my mother's hand and stumble sleepily along the dark road home, sorry when I could no longer hear the strains of our two-piece orchestra.

"Oh, mother, wasn't it a lovely drama?" I would exclaim. "I think father was 'bout the best one in it, don't you?"

Of course mother agreed. Just as I was being tucked into bed I would murmur, "I'll be glad when I'm old enough so's I can stay way through a dance after the play."

**"Big News"**

—such to every American is the schedule of annual payments which Europe is expected to follow in refunding its war debt to America.

**Vital Facts Every Reader Should Know**
*In NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE*



# Paul Revere Tells His Own Story

## Family Archives Furnish New Light on Patriot's Famous Ride to Lexington

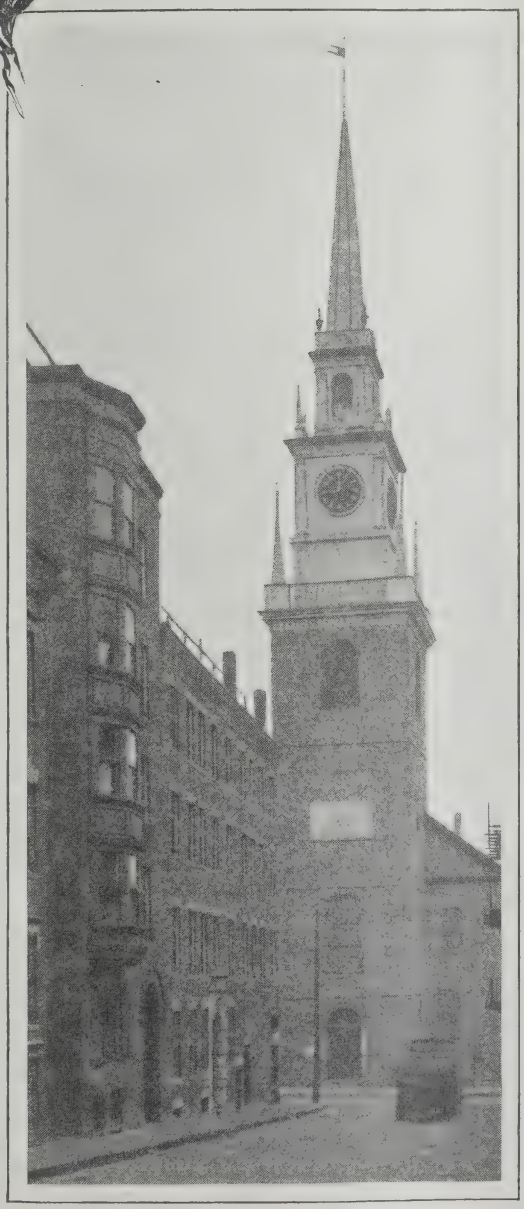
ONE hundred and fifty-one years ago this week, Paul Revere clattered out of Boston on one of the most memorable rides in history. The story of the ride has been made imperishable by Longfellow's stirring poem. Here is the account of it given by Revere himself, found not long ago among the family archives. It is given verbatim:

Paul Revere, of Boston, in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, in New England: of Lawfull Age, doth testify and say, that I was sent for by Docr. Joseph Warren, of said Boston, on the evening of the 18th of April about 10 o'clock; when he desired me "to go to Lexington, and inform Mr. Samuel Adams and the Hon. John Hancock Esq. that there was a number of Soldiers, composed of Light troops, and Grenadiers, marching to the bottom of the Common, where was a number of Boats to receive them, it was supposed that they were going to Lexington by the way of Cambridge River, to take them (Messrs. Adams and Hancock) or go to Concord, to destroy the Colony Stores."

I proceeded immediately and was put across Charles River and landed near Charlestown Battery, went in town, and there got a Horse. While in Charlestown I was informed by Richd. Devens, Esqr. that he mett that evening, after Sun sett, Nine Officers of the Ministerial Army, mounted on good Horses, & Armed going towards Concord. I set off, it was then about 11 o'clock; the Moon shone bright.

I had got almost over Charlestown Common, towards Cambridge, when I saw two Officers on Horseback, standing under the shade of a Tree, in a narrow part of the roade. I was near enough to see their Holsters & Cockades. One of them started his horse towards me, the other up the road, as I supposed, to head me should I escape the first. I turned my horse short about and rid upon a full gallop for Mistick Road, he followed me about 300 yardes and finding he could not catch me returned. I proceeded to Lexington thro Mistick and alarmed Mr. Adams and Col. Hancock. After I had been there about half an hour Mr. Daws arrived, who came from Boston over the neck; we set off for Concord & were overtaken by a young gentn. named Prescot, who belonged to Concord, and was going home; when we had got about half way from Lexington to Concord, the other two stopped at a House to awake the man, I kept along. When I had got about 200 Yards ahead of them I saw two officers as before. I called to my company to come up, saying here was two of them (for I had told them what Mr. Devens told me and of my being stopped); in an instant I saw four of them, who rode up to me, with their pistols in their hands, and said, ——— ——— you stop, if you go an inch further you are a dead Man. Immeditly Mr. Prescott came up; we attempted to get thro them but they kept before us, and swore if we did not turn into that pasture they would blow our brains out, (they had placed themselves opposite to a pair of Barrs, and had taken the Barrs down) they forced us in, when we had got in Mr. Prescot said put on. He took to the left, I to the right towards a Wood, at the bottom of the pasture, intending when I gained that, to jump my Horse & run afoot; just as I reached it, out started six officers, siesed my bridle, put their pistols to my Breast, ordered me to dismount, which I did. One of them who appeared to have the command there, and much of a Gentleman, asked me where I came from; I told him, he asked what time I left it: I told him, he seemed surprised, and said, Sir, may I crave your name. I answered my name is Revere, what said he, Paul Revere; I answered yes; the others abused me much; but he told me not to be afraid, no one should hurt me. I told him they would miss their Aim. He said they should not, they were only waiting for some Deserters they expected down the Road. I told him I knew better I knew what they were after; that I had alarmed the country all the way up, that their Boats were catch'd aground, and I should have 500 men there soon; one of them said they had 1500 coming; he seemed surprised and rode off into the road and informed them who took me, they came down immeditly on a full gallop.

One of them (whom I since learned was Major Mitchel of the 5th Regt.) clapd his Pistol to my head and said he was going to ask me some questions, if I did not tell the truth, he would blow my brains out. I told him I esteemed myself a man of truth, that he had stopped me on the highway, & made me a pris-



*Ewing Galloway, New York.*

Old North Church, Boston. From the tower of this church Paul Revere received the signal by lantern which bade him begin his famous ride of April 17, 1775.

oner, I knew not by what right; I would tell him the truth; I was not afraid. He then asked me the same questions that the other did, and many more, but was more particular; I gave him much the same answers; after he and two more had spoke together in a low voice he ordered me to mount my horse, they first searched me for pistols.

When I was mounted, the Major rode up to me & took the reins out of my hand and said by ——— Sir, you are not to ride with reins I assure you; and he gave them to an officer on my right to lead me. I asked him to let me have the reins & I would not run from him, he said he would not trust me; he then ordered 4 men out of the Bushes and to mount their horses; they were country men which they had stopped who were going home; then ordered us to march. He then came up to me and said: "We are now going towards your friends, and if you attempt to run or we are insulted, we will blow your Brains out." I told him he might do as he pleased. When we had got into the road they formed a circle and ordered the prisoners in the centre & to lead me in the front.

We rid towards Lexington a pretty smart pace; they very often insulted me calling me —— Rebel, etc., etc., The officer who led me said I was in a —— critical situation. I told him I was sensible of it. After we had got about a mile I was delivered to the Sergant to lead, who was sight of the Meeting House, we heard a Volley of guns fired, as I supposed at the tavern, as an Alarm; the Major ordered us to halt.

He asked me how far it was to Cambridge and many more questions which I answered; he then asked the Sergant if his horse was tired, he said yes; he then Ordered him to take my horse; I dismounted, the Sergant mounted my horse; they cutt the Bridle & saddle off the Sergant's horse & they told me they should make use of my horse for the night and rode off towards Cambridge down the road. I then went to the house where I left Messrs. Adams and Hancock and told them what had happened; their friends advised them to go out of the way; I went with them about two miles a cross road; after resting myself, I sett off with another man to go back to the Tavern, to enquire the News whether the troops had come or were coming; we were told the troops were within two miles.

We went into the Tavern to get a Trunk of papers beloning to Col. Hancock; before we left the House I saw the Ministerial Troops from the Chamber window coming up the Road. We made haste & had to pass thru our Militia, who were on a green behind the Meeting house, to the number of 50 or 60. It was then Daylight. As I passed I heard the commanding officer say words to this purpose. "Lett the troops pass by & don't molest them without they begin



*Ewing Galloway, New York*

Where Revere aroused Samuel Adams and John Hancock, at Lexington, on the night of April 17, 1775.

Ordered to take out his pistol and, if I run, to execute the Major's sentence;

When we got within about half a Mile of the Lexington Meeting house we heard a gun fired; the Major asked me what that was for, I told him to alarm the country; he then ordered the other four prisoners to dismount, they did, then one of the officers dismounted and cut the Bridles and Saddles off the Horses, & drove them away, and told the men they might go about their business; I asked the Major to dismiss me, he said he would carry me, lett the consequence be what they will; He then Ordered us to march; when we got within first." I had to go a cross road but had not got half gun shot off, when the Ministerial Troops appeared in sight behind the Meeting House; they made a short halt, when a gun was fired. I heard the report, turned my head and saw the smoake in front of the Troops, they immeditly gave a great shout, ran a few paces and then the whole fired. I could first distinguish Iregular firing, which I suppose was the advance Guard, and then platoons. At the time I could not see our Militia, for they were covered from me by a house at the bottom of the Street. And further saith not.

(Signed) PAUL REVERE.

# A Modern Mississippi College

THE Mississippi Agricultural and Mechanical College, established under the Land Grant Act of 1862, is one of the most progressive agricultural institutions in the South. Its physical plant, at Starkville, Mississippi, consists of 4,300 acres of valuable farming land and nearly four score buildings. A half-hundred of these structures are residences for the college staff of approximately 65 professors, instructors and scientists. A Young Men's Christian Association building has been completed in recent years, and $1,000,000 expended on other buildings.

Instruction at the college is designed to develop the minds and interest of the students in knowledge of the sciences that underlie agriculture and the mechanical arts and to provide practical experience in these activities. The State Experiment Station, an adjunct of the college, annually carries on experiments which result in saving millions of dollars for Mississippi planters and farmers. Four large branch stations specialize in the investigation of soil and crop problems.

Through the most extensive and detailed investigations in the annals of animal husbandry, a type of mule ideally adapted to the climatic and farming conditions of the South has been evolved.

The college has boosted hog production by the introduction and popularization of purebred stock and by educating farmers to vaccinate all hogs against cholera. It has taught the farmers the value of diversification. It has demonstrated the need of fertilizing the soil and of maintaining livestock. It has shown the producers how to eradicate objectionable insect pests and how to improve the quality of grain. Briefly it has reshaped Mississippi farming.

The college is testing twenty different kinds of cotton to determine definitely which is best adapted to the different sections of the state. Its system of rotation and fertilization has increased the corn yield from 35 to 70 bushels an acre. Alfalfa fields planted at the college have yielded more than three tons of hay to the acre.

The cost of obtaining an education at Mississippi A. & M. is not high. One feature is that each student pays a small annual hospital fee. This entitles him to care and medical treatment at the university infirmary under the supervision of a resident physician and trained nurses. The students live in dormitories. No rental is charged for the rooms, but each student pays a small sum for steam heat, electric lights, laundry and maintenance of the dormitories.

Many boys work their way through the school. The extensive farm, herds and flocks that are maintained are looked after chiefly by the students. Special provisions in the way of night classes are made for those who work during the day. A number of graduates of the institution have won their sheepskins by working in the fields, barns or college buildings during the daytime and going to school at night.

Under the provisions of the Land Grant Act a military corps is established there. The president of the college is responsible for the government and management of the institution while the commandant, a regular army officer, has immediate control of the cadet corps.

# Chats with Office Callers



"The trouble with most people," said ***The Philosopher,*** "is that they have no time-tables in their lives. They don't know what they are going to do next summer or next year or fifteen years from now. Whether this is due to our having lost mastery of our own time, or because of an overexaggerated sense of the insecurity of life, doesn't matter—it's nonsense and worse. *You can do anything that is right if you want to,* in this world. And the chances are 99,999 in every 100,000 that what a person plans to do he or she can carry through if he or she wants to. It is surprising how few times one is stopped in the thing one really wants to do. It is when we are going nowhere in particular that things get tangled up for us. What are you going to build to next year and the next? What's your objective for the year 1941? When are you going to get your farm? When are you going to Europe? Make out a time-table of events and run on it. Until then, it will be powerless for words to make you realize the truth, which is, you can manage your life as you will."

ɣ ɣ ɣ

***The Doctor*** came into The Office. It had been rather a hard day and he stretched himself along two chairs. Picking up the evening paper, he said, "Well, here is something that would have been impossible ten years ago—President Coolidge goes to bed with a cold. Ten years ago he would have been laughed at, the doctor that advised it would have been harassed with ridicule. Yet the best thing one can do with a cold is to take it to bed. I was sorry when the President fell for that gas cure for colds. We don't hear about it so much nowadays, do we? But common sense is coming fast. When you can get people to go to bed for a cold, it shows big improvement. We used to talk about 'wearing out a cold'; but bed is the best place for such an ailment nowadays. Perhaps you know that Dr. William Osler, considered in his day the greatest general medical man, always went to bed when he took the 'snuffles,' as he called them. No medicine for him! He rested. That shows how far ahead of his time he was. But, judging from this piece in the paper, the times are catching up."

ɣ ɣ ɣ

"One does not get so far away from home when traveling around the world as one once did," said the ***Globe Trotter*** as he dropped into The Office on his way to the other side of the world. "The reason is that so much of America has followed the sun. There are five things I will guarantee to procure in almost any corner of the world that is not uninhabited desert—five American commodities that have become truly universal—and they are Horlick's malted milk, Singer sewing machines, Standard oil, Ford automobiles and Remington typewriters. I am not speaking only of the settled countries, but everywhere! Anywhere in China, Persia, India! The extent to which American goods are used by the more civilized nations, of course, is well enough known. That was a rather amusing incident, the discovery by English officials that all the 'copy' for the 'Buy British Goods' campaign was written on American typewriters, wasn't it? And then they found that the Prince of Wales and the Cabinet officers all used American typewriters! When the question was asked in Parliament of a Cabinet officer 'why the government used American typewriters,' the answer was 'to do typewriting.' Of course, the usefulness of our articles is one great cause of their abundant use abroad, but another is the salesmanship of our people. They go out and sell their goods. Many European countries produce articles which Americans would be glad to purchase in large quantities, but Europe will not send salesmen to America. You find a hundred salesmen crossing the Atlantic eastward to one coming westward. It would not injure our own business in the least, and it would help Europe immensely, if we were considered a promising market for the better sort of European products."

ɣ ɣ ɣ

"Let them take a vote," said ***The Man from New York.*** "Let them take a vote, and find out once and for all where the people stand with reference to prohibition. For a long time I was against such a plan. It seemed outrageous to me that the United States should pass a law and then take a vote on it. They take all the vote that is necessary when a law is passed. Are we to inaugurate in this country a double system—vote to make a law, and then vote whether it is to be enforced? What was most outrageous of all was that public officials who were sworn to enforce the law should suggest, upon taking office, that a referendum be taken to see whether the people wanted the law enforced! Twenty years from now the intellectual gymnastics accompanying wet propaganda will be uproariously funny to read.

"But, inconsistent, illogical and illegal as it all is, I say let them take a vote, for if there is anything certain it is that the prohibition amendment and the Volstead Act would be established in authority by such a public mandate as this country has never seen before. A vote would be the end of the wet propaganda for a hundred years. I know what I'm talking about. It was the men who patronized the saloons who voted the saloons out of business before. And it is the men who patronize blind-pigs who will vote more drastic treatment for them if these men are ever again called to the polls on that question. Dry sentiment was always in the majority in America, and it is stronger now than ever before. If the wets don't believe it, let them take a real vote of all the country. And that doesn't mean a straw vote in the newspapers, either.

ɣ ɣ ɣ

***The Man from Chicago*** was detailing some choice morsels from the criminal and political history of that city. "No murderer with from $40,000 to $60,000 need fear conviction there," he said; "that is about what it costs to be sure of your liberty.

"I am not in that class, but I had a little experience of my own which illustrates that legal processes are better known to the crook than to the honest man, and explains how the crook often slips through while the honest man bears the brunt. I was taken into court for speeding. I suppose I was going something like 32 miles an hour, which is not bad for Chicago. Just ahead of me in the court room was a man charged with driving while drunk. The officer explained that the man was so drunk that he (the officer) had to lift him from the car and lay him on a grassy lawn while his car was being extricated from its difficulty. And the man's appearance bore out the policeman's story. Two large aldermanic gentlemen then addressed the court in the culprit's behalf and the judge grunted, 'Five dollars and costs,' which meant about $7. I thought that was rather easy. It looked promising for me in my comparatively light offense. My case was called next and the judge read the charge—'The officer says you were going 35 miles an hour,' he said. 'Your Honor,' I said, 'I never dispute an officer's word. I probably was going a little faster than I should. If so, I am sorry. It is the first time.' Without looking up the judge said, 'Fifty dollars and costs.'

"That is the type of justice the ordinary citizen in court is likely to see, and it is not uplifting in its effect on the citizen's morale."

ɣ ɣ ɣ

***The Man from Africa*** brought curious and little-known tales of that continent. "The natives," said he, "though stupid in many respects, are hard bargain drivers. They eat so much meat that salt is to them what candy is to us. They eat it in handfuls; and in certain parts hard salt is used for money. As they dicker, the money-holder takes frequent licks from his often dirty coinage, and never lets go until his purchase is safely in one hand. In time, of course, this currency actually disappears.

"Their food is largely meat, which they often eat raw. It makes no difference to them how the animal died. For example, the natives often raise chickens to sell to white men. The poor chickens are fed as little as possible to keep life, and when white men purchase them and give them an abundance of food, they often die from overeating. I had had this experience, and of course threw away the dead chickens. Immediately a native begged permission to take the birds. The explanation that they had died a natural death fell on deaf ears. The native simply came back with the retort that his chicken was no more dead than the one just beheaded by the cook.

"Another instance of similar reasoning: a native was commanded to put water in the radiator and gas in the tank of the auto. He reversed the order. To him a liquid was a liquid—for a'that.

"African graves are frequently decorated lavishly with liquor bottles. Such decorations are much coveted and are a supreme honor to the dead—for are they not the sign of civilization in Africa?"

# There Is Nothing New Under the Sea

## How Robert Fulton Demonstrated Submarines Over a Hundred Years Ago

By A. J. MONTGOMERY

ROBERT FULTON is acclaimed by the world as the man who applied steam to navigation and revolutionized trade and commerce; but how many know that this same genius actually designed and constructed a submarine and spent hours in her under the sea years before the *Clermont* made her first epochal voyage from New York to Albany?

Many persons think the submarine a modern engine of war, something very new and generally associated with the shock of the *Lusitania* and the World War. And yet the fact is that as early as 1801 Robert Fulton had demonstrated the practicability of under-sea craft and had outlined the uses to which they would be put with an accuracy more than prophetic.

The absorbing story of a submarine which folded her sails and plunged under sea, of a bomb for under-sea explosion, which had the prime characteristics of a torpedo, is told for the first time in a manuscript in the handwriting of Fulton which came recently into the possession of the Library of Congress. It belonged to his daughter, Cornelia Livingston Crary, and is accompanied by an affidavit that attests its authenticity. The actual plans and designs of this first under-sea monster have been placed for safekeeping with the New Jersey Historical Society.

In perusing this manuscript the first thing that arrests the reader is the length of time—almost one hundred years—it took the world to catch up with genius. Perhaps it is accounted for by the reflection Fulton made at the conclusion of his manuscript and after France, Great Britain, and the United States had refused to take up his invention or to give him the aid necessary to put it into practical effect.

"Vulgar men," he said, "see only what is before their eyes. Men of science and of sense penetrate from principles to future and certain effects."

It is interesting to note that among the men whose aid Fulton sought were Napoleon Bonaparte, First Consul of France; William Pitt, Prime Minister of England; and Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States.

But to return to the manuscript. At the time when he dreamed of a "plunging boat," as he first called it, Fulton was living in Paris. He had spent several years in experiments and tests to establish to his own satisfaction that from the point of view of physics the construction of a submarine was feasible and practicable. He stated his scientific thesis under the following two heads:

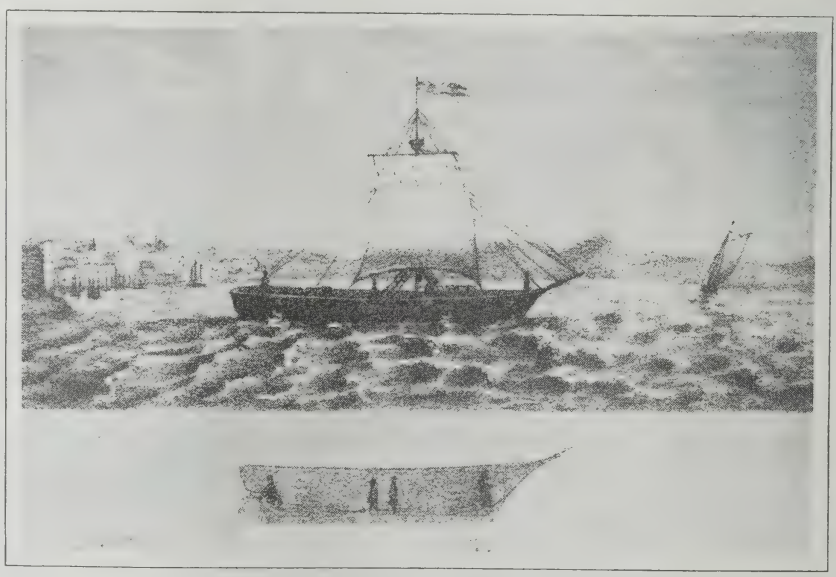
"First, to navigate under water, which I soon discovered was within the limits of physics.

"Second, to find an easy mode of destroying a ship, which after some time I discovered might be done by the explosion of some pounds of gunpowder under her bottom.

"I made drawings and calculations," he continued, "and after two years was so well satisfied with my success and convinced that everything I contemplated might be performed that I wrote the Earl of Stanhope and gave him general ideas of my plans and experiments. His Lordship's mathematical mind soon opened to him the practicability and ultimate consequence of such a system. He felt alarmed and as we all know spoke of it in the House of Lords, which excited much public curiosity."

It was on July 3, 1801, that Fulton with three companions sailed his boat into the harbor of Brest and made the first plunge under the sea. He descended to five, ten, fifteen, and then to twenty-five feet. His boat had suffered from exposure and he was afraid she could not stand greater pressure. He remained below the surface one hour. Afterward he descended with candles but found that they consumed too much vital air. Before his next experiment he had made in the bow of the boat a small window of thick glass which gave him sufficient light for observation purposes in subsequent dives.

By July 26 he was ready for further experiments, having in the interval greatly improved the machinery for propelling her under water and the lever for keeping the vessel steady at the desired depth. He had christened his strange craft the *Nautilus* and referred to her as a submarine, discarding the name "plunging boat."



Robert Fulton's submarine, the *Nautilus*, which he at first called a "plunging boat."

Out into the harbor of Brest sailed the *Nautilus* carrying one mast, a mainsail, and a jib as jauntily as any fishing craft in these waters. After demonstrating that she could sail as well as any ordinary surface boat he struck her mast and sails. To do this and to get her ready to submerge required only two minutes.

After reaching a depth of fifteen feet he placed two men at the engine designed to propel her under water, one man at the helm, while he himself with the aid of a barometer and a lever kept her balanced between the upper and lower waters. He found that he needed only the use of one hand to keep her at any level he pleased. He started the engine and on coming to the surface found that he had traveled 500 yards. This experiment was repeated several days in succession until he became familiar with the operation of the engine and the movement of the boat. He satisfied himself that she was thoroughly obedient to her helm and that the magnetic needle held true.

There remained to be worked out the vital question of air supply. In less than two weeks Fulton had designed and constructed a copper globe of a cubic foot capacity. Into the globe he put two hundred atmospheres of compressed air, with provision to regulate the withdrawal of air from this reservoir as became necessary. It enabled Fulton and his companions in this Jules Verne episode to remain under water four hours and twenty minutes without feeling any inconveniences.

Satisfied with his experiments, Fulton proceeded to design a larger boat embodying improved features as to balances, underwater propulsion, compressed air, and lever control. When the plans were complete he offered to turn them over to the British Government for a period of fourteen years for the sum of one hundred thousand pounds. As outlined in the proposal to Great Britain, Fulton's vessel was to have the following properties:

"First, that a submarine vessel 30 feet long, 10 feet wide and 8 feet deep capable of containing six persons shall have the property of sailing like an ordinary fishing boat.

"Second, that her capacity, including her machinery, shall be sufficient to contain provisions for six persons to continue at sea for twenty days.

"Third, the six persons can enter such a vessel and plunge her under sea at pleasure.

"Fourth, that they can continue under water for three hours without renewing the air."

Provision was made in these plans for two tubes bearing a resemblance to a periscope, one for the intake of fresh air and one to let the foul air out. These were so placed and designed that the boat itself need not appear on the surface but could remain semi-submerged while the air compressors were replenished. This process could be accomplished in two minutes. In addition, she was capable of carrying twenty submarine bombs, each containing 200 pounds of powder.

It is a curious fact that it was in the effort to find an effective method of applying such bombs that Fulton groped toward the idea of a submarine vessel.

The British Government hesitated to accept the Fulton proposal but sent him an emissary with 800 guineas to pay his expenses to London for a series of conferences. The result was that in lieu of the 100,000 pounds Prime Minister Pitt offered him a retainer of 200 pounds a month and a royalty amounting to one-half the value of all the enemy ships destroyed by means of his invention.

Then a curious thing happened. A board of officers was appointed to make a report on the adoption of the patents. Naval jealousies of anything new prevailed and the board refused to sponsor his invention or to give him facilities to test it.

His manuscript with his own account of the discussions clearly discloses that at the bottom of Great Britain's refusal to accept the proposals was the fear that the smaller nations of Europe could use the invention sooner or later to challenge British Naval supremacy which at this time was thoroughly established.

"She is contrived," reads the manuscript, "to hide under the water where she may continue the whole day and approach the fleets and harbors of the enemy in the night, there anchor her cargo of submarine bombs under water or leave them to the tide or use them any other way which time and practice may point out and retire unperceived for another cargo and deposit it in like manner, in the mouths of rivers, in harbors or among the fleets at anchor, and thus place such numbers as would render it impossible to move through where the bombs were without the greatest danger of being blown up and totally destroyed.

"For putting the Government in full possession of all the combinations of the submarine vessel so that any engineer of good talent can make and navigate it, also for developing the combinations and explaining the modes of attack with them which experience will multiply and perfect, I require the sum of 100,000 pounds."

Such was the premium on one of the greatest naval inventions ever produced.

Aside from the account of the inventions one is amazed at the extraordinary sagacity that Fulton displayed as a naval strategist.

Warning the British Government of what might happen should France be in a position to convert the cost of her flotilla of battleships into submarines and bombs of instantaneous combustion, Fulton said:

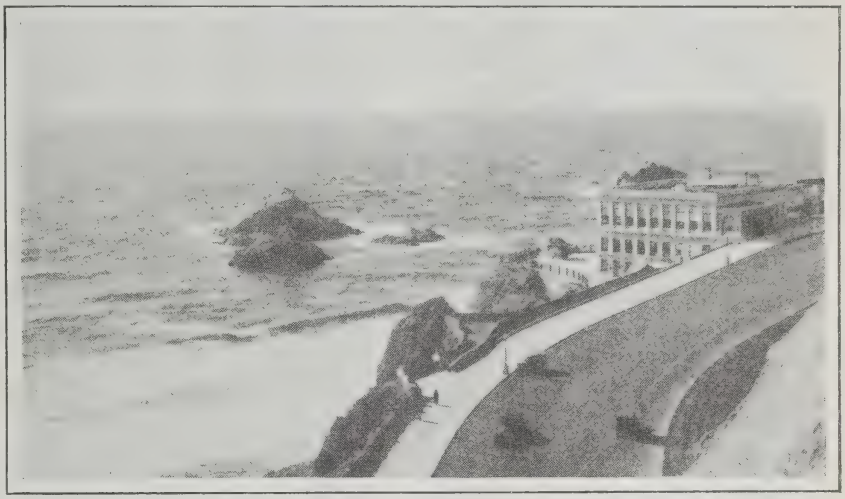
"The Boulogne Flotilla has cost the French Government more than two billions of sterling for which 100,000 instantaneous bombs might have been made. With such a magazine at Boulogne or Calais and 100 good boats the enemy might each dark night throw some hundreds of bombs in the channels of the Thames, in the Downs, or along the coast, to the total destruction of British commerce and if her commerce is destroyed, what is the use of her marine?"

What is this but the essence of naval policy and naval strategy today?

# When Cliff House Went Really Dry

## Once Famous San Francisco Resort Sees Changed Days

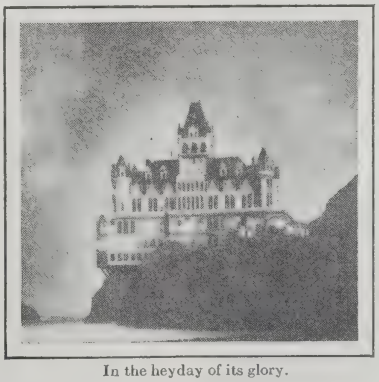
By HARRY H. DUNN



San Francisco's famous Cliff House as it is at present.

FOUR times destroyed by fire and rebuilt to greater glory each time, the Cliff House, looking out over the Pacific from the southern shore of the entrance to the Golden Gate, at last has succumbed to the Great Drouth. Once the center of the social life of San Francisco, famous as the most celebrated gathering place for *bon vivants* and epicureans on the Pacific Coast, it is closed against all comers. At least five generations of Californians, with a sprinkling of Middle-Westerners—who for one wild night were willing to pay more than fifty cents for a meal—have enjoyed the food prepared here by the most noted chefs of the Western World.

When prohibition became the law of the land, the Cliff House went really dry. For a time an attempt was made to "carry on" with the wonderful assortment of foods, marvelously prepared, which had made this resort known to gourmets all around the world. But it was soon found that the people who knew and appreciated good food would not dine where they could not have wine. The others merely ate to fill their stomachs, and for them the varied foods of the Cliff House were not prepared.

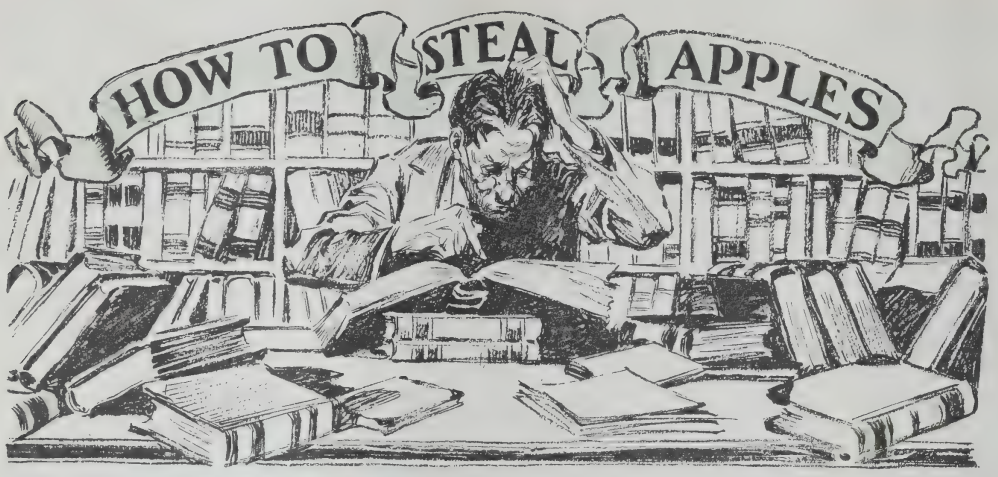


In the heyday of its glory.

Thus, the culinary standards of the beautiful house "built upon a rock" were maintained as long as possible. Then the building was turned over to one who for years had been the manager of the home of food and fun. He converted it into a coffee shop, and precariously maintained it on such plebeian foods as ham and eggs, hotcakes, coffee and sinkers—but, late in October, 1925, he began to realize that greatness cannot live on tradition. He had shocked the sensibilities of the epicureans of San Francisco—which, with New Orleans, shares the honor of being America's last gustatorial frontier—when he converted the center of western social life into a quick-lunch counter. Ham and eggs were not suitable successors to caviar, and coffee could not replace the Burgundies of long ago.

In the old days no distinguished visitor ever set foot within the "city that knows how" without including the Cliff House in his itinerary of entertainment. In those days, the pop of corks kept staccato time to the Wagnerian interludes played by the sea on the rocks below. Today, the passing of the Cliff House marks what may be the first step in the descent of San Francisco to the level of Los Angeles, the only city in the world where meals are eaten out of paper bags, and the art of dining has passed to join that of leisurely living.

According to the present owner, there will be no more coffee shops in the old Cliff House. Some day it may be restored to the center of the social life of gentlewomen and gentlemen—but that hope seems poorly founded, that time far distant, unless the Cliff House be removed to some one of the Spanish-American republics, where the art of living is still one of the prime factors in the business of life.




# Loopholes of Law Which Enable Fruit Marauders to Defy Mantraps, Spring Guns, and the Farmer's Bulldog

By JOHN BARKER WAITE

ILLUSTRATED BY J. C. GRAHAM

LAW always lags a bit behind changes in social arrangements. It accepts ideas only after people have tested them and found them good; which is quite desirable if law is to serve as a social stabilizer. But this occasional difference between legal theories and social realities produces some peculiar situations, until adjustment takes place.

Consider, for instance, the stealing of apples.

Robert White owned a farm. His orchard was a joy to behold and a temptation to which many passing automobilists succumbed. The only fence White could reasonably afford was not difficult to get over, especially if one did not care how he damaged the fence. Indeed, automobile pliers would cut right through it. Most of the people who appropriated an apple or two, or a hatful, really thought that White would not mind, or at least that he would never miss the fruit. And he probably would not have felt the loss of what one man took, or two men, or three. But a hundred hatfuls of apples mean real money to a farmer. And a hundred trespassers climbing fences and breaking branches mean much more than the value of the fruit in damage done.

How to stop it was a real problem for White. Something drastic must be done; it was a question only of ways and means.

A few bear traps well inside the fence and a large notice to that effect would stop the loss. So would a truthful warning against spring guns, or the presence of a couple of vicious dogs. No one could be hurt except trespassers, duly notified to keep out.

The objection is, however, that a trespasser or even a downright thief is not an outlaw. A householder has no legal right to shoot a burglar merely because he is a burglar. Spring guns, traps, or even vicious dogs might bring upon White a flood of damage suits which would cost him the value of many years of apples. Indeed, the legislature has made the use of spring guns, though loaded only with rock salt, criminal. And anything else that is unconventional is quite as dangerous to the pocketbook of the landowner as to the body of a trespasser.

The precise application of the law in such cases is still uncertain because they do not often arise. As a general thing, many courts hold that one whose unlawful act has been the immediate cause of his injury cannot recover damages from one whose previous act caused a dangerous situation. This would indicate that a thief whose unlawful trespass caused him to set off a spring gun could not sue the landowner who set the gun. But all courts agree that an owner must pay damages even to a trespasser if he uses more force than necessary to eject the trespasser.

As no lawyer could give White more definite advice, he concluded to play safe and to rely on enforcing the criminal law against thieves.

But he had to catch a hare before he could jug it. An apple thief would have to be arrested before he could be prosecuted. Merely scaring off occasional trespassers would be useless as a protection, because it would have no effect on others. If thieves could not be kept out by fear of immediate injury they must be kept out through fear of the law. White's idea was to catch a thief red-handed and have him arrested and punished at once, with as much publicity as possible, as an example of what might happen to any thief. An excellent *theory*.




Merely to get a trespasser's auto license number and later have him arrested would be too slow, too complicated and too costly; especially if the thief were a citizen of another state, White would then have first to ascertain from that state to whom the license belonged. Then it would be necessary for him to go in person to some magistrate and swear to a complaint. But no prosecution could be started in Ohio, for instance, for a theft committed in Michigan. One state does not attempt to punish for crimes committed in another.

Even were the license a local one the matter would be impossibly complex. To learn the name of the person to whom it was issued might not take long. But what certainty would there be that the licensee of the car was the man who stole the apples? It might have been a rented car, or a borrowed one, or the owner's companion might have taken the fruit while the owner did nothing. It would never do for White to swear out a warrant for the arrest of a man who was innocent. The only safe thing would be for White to go wherever the car came from and investigate the real identity of the thief—if he could identify him—and then swear out the warrant—a matter of money, time, and energy that few men can afford to spend. And again the force of example would be wasted by delay.

The only practical method for White to protect himself was obviously to arrest some culprit right in the act and to push the prosecution vigorously.

This was the point to which matters had come when Joe Urbanski appeared on the scene. Joe was a shrewd and crooked soul, with a constant eye to the main chance. As a business, he supplied hucksters with fruit and vegetables which he gathered up in the country. It was a profitable custom of his, since his legitimately purchased stuff made a good screen in case of trouble, to appropriate what unpaid-for fruit opportunity might offer. Because he was careless of fences and knew the habits of

farmers, he found opportunity frequently, and his disreputable looking truck seldom carried an entirely lawful load. But he made the inevitable mistake of the crook when he tackled the White apples, because he did not know that desperation had driven White to keep watch.

He got considerable fruit before White saw him.

"Sure," he said, "I picked up a few from the ground, what I supposed was only going to rot. I'll put them back if you want." But White had seen him picking from the trees, and in the truck was evidence that he had gathered more than a few which had no sign of ground bruise. Merely to get them back would not serve White's purpose. Events happened fast, but in the main were afterward undisputed. White announced his intention of arresting Urbanski for the theft and started toward him. Urbanski drew a knife with which to defend himself from arrest. White picked up a club with which he broke Urbanski's knife hand, and the latter ran around his truck with the idea of getting in and away. The appearance of a motor policeman brought both actors to a halt.

*Urbanski and the Law's Loopholes*

White at once complained to the policeman and the latter put Urbanski under arrest for theft. Joe protested, but made no resistance, and it looked as though one common thief were scheduled to travel the road which the law lays out for thieves. He was duly taken before a magistrate; White left his work and swore to the complaint in person, as the law requires, and all was set for a trial.

But Urbanski fell into capable hands when he picked a lawyer to defend him—capable, that is, from Urbanski's point of view.

At his attorney's request the prosecution of the criminal case against Urbanski was delayed and before any progress had been made Urbanski had set up a counter offensive by starting suits against both White and the policeman who made the arrest.

Against White he charged assault and battery and asked $10,000 as compensation for White's attack on him and the injury to his hand. From the officer he demanded damages caused by an unlawful arrest.

When the criminal case of the People against Joe Urbanski, charged with larceny, came on for trial, Urbanski refused to plead to the arraignment and his attorney moved the court to dismiss the proceedings entirely and to discharge the defendant, on the ground that he had been illegally arrested and the court had no power whatsoever to put him on trial.

White's "practical" solution of the apple problem was not working so smoothly as might have been expected. Already he was beginning to wish he had never owned an orchard. Assuming that Urbanski's suit for damages was only blackmail and could not possibly succeed, White dared not let it go by default; he felt obliged to hire a lawyer, and it would not take much of a lawyer's time to eat up a whole orchard full of apples.

Moreover, there was no certainty that Urbanski would not be successful in his suit, both against White and against the officer. In fact there seemed no reason why Urbanski should not win; no reason why White should not have a big bill of damages to pay for his attempt to protect his orchard. His own attorney was emphatic in saying that his attempt to arrest Urbanski was an unlawful assault for which he would be liable, unless he had a legal right to make the arrest. Likewise, if the arrest were illegal, Urbanski had the right to use a knife if necessary to protect his liberty, and White's damage to his hand would have to be paid. The officer too was liable in damages if he had not authority to make the arrest. Within the past few months a Wisconsin jury had decided that a chief of police ought to pay $1,000 for having arrested a man outside of his own jurisdiction, and the Supreme Court held that the officer's good faith was no defense.



And neither White nor the officer apparently had any right whatever to make the arrest. Urbanski was sitting pretty as a result of his own wrongdoing.

Taking apples from a tree was not a crime at common law, that is to say, by the law of judicial precedent. Apples on the tree are real estate. And unlawfully taking real estate is in general not even now criminal. At common law Urbanski's act was a trespass, and as such unlawful, and White could have sued him for whatever actual damage resulted therefrom, but it was not a crime. Hence in the absence of legislation, neither White nor the officer nor anyone else had authority to arrest him. Just why trespass is not a crime is a matter of history. It was a sound enough rule originally and if it is no longer wise, the legislature has power to change it.

As to apples the legislature has changed it. The statute reads, in effect, that every person who shall without permission enter another's orchard with intent to take away fruit shall be punished by imprisonment in the county jail for not more than thirty days. If the offense occur on Sunday he shall be imprisoned not less than five days.

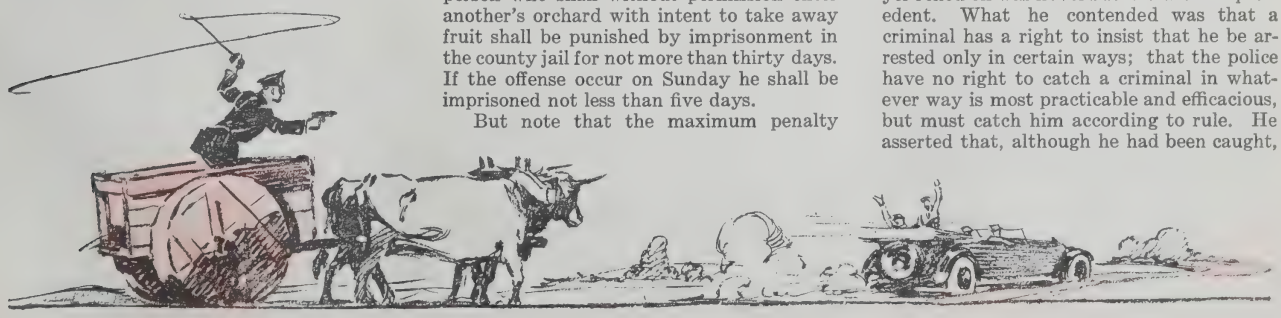
But note that the maximum penalty which can be imposed is only thirty days in the county jail. The offense, therefore, is only a "misdemeanor," not a "felony." Felonies are those crimes which are punishable by death or imprisonment in the state penitentiary. Offenses which carry a lighter penalty are but misdemeanors.

The difference is vitally important in respect to the right of arrest. Anyone may arrest a felon on sight, whether he saw the felony committed or not; a warrant for the arrest is not necessary. The delay caused by getting a warrant would be too serious. But not so as to misdemeanors. So fearful are we of our individual liberties, so distrustful of the officials whom we choose by our own votes, that we stick to the old law requiring even an officer to show a warrant before he arrests for a misdemeanor, except in cases of breach of the peace. Conditions are different, but we have carefully kept the law the same. Officer or citizen making an arrest for a misdemeanor must be armed with a warrant, issued by a magistrate, naming or otherwise describing the person to be arrested.

No statute, however, gave either White or the officer any authority to arrest Urbanski for violation of this law against stealing apples. Since it was the statute only which made his act criminal, their power to arrest was limited by the statute, which gave no power.

All White had any right to do was to hurry in person to the nearest magistrate and ask for a warrant for Urbanski's arrest. The officer could not have done even that much. He could not have himself secured a warrant because he could not swear to personal knowledge of the facts. Only White could do that, though when the warrant had been duly issued the officer could have made the arrest by virtue of its authority—if Urbanski had been still within his jurisdiction.

Not only did Urbanski have White and the officer at his mercy, he was well set also to compel dismissal of the criminal charge against himself. The point his lawyer relied on was novel but not without precedent. What he contended was that a criminal has a right to insist that he be arrested only in certain ways; that the police have no right to catch a criminal in whatever way is most practicable and efficacious, but must catch him according to rule. He asserted that, although he had been caught,



he had not been properly caught and therefore could not be held. He had judicial sanction for his proposition.

But as things looked blackest for the Public, and for White in particular, Urbanski's hopes collapsed. Someone remembered his admission that he had taken *fallen* apples.

Now apples when severed from the tree cease to be real estate and are personal property even though lying on the ground. And at common law the theft of personal property such as apples was larceny, a felony. To be sure, larceny in this country is no longer punished by death nor even by imprisonment in the penitentiary if the value of the goods taken be less than $25. As what Urbanski had picked up was probably much less than that in value, his larceny was only a misdemeanor when considered in terms of punishment. But our courts have held, for some reason, that because all larceny was a felony at common law, it is still a felony so far as the right to arrest is concerned. For a felony one has the right to arrest without a warrant.

For stealing apples from the tree Urbanski could not be lawfully arrested without a warrant. For taking them from the ground he could be. Because he took fallen apples his cases against White and the officer broke down. Because he took fallen apples they could lawfully arrest him without warrant. Because White had the right to arrest him, Urbanski had no right to resist, and White's necessary use of the club was justified. The officer's arrest being for the common law felony of stealing fallen apples, instead of for the statutory crime of taking growing fruit, was lawful. Therefore the court had power to continue prosecution of Urbanski. All was well from the standpoint of public good. As the case turned out, Urbanski was likely to go to jail—unless he could get so many postponements that White would tire of coming to court to give his evidence—and White was safe, though not over happy about the prospect of protecting his orchard in future.

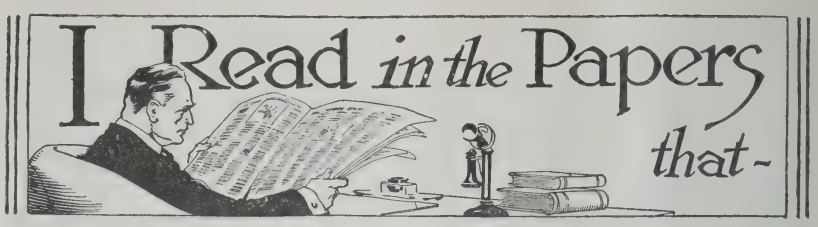
## Literary Fakers and Their Fakes

(*Concluded from page 13*)

the consternation among the spectric folk was like that among the spiritualists when Eusapia Palladino was exposed, and Lombroso and his fellow scientist were shown to be very gullible gentlemen. Or it was like the hurrying and scurrying to cover of the sun-myth adherents when Whatley ridiculed the cult in 1819, with his brilliant historic doubts concerning Napoleon Bonaparte.

However, those who had charge of the public trumpets did not blazon and blast very lustily, and the hoax was soon forgotten, the quicker because of the World War. Indeed, it would seem that at least one anthology maker to this day is not aware of the fake character of the Morgan-Knish *Spectra* poems. At any rate, without a word of explanation he includes them among others designed to reveal the healthy "protest against the sentimentality, the chauvinism, and the blind reverence for institutions characteristic of the Victorian age."

The words are those of the editor himself, written apparently in glorious ignorance of the fact that his own reverence in at least two cases is directed toward a confessed hoax.




Herman Klingelhutz, of Minneapolis, filed suit for $10,000 damages against a vaudeville theater and an actress. He contended that the term "butter and egg man" is an insult to Minnesota and to butter and egg dealers in general. He charged that he "suffered in his reputation in that his morale, integrity, character and intelligence have been assailed and ridiculed." He said that he was acting as a representative for about 18 butter and egg dealers of Minneapolis. The complaint against the actress charges that in a song entitled "Butter and Eggs" she used "certain tones and gestures to convey that all dealers in butter and eggs were men of immoral and licentious character and thereby hold plaintiff and others similarly situated to hatred, contempt and ridicule."

---

Washburn, in the Boston *Transcript*, gives the picture of "high life" in Washington:

Recently an officer near the top of the enforcement department satirized the situation to a group who chortled their satisfaction and merriment. Why name him, for it should be principles first and persons last? He is an ardent participant in wet dinners. He told his hearers how to make their booze and where to buy it. He said: "I do not believe in sumptuary legislation," and that "the best way to repeal a bad law is not to enforce it." When one of his damp listeners hurried up with his congratulations, he concluded: "Well, we've had a hell of a good time, anyway." Pending which, some folks from the backwoods wonder why the law is not enforced. Many intellectual aristocrats say it cannot be enforced. It will not be enforced until sincere drys only are charged with the duty of enforcement. One-legged men do not go into track athletics, swimming teachers are not hired as gardeners, hyenas as attendants in day nurseries, neither does a church which sets out to save souls call an agnostic to the pulpit. No, Mr. Upshaw, in the words of Mr. Gardner: "You cannot always be wrong, this time you are right."

---

Monsignor Cassidy, of the Catholic Church at Fall River, Massachusetts, says:

"I shall stand as firm against the saloon as others are standing for it, and as a citizen of this great Republic, I claim the right to fight as hard in the maintenance of the Constitution as others are fighting for its alteration and dissolution. Intoxicating liquors are not an essential, and they are an evil. Others of my cloth and kind may tell you otherwise. I want you to know that as yet there is nothing in the Church's teachings or traditions or interpretation of Holy Scriptures—nothing to prevent you from standing for prohibition."

---

an Associated Press dispatch printed broadcast over the country reads, "Jews say President Coolidge Made Them More Popular."

President Coolidge was termed a principal factor in the improvement of popular regard for Jews in the annual report of the American Jewish Committee, made public yesterday by Louis Marshall, president of the organization.

The committee was organized 20 years ago to safeguard the rights of the Jews and protect them against discrimination. Its membership consists of 14 national Jewish organizations.

The report asserted that it was gratifying to note that the President has "utterly demolished some of the most cherished of the pet notions of Ku Kluxism and Nordicism." The report referred to his address at the cornerstone laying of the National Jewish Center at Washington, and the American Legion convention at Omaha.

---

in Great Britain an attempt is to be made to restore the ancient traditions of the silversmith's craft, and to revive fine handwrought work in the precious metals in face of the opposing flood of machine-made wares.

So pressing has been the competition of spun and machine-produced work in gold and silver that the craftsman whose art reached its zenith in the magnificent creations of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries has been crushed almost out of existence.

To prevent the craftsman from becoming quite extinct, the Goldsmiths' Company is inviting all interested in design in precious metals to submit drawings of specified articles of domestic plate—trays, coffee and tea sets, cigar boxes, and the like—to a committee of judges.

This competition also is meant to give a new stimulus to craftsmanship and to encourage the public to demand finer wares from the gold and silver workers. It may result in dispelling the stagnation at present overhanging the trade, lead to other competitions being organized, and result in that coöperation between retailers and artist-designers which has already been so satisfactorily established in other countries.

The competitors must be British, and their designs will be judged by the same committee that will examine the drawings for domestic plate. The Goldsmiths' Company will be glad to receive suggestions which may help on their ideals.

*The International Jew* in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set, $1. The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

# Woodrow Wilson—Taker of Chances

(*Continued from page 7*)

those whose manners and appearance are similar to their own and pleasing to themselves. This tendency unfits men for life in a democracy, where one must often work at a desk next to a man who spits all over his own shoes."

Despite President Wilson's views in regard to the bequest, a majority of the faculty and trustees favored acceptance. Nevertheless, Mr. Wilson did not hesitate an instant. He recommended rejection of the $500,000—an unheard-of thing among American colleges. He put it squarely up to the trustees that acceptance of the bequest meant his resignation as president of the university. And he won. The money was declined.

But fate had another test in store for Woodrow Wilson. A little later an alumnus of Princeton died, and when his will was probated it was found to contain a bequest of about $3,000,000 to Princeton University. The will stipulated that the money should be used for a graduate college separated from the main university—exactly what Mr. Wilson opposed. Again he made "one heap of all his winnings," but this time it looked as if he had lost. The board of trustees accepted the bequest in the face of Mr. Wilson's objections, and thereby made him Governor of New Jersey, which resulted in his election to the Presidency. If the trustees had declined the bequest, Mr. Wilson would have remained at Princeton and probably never have been President. He felt at the time the bequest was accepted that he had been "kicked out." If so, he was "kicked out" and up, and was again the winner as the result of his gamble.



President Wilson's study in his home at Princeton, New Jersey.

### *Wilson Takes a Hand at Newark*

A few years later, as Governor of New Jersey, with talk of the Presidency flying about his head, he again made one heap of all his winnings, and risked it on one turn of pitch and toss. The gamble was over the election of a United States Senator. For years "Jim" Smith, of Newark, former Senator and Democratic boss of the state, had aspired to go back to Washington, where, fifteen years before, Mr. Wilson believed he had misrepresented his state and his party. When Mr. Wilson accepted the Democratic nomination for Governor he had stipulated that he would not consent to Smith's election to the Senate. Furthermore, in the primaries of that year the New Jersey Democrats had endorsed James Martine for Senator.

When it was found that the Democrats had a majority of the legislature on joint ballot, Smith went after the plum. That was before Senators were elected by direct vote of the people. Public opinion, therefore, could only make itself felt by its pressure on the members of the legislature, who chose the Senators. Nevertheless, Governor Wilson put all his eggs in one basket and went to the political market. He took the stump against Smith's election, opening his campaign in Newark, Smith's home town. If the legislature went ahead and elected Smith, Wilson's influence as Governor and as leader of his party would be at an end, together with any presidential possibilities that might be in the offing. But he won. He aroused such a storm of protest against Smith's choice and such a strong demand for the election of the man endorsed in the primaries that Smith retired from the stage and was never heard from again. The incident instantly lifted Mr. Wilson to greater power and made him a national figure.

At about the same time another dramatic gamble was taken by the new Governor. Once more he made one heap of all his winnings. The Democratic members of the legislature assembled for a conference to make up the legislative program of the session beginning simultaneously with Mr. Wilson's term as Governor. To their surprise they found Mr. Wilson present. They were embarrassed. Here was something unprecedented. The passing of laws was the business of the legislators. The Governor was supposed to recommend legislation but throughout the history of the state he had stopped at that. The determination of the Governor's recommendations was exclusively the business of the legislative department, it was believed.

After a few minutes of indecision, one legislator objected to the Governor's presence at the conference. Discussion of the right and propriety of his participation was started. Mr. Wilson got to his feet, smiled amiably and began an explanation of his presence, without asking permission to do so and on the assumption that he was welcome.

"I have been made the leader of the Democratic party in New Jersey and the spokesman of the people of the state," he said, "and it is therefore proper that I should exercise leadership (if I am qualified to do so) in the determination of the Democratic program. You gentlemen are not responsible to the state at large, as I am. You are each responsible to a small legislative district. I am the only officer of the state for whom the whole state votes. I therefore not only represent the whole state but I am the person who will be held responsible by the state for what is done. If our legislative program is not right, I, rather than you, will be called to account." Mr. Wilson expounded his now famous theory of the responsibility of the executive, obtained its approval by the Democratic members of the legislature, and then brought from his pocket a memorandum of the laws which he believed should be passed. One was a direct primary law. One was a workingmen's compensation act. Another was a corrupt practices act. A third was an act giving cities power to adopt commission form of government. Others were "anti-trust" acts.

There was vigorous opposition in the state to every reform. Some of it was reflected in the Democratic conference. Numerous members raised objections. Mr. Wilson, however, "made one heap" of the whole program, stood on his feet before the conference for three hours and a half, explaining, debating, arguing, and appealing to his associates and, in the end, obtained the pledge of the members to put every measure through. The pledges were kept and the bills were passed. Defeat would have put an end to Mr. Wilson's political career. Again he gambled on the chance of winning, when nine out of ten other governors would have "played safe," as they supposed, by not risking their influence over the legislature.

### *Pledges Were Kept and Bills Passed*

How completely Woodrow Wilson could suppress thought of himself, when his conscience demanded that he act, was illustrated in an incident that occurred several days before the Baltimore convention which nominated him for the Presidency.

It so happened that at the time in question, I was passing through the Pennsylvania depot in New York City with a friend on my way to a train going west. My friend, looking into the restaurant, observed

Woodrow Wilson and Dudley Field Malone sitting up at the lunch counter. We joined them there and learned that they were to be on the same train with us for a few miles, and when I inquired where they were going, the Governor said, with a laugh:

"Well isn't it the irony of fate that here on the very eve of the convention at Baltimore, a strike has occurred in one of our large industrial plants and I am compelled to go down to the plant and attempt to settle it!"

"But," I inquired, "why *must* you do this at this time? Suppose you fail or something serious or unforeseen occurs while you are there? Will it not jeopardize your interests in Baltimore? Is it necessary for you, as Governor, on your own initiative to intervene in this strike, under such circumstances?"

***Settling a Strike at Short Notice***

But he replied with some seriousness:

"If this strike is permitted to go on, it may break out into a conflagration that will result in loss of life. As Governor I feel it my duty to exercise all of my power and ingenuity to stop it, regardless of the consequences to me."

As we bade him goodby, he seemed in an unusually cheerful frame of mind, having regaled us with humorous stories during the entire trip and apparently not at all fearful of the chances he was taking.

On the following day it was announced through the press that the strike had been settled through his efforts.

Another dramatic crisis in his career arose over the Panama Canal tolls question. It was almost the first thing he had to face after he became President. Carried away by the plausibility of the phrase, "Free tolls for American ships," a previous Congress had passed an act, regulating tolls to be charged for the use of the canal, but stipulating that ships of American registry should pass through free. Congress, a lot of newspapers, and a number of so-called political leaders hugged themselves joyfully in the idea that they had benefited American shipping interests and American traders by giving them an advantage not enjoyed by their foreign rivals. The Democratic National Convention that nominated Mr. Wilson had been carried away by the same jingoism and had inserted a free tolls plank in the 1912 platform, on which Mr. Wilson had been elected

The fact remained, however, that the act violated our treaty obligations to Great Britain, who, years before, had surrendered unquestioned prior rights on the Isthmus on the condition that, if the United States dug the canal, it should be open to the ships of all nations on terms of equality. Mr. Wilson always held a very high regard for treaty obligation, so he demanded repeal of the free tolls act, despite the Democratic platform.

***When Wilson Was on the Panama Canal Act***

It was the first test of his leadership, and a host of members and interests who had opposed his selection as President got busy to try to beat him. He made one heap of all his winnings and declared that he would follow the practice observed in Europe where, if the government is defeated in Parliament, it resigns. But again the "one turn of pitch and toss" was in his favor. He won by a big majority and became, therefore, stronger than ever.

Many of the chances which Mr. Wilson took involved not only moral but physical courage. It was one of the latter kind that occurred on May 12, 1914, on the occasion of the landing in New York City of the bodies of the sailors and marines killed at Vera Cruz.

The times were unsettled. Many cranks were abroad, and the secret service men were anxious about the President's public appearances. Just a short time before, an attempt had been made to assassinate Mayor Mitchell, of New York.

When the plans were submitted to the President by Mr. Tumulty in the former's office, there were present some of the secret service men and Mr. Fitz-Woodrow, a cousin of the President. No provision had been made for Mr. Wilson to accompany the *cortege*. It had been planned to have the bodies disembarked from the ship at the Battery, from which place the procession would start. Thence it was to proceed to the City Hall, where Mayor Mitchell was to make a short address. He would join the President at that point and they would proceed across the bridge to the Marine Barracks at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Under ordinary circumstances Mr. Wilson heartily disliked to take part in parades. In campaign times it was difficult, if not impossible, to get him to do so. But the funeral procession was a different thing. He was the commander-in-chief of those dead boys. They had gone to Vera Cruz at his command and he was stricken with grief over their loss. Having risked their lives for their country, who was he that he should not stand by them in death, he argued.

Mr. Tumulty and the others present appealed to him not to expose himself. They told him that he would be an easy mark for any sharpshooter from any of the buildings along the line of the procession, or would be easily reached by a bomb. The President listened to them quietly until they had finished. Then he arose and said:

***Taking Part in a New York Procession***

"I am going to New York and I am going to ride in that procession, and I don't care what happens to me. When the people of the United States elected me President, they had the right to expect that they had chosen a man and not a coward."

All the plans for his taking part in the procession were kept so secret that there was great excitement when the word passed along the line that the President was coming from the Pennsylvania depot and would join the procession at the Battery. From the Battery to the City Hall and all along the way, he rode in an open car. After a short address by the Mayor, the *cortege* proceeded to the Marine Barracks where the President delivered one of the most moving addresses ever made by him.

The gravest gamble that Mr. Wilson ever took, except that on the League of Nations, was the armed ship controversy in the spring of 1916. It also involved the greatest risk to his political future. It was a case of staking everything "on one turn of pitch and toss." Incidentally, it was Mr. Wilson's way of meeting the deepest political intrigue of the many that were hatched against him during his ten years as Governor and President. The "politics" of the affair were carefully concealed, but may now be revealed with propriety. To those of us on the "inside" in those critical days, the political significance of the movements in that great struggle were of tremendous interest, but not an inkling of them ever leaked into the newspapers.

As a prelude to this story it may be appropriate to quote a confidential conversation that Mr. Wilson held with a friend when he was President-elect. The friend was traveling with him from Princeton to Trenton one morning and the two had been reading the morning newspapers. One paper had published an editorial, expressing grave doubt whether the secluded, scholarly college president, who had spent his life in books, would be able to cope with the adroit politicians when he went to Washington as the head of the Government.

"You know," said Governor Wilson, referring to the editorial, "it always makes me smile to read anything like that, and I always feel an impulse to sit down and write to the editor, explaining that I am not a fool but can take care of myself. Of course, that would be ridiculous, for nobody would believe it. I will have to demonstrate it before people will accept it. What nobody seems to realize, however, is that I have been in politics up to my neck for thirty years. I refer to college politics, which are so much more subtle and adroit than ordinary politics that they should not be mentioned the same day. In school politics you never know what the other fellow is going to do. He is continually surprising you and taking you unawares, because he has some brains, originality and initiative. In ordinary politics there is never anything new. The politician always does the same thing. You can count to an absolute certainty on his next move—and forestall it."

***When War With Germany Was in Sight***

Now to set the stage for Mr. Wilson's armed ship coup.

To get the point clearly one should let his mind go back to the spring of 1916, when the U-boat campaign of Germany was at its height and when German propaganda, as we afterward discovered, was being poured over the country by the ton. Germany was sinking merchant ships without warning, often "leaving no trace." International law and the custom of civilized countries for centuries had provided that merchant ships might be seized, but that crew and passengers must be given time and opportunity to save their lives. International law and custom also gave neutrals the right to travel on merchant ships of belligerents in safety.

Germany ignored these principles. President Wilson maintained them. It was over this issue that we finally went to war. In 1916, however, there was terrific pressure on President Wilson to abandon his position. Enormous effort was made to create a public sentiment in America that would force Mr. Wilson to back down. Von Bernstorff was still at Washington. As later revealed, to a shocked country, he was using his official position constantly and extensively against the President. In the spring of 1916, however, this was not known, and he was in good standing, even though unpopular in many circles.

***Americans and Foreign Merchant Ships***

The propaganda finally took a most plausible form. It was this:

Make Americans stay off English merchant ships. The idea caught on. Leaders in Congress, some of whom were friends, some secretly hostile to Mr. Wilson, made speeches arguing that Americans had no business sailing on British ships that might be sunk. If no Americans were on them, then no American rights would be violated if the ships were destroyed. Newspapers took up the cry and resolutions were intro-

duced in Congress, stating it to be the sense of Congress that Americans should not sail on foreign merchant ships and forbidding the State Department to issue passports to any one booking passage on such vessels.

The cloakrooms of the Senate and House buzzed. There was all the appearance of a revolt against Wilson's leadership. The chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, a Democrat, wrote Mr. Wilson pleading with him to abandon his U-boat position. The chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs opposed his policy. The majority leader on the floor was in favor of the warning resolutions. The Speaker of the House of Representatives led a Democratic delegation to the White House, and with his own lips advised the President that he must yield. He declared the warning resolution would pass two to one if put to a vote. He advised Mr. Wilson to compromise rather than suffer defeat, and to issue a warning to the American people himself, as President.

In reply Mr. Wilson said:

"I cannot consent to the abridgment of the rights of American citizens in any respect. The honor and self-respect of the nation are involved. We covet peace and shall preserve it at any cost save loss of honor. To forbid our people to exercise their rights for fear we might be called upon to vindicate them would be a deep humiliation indeed. It would be an implicit, all but an explicit, acquiescence in the violation of the rights of mankind everywhere."

But the propaganda continued. Judging by the newspaper reports of the time, a great wave of sentiment for the McLenmore resolution (warning Americans off foreign ships) seemed to be rolling up from the country. It looked as if Mr. Wilson was about to meet his Waterloo, and his political opponents were jubilant.

Remember the date: February-March, 1916. A Democratic candidate for President was to be nominated in June. The Democratic platform of 1912 had pledged the party to the principle of a single presidential term. Mr. Wilson had been silent as the tomb as to a second term for himself. A sizeable army of leading Democrats in Congress still hoped to put Champ Clark in the White House. There were also a number of loyal Wilsonians who were in favor of the McLenmore resolution and who felt so keenly about it that they intended to vote for the resolution. It was openly boasted in the cloakrooms in those exciting days that the principle of warning Americans off foreign vessels would be made a plank in the Democratic platform.

Those who were intriguers against Mr. Wilson believed that this could be done, that the President would thereby be repudiated by his party and would either be defeated for renomination or would decline to be a candidate. When the joy of his opponents was at its height they received a neatly done up little bomb from the White House.

In such circumstances the average President would have called his Congressional friends into frantic counsel and appealed to them to make the usual fight against the resolution in Congress. All the tactics of obstruction, delay, debate, and parliamentary maneuver would have been resorted to. A long-drawn-out controversy, with uncertain result, would have followed.

Mr. Wilson did no such thing. He "made one heap of all his winnings and risked it on one turn of pitch and toss." He wrote a letter to Representative Pou, the acting chairman of the Rules Committee, asking a special rule to permit an immediate vote on the McLenmore resolution.

"The report," he wrote, "that there are divided counsels in Congress in regard to the foreign policy of the Government is being made industrious use of in foreign capitals. I believe that report to be false but as long as it is anywhere credited it cannot fail to do the greatest harm and expose the country to the most serious risks."

The country was electrified by Mr. Wilson's appeal and quickly made its feelings clear. The political intriguers who had thought to put the President in a hole sweated blood in the cloakrooms for five days, and then went onto the floor and voted against the resolution which was defeated 276 to 142.

Again he had counted not the cost. He had staked his all against a challenging fate and defeated it.

At St. Louis in June, Mr. Wilson was unanimously renominated by the Democratic National Convention.

# Cooperation Saves Workers From Death

By ROBERT MORGAN

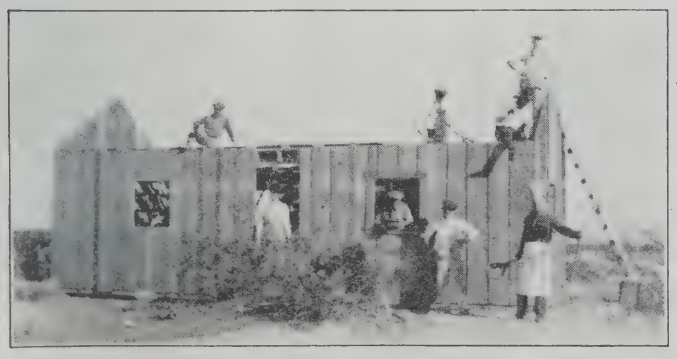


"Lone Wolf Colony" in its second year.

WITH the object of preserving the health of themselves and their fellow workers, employes of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, at Los Angeles, have formed an organized army to fight the Great White Plague—Tuberculosis—with general headquarters and first line trenches four thousand feet up in the air, at Victorville, on the California Desert.

Due to these efforts, and without outside aid, five men were returned from serious illness to full strength, during the first two years of the work. The organization is known as the "Lone Wolf Colony, Inc.," and is supported by the voluntary monthly contributions of the employes.

The plan of the colony is of interest, since it could be followed by the employes of other large corporations with probably the same admirable results which have been obtained here. At first, a board of directors was formed, composed of one man from each department of the telephone company, the employes in that department holding a regular election for that director. These directors obtained permission to organize a non-profit-taking corporation, named the Lone Wolf Colony, Incorporated.



"Duplex" in process of erection at "Lone Wolf."

The corporation then purchased ten acres of land near Victorville, having found it to be impossible to complete the homestead work on the 160 acres of government land assumed by the "Lone Wolf" whose recovery inaugurated the whole project. The cabin built for this one-time sick man, however, was removed to the new tract, and became the first building of the colony. Improvements were made in it, and almost as soon as it was completed, another worker, who was stricken with tuberculosis, moved in. Three others followed, two more buildings were completed, giving four individual rooms, and the little colony was full. While these men were there, the association helped to care for the families of those who had dependents, and paid for the support of the men themselves, so that, freed from financial worries, all these victims of the White Plague had to do was roam the desert as much as their strength permitted, and regain their health. A physician in Victorville was employed to give such consultation as was needed.

Though water is scarce, the soil on this colony is so fertile that the health-seeking men were able to make some headway with small gardens. With a water supply assured from a well, fruit trees of all kinds will be planted, larger gardens laid out, and the colony made to produce at least a part of the foodstuffs consumed.

# Merry Richmond, Rich in Romance

(Concluded from page 2)

insolent," a Tory listener called it, but it carried the day, and the assembly started to make plans to equip militia.

In the churchyard of old St. John's, Elizabeth Arnold Poe lies buried. She was one of the stars playing in Richmond theater the season of 1811 when it was burned with the loss of almost a hundred lives, including the governor of the state. When Mrs. Poe fell ill at her lodgings on Main street and died, John Allan, a prominent merchant, adopted her pretty, wistful-eyed child of two.

Edgar Allan Poe passed his boyhood in Richmond, studying his lessons with his chum, Robert Stanard, and attending service in Memorial Church, built over the ruins of the theater. At 17 he entered the University of Virginia, where his career was brief, and soon he appeared on Richmond streets, too often dropping in at the Swan Tavern. Then he left the city and before long in the *Southern Literary Messenger* there appeared work of a higher order than that worthy paper had ever known. Poe was invited to become literary editor, and he returned to Richmond, a slim, black-coated figure, his girl wife clinging dutifully to his arm.

The *Messenger* building was long an object of interest, but a few years ago it was torn down and from its timbers and stone a loggia was constructed in the fairy-like gardens in the rear of the Old Stone House. This is now a Poe shrine, with an excellent collection of Poeana, including the poet's desk, and a landscape painted and signed by him, so wild in conception that it might be the setting for *The Fall of the House of Usher*. The Stone House is the oldest structure in Richmond. There is no record of its building, but the initials "I. R." would indicate that it is of King James' reign, which came to a close in 1688.

Nowhere else does the Civil War seem so real or so recent as in Richmond. Everywhere there are memorials of it. Most appealing of all is the Soldiers' Home, where the Confederate flag floats over the house, and the inmates, clad in gray, proud of their cross of honor, live over again their battle days or delightedly show visitors about their tiny museum in which "Old Sorrel," General Jackson's horse, presides like a tutelary god, from his enormous glass case.

Adjoining the Confederate Home is Battle Abbey, a beautiful marble building set in splendid grounds. One part of the edifice is adorned by mural paintings by Charles Hoffbauer, the French artist. His work was interrupted by the World War and, with the new conception gained in those fiery years, he scraped out what he had done and started anew. The four walls have for a background the seasons and depict Confederate heroes, Lee with his staff, "Stonewall" Jackson, and dashing, gay-hearted "Jeb" Stuart, with his plumed hat.

In contrast with the grandeur of Battle Abbey is the site of Libby Prison, down in the tobacco district. The prison itself was a warehouse and received its name from the sign which was not removed when the building was hastily requisitioned. One of the most remarkable incidents of the war was the tunneling out of a hundred officers who made good their escape. Nature has left a mark to show the horrors of prison life. The overflow from Libby were detained on Belle Isle, an absolutely barren island in the James River, with water forever trickling among its slimy rocks. It is not hard to fancy how dreadful a camp must have been in such a place.

Overlooking Belle Isle is the Confederate cemetery, Hollywood, so named from the many holly trees that grow in it. Here lie buried 18,000 Confederate soldiers, for the most part in unmarked graves. But the women of the Confederacy have erected for them a pyramid of rough granite, laid without sand or mortar, 45 feet square at the base and 90 feet high. It is said that a sailor convict climbed up to set the capstone and then received his freedom. On Presidents' Hill, Monroe and Tyler are buried, and close by is the lot of Jefferson Davis, pathetic with the tomb of his son killed by a fall from the balcony of his Richmond home, and an angel figure over the grave of Winnie, "daughter of the Confederacy."

There is another cemetery on Shockhoe Hill where older Richmond worthies are buried. Here lies Peter Francisco, that doughty fighter of the Revolution who wielded a sword the blade of which was five feet long and who could shoulder a 1,100-pound cannon. Miss Van Lew, the Federal spy, is buried here beneath a tomb of Roxbury pudding-stone. During the war she passed for an eccentric old lady, fond of visiting the prisons and hospitals and making friends with the officers, but later it was learned that she was in communication with the Government, even with President Lincoln himself.

Fortunately the flames which swept the city when the Confederates set fire to their warehouses lest they fall into Northern hands spared many of the old houses. There is Masonic Hall, built in 1785, and there is the White House of the Confederacy, the war-time residence of Jefferson Davis, now a Confederate museum with one room devoted to each of the fourteen seceding states. General Lee is, of course, the dominant figure. In a glass case are carefully preserved many of his personal effects, his "best" uniform in which he surrendered, and a lock from the mane of his horse, "Traveller."

Lee's residence on East Franklin street is a plain, three-story house. Here he retired after the surrender at Appomattox amid the cheers of the soldiers in blue who held the city. The house is now the headquarters of the Virginia Historical Society and contains a rare collection of papers and portraits for which a safer home is being prepared.

The Priory in Warwick, England, built about 1565, is being demolished stone by stone and will be brought to Richmond and set up in the form of Sulgrave Manor, the ancestral home of the Washingtons. One of Richmond's citizens, Alexander W. Weddell, consul at Mexico City, is thus adding to the beauty and interest of his city.

And it is still "cheerful Richmond," if not so lively as when Thackeray called it "the merriest city in America." It is preëminently Anglo-Saxon with no foreign quarter, although there is tumble-down picturesqueness in the Negro section to contrast with the rows of handsome bank buildings and pleasant avenues shaded by linden trees.

The provision stores have a cheery, festive look, with legs of lamb decorated with lacy carvings, and hams wrapped in colored paper in the place of honor. The fame of the Virginia ham is truly ancient. Colonel William Byrd I, father of the "Black Swan," left a recipe to "eat ye ham in its perfection" on the flyleaf of his Bible, and Richmond cooks have not suffered the art to wane.

The literary traditions enhanced by Poe, but established before his time, continue to flourish. Richmond was home to Thomas Nelson Page, Mary Johnston wrote there, and James Branch Cabell lives in Dumbarton Lodge, in the suburbs. Within the city, Ellen Glasgow, Amélie Rives, Mary Newton Stanard, Kate Langley Bosher, Sally Robbins, and Armistead Gordon, make a notable coterie.

# How the Indians Made Sugar

By MRS. PAUL W. EVANS

Thomas Conant, a writer of four decades ago, discovered how the Jesuit Fathers learned the art of sugar-making from the Indians. There was the annual tapping of the sugar-maple, although the Indians did not have iron kettles for boiling the sap. It was a curious question how they did manage to boil down the juice without a kettle.

They tapped the trees with their tomahawks and inserted a spile to conduct the juice from the tree to a vessel underneath. This spile was simply a piece of dry pine or cedar wood, grooved on its upper side. The process was indeed crude, yet they succeeded in producing a considerable quantity of sugar.

Their buckets were made by taking a roll of birch bark, and sewing up the ends with deer sinews or roots. No doubt the sap caught in such vessels was as sweet as that gathered in our own bright tin pails. The sap was carried from the trees to the boiling place, where there was a large cauldron made of sheets of birch bark. Beside this cauldron a fire was built, in which was placed a lot of stones. As soon as these stones were heated to a red heat, they were dropped into the birchen cauldron. As the stones were cooled they were taken out and hot ones were put in. By repeating this process, slow as it was, the sap finally boiled. The boiling was continued until the sap was boiled down and sugar was the result.

Thus sugar was made without the aid of a kettle. Mr. Conant seemed to foresee doubt in some minds, and assures us that his forefathers who came to his province in Canada handed down in family tradition the story of the Indian method of making sugar. Indeed they were eyewitnesses themselves. When settlers came, the Indians learned a better way, and traded their furs for iron kettles and began making sugar much as the white man makes it today.

# Beating the Grain of Mustard Seed

## An Elm Tree After Being Six Years Planted Grows Thirty-Five Feet Tall

By H. R. MOSNAT

A SHADE tree that is of very rapid growth and at the same time a permanent tree is a consummation that has been achieved by George Klehm, a wholesale nurseryman who operates several hundred acres of nursery about thirty miles from Chicago. But he put in at least a dozen years of work on the problem. The shade tree he has made so fast-growing is the most popular of all street trees, the elm. Besides being of more rapid growth than such short-lived and unsatisfactory trees as willow, box elder, soft maple, cottonwood and others, these elm trees are propagated by vegetative process and are almost exactly alike, which is impossible with seedling elm trees, because, as John Burroughs so beautifully says in one of his last essays, "Trees are rooted men and men are walking trees."

Those who hate to use the ax on trees that are dear to them can now escape that pang, because with this new race of elm trees no filler trees are needed, as these trees will grow in six years to about eight inches in diameter of trunk and a height of thirty-five to forty feet.

This remarkable growth has been made near Chicago on just ordinary soil and without any special care or cultivation. There are blocks of these new elms along the streets of the small town where Mr. Klehm lives, and these trees are as alike as peas in a pod. The contrast with the seedling elm trees just across the street which were planted the same week, under the same conditions, is so striking as to seem impossible. The seedling trees are hardly an inch in diameter and maybe six feet tall, and their trunks are crooked while no two are alike. On the other hand, the new elms are about eight inches in diameter at the trunk, and about forty feet tall. There are solid blocks lined with both seedling elms and the new elms, which Mr. Klehm calls the "Vase" type.

Elms have been growing in this country for a long time. They belong to the more ancient types of plants that have inconspicuous flowers, and do not depend upon insects to carry the fertilizing pollen from flower to flower and from tree to tree. These trees were growing before there were any insects in the world.

The new race of elm trees are bench-grafted on piece roots, waxed and put in a cellar to callus, and are in the spring set in nursery rows just as seedling trees would be from the seed bed. The work of grafting is done late in the winter or very early in the spring, in the greenhouse or other suitable place. Roots of seedling elm trees about the size of a lead pencil are used in about six-inch pieces, one end of which is split and a cion, or piece of the selected parent elm tree, a couple inches long, is trimmed to a wedge shape, inserted into the root piece and waxed with ordinary paraffin just hot enough to make it melt, and not to scald the root and cion.

Formerly the union was wrapped or tied with string, but with careful handling, it has been learned that waxing is sufficient and a great saving of labor. The process of callusing takes place in a cool, dark cellar and requires several weeks. By the time it is accomplished, the season has advanced to a time when the grafts can be set in the field. The process of grafting elm trees is the same as that used to graft apple, peach, pear and other fruit trees.

Mr. Klehm loves to experiment. He was the first nurseryman to put peony blooms in cold storage, and has done many other interesting things in floriculture and horticulture, in addition to producing this very rapid-growing and almost perfect type of elm tree, *Ulmus americana*, which comes absolutely uniform and true, with trunks as straight as columns, making it a tree long desired for street planting. With these grafted elm trees, instead of only about ten per cent being good enough to sell, there are less than ten per cent culls.

***Some Other Work With Elm Trees***

Some of Mr. Klehm's other original work is also with elm trees. He has another type of elm tree that he is propagating by grafting, and he calls this the Moline type, as the parent tree was found in a swamp along the Mississippi River near Moline, Illinois. This tree at first glance looks more like a poplar tree than an elm, as it has a single, central trunk to the tip of the tree, instead of a number of arching branches, as with the "Vase" type of *Ulmus americana*. In this way the greatest fault of the "Vase" type is avoided: the possibility of the splitting of the trunk where the branches divide.

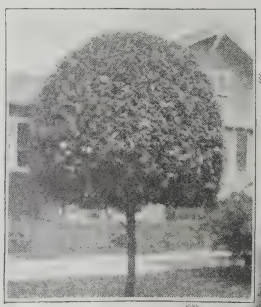
The Moline type elm is also a very rapid-growing tree, with smooth, tight bark unlike an ordinary elm. The leaves are very large, often being more than six inches long by four inches broad, and very dark green, glossy, thick and free from aphis and other insect pests.

Another of Mr. Klehm's productions is the Globe-headed elm, which is long-lived and perfectly hardy in Northern Illinois. This has a dense top, and can easily be pruned to any desired shape. It is something new in ornamental trees, although Mr. Klehm has known of it for a quarter of a century. This tree is produced by the use of a trunk of the European elm, *Ulmus campestris*, which is a slow grower in this country, and has no doubt a dwarfing influence on the top, which is a cion grafted as high or low on the English elm trunk as desired. If grafted at the ground, Mr. Klehm believes that this elm would make a very fine hedge, and he is experimenting with that idea now. The Globe-headed elm can also be planted in a tub so as to be movable and be used as an indoor ornament if desired.

The Moline is a very distinct form of elm, and exceedingly rare. As far as known, this elm has not yet been identified by botanists. Possibly it is similar to the Cornish elm, *Ulmus nitens*, variety *stricta*, a beautiful tree and the common elm of Cornwall and parts of Devonshire, England, which at its best is a tree eighty feet tall and fifteen feet in girth of trunk.

It is an inspiring sight to see block after block of these grafted elm shade trees in the parking of streets, with each tree alike. This result can be accomplished only by means of grafting from very carefully chosen parent trees.

On one occasion a very fine "Vase" type street elm, about twenty years old, a rapid grower, with fine, tight, smooth bark, good form as to branches; excellent large, healthy foliage of deep green color, was chosen as a parent tree, and a few hundred trees grafted from it. It is true that there was a slight kink in the trunk of that fine elm tree, but it was not supposed that this would make any difference, and it was expected that the young trees would have straight trunks. But when the little trees grew, every one of them had that same kink in their trunk, inherited unexpectedly from the parent tree, a fatal defect for a strictly ornamental tree, such as an elm, whose trunk is most important, and should be straight as a rule and true as a die. So this otherwise most excellent tree, which had every other desirable feature for an almost perfect "Vase" type elm tree, had to be discarded.



A good example of pruned Globe-headed elm tree used as a yard tree and so grafted high.



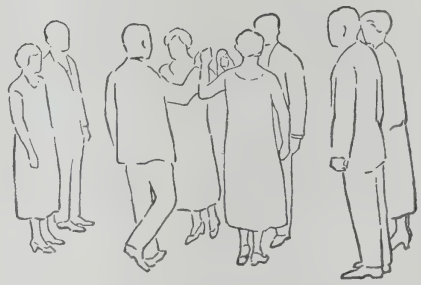
Mr. Klehm stands six feet tall behind this six-year old seedling elm with crooked trunk.



Mr. Klehm salutes his masterpiece, the Moline type elm tree, six years planted and about thirty-five feet tall.

# A Dance a Week

## Concluding Last Three Figures of The Lancers



### FIGURE THREE

WAIT FIRST EIGHT MEASURES

First four forward and back ..... 4 bars



Forward again and address.....4 bars

First four walk forward four steps, all bow to each other. The music is retarded at this time. They return to place, walking backward.

Two ladies chain....8 bars

Ladies cross to opposite places giving the right hands as they pass each other, and the left hands to the opposite gentlemen, turning once around. Give right hand back, left hand to partner and turn in place.

Sides repeat. Play twice.





### FIGURE FOUR

WAIT FIRST EIGHT MEASURES

First four lead right, address .....4 bars

The first two couples join hands with own partners, lead to the couple on the right. All bow and curtsey.

Lead around to the left, address..... 4 bars

The same couples turn and lead to the couple on the left side. All bow and curtsey.



Lead partner to place, and address.... 4 bars

Continue to original place, and bow to each other.

First four right and left..... 8 bars

Couples cross over, ladies inside; gentleman in passing touches lady's right hand. When in other couple's place, gentleman takes partner's left hand in his left, turns half around, and repeat back to place. Sides repeat. Play twice.



### FIGURE FIVE

Before the music begins, call ADDRESS PARTNERS. A chord will be given by the orchestra. Then call, GRAND RIGHT AND LEFT. The movement and music starting together.

Grand right and left..... 16 bars

All face partners, salute, give right hand to partner, gentlemen moving right, ladies left. Gentleman drops his partner's hand, moves forward and takes next lady's left hand in his left, next with right, etc. When half around he meets and salutes his partner, gives her his right hand, and continues to place.

Head couple promenade inside, and face out..... 4 bars

Head couple cross both hands, promenade eight steps inside the set; return to place, and face out. Lady on right side of partner.

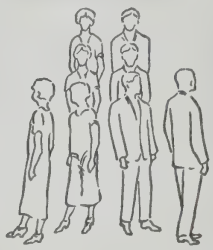
Side four in line..... 4 bars

No. 1 couple has already faced out, No. 3 is next to move in line back of No. 1. No. 4 now moves in place. No. 2 is already in line. Two lines are now formed, ladies on one side, gentlemen on the other.

All chasse..... 8 bars



Ladies pass in front of their partners, slide four steps with left foot to the left side, step forward with left foot, and step back with the right. Gentleman executes same with right foot, slide to right side four steps, and step forward on right foot, and back on left. All return to place in same manner, ending with the forward and backward steps.



March 8 bars

Ladies right, gentlemen left. Both lines turn and march to the foot of the set, pass each other, continue on to the head, the ladies passing inside the line of gentlemen. All have now changed sides.

### LANCERS

Forward all and back..... 8 bars

Both lines turn, face each other. Gentlemen join hands in their line, the ladies the same in theirs. All then move forward four steps, back four steps, forward again and turn partners to place.

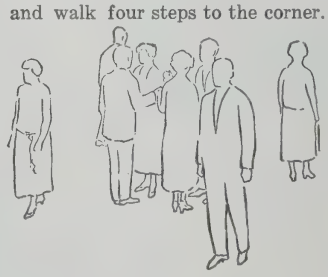


Repeat all from the beginning, the next couple on the side facing out.

### THE GRAND SQUARE

First four forward, sides separate..... 8 bars

The sides turn their backs to each other, and walk four steps to the corner. Each make one-fourth turn, and walk four steps to the head places. Make one-fourth turn, and walk to center, meet own partner, walk four steps to place. At the same time the first four advance to the center four steps, meet new partner, turn one-quarter to the left and walk four steps to the side, drop hands and walk four steps forward, turn one-quarter and walk four steps to place. (A complete square in 16 steps, four steps on each side of the square.)



Sides forward, first four separate..... 8 bars

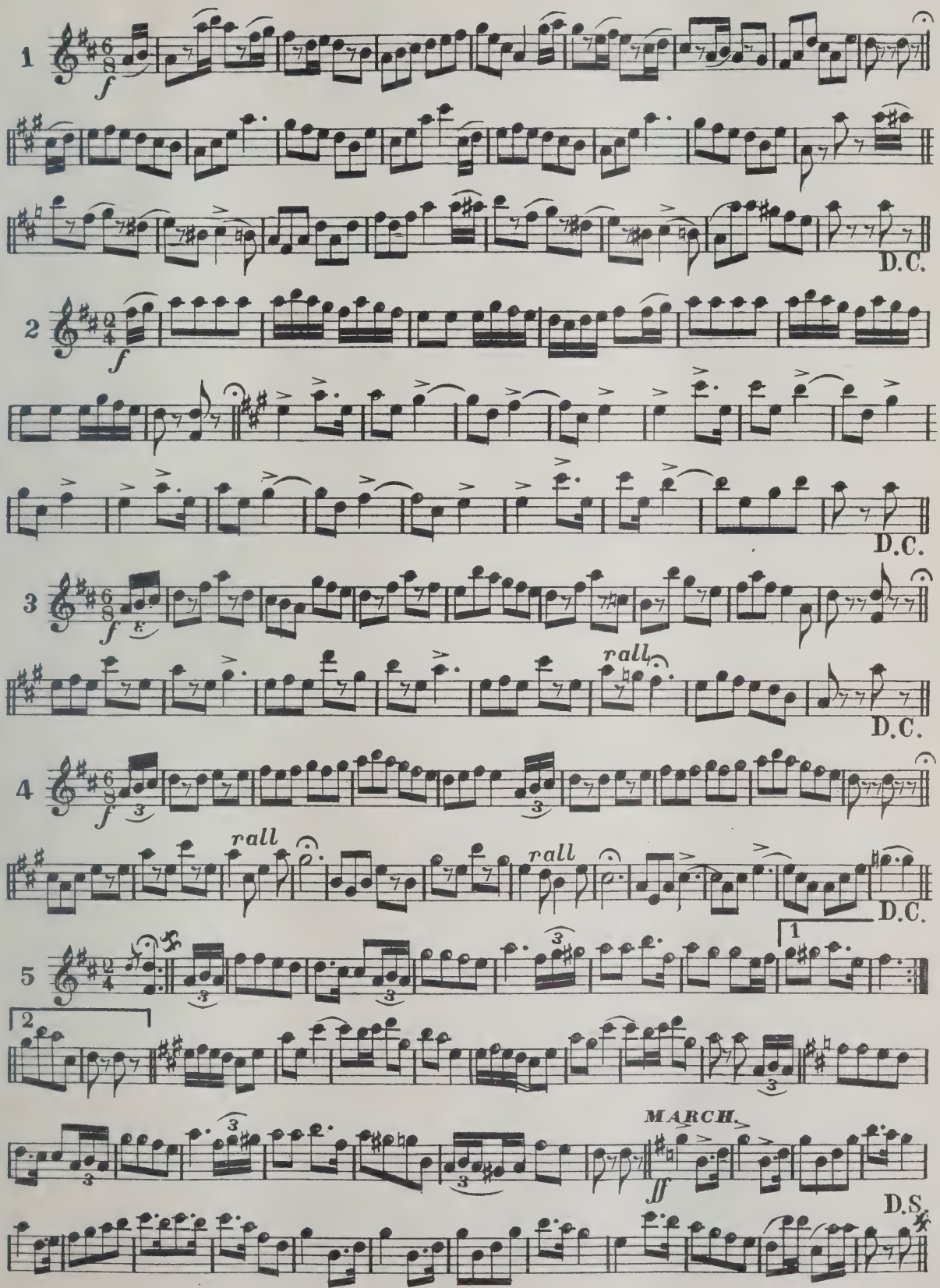
The movement is reversed, the side moving forward and the first four turning back to back.

The third couple promenade inside, and face out..... 8 bars
All chasse.....8 bars March..... 8 bars
All forward and back, turn to place..... 8 bars
The grand square, sides forward, first four separate 8 bars
First four forward, sides separate..... 8 bars
The last couple face out, others join in line..... 8 bars
All chasse.....8 bars March..... 8 bars
Forward all and back, turn partners..... 8 bars
All join hands, forward and back, forward again and address..... 8 bars
Promenade to seats..... 8 bars

# LANCERS "ORIENTAL"

First Violin

E. T. Root & Son, Chicago.



THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIV. OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL

I ESTIMATE the gift of the governing faculty to be God's greatest gift to the Anglo-Saxon, and in the constitution of the United States, with its diversion of powers, its limitations upon the governing departments and its sublime reservations in the interests of individual liberty, I see the highest achievement of that most rare faculty.

I have no argument to make, here or anywhere, against territorial expansion, but I do not, as some do, look to expansion as the safest or more attractive avenue of national development.

—*Benjamin Harrison.*

INDEX TO

# THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Vol. 26

April 24, 1926 to October 16, 1926

# INDEX


*Abbey Theater Finds Sean O'Casey, The:* by Pritchett, V. S. 5-29-26 p. 2
Abbott, Grace—*Wild Youth Proves a Myth:* by Mallon, Winifred 7-31-26 p. 3
*About Face!* (Edit.) 5-15-26 p. 11
*About That Joint Deposit* 5-22-26 p. 24
Abrahams, William—*Jews Grab Sesqui-Centennial Plum:* 4-24-26 p. 12
Abruzzino, Antonio (Illus.)—*Chalk Artist of Palazzo Gallery:* by Allen, Robert S. 6-12-26 p. 23
Accuracy—*Mr. Ford's Page* 7-10-26 p. 9
*Actors as They Are on and off the Stage:* by Kilby, Quincy 8-28-26 p. 29
Adams, Rev. Frank D.—*I Read in the Papers* 7- 3-26 p. 24
Admirals—*Where Our Admirals Come From: Annapolis, a Sea School on Shore, Which Trains Officers for the Navy:* by Maddox, William Johnston 6- 5-26 p. 18
'Adventures of an Illustrator'—*Joseph Pennell—Etcher and Critic:* by MacFarland, Alice 5- 1-26 p. 20
Advertisements—*The Value of Vulgarity* (Edit.) 7-31-26 p. 10
*Pistols for Sale* (Edit.) 9- 4-26 p. 11
Advertising by Radio—*Who Pays for Our Radio Programs?* by Collman, Charles A. 5-22-26 p. 7
Aerial Warfare—*Duelists of the Sky:* Part 1: by Heurtaux, Capt. Alfred 7-31-26 p. 16
*Duelists of the Sky:* Part 2: by Heurtaux, Capt. Alfred 8-14-26 p. 13
*The Laws of the Sky in Future Wars* (Illus.): by Colby, Captain Elbridge 10- 9-26 p. 5
Aeronautics—See Aviation
Africa——*Land of Ivory, Gold and Diamonds:* by Kumm, H. K. W. 7-24-26 p. 24
*Chats With Office Callers* (Livingstone, David) 10- 2-26 p. 28
*Dying Africa Makes Her Appeal:* by Kumm, H. K. W. 7-17-26 p. 28
*Nations Take Action for World Sanitation* 5- 8-26 p. 28
*African Lions Roamed in Hollywood:* by Hubbard, Samuel 6-19-26 p. 12
Agalena Spider—*The Silk-Spinning Tragedienne:* by Aaron, S. F. 8-28-26 p. 5
Agricenter—*Farming Must Become a Chemical Industry:* by Hale, William J. 10- 2-26 p. 4
Agriculture—*Chats With Office Callers* (Agricultural Methods of China) 5-15-26 p. 19
*Farming Must Become a Chemical Industry:* by Hale, William J. 6- 2-26 p. 4
*French Farmer and Taxes* (Edit.—Agricultural Wealth of France) 6-26-26 p. 11
*Pennsylvania's Land of Goshen:* by Anderson, John Davis 6- 5-26 p. 31
*A Scientist Urges Farmers to Utilize Waste Products.* by Beckman, James W. 8- 7-26 p. 7
*Starving Our Soil* (Edit.) 5- 8-26 p. 11
Air Mail—*Heroes of the Air Mail:* by McConnell, Burt M. 9- 4-26 p. 4
Air Nitrogen Fertilizer—*Chats With Office Callers* 6- 5-26 p. 24
Airplane—*From the Ground Up: What We May Expect From the Airplane of Tomorrow:* by Stout, William B. 9-11-26 p. 1
Alaska—*America's Scattered Children:* by Barton, William E. 8-21-26 p. 6
*Chats With Office Callers* (Religion) 9-18-26 p. 28
*Doing and Daring in the Cause of Science: The Story of Dr. Edward Nelson of the Bureau of Biological Survey* (Illus.): by Dacy, George H. 10- 9-26 p. 23
Alcohol—See Liquor
*Alcotts, The—As I Knew Them:* by Hawthorne, Julian 6-26-26 p. 16
Alden, John B. (Illus.)—*He Placed Bookshelf in Reach of Millions:* by Barton, William E. 6-12-26 p. 15
*Alienist Before the Court, The* (Edit.) 7-17-26 p. 11
Aliens—*'Come Home'* (Edit.) 8-14-26 p. 10
*The Decline of the Mawkish* (Edit.—Alien Criminals, Deportation of) 5-15-26 p. 11
Allen, Mrs. E. M.—*Brain-Children Are Sometimes Stolen:* by Turner, Morris S. 7-24-26 p. 8
Allenby, Lord—*I Read in the Papers* 5- 8-26 p. 19
Amarillo, Texas—*I Read in the Papers* (Chamber of Commerce Meeting) 8- 7-26 p. 32
Amati Violin (Illus.)—*Do You Know About Your Fiddle?* by Wier, Clyde 4-24-26 p. 16
Ambassadors—*How the United States Treats Its Diplomats:* by Clark, Marian Bruce 7-17-26 p. 18
Amelia Island—*Old Fernandina* 6-12-26 p. 21
America—*America Leads the World in Psychology:* by Laird, Donald A. 6-12-26 p. 4
*America's Scattered Children:* by Barton, William E. 8-21-26 p. 6
*America, the Limelighter's Paradise:* by Masson, Thomas L. 7-24-26 p. 4
*America Writes a Book:* by Hough, Donald 7-10-26 p. 5
*American Soldiers in World War Were Tried by Court-Martial System of George III:* by Beckman, James W. 9- 4-26 p. 3
*Chats With Office Callers* (Americans and Europeans) 4-24-26 p. 21
*Did High Freight Rates Occasion the Discovery of America?* by Adams, Randolph G. 9- 4-26 p. 8
*Discovered!* (Edit.—Americans and Englishmen) 7-10-26 p. 10
*The Fifth Reservation* (Edit.) 10- 9-26 p. 10
*Mr. Ford's Page* (America Remaining American) 9- 4-26 p. 9
*I Read in the Papers* (American Men Lack Leisure) 7-24-26 p. 32
*I Read in the Papers* (England: by Dean Inge) 10- 9-26 p. 30
*New Light on the American Revolution:* by Adams, Randolph G. 7- 3-26 p. 6
*A Senator Speaks* (Edit.—France's Dislike for America) 10-16-26 p. 11
*That 'Anti-American' Feeling: Some Psychological Reasons Why It Exists in France:* by Pinci, A. R. 8-28-26 p. 3
*This to You* (Edit.—Americans and Public Affairs) 8-14-26 p. 10
*A Token of Friendship* (Edit.—Chinese-American Relationship) 10-16-26 p. 10
*Uncle Shylock* (Edit.) 9-11-26 p. 11
American Embassy, Paris (Illus.)—*How the United States Treats Its Diplomats:* by Clark, Marian Bruce 7-17-26 p. 18
'American Mercury' Magazine—*I Read in the Papers* 6-12-26 p. 21
Americana—*Rare Americana in Unique Setting:* by Howe, J. Olin 8-21-26 p. 24
Amundsen, Roald—*Twice in a Week* (Edit.) 5-29-26 p. 11
Ancestors—*Exploding the Perennial Myth: That Our Ancestors Were All Hardy, and We Moderns Are All Weaklings:* by Hough, Donald 10- 9-26 p. 16
*And, Behold, Humbug Is King* (Literary Quackery): by Finger, Charles J. 5-15-26 p. 12
Andrews, General Lincoln C.—*The 'Hearings'* (Edit.) 5-15-26 p. 10
*I Read in the Papers* 5- 8-26 p. 19
Anesthetic—*A Valuable Aid* (Edit.) 6-19-26 p. 11
Angling—see Fishing.
Angus, Captain H. W.—*Ninety-Dollar Vice-President Boom:* by Johns, E. B. 6-26-26 p. 6
Animals—*African Lions Roamed in Hollywood:* by Hubbard, Samuel 6-19-26 p. 12
*Chats With Office Callers* (Abandonment of Animals) 7-24-26 p. 19
*Chats With Office Callers* (Animals as Weather Forecasters) 9-25-26 p. 28
*Estimate of Animals and Insects* 5-29-26 p. 22
*Fun in the Killing* (Edit.) 10-16-26 p. 11
*I Read in the Papers* (Mammoth) 10- 2-26 p. 30
Annapolis, Maryland—*Where Our Admirals Come From:* by Maddox, William Johnston 6- 5-26 p. 18
*Anomaly in Constitutional Government, An* (Edit.) 8-14-26 p. 11
*Another Way* (Edit.) 8-21-26 p. 10
*'Anti-American' Feeling in France:* by Pinci, A. R. 8-28-26 p. 3
Anti-Fat Preparations—*The Dangers of Drugging for Fat:* by Dunn, Harry H. 6-12-26 p. 5
Anti-Trust Laws—*The Price-Fixing Association:* by Thompson, Huston 7-10-26 p. 6
Antioch—*A Church Where Early Christians Worshiped:* by Kelsey, Easton T. 9-11-26 p. 15
*Exploring Where Paul Preached:* by Kelsey, Easton T. 9- 4-26 p. 13
Ants—*I Read in the Papers* 5-29-26 p. 22
*Appearance, The* (Edit.—Jesus Christ) 8-28-26 p. 11
Archer, William—*Patting the Lion's Mane: American Woman Says That English Men of Letters Are More Interesting Than American:* by Scott, Georgia Jackson 7-17-26 p. 16
Architecture—*Building Houses by the Cubic Foot:* by Wood, Albert 5-15-26 p. 32
Arctic—*Eternal Snows Hide Arctic Tragedy:* by McConnell, Burt M. 7-24-26 p. 20
*Tragedy of the Franklin Expedition:* by McConnell, Burt M. 7-17-26 p. 22
*The Tragic Story of the 'Jeannette' Expedition* (Illus.): by McConnell, Burt M. 10-16-26 p. 16
*Vilhjalmur Stefansson* (Illus.): by McConnell, Burt M. 10- 9-26 p. 3
*With Stefansson in the Arctic:* by McConnell, Burt M. 4-24-26 p. 22
Arkansas—*Exercising the Pardoning Power:* by Hays, George W. (Formerly Governor of Arkansas) 9-25-26 p. 3

*I Read in the Papers*..... 6-12-26 p. 21
Arlington County, Virginia—*Chats With Office Callers*..... 8-14-26 p. 20
*Army Morale Is Sinking*..... 8-28-26 p. 7
*Army of Faith* (Edit.)..... 7-10-26 p. 10
Art—*Chats With Office Callers*..... 5-29-26 p. 20
*Church Gems of Italy:* by Grenell, Judson..... 6-26-26 p. 27
*Originality Is the Aim of the Modern Artist:* by Leuchtmann, Eugene..... 7- 3-26 p. 15
*Rare Americana in Unique Setting:* by Howe, J. Olin..... 8-21-26 p. 24
Art Magazine—*A Dog Molded a Man's Career:* by Cook, H. T..... 7-10-26 p. 29
Artists—*Chalk Artist of Palazzo Gallery:* by Allen, Robert S..... 6-12-26 p. 23
*Joseph Pennell—Etcher and Critic:* by MacFarland, Alice..... 5- 1-26 p. 20
Association Against the Prohibition Amendment —*Your Dollars Are Needed* (Edit.)..... 9-25-26 p. 10
Astrology—*Casting the Horoscope of the United States:* by Brooks, Arthur W..... 7- 3-26 p. 12
Athletics—*The Laboratories Did It: The Human Race Has Improved Physically, But Most Records Have Been Smashed by Better Sports Equipment:* by MacDonald, Paul..... 5-15-26 p. 16
Athletics—see College Athletics.
Atkins, Gaius Glenn—*From Dan to Beersheba in Four Days* (Illus.): by Atkins, Gaius Glenn..... 10-16-26 p. 24
Attorneys—*Housecleaning in the Treasury*..... 7-17-26 p. 7
Australia—*Australia—A White Man's Country:* by Calnon, William Lee..... 5-15-26 p. 15
*Chats With Office Callers*..... 10-16-26 p. 28
*I Read in the Papers* (Air Routes)..... 7-24-26 p. 32
Austria—*Disarmament by the Purse* (Edit.)..... 10-16-26 p. 10
Author—see Writer
Autographs—*Rare Signatures of the Signers* (Declaration of Independence) by MacFarland, Alice..... 7- 3-26 p. 25
Automobile—see Motor Car
Aviation—*Chats With Office Callers*..... 5- 1-26 p. 25
*Chats With Office Callers*..... 10-16-26 p. 28
*Duelists of the Sky—Part 1:* by Heurtaux, Capt. Alfred..... 7-31-26 p. 16
*Duelists of the Sky—Part 2:* by Heurtaux, Capt. Alfred..... 8-14-26 p. 13
*From the Ground Up: What We May Expect From the Airplane of Tomorrow:* by Stout, William B..... 9-11-26 p. 1
*Heroes of the Air Mail:* by McConnell, Burt M..... 9- 4-26 p. 4
*The Laws of the Sky in Future Wars:* by Colby, Captain Elbridge..... 10- 9-26 p. 5
*Peace by the Air Line* (Edit.)..... 5-15-26 p. 10
'Aviation' Promoters—see Promoters

## B

Babies—*Babies as Armament* (Edit.)..... 7-17-26 p. 10
*Uncle Sam and the Baby Crop:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy..... 7- 3-26 p. 3
Babylon—*I Read in the Papers*..... 7-31-26 p. 32
Bacheller, Irving—*Tales of the Wits Who Gave Humor to the Gay Nineties:* by Masson, Thomas L..... 8-14-26 p. 28
*Back on His Log* (Edit.)..... 9-11-26 p. 10
'Bad Boys'—*Tom Learns to Play the Game:* by Neil, Judge Henry..... 7-31-26 p. 8
*What Dieting Did for Bill:* by Neil, Judge Henry..... 6-26-26 p. 8
*What Has Become of Ben?* by Neil, Judge Henry 6-19-26 p. 8
*'Bad English' Is a Heritage From Olden Times:* by Cameron, Charles D..... 8-21-26 p. 8
*Bad Taste Commercialized* (Edit.)..... 9- 4-26 p. 11
Bagpipe—*I Read in the Papers*..... 6-26-26 p. 24
Baker, Secretary (Illus.)—*Woodrow Wilson, Who Filled the Unforgiving Minute:* by Thompson, Huston..... 5-15-26 p. 2
Baldwin, Premier—*I Read in the Papers*..... 8-14-26 p. 32
*Over for Now* (Edit.)..... 5-29-26 p. 10
*Peace With Victory* (Edit.)..... 9-18-26 p. 11
*The Time of England's Trouble* (Edit.)..... 5-22-26 p. 10
Baldwin, Mrs. Stanley—*I Read in the Papers*..... 6-19-26 p. 25
Balloon—*Pioneer Aerostatic Experiments Recorded on Old Prints*..... 6-12-26 p. 33
*Pioneer Tests in Aerostatics*..... 6-19-26 p. 33
Ballot—*As the Ballots Fall* (Edit.—World Court)..... 10- 2-26 p. 10
*Women and the Ballot* (Edit.)..... 8-21-26 p. 10
Bancroft, George—*Where Our Admirals Come From: Annapolis:* by Maddox, William Johnston..... 6- 5-26 p. 18
Baraboo, Wisconsin—*Wild Flower Gardens*..... 6-19-26 p. 32
Barber—*John Huggins, King of Barbers:* by Daniels, James Robinson..... 5-29-26 p. 16
*Barefoot Boy, The (Poem):* by Whittier, John Greenleaf..... 7-31-26 p. 33
*'Barefoot Dave,' Son of Nature:* by Rice, M. S..... 9-18-26 p. 20
Barfod, Einar—*Jews Grab Sesqui-Centennial Plums*..... 4-24-26 p. 12
Barker, Wharton—*When Morgan Picked a Presidential Nominee:* by Benson, Allan L..... 7-24-26 p. 3
Barton, Bruce—*Tests for Ministers* (Edit.)..... 7-31-26 p. 11
Barton, William E.—*America's Scattered Children:* by Barton, William E..... 8-21-26 p. 6
*Bathing, Begging and Burning in Benares:* by Barton, William E..... 9-25-26 p. 14
*'But You Can't Fool All the People All the Time' —Did Lincoln Say It?* by Barton, William E... 9-11-26 p. 8
*The Cause of Lincoln's Sadness:* by Barton, William E..... 8-28-26 p. 6
*A Clergyman Compares Our Era With a Hardier Age—And Declares We Need More Puritans!* by Barton, William E..... 8-14-26 p. 7
*Have We an Educated Ministry?* by Barton, William E..... 7-17-26 p. 6
*He Placed Bookshelf in Reach of Millions:* by Barton, William E..... 6-12-26 p. 15
*Is the Pulpit a Bulletin Board?* by Barton, William E..... 8- 7-26 p. 5
*Lincoln's Famous 'Lost Speech':* by Barton, William E..... 10- 2-26 p. 6
*Lincoln's Gettysburg Address:* by Barton, William E..... 7- 3-26 p. 8
*New Light on Old Egypt:* by Barton, William E..... 5-15-26 p. 5
*The Old-Time Revival: Is It Good Enough for Us?* by Barton, William E..... 9-18-26 p. 12
*The Town That Lincoln Put on the Map: New Salem, Being Restored as Memorial:* by Barton, William E..... 5- 8-26 p. 7
*What's the Matter With the Ministers?* by Barton, William E..... 7-10-26 p. 14
*What's Wrong With Higher Critics? Because the Bible Was Written in Pieces Should It Be Cut to Pieces?* by Barton, William E..... 7-24-26 p. 7
Baseball—*Pity the Poor Baseball Scout!* by MacDonald, Paul..... 8-21-26 p. 16
Baseball—see Athletics; College Athletics
Basilan Island—*Why Not Keep Faith With the Moro Race?* by Bacon, Robert L..... 6-19-26 p. 6
Basketball—see College Athletics
*Bathing, Begging and Burning in Benares:* by Barton, William E..... 9-25-26 p. 14
'Beacon Rock,' Residence of E. D. Morgan (Illus.) *Newport, Our 'Social Capital':* by Young, Alice.. 6- 5-26 p. 14
Beau Brummels—*Gadzooks! They Were Gallants Gay:* by Rothschild, Zeta..... 5-29-26 p. 12
Bedouins—*Side Lights on the Bedouins*..... 5- 8-26 p. 27
Beer—see Medicinal Beer
Bees—*A Wasted Sugar Supply:* by Scott, C. W..... 7-31-26 p. 2
Belasco, David—*Is This Puritanical?* (Edit.)..... 5- 8-26 p. 10
Belgium—*Disarmament by the Purse* (Edit.)..... 10-16-26 p. 10
*I Read in the Papers* (Loewenstein)..... 10- 2-26 p. 30
Bells—*I Read in the Papers*..... 8-21-26 p. 32
Ben Hur—*Chats With Office Callers*..... 9-25-26 p. 28
Benares, India (Illus.)—*Bathing, Begging and Burning in Benares:* by Barton, William E..... 9-25-26 p. 14
Benson, A. C.—*Diarists Withhold Comment*..... 5- 1-26 p. 19
Benson, Allan L.—*The Genesis of the Constitution:* by Benson, Allan L..... 9-25-26 p. 5
*The Loneliest Man in New York: An Intimate Study of Frank A. Munsey:* by Benson, Allan L..... 8-21-26 p. 2
*A Mixture No Nation Can Stand: America's Stomach Revolts at Concoction of Outlawed Liquor, and Crooked Politics:* by Benson, Allan L. 7-10-26 p. 3
*Movie Patrons Make Coolidge Think:* by Benson, Allan L..... 7- 3-26 p. 4
*One Reason Why Your Purse Is Light:* by Benson, Allan L..... 5- 1-26 p. 7
*The Principal Presidential Possibilities of 1928:* by Benson, Allan L..... 8-14-26 p. 21
*The Senator Nobody Knows: Borah the Enigma:* by Benson, Allan L..... 9- 4-26 p. 1
*When Morgan Picked a Presidential Nominee:* by Benson, Allan L..... 7-24-26 p. 3
*Why Half the People Do Not Vote:* by Benson, Allan L..... 10- 2-26 p. 1
Berry, Brigadier-General of Pennsylvania (Illus.) —*Woodrow Wilson, Who Filled the Unforgiving Minute:* by Thompson, Huston..... 5-15-26 p. 2
'Best Seller'—*An Intimate Story of a Best Seller:* by Ellis, J. Breckenridge..... 7-10-26 p. 12
Bethlehem—*From Dan to Beersheba in Four Days:* by Atkins, Gaius Glenn..... 10-16-26 p. 24
Betzner, Miss Era—*Pageantry for All:* by Garside, Frances L..... 8- 7-26 p. 26
Bible—*Chats With Office Callers* (Ten Commandments in Picture Writing)..... 9-18-26 p. 28
*The Independence Bible of America:* by Walker, A. G..... 5- 1-26 p. 12
*Papyrus Records Tell How We Got the New Testament:* by Sanders, Henry A..... 8-28-26 p. 8
*Reliability of the New Testament:* by Sanders, Henry A..... 10- 9-26 p. 8
*Scholar Analyzes the Different Versions of the New Testament:* by Sanders, Henry A..... 9-18-26 p. 8
*What's Wrong With Higher Critics?* by Barton, William E..... 7-24-26 p. 7

Biplane (Illus.)—*From the Ground Up:* by Stout, William B. 9-11-26 p. 1
Birds—*Bird That Lays $1,500 Egg* 5- 1-26 p. 23
*The Ebb and Flow of the Winged Waves* (Illus.): by Aaron, S. F. 10- 2-26 p. 14
*Hints on Bird Houses* 7-17-26 p. 27
*I Read in the Papers* 5-22-26 p. 32
*I Read in the Papers* 6- 5-26 p. 21
*A Lake-Shore Tragedy* (Illus.): by East, Ben 10- 9-26 p. 18
*Wee, Timorous Beasties at Home:* by Aaron, S. F. 7-17-26 p. 2
Birth-Control—*Birth-Control—A World Blight:* by McClorey, Rev. John A. 7-10-26 p. 7
*The Futility of Birth-Control:* by McClorey, Rev. John A. 6-26-26 p. 12
Black-Eyed Susan (Illus.)—*Wild Flower Gardens* 6-19-26 p. 32
Blackfeet Indians—*The Sun Dance of the Blackfeet:* by Moulton, Robert 5-29-26 p. 32
Blake, William—*I Read in the Papers* 5- 1-26 p. 30
'Blue Sky'—*Cashing in on the 'Blue Sky':* by Budd, Ralph W. and Howe, J. Olin 9-25-26 p. 2
*The Use of Great Names in 'Blue Sky' Swindles:* by Budd, Ralph W. and Howe, J. Olin 10- 2-26 p. 7
Blumner, Rudolph—*And, Behold, Humbug Is King:* by Finger, Charles J 5-15-26 p. 12
Board of Tax Appeals—*The Federal Board of Tax Appeals, Created to Be the Taxpayer's Final Arbiter of Facts Falls Into the Grip of Bureaucracy:* by Erwin, John D. 8-14-26 p. 6
Boats—*I Read in the Papers* (Boats of the Norsemen) 9-25-26 p. 30
Bobrow Brothers, Inc., Philadelphia, Pa.—*Pennsylvania—Chief Source of the Alcohol Flood:* by Erwin, John D. 10- 9-26 p. 4
Bolshevism—*Chats With Office Callers* (Chinese Situation) 10- 9-26 p. 28
*Bond Orgy of the States, The:* by Crowther, Samuel 10- 9-26 p. 1
Bonds—see Liberty Bonds; Duplicate Bonds; Real Estate Bonds
Book of Josephus—*The Appearance* (Edit.) 8-28-26 p. 11
*I Read in the Papers* 6-19-26 p. 25
Books—*A. A. Milne at Home:* by Phillips, Henry Albert 10-16-26 p. 3
*Chats With Office Callers* (Book-Reviewing) 10- 9-26 p. 28
*Half a Book Apiece* (Edit.) 9-11-26 p. 11
*He Placed Bookshelf in Reach of Millions:* by Barton, William E. 6-12-26 p. 15
*Trust Your Children to Pick Out the Best Books:* by Masson, Thomas L. 10- 9-26 p. 7
*What Books Are Worth While—And Why?* by Masson, Thomas L. 9-18-26 p. 4
Borah, Senator William E.—*Borah to the Lead* (Edit.) 6-19-26 p. 10
*I Read in the Papers* (Speech—Republicans in South Need Reform) 10-16-26 p. 30
*Movie Patrons Make Coolidge Think: Borah as Film Favorite Alters President's Visualization of World Court:* by Benson, Allan L. 7- 3-26 p. 4
*Ninety-Dollar Vice-President Boom:* by Johns, E. B. 6-26-26 p. 6
*The Principal Presidential Possibilities of 1928:* by Benson, Allan L. 8-14-26 p. 21
*The Senator Nobody Knows: Borah the Enigma:* by Benson, Allan L. 9- 4-26 p. 1
*Shall We Nullify?* (Edit.) 8- 7-26 p. 10
*What Has Become of Our Parties?* by Crowther, Samuel 8- 7-26 p. 3
Boston, Massachusetts—*Old Boston's Historic Highway:* by Whiting, May B. 6- 5-26 p. 8
*When May Boston Expect Its Next Earthquake?* by Mabie, Janet 5- 1-26 p. 3
Boyne Day in Ulster—*I Read in the Papers* 9- 4-26 p. 29
Brady, William A.—*Is This Puritanical?* (Edit.) 5- 8-26 p. 10
Braham, John—*I Read in the Papers* ('The Messiah') 9- 4-26 p. 29
*Brain-Children Are Sometimes Stolen:* by Turner, Morris S. 7-24-26 p. 8
Braxton, Carter (Illus.)—*The Virginia Signers:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz 7-31-26 p. 28
Brazil—*A Latin League?* (Edit.) 5- 1-26 p. 10
*One More Quarrel Missed* (Edit.—League of Nations) 7- 3-26 p. 11
'The Breakers,' Residence of Cornelius Vanderbilt (Illus.)—*Newport, Our 'Social Capital':* by Young, Alice 6- 5-26 p. 14
Bretons—*I Read in the Papers* (Breton Tale Accounts for Sea Salt) 9-11-26 p. 30
Brewer, Charles B. (Attorney for Department of Justice)—*Scandal Never Was Cleared Up!* by Perrington, Paul 6- 5-26 p. 3
Briand, Aristide (Illus.)—*'Off Agin! On Agin! Gone Agin!' There Have Been Twenty-Five Premiers of France During This Century:* by Pence, Harry 5- 8-26 p. 5
Bridge—see Delaware River Suspension Bridge
Bridges, Robert (Illus.)—*Patting the Lion's Mane: American Woman Says That English Men of Letters Are More Interesting Than American:* by Scott, Georgia Jackson 7-17-26 p. 16
Briggs, Dr. L. Vernon—*The Alienist Before the Court* (Edit.) 7-17-26 p. 11
*Bringing the Human Boat to Port Under Its Own Steam:* by Collins, Dr. Joseph 9-25-26 p. 6
Brinquist, Governor of Minnesota—*Woodrow Wilson, Who Filled the Unforgiving Minute:* by Thompson, Huston 5-15-26 p. 2
Bristol, England—*Chats With Office Callers* 4-24-26 p. 21
*British Sportsmanship* (Edit.) 9- 4-26 p. 10
Broadcasting—*Who Pays for Our Radio Programs?* by Collman, Charles A. 5-22-26 p. 7
Bronchoscopy—*He Takes Tin Tacks From Tiny Throats* 7-17-26 p. 15
Bronte, Charlotte (Illus.)—*'I Have as Much Soul—And Heart—As You'; So Declared Jane Eyre, Rebellious at the Social Inequality of Her Time:* by Smith, Lewis Worthington 7-24-26 p. 28
Brookhart, Smith W.—*The Brookhart Bogie* (Edit.) 7- 3-26 p. 10
Brooklyn Edison Building (Illus.)—*Joseph Pennell—Etcher and Critic:* by MacFarland, Alice 5- 1-26 p. 20
Buchan, John (Illus.)—*Patting the Lion's Mane: American Woman Says That English Men of Letters Are More Interesting Than American:* by Scott, Georgia Jackson 7-17-26 p. 16
Bucket Shops—*Bucking the Modern Bucket Shop:* by De More, George Garrett 7- 3-26 p. 22
Budapest—*I Read in the Papers* (Monkey Opera) 10- 2-26 p. 30
Buddy System—*Chats With Office Callers* 7-24-26 p. 19
*Building Good Roads by Gasoline:* by Welliver, J. C. 8-21-26 p. 4
*Building Houses by the Cubic Foot:* by Wood, Albert 5-15-26 p. 32
Bulgaria—*Disarmament by the Purse* (Edit.) 10-16-26 p. 10
Bullfight—*Romance and Reality* (Edit.) 10- 9-26 p. 10
Burbank, Luther—*The Omniscient Dr. Crane* (Edit.) 5- 1-26 p. 10
Bureau of Biological Survey—*Doing and Daring in the Cause of Science: The Story of Dr. Edward Nelson of the Bureau of Biological Survey:* by Dacy, George H. 10- 9-26 p. 23
'Bureau of Eloquence'—*Chats With Office Callers* 8-28-26 p. 21
Bureau of Engraving and Printing—*Scandal Never Was Cleared Up!* by Perrington, Paul 6- 5-26 p. 3
Bureaucracy—*The Federal Board of Tax Appeals, Created to Be the Taxpayer's Final Arbiter of Facts Falls Into the Grip of Bureaucracy:* by Erwin, John D. 8-14-26 p. 6
Burgoyne, General—*New Light on the American Revolution: Burgoyne's Story of the Saratoga Surrender:* by Adams, Randolph G. 7- 3-26 p. 6
Burlesque—*I Read in the Papers* (Burlesquing Protestant Church Service) 6-12-26 p. 21
Burma—*The Queen of Kipling's Mandalay:* by Gard, Wayne 6-19-26 p. 2
Burns' Trysting Tree, Scotland—*I Read in the Papers* 10-16-26 p. 30
Busby, Representative—*Are Federal Offices for Sale?* by Clark, Marian Bruce 6-26-26 p. 3
Business—*Mr. Ford's Page* (Control) 9-25-26 p. 9
*Mr. Ford's Page* (One-Sidedness) 5-15-26 p. 9
*'But You Can't Fool All the People All the Time'—Did Lincoln Say It?* by Barton, Wm. E. 9-11-26 p. 8
Butler, General—*'Corrupt and Contented'* (Edit.) 4-24-26 p. 11
Butler, Senator—*Ninety-Dollar Vice-President Boom:* by Johns, E. B. 6-26-26 p. 6
Butter—see Land O'Lakes Creameries of Minnesota
Buying—*An English View of American Installment Buying* 8- 7-26 p. 6
*Mr. Ford's Page* 7-31-26 p. 9
Byrd, Richard E.—*Out of the World* (Edit.) 6-19-26 p. 10
*Twice in a Week* (Edit.) 5-29-26 p. 11


## C


Cabinet Member—*Chats With Office Callers* 6-19-26 p. 20
Calendar Reform—*A Year of Thirteen Months?* by Masson, Thomas L. 5-15-26 p. 3
California—*African Lions Roamed in Hollywood:* by Hubbard, Samuel 6-19-26 p. 12
*The Gold Hunters: Being the Story of a Party of Young Men From Michigan in Their Search for Fortune in California in 1850-51:* by Phelps, Mary 9-25-26 p. 12
*I Read in the Papers* (Johnson, Senator Hiram) 8-14-26 p. 32
*Lower California, Land of Mystery:* by Dunn, Harry H. 9-18-26 p. 15
*Rough and Ready's Legacy to California: An Old Mining Camp of the Forty-Niners Which Inspired Bret Harte:* by Faris, John T. 6-26-26 p. 15
*San Francisco Says 'Shoot to Kill!'* by Dunn, Harry H. 7-17-26 p. 32
*Still 'Gittin' Gold' in California:* by Painter, Walter 5-15-26 p. 20
California Condor—*Bird That Lays $1,500 Egg* 5- 1-26 p. 23
Cambridge, Massachusetts—*The Harvard of Our Forefathers:* by Hawthorne, Julian 10- 2-26 p. 12

Camp Keithley, Island of Mindanao (Illus.)—*Why Not Keep Faith With the Moro Race?* by Bacon, Robert L. 6-19-26 p. 6
Campbell, Governor of Arizona (Illus.)—*Woodrow Wilson, Who Filled the Unforgiving Minute:* by Thompson, Huston 5-15-26 p. 2
Camping—*Camping Out* 6-26-26 p. 23
*Messy Motorists Mar the Landscape:* by Sutton, George W., Jr. 5-29-26 p. 14
Canada—*Canada and Tariff* (Edit.) 5-15-26 p. 10
*Chats With Office Callers* (Union With United States) 7-31-26 p. 25
*I Read in the Papers* (Canada and Ellis Island) 8-21-26 p. 32
*I Read in the Papers* (Tree Planting) 9-25-26 p. 30
Canadian Pacific Railway—*Building the First Continental:* by Le Bourdais, D. M. 8-14-26 p. 18
Canal Zone—*Uncle Sam's Big Tropical Family:* by Wylie, David G. 6-12-26 p. 12
Candidates—*Heckling—A Great British Institution:* by Barnhill, John Basil 4-24-26 p. 8
*Candy-Coated* (Edit.) 9-11-26 p. 10
Cantlie, Sir James—*I Read in the Papers* 7-24-26 p. 32
Canton, China—*Chats With Office Callers* (Cantonese Government) 10- 9-26 p. 28
*I Read in the Papers* (Anti-'Red' Element) 6- 5-26 p. 21
Cape Porpoise, Maine—*The Lobster Is Supreme in the Village of Cape Porpoise:* by Whiting, May B. 9- 4-26 p. 14
Capital and Labor—*The Brookhart Bogie* (Edit.) 7- 3-26 p. 10
*Captain Kidd—Pirate-Catcher:* by Whiting, May B. 5-22-26 p. 8
Caraway, Senator—*A Senator Speaks* (Edit.—*France's Dislike for America*) 10-16-26 p. 11
Carrington, Mr.—*I Read in the Papers* (American Revolution) 5- 8-26 p. 19
Cartagena, Juan De—*The Voyage of the 'Victoria':* by Finger, Charles J. 6-19-26 p. 16
Cartoonist—see Darling, J. N.
Cary, Alice (Illus.)—*Clovernook, the Cary Homestead:* by Higgins, Frances 6- 5-26 p. 25
Cary, Phoebe (Illus.)—see Cary, Alice
Casco Bay, Maine—*What Would Izaak Walton Have Said? The Author of The Compleat Angler in His Wildest Dreams Could Never Have Visualized This Monster Fish—A 1,500-Pound Mackerel:* by Whiting, May B. 9-25-26 p. 8
*Cashing in on the 'Blue Sky':* by Budd, Ralph W. and Howe, J. Olin 9-25-26 p. 2
*Casting the Horoscope of the United States:* by Brooks, Arthur W., 7- 3-26 p. 12
Catawba Indians—*The Passing of a Great Nation* 5- 8-26 p. 32
'Cathedral, The'—*The Man Without Red Hair: Hugh Walpole, Noted Writer, Explains Why He Goes A-lecturing to America:* by Phillips, Henry Albert 5- 1-26 p. 2
Catt, Carrie Chapman (Illus.)—*Woodrow Wilson—Not Tired by Waiting:* by Thompson, Huston 5-22-26 p. 12
Cattell, Dr. J. McKeen (Illus.)—*America Leads the World in Psychology:* by Laird, Donald A. 6-12-26 p. 4
*Cause of Lincoln's Sadness, The:* by Barton, William E. 8-28-26 p. 6
Celebrities—*Patting the Lion's Mane: American Woman Says That English Men of Letters Are More Interesting Than American:* by Scott, Georgia Jackson 7-17-26 p. 16
Certificate—see Joint Deposit Certificate
*Chalk Artist of Palazzo Gallery:* by Allen, Robert S. 6-12-26 p. 23
Chamberlain, Sir Austen—*A Latin League?* (Edit.) 5- 1-26 p. 10
Chaplains—*I Read in the Papers* 5-22-26 p. 32
Chemistry—*Farming Must Become a Chemical Industry:* by Hale, William J. 10- 2-26 p. 4
'Cherub' (Illus.)—*Three Musketeers at Sea—The Fate of the Third:* by Maddox, William Johnston 6-12-26 p. 19
Chess—*I Read in the Papers* 10- 2-26 p. 30
Chesterton, Gilbert K. (Illus.)—*Chats With Office Callers* 10-16-26 p. 28
*I Read in the Papers* 8-14-26 p. 32
*Patting the Lion's Mane: American Woman Says English Men of Letters Are More Interesting Than American:* by Scott, Georgia Jackson 7-17-26 p. 16
Chicago, Illinois—*Chats With Office Callers* 8- 7-26 p. 19
*Chicago's Shame* (Edit.) 6-12-26 p. 11
*I Read in the Papers* ('Human Dairies') 4-24-26 p. 25
*I Read in the Papers* (Gang Killings) 9-18-26 p. 30
*The Man Who Fights Alone* (Slaying of Policemen) 5-22-26 p. 3
Child Labor Amendment—*An Anomaly in Constitutional Government* (Edit.) 8-14-26 p. 11
*I Read in the Papers* 8- 7-26 p. 32
Children—*Chats With Office Callers* (Successful Parents) 10-16-26 p. 28
*Child Welfare and Conscience:* by Hoyt, Franklin Chase 9-18-26 p. 27
*The Cry of the Crippled Children:* by Lord, Forrest 9-18-26 p. 14
*School Again* (Edit.—Training) 9-25-26 p. 11
*Trust Your Children to Pick Out the Best Books:* by Masson, Thomas L. 10- 9-26 p. 7
*Uncle Sam and the Baby Crop:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy 7- 3-26 p. 3
*Child's Inquiry, The (Poem):* From McGuffey's Third Eclectic Reader 9- 4-26 p. 33
China—*Chat With Office Callers* (Civil War) 10- 9-26 p. 28
*China's Use of Proverbs:* by Cramer, L. M. 8- 7-26 p. 23
*I Read in the Papers* (Anti-'Red' Element) 6- 5-26 p. 21
*I Read in the Papers* (Commerce) 9-25-26 p. 30
*I Read in the Papers* (Origin of Chess) 10- 2-26 p. 30
*I Read in the Papers* (Students Poorly Lodged) 6-26-26 p. 24
*I Read in the Papers* (Sunday) 5-22-26 p. 32
*In the Land of the Everlasting:* by Lewis, James H. 6- 5-26 p. 6
*New Phases of Changing China:* by Lowdermilk, Inez Marks 7-17-26 p. 5
*A Token of Friendship* (Edit.—Chinese-American Relationship) 10-16-26 p. 10
'Christian'—*The Unitarian Women* (Edit.—Abandonment of Word) 6-19-26 p. 10
Christmas Cards—*Chats With Office Callers* 7-31-26 p. 25
Church—see Religion
Church—*Chats With Office Callers* (Church and School) 8-28-26 p. 21
*Church Gems of Italy:* by Grenell, Judson 6-26-26 p. 27
*A Church Where Early Christians Worshiped: Buried for Centuries, the Ancient Edifice at Antioch at Last Tells Its Story:* by Kelsey, Easton T. 9-11-26 p. 15
*The Council and the Churches* (Edit.) 6-26-26 p. 10
*I Read in the Papers* (Yale Students and Churchgoing) 6-26-26 p. 24
*Mexico* (Edit.—Church and State) 9-18-26 p. 11
Church Street (Illus.)—*Newport, Our 'Social Capital':* by Young, Alice 6- 5-26 p. 14
Cigaret Smoking—*Chats With Office Callers* 7-10-26 p. 19
*I Read in the Papers* 6-26-26 p. 24
Cincinnati, Ohio—*Clovernook, the Cary Homestead* (Illus.): by Higgins, Frances 6- 5-26 p. 25
Circular Quay, Sydney, Australia (Illus.)—*Australia—A White Man's Country:* by Calnon, William Lee 5-15-26 p. 15
Circus—*Chats With Office Callers* 6-12-26 p. 29
*Under the White Tops With 'Gil': This Veteran Showman Takes You Into a World Where Clowns, Camels and Wild Beasts Are the Actors:* by Barnet, Harry E. 7-17-26 p. 12
*Under the White Tops With 'Gil': The Dog Army That Once Guarded $250,000 in Gold:* by Barnet, Harry E. 7-24-26 p. 12
*Under the White Tops With 'Gil': The Story of the Big Snake and the Little Dog—And How a Darky Made Millions for Circus Side Shows:* by Barnet, Harry E. 7-31-26 p. 20
*Under the White Tops With 'Gil': Tales of the Time When People Traveled for Days to See the Circus, and Slave-Traders Followed the Show:* by Barnet, Harry E. 8- 7-26 p. 20
*Under the White Tops With 'Gil:' The Man and the Tiger—A Tale of Circus Animals That Escaped and Roamed the Startled Countryside:* by Barnet, Harry E. 8-14-26 p. 16
Citizen's Military Training Camps—*Army Morale Is Sinking* 8-28-26 p. 7
Citizenship—*I Read in the Papers* (Qualifying) 4-24-26 p. 25
Civil War Veterans—*I Read in the Papers* (Thought for Last Parade) 9-25-26 p. 30
Clam—*A Lake-Shore Tragedy* (Illus.): by East, Ben 10- 9-26 p. 18
'Clansman'—*Chats With Office Callers* 5-22-26 p. 26
Clemenceau, Georges (Illus.)—*Clemenceau Should Go On* (Edit.) 8-28-26 p. 10
*'Off Agin! On Agin! Gone Agin!' There Have Been Twenty-Five Premiers of France During This Century:* by Pence, Harry 5- 8-26 p. 5
Clemens, Samuel L.—see Twain, Mark
Clergy—*Have We an Educated Ministry?* by Barton, William E. 7-17-26 p. 6
*What's the Matter With the Ministers?* by Barton, William E. 7-10-26 p. 14
Cliff Walk—*Newport, Our 'Social Capital':* by Young, Alice 6- 5-26 p. 14
Cline, Walter M. (Illus.)—*Hunting Strange Things—Spoons, Pitcher Plants: Walter M. Cline's Quaint Quests:* by Barnet, Harry E. 5-29-26 p. 24
Clinton, Sir Henry—*New Light on the American Revolution:* by Adams, Randolph 7- 3-26 p. 6
Clocks—*Keeping the Country in Correct Time: The Work of Washington Naval Observatory:* by Winters, S. R. 10-16-26 p. 14
Cloister Club—*Tales of the Wits Who Gave Humor to the Gay Nineties:* by Masson, Thomas L. 8-14-26 p. 28
*Clovernook, the Cary Homestead* (Illus.): by Higgins, Frances 6- 5-26 p. 25

Clymer, George (Illus.)—*We Must All Hang Together or We Shall Surely Hang Separately: Thus Warned Benjamin Franklin and a Unanimous Vote for Independence Followed:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz ... 8-28-26 p. 19
Coach—*Is the Football Coach Overpaid?* by MacDonald, Paul ... 10-16-26 p. 7
Coat—*Traveling Around Without a Coat:* by Hough, Donald ... 5- 8-26 p. 14
Coffin, Rev. Dr. Henry Sloane—*I Read in the Papers* 6-26-26 p. 24
College—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 7- 3-26 p. 21
*This Business of Working Your Way Through College:* by Turner, Fred H. ... 8-28-26 p. 12
College—see Harvard College
College Athletics—*In Defense of College Athletics:* by Clark, Thomas Arkle ... 6-26-26 p. 4
*Is the Football Coach Overpaid?* by MacDonald, Paul ... 10-16-26 p. 7
*The Story of the 'Big Ten': How the Western Conference Came Into Being, and What It Has Done:* by Monfried, Walter ... 10- 9-26 p. 14
Collier, Colonel David C.—*Jews Grab Sesqui-Centennial Plums* ... 4-24-26 p. 12
Collins, Dr. Joseph—*Bringing the Human Boat to Port Under Its Own Steam:* by Collins, Joseph 9-25-26 p. 6
*The Doctor Looks at the Cause of Nervous Breakdown:* by Collins, Joseph ... 9-18-26 p. 1
*Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's Lady:* by Collins, Joseph ... 8-21-26 p. 3
'Columbia Spectator'—*Scott Nearing as Prophet* (Edit.) ... 6- 5-26 p. 11
*I Read in the Papers* ... 8-21-26 p. 32
*'Come Home'* (Edit.) ... 8-14-26 p. 10
*Comfortable Penalty* (Edit.) ... 7-24-26 p. 10
Communism—*The Family Is the Unit* (Edit.) ... 5-22-26 p. 11
*News From Russia* (Edit.) ... 10- 2-26 p. 11
Concessions—*Jews Grab Sesqui-Centennial Plums* ... 4-24-26 p. 12
Condor—*Bird That Lays $1,500 Egg* ... 5- 1-26 p. 23
Coney Island—*'Let's Go to Coney!'* ... 8-14-26 p. 27
Conference at Mecca—*Islam Aims at World Domination: Consolidation of Moslemism Inspires Conference at Mecca:* by Whyte, Thomas Chalmers ... 8- 7-26 p. 14
Congress—*Chats With Office Callers* (House Reapportionment) ... 10-16-26 p. 28
'Congressional Record'—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 5- 8-26 p. 25
Conrad, Joseph—*Chats With Office Callers* (Popularity With Seamen) ... 10- 2-26 p. 28
*I Read in the Papers* (Not a Jew) ... 7-10-26 p. 32
Conservative Party—*What Has Become of Our Parties?* by Crowther, Samuel ... 8- 7-26 p. 3
Consolidated Ethyl Solvents Corporation—*Enforcing Prohibition in Mr. Mellon's Own State:* by Erwin, John D. ... 9-11-26 p. 7
Constitution—*An Anomaly in Constitutional Government* (Edit.—Amending) ... 8-14-26 p. 11
*Chats With Office Callers* (House and Electoral College Reapportionment) ... 10-16-26 p. 28
*Genesis of the Constitution:* by Benson, Allan L. ... 9-25-26 p. 5
*Shall We Nullify?* (Edit.) ... 8- 7-26 p. 10
*Your Dollars Are Needed* (Edit.—Anti-Prohibition Propaganda) ... 9-25-26 p. 10
Contentment—*The Docile Doctrine of Contentment* (Edit.) ... 9- 4-26 p. 11
Conversation—*Chats With Office Callers* (Americans) 7-10-26 p. 19
Convicts—*Exercising the Pardoning Power:* by Hays, George W. (Formerly Governor of Arkansas) ... 9-25-26 p. 3
*Give Them Work* (Edit.) ... 6-12-26 p. 11
*Sad Men Who Look so Wistfully at the Sky:* by Hopp, William F. ... 7-31-26 p. 14
Coolidge, President Calvin—*Chats With Office Callers* (Prohibition) ... 7- 3-26 p. 21
*Chats With Office Callers* (Speech on George Washington) ... 4-24-26 p. 21
*A Mixture No Nation Can Stand: America's Stomach Revolts at Concoction of Outlawed Liquor and Crooked Politics:* by Benson, Allan L. ... 7-10-26 p. 3
*Movie Patrons Make Coolidge Think: Borah as Film Favorite Alters President's Visualization of World Court:* by Benson, Allan L. ... 7- 3-26 p. 4
*Ninety-Dollar Vice-President Boom:* by Johns, E. B. 6-26-26 p. 6
*Not Political, But Real* (Edit.—Criticism) ... 7-31-26 p. 11
*The Political Outlook* (Edit.) ... 6-12-26 p. 10
*The President* (Edit.) ... 5- 1-26 p. 11
*The Principal Presidential Possibilities of 1928:* by Benson, Allan L. ... 8-14-26 p. 21
*Which Way Is Coolidge Going?* (Edit.) ... 6-19-26 p. 11
Cooper, Governor of South Carolina (Illus.)
*Woodrow Wilson, Who Filled the Unforgiving Minute:* by Thompson, Huston ... 5-15-26 p. 2
Cooperative Marketing—*A Dairy Cooperative Sponsored and Managed by Farmers* (Land O'Lakes Creameries of Minnesota): by Thompson. Huston ... 10- 9-26 p. 12
Corey, Martha—*When Old Salem Hunted Witches:* by Boeckmann, Henriette ... 5-22-26 p. 2
*Corn!* (Edit.) ... 8-21-26 p. 11
Coronado, Kansas—*Some Vanished Towns of Kansas:* by Faris, John T. ... 8-21-26 p. 29
Correct English—see English Language
*'Corrupt and Contented'* (Edit.) ... 4-24-26 p. 11
Cotsworth, Moses B.—*A Year of Thirteen Months?* by Masson, Thomas L. ... 5-15-26 p. 3
Cotton—*King Cotton Goes West* ... 5-29-26 p. 19
*Council and the Churches, The* (Edit.) ... 6-26-26 p. 10
Country—*Chats With Office Callers* (Country Life) ... 6-26-26 p. 19
*Chats With Office Callers* (Newspapers) ... 6-19-26 p. 20
*County Fair, The* (Edit.) ... 9-25-26 p. 10
Courage—*Can Courage Be Cultivated? Yes, But It Takes Time:* by Masson, Thomas L. ... 9- 4-26 p. 16
Court of International Justice—*Here Is a Court Without a Sheriff:* by Reinhardt, Charles Gilbert ... 5-29-26 p. 3
Courting Booths—*I Read in the Papers* ... 5- 8-26 p. 19
Court-Martial—*American Soldiers in World War Were Tried by Court-Martial System of George III:* by Beckman, James W. ... 9- 4-26 p. 3
*Our Court-Martial System: Certain Fundamental Safeguards Are Still Needed:* by Beckman, James W. ... 9-18-26 p. 7
*Under the Present System of American Court-Martial Are Soldiers' Rights Safeguarded?* by Beckman, James W. ... 9-11-26 p. 6
Cowboys—*Chats With Office Callers* (Cowboy Songs) ... 10- 2-26 p. 28
*The West Has More Cowboys Than Ever:* by Hough, Donald ... 9-11-26 p. 4
Coxey, 'General' Jacob S., Sr.—*Coxey the Crusader:* by Finger, Charles J. ... 8-14-26 p. 2
*What Coxey Marched for* ... 8-14-26 p. 24
Craigie House, Cambridge, Massachusetts—(Illus.)—*What I Remember of Longfellow:* by Hawthorne, Julian ... 5- 8-26 p. 21
Crane, Dr. Frank—*The Omniscient Dr. Crane* (Edit.) ... 5- 1-26 p. 10
Crane, Stephen—*Tales of the Wits Who Gave Humor to the Gay Nineties:* by Masson, Thomas L. ... 8-14-26 p. 28
Creameries—see Land O'Lakes Creameries of Minnesota; Minnesota Cooperative Creameries Association
Credit—*An English View of American Installment Buying* ... 8- 7-26 p. 6
*Mr. Ford's Page* ... 8- 7-26 p. 9
Crime—*Arthur Conan Doyle Speaks on the Psychic Side of Crime:* by Shore, W. Teignmouth ... 9-11-26 p. 3
*Chicago's Shame* (Edit.) ... 6-12-26 p. 11
*'Corrupt and Contented'* (Edit.—Philadelphia) ... 4-24-26 p. 11
*The Decline of the Mawkish* (Edit.—Alien Criminals) ... 5-15-26 p. 11
*Delaware Uses the Whipping Post:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy ... 7-17-26 p. 3
*Exercising the Pardoning Power:* by Hays, George W. (Formerly Governor of Arkansas) ... 9-25-26 p. 3
*I Read in the Papers* (Style in Crooks) ... 5-22-26 p. 32
*The Man Who Fights Alone: 'The Cop Is the World's Greatest Warrior'* ... 5-22-26 p. 3
*New York Wages Bitter War on Crime:* by McConnell, Burt M. ... 8-14-26 p. 3
*'A Personal Affair'* (Edit.) ... 5- 8-26 p. 11
*Police Death Roll* (Edit.) ... 5-22-26 p. 11
*San Francisco Says 'Shoot to Kill!':* by Dunn, Harry H. ... 7-17-26 p. 32
*Wild Youth Proves a Myth: 'Boys and Girls' Between 35 and 45 Are Rolling Up the Crime Wave:* by Mallon, Winifred ... 7-31-26 p. 3
Cripples—*The Cry of the Crippled Children:* by Lord, Forrest ... 9-18-26 p. 14
*Crossing the Delaware, 1776-1926:* by Norton, C. L. ... 7- 3-26 p. 19
Crowther, Samuel—*The Bond Orgy of the States:* by Crowther, Samuel ... 10- 9-26 p. 1
*Fining Men for Dying: That's What the Inheritance Tax Does:* by Crowther, Samuel ... 10-16-26 p. 1
*Taxes, Taxes, Taxes! They Are Always With Us But Often We Do Not Know It:* by Crowther, Samuel ... 9-25-26 p. 1
*What Has Become of Our Parties?* by Crowther, Samuel ... 8- 7-26 p. 3
Crusaders' Tower, Remleh (Illus.)—*From Dan to Beersheba in Four Days:* by Atkins, Gaius Glenn ... 10-16-26 p. 24
*Cry of the Crippled Children, The:* by Lord, Forrest ... 9-18-26 p. 14
Cuba—*America's Scattered Children:* by Barton, William E. ... 8-21-26 p. 6
Cuba Corona Chemical Company, Philadelphia, Pa.—*Pennsylvania—Chief Source of the Alcohol Flood:* by Erwin, John D. ... 10- 9-26 p. 4
Cummings, E. E.—*And, Behold, Humbug Is King:* by Finger, Charles J. ... 5-15-26 p. 12
Customs Officers—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 8-28-26 p. 21
*Chats With Office Callers* ... 9-11-26 p. 28

Cyclones—*In the Sickening Track of the Terrible Tornado:* by Flora, S. D. 6-26-26 p. 20
Czar of Russia and His Family (Illus.)—*Pretenders Who Got Away With It: And Some Others Not So Fortunate:* by Black, F. L. 5- 1-26 p. 13


## D


*Dairy Cooperative Sponsored and Managed by Farmers:* by Thompson, Huston 10- 9-26 p. 12
Damocles—*Taken From the Classics* 7-17-26 p. 20
*Dan to Beersheba in Four Days:* by Atkins, Gaius Glenn 10-16-26 p. 24
Dancing—*A Dance a Week: The Schottische* 4-24-26 p. 29
*A Dance a Week: The Steps of the Polka* 5- 1-26 p. 29
*A Dance a Week: Steps of the Minuet* 5- 8-26 p. 28
*A Dance a Week: Durang's Hornpipe; Fisher's Hornpipe; The Girl I Left Behind Me* 5-15-26 p. 28
*A Dance a Week: Hull's Victory; Lady Walpole's Reel; Speed the Plow* 5-22-26 p. 28
*A Dance a Week: Waltz Quadrille* 5-29-26 p. 29
*A Dance a Week: Presenting Two Old Favorites —Plain Quadrille and Novelty Two Step* 6- 5-26 p. 32
*A Dance a Week: Style in Dancing* 6-12-26 p. 25
*A Dance a Week: Positions of Feet in Dancing* 6-19-26 p. 30
*A Dance a Week: Dictionary of Dance Terms* 6-26-26 p. 25
*A Dance a Week: Dictionary of Dance Terms* 7- 3-26 p. 28
*A Dance a Week: Dictionary of Dance Terms* 7-10-26 p. 28
*A Dance a Week: Dictionary of Dance Terms* 7-17-26 p. 31
*A Dance a Week: The Seventeenth Century Minuet* 8- 7-26 p. 30
*A Dance a Week: Old Dan Tucker and Soldier's Joy* 8-14-26 p. 30
*I Read in the Papers* (Dance Before Breakfast) 7-24-26 p. 32
*Dangers of Drugging for Fat, The:* by Dunn, Harry H. 6-12-26 p. 5
Danvers, Massachusetts—*When Old Salem Hunted Witches:* by Boeckmann, Henriette 5-22-26 p. 2
Darling, J. N.—*Chats With Office Callers* 5- 1-26 p. 25
Daugherty, Harry M.—*Daugherty Again* (Edit.) 5-29-26 p. 10
Dauphin, The (Illus.)—*Pretenders Who Got Away With It: And Some Others Not So Fortunate:* by Black, Fred L. 5- 1-26 p. 13
Davey Reorganization Bill—*Making the Government Efficient:* by Clark, Marian Bruce 7-31-26 p. 5
Davis, James J. (Secretary of Labor)—*They Got Their Letter* (Edit.) 4-24-26 p. 10
Dawes, Charles G. (Illus.)—*Ninety-Dollar Vice-President Boom:* by Johns, E. B. 6-26-26 p. 6
*Day of Remembrance, The* (Edit.) 5-29-26 p. 10
Deaf and Dumb Persons—*Chats With Office Callers* 6-12-26 p. 29
'Dearborn Independent, The'—*The Omniscient Dr. Crane* (Edit.) 5- 1-26 p. 10
De Bry Books—*Chats With Office Callers* 8-21-26 p. 21
Debt—*The Bond Orgy of the States:* by Crowther, Samuel 10- 9-26 p. 1
*Mr. Ford's Page* 8- 7-26 p. 9
*I Read in the Papers* (Government Debts) 6-19-26 p. 25
*The Mortgage Blanket on the United States:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy 6-12-26 p. 3
*Plain Talks on the Debts* (Edit.) 4-24-26 p. 10
*Taxes, Taxes, Taxes!* by Crowther, Samuel 9-25-26 p. 1
Debt—See Italian Debt Settlement; War Debts.
Declaration of Independence—*A Fighting Quaker of '76: Joseph Hewes—Who Led the North Carolina Men in Declaring for Independence:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz 8- 7-26 p. 25
*The Fighting Quaker Who Made Cannon: Rhode Island and South Carolina Signers Included Hopkins, Outlawed by His Co-Religionists:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz 7-10-26 p. 20
*The First Fourth of July* 7- 3- 26 p. 2
*The Genesis of the Constitution:* by Benson, Allan L. 9-25-26 p. 5
*Rare Signatures of the Signers:* by MacFarland, Alice 7- 3-26 p. 25
*Rodney's Ride for Liberty: Here Is Told the Story of the Delaware Patriot Who Rose From a Sickbed to Vote for Independence:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz 7- 3-26 p. 16
*The Value of Vulgarity* (Edit.—Advertising) 7-31-26 p. 10
*The Virginia Signers:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz 7-31-26 p. 28
*We Must All Hang Together or We Shall Surely Hang Separately; Thus Warned Benjamin Franklin and a Unanimous Vote for Independence Followed:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz 8-28-26 p. 19
*Decline of the Mawkish, The* (Edit.—Alien Criminals) 5-15-26 p. 11
*Defeated One by One* (Edit.) 6-26-26 p. 11
De Forest, Robert—*Rare Americana in Unique Setting:* by Howe, J. Olin 8-21-26 p. 24
De Haro, Christopher—*The Voyage of the Victoria:* by Finger, Charles J. 5-22-26 p. 21
De La Mare, Walter—*Patting the Lion's Mane: American Woman Says That English Men of Letters Are More Interesting Than American:* by Scott, Georgia Jackson 7-17-26 p. 16
Delaware—*Delaware Uses the Whipping Post:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy 7-17-26 p. 3
*Rodney's Ride for Liberty: Here Is Told the Story of the Delaware Patriot Who Rose From a Sickbed to Vote for Independence:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz 7- 3-26 p. 16
Delaware River Suspension Bridge (Illus.)—*Crossing the Delaware, 1776-1926:* by Norton, C. L. 7- 3-26 p. 19
*Joseph Pennell—Etcher and Critic:* by MacFarland, Alice 5- 1-26 p. 20
Delinquency—*Wild Youth Proves a Myth: 'Boys and Girls' Between 35 and 45 Are Rolling Up the Crime Wave:* by Mallon, Winifred 7-31-26 p. 3
De Long, Captain George W. (Illus.)—*The Tragic Story of the 'Jeannette' Expedition:* by McConnell, Burt M. 10-16-26 p. 16
Democracy—*Dictators and the Dictated* (Edit.) 9-25-26 p. 11
*The Scientist Is the Most Effectual Agent for Democracy: Says Edwin E. Slosson:* by Chase, Frank M. 9-18-26 p. 6
Democratic Party—*What Has Become of Our Parties?* by Crowther, Samuel 8- 7-26 p. 3
Dempsey, Jack—*Success—At Last!* (Edit.) 9-11-26 p. 11
Denmark—*I Read in the Papers* (Optimism of People) 8- 7-26 p. 32
Denny, Reginald—*A Letter* (Edit.) 6-26-26 p. 10
De Pachmann, Vladimir—*Our Musical Judgments* 6-26-26 p. 14
Deportation—*The Decline of the Mawkish* (Edit. Alien Criminals) 5-15-26 p. 11
De Stael, Madame—*I Read in the Papers* 9-18-26 p. 30
Detective—*A Man Who Lives by What He Sees:* by Kelly, Fred C. 9-11-26 p. 16
Detroit, Michigan—*Chats With Office Callers* (Detroit and Art) 5-29-26 p. 20
Deweerdt, Professor Olen—*I Read in the Papers* 6-26-26 p. 24
Diamond Industry—*Africa—Land of Ivory, Gold and Diamonds:* by Kumm, H. K. W. 7-24-26 p. 24
*Diarists Withhold Comment* 5- 1-26 p. 19
Dictator—*Dictators and the Dictated* (Edit.) 9-25-26 p. 11
*A New Dictator* (Edit.) 8- 7-26 p. 11
Dictionary of Dance Terms—*A Dance a Week* 6-26-26 p. 25
*A Dance a Week.* 7- 3-26 p. 28
*A Dance a Week.* 7-10-26 p. 28
*A Dance a Week.* 7-17-26 p. 31
'Diploma Mills'—*I Read in the Papers* 6-12-26 p. 21
Diplomats—*How the United States Treats Its Diplomats:* by Clark, Marian Bruce 7-17-26 p. 18
*Direct Primary, The* (Edit.) 10- 2-26 p. 11
Disarmament—*Another Way* (Edit.) 8-21-26 p. 10
*Babies as Armament* (Edit.) 7-17-26 p. 10
*Disarmament by the Purse* (Edit.) 10-16-26 p. 10
*I Read in the Papers* 9- 4-26 p. 29
*Which Way Is Coolidge Going?* (Edit.) 6-19-26 p. 11
*Discovered!* (Edit.) 7-10-26 p. 10
Djerjinski. M.—*News From Russia* (Edit.) 10- 2-26 p. 11
Djugashvili, Josef—*I Read in the Papers* 10- 2-26 p. 30
*Docile Doctrine of Contentment, The* (Edit.) 9- 4-26 p. 11
Doctor—*Doctor Looks at the Cause of Nervous Breakdown:* by Collins, Joseph 9-18-26 p. 1
*He Takes Tin Tacks From Tiny Throats:* 7-17-26 p. 15
Dodsworth, Roger—*Chats With Office Callers* 10- 2-26 p. 28
Dogs—*Chats With Office Callers* 5-15-26 p. 19
*A Dog Molded a Man's Career:* by Cook, H. T. 7-10-26 p. 29
*Under the White Tops With 'Gil': The Dog Army That Once Guarded $250,000 in Gold:* by Barnet, Harry E. 7-24-26 p. 12
Doheny Scientific Expedition (Illus.)—*African Lions Roamed in Hollywood:* by Hubbard, Samuel 6-19-26 p. 12
Dole—*I Read in the Papers* (Dole and Franc) 7-10-26 p. 32
*The Pauperization of Britain: Dole Collectors Lose Desire for Work:* by Tyner, Paul 8-14-26 p. 8
*Dollar Sign of Sportdom, The* (Edit.) 9-18-26 p. 10
Doumergue, President Gaston (Illus.)—*'Off Agin! On Agin! Gone Agin!' There Have Been Twenty-five Premiers of France During This Century:* by Pence, Harry 5- 8-26 p. 5
*Down With Prophets!* (Edit.) 7-31-26 p. 10
Doyle, Sir Arthur Conan (Illus.)—*Arthur Conan Doyle Speaks on the Psychic Side of Crime:* by Shore, W. Teignmouth 9-11-26 p. 3
Draper, Dr. Lyman C.—*Rare Signatures of the Signers:* by MacFarland, Alice 7- 3-26 p. 25
Dreams—*What Our Dreams Mean:* by Laird, Donald A. 4-24-26 p. 4
Dreiser, Theodore—*Chats With Office Callers* 10- 2-26 p. 28
Drinkwater, John (Illus.)—*Patting the Lion's Mane: American Woman Says That English Men of Letters Are More Interesting Than American:* by Scott, Georgia Jackson 7-17-26 p. 16
Drudgery—*Up From Slavery* (Edit.) 5- 8-26 p. 10
Drugs—*The Dangers of Drugging for Fat:* by Dunn, Harry H. 6-12-26 p. 5
*I Read in the Papers* 6-19-26 p. 25
*Dry-Farming—The Tragedy of the West:* by Clifford, F. J. 5-22-26 p. 16

'Dry' Order—*Chats With Office Callers*... 7- 3-26 p. 21
Dublin, Ireland—*The Abbey Theater Finds Sean O'Casey:* by Pritchett, V. S. 5 29-26 p. 2
*Duelists of the Sky—Part 1:* by Heurtaux, Captain Alfred... 7-31-26 p. 16
*Duelists of the Sky—Part 2:* by Heurtaux, Captain Alfred... 8-14-26 p. 13
Dumas, Alexander—*Chats With Office Callers*... 10- 2-26 p. 28
Dunsany, Lord (Illus.)—*Patting the Lion's Mane: American Woman Says That English Men of Letters Are More Interesting Than American:* by Scott, Georgia Jackson... 7-17-26 p. 16
Duplicate Bonds—*Scandal Never Was Cleared Up!* by Perrington, Paul... 6- 5-26 p. 3
Durang's Hornpipe—*A Dance a Week: Durang's Hornpipe; Fisher's Hornpipe; The Girl I Left Behind Me*... 5-15-26 p. 28
Dutch Treat Club—*Tales of the Wits Who Gave Humor to the Gay Nineties:* by Masson, Thomas L... 8-14-26 p. 28
*Dying Africa Makes Her Appeal:* by Kumm, H. K. W... 7-17-26 p. 28

## E

Earth—*I Read in the Papers* (Structure)... 9-11-26 p. 30
Earthquakes—*When May Boston Expect Its Next Earthquake?* by Mabie, Janet... 5- 1-26 p. 3
*Ebb and Flow of the Winged Waves* (Illus.): by Aaron, S. F... 10- 2-26 p. 14
Economics—*Mr. Ford's Page* (Accuracy in Industry)... 7-10-26 p. 9
*Mr. Ford's Page* (Wisdom)... 4-24-26 p. 9
*Making the Government Efficient:* by Clark, Marian Bruce... 7-31-26 p. 5
*Why Is Food So High? Waste Is Responsible: Uneconomical Production Methods Are Largely to Blame:* by Stewart, Robert... 4-24-26 p. 14
Ederle, Gertrude—*The Dollar Sign of Sportdom* (Edit.)... 9-18-26 p. 10
Edison, Thomas A.—*The Omniscient Dr. Crane* (Edit.)... 5- 1-26 p. 10
Education—*Chats With Office Callers*... 7- 3-26 p. 21
*Chats With Office Callers*... 9-18-26 p. 28
*The Harvard of Our Forefathers* (Illus.): by Hawthorne, Julian... 10- 2-26 p. 12
*Have We an Educated Ministry?* by Barton, William E... 7-17-26 p. 6
*School Again* (Edit.)... 9-25-26 p. 11
*Should Children Skip Grades?* by Cary, Myra... 6-12-26 p. 32
*This Business of Working Your Way Through College:* by Turner, Fred H... 8-28-26 p. 12
*Which School Is Best for Your Children?* by Shuey, Mary Willis... 5- 1-26 p. 8
Eggs—*Bird That Lays $1,500 Egg*... 5- 1-26 p. 23
*Chats With Office Callers* (China)... 5-15-26 p. 19
Egypt—*New Light on Old Egypt:* by Barton, William E... 5-15-26 p. 5
*Papyrus Records Tell How We Got the New Testament:* by Sanders, Henry A... 8-28-26 p. 8
Einstein, Professor—*I Read in the Papers*... 4-24-26 p. 25
Election—*Chats With Office Callers* (Electoral College)... 10-16-26 p. 28
*The Direct Primary* (Edit.)... 10- 2-26 p. 11
*Ninety-Dollar Vice-President Boom:* by Johns, E. B... 6-26-26 p. 6
*The Root of Evil* (Edit.—Election Funds)... 7- 3-26 p. 10
*Why Half the People Do Not Vote:* by Benson, Allan L... 10- 2-26 p. 1
Ellery, William (Illus.)—*The Fighting Quaker Who Made Cannon: Rhode Island and South Carolina Signers Included Hopkins, Outlawed by His Co-Religionists:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz... 7-10-26 p. 20
Ellingson, Dorothy—*Chats With Office Callers*... 9-11-26 p. 28
Ellis Island—*I Read in the Papers*... 8-21-26 p. 32
Ellis, Dr. William T.—*I Read in the Papers*... 7-31-26 p. 32
Emerson, Ralph Waldo (Illus.)—*Julian Hawthorne Tells His Boyhood Impressions of Emerson:* by Hawthorne, Julian... 7-24-26 p. 14
Employes—*Making the Government Efficient:* by Clark, Marian Bruce... 7-31-26 p. 5
*Enforcing Prohibition in Mr. Mellon's Own State:* by Erwin, John D... 9-11-26 p. 7
Engineering—*Mr. Ford's Page*... 7- 3-26 p. 9
Engineering-Economics Foundation—*When May Boston Expect Its Next Earthquake?* by Mabie, Janet... 5- 1-26 p. 3
England—*About Face!* (Edit.)... 5-15-26 p. 11
*British Sportsmanship* (Edit.)... 9- 4-26 p. 10
*Chats With Office Callers* (Bristol)... 4-24-26 p. 21
*Chats With Office Callers* (English Discard Waistcoat)... 9-11-26 p. 28
*Chats With Office Callers* (Motion Pictures)... 5- 1-26 p. 25
*Discovered!* (Edit.—Englishmen and Americans) 7-10-26 p. 10
*An English View of American Installment Buying* 8- 7-26 p. 6
*For Shame* (Edit.)... 9-25-26 p. 10
*Mr. Ford's Page* (Strikes)... 5-29-26 p. 9
*Fun in the Killing* (Edit.)... 10-16-26 p. 11
*I Read in the Papers* (Dole and Franc)... 7-10-26 p. 32
*I Read in the Papers* (Ghost Visits Windsor Castle)... 10- 9-26 p. 30
*I Read in the Papers* (Prime Ministers)... 8-14-26 p. 32
*I Read in the Papers* (Strike)... 9-18-26 p. 30
*New York Wages Bitter War on Crime:* by McConnell, Burt M... 8-14-26 p. 3
*Over for Now* (Edit.)... 5-29-26 p. 10
*Patting the Lion's Mane: American Woman Says That English Men of Letters Are More Interesting Than American* (Illus.): by Scott, Georgia Jackson... 7-17-26 p. 16
*Peace by the Air Line* (Edit.)... 5-15-26 p. 10
*Peace With Victory* (Edit.)... 9-18-26 p. 11
*Still Learning Nothing* (Edit.)... 5-29-26 p. 11
*The Time of England's Trouble* (Edit.)... 5-22-26 p. 10
*Why the Great Strike Failed:* by Phillips, Henry A. 6-19-26 p. 14
England—see Great Britain
'England'—*I Read in the Papers* (Dean Inge)... 10- 9-26 p. 30
English Language—*'Bad English' Is a Heritage From Olden Times:* by Cameron, Charles D... 8-21-26 p. 8
*I Read in the Papers*... 7-31-26 p. 32
*I Read in the Papers* ('It Is Me'—Is It Good English?)... 9-25-26 p. 30
Enseneda, California (Illus.)—*Lower California, Land of Mystery:* by Dunn, Harry H... 9-18-26 p. 15
'Erebus' (Illus.)—*Tragedy of the Franklin Expedition:* by McConnell, Burt M... 7-17-26 p. 22
Eskimo—*Vilhjalmur Stefansson:* by McConnell, Burt M... 10- 9-26 p. 3
'Essex'—*Three Musketeers at Sea—The Fate of the Third:* by Maddox, William Johnston... 6-12-26 p. 19
*Estimate of Animals and Insects*... 5-29-26 p. 22
Etching—*Joseph Pennell—Etcher and Critic:* by MacFarland, Alice... 5- 1-26 p. 20
*Eternal Snows Hide Arctic Tragedy:* by McConnell, Burt M... 7-24-26 p. 20
Eucharistic Congress—*Army of Faith* (Edit.)... 7-10-26 p. 10
Europe—*Is Europe Satisfied With the League?* by Wolff, Walter M... 5- 8-26 p. 6
'Evangeline'—*What I Remember of Longfellow:* by Hawthorne, Julian... 5- 8-26 p. 21
Evangelism—*The Old-Time Revival: Is It Good Enough for Us?* by Barton, William E... 9-18-26 p. 12
Everest Expeditions—*I Read in the Papers*... 10-16-26 p. 30
*Evolution of the White House, The:* by Everritt, Tom... 9-11-26 p. 19
Executions—*Vital Statistics* (Edit.—Soviet Government)... 4-24-26 p. 11
*Exercising the Pardoning Power:* by Hays, George W. (Formerly Governor of Arkansas)... 9-25-26 p. 3
Expeditions—see Franklin Expedition; 'Jeannette' Expedition; Magellan Expedition; Stefansson, Vilhjalmur; University of Michigan Expedition.
*Exploding the Perennial Myth: That Our Ancestors Were All Hardy, and We Moderns Are All Weaklings:* by Hough, Donald... 10- 9-26 p. 16
*Exploring Where Paul Preached:* by Kelsey, Easton T... 9- 4-26 p. 13
Exposition—See Sesqui-Centennial Exposition
Extremism—*Mr. Ford's Page*... 8-28-26 p. 9
*Eye and Art of Seeing, The*... 5- 8-26 p. 24
Eyre, Jane—*'I Have As Much Soul—And Heart—As You':* by Smith, Lewis Worthington... 7-24-26 p. 28

## F

Facts—*Mr. Ford's Page* (Relation of Facts to Life) 9-11-26 p. 9
Failles, Charles J.—*Gene Stratton Porter—The Woman:* by Epler, Percy H... 5- 8-26 p. 2
Fairs—*The County Fair* (Edit.)... 9-25-26 p. 10
Faliero, Ruy—*The Voyage of the Victoria:* by Finger, Charles J... 5-22-26 p. 21
*Family Is the Unit, The* (Edit.)... 5-22-26 p. 11
Farm Loan Act—*Chats With Office Callers*... 7-17-26 p. 21
Farming—*Chats With Office Callers* (Farm Abandonment)... 7-31-26 p. 25
*Chats With Office Callers* (Passing of Hired Man) 9-25-26 p. 28
*Farmers Not Fooled, But Buncoed* (Edit.)... 6- 5-26 p. 10
*Farming Must Become a Chemical Industry:* by Hale, William J... 10- 2-26 p. 4
*The Mortgage Blanket on the United States:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy... 6-12-26 p. 3
*Pennsylvania's Land of Goshen:* by Anderson, John Davis... 6- 5-26 p. 31
*A Scientist Urges Farmers to Utilize Waste Products:* by Beckman, James W... 8- 7-26 p. 7
*Starving Our Soil* (Edit.)... 5- 8-26 p. 11
Farming—see Cooperative Marketing; Dry-Farming
Fashions—see Styles
'Fat Cures'—*The Dangers of Drugging for Fat:* by Dunn, Harry H... 6-12-26 p. 5

*Federal Board of Tax Appeals, Created to Be the Taxpayer's Final Arbiter of Facts Falls Into the Grip of Bureaucracy:* by Erwin, John D. ..... 8-14-26 p. 6
Federal Council of Churches—*The Council and the Churches* (Edit.) ..... 6-26-26 p. 10
Federal Offices—*Are Federal Offices for Sale?* by Clark, Marian Bruce ..... 6-26-26 p. 3
*Making the Government Efficient: Reorganization Would Cut 100,000 Unnecessary Employes From Federal Pay Rolls:* by Clark, Marian Bruce ..... 7-31-26 p. 5
Ferguson, Mrs. Miriam A.—*Women and the Ballot* (Edit.) ..... 8-21-26 p. 10
Fernandina, Florida—*Old Fernandina* ..... 6-12-26 p. 21
Fertilizer Trust—*Farmers Not Fooled, But Buncoed* (Edit.) ..... 6- 5-26 p. 10
*Starving Our Soil* (Edit.) ..... 5- 8-26 p. 11
*Truth at Last* (Edit.) ..... 7- 3-26 p. 10
Fiddle—see Violin
*Fighting Quaker of '76, A: Joseph Hewes—Who Led the North Carolina Men in Declaring for Independence:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz ..... 8- 7-26 p. 25
*Fighting Quaker Who Made Cannon, The: Rhode Island and South Carolina Signers Included Hopkins, Outlawed by His Co-Religionists:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz ..... 7-10-26 p. 20
Filipinos—*What of the Filipinos?* by Greene, Marc T. ..... 6-26-26 p. 5
Films—see Motion Pictures
Finance—*Mr. Ford's Page* (Finance and Industry) ..... 9-25-26 p. 9
*Mr. Ford's Page* (Failure of Finance) ..... 10- 2-26 p. 9
*High Finance* (Edit.) ..... 10-16-26 p. 11
*A New Dictator* (Edit.) ..... 8- 7-26 p. 11
*The Political Outlook* (Edit.—Financial Control of Government) ..... 6-12-26 p. 10
Finger, Charles J.—*And, Behold, Humbug Is King* (Literary Quackery): by Finger, Charles J. ..... 5-15-26 p. 12
*Coxey the Crusader:* by Finger, Charles J. ..... 8-14-26 p. 2
*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': The Finding of the Spiceries:* by Finger, Charles J. ..... 5- 8-26 p. 16
*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': The Student:* by Finger, Charles J. ..... 5-22-26 p. 21
*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': 'The Part Played by Commerce Kings':* by Finger, Charles J. ..... 6- 5-26 p. 16
*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': Westward Ho!* by Finger, Charles J. ..... 6-19-26 p. 16
*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': Patagonia:* by Finger, Charles J. ..... 7-10-26 p. 16
*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': The Mutiny:* by Finger, Charles J. ..... 7-24-26 p. 16
*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': Wreck of the Santiago:* by Finger, Charles J. ..... 8- 7-26 p. 16
*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': The Passage of the Strait:* by Finger, Charles J. ..... 8-21-26 p. 12
*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': Desertion of the San Antonio:* by Finger, Charles J. ..... 8-28-26 p. 16
*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': Death of Magellan:* by Finger, Charles J. ..... 9-25-26 p. 16
*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': When Pirates Ruled:* by Finger, Charles J. ..... 10-2-26 p. 16
*Writing Verse for Composite Readers:* by Finger, Charles J. ..... 7-31-26 p. 12
*Fining Men for Dying: That's What the Inheritance Tax Does:* by Crowther, Samuel ..... 10-16-26 p. 1
Firearms—*Exploring Where Paul Preached:* by Kelsey, Easton T. ..... 9- 4-26 p. 13
*Pistols for Sale* (Edit.) ..... 9- 4-26 p. 11
Fireworks—*Chats With Office Callers* ..... 6-19-26 p. 20
*First Fourth of July, The* ..... 7- 3-26 p. 2
Fisher's Hornpipe—*A Dance a Week: Durang's Hornpipe; Fisher's Hornpipe; The Girl I Left Behind Me* ..... 5-15-26 p. 28
Fishing—*The Lobster Is Supreme in the Village of Cape Porpoise:* by Whiting, May B. ..... 9- 4-26 p. 14
*What Would Izaak Walton Have Said? The Author of the Compleat Angler in His Wildest Dreams Could Never Have Visualized This Monster Fish—A 1,500-Pound Mackerel:* by Whiting, May B. ..... 9-25-26 p. 8
Fitch, Albert Parker—*I Read in the Papers* ..... 7- 3-26 p. 24
Flagg, James Montgomery—*Tales of the Wits Who Gave Humor to the Gay Nineties:* by Masson, Thomas L. ..... 8-14-26 p. 28
Flags—*Tourists and Flags* (Edit.) ..... 7-17-26 p. 11
Flathead National Forest, Montana (Illus.)—*Phoning in the Woods:* by Barker, S. Omar ..... 8-21-26 p. 19
Florence, Italy—*Chalk Artist of Palazzo Gallery:* by Allen, Robert S. ..... 6-12-26 p. 23
Florida—*Florida Dons Overalls* (Edit.) ..... 7- 3-26 pl 11
*Old Fernandina* ..... 6-12-26 p. 21
*Use of Great Names in 'Blue Sky' Swindles:* by Budd, Ralph W. and Howe, J. Olin ..... 10 -2-26 p. 7
Flowers—*Lady Makes a Living Raising Lilies* (Illus.): by Dacy, George ..... 4-24-26 p. 32
*Wild Flower Gardens* (Illus.) ..... 6-19-26 p. 32
Food—*I Read in the Papers* (Japan and Rice) ..... 9-25-26 p. 30
*Mother's 'Punkin' Pie* (Edit.) ..... 10- 2-26 p. 10
*Why Is Food So High? Waste Is Responsible:* by Stewart, Robert ..... 4-24-26 p. 14
Football—see Athletics; Coach; College Athletics
*For Shame* (Edit.—England's War Debts) ..... 9-25-26 p. 10
Foreign Countries—*Chats With Office Callers* (Travel) ..... 5-29-26 p. 20
*Missionaries and Machine Guns:* by Lewis, James H. ..... 7-31-26 p. 7
Forest—*Chats With Office Callers* (Fires) ..... 8-21-26 p. 21
*Phoning in the Woods: What the Messages Mean to the Forest Ranger:* by Barker, S. Omar ..... 8-21-26 p. 19
Forgeries—*I Read in the Papers* (Manuscript Forgeries) ..... 9-18-26 p. 30
Forks—*Ye Knife—Ye Forke—Ye Spoone: A Brief Historie of Those Noble Tools* (Illus.): by Karpinski, Louis C. ..... 10- 2-26 p. 8
Fourth of July—*Chats With Office Callers* (Celebrations) ..... 6-19-26 p. 20
*The First Fourth of July* ..... 7- 3-26 p. 2
Fowler, Mrs. Helen (Illus.)—*Lady Makes a Living Raising Lilies:* by Dacy, George H. ..... 4-24-26 p. 32
'Fox' Expedition—*Eternal Snows Hide Arctic Tragedy:* by McConnell, Burt M. ..... 7-24-26 p. 20
France—*The Secret of the France's Collapse:* by Pinci, A. R. ..... 7-24-26 p. 6
*That 'Anti-American' Feeling: Some Psychological Reasons Why It Exists in France:* by Pinci, A. R. ..... 8-28-26 p. 3
France—*Chats With Office Callers* (Conception of Americans) ..... 7-10-26 p. 19
*Chats With Office Callers* (Political Parties in France) ..... 7- 3-26 p. 21
*Clemenceau Should Go On* (Edit.) ..... 8-23-26 p. 10
*Disarmament by the Purse* (Edit.) ..... 10-16-26 p. 10
*French Farmer and Taxes* (Edit.) ..... 6-26-26 p. 11
*I Read in the Papers* (France Speaks of Anglo-Saxon Opinion) ..... 6-26-26 p. 24
*I Read in the Papers* (Fashions in Hairdressing) ..... 10- 2-26 p. 30
*I Read in the Papers* (War Dead) ..... 4-24-26 p. 25
*If Villon Were King of France* (Edit.—Legend) ..... 10- 9-26 p. 11
*Is Europe Satisfied With the League?* by Wolff, Walter M. ..... 5- 8-26 p. 6
*A Latin League?* (Edit.) ..... 5- 1-26 p. 10
*Not a Dollar of War Debt* (Edit.) ..... 8- 7-26 p. 11
*'Off Agin! On Agin! Gone Agin!' There Have Been Twenty-five Premiers of France During This Century:* by Pence, Harry ..... 5- 8-26 p. 5
*Peace by the Air Line* (Edit.) ..... 5-15-26 p. 10
*Reconstruction in France* (Edit.) ..... 5-29-26 p. 11
*A Senator Speaks* (Edit.—France's Dislike for America) ..... 10-16-26 p. 11
*That 'Anti-American' Feeling:* by Pinci, A. R. ..... 8-28-26 p. 3
*The Truth About France: Lesson of Touraine and the Woolen Stocking: From Morning Post, London* ..... 9-18-26 p. 16
*Uncle Shylock* (Edit.) ..... 9-11-26 p. 11
Frankau, Gilbert—*I Read in the Papers* ..... 7- 3-26 p. 24
Franklin, Benjamin (Illus.)—*The Genesis of the Constitution:* by Benson, Allan L. ..... 9-25-26 p. 5
*We Must All Hang Together or We Shall Surely Hang Separately:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz ..... 8-23-26 p. 19
Franklin Expedition—*Eternal Snows Hide Arctic Tragedy:* by McConnell, Burt M. ..... 7-24-26 p. 20
*Tragedy of the Franklin Expedition:* by McConnell, Burt M. ..... 7-17-26 p. 22
Frauds—*Cashing in on the 'Blue Sky':* by Budd, Ralph W. and Howe, J. Olin ..... 9-25-26 p. 2
*A Man Who Lives by What He Sees: Observation Is Made a Fine Art by This Detective, Who Has Exposed Many Frauds:* by Kelly, Fred C. ..... 9-11-26 p. 16
*The Use of Great Names in 'Blue Sky' Swindles:* by Budd, Ralph W. and Howe, J. Olin ..... 10- 2-26 p. 7
Frear, Representative—*Lo! The Poor Indian, a Citizen Who Has Few Rights:* by Clark, Marian Bruce ..... 9- 4-26 p. 6
Free Speech—*Chats With Office Callers* ..... 9- 4-26 p. 24
Free Trade—*Canada and Tariff* (Edit.) ..... 5-15-26 p. 10
Free Verse—*Writing Verse for Composite Readers:* by Finger, Charles J. ..... 7-31-26 p. 12
Freedom's Bureau—*Reconstruction and the Negro Race:* by Boyer, Townsend ..... 5-15-26 p. 7
Freight Rates—*Did High Freight Rates Occasion the Discovery of America?* by Adams, Randolph G. ..... 9- 4-26 p. 8
*French Farmer and Taxes* (Edit.) ..... 6-26-26 p. 11
Freudism—*Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's Lady:* by Collins, Dr. Joseph ..... 8-21-26 p. 3
*From the Ground Up: What We May Expect From the Airplane of Tomorrow:* by Stout, William B. ..... 9-11-26 p. 1
Frost, Robert (Illus.)—*Robert Frost, Poet of New England:* by Mabie, Janet ..... 6-26-26 p. 2
Frue, William B.—*The Lost Mine of Silver Islet:* by Haste, Richard A. ..... 6-12-26 p. 26
Fundamentalism—*Chats With Office Callers* ..... 8-14-26 p. 20

Fur Trade—*Chats With Office Callers*... 4-24-26 p. 21
*Hidden Tricks of the Fur Trade* (Illus.)... 10-16-26 p. 23
Furniture—*The Price-Fixing Association:* by Thompson, Huston... 7-10-26 p. 6
*Futility of Birth Control, The:* by McClorey, Rev. John A... 6-26-26 p. 12

## G

*Gadzooks! They Were Gallants Gay:* by Rothschild, Zeta... 5-29-26 p. 12
Galena, Illinois—*When General U. S. Grant Gathered Hides at Galena:* by Holmes, Fred L... 6-19-26 p. 18
Galsworthy, John—*Fun in the Killing* (Edit.—Opposes Stag Hunting)... 10-16-26 p. 11
*John Galsworthy—An Intimate Talk* (Illus.): by Shore, W. Teignmouth... 7-10-26 p. 2
*Patting the Lion's Mane: American Woman Says That English Men of Letters Are More Interesting Than American:* by Scott, Georgia Jackson... 7-17-26 p. 16
Gambling—*Bucking the Modern Bucket Shop:* by De More, George Garrett... 7- 3-26 p. 22
*I Read in the Papers*... 6- 5-26 p. 21
*A Spade's a Spade* (Edit.—Evasion of Ohio Gambling Laws)... 8-28-26 p. 11
Games—see Chess
Gang Killings—*I Read in the Papers* (Gang Killings in Chicago)... 9-18-26 p. 30
Ganges River, India (Illus.)—*Bathing, Begging and Burning in Benares:* by Barton, William E.... 9-25-26 p. 14
Gardening—*Teach Your Boy to Work Through Gardening:* by McKeever, William A... 5-15-26 p. 8
Gardiner, Helen Hamilton (Illus.)—*Woodrow Wilson—Not Tired by Waiting:* by Thompson, Huston... 5-22-26 p. 12
Gardner, Governor of Missouri (Illus.)—*Woodrow Wilson, Who Filled the Unforgiving Minute:* by Thompson, Huston... 5-15-26 p. 2
Garfield, James A. (Illus.)—*When Morgan Picked a Presidential Nominee:* by Benson, Allan L.... 7-24-26 p. 3
Garvin, J. L.—*I Read in the Papers*... 7-31-26 p. 32
Gasoline Tax—*Building Good Roads by Gasoline:* by Welliver, J. C... 8-21-26 p. 4
'Gay Paree'—*I Read in the Papers*... 6-19-26 p. 25
'General Alliance of Unitarian and Other Liberal Christian Women, The'—*The Unitarian Women* (Edit.)... 6-19-26 p. 10
*Genesis of the Constitution:* by Benson, Allan L.... 9-25-26 p. 5
Geneva Passport Conference—*Nations Would End Passport Nuisance:* by Pinci, A. R.... 5- 1-26 p. 4
Germany—*Chats With Office Callers*... 6- 5-26 p. 24
*Disarmament by the Purse* (Edit.)... 10-16-26 p. 10
*Is Europe Satisfied With the League?* by Wolff, Walter M.... 5- 8-26 p. 6
*Peace by the Air Line* (Edit.)... 5-15-26 p. 10
Get-Together Movement—*Chats With Office Callers*... 6-12-26 p. 29
Gettysburg Address—*Lincoln's Gettysburg Address:* by Barton, William E.... 7- 3-26 p. 8
Ghost—*I Read in the Papers* (Ghost Visits Windsor Castle)... 10- 9-26 p. 30
Gilbault, Alexander—*Pere Gilbault, le Coureur des Bois:* by Swift, Ivan... 7-10-26 p. 8
Gilbert, Clinton W. (Newspaper Correspondent)—*I Read in the Papers*... 6-12-26 p. 21
*I Read in the Papers*... 10- 9-26 p. 30
Gilbreth, Dr. Lillian (Illus.)—*America Leads the World in Psychology:* by Laird, Donald A.... 6-12-26 p. 4
Gillis, Father James M.—*Is This Puritanical?* (Edit.)... 5- 8-26 p. 10
Girl I Left Behind Me—*A Dance a Week: Durang's Hornpipe; Fisher's Hornpipe; The Girl I Left Behind Me*... 5-15-26 p. 28
Girl of Today—*I Read in the Papers*... 9- 4-26 p. 29
*I Read in the Papers*... 9-11-26 p. 30
*Give Them Work* (Edit.)... 6-12-26 p. 11
Gladsby's Tavern (Illus.)—*Rare Americana in Unique Setting:* by Howe, J. Olin... 8-21-26 p. 24
*Glory That Passes, The* (Edit.)... 8-14-26 p. 11
Godfrey, Dr. Hollis (Illus.)—*When May Boston Expect Its Next Earthquake?* by Mabie, Janet.... 5- 1-26 p. 3
Gold—*Africa—Land of Ivory, Gold and Diamonds:* by Kumm, H. K. W.... 7-24-26 p. 24
*The Gold Hunters: Being the Story of a Party of Young Men From Michigan in Their Search for Fortune in California in 1850-51:* by Phelps, Mary... 9-25-26 p. 12
*Rough and Ready's Legacy to California: An Old Mining Camp of the Forty-Niners Which Inspired Bret Harte:* by Faris, John T.... 6-26-26 p. 15
Gold Standard Empire—*Chats With Office Callers*... 6-26-26 p. 19
Goldberg, Max—*'A Personal Affair'* (Edit.)... 5- 8-26 p. 11
*Good Look at Our Young People, A:* by High, Stanley... 6-19-26 p. 5
*Good Old Times* (Poem): by Mason, Walt... 9-25-26 p. 33
Good, Sarah—*When Old Salem Hunted Witches:* by Boeckmann, Henriette... 5-22-26 p. 2
*Good Word for Snakes, A:* by Hoag, John Edwin... 7-24-26 p. 2
Gordon, George Byron—*Chats With Office Callers*... 9-18-26 p. 23
Gose, Attorney-General of Missouri (Illus.)—*Woodrow Wilson, Who Filled the Unforgiving Minute:* by Thompson, Huston... 5-15-26 p. 2
Gospels—*Papyrus Records Tell How We Got the New Testament:* by Sanders, Henry A.... 8-28-26 p. 8
*Reliability of the New Testament:* by Sanders, Henry A.... 10- 9-26 p. 8
*The Scholar Analyzes the Different Versions of the New Testament:* by Sanders, Henry A.... 9-18-26 p. 8
Gosse, Edmund (Illus.)—*Patting the Lion's Mane: American Woman Says That English Men of Letters Are More Interesting Than American:* by Scott, Georgia Jackson... 7-17-26 p. 16
Government—*Are Federal Offices for Sale?* by Clark, Marian Bruce... 6-26-26 p. 3
*The Bond Orgy of the States:* by Crowther, Samuel... 10- 9-26 p. 1
*Dictators and the Dictated* (Edit.)... 9-25-26 p. 11
*Fining Men for Dying: That's What the Inheritance Tax Does:* by Crowther, Samuel... 10-16-26 p. 1
*The Genesis of the Constitution:* by Benson, Allan L.... 9-25-26 p. 5
*I Read in the Papers* (Government of England)... 8-14-26 p. 32
*Making the Government Efficient:* by Clark, Marian Bruce... 7-31-26 p. 5
*One Out of Nineteen* (Edit.)... 9-11-26 p. 10
*One Reason Why Your Purse Is Light:* by Benson, Allan L.... 5- 1-26 p. 7
*The Political Outlook* (Edit.—Financial Control of Government)... 6-12-26 p. 10
*Taxes, Taxes, Taxes!* by Crowther, Samuel... 9-25-26 p. 1
*Why Half the People Do Not Vote:* by Benson, Allan L.... 10- 2-26 p. 1
Graduates—*Mr. Ford's Page* (Counsel for Graduates)... 6-26-26 p. 9
Grammar—*'Bad English' Is a Heritage From Olden Times:* by Cameron, Charles D.... 8-21-26 p. 8
*I Read in the Papers* ('It Is Me'—Is It Good English?)... 9-25-26 p. 30
Grand Army of Republic—*I Read in the Papers*... 9-25-26 p. 30
*The Thinning Line* (Edit.)... 10-16-26 p. 10
Grant, General U. S. (Illus.)—*Turning Points in the Life of U. S. Grant*... 5-22-26 p. 20
*When General U. S. Grant Gathered Hides at Galena:* by Holmes, Fred L.... 6-19-26 p. 18
Graupner, Adolphus E.—*The Federal Board of Tax Appeals, Created to Be the Taxpayer's Final Arbiter of Facts Falls Into the Grip of Bureaucracy:* by Erwin, John D.... 8-14-26 p. 6
Grayson, Admiral Cary (Illus.)—*Woodrow Wilson—Not Too Good and Not Too Wise:* by Thompson, Huston... 5- 1-26 p. 6
Great Britain—*I Read in the Papers* (British Official Attitude in India)... 10-16-26 p. 30
*I Read in the Papers* (Dean Inge Views With Alarm)... 10- 9-26 p. 30
*I Read in the Papers* (Financial Difficulties)... 9-18-26 p. 30
*Is Europe Satisfied With the League?* by Wolff, Walter M.... 5- 8-26 p. 6
*Is Russia to Be Blamed?* (Edit.)... 7-24-26 p. 10
*Lloyd George Seeks Power on Land Scheme:* by Tyner, Paul... 4-24-26 p. 5
*On the Way* (Edit.)... 8-21-26 p. 11
*The Pauperization of Britain: Dole Collectors Lose Desire for Work:* by Tyner, Paul... 8-14-26 p. 8
Great Britain—see England
*Great Hush-Hush, The* (Edit.)... 7-24-26 p. 11
Great Mosque of Delhi, India (Illus.)—*The Most Misunderstood Religion:* by Spoer, H. Henry.... 8-28-26 p. 14
*Great Names in 'Blue Sky' Swindles:* by Budd, Ralph W. and Howe, J. Olin... 10- 2-26 p. 7
Gross, Milt—*Laughing Himself Out of Court:* by Masson, Thomas L.... 5- 1-26 p. 16
*Guard the Gate!* (Edit.)... 8- 7-26 p. 10
Guarnerius Violin (Illus.)—*Do You Know About Your Fiddle?* by Wier, Clyde... 4-24-26 p. 16
*Guide to Correct Use of Notables' Names*... 8-21-26 p. 18
Gunther, Professor—*Estimate of Animals and Insects*... 5-29-26 p. 22
Guynemer, Georges (Illus.)—*Duelists of the Sky—Part 2:* by Heurtaux, Captain Alfred... 8-14-26 p. 13
Gwinnett, Button—*Rare Signatures of the Signers* (Declaration of Independence): by MacFarland, Alice... 7- 3-26 p. 25

## H

Haecker, Professor T. L.—*A Dairy Cooperative Sponsored and Managed by Farmers* (Illus.): by Thompson, Huston... 10- 9-26 p. 12
Hague Tribunal—*Here Is a Court Without a Sheriff:* by Reinhardt, Charles Gilbert... 5-29-26 p. 3

*Half a Book Apiece* (Edit.) 9-11-26 p. 11
Handwriting—*I Read in the Papers* 7-17-26 p. 25
Harbord, General (Illus.)—*Ninety-Dollar Vice-President Boom:* by Johns, E. B. 6-26-26 p. 6
Harding, President Warren G.—*A Mixture No Nation Can Stand: America's Stomach Revolts at Concoction of Outlawed Liquor and Crooked Politics:* by Benson, Allan L. 7-10-26 p. 3
*Scandal Never Was Cleared Up!* by Perrington, Paul 6- 5-26 p. 3
Harp—*I Read in the Papers* 6-26-26 p. 24
Harrison, Benjamin (Illus.)—*The Virginia Signers: Men From the Old Dominion Were Among the First to Declare for Independence:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz 7-31-26 p. 28
*When Morgan Picked a Presidential Nominee:* by Benson, Allan L. 7-24-26 p. 3
Harte, Bret—*Rough and Ready's Legacy to California: An Old Mining Camp of the Forty-Niners Which Inspired Bret Harte:* by Faris, John T. 6-26-26 p. 15
Harvard College (Illus.)—*The Harvard of Our Forefathers:* by Hawthorne, Julian 10- 2-26 p. 12
Hava Supai Canyon, Arizona—*African Lions Roamed in Hollywood:* by Hubbard, Samuel 6-19-26 p. 12
Havana, Cuba (Illus.)—*America's Scattered Children:* by Barton, William E. 8-21-26 p. 6
*Have We an Educated Ministry?* by Barton, William E. 7-17-26 p. 6
Hawaiian Islands—*America's Scattered Children:* by Barton, William E. 8-21-26 p. 6
Hawthorne, Julian—*The Alcotts—As I Knew Them:* by Hawthorne, Julian 6-26-26 p. 16
*James Russell Lowell as Julian Hawthorne Remembers Him* 9-11-26 p. 12
*Julian Hawthorne Recalls the Harvard of Our Forefathers* 10- 2-26 p. 12
*Julian Hawthorne Tells His Boyhood Impressions of Emerson* 7-24-26 p. 14
*Nathaniel Hawthorne's Story of Immortality:* by Hawthorne, Julian 10-16-26 p. 4
*What I Remember of Longfellow:* by Hawthorne, Julian 5- 8-26 p. 21
Hawthorne, Nathaniel—*Nathaniel Hawthorne's Story of Immortality:* by Hawthorne, Julian 10-16-26 p. 4
*What I Remember of Longfellow:* by Hawthorne, Julian 5- 8-26 p. 21
Hays, Will H.—*Making the 'Movies' Dry* (Edit.) 7-31-26 p. 10
*He Placed Bookshelf in Reach of Millions:* by Barton, William E. 6-12-26 p. 15
*He Takes Tin Tacks From Tiny Throats* 7-17-26 p. 15
Health—*Chats With Office Callers* 7-17-26 p. 21
*Nations Take Action for World Sanitation* 5- 8-26 p. 28
*'Healthy' Market, A* (Edit.) 4-24-26 p. 10
*'Hearings,' The* (Edit.) 5-15-26 p. 10
*Heckling—A Great British Institution:* by Barnhill, John Basil 4-24-26 p. 8
Heel and Toe Polka—see Polka
*Here Is a Court Without a Sheriff: Court of International Justice Gives Decisions, But No One Enforces Them:* by Reinhardt, Charles Gilbert 5-29-26 p. 3
*Heroes of the Air Mail:* by McConnell, Burt M. 9- 4-26 p. 4
*Hero's Tomb in Weeds* (Illus.) 10- 9-26 p. 22
Herriot, Edouard (Illus.)—*'Off Agin! On Agin! Gone Agin!, There Have Been Twenty-Five Premiers of France During This Century:* by Pence, Harry 5- 8-26 p. 5
Hewes, Joseph (Illus.)—*A Fighting Quaker of '76: Joseph Hewes—Who Led the North Carolina Men in Declaring for Independence:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz 8- 7-26 p. 5 2
Heyward, Thomas, Jr.—*The Fighting Quaker Who Made Cannon: Rhode Island and South Carolina Signers Included Hopkins, Outlawed by His Co-Religionists:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz 7-10-26 p. 20
'Hiawatha'—*What I Remember of Longfellow:* by Hawthorne, Julian 5- 8-26 p. 21
High Jumping—*The Laboratories Did It: The Human Race Has Improved Physically, But Most Records Have Been Smashed by Better Sports Equipment:* by MacDonald, Paul 5-15-26 p. 16
High, Stanley—*A Good Look at Our Young People:* by High, Stanley 6-19-26 p. 5
Highland Bagpipe—*I Read in the Papers* 6-26-26 p. 24
Highways—*Building Good Roads by Gasoline:* by Welliver, J. C. 8-21-26 p. 4
Hill, Louis A.—*Scandal Never Was Cleared Up!* by Perrington, Paul 6- 5-26 p. 3
*Hints on Bird Houses* 7-17-26 p. 27
Hire-Purchase Plan—*An English View of American Installment Buying* 8- 7-26 p. 6
Hired Man—*Chats With Office Callers* (Passing of Hired Man) 9-25-26 p. 28
Historic Rooms, Reproduction of (Illus.)—*Rare Americana in Unique Setting:* by Howe, J. Olin 8-21-26 p. 24
History—*Chats With Office Callers* (History Teacher) 7-24-26 p. 19
*Did High Freight Rates Occasion the Discovery of America?* by Adams, Randolph G. 9- 4-26 p. 8
*The Genesis of the Constitution:* by Benson, Allan L. 9-25-26 p. 5
*Lincoln's Famous 'Lost Speech':* by Barton, William E. 10- 2-26 p. 6
*Lincoln's Gettysburg Address:* by Barton, William E. 7- 3-26 p. 8
*New Light on the American Revolution: Burgoyne's Story of the Saratoga Surrender:* by Adams, Randolph G. 7- 3-26 p. 6
*Reliability of the New Testament* (Roman History): by Sanders, Henry A. 10- 9-26 p. 8
*Rodney's Ride for Liberty: Here Is Told the Story of the Delaware Patriot Who Rose From a Sickbed to Vote for Independence:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz 7- 3-26 p. 16
*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': The Finding of the Spiceries:* by Finger, Charles J. 5- 8-26 p. 16
*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': The Student:* by Finger, Charles J. 5-22-26 p. 21
*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': 'The Part Played by Commerce Kings':* by Finger, Charles J. 6- 5-26 p. 16
*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': Westward Ho!* by Finger, Charles J. 6-19-26 p. 16
*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': Patagonia:* by Finger, Charles J. 7-10-26 p. 16
*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': The Mutiny:* by Finger, Charles J. 7-24-26 p. 16
*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': Wreck of the Santiago:* by Finger, Charles J. 8- 7-26 p. 16
*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': The Passage of the Strait:* by Finger, Charles J. 8-21-26 p. 12
*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': Desertion of the San Antonio:* by Finger, Charles J. 8-28-26 p. 16
*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': Death of Magellan:* by Finger, Charles J. 9-25-26 p. 16
*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': When Pirates Ruled:* by Finger, Charles J. 10- 2-26 p. 16
Hoax—*Chats With Office Callers* (Strange Case of Mr. Roger Dodsworth) 10- 2-26 p. 28
Hohenzollern, Wilhelm—*Saves His Bacon* (Edit.) 7-10-26 p. 11
Holaday Bill—*The Decline of the Mawkish* (Edit.) 5-15-26 p. 11
Holland—*Chats With Office Callers* 5-29-26 p. 20
Hollywood, California—*African Lions Roamed in Hollywood:* by Hubbard, Samuel 6-19-26 p. 21
Home—*Building Houses by the Cubic Foot:* by Wood, Albert 5-15-26 p. 31
*The Family Is the Unit* (Edit.) 5-22-26 p. 12
*House Surplus* (Edit.) 8- 7-26 p. 10
*When You Buy Your Own Home Site: Evil Surroundings Often Corrupt Good Properties:* by Adams, Paul 4-24-26 p. 6
Home of the Alcotts at Concord (Illus.)—*The Alcotts—As I Knew Them:* by Hawthorne, Julian 6-26-26 p. 16
Home of Cary Sisters, Cincinnati, Ohio (Illus.)—*Clovernook, the Cary Homestead:* by Higgins, Frances 6- 5-26 p. 25
Home of General Grant (Illus.)—*When General U. S. Grant Gathered Hides at Galena:* by Holmes, Fred L. 6-19-26 p. 18
Home of Hugh Walpole in North of England (Illus.)—*The Man Without Red Hair: Hugh Walpole:* by Philips, Henry Albert 5- 1-26 p. 2
Home of James Russell Lowell (Illus.)—*James Russell Lowell as Julian Hawthorne Remembers Him:* by Hawthorne, Julian 9-11-26 p. 12
Homer—*I Read in the Papers* 8-28-26 p. 32
Honey—*A Wasted Sugar Supply:* by Scott, C. W. 7-31-26 p. 2
Hooper, William (Illus.)—*A Fighting Quaker of '76: Joseph Hewes—Who Led the North Carolina Men in Declaring for Independence:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz 8- 7-26 p. 25
Hoover, Secretary Herbert—*Chats With Office Callers* 4-24-26 p. 21
*Chats With Office Callers* (Our Next President?) 5-22-26 p. 26
*The Principal Presidential Possibilities of 1928:* by Benson, Allan L. 8-14-26 p. 21
Hopkins, Stephen (Illus.)—*The Fighting Quaker Who Made Cannon: Rhode Island and South Carolina Signers Included Hopkins, Outlawed by His Co-Religionists:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz 7-10-26 p. 20
Hopwood, Erie—*I Read in the Papers* 6-26-26 p. 24
Horoscope—*Casting the Horoscope of the United States:* by Brooks, Arthur W. 7- 3-26 p. 12
Horse Racing—*A Spade's a Spade* (Edit.) 8-28-26 p. 11
Horticulture—*Lady Makes a Living Raising Lilies* (Illus.): by Dacy, George H. 4-24-26 p. 32
*Wild Flower Gardens* (Illus.) 6-19-26 p. 32
House of Commons—*I Read in the Papers* 8-28-26 p. 32
*Housecleaning in the Treasury* 7-17-26 p. 7
*How Bill Joined the Yankees:* by Meares, Iredell 6- 5-26 p. 23

*How the South Regards the Negro:* by Boyer, Townsend ... 5- 8-26 p. 3
*How the United States Treats Its Diplomats:* by Clark, Marian Bruce ... 7-17-26 p. 18
Howard, Perry W.—*Are Federal Offices for Sale?* by Clark, Marian Bruce ... 6-26-26 p. 3
Howe, General—*New Light on the American Revolution: Burgoyne's Story of the Saratoga Surrender:* by Adams, Randolph G. ... 7- 3-26 p. 6
Huggins, John—*John Huggins, King of Barbers:* by Daniels, James Robinson ... 5-29-26 p. 16
Hull's Victory—*A Dance a Week* ... 5-22-26 p. 28
'Human Dairies'—*I Read in the Papers* ... 4-24-26 p. 25
Human Parasite—see Parasite
Human Race—see Race
Humanitarianism and Humanism—*Mr. Ford's Page* ... 6-12-26 p. 9
Humbug—*And, Behold, Humbug Is King* (Literary Quackery): by Finger, Charles J. ... 5-15-26 p. 12
Humorists—*Laughing Himself Out of Court:* by Masson, Thomas L. ... 5- 1-26 p. 16
*Tales of the Wits Who Gave Humor to the Gay Nineties:* by Masson, Thomas L. ... 8-14-26 p. 28
*Thomas L. Masson Describes His Life Among the Wild American Humorists:* by Masson, Thomas L. ... 8- 7-26 p. 12
Hunches—*The Psychologist Says: 'Trust Your Hunches':* by Laird, Donald A. ... 8-14-26 p. 5
Hungary—*Chats With Office Callers* (American Priest Studies Hungarians) ... 6- 5-26 p. 24
*Disarmament by the Purse* (Edit.) ... 10-16-26 p. 10
*Jeremiah Smith—American* (Edit.) ... 7-24-26 p. 11
Hunting—*Fun in the Killing* (Edit.) ... 10-16-26 p. 11
*Hunting Strange Things—Spoons, Pitcher Plants: Walter M. Cline's Quaint Quests:* by Barnet, Harry E. ... 5-29-26 p. 24
*Pheasant Hunting at Home* ... 5- 1-26 p. 24
Hypocrisy—*Mr. Ford's Page* ... 5-22-26 p. 9

## I

*'I Have as Much Soul—And Heart—As You': So Declared Jane Eyre, Rebellious at the Social Inequality of Her Time:* by Smith, Lewis Worthington ... 7-24-26 p. 28
*I Saw It With My Own Eyes: Illustrating That Things Are Not Always What They Seem:* by Laird, Donald A. ... 10-16-26 p. 6
Ibn Saud (Wahabi Leader)—*Islam Aims at World Domination:* by Whyte, Thomas Chalmers ... 8- 7-26 p. 14
Ideas—see New Ideas
*Idle Rich—And Poor, The* (Edit.) ... 8-28-26 p. 10
*If Not America First—Who? A Soldier's View of the League of Nations:* by Beckman, James W. ... 6-12-26 p. 7
*If Shakespeare Came to London:* by Shore, W. Teignmouth ... 9-18-26 p. 17
Illinois—*The Town That Put Lincoln on the Map: New Salem, Being Restored as Memorial:* by Barton, William E. ... 5- 8-26 p. 7
*When General U. S. Grant Gathered Hides at Galena:* by Holmes, Fred L. ... 6-19-26 p. 18
Illusions—*I Saw It With My Own Eyes: Illustrating That Things Are Not Always What They Seem:* by Laird, Donald A. ... 10-16-26 p. 6
Immigration—*Oust Him! He's an American* (Edit.) ... 9- 4-26 p. 10
Immortality—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 5-22-26 p. 26
*Nathaniel Hawthorne's Story of Immortality:* by Hawthorne, Julian ... 10-16-26 p. 4
Imposters—*Pretenders Who Got Away With It: And Some Others Not So Fortunate:* by Black, Fred L. ... 5- 1-26 p. 13
*'In His Steps' Brought No Wealth: Dr. Sheldon's Book Sold in Millions But Left Its Author a Poor Man:* by Stidger, William L. ... 6-12-26 p. 2
Independence—*What of the Filipinos?* by Greene, Marc T. ... 6-26-26 p. 5
Independence—see Declaration of Independence
*Independence Bible of America, The:* by Walker, A. G. ... 5- 1-26 p. 12
India—*Bathing, Begging and Burning in Benares:* by Barton, William E. ... 9-25-26 p. 14
*I Read in the Papers* (British Official Attitude in India) ... 10-16-26 p. 30
*I Read in the Papers* (Origin of Chess) ... 10- 2-26 p. 30
Indianola, Kansas—*Some Vanished Towns of Kansas:* by Faris, John T. ... 8-21-26 p. 29
Indians—*Back on His Log* (Edit.) ... 9-11-26 p. 10
*Chats With Office Callers* ... 5-22-26 p. 26
*Lo! The Poor Indian, a Citizen Who Has Few Rights:* by Clark, Marian Bruce ... 9- 4-26 p. 6
Indians—see Blackfeet Indians; Catawba Indians; Yakima Indians.
Indifference—*Mr. Ford's Page* ... 8-21-26 p. 9
*Individual Work* (Edit.) ... 6-26-26 p. 10
Industry—*I Read in the Papers* (Industrial Unrest in Britain) ... 9-18-26 p. 30
*Mr. Ford's Page* (Industry and Finance) ... 9-25-26 p. 9
*Over for Now* (Edit.—Industrial Unrest in Britain) ... 5-29-26 p. 10
*Still Learning Nothing* (Edit.—English Industry) ... 5-29-26 p. 11
Inefficiency—*Making the Government Efficient:* by Clark, Marian Bruce ... 7-31-26 p. 5
Inge, Dean W. R.—*I Read in the Papers* ('England') ... 10- 9-26 p. 30
Inheritance Tax—see Taxes
Insects—*Estimate of Animals and Insects* ... 5-29-26 p. 22
Installment Buying—*An English View of American Installment Buying* ... 8- 7-26 p. 6
*Intellectual Steerage, The* (Edit.) ... 8- 7-26 p. 11
Interest—*Chats With Office Callers* (Milwaukee Interest Plan) ... 7-24-26 p. 19
*What Coxey Marched For* (Abolition of Interest System) ... 8-14-26 p. 24
International Bankers—*High Finance* (Edit.) ... 10-16-26 p. 11
*The Senator Nobody Knows: Borah the Enigma:* by Benson, Allan L. ... 9- 4-26 p. 1
*This to You* (Edit.) ... 8-14-26 p. 10
International Relationships—*A Senator Speaks* (Edit.—America and France) ... 10-16-26 p. 11
*A Token of Friendship* (Edit.—America and China) ... 10-16-26 p. 10
*Intimate Story of a Best Seller, An:* by Ellis, J. Breckenridge ... 7-10-26 p. 12
*Intimations Are Dangerous* ... 6- 5-26 p. 29
Invention—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 10-16-26 p. 28
Investigations—*Scandal Never Was Cleared Up! Why President Harding's Investigator Was Hindered at Every Turn in $100,000,000 Liberty Bond Mystery:* by Perrington, Paul ... 6- 5-26 p. 3
*It Is Not the Cost* (Edit.) ... 5-15-26 p. 11
*To What End?* (Edit.) ... 7-24-26 p. 10
'Investment Banking'—*The New 'Real Estate Bond' Industry:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy ... 6-19-26 p. 3
Iowa—*The Brookhart Bogie* (Edit.) ... 7- 3-26 p. 10
*Chats With Office Callers* (Iowa Farmer) ... 7-10-26 p. 19
Ireland—*The Abbey Theater Finds Sean O'Casey:* by Pritchett, V. S. ... 5-29-26 p. 2
*Chats With Office Callers* (Sinn Fein and Parnell) ... 10- 2-26 p. 28
'Iron Puddler, The'—*They Got Their Letter* (Edit.) ... 4-24-26 p. 10
*Islam Aims at World Domination: Consolidation of Moslemism Inspires Conference at Mecca:* by White, Thomas Chalmers ... 8- 7-26 p. 14
Island of Guam—*America's Scattered Children:* by Barton, William E. ... 8-21-26 p. 6
Island of Mindanao—*Why Not Keep Faith With the Moro Race?* by Bacon, Robert L. ... 6-19-26 p. 6
Island of Yap—*America's Scattered Children:* by Barton, William E. ... 8-21-26 p. 6
*It Is Not the Cost* (Edit.—Political Investigations) ... 5-15-26 p. 11
Italy—*Chats With Office Callers* (Debt Settlement) ... 4-24-26 p. 21
*Church Gems of Italy:* by Grenell, Judson ... 6-26-26 p. 27
*I Read in the Papers* (Rome) ... 10-16-26 p. 30
*A Latin League?* (Edit.) ... 5- 1-26 p. 10
*Postponing the Reckoning* (Edit.—Debt Settlement) ... 5- 8-26 p. 11
*Is Europe Satisfied With the League?* by Wolff, Walter M. ... 5- 8-26 p 6
*Italy's Debt—Here Are the Facts:* by Pence, Harry ... 4-24-26 p. 3

## J

Jackson, Dr. Chevalier (Illus.)—*He Takes Tin Tacks From Tiny Throats* ... 7-17-26 p. 15
Jacobs, A. N.—*I Read in the Papers* ... 4-24-26 p. 25
James, Albert E.—*The Federal Board of Tax Appeals, Created to Be the Taxpayer's Final Arbiter of Facts Falls Into the Grip of Bureaucracy:* by Erwin, John D. ... 8-14-26 p. 6
*Janizaries, The* ... 7-17-26 p. 24
Japan—*Chats With Office Callers* (Japanese Visit 'School of Philosophy') ... 6-19-26 p. 20
*I Read in the Papers* (Japan and Rice) ... 9-25-26 p. 30
*I Read in the Papers* (Japan Copies Western Mistakes) ... 7-10-26 p. 32
*I Read in the Papers* (Japanese Imperial Diet) ... 5-29-26 p. 22
*I Read in the Papers* (Learning English Language) 7-31-26 p. 32
*I Read in the Papers* (Silk) ... 5- 1-26 p. 30
*I Read in the Papers* ('Will Japan Fight America?') ... 7-24-26 p. 32
Jarvis, Dick (Chief of White House Secret Service)—*The White House—A Mecca for Cranks: Secret Service Men Must Ever Be Alert to Guard the President From the Unbalanced:* by Johns, E. B. ... 7-31-26 p. 6
Jayne, Doctor—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 8-28-26 p. 21
Jazz—*In Defense of Jazz* (Edit.) ... 10- 9-26 p. 11
'Jeannette' Expedition—*The Tragic Story of the 'Jeannette' Expedition:* by McConnell, Burt M. 10-16-26 p. 16
Jeffers, Le Roy—*The Lure of Lofty Places: There Are Thrills on the Mountain Tops and Fascination in Finding Them* ... 9-18-26 p. 19

Jefferson, Thomas (Illus.)—*The Virginia Signers:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz ... 7-31-26 p. 28
*Jellyfish?* (Edit.) ... 7-17-26 p. 10
Jenkins, Charles Francis—*Rare Signatures of the Signers* (Declaration of Independence): by MacFarland, Alice ... 7- 3-26 p. 25
Jerusalem (Illus.)—*From Dan to Beersheba in Four Days:* by Atkins, Gaius Glenn ... 10-16-26 p. 24
Jesus, Historicity of—*The Appearance* (Edit.) ... 8-28-26 p. 11
*I Read in the Papers* ... 6-19-26 p. 25
Jews—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 8-21-26 p. 21
*I Read in the Papers* (International Outlook) ... 5- 1-26 p. 30
*I Read in the Papers* (Non-Assimilation of Jews) ... 7-31-26 p. 32
*Jews Grab Sesqui-Centennial Plums* ... 4-24-26 p. 12
*News From Russia* (Edit.) ... 10- 2-26 p. 11
*They Got Their Letter* (Edit.) ... 4-24-26 p. 10
Jim Crow Car—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 5-15-26 p. 19
Johnson, Albert—*Oust Him! He's an American* (Edit.) ... 9- 4-26 p. 10
Johnson, Lewis J. (Professor of Civil Engineering at Harvard)—*One Reason Why Your Purse Is Light:* by Benson, Allan L. ... 5- 1-26 p. 7
Johnson, Senator Hiram—*I Read in the Papers* ... 8-14-26 p. 32
Johnson, Senator Magnus—*I Read in the Papers* ... 4-24-26 p. 25
Joint Deposit Certificate—*About That Joint Deposit* ... 5-22-26 p. 24
Joke Writers—*Thomas L. Masson Describes His Life Among the Wild American Humorists:* by Masson, Thomas L. ... 8- 7-26 p. 12
Jones, Reverend Dr. Edgar Dewitt—*I Read in the Papers* ... 6-12-26 p. 21
*I Read in the Papers* ... 7- 3-26 p. 24
Jones, John Paul—*Where Our Admirals Come From: Annapolis, a Sea School on Shore, Which Trains Officers for the Navy; Paul Jones Suggested It:* by Maddox, William Johnston ... 6- 5-26 p. 18
Jones, Sam—*The Old-Time Revival: Is It Good Enough for Us?* by Barton, William E. ... 9-18-26 p. 12
Josephus (Jewish Historian)—*The Appearance* (Edit.) ... 8-28-26 p. 11
*I Read in the Papers* ... 6-19-26 p. 25
Journal of the Constitutional Convention—*The Genesis of the Constitution:* by Benson, Allan L. 9-25-26 p. 5
Journalism—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 6-19-26 p. 20
*I Read in the Papers* (Journalism at Columbia University) ... 8-21-26 p. 32
Judea—see Palestine
Judgment—*Mr. Ford's Page* ... 6-26-26 p. 9
*Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's Lady:* by Collins, Dr. Joseph ... 8-21-26 p. 3
'Juno and the Paycock'—*The Abbey Theater Finds Sean O'Casey:* by Pritchett, V. S. ... 5-29-26 p. 2
Jury—*Twelve Good Men and True?* (Edit.) ... 5-22-26 p. 10
Juvenile Delinquency—see Delinquency


## K


Kaiser—*Saves His Bacon* (Edit.) ... 7-10-26 p. 11
Kansas—*Chats With Office Callers* (Kansas Wheat) ... 8-14-26 p. 20
*Some Vanished Towns of Kansas:* by Faris, John T. ... 8-21-26 p. 29
'Karluk' (Illus.)—*With Stefansson in the Arctic:* by McConnell, Burt M. ... 4-24-26 p. 22
'Keep Your Shirt On'—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 6- 5-26 p. 24
*Keeping the Country in Correct Time: The Work of Washington Naval Observatory* (Illus.): by Winters, S. R. ... 10-16-26 p. 14
*Keeping Up the Star of the Old West* ... 9-18-26 p. 25
Kemal Pasha—see Pasha, Mustapha Kemal
Kemmerer, Professor—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 6-26-26 p. 19
Kendrick, Mayor of Philadelphia—*Jews Grab Sesqui-Centennial Plums* ... 4-24-26 p. 12
Kennedy, G. A. Studdert (Illus.)—*Socialism Through the Eyes of the Churchman:* by Kennedy, G. A. Studdert ('Woodbine Willie') ... 9-18-26 p. 3
Kentucky—*The Bear Went Over the Mountain* (Edit.—John W. Langley) ... 10- 9-26 p. 11
*A Hero's Tomb in Weeds* (Illus.) ... 10- 9-26 p. 22
*A Play Promoter* ... 5-15-26 p. 28
Killing—*Fun in the Killing* (Edit.) ... 10-16-26 p. 11
*King Cotton Goes West* ... 5-29-26 p. 19
King George of England (Illus.)—*'Off Again! On Again! Gone Again!' There Have Been Twenty-Five Premiers of France During This Century:* by Pence, Harry ... 5- 8-26 p. 5
King, Mackenzie—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 7-31-26 p. 25
King Mindon—*The Queen of Kipling's Mandalay:* by Gard, Wayne ... 6-19-26 p. 2
King Thibaw (Illus.)—*The Queen of Kipling's Mandalay:* by Gard, Wayne ... 6-19-26 p. 2
King Tut-ankhamon—*New Light on Old Egypt:* by Barton, William E. ... 5-15-26 p. 5
Kings—*I Read in the Papers* (Men Who Would Be Kings) ... 10- 2-26 p. 30
Kitchener, Earl (Illus.)—*Bad Taste Commercialized* (Edit.—Kitchener Hoax) ... 9- 4-26 p. 11
*Pretenders Who Got Away With It: And Some Others Not So Fortunate:* by Black, F. L. ... 5- 1-26 p. 13
Knives—*Ye Knife—Ye Forke—Ye Spoone: A Brief Historie of Those Noble Tools* (Illus.): by Karpinski, Louis C. ... 10- 2-26 p. 8
Knopf, Alfred—*I Read in the Papers* ... 6-12-26 p. 21
Kosher Sacramental Wine—*I Read in the Papers* ... 5- 8-26 p. 19
*I Read in the Papers* ... 8-21-26 p. 32
*I Read in the Papers* ... 9-18-26 p. 30
Krishnamurti, Mr.—*I Read in the Papers* ('New Messiah') ... 8-28-26 p. 32


## L


Labor—*Chats With Office Callers* (Labor Party in Holland) ... 5-29-26 p. 20
*Mr. Ford's Page* (Labor-Saving Devices) ... 6-19-26 p. 9
*Mr. Ford's Page* (English Labor Situation) ... 5-29-26 p. 9
*Over for Now* (Edit.—English Labor Situation) ... 5-29-26 p. 10
*Still Learning Nothing* (Edit.—English Labor Situation) ... 5-29-26 p. 11
*The Time of England's Trouble* (Edit.) ... 5-22-26 p. 10
Labor—see Hired Man
*Laboratories Did It, The: The Human Race Has Improved Physically, But Most Records Have Been Smashed by Better Sports Equipment:* by MacDonald, Paul ... 5-15-26 p. 16
*Lady Makes a Living Raising Lilies* (Illus.): by Dacy, George H. ... 4-24-26 p. 32
Lady Walpole's Reel—*A Dance a Week* ... 5-22-26 p. 28
Lake Michigan—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 8- 7-26 p. 19
Lake Superior—*The Lost Mine of Silver Islet:* by Haste, Richard A. ... 6-12-26 p. 26
'Land for the People'—*Lloyd George Seeks Power on Land Scheme:* by Tyner, Paul ... 4-24-26 p. 5
Land O'Lakes Creameries of Minnesota—*A Dairy Cooperative Sponsored and Managed by Farmers* (Illus.): by Thompson, Huston ... 10- 9-26 p. 12
Lane, Franklin K.—*Woodrow Wilson—Not Too Good and Not Too Wise:* by Thompson, Huston 5- 1-26 p. 6
Lane, Sir W. Arbuthnot—*I Read in the Papers* ... 4-24-26 p. 25
Langley, John W.—*The Bear Went Over the Mountain* (Edit.) ... 10- 9-26 p. 11
Lanthorn Club—*Tales of the Wits Who Gave Humor to the Gay Nineties:* by Masson, Thomas L. ... 8-14-26 p. 28
*Last Laugh, The* ... 6- 5-26 p. 23
Last Waltz, The—*A Dance a Week: Waltz Quadrille* 5-29-26 p. 29
*Latin League, A?* (Edit.) ... 5- 1-26 p. 10
Latvia—*I Read in the Papers* ... 6-26-26 p. 24
Laugh-Maker—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 6-19-26 p. 20
*Laughing Himself Out of Court: Like a Royal Jester Stripped of Cap and Bells, the Professional Humorist Is Losing His Hold on the Public:* by Masson, Thomas L. ... 5- 1-26 p. 16
Laws—*I Read in the Papers* (Law Making) ... 8- 7-26 p. 32
*Laws of the Sky in Future Wars:* by Colby, Captain Elbridge ... 10- 9-26 p. 5
*Laws the Puritans Enacted* ... 8- 7-26 p. 32
*Let's Pass a Law!* by Howe, J. Olin ... 8-28-26 p. 0
*The New Sphere of Science* (Edit.—Law-Breaking) ... 5-15-26 p. 10
*New York Wages Bitter War on Crime: Drastic New Laws Are Put in Force in the Struggle to Restore Law and Order:* by McConnell, Burt M. ... 8-14-26 p. 3
*Pennsylvania—Chief Source of the Alcohol Flood:* by Erwin, John D. ... 10- 9-26 p. 4
Leach, Elmer J. (Illus.)—*Delaware Uses the Whipping Post:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy ... 7-17-26 p. 3
League of Nations—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 10-16-26 p. 28
*The Fifth Reservation* (Edit.) ... 10- 9-26 p. 10
*I Read in the Papers* (Rating of Nations) ... 8-28-26 p. 23
*If Not America First—Who? A Soldier's View of the League of Nations:* by Beckman, James W. ... 6-12-26 p. 7
*Is Europe Satisfied With the League?* by Wolff, Walter M. ... 5- 8-26 p. 6
*A Latin League?* (Edit.) ... 5- 1-26 p. 10
*Movie Patrons Make Coolidge Think: Borah as Film Favorite Alters President's Visualization of World Court:* by Benson, Allan L. ... 7- 3-26 p. 4
*Nations Take Action for World Sanitation* ... 5- 8-26 p. 28
*Nations Would End Passport Nuisance:* by Pinci, A. R. ... 5- 1-26 p. 4
*One More Quarrel Missed* (Edit.—Brazil) ... 7- 3-26 p. 11
*The President* (Edit.) ... 5- 1-26 p. 11
Lee, Francis Lightfoot (Illus.)—*The Virginia Signers:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz ... 7-31-26 p. 28
Lee, Richard Henry (Illus.)—*The Virginia Signers:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz ... 7-31-26 p. 28
Lee, Sir Sidney—*Patting the Lion's Mane: American Woman Says That English Men of Letters Are More Interesting Than American:* by Scott, Georgia Jackson ... 7-17-26 p. 16
Legend—*If Villon Were King of France* (Edit.) ... 10- 9-26 p. 11

Lenin, Nikolai—*I Read in the Papers* (Lenin Died in Despair) ... 8-28-26 p. 32
Leoti, Kansas—*Some Vanished Towns of Kansas:* by Faris, John T. ... 8-21-26 p. 29
*Lesson on the Woodpile, The* (Edit.) ... 6-26-26 p. 11
*Let There Be Light* (Edit.—Skyscrapers) ... 4-24-26 p. 11
*'Let's Go to Coney!'* ... 8-14-26 p. 27
*Let's Pass a Law!* by Howe, J. Olin ... 8-28-26 p. 2
*Letter, A* (Edit.—Burlesquing Protestant Ministers) ... 6-26-26 p. 10
Lewis, Sinclair—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 5-29-26 p. 20
Lexington, Kentucky—*A Play Promoter* ... 5-15-26 p. 28
Liberal Party—*Lloyd George Seeks Power on Land Scheme:* by Tyner, Paul ... 4-24-26 p. 5
*What Has Become of Our Parties?* by Crowther, Samuel ... 8- 7-26 p. 3
Liberty Bonds—*Scandal Never Was Cleared Up!* by Perrington, Paul ... 6- 5-26 p. 3
*Liberty Enlightening the World:* by Hopley, Frank Dorrance ... 7- 3-26 p. 32
Life—*Mr. Ford's Page* ... 9-11-26 p. 9
'Life'—*Thomas L. Masson Describes His Life Among the Wild American Humorists:* by Masson, Thomas L. ... 8- 7-26 p. 12
Light—*I Read in the Papers* (Attraction of Light for Animals) ... 6- 5-26 p. 21
Lightning—*Why the Lightning Strikes the Trees: Jove's Thunderbolts Observed and Their Behavior Described by Scientists of the Federal Forest Service* ... 4-24-26 p. 19
Lilies—see Water Lilies
'Limberlost Cabin,' at Rome City, Indiana (Illus.)—*Gene Stratton Porter—The Woman:* by Epler, Percy H. ... 5- 8-26 p. 2
Limelighters—*America, the Limelighter's Paradise:* by Masson, Thomas L. ... 7-34-26 p. 4
Lincoln, Abraham—*'But You Can't Fool All the People All the Time'—Did Lincoln Say It?* by Barton, William E. ... 9-11-26 p. 8
*The Cause of Lincoln's Sadness:* by Barton, William E. ... 8-28-26 p. 6
*Lincoln's Famous 'Lost Speech':* by Barton, William E. ... 10- 2-26 p. 6
*Lincoln's Gettysburg Address:* by Barton, William E. ... 7- 3-26 p. 8
*The Town That Lincoln Put on the Map: New Salem, Being Restored as Memorial:* by Barton, William E. ... 5- 8-26 p. 7
Lincoln-Jefferson University—*I Read in the Papers* ('Diploma Mills') ... 6-12-26 p. 21
Lincoln, Mordecai—*The Cause of Lincoln's Sadness:* by Barton, William E. ... 8-28-26 p. 6
Liquor—see Prohibition
Literature—*America Writes a Book:* by Hough, Donald ... 7-10-26 p. 5
*And, Behold, Humbug Is King:* by Finger, Charles J. ... 5-15-26 p. 12
*Booth Tarkington Talks of Many Things* (Illus.): by Whiting, May B. ... 10- 2-26 p. 3
*Brain-Children Are Sometimes Stolen:* by Turner, Morris S. ... 7-24-26 p. 8
*Chats With Office Callers* ... 6- 5-26 p. 24
*Chats With Office Callers* (Dreiser and Conrad) ... 10- 2-26 p. 28
*Chats With Office Callers* ('Literary Colonies') ... 5-29-26 p. 20
*Is This Puritanical?* (Edit.—Decadent Literature) ... 5- 8-26 p. 10
*Nathaniel Hawthorne's Story of Immortality:* by Hawthorne, Julian ... 10-16-26 p. 4
*Patting the Lion's Mane: American Woman Says That English Men of Letters Are More Interesting Than American:* by Scott, Georgia Jackson 7-17-26 p. 16
*The Writing of Indiscreet Memoirs:* by Asquith, Lady Cynthia ... 10-16-26 p. 8
*Writing Verse for Composite Readers:* by Finger, Charles J. ... 7-31-26 p. 12
Literature—see Books
Livingstone, David—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 10- 2-26 p. 28
*Lloyd George Seeks Power on Land Scheme:* by Tyner, Paul ... 4-24-26 p. 5
*Lo! The Poor Indian, a Citizen Who Has Few Rights:* by Clark, Marian Bruce ... 9- 4-26 p. 6
Loans—*I Read in the Papers* (Belgium and Loewenstein) ... 10- 2-26 p. 30
*The Mortgage Blanket on the United States:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy ... 6-12-26 p. 3
*Lobster Is Supreme in the Village of Cape Porpoise, The:* by Whiting, May B. ... 9- 4-26 p. 14
Loewenstein, M.—*I Read in the Papers* ... 10- 2-26 p. 30
London 'Economist'—*An English View of American Installment Buying* ... 8- 7-26 p. 6
London, England—*A. A. Milne at Home:* by Philips, Henry Albert ... 10-16-26 p. 3
*Chats With Office Callers* (American Tourists in London) ... 9-25-26 p. 28
*If Shakespeare Came to London: Would He Be Able to Search Out and Identify Many of His Old Haunts?* by Shore, W. Teignmouth ... 9-18-26 p. 17
*The Man Without Red Hair: Hugh Walpole, Noted Writer, Explains Why He Goes A-lecturing to America:* by Philips, Henry Albert ... 5- 1-26 p. 2
*Loneliest Man in New York, The: An Intimate Study of Frank A. Munsey* (Illus.): by Benson, Allan L. ... 8-21-26 p. 2
Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth—*The Village Blacksmith* (Poem): by Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth (From McGuffey's Fifth Eclectic Reader) ... 9-25-26 p. 33
*What I Remember of Longfellow* (Illus.): by Hawthorne, Julian ... 5- 8-26 p. 21
Longworth, Nicholas—*The Principal Presidential Possibilities of 1928:* by Benson, Allan L. ... 8-14-26 p. 21
Los Angeles, California—*African Lions Roamed in Hollywood* (Skeletons in Los Angeles Museum): by Hubbard, Samuel ... 6-19-26 p. 12
*Still 'Gittin' Gold' in California:* by Painter, Walter ... 5-15-26 p. 20
*Lost Mine of Silver Islet, The:* by Haste, Richard A. ... 6-12-26 p. 26
Lowden, Carl Schurz—*A Fighting Quaker of '76: Joseph Hewes—Who Led the North Carolina Men in Declaring for Independence:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz ... 8- 7-26 p. 25
*The Fighting Quaker Who Made Cannon: Rhode Island and South Carolina Signers Included Hopkins, Outlawed by His Co-Religionists:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz ... 7-10-26 p. 20
*Rodney's Ride for Liberty: Here Is Told the Story of the Delaware Patriot Who Rose From a Sickbed to Vote for Independence:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz ... 7- 3-26 p. 16
*The Virginia Signers:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz ... 7-31-26 p. 28
*We Must All Hang Together or We Shall Surely Hang Separately: Thus Warned Benjamin Franklin and a Unanimous Vote for Independence Followed:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz ... 8-28-26 p. 19
Lowell, James Russell—*James Russell Lowell as Julian Hawthorne Remembers Him:* by Hawthorne, Julian ... 9-11-26 p. 12
*Lower California, Land of Mystery:* by Dunn, Harry H. ... 9-18-26 p. 15
*Lure of Lofty Places, The: There Are Thrills on the Mountain Tops and Fascination in Finding Them* ... 9-18-26 p. 19


## M


*Luster Ware of Long Ago, The* (Illus.): by Northend, Mary Harrod ... 10-16-26 p. 12
Lutheran Augustana Synod—*I Read in the Papers* ... 7-24-26 p. 32
Lybyer, Doctor A. H. (University of Illinois)—*Did High Freight Rates Occasion the Discovery of America?* by Adams, Randolph G. ... 9- 4-26 p. 8
Lynch, Thomas—*The Fighting Quaker Who Made Cannon: Rhode Island and South Carolina Signers Included Hopkins, Outlawed by His Co-Religionists:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz ... 7-10-26 p. 20
*Rare Signatures of the Signers:* by MacFarland, Alice ... 7- 3-26 p. 25
McClintock, Captain Leopold—*Eternal Snows Hide Arctic Tragedy:* by McConnell, Burt M. ... 7-24-26 p. 20
McDevitt, H. S. (Illus.)—*Woodrow Wilson, Who Filled the Unforgiving Minute:* by Thompson, Huston ... 5-15-26 p. 2
McDonald, Sir Hector—*Pretenders Who Got Away With It: And Some Others Not So Fortunate:* by Black, Fred L. ... 5- 1-26 p. 13
McDowell, Lieutenant-Governor of Montana (Illus.)—*Woodrow Wilson, Who Filled the Unforgiving Minute:* by Thompson, Huston ... 5-15-26 p. 2
McGuffey's Readers—*The Child's Inquiry* (Poem—From McGuffey's Third Eclectic Reader) ... 9- 4-26 p. 33
*The Village Blacksmith* (Poem): by Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth (From McGuffey's Fifth Eclectic Reader) ... 9-25-26 p. 33
McGuire, A. J.—*A Dairy Cooperative Sponsored and Managed by Farmers* (Illus.): by Thompson, Huston ... 10- 9-26 p. 12
McKean, Thomas (Illus.)—*Rodney's Ride for Liberty: Here Is Told the Story of the Delaware Patriot Who Rose From a Sickbed to Vote for Independence:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz ... 7- 3-26 p. 16
McKee, Oliver, Jr.—*I Read in the Papers* ... 6-12-26 p. 21
McPherson, Aimee Semple—*News From Mexico* (Edit.) ... 8-28-26 p. 10
MacDonald, George F.—*I Read in the Papers* ... 7- 3-26 p 24
MacDonald, Thomas H. (Chief of U. S. Bureau of Public Roads)—*Building Good Roads by Gasoline:* by Welliver, J. C. ... 8-21-26 p. 4
Mackerel—*What Would Izaak Walton Have Said? The Author of the Compleat Angler in His Wildest Dreams Could Never Have Visualized This Monster Fish—A 1,500-Pound Mackerel:* by Whiting, May B. ... 9-25-26 p. 8

MacLeod, R. C.—*Unique Magazine That 'Mac' Built* 5- 8-26 p. 30
MacNider, Colonel Hanford—*I Read in the Papers*..... 7-17-26 p. 25
MacVeagh, Charles (American Ambassador to Japan)—*I Read in the Papers*..... 7-31-26 p. 32
Madison, James—*The Genesis of the Constitution:* by Benson, Allan L..... 9-25-26 p. 5
Magazine—see Art Magazine; 'Up-to-the-Times'
Magellan Expedition—*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': The Finding of the Spiceries:* by Finger, Charles J..... 5- 8-26 p. 16
*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': The Student:* by Finger, Charles J..... 5-22-26 p. 21
*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': 'The Part Played by Commerce Kings':* by Finger, Charles J..... 6- 5-26 p. 16
*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': Westward Ho!* by Finger, Charles J..... 6-19-26 p. 16
*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': Patagonia:* by Finger, Charles J..... 7-10-26 p. 16
*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': The Mutiny:* by Finger, Charles J..... 7-24-26 p. 16
*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': Wreck of the Santiago:* by Finger, Charles J..... 8- 7-26 p. 16
*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': The Passage of the Strait:* by Finger, Charles J..... 8-21-26 p. 12
*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': Desertion of the San Antonio:* by Finger, Charles J..... 8-28-26 p. 16
*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': Death of Magellan:* by Finger, Charles J..... 9-25-26 p. 16
*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': When Pirates Ruled:* by Finger, Charles J..... 10- 2-26 p. 16
Mail—*Heroes of the Air Mail:* by McConnell, Burt M. 9- 4-26 p. 4
Maine—*The Lobster Is Supreme in the Village of Cape Porpoise:* by Whiting, May B..... 9- 4-26 p. 14
*What Would Izaak Walton Have Said? The Author of The Compleat Angler in His Wildest Dreams Could Never Have Visualized This Monster Fish—A 1,500-Pound Mackerel* (Casco Bay, Maine): by Whiting, May B..... 9-25-26 p. 8
*Making the Government Efficient: Reorganization Would Cut 100,000 Unnecessary Employes From Federal Pay Rolls:* by Clark, Marian Bruce..... 7-31-26 p. 5
*Making the 'Movies' Dry* (Edit.)..... 7-31-26 p. 10
Man in the Iron Mask—*Pretenders Who Got Away With It: And Some Others Not So Fortunate:* by Black, F. L..... 5- 1-26 p. 13
*Man Who Fights Alone, The: 'The Cop Is the World's Greatest Warrior'*..... 5-22-26 p. 3
*Man Who Lives by What He Sees, A: Observation Is Made a Fine Art by This Detective, Who Has Exposed Many Frauds:* by Kelly, Fred C..... 9-11-26 p. 16
*Man Without Red Hair, The: Hugh Walpole, Noted Writer, Explains Why He Goes A-lecturing to America:* by Philips, Henry Albert..... 5- 1-26 p. 2
Mandalay—*The Queen of Kipling's Mandalay:* by Gard, Wayne..... 6-19-26 p. 2
Manila, Philippine Islands—*America's Scattered Children:* by Barton, William E..... 8-21-26 p. 6
Manuscript Forgeries—*I Read in the Papers*..... 9-18-26 p. 30
'Marie Celeste'—*I Read in the Papers* (Mystery of 'Marie Celeste')..... 9- 4-26 p. 29
Marshall, Edward—*Tales of the Wits Who Gave Humor to the Gay Nineties:* by Masson, Thomas L. 8-14-26 p. 28
Marxian Theories—*Socialism With the Bark Stripped Off: Showing Up Marxian Theories on Marriage, Religion and Property Ownership:* by Price, George McCready..... 5-15-26 p. 4
Masefield, John (Illus.)—*Patting the Lion's Mane: American Woman Says That English Men of Letters Are More Interesting Than American:* by Scott, Georgia Jackson..... 7-17-26 p. 16
*A Sailorman Poet—Spins Yarns of the Sea:* by Shore, W. Teignmouth..... 8- 7-26 p. 2
Massachusetts—*The Harvard of Our Forefathers* (Illus.): by Hawthorne, Julian..... 10- 2-26 p. 12
*When Old Salem Hunted Witches:* by Boeckmann, Henriette..... 5-22-26 p. 2
Masillon, Ohio—*Coxey the Crusader:* by Finger, Charles J..... 8-14-26 p. 2
*What Coxey Marched for*..... 8-14-26 p. 24
Masson, Thomas L.—*America, the Limelighter's Paradise:* by Masson, Thomas L..... 7-24-26 p. 4
*'Are You an Optimist?' If You Are You Will Not Wait for Outside Inspiration, But Find an Idea for Yourself and Follow Up:* by Masson, Thomas L..... 6- 5-26 p. 7
*Can Courage Be Cultivated? Yes, But It Takes Time:* by Masson, Thomas L..... 9- 4-26 p. 16
*Laughing Himself Out of Court: Like a Royal Jester Stripped of Cap and Bells, the Professional Humorist Is Losing His Hold on the Public:* by Masson, Thomas L..... 5- 1-26 p. 16
*Tales of the Wits Who Gave Humor to the Gay Nineties:* by Masson, Thomas L..... 8-14-26 p. 28
*Thomas L. Masson Describes His Life Among the Wild American Humorists*..... 8- 7-26 p. 12
*Trust Your Children to Pick Out the Best Books:* by Masson, Thomas L..... 10- 9-26 p. 7
*What Books Are Worth While—And Why?* by Masson, Thomas L..... 9-18-26 p. 4
*A Year of Thirteen Months?* by Masson, Thomas L..... 5-15-26 p. 3
Maternity Bill—*Uncle Sam and the Baby Crop:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy..... 7- 3-26 p. 3
Matheson, Captain Duncan (Illus.)—*San Francisco Says 'Shoot to Kill!'* by Dunn, Harry H..... 7-17-26 p. 32
Mattisse Painting (Illus.)—*Originality Is the Aim of the Modern Artist:* by Leuchtmann, Eugene 7- 3-26 p. 15
Matulevicius, Archbishop (Lithuania)—*'Come Home'* (Edit.)..... 8-14-26 p. 10
Maude, Cyril—*I Read in the Papers*..... 5- 1-26 p. 30
Mecca (Illus.)—*Islam Aims at World Domination: Consolidation of Moslemism Inspires Conference at Mecca:* by Whyte, Thomas Chalmers..... 8- 7-26 p. 14
*The Most Misunderstood Religion:* by Spoer, H. Henry..... 8-28-26 p. 14
Medicinal Beer—*The 'Hearings'* (Edit.)..... 5-15-26 p. 10
Medicine—*Chats With Office Callers*..... 7-17-26 p. 21
*I Read in the Papers*..... 4-24-26 p. 25
*A Valuable Aid* (Edit.)..... 6-19-26 p. 11
Medley Waltz—see Waltz
Meeker, Ezra—*Chats With Office Callers*..... 8-14-26 p. 20
Mellon, Andrew W. (Secretary of Treasury)—*Chats With Office Callers*..... 5-22-26 p. 26
*Chats With Office Callers*..... 6- 5-26 p. 24
*Chats With Office Callers*..... 6-12-26 p. 29
*Chats With Office Callers*..... 7- 3-26 p. 21
*Clemenceau Should Go On* (Edit.)..... 8-28-26 p. 10
*Enforcing Prohibition in Mr. Mellon's Own State: Alcohol Flows Freely From Pennsylvania's Many Distilleries in Spite of Amazing Disclosures:* by Erwin, John D..... 9-11-26 p. 7
*Mr. Mellon Arises to Say*— (Edit.)..... 9- 4-26 p. 10
*A Mixture No Nation Can Stand: America's Stomach Revolts at Concoction of Outlawed Liquor and Crooked Politics:* by Benson, Allan L..... 7-10-26 p. 3
*Postponing the Reckoning* (Edit.)..... 5- 8-26 p. 11
*Scandal Never Was Cleared Up:* by Perrington, Paul..... 6- 5-26 p. 3
*That 'Anti-American' Feeling: Some Psychological Reasons Why It Exists in France:* by Pinci, A. R..... 8-28-26 p. 3
*This to You* (Edit.)..... 8-14-26 p. 10
Memoirs—*The Writing of Indiscreet Memoirs: Caustic Comment by Lady Cynthia Asquith*..... 10-16-26 p. 8
Memorial Day—*The Day of Remembrance* (Edit.)..... 5-29-26 p. 10
Mencken, H. L.—*Chats With Office Callers*..... 5- 1-26 p. 25
*Chats With Office Callers*..... 5- 8-26 p. 25
*I Read in the Papers*..... 6-12-26 p. 21
*I Read in the Papers*..... 7-24-26 p. 32
Mennonites—*I Read in the Papers*..... 7-10-26 p. 32
Mental Disorders—see Nervous Breakdown
*Mental Tests Make Us Seem Foolish:* by Laird, Donald A..... 8- 7-26 p. 8
Meredith, Edwin T.—*The Principal Presidential Possibilities of 1928:* by Benson, Allan L..... 8-14-26 p. 21
'Messiah, The'—*I Read in the Papers*..... 9- 4-26 p. 29
*Messy Motorists Mar the Landscape:* by Sutton, George W., Jr..... 5-29-26 p. 14
Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York (Illus.)—*The Loneliest Man in New York: An Intimate Study of Frank A. Munsey:* by Benson, Allan L..... 8-21-26 p. 2
*Rare Americana in Unique Setting:* by Howe, J. Olin..... 8-21-26 p. 24
Mexico—*Doing and Daring in the Cause of Science: The Story of Dr. Edward Nelson of the Bureau of Biological Survey:* by Dacy, George H..... 10- 9-26 p. 23
*Mexico* (Edit.)..... 9-18-26 p. 11
*News From Mexico* (Edit.)..... 8-28-26 p. 10
*Women of Mexico Awake:* by Bowyer, Helen..... 8-21-26 p. 14
Miami, Florida—*Chats With Office Callers*..... 5-22-26 p. 26
Michigan—*The Gold Hunters: Being the Story of a Party of Young Men From Michigan in Their Search for Fortune in California in 1850-51:* by Phelps, Mary..... 9-25-26 p. 12
*A Lake-Shore Tragedy* (Illus.): by East, Ben..... 10- 9-26 p. 18
*Pere Gilbault, le Coureur des Bois: A Man of Northern Michigan—Philosopher and Artist for Art's Sake:* by Swift, Ivan..... 7-10-26 p. 8
Michigan State Prison (Illus.)—*Sad Men Who Look So Wistfully at the Sky:* by Hopp, William F..... 7-31-26 p. 14
Middle Temple Hall, London (Illus.)—*If Shakespeare Came to London: Would He Be Able to Search Out and Identify Many of His Old Haunts?* by Shore, W. Teignmouth..... 9-18-26 p. 17

Middleton, Arthur—*The Fighting Quaker Who Made Cannon: Rhode Island and South Carolina Signers Included Hopkins, Outlawed by His Co-Religionists:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz ... 7-10-26 p. 20
Military Schottische or Barn Dance—see Schottische
Military Service—*Army Morale Is Sinking* ... 8-28-26 p. 7
*The Council and the Churches* (Edit.) ... 6-26-26 p. 10
Milk—*I Read in the Papers* (Ballad of the Milk Bottle) ... 7- 3-26 p. 24
*I Read in the Papers* ('Human Dairies') ... 4-24-26 p. 25
Miller, Joaquin—*The Last Laugh* ... 6- 5-26 p. 23
Millerand, Alexandre—*'Off Agin! On Agin! Gone Agin!' There Have Been Twenty-Five Premiers of France During This Century:* by Pence, Harry ... 5- 8-26 p. 5
Milliken, Governor of Maine (Illus.)—*Woodrow Wilson, Who Filled the Unforgiving Minute:* by Thompson, Huston ... 5-15-26 p. 2
Milne, A. A. (Illus.)—*A. A. Milne at Home: Proves That Thirteen Is Lucky and Talks on 'When We Were Very Young':* by Phillips, Henry Albert ... 10-16-26 p. 3
Milwaukee, Wisconsin—*Chats With Office Callers* ('Pay-as-You-Go' System) ... 7-24-26 p. 19
Mining—*Africa—Land of Ivory, Gold and Diamonds:* by Kumm, H. K. W. ... 7-24-26 p. 24
*The Lost Mine of Silver Islet:* by Haste, Richard A. ... 6-12-26 p. 26
*Once a Bustling City—Now a Ghost of the Desert* (Rhyolite, Nevada) ... 8-14-26 p. 19
*Peace With Victory* (Edit.—English Mining) ... 9-18-26 p. 11
*Rough and Ready's Legacy to California: An Old Mining Camp of the Forty-Niners Which Inspired Bret Harte:* by Faris, John T. ... 6-26-26 p. 15
Ministry—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 9-18-26 p. 28
*Chats With Office Callers* (Ministers Caricatured Upon Stage) ... 8- 7-26 p. 19
*Have We an Educated Ministry?* by Barton, William E. ... 7-17-26 p. 6
*I Read in the Papers* (Ministers Caricatured Upon Stage) ... 7- 3-26 p. 24
*I Read in the Papers* (Ministers Caricatured Upon Stage) ... 6-12-26 p. 21
*Is the Pulpit a Bulletin Board?* by Barton, William E. ... 8- 7-26 p. 5
*A Letter* (Edit.—Ministers Caricatured in Motion Pictures) ... 6-26-26 p. 10
*Tests for Ministers* (Edit.) ... 7-31-26 p. 11
*What's the Matter With the Ministers?* by Barton, William E. ... 7-10-26 p. 14
Minneola, Kansas—*Some Vanished Towns of Kansas:* by Faris, John T. ... 8-21-26 p. 29
Minnesota Cooperative Creameries Association—*A Dairy Cooperative Sponsored and Managed by Farmers* (Land O'Lakes Creameries of Minnesota; Minnesota Cooperative Creameries Association): by Thompson, Huston ... 10- 9-26 p. 12
Minuet—*A Dance a Week: Steps of the Minuet* ... 5- 8-26 p. 28
*Missionaries and Machine Guns: Many Preachers of the Gospel Do Not Want the Protection of Bullets:* by Lewis, James H. ... 7-31-26 p. 7
Missions—*Lower California, Land of Mystery* (Illus.): by Dunn, Harry H. ... 9-18-26 p. 15
Mississippi—*Are Federal Offices for Sale? Congressmen Charge Patronage Was Bartered in Mississippi But Government Fails to Take Action:* by Clark, Marian Bruce ... 6-26-26 p. 3
*Packets Are Back on the Mississippi* ... 5- 8-26 p. 23
Mitchell, General William—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 7-17-26 p. 21
*Our Court-Martial System: Certain Fundamental Safeguards Are Still Needed:* by Beckman, James W. ... 9-18-26 p. 7
Mitchell, J. A.—*Thomas L. Masson Describes His Life Among the Wild American Humorists:* by Masson, Thomas L. ... 8-7-26 p. 12
*Mixture No Nation Can Stand, A: America's Stomach Revolts at Concoction of Outlawed Liquor and Crooked Politics:* by Benson, Allan L. ... 7-10 26 p. 3
Mob Law—*Chats With Office Callers* (New York) ... 9-18-26 p. 28
*I Read in the Papers* (New York) ... 7-17-26 p. 25
Moderns—*Exploding the Perennial Myth: That Our Ancestors Were All Hardy, and We Moderns Are All Weaklings:* by Hough, Donald ... 10- 9-26 p. 16
Modjeski, Ralph—*Crossing the Delaware, 1776-1926:* by Norton, C. L. ... 7- 3-26 p. 19
Mohammedanism—*Islam Aims at World Domination: Consolidation of Moslemism Inspires Conference at Mecca:* by Whyte, Thomas Chalmers ... 8- 7-26 p. 14
*The Most Misunderstood Religion:* by Spoer, H. Henry ... 8-28-26 p. 14
*Side Lights on the Bedouins* ... 5- 8-26 p. 27
Mond, Sir Alfred—*Lloyd George Seeks Power on Land Scheme:* by Tyner, Paul ... 4-24-26 p. 5
Moneka, Kansas—*Some Vanished Towns of Kansas:* by Faris, John T. ... 8-21-26 p. 29
Monetary System—see United States Monetary System
Money—*Mr. Ford's Page* (Money-Making Not Primary Industry) ... 9-25-26 p. 9
*Mr. Ford's Page* (Money Manipulation) ... 10- 2-26 p. 9
*Money* (Edit.) ... 7-10-26 p. 11
*A New Dictator* (Edit.—Money Manipulation) ... 8- 7-26 p. 11
Monkey Opera—*I Read in the Papers* (Monkey Opera in Budapest) ... 10- 2-26 p. 30
Monoplane (Illus.)—*From the Ground Up:* by Stout, William B. ... 9-11-26 p. 1
Month—see Year of Thirteen Months
Montreal—*Chats With Office Callers* (Liquor in Montreal) ... 9-18-26 p. 28
Montreal Mining Company, Ltd.—*The Lost Mine of Silver Islet:* by Haste, Richard A. ... 6-12-26 p. 26
Moody, Dwight L.—*The Old-Time Revival: Is It Good Enough for Us?* by Barton, William E. ... 9-18-26 p. 12
Moonlight—*Moonlight Midnight on 'Old Tim': Climbing a Wonder Mountain While the Rest of the World Sleeps:* by Smith, Wyman ... 5-22-26 p. 18
*Plant by the Moon* (Edit.) ... 5-15-26 p. 11
Morality—*Mr. Ford's Page* (Men Made Moral by Legislation) ... 5- 1-26 p. 9
*Socialism With the Bark Stripped Off:* by Price, George McCready ... 5-15-26 p. 4
Morgan, J. Pierpont—*The Secret of the Franc's Collapse:* by Pinci, A. R. ... 7-24-26 p. 6
*When Morgan Picked a Presidential Nominee:* by Benson, Allan L. ... 7-24-26 p. 3
'Morning Post,' London—*The Truth About France: Lesson of Touraine and the Woolen Stocking:* From Morning Post, London ... 9-18-26 p. 16
Moro Provinces—*Why Not Keep Faith With the Moro Race? Justice Is Due to These People as Well as to the Other Natives of Philippines:* by Bacon, Robert L. ... 6-19-26 p. 6
Morris, Robert (Illus.)—*We Must All Hang Together or We Shall Surely Hang Separately: Thus Warned Benjamin Franklin and a Unanimous Vote for Independence Followed:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz ... 8-28-26 p. 19
Mortgages—*The Mortgage Blanket on the United States:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy ... 6-12-26 p. 3
*The New 'Real Estate Bond' Industry:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy ... 6-19-26 p. 3
Morton, John (Illus.)—*We Must All Hang Together or We Shall Surely Hang Separately: Thus Warned Benjamin Franklin and a Unanimous Vote for Independence Followed:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz ... 8-28-26 p. 19
Moscow—*Over for Now* (Edit.) ... 5-29-26 p. 10
Moskovitz, Morris—*I Read in the Papers* ... 8-21-26 p. 32
*Most Misunderstood Religion, The: Muhammedanism:* by Spoer, H. Henry ... 8-28-26 p. 14
Mosul Case—*Here Is a Court Without a Sheriff: Court of International Justice Gives Decisions, But No One Enforces Them:* by Reinhardt, Charles Gilbert ... 5-29-26 p. 3
*Mother's 'Punkin' Pie* (Edit.) ... 10- 2-26 p. 10
Motion Pictures—*Chats With Office Callers* (Ben Hur) ... 9-25-26 p. 28
*Chats With Office Callers* (Blood-and-Thunder Film Stories) ... 10- 2-26 p. 28
*Chats With Office Callers* (Great Britain and Motion Pictures) ... 5- 1-26 p. 25
*Chats With Office Callers* (Movie Magnates) ... 7-10-26 p. 19
*Hunting Strange Things—Spoons, Pitcher Plants: Walter M. Cline's Quaint Quests* (Motion Pictures of Plants): by Barnet, Harry E. ... 5-29-26 p. 24
*I Read in the Papers* (Tagore and Motion Pictures) ... 10- 9-26 p. 30
*Making the 'Movies' Dry* (Edit.) ... 7-31-26 p. 10
*Movie Patrons Make Coolidge Think: Borah as Film Favorite Alters President's Visualization of World Court:* by Benson, Allan L. ... 7- 3-26 p. 4
Motor Car—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 6-12-26 p. 29
*Messy Motorists Mar the Landscape:* by Sutton, George W., Jr. ... 5-29-26 p. 14
*The Motor Car and Society* (Edit.) ... 6-12-26 p. 10
Mound City, Kansas—*Some Vanished Towns of Kansas:* by Faris, John T. ... 8-21-26 p. 29
Mount Rainier (Illus.)—*The Lure of Lofty Places* ... 9-18-26 p. 19
Mountain—*Hunting Strange Things—Spoons, Pitcher Plants: Walter M. Cline's Quaint Quests:* by Barnet, Harry E. ... 5-29-26 p. 24
*The Lure of Lofty Places: There Are Thrills on the Mountain Tops and Fascination in Finding Them* ... 9-18-26 p. 19
*Moonlight Midnight on 'Old Tim'* (Illus.): by Smith, Wyman ... 5-22-26 p. 18

Mummy of Rameses II (Illus.)—*New Light on Old Egypt:* by Barton, William E. 5-15-26 p. 5
Munsey, Frank A. (Illus.)—*The Loneliest Man in New York: An Intimate Study of Frank A. Munsey by a Man Who Was Once One of His Newspaper Executives:* by Benson, Allan L. 8-21-26 p. 2
Murder—*'A Personal Affair'* (Edit.) 5- 8-26 p. 11
Murdock, W. G. (Prohibition Administrator, Philadelphia)—*Pennsylvania—Chief Source of the Alcohol Flood:* by Erwin, John D. 10- 9-26 p. 4
Murray, Gilbert—*A Latin League* (Edit.) 5- 1-26 p. 10
Muscle Shoals—*Farmers Not Fooled, But Buncoed* (Edit.) 6- 5-26 p. 10
*Truth at Last* (Edit.) 7- 3-26 p. 10
Museum—see Metropolitan Museum of Art
Music—*The Alley Pays Tribute* (Edit.) 10- 2-26 p. 10
*Chats With Office Callers* (Cowboy Ballads) 10- 2-26 p. 28
*Chats With Office Callers* (Music of the Future) 10- 2-26 p. 28
*In Defense of Jazz* (Edit.) 10- 9-26 p. 11
*Our Musical Judgments* 6-26-26 p. 14
*'Those Good Old Songs'* (Edit.) 7-17-26 p. 11
Mussolini, Benito—*Is Europe Satisfied With the League?* by Wolff, Walter M. 5- 8-26 p. 6
Mutiny of St. Julian Bay—*The Voyage of the 'Victoria':* by Finger, Charles J. 7-24-26 p. 16
'Mutual Pools'—*A Spade's a Spade* (Edit.) 8-28-26 p. 11
My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean—*A Dance a Week: Waltz Quadrille* 5-29-26 p. 29


## N


Names—*Guide to Correct Use of Notables' Names* 8-21-26 p. 18
*What's in a Name?* by Sinclair, Alice E. 5-29-26 p. 21
Napoleon—*I Read in the Papers* (Napoleon and Madame de Stael) 9-18-26 p. 30
National Association of Manufacturers—*I Read in the Papers* 8- 7-26 p. 32
National Defense—*Army Morale Is Sinking* (National Defense Act of 1920) 8-28-26 p. 7
*Farmers Not Fooled, But Buncoed* (Edit.—Muscle Shoals) 6- 5-26 p. 10
National Fertilizer Association—*Truth at Last* (Edit.) 7- 3-26 p. 10
National Forests—*Phoning in the Woods:* by Barker, S. Omar 8-21-26 p. 19
National Guard—*Army Morale Is Sinking* 8-28-26 p. 7
Nationality—*I Read in the Papers* (Nationality of Great Men) 4-24-26 p. 25
Nationalization—*Lloyd George Seeks Power on Land Scheme:* by Tyner, Paul 4-24-26 p. 5
*Nations Take Action for World Sanitation* 5- 8-26 p. 28
*Nations Would End Passport Nuisance:* by Pinci, A. R. 5- 1-26 p. 4
Naturalization—*Guard the Gate!* (Edit.) 8- 7-26 p. 10
Nature Fakers—*I Read in the Papers* 5-15-26 p. 24
Naundorff, Karl William (Illus.)—*Pretenders Who Got Away With It: And Some Others Not So Fortunate:* by Black, F. L. 5- 1-26 p. 13
Naval Observatory (Illus.)—*Keeping the Country in Correct Time: The Work of Washington Naval Observatory:* by Winters, S. R. 10-16-26 p. 14
Navy—see Royal Indian Navy; United States Naval Academy
Nazareth—*From Dan to Beersheba in Four Days:* by Atkins, Gaius Glenn 10-16-26 p. 24
Near East—*A Church Where Early Christians Worshiped:* by Kelsey, Easton T. 9-11-26 p. 15
*Exploring Where Paul Preached:* by Kelsey, Easton T. 9- 4-26 p. 13
Nearing, Scott—*Scott Nearing as Prophet* (Edit.) 6- 5-26 p. 11
Negro—*Chats With Office Callers* ('Jim Crow' Cars) 5-15-26 p. 19
*Chats With Office Callers* (Negro Question) 10- 9-26 p. 28
*How the South Regards the Negro:* by Boyer, Townsend 5- 8-26 p. 3
*A Negro Views His Own Race* 8- 7-26 p. 15
*Reconstruction and the Negro Race:* by Boyer, Townsend 5-15-26 p. 7
*Right and Duties* (Edit.—Negroes and Real Estate) 6-12-26 p. 11
*Sixty Years of Negro Freedom in America:* by Brascher, Nahum Daniel 6-12-26 p. 8
*World War's Effect on the Negro:* by Boyer, Townsend 5-22-26 p. 15
Nelson, Dr. Edward (Illus.)—*Doing and Daring in the Cause of Science: The Story of Dr. Edward Nelson of the Bureau of Biological Survey:* by Dacy, George H. 10- 9-26 p. 23
Nelson, Thomas (Illus.)—*The Virginia Signers* (Declaration of Independence): by Lowden, Carl Schurz 7-31-26 p. 28
Nervous Breakdown—*Bringing the Human Boat to Port Under Its Own Steam:* by Collins, Dr. Joseph 9-25-26 p. 6
*The Doctor Looks at the Cause of Nervous Breakdown:* by Collins, Dr. Joseph 9-18-26 p. 1
Nest Building—*Wee, Timorous Beasties at Home:* by Aaron, S. F. 7-17-26 p. 2
Neurasthenia—see Nervous Breakdown
Nevada—*Once a Bustling City—Now a Ghost of the Desert* (Rhyolite, Nevada) 8-14-26 p. 19
New Castle County Workhouse (Illus.)—*Delaware Uses the Whipping Post:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy 7-17-26 p. 3
*New Dictator, A* (Edit.) 8- 7-26 p. 11
New England—*The Lobster Is Supreme in the Village of Cape Porpoise:* by Whiting, May B. 9- 4-26 p. 14
*Passing of Yankee Country Store:* by Bowles, Ella Shannon 5- 8-26 p. 8
*Robert Frost, Poet of New England:* by Mabie, Janet 6-26-26 p. 2
*What Would Izaak Walton Have Said? The Author of The Compleat Angler in His Wildest Dreams Could Never Have Visualized This Monster Fish—A 1,500-Pound Mackerel:* by Whiting, May B. 9-25-26 p. 8
*When May Boston Expect Its Next Earthquake?* by Mabie, Janet 5- 1-26 p. 3
*When Old Salem Hunted Witches:* by Boeckmann, Henriette 5-22-26 p. 2
New Ideas—*They Find New Ideas and Use Them:* by Laird, Donald A. 5-29-26 p. 7
*New Light on Old Egypt:* by Barton, William E. 5-15-26 p. 5
*New Light on the American Revolution: Burgoyne's Story of the Saratoga Surrender:* by Adams, Randolph G. 7- 3-26 p. 6
'New Messiah, The'—*I Read in the Papers* 8-28-26 p. 32
*New Phases of Changing China:* by Lowdermilk, Inez Marks 7-17-26 p. 5
*New 'Real Estate Bond' Industry, The:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy 6-19-26 p. 3
New Salem, Illinois (Illus.)—*The Town That Lincoln Put on the Map: New Salem, Being Restored as Memorial:* by Barton, William E. 5- 8-26 p. 7
*New Sphere of Science, The* (Edit.) 5-15-26 p. 10
New Testament—*Papyrus Records Tell How We Got the New Testament:* by Sanders, Henry A. 8-28-26 p. 8
*Reliability of the New Testament:* by Sanders, Henry A. 10- 9-26 p. 8
*Scholar Analyzes the Different Versions of the New Testament:* by Sanders, Henry A. 9-18-26 p. 8
New York—*Cashing in on the 'Blue Sky':* by Budd, Ralph W. and Howe, J. Olin 9-25-26 p. 2
*Chats With Office Callers* (Mob Law in New York) 9-18-26 p. 28
*The Loneliest Man in New York: An Intimate Study of Frank A. Munsey:* by Benson, Allan L. 8-21-26 p. 2
*The Man Who Fights Alone* (Slaying of Policemen in New York) 5-22-26 p. 3
*New York Wages Bitter War on Crime:* by McConnell, Burt M. 8-14-26 p. 3
*Rare Americana in Unique Setting:* by Howe, J. Olin 8-21-26 p. 24
*Why I Left New York—Part 1:* by Arms, L. L. 5-22-26 p. 5
*Why I Left New York—Part 2:* by Arms, L. L. 5-29-26 p. 5
New York 'Herald Tribune'—*Chats With Office Callers* (Stuart P. Sherman) 10- 2-26 p. 28
New Zealand—*Chats With Office Callers* 6- 5-26 p. 24
Newman, Ernest (London 'Sunday Times')—*In Defense of Jazz* (Edit.) 10- 9-26 p. 11
*Newport, Our 'Social Capital'* (Illus.): by Young, Alice 6- 5-26 p. 14
News—*News From Mexico* (Edit.) 8-28-26 p. 10
*News From Russia* (Edit.) 10- 2-26 p. 11
*Out of the World* (Edit.) 6-19-26 p. 10
*What Is the News?* (Edit.) 5- 1-26 p. 11
Newspapers—*Chats With Office Callers* 7-24-26 p. 19
*Chats With Office Callers* (Small-Town Newspapers) 6-19-26 p. 20
*Ninety-Dollar Vice-President Boom:* by Johns, E. B. 6-26-26 p. 6
*No Fight* (Edit.) 7-24-26 p. 10
'No Strike' Bill—*Chats With Office Callers* 8- 7-26 p. 19
North Carolina—*A Fighting Quaker of '76: Joseph Hewes—Who Led the North Carolina Men in Declaring for Independence:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz 8- 7-26 p. 25
North Pole—*Twice in a Week* (Edit.) 5-29-26 p. 11
Northwest Passage—*Tragedy of the Franklin Expedition: Conquerors, Even in Death, They Realized the Old Dream of a Northwest Passage:* by McConnell, Burt M. 7-17-26 p. 22
Norway—*Disarmament by the Purse* (Edit.) 10-16-26 p. 10
*I Read in the Papers* (Boats of the Norsemen) 9-25-26 p. 30
*Not a Dollar of War Debt* (Edit.) 8- 7-26 p. 11
*Not Political, But Real* (Edit.) 7-31-26 p. 11
Novel—*An Intimate Story of a Best Seller:* by Ellis, J. Breckenridge 7-10-26 p. 12
Novel—see Literature
Novelist—see Writer
Novelty Two Step—see Two Step
Nurse, Rebecca—*When Old Salem Hunted Witches:* by Boeckmann, Henriette 5-22-26 p. 2

Nye, Bill—*Laughing Himself Out of Court: Like a Royal Jester Stripped of Cap and Bells, the Professional Humorist Is Losing His Hold on the Public:* by Masson, Thomas L. ... 5- 1-26 p. 16

## O

Oatmeal—*The Passing of the Porridge Pot* ... 6-26-26 p. 21
Obesity—*The Dangers of Drugging for Fat:* by Dunn, Harry H. ... 6-12-26 p. 5
O'Brien, Daniel J. (Illus.)—*San Francisco Says 'Shoot to Kill!'* by Dunn, Harry H. ... 7-17-26 p. 32
Observation—*A Man Who Lives by What He Sees: Observation Is Made a Fine Art by This Detective, Who Has Exposed Many Frauds:* by Kelly, Fred C. ... 9-11-26 p. 16
O'Casey, Sean (Illus.)—*The Abbey Theater Finds Sean O'Casey: Dublin Workingman Attains Success as Playwright:* by Pritchett, V. S. ... 5-29-26 p. 2
*'Off Agin! On Agin! Gone Agin!' There Have Been Twenty-Five Premiers of France During This Century:* by Pence, Harry ... 5- 8-26 p. 5
Ohio—*A Spade's a Spade* (Edit.—Race Track Gambling) ... 8-28-26 p. 11
Oil Wells (Illus.)—*Still 'Gittin' Gold' in California:* by Painter, Walter ... 5-15-26 p. 20
*Old Boston's Historic Highway: State Street Saw Some of the Most Stirring Events of Revolutionary Days:* by Whiting, May B. ... 6- 5-26 p. 8
Old Dan Tucker—*A Dance a Week: Old Dan Tucker and Soldier's Joy* ... 8-14-26 p. 30
*Old Fernandina* ... 6-12-26 p. 21
Old Southern Schottische—see Schottische
'Old Tim'—*Moonlight Midnight on 'Old Tim':* by Smith, Wyman ... 5-22-26 p. 18
*Old-Time Revival, The: Is It Good Enough for Us?* by Barton, William E. ... 9-18-26 p. 12
*Omniscient Dr. Crane, The* (Edit.) ... 5- 1-26 p. 10
*On the Way* (Edit.—Prohibition in Great Britain) ... 8-21-26 p. 11
*Once a Bustling City—Now a Ghost of the Desert* (Rhyolite, Nevada) ... 8-14-26 p. 19
*One More Quarrel Missed* (Edit.) ... 7- 3-26 p. 11
*One Out of Nineteen* (Edit.) ... 9-11-26 p. 10
*One Reason Why Your Purse Is Light: The Public Must Pay Because Government Is Not Self-Supporting:* by Benson, Allan L. ... 5- 1-26 p. 7
Opera—see Theater
Optical Illusions—see Illusions
Optimist—*'Are You an Optimist?'* by Masson, Thomas L. ... 6- 5-26 p. 7
Organic Chemistry—see Chemistry
Organized Reserves—*Army Morale Is Sinking* ... 8-28-26 p. 7
*Originality Is the Aim of the Modern Artist:* by Leuchtmann, Eugene ... 7- 3-26 p. 15
*Our Musical Judgments* ... 6-26-26 p. 14
*Oust Him! He's an American* (Edit.) ... 9- 4-26 p. 10
*Out of the World* (Edit.) ... 6-19-26 p. 10
*Over for Now* (Edit.) ... 5-29-26 p. 10
Owens, Mary—*What I Remember of Longfellow:* by Hawthorne, Julian ... 5- 8-26 p. 21

## P

Pabst, Dr. Charles Frederick—*I Read in the Papers* ... 6-19-26 p. 25
Pacifists—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 6-26-26 p. 19
*Packets Are Back on the Mississippi* ... 5- 8-26 p. 23
Paderewski, Ignace Jan—*Our Musical Judgments* ... 6-26-26 p. 14
Page, Ambassador Walter—*How the United States Treats Its Diplomats:* by Clark, Marian Bruce ... 7-17-26 p. 18
*Pageantry for All:* by Garside, Frances L. ... 8- 7-26 p. 26
Pago Pago—*America's Scattered Children:* by Barton, William E. ... 8-21-26 p. 6
*Samoa—America's South Sea Paradise:* by Calnon, William Lee ... 5-29-26 p. 8
*Painting the Pennsylvania Lily* (Edit.) ... 9-18-26 p. 10
Paintings—*Church Gems of Italy:* by Grenell, Judson ... 6-26-26 p. 27
*Originality Is the Aim of the Modern Artist:* by Leuchtmann, Eugene ... 7- 3-26 p. 15
Palace of Justice—*Here Is a Court Without a Sheriff: Court of International Justice Gives Decisions, But No One Enforces Them:* by Reinhardt, Charles Gilbert ... 5-29-26 p. 3
Palazzo Gallery—*Chalk Artists of Palazzo Gallery:* by Allen, Robert S. ... 6-12-26 p. 23
Palestine—*From Dan to Beersheba in Four Days* (Illus.): by Atkins, Gaius Glenn ... 10-16-26 p. 24
*I Read in the Papers* ... 8-28-26 p. 32
Palmer, Attorney-General A. Mitchell (Illus.)—*Woodrow Wilson, Who Filled the Unforgiving Minute:* by Thompson, Huston ... 5-15-26 p. 2
Panama—*America's Scattered Children:* by Barton, William E. ... 8-21-26 p. 6
*Uncle Sam's Big Tropical Family:* by Wylie, David G. ... 6-12-26 p. 12
Panhandle-Plains Region of Texas—*King Cotton Goes West* ... 5-29-26 p. 19
'Pansy King'—*Wild Flower Gardens: 'Pansy King' Developed More Than Seventy Native Plants* (Illus.) ... 6-19-26 p. 32
Paper—*A Scientist Urges Farmers to Utilize Waste Products: Paper Can Easily Be Made From Wheat Straw:* by Beckman, James W. ... 8- 7-26 p. 7
*Papyrus Records Tell How We Got the New Testament:* by Sanders, Henry A. ... 8-28-26 p. 8
Para Rubber—*Why Not Keep Faith With the Moro Race?* by Bacon, Robert L. ... 6-19-26 p. 6
Parasite—*Mr. Ford's Page* ... 7-17-26 p. 9
*Mr. Ford's Page* ... 7-24-26 p. 9
Pardons—*Exercising the Pardoning Power:* by Hays, George W. (Formerly Governor of Arkansas) ... 9-25-26 p. 3
*Parentage of Attic Strads:* by Wier, M. Clyde ... 7-17-26 p. 8
Parents—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 10-16-26 p. 23
Paris, Kansas—*Some Vanished Towns of Kansas:* by Faris, John T. ... 8-21-26 p. 29
Parker, Alton B. (Illus.)—*When Morgan Picked a Presidential Nominee: The Inside Story of Parker's Nomination Is Here Told by a Writer Who Received His Information From Roosevelt:* by Benson, Allan L. ... 7-24-26 p. 3
Parnell, Charles Stewart—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 10- 2-26 p. 28
Parris House (Illus.)—*When Old Salem Hunted Witches:* by Boeckmann, Henriette ... 5-22-26 p. 2
Parties—*I Read in the Papers* (Republicans in South Need Reform) ... 10-16-26 p. 30
*What Has Become of Our Parties?* by Crowther, Samuel ... 8- 7-26 p. 3
Partisan Alienist—see Alienist
Pasha, Mustapha Kemal—*Dictators and the Dictated* (Edit.) ... 9-25-26 p. 11
*Islam Aims at World Domination:* by Whyte, Thomas Chalmers ... 8- 7-26 p. 14
*Passing of a Great Nation, The* ... 5- 8-26 p. 32
*Passing of the Poorhouse* (Edit.) ... 8-21-26 p. 11
*Passing of the Porridge Pot* ... 6-26-26 p. 21
*Passing of Yankee Country Store:* by Bowles, Ella Shannon ... 5- 8-26 p. 8
Passport—see League of Nations
*Pathway Toward Truth, The* (Edit.) ... 9-25-26 p. 11
Patronage—*Are Federal Offices for Sale?* by Clark, Marian Bruce ... 6-26-26 p. 3
*Patting the Lion's Mane: American Woman Says That English Men of Letters Are More Interesting Than American* (Illus.): by Scott, Georgia Jackson ... 7-17-26 p. 16
*Pauperization of Britain, The: Dole Collectors Lose Desire for Work:* by Tyner, Paul ... 8-14-26 p. 8
'Pay-as-You-Go'—*Chats With Office Callers* (Milwaukee 'Pay-as-You-Go' System) ... 7-24-26 p. 19
Peace—*Another Way* (Edit.) ... 8-21-26 p. 10
*Chats With Office Callers* (War-Makers) ... 10- 9-26 p. 23
*Disarmament by the Purse* (Edit.) ... 10-16-26 p. 10
*Mr. Ford's Page* ... 10- 9-26 p. 9
*Mr. Ford's Page* ... 10-16-26 p. 9
*No Fight* (Edit.) ... 7-24-26 p. 10
*Peace by the Air Line* (Edit.) ... 5-15-26 p. 10
*Peace With Victory* (Edit.) ... 9-18-26 p. 11
Peirce, James (Professor of Mathematics)—*The Harvard of Our Forefathers:* by Hawthorne, Julian ... 10- 2-26 p. 12
Peking, China—*I Read in the Papers* ... 6- 5-26 p. 21
Pencils—*Things in the Making* ... 4-24-26 p. 18
Pendleton, Oregon, Roundup—*Keeping Up the Star of the Old West* ... 9-18-26 p. 25
Penn, John (Illus.)—*A Fighting Quaker of '76: Joseph Hewes—Who Led the North Carolina Men in Declaring for Independence:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz ... 8- 7-26 p. 25
Pennell, Joseph—*I Read in the Papers* ... 7-10-26 p. 32
*I Read in the Papers* (Pennell Memorial Service) ... 7-17-26 p. 25
*Joseph Pennell—Etcher and Critic* (Illus.): by MacFarland, Alice ... 5- 1-26 p. 20
Pennsylvania—*Enforcing Prohibition in Mr. Mellon's Own State:* by Erwin, John D. ... 9-11-26 p. 7
*Painting the Pennsylvania Lily* (Edit.) ... 9-18-26 p. 10
*Pennsylvania—Chief Source of the Alcohol Flood:* by Erwin, John D. ... 10- 9-26 p. 4
*Pennsylvania's Land of Goshen:* by Anderson, John Davis ... 6- 5-26 p. 31
*The Root of Evil* (Edit.—Senatorial Primaries) ... 7- 3-26 p. 10
*We Must All Hang Together or We Shall Surely Hang Separately: Thus Warned Benjamin Franklin and a Unanimous Vote for Independence Followed:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz ... 8-28-26 p. 19
Pepper, Senator George W.—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 6-12-26 p. 29
Permanent Court of International Justice—*Here Is a Court Without a Sheriff:* by Reinhardt, Charles Gilbert ... 5-29-26 p. 3
*'Personal Affair, A'* (Edit.) ... 5- 8-26 p. 11

Pessimism—*Mr. Ford's Page* ... 8-14-26 p. 9
Petroleum—*Still 'Gittin' Gold' in California:* by Painter, Walter ... 5-15-26 p. 20
*Pheasant Hunting at Home* ... 5- 1-26 p. 24
Phelps, William Lyon—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 8- 7-26 p. 19
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania—*'Corrupt and Contented'* (Edit.) ... 4-24-26 p. 11
*Enforcing Prohibition in Mr. Mellon's Own State:* by Erwin, John D. ... 9-11-26 p. 7
*He Takes Tin Tacks From Tiny Throats* (Dr. Chevalier Jackson of Philadelphia) ... 7-17-26 p. 15
*Jews Grab Sesqui-Centennial Plums* ... 4-24-26 p. 12
*Joseph Pennell—Etcher and Critic:* by MacFarland, Alice ... 5- 1-26 p. 20
*Pennsylvania—Chief Source of the Alcohol Flood:* by Erwin, John D. ... 10- 9-26 p. 4
*Philadelphia Manna* (Edit.) ... 7-24-26 p. 11
*The True Sesqui-Centennial* (Edit.) ... 5- 8-26 p. 10
Philippine Islands—*America's Scattered Children:* by Barton, William E. ... 8-21-26 p. 6
*What of the Filipinos? They Say That We Do Not Understand Them:* by Greene, Marc T. ... 6-26-26 p. 5
*Why Not Keep Faith With the Moro Race?* by Bacon, Robert L. ... 6-19-26 p. 6
Philistia—see Palestine
Philosophy—*I Read in the Papers* ... 8-28-26 p. 32
Philpotts, Eden—*Fun in the Killing* (Edit.—Opposes Stag Hunting) ... 10-16-26 p. 11
'Phoebe' (Illus.)—*Three Musketeers at Sea—The Fate of the Third:* by Maddox, William Johnston ... 6-12-26 p. 19
*Phoning in the Woods: What the Messages Mean to the Forest Ranger:* by Barker, S. Omar ... 8-21-26 p. 19
Phototropisms—*I Read in the Papers* ... 6- 5-26 p. 21
Pictographs (Illus.)—*African Lions Roamed in Hollywood:* by Hubbard, Samuel ... 6-19-26 p. 12
Picture Writing—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 9-18-26 p. 28
Pie—*Mother's 'Punkin' Pie* (Edit.) ... 10- 2-26 p. 10
Pigafetta, Antonio—*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': Westward Ho!* by Finger, Charles J. ... 6-19-26 p. 16
*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': Death of Magellan:* by Finger, Charles J. ... 9-25-26 p. 16
*Pioneer Aerostatic Experiments Recorded on Old Prints* ... 6-12-26 p. 33
*Pioneer Tests in Aerostatics* ... 6-19-26 p. 33
Pirates—*Captain Kidd—Pirate Catcher:* by Whiting, May B. ... 5-22-26 p. 8
*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': When Pirates Ruled:* by Finger, Charles J. ... 10- 2-26 p. 16
*Pistols for Sale* (Edit.) ... 9- 4-26 p. 11
Pitcher Plant—*Hunting Strange Things—Spoons, Pitcher Plants: Walter M. Cline's Quaint Quests:* by Barnet, Harry E. ... 5-29-26 p. 24
Pitkin, Professor Walter B.—*I Read in the Papers* ... 5-15-26 p. 24
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania—*Pistols for Sale* (Edit.) ... 9- 4-26 p. 11
*Pity the Poor Baseball Scout!* by MacDonald, Paul ... 8-21-26 p. 16
Plain Quadrille—see Quadrille
*Plain Talk on the Debts* (Edit.) ... 4-24-26 p. 10
*Plant by the Moon* (Edit.) ... 5-15-26 p. 11
Play—*The Strange Transient Woman: A One-Act Play of Puritan Days:* by Roof, Katherine Metcalf ... 9- 4-26 p. 25
*Play Promoter, A* (Recreation for Children) ... 5-15-26 p. 28
Playwright—*The Abbey Theater Finds Sean O'Casey:* by Pritchett, V. S. ... 5-29-26 p. 2
*John Galsworthy—An Intimate Talk:* by Shore, W. Teignmouth ... 7-10-26 p. 2
Pleurisy Root (Illus.)—*Wild Flower Gardens* ... 6-19-26 p. 32
Plummer, Charles—*A Negro Views His Own Race* ... 8- 7-26 p. 15
Poem—see 'Rock Me to Sleep'
Poet—*Clovernook, the Cary Homestead:* by Higgins, Frances ... 6- 5-26 p. 25
*James Russell Lowell as Julian Hawthorne Remembers Him:* by Hawthorne, Julian ... 9-11-26 p. 12
*Robert Frost, Poet of New England:* by Mabie, Janet ... 6-26-26 p. 2
*A Sailorman Poet—Spins Yarns of the Sea* (John Masefield): by Shore, W. Teignmouth ... 8- 7-26 p. 2
Poetry—*And, Behold, Humbug Is King* (Literary Quackery): by Finger, Charles J. ... 5-15-26 p. 12
*Writing Verse for Composite Readers:* by Finger, Charles J. ... 7-31-26 p. 12
Poincare, Raymond (Illus.)—*'Off Agin! On Agin! Gone Agin!' There Have Been Twenty-Five Premiers of France During This Century:* by Pence, Harry ... 5- 8-26 p. 5
Poland—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 6-26-26 p. 19
*Chats With Office Callers* ... 7-17-26 p. 21
*Poland—Country of Possibilities:* by Patch, William M. ... 6- 5-26 p. 20
Polar Bears (Illus.)—*With Stefansson in the Arctic:* by McConnell, Burt M. ... 4-24-26 p. 22
Police—*The Man Who Fights Alone: 'The Cop Is the World's Greatest Warrior'* ... 5-22-26 p. 3
*Police Death Roll* (Edit.) ... 5-22-26 p. 11
*Politics—As the Ballots Fall* (Edit.—World Court) ... 10- 2-26 p. 10
*The Bear Went Over the Mountain* (Edit.—John W. Langley) ... 10- 9-26 p. 11
*The Brookhart Bogie* (Edit.) ... 7- 3-26 p. 10
*Chats With Office Callers* (Politics in France) ... 7- 3-26 p. 21
*Defeated One by One* (Edit.) ... 6-26-26 p. 11
*The Direct Primary* (Edit.) ... 10- 2-26 p. 11
*Mr. Ford's Page* (People Losing Interest in Politics) ... 8-14-26 p. 9
*Heckling—A Great British Institution:* by Barnhill, John Basil ... 4-24-26 p. 8
*I Read in the Papers* (Politics in Japan) ... 5-29-26 p. 22
*I Read in the Papers* (Republicans in South Need Reform) ... 10-16-26 p. 30
*A Mixture No Nation Can Stand: America's Stomach Revolts at Concoction of Outlawed Liquor and Crooked Politics:* by Benson, Allan L. ... 7-10-26 p. 3
*The New Sphere of Science* (Edit.) ... 5-15-26 p. 10
*Ninety-Dollar Vice-President Boom:* by Johns, E. B. ... 6-26-26 p. 6
*Not Political, But Real* (Edit.) ... 7-31-26 p. 11
*Painting the Pennsylvania Lily* (Edit.) ... 9-18-26 p. 10
*Pennsylvania—Chief Source of the Alcohol Flood:* by Erwin, John D. ... 10- 9-26 p. 4
*The Political Outlook* (Edit.) ... 6-12-26 p. 10
*The Principal Presidential Possibilities of 1928:* by Benson, Allan L. ... 8-14-26 p. 21
*The Root of Evil* (Edit.—Election Funds) ... 7- 3-26 p. 10
*The Senator Nobody Knows: Borah the Enigma:* by Benson, Allan L. ... 9- 4-26 p. 1
*That 'Anti-American' Feeling: Some Psychological Reasons Why It Exists in France:* by Pinci, A. R. ... 8-28-26 p. 3
*What Has Become of Our Parties?* by Crowther, Samuel ... 8- 7-26 p. 3
*When Morgan Picked a Presidential Nominee:* by Benson, Allan L. ... 7-24-26 p. 3
*Why Half the People Do Not Vote:* by Benson, Allan L. ... 10- 2-26 p. 1
Polka—*A Dance a Week: The Steps of the Polka* ... 5- 1-26 p. 29
*Polo Makes Good in America:* by MacDonald, Paul ... 6- 5-26 p. 12
Poor—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 5- 1-26 p. 25
*The Passing of the Poorhouse* (Edit.) ... 8-21-26 p. 11
Pope—*I Read in the Papers* (Temporal Power of Pope) ... 5- 1-26 p. 30
Porridge—*The Passing of the Porridge Pot: Why Halesome Parritch of Burns Is No Longer Chief of Scotia's Food* ... 6-26-26 p. 21
Porter—*The Pullman Porter* (Edit.) ... 8- 7-26 p. 11
Porter, Captain David (Illus.)—*Three Musketeers at Sea—The Fate of the Third:* by Maddox, William Johnston ... 6-12-26 p. 19
Porter, Gene Stratton (Illus.)—*Gene Stratton Porter—The Woman:* by Epler, Percy H. ... 5- 8-26 p. 2
Porto Rico—*America's Scattered Children:* by Barton, William E. ... 8-21-26 p. 6
Portraits—*I Read in the Papers* (Portraits of Versailles Peace Conference Members Sold at Auction ... 8- 7-26 p. 32
Portugal—*The Voyage of the 'Victoria'; The Finding of the Spiceries:* by Finger, Charles J. ... 5- 8-26 p. 16
Positions of Feet in Dancing—*A Dance a Week* ... 6-19-26 p. 30
Post, Russell Lee—*I Read in the Papers* ... 5-15-26 p. 24
*Postponing the Reckoning* (Edit.) ... 5- 8-26 p. 11
Pottery—*The Luster Ware of Long Ago* (Illus.): by Northend, Mary Harrod ... 10-16-26 p. 12
Pound, Roscoe—*I Read in the Papers* ... 7-10-26 p. 32
Powell, Sir Robert Baden—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 6-12-26 p. 29
Power Combined—*Farmers Not Fooled, But Buncoed* (Edit.) ... 6- 5-26 p. 10
Preaching—*Chats With Office Callers* (Weakness of Preaching) ... 9-18-26 p. 28
Prehistoric Animals—*African Lions Roamed in Hollywood:* by Hubbard, Samuel ... 6-19-26 p. 12
Premiers—*'Off Agin! On Agin! Gone Agin!' There Have Been Twenty-Five Premiers of France During This Century:* by Pence, Harry ... 5- 8-26 p. 5
President of the United States—*The President* (Edit.) 5- 1-26 p. 11
*Presidents Should Live in Style* ... 6- 5-26 p. 28
*The Principal Presidential Possibilities of 1928:* by Benson, Allan L. ... 8-14-26 p. 21
*When Morgan Picked a Presidential Nominee: The Inside Story of Parker's Nomination:* by Benson, Allan L. ... 7-24-26 p. 3
*The White House—A Mecca for Cranks:* by Johns, E. B. ... 7-31-26 p. 6
President of the United States—see Coolidge, President Calvin
Press—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 7-24-26 p. 19
*News From Mexico* (Edit.) ... 8-28-26 p. 10
*'Ware the 'Wet' Press* (Edit.) ... 7-10-26 p. 11
*What Is the News?* (Edit.) ... 5- 1-26 p. 11
*Pretenders Who Got Away With It: And Some Others Not So Fortunate:* by Black, F. L. ... 5- 1-26 p. 13
Price—*Mr. Ford's Page* (Price and Quality) ... 7-31-26 p. 9

*The Price-Fixing Association:* by Thompson, Huston ... 7-10-26 p. 6
Primary—see Direct Primary; Senatorial Primaries
Prime Minister of England—*I Read in the Papers* ... 6-19-26 p. 25
Prince of Wales—*The Prince's English* (Edit.) ... 6-12-26 p. 11
*Principal Presidential Possibilities of 1928, The:* by Benson, Allan L. ... 8-14-26 p. 21
Printing—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 7-10-26 p. 19
Prisoners—*Exercising the Pardoning Power:* by Hays, George W. (Formerly Governor of Arkansas) ... 9-25-26 p. 3
*Give Them Work* (Edit.) ... 6-12-26 p. 11
*Sad Men Who Look So Wistfully at the Sky:* by Hopp, William F. ... 7-31-26 p. 14
Progress—*Whence Progress Comes* (Edit.) ... 8-14-26 p. 11
Prohibition—*The Bear Went Over the Mountain* (Edit.—John W. Langley) ... 10- 9-26 p. 11
*Borah to the Lead* (Edit.) ... 6-19-26 p. 10
*Chats With Office Callers* ('Dry' Order) ... 7- 3-26 p. 21
*Chats With Office Callers* (Influence of Liquor) ... 5- 8-26 p. 25
*Chats With Office Callers* (Liquor in Montreal) ... 9-18-26 p. 28
*Chats With Office Callers* (Majority for Prohibition) ... 8-28-26 p. 21
*Chats With Office Callers* (Prohibition Subject of Public Thought) ... 8-14-26 p. 20
*Chats With Office Callers* (Public Sentiment Toward Prohibition) ... 10-16-26 p. 28
*Enforcing Prohibition in Mr. Mellon's Own State:* by Erwin, John D. ... 9-11-26 p. 7
*Mr. Ford's Page* ... 5- 1-26 p. 9
*The 'Hearings'* (Edit.) ... 5-15-26 p. 10
*I Read in the Papers* (Effects of Prohibition) ... 5-15-26 p. 24
*I Read in the Papers* (Kosher Wine) ... 5- 8-26 p. 19
*I Read in the Papers* (Lutheran Augustana Synod) ... 7-24-26 p. 32
*I Read in the Papers* (Referendum on Prohibition) ... 7-17-26 p. 25
*Is the Pulpit a Bulletin Board?* by Barton, William E. ... 8- 7-26 p. 5
*Making the 'Movies' Dry* (Edit.) ... 7-31-26 p. 10
*A Mixture No Nation Can Stand: America's Stomach Revolts at Concoction of Outlawed Liquor and Crooked Politics:* by Benson, Allan L. ... 7-10-26 p. 3
*On the Way* (Edit.—Prohibition in Great Britain) ... 8-21-26 p. 11
*Pennsylvania—Chief Source of the Alcohol Flood:* by Erwin, John D. ... 10- 9-26 p. 4
*The Senator Nobody Knows: Borah the Enigma:* by Benson, Allan L. ... 9- 4-26 p. 1
*Shall We Nullify?* (Edit.) ... 8- 7-26 p. 10
*'Ware the 'Wet' Press* (Edit.) ... 7-10-26 p. 11
*Your Dollars Are Needed* (Edit.) ... 9-25-26 p. 10
*Promise, A* (Edit.—Spring) ... 5- 1-26 p. 11
Promoters—*Cashing in on the 'Blue Sky':* by Budd, Ralph W. and Howe, J. Olin ... 9-25-26 p. 2
*The Use of Great Names in 'Blue Sky' Swindles:* by Budd, Ralph W. and Howe, J. Olin ... 10- 2-26 p. 7
Propaganda—*Is the Pulpit a Bulletin Board? Is the Preacher a Prophet or a Propagandist?* by Barton, William E. ... 8- 7-26 p. 5
*Your Dollars Are Needed* (Edit.—Anti-Prohibition Propaganda) ... 9-25-26 p. 10
Property—*The Mortgage Blanket on the United States:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy ... 6-12-26 p. 3
*Socialism With the Bark Stripped Off: Showing Up Marxian Theories on Marriage, Religion and Property Ownership:* by Price, George McCready ... 5-15-26 p. 4
Prophets—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 10-16-26 p. 28
*Down With Prophets!* (Edit.) ... 7-31-26 p. 10
Prospecting—*The Gold Hunters: Being the Story of a Party of Young Men From Michigan in Their Search for Fortune in California in 1850-51:* by Phelps, Mary ... 9-25-26 p. 12
Prosperity—*Chats With Office Callers* (Prosperity in America) ... 9-25-26 p. 28
*Mr. Ford's Page* ... 5- 8-26 p. 9
*Mr. Ford's Page* ... 9-18-26 p. 9
*Sightseeing in the Land of Plenty:* by Stevens, James ... 6-12-26 p. 16
Psychoanalysis—*Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's Lady:* by Collins, Dr. Joseph ... 8-21-26 p. 3
Psychology—*America Leads the World in Psychology:* by Laird, Donald A. ... 6-12-26 p. 4
*Arthur Conan Doyle Speaks on the Psychic Side of Crime:* by Shore, W. Teignmouth ... 9-11-26 p. 3
*Chats With Office Callers* ... 9-25-26 p. 28
*I Read in the Papers* (Psychology of Modern Girl) ... 9- 4-26 p. 29
*Mental Tests Make Us Seem Foolish:* by Laird, Donald A. ... 8- 7-26 p. 8
*The Psychologist Says: 'Trust Your Hunches':* by Laird, Donald A. ... 8-14-26 p. 5
Psychoneurosis—see Nervous Breakdown
Public Indifference—see Indifference
Public School—see School
Publicity—*America, the Limelighter's Paradise:* by Masson, Thomas L. ... 7-24-26 p. 4
Publicker Commercial Alcohol Company—*Enforcing Prohibition in Mr. Mellon's Own State:* by Erwin, John D. ... 9-11-26 p. 7
*Pullman Porter, The* (Edit.) ... 8- 7-26 p. 11
Pulpit—*Is the Pulpit a Bulletin Board?* by Barton, William E. ... 8- 7-26 p. 5
Puritans—*Laws the Puritans Enacted* ... 8- 7-26 p. 30
*We Need More Puritans!* by Barton, William E. ... 8-14-26 p. 7

## Q

Quadrille—*A Dance a Week: Presenting Two Old Favorites—Plain Quadrille and Novelty Two Step* ... 6- 5-26 p. 32
Quaker—*A Fighting Quaker of '76: Joseph Hewes—Who Led the North Carolina Men in Declaring for Independence:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz ... 8- 7-26 p. 25
*The Fighting Quaker Who Made Cannon: Rhode Island and South Carolina Signers Included Hopkins, Outlawed by His Co-Religionists:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz ... 7-10-26 p. 20
Quaker Industrial Alcohol Corporation—*Enforcing Prohibition in Mr. Mellon's Own State:* by Erwin, John D. ... 9-11-26 p. 7
Quality—*Mr. Ford's Page* (Quality and Price) ... 7-31-26 p. 9
Queen Elizabeth—*I Read in the Papers* (Ghost Visits Windsor Castle) ... 10- 9-26 p. 30
*Queen of Kipling's Mandalay, The:* by Gard, Wayne ... 6-19-26 p. 2

## R

Race—*Exploding the Perennial Myth: That Our Ancestors Were All Hardy, and We Moderns Are All Weaklings:* by Hough, Donald ... 10- 9-26 p. 16
Radio—*Keeping the Country in Correct Time: The Work of Washington Naval Observatory* (Illus.): by Winters, S. R. ... 10-16-26 p. 14
*Who Pays for Our Radio Programs?* by Collman, Charles A. ... 5-22-26 p. 7
Railway—*Building the First Continental:* by Le-Bourdais, D. M. ... 8-14-26 p. 18
*Chats With Office Callers* (Railway Service) ... 8- 7-26 p. 19
Rain—*Chats With Office Callers* (Rain and Snow From Insect Life) ... 8-21-26 p. 21
Randolph, Edmund—*The Genesis of the Constitution:* by Benson, Allan L. ... 9-25-26 p. 5
*Rare Americana in Unique Setting:* by Howe, J. Olin ... 8-21-26 p. 24
*Rare Signatures of the Signers: Big Sums Paid for Autographs of Patriots* (Illus.): by MacFarland, Alice ... 7- 3-26 p. 25
Rattlesnakes—*A Good Word for Snakes:* by Hoag, John Edwin ... 7-24-26 p. 2
Rayon Silk—*I Read in the Papers* ... 5- 1-26 p. 30
Read, George (Illus.)—*Rodney's Ride for Liberty: Here Is Told the Story of the Delaware Patriot Who Rose From a Sickbed to Vote for Independence:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz ... 7- 3-26 p. 16
Real Estate—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 8- 7-26 p. 19
*House Surplus* (Edit.) ... 8- 7-26 p. 10
*The Mortgage Blanket on the United States:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy ... 6-12-26 p. 3
*The New 'Real Estate Bond' Industry:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy ... 6-19-26 p. 3
*When You Buy Your Own Home Site: Evil Surroundings Often Corrupt Good Properties:* by Adams, Paul ... 4-24-26 p. 6
Real Estate Promoters—see Promoters
Reconstruction—*Reconstruction and the Negro Race:* by Boyer, Townsend ... 5-15-26 p. 7
*Reconstruction in France* (Edit.) ... 5-29-26 p. 11
Recreation—*Camping Out* ... 6-26-26 p. 23
*A Play Promoter* (Recreation for Children) ... 5-15-26 p. 28
Redmond, S. D.—*Are Federal Offices for Sale?* by Clark, Marian Bruce ... 6-26-26 p. 3
Redwood Library—*Newport, Our 'Social Capital':* by Young, Alice ... 6- 5-26 p. 14
Reilly, Brigadier-General Henry J. (Illus.)—*Ninety-Dollar Vice-President Boom:* by Johns, E. B. ... 6-26-26 p. 6
Religion—*Army of Faith* (Edit.) ... 7-10-26 p. 10
*Chats With Office Callers* (Church Neglects Rural Field) ... 8-28-26 p. 21
*Chats With Office Callers* (Pro-Jewish Propaganda in Protestant Churches) ... 8-21-26 p. 21
*Chats With Office Callers* (Religion in Alaska) ... 9-18-26 p. 28
*The Council and the Churches* (Edit.) ... 6-26-26 p. 10
*Mr. Ford's Page* (Religious Indifference) ... 8-21-26 p. 9
*Have We an Educated Ministry?* by Barton, William E. ... 7-17-26 p. 6
*I Read in the Papers* (Yale Students and Church Going) ... 6-26-26 p. 24
*Is the Pulpit a Bulletin Board?* by Barton, William E. ... 8- 7-26 p. 5
*The Most Misunderstood Religion: Muhammedanism:* by Spoer, H. Henry ... 8-28-26 p. 14
*The Old-Time Revival: Is It Good Enough for Us?* by Barton, William E. ... 9-18-26 p. 12

*Papyrus Records Tell How We Got the New Testament:* by Sanders, Henry A. 8-28-26 p. 8
*Reliability of the New Testament:* by Sanders, Henry A. 10- 9-26 p. 8
*Scholar Analyzes the Different Versions of the New Testament:* by Sanders, Henry A. 9-18-26 p. 8
*Socialism With the Bark Stripped Off: Showing Up Marxian Theories on Marriage, Religion and Property Ownership:* by Price, George McCready 5-15-26 p. 4
*What's the Matter With the Ministers?* by Barton, William E. 7-10-26 p. 14
*What's Wrong With Higher Critics?* by Barton, William E. 7-24-26 p. 7
Reptiles—*A Good Word for Snakes:* by Hoag, John Edwin 7-24-26 p. 2
Republican Party—*I Read in the Papers* (Republicans in South Need Reform) 10-16-26 p. 30
*What Has Become of Our Parties?* by Crowther, Samuel 8- 7-26 p. 3
*Reservation, The Fifth* (Edit.) 10- 9-26 p. 10
Reserve Officers Training Corps—*Army Morale Is Sinking* 8-28-26 p. 7
Revival—*The Old-Time Revival: Is It Good Enough for Us?* by Barton, William E. 9-18-26 p. 12
Revolution—*Chats With Office Callers* (Polish Revolution) 6-26-26 p. 19
*I Read in the Papers* (A Tragedy of American Revolution) 5- 8-26 p. 19
*New Light on the American Revolution: Burgoyne's Story of the Saratoga Surrender:* by Adams, Randolph G. 7- 3-26 p. 6
*News From Russia* (Edit.) 10- 2-26 p. 11
Rhode Island—*The Fighting Quaker Who Made Cannon: Rhode Island and South Carolina Signers Included Hopkins, Outlawed by His Co-Religicnists:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz 7-10-26 p. 20
Rhodes, C. F.—*Jews Grab Sesqui-Centennial Plums* 4-24-26 p. 12
Rhyolite, Nevada—*Once a Bustling City—Now a Ghost of the Desert* 8-14-26 p. 19
Rice—*I Read in the Papers* (Japan Turns From Rice as Sole Diet) 9-25-26 p. 30
Rich—*Chats With Office Callers* (Rich Dividing With Poor) 9- 4-26 p. 24
*Rights and Duties* (Edit.—Negroes and Real Estate) 6-12-26 p. 11
Riley, M. C. (Illus.)—*Woodrow Wilson, Who Filled the Unforgiving Minute:* by Thompson, Huston 5-15-26 p. 2
Roads—*Building Good Roads by Gasoline:* by Welliver, J. C. 8-21-26 p. 4
Robinson, 'Gil'—see Circus
'Rock Me to Sleep' (Poem)—*Brain-Children Are Sometimes Stolen: Authorship of Famous Poem Precipitates Long Dispute:* by Turner, Morris S. 7-24-26 p. 8
Rodney, Caesar (Illus.)—*Rodney's Ride for Liberty: Here Is Told the Story of the Delaware Patriot Who Rose From a Sickbed to Vote for Independence:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz 7- 3-26 p. 16
Rogers, Will—*Laughing Himself Out of Court: Like a Royal Jester Stripped of Cap and Bells, the Professional Humorist Is Losing His Hold on the Public:* by Masson, Thomas L. 5- 1-26 p. 16
Rome—see Italy
Rome, Kansas—*Some Vanished Towns of Kansas:* by Faris, John T. 8-21-26 p. 29
Roosevelt, Theodore (Illus.)—*When Morgan Picked a Presidential Nominee: The Inside Story of Parker's Nomination Is Here Told by a Writer Who Received His Information From Roosevelt:* by Benson, Allan L. 7-24-26 p. 3
*Woodrow Wilson—Not Tired by Waiting:* by Thompson, Huston 5-22-26 p. 12
*Root of Evil, The* (Edit.) 7- 3-26 p. 10
Ross, George (Illus.)—*We Must All Hang Together or We Shall Surely Hang Separately: Thus Warned Benjamin Franklin and a Unanimous Vote for Independence Followed:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz 8-28-26 p. 19
Rothfield, Abraham—*Guard the Gate!* (Edit.) 8- 7-26 p. 10
*Rough and Ready's Legacy to California: An Old Mining Camp of the Forty-Niners Which Inspired Bret Harte:* by Faris, John T. 6-26-26 p. 15
Round-Up—*Keeping Up the Star of the Old West* 9-18-26 p. 25
Rover Movement—*Chats With Office Callers* 6-12-26 p. 29
Rowe, Willis A. (Illus.)—*A Good Word for Snakes:* by Hoag, John Edwin 7-24-26 p. 2
*Royal Indian Navy* 5- 1-26 p. 18
Royalty—*Pretenders Who Got Away With It: And Some Others Not So Fortunate* (Illus.): by Black, F. L. 5- 1-26 p. 13
Rubber Tree at Malaybalay, Mindanao (Illus.)—*Why Not Keep Faith With the Moro Race?* by Bacon, Robert L. 6-19-26 p. 6
Rural Free Delivery—*Chats With Office Callers* 7-17-26 p. 21
Rush, Benjamin (Illus.)—*We Must All Hang Together or We Shall Surely Hang Separately: Thus Warned Benjamin Franklin and a Unanimous Vote for Independence Followed:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz 8-28-26 p. 19
Russia—*Chats With Office Callers* (Russianizing American Fiction) 6- 5-26 p. 24
*I Read in the Papers* 6-19-26 p. 25
*I Read in the Papers* 8-28-26 p. 32
*I Read in the Papers* (Djugashvili, Josef) 10- 2-26 p. 30
*Is Europe Satisfied With the League?* by Wolff, Walter M. 5- 8-26 p. 6
*Is Russia to Be Blamed?* (Edit.) 7-24-26 p. 10
*News From Russia* (Edit.) 10- 2-26 p. 11
*The Senator Nobody Knows: Borah the Enigma* (Urges Recognition of Russian Government): by Benson, Allan L. 9- 4-26 p. 1
*Socialism With the Bark Stripped Off:* by Price, George McCready 5-15-26 p. 4
Rutledge, Ann—*The Town That Lincoln Put on the Map: New Salem, Being Restored as Memorial:* by Barton, William E. 5- 8-26 p. 7
Rutledge, Edward—*The Fighting Quaker Who Made Cannon: Rhode Island and South Carolina Signers Included Hopkins, Outlawed by His Co-Religionists:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz 7-10-26 p. 20
Ruysch Map, 1507 (Illus.)—*The Voyage of the 'Victoria':* by Finger, Charles J. 5- 8-26 p. 16

## S

*Sad Men Who Look So Wistfully at the Sky:* by Hopp, William F. 7-31-26 p. 14
Safety—*Speed With Safety* (Edit.) 7-17-26 p. 10
*Sailorman Poet, A—Spins Yarns of the Sea* (John Masefield): by Shore, W. Teignmouth 8- 7-26 p. 2
*Saint Gregory and Usury* 5-22-26 p. 32
Saint Peter's From Torredinona, Rome (Illus.)—*Church Gems of Italy:* by Grenell, Judson 6-26-26 p. 27
Salem, Massachusetts—*When Old Salem Hunted Witches:* by Boeckmann, Henriette 5-22-26 p. 2
Salmon, Arthur L.—*Chats With Office Callers* ('Some Day'—Poem) 10- 9-26 p. 28
Samoa—*America's Scattered Children:* by Barton, William E. 8-21-26 p. 6
*Samoa—America's South Sea Paradise:* by Calnon, William Lee 5-29-26 p. 8
'San Antonio'—*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': Westward Ho!* by Finger, Charles J. 6-19-26 p. 16
*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': Desertion of the 'San Antonio':* by Finger, Charles J. 8-28-26 p. 16
San Fernando, California—*A Good Word for Snakes:* by Hoag, John Edwin 7-24-26 p. 2
*San Francisco Says 'Shoot to Kill!'* by Dunn, Harry H. 7-17-26 p. 32
San Telmo, California (Illus.)—*Lower California, Land of Mystery:* by Dunn, Harry H. 9-18-26 p. 15
Sanders, Henry A.—*Papyrus Records Tell How We Got the New Testament:* by Sanders, Henry A. 8-28-26 p. 8
*Reliability of the New Testament:* by Sanders, Henry A. 10- 9-26 p. 8
*The Scholar Analyzes the Different Versions of the New Testament:* by Sanders, Henry A. 9-18-26 p. 8
Sanford, W. J., Jr.—*A Play Promoter* 5-15-26 p. 28
Sapiro, Aaron—*Chats With Office Callers* 5-22-26 p. 26
Sarah Osburn House (Illus.)—*When Old Salem Hunted Witches:* by Boeckmann, Henriette 5-22-26 p. 2
Saratoga Surrender—*New Light on the American Revolution: Burgoyne's Story of the Saratoga Surrender:* by Adams, Randolph G. 7- 3-26 p. 6
*Saves His Bacon* (Edit.) 7-10-26 p. 11
*Scandal Never Was Cleared Up! Why President Harding's Investigator Was Hindered at Every Turn in $100,000,000 Liberty Bond Mystery:* by Perrington, Paul 6- 5-26 p. 3
Scheffer, Paul—*I Read in the Papers* 6-26-26 p. 24
Schoner Map, 1520—*The Voyage of the 'Victoria':* by Finger, Charles J. 5- 8-26 p. 16
School—*Chats With Office Callers* (School and Church) 8-28-26 p. 21
*School Again* (Edit.) 9-25-26 p. 11
*Should Children Skip Grades?* by Cary, Myra 6-12-26 p. 32
*Which School Is Best for Your Children?* by Shuey, Mary Willis 5- 1-26 p. 8
'School of Philosophy'—*Chats With Office Callers* 6-19-26 p. 20
Schottische—*A Dance a Week: The Schottische* 4-24-26 p. 29
Science—*Doing and Daring in the Cause of Science: The Story of Dr. Edward Nelson of the Bureau of Biological Survey* (Illus.): by Dacy, George H. 10- 9-26 p. 23
*I Read in the Papers* 8-28-26 p. 32
*The New Sphere of Science* (Edit.) 5-15-26 p. 10
*The Pathway Toward Truth* (Edit.) 9-25-26 p. 11
*The Scientist Is the Most Effectual Agent for Democracy: Says Edwin E. Slosson:* by Chase, Frank M. 9-18-26 p. 6

*A Scientist Urges Farmers to Utilize Waste Products* 8- 7-26 p. 7
Science—see Psychology
Scotland—*I Read in the Papers* (Burns' Trysting Tree) 10-16-26 p. 30
*I Read in the Papers* (Highland Bagpipe) 6-26-26 p. 24
*The Passing of the Porridge Pot: Why Halesome Parritch of Burns Is No Longer Chief of Scotia's Food* 6-26-26 p. 21
Sea—*Chats With Office Callers* (Sea Serpent) 7-31-26 p. 25
*In Real Peril at Sea* 6-12-26 p. 28
*Three Musketeers at Sea—The Fate of the Third:* by Maddox, William Johnston 6-12-26 p. 19
*Secret of the Franc's Collapse:* by Pinci, A. R. 7-24-26 p. 6
Secret Service—*Scandal Never Was Cleared Up! Why President Harding's Investigator Was Hindered at Every Turn in $100,000,000 Liberty Bond Mystery:* by Perrington, Paul 6- 5-26 p. 3
*The White House—A Mecca for Cranks: Secret Service Men Must Ever Be Alert to Guard the President From the Unbalanced:* by Johns, E. B. 7-31-26 p. 6
Secretary of the Treasury—see Mellon, Andrew W.
Sectionalism—*I Read in the Papers* 6-12-26 p. 21
Seeing—*The Eye and Art of Seeing* 5- 8-26 p. 24
Selective Immigration Act—*Oust Him! He's an American* (Edit.) 9- 4-26 p. 10
Senatorial Primaries—*As the Ballots Fall* (Edit.) 10- 2-26 p. 10
*Defeated One by One* (Edit.) 6-26-26 p. 11
Senators—*Chats With Office Callers* (Senators Told How to Vote) 7-31-26 p. 25
*The Senator Nobody Knows: Borah the Enigma:* by Benson, Allan L. 9- 4-26 p. 1
Serrao, Francisco—*The Voyage of the 'Victoria':* by Finger, Charles J. 5- 8-26 p. 16
Service—*Chats With Office Callers* (Railway Service) 8- 7-26 p. 19
*Chats With Office Callers* (Service Its Own Reward) 8-14-26 p. 20
Sesqui-Centennial Exposition, Philadelphia—*Chats With Office Callers* 8-28-26 p. 21
*Jews Grab Sesqui-Centennial Plums* 4-24-26 p. 12
*Philadelphia Manna* (Edit.) 7-24-26 p. 11
*Success at Last!* (Edit.) 9-11-26 p. 11
*The True Sesqui-Centennial* (Edit.) 5- 8-26 p. 10
Seven Sleepers—*Taken From the Classics* 7-17-26 p. 20
Seventeenth-Century Minuet—*A Dance a Week* 8- 7-26 p. 30
Shakespeare, William—*If Shakespeare Came to London: Would He Be Able to Search Out and Identify Many of His Old Haunts?* by Shore, W. Teignmouth 9-18-26 p. 17
*Shall We Nullify?* (Edit.) 8- 7-26 p. 10
Sharing Instinct—*Mr. Ford's Page* 9-18-26 p. 9
Shaw, George Bernard (Illus.)—*Heckling—A Great British Institution:* by Barnhill, John Basil 4-24-26 p. 8
*Patting the Lion's Mane: American Woman Says That English Men of Letters Are More Interesting Than American:* by Scott, Georgia Jackson 7-17-26 p. 16
Shaw, W. B.—*Lady Makes a Living Raising Lilies:* by Dacy, George H. 4-24-26 p. 32
Sheldon, Dr. Charles M. (Illus.)—*'In His Steps' Brought No Wealth: Dr. Sheldon's Book Sold in Millions But Left Its Author a Poor Man; He, However, Has No Regrets:* by Stidger, William L. 6-12-26 p. 2
Sherman, Stuart P.—*Chats With Office Callers* 10- 2-26 p. 28
Shipwreck—*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': Wreck of the Santiago:* by Finger, Charles J. 8- 7-26 p. 16
Shoe Leather—*I Read in the Papers* (Shoe Leather Hits Orient) 7-10-26 p. 32
'Shoemaker, Stick to Your Last'—*The Omniscient Dr. Crane* (Edit.) 5- 1-26 p. 10
*Should Children Skip Grades?* by Cary, Myra 6-12-26 p. 32
*Side Lights on the Bedouins* 5- 8-26 p. 27
*Sightseeing in the Land of Plenty:* by Stevens, James 6-12-26 p. 16
Signers of Declaration of Independence—see Declaration of Independence
Signing—*We Sign Anything* (Edit.) 7- 3-26 p. 11
Silk—*I Read in the Papers* (Artificial Silk) 5- 1-26 p. 30
*Silk-Spinning Tragedienne, The:* by Aaron, S. F. 8-28-26 p. 5
Silver Islet—*The Lost Mine of Silver Islet:* by Haste, Richard A. 6-12-26 p. 26
Silverware—see Tableware
Simon, Robert A.—*Our Musical Judgments* 6-26-26 p. 14
'Single Tax' Movement—*Lloyd George Seeks Power on Land Scheme:* by Tyner, Paul 4-24-26 p. 5
Sinn Fein—*Chats With Office Callers* 10- 2-26 p. 28
*Sixty Years of Negro Freedom in America:* by Brascher, Nahum Daniel 6-12-26 p. 8
Skipping Grades—*Should Children Skip Grades?* by Cary, Myra 6-12-26 p. 32
Skull Rock—*The Lost Mine of Silver Islet:* by Haste, Richard A. 6-12-26 p. 26
Skyscrapers—*Let There Be Light* (Edit.) 4-24-26 p. 11
Slavery—*How the South Regards the Negro:* by Boyer, Townsend 5- 8-26 p. 3
*Up From Slavery* (Edit.) 5- 8-26 p. 10
Slosson, Edwin E. (Illus.)—*The Scientist Is the Most Effectual Agent for Democracy: Says Edwin E. Slosson:* by Chase, Frank M. 9-18-26 p. 6
Smith, Al (Governor of New York)—*The Principal Presidential Possibilities of 1928:* by Benson, Allan L. 8-14-26 p. 21
*The Senator Nobody Knows: Borah the Enigma:* by Benson, Allan L. 9- 4-26 p. 1
Smith, Professor G. Elliot—*I Read in the Papers* 5- 8-26 p. 19
Smith, Gipsy—*The Old-Time Revival: Is It Good Enough for Us?* by Barton, William E. 9-18-26 p. 12
Smith, Herbert (Assistant Prohibition Administrator, Philadelphia)—*Pennsylvania—Chief Source of the Alcohol Flood:* by Erwin, John D. 10- 9-26 p. 4
Smith, James (Illus.)—*We Must All Hang Together or We Shall Surely Hang Separately: Thus Warned Benjamin Franklin and a Unanimous Vote for Independence Followed:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz 8-28-26 p. 19
Smith, Jay (Illus.)—*A Wasted Sugar Supply:* by Scott, C. W. 7-31-26 p. 2
Smith, Jeremiah—*Jeremiah Smith—American* (Edit.) 7-24-26 p. 11
Smoking—see Cigaret Smoking
Snakes—*A Good Word for Snakes:* by Hoag, John Edwin 7-24-26 p. 2
Snow—*Chats With Office Callers* (Rain and Snow From Insect Life) 8-21-26 p. 21
Snow, Dr. A. J. (Illus.)—*America Leads the World in Psychology:* by Laird, Donald A. 6-12-26 p. 4
Snowden, Philip—*For Shame* (Edit.) 9-25-26 p. 10
Social Revolution—*Scott Nearing as Prophet* (Edit.) 6- 5-26 p. 11
Socialism—*The Family Is the Unit* (Edit.) 5-22-26 p. 11
*Lloyd George Seeks Power on Land Scheme:* by Tyner, Paul 4-24-26 p. 5
*The Motor Car and Society* (Edit.) 6-12-26 p. 10
*Socialism Through the Eyes of the Churchman:* by Kennedy, G. A. Studdert 9-18-26 p. 3
*Socialism With the Bark Stripped off:* by Price, George McCready 5-15-26 p. 4
Soil Culture—*Starving Our Soil* (Edit.) 5- 8-26 p. 11
*Teach Your Boy to Work Through Gardening:* by McKeever, William A. 5-15-26 p. 8
'Sol,' Proposed New Month—*A Year of Thirteen Months?* by Masson, Thomas L. 5-15-26 p. 3
Soldiers—*American Soldiers in World War Were Tried by Court-Martial System of George III:* by Beckman, James W. 9- 4-26 p. 3
*Are Soldiers' Rights Safeguarded Under the Present System of Court-Martial?* by Beckman, James W. 9-11-26 p. 6
*Certain Fundamental Safeguards Are Still Needed in Our Court-Martial System:* by Beckman, James W. 9-18-26 p. 7
*If Not America First—Who? A Soldier's View of the League of Nations:* by Beckman, James W. 6-12-26 p. 7
Soldier's Joy—*A Dance a Week: Old Dan Tucker and Soldier's Joy* 8-14-26 p. 30
'Some Day' (Poem)—*Chats With Office Callers* 10- 9-26 p. 28
*Some Vanished Towns of Kansas:* by Faris, John T. 8-21-26 p. 29
South Africa—*Africa—Land of Ivory, Gold and Diamonds:* by Kumm, H. K. W. 7-24-26 p. 24
*I Read in the Papers* 8- 7-26 p. 32
South and the Negro—*How the South Regards the Negro:* by Boyer, Townsend 5- 8-26 p. 3
*Reconstruction and the Negro Race:* by Boyer, Townsend 5-15-26 p. 7
*World War's Effect on the Negro:* by Boyer, Townsend 5-22-26 p. 15
South Carolina—*The Fighting Quaker Who Made Cannon: Rhode Island and South Carolina Signers Included Hopkins, Outlawed by His Co-Religionists:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz 7-10-26 p. 20
*The Passing of a Great Nation* (Catawba Indians) 5- 8-26 p. 32
South Seas—*Samoa—America's South Sea Paradise:* by Calnon, William Lee 5-29-26 p. 8
Soviet Government—see Russia
*Spade's a Spade, A* (Edit.) 8-28-26 p. 11
Spain—*Disarmament by the Purse* (Edit.) 10-16-26 p. 10
*A Latin League?* (Edit.) 5- 1-26 p. 10
Spargo, John—*Chats With Office Callers* 7- 3-26 p. 21
Sparrows—*Chats With Office Callers* 9-11-26 p. 28
'Spectator' (Columbia University Newspaper)—*I Read in the Papers* 8-21-26 p. 32
*Scott Nearing as Prophet* (Edit.) 6- 5-26 p. 11
Speculation—*Bucking the Modern Bucket Shop:* by De More, George Garrett 7- 3-26 p. 22
*A 'Healthy' Market* (Edit.) 4-24-26 p. 10
Speeches—*Lincoln's Famous 'Lost Speech':* by Barton, William E. 10- 2-26 p. 6
*Lincoln's Gettysburg Address:* by Barton, William E. 7- 3-26 p. 8
Speeches—see 'Bureau of Eloquence'
Speed—*Chats With Office Callers* (Speed in Typewriting) 9- 4-26 p. 24

*Speed With Safety* (Edit.) 7-17-26 p. 10
Speed the Plow—*A Dance a Week* 5-22-26 p. 28
Spice Islands—*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': The Finding of the Spiceries:* by Finger, Charles J.. 5- 8-26 p. 16
Spiders—*The Silk-Spinning Tragedienne:* by Aaron, S. F. 8-28-26 p. 5
Spiritism—*Arthur Conan Doyle Speaks on the Psychic Side of Crime:* by Shore, W. Teignmouth 9-11-26 p. 3
Spoons—*Handing Strange Things—Spoons, Pitcher Plants: Walter M. Cline's Quaint Quests:* by Barnet, Harry E. 5-29-26 p. 24
*Ye Knife—Ye Forke—Ye Spoone: A Brief Historie of Those Noble Tools* (Illus.): by Karpinski, Louis C. 10- 2-26 p. 8
Sport—*The Dollar Sign of Sportdom* (Edit.) 9-18-26 p. 10
*Fun in the Killing* (Edit.) 10-16-26 p. 11
*I Read in the Papers* (Investigation of Sporting Departments) 6-26-26 p. 24
*Is the Football Coach Overpaid?* by MacDonald, Paul 10-16-26 p. 7
*The Laboratories Did It: The Human Race Has Improved Physically, But Most Records Have Been Smashed by Better Sports Equipment:* by MacDonald, Paul 5-15-26 p. 16
*Pity the Poor Baseball Scout!* by MacDonald, Paul 8-21-26 p. 16
*Polo Makes Good in America:* by MacDonald, Paul 6- 5-26 p. 12
*Romance and Reality* (Edit.—Bullfights) 10- 9-26 p. 10
*The Story of the 'Big Ten': How the Western Conference Came Into Being, and What It Has Done:* by Monfried, Walter 10- 9-26 p. 14
Spring—*Chats With Office Callers* 5-29-26 p. 20
*A Promise* (Edit.) 5- 1-26 p. 11
Sproul, Governor of Pennsylvania (Illus.)—*Woodrow Wilson—Not Too Good and Not Too Wise:* by Thompson, Huston 5- 1-26 p. 6
*Woodrow Wilson, Who Filled the Unforgiving Minute:* by Thompson, Huston 5-15-26 p. 2
Stagg, Amos Alonzo—*I Read in the Papers* 5-15-26 p. 24
Stainer Violin (Illus.)—*Do You Know About Your Fiddle?* by Wier, Clyde 4-24-26 p. 16
Stamp, Sir Josiah—*The Idle Rich—And Poor* (Edit.) 8-28-26 p. 10
Staple Inn, London (Illus.)—*If Shakespeare Came to London: Would He Be Able to Search Out and Identify Many of His Old Haunts?* by Shore, W. Teignmouth 9-18-26 p. 17
'Star-Spangled Banner, The'—*I Read in the Papers* (Our National Anthem Not Offensive to England) 8-14-26 p. 32
Stars—*Casting the Horoscope of the United States: Reading the Stars for the Declaration of Independence:* by Brooks, Arthur W. 7- 3-26 p. 12
*Keeping the Country in Correct Time: The Work of Washington Naval Observatory* (Illus.): by Winters, S. R. 10-16-26 p. 14
*Starving Our Soil* (Edit.) 5- 8-26 p. 11
State Street (Illus.)—*Old Boston's Historic Highway:* by Whiting, May B. 6- 5-26 p. 8
States—*The Bond Orgy of the States:* by Crowther, Samuel 10- 9-26 p. 1
*What Has Become of Our Parties?* by Crowther, Samuel 8- 7-26 p. 3
Statue of Liberty (Illus.)—*Liberty Enlightening the World:* by Hopley, Frank Dorrance 7- 3-26 p. 32
'Stay-at-Home' Voter—*Chats With Office Callers* 7-10-26 p. 19
Steagall, Congressman—*Scandal Never Was Cleared Up!* by Perrington, Paul 6- 5-26 p. 3
Steerage—*The Intellectual Steerage* (Edit.) 8- 7-26 p. 11
Stefansson, Vilhjalmur (Illus.)—*Vilhjalmur Stefansson: Arctic Empire Builder:* by McConnell, Burt M. 10- 9-26 p. 3
*With Steffansson in the Arctic:* by McConnell, Burt M. 4-24-26 p. 22
Stidger, William L.—*'In His Steps' Brought No Wealth: Dr. Sheldon's Book Sold in Millions But Left Its Author a Poor Man:* by Stidger, William L. 6-12-26 p. 2
*Still 'Gittin' Gold' in California:* by Painter, Walter 5-15-26 p. 20
*Still Learning Nothing* (Edit.) 5-29-26 p. 11
Stocks—*Bucking the Modern Bucket Shop:* by De More, George Garrett 7- 3-26 p. 22
*A 'Healthy' Market* (Edit.) 4-24-26 p. 10
Stone, Dr. W. E.—*The Lure of Lofty Places: There Are Thrills on the Mountain Tops and Fascination in Finding Them* 9-18-26 p. 19
Storer, A. M.—*Are Federal Offices for Sale?* by Clark, Marian Bruce 6-26-26 p. 3
Stories—*I Read in the Papers* (Story of the Bells) 8-21-26 p. 32
*The Stories the Windmills Tell:* by Hicks, Jane 8- 7-26 p. 24
*Story of the 'Big Ten': How the Western Conference Come Into Being, and What It Has Done:* by Monfried, Walter 10- 9-26 p. 14
*Tom Learns to Play the Game: Story of an American Boy Who on Mastering Himself Was Able to Direct Others:* by Neil, Judge Henry 7-31-26 p. 8
*What Dieting Did for Bill: Nourishment Knocks the Naughtiness Out of Redhead, Now a Social Asset:* by Neil, Judge Henry 6-26-26 p. 8
*What Has Become of Ben? The Story of a Boy Whose Restless Gypsy Blood Made Him an Aimless Wanderer:* by Neil, Judge Henry 6-19-26 p. 8
Storms—*In the Sickening Track of the Terrible Tornado:* by Flora, S. D. 6-26-26 p. 20
Stout, William B.—*From the Ground Up: What We May Expect From the Airplane of Tomorrow:* by Stout, William B. 9-11-26 p. 1
Stradivari Violin (Illus.)—*Do You Know About Your Fiddle?* by Wier, Clyde 4-24-26 p. 16
'Strange Case of Mr. Roger Dodsworth'—*Chats With Office Callers* 10- 2-26 p. 28
*Strange Transient Woman, The: A One-Act Play:* by Roof, Katherine Metcalf 9- 4-26 p. 25
Straw—see Wheat Straw
Strikes—*Chats With Office Callers* (Strikes in New York) 9-18-26 p. 28
*Mr. Ford's Page* 5-29-26 p. 9
*Over for Now* (Edit.—Strike in England) 5-29-26 p. 10
*Scott Nearing as Prophet* (Edit.) 6- 5-26 p. 11
*The Time of England's Trouble* (Edit.) 5-22-26 p. 10
*Why the Great Strike Failed: American Gives Vivid Pictures of English Level-Headedness When Millions of Workers Downed Tools:* by Phillips, Henry Albert 6-19-26 p. 14
Study in Emerson's Home (Illus.)—*Julian Hawthorne Tells His Boyhood Impressions of Emerson:* by Hawthorne, Julian 7-24-26 p. 14
Styles—*A Dance a Week: Style in Dancing* 6-12-26 p. 25
*Gadzooks! They Were Gallants Gay: Beau Brummels Who Took Milk Baths, Wore Corsets and Carried Muffs:* by Rothschild, Zeta 5-29-26 p. 12
*I Read in the Papers* (French Styles in Hairdressing) 10- 2-26 p. 30
*Success—At Last!* (Edit.) 9-11-26 p. 11
Sugar—*Corn!* (Edit.—Sugar Manufactured From Corn) 8-21-26 p. 11
Sugden, David (Illus.)—*'Barefoot Dave,' Son of Nature:* by Rice, M. S. 9-18-26 p. 20
Sumner, Kansas—*Some Vanished Towns of Kansas:* by Faris, John T. 8-21-26 p. 29
*Sun Dance of the Blackfeet, The:* by Moulton, Robert 5-29-26 p. 32
Sunday, Billy—*The Old-Time Revival: Is It Good Enough for Us?* by Barton, William E. 9-18-26 p. 12
Surgeon—see Doctor
Sweden—*Disarmament by the Purse* (Edit.) 10-16-26 p. 10
Swift, Ivan—*Pere Gilbault, le Coureur des Bois: A Man of Northern Michigan—Philosopher, and Artist for Art's Sake:* by Swift, Ivan 7-10-26 p. 8
Swimming—see College Athletics
Swindling—*'Are You an Optimist?' If You Are You Will Not Wait for Outside Inspiration, But Find an Idea for Yourself and Follow It Up:* by Masson, Thomas L. 6- 5-26 p. 7
*Bucking the Modern Bucket Shop:* by De More, George Garrett 7- 3-26 p. 22
*Cashing in on the 'Blue Sky':* by Budd, Ralph W. and Howe, J. Olin 9-25 26 p. 2
*The Dangers of Drugging for Fat:* by Dunn, Harry H. 6-12-26 p. 5
*Hidden Tricks of the Fur Trade* 10-16-26 p. 23
*I Read in the Papers* 6-12-26 p. 21
*The Use of Great Names in 'Blue Sky' Swindles:* by Budd, Ralph W. and Howe, J. Olin 10- 2-26 p. 7
Switzerland—*High Finance* (Edit.) 10-16-26 p. 11
Sydney, Australia—see Australia

## T

Tableware—*The Luster Ware of Long Ago* (Illus.): by Northend, Mary Harrod 10-16-26 p. 12
*Ye Knife—Ye Forke—Ye Spoone: A Brief Historie of Those Noble Tools* (Illus.): by Karpinski, Louis C. 10- 2-26 p. 8
Tagore, Rabindranath—*I Read in the Papers* (Tagore and Motion Pictures) 10- 9-26 p. 30
Tagura, N. Y.—*I Read in the Papers* 5- 1-26 p. 30
*Taken From the Classics* 7-17-26 p. 20
*Tales of the Wits Who Gave Humor to the Gay Nineties:* by Masson, Thomas L. 8-14-26 p. 28
Tariff—*Canada and Tariff* (Edit.) 5-15-26 p. 10
Tarkington, Booth (Illus.)—*Booth Tarkington Talks of Many Things:* by Whiting, May B. 10- 2-26 p. 3
Tarkington, Mrs. Booth—*Booth Tarkington Talks of Many Things:* by Whiting, May B. 10- 2-26 p. 3
Taxes—*The Bond Orgy of the States:* by Crowther, Samuel 10- 9-26 p. 1
*Building Good Roads by Gasoline: National System of Highway Toll Collection Providing America's Modern Roads:* by Welliver, J. C. 8-21-26 p. 4

*The Federal Board of Tax Appeals, Created to Be the Taxpayer's Final Arbiter of Facts Falls Into the Grip of Bureaucracy:* by Erwin, John D..... 8-14-26 p. 6
*Fining Men for Dying: That's What the Inheritance Tax Does:* by Crowther, Samuel.....10-16-26 p. 1
*French Farmer and Taxes* (Edit.)..... 6-26-26 p. 11
*On the Way* (Edit.—Taxation a Partial Prohibition)..... 8-21-26 p. 11
*One Reason Why Your Purse Is Light: The Public Must Pay Because the Government Is Not Self-Supporting:* by Benson, Allan L..... 5- 1-26 p. 7
*Taxes, Taxes, Taxes! They Are Always With Us But Often We Do Not Know It:* by Crowther, Samuel..... 9-25-26 p. 1
Taylor, George (Illus.)—*We Must All Hang Together or We Shall Surely Hang Separately: Thus Warned Benjamin Franklin and a Unanimous Vote for Independence Followed:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz..... 8-28-26 p. 19
Taylor, Major General Zachary—*A Hero's Tomb in Weeds* (Illus.).....10- 9-26 p. 22
Teaching—*Chats With Office Callers*..... 9-18-26 p. 28
*Teach Your Boy to Work Through Gardening:* by McKeever, William A..... 5-15-26 p. 8
Telescopes (Illus.)—*Keeping the Country in Correct Time: The Work of Washington Naval Observatory:* by Winters, S. R.....10-16-26 p. 14
Temple of Augustus (Illus.)—*A Church Where Early Christians Worshiped: Buried for Centuries, the Ancient Edifice at Antioch at Last Tells Its Story:* by Kelsey, Easton T..... 9-11-26 p. 15
Ten Commandments—*Chats With Office Callers* (Ten Commandments in Picture Writing)..... 9-18-26 p. 28
*I Read in the Papers*..... 5-15-26 p. 24
'Terror' (Illus.)—*Tragedy of the Franklin Expedition:* by McConnell, Burt M..... 7-17-26 p. 22
*Tests for Ministers* (Edit.)..... 7-31-26 p. 11
Tests—see Mental Tests
Texas—*I Read in the Papers* (Chamber of Commerce Meeting at Amarillo)..... 8- 7-26 p. 32
*That 'Anti-American' Feeling: Some Psychological Reasons Why It Exists in France:* by Pinci, A. R..... 8-28-26 p. 3
Theater—*Actors as They Are on and Off the Stage:* by Kilby, Quincy..... 8-28-26 p. 29
*I Read in the Papers*..... 5- 1-26 p. 30
*I Read in the Papers* (Monkey Opera in Budapest)10- 2-26 p. 30
*Is This Puritanical?* (Edit.)..... 5- 8-26 p. 10
Theater—see Abbey Theater
Theology—*I Read in the Papers*..... 8-28-26 p. 32
Thermometers—*Chats With Office Callers* (Psychological Effect of Thermometers)..... 9-25-26 p. 28
*They Find New Ideas and Use Them: Great Discoveries Are Made by Men With Fresh Minds and Fresh Eyes, Who See and Know:* by Laird, Donald A..... 5-29-26 p. 7
*They Got Their Letter* (Edit.—Jews)..... 4-24-26 p. 10
*Things in the Making*..... 4-24-26 p. 18
Thinking and Speaking—*Mr. Ford's Page*..... 6-26-26 p. 9
*Thinning Line, The* (Edit.)..... 10-16-26 p. 10
Thirst—*I Read in the Papers* (Creation of Thirst)..... 9-18-26 p. 30
Thirteen-Month Year—*A Year of Thirteen Months?* by Masson, Thomas L..... 5-15-26 p. 3
*This Business of Working Your Way Through College:* by Turner, Fred H..... 8-28-26 p. 12
*This to You* (Edit.—International Bankers)..... 8-14-26 p. 10
Thompson, Huston (Chairman of Federal Trade Commission)—*A Dairy Cooperative Sponsored and Managed by Farmers* (Illus.): by Thompson, Huston.....10- 9-26 p. 12
*The Price-Fixing Association: How It Ingeniously Evades Those Troublesome Anti-Trust Laws:* by Thompson, Huston..... 7-10-26 p. 6
*When Woodrow Wilson 'Walked With Kings':* by Thompson, Huston..... 4-24-26 p. 2
*Woodrow Wilson, Master of Dreams:* by Thompson, Huston..... 5- 8-26 p. 12
*Woodrow Wilson—Not Tired by Waiting:* by Thompson, Huston..... 5-22-26 p. 12
*Woodrow Wilson—Not Too Good and Not Too Wise:* by Thompson, Huston..... 5- 1-26 p. 6
*Woodrow Wilson, Who Filled the Unforgiving Minute:* by Thompson, Huston..... 5-15-26 p. 2
Thomson, Charles—*The Independence Bible of America:* by Walker, A. G..... 5- 1-26 p. 12
Thorpe, Professor J. F.—*Half a Book Apiece* (Edit.) 9-11-26 p. 11
*'Those Good Old Songs'* (Edit.)..... 7-17-26 p. 11
*Three Musketeers at Sea—The Fate of the Third:* by Maddox, William Johnston..... 6-12-26 p. 19
Three Slide Schottische—see Schottische
Thrift—*Mr. Ford's Page*..... 8- 7-26 p. 9
Tibet—*I Read in the Papers* (Western Ideas Not Wanted).....10-16-26 p. 30
Tillman, Representative John N.—*I Read in the Papers*..... 6-12-26 p. 21
Time—*Keeping the Country in Correct Time: The Work of Washington Naval Observatory* (Illus.): by Winters, S. R.....10-16-26 p. 14
*Time of England's Trouble, The* (Edit.)..... 5-22-26 p. 10
Tin Pan Alley—*The Alley Pays Tribute* (Edit.)..... 10- 2-26 p. 10
*To What End?* (Edit.—Investigations)..... 7-24-26 p. 10
Tobacco—*Chats With Office Callers* (Tobacco Marketing)..... 5-22-26 p. 26
*Chats With Office Callers* (Tobacco Prohibition)..... 5- 8-26 p 25
Tobacco—see Cigaret Smoking
*Token of Friendship, A* (Edit.—America and China) 10-16-26 p. 10
Tokyo, Japan—*I Read in the Papers*..... 5-29-26 p. 22
Tolerance—*The Great Hush-Hush* (Edit.)..... 7-24-26 p. 11
*Tom Learns to Play the Game: Story of an American Boy Who on Mastering Himself Was Able to Direct Others:* by Neil, Judge Henry..... 7-31-26 p. 8
Tomb—*A Hero's Tomb in Weeds* (Tomb of Zachary Taylor) (Illus.).....10- 9-26 p. 22
*I Read in the Papers* (Tomb of the Unknown Soldier)..... 5- 8-26 p. 19
Toole, William—*Wild Flower Gardens: 'Pansy King' Developed More Than Seventy Native Plants* (Illus.)..... 6-19-26 p. 32
Topeka, Kansas—*Some Vanished Towns of Kansas:* by Faris, John T..... 8-21-26 p. 29
Tornado—*In the Sickening Track of the Terrible Tornado:* by Flora, S. D..... 6-26-26 p. 20
Tourists—*Chats With Office Callers* (American Tourists)..... 9-25-26 p. 28
*Messy Motorists Mar the Landscape:* by Sutton, George W., Jr..... 5-29-26 p. 14
*Tourists and Flags* (Edit.)..... 7-17-26 p. 11
*Town That Lincoln Put on the Map, The: New Salem, Being Restored as Memorial:* by Barton, William E..... 5- 8-26 p. 7
Track—see College Athletics
Trade—*Did High Freight Rates Occasion the Discovery of America?* by Adams, Randolph G..... 9- 4-26 p. 8
*I Read in the Papers* (Future Trade to Be on Pacific)..... 9-25-26 p. 30
Tragedy—*I Read in the Papers* (A Tragedy of American Revolution)..... 5- 8-26 p. 19
*A Lake-Shore Tragedy* (Illus.): by East, Ben.....10- 9-26 p. 18
*Tragedy of the Franklin Expedition:* by McConnell, Burt M..... 7-17-26 p. 22
*Tragic Story of the 'Jeannette' Expedition* (Illus.): by McConnell, Burt M.....10-16-26 p. 16
Train, Arthur—*Let's Pass a Law!* by Howe, J. Olin.... 8-28-26 p. 2
Transportation—*Chats With Office Callers* (Motor Car and Transportation)..... 6-12-26 p. 29
Trapping—*Hidden Tricks of the Fur Trade*.....10-16-26 p. 23
Travel—*From Dan to Beersheba in Four Days* (Illus.): by Atkins, Gaius Glenn.....10-16-26 p. 24
*Traveling Around Without a Coat: A Garment Which Becomes a Symbol of Respectability and Passport to Civilization:* by Hough, Donald..... 5- 8-26 p. 14
Treasury Department—*Housecleaning in the Treasury*..... 7-17-26 p. 7
*Scandal Never Was Cleared Up! Why President Harding's Investigator Was Hindered at Every Turn in $100,000,000 Liberty Bond Mystery:* by Perrington, Paul..... 6- 5-26 p. 3
Trees—*Age, Greatness and Novelty in Trees* (Illus.)..... 8-28-26 p. 33
*Freaks of Nature* (Illus.)..... 8-14-26 p. 33
*I Read in the Papers* (Burns' Trysting Tree)..... 10-16-26 p. 30
*I Read in the Papers* (Tree Planting in Canada) .... 9-25-26 p. 30
*Trees—Beautiful and Otherwise* (Illus.)..... 8-21-26 p. 33
*Trees—Some 'High Ups' and 'Low Downs'* (Illus.) 9-18-26 p. 33
*Why the Lightning Strikes the Trees: Jove's Thunderbolts Observed and Their Behavior Described by Scientists of the Federal Forest Service*..... 4-24-26 p. 19
Trial by Jury—*Twelve Good Men and True?* (Edit.)... 5-22-26 p. 10
'Trinidad'—*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': Westward Ho!* by Finger, Charles J..... 6-19-26 p. 16
*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': When Pirates Ruled:* by Finger, Charles J.....10- 2-26 p. 16
Trinity Church (Illus.)—*Newport, Our 'Social Capital':* by Young, Alice..... 6- 5-26 p. 14
Troy—*I Read in the Papers*..... 5-22-26 p. 32
*True Sesqui-Centennial, The* (Edit.)..... 5- 8-26 p. 10
*Trust Your Children to Pick Out the Best Books:* by Masson, Thomas L.....10- 9-26 p. 7
*Truth About France, The: Lesson of Touraine and the Woolen Stocking: From Morning Post, London*..... 9-18-26 p. 16
*Truth at Last* (Edit.)..... 7- 3-26 p. 10
Tuck, Adolph—*Chats With Office Callers*..... 7-31-26 p. 25
Tuna Fish—*What Would Izaak Walton Have Said? The Author of The Compleat Angler in His Wildest Dreams Could Never Have Visualized This Monster Fish—A 1,500-Pound Mackerel:* by Whiting, May B..... 9-25-26 p. 8
Tunney, Gene—*Success—At Last!* (Edit.)..... 9-11-26 p. 11

Turkey—*Exploring Where Paul Preached:* by Kelsey, Easton T. 9- 4-26 p. 13
*Turning Points in the Life of U. S. Grant* 5-22-26 p. 20
Tutuila—*Samoa—America's South Sea Paradise:* by Calnon, William Lee 5-29-26 p. 8
Twain, Mark—*Diarists Withhold Comment* 5- 1-26 p. 19
*Mark Twain as Traveler* 6-19-26 p. 27
*Thomas L. Masson Describes His Life Among the Wild American Humorists:* by Masson, Thomas L. 8- 7-26 p. 12
*Twelve Good Men and True?* (Edit.) 5-22-26 p. 10
*$25,000 Smile, The* (Edit.) 9-11-26 p. 11
*Twice in a Week* (Edit.) 5-29-26 p. 11
Two Step—*A Dance a Week: Presenting Two Old Favorites—Plain Quadrille and Novelty Two Step* 6- 5-26 p. 32


## U


*Uncle Sam and the Baby Crop: Four Years' Nationalization of the Nursery Brings Indifferent Results:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy 7- 3-26 p. 3
*Uncle Sam's Big Tropical Family* (Illus.): by Wylie, David G. 6-12-26 p. 12
*Uncle Shylock* (Edit.) 9-11-26 p. 11
*Under the White Tops With 'Gil': This Veteran Showman Takes You into a World Where Clowns, Camels and Wild Beasts Are the Actors:* by Barnet, Harry E. 7-17-26 p. 12
*Under the White Tops With 'Gil': The Dog Army That Once Guarded $250,000 in Gold:* by Barnet, Harry E. 7-24-26 p. 12
*Under the White Tops With 'Gil': The Story of the Big Snake and the Little Dog—And How a Darky Made Millions for Circus Side Shows:* by Barnet, Harry E. 7-31-26 p. 20
*Under the White Tops With 'Gil': Tales of the Time When People Traveled for Days to See the Circus, and Slave Traders Followed the Show:* by Barnet, Harry E. 8- 7-26 p. 20
*Under the White Tops With 'Gil': The Man and the Tiger—A Tale of Circus Animals That Escaped and Roamed the Startled Countryside:* by Barnet, Harry E. 8-14-26 p. 16
Unemployment—*The Pauperization of Britain:* by Tyner, Paul 8-14-26 p. 8
Union Church, Balboa, Canal Zone (Illus.)—*Uncle Sam's Big Tropical Family:* by Wylie, D. G. 6-12-26 p. 12
*Unique Magazine That 'Mac' Built* 5- 8-26 p. 30
*Unitarian Women, The* (Edit.) 6-19-26 p. 10
United States—*I Read in the Papers* (Tribute Paid United States) 7-31-26 p. 32
*No Fight* (Edit.) 7-24-26 p. 10
*United States of the World* (Edit.) 7- 3-26 p. 11
United States Forest Service—*Phoning in the Woods,* by Barker, S. Omar 8-21-26 p. 19
United States Monetary System—*Money* (Edit.) 7-10-26 p. 11
United States Naval Academy (Illus.)—*Where Our Admirals Come From: Annapolis:* by Maddox, William Johnston 6- 5-26 p. 18
University of Michigan Expedition—*A Church Where Early Christians Worshiped; Buried for Centuries, the Ancient Edifice at Antioch at Last Tells Its Story:* by Kelsey, Easton T. 9-11-26 p. 15
*Exploring Where Paul Preached:* by Kelsey, Easton T. 9- 4-26 p. 13
University of Trinity College—*I Read in the Papers* ('Diploma Mills') 6-12-26 p. 21
University of Wisconsin—*A Valuable Aid* (Edit.) 6-19-26 p. 11
*Up From Slavery* (Edit.) 5- 8-26 p. 10
'Up-to-the-Times'—*Unique Magazine That 'Mac' Built* 5- 8-26 p. 30
Usury—*High Finance* (Edit.) 10-16-26 p. 11
*Saint Gregory and Usury* 5-22-26 p. 32
Utah—*Moonlight Midnight on 'Old Tim'* (Illus.): by Smith, Wyman 5-22-26 p. 18


## V


Valentiner, Dr. W. R. (Detroit Institute of Arts) (Illus.)—*Originality Is the Aim of the Modern Artist:* by Leuchtmann, Eugene 7- 3-26 p. 15
Valentino, Rudolph—*The Alley Pays Tribute* (Edit.) 10- 2-26 p. 10
Valley of the Tombs of the Kings of Egypt (Illus.)—*New Light on Old Egypt:* by Barton, William E. 5-15-26 p. 5
*Valuable Aid, A* (Edit.—Anesthetic) 6-19-26 p. 11
*Value of Vision, The* (Edit.) 9-25-26 p. 11
*Value of Vulgarity* (Edit.) 7-31-26 p. 10
Vare, William S.—*Chats With Office Callers* 6-12-26 p. 29
*Painting the Pennsylvania Lily* (Edit.) 9-18-26 p. 10
Varthema, Mr.—*The Voyage of the 'Victoria': The Finding of the Spiceries:* by Finger, Charles J. 5- 8-26 p. 16
Venus Flytrap (Illus.)—*Hunting Strange Things—Spoons, Pitcher Plants:* by Barnet, Harry E. 5-29-26 p. 24
Vice-President—*Ninety-Dollar Vice-President Boom:* by Johns, E. B. 6-26-26 p. 6
'Victoria'—see Voyage of the 'Victoria'
Vienna—*Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's Lady* (Freudism): by Collins, Dr. Joseph 8-21-26 p. 3
*I Read in the Papers* (Vienna's Sartorial Revolt) 8-21-26 p. 32
Viewpoint—*Jellyfish?* (Edit.) 7-17-26 p. 10
*Village Blacksmith, The* (Poem): by Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth (From McGuffey's Fifth Eclectic Reader) 9-25-26 p. 33
Villon—*If Villon Were King of France* (Edit.) 10- 9-26 p. 11
Violin—*Do You Know About Your Fiddle?* (Illus.): by Wier, Clyde 4-24-26 p. 16
*Parentage of Attic Strads:* by Wier, Clyde 7-17-26 p. 8
Virgin and Babe, by Murillo (Illus.)—*Church Gems of Italy:* by Grenell, Judson 6-26-26 p. 27
Virgin Islands—*America's Scattered Children:* by Barton, William E. 8-21-26 p. 6
*Virginia Signers, The: Men From the Old Dominion Were Among the First to Declare for Independence:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz 7-31-26 p. 28
Visa Passport—*Nations Would End Passport Nuisance:* by Pinci, A. R. 5- 1-26 p. 4
Vision—*I Saw It With My Own Eyes: Illustrating That Things Are Not Always What They Seem:* by Laird, Donald A. 10-16-26 p. 6
*The Value of Vision* (Edit.) 9-25-26 p. 11
*Vital Statistics* (Edit.) 4-24-26 p. 11
Volstead Law—see Prohibition
Voting—*Chats With Office Callers* 7-10-26 p. 19
*Why Half the People Do Not Vote:* by Benson, Allan L. 10- 2-26 p. 1
*Voyage of the 'Victoria,' The: The Finding of the Spiceries:* by Finger, Charles J. 5- 8-26 p. 16
*Voyage of the 'Victoria,' The: The Student:* by Finger, Charles J. 5-22-26 p. 21
*Voyage of the 'Victoria,' The: 'The Part Played by Commerce Kings':* by Finger, Charles J. 6- 5-26 p. 16
*Voyage of the 'Victoria,' The: Westward Ho!* by Finger, Charles J. 6-19-26 p. 16
*Voyage of the 'Victoria,' The: Patagonia:* by Finger, Charles J. 7-10-26 p. 16
*Voyage of the 'Victoria,' The: The Mutiny:* by Finger, Charles J. 7-24-26 p. 16
*Voyage of the 'Victoria,' The: Wreck of the Santiago:* by Finger, Charles J. 8- 7-26 p. 16
*Voyage of the 'Victoria,' The: The Passage of the Strait:* by Finger, Charles J. 8-21-26 p. 12
*Voyage of the 'Victoria,' The: Desertion of the San Antonio:* by Finger, Charles J. 8-28-26 p. 16
*Voyage of the 'Victoria,' The: Death of Magellan:* by Finger, Charles J. 9-25-26 p. 16
*Voyage of the 'Victoria,' The: When Pirates Ruled:* by Finger, Charles J. 10- 2-26 p. 16


## W


Wages—*Mr. Ford's Page* 6-19-26 p. 9
*Still Learning Nothing* (Edit.—Wage Reduction in England) 5-29-26 p. 11
Wahabis—*Side Lights on the Bedouins* 5- 8-26 p. 27
Waikiki Beach, Honolulu, Hawaii (Illus.)—*America's Scattered Children:* by Barton, William E. 8-21-26 p. 6
Wake Island—*America's Scattered Children:* by Barton, William E. 8-21-26 p. 6
Walker, William—*Lower California, Land of Mystery: Where American Filibusters Once Sought to Establish a Republic:* by Dunn, Harry H. 9-18-26 p. 15
Wall, Bernhardt—*A Dog Molded a Man's Career:* by Cook, H. T. 7-10-26 p. 29
Wall Street—*A 'Healthy' Market* (Edit.) 4-24-26 p. 10
*High Finance* (Edit.) 10-16-26 p. 11
Walla Walla, Washington—*Unique Magazine That 'Mac' Built* 5- 8-26 p. 30
Walpole, Hugh (Illus.)—*The Man Without Red Hair: Hugh Walpole, Noted Writer, Explains Why He Goes A-lecturing to America:* by Phillips, Henry Albert 5- 1-26 p. 2
*Patting the Lion's Mane: American Woman Says That English Men of Letters Are More Interesting Than American:* by Scott, Georgia Jackson 7-17-26 p. 16
Waltz Quadrille—*A Dance a Week: Waltz Quadrille* 5-29-26 p. 29
*Wandering Jew, The* 5-15-26 p. 22
War—*American Soldiers in World War Were Tried by Court-Martial System of George III:* by Beckman, James W. 9- 4-26 p. 3
*Another Way* (Edit.—Possibility of War) 8-21-26 p. 10
*Are Soldiers' Rights Safeguarded Under the Present System of American Court-Martial?* by Beckman, James W. 9-11-26 p. 6
*Army Morale Is Sinking* 8-28-26 p. 7
*Certain Fundamental Safeguards Are Still Needed in Our Court-Martial System:* by Beckman, James W. 9-18-26 p. 7
*Chats With Office Callers* (War-Makers) 10- 9-26 p. 28
*Duelists of the Sky—Part 1:* by Heurtaux, Captain Alfred 7-31-26 p. 16

*Duelists of the Sky—Part 2:* by Heurtaux, Captain Alfred ... 8-14-26 p. 13
*Mr. Ford's Page* (War and War-Makers) ... 10- 9-26 p. 9
*Mr. Ford's Page* (War Sources) ... 10-16-26 p. 9
*The Glory That Passes* (Edit.—Pawning of War Decorations) ... 8-14-26 p. 11
*I Read in the Papers* (One Substitute for War) ... 9- 4-26 p. 29
*I Read in the Papers* (Will Japan Fight America?) 7-24-26 p. 32
*The Laws of the Sky in Future Wars:* by Colby, Captain Elbridge ... 10- 9-26 p. 5
*No Fight* (Edit.—War Sources) ... 7-24-26 p. 10
*Three Musketeers at Sea—The Fate of the Third* (War of 1812): by Maddox, William Johnston ... 6-12-26 p. 19
*World War's Effect on the Negro:* by Boyer, Townsend ... 5-22-26 p. 15
War Debts—*Chats With Office Callers* (Italian Debt) 4-24-26 p. 21
*Clemenceau Should Go On* (Edit.) ... 8-28-26 p. 10
*For Shame* (Edit.) ... 9-25-26 p. 10
*Mr. Ford's Page* ... 6- 5-26 p. 9
*Italy's Debt—Here Are the Facts:* by Pence, Harry 4-24-26 p. 3
*Not a Dollar of War Debt* (Edit.) ... 8- 7-26 p. 11
*Plain Talk on the Debts* (Edit.) ... 4-24-26 p. 10
*Postponing the Reckoning* (Edit.—Italian Debt) ... 5- 8-26 p. 11
*That 'Anti-American' Feeling: Some Psychological Reasons Why It Exists in France:* by Pinci, A. R. ... 8-28-26 p. 3
*This to You* (Edit.) ... 8-14-26 p. 10
Warbeck, Perkin—*Pretenders Who Got Away With It: And Some Others Not So Fortunate:* by Black, F. L. ... 5- 1-26 p. 13
Ward, Artemus—*Laughing Himself Out of Court: Like a Royal Jester Stripped of Cap and Bells, the Professional Humorist Is Losing His Hold on the Public:* by Masson, Thomas L. ... 5- 1-26 p. 16
*'Ware the 'Wet' Press* (Edit.) ... 7-10-26 p. 11
Washington, D. C.—*Chats With Office Callers* (Liquor in Washington) ... 5- 8-26 p. 25
*I Read in the Papers* (Washington Dons New Garb) ... 10- 9-26 p. 30
*Keeping the Country in Correct Time: The Work of Washington Naval Observatory* (Illus.): by Winters, S. R. ... 10-16-26 p. 14
Washington, George—*Chats With Office Callers* (Coolidge Speaks on Washington) ... 4-24-26 p. 21
*Crossing the Delaware, 1776-1926* (Illus.): by Norton, C. L. ... 7- 3-26 p. 19
*The Genesis of the Constitution:* by Benson, Allan L. ... 9-25-26 p. 5
Waste—*A Scientist Urges Farmers to Utilize Waste Products: Paper Can Easily Be Made From Wheat Straw:* by Beckman, James W. ... 8- 7-26 p. 7
*A Wasted Sugar Supply:* by Scott, C. W. ... 7-31-26 p. 2
Water Lilies (Illus.)—*Lady Makes a Living Raising Lilies:* by Dacy, George H. ... 4-24-26 p. 32
Water Wheel (Illus.)—*Hunting Strange Things—Spoons, Pitcher Plants:* by Barnet, Harry E. 5-29-26 p. 24
Watson, Dr. John B. (Illus.)—*America Leads the World in Psychology:* by Laird, Donald A. ... 6-12-26 p. 4
*We Must All Hang Together or We Shall Surely Hang Separately: Thus Warned Benjamin Franklin and a Unanimous Vote for Independence Followed:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz ... 8-28-26 p. 19
*We Need More Puritans!* by Barton, William E. ... 8-14-26 p. 7
*We Sign Anything* (Edit.) ... 7- 3-26 p. 11
WEAF Studio, New York City (Illus.)—*Who Pays for Our Radio Programs?* by Collman, Charles A. ... 5-22-26 p. 7
Wealth—*Fining Men for Dying: That's What the Inheritance Tax Does:* by Crowther, Samuel ... 10-16-26 p. 1
Weather—*Chats With Office Callers* (Animals as Weather Forecasters) ... 9-25-26 p. 28
*Wee, Timorous Beasties at Home:* by Aaron, S. F. ... 7-17-26 p. 2
Weeks, Secretary (Illus.)—*Ninety-Dollar Vice-President Boom:* by Johns, E. B. ... 6-26-26 p. 6
Weight—*Chats With Office Callers* (Weight and Executive Positions) ... 10-16-26 p. 28
Welch, Phil—*Thomas L. Masson Describes His Life Among the Wild American Humorists:* by Masson, Thomas L. ... 8- 7-26 p. 12
Wells, H. G.—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 10-16-26 p. 28
West—*Dry-Farming—The Tragedy of the West:* by Clifford, F. J. ... 5-22-26 p. 16
*Keeping Up the Star of the Old West* ... 9-18-26 p. 25
*The West Has More Cowboys Than Ever:* by Hough, Donald ... 9-11-26 p. 4
West Point—*I Read in the Papers* ... 7-17-26 p. 25
Western Conference—*The Story of the 'Big Ten':* by Monfried, Walter ... 10- 9-26 p. 14
'Wet' Press—*'Ware the 'Wet' Press* (Edit.) ... 7-10-26 p. 11
'What Happened to Jones'—*A Letter* (Edit.) ... 6-26-26 p. 10
'What Price Glory'—*Chats With Office Callers* ... 5- 1-26 p. 25
Wheat—*A Scientist Urges Farmers to Utilize Waste Products: Paper Can Easily Be Made From Wheat Straw:* by Beckman, James W. ... 8- 7-26 p. 7
*Starving Our Soil* (Edit.) ... 5- 8-26 p. 11
'When We Were Very Young'—*A. A. Milne at Home: Proves That Thirteen Is Lucky and Talks on 'When We Were Very Young':* by Phillips, Henry Albert ... 10-16-26 p. 3
*Whence Progress Comes* (Edit.) ... 8-14-26 p. 11
*Where Our Admirals Come From: Annapolis:* by Maddox, William Johnston ... 6- 5-26 p. 18
*Which School Is Best for Your Children?* by Shuey, Mary Willis ... 5- 1-26 p. 8
*Which Way Is Coolidge Going?* (Edit.) ... 6-19-26 p. 11
Whipping Post—*Delaware Uses the Whipping Post:* by Ulm, Aaron Hardy ... 7-17-26 p. 3
Whistler, James Abbott McNeill—*Joseph Pennell—Etcher and Critic: Chats With the Friend and Biographer of Whistler, Who Has Realistically Pictured the Poetry of Industry:* by MacFarland, Alice ... 5- 1-26 p. 20
White House—*The Evolution of the White House:* by Everritt, Tom ... 9-11-26 p. 19
*The White House—A Mecca for Cranks:* by Johns, E. B. ... 7-31-26 p. 6
Whiteman, Paul—*In Defense of Jazz* (Edit.) ... 10- 9-26 p. 11
Whittier, John Greenleaf—*The Barefoot Boy* (Poem): by Whittier, John Greenleaf ... 7-31-26 p. 33
*Who Pays for Our Radio Programs?* by Collman, Charles A. ... 5-22-26 p. 7
Wier, Clyde—*Do You Know About Your Fiddle?* (Illus.): by Wier, Clyde ... 4-24-26 p. 16
*Parentage of Attic Strads:* by Wier, Clyde ... 7-17-26 p. 8
*Wild Flower Gardens: 'Pansy King' Developed More Than Seventy Native Plants* (Illus.) ... 6-19-26 p. 32
*Wild Youth Proves a Myth: 'Boys and Girls' Between 35 and 45 Are Rolling Up the Crime Wave:* by Mallon, Winifred ... 7-31-26 p. 3
'Will Japan Fight America?'—*I Read in the Papers* ... 7-24-26 p. 32
Williams, Eleazer (Illus.)—*Pretenders Who Got Away With It: And Some Others Not So Fortunate:* by Black, F. L. ... 5- 1-26 p. 13
Wilson, James (Illus.)—*We Must All Hang Together or We Shall Surely Hang Separately: Thus Warned Benjamin Franklin and a Unanimous Vote for Independence Followed:* by Lowden, Carl Schurz ... 8-28-26 p. 19
Wilson, William B.—*Painting the Pennsylvania Lily* (Edit.) ... 9-18-26 p. 10
Wilson, Woodrow (Illus.)—*I Read in the Papers* (Wilson's Portrait Sold at Auction) ... 8- 7-26 p. 32
*When Woodrow Wilson 'Walked With Kings':* by Thompson, Huston ... 4-24-26 p. 2
*Woodrow Wilson, Master of Dreams:* by Thompson, Huston ... 5- 8-26 p. 12
*Woodrow Wilson—Not Tired by Waiting:* by Thompson, Huston ... 5-22-26 p. 12
*Woodrow Wilson—Not Too Good and Not Too Wise:* by Thompson, Huston ... 5- 1-26 p. 6
*Woodrow Wilson, Who Filled the Unforgiving Minute:* by Thompson, Huston ... 5-15-26 p. 2
'Wimbledon' Case—*Here Is a Court Without a Sheriff: Court of International Justice Gives Decisions, But No One Enforces Them:* by Reinhardt, Charles Gilbert ... 5-29-26 p. 3
Windmills (Illus.)—*The Stories the Windmills Tell:* by Hicks, Jane ... 8- 7-26 p. 24
Windsor Castle, England—*I Read in the Papers* (Ghost Visits Windsor Castle) ... 10- 9-26 p. 30
Wine—see Kosher Sacramental Wine
Wisconsin—see Baraboo, Wisconsin
Wise, Rabbi Jonah B.—*I Read in the Papers* ... 5- 1-26 p. 30
Witchcraft—*When Old Salem Hunted Witches:* by Boeckmann, Henriette ... 5-22-26 p. 2
*With Stefansson in the Arctic:* by McConnell, Burt M. 4-24-26 p. 22
Women—*Chats With Office Callers* (Women Smoking) ... 7- 3-26 p. 21
*Comfortable Penalty* (Edit.—Coddling of Women Prisoners) ... 7-24-26 p. 10
*Women and the Ballot* (Edit.) ... 8-21-26 p. 10
*Women of Mexico Awake:* by Bowyer, Helen ... 8-21-26 p. 14
*Woodrow Wilson—Not Tired by Waiting* (Woman Suffrage): by Thompson, Huston ... 5-22-26 p. 12
Wood, General Leonard (Illus.)—*What of the Filipinos?* by Greene, Marc T. ... 6-26-26 p. 5
*Woodrow Wilson—Not Tired by Waiting:* by Thompson, Huston ... 5-22-26 p. 12
'Woodbine Willie'—see Kennedy, G. A. Studdert
Woodpile—*The Lesson of the Woodpile* (Edit.) ... 6-26-26 p. 11
Word 'Only'—*I Read in the Papers* ('Only' Often Used Incorrectly) ... 7-24-26 p. 32
Worden Field and Chesapeake Bay (Illus.)—*Where Our Admirals Come From: Annapolis:* by Maddox, William Johnston ... 6- 5-26 p. 18
Worger, Clade, 'Reverend' A.—*I Read in the Papers* 6-12-26 p. 21
Work—*The Idle Rich—And Poor* (Edit.) ... 8-28-26 p. 10
*The Business of Working Your Way Through College:* by Turner, Fred H. ... 8-28-26 p. 12
World Court—*As the Ballots Fall* (Edit.) ... 10- 2-26 p. 10

*The Fifth Reservation* (Edit.) 10- 9-26 p. 10
*Here Is a Court Without a Sheriff:* by Reinhardt, Charles Gilbert 5-29-26 p. 3
*Movie Patrons Make Coolidge Think: Borah as Film Favorite Alters President's Visualization of World Court:* by Benson, Allan L. 7- 3-26 p. 4
*The President* (Edit.) 5- 1-26 p. 11
World Domination—*Islam Aims at World Domination:* by Whyte, Thomas Chalmers 8- 7-26 p. 14
*World War's Effect on the Negro:* by Boyer, Townsend 5-22-26 p. 15
Writer—*A. A. Milne at Home:* by Phillips, Henry Albert 10-16-26 p. 3
*Booth Tarkington Talks of Many Things* (Illus.): by Whiting, May B. 10- 2-26 p. 3
*Chats With Office Callers* (Dreiser and Conrad) 10- 2-26 p. 28
*Chats With Office Callers* (Alexander Dumas) 10- 2-26 p. 28
*'In His Steps' Brought No Wealth: Dr. Sheldon's Book Sold in Millions But Left Its Author a Poor Man:* by Stidger, William L. 6-12-26 p. 2
*John Galsworthy—An Intimate Talk:* by Shore, W. Teignmouth 7-10-26 p. 2
*The Man Without Red Hair: Hugh Walpole, Noted Writer, Explains Why He Goes A-lecturing to America:* by Phillips, Henry Albert 5- 1-26 p. 2
*Nathaniel Hawthorne's Story of Immortality:* by Hawthorne, Julian 10-16-26 p. 4
*A Sailorman Poet—Spins Yarns of the Sea* (John Masefield): by Shore, W. Teignmouth 8- 7-26 p. 2
*Writing of Indiscreet Memoirs:* by Asquith, Lady Cynthia 10-16-26 p. 8
*Writing Verse for Composite Readers:* by Finger, Charles J. 7-31-26 p. 12
Wythe, George (Illus.)—*The Virginia Signers* (Declaration of Independence): by Lowden, Carl Schurz 7-31-26 p. 28

## Y

Yakima Indians—*Chats With Office Callers* 6- 5-26 p. 2
Yale—*I Read in the Papers* (Yale Students and Churchgoing) 6-26-26 p. 2
Yalovadj, Turkey—*A Church Where Early Christians Worshiped:* by Kelsey, Easton T. 9-11-26 p. 1
*Exploring Where Paul Preached:* by Kelsey, Easton T. 9- 4-26 p. 1
Yankees—*How Bill Joined the Yankees:* by Meares, Iredell 6- 5-26 p. 2
*Ye Knife—Ye Forke—Ye Spoone: A Brief Historie of Those Noble Tools* (Illus.): by Karpinski, Louis C. 10- 2-26 p. 8
*Year of Thirteen Months, A? Plans Are Ready for a New World's Calendar With Months of 28 Days:* by Masson, Thomas L. 5-15-26 p. 3
Yeats, William Butler—*The Abbey Theater Finds Sean O'Casey:* by Pritchett, V. S. 5-29-26 p. 2
Yellowstone Park—*Chats With Office Callers* 6-12-26 p. 29
*Your Dollars Are Needed* (Edit.) 9-25-26 p. 10
Youth of Today—*Chats With Office Callers* 6-26-26 p. 19
*A Good Look at Our Young People: Analysis Discloses That the Newer Generation Is Not Deteriorating:* by High, Stanley 6-19-26 p. 5
*I Read in the Papers* (Girl of Today) 9- 4-26 p. 29
*I Read in the Papers* (Girl of Today) 9-11-26 p. 30
*I Read in the Papers* ('Youth Movement' Youngsters) 7- 3-26 p. 24
*Wild Youth Proves a Myth: 'Boys and Girls' Between 35 and 45 Are Rolling Up the Crime Wave:* by Mallon, Winifred 7-31-26 p. 3

## Z

Zalowitz, Nathaniel—*I Read in the Papers* 7-31-26 p. 32

DEA

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Volume 26, Number 27

Five Cents a Copy APRIL 24, 1926 $1.50 a Year




THE LIBRARY OF THE
APR 29 1926
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

# BRIEFLY TOLD

FIGURES COMPILED by the Federal Reserve Bank of Boston, a short time ago, showed that installment accounts outstanding there were 110 per cent above those of the previous year.

TEXAS HAS REMOVED all forcible restraint from patients in its six hospitals for the insane. The response of the patients has been remarkable. Only one man has required forcible handling in a year.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON, about to tour the world, begs someone to occupy Fulham Palace during his absence and pay its upkeep. He says that his ten servants are essential, but he cannot maintain them while he is away.

RECENT NORWEGIAN discoveries lead to the belief that Leif Ericson landed somewhere between Cape Hatteras and Cape Ann, not at Nova Scotia.

GIANT CARNIVOROUS lizards, twenty-one feet long, which fight with their tails, so terrorize the natives of the island of Momodo, Dutch East Indies, that no live specimens have ever been captured.



DRAY HORSES passing through a big puddle of water in a Boston street suddenly jumped about in lively fashion. Investigation revealed that a short-circuited electric conduit had given the puddle a charge of 120 volts.

LAKES MICHIGAN and Huron rose perceptibly in February, the first break in the gradual receding of these lake levels in several years.

COUNTERFEITERS ARE so clever and numerous in China that native and foreign banks are compelled to have a large staff of experts to detect spurious coins and paper.

THE CENTER OF population of the United States has never varied one degree north or south of the thirty-ninth parallel.

DEVELOPMENT OF the X-ray may enable us to see ten thousand times farther than we can today, Sir William Bragg, director of the Royal Institute of England, declares.

THE LARGEST LIBRARY in Western Europe in 1373, owned by Charles V, King of France, consisted of 910 volumes.

WHEN 200,000 ACRES of grain in the San Joaquin Valley, California, were threatened from lack of rainfall, the growers offered a rainmaker the yield of 600 acres if he could "produce" rain. Immediately thereafter the heaviest rainfall of the season occurred.

THREE THOUSAND Japanese "picture brides" have been registered for transportation to Brazil, the same number to Argentina, and two thousand to Mexico. Great colonies of Japanese bachelors live in these countries.



A FARMINGTON, New Mexico, hotel drilled a water well, connected it with a house pumping system and then oil came in and surprised the guests.

OCEAN CABLES controlled by Great Britain and America handle 90 per cent of the world's cable traffic.

OPIUM FROM INDIA has a morphine content of seven per cent, Chinese opium 10 per cent, Turkish and Persian 13 per cent. Heroin, codeine, dionin, and morphine are extracted from the latter.

ENGLISH MINERS may be compelled to carry miniature radio sets—receiving and transmitting—as a means of communication in case of disasters.

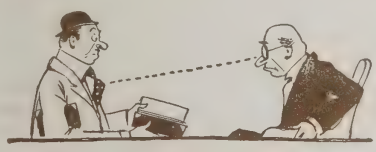
STUDENTS OF THE University of Rochester, own and operate a motion picture theater, thus earning part of their expenses.

THE FIRST FIRE engine in America was received in Boston from England 247 years ago.

CALIFORNIA IS the first state in the canning industry, the annual output exceeding $100,000,000.

CADDO PARISH, Louisiana, has spent $8,000,000 on road improvements in the past eight years without issuing a bond, the money being raised by a five-mill levy.

A TABLECLOTH once owned by Kate Douglas Wiggin contains autographs of one hundred fifteen notables, including Mark Twain, Henry Irving, Carl Schurz, Richard Harding Davis, and Annie Louise Carey.



SALESMEN OBTAIN the best results while wearing plain dark blue neckties, and the worst while wearing polka-dot ones, recent tests prove. The latter tend to confuse the beholder's eyes, which naturally focus on the tie.

THREE CHILDREN of Desert Center, California, motor 108 miles a day over desert roads to attend school at Thermal.

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT surveyors, exploring the Northwest Territories last summer, came upon a hitherto unknown lake seventy-five miles long and fifty miles wide.

WHEAT IS THE largest grain crop in the world, corn is second, and rice third. The United States produces 20 per cent of the wheat crop, 75 per cent of the corn, and less than 1 per cent of the rice.

IT TAKES $561 a year to dress a college girl, according to women's organizations at the University of California.

TEAKWOOD BEAMS which were put in place more than 2,000 years ago have been found in almost perfect condition in the old cave temples of Western India.

FIFTY THOUSAND AMERICANS, 60,000 Germans and 84,000 Englishmen now reside in France.

THE TYPHOID DEATH rate in Cleveland dropped from 13.3 per 100,000 population to 2.9 when chlorine and filtration were adopted for the city water system.

AFTER SEARCHING desperately all night for a man reported missing when a Hartford building collapsed, one of the rescue party learned that he himself was the supposed victim.




ONE SOLUTION of the problem of education in American universities would be in the imposition of tasks that would completely fill the time of students with hard work, according to President Angell of Yale.

THE AMERICAN ANNUAL medicine bill totals $345,000,000, two-thirds of it being for the treatment of preventable diseases.

TROPICAL ANIMALS in the London zoo last winter were provided with artificial summer sunlight by means of ultra-violet rays.

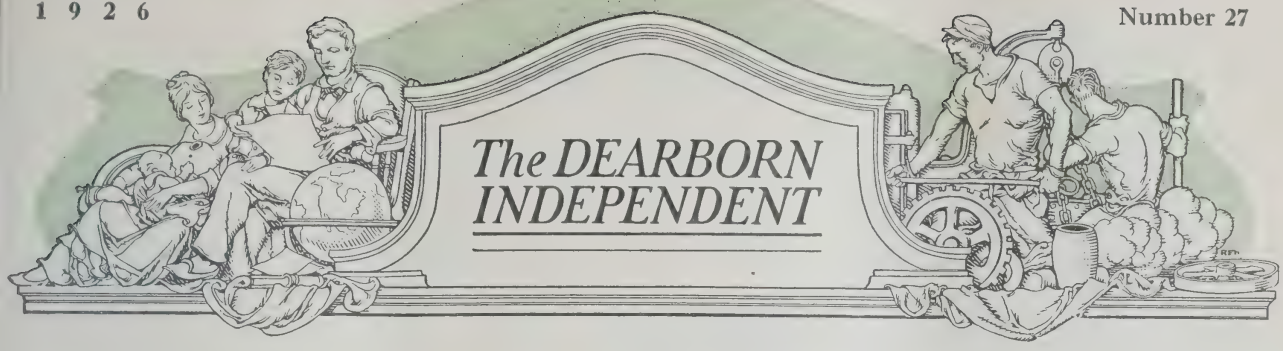
CAIRO HAS MORE jewelry shops than any other city of its size in the world. The natives either bury their savings in the earth or invest them in jewelry.

A STANDARD-KEYBOARD piano, two feet nine inches high and seventeen inches deep, has been built for an opera singer to use in a Pullman compartment while on tour.

FARMERS ARE the largest users of power in the United States, with the single exception of the railroads. Nearly sixteen billion horsepower hours are used annually on farms.

APRIL 24
1 9 2 6

Volume 26
Number 27



The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

# THE ESSENCE OF THIS ISSUE

Mr. Ford's Page this week discusses the best time to acquire economic wisdom.

Let us have the truth about war debts. We have had everything else—camouflage, distortion, propaganda—why not *now* have the truth? Look squarely at our so-called "lenient" terms to Italy. See how both the Italian and the American peoples are deceived.

Italy, so Secretary Mellon says, can pay no more than $5,000,000 a year at this time. But five years from now this annual sum is precipitately jumped to $12,100,000 and in sixty years it becomes nearly $80,000,000 a year! If Italy can pay only $5,000,000 a year now, what assurance have we that she can pay more than twice that sum every year five years from now, and sixteen times in little more than a half-century? Is not this clearly a scheme to throw the whole problem into the future, when present politicians will be dead or out of office? (p. 3)

The Semitic Sesqui-Centennial—that is what some are calling Philadelphia's much muddled plans to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the Signing of the Declaration of Independence. Others call it a clever real estate proposition. The scandals that have arisen in concessions and constructions have been of the lowest order possible to the lowest type of Philadelphia politics—which is going some! Now the "Sesqui" is viewed askance not only by other cities but by foreign nations as well. This article about the concessions scandal explains the reason. (p.12 )

We don't have much heckling in this country. A pity too—it would relieve us of many a Congressional bore. Heckling really isn't impolite. Common people have a right to know where the seekers after public office stand on certain questions. If they fail to say, why shouldn't we "speak out in meeting" and ask them? (p. 8)

No need of building three or four houses before you learn all the tricks of the game. If you are going to buy a home site there are many things to bear in mind. This article warns you of the main items. (p. 6)

We can't all hunt polar bears. That is left to the few. But we can visit the frozen North by proxy, conducted thither by Burt McConnell who was a member of the last Stefansson expedition into the Arctic. Polar bears are dangerous, not because they dislike humans, *but because they mistake them for seals.* (p. 22)

Half of Europe hailed him as savior. He was come to free enslaved peoples, to right wrongs, to lead the world to new heights. He was to bring peace and plenty . . . Suddenly acclaim was changed to blame, hero worship to hatred. Where Wilson had once been cheered he was hooted, reviled. Why? (p. 2)

Some fiddles are just wood and strings, glued together. Others are objects of rare grace, as beautiful in shape and symmetry as in tone. These, for the most part, are the work of the old masters, Stradivarius, Guarneri, Amati. They have a charm of their own, apparent even to the amateur. Clyde Wier, author of this article and professor at Brown University, has spent a lifetime in the study of old violins. He describes them in a delightful way. (p. 16)

Lloyd George—agile political gymnast. We haven't heard so much about the nimble little Welshman in the past few years, but the fault has not been his. He has been on the outside looking in. Now he wants to go on the inside again, helped along by a socialistic land program. (p. 5)

A flash of jagged light. A deafening roar. Lightning! Should we run to take shelter under a tree? That's a question often debated. (p. 19)

From lightning to lilies is a far cry. Lilies toil not, neither do they spin; but those who raise them must do both. This is the story of a woman—a lily grower. Her "farm" on the outskirts of Washington is unusual and colorful. (p. 32)

Three months ago we printed a story on Ram Narayan, sage of Delhi, who believes that dreams bear messages for us, that in them may be found the path to truth. In this issue we offer an opinion diametrically opposed to that of the Hindu philosopher. It is by Dr. Donald Laird, noted psychologist. (p. 4)

If someone should make the observation that beavers build up while rats tear down, would *you* feel that *you* had been insulted? Certainly not. But when Secretary of Labor Davis made a similar statement in his new book, the Jews instantly took umbrage. The rat reference, they decided, was to themselves. And so they raised a great clamor and to-do until—"They Got Their Letter." (p. 10)

Why is food so high? Waste—on the farm, in transportation, in distribution. This article will prove enlightening to many who are vexed at the high cost of living. (p. 14)

CONTENTS

When Woodrow Wilson "Walked With Kings" 2
*Huston Thompson*
Italy's Debt—Here Are the Facts - - - - - 3
*Harry Pence*
What Our Dreams Mean - - - - - - - - 4
*Donald A. Laird, Ph. D*
Lloyd George Seeks Power on Land Scheme - 5
*Paul Tyner*
When You Buy Your Own Home Site - - - 6
*Paul Adams*
Heckling—A Great British Institution - - - 8
*John Basil Barnhill*
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
Jews Grab Sesqui-Centennial Plums - - - - 12
Why Is Food So High? Waste Is Responsible - 14
*Robert Stewart*
Do You Know About Your Fiddle? - - - - 16
*Clyde Wier*
Why the Lightning Strikes the Trees - - - 19
With Stefansson in the Arctic - - - - - - 22
*Burt M. McConnell*
A Dance a Week—The Schottische - - - - 29
Lady Makes a Living Raising Lilies - - - - 32
*George H. Dacy*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer;
C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.50 A YEAR in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year. SINGLE COPY FIVE CENTS.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

# When Woodrow Wilson "Walked With Kings"

By HUSTON THOMPSON

PART V.



(C) International Newsreel.

President Wilson was always deeply touched by the expressions of American citizens whom he met. Here he is shown greeting a woman of St. Joseph, Missouri, who presented him with a bouquet.

ONE verse of Rudyard Kipling's poem, *If*, contains a couplet that undoubtedly influenced many of Woodrow Wilson's actions. It reads:

"If you can talk with crowds and keep
your virtue,
Or walk with kings—nor lose the
common touch."

The hardest job that any leader of people has to do is to keep his "virtue," by which Kipling undoubtedly meant poise and independence. A President of the United States is deluged with advice, appeals, pleadings, cajolery, flattery, threats and pressure of all kinds from all sorts of persons and interests. When he "talks with crowds" he is pulled and hauled this way and that by special advocates, usually selfishly interested. The man who can "keep his virtue" under such circumstances must have great strength of purpose.

President Wilson was instantly subject to high pressure of this character when he assumed office and called a special session of Congress to revise the tariff downward in conformity with his and his party's pledges. As is always the case, Senators and Representatives began pleading with him for protection of the industries in their own localities. In many instances strong cases were made out. He was advised that if the tariff were reduced on certain manufactured articles it would cause the defeat, in 1914, of certain members of Congress. Every conceivable kind of "talk" was discharged at him by the "crowd," and yet he "kept his virtue," which, in this case, was his and his party's promise that the tariff would be reduced.



(C) Press Illustrating Service.

President Wilson proudly regarding the veterans of the "Famous Second" as they paraded in Washington on the return from Chateau Thierry. In the President's stand from left to right — Admiral Benson, Franklin Roosevelt, President Wilson, Mrs. Wilson, Secretary Baker, and General March

An insight into his attitude toward his responsibilities at that time is afforded by the incident, related by him after the Congressional election in 1914, when the Democrats had again carried the House and Senate.

"When the Underwood tariff bill was before the Congress," he said, "I was waited upon by a delegation of seven Senators, headed by my warm friend, the veteran Senator Newlands, of Nevada, who said to me: 'Mr. President, we are the seven Democratic Senators from west of the Mississippi. As you are well aware, it is always hard to elect a Democrat in our part of the country, which is normally Republican. We feel that we constitute an important element in the Democratic majority of the Senate, and that our interests, therefore, should receive consideration. We further feel that it is to the interests of the party and of your Administration that we remain in Congress. Our retirement would practically wipe out the Democratic majority.'

"I agreed with them and asked in what particular they desired consideration of their interests. Senator Newlands replied: 'We want the sugar tariff maintained because of our beet sugar interests. If the proposed sugar rates are passed it will mean that we won't have a Democratic Senator west of the Mississippi.'

"I said, 'Well, gentlemen, in the first place, I do not take the same pessimistic view of the situation that you do. I don't believe the adoption of the proposed rates on sugar will have any such effect. However, I do believe this: that if we repudiate our tariff pledges and continue to impose upon the American consumers the burden of this high sugar tariff, it won't make any difference whether we have *any* Senators west of the Mississippi, for the simple reason that the Democratic party will be kicked out of office by the American people.'

(Continued on page 26)

# Italy's Debt—Here Are the Facts

## The Schedule of Annual Payments to America Is Printed in a Box on This Page

By HARRY PENCE

ON OR about December 1 last year the Government Printing Office supplied the press associations with advance copies of the annual reports of the Federal departments, bureaus and commissions which were sent to newspapers with the warning that they were to be held as confidential till officially released.

These reports were accompanied by expertly compiled abstracts or digests for the benefit of the busy editors, who were free to publish the abstracts and as much of the reports as they saw fit, with such comments, editorial and otherwise, as they pleased.

All this is perfectly regular and apparently an excellent system for the dissemination of public information, if only the newspapers do their part.

Among these advance copies was, of course, the annual report of the Secretary of the Treasury "on the state of the finances for the *fiscal year ended June 30, 1925*," yet pages 48 to 67, inclusive, are devoted to the progress achieved in refunding the war debts of European nations, five of which were thus refunded *after that date*, and to the French debt negotiations which collapsed October 1.

The inclusion of this important and increasingly interesting matter not pertaining to the period covered by the report manifested commendable enterprise on the part of the Treasury officials. It was fit and proper that it be thus set forth.

But why was not a thoroughgoing job made of it? The advance copy of the report did not contain the schedule of annual payments which is printed in a box on this page, a factor as vital to the soundness of the settlement as any other and more so than most.

Instead of doing this the compilers of the report grouped all such tables and statistical matter as "Exhibits" in an appendix and did not include the appendix in the copies distributed among the newspapers that they might inform the public.

The newspapers had had one previous opportunity to disseminate this information. When the Italian debt settlement was made, November 14, 1925, a full report containing this schedule was given out. A few, very few, of the papers in the larger cities printed the schedule.

Newspaper editors do not take kindly to matter of this sort. It is difficult to set, hurried composition increases the chances for errors and, most of all, they are firmly convinced that their readers do not care for it.

Therefore a very small fraction of the American public *has had an opportunity* to be informed as to just what the Italian representatives have obligated the Italian people to do and therefore the schedule printed herewith has all the qualities of news. An examination of it will reveal that it is *big news*.

For the first five years Italy is to pay a sum equivalent to *less than one-fourth of one per cent of the principal* and is *entirely relieved of interest payments*. This interest is not deferred; *it is written off*.

No wonder the Italians rejoiced when informed, probably as scantily as the American public, of the terms of the settlement or that Mussolini contended that the generosity of American financiers, public and private, implied approval of his—well, rather autocratic régime.

The report explains that these terms were agreed upon as fitting Italy's capacity to pay. It stresses the fact that her present fiscal condition and trade balance are unfavorable, adding that she is "a country poor in natural resources" which must import food products as well as raw materials. This is but another way of saying that she is without an adequate national agriculture as well as coal, oil, iron, copper and wood. The report also says her population is rapidly increasing.

For these reasons the wind was tempered for the shorn lamb—for five years. America was so informed, in very general terms, and apparently approved the settlement. Feverish as is the chase of the dollar in these United States it is rather for the zest of the chase than greed for the game. No people ever loved the actual dollar less and no normal American ever pursued it at the cost of hardships or suffering to friend or stranger.

"The best they can do is good enough for us," was the national verdict. "Let it go at that."

But just relegating to the future the eventual day of trouble is no settlement; it is a sham. Premonitions of that day of trouble leap from that schedule of payments and smite the eye.

If Italy can pay only five million dollars a year for five years upon what did her accredited representatives base their faith that on the sixth year she can and will pay *twelve million?*

Were they or were they not rendered unduly optimistic by their zeal to pry open the locked coffers of the New York money lenders?

And if the burden of twelve million can be carried what assurance had the negotiators, American or Italian, that *twenty*, and *thirty*, and then *forty* and finally *nearly eighty million a year* can and will be willingly borne?

*At the rate of five million a year it would take Italy 481 years to dispose of this debt, but she has obligated herself to clean it up in 62 years.*

To do so her annual payments must average approximately thirty-nine million dollars a year and even a child knows that to begin small and increase progressively to attain a certain average the later payments must be proportionally greater than the average.

The American people do not know that there has not been sown in this and other debt "settlements" the seeds of future discord and international friction.

| | |
|---|---|
| Italy's original debt (approximately) | $1,648,000,000 |
| Principal and accrued interest, 1925 (approximately) | 2,042,000,000 |
| Anticipated total payments (approximately) | 2,407,000,000 |

INTEREST PAYMENTS REQUIRED

| | |
|---|---|
| 1926 to 1930 | None |
| 1931 to 1940 | One-eighth of One per cent |
| 1941 to 1950 | One-fourth of One per cent |
| 1951 to 1960 | One-half of One per cent |
| 1961 to 1970 | Three-fourths of One per cent |
| 1971 to 1980 | One per cent |
| 1981 to 1987 | Two per cent |

SCHEDULE OF PAYMENTS ON PRINCIPAL REQUIRED

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1926 | $5,000,000 | 1957 | 28,500,000 |
| 1927 | 5,000,000 | 1958 | 29,600,000 |
| 1928 | 5,000,000 | 1959 | 30,500,000 |
| 1929 | 5,000,000 | 1960 | 31,500,000 |
| 1930 | 5,000,000 | 1961 | 32,500,000 |
| 1931 | 12,100,000 | 1962 | 33,500,000 |
| 1932 | 12,200,000 | 1963 | 34,500,000 |
| 1933 | 12,300,000 | 1964 | 35,500,000 |
| 1934 | 12,600,000 | 1965 | 36,500,000 |
| 1935 | 13,000,000 | 1966 | 38,000,000 |
| 1936 | 13,500,000 | 1967 | 39,500,000 |
| 1937 | 14,200,000 | 1968 | 41,500,000 |
| 1938 | 14,600,000 | 1969 | 43,500,000 |
| 1939 | 15,200,000 | 1970 | 44,500,000 |
| 1940 | 15,800,000 | 1971 | 46,000,000 |
| 1941 | 16,100,000 | 1972 | 47,500,000 |
| 1942 | 17,000,000 | 1973 | 49,000,000 |
| 1943 | 17,600,000 | 1974 | 50,500,000 |
| 1944 | 18,300,000 | 1975 | 52,000,000 |
| 1945 | 19,000,000 | 1976 | 54,000,000 |
| 1946 | 19,600,000 | 1977 | 56,000,000 |
| 1947 | 20,000,000 | 1978 | 59,000,000 |
| 1948 | 20,600,000 | 1979 | 61,000,000 |
| 1949 | 21,200,000 | 1980 | 62,000,000 |
| 1950 | 22,000,000 | 1981 | 64,000,000 |
| 1951 | 23,000,000 | 1982 | 67,000,000 |
| 1952 | 23,800,000 | 1983 | 69,000,000 |
| 1953 | 24,600,000 | 1984 | 72,000,000 |
| 1954 | 25,400,000 | 1985 | 74,000,000 |
| 1955 | 26,500,000 | 1986 | 77,000,000 |
| 1956 | 27,500,000 | 1987 | 79,400,000 |

# What Our Dreams Mean

DRAWINGS BY EDITH GRIEVE

## The "Latent Content" of a Dream Furnishes Key to Its Interpretation, Scientists Say

By DONALD A. LAIRD, Ph. D.

A LOVELY old lady of my acquaintance consults her "dream book" regularly every morning to find what the night's dreams portend. If she had been planning a visit but finds that her dream means, according to the book, that new undertakings will meet with disaster the visit is promptly canceled. For days after she has dreamed of an acquaintance who is dead she trembles every time the telephone rings, and is agitated at the sight of a postman or telegraph boy—since the book has told her that to dream of the dead means one will hear of death from the living.

Dreams may not tell the future in this way, but they do tell much about the dreamer.

Some nights one may not appear to dream because he is unable to recall any on awakening. This shows that the dreams are forgotten on awakening rather than that one has not dreamed. It is quite possible that we dream continuously all night, the dreams we remember being those which take place when sleep is lightest.

Some people can even dream while they are apparently awake and walking around. Some years ago, for instance, Dr. G. T. W. Patrick was engaged in experiments in which persons were kept awake for three or four days. One very conscientious young man quite naturally found it difficult to remain awake after more than two days without sleep. To keep him awake he was walked briskly about town early in the morning.

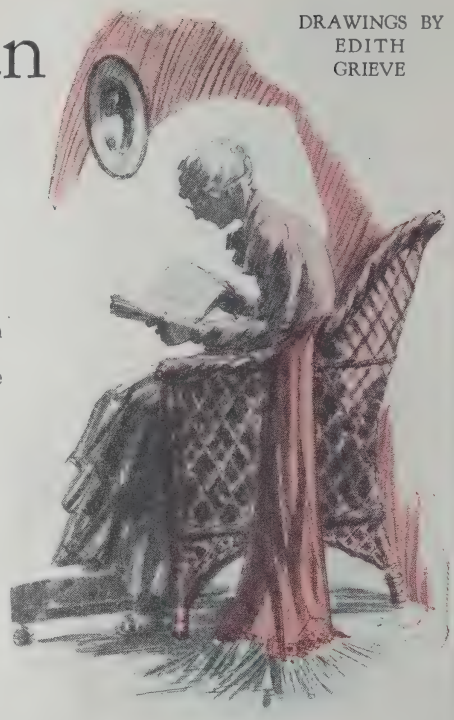
On returning to the laboratory he smiled guiltily and said that he had several dreams while he was being walked around to prevent those very things.

These dreams reveal that mental life is still active, even in deep sleep. The sleeping dog we watch by the fireside and see move his feet in regular rhythm and hear give a few half-choked yelps is dreaming, of what we know not, perhaps of the chase of rabbits, but nevertheless dreaming and giving signs of mental activity though deep in sleep.

The mental activity in sleep and the bizarre, fascinating experiences have very definite meaning at times. This meaning is not quite what the lady with her dream book thought, and we may add in anticipation it is probably not quite what many psychoanalysts claim it to be.

Why do we dream what we do? Sometimes it appears that factors in the surroundings will start dreams. Thus the man with his feet uncovered on a chilly night may dream he is with Peary at the North Pole, or he may dream he is in battle and has been hit in the foot.

Startling experiences of the day may cause a dream. Or some trifling event of which we were scarcely aware may start it. An Englishman, for instance, dreamed about Oxford and a small market town named Wickham. This seems to have been inspired by reading during the day the motto "Manners makyth man." This is the motto of Winchester College, one of the famous English public schools which was founded by William of Wykeham, who was born at Wickham and founded one of the colleges of Oxford.



"A lovely old lady of my acquaintance consults her 'dream book' regularly every morning."

It is most often the little things that count in starting dreams. And in interpreting dreams it has been found that it is again the little things which matter. About some of these little things scientists are in agreement, but about a number of them there are some of the hottest disputes one can imagine.

Things which appear to last a month or even a year may transpire within a second in a dream. About this there is no dispute. Take the following: The dreamer hears the executioner's bell toll, sees himself given religious rites, then walks a long distance through subterranean corridors to a scaffolding where the hangman's noose is painstakingly adjusted, only to awaken and find that this long and tedious procedure which caused so much anguish was started by his alarm clock, which is still merrily calling him.



"This long and tedious procedure which caused so much restless anguish was started by his alarm clock, which is still calling him."

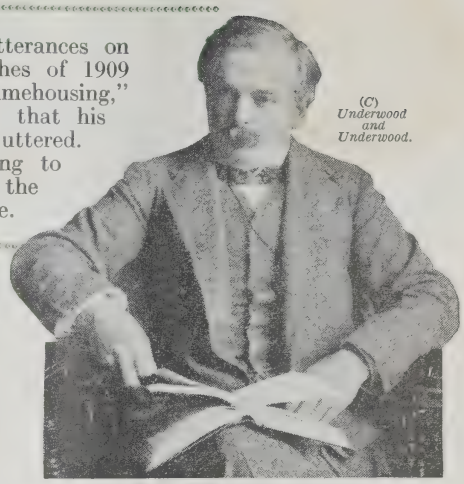
Then there is the peculiar nonsense which often is in dreams. In many cases it can be found mixed with sense.

A man dreamed, for instance, that he saw a book written by a friend with the title of *Bragmatism*. The dreamer had a friend who was continually telling about a book he was going to write on the philosophical subject of *pragmatism*. About

(Concluded on page 25)

LLOYD GEORGE'S silver tongue is a biting one, and his recent utterances on land nationalization in Great Britain recall his scarifying speeches of 1909 when his attacks on the dukes and the dukeries were labeled "Limehousing," because it was in the Limehouse division of the East End of London that his fierce denunciations of landlordism and the land laws were uttered.

The following article shows that "the Little Welshman" is trying to form what has been called a "Lib-Lab" party, with "The land for the people" as a rallying cry. But he has a hard row to hoe.



(C) Underwood and Underwood.

# Lloyd George Seeks Power on Land Scheme

## British Leader Raises Land Reform Slogan in Endeavor to Come Back With United Party

By PAUL TYNER

IT'S FUN to sit on the fence and watch yourself go by. If David Lloyd George could ever detach himself from himself for five minutes and from the whole procession—horse, foot and artillery—which his progress forms, this reflection might well occur to him. The National Liberal Convention on the land question at Kingsway Hall really completed a circle in his career which started during the campaign of 1909, when he first came into the limelight as sponsor for a radical land program calling for the assessment and rating of land values. In England, unlike the practice in the United States, land as land pays no taxes, the contributions levied on real estate for local purposes being termed "rates." In normal times these rates run to about four shillings in the pound (or 20 per cent) of the annual rental value of the rated property. Since the war they have averaged about double this amount, in some cases (as in Sheffield) running as high as 25 shillings in the pound, or 125 per cent.

This, of course, throws the great burden of taxes on the towns and the productive industries of the towns and cities, letting the big landholders go practically scot-free. By the Agricultural Rates Relief Act, passed under the Balfour administration, ten shillings in the pound of the rates imposed on "agricultural land" were excused and so made a present from the taxpayers to the landlords. Since then, Mr. Baldwin, to "relieve distressed agriculture," has knocked off another five shillings. The landowners simply capitalize the gift and add it to the selling price of the land.

The land scheme to which the Liberal Party in Britain now stands pledged bears a striking resemblance to that which Lloyd George championed so eloquently, persistently and convincingly in the famous campaign of 1909. His fiery denunciations of landlordism at that time made him a popular hero among the masses and brought thousands and thousands of workingmen's votes to the Liberals. But it also earned him the fierce hatred of the landholding and middle classes generally. The business and financial interests were especially denunciatory and there was genuine distrust of what might happen to the country when the outbreak of the war found the "wrecker" and "revolutionary" at the head of the national treasury as Chancellor of the Exchequer. This sentiment prevalent in financial circles underwent a marked change a little later when he called a meeting of the great bankers and financiers and proved himself the only man present capable of grasping the situation with boldness and formulating a practical and immediate program calling for genuine initiative.

His speeches during the 1909 campaign had given much heart to the workers and especially to the advocates of Henry George's ideas; for the movement to substitute the "unearned increment" of land values for all other forms of public revenue, and long known as the "Single Tax" movement, had been making as much headway in Britain as in the country of its origin.

***The "Single Taxers" Were Greatly Disappointed***

I remember well a talk I had with Henry George, Jr., on his return to the United States after the 1909 campaign in which he had appeared with Lloyd George on the platform at many meetings. He was most enthusiastic over the British politician's espousal of his great father's doctrine and the prospect of that doctrine's rapid advance to foremost place in the practical politics of Britain.

Great was the disappointment of the land reformers when, after the abortive attempt to obtain a valuation of the lands of Great Britain for the purpose of full taxation as a starter, the Asquith government turned its back on the entire proposition; this on the specious and palpably insincere plea that the war made it untimely. As a matter of fact, in those crucial days when the nation needed every penny it could raise for defense, resumption of its ownership of the land and collection of the rental properly accruing to it, would have been carried through as a truly patriotic measure.

Lloyd George's silver tongue is a biting one, as illustrated by his recent comment on Sir Alfred Mond's desertion of the Liberal organization to go over to the Conservatives: "Like another member of his race, he has gone to his own place," and "No new gospel has ever been preached but men of great possessions have gone away sorrowful."

***"Limehousings" That Are Remembered***

In that earlier campaign, he did not scruple to hurl his bitterest sarcasm on vested interests and the privileged classes. "The peerage," he said, "was created to ennoble the indiscretions of kings." Other of his biting sayings were: "Aristocracy is like cheese—the older it is the higher it becomes." "We look upon dukes as the Egyptians look upon the Pyramids; a fully equipped duke costs as much to keep up as two dreadnaughts, and dukes are just as great a terror—and last longer."

The idea that inspired Lloyd George's land scheme is purely that of a politician. Day by day since the last general election, it becomes increasingly evident that the one great national issue looming up before the people is the land issue. He realizes to the full that Liberalism's last chance of rehabilitation is to go one better than the Socialists in the matter of a land program. So nearly a year ago he had a special committee appointed to survey the ground and prepare a draft policy with which the Liberals could make strong appeal to the growing current of radicalism (Continued on page 20)

# When You Buy Your Own Home Site



## Evil Surroundings Often Corrupt Good Properties

By PAUL ADAMS

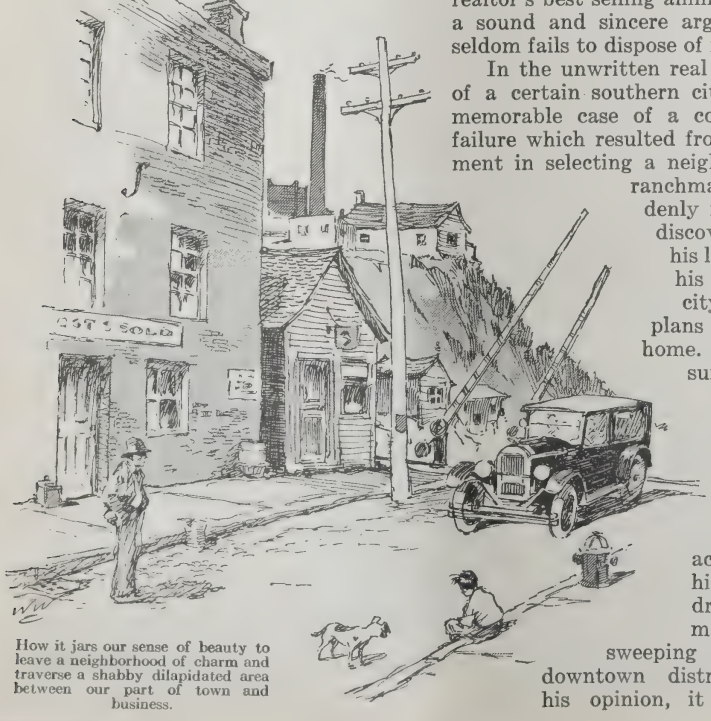
ILLUSTRATED BY W. W. CLARKE

IT IS regrettable that the average man's selection of a lot on which to build his home is so often based on guesswork rather than on a careful analysis of important factors. The house, not the lot, he is likely to consider the important thing. With a few requirements hazily in mind, he makes his choice of a home site, puts his signature on a check and an earnest money contract, and then repents at leisure. Sometimes he is lucky and makes a good selection. At other times he pays a high price for the folly of carelessness and ignorance.

The serious mistakes come from a failure to anticipate the problems that may arise in connection with the new home. The inexperienced builder is like a man starting out gaily on a strange journey, unaware of certain dangers lurking in his way. The man who has built several houses is not likely to repeat his early errors. But the average man does not build several houses. One home may serve him many years or for his remaining lifetime. To succeed in his plans, he must be wary and farseeing.

The first and most important step in buying a site is to make sure of the high character of the neighborhood. The leading subdivision experts of the United States, the men who make a study of successful homes their life work, all agree on this point. Good neighbors are an invaluable asset; bad neighbors do incalculable harm. The value of a good neighborhood to a man's children, to his wife, to himself, cannot be measured. The skillful realtor uses this appeal effectively in his advertisements. He tells you that you will be proud to have your children grow up with the children of the people who live in his subdivision. He publishes lists of prominent property owners as well as letters from them, stating their satisfaction with the property he has sold them. This appeal to deep-seated instincts is the realtor's best selling ammunition. It is a sound and sincere argument which seldom fails to dispose of many lots.

In the unwritten real estate annals of a certain southern city, there is a memorable case of a costly building failure which resulted from poor judgment in selecting a neighborhood. A ranchman, grown suddenly rich from the discovery of oil on his land, preceded his family to the city to make plans for a fine new home. After a brief survey, he found what impressed him as a most attractive site. It comprised nearly an acre; it was high and well drained, commanding a sweeping view of the downtown district; and, in his opinion, it was cheap. Though the neighborhood was somewhat shabby and run-down, he believed it entirely respectable. With characteristic haste he bought the ground, engaged an architect, and started to build.




How it jars our sense of beauty to leave a neighborhood of charm and traverse a shabby dilapidated area between our part of town and business.

The dwelling cost many thousands of dollars, and it was beautiful, wisely planned, luxurious, and comfortable. It possessed most of the home conveniences known to the modern sybarite. A landscape architect worked wonders with the grounds. When the rancher's family moved in, they were delighted. This was the fulfillment of their dream and they thought no finer palace existed.

In a few weeks a cloud appeared. The neighborhood was *not* entirely respectable. In fact, it was not a fit place for the ranchman's wife and children. His wife learned that several other sections of the city were far more attractive, possessing moral influences which were excellent. After much worry and discussion, they decided the best thing to do was to sell and then build another home.

But they found they could not sell. Nobody wanted a high-priced mansion in a bad neighborhood. For months the property was advertised in the local newspapers after it had been listed with various real estate agents. Everybody in town knew it was for sale. At length a family of foreigners, newcomers, appeared and offered for it a sum many thousand dollars less than it had cost, and the troubled ranchman eagerly snatched it. But he realized that his mistake had cost him a small fortune.

It isn't hard to find the best residential districts of a city, because usually they are pretty well defined. They often lie in the direction of the town's largest growth. Besides the advantages for living purposes, ground bought here, as a rule, holds its own or increases in value.

Next to neighborhood in importance is the nearness of your lot to stores, schools and churches. A moment's reflection suffices to show how much these necessities count for. If whenever



After you have spent a small fortune on your home, an oil refinery is constructed half a mile away which disfigures the landscape, while the breeze wafts you its obnoxious odors.

a housewife wants a loaf of bread or a pound of butter, she has to go or send two miles to the nearest store to get it, she is greatly inconvenienced many times. She may indignantly rebel against such injustice and insist upon a change of residence. The school problem is an even greater consideration. You can't have the youngsters exhausting themselves daily by walking many weary blocks to the schoolhouse. Sometimes it is expensive or inconvenient to supply transportation for them. And then what about your church? Is it situated nearby or far away on the other side of town?

Transportation facilities also must be carefully considered. Where is the nearest street car, bus line, or railroad station? If you depend entirely on your automobile for transportation, don't forget that automobiles sometimes have a disconcerting way of refusing to work when you most need them. If you own two or three cars, you undoubtedly have a servant problem, and servants are deeply interested in transportation. The housewife who lives in the country knows how hard it is to keep servants when they have any difficulty in getting to town.

Many an ambitious subdivision has been a costly failure for its promoters because they failed to provide for convenient stores, schools, churches, and transportation.

Next comes the matter of approach. A certain western real estate firm, in advertising its favorite subdivision, shrewdly announces that in driving downtown from it, "you never leave a paved street, never cross a railroad, never pass through an unsightly section." These are weighty arguments. What is the good of two miles of well-paved streets if, every time you drive to your office, your car must struggle through one or more blocks of mud or dust? No matter what precautions are taken, railroad crossings are dangerous; cold statistics prove it. How it jars our sense of beauty to leave a neighborhood of charm and distinction each morning to traverse a shabby, dilapidated area that lies between our part of the town and the business district. The approach certainly requires a complete examination before you buy your lot.

Nothing safeguards the desirability of a neighborhood more than wise building and ownership restrictions. A person can make no greater mistake in buying a home site than to overlook these matters. Everything else may be perfect, or nearly so, but if your neighborhood is not properly restricted, your home may be ruined and its value greatly depreciated.

An experience of certain property owners in a southern city strikingly illustrates this point. A prominent corner in an old but highly improved residential section was bought by a real estate agent who intended to construct a business building upon it. His plan called for several small food stores, which he believed would do a flourishing business with the wealthy surrounding residents because of the convenience of the location. He ascertained that there were no restrictions in his deed which prohibited a business building on the lot. The agent paid all that the corner was worth and then began tearing down the old-fashioned two-story home which occupied the ground. By this time the news of his plans had reached the neighbors. They were indignant at the thought that a butcher's market, a grocery store and a baker's shop were about to invade their aristocratic precinct. The absence of such establishments had long been a matter of pride with them.

A dozen of the wealthiest residents met one evening to discuss ways for preventing the project. A committee was appointed to call on the agent to try to persuade him to change his plans. After considerable negotiating, the property was purchased from the realtor, who made a net profit of $5,000 from the transaction. The residents were then compelled to convert the old dwelling into an apartment house to make it pay some sort of income and partly support itself. This course was costly, but it was the only one available. The agent had positively refused to give up his plan unless the residents would buy the property at once at his price.

This mishap resulted from the failure of the promoter thirty years before to place any building restrictions on the property. The experience may be repeated at any time because not one lot in the neighborhood is protected by these all-important provisions.

Here are some of the important building restrictions—restrictions essential to the development and maintenance of a beautiful residential section:

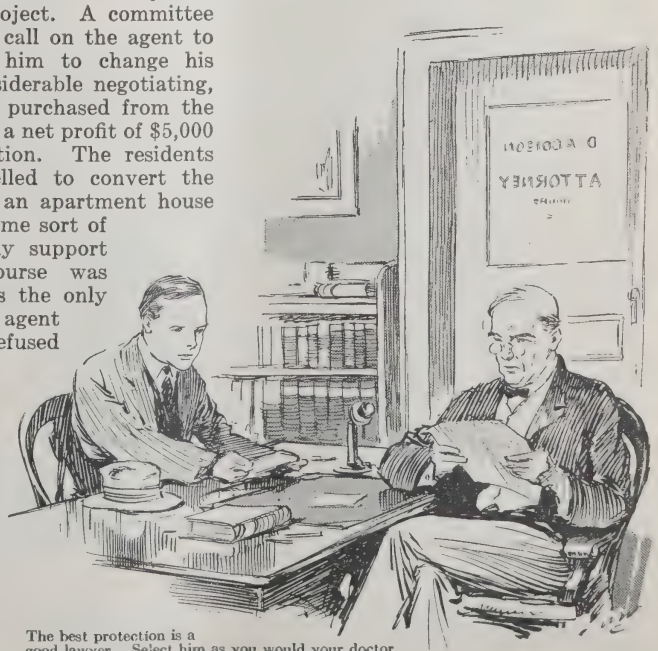
1. Business establishments are not permitted except in certain blocks set aside especially for them.

2. The erection of a stable, garage or any other outbuilding must be made in a certain specified location on each lot.

3. Not more than one house is allowed on each lot except where a group plan has been introduced, such as would be the case with apartment hotels and larger buildings used only for dwelling purposes.

4. In certain respects, plans of all buildings must be approved by the subdivision company. For instance, on certain streets dwellings must be constructed of stone, brick or hollow tile; elsewhere the material used may be brick veneer or stucco on metal lath or even plain lumber. There are minimum cost requirements. On one street a dwelling must cost not less than $8,000; on another, not less than $10,000; on another, not less than $15,000.

(Concluded on page 28)

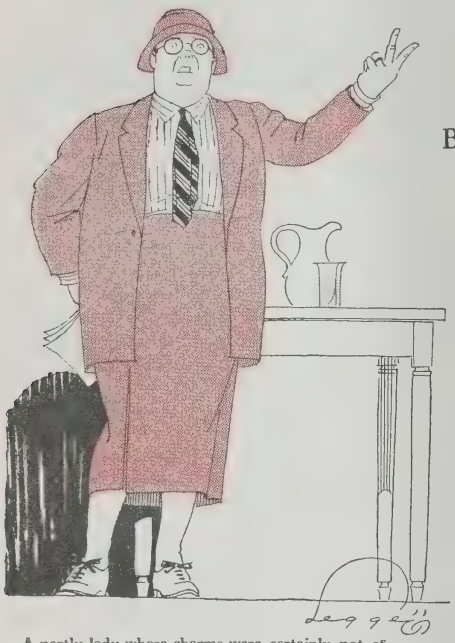


The best protection is a good lawyer. Select him as you would your doctor.

# Heckling—a Great British Institution

## The Heckler's Job Is to Catechize Candidates

By JOHN BASIL BARNHILL



A portly lady whose charms were certainly not of a physical character was addressing a temperance meeting.

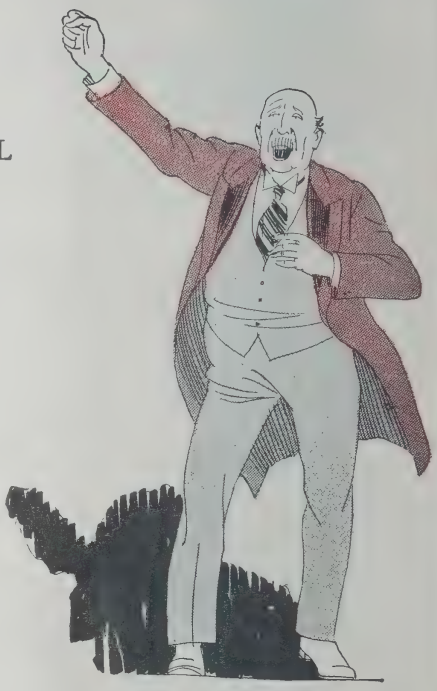
SEVERAL years since the writer was seated in the men's gallery of the House of Commons, anxiously waiting for something to transpire which would be worthy of the traditions of that august assembly. This solicitude was fully shared by an Irishman sitting near who finally, in evident disgust at the tameness of the proceedings, left with the remark: "We would not run it this way if we had it in Dublin."

It is indeed true that not only the Irish voter but the English as well insists on a great deal more excitement in his politics than the American voter gets in his. This is largely due to the custom of heckling, under which the most humble citizen has a right to catechize any candidate and any political speaker. The legitimate drama has little chance in competition with the political drama where heckling exists. Stormed at by the shot and shell of infuriated parliamentary opponents, Mirabeau once cried out: "Gentlemen, when these amenities cease, I will resume my remarks."

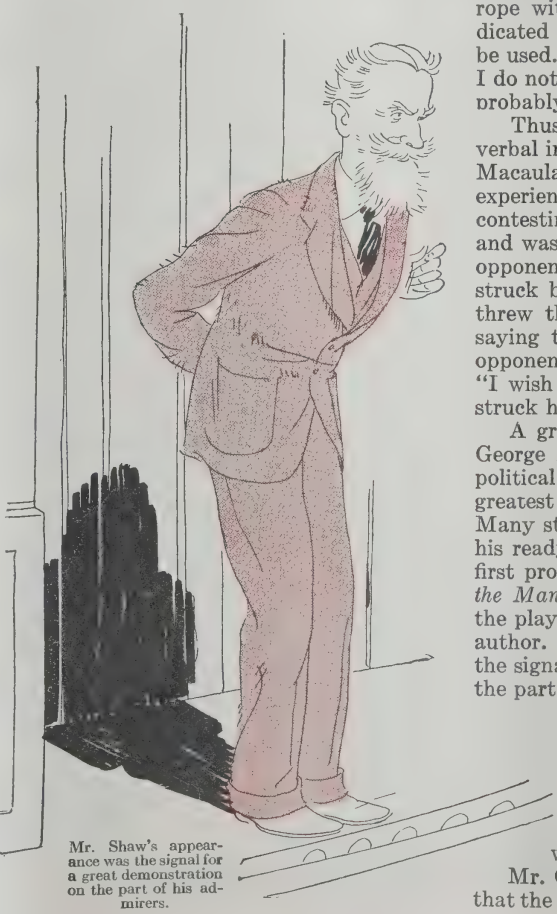
But the beauty of it is that the "amenities" never do cease in a British election. The addition of several million women voters to the British electorate has added materially to the number of such "amenities" and has not perceptibly increased the joys of the candidates and spellbinders. For instance, in a recent campaign, after listening to a candidate, one of the gentler sex rose and, addressing the speaker, said: "If I were your wife, I'd give you poison." "Madam," replied the speaker, "if I were your husband, I would take that poison." Here was beautifully exemplified what the philosophers call harmony in diversity.

It will be seen that the feminists are not spared when they essay to guide and instruct the British voter. A portly lady whose charms were certainly not of a physical character was addressing a Liberal meeting on temperance reform and while dilating on the evils of drink, made the following statement: "My friends, I myself had a husband who was addicted to the bottle. He was a great trial to me, but one day I persuaded him to sign the pledge. When he did so, my joy was so great, so overwhelming, that I flung my arms around his neck and kissed him." "And sarve 'im jolly well right, too," added a voice from the crowd.

Some of the stormiest scenes ever witnessed at an English election occurred in the parliamentary contests of Charles James Fox. It is related that a voter who was obviously opposed to Fox ventured to offer him a piece of rope with a gesture which clearly indicated the manner in which it should be used. "Thank you," said Fox, "but I do not wish to deprive you of what is probably a family heirloom."



"That's a lie!"



Mr. Shaw's appearance was the signal for a great demonstration on the part of his admirers.

Thus opposition is not limited to verbal inquiries. On one occasion Lord Macaulay had a rather unpleasant experience at Edinburgh. He was contesting a seat in that constituency, and was standing side by side with his opponent one evening, when he was struck by a dead cat. The man who threw the animal at once apologized, saying that he meant the cat for his opponent. "Well," said Macaulay, "I wish you had meant it for me and struck him."

A great campaigner was lost when George Bernard Shaw turned down a political career to become one of the greatest playwrights of his generation. Many stories are told in illustration of his ready wit. On the occasion of the first production of his play, *Arms and the Man*, the audience, at the end of the play, insisted on a speech from the author. Mr. Shaw's appearance was the signal for a great demonstration on the part of his admirers. But amid the tumult of applause could be heard a solitary hiss from the gallery. Mr. Shaw began his speech as follows: "I quite agree with my friend in the gallery, but what are two among so many."

Mr. Gladstone on one occasion said that the best example (Concluded on page 20)

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

THERE is always hope in the world's blunders, the hope that something will be learned from them. Sometimes that hope is realized, sometimes it seems to be deferred, and the world tastes truth in that ancient saying, 'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.'

Two points must somehow press themselves into world consciousness before the underlying progress which we have made can become immediately apparent. We must know when is the best time to learn, and then we must know wherein we can find the elements to build the thing which the world most desires.

The best time to learn is when things are going well. It seems a simple statement to make, but it is rather more important than it seems. Part of its importance dwells in its suggestion that our common practice is the opposite. For uncounted generations (strange that we should be unable to count the generations; some day we may learn that a man carries the number of his generations in him, as a tree carries the record of its age in its rings)—for as long as we know man, he has made his studies of life at the most unpromising moments, at times when it was least possible to learn anything.

Medicine, for example, has studied disease, until very recently when it has begun the intensive study of health. The worst time to learn about health is in sickness. Health being the objective, it naturally offers the best facilities for study when it is present. Knowledge of the normal has more value for mankind than knowledge of the abnormal. The greatest human subject is sanity, in mind, body and estate; in economics and international politics; in philosophy and religion. How great is sanity we do not yet know. It is the region toward which the world marches, but we are still far from arrival.

In economics we seldom hear of better methods until ruin threatens. It is during 'hard times' that all the theories of social justice spring up. Depression and collapse bring business men together to 'study the situation.' At other times they are too busy taking advantage of it. Yet the best time to study the economic situation is when everything is going well, as we think. We do not get much of an idea of a locomotive when it lies twisted and smashed across the tracks after having met in collision a superior resistance; we do not learn much about a motor car that has been mangled at a railroad crossing; and neither do we learn much about our social system in periods of breakdown.

The time to examine the locomotive and motor car for excellences and defects is when they are functioning at their best. Then is the best time to consider where they may be improved or strengthened or made to render better service. And that is the time when our economic system may be best studied also. But the men who could study it with practical wisdom are not interested then; as long as the system meets their desires at the time, it is good enough for them. They are not roused to examination until the system breaks down. That is the wrong time to get knowledge.

*THE world's biggest problems could be solved tomorrow if the nations could be set at work. For four years of feverish 'war work' the world is now paying the price of the most colossal idleness it has ever witnessed. Leagues and treaties, councils and courts have not turned any wheels of industry, have not led the people to their sources of wealth. The greatest hero that could arise in Europe today would be the man who could lead the people to work, for out of land and labor come peace and prosperity. Honest work is the truest pacifist, because it is also armed with potential strength against those who would destroy its peace.*

And then, secondly, the question where to look is important. After all is said and done the bases of all our triumphs and mistakes are the same, land and labor. People have looked everywhere else for light in the problem of life, they are looking everywhere else today, and they have not found light. Who are regarded as the men most able to mend the world just now? The politicians and international bankers.

The whole world gapes in wonder round a little room where a dozen men sit and talk, as if the issue of that talk could be a new world. These men talk of nothing real, nothing inherent in the people's lives—they talk an artificial thing called politics, which they support with an equally artificial thing called finance. And the nations wonder why these men never originate the new world, never settle the old problems. It is because they are not looking in the right place.

The international question could be solved tomorrow by setting the people of the nations at work. Industry is the normal method for the outlet of human energies, and when that is denied mischiefs come in. Wars grow out of idleness and issue in idleness and foster idleness as the breeding ground for further wars. For four years of 'war work' the world has paid with eight years of such colossal idleness as has never been seen before.

Yet no statesmen discuss that; their realm is politics; they trust in treaties and councils.

The hero of Europe would be the man who could put it to work. He would be the greatest promoter of peace. Honest work is the true pacifist, because it is also armed with potential strength against those who would destroy its peace.

**"Ford Ideals," 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## A "Healthy" Market

"HEALTHY liquidation" was the phrase that appeared in the market reports; but whose health was improved?

Wall Street has had another shakedown. Hard-earned cash has been left there by many a simple soul who accepted unquestioningly the theory that Wall Street is the barometer of the nation and the nation being prosperous Wall Street prices must go on up indefinitely.

We are rich, and powerful, and are making good money; we are spending money and creating a great buying market; never was there sounder prosperity—so runs the tale. And in the industrial productive world it is true. But no production, and hence no prosperity, ever arises from stock-juggling. But the seductive tale runs on—Have you heard about P. and Q.? It's to be put up twenty points. Get aboard.

And then the market does rise. Certainly it rises—because so many buy. And great bankers view the situation with mild alarm.

This is an "unhealthy" condition.

Stocks are bought on margin, with borrowed money: the bankers decide to charge more for that money. Money, they say, is "scarce." When bankers say that, danger threatens the paper fabric which by some is esteemed the national pyramid of wealth.

In a week P. and Q.—considered as a whole—has "shrunk" fifty millions in value. And yet the company owns as much property as ever: it is as prosperous as ever. Market values had nothing to do with industrial values.

Nothing has changed—except—the sucker's bankroll.

He is sadder. It is not all loss if he is only wiser.

And when the Bears have hammered prices down far enough the bankers can step in and buy stocks, at bargain prices, "for investment."

It is again a "healthy" market—for the bankers.

## Plain Talk on the Debts

THE whole question of debt settlement presents an aggravated problem. Our country, right in principle, has been peculiarly unfortunate in method. The matter of debt "collection" is one thing, of debt "acknowledgment" is another. The United States took the "collection" method of securing an acknowledgment. In doing so we have remitted large proportions of principal and interest, we have undertaken to let our taxpayers carry burdens which by no terms of justice can be said to belong to them, and yet we have prejudiced ourselves before the world because of our "collection" methods and emphasis. This must be charged against American officialdom and not against the American public opinion.

American public opinion will not consent to remit debts for the benefit of international financiers. What they are confronted with now is a condition wherein the debt collection goes *directly back to the people of Europe, whereas debt remittance goes no farther than the financiers.* The people will pay in any case. If remittance went back as far as the *people* of Europe, American public sentiment might consider that an important fact.

Americans also protest against paying for the present military establishments of Europe. Any debts we may remit will simply mean that millions belonging to us—because our people bought the bonds that produced the money—will be turned over to arming Europe. It is a strange situation that the people who are disarming America are also the people who favor debt remission which means the greater arming of Europe.

The only sound basis for our position on the debts is this: let the United States flatly take the attitude that these debts are due, and that debtor governments can either accept the honorable position of coming in and acknowledging them, or they can take the dishonorable method of repudiating them. It is purely a question of national honor. The United States should make it clear that we are not "collectors," but we are seeking to know the extent to which honor rules in European governmental affairs, that we may know how to conduct our international affairs in the future.

## They Got Their Letter

IN HIS book, *The Iron Puddler*, Secretary of Labor Davis has this passage:

> "Some men are by nature beavers, and some are rats; yet they all belong to the human race. The people that came to this country in the early days were of the beaver type and they built up America because it was in their nature to build. Then the rat-people began coming here, to house under the roof that others built. And they try to undermine and ruin it because it is in their nature to destroy. They call themselves anarchists."

This is a clear statement of the situation that everybody sees. And any reader would conclude that it meant exactly what it says.

It appears, however, that certain Jews in

the country have called the Secretary of Labor to account, for they read into the term "rat-people" an anti-Semitic reference to their race.

Now it is almost certain that no other race reads into the expression "rat-people" any reference to itself.

It is not on record that any other race in America has attacked the Secretary of Labor for his perfectly true and clear differentiation between the constructive and destructive types in this country. The nation at large always rejoices when a public official shows signs of having his eyes open.

The *Jewish Daily Bulletin*, however, records the fact that complaint was duly made to the Secretary and that, as usual, the official letter was written complimenting the Jews in a way that good taste would prevent any official from complimenting English, Irish, Welsh, Scotch, Belgian, French, German, Scandinavian, Slav or Turk. Even President Coolidge would not have the face to address such complimentary letters to New England Americans as he addresses to Jews. The New Englanders would despise him for it.

But the Jews seem to like that palaver; they know how to draw it forth in official letters; and Secretary of Labor Davis has not disappointed them.

To date, however, no other race in the United States has protested that the Secretary of Labor was referring to it.

## *Let There Be Light*

"NOW children we will cut out figures of a sky with a moon in it," said the kindergarten teacher to her class in a Brooklyn school. Merrily the little hands set to work amid the clatter of baby tongues. Soon the result was submitted to the teacher. Paper skies were cut to represent patchwork squares with the moon and stars drawn in.

"But the sky is a bowl, children," remonstrated the teacher, "and you have drawn sharp angles and square corners."

"No," said the little ones, "it can't be. Look out the window."

She looked and saw. In Lower Manhattan and Brooklyn the sky is a square, triangle or other form of angle filling the space between skyscrapers, elevated railways and bridges.

Now a new era in building comes in. When the height of skyscrapers began to run to twenty-five, thirty, forty and more stories it became plain that they could not rise straight up from the ground. If this were permitted it would only be a question of time before the streets would become gloomy cañons with little or no daylight penetrating to their depths. The building authorities in New York and other modern cities are therefore regulating the character of new buildings in accordance with their height and the width of the street on which they are to be erected. When the skyscraper reaches a certain height there is what is termed a "setback," the floors above this point being set back to admit more light and air to the crowded street below. New buildings will be more pyramidal and irregular in aspect than the old straight-walled edifices. Then little children will know that the sky is something more than a crazy-quilt pattern.

## *Vital Statistics*

ACCORDING to official data of the Soviet government, the Bolsheviki have executed to date:

| | |
|---|---|
| Bishops | 28 |
| Priests | 1,219 |
| Teachers | 6,000 |
| Doctors | 9,000 |
| Officers | 54,000 |
| Soldiers | 260,000 |
| Policemen | 7,000 |
| "Capitalists" | 12,950 |
| Bourgeois | 355,000 |
| Workmen | 193,000 |
| Peasants | 815,000 |

## *"Corrupt and Contented"*

GENERAL BUTLER is exposing conditions as he found them in Philadelphia, but even he can scarcely hope that his revelations will have any effect on that city itself. The memoirs of his private two-year war are enlightening to provincials who heretofore have not realized the inner workings of the political gangs in our large eastern cities. But your Philadelphian will not bat an eyelash; to him it is an old story.

The general charged at crime as he would the enemy, with waving banners and sounding trumpets. Crime, however, does not present a battlefield front. It oozes about, showing here for an instant, or there, and then ducking to appear some other place. Butler made the mistake of assuming that conventional society was against crime, that a police officer, for example, was, by virtue of his very position, an active enemy of crime and criminals. But Butler soon found that crime had powerful friends within his own ranks. He discovered that immutable law of practical politics—that ward leaders and their henchmen are exempt from punishment. He learned the power of privilege. At the first real test of his authority, involving an aristocratic hotel, he was put out of office.

So he writes his reminiscences, setting forth his encounters with Mayor Kendrick, with politicians, with crooks. Nearly two decades ago Lincoln Steffens made his famous characterization of Philadelphia—"corrupt and contented." The appellation still stands.




# Jews Grab Sesqui-Centennial Plums

## Official List Reveals Identity of Concessionaires at Philadelphia's Approaching Exhibition; Light Thrown on Hitherto Mysterious Happenings

AMERICANS back west, whose patriotism is being challenged to support the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition which is to be held one of these days in Philadelphia, may be interested in knowing certain details of its management that do not ordinarily get into print. These details are available now only because some of those who were reaching for profits reached too far, and stumbled.

As everybody knows, a very large share of the income of any exposition or world's fair is obtained from the sale of concessions. General admission tickets may run into large totals, but they represent only a small percentage of the amounts spent by visitors. Or, to state it in the highly descriptive phrase—"One price to get in and twenty to get out."

***What About the Main Group of Concessionaires?***

Just now it is impossible to do more than estimate how many nickel, dime, quarter and dollar hunters will be on the job when the exposition really opens, because that important business detail has been in a state of turmoil for three months. It is possible, however, to reveal the identities of the main group of concession holders—the persons who expect to profit from the celebration of the 150th anniversary of American independence.

C. F. Rhodes, president and general manager of the Rhodes Amusement Company, unwittingly brought about the publication of this list. First, the enterprising Mr. Rhodes obtained for his own company the right to operate most of the big scenic railway and similar amusement devices at the exposition. Then, according to the Pennsylvania Bureau of Securities, he issued a million shares of stock at a dollar a share, and paid himself 250,000 shares in return for the concessions.

If Mr. Rhodes had used better judgment at that point he might have been saved much trouble. But he did not use good judgment. He began to sell stock, and he sold some of it in Pennsylvania without going through what he considered the formality of a permit from the Securities Bureau. A few days later (this was back in October of 1925) he was notified by the bureau to stop selling stock and ordered to come to Harrisburg. At the same time Einar Barfod, chief deputy of the bureau, made public the facts then in his possession.

A word here about Barfod might be appropriate. He is a former newspaperman whose specialty was the ferreting out of shady financial transactions. His reputation was so great, indeed, that when Gifford Pinchot went to Harrisburg as Governor, he took Barfod along.

Rhodes went to Harrisburg and put in an application for a permit. He also had a long conference with Barfod. At the conclusion of this meeting Barfod issued a statement to the newspapers announcing that Rhodes said he needed stock to bribe politicians. Barfod also accused Rhodes of offering to show him how to make some "easy money." And at the same time Barfod announced that in spite of the political pressure and the specious "patriotic" appeal, the Rhodes request for a permit to sell his stock had been flatly refused.

***There Have Been Charges and Countercharges***

Charges and countercharges followed, and then identities began to get into the public prints. The name of William Abrahams appeared most prominently.

Mr. Abrahams, it appeared, was director of concessions.

Mr. Abrahams had issued all the prize concessions to Mr. Rhodes.

It also developed that Mr. Abrahams had been named to that post by his bosom friend, Mayor W. Freeland Kendrick, of Philadelphia, and that the executive committee of the Sesqui-Centennial Association had been told to follow a policy of "hands off Abrahams."

Rhodes blustered—and took an appeal to the courts from the decision of the Securities Bureau. While that was pending *several nationally known business concerns announced that they had withdrawn from any attempt to participate in the Sesqui-Centennial because of the strange proposals made to them.*

***Colonel Collier Makes an Announcement***

The L. A. Thompson Scenic Railway Company demanded and obtained the return of a $5,000 deposit. An official of the concern said that *concession holders were expected to buy their lumber from a certain firm,* to wit—M. Zussman & Sons.

By the time the courts upheld Barfod and the Securities Bureau and finally blocked the sale of Rhodes stock the lid was completely off.

The Charles E. Hires Company announced that a city official had attempted to get a large commission in return for a concession.

Other firms asserted that everybody getting a concession had to agree to take so much advertising space in a daily Sesqui magazine.

And then Colonel David C. Collier, director general of the exposition—the man who made the San Diego Exposition a success—washed his hands of the whole affair.

Mayor Kendrick started what he called a "reorganization." Colonel Collier resigned when the mayor announced that the program must be reduced from $12,000,000 to $3,000,000.

*Immediately after Collier resigned the mayor revised the program upward again.*

In the meantime, however, he named a committee of prominent business men to take charge of concessions, and a firm of public accountants was named to investigate Abrahams' accounts. Several of the business men refused at first to serve, but the mayor talked them into it. Abrahams retained the title of director of concessions.

The committee remained in office only a short time, but its members performed one great public service. They made public the following list of concessions granted by Abrahams:

Timothy J. McCoy, last Great Indian Council.
M. Blume and I. Bleiweiss—pre-exposition lunch stand.
Breyer Ice Cream Company.
W. M. Levin and S. Garman, two pre-exposition lunch stands.
J. D. Cardinell, official sale, view books and post cards.
Ella Schooley, "Ask me" restaurant.
Joseph Mendelsohn, checking privilege.
J. W. Kelchner, "King Solomon's Temple."
C. F. Rhodes, "Old Vienna," "Water Carnival," "Old Plantation," "Hawaiian Village," and riding devices.
A. Poland and H. Jablonsky, two fruit stands on Gladway.
Max Smith, "Irish Village."
E. V. Dougherty, Jr., "Skooter."
I. Rudolph, sale of novelties.
National Business Shows—weighing machines.
National Highway Association—official maps.
M. A. Sursock, "Through the Orient."
J. C. Pizagno, peanuts.
S. Folkman, popcorn.
Walters, Inc., sale of sandwiches.
S. W. Oplinger, souvenir pictorial book of exposition.
J. L. Kreugel and M. Lindenbaum, candy in imitation of meat, fruit, etc.
Louis Burk, Inc., sausages.
National Souvenir Co., official key souvenir.
Centennial Pretzel Company, exclusive pretzel rights.
Felt Brothers, "Old Philadelphia."
M. Rothschild, sale of optical goods.
C. D. Lawes, fruit and vegetable knives.
Novelty Sales Company, "Fun Shop."
William Akers, Jr., glassware.
F. L. Talbot and E. Kracht, launches and gondolas.
T. Kozai, Japanese village.
Franklin Cushion and Drapery Company, "Betsy Ross art shop."
Ad-Lane Advertising Corporation.
H. F. Maynes, amusement rides.
W. F. Wunder, amusement rides.
Centennial Souvenir Manufacturing Co., novelties.
Sesqui Badge and Novelty Company.
Eastern Novelty Company.
High Art and Photo Company.
Wunder and Hassen, shooting gallery, "Rocky Road to Dublin," "House of Mirth," amusement ride.
Fred Rosenblum, twelve ice cream stands.
Harry Sharp, "Village of Lilliput."
Harry Robinson, buttermilk and potato chips.
Ludo Corporation, soft drinks.
Major E. A. Belcher, "Treasure Island."
W. D. Vallette, handy business directory.
Rhodes Amusement Association, roller coaster.
Sesquicentennial Poster advertising.
Paul Dreher, lapidary shop.
Robbins Company, souvenir spoons.
Witsky and Crachman, "Cake box."
Samuel Gorberg, two fruit stands.
Wunder and Hassen, motordrome.
F. L. Talbot and J. S. Baughman, "Fire and Flame."
I. Grossman, souvenirs and medals.
Louis M. Hinden, candy.
Beechnut Packing Company.
Colonial Ice Cream Company.
Quaker Ice Cream Company.
Alexander Seitz, souvenir booklet.
Claude D. Lawes, Louis musical concession.
Louis Mark, shoes, hosiery and accessories.

Since that list was made public the concessions committee has resigned and William E. Cash has been placed in charge of concessions, but William Abrahams still holds the title of director of concessions, and still attends meetings of the executive committee with his friend the mayor. The program for the exposition has been contracted and then expanded. A proposal has been made to postpone it until 1927, and turned down.



*Not a single one of the great powers of Europe has arranged to have official representation at the exposition.*

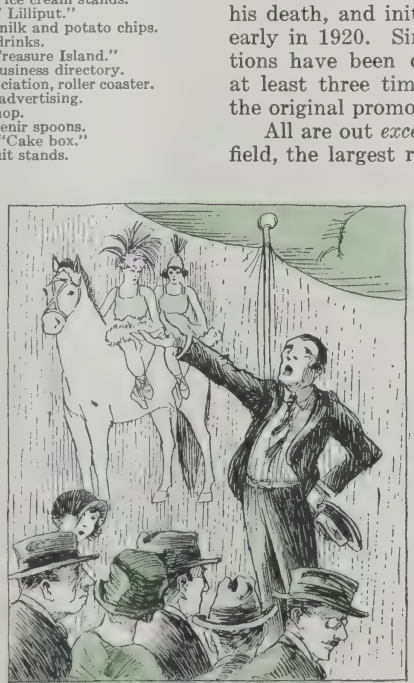
Several of the smaller countries have agreed to make displays, but some which originally made such plans have withdrawn since because of the uncertainty as to time and scope. Spain is the only nation officially represented at the time of this writing. Various industries of England, France and Germany will have exhibits, but official participation is lacking.

An effort was made to get from the United States Treasury more than $4,000,000, but President Coolidge thought the demand exorbitant.

An appropriation of $2,186,000 finally was obtained, but Congress took care that none of it should fall into the hands of Philadelphia politicians by a provision that the money is to be expended through the National Advisory Committee.

The Sesqui idea was launched by John Wanamaker many years before his death, and initial steps were taken early in 1920. Since then administrations have been changed as a whole at least three times, and virtually all the original promoters are out.

All are out *except* Albert M. Greenfield, the largest real estate speculator in Philadelphia, who is chairman of the Finance Committee, the Mastbaums and the Gimbels and other patriotic Americans.



Similar changes have taken place in the site. Originally it was located northwest of City Hall along the Parkway leading to Fairmount Park. Samuel M. Vauclain and other manufacturers killed this project by proving that *it was a real estate speculation which had doubled the prices of workmen's homes.*

The shift to the present location in South Philadelphia was a stroke of genius—for the speculators. Glance at a map of Philadelphia and you will see that the central city lies between two rivers, the Delaware and the Schuylkill. Just below the city these rivers join. At the junction is the Philadelphia Navy Yard. Between the junction and the built-up section are thousands of acres of marsh ground. The work of filling it up with good soil to make a site for the exposition is proceeding apace. Of course, this land will eventually be sold for real estate purposes. A future buyer, who may or may not be known, will be the beneficiary of all this production of real estate values.

A $2,000,000 stadium is nearing completion on the site, but the other buildings planned are nowhere near completion, and some have not even been started. A short time ago it was discovered that another $1,000,000 would be needed to complete the stadium, and City Council shelled out the money despite a lone protest from Councilman Roper, the lone independent on that body. The protest brought out the fact that, including appropriation and contributions, Philadelphians have invested about $9,000,000 to date.

From an engineering point of view the sensible thing would be to postpone the celebration until 1927. But from the political point of view that does not interest the mayor and his friends. Kendrick's term in office expires with 1927. If the exposition can be held this year, all of 1927 will be available for the disposal of the exposition property. The land is being filled in at public expense. Roads will be put through in the same manner.

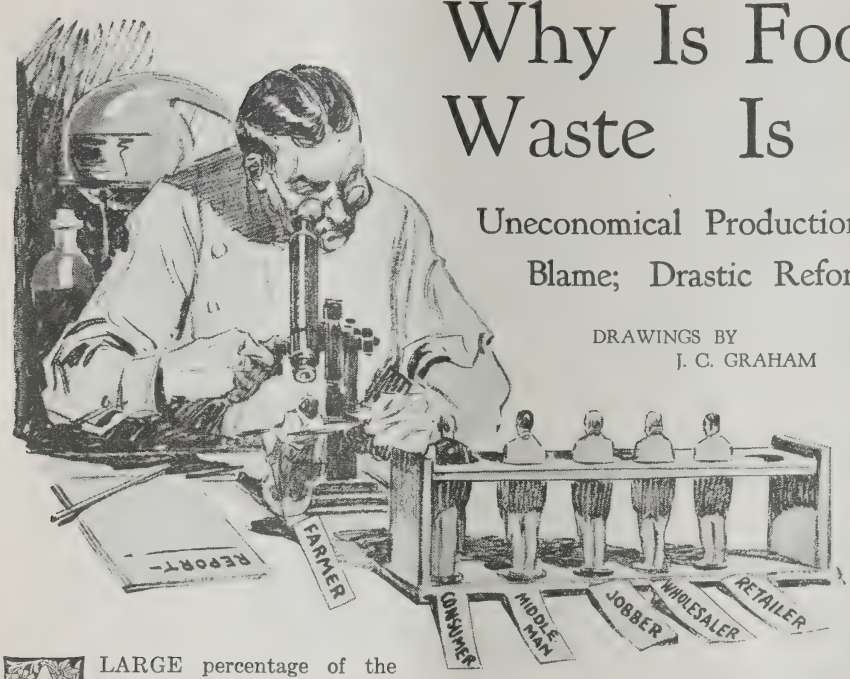
At this writing the exposition is not even assured of participation by all the states. The program has been changed so often that the average Philadelphian following the developments in the daily newspapers does not even know how many buildings are to be built, and there is a general belief that with most of the work still to be done it will be impossible to get the place ready by June 1, the opening date. Perhaps that explains the apathy in the United States which is complained of by agents of the Sesqui-Centennial.

# Why Is Food So High? Waste Is Responsible

## Uneconomical Production Methods Are Largely to Blame; Drastic Reforms Needed on Farms

DRAWINGS BY
J. C. GRAHAM

By
ROBERT STEWART




A LARGE percentage of the income of the average American family is spent for food. The annual value of food consumed in America is twenty-three billion dollars. This, of course, includes the actual cost of producing the food on the farms, plus transportation, waste, expense and profits of getting the food to the consumer's table.

The farmer and his family, who produce the food, use four billion dollars' worth on the farm; four billion more represents the value of food consumed in hotels and restaurants; while fifteen billion dollars' worth is disposed of in the city homes.

*City People Pay More for Their Food*

The city people pay considerably more for their food than do the farm people. Actually they pay about two and one-third times as much as rural residents. Why is this so?

The average American family's food bill is $611.44 annually, the city family's food bill is $824.27, while the farmer's family food bill is only $374.82. Yet the farmer's family eat more food to the meal than do the hard-pressed city dwellers.

During the last five years newspapers, magazines and public speakers have been discussing and reporting acute distress among farmers due to the low prices received for their products. It is asserted that more than one million farmers left the farm last year because of low prices, resulting in financial failure.

The consumer of food in the city, hard pressed to make ends meet, has not seen any evidence of cheaper food.

Why is there such acute distress among the producers of food as to cause more than a million men to quit the business while the consumer has difficulty finding the necessary money to buy this food?

With such conditions there is fertile ground for misunderstanding. The consumer is apt to blame the farmer for charging exorbitant prices. The farmer is liable to feel that the consumers in the cities are organized against him.

The middlemen, the jobbers, the wholesalers and retailers come in for their share of blame and abuse. The farmer is urged to form coöperative marketing associations. The consumer fears these associations are holdup organizations whose prime purpose is the fixing of exorbitant prices. The middlemen are told that one of the purposes of the farmers' coöperative marketing associations is to eliminate them and sell farm products directly to the consumer. What is the truth? Why is the price of food so high?

There are various ways in which economic waste occurs in the production, transportation and marketing of food which, if they were allowed in any other industry, would wreck it. What is ordinarily thought of as waste, such as loss from decayed fruit and vegetables, is a small item compared with other more important wastes which occur all along the line.

*"Not Farming; It Is Merely Wheat Growing"*

There is marked economic waste in time and labor in the production of many farm crops. The maximum labor period for the production of a crop of wheat or barley is about 120 days, this, however, being a fluctuating period depending upon the climatic conditions of the season and the energy of the individual farmer. There are 365 days in a year; there are 52 Sundays and three general holidays. The single-crop wheat-farmer must, therefore, be idle about 190 days out of the year.

A similar condition prevails in the production of cotton and in many cases with the production of rice and alfalfa. On some of the Government reclamation projects many of the farmers are in real distress. Yet ninety per cent of the entire area on some of these projects is planted to alfalfa, and the farmer of necessity must be idle three-fourths of his time.

John Fields, a practical farmer of Oklahoma, says in this connection:

"Working four months of the year putting out and harvesting a crop of wheat, then sitting by the other eight months wondering how we will live, is not farming; it is merely wheat growing. The wheat-farmer must go to farming. Regular production, growing something every month in the year, is the solution of the wheat-farmer. Even the Government cannot save the one-crop farmer."

*Farms Which Had No Milch Cows*

A survey in Kansas in 1920 showed that in this great wheat state there were 165,286 farms the average size of which was 274.8 acres. On 54,152 farms there were no milch cows, while on 74,380 farms there were no beef cattle. On 104,153 farms there were no beef cows two years old or older. No fewer than 48,999 farmers bought all their salt-pork, bacon and ham. On 42,434 farms there were no sows or gilts for breeding purposes. On 28,600 farms there were no eggs or poultry produced for sale, while 41,611 farms were without gardens. These were the single-crop wheat farms. All this adds to the high cost of production.

Such farmers must reorganize their work, as the manufacturer has done, so as to obtain all-the-year-round production and thus eliminate this element of waste. This is one of the great advantages of diversified farming.

The waste occurring in the production of food from insect pests and plant diseases amounts to enormous sums each year. A large part of this waste could be eliminated by careful work on the part of the farmer.

In a single year the "late blight" of the potato caused an estimated loss of $10,000,000 to the farmers of New York State alone, and probably $100,000,000 loss to the potato growers of the United States. Yet this disease and this loss

can be eliminated by efficient spraying of the potato plant with Bordeaux mixture. There are twenty-two diseases and fifteen insect pests affecting the potato plant alone.

The annual loss from smut or bunt in wheat is estimated at twenty-five million dollars. Yet, this disease can easily and effectively be prevented by the simple copper carbonate dust treatment of the seed wheat, which has proved to be thoroughly effective.

Poisonous plants take an enormous toll every year from the livestock men. In the national forest alone it is estimated that 6,000 cattle and 15,000 sheep are annually killed from eating them. Yet, the facts relative to the economic control and elimination of this waste are known, and proper precautions would result in a large saving to the stockmen who use the national forests and public range for grazing.

***There Is Waste in Farming Poor Land***

There is also waste in farming poor land. Some of this, such as hill land, should not be farmed at all, but should be allowed to go back into sod or forest. Tremendous waste results in farming poor land that is badly in need of drainage. Land water-logged or heavily charged with alkali salts produces poor crops with a high cost of production. Yet large areas of land under irrigation are heavily impregnated with alkali and badly in need of drainage. In humid regions there are vast areas of land which are so badly water-logged that only poor yields are possible at an excessive cost of production.

Soil erosion is another important way in which waste occurs in food production. It is estimated that more than ten million acres of land have been ruined by wrong systems of farming through which soil erosion has been promoted. Land which is depleted in humus and plowed in the wrong way is subject to soil erosion, especially if it is sloping land on a hillside.

Thousands of acres of land in the Northeastern United States are being used for cropping which should never have been used for any other purpose than sod pasture or tree production. It should be allowed to revert to its native state. Its use for pasture and trees would be more economic than its use for cropping purposes.

Much land in the United States has been cropped so long and persistently that it is depleted of its readily available plant food. It is being farmed at a high cost of production. It should be built up to a system of soil fertility by the scientific use of limestone, manure, legumes, and commercial plant food. Such practices would result in higher yields, with greater profit to the farmer and lower prices to the consumer.

The economic merchandising of the crop produced by the farmer is of course very important, but it is useless for the farmer and consumer to rave about the system of marketing if the crop is produced at such a high cost as to prohibit a profit at any possible market price the consumer can pay.

There is a tremendous amount of waste in the marketing of the food products of the farm. It is the common practice to place all the blame for our present inefficient marketing system on the middlemen. Really, however, a large part of the blame should be placed on the farmer himself, who has the power to eliminate much of the preventable waste in marketing of food products. The consumer also is culpable because of his demands and unscientific methods of purchasing food on the market.

***Transportation Costs Are Considerable***

Recent investigations at the Port of New York gave interesting side lights on the distribution of the cost of food received through that port. A box of Oregon apples cost the consumer $5.09 in New York. The grower in Oregon received only $1.19 and the retailer's portion was more than the producer's. The transportation costs were $0.78, the wholesaler received $0.43, while the jobber received $0.53 and the shipping organization in Oregon received $0.26.

A study of fourteen other kinds of food products in New York showed that 47 per cent of the consumer's money goes to the retailer and jobber.

The terminal handling and cartage costs are equal to about ten per cent of the retail price—in the case of Oregon apples, $0.59.

It costs $0.42 to haul a sack of potatoes weighing 150 pounds, 1,120 miles to the terminal in New York, yet it costs $0.62 to haul this same sack a distance of 15 miles from the terminal to the retailer. The first transportation cost is at the rate of .04 cents per mile, while the latter is at the rate of 4 cents per mile. It also costs $0.17 per sack of potatoes for use of switch engines, ferries and unloading.

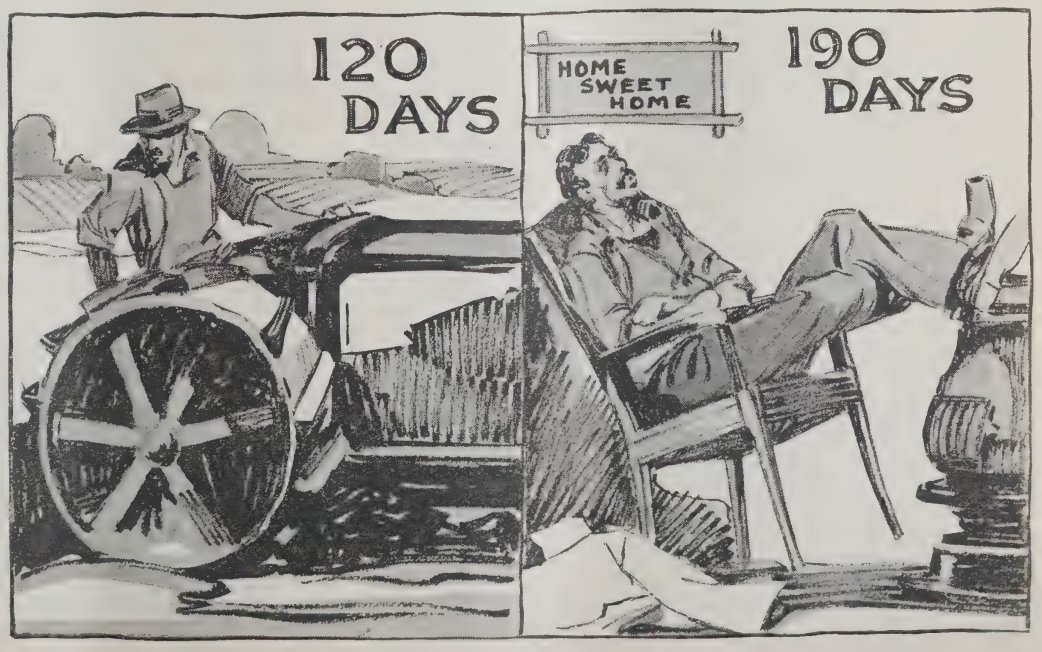
***Much Waste Could Be Eliminated***

The food is unloaded at the ferry, loaded on a horse truck and moved 500 yards to a motor truck at a cost of 12½ cents per barrel of apples. The apples are delivered to the jobber, unloaded again and again loaded and delivered to the retailer at a cost of 15 cents to 35 cents per barrel.

Much of this excessive cost or waste could be eliminated with better designing of terminals and better routing and planning of operations.

There is, for example, much waste in the use of trucks for transportation. In every 100 hours of truck service actually paid for by *the consumer*, there is only 36 hours of actual productive service. Delay at the terminal accounts for 29 hours, while the trucks are idle 35 hours out of every hundred. That is, out of every $1.00 paid for truck service only 26 cents is for actual service, profit takes 14 per cent and waste the rest. And the consumer pays the bill.

There is also waste from actually spoiled fruit and (Concluded on page 29)



# Do You Know About Your Fiddle?



Stainer (1670)



Amati (1645)

Two of the makes more commonly seen today. These are quite high in their model and have a sort of rotund effect.

## Some People May Have Violins for Years and Still Be Unacquainted With Them

By CLYDE WIER

FEW people know what a fiddle really looks like. The usual concert audience is indifferently aware of its general outline, but its curves and swells, its hollows and arches, its poignant corners and deftly swung sound holes make little appeal to the many, whatever casual attraction they may exert on the few. Even those who are mildly interested in the instrument, the amateurs who own and play one, have little feeling for its beauty, and scant discrimination for the differences in specimens or types.

When the great virtuoso steps out on the stage, his fiddle under his left arm and his bow held lightly in his right hand, few regard either the fiddle or the bow. The one may be worth a mansion in the metropolis and the other a high-grade automobile, but little the audience cares. The player himself has to face a more or less critical inspection; the cut of his coat, the pitch of his tie, the swell of his shirt front, his crop of hair, draw brief casual comment, but for his instrument he need feel not the slightest anxiety. A few might note that it was brown, while a few others might fancy that it was red. Beyond that it would attract no attention. At the bottom of the program the auditor might be reminded that the piano used was a Steinway, but whether the artist of the evening plays a Stradivari, a Guarneri, or an Amati, worries no one.

To be sure we read occasionally in the press a notice that Heifetz has brought home a $50,000 Guarneri, or that Elman has added an equally valuable Stradivari to his collection, to be a mate to the younger and cheaper specimen by the same hand, but on such subjects all programs are strangely silent. The chestnut brown of Kreisler's Strad, lit here and there by a smouldering glow of red, is as unnoticed as Elman's, with its brighter, quince jelly hue. Nor does the noble Guarnerius that sings so beautifully for Albert Spaulding attract any attention, although its back seems gowned in gorgeous flaming red velvet and its darker top would make a connoisseur cry out in ecstasy. Yet everyone knows that these men play on very choice instruments for which they have paid years in seeking and fortunes in purchase money.



Perhaps the audience is wholly uninterested in the fiddle itself; or it may be that shrouded about the fiddle is a certain mystery that folds it away from the world at large—a veil that is lifted for those only who have the desire and the determination to peer within.

And there is a mystery that shrouds the fiddle, just as for the uninitiated there is a mystery that shrouds all art. Yet the mystery of the fiddle is no greater than the mystery of a painting or a statue; and to penetrate the fiddle mystery demands much less technical knowledge. An eye for wood, a sense of form, an appreciation of color—these will take one well along through the ritual of initiation, and although the neophyte will still have much to learn, he will find it a joyous process.

He must learn
st that every fiddle
ffers from every
her fiddle just as
ne individual differs
om all other in-
viduals. To learn
is often requires
ore time than the
initiated might
elieve.



On the casual ob-
erver's mind two impressions stamp
nemselves almost simultaneously: a
eneral idea of fiddle shape, and a
ather hazy idea of wood; and it is
erhaps the latter that arouses the
ore definite interest. Such details as
he peculiarity of the outline, the
radations of the arching, the shape
nd position of the sound holes, the
wing of the scroll, the "set" of the
D's," the height of the ribs, the color
f the varnish, make no appeal to the
ovice. He merely recognizes the con-
entional fiddle shape, which he dimly
eels has been in some way moulded or
ressed into its form; and he is more-
ver aware that the wood is interesting,
not familiar.

That he does not actually identify
he wood is shown by the fact that one
f his first questions will concern it.
He is aware that the top has a grain
hat might easily split, and that the
ack is rather highly figured. But he
s quite apt to think that this figure is
ainted, and not natural.

Violins are usually made of two
inds of wood: a soft, straight-grained
ood—pine, spruce, balsam—for the
ops, and a hard, highly figured wood—
naple, sycamore, or even beech—for
he back, sides, neck, and head. The
nner blocks and linings are usually of
ine, but such wood
s cedar or basswood
erves as well. All
he wood except that
or the linings, blocks,
ar, and so on, is cut
n the quarter. This
ives for the top the
arallel arrangement
f the grain, which
nhances the tone;
nd for the back a
ore striking appear-
nce, at least.

In the olden days
iddle backs were
ometimes cut on the
lab, but in all my
xperience with lit-
rally hundreds of
iddles, I have seen
ut one, a 'cello, with
op cut in this man-
er. This was the
ork of a reputable
talian, and was once
he solo instrument
f Philip Abbas, prin-
ipal 'cellist of the
Detroit Symphony
Orchestra. Its ap-
earance was very unusual, but its tone, though good, was not the most desirable in such an instrument. Experimenters, of course, have tried all sorts of wood, some even essaying metal, but there is little danger that the usual kinds will be set aside for others. The matter of difference in the fiddle family is one of size, outline, arching, sound holes, "D's" (those depressions that give the instrument a sort of accentuated waistline), the form of the peg box, the swing of the scroll, the button (that prolongation of the back upon the lower part of the neck where it is set into the body of the instrument), and the height of the ribs or sides. This is a formidable array in itself. Now add to this the variation in wood, its grain, its texture, the great difference between the appearance of that of the top and that of the back and sides, and your list of preliminary points of interest is nearly complete. Only the variation in the color and quality of the varnish is needed to give you food for thought sufficient to satisfy the hunger of years and years.

Let us first consider the matter of size and outline. The violin is divided into an upper and lower bout, the size and shape of which every maker of note has varied somewhat to satisfy his own taste. To the indifferent, this variation is scarcely apparent, for in actual measurement it is not great. The extreme length of body is seldom more than 14½ inches nor less than 13½ inches. There is scarcely that proportionate difference in the width of the upper and lower bouts.





Guarnerius (1733) and, above, right, Stradivari (1700), two famous makes which seem lower than they actually are.

But between the works of the various makers from the middle sixteenth century onward, there is always some difference, easily discernible to the expert, but usually unnoticed by the amateur who has not had his attention called to the fact. Take a half-dozen specimens and put them side by side on a table or bed and look at them critically, and you will soon become aware that they differ just as so many men differ who are of about the same height, measurements, and weight. One seems slender and tall, another short and thick, another somewhat stooped—all different, although this difference is not indicated by the tape.

Look now at the archings. They present much greater variation than do the lateral and longitudinal dimensions. Of the four makes more commonly seen today, two are high and two are low. The Stainer and Amati instruments, made between 1625 and 1675, are

quite high in their model, or patron, as the French call it. This height is accentuated by the fact that the top and back of both seem to dip at the edge before the arch begins to rise. Most of the copyists have greatly augmented this rise, thus giving the instrument an ungainly depth of body.

The Stradivari and Guarneri instruments, on the other hand, which are the acme of the fiddle-maker's art, are much lower in their arching, and as their arch does not dip before it begins to rise, they seem flatter than they actually are. Between these two types there is every possible variety, but most specimens can readily be classed in one or the other. The French copyists have a trick of overrefining the fine points in Italian workmanship in the matter of arch and subtle curves, while the Germans are more apt to overlook them. The result is, the French workmanship is too meticulously fine to be very artistic, while the German is too suggestive of the wholesale commercial product.

In our scrutiny of the top and back we must be sure to examine the "D's," for they appear in as many varieties as there have been individual makers. Some seem perfectly proportioned to fit the particular specimen; they appear to have grown in their place rather than to have been cut and trimmed to their proper proportions. Others are constricted, or too long, or otherwise deformed. Some swing in and out with almost the contour of the arc of a circle, and others drop, after the turn of the corner, in almost a perpendicular line. Some, like the Amati and the Guarneri, swing wide at the bottom in such a manner as to be congruous with the increasing size of the lower bout, while others are as perfectly balanced as a curved bow when the arrow has been drawn nearly to the head.

*Characteristics of the Best Instruments*

They are all such subtle things that the very slightest cutting away of the wood at any particular point is enough to change their whole aspect. This accounts in part for the many varieties, some of which are due rather to chance than to design.

Glancing inward from the "D's," we catch sight of the sound holes, or *ff* holes, as the fiddle fan calls them. These are the most characteristic trait of the fiddle. Each maker invented his own design, and many of the older masters so changed the outline as the years went by that experts have come now to group certain makers' instruments into periods limited by the changes in the patterns of these openings. There is nothing more beautiful when done by a master, and nothing that betrays more positively the work of the inexpert or the inartistic. They are of all sizes and shapes: some are too long, some too short, some too wide, some too narrow, some too curved, some too straight and angular, some with wide terminal wings, and some with no terminal wings at all. Some are set too perpendicularly, and some at too great an angle, some too near the edge and some too far away, some too high up in the body and some too low.

There are some few just as Stradivari intended them to be. These are difficult to describe. By seeing them often one may learn to appreciate them, but on the casual observer their beauty is all too often wasted. Many of the finest have suffered from the ravages of brutal repairers who try to improve perfection. A few rubs of the file and the work is done, the damage irreparable.

The peg box and the scroll constitute what is called the head of the fiddle. In point of interest they are close rivals of the *ff* holes, insomuch as they are very characteristic of their makers, each carving his own with as much care as he takes in moulding the archings and adjusting the thicknesses of top and back.

A fine peg box is narrow at the top, just beneath the scroll, spreading apart as it approaches the neck, where it is perceptibly wider. (The average commercial scroll of today, made by European girls for the fiddle-makers' mart, resembles rather a miniature watering trough for Lilliputian horses.) Above the peg box hangs the scroll, which in itself is a great work of art. The width of the "ears," the swing of the volute, and the poise of the whole, constitute one of the greatest triumphs of the fiddle-maker's art. The study of this alone is a matter of years, but years well spent, if the student learns to recognize at a glance the genuine Stradivari, or Guarneri, or the more subtle types of the Amati and the Ruggeri families.

Glancing up the back of the fiddle we perceive the button, that little rounded projection of the back that seems to be reaching up to clasp the neck where it is set into the body of the instrument. It adds perceptibly to the rigidity of the neck, and serves also as a sort of maker's calling card, as it is highly individual. At its best, it is a miniature reproduction of the upper bout of the back. The great makers wrought it with infinite care, each making it harmonize perfectly with the body. But here too the unscrupulous maker or repairer has often wrought ruin. For often, when removing the old neck to set a new one, he breaks off the button, or in setting the neck he works too hastily with his file. The result is always mutilation. Sometimes to repair the harm he has done he fits a half-moon of ebony around the edge of the injured button. This merely adds insult to injury, and the marks of such insults appear with pathetic frequency on the backs of many a fine old masterpiece.

The height of the ribs varies in the different types, the higher archings having often lower ribs than the flatter instruments. For the average instrument a fifty-cent piece is a convenient measure of the distance between the top and the back. This distance should never be greater, and often it is less. The ribs are often a little lower at the upper bout than at the lower, but the modern makers are coming to disregard this difference. In violoncellos the difference is proportionately much more variable than in violins or violas.

This brings us to the last and most important question of all, that of varnish, at once the delight and the despair of all lovers of the violin. Insomuch as it has always puzzled the greatest experts, it needs here but superficial treatment. The varnish gives that beautiful finish that is not the least charm of the instrument, and it is reputed to make for tone or the ruin of tone, depending on its quality. If it has the elasticity and the pliability of the ideal varnish, it glorifies the tone; whereas if it has the texture of the conventional modern product it either constricts the tone or gives it a trumpet-like blare so dear to dispensers of jazz.

*Learning to Distinguish Good From Bad*

The novice will find that to appreciate the old and the best he will have to be very attentive to the comment of those who know, and sedulous in his own observations. He should examine as many fine specimens as possible, even if he has to make long trips to do so. The sight of a fine Italian fiddle is well worth, to the fiddle lover, a trip thousand miles. In time he learns to aside without comment those glassy-look furniture-like offerings of the Germans crowd our shops, and refuse to be tempte the scaly-looking, under-filled, artifici dulled merchandise that the French gorge by shiploads on our markets.

There will be left the reputable ins ments, not so loud in their appeal, but more satisfying to the eye. The very qu ness of the color is one of the indication a good instrument. The varnish does seem so much a finish as a condition; reminds one rather of the color and text of the human skin—not an external appli tion, but a natural growth.

With good advice and good luck may learn approximately to recognize general differences between Italian inst ments and the imitations by English, Fren German, and American makers; but whole problem is so great that there little hope for its solution by the avera amateur or even professional.

## Things in the Making

THE use of metallic lead for marking of very ancient origin. Pliny refers the use of lead for marking lines on papyr and Cortes, in 1520, found the Aztecs usi lead crayons.

Graphite pencils were made in Engla in 1564. The graphite was so highly priz that a guard of armed men was kept arou the mine at all times, and to keep up t value of the product, the mine was work only six weeks in a year.

The modern lead pencil is a stick graphite which has been mixed with cla and surrounded by a case of wood. Flori red cedar is chiefly used in this country a in Europe.

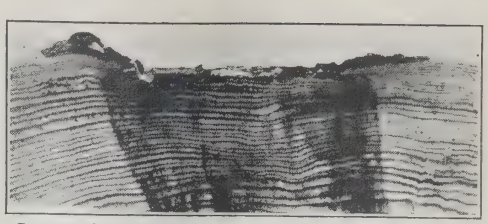
The first process in making a lead pen is to grind the graphite very finely. It then cleaned and refined and a quantity finely powdered clay is added. If a ha lead pencil is wanted, a larger amount clay is added. If a soft one, a less amou The mixing is done by machinery, and wh completed, the soft, mushy material forced through dies, under great pressure, varying degrees of size. This process is r peated a number of times, until the graphi comes out in long strings of the prop consistency, after which it is then straigh ened, cut into lengths of about thr feet, and allowed to dry. Later it cut to proper length, usually about seve inches. The hardening process must gone through and the graphite al made absolutely free from water. This done by packing it in crucibles, which a burned for several hours. If other than black color is desired, the coloring of th leads is done by the introduction of variou pigments when the graphite is being mixe

Pieces of the wood, of sufficient widt to make two, four or six pencils, are pu through a machine, which cuts out a sem circular groove the diameter of the penci The lead is then placed in these groove and another piece of wood of the same siz as the other, also with a groove in it, glued to the first.

After being dried under pressure, the are sent to the turning room, and rounde squared, or made octagonal.

The polishing is done on lathes, an the coloring by a machine which holds th brush and turns the pencils fed to it throug a hopper.

# Why the Lightning Strikes the Trees.



Cross section of superficial lightning wound on a western yellow pine. Tonto, Arizona.

## ove's Thunderbolts Observed and Their Behavior Described by Scientists of the Federal Forest Service

IT HAS often been stated that the majority of persons killed by lightning sought refuge under trees, but this is not the fact. lore than one-half of such deaths occur in the pen and less than one-quarter under trees.

Trees are the objects most often struck y lightning because:

They are very numerous;

As a part of the ground they extend pward and shorten the distance to a cloud;

Their spreading branches in the air and preading roots in the ground present an xcellent form of conducting electrical dis- harges to the earth.

The greatest number of trees struck in ny locality will be of the dominant species. he likelihood of a tree being struck by ghtning is increased:

If it is taller than surrounding trees; olated upon high ground; deeply rooted; nd if it is the best conductor at the moment f the flash; that is, if temporary conditions uch as being wet by rain transforms it or the moment from a poor conductor to good one.

A heavy driving rain, such as accompanies he average thunderstorm, can so wet any ree that it will for the time being become an excellent conductor. Up to that time the tree might have been in itself a poor conductor.



estern yellow pine struck lightning. Angeles ational Forest, California.

Thus, though the moisture content of wood, particularly within the outermost layer of growth in a living tree, adds to the variability of induction, even the most resinous of trees with lowest moisture content can under a heavy rain become a splendid conductor in a moment's time.

Because of this, and the fact that the form of the most efficient lightning rod, with its branches at both ends, resembles that of a tree, it is evident that any kind of a tree is likely to be struck by lightning.

The same flash may strike and blast a number of trees, and the results may be quite as curious and erratic as the lightning itself.

A tree may be scorched, it may be stripped of its leaves, it may be cleft longitudinally or, in rare instances, be severed horizontally.

One-half of a tree's crown may be withered, while the other half remains unharmed. Sometimes the bark is stripped from only one side, occasionally without a trace of burning; at other times it may be riddled, as by worms.



Thirty-six inch Douglas fir burned down by "light-burning fire." Plumas National Forest, California.

The lightning furrow on a tree is usually single, but it may be double, usually in parallel lines. Furrows may be oblique or spiral, the current in such cases following the grain of the new wood.

If the tree is inflammable or is rendered very dry by the heat of the flash, a fire may result. In other cases, the dry duff or humus at the base of the tree is ignited by the flash. *Most forest fires caused by lightning start in the humus.*

The action of lightning in stripping bark from a tree is as yet undetermined. It may be argued that moisture contained along the line of the lightning is instantly converted into superheated steam, or that the water is converted by electrolysis into its component gases.

Strangely enough, a study of the wood immediately in and around a superficial wound produced by a stroke of lightning shows no structural disturbance, such as the rupture of the cell elements.

A flash of lightning upward through the tree from its base acts as an explosive. The trees may then be torn into small fragments, and cases have been recorded where these appeared like a tuft of hemp. If the upward flash is less violent, the trees may be split radially. The tops of trees have been torn off while the lower parts remained uninjured.

Sometimes the lower portion of a tree has been demolished while the upper part has fallen to the ground intact.

Lightning often strikes two or even more times in the same place. Some trees, favorably located for attracting the flash, bear seven or eight scars, all visible, and determined by a stem analysis of the trunk.

It has been contended, though not proved, that big trees in California are repeatedly struck by lightning, and that, although not killed, their leaders are broken and their tops stunted in consequence. The form of the boles and the shape of the crowns of these trees would seem to favor this belief. Although giants, their heights are much less than would be expected from the taper of their boles.

It was also believed that such trees as the oak, more particularly cork oak, had a very bad reputation for attracting lightning, which belief still prevails.

European investigators hold that the cottonwood is most liable to be struck by lightning.

In temperate climates, thunderstorms with lightning occur most commonly during the summer, usually in the afternoon. In the United States they are three or four times more frequent east of the Rocky Mountains than west, with the exception of certain parts of Arizona and New Mexico. Lightning is most frequent in Florida and Illinois.

Throughout the Cordilleran region of the West there are certain areas which, because they have a marked hazard from lightning, are said to be in the "lightning zone." These areas, several hundred of which have been mapped, usually lie in or near national forests.

The tree most frequently struck and ignited in the West is the western yellow pine, which grows in open, park-like stands where the fire hazard is small. Such a tree may be set on fire by lightning and burn for days without the flames spreading to other trees or to the ground. If the ground is free from litter, as is often the case in western yellow pine forests, the chances of the fire spreading are small.

More trees are struck by lightning in a curved strip extending from extreme Southern Utah through Arizona to the White Mountains in Western New Mexico than anywhere else in this country.

This zone includes the Kaibab Plateau, the Grand Cañon and the Black Mesa, and San Francisco and Sevier Mountains in the Colorado Plateau, and a small part of the Zuni Plateau.

Notwithstanding their comparative freedom from fires, all reports indicate that in the Appalachians trees are frequently struck. Chestnuts easily lead in liability to be struck and are closely followed by the oak and pine tree. Yellow poplars are often reported.

Although the Gulf States have the largest number of thunderstorms and, with one exception, the greatest number of trees struck, the fire hazard from lightning is quite small, because of the heavy rains that accompany storms in that region.

## Lloyd George Seeks Power on Land Scheme

(*Concluded from page 5*)

—without being in any way "revolutionary."

To Lloyd George's credit and that of his committee and staff of experts, it must be said that his report (as in the case of the report on coal of a year or so earlier) is most inclusive and comprehensive as to the facts in the problem and that these facts are marshaled strongly in support of his proposed reforms.

The report was put into the form of a green paper-covered book, placed on all the bookstalls of the country and sold at one shilling. This was in addition to the regular sources of Liberal propaganda through central and local associations. Lloyd George himself then took the stump and went up and down the country throwing himself vigorously and earnestly into the campaign in behalf of the adoption of the policy by the Liberal party, incidentally getting it before thousands of people affiliated with the Socialists, the Conservatives and Independents, in addition to Liberals of all factions. Last December the Liberal candidates gave it their approval after several compromises and adjustments. Now it becomes the official policy of the party.

*New Land Program Goes Further Than the Old*

I have said that the policy thus framed by Lloyd George, and which becomes the slogan of the Liberals, bears a striking resemblance to that which he championed in 1909—and afterward repudiated, finding that it brought down upon his head the profound distrust and hatred of the "better classes." Like that earlier policy, it practically recognizes the principle of nationalization of the land, so far as the property of the people in its rental and "unearned increment" of values. In fact the new program goes further than the program of seventeen years ago in that it calls for the taking over of all the land of the country by the government and its retention of a right of supervision of the cultivation of rural lands by its tenant-farmers in small and large holdings alike, depriving the tenant of his lease should his method of running his farm not prove satisfactory to the local land-courts to be set up for this purpose.

The program certainly out-Herods Herod as compared with the land program of the Socialists. No wonder that Philip Snowden, former Labor Chancellor of the Exchequer, "gave Mr. George the glad eye," as Neville Chamberlain expressed it, and voiced approval of his land policy in general terms.

In one particular the Labor party's program shows even greater consideration for the vested interest of the landlords than does that of the Liberals. Both assert unqualifiedly the principle of "compensation" as against "confiscation"; but while Lloyd George's offer is 65 per cent of the present net rentals, the Labor party (through Mr. Snowden) has actually proposed the equivalent of 50 years' purchase of annual rental!

*The Rock on Which Parties May Be Wrecked*

A forecast of the land policy now being incubated by the Conservatives suggests a reversion to that demanded some forty years ago by Jesse Collings, the "farmer M. P." who went up to the House of Commons in his brown woolen smock and corduroy breeches. "Three acres and a cow" was its simple summing up, and this was probably derived from an earlier demand of the enfranchised Negroes in America for "ten acres and a mule." That is to say, Tory wisdom inclines to small holdings and paternal provision of subsidies for the cultivation of arable land, taking $25,000,000 from the taxpayers in the first year, besides state loans to the cultivators for the purchase of a pig or a cow occasionally.

Of course, this recognition of the claim of landholders to compensation, not for improvements but for the bare land, is the rock on which both Liberals and Laborites are bound to split. Its inclusion in their programs flatly contradicts all pretensions to their challenging monopoly, or the vested interests of the country. It would amount simply to the transformation of the landlords into bondlords, enabling them to realize cash for their land on the most favorable terms, and saddling not only their tenants but the entire population with an enormous burden of pensions (for which the landlords have never given any service), increasing the nation's interest-bearing debt to Gargantuan proportions, and enslaving the producing classes to the parasites of Britain in a way that would make the serfdom of feudal times seem paradise in comparison.

One must be naïve indeed to believe that a policy so generous to the possessing classes does not meet with their secret or open favor. They must certainly regard it as the threat of a rosewater revolution. Nothing can be more certain, however, than that the masses of the voters in all parties will be helped by the competition between the three old parties to penetrate their pretense to sincere concern for the farmer and the worker generally. The question "Where is the money coming from to pay the billions of pounds to the bought-out landlords?" is too obvious not to be raised sharply and persistently. It will logically be followed by others, such as: "And what are we going to pay our good money for?" "The land of the nation belongs to the people of the nation—the earth belongs in usufruct to the living—who gave the landlords title to it?"

*Sir Alfred Goes to the Conservative Camp*

The failure of the Laborites, equally with the two older parties, to meet the situation boldly and honestly must sooner or later prove their undoing. As it looks at present, the complete break-up of the Liberal party seems certain; the more conservative members following Sir Alfred Mond into the Unionist camp and the more radical into that of the Labor party. On the issue of the land for the people—without "compensation," the disintegration of the Labor party is already under way.

## Heckling—a Great British Institution

*Concluded from page 8*

of wit he could recall in the House of Commons was Lord John Russell's reply to Sir Francis Burdett, who had changed his political color from Radical to Tory. Addressing the House he declared that nothing was more odious than the cant of patriotism. Lord John replied that the cant of patriotism was no doubt very odious, but that there was something even more odious and that was the re-cant of patriotism.

Lord Leonard Courtney had a happy way of tackling hecklers, of whom he met many tough ones at Liskeard. Once he was asked: "Is the Honorable member in favor of marriage with a deceased wife's sister?" Lord Courtney, whose charming and accomplished wife was sitting on the platform, said to the heckler: "Are you married?" "Yes." "Has your wife any sisters?" "Yes." "Is your wife here?" "No, if 'er had bin I shudn't ev asked 'e, no fear." "Well, my wife is here and she has sisters, so I don't propose to answer you."

*One Time When Ben Butler Scored a Point*

The unterrified British elector never fails to score with an interruption if the speaker presents a fair opening and if the interjected remark be somewhat rude, so much the better. At the end of a long-winded speech a candidate was proceeding to say, "Mr. Chairman, I have lived long enough——" "You are right, old man" was the observation offered by a member of the audience amid a storm of laughter.

Although heckling does not seem to flourish in America there have nevertheless been instances of native politicians who delighted in it. The late "Billie" Mason, former United States Senator and later Congressman-at-large from Illinois never failed to score when interrupted. Once when making a speech in New York City, a man in the audience greeted a statement with, "That is a lie." Mason paused a moment and looking intently toward the interrupter observed, "I recognize the gentlemen's breath but I can't see his face."

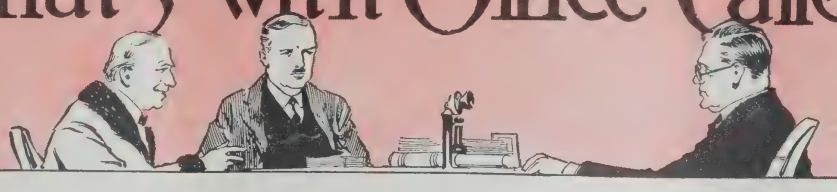
When making a speech Ben Butler was interrupted by some one who said: "Tell us about those silver spoons that you stole, General." Butler very calmly observed that he would gladly take up that subject a little later. Agreeable to his promise, Butler said: "Will my friend who asked about the spoons please stand up." Having done so, Butler said: "I suppose you are a Republican." "I am proud to say that I am." "Well, I was a Republican when I stole those spoons," Butler added.

*Why Is Heckling Not Popular in America?*

Undoubtedly the greatest and fairest of our American politicians have always welcomed questions on the part of their hearers. Tom Johnson probably owed a large part of his popularity to the fact that he encouraged questions at all times. It would seem that in the sphere of honest politics the candidate who would encourage all honest questions would have an advantage over his competitors. The type of politician who "has said too many things that need explaining and done too many things that can't be explained" will undoubtedly oppose heckling and submit to it only under compulsion.

Why has that old British institution, the heckling of candidates and political speakers, not taken root on our American soil? In the opinion of the writer, the answer is to be found in the fact that the politician is not taken as seriously in the United States as in England. Sent once to Milwaukee on a political crusade, a political orator ventured to ask a stranger, seated at his table in a restaurant, if he had been out to hear the imported speakers. Not aware that he was addressing one of the orators he replied: "Why should I waste any time on that hogwash?" When a speaker complained to a factory manager that his men when let out at dinner time would not stay to hear his speech, he got the reply: "Well, why should they?" It is too true that the average American Citizen treats the average politician as a necessary evil. If the American voter took his politics more seriously he would insist on the right of heckling candidates.

# Chats with Office Callers



***The Man from Bristol, England,*** dropped in long enough to tell us some very interesting facts about his ancient city on the Avon. Bristol, he said, is remarkable for its specimens of medieval architecture, chiefly ecclesiastical. The most beautiful church in all England is the 14th Century church of St. Mary Redcliffe. A small house near this church was the school where the poet Chatterton received his education. A house in Wine street was the birthplace of the poet-laureate, Robert Southey. A bank close by St. Stephen's church claims to have originated in the first savings bank established in England (1812). Similarly, the city free library (1613) is considered to be the original of its kind. Bristol was the western limit of the Saxon invasion of Britain, and about the year 1000 a Saxon settlement began to grow up at the junction of the rivers Frome and Avon. He says that in the 16th Century Bristol traded with the Spanish colonies in America, shared in the attempt to colonize Newfoundland, and began the American trade in African slaves which flourished during the 17th Century. The inhabitants of Bristol traded African slaves for sugar. The slaves were smuggled and hidden in secret passages in the cliffs about the town. He said that in his brother's house today there is a deep crypt, or well-like cavity, which was used to hide slaves for the market. Sea captains drifted into Bristol to procure their crews by means of the "shanghai" method and many a sailor boy awoke far down Bristol Channel with a sore head and a bruised body, ready for a hard voyage before the mast. Bristol, said he, existed before the Roman invasion. It is the port from which John Cabot sailed in 1497 upon the voyage which resulted in the rediscovery of the mainland of North America. The *Great Western*, the pioneer in steam communication across the Atlantic (1838), was built at Bristol. The city is today noted for its diverse manufactories chief of which are chocolate confections and paper bags. I asked him how he liked America and what impressed him most. He said he was astounded at the rapidity and accuracy of our machines used in manufacturing. All else paled into insignificance when compared to this.

ɤ ɤ ɤ

"I seldom quote great names in support of my ideas," said ***The Lecturer,*** as he discussed the address he had just delivered, "for the reason that they are too easy to get. You can secure a presidential letter approving almost anything, provided it is safe and innocuous enough. In fact there never were so many such letters afloat as there are today. When a man pulls out a bit of White House stationery to read as bolstering up his plea, anyone who knows the ropes knows just how much importance to attach to it. As a citizen, I don't like this cheapening of the official prestige, but as a public speaker I find its use to be a distinct detriment. The moment you quote a name—say that of Calvin Coolidge, or former Secretary of War Weeks—to recommend an idea which you believe with all your soul, you lose force. You drop from the plane of personal conviction to that of official approval. Your audience subconsciously gets it, and the speech skids a little. I used to do it. I used to gather an avalanche of important names and hurl them at an audience. Not any more. The idea, truly based, sincerely believed, clearly set forth, makes its way far more powerfully without the specious aid of great official names."

ɤ ɤ ɤ

***The Fur Man from the North*** dropped into The Office and remarked that if the fur business were placed on a business basis there would be no more fur business. "I catch and prepare my fur and sell it direct," said he, "but if everyone else did it, the business would die. Here is a fur that retails for $750. The trapper or fur-raiser is lucky if he gets $200 for it. I raise the fur, prepare it, and get $450 or $500—that is, I split the profit that is taken between myself and the public. But in so doing I take it away from the kings of fashion in the fur business. And it is they who make the business. People don't wear furs because they have to. Nor even because they are superior to other forms of clothing or ornament, but simply because the appeal of fashion, luxury and exclusiveness is still maintained in connection with furs, and it is maintained through the really strenuous campaigns of those who make the largest profits. Put the fur business on a business basis and these profits would disappear, the fashion-makers would no longer be interested, wearing a fur would no longer be a dollar sign, its use would fall off, the tribes of fur-bearing animals would have a long time to increase."

ɤ ɤ ɤ

***The Man from Washington*** says: "I note from the newspapers that in answer to Senator Reed and other opponents of the Italian debt settlement, Secretary Hoover is supposed to have said: 'The Italians will be glad if we don't pass it. They would be relieved of all moral obligations.' It seems to me that this is one of the most contemptible statements I ever heard any Cabinet officer making. If it is not grounds for impeachment, it certainly ought to be, for any Cabinet officer to make such a statement when his Administration is endeavoring to effect a settlement of these debts.

Of course it rings true to the theory that the Administration is doing all it can to cancel these debts and Hoover seems to be one of the leaders in that idea. He certainly has served notice on the Italian Government as to what the position of at least one of the members of the Cabinet is, and his influence in the Cabinet is well known in all diplomatic circles."

ɤ ɤ ɤ

The ***Printer from Berlin*** stopped in on his way to Chicago. This was his first visit to the United States and he spoke of the youthfulness of the people here. Even the older generation played like children. He had been told of the deplorable lack of culture among Americans. He was agreeably surprised to find it quite untrue. Nowhere in Europe, he said, will you find the museums and libraries patronized by the people as they are in America. At lunch time the New York library—to which he referred—was thronged with busy persons seeking knowledge. That is not true in Europe. "You people have no brakes on your brain. You let yourselves go. I have noticed your constant building up and tearing down of buildings. You are not afraid to destroy the old to build the new, as they are in Europe. I noticed your dock laborers in New York wear a good grade of heavy glove in their work. That is something the European workman would not think of doing. He wears a dress glove on Sunday but during the week his hands have no protection. Your people are hospitable. I come here a total foreigner but I am not a foreigner. I am entertained and I feel a spirit of friendliness so different from that extended to the traveler in Europe. I have been to South America. There the people are more Spanish than the Spanish of Spain. They have untold millions in natural resources, in water power in the Andes and in copper deposits. Development will come there but it will be slower than it has been in the United States of America. Conditions in Germany are deplorable today. There are 150,000 families who have no apartments of their own and are living grouped together to save expense. There is little or no chance for advancement in Germany due to the intense competition."

ɤ ɤ ɤ

"I have heard President Coolidge make two addresses on George Washington," said ***The Man from the East.*** "The first time, I marveled at the man's insight into Washington. I am something of a student myself and realize how little our people know their first President. But Mr. Coolidge in that first speech which I heard gave evidence of deep penetration into matters little heeded by the public, but which reveal the secret of Washington. I must say that Mr. Coolidge went up in my esteem.

"I heard his Washington anniversary speech this year, also. And I could not believe it was the same man. No man who knew as much about Washington as the President seemed to know in that previous speech could possibly have known so little about him as the President seemed to know in this 1926 speech.

"The only conclusion I can reach is that the assistant who helped Mr. Coolidge with his previous address was not the same person who assisted him this year. I consider this year's address—well, why say it? I trust, however, that the President will take a line of policy which will not render it necessary for him to wrest George Washington's words to support the errors of this Administration. Washington may have been wrong; he may have been right; but certainly he is not obscure. His words cannot be twisted."



# With Stefansson in the Arctic

## Hunting and Being Hunted by Polar Bears in the Regions of Ice and Snow; "King of the Arctic" Mistakes Men and Dogs for Seals

By BURT M. McCONNELL

Meteorologist, Canadian Arctic, 1913-1914

IF POLAR BEARS—the most dangerous beasts of prey among the land animals of North America—knew the difference between a man and a seal, they wouldn't be half so dangerous. But since they live exclusively by hunting seals, they are likely to mistake people for seals, and attack them on that basis. This, in the opinion of Stefansson, the explorer, makes them far more dangerous than the famed Kodiak bear of Southwestern Alaska. And he ought to know, for he has killed dozens of polar bears. Not only has he hunted them; he has been hunted by the clumsy, yet soft-footed King of the Arctic, who can indulge in his sneaking, skulking proclivities because Nature has given him a coat which renders him difficult to see against a background of ice or snow.

In the year spent with Stefansson in the Arctic, the writer came face to face with three different polar bears at less than thirty feet, and he wishes to testify right here that a polar bear at that distance looms up like a lighthouse in a fog. On one of these occasions, the writer killed the bear—his first—with a bullet through the head; on the other occasions he was armed with nothing more formidable than a camera, but was protected by the rifles of others. He never saw more than three bears traveling together, but a fur trader on the north coast of Alaska, whose integrity has never been questioned, declared that he once saw sixty-eight polar bears at a time, burrowing into a whale carcass, and that he and one Eskimo companion killed twenty-two of them.

Perhaps they did; the animals had gorged themselves, and were too full of whale blubber to fight. Besides, the hunters were safely hidden behind ice cakes. It is the polar bear that sneaks up to a camp on the ice, in the belief that the sleeping dogs are so many seals basking in the sun, that is to be feared. This is what happened to us at a point on the sea ice some sixty miles off the north coast of Alaska.

We had been traveling by dog team over the moving ice, in search of land, when, one bright spring day, a polar bear boldly walked into our camp on the ice and was within twenty-five feet of our two dog teams before he was discovered.

We had been halted that day by a narrow lead of open water, and had killed several seals—for the dogs and ourselves. Storkerson thereupon set to work to make a stove that would cook the seal meat with its own blubber.

In less than an hour the odor of the burning blubber and cooking seal meat brought a polar bear into camp. We had placed the dogs and sleds upon a floating cake of ice in the lead, ready to be "ferried" across, and were cooking seal meat with the blubber from the same carcass, when we were brought to our feet by a great commotion on the "ferry."

Stefansson and Storkerson, who were nearest the dogs, ran toward them to stop what they thought was a fight among the animals, and Crawford and I followed, as we knew where the whips were. However, we turned back when it seemed that Stefansson and Storkerson could quiet the dogs. But before we reached our seats, Storkerson yelled "Polar bear!"

That was enough.

Knowing that our very lives depended upon our dogs, and that a polar bear could kill all of them with a few blows of his powerful paws, we ran to the assistance of Stefansson and Storkerson.

We saw that there were only two rifles on the sledges, unfortunately, and realized instantly that the best thing left for us to do was to restrain the dogs from dragging the sledges and their precious loads into the water, in their eagerness to attack the bear.

The white, shaggy monster was only twenty-five feet from the dogs. Fortunately, he was on the opposite side of the open water. He did not appear to be in the least afraid of the barking dogs, but completely ignored them as he stood facing us, with his head hanging downward and swinging slowly from side to side.

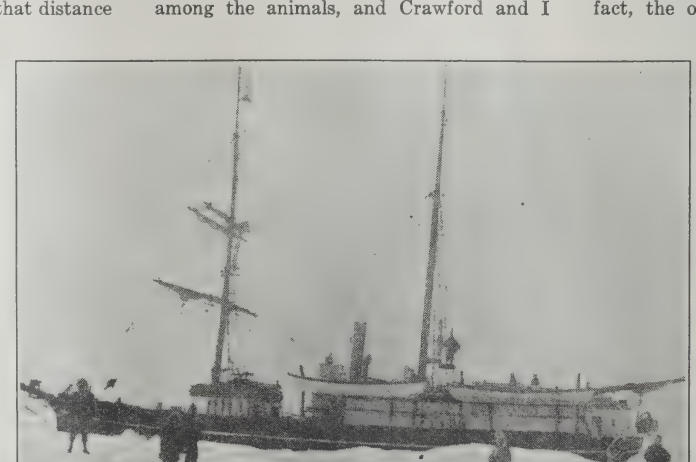
From time to time he peered into the water, as if trying to make up his mind to plunge in and swim across. Never in his life, it may safely be said, had this creature seen either a man or a dog. In fact, the only animals he had seen were foxes and seals, and he knew himself to be the master of these.

By this time, Storkerson and Stefansson had arrived at the sledges, and were almost ready to fire, but the bear gave no heed to them or to the dogs, which by this time were in a perfect frenzy.

Storkerson was the first to reach his rifle, and just as it appeared that the bear was about to swim over and kill our dogs, he took aim quickly and fired. The bullet, a .30-.30, hit the bear in the right foreleg, and swept that member from under him, so that he turned a complete somersault. It was at this juncture that I snapped a picture of the bear, but it was not a success.

When the bear came to the surface, all thought of visiting our camp had vanished; his only thought was to escape from this instrument which spat fire.

By this time, however, Stefansson had reached his rifle, which he had placed in its case that afternoon. The bear was wounded, and it would be better to end its misery. So Stefansson fired



The *Karluk*. While Stefansson was ashore hunting caribou in Alaska, the *Karluk* drifted away and was sunk 180 miles off the coast of Siberia.

with his hard-shooting Mannlicher as the now thoroughly frightened King of the Arctic clambered out upon the ice and started to limp away. This bullet took effect, as did another which Storkerson sent after the fleeing animal, but the bear, dragging its right foreleg, disappeared behind a pressure ridge.

During the excitement, as we now noticed, the lead had narrowed so much that Crawford, with the .30-.30 rifle, and I with the camera, were able to cross with the aid of a pair of skis and a long pole. We followed the trail of blood at a run, expecting at every turn in the trail to come upon the wounded animal, but we had proceeded almost half a mile before we saw him staggering along, holding his right foot clear of the ice. When the bear realized that he was being followed, he instinctively dived in the first water he came to, and it should have been a simple matter for Crawford to place a bullet in a vital place when the bear came to the surface. After three attempts had failed, however, Crawford found that he had no more cartridges, and I was about to run back to camp for more when Stefansson appeared, bringing his Mannlicher. Although this rifle is of smaller caliber—.256—one bullet in the bear's heart killed him instantly as he clambered out upon the ice.

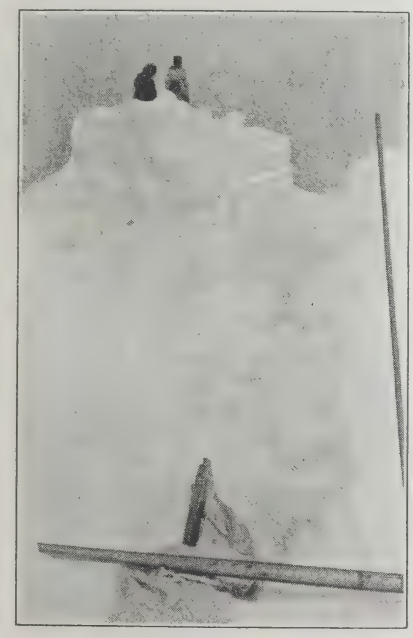
On shore polar bears are ordinarily timid animals, afraid of men, dogs, and wolves. On the sea ice, however, they have no enemy to fear. In fact, they are familiar with only three living things—seals, on which they live; white foxes, those scavengers of the North; and sea gulls, which flutter about them after they have killed a seal. The Arctic fox, which is almost as much of a sea animal as the polar bear, is unable to provide his own living while on the sea ice. Several, therefore, will always be found following a polar bear wherever he goes. When the bear kills a seal, he eats all he wants, usually from a quarter to a half of the carcass. Sometimes he does not touch the meat at all, but eats merely a portion of the blubber and the skin that goes with it. After this meal of fifty or seventy-five pounds of blubber, it is quite natural that he should feel like sleeping for several hours. This he usually does, while the foxes finish the carcass. If, however, the bear returns for a second portion, the foxes and gulls scatter to the four winds, giving the bear the impression that these creatures are not the least bit dangerous, but too crafty to be caught.

Now, a polar bear is able to tell the difference between a living seal and the meat of a dead one, when he sniffs them in the air. A bear traveling to leeward of a camp on the ice perceives many camp odors, all of them strange except that of seal meat. Knowing no fear, he comes straight into the camp, walking leisurely, for he expects every living thing he meets to make way for him. But if, when he is within a hundred yards of camp, one of the sleeping dogs happens to move, the bear immediately concludes that there are some live seals, after all. He instantly flattens out upon the ice, like a cat stealing upon a bird, and, with under jaw sliding over the snow, advances, almost toboggan fashion, toward the dogs, stopping abruptly if one of them moves, and advancing again when they become quiet.

Eventually one of the dogs is sure to see or smell the bear, and he commences barking. Within a couple of seconds every other dog is barking. The bear is keenly disappointed. Judging from his actions on such an occasion, he apparently concludes that these are not seals, after all, but foxes, which are beneath his contempt. Remembering that he is here for seal meat, and not foxes, he rises to his feet and fearlessly approaches the camp. A properly placed bullet ends the story.



Dogs curled up in the snow of the Arctic.



Two of the party taking a "sight" from a pressure ridge.



Stefansson bringing a seal into camp.

In order to understand how the polar bear lives by killing seals, we must take into consideration the action of the elements upon the drifting ice fields. There are many gales in the Arctic during the summer, and each gale breaks up the ice. As there are no frosts to cement the fragments together, the seals can travel freely in all directions. Then comes the autumn, with its light frosts and young ice forming everywhere. But the seals are not ready to hibernate for the winter, and for a time continue to break the ice with a sharp upward bunt of their head, in order to breathe. Until the ice reaches a thickness of four inches, a seal traveling along a lead covered with young ice will leave behind him a trail of circular holes in the ice where he has thrust his head upward. These may be fifty or a hundred feet apart.

When the ice thickens and becomes harder, the seal must stop traveling. But by gnawing from beneath like a beaver, he keeps his breathing holes open all winter. At the surface the openings are only an inch or two in diameter, but underneath they are enlarged continually until they become large enough for the seal's body. Each seal has a half-dozen breathing holes that are covered with a few inches or a few feet of snow, and thus are hidden from the observation of most men and the seal's deadlier enemy, the polar bear. But the bear can discover these breathing holes by the sense of smell, and if the ice surrounding it is only a few inches thick, he will, with his mighty forelegs, break it up for a distance of several yards around the breathing hole. The seal, when next he rises to breathe, becomes a meal for the waiting bear.

When Stefansson first went into the Arctic he was solemnly assured by the Eskimos that polar bears and other animals are much wiser than men. When asked by Stefansson why these animals permit themselves to be killed by men, the Eskimos assured him it was because there are certain things which animals need, and which they can get only from men. The seals and whales live in the salt water, and are therefore continually thirsty. They have no means of getting fresh water, except to come to men for it. The Eskimos believe, therefore, that a seal will allow himself to

be killed by the hunter who will give him a drink of water in return; that is why the Eskimo pours a dipper full of water into the mouth of a seal when he brings it ashore. If a hunter neglects to do this, all the other seals will learn about it, they believe, and no other seal will ever allow himself to be killed by that particular hunter, because he knows he is not going to get a drink.

The polar bear, Stefansson was solemnly informed, does not suffer from thirst as much as seals, for he can easily get snow on top of the ice. But polar bears are unable to make for themselves certain tools which they need. Now, the Eskimo hunter believes that when a polar bear has been killed, its soul accompanies the skin into the hunter's house and stays with the skin for several days. During this time the skin is hung up at the rear end of the house, together with the tools which the bear desires.

At the end of the fourth day, the soul of the bear, according to the Eskimo, is driven out of the house, and when it goes away it takes with it the soul of the tools which have been suspended with it and uses them thereafter. If the bear's soul has been properly treated during his stay, and if he has received the soul of implements of good quality, then he will report these things in the land of the polar bears to which he returns, and other bears will be willing, and even anxious, to be killed by an Eskimo hunter of such integrity.

On one occasion, after Stefansson had discovered new land in Latitude 80° N., Longitude 100° W., he and two companions were returning over the ice to the base camp, some 450 miles to the southward. Just after they had pitched their tents, about fifteen yards from the open water, one of them noticed something white moving in the open lead about two hundred yards from the tent. He thought at first that it was a piece of drifting ice, but when it began to move too rapidly for that he picked up his field glasses to see what it really was. As he was focusing them upon the object, it disappeared beneath the surface of the water, reappearing a little nearer to the camp. The white object was not a chunk of ice, but the head of a swimming polar bear.

Stefansson and the other members of the party quickly emerged from the tent, grabbed their rifles, took up positions behind the sledge, and waited patiently for the bear to clamber out of the open lead; for it is difficult to drag the carcass of a polar bear out of the water. The one who had sighted the bear stayed with the dogs to quell any disturbance they might make when they caught sight of the shaggy monster.

Evidently the bear had seen the dogs sleeping in a row on the ice and had thought they were seals. For at that time of the year seals like to lie on top of the ice beside their holes, or along open leads, basking in the warm sunshine. The bear took great pains in stalking the dogs. He would swim slowly back and forth across the lead, occasionally lifting his head a little above the level of the ice to see if the "seals" had noticed him. But the dogs, tired from their day's work, were lying stretched out comfortably on the ice.

Finally the bear reached a spot nearly opposite the camp. Carefully he placed his powerful forepaws upon the ice. Then quickly, but without a sound, he lifted himself out of the water and in an instant was nearly on top of Stefansson's companion, Noice. He was within perhaps ten feet of them before Noice had time to fire. At the report the bear turned a complete somersault in their direction. Noice again pulled the trigger of his rifle, but it would not budge—his rifle was jammed! At this critical instant Stefansson fired with his Mannlicher and the bear rolled over, dead, so close that they could almost touch him.



The author and Storkerson lashing canvas tarpaulin over sled to cross open lead.

While traveling along the Arctic coast of Canada one winter day, Stefansson saw through his field glasses, perhaps a mile out at sea, in the rough ice, a spot which seemed to him more yellow than ice ought to be. He watched this spot for a long time, but saw no motion.

Stefansson continued to sweep the horizon with his glasses for several minutes, and his mind was just about made up to proceed along the coast, when on looking back he saw that the yellow spot had disappeared. Concluding that it was a polar bear, Stefansson, after carefully taking his bearings by keeping certain mountain peaks in mind, hastened out over the chaotic ridges until he reached the spot where, in his estimation, he had seen the bear. The explorer climbed upon a pressure ridge about forty feet high, and spent some time looking around, with and without his field glasses, but saw nothing. He then decided that he would move from summit to summit for perhaps a quarter of a mile until he felt sure that he had passed beyond the bear, then begin to circle until he came upon the animal or its tracks.

Stefansson had concluded that the bear was ahead of him, and was clambering down from a high ridge in order to start his campaign, when he heard behind him a noise something like the hiss of an angry goose. He looked back and saw, about twenty feet away and almost above him, a polar bear. Had the animal come the remaining twenty feet as quietly and as rapidly as a polar bear can, Stefansson probably would not have lived to tell the story, for his rifle was buckled in its case and flung across his back.

From the polar bear's glittering eyes and menacing attitude, as well as the story his trail told afterward, there was every indication that he had meant to spring upon Stefansson. But he had made the fatal mistake of giving warning to a man with a rifle. The hissing noise Stefansson has always interpreted as "Watch me!"

After he had dispatched the bear, the explorer found written in the snow the following story: He had overestimated the distance of the polar bear from shore, and had passed the spot where he lay, going a hundred yards or so to windward. On getting Stefansson's scent, the bear had come up the wind to his trail and had then followed it. Stefansson had not seen his approach, for it had not occurred to him to look back over his own trail; he was so used to hunting polar bears that the possibility of one of them hunting him was left out of consideration.

While Stefansson was crossing the sea ice from Alaska to Banks Land, a journey on which the author accompanied him for the first seventy-five miles, a polar bear made a rather dramatic entry into the camp. Stefansson and his two companions, Storkerson and Andreason, were about a quarter of a mile distant at the time. As usual, their six dogs were tied near the tent, strung out at intervals of about six feet (to keep them from fighting) along the tie-line, which was fastened at both ends to chunks of ice.

Stefansson's two companions were in the sledboat, paddling around about fifty yards from the solid ice, and Stefansson with his glasses was standing on a hummock. Suddenly he noticed a bear about a hundred yards to the north, advancing toward them at a steady walk. Stefansson started for camp on a run, just as the bear caught sight of the dogs, and began to stalk them. Stefansson shouted, but this had the effect of drawing the dogs' attention to himself, and away from the bear, which continued to advance. Finally the animal reached a large hummock about twenty yards from the dogs, and still they had no warning of his presence.

Stefansson knew, from his long experience with polar bears, that when the bear got that close he would make a dash from cover, as he would upon a seal basking in the sunlight, without realizing that he was attacking a dog. When, therefore, the bear half stood up, preparatory to making his dash, Stefansson, then about a hundred and twenty-five yards away, fired. The bullet, he afterward ascertained, entered two inches back of the heart. In some way, it seemed to paralyze the bear's spine, for his forelegs doubled underneath him, so that his chest and under jaw rested on the ice. As Stefansson approached, keeping his rifle at his shoulder, he could see that, though badly wounded, the animal was still alive.

Suddenly, without the slightest warning, the bear launched himself directly at Stefansson. But the explorer, whom experience had taught to be wary in such instances, had his rifle ready and automatically pulled the trigger. Fortunately, the bullet pierced the brain. It was a narrow escape, for by the time the bear collapsed he had covered about three and a half of the five yards between himself and the hunter, and collapsed so near that blood spattered upon Stefansson's boots. This incident, and the others which I have recounted, have increased by a considerable degree Stefansson's respect—and mine—for the intelligence and craftiness of the polar bear.

## What Our Dreams Mean

(*Concluded from page 4*)

this he had talked so often that it had become boresome. So the dreamer gave vent to his feelings by having the book titled with the word *brag* in a prominent position.

This is known as condensation. About its existence there is agreement.

These April Fool candies with a hot pepper center inclosed in a tempting chocolate shell are like dreams. The chocolate covering is all that can be sensed, until the pepper strikes the tongue. So with dreams; the part first recalled usually conceals a decidedly different core. It is the pepper-filled center, and not the coating one so easily recalls on awakening, which is significant. Most of the dreams we remember have a concealed part which must be discovered if we are to understand the meaning of the dream. In this there is agreement.

Discovering this concealed part is the interesting, though difficult, task for psychoanalysis. This *latent content* of the dream may cause an irritable day, may cause fears in children, may cause an inconveniencing headache, or may give the psychoanalyst the clue to the removal of mental peculiarities or apparent bodily ailments for which physicians can find no cause or remedy.

The latent content may be discovered in two ways. Just as one may suddenly recall the dream of several nights past so the psychoanalyst sees that his patient is in a similar daydreaming state and gets him to disclose all that comes into his mind about the dream. Bit by bit it will appear until the whole dream can be pieced together.

But even when the whole dream is recalled, only half of the latent content is known. The Englishman cannot understand American slang, and during dreams our mental life has a slang of its own. To add to the difficulty, each dreamer has his own slang. This is known as *dream symbolism*.

The detailed sexual symbolism Freudians have elaborated to interpret dreams are entirely rejected by some, accepted in part by some, and worshipfully followed by others.

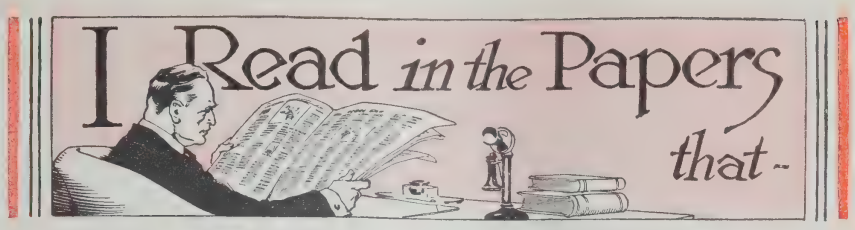
So there you are! We know there is symbolism, but by force of circumstances and experience are inclined to think that it is not common to every human being; that each may have his own symbolism, just as a western porch becomes a stoop in the South, or a veranda in other parts of the country.

Why do we dream, anyway? If one's feet are comfortable, if there is no disturbing alarm clock, might we not cease dreaming?

Never, says Freud, so long as there are wishes and desires burning in the breasts of human beings. His followers can conceive of the absence of dreaming only in a desireless race. And where is that race?

The function of the dream, they say, is to satisfy these unfulfilled desires mentally. The boy who has visited the circus dreams he is eating candies denied him that afternoon. His desires are being rather simply and frankly fulfilled in the dream. In adults these desires are concealed in the latent content and symbolism of the dream.

"They're there!" shout the Freudians. And to further impose upon credulity they claim in tones as strident that they are sexual desires. And at this point you will find most psychologists clamoring for the Freudians to get off the band wagon.




Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, famous British medical authority, has this to say of his visit to America, in the *English Review*:

> "Having recently spent a month in the United States and Canada, where I have had every opportunity of studying the progress which surgery and medicine have made there, I am glad to be able to state the results of some of my experiences and the conclusions at which I have arrived.
>
> "I was greatly impressed by the very intimate association which has sprung up between the medical profession and the 'lay public' in the last few years, to the very great advantage of the latter. The barriers which exist here between our profession and the public, because of the autocratic attitude taken up by sections of the medical community, have fortunately disappeared in those countries."

* * *

one man in every twenty-eight in France was killed during the World War, one in thirty-five in Germany, and one in sixty-six in England. France's war dead totaled 1,363,000; of whom 669,000 were farmers and land workers; 235,000 were in industry; 159,000 in commerce; 40,000 in professions; 21,000 in civil service; and the remainder in miscellaneous occupations. The terrible effect of the conflict on France is more readily understood when it is realized that one-seventh of her agricultural population was killed.

* * *

the lives of 500 Chicago babies will be saved within the next year by the new "human dairies" established by the city. The first group of mothers to volunteer the sale of their excess milk have been examined. Milk taken from these mothers will go to babies whose mothers are unable to breast-feed them.

"We will pay 10 cents an ounce for the milk," the Health Commissioner said, "and sell it at from 3 to 30 cents. To babies in poor families, however, it will be furnished free of charge. Our purpose is not to make money but to save lives."

He estimated that the daily supply of milk from one healthy mother will be between 25 and 30 ounces in addition to the 30 ounces needed for her own baby. Thirty mothers, therefore, he said, could supply more than 45 pounds of milk a day, or enough to feed 25 to 30 babies. The mothers should receive from $2.50 to $3 a day in addition to the best fresh food, to be furnished them free.

*The International Jew* in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set, $1. The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

A. N. Jacobs has finally entered the Minneapolis workhouse to serve a 60-day sentence for libel of the one-time famous Senator Magnus Johnson, of Minnesota. It seems that Jacobs who was a sort of political "fixer" had published a scurrilous article: "Magnus Johnson Steps Out" during that notable's campaign for reëlection to the United States Senate. The article was a racy account of the arrest for drunkenness of a Magnus Johnson. It seems that another person bearing the Senator's name was the one really named by the article, but its intent was to besmirch the candidate. The public should rejoice that one of these panderers to a certain taste for vile personal scandal during political contests should be put to work at the public business of making little ones out of big ones. It is such persons as Jacobs who make so many men decline to run for public office and abandon it to those thick-skinned individuals who ignore what is said about them as long as they win.

* * *

"Why," exclaimed Professor Einstein in Paris, "do some people speak of great men in terms of nationality? They like to call them 'great Germans' or 'great Englishmen'! Goethe always protested most vigorously against being called a German. Great men are simply 'men'; they are not to be considered from the point of view of nationality. Neither should the environment in which they have been brought up be taken into account. Great men are simply born." Thus, it would seem, Einstein modestly enrolls himself among the great men.

* * *

Anastasious Bazagis applied for citizenship in San Francisco and was told what he had to do. He was found dead in his lodgings with a pistol gripped in one hand and a naturalization blank, a copy of the United States Constitution, and essays on George Washington in Greek script in the other. The struggle to qualify himself for citizenship had been too great, the police said.

It has been sensibly remarked that mental training is only one of the seven moralities and perhaps of all of them the one most overemphasized at the present time. It should be easily possible to devise effective methods to enable such men as Anastasious Bazagis to qualify for citizenship without befuddling them until they become filled with despair. No business concern would tolerate an employment department whose methods caused honest men, qualified to perform their work satisfactorily, to become so fearful lest they be unable to answer academic questions that they occasionally jumped in the river.

# When Wilson "Walked With Kings"

(Continued from page 2)

"I think that now," added Mr. Wilson, with a twinkle in his eye (speaking the day after election, 1914), "I'll telephone Senator Newlands and ask him to hold a caucus of the seven Senators in my office, that I may remind them of the ghosts they were seeing a year ago."

About this time the bill creating the Federal Trade Commission was before Congress. A strong group of Democratic members opposed the kind of commission Mr. Wilson wanted. They advocated giving the commission powers which Mr. Wilson believed would make it subservient to business rather than an agency that would free the market place of dishonest business.

After considerable cloakroom discussion, these Representatives (numbering some of the strongest leaders in Congress) selected one of their number to call on the President, to try to bring him to their view. The man chosen for the job was not only a warm friend of Mr. Wilson and an able, experienced legislator, but he was also an important member of the House Judiciary Committee, which had the bill in charge.

The opposition group waited anxiously for his return, after he had gone to spend twenty minutes with Mr. Wilson at the White House offices by appointment. They hitched their chairs forward to listen to his report when he rejoined them, hopeful that he had perhaps succeeded in changing the President's mind. He faced them and reported:

"Well, I've agreed that we'll support the President's bill and pass it without delay."

Pressed for an explanation of this startling statement by the surprised members, he explained:

"You know, it's impossible to do anything with that man. I never saw anybody like him. It wasn't even an argument. He attributed to me, right at the beginning, the same unselfish desire for the common good that actuates him, and he pitched the talk on that plane. The only way I could have got away from it would have been to admit that I wanted to benefit special business interests, and I'll be damned if I could do it, so I wound up by pledging him our support."

In that case Mr. Wilson not only "kept his virtue," but instilled some of it into the talking "crowd," with the result that the administration bill was speedily passed.

Two dramatic incidents (small in themselves but large in significance) illustrate Mr. Wilson's ability to "talk with crowds and keep his virtue" and "walk with kings—nor lose the common touch." The first occurred in the 1912 campaign when Governor Wilson was chatting with friends on his train after a huge political meeting in Philadelphia. Mr. Wilson seemed serious almost to the point of depression, despite the fact that the Philadelphia meeting had been a tremendous success. The crowd had not only been enormous, but the enthusiasm for the candidate had been an actual ovation. Dense throngs had filled the Academy of Music, where the speech had been delivered. Local leaders had said no such demonstration had ever been made for a presidential candidate in the Quaker City. Those present, therefore, were surprised that the Governor was not in high spirits, and commented on the fact.

"Well, I do not feel at all hilarious," replied Mr. Wilson seriously. "A little incident occurred as we were struggling through the crowd to get out of the hall, and it has depressed me, because it has made me feel with particular keenness the almost overwhelming weight of responsibility that will be mine if I am elected. A poor woman, poorly dressed, but with shining, hopeful eyes, fought her way through the swarm of cheering, surging humanity until she got to me. Then she seized my hand and clung to it desperately.

" 'Oh, Governor,' she said, as tears ran down her cheeks, 'I'm so glad you are going to be President. You are such a good man and you want to help the plain people, and I know if you are President food will be cheaper.'

"Now, of course, food will *not* be cheaper merely because I am elected President. The high cost of living is due to far-reaching, economic causes, some of them world-wide in character. If the economic policies of the Democratic party can be established in this country there is hope that the high cost of living may be reduced. At least there will be opportunity for all to share in any prosperity that may eventually come. But when I realize that there are thousands and hundreds of thousands of persons like that poor woman pinning their hope for immediate relief on me, I am frightened. Such thoughts drive completely from my mind any inclination to feel proud or jubilant over such colorful demonstrations as we had tonight."

The other incident occurred in Italy. No man ever more truly "walked with kings" than did Mr. Wilson on the occasion of his visit to the Italians in January, 1919. No emperor, king, or conqueror since Nero or Caesar had ever been so universally proclaimed. The people literally bowed down and worshiped him. They put pictures of him in their homes beside that of the Saviour, burned candles before them, and knelt and expressed their thankfulness and hope in prayer. To them he was another savior, come to lead them out of the blind horrors of war to universal brotherhood and peace. With King Victor Emanuel at his side, Mr. Wilson passed through the worshiping throngs.

And in the evening of his first day in Italy, with solemnity even graver than on the night after his Philadelphia meeting, he revealed by his comment to a member of his party that he was far from "losing the common touch."

"It has been the most distressing, most painful day I ever experienced," he said, without a trace of jubilation or triumph. "I had no idea the people of Italy felt so deeply. I realize, of course, that it is not *I* they worship but an *idea* which I have expressed and which has been exalted by them. It is not only embarrassing, however, to have them show such deep feeling for me, but it makes me tremble when I realize what a frail, weak instrument I am to carry through their hopes and longings. I also am troubled over their depth of feeling for another reason, and that is that it may at any moment be swept away by something I might do or say. This shows me that today's ovation was not really for *me*, but for an ideal which the Italian people themselves have in their hearts, and which they believe I, at the moment, represent."

That Mr. Wilson had the ability to see ahead along the paths of those who "walk with kings" was demonstrated only a few weeks later, when the whole Italian people turned against him because he favored making Fiume an independent city and free port.

Another occasion in Mr. Wilson's life when most men would have thought they were "walking with kings" was the night of his first election as President of the United States in 1912. Friends, members of his family and political associates with whom he had been through the campaign, nearly lifted the roof off the quiet Wilson cottage at Princeton with joy and hilarity as the returns rolled in, with state after state for Wilson and with his majority in the electoral college mounting higher and higher. Outside, fifteen hundred Princeton students held a typical collegiate demonstration, with college yells, red fire, and furious cheering.

Early in the evening Mr. Wilson sat in his library, reading a book on American history. Later, when the first significant returns began to come in, he joined the



(C) Harris & Ewing.

Crowd gathered at birthplace of President Wilson, Staunton, Virginia.

crowd in the small living room. As the night wore on and his election seemed more and more certain, all present except Wilson became more and more joyful. His attitude, on the other hand, became increasingly serious. By the time everybody else was bubbling over with joy his face was drawn into serious lines. Upbraided by a friend for being so serious on such an occasion, he exclaimed:

"I have no inclination to throw up my hat, jump up and crack my heels together. I do not feel the least bit gay. On the contrary, I feel solemn with the serious responsibility which it seems the American people have placed upon me. I hope I may prove worthy."

Four years later, at Shadow Lawn, New Jersey, as the news of Mr. Hughes' apparent election came in over the wire, Mr. Wilson laughed and joked with members of his family and friends who were present. They, on this occasion, became more and more solemn as the evening wore on. Mr. Wilson was almost hilarious. He told funny stories, recited his favorite limericks, and twitted the others on their funereal countenances. At ten-thirty he arose, yawned, and announced that he was going to bed, as his remaining up and losing sleep would not change the result. The others tried to give some expression of their disappointment and sympathy. Admiral Grayson, his physician, commented:

"Never you mind, Mr. President, four years from now the people will realize their mistake and demand your return to the White House."

Mr. Wilson held up his hand as if to say, "Never again," a delightful twinkle came into his eye and he replied to Grayson, in playful mood:

"No, Grayson, I'm like the Confederate soldier who returned to his home after Lee's surrender. He looked at his wrecked farm, where the buildings had been burned, the stock killed or run off and the fences torn down. Then he looked at his bare and bleeding feet and at his one arm in a sling and remarked:

" 'I'm glad I fought. I'm proud of the part I played. I have no regrets, but—I'll be damned if I ever love another country.' "

With a smile and a wave of the hand to the rest of the party, Mr. Wilson, accompanied by Mrs. Wilson, left the room. He was asleep by eleven o'clock and did not learn, until eight the next morning, that instead of being defeated he had been elected.

He thus demonstrated again by his attitude on the occasion of these two greatest crises of his career, his ability to live up to Mr. Kipling's ideal.

"If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with triumph and disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same."



Governmental figures and delegation from Alabama which called on President Wilson to present him with a prize rooster. The incident served to afford the President brief relief from his troubles with opponents of the League of Nations.

One of the charges repeatedly made against Woodrow Wilson was that he could not get along with any one who differed with him. Perhaps no President was more loyal during his official life to those whom he had appointed. It irritated him extremely for any friend to suggest that another appointee was not playing fair. He simply would not listen to any attack upon one in whom he had shown his confidence by appointing him to a public position, and no amount of attack would make him waver or shake his faith. On the other hand, he demanded the same kind of loyalty to himself from those to whom he intrusted national affairs.

It is of course well known that Mr. Wilson ceased to have intimacies with some splendid persons who were near to him. The world has yet to learn the exact reasons for Mr. Wilson's change, so wonderfully did he keep his own counsel and refuse to "give way to hate."

One of the conspicuous attacks made upon him to prove that he could not get along with other men, was the charge that he had broken faith with Grover Cleveland, and the latter had become his enemy. It is said that there is a letter in existence written by Mr. Cleveland in which he attacked Woodrow Wilson. I have never seen this letter, and I do not know whether they ever became estranged. I do know that Mr. Wilson cherished Mr. Cleveland's memory and was loyal to him, since I was a witness of an incident which impressed this indelibly upon my mind. It occurred in October, 1908.

Mr. Wilson had made a trip to Denver, Colorado, to address the American Bankers' Association at its annual convention. He delivered his address during the day session. On the same evening the visiting members were entertained at a dance given at the El Jebel Temple. Mr. Wilson, having paid his respects to those in charge of this affair and looked in upon the dance, emerged from the building with a whole evening ahead, all dressed up and no particular place to go.

"Well," I inquired, "what shall we do? There is a social affair on at the University Club and William Randolph Hearst is to hold forth at the Auditorium, where he promises to expose the inside workings of a certain great oil company, with documentary proof of the charges he is making."

The latter suggestion was immediately accepted and we made our way on foot to the hall. As we entered we were joined by Frank M. Vaughn, a resident of Denver.

The Auditorium is capable of holding many thousands. It can, however, be converted into a theater which holds about 3,500. On this occasion the theater had been set in place, and it was already so crowded that we could not find seats. Finally we met the mayor of the city, Robert Speer, who kindly ushered us into his box.

For some unknown reason Mr. Wilson peremptorily insisted that he be permitted to sit in the rear of the box and that I sit forward and in front of him. Mr. Vaughn sat on his left.

There had been a delay in the arrival of Mr. Hearst's party, so that, although we were late, we had the opportunity of seeing him come in. To make an impressive entrance, the back drop of the stage had been lifted, permitting the audience to see the space behind the stage to the street beyond; a distance of almost a hundred yards. This gave a splendid view of the band and the crowd that was with Mr. Hearst as they entered and marched through the back part of the building, up and across the stage. First came the band, then Mr. Hearst, his tall figure draped in gray. Behind him were perhaps 500 followers. The whole setting of his appearance was very spectacular.

To let the audience in front and on the stage get well settled before the speech of Mr. Hearst, one of his party, Joseph R. Buchanan, of New York City, was used as a buffer. He arose and had been speaking for about five minutes when suddenly he launched into an attack on the late Grover Cleveland, which became vitriolic in its fierceness. He had just exclaimed: "Grover Cleveland was the most implacable foe of organized labor that this country has ever known," when Mr. Vaughn and I were startled by an utterance of Woodrow Wilson, who exclaimed with suppressed but tremendous emotion: "Damn him!"

I was so surprised at my former teacher, whose control I had often envied and had never before seen upset, that I whirled around to see if my ears could have deceived me. But there was no mistaking the source of those words. Woodrow Wilson's eyes were flashing with intense indignation and an outraged feeling of unfairness on the part of Mr. Buchanan. In fact, he was leaning forward in such a way that I half expected he was about to rise and speak out.

It is hardly probable that the sound of his voice reached those in the audience, since the box was quite a distance from the parquet, but it was immediately evident that Mr. Wilson was in common touch with the audience, for, like the noise that follows a flash of lightning, hisses from all over the house almost immediately followed his exclamation, increasing to a thunderous roar of anger that drove Mr. Buchanan to his seat, unable to say another audible word.

As we strolled back to his hotel in the wonderful October evening, Woodrow Wilson dilated at length on what he charged was the untruthful statement of the unfortunate Mr. Buchanan.

# When You Buy Your Own Home Site

(*Concluded from page 7*)

5. Lots must have certain minimum widths for various streets. On A street no building shall be erected on a lot less than one hundred feet wide; on B street the minimum width must be seventy-five feet; on C street, fifty feet. The building lines on each street must be uniform, and the houses must face specified directions.

6. Within the subdivision, no nuisances, such as chicken coops, cesspools or the like, are allowed.

The ownership restrictions of many subdivisions state that property may be sold only to members of the Caucasian race.

Of course, the number of these restrictions varies with different subdivisions, ranging from half a dozen of the most important limitations, embodied in the warranty deed, to a large number, which may fill a small, compact book. The rule is: The finer the neighborhood, the greater the number of restrictions. A farseeing purchaser will make certain that the subdivision in which he buys is well restricted, for nothing is more necessary in protecting one's property from unforeseen troubles and nothing else does as much to insure the permanent distinction and charm of a residential section.

*Must Beware of Public Nuisances*

The lot buyer has to beware of public nuisances. Suppose you buy an attractive site in a subdivision near the city boundary line or just outside. After you have spent a small fortune in building your home, have moved in and have become settled, happy and satisfied, an oil refinery is constructed on some ground half a mile away. Its appearance disfigures a charming landscape. The breeze wafts you its obnoxious odors. The whole family is shocked and angry; your friends and neighbors complain and discuss the evil constantly; you worry about it a great deal, and you can do absolutely nothing to improve the situation.

The only way to safeguard yourself against this danger is to investigate closely before buying. Learn what the owners of surrounding property intend doing with their real estate. If the lot you are considering is near a railroad, be doubly cautious because factories, refineries, and warehouses usually require railroad trackage.

Property owners in the United States have lost great sums in real estate depreciation due to the invasion of high-class residential neighborhoods by factories and refineries. In a city of 175,000, a case of this kind took place several years ago. A real estate firm bought some expensive acreage just within the city's limits. Plans were designed for a distinctive, smart subdivision; streets were laid out and paved; all the many modern improvements and conveniences were installed. The real estate company launched an aggressive advertising campaign, and the selling of lots began. But the promoters had failed to consider one serious danger. The subdivision was bounded on the west by a railroad line. Half a mile to the north ran the city boundary line.

An oil concern purchased several acres adjoining the railroad tracks just north of the city line and erected its refinery there, consisting mainly of several huge, black steel tanks and a row of cheap three-room cottages. The beautiful view which the subdivision commanded was ruined. When the wind blew from the north, an offensive odor from the refinery came with it. The people who had built homes in the subdivision complained strenuously, fairly broadcasting their dissatisfaction. The selling of lots thenceforth became uphill toil.

We have now reached the problem of the lot itself. To be on the safe side, one must judge it from several angles. Otherwise it is possible to become so attracted by one or more features that certain important disadvantages are overlooked.

Generally speaking, the site should be situated higher than the surrounding ground, if possible. This position promises a greater outlook and better drainage. Another advantage is coolness during the hot months. The heat is intense in many American cities during summer, and a home that is swept by refreshing breezes, while most of the town swelters, certainly endears itself to its owner. The sleeping porch is built so as to face the direction from which the breezes come, and because of its perspiration-proof qualities, it becomes the favorite spot of the whole family in the hot season.

Everybody who has studied residential property development in various cities has observed that it is an almost invariable rule that the highest points in the residential sections command the highest prices.

Whatever you do in buying your lot, be sure to look thoroughly into the foundation. There lies real trouble. A salesman's enthusiastic assurance that the lot will provide a strong foundation at small cost is not enough. He may be quite sincere and yet mistaken. In this respect especially, lots have a way of proving treacherous.

A well-to-do oil man several years ago bought some expensive land in a western city and prepared to build a $75,000 home on it. The contractor ran the foundation columns down twenty feet below the ground's surface, believing they rested on solid rock. The house was completed. Several months later immense cracks appeared in the walls after one side had begun to sink. Either the foundation had played traitor or the contractor hadn't been vigilant enough. At any rate, the fine home was practically ruined.

*A Foundation Built in a Duck Pond*

In another case, several doctors purchased some ground on which to build a hospital. Before buying they had received an estimate from an architect as to the cost of the building. They carefully reckoned the total expenditure necessary. The architect, of course, had counted on an ordinary foundation, not knowing they had a particular site in view. As soon as work was started, it was found that the contractor would have to go very deep for a foundation. And he did go deep, and deeper and deeper. At length he stopped—at something over forty feet. This abnormal foundation added several thousands of dollars to the cost of the project. Neither the doctors nor the real estate agent had known that seventy-five years before the site had been a duck pond!

Cases of expensive foundation problems could be multiplied indefinitely, and all point the same moral: *Know the foundation before you buy.* Most subdividers will agree to bore a test hole on any site you are seriously considering. If the seller won't do this, have it done yourself; it will cost only a few dollars. Much can be learned by talking with the owners of homes in the neighborhood, who are likely to know of any foundation troubles in their blocks.

As for improvements—such necessities as electricity, water, sewage, gas, and telephone service—beware of promises. These things certainly should be supplied by the seller if possible. If you undertake to furnish them yourself, you likely will have an interesting but costly experience. Unfortunately there are some real estate men who promise more than they deliver, but keep within the law and continue in business. Small water pipes, thinly graveled streets, inadequate sewage facilities—these so-called improvements do not make a first-class neighborhood.

See that the conveniences furnished with your lot are the best of their kind. A paved street, a cement curb and sidewalk, and a graveled alley in the rear are desirable improvements. In many of the best subdivisions the telephone cables are put in the alleys (so as not to have unsightly telephone poles lining the beautiful, curving streets), and artistic iron lighting posts are erected in front of the homes. Garbage deposit boxes are placed in the alleys. A wide space is left between curb and sidewalk on which grass and shrubbery are grown.

*Concerning the Terms of Payment*

The proper size of your lot depends to a large extent, of course, upon the size of your house. If you plan building a roomy two-story or a spacious bungalow, you will want a rather large lot (at least a wide one); otherwise your home will look somewhat like a fat man in tight-fitting boy's clothes. The best subdivision companies take strict precautions on this point; they specify the various sizes of lots on which houses may be built. A broad, deep lot with wide, terraced lawns enhances the beauty of any home. If your site is narrow, the house of your neighbor may be so close to yours that, in the vivid expression of one realtor, "he can hear you think," and you enjoy no privacy. Standard lot sizes vary in different cities, but the commonest dimensions appear to be 40 by 100 feet. In certain western and southern cities the standard is 50 by 100—certainly a more sensible size for the average bungalow or cottage of five rooms. A little extra money given for a few additional feet is usually well spent.

Most buyers are eagerly interested in the terms of payment. Even today people are found who think that real estate is sold only for cash, whereas not one sale out of a dozen is a cash transaction. The installment plan method of selling real estate is practiced in a multitude of forms. Lots are sold with a first payment of from one dollar to five hundred dollars, the determining factor being the quality and price of the site. In most cases, a period of from three to five years is given in which to complete the payments of interest and principal, which must be made at stated intervals—weekly, monthly, semiannually, or annually.

As a rule, real estate can be bought at cheaper prices if all cash is paid.

The question of a good title is a dreadful bugaboo.

The best protection is a good lawyer.

# Why Is Food So High?

(*Concluded from page 15*)

vegetables, but this is only five per cent; while another five per cent occurs from shrinkage.

There is also a definite waste due to the loss occurring from rapidly varying prices. Flaws in distribution and demand are responsible for this condition. The cost of delivery and credit extended to the consumer also adds to the cost of food.

At the other end of the line the farmer can do much to reduce the cost of marketing food products.




The ghost of Economy House.

The shipment of farm products in car lots would save much waste and be more efficient. The rates on car lots are less than on smaller quantities. Car lots move with quicker dispatch.

Individual farmers frequently do not have sufficient quantity to make car lots of a given farm commodity—hence the necessity of coöperating with neighbors and pooling resources. In many farm communities it is difficult to obtain any quantity of a given uniform farm product because of the great number of varieties grown. The price is consequently reduced a few cents per bushel or pound and the farmer is the loser thereby. There is also economic waste due to lack of standardization.

It is quite clear that much of the high cost of food is due to the presence of preventable and economic waste in the production, transportation and marketing of farm products, and this waste must be eliminated before the problem is solved. It can only be eliminated by the united efforts of the consumer, producer, and distributor.



# A Dance A Week



## THE SCHOTTISCHE

The dance is of Polish origin, and like almost all of the old dances came through France and England to our own country. This dance is said to have been introduced into Paris by Markouski, a Polish dancing instructor, about 1850. The schottische became popular in the United States, and even today is often found among the modern dances. Among the earlier schottisches was one which starts with left foot to the left side and executes a *slide, close, step, hop* (*on left*); and a *slide, close, step, hop,* (on right) to the right side. Then follows a *step, hop,* turning. A *step hop* means to take a step, then a hop, on the same foot. Count 1 and 2, 3 and 4.

THE DANCE—Metronome 152 Waltz Position

Slide left foot to left side, count 1; Close right foot to left, count 2

Slide left foot to left side, count 3; Close right foot to left (raised), weight is still on left foot, and at the same time raise and lower the heel of the left foot, count 4 (1 bar).

Repeat the same movements with the right foot to the right side.

Slide right foot to right side, count 1; Close left foot to right, count 2

Slide right foot to right side, count 3; Close left foot to right (raised), at the same time raise and lower the right heel, count 4 (1 bar).

SECOND PART—Execute four *step hops* turning, starting with left foot and alternating. Repeat all from the beginning.

### THE THREE SLIDE SCHOTTISCHE

Metronome 152 Waltz Position 4/4 time

This dance is performed by taking three slides and a half turn to the left, and three slides and a half turn to the right.

Starting with the left foot to left side, take slide close, slide close, slide close, step (backward turning). Repeat to right side with right foot; slide close, slide close, slide close, step (forward turning). Repeat the entire dance.

### THE FIVE STEP SCHOTTISCHE

Waltz Position Metronome 152

In 1871, E. W. Masters, a Boston dancing instructor, arranged the FIVE STEP. This dance consisted of five steps in four counts, and became very popular in the New England states. It was rather difficult for the average dancer to master. In the days of its popularity, a dancer who could not perform the "five step" schottische was not considered "finished."

THE DANCE—Slide left foot to left side, count 1; Draw right foot to left, count 2

Step back with left foot, count 3 (turning); Slide right foot to right side, count, *and*

Draw left foot to right, count 4 (1 bar); To the last two steps allow one count

Repeat all with right foot; Slide right foot to right side, count 1

Draw left foot to right, count 2; Step forward on right foot, count 3

Slide left foot to left side, count *and* draw right foot to left, count 4 (1 bar)

Repeat all from the beginning. Remember to count the dance 1-2-3 *and* 4. *Allow one count to the last two steps.* Turns are made as in the waltz.

### THE MILITARY SCHOTTISCHE OR THE BARN DANCE

First part, open position. Second part, waltz position. The Barn Dance derived its name from a popular schottische called "Dancing in the barn." The first part is open position. Partners stand side by side, gentleman's right hand at lady's waist, her left hand resting upon his right arm. Each starts with outside foot.

FIRST PART—Step forward on left foot, count 1; Draw right foot to left (a little back), count 2; Step forward on left, count 3; Hop on left, count 4 (1 bar)

*Repeat* starting with right foot forward; Step forward on right, count 1

Draw left foot to right (a little back), count 2; Step forward on right, count 3

Hop on right, count 4 (1 bar).

SECOND PART—Waltz position, making a ¼ turn each time on each step.

Step back on left foot, and hop (same foot) count 1-2

Step forward on right, and hop, count 3-4 (1 bar)

Step back on left foot, and hop, count 5-6 (1 bar)

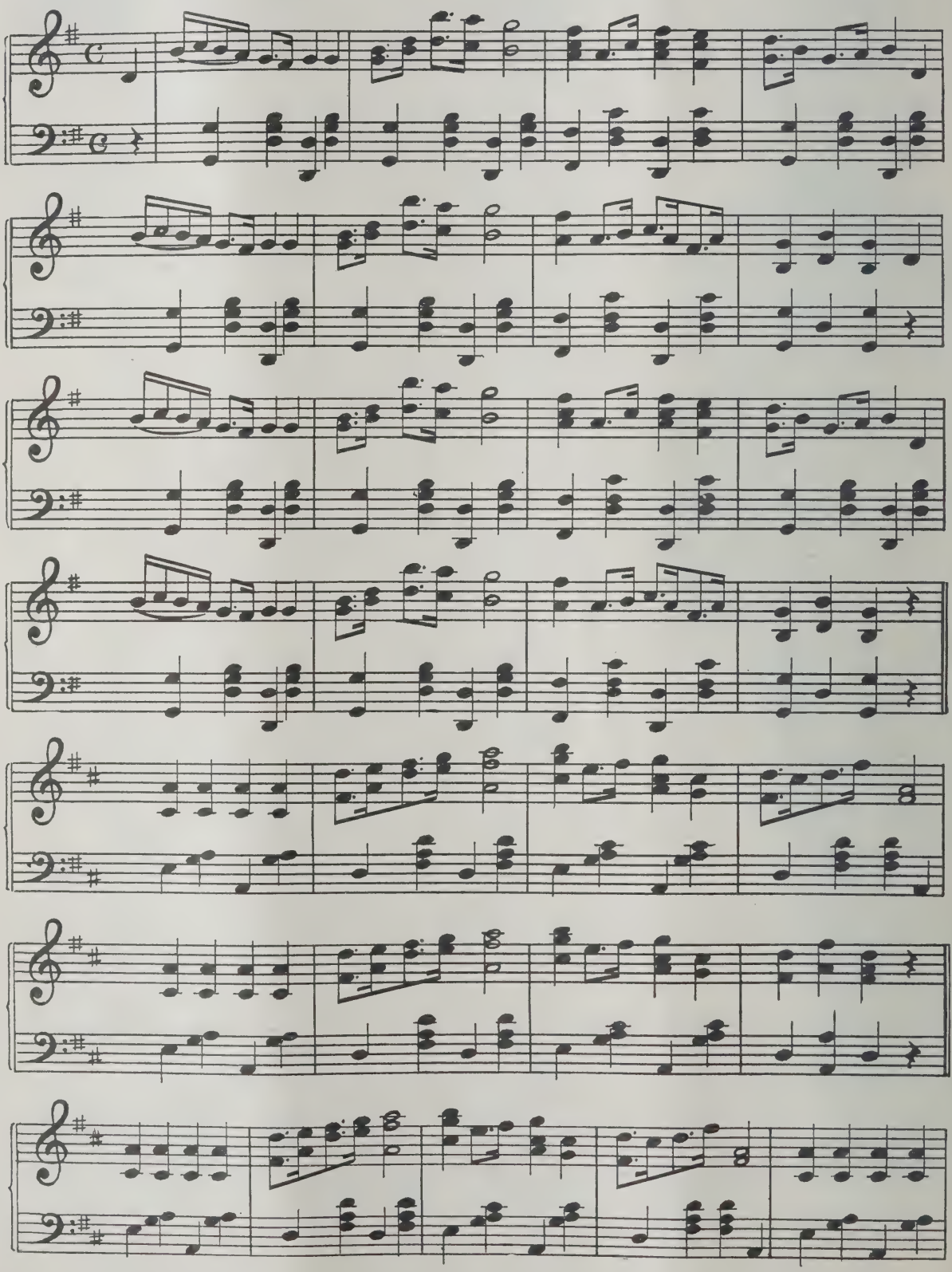
Step forward on right foot and hop, count 7-8; *Repeat* all from the beginning.

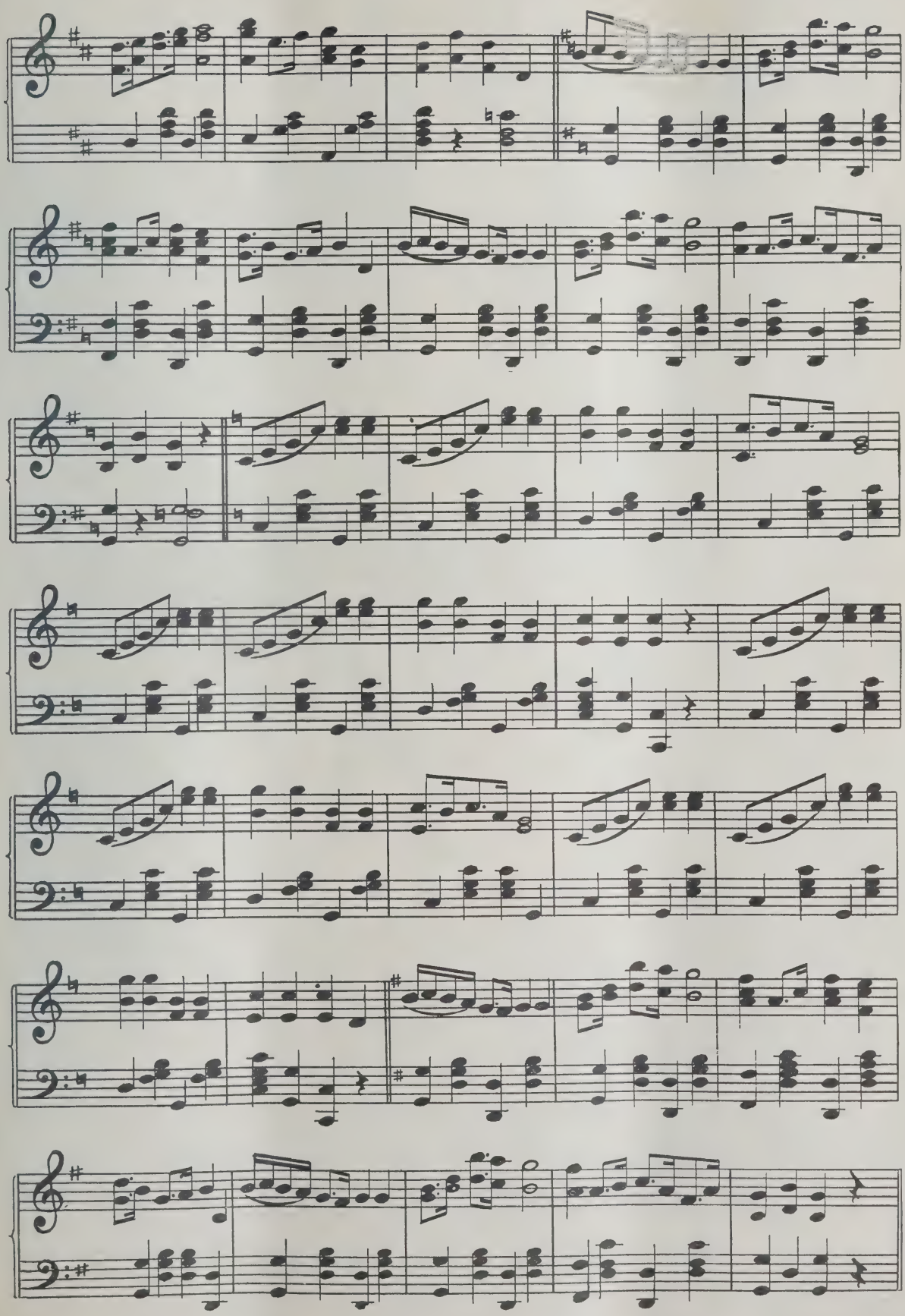
Briefly the entire dance is: *step, close, step, hop* (with left foot); *step, close, step, hop* (on right foot). All steps are forward. In the Waltz position all steps are turning. NOTE—the first part may be danced by starting with the left foot, and take three short running steps forward, left, right, left, and a hop on left foot, count 1-2-3-4. Repeat starting with right foot, three short running steps forward, right, left, right, and hop on right foot, count 5-6-7-8. Followed by four *step hops*, turning.

"Good Morning" is the new Ford book on the Old American Dances. 75 cents a copy. Send orders to Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

# Old Southern Schottische

Metronome 152 4/4 Time





# Lady Makes a Living Raising Lilies

## Annually She Sells Thousands of Flowers and Roots From Her Twelve-Acre Garden

By GEORGE H. DACY



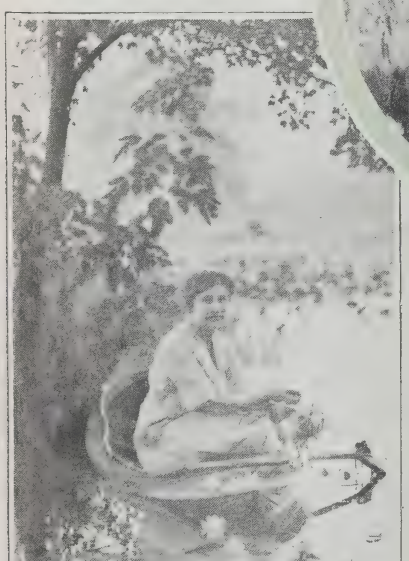
The Fowler lily garden is one of the largest in the world, consisting of twenty-nine ponds that cover twelve acres of water surface.

HOW would you like to be the owner of the largest water lily farm in America?

That is the position of Mrs. Helen Fowler, of Washington, who succeeded her father, W. B. Shaw, some years ago as operator of a huge lily farm at Kenilworth, a District of Columbia village, only six miles from the White House.

Mrs. Fowler took over the business in 1912 at the request of her father who wished to retire. At that time all Mrs. Fowler knew about lilies was that they were beautiful and that their production and sale had built up a comfortable little fortune for her father.

Posthaste, she began her study of lilies and other aquatic plants. She experimented with the plants in the greenhouses and ponds. She read ponderous botanical treatises and brochures. She consulted with experts of the National Department of Agriculture. She learned most of all from her daily work with the extraordinary water plants which like human beings close their blooms and go to sleep at night only to awaken and open up their blossoms in all their splendor the following morning, delighting the eyes of all.



MRS. HELEN FOWLER,
Washington lady who owns and runs the world's largest lily farm.



Specimens of the *Victoria Regia* which Mrs. Fowler grows. The plants are thirty feet square and the individual leaves are three feet to six feet in diameter.

The story of the inception and development of the lily farm is an interesting one. Mr. Shaw, a native of Maine, many years ago accepted a Government position and moved to Washington, purchasing a thirty-acre farm near Kenilworth, District of Columbia. There was one small pond on the tract and, for his personal pleasure, the owner introduced a number of specimens of the white water lily from Maine and set them out in this pond.

The plants developed rapidly. Mr. Shaw stocked a second pond with lilies. Soon the flowers were so abundant that the amateur grower had more than he could give away. One morning, for the fun of it, he carried several large bunches to Washington and showed them to a florist who immediately purchased them and ordered as many more as the Shaw ponds could produce.

Sensing the commercial possibilities of lily farming, Mr. Shaw then began to devote special attention to the improvement and expansion of his midget water gardens. He set out varieties of every type that he could obtain, and made ponds where the plants could grow. He harnessed the prolific springs of his neighborhood as natural sources of water supply to feed the ponds. In a practical and systematic manner, he laid the foundation for a remarkably profitable industry in aquatic plants. The first year, he only cleared $125 from his lily-raising enterprise. Steadily, ever since, however, the business has been booming until, nowadays, during the height of the season, Mrs. Fowler markets from 3,000 to 5,000 lilies daily in addition to selling thousands of roots that bring from 25 cents to $25 apiece, and approximately 3,000 aquarium plants a week throughout the year.

The lily farm covers twelve acres of water and upland garden and consists of twenty-nine artificial ponds which are productive of one hundred different varieties of lilies of every species known to modern botany.

"Water lilies are the easiest of all flowers to raise," Mrs. Fowler said. "All they require are unobstructed sunlight, plenty of water and a rich soil such as often obtains at the bottom of sluggish streams due to the decomposition of leaves, grasses and weeds. The tender sorts are started in pots in the greenhouse early in March and transplanted in the ponds about the first of June.

"How do you harvest the flowers?" I asked.

"For commercial purposes, you have to handle the water lily entirely in the bud," responded Mrs. Fowler. "My pickers start out in their boats at five o'clock each morning so that they can pick the lily crop before any of the buds begin to open. We cut, sort, wash and pack the lilies immediately after they are picked. The aim is to have the lilies open at the time when they arrive on the city market, so that prospective buyers will be able to see them in all their beauty.

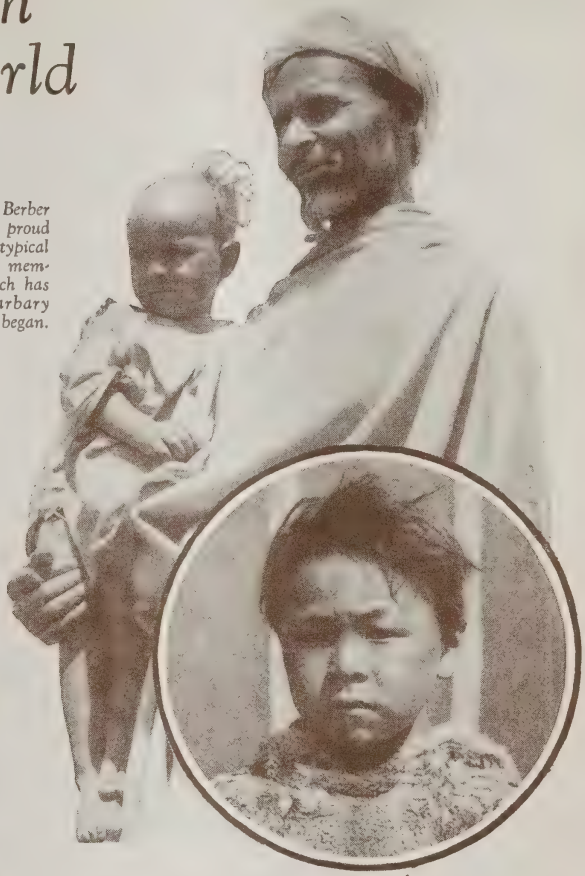
"If properly handled, a water lily will last as an ornament for seven days after it reaches the ultimate purchaser. The stem should be severed as soon as the buds reach their destination. The flowers should then be floated in shallow dishes of water, when they will open every morning and close at night."

# Glimpses of Children Round the World



THIS seven-year-old Dutch girl and her winsome smile have gone far in winning a place in the hearts of Holland's movie fans.

HERE'S a little Berber boy with his proud grandfather. Both typical native Moroccans, members of a race which has lived on the Barbary coast since history began.



A FINE type of Eskimo is this youngster of the tousled hair and pudgy face. In Northern Alaska, he little appreciates the torrid climate of the Berber pictured directly above.



TEA for four among a better-class family of houseboat dwellers at Canton, China.

THE LIBRARY OF T...
UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL

THERE is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better for worse as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till. The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

SEA

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Volume 26 Number 28

Five Cents a Copy MAY 1, 1926 $1.50 a Year



MAY 8 1926
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

# BRIEFLY TOLD

THE UNITED STATES paid $295 an acre for the Virgin Islands, $35.80 an acre for the Canal Zone, 27 cents for the Philippines, and 2 cents for Alaska.

DIVORCES IN RUSSIA may now be obtained in twelve minutes, due to the substitution of an American card index system for the cumbrous registry books formerly in use.

THE BIBLE is the world's best seller, 9,069,120 having been sold last year.

A CLEVELAND JUDGE declares that 75 per cent of the divorces granted by him were in cases where the wives worked outside of the home.

THE TIPPING HABITS of European tourists are indicated by hotel porters to each other by the angles at which they place luggage labels.



A WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK, man had to get an official permit before he could use a shotgun in hunting squirrels that had invaded his home.

THE SORBONNE, oldest of European universities, now permits student dances but forbids jazz.

A SHARP INCREASE in the American tariff virtually destroyed the straw hat industry in Tuscany, Italy, and threw 100,000 people out of work.

A GENUINE CHINCHILLA coat now costs $85,000 because Peru has banned the killing of the animals to prevent their extinction. Chinchillas have been crossed with American rabbits in an effort to obtain a substitute fur.

THE BRITISH MINT has manufactured about $8,000,000 worth of coins for the Soviet government in Russia.

EVIDENCE THAT PREHISTORIC man occupied Jacob's Cavern in Taylor's Bluff near Pineville, Missouri, between 1226 B. C. and the Christian Era, has been discovered by scientists.

INSTEAD OF PROSECUTING smoke law violators, Cleveland officials give their names to high-pressure salesmen of devices to reduce the smoke nuisance.

WESTERN PALESTINE has an area of 10,000 square miles, peopled by approximately 125,000 Moslems, 125,000 Jews, and 75,000 Christians.

THE POPULATION of Greece is about the same as that of New York City.

MONGOLIAN TRIBESMEN bob their hair in a style very similar to that of American flappers.

THE RAT TRAP USED by Lincoln to catch a rodent which had ruined his best suit was recently sold at auction.



GOLF COURSES for their own use are being laid out by farmers in the Canadian Northwest.

WHIPS ARE BEING substituted for goads for driving oxen in Portugal. The goads puncture the hides of the animals, making them useless for leather.

FINES OF $2.50 EACH were imposed on 135 electors in Adelaide, South Australia, because of their failure to vote at a recent election.

ICE SKATES FASHIONED from the bones of cattle were used in the fifth century B. C., each bone being flattened on one side along its length and perforated to admit leather ankle thongs.

THE ANCIENT CUSTOM of firing a noon gun on top of Janiculum Hill in Rome is to be discontinued, and correct time will be furnished the inhabitants by means of electrically controlled clocks.

EBONY RAILROAD TIES so hard that it is necessary to bore holes through them before spikes can be driven are used on certain divisions of the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient Railway in Mexico.

ITALIAN ORGAN GRINDERS are being refused passports by the Fascist government on the grounds that they detract from Italy's prestige.

TWENTY THOUSAND WORKMEN labored 17 years to build the Taj Mahal, regarded by many as the most perfect structure in the world.

"THE HOME IS not the house but a woman."—Old Japanese adage.



IF A PERSON FEEDS a cat, this act in itself is accepted in English law as assuming the responsibility of ownership.

EIGHT PORTRAITS OF the Calvert family, Colonial governors of Maryland two centuries ago, have been returned to this country from Italy, where they were discovered in the possession of descendants of friends of the Calverts.

AMERICAN VISITORS in London spend about $100,000,000 each year, according to British estimates.

LEVULOSE, THE SWEETEST sugar known, is derived from dahlia roots and artichoke tubers.

LIQUOR DRINKING among the Hindus decreased 7 per cent last year.

NO AMENDMENTS HAVE been made to the French Constitution since 1884.

THE PER CAPITA consumption of meat in America last year was 154.3 pounds, the greatest ever recorded.

A MILLION GALLONS of sea water will be transported from the Atlantic coast to the new Shedd Aquarium in Chicago, to provide a home for the salt-water fish which will be on exhibition there.

THE NUMBER OF PERSONS on city, county, state and national payrolls has increased 60 per cent in the past twelve years.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM has an income of only $3,700 a year from its permanent endowment.

AN ANNUAL HOSPITAL fee of $15, entitling them to medical treatment, operations, and hospital room service, is paid by citizens of Longview, Washington.

AMERICAN DRIED FRUIT exports to France increased 108 per cent in 1925 because of the failure of the French prune crop.




A HALF-MILLION-DOLLAR will penciled on a nurse's petticoat at the behest of a dying man in Los Angeles has been upheld by a jury.

THE *Tsen-Tse-Kwan-Pao*, official gazette of Pekin, is believed to be the oldest newspaper in the world. It was founded more than 1,000 years ago, and many of its editors have been decapitated because of statements they printed.

ONLY TWO MARRIAGE licenses have been issued in the past four years in Owyhee County, Idaho, which has a population of 4,694 and an area larger than Rhode Island, Delaware, and Connecticut.

BERLIN POLICE are wearing a bullet-proof armor of light, flexible steel plates.

SIXTY CHICAGO PASTORS have promised to preach on the streets of that city this season, in an effort to take the Gospel to those who will not seek it in the church.

May 1
1926

Volume 26
Number 28




# THE ESSENCE OF THIS ISSUE

Mr. Ford's Page this week deals with the question of "making men moral by legislation."

*Boston is preparing for earthquakes!* Absurd? Not at all. In colonial days temblors were common in New England, but the loss of life was slight because the population was small. Quakes come in cycles. Recurrence today might mean disaster. Hence, without unduly alarming the people, the Engineering-Economics Foundation is laying plans against possible emergencies. Authorities say that while quakes cannot be prevented, they may be robbed of much of their horror. (p. 3)

Taxes do not come from property. *They come from income.* Property in itself produces nothing. Wealth comes only when somebody goes to work. Property is a result, not a cause. Labor and management combine to make wealth. But somehow our lawmakers seem unable to comprehend this. Their sole object is to get money somewhere, *anywhere*, and so they impose indirect taxes and direct taxes and inheritance taxes and nuisance taxes and all the rest. (p. 7)

What's wrong with our schools? Well, for one thing, the supercilious attitude assumed by some parents. "Public schools may be all right for others, but *our* children . . . " You know the rest. Here is an article that exposes the pernicious fallacy of such a pose. It is written by a mother, whose children all attend public schools. (p. 8)

An *Independence Bible?* Right. The spirit of independence waxed strong among the members of the Continental Congress, so strong, in fact, that they wanted a Bible all their own. The *King James* version smacked too much of unpopular England. The task of translating a purely American Bible fell to Charles Thomson, who first read the Declaration of Independence to the populace. (p. 12)

Your trip abroad this summer—will it prove expensive? Not necessarily; except for one costly item—American passport red tape. The British subject pays his government $2 and receives a document that entitles him to enter nearly all nations of the earth without extra charge. We must pay Uncle Sam $10 for the privilege of leaving the country, and then shell out other $10 bills to every land we visit. (p. 4)

A clergyman writes: "I feel that having enjoyed THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT so long, I ought at least acknowledge the favor and give a word of appreciation.

"I say that I have enjoyed reading your magazine, especially your editorials and Mr. Ford's Page which deals with many subjects in simple and non-technical phraseology. For instance: some time ago it made clear to my mind as never before, the difference between stock speculation and business. I find the articles not only informing to myself but I can illustrate some point in a sermon with them."

A cause, especially a lost cause, will never want for adherents. So it is with pretenders. No matter how wild or preposterous a tale is told, the claimant to distinguished identity is bound to attract followers. F. L. Black, exploder of the Booth myth, traces the history of some of the better known pretenders, and explains the secret of their claims. (p. 13)

They come, they see, and they return home, laden with American money, to criticise American ways. Small wonder British author-lecturers, since the days of Dickens, have not been overly popular in this country. But all of them are not of this hypercritical bent, and those who are not are more than welcome here. Of this number is Hugh Walpole. (p. 2)

Have you ever wondered at the seeming contradictions that made up Woodrow Wilson's character? Though he was the center of more searching publicity than any other man of his time, he yet remained an enigma to most of us. Only now are the true explanations coming. This article should help you to a better understanding of the war-time President. (p. 6)

The day of the professional humorist is nearly done. So says Tom Masson, and he should know for he served for years as editor of one of the leading humorous publications. Further than this he has compiled anthologies of humor, and he is personally and intimately acquainted with most of the wits of the generation. His analytical dissection of their work is not only interesting but authoritative. (p. 16)

The old bear of the art world. This has long been the popular conception of Joseph Pennell, famous etcher and critic. But now a friend steps up to his defense. His cynicism, his sharpness, she says, are merely defensive armor for a sensitive nature. (p. 20)

The League of Nations at last seems to be assuming its natural and destined shape; pretenses are being dropped; the cloak of hypocrisy is being stripped off by nationalistic desires. Read the editorial, "A Latin League." (p. 10)

The "Negro Problem" is one of the most important facing the American people. We are all fairly familiar with the Negro's viewpoint. Next week THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT will present an analysis of the present-day attitude of the South.

CONTENTS

The Man Without Red Hair - - - - - - - 2
*Henry Albert Phillips*
When May Boston Expect an Earthquake? - 3
*Janet Mabie*
Nations Would End Passport Nuisance - - - 4
*A. R. Pinci*
Woodrow Wilson—Not Too Good And Not Too Wise—*Huston Thompson* - - - - - 6
One Reason Why Your Purse Is Light - - - 7
*Allan L. Benson*
Which School Is Best for Your Children? - - 8
*Mary Willis Shuey*
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
The *Independence Bible* of America - - - - 12
*A. G. Walker*
Pretenders Who Got Away With It - - - - 13
*F. L. Black*
Laughing Himself Out of Court - - - - - 16
*Thomas L. Masson*
Joseph Pennell—Etcher and Critic - - - - 20
*Alice MacFarland*
A Dance a Week—Heel and Toe Polka - - - 29

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer;
C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.50 A YEAR in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year.
SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

# The Man Without Red Hair

## Hugh Walpole, Noted Writer, Explains Why He Goes A-lecturing to America

By HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS



Home of Hugh Walpole in the north of England, where the writer does the greater part of his work.

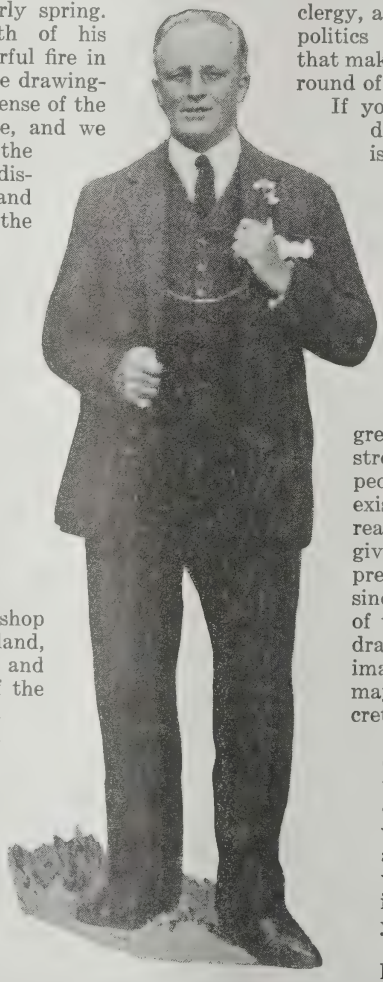
HUGH WALPOLE is in no sense—like his most recent fiction creation—a *Man With Red Hair*. As a matter of fact, Mr. Walpole is in imminent danger of soon becoming a man with little or no hair at all, it is thinning so rapidly. But of all the gracious authors of distinction that I have met, commend me to Hugh Walpole.

He received me in his luxurious but pleasant flat—they call apartments "flats" in London—in Piccadilly, overlooking Green Park, one chilly morning in early spring. Between the warmth of his manner and the cheerful fire in the grate in his sizable drawing-room, I soon lost all sense of the unfriendly fog outside, and we fell to chatting about the things that were most disturbing to his mind and the sort that one of the wrong type would be likely to get "red-headed" over.

Hugh Walpole has always lived in an atmosphere that peculiarly fits a literary-minded man. Furthermore, he has been clever enough to improve the opportunities at hand, by actually using them, in many notable instances, as the background of his work.

As the son of a bishop of the Church of England, Mr. Walpole was born and brought up in four of the cathedral towns which he has so skillfully and realistically employed as the background of that revealing novel, *The Cathedral*.

Perhaps Anthony Trollope alone, in his Barchester stories, has given us a more searching study of the life that goes on in an English bishop's household, the relations with his clergy, and all the ecclesiastical politics and petty bickerings that make up the really exciting round of daily life.



Hugh Walpole.

If you will recall, the cathedral town of Polchester is constantly referred to, and not a few readers believe that Polchester is actually on the geographical map:

"No, Polchester is a composite of all the cathedral towns in which I lived as a child," said Walpole. "It grew in my mind—its streets and houses and people—until it came to exist as something very real. I hope that I have given my readers the impression that it *is* real, since it is the ambition of the fiction artist so to draw the creations of his imagination that they may finally exist in concrete form. I have always had a fear that my cathedral towns stories were faulty in that I did not write them with enough sympathy, although I wrote them with the greatest feeling of sincerity, mind you."

He paused to light his pipe, and looked into space a moment, as though to glimpse Polchester and make sure he was saying the right thing about it.

"Yes, to write about environment, one should love it. But I hated the cathedral town and all it stood for, so it was not as good a picture as it might have been. I write much better about London, because I love it."

He looked out of the window, down toward Piccadilly Circus, and I could see in the slight softening of his expression just what he meant to say.

"If you will read *The Old Ladies*, you will understand what I mean; there's the unpleasant side of it."

In addition to his many American readers, Hugh Walpole has another potential link with America. He is, I have been led to understand, the most popular—and fancy-priced—of the many English lecturers who occupy platforms throughout the length and breadth of our cultural community. There has been criticism, usually from those who did not attend or enjoy the lectures, about these Britishers coming over here and "mulcting" the American public. The American public continues to flock to hear them, however. I wanted to hear Mr. Walpole's side.

"Well, really," he began with hesitating reluctance. "So there is a feeling that we Englishmen go there to get money?"

He was neither annoyed, nor ill-natured. I would be inclined to say, rather, that he was good-natured about it.

"Well, it would be futile for me to say that I am not aware of that. Any Englishman—or American, or Hottentot—would be an imbecile to go through with one of your lecture tours and not consider

(Concluded on page 19)

# When May Boston Expect Its Next Earthquake?

## Engineers Lay Plans for Averting Disaster if Temblors Again Rock New England Region

By
JANET MABIE



Dr. Hollis Godfrey, president Engineering-Economics Foundation.

WHILE earthquakes cannot be prevented in any section, the problems they occasion, of property damage and loss of life, are solvable. For the orderly solution of such problems the Engineering-Economics Foundation—of which Dr. Hollis Godfrey is president and many eminent scientists are members—has appointed notable civilian committees in the New York-New England-Quebec area which has reached the highest degree of earthquake expectancy of any year in its history.

These committees will coöperate with official boards on municipal emergencies to make efficient contact between the people and the officers charged with their protection in time of emergency. The function of the official boards is twofold: action in event of great disaster and education. It is by means of education that the public will be afforded protection, through organized activity on the part of the agencies intrusted with the multiple tasks of quelling panic in time of emergency with the measured means of safety and relief.

Just as the problems of health and sanitation have been solved to a great extent by medical men and sanitary engineers, the "problems of emergency," such as earthquake hazard, conflagrations and tornadoes, can be successfully solved by engineering economists. From 75 to 90 per cent of protection from the whole field of "emergency hazard" can be made available to the populace by research.

The Engineering-Economics Foundation has devoted exhaustive research to the effects of emergency upon crowded centers, particularly such sections as are inhabited by non-English-speaking peoples.

In a day when such vital appurtenances of material life as water, gas, and electricity function largely underground, it is the duty of every responsible citizen, in all areas which may be affected by shock, to examine the problem of earthquake expectancy and hazard, and to secure education in available means of protection against loss and destruction by shock in the same intelligent spirit with which it is customary to examine the necessity and to obtain the protection of insurance.

In an earlier day it did not matter so much that the well and the pump were upset for a space. No floods resulted from broken water mains and there never was a sufficient quantity of whale oil on hand to cause conflagration. But today the whole pattern of modern life makes the effect of earthquake complex, and it is the part of sheer wisdom to prepare for conditions it precipitates in advance of emergency.

There are amenities of public conduct in modern times regarding earthquake concerning which there should be general education, and which if observed afford a means of dissipating alarm. Education enables the men of relief organizations to plan wise and useful preparedness for the specific necessities arising in time of earthquake. Construction, engineering, the functions of protection vested in all public and private economic services, of commerce and industry, public health, public security and the prevention of panic are all the inevitable result of education.

Before the World War the Engineering-Economics Foundation was conducting assiduous researches in the conduct of man under conditions of emergency.

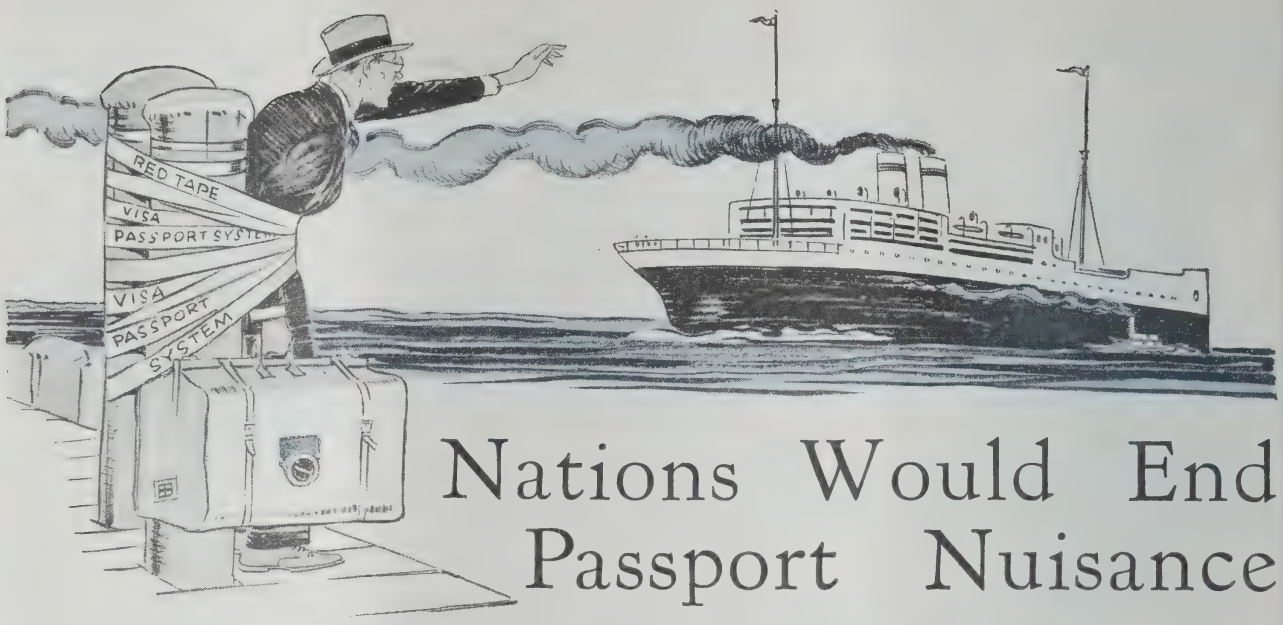
The Foundation—Dr. Godfrey points out—never conducted researches merely to advance knowledge concerning the causes of disaster. It never undertook the experiment of predicting either time or geographic location of the occurrence of disaster. As Dr. Osler, of Johns Hopkins University—thus changing the whole trend of post-graduate study—was pioneer in the field of studying, not disease, but man under conditions of disease, and as Professor William T. Sedgwick, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was a pioneer in the study of man as endangered by unsanitary conditions, so Dr. Godfrey and the Engineering-Economics Foundation were pioneers in conducting organized research of man under conditions of emergency with the further purpose of placing their important findings at the educational disposal of the public.

The World War came and the work of the Foundation had become well organized and was functioning explicitly according to its survey of peace-time problems of emergency. This made it possible for its first great natural achievement to be performed. Immediately its entire body was placed at the country's disposal, to serve throughout the remainder of the war as the staff of its president, who became Federal Commissioner of Education of the United States Council of National Defense, by appointment of President Wilson. Its entire resources of records, based on the various observations of men under conditions of conflagration, flood, famine, tornado and earthquake, were placed, the sole existing, complete records of civilian emergency, at the disposal of Federal agencies to which were allotted the trying and imperative problems arising out of summary conditions incident to war.

The war-time record of the Foundation is another story. In the afternoon of Armistice Day Dr. (Continued on page 26)

### THE CAUSE OF EARTHQUAKES

Gradual movement of the solid earth is taking place constantly though very slowly in many lands. This is due to the constant shrinkage of the earth's interior, to the transfer of lead when the mountains are worn down and cast into the sea, and to other causes of a more complicated nature. For a time the elastic crust yields to such stresses, but in so doing it accumulates strain. Finally the last straw breaks the camel's back: somewhere the earth's crust violently ruptures. The cracks thus made extend for many miles across the earth's surface and are known as faults.




# Nations Would End Passport Nuisance

## Visa Regulations Impose Hardships on American Travelers

By A. R. PINCI

ON MAY 12 of this year, the League of Nations Passport Conference, to which the United States has been invited, will be held at Geneva. The conference has been called under an Assembly resolution, which is in part as follows:

> The attention of all Governments is drawn to the special importance of the Conference on Passports. Steps will be taken for the elimination, insofar as is possible, of the passport system, and the mitigation of the disadvantages and the expense which the system entails for relations between peoples and for international trade facilities.

What the agenda proposes is the abolition of the passport system, but conceding that this is a remote possibility, a series of alternative proposals—chainwise—are suggested, in the hope that some relief will be afforded both in the use and cost of that technically simple but officially complicated adjunct of the traveler. By strange coincidence, although the passport is a Continental discovery, it remained for the United States to turn it into an economic nuisance.

The present passport system is condemned by the Foreign Commerce Department Advisory Committee of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, the Merchants Association of New York, Frank C. Clark (said to be the dean of American tourist agents), Professor W. H. Shephard, of Minnesota (speaking for a group of professional Americans), many other important bodies, and thousands of travelers.

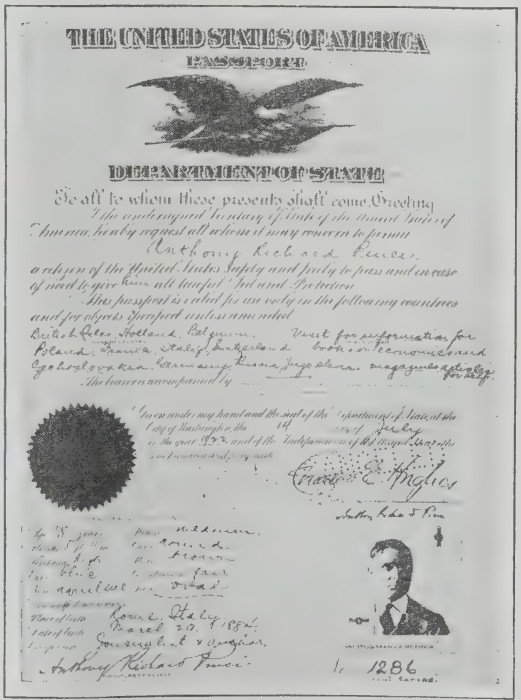
The present administration favors some sort of relief, which has the backing of the Secretary of State and the Secretary of Commerce. A year ago a favorable report on the Fish Bill, to permit the lowering or the abolition of passport visa fees under certain conditions, was ordered by the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, but it failed to pass. Under the provisions of the Fish Bill, the President would be empowered to take similar action in the case of non-immigrants coming to the United States from countries of which they are citizens and which are granting reciprocal rights to American citizens of a like class. Several governments have gone so far as to announce their intentions to change their passport regulations as soon as the United States is ready to reciprocate.

I have had much experience with passports, from the holder's standpoint as well as from that of visaing them. I have used them at the three periods most commonly used for the purpose of comparison—ante-war, post-war, and recent. The best description of the passport is this: Before the war the passport was not a point for discussion any more than the traveling ticket proper, whereas now it is the alpha and omega of travelers, foreign and American, who have anything to do with the American system, and is cursed in as many ways as language permits.

Members of Congress, especially those responsible for the present state of affairs, explain the motive for existing legislation in many ways. The fact is that Congress has red-taped a function which is in reality extremely simple, and has transformed an inexpensive credential into a revenue-bearing source.

A passport and a visa are two different things. A passport without visa is serviceable in certain places, but a visa cannot be said to exist without the passport, as the latter is the document which is rubber-stamped, numbered, and signed by a foreign consular officer.

Passports are issued to foreign nationals by their respective governments for a nominal sum.


THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

PASSPORT

DEPARTMENT OF STATE

To all to whom these presents shall come, Greeting:
The undersigned Secretary of State of the United States of America hereby requests all whom it may concern to permit

Anthony Richard Pinci,

a citizen of the United States safely and freely to pass and in case of need to give him all lawful aid and protection.

This passport is valid for one entry in the following countries and for objects specified unless sooner revoked

British Isles, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Russia, Finland, Poland, Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Roumania, Jugo-Slavia, Bulgaria, Greece, Turkey, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Mesopotamia, Arabia, Persia, Afghanistan, Siam, China, Japan, Korea, Manchuria, Philippine Islands, Hawaiian Islands, Panama Canal Zone, Mexico, Cuba, Haiti, Santo Domingo, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Honduras, Salvador, Guatemala, Canada, Newfoundland, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, Union of South Africa, Liberia, Abyssinia, Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, Tripoli, Egypt, Sudan, Belgian Congo, Portuguese East Africa, Portuguese West Africa, Madagascar, Uganda, Kenya, Nyasaland, Rhodesia, Angola, Mozambique, Senegal, Ivory Coast, Gold Coast, Nigeria, Sierra Leone, Gambia, Togoland, Cameroon, Fernando Po, Spanish Guinea, Spanish Morocco, Spanish Sahara, Rio de Oro, Canary Islands, Madeira, Azores, Cape Verde Islands, Portuguese Guinea, Portuguese India, Portuguese Timor, Macao, Dutch East Indies, Dutch West Indies, Dutch Guiana, Curaçao, Aruba, Bonaire, Saba, St. Eustatius, St. Martin, Surinam, Java, Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes, Bali, Lombok, Timor, Flores, Sumbawa, Sumba, Ceram, Amboina, Banda, Ternate, Tidore, Batjan, Halmahera, Obi, Bouru, Ambonia, Aru, Tanimbar, Kei, Misool, Waigeo, Salwatti, Papua, Netherlands New Guinea, Netherlands Timor, Netherlands Antilles, Netherlands Indies, Netherlands Guiana, Netherlands Antilles, Netherlands Indies, Netherlands Guiana, Netherlands Antilles, Netherlands Indies, Netherlands Guiana

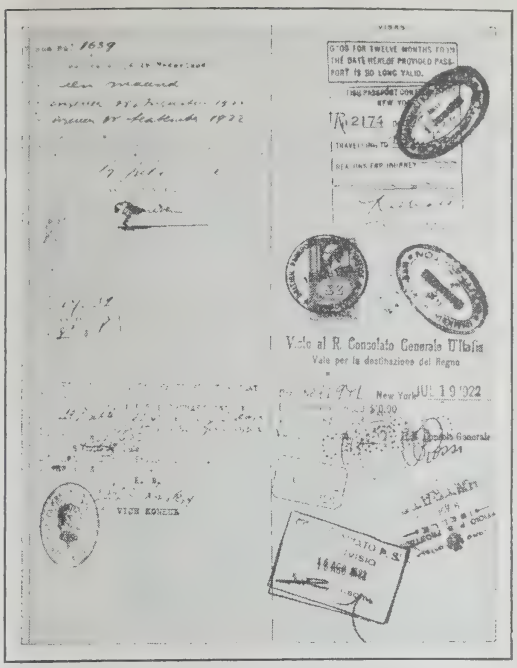
The average European can travel all over the Continent and a goodly part of the remaining world at little passport cost. Were it not for the fear of the unemployed traveler migrating, foreign passport conditions would be even easier and simpler.

An American passport costs $10. An American visa on any foreign passport costs $10. Important nations charge $10 for their visas on American passports. A lower American fee would be immediately reciprocated by foreign authorities. As to why Congress should decree a $10 charge for an American's privilege to travel away from the United States is a conundrum of the kind with which Washington abounds.

In 1919 it cost me $2 to obtain my American passport. Foreign visas likewise totaled altogether a similar sum. In 1922 a new passport cost me $10; a few visas raised the cost to about $100. In 1925 a new passport was required; visas pyramided the cost on a straight $10 ratio. Thus the American Government, on the plea of making passport control self-supporting, has created a marvelous addition to our invisible exports. It is unofficially estimated that in 1925 Americans paid about $30,000,000 to foreign governments for their visas.

Certain authorities claim that foreign countries would have been within their rights to charge $18 plus $5 to American visitors, the calculation being, in the first case, the equivalent of the visa fee of $10 and the head tax of $8, and the second corresponding to our war tax of $5 a head upon travelers leaving the country. That they have not done so is proof of knowing how to govern well, and not to kill the goose that is laying this new golden egg for them, for authorities abroad understand that the growing tide of American travelers abroad originates with people of moderate means.

The proposal to remove the visa fee of $10 is of no practical advantage, because the American idea is to bar immigrants from the non-paying privilege. The number of non-immigrant foreigners coming to the United States is insignificant in a fee-producing sense. It would seem that our present immigration laws have, or are supposed to have, eliminated some of the objections connected with the original quota law; hence it seems to me that a coefficient of the new immigration act is a substantially lower visa fee and the abolition of the head tax.




Another page of the passport used by Mr. Pinci.

No foreign government should take seriously any American proposal which, in simplifying passport control, did not take into consideration abolishing the export war tax—for such it is—and readjustment of the head tax; but I am informed that on either of these points neither the Geneva passport conference nor its participants will offer obstruction on a tooth-for-tooth basis. Yet it is clear that the abolition of the $10 American visa would be a straight saving of that sum to Americans without in any way saving foreigners coming over here. It would reduce the foreign visa charges paid by Americans on their passports, but would mean no corresponding saving to the emigrant bound for the United States. Non-immigrant foreign visitors would be obliged to pay $13, $8 head tax and $5 war tax; immigrants would pay $18, visa and head tax.

In general, passports are used chiefly by two classes, commercial and tourist. American firms conducting an over-sea business are countless; they are sufficiently taxed at home without adding the cost of passports and their visa fees. It is true that a passport is good for two years through extensions, that some visas are good for one year, and that two, three or four voyages in one year would cut the cost pro rata.

Certain foreign governments have granted free visas to responsible American business men attending trade and other meetings within their borders. Not only should the American Government devise a special passport for the use of business and professional men going abroad in connection with their work, but the International Chamber of Commerce should sponsor universal passport controlled by, say, annual renewal on a semi-automatic basis.

Apart from the excessive cost and retaliatory penalties which the now unbusinesslike American passport has imposed on its users, there is the ritual which attaches to obtaining the document. The law does not specify many inhibitions, but these have been provided by State Department regulations, and where these fail the officious passport personnel volunteers. When one enters a passport office it seems as if one were in a police station crowded with characters under suspicion and obliged to account for their actions and possessions.

My decision to (Continued on page 23)



When one enters a passport office it seems as if one were in a police station crowded with characters obliged to account for their actions and possessions.

# Woodrow Wilson—Not Too Good and Not Too Wise

## President's Scoto-Irish Ancestry Explains Various Apparently Contradictory Personal Characteristics



President Wilson, at Columbus, Ohio, combines a straw hat and an overcoat.



(C) International.

By HUSTON THOMPSON

Copyright, 1926, Huston Thompson.

PART VI

ONE of the strangest phenomena in contemporary American history is the fact that, although Woodrow Wilson was President of the United States for eight years under the white light of criticism and analysis, his real personality is still a mystery to the country. People speculate as to what manner of man he was, in speech, address, conversation, mannerism, habits, and so forth. Roosevelt is an open book; Wilson unknown. What did he say and do? How did he speak to friends in personal contacts? Was he really austere, reserved, forbidding and cold or was he warm-hearted, friendly, outspoken and cordial?

Woodrow Wilson was Scottish—awfully Scottish. His forebears were from Ulster, in Northern Ireland, where the transplanted Scottish people retain many of their racial characteristics. The Irish strain was associational. From the light-hearted rollicking personality of the Irish, who had rubbed shoulders with his ancestors for a century, Woodrow Wilson got his Celtic characteristics. It was this to which he referred when he once whimsically remarked: "I am glad that I have something in me which, at times, relieves my Scottish conscience and gives me moments of delightful irresponsibility."

Like all people he had two distinct personalities, only he was fully aware of both. He was, in fact, almost two different persons. One was serious, reserved, almost cold. The other was free and easy, fun-loving, frankly cordial, warm-hearted. One made him a recluse. The other made him gregarious, happy to a point of hilarity in a crowd, thirsting for companionship.

This double personality explains the mystery about Woodrow Wilson. All the time that he was President the man in the street heard contradictory reports concerning him. One day he would hear of a funny story of a warm-hearted, impulsive action. The next day he would hear that Mr. Wilson had appeared very serious and solemn on some occasion. He could not reconcile these attitudes. He was accustomed to having his President reveal one definite character and always remain in it. Therefore, Wilson became a mystery. The average man did not know that he had two Presidents—one with a Scottish and the other with an Irish flavor.

The combination was delightful in its results. A business conference with President Wilson was an intellectual joy. He never "hung crape" on his confidential, official discussions. Serious, because they were on serious subjects, in the hands of a careful Scotsman, he nevertheless sprinkled them with anecdote, reminiscence, and apt story, to the great delight of his associates.

A perfect illustration of this attitude was his remark at Seagirt, New Jersey, two days after he was nominated for President, when letters and telegrams had piled up on him by the thousands. At a conference with two or three others who had offered to organize an office force, he was asked, as a preliminary, how he was getting along with the great pile of communications on his desk.

"Well," he replied, with a twinkle in his eye, "I'm like the Irishman who was eating soup with a fork, I'm gaining on it."

When Mr. Wilson was president of Princeton University he was interviewed by a representative of a Chicago newspaper who had come from that city to Princeton to get Mr. Wilson's views on the subject of cutting down the time of a college course from four to three years. This was a very serious question in the university world and was being actively agitated. Pointing to a group of juniors who looked somewhat verdant, meas- (Continued on page 31)



(C) Harris & Ewing

A more serious aspect of President Wilson. He is seen discussing the high cost of living with Governor Sproul, of Pennsylvania.

# One Reason Why Your Purse Is Light

## The Public Must Pay Because Government Is Not Self-Supporting

By ALLAN L BENSON

ILLUSTRATED By R. F. HEINRICH




Government should live on its own resources and not plunder.

STATESMEN are always at their worst in matters of taxation. What a stupid thing to tax windows and thus drive the people to do without them, as was long ago done in France. How cruel to lay a tax upon salt, the active ingredient behind the heart's ability to beat. Windows and salt were taxed because they were believed to constitute quick, sure routes to people's pockets, though the politicians were in error about the windows because people did without them and took the tubercular route to the grave.

But easy, quick, sure money is what the gentlemen who govern are always after, while taking care to avoid methods so transparent and so harsh that they may lead to revolution. A tax that can be easily collected and yields a large sum is the ideal tax. Next to it is the tax that yields a large sum and is paid indirectly. The indirect tax is the great intellectual product of statesmanship. To get the money without the victim realizing who got it is the art of tax-craft. A few are taxed directly. The great multitude are taxed indirectly, don't know it, and are difficult to interest in taxation. They are interested in spending money, but uninterested in one of the reasons why they have no more money to spend. But that is all a matter of education and understanding; and the world is young.

As an example of the tax that yields a large return upon the effort expended to collect it, nothing can compare with the inheritance tax. The best that can be said about this tax is that nobody has ever complained about it after he has paid it—because nobody pays it until he is dead.

James R. Brown, a New York economist, says that inheritance taxes are "but an admission that it is easier to rob the dead than the living." Nobody can successfully defend the tax upon any other ground than that the Government believes it needs the money and takes this way of getting it.

One rule should be applied both to great and small fortunes. If by reason of the way the fortune is used it is a public menace the Government should proceed against it at the earliest possible moment, which means proceeding against the owner while he is still alive. He and his fortune should be compelled to cease to be menaces. If a small body of working capital, used to a good purpose, is taxed out of existence, correspondingly small harm is done to the public, while it would be a public calamity to have the Government drive a large body of working capital, used to serve the public, into hostile or incompetent hands.

### *Income Is But the Evidence of Success*

A special committee of the National Economic League recently considered the inheritance tax and voted against it 15 to 5. The same committee voted against the income tax, 10 to 9.

Some of these gentlemen, in the discussion of the general subject of taxation, made some very interesting points. Lewis J. Johnson, professor of civil engineering at Harvard, made several. Here is one that is worthy of consideration:

> Income of any kind is but the evidence of success in the *use* of an opportunity. And it is *having* the opportunity—and to the extent that the public contributes to its value and no more—which should be the pretext for taxing a man, not that he has turned the opportunity successfully to use. I consider taxation, on the ground of *success* in doing what keeps civilization going, a basic and needless and hence intolerable evil.

A little reflection will reveal the truth of these statements. An unskilled worker's wage is due to the use of his opportunity to work. So is the income of the most highly skilled worker and of everybody between these two. Each individual, however, is indebted to everybody else for the opportunity to work; indebted because we are all one another's customers; indebted because we are all indebted to one another for the peace and order without which we could not work and for what education has done and is doing to raise the level of the whole community. Each of us is indebted to government for what all of us, through government, do for ourselves and one another. The Government has a right to charge for services rendered, but it has no right to collect from a man merely because he has an income or because he is dead. Or to put it as Louis J. Post did: "Government should live upon its own earnings and not upon plunder."

A single short sentence used by E. W. Doty, of Cleveland, starts a long train of thought. Mr. Doty said:

"Property doesn't pay taxes nor does it have an income."

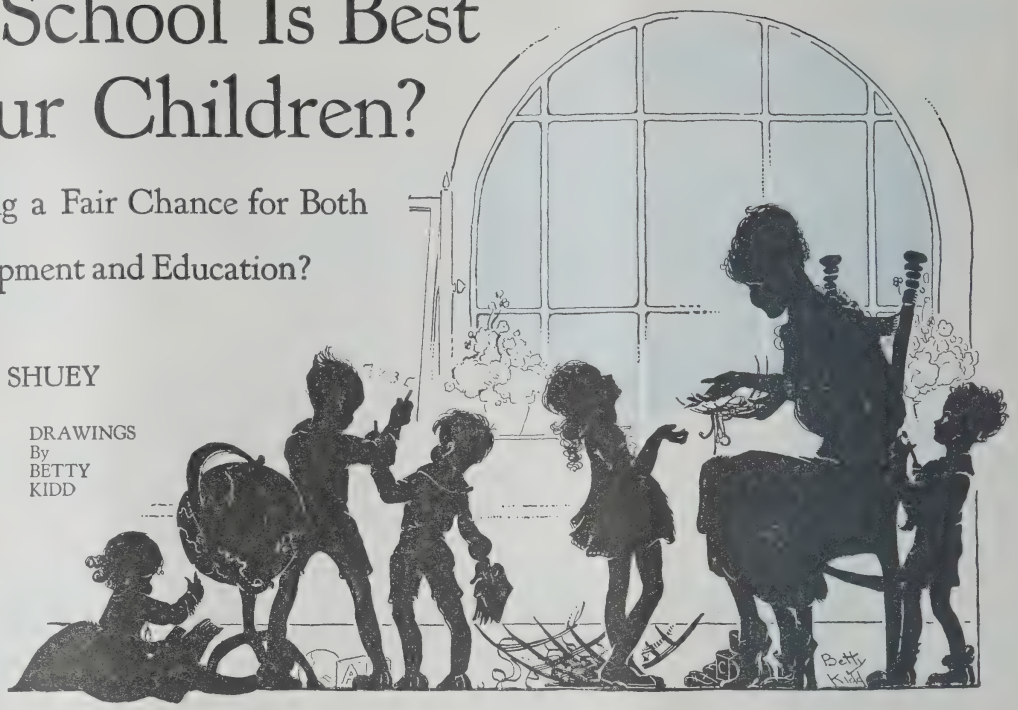
In view of the fact that property is everywhere taxed and the taxes are paid, this seems to be nonsense. Yet it is true. Taxes are paid from the labor of human beings. Property produces nothing, neither the largest industrial enterprise nor the smallest farm. *Wealth is produced only when somebody goes to work.* Moreover, if his work is to produce anything of value, it must be planned with more or less skill, either by himself or by others. In large enterprises, this means business management of a high order; in smaller enterprises, management perhaps of a different

(Continued on page 29)

# Which School Is Best For Your Children?

## Are They Getting a Fair Chance for Both Character Development and Education?

By
MARY WILLIS SHUEY



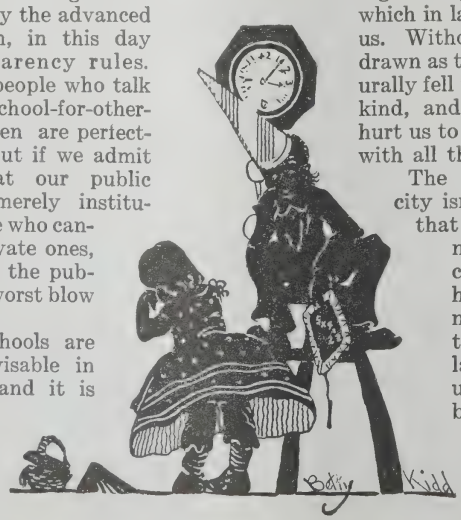
DRAWINGS
By
BETTY
KIDD

"BUT you must admit, my dear, that few of our representative families now send their children to the public schools."

This is an inflammatory remark, to a mother who has a child in the second grade, another in kindergarten, and a third who will enter three years later, all in a public school.

But in certain radical cliques the public school is regarded as a "bourgeois ideology." A most impressive term, and the users (being mostly evolved public school products themselves) probably know what it means. They talk as if the public school were an institution on about the same plane as a charity hospital. Worthy, of course, but not a place we would think of sending *our* children.

In some communities the school question seems to be regarded solely as a matter of income, and as soon as a family reaches the given amount they announce it by automatically entering their children in private schools. This is partly because the fad just now is not to believe in anything established—except perhaps one *may* believe in Mr. Mencken. All things solid are regarded by the advanced with suspicion, in this day when transparency rules. Many of the people who talk of the public-school-for-other-people's-children are perfectly harmless, but if we admit the idea that our public schools are merely institutions for those who cannot afford private ones, we have dealt the public school the worst blow possible.



Private schools are decidedly advisable in many cases, and it is fortunate, considering the crowded condition of most public schools, that a number of people prefer them for their children. There is a place for the private school and the public school both, but there is *not* a place for the idea that the public school is not suitable for *our* children, or that public schools are filled with "objectionable" children.

Perhaps this is a small-town viewpoint—and provincialism is now the one unforgivable sin. In our childhood we took the public school as a matter of course, and we never knew that there were "objectionable" children there. We knew that there were children who did not have the advantages that we had, children of unfortunate parentage, under-privileged children, and we came to know that there were children who were not our mental equals, and children we did not care to invite to our parties. Unconsciously we were drawn together by those same instincts which in later life were to guide us. Without a single visible line drawn as to playmates, we naturally fell into groups of our own kind, and certainly it did not hurt us to be on friendly terms with all the children in school.

The agnostics say that a city isn't a small town, and that a city school is much more doubtful. But a city, to those of us who have children, hastily narrows itself to a small town attached to a larger one. Babies make us move to a "neighborhood" where we have our own homes, yards, markets, churches, clubs, movies and schools. Long before our children reach school age we have become a definite part of a community. That is what having children does even to extreme individualists.

We join the Ancient Order of Associated Fathers and Mothers, the oldest and closest lodge on earth, and the password that we learn is a belief in, and sympathy for, all childhood. We are interested to learn that the vegetable man has a son in high school, and we talk schools and children with the barber. By the time we have two or three children, and have tried adjusting their problems and dispositions, we know that nothing else in the world matters as much as that children have a fair chance, not only *our* children, but *all* children.

That is what the public school is offering—an equal opportunity for all. But the public school, like any going concern, depends on the people who are backing it, and when too large a part of our educated parents adopt that notion of the "bourgeois ideology" the public school will feel the effects.

Of course the choice of school depends on what we want for our children. If the three R's are still the standard in a public school the child probably learns long division later, and most of the six unprintable Anglo-Saxon monosyllables sooner, than in a private school.

We can't deny that there is more rough-and-ready contact, more torn suits and lost buttons, on a public school ground than on a small private school ground. But if the three H's of Head, Hand and Heart are considered part of education, if independence, ability to adapt to the group, and a democratic sympathy

(Concluded on page 24)

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

IT IS perfectly true that men cannot be legislated into righteousness. All the laws that were ever passed could not change human nature. It seems necessary to say this, because so many persons are now engaged in repeating it as a new thing, and are challenging the rest of the world to agree or disprove it.

When this is admitted, what remains? The fact of the law. Men cannot be made moral by legislation; yet there is the law; how is it to be accounted for? Who makes the law? From what source is law? What is its purpose?

If a man says of certain laws that "man cannot be made moral by legislation," what does he indicate? First, that there is a law whose requirements are higher than is convenient for lower moral planes. Second, that the law must therefore have proceeded from higher moral planes. Third, that there must have been something more than the moral issue to have moved the higher to put the law on the lower. Fourth, that the lower plane, in whose behalf the futility of law is being urged, must have been greatly in the minority not to have been able to prevent the law being made in the first place.

So that law is presumably the act of the majority moved thereto by what the majority deemed to be a condition of necessity. It is simply nonsense to say that there has arisen among our people a desire to regulate the morality of others. If that were so, there have always been plenty of opportunities for the exercise of that unlovely proclivity. We are perhaps the most easy-going people in the world, but we have our standards, we have our degree of taste and propriety, and we have strong and accurate ideas of social rights. When we as a people are moved to pass a law which interferes in any way with the activities of our fellow-citizens, there is something more behind it than a desire to interfere. How can that be styled interference with another by which a man also binds himself? The law applies to all.

When prohibition came in, it was through the vote of the people who used liquor; there were not enough total abstainers in the United States to pass such a law. They were moved to act to amend conditions which had appealed to them, as drinkers, as crying for control. Anyone who says that the prohibition law was invented by total abstainers for the oppression of those who enjoyed a drink, does not know the first facts of the matter. Prohibition was a condition voluntarily assumed by the majority of drinking men for the sake of the minority; it was the majority's action in behalf of the minority's need. That is why every trial of the law before the bar of public opinion becomes so great a surprise to the "wets"; they cannot understand why, when there are more "wets" than "drys," the country still keeps dry. It is the moral sense of the majority that keeps it so. Every time you put up that question to the conscience of the American people you get the response of their conscience, and in conscience they cannot support with Government consent a practice that has proved ruinous to the weak.

*PROHIBITION became the law of America through the vote of the people who used liquor. There were not enough total abstainers to pass such a law; it was a condition voluntarily assumed by the majority of drinking men for the benefit of the minority. The saloons were more responsible for prohibition than any other agency. They were trapdoors along the way of life for young people. It is the nature of Americans to make life as happy for the young as possible, to open up promising ways of usefulness for them, to place opportunities in their path, not pitfalls. Abolition of the saloon through prohibition was a natural development.*

It is not the moral aspect of the question, so much as the human and economic aspects that appeal to the average American. It is the nature of our people to make the way of life as happy for the young as possible, to open up the promising ways of usefulness, to make it natural for a young man or woman to attain his or her best opportunity. Our people increasingly found that the saloons were trapdoors along the young people's way of life.

Our people are also persuaded that prevention is the proper course to follow in dealing with questions of harm. We had a sodden population in certain quarters of every city where poverty and abuses abode, where little children were deprived of care and distraught women found all their power as nothing against the corner saloon that was stealing away their homes. This was a situation that found its way back to the general public by many avenues, through churches, poor commissions, courts and hospitals, until the general public searched out the preventable cause, and prevented it. Prohibition is a part of the American program of *disease and poverty prevention*. And it works.

The so-called abuses of prohibition are negligible in comparison with the conditions in the old saloon days. Many misinformed persons, both "dry" and "wet," talk of the inroads which the bootleggers have made among high school children and college youth. Nothing whatever to compare with the drinking done by the same classes prior to 1917. And wherever the "smart" element existed, and their disregard of the law was admired, a great change has come. Even youngsters come to their senses, if they are American youngsters. The stories told of youth and liquor today are 99 per cent false and out-of-date.

**Ford Ideals, 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## The Omniscient Dr. Crane

NO MAN can talk or write incessantly without sometime slipping up. Dr. Frank Crane, America's greatest Apostle of the Obvious, is no exception to this rule. On a recent day his professional optimism must have been suffering from the daily strain that is put upon it, for he let loose a little preachment against Luther Burbank Thomas A. Edison and THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, taking for his text, "Shoemaker, stick to your last." It was a very poor sermon he preached because it was negative, but it left no doubt that Dr. Frank Crane (after the manner of pulpiteers half a century ago) regards Dr. Frank Crane as the equal of any of the famous gentlemen he named. But there they were supposed to sit, meekly, under the Doctor's pastoral castigation. Luther Burbank was scolded for having a theology. Thomas A. Edison for having said something about his soul. And THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT for having discussed the Jews. And the text was repeated: Let the shoemaker stick to his last.

Still, Mr. Edison is probably as reliable an authority upon the soul as Dr. Crane, or anyone else. It is assumed that if Dr. Frank Crane has a soul, so has Mr. Edison. Doubtless men are created equal in that respect. And if Mr. Edison cares to discuss his soul or its future, it is no more than Dr. Crane and millions of others have done with no more, perhaps with much less, competency. And as for Mr. Burbank, he had the right of every man to make his own theology. Theology is the arrangement of ideas about the Ultimate Energy, its Nature and Purpose. Even Dr. Frank Crane has a theology, though probably a tenuous one. Every man who thinks has a theology, and no two theologies are alike; everyone does his own tinkering with them, shades them according to his personality. It may be admitted, however, that in knowledge of the soul and in finality of theology, no living man can pose as an authority.

But THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT boldly challenges Dr. Crane to defend his reference to the Jewish Studies in this paper. Here is a case where the "shoemaker" did stick to his last. This paper *studied* the Jewish Question. This paper *can* set up as full-fledged cobbler in that respect. *And Dr. Frank Crane cannot.* He has never studied the Jewish Question—he would not dare write his findings if he had. Until he has studied that Question he cannot—according to his own doctrine—discuss it. Not being as qualified as THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, he cannot discuss this paper's work on that subject.

So we turn the text on the preacher: "Stick to your subject, Dr. Crane—if you want to attack the cobbler, study shoemaking."

## A Latin League?

WHAT happened at Geneva is gradually becoming known. The first fact established was that Sir Austen Chamberlain, hero of Locarno, had privately agreed with France that Germany's entrance into the League should be offset by giving Poland the status of a great power. This was a concession to the suspicion of France that the League was being packed against her. It was outspoken acknowledgment of what everyone really knows, that the League is, and is intended to be, not a democracy of nations, but a group of the stronger dominating the weaker in association.

Gilbert Murray, a great friend of the League, put this very clearly: "When the Covenant was drawn up the Great Powers were understood to be Britain, France, Italy, Japan, United States of America, Germany and Russia. To take suddenly a number of other States—not outstandingly strong or stable or progressive or populous or otherwise different from their neighbors—and erect them into permanent, irremovable, irresponsible guides and leaders of the world because, forsooth, they happen at the moment to be agreeable to France or Great Britain or Italy, is a proposal whose lack of elementary common sense I find it hard to characterize."

The Council of the League is therefore accepted as a group of the Great Powers, the Assembly as a group of the lesser nations. For the sake of the completion of the higher group, Chamberlain was willing to admit a member of the lower. It was an error of the first magnitude though not necessarily vicious.

But another element is looming out of the trouble. It is vaguely referred to as the Latin League. Those who are studying its appearance regard it not so much as an attempt to gain a balance of political as of racial power. The disturbing element at Geneva was not Germany nor France; the bomb came from a direction least expected—from Brazil. The speech of Señor Mello Franco's was so reminiscent of other recent utterances that he was nicknamed Mellolini, to indicate that he strongly reminded the League members of Mussolini. The feeling—which may be some-

what more than a feeling—is that the known combination of France, Spain and Brazil in the recent breakdown may have received its inspiration from Italy, Mussolini's contempt for the League being well known. Put Italy, France, Spain and Brazil together in a bloc, and they constitute a Latin League. It was an entirely new and unexpected development, but not difficult to understand. From artificial divisions and alliances, the world seems slowly finding its way to the real ones.

## *A Promise*

IT IS SPRING. Buds are bursting into leaves. Birds are singing. The road winds like a ribbon up hill and down dale. Soon the country air will be fragrant with the breath of apple blossoms. A tractor drawing gang plows is turning the rich, brown earth. Nature, suppressed all winter, is bursting her bonds. The very air is vitalizing. The family motors along country roads to catch the first balmy breath, the first vernal view. They return in the cool of the evening, flushed with health and vigor. The ability to get about, to feel the touch of nature, has increased the healthfulness and sanity of the American people. Soon will come the long, hot days of summer, but a generation of outdoor lovers will welcome it. The old porch swing and palm-leaf fan are *passe*. The pleasure of riding through tree-fringed country roads has wrought this change.

## *The President*

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S speeches to the Pan-American journalists were largely what the boys call "applesauce," and not fresh at that, until he came to his own subject. He made it clear beyond a doubt that the United States had rejected the League because it has no business in the internal politics of other nations. He also said that we had gone into the World Court because, while we were not interested in international politics, we were deeply interested in international justice.

Then he went on to say that "this has been done under reservations which adequately safeguard American rights and *tend to strengthen the independence of the court.*" The reservations were intended to safeguard American interests all right, because they make the United States less than a member, and the Court less than a Court. But the reference to the "independence of the Court" is not so clear. And the expression "tend to strengthen" that independence is less clear. Wherein is the Court not independent? Of course, we, with our reservations, are independent of the Court, but of whom or of what is the Court not independent?

The President cannot mean that the Court is independent of the League of Nations and that our refusal to obey the Court, as a Court, will "tend to strengthen the independence of the Court." He cannot mean that. Does he mean that such measure of independence as the Court enjoys is being threatened, and that our distant, tenuous adherence will tend to strengthen its hold on such independence as it has? If so, who is threatening the Court's independence? And is this one of the arguments which led the Senate to vote an unpolled, unconvinced nation into official adherence?

The President was clearly mistaken in referring to race and country as "artificial" differences. If night and day be not real but artificial, if the continental divisions of the world be not real but artificial, if the difference between the tribes of Africa and the Anglo-Saxon be not real but artificial, then the President speaks truth. But such differences are written deep in the deepest natural we know, which is Nature. It may be a pleasant thing to say at a banquet, but no man taking thought would repeat it seriously that these deepest of natural divisions are artificial. What the wise man does when confronted by the fact of race is not to deny it but interpret it.

## *What Is the News?*

WHAT'S the news? The paper is full of print, and the headlines call alluringly. Beneath each item on the local page is deep personal significance—of gladness, shame or anxiety. Who can know the ceaseless life of the city; the continuous change of psychic states which make up the life of the multitude —who is fit to know it? And because no one is fit we have the endless patter of events, the accidents and crimes of life, the view which hospital record and police register give.

Then what *is* the news? What's happened? Nothing has happened save what is happening, and what is happening no one sees; the great happenings are without observation. By the time it breaks in events, it is all over—like a blown blossom.

The news is that tendencies are developing which in time shall become driving forces, that minorities are forming which in time shall rule the world, that thoughts are a-borning which in a few years shall be the commonplace of the streets, that old stabilities are coming back because the people have discovered the deception of instabilities, that things are out of control of the captains and mighty men but Nature still functions and will fulfill her end. That is the news. In the personal life everything that ever was new becomes new once more, and is often several times renewed in the course of a single life's experience. In the social life more things are new, but the seed of society and the sap of society are very old, and determine the nature of the tree.

There is great news, but it is not printed.

# The Independence Bible of America

## The Founders of the Republic Wanted Their Own Translation

By A. G. WALKER

"INDEPENDENCE BIBLE? That is a new one on me." In talking with a literary friend I had casually dropped this phrase and he at once interrupted with the remark, half a question, half skeptical. Independence Hall and Liberty Bell were names as familiar as his own. Also he had heard of the *Wyclif Bible* and the *Breeches Bible* and the *Treacle Bible* and the *Coverdale Bible;* and the *King James* and the *American Standard Bibles.* But he had not heard of *Independence Bible.* But I could not lay that up as a reproach against him for it was only a comparatively recent attainment of my own.

On a certain day, tired of the routine of reading the calligraphy of Civil War soldiers and Civil War newspaper editors, including one undecipherable Horace Greeley, I followed my instinct and came upon shelves and drawers of dusty, faded, ancient books. It was in this way that I stumbled upon *Independence Bible.* This I may tell you at once is not the name printed on the work itself, it is a name I have given it. The story will reveal my reasons for taking this liberty with a dead man's work, and the reader can then agree or disagree with me as he sees fit.

I found two volumes belonging to a four octavo edition of the Bible. The other two volumes I could not find and the librarian could give me no help. I am still in search of them. The title-page of the first volume read,

"The Holy Bible
containing the Old and New Covenant
commonly called the Old
and New Testament
translated from the Greek.
By Charles Thomson,
late secretary of the Congress of the
United States, Philadelphia.

Printed by Jane Aitken, No 71, North Third St, 1808, 4 vol." Probably I ought to have known all about this as every well-instructed American ought to know such an important fact but I didn't and although historic information is accessible I have not found in my region of the United States anybody less ignorant than myself on this point. Even some Philadelphians, and this we know amounts almost to a miracle, have admitted their ignorance without the least suggestion of a blush.

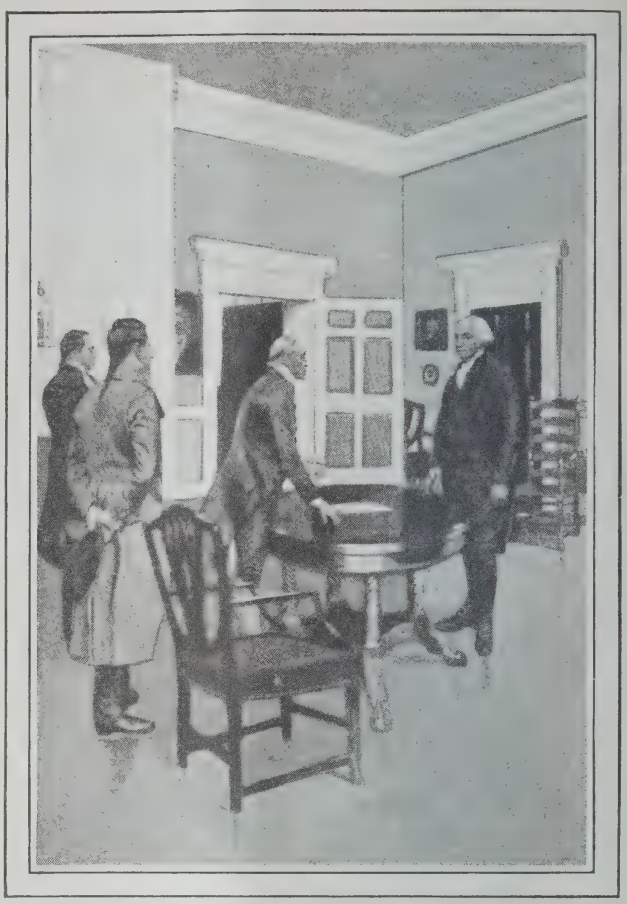
Ask one man in a million and he cannot tell you the name of the secretary of the Continental Congress. He supposes they had a secretary if they had a Continental Congress.

Well, Charles Thomson was secretary of the Continental Congress throughout its existence. His scholarship and patriotism, ardent and unwaning from first to last, were on the side of Independence. In a letter of 1765 to Franklin then in London, he wrote, "Be assured the Americans will light lamps of a different sort from those you contemplate." Franklin had suggested that though the Stamp Act had brought night upon them they might light candles and make "as good a night of it as we can."

It was Thomson who took the Declaration of Independence after it had been signed, and stood boldly forth on the steps of the State House and read it to the world. According to contemporary accounts just a handful of the ordinary citizens stood around.

It was Thomson who carried the word to Washington at Mount Vernon that he had been elected President. He was commissioned to bring the President-elect back for the inauguration.

Thomson regarded the Bible as at once the supreme charter and regulator of human liberty. No man was better able to appreciate the full worth of the *King James* version than he, but he had had more than enough of kings. Even his Bible, he felt, should be independent. To him at any rate remains the outstanding honor that he made the first translation of the whole Bible from the Greek made on this continent and gave it to the young nation in 1808. He had translated the *Old Testament* from the Septuagint into the English language. This was the first translation of the Septuagint into English. He had translated the *New Testament* from the Greek and in addition had made a scholarly synopsis of the Gospels. The work took him 25 years.



Thomson, clerk of Congress, announcing to Washington, at Mount Vernon, his election to the Presidency.
From Woodrow Wilson's *History of the American People,* published by Harper and Brothers.

Thomson's translation was entirely independent. Five times and more with his own hand he traced out word by word from *Genesis* to *Revelation.* Living quietly at Harriton he divided his energies between this work and the improvement of his six-hundred-acre farm. An English authority wrote of it in 1824, "This trans-Atlantic work is creditable to America and to the learned author. It is the only English version of the Septuagint and is therefore worthy of attention, as well as for the fidelity with which it is executed. The *New Testament* contains many improved renderings and improvements."

Money was scarce in those days for buying a four-volume edition of the Bible, and it was commercially a failure. It was stored in Ebenezer Hazard's garret for years and after his death sold to Dr. Earles at the corner of Fourth and Chestnut streets. The MSS. have been preserved in the library of Allegheny College and of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

It is a fact worth recording, I think, and worth reminding ourselves of at times, that the first Bible translator in America was also secretary of the Continental Congress, Proclaimer of the Declaration and notifier and escort of the first President-elect.

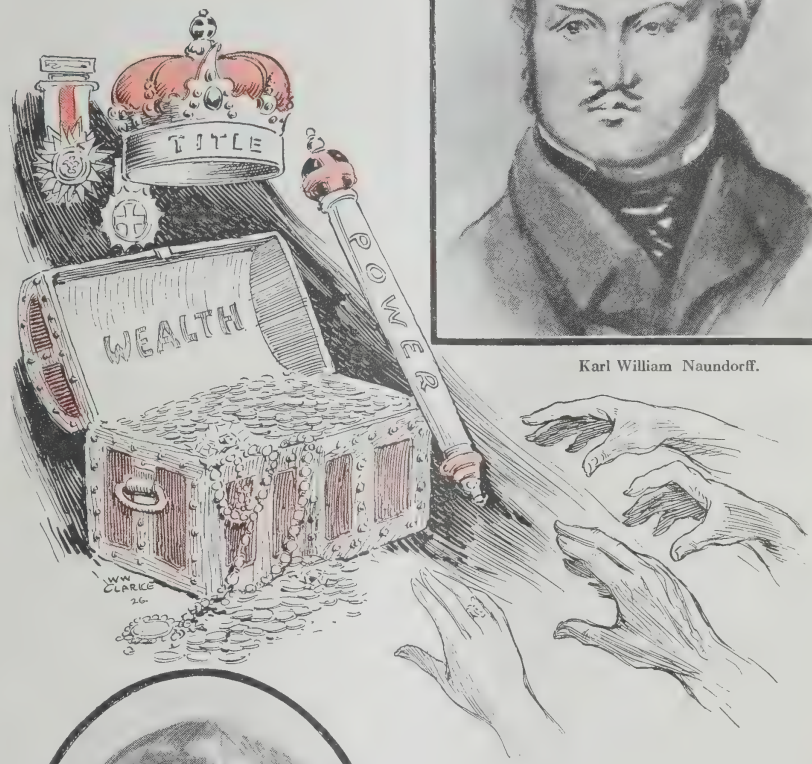
# Pretenders Who Got Away With It

## *And Some Others Not So Fortunate*

*By*
F. L. BLACK



Karl William Naundorff.




WOULD you rather believe a lie than the truth? There are thousands who would—particularly if the lie is veneered with plausibility, romance and mystery. "Truth," James Russell Lowell once remarked, "is said to lie at the bottom of a well for the very reason, perhaps, that whoever looks down in search of her sees his own image at the bottom, and is persuaded not only that he has seen the goddess, but that she is far better-looking than he had imagined."

If the searcher be half-blinded by rash credulity, perverted logic, and distorted evidence, as many are, how can he be expected to see straight mentally and make a valid interpretation of facts? There are those who have a sentimental preference for fiction over fact and who are prone to a belief in possibilities rather than probabilities. Suggest to them a possibility which intrigues the imagination and they accept and propagate it as gospel, and proved fact. It is true, unfortunately, that many who lack criticism and caution and follow faith blindly and without reason also unconsciously twist facts to their prejudices and partisanships. It is people of this class who have followed and supported the myth makers, the charlatans and pretenders throughout the ages. Depend on this, dear reader: Tell the most preposterous tale and you will always find some who will believe. Repeat it often and your following will grow.



Eleazer Williams.




Since the days of Nero, whose widely doubted suicide gave rise to many impostors throughout the Roman Empire, any secrecy or mystery surrounding the imprisonment, assassination or disappearance of the famous and infamous has stirred the world's imagination and caused many to dispute the alleged official reports. Each of these many impostors had a following made up of persons with great faith but little reason.

There is the story of Perkin Warbeck who, at the time Columbus discovered America, was being entertained all over Europe as Richard, Duke of York, the younger of the two sons of Edward IV, both of whom history says were murdered in the Tower of London. Through the assistance of the Scottish King, James IV, a noble marriage was arranged, and England was for six years much upset by this pretender to its throne. Warbeck, before his death, confessed that he was but the son of a poor Flemish burgher. Those who had investigated the genesis of this pretender before his confession and were in possession of the facts were not believed by his followers, many of whom were wilfully blinded by their prejudice against the then reigning English king.

Two centuries later we have the mystery of the Man in the Iron Mask, whose story supplied material to several great novelists. For many a year visitors to the old prison on the Isle of Sainte Marguerite have been shown the masked man's cell and regaled with

tales of his luxurious and mysterious life, which ended in 1694.

It is said that, imprisoned by Louis XIV, this strange personage was compelled to live in prison hidden from recognition by a mask with steel springs, but was treated with great deference and indulged with the daintiest food and finest raiment. Who was he? According to the most striking and widely disseminated of the many legends and the one supported by Voltaire, the masked prisoner was an older brother of Louis, but of doubtful legitimacy.

Some believed that he was the son of Oliver Cromwell, and one writer went to the ridiculous extent of claiming that a son born of the masked man of mystery and the jailer's daughter was spirited off to Corsica and became the ancestor of the great Napoleon. The most likely and best authenticated story is that he was not a royal personage at all, but Count Mattioli, the minister of an Italian prince, and a dangerous character by reason of his intrigues.

Another century passes, and we have the mystery before which those of the past pale into insignificance—that of the Lost Dauphin, and the forty claimants, thirty-nine of whom, of necessity, most have been liars. These without exception have brought forth most amazing legends, myths, and traditions of the continued existence of persons supposed to be dead.

After Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette paid the penalty imposed by the Revolution, their son Louis, a boy ten years of age, was alleged to have died January 5, 1795, in the Temple and to have been buried in the cemetery of Ste. Marguerite. Rumor soon ran through the world of fashion that the grave in Ste. Marguerite held the body of an unknown child, who three days before his death was substituted for the prince by Royalist plotters with the connivance of the guards. It was claimed that the Revolutionists learned of the substitution and watched all roads leading out of France for Louis, but in vain. The next forty years averaged a prince a year and France was often in a quandary about the claims of her numerous would-be rulers. Among the forty was Jean Marie Hervagoult, son of a tailor, whom many persisted in believing to be the Lost Dauphin even after he confessed his real identity. He died in 1815 and a new pretender appeared in the person of Mathurin Bruneau, a shoemaker, who is said to have died in prison in 1822. It was eleven years later that there was imprisoned in Paris, Louis Hebert, alias Richemont, who had been claiming in the highways and byways of France that he was Louis XVII.

The United States and Germany, however, brought forth the two most pretentious pretenders to the French throne, in Eleazer Williams and Karl William Naundorff, the first an Episcopal missionary to the American Indians, the second a watchmaker of Spandau, Prussia, and the founder of a new religious faith. Romantic indeed is the story of the American claimant, who as a ten-year-old boy is said to have been left by two French Catholic priests with a half-breed Iroquois chief named Thomas Williams, and to have been brought up by him near Lake George, New York, with his other children, as Eleazer.

The boy's memory had been impaired by illness, and when left with the Williamses he was in a condition of half imbecility and his recollections of the past were spasmodic and confused. His half-Indian brothers were amazed and sometimes frightened by what they considered a demented imagination—daydreams of gilded halls and princely courts. Funds for Eleazer's education were furnished by parties unknown, and without doubt he was the scion of some French family, hidden away in the American wilderness for reasons known only to those who brought him to our shores. No effort was ever made by Williams himself to gain recognition as the Dauphin, and as far as can be learned, his life was above reproach.

This cannot be said of the Prussian pretender, Karl William Naundorff, who managed to keep his name before Europe for many years and even went so far, it is stated, as to wound himself to gain sympathy in an effort to prove an attempted assassination.

He told, as did many of the forty, most likely stories of his escape from France as the Dauphin, and possibly gained a greater number of partisans than any of the others. Many of these still believed in him after stories were published showing that he was a swindler and counterfeiter. He was eventually expelled from France and died in Holland in 1845.

As recently as March 26, of this year, a blind representative of the Naundorff family, "Louis, Prince de Bourbon," according to the New York *Herald Tribune* Paris Bureau, entered suit in the French courts against the publishers of an encyclopedia which referred to his pretensions as the grandson of the Dauphin as "intriguery." The report states that the blind prince's personal appearance is strangely like that of the Bourbons of the 18th Century.

Articles and books galore have been written by devotees of both Williams and Naundorff supporting their claims, and strangely enough they carry conviction. However, only one can be true, if either is. Even today there is a pretender, a lieutenant in the French colonial army, who is recognized by the Royalists of France as the grandson of Louis XVII, the Lost Dauphin who, it is claimed, escaped to England and there ended his days.

Russia of a century ago has supplied a delightful example of the human penchant for making legend on the slightest pretext. Alexander I, grandson of Catharine the Great, so the story goes, took a passive part in the assassination of Czar Paul, his mad father, and in expiation decided many years later to become dead to the world and spend the remainder of his life as a monk. Suddenly, taking the Empress, his physician and a few personal servants, Alexander, late in the autumn of 1825, hastened to a small town in the Crimea. He had an-

## A Grant Robertson Gag

The present Prince of Wales and Christopher Morley were classmates at Oxford University, and according to Mr. Morley in *Pipefuls*, Grant Robertson, the well-known historian, while lecturing on English history, "got off one of his annual gags to the effect that, according to the principle of strict legitimacy, there were in Europe several hundred (we forget the figure) persons with a greater right to the British throne than the family at present occupying it. The roomful of students roared with genial mirth, and the unhappy prince blushed in a way that young girls used to in the good old days of three-piece bathing suits."



The late Czar of Russia and his family.

nounced that he needed rest and quiet.

Soon in St. Petersburg bulletins were received of the Emperor's illness, and then came one announcing his death. A body was returned to the palace and buried in great state in the last resting place of the Czars. Several years later it was learned that the Empress had purchased her mourning garments in Moscow on the way South while the Emperor was still in good health.

The second step in the legend was that the young Czar Nicholas I, Alexander's brother and heir, for a period of many years conducted a secret correspondence in a mysterious code with a strange and most devout monk in a small, far-away Siberian monastery. Legend has it that about 1840 Nicholas hastened to this distant man of God, who was ill, and for four hours was closeted alone with him, no one hearing a word that passed between them. A few days later the monk was gathered to his fathers and it is said that Nicholas was sorely grieved.

Just before the late war, research students working in the Russian Imperial Library claimed to have discovered that the handwriting of the secret letters, which had been preserved, corresponded with that of Alexander's state papers. The war halted these researches, and unless the Bolshevists have better preserved the records of the Imperial Library than the reports would indicate, the fate of Alexander, whom Napoleon claimed was the greatest diplomat of all Europe, will ever remain legendary.

In our own country but one legendary escape has grown to proportions comparable to Europe's many times told tales. The story of the alleged substitution in the Garrett barn of another for John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Abraham Lincoln, has been already told in the columns of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT.

Wars have been the chief producers of the situations out of which have grown these legendary escapes and substitutions, and the Great War is no exception. What became of Lord Kitchener, the greatest British soldier of his time, and did the Czar of all the Russias and his family perish by the hands of their Bolshevik enemies?

Mentioning Lord Kitchener revives the story told of Sir Hector McDonald, who was with Kitchener in his Egyptian campaigns. Sir Hector, "Fighting Mac," as he was popularly called—one of the few private soldiers in the British Army to rise to the rank of general—was sent to command the troops in Ceylon. Considerable criticism arose as to his administration and grave charges were made against him in England. Hastening home he stopped in Paris and there committed suicide in March, 1903. Soon legend stepped into the scene with the claim that the suicide was a trick to keep Sir Hector from the necessity of facing his accusers and that the dead body of someone else was interred in his stead. The Russo-Japanese War was the theater for the next act. General Nogi was Sir Hector in person. Undoubtedly this apparently absurd story could easily have been disproved, but Japan was a long, long way off, and General Nogi was little known to the outside world until after his brilliant exploits in the reduction of Port Arthur and the capture of Mukden placed his name among the great war gods. In accordance with the traditions of old Japan, he committed hara-kiri on the death of the Japanese Emperor in 1912. He and Sir Hector had suicide in common, if not their identities.

In 1916, Lord Kitchener set sail on the cruiser *Hampshire* on a military mission to Russia. Official report says the boat while passing through the Orkney Islands, off the north of Scotland, was destroyed on June 5 by an unswept German mine and that nearly all on board were lost, among the number, Lord Kitchener. Legend says this is not true, that the boat went down but Kitchener was among the few saved. Stories were circulated that he landed on Russian soil in safety. It was believed that "K of K" bore a charmed life. On many occasions he had miraculously escaped death, twice at the hands of assassins and once in the front-line trenches in France. Many could not or would not credit his tragic death. The latest "revelation" is that Kitchener's body was washed up and buried by fishermen on one of the Scandinavian islands.



Field Marshal Earl Kitchener, of Khartum, G. C. B., O. M.

A few weeks ago the Soviet government, through the Leningrad *Krasnaya Gazetta*, acknowledged as authentic the story of the execution of the Czar, Nicholas II, the Czarina, the Czarevitch and the four Grand Duchesses, in July, 1918, in the Ipatieff house at Ekaterinburg. It is unlikely that this will destroy the numerous legends that the Russian royal family is still alive, for the majority of the Russian peasants believe that the "Little Father" survives and again will be their ruler.

There are those who are convinced that the Royal family is living incognito in a Siberian monastery or is hidden in the mountains of Japan. A combination of the Russian Czar and Lord Kitchener legends occurs in the fantastic story that Nicholas was rescued by Kitchener and is concealed in a Tibetan monastery awaiting an opportune time to return to Russia and again assume his throne.

Newspaper headlines informed us about three years ago that one of the Grand Duchesses had escaped and was on her way from Vladivostock to the United States. Thus far she has not materialized. Possibly she was turned back by the fate of her royal father who, Dame Rumor reported, had been compelled to work his way over as an oiler on an American freighter in 1920. And, according to a recent story in the New York *Times*, a young woman with deep-blue Slavic eyes, red-brown hair, and a bruised mouth that smiles only on one side, is dying in a private hospital in Berlin. She says she is the youngest daughter of the late Czar Nicholas, the Grand Duchess Anastasia.

These many legends surrounding the disappearance of princes, potentates, the great and near great, are not astonishing when it is realized that they are kept alive by faith, by people wanting to believe. They illustrate the irrepressible vitality of pleasing myths. A story with the element of mystery is always most intriguing, especially where it surrounds a royal personage.

Many claimants come forward because of the pecuniary and social advantages to be gained. There is then the other class of pretenders who are afflicted with a type of mania which causes them to confess crimes and identities not their own. Police departments are confronted almost daily with persons of this type.

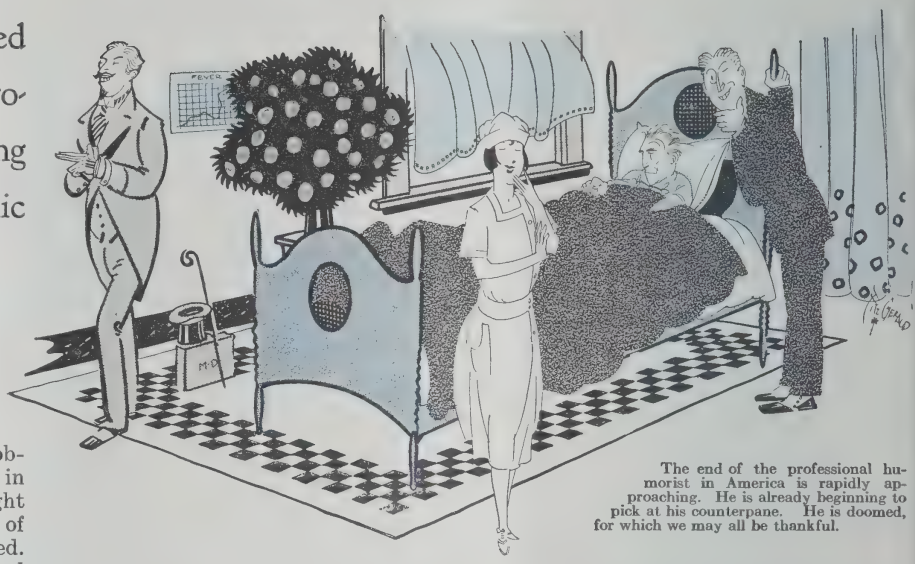
We have also those about whose birth there is some mystery, who gradually build up legends which they themselves believe. For instance, the case of a western girl who became convinced that she was a daughter of French nobility who had been left with a woodsman's family. About six years ago she persuaded the editor of an old and conservative magazine that her claims were valid, and he published an unusual diary which she professed to have written as a child. This diary contained French phrases and words that would not ordinarily come within the scope of learning of a woodsman's daughter. Her parents, however, contradicted her story and offered proof that she was their own daughter.

When dope fiends have taken an overdose of some narcotic and as a result are delirious, they are (*Concluded on page 18*)

# Laughing Himself Out of Court

## Like a Royal Jester Stripped of Cap and Bells, the Professional Humorist Is Losing His Hold on the Public

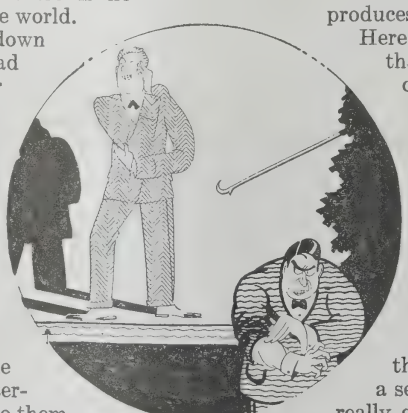
By THOMAS L. MASSON



The end of the professional humorist in America is rapidly approaching. He is already beginning to pick at his counterpane. He is doomed, for which we may all be thankful.

THE course of all professional humorists is set for the near waters of obscurity. In this country, in each generation, they have brought forth of their kind, so that the line of succession has been uninterrupted. But this was due to special racial and geographical conditions; and now the end of the professional humorist in America is rapidly approaching. He is already beginning to pick at his counterpane. No combination of trained nurses, hot water bags or systems of therapeutics can save him. He is doomed—for which we may all be thankful. Doubtless he will linger along for a time, and have his flickering moments of brightness, but the sepulcher beckons and will not be denied.

As far back as the memory of man harketh, the illusion has persisted that professional humor is popular. No one seems to have dared admit that he didn't like it. Yet there is no drearier reading in the world. I defy anyone to sit down and attempt to read through, word for word, a book of popular humor without lapsing into a state of coma. I have never seen anyone who has performed this impossible feat. If you wish to die a speedy and violent death, get a company of intelligent people together on a rainy afternoon and read aloud to them out of a book of jokes, short or long. At the first few pages they will chuckle or even scream with joy. At the second few pages their faces will begin to set. At the end of the first quarter stretch they will get out their knives and revolvers. This is where—if you wish to live—you will make a hasty exit.



A moment's reflection will convince anyone why all professional humorists are so deadly.

The United States is the only country where the professional humorist has had any official standing as a purveyor of literature. In other countries there have been, and are, joke-makers—painstaking wits who scribble paragraphs for the comic journals and write humorous jargon. The coffeehouse wags who grind out little essays or bits of character to be used as fillers in the columns of contemporary journals have always existed. But these gentry keep themselves under cover. Many British writers have written thus, but their identities have not been beaten into the public mind, as in America. Thackeray wrote for *Punch*. A. A. Milne, E. V. Knox, A. P. Herbert, and E. V. Lucas all write for the same periodical, but in each case this writing is incidental to a main career which produces plays or novels.

Here we are coming into that state now with certainty. Ring Lardner is better than Ring Lardner. The Sam Slicks, the Artemus Wards, the Bill Nyes, and a host of others like them, will no longer propagate their kind. Indeed, it is not impossible in the near future that we shall produce a set of writers who will really entertain us.

A moment's reflection must convince anyone why all professional humorists, as such, are so deadly. You cannot actually laugh at anything more than once. Now a professional humorist has only one song that he can sing. He has simply got to surprise you or he is lost. The first time his jack-in-the-box comes up you get the thrill that comes only once in the lifetime of that impersonator, so far as you are concerned. And so all professional humorists, after the first blow-out, spend all their anguished hours in attempting to ring the changes on their original theme. The professional humorist is a man with a secret formula. His main affair is to conceal it under outward changes. But our instincts run true to form, and we know that behind the masks he holds up, it is the same old formula.

In 1868, or thereabout, Charles Godfrey Leland invented Hans Breitman, a Pennsylvania Dutchman, and wrote ballads that were amusing enough. In 1883 Julian Ralph followed him (in prose) with his Little German Barber. After this came George V. Hobart (so recently deceased) with his Dinkenspeil, and now we have Milt Gross with his "Gross Exaggerations," using the modern Yiddish-English patois of the New York tenement house. All the same. Each in its turn has created its particular ripple.

As for dialect in all its forms, what would the professional humorist do without it? The formula is simplicity itself: you have but to turn the most stupid and commonplace observation on life into any kind of dialect, and the result is declared to be a masterpiece of humor. Most professionals who have employed this easy way to make people laugh—and almost all of them have—generally invent a kind of hybrid dialect of their own. Lowell's dialect, as Professor Krapp has pointed out in *The English Language in America*, might apply to any section of the country. So Artemus Ward, whose professionally humorous sketch entitled *High-Handed Outrage at Utica* President Lincoln read aloud to his Cabinet in order to divert them, begins as follows:

"In the Faul of 1856 I showed my show in Utiky, a trooly grate sitty in the State of New York." He then goes

on to write of the cage "containin my wax figgers of the Lord's Last Supper, and cease Judas Iscarrot by the feet and drag him out on the ground."

At the present moment, it requires a severe pull for the imagination to conceive how such stupid inanities as these, and more which I spare the reader, could possibly invoke any kind of laughter from one of the greatest men of all time. Yet we know that it is so. We know that Artemus Ward was applauded in England, that he became a contributor to *Punch*, that he was hailed as a great humorist. We must always remember that the surprise is what tells in popular humor. As soon as the surprise ceases, the humor ceases. For example, when Milt Gross began his sketches in the New York *World*, a friend of mine remarked that they were the funniest things he had seen for years. They were. I read them for about three weeks with great delight. But how the novelty does wear off!

The amazing part of all this is how the professional humorists have succeeded in keeping themselves going for so long. This, of course, is because the country is so big. I cannot think of reading one of George Ade's fables through to the end, as good as I know they once were. Yet they are still published, even though I personally fail to find them as humorous or as sparkling as of yore. It seems that even one's capacity to produce readable slang for the present moment appears to be limited to a certain section of a man's creative life—probably between twenty-five and thirty-five.




The life of any professional humorist has never been more than seven years.

It must be apparent, however, that typography is rapidly overcoming the bulk and diversities of readers. This is due to the syndicates. When a popular writer produces anything nowadays, within a week or at best three, his piece can be read by everybody everywhere. Heretofore, if one set of readers tired of a humorist, he had a number of other sets in reserve. If my recollection is correct, I read Peter Dunne's "Mr. Dooley" in a St. Louis paper way back in the eighties. Later he was taken up by Henry Ten Eyck White, of Chicago, whose "Lakeside Musings" in the *Tribune* were so amusing.

After Mr. Dunne had acquired his reputation, he was highly and deservedly praised by English critics, and his first book of Dooley's observations sold a hundred-thousand copies. Still later he syndicated his pieces and made as high as a thousand dollars a week. So far as their workmanship is concerned, they are now as good as ever. Recent attempts to revive them, however, have not been highly successful. We are becoming so knit together that almost everything—even more than everything—is known the next day.

A more recent example is that of Will Rogers, who achieved great fame as a raconteur in additon to his talents as a theatrical entertainer. He was able to get into his remarks the element of surprise, this being due quite largely, I should say, to the effect of being courageous enough to tell the truth.

There can be no question that, as a momentary comedian in type, Will Rogers was, and possibly is, funny. He was hailed by his press agents as a national humorist and his literary personality was played up. The New York *World*, ever on the lookout for something new, secured him for their front page, and, as this feature was syndicated all over the country, quite naturally Will Rogers was read everywhere once a week. One day, however, Milt Gross came along with his new bag of tricks. Novelty, always novelty. The result was that the astute editors put Milt Gross where Rogers had been, and relegated Rogers to a back seat, that is, to another section in a remote column. When Rogers discovered this slight, he wired in to stop his pieces in the *World*. Vanity, all is vanity!

The discerning reader will have undoubtedly perceived already that I am not attacking the race of professional humorists, or even decrying the quality of their humor. T. C. Haliburton, the creator of "Sam Slick," was an original genius. If I would rather sleep in a hair shirt than read his book now, it is nothing against his chronological importance.

Without a long line of these professionals—Max Adler, Josh Billings, Robert J. Burdette, George H. Derby (John Phoenix), Marietta Holley, Artemus Ward, Bill Nye, John Kendrick Bangs and others—it is highly probable that our present taste for what is really permanent and good—as deplorable as this may seem—would not have been developed even to its present state. The fact is that we are now rapidly entering a new phase of our literature, and owing to the causes I have indicated, and others, the professional humorist will cease to function. He may still retain whatever sense of humor may have been imparted to him by his Creator, but he will use it for broader purposes.

You may not be able to indict a whole people any more than when Burke lived, but, if you are a professional humorist, you can very soon tire them out. The life of any professional humorist has never been more than seven years. After that, he lives on his past reputation. There is naturally advertising value in a mere name. Then again, it must be remembered that we have been able to maintain a line of professional humorists in this country because of their additional ability to talk.

With certain exceptions, all of our professional humorists have been good talkers. J. M. Bailey, the Danbury *News* man, once told me an amusing story of how some notable man came to Danbury to lecture and Bailey, as the local celebrity, was deputed to introduce him. Bailey said that his neighbors had become so accustomed to his jokes that they no longer cared to read them, although they were copied widely in other papers, so they thought they were safe in getting him to introduce visitors. In this instance, Bailey said that when he got up to introduce the distinguished guest, the opportunity was one he couldn't resist, so he talked on and on. When he finally finished and made the introduction the visitor said: "Mr. Bailey has told you everything I thought of saying, so I will sit down."

Mark Twain was always delightful as a lecturer. Bill Nye made a large

part of his income from his talk, and when he went out with James Whitcomb Riley, the combination was invariably successful. During the latter part of his life, when his humor was fading, John Kendrick Bangs made a large income from his lectures. So it is with Irvin Cobb. I could listen to him every other night, but to read his more professionally humorous writing involves a certain coyness in the approach.

Another reason why, up to the end of the war, the professional humorist flourished in this country, was because satire was unknown. Now that sentiment is dying, if not altogether dead, and satire is growing up, it will soon be no longer possible for a man to make a mountebank out of his own personality, thinly disguised as a clockmaker, as in the case of Sam Slick, or as the keeper of waxworks, as in the case of Artemus Ward. Artemus Ward poked fun at the Shakers by implying that they displayed natural human emotions when they "yayed" and "nayed." Bill Nye, who had undoubtedly a genuine sense of crude humor, used natural objects and displayed them in an eccentric vocabulary, as, for example, when he described a cucumber entering a stomach.

***When Bill Nye Was at His Best***

Satire, now beginning to take on its atmosphere among us, must still go through a considerable enlargement to bring forth good fruits. Satire is always preceded by burlesque, and of this, our professionals have surfeited us. Thus we have had George Chappell with his Dr. Traprock, Robert Benchley's take-offs on scientists and economists, and Donald Ogden Stewart's individual burlesques on American history, etiquette, and, more recently, banks and bankers.

Our humorists have hitherto given us very little real information, except that which comes from imitating certain characters they have listened to, or with whom they have associated. These characters have perhaps too often been themselves, thinly disguised, or not disguised at all. It is mostly physical, not intellectual. Irvin Cobb puts himself on the operating table, and makes us laugh at the feeling we get by his amusing description of his own sufferings. For this same reason, so much of the humor of Dickens is painful reading for us today. Bill Nye told me once that he wrote his best humor after he had broken his leg. It is this insistence on the purely physical that we are coming to recognize as very crude stuff. It is allied with the hose-squirting, rubber-hammer-beating comedies of the movies. We are moving up a peg. We may develop a sense of humor yet. One sign of it is the passing of the professional humorist.

Neither must we be fooled by the enormous mass of standardized buffoonery, the comic strips and the fun pages syndicated everywhere; largely pictorial and much of it distinctly horrible. Grant said at Shiloh that if you wanted to know how an army was going the worst place to find out was by observing the stragglers and slackers in the rear. Our advance is very considerable. We are beginning to discover that the intention in itself to write humor is enough to defeat its very purpose, or in other words, the only real humorist is the one whose humor is incidental.

There was a time when I thought it a part of wisdom to be made to laugh at the misfortunes of others, or to hold up my own misfortunes as a subject for the laughter of others. Now I see that true laughter is born only out of the exposure of ignorance. And this is an increasingly delicate matter, because it involves the high principles of art.

We shall see how utterly impossible the professional humorist is, and just why he must ultimately, and I believe very soon, laugh himself out of court, if we but glance for a moment at his method. First, he must find something to laugh about. Second, he must write of it in such a manner as to make people laugh.

There is undoubtedly plenty to laugh about, but we must have our own way in respect of this. We do not like to have another man thrust a subject upon us, and —too frequently in his very title—say to us, "Here is a subject I have selected for you to laugh about." We know he does it in this way because, having, either consciously or unconsciously, examined several previous specimens of his professional humor, we can tell it afar. We can hear the wheels go round before we cross the threshold. The machinery is tuned up enough. It is very much like a well-constructed radio set in which you can get any station you like. The trouble is, you don't want to.

Recently there has been an outburst of humorous verse, all or most of which is so well written, so facile and smooth, that the wonder grows as to how any young person can learn to do it so well in so few years of practice. You read on to the end, and then slip off. Nothing has happened. You are where you began. As for prose, if any smart young man succeeds, by some incredible ingenuity, in inventing even the semblance of a new form, it is seized upon and torn to pieces by a whole pack of incipient humorists.

I recall that, many years ago, in a fit of deep melancholy, I thought of a head, "If Everybody Told the Truth," and then added some snatches of conversation based upon this assumption. The result is that this form has been used ever since and bobs up periodically. Similarly, my friend Dorothy Parker, sometime during or shortly after the war, wrote a song of hate, as applied to things to be satirized, and since then songs of hate in one form or another have been constantly written by desperate professionals.

***Laughter Not a Form of Happiness***

How else, you may now ask, can our weakness be uncovered if not in this way, even if it appears to be mechanical? Lord love you! I am not criticizing this way, by itself. I am only pointing out that the professional humorist can no longer stand here. He may use this way quite properly, but he must see that it is only a stage in his progress. It is impossible to be a humorist alone. It is only possible to be a humorist when one is almost everything else.

If I wish to bring home to people the combination of greed and stupidity and shortsightedness which permits so many grade crossings to be the means of killing people, or if I wish to show up the necessity for public parks and the same greed and stupidity which makes their desecration possible, then it is right and proper for me to use all the old tricks of humor and ridicule that I can employ. And my public will encourage me and applaud me in doing all this. But when, merely for the doubtful purpose of maintaining myself, lacking accurate information or deep-seated desire to be of general service, I employ what talent I have in turning out hack-work, then I must perish.

It is no indication that a man has a sense of humor merely because you can make him laugh. It is no longer necessary to make people laugh. Laughter is not even a crude form of happiness. The man who laughs till he cries does not repeat himself in that respect, or if he does, it is only an imitation of his first emotion. What is getting to be necessary is to make people think, and to make them think requires much more than the mere stringing together of your information, as accurate and complete as it may be. People everywhere want to be informed, but more than this, they want to be illuminated. The true humorist is one who uses humor only to illuminate the way. He is a student in the right sense. That is why true satire is so long in coming. A satirist is not only born but he must make himself.

A true satirist must reach the final point where he is in love with the thing he satirizes.

A true humorist must reach the final point where his humor is so universal that it is impersonal; where he even forgets himself. Does this seem impossible in America? Believe me, all impossible things are possible.

## Pretenders Who Got Away With It

(*Concluded from page 15*)

prone to confess to crimes committed by others and to claim different identities. This was the case with David George, the Enid, Oklahoma, suicide of 1903, who two years previously, while under the influence of an overdose of morphine, claimed that he was John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Abraham Lincoln, and who told an entertaining story of how he escaped from Washington on the fatal night.

There is far greater interest in John Wilkes Booth *escaped* than in John Wilkes Booth *captured in the Garrett barn*, for about him *escaped* there will always hover that air of mystery, of uncertainty, of romance, to fire the imagination, and as long as there is mystery and uncertainty there will be lost heirs and royal pretenders and we shall have these peculiar instances of marvelous fiction. And just as long as people are too prone to intellectual laziness to ask or search for sensible proof will there be those who will believe these wild tales—and the wilder the tale the stronger the belief.

## Royal Indian Navy

AND now a Royal Indian Navy is projected. Recently a door of opportunity was opened to East Indians to obtain commissions in British native regiments, which have through many troubled years proved their stability and loyalty. The Indian Marine, whose transports and survey vessels have many Lascar crews, is to make natives eligible to rank as officers. From this marine will develop the Royal Indian Navy, with its own regulations, and in course of time its own sea customs and traditions.

An Indian navy is a revolutionary institution, for the Hindus of old times hated and dreaded the Black Water and despised all who crossed it. That ancient country, visited by many ships, did not send forth ships of its own. The great maritime powers which have ruled India wholly or in part, Portugal, Holland, France, and England, no more expected to see an Indian fleet at sea than to hear of the natives of the Caribbean paddling to Europe from the Spanish Main. The Royal Indian Navy is evidence that the East is changing.

# The Man Without Red Hair

(*Concluded from page 2*)

well the money side of it, wouldn't he?"

From the intimate pictures of the terrible exigencies of the work that both English and American lecturers had given me, I was heartily inclined to agree with him.

"But if I hadn't liked the people, hadn't really cared for the Americans, you couldn't have persuaded me for a million in money to come again."

Knowing the Englishman of his class of mind and culture, I believed him.

"I have seen some ridiculous statements of the supposed earnings of the popular lecturer," continued Walpole. "I am free and glad to inform you that what I make over and above expenses during and from one of my American lecture tours is intrinsically less than I would have netted had I stayed at home. I don't feel that I have ever quite recovered a fair financial balance because of the disaster on my first lecture tour, when my touring agent went bankrupt. On my second trip I made something to be sure; but bear in mind that I did not write a line on the trip, nor do I employ the American background in my work."



Terrace in front of Hugh Walpole's house, overlooking Derwent Water.

I made a few rapid calculations of the amount that I knew a man of Hugh Walpole's caliber could earn with his pen during the six months or so he spent catching midnight trains, plowing through snowdrifts on several-hundred-mile jumps, missing meals, talking in ill-heated halls and in drafts night after night regardless of whether he felt well or ill, homesick or blue—well, I am convinced that he could have made more money sitting in that big armchair in his cozy study in his own dear London.

Why, then, does he do it? The spirit of adventure, I suppose, that makes one want to see what the other fellow's land is like.

"I've lived abroad so much," he explained. "I like the way one may express his feelings, which is not done here in England, you know. I actually find in America more of my own kind than I do here. They don't think you foolish there when you express yourself emotionally and honestly, as they often do here.

"I find the critics on both sides of the water are usually persons who have never crossed. The other night I was speaking in public in a friendly way about America when someone in the audience raised his voice in protest. I was more angry than ever when I found that the speaker knew nothing about the States. There should be much more intermingling between the two countries. I think it would be a wise and most excellent plan for every public man to live abroad if only for a few months, then he could come home and speak intelligently about international problems.

"You Americans move so fast, and carry me with you until I am breathless. I usually make straight for my circle of New York friends, and run off again. It seems as though I had been with them just long enough to shake hands.

"During one of my tours I seemed to see more people than the world can contain. I would really like to spend two or three weeks in every town, but then I would never get back to England. I never have time on these mad dashes really to know anyone.

"All the people seem so intent on making you happy. In England they don't care, and they are afflicted with a marked slowness in making friends, but once friends are made here, they are worth having. Yes, in America you are much more hospitable.

"All this is confusing to the English temperament. We can't expect when they have been so nice to us in America that they love us with all their hearts. Meeting a person for an hour on the one hand, or the friend of a lifetime on the other, is quite a different matter with us. But that shade of distinction is not marked with you and it tempts one at first to remark that the Americans are superficial. There is an abyss between friends and acquaintances at home here.

"By not indulging in this social convention, I think we are often considered cold. Our very accents are apt to sound to the American ear as patronizing or superior, whereas it is the very last thing that most Englishmen feel. They all want the Americans to like them, and they feel it when they don't. But you never know this, since the Englishman is so averse to showing *anything* that he feels.

"It is strange how very little a novelist can do about his own writing even," said Mr. Walpole whimsically, as he regarded his dead pipe for a moment and then gazed into the heart of the fire. "One learns technique and makes elaborate and definite plans, and then sheer inspiration will come along and upset them all; for no matter what the writer may want to do, he is influenced so much more by the things he had no idea that he was going to do.

"For instance, every writer at some time or other becomes rebellious against the critics, and he will say: 'What the devil! This work was not altogether in my power, I had little to do with it.' And sometimes, when you are accorded great praise, you feel somehow that you've no right to it. Just as when *you* are blamed, you feel it a bit unjust.

"I would like to write this and that, but in the end it is not what I would like to have done, but what I actually did do.

"This profession of writing has many of the features of working up any business. You always have some gigantic end in view that hasn't begun to be accomplished by simply writing a book now and then. I am always being summed up, *as though I had finished.* It began with my first book, *Fortitude,* and it has been going on ever since. The critics always turn to the world and say, 'There, see what he has done.' But I am only in the midst of my work. I feel that I have not yet done anything, or at least anything in comparison with what I intend to do.

"After all, then, nobody by his comments makes the slightest difference ultimately to your work. Should it come through all literature after you have finished, it will then occupy the position it *should* occupy. Critics or commentators cannot help or harm it in the long run."

The same refined charm and finish that one finds in his books, I found in Hugh Walpole himself: earnestness, straightforwardness and an almost ingenuous desire to please, deeply grieved when he fails to do so. That is the sort of man Walpole really is.

## Diarists Withhold Comment

IT IS becoming customary for authors to attempt to spare their posterity. Mark Twain requested that his autobiography should not appear until several years after his death. It appeared this year, but the reason for his request remains a mystery. A. C. Benson left his diaries and papers to be sealed up for fifty years because he "had written very freely and intimately about living persons and private matters." Henry Savage remarks: "His great revenge, perhaps, for a long life of sleep."

# Joseph Pennell ~ Etcher and Critic



Mr. Pennell used as the subject for this etching the largest suspension bridge in the world, between Camden and Philadelphia.

## Chats With the Friend and Biographer of Whistler, Who Has Realistically Pictured the Poetry of Industry

By ALICE MacFARLAND

JOSEPH PENNELL, eminent American etcher and lithographer, evidently shares the "objections to biographies" expressed by his beloved Whistler, who wrote: "Determined that no mendacious scamp shall tell the foolish truths about me when centuries have gone by, and anxiety no longer pulls at the pen of the 'pupil' who would sell the soul of his master, I now proceed to take the wind out of such speculator by immediately furnishing myself the fiction of my own biography, which shall remain and is the fiction of my life."

Long before he completed his self-imposed task, Whistler realized it to be too much for him, and he authorized his friends, Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell, to take it up, giving them innumerable notes, and evening after evening of talk from which Mrs. Pennell made notes. All the world knows how well, and with what sympathy and understanding that work was done in *The Life of Whistler* and *The Whistler Journal*. Mr. Pennell, evidently apprehensive of similar catastrophes in the way of biographies, has written his own, or at least that part of it which deals with his work as an illustrator.

His book, *The Adventures of an Illustrator*, follows the course of illustration in America from the early days when the *Century* printed his first "Wonder of Work" etching, through the narratives of his journeys to the cathedrals of Europe to illustrate the works of famous authors, down to the present day—despised by Pennell, when photographs are replacing works of art as illustrations. He disposes of the present neatly and with a certain naïve egotism in the heading of his last chapter, which he calls, "The End of My Adventures as an Illustrator, and the End of American Illustration."

The book begins, like all good autobiographies, at the beginning; but Mr. Pennell expresses considerable doubt about just when the beginning was. It was, in any event, in Philadelphia, in a Quaker family that he first saw the light of day, and he thinks it was in 1860, and that perhaps it was on the Fourth of July. A good patriotic birthday to choose when the records of the family Bible, and in the Friends' Meeting House, are destroyed. He traces what he knows of the family genealogy, and disclaims all the people of his name who seek him out to claim relationship, for, he says "they all want something."

When a man went to him once in London, claiming knowledge of his father, whom he had known when he worked on the *Ledger* in Philadelphia, Pennell's answer was: "I never had a father. I never heard of Philadelphia. What's the *Ledger?*" in much the same spirit in which Whistler replied to the American who enthusiastically informed him that both he and Whistler had been born in Lowell, Massachusetts, and that there was a year's difference in their ages. "Very charming," said Whistler. "And so you are sixty-eight and were born in Lowell, Massachusetts! Most interesting, no doubt, and as you please. But I shall be born when and where I want, and I do not choose to be born in Lowell, and I refuse to be sixty-seven!"

The early record of the little Quaker boy, who was never lonely when he was alone, of his family, of "Friends' Meeting," of his first bicycle (the first of many, for he was one of the first to take up cycling), gives a vivid picture of the times in Philadelphia, and of the beginnings of an artist, for he learned to draw when he was very small, and was, he says, an illustrator from the beginning.

Certain poignant memories of the assassination of Lincoln and other events of the time were indelibly impressed upon the sensitive mind of the young child. After graduating from the Germantown Academy, where his friendships and enmities were even then well defined, he went to the newly opened Institute of Art, from which he was later, to his immense satisfaction, expelled. Following that he went to the Academy schools.

An anecdote concerning the criticism of one of his first drawings there shows that sensitiveness which is the clue to many of the bitter enmities for which he is famous. He was drawing the head of a Roman senator—"one of those old Romans who look exactly like the average American; under them Rome fell, and we are going the same way"—and he was sitting beside a man named Wimbush. The professor entered, and after extravagantly praising the work of Wimbush, took one glance at Pennell's drawing and said: "Vy you dry do improve on der gast?" "That criticism," Pennell writes, "would have done most students good. It did me harm. Had he taken the same trouble to tell me where my work was bad, even if all over, as he did to praise the superficial correctness of the prize student, it might have been of some use to both of us, certainly to Wimbush. However, the Professor and Wimbush have disappeared; I still rest." The evident joy of repaying old scores, even when the offenders have "disappeared."

Among the stories that are told about most great or interesting men, particularly those of the type of Whistler or Pennell, who might well have said some of the things tradition accredits to them even if they

didn't, is one about a friend of Pennell's, who had been the recipient of some of Pennell's brilliant verbal abuse and said to him: "Joseph, one difference between you and Whistler is that where he uses a rapier, you use a bludgeon."

The bludgeon is unsparingly used in his book—all through—but after reading it one can readily see that it is never used save in response to some wound to his sensitiveness, particularly if the wound is dealt to art or beauty, his ideals of which are uncompromising. He is an indefatigable worker, and one who knows no half measures, or sympathy with those who employ them. The beauty of architecture, of the "wonder of work," was always apparent to him, and led him to create a new vision of sky lines, shipyards, old ferry houses, factories; of countless things that were previously unnoticed by the artist.

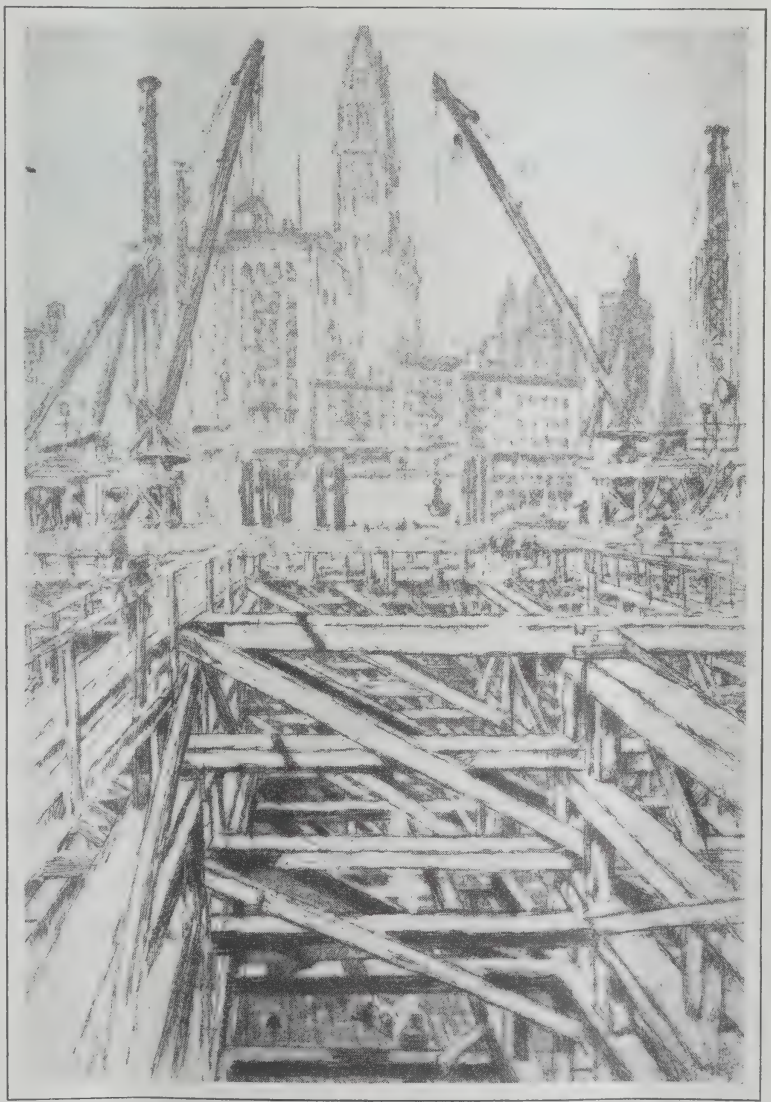
Of music or the art of the theater he knows and cares nothing. "I hate the theater," he says. In a description of a visit to Bayreuth, Germany, when he and Mrs. Pennell saw *Parsifal*, he says: "It was a question of spending sixty marks on another performance or on old beer mugs instead. We never use the mugs and they are gone." Of the plays by his friend Bernard Shaw, *Cashel Byron's Profession* is the only one he ever read—"and that because he gave it to me, though once later I heard him read *Candida*, and that was enough for me."

In the introduction to his book, he explains that some of the chapters, since thoroughly revised, have appeared in the *Century*, the *Illustrated London News*, and other papers, but he does not state that the chapter on Aubrey Beardsley is part of a lecture he delivered at the Brooklyn Museum of Art, and was later made into a book and privately printed by the Pennell Club of Philadelphia. It was that circumstance, however, which led to my first personal knowledge of him.

I was in the rare-book offices of a prominent New York dealer when the president of the Pennell Club came in to ask that a first-rate stenographer be sent to the museum to take down the lecture, and, after considerable searching, we sent the best we knew. The lecture became unrecognizable beneath the stenographer's expert touch, and was brought in to us with Mr. Pennell's corrections. She had tampered with the names of the great and the near great, calling the dignified Burne Jones, "Burt" Jones, and otherwise proving that a knowledge of stenography does not necessarily include any idea of English art. I looked at the incomprehensible manuscript, made more difficult to decipher by Pennell's voluminous corrections and virulent comments, and, in a moment of temporary mental lapse, I offered the services of my two-fingered method of typing to try to clear up the muddle.

It was, I am afraid, an indifferent job at best but I am glad I offered my dubious services, for the incident led to my meeting Mr. Pennell and eventually becoming, for a time, the secretary of the Pennell Club in Philadelphia.

It was interesting to see the tireless struggle to have things just as he wanted them, which led to the making of that perfect little book, *Aubrey Beardsley and Other Men of the Nineties*, by Joseph Pennell, published as the third book of the Pennell Club in 1924. The edition was limited to a hundred copies, and is now, of course, completely out of print and at a premium. And what a treasure to the Pennell collector, in case they are still to be had, would be the corrected proof sheets of that book, containing Mr. Pennell's opinion of the printer (entirely unfavorable, by the way).



The erecting of the Brooklyn Edison Building offered Mr. Pennell an impressive industrial motif.

My first glimpse of him was in his classroom at the Institute of Art, surrounded by his pupils and his presses, a tall, thin figure, with very kind, very blue, eyes set in the face of a dreamer. During the time I spent in Philadelphia, I was continually among his friends and enemies and collectors of his etchings and water colors.

I had heard of Mrs. Pennell many times, but had never seen her, or a picture of her. I was told, however, that she looked like a duchess, or rather, like a duchess ought to look, and that must have been enough, for one day, when I was quite alone, in walked a lovely, gracious lady who asked for the president of the Pennell Club. I unhesitatingly ventured, "Mrs. Pennell?"—and was right.

It is told in the Whistler *Life* how, when the Pennells were going on a cycling trip across France to Switzerland, Whistler decided to accompany them as far as Dieppe. When they met for dinner there—Whistler, immaculate as always in evening dress, and the Pennells with only their cycling costumes—Whistler gave his arm to Mrs. Pennell and said, in reply to nothing at all, "*Mais oui, Princesse,*" thereby gaining the respectful attention of the assembly, head waiters and all. So, you see, anyone who could successfully pass for a princess in France in the cycling costume of the eighties must look, in the costume of our time, even in a supposed democracy, at the very least a duchess.

During my stay in Philadelphia, Mr. Pennell came there to make some etchings of the Delaware Bridge, then in process of construction. George J. C. Grasberger, rare-book dealer, and president of the Pennell Club, had obtained the necessary permits for him to go wherever he wished on the bridge. We waited eagerly to see the result. When it came (he only etched one plate), it was called "The Ugliest Bridge in the World," and when we placed it, innocently enough, in the front window of the bookshop, it occasioned a storm of protest from the press, and all the Pennell collectors rushed in to try to secure one of the few impressions that were made. One serious-minded Philadelphian, an architect, name unknown, came in with drawings he had made, containing proposed changes to be made in the bridge, which he wanted us to send to Mr. Pennell for his approval. Needless to say, we discouraged him from his project, which most certainly would not have met with approval from Mr. Pennell.

Soon after the bridge episode, Mr. Pennell came over to address the Art League, and about the same time we had a visit from John Lane, the well-known publisher, of London. From both of them we heard of the reunion they were having in New York, the talks of old times; the dinners at a famous old French restaurant where it is still possible to really *dine* according to Mr. Pennell's plans and specifications. It was, for me, very wonderful to hear Mr. Lane talk of the great writers whose books he had published. How many questions I asked him! And how many more I wish I had asked him! For now I can question him no more, nor can he and Mr. Pennell have any other reunions on this earth, for, soon after his return to England, he died.

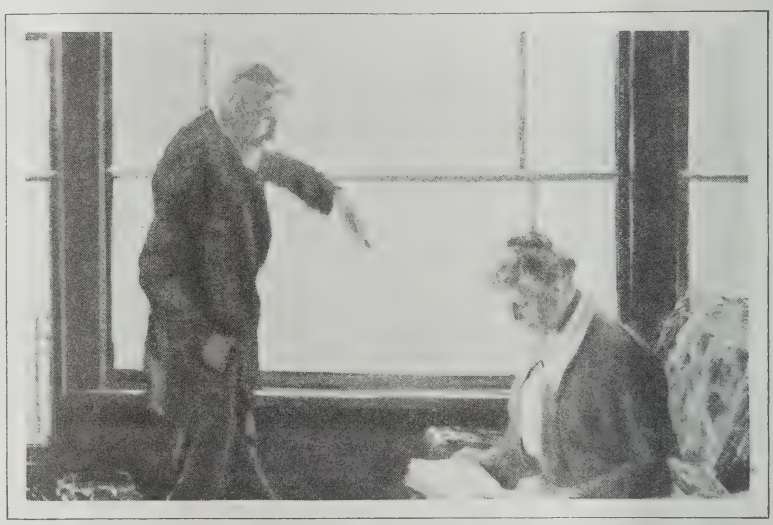
To return to the book—there is a vivid picture of Philadelphia in the seventies, of Whitman as he used to see him, of Charles Godfrey Leland, who came to be associated so closely with his life and work, and whose niece, Elizabeth Robins, was later to become Mrs. Pennell. Of Leland he says, "he was the greatest Philadelphian of his time, but no Philadelphian knows this—or anything else."

He recounts his trip down the Mississippi to New Orleans to illustrate an article by Cable; his first trip to Europe to make a series of twelve etchings for W. D. Howells' articles on Tuscany, and from this time on his book is rich in tales of travel and adventure; filled with graphic sketches of the famous authors with whom he worked. The account of his trip with Hamerton, that trip which marked the beginning of house-boating, and which Hamerton described and Pennell illustrated in *A Summer Voyage*, the antics of the recalcitrant donkey which was the motive power of the boat, the discomforts, and the ludicrousness of suspecting Pennell of being a spy, are told with characteristic humor. His sojourn in Russia, to draw the "Jew at Home," brought before him many amazing places and people, and his description of the great festival at Kiev, where he witnessed the living death, is etched as clearly in words as one of his own plates.

Equally graphic in detail are the accounts of the funeral of King Edward and the coronation of King George, both of which he illustrated from nature. He had permits to attend all the rehearsals. "Of the hundreds of artists there, the only persons who did anything of importance that day were Sir Benjamin Stone, the photographer, and the cinematograph people, but they were not artists. As for the remaining two, E. J. Sullivan, also working for the *Chronicle*—I got him the commission—climbed on to a tomb and made a sketch, and I, well, I was as usual the only person who had any sense, for, as I have said, my conditions were that I should have a seat in the organ loft, and that I should attend all the rehearsals and the ceremony from the same seat."

There is a chapter devoted to the famous guild halls of London, not only describing the beauty and richness of the halls themselves, which he drew, but the solemn rite of dining which, being convinced that dining is a lost art in America, he appreciates to the fullest extent. "Most new Americans have never dined—decently," he says in disgust.

Ten years of his life were spent in the cathedrals of Europe, which he knew and loved and drew, many times on cycling trips with Mrs. Pennell who wrote the text for some of the books. He drew the cathedrals of Italy, Spain, Germany, Belgium, England and France, and would have doubtless spent many more years in happy work there if the war had not interfered and sent him back to his native land—the war that ended the world, according to him, ended at least the world he knew and loved and worked in.



*From a painting by Wayman Adams.*
J. and E. R. Pennell at their Brooklyn window.

Maurice Hewlett, F. Marion Crawford, Vernon Lee, Sir Edmund Gosse and Henry James are among the authors for whom he illustrated. The years of his life in London, particularly those bright days at the Adelphi Terrace apartment (now occupied by Barrie), which marked his close association with Whistler and other great men of the nineties, are all too briefly touched upon. Such a description as the following whets one's appetite for more, and for snatches of the good talk which filled the room: "Hatrick, Sullivan, Beardsley and Walter Crane would be there, and McClure Hamilton, and we would have to rush him out if Whistler came, and George Moore and Sickert and McColl would look in. That was before we all fought."

And then the war, and his broken-hearted part in it, and his return to America. "I admit I am a failure as a war artist," he says, "a recorder of war at the front, for I loathed what I saw so much that I could do nothing—no one gave in art or literature any idea of the war. No one could. No one will. It would stop war, but I cannot forget what I suffered, and I suffer still when I see the old world jazzing through the ruins."

From the windows of his Brooklyn home, he can see "the most beautiful thing left in the world," New York, the unbelievable city, which he describes as "The city that has been built since I grew up, the city beautiful, built by men I know for people I know, the city that inspires me, that I love." And one imagines that he found a great deal of pleasure in writing this book, sitting within view of his wonder city, with "E." at his side, ruminating over old days before the war and prohibition "spoiled" his country, the country which he finds picturesque and lovable even when he scolds at it.

His story, which is told in a rambling, desultory style, is readable—delightfully so. His occasional outbursts against the lack of appreciation and knowledge of art in America are more understandable when one realizes how much more Europe has valued this great artist than we have. The French Government treasures his prints and drawings in the Luxembourg, and they are highly rated in Germany and England. But that is characteristic of America. We only accepted Whitman when England had done so first, and finally received our own Poe at the hands of Baudelaire and France.

Mr. Pennell frequently describes his methods of work—drawing from nature only, and always printing his own proofs. "All artists who really etch pull their own proofs," he says, "for the printing of a plate is as vital to its success as drawing or biting is. But most etchers are not artists and their plates prove it, for if any method proves an artist's power of observation, selection drawing, it is etching."

Again he tells of always drawing straight on the plates, which accounts for all proofs drawn from nature being reversed in printing. It was in Salisbury, searching for a certain view of the cathedral, that the following ideas of impressionism first occurred to him: "I found that I must also give the feeling of the place, the impression it made on me. This is impressionism and not the putting down of spots, blots, cubes and other mannerisms. This is the impressionism of Piero della Francesca, Velasquez, Claude, Turner, Constable, Whistler. It is not rendering the subject as it is, but giving the sensation it makes on you, and if that sensation is strong enough, others will feel it. That is impressionism—art."

It is impossible to refer to Mr. Pennell's book without some reference to the remarkable and profuse illustrations. Etchings, drawings and lithographs by Mr. Pennell are reproduced, many of them for the first time, and there are a number of interesting portraits of the persons referred to in the text, and portraits and sketches of Mr. Pennell by Whistler and others.

The make-up of the book, the printing of which was supervised by Mr. Pennell with what care only one who has seen his corrected proof sheets can imagine, is most attractive.

So completely his own has Mr. Pennell made certain subjects that some of us, when we see the irregular, jagged lines of tall buildings soaring toward the complaisant sky, or a great hole in the earth from which a skeleton steel structure arises, are apt to say: "What a subject that would make for a Pennell etching!" He sees the dream which lies behind the building of all things, and, being a great artist, he makes us see something of his vision.

# Nations Would End Passport Nuisance

(*Continued from page 5*)

go to Europe on a certain day by a certain steamer was made but three days before sailing time. My previous passport had expired by a few days. Its presentation was sufficient identification for getting a new one. The application was filed in New York one Wednesday afternoon; I desired its return Friday morning so that I could have the day to obtain the half-a-dozen visas involved. I have been a newspaper man for more than twenty years. I am well known in New York and Washington. The object of my trip was decidedly professional.

Why do newspaper men, correspondents, writers, authors, go abroad on professional business? To crack safes, or kidnap babes, or start rebellions? It seemed to me that it would have been better to have had one's stuff written before departure, to present to the passport control officer to prove just what one was going abroad for.

Did the passport return on Friday? It did not. It was there Saturday morning, and had my steamer sailed at 10 o'clock I should have been out of luck, because in an hour I could hardly have obtained the British visa and made the pier uptown.

Fortunately, the *Leviathan* did not sail until 2 o'clock, due to tide conditions, so the State Department's routine merely annoyed me, besides depriving me of $10 for the privilege of being kept in suspense. A train wreck containing the passport pouch from Washington would—the clerk informed me when I spoke about this possibility—have sent me away on an emergency passport issued at the New York office.

The Department of State informed me some time ago, that during the year ending June 30, 1920, $348,324.44 was collected in passport fees. That was the last fiscal year prior to the date in which the $10 fee became effective.

For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1925, the passport fees totaled $1,452,584 and visa fees in the amount of $3,584,192.60 were collected.

The head tax, primarily established (originally it was $4) for the purpose of defraying immigration control and supervision expenditures, must be paid by those who involve no charges of the kind, any more than Americans traveling abroad are asked to pay the expenses of supervising their entry. Thus the head tax is another item that should be eliminated.

Another situation is that affecting several countries, notably Germany, in which thousands of prospective immigrants who paid the $10 visa fee have not been admitted to the United States owing to the new immigration law, virtually barring them indefinitely. The German Government made representations to the Department of State, suggesting the refund of the $10 where visas were rendered unavailable by the new immigration curb. The State Department expressed regret, but pointed out that no provision was made in the new act, or other law, for refunding the fees in question.

It is alleged that the war debts are responsible for much of the ill feeling with which Americans are regarded abroad, but while this is partly true, it is much more likely that the passport cost precedent established by this country is chiefly the cause of the trouble.

The emigrant who sells his few effects that he may go to the United States is more apt to grumble, when confronted with $10 visa and $8 head tax charges, than the fellow who stays at home and reads about the debt-funding terms. To the former $18 is $18, and perhaps a no small part of what he gathered together, whereas the non-emigrating fellow contributes no such sum to the extinguishing of the debt.

The Chamber of Commerce of the United States issued a statement saying that "passport visa charges and regulations are an unnecessary burden on business travel in foreign countries. Our committee has received reports from business men of cumulative passport visa charges on business travelers that amounted to as much as the cost of an ocean passage in a de luxe stateroom before the war. Further, the red tape incidental to obtaining visas often consumes a great deal of valuable time and interferes with the transaction of business."

Frank C. Clark, in a letter to a member of the House of Representatives, wrote in part as follows:

"From thirty years' experience in arranging foreign cruises and conducting more than 20,000 American tourists through every civilized country in the world, I heartily agree with the condemnation of our passport system which you expressed upon your recent arrival here from Europe. Our passport system at present is not only valueless, but a positive injury to commerce and a handicap upon the comfort and convenience of travelers."

It is held by many persons that the visa is unnecessary. That is a too liberal view. The visa seems unnecessary until certain names are encountered. It will never do to have a passport which will guarantee ingress and egress anywhere at any time to any one. Governments must reserve to themselves the right, even if unjustly exercised, to determine who is welcome within their respective frontiers.

Obtaining a visa, however, should not be any more vexatious than registering at a respectable hotel. A simplified passport system would in due time lead to a simplified visa control, which largely is a matter of centralizing the routine so that a traveler does not have to go all over a big city to obtain visas. Many tourist agents assume the task of obtaining the necessary visas.

Maritime authorities, after much thought and planning, have devised the so-called nonclass tours and group tours with a view to utilizing former third-class space. Nothing is so absurd as that a tourist, intending to visit a few countries in a few weeks at a cost of less than $500, shall be penalized from $40 to $70 for visas—a nearly prohibitive percentage.

If it is true that certain governments remit, or do not charge, visa fees to foreigners using their ships, the United States might well afford to furnish free passport or visa, as the case may be, to those traveling on ships flying the American flag.

## Bird That Lays $1,500 Egg

PROBABLY few persons know that the Pacific Coast of the United States is the home of a claimant for the title of the largest bird that flies. This is the California Condor, whose only rival for size is the Andean Condor, found only in the Cordilleras of the west coast of South America. In addition to holding a record for size among birds of the North American continent, the California Condor lays an egg valued by museums and collectors at $1,500 to $2,000—almost in the class of the eggs of the long-dead Dinosaur.

And now comes the word that the California Condor is rapidly passing to join the Dinosaur, the Great Auk, the Labrador Duck and the Silvertip Grizzly in extinction. The California State Fish and Game Commission, which has been making a special study of the Condor, is authority for the statement that today there are no California Condors living in a wild state outside of nine counties in California, and that there are only about 50 of these birds even there, where they nest in the high and almost inaccessible ranges.

The wing spread of the California Condor is nine to twelve feet, as compared with seven to ten feet, as an average, of the celebrated Condor of the Andes, which is believed to be the original of the fabled Roc. The California Condor is a direct descendant of the prehistoric super-condor, *Teratornis merriami*, which had a wing spread of eighteen feet.

The California Condor, once paired, remains mated for life, and, if one of a pair dies, it is believed that the remaining bird never takes another mate. The female lays only one egg, rather larger than that of the largest domestic goose, and the young birds remain with their parents for two seasons before setting up a family of their own. The nest is a hole or cave in a cliff, deep in some inaccessible gorge, and the egg is laid on the bare floor of the cave. Only 41 eggs of this bird are in museums, as compared with more than 70 of the Great Auk, which has been extinct for some years.

Extinction of the California Condor—to which naturalists are now witnesses—is due largely to the desire of the miners in the days of the gold rush to California three-quarters of a century ago, for the large and hollow quills in which to carry gold dust. Slow to rise from the ground when it had gorged itself, the Condor fell an easy prey to the rifles of the miners or even the *riatas* of the *vaqueros*, who sold the quills to the miners.

Poison for mountain lions, bears, wolves, wildcats and coyotes, placed in dead animals by the ranchers, also accounted for many, while careless collectors for museums nearly completed the job of extermination before the State of California took a hand and protected the birds and their eggs with heavy penalties. Laying only one egg a year, and requiring two years to arrive at the mating stage, makes the increase of these large vultures slower than that of almost any other bird.

With his huge beak, bare, orange-colored head, heavy neck ruff of glossy feathers, great wing spread and two large white patches under the wings, the California Condor is a majestic figure whether at rest or in flight. According to stories told by early residents of California, the Condor was monarch of the air, easily able to whip a golden, or even a bald, eagle. Condors are believed to live to the age of 100 years.

## Pheasant Hunting at Home

THE farmer in Washington and Oregon no longer needs to take a week or two off and trek back into the Cascades to get his hunting. Just as his forefathers in the Ohio Valley, or down south of the Mason and Dixon's line, used to shoot wild turkeys, passenger pigeons, and ruffed grouse from their doorsteps, so this Northwestern farmer today can shoot his own pheasant from his own alfalfa or wheat field, or down in the cattle pasture.

The states of Washington and Oregon, through their game commissions, have given the farmer this opportunity by releasing thousands of these birds from the game farms each year. The pheasants so released are at least five months old when they are turned into the wild, and they cannot be shot until the middle of October, when, for fifteen days, with strictly limited bags, the farmer can have fine bird-shooting on his own land.

It has been found that the common variety known as the Chinese pheasant, lies best to dogs, flies hardest and most indirectly, reproduces itself best in the wild, survives its natural enemies in numbers, and furnishes the largest and best-flavored body for the table. The male bird is very beautiful, and a very artful dodger, easily fooling even a trained dog, and making hunting difficult. The female, smaller than the male and less brilliantly colored, is partially protected by the law even during the open season, when only a small number of hens, compared to the number of cocks, is allowed to be bagged.

The birds are reared on the game farms from eggs taken from the hen pheasants just as soon as they are laid. If left to her own nesting, the hen pheasant will lay 12 to 14 eggs and then stop laying, but if the eggs are taken from her, she will lay from 40 to 50 in a season. The eggs, of which about 97 per cent are fertile, are then placed under hens, the bantam and other small breeds of domestic fowls being used for this purpose. Immediately on being hatched, the tiny pheasants, which are smaller than even bantam chickens, attempt to run away from their foster mother and hide. During this period they are kept in small closed pens, where they must remain close to the hen, and so gradually become accustomed to her and obedient to her calls.

Soon the birds become accustomed to the hen, follow her about as would her own chicks, and obey her calls. They are, however, extremely shy of man, and when they see even the well-known keeper approaching, flee in all directions. Unlike chickens, they do not fly for safety to the hen, but seek to hide independently in the long grass.

When the birds are five months old, they are distributed to various points in the state and released to shift for themselves.

Possibly the most interesting feature of this effort on the part of the game commissions of both states is the economic side of the raising and distributing of these birds in the farms and ranches, instead of in the more distant, and, apparently, more suitable, mountain ranges. Today the hunter in almost any town or city in either of these states of Oregon or Washington, can get the limit bag of pheasants in a half-hour's drive from his municipality.

Farmers in the Northwest at first complained that the pheasants were destroying their crops but the value of the birds as a food supply speedily offset this, and now the farmers are the best protectors the pheasants have during the closed season.

# Which School Is Best for Your Children?

(*Concluded from page 8*)

are important phases of child training, the second-grader in a public school is usually more advanced than the fifth-grade boy in a small private school. The large private schools, after all, are really only good public schools where tuition is paid. They are perhaps a trifle better equipped and more closely supervised, but essentially they are the same.

There are other arguments besides that of "objectionable" children. Anything public leads an exposed life. The man-on-the-corner takes Upton Sinclair seriously, and knows that the public school is controlled and cursed by capitalism, and that little goslings are emerging from its doors. So he sends his son to a private school, and neglects to tell us who controls it. But his son is to be developed along "individual" lines, not "Model B" of the public school. Those of us who have several children know that *every* child is individual, and that with exactly the same heredity, environment, and training, we will produce children as different as day and night.

The children of the people in the next block go to a church school. In a church school the children will, of course, learn much more about one particular sect, but the public school children can get their training in creeds at home and in Sunday school. The ten-year-old next door is not as versed in his own hereditary Episcopal faith as he might be, but he has a surprisingly clear and unprejudiced knowledge of Baptists, Jews, Christian Scientists and Roman Catholics, gained on the public school grounds. He goes with us to the Presbyterian Sunday school, and I'm not sure what he'll be, but religious fanaticism will never touch him. In the public school he has acquired that which is more important than dogmatic denominational training—a respect for all sincere faiths.

Then there are the Pharisees within the fold. The public school is an open target, you know. The critics within have the old, familiar wail—the public school has changed. It is no longer the Little Red School House, lineal descendant of the old school. Health programs, school doctors and nurses, nutrition classes, and special work for the under-privileged child; these things have little to do with the three R's, and manual training, domestic science, health bureaus, research clinics and psychiatric workers. Is it really necessary to have all those things in our public schools, and even teach the children to brush their teeth?

*Your* child may not need the supervision that the school gives, but the school nurses find under-nourished children even in well-to-do families, and uncorrected physical defects are general. Call it governmental paternalism in the schools if you wish, but parental care does not always seem to suffice.

Your child may not need the trade school, but if every child who quits school has a definite means of earning his living we are going to have better citizens.

That was the original intent of our forefathers, you know, the making of better citizens. When our public schools were first started the strongest argument for them was that education made for good citizenship, and we must have general education to have a democratic government. After all, we aren't far from their ideals, even if a few do think it middle-class.

Parents, intelligent parents, too, do not talk much of good citizenship these days. It is a hackneyed term, and some of us would rather be thought bomb-throwers than Babbitts. We will tell the children stories from history, but we will not make a personal application. We all have a few prej-



udices of our own, and we perhaps confuse politics with patriotism.

The public school would be much too hard for little Jane's nervous system. She goes to the Wee School for Wee Tots, "two hours personal attention each day." The Wee School emphasized its short hours, and that afternoon school sessions are much too hard for the small children. In her two years at the Wee School, Jane has learned to read beautifully, but she plays abominably. The Wee School really seems to be doing its duty as far as Jane's three R's are concerned, but unless something unexpected happens, something cyclonic, like another baby in the household that revolves around all her small wants, Jane is never going to learn group contact. The small-family child needs the large-family school.

Then the six-year-old comes home from school, salutes the flag, and says: "I pledge allegiance to my flag, and to the country for which it stands." He hurries home some afternoon, hungrier than usual, because he has given part of his lunch money to help rebuild *Old Ironsides*. He directly associates *himself* with his flag, his country, and we parents realize that the public school has taught him something we *should* have taught him—and didn't.

The other day I asked the kindergarten boy what he had learned that day.

"We learned to take turns!" he said.

Some of us have never learned that.

# Chats with Office Callers



"Ding is back," said ***The Newspaperman,*** as he flung into The Office. It was good news, and it is scarcely necessary to tell anyone who "Ding" is. But for those who may be a trifle slow of recollection, he is J. N. Darling, the cartoonist. One of the best. A big national American force for general intelligence and decency. It seems that "Ding" has been ill for a year—perhaps ill and recuperating is the way to say it. For he wrote from somewhere in the New Mexican desert that he was on the way home so tough that he could open a sardine can with his thumb nail and he had to shave with a blow torch. He accompanies this hard news with a plaintive cartoon. Away back in the distance, around the track of the solar system, is a deserted sick bed, with physicians, relatives and nurses scanning a streak around the track which, upon examination, proves to be "Ding" trying to catch up with the world. He drags "the old Think Tank" after him, while the earth flies far before. The caption is—"If Anyone Thinks This World Doesn't Move, Just Try Stopping For a Year."

"Ding" will catch up, no fear. In fact, the world hasn't moved as far as he thinks it has. He will find the same old elements still in the mixture. And he will be a better "Ding" for his temporary retirement. His perspective—not that of his pencil, but of his spirit—he will find improved. It can't help but be. And he will find his public waiting and more eager than before. We writers always admire cartoonists like "Ding"; he can say more with six swipes of his pencil than we can say in a thousand words.

ɤ ɤ ɤ

***"Speaking of Mencken,*** I long ago outgrew, if ever I felt twinges of the fear that he was a corruptor of youth. It is a rather noble charge to make against him anyway, since it was the charge brought against Socrates. Mr. Mencken is a case of arrested development. He is like a doll, or a side-whisker, or a cane—he marks a stage. All youth passes through the Mencken stage. *But Mencken doesn't.* He has got stuck there. That is what makes him Mencken. The girl comes to the doll stage and passes it. The boy comes to the whisker and cane stage, and passes it—if he is normal. Youth comes to the Mencken stage—and passes it. We have all been Menckenites of one degree or another, but we outgrew it. Life pushed us on. It pushes everybody on but Mencken, and the few who, like him, suffer from arrested development, from the fixed angle. There are always those places and characters along the way of life, like cheapjacks on the way to the fair; they are part of the scenery, but they are not moving with their times. To admire the Mencken type is to indicate that one has reached a certain stage; to continue to follow him, is to indicate that one has *stopped.*"

***"'What Price Glory'*** is a true play. To that extent it may be said to have power. It is rough because it deals with rough men in a rough time. But they are men. And there is no oriental dirtiness about them—it is robust Shakespearean profanity and masculine sin. It is something of a relief from the sinuous imported kind. I am sure that *What Price Glory* is not what may be called a 'bad' play in the moral sense, though there is a certain quantity of unmoral attitude and conduct in it. The French people do not shine very well in it. Neither do the Y.M.C.A. nor God nor General Pershing nor General Headquarters. But then the play is not about the French people nor God nor the Y.M.C.A. nor General Pershing nor General Headquarters. The play concerns a few Marines of the hard-boiled type, and these reflect the type with virility and power. 'They cursed, but not half as much as might be expected by one who knows the Marines. They cursed terribly in Flanders.' They were free in their references and relation to the only woman in the play, but, then, she was that kind of woman. They had their ideas of God, which were mostly wrong ideas, created in opposition to certain other wrong—though more ecclesiastical—ideas about God. Personally the line I most enjoyed was where, after the Red Cross man down in the bomb-proof dugout had been expatiating on the soul, and a sergeant had ripped out some very common-sense remarks of an untheological nature, another sergeant turned to the Red Cross man with—'That wasn't me, God.' It was simply rich and it thrust a deep light into the essentially moral nature of men's idea of God. The play does not represent the National Army at all—the war was fought by the very type of soldier the play belittles—its parody on the General Staff is bitter and unjust; but when it comes to showing the man-stuff that lives beneath the hard-boiled surface and to portraying a type of soldier which can be found only in the American Army—God bless it!—I say the play's a wonder. It brings the spectator pretty close to the raw good that is in human nature. Yet there's not a line of sentiment in it—all that sort of thing is blown out with blasts of profanity; there's no mawkishness, even when Hard-Boiled Flagg comforts the sergeant who has gone crazy with the strain. Yet somehow it does reveal in a very impressive way some of the virtues of character which seem so little affected by the vices of conduct."

ɤ ɤ ɤ

"What makes me a good flyer?" repeated the rather ***Well Known Aviator.*** "Well, for one thing, I am a great coward. You simply can't get me into the air until I know that my plane is all right in every humanly controllable particular. I am scared stiff about going up in a plane that is not O. K. in every bolt. In fact, I wouldn't do it. Lots of small-time flyers have me beaten a thousand ways in taking chances. I wouldn't—I'm too scared. I can't say that it began in personal fear, however. At the beginning I was too jealous for the art of flying to take a bad chance. I didn't want to give flying a black eye. Every time a preventable accident occurs, it gives the art a bit of a setback. I am glad to notice that serious flyers are frowning on aërial stunts. The public has been much misled by this sort of thing. There is a flying stunt, such as military men use, which is a real part of the game. Ducking and diving, doing somersaults and tailspins and all the rest, come very useful in combat; they are the foot-work of aërial fighting. And so far they are legitimate. They also demonstrate to the public the possibility of complete mastery of the plane. But stunt flying will never make aviation a popular practice. It takes long records of safe and useful flying to do that, and such records will be made by the careful boys."

ɤ ɤ ɤ

***A Supervisor of the Poor*** came into luncheon. "Any poor people to be helped? I should say so. There always have been and it looks as if there always will be. But the poor these days are comparatively well off. They have everything they want, apparently—installment stuff, of course. Radio, piano, everything. I went to a place on an urgent call for relief and saw a good car parked up against the house. When I asked if it belonged to the family, they asked me if I thought it wasn't a good enough car. It certainly was a good one. Not paid for, of course. There was no food in the house, there was sickness and no employment. It was downright need. But still that family had not denied itself anything. About the only thing that seems to be on a cash basis today is food. Years ago people 'ran a book' at the grocery and paid cash everywhere else. Nowadays they pay cash at the grocery and get credit everywhere else."

ɤ ɤ ɤ

"I don't understand the British howl against American movies," said ***The Movie Man*** as he laid down a London *Times,* "because they are not howling against the thing that deserves it. If they complained against the *kind* of films we send to England, that would be all right, but they complain against the films being *American.* Whose fault is it Doug Fairbanks goes big in England? Great Britain has all the wild places of the earth, the wildest of all the wild people, and yet so little use has she made of her movie resources that the English people are just crazy over fake western cowboys. Think of what movie initiative could do with the vast studio the British Empire offers. While we have only Hollywood! The British lack initiative, and that is the main reason that American films go so much better than their own over there. Great Scott! imagine what the British could do in the way of spectacles. They have the movie world by the tail, but they don't know it."

# When May Boston Expect an Earthquake?

(*Continued from page 3*)

Godfrey, in response to the call prompted by his determination that the Foundation should lose no time in resuming its work now increased manyfold by the new, wider opportunities which the war had given its members to observe man under conditions of emergency, both in military and civilian life, saw the strands of its original organization drawn together practically intact in his Washington office. He heard a renewal by its members of their pledges to give their efforts to the advance of the great research on man as endangered by emergency, alike abundantly aided and mantled with a new and terrible significance by the thousands of records which had come from the stupendous laboratory of the war.

It must not be considered that the Foundation unduly underscores the imminence of earthquake. "Earthquake" is the model example of emergency which endangers man. It is most like the World War in its factors. For these reasons earthquake was chosen by the Foundation for its chapter of research which followed the war.

***All Hazardous Factors Enter Into Earthquakes***

Earthquake is an inclusive emergency in which all hazardous factors, famine, conflagration, pestilence, flood, tornado and panic, are natural ingredients. At no time has the Foundation studied earthquake *per se*; that is the field of the seismologist. But the conditions attendant upon earthquake, when it strikes men grouped in the modern city, provided the inclusive problem the Foundation sought. Thus, taking its bases of method from Johns Hopkins, it readjusted its peace-time organization to focus upon research, not merely of the former "man under conditions of emergency" but also upon "man under conditions of earthquake hazard."

War service had taken many original Foundation members into contact with specialists in military fields. At the conclusion of the war, then, it was possible to ally with the Foundation such men as Admiral William Sowden Sims, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Leo Rowe, Sir Arthur Currie, and others. Thus to the knowledge of men who had majored in the civilian and minored in the military was joined the invaluable knowledge and experience of men whose careers had majored with the military. There were, too, 16,000 records of men under conditions of emergency which were a direct result of experience by the Fellows of the Foundation with the war, making a total of 30,000 correlated notes. And an almost limitless new literature concerning men under emergency, in the light of the most recent practical example of the variety of necessities the war threw into relief, was placed squarely at the hand of the organization which would, henceforth, give it concentrated study.

The primary topic, then, was man under condition of earthquake hazard. It must be remembered that there was already a record of 91 years of earthquake history available, with 137,000 records of studied earthquakes, and that the first publication made in this field was made by Dr. Godfrey in 1907 in his *Health of the City*. The new problem could thus be approached in the authentic light of certain attested facts concerning the historical background of quakes. And nothing but observed, recorded and tested fact has been admitted from the beginning of the work.

Certain areas in the world—notably Japan and California—are generally conceded by scientists to be more subject to earthquakes than others. In the beginning of this year not only these areas, but also the New England-New York-Quebec area, and such areas as New Madrid, Missouri, show, on a basis of mathematics, that the expectancy of loss and destruction through earthquake, is the highest this year of any in history. Where *prediction* is consistently quite impossible, *expectancy* can be determined, based on observed, recorded and attested fact, and upon the basic laws and mathematics. And for some years past the Foundation has made the northeastern portion of the United States and adjacent territories the particular object of its study.

An earthquake has been felt in the New England-New York-Quebec area on an average of more than once a year since the Pilgrims landed. A recurrence today of the great Boston earthquake of 1755, or the earthquakes of 1663, 1727, or 1744 might, under the present existing conditions of our cities, cause appalling disaster. It is interesting to remember that on November 26, 1755, John Winthrop, Holliston Professor of Mathematics and Philosophy at Harvard College, turned aside from his regular course to make a speech, which subsequently became famous, to the student body, upon the subject of the great earthquake which had taken place November 18, at 4:15 in the morning, with a second, smaller shock an hour and a quarter afterward and a third on the Saturday evening following.

The professor concluded his lecture by pointing out to the students that the event had been "a mix'd state; in which there is such a variety of purposes, natural as well as moral, in prosecution at the same time, that there may be nothing, perhaps, in the material world, that is simply and absolutely evil; nothing, but what, under the direction of infinite wisdom, power and beneficence, is, in some or other of its consequences, productive of an overbalance of good," and he added that some wells near his dwelling had had the quality of their waters much improved since the earthquake.

***Small Temblors Have Recently Been Recorded***

If, in 1926, the New Madrid earthquake of 1811 should be recurrent, fuel supplies, especially of oil, would be cut off from the eastern coast cities with consequent increase of fire, health and life hazard.

Throughout the history of earthquake records which, for almost a century, have been kept by competent men observing with increasing scientific accuracy, there is to be found confirmation of the fact that earthquakes often come in trains or series. New England has been experiencing shocks for a year. Beginning with July 14, 1924, there have been twenty-one significant shocks, affecting areas in the United States and Canada inhabited by more than one-fourth the population of the two countries. Certain of these have occurred in districts long believed not subject to quakes.

Expectancy of earthquakes in New England is based on past history, and observed, recorded and tested facts. Long intervals of repose and little seismic action lull folk into believing an area immune to earthquake shock. Ultimately, no doubt, science may discover signs to herald accurately the approach of earthquakes, but, in the meantime, as Professor Woodward, of Harvard, has said, it can only be remembered that as time takes us further away from the epoch of one such event it takes us nearer to the next one in the series. The period of rest or freedom from seismic activity has been between 50 and 170 years.

From 1838 to 1870 approximately 208 earthquakes were recorded, the period of greatest activity having come in the middle of the 18th Century.

The first earthquake in the vicinity of Boston, of which there is record, occurred June 1, 1638, and was accompanied by a loud noise. In January, 1663, there was a severe earthquake on the St. Lawrence River which did considerable damage in New England. In Boston, at the same time, dishes fell from shelves and chimneys were broken. In 1727 a severe earthquake, the records of which are especially extensive, occurred in Lynn and Newbury. Chimneys and stone fences were thrown down, the earth opened and threw out hundreds of tons of earth and there was a loud, roaring noise.

***Boston's Greatest Quake Occurred in Colonial Days***

Boston's greatest earthquake occurred November 18, 1755. In Scituate, Pembroke, and Lancaster chasms were opened in the earth and in Boston chimneys were thrown down, walls and masonry were shattered and some of the streets were strewn with bricks.

It is now more than 170 years since the last severe shock in Boston, and the period has been one of comparative quiet. But the study of other regions points to the belief that this period of quiet may have ended and the period of greater seismic activity be at hand.

The main zones of origin from which earthquakes felt in Boston have come are: One in the St. Lawrence River; one in the Bay of Fundy, running down into Massachusetts Bay; one up Long Island Sound, and one in the Connecticut River. Several earthquakes, of comparative unimportance in themselves it is true, but important as indicating the dawn of a new seismic period, have occurred in the past year. All of the "faults" have been in evidence, the earthquake at Hartford in November, 1925, having come from the Connecticut zones of origin.

Boston is critically placed in the event of serious earthquake. When the walls of the Pickwick Club fell in July, and there was darkness and thunder and confusion, the natural inference was that there had been an earthquake. Old maps of Boston show how close the foundations of the buildings were to the division between the old, solid rock and the newer, looser fill; and that disaster and others like it were eloquent reminders to the public, to engineers and contractors of a part of the text of the Engineering-Economics Foundation, *that what is below the ground is equally important with what is above it and that the condition of the earth in any particular site must be studied quite as critically as the stress and strain of beams and rafters.*

The Foundation was established to direct public thought to the relation of men's life and death to emergency and to reduce hazard from emergency by intelligent foresight and intensive preparedness.

It has been calculated that 75 per cent of property loss and individual suffering in Tokio might have been averted by adequate preparation and public intelligence. It is well recognized that shocks are more destructive when they occur on filled or made land than on natural land. Downtown Boston, for instance, consists of 66½ per cent of original and 33½ per cent of artificial land. In this downtown area, of which one-half is of the type least constituted to withstand shock, 200,000 persons sleep and 600,000 work.

The 1755 shock, which was comparable in intensity to the worst shock New England may reasonably expect to experience within the next 100 years, was far less destructive then than it would be now, but the population then was 15,163 as against 783,166 today. The population in 1755 was homogeneous, an English-speaking population. Today there is present the very important element of a large foreign population, often variable temperamentally and not amenable to the influences of ready education in such a subject. The problem here is solvable by man. It should be solved.

Excepting for one narrow strip, Boston's solid ground is entirely surrounded by made land. There is the possibility that if no buildings were shaken down on the firm land by a shock, there might be still a serious danger of fire, enhanced in the case of broken water mains, and attendant high wind. There are many oil storage plants on the fringe of Boston Harbor. Yokohama, under like conditions three years ago, proved a death trap. The fact that the north and south terminals are located on made land and that with one exception, Washington street, the streets leading out of the city to the westward are, likewise, on made land is not put forth by the research men to cause unwarranted fear, but through conviction that such knowledge, generally held by a thinking, self-determining public in advance of any emergency, makes it possible for the public to coöperate with the authorities in securing measures to enhance the protection that must be the city's strength in time of need.

***Dangers That Are Likely to Be Encountered***

Facts like these are considered: that egress from the city by means of bridges crossing the Charles River is made hazardous by clogging with water travel, and that the presence of burning oil on the surface of the water might render escape over as well as on the water impossible. These are details to be considered in the matter of how men lose under quake conditions, and are set forth to emphasize the depth of public interest lying in careful investigation of methods of counteracting earthquake hazard upon the principle that 75 per cent of all destruction, both of lives and property, can be prevented.

It becomes not only a matter of civic duty for those having studied earthquakes and their hazards to pass on their knowledge to the public but it is a matter of civic duty that every citizen shall give all assistance, based on the clear understanding acquired of the emergency possibilities with which he has fortified himself, to the furtherance of understanding plan and action for protection, and the financing of all other forms of protection without which a city in time of earthquake is helpless. Hysteria comes to the uneducated in time of earthquake.

Dr. Godfrey points to the plan of information and instruction to its superintendents and foremen of the Boston Consolidated Gas Company as an admirable example of procedure to which an organization can be sanely, efficiently versed in anticipation of earthquake emergency. In 90 per cent of earthquakes, damage is done to water and gas mains. In 10 per cent there is no damage. In the Santa Barbara quakes the gas mains were damaged. In the Kingston, Jamaica, quake—a severe earthquake—no serious damage was done to gas or water mains.

The men in charge of the various stations of the Boston Consolidated Gas Company are instructed that in the event of shock, the man on watch is to go at once to the pressure gauge showing the pressure which could only be caused by a broken main. The valves controlling the gas supply in the stations are to be shut off immediately. If, however, there is no drop in pressure, valves are not to be closed. This program which may seem comparatively simple within itself, but in which, variously, results of the most enormous relief or appalling disaster may lie, has been made with due regard for flexibility, and is applicable regionally or throughout the entire area fed by the company, dictated according to the severity of the disturbance and its distribution.

***When Quakes Are Most Dangerous***

The Foundation finds that a continuance of such earthquakes as occurred in the New England-New York-Quebec area January 7, February 28, and October 9, 1925, and their coming under common conditions of low resistance, would cause serious loss and possibly serious panic. By conditions of low resistance is meant this: When they come in company with high winds, as nearly half the earthquakes in the present spasm have; occur in the fill or soft land which makes up so much of our cities; attack poorly built and settling structures of which there are many, and take place in winter as most earthquakes in this territory do.

Both from the viewpoint of historic earthquakes and of the possibilities shown by the quakes of 1925, expectancy of earthquake loss and destruction is the greatest that has existed here.

This is an area where, happily, a high degree of protection can be given, a condition which does not obtain in some other lands. The problems of protecting the New England section against the strongest earthquake it has known are solvable. At least 75 per cent of protection is obtainable now and 90 per cent is in sight. But the Foundation knows that the problems of protection must be solved before the protection can be obtained. The records of the past do not show that obtaining protection places a heavy burden of expenditure on the community or on the individual. Advance knowledge concerning protection in earthquake hazard by reducing the costly factors of ignorance reduces the necessary cost of protection, both in money and in time. The demand for such protection against quake destruction is a natural, human demand that all civilized human beings make. It is as natural to seek protection against the effect of earth movements as it is to seek shelter against the more casual elements of rain or snow.

***Risk Element Is Reduced by Knowledge***

An intense fear is quite natural among people suddenly confronted with their first experience in an earthquake shock, but that fear can be appreciably diminished or, indeed, practically dissipated by a foresighted knowledge of the conditions to be expected and the means whereby the individual may secure for himself and for others practical safety. In general the Foundation repeatedly emphasizes certain fundamental practical measures. For instance, it sets forth that rushing out into the open, where the danger of being struck by falling objects is heightened, is foolish, and that to invite safety is to stand in a doorway between rooms in the interior of a building for the fifteen or twenty seconds after which the worst shock commonly passes. Experience points out that buildings of wood, stone, brick or concrete, properly constructed and founded on solid terrain, will commonly withstand shock such as is likely to occur in this neighborhood.

In order that men may take intelligent action in time of earthquake hazard and shock, it is necessary that they shall have heard stated the specific problems with which they may be faced, in advance of emergency, as well as the solution of those problems. Every effective act of protection against earthquake shock depends upon prior development of scientific knowledge of the means of protection.

Safety for the community as a whole is vested in those who are willing to learn and who, having learned, can act wisely on the basis of knowledge.

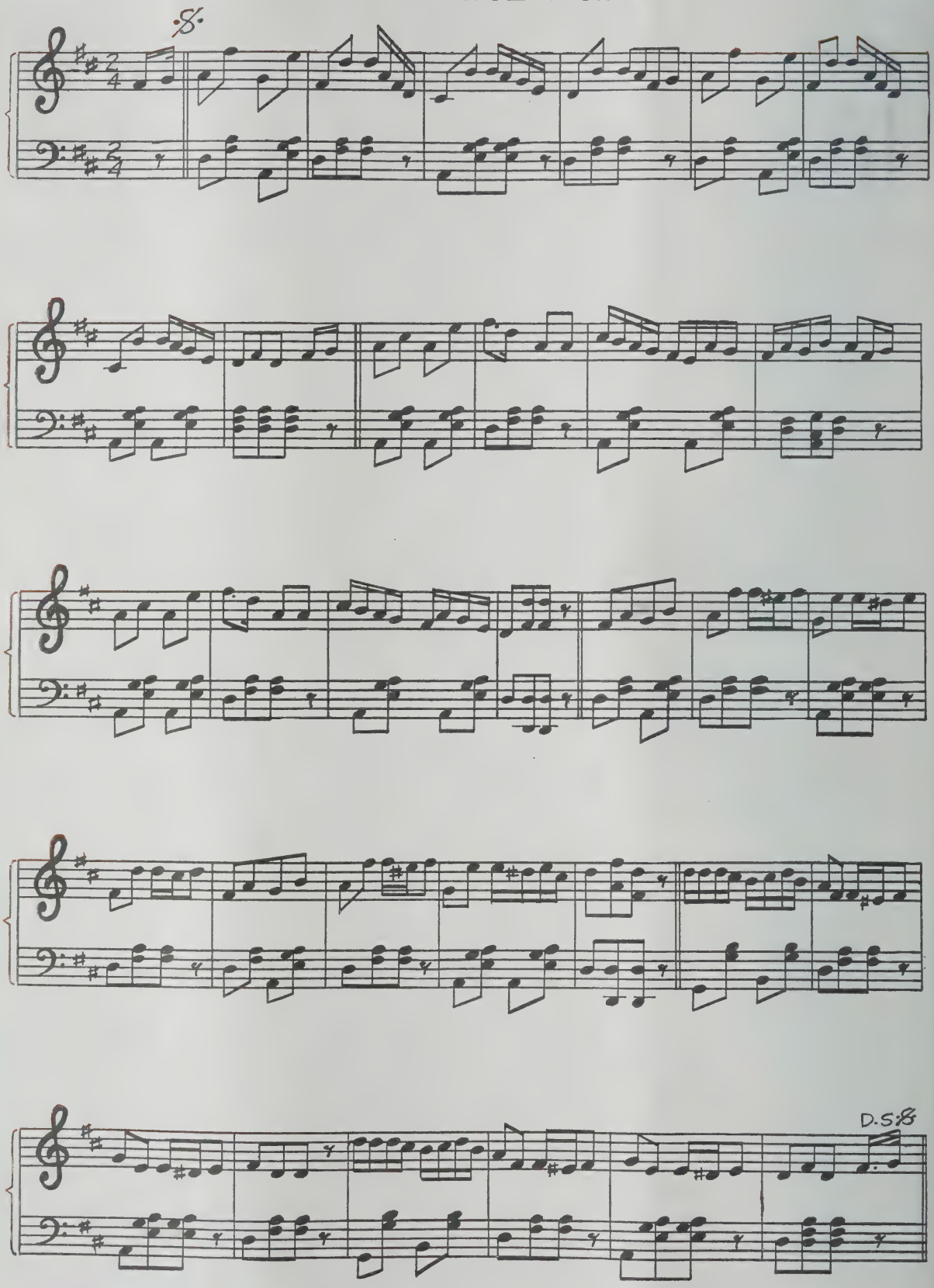
For those who quite naturally wonder how the circulation of information can be successfully guarded against the influence of the alarmist or of inaccuracy, it must be said that the Engineering-Economics Foundation, having developed the method for determining *expectancy* (not *prediction*) and for using that work of expectancy as the basis of provision of sound insurance under present conditions of emergency, has, for a considerable period, been the original source of all information sent out by the Associated Press, the Canadian Press, the London *Times*, the New York *Times*, the *World*, and *Herald Tribune*, the Boston News Bureau and numerous other avenues of public information accustomed to commanding only authoritative communications. Besides having some sixty post-graduate students this year, the Foundation has completed the organization of instruction for fifteen hospital units and fifteen corporation units, as well as instructing numerous public servants and representatives of the vast network of public health and security, fire insurance companies and business and professional men. It has rendered assistance, with respect to public health service, to officers of the United States War Department, of the Dominion of Canada, of the United States Geological Survey, the United States Weather Bureau and numerous states throughout the country.

***Foundation Does Great Service by Protective Action***

The Engineering-Economics Foundation, then, is engaged in the great task of forestalling death, panic and destruction in time of emergency by protective action. It recognizes that only through the performance of all the functions herein enumerated can its purpose be secured, effective protection against the destruction and loss that earthquake brings. Its problems are problems of life and death, not of property. It is interested in problems of property because by property is life maintained.

# Heel and Toe Polka

MM 100





# A Dance a Week



## The Steps of the Polka

### First Danced in the United States in 1844

THE POLKA STEP

It is generally supposed that a slight hop preceded the first step of the dance, like the grace note in music. Some authors claim that there is no hopping in the dance, although the character of the dance is staccato. However, the movement appears much better when begun with a hop, especially if executed by children, they being lighter and more active than adults.

In teaching the polka, the writer has not encouraged the hop in adult classes, but has always taught it to children.

THE DANCE

Metronome 100. For convenience count 4 to the measure. Waltz position.

Raise and lower (or hop) on right heel (a preparation), raise other foot side of ankle, (&);
Slide left to side, (1);
Close right to left, (2);
Step to side, (3); Rest, (4) 1 bar
Repeat right always starting with the raise or hop thus:
Raise and lower on left heel, raise other foot side of ankle, (&);
Slide right to side, (1);
Close left to right, (2);
Step right to side, (3);
Rest, (4) .....1 bar
Repeat all ..... 2 bars

"Good Morning" is the new Ford book on the Old American Dances. 75 cents a copy. Send orders to Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan.



Starting the dance.
Heel extended, toe raised.



Second movement of the feet.
Toe resting lightly on the floor, heel raised.

*From photographs posed by Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Lovett, Masters of Dancing.*

HEEL AND TOE POLKA

THE DANCE—I.

Metronome 100. Waltz position. For convenience count 4 to the measure.

Place left heel to side, toe raised, (1-2);
Place left toe on floor, back of right, heel raised, (3-4) .... 1 bar
Raise and lower on right heel (or hop), (and); Slide left to side, (1);
Close right to left, (2);
Step left to side, (3);
Rest (turning half to right), (4) 1 bar
Repeat reverted thus:—
Place right heel to side, toe raised, (1-2);
Place right toe on floor back of left, (3-4).....1 bar
Raise and lower on left heel (or hop), (and); Slide right to side, (1);
Close left to right, (2);
Step right to side, (3);
Rest (turning half to right), (4) 1 bar
Repeat.....8 bars.

II.

8 Polka steps turning..... 8 bars
16 bars

If used in an open position, that is, standing at side of partner, nearest hand joined, the heel of the advanced foot is placed directly forward on count 1 (the angle of the body slightly backward). On the second count, the toe is brought back, resting lightly upon the floor (the angle of the body is slightly forward). Polka forward, count 3 and 4. Repeat with the other foot.

# One Reason Why Your Purse Is Light

(*Continued from page 7*)

kind, as on farms, and to a lesser degree, but nevertheless management. Not the value of a pin comes either from the largest or the smallest unused properties. Management and labor produce everything. A tree on an abandoned farm will grow, but it is of no value for lumber or firewood until someone cuts it down and prepares it for its designated service.

So it all comes to this: Property pays no taxes. Labor and management pay everything that is paid or can be paid. And management is but the name of a higher form of labor. It is all labor, whether with the head or the hand or both. Therefore, no one who labors at anything should fail to be interested in the subject of taxation, regardless of whether he pays his taxes directly or indirectly.

***None of Us Can Know How Many Taxes We Pay***

None of us knows—none of us can know—how many taxes we pay. The nickel that buys a ride on a street car (wherever rides can still be bought for a nickel) represents part of the taxes that everybody has paid who has contributed to the possibility of taking the ride. It represents a part of the tax on the land that yielded the ore out of which the car wheels and other metallic parts were made; a part of the tax on the steamship or railroad that brought them to the smelter; a part of the tax on the smelter itself; a part of the income taxes of the manufacturers of everything that went into the car; a part of the real estate taxes in every city and town in which the various parts of the car underwent some preliminary manufacturing process. All of these taxes are wrapped up in the cost of the car when it is sold to the operating company and collected from those who ride in it. The sum collected from each nickel is not much, but the sum represented by taxes in each nickel we spend amounts to a considerable percentage of small incomes. And most incomes are small—too small, perhaps, to pay direct income tax, but large enough to shoulder a part of all the others.

***Direct Taxation Would Be an Eye Opener***

*It would be a great thing for our education if, for a few years, all taxes were levied directly and on no other principle than the present one that the Government needs the money.*

Women, having the right to vote, would be much interested in the political education that would come to them if no woman could have her hair bobbed, marcelled, permanently waved, or even washed unless on each occasion she bought a license from the Government for, let us say, $2.

Men would be more interested in taxation if they had to pay 25 cents for a license to light their pipe, 50 cents to smoke cigars, $2 for each trip of less than a day taken in an automobile, and $5 for dining outside the family residence. If a good, active man were to set himself about it, he could observe thousands of things that men and women do and tax each of them according both to the inability of the victim to escape the tax and his financial ability to pay it.

***When Women Would Upset the Apple Cart***

A little careful estimating would produce a national aggregate that would enable our national legislators to continue to find jobs

at public expense for such of their worthy constituents as have political influence, to dredge and dust dry creeks for the purposes of domestic navigation, to erect more and worse public buildings equipped from top to bottom with the most costly things that contractors of easy conscience can supply and, in all other ways, continue to waste money as only the Government, apparently, knows how to waste it.

But the thing would not last very long because the women would overturn the apple cart. We have to give the women credit. Convince the average woman that she is being bunked and she will raise more row over 20 cents than the ordinary man would over $20.

Many New Yorkers were amused last winter to hear a woman broadcasting over a radio station the fact that on a recent journey from Washington to New York the heat in the Pullman car she occupied had been turned off and she had suffered from cold. She said she had asked the conductor to turn on the heat and he said he couldn't. She warned him that if he did not turn it on she would go to a broadcasting station in New York in which she had friends and broadcast the whole terrible truth to the country—that passengers on his train were permitted to suffer from cold.

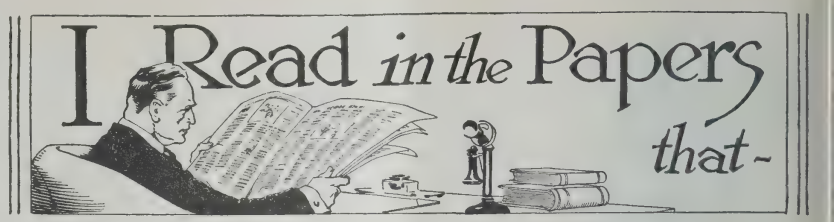
Apparently the conductor made up his mind that trouble was somewhere camping on his trail, because he turned on the heat. But by this time the woman was mad from her hosiery to her millinery and she made up her mind to do the broadcasting anyway. And, she did plenty of it. Why the management permitted her to land on the railroad and its officials as she did, calling each by name, was and is a mystery. Whether she was a very beautiful lady or her husband had a mortgage on the road was not revealed, but she certainly said what she had to say without leaving anything to the imagination. She had been made uncomfortable and she wanted to make those whom she held responsible equally miserable. A man would have grumbled a little and said nothing.

***The Waste That Makes Big Taxes Necessary***

If all taxes were paid directly, everybody would have an interest, not only in taxes but in wasteful expenditures upon the part of the Government. We shall never do anything so sensible or so effective as to make all taxes as direct and as burdensome as possible, but it would be a quick way to cause some persons to think who never yet have thought about such matters.

Nobody objects to the Government having what money it needs to do the things we want done. Everybody is willing to pay his share toward such a fund. What everybody should object to is the waste that makes exorbitant taxes necessary to balance income with outgo. Our great misfortune is that so small a percentage of the population objects.

Those who pay no direct taxes think they are not concerned. As a matter of fact they should be more concerned than anybody else, because the taxes they pay indirectly confiscate a greater percentage of their income than is suffered by the rich. And there is the further fact to consider that a great volume of wealth cannot be collected by the Government and wasted without hurting everybody in the country. It hurts everybody in many ways, chief of which is that it enables large numbers to live without useful labor. Men and women who are doing nothing useful and getting paid for it are just so many tight brakes on progress toward easier living conditions for everybody.




a number of great men have issued the following letter about another great man who passed unrecognized in his day.

On August 12, 1927, 100 years will have passed since there died, in a small room off the Strand, an obscure engraver, the inventor of designs for Blair's "Grave," and also known as the writer of songs for children admired by Lamb, Coleridge, and Wordsworth.

This strange genius, William Blake, we see at one time without food on his table, at another buying with his last shilling a camel's hair brush. Today, with the irony of fate, his works command the highest prices in two hemispheres, while the verses for which he despaired of any readers now even appear in advertisements in our streets and are sung at national gatherings.

For Blake, be he archangel or eccentric, is irresistible. For three generations critics and scholars have attempted in vain to place him and to produce his best in final form. As his living genius ever broke out in some new phase, startling the mind by the splendor and daring of a poetic design, the terse profundity of an epigram, the sweetness of a lyric, so, even a century after his death, he still disturbs all previous judgments by yielding new or forgotten beauties and meanings to research and scholarship, and there seems no end to the stream of careful and luxurious editions of his works and of exquisite reproductions of his designs.

The Dean and Chapter having given their consent to a memorial in the Cathedral of St. Paul, the city Blake so loved and castigated will be the first to treasure the record of her prophet. Shakespeare rests by his Avon, Wordsworth among his lakes and fells, and Blake, whose body has long since returned to earth in an unknown common grave in Bunhill Fields, will be honored by the city whose darkness he labored to redeem by his vision of "Jerusalem."

ɾ ɾ ɾ

prominent raw silk merchants of Japan admit that the manufacture of rayon or artificial silk is gaining such proportions that the revenue from silk production in Japan is materially affected.

N. Y. Tagura, who finances about one-quarter of the silk that leaves Japan every year, stated that plans are now being formulated for the establishing of a large rayon plant near Hakadoti where wood fiber from the Sakhalien Islands will be used, but he fears that it will not be long before real silk will be a thing of the past.

"The world," said Mr. Tagura, "wants many cheap garments, instead of a few of quality—a condition that exists in every country, consequently sericulture will soon give place even in the Orient to fiber silk manufacture."

ɾ ɾ ɾ

Cyril Maude, the English actor, made the following statement before retiring from the stage recently to return to his home in Dover:

"The growing tendency in American playwriting is toward filth, and it should be strangled in its all too sturdy infancy.

"My chief regret is that probably I shall never visit this country again. Plays could be made strong and vital without the gross appeal of certain works now making their millions."

The actor has spent forty-two of his sixty-four years on the stage.

ɾ ɾ ɾ

that Father McClorey, a Jesuit priest, professor of English and Greek at the University of Detroit, had this to say about the temporal power of the Pope:

"The temporal power of the Pope was not a part of the institution of Christ. It was an acquisition which the popes thought, wisely or unwisely, would facilitate their government of the church.

"Whether the Pope looks for the restoration of the Papal States, not by arms but by a belated recognition of his just claims, I do not know. But this I do know; that an American friend of mine, Fr. Macksey, a former Jesuit professor in the Gregorian University of Rome, taught there in the shadow of the Vatican, without disapprobation, that temporal power is not desirable.

"Americans, in any event, would certainly not be subject to the temporal power of a Pope," said Fr. McClorey. "Italy as a civil government would mean nothing more to us than any other government, and if the Pope should war with America, undoubtedly we would take up arms against him, as did the French and other Europeans in past centuries. We have an episcopate full of the spirit of American independence. Most of them are of the Irish race, which always has been tenacious of liberty.

"These ecclesiastics would resent any aggression on the part of the Pope. Also, may I ask, do these people really look upon a helpless old man as a necromancer who could conquer the American nation by the wave of a mystic wand, or by the secret influence of black magic and wizard spells, or a papal bull, a rosary, a crucifix, or some other spiritual amulet of the kind?"

ɾ ɾ ɾ

the international outlook of the Jews, as regards members of their own race, was strikingly illustrated at the annual meeting of the Jewish Publication Society in Philadelphia recently. Some significant statements were made by Dr. Jonah B. Wise, noted rabbi.

"The center of gravity of Jewish life is shifting toward America," Rabbi Wise declared. "While no one part of Israel will claim a preponderance of influence it must be admitted that the Jewish future is tremendously involved in the fortunes of the American wing. *A generation of heavy immigration has added in numbers sufficient to make the Jewry of the United States equal in size, if not larger, than that of any one political unit.* Sharing in the cultural and economic advantages of America, we find ourselves anxious and willing to help our distressed brethren in other lands and are faced also with the necessity for shaping our own affairs so as to do justice to our own problems."

# Woodrow Wilson—Not Too Good and Not Too Wise

(*Continued from page 6*)

ured by the standards of a man of the world, Mr. Wilson said: "Surely you would not thrust such boys on a hard cold business world. You know," he added, with amusement, "it takes a hundred years to make an oak tree out of an acorn, but it is possible to produce a squash in one season."

Another interesting demonstration occurred in connection with the appointment of a Secretary of the Interior in the first Cabinet. The incumbent in the Taft Cabinet was Walter L. Fisher, of Chicago, a great conservationist. At that time Franklin K. Lane, of California, was a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission. He was a Westerner, with broad knowledge and very definite views concerning the problems of irrigation, reclamation, forestation, conservation of natural resources and other subjects with which the Interior Department had to deal. Fisher had been made head of the Interior Department following the public land scandals in the Taft Administration. Men like Lane, an independent in politics, were fearful that a backward step might be taken. Lane and Fisher were also warm personal friends.

Therefore Lane wrote a letter to President-elect Wilson, expressing in detail the problems of the Interior Department and urging the retention of Fisher as Secretary. When Mr. Wilson received it at Princeton he read it carefully and finally said to himself:

"The man that wrote that letter is the man for Secretary of the Interior."

Accordingly, Lane was asked to accept the post. He and Woodrow Wilson had never met and did not meet until the new President came to Washington to be inaugurated on March 4.

The serious side of Woodrow Wilson found its outlet and reaction in the appreciation of a humorous story. It was for this reason that he welcomed visits of men like Senator Ollie James and Senator "Billy" Hughes, of New Jersey, and did not relish the mentally heavy and serious type.

On the other hand he fully realized the dignity that should go with the office of President. This was well illustrated by the matter of his first inauguration. Early in January, 1913, when Mr. Wilson was President-elect, he wrote to the chairman of the inaugural committee, abolishing the ancient, traditional inaugural ball, which had been a famous institution for more than a century. The inaugural ball had been used in the past to raise money with which to pay the expense of the inauguration. Great crowds came to Washington. Hotels and restaurants raised prices. Merchants reaped a harvest. An orgy of profiteering reigned for a month or six weeks.



(C) Clinedinst.

Admiral Cary Grayson.



President and Mrs. Wilson and party, photographed in 1916, as they were leaving the Daughters of the American Revolution Hall.

(C) Harris & Ewing

This was the slant Mr. Wilson had. It all struck the direct-thinking, serious-minded President-elect as a commercialization of the Presidency of the United States and a social aggrandizement of that great office, toward which he had a feeling bordering on the sacred. He was irritated at the idea that he and the members of his family should be the main attraction in such a display.

At the time he was thinking such thoughts a friend who was calling on him at Princeton happened to make the following remark:

"By the way, Governor, I recently wrote to a small Washington hotel for a room on March 3 and 4 and was told it would cost me $70."

Mr. Wilson asked to see the letter quoting such a rate. He read it, and thus received first-hand information of the system then in operation. The rate for the room was $10 a day, but the guest was compelled to take the room for a week, or rather to pay for it for a week, whether he had it one day or seven. In the larger hotels the rates were as high as $20 a day, with a seven-day minimum. This was the last straw. Mr. Wilson abolished the inaugural ball—and Washington stormed with indignation.

Throughout his career Mr. Wilson strove conscientiously against being hurt by foes and "loving friends." He did not mind so much being hurt, personally, but he was ever anxious that his usefulness to the world should not be crippled. He was especially guarded against the danger of being made less useful by "loving friends"—a constant menace to all public officials.

"If a President makes an intimate, personal friend of any one," Mr. Wilson remarked early in his Presidency, "it isn't long before that friend asks him to do something. Usually it is something he ought not to do. If the President does it he has committed a wrong and if he doesn't do it he has hurt a friend. If he is to maintain his freedom, therefore, and devote himself completely to his business, a President must live a life of practical isolation. He can have very few friends during his term of office."

Wilson, the Virginia gentleman, looked upon his home as something exempt from the political arena and to be protected at all hazards. For years the White House had been regarded as a sort of semi-public institution. Mr. Wilson did not so regard it. To him it was home, and into its wholesome precincts he would introduce nobody because of any materialistic reason.

In the entire eight years of the Wilson Presidency, no Senator or Representative, no political leader, no influential citizen was invited to lunch, to tea, or to dinner at the White House for the purpose of affecting his attitude on any question. Hardly any were invited at all. If they came, it was as old friends on a strictly personal basis.

When a guest once entered the portal of that home he was taken into the very heart of the family circle. There was no reserve, no injunctions of secrecy, no lowering of the voice, no use of the words "confidential," or "not for repetition."

Friends privileged to sit at the Wilson table and spend an informal evening about the fire in the private, upstairs library were often shocked to breathlessness at the complete frankness of discussion. The bars were down. The President unreservedly gave his friend, who had broken his bread and eaten his salt, his complete confidence.

His frank expressions concerning the affairs and the people of the hour were nothing short of amazing.

It has sometimes been said that Wilson, in later years, wished that men would approach him with the same *camaraderie* that he had been accustomed to in his college days.

Like some of his predecessors in office, he found it very difficult to act humanly when those about him would not act likewise, in his presence. Often he expressed a longing to have people treat him as if he were not President and, if necessary, act impulsively in his presence. He sought to do this even when in the White House until he found that people so misunderstood his acts that, as he once said, he must cease to be human. This remark was made after he had attended a theater in Washington where there was a splendid performance of a play written by Booth Tarkington, one of Wilson's former students at Princeton. In the cast was a very young actress who had given a signal performance in her part. Her efforts so aroused the enthusiasm of Mr. Wilson that he sat down and wrote her an applauding note of encouragement. Somehow this reached the press agent, and the next thing Woodrow Wilson knew it thrust itself at him from the pages of the press. As he saw to what ends commercial use was made of his desire to encourage others he remarked to one of his intimates, "Well, people just won't let a President be human."

*The President's Desire to Be Human*

So strong was this desire to be just human that he got a boyish thrill out of slipping away from the Secret Service men whose duty it is never to let the President leave the White House unescorted. Late one afternoon, after a trying day's work, stuffing a soft felt hat inside his coat, he turned with a broad grin to one of his office assistants and said, "Watch me get out." As he passed through the door he shook his fist at Mays, the faithful doorman, and said, "Mays, you tell on me and you lose your job." Upon discovering that the President had evaded their ever-watchful eye, the Secret Service men spread a net over the city of Washington. Where should they find the President but on one of the less fashionable shopping streets, in a five and ten cent store, surrounded by a crowd of dirty-faced youngsters, with the President attempting to buy out the candy counter for them.

A bit of Scottish humor was displayed by Mr. Wilson in the promotion of Dr. Cary Grayson, his official physician, to be an admiral. Grayson had been in the Navy several years. President Wilson found him in the White House, where he had been physician to Mr. Taft. Discovering him to be a fellow Virginian and a Democrat, and taking an immediate liking to him, Mr. Wilson retained him. Three years later a bill was passed creating four new admirals, of whom two could be in the medical corps. Grayson then held the rank of lieutenant commander.

*Grayson Was Appointed an Admiral*

The Presidential election of 1916 had just been held. On election night, when it was thought Hughes had beaten Wilson, a celebration was held at the Army and Navy Club in Washington. The Navy was especially jubilant. Many Navy officers hated Secretary Daniels and they figured that, with Wilson beaten, they would get rid of Daniels on the fourth of the next March. It was in the pre-Volstead days, so the celebration was more or less wet. Along about midnight some of the Navy people opened up and revealed the innermost secrets of their hearts as to Daniels and, to some extent, as to Wilson. All was quiet along the Potomac the next day, when it was discovered that Wilson had been elected after all, but the news of what had happened the night before reached the President's ears. He said nothing, but a few days later he told Grayson he was going to appoint him an admiral.

"I don't think you should do it, Mr. President," Grayson said to him. "It would jump me over a lot of fellows' heads and cause criticism. I wouldn't mind it, but they would criticize you as they did Roosevelt for jumping Leonard Wood to a general. I wouldn't like to think you were being blamed for doing something for me."

"Well, I'm going to appoint you, anyway," Mr. Wilson replied. "In the first place you are qualified. In the second place I want to do something for you to show my appreciation of all that you have done for me . . . "

Then he paused and smiled. A grin spread over his face and his eyes lighted up with fun.

"And besides," he added, "I'm not averse to drawing off a little of that hot Navy blood that was running so high at the Army and Navy Club on election night."

The appointment was made. The Navy howled. Mr. Wilson chuckled to himself and stood pat. There were rumors of opposition to confirmation in the Senate, but nobody could raise any valid objection to Grayson and he became (and still is) an admiral.

*When Wilson Was on the Golf Course*

Mr. Wilson followed the same course in his recreations that he followed in his home, so far as concerned letting "all men count with him but none too much." He seldom played golf with Senators or even Cabinet members. In fact, he rarely played with anybody but Admiral Grayson and, after his second marriage, Mrs. Wilson. Throughout his whole first term he played nearly every afternoon. On rare occasions Colonel House, who did not play, would walk around part of the course with him. The reason for his limiting his golf playing to Dr. Grayson, however, was similar to the reason that he had for not having Senators and others to lunch. He could not make intimates of all and so he made intimates of none.

Mr. Wilson's fun-loving personality was generally in the ascendency on the golf course. He always used the same caddy, and one Secret Service man always followed after him. He laughed, joked, told stories, swung his arms and frequently hummed a happy tune.

One day during the war I was on the Chevy Chase golf course, awaiting my turn, when President Wilson and Admiral Grayson came up. As there was no one ahead of them and they would have been held up for some time if they started at the first tee, they chose to begin at the middle of the course. Upon invitation of the President to join them in their game, I accepted.

*Revivifying Effects of the Game*

At the start off the President seemed to be playing listlessly and indifferently, but about the fourteenth hole his game showed a decided improvement. As he was now going well, I jestingly remarked that I would swap jobs with the President any time if I could play golf every day. He received my jest smilingly and in defense of the fact that he played every day, said that he found no other way to settle his nerves and insure himself a sleep at night. Upon my suggesting that his game was picking up, he answered that it took four or five holes before he could forget the affairs of his office. It was only the battle with the little ball that enabled him to transfer his thoughts from the office to the outdoors. It was noticeable that as his game picked up, his humor and jesting emerged and he laughed, joked and told stories like a care-free man.

Soon after he arrived in Washington, Wilson joined a small club made up mostly of Government employes, whose course was tucked away in the Virginia hills. He paid his full membership fee and dues and would not accept special favors because of his position. Frequently other players would be on the tee waiting to drive off when he arrived. They always asked him to precede them and he always declined. He would accept only such advantages as the rules of the game permitted. Playing a twosome, he would "go through" a foursome if the latter was slow and held him up, but he would not pass another twosome holding its place on the course.

*He Enjoyed Climbing the Hills*

"No, indeed," he would frequently call out, waving his arm to other players. "You have the right of way. Go ahead."

As a result of his punctiliousness the other club members adopted the custom of "losing a ball," and insisting that he act on his right to pass them. In no other way could they give him the advantage.

Later in his term he accepted honorary membership in the Chevy Chase Club, and occasionally played that course. From time to time he visited the other courses around Washington also, but he usually stuck to his own club, where there was a hard, hilly course, with ditches, ravines, woods and other difficult, natural hazards. He enjoyed the physical exertion of climbing the hills and the freedom accorded him by the other members, who let him forget that he was the President of the United States.

What Europe Thinks of the League of Nations

—

The Town That Lincoln Put on the Map

—

The Voyage of the Victoria

*II. Finding the Spiceries*

—

How the South Feels About the Negro

Next Week's Issue

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

# What the Other Half Is Doing

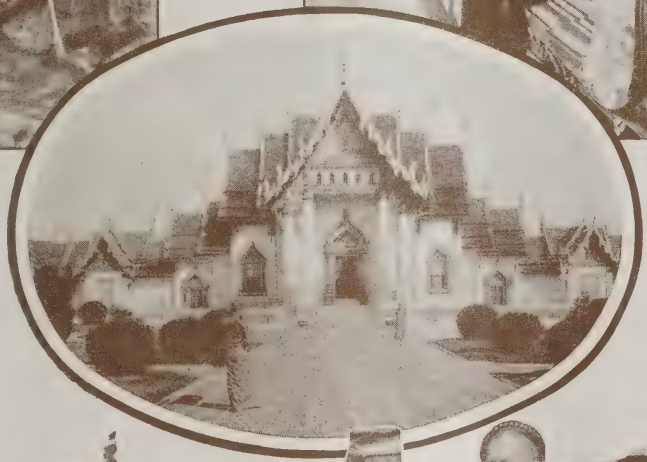
## Camera Glimpses of Distant Places



BUSY Sicilian women. Such scenes have been going on for generations in this old-world setting, where the modern washing machine still remains to be introduced.



EXCLUSIVE view of Buddhas in Royal Wat or Temple of Siam where thousands of natives worship. The picturesque exterior of the Temple is shown in the oval. *(Press Illustrating)*





THE steep slope of a hill which has been terraced and devoted to vineyards near Vevey, France.



CHINA in certain provinces follows an old custom of exhibiting criminals with wooden collars locked around their necks. The nature of the offense is written on the collar. *(Keystone)*

THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL
B-41

IT can not be denied, but by those who would dispute against the sun, that with America, and in America, a new era commences in human affairs. This era is distinguished by free representative governments, by entire religious liberty, by improved systems of national intercourse, by a newly awakened and an unquenchable spirit of free inquiry, and by a diffusion of knowledge through the community, such as has been before altogether unknown and unheard of. America, America, our country, fellow-citizens, our own dear and native land, is inseparably connected, fast bound up, in fortune and by fate, with these great interests. If they fall, we fall with them; if they stand, it will be because we have upholden them.

—*Daniel Webster.*

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Volume 26, Number 29

Five Cents a Copy | MAY 8, 1926 | $1.50 a Year


THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

## What Europe Thinks OF THE League of Nations

## The Town That Lincoln Put on the Map

## How the South Feels About the Negro

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

# BRIEFLY TOLD

FIVE FARMS, comprising seventy-two acres, are still in existence on Manhattan Island.

RECENT EXCAVATIONS in Georgia and Tennessee indicate that the mound builders there had cultural contact with the Aztecs of Mexico and the Mayas of Yucatan.

THE FRENCH PARLIAMENT has forbidden the manufacture of *sucettes*, baby pacifiers, as causing adenoids.

THE ONLY DIRECT Irish Free State export to the Philippine Islands last year was of $128,204 worth of biscuits.

BEFORE BEING RECEIVED into the tribe an Amazon youth must place his arms in hollow bamboos containing a colony of large *tucandeira* ants, whose sting is excessively irritating. If he stands the pain without complaint he is adjudged a man.

WHEN A MOUSE or snail enters a beehive the honeybees will sting it to death and then inclose the body in propolis, a resinous excretion from trees, which virtually embalms it.



"LOBBYGOWS"—those who use hotel lobby chairs without paying for rooms—are being handed cards in many of the leading hotels indicating that their presence is not desired.

BOILED COCOA, CORN and red peppers constituted a favorite drink of the Aztecs.

ALTHOUGH RUSSIA FIGHTS for recognition by other governments, she persists in closing the door to visitors. Only 1,664 persons were permitted to visit Soviet Russia in 1925. Of these 128 were political and diplomatic visitors. Only 113 Americans were admitted.

A BRITISH EXPERT says that women will never become perfect air pilots because they are too fearless. A certain sense of fear of danger makes for carefulness, while fearlessness often makes for carelessness.

WORRY ABOUT OVERWEIGHT sent 225 women suffering from mental disorders to Bellevue Hospital, New York, last year.

THE BARONIAL ESTATES of Sweden are being divided and sold to farm workers in an attempt to stem the tide of emigration to America.

MORE THAN TWO MILLION persons a day, or about two per cent of the entire population of the United States, are unable to attend to their regular duties because of illness. The average time lost for each person is eight working days a year.



DURING THE ANNUAL smelt run in the Sandy River near Portland, Oregon, thousands of people line the banks and dip the tiny fish out with tubs, baskets, bags, and buckets, as well as nets.

THERE ARE 70,770,008 books in the public libraries of the United States.

ONE OF THE FIRST locomotive "headlights" in this country was a car on which a fire was kept burning. This car was pushed ahead of the engine.

THE LARGEST BARREL in the world, capacity 70,950 gallons, has been constructed at El Taville-on-the-Rhine.

"ALTHOUGH THE POWER of British Protestantism is great, it is not unlimited, and ours is the cleansing task of assisting to destroy, within a few years, that religion which has been built up through the centuries."—*Leon Trotsky.*

FRENCH RACE COURSES are undergoing great scandal on account of the doping of the horses and the consequent duping of the bettors.

TWO ASSISTANTS of the Secretary of Labor do nothing but sign his name to routine documents.

RESEARCH WORKERS at Pennsylvania State College have reduced the time for mixing and baking bread to 52 minutes.

WHOLESALE THIEVERY of tombstones is puzzling police at Manila, Philippine Islands.



ALL STRAY chickens, unfortunate enough to be caught, are turned over to the local ministers at Wharton, Texas, by order of the city council.

THE *Phya Thai*, royal palace of Siam, has been turned over to a railroad company by the king and will be converted into a tourist hotel.

FORTY THOUSAND grocers fail in business each year, according to a western trade journal.

MILLIONS OF POUNDS of excess meat were dumped on the English market recently by rival American and British firms, battling for trade supremacy. Prices were cut almost in half.

TRUE AMERICAN INDIAN types exist in Tibet, 6,000 miles from the nearest point of the American continent, according to scientists of the Smithsonian Institution.

A RADIO ANNOUNCER in Chicago was fined $25 under a new ruling dealing with slander by radio.

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT, in 1833, refused to sanction the building of a railroad in England on the grounds that it would corrupt the morals of the Eton boys by giving them easy access to the dissipations of London.

CANDLE MAKING, originating with the homely rushlight, dates back to the early days of the Christian Era.

CHARLIE BIG EYES, an Alaskan Indian, under tribal decree, must pay to his squaw as alimony one bull moose, properly butchered and delivered, ten mink skins, dressed and stretched, five gray fox pelts or one silver pelt, and one hundred full-grown salmon each year.




HIGH-PRESSURE AMERICAN salesmen of fake stocks, who have lately invaded the British Isles and fleeced many persons, are to be deported as undesirable aliens.

A CHINAMAN may at the same time be a Taoist, a Buddhist, and a Confucianist, the three religions being closely allied.

THE INCESSANT "cheep, cheep" of his thousand baby chicks so annoyed a Sand Point, Idaho, man, that he ran away, leaving a note asking his neighbors to care for them.

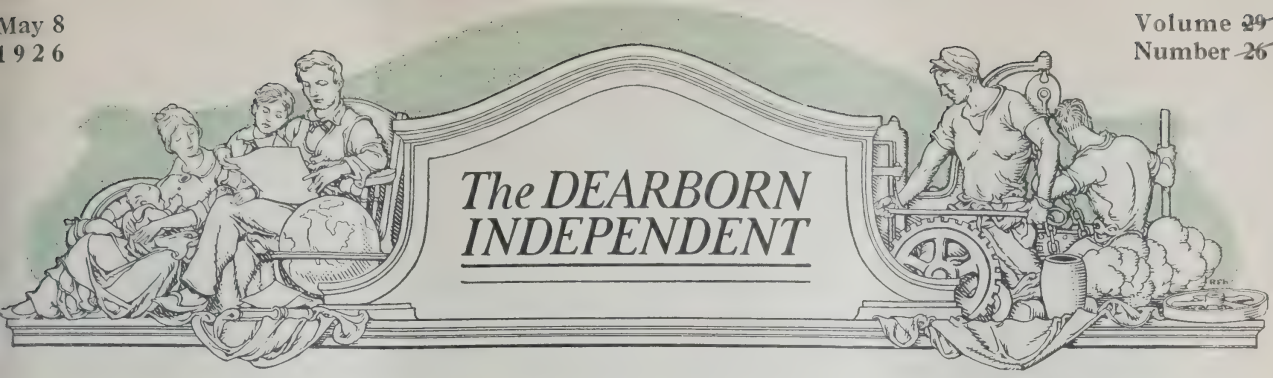
NINETY WOMEN in the United States have been killed by mobs without trial, since 1889. Thirty-five hundred persons have been lynched in the same period.

JAVA IS ONE of the most distinctly volcanic regions of the world, having fourteen active volcanoes.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN'S diamond studded championship belt, which was presented to him by enthusiastic followers of Boston in 1887, is being scrapped in the Philadelphia mint.

May 8
1926

Volume 29-26
Number 26-29




# THE ESSENCE OF THIS ISSUE

Mr. Ford's Page this week discusses the necessity of having all classes of people and all sections of the country prosperous, if the country itself is to be prosperous.

---

Even Europeans distrust the League of Nations! Only when it hales some large and powerful nation before its bar of justice will the League earn the confidence of the world. But no such move is contemplated, even remotely. *The League, as now constituted, is an association of the great powers for the regulation of the conduct of the weaker ones.* The great powers themselves are immune from its decrees. (p. 6)

---

We are slaves to our coats. Hot, cumbersome, often useless, they are become a mark of probity, a sign of respectability. No? Try to enter a dining car without one! Donald Hough writes a delightful story of his attempts to travel, shorn of a coat, in the once wild West. (p. 14)

---

What of the negro? Do his wrongs outweigh his advantages? We have all read more or less about his problem—from the standpoint of the negro. We have sympathized with him in his grievances, have aided him in his struggles. But we have not always studied the other side. Here is the first of a series by a Southern woman, giving in a remarkably clear way the present viewpoint of the South. It deals with the early phases of the negro problem, with slavery, with the Civil War. (p. 3)

---

Great events took place in Portugal in the years before Magellan sailed into unknown seas. The little nation had been acknowledged by the Christian world as supreme in the Orient. Thoughts of empire filled the minds of bold adventurers; the lure of India drew the flower of the country to the conquest. Men were astir to new things, new places. In this atmosphere Magellan moved, dreamed his dreams, laid his plans. (p. 16)

---

A remarkable woodcut is printed in connection with the Magellan story. It is by Paul Honoré, one of the foremost woodblock artists in America, whose previous work in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has attracted wide notice. This cut has such a wealth of color, of detail, that your especial attention is called to it. The departure of Portugal's gallant fleet is pictured.

---

Who is President of France? Chances are five to one you don't know. Why? Because that post, under the Third Republic, is little more than a symbol. The real power reposes in the Premier, but the mercurial French Chamber of Deputies (which controls the destiny of the nation) has caused the downfall of sixty-one Premiers in the past fifty-two years. (p. 5)

---

New Salem was Abraham Lincoln's alma mater. It was in that little log hamlet that he read Blackstone, that he knew Ann Rutledge, that he held his first federal office—postmaster. The village vanished a few years after Lincoln left. For three-quarters of a century its site was almost lost in prairie wasteland; but now its houses and stores have been rebuilt as a memorial to the man who once lived there. William E. Barton, noted Lincoln biographer, tells of its early days, its rebirth. (p. 7)

## CONTENTS

Gene Stratton Porter—the Woman - - - - 2
*Percy H. Epler*
How the South Regards the Negro - - - - 3
*Townsend Boyer*
"Off Agin! On Agin! Gone Agin!" - - - - - 5
*Harry Pence*
Is Europe Satisfied With the League? - - - 6
*Walter M. Wolff*
The Town That Lincoln Put On the Map - - 7
*William E. Barton*
Passing of the Yankee Country Store - - - 8
*Ella Shannon Bowles*
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
Woodrow Wilson, Master of Dreams - - - 12
*Huston Thompson*
Traveling Around Without a Coat - - - - 14
*Donald Hough*
Voyage of the Victoria—Finding of the Spiceries 16
*Charles J. Finger*
What I Remember of Longfellow - - - - - 21
*Julian Hawthorne*
A Dance a Week—The Minuet - - - - - 28

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer;
C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

The old New England country store has passed into the limbo of half-forgotten things. In its heyday it was an important feature of Yankee life, as distinctive as the town meeting. It was the news center of the community, the informal debating society. But it had to bow to progress. (p. 8)

---

The tale of *Evangeline* nearly came from the pen of Hawthorne instead of that of Longfellow—so Hawthorne's son, Julian, reveals. The two were firm friends from college days. Hawthorne, poring over old records, came across the sad history of the Acadian lovers. He contemplated a novel based on the theme, but Longfellow was so impressed with it that Hawthorne gladly surrendered it to him. This incident and many others are here related for the first time. (p. 21)

---

Reminiscences about another outstanding literary figure, one of our own day—Gene Stratton Porter—are also contained in this issue. The world knew her as a writer, but not as a woman. This article tells of her courage in the face of adversity, her bravery in the midst of pain. It tells, besides, how she worked for hours and days in swamps and fields, setting out wild flowers, collecting moths. (p. 2)

---

Wilson was ambitious. He never concealed the fact; rather, he gloried in it. He felt it no disgrace to seek honor. "If it be an offense to covet honor, then I am the most offending soul alive." More, he was a dreamer, a practical dreamer. He had a way of making his dreams come true. (p 12)

---

Would you like a year made up of thirteen months? Many plans for calendar reform have been advanced, most of them advocating a thirteen-month year, each month to have twenty-eight days. An interesting article on this subject by Thomas L. Masson will appear in next week's issue.

---

An Iowa physician writes: "I want to express my appreciation for the excellent articles that appear each week in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. The article, 'Two Dozen Ways to Keep Sane,' in the issue of April 17, should be read in 3,000,000 American homes."

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.50 A YEAR in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year.
SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.



An exclusive glimpse of Gene Stratton Porter, studying part of her interesting collection of moths.

# Gene Stratton Porter—the Woman

## Glimpses of Novelist's Inner Life Revealed in Intimate Talk With Friend

By PERCY H. EPLER

AT FIRST as Gene Stratton Porter slipped into the room that afternoon some years ago in Indiana, I was sorry not to see any "Freckles."

Instead auroras and grays of dawn lent pigment to her own "morning face." It was always sunrise in her face. I was sure she had been born an English lass on account of her color. But her birth was on an Indiana farm in 1868. And to my surprise, she told me of her being a grandmother and how her daughter would soon come from Philadelphia to Fort Wayne, Indiana, to live near her. If Mrs. Porter had been married very young, her kinship to nature had kept her so.

Though that last winter had been a hard one, its afflictions she kept a secret from publishers and public. And the two-story log house across the dock walk beside the lake kept its secrets well also. I have private letters surcharged with this insistence at that time as well as revealing her wonderful inner victories and power to work.

"I thought myself one of the strongest women alive," she confided in me. "I put on breeches and boots for eight hours a day in the swamps, work that few men could stand.

"In that wonderland of 300 lakes, I have," to use her own language to others, "in the last two seasons, set, mostly with my own fingers, the roots of more than ten thousand wild trees, flowers, and ferns. I have trailing arbutus, cardinal flowers, purple gerardia, and painter's cup; fringed gentian from seed; rarest orchids, gerardia, golden slippers, moccasins, showy orchids, and showy slippers. Among these and my trees I live and work, almost never going out into the world."

In three months' space she transplanted into the swamps about her cabin five thousand orchids, trees and shrubs, vines, flowers and ferns with her own hands. She called it "Wild Flower Woods."

"But I was on thin ice, and if I had not been extremely careful I would have gone under altogether," she further confided in me. In midwinter of that last year she told me a confidence I now can tell as she completely recovered. But then she would not let me tell it for the world. "I am more than sorry to tell you that there is small chance of my speaking in public again for a long time—if ever. This year I have been through four severe operations on my jaws and facial bones for bone decay caused by poor dentistry. The last one for impacted teeth in the roof of my mouth interferes with my speech enough to be noticed, and the poison from the infections and the strain of the operations has caused rather severe heart trouble."

All that time she was sitting in bed writing.

She was perfectly restored when I next saw her. She sat in lavender and old lace, in the winter gloaming, reading a proof of a revised nature book for which Doubleday, her publisher, was waiting. I could not dream she had been an invalid. Later in March of that year, she told me she had just undertaken twenty-four nature studies for schoolbooks besides the other work. A million copies of her most popular novels were yet to follow—to say nothing of new ones she was to write.

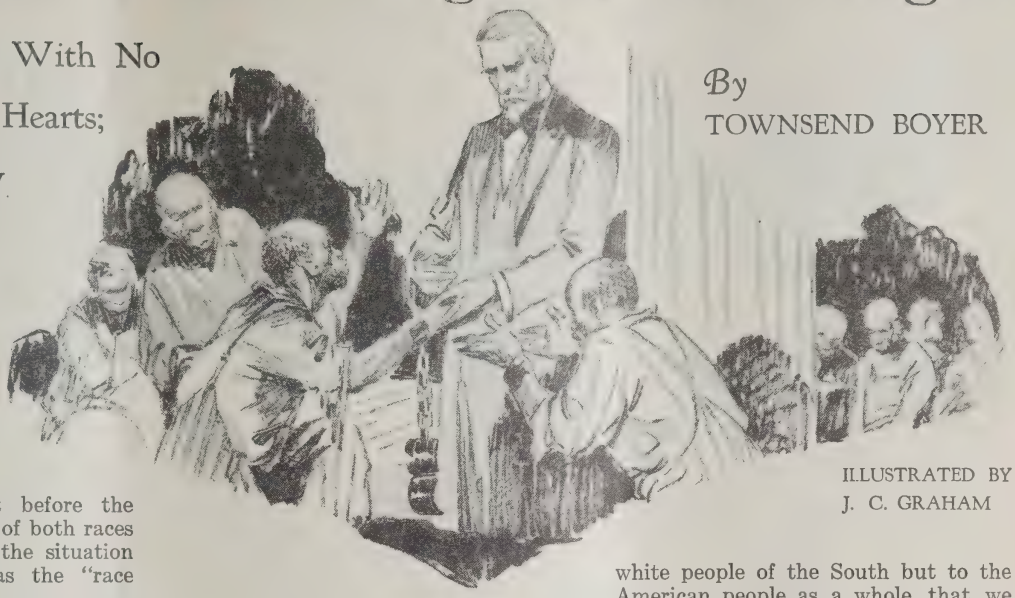
I was so ignorant of the many family tragedies of her own life. I did not know of the two little sisters who had died of whooping cough and scarlet fever, when she was a little child, or of her brother drowned in Wabash County, Indiana. Many suppose *Laddie* was a character drawn from him.

I was telling her that my little girl, not yet Hoosierized as to climate, and fevered from inoculation, had been ill with a high temperature for weeks, and very homesick. Her eyes filled with tears and she said: "You must be careful, I lost a little sister just from that once." She then ran upstairs, and presently appeared with a copy of *Morning Face*, filled with pictures of her little granddaughter and herself at Limberlost, which we keep indited with her own words today. It was all about birds and swamp bloom.

"This is for your daughter," she said, sitting down and writing a personal autograph to my daughter. "I was going to exchange for your *Clara Barton*, one of *my* (Continued on page 26)

# How the South Regards the Negro

## "We Shall Speak With No Malice in Our Hearts; We Aim Merely to Be Frank"



By TOWNSEND BOYER

ILLUSTRATED BY J. C. GRAHAM

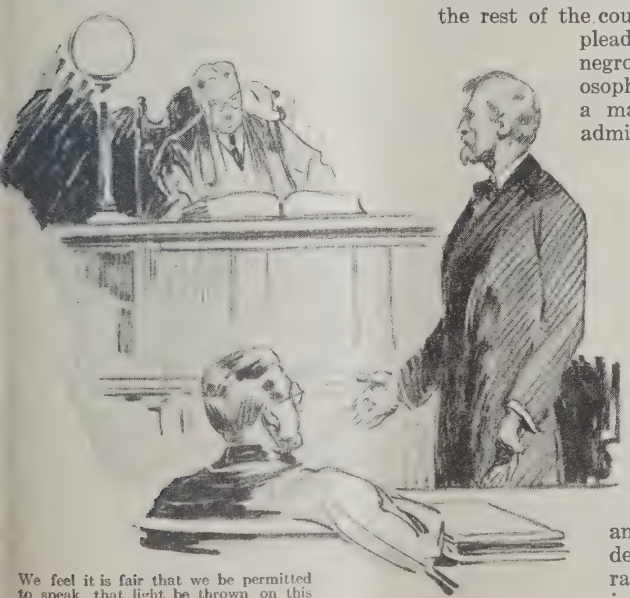
SINCE the beginning of the World War, when there was a revival of interest in the American negro comparable only to certain phases of the abolition movement before the Civil War, many persons of both races have expressed views on the situation in the South known as the "race problem."

But curiously the question has been discussed almost entirely with reference to the negro, his achievements, his aspirations, his needs, and his wrongs. In no instance during this twelve-year period have those comprising the party of the second part in this race problem—the common everyday white people of the South—had their real feelings and views expressed. True, some half-hearted, conciliatory articles by Southerners have appeared in various periodicals, but they merely skimmed the surface.

We Southerners seldom concern ourselves with the doings of the negro race as a whole; we are concerned only with those individuals with whom we have business dealings. Since the problem has seemed too much for the hearts and minds of mortal men to cope with, our inclination has been to say as little as possible about it, meet the issues of each day as best we could, and let the Almighty solve it in His own good time and way. Moreover, discussion of this highly sensitized theme, if carried to any considerable length, inevitably leads to controversy and recrimination, and the waving of the "bloody shirt" has for several decades been taboo in the South among the intelligent, forward-looking people.

Then, too, a negro is no new thing with us. We were a little amused and a little skeptical about the "new negro" about whom we were hearing so much. Bragging, over-confidence and enthusiasm accompany the growing-up act of races as well as boys. Let them, we said, have their day; life all too soon takes the starch out of us all. While the rest of the country was vigorously pleading the cause of the negro, we remained philosophical, believing it but a manifestation of the admirable American trait of sympathizing with the under-dog.

But we are beginning to feel that our silence is being interpreted not as patience and forbearance, but as the silence of the guilty. Moreover, we think that those who are speaking for the negro sometimes exceed the bounds of justice and wisdom in their demands on the white race. We feel that it is not only fair to the white people of the South but to the American people as a whole that we be permitted to speak—not in self-defense, for we intend to plead guilty to many things, but in order that as much light as possible be thrown on this vexing problem. Partial and superficial hearings sometimes lead to grave errors in adjudication.



We feel it is fair that we be permitted to speak, that light be thrown on this vexing problem.

The world must realize that a thing that has existed for more than sixty years and today involves some thirty million persons of about equal numbers of the white and the black races could not exist without deep and far-reaching causes, and with the good and bad elements in it being about equally divided between the races. A seesaw does not remain a seesaw with all the weight on one end.

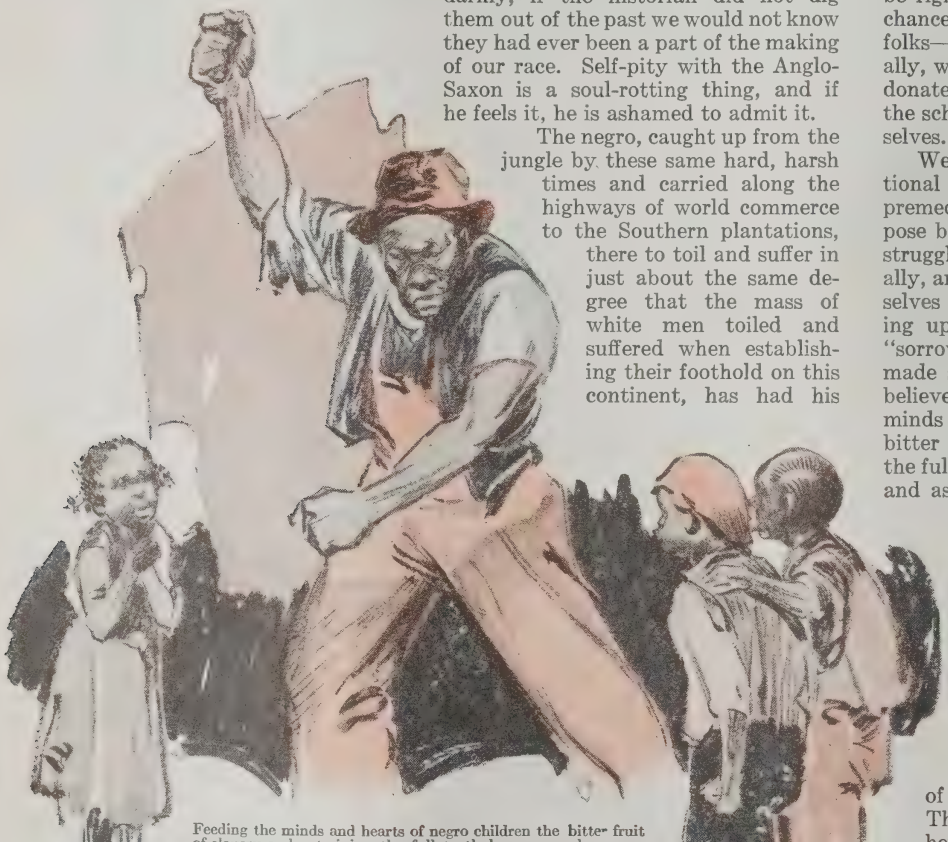
And the world must realize also that when two races at opposite ends of the social and color scale are thrown together into a single inclosure, so to speak, there to work out their fate as best they may, some ugly, sinister things, as well as some beautiful, valuable human experiences, are bound to occur. Unless we may speak fully and give the ugly as well as the beautiful, we might as well close our lips and let the matter drift lopsidedly, or as it will.

Half measures have been tried and they have plunged us so deeply into confusion that only the most sanguine heart could interpret the deep underground rumblings as anything but ominous. We shall speak with no malice in our hearts; we aim merely to be frank. A people's thoughts and feelings constitute the only key to their actions. If sometimes the negro's feelings are pricked, he will please bear with us. We too have been pricked often. But a mutual confessing of faults and telling of grievances necessarily calls for a mutual endurance of pricks.

To begin this series with the theme of slavery might seem like rattling dry

bones of the past, but the race problem of today is no more separable from the past than is the color of a negro's skin or the pride and arrogance of the white race. To attempt to eliminate the past is to close the door on fundamental things and the original sources which have made the race problem a *race* problem and to treat it as a *sociological* problem involving such superficialities as the Jim Crow car and the location of the negro section of a city. These things are but the outward evidence; the real race problem strikes its roots into race traits and feelings as old as the races of people party to it.

We shall not concern ourselves with the history of slavery as history, nor to prove any point. The facts are available to all who want them. But we shall say in passing that it would be well for sectional and racial feeling if all of us studied more fully the entire history of slavery instead of its selected parts, as we have been doing. It is the moral and spiritual effect of slavery that we shall here consider.



Feeding the minds and hearts of negro children the bitter fruit of slavery and not giving the full truth becomes a dangerous sowing of the seeds of race hatred

The way the races react to such things is the most outstanding example of the difference in the psychology of the white and the black race. A white man easily forgets past trouble and lives in the present and plans for the future. A whole race group of white men could never feel sorry for themselves and build their entire musical and literary achievement around one painful experience in their history, especially since, if the race were to progress, that experience were a necessary part of the upward march. The 17th and 18th Centuries were hard, harsh times when it was by no means certain which races or which nations would dominate the globe; the struggle was truly one for survival; it was a time of almost unceasing warfare and of pushing out into little-known lands and seas, with empire the stake and life the forfeit. Individual rights and personal freedom, as men exercise them today, were hardly dreamed of, much less realized. Public whipping posts, imprisonment for debt, binding out of boys and girls into virtual slavery were indicative of the spirit of the age.

*Individual Rights Then Were Undreamed of*

Yet as soon as the white man emerged from these experiences he forgot them and kept his face to the task ahead. As to coloring his spirit darkly, if the historian did not dig them out of the past we would not know they had ever been a part of the making of our race. Self-pity with the Anglo-Saxon is a soul-rotting thing, and if he feels it, he is ashamed to admit it.

The negro, caught up from the jungle by these same hard, harsh times and carried along the highways of world commerce to the Southern plantations, there to toil and suffer in just about the same degree that the mass of white men toiled and suffered when establishing their foothold on this continent, has had his soul filled with bitterness and his heart with hate. And the peculiar thing about it is that the negroes were not a powerful people dragged down from high estate and forced into slavery, but a savage people who were—from our viewpoint at least—being lifted up and given more material comforts than they could possibly have known in the pitiless struggle which savage people must ever wage for existence in a jungle.

The negro is still pitying himself for his former enslavement; he offers it as the reason for his shortcomings, it is his plea for a special indulgence at the hands of other men. In song and story he is keeping the wound fevered and throbbing; it is the motif of all his artistic endeavor, the red flag of his propaganda. Such phrases as "the new abolition," "the chains of civilization," "the freedom of the body and enslavement of the spirit" greet us daily from the press.

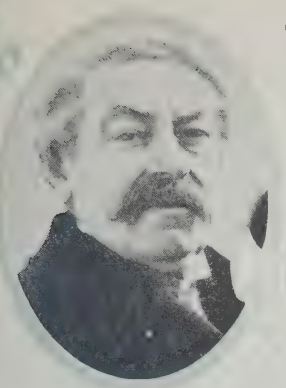
Go to almost any commencement exercise of the negro public school and in song, recitation and essay you will hear the sobs of the bereft slave mother, the wails of the man-made orphan, the clank of the chain and the swish of the slaver's whip. A listening Southerner can almost see creeping above these burning heart coals of the past, like smoke from a hidden fire, the hope that some day the negro's wrongs will be righted and the Lord give him the chance to even things with the white folks—the same white folks, incidentally, who have in nearly every instance donated the school building and kept the school going with taxes upon themselves.

*Sowing the Seeds of Race Hatred*

We cannot say whether this educational practice in the negro schools is premeditated or has any special purpose behind it; it might be merely the struggles of a race aborning artistically, and since they are told to be themselves and not imitators (a race dwelling upon its biggest achievement, its "sorrow" which the white folks have made so much of), we are inclined to believe it is this. This feeding to the minds and hearts of negro children the bitter fruit of slavery and not giving the full truth about it both as a practice and as a commercial institution growing out of the past ages becomes a dangerous sowing of the seeds of race hatred. The times demand fair-mindedness and a spirit of tolerance in all men.

That race animosity and a race consciousness embodying ideals quite different in some respects from our own have been and are being developed right in our midst is one price of segregation and separate schools. The other course would have been herding together children of both races, which would probably have left more race feeling than has come about through segregation. And even had that hardly-to-be-hoped-for end, perfect harmony and democracy of action between children and parents of both races in such mixed schools, been achieved, then a third problem would have presented itself, the inevitable setting toward blood mixing. All are agreed that the one solution of the race question which would be fatal to America is the dragging down of both race stocks into mongrelism and that hopeless mediocrity (Concluded on page 30)

## There Have Been Twenty-Five Premiers of France During This Century—Almost One a Year





(C) Wide World



(C) Keystone

Oval, left side—Aristide Briand.
Center—President Gaston Doumergue.
Oval, above—Georges Clemenceau.

By HARRY PENCE

# "Off Again! On Again! Gone Again!"

IN THE United States the Congresses that are elected in November in "even" years do not begin to function for thirteen months. After each Congress is elected, a hold-over or "lame duck" session of the old Congress, always composed in part, sometimes a large part, of men defeated for reëlection, is held and the Congressmen can—and sometimes do—enact legislation which the people only recently disapproved. A national executive administration has four months in which to thwart popular will, if it so desires.

A resolution is now pending in Congress to submit to the states an amendment correcting this weakness.

The European governments, which have taken their models rather from Great Britain than the United States, provide for more immediate action, and France seems to have improved upon the model. In France the Presidency has been reduced by constitution and practice to a post of honorary distinction and ceremonial prominence. The President of France can do nothing and is likely to lose his position if he tries.

The powerful figure in French affairs is the Premier, or president of the Council, while he retains the confidence—that is, a working majority—of the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate.

Deputies are elected for four years and Senators for nine, and these houses are not, like the British House of Commons, subject to dissolution at the will of the sovereign acting on the advice of the Prime Minister.

There is, therefore, no easy recourse to a popular referendum on a major issue, as is the case in Great Britain. The parliamentary elections, recurring at stated intervals, are often as confused by a variety of unimportant issues as in this country.

The Premier of France, therefore, lacks the British Prime Minister's strong weapon of an immediate reference of the issue to the people in the election of a new Parliament. If the people sustain him he is more firmly entrenched in his leading policy than before his measure was opposed.

Having the right, therefore, to make and unmake Premiers, the French national legislature, especially the Chamber of Deputies, has exercised it to the very limit.

When M. Waldeck-Rousseau became Premier in June, 1899, he was the thirty-seventh in the twenty-six years of the so-called Third Republic. Although changing so often, several men held the post more than once at different times. On this page is a list of the Premiers of the present century, and a glance at it shows that the average period of service, though it has lengthened somewhat, is still far too brief to insure the all-round, even continuity of policy essential to the prosperity of so great a nation.

In some respects this weakness is overcome by the continuance in office in several successive ministries of ministers who have directed important departments with great efficiency.

It has been no unusual occurrence for the retiring Premier, defeated on an issue involving another department than his own—each Premier assumes a "portfolio," or takes charge of a department, as the ministry of finance, or of foreign affairs, and so on—to become a member of the cabinet of his successor as the head of his old department, and eventually to return to the premiership, appointing his late chief to a place in his cabinet.

In this rapid rotation in office it is but natural that a few strong men should figure much more prominently than the rest. M. Waldeck-Rousseau broke the record by retaining office a few days less than three years and then resigning because of ill-health while still "in confidence."

Georges Clemenceau, a political journalist of active, fearless shrewdness, gained a reputation as a cabinet-wrecker before (Concluded on page 24)

### PREMIERS OF FRANCE OF THE 20TH CENTURY

M. Waldeck-Rousseau—June, 1899 to June 3, 1902
Emile Combes—June 10, 1902 to January, 1905
Maurice Rouvier—January 24, 1905 to March, 1906
Jean M. F. Sarrien—March 14 to October, 1906
Georges Clemenceau—October 29, 1906 to July, 1909
Aristide Briand—July, 1909 to February 11, 1911
Antoine E. Monis—February 28, 1911 to June 23, 1911
Joseph J. Caillaux—June 26, 1911 to January 10, 1912
Raymond Poincare—January 12, 1912 to January, 1913
Aristide Briand—January 18 to March 18, 1913
Louis Barthou—March, 1913 to December 2, 1913
Gaston Doumergue—December 8, 1913 to June 12, 1914
Rene Viviani—June 13, 1914 to October 29, 1915
Aristide Briand—October 29, 1915 to March 14, 1917
Alexandre Ribot—March 19 to September 10, 1917
Paul Painleve—September 12 to November 13, 1917
Georges Clemenceau—November 16, 1917 to January 18, 1920
Alexandre Millerand—January, 1920 to September 23, 1920
Georges Leygues—September 23, 1920 to January 12, 1921
Aristide Briand—January, 1921 to January, 1922
Raymond Poincare—January 12, 1922 to June 1, 1924
M. Francois-Mersal held office a few days to observe formalities.
Edouard Herriot—June 14, 1924 to April 10, 1925
Paul Painleve—April 16 to November 22, 1925
Aristide Briand—November 28, 1925 to March 6, 1926

# Is Europe Satisfied With the League?

## Governments and Peoples Differ as to What Benefits, If Any, Are to Be Derived

By WALTER M. WOLFF

NOW that the League of Nations, under the more or less able tutelage of Britain, France and Italy, has extended its motherly influence and affection to the utmost parts of the European continent, a few candid questions relative thereto should be quite in order. With the roster of members now almost completed, what do Europe's members and non-affiliants of the League think about that organization? Do they have real confidence in its qualifications? Are the people enthusiastic for it and do they regard it as the *summum bonum* or panacea for all the Old World's troubles? Will it ultimately strive for and establish the most important thing on earth worth striving for in the minds and hearts of the war-torn peoples: peace, lasting peace?

*Will It Bring Peace, Lasting Peace?*

It is generally well known that today every European nation except Russia, Germany and Turkey is associated with the League of Nations. Germany is waiting on the threshold to be admitted. Russia, like Humpty Dumpty, is still on the wall, and Turkey appears to be handling her own affairs admirably well in spite of the fact that the Turks have not yet been so much as remotely considered for membership, let alone being invited to join the compact.

And then there is Uncle Samuel, Europe's friend-in-need across the sea; why doesn't he belong? But this is, of course, quite another story. For the present we shall confine our observations only to Europe's opinion of its own creation—that is, discover, at least superficially, just how the polyglot people of the Continent regard the much-touted "family of the nations."

Americans as well as Europeans have been told that the League is a war-preventive, world-inclusive organization established for the purpose of more closely and specifically binding the nations which are involved in the European situation to the policy of conciliation and arbitration as regards the difficulties arising among themselves. Most of us are aware, however, that Britain and France have assumed the chaperonage of the League, that they are the *mobile perpetuum* behind the establishment. Britain's statesmen and France's leaders appear to be perfectly content with the League's past performances, and they cherish the fond hope that soon "all those still outside" will come with contrite hearts and apply for admission.

*There Are No Popular Demonstrations*

A strong League is unmistakably of the greatest importance to French and British interests; for by relieving the Empire and the Republic of their respective anxieties in Europe and insuring permanent reconstruction on the Continent through American credits, the Lion and the Tricolor may henceforth address themselves to the manifold problems of the colonies and the Far East.

*But the people?* Our attention has not as yet been called to any huge demonstrations or mass meetings indicative of popular League enthusiasm in either London or Paris, nor is it at all likely that such demonstrations will take place. The average Englishman, while unquestionably appreciating the exchange of felicitations between the nations and the professed sincerity of his statesmen in precipitating mutual understanding and actual peace, cannot be moved to loud acclamation for the League so long as the unemployment crisis and dire want and hunger stalk unmolested through the island. The British should have every good reason to believe that the League of Nations is all right, although they are at the same time perfectly justified in believing something to be all wrong with the way Great Britain is conducting her immediate domestic affairs.

*French Fear an Era of Inflation*

But what about the average Parisian, the citizen of Lyons, or the man who lives in Chateau Thierry? What does he know about the far-famed *Societe des Nations?* If the truth be known, he knows about the League of Nations equally as much as does the average Briton, German, Lithuanian or Walloon—namely, just what the newspapers and the professional propagandists wish to disclose to him concerning it. The majority of Frenchmen today, however, are not so much interested in studying the League's relative merits or discrepancies as they are in observing the daily rise and fall of the franc. The sons of France are not nearly so much afraid of the *revanche* from across the Rhine as they are of an impending inflation era similar to that of the German mark debauch with its long trail of misery and ruin among the common people. Readily enough, for the statesmen and the politicians of the powers the League is an important thing, a means to an end, whereas to the people it represents something of minor or secondary importance.

With respect to Italy's sentiment for the League it will suffice to say that the Italian people are hardly to be held accountable for their current political actions or emotions, inasmuch as they are at present sorely afflicted with a certain chronic ailment which we may term "Mussolinitis." So far as Mussolini is concerned the League of Nations is a very fine concoction: that is to say, as long as it does not conflict with Mussolini or his policies. His recent fervor-laden speeches in the South Tyrol episode with Germany very emphatically bear out this contention. Considering that the majority of the Italian people are behind Mussolini today it would be difficult to imagine that their views on the League considerably diverge from those expounded by the renowned *duce.* "The League of Nations? Why, of course!" says this son of Italy, "but Italy first, last and all the time, and then the League of Nations, if you please!"

*Italy First and Then the League*

So far as his chauvinism is concerned we might admire him; but from Mussolini on down to the last Fascist the Italian's conception of a family of nations organized to foster the common good is still something very much medieval in its character.

The "lesser" members of the League—that is, the nations not enjoying a permanent seat in the League Council, such as Belgium, Norway, Greece, Poland, Austria, and so on, as well as the smaller nations which belong to the so-called Little Entente—appear to be even less satisfied with the League. Most of these nations are beginning to realize that "equal representation," "right of the minorities," "peace through conciliation and arbitration" and the like are excellent diplomatic phrases with which to embellish protocols but are far less effective when put to practical use.

The minor European nations are learning that on the one hand there are large, influential countries with power to control and to manipulate international affairs for their own ends, and on the other hand small, less powerful, less influential units like themselves which are only pawns in the hands of the "big fellows." Is it any wonder, then, that the host of smaller states are clamoring for a larger measure of recognition and representation as members and coöperators in the League?

*Smaller States Clamor for Recognition*

Most interesting of (Concluded on page 20)

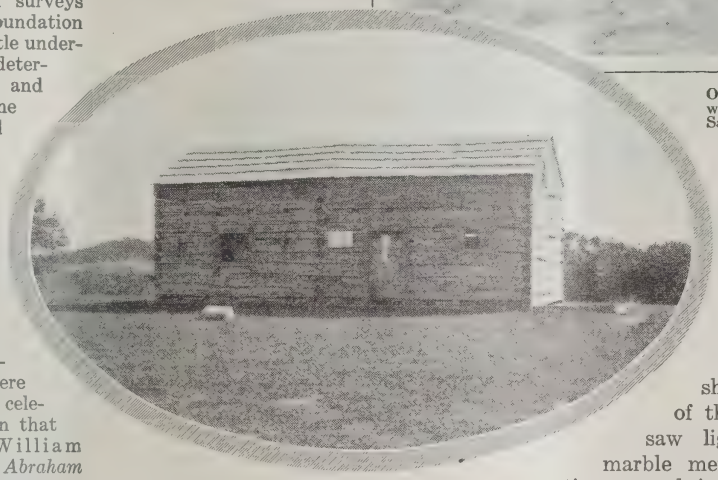
# The Town That Lincoln Put On the Map

## New Salem, Being Restored as Memorial

By WILLIAM E. BARTON



Oval—Rebuilt Rutledge Tavern, which had a short life as one of New Salem's business places.



Right—Offut's store at New Salem, where Lincoln, as clerk, attracted a crowd with his wonderful fund of stories.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

The little village of New Salem has been in part rebuilt, and belongs to the State of Illinois. By means of the original surveys and records of lots sold, and the foundation stones which have been found a little underground, it has been possible to determine the location and exact size and ground lines of practically all the buildings of that little town. Old log buildings in the neighborhood have been purchased and re-erected on these old sites, and the town begins to look much as it did in Lincoln's day. A fireproof museum also has been erected there.

On the eighth of this month, the Illinois State Historical Society and the Mississippi Valley Historical Association meet in Springfield in joint session, and from there are to motor to New Salem for a celebration. The principal address on that occasion is to be by Dr. William E. Barton, author of *The Life of Abraham Lincoln*. Perhaps no other scholar is so competent to give to our readers information on this old village, unique among memories on earth, and its share in the life of Lincoln.

THE deathless fame of Abraham Lincoln brings back from the dead the little old town of New Salem. It had lived its brief moment of history and was deserted. Its last log cabin had crumbled or been removed. No stone stood upon other stone above ground to mark the site of one of its buildings. From having been a habitation of men it was given over to the wild life of the prairie. For three-quarters of a century it remained desolate and without inhabitants. Now it rises from the dead and shares in the immortality of Abraham Lincoln.

Many monuments have been erected to his memory, but none like this. There are mural tablets marking most of the more important events in his career. The log house where he was born and the lodging house where he died are both preserved and are the property of the national government. A Greek temple in granite enshrines the humble logs of the cabin where he first saw light, and the noblest marble memorial upon this continent stands in the national capital and looks across a reflecting pool at a towering shaft erected to the memory of George Washington. Busts and statues in bronze or durable stone stand in many cities in this land of ours, and not a few have been erected abroad. Few men in modern history have so many monuments. But among them all there is none like this.

Not only is New Salem unique among memorials of Abraham Lincoln, but as far as I am aware it occupies a place of its own among the monuments of the world. Shafts and columns and portrait statues in rather monotonous profusion litter the parks and boulevards of our cities, and few of them have any distinctive character or recall names which the world will long remember. But as far as I am aware there is no other instance in which a town that had once been inhabited and had been deserted has come into being again, not for purposes of residence or of commerce, but because of the sojourn within its gates of one particular man.

Brief was its history: The land was entered on July 29, 1828, by Rev. John M. Cameron and his uncle, James Rutledge. They previously had entered land at Sand Ridge on the waters of Concord Creek, their patent dating February 8, 1828, but a season proved the waters of (Concluded on page 31)



Museum on the site of the little town where Lincoln kept store.

# Passing of Yankee Country Store

## Better Transportation and Mail Order House Have Sounded Knell of Village Emporium



The loafers seated on the long benches indolently sat up.

By ELLA SHANNON BOWLES

ILLUSTRATED BY J. C. GRAHAM

THE loafers, seated on the long benches before a New Hampshire country store, stopped their whittling and desultory gossip and indolently sat up. Even the farmers' horses, nuzzling their soft noses in the three-gnawed and weather-beaten feeding troughs, raised their heads. An important event was about to happen, for the stagecoach which carried the mail and an occasional passenger to the mountain village was due on one of its triweekly trips. The rattle of the huge wagon and the clip-clop of the horses' feet sounded down the narrow, dusty road.

With a flourish of whip and a steadying of reins that almost swung the leaders to their haunches, the driver brought the stage to a standstill. He flung off the leather bag and the storekeeper, who combined the duties of postmaster with those of village trader, carried it inside the dimly lighted store. There was an excited buzz of expectancy as the few letters from the outside world were sorted. The storekeeper, however, was not allowed to read his two letters from Boston! He owed his community another duty. Since he was the only man in town who subscribed to a newspaper, he must first read to the assembled group the news of the war, for they were eagerly waiting to hear new facts about the conflict between the Union and the Confederate armies.

The storekeeper himself was a "man of parts." Shrewd at a bargain, keen-minded, just, kindly, he was a leader in the vicinity. Among his neighbors he was known as a rich man. His house was the largest in the village and boasted steel engravings and horsehair furniture in the parlor. He had sent his children away to school. His wife's black Sunday silk was rich and heavy. He was a deacon in the church, a justice of the peace, first selectman, chairman of the school committee, and had represented his town at the general court.

In 1840 he had opened a small general store. Now, in the sixties, he had taken his young son into the business, and had moved to larger quarters, taking it for granted that he would pass his "trade" down to his son and his son's son. He never thought of this village, where his personality and individuality were so strongly felt, without his store.

Twice a year the storekeeper went to Boston "to stock up." He was thrifty and careful in buying: Blue drilling for overalls, thirty pieces of calico, hoop skirts and bustles, cotton thread knotted in "hanks," red and white spotted bandanna handkerchiefs, cotton batting, "factory yarn," quaint buttons, pieces of glassware made by that "new company down on Cape Cod," a few webs of lawn, a piece or two of sprigged muslin, some webs of lace, needles, pins, an occasional piece of silk, hard candies for the children, as well as the groceries and hardware needed in the daily life of the village. Finally he added a few wall papers. Patent medicines followed in the wake of the tansy, thoroughwort, pennyroyal, sage and wormwood which the village women had brewed for the family aches and pains. Some of his customers were getting "citified" and didn't have their footgear made at the cobbler's, so he added boots and shoes to his stock. Crockery dishes, tinware, brushes, brooms, nails, hoes, any article that would contribute to New England rural life—he had them all!

The store had the mellow, human look of a place closely associated with a life current of the simple-hearted village people. Smoke from the "Franconia" iron stove in the center of the room and from numberless pipes blackened the ceilings. The floor was dark and rough from constant use. The store shelves, arranged from floor to ceiling, were packed with the mixture of groceries, patent medicines, tinware, crockery and dry goods. But in all this medley there was not one can of tinned vegetables or fruit. The storekeeper would never see one, nor could he picture the day when his grandson would fill tier after tier of his shelves with tins of bright-labeled vegetable products, cans of salmon and tuna fish, and later the glasses of tongue, meats, chicken, marmalades and jams!

The storekeeper sold home-dried apples, home-cured hams, and salt pork from the fall "killings." Pickled tripe floated in kegs filled with brine. And codfish! An entire chapter might be written upon the codfish which varied the menus of the farmers of the period. Not codfish flakes, nor shredded codfish put up in sanitary packages! The codfish which the storekeeper ordered each month in five-hundred-pound boxes were whole fish, and were taken home and hung up on the cellar door where the housewife cut off strips for picked fish and cream.

Odds and ends and notions were piled helter-skelter under the counters. The storekeeper and his son ducked beneath them to

(Concluded on page 27)

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

IT SHOULD be often in the minds of American citizens that no country is prosperous unless its prosperity reaches to all parts and classes. We practically recognize that fact with regard to classes. We have at last learned that questions of economic wealth are like questions of physical health: that no part of the community is safe so long as another part is infected. Plague in the poor quarters of the town menaces the wealthier sections. Disease among the children of the poor spells danger for the children of the other classes. Our fates are all one in that respect.

The poverty of the poor likewise menaces the prosperity of those who may not be poor. If a nation is growing poor, every man is growing poorer. There are matters which do not stop at class lines, but overlap them, to teach us the unity of our lives and destiny.

But we have not as yet become so vividly conscious of the geography of the law. Our country at the present moment is rated as the most prosperous anywhere in the world or at any time in history, but it needs only a little observation to become aware that this is not true of all parts of the country equally. There are spots of economic aridity which need to be watered by the springs of productive wealth. There is a vast amount of irrigation, so to speak, needing to be done.

One looks over the various sections of country only to be struck by the fact that what we call prosperity has its more or less distinct centers, and that often these centers do not radiate very far into the neighboring territory. It renders one most willing to say that no man is entitled to speak proudly of American prosperity until he has consciously done his utmost to increase its spread over those portions of the country which are as yet untouched by the increase of means and opportunity which has come abundantly to certain other portions.

We are on the line where two kinds of wealth are distinguishable among us. There is the wealth which exists and grows by reason of sucking in the resources of others, a parasitic sort of wealth. We have seen at least one of our great centers win a national dominance by establishing a system whereby small rivulets from the back country are made confluent in one mighty river whose flow is directed toward a single speculative center. That is the suction-pump method. It draws in all it can, and gives out again only what it must, doing even that little in a manner that returns least benefit.

Then there is the kind of wealth which grows by division. It spreads itself like beneficent light and heat over the waste places, causing them to bloom. It is wealth which reproduces itself in general benefit, and runs like roots everywhere to bring fresh opportunity to people.

Now a little of this latter use of wealth—rather, very much of it—is needed in the United States. It is time to cease regarding backward sections as deserving mere neglect until forsooth they become contributors. Rather it is time to prime them as we prime pumps, using the wealth we have to start them on the road to productive benefits, and lift them from the plane of low-spirited need to high-spirited self-sustenance.

Fortunately for the character of much American wealth, this is its unconscious effect. But more of conscious effect is needed. There are whole states in our land which are lying heavy-hearted in the back lands of neglect. Their rich, fertile lands and forests are untenanted and unused. There are Americans by the million who read of American prosperity as a distant mirage: and not even a mirage, for one may see a mirage, but millions of these Americans have not seen prosperity. There is much that we can do for them to bring them into step with the rest of the nation. We can use our honest wealth as seed and fertilizer for a wider crop of prosperity, equally distributed over the country, and thereby we can redeem ourselves from the reproach of having whole areas of America where no prosperity can be found.

This is a new form of equality which can be readily established in the land, and with the distributive motive in wealth, instead of the suction-pump motive, it can be achieved. At least we ought not to talk about American prosperity until we have a definite idea of how much of our territory and population can be included in that description.

*NO country can be considered prosperous unless its prosperity reaches to all parts and to all classes. No man is entitled to speak proudly of American prosperity until he has conscientiously done his best to spread it over those portions of the country which are as yet untouched by the increase of means and opportunity. There are whole states in our land which are lying heavy-hearted in the back lands of neglect. There is much that we can do to bring them into step with the rest of the nation.*

**"Ford Ideals," 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## *The True Sesqui-Centennial*

WE MUST not allow the Sesqui-Centennial fiasco in Philadelphia to blind us to the fact that the 150th anniversary of America as a nation is an event worthy of splendid commemoration, an occasion for reverence, not in one city alone, but in every state, every town, every home in the land. The birth of America 150 years ago was a happening so momentous that even now we cannot fully grasp its true significance. For the first time was founded a nation dedicated to liberty and to the equality of mankind. A beacon was struck that shone into the dim, far corners of the earth.

In the years that followed the Revolution, the country forged steadily ahead toward its destiny. The land was peopled by a sturdy race, a race possessed of ideals, of integrity, of honor. The people regulated themselves by certain standards—*American standards*, they came to be known. Resolutely they set their faces ahead and marched into the future. They met their problems squarely, without flinching. They overcame the wilderness; they endured untold hardship. In a devastating civil war they purged their country of the evil of slavery.

And always they toiled up the steep path of progress. Compare the 150 years of America's life with any similar period in history. It is the greatest era of advancement, of enlightenment, of freedom since creation. America lighted the torch; America led the way. Other peoples of the earth were awakened from their sleep, their sloth of centuries. Not alone in government did the Americans progress—they were inventive, they were pioneers in science, in business. Their object was to make life worth while for the poor and humble as well as the rich and powerful.

The ideals, the inner conscience of the race, urged it ever forward to new endeavors, new heights. America led, not by mixing in the petty jealousies and racial hatreds of the old nations, but by keeping to the straight path. Then came the Great War—and America sent its youth overseas to die, not for conquest or personal gain, but from a noble impulse to save the world from its own madness. It was a magnificent gesture, one that should have earned the gratitude, the friendship of all nations. But instead Europe viewed America through its own discolored lens of suspicion, of selfishness.

The older nations saw in America's power a mighty weapon to help them to their own ends; they hoped to embroil this nation in their discord. America, they said, having made the step, could not turn back. It must be forever entangled in the web of old-world politics; it must join the League of Nations; it must bind itself to the decrees of the World Court! America stands today at the crossroads, 150 years after the Signing of the Declaration of Independence, after the baptism of the nation in blood. For a century and a half the nation has forged its way ahead, *alone*. It has worked out its own salvation; it has welded its own destiny. It has been a guiding light for the world *because it held itself aloof from old-world intrigue!* The anniversary of our independence is a solemn thing.

It is an occasion, not for a glorified street fair, but for solemn meditation, for rededication of America to those principles and ideals which made it the great nation it is!

## *Up From Slavery*

THE cruelest punishment of all time was that of the galley slave, chained to his oar, beaten to his task, hounded to his death, that another unfortunate, newer at the work, might be chained to his place. Neither preacher nor reformer, society nor king was responsible for his final freeing. Genius devised a way to sail ships cheaper and with more cargo space, and industry itself let him go.

The inventor and engineer freed the galley slave: today they are freeing the world from all lesser slaveries. Drudgery is being taken out of life, and a time of leisure for self-improvement is being made available for all men.

A million slaves work for us today, but they are inanimate and incapable of either fear or pain.

Power—in the home, on the farm, in the shop, on the high seas, over land and in the air—is carrying with industry a host of mechanical missionaries to every place.

As we accept and use power, so are we freed from our own slavery.

## *Is THIS Puritanical?*

"WHO are the real enemies of our Republic? The most important group I would call the writing men—literary fellows who are straining every nerve to foist upon America the ultrasophistication, the blasé civilization of Europe. There is no simplicity, no old-fashioned morality in their

literature. There is the decadent type of the old French literature they are pouring out to poison and stain the mind and character of American youth.

"They have contempt for Main Street—meaning, of course, contempt for respectable John Smith and his wife, who love simplicity and honesty and who are unsophisticated. They prefer Broadway with its dirty plays and indecent naked revues. They prefer the Broadway of shamelessness where, in the phrase of the day, 'everything goes.' They prefer the Broadway where, after seeing a dirty show, the sophisticated go to a rotten night club, where we read that, in the midst of drinking and naked dancing, murder has been done.

"Scarcely any play can get along on Broadway today without a prostitute. David Belasco puts on a dirty play and says he does so because everybody is doing it, and William A. Brady says, 'I'll take off my dirty show if you take off yours.' Does that represent the acme of dramatic ethics?"

The words are those of Father James M. Gillis, of the Roman Catholic Church. They were uttered within a stone's throw of Broadway.

---

## *Postponing the Reckoning*

RESPONSIBILITY for the Italian debt agreement lies directly at the feet of Secretary Mellon and the other leaders of the Administration. If praise comes in later years it will be theirs alone; if censure comes, it too will be theirs. By a remarkable feat of mental calisthenics Secretary Mellon has reached the conclusion that Italy, with its utmost efforts, can pay only $5,000,000 a year for the next five years. But at the end of that period, he reckons, the nation can pay $12,100,000—and a rapidly increasing sum each year thereafter until for the sixty-second year nearly $80,000,000 will be due!

Mr. Mellon's interesting deductions might bear more weight did they not follow so closely upon Otto H. Kahn's recent pean in praise of Mussolini; did they not contrast so strangely with Mussolini's trumpetings of war. The Italian debt settlement is without doubt eminently satisfactory to international bankers who have outstanding loans of their own; it is highly pleasing to politicians who will be out of office before the shoe begins to pinch the Italian foot. But what of the people of the two nations? What of future generations?

Does even the most optimistic politician in Washington sincerely believe that Italy will pay the sums scheduled for the future without protest?

## *Starving Our Soil*

Here are some interesting figures:

| | Wheat per acre (bushels) | Fertilizer used (pounds) |
|---|---|---|
| United States | 13.9 | 5.1 |
| Holland | 41.1 | 168.4 |
| Denmark | 39.0 | 14.6 |
| Belgium | 35.4 | 30.4 |
| England | 31.2 | 19.0 |
| Germany | 20.5 | 65.0 |

The table, compiled by the National Industrial Conference Board, carries its own comment. England, where the soil has been farmed for centuries, produces two-and-a-half times as much wheat on each acre devoted to that crop as we do. Denmark produces three times as much.

We are not farming our soil, we are mining it, succinctly remarks the board in analyzing the situation. But that merely states the problem; it does not answer it. American farmers are for the most part alert, progressive; they use up-to-date farm equipment; they employ modern agricultural methods.

Why, then, do they not enrich their soil with fertilizer? *The answer is that they cannot afford it!* Cheap fertilizer is one of the greatest needs in America today.

---

## *"A Personal Affair"*

A YEAR ago Max Goldberg, of New York's East Side, was questioned about the murder of "Lefty" Kanter.

"Listen, Captain," he protested at the police station, "this is a personal affair. The police ain't got no business interfering."

Today Goldberg himself is dead, the victim of another little "personal affair." His demise is of small moment; but his words are significant. Murder, under fundamental American law and inborn American conviction, is an offense against the State. It is the major crime. It carries with it the brand of Cain. In the early days of the Republic murder was infrequent. The people viewed it with dread, with abhorrence; they saw to it that the murderer was speedily punished.

But in recent years we have permitted people of a different race, a different breed, a different outlook, to swarm into our country. They have brought with them a new moral code, a new system of ethics. Last year there were more than 12,000 homicides in the United States! New York State has just appointed a commission to determine the cause of crime. Perhaps the commission would do well to start with the Goldbergs, who consider murder a little "personal affair."

# Woodrow Wilson, Master of Dreams

## All Along the Route Toward Realization of Ideals He Preserved His *Savoir Faire*

PART VII

"If you can dream and not make dreams your master,
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim."

WOODROW WILSON was a dreamer. He was a dreamer by inheritance. With all the talk and chaff about the Scots and their canniness, there is no race more given to dreaming. The Scottish blood in Wilson, with its Irish blend, was no exception. In his many speeches, the great majority of which were extempore and were uttered in the white heat of inspiration that comes from contact with an audience, he was repeatedly dealing with ideals and dreams. His foes were right when they said that he was a dreamer. What irritated them was that Woodrow Wilson was consistently making his dreams a reality. Wilson was also guilty of another charge laid at his doors by his enemies and admitted by his friends. He was ambitious. He was even covetous. It was the ambitious covetousness described in an exclamation of Henry V, often quoted and loved by Wilson, when Henry exclaims: "If it be an offense to covet honor then I am the most offending soul alive."

I do not know whether Mr. Wilson revealed himself as a dreamer in his boyhood days. Certainly he was very busy in early manhood, not only dreaming, but forging those dreams into living things such as his books. When he grew older and found himself he did not hesitate to speak out his dreams and ask others to help him make them come true. At Princeton it was "Princeton for the Nation's Service." Later on he visioned, in his *New Freedom*, a nation released from the chains of monopoly and economic concentration.

In the early part of his first administration and until the war broke out he sought to make this vision an actua ity through legislation and administration. Lastly, he dreamed of a world free from war, and summoned all peoples to bring this about through a League of Nations. On several occasions in his years at Princeton I came upon him in the midst of forging one of his visions into reality. If ever there was a man on fire it was Woodrow Wilson on such an occasion.



(C) *International.*

President and Mrs. Wilson in a jovial mood aboard their special train at St. Joseph, Missouri.

By HUSTON THOMPSON

Copyright, 1926, by Huston Thompson.

Along the route toward realization of his dreams or accomplishments, Woodrow Wilson, despite his conscientious attitude toward the problems before him, was a warm-hearted, impulsive, joyous person of unusual charm. If, in the manifestation of these characteristics, one trait stood out above others, it was his consideration for those about him. He was wholly unselfish and ever conscious of the comfort, convenience and pleasure of his companions.

No more striking illustration of his companionable habits could be found than in his relations with the newspapermen and others who traveled with him in the 1912 campaign. The party occupied two private cars and spent three months touring the country. A representative of the Pennsylvania Railroad went along to make arrangements. A Western Union man accompanied the party to look after the great volume of press telegrams that had to be filed at the most accessible places. Two stenographers were carried to take down speeches and write letters. At least one secretary and a bodyguard went along. There were also nine newspaper correspondents all the time and extra men from each locality visited.

The rear car was a combination dining, parlor, and sleeping car. Mr. Wilson occupied a stateroom in the center equipped with a double brass bed. Beyond his quarters was an observation parlor and observation platform. Forward in the car was the dining room, kitchen, and a shower bath. The other car was a solid compartment car, where the rest of the party worked and slept. All took their meals together in the dining room, and all rode together in the observation parlor during hours of leisure, between long jumps.

Three months of living at such close quarters, under the pressure and excitement of a presidential campaign, caused all members of the party to become well acquainted with one another. Intimate friendships were formed. Real, innermost traits of character were revealed. Mr. Wilson assumed no reserve whatever. He entered wholeheartedly into the spirit and psychology of the party. He took his share of the bumps, the hard knocks, and the discomforts that are inevitable in such an enterprise. He would accept no special consideration because of his position. Never did he allow his disapproval of the stories that the newspapermen might turn out to swerve his courtesy or kindliness toward them.

Anybody who has ever been on a camping trip with one grouch or one drone in the party knows how disagreeable conditions may become. On the other hand, he also knows the delight of such companionship if everyone is a "good sport" and "plays the game." A presidential campaign is exactly like a camping trip in this respect, and on the Wilson train it was a matter of happy comment that Governor Wilson rang true as a good fellow and square shooter under all circumstances and conditions. For example, there were usually more persons for meals than there were places

at table. Sometimes he would be late and somebody else would be at the head of the board. Upon Mr. Wilson's arrival that somebody would rise and urge him to have his seat.

"No, no, I'll not take it," the Governor would protest. "Here, if Smith will slide over a bit I can squeeze in between him and Jones."

And he would climb up on the upholstered bench that ran along one side of the table, double his long legs underneath and smilingly make the best of cramped quarters. Sometimes there would be a shortage of some article of food and others would urge Governor Wilson to take their share. He would good-naturedly decline.

*The Worst Thing Is the Local Committee*

"Not on your life," he would say. "You've got to work in this next town and all I have to do is make a speech. If I can have just a glass of milk and some bread and butter I'll be fixed."

The worst thing about a presidential campaign is the local committee. I was on one myself in 1912 when Mr. Wilson came to Denver, but I had gone East to join him, and I hope I derived some profit from the journey and from my observation of local committees en route. For weeks preparations have been under way. There has probably been a scrap over the chairmanship of the reception committee, because there are always at least two factions in each party in each town. A representative of the National Committee has visited the town, like an advance agent for a circus, and has worked out all details for the day with the local chairman. When the advance agent arrives he always finds a schedule made up for the candidate that nobody but a Hercules moving in an airplane could follow. He edits the program, cuts out two or three meetings, comes to a definite understanding that there shall be, say, two speeches, one at noon and one at four o'clock. He makes it perfectly clear that the candidate will have had a big meeting at the preceding town the night before, that he will not have left such town until after midnight, and that he must have the forenoon free from engagements, to rest and prepare his speeches.

The advance agent also supplies the local committee with the names of the people in the candidate's train. He explains how necessary it is to furnish automobile transportation and hotel accommodations for the secretaries, stenographers and newspaper reporters. The local chairman notes all the advance agent says, but as soon as the advance agent leaves he goes right ahead fixing up his own program. He arranges a breakfast to be attended by the political leaders; a ride about the city, during which the candidate is to stop at the local high school, where the children have been drilled for weeks to receive him; lunch at a country club, where a speech will be called for; another speech out-of-doors early in the afternoon; a public reception in the lobby of the principal hotel; a speech in the auditorium at 4 p.m., and tea at the house of the most prominent local woman at five-thirty.

*What Candidates Have to Put Up With*

When the candidate arrives he finds all this staring him in the face, despite the efforts of the advance agent. And he must go through with it. Any curtailment at that hour will be charged to him. For instance, if he doesn't go by the high school, he will leave twelve hundred children, dressed in their best bibs and tuckers, standing for hours waiting for him and finally dispersing disconsolately and bitterly, and blaming him for not coming to see them. Nobody will know it was the fault of the local committee. Likewise, if he cuts the tea at the social leader's house, he will make a hundred bitter-tongued enemies. So he grits his teeth and goes to it.

This one day is the only day of the whole campaign for that town. It is one of one hundred days to the candidate, who must go through the same thing all over again, beginning the next morning.

Woodrow Wilson, under these trying conditions, was cheerful, good-natured and unselfish. He went the limit of his endurance, no matter what impossible situation had been created for him, until his frayed nerves had become exposed at the end of a day of constant speaking and cried out for rest. And he looked out constantly for the interests of the other members of his party.

Arriving at a town, the reception committee was on hand, at the rear of the train, to greet the candidate. The police kept a small space cleared for the official welcome. The crowds, enthusiastic to the point of hysteria, pressed forward and clamored for a sight of the Governor. As the party appeared on the rear platform he, of course, came first. He stepped down off the car, the reception committee shook hands and escorted him to an automobile, usually only a few yards away.

*Taking Care of the Newspapermen*

Immediately the police relaxed their vigilance. They, too, wanted to see and pressed forward to be as close to the visitor as possible. They let the crowd close in behind. Reception committee members and other citizens scrambled hastily into the waiting automobiles, and the newspaper reporters, nine times out of ten, found themselves brushed aside, cut off from the Governor, held back by the crowd that had closed in around them.

The local committee chairman would bow the candidate into the first car in line, spring in beside him and give the signal for the procession to start. But it wouldn't start. Mr. Wilson would stand up in the car, which was always open, and look for the other members of his party. He would see them struggling like football players bucking the line, striving vainly to get to the now overflowing automobiles.

"Don't start yet," Mr. Wilson would say to the local chairman. He would speak pleasantly but with a certain air of command that attracted attention, despite the noise, din, confusion, band music, and cheering. "We can't go until the newspapermen are taken care of. Didn't (Concluded on page 20)



(C) *Harris & Ewing.*

President Wilson greeted by admirers as he passed through the west gate of the White House for his daily ride.

# Traveling Around Without a Coat

## A Garment Which Becomes a Symbol of Respectability and Passport to Civilization

By DONALD HOUGH

ILLUSTRATED BY GLENN W. THOMAS

A COAT, you understand, is a symbol.

The Chinese incase long finger nails in gold sheaths, the length of the nails indicating infallibly that the owner is a person above manual labor. We incase the arm and shoulder muscles in a coat to prove that the wearer earns his bread by his brains, his wits, or somebody else's money.



It was only when the doughboys threw their coats away that they gave an account of themselves.

To "take off your coat and go to work" is a standard phrase. "Hold my coat" is the recognized preliminary to strenuous combat.

The term, "keep your shirt on," meaning to remain cool and collected and of gentlemanly temper, is probably descended from a time when there was no discrimination between shirts and coats, just as the worst coat in the world, that used by the Army, is still called a blouse for no reason on earth.

It is noteworthy that our only rigid caste system, the Army, uses the blouse (this being a coat that is very tight fitting) as a distinct symbol. It is in the Army that gentlemen are created by act of Congress, and a gentleman so created may as well leap off the highest available bridge as to appear minus his blouse. Since Congress, having created gentlemen, is obliged to see that they remain gentlemen, rules for wearing the blouse are perhaps more rigid than the rules which govern the shooting of a spy or the capturing of the enemy's citadel.

The odd rules of the Army in respect to maintaining the appearance of respectability were so inflexible that the doughboys went into action in France equipped with the choke collar and bell-boy dignity of the blouse; and it was only when they took matters into their own hands and threw the things away that they gave an account of themselves in action.

I see no harm in admitting that in the Army I was "an officer and a gentleman" and that I successfully defended my commission as second lieutenant against most of the rules designed to keep me "an officer and a gentleman" in spite of my civilian training.

I recall once when we were in camp in New Jersey, and the sun blazed hot all day long. On the occasion of going for a day's march, somebody higher up made the lamentable error of permitting us to become sots and ungentlemanly fellows by leaving our blouses in the barracks. I took advantage of this by taking both of my uniforms to the tailor to have them altered, and wore a spare pair of breeches.

But on returning I found I was officer of the day, in charge of the guard. That an officer on special duty should appear without a blouse, irrespective of the thermometer, was unthinkable. But I had no blouse. The tailor had gone home and my uniforms were locked up. So I had to rush around and buy a new uniform, and the only thing I could get was a heavy wool one.

I put it on, sweltered in it for a few hours, then threw it away.

So much for the Army. When I left it, I thought I had left the edict, "Blouses Will Be Worn," behind me. I had not.

Last spring I went West for the purpose of taking a long trip through the Kaibab forest and adjoining regions on horseback. It was inconvenient for me to take a suit of clothes with me, so I wore my flannel shirt, breeches and boots on the train. Why shouldn't I? Wasn't I going into the West? Had I been going to see the motion pictures all these years for nothing? I knew my stuff.

Came time to eat. In my tragic innocence I went forward to the dining car. The steward welcomed me with a wide smile. Then suddenly the smile became a sickly grin and sank back into his face.

He had observed that I was coatless. "You'll have to get your coat before you can eat," he said, "it's the rules of the company."

I looked through the diner. I saw coats that were much worse looking than my flannel shirt; and I saw some that were shiny at the elbows, and some that I think cost less than my shirt did.

"What kind of a coat must I have?" I asked.

"Any kind," said the steward nervously.

"Could I wear a pink one, or a dirty one, or a coat made of green cheese, or would it have to match my breeches?" I persisted.

"Anything—anything—just so it's a coat." The steward was getting impatient.

"But any kind of a coat with my breeches and boots would look ridiculous. Why must a person have a coat in order to eat?"

Now the steward was on familiar ground. He knew the answer to that one. "It's the rules of the company," he replied.

"In that case, I'll go back to my car," and I turned to leave. But the steward took hold of my sleeve. He looked around apprehensively, as though expecting to see the president of the Union Pacific at his elbow.



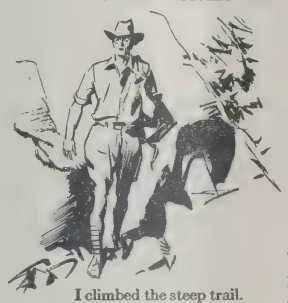
He must stand with his back to me at the table.

He hastily ushered me to the nearest seat, in a corner of the car. He covered my entrance as well as he could with his body; and I observed that the waiter who grudgingly attended me stood between me and the passengers of higher caste who owned coats.

During the rest of the trip I was smuggled into this seat as though I had been a shipment of liquor, and it apparently became a standing rule of that diner that whenever a waiter was idle for a moment he must stand with his back to me at my table, thus shielding the other passengers from the sight of a Man Without a Coat.



"I'm afraid you'll have to have a coat before you can eat at the hotel."



I climbed the steep trail.

I reached the Kaibab forest, and for three weeks and more I traveled through and around it with two pack mules, a forest ranger, and without a coat. Then I was invited by the National Park Service to take a ride across the Grand Canyon.

It took us two days to cross the Canyon, and if you have ever crossed it, you know what it is: a hundred in the shade, desert sands and fine trail dust.

We climbed the steep trail, made a few final twists and turns, and in the winking of an eye we were on the rim of the Canyon. And just as suddenly, everything changed. There was the cool hotel, and men, instead of wearing chaps and shirts open at the neck, were wearing straw hats and flannels. We had entered civilization.

I was hungry. I looked at the cool hotel and yearned for a bath and a feed. The park ranger who was with me saw me yearning. He looked at me with an odd expression.

Somehow, I sensed his next question. I sensed it correctly:

"Have you got a coat?"

I looked at him in surprise. "Why," I asked, "would I have a coat? I'm plenty warm now. And where would I pack one if I was encumbered with one?"

"Well," he said, "I'm afraid you'll have to have a coat before you can eat at the hotel."

So that was it. I had to have a coat before I could eat at the hotel.

"It's only recently," the ranger explained, "that you could eat there in anything but dinner clothes."

This floored me. I stopped my horse and looked back at the Canyon. I looked at the forest on the other rim, and at the desert to the east. It was a big country. It was the American West. It was a place for hard riding and harder living, open shirts and perspiration. That is what it was made for.

I wanted to turn around and get back into it, where, coatless, it seemed I belonged. This tiny dot on the rim of the monster Canyon was a place where you couldn't eat without a coat!

I went to the ranger's house and tried on his coat but it wouldn't fit. I was getting hungrier all the time. So I went to the hotel, put on my most brazen expression, rented a room, and outwitted and cheated the rules by having my meals brought to my room where nobody could see me *eating without a coat.*

Came a time when I left the Canyon to continue west by train. I sat in my seat and speculated. Poor West! Trying to mix its drinks! Somebody had thought it would be nice to have things real proper. The clothing standards of smug civilization, where the only things in sight are the works of man and where such standards are decidedly in place, had been removed out into the desert.

The train I was on was a pitiful little thing crawling over a land that reached to horizons so distant that all its rush and roar was lost by the roadside; and its pitiful whistle, so brave as it reverberated through towns, was a tiny "cheep" that was swallowed up in limitless air.

"Surely," I thought to myself, "I'm all right now. My clothes certainly fit in. At last I'm in the West!"

Why had I been ostracized because I wore no coat? Was it a matter of appearance? I reviewed the scenes in diners and hotels. I had seen ill-fitting coats, cheap coats, worn coats; I had seen them over frayed silk shirts and loud ties; had seen them below unshaven cheeks.

I looked at myself as well as I could. My shirt was clean; it fitted me perfectly; it was of excellent quality. My hat was broad-brimmed to keep the sun away; my breeches were well cut; my boots were shined and had cost me forty-five dollars. I certainly looked better, and I undoubtedly was better dressed for the surroundings, than a great many who owned and wore coats.

Time came for dinner. But I knew my ground now. I was, at last, in the real West. I was far enough West so that flannel shirts were in style.

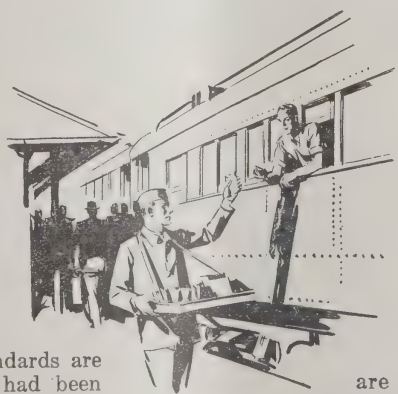
I swaggered to the diner, met the steward with a smile of understanding, and started to take a seat.

But a troubled frown flitted across the little steward's brow. He looked nervously about as though expecting the president of the road to be at his elbow.

"I'm sorry—" he began.

But he was talking to himself. I had left him.

I hung my head out of the window at the next stop and by shouting with all my might succeeded in rounding up a bag of peanuts. I threw the shucks on the floor.



I rounded up a bag of peanuts.

The long nails of the Chinaman are not so good looking as shorter ones, but they are a symbol. So it is with our coats.

Coats, after all, are nice things. Most men, and all thugs, wear them.

# The Voyage of the Victoria

BY
CHARLES J. FINGER
WOODCUTS BY
PAUL HONORÉ




## THE FINDING OF THE SPICERIES

*Second of Series*

WHAT we know positively about the early life of Magellan is very little indeed. His biographer, F. H. H. Guillemard, writing in 1890, to whose work later writers are indebted, is obliged to fall back on guesses and suppositions, hanging much upon such pegs as "there is little doubt," or "it may be possible," or "it is reasonable to believe." We do not know the exact date of his birth, though it is placed at about 1480.

The family home was in Sabrosa in the hilly part of Northern Portugal, where, as the saying has it, "it is nine months winter and three months hell." It is supposed that there were six children, though that is not certain. A less important fact has been preserved, which is that the family boasted a coat of arms, described, to use the fantastic language of heraldry, as "on a field argent three bars checky, gules and argent, the crest an eagle, wings displayed." We know also that the lad became a court page when he was about the age of 17, his royal master being nominally Dom Manoel. Of his career at court nothing is known and it is fairly certain that nothing of importance happened to compel attention or remark. To add more than that would be but a mere spinning of words and a waste of time. The only history of his life written by one close to his time was that made by a certain D'Aughiem, which was destroyed during the sack of Rome in 1527.

The important thing to realize is that there was immense activity in Portugal during Magellan's youth. Explorers and adventurers and those sent out by commercial houses had steadily pushed north, south, east and west; as far as Labrador, across to South American coasts, around Africa to India. Greatest weight was given by those at home to discoveries in the East, because new lands meant important advances in national industry and wealth, and because, as will appear a little later, Portugal had unchallenged rights in that direction, that is, unchallenged by Christian nations.

Where discoveries meant no more on the surface than the extension of geographical knowledge, small notice was taken, apparently. That possibly accounts for some fogginess and doubt as to activities south of La Plata. Neither gold nor spices nor silks nor valuable woods were brought back from there, and the explorers seemed to have nothing to report but wild and tangled lands or barren coasts, so what tales they told were heard with indifference. For trade was the thing. But matters eastward were quite another story.

From there came revenue to the crown because of the activities of those merchant princes who compelled attention, even if it was reluctant attention, from those in power. So expedition after expedition was sent to India, culminating in one of a fleet of thirteen ships, and there gradually came the establishment of all those foreign agencies and trading posts of which we learn from the documents of such houses as the Fuggera and the Haros and the Roths.

As might be expected, all that turning of trade into new channels awakened opposition. For up to that time the Moors had enjoyed a monopoly of Indian trade and keenly resented Portuguese activities. Native kings and chieftains found themselves between two fires. There were ruptures, attacks, reprisals. Such fierce fighters as Kheyr-ed-Din, considered as pirates by their opponents but as patriots by their own people, played havoc on the sea. It was the advance of culture and the pursuit of trade, but it was also a sowing of the seeds of war. The closer the relations that were established with native princes, the more vigorous were activities that could mean nothing but bloodshed, as when traders and agents gave concessions and favors to little potentates in return for the privilege of building warehouses and forts. What seemed friendly coöperation at first soon became potential enmity.

Obviously all this legitimate commercial activity had to result in occupation, so Dom Manoel, of Portugal, decided to create a viceroyship for India. Tristan da Cunha, the sturdy explorer, would have had the office had it not been for his failing eyesight. The next in line was one Francisco d'Almeida and he was appointed viceroy. To back established authority, Vasco da Gama, who had found the route to India around Africa, was made Admiral of India, and then commenced the building of a fleet.

It was Portugal's day and her influence was unquestioned. She had unchallenged rights as far as her opponent Spain was concerned, because of a Papal Bull which seemed to concede her all eastern trade. As to this a word is necessary. Pope Alexander VI,

acting as mediator, had awarded all lands to the east of a certain north and south line to Portugal, all west of that line to Spain. A recent writer on this subject says that the Pope "with a ruler drew a line on the map three hundred leagues to the westward of Cape Verde," at random as it were.

But the line of demarcation was not arrived at in that arbitrary way. It was based upon the discovery of Columbus that at a certain point when crossing the Atlantic the compass pointed due north. That line of no deviation he regarded as a fixed boundary between the Eastern and the Western hemispheres and the reigning Pope accepted the idea. The princes of the church did not officially admit the sphericity of the world. The arrangement was a temporary expedient, nothing more, and on protest there were shiftings of the line, with much subsequent dispute, violent threats, an attempt after a time to settle matters by royal marriages, and, at last, by Spain selling her rights in the Moluccas, long after, for 350,000 ducats. But of that later.

The building of the fleet for service in Indian waters meant tremendous activity. Portugal had what we would call a boom. According to the historian Correa, twenty ships were built, with others going as cargo as nearly ready to set up as possible. It all meant the employment of a little army—shipwrights, carpenters, carriers, teamsters, woodmen, metal workers, sail makers, rope makers, armorers, blacksmiths. Besides these there were, toward the close of the building operations, 1,500 men-at-arms, a couple of hundred bombardiers, four hundred seamen and other supernumeraries, all at hand and ready to sail. The news of extraordinary and important things afoot had spread far, so there flocked to the scene of activity "many hidalgos and cavaliers and people of distinction," as Correa has it.

As the time neared for the fleet's sailing, a tide of patriotic excitement came up and was at its height when the religious ceremony of blessing the flag was held in the Belem cathedral. Correa has a somewhat circumstantial account telling of notabilities clad in rich habits, the royal flag in its splendor of white damask and gold-bordered crimson satin, and similar things, so that with his picture we get other glimpses—the thousand-colored congregation, the robed priests and singers, the royal pages slender and olive-skinned, the steel-clad soldiers, the lights and lofty dim shadows.

Then the people in the open places and in the streets who had come from all quarters: mahogany-faced men all scarred and battered who were not so keen for foreign travel as the youngsters, and who had tales to tell of how six men out of every seven had died from fever, scurvy, shipwreck, or arrow. Some of them had sailed with Columbus; some had been with Ojeda in strange waters; some had been with Goboto to icy Labrador. Others were with Pinzon when his ship sailed on the brown waters of the Amazon, or with Bachelor Enciso the adventurous, or with the veteran Juan de la Cosa, or with the illustrious Nunez who first set eyes on the Southern ocean.

Then came the pageant of the twenty-fifth day of March, 1505, when the armada set sail. On that day the king inspected the fleet amid the beating of drums, blaring of trumpets and a thundering of bombards. There was a great display of soldiery and the yellow Tagus was gay with banner-bearing boats filled with people of high place dressed in gold and scarlet. Those of greater consequence were on board the ships, admiring when the king seemed interested, evolving rhapsodies when diplomacy demanded, pressing at the heels of the royal person with due regard to procedure. And from the shore and across the water rang voices, while the air was

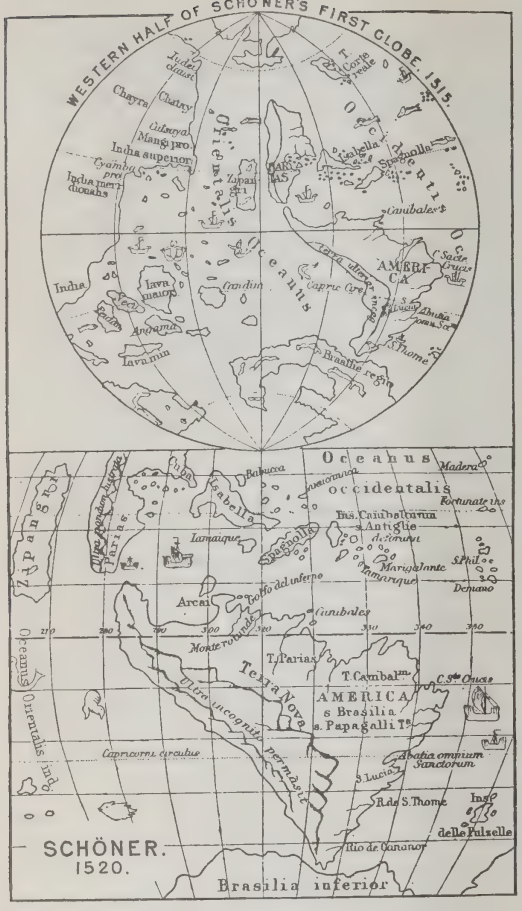


There are pictures that illustrate and pictures that decorate. The above woodcut richly does both. You do not take it in with a fleeting glance; the longer you look at it the more does its wealth of detail and design appear.

Mr. Honore has chosen the moment when Portugal's fleet sailed, with all the color and movement of that event—"the royal flag in its splendor of white damask and gold-bordered crimson satin—the thousand-colored congregation. There was a fine beating of drums and a blaring of trumpets and a thundering of bombards. The yellow Tagus was gay with banner-bearing boats filled with people of high place dressed in gold and scarlet. Along the banks, on walls and towers and roofs of houses were somebodies and nobodies, men-at-arms, citizens, sailors, strangers, priests with banners. In places were ruddy flares from bonfires. For it was a day of wild rejoicing and high hopes and great expectation and Portugal was proud in her glory and strength and power."

So Mr. Honore sets out to chisel all that in a few inches of wood block. In the foreground are the minstrels, viol, horn and drum—nobleman and beggar standing at the right of them. Just beyond the round little kettle drum is the stern of a barge richly draped with silks, a bargeman at the tiller, passengers standing and sitting; near the bow a herald blowing his bannered trumpet, and over all the royal standard in its glory of white damask and crimson satin. In the background the great galleon, sails hoisted, ready to move off on that immortal circumnavigation of the globe. At its feet the little boats. And beyond that the castles and the shore.

All of this, chiseled into a little block of wood, five by five and three-quarters inches square, is the work of one of the foremost wood block artists in America. We have used several specimens of Mr. Honore's work, and they have attracted wide attention in artistic circles, but this wood block is so specially rich, both as illustration and decoration, that special attention is called to it.




Very rare map made by Schoner, of Nuremburg. His outline of South America shows a strait situated nearly within seven degrees of the correct position, and islands corresponding to the Falklands, which, according to history, were not discovered until 1592.

clamorous with the noise of bells. Along the banks, on walls and on towers and the roofs of houses were somebodies and nobodies, men-at-arms, citizens, sailors, strangers, priests with banners, sight-seers, all vociferous and crowded. In places were ruddy flares from bonfires made by those too inferior to find foothold where they could see the sights—beggars, men with asses and mules, carriers, those with next to nothing.

It was a day of wild rejoicing and high hopes and great expectation and Portugal was proud in her glory and strength and power, feverish for the wealth beyond the seas. Her courtiers dreamed of victory and conquest and place. Her merchant princes thought of well-regulated foreign commerce and the securing of respect abroad, of a new and larger Portugal beyond seas where white men would be masters, the natives slaves, the opposing Moors properly subjugated.

Certainly the old historians, scornful of ignoble commerce and seeing surface indications only, viewed the royal personage as the superior thing. But students of economy with more profound insight saw causes behind, and that deeper vision was well supported when those private papers of the old commercial house were made public. For all that glitter meant, not patriotic activity, but the protectorate accompanying exploitation. It meant the furnishing of strength to those who sought economic privileges, the backing up of trade adventurers who would provide revenue for governmental purposes. The vital interest was not scientific curiosity, not passion for the growth of the Church of Rome, not the glorification of Dom Manoel. The vital interest was commerce and a fostering of the growth of material prosperity. The unseen powers behind the throne were those wealthy gentlemen with a reputation for commercial integrity who could lend millions of ducats to the crown and make no press for a return. For with proper protection they could build that commercial structure which was to enrich the nation. Without that protection the great wealth of India could not be diverted from Moorish lands to Portuguese.

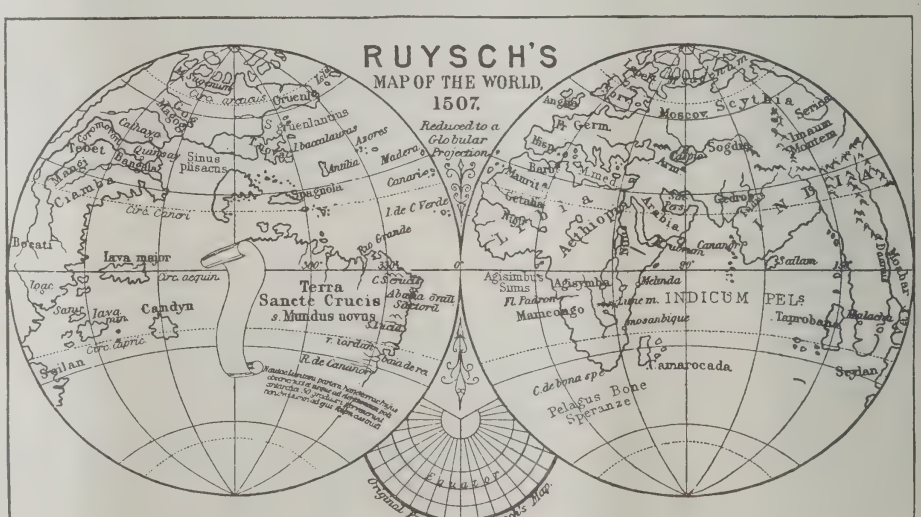
That then was the whirlwind which swept Magellan, with thousands of others into new and strange courses; for he was one of the fleet, no more important than an autumn leaf scurrying before the storm, a mere nobody, so subordinate that no one can say in what capacity he sailed, nor name the ship he sailed in. Yet, on account of his three glowing years later as master of men, also because of that strange habit men have of trying to make a man's entire career pass for heroic if a part of it be brilliant, attempts have been made to connect him with all major operations. A little twist here and a slight wrench there; a "no doubt," or a "it is more than probable," and, by an illusion, wonderful things seem to be done.

To take an illustration, a minor one, F. H. H. Guillemard, quoting Correa very accurately and giving chapter and verse, has a passage telling of the sick men at Mozambique. Here is the passage. "Much did they occupy themselves with the care and healing of the sick, to whom they gave many marmalades and conserves, in the eating of which they were greatly benefited." Now mark how by the change of a word, the turning of the general into the particular, the halo is cast about Magellan so that he becomes an outstanding figure full of ardent and whole-souled devotion to great causes and fine ideals. I quote a modern writer who presents the matter thus: "Magellan took his turn at caring for the sick; marmalade and conserves, it was found, were very helpful in relieving the sufferers." Comment is needless.

The fact is that in Magellan's seven years of India service there is very little on which the finger of certitude can be placed. Certainly he was wounded in a sea fight in 1506. In a skirmish at Malacca in 1509, he was one of a party that rescued a certain Serrao; in 1510 he was on board a ship that shoaled on the Great Padua bank; and, according to a document in the Torre do Tombo at Lisbon, which was translated by Lord Stanley, Magellan was one of a council held at Cochin which was to decide whether the trade ships in the fleet should be used in the siege of Goa or not. Magellan was one of those who held the use of the trade ships as unwise on account of the delay to commerce.

There is one positive date, that of June 12, 1512, when he is again at Lisbon, his service in Indian waters at an end. The documentary proof is in the sixth book of *Mo radias da Casa Real*, folio 47, v., a receipt bearing his signature acknowledging the receipt of his monthly pension of a milreis, about a dollar, with his usual allowance of an alquiere of barley, that is, about twenty-eight pounds. And yet, one historian, Argensola, has it that Magellan was one of those who sailed on an expedition to the island of Banda in the latter part of the year 1511. That effort of Argensola was in the nature of a wrenching of things out of line to make it appear as if, in spite of all, Magellan was the first circumnavigator.

The truth is that there is nothing to distinguish Magellan from his fellows during those seven years. One or two little incidents have been related as tending to show that he did his duty on occasion, but they need not be related here where the




The Ruysch map, 1507, which bears a notation written across that part marked as Santa Cruz Land, to the effect that Portuguese ships had sailed as far south as latitude 50 degrees.

flow of the story would be delayed. In short, Magellan of the India service was obscure. The real man emerges when his life's work commenced, and that work was the discovery and the crossing of the Pacific.

But there are two men almost neglected who had to do with the opening up of those Spice Islands which Magellan went to seek by a westward route. One of them is Varthema, whose name and doings are known only to the specialized student; the other is Francisco Serrao.

Through Varthema, the Portuguese in India learned for the first time of the wealth of the islands in the east. Briefly this was his history. In 1502, he left his native Bologna "to see where places are," and his journey took him through Alexandria to Cairo, presently to Damascus. He learned to speak Arabic and professed conversion to the Mohammedan faith. Then came the holy journey to Mecca. Cast into prison by the Sultan of Yeman, he was in chains for three months, and escaped by feigning madness. By foot, by caravan, by boat he went east, year after year, through Persia, India, Ceylon. Of all the white world he was the first to set foot on the Spice Islands, the first to describe the commercial wealth of Java, Banda, Borneo.

***First European to Hear of Australia***

He was the first European to hear of Australia, a wonderful tale in itself with its Javan skippers and their compasses and their maps. Homeward bound after years, still passing as a Moor, he came to learn of the Portuguese activities in India, also of Moorish activities by which the invaders were to be wiped out. By a clever ruse he made his way to the viceroy at Cochin, evading those of his pretended race. His tale put the Portuguese on their guard; sea forces were organized; a great battle took place and the Moors were defeated.

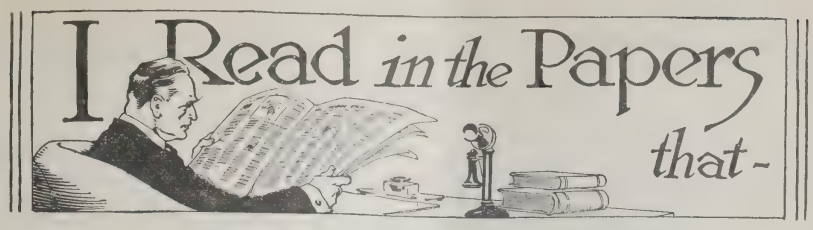
Through Varthema's description of the far eastern islands trade agencies were established in the unknown lands. The wonderful story of his wanderings has not yet been told, and I reserve it with other matters for later telling.

Francisco Serrao was the first to penetrate into the far east of which Varthema told. His history in a nutshell is this: A captain in the India fleet and, apparently, a close friend of Magellan's, landed in Malacca on September 11, 1509. There are many discrepancies among the old historians, but it is clear enough that in 1512, while sailing among the islands to Ternate, in a ship taken from the enemy, the vessel foundered. Serrao and his shipmates were picked up by one of their own vessels, the *Santa Catalina*, and taken to the island of Banda where they bought a native junk, loaded it with those abundant spices of which Varthema had told, and took the cargo to Malacca. Returning for another cargo he was wrecked in lat. 5° 30′ S. long. 127° 40′ E.

***There Was an Adventure With Pirates***

There was an adventure with pirates and an overcoming of them—another wonderful tale to tell presently—then Serrao forsook civilization, joined hands with a native ruler in Ternate, and lived the life of tropical indolence. To Magellan he wrote letters telling of his new world, "larger and richer than that found by Vasco da Gama," and Magellan replied telling him that he expected to see him in time "if not by Portugal, then by way of Spain." But that letter was written as Magellan was on the verge of his great adventure.

For the tale of that the way is now clear.




arrangements have been made to place a military guard about the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington Cemetery in order to prevent casual visitors from leaving lunch refuse and other waste upon the tomb. This guarding of the tomb is the natural reaction of the Government to a shocking situation, but the potential disrespect will remain regardless of the presence of the guard. The guard will merely emphasize the ugly fact that if it were not there the tomb would receive offerings of crumpled paper napkins instead of homage, and every visitor, respectful and disrespectful alike, will realize this state of affairs whenever he visits the tomb.

ɤ ɤ ɤ

in this year of grace, just a century since Charles Lamb was pensioned and left the East India House, in London, the stately old building where the gentle Elia "in the intervals of his clerical labors conceived his imperishable essays," has been pulled down to make way for the new building for Lloyd's. The place is at present a vast excavation, and it appears that, in the making of it, some fourteen feet below the present level of the street, remains of the former Roman occupation were found. Lower down, still, twelve feet of undisturbed "dirt" rested upon fourteen feet of "river gravel." Below that, that is, some forty feet below the street level, is the blue clay, and in this blue clay a human skull was discovered. Scientists are inclined to think, from the exceptional smoothness of this skull and from the faintness of the muscular impressions, that it is that of a woman and that this far distant "Lady of Lloyd's" was left-handed. Professor G. Elliot Smith, a well-known British authority on such questions, comments on the matter, and points out that as the ulna of the woolly rhinoceros was previously found in the same blue clay there can be no doubt of the remote antiquity of the original owner of the skull who was a contemporary of the woolly rhinoceros and the mammoth in what is now the heart of the City of London. It certainly revives, as Professor Smith adds, the fascinating question: "How long has man as a thinking being existed upon the Earth?"

*The International Jew* in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set $1. The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

ɤ ɤ ɤ

numerous applications for importation of Kosher wine from Palestine were denied by Assistant Secretary Andrews, in charge of prohibition enforcement.

The Associated Press dispatch says: He held that the wine supply in this country is sufficient in quantity and quality for sacramental use.

The applications were received principally from members of the Orthodox Jewish churches, who sought the Palestine wine for use in connection with the feast of the Passover, which starts soon. They pleaded that this wine was more sacred.

ɤ ɤ ɤ

a tragedy of the Revolution has at last been explained by the discovery of a skeleton in a cave near Valley Forge. During the winter camp there, which is pictured as one of intense suffering, a young officer named Carrington was sent out with a foraging party. He never returned, and was finally registered as a deserter, although he was known as a brave officer and devoted patriot. The skeleton clears his name. With it was a story of the party, written by the officer in a letter to his sweetheart, preserved in a bottle. The ink used was his own blood. Cut off from camp by a superior British force, Carrington ordered his men to find hiding places in the caves in the neighborhood, with the hope that some might straggle back to camp when the pursuers retired. Most of the little party were captured, and after vainly seeking others, the British soldiers fired a volley which dislodged a large boulder that blocked the only opening to the cave in which Carrington was hidden. It is only now, a century and a half later, that the tragedy is revealed. Carrington and his fiancée, Miss Randolph, were both of prominent Virginia families.

ɤ ɤ ɤ

Lord Allenby the reconquerer of Bagdad; the conquerer of Jerusalem in the World War and later the overlord of Egypt, who is making a trip around the world, coming from Asia to America, said in Winnipeg:

"There have been reports of Red or Communist influence in the Eastern lands but I saw none of it nor did I learn of any. There will always be local difficulties due to petty jealousies and ambition, but there is no indication of large-sized trouble on the horizon and I do not believe there will be any for a long time."

ɤ ɤ ɤ

the national extension secretary of the Christian Endeavor advocates the installation of courting booths in each new church building. In this way he believes the church will secure a firm hold on the young people. He says: "Young people are going to get together in some way or other and if the church does not supply the means, they will go to the other extreme. They will meet at 2 o'clock in the morning when each of them is supposed to be in bed and the car in the garage, if at no other time." In explaining his idea of a courting booth he said there should be several of them in a large parlor adjacent to the church, all of which could could be seen from the center by a chaperon.

# Is Europe Satisfied With the League?

(Concluded from page 6)

all is the attitude either for or against the League of Nations prevailing in the two principal non-member camps, Germany and Russia. As has been mentioned before, Germany is biding her time and expects soon to become a full-fledged member of the family; but it will not be because there is any large degree of popular ecstacy prompting her to join.

One of the conditions of the Locarno Agreements as stipulated by the Allies was that Germany should be admitted to the League in order to be under common authority. The Germans themselves, however, are still undecided as to whether membership in the League will eventually be a boon or a curse to the country.

*German People Are Still Undecided*

Many thousands of Teutons are of the opinion that Germany's entrance into the society of nations would be a grave risk, to be assumed only if by so doing the rescission of war penalties might be hastened. The opinion is very frequently heard in Germany that the decisions rendered by the League in the past have invariably been influenced by consideration of power rather than of justice.

All classes appear to feel, nevertheless, that as a member of the League Germany's confidence and good will among the nations will be largely restored, and that as a direct result of such confidence Germany may expect to find it easier to obtain continued financial assistance from abroad, thus enabling her to adjust her industries as quickly as possible to post-war conditions. *Many Germans are exceedingly reluctant to incite Russia's displeasure in the East by joining the League,* although they believe it to be equally expedient to retain the favor and friendship of the western powers.

The German Monarchist and Nationalist bodies are the chief opponents of Germany's affiliation with the League because they fail to see where or how the nation will be benefited thereby. In their opinion Germany, as a member of the League, in addition to the obligations already imposed upon her, will then herself be merely a signatory power to the League's decrees, which implies that Germany must pledge herself to aid in the enforcement of any legislation which may in the future be enacted against her own interests. In other words, whether in or out of the League Germany will continue to be "the hound that's kicked around," is the prevailing sentiment from this quarter. And yet in spite of this rather pessimistic view there is no doubt that the German people on the whole are for a League of Nations, although, like other European peoples, they are not overzealous for *the present League,* dominated by England and France and Italy. Their confidence in the present covenant is diffused with a goodly bit of mistrust and skepticism.

*The Soviet Government Is Opposed*

That Germany is completely changing her mind, however, may be gleaned from the fact that less than a year ago scarcely anyone in the country would have believed that the majority of the German Reichstag or Parliament would express itself in favor of Germany joining the League and guaranteeing French frontiers as laid down in the Treaty of Versailles.

Having said this much for Germany, the Russian attitude may be briefly given.

Litwinow, a prominent voice in the Soviet Department of Foreign Affairs, is quoted as having said:

> "The Soviet Government invariably considers the League of Nations an organization not built upon a foundation of mutual friendship between the nations, as should be the case. The League of Nations today is but a masked combine composed of the so-called powers which have assumed for themselves the right of presiding over the destinies of the weaker nations.
>
> "The present League of Nations has not fulfilled the hopes or expectations of its adherents, and it has never protected the rights of the weaker peoples against the arbitrariness of the stronger. The League has never undertaken one serious step to solve the disarmament problem which so vitally concerns the peoples of the Soviet Union and the world at large. The Soviet Republic is strongly opposed to joining such an organization."

In summarizing our observations, then, we are more or less prepared to conclude that although the existing League of Nations appears to enjoy a satisfactory local reputation in certain countries, nowhere is there to be found any considerable degree of popular spontaneity in its favor. While the professional politicians of all nations may continue to deafen the people's ears with their loud admonitions in defense of the League, the people themselves are of the opinion that this is not the boon, nor even an outer door to the boon that humanity seeks.

*Must Be Purged of Its Evil Influences*

If at any time the large and powerful nations shall be called to the bar of judgment and corrected in their activities, the League's prestige and popularity will multiply. Then Europeans would have more of the whole-souled spirit of confidence in its administration. But nothing like that has occurred, nor is it even expected.

The people of Europe will be fully satisfied with the League of Nations only when that potential body has been purged of its evil influences, and when the principles of justice and not those of power and privilege guide the actions of its constituents and leaders.

NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE
THE
DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

A Thirteen-Month Year
*By THOMAS L. MASSON*
New Light on Old Egypt
*By WILLIAM E. BARTON*
Reconstruction and Negroes
*By TOWNSEND BOYER*
And, Behold, Humbug Is King
*By CHARLES J. FINGER*

# Woodrow Wilson, Master of Dreams

(Concluded from page 13)

the National Committee give you the names of my party and request that automobiles be provided for them?"

"Why . . . why . . . why . . . I guess it did," the local chairman would stammer. "But I guess we forgot it . . . I . . . I . . . don't you think they'll follow along?"

"Not unless they have something to follow in," Mr. Wilson would smilingly reply. "You will have to halt the proceedings until they can come too."

The chairman would look at the automobiles, with local enthusiasts hanging onto the running boards.

"I hardly know what to do," he would reply.

"I'll tell you what to do," Mr. Wilson would say. "Get out and have the police clear the crowd back. Then have enough automobile seats vacated to make room for the men with me. I'll wait for you."

*Some of the Party Would Play Poker*

And Governor Wilson would not budge away from the railroad station until his request was complied with. For three months, in nearly every town, the same sort of performance was necessary. At hotels where the party stopped overnight it was sometimes the same way.

Traveling in the evening or on long afternoons, when there were few stops, Mr. Wilson loved to get members of his party about him in the observation parlor and tell stories or discuss the humorous phases of the campaign.

Some members of Mr. Wilson's party were in the habit of playing poker on the dining-room table during long night trips. The Governor occasionally saw them as he passed through the car and joked them at breakfast about their winnings and losses. He never made the slightest objection to the game although he never played himself nor stopped to watch the play. That he understood the fine points of the game, however, was indicated one night toward the end of the return from a western trip.

It was about eleven o'clock. The train was approaching Newark. Half a dozen correspondents were in their shirt sleeves, with coats and collars off, indulging in a spirited game. Others sat about the table watching the contest. All supposed they were bound for Princeton, still an hour away. As the brakes were applied for the stop at Newark, Governor Wilson and his bodyguard, old Captain "Bill" MacDonald, of Texas, appeared in the dining room, with overcoats on and carrying their suit cases.

*Changing the Cars for Princeton*

"Are you men going on to Princeton with me tonight?" asked Governor Wilson, with a smile in his eyes.

"Sure," they replied, looking up with surprise.

"Well, you'd better cash in and come along," he said. "We're leaving the private cars here."

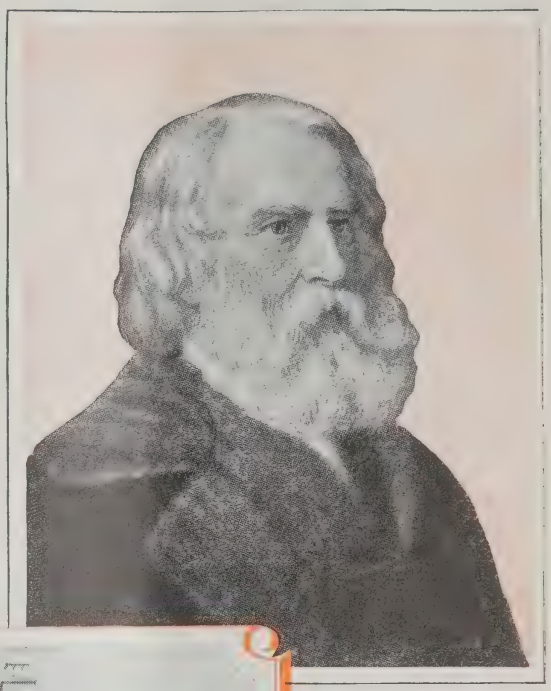
All jumped to their feet and Governor Wilson stood at the vestibule between the dining room and the compartment car, laughing heartily at the frantic hustling of the men to close their game, get their collars and coats on, grab their belongings from their compartments and get off the train with the candidate.

(To be continued in next week's issue.)

# What I Remember of Longfellow

## Famous Novelist's Son Gives Intimate Personal Recollections of the Author of *Evangeline*

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE



Portrait of Henry W. Longfellow, after a painting, 1876.

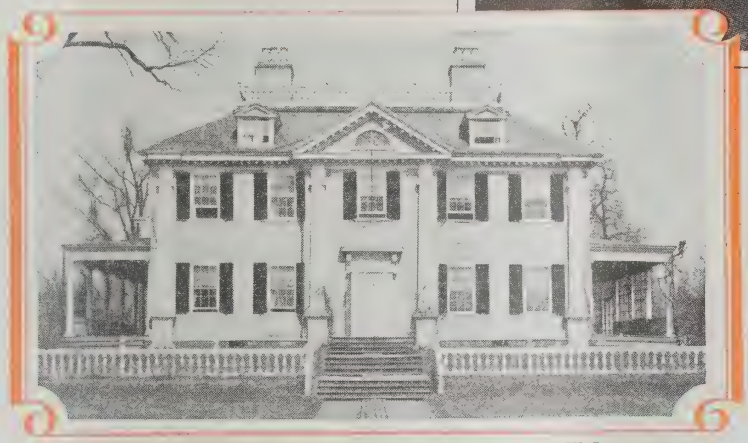
LONGFELLOW and my father were at Bowdoin College at the same time, but Longfellow matriculated the year before Hawthorne entered, and though they became friends in undergraduate days, still, between sophomore and freshman a gulf is fixed, not readily to be bridged at first.

But Bowdoin, though big enough to graduate some of the biggest men of the century in New England, was incredibly small, by physical measurement, compared with the stupendous aggregations of young knowledge-seekers in the universities of today. The entire population of Bowdoin in 1825 would make but a fraction of a single class in a Harvard or a Yale of a hundred years later. This sounds imposing. But on the other hand, the youths of this epoch forfeit inevitably the vast advantage of direct contact with their instructors, and still more with one another, that they had then. An undergraduate body numbering four or five thousand must be handled in platoons rather than as individuals; whereas a group of a hundred all told cannot avoid intimate personal relations with professors and tutors and with one another. And this advantage can hardly be exaggerated.

The influence of a good and wise teacher upon the mind and character of his pupil is lifelong: it purifies ideals and kindles worthy ambitions; and it supplies an education broader and deeper and more useful for the whole of life than is the training in specialties which is now in vogue. Of the myriads who emerge from our universities every year, barely a handful possess culture—that is, are sound all-round men, equipped for all emergencies, with an outlook at least over all fields of knowledge and of conduct.

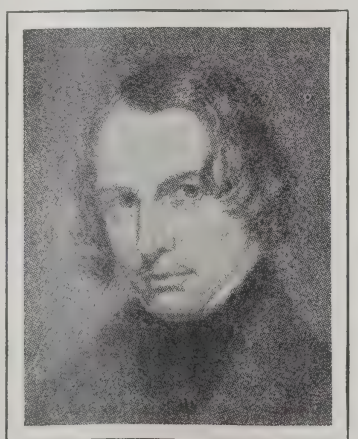
The modern way is of course inevitable; the turn taken by civilization demands specialists. Time spent on Latin and Greek seems time wasted, because no money-making result is obvious from it. The question confronting the graduate is not, What are you?—but, What can you do? Science promises us longer life; but it will never be long enough for leisure, which, rightly used, is the only thing worth living for, because only in leisure can the sediment of existence settle and its true values become clear.

The instructors of a former age were as different as are their pupils from what they now are: they were older men, and their conception of success was less concrete and more spiritual.



Craigie House, Cambridge, Massachusetts, residence of Henry W. Longfellow.

The multitude of professors of today are almost as much children as are those whom they teach. It is their business to equip their acolytes not with wisdom but with practical knowledge. We pay perfunctory homage to our Emersons, Hawthornes and Longfellows, but we can't afford to make any more of them. Once was enough: there is no longer place or need for them. And our esteem for such giants as Darwin, Huxley and Edison ignores the mighty and original imagination which rendered possible their achievements.



Portrait of Mr. Longfellow (etched from a painting), 1840.

Not less valuable than this intimacy between student and teacher was the young men's intimacy with one another. Each member of a class of twenty or thirty may have personal intercourse, during his college career, with all the other undergraduates of his time. Today a man may pass through his years with no more than a nodding acquaintance with any but his fellows in one or two "societies," which, moreover, exist less for true social purposes than for certain special objects.

Thus it happens that in a university of four or five thousand members, no one of them may find opportunity to form as many fruitful friendships as little Bowdoin afforded a century since. Hawthorne, not of a gregarious disposition, became allied with such diverse men as Franklin Pierce, Horace Bridge, Jonathan Cilley, and Henry Longfellow. Of these, Longfellow alone possessed independent means—very modest, no doubt, by our present estimates, but enough, in the New England of the fore part of last century, to enable him to choose a career without consideration for its pecuniary rewards. He was studious by choice, and a poet born. Hawthorne, though a reader of many books, most of them good ones, was rather averse to assiduous study, and showed as yet no decided bent toward the literary profession. He was perhaps closer to Pierce, whose ambitions were political, and to Bridge, who was to enter the Navy, than he was to Longfellow at that time; but there was an enduring friendship between him and the latter; he liked Longfellow's poetry, and Longfellow was always a cordial admirer of Hawthorne's stories, and was one of the first to discern and to declare the signal merits of *The Scarlet Letter*.

Their relations became more intimate as time went on, and I shall presently quote

the lovely tribute which the poet paid to the romancer after the latter's death. He survived him by more than a score of years, though his constitution had seemed delicate in his youth, whereas Hawthorne was remarkably strong and vigorous. Longfellow was younger by three years than my father, and he entered Bowdoin at the age of fifteen and took a good degree. Scholar and poet he remained all his life, though for a few years he was professor of modern languages at Bowdoin, and later at Harvard. He made his home in Cambridge, in the beautiful old mansion facing Charles River and already distinguished as Washington's headquarters in an early stage of the War of the Revolution. Miss Alice Longfellow occupies it now, I believe. The venerable house is itself a poem. But it is better lived in by some harmonious person than to be stiffened into a sort of museum, like Alcott's "Apple-Slump" in Concord. A house is for human life, and when that has passed from it, let it pass also.

Longfellow, after Bowdoin, journeyed to Europe to complete his education—as would have been said then. He was a student of modern languages and German literature impressed him at that time, not to his benefit on the whole; Carlyle was setting our taste for it, but it was Carlyle who profited most: his essays and translations were incomparable. For Emerson the Germans supplied transcendentalism, and for Longfellow some weak prose and several renderings of sentimental German rhymes. He was to revisit the Old World when he was older, and it was the Italians that he studied then, and perhaps conceived the enterprise of translating Dante's *Divina Commedia*, one of his last great works; there is no better or more faithful interpretation. To be sure, Dante's epic and his *Vita Nuova* are, according to our young Mr. Mencken, "piffle"; but we did not at that time possess our present clarity of vision.

Longfellow published a volume of his own poetry in his thirty-second year, and another three years later. They set his tune and made his mark. He was afterward drawn into the anti-slavery imbroglio, and did indignant verses about the negro; but such things are for the hour, not for posterity. A portrait of him, a lithograph, was frontispiece of *Voices of the Night;* my father had a copy of it. It showed an amiable youth with a big forehead and slender lower face, beardless and amiable, emotional and romantic, ardent with ideals; the whole supported on a tall pedestal of stock and collar, in the fashion of the day. Men's clothes did not fit them well in the mid-century and were redeemed only by the flowing military cloak, introduced by Wellington in the Waterloo era. But though clothes were ill designed, the material was admirable; the broadcloth was still good after fifty years' wear.

Longfellow's chin had not the aggressive character which is preferred in our contemporary fiction and collar-advertisements, nor had his lips the immitigable set of today; the face was saved from weakness by the noble brow and large, clear, hazel eyes. But it was not until he let his full beard grow that he was recognized as one of the handsomest men of the time: he was a delight to behold. He was of full middle height and well proportioned; and he early found a tailor who improved every advantage which this foundation for art supplied. Longfellow, in my memory, that is, during the last thirty years of his life, was always perfectly clad, and even in his old age he held to the ideal. One usually saw him in a snug-fitting sack coat of dark cloth and lighter-hued trousers: a collar and scarf, with a jeweled scarfpin, the envy of every Harvard undergraduate: shoes spotless and lustrous, gloves, and a silk hat.

The whole figure was as trig and trained as a West Pointer's; and the head was superb. The beard was not long and stringy, but all curls and vitality, and the hair of his head was abundant and hyacinthine. There is a bust of the Greek Sophocles for which he might have posed; or, except for the awfulness, he resembled the Phidian Jove.

But his expression was of glowing, sympathetic amenity, radiating happiness and good will to man; his ready smile brightened the day. He looked like a good man, prosperous, the most popular and loved poet in New England: and he was precisely all that. He had outlived the physical frailty of his youth; he was married to a lovely woman whom he ardently loved; he had charming children. He dwelt in the pleasantest old house in Cambridge. Life was beneficent to him; he was honored by his peers.

But life was not to leave him unchiseled by grief. One of his children died. The loss cast a shadow over him, but it was transparent, and he found a beauty in it which was reflected in his poetry. But there was to be a later tragedy, too poignant for poetry, and the blow fell suddenly, with no forewarning.



Bust of Henry W. Longfellow, on grounds of the Longfellow home on Brattle street, Cambridge.

It was on an autumn or an early spring day 1867 or 1868, with sunshine, yet cool enough for a fire in the open grate. Longfellow and his wife were together in the tranquil living room, with the prospect before them of tranquil years of ripened marriage love; they had always been lovers. The woman, passing before the grate, was all at once in flames. Her skirt, of light white material, had been wafted into the fire by a quick movement, or by a draught of air from the open window. Her husband sprang to her and tried to brush out the fire with his hands, which were severely burned; but the flames leaped upward and could not be quenched. To her the injuries were fatal. The horror of the experience to a man of Longfellow's tender sensibilities seemed intolerable.

But aided, I suppose, by religious faith and by his temperament, the poet survived. If I am correct in the date of the calamity, he was at this time engaged upon his translation of Dante's poem, which was begun in 1867 and finished in 1870. The poem is a stern one, but its lofty imagination may have helped to comfort him. Interspersed between the cantos of the poem are sonnets which he wrote during his work, and among them is some of his finest verse. They make no direct allusion to his loss, but there is an organ note in some of them that is absent from his earlier product. For, be his absolute stature in poetry what you like, he was in his degree a true poet, whose life inevitably declared itself in verse. His intuition for the right words and rhythm was marvelous, and so effortless that the reader is affected, he knows not why: the simplicity and straightforwardness amount to genius.

He had published *Evangeline* in 1847, and though areas of it are dry, there are passages of touching beauty. My father read and re-read it, and gave it to me to read, so that I was familiar with it from my childhood. The story had been found by my father in the annals of British dealings with the northern settlements, and he had thought to make it the subject of a romance; but Longfellow, to whom he spoke of it, was so much impressed by it as a theme for a poem that Hawthorne gladly surrendered it to him, a pleasant incident in the relations of authors. And but for this, Hawthorne might have written a book about the Acadian lovers instead of the darker tragedy of Hester Prynne and Arthur Dimmesdale in *The Scarlet Letter*. Destiny was kind to both romancer and poet.

In 1853 we went to England, to remain there seven years. In 1855 appeared Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, the fruit of his studies of the Indian legends. The poem, in book form, appeared immediately in London and was for several months the staple stock-in-trade of British reviewers. The form and versification were so unusual that there was a prevailing tendency to ridicule the work; and Henry Bright, a dear English friend of my father, fell into the habit of putting his private letters into Hiawathan verse, entertaining both to the latter and to himself.

Hawthorne, however, was far from sharing the current English opinion of the poem; his insisted that it would outlast most English and American poetry of the day, and he read it from beginning to end to our family circle in the evenings at our little villa in Rock Park, across the river Mersey from his office in the Liverpool consulate. It had an immense success with Hawthorne's three children, who spoke in Hiawathan terms long afterward; and time has confirmed Hawthorne's judgment, and even the English skeptics have long since re-

pented. As I regard it now, it seems to me one of the most original and satisfactory achievements in verse of the century. Its force and fire are unabated from start to finish, and it is fresh and hearty as a spring morning.

For all the transient failure of Hiawatha in the Old Country, England in the mass had always been assiduous readers of Longfellow, and had international copyright then been established, he would have made an exotic as well as a native fortune. But he was never in need of money, and I doubt whether poverty would have been a stimulus to his best work. He touched common life and emotions with beauty, but might not have proved an interpreter of the deeper soul. After his wife's death there was much thoughtful and graceful quality in his work. He liked to versify stories, like *Miles Standish*, *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, and *New England Tragedies*; and he was always good at a ballad, such as *Paul Revere*, and the earlier *Skeleton in Armor*. He could put moralities into effective verse, and perhaps *Excelsior* may be his best-known inspiration. He was not so stern a critic of himself as some poets are; he innocently put forth not a few surprising banalities. But many people like banalities and will read nothing else. If a writer once gains a footing with these, his audience will remain large, in spite of whatever he may venture on a higher level. They will enshrine what they care for in their albums, and accept the rest on faith.

***He Put Forth Surprising Banalities***

The present age has probably never heard of *Proverbial Philosophy*, by Martin Tupper; certainly has never read it; and yet for a score of years millions of copies were devoured in England, and tens of thousands of our grandparents in this country swelled the chorus. Lincoln said that God must love common people, or else He wouldn't have made so many of them; and there wouldn't be so much commonplace verse unless it did good to the innumerable patrons of it.

But there was gentle dignity and eloquence in almost all of Longfellow's later writings. He had never knowingly insulted his muse, and she always stayed his friend. He entered into the life around him, was gifted with social charm, and enjoyed the New England society, and the closer he kept to Boston, and still more to Cambridge, the more was he contented, giving and receiving pleasure. After Hawthorne came back to Concord in 1860, Longfellow would occasionally adventure so far; but he had never cared for transcendentalism or its professors, and could not find congenial companionship in Emerson and Alcott. With Hawthorne, however, he was always at his best; but he would rather entertain him in Cambridge, or surprise him in some rare visit to the Old Corner Bookstore on Washington and School street, than invade his Wayside privacy. For men of such widely different type, their friendship and liking for each other were remarkable.

***The Last Scene Took Place in Sleepy Hollow***

In less than four years after the return from England, Hawthorne died; it was mid-May, and the season was rainy. But on the day of the funeral, at the burial-ground in Concord called Sleepy Hollow, the loveliest of spring sunshine rested on the land. It was the twenty-third of the month, and James T. Fields, the friend and publisher of all the New England authors, had arranged the details of the ceremony. Around the open grave, beside Hawthorne's widow and his children, stood Emerson, Alcott, Holmes, Lowell and Whittier; and when, after the burial, the carriage containing the family of the romancer passed through the gate of the burial-ground, those old friends were on each side of the way, and bared their heads in love and reverence to the woman who had given him happiness for more than twenty years. I remember she was perplexed at first, but then said, with a smile of recognition, "Oh, it's because I'm his wife!"

A few days afterward, she received a copy of the little poem, part of which is quoted below, in Longfellow's handwriting; he asked her judgment on it before giving it to Fields for *The Atlantic*. Except for one or two verbal alterations, the printed version does not differ from the poem:

"How beautiful it was—that one bright day
In the long week of rain;
Though all its brightness could not chase
away
The omnipresent pain.

For the one face we looked for, was not there;
The one low voice was mute:
Only an unseen presence filled the air,
And baffled our pursuit.

. . . . . .

Ah, who shall lift that wand of magic power,
And the lost clew regain?—
The unfinished window in Aladdin's Tower
Unfinished must remain."

***How Longfellow Looked in His Last Years***

The allusion is to Hawthorne's romance of immortality, three or four chapters of which had appeared in *The Atlantic* at the time of his death. The fragment has the quality of his finest work. Thackeray had just died in England, and Dickens was soon to go: and Longfellow, and the others. In 1853, when preparing to go to England, Hawthorne had burned all the letters which his wife had written him during their betrothal and afterward, and he had written in his journal, "The world contains nothing else like them; and now they are all dust and ashes.—What should we do without fire and death?" And Tennyson said,

"The old order changeth, giving place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the
world."

Though Hawthorne and Longfellow kept their distance from each other with a sort of mutual respect, the genius of the one allied to the other but not one with it; yet their lives were interwoven in human sympathy, and at signal moments they touched: a high form of mortal friendship.

The poet appeared somewhat broken during the last years of his life; enfeebled, but not, like Holmes, bewildered and unhappy. His hair and beard turned gray, but his face had a finer beauty than ever, and he was still careful of his personal habiliments. He lived in thought, seeing the friends and events of his past career in a soft-hued perspective, and naïvely confident of personal immortality beyond the grave.

Emerson, four years his elder, and faltering in his mind, was still in life when Longfellow died, and was taken to his funeral. The anecdote has been often told: When, in his turn with the other mourners, he passed by the open coffin in which the body lay, he said: "Our friend has a beautiful face; but I do not know his name." He was to follow him at no long interval to where all men of good life and purpose recognize one another.

## Packets Are Back on the Mississippi

THE packets have come back to the Mississippi. New Orleans and Natchez and Memphis and Cairo and other riverside towns are once more ports of call for a system of water-borne traffic comparable in size, and infinitely more valuable as to cargoes, with that of the romantic days of the *Robert E. Lee*, the *Natchez*, the *Eclipse*, the *Shotwell*, and a score of other palatial stern-wheelers that made river history. Uncle Sam has put these new packets on the trade routes of the old, carrying 10,000 tons of freight, where the stern-wheeler of the periods before and after the Civil War carried 200 to 500 tons. Instead of three and one-half to four days between New Orleans and St. Louis—the time of the fastest of the old packets—they require a week or so for the downstream voyage and twelve days or more for the upstream journey.

***Call at All Ports on the Father of Waters***

Where the steamboats used to make stops at every landing on the Mississippi, and on some of the streams feeding into that river, until they were driven out by the railroads, now the new steel, steam inland freighters are calling regularly at all ports on the Father of Waters, and smaller steamers and motor craft are carrying their cargoes up and down the side streams. The new packets are the largest, most powerful and most modern, as well as the costliest carriers of cargo ever installed on inland waterways. They consist of three types of towboats and two types of barges.

Two of the towboats are for towing exclusively; they are used on the Mississippi, while the third, used on the Warrior, combines a huge barge and a tug in one, with the further ability to tow five or six loaded steel barges behind it. This is used on the Warrior River and between New Orleans and Mobile. Upward of forty steel barges for use on the Mississippi River have been delivered and are in service. They are 230 feet long, 45 feet molded beam and 11 feet deep, with a cargo box 184 feet long, 37 feet wide and rising nine feet above the deck. The hull is divided into eight compartments in the hold, and the total cargo capacity is approximately 1,800 tons on an eight-foot draft.

To tow these barges, a number of the most powerful towboats ever used on inland waterways have been provided. They are propelled by steam engines, of the same type and size as those used in deep-sea going vessels built during the war at the Hog Island yard. They are all steel, 200 feet long, 40 feet beam and 10 feet deep, drawing six and one-half feet of water.

***A Relic That Will Not Pass Away***

The dwellers along the river and those who work on the mighty stream admire the new system of inland freighters, but they look with regret on the passing of the old river steamer. Some of them cling with the greatest tenacity to travel by boat, and there are hundreds of persons living along the shores of the Mississippi who always ride on the *America* and the few other remaining steamers, in preference to the "steam cyars."

One of the relics of the old days is the Mississippi pilot, and he is in no danger of passing away.

# "Off Again! On Again! Gone Again!"

(Concluded from page 5)

he himself became a minister and eventually a Premier. He served twice in the highest office of the state, both terms of unusual length. His second, of course, was the more memorable, as he was in power during the closing year of the World War and as Premier of France was the foremost of the "Big Three"—Clemenceau, Woodrow Wilson and David Lloyd George—at the Peace Conference.

In fact the Peace Conference ruined the reputation of "The Tiger," for his concessions to Wilson and Lloyd George so disappointed the French people that in 1920 he withdrew from the contest for the presidency, because defeat seemed certain, and retired from the premiership a disappointed man.

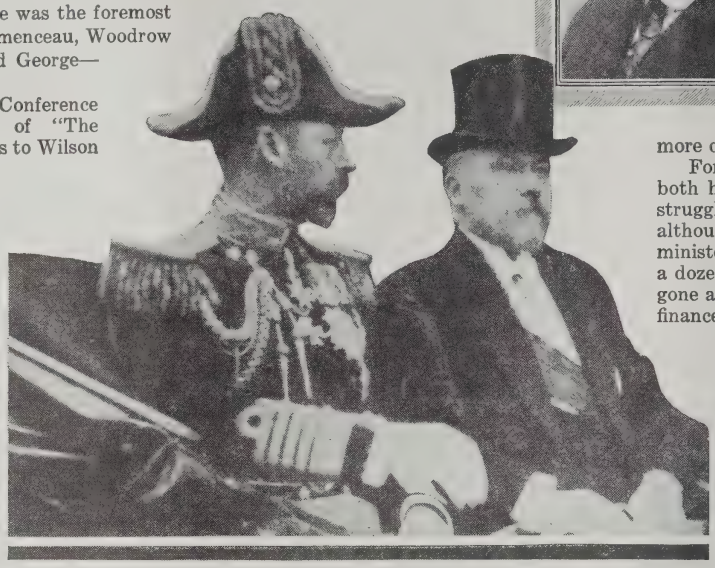
Raymond Poincaré has been another outstanding figure in recent French history. He was Premier for a year and resigned when elected President of France in January, 1913, holding that office during the World War. It is maintained by some informed persons that he also broke the tradition of aloofness from participation in public affairs by his insistence upon a unified command and the appointment of Marshal Foch as generalissimo of the Allied Armies.

After the war he emulated Clemenceau by taking up political journalism as the most determined advocate of repressive measures toward the late foe. This stand was so popular that he soon returned to active political life, became Premier in 1922, directed the invasion of the Ruhr, obstructed the adoption of the Dawes Plan and by his extreme policies brought on the popular reaction that resulted in the elevation of Edouard Herriot, the most nearly radical of all recent French Premiers.



Right—Edouard Herriot.

Below — Raymond Poincare, photographed when he was President of France, with King George of England. One of the chief responsibilities of the presidency in France is the entertainment of visiting royalty.



This brief reaction, occurring at the same time Britain was experiencing a "swing toward the left," brought about the withdrawal of the French from their untenable position in the Ruhr and the reestablishment of a working concord with the English, with the ultimate restoration of Europe as the primary objective.

But the most remarkable of contemporary French statesmen is undoubtedly Aristide Briand, who, when he offered his resignation as Premier on March 6, was reported in the press as closing his eighth occupancy of that office. The report has only a literal accuracy. He has been Premier six times, though, on one occasion he resigned only to return to power immediately with a reconstructed cabinet, and on another he became Premier but gave up the task of forming a ministry, although he made a second attempt and succeeded less than a week later.

To have been Premier of France six times in a period of less than seventeen years is sufficient distinction for any Frenchman, but Briand has faced more crises, battled with more opposition and overcome more obstacles than any of his compatriots.

For many months, in fact throughout both his more recent terms, Briand's chief struggle has been with financial affairs, although he has, himself, acted as foreign minister. He has retained power while half a dozen ministers of finance have come and gone and he may yet serve a Premier while finance ministers continue to come and go.

In the meantime the Presidents of France remain inconspicuous figures, except at great state social affairs, as the entertainers of illustrious visitors and as a visitor to the rulers of other countries. Although elected for a term of seven years, few of them have served that time. Jules Grévy was reëlected but resigned before his second term expired. President Sadi Carnot was assassinated, President Casimir Perier resigned because of the insignificance and impotence of the office, President Faure died in office and President Alexandre Millerand, who resigned the premiership to accept the post, was forced to resign in 1924, when the majority in the Chamber refused to accept any Premier of his selection because he had been active on the other side in the previous campaign.

Only Presidents Falliers and Poincaré served full terms during the present century, and the latter as well as the former would now be practically forgotten had he not been a Premier during a trying time. Few Americans know who the present President is, and fewer still are certain that Gaston D-o-u-m-e-r-g-u-e is the correct spelling of his name.

# The Eye and Art of Seeing

A REMARKABLE lady lived in a charming white shingled cottage. The cottage was an architectural gem, a miniature Mount Vernon, so much did it resemble Washington's famous home on the Potomac. Six slim white columns supported the delicately designed porch cornice, and three large French doors opened from the living room on to the brick-paved porch standing but a step from the ground. With its green shutters and cool, gracious porch, with its background of beautiful shrubs and flowers, this modest whitewashed cottage gave to the discerning eye the same pleasure and enjoyment that music gives to the ear.

This lady at times played on her piano some of the great old tunes, and the people would gather near to listen.

After a time the villagers began to come under the spell of the architectural beauty and charm of the musician's little cottage. Many would go out of their way to catch a glimpse of it, hardly realizing that their eye had now become accustomed to and enjoyed seeing the musician's little home quite as much as their ear enjoyed the music.

Now, one reason why most folks enjoy music more readily and naturally than they do architecture or art is because little, if any, conscious effort is required to hear, whereas considerable conscious effort is required to see.

The habit of "conscious seeing" has not been developed. If we use our faculty of observation and begin to "see" consciously just a few of the many things in the realm of art that are presented to our gaze, we will soon begin to receive messages of beauty through the eye that will give us as much pleasure and enjoyment as the messages of music received through the ear. Our vision, properly developed, might easily become a sixth sense.

It would be impossible to appreciate any one melody if compelled to listen to a dozen or more unrelated melodies at the same time; and the same difficulty is encountered in the way of training the eye. Museums compel us to view rooms crowded with pictures, all trying to attract our attention at the same time. Buildings and houses all crowded together in blocks present a similar distracting scene; our eye only registers confusion. Select some of the really fine buildings we read about or see illustrated—a library, a beautiful church, some fine public building or residence—and concentrate on these until we begin to recognize their characteristic features of harmony, interest and beauty. After a while we will more readily appreciate the good features in other buildings.

# Chats with Office Callers



"I had something of a spree this week," said ***The Man from the Other Room,*** "I read the Mencken magazine number which Boston tried to suppress, and I saw *What Price Glory*. I understand that the author of the magazine article is a descendant of a famous Methodist bishop. He certainly shows it. There are some things which generations put into a man's blood, of which he will never get rid. I mean good things. The bad works out; the good works in. Generations don't go to pieces. This young fellow is a temporary victim of the New York East Side slant on life which is interesting but unimportant. The objection to his article is not based on the question of truth and brains, but of a higher element composed of both, which is *taste*. He has a right to chalk pictures on the alley fence if he wants to. The difference between our day and other times is that now the printing press makes the alley product permanent. I hope this young scion of a civilized family will keep all his present effusions to read when he is sixty years old.

"All the same, being Methodistically generated, as I said, the young fellow cannot escape truth. I think that Mr. Mencken should print that article and send it to all the small town ministers of the country. Everyone knows what chance a certain class of unfortunate has in any church. And if old Bishop Asbury has been reincarnated in one of his descendants, the case might have been attacked inside the church instead of from the safe irresponsibility of the Philistine lines.

"It was, however, a fortunate occurrence for Mr. Mencken's magazine. At least a million dollars of the best—because unpurchasable—advertising."

"And what will your state do when the use of tobacco is prohibited?" I asked a ***Former Cabinet Officer*** who was offering us his gracious hospitality. "The same thing you will do when they prohibit the publication of magazines," he replied; which I thought was a very good rejoinder, even if it was not exactly an answer. But the answer came along presently. "I am not a smoker," said he. "I have never used tobacco in any form, nor do I suppose that I ever shall. And I am a convinced believer in the justice of any kind of prohibitory laws whenever they may be necessary. Though I often ask myself, Who shall decide when it is necessary? It is the same feeling I have about censorship—Who is to censor the censor? I have seen so many mistakes made in censorship—mistakes much greater than the evils it was designed to prevent—that I sometimes wonder if it isn't better to let some things 'ride' than to risk the misapplication of the machinery which would be needed to combat them.

"As to tobacco, it is not in the same class with liquor. I suppose its abuse has harmful effects on the individual. But I have never heard of tobacco making a man beat his wife or murder his friend or turn highwayman. I have never heard of tobacco driving a man wild and goading him on to assault. In our state institutions we have many who have been brought there through liquor—mental cases and criminals; but we have not one who was brought there through tobacco. Until the bill of particulars against tobacco is much worse than it is, until it becomes a flagrant social menace, it is in about as much danger of being prohibited as is English breakfast tea."

***They Were Playing the Great and Goodly Game of Golf*** amid the spring glories of North Carolina's most famous resort. Mocking birds chattered in the trees at the side of the course. Dogwood spotted the groves with sprays of white. The holly trees shone green and the hibiscus flamed. Fragrant breezes swept across the links and bore along the odor of fresh grass. Nowhere is spring more lovely than in the Middle South, where the softness of our perpetual summer-land is mingled with the harder qualities of our northern climate. Over hills and streams, through fairway and roughway, the game proceeded, while diminutive black caddies trudged behind, stolid, silent (un-negro-like circumstances attributable, doubtless, to the discipline of the caddie-master)—stolid, silent, I say, until thawed a little by cautious and sympathetic approaches.

"Yes, sah, dey done go no'th but most of 'em done come back agin. Dey come back in the fall, most o'um. Dey don't like wintah up no'th. Den dey have to pay all dey get to live. Yes, sah. Dey come back and dey say it's tough—putty tough. Dey say it's all right for dem dat is ha'd-boiled. I guess my uncle is ha'd-boiled; he staid two yeahs. He's up in a town called Massachusetts. He found a good man in dat town, he says. Do day stay heah when dey come back? No, sah, dey don't aim to. Dey say dey goin' to give de No'th anothah hard wrastle in de spring. Den when spring comes, dey is down South—away down South—fa'thah than here; yes, sah. Dey mostly don't go back No'th no mo'. Dey keeps a-goin' South. Big truck comes heah from all places down South and takes dem away. Good jobs. Oh, yes, sah, de big truck jes comes into town and de man says all dat want jobs, jest go back wif him. And dey go. Wheah? Mostly Flo'da; yes, sah. Mostly Flo'da. No, sah, Ah cain't go yit. Mam says Ah'm too leetle yit. We'se good caddies and cooks around heah. Yoah iron? Yes, sah."

***A Southern Lawyer*** stood in the lobby of the Sir Walter Hotel at Raleigh, North Carolina, and said a good word for the *Congressional Record:* "I find information in it that I cannot find anywhere else. You may be sure it repays me to study it daily; otherwise in my busy life I could not afford the time. I read every word of the debate over the impeachment of Judge English. As a lawyer it vastly rewarded me for my time and effort. Do you know that there is not a textbook on impeachments in all the law literature of our country? But that Congressional debate, as printed in the *Record*, gathered up all available material on the subject from the time impeachments began, gave the name and character of every impeachment proceeding ever held. I think that today the *Congressional Record* constitutes our best textbook on that subject. And that is only one. There is a host of other subjects. So many, in fact, that I wish more people took the *Congressional Record* as a daily newspaper, and read it."

"Washington is much less wet than it was," said a ***Resident of That City*** as we rode along on a train. "I could almost put it in positive form and say that it is *drier* than it was. I think it is not due to any causes other than those that are at work everywhere. Our worst trouble in Washington, of course, is the political bunch, who are away from home and who have mistaken ideas of what Washington life means. The liquor business never did have a great deal of support from people who *live* in Washington.

"The facts are these: Hundreds of small bootleggers have quit because business has fallen off. Anyone can tell you that. And why has business fallen off? Well, first of all, the drinking men got very sick and tired of the stuff that was sold to them as liquor. It had no stimulating or exhilarating effect. It wasn't the old-time whisky. Every patron of the bootlegger will tell you that even the best brands put up for American consumption have no 'rosiness' in them. They have only depression. There are no 'happy drunks' with bootleg stuff; they are all morose or doped drunks. Well, men get tired of that after a while, and they stop buying it. The fact that they have stopped is shown by the decreased number of men who sell it. Their business has had a big falling off. I have just been going over in my mind the personnel of three or four groups I go around with. Almost without exception those men bought and shared liquor until within the past year or year-and-a-half. I don't know of one that does so now. Our parties are all dry, and no one seems to think it strange.

"I suppose that there are other and higher reasons than their weariness of the quality of stuff they were getting, although they don't say much on that score. But I explain it this way: they ran their 'personal liberty' race, and, that finished, they are ready to settle down. They protested and proved their independence of the prohibitionists, and, having done so, they are now ready to recognize, in fact they *have* recognized, the regularity of the prohibition law. They feel very definitely that if we are to have a government, we must stand by its laws.

"I have talked with other men from various parts of the country, and they tell me that in their own circles, the same change has taken place."



Gene Stratton Porter's "Limberlost Cabin," at Rome City, Indiana.

# Gene Stratton Porter—the Woman

(*Continued from page 2*)

books. But if the girl is sick—she's the one, not you!"

Mrs. Porter had the interest of the girls of America at heart. It took her no time to say to me, when I invited her to speak to the girls of Indiana at the First Congregational Church of Indianapolis: "I should surely accept your invitation to speak to the young people of your church what I always say in all the books I write, that I stand for truth, morality, love and home." These motifs exist in all of Gene Stratton Porter's books.

With so serious an aim, it is no wonder now and then a dilettante critic, unable in the muck-wash of pseudo-realism to understand her, pains her by misunderstanding and misinterpretation.

Mrs. Porter's misfortunes began, she told me, by her having jumped off an eight-foot pile of rails and breaking a bone in her foot. At this time came a painful criticism from *The* ———— where a Mr. ———— accused her of nature faking and incidentally, in one example, making a certain gray moth "blush." "I had never spoken of such a moth as anything but gray," she said, "and no such lines as the critic put in quotation marks existed in any of my books.

"I wrote to him about this, but received no satisfaction, to correct the wrong impression he had given many thousands of readers. This pained me more than the broken bone in my foot," she confided.

A gap occurred in our all too infrequent correspondence that winter. "Attacks of grippe and acute tonsillitis affecting my eyes," she wrote, "sent me to the hospital for the removal of my tonsils."

As her greatest work had been going on since this time, none of these troubles indicated physical failure. Lest the public so construe it, she had kept from them what she had told me and her publishers—except the broken ankle. I have been glad I did not publish an article about our visit before and I tell this after a silence of several years for two reasons: First, because Mrs. Porter long ago proved the incidents were but temporary ailments and had returned to her wonderful youthful health. Second, because of the proof of her refusing to yield to discouragements. Many women would have gone into a nervous decline. Instead, Mrs. Porter took on harder work than ever.

"About your article," wrote her amanuensis, Mary E. Grimes, "she sat up long enough to run through your story with a pen, making a few changes. She corrected a few small misapprehensions concerning her cabin, it being on a lake shore, and all logs, and one daughter being her family."

"Have you seen my *Birds of the Bible?*" she asked me in one part of her conversation. Then she went on to say, "I took more interest in it than in most of my books."

"Did you go to Palestine to study *birds?*" I asked.

"Not necessarily," she replied, "for so much tree life and water has gone that the same birds are gone, too. Even the names of the birds are different. But I trace them by similar birds I identify here, and so from *Genesis* to *Revelation* I made my bird study, taking up, one at a time, each bird mentioned."

Scientifically, this analysis has been chosen for one of the most accurate scientific encyclopedias today on bird life in the Bible. Such a book is an example of her constructive originality.

Another example of her originality was the discovery of a mountain painter, Charles Failles, Jr., of Indianapolis. He was a discovery of mine—especially his delightful stories of the wild life around him while painting on the lonesome peaks. Failles had a soul so imbued with the spirit of the mountains that he disappeared for months and lived alone. He was "still hunting" in the Rockies, and came back with heroic perspectives of the many-hued peaks.

Hoping to make him better known, I persuaded him to give a lecture and exhibit three of his paintings.

Entirely apart from this, Mrs. Porter found him.

One day, she was searching the art galleries of our city for a masterpiece of nature painting. In Lieber's art studio in Indianapolis she started to go out when she saw the Charles Failles' *Perspective of Long's Peak* in the pink of sunset. My friend was planning to send it East, not intending to sell it.

"That!—That beautiful painting!—That is the one! Where did it come from?"

The proprietor of the studio summoned Charles Failles, and she argued three hours with him to part with the picture . Mrs. Porter won her case, and the exquisite canvas was transferred to her cabin. I had said in this article "to her hands." Sitting up in bed the first time to correct this article, she made the point more direct and accurate as to the transfer "to her cabin." She bought its "companion" for a present for her daughter's "new Ft. Wayne home." This sentence she also corrected to its present form. Hardly anything could be choice enough for the nature lover's gift. Therefore her original selection of Failles' mountain was a mark of her originality as a discoverer of human genius the public had not yet recognized. She could discover a man as well as a moth, a painter as well as a plant.

All of this revealed in Mrs. Porter an insight and sympathy that made me become bold enough to hazard a confidence myself about "moths." Unfortunately, in my utter ignorance, I referred to "moths" as "butterflies"! She interjected, "*You should not confuse moths and butterflies, as they are as different as ducks and chickens, the moths only living a few days, having no eyes, taking no food, their sole function in life to reproduce themselves. Butterflies see, feed and live a summer season. My work has been with moths alone.*"

There was encouragement in the novelist's eye, however. Unlike most geniuses, she had the drawing-out power of a good listener. She drew me out, and I told my story thus:

"I have officiated at a



Entrance to the grounds of "Limberlost Cabin."

good many weddings—but never one like this—a marriage of fairy-like, gorgeously winged moths. It was a marriage made in heaven. But it took place on the kitchen wall. The kitchen was on the northwest corner in my old parsonage at 26 Burncoat street, Worcester, Massachusetts. It had a screen door into an open lawn of green-sward beyond. Here one May day, my wife and I found a moth incrusted in its cocoon upon a twig. Breaking off the twig we carried it into the room. It hung upon the kitchen wall a number of days. One afternoon life began to evolve even as we looked. Unfolding the gorgeous planes of its wings, a glorious moth emerged!

"For a moment or two it stood, just born, but full-size, enfolded in its veil of golden spangles and lace like a bride more than a babe.

"Suddenly through the nearest crack in the door, which one could hardly realize was open at all, from around the corner outside, where the emerged moth could not have been visible, flew from the far-off sky straight to her side a male moth, six inches from wing to wing, silky and spangled with gold—identical in kind, and of a regal species never seen there before.

"After mating at the leafy altar, the bride, new born, left scores of eggs now fertilized and the next moment flitted away with her mate, just come, as if she had been with him always."

Brooding over this I saw Mrs. Porter's gray, seeing eyes flash insight. Her English color betrayed the priestess of the out-of-doors and its nature miracles. Then she had "open vision," and she poured forth a confirming epiphany that was almost a rhapsody: *"You saw it all! Your eyes were open! I have seen it a hundred times!"*

## Side Lights on the Bedouins

ONE traveler in the land of the Bedouins tells one story and another an entirely different one. Both stories may be to a certain extent true. The Bedouin exhibits one sort of conduct one day and another sort the next.

The Bedouins are interested in what the foreigner does in Arabia only in a moral sense, as long as no effort is made to interfere with their life and habits. If the foreigner wants to cluster around the city of Mosul and become highly excited over oil wells, build a large number of queer-looking derricks and keep crowds of men scurrying about like a lot of excited ants over a stream of smelly black fluid that comes out of the ground, well and good. The Bedouin looks on with interest and perhaps with suspicion for a time. He is ready to check any move that seems directed at his desert and grazing lands.

The danger lies in the Wahabis. These are brothers of the Bedouins in whom the religious strain has become fanatical. They are said to consider death a welcome thing, in that it opens the door to paradise. Their home is in the desert land of Nejd, which few men not of the Mohammedan faith have seen.

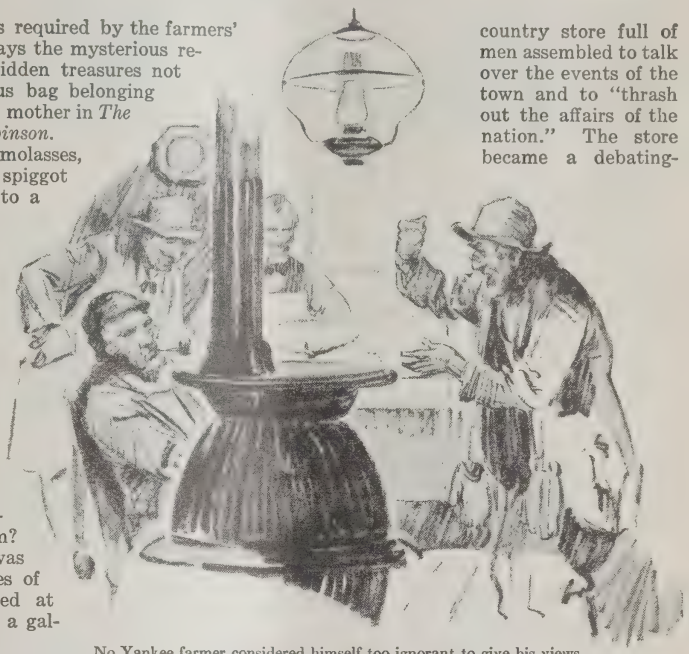
They might be called "fierce Puritans." They follow the "true teachings" of Mohammed, and are strict prohibitionists, forbid the use of tobacco, look with stern disapproval upon decorations in the mosques or upon the graves of the dead. They wear no jewels. Yet, despite their strict code of living, they believe that every Mohammedan has the right to live according to his own interpretation of the Koran.

# Passing of Yankee Country Store

(*Concluded from page 8*)

bring out articles required by the farmers' wives. And always the mysterious recesses gave up hidden treasures not unlike the famous bag belonging to the resourceful mother in *The Swiss Family Robinson.*

The odor of molasses, drizzling from a spiggot in a hogshead into a tin measure, the scent of coffee, the salty tang of dried fish, the sourness of pickled brine, the strong smell of Medford rum, intermingled into a more or less desirable perfume characteristic of the country store. Rum? Certainly. It was one of the staples of trade and retailed at twenty-five cents a gallon!



No Yankee farmer considered himself too ignorant to give his views.

Much of the trading was done by barter. Customers brought eggs, dried apples, salt pork, lard and hand-knitted stockings to exchange for "store things." Rags, too, were exchanged. All New England stores of the period had bins in their attics to hold the bags and bales of colored and white rags destined for the paper mills. What treasure-troves these rag bins were to the storekeeper's little daughter and her friends, until an anxious mother, fearing the spread of the prevalent diphtheria and scarlet fever, forbade the children to make doll clothes from the gay pieces!

Here it was that the New England tin-peddler was of assistance to the storekeeper and more than offset any inconvenience that he might cause by selling his wares to the farm women. The storekeeper unloaded many of the rags upon him and took in payment shining tins from the bright cart.

The story of the tin-peddler is closely interwoven with the commercial life of old New England. The first Yankee peddlers, William and Edward Patterson, came from Ireland to Connecticut in 1740. These enterprising brothers made tinware and carried their products to their customers in saddlebags. Later, when turnpikes were built and when a regular profession was built up by the shrewd Connecticut Yankees, the tin-peddler graduated from horseback to a cart, which was designed to carry the most wares in the least space, and was a maze of secret compartments, hooks and drawers. He was a boon to the isolated farm woman and to the storekeeper of remote country districts, and through him were distributed tinware, buttons, clocks, Sandwich-glass hand lamps and other sundries. His doom was sealed with the coming of the railroads, and only the swarthy pack-peddler of foreign birth was left to remind one in any way of the picturesque figure who once bartered and traded on New England hillsides.

Winter nights in the sixties found the country store full of men assembled to talk over the events of the town and to "thrash out the affairs of the nation." The store became a debating-hall, and as the loafers whittled and listened, the farmers and men of the village exchanged prices of stock and produce, discussed "the elder's" sermon and related school news gleaned from their children. They touched upon important details of sickness and stored up bits of gossip to carry home to their wives. National affairs interested them, and no Yankee farmer considered himself too ignorant to give his views on almost any subject. The customs at these unconventional lyceums became so widespread that they built up a characteristic institution of New England country life.

Just before town meeting life at the store began to take on new interests. Usually the store closed at nine o'clock, but during this exciting period it was often known to stay open until ten. There were excited discussions of taxes, of future town officers. The store became an unofficial caucus where plans were laid and factions organized. Occasionally there were arguments and talks that led to bitter feeling, but after town meeting things usually regained their normal level. These nights before town meeting stood for something vital in the history of New England, for individuality of personal expression and for promotion of community betterment.

The following years, after the storekeeper's son had inherited his business, found the village growing. Small lumber mills were bringing workers from outlying districts. Summer boarders were migrating in increasing numbers from the cities. The country store grew to meet the demands.

Then appeared two factors which have sounded the knell of the general store as it was known twenty-five years ago—the automobile and the mail-order house. There still remain stores, one is willing to admit, where everything is handled, from "knitting needles to plow points," but the crossroads store as it was is soon to be a thing of the past.

# Nations Take Action for World Sanitation

IN PARIS, after the war, when an attempt was being made to write into a treaty a world agreement for the future, someone inserted into Article 23 of the controversial document there drafted a statement that: "Members of the League will endeavor to take steps in matters of international concern for the prevention and control of disease."

A health section was created at League headquarters in Geneva, with its secretariat and technical staff.

The League of Nations established a second agency—a technical advisory committee. Through these bodies, fifty-two nations take action, authorize campaigns, instruct their permanent staffs as to what to do. Their action is virtually the action of the world.

Here are some of the concrete things this health section of the League has done. It established three training schools for health officers in the east—one in Moscow, one in Kharkov, Russia, and one in Warsaw. There are some seventy picked men in each of these schools taking three-month courses in sanitation and public health methods. Lecturers are sent them by the League. They obtain the best in the world. This is in an attempt to supply a need for sanitary officers in that part of the world.

There are very important regional problems. The eastern Mediterranean, for instance, is given to certain epidemic diseases. These are scattered by pilgrims who visit shrines of their religions in those regions. It is important to the nations of that part of the world and, for that matter, of all the world, that every precaution should be taken to control and eradicate those diseases.

In the Far East there are peculiar diseases. There are at places regulations that do not afford the necessary protection. There are at other points quarantine regulations that materially interfere with shipping.

Africa will furnish the problem for another regional study and convention. What sanitary control existed in Africa before the war has largely disappeared. Germany had extensive colonies there and her establishment was destroyed. These colonies have now come under mandate and the conditions that exist in them are therefore an international responsibility. Sleepy sickness, an entirely different thing from the sleeping sickness of civilization, is causing a great deal of trouble. It is to be studied and an international attack is to be made.

In medicine there is great need of establishing common standards in such matters as the strength of medicines. Canada, for example, discovered insulin, a remedy for diabetes. It is a matter in which the hygienic laboratories of the world are greatly interested. They will be talking about it, experimenting with it. It is one of those serums that is measured by its reaction on some living creature, man or experimental lower animal.

But it is probably true that the biggest advantage in the whole program will come through the fact that the whole world will become a reporting agency for the health section of the League of Nations. There has never before been any central world agency to which any outbreak and any disease would be reported and which would be in a position to act on its information for the interest of the whole world.



# A Dance A Week



## STEPS OF THE MINUET

The steps are somewhat complicated and require a great deal of practice. It will be found desirable to obtain instructions from a dancing master or other person thoroughly familiar with the movements.

*Pas Grave; slow, grave step*—Stand in 5th position, right foot in front; bend both knees, count 1; rise on both toes, count 2; drop weight on left heel count 3; repeat, stepping forward with right foot, and bring the left foot in 5th position, front. Bend both knees slightly, rise on both toes, and drop weight upon right heel. Count 4-5-6.

*Pas Marche*—March step. A simple smooth walking step, a step to each beat in the measure. In walking, the front part of the foot should touch the floor first, and the heel last.

*Pas Balance*—Balance step. This step may be used as a balance forward or backward, and is sometimes used as a progressive movement.

To balance forward, step forward upon right foot, count 1, and extend toe of left foot to left side, weight still on right foot. Count 2-3.

To balance backward, step back on left foot, and extend toe of right foot to right side.

If used as a progressive movement, step forward on right foot, count 1, slide toe of left foot to left side, count 2, draw left foot to right, count 3 (weight is on right foot during all three counts). Step forward on left foot, count 4, toe of right foot to side, count 5, draw right to left, count 6. (The weight is on left foot during the last three counts.)

*Pas Minuet step*—Start from 5th position, right foot in front.

Bend both knees, rise, and glide the toes of the right foot to the right side, count 1;

Transfer weight to right foot;

Extend left foot to left side, heel raised, count 2;

Bend right knee, draw left foot, with slightly bent left knee, to back of right, count 3;

Rise to full height on both toes, stretching both limbs, transfer weight to left foot, count 4; (right foot is in 5th position);

Glide right foot to right side, count 5;

Draw left foot back of right, left knee bended, count 6;

To move to left side, start with left foot in 5th position front.

*Pas Boure*—Place right foot back of left (both knees slightly bent) then step to left side with left foot. Repeat with right foot back as long as desired. If moving to the right, place left foot back of right.

*Pirouette*—Turning step. Step to right side with right foot, bring left foot in front and around to the rear of the right foot; in this position turn on both toes.

*Assemble*—Bring the feet together, either in first or fifth position.

*Pas Sissone*—Slide the toe of the right foot back of left foot, bend both knees, count 1;

Slide ball of the left foot to the left side, count 2;

Slide right foot forward in 5th position, count 3;

Continue as long as desired. To move to the right, reverse the movements.

### MINUET

The following form of the minuet is a simple arrangement in quadrille formation, which at the present time seems to be the favorite style. The steps may be elaborate or simplified to conform with the talent available.

Salute partner right, salute partner left..... 4 bars
Salute corners right, salute corners left..... 4 bars
All join hands forward, salute..... 4 bars

Start with right foot to take two Pas Balance forward.

Turn partners to place..... 4 bars

Turn partners with the left hand.

First four separate, and form lines on the sides..... 4 bars

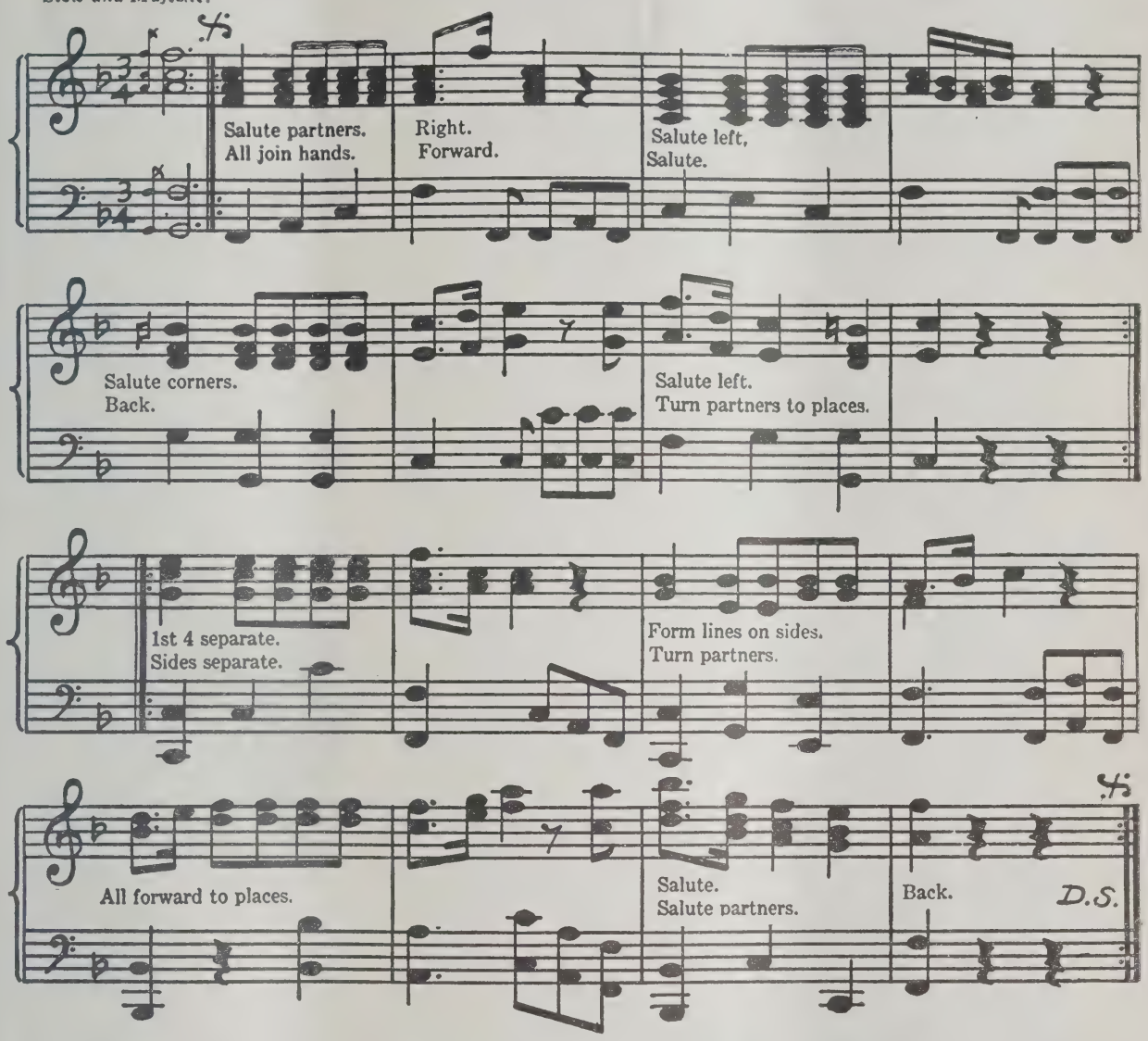
The head couples divide, Pas Balance forward, and join hands with the side couples. There are two lines, four dancers in each line.

All forward, return to place and salute..... 4 bars

(*Concluded on page 29*)

# MINUET

## The Court Dance of the Olden Time




Both lines move forward, the head lady and gentleman are directly opposite each other. Partners join nearest hands, and Pas Marche to original place. Side couples also return to place.

Sides separate, turn partners..... 4 bars
All forward to places, salute partners..... 4 bars

FIGURE TWO

First four forward and back..... 4 bars
All start with right, take two Pas Balance forward, and six Pas Marche back to place.
Side four forward and back..... 4 bars
First four ladies chain with right hand couple..... 8 bars
The first four lead to the right, at the same time the couple on the side move forward to meet them.
Side four ladies chain with right hand..... 8 bars
Head couples moving forward to meet them.
All join hands forward, turn partners..... 8 bars
Turn partners with the left hand.

FIGURE THREE

Star movement..... 8 bars
Four ladies cross right hands, give left hand to partner's right, and promenade around to place.
Gentlemen turn left hand ladies, with the left hand, and return to place..... 8 bars
Using Pas Balance forward and Pas Marche turning.
Pas Balance..... 8 bars
Face partner, each join right hands, shoulder high, and extend toe of left foot to left side (one measure) change hands, and extend toe of right foot to right side (one measure) change hands, and Pas Balance one complete turn, starting with inside foot.

SALUTE CORNER, SALUTE PARTNER, SALUTE ALL, ESCORT PARTNER TO SEAT.

"Good Morning" is the new Ford book on Old American Dances. 75 cents a copy. Send orders to Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

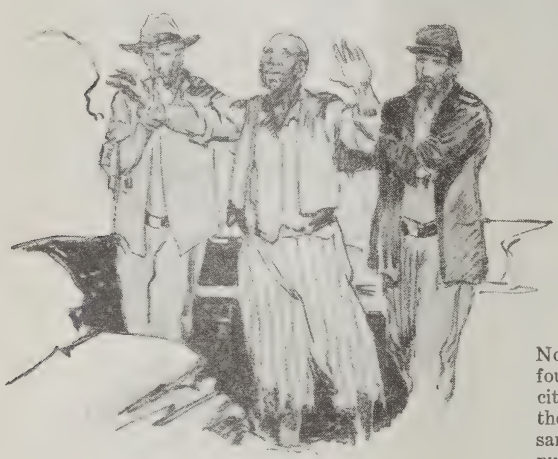
# How the South Regards the Negro

(*Concluded from page 4*)

which the wholesale mixing of divergent races always produces.

It is not for the white man to tell the negro that he should be thankful that he was once a slave; but in all frankness and sincerity, how else than as a slave does he imagine that he could have reached the shores of America? The race has never produced a sea-going craft of its own, and back in those days men were not gratuitously transporting a million men from one continent to another.

If the white race had left the negro in Africa until today when we have outgrown slavery and are trying to feel big-brotherly toward all men, it is certain that, with what we have discovered of the inadequacy of the melting pot, we could never feel big-brotherly enough to bring over ten million negroes to America. And anyhow, the negro race has itself practiced slavery in Africa from time immemorial, and among the outlying negro tribes slavery is today making its last stand.



When the negro's chains were cut, his former master and his liberator led him over the treacherous ground of inexperience to the present day.

Too bad that out of all the harsh things of the past only Southern slavery has left bitterness and depression of spirit. If it will do the negro's feelings any good and help him to take it in a more philosophical spirit, we can remind him that it cost his master far more than it cost him. Though we had paid four billion dollars for the privilege of being the last man to hold the negro's chain, because of our unwillingness to turn it loose when destiny called "Time!" we not only lost all those millions but more blood than all the slaves who ever left the shores of Africa. The negro's sufferings were principally over a hoe, a cane knife and a cotton sack; his white master suffered over a corpse-strewn battlefield, a burned home, a wrecked fortune and a spirit crushed from the haughtiest and proudest among men to the position of taking orders from his former slaves when they were set in political power over him. Surely this evens up the matter of suffering and it ought to help the negro to be at least as philosophical as we about slavery, and the war into which it dragged us.

Whatever the negro thinks about slavery and the deal he has had at the hands of the white race, the facts prove that he is the most fortunate, the most uniquely favored of all people in history. What has actually happened to the negro is this: Providence, fate, or whatever it is that directs the destinies of races (perhaps seeing that the negro was going to make a losing game of it over in Africa with the rapidly expanding numbers and ambitions of those who were crowding into the continent), through the instrumentality of Arab slave hunters, English, Dutch and Portuguese slave traders, New England merchant vessels and Northern and Southern capitalists, lifted the negro from the stagnation and decay of the jungle and placed him in the lap of the civilization which had required two thousand years of the white man's toil and bloodshed to build. Here in the South, under the very highest type of Anglo-Saxon—the wealthy, cultured, intellectual Southerner who ruled men as naturally as he grew—the savage negro was trained, Christianized, taught the manners of civilization and otherwise prepared for the citizenship that awaited him. Then, with the negro doing little more than sitting on the fence and looking on, the North and the South fought a four years' war that the toga of citizenship might be spread on the negro's shoulders. Thousands of white men died to push the negro a little further along the road of progress. When the negro's chains were cut, his former master on one side and his liberator on the other took his hands and led him over the treacherous ground of inexperience to the present day. It is safe to say that had the negro not been given this helping hand, had he been shoved aside to sink or swim, he would today, like the Indian, be counting his numbers by the thousands instead of by the millions.

Outside the white race no people on the globe is in a more favorable position to achieve greatness than the American negro. All over the world are men who would thank their gods for the opportunity of the American negro. All these things destiny bestowed upon the negro for no more effort on his part than a short period of labor, as periods are rated in history. But it is human nature, white as well as black, to lose sight of big blessings and dwell upon the little irritants, and to yearn for the things which are withheld from us.

Why did the African who remained at home fail so signally of holding and developing the continent which had been his since the days of the Pharoahs, even losing, through the cupidity of his own chieftains, the sovereignty of the Congo Free State which the other nations of Europe had agreed to leave as the negro's piece of the African pie? Why has the negro in Haiti, with a very good foundation of the French régime to start with, made in nearly a hundred years of freedom such poor showing in self-government and development? If the negro as a race is an awakening people, why did the slaves in Dutch Guiana who rebelled into freedom slip back one hundred and fifty years to the jungle life of their ancestors instead of making their contack with the white masters a stepping-stone upward? And why the Haiti of today, with its backwardness, its voodooism, its crimes that necessitate outside interference?

The negro must recognize that America has opened to him the door of the future.

---

(*This is the first of a series of articles by Townsend Boyer. The second will appear in next week's issue.*)

# Unique Magazine That "Mac" Built

AWAY out in the Pacific Northwest, where they have one crop a year, lives a man known as "Mac" to more than 60,000 men and women. His right name is R. C. MacLeod.

"Mac" maintains that his claim to fame lies in these facts: That he is the "homeliest man in Washington" and proud of it; unmarried and sorry for it; and that the people of the southeastern quarter of the state of Washington are the kindest-hearted people in the world. The people say "Mac" is famous because he has worked for eighteen years to build for them a publication which tells them of their own and their neighbors' lives, fortunes, businesses and progress. This is probably the only magazine of its kind in America. It pays no attention to anything in the world except what goes on in that region whose commercial, industrial, financial and social center is Walla Walla, where "Mac" lives, publishes his magazine, and is a leader in the community. The magazine is called *Up-to-the-Times*.

*Up-to-the-Times* started with less than $500 in capital. The magazine is published once a month, and is intensely American. It is about eight by twelve inches, and contains sixty pages, as when it was started in November, 1906. There are 38 pages of reading matter, and 22 of advertising. Every one of the twenty-six towns in the district is fully covered by a correspondent, and also by the circulation solicitor.

"Mac's" 146 advertisers, many of whom have been using his columns since he founded the magazine, are all in Walla Walla and the surrounding towns.

When "Mac" came to Walla Walla in 1904, he went to work without pay, on an agreement to obtain a certain amount of advertising for a newspaper in six months or receive no salary. In five months he had obtained more than twice as much advertising as the agreement called for. Then and there, he made up his mind that he could obtain advertising for his own publication, edit it, manage it, and make it a success.

Irvin Cobb, Billy Sunday, and a number of other celebrities have contributed to the pages of "Mac's" magazine, out of admiration for it, and for the Americanism of its creator and owner.

# The Town Lincoln Put on the Map

(*Continued from page 7*)

Concord Creek were inadequate for the mill they desired to erect. This caused a change and brought about the ambitious project of damming the Sangamon River and erecting here the grist and saw mill which was the basic business industry of New Salem. On October 23, 1829, the town was surveyed by Reuben S. Harrison. John M. Cameron held the legal title and the town was recorded with the name of New Salem.

It stood high upon a sightly bluff over the Sangamon River, a full hundred feet above the level of the water. It was a promontory caused partly by a bend in the river and partly by the inflow of a creek. It was beautiful for situation and its name and the religious character of its founders indicated the hope that here was to be not only a town of commercial importance but one also characterized by a fine moral sentiment and a distinctly religious spirit.

A post office was established on Christmas Day of 1829. Samuel Hill was the first postmaster. He served for nearly two years, till November 26, 1831, when he was succeeded by Isaac N. Chrisman. Mr. Chrisman served as postmaster till May 7, 1833, when he was succeeded by Abraham Lincoln, who continued to act in this capacity till the office was discontinued May 30, 1836. There is now a post office in Illinois bearing the name of New Salem, but it is located in Pike County and is entirely distinct from this. Lincoln's New Salem is in Menard County.

The discontinuance of the post office marks the disappearance of the town. The chronological limits of community life between the date of the survey, October 23, 1829, and the discontinuance of the post office, May 30, 1836, is less than seven years. For five of these seven years Abraham Lincoln was a resident of this town. He first arrived on April 19, 1831, and remained until the spring of 1836. It was a highly important period in his life.

In the day of its greatest glory New Salem was a very small town. It probably never had more than twenty-five houses and it is doubtful if any one of those cost more than one hundred dollars. But to Abraham Lincoln it was not a poor, squalid prairie village; it was the largest town he had ever lived in and he was then twenty-two years old. For so small a community it contained a remarkable group of men and women. There were people who could not write their names and some who did not know the names of their fathers, but there were others whose family names stood high in American history.

There were, on the other hand, some who had for the time and for Abraham Lincoln's purpose the quite remarkable educational attainments of Dr. John Allen, the beloved physician, Sunday-school superintendent and temperance worker, Mentor Graham, who taught Lincoln grammar and mathematics, and Jack Kelso, a kind of wandering elocutionist who taught Lincoln to love Shakespeare and Burns and Byron. Religiously it contained the devout Cumberland Presbyterians, Rev. John M. Cameron and James Rutledge, and the turbulent Baptists of the Bale household, and it enjoyed the occasional visitations of that heroic Methodist pioneer, Peter Cartwright. On the other hand, it had a group of radical free thinkers to whom Thomas Paine's *Age of Reason* and Volney's *Ruins* stood for law and gospel. Here came the Clary Grove boys, as reckless a set of hard riders and hard drinkers as could well be imagined, together with men who came up the river "half-horse, half-alligator," while on the other hand there were people eminent for piety and gentle in their saintliness. It was Abraham Lincoln's first intimate contact with organized community life and he had in this simple village a remarkable variety of living examples of widely varying types.

Great as this town seemed to Lincoln and to those who inhabited it and who proclaimed its superiority to Springfield and Beardstown and other nearby metropolises, no one expected it was always going to be a small town. New Salem was a dream city. The vision of its future was based on the dream of a navigable Sangamon flowing outward to civilization with the large products of adjacent farms and bringing back the manufactured products of the industrial world.

We may smile at these ambitious visions of hopes that were doomed before they were born. New Salem at its best was a microscopic town. But we who live in America must learn to estimate cities otherwise than by their size. Athens was a small town in the days of Pericles, and Nazareth and Bethlehem were and are and always have been small towns.

New Salem is associated with many and important events in the life of Abraham Lincoln. To this town he first came as an adventurer on his way the second time to New Orleans. If James Rutledge had not built his dam in a manner unfavorable to the progress of flatboats, or if the waters of the deep snows of the winter of 1830-31 had not so far subsided by the nineteenth of April as to interfere with the flatboat's navigation of the stream, New Salem never would have heard of Abraham Lincoln and we should never have heard of New Salem. Here he lodged, as he afterward said, like a piece of driftwood on the dam of the Rutledge mill, and here he spent those highly important years.

In New Salem, Abraham Lincoln first exercised his franchise as a citizen. Here he cast his first vote in an election held in the house of John McNeil whom later he and the world were to know as John McNamar.

In New Salem Abraham Lincoln had his experience as a business man, first as the clerk of Denton Offutt, then as a clerk in the stores of Chrisman and Hill, and finally as a partner in the disastrous commercial enterprise with William F. Berry which left Lincoln saddled with a heavy debt which he did not wholly remove till 1848.

Here he manifested his prowess as an athlete. He met in free combat all comers and established his reputation not only as the most powerful wrestler in New Salem but also as its fairest referee and supreme judge in tests of strength and masculine skill.

From New Salem, Lincoln went forth to enlist as a soldier in the Black Hawk War. Not on that spot, for the election was not held there, but by the vote of many whom he had come to know in that place and who went with him on that military venture, he was elected a captain and afterward admitted that no office he ever held gave him so much pride.

In New Salem he held his first office under the federal government, serving as postmaster for the period already named, from May 7, 1833, until the discontinuance of the office, May 30, 1836.

In that same town, less than a year after his first arrival, he proclaimed himself a candidate for office. He poled a surprisingly large vote for the legislature, carrying his home precinct, which included the Clary Grove district, by a practically unanimous vote and so nearly succeeding in that first venture as to give practical assurance of his success when he ran again two, four, six and eight years after.

It was not in New Salem but at Vandalia, where the capitol was located, that he framed his first public declaration against slavery, signing with Dan Stone that protest against the action of the legislature



Entrance to old New Salem, which became a cow pasture when a rival town absorbed its business and population.



The two log stores of New Salem as reconstructed.

which has since become famous the world round. While the act was performed in the then state capitol, many of the discussions which lay behind it had taken place in the grocery stores in New Salem.

In New Salem, Lincoln's interest in waterways developed as he worked a summer in the Rutledge mill. There also he developed his ability as river pilot in the care of the steamer *Talisman*.

In New Salem Lincoln had two love affairs. Of his love for Ann Rutledge we know almost nothing and talk much. That beautiful and sweet young woman died August 25, 1835, and we have no contemporary record of it nor allusion to it. Such glimpses as we have of Lincoln in that summer and autumn reveal nothing unusual in his occupation or his state of mind. A letter by his friend, Marsh, written September 17, three weeks after the death of Ann Rutledge, has free mention of Lincoln as postmaster as being careless in his conduct of the office and leaving the mail for people to go and get at their convenience. Marsh expressed a confident expectation that Lincoln could frank the letter he had written and Lincoln did so in a free, unshaken hand. This letter tells of a fearful tornado on August 17, a week before Ann Rutledge died.

We have simply no contemporary record on the Ann Rutledge incident. From a letter of her brother, David, written from Jacksonville shortly before her death, we know that she was considering going to school at the female academy at Jacksonville in the autumn of 1835, and we also know that Lincoln had some thought of the possibility of entering college in that same autumn. He owned a book of Greek exercises which he apparently purchased at this period, and he weighed the advantages and the costs of a possible college education, but we have not a scrap of written evidence concerning Ann Rutledge and her love for Abraham Lincoln and his for her for more than thirty-one years, and we have the best of reasons to believe that much of that is unreliable.

Of his love affair with Mary Owens, a few months later, we have abundant evidence. We have Lincoln's letters to her and his own very full account of the affair in his letter to Mrs. O. H. Browning. We also have Mary's detailed narrative in writing. It is a little remarkable, but on the whole characteristic of much of our writing and oratory that we say almost nothing about Lincoln's love for Mary Owens, a proud, handsome, well-bred, well-educated young woman, and that we talk a great deal of the other matter on which our evidence is so scanty and that mostly wrong. However, we shall make no mistake in standing reverently by the grave of Ann Rutledge, which is no longer in the Old Concord Cemetery, but is near at hand in the village of Petersburg. We may remind ourselves, however, that Ann Rutledge did not die in New Salem, but in the earlier farm home at Sand Ridge, near Concord Creek.

New Salem was Lincoln's alma mater. Here, as we have reminded ourselves, he studied grammar and surveying and literature. Here also he acquired his first set of Blackstone and read law. He obtained that knowledge of the common law which enabled him to secure admission to the bar and formed the basis for his professional career.

Lincoln came to New Salem a stranger, he left with a host of friends: he came with his capacity for leadership untrained, he left having established his power over men in military and civil affairs. He had triumphed in the free arena where men match physical strength, and in intellectual contests where he showed his mastery of mind. Here he thought through many of his life problems. He went forth lonely and in debt with many years of struggle ahead of him, but for those years and for that struggle he had been well prepared by this period of his life in New Salem.

Of all the various and widely separated hamlets associated with the memory of Lincoln through his successive residences in Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois and Washington, and his journeys as far westward as Kansas and east to New England, there is none that thrills the historian with such diversified interest as the little rebuilt hamlet of New Salem.

Hodgenville brings us in reverent awe to the place of his birth. Washington cherishes the room where he died in the hour of his triumph. Gentryville honors the scene of his lusty youth, and his own city, Springfield, has innumerable associations with his domestic and professional career.

The seven cities where he matched strength with Stephen A. Douglas, the twice seven county seats of the eighth judicial district, and the places where on occasion he addressed assemblies large or small, thrill each of them with its own cherished recollections of him. Beardstown, where his plea saved a widow's son from the gallows, and Gettysburg, where he uttered in immortal words an imperishable tribute to her honored dead, still echo with the memory of his eloquence. But no one place appeals to so many emotions or touches us at so many points of interest as New Salem.

Fitting it is that the slab sides of the Lincoln-Berry store should rise again upon their original foundations; that the log walls of the Rutledge tavern should stand in their mute eloquence; and that one by one the humble habitations of Old New Salem should rise in counterfeit presentment of their former selves; for on this spot as nowhere else on earth the fragrant memory of Abraham Lincoln lingers amid the prairie flowers above the placid flow of the Sangamon. There reminiscence and romance blend with living memory to paint with vivid colors of lasting reality the name and fame of Abraham Lincoln.

# The Passing of a Great Nation

STRIPPED of scarlet robes and eagle's feathers, the last of the Catawbas, sole survivors of the once powerful Catawba Nation, still linger on ancestral ground on the banks of the Catawba River in York County, South Carolina. There are only about a hundred Indians left now to greet the stranger within the gates of their reservation, yet their daydreams appear to be as roseate as ever. And they cannot forget the glories of Chief King Haiglar or the thrilling days when they were supreme on the headwaters of the Catawba and Santee rivers, over an area as large as that over which a crow could fly in a day, and when no white man nor red man dared to visit the territory of the Catawbas, except by invitation of the masters.

The Catawba Indians present a wonderful example of faithfulness and devotion to the American people, in spite of the fact that history has ignored them, and the white folks among whom they have lived have mistreated them by breaking faith, times without number. The present Catawbas are descendants of the great race which once made the woods of the Carolinas ring with the war whoop as they went forth against the enemies of the early settlers. Yet they have been oppressed, have dwindled away unnoticed and unhonored until now, the very fact of existence of an Indian in South Carolina is apparently not generally known, even in counties touching the Catawba reservation. Even the school textbooks of the present fail to mention these descendants of the earliest-known inhabitants of the state.

The 225 square miles of land that was confirmed to the Catawbas in 1764 has gradually been curtailed until now the reservation contains less than 600 acres! It is in a remote part of the state, where the peaceful stillness of the forests has not yet been disturbed. Of the less than one hundred members of the tribe still left, some are of mixed Caucasian and Indian blood.

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs holds the Catawbas are citizens of South Carolina, yet they do not vote and they pay no taxes. They have virtually no form of tribal government at present. They elect a chief every four years, but this official is merely an adviser. Though they have few laws, they have no need of jails or courthouses, being quiet and peaceable and bloodshed almost unknown.

When the Catawbas work, which is rather seldom, the chief occupation is the making of pottery, earthen ware and pipes. These articles are made in primitive style. They are all shapes and sizes.

# 'This Business of Earning One's Livelihood'

## A PAGE OF INTERESTING PROFESSIONAL PERSONS



WHEN she was only three years old, this Swiss peasant girl began making lace. Now, at five, she is expert. Her ancestors were engaged in the same business.
*(C) Ewing Galloway.*



VILLAGE musicians of Brittany seated on chairs set on a table, ready to entertain their fellow citizens.
*(C) Ewing Galloway.*



A TRAVELING restaurant, including fireplace for preparing hot native dishes, snapped on the Island of Java.
*(C) Press Illustrating Service.*



THE man who hunts rats in Paris sewers receives a bounty for each one of the pests he captures.
*(C) International Newsreel.*



THE sun sends such scorching hot rays down on Cairo that this peddler of drinking water finds business brisk.
*(C) Ewing Galloway.*



This experienced trainer of alligators says the reptiles are easy to handle if they are held with their jaws closed.

B-41
THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL

WE ARE called upon to cherish with high veneration and grateful recollections the memory of our fathers. And surely no nation had ever less occasion to be ashamed of its ancestry, . . . for while most nations trace their origin to barbarians, the foundations of our nation were laid by civilized men, by Christians. . . . And yet not unfrequently, they have been treated as if they had no virtues; while their sins and follies have been sedulously immortalized in satirical anecdote.

The influence of such treatment of our fathers is too manifest. It creates, and lets loose upon their institutions, the vandal spirit of innovation and overthrow; for after the memory of our fathers shall have been rendered contemptible, who will appreciate and sustain their institutions? The memory of our fathers, should be the watch-word of liberty throughout the land; for, imperfect as they were, the world before had not seen their like, nor will it soon, we fear, behold their like again. Such models of moral excellence, such apostles of civil and religious liberty, . . . constitute a censorship inferior only to the eye of God; and to ridicule them is national suicide.

—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

DEA

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Volume 26, Number 30

Five Cents a Copy | MAY 15, 1926 | $1.50 a Year

A Thirteen-Month Year
*By THOMAS L. MASSON*

New Light on Old Egypt
*By WILLIAM E. BARTON*

Reconstruction and Negroes
*By TOWNSEND BOYER*

And, Behold, Humbug Is King
*By CHARLES J. FINGER*

THE LIBRARY OF
MAY 18 1926
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

# BRIEFLY TOLD

THE FEDERAL FARM Loan Board has met credit requirements of agriculture to the amount of more than two billion dollars since its establishment, according to its annual report.

NEW YORK'S ENTIRE population of early Colonial days could easily be contained in almost any present-day Manhattan skyscraper.

THE HISTORIC BELL in the Capitol at Rome, silent since the Pope's loss of temporal power fifty-six years ago, was sounded again during a recent religious celebration.

THE MAGNA CHARTA, basis of all British law, is being invoked in an appeal to the United States Supreme Court by the crew of an English rum runner, captured off the coast of California.

ANACONDA SKINS from Brazil, iguana skins and shark skins are being used in the manufacture of fancy shoes for women.



YELLOWSTONE PARK OFFICIALS find that nearly all the gun-toting visitors are from the sedate East. Regulations prohibit the carrying of guns within the park boundaries.

IN THE CONSTRUCTION of early railroads, two-inch cedar pins were used to hold down the wooden rails. Into the holes drilled for these, salt was poured in the belief that this would preserve the wood from decay.

"AS SOON AS a man has had the misfortune to make a name for himself, he becomes public property. Every one digs into his life, relates his most trivial actions, and insults his feelings."—*Jean Jacques Rousseau.*

THE FIRST PAPER was made in China in A. D. 75, from the bark of a mulberry tree.

THE NUMBER OF silver dollars in circulation in America dropped from eighty-four million in 1919 to fifty-four million in 1925. The silver "cartwheels" are decidedly unpopular in the East, but are still used to a great extent on the Pacific Coast

COLLECTORS ARE OFFERING $700 apiece for early air-mail stamps in which the airplane is pictured flying upside down. The issue was canceled by postal authorities as soon as the error was discovered.

THE AVERAGE COST of maintaining a man in prison in the United States is $375 a year.

INCORPORATED BUSINESS enterprises in the United States having a net income in 1923 of $9,269,000,000 paid $2,572,000,000, or more than 27.7 per cent, in taxes to Federal, state, and local governments.

GLOVES WERE WORN by both Egyptians and Hebrews in ancient times.



TRAFFIC ON A South African railroad was tied up recently when a leaky tank car containing syrup "greased" the rails, making it impossible for the engines to get traction.

AN INDIAN OF THE Klamath tribe has filed his declaration as a candidate for United States Senator from Oregon.

MORE THAN one billion dollars is available for rural highway construction and maintenance during the current year, according to estimates of the United States Bureau of Public Roads.

THE FIRST PLANK road in America was built at Toronto, Canada, in 1835. In the next twenty years 2,000 miles of this type of roads were built in New York State alone, the cost averaging from $1,000 to $2,500 a mile.

AMERICAN FARMS and farm buildings have decreased in value from $66,316,002,602 in 1920 to $49,546,523,759 in 1925, according to Department of Commerce figures.

THE FAMOUS NELSON Monument in Sackville street, Dublin, erected in 1808, is being removed as a hindrance to traffic.

"PAINTED LADY" BUTTERFLIES are so thick in California at certain seasons of the year that they literally obscure automobile windshields. The butterflies can cover fifteen miles a day in flight.




THE MARRIAGE LICENSE of a foreign couple, living in Boston, was stolen by a jealous brother of the prospective bridegroom. Not knowing that a duplicate could be obtained, the betrothed couple postponed the wedding for three and a half years until the thief returned.

A NEW TENEMENT in New York has the first baby carriage garage. It is made of galvanized iron, with a separate compartment for each perambulator.

WHEN LADIES OF the court complained that the smoke and fumes were ruining their complexions, King Henry IV of England prohibited the use of coal. Later, coal burning was made a capital offense, and one user was actually hanged.

HARMONICAS FOR the Eskimos were taken North recently by members of a polar expedition.

OPENING OF THE air-mail service between Elko, Nevada, and Pasco, Washington, brought nearly every city in the Pacific Northwest within forty hours of New York City.

ONLY ONE PASSENGER was killed in a train accident on English railroads last year.

CHILDREN AT BORDENTOWN, New Jersey, during the winter of 1835, earned pocket money by selling hot bricks to the chilled passengers on the Camden and Amboy Railroad.

MICA CRYSTAL can be split to a thickness of less than one-half of one one-thousandth of an inch.



A NEW SWINDLING SCHEME is in operation, whereby thieves deliver "collect" packages stuffed with waste paper. Business firms and housewives often pay the charges before opening the boxes.

A UNIVERSITY OF UTAH sophomore was paid $30 for damages to his clothes received when freshmen compelled him to clean green paint from the campus flag pole.

THE FEET CONTAIN twenty-five per cent of the bones of the human body.

MARRIED WOMAN DESIRING to land in Cuba must present their husbands' written permission.

A BASKET FROM Borneo, suspended from a nail in an air-tight case, has puzzled scientists at Peabody Museum, Harvard, by revolving continuously since last October.

RADIO RASH, EUROPE'S latest affliction, is caused by the constant pressure of hard rubber headpieces against the ears, causing an eruption which spreads over the upper part of the head and the back of the neck.

THE SAHARA DESERT has an area greater than the United States.

May 15
1926

Volume 26
Number 30




# THE ESSENCE OF THIS ISSUE

Mr. Ford's Page this week discusses the one-sidedness in business which results from the undue exaltation of one subordinate factor.

---

Religion is the opium of the people. Morality is bosh. Rules of conduct, ethical standards, reverence for sacred things—all are sheer nonsense—cunning devices by which the powerful classes rule the people. Socialists profess to believe rubbish such as this. The statements comprise the fundamental tenets of Marxianism. They explain why so many Americans regard Socialism with impatience. (p. 4)

---

A thirteen-month year—how would it appeal to you? The League of Nations would consider changing the calendar and making the year consist of thirteen months, twenty-eight days to the month, a world holiday each year and Leap-Year Day once each four years. Many business men, scientists, favor it. Thomas L. Masson writes about it. (p. 3)

---

In his article Mr. Masson tells us other interesting things: that the "30-ton arrows" of the Druids, the obelisks of the Orient, the pyramids of Egypt were in reality observatories whereby ancient astronomers foretold the coming of the seasons; that American Indians had unique methods for measuring time; that Methuselah's "years" were moons.

---

*Woodrow Wilson used his friends as he did his books*—putting them aside when he had no further use for them. But this was not discourtesy; he merely filed them away in his mind until he should again have need of them. Those who did not understand were affronted; they felt they had been shabbily treated, and the world sometimes agreed with them. The rather brusque trait was only another example of the methodicalness of the War President's mind. (p. 2)

---

World's records are broken in the laboratory, not on the field of sport! More home runs than ever before? *A livelier baseball is the answer.* Javelin record shattered? Compare the new shaft with the old. A record of nine seconds flat for the hundred-yard dash probable in the future? The secret is in the track shoe. (p. 16)

## CONTENTS

Woodrow Wilson Who Filled the Unforgiving Minute - - - - - - - - - - - - - 2
*Huston Thompson*
A Year of Thirteen Months? - - - - - - - 3
*Thomas L. Masson*
Socialism With the Bark Stripped Off - - - - 4
*George McCready Price*
New Light on Old Egypt - - - - - - - - 5
*William E. Barton*
Reconstruction and the Negro Race - - - - - 7
*Townsend Boyer*
Teach Your Boy to Work Through Gardening 8
*William A. McKeever*
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - - - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
And, Behold, Humbug Is King - - - - - - 12
*Charles J. Finger*
Australia—A White Man's Country - - - - - 15
*William Lee Calnon*
The Laboratories Did It - - - - - - - - 16
*Paul McDonald*
They're Still "Gittin' Gold" in California - - 20
*Walter Painter*
A Dance a Week—Hornpipes and "The Girl I Left Behind Me" - - - - - - - - - 29

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer;
C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

mill)ions of aflickf)litter ing bright million of S hurl—This isn't a pied line; *it's a poem!* At least self-revealed members of the intelligentsia insist it's a poem. A few weeks ago Charles J. Finger wrote of the *Spectra* hoax, wherein two authors took the literati into camp with a book of nonsensical verse which had a mysterious "hidden meaning." Here he again follows the trail of the literary fakers. (p. 12)

---

In the beginning there was gold! Then some unsung Californian discovered climate. Oranges, real estate and movies followed in quick succession. And then last, but by no means least, came oil. Small wonder native sons are forever bragging about golden California. (p. 20)

---

The Reconstruction was a critical period for the South. Serious difficulties arose, that seemed almost insurmountable, but the people struggled through. Its effects, however, are still felt. This article, the second by Townsend Boyer, is presented, not as an indictment of the North, but as a clear exposition of the attitude still held in the South concerning one of the most precarious eras in American history. This attitude has an important bearing on the present-day Negro Problem. (p. 7)

---

Cultivate soil and soul together. Your boy has a natural, instinctive desire for contact with primitive earth. It is inborn, inherent with the race. Teach him to grow things, to work with his hands as well as with his brain. It will help him physically, but far more important than this, it will help to develop his principles, to mold his character. (p. 8)

---

Egypt lives again in the discoveries of the archeologists. The Pharaohs move and speak and die; they tell us their secrets, buried for centuries, their sorrows, their triumphs. From crumbling stones we learn of Ikhnaten, who believed in one God alone, and of Tut-ankh-amon, his son-in-law, a weakling king, and of the latter's wife, who lost the throne after her husband's death because of the cowardice of the Hittite ruler. (p. 5)

---

A white man's country—that's what they call their commonwealth in Australia. Rigid immigration restrictions, probably the strictest in the world, are in force. Only those of Anglo-Saxon stock are welcome, and the privileges of colonization are not extended to others. How do these regulations affect the "island continent"? (p. 15)

---

What did the liquor hearings amount to? Nothing. There was talk, talk, talk—but it didn't mean anything. Even the "wets" failed to find much solace in it. The nation as a whole wearied of the proceedings long before they dragged themselves to an end. (p. 10)

---

*Build your home by the cubic foot.* If you have only a certain sum to spend, remember that there is a direct relationship between quality and size. The greater the quality the less the area; and the greater the area the less the quality. If you plan carefully before you build, the results will be far more satisfactory. Mr. Wood, author of this article, is a well-known architect. (p. 32)

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.50 A YEAR in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year.
SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

# Woodrow Wilson, Who Filled the Unforgiving Minute

PART VIII.

By HUSTON THOMPSON

Copyright, 1926, Huston Thompson.



(C) International Newsreel.
President Wilson as he was preparing to quit his journey across the United States and return to Washington. Although broken in health, he is trying hard to smile.

BY far the most striking of Woodrow Wilson's varied characteristics was his complete control and regulation of the operations of his own mind. Most men follow the course of least resistance in their thinking, in the application of their mentality to their problems. Wilson did no such thing. He handled his mind almost as if it were a mechanical engine, which he could start, stop, and guide to right or left at will.

Early in life, Woodrow Wilson was trained to think and to express himself by his father, a Presbyterian minister, who would allow no scatter-brained looseness in the schooling of his children. Woodrow (then called by his first name, Thomas) was not sent to school until he was nine and until that time he had not learned his letters, but he had been instructed insistently in the use of his mind.

"My father would not allow me to express myself carelessly or to burst forth with a jumble of words in excitement," Mr. Wilson explained, in speaking of his early education. "If I started off on any such tangent he would say, 'Wait a minute, Thomas. Steady. Take your time. Think! Think! Don't go off half-cocked. What is it you want to say? Stop and get straight in your own mind what you want to tell me. Then select the words that express your thought, clearly and simply.' "

With such a foundation, Mr. Wilson early in life developed into a straight thinker. He was naturally of a systematic, orderly nature. As a very young man he learned the value of knowledge and was appalled at the frightfully short span of life in which to acquire knowledge to fit oneself for one's life work and to accomplish something worth while. He became a voracious student.

To one studying the speeches of Mr. Wilson that were delivered back in the days when he was a professor and later president of Princeton University, the thought continually recurs that even then he had in mind the White House as an ultimate goal. These addresses are so full of public questions handled in a statesmanlike manner, that they impress one as the utterances of a man imagining himself in the thick of political battle, rather than an academic discussion.

Moreover, back in his teaching days, Mr. Wilson was forever pressing the "unforgiving minute" with studies of government. He also used the fleeing days teaching himself practical politics.

If Woodrow Wilson had deliberately set about to fit himself for the Presidency of the United States, his training could hardly have been more appropriate. Because of his lifelong mental habits, and his serious point of view toward his responsibilities, he was, in the words of Rudyard Kipling, prepared to

". . . fill the unforgiving minute,
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run."

Wilson was essentially thorough, accurate, and systematic. There was not the slightest hint of the slipshod in anything he did or said. His desk in his office in the White House was neat and orderly.

He lived and worked methodically. His mind worked like lightning. Trained to concentrate, he could dispose of one case after another in an unbelievably short space of time. He also required that all those about him be methodical, accurate and rapid. If it had not been for these characteristics his burdens during the war would have been crushing. It was because of them that he was a constant source of amazement to his associates and subordinates, who never became accustomed to his knowledge and grasp of the subjects which they took up with him.

"I was Attorney-General for six years," said Thomas W. Gregory recently, in discussing this phase of Wilson's character, "and during that time I

(Continued on page 23)



(C) Harris & Ewing.
Wilson addressing a crowd in front of his home on Armistice Day.

# A Year of Thirteen Months?

## Plans Are Ready for a New World's Calendar With Months of 28 Days

By THOMAS L. MASSON

IF THE most favored plan goes through, as at present indicated, another month will be added to our calendar, and one day in all the year left over in which we can kick up our heels and do as we please.

Think of having one day a year just dropped out of time. It is suggested that it can be made into a world holiday—twenty-four hours set apart in which we can forget our troubles, think of peace, prosperity and universal love.

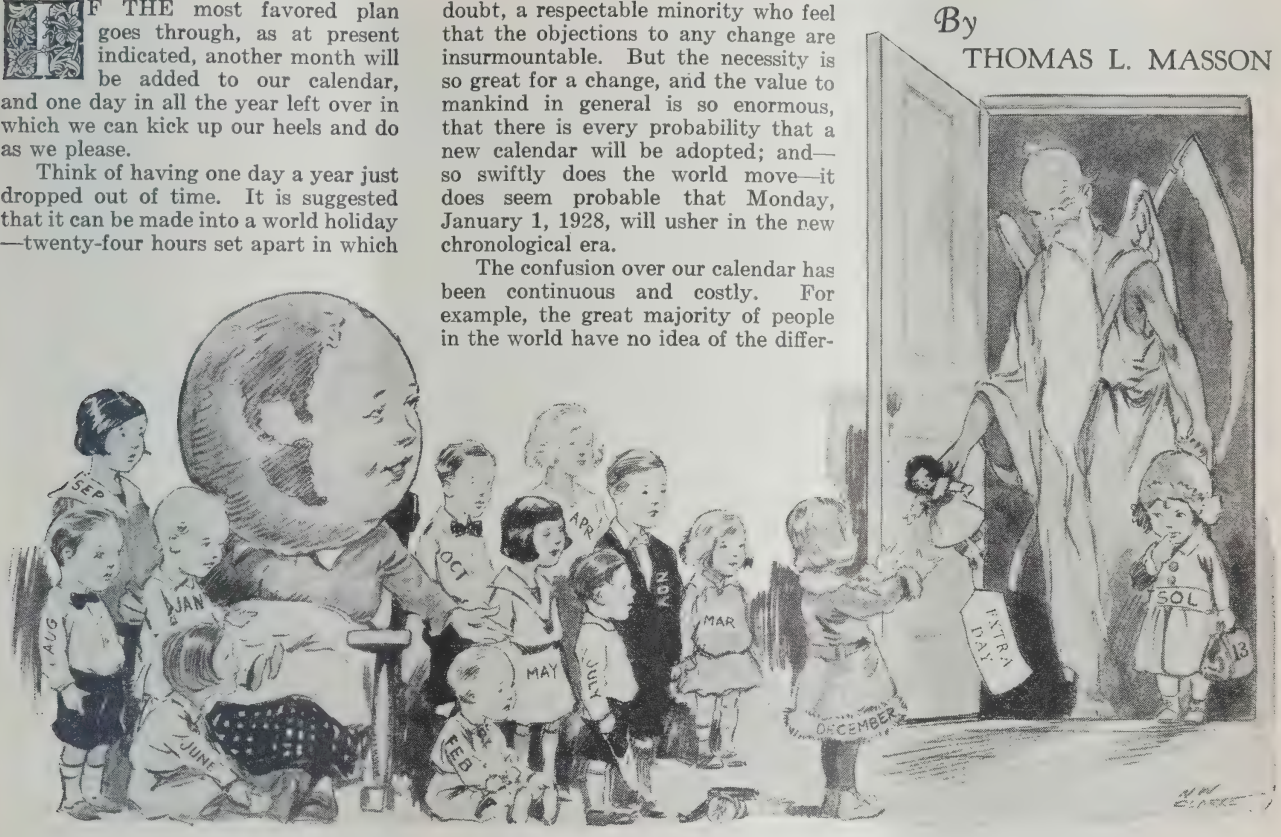
Then again, every four years there will be another day, thus disposing of that extra day in February we have now as leap-year day.

Father Time, if all goes well, is going to repent of his long list of chronological errors, and on Monday, January 1, 1928, will come forward in his new rôle as the only and original efficiency expert.

We shall all be able to figure up our interest charges without any difficulty. Already most of the nations on earth have agreed, the National Chambers of Commerce have approved of the general reform, and there seems to be no doubt that our calendar will be revised on a more practical basis, no matter where we are. "Whether where equinoctial torrents flow or winter wraps the polar world in snow," there will be seven days in every week, four weeks in every month and thirteen months in every year, instead of the imperfect twelve we have been running upon so far.

The problem has not been an easy one to solve. Among those people who have looked into it, there is, without doubt, a respectable minority who feel that the objections to any change are insurmountable. But the necessity is so great for a change, and the value to mankind in general is so enormous, that there is every probability that a new calendar will be adopted; and—so swiftly does the world move—it does seem probable that Monday, January 1, 1928, will usher in the new chronological era.

The confusion over our calendar has been continuous and costly. For example, the great majority of people in the world have no idea of the difference in wages between payment by the week and payment by the month. In New York City, quite recently, women garment workers struck for $10 a week when they had been offered $56 a month. They did not understand that the latter was more than the former. Apparently they thought that ten dollars in hand every week was more than to wait a month to get more than five times as much.




Father Time, if all goes well, will come forward with another month between June and July, to be called "Sol," and one day more.

Practically every problem that comes up before us is an economic problem. Yet, almost startling to relate, when we trace it back, we find that it rises from human relationship; that is to say, the two things are inextricably intertwined.

For instance, most persons think that the great pyramids of Egypt were built as the tombs of certain kings, yet it is now asserted that they were built as enormous sundials, to measure accurately the march of the seasons, so that the greatest number of crops could be produced in a given year.

The Egyptians were hard put to it. Their land was sunny and fertile. The Nile overflowed its banks at regular intervals, which made the surrounding land extraordinarily valuable as a crop-producing area. New and powerful nations were constantly rising up in the north and east and swooping down upon those favored people. To preserve their very life, those ancient Egyptians had to produce large armies, and to produce large armies meant increasing crops. The priests, who were the students, studied the problem, and by means of the pyramids were enabled to make such exact measurements that *they could tell the FARMERS PRECISELY THE DAY, ALMOST THE HOUR, to plant.*

It can easily be seen that the difference of one more crop a year between the old schedule and the new one which the scholars were able to devise through the pyramids might make the difference between life and death for a whole nation. It was not then so much a question of birth control as it was of human production, though in either case the problem is economic. As for the human relationship, that is shown very clearly, not only in the case of the Egyptians, but all through history.

At the apex of the pyramids was a hole, and this hole acted upon the sky very much as one of those modern pencils does, without (Continued on page 25)

# Socialism With the Bark Stripped Off

## Showing Up Marxian Theories on Marriage, Religion and Property Ownership

By GEORGE McCREADY PRICE

IN THE early days of the Soviet triumph in Russia, it was telegraphed all over America that the women of Russia had become national property. Aside from the incidental fact that this statement was not true, it might have occurred to most people, one would think, that the women themselves might have something to say about such a plan.

But this telegram indicates the general opinion about a social system that is known to be planning to nationalize everything capable of treatment in this manner. The very fact that such a canard could be telegraphed half around the world, and actually be believed by millions of people, indicates that this report was considered to be quite in keeping with the tenets and the professed aims of the Soviet leaders. Not even the most enterprising of reporters would risk the cable tolls on a similar report about the government of Mexico, or China, or New Zealand, or Timbuktu. Why make such a report about Russia; yes, and actually get away with it?

*Marxian Views About Marriage*

Marxian Socialists, the only people who ought to be called Socialists, have long been known to hold views about marriage which are very different from those commonly held by other people. But their views about marriage are quite consistent with their other views about conduct (or ethics) in general, which are also very different from the views prevailing among what are commonly termed civilized peoples. Their teachings about stealing, and lying, and murder, and all the other crimes listed in the law books are also very different from those held by other people.

All this grows naturally out of two very fundamental ideas which lie at the basis of all the teachings of Karl Marx and his followers, namely, the "economic interpretation of history," and the doctrine of the "class war." It will be in order to say a few things about each of these ideas.

*A Proletarian System of Morals and Ethics*

The economic interpretation of history is a purely materialistic philosophy, and is also called "economic determinism." This means that, according to this view, man's entire manner of life, his political systems, laws, customs, even his systems of ethics and morals and religion, are all produced entirely by the economic systems under which mankind has grown up. Man's entire political and social life (so runs the theory) has been made by the methods he has adopted of getting a living. And as the world has hitherto been getting along under what is termed the "capitalistic system," the socialists say that all our ideas about conduct, such as those about property rights, or about marriage and the family, are obviously the products of the present capitalistic system.

All such ideas are therefore said to be an expression of "capitalistic morality," growing out of the cunning devices of those in control to keep the capitalistic system running smoothly; and that when we throw away this capitalistic system we must also scrap the entire system of morality and social conduct which has grown out of it, and set ourselves to work out a new system which will have nothing of the taint of capitalism about it. Only by destroying completely the entire system of ethics and social life which capitalism has produced, it is said, can we hope to reform society on a proletarian basis. The capitalistic morals and ethics must give place to a distinctively proletarian system of morals and ethics, or the new social order cannot be expected to be permanent.

*"The Opium of the People"*

This indicates the reason why all Marxian Socialists take pains to express their contempt for the ordinary Christian ideas about marriage, about property rights, or about many other rules of private and public conduct which we have long considered essential to the well-being of civilized society. If what we term "right" and "wrong" owe their distinctions entirely to a system of mere capitalistic morality, what more natural for a true Socialist, one at war with Capitalism, to be also at war with all the current ideas of "right" and "wrong"?

Of course, under such a system of Socialism there is no room for the idea of God as the supreme source of morality. In America and Europe, the doctrine of a Supreme Being, to whom all are ultimately responsible, has consciously or unconsciously moulded all our ideas of conduct, all our social and even our civil laws. But Socialism calls religion "the opium of the people"; and throughout the world it has always aimed to eliminate all such ideas of moral accountability from the minds of the people, telling them that all such notions are the sheer products of capitalism, invented by their exploiters for the purpose of keeping the masses more directly and more completely under their power.

With such a view of human conduct, it is quite natural for Socialism to teach that morals and ethics do not have anything to do with man's private conduct; only his social, or that part of his life which affects others, matters at all. Hence such acts as gluttony, bestiality, or the nameless forms of personal impurity, are of no more ethical importance than the way he combs his hair or the way he shaves.

*Some Opinions About Marriage*

In regard to the marriage ceremony, August Bebel, the leading German Socialist, in agreement with all the other leaders of this cult, intimates that it is quite superfluous and will under the Socialist régime be disregarded. For he pictures the future conditions of the relations between a man and a woman in the following language:

> "The contract between the two lovers is of a private nature, as in primitive times, without the intervention of any functionary." (*Woman Under Socialism*, p. 154.)

And Morris Hillquit, another leading writer on this subject, admits that such "marriages" will have little permanence about them; for he says:

> "Most socialists therefore favor dissolubility of the marriage ties at the pleasure of the contracting parties." (*Socialism: Promise or Menace?* p. 163.)

However, we are not left to abstract theorizing on this matter, for Soviet Russia has shown us how these questions are solved in actual practice under the Socialistic scheme. For "marriage" is simply a matter of having the names of the two parties entered in the big register at the city hall; while next day, if they so agree, the same persons can have their names entered side by side in the divorce book; and that is all there is about it.

Now if, as the Socialists claim, man is wholly the product of his environment, one might well suppose that two or three generations of such a system of society would result in effectually eradicating all previous conceptions, and would insure the following generations against any danger of reverting to any such system of ethics and morality as now prevail under our "capitalistic morality." And the system of atheistic and anti-moral education now carried on in Russia would serve to make the eradication of all lingering traces of Christian morality absolutely certain.

*A System Which Roosevelt Condemned*

One can understand why Theodore Roosevelt indignantly declared that such a condition of affairs as would thus result would "bring about the destruction of the race within, at the most, a

(Concluded on page 18)

# New Light on Old Egypt

## Land of Moses and the Pharaohs Gives Up Its Secrets to Modern Research

By WILLIAM E. BARTON



Photographs, Ewing Galloway.

Tea in a Cairo garden, near the Pyramids.

EGYPT is no longer the land of darkness. Upon her are focused not only the rays that cast their radiance from the lamp of learning, but also the spotlight and calcium flare of journalism. Any morning now for the past two or three years, save only in the closed season of summer when Egypt takes a siesta, one might expect some information in the daily press about the land of Moses and the Pharaohs, and often that news has made the front page.

Explorations go on in other parts of the world. Assyria, Babylon, Carthage and Cyprus, to say nothing of Herculaneum and Pompeii, are forever sending antiquities to the museums, and there they gather dust for the learned or the curious. But Egypt has a new place in the sun. The public wants to know about Egypt, and the public is getting knowledge almost every day.

There is new light about Egypt, and there is new light from Egypt. Within the past few years there have come to us from the land of the Nile important additions to the world's knowledge of three different periods, separated from each other by nearly five millennia. Briefly they are these:

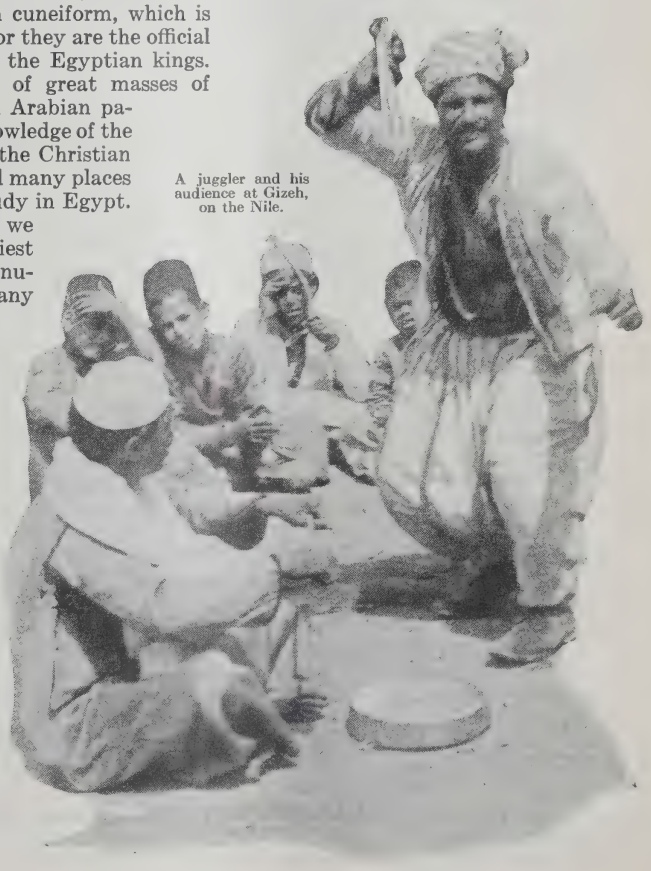
There is light on the early history of civilization. We think we have found a calendar in Egypt of the year 4241 B.C. That is 6,167 years ago, and it may be remarked in passing that six thousand one hundred and sixty-seven years is a long time for recorded history, however recent it may be as compared with astronomical time.

The discovery of the tablets at Tel el Amarna, in 1888, affords us exact knowledge on the learning and much information about the politics and religion not only of Egypt but of surrounding lands, in the century just before Moses. These tablets, some three hundred in number, are written in the Babylonian cuneiform, which is an amazing fact, for they are the official correspondence of the Egyptian kings.

The discovery of great masses of Greek, Coptic and Arabian papyri, affords us knowledge of the early centuries of the Christian religion, which had many places of worship and study in Egypt. It is possible that we have here the earliest extant bits of manuscript containing any portions of what later came to be incorporated in the New Testament.

But interest does not center exclusively upon these three points. There is wide room between for research, and the spade is having little rest on the banks of the Nile.

My own recent trip to Egypt was my second, the former having been in 1902. Almost twenty-four years had intervened between the two visits. On that earlier visit I landed at Alexandria, and there embarked, having in the interval traversed the Delta to Cairo and ascended the Nile to Luxor. On this more recent journey I landed at Suez, and embarked at Port Said. This afforded opportunity to travel the length of the Suez Canal, though mostly by the more rapid and less wearisome means of the railway, view the Bitter Lakes, form a theory about the place of the crossing of the Dead Sea by the people of Israel, ascend the Wady Tumilat, the route of the Exodus, pass through, and on two sides of the triangle that bounded the land of Goshen, and reach Cairo in time for a good supper at Shepheard's hotel.



A juggler and his audience at Gizeh, on the Nile.

As far as I am aware, the two places on earth where one may see most of varied life in the shortest possible time and most interesting fashion are the veranda at Shepheard's and the Galata bridge in Constantinople. In front of Shepheard's, with snake charmers and magicians and dancing girls, and with cracked ice and soothing liquid in a tall glass, life does not seem wholly a failure. I hasten to add that Volstead himself could find no fault with the contents of my glass.

Antiquities are for sale, here and everywhere. If you ask for it, they will bring you anything smaller than a temple or a pyramid or some such trifle, and will describe eloquently its virtues and its antiquity almost as well in front of Shepheard's as anywhere. It might appear hardly worth while to stir from there, to lame your joints climbing the pyramids, or to endure the discomforts of riding on donkeys and camels, when everything is at hand. However, there are snake charmers and magicians and antiquaries elsewhere.



Valley of the Tombs of the Kings of Egypt.

I was riding my donkey on the way to the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings. A native came alongside and offered me a scarab.

"Very good," he cried. "Genuine, antique. Time of Rameses the Great. Very cheap. Three pounds, fifteen dollars."

I gave it not even a casual examination. I did not so much as put on my glasses to discover if I could form a judgment concerning it. I told him I did not want it.

"Cheap, very cheap," he said. "If you no give fifteen dollars how much you give?"

"One piaster," I replied. That is a coin of the value of five cents.

"Take it," he said. "I have others at the same price."

I took it. It was worth every cent I paid for it. It would have cost me more at Shepheard's, and it was worth more to get it in the way I did.

Genuine antiquities are still to be had. The Cairo Museum has some for sale. But it is a poor lot in quality, however desirable for antiquity. They keep the best, give the next choices to the museums of Europe and America, then show what is left to special scholars, and what remains for the public is a poor enough lot of antiquated junk. It is better to buy outside, if one can be sure of getting the real thing.

In recent years, exploration in Egypt has been mainly in the region about the site of ancient Thebes. It was not always so. The Rosetta stone was discovered at the very mouth of the Nile, in 1799. It was this by-product of the Napoleonic Wars that unlocked the closed door to a knowledge of the Egyptian hieroglyphics. The region inhabited by the Israelites in the fertile land of Goshen yielded knowledge of the treasure cities of Rameses and Pithom. Sakkarah, and the site of ancient Memphis, once the seat of mighty power, and situated only a score of miles from that center of all things, Shepheard's hotel, has yielded rich treasures. Oxyrynchus and Tel el Amarna, both on the way up the Nile, have enriched the world with unexpected knowledge. But since the discovery of the royal mummies of the greater kings of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties, in the last quarter of the 19th Century, the greatest eagerness has been manifested in recovering the remaining tombs of those two families of kings.

It was not a lucky accident that led to the discovery of the tomb of Tut-ankh-amon. It was known that this one tomb must be somewhere in the valley with the tombs of the greater kings of that eighteenth dynasty. His father-in-law, Ikhnaten, removed the capitol from Thebes, and his tomb was naturally near his own new capitol, named for himself and identified. But Tut-ankh-amon moved back to Thebes, and his inscription is legible on the walls of the Temple of Luxor, telling how and why he did it. I saw it there twenty-four years ago, and it was then a matter of feeble concern. I saw it again on this recent visit, and it was a matter of chief interest. His tomb was sought with more definite and methodical investigation than can always be expected. Lord Carnarvon, whose own personal interests were more with horse races than with Egyptian antiquities, was interested and willing to furnish money. He died in the accomplishment of his quest, but he died successful.

Interest still centers in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings, but the last known royal tomb has been found. The tomb of King Tut was the last. And it is now empty. Little did I think when in 1902, I walked the length of the galleries of the tomb of Rameses VI, that I was treading above the head of another, although lesser, king, whose discovery a few years later would set the world talking. And now, as I bestride a donkey for another ride to that familiar valley, I meditate with solemn reflection that King Tut has gained more publicity than any one of his far greater predecessors. And yet I do not wholly despise King Tut.

I suspect he owes his popularity in no small degree to the fact that his full name is so difficult and his newspaper name so easy to pronounce. I have had more frequent occasion than most men to use his full name. Tut-ankh-amon is still a difficult name to speak, but how easy it is to say "King Tut."

What do we know about Tut-ankh-amon? Our actual knowledge is not great. We do not know whether he had in him any royal blood, or whether he became a king by right of his marriage to Ankh-es-en-pa-Aten, third daughter of King Amenophis IV, of Ikhnaten. That heretic king had daughters but no son. His first daughter, Mert-Aten, married Smenkh-ka-Re, and her husband probably died. The second daughter, Makt-Aten, died unmarried. The third daughter married Tut-Ankh-Aten while she was a mere girl, and he at that time was so named in recognition of the sun-god Aten, whom Amenophis III had made the sole (Continued on page 27)

# Reconstruction and the Negro Race

## South Tries to Forget the Troubles That Followed Its Rehabilitation

By TOWNSEND BOYER

ILLUSTRATED BY J. C. GRAHAM

OFTEN the work of the soldier on the battlefield is lost or nullified by the politician or the seeker after special privilege; many historians credit the quarrel between President Johnson and Congress with doing more harm to the spirit of nationalism and the economic situation in the South than did the Civil War itself. Having lost the war we expected nothing but to accept defeat and adjust ourselves to the new order, but the Reconstruction was felt to be an unjustifiable and unchivalrous abuse of a fallen foe, and inimical to the Anglo-Saxon instinct of fair play.

The uncertainty and hysteria that follows war, which in this instance was intensified by the assassination of Lincoln, caused conditions favorable for this quarrel to assume the proportions of a national calamity.

To realize that the South meant to take its defeat in proper spirit and to do the right thing by the negro we have only to consider these historical facts: not the Emancipation Proclamation, as is popularly supposed, but the Thirteenth Amendment was the act that officially set free all the negroes in America. The proclamation set free only the negroes in certain states. This is not to suggest that Lincoln did not intend eventually to abolish this national irritant and menace, though it does bear out what we have come to believe of Lincoln, that the preservation of the Union was at all times the thing that held the greatest interest of his heart.

Upon his accession to the Presidency, Andrew Johnson, wishing to carry out Lincoln's plans of accepting back into the Union with as little ado as possible the seceded Southern states, granted with a few negligible exceptions a general amnesty and permitted the states to organize new governments and elect new Senators and Representatives to the Congress that was to meet in December. Without a murmur these new state governments ratified the Thirteenth Amendment, freeing every negro in America.

Unfortunately these Southern people, realizing what they were facing with four and a half million negroes who were without means and were cut loose from all restraint, had passed vagrancy laws in order to have some sort of legal control over the situation. Immediately these laws were interpreted in the North as a direct blow at the negro's sorely bought liberty and were destined to be a firebrand in the highly inflammable state of national feeling.

Meanwhile the Freedmen's bureau, created even before the battle flags were furled to "give relief to refugees and freedmen," was hopelessly confusing and irritating the race situation. No doubt that in its conception and purpose the Freedmen's bureau was noble and worthy; it gave needed relief and it established some schools for both white and black children. Many Southern people remember with gratitude those noble men and women from New England whose schools were the one bit of helpful neighborly work in that time of bitterness and distrust. But these blessings did not offset the damage done to the South by creating an intense race feeling, the effects of which are felt to this day.

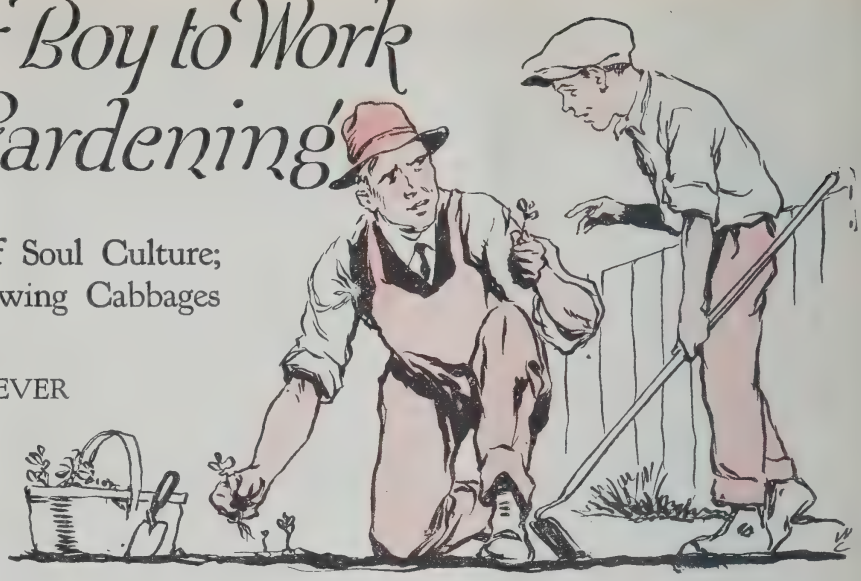
Congress gave this bureau almost arbitrary power in managing the affairs of the negroes, a power that was greatly abused and misused. It stood between the negro and his white employer, presumably to see that the negro was treated right, but there was extortion and bribery and endless confusion. Many of the bureau's officials deliberately filled the negro with hatred and distrust of his former master, a thing not difficult to accomplish under the circumstances. They inculcated dangerous political ambitions and social hopes and helped the negro to acquire a taste for idleness and unearned luxuries and to expect endless gratuities from the government that had already done so much; they organized the negro into secret political societies and taught him to use the weapon of the strike for higher wages. To augment the damaging influence on the negro, much of this manna that was falling into his life was from the bankrupt and confiscated property of the Confederacy.



Many of the Freedmen's bureau officials deliberately filled the negro with hatred and distrust of his former master.

It needed but the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments, granting full citizenship and unrestrained suffrage to the negro, and the Reconstruction Act, disfranchising the white people who had given aid to the Confederacy—naturally all the best class of white people—to complete this witch's brew of trouble. Seeing rich pickings in the unprecedented situation of a semi-barbarian people in political power over (Continued on page 30)

# Teach Your Boy to Work Through Gardening



## Soil Culture Is But a Part of Soul Culture; Character Comes With Growing Cabbages

By
WILLIAM A. McKEEVER

IT IS my theory that industry is a great human instinct; that the basic industries, in which the masses are engaged, are soil culture, manufacture, transportation and selling; that the rudiments of these should be taught to all the young alike to humanize them; that the industrial training of the child of any age should always have reference to the production of character and not the production of goods; that to deny the young his brief participation in any of these great trunk-line industries is partly to suppress his nature and to cause him some kind of ill in his later life.

Teach your boy to work in the soil. Nature gave him an inherent hunger for contact with the primitive earth and for making things grow out of its elements. Satisfy this instinctive desire as best you can and you thus make him familiar with one of the mighty and endless race practices. In so far as you also humanize him, render him sympathetic with the conditions and needs of mankind and lay a foundation for his later success in his chosen calling. It is the soft, under-developed, inexperienced, uninitiated boy who later will look for an opportunity to cheat, to practice graft, or to get something for nothing.

If the sunlight is available in the place where you live, you may have a garden. You may hang a box of earth, measuring half a foot by two by three feet, out on the window sill, and by means of this, teach your child the simplest elements of soil culture. You may show him how seeds are germinated, and how to produce a few handfuls of staple vegetables. From experience with this tiny thing he may later develop into a farmer or a food producer of some specialized class. Put in some lettuce, radishes, onions and cress. If you care to go to the trouble of making one side of the box of glass, you and your child may actually watch the development of the roots and tendrils of the growing plant.

It is often merely a lazy excuse of city parents that they have no opportunity of teaching their children soil culture. Within the limits of even the large city, or along the border of it, there are thousands of vacant lots and unoccupied spots whereon something might be grown. During long summer evenings and Saturday afternoons, one may go with a boy and make a semi-picnic out of a valuable garden project. I have not only tried this matter and proved it, but I have also conducted state-wide campaigns for the purpose of putting it into effect on a large scale.

You may begin as late as the first week in June, you may have the commonest of soil—practically pure sand or clay or dump material—and manage from this to produce a very good garden. Water, sunlight, and care will do the trick. Last summer I tested out a slender city boy of thirteen. After June first, and on a sandy, wind-swept lot where people thought nothing could be grown, he produced radishes, onions, corn and tomatoes enough for a family of four. All he needed was a plan, a few simple tools and a bit of inspiration from dad, to make the matter one of education and delight. A piece of ground twenty feet square will do much toward feeding the family, as far as fresh vegetables are concerned.

*A City Boy Who Grew Enough for Four Persons*

The clubs of boys and girls of the country have formed themselves into a miniature republic, with cabinet officers and other officials. This is the right idea, for it connects the social and the civic interests with production and economy. But the city boys need something of this kind even more. Think of the idea of a 16-year-old lounging around a beach during the busy summer days. His next higher step is "cake-eater." But it is possible to organize town and city boys into garden clubs for the summer vacation season, with social, economic and "swimming-hole" practice combined with the soil culture. Baseball and other athletic games will also fit into the program.

Employ a man who combines the qualities of the teacher and play leader. Put him on full time, and make him director of the vacation activities of the boys of a given class and neighborhood. Include gardening singly or by groups, or both forms; also connect the affair with play, recreation, hiking, camping and business enterprise. Make it an all-inclusive program, such as will account for practically all the spare time of the boys enlisted. Thus you will do the parents a great favor and the character of the boys a greater one. I have indirectly organized hundreds of such clubs. In many instances the boys have conducted a general sale of their produce on the local market. In others, they have made one big clean-up sale of something like potatoes, corn or cabbages, from a single big tract which they cultivated.

Every growing boy should have at least a brief summer season on the farm. Nothing of an industrial character will quite equal such an arrangement in the matter of personal development and insight into the problem of food production. Even a long day in the field is far better than any length of day of loafing about the resorts. Under right management practically all the wheat harvesting could be done by high school youths sent out from the city. They make better harvest hands than almost any other "green" class, as they are quick and willing.

Every high school should be a placing agency for city boys who wish to take a brief turn on the farm during the summer. Not only should they be placed by this agency, but they should be supervised while at work in the country. No course in the school proper could possibly prove more instructive and helpful than the rightly managed field work. Nothing would give more meaning and common sense application to the bookish lessons which city boys are forced to recite in the classroom.

(Concluded on page 26)

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

THE inquiry needs to be urged, How much has this nation learned from its economic experiences of the past fifty years? The suggestion needs to be strongly put forth, that examination of our present business practices—*now*—might prove of unsuspected benefit to the nation.

All the aspects of a gold rush at the Klondike have been present in American business practices during recent years. There has been a great lack of that wider vision which sees business in its general relations; there has been lack even of a desire for that vision. We are still in the pot-hunter stage; business and industry have not risen in our minds as the meeting place of all law and science and service.

There are, of course, a few men who see these higher ranges of the common daily things we do, but perception is not very far advanced. Perhaps one of the great hindrances is the slowness of the people to comprehend the deep meanings of industry and commerce to their lives. They may not be blameworthy for what they do not know, but the fact remains that the principal support given to destructive forms of business comes from the people.

Those who analyze the danger-spots in today's conditions know definitely that it is not the great aggregations of capital but the great aggregations of gullible people that are promoting and supporting the practices which are threatening to drain the sap from our prosperous tree of economic life. The gold rush habit is irresistible among the people. They are the perennial, and apparently willing, victims of every fallacy that promises much for little.

But the tendency to lay the blame must be greatly tempered by the duty of laying the responsibility. This "something for nothing" philosophy has been received by the people from the older philosophy of business. This being true, it remains the responsibility of the business community to do all that it can to retract this wrong impression given, and lead the people into truer views of economic life.

In doing so the business community will be pricked by a sharp sense of its own shortcomings. Insofar as this weakness and delusion of the people is used to support temporary selfish onslaughts upon the general prosperity, insofar does it participate in the unspeakable crime of deliberately destroying the people's means of life.

*WE need more philosophers in prosperity. The world does not go far on the philosophy born of adversity. If we did more thinking in the time of our national prosperity, we should have to do less mournful wondering in the time of national depression. For the abundance of the latter usually results from lack of the former. It is the exercise of care while we are driving, not the exercise of remorse after an accident, that makes for long and prosperous journeys. Now is the time for American industry and commerce to examine its bearings and its direction. The time to inspect the ship is before trouble develops.*

Business itself has been ruled these recent years by the salesman's philosophy, which is at best a partial and lopsided one. It has even proved to be dangerous to established prosperity because it exploits an incidental factor at the expense of the whole. Business has allowed itself to be remolded, reshaped and swung aside by the recently enthroned philosophy of "pep" which has made the salesman, his methods and his point of view, the high priest of business practice.

Any factor let to run wild, or permitted to "sell" itself as the main pillar of industry, is likely to prove a serious detriment, because in the excessive zeal with which it pursues its own special interest it cannot escape the setting up of false relations and the setting in motion of extremely dangerous tendencies. The salesman's philosophy is written all over American business practices at the present moment and constitutes one of our most serious points of danger.

Salesmanship, when it has developed every curious scheme to get goods into everybody's hands, comes to an end. That is its judgment. Right courses do not come to an end, they expand into ever broader fields. Business has been led down a blind alley, and must now retrace its steps to the main highway whose watchword is Service—Service of which salesmanship is but a small and, in some instances, an easily dispensable part. In any case, salesmanship can never safely be considered more than a part of Service, and Service in its best sense will dwarf the importance of salesman's philosophy so much that in comparison with its present importance it will seem to have disappeared. Business that exists merely to keep a sales force going at what that force wants to do, and in the way it wants to do it, may have a merry time for a period, but it comes to a speedy end or a sudden, total change.

American business needs to analyze these factors and take reckonings of its course. When the damage is completed, an examination is not so fruitful. Let American business men begin to consider their business practices while these practices can be examined in motion. Philosophy in adversity is proverbial, but let us become philosophers in prosperity and avoid the necessity of the other sort.

It is the part of wisdom to inspect the ship when inspection can be made thorough. Emergencies test policies, but seldom generate them.

**"Ford Ideals," 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

### *The "Hearings"*

THE "hearings" were rather unnecessary to begin with, but since the "wets" would have them they were granted, and the outcome was precisely that expected. The total result was an exhibition of gross-mindedness against public-spirited decency, and the more observant "wets" must have become aware, long before the hearings were done, that their psychology was as wrong as that of the German General Staff. Even General Lincoln C. Andrews' much heralded "cry for beer" failed utterly. It merely led to the comment: "What can be expected from a man who talks so much about what he is *going to do?*" That was the occasion of the first public misgiving with reference to General Andrews. Too much promise. Too much palaver acceptable to impressionable "drys." And then, biff! the medicinal beer permit which very few of the states will permit regardless of what General Andrews says. That was a dud. Duly the "wet" press reverberated with the great news that medicinal beer had been permitted. We were invited to behold this first significant crack in the hull of the Constitution. And then the blank silence of public indifference. It was so much of a dud that even the "drys" did not protest. And the "wets" were unable to keep up their cry of exultation beyond the second day. Then at the hearings came General Andrews' great word of comfort to the "wets," his "cry for beer," as the "wet" press described it. But again it fell on silence. Why? The people instinctively know that it is not important. It doesn't mean anything. The hearings, with all their attendant circumstances, have simply certified the American people that the anti-Constitution hue and cry had nothing behind it. The expected revolt did not materialize. The forces of "personal liberty" did not rise. An oppressed people did not seize the opportunity for deliverance.

It looks as if there is nothing left except for General Andrews to enforce the law, or get out.

### *Canada and Tariff*

DOES it not occur to Canadians that American manufacturers who are proprietors of Canadian plants have a very natural reason for wishing Canada to retain its tariff wall? That reason is, of course, that the tariff permits them to mulct Canadian buyers of higher prices than will be possible now. Canadians will now get their goods cheaper, which means increased purchasing power. The argument that the tariff is necessary to upbuild Canadian industry may be answered by the facts: where is the industry it has upbuilt? The strongest industries in Canada are those that have proceeded upon the theory of the best service at the lowest cost—that is, those that have ignored the tariff—and these are not at all affected by tariff reduction today. Political-business is no business at all. Tariff-sustained industry is government paternalism of a dangerous sort.

### *The New Sphere of Science*

THIS is a technical age. We can no longer depend on opinions or generalities and live. We must deal with facts.

Man cannot break laws; laws break him. The laws of this world were set down by the Creator before man began to live. All of these laws work, in spite of Congresses or of Senatorial dignity. They do not recognize social status nor financial position. If a weight is dropped, it falls, and where it lands the energy of its fall is and must be expended. There is neither hocus-pocus, nor habeas corpus, nor *pax vobiscum* that will stop that law or turn it aside.

Man's full labor for happiness is therefore in the discovery of those laws so that knowing he may not transgress them to his own harm, and may save his fellows from like punishment.

In this technical age, we are approaching a time when we must have a technical government. Politicians and small-town lawyers cannot translate science into everyday life for the benefit of their constituents, nor discuss with other than perfunctory oratory matters requiring knowledge of fact. Washington already is full of men of science serving our nation for a pittance, and under the dominance of the old-time politician. It is time they were taken from their offices in the Department of What Not, and moved to Capitol Hill with authority to act.

### *Peace by the Air Line*

AGREEMENT between England, France and Germany on matters of aviation is announced, and is of prime importance; for it is highly possible, indeed probable, that the airplane may be the harbinger of a new and lasting peace.

To the airplane there are no boundaries. The air has neither limitations nor landmarks, it cannot be staked out, nor can it be contaminated by national hatreds. Nations can pass laws regarding the air, but it is difficult to

enforce them. There was a law, promulgated by the Inter-Allied Commission, prohibiting ships of foreign nations from flying over German territory. Ships did, nevertheless, and when they were forced to land they were seized by the Germans. Now the three nations have gathered around a council table, and have at last agreed to something.

With aviation and radio, Europe is rapidly being forced to an international language. Peace comes with understanding; understanding comes with contact and acquaintance; and these are made possible by communication. As transportation is bettered, understanding increases. Misunderstandings are wiped out.

### *Plant by the Moon*

GRANDAD refused to plant potatoes until the moon was just right. Said they wouldn't "do well." Refused to listen to the modern view that it was all superstition.

Now science comes to the fore with the announcement that grandad was right. It seems that scientists now understand the nature of moonlight in connection with plant growth and are able to duplicate in the laboratory the effects of moonlight. Moonlight is reflected sunlight but differs from sunlight in that it is polarized light, that is, light waves which vibrate in one direction, whereas ordinary light waves vibrate in all directions. It has been found that certain plant growth is increased by polarized light.

So grandad was justified in merely getting the ground ready for planting and then going fishing until the moon came his way in the proper quarter. In ancient times, when human life depended largely on the success or failure of crops, much attention was given to the time it was planted and comparisons made. The originators of the moon-phase idea knew by experience that in certain quarters of the moon they were sure of a bumper crop. They knew the effect but not the cause. Even the early Scripture speaks of "the precious things brought forth by the sun, and the precious things put forth by the moon." Biblical commentators have not known how to deal with the passage. Along comes science, and both Scripture and grandad can say, "I told you so."

### *The Decline of the Mawkish*

THE most remarkable thing about the Holaday Bill for the deportation of alien criminals is that such a measure was not passed years ago. That this nation is a refuge for the weak, the oppressed and the incapable has long been a popular theme with the sentimentalists. That it should also be a sanctuary for the criminals of the world seems likewise to have their complete support. In the face of the rising flood of crime in America, these rapturous emotionalists have the hardihood to oppose the Holaday act as "unjust harshness" to the alien!

To expel foreign gunmen from our shores is of course unjust. It is outrageous that we should refuse to coddle these convicts to our breast. So say the sentimentalists. "An immigrant who sheltered his own smuggled brother would be liable to this penalty," bemoans one New York newspaper. Surely the law should wink at crime, especially when perpetrated by aliens in the name of kinship!

Maudlin spellbinders of specious sentiment are losing caste in this country. Common sense is beginning to dictate our policy on immigration. And common sense is growing weary of the pretense of harboring the oppressed of the earth, when it is really the most dangerous oppressors that we are harboring.

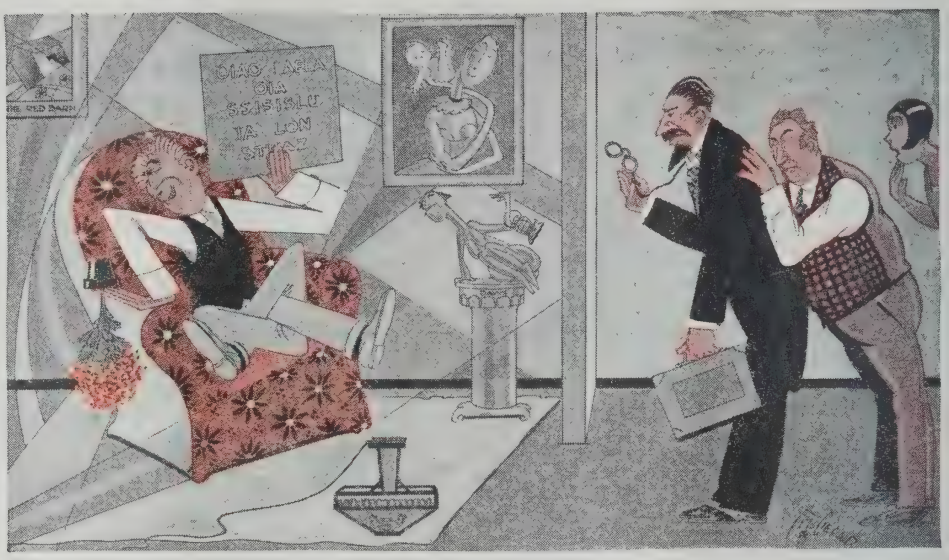
### *It Is Not the Cost*

NEWSPAPERS favorable to the Administration are complaining about the cost of investigations into political wrong-doing. Putting aside the fact that it is not an attitude which the Administration can itself gracefully take, there is something to be said about the other fact that investigations make little or no difference. If all the colossal wrong-doing of American officials during the last war and during the Harding Administration was to be examined and exposed, it would be the work of one or two generations; both prosecutors and culprits would be moldering in the grave before the job was fairly begun. And as to the public, it would be weary long before any question had been finally determined. That is the discouraging thing about investigations. They would be worth all they cost if they led to such a wall of public sentiment that repetition of the crime would be impossible in future. But apparently that desirable end is to be attained another way.

### *About Face!*

ENGLAND has at last come to understand that it is not only labor that has been subsisting on a dole, but industry too. The Lloyd-Georgian philosophy of the hand-out has spread its poison throughout English activity. As there is no source of revenue but the people, this is a case of the cow trying to live upon her own milk—and it cannot be done. England is sometimes slow to see the fact, but does not evade it once seen. But surely never in her history has she been confronted with problems requiring such complete abandonment of adopted policy as she now is. Her course with regard to present problems will be of as momentous consequence to her as was the war.

# And, Behold, Humbug Is King



You and I, hearing one near to us declaiming "expressionist poetry" in the Blumner fashion, would certainly consider it a case of dementia and call in a specialist.

## Literary Quackery Has Now a Vogue Created by the Patronage of Chameleonic Individuals Who Eagerly Swallow All Luridly Colored Concoctions

By CHARLES J. FINGER

IF THE *Spectra* hoax proved the emptiness of one faddist movement, if it showed how any incredible inanity or any preposterous notion could find followers among the weak-minded who are everlastingly on the lookout for any new kind of mental dissipation, it did not check faddist activities in any marked degree. Perhaps nothing could do that, except some miracle such as that described by Wells in one of his stories, a miracle whereby all men become imbued with a frank honesty.

Year after year fad has followed fad, each to have a brief day, each to have its crop of followers. Given a literary eccentricity in Europe, given some fraud or fanatic, given some one on the border line between sanity and insanity, given a rascal sharp and cunning and plausible with a line of talk about breaking up academic limitations—given any of these, and some for whom notoriety is the very breath of life will leap to the rôle of protagonist this side of the Atlantic and straightway elaborate theories.

Chameleonic individuals whose aim is to appear up to date are alert to appropriate any idea whatsoever, and, slightly transforming it, give it the stamp of their own individuality. With their new toy they are welcomed in "cultivated" circles. Out of the window goes the old and tried lamp, and the glittering new thing takes its place. Literary societies and reading circles, too ignorant or idle to observe and compare, discuss the novelty with great gravity. Young people of perverted mind and no literary background proclaim their adherence. Odd and out-of-the-way journals seize upon the fad, and, behold, humbug is king.

So have risen, to fall, movements Realistic, Romantic, Didactic, Sexualistic, Symbolistic, Esthetic, Decadent, Mystic, Futuristic.

Meanwhile, the common man, who in the long run foots the bill and so decides the issue, goes on his way. He is a little blinded at times because of the wind-whirled sands of disputation, but on the whole he continues to go forward in a certain direction enjoying, in utter defiance of what he is told to enjoy, the old things, or the new things with world-old meaning. In the main he is after the sane things, the understandable things, the interesting things. Touching the ultra-modern he finds queer things by men of erratic mind. And stepping from his orderly business world into the world literary he seems to be moving into topsy-turvy land where are offered haphazard experiments and where few things are complete or comprehensive.

So he wonders whether there is not some polaris by which a charted course can be laid. He knows what he likes and he knows what sustains him intellectually just as he knows what sustains him physically. Yet he is told that he is to be suspicious of the things he likes. To base preferences upon individual taste, he is told, is hedonism, and the word has a sinister sound.

Intermittently he analyzes roughly and finds that his preferences run to that which has literary finish. He likes Barrie, for instance, and much of Kipling; and Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*. Descriptions and portrayals, too, he enjoys, especially when the words used are the right and characteristic words. In that connection he remembers some of Fielding, much of Twain, a good deal of Stevenson, much of Cooper, and of London, and of Stephen Crane about whose work so little seems to be said nowadays.

Still, there are, in magazines and papers, writers who affect superiority talking about new values and the passing of the old; and there is Upton Sinclair writing about vicious and perverted standards, damning with faint praise anything non-Marxian. But, trying the new and the praised, or some of it, he revolts. So much does not seem to function, as it were. So often there seems to be manifest a kind of savage indifference to sense or order. So often instead of beauty there is the wild riotousness of a scrap dealer's yard.

There seems to be no consensus of opinion. Mencken and Sherman stand opposed and their followers are split into sects and parties, and theories are dinned daily from a thousand magazines, papers, books, platforms. There are bodies here and bodies there like brigades marching about aimlessly without officers. Or it is all like a sea crowded with yelling, vociferating pilots

in rudderless crafts, each advocating a different course. Our man then hears all those frantic appeals and wonders the more if there is not some guiding star, some polaris.

Searching for some such guide, let us look into some of the newest of new movements. Consider first the latest blast from the trumpet of a pioneer who would break up academic limitations of subject and fashion of treatment. The expression has the old familiar ring; the movement is absolutism; the exponent is Rudolph Blümner, a former actor in Germany who suddenly became filled with divine afflatus. His vehicle, in his own words, is "expressionist poetry—the conceptually illogical but esthetically logical combination of words which renders possible a lingual-melodic rhythmatization leading to a unity."

That verbiage is not clear as crystal by any means. It may be the rodomontade of a fraud, or it may be evidence of the exalted nervous tension of a man on the verge of insanity. But the proof of the pudding is in the eating, so I copy part of one of his poems. I have not dragged it from any explanatory context, and it must be remembered that the words have no meaning and are not part of any known language. The thing is "to be read musically," he tells us, with "no desire to convey meaning to the hearer":

Oiao laela oia ssisislu
Enaudio tress sudio mischnumi
Ia lon stuaz
Brorr schjayy

and so on. With that gibberish and blabber the addle-pated mountebank declares that he has given "sound an ethereal freedom, liberated it from the earthern vestiture of elements too material and too human." His American introducer, H. G. Schaffaeur, in his book *The New Vision of the German Arts* (B. Huebsch, 1924), says that Blümner's theory is "highly subjective, but it is also rooted in instinct and nature, and so cannot be dismissed as mere nonsense." But you and I and hundreds more who turn away when meretricious pretense seems to call our attention will have no hesitation in dismissing it as pernicious nonsense because it is without sense, and, hearing one near to us declaiming in the Blümner fashion, a bookkeeper in the office or a man in the machine shop or one of our own children would certainly consider it a case of dementia and call in a specialist.



Stepping from his orderly business world into the world literary he seems to be moving into topsy-turvy land.

While the Absolute poem has not yet invaded this country, its near cousin the Expressionist poem is with us. "I will not," runs the Expressionist creed, "let the outer world impinge upon me and use me as a recording or interpreting instrument. I am the recorder, the interpreter of my own inner feelings, thoughts, moods, emotions; and these I express directly, abstractly, free of the thralldom of the object, unburdened by the material of the thing, or the image of the thing.'

There you have the ring of the unbalanced mind, the mind with no sense of proportion. But on that aspect it is unnecessary to dwell. We pass, instead, to the outcome of this inner-consciousness, and here it is—the poem unrestricted, unconfined, no sail, no rudder, so to speak. I give the complete poem. The poet's name is Kurt Liebmann.

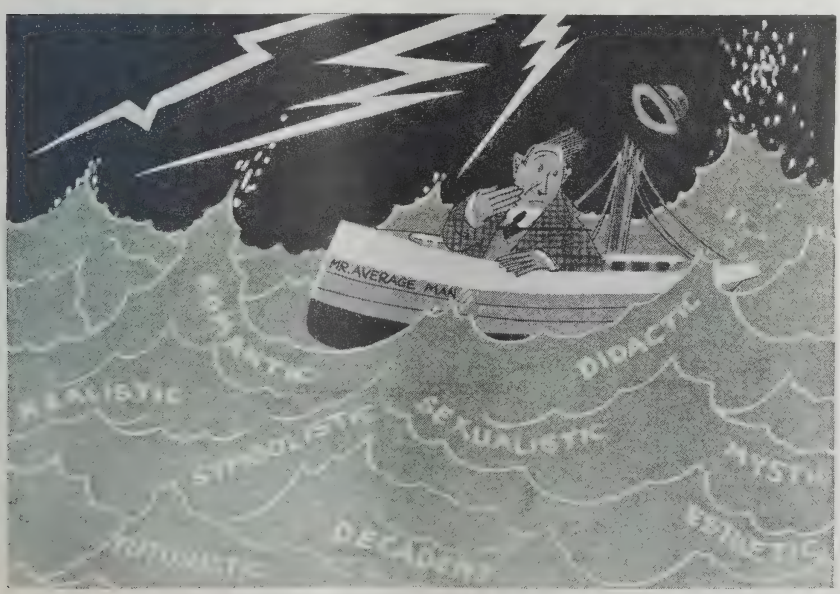
Thy hair fluffs smiles
breath velvet
Thou
Kissest at longings silver-thread
claw stark plaint
to waving light
and
curling
circling
bluest
sigh.

"But," says the literary rebel of the advanced school, "you must concede everything; you must free your mind to grasp the hidden beauty." And certainly he who concedes everything, that is he who yields to hypnosis, may come to believe anything and everything, and therefore nothing. He may believe that the earth is flat, that parallel lines meet, that snow is sauerkraut. But, for the sake of experiment, try to let your mind be a *tabla rasa* for a moment and see what you make of a poem by E. E. Cummings. I choose him because he is an American, because he appears in the *Dial*, because he is bracketed with Malcolm Cowley, William Carlos Williams, Gorham B. Munson, and Waldo Frank as among the elect. I copy the poem from the issue of the magazine *Secession*, July, 1922.

life hurl my yes, crumbles hand(ful
released concarefetti) every flitter
ings where
mill)ions of aflickf)litter ing bright
million of S hurl edindogge; ing
whom areEyes shy-dodge is bright
cruMbshandful, quick-hurl edin-
who
is flittercrumbs, fluttercrimbs, and
float falling; allwhere;

and so on. I have quoted enough to show the significance, or otherwise, of the thing. Unless I am greatly mistaken, any business man finding that on his auditor's desk and in his auditor's handwriting would consider it, if he considered it at all, as marking a case for the alienist. I imagine him standing amazed, asking himself whether it signified some lesion of the brain center, or whether it was a piece of sheer impudence, or whether it was a hoax.

But turning to another issue of the same magazine, *Secession*, he would find an explanatory article by Waldo Frank, and he would read that the *Secession* group is composed of inspired intellects which have "glimpsed certain truths still largely alien from human experience." Why those truths should




The modern literary sea.

take the form of uncouth nonsense is not clear, but we do learn that the new school has evolved "the harsh and guttural beauty of new words," and new words, Frank tells us, are necessary for the new experience of man. Searching further, our hard-headed business man would discover that the paramount aim was emotional appeal. He would further find that the newest poetry "frankly experiments in the direction of what will be new and better adapted to self-expression than anything that has gone before."

So far so good. Our imaginary efficient workaday man bears all that in mind. Then he ponders awhile. He remembers having read, or heard, or thought, certainly agreed with the idea that the artist in literature is known by his verity of insight as well as by the way in which he reflects his impressions of nature and of life, of the problems of men; and it seems to him that the language of the day, a slowly changing language it is true, has always been an adequate vehicle. As to emotional appeal, he has certainly read things that stirred him. But when it comes to talking about the language of the future, it seems to him to be unnecessary to spend time over that in the present. Then like a flash comes another idea. He remembers certain poems. They fascinated in after contemplation. But that strange, chaotic stuff did nothing of the kind. Without substance, it vanished like a bad dream.

*Skimming the Cream of the Cream*

The test of memory then is one thing. And the average man remembers because of several things: for one because of the interesting or beautiful images; for another because the poet shows himself to possess vigor, descriptive powers, fecundity; because of felicity of phrase; because of the presence of wit and point and polish; because of simplicity and beauty; because of elemental sympathy; because of clear certainty and warmth; because of—well, skimming the cream of the cream, for the average man, in any poem worthy of the name, the music and the images harmonize with the thought. Or put it this way: for the average intelligent man a poem is the flowering into words of a mood, an idea, an experience.

*The Day When the Cat Was Buried*

Let us place two modern poems side by side. First, one by William Carlos Williams, a modern of moderns. I take his "Complete Destruction" from his book *Sour Grapes*, published by the Four Seas Company, Boston. Here it is in its entirety:

It was an icy day,
We buried the cat,
then took the box
and set fire to it
in the back yard.
Those fleas that escaped
earth and fire
died by the cold.

Now take another, this time by Edwin Arlington Robinson.

RICHARD CORY

Whenever Richard Cory went down town,
We people on the pavement looked at him;
He was a gentleman from sole to crown,
Clean favored and imperially slim.
And he was always quietly arrayed,
And he was always human when he talked;
But still he fluttered pulses when he said,
"Good morning," and he glittered when he walked.
And he was rich—yes, richer than a king,
And admirably schooled in every grace;
In fine, we thought that he was everything
To make us wish that we were in his place.
So on we worked, and waited for the light,
And went without the meat, and cursed the bread;
And Richard Cory, one calm summer night,
Went home and put a bullet through his head.

Without any of that vague respect for the mysterious non-understandable which influenced editors to accept the *Spectra* stuff, which of the two poems of incident, as I choose to call them, holds the emotion appeal? In which is there obvious straining after effect? In which is there stiffness? In which affectation? Which seems silly, or extravagant, or the effect of some aberration? The answer is evident.

Once more, in which of these that follow do you find ecstacy, a quickening of the pulse, a vision? First, I quote from a book of mood poems published in Chicago, called *The Magpie's Shadow*, written by Yvor Winters. The poet is striving after a certain Chinese naïveté. The poems, complete, follow in their cryptic brevity:

FIELDS

I did not pick
a flower.

and

WINTER ECHO

Thin air! My mind is gone.

Now consider this, by A. E. Housman. It is quite as matter-of-fact as the Winters' contribution, but which possesses the charm? Which poet strikes you as pregnant of imaginative power? Here is the Housman

EIGHT O'CLOCK

He stood, and heard the steeple
Sprinkle the quarters on the morning town.
One, two, three, four, to market place and people
It tossed them down.
Strapped, noosed, nighing his hour.
He stood and counted them and cursed his luck;
And then the clock collected in the tower
Its strength and struck.

Comment is needless. Both Winters and Housman are at work on the same idea, that of creating a poem which when read will make the thought continue. But the common man feels and knows that Housman wins easily. He reads of the hapless fellow on the gallows and his accompanying mental state is one of extraordinary tension; the entire scene impresses itself to the minutest detail in such way that the intensity becomes painful. That is art. But what of tension do you get in

*Fear of Lifeless Literature Is Baseless*

Thin air. My mind is gone.

It might mean anything or nothing. To the common man it means something very much akin to the yellow stockings and crisscross garters of Malvolio.

New forms, not imitative, have their place today as they had their place when the Elizabethan lyrists sang of a world unknown to the Chaucerians. The sane man no more rebels against them than he rebels against airplanes or automobiles or radio instruments. For that sane man knows that there is no resting place in the camps of the hidebound classists any more than in the camp of the lawless rebels who would rip open the bud to obtain the full flower. Between the two forces is safety.

If that is doubted, take a sweeping survey of the field of American poetry. At once it must be plain to any open-eyed man that the expressed fear of a lifeless literature is baseless. With what astonishment would Edward Rowland Sill regard Sandburg's *Chicago Poems?* What would the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table have to say of Masters the cynic? Would Whittier read or understand John Gould Fletcher? Doubtless James Russell Lowell with that true comprehension of the philosophy of democracy of his would enjoy Ezra Pound's *Ballad of the Goodly Fere*, but what would be made of the same poet's *Three Cantos?* Emerson might join hands with George Santayana, but James Oppenheim would sorely puzzle him. Certainly Washington Irving would consider Robert Frost as a daring innovator. Viewed in retrospect we have marched far. But reach a little further back. Mark the vast gulf that separates the American moderns from Rossetti, and Clough, and Tennyson, and Mrs. Browning—a gulf far deeper and wider than that which separates those named from Milton, or Marlowe, or Raleigh, or Sir Philip Sidney, or George Herbert.

*Gulf Divides Moderns From Victorians*

The common man is not so absurd as to place his trust in a machine all brake, neither in one all motor. He knows that both are essential to safe and sane progress

# Australia—A White Man's Country

## Island Continent Believes Its Prosperity Lies in the Path of the Anglo-Saxon

By WILLIAM LEE CALNON

WITH practically the same area as the United States, and three-fourths the size of Europe, the continent of Australia stretches from the tropics deep into the south temperate zone. From east to west it reaches almost the distance from New York to San Francisco. It is an island continent fraught with wondrous possibilities that as yet scarcely have been comprehended.

The population of Australia is at present about six millions. The country could support, and at some future date probably will support, a population greater than the present 120,000,000 Americans. Vast territories inland are as yet untouched, the two major cities of Sydney and Melbourne claiming one-third of all the population now resident in Australia. Each of these cities has a million population, each has a splendid harbor, and each transacts a tremendous business both at home and abroad. Rivalry between the two is intense.

The commonwealth of Australia, part of the British Empire, includes the large island of Tasmania lying to the south and comprising a state in itself. On the main continent there are five states and one territory. The states are Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia and West Australia. The northern territory includes a great section of country about which very little is known. There also are stretches of hundreds of miles in extent in West Australia that are unknown to white men.



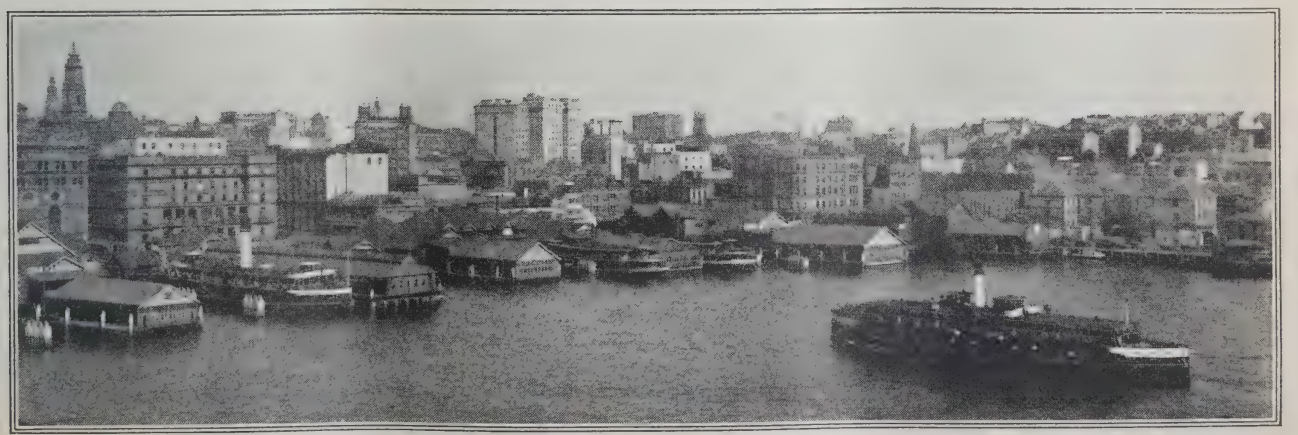
Settlers in Australia clearing away trees on home site.

Nature has favored Australia in many ways. Its climate is perhaps the finest in the world for a country of such great extent. Winter has no rigors anywhere, there being but one section of mountainous country, ninety-five square miles in area, where snow prevails from June to November, the Australian winter season. This is in the Alpine district of Kosciusko, only twelve hours' journey from Sydney by train. Winter sports of skiing, tobogganing, snowshoeing and ice skating, unique in a land of sunshine and genial warmth, claim thousands of devotees every year.

With its northern coast and peninsulas in the tropics and its south coast in a mild temperate zone, Australia has a range of natural products that covers everything that can be produced anywhere in the world. While it has its mountain ranges, its deserts and its rocky ridges, it has for the most part huge plains and great valleys of remarkable fertility and rich soil. Sheep, cattle and all kinds of stock can graze in the open the year round, and agricultural production, huge though it is today, is only a small fraction of what it will become when the country is more thickly settled and the advantages its soil offer are more widely used.

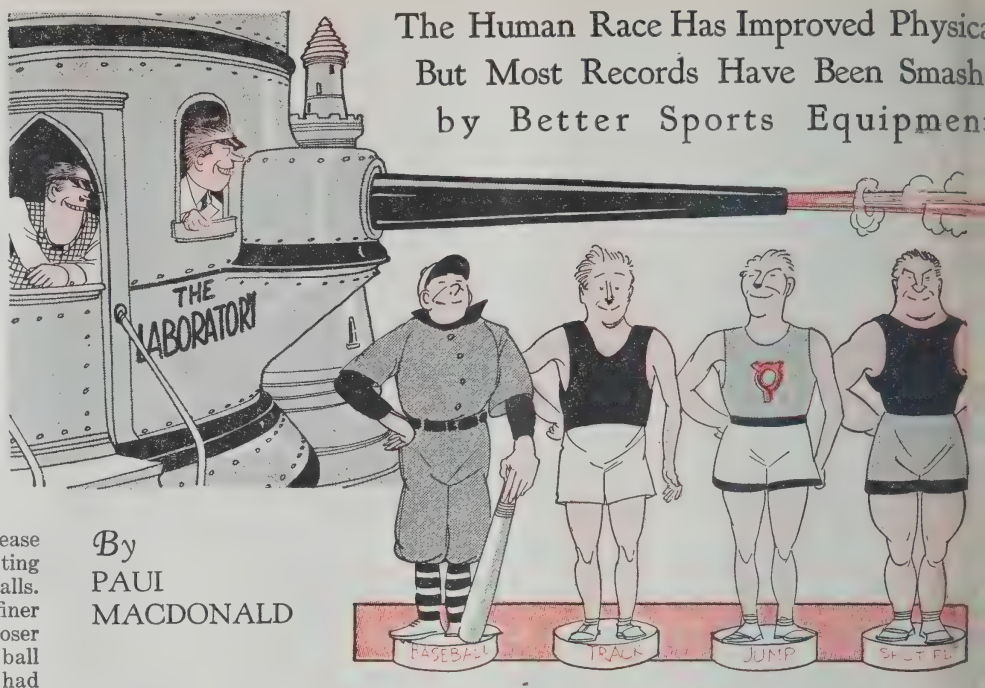
Australia is rapidly forging to the front as a wheat country. Just a year ago it was marketing the greatest wheat crop in its history, and at a time when wheat prices were the highest in many years. It was also experiencing its third straight year of enormous wool production, during all of which time wool prices have been at a high level. Wool always has been Australia's chief product, from a world standpoint. It not only leads the world in quantity of wool produced, but also grows the best quality. It exported more than seven hundred million pounds of wool in 1923, the last year for which official figures are available now.

Possessed of enormous mineral wealth, Australia has only touched its great resources of metal and precious stones up to the present. New discoveries are being made right along with continuous (Concluded on page 31)



Circular quay, in the heart of Sydney, where all ocean passenger ships and local ferries land.

## The Human Race Has Improved Physica But Most Records Have Been Smash by Better Sports Equipmen




By PAUI MACDONALD

# THE LABORATORIE

WHEN an epidemic of home runs startled baseball several years ago, club owners explained that the thing was due to bad pitching.

This explanation was hardly satisfactory. You could not reasonably assume that all pitchers suddenly lost their stuff. Also, you could not reasonably assume that players who were always tabulated as weak batsmen suddenly learned to hit. Men that had for seasons established themselves as able pitchers were being battered from the box, while the list of .300 batsmen in the two major leagues suddenly increased to more than 100, about four times what it had been through a number of seasons.

After a few months it was established that the free hitting in the big leagues was not caused by a decrease in pitching ability nor an increase in batting ability, but was due to a change in baseballs. More rubber in the core of the ball, finer twine wrapped more tightly, and a closer fitting cover of finer leather, created a ball that traveled much faster than any ball had previously traveled. The inflation of the batting averages was not accomplished by a newly developed skill on the ball fields, but was brought about in the laboratories of the baseball manufacturers.

The laboratories made Babe Ruth baseball's greatest drawing card of all time. Of course, Ruth contributed a certain share. Ruth swung on a ball harder than any batter of his day, but Ruth could never have piled up his amazing total of 59 home runs in the course of one season's play, if he had to bat against the ball used ten years ago when home runs were as scarce as shutout victories after 1920.

*New Ball Begets Home Runs*

Baseball has produced other mighty sluggers. Adrian C. Anson, Ed Delahanty, Napoleon Lajoie, Honus Wagner and Sam Crawford were all powerful swingers at the plate. Under the same conditions any one of them might have hit more than 59 home runs in a single season if the pitchers used the same kind of ball that Ruth batted against while setting his mark. Old-timers, who tested the new ball, expressed belief that the old sluggers would have done at least as well as Ruth. Men who are still actively engaged in baseball, and who were identified with the game when Crawford was in his prime, say that Crawford would have hit at least 75 home runs in a single season, and probably more. Their explanation is that Crawford was a long fly ball hitter, a player of the order of Ruth and, if anything, more so. Outfielders always played within a few feet of the fence for Crawford, and Crawford generally hit to within a few feet of the fence, if he did not actually hit the fence. The new ball had from 30 to 50 feet more "wing" than the ball used in Crawford's day, meaning that the new ball, hit with the same force applied to the old ball, would travel from 30 to 50 feet farther. This increase in carrying distance would have taken most of Crawford's drives over the fences.

Baseball has, therefore, not developed any new batting marvels. There are no better batsmen in the game today, on the whole, than there were fifteen and twenty years ago. The laboratory has made them appear as much better batsmen in the record books, and this same laboratory made the pitchers of recent years seem inferior to the pitchers of previous eras.

As with baseball, so with other sports. The frequent smashing of records has left us to the conclusion that the race is growing bigger, better, stronger, keener, quicker, faster, and more supple, but on analysis the laboratory, and science otherwise applied, has been responsible for most of the record smashing.

At the Western Conference meet in Chicago late last spring, De Hart Hubbard, the flying negro that carried the colors of the University of Michigan, broad-jumped 25 feet 10⅞ inches, the longest jump ever made by a human being as far as the records show.

The best previous jump in college competition was by Ned Gourdin, also a member of the Ethiopian race. Gourdin, representing Harvard University, jumped 25 feet 3 inches in 1921. Bob Legendre, a former Georgetown athlete, broke Gourdin's mark at the Olympic Games in Paris in 1924. Legendre jumped 25 feet 5½ inches in the pentathlon competition. This mark stood until last June when Hubbard cracked it by more than 5 inches.

Hubbard is a better broad jumper than either Gourdin or Legendre. Hubbard, jumping in sanctioned meets, bettered 25 feet more than a dozen times, and he jumped farther than 25 feet on more than two dozen occasions in practice. But, is Hubbard a better jumper than Peter O'Connor, the remarkable Irishman that became the world's champion broad jumper in 1901 with a leap of 24 feet 11¾ inches?

O'Connor was one of the most unusual athletes of all time. This Celt stood more than six feet in height, weighed less than 150 pounds, and had abnormally long legs. While he never quite reached 25 feet in an official jump, he beat 25 feet a number of times in unofficial meets. I heard from one of his relatives a few weeks ago that one afternoon he beat 26 feet.

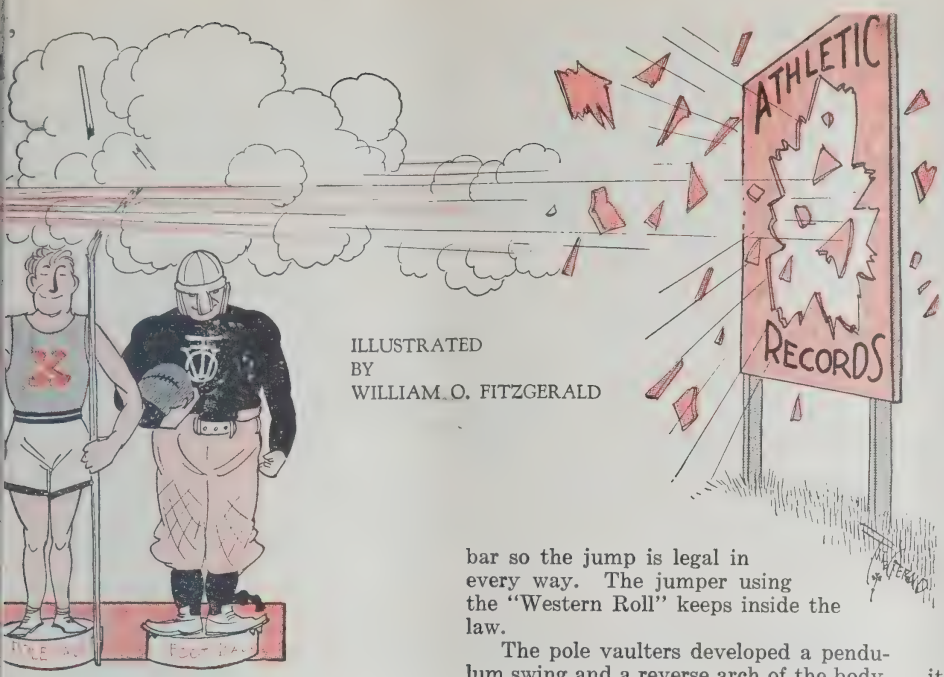
O'Connor's jump of 24 feet 11¾ inches is a better jump than Hubbard's leap of 25 feet 10⅞ inches, when certain matters are considered. O'Connor jumped from a grass take-off and he jumped straightaway. Hubbard (and Gourdin, Legendre and the other present-day broad jumpers for that matter) jumped from a finely prepared cinder take-off, and did not jump straightaway.

*Making Running Step While in the Air*

When O'Connor leaped 24 feet 11¾ inches it was apparent that the limit jump from sheer spring had been recorded. Since O'Connor's record stood through 20 years, the assertion seems plausible. It was therefore evident that if O'Connor's record was to be broken something other than sheer spring must be employed, and the broad jumpers started experimenting on some body movement in mid-air that would add extra inches to their jumps.

Athletic authorities credit Gourdin and Hubbard with inventing the trick that broke O'Connor's mark. They introduced a running step while in the air, and this movement brought both of them over the 25-foot mark.

All the crack broad jumpers use this




ILLUSTRATED
BY
WILLIAM O. FITZGERALD

# S DID IT

step. Motion pictures made of Legendre at the Colombes Stadium, where the Olympic Games were held, show the American leaning his body backward just previous to taking the step in mid-air, and follow this movement by a whip-up from the waist in the midst of the mid-air leg action.

O'Connor knew nothing about this trick. He sailed through the air with only one motion. The step that the new champions use and the cinder take-offs from which they leap are said to have added two feet to the jump. Add two feet to O'Connor's best jump and you have a leap just one-quarter of an inch shy of 27 feet.

It was George Horine who introduced a new style for high jumpers. This trick is now known as the "Western Roll." When Horine developed and used it the European experts said it was illegal, but the international judges, after studying the jumps of Harold Osborne at the Olympic Games in Paris, decided the trick was really legal, and Osborne used it, winning the high jump and setting a new Olympic record for the event.

*High Jumpers Use the "Western Roll"*

The jumper, using the "Western Roll," takes off at an angle of 37 degrees from the line of the crossbar and gives the feet twice the momentum of the head. His body is parallel to the bar as he crosses it. When he reaches the height of the bar the left arm is dropped down, the under leg is bent at the knee and the upper leg is extended. The body gives a twist and this half-revolution brings the jumper face downward. Apparently he has rolled over the bar, in reality he has not. And since the head has been kept back and up during the evolution he has not dived over the bar so the jump is legal in every way. The jumper using the "Western Roll" keeps inside the law.

The pole vaulters developed a pendulum swing and a reverse arch of the body. This change, with perfection in timing, brought them close to 14 feet. Then the Europeans invented a bird-like flight, used after releasing the vaulting pole, that enabled them to beat the records of the Americans.

The greatest aid to record-making in the pole vault was the change in poles. Originally the pole was of ash or hickory. This proved impracticable. The wooden pole was too heavy for one thing, and too dangerous besides. The ash or hickory poles often broke, causing injury to the vaulters. A few deaths resulted when the broken shaft jammed into the body of the athlete.

Americans solved the problem by inventing a pole made from light bamboo stocks. While much lighter than ash or hickory the bamboo poles are more durable and stronger. They never break in two. By using adhesive tape over the handle of the pole, all danger is eliminated. The decrease in weight enabled athletes to top all previous records.

More than 40 feet was added to the javelin throw by a change in the javelins made by the Finns. The old javelins were made with ash shafts. The Finns tried a stiff-shafted javelin made of Finnish birch and discovered that it traveled much farther than a javelin with an ash shaft thrown by the same man in the same way.

When the hammer throw was added to the program of athletic events the hammer throwers employed a 12-pound sledge, the kind used in all blacksmith shops at that time. An American invented the "cannon ball" hammer, consisting of a spherical head to which is fastened piano wire and a handle shaped like a stirrup. This change more than doubled the distance of the hammer throw.

The Finns improved the discus, produced a new kind and by their knowledge of woodcraft were able to discover an implement that enabled them to shatter all previous discus records.

In the track events there has not been such a startling betterment of records, but those of the present day are still much better than the marks of 20 years ago. This does not mean that the present race of sprinters is faster than those of the past. Certain changes have been made in the style of running, but these are not nearly so marked as the changes in track construction. Laboratory experiments with dirt, clay, sand and cinders, have brought out numerous facts. Laboratory workers discovered combinations that would give more spring. The difference between a slow and a fast track is not necessarily the difference between a wet and a dry track, but can easily be a difference in composition of the track, meaning the surface and the underlying ground. There may have been faster sprinters twenty-five and fifty years ago than there are today, but they never ran over tracks nearly so fast as those we have now.

Equipment has something to do with it, also. I understand that a shoe is being perfected which wi'l bring about the nine-second man. No human being has ever traveled 100 yards in nine seconds flat to a watch. This new athletic shoe, of one piece and foot form, if as successful as predictions have it, will enable one or more of our crack sprinters to cover the century in nine flat, a performance that would be the greatest track sensation in history.

It is not possible to bring about any noticeable improvement in the technique of sprinters, at least no such changes have been made in the sprints as in other events. In the hurdle, for instance, the technique has been radically altered, like in the high jump, pole vault and broad jump. In the hurdle races the straight leg system and the trick of raising the back knee to bring the rear foot through quickly has cut seconds off the records. But in the sprints, no such changes are possible. The improvement must come in tracks and shoes.

*The Finns Improved the Shoe*

The Finns learned the importance of the shoe some years ago. They invented a wide shoe with slightly curved soles, and this style is said to have been as largely responsible for the success of their javelin and discus throwers as the changes they made in the discus and javelin.

Football is a much faster game today than it was twenty years ago. The game has changed, but not the race. The men that play football today are not better than the men that played twenty years ago, taking them on an average. Twenty years ago weight was essential. So was strength. The introduction of the forward pass and the gradual opening up of football demanded a type that had strength, speed and quickness. The latter two qualities were most essential. To make for speed and quickness, coaches discarded all the "harness" possible, and what protective garments football players

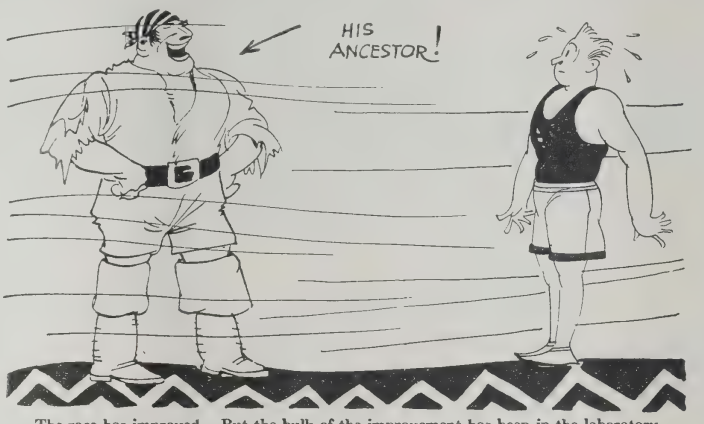
still wear have been so reduced in weight by experiments and developments in the laboratories of the sports goods manufacturers that today the player, carrying pounds less than the player of twenty years ago, appears to be much quicker, faster and more alert than the former stars of the gridiron.

In swimming, the last ten years have seen the most phenomenal smashing of records and succession of champions any sport has known. Among the men swimmers Duke Kahanamoku, Norman Ross and Johnny Weismuller have appeared in the order named, each in succession wrecking about every swimming record in sight. Women swimmers proved even more prolific in record making than the men and it was difficult to follow the dizzy pace of such swimmers as Ethelda Bleibtrey, Gertrude Ederle, Sibyl Bauer, Charlotte Boyle, Aileen Riggin, Helen Wainright, Agnes Geraghty and others in recent years. Here constant development in technique was responsible for the ever-increasing speed and it is safe to say that the best records in swimming are still to be made.

This development extends into harness and thoroughbred racing. Ask the breeders to explain the increase in speed and they will tell you that scientific breeding is responsible. "We are constantly producing better and faster horses," say the breeders, but are they?

To a certain extent breeding is responsible, but to a larger extent the laboratory is. Many remember the high-wheeled, heavy sulky, with the driver stretched high above the level of the horse's back. In the early days of the harness sport no horse covered a mile in as low as three minutes, and horsemen were dreaming of the day when a three-minute horse would appear. Today they are either breaking two minutes for the mile or coming close to it in Grand Circuit races.

Will the breeders kindly explain how Dan Patch, at the top of his form, covered a mile in 2:04¾, surely a startling performance, and then covered a mile in 1:55 flat? Dan Patch certainly did not improve nine and three-quarter seconds. Dan Patch was probably not a second faster the day he went a mile in 1:55 than the day he covered the stretch in 2:04¾. The difference was not in Dan Patch but in the sulky that Dan Patch pulled. On the day he negotiated the mile in 2:04¾ Dan Patch was hitched to a high-wheeled sulky and on the day that he did 1:55 Dan Patch was pulling a low, light sulky. The change knocked more than a minute off the mile mark of harness race records.



The race has improved. But the bulk of the improvement has been in the laboratory.

Many will remember the old sulky with its high wheels, heavy body and high seat, the driver sitting high and erect. Then started the improvements in the sulky. It was made lower. It was made lighter. The high wheels gave way to small wheels and then came pneumatic tires for these wheels. The axle was removed. The seat was built so low that the peak of the driver's cap came on a level with the line of the horse's back. No longer did the driver break the wind and retard the horse. Aluminum shoes were invented and various types of shoes to prevent the horse breaking its pace.

Then the track. It was discovered that faster time could be made on a hard track so they started constructing hard tracks with a soft top to prevent injury to the horse. Later they found out that a gentle undulation in the track permits much faster time than can be made on a level track. Came the undulation in tracks with particular attention to the turns.

The thoroughbreds have nothing to do with sulkies, but the changes made in track construction brought about more speed in thoroughbred racing and the creation of new records. The thoroughbreds were likewise benefited by the new aluminum shoes and the different types of shoe constructed to aid different kinds of horses and take care of all track conditions.

What helped the thoroughbred as much as anything was the change in the method of starting races. The barrier was invented, and running races were started by the sudden lift of a barrier. This shoots up when the starter presses an electric button. Horses are schooled to the barrier, and they start a few seconds faster than they did under the old system where it was difficult to get them away.

The human race has improved. That is true; but the bulk of the improvement has been in the laboratory in at least the majority of sports.

# Socialism With the Bark Stripped Off

(*Concluded from page 4*)

couple of generations; and such destruction is heartily to be desired for any race of such infamous character as to tolerate such a system." (*The Outlook*, March 20, 1909.)

Thus far I have spoken only of the attitude toward one particular form of wrong conduct. But it is the same toward all the others. A man who has got it into his head that all our rules about right and wrong are merely the outgrowth of a capitalistic system, which he declares is fundamentally wrong, necessarily has such a perverted view of property rights, and even of the value of human life, that he becomes one of the most dangerous persons I can conceive. With his perverted idea of the radical contrast between "capitalist morality" and "proletariat morality," we can readily understand that he will consider it for the good of the "cause" for him to do everything he possibly can to bring about a breakdown of the present system of "capitalist morality" regarding sexual matters, regarding private property, and regarding the sacredness of human life, and to insure the replacement of these views by others founded on his system of what he regards as for the best interests of his class. For this doctrine of the "class war" is another idea which is an integral part of his system.

The exploited wage slaves have nothing to lose but their chains, while they have a world to gain, to use the common cant phrases of these people; and the one thing they are all working for and longing for is that blessed social revolution which they declare is the next stage in the development of mankind. Nor need we expect them to be very choice in the methods they employ to bring about this long-hoped-for social revolution.

With this attitude of mind, Socialists will naturally say that everything which delays or impedes the coming of this social revolution is anti-ethical or immoral; while all lines of conduct which tend to promote this revolution are ethical and praiseworthy. True, we may expect some wrangling among themselves as to the best means of attaining their objective. The "left wing" or radicals want a method of "direct action," even though it involves a policy of red terror and no compromise; while the "moderate Socialists" want to go a little more slowly, so as to bring about the change less abruptly; they want to see an easier transition into their socialistic paradise.

Such a man as John Spargo, who has been very active in denouncing the methods of the Russian Soviet, admits that his objections to Bolshevism are based only on expediency, not on any basic moral principles. For he says:

> "If the class to which I belong could be set free from exploitation by violation of the laws made by the master class, by open rebellion, by seizing the property of the rich, by setting the torch to a few buildings, or by the summary execution of a few members of the possessing class, I hope that the courage to share in the work would be mine." (*Syndicalism*, p. 172; edition of 1913.)

Of course, all this is logical enough from the point of view of a man who can see nothing in morality except the formulated expression of the interests of one class of society as opposed to another class; but it is no better than the ethics of savages and bandits. And I wonder that the American people have so long and so patiently allowed these anti-social doctrines to be taught throughout the country, not only in the university classrooms, but even in the high school and in the common school.

Woe to the land which permits a generation to grow up with the present confused ideas about what is right and what is wrong in social and in individual conduct. Those who sow the wind must not be surprised if they have to reap the whirlwind.

# Chats with Office Callers



"Most of the eggs of Europe come from China," said ***An Educator from China*** as he displayed photographs of Chinese agricultural methods. "They are collected from hundreds of miles inland and all along the rivers, and packed for shipment, the yolks separated from the whites. The Chinese are held back by lack of machinery. Everything is done by hand. The threshing is done by flail. The best a man with a flail can do is one hundred pounds of wheat a day. The rice is planted by hand, sprouts being used instead of seed. The utmost a man can do with a stone mortar is to separate six bushels of rice a day from the husk. And yet the Chinese are natural-born mechanicians. It is marvelous the way they take to machinery. They respect machinery in a way that makes an engineer's heart glad. There are 20,000 automobiles in China manned, all of them, by Chinese chauffeurs. Land is higher in China than one would think. Near our place it is valued at $600 an acre. Though living in China costs about one-tenth what it does in the United States, prices of commodities are on the increase. When I first went there eggs were sold at a quarter of a cent apiece, or three cents a dozen. Now they cost a cent and a half each, or eighteen cents a dozen. And pork brings about the same price as in America. At the present rate of rice planting by hand, about one-tenth of the population is needed to put in that one crop. This means something, since the price of labor is going up. A rice planter will now cost the farmer about a dollar a day Mexican. China needs machinery, but I am not sure that we can use the big American agricultural machines in all parts. American machinery manufacturers should give some study to the needs of China, for it will soon be one of the world's great markets."

ɤ ɤ ɤ

"I am never surprised by any claim for animal intelligence," said ***A Dog Lover*** as he stretched comfortably on a veranda in the South, "because my companion for years was the most intelligent animal I ever knew. He was a police dog. He understood conversation and he divined motives. The latter seems a commoner gift in animals than does the former. My dog—I called him "Germany" because of his place of origin—understood conversation whether addressed to him or not, as long as it concerned the things of his world. Suppose we were talking here, as we are now, about anything that comes into our minds, interminably talking, hour after hour, about tariff, music, business, politics, religion, what not, and in the midst of the politics I should interject, in exactly the same tone of voice, a sentence—'I think I forgot to lock my car'—and then resume the conversation without a break—that dog, apparently asleep, apparently miles away from any form of attention, would instantly get up, go out and jump into my car. Even a human being, paying half attention, would hardly have caught the interjected sentence, but the dog never missed.

"In his case it was I who had to be on the alert all the time. If a friend inadvertently slapped me on the back, the dog had him by the arm at once, not biting him, but giving him a bad fright, until I spoke. Sometimes the clerks at hotels where we happened to stop would say, 'We don't permit dogs in here,' and I would reply, 'Well, put him out!' Germany would gravely stand up at the desk and put his paw over to shake hands with the clerk. That usually made him a welcome guest. In one of my business places he saw men go and come out of the stock room, and apparently took it all as a matter of course, until finally he nabbed one. How he knew is one of the mysteries of dog nature, but the man he nabbed was a thief."

ɤ ɤ ɤ

"I had a Great Dane which developed some strange traits of tenderness," said ***The Secretary,*** taking up the theme. "Out at my country place the children found a family of abandoned kittens in a ditch and carried them home. You know how unwelcome such things are, but the Great Dane seemed to share the children's regard for the little waifs. He began to mother them. He gathered them all within the curve of his warm body every night, and they snuggled in content. When they strayed too far, he used to round them back toward the house. When the children played too roughly with them, he seemed to know that even a playful cuff with his great paw would be too much for them, and he just gently pushed them away. At evening when he heard my car coming up to the gate, he looked along the drive, and if he saw any kitten walking there, he bounded over and moved it out of danger. It was one of those curious exhibitions of animal care which give one pause for thought as to what was at work within that canine brain."

ɤ ɤ ɤ

We were rolling down through Virginia on a night train, when ***My Southern Companion*** asked: "Did you ever see a Jim Crow car?"

"No," I replied, "but I've been reading or hearing about them all my life."

"Would you like to see one?"

"Yes. Where?"

"There is one on this train."

"This train! I thought it was all Pullmans."

"No, there's a day coach up ahead for the colored folks."

I couldn't get it out of my head that there was something contrary to all my notions of Jim Crow cars in the fact that there was one on *this train—this* of all trains.

"We can't discriminate against negroes down here," my companion was saying. "They have a right to ride on any train we ride on. We can't even give them old cars to ride in. If of two day coaches one is worse than the other, the worse one goes to the whites, to avoid breaking the railroad law against race discrimination.

"Would you like to see that car?"

"Certainly—lead on! Can we ride in it?"

"No, we can't ride in it."

"Why?"

"It's against the law."

"Suppose I don't want to avail myself of the law which protects me from the proximity of the colored man, what then?"

"Well, you will have to obey the law which guarantees the colored man protection against the proximity of you."

"Of me?"

"Certainly. If colored men can't ride in white men's cars, white men can't ride in colored men's cars. The negroes are entitled to the privacy of their own cars."

"Well," I reflected, "that's a new one to me. The color line is drawn against the one as well as the other."

"Sure," said my friend. "What kind of a color line did you think it was?"

"Then how are we going to get into that car?" I asked.

"Oh," he replied, "we'll just saunter in and go up to the front and buy a couple of packages of gum from the 'news butcher.'"

"What would happen," I suggested, "if one of your colored men should just saunter down through our car to get a piece of pie out of the diner?"

"That's a question that does not call for an answer—because—*he wouldn't.* Come on."

We went on forward. Finally through the swaying train we came to the Chariot of the Negro, and walked down the aisle. It was late. Here were young fellows, mostly alone, going south. A buxom colored woman or two, with the most extraordinarily colored hats, toppling at the most extraordinary angles as their heads swayed and wagged in sleep—all going south. Then colored families with pickaninnies—two, three, five to a family—the little ones laid out on the red plush seats, asleep. I don't mind saying that I like little colored babies. I suppose it is the appeal of the young of every species, but these are of the human species. When I see a colored husband and wife shielding their brood, I confess the parenthood in me answers to the parenthood in them. I find myself feeling somehow solemnly glad that the little pickaninnies are going to grow up in a better America. The South is spending more money on negro schools than before she spent on all her white schools. I was later to see hundreds of negro children, in city and country, flocking to the very best of modern schools. I have never seen anywhere a higher type of country school than I have seen in North Carolina. And twenty-five years ago that state was very near the foot of the column in the matter of education.

So the train swayed and clattered; the extraordinary bonnets being at increasingly precarious angles, the pickaninnies slumbered as peacefully as if they slept beneath a magnolia tree. We sauntered through and sauntered back. For a long time, in the seclusion of the Pullman, I thought of the Jim Crow car, but I can't say that the thoughts amounted to anything.

# Still "Gittin' Gold" in California

By WALTER PAINTER

There is a fascination about the discovery of oil. The story of petroleum in California is as engrossing almost as that of gold. Where the old-time prospector sifted the sands for dust and nuggets, the oil man drills into the earth for black gold. Fabulous fortunes have been made in oil, but vast sums of money have also been lost. This story of the Los Angeles district—where the success has been phenomenal—should not be taken as a boost for wildcat speculation. Well drilling is an expensive proposition; and haphazard drilling is seldom profitable. It is estimated by the United States Geological Survey, in fact, that 82 per cent of all wildcat wells are failures.

THE story of oil development in the greater Los Angeles district of Southern California reads like a romance. A few years ago only orange groves and subdivision stakes dotted the landscape. Now there are forests of oil derricks.

Los Angeles County alone produces more oil than Mexico. At its height the oil boom eclipsed even the famed California real estate boom. Angelenos (as the Los Angeles residents term themselves) are as glib with oil statistics as they are with real estate figures or movie information: California, they will tell you, produces one-tenth of all the oil produced in the world; the deepest oil-producing well in history was brought in last summer at 7,600 feet, flowing; California leads six oil-producing states combined; and so it goes.

The case of Signal Hill, greatest of Southern California fields, is typical of the onward march of the oil workers. This hill, at Long Beach, commanding a splendid view of the ocean, a few years ago, was a choice residential district with many beautiful homes and modest bungalows. Today it is everywhere dotted with oil well derricks. You will see some of them snuggling up alongside the garden wall of a quarter-million-dollar mansion. Hundreds of wells, too, have been drilled 200 and 300 yards out in the ocean. Incidentally, Long Beach boasts that the income from its municipally owned wells is more than enough to pay the expenses of the city government.

The Los Angeles district petroleum output comes from three major fields—Santa Fe Springs, Long Beach, and Huntington Beach. These districts are within fifteen miles of each other and can be easily reached in a half-hour's ride from Los Angeles. Although they are now rated as old fields, they averaged about 190,000 barrels a day during 1925.

Crude oil accumulations are found in a coarse-grained porous rock which served as a reservoir. As most oil rocks are of a sandstone nature, they are commonly called "oil sands."

The source of oil itself? There are almost as many different theories as to the why and wherefore of oil as there are oil derricks. The two following speculations, however, are generally accepted as being most logical. Chemists argue that petroleum is the result of a chemical reaction between carbon and hydrogen after they have come in contact underground. Geologists hold that it is of organic origin, or the result of organic remains, either animal or vegetable, which have been stored up in the rocks since their formation. And at present this last theory seems to have the largest following.

An outstanding feature of the Southern California oil fields is the "juiciness" of their oil-bearing sands. These sands are from 300 to 1,600 feet thick. This uncommon thickness of the sands explains the continued big gusher production in the Los Angeles fields. California is noted for the long life of its oil wells. The first well drilled was near Santa Paula in 1866 and came in at a depth of 300 feet with several hundred barrels a day of heavy oil. Inability to control pressure caused sand, water, and rocks to clog the hole hopelessly. Going down later to a depth of 700 feet, a consistent producer was secured and the well flowed profitably for twenty years.

In general, the oil fields in the Los Angeles basin seem to run in three rather sharply defined ridges. One runs through the foothills and includes Olinda, Whittier, Yorba and Richfield. Another travels the middle of the great alluvial plain and touches Brea, Santa Fe Springs and Coyote. Included in the third is the chain of coast structures — Huntington Beach, Signal Hill, Compton and Torrance-Redondo.

Geologists say that it seems probable that these ridges or anticlines—formed by the folding upward of the geological layer and the erosion of thousands of feet of the upper stratas, thereby bringing the oil-bearing layers within reach of the drill bit—are only possible in one vast petroleum field. Drilling operations in these anticlines have shown the presence of three different oil-bearing sands. The first is usually tapped at from 3,000 to 3,500 feet, and the second is often found at from 3,750 to 4,250 feet. Reached at from 4,500 to 5,000 feet, the third sand seems to be the most productive. Each of the three levels consists of rather soft, coarse sand, fairly well sprinkled with small pebbles.

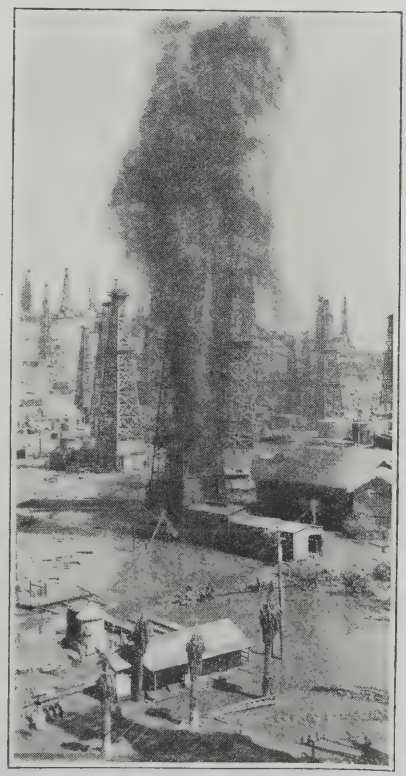
The Huntington Beach district did not jump out into the production limelight until the third sand was encountered in July, 1922. Since then the production curve has loomed up rapidly, an output of 110,000 barrels a day being reached in July, 1923. In Santa Fe Springs, too, the upper sands were quickly depleted, while the lower sands were responsible for greatest production. Long Beach, which is really Signal Hill, is still foremost because of an important field extension late in 1925.

Inglewood, wholly developed in shallow sands during 1925, reached a peak of 118,000 barrels a day. The Ventura field, supposedly dried up, jumped from 7,000 to 35,000 barrels a day.

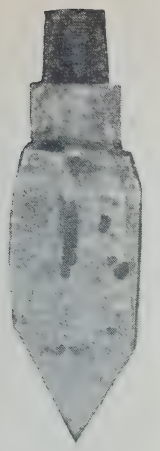
There are two common methods of drilling oil wells—the standard cable-tool system and the rotary system.

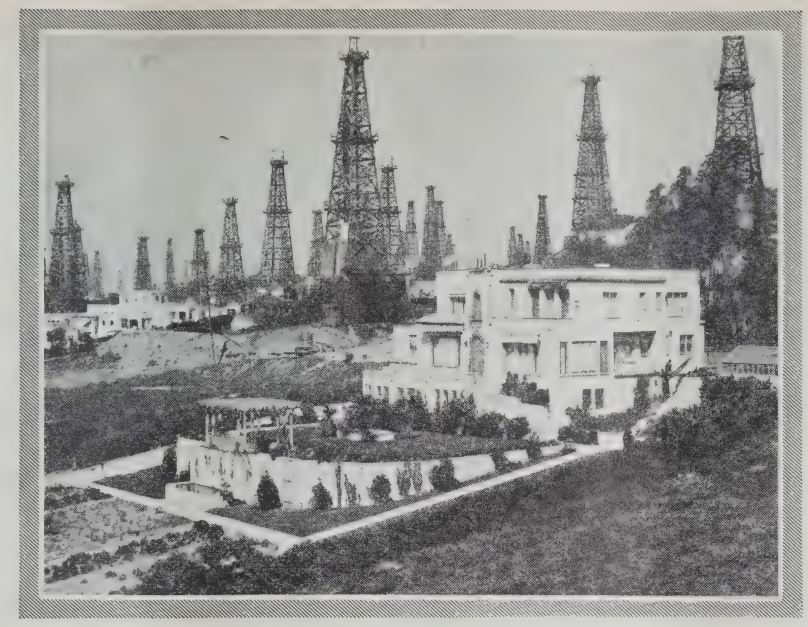
With the standard cable-tool rig, the percussion action of the drill bit—a heavy mass of sharpened steel attached to the cable which alternately jerks it up four or five feet and drops it—crushes the various rock formations. The crushed material is then removed by bailing. This method is commonly employed in penetrating hard strata like sandstones, limestones and hard shale. Most of the drill rigs working in West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Oklahoma, Kansas, and North Central Texas are "standard" rigs.

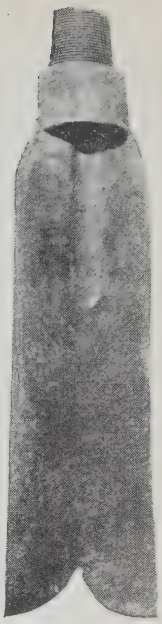
In drilling the fairly soft, unconsolidated beds of California, the rotary system is used most effectively. A rotary rig consists of a derrick, a revolving table, engines and boilers, and a bit at the end of a hollow drill pipe—the upper end of which is a square section called the "Kelley," wedged into the revolving table. As the table rotates it turns the drill, while through its



When an oil well puts on a big show, everything near it gets drenched.







Above, and extreme right—Two styles of rotary oil drilling bits, the diamond point and fishtail. Center—Illustrative of the battle that is taking place between fine oil wells and beautiful homes.

center a stream of mud and water flows to the bottom of the hole and is pumped up, carrying the earth and rock cut out by the drill. Each time the drill has gone down the length of the square section at the top, this section must be unscrewed and another length of drill screwed to the stem.

At frequent intervals the entire string of drill pipe must be raised and unjointed section by section and a new bit put on. It is then lowered and screwed together joint by joint. On a well 4,000 feet deep this job takes about four hours. Two types of bits commonly used in rotary drilling are the fishtail and diamond point. As much as 500 feet of hole has been drilled in 24 hours with these points.

Outside the drill stem as it goes down, a casing is lowered into the well to prevent cave-ins. This casing, often four to five thousand feet long, hanging free from the collar at the top, is also frequently raised and lowered.

When producing oil sands are struck, the well is cemented in. This is done by forcing cement down the casing by means of wooden plugs, the bottom plug having holes in it. Pressure on the top plug drives the cement out the bottom and up along the sides of the casing, thereby coating it tightly and shutting water out of the well. Any veteran driller will tell you, however, that there are about 926 different things that can happen to prevent this happy consummation, and most of them do.

Steam is generally used for motive power on rotary drill rigs. A drive chain from the engine runs over a sprocket on the main shaft. To this shaft are connected the drive chains for the lift drum and for the rotary table operating the drill.

Rotary drilling is heavy-duty, high-speed work. Virtually all California drilling contractors, anxious to reach the oil-sands before a neighboring hole can be completed, keep their rigs working 24 hours a day. And as the drive chain commonly runs at a speed of 1,900 feet a minute and is subjected to sudden and severe strains, it must be extraordinarily strong. Much of the chain used in California is all-steel, with notched-out sidebars to reduce "whipping" and is built with special alloy steel pins to withstand heavy wear.

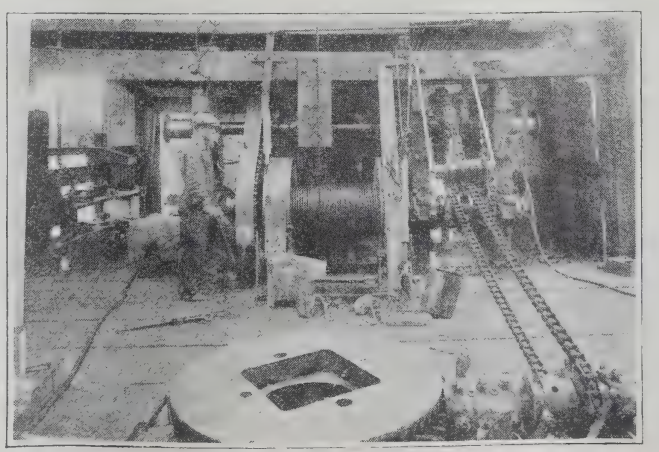
As a rule, a rotary drilling crew consists of a driller and five helpers. The driller is the "man behind the gun." From his post he controls the engine, hoist, drilling, and the entire operation of the rig. Good drillers are skillful and resourceful men and are usually far above the average worker in intelligence. Many of those now working in the California oil districts have "made hole" in Texas, Mexico, Russia, and Mesopotamia.

The "roughnecks," as oil-workers are commonly dubbed, are well accustomed to the hardships of living in desert country and the loneliness of small, mushroom towns. Consequently, it is especially interesting to watch the way these men react to the conditions in California, where they have a chance to work at their business, one of the best-paying trades, without the usual isolation and the oppressive heat of sun-parched prairies.

Today the Southern California driller, earning $8.25 a day (the big companies have been paying bonuses varying from $1 to $3 in addition, while the smaller ones always pay higher wages for quick work in reaching the sand), finds himself with a California bungalow set back among orange trees. At Signal Hill and Huntington Beach fine bathing beaches are but a short distance away. Other factors work to the advantage of the driller and his coworkers in this Southern California oil era. Educational facilities near at hand, laws of safety in the operation of drilling rigs, and conditions governing comfort in the fields and at the wells, have all contributed to making the drillers contented and prosperous. Practically all the men are interested in some well of their own—some "wildcat" testing out a new locality or some little ten-acre piece located in the "heart of production."

Oil drilling, like big game hunting, has its allurement and fascination. The thrill of bringing in a great gusher is one of them. Months of drilling with no assurance whatever as to the results, the solving of hundreds of difficulties which arise as the work progresses, all kindle the expectations of the drilling crew to a high pitch. Finally the day comes when, with safety valves set, tanks and pump ready, the completed well is bailed or swabbed out until the pressure of the gas upward overbalances the weight of the great column of mud and water in the well and with a roar the mud and oil shoots high over the top of the derrick. Then as the well scours itself of the tons of mud which have been forced into it during the drilling, the great golden geyser starts pouring itself into the tanks and pipe lines.

Oil is a queer thing. Sometimes when you are out gunning for it, it puts its tail between its legs and heads for the horizon; again, when you don't do a thing in the world to encourage it, it will drench the whole countryside. One year, for example, a well at Long Beach, that had been



Oil driller working a rotary rig. Twenty-four hours a day drilling is the rule in almost every race for big golden gushers.

doing 2,000 barrels a day for some time, suddenly took matters into its own hands and began booming out 25,000 barrels a day.

Occasionally, when hard, fine-grained rock areas are encountered it is necessary to stimulate oil production by opening up channels in these areas and making more seepage space in the hole. The hole is then "shot." Many field men will tell you stories of wells that showed scarcely a rainbow of oil, which when shot made big wells. In shooting wells the operators determine from the character of the sand how much nitroglycerin to use.

"Shooters," the men who put the charges in the wells and fire them, are a fearless crowd. They transport the glycerin in lead-lined cans, and drive their "soup wagons" over bumpy roads as calmly as a farmer takes his milk to town. Once in a while the papers report "shooters" blown to atoms. It is believed that many such explosions are due to the high heat produced by chemical action where some free acid is present in the glycerin.

Among other things, California has its share of "wild wells." Just remember that with a gas pressure of 700 pounds or more to the square inch it is quite a trick to cap and control some of these geysers of gasoline and grease.

A runaway well, spouting out a sea of sand, mud, rocks, and oil, can easily destroy the derrick and quickly "goo" the surrounding landscape. Blow-outs, gushers, fires and explosions are among the things that are apt to happen. Not long ago the lives of fourteen workers were snuffed out near Karens, Texas. A spark made by two clashing bits of metal as the men tried to cap the Hughes gusher set off a pillar of fire that burned for days. Soaked to the skin in oil, these fellows didn't have a ghost of a chance to escape. Clad in asbestos suits, a crew of wild-well fighters rigged up sixteen boilers and put out the blaze with powerful jets of steam.

Deep-well drilling has definitely proved that oil in large quantities may be had at horizons below those which have been heretofore developed. Some oil men think that by re-drilling approximately 50 per cent of all the wells in California, these wells may be able to produce as much oil as they have yielded during their entire life to date.

Although experienced drillers say it is possible to develop tools which will penetrate the earth to a depth of 8,000 feet, the feasibility of deep-well production will depend on the expense of drilling and the market price of oil. When a well is drilled below 4,000 feet the drilling operations become exceedingly hazardous due to the greater gas pressures encountered. Then, too, the cost of fishing jobs mounts rapidly at the lower levels.

Long Beach boasts one of the deepest producing wells in the country—the General Petroleum Corporation's Black and Signal well which was brought in at a depth of 5,430 feet. It rolled up an initial production of 12,000 barrels a day from 1,500 feet of oil sand. It is a re-drill from the 3,246-foot mark at which it did only 2,000 barrels a day.

Nine out of ten laymen probably have the idea that the one big job in the Southern California oil fields is in the drilling of the wells. In many instances, however, the handling of the enormous floods of oil after they spout up from the ground furnish more thrills an hour than those found at the drill rig.

Struggling at first to handle a great production with inadequate storage and transportation facilities was a real job. To cope with the storage situation, one of the largest tank farms in the world was constructed at Watson's Siding, just outside the city limits of Los Angeles and Long Beach. It covers 1,000 acres of land and has a capacity of more than 15,000,000 barrels. Pipe line systems are being rapidly expanded and tank ships have carried crude oil from Los Angeles harbor to Atlantic and Gulf Coast points at the rate of 200,000 barrels a day.

One pipe line system alone recorded, on several occasions, a flow of oil through its line of more than 190,000 barrels a day. It is of interest to note here that the first pipe line ever constructed—a three-mile job built in Pennsylvania back in 1865—had a total daily capacity of only 80 barrels.

Probably one of the most roving and colorful figures in the petroleum industry is the "pipeliner." He is the man who lays the pipe lines through which oil is transported from the fields to storage, and from storage to coast terminals. The dyed-in-the-wool pipeliner seldom shifts occupations. He cares little about the actual drilling operations in the field through which his line is being laid. He wouldn't take a job on the rig unless pipe work was at an absolute standstill. He follows the line, gradually settling into those independent ways of the pipeliner. He does a turn on an old-time line in Pennsylvania, probably drifts into Tulsa for a spell; then he hears of better pickings out in California, and hits the trail for Los Angeles. But always a pipeliner.

Isolation of the gangs while on long jobs, working through unsettled mountainous or wooded sections of the country, has knit them closer together and set up a peculiar preference for their own type of work and the associations formed on and off the job.

One of the quickest jobs of pipelining ever accomplished in California was the laying of a line from the fields of Coalinga, Midway, Kern River, and McKittrick to tidewater at Port San Luis in 1909-1910. Started in July, 1909, the system, with its 205 miles of main pipe line, its fifteen main-line stations with huge pumps, heaters and storage tanks, was first put into operation on March 8, 1910.

An idea of the swift progress made can be gathered from the fact that a tong gang of fifty men and a regular ditch crew laid, ditched and covered 283 joints of the 8-inch pipe in nine hours. This represented the completion of more than a mile and one-eighth of pipe line a day.

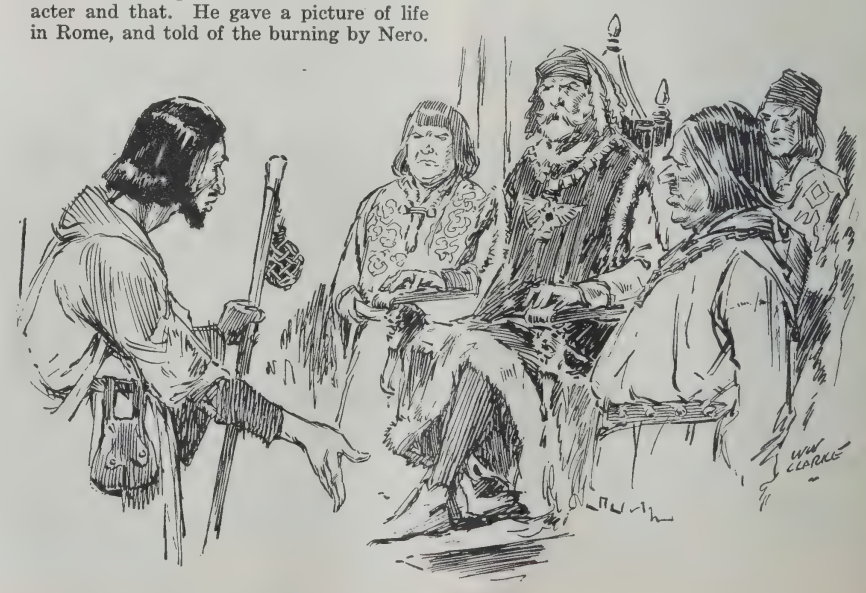
# The Wandering Jew

AMONG the odd impostors of the world is one who styled himself the Wandering Jew, and who appeared in the city of Munich, July 22, 1721. Some account of him may be found in the second volume of Calmet's *Dictionnaire de la Bible*, page 472. Then, as now, men were curious and credulous, and the rich were eager to be entertained. So things went well for the stranger, who was one able to adapt himself and to get into the swing of conversation with ease; and soon he was taken seriously.

He told how he had been an officer of the Sanhedrin, how he had struck Christ as He left Pilate, what he had said to this Apostle and that. With a sympathetic audience to hearten him, he went on to relieve his artistic soul, telling of the dress and the manners and the amusing eccentricities of this character and that. He gave a picture of life in Rome, and told of the burning by Nero. There were tales of others he said he had met and lived with, of the fiery Saladin, of Tamerlane, of Bajazeth. He had, he said, been on familiar conversational terms with the leaders of the different crusades.

Doubtless he was a novelist born out of time. At least he seems to have been gifted with admirable powers of observation and a retentive memory, and the scenes he depicted were passably accurate. Professors from Oxford and Cambridge questioned him narrowly without detecting serious anachronisms, and linguists asserted that he spoke many languages with ease.

After some months in Munich he went to Denmark, then took ship for Sweden and thereafter disappeared.



# Woodrow Wilson—the Unforgiving Minute

(*Continued from page 2*)

transmitted to President Wilson hundreds of applications for pardons. He reviewed every case. He talked with me about many of them. He studied them with all the care that would have been exercised by an appellate judge with unlimited time, yet he acted promptly. The papers always came back in a very few days after I sent them to the White House."



Every administrative officer of the government of the Wilson régime tells the same story. Because of these habits Wilson was seldom behind in his official White House schedule. His office hours were from 10 a. m. to 1 p. m., during which time he saw callers by previous appointment, arranged through secretaries. Most engagements were for ten or fifteen minutes, or an average of twelve persons each forenoon. For years it had been a sore trial to the secretarial staff in the executive offices to run the forenoon schedule off on time. The tendency is for one caller to lap over a minute or two. The next may lap over two or three and the effect is cumulative. By one o'clock the President may be half an hour behind.

Such a thing rarely happened in the Wilson Administration. Methodically and systematically, yet with every courtesy, President Wilson disposed of each caller on the second that his time expired, or perhaps a few seconds ahead of time. As a result he nearly always had a leeway of four or five minutes at one o'clock. The same regularity applied to meals and other domestic engagements in the main White House.

"In the whole time that Mr. Wilson was in the White House, until the day he was stricken," said one of the Secret Service men who was constantly with him, "I never knew him to be so much as a minute late for any appointment, engagement, meal, ride, or other thing that had been previously arranged."

Wilson's control of his mind included the ability to detach himself from a situation and look at it impersonally.

"It seems as if I can see myself and the campaign from a distance," he remarked, in discussing the 1912 political issues one afternoon.

Wilson also had the mental habit of filing men and things away in his mind, for future reference. Many people did not understand this characteristic; did not even know of its existence. It caused some trouble because frequently some man would take offense. He would not know he had been filed away, in a safe, secure spot all his. He would think he had been "dropped." As a matter of fact he had not been dropped at all. Wilson's regard for him was as deep and sincere as ever. When the time came for a resumption of relations with that man he would find Wilson had not changed a particle.

(*C*) *Press Illustrating.*



President Wilson and Secretary Baker on reviewing stand during parade of soldiers returned from overseas. Above—William McAdoo.

While the President had an official question under consideration he saw a great deal of the particular official, Senator, or Representative directly concerned with it. Until it was disposed of he and that individual were in daily, almost hourly, contact. Finally, the case would be ended, whereupon he would immediately turn his attention to some other problem and apparently "take up" some other official, with whom he would be on terms of apparent intimacy for days, weeks, or months, according to the nature of the case. Then his association with that official would as suddenly cease. His object was served.

For instance, in the 1912 campaign William G. McAdoo was for most of the time vice-chairman and the actual directing force in the Democratic National Committee. Mr. Wilson saw him constantly for four months. McAdoo was at Seagirt and Princeton every few days when Governor Wilson was in New Jersey. He took frequent trips on the candidate's private car, from state to state where Wilson made speeches. They communicated every day by telephone or telegraph and became the closest, most intimate friends. Finally election day in November arrived. McAdoo voted early and went to Princeton, to spend the evening with Governor Wilson, getting returns. The next day he returned to his office in New York and Wilson apparently dropped him. McAdoo never laid eyes on the President-elect again until March third, the day before inauguration.

Governor Wilson went to Bermuda for a month's rest immediately after election. Returning he spent the winter at Princeton and Trenton. Cabinet discussion was rampant. Wilson apparently ignored McAdoo as if he had never heard of him. It was only a dramatic example, however, of Governor Wilson's mental habits. The association with McAdoo during the summer and early autumn had not been for personal reasons. It had been personally very delightful, very amiable, very charming, but in Mr. Wilson's mind it was incidental to the task upon which he and McAdoo were working, the task of bringing success to the Democratic ticket. When that task had been completed, there was no longer any reason for the intimate association between them.

Mr. Wilson would have liked to continue the relationship. He had come to have great respect for McAdoo's ability and he had developed a deep affection for him, but the "unforgiving minute" was pressing him, harder and harder. As President-elect he had much to do, but it was a different job from that on which he and McAdoo had been working. It necessitated his seeing other men, spending many hours with them, discussing many things—all unrelated to the election, which McAdoo had helped bring about. Therefore, Mr. Wilson filed McAdoo away in his mind, shut the door to keep him warm, and turned his hand to other work.

A short time before inauguration he opened the door again and brought McAdoo out. Stepping into his tele-



(*C*) *Harris & Ewing.*

President Wilson and Attorney-General Palmer at the White House visited by officers of seven states, to discuss the high cost of living. Front row—Governor Sproul, Pennsylvania; Attorney-General A. Mitchell Palmer, President Wilson, and Governor Gardner, Missouri. Rear (left to right)—Brigadier-General Berry, Pennsylvania; Governor Milliken, Maine; Governor Cooper, South Carolina; Governor Campbell, Arizona; Attorney-General Gose, Missouri; Governor Brinquist, Minnesota; M. C. Riley, Conference Secretary; H. S. McDevitt, Secretary to Governor Sproul; Lieut.-Governor McDowell, Montana.

phone booth in his office in the capitol at Trenton one day he called McAdoo on the telephone in New York and asked him to be Secretary of the Treasury.

In the early days of the war Washington came to the conclusion that McAdoo was to be the President's right-hand man during the great struggle. For weeks Wilson and McAdoo were intimately associated. The Secretary of the Treasury, then the President's son-in-law, spent hours at the White House. President Wilson often stepped across to the Treasury Department and had long conferences with him. They talked on the telephone a dozen times a day. They went to the Capitol together and interviewed Senators and Representatives in the President's room in the north wing.

Then, all of a sudden, the President quit McAdoo and took up Secretary of War Baker. The same sort of association was now held with the Cabinet Minister whose office was on the opposite side of the White House. Instead of going into the Treasury to see McAdoo, the President was crossing over to see Baker nearly every day. He and Baker were going to the Capitol together and working together in the President's library far into the night. Soon the gossips got busy. McAdoo was taboo, Baker was the power behind the throne. Anybody desiring anything from the Administration would do well to consult the little gentleman from Cleveland. McAdoo no longer had the pull.

***From the Treasury to the War Department***

High government officials and members of Congress in important positions placed this construction on the incident, the explanation of which was simply this:

Early in the war the President and the Secretary of the Treasury were busy getting the finances of the country ready for a titantic struggle. A little later this was finished. The details were left to McAdoo and President Wilson turned to the War Department, where he and his War Secretary had to get busy raising an army and mobilizing the industrial forces of the country.

One job called for close association with McAdoo. The other called for close association with Baker. Neither association was due to a personal desire on the part of the President for the society of either gentleman, but to the necessities of the situation. The "unforgiving minute" was crowding harder than ever. Each one had to be filled with "sixty seconds' worth of distance run." None of them could be used by President Wilson discussing finances with the Secretary of War, or military matters with the Secretary of the Treasury. This did not mean that President Wilson had "dropped" either man. His regard, respect, and affection were stronger than ever. It merely meant that he could not, at that stage of the game, waste any "unforgiving minutes."

***His Mind Was Free of Useless Things***

In varying degree the principle of operation illustrated by the foregoing incidents was applied by Wilson to his whole life. He did not clutter his mind with useless things. His mind was as clean and orderly as his desk. When he did not need men or things in the business at hand he put them out of his active mind to give it freedom to deal with the present, pressing problems.

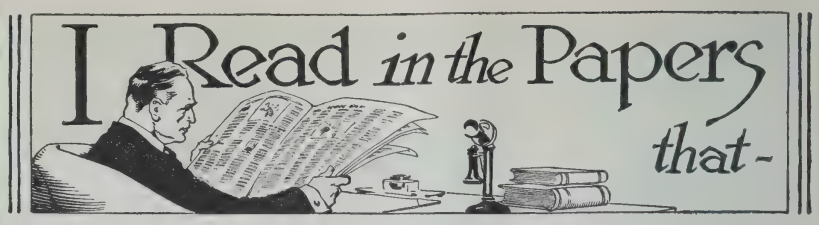
Every administrative officer of the Wilson Administration at one time or another saw the innermost workings of the President's mind and observed his ability to control it. It was a subject of amazed comment whenever the Wilson officials got together.

"Sometimes I felt as if I could almost see the shutters open and close," an associate once remarked to me, as we were discussing this characteristic. "I would go to see him about some question in my department upon which we had conferred some time previously. When I would mention the subject his face would sometimes be an absolute blank. It would be apparent that he had filed that fact away and could not, at the instant, bring it out again. Sometimes he would run his hand over his eyes or look out of the window. Then suddenly his face would light up. His mind would dart back to the exact spot where we had left the discussion, perhaps two months before, and he would go on as if the interruption had been for only a few minutes."

Commenting himself on this characteristic, Mr. Wilson once remarked:

"I can usually call up every bit of necessary information on a given question if I have ever studied it, but I have one habit that is sometimes embarrassing. In cases in which I have reached a conclusion I am very likely to forget the evidence. I will remember distinctly that I reached a conclusion and that the evidence was so direct and overwhelming that I knew the conclusion to be sound. I sometimes glibly state the conclusion and then, when called upon for my reasons, discover that my mind is absolutely blank."

Friends of Woodrow Wilson, with a bent for psychology, explain the above on the theory that Wilson's subconscious mind had learned to discard useless matter. His conscious mind definitely retained the conclusion, which was useful and important, but automatically threw away the reasons therefor to help him "fill the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds' worth of distance run."




some wide-awake botanists of the Department of Agriculture have deplored the fact that there is too little criticism of the contributions to nature study. This, however, applies far more urgently to the field of zoölogy than to that of plants; it is pretty hard to imagine wild flowers performing the wonderful stunts that are so easily attributed to reptiles, fish, batrachians, birds and mammals by those writers who are mainly seeking reputation and dollars.

Is it not time that the natural scientists notified the editors of papers, periodicals and publishing houses to stop the printing of wild tales full of the most absurd errors? The penalty might be the immediate denunciation of such stuff in the critical columns and reviews. Or are our scientists generally a law unto themselves, with only a selfish interest in the advancements of their own hobbies, however much they may prate of the need for education?

Editors as a class, with some notable exceptions, are as gullible as their readers; to this they add selfishness in the desire to interest their readers and sensational stuff will do this better than a strict adherence to the truth. Thus, we have tales of reptiles charming their victims, of swimmers stabbing sharks, of wildcats fighting to the death, of weasels exerting some kind of hypnotic power over defenseless rabbits, of pythons, big enough to swallow an ox, that kill by a blow from their tails, of spider bites that are deadly, of birds that fly a hundred miles an hour, of snakes that can travel faster than a man can run and can leap from the ground, of a great host of creatures that employ degrees of reasoning and sentiment equal to those of man.

The lamented Theodore Roosevelt started the war on nature fakers. Oh, for more such as he to keep them in bounds, despite the preferences and ignorance of many editors! Unfortunately a comprehensive knowledge of the natural sciences is altogether rare, even among highly educated persons.

* * *

Professor Walter B. Pitkin, of Columbia University, has conducted a series of experiments which seem to demonstrate that the so-called flaming youth of this generation is much better informed about the moral precepts of the Bible than is assumed by those who are quick to condemn without first obtaining the facts. What is even more significant these youths quote the Ten Commandments more fully than their elders.

Fifty-nine men and women of mature years and education and of distinction in the professions, in literature, in business and the church were asked to write down the Ten Commandments, not necessarily in the correct order, or literally. The average number of Commandments named by these persons was less than six, and only one person, a professor of philosophy, knew all the commandments.

Fifty-two college students, stenographers, young actors and clerks, revealed, on the average, a knowledge of more than six commandments.

* * *

an interesting contrast was presented before the special Senate Committee investigating the effects of the Volstead Law. Said Russell Lee Post, youth chairman of the *Yale Daily News*, relative to prohibition sentiment at that university: "The greater the attempts at enforcement, the stronger the sentiment against it."

Said Amos Alonzo Stagg, famous Yale football star of bygone years and now University of Chicago coach: "When I went to Yale I saw many of my college mates get drunk. They did not always get drunk on the beer, but they got drunk on the wine when they chose to drink that. I want to say this: that the University of Chicago from the beginning took a strong stand against drinking, and the officers of the university and members of the faculty created a sentiment against it, so that there has never been anything like the drinking at the University of Chicago that I saw at Yale. And I can say this with honesty, that there has not been nearly so much drinking since prohibition came in as before."

# A Year of Thirteen Months?

(*Continued from page 3*)

the lead. The priest-astronomers could use that hole just like a lead in the pencil and make markings in the sky; so that, little by little, they came to know when a certain group of stars passed the hole. They tagged these stars with animal shapes, called them constellations, and we are still running on that vocabulary today.

Later on, when the Romans conquered the Egyptians, they took over the Egyptian calendar, but the Romans were superstitious about the number of days in a month. Julius Caesar, therefore, mixed up the calendar a great deal by making as many months as possible number thirty-one days. There is where the human relationship gets confused with economics. Julius Caesar and Augustus Caesar were both great politicians and each had a month named after him. Their politics got the better of their judgment, and they put a crimp in the calendar which has persisted to this day.

Now, leaving aside for the moment the historical part of it, what is the real problem? It can, I think, be put very simply, so that any schoolboy can understand it. And for this reason, besides a number of other reasons which will be apparent to anybody, it is very interesting.

Without allowing for fractions (which can be disposed of in other ways) it takes the earth 365 days to revolve around the sun, and it takes the earth twenty-four hours to rotate on its own axis. Now if the reader will fix in his mind these two sets of figures, he will see immediately that 365 days cannot be divided into any number of equal parts without having a day left over. Also we shall see that, as our calendar is at present, if 365 days are divided into twelve parts, some of those parts (or months) must have more days than the others.

Owing to this discrepancy, we have to worry through every year, never feeling quite sure how many weeks there are going to be in a month, and in all sorts of difficulties with regard to making dates, an examination of which must convince anybody that our present system is inadequate. It must be understood, of course, that we have become so accustomed to these difficulties that we really don't know how bad they are until we face them calmly.

Then again, we must remember that other nations, other religions, have had other calendars. Now that the whole world is being more closely knit, and we are trying to put over as best we can the idea of the brotherhood of man and the abolition of war, we must have an exact method for measuring time which will be universal; that is good anywhere on the globe.

In a small way, we have had an object lesson in daylight-saving.

Long before the war, daylight-saving had been a subject for investigation by a number of experts, but it was not until the necessity for saving confronted us in its very immediacy that we put daylight-saving into practice. And as this world necessity now confronts us, we are certain to make such changes in our calendar as will help us by so much to solve the economic problems of the world.

| Sun. | Mon. | Tues. | Wed. | Thur. | Fri. | Sat. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
| 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 |
| 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 |
| 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 |

"Sol" the proposed new month.

There are other plans for revising our calendar, but I have not mentioned them, because I do not want to confuse the reader. Furthermore, these plans are nearly all basically the same.

Put in a nutshell, it is simply this:

Make every month consist of four weeks.

Make every year consist of thirteen months of 28 days each.

The additional month should come between June and July and be called "Sol."

Every year there will be one day left over and this is to be considered apart, possibly as a kind of international holiday.

Every four years (leap year) there will be another day to be disposed of in a similar manner.

What are the objections?

First, that the introduction of another month with a new name is going to get us inextricably confused with regard to the past. It will be good for the printers, but bad for those who are trying to link the past with the present because we shall have to learn history all over again with regard to dates. This, of course, applies especially to children, who will have two sets of dates before them.

Another objection is that the number thirteen is considered unlucky. This will be dismissed by most sensible persons as negligible. Nevertheless, it influenced the greatest statesmen of ancient times and it must be taken into account.

I have said that all economic problems are intermingled in some manner with human relationships, and we must therefore expect to find that this is the case with our proposed calendar reform. Where human relationships enter into economic problems in the right way, these problems are often solved; indeed, they are always solved. But where they do not enter in the right way, then the problem hangs fire.

In the case of calendar reform, it is fortunate that, as a story—and a fascinating story it is—it hangs so closely about the personality of one man.

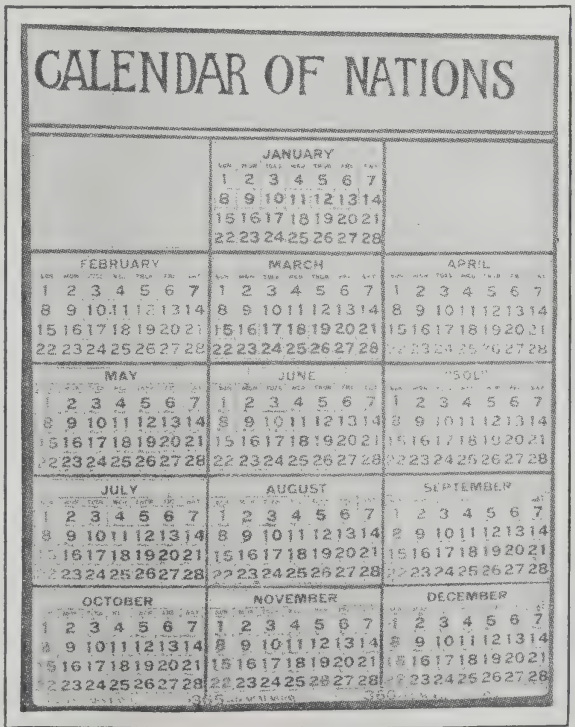
Of course, ever since the year one, a certain minority in each generation have studied the calendar, have known about the phases of the moon, have concerned themselves with the rotation of crops and the sun's varying heat during the regular periods when the earth has revolved around the sun.

But it does happen that as far as this present calendar revision is concerned, Moses B. Cotsworth, F. G. S., F. S. A., F. C. A., the secretary-treasurer of the International Fixed Calendar League, has probably done more to rouse the world to the necessity of the change than any other single personality of this generation.

For many years Mr. Cotsworth has been traveling up and down the earth studying its movements from various points of view in relation to the sun, moon and stars. Much more than this, he has looked at the whole problem from the economic-historical standpoint, and there is practically no phase of it about which he has not acquired all the data that can be obtained.

Mr. Cotsworth was born near York, England, near by what are known as the "30-ton arrows" which mark the site of the earliest capital of the ancient Britons who, as he relates, had as leading advisors "the thoughtful Druids about the time that Jacob lived and who used the 'amplitude method' to locate the seasons by the south, east and west sunrise points."

These three arrows are huge monoliths placed there by the ancients. Mr. Cotsworth was able to see that these arrows were in effect nothing but a Druidical sunrise observatory, and that by viewing them from a point in line




How a calendar consisting of thirteen months would appear. "Sol," the proposed new month, is shown inserted between June and July. Would superstition object to this thirteen-month calendar because "thirteen" is considered unlucky?

with the central one, he could tell the seasons in relation to the sun. In his travels through the Orient, he was able to prove that obelisks, which many had heretofore supposed to be merely ornamental or artistic, were for the purpose of acting as sundials.

When in 1900 he visited Rome, he examined the world-renowned obelisk in the center of the Piazza of St. Peter's Church, and became convinced that somewhere near, on the surface of the earth, there would be found the solution. He found that at a little after 6 a. m. the meridian line of the obelisk was truly oriented along the north side of the roadway from south to west. "That is, marked by the granite midday measuring line between the oval marble disks which located months and seasons by shadow-lengths. In January, 1900, I found the significant words *canceri solstici* still readable, though much worn, on the oval nearest the obelisk, manifestly recording the fact that the Catholic Church authorities, who brought the obelisk from Egypt in 1586 to commemorate the last reform of the calendar by Pope Gregory the Great in 1582, had not neglected to lay down that meridian line with its crowning indicator disk engraved with those two words, indicating that when the sun reaches its highest point on June 21, the obelisk's shortest shadow is that moment registered at S, on that oval marble marker."

***The Obelisk as a Time Recorder***

Little by little, as Mr. Cotsworth accumulated data, he became more convinced of the necessity of calendar reform, and this from purely practical economic motives. In 1908 he visited the Sarcee and other North American Indians and discovered that long before the coming of the white man they had evolved a system of telling the seasons. They made five bundles of sticks, having thirty sticks for thirty days in each of their always equal months. The stick at the end of each bundle was drawn each morning from the monthly bundle of thirty and showed one day. Their year began with the first day the spring thunder brought rain.

Mr. Cotsworth tells how the Hebrews differed from the Egyptians in their method of reckoning.

"The more practical Hebrew patriarchs, by more careful and exact observations of the sun's seasonal points at sunrise, were led to drop their five equal months, totaling 150 days for the more seasonable six-month year, which Jacob tallied by his three rows of stakes lined to sunrise on the longest, shortest, and equal day-and-night points to obtain increases of lambs and kids yearly, as is now done in England and British Columbia, where both grazing and weather conditions permit. As sheep and goats were not only the means of exchange but the chief wealth of Jacob and his descendants, who traded upon the facts that these animals carry their young only five months and can be made to breed almost every six months, Jacob's descendants naturally continued his method of six months count until Moses, at the Exodus, gave them the more advantageous calendar year. And it is a significant fact that after the Exodus the length of life of Bible worthies accords with our own. Moreover, when we compute the recorded ages of earlier patriarchs into true years on the basis of the one, five or six months calendars, which were then in use, we find that they lived only the normal number of years, as the following table of typical adjustments shows:

***Methuselah's Years Maybe Were Moons***

"Methuselah's 'years' were moons, totaling 79 true years.

"Abraham's 175 'years' of five months totaled 72 true years.

"Jacob's 147 'years' of six months totaled 73 true years."

Mr. Cotsworth came to America from England in 1903 and in 1907 to establish the International Fixed Calendar League's American section. In February, 1912, the convention of European advocates met at Liége, in Belgium, and decided to take up the problem with more vigor. Their efforts resulted in the international chambers of commerce passing a unanimous resolution in favor of fixing Easter and improving the calendar. Nothing more was done, however, on account of the war. But in February, 1922, the Liberty Calendar Association, of which Julius Barnes is president, called a convention in Washington to select the best plan. Eleven plans were then submitted and Mr. Cotsworth's plan was voted the best and commended to the governments of all nations. The Canadian Government had already accepted the plan, and thereafter the proposal for the change was sent to the League of Nations.

"Meanwhile," states Mr. Cotsworth, "the International Union of Astronomers had committees in every leading nation considering what action they should take toward assisting calendar reform at their biennial congress during May, 1922. The result was the decision that, provided no effort was made to alter the length of the year nor the commencement of each year on January first, they would be glad to leave the reform of the calendar to the governmental commercial and social leaders for decision by an international conference."

***Many Large Businesses Would Benefit***

As far as other nations are concerned, it should be understood that already about 326 millions of Hindus, Mohammedans, Buddhists, Confucians and other religions in India, Siam and the Malay States have united in the observance of Sunday as their universal rest day.

In 1923 the Russians and other authorities of the Greek Church agreed to forsake the old-time Julian calendar (thirteen days behind the world), and this largely owing to economic pressure. The Pan-American Union, consisting of twenty-one South American republics, is all for the change on the new plan. It seems probable that at the next meeting of the League of Nations, unless hitherto unforeseen obstacles arise, the new calendar will be in shape to be ready for adoption in 1928.

"Many large businesses," says Mr. Cotsworth, "such as the meat packing companies in the United States and Canada, tea companies, moving pictures, newspapers, magazines and others, have found it necessary, for efficient business control, to abandon misleading monthly accountings and devise arbitrary periods of regular four and five weeks to enable them to conduct their business on the basis of sure facts, whereas our ever-changing days in unequal months make monthly totals misleading. In department and dry-goods stores, Saturdays and Mondays are the busy days. In banking, Fridays, Saturdays, Sundays and Mondays bring different percentages of business. In nearly all such concerns, each day of the week has a different economic value from the other six days."

To sum up, here is Mr. Cotsworth's synopsis of the proposed reform in the calendar:

"Every nation now calendars the days of the year in seven-day weeks, although weeks were not in use when the different calendars of unequal, inconvenient months were imposed upon our ancestors by the Roman Caesars 2,000 years ago. We cannot alter the length of the days, weeks or years, but we can easily amend the months so that each, like February in 1914, will contain 28 days as 4 full weeks, which exactly and best quarters the month for business and social convenience. That ideal month is the standard proposed. To expedite long counts of days between any two dates, it would be better to *number*, instead of to *name*, the months; but if names are more desirable, the new month 'Sol' could be inserted between June and July as readily as 'leap-year' was inserted between February and March, 1924.

"This proposed new month, with the other twelve equal 28-day months, will constitute the amended calendar year proposed, after the 'Year-Day' (without any week-day name) is appended as last day, an International Sabbath, to be included in the last year as its eighth day and dated December 29th.

"This will absorb the extra week day (over and above the 52 weeks) which now needlessly and most inconveniently causes the names of all week days to change throughout the successive 365 days of each year. In leap years 'leap-day' should also be an International Sabbath without a week-day name, simply named 'leap day' and included in the last week in June as its eighth day and dated June 29."

In case the new calendar is adopted, one class of unfortunates will mourn, namely, those who were born after the 28th of any month. Alas! they will have no birthdays—or perforce adopt new ones.

---

# Teach Your Boy to Work

(*Concluded from page 8*)

Make your boy a master of some kind of soil production, even though it be tiny and amateurish, and you thus give him a key to the entrance into many of the kindred industries. And you give far more than that, namely, a degree of self-reliance, and initiative which he can scarcely acquire from any other practice. There is something about the handling of livestock and the management of farm machinery which gives a youth a sense of manliness and supremacy over hard conditions. Fortunate indeed is the city youth who is privileged to rough it for a season, with decent associations, on some good Western ranch.

Finally, understand that soil culture is but a part of soul culture, and soul culture is but another name for bringing out of the individual, through practical application, those instincts and desires which are common to the race. It is the common man, unfolded to the point of appreciation and application of all the great racial tendencies; it is this common man who by this very procedure becomes the great man. Teach your boy to work and thus unfold a quarter section of the great, inherent human nature within him. His advancement in worldly goods and wisdom will then take care of itself.

# New Light on Old Egypt

(*Continued from page 6*)

official god of Egypt. This heretic, this dreamer, this dabbler in the fine arts, this uxorious esthete, tried to rescue Egypt from the rule of polytheist priests. And this boy son-in-law was not strong enough to carry out his predecessor's reforms. He moved back to Thebes from Tel el Amarna, or the city of Ikhnaten, and changed his name to Tut-ankh-amon. Then he died, while still a boy. Six years he had reigned, and they were exciting years, years of reaction. The priests must have had their own way mostly. He was not strong enough, nor great enough, to withstand them.

But his wife was a girl of some character. When her husband died, she knew that she could not hold the throne without a husband. She had just about sixty days in which to get one. It required about that long to prepare a royal body for burial, and there was not likely to be any organized movement to unseat her before her husband's interment, a period of official mourning being the established program. One of her sisters had been married to an Asiatic prince, and it was to Asia she looked for help. She wrote to the king of the Hittites:

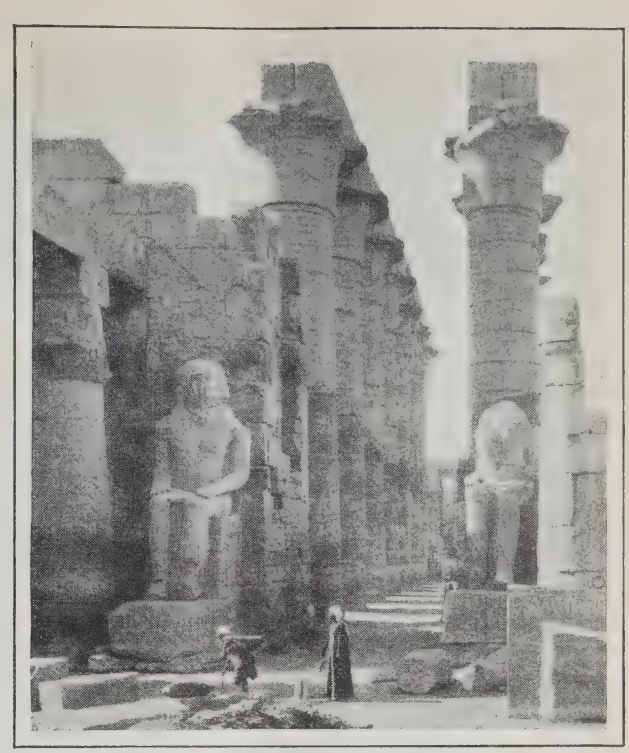
"My husband is dead, and I am told you have grown sons. Send me one of them, and I will make him my husband, and he shall be king of Egypt."

If only the king of the Hittites had been a little better informed on international affairs, he would have known that this was a great opportunity. If he had sent a son, backed up by a good strong military force, and they had arrived during the period of official mourning, there could have been a marriage, which the priests of Amon would gladly have sanctioned, and the funeral baked meats might freshly have furnished the wedding feast. But the Hittite king was cautious. He wrote asking whether the dead king did not have a son, who might assert his claim to the throne. The king of the Hittites did not wish to risk his own son against such a claimant. She wrote almost in despair: "Why should I deceive you? I have no son, and my husband is dead. Send me a son of yours, and I will make him king."

We do not know whether the Hittite prince started forth to win this girl-widow and her troubled kingdom. If he started, he probably turned back; but much time had been wasted, and she did not secure a royal husband. If she had succeeded, there never would have been a Rameses the Great.

Poor girl, she deserved a husband. I think if I had been the son of the Hittite king, I would have risked a throw of the dice of international relations in an effort to win that girl. Dedicated by her idealistic father to a cause already doomed, and committed by her girlhood marriage to a policy which her boy-husband could not make effective, she lived to offer her hand in marriage to a prince whose father dared not risk his darling boy on so questionable an adventure, and she had the double sorrow of a dead husband and an unrequited love. And all within sixty days. And then, as we judge, dethronement and political chaos. Poor girl, she did not deserve all this.

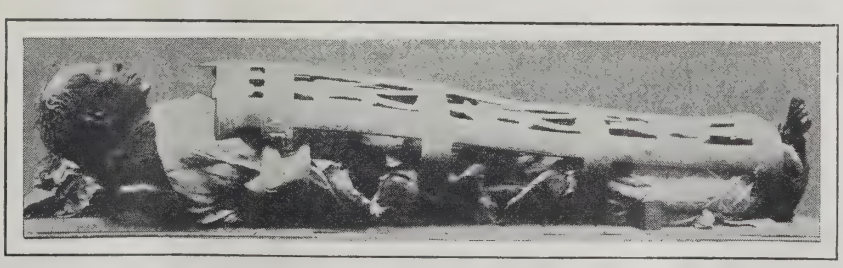
The daily papers remind us that we need not go so far up the Nile, 418 miles above Cairo, for matters of modern interest. I made the journey, but I also visited the site of the tomb, real or supposed, of Senefru, discovered by Professor George A. Reisner, of Harvard. Tut-ankh-amon reigned about 1350 B.C. But Senefru was the founder of the mighty dynasty that built the pyramids, and the pyramids were hoary with antiquity before Tut-ankh-amon ever became the son-in-law of a king. Senefru began to reign about 2750 B.C., and reigned for nearly a quarter of a century.



Colossal figures of Rameses II in the Temple of Luxor.

It is a most interesting fact that Professor James A. Breasted, of the University of Chicago, should have done the major part of the translating of the inscriptions on the tomb of Tut-ankh-amon with associate curator A.C. Mace and Harry Burton, of the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts in New York, in charge of the photography and other important matters there; and that a professor of Harvard should be working at the tomb of Senefru. America has a place in the sun when it comes to Oriental research, and when I say a place in the sun, I speak advisedly. We simply do not know what discoveries Professor Reisner may make.

Senefru was a mighty monarch. He built two pyramids. One of them, the earliest of all pyramids except the "step-pyramid" erected by his predecessor, Zoser, is a truncated affair rising in two steep slopes at Sakkarah, and the Arabs call it "the false pyramid." The other, not far away, is an imposing structure which rises in solitary grandeur and is almost as large as the great pyramid of Cheops. Did Senefru, having erected two such notable tombs, decide that they would not be safe from grave robbers, and that it would be better to provide a hidden tomb a few miles distant, and leave the pyramids as a camouflage? Or was he buried in one of them, and is the tomb, sealed with his royal seal, which Dr. Reisner has discovered, that of one of his high officials?



Mummy of Rameses II, on view in Cairo.

To return to Tut-ankh-amon, or rather to his father-in-law, Amenophis IV, or Ikhnaten, as he renamed himself. He tried to teach the world the worship of one God, the god of the life-giving sun. Let us not despise him because he knew of no god apart from some visible object. He almost saved Egypt to monotheism. As far as we know, he was the first king on earth who ever said, "This worship of many gods is wrong; there is but one God." Who taught him that? He did not think that out alone. Who taught him? Without much doubt, the priests of Heliopolis. They were jealous, no doubt, of the royal attention lavished on the temples of Amon, and they managed to convince the king that theirs was the one true God. Discount their motives all you like, but give them credit at least for so much of truth as they discovered, and it was not a small one.

Some time prior to this there had risen another man in Egypt, and his name was Joseph. Who were his associates and friends? The priests of On, one of whom was his father-in-law (*Genesis* 41:45). His wife, Asenath, came from On. Very likely his own home was there, certainly not far from there. On is the Bible name of the city which we know by its appropriate Greek name, Heliopolis—the city of the sun.

Moses was learned in all the learning of the Egyptians. Who instructed him? Beyond any reasonable doubt, the priests of Heliopolis, for he also lived in that Memphite region and under its influence.

## A Play Promoter

THIS is the story of a sort of educational pied-piper who isn't pied and who doesn't wear a long yellow cloak, yet who makes the eyes of some 9,000 boys and girls in Lexington, the capital of the Kentucky Blue Grass, dance with delight and excitement every time he appears.

For W. J. Sanford, Jr., plays the tune which for nearly five years has told boys and girls of sailboat races, kite tournaments, dog and pet shows, water carnivals, lantern carnivals, kid karnivals, field meets, doll shows and what not. If he has a motto or a golden text it must be this remark of his: "When one realizes how intimately the misuse of leisure time is associated with the faults and failures of society as a whole, any scheme that provides for healthful play and recreation, substitutes constructive for destructive interests, certainly deserves the support of the public."

A few facts regarding this man Sanford are pertinent. He has three jobs: truant officer, clerk for the county judge, supervisor of playgrounds. In addition, he plays the chimes every evening and calls it "taking my daily exercise."

Lexington has a Civic League which sponsors the work of Mr. Sanford. It, too, is a rather active body, for it conducts a neighborhood club, monthly dances, penny lunches, helps along the orphans' and children's home, encourages boys' clubs, has a county rest room, a day nursery, a colored dramatic institute, negro historical pageant, provides Christmas caroling, story hours, runs a daily clinic, furnishes Christmas trees, and through the playground work in summer reaches many thousands of persons —in a city of 40,000 population and 9,000 children.

The average daily attendance at the playgrounds is 2,263, which constitutes one-third of all the children under junior high school age, yet the total cost for the salaries of twelve white and three colored assistants is only $3,754 for the eleven weeks of summer.

At the playgrounds the children participate in handwork, story-telling, folk dancing, singing and group games for little children in the morning, and swimming, baseball, playground ball, quoits, checkers and chess in the afternoon.

Competition among playgrounds is stimulated by a baseball league, volley ball league, girls' volley ball teams, swimming meet, bird book contest, and a marble tournament.

In addition are other events:

The dog and pet show had 93 entries, ranging from wolf hounds and police dogs to pomeranians and dwarf spitz, while the 295 entries in the pet show included cats, rabbits, ponies, mice, terrapins, squirrels, a whistling canary, a monkey, snakes, a goat and a Canadian bear cub. More than 7,000 persons attended.

A doll show exhibited 138 dolls, one more than a century old, and this was attended by approximately 2,000 children and adults. The lantern carnival played before 1,500 persons to the tune of the Boy Scouts' Band. The toy boat contest was an event; grandfathers and infants watched the races and one small steamboat which caught fire had to be ducked under water. Kid karnival proved another big day and brought out 5,000 persons.



# A Dance A Week



### DURANG'S HORNPIPE

Six couples in each set.

Call first figure before music begins. First, third and fifth couples pass over.

| | |
|---|---|
| First lady balance to second gentleman | 4 bars |
| Swing partners | 4 bars |
| First gentleman balance to second lady | 4 bars |
| Swing partners | 4 bars |
| First couple down the center and back | 8 bars |
| Cast off, and right and left | 8 bars |

Repeat until all couples have gone through the movements, then call,—
All forward and back, turn partners, promenade to seats.

### FISHER'S HORNPIPE.

Metronome 112. Six couples.

Call the first change before the music begins.

Down the outside and back ..... 8 bars

Each turn outward, and walk eight steps to the foot of the set, and return, each back of their own line.

Down the center and back ..... 8 bars

The same couple cross hands, and promenade eight steps down the center to the foot of the set, turn, the hands still crossed, and return eight steps to the head, separate and cast off; going below one couple.

Six hands around ..... 8 bars

The first three couples on the head, join hands, and circle once around.

Right and left ..... 8 bars

The first two couples.

Repeat all.

The same couple will then repeat from the beginning, starting down the outside, from the position they are now in. Six hands around will be executed by the third and fourth couples, the couple now at the head remaining idle. Repeat, going below one couple each time until all have gone through the movement.

When the first couple begins the movement the fourth time, the couple standing at the head begins at the same time. When a couple arrives at the head or foot of the set, they wait during two repetitions of the movements.

### THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

Six couples in a set.

The first couple exchange places, before the first call is given.

| | |
|---|---|
| First couple down the center with second lady | 4 bars |
| Leave lady at the foot, and return to place | 4 bars |
| Down the center with second gentleman | 4 bars |
| Return and leave gentleman at the foot | 4 bars |
| Head couple down the center | 4 bars |
| Both couples back to places | 4 bars |
| Right and left | 8 bars |

Cast off each time and repeat until all have gone through the movement.
Last call,—All join hands forward, turn partners, promenade to seats.

---

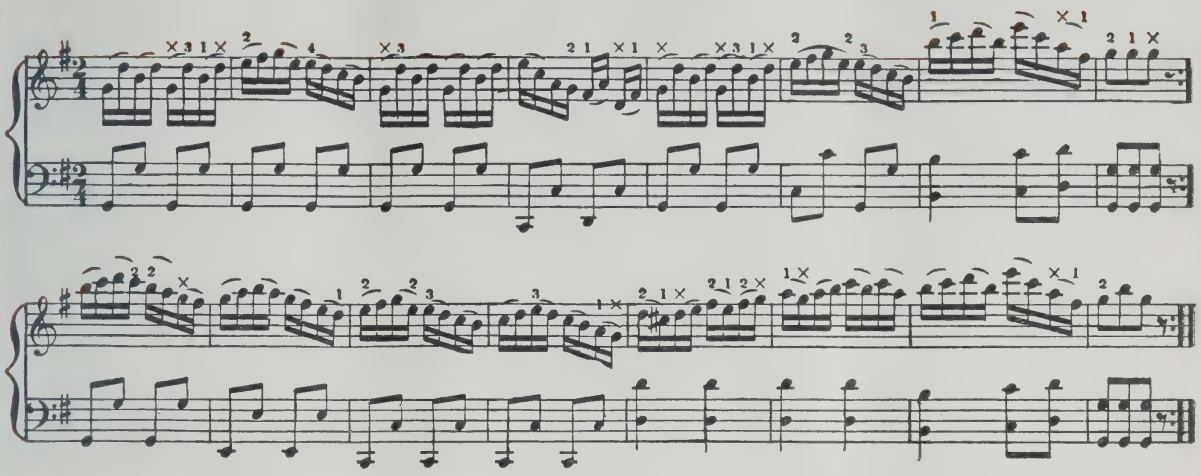
"Good Morning," a dance manual of the Old American Dances, compiled for Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford, contains 169 pages of calls, descriptions and some music of the dances taught in the Ford School. Price 75 cents.

Also, there are 20 orchestrations of 11 parts each—25 cents each orchestration, or $4.00 for the lot. Book and music will be mailed upon receipt of price.

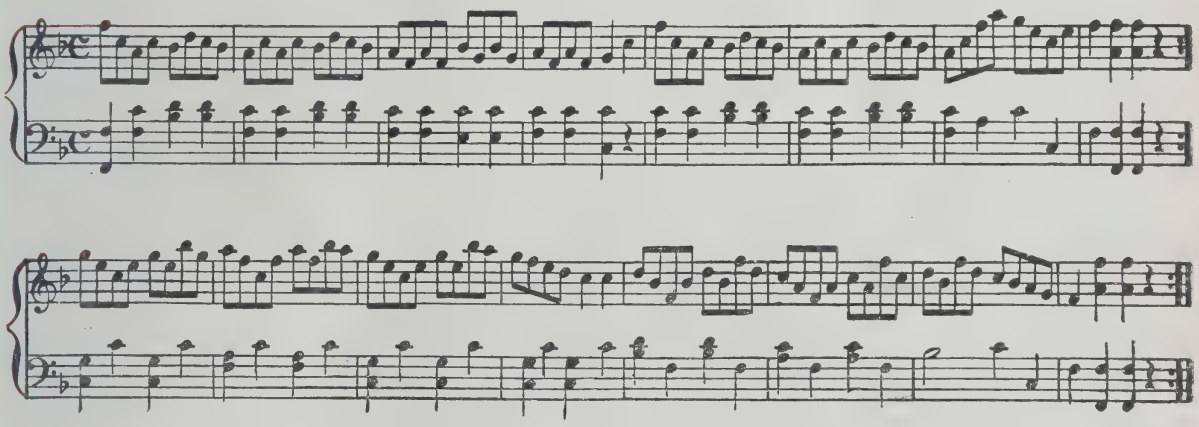
Please order by number.

1. Grand Pa's Favorite
2. Sicilian Circle
3. Virginia Reel
4. Medley Waltz
5. Medley Two Step
6. Varsovienne
7. Rye Waltz
8. Oriental Lancers
9. Heel and Toe Polka
10. Old Southern Schottische
11. Money Musk
12. Badger Gavotte
13. Waltz No. 2
14. Ripple
15. Ticknor's Quadrille
16. My Queen Medley Waltz
17. Luxemburg Schottische
18. Sea Side Polka
19. Club Quadrille
20. Day Break Waltz

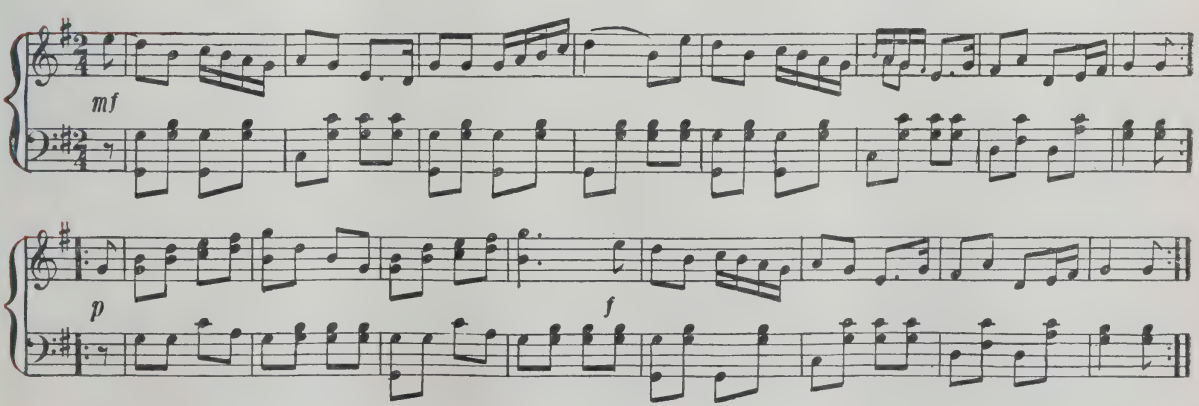
## Durang's Hornpipe.



## Fisher's Hornpipe.



## The Girl I Left Behind Me



# Reconstruction and the Negro Race

(*Continued from page 7*)

a group of white people, a horde of professional politicians, grafters and adventurers flocked south and meddled in every phase of life, from exploiting the negro by selling him the painted pegs by which he could stake out for himself any forty acres of land that he might fancy, to visions of his filling governors' chairs. The Freedmen's bureau gathered the fuel and made ready the fires of race feeling in the South, but it was these "carpetbaggers" who applied the match and started the fires going throughout the land.

It was indicated that if the states would organize governments under these conditions they could escape military law. The white people asked for military law in preference to this negro-carpetbagger-scalawag régime. (The "scalawag" was the white person of the South who had taken no part in the war and later capitalized his disloyalty as patriotism for what it would net him in politics. The scalawag explains the South's early distaste for a white Republican, especially the native variety.)

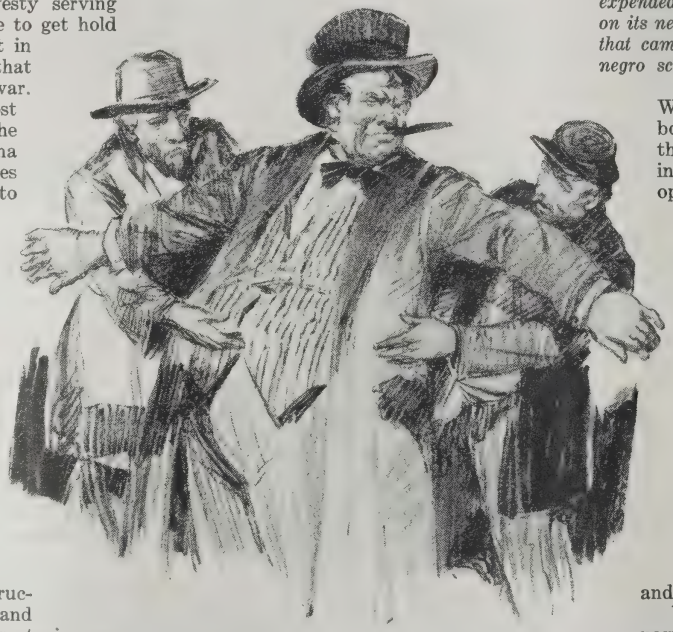
As might have been expected, anarchy broke loose. Because communication was still suffering from the devastation of the war and because the South had few periodicals, little of the truth ever got before the world; even the various Southern communities knew none too well what went on in the others, but every community has its citizens, white and black, who lived through and took part in those awful days of crime and gruesome reprisal. Pillaging, rioting, rapine and murder swept over the land. The government was a travesty serving only to enable those in charge to get hold of public funds, and to extort in confiscatory taxes the little that had been saved from the war. Many a Southern family lost home and plantation for the taxes upon them. Louisiana went bankrupt; in other states staggering debts, destined to hamper progress for many years, were piled up by these mixed legislatures whose members paid little or nothing in taxes. Ninety members of a South Carolina legislature did not pay a cent in taxes. The entire membership of an Alabama legislature paid less than a hundred dollars in taxes.

The white people realized that their country was sinking into barbarism; with the desperation of despair they fought the fire with fire. In many places they succeeded in obtaining control of elections by ignoring the Reconstruction Act of disfranchisement and stuffing ballot boxes or threatening or forcing the negro to relinquish political activities. This was comparatively easy in those states where the whites outnumbered the negroes, but in those states where the negroes were in majority, as in Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama and South Carolina, the contest for power was long-drawn-out and bitter and often resulted in open clash of arms, as at Vicksburg and Clinton, Mississippi, and New Orleans.

That the negro was bluffed out of power in the South with a "Boo!" from a ghostly horseman is another popular fallacy; the ghostly horseman helped but he was not entirely sufficient. The negro contested stoutly for the ground he held, and it was 1879 before he and the carpetbagger were finally ousted and the white people in full control of the South. And it might have taken even longer had not the Liberals overthrown the Radicals in the North and begun to show a more sympathetic attitude toward the South. Then another thing worked in our favor: the nation seemed to be growing tired of worrying with its recalcitrant brother, the white Southerner and its stepbrother, the black Southerner, and more and more turned its attention to its own commercial and industrial activities.

Thus by 1880 the ex-master and the ex-slave were left together amidst the wreckage to do what they would with it and with each other. The rest of America, marching forward to its great industrial triumph—a march that the Civil War only accelerated by solidifying its people, teaching and perfecting organization and creating new industries—little realized what the war and the Reconstruction did to the South and have always been prone to attribute our "backwardness" to an inherent indolence and lack of ability. We had been flung down from the top of the commercial and financial ladder to the very bottom and were in a condition almost as primitive as that of the early pioneers.

The majority of Southern men and women who were of school age at the close of the war never got more than a few weeks or a few months of schooling in their entire lives; homes and farms were run down and impoverished; commercial, financial or industrial organizations whereby men usually pool their strength for mutual helpfulness were unknown; we were a section of debt-ridden individual farmers and hopeless, indifferent tenants. Cotton was the only thing produced universally that could find a ready market, but the human labor required for its production was so great, the price obtained for it so out of proportion to manufactured products, and the credit system under which it was grown so deadening that it kept the white people as well as the black in a state of virtual peonage to the supply merchant and the bank, and these in turn had to bow to outside capital. Many of the best families were reduced to the level of the "poor whites" and their women and girls became common field laborers. Few could afford good carriages and horses, and because of this there was an unfortunate tendency to stagnate in isolated communities, losing the ambition and initiative that contact with the world gives.



Often the work of the soldier on the battlefield is lost or nullified by the politician or seeker after special privilege.

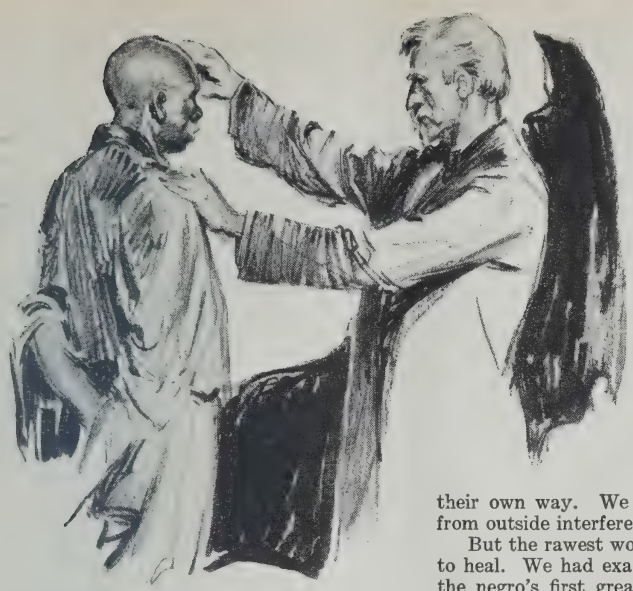
But bit by bit we crawled out of our poverty and stagnation. Industries grew up and others came in, despite our reputation over America and Europe for being a backward section—a reputation the railroads did much to foster by diverting settlers and investors to the opening West. Farms were brought back to their normal productiveness. Diversification began to be practiced and a market for other things than cotton gradually built up. Schools expanded from the three-and four-month sessions of the eighties to excellent nine-month schools, and the financial condition of the people enabled them to keep their children in school for the full term instead of having to take them out to hoe and pick cotton as formerly. *By 1890 the South had expended more than a hundred million dollars on its negro schools alone and for every dollar that came in from philanthropic sources for negro schools the South paid ten in taxes.*

During the ten years preceding the World War the South had reached the boom stage. It became the thing for the Northern manufacturer to invest in the cheaper but equally good opportunities of the South and in addition be close to cheap labor. The Southern people themselves began to reach out into all sorts of enterprises, and while cotton was still king there were many lesser lights to bear him company.

With the passage of time and the improvement of conditions, bitterness and hate in the South gave way to a philosophical attitude and a mellowing of spirit. Perhaps after all we had been sorely trying to the North, who had also poured out blood and gold. We were glad that sectionalism was disappearing and we yearned for the North's friendship and understanding.

We ceased wholly to blame the negro for his part in the Reconstruction folly; he was ignorant and inexperienced and it was but natural that, like a harness-freed horse, he should want to stretch his muscles and kick up his heels a bit. His love for the trappings of power, his bungling with statesmanship, his profligacy with public money, were the intoxication of new experiences and the reaction from the restraint of slavery. These things we could forgive and forget.

But other things we could not forget. At the first opportunity to act on his own volition the negro showed a strong pro-



The negro was encouraged to help himself, and to believe that only an industrious, self-reliant race is worthy of respect.

pensity to listen to false teachings and to follow strange leaders; and he showed that it was in his heart to turn on the Southerner, who had done nothing to him but buy him off the markets of the world and teach him the fundamentals of civilization. These two things were not the errors of ignorance and inexperience, but were the heart and mind of the man speaking. They explain the disfranchised negro, the inflexible segregation, the "Solid South." They explain why the Southern people, through all those years of their cornbread-and-sorghum poverty, made no gesture of welcome to outsiders but battled alone with their terrific race problem, determined henceforth to handle it in their own way. We had suffered enough from outside interference.

But the rawest wounds have a tendency to heal. We had exacted a bitter price for the negro's first great error as a race, his part in the Reconstruction folly. He seemed to be thoroughly repentant and once the matter of who was boss in the South was settled, he followed us through all our ups and downs of poverty and slow progress. Much of the old master-and-man affection returned, the negro with all his faults belonged to us still; we with all of ours were still his "white folks"; he was one part of the South, we the other. Apparently the rest of America had ceased to be interested in either of us, so we were mutually dependent on each other.

Then we began to realize that no people can rise above the average level of its people, no matter what race or class constitutes that average; if we were to march upward we would have to take the negro with us or he would pull us down by the sheer weight of his ten millions. His schools were improved, his interests given earnest attention by church and civic organizations. He was encouraged to help himself, to think well of himself and to believe that only an industrious, self-reliant race is worthy of the respect of men.

An era of unprecedented tolerance and good feeling between the white and the black race set in. While that fine line of steel that ever lies between the paths of the two races was never forgotten, they were closer together, as man and man, than ever in their history. In get-together organizations all over the country the races were making sincere effort to understand each other and to arrive at satisfactory solutions of their many problems. The negro was winning back, and winning on a sound and lasting basis, many of the things the white race had had to take from him.

And that was the race situation in the South when the World War broke out.

*This is the second of a series of articles by Townsend Boyer. The next will appear in an early issue.*

# Australia—A White Man's Country

(*Concluded from page 15*)

production of gold, silver, lead, copper, iron, tin, zinc and coal.

As a manufacturing country Australia still has to come to the front, but it has made a start in many lines and is gradually increasing its manufactured products. Melbourne is the national leader in this respect and is developing along industrial lines while Sydney has forged to the front, because of its possession of the world's greatest harbor, as a shipping and commercial center. But manufacturing industries also are growing steadily in Sydney and in other centers.

Away from the cities is the "outback." Here are the farms and the "stations" that produce Australia's products. The "stations," similar to the old-time ranches in the American West, are enormous in extent and many of them are principalities in themselves, with vast herds of sheep and cattle grazing over their miles upon miles of grassy acreage. Just recently a "station" was sold at auction to settle an estate. It brought a million and three-quarters dollars at the sale. Statistics on its production showed that it had made a profit last year of nearly a quarter of a million dollars.

The people of Australia today are proud of their great commonwealth and confident of its brilliant future. Remote from the rest of the world they are not as hurried and as feverish in their business or their play as are the people of North America or Europe. They do not expect to develop their huge resources and open up their countless miles of new territory in a year or two. They are content to go along as they are and satisfied with present prosperity, but still are awake to the needs of the future and to the necessity of preparing for them.

The Australian is intensely loyal to the British Empire and to its ideals and traditions. British habits and customs prevail, but at the same time the Australian is independent and will permit no one else to govern him.

Government commissions and scientific investigators are at work in an effort to solve many great problems, some connected with the development of the country; others with the development of the nation. Oil and water are two great needs in physical development. Immigration and control of business development are two big governmental problems.

There is plenty of water in Australia at certain times in the year and a scarcity of it at other times. The rainfall is liberal, but much of it runs away too rapidly and great areas need irrigation as a result. This is a plain engineering problem. It is being met by the gradual extension of dams and reservoirs. As the country grows, an enormous amount of this engineering work will be needed.

Oil is being sought by experts. Oil men tell us that where there is coal there is oil and Australia has vast coal resources already discovered and probably many more that still are to be located. The finding of oil and its production will mean much for the growth of the commonwealth in the future.

Australian labor is largely in control of the government. Labor unions dictate laws and regulations and labor government dabbles in government ownership of all sorts of public utilities and lines of business. Capital, principally represented by owners of great estates and large stations, makes plenty of money and appears to be satisfied with conditions. There is no political cohesion of those opposed to the labor program of government, and the splitting of the opposition ranks into various party groups makes it easy for labor to win elections.

But no matter what group is in charge of the government, all Australians are interested in the subject of immigration, for upon this more than upon any other thing, depends the future of the country.

Australians are determined to keep this "a white man's country." The bars are up against Orientals and blacks. So deep-rooted is this feeling that prejudice rules against any swarthy skinned peoples. In the past few years there have been many Italians, Greeks, Syrians and other Mediterranean peoples come to Australia as immigrants. They have not been welcomed and steps are being taken to put up the bars against them.

Thus far most encouragement has been given to English immigration and there are many who would like to see the country filled up with the overflow of England's population. Gifts of land to English settlers are made, but there have been many instances of English settlers giving up the struggle against the land and coming into the cities to look for employment and companionship. The cities of Australia do not need increases without increased population and production inland.

The hardy pioneer is the need of the country and Australia wants to find him and plenty of him. Perhaps a commission may study the experiences of the United States in this respect. No nation in the world has had so much experience with immigration as has the United States of America and it has learned many lessons which might be profitable to Australia while she still stands on the threshold of her future.

# Building Houses by the Cubic Foot

## Cost of Your New Home Is Regulated by the Amount of Space You Wish to Have

By ALBERT WOOD



Interesting entrance feature in stucco.

MILK costs so much a quart, butter so much a pound, potatoes so much a peck, and generally speaking houses cost so much a "cubic foot."

A six-room house containing thirty thousand cubic feet might quite naturally cost more than an eight-room house containing twenty-five thousand cubic feet.

As far as costs are concerned, and that is the most important detail about house building for most of us, the question is not "how many rooms" but "how much space"; it is not so much a question of plan and arrangement as it is a question of floor area and cubic contents—bulk, in other words.

Something akin to necromancy will be needed if we are to produce a thirty-thousand-cubic-foot house out of a twenty-thousand-cubic-foot purse, and an early realization of this fact will help us to balance our building budget and control construction costs.

The floor area multiplied by the height of a room gives us the "cube"; and since the story heights in residences of moderate size are fairly constant, it may be easier to visualize the "cubic contents" in terms of square feet of floor area.

For example: A builder in the Middle West estimates that a two-story and full basement, well-built, steam-heated house, with adequate plumbing fixtures, may be built for four dollars and a half a square foot of floor area above the basement.

On this basis a house 40 feet wide and 30 feet in depth having an area of 1,200 square feet on the first floor and 1,200 square feet on the second floor would cost about $10,800. Or a house 28 x 24 on the same basis would cost in the neighborhood of $6,048. This, then, would be one answer to the question, "How much house for $6,000?"

In your locality, for various reasons, this price per square foot may not exactly apply; however, you will doubtless find some such general method of estimating houses of certain distinct types prevailing among your local architects, builders, or mortgage loan companies. With some it may be a cost-per-square-foot method; with others it may be a "cubic foot" unit of cost; but in any event, once you assume a unit of cost based on your desired class of construction, it is then the floor area and bulk of a house that largely determine the cost.

Many of us make a fundamental mistake in thinking we can add a foot or two to the dimensions of some otherwise desirable plan without affecting the cost much. For example, we may be quite satisfied with the 28′ x 24′ two-story house costing $6,048, "if only it could be made two feet larger each way—say 30′ x 26′." Using our pencil for just a moment, we find this apparently slight increase in dimensions has given us an area of 780 square feet on each floor and we may reasonably expect to see the cost advance to $7,020, or an increase of more than 15 per cent.

It is much like buying carpet by the yard, the cost depending entirely on the area covered and the price per yard.

These brief examples indicate the need for a thorough study of space requirements and the necessity for arranging this space to reduce waste areas to the minimum.

If you find your space requirements demand no less than 780 square feet on each floor, and your available funds not more than $6,000, you will discover that the cost of a home, to meet these conditions, must not exceed $3.85 a square foot. Thus when you consult your architect you will learn that this governing fact determines the type of construction, the kind of heating plant, the amount and quality of plumbing, and many other details about which you may have been undecided. In other words, the quality must be somewhat reduced from the standards you observed in the $4.50-a-square-foot house.

If, however, you place the $4.50 quality above everything else, you must be prepared to reduce the area to 675 square feet to keep within your $6,000 appropriation. Rather than reduce the size of all rooms until none remains really adequate, you may omit the dining room on the first floor and a guest room on the second floor.

Perhaps you have made a record of just how much each room is used and find that only one hour in twenty-four is spent in the dining room, and decide to retain the convenient breakfast nook happily combined with the kitchen, and rearrange one end of the living room for that one hour's daily dining use. With appropriate furniture this dining and living room combination may be most attractively planned.

Halls and stairways are extravagant space wasters unless very carefully planned. The early English house consisted of nothing more than a barn-like hall, with a kitchen at one end of the room. Later the kitchen end was extended as a service wing and at the opposite end of the great hall a wing was added for the owner's privacy. With the addition of a second floor a grand staircase was thought desirable and in time became the feature of many Elizabethan mansions. In these houses the servants were supplied with a private staircase.

These large mansions naturally set the style and as a result builders of small homes attempted to adopt similar features, at any cost, and regardless of the practical need. Recently, however, the extra servants' stairway has gone the way of the old-fashioned family servant and all but disappeared in the average home; and the great stair hall and staircase has been reduced until it is not the conspicuous feature of former days.

A stair hall and staircase, however, may be a beautiful, useful, and altogether delightful feature of a house without being either overlarge or conspicuous, as one of our illustrations indicates.

The careful, judicious selection of furniture is also an important factor not only in space conservation, but in the comfort, beauty and character it may add to a home. Everything that has been said relative to restraint, dignity, good taste, common sense, and comfort as to the construction of the house, may be applied to its furniture and decoration.

Returning again to the subject of costs, one of the first steps in the business of planning a house is to balance the size with the purse. It is not always the architect's or builder's fault that you cannot have your cake and eat it too.



The newer note in stair halls for the small house.

# Group of House Inspirations for Prospective Builders



Many of our most interesting and homelike places show marked Colonial influence.



A consistent and judicious combination of materials skillfully blended into a home of beauty, character and distinction.



Oval—In America today we are building some of the finest small homes in the world.

Below—A "homey" place after the English type.

A simple and picturesque composition.





R-41
THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL



THE Americans are the first people whom Heaven has favored with an opportunity of deliberating upon, and choosing the forms of government under which they should live. All other constitutions have derived their existence from violence or accidental circumstances, and are therefore probably more distant from their perfection, which, though beyond our reach, may nevertheless be approached under the guidance of reason and experience . . . Every member of the State ought diligently to read and to study the constitution of his country, and teach the rising generation to be free. By knowing their rights, they will sooner perceive when they are violated, and be the better prepared to defend and assert them.

—*John Jay.*



# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Volume 26, Number 31

Five Cents a Copy | MAY 22, 1926 | $1.50 a Year





CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

# BRIEFLY TOLD

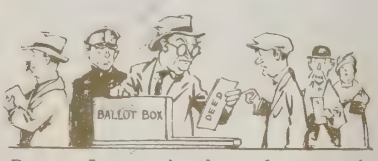
"THE CENSOR IS the salvation of the English stage. In America there is drama that would never for a moment be tolerated in England. Those who criticize the English censor have not watched things work as I have in a country where taste is led astray through there being no censor to blue-pencil rigorously the efforts of some dramatists."—*Cyril Maude.*

THE CITY OF LIMA, Peru, experiences an earthquake on an average of once a week, but during the past ten years there has been no loss of life or property.

A DENTIST'S DRILL of excellent workmanship was discovered in England during excavations on the site of an ancient Roman camp

A CRUDE WATER CLOCK, which has been in vogue in the Far East for 5,000 years, is still used by the Malays. A coconut shell with a small hole in the bottom is placed in a bucket of water. This slowly fills and sinks, measuring the time.

A WILY CHINESE general, during a recent engagement, placed firecrackers in an empty oil storage tank, with the hope that the enemy would believe he was heavily armed with machine guns. The bluff worked.




RHODE ISLAND is the only state in the Union where a man or woman has to have $34 worth of property in order to vote.

WATER IS SO CLEAR in the fiords of Norway that objects an inch-and-a-half in diameter can be distinctly seen at a depth of fifty feet.

AMERICANS CARRY approximately $55,000,000,000 in life insurance policies, and more than 150 persons have individual policies of a million dollars and more.

EIGHTY-SEVEN per cent of the energy used in this country is derived from coal, oil, and gas. Four per cent comes from water, and three per cent from working animals.

DETACHABLE COLLARS were invented in 1825, after a careful housewife had observed that the collar of a shirt became soiled more quickly than the shirt itself.

IN AN ATTEMPT to prove that cancer transfer from one human being to another is impossible, a German surgeon recently had himself inoculated with cancer tissue.

DURING THE WORLD WAR the percentages of population taken for military service were: Russia, 12 per cent; Austria-Hungary, 18 per cent; England, 18 per cent; Germany, 20 per cent; France, 20 per cent.



BY EQUIPPING lighthouses with perches the British Society for the protection of birds has reduced the destruction of birds confused by the light from nearly a thousand a night to fewer than that number a year.

A LOSS OF FOUR MILLION DOLLARS during the past year has been reported by the directors of the Krupp Works.

ONE OF THE EARLY American locomotives was propelled by joint legs that pressed or "kicked" against the ground in the rear. A speed of two-and-a-half miles was attained.

THE LARGEST LIBRARY in the world is the National Library at Paris. The Congressional Library at Washington is second largest. The British Museum Library in London has the most valuable collection.

WHEN A CHINESE host feels that guests have remained long enough he serves tea, a signal for departure.

A DIAMOND RING valued at $25,000, taken from the stomach of a large fish caught off the coast of Norway, has been turned over to the American Consul as probably one reported lost off Florida several years ago.

THE CONTINUOUS BEATING of waves against its base has caused Cape Henlopen lighthouse, built by the British in 1765 near Lewes, Delaware, to topple into the sea.

THE WORLD'S POPULATION is increasing at the rate of about twenty million a year.

THE BRITISH AIR MINISTRY plans to institute in the near future dirigible service between London and Calcutta. The journey is expected to take five days.



THE DEATH RAY was used by Archimedes in 300 B. C. at the battle of Syracuse when, by means of mirrors, he concentrated the sun's rays and burned the Roman galleys.

PENNIES ARE LEGAL tender only to the amount of twenty-five cents.

A UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA co-ed narrowly escaped death when she insisted on living up to her promise to eat her hat when she lost a wager. The felt proved poisonous.

FIVE RARE COINS, bearing dates between 1738 and 1777, have been found in the woods near Oak Bluffs, Massachusetts. According to local tradition, two brothers buried their wealth there, fearful that it would be seized by advancing English troops.

MOTION PICTURE AUDIENCES look at a dark screen nearly half the time a film is being shown, and each one of the tiny pictures that make up the film is seen three times.

BUNGALOWS OF CAST IRON are being built in Glasgow, Scotland, to relieve the housing shortage.

SIX CHILDREN IN Kansas protested to the probate judge that their mother was an unfit guardian for them because she bobbed her hair and wore gay clothing.

ONLY FIVE COLLEGE graduates are included in the 13,012 convicts in Sing Sing.



THE FIRST friction match was made in 1827 by John Walker, an English chemist.

A WATCHMAKER accidentally split a fine steel instrument just as he was about to sign a document. No quill being at hand he used the ruined tool. Thus came about the invention of the steel pen.

THE FEDERATED MALAY STATES produce 75 per cent of the world's tin and rubber.

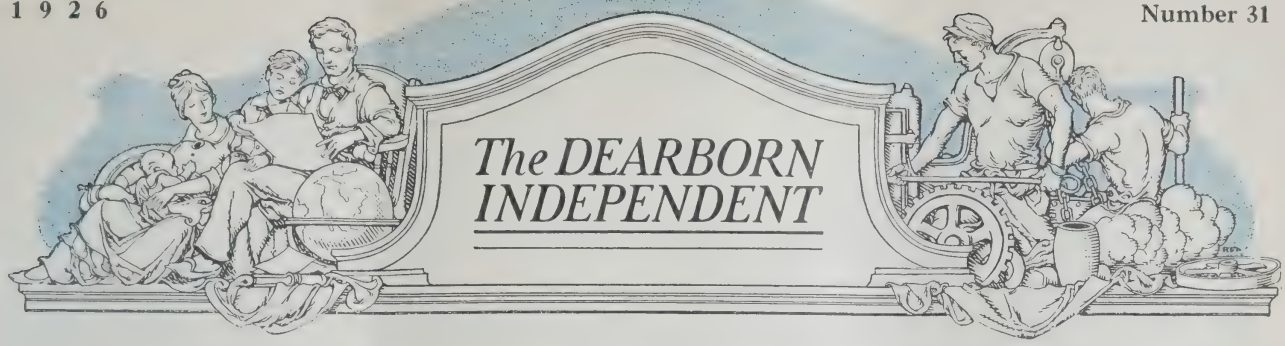
THE BIGGEST MONUMENT in Soviet Russia will be erected in memory not of Lenin, but of Stenka Razin, bandit of the Robin Hood type, who died in 1671. The monument, carved in rock near Baku, will be two hundred feet in height and will be visible from ships sailing the Caspian Sea.

THE COLOGNE CATHEDRAL, built of soft sandstone, will have to be largely reconstructed because of vibrations from railroad traffic over the nearby Rhine bridge.

THE LONGEST TELEGRAPH line in the world is that between Liverpool and Teheran, capital of Persia. It is 4,290 miles in length.

MAY 22
1 9 2 6

Volume 26
Number 31




# THE ESSENCE OF THIS ISSUE

MR. FORD'S PAGE this week deals with the folly of pretending to be better than you are, since as a matter of fact most folk are much better than they pretend.

Who pays for our radio programs? You and I don't—on the surface. We spin the dials, tune in on Pittsburgh or Davenport or Los Angeles, pay not a cent for the entertainment. *But somebody does.* There are 562 licensed broadcasting stations in this country. They represent an investment of $6,871,000. They spend annually a total of $5,981,000 in operation. Who bears this cost—and why? This article tells you. (p. 7)

Our policemen protect us. Who protects the policemen? No one, apparently! Scarcely a day passes but that we read in the newspapers of a policeman shot or killed by thugs. So commonplace have such reports become, in fact, that little attention is paid them. And little attention, likewise, is paid the subsequent court actions. (p. 3)

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT wanted to learn just how many policemen had been murdered in the past five years. No one had bothered to compile the statistics. So we got in direct touch with the police departments in a half-hundred cities. The results of our survey are given in this issue. They are astounding.

For two centuries and more, Salem Town has borne an unjust reputation as the center of the witchcraft trials. In reality *Salem Village*, now known as Danvers and some miles from the present Salem, was the scene of the scare. It was started by a parson's servant, half-negro, half-Indian, who taught voodoo tricks to children that gathered in her kitchen. (p. 2)

NEW YORK is a nice place—*to visit.* But what about living there? It has most ornate theaters, but average New Yorkers can't afford to go to them. It has restaurants most elaborate and most expensive. It boasts of being cosmopolitan, but in reality it is preponderantly alien! Here is a story by a Middle Westerner who tells *why he left New York.* (p. 5)

## CONTENTS

When Old Salem Hunted Witches - - - - - 2
*Henriette Boeckmann*
The Man Who Fights Alone - - - - - - - 3
Why I Left New York—*L. L. Arms* - - - - 5
Who Pays for Our Radio Programs? - - - - 7
*Charles A. Collman*
Captain Kidd—Pirate-Catcher - - - - - - 8
*May B. Whiting*
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
Woodrow Wilson—Not Tired by Waiting - - 12
*Huston Thompson*
World War's Effect on the Negro - - - - - 15
*Townsend Boyer*
Dry-Farming—the Tragedy of the West - - 16
*F. J. Clifford*
Moonlight Midnight on "Old Tim" - - - - - 18
*Wyman Smith*
The Voyage of the Victoria—*Charles J. Finger* 21
Chats With Office Callers - - - - - - - - 26
A Dance a Week—Hull's Victory, Lady Walpole's Reel, Speed the Plow - - - - 28
I Read in the Papers - - - - - - - - - - 32

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer; C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

WHY did President Wilson refuse to send General Wood to France? The inside story is now fully told by Huston Thompson, member of the Federal Trade Commission, and friend of Wilson. (p. 12)

Other interesting things are revealed: how the picketing of the White House by militant suffragettes affected Wilson . . . what finally won him to the cause of woman suffrage . . . *the memorable meeting between Roosevelt and Wilson at the outbreak of war* . . . why Wilson refused to seek vindication for his acts . . .

Hundreds of thousands of negroes, drawn by the lure of high wages, left the South for the North, never to return. How did this great exodus react upon the South? And how did the South regard the negro soldier, home from France? Townsend Boyer, writing from the viewpoint of the Southerner, answers both questions. (p. 15)

Captain Kidd was not a pirate! He was an officer of the Crown, a duly authorized and designated *pirate-catcher.* Thus does modern investigation shatter our childhood idols. May Whiting tells a delightful tale of the true William Kidd, son of a Scottish minister, whose greatest crime was hitting a mutinous sailor with an eight-pence bucket. (p. 8)

HAVE you ever slid down a mountain side at mile-a-minute speed? This is a story of Old Tim, snow-clad monarch of Utah, and a party that clambered to the summit one moonlit midnight. It sets the blood a-tingling with a sense of romance and adventure. (p. 18)

The West isn't all romance, however. There's a bitter side to it—dry-farming. True, enormous crops are produced, *but they come only once every six or seven years.* And the years in between are apt to be lean and hard. Only stout-spirited men and women, those willing to endure hardship and suffer privation, should undertake dry-farming. The article is by F. J. Clifford, a Westerner who knows the West. (p. 16)

Magellan first came into public notice through a scandal. His early years were insignificant and obscure. Then came a war with the Moors, and he still failed to distinguish himself, but he did manage to get into a scrape. But later his affairs took a turn for the better, and the great commercial house of De Haro became interested in his scheme to seek a way around the world. (p. 21)

THE cover this week is by Paul Honoré, who has illustrated many of Mr. Finger's stories. It shows Magellan and Faliero, student of astronomy and geography, studying a globe of the known world. Such globes had been devised only a few years before Magellan sailed. Mr. Honoré's picture has a wealth of color and detail. It will well repay close examination.

Many features will be contained in next week's issue . . . a story on Sean O'Casey and the famous Abbey Theater in Dublin . . . more information about the mysterious happenings in the Treasury Department . . . the tale of John Huggins, quaint barber king of Old New York.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.50 A YEAR in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year.
SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

# When Old Salem Hunted Witches

## Men and Women Were Put to Death on the Accusation of Little Children

By HENRIETTE BOECKMANN

WHAT is probably the most lamentable affair in all our American history, the slaughtering of human beings thought to have been witches in Salem, Massachusetts, more than two centuries ago, has been the means of bringing thousands of tourists yearly to the little city sitting on its bonny bay carved in picturesque outline. Yet the town to which by far the largest share of witchcraft interest really attaches, and at which the hideous affair had its commencement, is not Salem at all, but the little adjoining town of Danvers.



Farmhouse where lived Goodwife Nurse and her family until the witchcraft delusion broke out in Danvers, then known as Salem Village.



Sarah Osburn House.



Parris House.

While Salem in 1692, the year of the great witchcraft outbreak, was called Salem Town, Danvers, be it understood, went by the name of Salem Village. This use of the name "Salem Village" has always been confusing to later generations, and thus has it happened that one of New England's loveliest little towns, a town which lured Whittier to make his home there, has long lost its identity in connection with one of the most notable chapters in witchcraft history the world has known.

While in Salem I learned that close to 20,000 persons had visited that ancient edifice commonly called the Witch House the previous summer, and yet the best historians make it clear that the Court of Oyer and Terminer which tried the witches never sat there and that the whole interest linked with the house grew from the probable fact that complaints were made to Jonathan Corwin, who at one time lived there, and that warrants of arrest for persons accused of being witches were issued from this dilapidated old mansion, which has survived the centuries and that destroyer of the picturesque, Progress, at the corner of Essex and North streets. The witchcraft-curious wend their way to this gloomy old house that tradition alone has connected so prominently with innocent persons hanged as being by contract bound to Satan himself, while out on the undulating farm land of Danvers, miles distant in another direction, stands the large and lonely home of the most famous character thus put to death, the once happy home of Rebecca Nurse. In a small grove of pines on the farm is a handsome monument erected to the memory of this saintly, white-haired mother of eight children, a woman who was martyr to a splendid cause, for she persistently declined to attend any of the witchcraft meetings and consequently came under the suspicion of being one of Satan's cohorts.

John Greenleaf Whittier lived in Danvers at the time of the erection of the monument, and it was he who wrote the following expressive lines inscribed upon the stone:

"Oh Christian Martyr! who for truth could die,
When all about thee owned the hideous lie!
The world redeemed from Superstition's sway
Is breathing freer for thy sake today."

More persons accused of being witches or wizards lived in Danvers than in any other town, and a half of the twenty persons executed during this horrible hallucination had their homes in the village, whereas only two of the nine residents of Salem Town accused of dealing in witchcraft were hanged.

It was at the house of the minister of the parish now called Danvers that the mischief first began among a colored servant from the East Indies and a group of young girls. It was also at the church of this parish that most of the preliminary trials for examinations of the accused were held.

Of course, witchcraft cases broke out in other parts of New England, the first execution in the New World taking place at Charlestown in 1648. One fact that is almost always overlooked in reviewing the witchcraft tragedy is that *everyone* in those days believed witches existed, though there were those openly opposed to the manner in which the trials were conducted.

With all the fascination of an *Arabian Nights'* tale runs the beginning of the greatest drama of witchcraft conducted in this country. Undoubtedly it has its inception in the home of Reverend Samuel Parris, pastor of the church in what is now

(*Continued on page 27*)



Witch-house, so-called, in Salem, now partially hidden by a store. This dingy old place is visited by tourists, although the only witchcraft significance attached to it is that complaints against the witches were probably heard here by magistrates.

# The Man Who Fights Alone

## "The Cop Is the World's Greatest Warrior"; Can He Not Be Aided in His Fight With Criminals?

A SUB-GOVERNMENT has grown up within the boundaries of the United States and under the eyes of the people. Its members are chiefly of foreign birth or extraction. They hold themselves bound by no laws of the nation. They live by the knife, the gun and the bomb. They levy tribute on the citizenry, robbing, burning, slaying as they go. They have made of banditry a business, of murder a science.

There is small room for doubt that in America today a league of crime exists, and exacts heavy tribute from the people. Crime today is on a definite, calculated, business basis. It is highly organized. Risk is reduced to a minimum. From their metropolitan strongholds the allied criminals sally forth to prey upon the land.

No principles of honor or sportsmanship hamper them; they give no fighting chance. It is not "your money or your life," but your life and then your money Only in newspaper headlines does the bold, daring bandit exist. In actuality he is likely to be an underdeveloped neurotic whose "courage" springs from the knowledge that he has the drop on his victim. The Robin Hood and Jesse James types of criminal are unknown among the doped. cowardly killers who constitute the modern criminal classes.

Arrayed against these outlaws are the policemen of America.

They give us the best protection they can. We—as citizens, jurors, judges—give them practically none. We are less anxious, indeed, about safeguarding our policemen than we are about safeguarding the various legal quirks and technicalities that protect our criminals.

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has compiled statistics, from fifty-two cities of a population of more than 100,000, on the number of policemen slain in line of duty during the past five years, and on the punishment meted to their murderers. The figures do not represent all the murders committed upon law officers, but are sufficiently astounding.

**Two hundred and fifty-six policemen have been killed in the fifty-two cities during this period.**

**Only twenty-six of their murderers have been hanged.**

**One hundred and twenty-one were sentenced to twenty years or more in prison.**

**Twenty-nine were sentenced to less than twenty years.**




"He must fight without hope of quarter or of mercy."

**Ninety-six of them (or 33 per cent) were promptly acquitted or freed under the other due processes of law.**

**Sixteen cases are still pending.**

**In fifty-six of the crimes (or 22 per cent) no arrests whatever were made.**

Statistics like these are the criminal's batting average, his box score. He knows the percentage of risk as well as he knows his own aliases.

He knows:

That only one criminal is hanged for every ten policemen murdered;

That his chances are one in five of not being arrested at all;

That if, perchance, he is caught, his chances are still one in three of getting off scot-free.

And what if he is sentenced to prison? Are there not parole boards? And are not professional criminals more often paroled than unfortunate men whose crimes consist of a single misstep?

Suppose we first consider Chicago. During the years 1921 to 1925, inclusive, forty policemen were slain in Chicago.

Only three men, all negroes, were hanged.

In ten cases the murderers were never apprehended; in eleven others the suspects were freed for divers reasons.

Of the forty-nine men arrested in connection with the killings, thirty-one were subsequently turned loose by the courts.

Ten men were sentenced to more than twenty years in prison, two to less than twenty years, and one case at this writing is still pending.*

Observers account for Chicago acquittals by saying that jurors have been taught, by speedy reprisal at the hands of friends of the accused, not to vote too often for conviction.

When 63 per cent, or nearly two-thirds, of all persons arrested for the slaying of policemen are turned loose in court it is a sign that something is wrong—with the police or with the courts. It means either that the police are arresting two *innocent* persons out

* In connection with these statistics it should be noted that one man was sentenced to be hanged but escaped from the county jail before the date of execution. In another case Bernard Grant and Walter Krauser were found guilty of the murder of a policeman and sentenced to death. They appealed and Grant's sentence was affirmed and Krauser's reversed. On June 22, 1925, Krauser killed Grant in the county jail, whereupon he was sentenced to Joliet Penitentiary for life.

of three, or that the courts are freeing two *guilty* persons out of three.

What type are these men who are caught up by the law, tried, and turned loose as innocent?* Here are some typical cases.

Patrolman Lawrence C. Harnett was shot and instantly killed in a West Polk Street house that he, Sergeant Barry and Patrolman Fuerst were raiding, in search of an alleged moonshine plant. Sergeant Barry was wounded. The inmates of the house, Italians, all of whom were accused of resisting the policemen, were indicted by the grand jury. All were acquitted.

Patrolman William F. Bunda was fatally shot on a street corner when he attempted to search three men for weapons, after he had discovered them pursuing a man through an alley. John Pettitto, John Simonetti and James Vitaliano (who was wounded by Bunda) were held to the grand jury by the coroner's jury. The grand jury indicted Pettitto and returned "not true bills" in the cases of Simonetti and Vitaliano. Pettitto was acquitted.

Patrolman Michael Murtaugh was shot to death by three bandits who were escaping after robbing a store. George Stoklasa was arrested, identified as one of the men, and indicted. He was acquitted.

Patrolman James Harrington was fatally injured when he was thrown over a railing from the third to the main floor by men who resented his attempt to stop a dance. Phillip Ottava, Attiloi Puccinelli, Sittimo Ginnetti and Eugene Cesaratti were arrested, indicted and acquitted.

And so on, and so on.

In 1925 four murderers of policemen were killed by the return fire of their victims, or the latter's companions. During the five-year period ten men were thus accounted for.

Just one more fact about Chicago. Of the forty cases in which Chicago policemen have been slain, the culprits in twenty-one, or more than half, have never been punished. *The Chicago murderer knows that if he slays a policeman, the chances are fifty-fifty that he will either escape arrest or will be freed in the courts!*

That, then, is the situation in Chicago! What of New York with its vast foreign population? Here is New York's record, furnished by Chief Inspector Lahey of the police department:

Twenty-four policemen slain in line of duty during the five-year period.

Nineteen persons arrested for homicide.

Ten of these freed by magistrates, county, or supreme court judges.

Four sentenced to death; two sentenced to life imprisonment; one sentenced to a lesser term; and two adjudged insane.

Two murderers slain by the police.

Seven persons punished by courts and two sent to insane asylums for the murder of twenty-four policemen. Comment is unnecessary.

For the sake of comparison let us consider some cities where the percentage of foreign population is not so high. Three Portland, Oregon, policemen were killed in the five-year period. Two of the murderers were hanged and the third was sentenced to life imprisonment. Four officers were slain at Washington, D. C. Six men were convicted and sent to prison, and another was killed by the policeman he had fatally wounded. In Richmond, Virginia, three murders occurred. Two of the slayers were sentenced to the electric chair and the third was acquitted. Five Salt Lake City policemen were slain, two of them by the same man, who committed suicide before capture. Of the remaining three murderers, two were executed by the state, and the third was killed by arresting officers.

Take almost any city at random. Where the native-born population is highest, murders are fewer with more frequent convictions. Professional criminals avoid those cities where juries cannot be deflected from their duty.

The attitude of the jury is directly reflected in the number of murders in any given city. In 1925 (according to statistics of the Prudential Life Insurance Company) Chicago led all other American cities with a total of 563 homicides. Manhattan was second with 375, and Detroit third with 243. All three cities are great centers of foreign-born population.

An interesting situation exists in Kansas City, where the motto, "No Work for the Jury," was adopted some time ago. Between 1920 and 1924 eleven policemen were killed there. *Not one case reached the courts!* In three instances the murderers were not apprehended. In the remainder the slayers were either killed by the return fire of their victims, or were killed by other policemen "while resisting arrest." *It is worthy of note that no Kansas City policemen were killed during 1925.*

One natural result of the failure of courts to convict has been that the police—and citizens as well—have begun to take the law into their own hands. In Chicago a bank reward of $2,500 is offered for a dead bandit, and only $1,000 for a live one.

Middle Western states have organized protective bodies to combat robbers who roam the highways in automobiles, looting small-town banks and stores. Iowa bankers a few years ago placed 2,289 pistols, 1,200 rifles, 240 riot guns and thousands of rounds of ammunition into the hands of some four thousand vigilantes. *The result was that the number of bank robberies dropped from fifty-six to six in four years, the total loss from $250,000 to $2,500—**and eighty out of eighty-nine bandits either were killed or went to prison!***

Bank insurance rates, which had been steadily mounting, started to tumble. Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Kansas, Missouri and other states have adopted the "Iowa idea." Robberies are decreasing.

But open warfare between crime and authority is increasing. Gun battles between criminals and policemen are almost daily occurrences, especially in the larger cities. The appalling murder rate in America (11.1 per 100,000 in 1925—almost equal to that of Italy) brings forcibly to attention that perennial question: What's to be done? Policemen trying to check the growing monster, crime, are slaughtered like sheep while we stand supinely by.

One thing is sure: Court reform is essential. More convictions must be had. Sentiment for the criminal has no place in the present situation. War is on, and the rules of war must govern. If organized crime will not abide by the laws of the nation, then crime must be wiped out by stringent methods. More hangings, more (Concluded on page 24)

## List of Policemen Killed.

Here is the number of policemen slain in line of duty in fifty-two cities of a population of more than 100,000, during the past five years:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Albany | 0 | Nashville | 6 |
| Atlanta | 4 | New Orleans | 6 |
| Boston | 5 | New York | 24 |
| Buffalo | 5 | Norfolk | 1 |
| Chicago | 40 | Oakland | 1 |
| Cincinnati | 6 | Oklahoma City | 3 |
| Cleveland | 5 | Omaha | 3 |
| Columbus | 4 | Philadelphia | 9 |
| Dallas | 3 | Pittsburgh | 3 |
| Denver | 2 | Portland, Ore. | 3 |
| Detroit | 18 | Providence | 0 |
| Duluth | 0 | Reading | 1 |
| Elizabeth | 0 | Richmond | 3 |
| El Paso | 6 | Rochester | 1 |
| Flint | 2 | St. Louis | 22 |
| Fort Worth | 3 | St. Paul | 3 |
| Grand Rapids | 2 | Salt Lake City | 5 |
| Hartford | 0 | San Diego | 0 |
| Houston | 3 | San Francisco | 6 |
| Indianapolis | 3 | Scranton | 0 |
| Jacksonville | 1 | Tacoma | 0 |
| Kansas City | 11 | Tulsa | 2 |
| Los Angeles | 12 | Washington | 4 |
| Louisville | 1 | Wilmington | 1 |
| Memphis | 6 | Youngstown | 2 |
| Milwaukee | 2 | | |
| Minneapolis | 3 | | 256 |

* In justice to the authorities it should be stated that the slaying of Patrolman William A. Perrin in November, 1924, was apparently accidental. A motorist, mistaking the policemen for robbers, opened fire, killing Perrin, and wounding Patrolmen Van Booven and Warburten. The other thirty-nine deaths come under the head of homicide.

# Why I Left New York

## A Middle Westerner Goes to Live in Manhattan and Does Not Feel at Home There; the Reason, He Realizes, Is That He Is in Conflict With Its Alien Atmosphere

By
L. L. ARMS

*PART ONE*



ILLUSTRATED BY
W. W. CLARKE

I LEFT New York not at all sure I should not soon go back. That was two years ago. Now I know if I can help it I shall never again live there. Some of my relatives still do, and believe I am a nut. I don't, and I think they are. It is apparent that as a place to call "home," New York can awaken differences of opinion.

Occasionally my relatives come out our way. They think the swimming great, the scenery incomparable, and the golf fine. I know they are frequently bowled over by the everyday courtesy at our resort hotel and among the townspeople. They have a suspicion they are being kidded. That, to my mind, is the ironic thrust at Father Knickerbocker.

"But what do you do for theaters?" they ask at length.

My relatives are that kind. That is to say, they are like thousands of other Middle Westerners living in New York who rush up the theaters to New York's defense whenever they feel defense is necessary.

"You can't see a first-rate show outside New York," they add owlishly.

The first is the New Yorker's left to the jaw, the second the right to the body. At this point some hundred million others of us are supposed to be carried out of the ring.

I know there is some truth to this theater claim. But somehow it leaves me cold. After ten years of New York —and New York's theaters—I am tempted to answer:

"Toward the New York theaters I feel the same as toward other of its widely advertised institutions. *Its theaters are the finest and the most unpleasant to get seats to, just as its subways are the fastest and most uncomfortable, its apartment houses and hotels the most pretentious and least human, its public parks the most expensive and depressing.*

New York, my dear relatives, is a vast agglomeration of inconvenient modern conveniences. For very good reasons it has lost the homely touch which is bred in the bone of things Middle Western and without which all else is nothing to the average Middle Westerner."

That of course would be the precise moment at which my relatives would think me a nut.

But at any rate New York was an early ambition of mine. While still in high school in the Middle West an older brother of one of my friends came home for the holidays. He had been graduated from our state university and had gone to New York to practise law. To me he was what would be known in the parlance of 47th Street and Seventh Avenue as a *wow*. His clothes, his speech, his manner, even the way he parted his hair, were different.

I was struck dumb before this exquisitely poised and authentic magnificence. When he spoke casually of reaching his office via a local and subway express, then by cross-town surface car, I felt I was listening to the extreme limit in human sophistication. When he lightly mentioned Coney Island I felt myself swaying as though in a dream. I should gladly have started walking to New York that evening.

Instead I finished high school,



I lived at a small hotel near Washington Square. The lone window opened upon a view of groups of soiled and chattering children.



I discovered that to take a woman to dinner, then to a popular musical show and afterward to a night club, with a corsage, cabs and tips, could easily nick me for two-thirds of a week's salary.

went to the state university and then to Los Angeles. That was before the City of Angels began its delirious boom. In those days a tire salesman was quite a boy and the citizenry was inclined to the belief that there was something seriously the matter with those quaint persons who darted here and there making motion pictures.

But even in Los Angeles, with opportunity banging at myself and three hundred thousand others, New York was in my blood. One day, alone, I began what turned out to be a 5,000-mile Odyssey with frequent stops and more frequent jolts. But I arrived, at last, in New York and sat down in a cross-town surface car.

A cross-town surface car! It was the first time I ever had ridden in one named that. Yet I had traveled in street-cars all my life. On this surface car there were a motorman and a conductor, both obviously foreign. Was it, after all, a matter of terminology? I felt vaguely disappointed. Looking back, that cross-town surface car seems symbolic.

I first lived at a small hotel near Washington Square. On second thought the hotel was not so small but my room was. I had never lived in one like it. A rickety bed, a chair and a cheap dresser comprised the appointments. It was necessary to go down a narrow, drafty hallway to reach a clammy, inadequate shower. The lone window opened upon a side street. As for view, my lasting memory will be that of squirming groups of soiled and chattering Italian children.

The New York correspondent I had met in Mexico during the second Madero revolution had recommended this hotel. He said it had atmosphere. Somewhere in a tower nearby a popular novelist pounded out best sellers. Poets, painters and journalists lived near the Square or its fringe. I should have the opportunity to study odd types.

While I never saw the novelist who wrote in the tower, it was true that, living near the Square, one came upon interesting looking persons. Yet not so frequently, nor so interesting, as I had expected. I remember that young women with their hair bobbed and wearing sandals struck me as unusual. At that time they were. Yet no one who had ever been on the campus of a co-educational university would have found the young ladies and gentlemen of Washington Square and Greenwich Village uncommonly pictorial. And it seemed to me, after some excursioning, that the putative mental freedom was little more than a thin cloak which poorly concealed very human predilections of sex and gossip.

I thought the intellectual life of Washington Square was greatly exaggerated. Occasionally a play, a verse, a painting was turned out which possessed some merit. *For the most part the aim was notoriety.* By using art as a deliberate insult to some time-proved convention this was easily achieved. Yet such insurgency was simple formula.

Washington Square was more in its element gossiping in its theatric cafés or dancing at its fantastic balls than in discussing Marcel Proust or James Branch Cabell. A good time was the primary desideratum in Washington Square. In later years I found the Greenwich Village hoe-downs were overrun by garment workers from the Bronx. And even before I left New York, because of misleading labels having to do with various forms of freedom and the great advantages therewith, Greenwich Village had defeated itself as a place to live cheaply.

But the reason I found Washington Square disappointing was not because of the posers in it or the things they did. It seemed to me this was all harmless enough. It was rather because Washington Square was undeniably dirty and because nine-tenths of the persons in it were not the kind of Americans your Middle Westerner is accustomed to. They were preponderantly Mediterranean or Semitic. They were different in speech, manners and dress. In Mexico I had found this diverting. In my own country it seemed something to ponder.

Years later I was to visit London and to feel more at home in its streets and among its people than I ever had felt in New York. And I knew precisely why.

The grandfather or great-grandfather of your average Middle Westerner came from New England or had some root there. He brought with him the customs and prejudices handed down by his forefathers. These unwritten codes and rules of conduct were handed on to his descendants. Thus at grammar or high school, or the state university, the Middle Westerner found himself thrown with young persons whose home training in the matter of morals and manners, not to mention hygiene, had been the same as his own.

His grandmother, his aunt, his mother, his dancing teacher combined to impress upon him the desirability of politeness and cleanliness. From a rugged grandfather and a watchful father he learned the necessity of courage and honesty. His grandfather, perhaps, had won a log-rolling contest in the north woods of Michigan against odds that were never diminished in the telling. An acquaintance of his father had had some serious trouble at the bank which was spoken of at home in hushed tones. The lessons of adolescence set up definite ideals. They created a moral and physical consciousness.

Though he prob- (Continued on page 31)

# Who Pays for Our Radio Programs?

## National Advertisers Foot the Bill So We Can Listen-In Without Charge

By CHARLES A. COLLMAN

THERE are in the United States at the present time 562 radio broadcasting stations licensed by the Government and independently owned and operated. Their ownership is of the most varied description, and the programs with which they entertain their public are calculated to appeal to all tastes and inclinations, from grand-opera selections and philharmonic concerts to football games, pugilistic bouts and the comic effusions of "Dusty Twins" or "Jollity Boys." Millions of dollars have been invested in the broadcasting stations, which are expending further millions in putting on their programs.

While many stations are getting into commercial work by broadcasting for business concerns at so much an hour, others are ostensibly conducted as pure philanthropy. The great public that listens to this aerial entertainment pays nobody an admission fee.

How, then, is this great industry carried on, and who stands the expense? It may be taken for granted at the outset that publicity is the fundamental object of all broadcasting as now conducted, and the seekers after publicity foot the bill.

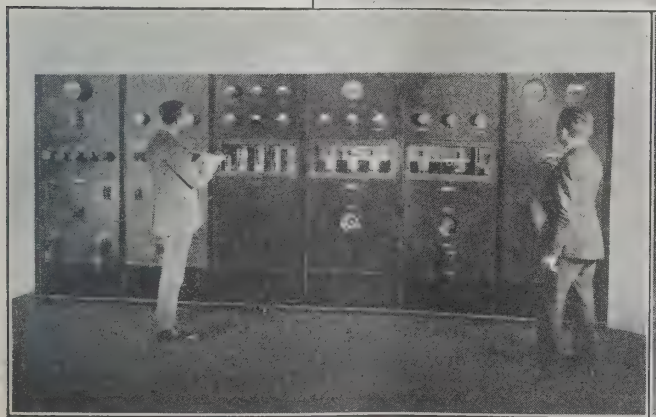
Some stations, for instance, are managed by police and fire departments for the purpose of boosting ambitious communities; others by department stores for the sake of the advertising, pure and simple. Of the 562 stations now in existence, 159 are managed by educational institutions, churches and Young Men's Christian Associations; 149 are run by radio companies, manufacturers, retailers or jobbers of radio sets; 49 by electric, automobile, hardware, battery and plumbing companies; 40 by department, jewelry and miscellaneous stores; 40 by newspapers and publishing and book concerns; 19 by theaters, motion picture and other amusement places; 17 by private individuals; 17 by Government, state or municipal bodies; 16 by banks, brokers, realtors and insurance companies; 11 by public utility, telephone, telegraph, light, heat and power companies and railroads; seven by poultry, livestock and grain concerns; three by hospitals, medical and drug companies; three by mining and oil corporations, and one by a laundry.

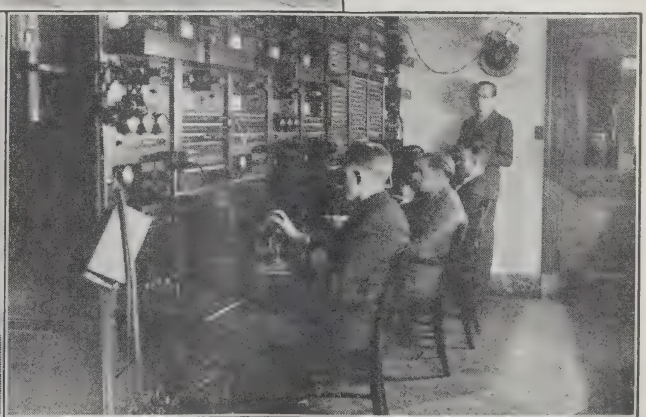
A recent survey made of the 562 stations throughout the country shows that, on the basis of returns obtained from the stations themselves, they have a total investment of $6,871,000 in plant, broadcasting equipment and studios, and they are spending annually a total of $5,981,000 in operation. Their income does not for a moment compare with their expenditures, although indirect benefits are included in the figures.

The peculiar status of the industry was indicated by a prominent official of one of the leading broadcasting stations. "Although," he said, "radio broadcasting has been in practical operation for the last three or four years—ever since, in fact, the Westinghouse Company established its station in Pittsburgh and put out the first experimental program—the art, as it may be called, is still a new one. Nobody has as yet devised a sound financial structure for it, and we're just drifting along. The thing really grew out of the war, when all the companies threw their patents wide open to the Government; and after the war they were requested to learn whether they couldn't develop radio operation without the intrusion of foreign influence.

"Just get a picture of the economic standpoint of the industry. There are 5,000,000 receiving sets in use in the United States, and these are the recipients of the radio-broadcast programs. Here's (Continued on page 23)

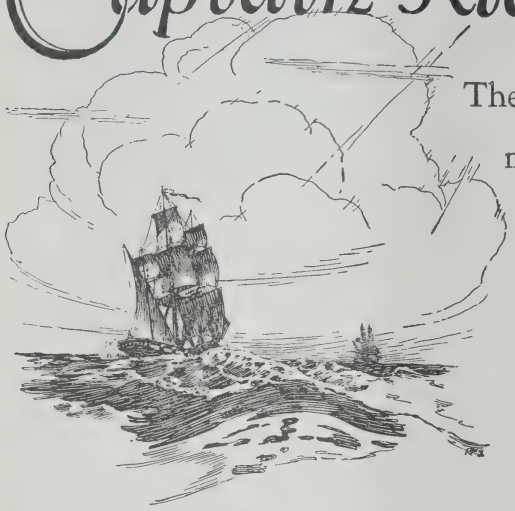






Left—Transmitter of Station WEAF, approximately two miles from the studios. Above—One of WEAF's studios in New York City. Right—Operators engaged in monitoring programs going to various stations linked with WEAF.

# Captain Kidd—Pirate-Catcher



"As they sail'd"—cruising privateers of the early 18th Century.

## The Rover Appears in a New Role: He Is Commissioned to Capture Ships Flying the Black Flag

By MAY B. WHITING

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL FRANKLIN SEAVEY

IF ANY one doubts the efficacy of advertising, let him learn of Captain Kidd. According to popular tradition, he is the most bloodthirsty villain that ever flew the Jolly Roger, reeking with ill-gotten wealth which he distributed from Florida to Labrador, and at the close of a rollicking career meeting the fate he deserved at a rope's end between the ebb and flow of the tide. And what was he really? As a pirate, not even a third-rater. Boston hanged a dozen better men. Compare him with a few of those rovers who "sailed on the account," as the saying was, and see how he shows up.

As to appearance, there is never a word to show that Kidd was anything but an ordinary mortal, while Teach, or Blackbeard, let his beard grow so that scarcely more than his eyes showed, divided it into pigtails which he tied with ribbons behind his ears, and stuck slow matches into them when he went into combat. Kidd never even dressed the part that story has assigned him. Captain Roberts wore, when apprehended, as any self-respecting pirate should, "a rich damask waistcoat and breeches, a red feather in his hat, a gold chain about his neck with a diamond cross hanging to it, a sword in his hand, and two pairs of pistols hanging at the end of a silk sling flung over his shoulder."

William Kidd was the son of a Scottish clergyman and we have no reason to doubt the exemplary conduct of his youth. Certainly in young manhood he served his country well. Ned Low, on the contrary, passed his childhood riding around in a hamper on the shoulders of an elder brother and snatching hats and wigs from the passers-by, so that it became the fashion in Bristol to wear headgear tied under the chin.

As for achievement, James Morgan sacked Panama and was knighted for it, and Avery captured a vessel that was carrying a daughter of the Grand Mogul on a pilgrimage to Mecca, with bales of rich goods, gold, diamonds, rubies, and many things that a pirate could use. All that we are sure that Kidd stole is some Guinea corn to provision his ship. When it comes to barbarous cruelty, Kidd hit a mutinous gunner over the head with a wooden bucket (value eight pence) while Morgan used the rack with gusto, and Lollonais thought nothing of cutting the heart out of a suspiciously virtuous looking captive as a warning to those standing by.

Then, too, Kidd was a respectable married man with a wife of substance in New York, while on the Island of Madagascar there was a settlement of pirates with an assortment of wives of every color according as the favoring winds blew a vessel within their clutches. All the treasure that Kidd ever buried Lord Bellamont, governor of the province, promptly dug up. No large salvage was ever known to have been made and quite likely there are Spanish doubloons beneath the sands of the bar.

This is, indeed, an age of disillusionment. Our saints have mostly had their halos lifted from their brows and now our villains can scarcely rest in peace.



Captain Kidd burying treasure on Gardiner's Island

In King William's war Captain Kidd commanded a privateer and was known as a capable and adventurous servant of His Majesty. He also won distinction in the colonies, so that the General Assembly of New York voted that "Captain Kidd, for his many good services rendered the province, deserves to be suitably rewarded." The line between privateering and piracy was rather thin, but surely in his early career Kidd never slipped over the edge. But there were plenty of pirates afloat who claimed no other vocation, many of them rich, with fleets of vessels, and living, when ashore, in fortified colonies.

It seems to have occurred to Lord Bellamont, newly appointed governor of the province, that suppressing crime might be put on a financial basis, and he laid his plan before Kidd, then a prosperous captain nearing sixty, who, in the summer of 1695, chanced to be in London with one Livingston, a wealthy citizen of New York. Associated with Bellamont were Lord Somers, the Lord Chancellor, the (Concluded on page 25)

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

ONE of the great gifts conferred on man is his ability to project scenes and circumstances which, so far as he knows, never existed on land or sea, and to set himself as hero in their midst. The gift of imagination, of imaging forth the substance of faith or desire, emancipates man from every prison; with this magic gift he is forever free.

Most of the things we dream come true in one way or another; 'of what a man desires in his youth he shall have more than enough in his age.' But it is a pity that dreams become so unrecognizable when incarnated in what we call reality. Half the light of life is lost when we cannot see in familiar things the very visions we beheld in high moments of imagination.

Like other gifts, imagination has its counterfeits. The make-believe of children may become hypocrisy in the adult. 'Let us pretend,' that gateway to childhood's innocent joys, may in the adult become 'let us deceive.' The vision of the seer is mimicked in the fabrication of the faker. Except where mental insufficiency is the cause, there is always an invisible moral boundary where high and fruitful imaginative activity becomes deception and hypocrisy. The distinction between them is soon stated: the former is entirely concerned with the vision; the latter with self and its possible victims.

The commonest form of counterfeit is found in the desire to be thought something different from what one really is. There is a great deal of this kind of pretense in human life. It takes various forms; sometimes it rises out of pride, often out of shame—for pride and shame are close of kin. Some wish to be thought better than they are—a deception easily understood; others wish to be thought worse than they are—not hard to understand either. The 'front,' as it is called in modern slang, gives people much trouble; it must be 'kept up.' And so we find multitudes living, not by their own rule, but by what they think others think, though they have no sure way of knowing what others may think. This class of persons comes nearer being slaves than any other class our country contains.

Most regrettable of all the aspects of this foolish pretense is that *it does not improve the original.* The natural character of a person is usually so much more attractive than the character he assumes, that his mask achieves the opposite impression of what he desires. Reality must always have an advantage over pretense, and uncouth originality is more impressive than mediocre artifice.

This, of course, is known everywhere to people of common sense. At least it would seem that natural intelligence should be sufficient to enable anyone to see that nature cannot be disguised. What a man is will proclaim itself however great the pains he may take to conceal it. When every exterior art has been practised to perfection, there is still the subtle announcement of character itself which the honest beholder subtly perceives. This is nature's last revenge; its power to communicate its essence transcends all our efforts at suppression.

> *THOSE who try to appear what they are not would make a better appearance by being what they are. Most people who try to appear better than they are, are really better than they appear to be—if they only had common sense enough to know it. No amount of pretense can improve on the original. What a man is proclaims itself no matter how he tries to conceal it. Character subtly makes itself known through every disguise; and this is a very comforting fact, since the character is usually so much better than the caricature. Be yourself. It will not be a comedown from your pretense; it will be an ascent into original freedom.*

Hypocrisy does not always spring from bad motives. People want to seem better than they are because for the most part they wish they were better than they are. Comparatively few assume virtues they do not possess for the purpose of wronging their fellows; most do so for the purpose of winning respect.

What they need is another approach, the approach of common sense. Let them be what they are. In the great majority of cases what they really are is much better, more truly virtuous, than what they would seem to be. To be what one is, is regal. To be what one is, without apology, is freedom. To be what one is, eagerly and joyously, is to become a center of attraction. Indeed, to be what one is, is the first requirement to becoming all that one may desire to be.

The assumption of naturalness is never a descent. It is not the comedown which so many people fear. Even if it were, it would be wholesome to endure it if only for the sake of killing the fear; but it is not a comedown; it is an ascent. It is unbinding the shackles of deception; it is stepping up into freedom. And with that the qualities of the true character begin to emerge, until the assumed thing becomes a death mask in comparison with the reality.

Some people are afraid to be known for being as decent as they are; they mask their kindness with brusque words; they paint themselves with clay to make themselves like their fellows. But they cannot hide the difference. Nature has a voice that speaks to every known sense of man, and to senses as yet undefined. We cannot hide ourselves.

Beginning with what we are, as natural human beings, is the surest way to arrive at all we may become. There is no artificial road to natural development.

**"Ford Ideals," 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## *The Time of England's Trouble*

BY THE time this is read, conditions in England may have developed beyond their status at this writing. But certain points seem clear even now. It appears that the period of the coal subsidy in that industrially disjointed country may not have been entirely profitless. The time appears to have been well used by the people and government of England in considering the emergencies they may be called upon to face. People and government have resolved that law and order, which mean also the daily supplies of the nation, must be maintained. The government has exhibited a commendable firmness in dealing with what amounted to a competitive government. Premier Baldwin in his initial resolutions has shown himself a strong man, worthy of the people's confidence. The nation itself has learned that, mixed with the justice inherent in labor's discontent were other elements whose objective is not the elimination of discontent but its increase that the nation might be overthrown. This in turn has led to the creation of a vast volunteer citizen's movement for the maintenance of supplies, which guarantees the tiding over of the emergency.

But at bottom it is not the safe passage through a strike, or even the breaking of a strike, that is the paramount need of Britain. It is the reorganization of the nation's business on a foundation of equity. With as high a civilization as any can boast, the financial leaders of Britain have been amazingly backward in recognizing the fundamental fact that no people can be more prosperous than are its workers. The greater interest of Britain in industrial efforts has been dividends rather than wages, and in this age of the world that interest can no longer predominate. The situation is complicated, it is true, by a large anarchist influence directly traceable to Russian propaganda, but even with that eliminated, Britain has still her own industrial problem to the solution of which her best political and industrial statesmanship must immediately be applied.

It is idle to suppose that a British populace can permanently be kept behind the rest of the world in human rights. It is British progress rising against British backwardness that must be reckoned as the core of the present troubles. "Britons never will be slaves" is now coming in for its industrial interpretation. As in the American Colonies it was British nature demanding British rights from a backward British aristocracy, so today it is the deep blood of Britain rolling up against the strongholds of reaction and demanding rights which no civilized public sentiment will challenge. That demand will never be thwarted. Its invincible character spells Britain's salvation. If British workingmen could be beaten in a just cause, it would spell Britain's doom. And there can be no doubt, whatever the interim will bring, that a good ending will come of the present tribulation.

## *Twelve Good Men and True?*

THROUGHOUT the nation the question is being asked with increasing solemnity: Is the jury system a failure? Sober-minded citizens, appalled at the number of unpunished murders and other high crimes, sickened at the sight of criminals, palpably guilty, turned loose in wholesale lots, are inclining to the belief that it is.

Trial by jury is one of the greatest contributions of the Anglo-Saxon race to justice and order. It is inherent in that race; its ancient foundation is lost in the dimness that obscures our racial beginnings. For centuries it has stood as a bulwark against aggression and oppression. It has protected the weak from the strong; it has safeguarded the innocent; in former days it checked the encroachments of the powerful classes. Men by the thousands have died to maintain the right of a man to a fair trial by his peers.

Trial by jury is one of the fundamentals of American law. It was carried into the wilderness by the earliest settlers. While we were a homogeneous people it functioned well; crime was infrequent and punishment was swift and sure. But there has come into the country a vast alien element, unfamiliar with American traditions, unsympathetic with American ideals. To this element there is nothing sacred about the jury system. It is but a means to an end. The jury system is based on the tenet that "twelve good men and true" shall declare the guilt or innocence of the accused. But what if one of the twelve men is not "good" and "true"; *what if he is steeped in the tainted philosophy of a decadent race; what if he is faithless to his trust?*

The jury system in itself is not faulty; it is not a failure. But it is a system evolved by the Anglo-Saxon race for the Anglo-Saxon mind. The Oriental mind cannot comprehend

the principles of honor, of probity, of justice involved. *It is not the system that has failed.*

In the past twenty years (the years of greatest foreign influx) there have been 170,000 murders in the United States, 118,000 of them unpunished! There is a terrible indictment in those figures, not against the jury system, but against juries. Either we must devise some way of keeping juries pure, or we must surrender one of the greatest heritages of our race.

## *Police Death Roll*

IT IS not a pleasant picture THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT presents this week as regards police duty in our large cities. We have before remarked that the crime situation in the United States has taken on the aspect of a war between two armies, the army of police and the army of criminals. The public stands back, unconcerned, as if it had no vital interest in either army. Perhaps it is this indifference which sometimes leads to an unholy alliance between police and criminals.

The killing of policemen is a blot on the United States. The line between Canada and the United States is not visible to the eye, but a tremendous difference exists on either side of that line, for whereas scarcely a police officer is killed in Canada during several years, hundreds are killed in the United States every year.

Yet THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT article indicates that even this record has geographical limitations. Some communities witness the killing of police officers, and others do not. The reason for the difference is in the racial quality of the community itself and the sternness with which the police ally themselves with the populace as against crime. The facts presented indicate beyond a doubt that the condition is remediable, and by the police themselves.

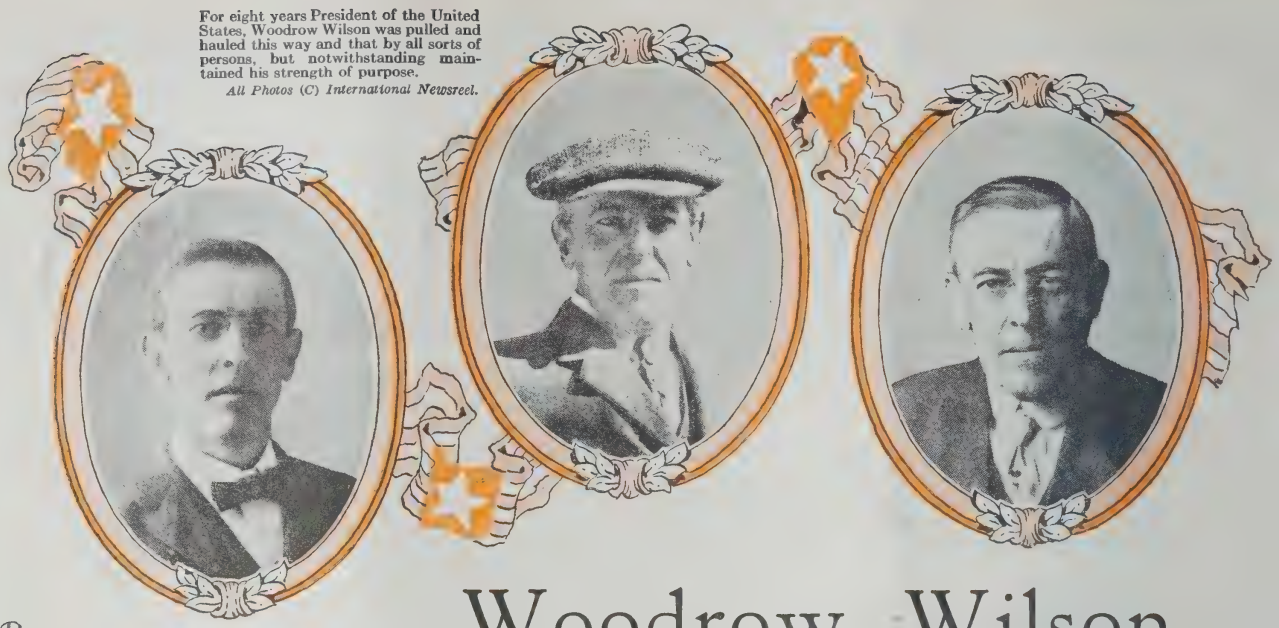
We never have doubted that the vast majority of police officers were just what the name implies, honest guardians of peace and order. Yet we cannot doubt that there is also much collusion between the authorities and the powers that prey in this country. The "higher ups" among the authorities have a heavy load of guilt to bear for conditions which result in the murder of so many subordinate police officers. Chicago has presented a tragedy of strange mixtures—a prosecutor killed in the company of felons and both the official world and the criminal world hushed in a unanimity of guilty silence as to what it all means. Such a situation does not spell safety for the uniformed man on the beat. He is not being backed up as he deserves.

It is sincerely to be hoped that these almost inconceivable excesses of lawlessness will speedily result in such a revulsion of public feeling as shall clean out criminal authorities and criminal allies with a gust of sudden and destructive indignation.

## *The Family Is the Unit*

THE President's counsel with regard to American home life is sound; but it might have been more effective had he given the analysis on which such counsel rests. It is not evil influences that successfully attack the home and family so much as it is influences which most people regard as good. The natural unit of society is the *family;* but every phase of present-day life is influenced by the false philosophy that the *individual* is the unit. The process of family disintegration has been effected under the guise of good works and individual benefit. Father has been organized off by himself; mother by herself; brother by himself; sister by herself; the *family* belongs to nothing. Ninety per cent of the organizations of today are based on the assumption that the *individual* is paramount in society. It needs only half an eye to see that nature is careless of the individual, but holds the *family* as most precious. Father at Rotary or the lodge; mother at the women's club; sister at the sex-exclusive sorority; and brother, according to his age, at the Bachelors' or the Boy Scouts—these represent the divisions of the family which acknowledged good movements have brought about; and if this is true of the good, what must be true of the evil!

The fallacy of socialism is that it is not social but individual, and the fallacy of communism is that it is not communal but individual; and these are the sources of the insidious division of the family. Against socialism and communism their leaders have always recognized the family as the greatest enemy, yet what socialism and its developments have not been able to accomplish, these other good movements seem to have begun. It will not be for long, however. Nature is not defeated. But a clear conception of the influence of some of our good movements, as far as they affect the home, will help stem the tendency. We need to regard the *family,* not sentimentally, but biologically, as *the human unit,* and from that point of view form our estimate of all movements that tend to distribute the family into an artificial individualism. It is notable that the three basic human institutions, home, church and school, the pillars of our civilization, are strictly family institutions.



For eight years President of the United States, Woodrow Wilson was pulled and hauled this way and that by all sorts of persons, but notwithstanding maintained his strength of purpose.

*All Photos (C) International Newsreel.*

# Woodrow Wilson—

## The President's Refusal to Be Rushed Into Hasty

By HUSTON THOMPSON

Copyright, 1926, by Huston Thompson.

PART IX.

*"If you can wait, and not be tired by waiting,*
*Or being lied about, don't deal in lies."*

NEVER in Woodrow Wilson's dramatic career was his ability as a "waiter" more clearly demonstrated than when the militant suffragettes picketed the White House, in 1916 and 1917. There were two organizations, the militants and the conservatives. The issue was adoption of a constitutional amendment, making woman suffrage compulsory in the states. The non-militants endeavored to gain support by persuasion. The militants tried to dragoon the Wilson Administration into passing the resolution through Congress.

At the head of the militants were Alice Paul, Mrs. Gilson Gardner, Abbie Scott Baker, and other well-known radicals. The conservatives were led by Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, Dr. Anna Shaw, and others. The latter were using argument; the former, demonstrations and what they thought was force. Every afternoon a procession of militants would leave the organization's headquarters, bearing banners demanding of Mr. Wilson how long he was going to deny women their rights. They would parade around the White House and then take up their positions on either side of the front gates on Pennsylvania Avenue.

"You had better slip out through the rear gates," White House attendants used to suggest to the President as he got into his automobile for an afternoon ride or for a trip to the Virginia hills for golf.

"Why?" he would inquire.

"The suffragettes are picketing the front gates," he would be advised.

"Oh, I don't mind them," was his laughing reply, and would ride out of the White House grounds between the flaunting banners, without, apparently, being conscious of their existence. Indeed, so little concern did he feel for the militants' efforts to intimidate him that he would completely forget he was being picketed until he drove through the gates and saw the banners.



*(C) Keystone.*
Carrie Chapman Catt.



*(C) Keystone.*
Helen Hamilton Gardiner.

At frequent intervals the militants would gather several hundred followers, hoist scores of banners and spend a whole afternoon marching around the White House. They discussed excitedly the probable effects of their actions on President Wilson. Speculation was extensive as to the impression they were making. Pretty much all the opinion was that they were pressing Wilson hard, that he was worried at their picketing, that he feared public opinion, that he was cracking under the strain, that he might capitulate at almost any moment.

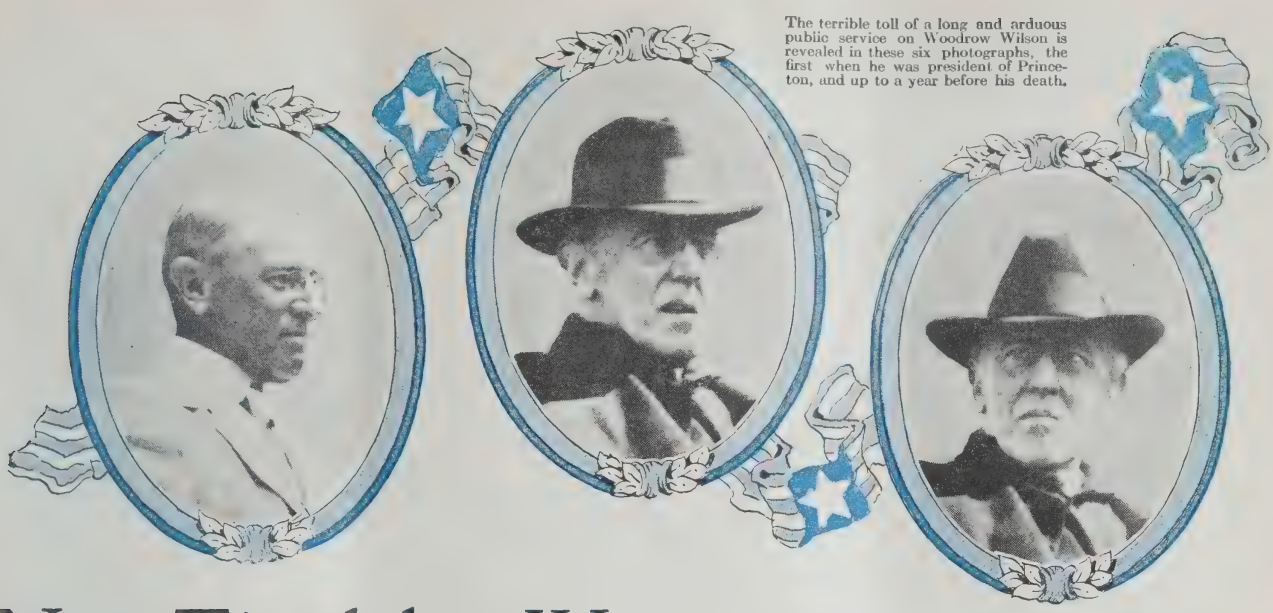
The facts of the case were that he was "waiting" and was not "being tired by waiting." He was far too busy in those trying pre-war days to give more than a thought to what he considered the senseless antics of a group of misguided fanatics. When he thought of them at all it was with tolerant amusement. From beginning to end of that strange chapter (which finally became almost tragic) he never took the picketing seriously.

Some of the President's friends and advisers, however, felt concern. No one was apprehensive for any political reasons because all believed (whether or not they were right) that public opinion in the country was opposed to the White House picketing. The District of Columbia police and their superior officers, the Secret Service and the State Department, felt that such a condition, spread over months, was undignified and dangerous. Mr. Wilson was approached.

"Let us break up this picketing," he was urged by the District commissioners.

"Not at all," he replied, good-naturedly. "I wouldn't interfere with them for the world. They don't bother me a bit. Let them alone."

Weeks passed and conditions became worse. Larger crowds gathered. The pickets thought they were winning.



The terrible toll of a long and arduous public service on Woodrow Wilson is revealed in these six photographs, the first when he was president of Princeton, and up to a year before his death.

# Not Tired by Waiting

## Decisions on Important Affairs Caused Much Criticism

They organized a huge demonstration for a Sunday afternoon. Thousands of adherents marched in line but it turned cold and rained. The banners became bedraggled. Hats melted.

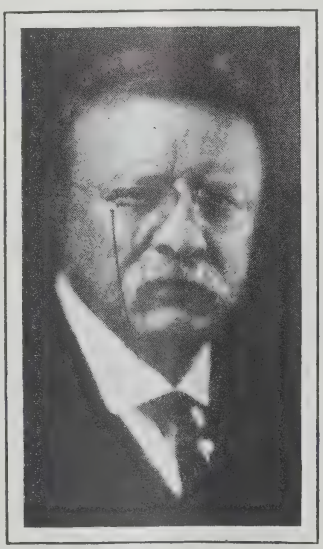
The authorities kept hands off and the picketing continued until the United States severed diplomatic relations with Germany. Then the District commissioners sent for the militant suffrage leaders.

"Look here," said the commissioners, "we are going into war and must present a united front to a common enemy. As the officials charged with responsibility for the safety of the President and the capital of the country during a war, we appeal to you to give up your militant tactics. When the war is over you can go back to them, but in the meantime all loyal Americans should support the President and the Government. War will undoubtedly come and we must all pull together. We must not give the enemy the satisfaction of seeing any discord. Will you give up picketing temporarily for this reason?"

The militants said they would take the commissioners' request under advisement. No word of what had been done was given President Wilson. He knew nothing of the request, either then or later.

A few days afterward the militants sent back word that they were within their rights and would continue to picket the White House, war or no war. They intimated that their cause was greater than that which was plunging the country every day nearer and nearer to the conflict. Again the commissioners appealed to Mr. Wilson and again he earnestly requested them to do nothing to interfere with the suffragists. They kept hands off and the picketing continued. War was declared. Spring and summer came on with war preparations in full swing and still the suffragists stood beside the White House gates with shouting banners.

By this time another and more serious element had entered the equation. Evidence of German spy activity was plentiful. Fears were entertained for the life of the President. Guards were thrown around the Southern Railway bridge, carrying the only railroad line connecting Washington with the Southland. Troops patrolled the aqueduct from Great Falls, the source of Washington's water supply, which could be destroyed by one stick of dynamite. Every precaution that could be taken to safeguard the national capital was adopted—and still great crowds thronged about the White House gates every afternoon to watch the President pass between the suffrage pickets. An infuriated citizenry finally lost its temper and, one afternoon, assaulted the pickets.



Theodore Roosevelt.

The issue was clear. The crowds were outraged that anybody should try to embarrass the President in these critical hours. They suddenly turned against the pickets and beat them up. The police reserves were called out and a young riot was shortly in progress.

The suffragists gave out sensational statements that President Wilson had set the police on them. The next day the pickets were on hand as usual and the crowd was greater. Police were also present in large numbers but again efforts were made to mob the picketers and again a riot followed, with another hour's fighting at the White House gates.

That night the Secretary of the Treasury (who has direction of the Secret Service, which protects the person of the President), the commissioners of the District of Columbia, and an Assistant Secretary of State pleaded with President Wilson to permit the breaking up of the picketing. Again he refused.

"Don't you see," he explained patiently, unruffled by the fact that his "waiting" was being sorely tried and that he was "being lied about," "if you arrest them you will be playing their game? If you put them in jail they would start a 'hunger strike' and give out all manner of stories about their treatment. I know it is unfair to other District needs to use your police force for such duties but my wish is that you give the picketers every protection and let them picket as long as they please. Instead of trying to stop them, work on the crowd; get the crowd to let them alone."

Another riot occurred the next day, after which, without saying a word to

Mr. Wilson, the commissioners acted on their own responsibility. They instructed their Superintendent of Police, Major Raymond W. Pullman, to arrest the pickets the next day as soon as they took position, before any mob violence could get started. Pullman followed orders. Mr. Wilson knew nothing about it until it was all over. The pickets were arraigned in police court the next morning and an indignant judge gave them sixty days each at the workhouse, an industrial farm twenty miles below Washington on the Potomac.

*How the Suffragist Question Was Settled*

Mr. Wilson's prediction was instantly fulfilled. The suffragists started hunger strikes and gave out daily statements about their harsh treatment, which was laid directly at Mr. Wilson's feet. A few days later he exercised his executive authority over the District of Columbia by pardoning the imprisoned women. Instead, therefore, of being the prime agent in antagonism to them, Mr. Wilson was the sole official in Washington who showed them any sympathy. His patience never ran out and in the end it was to him that they owed their release.

The actual conversion of Mr. Wilson to woman's suffrage came the next year and was brought about very largely through the persuasive influence of Mrs. Catt, Mrs. Gardiner, and his daughters, Margaret and Jessie.

"When I find such fine, gentle ladies as Mrs. Catt and many others advocating suffrage," he said, in explaining his change to advocacy of the National Amendment, "I am forced to the conclusion that there must be a real, widespread desire for the ballot among the ladies."

The more Woodrow Wilson became one of the principal actors in the drama that ensued upon his entering the White House, the more he refused to seek justification for his acts through personal assertion. If people lied about him he refused to deal in lies. He was fully aware that many of these lies were going the rounds but from all outward appearance they did not affect him.

His willingness to wait for the judgments of the future is illustrated in the incident involving the change of General Leonard Wood from Governor's Island in New York Harbor to Charleston, South Carolina, just previous to the outbreak of the war. It will be recalled that General Wood was Chief of Staff and in command of the Eastern Division of our Army with headquarters at Governor's Island.

There had been pressure brought to bear upon the President and Secretary of War Garrison to remove General Wood, but they had refused, saying that he should have the right to serve his term out. Some time thereafter General Wood had permitted Colonel Roosevelt to deliver an address to the "rookies" at Plattsburg in which the Colonel had caustically criticized the Administration for what he charged was its weakness in conducting foreign affairs. This brought forth a public reprimand upon General Wood from the Secretary of War.

Then on March 25, 1917, the newspapers noted that President Wilson had made a call upon Secretary of War Baker. On the following day the War Department issued orders transferring General Wood to Charleston, South Carolina, putting him in command of the newly created Southern Division, the order to take effect May 1. This move of the Administration was a tremendous surprise both to the military and the public, and was the immediate cause for bitter criticism directed at the President. He was charged by his enemies with playing politics, and his order was characterized by General Wood as "petty politics."

It was said that on March 27 two telegrams were shown at the War Department offering General Wood either a station in the Philippines or Hawaii, though there is apparently no authentic evidence of this fact.

Out of the maze of criticism and charges it developed that Secretary Baker was seeking to decentralize our forces, dividing the number of geographical divisions of our forces into six instead of four, with the Southern or Charleston Division covering the territory south of the Mason and Dixon Line and east of the Mississippi River.

Now, the Wilson family sought to keep itself quite familiar with the press accounts of what was going on at that time. On the day following the order removing General Wood from the Eastern to the Southern Division there was considerable excitement in the family owing to the criticism and charges of politics contained in the press with regard to the removal of General Wood. When Mr. Wilson came to the luncheon table he was besieged by members of the family to know what it all meant.

*Why General Wood Was Transferred*

When the family bombarded the President with their questions Mr. Wilson replied, with the remarkable confidence he placed in those around his board, that the reason he had moved General Leonard Wood was because when we went into war (war was not declared until April 6, 1917) there would be more cantonments placed in the Southern Division than any other, since that territory, because of its climate, would have a longer training period and a more open season for the soldiers. He said that he had transferred General Wood to Charleston so that as soon as war was declared he would have the greatest possible chance for developing troops, since he regarded him as about the best man in the Army for training soldiers.

"Then why don't you state this to the public and silence this criticism?" asked the members of his family.

"It would be impossible for me to give out my plans now," replied the President, "as to what I might say about General Wood. Can't you imagine the reaction? No explanation would satisfy the crowd that is making this attack. They would not believe me no matter what I said. They would say that their attacks were getting under my skin and I will not give them even that satisfaction. Time will tell whether I am right and I am willing to await the verdict of the future."



(C) *Harris & Ewing.*

President Wilson, very weak from his illness, appearing before some of his admirers among the women voters who, several thousand strong, made a pilgrimage to his home.

As America plunged into the war it became inevitable that there would be a conference of some sort between President Wilson and Colonel Theodore Roosevelt. Ever since 1912 Mr. Roosevelt had been an incessant critic of the President. As the World War spread and drifted toward us, Mr. Wilson was struggling desperately to keep us neutral,

(Concluded on page 20)

# World War's Effect on the Negro

## Overseas the Colored Soldier Acquired an Entirely New Estimate of His Importance in the Scheme of Things



War problems crowded thick and fast: the negro leaders assured us that our war was also the negro's war and men in khaki and women in Red Cross were tangible evidence that the negro race was whole-heartedly giving itself.

By TOWNSEND BOYER

ILLUSTRATED BY J. C. GRAHAM

NOT the least of the important changes in American life wrought by the World War was in the established order of race thought and race feeling in the South.

The first of these changes came about the time of our entrance into the war. The white people had hardly more than heard the first whispered rumors of the German plot in Mexico than negro leaders began to appear on public rostrums and assure the white race that while their sympathies had been with Germany and not Belgium because of the latter's atrocities to the negroes in the Belgian Congo, they had no thought of letting this sympathy go to the extent of turning against their own country to further Germany's war schemes.

The white people were astounded. We had always thought that we could see through a negro's heart and mind as through glass; that he was really incapable of thinking save as we directed and led. But not only was the negro thinking directly opposite from our way of thinking; he could do it so quietly that our very cooks and yard boys were hiding under their bland masks knowledge of a thing which if even attempted would have caused America trouble.

To the credit of the wisdom and patriotism of the negro leaders, they had the thing crushed almost before we were aware that German propaganda was seeping through underground channels into our very households.

The affair, however, caused the white race to look at the negro with different feeling. We realized that the negro, despite our constant association with him, had subtly changed right under our eyes; he had begun to think for himself. We realized that he was no longer a passive force in our life, but a potential power for good or evil, and that this latent power was stirring restlessly.

But war problems and cares crowded too thick and fast for us to allow this episode to dwell long in our thoughts; the negro leaders had assured us that our war was also the negro's war and men in khaki and women in Red Cross and war work were the tangible evidence that the negro race was whole-heartedly giving itself to the war, and that was sufficient.

The next change was on our side and came about less dramatically. While white people will go to almost any length to show appreciation or to favor an individual negro, almost never can an appeal on behalf of the race as a whole be made to the Southern white people. Our inclination is to concern ourselves with only such parts as each day brings before us, leaving the rest alone. But this whole-hearted surrender of the negro to help us in the war, when he had not had a thing to do with our getting into it (and we knew that he would not have a thing to say about how it was conducted), appealed to the white race as nothing the negro race had done since its freedom. There swept over us a wave of good feeling and enthusiasm for the negro almost as vigorous as the present negro fad in the North.

Men everywhere were saying that the negro was earning for himself the right to more voice in governmental affairs and that he should have it. By a strange turn of destiny the negro was in position to achieve during the World War's four-year period what he had been unable to obtain in a forty-year struggle.

At last the war ended and the boys in khaki began to come home.

But between that going away and that returning something had happened.

For all our flag-waving, our songs of victory, our war memorials, our dances and our barbecues, there remained in the eyes of our white soldiers a quiet, subdued expression, and about the mouths were hard, cynical lines. Notwithstanding our persistent importunities for the story of "over there," they remained strangely, puzzlingly reticent. In appearance and behavior the Southern white soldier came home from the World War looking exactly like a man who had been "sold" and did not care to dwell on the humiliation and the disillusionment.

Quite different was the black soldier. In place of the shuffle-footed, ashen-faced farm hand or street loafer who laughed much and talked loudly to hide his fears, there returned a springy-stepped, up-shouldered man. Easy poise and quiet confidence had taken the place of boisterous manners. Even Southerners, who are slow to see charm in a negro, were compelled to admit that here were the manly graces in no small degree.

In the crowds that pressed about to hear the negro soldier's story—and we wanted to hear them all in those days—were white women as well as men. As we listened to those soft, drawling voices telling in their own inimitable way of such things as salt water, gas masks, hair-straightening fright, barrages and going "over the top," we caught something in those dark eyes that never before had we seen in them. Not only were they looking straight and level-eyed at the world about—including the white women whom centuries of ironclad custom said must never be included in the direct gaze of a black man—but there was a light in those eyes strikingly like triumph.

Rumors followed in the wake of the returning soldiers, rumors that touched the nerves of Southerners like the screech of a knife on a dinner plate. As the boys arrived home in greater numbers the rumors began to assume a definite form, though the white boys said little. Some things are so little to the liking of the white man of the South, so crammed with forces of volcanic possibilities, that he is unwilling to concede them as the reality even of talk. And

(Continued on page 30)

# Dry-Farming—the Tragedy of the West

## Scores of Deserted Homes Stand as Mute Monuments to the Settlers' Struggle in a Land Where Rain Seldom Comes

By F. J. CLIFFORD



ILLUSTRATED BY HARLAN JOHNSON

"This is a God-forsaken sunbaked inferno of a country . . . I don't want to ever see it again."

TWO lean cayuses, hitched to a creaking wagon, make their way over a seldom-used, unfenced road. With drooping heads, they plod along by the thin wheat—six inches high, headed out and ripe enough to cut. A faithful dog half walks, half trots under the rear axle. An odd owlish look is given his eyes by a cloud of dust that languidly drifts with them.

The dust lays an ever deepening mantle on the roughly clad figures of two persons seated in the wagon. One is a woman young in years, but old in features, tanned and leathery brown. In the palm of her hand she takes some water from the canvas water-bag swinging from the end of the seat and sprinkles it over the clothes and face of a baby lying in her lap. The child gasps, but stops its fretting in the following coolness. The patient eyes of the woman lift questioningly, a little worried, to the man at her side. His eyes are dulled and nearly closed as they take in the panorama of brown hills about them—hills that were so green and verdant in the springtime. Now the dead color is only relieved by the dusty green of scattered clumps of sage.

Ahead of the outfit, a horned toad scuttles swiftly along in the wheel track. To one side, a rattlesnake glides and coils menacingly under the shady protection of a shelving rock. A little brown owl springs from his guard-mound in front of his hole-in-the-ground home and flutters overhead, twittering excitedly at the interruption of his torrid meditations. But from the man these receive no attention.

His bony hands, much calloused from battling with nature, rest on the worn and faded knees of his khaki overalls. His eyes take on a look of hardness, of bitterness, when he glances back into the wagon at his pitifully few belongings. But the hardness and bitterness melt into pity and protection as he looks wistfully at his wife and small child beside him. No word is spoken by husband or wife as their eyes meet for they understand each other. Adversity has held more husbands and wives together than all the material wealth of the universe.

Where are they going? Where are they from? What country are they traveling through? God only knows. It may be Washington, or Idaho, or Montana, or Colorado—the picture can be duplicated in almost any of the Western states.

Who is he? One of the countless thousands who thought they could win a fortune at dry-farming. Instead of fortunes, they have left many monuments in the form of little homes all over the West, untenanted save by fuzzy-tailed pack rats.

I have stepped inside scores of such; some newly abandoned; others in the last stages of decay. One was in Wyoming. The wind-swung doors creaked dismally on their hinges. The windows gaped like sightless eyes. On the floor were scattered overalls sadly worn, babies' shoes, a woman's hat, photographs taken back in Ohio, a scrap of a homesick letter telling of the drought, no crops, and ending:

"This is a God-forsaken, sunbaked inferno of a country, peopled with jack rabbits, horned toads, and rattlesnakes, and I don't want to ever see it again."

In one corner, scattered over a pile of old magazines and papers, I found the remnants of a song sheet. It had been torn to shreds. One piece I glanced at contained these words:

> Where fewer hearts in sorrow aching,
> That's where the West begins.

As far as the eye could see stood gray homes, apparently deserted. I wondered how many of their owners had listened to the lure of a Western song.

It is not likely that I would ever have written this article, had I not met so many people in the East who had been "Out West," and had not gone back a second time. It is a common expression in the West, where I live, that "You've got to go West twice to stay." I was surprised to find that so many failed to make the second trip. Many, many times have I seen men sell their worldly possessions for what they could get, and as they hit the trail for the East, swear they would never return.

*Swore They Would Never Return*

Their hearts swelled with bitterness when some of them told me why. I felt half guilty—a party to some despicable crime—when they related how the land they had migrated to had thirstily absorbed their hard-earned savings; how they found farming methods so radically different from those in the East, that their limited means were exhausted before they could become accustomed to the new conditions. Many missed the green hills and hardwood trees. Others spoke scathingly of the lack of friendliness of Western people.

They seemed to forget that a grouch in the East is a grouch in the West. A ne'er-do-well in one locality will find little opportunity in another.

Dry-farming seems to have an ex-

ceedingly strong lure for Eastern people. The pamphlets they receive from Western promoters describe a land most wonderfully productive, and cheap—which is very true. They show pictures of wheat yielding forty bushels an acre, and other crops in proportion, which is again quite true. The promoters agree to sell the land on any kind of terms, as long as there is a good-sized initial payment made.

*The Long Wait Between Bumper Crops*

What they fail to state is the long wait between these bumper crops. If it were possible for a rancher to put his livestock to sleep, he and his family crawl into the cellar and exist on air for six or seven years, until a kind Providence announced a year of ample harvest, all would be well, but, unfortunately, this is quite beyond their power.

Generally speaking, dry-farming is the art of producing crops from the land with little if any summer rain. Thirty bushels of wheat has been grown by trained dry-farmers when not a drop of rain has fallen from May 15 until September 14. This can only be done on certain soils. Those of volcanic origin are conceded to be best for this purpose.

After a season of blazing sun and hot winds, this soil may be found dry as a bone to a depth of forty feet. But when the autumn rains, the winter snows and the spring showers have soaked in, then the moisture may be down three or four feet. This, without a June rain, is not sufficient for a crop. So instead of taking the rather slim chance of a soaking rain coming at the right time, most of the successful dry-farmers summer-fallow the land. This differs from the Eastern method, in that it has to be harrowed after every shower, big or little, so as to keep a mulch on the surface. If this were not done and a crust allowed to form, the moisture below would escape through it. For this reason, a rain that does not penetrate to the moisture below is only detrimental.

When the moisture of another autumn, winter and spring has been added, the farmer can proceed with a fair assurance of an ample crop.

Occasionally a soaking June rain will visit the country. When it does, many a man is made wealthy by the enormous crop which results. But rain seldom falls, although dark clouds will drift overhead, amid the flash of lightning and rumble of thunder. Simultaneously a gale of wind arises, chasing the clouds away, and leaving the shining sun in sole possession of the sky.

On irrigated lands, the returns are bountiful and sure. If alfalfa, wheat, and like crops are being grown, the water should be cheap—fifteen dollars or less an acre—although the locality will vary that price considerably.

Only apples, pears, prunes and similar fruits can be grown at a profit on the more expensively watered lands. With sufficient knowledge, careful management, and personal supervision, many an owner has become wealthy in a few years. Three thousand dollars an acre is often paid for full-bearing apple orchards, of popular varieties.

A constant and sure water supply is the prime requisite of irrigation. Through lack of it, the grower may have to strip off the apples to save his trees. A growing menace is the deforestation of mountain slopes. With the fir and pine gone, the warm sun and wind of early spring have a full sweep at the snow, rapidly melting it, so that it pours down the canyons and valleys in a mighty flood. But when the trees stand thick and green, the snow is held back for weeks. In fact, one can leave the valley where roads are dry and dusty, and the fields green and verdant, and by driving for an hour and a half reach the forest, where snow, sheltered by the timber, will be three or four feet deep, slowly melting and feeding the life-giving mountain streams.

*When the Family Purse Becomes Lean*

On asking people of the East the altitude of their locality, practically none of them knew what it was. With some it took a certain amount of explaining to make them understand the question. In the West, with its valleys and mountains, almost every one knows the altitude at which he lives. It is very necessary. Apples, grapes, peaches and the like, may be growing in luxuriant profusion on one spot, when a ride of fifteen miles will take one where they will not grow at all. Long after the luscious Bing and Lambert cherries are gone in the valley, a comparatively short ride to the mountains will take one to where they are just ripening.

Often a whole family—father, mother, four or five children, and the dog and cat—drive westward in their car. The city campground is their rendezvous. When the family purse becomes lean, the family will stop to work in the harvest fields, apple orchards, or in some other employment.

The way to get first-hand knowledge of a country is via the camp-car route. One thing is vital. Any lack of money should be offset by a greater knowledge of the in'ards of your automobile. It is not costly to travel the camping route. About five cents a

(Concluded on page 20)



Adversity has held more husbands and wives together than all the material wealth of the universe.

# Moonlight Midnight on "Old Tim"

## Climbing a Wonder Mountain While the Rest of the World Sleeps

By WYMAN SMITH

TO CLIMB a mountain by daylight may provide excitement and enough thrills, but to toil upward all night while the moon casts its light upon waterfalls, over ice sheets, and along the edge of precipices is almost like going on a pilgrimage. And when that mountain is Timpanogas or "Old Tim," as it is nicknamed, the mountain which carries one of the greatest botanical gardens in the world on its jagged slopes, and which has a glacier one must take an hour to climb, then the ascent becomes a living ecstacy. No wonder five thousand persons from far and near drive down the Salt Lake and Utah Lake valleys every year, gather around a blazing bonfire six thousand feet from the top and in crowds of fifty, a hundred, two hundred, three hundred, wait anxiously until the guide shouts, "Let's go" and leads the long excited file away up the first ravine.

Some few old-timers carried alpine stocks, for many indeed feel the year incomplete unless they have made that moonlight climb to the summit, but the novices carried no sticks or canes —they cut them later somewhere between the bottom and the top. For, although old men of eighty years have struggled to the peak, that long seven-mile trail which rises over a mile is no boy's play. It is something like hard grueling work, but done for the glorious privilege of watching the rising sun appear over a world of mountain ranges and purple shadows of valleys.

If anyone doubts before he climbs, afterward he will no longer wonder that the aborigines built great fires there in sacrifice to the many gods who dwelt among those crags and battlements and who planted there so many flowers that Dr. Henry Cowles, ecologist of the University of Chicago, once said, "It is the greatest wild flower garden in all the Americas, North and South." Yet that night we saw no flowers, we felt only the proximity and fellowship of the crowd, we heard only the seething rumble of the waterfalls, and we saw above and below on the trail the gleam of flashlights making little points in the darkness.

Only for a ten-day period of the year is it possible to climb at night, for then only does the moon rise to light up the most dangerous portions of the ascent and then only has the ice melted enough to make climbing safe for those not experts. We had selected one of those nights—a clear-blue night during the first part of August. It was hot in the valleys, and even at the starting point, where the elevation was five thousand feet, we felt burdened with woolen shirts and leather jackets. We scanned the crowd gathered inside the glow of a leaping, roaring log fire, but they, too, were clothed as though for winter and so when the march began, and lilting songs led the way we retained our heavy clothes —they might be useful before morning.



On the trail that leads past waterfalls and columbines to the summit of Timpanogas.

That was at ten o'clock—the moon had not yet risen above the eastern ridges, but the white snow patches above looked like spots of moonlight.

At first the trail was easy, broad, and with scarcely a perceptible rise, and the first mile was covered almost before we knew it. For everyone was jolly, and everyone addressed everyone else; faces were lost in the shadow and only the silhouette of individual figures made it possible to distinguish the owner of a voice. Who composed that crowd?—doctors, storekeepers, a university president and his wife, students, bankers, clerks, stenographers and farmers.

When we rested for a few minutes there was much cutting of alpine stocks, and after the first two miles chocolate bars appeared and tin cups were in demand to obtain drinks from springs which bubbled from rocks along the way. No use to drink too much of that cold water, however, for it only abetted the thirst. We looked upward to what seemed the top rising against the sky line but we were told that it was only a halfway mark to the summit. The trail was growing steeper now, the rests came oftener and the van and rear of the ascending line showed a zigzag in the trail. We reached another waterfall which poured down upon the trail itself and it required careful stepping if one wished to keep dry feet. High rocks rose at one side, wet and mossy to the touch, and below the slope dropped quickly to become lost in the shadows.

The moon was a long time coming. There was no more singing; all were conserving their breath. The air grew cooler.

We came to the first snow crossing, a strip a hundred feet wide and stretching far above and below. A rope was strung across and a man at each side held it until perhaps a dozen had passed when he gave the rope end to another. We crossed above the rope, using it as a rail while we dug our heels into the hard snow crust. The line began to thin out, straggling along in different fashion than it had an hour before. Then another snow crust and at one side we heard the gurgle of a stream coming down beneath the ice. We climbed on more leisurely now, for little groups rested here and there. But we were getting up, the scrawly cedars windblown into grotesques and the disappearance of the pines told us that. Rumor came from the front that the hardest part of the climb was over, that we should soon be at the meadows and find easier walking. But the zigzags kept on for what seemed miles.

Finally we topped a ridge, and away before us stretched a wide opening, a mountain valley on the mountain top. We were above the timberline, and about two-thirds of the way to the summit. That was welcome news and we rested a long time.

Walking was easier, and the moon had come up to flood all the surroundings in silvered glory. At our left a stream

gurgled along, and around were low hills and small dips which still beckoned us to climb on into the mystery. Back of us we could see lights sparkling, lights from cities ten and fifteen miles away.

Around a corner—the smooth white ascent of the glacier, more than a mile long and sloping upward smoothly, evenly, and glistening in the moonbeams. We hurried on now, skirted the edge of two small emerald lakes and then stepped upon the hard snow of the glacier itself.

Halfway up we came upon a heap of boulders, black against the snow, where we could sit down for another rest while we considered the climb which led up the saddle. We saw no hopes of further light and accordingly when the breathing spell was finished we went on upward. The right-hand wall had caught some of the moonlight but the left-hand one loomed black and fearsome above us.

Presently the snow slope grew steeper, so steep we could not ascend directly but were forced to zigzag, digging our heels into the snow at every step. It was not far now—only a few hundred feet, but that was a snow ladder with no rungs. No one tried to pass another now—we merely straggled as best we could and when we were so tired we grew dizzy from exhaustion we sat down on the snow with our heels dug in. I looked below us and saw that although there was no danger anyone who slipped must roll and slide a quarter of a mile or more. Once down no one would ever dare the ascent again that night. One, two, three steps—rest. One step, two steps, three steps—rest. So we went on, dragging and fagged. At last the top of the saddle and bare rock to walk on. We perched on the flat space of rock and stretched out like dead. Then we realized the cold, cutting, damp, shivering cold. And from our alpine stocks we built a fire and huddled about it trying to keep warm.

It was two o'clock in the morning. Toward the west we looked into the valley from which we had come; sparkling lights of towns lay there, and beyond the broad silver ribbon of the moon lay upon the waters of Utah Lake. Then the fire again, a little munching of chocolate, and a few laughs at the last climb. Others came up, one and two at a time, and we greeted them; we felt like veterans now and we could afford to smile. Only an hour on the glacier seemed like long ages, like the tremendous efforts of dreams.

At four o'clock we left the fire and our knapsack with lunch and went on to finish the climb. No more steep climbing now, but very careful stepping, for the back of Old Tim is a narrow ridge, and sheer drops of several hundred feet yawned dark and fearsome below. I shivered once when I looked and then didn't look again

Slowly as the light came we saw the distant and lower mountain ranges rising from the night, coming up from shadow.

Then while one range after another became more distinct, and the purple twilight of dawn retreated before the crimson and rose and nacreous light of the sun, we watched and waited. Hours we stayed there, until all the world was lighted with brilliant, scintillating rays, and then we began a slow return downward to the place whence we came.

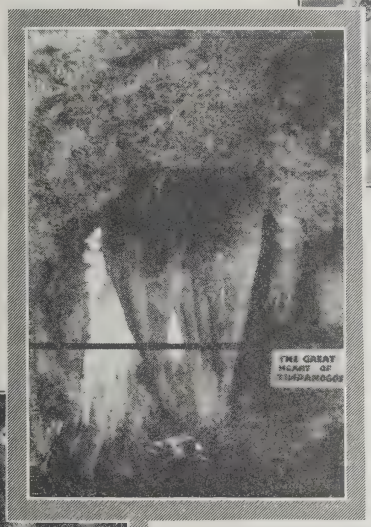
We did not hurry now; we were returning to the world from our worship in a temple of the universe, and the blue sky and the little flowers along the rocks called upon us to linger. We arrived at the saddle once more and looked down the glacier. Groups of four, five and six persons were sitting down at the top and preparing for the slide. The first movement let them down as in an elevator gone wild for fifty feet and from that momentum they were hurled forward forty or fifty miles an hour for a half-mile.

Like a path of flowers strewn for a bride was our descent, and we walked along banks of purple, delicate pink, crimson, magenta and blue blossoms.

We slid down the snow patches that had caused us so much trouble the night before. Was it just a few hours ago; it seemed like weeks so much had we seen and felt. Twelve days crowded into twelve hours. The world had been changed everywhere.

Then it grew warmer again, and soon we were back at the bottom, where the black embers of our camp fire still smoldered. We went around to the other side on our descent and stopped there to visit a cave. Nor was the cave so different; it, too, was filled with flowers, tiny, delicate marble flowers like samples of those we had passed. Millions of alabaster shapes and forms, strange stalactites like vegetables, like fairy handiwork, and like carved ivory flowers. And there before us in the dark interior of the cave, was a great hanging drop of marble, huge and white with a tinge of chrome. It was the Great Heart of Timpanogas.





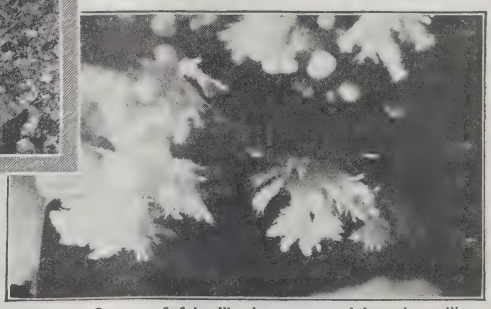







Sixty miles an hour or more down the mountain slope, just after the drop-off from the saddle.

We passed the waterfall which had seethed and hummed through the darkness of the night before.



Alabaster flowers of fairy-like beauty carved into the ceiling of Timpanogas Cave.

## Turning Points in the Life of U. S. Grant

WHEN I was a boy," said General Grant, "my mother one morning sent me to borrow some butter from a neighbor. Going into the house without knocking, I overheard a letter read from a son who was then at West Point, stating that he had failed in his examinations.

"I got the butter, took it home, and, without waiting for any breakfast, ran to interview the Congressman for our district.

" 'Mr. Hamer,' I said, 'will you appoint me to West Point?'

" 'No,' he answered, '———is there, and has three years to serve.'

" 'But suppose he should fail, will you send me?'

"Mr. Hamer laughed. 'If he doesn't go through it is no use for you to try, Uly,' he replied.

" 'Promise that you will give me the chance, Mr. Hamer, anyhow.'

"Mr. Hamer promised. The next day the defeated lad came home, and the Congressman, laughing, gave me the appointment."

Another turning point was when Grant made his famous attack on Fort Donelson, in 1862. This fort was depended on by the South to seal the Cumberlands and protect Nashville.

General Buckner, commanding the Confederate Army, sent Grant a request for an armistice, to which Grant replied:

"No terms other than an unconditional and immediate surrender can be accepted."

This soldier of many battles earnestly hoped that after his long and vigorous service in the field, he might be allowed to lead a life where the responsibilities were not so pressing, and which should be, in a measure, one of quiet and peace.

But the people of the nation decreed otherwise.

In the battle for the presidency, in 1868, Grant was elected by a large majority. He said:

"If elected to the office of President of the United States, it will be my endeavor to administer all laws in good faith, with economy, with the view of giving peace, quiet and protection everywhere."

## Dry-Farming—the Tragedy of the West

(*Concluded from page* 17)

mile will provide the average car with gasoline and oil, and food for four. It is understood, of course, that the restaurants and hotels are to be left strictly alone at that price. A covering of cheesecloth for your bed, will keep out the 'skeeters. You can forget them when the Rockies are reached.

Do not make the mistake of converting all your material wealth into cash and making a grand splash of it. Too many have tried that. The scores of second-hand stores attest to the mistake. Where there is one establishment in the East that deals with secondhand household goods and personal effects, there are a dozen in the Western cities. It simply means that home seekers have gone into the West, and through lack of first-hand knowledge, misfortune, or not liking the country, have sacrificed everything to get back home.

# Wilson—Not Tired by Waiting

(*Concluded from page* 14)

while the Colonel urged us to go in with such vehemence that he passed from criticism to direct charges against President Wilson. In his eagerness he used large words with which to characterize Mr. Wilson's attitude. He coined the word "Chinafied" as descriptive of America's position in world affairs at that time. But, just as in the 1916 campaign, Woodrow Wilson refused to mention Mr. Roosevelt's name, so in those parlous pre-war times he met the Colonel's censure with silence.

When it became necessary to administer a rebuke because of Mr. Roosevelt's attack upon the Administration's attitude at Plattsburg before the "rookies," it was directed at General Wood and not at Mr. Roosevelt, and was given by the Secretary of War and not by the President. This conflict between the President and Mr. Roosevelt had not, of course, passed unnoticed in Washington. In fact, it was more keenly watched and its importance exaggerated at the capital than in the rest of the United States, since Washington is the center of army affairs and a hotbed of political gossip. So when the press reported, after we had gone into the war on April 6, 1917, that Mr. Roosevelt was about to descend upon the White House to obtain authority to raise and command a division for service abroad, political Washington was not a little excited. And when the romantic figure of Mr. Roosevelt appeared at the White House, amid a great flourish of the press, the public guessed and conjectured on what sort of reception he would receive from the silent, much-criticized President.

***Ex-President Interviews the President***

It must have taken courage for the former occupant of the White House again to cross the threshold of that historic place, where he had held such complete sway for seven years, almost in the position of a suppliant before his political opponent. Whatever his thoughts were, he did not hesitate, but advanced with the usual Rooseveltian courage, arriving at the White House shortly after eleven o'clock in the morning. Mr. Wilson had been notified of his coming, and came forward immediately to the door to meet the ex-President, where they shook hands cordially and then disappeared inside for an interview that lasted about forty-five minutes, leaving a crowd of newspapermen to speculate on what was taking place, and to await his return.

On his way out Mr. Roosevelt was met by Mr. Tumulty and the press. He came forth smilingly and apparently fully satisfied with his conference. In answer to the queries of the newspapermen he said that he had had a very satisfactory talk; that he and the President had discussed his plans and he had suggested to Mr. Wilson that there be a rider attached to the Increased Army Bill, sometimes known as the Selective Draft Bill, to include Mr. Roosevelt's plan.

***Mr. Roosevelt Offers to Raise Troops***

It was about noon when the President and ex-President parted. Mr. Wilson went almost directly to the luncheon table, where he was greeted by his family and some of his relatives, who were so anxious to know all the details of Mr. Roosevelt's visit that they bombarded him with questions. With his usual imperturbability Mr. Wilson detailed what had happened. He said that he had taken Mr. Roosevelt immediately to the south portico of the White House, which looks toward the Potomac, where Mr. Roosevelt at once launched into the purpose of his visit, saying by way of preface that while he had differed with Mr. Wilson many times and frequently criticized his political acts, now that war was declared, all must be united for the common cause, and he had come to offer his services and do everything he could to assist the President in carrying out the war campaign. He then sketched briefly his plan, which was somewhat along the lines he had pursued in raising and commanding volunteer troops during the Spanish War. It was his desire to have the authority and responsibility of raising a division to go abroad. This he thought could be done quickly and would not conflict with the Selective Draft Act.

"At this juncture I asked him," said Mr. Wilson, "how he proposed to officer the division, and Mr. Roosevelt replied that he would select the best officers he could obtain from the highest down to the second lieutenants among the trained men or officers already in the service."

Again Mr. Wilson interrupted to say that if Mr. Roosevelt's plan were carried out he did not see how the army could get the available men to train the troops under the Selective Draft Act, with perhaps a million to be prepared the first year and other millions soon to follow. "I suggested," said the President, "that our problem was not soldiers, but officers. I said that I feared if we adopted Mr. Roosevelt's plan we would find ourselves in much the same position as did Great Britain shortly after the outbreak of the war. That nation had rushed its small regular army, together with the best equipped officers, to the front at the very outset, and when this army was nearly wiped out, with the casualties among the officers tremendous, the British found themselves almost helpless in training another army."

***Conference Ends Without a Decision***

Back and forth the President and ex-President argued. While Mr. Roosevelt said that he approved of the Selective Draft Bill, he had probably not thought of the grave responsibility that rested upon the President in trying to put over such a far-reaching method of raising an army. In fact, Mr. Wilson had not urged a vote upon the Draft Bill in Congress, because he was not at all sure he could get it through Congress. At that very hour he was waiting to find out what the country thought about it, and watching for the opportune moment when he thought there was sufficient support, before risking a vote on the bill.

And so the conference ended with the matter undecided, and the gallant Colonel went forth to be confronted by the newspapermen, without having received any encouragement, yet undaunted and smiling.

**An Answer For Fault-finders—**

*in* NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE:

***"They Find New Ideas —and Use Them."***

# The Voyage of the Victoria

## THE STUDENT

*Third of Series*

BY CHARLES J. FINGER

WOODCUTS BY PAUL HONORÉ

MAGELLAN had reached the age of thirty-three before he emerged from obscurity, and then his name was linked with a strange piece of business.

It was during the war between Portugal and the Moors, in 1513, at which time a fleet of four hundred ships and some eighteen thousand men at arms, with cavalry and sailors, left Belem on August 13, 1513, and arrived at Azemur two weeks later. The cause or the rights and wrongs need not detain us. By a treaty the Moors were to pay tribute to the Portuguese, and one Muley Zeyem objected, so Portugal denounced him as a rebel, his own people accepted him as a patriot-hero, both sides considered national honor was at stake and disclaimed responsibility, and the war was on.

Magellan was with the forces, but in so unimportant a sphere that his name is not to be found in any list of officers. Later we find him in the commissariat department, in charge of the booty taken from the Moors, and the historian Barras tells us that during a sortie he was wounded by a lance thrust which cut a tendon at the back of his knee and left him lame for life.

When Magellan comes into prominence it is in connection with a scandal, for he was accused of selling cattle to the enemy and letting them be driven off at night. About his guilt or his innocence there has been much argumentative ado. Some have painted him as a martyr, the victim of plotters, though why anyone should have plotted against one in so subordinate a position is not clear. Others have denounced him as an arch villain and traitor. However, his guilt or innocence cannot now be determined, and does not matter very much. It neither detracts from nor adds to his later great deed. The whole campaign was little more than a buccaneering affair on a large scale, and discipline, as we know it, was at a very low ebb. That must be clear from the amazing thing that followed the charges against Magellan, if he was a soldier. I say, if he was a soldier, meaning a combatant, for he may have been connected with the commercial end of the campaign, and very close to some of the agents of the master houses then pushing trade with vigor. If that is so, much that followed is partly explicable.

Without the knowledge or consent of his superior, he left the seat of war and went to Lisbon. Some say that he went to lay his case before the king, which would have the appearance of a jejune piece of business. Another has it that his purpose was to secure an increase of salary amounting to some twenty-five cents a month, in our money. But there is no record, no explanation, only a rubbish heap of speculation and supposition. What we do know is that Pedro de Sousa, an officer at the seat of war, reported in a letter to the king that Magellan was absent without leave, and next we find him returning to the scene of operations. It has an incredible ring, and becomes credible only if we consider Magellan as being closely connected with the commercial agents.

Magellan went back to Africa, was not tried, seems indeed somehow to have been relieved, then returned to Lisbon and sought audience with the king. Again there are guesses—that he wanted a commission in the India service, that he sought promotion, that he was after his expected raise in salary, that he was making steps toward the seeking of a route to the Spiceries by way of the west. At any rate, nothing came of the audience. "The king always hated him," says the historian Barras, but it is difficult to see why a monarch should harbor any feelings of resentment toward an obscure soldier with no notable record behind him.



When Magellan comes into prominence it is in connection with a scandal, for he was accused of selling cattle to the enemy and letting them be driven off at night.

Still, Magellan might have been taking what he considered as discreet steps to interest the king in his project, and doing it in such manner as to give and yet not to give, thus carrying himself suspiciously and making of himself an irritating visitor. At any rate, if such was the case, nothing was presented to whet the royal appetite or to stimulate imperial ambition. So we let guesswork go by the board and stick to facts.

And these are the facts as known. Magellan, at the end of his Moorish service, found himself unemployed. But we remember that he knew something of trade possibilities in the remote East. He had been close to the commercial agents in Africa as well as in India. He was one of those who had objected to using the trade vessels in the siege of Goa. He knew the strange story of the lone wanderer, Varthema, and how land stretched far beyond any point touched by the agents of the commercial houses. He also knew that Serrao had left civilization to cast his lot with the native ruler of a land "far larger and richer than that found by Da Gama."

There was another thing, most important. Some time or other he had come into contact with a thinker and a scholar and a reader of odd books. That scholar was a fellow-Spaniard, Ruy Faliero, of whom extraordinary tales were told and believed, for Faliero was popularly regarded with suspicion by the silly ignorant as one who dabbled in mysteries, and who identified himself with celestial intelligences. He was said to be an alchemist who experimented in the transmutation of metals, after the fashion of Jacques Coeur, and Trithemius, and Flamel. In reality he was nothing but a quiet student interested in mathematics and astronomy and geography. But he had done things. He had worked out a way to calculate longitude and had written a treatise on the subject, which, be it said, Magellan obtained possession of and carried with him as textbook and guide, when he sailed.

*Magellan Obtains Much Information*

Now Faliero, we are told by the historian De Herrera had seen a chart "preserved in the treasury of the king of Portugal, and made by one Martin of Bohemia, a man of great parts," and in that chart the strait was shown which Magellan afterward sought to find, and from Faliero "Magellan obtained much information concerning this strait." Such a specialized student would be very apt to know something of the globe constructed by Johann Schöner, the Nuremberg professor of mathematics in 1515, the year with which we are dealing.

Schöner was a specialist, as also was Faliero. We say nothing of that German translation of a Portuguese pamphlet giving an account of a voyage in a ship fitted out by Christopher de Haro, which account told of a Pacifico-Atlantic strait, nor of the Ruysch map, made in 1507, with a statement written across that part shown as Santa Cruz land, telling that Portuguese ships had gone as far south as latitude 50°.

To get things into focus, we have Magellan with his knowledge, meeting Faliero with his theory and tradition and mathematical ability, and while we know nothing of Magellan's movements for two years, we are told by Barras that during that time Magellan was often with Faliero and "always busied with pilots, charts, and the question of longitude." And between them they constructed a globe on which was shown the western continent and the route which Magellan and Faliero hoped to travel. That globe was presently taken to Spain, though we have it on the authority of all concerned that the part on which the strait was shown was left blank so that no unfair advantage could be taken. It was a case of the man engaged in scientific research meeting another of daring and original mind, with extraordinary persistence on both sides. The third factor, in the shape of energy prompted by love of gain, had not yet appeared upon the scene.

*He Forms a Pact With Faliero*

Presently Magellan and Faliero made an agreement. In whatever befell, they were to share equally. The project to find the strait was on no account to be revealed to any third person. In the meantime Magellan was to go to Spain and there wait until Faliero, having cleared up certain urgent business matters, could follow. If anything of interest concerning the venture transpired, then whoever knew of it was to communicate with the other within six hours, but on no account were any details to be given out except both parties concurred.

So on October 20, 1517, Magellan arrived at Seville and found lodging with an expatriated Portuguese named Diogo Barbosa, governor of the arsenal, and one who had held his post for fourteen years and enjoyed a measure of popularity. I think that meeting was not fortuitous. I believe that Magellan was directed there by those with commercial interests at heart, and that Faliero was not to appear with his data until the time was ripe. Barbosa himself had sailed the seas, and his son Duarte had been in the India service and had written a book describing his voyages.

Within three months Magellan had married his host's daughter and Barbosa was in full possession of Magellan's plans.

Then there were diplomatic whisperings, wire-pullings, arrangements, and soon ears were gained in high places and the project in its bare outline was laid before the *Casa de Contractacion*, an office having to do with newly discovered lands, with navigation, with exploration projects and allied matters. The body heard, pondered, postponed consideration, and there, in the ordinary course, things might have ended. But one of that body was a Juan de Aranda who had made himself acquainted with as much as there was to be known, without Faliero.

Aranda had his correspondents in Portugal to whom he wrote before he took any steps. So there was much double-crossing, Magellan not holding true to his promises to his colleague, Faliero; Aranda in a measure acquainting his Portuguese correspondent with Magellan's secret, and in due course, when Faliero arrived on the scene, there were anger and suspicion. But with Aranda, business was business.

What is known at this stage comes from legal documents, for in time Aranda was called to a court to answer an indictment for having privately and illegally contracted with Magellan and Faliero to receive a part of the profits coming from the expedition, if the deal went through, for his services. To clear up ends without delaying the story, let it be said that he was censured and lost the money he had advanced to Faliero and Magellan. He had financed the two men up to 1,500 ducats, after he had written to those Portuguese friends of his. What he asked for was one-fifth of the profits, on condition that the King of Spain be persuaded to equip the armada asked for. Between the three there were hagglings and at the end it was agreed that he should get one-eighth.

*Aranda's Share in the Transaction*

Much has been said about Aranda's share in the transaction, and he has been praised for his altruism and public service. What he actually did was to supply judgment and to guide erratic enthusiasms. That he had an eye to his own ultimate gain is not to be denied. That he acted for others, one of those commercial organizations of which we have written as being extremely active, seems probable.

What actually came to pass through the management of Aranda was this. He procured interviews for Magellan and Faliero with his associates in the *Casa de Contractacion;* Sauvage, the Lord High Chancellor; Adrian, cardinal of Utrecht; the Bishop of Bruges. Then came an interview with the boy king, Charles V. But before the interviews, he produced a document which he had prepared, and which both Magellan and Faliero signed, by the terms of which he was to receive his percentage. It was executed on February 23, 1518.

The upshot of the interviews with the royal and the administrative bodies w: that Faliero and Magellan could eith fit out the expedition from their own purs and give a percentage, that was to be d cided upon, to the crown for the privileg or with the king financing they might sa as captains, invest an amount to be d termined upon in articles for exchange an barter with the natives, and look to th royal favor on their safe return to rewar them as it saw fit. To come down to har facts, as far as Church and State were con cerned, the expedition might go on the rock then and there if Magellan and Faliero wer not prepared with fiduciary obligations, s to speak. The adventurers could scent ou a new market if they chose, but at thei own expense. The high dignitaries woul bless the expedition at starting, and woul take the lion's share at the end.

*De Haro Offers to Help With Money*

Then came what some have counted as another of those fortuitous happenings, with a man, moved by great regard for the public good, stepping forward. He was well known to Master Aranda and offered to provide strong financial support. It was Christopher de Haro, of the commercial house of Antwerp. It was the same De Haro who had quarreled with the King of Portugal after seven of his merchant ships had been sunk. It was the same keen-eyed executive who had fitted out the expedition in which had sailed the man who wrote a pamphlet describing a strait similar to the Strait of Gibraltar. It was the captain of industry whose doings were strictly economic, an impassive man of affairs who had reports from his agents everywhere, east and west, north and south, in foreign courts and cabinets. And so the first step was taken that made possible the voyage round the world.

Certainly the part played in history by such men as De Haro has been overlooked too often by students and historians. Not an organized government, but commercial-minded men of self-reliance and energy and enterprise, who sought new markets, were the mainsprings of action. Established government did nothing. Political management was both reckless and careless. The actions of men in power were grotesque and ridiculous. But men of industrial activity were in another sphere altogether. Attached to such commercial houses as the Haros and the Fuggers and the Roths were men of intelligent activity, sober caution and trained judgment. For years they had gathered data, just as industrial and commercial houses and captains of industry gather data today. They had observed. They had kept their counsel. To be sure they were no whimsical speculators and they were no philanthropists. Business was business with them. They were out for trade expansion first, last and all the time, and their ways were simple and very efficient.

*Knowledge of a Strait Kept Secret*

Realizing all that, things seem to fit together with a click; the knowledge of a strait kept secret until the proper time; the student Faliero having access to the king's library; the withdrawal of the De Haros from Portugal and the presentation of the data and the proposition to Spain; the extraordinary interest in unknown adventurers taken by Aranda; the correspondence of Aranda with others at Lisbon; the strange protection that seems to have been accorded Magellan when he was absent without leave; and much more that is to transpire when Magellan had the reins of power.

# Who Pays for Our Radio Programs?

(*Continued from page 7*)

a big public service, for which the beneficiaries of that service are not paying a dollar directly to the distributors. It is estimated that the average investment in radio sets approximates $80. So the situation is this: the public have invested 400 millions of dollars in plant, with absolutely no assurance that they are going to get any return through their equipment. I know of no other public service in which the people have invested that amount of money in plant, without any assurance of its continued use. It's an eloquent example of the buoyant confidence of the American people in the future. Remember, there are 562 distributors of programs, from the fellow who is operating a very small outfit, to the corporation operating a very large one; yet the millions that the public have spent for equipment, with few exceptions, haven't gone at all to the broadcasting stations which are serving them."

The "exceptions" to which the speaker referred include what is known as the "radio group," consisting of two large manufacturers of electrical equipment (the General Electric Company and the Westinghouse Company) and a radio corporation (the Radio Corporation of America). The first two companies manufacture radio equipment, and the third sells it. These three corporations own and operate nine broadcasting stations, and while others have been selling their facilities, they have been providing them at their own expense, due to the indirect return they obtain from the marketing of radio receiving sets.

But, according to an officer of the radio corporation, the latter has recently changed its attitude by establishing a commercial branch. "We weren't paid for our radio broadcasting," he said, "and it never did pay us. So last July we reached the conclusion that the business concerns utilizing our facilities ought at least to pay for the expense of putting on the programs. Since then we have put on a commercial department, to which business firms pay the cost of performers, both vocal and instrumental. These concerns receive the indirect advertising benefit accruing from the broadcast announcement 'This program is given through the courtesy of John Smith & Company.' The programs of the corporation originate for the greater part in its studios in 42nd Street New York, whence they are sent by wire to its super-power station, WJZ, at Bound Brook, New Jersey."

Meanwhile, the question still remains, "Who pays for the elaborate radio programs that are broadcast daily?" The answer is that the expenses are borne by business companies, and more especially by the large corporations more familiarly known as national advertisers. An example of the method pursued is best shown by the operation of WEAF, which is the largest program distributor in the country (and is conducted by the American Telephone & Telegraph Company). This enterprise is a purely commercial proposition, for the corporation which manages it obtains no return from the manufacture of radio receiving sets, its manufacturing subsidiary (the Western Electric Company) being engaged only in the production of broadcasting sets, which are sold to the independent stations.

WEAF occupies about 10,000 square feet of floor space on the fourth floor of the large office building at No. 195 Broadway (the American Telephone & Telegraph Building) and employs a force of about 100 persons in its broadcasting work. Half of this space is devoted to studios, in which sixty to seventy per cent of its programs are originated. About 1,000 professional players and vocalists are put over every month as entertainers. Dance music is "picked up" outside, from hotels and large musical organizations. WEAF has a local service, and operates also through a network of seventeen broadcasting stations located in fifteen cities, all of which are east of the Missouri River. It does not broadcast beyond this limit at present, due to the insufficiency of wire facilities in the West.



Decorative corner of reception room at Station WEAF.

WEAF charges the national advertiser first for the expense of putting on his program, and then for the cost of distributing it. The charge for putting on a program depends entirely upon its artistic merit or excellence. Program costs run from $300 an hour to as much as the national advertiser is willing to stand for. One large corporation (the National Carbon Company) which manufactures a certain type of battery, pays from $1,000 to $1,500 an hour merely for its performances. It puts on large grand orchestra groups of vocalists and popular actors, and when performers of the type of John Drew are engaged, the charges are still higher. One manufacturer of radio sets (Atwater-Kent) pays for his casts as high as $2,500 an hour. As stated before, these expenses are for talent alone, and do not include the costs of broadcasting.

The payment for the use of facilities of stations like WEAF depends upon the number of additional stations through which the programs are broadcast. WEAF, used only as a local station, charges a maximum rate of $600 an hour for broadcasting; but when it broadcasts a program over its network of fifteen cities, the charges run to about $3,000 an hour. So it can be seen that a national advertiser, or in other words a company that has a nation-wide sale of its product, often spends as much as $5,000 or $6,000 an hour in originating an ambitious program and having it broadcast through the country. Its only compensation is the indirect advantage of having its company name or the name of its manufactured product mentioned as being sponsor for the program. This form of advertising seems to pay, however, for the larger manufacturing concerns now plan their advertising appropriations to cover the three fields of newspapers, magazines and radio broadcasting.

Broadcasting, in fact, is a new advertising medium, and the national advertisers are the basis of its support. The cost figures mentioned apply, of course, only to the larger stations which are in a position of putting on programs of high merit, in which only professional entertainers are engaged and a standard of artistic excellence is maintained. Certain forms of business enterprise lend themselves more readily than others to particular types of programs. In selecting a pair of black-face comedians to advertise a brand of laundry soap (the Gold-Dust Twins), comedians who have gained wide popularity throughout the country, more than a dozen actors were tried out in their parts before the popular "twins" were found acceptable.

Large stations have their own selling forces; their salesmen submit prospective programs to the advertising managers of business concerns, quoting the rates charged for putting on the various forms of entertainment. There are, however, scores of smaller stations, whose rates are lower and whose programs are far less expensive. Some enterprising broadcaster makes an arrangement with a hotel, which agrees to supply him with a headquarters for his studios and transmitter; the hotel gets its return out of the ensuing publicity, in which its dining-room and ballroom concerts are broadcast. Salesmen for stations of this type, who seek commercial clients, as a rule get whatever they can contract for in the way of payment. They have all kinds of scales; they may ask $250 an hour at the

start, and finally clinch the bargain for $50.

The elaborately furnished studios, in which programs are developed and auditions or tryouts are given to vocal or instrumental performers, are as a rule situated many miles from the broadcasting headquarters, to which the developed programs are dispatched over a special wire. The broadcasting station, in turn, wires its programs to other stations in distant cities, with which it operates under special contracts. In this way broadcasting incurs an additional expense; it is necessary to use long-distance wires, from which all telephone and telegraph equipment is temporarily stripped; special equipment is then substituted for music transmission. These long-distance wires have to be modified and changed throughout their length for broadcasting purposes, since the ordinary telephone circuit cannot be utilized for broadcasting. Telephone circuits designed for transmitting the voice have a pressure of from 20 to 500 cycles, while music requires at times from 40 up to 10,000 cycles. Before a program is transmitted, it takes an hour or two to install these changes, and also takes a couple of hours afterward to restore normal conditions on the wires.

***Why Preachers Must Pay for Broadcasting***

Broadcasting stations are quite often criticized for demanding money for sending out sermons or educational programs; in one instance several hundred dollars was asked of a church in Philadelphia for broadcasting its services. The manager of one of the stations explained that the charge was probably brought about by the necessary cost of reaching the church with wire facilities, and there is both operating expense and wire expense in broadcasting.

The larger stations in New York City, in their study of the problem of sending out church services, early in the situation concluded that it would be the best thing to refuse to put on the services of a single church, since they would then be accused of serving only one church or one denomination. They also decided that it would be a poor policy to send out any religious program at hours other than when the church meeting was held, as they might be charged with keeping persons from church. An exception was made in broadcasting Dr. Cadman's men's conference in the Bedford branch of the Y. M. C. A., Brooklyn, because of its non-controversial character.

No charge is made for broadcasting Dr. Cadman's Sunday lectures which have been sent out for the past three years. WEAF officials say it costs them $200 a week for picking up the Bedford wire, and at first they split the difference with the Y. M. C. A., charging them $100 a week; but this charge was discontinued a year ago.

Then the broadcasting interests put the situation up to the three principal religious groups of the city, Protestant, Catholic and Jewish. The Cathedral, the Federation of Churches and the United Synagogues were asked to take the responsibility of preparing religious services representing the various groups. This they were asked to do in rotation. The broadcasters then provided the religious bodies with the facilities of their studios and stations free of charge.

# The Man Who Fights Alone

(*Concluded from page 4*)

life sentences, would mean fewer murders.

In giving statistics on the number of policemen slain, we have not included those killed accidentally. To do this would boost the figures at least three times. Many are killed in automobile accidents while pursuing criminals; others die in fires, in other catastrophes.

The policeman's lot is not a happy one. He must risk his life to save the lives of citizens. Richard E. Enright, the man who rose from the ranks to be Police Commissioner of New York, gives us a vivid description of the life of a policeman:

"The cop is the world's greatest warrior. He is the valiant fighter supreme.

"The reason? It is simple. He fights alone!

"The soldier of peace is a hero real or potential, as brave and valiant as any soldier who makes his sacrifice upon the field of battle.

"The soldier of war fights as a part of great units; he fights under the eye of his commander; he fights an enemy whose position and potential powers are known. When the crisis arrives, he goes forward with comrades at his side to the accompaniment of the wild, grand music of war as in his patriotic fervor he embraces the opportunity to fight and, if necessary, to die for his flag and his country.

"But the soldier of peace fights alone; often he does not know his enemy, his position, or his power. He fights his battles alone in the waters of the harbor, in the cellarways, the alleyways, on the roofs, and in the dark and noisome places of the city.

"For the cop there is no comforting feeling of fellow fighters at his side, no joint action with others—a thing that gives mental, spiritual, physical support. He is mentally, spiritually and physically alone. The cop faces surprise, ambush, with no knowledge of the powers ranged against him.

"He fights the unknown—alone!

"And the cop does not fight under the eye of his commander—of many commanders. Not for him is the immeasurable aid of the cheering voice, the overseeing eye, the chieftain's presence. The cop must be his own commander, must cheer himself on, furnish his own grit and backbone. He fights alone—at once the chieftain and the follower, the planner and the doer.

"And mark you this! For the cop there is no retreat, no surrender, no armistice!

"He can't quit—he must go on. No retirement to other positions is possible for him. No readjustment of forces is within his scope. He fights alone and must fight without hope of quarter or of mercy. He cannot save his life by a cry of 'Kamerad.'

"For him there is but one issue! The cop must conquer or fall. He cannot surrender. It is his life or his antagonist's.

"He fights alone!

"Macaulay in his *Lays of Ancient Rome* honored brave Horatius who held the bridge. Such a post is the cop's. Oh, that we had a mighty poet to chronicle the deeds of such as he.

"Holding the bridge for your life and mine against a myriad of foes, he is that greatest of warriors, an American cop.

"He fights alone!"

# About That Joint Deposit

JOHN HENRY CAMPBELL'S funeral was over, and Peter Campbell, a brother of the deceased, was walking back from the cemetery with the local busybody.

"I suppose John Henry left quite an estate?" the seeker after information suggested.

"Enough, but none too much," Peter Campbell assured her.

"Leave a will?"

"I haven't seen Squire Kelley yet, but don't fancy there was any."

"Then, in that case, I presume that deposit certificate in your name and John Henry's will fall to you?"

"You knew about that, did you?" Peter Campbell queried, skillfully concealing the fact that this was the first intimation he had had that such a document existed.

"Oh, yes, I was there when John Henry took out the certificate," was the ready reply. "He went up to the cashier of the rural bank, handed over $5,000, and told the cashier to give him a deposit certificate in your name and his, payable to either one of you six months after date. I didn't mark down the day of the month, but as near as I can figure it the certificate was payable yesterday."

The next day Peter Campbell called at the rural bank and ascertained that a joint deposit certificate had been taken out in the names of himself and his deceased brother, and that it was still outstanding.

"I presume you will pay the principal and interest of the certificate to me," Campbell suggested. "According to your statement, it's payable to either of us, so there would seem to be no doubt about my right to receive the money."

"We have been advised that when A takes out a joint deposit certificate in the names of himself and B, they are not partners, and the money deposited belongs to A. Therefore B is not entitled to demand the money after A's death," the cashier declared.

"On what ground?" Campbell demanded.

"On the ground that the deposit certificate is really nothing more than a power of attorney authorizing B to draw the money, which, like any ordinary power of attorney, is revoked by A's death," the cashier explained.

"I'll sue the bank if you don't pay," Campbell threatened.

"Then you'll have to sue, for the bank certainly will not pay until the court so orders," the cashier announced.

Peter Campbell did not sue, however, and thereby saved time, money, and court costs, as the Supreme Court of South Carolina in a case reported in 117 Southeastern Reporter, 312, has ruled that a joint deposit certificate, taken out under these circumstances, is not payable to the survivor after the death of the depositor.

"The bank's mere correlative agreement cannot of itself keep the power so conferred alive; it died with the donor," the court's decision declared.

# Captain Kidd—Pirate-Catcher

(*Concluded from page 8*)

Earl of Oxford, First Lord of the Admiralty, and two titled secretaries of State. Among them, 6,000 pounds was subscribed to purchase and fit out the *Adventure* galley, 287 tons, and carrying 34 guns. Bellamont also secured from the King a special commission in which Kidd is exhorted to "serve God in the best manner you can." There are explicit instructions regarding "Prizes, Treasures, and Merchandizes," and the Governor concludes, "I pray God grant you a good success and send us a good meeting again."

With this elaborate document, Kidd set sail from Plymouth, England, bound for New York where he posted articles to increase his crew. These were to be taken on by the "no purchase no pay" plan, "purchase" being the polite word for booty. Of all the treasure taken from pirates, one quarter was for the crew, the remainder to be divided into five shares, one of which should belong to Livingston and Kidd, the rest to Lord Bellamont and his friends.

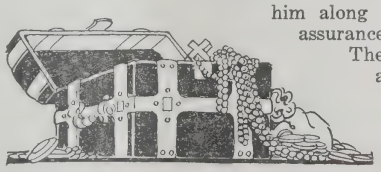
With a crew of 150 men Kidd sailed out of New York in September, 1696, to be gone three years. He touched at Madeira and the Cape Verde Islands, and then continued to Madagascar. But all the pirate vessels were off about their affairs, so he sailed back and forth in the vicinity of Johanna and Malabar, but took no prizes. During this long period of cruising, about a year, he met plenty of rich Indiamen but he did not molest them.

Then he sailed to the mouth of the Red Sea where he forced the natives to give him some corn. His prizes had been negligible, his crew without pay, and his ship constantly in need of repair.

"Courage, my boys," he is reported to have said to his men, "we have been unsuccessful hitherto, but we'll make our fortunes out of the Mocha fleet."

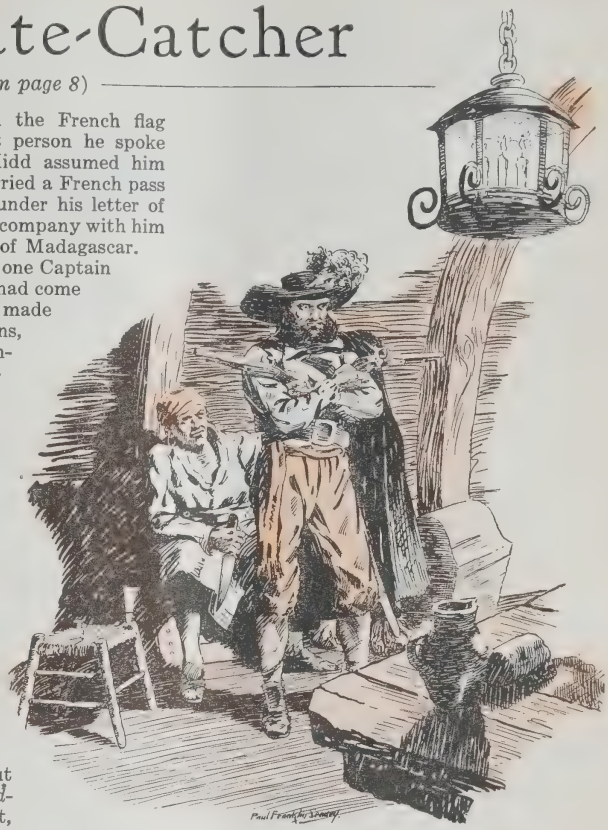
This may have meant, as Kidd averred, that pirates would be likely to prey upon the vessels and he, in turn, would attack them. When the fleet did appear, a dozen or so ships convoyed by two men-of-war, there was some little firing, but Kidd claimed they opened on him. At any rate, the *Adventure* withdrew and there were no prizes.

The temper of the crew was by no means bettered by this failure. Their number had been decreased by accident or desertion, the ship was leaky, and the prospects few. Kidd did make one or two small seizures, the most important being a Moorish ship sailing under a French pass which made her a lawful prize under his commission of reprisals. In case of the other vessels, Kidd claimed that he was forced by his crew who were openly rebellious. About that time they came up with a Dutch merchant, and, as was admitted at the trial, the men clamored to attack her, but Kidd absolutely refused. In an altercation with his gunner, Moore, hard words were passed. Kidd picked up a bucket and hit him over the head, and Moore died the next day.



Shortly after this unfortunate incident, Kidd made his only capture of value. This was the *Quedagh* merchantman, an Armenian-owned ship plying between Surat and Bengal. As was customary with privateers, Kidd hoisted the French flag to decoy her. The first person he spoke with was French and Kidd assumed him to be the master. She carried a French pass which made her a prize under his letter of marque, so he took her in company with him and sailed for the Island of Madagascar. Here Kidd was visited by one Captain Culliford who asked if he had come to hang them all. Kidd made him a present of provisions, but, considering the number of pirates in the colony, that is not surprising. Moreover, a good number of his crew deserted to the pirates, which ought to have shown the jury that their opinion of their own captain in that capacit was not very high.

With armament transferred to the *Quedagh*, for his own ship was no longer seaworthy, Kidd started for home, touching at the Dutch spice islands where he learned that there was considerable talk in England about the activities of the *Adventure*. As a matter of fact, the East India Company had complained of Kidd, there had been an investigation of his somewhat irregular commission, and Bellamont, in an attempt to clear himself of suspicion, had induced the King to proclaim a general pardon to all pirates who voluntarily surrendered, Kidd and Avery excepted.



Captain Teach or Blackbeard, honest-to-goodness pirate.

Quite unsuspecting of this royal distinction, Kidd continued on his way. Arriving off New York, he sent for Emmott, a friend who specialized in admiralty cases, and sent him to Bellamont to see how the land lay. He also gave him the two French passes which proved his seizures legal. Bellamont received Emmott in the fine brick dwelling which later became the Province House. After discussing the matter at some length, he called for Duncan Campbell, the postmaster, a Scotsman like Kidd and an old acquaintance, and sent him along with Emmott to carry assurance to the perplexed captain. They sailed from Boston in a sloop on June 17, 1699, and found Kidd off Block Island. They bore a friendly letter from the Governor, but Kidd did not think it prudent to bring his treasure into harbor, so he lay off Gardiner's Island, near the eastern end of Long Island; while small boats carried the booty ashore and his men buried it. Then he sent for the owner of the island and asked him to take charge of some goods intended for the Governor.

Kidd's wife joined him here and they proceeded to Boston where Kidd asked leave to prepare his report in writing. Bellamont agreed, but at the same time got out papers for his arrest. It chanced that the constable who served them met Kidd in front of the Province House, and the Captain dashed up the steps and took refuge in the Governor's study. That must have been the moment when he realized how frail is the friendship of princes. Kidd was placed in the goal on Court Street, on the site of City Hall, in irons weighing sixteen pounds and the sheriff given forty shillings a week above his salary for strict watching. On February 6 the *Advice* arrived and Kidd was taken aboard.

In England Kidd was kept in goal a year, then brought to trial for assault on William Moore. In vain he protested that to strike down a mutinous sailor was no crime; the verdict was murder. Then the charge of piracy was brought forward and Kidd asked that his passes be produced, but they were nowhere to be found. Parliament was preparing to impeach Somers and Oxford and the trial was farce to cast dishonor on them. Kidd was pronounced guilty and sentenced to be hanged. When asked if he had anything to say, he replied:

"My lord, it is a very hard sentence. For my part, I am the innocentest of them all, only I have been sworn against by perjured persons."

On May 23, 1701, he was hanged at Execution Dock, then his body was put in chains and gibbeted near Tilbury Fort, on the lower reaches of the Thames, where it swayed for years, a memorial to the fickleness of justice.

Just why Kidd's fame should have grown so mightily is a mystery, except it be for the prominence of those who set the ball rolling. Happy is the place that has a memento of him. New York preserves a print of his house on Pearl and Hanover streets, Boston points out the room in the Old State House where he was examined, and Newport shows us the exact spot where he lived.

# Chats with Office Callers



"I see by the papers," said ***The Man from the Next Room,*** "that a clergyman has stated that men believe less in immortality than they used to. That is hardly the way to put it, according to my mind. There is probably more *thought* expended on the question than ever before, and there is probably more *confidence* felt with regard to it. Immortality is, simply, the superiority of life over what we call death. We do not properly know what death is. No one has ever seen it. All that we are able to see is the refuse, the debris, which death leaves behind. The body, the grave—these are not death; these are the things which death had no use for. As to the body, we know that it is not dead; it very livingly runs back to its sources. We have never found a point anywhere where life is nonexistent. Death is an experience in life, which we understand very little. In older days men did not have a very high conception of the life they lived on earth, and their instinct for life moved them to contemplate what may be awaiting us in the next stage. Thus they dwelt largely on immortality. Nowadays we appreciate present life, we are living a more abundant life, and we find this stage of life so full and rewarding that we are not so greatly bothered about the next stage. We know that it will come in its course. We have confidence that as the conditions of this stage of existence were arranged for our growth, so will the conditions of the next stage be. Life in all its stages is a personally conducted journey and what we call death is one of the entrances to further experiences. People are not so afraid to die as once they were. This in itself is a sign of the genuine confidence with which men accept the order of life and death, and in my mind it signifies faith of the truest sort."

ɛ ɛ ɛ

"The greatest effect of theatrical art I ever witnessed," said ***The North Carolinian*** as we discussed the Color Question in the South, "was one night in the town where the plot of Tom Dixon's *Clansman* is laid. The courthouse of that story is just across the street from the theater where the play was being given. The actor who represented the negro carpetbag governor was trying to force the white heroine to marry him by threatening her with the death of her father. Tense and more tense grew the situation until the girl was forced to her knees. At just that moment, in the play, the rifles of the Federal soldiery are supposed to be poked through the window and the girl saved. But something else was occurring which was not on the bill. From somewhere back in the audience a big Carolinian was striding down the center aisle with a long .45 in his hand, trained on the actor. He got down to the orchestra bar just as the Federal rifles appeared at the window. He took in the situation. The actor saw him and was cowering more than the mere sight of the play rifles of the actor soldiers called for. There was commotion all over the theater. 'Never mind, boys,' called out the interloper, 'if they miss him, *I'll* get him!' And he held his gun on the actor. That night the actor washed the black off his face and resigned his job. It was too realistic for him. He never played that part in the South again."

ɛ ɛ ɛ

"This town," said ***The Companion of the Journey*** as our car slowed up through a certain small city, "was promised a position as leader in tobacco marketing if it followed Aaron Sapiro's advice. It followed the advice, and you may judge from its appearance what happened. See those two tobacco warehouses? Empty and for sale. Yonder is the newspaper office: the editor had to seek work in another town. Most of the buildings down this street contained businesses which have now failed; the merchants are looking for jobs to make their living. Those groups of men are the ruined victims of a false economic theory. The town is dead. In his speech here, Sapiro said he would make this town the tobacco center of the United States, and that Z——, another town a few miles distant that resisted his false magic, would have grass growing in its streets. It all came out the other way: Z—— is now the greatest tobacco market in the country. You people up North read these things as matters of print, but down here you can trace their effects in men's lives. The worst of it is that there are still people here who do not know what caused their downfall. They are ready for the next faker that comes along and promises to work a magical golden millennium for their benefit."

ɛ ɛ ɛ

***A Man from Southern California*** had just come in from Miami. He had nothing but praise for the climate of the southern state and nothing but condemnation for the realty exploitation of Miami.

"Miami," he explained, "is a wonderful city. Values there are in for a readjustment. Next year we expect to see property values there at a level with similar property in other cities. They have been asking from $50,000 to $60,000 for single lots that are worth no more than $10,000 at the utmost considering their earning power, location and true value."

I asked him how he liked Florida compared with California.

"In my home town near Pasadena we are an hour from the seashore and an hour from the mountain tops. At all seasons of the year you will find snow on Mt. Baldy from five to six feet in depth. Big Bear Lake, in the San Bernardino district, is cool in summer. We have all conditions from sub-tropic at the seashore to alpine in the mountain tops. Florida cannot boast of such a climatic variation. But the land of sand and sunshine, and I mean by that Florida, is a beautiful place and will some day support a population far in excess of what it has now."

"Who is going to be the next President?" I asked ***A Man from Washington.***

"Hoover," he replied.

"Now I know that you're not a prophet," I remarked.

"I am not saying whom I want to be President; I am only telling you whom the next President is going to be," said he.

"The next President, or the next candidate?" I persisted.

"The next Republican candidate will be the next President," said he. "What have the Democrats got to offer?"

"No doubt you're right on that," said I, "but what will Mr. Coolidge be doing all the time?"

"Mr. Coolidge will have no more to say about it than he had before. Do you know who is the real President of the United States today?"

"No, do you?"

"Certainly. Your Uncle Andy Mellon is. Colonel House in all his glory never wielded so much power as Andy does now. Everybody in Washington from the President down is afraid of him. You have no conception, unless you are on the inside, how Mellon has them all in fear. And unless something happens to break his hold, he will name the next President, and it will be Hoover."

"The country will not take Hoover," said I.

"The country will have no say in it," he concluded.

ɛ ɛ ɛ

"And we call *him* a savage," said ***The Poet,*** "and *ourselves* civilized." He was telling of Hi-he-come-I-go, Indian of the Northern Michigan woods, fire guard, game warden and caretaker on The Poet's land. "One morning," he continued, "I came upon him clearing a path through the trees. Beside him was a mound on which some Indian pipe was growing, some of it creeping over the trail. Hi-he-come-I-go grunted as I came up, and then pointed to the plant: 'Me keep it. Other people like it.' And *that's* the man we call a savage! leaving a flowering shrub alongside a path because someone else might come along and like it. Why, if you should turn loose one small Sunday school picnic on my land, they would wreck it inside of two hours. Frankly, I would rather have a swarm of locusts descend out of the skies then to have a Sunday school class come whooping along the road toward my land; the locusts would do less harm! And why in the name of Heaven must motorists pick every flower they see? They end their usefulness and fragrance and delicacy. The flowers wilt and die and are discarded before the beauty-snatching visitors are halfway home—and yet they are as likely as not to jump out and pick new flowers while they are throwing the old ones away. Why can't our *civilized* tourists follow the example of our *savage* Indians?"

# When Old Salem Hunted Witches

(*Continued from page 2*)

Danvers. Tradition tells us that in the winter of 1691-92 his nine-year-old daughter Elizabeth and a niece, Abigail Williams, age eleven, used to gather with some of the neighborhood children in the kitchen of the parsonage to be entertained during the long winter evenings by Tituba, a half-Indian, half-negro servant. These children took to practising the strange tricks and incantations with Tituba. Among the assembled children was twelve-year-old Ann Putnam, daughter of Sergeant Thomas Putnam. This small and irresponsible person, together with her passionately jealous mother, gave most absurd testimony at many of the witchcraft trials that followed, with tragic success; the father and husband of these two women unquestionably had much to do in preparation of the testimony they gave.

***Children Make Terrible Accusations***

Tituba found apt pupils to learn the tricks and jugglery, practiced by the semi-barbarous races, which she had brought with her from the islands where Mr. Parris had counted her as one of his slaves; and in due time the girls began to act in a most unusual manner by getting into holes and creeping under chairs and stools, using sundry odd postures and antic gestures, all the while uttering foolish speeches of which neither they themselves nor any others could make sense.

Their elders learned something of what was happening. Great was their consternation when the village doctor, Griggs, who, evidently feeling obliged to give some name to the disorder, pronounced the girls bewitched. The children, probably realizing if the exact truth were known they would be severely punished at home and even publicly disciplined in church, agreed to the physician's diagnosis. Not for a moment did they realize the terrible consequences which were to follow.

Commanded by their elders to tell who had "afflicted" them, they named Tituba, Sarah Good, and Sarah Osburn. Complaints were issued and the arrests made. The examinations were to have been held in the village tavern, the house of Lieutenant Nathaniel Ingersoll, but so great were the numbers who came to witness the proceedings begun March 1, 1692, that the court adjourned to the meetinghouse instead. Sarah Good, aged seventy, wife of William Good, "laborer," was examined first.

All testimony at these trials or examinations brought before the local magistrates was taken by persons intensely prejudiced against the prosecution. Much of it was written down by Parris himself, and as he was very often the leading prosecutor, the reader can easily understand why the testimony recorded is more apt to be against the accused than otherwise. A brief insertion of the opening of the examination of Sarah Good is herewith given, it being characteristic of all the examinations:

***What Happened at the Trial of Sarah Good***

Sarah Good, what evil spirit have you familiarity with?—None.

Have you made no contracts with the devil?—No.

Why do you hurt these children?—I do not hurt them. I scorn it.

Who do you employ, then, to do it?—I employ nobody.

What creature do you employ then?—No creature; but I am falsely accused.

Why did you go away muttering from Mr. Parris's house?—I did not mutter but thanked him for what he gave my child.

Have you no contract with the devil?—No.

Hathorne desired the children all of them to look upon her and see if this were the person that hurt them, and so they all did look upon her and said that this was one of the persons that did torment them. Presently they were all tormented.

On March 7, the three women, Goodwives Good and Osburn and Tituba, were sent to jail in Boston. There Sarah Good remained until May, when the grand jury presented an indictment against her charging her with practising the art of witchcraft. There was the ridiculous testimony of the children, including young Ann Putnam, and that of Henry Herrick who said that Goody Good had come to his father's house for lodging, been refused, and upon being forbidden to sleep in the barn she replied that it would cost his father one or two of his best cows. Jonathan Batchelder added to this that, about a week after, two of his "master cattle" were removed and younger cattle put in their places, and since then several cattle had been let loose in a strange manner.

Strangest of all court records, as regards age, is that coming from the five-year-old daughter of the accused. Little Dorcas Good got up on the stand and declared that her mother "had two birds, one black, one yellow, and these birds hurt the children and afflicted persons." Files show that later this child, scarcely more than infant, had three depositions brought against her as being a witch. Ann Putnam, little more than twice the age of Dorcas, testified that "the apparition of Dorcas Good came to her, bit her, pinched her and afflicted her most grievously, also almost choking her and urged her to write in a book." The child was committed to prison but not executed. Her mother was convicted and sentenced to be hanged July 19. Reverend Noyes said to her, as the woman stood on the scaffold, "You are a witch and you know you are a witch."—"You are a liar," was her indignant reply. "I am no more a witch than you are a wizard, and if you take my life, God will give you blood to drink."

***A Man, a Dog, a Hog, and Two Cats***

Next to be tried was Sarah Osburn, a woman about sixty years old, who with her third husband was a member of the church and as far as we know both were sober, industrious citizens living on a productive farm. However, when Osburn came to manage the widow's farm prior to their marriage there had been some gossip of an uncomplimentary nature, and this undoubtedly was one of the inducements for the accusing girls to "cry out" against Goodwife Osburn among the first. Her examination was very nearly a repetition of the proceedings in the case of Sarah Good, but she died in the Boston jail. The mental strain of the examination, together with the brutality to which all those accused in New England were subjected, proved fatal to this feeble old woman who had been very ill in late years.

As for the servant, Tituba, it is often believed that her master, Reverend Parris, made her confess to be a witch to save from scandal his own household. She was asked in her examination what sight she saw when flying abroad, to which she replied: "I saw a man, a dog, a hog, and two cats, a black and red, and the strange monster was Osburn's that I mentioned before, this was the hairy imp." She further declared that she went on witch expeditions with Goody Good and Osburn. Committed to prison she lay there for thirteen months after which she was sold for prison fees.

Another woman living in what is now Danvers was taken into custody twelve days after the three above mentioned had been sent to jail. She was Martha Corey, wife of Giles Corey, and one of those who from the beginning had denounced the whole proceedings, although her husband was at first completely carried away with the storm sweeping over the rural community. Corey was eighty years of age; his wife, not more than sixty. Goody Corey was a woman of more than average judgment and discretion and it was due, no doubt, to her scorn of the witchcraft meetings that suspicion was aroused that she was in league with the devil. Her name whispered about by those young girls of the accusing circle was sufficient cause for the sheriff's investigation. It was Ann Putnam, the mere child, who gave the court its first cue.

***Said Goody Corey Was in League With the Devil***

The examination of Martha Corey was a sample of cross-examination and browbeating on the part of the magistrates which finds parallel only in the conduct of some ungentlemanly shyster lawyer of a type now seldom seen. At one time during the examination the accusing children cried out that "a man" (the devil, of course) was whispering in Goodwife Corey's ear. The magistrate asked, "What did he say to you?" The accused replied, "We must not believe all these distracted children say." Parris, who reported the trial, says, "It was noted when she bit her lip several of the afflicted were bitten. Also, when her hands were unfastened the afflicted were pinched."

During the trial a Mrs. Pope threw her muff at the prisoner and later pulled off her shoe and threw it, striking Mrs. Corey's head. This Mrs. Pope was an important witness in many cases, but later acknowledged her error and deplored the whole business. On September 10 Mrs. Corey was convicted, and twelve days later was executed.

The case of her husband is, in some respects, the most interesting and tragic in all this awful drama of witchcraft. Giles Corey was examined April 19 in the meetinghouse of the village. The accusing girls conducted themselves in the usual manner and were so badly afflicted "with fits and troubled with pinches" that the court ordered Corey's hand tied. Brought before the court in September, the old man refused to plead to an indictment for witchcraft and "stood mute," as the law terms it. The English law of those days for "standing mute" was that the prisoner "be remanded to a low dark chamber and have placed upon his body as great a weight of iron as

***Giles Corey Refused to Plead***

he could bear, and more, that he have no sustenance, save only on the first day, three morsels of the worst bread, and on the second day, three draughts of standing water that should be nearest to the prison door, and in this situation this should be alternately his daily diet till he died, or—as anciently the judgment ran—till he answered."

The most prominent figure in all the witch executions of the village, as the years have carried it down to us, is unquestionably that of Rebecca Nurse. To read in detail the sad ending to her history is heart-rending. She died a saint and a martyr, and no slur on her character has ever been discovered. She was born in England in 1621, making her 71 years old at the time of the witchcraft troubles in the village, where she lived as the wife of Francis Nurse and the mother of eight children on the large farm of 300 acres which her husband purchased from John Endicott, whose father, the famous governor of Massachusetts, had given it to him. No more prosperous, happy and contented family dwelt in the village now known as Danvers than the Nurses. The father had been prominent and honored in the community in which he had dwelt; the mother was an intelligent, pious, devout woman, a veritable "mother in Israel." Against the good and fair name of Rebecca Nurse no breath of suspicion had yet been uttered.

There had, however, been some trouble over the boundary line of the Nurse farm with Zerubabel Endicott in which Nathaniel Putnam became involved. Later there were feuds over the lands on which the village of Middleton now stands, but which in those far distant times were a part of the present town of Danvers. Nurses were on the opposing side to the Putnams. However, all this had happened thirty years prior to the witchcraft affair. No one knows, no one will ever know, the real reason for the issuing of the complaint against Rebecca Nurse. Probably it was the wicked whim of Mrs. Ann Putnam, since her husband's complaint against Goody Nurse was for "vehement suspicion of having committed sundry acts of witchcraft" upon his daughter, Ann Putnam, and Abigail Williams. Rebecca Nurse was convicted and sentenced to be hanged. To this sentence the governor granted a reprieve, whereupon she was excommunicated from the church, which in those days people took to mean expulsion from heaven. What then must have been the unspeakable woe of this woman as she stood in the presence of the church she loved and to which she had been faithful for more than half a century, with the iron chains of a witch clanking about her withered and tottering limbs? With the reprieve came renewal of clamors from the afflicted. The governor finally recalled his good act and on July 19, on Gallows Hill

*A Closing Scene on Gallows Hill*

"They hanged this weary woman there,
Like any felon stout;
Her white hairs on the cruel rope
Were scattered all about."

In all countries, children were as a rule leaders in accusing persons of being witches. Shorn of the testimony of children, witchcraft trials would not have been kept alive for a single day in 1692. What motives prompted these children we do not know, can never know. It may be they were carried away by the importance in the community which their statements gave them; or they may have been the victims of the same mental derangement that afflicted the older people.



# A Dance A Week



HULL'S VICTORY—Metronome 112. Six couples in each set.

First, third and fifth couples begin the dance. Call the first change before the music begins. When each couple arrives at either end of the line, they wait during one repetition of the dance.

First two give right hands across, and balance in line ..... 4 bars

Head couple join right hands across, and turn half around. Still retaining partner's right hand, the gentleman joins left, with the left hand of the lady on his left, and his own partner joins her left hand with the gentleman on her left. They are now standing four in line, crosswise of the set. The two ladies facing up the set, and the two gentlemen facing the opposite direction.

Turn with left hand ..... 4 bars

The same two gentlemen turn the lady on their left, with left hands.

Right hand back and balance ..... 4 bars

The leading couple join right hands and turn once around, give left hands to same lady and gentleman as before, and balance four in line.

Turn with left hands ..... 4 bars

The same two gentlemen turn the lady on their left, with left hands.

Down the center and back ..... 8 bars

The first couple cross hands, chasse eight steps down the center, turn half around, return eight steps to the head of the set, then separate, each going below one couple. They are now standing below the first couple.

Right and left ..... 8 bars

The dance is continued until all have gone through the movements.

To end, call,—Forward and back, swing partners, promenade to seats.

LADY WALPOLE'S REEL—Metronome 112. Six couples in each set.

Call the first change before the music begins. Every other couple cross over, lady and gentleman exchanging places. All will then dance at the same time. Each couple upon reaching either end of the set, will cross over, and wait during one repetition of the dance, then continue as before. They are now back in their original line. The dance will continue until the first couple are back in their original place. The prompter then calls—All join hands forward, turn partners, promenade to seats.

Every other couple cross over and balance ..... 4 bars

The above couples cross over, exchanging sides with their own partners, face new partner, and balance.

Swing new partner ..... 4 bars

Take waltz position, and swing once around.

Down the center and back, cast off ..... 8 bars

Couples cross hands, chasse eight steps down the center and back, and go below one couple.

Ladies chain ..... 8 bars

Two ladies give right hand across; walk half around; give left hand to opposite gentleman; turn; give right hand back to same lady; return to place; give left hand to partner and turn.

Half promenade ..... 4 bars

Cross hands, and chasse to opposite side of the set.

Half right and left to place ..... 4 bars

Repeat all. Balance to the next couple below each time.

SPEED THE PLOW—Six couples in each set.

Every other couple cross over. Give first call before the music begins. First lady balance to first and second gentlemen, 4 bars; Circle three hands around, 4 bars. First gentleman balance first and second lady, 4 bars; Circle three hands around, 4 bars. Head couple down the center and back, 8 bars; all right and left, 8 bars.

Head couple "cast off" or go below next couple and repeat from beginning.

---

*Good Morning*, a dance manual of the Old American Dances, compiled for Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford, contains 169 pages of calls, descriptions and some music of the dances taught in the Ford School. Price 75 cents.

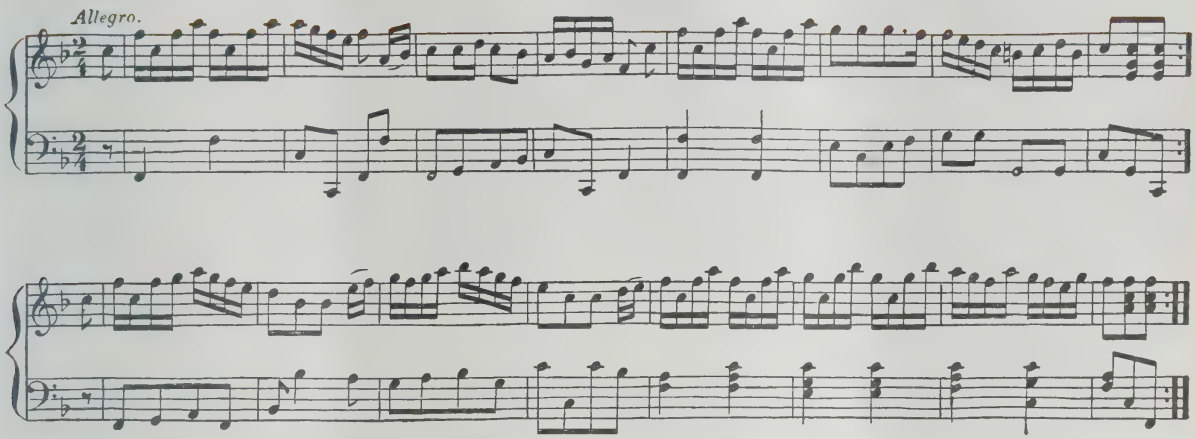
Also, there are 20 orchestrations of 11 parts each—25 cents each orchestration, or $4.00 for the lot. Book and music will be mailed upon receipt of price.

Please order by number.

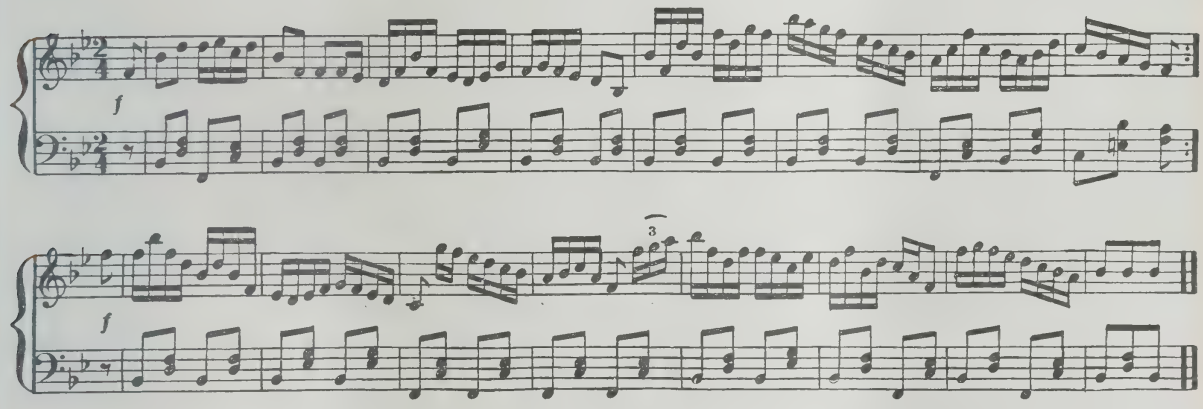
1. Grand Pa's Favorite
2. Sicilian Circle
3. Virginia Reel
4. Medley Waltz
5. Medley Two Step
6. Varsovienne
7. Rye Waltz
8. Oriental Lancers
9. Heel and Toe Polka
10. Old Southern Schottische
11. Money Musk
12. Badger Gavotte
13. Waltz No. 2
14. Ripple
15. Ticknor's Quadrille
16. My Queen Medley Waltz
17. Luxemburg Schottische
18. Sea Side Polka
19. Club Quadrille
20. Day Break Waltz

Address The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

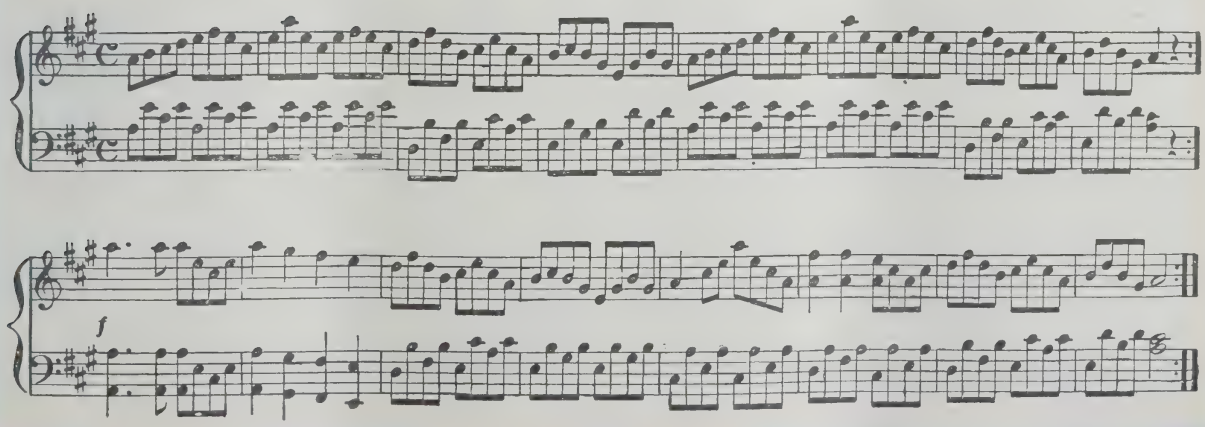
## Hull's Victory.




## Lady Walpole's Reel. Music, Massai's Favorite.

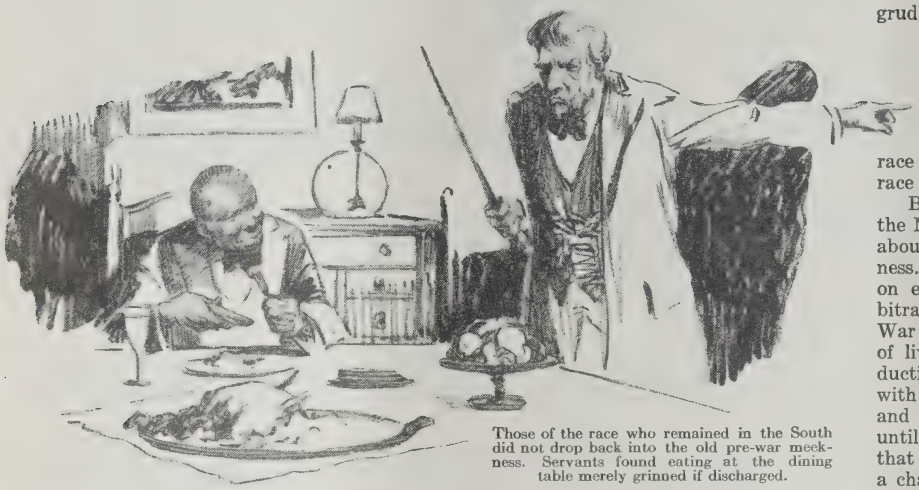



## Speed the Plow.



# World War's Effect on the Negro

(Continued from page 15)



Those of the race who remained in the South did not drop back into the old pre-war meekness. Servants found eating at the dining table merely grinned if discharged.

the folks at home, who had become very close together and very democratic through war work and anxieties, saw between the black soldier and the white soldier none of that spirit of fellowship and quiet understanding that usually exists between men who have together suffered and struggled and looked into the face of death.

Finally the black soldier, unable longer to restrain himself, began to talk and to boast. He crystallized the rumors with an admission.

Only those who are of the South can understand what this admission meant. Only the future can check up the cost in the race situation. If the outsider sees in them only an absurd sensitiveness on the part of the white race over a quite natural bit of byplay on the part of the negro soldier, then that person is incapable of understanding even the outer edge of the race problem, to say nothing of the gigantic forces down here that ever hang on a knife-edge balance.

Instantly a December chill swept over the June sky of race relations. Away went war-time resolutions. That fine flower of brotherly love and mutual helpfulness, that came forth after Reconstruction and grew for forty years until it seemed about to burst into blossom with war service, suddenly shriveled and perished. If race mixing was what the negro soldier was going to ask for his war service, it ended everything

Racial integrity is the very citadel of a race's power, the safeguard of those finest qualities which give each race its value to civilization. The instinct to preserve its integrity is merely the race's instinct for self-preservation; before it duty to fellowmen, civic ideals, religion, everything, must bow finally. Were it in the white race to compromise with this profound biological law it would be the proof that we are already a disintegrating and a doomed race.

The black man got other things in France than a taste for hitherto forbidden associations; he got worldly experience and courage and self-respect and an entirely new estimate of his importance in the general scheme of things. He had become acquainted with new peoples and he had also seen the tremendous power of men who pooled their strength in organizations. Not supinely would he slip back into the old ruts; he would fight to hold the step gained. Crumbs could not satisfy him now. He would go North where there were no discrimination laws and where they said a negro fared better.

And he did go, some ten or eleven hundred thousand of him.

Nor did those of the race who remained in the South drop back into the old pre-war meekness and standards of living. The spirit of the soldier had infected the entire race. Organizations created and directed by negroes—*at least they seemed to have been created and directed by them*—for the first time made themselves felt in the business and sociological affairs of the South.

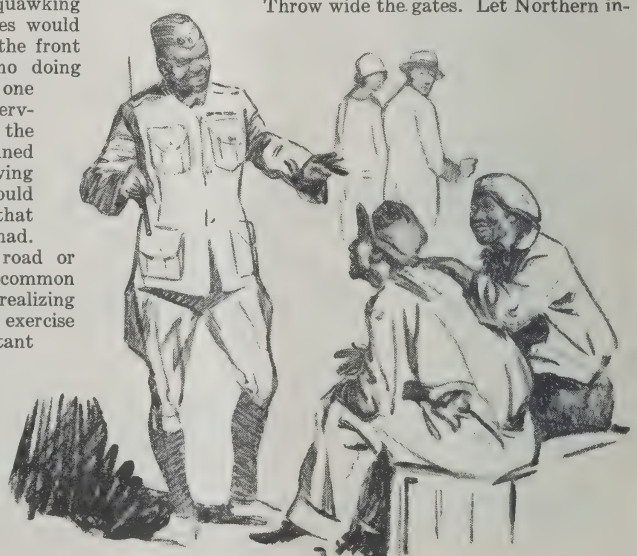
Other organizations, looking to political and social advancement, sometimes led things to strained situations and in a few instances to rioting. Never in all our experience, not even during the Reconstruction, were negroes harder to "keep in their places" or less observant of the requirements of common courtesy. A knock at the front door would as likely as not prove to be a washerwoman or a farm woman with a squawking hen for sale. Groceries would be slammed down in the front hall and there was no doing anything about it—if one got one's groceries. Servants found eating at the dining table merely grinned if discharged, knowing that their successor would do the same thing and that another job could be had.

Crowding off the road or sidewalk became so common that the white people, realizing that somebody had to exercise restraint or have constant friction, took it in silence. Tenants told their landlords what sort of supplies they wanted and what sort they would not have. No matter how well paid, work was performed in the spirit of bestowing a begrudged favor. Little things these, but the sum of little things makes a big thing; this daily and universal friction had the appearance of a preconcerted movement to storm the color line, at least of a universal resentment of it and made the white race realize that a new phase of its eternal race problem had appeared.

But as the negroes continued leaving for the North the white people began to worry about other things than the negro's restiveness. Financial pressure can make a dent on even Southern pride; an insolent, arbitrary negro was better than none at all. War debts, increasing taxation, high cost of living, coupled with a diminishing production on farm and in industry, filled us with alarm lest we become bankrupt. Again and again we increased the negro's wages until there was nothing left, but we felt that we must hold on somehow and perhaps a change would come. But the negro was not satisfied and began demanding better homes, better schools and shorter hours; he got these, too, many planters throwing in such extras as barbecues and picture shows and Saturday night truck rides to the towns. Yet even when he had done these things the planter had no assurance that some fine day he would not find his tenants had boarded a North-bound train, leaving the growing crop or ripening harvest and unpaid debts for the year's supplies.

The negro gave the screw a twist too many for the head came off. Even could we have afforded this extortion—and we could not, for the negro was already getting all the money we made—it would have done no good; the very quality of the demand proved that the granting of it would not have sufficed. It was not better homes, better schools, better wages, that the negro wanted; we knew and he admitted that the difference in living conditions made his Southern income equal to his income in the North. It was something else that he wanted but that he knew he could not get here. Those who stayed made unprecedented demands on us. But we were through.

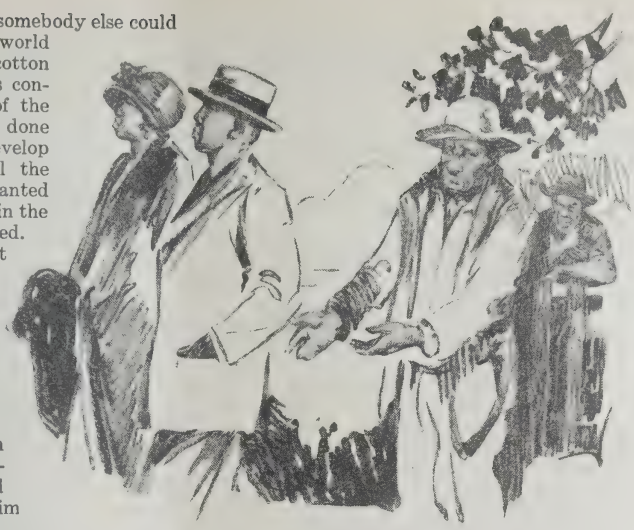
Throw wide the gates. Let Northern in-



When the boys in khaki came home, quite different was the negro. In place of the shuffle-footed loafer was a springy-stepped man.

dustry have our labor—somebody else could worry about where the world would get its cheap cotton shirt. Let the railroads connive at the depletion of the South—as they had done after the Civil War to develop the West—and run all the "negro specials" they wanted to. And let every negro in the South leave, if so inclined. We had made the last concession that we intended to make.

Twice in his history as a free man had the negro flatly turned his back upon our financial interest and left us facing ruin; twice had he shown that he wanted something of us that we should rather die than let him have.



The negroes make no attempt to conceal their resentment at the return of their brethren who failed to make good in the North or those who winter in the South, leaving when work time comes.

As the white people looked over their deserted fields, considered their crippled business, their mortgaged homes with now no apparent chance of redemption, something died in their hearts. This was that paternal affection and feeling of responsibility the white Southerner has held for the negro ever since he has been on this continent. Born of slavery, it lived through the bitterness of Abolition, the bloodshed of the Civil War, the vexation of Reconstruction and the long years of poverty and humiliation the South endured while crawling back to a standing position in the nation. Perhaps in all history there can be found no other people who possessed such a unique place in the heart of another race. It was the one tried and dependable thing the negro possessed in this impulsive and swiftly changing America

Taking into consideration that the white people are not a wealthy people, the negro has fared as well or better than most of the peasant classes throughout the world. So well did he know that as long as the white man had bread he also had bread that the thought becomes the race's philosophy, "I'se gwine ter live anyhow till I dies." But the best of heart impulses will die, if too frequently hurt.

Some day, perhaps, when the negro has had more experience with that remorseless thing in human affairs generally termed the "survival of the fittest," he will not feel so scornful of the sheltered niche he had occupied in the Southern heart and of the place in its economic life which he had held to the exclusion of all other laboring classes. This battling with other peoples and new environments, to win or lose on merit alone, may develop great strength and be the making of the race; on the other hand cutting loose from the secure and age-old anchorage in the South may result in a helpless drifting about the country, taking whatever harbor or employment offers, a course that for any people can mean only the slow march to oblivion. It all depends on the negro himself, of whatever metal he proves to be made.

Around the year 1923 began the final change that was to mark definitely a new order in race relations. Having been forced against our will to make the effort, to our surprise we found that we could get along very well without those negroes who had left us. More, we who had imprisoned labor agents, sent protests to railroads and supplications to negro organizations, began to feel relief! While it had long been an accepted theory, we discovered the actual fact that our vast population of backward colored people was a dragging force. They could not rise of themselves; we could not climb very high with them clinging to us. With lessened numbers we could do better by them, they could do more for themselves; a better working, a more intelligent negro is a more satisfactory negro for the white man—makes more for the white man, makes more for himself—so the situation improved in both directions.

The exodus was proving a blessing in disguise. The negroes, too, feel that it was a good riddance of excess population. They make no attempt to conceal their resentment at the return of their brethren who failed to make good in the North or the appearance of those seasonal migrants who winter in the South, leaving when work time comes.

We sincerely want to help the negro race in its efforts to climb upward; we want to help the negro to appreciate and develop his own fine qualities, rich and valuable gifts, and bring them to the altar of our civilization. For all of his mistakes, for all of his waywardness, the negro is still the child of the South; nine-tenths of the race still live here. We feel that on us more than any other people rests the duty of helping him.

The race problem is too big in scope, too deeply rooted in race thought and feeling, too far-reaching in its significance to the future of America, for any rash experimentation by radical groups or offhand solutions by convention-hall resolutions. It must be worked slowly, cautiously, carefully from the ground upward. Any other method is juggling with unknown forces.

*This is the third and concluding article of a series by Townsend Boyer for this magazine.*

THE Abbey Theater, of Dublin, and its Irish Players are well known all over the world.

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

in next week's issue will review this unique theater and *Sean O'Casey*, whose Abbey Plays have made him a sensation among playwrights.

# Why I Left New York

(*Continued from page 6*)

ably did not know it at the time, this training was fundamentally Anglo-Saxon. It was the code of our fathers, the fundamental code of America!

New York is different. *With its preponderance of aliens, with its conflicts in ethical and moral codes, its various and oft-times unbelievable interpretation of common politeness and business honesty, it seems altogether natural that the Middle Westerner should not feel at home.* Such as do are extremely fortunate in their associations or forget easily.

It has been frequently observed that the New Yorker in the Middle West makes a splendid guest. As a host I have heard him spoken of not so highly. Only recently, in a puzzled way, a Middle Westerner returning from New York, said to me:

"I couldn't understand Charlie. He used to be the life of the party when he visited here. I called him up the second day I was in New York. He said he was tied up but would see me on the day following. At the time I didn't think much about it. But since I've thought how different it would have been if Charlie were staying here. No matter how busy I might be I'd make it a point to drop by his hotel and shake hands on the way home.

"The next evening Charlie had dinner with me at my hotel in Times Square. While seated in the lobby waiting for him I thought what an utter unknown I was to everyone. It was easy to see how one could get terribly homesick there. Hundreds of faces and all strange. It would be different with Charlie I supposed. As a New Yorker in Times Square doubtless he would have many friends.

"Charlie arrived on time. He was a bit thinner and grayer than when I saw him last but he had lost none of his knack for clever observation. The dinner was better than the service and the show was almost worth the physical and nervous strain—because of the huge jam in Times Square—of getting to and from it. At midnight, after a pleasant chat, I walked to a subway kiosk with Charlie and he went home.

"While going back to the hotel the thought struck me that I had been no more a stranger during the evening than Charlie. He apparently had not seen anyone he knew. I recalled that on one of his trips west he had spoken affectionately of Times Square. There had been something almost proprietary in his manner. Yet during the course of six hours we were equally strangers to Times Square at large. Such a thing would have been next to impossible here.

"I didn't see Charlie again. I called his office and he was out. Later, in my box, I found a telephone message saying he would try to see me off at the train. But he didn't. Now if I didn't know Charlie so well I might say he was merely giving me the air. As it is I simply say I couldn't understand Charlie."

Not knowing Charlie, nor his circumstances, I couldn't enlighten my friend. But secretly I thought I recognized Charlie's tactics.

The fact is that the average wage-earning New Yorker is in no position to play host to the visitor to New York. It is a matter of economics plus very often a measure of false pride.

The average Middle Westerner makes the typical mistake of thinking that the

Middle Westerner who takes a job in New York immediately becomes a member of some vast and indefinable circle of Greater New Yorkers who dine regularly at the more celebrated cafés and hotels, see the best shows nightly, live in smart apartments, and rub elbows familiarly with the great and near-great.

I was one of those who pictured it that way. It was after I lived there that I discovered that to take a young woman to dinner on Saturday night, then to a popular musical show and afterward a night club, with a corsage, cabs and tips, could easily nick me for two-thirds of a week's salary. Obviously seven of such large evenings would cost me fourteen-thirds of my hebdomadal stipend or say, roughly, about five months' work for one exhilarating week.

I feel that I can speak with some authority for the average New York wage-earner because for a long time I was one of him. If some of my Middle Western friends had let me know they were in town during my first few months in Manhattan I shouldn't have fallen on their necks unless it was to weep. In the Middle Western city from which I had come, I had lived at the athletic club. It was an ultra-modern edifice that boasted most comforts known to the *genus homo*. Waking at seven I used to slip on a bath-robe, go down a warm corridor, thence in the elevator to the plunge, where after a stimulating swim and shower I partook enthusiastically of a club breakfast. It was a club breakfast such as one got for forty cents in the Middle West in the Rooseveltian era.

If some of my brother club members had seen me in my Washington Square quarters—sixteenths, relatively speaking—arising from a creaking bed and dashing down a narrow draughty hallway to take a chills and fever shower they might have thought I was paying a bet but would never have believed it was on the level.

If, later, they had observed me at breakfast in a one-arm café where, after tipping the counter-man a nickle, I had with his approval walked away carrying eggs, toast and coffee, the quality of which left one somewhat in doubt, they could be forgiven for thinking something might have happened in the Middle West which made it impossible for me to go back.

Very human false pride, at least I think it is very human, would have kept me, especially during those first few months, from exposing my manner of living to my Middle Western friends. I know when I got the chance to go to New York they thought I had reached the penultimate rung on the ladder of human attainment. The shock would have been too great for both of us.

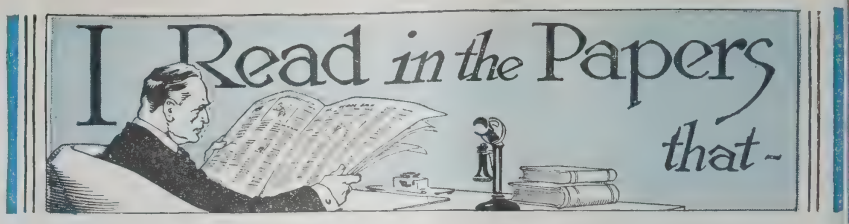
Singularly enough, first-rate New York entertainment—the kind we read about—is out of the reach of the average wage-earning New Yorker.

*This is the first of a series of two articles by Mr. Arms. The second will appear in next week's issue.*

## Saint Gregory and Usury

SAINT GREGORY, of Nyssa, wrote thus of interest on money:

"He who would give the name of robbery or parricide to the iniquitous invention of interest would not be very far from the truth. What, indeed, does it signify if you have made yourself masters of the wealth of another by scaling walls or killing passers-by, or if you have acquired what belongs to you by the merciless method of the loan?"




the wars of humans are considered beneficial to birds. During and following every great war an increase in the number of birds is noted, giving rise to the theory among ornithologists that birds multiply because men are too busy using guns upon each other to turn them on the denizens of the sky. When Goldwin Smith, the noted English professor, visited the United States after the Civil War he remarked upon the numerous coveys of ducks along the waterways. The World War again brought the phenomenon into prominence, poets and buck privates alike commenting upon the presence of birds on the battlefields. The subject now comes before the public through a meeting of ornithologists in Dublin to consider the establishment of bird sanctuaries throughout Ireland. It was stated as a fact that there are now more birds on the emerald isle than there were before the uprising of 1920. Removal of the usual checks always results in excessive reproduction throughout the animal world, scientists declare. It is a curious commentary upon Nature that the wholesale slaughter of human beings reacts as a blessing to other forms of life.

*The International Jew* in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set $1. THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN.

it appears to be a slack season for the propagandists. Witness this editorial lament from the columns of *The Courier*, of Gibson City, Illinois:

"The past two weeks have been rather quiet in propaganda circles, yet the editor's waste basket has managed to accumulate fifty-nine pieces of press matter, ranging in length from two or three sticks to two or three columns, some of them costing only a cent and a quarter to mail, others of the *de luxe* variety sailing in under a four-cent stamp. To the persons who sent them, each piece of mimeographed copy represents a burning issue, or a chance to get free advertising, or a veiled graft, or the hope of seeing their names in the papers, or any one of a multitude of reasons that prompt people to overburden their stenographers and mimeograph workers and buy paper and envelopes and postage stamps. And practically none of these fifty-nine pieces of mail was more than perfunctorily glanced at by the editor."

the war against Troy has now been historically explained. Troy, which seems to have been destroyed at least four times, according to the evidence revealed by excavations, was really a stone highwayman, taking heavy toll of all the Black Sea trade at the point where it had to be transshipped across the peninsula owing to currents and perpetual storms. Helen, then, was not a girl, but a golden income which had not to be worked for. Jade from China has been found in the second buried Troy, from which the extent of the Black Sea traffic may be deduced. The Greek expedition was a business adventure (like the Norman Conquest) led by merchant-princes, such as Menelaus, who sold wine to the soldiers, and always kept an eye on the obols, so to speak.

in the matter of holidays, as in certain other fundamental subjects, the Chinese exhibit a lack of our sense of proportion which is often very trying to Western minds.

Even for the very small minority—a million or thereabouts—who have embraced Christianity, the advent of Sunday is no excuse for taking a day off. Whether it be farming, shop keeping, handicraft or merely pulling a rikisha, the average Chinese really prefers to be on the job—assuming that, as is generally the case, he can forget his occupation whenever he wants a cup of tea, a chat with friends or a snooze in the sunshine. The absence of a weekly day of rest throughout China is as pronounced as the absence of time clocks to keep mechanical record of hours spent industriously.

styles in crooks are changing. It has been noted heretofore by criminologists that crime nowadays is committed largely by youths scarcely out of their teens. Now comes Chief City Magistrate William McAdoo, of New York, with the declaration: "When I was young you could spot a bad character once you looked at him. Today gunmen and murderers are suave, well-dressed young men who look like fashion plates. You cannot tell they are dyed-in-the-wool crooks with guns in their hip pockets and dope in their vest pockets." The magistrate might have added that this does not indicate that criminals are drawn from a better class; it merely shows that they are becoming more clever at disguising themselves behind a cloak of honesty—and therefore are all the more dangerous.

atheists are objecting to the employment of chaplains by the Government. They want to banish such functionaries from the Army and Navy, on the ground that religious jobs are unconstitutional in a country where church and state are supposed to be separate. This seems to make good people unnecessarily excited. It is a curious rather than a menacing spectacle. Why should people who profess no faith feel it necessary to band themselves together to propagate their negative? Zeal on behalf of a positive religion is comprehensible. Zeal on behalf of a negative contradicts itself. A person cannot be converted to nothing.

# This Business of Earning One's Livelihood

DEMONSTRATING SOME INTERESTING OCCUPATIONS



(C) *Underwood & Underwood.*

DARE-DEVIL juggler who is paid for mocking death. On a wobbly structure of chairs on top of a building twenty-five stories high, this fellow juggled three balls and "kidded" the photographers who made this picture.



(C) *Keystone.*

THIS Korean peddler of earthenware does a brisk business, for the housewives along his way do not go to a store for their kitchenware, but wait for him to make door-to-door sales.



Oval—

DERVISHES of Egypt who bring a fanatical dance to a climax by sticking steel skewers through both cheeks.

(C) *Gaumont.*



(C) *Ewing Galloway.*

SHOPKEEPER in Bombay, India, caught in the act of serving as an advertisement of feverish activity. He has provided himself with a couch on which to rest between sales.



NATIVES of Ceylon illustrate the full herringbone system of tapping rubber tree. Drip-tins are attached at the top of the cuts, and collecting tins are placed on the ground.

THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL
B-41

GOOD-humor is one of the preservatives of our peace and tranquillity . . . Its effect is so well aided by politeness, that this also becomes an acquisition of first-rate value. Politeness is artificial good-humor. It renders a substitute nearly equivalent to the real virtue. It is the practice of sacrificing to those whom we meet in society all the little conveniences and preferences which will gratify them, and deprive us of nothing worth a moment's consideration; it is the giving a pleasing turn to our expressions, which will conciliate others, and make them pleased with us as well as themselves. How cheap a price for the good will of another!

—*Thomas Jefferson*
(in *Memoirs, Correspondence and Miscellanies of 1830*).

DEA

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Volume 26, Number 32

Five Cents a Copy MAY 29, 1926 $1.50 a Year

JUN




CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

# BRIEFLY TOLD

FOR REPORTING HIS suspicions that a still was in operation in a neighbor's house, a Kentucky farmer was fined ten dollars under the Anti-Gossip Law when it was discovered that there were no grounds for his suspicions.

A BOOK CONTAINING an order from George Washington relieving men in the Revolutionary Army from duty on Sunday so that they might attend church was recently sold for $2,850

RADIO BROADCASTING of propaganda or political speeches is forbidden in England. This rule even prevents broadcasting of the King's speech at the opening of Parliament.

FORKS WERE FIRST introduced into England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth but they did not find favor with that sovereign, who considered them too effete.

ENGLAND OBTAINED 75 per cent of her raw cotton from the United States before the World War, but last year she imported only 64.7 per cent, the remainder having been grown within the Empire.



A VACUUM CLEANER which grooms army horses and mules has been invented.

LOCKJAW IS NOT as common as formerly because of the rapid disappearance of the horse, chief host of the lockjaw germ.

A DEER FROM NEARBY mountains stalked through a paper mill at Lenox, Massachusetts, and jumped through a window into the Housatonic River, forty feet below, without injury.

THE TALLEST MOUNTAIN in the world is thought to be Sunday Island in the Pacific Ocean. It rises two thousand feet out of five miles of water, making it nearly thirty thousand feet from base to summit.

ILIODOR, RUSSIAN MONK, once friend and later enemy of the notorious Rasputin, has been promised an appointment at the Saint Nicholas Cathedral in New York by Bishop Ivan Kedrovsky.

CHICAGO, NOW OFFICIALLY the world's fourth city, claims to have surpassed Paris in population, thus being entitled to rank as the third city.

WOODEN SANDALS ARE vanishing in Japan, due to the importation of rubber heels from America.

A FLOCK OF 25,000 wild geese remained on a Columbia River island last winter instead of going south, and now they decline to fly north because the nearby wheat fields prove too attractive.

EVIDENCES OF AN advanced prehistoric civilization have been found near the western base of the Alagez Mountains, Transcaucasia. The inhabitants lived an intensive community life, traces of canals, artificial lakes, wells, and roads being found.



ESKIMOS, TERRORIZED by the appearance of "a devil" fell down in panic when Captain Wilkins flew over 140 miles of unexplored polar regions

BESSARABIA is in the grip of a famine. Conditions are so bad that children are being sold in wholesale numbers.

PASSPORTS OF A vest-pocket size will be issued in the near future by the United States State Department, supplanting the old-style engraved ones.

GIRL SMOKERS WILL BE barred hereafter from admission to the college of arts and letters of Boston University

THE VOLUME OF American freight traffic amounted to 456,264,967,000 net ton-miles in 1925.

RED AND BLUE FLOWERS contain the same pigment, anthocyanin, and their distinctive colors are due to the degrees of acidity or alkalinity.

THE STANDARD CLOCK of the United States Bureau of Standards varies only one one-hundredth of a second a year.

A FLEDGLING BIRD will eat more than twice its weight in worms between sunrise and sunset.

A NORTH IRELAND FARMER who reached the age of 125 this year was presented with $15 by King George, who also sent his personal congratulations.

DISHES VALUED AT $30,000,000 are broken in the United States each year.



LONDONERS PLAN TO build a "Palm Beach" on an island in the Thames. Sand will be dumped on the island, palms planted in great pots, and other changes made to simulate the real Palm Beach.

APPLE ORCHARDS IN Maine suffered severely during the winter from an onslaught of mice that burrowed under the snow and stripped the bark from the trees.

GASOLINE TAXES ON motor vehicles in this country during 1925 amounted to $150,000,000. Most of this sum was expended on road improvements.

A SPIRITUALIST CLAIMS to have invented a radio box that will bring voices from the spirit land.

IT COSTS $6,167 to rear a girl and $6,077 to rear a boy to the age of eighteen, according to a life insurance company's statistics.

HAY-FEVER VICTIMS will find no solace in higher apartments of skyscraper structures, scientists declare. As much pollen exists in the air at the top of a thirty-two-story building as on the ground.

JOHN PHLIIP SOUSA paid $25 to have his first song published.

THE FIRST BATHTUB installed in the United States was made of mahogany.

A NEW RUSH TO the Transvaal diamond fields has started, following recent sensational diamond discoveries.



A MAN HAS only one chance in twenty-five of coming out alive in a bare-handed battle with an ostrich.

OF 2,600 JUDGES on the bench of Soviet Russia, 1,416 are peasants and 882 are workmen.

THE SPHINX OF EGYPT represents a man and not a woman, as popularly supposed, according to Professor Bach, German archeologist.

PADEREWSKI IS PROBABLY the only musician portrayed on a postage stamp during his lifetime. Poland took this method of honoring her pianist-premier in 1919.

THE GOVERNMENT RECENTLY started paying Omaha Indians $369,000 which had been owing to the tribe for seventy-four years under a treaty ceding certain lands for settlement. As the payments started, bootleggers, gamblers, and confidence men gathered in the towns surrounding the reservation eager to prey upon the beneficiaries.

THEATRICAL CENSORSHIP in Vienna, established in 1850, has been voided by a court order, but the penal code prohibiting objectionable performances remains in force.

MAY 29
1 9 2 6

Volume 26
Number 32



The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

# THE ESSENCE IN THIS ISSUE

The cover tells you that this is Memorial Day Number. Three wars are now within the span of living memory. The widows of the Republic are now found in three generations. Is Memorial Day to remember the dead or to *remind the living?* Only a relative few have dead to remember, but all the living need increasingly to be reminded:—There is not a privilege we have today that was not bought for us with blood.

---

Mr. Ford's Page this week discusses a subject which has wracked the world's mind these weeks. Three kinds of strikes, the strike for rights, the strike for selfish power, the strike for destruction. England tried subsidies and doles, but they would not do. The general strike will not do either. Winning or breaking a strike does not improve the social machinery. England must go to the point of the trouble before improvement comes.

---

This man deserted New York. He tasted life in its newspaper offices, apartments and streets. This alien Babylon, he decided, was no place to rear a child. The hordes of low-type foreigner outraged every unwritten code his mid-western life had planted in him. Perhaps there never was so frank a description of the disgust with New York that so many have felt. Whether you like it or not, read it as the accurate description of a common reaction. (p. 5)

---

Did you see that *Saturday Evening Post* number of *Judge?* Do you know where the punch lay in it? It was in the *idea*. The rest was easy, after they got the *idea*. That number is going to give *Judge* a five-year boost for the simple reason that never were the American people so thirsty for an *idea* as now. For twenty years we have been refining on old ideas. Anything—anywhere—that indicates that somebody's brain is climbing out of the rut, is to be welcomed with great shouting. *Have you got an idea?* Do you know how to get ideas? Prof. Donald Laird gives you an idea how to get ideas. But the truth is so simple, you may miss it. (p. 7)

---

A Knight of the Comb, King of the Barbers—why not? All excellence is great. Not that Sean cares. When one does the thing, it matters little what the others do. (p. 2)

---

We have always felt that Harry Barnet's forte was writing about the South and its people. He always gets his stride there. No one can write, or even read, about the South unless he has a feeling for the South, but some writers have the magic faculty of evoking the feeling in you. Here is a homely, simple quest of spoons and hollowed water troughs, spinning wheels and chimneys. The people of the Southern mountains are great handicraftsmen, as maybe you know. (p. 24)

---

I remember still the lovely blue earthenware and candlesticks they showed me down in the Carolinas, and the corn-husk "mats" that stood before the log house doors.

---

Let us hope that we are not M. M's. That stands for "messy motorists." It means people who litter up the green spaces of the country with grease-soiled newspapers and tin cans. No, of course, we are not that kind. But you'd be surprised how many there are and how boorish they are. (p. 14)

---

A man may become famous as a waiter. The best-known man in Detroit in my younger days was a peanut merchant who posted original signs in his window. People came for miles to read them. So here is J. Huggins, King of the Barbers, in the New York of the late 1700's. (p. 16)

---

In Nature it is the male that sports the finery—the little brown hen has a strutting, coxcombed mate. Once it was so among humans. Queensbury had his daily milk bath and the young bucks wore earrings. Read this masculine folly of style and weep at every sign of its return. (p. 12)

---

One fine thing about genius—it bloweth where it listeth; sometimes on a New England farm, sometimes in a shepherd's hut. This time it was a Dublin tenement, and it lighted on Sean O'Casey. Sean wrote first with pick and shovel on the streets of Dublin, and he still lives in one room, though his play, *Juno and the Paycock*, brought London to its feet in applause.

---

Curious things—names. Tennyson used to think and think on his, until he nearly lost consciousness. Some of us have names that don't do that—quite the reverse—they help to make us too self-conscious. One big fellow feels that his name, "Percy Cecil," belittles him. Fact is, he gives masculinity to it. It's been done. However, here's a little essay on names which every as yet unnamed infant should read. (p. 21)

---

Then there's some travel this week—down in Samoa. And a little serious material—how the court of international justice gives decisions. And—yes—two dances; one is the Waltz Quadrille as we do it at Dearborn; and the other—surely it is an odd coincidence—is the last article in the number, "The Sun Dance of the Blackfeet Indians," which doubtless is as much the thing in Alberta as the Waltz is at Dearborn.

---

And, of course, you will look over the Editorials, Chats With Office Callers, and I Read in the Papers. They are all alive with thought.

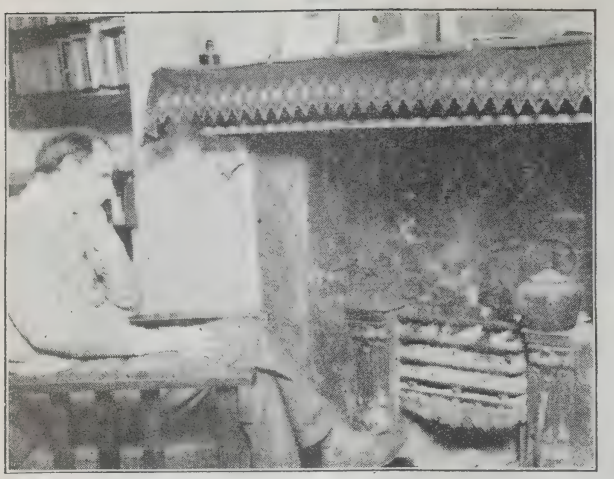
## CONTENTS

Decoration Day Cover Design—*J. C. Graham*
The Abbey Theater Finds Sean O'Casey - - 2
*V. S. Pritchett*
Here Is a Court Without a Sheriff - - - - 3
*Charles Gilbert Reinhardt*
Why I Left New York—*L. L. Arms* - - - - 5
They Find New Ideas and Use Them - - - 7
*Donald A. Laird*
Samoa—America's South Sea Paradise - - - 8
*William Lee Calnon*
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
Gadzooks! They Were Gallants Gay - - - - 12
*Zeta Rothschild*
Messy Motorists Mar the Landscape - - - 14
*George W. Sutton, Jr.*
John Huggins, King of Barbers - - - - - 16
*James Robinson Daniels*
Chats With Office Callers - - - - - - - 20
What's in a Name?—*Alice E. Sinclair* - - - 21
I Read in the Papers - - - - - - - - - 22
Hunting Strange Things—Spoons, Pitcher Plants—*Harry E. Barnet* - - - - - 24
A Dance a Week—Waltz Quadrille - - - - 29
Sun Dance of the Blackfeet—*Robert Moulton* - 32

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer;
C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.50 A YEAR in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year.
SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.



Sean O'Casey, the workingman playwright, at the fireside of his one-room study and apartment.
*Photo by McNally, Dublin.*

# The Abbey Theater Finds Sean O'Casey

## Dublin Workingman Attains Success as Playwright; Lives in a Slum Tenement

By V. S. PRITCHETT

MANY of the best-laid schemes of mice and men have gone very much agley in Ireland; so that one looks with curiosity at those institutions which have survived. Says the song:

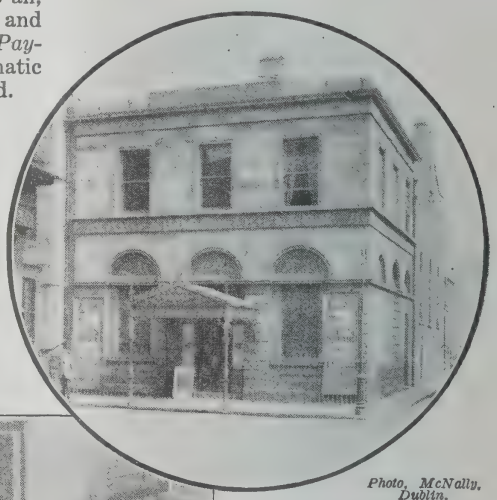
"Kathleen ni Houlihan, thy way's a thorny way,"

and he who in Ireland is commanded by some fine inspiration, and attempts to obey it, is faced by the leering odds of poverty, malice and impending failure at the outset. Many commercial, industrial and political ventures have either failed or have never been realized for one reason and another; but some have succeeded, and among these is the Abbey Theater which recently came of age.

William Butler Yeats, the distinguished Irish poet-dramatist, who won the Nobel prize for literature two years ago, was justified in believing the Irishman's traditional love of oratory would lead him to support an Irish national theater. The Abbey Theater and its Irish Players are known all over the world to those interested in literature and the drama. The Abbey must be one of the oldest repertory theaters in the world, for it was in the vanguard of that independent theater movement inspired, in part, by Ibsen's break with contemporary dramatic schools which began a generation ago. How many of those "independent theaters" still survive?

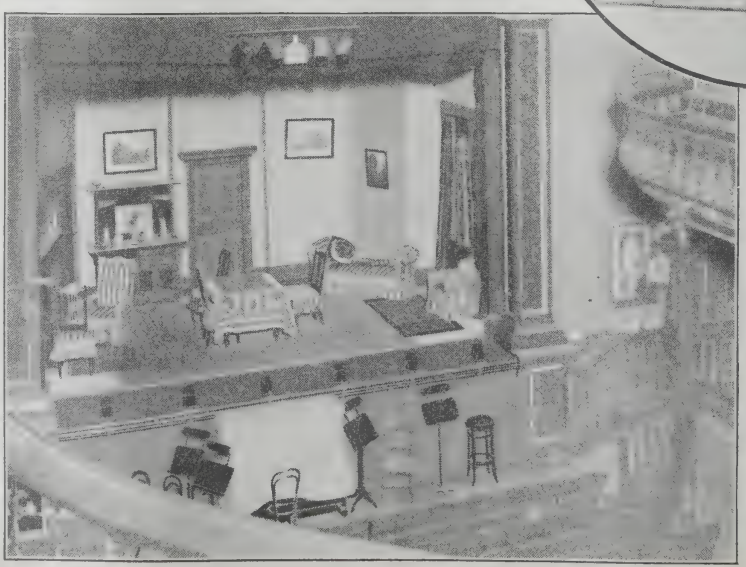
This does not mean that the Abbey is a cosmopolitan theater for "arty" drama. This was the tendency of the Irish Literary Theater out of which the Abbey grew. But the Abbey is a very distinctly Irish theater and its inspiration has been almost entirely from the hills and folklore of Ireland.

The object of the Abbey was (and still is), according to the manifesto issued by W. B. Yeats and Lady Gregory, to build up a Celtic Irish school of literature. This literature has been created for the Abbey and has been the backbone of the Irish literary revival. Lady Gregory, W. B. Yeats, Synge, Lennox Robinson, Padraic Colum and T. C. Murray are names known to all, student and occasional reader; and lately the author of *Juno and the Paycock*, described as the greatest dramatic find since Synge, has been added. The Abbey has kept a skillful middle course in the hazardous sea of Irish politics and has managed to keep fairly clear of the toes of the many jarring sects. The actors and actresses the Abbey has produced—Sara Allgood, Maire O'Neill, J. N. Kerrigan, Phillip Donovan and Arthur Sinclair, to name no others—have received wide recognition. The idea of creating an Irish literary theater was mooted somewhere about 1898. Edward Martyn and W. B. Yeats, carrying across St. George's Channel the standard of revolt against the commercialized theater, wanted to establish a literary theater in Dublin, then, as now, visited chiefly by inferior touring companies. The fruit of conversations with Lady Gregory was that in 1899 Yeats' *Countess Cathleen* and Edward Martyn's *Heather Field* were played in Dublin by English players. Immediately, this being Ireland, there was trouble. Some purist discovered a travesty on Irish character and religion in that part of Yeats' play where some peasants are represented as selling their souls for gold. Sides were taken and the controversy looked ugly. But the theater weathered the storm and a saving touch of humor came to relieve the tension for Yeats and his friends.



*Photo, McNally, Dublin.*

The Abbey Theater, Dublin, the backbone of the Irish drama for many generations. The latest O'Casey play was tendered an ovation which surpassed any that had ever taken place in the Abbey.



At one of the performances the second merchant, who was supposed to bring in a strangled hen and throw it on the ground, came in without the hen. Yeats, scenting another controversy,

(Continued on page 27)

# Here Is a Court Without a Sheriff

## Court of International Justice Gives Decisions, But No One Enforces Them

By CHARLES GILBERT REINHARDT

OVER in the charming, sleepy city of The Hague stands an imposing building, amid spacious, expensively maintained grounds. It was built with money given for the purpose by an American, Andrew Carnegie, who hoped there to stage the final enactment of the philanthropists' dream throughout the ages—World Peace. The building is known as the Palace of Justice.

Within the palace sit on occasion eleven men, learned in the law, who compose the Permanent Court of International Justice, better known in America as the World Court. Each of the judges is of a different nationality. Among them is an American, John Bassett Moore, former Assistant Secretary of State. To this group of eminent jurists the nations of the world are invited to submit for peaceful settlement differences which may arise among them.

*A Comparison Between Two Courts*

"But how," asks the average American, "does this World Court compare with the courts to which we turn for justice in our own personal and business affairs? Do sovereign nations stand before its bar to be judged? May a plaintiff or defendant state be represented by counsel as I may be by an attorney? Does the court punish offending kingdoms or empires by assessing fines? Does it rule on questions of ownership? If so, how are its decisions enforced?"

There are students of international affairs who say that no comparison may be drawn between our own county or supreme courts and the Permanent Court of International Justice, to which only nations may appeal. And there are others who say that justice is justice whether sought by men arrayed collectively as nations or by men seeking only redress of individual wrongs, and that all courts dispensing justice are comparable. Certain outstanding differences exist, they admit, between the county court in midland America and the World Court in Europe, but an understanding of the one may lead to a knowledge of the other.

For purposes of comparison, suggest such students, let us say that Henry Johnson and Peter Wilkins are American farmers whose adjoining acres are separated by a fence. Wilkins determines to increase his holdings at Johnson's expense. Perhaps he believes sincerely that he is right, that an ancient title gives him some of the land on which his neighbor now raises paying crops. Wilkins, then, tears down the dividing fence and sets up a new one ten feet within the Johnson line. The property thus added to his own field he claims.

Johnson protests. Wilkins is obdurate. Johnson determines to put the fence back on its original line. Wilkins appears with a gun and threatens to shoot if the fence is moved. Johnson conceivably may do one of two things. He may bring out his own shotgun, or he may go to law. If he is wise he chooses the latter course. In other words he appeals to the court.

The lawyer who represents Johnson then starts suit. First he brings civil action for damages against Wilkins for trespass. Next he turns to the criminal side of the court and asks that Wilkins be put under bonds to keep the peace, for Wilkins has threatened physical injury to his neighbor.

The court orders Wilkins to appear and defend himself against the charges. A summons is served by the sheriff or his representative. If Wilkins fails to obey the summons, the case is decided against him by default. But we'll assume that he appears as defendant and loses his case. What happens then?

As the case has been decided in Johnson's favor by the court, he is awarded money damages against Wilkins for trespass. Furthermore, he can tear the fence down and move it back to its original location. The bond to keep the peace prohibits Wilkins from further opposing him. The sheriff will see that he obeys that prohibition or suffers the penalty.

In the matter of the trespass, the court has entered judgment for Johnson. Johnson can have this enforced by requesting the clerk of the court to issue an order to the sheriff to collect the judgment under a writ of execution. Under the authority of this writ the sheriff may then seize Wilkins' property and sell it to satisfy the judgment.

Thus in each step of the procedure, the orders, the decisions, the judgments of the court are enforceable by the sheriff, who represents the executive arm of government.

*When Appeals Are Made to World's Court*

Now, say the students of international affairs, let's assume an analogous situation wherein Johnson and Wilkins, instead of being American farmers, are sovereign nations. To preserve the parallel, call them the Johnsonian Republic and the Kingdom of Wilkensia.

The Kingdom of Wilkensia asserts the right to occupy a piece of territory that belongs to the Johnsonian Republic. The Johnsonian Republic then says officially to Wilkensia, "That territory is mine. Your further occupation will therefore be regarded as an unfriendly act." Wilkensia replies, "We are going to occupy it nevertheless," and prepares to enforce her will with warships and guns.

It was at this stage of the controversy that Johnson, the farmer, appealed to the court, and Wilkins, his opponent, was forced to accept the court's decision. Johnson, you recall, sought justice through the regular channels instead of bringing out his own shotgun.

The Republic of Johnsonia has somewhat the same choice as had Farmer Johnson. It can either declare war or take steps to bring the dispute before the World Court. But while Farmer Johnson, backed by the sheriff, could compel Farmer Wilkins to submit the decision to the court, the Republic of Johnsonia has no such power. It must first obtain Wilkensia's consent to have the World Court enter into the case at all.

If Wilkensia refuses to go to the World Court, the Johnsonian Republic is in a situation such as Farmer Johnson would have faced had there been no court or sheriff to protect him. It must fight for its rights.

*There Is No Sheriff to Enforce Decision*

If, however, Wilkensia agrees to go before the World Court, both nations must sign an agreement or treaty to that effect. In the written compact they must frame the issue and agree to abide by whatever decision is rendered.

The two states then appear before the court. Each is represented by counsel, as were the farmers in the county court. In this case the court would probably decide in favor of the Republic of Johnsonia. What then must Wilkensia do?

The Kingdom of Wilkensia can abide by the decision and withdraw its claims on the disputed territory. That is what the sheriff forced Farmer Wilkins to do, after he had paid damages for trespass. But suppose Wilkensia says, in effect, "It is true that the Permanent Court of International Justice decided against us. However, we regard the decision as so iniquitous that we are determined to consider our preliminary treaty as a mere scrap of paper and to retain the territory." What can Johnsonia do? Where can she turn for a sheriff to enforce the decision she has won?

That depends on the relationship of

the Republic of Johnsonia not only to the World Court but to the League of Nations. If the Republic adheres to the court under the conditions proposed for the United States in the Senate Resolution, she can do nothing except fight or submit. Of course, she can state her willingness to give way to Wilkensia in such a manner as to hold that nation up to the contempt of all civilized peoples, for public opinion is strong even among nations. But, insofar as the Republic of Johnsonia is concerned, there is no executive power comparable to a sheriff to enforce for her the rights which the World Court has decreed.

If, on the other hand, the Republic is a member of the League of Nations by virtue of having signed the Versailles Treaty, she can, if necessary, fall back on the famed Article X, which contains the guaranty by members of the League that territorial integrity will be protected. Under that article it might be possible to organize a combination of armed forces of the various members—which would constitute something comparable to a sheriff's posse—to insure recognition of the court's rulings.

It might be explained here that some of the nations which signed the original agreement setting up the World Court bound themselves to submit to the court any dispute arising among them which fell within the scope of the court's jurisdiction. Some of the more powerful nations are not included in this list, however, nor will the United States be so included under the conditions on which it proposes to join.

Thus has the entire parallel been summarized by a careful student of international affairs:

"In an American court it is not optional with you, if you are a party to a suit, whether you will submit your controversy to the jurisdiction of the court. If you are brought into court by proper process, there you are, even against your will. At The Hague both litigants have to agree to submit their dispute to the court to give it jurisdiction. In the American courts, in other words, jurisdiction exists by compulsion; at The Hague it exists by consent.

"In America, the decree of the court, if not voluntarily complied with, will be executed by the force at the disposal of the executive power of Government. If you are ordered to pay money and fail to pay it, your property will be condemned and sold and the proceeds applied to the payment of the judgment. If you are ordered to do something or to refrain from doing something and you disobey, you will be in contempt and may land in jail. At The Hague each litigant promises in advance to abide by the judgment when rendered; but if this promise is broken nothing will happen unless other nations perhaps use their combined force to coerce or crush the offender."

The duty of the World Court, however, is by no means limited to decisions on cases submitted by disputing states. The League of Nations may from time to time call upon the court for advice. If the court complies, it is said to give an advisory opinion. Much of the recent discussion over the World Court in the Senate centered around this jurisdiction of the court. Opponents held that the United States would not want to join or support the court if it were merely the legal department of the League of Nations, or if it should develop the habit of giving advisory opinions regardless of the desires of states directly interested in the dispute. In other words, it was feared that the court might, without the consent of the United States, give advisory opinions upon issues in which the United States was interested.

There are men who point out that international courts, not of law but of arbitration, have existed before. Such a court is the Hague Tribunal which, too, sits in the many-spired Palace of Justice, and which may take jurisdiction of any kind of dispute which the nations refer to it. It has been further pointed out that the Hague Tribunal was in existence when the World War broke out; that Serbia offered in 1914 to submit to it the controversy between her and Austria (the spark that started the world conflagration) and, finally, that when the German armies marched across the Belgian frontier, the trampling feet of its soldiers and the lumbering wheels of its gun-carriages passed within a few miles of the Palace of Justice, where the Hague Tribunal then sat and where the World Court sits today.

Largely through the efforts of Senator Pepper, of Pennsylvania, there was included in the Senate Resolution of adherence to the court the provision that no advisory opinion on issues to which the United States is a party be asked or given without the consent of the United States. It further provided that the United States decline to be bound or otherwise affected by any advisory opinion which it does not join in requesting upon issues to which it is not a party, but in whose decision it may have an interest.

The Permanent Court of International Justice held its first session four years ago, opening with appropriate ceremonies on January 30, 1922. Since then it has had before it nineteen cases, one of which was withdrawn, eighteen actually handled. In six of those eighteen cases, definite judgments were given under the ordinary procedure of the court. In eleven, advisory opinions were handed down. In one, the court refused to render an opinion.

What were those cases? What were the decisions handed down by the court? How did they affect World Peace? Two of the questions can be answered from the records of the court. The third probably will remain ever a mystery.

The first judgment of the World Court was made in what is known as the *Wimbledon* case. Six nations appeared as complainants against Germany, after that nation had refused to permit the *Wimbledon*, a British ship, under French charter, carrying munitions, to pass through the Kiel Canal. The court found that Germany had exceeded its rights, and awarded damages to the charterer.

The second judgment concerned a Greek subject who, in 1914, had obtained public utility concessions from the Sultan of Turkey. Later Great Britain, as Mandatory for Palestine, refused to recognize the concessions. Greece then sued Great Britain for damages. Great Britain denied that the court had jurisdiction in the case. In August, 1924, the court gave the decision that it had jurisdiction. This, of course, made necessary a second decision on the case itself. That decision, actually the fifth, was rendered in March of 1925, and dismissed the damage claim.

The third and fourth decisions concerned treaty cases between Greece and Bulgaria. The court first interpreted certain provisions of the treaties. Later Greece asked what it considered as further instructions and the court ruled that it could not pass on the matter because it arose out of a situation not included in the agreement between the parties.

Another case was brought by Germany, which entered suit to test the validity of Polish expatriation of Upper Silesian territory. The court decided, against Polish contention, that it had jurisdiction in the case, which is now pending for judgment.

The first advisory opinions concerned the International Labor Organization, which is, in effect, a branch of the League of Nations. The court was asked to decide whether a Dutch delegate had been properly appointed; and whether the power of the International Labor Organization extended to international regulation of the conditions of labor in agriculture and to the examination of proposals for the organization and development of methods of agricultural production.

The list further includes opinions in controversies over the nationality of certain persons born in Tunis and Morocco; the rights of German colonists in Poland and a boundary dispute between Jugo-Slavia and Albania; the rights of Greek residents of Constantinople to continue residence therein under the provisions of the Treaty of Lausanne; the right of Poland to collect and deliver mail from Dantzig.

Perhaps the (Concluded on page 29)

# Why I Left New York

## Middle Westerner Decides That Contentment Is to Be Found Where He Had Left It

By L. L. ARMS

ILLUSTRATED BY W. W. CLARKE



I found about me foreigners or children of foreign-born parents in vast profusion.

*PART TWO*

THE New York newspaper office in which I first worked was interesting to me in many ways. In the matter of system and equipment it was an odd mixture of the very new and the screaming antique. It was an institution which the public knew was rich in both tradition and money.

Before arriving in New York I thought that such history and tradition would be sufficient to establish a splendid *esprit de corps* among the staff. Actually I found there was less of good fellowship and office loyalty than I had found in any of the places where I had worked on the Pacific Coast or in the Middle West.

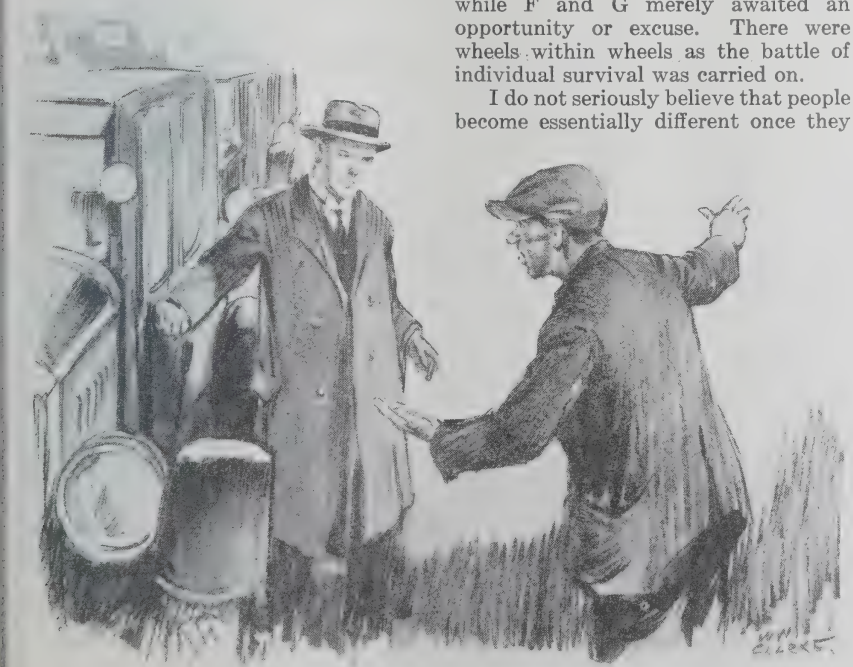
It wasn't considered necessary that newcomers be introduced. Very few of the veterans went to the trouble of making themselves known to beginners. Thus, one found himself working daily among many absolute strangers. If by chance one got acquainted, very well. If not, it wasn't anything to worry about. This made for coldness and impersonality among the staff. Everything was based on individual survival. While it is true that one would not have to go to a New York office to discover cliques, I have never seen so many as flourished in the New York office in which I first worked. Stuffed clubs and verbal stilettos flew through the air. The entire office was a whispering gallery. If Clique A went about industriously to undermine a certain petty chief, Clique B quickly got wind of it and retaliated in kind. Meantime, Cliques C and D were conducting a guerrilla warfare spiritedly while F and G merely awaited an opportunity or excuse. There were wheels within wheels as the battle of individual survival was carried on.

I do not seriously believe that people become essentially different once they land in New York. The point is that the city is too big to permit the contact one finds everywhere in the United States except there.

It is this consummate impersonality, seeming sometimes to amount almost to downright unfriendliness, which makes it so tough for the new New Yorker. All of us have read of men, later famous, who said they were never so miserable as when they first arrived in New York.

Personally New York had me on the ropes in a week. I don't think anything except ridiculous pride kept me from beating it posthaste back to the Middle West. When I thought of the pleasant life I had led there, of my friendly associations, of the hundred and one magnetic things beckoning me, I wanted to sit down on my scarred iron bed in my two-by-four room and weep. But I stuck it out ten years.

I think that even in those early days I sensed accurately about New York that lack of the fundamentals which makes it an oppressively alien city to the true Middle Westerner. *In manners and customs the foreign influence is so dominant that it blots out almost everything else.* In the subways, in the parks, in elevators, at the seaside, I found about me foreigners or children of foreign-born parents with whom I knew I never could have anything in common.



An individual told me I could not park my car on a street open to parking unless I first gave him twenty-five cents.

Mostly they were Jews. In the Middle West I had never had any feeling about Jews. *But the Russian Jews of New York!* They were everywhere in a vast, endless profusion. It seemed to me the younger generation of them, almost blatant in their sense of equality, *were everywhere lowering the tone of common courtesy and outraging those unwritten codes which are deeply planted in every Middle Western schoolboy.* I cannot assert that my training was all right and theirs all wrong. That I cannot know. But I do know that in this upbringing there were such vast differences that I could never feel at ease where their practices influenced the tone of any given thing.

Since, as an average wage-earning New Yorker, I was forced to be much with them in the subway rush hours, in medium-price cafés downtown at lunch, at popular-price theaters uptown at night, in the office, at the beaches, in dance halls, at public libraries, indeed everywhere, except in my own lodgings or in the homes of my friends, and since my friends and I were outnumbered three to one, in later years it seemed easier on the whole for me to move than to expect them to.

It was this strident foreign overtone, which I sensed early in my New York experience, that made New York the only city I ever have been in for any length of time in which I could not feel at home.

There were times, especially when meeting out-of-town friends, when I was very proud to be a part of such a physically marvelous city. I always was aware of its cultural advantages. With a new hat and a stick I could swing down the Avenue with as much spring to my step as the next one. I have tasted the joys of suburban life and the real entertainment of commuting. I knew something of club life. Through the sporting writers, the columnists and the comic strip artists I was always abreast the latest in wisecracks. Yet during all the time I lived and worked in New York, I felt vaguely that I was missing something—those small and homely touches, not easy of definition, which are so much more a part of life in the Middle West than in New York.

In the Middle Western city in which I live I feel that I really know and have time to enjoy the persons with whom I come in contact and they know and have time to enjoy whatever is enjoyable in me. Out here the butcher, the baker and the ornamental candlestick-maker are my kind. That suits me.

It particularly suits me because it seemed to me in New York, when it came to the essentials of life, we were always dealing with some foreigner of quite recent vintage. Our grocer was a shrewd-eyed Italian, too obsequious of manner, too mellifluous of voice. At times, when surprised by some employe into a sudden aside, his manner and voice underwent a laughable change. Then he was fierce as a pirate and his stream of Italian was almost a bark. It was only too evident that Guiseppe's courtesy, like much that is to be had in New York, was on a hard dollars-and-cents basis.

When it came to owning and driving a car in New York I sometimes used to think that a man might as well be a clay pipe in a shooting gallery. Hat checkers and pasty-faced waiters, with built-in liquor trays in the pockets of their serving jackets, are frequently nominated as the world's greatest pests when discussing the tipping evil. I don't believe any of them can hold a candle to the entire army that is out to gyp the owner of a private motor car in New York.

I have been told in all seriousness by a middle-aged individual with a phony limp that I could not park my car around the corner from a cinema palace on Broadway, on a street which by city ordinance was open to parking, unless I first gave him twenty-five cents.

"This is my street," he announced. "I am watching all these cars."

Of course one might have called the police. One might have done this and done that. But, after awhile, I wouldn't—in New York. It's too much bother and, besides, if a man ever gets a moral victory complex in New York he might as well make a career of it.

Had I called a policeman, nothing would have happened. It seldom does. Had I gone into the theater and left my car there, paying no further attention to the self-confessed proprietor of this public thoroughfare, I might have found a flat tire, a paint job badly marred, a radiator cap missing or a stop-light bashed in when I returned. I have known it to happen. *Would it be apt to happen anywhere in America except in New York?* (Continued on page 18)




"Get that kid off'n that grass," said a park policeman with an angry note in his voice.

# They Find New Ideas and Use Them

## Great Discoveries Are Made by Men With Fresh Minds and Fresh Eyes. Who See and Know



Finding new ideas and figuring how to put them to use. New ideas by looking for them, by thinking, by observing.

By DONALD A. LAIRD

ILLUSTRATED BY J. C. GRAHAM

I HAVE found it most stimulating to become acquainted with what snobs call "the common people."

There is one thing I have noted: When I talk with a brakeman he tells me that there is something wrong with the railroads. Just what is wrong with them, he does not say; but he leaves no doubt as to there being something wrong.

Stonemasons tell me there is something wrong with the construction game. School-teachers feel much the same about their teaching, and farmers show me the accounts of their last season's crops, explaining how deductions got most of the profit. "There is something wrong with farming," is the only reason they can give; and when the average farmer's cash income in my county is a little more than three hundred dollars a year, I am inclined to think they may be right.

But *what* is wrong with all these? Is the world speeding along to ruin, or are they just chronic fault-finders and complainers? Or is there something wrong? Let's see.

A young man from South Africa sat beside me recently at a farm bureau dinner. His family had settled in South Africa from Holland three hundred years ago. They are now cultivating a farm of more than three thousand acres.

"Are you in America on a vacation?" I asked him.

"Vacation? I am working. I am getting new ideas here attending your agricultural schools and visiting with your farmers. I have learned a great deal which will go back to South Africa with me and be used. In each generation one of our family has made a long trip like this and taken back new ideas which we use, in—in competing with your farmers in the world markets.

"If possible I am coming back in ten years to find what advances your farmers have made," he further explained. "Just one trip by each generation is not nearly enough for us to keep up."

Finding new ideas, and hoping and figuring how to put them to use!

The brakeman wasn't. The stonemason wasn't. Are most of our farmers?

County agents tell me the hardest part of their job is not to keep up with the current improvements in machinery, seeds, and methods; it is to get the farmers to listen to their advice and to use the new ideas and improvements that are offered.

Age is probably one reason for this condition. It is rather difficult for a man with forty years of farming experience to believe that a newcomer less than forty years old can tell him anything new about farming. With knowledge of scientific farming, he can do so, however.



Great corporations have made interesting discoveries along this line. Every year representatives of their personnel departments scour the country for young men to take into the business, partly to learn the business, but more to bring in new ideas. They are after fresh minds and fresh eyes. Men who have been with them even five years are very apt to take everything for granted. They have become so accustomed to the business that it is difficult for them to note developments.

But they deliberately search for new men, unfamiliar with the business, to add to their force for the sake of unearthing new ideas that the firm and the workers may progress. They are no worshipers of traditions.

Within the past week I have received two letters from firms that are hunting young men. One was a well-known typewriter company, the other a leading manufacturer of clothing. Both concerns maintain a large planning department in which new methods are tried; new ideas developed and

(Concluded on page 26)

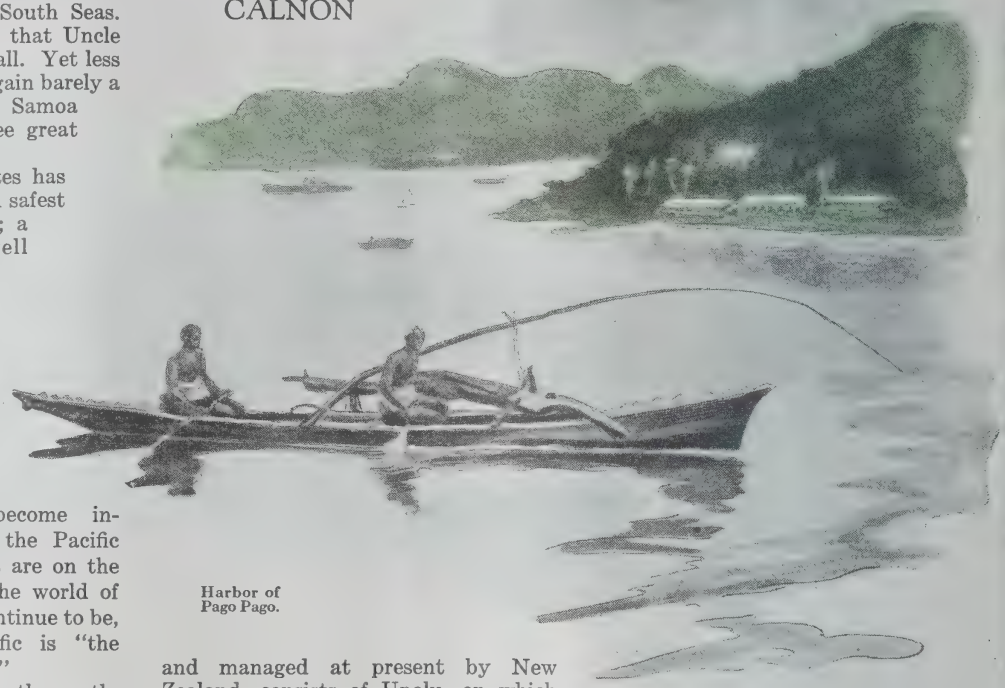
# Samoa—America's South Sea Paradise

## Tutuila, Where Palm Trees Fringe the Shores and Pago Pago Affords an Ideal Haven

By WILLIAM LEE CALNON

COMPARATIVELY few Americans know much about Samoa and the interests of the United States in these islands in the very heart of the South Seas. Many are totally unaware that Uncle Sam is established here at all. Yet less than forty years ago, and again barely a quarter of a century ago, Samoa threatened to involve three great nations in war.

Today the United States has in Pago Pago the best and safest harbor in the South Seas; a naval station that is well equipped and manned by about 200 officers and men; an "unorganized territory" that is self-supporting; and a contented Samoan people who largely manage their own affairs. As time goes on the islands of American Samoa will become increasingly important, for the Pacific Ocean and its myriad isles are on the way to being a force in the world of commerce; and they will continue to be, whether or no the Pacific is "the battleground of the future."



Harbor of Pago Pago.

Honolulu, 2,300 miles to the north, is proud of its position "at the crossroads of the Pacific," but Pago Pago is another crossroads from the great continent of Australia and from New Zealand on the south; from Tahiti, the Society Islands and Cook Islands on the east and southeast; the Philippines and Asia on the west; the Panama Canal on the northeast; Honolulu, the United States and Canada on the north and east. Yokohama, in Japan, is nearly 100 miles nearer to Pago Pago than is San Francisco, the distances being given as 4,072 miles to Yokohama and 4,160 miles to the Golden Gate.

Pago Pago is served by a regular line of passenger and freight steamers, the Oceanic Steamship Company, of San Francisco, its ships plying between San Francisco, Honolulu, Pago Pago and Sydney, Australia. It is the port of call for many tramp steamers of all nationalities that find profitable the inter-island trade and the picking up of cargoes for Europe, Asia or America.

Pago Pago is on the island of Tutuila, the most important in the American group. The other islands under American control are Aunuu, Rose Island, an uninhabited atoll, and Tau, Olosinga and Ofu, the latter three known as the Manua group. Western Samoa, which is under British control and managed at present by New Zealand, consists of Upolu, on which Apia is located; Savaii, the largest island in the whole archipelago, and the very small islands of Apolima and Manono.

For sheer beauty the harbor of Pago Pago cannot be surpassed, yet its tropical location makes it a spot very infrequently visited by tourists, except those on ships bound north to San Francisco or south to Sydney. These get a chance to see the place for a few hours when the steamers stop there. From the sea the harbor is difficult to detect until the ship is directly in front of it. The outer bay is about a mile wide, narrowing as it goes inland for about half a mile. Then it takes a sharp turn and the inner harbor is reached. The latter also is about a mile long and half a mile wide. Once within it, the place resembles a mountain lake and is calm and placid.

The whole island is a volcano, long extinct, and the harbor is its dead crater, the broken-off section of which on the sea side makes the harbor opening. The mountain sides rise precipitously, varying from 1,000 to 2,141 feet. Covered with heavy tree growth and tropical jungle from bottom to top, they are majestic in the extreme. The trees include coconut palms, mangoes, papaya, breadfruit, bananas and many other varieties.

The only level land on Tutuila is along the sea and bay shores at the foot of the mountain range, except one fertile plain in the southwestern part. Palm trees fringe the shores, the buildings and native villages concealed behind them. The island is about eighteen miles long and six miles across at its widest point and contains 40.2 square miles of land. Nearly half the shore line is straight mountain side, with no beach. The other half has a road running around it and on this road are located the various villages. Copra, the coconut product, is the sole export of all the islands, and a heavy trade is carried on.

The oldest white institution in Samoa is the London Missionary Society, which first sent missionaries here in 1830. It is still in operation and conducts several churches and a school for girls at the far end of Tutuila. It found the Samoan a receptive person and has prospered greatly. The Samoan loves ceremony, and he loves to sing, so he goes to church Sundays and sometimes attends several churches. Otherwise religion seems to sit lightly with him.

From 1850 to 1870 more and more white traders and adventurers came to Samoa, principally English and German, though the (Continued on page 28)

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

STRIKES in the past have been of three sorts. Some have arisen out of working conditions which no human being should be called upon or expected to endure. No life is without hardship, but no wise order of life can be built upon a system that deliberately includes hardship as a daily and hourly experience. When, therefore, the management of an industry became so incompetent as to seek its own existence solely through the hardship of the workers, the strike or revolt against unnecessary inhumanity was bound to arise. Men would have been less than men had they not lifted their voices in protest, and, as a solemn memorial to the world, taken that step which, after all, worked its heaviest penalty on themselves, the deprivation which followed stoppage of work.

This sort of strike was adjudged by ordinary public opinion to be justified and insofar as it was justified it exerted great moral power, until now its causes and occasions are very few and far between. The employer whose methods are so faulty and whose vision is so narrow as to invite such a strike nowadays is thereby adjudged unworthy of the pretence he makes as an industrial leader. He has failed at some vital point in the work he is supposed to be doing for the general social benefit.

With the rise of these difficulties amongst the people whose livelihood was bound up in their wage-earning capacity, there quickly came an exploiting type of labor leadership which was as bad for the workers as any form of bad industrial management could be. There arose men of crude power who saw their opportunity to make a profession out of class antagonism. The strike became a favorite method of building up their power. Their business was to foment strikes for their own selfish purposes, as kings once fomented foreign wars to withdraw their people's attention from domestic distress. The strike as a prank, as a class attack, as the expression of hatred against all constructive industry, has had its day in this country, though in some places it still remains as the relic of a cruder time.

Then came the most sinister phase of the strike as a part of the strategy of competition. One manufacturer would pay strike leaders to start strikes in a competitor's shops, so that while he was wrestling with all the cost and loss and stoppage, the other man might reap the fruits of the market. Buildings were delayed and their cost increased beyond all possibility of repayment by this method. The strike leaders were guerrilla warriors with their private armies, willing to work for the highest bidder. This is a phase of the strike which seldom came to the attention of the people because its true nature was so skillfully veiled, but it was once a possibility to reckon with in this country—and in some industries it has not yet become an extinct possibility.

Generally, however, a strike means that something is wrongly based. Lack of leadership in management leaves openings for incompetent leadership to invade it from the outside. It is simply the working of the law that sufficient leadership leaves no gap for usurpers to enter.

*THERE have been righteous strikes. Strikes have also occurred for the purpose of maiming a competitor. And to establish selfish labor leaders in power. The old causes for strikes have all but disappeared. Management is removing injustices, and workmen have abandoned false leadership which made a profession of their troubles. Everybody sees that wrong can be righted, but not by winning or breaking a strike. England has tried the dole, the subsidy, and now the strike. It will not do. Nothing will do but building industry on the basis of service. Trade built on underpaid labor is not worth a farthing.*

In this country the workingman himself has learned to discriminate between his real and pretended friends. He has seen steadily arise all over the world, and quite clearly in the United States, a movement whose real objective is not the settling of trouble but the constant inciting of it. A social theory now preached in all our large industrial centers holds that satisfactory relations between management and labor are not to be permitted on any terms, but that class war is to continue until all productive industry is overthrown. That such insanity should exist with such coherency would be inconceivable did not the fact exist on every hand. Needless to say, the American workman is not taken in by it for a moment.

Great Britain's experience with the strike leaves no possibility of a doubt that somewhere in her industrial relations there is a fallacy. Trade is not worth a farthing that must be held at the cost of underpaid labor. Recognizing, as all must, the immense service which the British manufacturer and workingman have rendered the whole world in the past, the latter enduring their sacrifice through their strong sense of the world importance of their labor, it has long been manifest that a new basis must be found. No better workman exists than the man of the British Isles, and it is time that he came into the reward of his labors. But strikes cannot accomplish this. Doles cannot accomplish it. Subsidies cannot. Management must face the task of organizing industry so that it will supply the worker with his rights. Wrong theories have gained a strong hold on both sides of the British controversy, but the rightly distributed fruits of good management will wither false theories in a day.

**"Ford Ideals," 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## *The Day of Remembrance*

MEMORIAL DAY is the Nation's Sabbath, though often soiled with sacrilegious forgetfulness and sport. The nation that forgets its debt to its builders and saviors is flirting with consequences more to be feared than those which arise from a forgetting of monetary debts to creditor nations.

The purpose of this day is not merely to remember the dead, but to remind the living. There are now three wars within the memory of most living Americans. They were wars with great human causes as a background. The consequences of the earliest war which most of us can remember was the dissolution of slavery as an institution of this land. The second was for the removal of the last vestige of European tyranny from the western hemisphere. The third was to succor Anglo-Saxon civilization from grave peril.

The uninformed critic of America who accuses us of narrow and provincial interests might look upon the record of these wars; it clearly testifies the expansion of American interest and sacrifice—from a racial group to a hemisphere; from a hemisphere to the world. And this without stipulated gain, without the embroilment which selfish enterprises always involve.

We are to remember on this Memorial Day the great occasions when our nation lifted her hand in behalf of assaulted right. We are to remember the men of our nation who in the Civil War and the Spanish-American War, and the World War represented the might and the purpose of our people. In all the cemeteries of the land the survivors of these groups will pass from grave to grave with the simple honors for the dead. They remember.

*But the rest of us should be reminded.* Too many influences among us exert their power to make us forget, to cut us off from our roots, to make us deny and betray our kinship with the men who have given their strength to the expanding destiny of America—too many enemies among us would lay a sneer on the graves of the fools whose folly it was to die for their kind.

Therefore, *let us be reminded,* not merely to remember the dead, but that we are debtors, that there is nothing we have of basic social blessing that was not bought for us, freely passed on to us, at the cost of other men's sacrifice. This is the purpose of Memorial Day. The dead are forever secure in their glory; "It is for us the living," said Lincoln; it is for us the living to be reminded of our spiritual kinship with them.

## *Over for Now*

WITH a not unexpected suddenness the general strike in Great Britain was called off by the union leaders who ordered it. The outbreak revealed several facts: that the government of Britain is strong enough to do its duty; that the people of Britain are strong enough to control their own country; and that the workers of Britain were strong enough to resist the influence of Moscow. Moscow is the force really vanquished so far as its influence among Anglo-Saxons is concerned. An incidental benefit was that the great unemployed multitude of Britain immediately went to work, many of whom no doubt will remain at work permanently.

The strike was not a success. It ran "big" in American newspapers, but in essence it was a rather uncertain gesture. Great care was obviously taken to prevent any indications of victory for either side; as Premier Baldwin truly said, the victory was on the side of British common sense. There is more truth than rhetoric in that statement.

At the same time, as THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has never ceased to contend, the causes of industrial unrest in Britain exist and must be removed by the managerial brains of British industry. The only way to "beat" a situation like that which exists is to beat it by a method which abolishes the causes.

If Premier Baldwin can only succeed in getting his doctrine of common sense adopted industrially, this may mark the period of Britain's progress toward better conditions for her working people.

## *Daugherty Again*

THE heartening thing about the indictment of Harry M. Daugherty is that it was brought about by the very department over which he once held sway. It furnishes fresh evidence that corruption has no permanent place in America, that the Government is basically sound. While he was in office Daugherty considered himself a Warwick, a kingmaker. He was high priest of the spoils system. Wherever he could arrange it—and his power was great in the early days of the Harding Administration—he installed his own hench-

men and satellites in strategic posts in the Department of Justice.

He was eventually forced from the Cabinet by President Coolidge, but not before he had covered up most of his questionable acts.

For two years the country as a whole had forgotten Daugherty: but not so his former colleagues. Bit by bit they uncovered his tracks. And finally sufficient evidence was amassed to lay before a Federal grand jury. The indictment resulted. The taint cast over the Department of Justice has been removed.

## *Reconstruction in France*

WHEN Woodrow Wilson went to the Peace Conference in Paris he was urged to visit the "devastated areas." He was reluctant to do so lest he enter the conference with a prejudiced mind. Today he would have difficulty finding the devastated areas, were he ever so eager to do so.

Towns and villages have risen from rubbish heaps, and farmhouses, in all their pristine substantiality and picturesqueness, dominate the rehabilitated soil.

It seems strange that in this Europe of unrest, of potential warfare from day to day, the idea of permanency in building should remain through the centuries unimpaired. In France, as in Great Britain and other western European countries, they build for all time. Humble houses last for generations, as if they were baronial castles.

In five years more the battlefields themselves will be covered with trees and flowers and cultivated crops. So kindly does nature deal with the scars inflicted by man.

## *Still Learning Nothing*

WITH a stubbornness which events will surely break, or which will send England far down the list of industrial countries, the main solution offered for the British labor situation still remains a reduction of wages. That is the commonest refuge of managerial insufficiency. It is an irrefutable sign of ancient and outworn economy. When "finance" is reduced to the sordid necessity of "financing" itself out of workingmen's pay envelopes, it has reached its lowest level.

It would be ungracious at this time to assume a wisdom superior to that of British industrial leaders, and extremely shortsighted to overlook elements in the situation which are not in the keeping of any group. England was England before the industrial era, and England will be England when that era has passed her by. England did little for industry and industry has done little for her. Her greatness lies in other fields; her industry was a means to other ends than are usually recognized. Had industry been her great interest, she would have developed it along the lines of scientific mechanical improvement and sound human relations. While not so backward in these as some parts of the Continent, she has been far too backward to be accorded further recognition as a leader. The dominance of the old idea has been so strong, the refusal of British industrial leaders to recognize their kinship with the British worker has been so tenacious, that even if an upward turn is now taken, recovery of what has already been lost will be impossible. This is not the loss of the British Empire; it is really the Empire's gain, for the industry of England, scattered by the war, was replanted in the Dominions everywhere; but it spells change for England as a country.

The British workman is competent; British quality is good; where, then, has been the difficulty? British observers in America are reporting back home that the American works no harder than the English, but the American has better tools with which to work and gets a more honest share of his earnings in wages. This simply means that mechanical progress and sound human relations in industry have enabled American industry to grow. While English workingmen were being fed on committee theories and socialism, and English churchmen and philosophers were talking about the right of the worker to have a measure of control over the industry that employed him, and interminable meetings were held, and British industry and public confidence were going to the devil, American industry was putting in better machinery and increasing wages, and with it all creating a new and sound level of general prosperity.

If British industry wants to see itself in its true colors, let it look at the British working classes, as in a mirror. The sight accuses them of high treason against their race.

## *Twice in a Week*

TWICE in a week the North Pole has been shadowed by flying men, who did in a day what has previously required almost a year to do. Byrd flew to the Pole and back in an airplane; Amundsen did it in a dirigible. Thus is demonstrated beyond peradventure of a doubt that it can be done, and will be done often again until the route "over the top of the earth" is established. Thus a new era in transportation has been ushered in by engineering skill. The event is historic and truly wonderful, but we are too near to feel its wonder. That remains for posterity.

# Gadzooks! They Were Gallants Gay

## Beau Brummels Who Took Milk Baths, Wore Corsets and Carried Muffs

By ZETA ROTHSCHILD

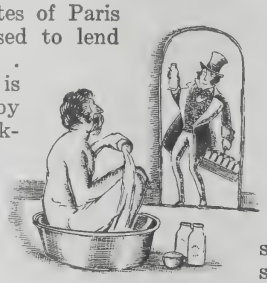
ILLUSTRATED BY W. O. FITZGERALD

IN THE year 1802 Sheraton shaped and designed a chair which he called "a conversation chair for masculine use to protect their coat skirts."



"This chair was very narrow, the coat wearer sat astride it, and leaned his arms upon the back, which was cushioned on the top like the side arms of the chair. Of course the coat-skirts stuck out or hung down unwrinkled and uncrushed, to the admiration of all beholders and the confident satisfaction of the coat wearer."—*Two Centuries of Costume*, Alice Morse Earle.

In 1863—"The exquisites of Paris use milk, which is supposed to lend whiteness to the skin . . . The expense of this luxury is considerably diminished by an arrangement with the milkman, who repurchases the liquid after use."



"The late Duke of Queensbury had his milk bath every day. It is supposed to nourish as well as whiten and soften the skin."—*Habits of Good Society.*

"At the court of Louis XVI (1754-1793) dressing was the serious business



of the day . . . When his (D'Artois, who became Charles X) breeches were to be put on—he wore them very tight—this was the process: Four valets took their places in due order; two held the breeches open at a proper height; the other two, always tall and powerful men, raised the Prince from the floor and lowered him gradually into the garment, until it fitted like a second skin."—*Dress*, by Isaac Walker.

At the 1789 period—"There is not a man in the nation, no, not even Lord



Effingham, who bestows so much time and attention in rendering the external appearance of his head, elegant in the extreme, than the Earl of Scarborough. It is said that his Lordship keeps six French friseurs, who have nothing else to do than dress his hair. Lord Effingham keeps only five."—Ashton, *Old Times.*

"He—a dandy of the 18th century—would possess at least six coats of coloured velvets and white satin, trimmed with gold and silver lace, with perhaps one made in a plain fashion for use on mournful occasions. With these he would have the choice of perhaps a dozen long waistcoats, made in blue satin, gold brocade, green silk, white satin, scarlet, black silk with fringes, all laced and embroidered in coloured silks. His wardrobe also contained nine or ten pairs of breeches of velvet, satin, and cloth; half a dozen three-cornered hats, silver lace scalloped, laced with gold point d'Espagne, some with gold binding, and some bound plain; three dozen ruffled shirts and three dozen lace neck-cloths, and a like number of white silk, black silk, and fine cotton stockings; cambric and silk handkerchiefs galore; shoes adorned with gold and silver buckles set with diamonds; silver handled swords, silver mounted pistols; and as varied a choice in jewellery as his means would allow."—*The Eternal Masquerade.*



"This morning came home my fine camlet cloak, with gold buttons, and a silk suit, which cost me much money, and I pray God to make me able to pay for it.

"To my great sorrow find myself £43 worse than I was the last month, which was then £760, and now is but £717. But it hath chiefly arisen from my layings out in clothes for myself and my wife; namely—for her about £12 and for myself about £55 or thereabouts; having made myself a velvet cloak, two new cloth skirts, black, plain, both; a new shag gown, trimmed with gold buttons and twist, with a new hat and silk tops for my legs, and many other things, being resolved henceforward to go like myself. And



also two periwigs, one whereof cost me £3, the other 40s. I have worn neither yet, but will begin next week, God willing."—*Diary of Samuel Pepys.*

"One of the latest roads to fame that any of our young men of TON have discovered is to wrap their bodies carefully in flannel under the shirt, and to keep the coat and waistcoat quite open, to show the strength of their constitution, and set the snow at defiance."—Originally in London *Times*, January 2, 1797, but quoted in Ashton's *Old Times.*

"Among the eccentricities of Costume, was a Coat devised by the then Earl Spencer. He made a bet that he would cut off the tails of the coat which he then wore, and appear in public in a jacket, which, within a week, should be the fashion. He did so, and won his bet. Gillray caricatured the Earl, in a picture 17th May, 1792. Earl Spencer wears (in this picture) a blue spencer, red coat with brass buttons, yellow trouses, and blue and white stockings."—*Old Times*, Ashton.

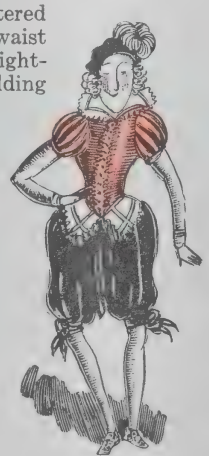
Extract from letter (written to the *Englishwoman's Magazine* of November, 1867, reprinted in *The Corset and the Crinoline*) by W. B. L.:



"From personal experience, I beg to express a decided and unqualified approval of corsets. I was early sent to school in Austria, where lacing is not considered ridiculous in a gentleman as in England, and I objected in a thoroughly English way when the doctor's wife required me to be laced. I was not allowed any choice, however. A sturdy madchen was stoically deaf to my remonstrances, and speedily laced me up tightly in a fashionable Viennese corset . . . I felt ill at ease and awkward, and the daily lacing tighter and tighter produced inconvenience and absolute pain. In a few months, however, I was as anxious as any of my ten or twelve companions to have my corsets laced as tightly as a pair of strong arms could draw them. It is from no feeling of vanity that I have ever since continued to wear them, for, not caring to incur ridicule, I take good care that my dress shall not portray me, but I am practically convinced of the comfort and pleasantness of tight-lacing, and thoroughly agree with Staylace that the sensation of being tightly laced in an elegant, well-made, tightly-fitting pair of corsets is superb. There is no other word for it.—Signed—Walter."

In the time of Henry III of France—

"Eardrops in his ears, delicate kid gloves on his hands; hair dyed to the fashionable tint, brushed back under a coquettish little velvet cap, in which waved a white ostrich's feather; hips bolstered and padded out, waist placed in the very tightest and most unyielding of corsets, and feet incased in embroidered satin shoes, Henry was a true son of his fashionable mother, only lacking her strong will and powerful understanding."—*The Corset and the Crinoline*, W. B. L.



"The high kick of fashion is to wear only one spur, like a postillion, and to have an assortment of long whips tied up behind the curricle, in case of wearing them all out in Bond St., during a ride in the morning."—Originally in London *Times*, August 3, 1796, but quoted in Ashton's *Old Times*.

"The items of a fashionable Taylor's bill are not a little curious at present. Ditto, to pasteboard for your back; ditto, to buckram for your cape; ditto, for wool for your shoulders, and cotton for your chest. Shakespeare talks of Nature's Journeymen who make men indifferently, but our Journeymen Taylors make their customers of any form and dimensions they think proper."—The London *Times*, September 6, 1799—*Old Times*, Ashton.

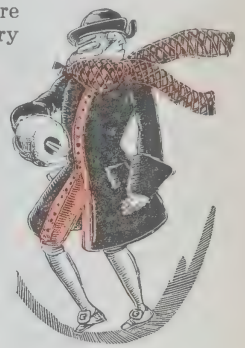
"The year 1850 witnessed the disappearance of the last eccentric dilettante Paris will ever see . . . Carnavale was no ordinary dilettante. He was a symbolist, and a harmonist as well. His garb varied according to the weather, the colour of his own thoughts, and the performances of the Italian Opera. When the *Barber of Seville* was to be played, he put on a canary-coloured coat; for the *Tancredi* he donned an apple-green jacket; for *Semiramide*, he wore a red frockcoat; and for *Lucia* he affected a sky-blue garment."—*Fashions in Paris*, Uzanne.




"A man's silk stockings could cost more than the coat on his back; a guinea for a coat perhaps, but the clocked silk hose embroidered on the instep cost two guineas."—*Two Centuries of Costume*, Alice Morse Earle.

"From the pages of *The Tatler* and *The Spectator* we learn of muffs and masculine muff-wearers, still assuming the muff as a distinct mark of dignity. It is told of a somewhat eccentric head of a college at Oxford University, at about this date, that, like a certain college president to-day, he had a vast aversion to the undergraduates wearing long hair. And he carried in his muff a pair of scissors with which he slyly clipped off offending locks."—*Two Centuries of Costume*, Alice Morse Earle.

"My mind very busy thinking of my great layings out lately and what they must still be for clothes; but I hope it is in order of my getting of something the more by it; for I perceive how I have hitherto suffered for lack of going as becomes my place. Or being resolved to go handsomer than I have hitherto. I hope I shall get better success than when for want of clothes I was forced to sneak like a beggar. Thus I end. For Clothes I perceive more and more every day is a great matter.'' —*Diary of Samuel Pepys*, December 28, 1664.



"Worse than all, they are so far bewitched as they are not ashamed to make holes in their ears; whereat they hang rings, and other jewels of gold and precious stones, but this is not so much frequented among women as among men."—*The Anatomie of Abuses*, Philip Stubbes.

"In less than twenty years after Harvard College was founded these rules were prescribed.

" 'No Schollar shal goe out of his chamber without a Gown, Cloak, or Coat; and everyone everywhere shal were modest and sober Habits, without strange, ruffian-like- or new-fangled fashions, without all lavish Dress, or excess of Apparel whatsoever, nor shal wear any Gold or Silver or jewels without the just permission of the Precident, nor shal it be permitted to wear Long Haire, Locks, Foretops, Curlings, Crispings, Partings, or Powderings of ye Haire.' "—*Two Centuries of Costume*, Alice Morse Earle.

"In your apparel be modest, and endeavor to accommodate nature rather than procure admiration. Kepp to the fashion of your equals, such as are civil and orderly with respect to time and place.

"Play not the peacock, looking everywhere about you to see if you be well decked, if your shoes fit well, if your stockings sit neatly, and clothes handsomely."—*Rules of Courtesy and Decency of Behavior*—George Washington.



"Any Man that took up a Man's Muff dropt on the Lord's Day between the Old Meeting House and the South Meeting House are desired to Bring it to the Printer's Office and Shall be Rewarded." —Boston *News Letter*, March 5, 1715—From *Two Centuries of Costume*, Alice M. Earle.

"General Fleury, not content with keeping the best-appointed table in

(Concluded on page 23)



(C) Ewing Galloway.

Tourist camp at St. Paul, Minnesota, on a high bluff facing the Mississippi River. This scene shows the popular use that is being made of such places.

# Messy Motorists Mar the Landscape

## Unmannerly Tourists Tear Down Trees and Outrage the Canons of Cleanliness

By GEORGE W. SUTTON, Jr.

OVER all the countryside these early summer days justly irate farmers are tacking signs to trees and fenceposts:

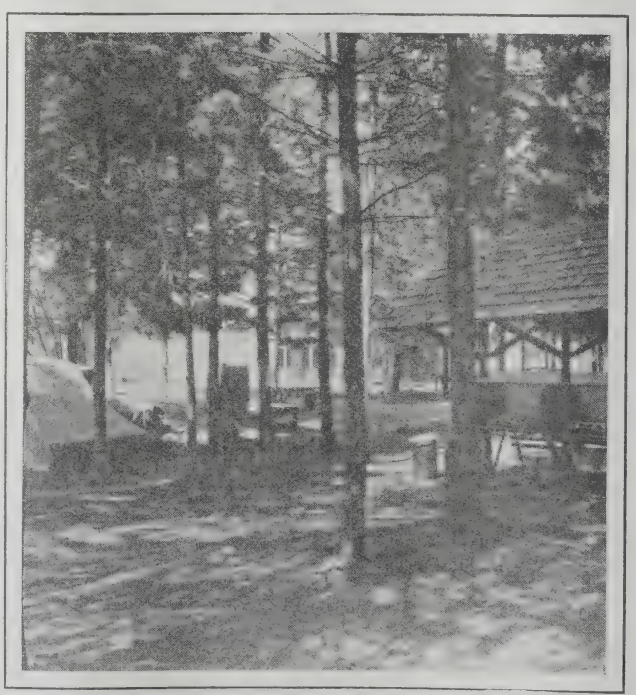
"No Camping Allowed."

Owners of waterfront property are employing special watchmen to keep unbidden visitors from their shores. Private owners of wooded land are forced to retain fire guards to patrol their land and stamp out camp fires left by the careless.

The summer camper and picnicker are for the most part unwelcome in the country. And it is all because there is in our population an element, not particularly large but extraordinarily objectionable, which does not know how to behave itself away from home, or doesn't want to—which amounts to the same thing. This element is made up chiefly of those of foreign birth or extraction, who have foreign precepts of behavior and cleanliness.

By far the larger proportion of our automobile tourists have decent rules of conduct and deportment; they respect the farmer's desire to keep his land clean, and they aid him in every way possible. But the many must suffer for the sins of the few.

Every Sunday, from every large, medium and small city in the land, there occurs a motor migration into the country. Lunches are spread out or prepared in the loveliest available spots. Health-giving country air is consumed in large quantities along with the dill pickles. The bright sunlight of the countryside, with its recently understood medicinal benefits, is enjoyed along with the warm bananas and discouraged cucumbers. And then, when the distant hills are purpling, the long and congested trek homeward begins.



(C) Ewing Galloway.

This up-to-date park in Portland, Maine, typifies what many cities are doing for the convenience of tourist campers.

And the beautiful, verdant, smiling countryside looks as if an army had tramped over it, discarding all its equipment on the way.

Paper bags, paper dishes, tin cans, broken bottles, banana skins, paper napkins, and cardboard lunch boxes are scattered everywhere. Fruit trees, vegetable gardens and flowering shrubs lie broken and despoiled.

The practice of leaving behind an unsightly and unsanitary mess is a sin of motor campers as well as picnickers. It is one of the main reasons why something like 5,000 of our towns and cities maintain municipal camps. And yet, the remedy is simple! It lies, of course, in the observance of the rule by all motor picnic addicts and all automobile camping tourists to "Clean Up After You."

Another rule which would remove most of the objections to motor campers and those who lunch along the highways is: "Respect the Rights of Others."

It is not always easy to distinguish between the particular errors committed by campers and those enacted by the picnicking myrmidons. They tear down fences and valuable trees for firewood, steal vegetables, flowers, fruit and sometimes chickens, eggs, and milk on the hoof, as it were; pollute wells, ponds, and springs by washing dishes and clothes in them; go swimming in scanty costumes in too close proxim-

ity to highways and habitations; violate game and fishing laws; and in other ways give evidence of their total irresponsibility and barbarity.

Mind you, it is the *few* who do these things and bring down upon the heads of *all* motor wanderers the just and restrictive wrath of public authorities and owners of wayside property.

If the great numbers of self-respecting, orderly, tolerant people who enjoy motor picnics or motor camping could force the others to mend their ways, there would be an enormous change in the public attitude toward motorists. But even the suggestion of such a task is enough to stagger the imagination.

A few years ago there was conceived in the mind of a magazine editor a plan to remedy this situation. He organized the Motorists' League for Countryside Preservation. President Harding became an honorary officer in it, as did other highly placed government officials, important members of the automobile industry and men of rank in civic affairs. Membership cost nothing, the only requirements being the signing of a pledge to avoid the commission of depredations and to use influence to compel others to preserve the beauty of the countryside. Members flocked in by the thousand and the movement gained increasing momentum. Then the magazine left its field and the editor passed on to other work. The association died of inanition because it required a great deal of time and clerical help and a considerable amount of money. But sufficient progress had been made to prove that real results could be obtained in this direction. The American Automobile Association, with headquarters in Washington and with more than 600,000 members, is now undertaking a similar work. It has made really important headway in some parts of the country, but the task is a gigantic one.

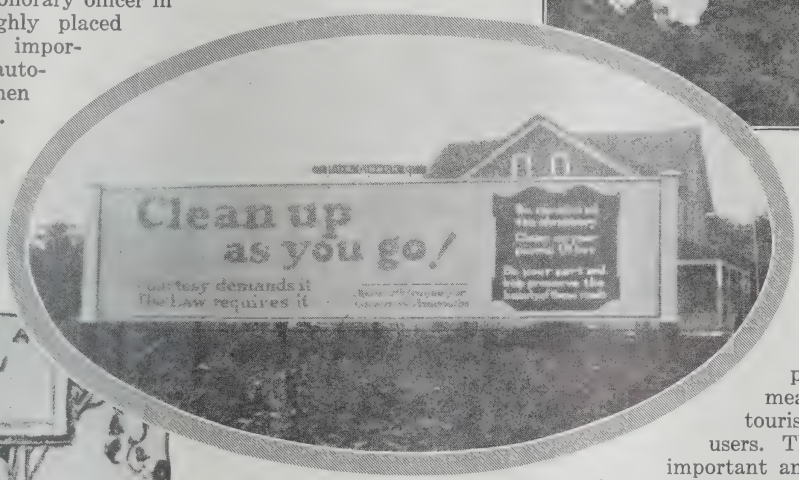
Of the vast army of Nature Destroyers, several divisions of shock troops have been assigned to do their bit in wreaking havoc along the navigable waterways. They might be called the Vandal Navy. In rented rowboats, in overcrowded motor craft and in pairs and quartets in canoes, they launch their attacks on private beaches, riverside pine groves, public bathing places, and green, sequestered coves. They take off their derby hats and all the rest of their clothes in full view, put on their bathing suits and then plunge into their serious work, whether it be the spreading of a litter of papers, broken glass and sardine cans on the beach, fishing in private waters, or other and more objectionable conduct—with the whole world for an audience. In their attitude of contempt for decency and tidiness they are blood kin to the disreputable element among motor campers and picnickers.

Another close relation is the road hog, the blighter who drifts along at a leisurely pace until you want to pass him. Then he spurts and does what he can to crowd you into the ditch. Or, perhaps, he is unwilling to keep his place in the line of vehicles and tries to pass everything on the road, regardless of sense or safety. This fellow has so many disagreeable traits that a weighty encyclopedia would not hold the descriptions of all of them.

These people behave the way they do for a very simple reason, one which does not yet seem to have been generally recognized. The truth is, they are all suffering from an inferiority complex.



(C) Lazarnick.
Part of a public park, decorated with trash left by a picnic party.




(C) Lazarnick.
Billboard used by Motorists' League for Countryside Preservation to promote roadside decency. President Harding was a member of the organization.




The summer camper and picnicker are for the most part unwelcome in the country.

It is this that accounts for the messy camp sites, the stealing of flowers and fruit, and the other painfully evident misdemeanors of some motor tourists, picnickers and boat users. They feel that they are as important and of as high quality as anybody in the world. Deep down is the subconscious knowledge that this is not so. So they try to cover it up by willful depredations which act as a balm to their vanity.

Nothing could come much closer to the ideal method of enjoying a brief breathing spell from the cares of business or household routine than to pile the family into the car and hie forth for a joyous picnic in the country. No saner, more worth-while, or more deservedly popular movement has ever taken possession of the American public than the great and growing sport of motor camping. Boating, whether in a canoe, rowboat, or motor boat, is a pastime without peer for those who love the water.

Can we justly refer slightingly to all the seventy-five or eighty million people who go out auto picnicking or take to the broad highways with their camping trailers, tents, pots, pans, mosquito lotions, and other gypsying paraphernalia? No, we certainly cannot.

When you next hear someone complain bitterly over the depredations, rudeness or dishonesty of motor campers and picnickers *remember it is a small minority which performs the sins for which the great majority is blamed.*



An exclusive clientele went to Huggins, to be curled, combed, shaved and entertained.

# JOHN HUGGINS, King of Barbers

By JAMES ROBINSON DANIELS

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLAN JOHNSON

IN THE picturesque company of unusual characters who have enlivened little old New York, the name of John Huggins gleams forth with engaging scintillations.

Huggins was a wit, a wag, a barber and a self-styled "Emperor." Early in the 19th Century he took to heart the adage, "It pays to advertise." Whether his grandiose or poetical advertisements attracted more customers than his amusing gossip is not known. But certain it is that a fashionable and exclusive clientele went to "John Richard Debrous Huggins, Knight of the Comb, Ladies and Gentleman's Hair Dresser" to be curled, combed, shaved and entertained.

As an oracle of spicy news Mr. Huggins supplemented and improved upon the local press. Unfortunately, his verbal confidences, poured into the willing ears of his customers, are lost to posterity, no Boswell taking down the great man's chitchat. But the announcements which comprised the advertising campaign of John R. Huggins, "Emperor de Friseurs, Roy de Barbers, Autocrat of Fashions," appeared in all the Manhattan newspapers.

*The American Citizen, The Morning Chronicle, The Public Advertiser* and the other members of the metropolitan press in the early 1800's printed proclamations of Huggins the Great.

It is doubtful if Huggins himself wrote more than a small percentage of the ads to which he signed his name. Like some modern business men, he engaged a copy-writer to compose "attention-compelling" advertisements especially suited to his personality. Let us hope that "Emperor" Huggins paid his publicity men right royally.

New York at the beginning of the last century was a city of considerably less than 100,000 inhabitants. State Street, overlooking the Battery, was occupied by the wealthy. Washington Irving was frolicking with the town wits at "Cockloft Hall," No. 17 State Street, his brother's house. John Jacob Astor was acquiring his first half-dozen millions. People were wondering whence "St. John's in the Fields," as St. John's Chapel at Varick Street was called, would get its congregation. The lower end of Broadway contained residences of the merchant aristocracy and the still powerful Knickerbocker families. East of Broadway many high-pitched, gabled Dutch houses remained. The havoc caused by the British occupation during the Revolution had been repaired, and the city was growing.

A commission was laying out the island with streets in the present gridiron pattern. This commission was resolved to plan New York once and for all, notwithstanding, as they said, that "It may be a subject of merriment that the commissioners have provided space for a greater population than is collected at any spot on this side of China . . . It is improbable that for centuries to come the ground north of Harlem Flat will be covered with houses."

Alexander Hamilton at this period would drive down to the office from his country estate, perhaps dropping into Huggins' shop to be shorn and anointed, and to exchange political opinions with Mr. Jay, General Morton, Mr. Livingston and others. Then they might discuss Mr. Jefferson's mismanagement of government with the select circle frequenting the Tontine Coffee House, in nearby Wall Street.

For all the Puritan denunciations of wigs and hair dressings, our ancestors delighted in these vanities. By Revolutionary times women wore towers or "rolls." To make these, the front hair was pulled up over a stuffed cushion or roll, and mixed with powder and grease; the back hair was strained up in loops surrounded and surmounted with ribbons, gauze, flowers, pompons and all manner of decorations. The structure, a thin outer wall of natural hair covering wool, tow, cotton and false hair stuffing, was perhaps half a yard in height.

A New England girl in 1771 wrote of her headdress: "This famous Roll is not made wholly of a Red-Cow Tail but is a mixture of that and horsehair, very coarse and a little human hair that I suppose was taken out of the back part of an old wig. But D., the barber, made it, all corded together and twisted up. Nothing renders a young person more amiable than Virtue and Modesty, with the help of false hair, Red-Cow Tail or D. the barber. It (the wig) makes my head ach and burn and itch like anything."

Despite the fact that perukes made many heads burn and "ach," the "lust for wigs become insuperable." The Gods of Fashion decreed artificial locks, and men, women, children, servants, soldiers—everybody—wore wigs.

So great was the demand for artificial headgear that wigs were made of goat hair and horse hair as well as

human hair. Some of these cost fifteen and twenty pounds for the best grade.

The *London Magazine* gave in 1753 a list of some of the gentleman's wigs then popular: "The staircase, the artichoke, the wild boar's back, the snail back, the negligent." Then there were the bobtail, the fox-tail, the twist-wig, the neck-lock, the scratch, the grave full bottom and the giddy feather top.

The present-day style of bobbed hair for women, increasing barber's incomes and furnishing endless argument, had its counterpart a hundred years ago when women abandoned rolls, cut their hair, and donned wigs. How they had any hair left after the stretching, powdering and greasing necessary to construct those towers is a marvel.

Doesn't this sound like a 1926 maiden's reasons for bobbing her curls? It is from the writing of a young girl in 1800:

"Now mama what do you think I am going to ask for?—A wig. Eleanor Coffin has got a new one just like my hair and only 5 dollars. I must have one. I cannot dress it (my hair) at all stylish. How much time it will save in one year. We could save it in pins and paper besides the trouble. At the assembly I was quite ashamed of my head, for nobody had long hair."

Today the damsels argue: "If I cut my hair, think of all the trouble it will save. Besides, it's the fashion."

But the upkeep of wigs and the curling of bobbed hair cost, and are costing, the proverbial tidy sum.

The cost of dressing and caring for wigs was a heavy expense to the wearer, but a godsend to the barber. When the style of curling or frizzing the hair and mustaches came in, barbers made a good thing out of that too.

There was no scarcity of hair dressers in New York when the Emperor Huggins and elaborate coiffures were in their glory. Some of them, taking the cue from John R. D. H., proclaimed their accomplishments in the daily journals. His Majesty rebuked his imitators and competitors with the following scornful phrases:

"Superficial observers will not readily discover the distinction between a Knight of the Comb and a Barber. To correct minds that distinction will be obvious. The one is proficient not only in embellishing the head and beautifying the countenance divine, but in all the accomplishments of a finished gentleman; the other is a mere Jaw Scavenger, employed to remove the rubbish."

Whereupon the jaw-scrapers doubtless retired in great confusion, unwilling further to incur Sir John's righteous wrath.

For a time Huggins had a partner, one Quirk, and the two embellished the fashionables at No. 41 Pine Street. Like many another man of genius, Huggins had to be all or nothing. Quirk, Sir John felt, lacked that exquisite nicety and perfect decorum essential to the partner of the King of Barbers. So the partnership was dissolved and Huggins betook himself to grander quarters at No. 92 Broadway.

Inspired by this event, the noble Knight of the Comb summoned his private muse and burst into print with the following melody:

"J. Huggins informs all the heads in the State
Of the wonderful changes he has passed through of late;
Promoted from Pine Street's dull glimmering ray,
To the clear shining regions of stylish Broadway."

Mr. Quirk, who had stayed in "Pine Street's dull glimmering ray," retorted in sarcastic allusion to the alleged stylishness of Huggins' new establishment, even hinting that a stable was very near the Emperor's shop. Henceforth the former partners expressed great contempt each for the other.

A chain of barber shops operating in New York today make a feature of the rule that their barbers do not engage in superfluous conversation. Huggins believed in talking over the news and scandal of the day with his aristocratic patrons, but he did not want a loutish assistant to annoy his distinguished customers. In *The Morning Chronicle* of July 19, 1805, he accordingly inserted this notice:

"Wanted—a decent journeyman who has some taste, some manners and is untainted with that most despicable impurity, generally designated slack gab."

It is quite possible that the successful applicant for this position was the same wretch who treated Huggins so despicably. After serving as assistant to the Honorable Huggins and absorbing all the advertising and tonsorial methods practised by the master, this individual opened up a hair parlor for himself. The proprietor, so he announced, was no less than Don Emanuel Antonia De Biscarolaza. Don Emanuel informed a bearded Manhattan that he executed "the buckish scratch, the legal twig, the parsonic curl, the philosophic twist, the medical friz" and a variety of other styles in mustaches and wigs.

The Don was a rogue, though a clever one. *Valentine's Manual of Old*



"Superficial observers will not readily discover the distinction between a Knight of the Comb and a Barber. The one is a finished gentleman; the other a mere Jaw Scavenger."

*New York* remarks that his talents included "the insolvents shift," for Don Emanuel shortly vanished, leaving a number of well-lathered creditors.

However, upstarts came, had their day and went, however the people went after strange gods, Huggins continued resplendent. After the Don's departure the Emperor trumpeted:

"Still Huggins remained unmoved, unaltered; while transient meteors glare and disappear, he still shines forth, steady and uneclipsed, the grand planet of the frizzing world."

"Oh stranger turn, thy beard forego—
Rough beards and queues are wrong,
Man wants but little hair just now,
Nor wants that little—long."

It was merely in a kindly spirit of helpfulness that the King of Barbers informed the world of the true facts about his attainments.

The *Evening Post* of May 30, 1806, carried one of Huggins' most inspired ukases. Throwing false modesty into the Hudson, the Emperor announced:

"Hail Columbia! Blissful Empire to possess at once the institutes of Freedom and the Blandishments of a Huggins! To call him a mere Frizeur would be ungenerous and unjust; he is infinitely more; he is the arbiter elegantiarum and knows that taste, like virtue, dwells between extremes. When he poses his scissors every inconsonant hair trembles at the approaching destruction."

Tooth pastes are a modern invention which our ancestors did without. In early colonial times they scoured their teeth with some such mixture as "Mr. Ferenes rare Dentifrice" which was made according to this prescription:

"First, take eight ounces of Oris roots also four ounces of Pumicestone, and eight ounces of Cutel Bone also eight ounces of Mother of Pearl, and eight ounces of Coral, and a pound of Brown Sugar Candy and a pound of Brick if you desire to make them red; but he did often make them white, and then instead of the Brick did take a pound of fine Alabaster; all this being thoroughly beaten and sifted the powder is then ready to make up into a past (paste)."

Probably the Knight of the Comb sold concoctions like the above, for in the *Oracle and Advertiser* of Feb. 9, 1808, he strummed his lyre to this tune:

"Dressing cases—Rouge for faces,
Oil antique, to make hair thick;
Windsor soap, fit for the Pope;
Eau de Cologne, pulverised bone,
Milk of the rose, brushes for clothes,
Blacking for shoes, papers with news,
And other small articles that make a sum
For I dabble in all and am merry and rum,
And 'tis heigh ho! for Johnny Huggins O,
At eve by the fire, like jolly good cock,
When my days work is done and all over,
I tipple, I smoke and I wind up the clock,
With my sweet Mrs. Huggins on clover."

At this late day it is impossible properly to choose the advertisements which Huggins wrote and those for which his collaborators are responsible. He, or his literary accomplice, described this contribution to the world of letters as:

"Exposing the art of making a noise in the world, without beating a drum or crying oysters, and shewing how, like Whittington of old, who rose from nothing to be Lord Mayor of London, a mere Barber may become an Emperor, if he has but spirit enough to assume, and talents enough to support the title."

Alas, that the *Roy de Barbers* is dead and there is no heir to the throne!

# Why I Left New York

(*Continued from page 6*)

To buy gasoline in New York and not tip the gas-line operator at least a dime entitles one to an immediate ranking of big or little stiff. In singling out one station among many thousands to which to bring your business you may have thought you were doing all that could be expected.

***My Aunt and the Taxi Driver***

You have—except for the dime. Don't forget it, Big Boy! The *free* air price, as I remember, was twenty-five cents.

Of course you don't have to do this. The street parking gouge, the gas, air and water gyp, the garage night-watchman brigandage, the apartment and hotel uniformed doorman hold-up, the dozens of other motor traps may be avoided by a little show of moral courage. "And," as Ring Lardner has remarked, "San Francisco Bay may be made of grape juice."

Every one knows that the New York taxi driver is the cheekiest of his kind. The Chicago gang have their points, I'll admit, but New York, I believe, would win by a few jammed fenders. They are the dirtiest, the most hoggish and insulting in the world. The New York taxi driver is a past master in all the scurvy tricks of the road. For blocking, cutting in, beating traffic signals, emergency stops, fancy skids terrifying passengers and pedestrians alike, and general all-round dirty work, he is in a class by himself.

My elderly aunt from Cleveland, arriving at the Grand Central Station, took a taxi five blocks to her hotel. The fare was fifty cents and standing on the curb she tipped the driver a dime.

"Hey, lady, don't you ever give a real tip?" complained the driver.

At another time my wife and her mother were taxi shopping. One of the between-store trips was so short the meter did not budge from its first reading of thirty cents. On leaving the cab my wife gave the driver forty cents. As he drove away he placed his thumb to his nose. They are brave boys, these taxi buckaroos, in their dealing with women.

Here in the Middle West to own and drive a motor car is a pleasure. The gas and oil stations are clean and sprightly. Many of the employes are university boys. To see that your windshield is clean, that you have air and water, is an important part of their service. They are conversational and cheery. About one thing only are they obstinate. They won't accept tips. It's the same with the men at the garage.

***Intelligentsia Explores Slavic Art***

But this Middle Western courtesy and friendliness may be all wrong. It has the definite effect of spoiling one for New York. I, for example, would never drive my own car there again. I rather would save up and get an armored truck!

My New York relatives who say one can't see a good show outside of New York—although the bad ones I saw there were in a vast majority—also are firm in the opinion that, excluding Boston, certainly, and Philadelphia, possibly, no other city in the United States (except New York) is culturally civilized. They refer mostly to books, music, painting and conversation. The last is by no means least.

I think this is an exaggeration. It has been my observation that more first-rate American writing is done outside of New York than in it. The obfuscatory point is that as the great publishing center sooner or later most writing celebrities visit New York. But they don't work there. Indeed some of them whose royalties would permit them to write and live where they chose have assured me the last place they would choose in which to labor would be New York.

As the focal point of publication, New York has a lusty corps of critics, second-raters, hacks, log-rollers and literary politicians who beat the tom-tom of letters so loudly that sheer noise sometimes misleads the casual observer into believing someone has something to say. Many of this so-called intelligentsia are quite clever; almost all are superficial.

Through easily discernible influences in the past decade there has been a yearning for the importation or imitation of Slavic art, although, speaking broadly, almost anything that isn't American will do. Not that the intelligentsia chooses to explore Slavic art at its source. They merely want it on the half-shell.

***New York Has Drawbacks for Athletes***

I should say that since the general public in the Middle West could never understand their stuff anyway, it wouldn't matter much what these oracles said or thought. And yet it goes a little deeper. If the attitude of these critics *can* affect literary tendencies, some harm is conceivable. There will be too many books going the rounds with the sad note which has come to be so greatly admired in the foreign opus.

The contradictory thing about this is that life in America is not sad no matter what it may be in Russia. And it is an amusing fact that while these young literary revolutionists deplore much that is American, they never feel sorry for themselves. Possibly it has not occurred to them that the objects of their pity do not feel sorry for themselves, either. Thus, while the intelligentsia almost weeps at the mention of a Rotary Club, they perhaps have not had it called to their attention that they themselves are led by a few bell-cows, more sheep-like in their opinions than any Rotarians I have ever met.

There is no part of the Middle West today in which a man may not obtain the best in literature. And he will find more time to read. He can read with less of preconceived prejudice, with less of abominable bustle and bunk.

At the most, culture as an active entity can occupy the ordinary mortal but a small part of each day. I can have opera of Chicago excellence after a few hours' motoring. The art galleries available satisfy my not too sound taste in oils. If any play achieves real distinction it will be out our way sooner or later. The bookshop in our little city is a gem, its proprietor the soundest critic of letters I ever have met. This satisfies your average Middle Westerner culturally.

The terrific inconvenience of living in New York impinges again in the matter of athletics. Here in the Middle West if my telephone rings at two o'clock and at the other end of the line old Bill Jones wants to know how about it, the chances are bright that William and I will be in the locker room of our club at twenty minutes after

two and that at two-thirty we will be driving away from the first tee.

In New York golf was an assassin of time. I happened to belong to a club on Long Island which by rather rapid driving one could reach in one hour and a half from 42nd Street and Fifth Avenue. Three hours were shot in traveling every day I played golf. On those days I was invariably late for dinner or failed to arrive for it at all.

***Little Mary Runs on the Grass***

If, as a bachelor, I had been willing to believe that New York had some advantages, after I was married I could concede it few. I think sometimes that I subconsciously determined to go back to the Middle West on that memorable day—for me—when the park policeman blew his whistle at my fourteen-month-old daughter.

She had learned to walk then and her dad had received the pleasant assignment of taking her to Central Park for an airing. After the zoo and the merry-go-round had been duly visited, Mary's father found an empty bench and, sitting down, began to read. He was dimly aware a moment later of a vigorous blast from a police whistle. Thinking, perhaps, that it was merely another case of an East Side gunman doing his stuff, Mary's dad continued to read. Thereupon the blast was repeated and there was no mistaking an angry note in it. Or if I had mistaken it, the ensuing invitation to "get that kid off'n that grass" could have left me no longer in doubt.

I looked about and, sure enough, Mary had strayed about ten feet off the walk onto the City of Greater New York's grass. So I got her off'n it. I didn't blame the policeman. New York's police force is one of the finest things about the town.

But on the way home I got thinking that I hadn't been raised in a public park like a deer, a goldfish or a water lily, and I didn't see why Mary should be. In my early fiction Central Park had furnished fascinating atmosphere, but here again on the human side I found it heavily loaded with that foreign touch which is seven-

***I Still Live in the Middle West***

tenths a part of New York. Hundreds of brown-eyed kids, better dressed than those of the East Side, guarded by bored-looking governesses and unmistakably not Middle West American.

As Mary grew older, my mental indictment of New York from a Middle Westerner's viewpoint grew stronger. Several of my friends had suffered sudden nervous breakdowns. I was doing better financially in my line than I ever had done. I could not hope to do so well in the Middle West. I would have to abandon certain dreams if I left New York. Yet if some I knew, whose dreams more or less had come true, could be taken as examples, what, after all, was I abandoning? In the Middle West, on less, wouldn't we get more of what I have come to believe are the worthwhile things of life?

My wife, herself a Middle Westerner, was overjoyed. My boss, a New Yorker, thought I was kidding him. If I wanted a raise why hadn't I spoken of it?

"I don't want a raise," I replied. "If I am mistaken about the Middle West I should appreciate it if I could come back here to work. It may be I am wrong about this thing and am merely chasing the ideals of my youth."

"You are," he said. "I'll expect you back in three months."

That was two years ago and I am still in the Middle West.

# King Cotton Goes West

THE devastating presence of the boll weevil throughout the vast Southern cotton belt, particularly in the low alluvial lands of the Old South, and the inability to control its activities except in isolated cases, have caused the growers of cotton to search for new lands to cultivate.

Ever since the great Llano Estacado of Texas and New Mexico was opened to agricultural development, there has been a widespread belief that cotton could not be grown on such a high plateau, where the altitude is anywhere from 2,500 feet to 3,500 feet, where the spring is backward and the frost is early, and where the conditions generally were not favorable to the cultivation of cotton, which is a far more delicate plant than most people imagine. But in the last two years this belief, unfounded as a matter of fact, has been shattered completely, and today King Cotton is rapidly taking over an entirely new domain—a magnificent stretch of country containing thousands of square miles of rich agricultural lands as level as a billiard table, with an ocean of clear sparkling water a few feet under the surface.

In the last few years many sections of the Panhandle-Plains region of Texas, an empire two hundred miles wide and four hundred miles long, hitherto devoted strictly to cattle raising and grain growing, has acquired the cotton fever that is reminiscent of the oil booms or gold rushes.

Out of all the welter of asseveration and doubt with respect to cotton production on the higher altitudes of the Plains region, one fact emerges triumphant: The boll weevil cannot hibernate there, and it cannot withstand the hot, dry months of the growing season.

The Plains have produced tens of thousands of bales of cotton, and from all that may be deduced from past experience they will go on producing it with only the general Southern average of crop failures due to unfavorable meteorological conditions.

Those who uphold the claims of the Panhandle-Plains as a favorable cotton production area point out that in the early geographies of the West that entire stretch of country was set down as a desert, incapable of producing anything. They point to a record of twenty years of successful crop production in small grains and garden truck. They call attention to the numerous isolated areas where shallow wells have been sunk, and where water flows with a greater volume than any of the famous oil gushers of the Southwest. These facts are unmistakable, and may be verified by a brief visit to any of the counties where irrigation has been tried.

Settled for the most part by farmers from the cotton-growing areas farther east and south, the Plains region will in a few years prove one of the biggest factors in the restoration of normalcy in the production of cotton, if the predictions of the more hopeful prove justified.

One fact pregnant with possibilities to the cotton industry of the whole world sticks out like a sore thumb from the present experiments with cotton in the Plains region. If cotton growing there proves profitable—and with a growing season of around 200 days there is no climatic reason why it should not be profitable—approximately 40,000 square miles of cotton-producing land will be added to the world's acreage. Even with a yield well below the Southern average, that would have a bearing on the world's cotton production that would make itself felt throughout the globe.

It cannot be denied that considerable sections of public opinion in the Plains region look askance at the invasion of King Cotton. They see in the coming of cotton a destruction of the well-established diversity of crops, by which the region is made more or less self-sustaining. If the farmers turn from this custom to the ruinous practice of sticking to cotton as the chief crop, many well-informed men predict disaster, a disaster that has been repeated year after year in every cotton-growing section of the South.

In the public square of an Alabama town stands a monument, erected by farmers and tradesmen in loving remembrance of—his majesty the boll weevil. That billion-dollar insect had forced a diversification of crops, to the consequent financial betterment of the community. In a certain Texas county grateful farmers have erected a memorial in tribute to the scrub boar, because the scrub had shamed them into development of purebred swine. Somewhere on the plains, in future years, the armor-plated boll weevil may be immortalized in granite, in recognition of his services in carving out a new empire for the Great White Monarch.


# Does Coffee Harm You?

## Then omit caffeine

Many people know that coffee harms them. It often affects the heart and kidneys. It keeps many awake at night. Millions of coffee lovers have been forced to substitutes.

The trouble lies in the caffeine. That tasteless drug, which adds no delight, is the source of all coffee harm.

Kaffee Hag is coffee with the caffeine taken out. It is pure coffee, a delightful blend. The full flavor and aroma are intact. Even expert tasters cannot tell that anything is missing. It offers a superlative coffee which anyone may drink at any hour without a thought of harm.




Countless homes have adopted it because of its quality. The finest hotels now serve it.

If anyone in your home fears caffeine, try Kaffee Hag. Send the coupon with a dime for a 10-cup package. It will be a delightful revelation. Clip coupon now.

Mail This Today for 10-cup Sample; 10 cts.

KAFFEE HAG

1453 Davenport Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Name.....

Address.....

# Chats with Office Callers



"Detroit, for all its manufacturing prowess, is a perfect flower bed of artists, but Detroit hasn't found it out," said ***the Man Who is famous in art and literature.*** "Detroit is still in the 'old master' stage. A painting must be reminiscent of some old school to be considered respectable. It is now one of the best markets in the United States for second-rate things from Europe—the cast-offs of private homes and public galleries. Oh, a few good things come over, I grant you, but don't be gulled by the tales about American money depleting the art treasures of England—the English are too canny for that. On the other hand, England is gobbling up the best of American art, which Americans do not value simply because it is American. There will be no real art spirit in America until each city encourages its own artists, and it is pitiful how much a very little encouragement can do. Not long ago I was asked to consult an obscure young artist on behalf of a prospective purchaser. The sum proposed was $2,000. 'Oh, don't offer him $2,000,' I advised. 'The poor fellow hasn't seen $200 at one time since he has been in your town.' Art is largely a fad with some of its so-called patrons. I know of an exhibition where a society lady with a flourish offered to buy four paintings and ordered the 'Sold' tags placed on them, with her name. She reigned quite regally during the exhibition, but she refused to receive the pictures afterward. The artist had lost his chance for a year. If they had been 'old masters,' she would have taken them gladly, however atrocious they might have been. Even the newspapers of your town will not interest themselves in the work of struggling artists for fear of 'advertising' them. No, I cannot give your city any credit until its people—not necessarily the rich who can buy, but the plain people who can feel—begin to give attention to the true and unselfish artists working in their midst. Their very spirits are worth cherishing. In their very failure of 'success' they are worth more to your city than can ever be computed. Cannot some one do something to rouse Detroit to a knowledge of what it has in living devotees to the spirit of beauty?"

❦ ❦ ❦

We were speaking of the advantages derived from leisurely travel in foreign countries. I expressed my desire to take my boys to Europe when they arrive at the ages of fifteen or eighteen, in the belief that the trip would be largely educational. ***The Man from the Antique Museum,*** who had lived for some time in France, agreed with me heartily.

"Get a bicycle," said he. "Each of you should have a bicycle and you will find that you can penetrate into remote districts where a car will not take you. You will see the beauties of France, Italy and Spain in a way that you will never regret. Have the boys read Washington Irving's descriptive stories of Spain and his *Sketch Book*. Also Gibbon's *Rise and Decline of the Roman Empire*. They will return home with a better groundwork than they would have if they had depended on the guidebook and sightseeing bus alone. Let them go into rural England, into the downs of Sussex and the wolds of Yorkshire in May when the fruit trees are in bloom and the undulating landscape is fragrant and white with blossoms. By all means they should cycle into the Highlands of Scotland, among the tarns and waterfalls of the historic northland. Then there is Wales, with its mountains and mines, the chalk cliffs of Dover, historic Cornwall. At slight expense you can travel the canals of Holland and Belgium and view the quaint old-world cities and villages at first hand. You will find the natives happy to assist you in every way though they know not a word of English. Too many Americans view Europe on a time-table basis. Monday they will see St. Paul's, Tuesday, the British Museum (and one could spend a month profitably there), Wednesday the Abbey and so on through each country. Take your time whether you are in the rural districts or in the cities. As a means of first-hand education it is perfect; much better than getting it from books. The history of the World War is interesting, but how much more impressive is a view of the Trench of Bayonets? The beauties of Southern France are incomparable if you but have the time to enjoy them and are not on a hard and fast schedule."

❦ ❦ ❦

"No," repeated ***the famous Writing Man,*** "I don't like these 'literary colonies' very well. They are ingrowing; the members have their own little circle and they don't go outside of it; and the work they turn out shows it. So when one began to form near my New Hampshire farm, I sold the farm and moved farther back into the hills. I want to stay close to the people, to the farmers especially. The 'colony' has a tendency to draw you away from them. And then, too, the country people themselves get suspicious of you. They think you are trying to be superior, and first thing you know there is a cold reserve in their associations with you. I worked as a farmer for years and my neighbors never suspected that I wrote a line. They wondered sometimes why I stayed up so late nights, but they didn't know the real reason. And I wouldn't have them, not for the world. I valued their friendship too much."

❦ ❦ ❦

"They say that Holland is ruled by Queen Wilhelmina," said ***A Visitor from Holland,*** "but I know better; Holland is ruled by the Labor Party. The Labor Party goes into power, and then they call a strike. The Labor Government then takes pity on the poor men out of work, and pensions them. The pensions are marvelously arranged. If a man has earned five dollars a week at work, he is allowed eight dollars a week for being idle. Now, even a Dutchman will sometimes be found who prefers idleness at eight dollars to work at five dollars. The next thing is to raise the eight dollars, and so the taxes go up. When taxes go up, the people move out. That is why I am in America, and I brought my money with me. I think maybe I can live in the United States a while before they tax us out of existence here too."

❦ ❦ ❦

***The Poet dropped in and spoke of the coming of Spring*** and the return of the warm sunshine and green trees. Someone had remarked to him that it was an "old-fashioned spring."

"There is no old-fashioned spring," he contended. "Nothing in nature is old-fashioned. Things are old and still are new; they are new and still are old. The sun that shines today is the sun that Joshua commanded to stand still; and by its light Egyptians built the pyramids; and yet each day it rises to us a new sun. So with the mountains and the seas; each day the mountains are robed anew in mist or snow or verdure and ever-changing color; the seas change with every moment. We see so few springs—so very few—that they never can grow old. The present generation has strange notions about these things. It likes to talk about ideas and objects being 'old-fashioned' as opposed to those that are 'modern and up-to-date.' But much of their 'modernism' is as old as the sea. Mix up the good of every age, and it is all new. The real things are without date."

❦ ❦ ❦

"No use looking for a hidden meaning in Sinclair Lewis' rejection of the Pulitzer Prize," said ***the Newspaperman as he breezed into the office.*** "There is no hidden philosophy in it. A thousand stories on a thousand front pages of a thousand newspapers would be worth the rejection of a million-dollar prize; you couldn't begin to buy that amount of publicity for a million. And Sinc got it for a thousand! In doing so he played a better press agent caper than the one he pulled off at Kansas City. When I read about that in the papers, I expected to see a denial. But as none has come, I accept it as having occurred. The story is that Lewis, invited to speak at a church, held a watch on God. He said that he would prove to the people whether there was a God or not. So he took out his watch and gave God a minute to strike him dead. Dramatically he held the watch, and at the end of the minute he was still alive. Deity had not deigned to notice the great best seller. That's the action of a man who is drunk, crazy or just windy-headed. As press agent stuff it is so very stale—not to speak of its bad taste. Lewis hasn't very good taste anyway. He thinks his temporary spurt of fame gives him a licence not allowed to ordinary mortals. He likes to swear when he is addressing a meeting of bishops. He would think it rather original to address his hostess with the choice Babbittry—"Why, you fish, how do you get that way?" as a neat way of expressing disagreement in opinion. I understand that Lewis' next book is to deal with the Christian ministry."

# What's in a Name?

## Some Parents Seem to Think There Is a Good Deal; It May Be the Name of a Greek God, Movie Star or a Prize Fighter; But Children Have Also Their Opinion

By ALICE E. SINCLAIR
ILLUSTRATED BY EDITH GRIEVE



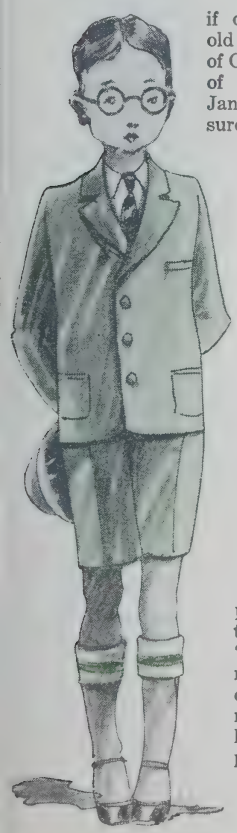
"Sk-illll-man," his mother calls in a shrill voice.

WHAT'S in a name? Do you ever ask yourself this question when you observe the Betty Jeans, the Mary Lees, the Barbara Anns, and the Emma Lous in our midst today, not to forget the Bobs, the Bills, the Dicks, and the Joes?

Some one has said that you can tell a woman's age by her name, for as styles in dress change with the seasons, so do styles in names of the fairer sex.

Call to mind the people you know whose names are: Arabella, Dorothy, Gladys, or Gwendolyn, and I will wager that you can make a fairly accurate guess as to their respective ages. Perhaps you will guess much more accurately than the ladies would answer, were they asked their ages.

Today, instead of forty little Gladyses or Dorothys within our circle of acquaintances, we find forty little Betty Jeans. Tomorrow it will be forty little "Something Elses."



Christopher Franklin Theodore Blank.

On the other hand, if one has the good old substantial name of Catherine, of Mary, of Elizabeth, or of Jane she may rest assured that it will not be her name that will tell us how old she is or is not. These are names that have, like the poor, always been with us.

In a few years or so, the Betty Jeans and Nancy Junes, that are now so popular, will have gone out along with the present styles in automobiles, and other names will have taken their places.

Do you suppose that one of these could be "Radio"? I hope not; it is a wonderful thing, but no name for a nice kid—such as all parents have.

The moral of all this seems to be this: if you are the parents of a female child, do not christen her one of these names that appear overnight and pass on the next day, if you think that she will ever be sensitive about her age.

Styles in men's names do not appear to change. There are as many Pauls, Johns, and Toms today as there were centuries ago. And anyway, men are not supposed to be sensitive about their ages. Not being a member of the stronger sex, I cannot vouch for the veracity of this supposition, but I have my doubts as to its truth in all cases.

Be this as it may, my advice is to name the youngster any decent name you like, provided the child can comfortably bear up under it, for, say, sixty to ninety years at least.

When one sees a living example of the "nut browne maide," a very dark-haired, olive-complexioned young lady, whose name he is morally certain is "Goldie," one wonders what, in the name of all that is reasonable, were her parents thinking about when they gave the girl that particular name.

It is possible that her complexion was not fully developed when she was christened, and that her raven locks had not yet appeared. She may have had an Aunt "Goldie" with looks that fitted the name, and the fond parents may have hoped that "young Goldie" would some day resemble her auntie.



The most phlegmatic mortal may answer to Annabelle.

I know by sight one of these misnamed "Goldies." This girl has a cousin, Sarah, a maiden with red-gold hair and the complexion that accompanies such hair. When these two are together, one wonders at the incongruity of the names. Why is not Sarah, Goldie, and Goldie, Sarah?

Then, there is the little man with the perfectly good name, Christopher Franklin Theodore Blank. One expects to be impressed by the personality and general bigness of the owner of such a name. What is his dismay to see that a small retiring little chap with a still more retiring little voice is the possessor of these names, once possessed by famous men.

He could be called "Frankie," but never would one desire to call him Christopher Franklin Theodore; the idea is ridiculous.

What was his mother thinking of when she named him, you wonder. (Probably of the wonderful man that she expected and hoped her little cherub would become, so to be certain that he would, she gave him the names of a "few" great men.)

Naming a child after a great and famous man is no assurance that the child will become great. Think of how many eminent and notable people there would be on earth today, if every one, or one-half the number, of those named in honor of great men were themselves great. Think of all the poor little Woodrows and the numerous young Teddies, who would have to be famous in order to live up to their names.

Many a poor helpless babe is afflicted with some queer name, such as Skillman, merely because his father, uncle or grandfather happened to possess this lovely name. Perhaps the fond parents see a family resemblance between the babe and the elder Skillman, or maybe grandfather has an oil well or two to give away some day. Again, it may be filial or brotherly love showing itself in a mere name.

But the poor helpless kid has to hear that awful name through life. He hears the hated Skillman almost every time he turns around. "Sk-illll-man," his mother calls in a shrill voice.

"Gosh, why didn't they give me a decent name, Bill or Jack," he mutters. "Sk-illll-man! Bah!"

Then he hears, "Sk-illllll-man," again in louder and shriller tones than he did the first time, so he runs toward the direction of the noise for fear the neighbors, too, will take up the call.

It's queer this one thing about names, but when you hear the name "Ann" do you not call to mind the image of an unassuming, modest, efficient little person who can usually be depended upon in any emergency? She may be beautiful or she may not be; one never thinks of her beauty or the lack of it.

And when you hear the name Annabelle do you not call to mind the image of a tall slender young "fly-

away" who has lots of pep and plenty of romance in her make-up? More often than not, this image is a beautiful one to look upon.

Yet the most phlegmatic, morose, unattractive mortal in the world may answer to the name of Annabelle, and the Ann you actually know may be several varieties in one of a young dare-devil.

When the novelist creates his dashing, brave young hero he never calls him Percy. Why? Simply because Percy does not sound dashing and brave. Exactly why it does not, I cannot say. It just doesn't; that's all. But Harry, Ted, and Jesse do sound dashing and brave, and so our hero is named some such name, as one of these.

Not so long ago a young lady got into print with the idea that a person's character is much influenced by his name. For example, a girl named Juanita would have a much more alluring personality than would one who possessed the name Martha. Juanita would be gay, romantic, and vivacious; Martha would be quiet, serious, and grave.

Juanita would demand and receive more from life than would Martha. In other words, this young woman would have us believe that we react unconsciously according to the nature of our names.

Should you follow this young lady's teachings undoubtedly you would give your little daughter the name of Suzanne, never the one of Susan; your son, the name of Donaldbain, never the one of John. But beware of this "name" psychology; you may get stung.

Some parents choose the name of a Christian saint for their child; others, that of a Greek god; others, that of a movie star; others, that of a prize fighter; others, that of a historical character; others, that of a current political character; others, that of a relative. Still others give their child a name that they admire simply for the sake of the name itself.

What's in a name? I am frank to say that I do not think there is anything in a name itself. A name may mean much to you or to me, but to the other fellow it may mean nothing more than a name.

We will continue to name our children to the end of time, just as we do today, various names for various reasons.

The names may fit or they may not, but, at least, everyone will have a name. And when all is said and done, what more is necessary than that each one of us have a good old Christian name of one sort or another, so that he can claim a personality of his own?

## Estimate of Animals and Insects

SCIENTISTS now estimate that there are 600,000 different known species of animals in the world, one of which is man. In 1830, Professor Gunther's estimate of the number of known species was 78,588. He made a list to cover those which had been discovered up to that time.

Scientists and explorers keep adding yearly to the total, and it may reach a much higher figure than at present. The number of kinds of insects is even more startling. In 1905, the naturalist, Sharper, made a list of a quarter-million insects, and at that time he declared his belief that he had listed not more than a tenth of the actual total.




ants show distinctly varying moods. On one occasion while observing the nest of *Formica rufa* in the Insect House I wished to mark some of the ants, so, choosing a time when there were a number feeding on raw meat, I placed a dab of Chinese white on the thorax of six major workers. The paint was so thick that each ant was lifted into the air on the tip of the brush. Five of the six were quite unmoved by this treatment, and when restored to *terra firma* continued feeding as if nothing had happened; but one, on the contrary, showed deep resentment, and ran round with jaws wide open looking very fierce, and threatened all the workers in the neighborhood. Suspicion fell on one worker which passed carrying another worker to a special piece of work (as is the habit of this species), and the indignant ant followed them, touching them repeatedly with her antennae. Finally, as these threats were unheeded, she seized the burdened ant by the leg, and the latter was obliged to set down her load and menace the quarrelsome creature with her jaws before she could proceed with her own business. All six ants had received precisely the same treatment, but only this one resented it.

* * *

as showing that politics are the same the world over, here is a Tokyo dispatch:

The fifty-first session of the Japanese Imperial Diet differs from previous ones in that the fights were very few, but it beats any others for the number of scandals, big and small, that it has had to debate.

The greatest of these scandals was that in which General Baron Tanaka, today head of the Seiyukai party and formerly a Minister of War, is charged with having peculated millions of yen belonging to what is popularly termed the "secret chest of the War Office." Along with General Baron Tanaka is also implicated General Yamanashi who, too, was a former Minister of War.

Yukio Ozaki, at one time Minister of Education, made one of the finest speeches he has yet done in which he accused General Baron Tanaka and General Yamanashi of having used the major part of the War Office's secret chest for the electioneering fund of the Government of that time.

"I was once a Cabinet Minister under the late Count Okuma, and so I know something about the expenditure of secret funds. I used such a fund, amounting to Yen 150,000, which was set entirely at my discretion. The main purpose of our Siberian Expedition was to rescue the Czecho-Slovak soldiers, and there was no formidable enemy that we had to deal with. Field-Marshal Count Terauchi used only Yen 3,000,000 as secret funds during the Russo-Japanese War, but General Baron Tanaka used the huge amount of Yen 24,000,000 during the intervention in Siberia. How was that fund spent? It is a fact that there was a dissolution of the Diet when the late Premier Hara was steering the ship of state. It is a fact, then, Baron Tanaka was Minister of War. Now dissolution of the Diet means a general election and general elections in this country are costly luxuries. I am inclined to believe that there is a connection between all this and the expenditure of this vast amount of the nation's money."

There are also freaks in all kinds of politics. One Japanese solon finds a day's publicity in denouncing foreign dancing. The Tokyo dispatch continues:

One Japanese champion at least has taken up the cudgels on behalf of foreign dancing in Japan which the exemplary solons of the Diet want to put in the crime category through legislation. Writing with an irony that would have graced Jonathan Swift, he enumerates the total number of fights the Diet has enjoyed, the number of cracked heads, the number of sprained wrists, the costs to the taxpayer that these fights have caused and the number of hospital beds that had to be given to Diet rowdies. He then asks why the members are unable to see the wisdom of securing legislation that will make fighting in the Diet as criminal an offence as fighting in a public thoroughfare.

"Our parliamentary representatives," he writes, "are a magnanimous lot. The reason why they want to have legal restrictions on modern dancing is 'to preserve the good manners and beautiful national customs of the Japanese.' Hurrah! Then, calling names and fighting like Billingsgate women in the Diet must surely be good manners and beautiful national customs! Which is more detrimental to the good manners and beautiful national customs of the Japanese—dancing or these shameful Diet brawls?"

The writer then goes on to point out that it is the custom for high officers and Diet members to congregate in *machai* (houses of assignation) there to talk State affairs while a group of questionable women pour saké and listen, or to plot party feuds. "This, no member of the Diet can deny," he goes on, "and the public knows that it is here that the scheming is done, that the plans are discussed to buy off someone from the other side. Perhaps," he adds sarcastically, "a pretty *geisha* is thrown in to make the offer more tempting. All these, of course, are done in accordance with the 'good manners and beautiful national customs of the Japanese.'"

*The International Jew* in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set $1. THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN.

# Gadzooks! They Were Gallants Gay

(*Concluded from page 13*)

Paris, gave entertainments of fabulous magnificence . . . The general would not




admit the presence, at these far-famed balls, of any woman whom Nature had not gifted with exquisite outline and well-rounded form."—*Confessions*, Arsene Houssaye, 1867.

"The Turban Bearer to the Grand Signior holds a very conspicuous place in several of the grand processions of the Sultan, who has always two turbans carried before him. They are placed on a sort of tripod and borne in the right hand by the two officers appointed for that purpose. This ceremony, which at first only originated for the purpose of giving the Sultan an opportunity of changing his turban, if he chose, has now become a matter of ostentation. And as different officers of state and others pass them, they make a most profound reverence, while the Turban Bearers take care to incline the turban a little to the right or left as they receive the homage . . . All pay the most humble respect to the sultan's turbans, which are very rich, and ornamented with feathers."—*Picturesque Representation of the Dress and Manners of the Turks*, 1814.

Eighteenth century—Joseph Browne, with a slim waist like a young maid of honor's, wrapped his shrunk shanks in a name in an Indian banyan, and wore three pairs of thick stockings when he walked abroad."—*Two Centuries of Costume*, Alice Morse Earle.

"I wore my russet-brown greatcoat, vulgarly termed the overcoat, my pearl white London hat, and I carried with a certain Fifth Avenue swank an ivory-knobbed cane.

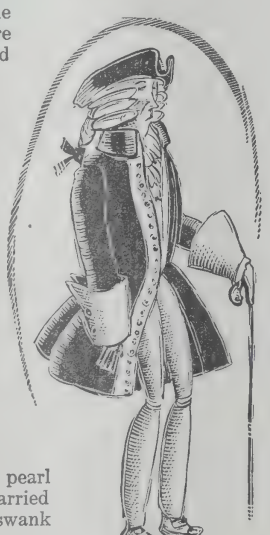
"As the final 'wow' I wore a zebra-striped collar. It was the one that caused a dowager at a theatrical first night to lift her lorgnette at me from a box and exclaim, 'Fawncy!' I'll say it is. Also giddy."—*White Light Nights* by O. O. McIntyre.

"He (the Duke of Newcastle) accoutres his person according to the fashion, if it be one that is not troublesome and uneasy for men of heroic exercises and actions. He is neat and cleanly; which makes him to be somewhat long in dressing, though not so long as many effeminate persons are. He shifts ordinarily once a day, and every time when he uses exercise, or his temper is more hot than ordinary.

"In his diet he is so sparing and temperate, that he never eats or drinks beyond his set proportion, so as to satisfy only his natural appetite; he makes but one meal a day, at which he drinks two good glasses of small beer, one about the beginning, the other at the end thereof, and a little glass of sack he also uses in the morning for his breakfast, with a morsel of bread. His supper consists of an egg and a draught of small beer. And by this temperance he finds himself very healthful, and may yet live many years, he being now of the age of seventy-three."—*Life of the Duke of Newcastle*, written by his Duchess. (Reign of Charles I.)

"Since they moved to the Riverside apartment, Jimmy had also been living with them. Minnie loved his happy companionship; he was looking very smart now in the suits she was buying him, derby, spats and cane. On his birthday, Minnie had given him a silver cigarette case and Jimmy had bought himself a long amber holder. He always wore a silk monogrammed handkerchief in the pocket of his coat and carried chamois gloves. The only work he did was to call for Minnie at the studio and take her out to dinner and dancing almost every evening."—From *Minnie Flynn* by Frances Marion, 1925.

A Turk in a Pelisse—"These robes, called pelisses, are now very generally worn even in Constantinople. The common artificers, soldiers, and countrymen, not only have pelisses of lamb or sheep skins, of the furs of cats, or squirrels, &c. which they wear in winter, but also made of the skins of wild foxes and hares; the latter are generally worn by the common citizen: the price of these varies according to the colour, quality, and length of hair. The ermine, the common marten, the white fox, but particularly the sable, are found in the wardrobes of rich and distinguished people.



"The Turks very often change their outside habits at different seasons of the year, and it is never the business of fashion, but etiquette, to assume, or leave off, the various robes. The days are fixed every year by the Sultan. The day he changes his sort of fur which is generally on Friday, when he goes to the mosque, an officer of the seraglio goes in form to the Grand Vizier's, and acquaints him of it; when the whole court immediately do the same."—*Picturesque Representation of the Dress and Manners of the Turks*, 1814.

At the time of the American Revolution—"The face was of course clean shaved; and the hair powdered and cued. Stores of flour and tallow for the hair of the common soldiers were issued to each company; each man was allowed a half a pound a week. Those whose hair was not long enough had false cues of chamois leather with a tuft of hair at the end which was spliced or fastened on in some way . . . Sometimes a whole company, as of gunners, would wear false cues of strong black leather which were cleaned and polished with the shoes. When whiskers were allowed a string was stretched from one ear through the lips to the other ear; all the beard below the string was shaved."—Alice Morse Earle.




"The flappers dabbed the Prince of Washington Square affectionately on his back, and two of them were brazen enough to osculate him on his rubicund jowls, much to his social contretemps . . . Most of the cake-eaters and flappers were collegians, and the rest were seniors in high school. The cake-eaters wore their stylish hats, becoming light suits, odd-coloured vests and heavy brogues. Whenever the cake-eaters were financially embarrassed—and that occurred quite frequently, due to their extravagant habits—they would coax their flapperish friends out for a ramble through the park."—From *The Prince of Washington Square* by Harry Liscomb, 1925.

At the Follies on the Opening Night—"The high spots: Heywood Broun, the critic, on the aisle spurning the conventional dress. Ray Long, the magazine editor, in his celebrated plush-trimmed dinner jacket. Frank Munsey in full evening regalia. Dolly Madison, the society reporter, his cherubic face abeam. For Dolly is really Morrie Paul, who has a triple-ply social standing. Reggie Vanderbilt and his white silk vest. Gene Buck and his merry greeting."—*White Light Nights*, by O. O. McIntyre.

"The characteristic long hair of the men was apparently sometimes coiled up on the top of the head, but, even when the wearer was engaged or about to engage in active work, it was ordinarily worn hanging down the back to the waist or below it, usually loose, sometimes in plaits or curls. On the head fantastic knots of curls, like those of the women, were often worn—the 'horns' of which Paris was so proud. This coiffure was as characteristic of the Bronze Age Cretans as was the waist cloth . . . " an appearance as distinctive and as characteristic of racial custom as the shaven heads, wigs, and white garments of the Egyptians, or the oiled locks, beards and parti-coloured robes of the Semites, their contemporaries.—*Ancient History of the Near East*, about 2000 B. C., H. R. Hall.

# Hunting Strange Things

## Walter M. Cline's Quaint Quests

By HARRY



Walter M. Cline at work in a historic spot.

WHEN it comes to picking a hobby, most men are skittish about getting away from the fashion. They round up canes, as an instance, or bits of peculiar china, or one of a dozen things that could be mentioned without giving very much thought to the subject. So that taking a mass view of these quirks, they're sort of humdrum—they bunch too much around the same things.

Walter M. Cline, however, struck out into a clear field when he took on a fad. Off and on throughout the past twenty years, he has been ranging the mountains of Tennessee and the Carolinas, running to earth a lot of strange things that found their last refuge there, as well as a lot of other strange things that naturally flourish in these highlands. Whatever Mr. Cline found, he recorded it in both still and motion pictures. And he's still at it.

Now that's his hobby. A colorful crochet, looking at it from the outside. But taking the hide off, to an ordinary observer, it shows up to be more of a back-breaking, leg-straining job than it is a hobby, because Mr. Cline's hunting grounds are the most rugged country east of the Rockies. The things he seeks are hidden in the most inaccessible places. The greater part of the time, there is no other way to transport his food and camping equipment, as well as his photographic paraphernalia, except upon his own back, and upon the backs of two or three mountaineers, who have been his rambling companions from the beginning. Climbing the steep sides of mountains; slipping and sliding—that's the job end of the hobby.

A hobby loaded with adventure, to boot. For instance, an occasional avalanche carries Mr. Cline down a mountain side, and now and then it slams him against a tree by way of stopping his descent somewhere between peak and valley.

"There are a lot of animal characters back yonder in the mountains, and everybody knows them, sometimes by sight, but generally by their tracks, and the uncanny ways in which they elude both hunters and traps," said Mr. Cline on a recent rainy afternoon that was made to order for talk. "Putting the hours together that I've spent trying to get photographs of these animal characters while they were doing some typical thing in what you might call their own front yard, I suppose the hours would count into months of time.

"The character I paid the most attention to for a while," he continued, "was a tremendously big bear. Everybody in the mountain knew about him. Every hunter wanted the honor of 'getting' that bear, so he was forever being chased. But every hunter failed to 'get' him, because the bear was too canny for even the most experienced hunters.

"Now I didn't want to kill the bear, but I did want to get his picture while he was at home, so to speak, and doing something bearlike. One autumn I camped for a week near a big thicket that was one of the bear's hangouts. Every morning, I'd take my rifle and camera, and food sack, and scout around for that bear. And I'd stay out until it was too dark to take pictures. Sometimes, I'd get a long way from camp.

"One morning, about ten o'clock, I thought I'd located the bear. In the excitement of the moment, I dropped my rifle and food sack, and edged around the thicket to a point where I could take a motion picture. I got set, and was on the alert for the bear to come within range of the camera—when a pack of wild hogs came along. Now they're dangerous. They'll kill you if they have a chance, and likely eat you in the bargain. The leader of the hog pack stopped, looked at me, and I looked at him. Then he lunged at me. The pack followed. I let go the camera and climbed a tree. I wasn't close enough to my rifle to get it. Nor could I get my food sack.

"The hogs circled the tree, champing and frothing at the mouth, even attempting to climb it. It wasn't a very big tree, and I was afraid they'd either shake me out of it, or the limbs would break, and I'd go tumbling down into that wild, squealing mass. I managed to hold on, however, and the limbs didn't break. After a while, the hogs settled down around the tree, evidently waiting for me to make the next move. I couldn't. I thought, though, they'd leave in a little while, so for a time I rather enjoyed the adventure.

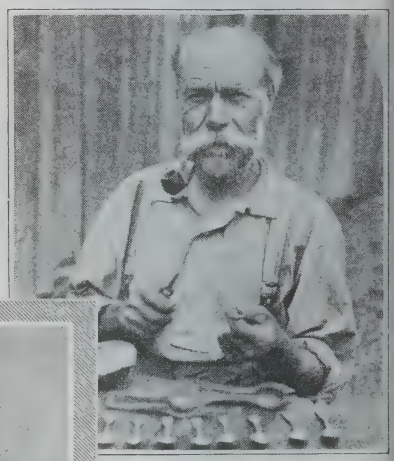
"But the day wore on, and the hogs hung around, eyeing me, and grunting. Night came, and they remained. It was cold weather, and I began to grow numb. I wanted to go to sleep, but didn't dare, for fear I'd fall out of the tree. And I was hungry. I yelled until I was hoarse, but I was too far away from camp to make myself heard.

"Well, that was the longest night I ever put in. When I didn't get back to camp at dark, the men who were with me started out to see what had happened. Of course, they all took the wrong directions. It was broad daylight when I heard them yell, and I answered. The hogs were still in the vicinity of the tree, waiting for me to come down. When the men got there, they began shooting, and the hogs ran away."

"And how about the picture of the bear?" was the natural question.

"I never got another chance at him."

The strongest impression one gets when





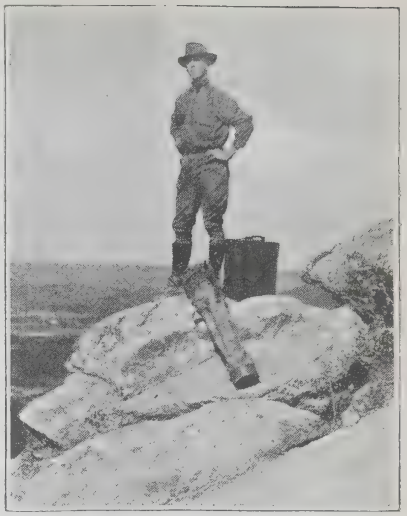


Above—Finishing the spoons. Center—The weekly "wash." Note the small kettle for heating water and the "dug out" laundry tub. Below—"Venus flytrap," the plant with a brain, and whose every leaf is a stomach.

# —Spoons, Pitcher Plants

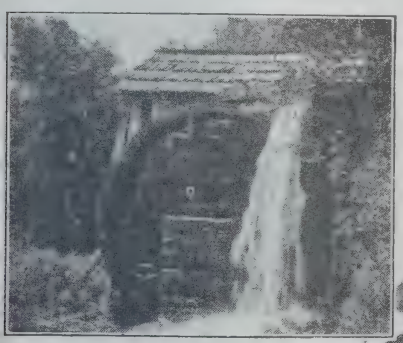
## Discoveries in Queer Corners

E. BARNET



Mr. Cline scouting for "locations."

he sees the results of Mr. Cline's hobby is that it has turned him out, a finished specialist in spookiness, for the films are run in the darkened living room of his home, which is situated in a little clump of pine forest, near Chattanooga, Tennessee. The structure is built of peeled pine logs and poles, cut down to provide the site for the home. The cracks between the logs and poles are chinked with concrete. Partition walls between the rooms are of like construction. The primitive character of both exterior and interior walls has not been lessened nor destroyed by any covering. There is a gigantic fireplace in the living room. On cool days, and throughout the winter, it is half-filled with blazing pine chunks. In a chimney corner is a Dutch oven —a primitive, and once highly thought of,



baking and roasting affair that is nothing more than an iron pot, with a tight-fitting lid. When it is filled with sweet potatoes, by way of illustration, and the lid securely fastened, the oven is covered with live coals. In a short time, the potatoes are roasted.

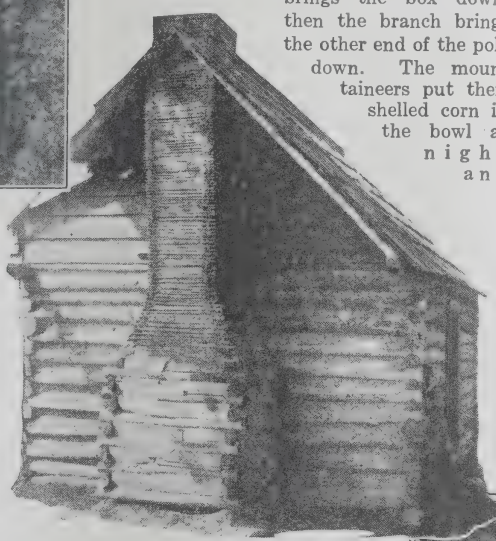
"We have all the modern conveniences," Mr. Cline explained, when the Dutch oven came in for attention, "but they're kept in the background as much as possible, because we want to preserve the pioneer look of our home. My kiddies think there is no food that tastes quite so good as the bread that is baked in the Dutch oven, nor the sweet potatoes roasted in it. So we use it in every way we can."

Old rifles—dozens of them—hang on pegs driven into a wall of an offset from the living room. Flintlock guns, ancient pistols, powder horns, some of them fantastically carved by Indians; hunting knives—and each member of this collection has its romantic story. Bear pelts, with the heads attached, and the pelts of other animals of the mountains, are scattered on the floor. Books, printed along in the 1820's, the 1830's and the 1840's, fill a row of shelves, themselves resting upon pegs driven into the walls.

There was the old pounding mill. Men built it before one's eyes. A log, about two-thirds the height of a man, was set upright near a small waterfall. The upper end of the log was hollowed, to form a bowl. Near the log, a post was driven into the ground, and a long pole was pivoted on the post. Dangling by a strip of rawhide from the end of the pole nearest the hollowed log was a short, heavy branch of a tree, which overbalanced that end of the pole, and caused it to drop the heavy branch into the bowl, like a teeter-totter with a small boy on one end, and nothing on the other. Then a shallow box was built with one end left open, and attached to the far end of the pole. The box came beneath the waterfall. The mill was ready for business.

A bag of shelled corn was poured into the bowl of the upright log. Water slowly filled the shallow box, and brought down that end of the pole. The water ran out of the box at the open end of it, the other end of the pivoted pole went down, and the dangling branch thudded upon the shelled corn in the log-end bowl.

"That game of teeter-totter between the heavy branch and the water goes on and on," said Mr. Cline. "First, the water brings the box down, then the branch brings the other end of the pole down. The mountaineers put their shelled corn in the bowl at night and





Above—An old overshot water wheel. Center—A mountain home, showing its carcfully constructed wooden chimney. Below—Where three states meet, Alabama, Georgia and Tennessee.

by morning the branch has crushed it into meal—coarse meal, it is, but it makes wonderful corn bread."

As proof, the next bit of history one sees is a mountain woman, mixing the corn meal, and putting it in a Dutch oven to bake. From the looks of the bread after it is taken out of the oven, one has missed a good deal if he never has tasted corn bread, made from meal hammered out in a pound mill, and baked in a Dutch oven.

Probably the best notion of the ingenuity of these pioneer people is gained from a lathe, used in turning out rungs for chairs. A springy sapling is bent down, and a long strip of cowhide, with the hair left on, is attached to the top of the sapling. The other end of the cowhide is attached to a foot pedal. A crude bench, chopped out of a log, holds the rough piece of timber that is to be fashioned into a chair rung. The cowhide strip is given a turn or two around the timber, the foot pedal is depressed, and when the pressure is removed, the sapling flies back as far as the strip will permit. The piece of timber revolves; and by keeping up this sort of movement that is like one-pedal-bicycling the cowhide strip finally turns out a piece of work that is as smooth as a peeled onion. Other lathes are simple contraptions, made from abandoned wagon wheels.

Again, one sees spoons made of pewter. It is melted in a small pot, set in the ashes of a fireplace. The molten metal is poured into molds, and in a jiffy the two halves of the molds are separated, and there is a spoon. It has a tip at the bowl-end, where the metal was poured in, and this tip must be trimmed off with a knife.

Along with spoon making, there's candle making, carried on in the same manner that candles were made in the days of Washington. Twelve candles are molded at one time, in tubes. The wicks are twisted wool.

All the steps of basket-making are shown in the films, from the first selection of oak, made along the stream; the small trees felled and carried into mountain homes, where they are sliced into ribbons, and the making of a basket begins, on to the completed basket, made from green wood-rib-

bons, so that when it dries the basket contracts, and becomes almost water-tight.

Mountain sheep herders are shown; then the shearing of sheep, in which women are more expert than men; and the preparation of the wool, on to the weaving of the cloth, and, finally, the cutting out, and making of a dress, and of a man's suit of clothes.

To enumerate all of the homely things Mr. Cline has recorded with his camera, however, is out of the question. But he has also touched the spectacular, for example, in showing all of the steps of successful trapping—along with it, the education of the small mountain boy, who is shown every bit of woodscraft known to mountaineers.

*Some Wonders of the Pitcher Plant*

In later years, Mr. Cline has made a deep study of the caves of the mountain country that he has come to know so well, and he has made motion pictures of their wonders.

Quite recently, he has embarked upon a new venture—recording in motion pictures the home life of strange plants of the mountains. There is the pitcher plant. Nature provided it with an umbrella, which is hoisted and unfurled above the plant in both good and bad weather. The idea of the umbrella is this: The pitcher plant is a long tube, in which there is a sweetish fluid that attracts insects. They enter the tube, and are entangled. In the course of time, the insects are reduced to a pulp, and they are the food of the plant. The umbrella keeps rain and dew out of the tube, so that there is no interference with the working power of the sweetish lure.

The pitcher plant is a mere clod, comparatively speaking, when it comes to securing its food. It merely offers an attraction to insects, and lets them complete the job.

The plant with brains, so to speak, is the Venus flytrap, which grows in damp and sandy belts in the Carolina mountains. The film of its everyday life is another element in the spookiness that surrounds the results of Mr. Cline's hobby, for the flytrap eats bugs, caterpillars, and any member of the varieties of creeping, squirming, flying small life of the highlands. Each of the plant's leaves is a perfect stomach. When they are not digesting food, the leaves are open. A sticky substance lures the game. Within the leaves are three tiny prongs. When they are touched the first time by a struggling bug, or whatever the prey may be, nothing happens. With the second touching the leaf begins to close. There are fringes upon the edges of the leaves, which are shaped like the two halves of an oyster shell. As the leaf closes, these fringes form bars, which normally prevent the escape of anything upon which the leaf is closing.

Mr. Cline, however, was able to record a near-tragedy of the mountains, when a caterpillar made his escape after a terrific battle. The leaf showed humanlike determination, and no small amount of fighting tactics. And, by opening the leaves now and then during the process of digestion, one can see about the same process going on that goes on in his own stomach, the details of which Mr. Cline has faithfully recorded.

*Nature Carves a Likeness of Franklin*

Probably the most interesting of all of Mr. Cline's films is a series upon which he is at work, and which he says is to be a record of Nature's attempts to be human.

"She builds natural bridges, you know," he states, "and turns sculptor, as in the case of the Ben Franklin rock over here in the mountains, which she carved into a surprising likeness of Franklin."

In making these films, Mr. Cline does not merely show the completed handiwork of Nature. He has studied the manner in which they were made, and he spends hours of time attempting to show the ways in which the results came about—running water, in most cases, which carried away the softer portions of rocks, and left the outlines as they are today.

"At the present time, I'm working on a film showing the family life of ravens, and on another film which will record the old superstitions and old sayings of the mountain people," he added.

Between times, on spots where they occurred, Mr. Cline has staged motion picture revivals of historic happenings, and his children, together with Mrs. Cline, for their own amusement, are always at work upon a film or two, which show episodes of pioneer mountain life.

*Delight in Staging Historical Films*

It is not, however, until the films have been run, and the lights are turned on again in the living room of Mr. Cline's home that the tremendous patience of the man strikes one with considerable force.

"Sometimes I get an idea for a film," Mr. Cline stated, while he anxiously peered into the Dutch oven upon the hearth to see how some roasting sweet potatoes were coming along, "and it takes me two or three years to finish it.

"Lately, I've furnished quite a lot of data and material for historians, together with pictures for their books. It requires an immense amount of hunting in the mountains to get what they want, but now I'm so familiar with the country that I know about where to go to get it, and I'm the only man who has penetrated most of the inaccessible country down here with a camera.

"My kiddies delight in staging these little historical films, and since I've begun to make motion pictures of bugs and birds, it's seldom that I come home from my business in Chattanooga that they miss having a new bug for me to study. They've been stung and bitten by almost everything there is in the bug line down here in the mountains—but they enjoy their bug studies."

Putting a big chunk upon the fire, Mr. Cline said: "And the reason for this home is that we're all history fiends, and we like to live as close to the early type of it as possible."

# They Find New Ideas

(*Concluded from page 7*)

tested. Each of these concerns is hunting for young men with no manufacturing experience to come into their planning departments with fresh eyes and new ideas.

You have seen this working out at a ball game. From your seat in the bleachers you have seen much more of the game and understood it much better than the man at the bat whose sole thought was to swat the ball, or the pitcher who was occupied with the aim of fanning the batter.

A large New York banking corporation knows the value of fresh eyes and new ideas. They have engaged, at a large salary, a young man of thirty-three who is to coördinate the work of their branches and simplify many of the cumbersome details. Did they get someone for this work who had been in banking work all his life? The first he had seen of the inside workings of a bank was after he had been hired! They did not want a man for this important job who had ingrained habits of thinking about bank work.

A very peculiar thing is that one of the first changes he ordered was one that had been suggested by a twenty-two-year-old clerk eighteen months before. The young clerk's chief laughed at the proposal. It was inevitable, he thought, that for the first three days of each month the group would have to work almost twenty hours a day to summarize and verify their foreign clearances.

The outside consultant, however, without knowing what the young clerk had suggested, ordered almost exactly the same change, with the result that a fan-fold system is now used and a perpetual balance and verification is maintained with less effort than was required in the old system.

Fresh eyes!
New ideas!
USED!

Where are new ideas to be found? By looking for them, by thinking, by observing.

At a recent meeting at which the present pioneering work of the American Engineering Standards Committee was being discussed a typewriter company had half a dozen men, expenses paid. They were looking for new ideas. They always have. Result: one of the first factories in America that foreign industrialists visit.

Do you visit the farms and plants of others, not looking for things to criticize, but for new ideas? Have you found them in extension courses, at institutes, at farm bureau meetings? Have they been thought over in the quiet of the long winter evenings or while resting from the hot midday sun in summer?

Have you acquired the habit of looking for them, of testing them, of using them? If you have, then I suspect you do not complain of your business being poor.

**Secret Service Men Shadowed the President's Investigator!**

President Harding ordered the Liberty Bond Mystery cleared up—
*It never was cleared up!*

Were $100,000,000 of Liberty Bonds **Cashed Twice?**

—Next Week's—
DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

# The Abbey Theater Finds Sean O'Casey

(*Continued from page 2*)



(C) *Ewing Galloway.*

rom Act 3—*Juno and the Paycock.* Johnny Boyle, suspected of eachery to the Republicans, is taken away forcibly by two Irregulars, to be found shot the day following.

ushed behind the scenes to make inquiries. Ie learned that the actor had been in the abit of hanging the hen out of the window very night on a piece of string and that hat morning when he had hauled up the tring, the hen was gone! Thus passion and aughter go hand in hand in Ireland.

After annual performances for three ears, the Irish National Theater Society as formed and Irish actors were trained. 'hanks to the generosity of an English- oman, Miss Horniman, the society ac- uired a permanent theater building— art of which had been the Mechanic's nstitute—and a temporary subsidy. The uilding is a common, gray, rather gloomy- ooking place close to the murky Liffey nd in one of Dublin's mean streets. Part f the site had been occupied by a morgue

nd one night during a erformance of *Countess athleen* one of the actors eclared he had felt an nvisible hand clutch his houlder!

The interior of the heater can have changed ttle during the past wenty-one years, for the ociety has had hardly nough money to carry n. There are the stalls, he pit, the gallery, hard eated and tightly packed. 'he hall is high and bare. 'he naked walls are mpty, damp and red. 'here are iron rails. 'here is a strange smell, lmost the smell of dis- nfectant, a chill, cellar- ke smell. The red- eathered seats creak and oosen in the iron frames. ne shivers. Somehow in his nude, shabby air ne feels the thrilling ouch of expectation and drama, with an intensity one rarely experiences in other theaters. Here, indeed, "the play's the thing." There are no detracting luxuries or comforts to lull the mood. One is alert. One has gone to the play, not to the theater.

The gong crashes and the curtain leaps up, revealing a corner of Irish life where there is weeping and talk and laughter. One feels a cold draft from the stage—and it seems the chill clarity of Irish hills is blowing in under the doors of the cottage and through the windows.

The training of actors for the declamation of poetic drama is no easy task. Nearly all the Abbey Players had, and still have, other occupations during the day, in offices, shops, warehouses and other places, and are free only in the evenings. Salaries have of necessity been extremely low. To act in the Abbey has been essentially a labor of love. The Abbey has really only recently come into its own, for under British rule it was regarded with suspicion, and wealthy and presumably educated Dublin tended to ignore it. There was a small literary coterie of supporters, and a few bold explorers from the territories of Dublin respectability. But as the caustic poet wrote:

> "In this theater they has plays
> On us, and high-up people comes
> And pays to see things playin' here
> They'd scut and run from in the slums."

Then came the Anglo-Irish war, followed by the civil war, when it was often dangerous to be out after dark. Some nights the house would be nearly empty and the firing of blank cartridges on the stage in *Arms and the Man* would bring forth hysterical laughter from a nervous audience which would probably have to go home to the sinister orchestrations of roof sniping. But, thanks to the tenacity of Lady Gregory, W. B. Yeats and Lennox Robinson, the theater has pulled through and its position has recently been made comfortably safe by a state subsidy of £800 a year.

One of the most romantic stories in the Abbey's history is the story of the discovery of Sean O'Casey, whose *Juno and the Paycock*, with Sara Allgood as Juno, has been receiving ovations in London. The Abbey discovered Sean, as he is affectionately called, pulled him out of his Dublin tenement, and he is now hailed as the greatest Irish dramatic find since Synge.

Sean O'Casey is a workingman. For fifteen years he was what is called an unskilled laborer, working with pick and shovel on the railway, and taking any job that came along. He, like the Abbey, lives on the north side of Dublin—by far the less "respectable" side of the city. One has to cross the Liffey and penetrate those streets and squares of tenements which were, in the 18th Century, the mansions of Dublin's aristocracy, and which now are slums. He lives in the sordid, appalling Dublin where Jim Larkin became the popular god, and knows by his own sufferings the conditions in which the city's poor live.

I went to see him one morning and found him living in one room on the ground floor front of a typical and dilapidated tenement. The hall was dirty, the walls stripped and greasy, the stairs treacherous and dingy. Noises rattled and echoed like sounds in an attic. Mr. O'Casey having just got up—it was eleven-thirty in the morning—was sitting in his workaday clothes, collarless and unshaven. His thin, fair hair was standing up on end, and to my apologies for, perhaps, interrupting his work, said, "I hate work. I only write to save myself from the sin of sloth."

He has large, level eyes which narrow unexpectedly from time to time. He has a habit of tilting up his chin and looking down his face at one. He has always been a great reader and the walls of his room are lined with well-stocked bookcases. He talks lightly, drawing his prejudices and ideas from his observations of wide slum life, and laments his lack of education. He speaks with a Dublin brogue—he has scarcely been out of Dublin in his life and has never been to England—and, like a true Irishman, enlivens his sentences with fiery expletives.

Sean O'Casey told me how he was always lazy, how he hated work and would do anything to escape it, in order to sleep or read or dream or go for walks in what sun there is in Dublin. He early got into touch with the Gaelic League, and tried his hand at writing. His efforts, he declares, are the crude work of an uneducated man. But undaunted he watched and studied his fellows, and read and read, till in a spell of unemployment he began



(C) *Ewing Galloway.*

From Act 1—Members of the Boyle family, in their two-room tenement, are listening to the will left by a rich relative, bequeathing to them several thousand pounds. Through a flaw in the document, the Boyles never received the money, and were thrown into debt with merchants who advanced credit on the strength of the legacy.

to write plays and, after a considerable time, submitted three plays to the Abbey.

The Abbey is always looking out for new writers, and if it rejects a play there are three degrees of rejection. If the play is hopeless the author received a printed rejection slip. If the play is not good enough to produce but shows some skill in construction or dialog, the author receives a booklet of "Advice to Playwrights." But if the play shows exceptional promise but is nevertheless unacceptable the author receives a "reader's criticism" from Yeats or Lady Gregory. For his three plays Mr. O'Casey received "reader's criticism."

In the end, his play, *The Shadow of a Gunman*, dealing with slum life during the Black and Tan Days, was accepted, played, and eventually became a success, although on the first night—this was during the civil war—the box office took in only £13 of which the author's share was nine shillings and two pence. *The Shadow of a Gunman*, like the more brilliant *Juno and the Paycock*, is a piece of life cut clean and in the raw from the tenements. The people are O'Casey's neighbors. The conversations are true conversations. "I worked with Captain Boyle and Joxer (of *Juno*) for five years," he said. The tenement is crowded with life and character. A family of eleven are living in the next room! What appalls O'Casey is stupidity and ignorance. He sees the stupidity of the fighting between the factions, where the poor bear the brunt of the suffering. And he drives this home by his power of making us laugh one minute and cry the next. Who will forget the desperate cry of his own *Juno:*

"Ah, what can God do agin the stupidity of men!"

O'Casey knows the slum life from experience. He said with a queer sardonic gaiety, "Sure, I was so poor when I started writin' that the pen, paper and ink I used were stolen."

In his most recent Abbey production, *The Plough and the Stars*, O'Casey proves that, although he violates all the canons of dramatic law, he is sincere and stands alone among dramatists because he is himself alone.

Plays buzz in his head and he does not in the least want to write them. He refuses to go to London where he is being so lauded, and rather sweepingly condemns duchesses as empty people. But not a word against Lady Gregory, whose advice is always dinning in his ears, "Less theorizing and more characterization," for having won the power of the pen he is sometimes apt to forget he is an artist and not a preacher. To drive himself to work he has put a notice on his drab mantelpiece,

"Get on with the———play!"

The Abbey discovered him, made him possible. It is by no means a "radical" organization. At its twenty-first birthday performances there were represented all classes from titled notables, politicians and literary men, to the pit. Above all the pit, "which we love," as Lady Gregory said, "because we and they have had some little lovers' quarrels together."

Memories of *The Playboy* and *Blanco Posnet* uproars must have been passing through her mind!

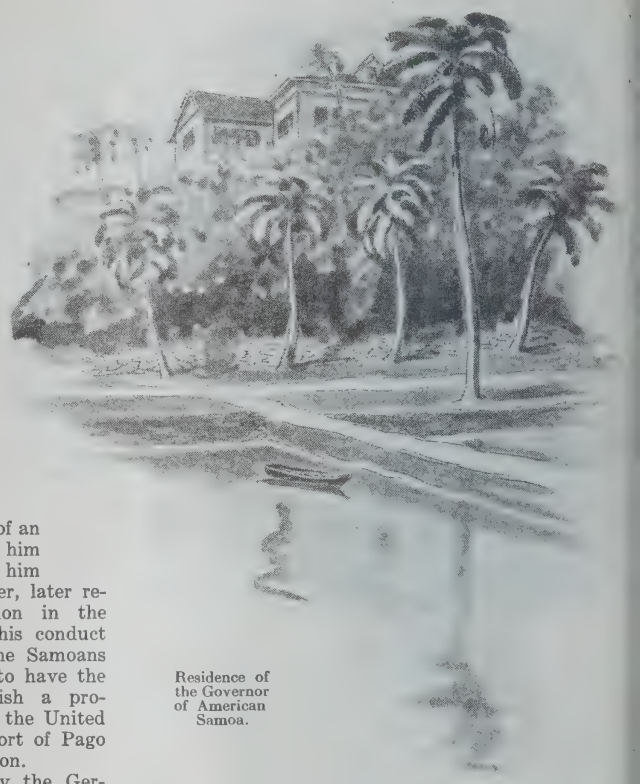
The Abbey has become an institution, an indispensable institution, with all the other fine, kindly things which stand in the rain of "dear, dirty Dublin."

# Samoa—America's South Sea Paradise

(*Continued from page 8*)

Americans were represented even then. In 1872 Samoa sought to be placed under the protection of the United States, but Congress took no action. Colonel A. B. Steinberger, a special agent of the State Department, visited the islands in 1873 and made a report on them to Congress in 1874, later returning and setting up what amounted to a dictatorship.

His rule was good, it is said, but Congress repudiated him and after two years the captain of an English gunboat took him prisoner and deported him in an arbitrary manner, later resigning his commission in the English Navy when his conduct was investigated. The Samoans renewed their efforts to have the United States establish a protectorate and in 1878 the United States accepted the port of Pago Pago for a naval station.



Residence of the Governor of American Samoa.

Seizure of Apia by the Germans in 1885 and wars among the Samoans for the next few years aroused much bad feeling and the American squadron in Samoan waters was reënforced. There were gathered menacingly in Apia Harbor, on March 15, 1889, the American ships *Trenton*, flagship of Rear Admiral Kimberly, the *Vandalia* and *Nipsic;* the German ships *Olga, Adler* and *Eber;* and the British ship *Calliope.*

While three nations waited for news of warlike moves at Apia, nature took a hand in the game. Only the *Calliope* had steam up and was ready to put to sea when one of the South Seas' most terrific hurricanes descended upon Apia, whose harbor is an open roadstead. The *Calliope* put to sea in the teeth of the hurricane and by its great power and the seamanship of its officers, rode out the storm. Of the other six great warships nothing but wreckage remained. This disaster and its appalling loss of life caused the nations to drop war talk and conclude a settlement of Samoan matters.

But the strained relations among the American, British and German residents continued and different Samoan kings were backed by them, so that turmoil lasted for another ten years before a final settlement was made in which the three powers divided the islands among themselves. In 1900 the American flag was raised over all the islands lying east of longitude 171 degrees west of Greenwich, those still held by the United States. The others were divided by the British and Germans, but the latter dropped out of Samoan affairs when the World War started, and the British turned over to New Zealand the management of all Western Samoa.

The United States, in view of the fact that its naval station here was its main reason for being in the islands, placed them under the direction of the Navy Department and the latter outlined the system of government which has worked well thus far.

The commandment of the naval station is commissioned by the President as governor of the islands. He usually serves from eighteen to twenty-four months before being replaced. He has chief power and enacts regulations which have the force of laws. The secretary of native affairs is appointed by the Secretary of the Navy. Naval officers act as sheriff, island treasurer, customs officials, public health officer and public works officer. A board of auditors, composed of three naval officers and three native chiefs, makes monthly audits of all public accounts. The mayors (*pulenuu*) of the villages are native chiefs. All the foregoing comprise the executive division of the island government.

The judicial department consists of the secretary of native affairs, under direction of the governor, acting as chief justice of American Samoa, with control over all judicial matters. There are five native judicial districts, each with a native judge. Each village has its native magistrate. The decisions of native judges are reviewed by the chief justice before final decision obtains.

The legislative department, aside from the regulations ordered by the governor, consists of an annual *fono*, which is a legislature made up of the governor, secretary of native affairs, the high chief and ten delegates from each of the island districts. The *fono* meets every October, and while its deliberations usually are ended in four or five days, it may stay in session as long as it wishes and is allowed to take up any subject whatever, whether it calls for legislative action or not.

Land ownership in the islands is almost

ntirely native and natives are not permitted to sell to aliens, Americans included. There is a small amount of "freehold land," which may be sold to white men, and the naval station site, which is the property of the United States, but otherwise the Samoan still owns his islands and will continue to do so as long as the present system lasts. Also he manages his own affairs very largely, native customs and usage being taken into consideration in every matter that comes up for executive or final court decision.

Each of the island districts has its native governor and its county chiefs, named by the governor of the islands. The district governor is usually the high chief among the natives, and is called *Faatui*, "*faa*" meaning "like" and "*tui*" meaning "king" or "ruler." When a high chief dies, his family names his successor, usually a close relative, but not always. The Samoan family frequently adopts men, women and children into it, and its system seems intricate to the outsider.

Besides the high chiefs there are the "talking chiefs" and the plain chiefs. Talking chiefs are men of ability and represent the high chiefs in all matters requiring diplomacy. In olden days it was the high talking chief who declared war, and in many ways his position was more important than that of his nominal superior.

## Court Without a Sheriff

(*Concluded from page 4*)

most widely discussed advisory opinion of the court was that attending the Eastern Carelian case. Finland and Russia, being at war, concluded a treaty which left Eastern Carelia, on the Russo-Finnish border, in the possession of Russia. At the time of the treaty Russia made a declaration of intention to give certain rights to the Carelians, which she subsequently failed to grant. Finland protested and proposed submission of the question to the World Court. Russia declined to agree to the move. Because Russia, as one of the interested parties, and not a member of the League of Nations, refused to take any part in a court examination of the issue, the court declined to give an opinion on the controversy.

The Mosul Case, concerning Irak, a territory under British mandate, also aroused wide interest. This was the final decision of the court before its recent adjournment. At the Lausanne Conference Turkey had agreed to let the council of the League of Nations inquire into the dispute between Great Britain and Turkey over the ownership of the province of Mosul.

At the instance of Great Britain, the Council of the League, against the protest of Turkey, asked the World Court to give an advisory opinion. The court advised that the council had power to make a decision binding on both parties; that the decision should fix permanently the boundary between Turkey and Irak; and that the parties to the dispute were to take part in the vote in the council but their votes were not to be counted in determining whether or not the decision was unanimous. Acting under this authorization, the council awarded most of the province to Irak, in accordance with Great Britain's contention.

Thus runs the decisions of the Permanent Court of International Justice. Whether or not they have averted wars no one can say with assurance.

There is no sheriff to compel antagonistic neighbors to submit their differences to a court, or to enforce its peace-seeking decisions when rendered.



# A Dance A Week



## WALTZ QUADRILLE

### FIGURE 1

ADDRESS PARTNERS, THEN CORNERS

Metronome 152 — Any good waltz may be used.

| | |
|---|---|
| First four right and left | 8 bars |
| All waltz | 16 bars |
| Side four right and left | 8 bars |
| All waltz | 16 bars |
| All forward and back, turn partners | 8 bars |
| All waltz | 16 bars |
| All balance corners, turn partners | 8 bars |
| All waltz | 8 bars |

### FIGURE 2

CALL FIRST

| | |
|---|---|
| Head couple waltz inside | 8 bars |
| All waltz | 8 bars |
| Next couple on the side, waltz inside | 8 bars |
| All waltz | 8 bars |
| Next couple waltz inside | 8 bars |
| All waltz | 8 bars |
| Next couple waltz inside | 8 bars |
| All waltz | 8 bars |

### FIGURE 3

CALL FIRST

| | |
|---|---|
| Ladies grand chain | 8 bars |
| All join hands forward and back, ladies pass to the right | 8 bars |
| All waltz | 16 bars |
| All join hands forward and back, ladies pass to the right | 8 bars |
| All waltz | 16 bars |
| All join hands forward and back, ladies pass to the right | 8 bars |
| All waltz | 16 bars |
| All join hands forward and back, ladies pass to the right | 8 bars |
| All waltz | 16 bars |
| Grand right and left half around | 8 bars |
| All waltz around the hall. | |

---

*Good Morning*, a dance manual of the Old American Dances, compiled for Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford, contains 169 pages of calls, descriptions and some music of the dances taught in the Ford School. Price 75 cents.

Also, there are 20 orchestrations of 11 parts each—25 cents each orchestration, or $4.00 for the lot. Book and music will be mailed upon receipt of price

Please order by number.

1. Grand Pa's Favorite
2. Sicilian Circle
3. Virginia Reel
4. Medley Waltz
5. Medley Two Step
6. Varsovienne
7. Rye Waltz
8. Oriental Lancers
9. Heel and Toe Polka
10. Old Southern Schottische
11. Money Musk
12. Badger Gavotte
13. Waltz No. 2
14. Ripple
15. Ticknor's Quadrille
16. My Queen Medley Waltz
17. Luxemburg Schottische
18. Sea Side Polka
19. Club Quadrille
20. Day Break Waltz

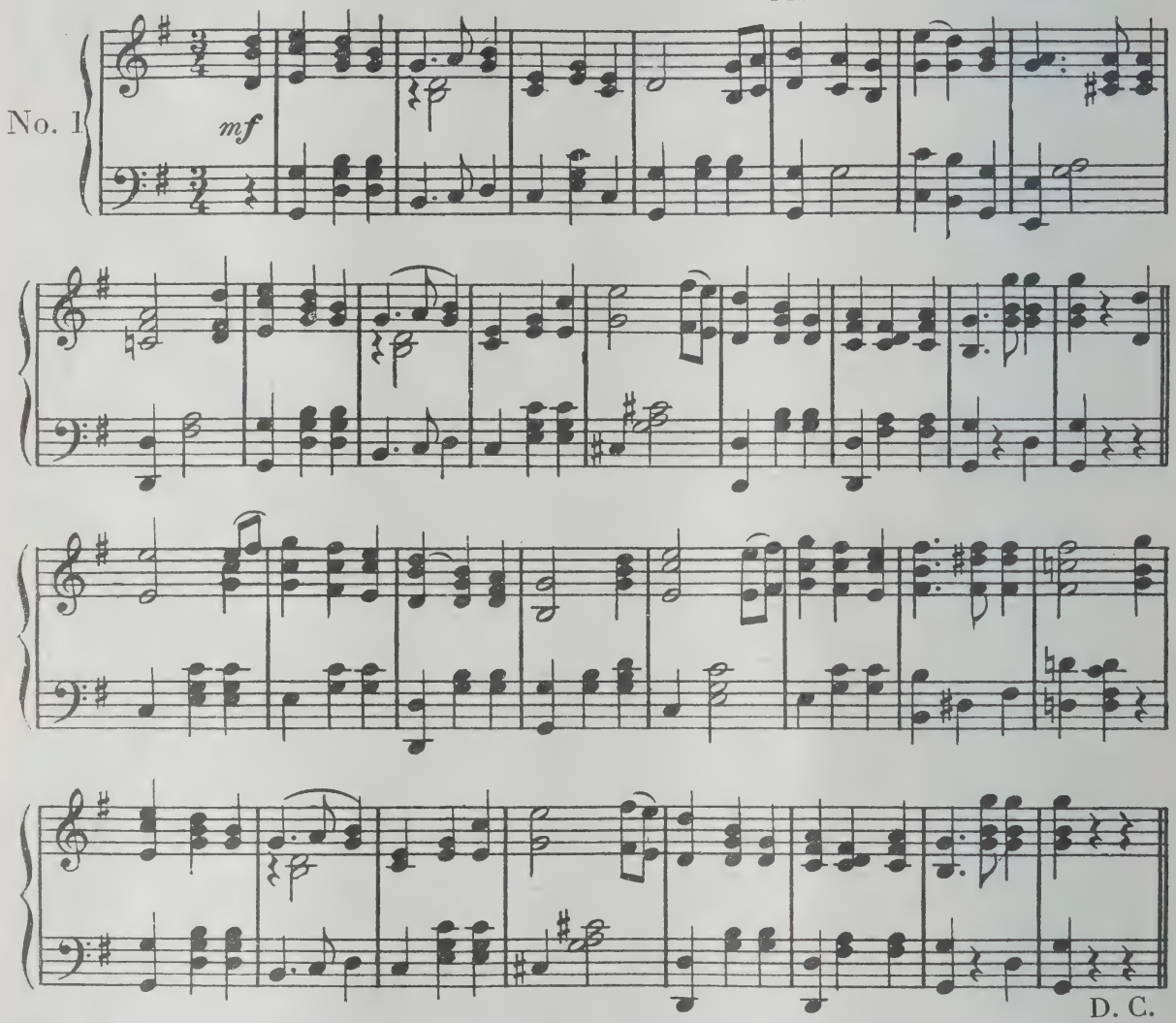
Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

# MEDLEY WALTZ.

Piano

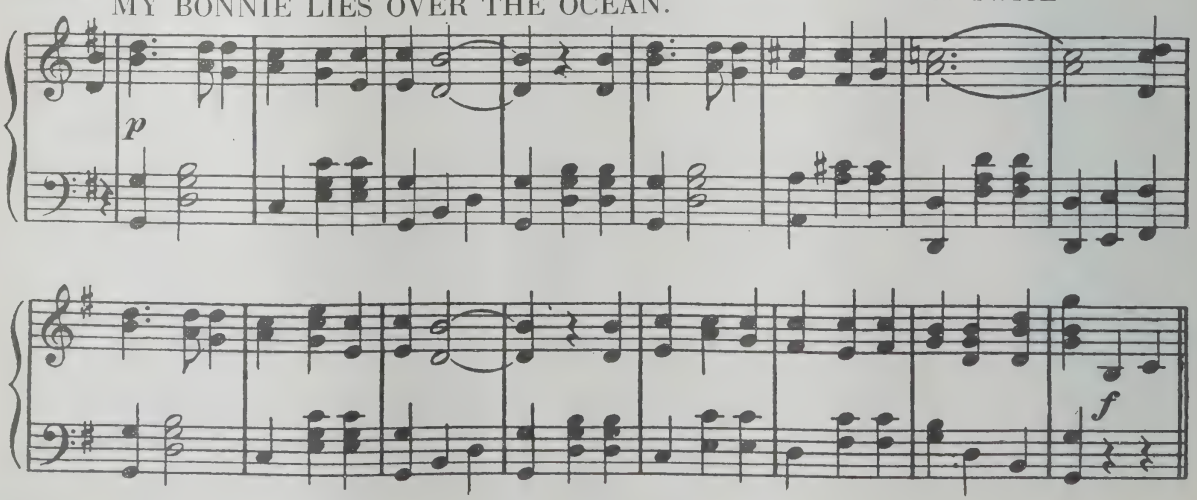
SEUMAS O'BRIEN.

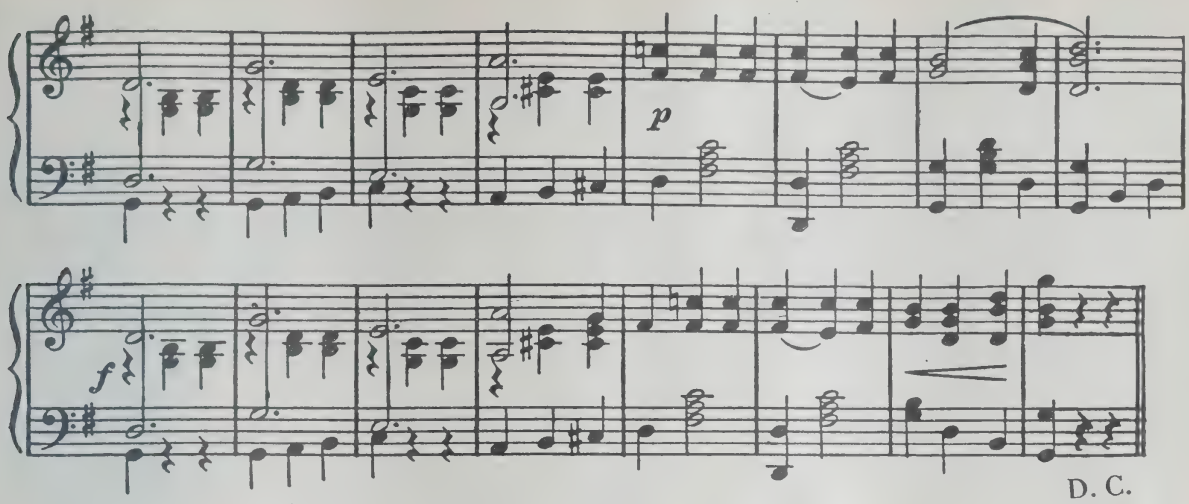
PLAY No. 1 THREE TIMES




No. 2 MY BONNIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN.

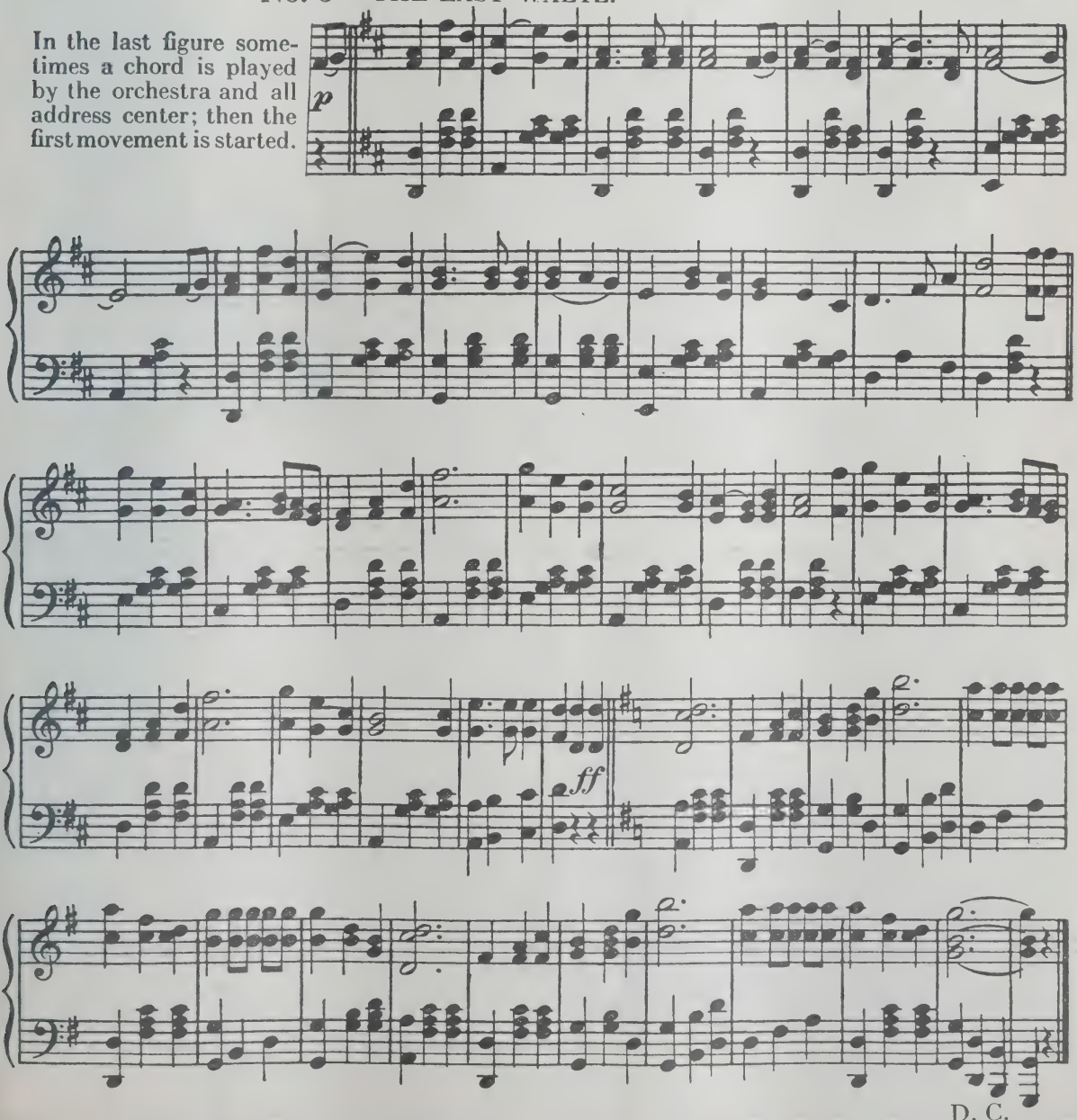
PLAY TWICE






## No. 3 THE LAST WALTZ.

In the last figure sometimes a chord is played by the orchestra and all address center; then the first movement is started.

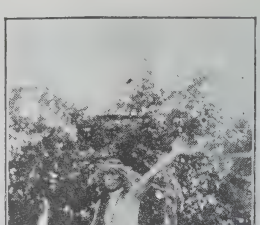


# The Sun Dance of the Blackfeet

## An Ancient Custom That Is Doomed to Extinction

By ROBERT MOULTON







TODAY the Blackfeet Indians have their own homes and farms like the white men. But among the older generation there still exists the desire to revive on occasion some of the ancient customs of the tribe. So it comes about that each year they leave the homes on their reservation in Southern Alberta, and arraying themselves in all the picturesque gaudiness of beads, buckskin and blankets, congregate at some suitable point and observe their chief religious ceremony, the Sun Dance.

Originally only the sun worshipers took part in this festival, but for many years past Indians of all creeds have attended and participated in the rites. There is no doubt, however, that these ancient customs will soon be a thing of the past, for the new generation of Indians is learning the habits and religion of the white man; he attends their schools, plays their games, and follows their occupations. The modern Indian is studying to become a doctor rather than a medicine man.

To the visitor who is privileged to attend one of the Sun-Dance camps it is like entering another world. Imagine a circle of weirdly painted tepees crowded with Indian men dressed in all their native splendor—with possibly the addition of a top hat—and groups of blanket-huddled squaws and red-brown youngsters. All night long the tom-toms throb out their message, recalling the days when the red man was master and his white brother an unwelcome interloper.

The convocation of a Sun Dance can be made only by a married woman whose life has been above all reproach. Should one of her relatives become dangerously ill, this woman may make a vow that if her gods will cure the sufferer she will sponsor a Sun Dance. If the sick person recovers it is presumed that the gods have heard her prayer and at a suitable place and time the camp is established. In the event of no woman making such a vow, a woman who has previously sponsored a dance is asked to officiate. This woman thereupon becomes the leader of the dance and commences a fast.

At noon on the fifth day of her fast this woman proceeds with the usual accompaniment of tom-toms and chants to a shelter which is open in front and faces the sun lodge from the west. Here she seats herself, with the sun priest and women who have previously conducted similar dances. A striking point of many of the rites that follow is their similarity to ceremonies of the Christian and Jewish faiths.

First of all, offerings to the Sun God are brought to the medicine man and blessed. These usually take the form of feather fans, headdresses or blankets and clothing for the use of the destitute. As these offerings are given, the donor kneels in front of the medicine man, who paints a circle of brown paint around his face and wrists, at the same time keeping up a continuous chant. After each has been painted, all sit in a circle around the open side of the shelter, where they are joined by the remainder of the tribe. Here a feast is given in which all take part with the exception of the leader, whose term of fasting is not yet completed.

While all the tribe are thus gathered together, announcements of general interest are made. Thus if someone wishes to change his name, everyone learns that Chief Smiling Face will hereafter be known as Chief Yellow Toe. Though not in any way connected with the Sun Dance, there is also an official announcer in camp whose duty it is to walk through the lines every few hours crying out any item of news among the tribe. He is the Indians' newspaper.

The lodge is the largest building in camp, having a diameter of about thirty feet. Five groups of six men each now place themselves around the circle, each one carrying a long pole, tied (in pairs) to the one next to it. To the accompaniment of more singing these groups gradually converge until they are close to the sun lodge. The entrance of this circle always faces the rising sun. The medicine man then ties the offerings previously given him, with great secrecy, to the head of the center or Sun-Dance pole which is on the ground ready to be put in position.

When the offerings are securely tied on, a shot is fired, denoting that the leader's fast is at an end. The men circling the framework of the lodge then raise the center pole, fixing it in position with the poles they carry.

The whole ceremony of the Sun Dance concludes with the dance itself. The dance is not a dance such as we understand it, but is more or less of a social gathering. After the usual prayers and speeches, each of the old men in turn tells stories of his youth. These generally describe a battle with another tribe, or a big buffalo hunt. After finishing his description, the Indian reacts the scene as closely as possible.





Upper left—The procession to the sun ring—medicine man leading, women following.
Upper right—This member of the Sun Dance lodge is depicting an old custom known as "brave making."
Center—Medicine man in front of his tepee.
Lower right—Interior of Medicine Pipe Tepee. The components of the pipe are set out on a pile of blankets.

# Folk of Foreign Lands and Their Marriage Customs



HAPPY bridal couple of Schwalm, Hessen, Germany. Natives of this region cling to their old folk costumes.



THESE Indian natives are leading a rich Hindu bride to the wedding ceremony. She wears a heavy veil which completely hides her face.



Oval—
BRIDAL party in boats on way to visit the bride's village, in Sumatra. This will be her last chance to shine socially before she begins work for her husband, who may have other wives, too.

[ *All Photos— (C) Ewing Galloway.* ]



MEMBERS of a strange tribe of Indians known as Chunchos, who live in the Peruvian jungle. Their chief is celebrating a marriage ceremony by breaking a pottery vessel, pieces of which are saved as souvenirs.



CHILD marriages are popular in the Island of Borneo. Here's a glimpse at a Mohammedan wedding of two Bajow tribe children.

B-41
THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL

DEMOCRACY is still upon trial. The civic genius of our people is its only bulwark, and neither laws nor monuments, neither battleships, nor public libraries, nor great newspapers, nor booming stocks; neither mechanical invention, nor political adroitness, nor churches, nor universities, nor civil service examinations can save us from degeneration if the inner mystery is lost. That mystery, at once the secret and the glory of the English-speaking race, consists in nothing but two common habits, two inveterate habits carried into public life—habits so homely that they lend themselves to no rhetorical expression, yet habits more precious, perhaps, than any that the human race has gained. They can never be too often pointed out or praised. One of them is the habit of trained and disciplined good temper toward the opposite party when it fairly wins its innings. . . . The other is that of fierce and merciless resentment toward every man or set of men who break the public peace.

—*William James.*

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Volume 26, Number 33

Five Cents a Copy JUN 5, 1926 $1.50 a Year




CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH



# Why Women Buy Tires

Woman's concern about her family's safety, and the wise expenditure of money, has naturally led her to take a deep interest in tire buying. This has resulted in a wider appreciation of what Firestone engineers have done to provide the safest, most economical tire equipment for all cars, and has proved one of the big factors in making Gum-Dipped Cords popular.

In both high pressure and Balloon Cords, Firestone provides every benefit which fine materials and thorough designing can make possible—plus the extra strength, dependability and mileage of the special Gum-Dipping process. The Firestone Non-Skid tread grips securely when it is dangerously slippery under foot. The deep, tough gripping edges take hold — giving instant response to the brakes.

When your car is shod with Firestone Tires you enjoy confidence and a sense of security, whether or not you are at the wheel. The Firestone reputation for reliability insures you this safety, as well as the economy of greater mileage for the money. The Firestone dealer in your locality offers helpful advice and service, as well as the best tire values in town.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

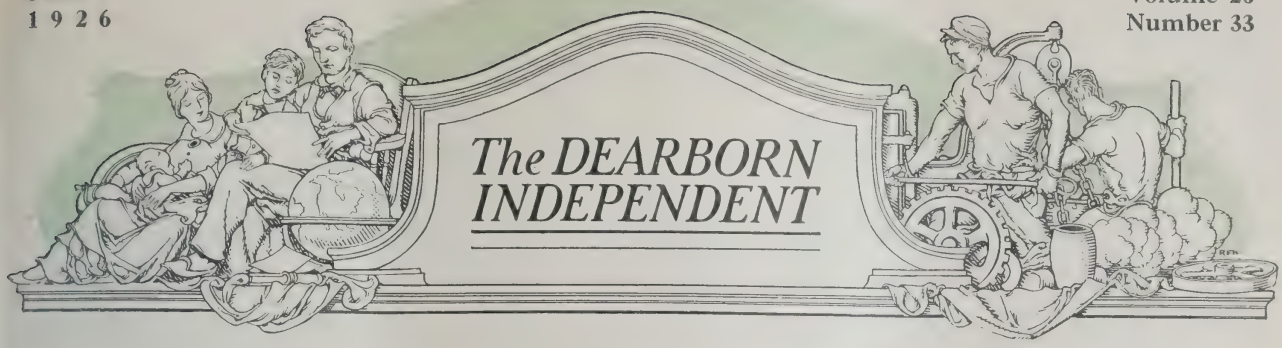
The Mark of Quality

# Firestone

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER . . H. S. Firestone

June 5
1926

Volume 26
Number 33



The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

# THE ESSENCE OF THIS ISSUE

'The time I spoke my graduation piece'—that is the cover theme this week. No day quite ranks in memory with graduation day. The old town hall, or the church on the village square: white dresses: home-grown flowers: flushed faces: no robed procession of academic dignitaries on historic campus ever approaches that first accolade of learning. If hope for the future runs low, date yourself to attend a few country and city graduation exercises this June: it will brace you.

Mr. Ford's Page this week takes a very unusual slant on war debts. It would be a good thing if all war-makers lost their credit.

The Liberty Bond scandal *has not* been cleared up. President Harding ordered the mystery of duplicate bonds investigated. His investigator, C. B. Brewer, was shadowed by Secret Service men! The President ordered important records preserved. They were destroyed. He said Brewer was not to be interfered with. After Harding's death Brewer was discharged —*at the request of Secretary Mellon.* (p. 3)

Scandal Never Was Cleared Up!—*Paul Perrington* 3
In the Land of the Everlasting—*James H. Lewis* 6
'Are You an Optimist?'—*Thomas L. Masson* - 7
Old Boston's Historic Highway—*May B. Whiting* 8
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
Polo Makes Good in America - - - - - - 12
*Paul MacDonald*
Newport, Our 'Social Capital'—*Alice Young* - 14
The Voyage of the Victoria—Part Played by Commerce Kings—*Charles J. Finger* - - 16
Where Our Admirals Come From - - - - 18
*William Johnston Maddox*
Poland— Country of Possibilities - - - - 20
*William M. Patch*
I Read in the Papers - - - - - - - - - 21
Chats With Office Callers - - - - - - - 24
Clovernook, the Cary Homestead - - - - 25
*Frances Higgins*
Pennsylvania's Land of Goshen - - - - - 31
*John Davis Anderson*
A Dance a Week—Plain Quadrille and Novelty Two Step - - - - - - - - - - - - 32

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer; C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

Success doesn't come in little packets like pink pills. Inspiration is not sold by the yard. Yet many people are persuaded by alluring advertisements that if they listen to a lecture or subscribe to a mail order series they will without further effort acquire happiness and power and personality and wealth—especially wealth. Here is a story about these hopeful, genial dupes, done in Tom Masson's best style. (p. 7)

Speaking of personality reminds me that streets have it as well as men. Take State Street, for example. State Street is as characteristic of Boston as cod or baked beans. In fact, it *is* Boston. It is sedate and venerable and—rare quality these days!—delightfully prim. One of the pleasures of Boston is a stroll on State Street. May Whiting introduces us to this old thoroughfare in her usual interesting manner. (p. 8)

Nobody likes articles or stories that are 'continued on page——' Even the editors don't. But there's no other way of good make-up in certain publications. The worst of it is that the real gist of the article is usually in the last 'jump.' I never boost an article in this page until I have read through the last 'jump.' Then I *know* whether it is good or not.

China, some one once remarked, goes from everlasting unto everlasting. So it seems. Its civilization began in the mists of the past whereof our records are lost. The centuries have marched by in unhasting, unresting procession; dynasties have risen and fallen and passed into oblivion, and still China goes on its imperturbable way. It is this very sense of *everlastingness* that propels China onward. (p. 6)

*Were $100,000,000 of Liberty Bonds cashed twice?* The public has a right to know. (p. 3)

Our readers are now asking for this or that choice old American dance. We are meeting these requests in the selections made on our dance page. This week there are two, a Plain Quadrille and a Novelty Two Step. Some persons who know good dances asked for them. How fascinating these Old American dances are! (p. 32)

Newport's 'golden age' has degenerated to the 'gilded age,' but traces of the earlier and better remain. There are the Redwood Library, oldest in the country, Trinity Church, with the crown and pennant still on the steeple, the Nichols House, once a tavern. And then, of course, there is Cliff Walk, where fishermen can, and do, gaze at financiers. (p. 14)

There are many interesting stories in this issue that can't possibly be given separate mention here. Just read them all. You will not, of course, overlook the installment of Charles Finger's absorbing story on Magellan. This time he tells of the part played by business men, while the nobles stole the glory. (p. 16)

And you will want to read William Moore Patch's article on Poland. Interesting news is coming from Poland these days; it is a rich country and various forces are contending for it. And, for sport flavor, we have a story on Polo, that liveliest of sports. Another story on Annapolis, where our future admirals are made, and another on Clovernook, homestead of the Cary sisters, whose poems you read years ago in schoolbooks.

There's an editorial in this issue which you should read, if you wish to know the truth about Muscle Shoals. It is beyond belief to what extremes of unpatriotic scheming some monied interests in this country can go. This magazine stands for Muscle Shoals as an important part of our national defense and as a source of fertilizer for the American farm. And when we see influences almost succeeding in defeating both these purposes, we intend to speak out. We are beginning to speak out in this issue. If more is required, more will be given.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.50 A YEAR in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year.
SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

# These Telegrams Indicate How Secret Service Worked With Federal Reserve to Keep an Eye on the President's Investigator

## Notice the Two Telegraph Services Used in Transmitting Code Messages and Interpretation

TELEGRAM

FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM
(LEASED WIRE SERVICE)

277fta RECEIVED AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

Sanfrancisco aug 24 3pm

Crissinger,
Washington

Words indicated numerally in commercial wire Brewer Special assistant to attorney general has presented your letter of introduction addressed to Governors and informed me regarding purpose of his visit. We have of course assured him of our cooperation and assistance stop One, two, three, four under instructions from five is asking for information regarding six request and particularly seven, eight, nine, ten. Difficult for me to determine how far I should comply with eleven, twelve , thirteen request. He is evidently aware that fourteen has been in town for some time and knew exactly when he called on me

Please advise

Calkins 641pm

The first wire in code showing Federal Reserve report that Secret Service agents were watching the President's agent.

N UNION

Form 1204

| CLASS OF SERVICE | SYMBOL |
|---|---|
| TELEGRAM | |
| DAY LETTER | BLUE |
| NIGHT MESSAGE | NITE |
| NIGHT LETTER | N L |

If none of these three symbols appears after the check (number of words) this is a telegram. Otherwise its character is indicated by the symbol appearing after the check.

TELEGRAM

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT GEORGE W. E. ATKINS, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

RECEIVED AT COMMERCIAL NAT'L BANK BLDG., 14th & G STS., N. W. WASHINGTON, D. C. ALWAYS OPEN

DA335 28 CV SANFRANCISCO CALIF 24 340P 1923 AUG 24 PM 7 01

CRISSINGER

GOVERNOR FEDERAL RESERVE BOARD WASHINGTON DC

ONE SECRET TWO SERVICE THREE AGENT FOUR HERE FIVE CHIEF SIX BREWERS SEVEN DATE EIGHT OF NINE YOUR TEN LETTER ELEVEN SECRET TWELVE SERVICE THIRTEEN AGENTS FOURTEEN BREWER

CALKINS.

Federal Reserve wire deciphering figures in previous telegram.

TELEGRAM

FEDERAL RESERVE BOARD
LEASED WIRE SERVICE
WASHINGTON

Calkins- San Francisco August 25, 1923.

I have your leased wire message including numerals and also your commercial telegram explanatory of numerals. Am using same numerals in this message Cooperate fully with both 1,2 and 14 in their individual efforts but under no circumstances give any information whatever to 1,2 concerning the work and activities of 14. If 1,2 is desirous of obtaining information regarding authority and movements of 14 the information can be obtained here in Washington and I suggest you so answer any inquiries along this line which may be put to you by 1,2. I have very high regard for ability of 14. Please wire me that you understand this message.

Crissinger.

Showing how the Governor of the Federal Reserve System attempted to assist President's investigation and offset Secret Service interference.

TELEGRAM

FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM
(LEASED WIRE SERVICE)

139fcq RECEIVED AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

Sanfrancisco aug 25 950am,

Crissinger,

Washington

Understand your telegram regarding fourteen.

Calkins

103pm,

Final wire. The Federal Reserve people were evidently favoring a complete investigation, which the politicians did not want. President Coolidge has never completed this work.

# Scandal Never Was Cleared Up!

## Why President Harding's Investigator Was Hindered at Every Turn in $100,000,000 Liberty Bond Mystery

By PAUL PERRINGTON

AN ARTICLE in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT of August 22, 1925, cited charges made by a committee of Congress which were so remarkable that in former times—before we had been saturated with Daugherty, Fall, Doheny, and the like—Congress would probably have been reconvened in extraordinary session to purge the Government. Only a portion of the committee's findings were chronicled; enough, however, to show that the Government had sustained heavy indefinite losses through a gigantic gambling scheme in Government-owned Liberty Bonds, and one *definite* loss of $28,000,000 by clipping and cashing coupons from bonds which the Government had rebought and redeemed. Other *definite* losses swelled the amount of *known* losses to $110,000,000. The committee sought authority to recover these losses and to ascertain the amount of the unknown losses and to recover them also. The steam roller prevented Congress from seeing the report.

Suppose your board of directors reported:

1. Your checks have been fraudulently duplicated.

2. Your treasurer said it was error, but his answers were evasive.

3. Your bookkeeper had doctored his books.

4. The other officers knew it and did not care.

5. They knew you had a fat bank account and said in effect: 'The deuce with the law.'

6. They then destroyed your stubs overnight.

7. When, too, your by-laws said preserve them and you had personally warned your force to keep them—that you suspected something was wrong.

8. That auditing accounts from branch houses, by which the fraud has been disclosed, had been abandoned—that keeping accounts had been declared, by the treasurer, 'useless expense.'

9. That instructions had been ignored in the purchasing branch.

10. That this branch was using questionable methods.

11. That these methods were costing you substantial losses.

12. That the amount of your losses could not be found on the last night of the month, due to failure of records to agree.

In the circumstances *do you think your employes could induce you to forbid further examination of accounts simply because it was the end of the month?*

Before you permit your mind to answer the question, read the words in the photographic reproduction of the committee's summary of their report. And as you read, remember that the bonds *are* yours. That the treasurer *is* yours. That the bookkeeper *is* yours. That the law that was ignored is *your* law. That the destroyed stubs were *your* stubs. That the Congress whose will was overridden is *your* Congress. That the losses incurred were *your* losses. That the 'leaders' who smothered the inquiry, the Secretary of the Treasury who advised it and the President who permitted it are your *servants*, not your *masters*. When you reach that point it might be well to make a beginning on the letter to your Congressman to remind him that 'masters' went out of business in 1776.

The evidence discloses:

1. That there has been duplication of bonds, some fraudulent, the proportion not yet determined;

2. That the report of the Treasury relative thereto is incomplete, contradictory, and evasive, and the testimony it offered to show innocent error was refuted;

3. That records have been falsified, the extent of which is unknown to the committee;

4. That indifference to duplications has been prevalent;

5. That legal remedies have been neglected in the payment of duplicates;

6. That destruction of bonds was conducted in haste and that destruction records are not dependable;

7. That the bonds were destroyed in violation of law, of regulations, and of presidential order and evidence of duplication thus removed;

8. That under a theory of economy evidence not destroyed has been rendered useless and the Government also thus deprived of its main safeguard against future fraud;

9. That the will of Congress has been overridden in the repurchase and sale of millions of dollars' worth of bonds;

10. That questionable methods were employed in handling these funds;

11. That substantial, actual losses to the Government have resulted; and

12. That the extent of these losses has been rendered uncertain by failure of records to agree.

(From Report No. 1635, 68th Congress, 2nd Session. Also reproduced in full in *Congressional Record* of March, 1925, in speech of Congressmen King, of Illinois, and Steagall, of Alabama.)

FEDERAL RESERVE BOARD
WASHINGTON

July 20, 1923.

To the Governors
of the Federal Reserve Banks.

Gentlemen:

This will introduce Mr. Charles B. Brewer, one of the Special Assistants to the Attorney General, who is making some investigations by order of the President, as you will note from a letter under date of June 30, 1922.

This is to advise you that to my knowledge the President is very much interested in having the investigation made by Mr. Brewer, and he will appreciate, I am sure, any help you may be able to give him to bring light upon the matters which he is investigating.

Respectfully,

Governor.

Governor of Federal Reserve System knows that President is interested.

I. THE PRESIDENT STARTS MR. BREWER ON THE QUEST.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON,

January 4, 1925.

My dear Mr. Brewer:

I am enclosing you herewith a request which I have from the Attorney General for service at your hands. I am very much disposed to oblige the Attorney General in this matter. He has come to have a high regard for your services and he feels that you can be of very great assistance in a matter of deep concern to the Department of Justice. I trust this request will find you so situated that you can give him the service requested without serious interference with the important work you have in hand. I suggest that you report to General Daugherty personally.

Very truly yours,

Mr. Charles B. Brewer,
Department of Justice,
Washington, D.C.

II. THE PRESIDENT GIVES GENERAL AUTHORITY TO COLLECT INFORMATION.

WASHINGTON

June 30, 1922.

My dear Mr. Brewer:

It is well understood throughout the Treasury Department and by Secretary Mellon that you are to be permitted to secure all information you desire in making the investigations which have been committed to you. The presentation of this letter to any concern dealing with the government or with the Department will undoubtedly make available to you all necessary opportunity for investigation. If these credentials are not ample please report to me the specific case and a special order will be issued.

Very truly yours,

Mr. Chas. B. Brewer,
Special Assistant to the Attorney General,
Washington, D.C.

III. THE ORDER TO TRAVEL.

INITIALS AND NUMBER CBB.

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

September 6, 1922.

Chas. B. Brewer,
Special Assistant to the
Attorney General,
Washington, D.C.

Sir:

Proceed to various cities of the Federal Reserve Bank System and surrounding towns as necessary in connection with the investigation of matters verbally discussed.

You will be reimbursed for travel and subsistence expense in accordance with Departmental regulations.

Respectfully,

Assistant Attorney General.

An ardent admirer of the present Secretary of the Treasury recited to the writer the details of a board meeting of one of the companies in which the Secretary was a director before he assumed his present duties. 'It was a complicated affair,' said my informant, 'and there was much talk from various parts of the table. Finally "Andy" (meaning Andrew W. Mellon) spoke right to the point. Said he, "Oh! Ho! Somebody has been stealing." Real action soon followed.'

But no such action which hurt anyone's feelings followed Mr. Mellon's visit to the rooms of the Banking and Currency Committee last February, where he was shown indisputable proofs of deceptive reports to Congress made by the Treasury Department and signed by himself; where he was shown photographs of original *instructions* from heads of the Engraving Bureau to subordinates to falsify records and get credit for the destruction of securities which had disappeared; and photographs of other records showing *they did this very thing;* where he was shown photographs of a certification on Treasury books signed by the head of the destruction committee that millions of dollars' worth of securities had been destroyed in May, 1918, of which the committee then held in safe deposit vaults some $500,000 worth of these very securities described in detail by issue and individual numbers which the records had been made to show as having been destroyed years before. These securities are supposed to be in existence today. They were in the safe deposit boxes at Riggs National Bank on March 4, 1925, when the committee went out of existence and turned them into custody of Hon. Tyler Page, clerk of House of Representatives 'for delivery to the "next" Congress.'

Mr. Mellon must have used softer methods than the above anecdote describes him as using in private business. Other matters tend to show it. For example: In the *Congressional Record* of March 3, 1925, in a speech of Congressman Steagall, of Alabama, in which he was illustrating that 'there were quite a number of specific and serious charges which had been made by Mr. Brewer, attorney for the Department of Justice, which the Secretary of the Treasury had not answered,' he gave numerous examples which would seem to merit the attention of one looking for 'real action.' Mr. Steagall continued:

It was charged:

That Benjamin R. Stickney, one of the 28 discharged employees of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing had, as a principal with Ralph, the former director, in a bribe of $8,000 to a representative of the Mexican Government, in a patent scheme exploited the facilities of the Bureau for their joint private gain, which came to light in a suit between the parties and was evidenced by a memorandum signed by Chief Justice McCoy of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. Stickney was reinstated and is still employed at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

The report of the Secretary of the Treasury made no reference to this.

It was charged:

That James E. Chamberlain, another one of the 28 discharged employees made unrestricted use of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing as a salesroom for farm products, hauled from Virginia in Government machines; that he had been arrested for having a still on his premises made partly of Government material; of hauling the corn for making the liquor in Government machines; of taking from Government storehouses, without pay, other ingredients for making liquor; and of appropriating Government tires and various material for his private car—for none of which offenses Chamberlain was placed on trial, though the matters were duly brought to the attention of the District Attorney and that *Chamberlain was* subsequently *reinstated and is now employed at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing.*

*The report of the Secretary of the Treasury made no reference to this charge.*

It was charged:

That Thomas W. Goss, an employe of 37 years' service, had, on March 9, 1921, written a long letter to the Secretary of the Treasury detailing various charges against James E. Cham-

berlain, referred to above, and making other serious charges involving the integrity of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, and that while Chamberlain had been reinstated, Goss had never received an answer to his letter, but had been demoted about $1,000 a year in his salary and transferred to a minor position in another division.

*The report of the Secretary of the Treasury made no reference to this.*

It was charged:

That various cases of vice and dishonesty reported to Mr. Wilmoth would be protected by packed committees; that G. A. Cole, J. Benjamin and Adam Ruth, 3 of the 28 employees, had been utilized on such committees; and that the 3 men had been reinstated at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

*The report of the Secretary of the Treasury made no reference to this.*

It was charged:

That uncanceled bonds which should have been canceled were received in great numbers, some 2,500 to the value of several million dollars, within a period of three months; that at least one clerk who had reported to her superiors that uncanceled bonds were passing over her desk had been reprimanded by them and by the Secret Service for so reporting.

*The report of the Secretary of the Treasury made no reference to this charge.*

The point to be made will be reverted to. We will let Mr. Steagall continue. He added: "The truth about the discharged employees of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing should have been made known by the officials of the Treasury Department in justice to the late President Harding, if for no other purpose. I am sure no thoughtful citizen could for a moment countenance the criticism that President Harding, with his conservative temperament and kindly heart, could have been induced to issue the order summarily dismissing employees of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing without full justification of his action.

The examination of the report of the Secretary of the Treasury shows that other charges which have been made were ignored or evasively answered or that an attempt was made to dispose of them by such statements as:

'Mr. Brewer's charges are utterly false in every respect.

'Primarily Mr. Brewer has not been interested in the truth!

'Just here let me emphasize the fact that the findings of the Committee set forth in the report submitted to the House are based entirely and exclusively upon the testimony of officials and employees of the Treasury Department, and official documents and records, and not upon the testimony of Mr. Brewer, the Attorney for the Department of Justice, though it is only fair to say that the Committee has the utmost faith in the character and ability of Mr. Brewer. In this connection I wish to say that the Committee found Mr. Brewer, the Attorney for the Department of Justice, to be a man of great industry, remarkable ability, scrupulously truthful, and his services were of inestimable value.'

Here indeed is a truly remarkable condition. If one of these men was guilty of bribery, another was a bootlegger and a thief and the rest guilty of packing 'committees' in order to suppress information about misdeeds, about the last place to employ them would seem to be in the money-making plant of the people. If they were not guilty, why did not Mr. Mellon say they were not? Why in any case stop the committee which was seeking to find out?

Again, if the demotion suffered by Mr. Goss and his transfer to a minor position in another division was for reasons other than that he had misguided notions about employes reporting abuses, it need have taken but small space in the 200-page defense of the Treasury to have said so. There was a complete silence as reported by Congressman Steagall—just as there was regarding the case of the clerk who was reprimanded by both her superior officers and the Secret Service.

For doing what? The charge is that this clerk thought it dangerous for millions of dollars of negotiable instruments, supposed to have been canceled, to be treated with no more safeguards than ordinary matter when the regulations regarding cancellation were most stringent.

And why the Secret Service? It will probably be news to the general public that Secret (Concluded on page 27)

## IV. SHOWING THE IMPORTANCE OF THE JOURNEYS.

ADDRESS REPLY TO "THE ATTORNEY GENERAL" AND REFER TO INITIALS AND NUMBER

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

JDH-REH

October 26, 1922.

C. B. Brewer, Esq.,
Special Assistant to the Attorney General,
Department of Justice.

Sir:

You are hereby advised that, inasmuch as you will be required to carry securities of considerable value when making official travel in connection with the investigation and prosecution of alleged liberty bond frauds, on which you are now engaged, you will be authorized to make such travel in drawing room when necessary. In this connection it is understood that a representative of the Treasury Department will accompany and occupy the drawing room jointly with you and will furnish the extra or additional ticket necessary to travel in a drawing room.

Respectfully,

For the Attorney General,

Assistant Attorney General.

## V. THE PRESIDENT WAS ANXIOUS TO DO THE RIGHT THING.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

May 8, 1923.

My dear Mr. Brewer:

The matter of the destruction of accumulated cancelled securities and coupons has been brought to my attention by both the Secretary of the Treasury and the Register of the Treasury. We are getting to a point where we must either proceed with the destruction of cancelled securities or engage special storage room for them. I have instructed the Secretary of the Treasury to proceed with an order to destroy the cancelled War Savings Securities as a means of temporary relief. If you have reason to believe that we ought to proceed with the destruction of other vast accumulations I will be glad to have you advise me concerning the matter.

Very truly yours,

Mr. Charles B. Brewer,
Department of Justice,
Washington, D.C.

## VI. WHERE THE SECRET SERVICE GOT INTO THE PICTURE.

WM J. BURNS.
DIRECTOR.

Department of Justice,
Bureau of Investigation,
Washington, D. C.

WJB:JBD

September 7, 1922

TO ALL AGENTS IN CHARGE AND SPECIAL AGENTS OF THE BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION, DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE:

This letter will be presented by Special Assistant to the Attorney General, Charles B. Brewer, and should he call on any of the Agents in Charge or special agents at any time, you are instructed to aid him in every way possible and comply with his request, and to treat any matters submitted by him in the strictest confidence.

Mr. Brewer's signature is below, and he can be identified by it.

Yours very truly,

Signature:

Director

# In the Land of the Everlasting

## The Cause of the Everlastingness of the Chinese Is Consciousness of Eternity

By JAMES H. LEWIS

DOWN in the city of Foochow, 400 miles south of Shanghai, during the violent opposition to the twenty-one demands of Japan in 1915, there was formed a society with the engaging title, 'Kill-one-Society.'

The avowed and single purpose of this organization was to enroll a sufficient number of Chinese, each of whom would be willing to stake his life against that of an individual Japanese in death. 'A sufficient number' would be approximately 71,000,000, as that was the approximate population of Japan. The stunning idea behind this organization was that Japan was doing something to China which should not be done. There was an effective way of preventing it; to kill all the Japanese. There are about 450,000,000 Chinese. If, therefore, each Chinese and Japanese engaged in deadly combat would kill each other, all of Japan would be depopulated, but there would still be 320,000,000 left in China—plenty to carry on the business of the nation. The success of the society was simply a matter of arithmetic.

*Perhaps the Cradle of the Human Race*

Roy Chapman Andrews has spent quite a number of years in exploring Mongolia and is still engaged in that task. He believes that that area was perhaps the cradle of the human race, rather than the Valley of the Tigris and the Euphrates; and although many interesting relics are just now being discovered in the former habitat of the Sumerians, Andrews has found more dinosaur eggs and mastodon skeletons and indications of ancient life than have been found in Asia Minor.

When Abraham went out from Ur to pasture his flocks on the Plains of Hebron, the Chinese were dressed in silks and living in well-regulated cities. When Socrates, Demosthenes, Democritus and Plato were the great leaders of Grecian culture, the Chinese had been teaching the learning of their sages for centuries. When Rome succeeded Greece and conquered the Western World, the Chinese retained their culture and continued 'to multiply upon the earth.'

China used to be called an empire. About the only reason for calling it an empire was the fact that it had an emperor. The Chinese Empire was different from any other empire, except Japan, in that it was an empire of homogeneous people. They were of one race, one color, and fundamentally of one language. The empires of Egypt, Greece, Rome, France, Austria, Russia, Germany, England, all contained diverse populations, often with utterly contradictory ideas and ideals. Indeed in most empires one part at least of the empire existed not for itself so much as for the benefit of another and exploiting part.

Why is it that China has so long endured? Why does she not break up today? The primary cause of the everlastingness of the Chinese is their consciousness of eternity. China has never been permanently conquered. China has always swallowed her conquerors.

Genghis Khan came out of Mongolia with his mighty armies of Tartar horsemen and with the exception of India conquered the entire Eurasian continent from the Pacific on the east to Vienna on the west. He and his son rebuilt Peking and his dynasty ruled China from A. D. 1259-1368. But when his dynasty was succeeded by the Mings, the Mongols became subservient to the Chinese, and Mongolia today is largely a settlement ground for the ever encroaching Chinese.

The Manchus swept down over the Great Wall in 1643, put the pigtail on the Chinese head and ruled dramatically until 1911. When the Manchu dynasty ended, this people also had almost entirely lost its identity and become swallowed up by the Chinese mass.

The Chinese are gradually pushing up into Siberia, where they not only compete with the Russians, but outwork and out-trade the Russians in the 'coldest region on earth.'

For more than a quarter of a century the Chinese have been going down into the Federated Malay States, Java, Sumatra and Borneo, have intermarried and settled, and have become the business men, as well as the real laborers, among those millions of square miles of fertile land under the equator, and there they will remain.

*They Have the Very Rare Ability to Wait*

'Up and down the China coast' has been a romantic phrase of the West for many years. Today that coast extends beyond the simple boundaries of the Old Empire of China and stretches from three degrees below the equator on the south to the Amur River on the north. The eastern face of Asia is Chinese. The future of Eastern Asia and the Western Pacific will also be Chinese.

We are not going to debate here as to the relative military leadership of the Western Pacific. Japan is predominant today, but in the long run population is what counts. Science, general education, modern industry, all have their weight for a time, but these gradually become the common possession of all, and finally the balance of power swings back to the physical majority.

The preservative and irritant of the Chinese is their patience. Like all Eastern peoples they have the rare ability to wait. That is the cause of their slowness in scientific development. It is one of the causes of their progress. If an end is sought it becomes the ambition of the clan. When will this end be achieved? It may be next year, or in the next generation—it is all the same.

*Not Disturbed by the Civil War*

We in the West are greatly disturbed over the continued civil war in China since the death of Yuan Shi Kai. Are the Chinese disturbed? Not particularly. Of course they regret it and there is suffering for which they are sorry, but eventually—*eventually*, one side will win, and then there will be peace. If the warfare is not fought out completely, perhaps it will spring up again. But if it is fought to a finish now, then peace ought to be much longer.

To us in the West, this spectacle of nearly ten years of war, together with consequent loss of life and squandered levies for armies and munitions, seems almost beyond belief. But while our own Civil War was draining our resources from 1860 to 1865, the Chinese were just finishing up fifteen years of continual fighting in the Taiping rebellion, with a total loss of life estimated at between thirty and fifty million people!

In recent years in America we have come to speak so easily of millions of dollars that we are gradually getting an idea of how much a million dollars is. In thinking of China, one simply translates that idea into human beings. For example, the province of Chihli, in which Peking is located, is about the size of Ohio, but its population is equal to that of the following states combined: Kentucky, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska and Kansas.

The western province of Szechwan alone has a population equal to that of the entire United States west of Pittsburgh.

But you say that this great mass, though possessing homogeneous qualities, lacks cohesion (Concluded on page 23)

# "Are You an Optimist?"

## If You Are You Will Not Wait for Outside Inspiration, But Find an Idea for Yourself and Follow It Up



By THOMAS L. MASSON

ILLUSTRATED BY J. C. GRAHAM

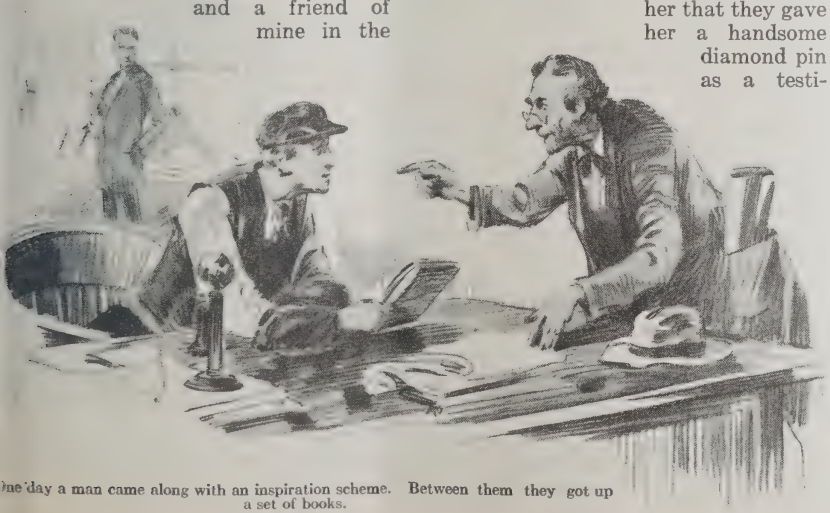
FIRST let me tell an incident from the inside. I know of a young man who for many years grubbed along as a clerk in a publishing house on a small salary. He gradually learned how to write circulars, the follow-up system, and so on. One day another man he knew came along with an inspiration scheme. He had gathered together a mass of uplift material, a kind of mixture of Christian Science, New Thought, Character Building and other stuff. Between them they got up a set of books. Then, just as they were ready to launch this set, their money gave out. They went to another man who had money. Although I don't know the financial details, it is fair to assume that this man grabbed a majority of the stock. The sets cost them about seventy-five cents each. They sold for eight dollars, payable in installments. In telling me about this, a publisher said to me that he wouldn't dare say how much they had made, but it was well over $100,000.

Not long ago I received a circular from a concern in the Middle West. It was printed on pink paper and it offered me the key to the universe for a comparatively small sum. There wasn't anything that circular didn't say I could have, and all by just taking their course. On the back page were testimonials from all sorts of people, telling what grand results had been achieved for them: health and wealth, harmony and happiness, and all by just turning a master key which opened all the power there is. Anyone could get a master key.

Well, I sent this circular to the Postmaster-General in Washington to get his opinion on it, and a friend of mine in the post office wrote back from there telling me all about it. The gist of it is that these uplift people all keep within the law. They know just how far they dare go in their quest of suckers. In short, it is strictly up to the men or women who get these master invitations to use their own intelligence.

I am writing this not to make an attack on any particular system of either new or old thought, but simply to put it up to my readers, in the light of a few facts, to use their intelligence to combat what I believe to be a serious condition. It is by no means the people of the lowest intelligence who allow themselves to be victimized by inspirational sharks. On the contrary, some people of the highest intelligence seem to be the most gullible.

Not far from where I live is a city of twenty thousand inhabitants. A few years ago a woman came to this town, widely advertised in advance as a psychologist, a reader of character, a dealer in happiness. She had a very attractive personality. She began first with a lecture and then started a series of lessons, by the group system. She remained in this town less than a month, carried away ten thousand dollars—so I am credibly informed by those who made as close a calculation as possible—and when she left, the women of the place were so crazy about her that they gave her a handsome diamond pin as a testimonial. I know the people in this town fairly well and since then things have moved along about the same. I don't suppose that the aggregate of happiness has gone up even one-half of one per cent. How could it? If happiness could be manufactured in plants and dealt out in tin cans, there would be no occasion for advertising it.



One day a man came along with an inspiration scheme. Between them they got up a set of books.

The first thing to be noted about all this literature is that it deals almost exclusively with money. While they offer you personal charm, harmony, health and power, all of these things are merely thrown in as good measure after you have achieved that magic thing *success*, and success means dollars and cents. Now during the course of my life I have known personally a number of these success manufacturers. They were all poor, and one man in particular, whose books sold in the millions, was always hard up and—as one of his associates put it to me—'worried stiff most of the time.'

The second thing to be noted is that—and this is a very curious fact—all of them are sincere. The man I refer to—who was always hard up in private—was one of the gentlest and most lovable men I ever met. He once said to me: 'I don't see how you possibly get through with the work you do.' I smiled and replied: 'Why, don't I know you?' He appreciated the joke and laughed; yet he firmly believed that his 'message' was a true one! And who shall say that it was not? Each one of us has a set of ideals. We believe in them, live them in our minds, and if we do not actually achieve them in our practical lives, is this a case against us?

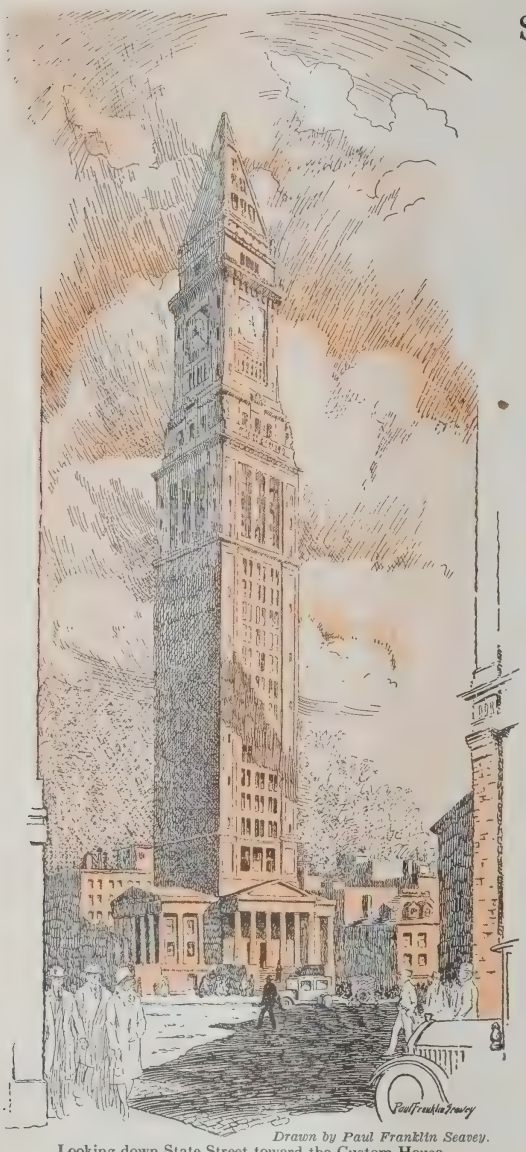
I size up most of these inspirational people just as I feel toward some Congressmen—they have tried everything else and this is the only thing left for them to do. Not being able to make money for themselves, they dream of making it for others.

Here is a man who sends me his photograph—the picture of a pasty-faced, middle-aged, somewhat cherubic individual, with an extremely fatuous expression. Now this genial bore writes and tells me that if I will subscribe to his treatment, he (Continued on page 22)

# Old Boston's Historic Highway

## State Street Saw Some of the Most Stirring Events of Revolutionary Days

By MAY B. WHITING



*Drawn by Paul Franklin Seavey.*
Looking down State Street toward the Custom House.

WE ARE not too young a country to have famous highways. There is Fifth Avenue, with its changing lure, waiting, impenetrable, for an interpreter, and there is the Lincoln Highway and the path from Concord to Walden. And then there is State Street in Boston, not very wide, nor very straight, nor very long, but bearing the marks of distinction that come from having a history all its own.

When it first began its career it wasn't a street at all, but 'the townsway down upon the flats.' Then it was 'market street' or 'water street,' for it led from the shore into the center of the town and at the lower end Long Wharf continued into the water. After a while it became King Street, and at the close of the Revolution it received the name of State. Mr. Wilson, pastor of First Church, lived here, and his land extended to the water's edge with little coves making up in where the fishermen sometimes dumped their refuse, to his great annoyance. Near his home was the meetinghouse, a box-like structure with a thatched roof, where service was announced by beat of drum.

It must have seemed rude indeed to Mr. Wilson, who was born in Windsor Castle and had been brought up in royal favor. Instead of worshiping in the dim arches of a cathedral, we see him trudging a two days' journey into the wilderness with Mr. Eliot to pray among the Indians, or, with his lantern, making his way through the tortuous lanes at night to visit the sick when smallpox devastated the settlement. Three times his own home was destroyed by fire, and he rebuilt on the same spot. Once a messenger went out to meet him as he returned from a journey.

'I have sorry news for you,' he said. 'Your house has burned down.'

'That is because God intends to give me a better one,' he replied quietly.

Mr. Wilson's windows looked out on the market place, and Crooked Lane ran through his orchard. Here was the store of Boston's first merchant, John Coggin, where shoes and yarn and other commodities were sold, and every ship brought over a larger consignment of 'Crooked Lane ware.' From his windows, Mr. Wilson could see, too, the building of the first Town House, set high on its pillars, with a 'pavement' beneath where 'the merchants do congregate,' and in front the sundial and the pillory.

But even this instrument of public weal could not remedy all evils. It seems that in 1638 the 'costliness of apparel' and the 'new fashions' were scandalous. The court ordered the elders to rebuke the evil, but they were not very successful, for, as Winthrop writes, 'divers of their own wives were in some measure partners in the general disorder.'

Quite different from the gentle Mr. Wilson were the Mathers with their ponderous learning, walking the streets on sterner errands, as attending in the Council Chamber, or wrestling with the soul of some malefactor condemned to be hanged. Cotton Mather kept a watchful eye on the signs of the times and in 1686 warned against the 'discourse to produce stage plays in New England now.' It was not until 1750 that such an event occurred, and then, in the British Coffee House on King Street, two Englishmen with several volunteers gave Otway's *Orphan or Unhappy Marriage*. There was a great rush for places so that a small riot ensued, and several derring-do Bostonians spent the night in jail, no doubt lamenting the eagerness and zeal which had brought them to such a sorry pass.

As the town grew, the aspect of King Street became more and more commercial. Along with the dwelling houses of Pastor Wilson, Captain Pierce, of the *Mayflower*, Governor Winthrop, Elder Leverett and his son, the Governor, there were numerous shops, among them two bookstores and a circulating library. The Town House had burned in 1711 and the State House had been erected on its site. There were also the Royal Exchange Tavern, the Admiral Vernon, the Marlborough Head, the Rose and (Concluded on page 30)



*Drawn by Stanley W. Woodward.*
Boston's old red brick State House.

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

THE people grow rather weary of the so-called 'war debts,' and the main source of the weariness is that the public mind has had so little material upon which to work. The intellect of man goes stale under the task of making bricks without straw, that is, considering events and policies without having basic principles to guide it.

The fact is rather commonly overlooked that the debts of war are paid, though perhaps not all the profits of war are paid, and it is doubtless better that they should not be. Every pound of every material used in the war has been paid for. Labor and material command cash, even though the entire fabric of war finance should be reared upon debt.

It is the finance of war that gives rise to wrangling among the nations, and this wrangling is not altogether the result of financial transactions between governments, but largely the transactions of international bankers—a class who will go on collecting war profits until the outbreak of the next war, if they are permitted.

No loss would come to the world if the whole edifice of war debts remained in its present confused state. It is not expected by either debtors or creditors that any of the debtor nations will continue for sixty-two years to pay increasing sums of money to the United States. No one now living can visualize the world of 1988. Two generations will have passed, all conditions will have changed, human views and attitudes will be materially altered, and purely financial arrangements made today will wear then an aspect impossible for us to forecast.

We have only to consider the difference between the world of today and that of 62 years ago—say, in the year 1864—to see how wide-reaching is the possibility of change. But even that comparison with the past is not sufficient, since the momentum of change has been incredibly accelerated during the past fifteen years beyond that of ten times the period before. We now accomplish in five years what formerly required a century, and with the increase of means has come an even greater speed in the development of thought.

The statesmen of today have not the strength or wisdom to bind the future. If they serve as a bridge over which the best of the past can be transferred intact to the service of the future, they have done their utmost. The impression is unavoidable that what the statesmen have really done in the matter of debt settlements has had merely the effect of shunting them on to the shoulders of the future which, let us hope, will find some more original way of dealing with them than merely collecting them. This generation of statesmen lacks imagination and moral courage, a lack which the future doubtless will abundantly supply.

In the meantime two kinds of good may be observed. There is a destiny which brings good even out of the stupidity of men. During the present troubled time overseas, the pressure of debt demand, even if not the strain of debt collection, may have the effect of restraining the amount of war preparation and the haste with which it is made. Money owed for the last war cannot very honorably be used in preparing for the next. At least, the importunity of creditor nations may furnish an excuse for statesmen who wish to unload the burden of war armaments from their people. So that even a blind policy which sees no further than the money involved may have the immediate effect of preserving the balance in favor of a longer period of peace.

> *NO HARM would come to the world with the repudiation of war debts; on the contrary much good might be expected. The nations least inclined to face their war debts are the more warlike nations anyway, and if they lose their credit it will simply mean that their power of creating mischief will be curtailed. The war is paid for anyway. All the debts are paid. Maybe all the profits are not yet paid, and it is just as well that they should not be. No depth of degenerate savagery was ever so low as the practice of making profit out of war. Profits trace back to persons. And if these persons are traced, the sources of war are found.*

The other good which we may reasonably expect is that future war credits will be withheld from the warlike nations. It is to be observed that it is the nations which at the moment are most busy breathing threatenings and slaughter, that have been most remiss in facing the question of their war debts. This situation is not devoid of hope. On the contrary, it would be an excellent thing for the warlike nations entirely to lose their credit by slowness to pay or by definite repudiation. The forces of destruction have heretofore had a too ready command of the resources of the world. Credits for war have always been greater in amount and easier to obtain than credit for peace. If it should appear in a future crisis of the world that the trouble-makers are also the debt payment evaders, and the judgment of the world should be that their credit is no longer 'good,' that would not be a cause of despair to the lover of peaceable and constructive activity.

It is a good thing to talk for peace, but it would be a much better thing for our people to get a clear view of the interests which work for war. War has causes which can be traced to the deliberate intention of persons. The fact is too hideous for some people to believe. And so they go forward with a kind of pacifism that refuses facts.

**'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## Farmers Not Fooled, But Buncoed

A SERIES of victories by the Power Combine over agriculture and the national defense at Muscle Shoals constitutes the history to date of that great Government war and peace enterprise. Muscle Shoals was planted by Congress in the geographical heart of the country to supply munitions of defense in time of war, and fertilizer for farms in time of peace. The Power Combine has been successful until now in defeating both of these objectives of Congress.

It first employed the method of demanding that Muscle Shoals be scrapped. 'Not a nickel,' said the Power Combine to Government requests for bids on the valuable property—'Not a nickel. Scrap it.' The teamwork of the Combine was perfect. On every hand the great works at Muscle Shoals were belittled and condemned. The Power Combine, in answer to the Government's request for bids on Muscle Shoals, in 1921, said that neither 'private capital nor the United States can afford to invest additional public money to complete the dam and hydroelectric power at Muscle Shoals, Tennessee River.' The Fertilizer Combine joined with its chorus 'Fertilizer cannot be commercially and profitably produced at Muscle Shoals.' *Then*, in response to the Government's request, Henry Ford made an honest offer, which at one stroke proved that Muscle Shoals could be completed by private or public capital, and *he guaranteed to produce fertilizers.*

Mr. Ford's offer saved the Government's investment at Muscle Shoals, so that even a small auxiliary plant sold for $3,472,487.

Then the Combine which said Muscle Shoals was 'not worth a nickel' and wanted it scrapped began to fight the Ford proposal that made it worth millions and worth putting into production. Their purpose was the same in both instances. That purpose was to *eliminate* a great works which, under competent management, *could break the Power Trust, the Chilean Nitrate Trust and the Aluminum Trust in the United States.* This had to be prevented at all costs.

To prevent Muscle Shoals from being used to expose the gross overcharge made for power; to prevent exposure of the gross robbery of the farmer in fertilizer, the Power Combine strained every resource. It would not permit Muscle Shoals to be operated *except* as a component part of the system of super-power exploitation now practised upon the American people. That explains the long fight made against the Ford offer.

Note now their present tactics. Unable longer to say Muscle Shoals is 'not worth a nickel' (the Ford offer has given irreducible value to the great works), the Combine now seeks so excessively to overcapitalize it by usurious interest payments to the Government that the people served by Muscle Shoals will *be paying more for power trust finance* than for actual power or actual products originating at the Shoals.

Between these extreme and contradictory attitudes, which yet agree in the main purpose of preventing Muscle Shoals being used for the people as against the trusts, there is much history that need not here be repeated. The cry of 'scrap it' five years ago has changed to the cry of 'exploit it' today. Behind both cries is the determination of the Power Combine to keep the economies of Muscle Shoals away from the people. Its importance to the national defense has been absolutely lost sight of; its unity has been imperiled by weasel amendments inserted by the Senate in House Concurrent Resolution 4. Congress spends days talking about farm relief, while Muscle Shoals, a great source of practical relief to the American farmer, goes neglected. The Power Combine has succeeded in putting it over President Coolidge and the Congress.

Such a sweeping victory for such a sordid program finds no comparable instance save the initial negotiations for Teapot Dome.

The situation at present has two aspects: First, the contentment of the Power Combine that no final disposition of Muscle Shoals shall be made, because right now the Combine is the beneficiary of the power that is being produced at the Wilson Dam power station. The Government sells the power to the Power Combine at a price which makes it almost a gift. Second, the present offer and bid of the Power Combine, recommended by a majority of the Joint Committee, proposes to charge all that the running water will bear regardless of its cost, and this financial arrangement is designed, not to produce economic fertilizer at Muscle Shoals, but to defeat its economic production.

The Power Combine's fertilizer offer, favorably reported by a majority of the Joint Committee, *does not guarantee to make fertilizer at Muscle Shoals.* The Power Combine is bound to

nothing more than an experiment in making fertilizer. The language of the proposal is very clear on this—if the synthetic process does not work, 'some other' method may be tried, and no limit is placed on the number of methods they may try nor the amount of time they may spend in experimenting. *This does not promise fertilizer.* The Power Trust which is preventing Muscle Shoals from reducing the cost to the power consumer is not going to injure its sister trust by reducing the cost of fertilizer to the farmer.

It has long been accepted by those at Washington who stand for national defense and the production of fertilizer at Muscle Shoals, that no offer except one 'as good or better than the Ford offer,' should be considered. The Ford offer was based on the principle of the *largest use* at the *lowest cost.* It reduced interest charges to the minimum. It was, in fact, an *engineer's* proposal, not a *banker's* proposal. Mr. Ford never could understand, and does not understand today, why bankers should be permitted to *collect interest from power consumers on the regulated flow of a river.* In Henry Ford's proposal sinking fund payments were placed at four per cent interest, compounded annually, which would return to the Government at the end of 100 years the capital cost of the Muscle Shoals dams. The offer by the Power Combine to pay a maximum of $1,800,000 at these two dams on account of headwater improvements can be considered as the Power Combine's sinking fund plan and compared with Henry Ford's sinking fund plan. The saving between the Ford plan of amortization and the Power Combine's plan is the difference between $81,000,000 and $3,232,000, or $77,768,000. *The public pays the difference.* Henry Ford proposed to produce *power* and *fertilizer;* the Power Combine proposes to produce *watered stock* and *dividends.* Worse than that; it asks the Government to go partner in the scheme and the majority of the Joint Committee on Muscle Shoals actually agrees!

Thus, it is clear that under the Power Combine's plan, Muscle Shoals is removed as a factor compelling the Power Trust to reduce the price of power, and the Fertilizer Trust to reduce the price of fertilizer. Watered stock, interest charges, dividends and high cost of power now have the right of way IF the uninterrupted victories of the Power Combine continue.

President Coolidge once said, in anticipation of a lower bid than the Ford offer being made: 'While the price is an important element, there is another consideration even more compelling. The agriculture of the nation needs a greater supply and lower cost of fertilizer.'

Does the President not know that with the higher price offered by the Power Group for Muscle Shoals power, 'a greater supply and lower cost of fertilizer' is impossible?

Does not the President know that breaking up the unity of Muscle Shoals by substituting 'leases' for 'lease' is an unpatriotic destruction of Muscle Shoals as a great defensive unit?

Does not the majority of the Joint Committee on Muscle Shoals know that the acceptance of grossly excessive capitalization at Muscle Shoals means a disgraceful betrayal of the farmer?

It all comes to this:

Those who failed to scrap Muscle Shoals by saying it was 'not worth a nickel' are now trying to hamstring it by loading it with interest-bearing Government capital. Either way, it comes to the same thing so far as the establishment of the electrochemical industry at Muscle Shoals and the production of fertilizer for farmers are concerned. The farmers can go to Chile for their nitrates as in the past, and the electrochemical industry can go to Canada and Norway as it has been doing, and the water power on the Tennessee River can go on to waste by non-use, until the Power Combine gets ready to exploit its use.

## *Scott Nearing as Prophet*

THE *Columbia Spectator,* official newspaper of the students of Columbia University, New York City, discovers, in its issue of May 11, that during last February, in a speech given before some students at the University, Scott Nearing prophesied a social revolution in England in the near future. The *Spectator* staff was thrilled. In a two-column heading, on May 11, it announced, 'Scott Nearing Predicted British Revolution in Address Given on Campus Last February.'

And then, line by line, the prophecy was dug up. Scott Nearing had prophesied, what all the world knew, that the coal miner's subsidy expired May 1. He prophesied what everyone knew, that this termination of the arrangement would cause discussion and probably strikes—'strikes which would be serious and far-reaching.'

'Then,' said the prophet, 'either the laborers will back down or else they will fight.'

There is foresight for you; they will either do something or they will not. Truly the nation is blest that possesses men of such preternatural vision into the likelihoods of the future.

**'And if they do fight, it will be a fight with guns.'**

Unfortunately for journalism and prophecy, the strike was hardly commenced before it was over. The day after this quoted issue of the *Spectator,* the strike was over.

*There was no social revolution.*

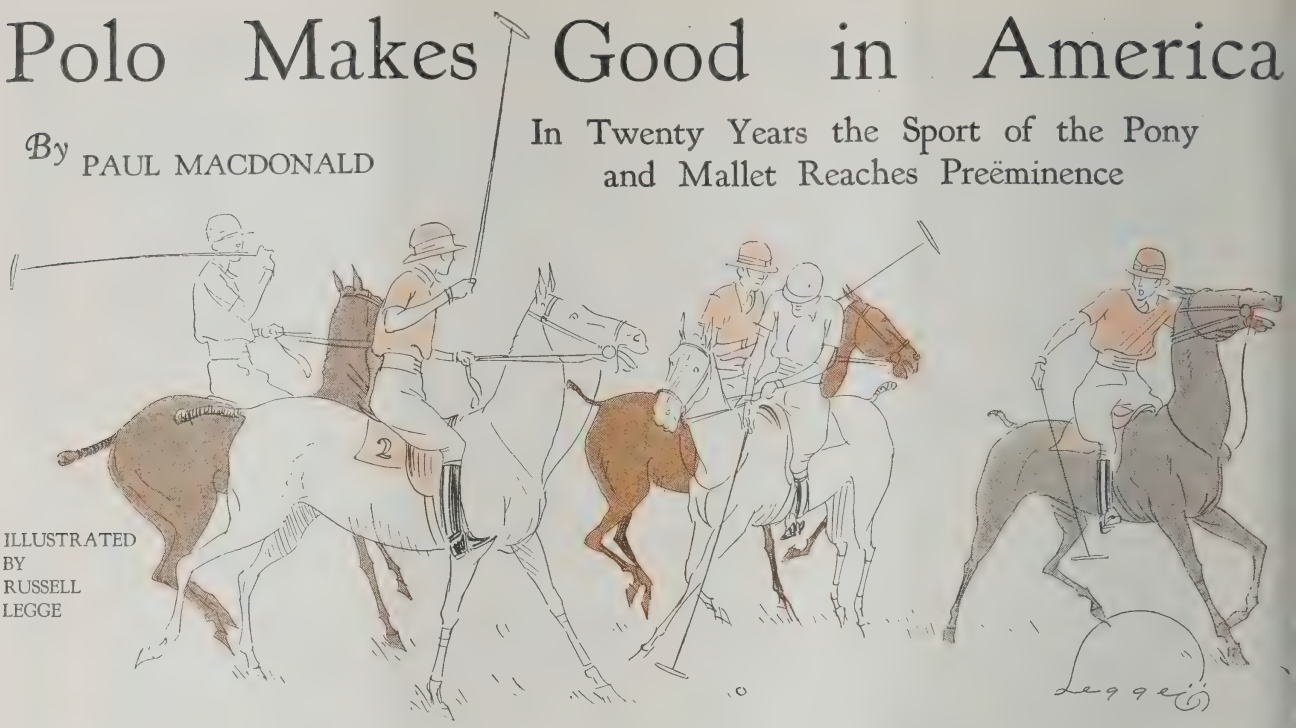
**Not a shot was fired.**

Scott Nearing lived with the alien mind so long that he forgot his own people.

# Polo Makes Good in America

## In Twenty Years the Sport of the Pony and Mallet Reaches Preëminence

By PAUL MACDONALD



ILLUSTRATED BY RUSSELL LEGGE

POLO is a sport and a spectacle. It is one of the most thrilling of sports and, in many ways, the most spectacular. What finer picture can the mind imagine than a polo match on a clear summer day? The colorful crowds gathered around the stage of level turf; the uniformed riders; ponies, well-groomed and highly trained; hoof beats; swinging mallets; a bamboo ball painted white, bounding and rolling over the grass surface; horses and men; men and horses!

It is a game that demands speed, strength, endurance, dash, quickness of decision, courage, self-restraint and teamwork. All these qualities are almost constantly brought into play. It is a game that we imported but that, due to its strong appeal to our national temperament, we have come to look upon as one of our own.

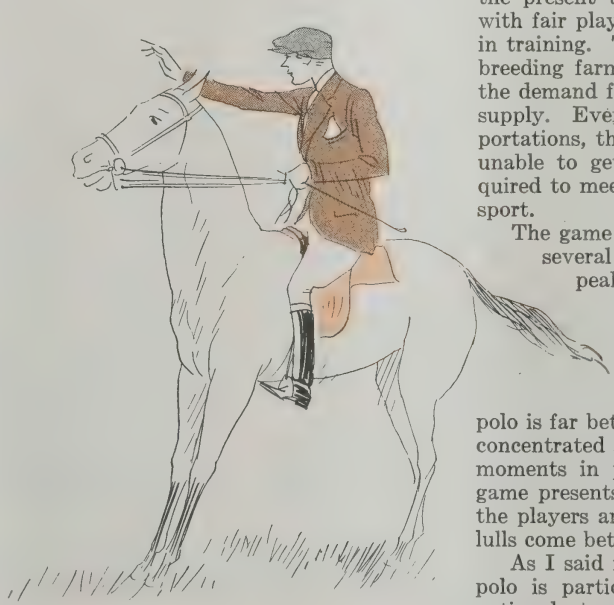
Twenty years ago polo was hardly known in the United States. Ten years later only a few cities had a glimpse of the sport. Today polo is played from ocean to ocean and border to border.

The best way to show the tremendous growth of polo in recent years is to resort to statistics. In 1922 there were exactly 50 clubs affiliated with the United States Polo Association. In 1924 there were 81 clubs and 150 playing fields. This year there are 135 clubs, 540 teams and 300 playing fields.

In the space of four years the number of clubs affiliated with the governing body of polo in the United States was tripled and in two years the number of playing fields was doubled.

But these statistics, as well as the figures that follow, relate only to the clubs officially recognized. There are a large number of clubs and playing fields that have not acquired memberships. These have sprung up in the last two years and their playing strength is not yet sufficient to warrant membership and official recognition by the governing body. In another two years there will be twice as many polo clubs affiliated with the association and twice as many playing fields as there are today.

The game is fast being accepted as a college sport. Early in 1925 the Intercollegiate Polo Association was formed with eight charter members: Cornell University, Harvard University, Norwich University, Pennsylvania Military College, Princeton University, United States Military Academy, Virginia Military Institute and Yale University. While the charter list of the college association numbered only eight members, polo was played last year in fifteen colleges, all of which recognized the game as an intercollegiate sport. This number will be doubled by next year.



Polo is played in all the army posts. The war office has a department devoted to polo in the army. Nearly every regiment of cavalry and infantry has a team. There are about 1,500 soldier players given handicaps.

Outside the army there are approximately 2,000 players of some standing in the United States today and it is impossible to present figures on the number of beginners who have taken up the game in the last year or two.

There are owned in this country at the present time about 15,000 ponies with fair playing qualities. Others are in training. The number of polo pony breeding farms is ever increasing, but the demand for ponies still exceeds the supply. Even with the numerous importations, the United States has been unable to get all the polo ponies required to meet the development of the sport.

The game is on the rise. It will be several years before it reaches its peak and in the future there may come a day when polo will supplant baseball as our national pastime.

As a sport of thrills polo is far better than baseball. It has concentrated action. There are no dull moments in polo. Like hockey, this game presents continuous action while the players are on the field. The only lulls come between chukkers.

As I said in a foregoing paragraph, polo is particularly appealing to our national temperament. We crave

plenty of action. Polo provides it. We like speed, dash, quickness, daring and color. Polo has all that. It is true that every able-bodied man can play, or try to play, baseball, but that not every able-bodied man can learn to play polo. Many also cannot afford it.

Polo costs more money than golf, although the difference, all items considered, is not nearly so great as you would imagine. Still, the fact that everyone cannot play polo for one reason or another does not signify that polo will not draw. Consider football, as an example. Comparatively few men play football, and yet none of the mammoth stadiums is large enough to take care of all those demanding seats for a big game. Football draws millions each year because it is a spectacle. Polo will draw for the same reason.

No one has to play polo to appreciate it, and when you get right down to it, polo is much easier to understand than football. Anyone that watches a polo match can comprehend the game. The entire play is in the open. That, as a sport spectacle, is the game's chief virtue. It is likewise the chief virtue of baseball. Polo has infinitely more action than baseball and other elements of sport drama that baseball does not possess.

The overwhelming victory that the United States scored over England in the last international matches unquestionably aided the rise of polo in this country. It fed our national pride. Polo was born in England and developed there. England for many years ruled the polo fields and then, when the United States captured this lead, we began to pay closer attention to the game.

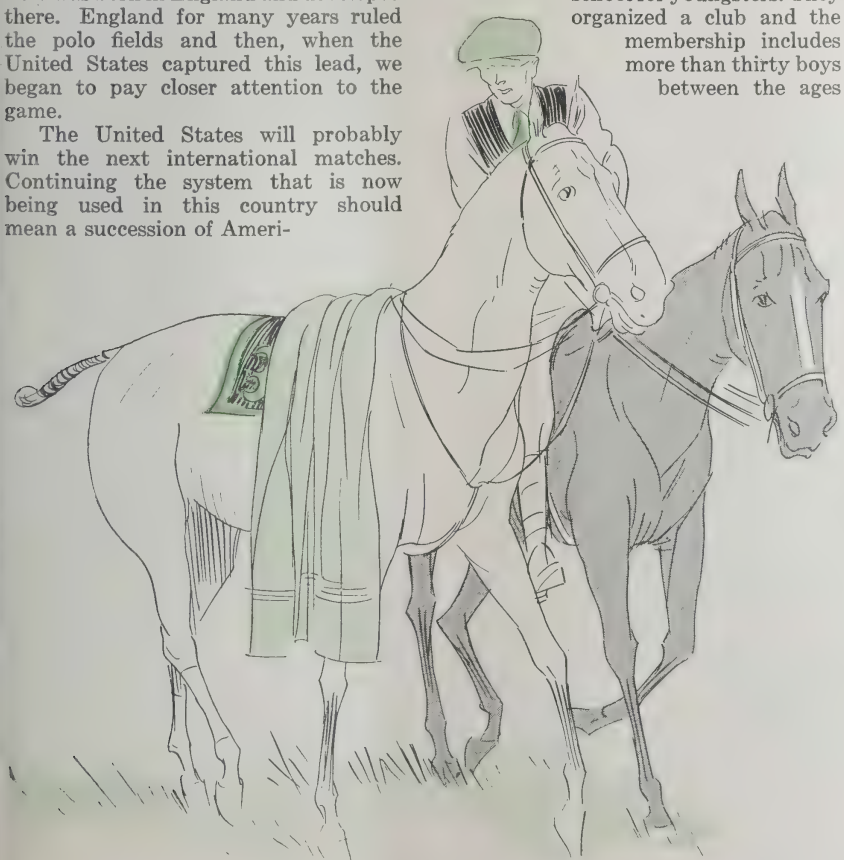
The United States will probably win the next international matches. Continuing the system that is now being used in this country should mean a succession of American victories. It is an unbeatable system. Reduced to the language of the streets it is simply this: 'Get 'em when they're young and hold on to 'em.'

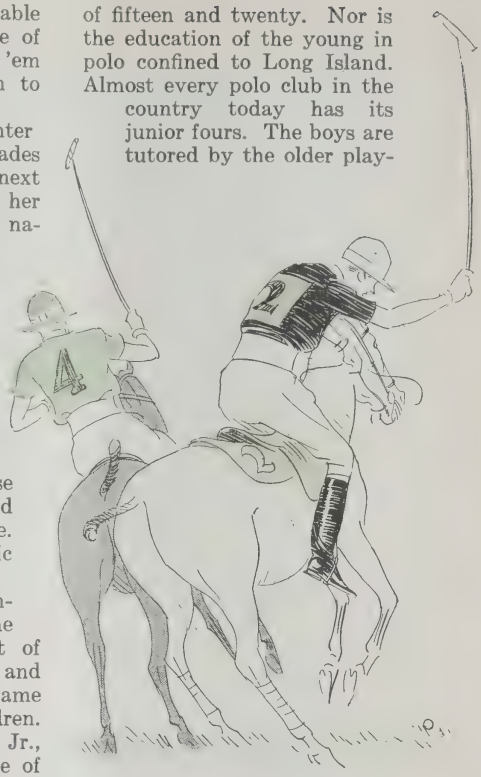
We are today preparing for international matches one and two decades removed. It is certain that the next time the United States defends her polo honors against a challenging nation her lineup will not be the same as the one that defeated England in 1924.

The boys of today will be the champions of tomorrow and in polo the policy is farsighted. The polo center of the United States is located on Long Island, and here, within a radius of fifteen miles, can be found nineteen polo fields. Twelve of these grounds are privately owned and kept up at their owners' expense. They are thrown open to the public when matches are played.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock have undoubtedly been the chief factors in the development of polo in this country. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hitchcock have played the game for years and taught it to their children. They developed their son, Thomas Jr., into the best No. 2 on either side of the broad Atlantic, and in the history of American polo he has had but one superior; that was the brilliant Devereux Milburn

The Hitchcocks use their Long Island home as a training school for youngsters. They organized a club and the membership includes more than thirty boys between the ages of fifteen and twenty. Nor is the education of the young in polo confined to Long Island. Almost every polo club in the country today has its junior fours. The boys are tutored by the older players. They are provided with mounts, uniforms and all needed equipment. Some of the English players who came with the international team in 1924 remarked, after watching the boys' teams play in this country, that many of the American Junior teams play better polo than a considerable number of representative club teams in England. While they lack the strength of the mature players they have a much better tactical knowledge of polo.





Americans are past masters in organization in any branch of sport they undertake and their detail work is unrivaled, according to the observations of an English poloist. Their forethought and careful preparation eliminates, where humanly possible, the risk of defeat.

While we were a bit tardy getting into polo, we have managed to do fairly well since taking up the sport. Today America rules the game, but America will show still better teams than the great combination that crushed the invaders on the Hempstead Plains at Meadow Brook back in 1924. That team was regarded as the best ever mounted on a polo field, but there will be even better teams in the future with polo played by high school and college boys, for, after all, we are just getting started in polo.

Polo is the most ancient of games with stick and ball. Hockey, and possibly golf and cricket, is derived from polo. The earliest records of polo are Persian. It spread to India and thence to Britain, where it was first played by the 10th Hussars in 1869. It was then taken up by other cavalry regiments in different parts of the world.

# Newport, Our 'Social Capital'

## A Sumptuous Array of Palaces by the Sea

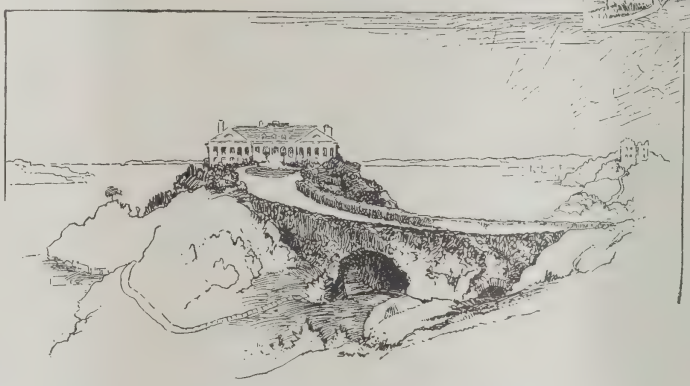
By ALICE YOUNG

PERHAPS you can recall a time when the drop curtain at the theater was in your eyes the acme of art. In comparison with its glories the most famous masterpiece became childishly futile, and, between the scenes, you conjured up romance and melodrama for which it would be the ideal setting. That is Cliff Walk at Newport, a succession of drop curtains, each more prodigal of its beauty, more bewildering to the imagination, than the previous. There are no reserves, no half tones. Shimmering marble, ruddy brick, exotic decoration—for more than three miles the view extends, shifting at every turn in the path, but always with the saving grace of the sea sweeping across the foreground, dashing its white spray upward as a sign that it is still unconquered. There is no other walk like it in the world. It is as great a marvel in its way as the Chinese Wall or the catacombs of Rome.

You may wonder how it is that wealth, commonly so jealous of its rights, permits such an infringement of its privacy as a public walk across its lawn. It does not permit; it submits. Years ago a provision of the town gave the fishermen perpetual right-of-way along the cliffs, and every effort to revoke that ruling has proved fruitless. Yet society is really the gainer, although it probably does not care a fig for its blessing. Seen from the avenue on the other side, the sumptuous array of palaces is not altogether pleasing. At times it is almost messy. A scant minute and a half is not enough time in which to be rolled from one period to another five hundred years away.



Gateway of 'The Breakers.'



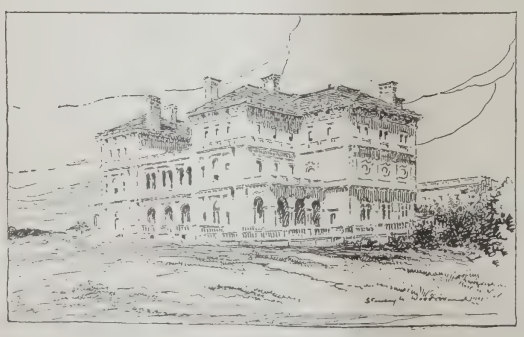
'Beacon Rock,' residence of E. D. Morgan.

But from Cliff Walk, where the open stretches of the sea give breathing space, everything takes on a more harmonious perspective. With the soft marine tints in the foreground, the 'Marble Palace' rises in loveliness almost ethereal, and the magnificence of 'The Breakers' no longer oppresses, but exhilarates. The French chateau, copied from one of Henry IV, and designed for the soft river country of the Loire, seems to adjust itself to the crags of its New World setting, as the eye, bewildered by so much splendor, loses its critical faculty and gives itself up to sheer delight in beauty.

But a Cliff Walk, however marvelous and enchanting it may be, cannot exist by itself, and what about the rest of the city? Does the proximity of so much gorgeousness lend a little elegance and inspire some love of beauty for beauty's sake? Alas, no. There seems to be a scant sense of spiritual values in Newport streets. You may walk the length of its main thoroughfare, Thames Street, and inquire vainly in every shop for a view, even a penny post card, of such a treasure as the Redwood Library, the oldest library building in the country, and for many years housing a collection second only to that of Harvard. In most places a surprised shake of the head will be the only answer, but occasionally there may be a comment, 'This is all folks here want to look at,' with a deprecating glance toward a picture of the Casino, decked out in lurid colors.

For Newport had her 'golden age,' as President Faunce, of Brown, happily puts it, before her 'gilded' one. Here was established the first public school in the country, perhaps in the whole world. In 1728 there was a flourishing Philosophical Society, and in 1747 enough general appreciation of culture to raise money by popular subscription to build a library. Abraham Redwood, a Quaker, gave his personal collection, and a fund for the purchase of new books in London, and an uncle of Sir Walter Scott became the first librarian.

The building, severely classic in line, with Doric portico, was erected on land which was formerly the



'The Breakers,' residence of Cornelius Vanderbilt.



Church Street, showing spire of Trinity.

bowling green. Shading its entrance is a tree, which for loveliness, I think cannot be surpassed by any in America. It is, or so it is claimed, the first of its kind, the product of grafting a fern on a beech. The long drooping branches, with fern-shaped leaves, make a canopy across the street on one side, and sweep the library lawn on the other. During the Revolution, in British occupancy, many valuable books were destroyed, and the handsome interior so mutilated that, at the request of Tory citizens, a sentry was placed at its door to prevent further destruction. In later years George IV sent a contribution of money as a peace offering to repair in some measure the havoc wrought by English troops.

In fact, the only building of any importance in Newport which was not damaged by British hands was Trinity Church, which was saved by the crown and pennant which still glitters on the top of its slender spire. The interior, save for the intrusion of modern stained-glass windows, through which the sunlight blushes to steal, retains its colonial appearance, with boxed-in pews and a pulpit which is probably the only three-decker in use in the country, with reader's desk above the clerk's, and, on a level with the galleries, that of the rector. About the walls are numerous cenotaphs, ranging in scope from that of Admiral de Ternay, commander of the French fleet, to that of Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, 'lost at sea' in 1915.

Trinity still has in its possession some of the communion silver given by Queen Anne, and, resting mutely on a table in the vestibule, the bell sent over in 1702. But the chief treasure is the organ, at least the front of it, for the pipes have been replaced, presented by Bishop Berkeley when that distinguished Irishman paused at Newport, on his way to educate the natives of Bermuda, and became so enamored of its beauties that he lingered two years, leaving the heathen to rage as they were wont. The cottage which he built and christened Whitehall in memory of his sovereign is still standing and a jut in the rocks bears the name 'Berkeley's chair.' It was here that the Bishop wrote an uncommonly long and dull poem which has been saved from oblivion by one immortal line,

'Westward the course of Empire takes its way.'



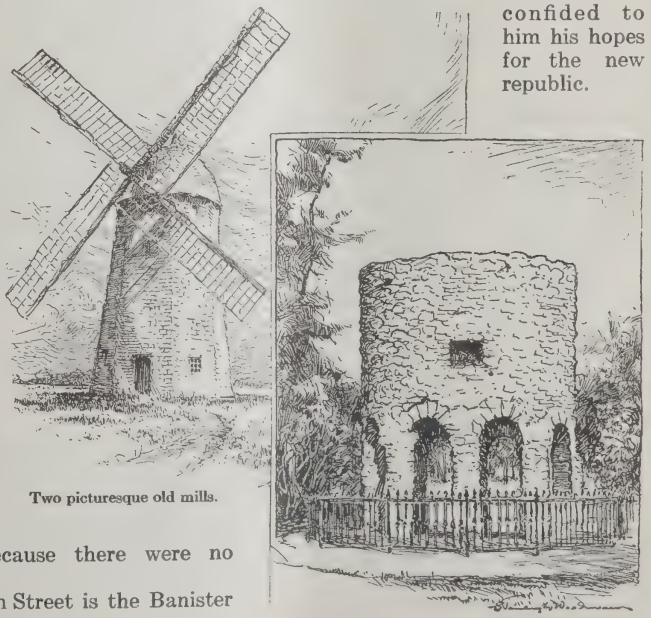
Trinity Church.

On the old Parade Ground, renamed Washington Square, are many reminders of colonial days. At the head of the Square is the State House of 1743, perhaps not great architecturally, but certainly distinguished in appearance. From its little balcony on the second story many portentous events have been heralded. Here was proclaimed, amid more or less indifferent huzzaing, the accession of George III, and here, in the solemn hush of a great resolve, was read the Declaration of Independence. Only a short way distant, on the corner of Malborough Street, is the Nichols House, famous in 1740 as the White Horse Tavern. Just below is the old jail, delightfully hospitable looking, and where, it is said, the prisoners of colonial days grumbled because there were no locks.

In Pelham Street is the Banister House, the headquarters of General Prescott when he tyrannized over the town and made himself especially obnoxious to the Quakers by forcing every woman to curtsy and every man to doff his hat when he passed by. His soldiers employed their spare time in digging about the gardens and at the roots of apple trees, searching for treasure which the inhabitants who had fled the city might have buried there. Their greatest find was the press of the *Newport Mercury*, a paper which was founded by an elder brother of Benjamin Franklin.

Of more genial and romantic memory is the Vernon House in Mary Street, the home of Rochambeau when his fleet rode at anchor in the harbor. There were gay times in Newport then, fêtes and torchlight processions, and balls. Even the neighboring Indians flocked in to see the goings-on. But there were sad hearts in the midst of the gaiety. Only a few days after their coming Admiral de Ternay died, and his funeral cortège, which landed at Long Wharf, fairly thrilled the city with its brilliancy. Here languished, too, the youthful Count de Fersen, lifelong friend of Marie Antoinette.

After the pomp of Versailles, the Vernon House seemed ridiculously inadequate, and Rochambeau lost no time in building an adjoining hall where he might entertain. That has vanished long ago, but the Vernon House met a happy fate in being purchased by the Charity Organization. Its north parlor, with white paneling and wide fireplace, is the same as when Washington visited the French leader and confided to him his hopes for the new republic.



Two picturesque old mills.




# The Voyage of the Victoria

*Fourth of a Series*

BY CHARLES J. FINGER
WOODCUTS BY PAUL HONORÉ

## 'THE PART PLAYED BY COMMERCE KINGS'

CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM, than whom no historian is better qualified to speak of the relations between conquistador and king, has said in his *Conquest of the River Plate* that Charles V, the King of Spain, had never money to assist any of the conquistadores, and the conquests of Pizarro, of Quesada and of Cortés were private enterprises. But history is silent where the names of those who really directed energies are concerned.

The world saw the glittering stage hero under the limelight, and forgot the playwright. In the case of the first world voyage, there has been an absurdly exaggerated estimate of the part played by the boy king, Charles, who had not attained his majority, who cared very little for Spain, and who was surrounded by men knowing what they wanted and how to get it. So in the preparation of the fleet we find on one hand an extraordinary lack of vision that amounts to criminal carelessness, on another hand a peculiar unity of aim and faith and mission. Because of that, those with a bent to hero-worship have eulogized Magellan tremendously as one whose lifelong devotion to his ideal somehow caused him to permeate order, and to move among adverse circumstances with stout cheerfulness. With such, there has been a Carlylean 'Saw ever the world one greater or unhappier?' but no recognition of those masters and backers of his who organized things; who directed, consolidated, systematically and quietly achieved.

Magellan was no soul like a star that dwelt apart, but a resolute man raised over others and backed by powerful supporters who furnished the sinews of war. He possessed indomitable perseverance, on occasion he was tyrannic, he could be cold and unsympathetic, he kept his strangle hold at all costs, and he made a valuable servant for his employers; so much so that before things had gone very far he could not be spared.

On March the twenty-second, 1518, the document bearing the royal signature that permitted the preparation of a fleet to 'go in search of *the* strait,' not *a* strait, was handed down, and from that time until September the twentieth of the year following, when the fleet sailed, there were arguments, intrigues, veiled enmities and jealousies. That was where there were appointments, or where officialdom clashed with Magellan's desire for complete mastery. In other places there was keen-eyed vigilance, and there was effectiveness, and that was where commercial advantage beckoned.

For instance, consider the matter of equipment. In the list of tools and appliances we find the absurdly inadequate equipment of five hammers, one for each ship. There were only two grindstones. There was only one hone. There were eight pairs of pincers and no more than five iron ladles for the handling of pitch for caulking purposes.

As for the ships themselves, there again organized government seemed to laugh at prudence and take reckless risks. For Aranda bought them at Cadiz and it was a case of an untrained man undertaking an important mission for which he was in no way fitted. We get some notion of their condition in a passage taken from a letter written to the King of Portugal, by his agent in Spain, Alvarez. He says: 'They are very old and patched, and I would be sorry to sail even for the Canaries in them, for their ribs are soft as butter.' But the royal influence was at that end of the preparations, for the King, or his advisers, had agreed that Aranda should purchase the ships, and that equipment should be bought here and there, some of it in Flanders, the King's country, as it was called.

But a different state of affairs is revealed when the list of articles intended for trading and exchange and barter is examined. There we get a feeling of businesslike energy doing things with proper foresight. In fact, the five ships with rigging and boats cost considerably less than the articles of trade and barter that went in them. And those articles were chosen in the light of the experience furnished by other explorers. There were colored handkerchiefs, pieces of velvet, cloths, brass bracelets, twenty thousand little bells, ten thousand fishhooks, copper rings, four hundred dozen little knives, pieces of colored glass to the weight of five hundred pounds, six hundred pairs of little scissors, two hundred red caps, the same number of little brass basins, a thousand looking-glasses, and much more. For that end was attended to by the Haros and the Fugger brothers, or their agents, who were men of abundant sagacity and knowledge and experience.

Compare that foresight with the ignorance of the other side, especially in the matter of the comfort and well-being of the crews. For the officials of the *Casa de Contractacion* considered one surgeon-physician and one medicine chest ample for the five ships, but gave each ship a drum and four tambourines 'to serve for their pastime.' And while they spent 13,027 *maravedis*, a little over $30, on 'medicines, unguents and salves,' they furnished Luis de Mendoza with 15,000 *maravedis* to spend in the Canary Islands on 'various necessaries,' unspecified.

By agreement and royal instructions, two of the ships were to be of 130 tons each, two were to be of 90 tons each, the remaining one of 60 tons,

and the aggregate tonnage of Aranda's purchase came approximately near to that. Thus:

| | |
|---|---|
| *The San Antonio* | 120 tons |
| *The Trinidad* | 110 tons |
| *The Concepcion* | 90 tons |
| *The Victoria* | 85 tons |
| *The Santiago* | 75 tons |

Supposing the word tons to be the generally accepted one, that is, the measure of cargo which the vessel might carry in safety, an idea of the capacity of the ships may be formed by remembering that a modern railroad freight car has, on an average, a load limit of fifty tons. For the description of the ships, how they were rigged, what masts they carried, what length of service they had seen, there is no record. We know, reading de Herrera, that they carried, fore and aft, tall castle-like structures in the fashion of the day, and we assume that they were decked. If we go by de Bry's picture of Lisbon Harbor in which such ships are shown, we assume that they were so low in the waist that the head of a man standing in a boat alongside would be well over the bulwarks. But de Bry is not a safe guide and his work was written some seventy years after Magellan's death.

The tale of the contentions and jealousies and hatings and harryings and misdoings that befell in the year of preparation would fill many books. Those with ulterior motives who sought place or enrichment by contracts or profit-mongering sprang up like weeds. Shrewd men with an eye on their own security and their own material and political advantages were as prompt to appear as in our own day. There were spies and special reporters everywhere, some engaged by the investing merchants to watch their interests, some by the *Casa de Contractacion*, some by the King of Portugal, some by those at court. There were unseemly controversies and bickerings and little riots. There were criminations and recriminations, and those who were appointed to serve under Magellan often denounced him to their masters as a violent, self-willed and quarrelsome man.

By way of instance, there is the case of Luis de Mendoza to whom the money was given which was to be spent as he saw fit in the Canaries. He was a Spaniard, appointed by the King to be treasurer of the fleet at a yearly salary of 60,000 *maravedis*, some $165 calculating in our money. By the same order that gave him his appointment, a Juan de Cartagena was appointed overseer-general and captain of the *San Antonio*, at a salary of 110,000 *maravedis*, or $300 odd.

On the heels of that, another king's man, Antonio de Coca was made accountant or auditor at a salary of some $138. But there had been an understanding at the outset that Magellan was to choose his own men, 'on account of his experience.' And every one of those appointed held himself to be superior to his commander in birth, education, family and rank, not to mention nationality. As Alvarez wrote to Dom Manoel, the Castilians held Magellan for a 'low person and of no breeding.' So soon there was friction, with Magellan complaining to the King that Mendoza had been insolent; in return, Mendoza was rebuked by King or adviser. In that seeds of dissension were sown that bore bitter fruit later. Similarly there came trouble through Juan de Cartagena, who suspected Magellan of favoring Portuguese over Spaniards, whereupon, after some wire-pulling, Magellan was summoned before the officials of the *Casa de Contractacion*, and appeared defiant. Those of the *Casa* mated his move by approving payment of all Spaniards employed, but not of Portuguese. So there was discord active and potential and things petty, sordid and mean were afoot.

Nor was all smooth between Magellan and Faliero, who had been appointed to command equally with his partner. Magellan held that a creature with two heads was a monstrosity; wanted sole command and fought for it. Alvarez reports Faliero as having told him in confidence that once afloat he 'was not going to follow Magellan's lantern' but would navigate to the south and follow his chosen course. For Magellan, it seems, had it in mind to follow the course of his predecessor, the navigator sent out by Christopher de Haro. So with one thing and another Faliero was doomed. Soon the King, or some one near him, deprived Faliero of his command, promising him the post of admiral in a second expedition to follow Magellan. That promise came to nothing, and after a time Faliero returned to Portugal, where he was imprisoned as a traitor.

There are on record two letters which he wrote from prison urging the sending of a second expedition and asking that his promised pension be paid him, as he was in want, and with that he passes out of history, dying, presumably in Seville, in 1523. But Magellan had all that he wanted from Faliero, including the one copy of the book of thirty chapters made by the geographer, it being invaluable for the taking of observations.

To come to the end of what might be a long matter, Magellan was the center of much trouble and the center of much order. In him was something of the rascal and something of the hero. He was the victim of jealousy, but he was also a faithful

(Concluded on page 29)



In the preparation of the fleet we find absurdly inadequate equipment, and as for the ships themselves, the government seemed to take reckless risks

# Where Our Admirals Come From

## Annapolis, a Sea School on Shore, Which Trains Officers for the Navy; Paul Jones Suggested It

By WILLIAM JOHNSTON MADDOX



Indian figurehead from the U. S. S. *Delaware*, built in 1817.

TRAIN sailors on shore! Old sea dogs laughed at the idea. Some of the greatest sailors of all time, like Farragut, began their sea careers at the age of ten on board ship. Hard knocks in the rough-and-tumble life at sea produced some of the best officers and finest traditions of the Navy. But George Bancroft, the historian, then Secretary of the Navy, took another view of it. Only very unusual characters, he thought, could stand such training and come out on top. What was needed was a school on shore to train boys for officers in the Navy. John Paul Jones had first suggested it, but it remained for Bancroft to put the project through in 1845 and become the founder of the United States Naval Academy. He chose Annapolis as the site.

The Academy is more than a school; it is a tradition. Here, if anywhere, the Navy keeps green the memory of its heroes. John Paul Jones, Stephen Decatur, James Lawrence—all that glorious company become intimate figures. Reminders of their exploits are all about. The very names of the streets and walks call the roll of the Navy's great ones. Each building, athletic field, and drill ground commemorates some one of them. At every turn are trophies and memorials of the Navy's achievements on every sea, in every clime, from Salem to Canton, from the Arctic to the South Seas, from the Revolution to the World War.

It is a quiet, restful spot—two hundred acres of great trees, shaded walks, stately white buildings, and drill fields. Most of the buildings have been built since the Spanish-American War, when what is commonly called the New Navy had its beginnings. They are of marble or white faced-brick. Beyond is the Severn just merging into Chesapeake Bay. Nothing could be more peaceful. On the land side it is surrounded by one of the most curious old towns in the United States, Annapolis More people undoubtedly know Annapolis as the home of the Naval Academy than as the capital of Maryland. It reposes calmly undisturbed even by a steam railway.

This is the atmosphere in which our future admirals are nurtured.

Each year about 900 youths between sixteen and twenty from every state and territory in the Union come here to start their four years' training as midshipmen. With but few exceptions, the appointments to the Naval Academy are made, according to law, by Congressmen. A few appointments are allowed the President and the Secretary of the Navy. Provision is made for admitting 100 young men each year from the enlisted ranks of the Navy and the Marine Corps. They all have to come up to the same mark mentally and physically, though. The educational requirements are about those of a high school graduate.



Midshipmen drilling with 'half-raters.'

The minute the newly sworn-in midshipman enters the Academy gate the 'whittling-down' process begins. Little rough places like being unduly puffed up over the write-up he got in his home paper before starting out are quickly smoothed down—and he is on his way toward the proper state of humility considered necessary for discipline. He finds, maybe for the first time, that he has come there to be moulded into an educated gentleman—in the naval sense.

Honor, uprightness, and truth are set up as the cardinal virtues of the naval officer. Implicit loyalty to the country is, of course, a necessity. 'My country, right or wrong—my country,' was Commodore Decatur's toast after the Tripoli War, afterward to become famous. Then, as the naval officer is essentially a man of practical aims and methods, the training at the Academy is designed to develop a practical rather than an academic mind.

Four years at the Academy doesn't make a finished naval officer by a long shot. And it is not expected to. This only comes with years



*Photo—White.*

The chapel with its golden dome is a feature of the Academy grounds. It contains the sarcophagus of the naval hero, John Paul Jones.

of actual service at sea. The work at the Academy merely lays the groundwork—just a preparation for the real schooling aboard ship. This does not mean that the course of study is not stiff. It has to be intensive to cover in four years all the subjects necessary for the groundwork of a future naval officer. And in spite of this, every midshipman is required to interest himself in some form of athletics, physical fitness being held a prerequisite for sound study. A healthy mind in a healthy body is the aim.

Each summer the midshipmen, with the exception of the graduating class, are sent on a practice cruise of about three months. The life of the Academy centers about the yard with its stately trees and its paths along which the midshipmen march to and from their recitations to the roll of a drum. Through it winds Lover's Lane, sacred to upper classmen. Here stands the big Japanese bell brought back by Commodore M. C. Perry from his memorable cruise to Japan.

Facing upon the yard is the chapel. It has large bronze doors and a golden dome. Two guns captured by the Navy during the Mexican War 'protect' it. Inside the chapel are three stained-glass windows dedicated to Farragut, Porter, and Sampson—two Civil War heroes who were rewarded with the highest rank in the Navy, and the victor of Santiago, July 3, 1898.

In the crypt of the chapel is the imposing mausoleum of our first admiral, John Paul Jones, the father of the American Navy. During the Revolution, Jones made raids in the *Ranger* and in the *Bon Homme Richard* on the British coast, raids remarkable for their daring and achievement. For more than a century after his death Jones slept in an old forgotten cemetery in Paris. Here the body was found after much effort by the American ambassador, Horace Porter. It was identified and brought back with great ceremony and pomp and deposited in the magnificent sarcophagus in the crypt.

Across the south side of the yard stretches an imposing group of granite buildings, comprising Dahlgren, Bancroft, Macdonough, and Luce halls. The first is the armory of the Academy, named after Rear Admiral Dahlgren, inventor of the first large-caliber naval gun and commander of the South Atlantic squadron during the Civil War. Because of its great floor space, the armory is the scene of the formation of the whole regiment of midshipmen for infantry drills. In 'June Week' each year it is used for the graduation exercises and the 'farewell ball.' Here, in the morning, the President of the United States hands out the diplomas and at night ten thousand persons dance in honor of the newly made officers.



*Navy Official Photo.*

Worden Field and Chesapeake Bay as seen from an airplane.

Probably the most interesting of the buildings is Bancroft Hall, the dormitory, named in honor of the founder of the Academy. The rotunda is open to visitors. From the large wooden statue of Tecumseh—the figurehead of the U. S. S. *Delaware*, whom, by the way, the midshipmen call 'the god of 2.5,' the passing mark at the Academy—may be had a good view of the north façade of the great building. The floor space covers some twenty acres. There are nearly three miles of corridors. It is capable of stowing 2,500 midshipmen, the present enrollment.

Flanking the entrance are two bronze cannon that were taken as prizes by the Navy at Vera Cruz and California during the Mexican War. Inside the great doors and up the ornate stone stairway one sees, on the opposite wall of Memorial Hall, Perry's battle flag at Lake Erie upon which are the inspiring words of the dying Lawrence, 'Don't give up the ship.'





*Photos—White.*

Above (right)—Infantry drill on the Academy grounds during 'June Week.' Below—Quarters of the Superintendent of the Academy.

Along the walls of Memorial Hall are many portraits of naval officers famous in American history such as Bainbridge, victor in the *Constitution-Java* fight; Cushing, who torpedoed the ram *Albermarle;* Decatur, hero of the Tripolitan War and victor of the *United States-Macedonian* fight; Farragut, our greatest sea fighter; Hull, victor of the *Constitution-Guerriere* duel; and Worden, commander of the *Monitor* in its fight with the *Merrimac.*

There are also on the walls a fine collection of Washingtoniana and the vigorous paintings of Gribble of the American destroyers in the World War. The windows overlook Farragut Field, the drill and football grounds, with the harbor and bay in the background. In the foreground, on the terraces, are the figureheads of the U. S. S. *Trenton, Macedonian, Franklin,* and *Constitution.* On the floor below is 'Smoke Hall,' the recreation room of the dormitories. Below this is the huge mess hall and kitchen, where the 2,500 lads are fed at a clip.

Adjoining Bancroft Hall is the gymnasium, Macdonough Hall, named for the victor of the battle of Plattsburg on Lake Champlain in the War of 1812. As reminders of the victory two 24-pounders, taken from the British flagship *Confiance,* flank the entrance. One of the cannon has a dent on the muzzle made by a ball which caused the piece to recoil and kill the British commander, Downie.

The other building is Luce Hall. It is named after Rear Admiral Stephen B. Luce, founder of the War College at Newport, Rhode Island. It, too, has its collection of relics and trophies, including the raft used by Hobson in the perilous expedition that brought him fame—the sinking of the *Merrimac* in the entrance of Santiago Harbor in an attempt to bottle up the Spanish fleet.

At the waterfront lies the famous old yacht *America,* presented to the Naval Academy by a group of American yachtsmen. The *America* on August 22, 1851, won at Cowes, England, the international race and thus brought to this country the trophy ever since known as the America's Cup.

Probably the most interesting monument in the Academy grounds is the Tripoli Monument. It is the work of the Italian sculptor Micali, and was designed as a tribute of brother officers to the midshipmen—Somers, Caldwell, Decatur, Wadsworth, Dorsey, and Israel—who lost their lives during the Tripolitan War.

# Poland—Country of Possibilities

## New Angles on a Reborn Nation Rich in Natural and Spiritual Resources

By WILLIAM M. PATCH

THE writer recently dined with a prominent New York banker and had the pleasure of sitting next to his wife. The conversation, leading from one point to another, finally drifted to Poland. The writer informed his hostess that he was planning to go to Europe in the near future and while there, to visit Poland. Whereupon she exclaimed:

'Poland? Why, I didn't know anybody lived there!'

The writer then timidly asked: 'Do you really know where Poland is?'

Alas and alack! This charming and otherwise intelligent American lady didn't know where Poland was. She read once upon a time somewhere that Poland was a part of Russia. To the best of her knowledge and belief she still thought—if a vague feeling may be called thinking—that Poland was located somewhere in Russia, or at least in that general section of Eastern Europe. She was surprised to learn, as the conversation proceeded, that white people lived in Poland; that its cities were among the most beautiful in Europe and some of them centers of learning for many generations before the establishment of 'fair Harvard'; its culture centuries old and its resources such as to make the country self-sustaining.

The knowledge of thousands of otherwise intelligent Americans on the subject of Poland and the Polish people is as deficient as that of this charming hostess. Yet the history of Poland extends back for a thousand years. Within that period Poland, on many occasions, occupied a position second to none on the continent of Europe; her territory extended from sea to sea and her power and influence even further. Polish cities attracted merchants, and Polish educational centers—notably the Jagiellonian University of Krakow—attracted scholars from all over the then known world. Polish soldiers went wherever their duty called them, in defence either of their own country or of Christian civilization.

Everyone has read about Jan Sobieski and his winged knights, who routed the Turks at Vienna. The cause of liberty, even from across the seas, appealed to the valiant Polish soldiers. Who has not heard of Pulaski, who made his supreme sacrifice at Savannah on behalf of our independence? Or of Thaddeus Kosciuszko, hero of two continents, who fortified the battlefield of Saratoga and the Heights of West Point and who contributed no small share to the siege of Yorktown? Yes, the Poles have a past not to be ashamed of. But it is of the present that the writer intends to speak.

For a century and a quarter prior to the World War, Poland was divided among the three partitioning powers—Russia, Germany and Austria. In this war (1914-1918) the Poles were arrayed brother against brother and were made to fight for all three oppressors; a prospect which meant everything to lose and nothing to gain. Whichever side won, the Poles were bound to lose. But it came to pass that all three oppressors lost out one by one, and Poland won.




Revised map of Poland, including Vilna and neighboring territory

In 1918, Poland was again a free nation, and her independence was recognized not only by the Treaty of Versailles but by the whole civilized world.

With political independence came the problem of setting up her national housekeeping on the ruins of the war and out of the remnants of material made to fit the schemes of other households. It was a stupendous problem. She had practically nothing to start on and every obstacle in the way of getting started. Her neighbors had a more or less unified administration in the shape of a corps of trained officials, capable of thinking in terms of national needs. They also possessed police, a system of transportation and communication, capital and some sort of a monetary system. Poland had none of these things. Her territory was ravaged by every invading and retreating foe and everything in sight was destroyed or carried away.

Competent authorities unite in saying that Poland's plight was even worse than that of Belgium. For whereas Belgium was invaded by one army, Poland was invaded by four. The destructive howitzers and the efficient troops of Germany, as well as those of Austria, Russia, and later the Bolsheviki, all had their turn. They burned, pillaged, destroyed and laid waste almost every section of the land. To all of which was added general antipathy to any kind of government and unwillingness on the part of the masses to pay taxes—exactly the sort of thing we Americans inherited from our Revolutionary days. Domination, to say nothing of oppression, does not foster civic virtue.

But there are resources that neither age-long oppression can destroy nor hostile armies carry away—the natural resources of the Polish land and the spiritual resources of the Polish people. We see here a vast territory, comprising an area of 150,000 square miles and a population of 30,000,000. Taking Great Britain into consideration, Poland is the sixth largest country in Europe from the point of view of both territory and population. The first five are Russia (about 100 million), Germany (58 million), Great Britain (47 million), France (39 million), and Italy (36 million).

Poland's chief industry is agriculture: no less than two-thirds of her population earn their living by the cultivation of the soil. At present the chief agricultural products are rye, oats, wheat, barley, potatoes and sugar beets. Due, unfortunately, to unfavorable economic conditions which have hindered the development of agriculture ever since the re-establishment of the Republic and which made the export of Polish agricultural produce very difficult, Poland has not attained that important position in the world markets which it rightly deserves. Yet Poland stands second in the production of potatoes, third in barley and oats, and fourth in beet sugar. With regard to livestock, she is preceded only by Germany in the production of horses and hogs.

Timber forms one of the most important items in Polish production. The area occupied by woods and forests comprises about twenty-three per cent of the total. Although forests are not being exploited on a large scale, the production of timber, besides satisfying the needs of the country, leaves a comfortable margin of 8 to 10 million cubic meters for export annually. The value of timber exported in 1924 amounted to 150,000,000 *zlotys*, and it doubled that of 1922. The exports of timber are growing and their importance for the Polish trade balance is correspondingly increasing. The quality of some of

the Polish timber is beyond competition, especially Volhynion oak and Eastern Polish pine. Germany, for raw materials, and England, for half-finished products, constitute the chief markets. So far only small quantities have been sent to the United States.

Poland has also salt, petroleum and coal resources. The Silesia-Moravia-Krakow coal basin is one of the richest in existence. The products of Wieliczka salt mines are considered the best in Europe. Recently large strata of potassium salts were discovered.

But above all, reborn Poland possesses the spiritual resources of the Poles—their rich traditions, their patriotism, their capacity for hard work and boundless courage. Forces such as these are no less powerful than material forces. With these resources Poland, within the few years following the Armistice, has organized her administrative machinery, her police system, her educational system, her system of transportation and communication. Economically, she has developed her productive capacity to a normal pre-war level along many lines and exceeded it along others. She has reformed her currency and placed it on a gold basis; has balanced her budget and achieved in recent months a favorable balance of trade and established for herself an international credit.

All who have been in Poland recently report that in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties the country has made remarkable progress; probably greater than that of any other country under like conditions.

All this has been made possible because of the boundless capacity for work the Pole possesses. And when I say the Pole, I mean the real Pole, the Christian Pole. Hard work has solved the Polish problem—at least for the Poles. The Pole works from early morn till late night; and as he works he sings unceasingly, for he feels happy.

Whatever else Poland lacked at the start, she has this great productive capacity of her peasants and workingmen as a foundation upon which to build.

In an industrial age like ours, four factors are indispensable to a progressive national economy: natural resources (land, forests, minerals, water, desirable climatic conditions, etc.); strong hands willing to work; capital (especially in the form of equipment and tools); and an organizing or directive genius. Poland has great abundance of the first two, but lacks to a large extent the third and fourth.

In the course of time she can accumulate her capital and produce her own organizer of industry, the *entrepreneur*, the man, as we learn in our elementary principles of economics, who takes the factors of production (land, labor and capital) and organizes them in the most effective way. But her economic progress would be greatly accelerated by the infusion of large doses of capital from countries that are better off in this respect.

Among the needs of Poland today are substantial credits from abroad and the business brains to administer them properly. Why not American credits? Why not American brains? America has plenty of both. Poland has done wonders already along lines of economic reconstruction, and has demonstrated her ability and her capacity. She has proved that she may be trusted.




Anti-'Red' elements have lately been steadily gaining the upper hand at Canton, China, with the result that elements among the civil population who are always ready to back the winning side have now become definitely Anti-Bolshevist. It is maintained, and it appears with considerable justice, that had the Powers intervened in the Canton situation these elements would have immediately become pro-Chinese, regardless of whether Canton was 'Red' or 'White.'

The successes of Chang and Wu, although they may act as a severe setback to Russian and Bolshevist intrigues, cannot, however, be looked upon yet in the light of a settlement of the Chinese Civil War. The various warring generals, who are temporarily allied against a common enemy, have yet to settle their mutual differences.

---

the origin of the law against gambling had nothing to do with anything so visionary as morals. It was purely a matter of worldly wisdom. The governors of England one day announced that citizens had been found playing at (to quote the statute of 33 Henry VIII, c. 9) 'many and sundry new and crafty games and plays, as logetting in the fields, slide-thrift, otherwise called shove-groat . . . keeping houses, plays and alleys for the maintenance thereof.' Then followed the objection to all this, which had nothing to do with ethics; gambling was wrong solely because 'by reason whereof archery is sore decayed . . . and divers bowyers and fletchers for lack of work gone and inhabit themselves in Scotland and other places out of this realm . . . to the great comfort of estrangers and detriment of this realm.' Therefore these houses and games were declared unlawful.

That is, certain games were made crimes in England, not because they were considered morally wrong, but for the very materialist reason that if men and boys sat about playing shove-groat they were not practising with bows and arrows, and so getting ready for the next war. It would be a difficult matter for the modern Puritan to decide whether, on the whole, it is not a more moral thing to play pitch and toss than to learn to kill one's fellowmen. Anyhow, such is the foundation of the legal crime of gambling—it stopped archery practice!

---

the fact that birds sing after the breeding time is over shows clearly enough that love is not the only well-spring from which their song arises; what these other emotions may be is bound to be largely a matter of supposition. Besides weather conditions and a plentiful supply of food, alarm is a powerful song stimulus. I once saw a kestrel stoop at a skylark: the hawk missed its quarry by a fraction of an inch; immediately the skylark soared up and burst into full song. A fisherman friend once saw a hawk attack a dipper, which fell, partly stunned, into the water. He scared off the hawk, and the dipper floated downstream till it came to a stone, when it crawled out, gradually recovered, and finally broke into music. It is, of course, possible that the stimulus in both these cases may have been relief from danger. Birds which are good singers are volatile in temperament, and therefore likely to be easily influenced by environment—in fact, to possess in some measure the esthetic sense; hence they respond readily in song to any stimulus, pleasurable or otherwise. A stone thrown into a reed-bed makes all the sedge and reed warblers hysterical—'when the little heart is big, a little sets it off.'

---

*The International Jew* in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set $1. THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN.

actions in response to light are called 'phototropisms'; where they are caused by the direct influence of the sun's rays they are known as 'heliotropisms.' These actions are compulsory; the animal under the influence of a tropism acts mechanically, but when once the action is accomplished the tropism weakens, or probably other stimuli prove stronger. Certain animals which are said to be attracted by curiosity to light—a fact which has been made use of in many instances to bring about their destruction—are thus proved to be under the influence of positive phototropism. The attraction of light for moths is very well known, and anyone who has lived in a neighborhood where glowworms are abundant must have been distressed by the reckless manner in which the winged males in the breeding season will commit suicide in candles and lamps. The reason for this attraction is obvious, thanks to Loeb's experiments; the unfortunate males develop a strong phototropism for the purpose of being guided thereby to the light which the female exhibits, and he is automatically drawn away from his mate to be destroyed by her more powerful rivals.

---

Peking's poverty and misery grow apace, says the *North China News*. There has been a veritable epidemic of suicides in recent weeks and dog-eating is becoming so increasingly common that all dogs of worth are kept off the streets and are guarded by their owners. A recent season of mild weather was followed by a few cold nights during which the police found many dead men, women and children in all quarters of the city—dead from weakness and physical exhaustion.

# 'Are You an Optimist?'

(Continued from page 7)



I have known a number of success manufacturers. They were all poor, and one 'worried stiff most of the time.'

will furnish me with a magnetic personality, complete in all parts. But what would I really do with a magnetic personality? Indeed it is getting to be so that if you have any personality at all, you are in danger. I have been getting rid of mine for years and it is the only real road to happiness that I know.

Yes, these people are sincere. They believe in *achievement*, in *concentration*, in *realization*, in *dominion*. And they are so unselfish that they don't bother to get these things for themselves; they wish it all for you and me.

This does not mean for one moment, however, that they are all unsuccessful. On the contrary, just as I have stated about the lady psychologist who took ten thousand dollars out of my neighbors, so I know one large concern whose annual profits run into hundreds of thousands of dollars, and it is all supported by voluntary contributions.

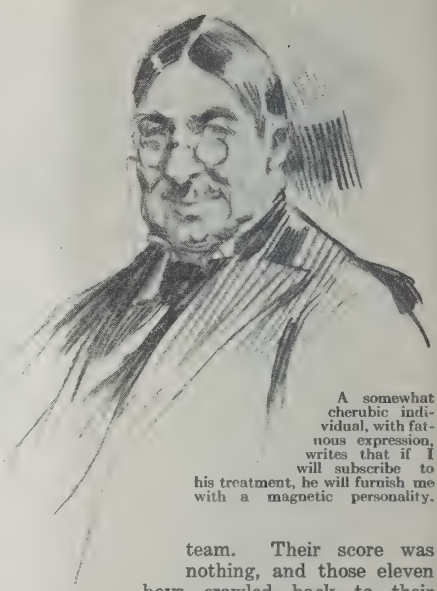
You send them what you want to. This method is such an easy way of making large profits that it is worth while to analyze it for a moment.

If you are feeling depressed over some turn in your affairs, and have been quite possibly brooding over it, and a friend comes along and slaps you on the back, tells you a cheerful story and flatters you by saying that you have all kinds of ability, what happens? For the moment, at least, or for a much longer time, you are jarred out of your morbid mood. You experience a sense of relief. You suddenly realize that you had become twisted up mentally and that most of it was just such stuff as nightmares are made of. You are grateful to your friend. I know several men who make a fine living just by being cheerful. They are provided with meals just because the providers like to have them around.

Now if you will apply this simple principle to our inspirational friends, you will see how it works. A man I know told me he had been trying to sell his house. He wired the inspiration plant for help. The next day a man came around and bought the house. He thought the I. P. had done it and voluntarily sent them a large check. After all, human beings are not all pikers. But in this instance, mark the sequel, for I know the man. He is a mediocrity. He has tried for many years to 'get good' as they say. Why has he not succeeded? Because he is looking for outside inspiration.

We know, if we know anything, that this country was first settled by men and women who depended entirely upon themselves. Fancy William Bradford, the original John Smith, Cotton Mather, or any other Pilgrim or Puritan leader, taking a correspondence school for *success* before they sailed from England, in order to have magnetic personalities enough to fight Indians! Also, we know that we have been running along for some years on the original courage and initiative of those same early settlers. That we have it still is shown by the following incident:

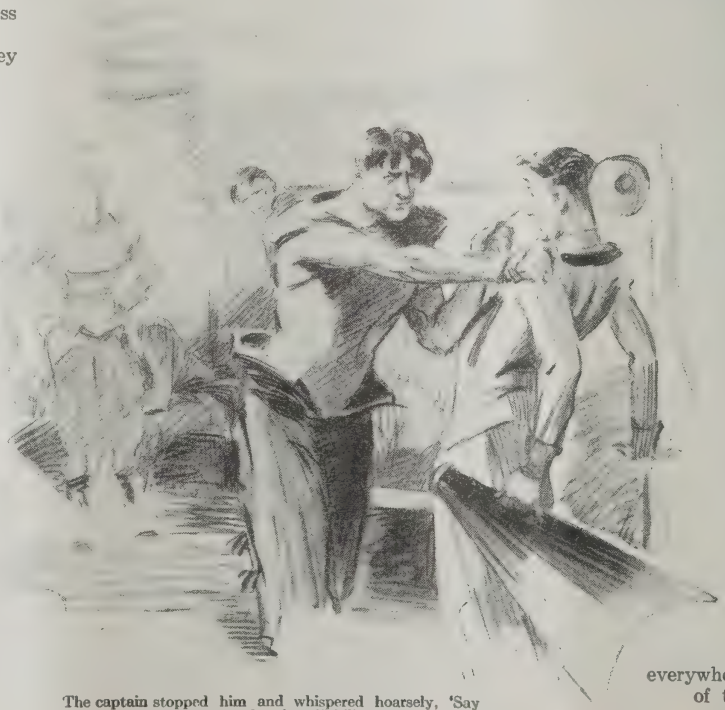
You know what a cheer leader is? Well, a certain university football team was badly defeated by another university football team. Their score was nothing, and those eleven boys crawled back to their quarters dripping with gloom. While they were changing, the cheer leader came in, and jumping up and down as a preliminary, and putting on a cheer leader's grin, shouted: 'Now fellows, all together!' The captain of the team stopped him. Going over to where the cheer leader was beginning to cheer, he crushed him down and whispered hoarsely: 'Say another word and we'll kill you!'



A somewhat cherubic individual, with fatuous expression, writes that if I will subscribe to his treatment, he will furnish me with a magnetic personality.

That is the real thing, because it is based on the big idea that when we get licked, we are not going to spare ourselves anything that will teach us not to get licked again. What the inspirational people are trying to do is to offer to spare us everything, at a price.

But that is not all. A proportion of them, who appeal to our intelligence instead of to our emotions, suavely tell us that if we will follow their lead, they will teach us how to think. The fine art of thinking has been played up now in every conceivable form. It is first assumed—although this of course is put in a very gentle manner—that the whole American public is a mass of morons, or more vulgarly, stupid asses, and that it never thinks at all. Now the truth is that there has never before been gathered together on this globe so many people with such a high standard of intelligence. This does not appear on the surface, quite possibly, but the signs of it are everywhere. For example, one of the leading landscape artists of this country,



The captain stopped him and whispered hoarsely, 'Say another word and we'll kill you.'

a man who has studied abroad for years and whose pictures command the very highest prices ranging up into the thousands, told me only the other day that there was better art being created in this country than any other country in the world. The same thing is true in inventiveness, in architecture, in music and even in religion.

If you doubt that the American people think, talk to the first man you meet on a subject in which he is interested. He will tell you all about it in a minute and he will tell you straight. He will, quite naturally and properly, be a dumbbell on a subject in which he is not interested. It is just here that so many wise crackers are fooled.

Our fault lies precisely here: we think so easily, we are so quick on the trigger, and we have developed such enormous natural resources, that we get mentally lazy, or soft, and believe we can pay for something that will get us ease in living, just as we get gas from a station. The only trouble is, when you get your inspiration from the outside, your engine goes dead on you if they turn off the supply.

Please note further, *there is no such thing as new thought*, and what all the inspiration and success and new thought folks are trying to sell us has nothing to do with real religion. That is quite plain enough to the simplest mind, because, frankly, they are interested in securing your success in this world, and not in the next. It is all personal, material, immediate; from the inflation of your will power to the adjustment upon you of a magnetic personality, it means earthly harmony, earthly dividends. And the new thought is as old as the hills. They had correspondence schools in Babylon on the development of your inner cadences, but they said it with bricks instead of pink circulars.

Are you an optimist? It is a matter of temperament. Your temperament is something that comes with YOU. You cannot trade it off for another. It sticks by you through life. If it is the temperament of an optimist, then you are an optimist, and—if you don't get too cheerful—people will ask you to eat up their good food. If you have the temperament of a pessimist, you may, under pressure, try to conceal it, but you will always be one.

## The Last Laugh

OVER a slowly burning, well concealed mosquito camp fire in Arizona, I have contemplated the patriarchal and convincing features of Joaquin Miller, and listened to real music, as the soft, undulating voice rolled out the warranted embellishments of a personal narrative.

I suggested: 'Miller, tell us tonight what kind of a scrape you had been in when you wrote in your *Sierra Nevada:*

'I would some things I've done and said,
Were dead
Well dead
And buried deep as hell
With recollection dead as well
And as for resurrection,
God forbid.'

Those forceful blue eyes, with closing lids, acquired only by those who have lived where they shoot first and then find out their mistake, looked earnestly at me. With a touch of asperity in that entrancing voice, he said:

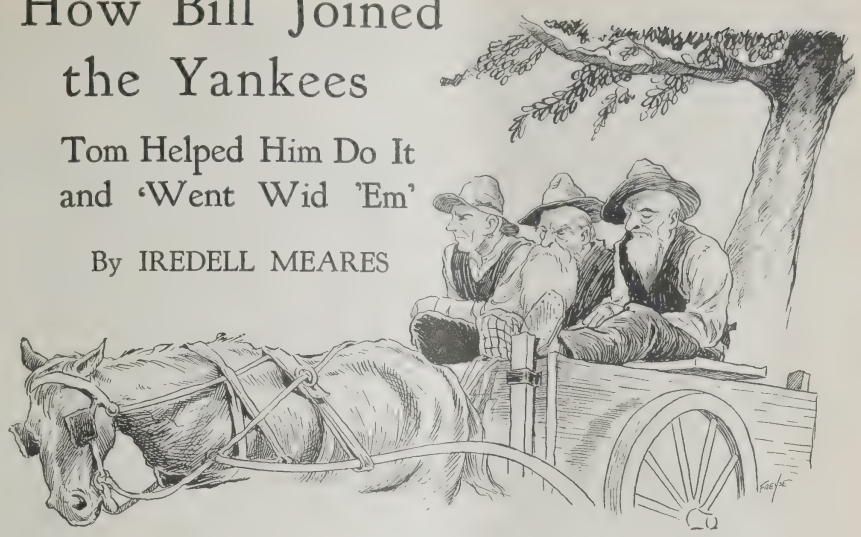
'You tell us what kind of a scrape you had been in that led you to memorize that paragraph, and quote it so feelingly.'

—*By One Who Knew Him.*

# How Bill Joined the Yankees

## Tom Helped Him Do It and 'Went Wid 'Em'

By IREDELL MEARES



THREE old cronies lived in North Carolina. Each had a five-acre farm and a log cabin. Their farms adjoined. Together they owned a two-wheeled cart and an old gray mare.

Bill and John had a fight. Tom was the only witness. John in the mêlée bit off a small piece of Bill's ear. Bill brought suit for mayhem—personal injury.

'We bin to town,' said Tom, the sole witness, 'and hear'n de speakin' we started back in de car. I had de reins driving de old mare. Bill, he sot on de right oner me on de seat. John, he sot on tother side. Me was in de middle. Bill and John dey was argufying about politics. I keeps on drivin', payin' no attention much kase dey didn't know nuttin' about what dey was talkin' and fussin' about no ways. Torectly John, he 'lowed, he was gwine to take offen his coat to it.'

Now, in local parlance, that meant he would back up what he said by fighting about it. It is a challenge.

'Bill,' continued the witness, 'when John said dat, Bill he jist gits offen de cart and pulls off hisen coat. John he done de same. Den de fight started.'

'What did they say, either of them?'

'Nuttin' what I hearn.'

'Were they mad—did they get mad?'

'Nope.'

'Did they use any angry words?'

'Nope.

'How long did they fight?'

''Bout a bit.'

'Anybody get hurt?'

'Bill he git a piece of his ears clipped.'

'Who did it?'

'John.'

'What did they do when they quit fighting?'

'Gits in de cart and I drove on.'

'And nobody said anything till you got home?'

'Nope and not when we gits home nudder.'

'Bill complained about his ear, didn't he?'

'He jist grouched about it kase hit was bleedin'.'

'How long have you known the plaintiff, Bill?'

'Pretty nigh all me life.'

'Do you know his general character?'

'Yep.'

'What is it?'

'Wa'al, it's pretty good, except for not speaking.'

'Not speaking, what do you mean?'

'Wa'al, tother day he passed me on de road and he nebber speak. He gits dat away sometimes—in a sorter grouch.'

'Well, you were in the Confederate Army—same company with Bill, weren't you?'

'Yep.'

'Bill was wounded?'

'Yep.'

'You brought him home?'

'Yep.'

'On furloughs, I suppose?'

'Yep.'

'You say, you were in the army with Bill, he was wounded and you brought him home on furloughs?'

'Yep.'

'Where was Bill wounded?'

'Sorter here (placing hand a little front of side).'

'Put your hand on the spot.'

'Sorter here (moving his hand little back of side).'

'Oh—put your hand on the exact spot. You can do it.'

'Wa'al, here it be (placing his hand on his back next to spine).'

'Then Bill was wounded in back?'

'Yep.'

'Was he running, back to Yankees?'

'Wa'al, I guess so; none of us be walkin' that day.'

'Well, Bill got well?'

'Yep.'

'Did he go back, or either of you, after your furloughs expired?'

'Nope.'

'Did the provost marshal get after you to send you back?'

'Yep.'

'Did he get either of you?'

'Nope.'

'Why not?'

'Kase he didn't.'

'Now, as a matter of fact, don't you know that Bill, the plaintiff, after he got well, ran away, deserted and joined the Yankees?'

'Yep.'

'Take the witness, gentlemen.' Whereupon plaintiff's attorney, chagrined at the disclosure, turned upon the witness, and, in sarcastic tone, angrily asked:

'And, pray tell us, how do you know that the plaintiff deserted and joined the Yankees?'

'*Kase I hoped him do it. I went wid 'em.*'

Plaintiff did not recover.

# Chats with Office Callers



'They say Germany is busted,' said ***the man from the South,*** 'but she is today shipping nitrogen products into the United States. Before the war Germany was importing from 700,000 to 800,000 tons of Chilean nitrate annually. Now, by the use of her war-built plants (like our Muscle Shoals) she is not only supplying her domestic needs but is selling her surplus to the United States. Funny, isn't it? Take the dye situation. Before the war we were dependent largely on Germany for our dyes. Then came the war and stoppage of importations. Germany had taken out patents on dye manufacture in the United States but she had purposely left gaps in the formulas. Without the missing links we were helpless. Later on a manufacturer imported two skilled German dye workers who filled in the missing portions of the formulas and we are today independent of the German supply. It takes a crisis to bring results in the United States, but no crisis seems sufficient to call the United States to free the farmers of the country from their dependence on Chile for nitrates. Resting over every acre of our land, in the atmosphere, are 33,800 tons of nitrogen. And yet with processes for fixing the nitrogen of the atmosphere commercially we dawdle along at Washington and seem to suffer no humiliation of national pride that Germany is shipping us air nitrogen fertilizer. Meantime, eight years after the war, one of the largest air nitrogen plants in the world, built by the Government at Muscle Shoals during the war, remains idle and the only thing at work at our air nitrogen plant at Muscle Shoals is rust.'

❦ ❦ ❦

'It is difficult to believe,' said ***the man from New Zealand,*** 'but there are settlers and even townships beyond the reach of wheels in New Zealand. The inhabitants use saddle-hack and pack horse for transport. The Maori horses are tough little beasts, ill shaped and hard mouthed. But they can carry a heavy load without halting. I've had them go thirty or forty miles a day over rough hill country, carrying a good load. Pedestrians are rare in the back country of the islands. Even the native rides. Tourists in New Zealand too often see only the show places. There are innumerable side trips to be made off the beaten path where the tripper will find new scenery and much hospitality. The whites in the more isolated portions of the islands welcome the traveler, for it is seldom they see a strange face.'

❦ ❦ ❦

'About as serious a piece of work as I have recently seen,' said ***the man with a sociology bent,*** 'is the work of an American priest of Irish extraction who is in charge of an Hungarian parish. Finding his parish filling up with Hungarians, he decided first to understand them. But in doing so he would not concede them everything. He mixed the English language—50-50, as we say—with his parishioners' native language. Then he set about to find how best they could be fitted into their new American life. He studied their pedigrees, their family histories. He found out from what racial branches they had sprung, what was their background. He obtained data concerning their relatives in Europe. Then, armed with 2,000 names and addresses, he went to Hungary and studied the background, both racial and physical, from which his parish had sprung. He now feels as if he knew a little more about his people. The Hungarians, you know, are really fine people. It is rarely if ever you see their name connected with the alien crime wave that has swept over the country. The Hungarian communities are industrious and peaceable.'

❦ ❦ ❦

***A Yakima Indian*** came into The Office and added to our information by saying that the famous Yakima apples and other Yakima fruits are raised on the reservation of his tribe. But the raising is done by the white farmer on lands leased from the Indian. 'We have a saying on our reservation,' he said, 'that "most of the best eighties are married off." Worthless white men marry our girls to get the land, and then skip out. The Government is putting a stop to that, however. I do not join in the Indians' complaint against the Indian Bureau; we are not in any position to indulge in criticism yet. But I sometimes think the Government's educational policy is narrow. Our people are artists, as you know, yet no provision is made for music or art in the studies offered our children. I know a Hopi Indian boy who is a master of color, but nothing can be done for him; not a dollar can be found to use in his development. It seems a great pity. There were 12,000 of us Indians who enlisted for the defense of the country in the World War, but when we were mustered out we had to go back as wards of the Indian Agent. In seventy-five years the Indian will be landless, and it depends on the educational policy now pursued whether he shall then take his place in society or become a gypsy race. Individually the Indian does well where he has a chance, but tribally we do very poorly.'

❦ ❦ ❦

'I see you had a reference in your paper to the expression "Keep your shirt on,"' said ***the Friendly Reader.*** 'Your author explained it passably but not accurately. The origin of the matter goes back pretty far—back to the time when they say that our forefathers were savages. Of course, that is untrue. We of Anglo-Saxon origin were civilized when Rome was a wilderness. The ancient Briton was thought a barbarian because he stripped for battle. Every British schoolboy, every British sailor does the same today. You see the dockmen stripped for action. The Anglo-Saxon soldier in battle has an irresistible propensity to get rid of every incumbrance that hinders his hardest blows. This was so foreign to what the Romans did that they thought the Britons barbarous. Indeed, in no other race will you find the propensity to strip for action. Taking off the shirt is, therefore, the sign of battle. It is a deep-rooted instinct in our people. Thus, when reference to this habit crops up in modern slang the expression "Keep your shirt on," it simply means, keep your fighting temper down.'

❦ ❦ ❦

'I was riding in the diner between Pittsburgh and Washington,' said ***the Man from Washington,*** 'when Andrew Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, rose and left a table.

'"Do you know who that was?" I asked the negro waiter.

'"Ah sure do: that's Uncle Andy Mellon of Pittsburgh."

'"You see him often then, I take it."

'"Oh, yes sah, yes sah. He always comes in about this time for some crackers and milk, and then about eight o'clock along he comes for his dinnah."

'"Pretty liberal tipper?"

'"Oh, yes sah: las' time he give me $1.75. But the real tipper is Harry Thaw. He's a Pittsburgh man too, just like Mistah Mellon. Yes, sah, Mistah Mellon and Mistah Thaw both Pittsburgh men. Pittsburgh's a great town. Lots o' big men there. Mistah Thaw he tips everybody, even the steward.

'"But things ain't as good as they were," continued the waiter. "The rich people don't travel like they used to."

'"Don't travel?" I said.

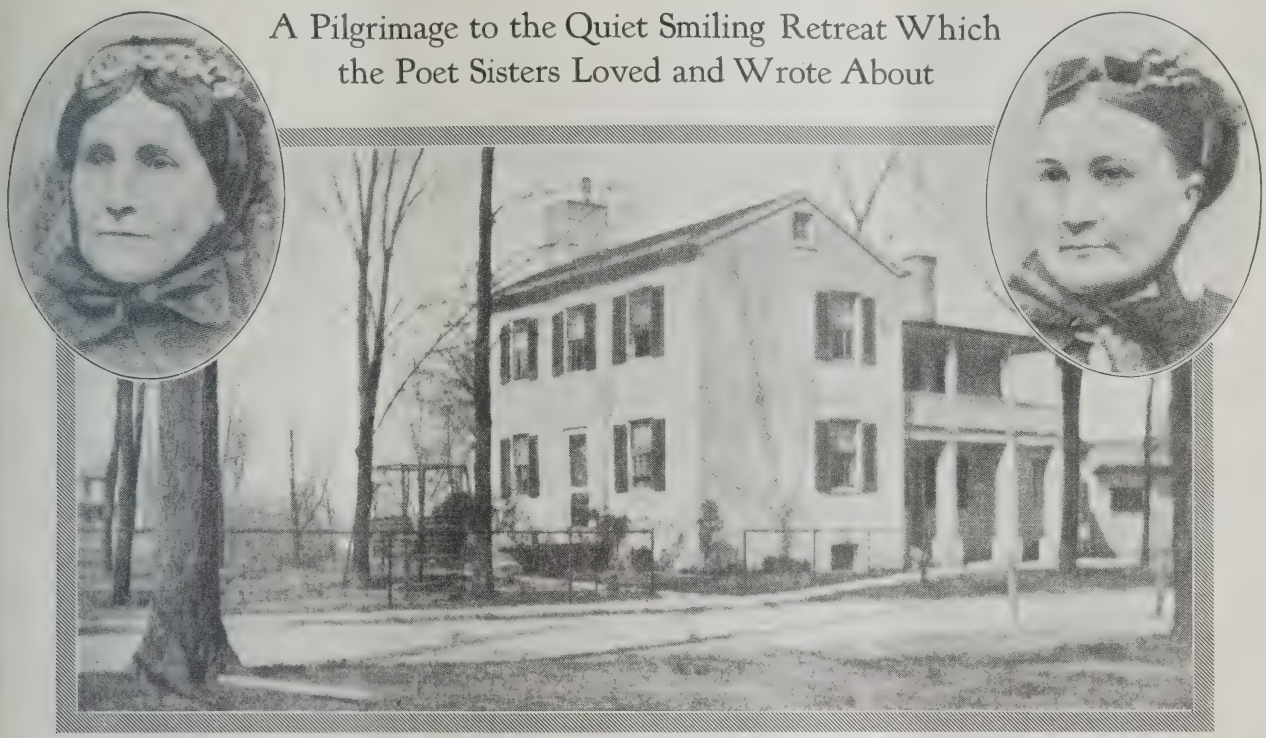
'"No, sah, they all go in motor cars now."'

❦ ❦ ❦

The conversation centered on those recent books of fiction which picture American farm life as drab and foul and depraved. 'The chief fault with our callow young realists,' remarked ***The Newspaperman,*** 'is that they are trying to raise up a peasant class in American literature whereas there is none on the American land. Because Russia has a peasantry, our young literary lights think that America should have a peasantry too. So they invent an American peasantry in their novels. They have failed to comprehend that America is not Russia, nor are Americans Russians. The difference is a matter of race. *The American is not a peasant, he never has been, and he never will be.* He comes from the yeomanry and thanehood. The peasant type of other countries is quite recognizable, but even the literary industry of our New York youngsters has not produced anything like an American type on paper. The reason is that it does not exist in life. One poet like Robert Frost, who truly understands and sympathizes with and interprets the American farmer, or one writer like David Grayson, is worth a thousand of the self-styled "realists," who, failing to Russianize American life, want to Russianize American fiction.'

# Clovernook, the Cary Homestead

## A Pilgrimage to the Quiet Smiling Retreat Which the Poet Sisters Loved and Wrote About



Clovernook, the Cary homestead at Cincinnati, Ohio. Oval (left)—Alice Cary. Oval (right)—Phoebe Cary.

By FRANCES HIGGINS

'OF COURSE you will want to see Clovernook, the Cary homestead,' we say in planning the itinerary for our guests at Heighholme. It is more a habit than a suggestion. The tone of voice is that used in Washington in referring to Mt. Vernon; half reverence, half nonchalance from much repeating.

'Clovernook? The Cary homestead?'

'Yes, the old home of the poets, Alice and Phoebe Cary,' we explain, with what we deem a proper inflection in pride and voice, knowing it to be our city's, our county's chief literary shrine.

A reply in the affirmative—and it is invariably—arrangements are made and we are on our way. Blessed is the day when our guests prefer to walk and we may venture forth in true pilgrim fashion from one Ohio hilltop to another. Thus journeying, by winding country lanes instead of the much-vaunted auto highways, we circumvent the farthest confines of the city and more nearly approach the age and atmosphere we seek. Yes, blessed is the day and the pilgrimage and the guest who inspires it!

There is a charm in the smiling, intimate landscape that instantly transports us to the days when the poet sisters loved and wrote of it. With the exception of huge cylindrical silos, modern woven-wire fences, and roadside telephone lines, it is the country of their books and poems still—a homely yet lovable country that does not swallow up the modest farmhouses, barns, and haystacks as a vaster scenery does, but seems rather to enfold them.

'Woods and cornfields, a little brown,' such as the sisters knew, alternate along our twisting thread of road. That is, if it be September, the most delectable time of all for our pilgrimage.

The woods may be somewhat less extensive and less frequent now, but none the less enchanting with their dim aisles marked by native growth of oak, elm, beech, maple, locust, sycamore, and buckeye, and carpeted by myriad native flowers. Here and there, along the margin of a stream—creek is the proper word, no doubt—reigns a monarch of the beeches or such an elm as might have served as model for Corot.

The corn, most majestic of all cultivated crops, thrives as in a virgin soil and would inspire a poet still, if such there were among our company. Gay, rosy tangles of morning-glories cling to its ripening stalks; goldenrod and blossoming artichokes touch the fence-rows with color; tall, graceful ironweeds purple the hillsides above like heather.

Setting our pace to the moods of our company, we come at last to the ancient water mill—now converted to steam and grinding rhythmically—near the head of Mill Creek. It may be the very structure to which Robert Cary, father of the poets, brought his grist a century and more ago. The thought remains while we turn from our pleasant country way on to the smooth stretches of the Cincinnati-Hamilton Pike, which brings us promptly to the site of the first Clovernook.

A venerable snag of a tree well hidden by a rank growth of wild grapevine is all that marks the spot where once the wee house stood. But pausing there before it we seem to see the veritable story-book dwelling, of which Alice Cary wrote:

> Low and little, and black and old,
> With children many as it can hold.

Nor is this mirage to be wondered at. Few houses in all the country have been so honored as this most humble dwelling which Robert Cary built with his own hands in the pioneer days of 1814. It is referred to again and again, immortalized, in the verse of the talented sisters—Alice, born beneath its roof in 1820, and Phoebe whose centenary was celebrated two years ago.

It had no rival in the hearts and verse of the Cary family, though it came in time to have a successor, a second Clovernook. The neat gray brick farmhouse, standing close beside the road a few rods south of the site of the original dwelling and likewise facing west, inherited its name and at least the shadow of its fame.

Robert Cary, thrifty farmer that he was, lifted the last cent of indebtedness from his farm after nearly twenty years of hard and patient labor. It was then, in the early thirties, when Alice was twelve years old and little Phoebe only eight, that he was enabled to provide a larger, better home for his rapidly growing family.

Not that the wee, brown house was not very fine in its way, It was frame and a whole story and a half in height, while many a neighbor boasted no more than a rude log cabin in those days. But Robert Cary could now afford to build a much more commodious home, and he prepared to do so, making the bricks from the bank of glacial clay in his own fields. That it was a busy, happy time for the little family, watching the molding and baking of the bricks, cooking for the laborers and the masons, washing dishes, we may be sure.

However, we may better judge their pride and satisfaction in it by inspecting the house itself, the object of our journey. We turn from the brick-paved highway where automobiles and traction cars are making their noisy way from city to city and enter the grounds of Clovernook. We approach not the neat gray farmhouse that might have been borrowed from a New England landscape, but the large, modern brick building on its right.

Clovernook is now the property of the Cincinnati Association for the Blind. The administrative offices are in the new building. It is here we make known our request.

'Certainly you may see the buildings. Wait here in the living room until I send for some one to take you through,' says the matron.

We obey, admiring the pleasant living room whose inmates may not see its charms but are none the less aware of them. We turn from quaint chairs and tables in the antique style to the piano and the phonograph and the radio of the present day. It is the library, however, that proves most interesting, shelves of immense volumes, the Bible in Braille and New York point, and a few other books. *Mother Cary's Chickens* is one of them; the very brief story fills two volumes! The Bible fills two shelves; we shall have to count.

*The Rosewood Desk With the Indian Shawls*

But here our guide, who is an inmate of the home, enters, calls our attention to the features of the sunny living room, which she has never seen, and to the still brighter solarium beyond the French doors. She directs us to the guest book on the old mahogany table, asking that we register. We write our names on the page for the day, adding to a list both long and varied.

She leads the way to the office across the hall. The quaint furniture of the living room does not belong to the Cary régime, being merely the gift of friends of the association, as she has patiently explained. But here before us are the real treasures of Clovernook—the Cary desk and the Cary table.

It is hardly Alice's rosewood desk that held the famous collection of India shawls in the New York home, nor Phoebe's which was an exact counterpart, but it is a very lovely desk, a camouflaged chest of drawers, when closed, and it actually belonged to the sisters or their family. We like to think of it as belonging to that happy pre-New York period when Robert Cary moved with his wife (a second one and not overly sympathetic, as our guide explains) to still another home, leaving Clovernook to the sisters and to peace.

Perhaps it is the desk that witnessed the preparation of the first small volume of 1849, that shared the full delight of assembling and arranging the best of ten years' unpaid labor, hitherto published in the Boston *Laaies' Repository*, in *Graham's Magazine*, in the *National Era*, and in the dailies and weeklies of the age, to be set before the world as the *Poems by Alice and Phoebe Cary*. If so, dear desk! There was never another hundred dollars like that first—from the Philadelphia publishers—we know.

It may be that these pigeonholes—they are still in daily use—once held the treasured letter of appreciation from Whittier, or correspondence equally complimentary from the far-famed Greeley, who came to visit the sisters in their western home, falling into lifelong friendship. The happy thoughts linger while we follow our guide to the guest room above for a view of the mahogany four-poster lately rescued from the old gray Cary barn; they accompany us across the graveled driveway to the door of the shrine, Clovernook.

*Where the Family Gathered About the Hearth*

The parlor—it is a parlor still where the inmates of the home receive and entertain their guests—seems smaller than we had expected. It is low-ceilinged, quaint, papered in a small-flowered design that suggests a former day. It is not difficult to see honest Robert Cary and his family assembled about the hearth, nor to picture their pride in the room. The beginning of all good things, the Carys deemed their fine new home. But it was not to be. Did they, we wonder, when their short years of happiness had passed and a stepmother ruled at Clovernook, give up sitting in the pretty parlor and only look in sadly, longingly?

'The portrait, the gentleman, above the mantel is Mr. Proctor, who bought Clovernook and presented it to the Blind Association,' says our guide, breaking in upon our reverie.

'The oval portraits above the organ are the poets, Alice on the right, Phoebe on the left.' We pause before the portraits. These are not the Alice and the Phoebe Cary of the trying, formative Clovernook days, when friends were all too few and fame undreamed of. They are, we judge, the mature poets, whose names were household words, whose 20th Street drawing-room was the center of the New York literary world. Alice, the author of one of the most musically perfect lyrics in the English language! Phoebe, the wittiest woman in America!

Now our guide indicates the framed Greeley letter, the shelf of Caryana, the woodcut of the first, the wee brown Clovernook. We pass into the front hall where beneath the narrow, winding stairs she opens the door of the manuscript closet.

'This is where the poets hid their manuscripts from their stepmother, who was unsympathetic,' is her explanation.

Dear little Cinderella girls, motherless Alice and Phoebe, toiling and drudging by day, studying and writing by night, denied even the luxury of a candle, but making your own lamp of a saucer of lard and a rag! America, we think, has no other story quite like yours. The tears are always very near when we gaze into the shadows of your manuscript closet. In the hall above is the child's ladder-back chair, still boasting some of its gay red paint and the stenciled initials P. C. (Phoebe Cary) on the back. It would seem to belong to an earlier, happier day. Flashing, black-eyed Phoebe was thirteen, we recall, and done with childish things, when she began her career as a poet, sending verses to far-away papers and rejoicing as she was never after to rejoice when the home papers copied them.

*Just Like the Spider's Winding Stair*

The bedrooms on the second floor are occupied by the present inmates of the home. One has been converted into a bathroom. Otherwise they are much as they must have been in the beginning; low-ceilinged, quaint, with convenient built-in presses near the mantels. We cross by way of the second-floor porch to the rear bedroom and thus down the winding stairs which have not their equal anywhere unless it be in the poetry of Ann Taylor.

Yes, we are sure, the spider's winding stair was no more perilous than this. Such narrow, narrow treads! Our guide warns us to be careful, and we fain would lend her a helping hand. This she scorns, however, asking only that we close the protective gate. We descend into the pleasant dining room of Clovernook, now a sewing room. Yes, a sewing room! And we are to see still greater marvels.

We make our exit by way of the side porch, note the cylindrical pillars of brick—brick designed and fired by Robert Cary for that special purpose. We take our leave of the shrine sacred to the poet sisters, who strove and wrote, alone, in secret, for ten long years until their names were known through all the land.

There is the deep-walled well, the orderly garden, the old gray barn to remind us of that far-away time when Clovernook was new and its inmates young and happy. But here is the shop, a modern building, where our guide takes leave of us with a few parting words to 'Mademoiselle.'

Within are the looms—hand looms dating back to the Cary régime, though not of it, gathered from all the country round that the patient blind folk might here earn their daily bread. Clovernook is not a charity but a self-supporting institution and proud of it. From the heaping boxes and baskets of riotous color, such as would delight an artist's eye, are woven rugs of rare beauty and design that find a ready market in our own and other cities.

A teacher directs and the rugs take shape under the skillful hands of her pupils. Here are the old-time hit-and-miss patterns, fashioned of gay cretonnes from the mattress factory; here are all shades of bright ginghams with borders unknown, undreamed of by the pioneer crafters; here are tiny doll rugs for a New York emporium. It is difficult to choose between them and the patterned couch covers and pillows and the hand-woven linen scarfs.

*Sabbath Evening Receptions in the Library*

But we take our leave of them at last, proceed to the second department of the shop, where the Clovernook books for the blind are made. Those who do not see are patiently at work transposing into Braille and New York point. We see the brass plates made and the printing—stamping, rather—of the pages done. The books completed will find a sale in all parts of the country. All our leading libraries now have departments for the blind, where they are in constant use.

Clovernook was inexpressibly dear to the Carys, as it is inexpressibly dear to all who know their story. They left it, it is true, in the early fifties, when at the very threshold of their careers, but all their after-life, their thoughts and poems were colored by that sweet, sad chapter lived at Clovernook. In New York, in their more pretentious 20th Street home, the world of art and literature and music paid them homage, but they were still the poets of the country and the farm.

Their Sabbath evening receptions in the library—a library boasting a thousand volumes in place of the meager seven they had known in childhood—were the *Who's Who* of the fifties and the sixties. There always was Mr. Greeley, of the *Tribune*, Mr. Bonner, of the *Ledger*, Mr. Bowles, of the Springfield *Republican*, Colonel Knox, of the *Sun*, Dr. Field, of the *Evangelist*, Mr. Elliot, of the *Home Journal*, Mr. Gilder, of *Hours at Home*, Mr. McCarthy, lately of the London *Morning Star*.

*Whittier Was Always a Welcome Guest*

Whittier, when in the city, was a most welcome guest; likewise Bayard Taylor, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and the Stoddards, poets all. Women writers, actors, reformers of the day, were represented by Kate Field, Mary L. Booth, Mary Mapes Dodge, Anna Dickinson, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, while Mr. Chambers, of Edinburgh, of *Information for the People* fame, Ole Bull, the divine Norwegian, and Lord Adare, of Scotland, made a cosmopolitan note in the gatherings.

It reads like the veriest romance, the story of these self-taught poets who went forth to win fame and honor among leaders of their day. Theirs is a literary heritage to be treasured with the rest. Taste in poetry has changed, we know, but love of courage and fortitude remains the same, we trust.

# Scandal Never Was Cleared Up!

(*Continued from page 5*)

Service operatives assume to have authority over civil service clerks conscientiously doing their duty and also that such service is charged with suppressing instead of seeking information.

Aside from the mystery thrown around the sudden dismissals of the twenty-eight heads of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, caused by the refusal of President Harding to explain his action, though the Senate stormed and the country wondered, the opposition of the Treasury Department to the investigation from beginning to end and its unsympathetic manner toward the new appointees of President Harding, directly under it, have been the most puzzling feature of the whole matter.

Something of an understanding began to dawn soon after Mr. Coolidge became President. Investigations became the order of the day. The Daugherty investigation was being clamored for and the particulars of the Teapot Dome which involved two other Cabinet officers were known among the Senators. Senator Caraway renewed his demands for reinstatement of the Bureau employes whose discharge had been attributed to politics, and it was stated in the press that he threatened a wholesale investigation of the Treasury unless the employes were reinstated without further delay.

Whether and why any department should fear an investigation was not touched upon, but it is the fact that Mr. Louis A. Hill, the director of the Bureau, who had refused the reinstatement and whose resignation was also being daily predicted in the press, was sent for by Mr. Mellon and told in practically so many words that he could remain if he would withdraw his opposition. He did not accept the offer and his resignation was immediately requested, no reasons being given, although he had just been commended by the head of the Appropriations Committee for his efficient administration in saving about a million and a half a year in his bureau. Simultaneously the deposed heads were reinstated. The Treasury had apparently escaped the threatened investigation. This was in December, 1923. Remember the date.

It has been necessary to devote much space to the Engraving Bureau to give a proper perspective. In reality the Bureau of Engraving formed but a small part of the investigation of the duplicate bonds. *It was, however, so constantly played up in the press that it soon became apparent that the purpose was to obscure the real issue.* Smoke screens had become the order of the day.

In the papers filed in the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia in the case of Charles B. Brewer, plaintiff, vs. Andrew W. Mellon, Harry M. Daugherty and their assistants, defendants, in which the court was told that much of the evidence in the case had been destroyed by the Treasury Department and was asked to prevent the defendants named from taking from him the bonds and other evidence which he stated both President Harding and President Coolidge had ordered be held in his custody, and from destroying it as they had done with other evidence, an incident is related in which a quotation is given from President Harding which furnishes a connecting link to an important turn in the whole matter.

This incident is referred to in the record of the court by Mr. Brewer, the petitioner, as follows:

'During this investigation, your petitioner, acting on the authority vested in him withdrew from the office of the Register of the Treasury certain duplicate bonds, which had been paid and surrendered, and after having ascertained that the numerals on said bonds, although identical as to figures, had been impressed on said bonds from type of entirely different fonts, your petitioner submitted these bonds to the President of the United States for his inspection.

'Upon presentation of said duplicate bonds to the President, the President called the defendant, the Hon. Andrew W. Mellon, to the office of the President at the White House and then and there, and in the presence of your petitioner, the President of the United States said: "Mellon, they call this man a 'nut.' It takes a 'nut' to bring me such things as you see there (referring to the duplicate bonds spread before them). *They are after this man good and hard, and I do not intend to let a thing happen to him,*" to which statement of the President of the United States the Secretary of the Treasury made no response, but nodded his assent.'

The italics are the writer's. Mr. Brewer was asked particularly about this part of the statement—as to its meaning, if he knew. He stated he knew this much. He had been the victim of a 'whispering' campaign intended to dislodge him and he knew that as a part of that the president of a large banking house with influential New York connections had visited the President and attempted to do his part in the campaign of whispering and that the President remained unmoved.

This was in the summer of 1922.

The court record shows that whoever the 'they' were to whom the President referred, they *kept* 'after this man good and hard.' The 'whispering' changed into full speech and ripened into an open attack by the press which periodically prophesied Mr. Brewer's 'immediate' separation from the service of the Government. It was without avail as long as President Harding lived. He wanted the truth without fear or favor, to secure which he had given Mr. Brewer the following credentials:

The White House,
Washington, June 30, 1922.

My dear Mr. Brewer:

It is well understood throughout the Treasury Department and by Secretary Mellon that you are to be permitted to secure all the information you desire in making the investigations which have been committed to you. The presentation of this letter to any concern dealing with the Government or with the department will undoubtedly make available to you all necessary opportunity for investigation. If these credentials are not ample please report to me the specific case and a special order will be issued.

Yours very truly,
Warren G. Harding.

Mr. Charles B. Brewer,
Special Assistant to the Attorney General, Washington, D. C.

The record shows that President Harding was evidently fearing that the investigation would encounter opposition, for at an earlier date he had said to Mr. Brewer: 'Go out and get the truth, and if there are any blocks put in your way, let me know.' The record also shows that *the only place where such opposition developed was within the Government.* And it shows, too, that the only place at which a refusal to honor President Harding's credentials was met was in the office of the Treasurer of the United States and that it was met at the specific direction of the Under-Secretary of the Treasury, Mr. S. P. Gilbert, now honored with the position as representative of the Dawes' Plan in Germany. The following memorandum speaks for itself:

November 2, 1922.

Mr. Charles B. Brewer, attorney of the Department of Justice, called at this office today, being introduced to Mrs. Turner, confidential clerk, by Mr. Warner in my absence and in Mr. Ellis's absence. He asked for the date of a shipment of bonds from New York in 1919, saying Mr. Mellon had authorized capital heads to permit him to examine records if accompanied by a representative of a division.

I telephoned Mr. Gilbert's office and Mr. Gilbert stated that Mr. Brewer's authority extended only to the Public Debt Service.

C. H. Hearst,
Assistant Chief Division of Securities,
Office of Treasurer of the United States.

On the witness stand Mr. Hearst afterward admitted that before seeking Mr. Gilbert's permission he had been shown a photostatic reproduction of the President's letter of June 30, 1922, but pleaded that it was as much as his position was worth to take the orders of even the President of the United States without consulting Mr. Gilbert.

Mr. Brewer testified that having learned early in his investigation that destruction of bonds, which would be needed to prove or disprove duplication, duplication of payments and certain thefts from Treasury vaults were in progress, he sought Mr. Secretary Mellon with a request from the Attorney-General that such destruction be stopped, as the bonds would be needed as evidence—and that he saw Mr. Mellon at his residence, having been warned against probable interference at the Treasury. That was the first intimation that the Treasury had of an investigation; and within a day or so three witnesses had been threatened by a Treasury Secret Service operative if they 'talked to that man Brewer.'

The visit to Mr. Mellon's residence was in June, 1921 (nearly a year before the President took charge of the investigation). In December it was learned that destruction had never stopped; in fact, the force had been doubled. The acting Attorney-General was consulted and word got to the President, who immediately wrote the following to Mr. Mellon:

(Personal and confidential)

The White House,
Washington, D. C., December 19, 1921

My dear Mr. Secretary:

I talked with you this morning over the telephone about suspending the destruction of bonds which have been exchanged for new ones etc., and was very greatly pleased to have your assurance that this destruction would be permanently suspended. I think this administration ought to take that course as the surest manner of self defense.

These bonds will not require any very

extended storage space, and we will have a very valuable refutation of neglect on the part of this administration if these exchanged securities and other questionable cancellations are preserved for future reference and inspection.

I trust you will make the order a very explicit one and allow no variation therefrom.

Very sincerely,
Warren G. Harding.

The Secretary of the Treasury,
Washington, D. C.

The record shows that the President's telephone message, or his letter, or Mr. Mellon's 'assurance,' if given as stated, *did not stop the destruction.* It was found to be in *full progress four months later* when, in April, after the discharge of the officials of the Bureau of Engraving, the Bureau was opened to the investigation. The report of the Register of the Treasury for 1922 on page 5 fixes the date that the destruction stopped as April 22, 1922.

The record also shows that between June 27, 1921, the date of the visit to Mr. Mellon, and April 22, 1922, over forty-five million securities, of a value of about ten thousand million dollars, were destroyed.

Mr. Brewer's testimony, before the committee of Congress which investigated the subject until stopped, connects in a curious way the ignoring of President Harding's credentials and his letter to the Secretary of the Treasury, ordering destruction to cease, which was dated *December 19, 1921.* He testified that on November 2, 1922, at the Treasurer's office, where the President's credentials failed to be honored, he was seeking information relative to one hundred and ninety $1,000 bonds referred to under the subject of 'Spurious Bonds,' all belonging to the same thousand and being numbered between 2,338,110 and 2,238,911, and that subsequent investigation gave the record date for the destruction of $87,000 worth of these then paid and in the Treasury as *December 19, 1921*—the very day the President, in the 'morning' ordered destruction to cease. Affidavits of two officials of the Bureau of Engraving in charge of numbering bonds declared duplicates of these to be spurious.

These two officials have since been demoted, it is understood.

When the committee of Congress was appointed and the management of the Bureau had been changed, two other officials pronounced the bonds to be genuine.

These two officials have since been promoted, it is understood.

Several attempts of Mr. Brewer to get possession of the bonds to have the numerals shown by enlarged photographs had not been successful on March 4, last. On that date the life of the committee was allowed to expire. Or, rather, extension of its life was refused, though requested by the committee.

All securities, duplicate bonds and evidence were turned over to the clerk of the House of Representatives for delivery to 'next' Congress

Mr. Brewer was discharged as of March 31, 1925, by Attorney-General Sargent the first or second day he took office, at the request of Mr. Mellon and with the consent of Mr. Coolidge, it was remarked to members of the Congressional committee who remonstrated and filed a letter signed by the three majority members pronouncing such action as 'a travesty on Justice.'

Mr. Brewer had previously been discharged as soon as the mourning party returned from President Harding's funeral. He wrote a vigorous letter to President Coolidge, who overrode the action of his Attorney-General and revoked the discharge. The investigation was ordered to proceed. An almost prohibitive time limit was set for its completion; within three months, January 15, 1924. About all that was accomplished was that Mr. Brewer was able to remain long enough to have a committee of Congress save his reputation, which had been assaulted with a brutality scarcely believable because of his exposure of certain Treasury practices.

Now that his credibility *is* saved and the evidence all saved, the 'next' Congress (the one now sitting) has done nothing toward recovering the $110,000,000 losses already shown and ascertaining what else there is to the questions of fraud raised by the committee which expired.

## In the Land of the Everlasting

(*Concluded from page 6*)

as a power. If by power you mean armies and navies, as you probably do, then you can rule out China now, and perhaps for decades, or even centuries, to come. Napoleon once said that if he could draw upon the millions of Chinese, he could rule the world. 'Chinese Gordon' who led an army in the Taiping rebellion, once said that the Chinese soldier, with proper training and equipment, was but little inferior to the British soldier.

However, the fact is that the Chinese is not naturally a fighting man. For five thousand years the soldier has been considered the lowest in the scale of professional occupations, and my own conviction is that the low rank of the soldier was so placed originally not because of inferior fighting abilities to peoples of other races, but because of a natural aversion to physical combat itself.

On the other hand, if *power* in a people is meant to describe an inexhaustible supply of raw materials, coupled with an equally inexhaustible supply of cheap labor, then China during the present century will be one of the prime economic factors in international commerce. The combination of these two factors—materials and labor—makes China the greatest competitor against the rest of the world.

China has been a conglomerate mass of homogeneous particles with sedan chairs, wheelbarrows and carts, forming the loose ties of economic cohesion. Now telegraph and telephone lines knit together every great city and all the provinces in the nation. Steamer lines, railroads, 700 daily papers, with scores of weekly and monthly magazines, are gradually pulling together these particles of China into one organized mass. Of course it will take years. But with modern methods of achievement, it will not take too many of them.

There are those who say that the day of achievement is too close. Certainly the course which is taken by these fifty-century-old people will be the really great news of 1950 and after, for in what direction they do move they will gradually and eventually *smother* resistance.

We of the West have a few short centuries behind our work of today. The people from the Middle Kingdom walk out irresistibly upon the stage of the 20th Century with millenniums at their backs and with the light of future centuries in their eyes.

## Presidents Should Live in Style

IN THE campaign of 1900, the democratic candidate for Congress in an eastern district of North Carolina addressed an audience of simple country folk in the country court house.

The speaker was seeking reëlection after one term in Congress. He made a vehement attack on the Republican administration for its extravagant appropriations, and, in the course of his remarks, exclaimed:

'Why, my countrymen, it has been my fortune to attend some of those great McKinley receptions yonder in the White House! Do you know what they remind me of? They remind me of those historic accounts of which you have read (of course none of his audience had ever heard of them) of the royal court of the French King, Louis XIV, when the King, sitting on a raised platform, received the homage of his courtiers. Yonder in that great reception hall of the White House, its walls tapestried with the finest of tapestry, its floors carpeted with the finest of carpets, in a blaze of electric lights—all paid for my countrymen, with *your money*—Mr. McKinley stands in swallow-tail coat, with a ribbon tacked in front of him, indicating thus far you can come and no further. There are women who attend those receptions who wear $20,000 dresses! Think of it!'

The reaction to a speaker's appeal is often the unexpected; particularly so with an American audience.

There sat next to me an elderly man, large and portly, with round and flushed face, who wore a homespun shirt, unbuttoned at the collar, and who, with eyes intently directed at the speaker and mouth wide open, had been listening closely. I knew he was a great friend of the Congressman and a Democrat proudly boasting at all times that his father was a Democrat, he was a Democrat, and his eleven grown sons were all Democrats. I think he would have voted for the late Booker Washington, despite his innate southern prejudices, if, perchance, he had been nominated for President on the national Democratic ticket.

I nudged him. 'You are a friend of the speaker and a great Democrat; how do you like that Republican extravagance and picture of the McKinley receptions?' I asked.

'Wall, I'm a Democrat and so is them sons of mine, and thar grandaddy before 'em, but I thinks that picture is *all right! I wants the President to live in style!'*

You might talk forever socialism, bolshevism, sovietism or communism to this type of old-fashioned American, and there are thousands of them, and he will listen attentively, but he would never be led away from his inborn and inbred spirit of American ideals. You might tell him of how the Government provides the *Mayflower* for junketing trips of the President, because he is Commander-in-Chief of the Navy; that it costs $500,000 annually to maintain the yacht which would be of no more use to the Navy in war times than an animated bathtub; but he will sit on the banks of the Potomac, watching the beautiful ship gliding down the river, with the President and his guests aboard, and, instead of protest against the useless extravagance, feel proud of the fact that the 'President lives in style.' Not because of the man, whether Republican or Democrat, but because he is the 'President.'

# The Voyage of the *Victoria*

(Concluded from page 17)

servant. There was an intense egotism about him which made him regardless of the feelings of others. We gather that from his dealings with Faliero. All during the year of preparation there was an endless waste of combat, and men were at one another's throats on the pettiest occasion of dispute, yet, because of that quality of vigilance in him, for one thing, Magellan kept his ground and went about his business full of determination to do what had to be done on his own terms. That is shown very clearly in his employment of men. For, because of that anti-Portuguese sentiment, in royal messages great emphasis was placed upon the reduction of the number of Magellan's countrymen in the fleet, and the irreducible minimum was placed at one for each ship.

Nevertheless, one way and another, Magellan managed to put into service seven times that number, many of them in positions of lesser command. There was his cousin Martin Magellan for one. There was Barbosa, his brother-in-law. There was Alvara Mesquita, his cousin. Then there was Joao Serrao, brother of that Serrao who took service with the native monarch in the remote East. There was a Goncalo Rodriguez and an Antonio Fernandez, two hard-fisted adventurers who did effective work when the proper time came. And there was a pilot, Carvalho, who had been to Brazil and lived there in indolence for a time, until the *wanderlust* seized him.

But objectors to the employment of Portuguese had not so much to say when came the time to get men together, because in spite of public criers and trumpets and banners and slogans and men-at-arms who persuaded and promised, the quota could not be mustered. So there was a turning to wilder and more adventurous spirits, and a motley crowd joined at the end. One lone Englishman, a Master Andrew, of Bristol, sailed, to leave his bones in the Ladrones. There was a Maestre Ance, a master gunner, who proved to be a German named Hans. He was the first of his nation to circumnavigate the globe, though he died in a Lisbon prison at the end. There were negroes, a Malay or two, several Frenchmen, a few Sicilians, Greeks, Genoese, and some who had private reasons for keeping their origins secret. Some forty young men of good family accompanied the fleet, joining at the last moment, but they sailed for adventure's sake and without pay, and were known as *sobresalientes*. At the end, roughly, the ships' forces ran thus:



When came the time to get men together, the quota could not be mustered. So there was a turning to more adventurous spirits, and a motley crowd responded.

| | |
|---|---|
| *Trinidad*, Captain Magellan | 62 men |
| *San Antonio*, Captain Cartagena | 57 men |
| *Concepcion*, Captain Quesada | 44 men |
| *Victoria*, Captain Mendoza | 45 men |
| *Santiago*, Captain Serrao | 31 men |
| (Unattached to any particular ship) | 29 men |
| Total | 268 men |

At last came Wednesday, August the tenth, 1519, when Magellan was given the royal standard, when the people of the town swarmed on quays and housetops, when men-at-arms arrayed themselves under their banners, when flags were a-flutter on the five ships, when bombards roared and men shouted, as the little armada dropped down the river with a fair wind on the first round-the-world cruise.

Much good ink and paper has been used in telling of the pageant, much has been said of the glory that was Spain's, much praise has been given to church dignitaries and rulers and functionaries who are supposed to have thrown into the cause zeal and genius and labor to further the cause of civilization, but precious little emphasis has been placed upon the fact that the whole expedition was made possible by men who were after business, men like the Haros and the Fugger brothers and the Roths of Augsburg. It has been the fashion, indeed, to talk about ignoble commerce with flippant jests. But still, behind all the noise and glitter and ceremonials, there were the useful and influential men of commerce, and in their ranks, doing their bidding, were men of character, men of well-trained minds who attended to their own affairs and worked patiently for real and enduring results. Glory and fame did not enter into their schemes. Philanthropy they left to others. Nor did they talk of their self-sacrificing zeal for the public welfare. They were commercial-minded men who found their work attractive, and the sending out of conquistadores was part of the great game that began and ended in the countinghouse.

## Intimations Are Dangerous

THERE was nothing in the appearance or manner of a certain judge who presided over a criminal courts bench of a Southern state, which would invite familiarity. His countenance was stern, his manner forceful and his speech emphatic. The gravity of his judicial bearing was a matter of indifference, on one occasion, to a crack-brained negro woman. She had charged her husband with assault and battery with a deadly weapon and, while on the stand, the court examined her.

Court: 'You say your husband tried to kill you?'

Witness: 'Yas, mass jedge, dat's what he done. De ole rascal ub a nigger done *his bes'* to kilt me. He done try to shoot me dead.'

Court: 'What did he try to shoot you with?'

Witness: 'What he try shoot me wid? Now, what you ax me dat fur? Doan' you knows when a man goes gunning, dat he don't tell de bird dat he's got a five shooter, or a six shooter, or a seven shooter! And de bird don't care noways, if he done gits kilt!'

Court: 'Sheriff, you can remove the witness. The woman is evidently crazy.'

At this intimation the woman, who had become very talkative, turned upon her husband, with glaring eyes, excited manner and wrathful ejaculation, and said:

'You ole becurious, cracked-brained debilt, I's gwine to tuck dat six shooter and blowed de top of'en dat kinky head of your'n—do you h'ar me?'

Then, with quiet manner and courtesying to the judge, she said:

'And mass jedge, you can't do nutten wid me nudder, *kase you done say I's crazy!*'

# Old Boston's Historic Highway—State Street

(Concluded from page 8)

Crown, and the Bunch of Grapes, where 'elegant' dinners were served and which was reputed to be 'the best punch house in Boston.'

The last Friday in September, 1768, the British troops landed at Long Wharf and marched up King Street into the heart of the inhospitable city. No one would rent them property, not even tumbledown warehouses, and they finally took possession of Faneuil Hall, the State House, and the Common. From then on, the red coats of the intruders were a constant irritation to Bostonians. The officers made themselves at home in the taverns, especially the British Coffee House, and here occurred that unhappy affair which put an end to the career of James Otis.

Otis had spoken his mind about the revenue officers in the *Boston Gazette*, and a few days after the article appeared he was seated in the Coffee House when Captain Robinson, commissioner of customs, entered and accosted him. A heated argument followed in which Robinson seized Otis by the nose. Then there were blows, and Robinson's followers joined the fray, so that Otis would undoubtedly have been killed had not John Gridley, who chanced to be passing, come to his defense. Both men were seriously injured and Otis never recovered his health. Robinson was ordered to pay a fine of 2,000 pounds, but when he wrote a contrite letter of apology, Otis generously forgave the debt.

Such broils were all too common in those days and sometimes the shoe was on the other foot. John Malcolm, collector of customs, had added to his unpopularity by ill treating a lad and some one suggested the 'new punishment.' That meant tar and feathers, and, thus decorated, he was carried to the Customs House on King Street, where he was flogged and then paraded through the town for an hour or so. Malcolm considered England a better place than Boston in which to get redress for his wrongs, but the Revolution broke out and his case was never settled.

*It Was the Scene of the Boston Massacre*

The most disastrous of these quarrels was the Boston Massacre. On a bright moonlight night in early March two young men were passing through Boylston's Lane where a sentry was stationed, amusing himself by hitting his sword against the wall and 'striking fire plentifully.' The young men refused to answer his challenge, a fight ensued, and he called for aid. Two soldiers came running out of the barracks, one armed with a pair of tongs, the other with a shovel, while brickbats served the Bostonians.

Soon the inevitable crowd gathered, and not wishing to be left out of anything, they began harassing the sentry in front of the Customs House so that he shouted for reinforcements. Six soldiers came to his aid and they formed a semicircle with drawn swords about the door. Rumors were carried to Captain Preston that it was a plot to murder the soldiers and he arrived in great excitement, courageously placing himself between the soldiers and the crowd, hoping to ward off trouble. There was a great deal of shouting and confusion, no one could tell whether orders were given or not, but the soldiers fired a volley, the mob withdrew, and there were five men, dead or mortally wounded, on the ground.

The morning after the massacre the citizens assembled in Faneuil Hall and sent a committee, with Adams as spokesman, to wait upon Governor Hutchinson in the Council Chamber of the Old State House and secure the removal of the troops. The Governor beat about the bush, suggested that one regiment might go, but yielded before the stern command, 'Both regiments or none.' Lord North, in England, always called these troops thereafter 'Sam Adams's regiments.'

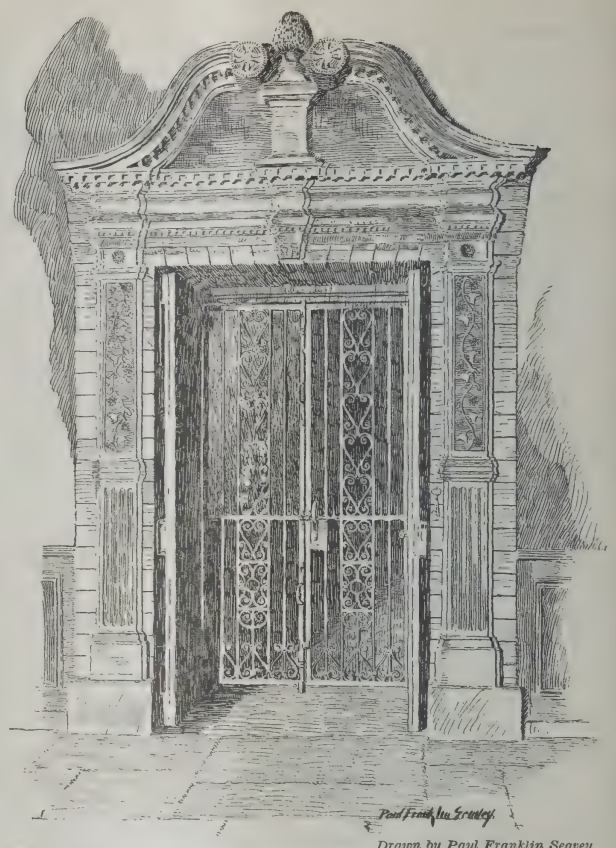
Newspapers had not yet invented the 'column,' but busy diarist of the time recorded the sayings of the town wits, chief among whom was Mather Byles, pastor of Old North Church, and a Tory. He chanced to meet Adams the afternoon that the troops were removed to the 'Castle' and asked him if he had not as soon be governed by one tyrant 3,000 miles away as by 3,000 tyrants one mile away.

On Thursday morning in July, 1776, State Street and its tributary lanes were crowded with anxious citizens. On the stroke of one the solemn figure of Colonel Crafts appeared on the east balcony and, in resounding tones, he read the Declaration of Independence. When he had finished, bells clanged out over the city and cannon roared across the harbor. The thoughtful withdrew to their homes, but the mob proceeded to tear down signs from Tory shops, pull down tavern emblems that purported to bear a resemblance to George III or his minions, to build bonfires with them, and otherwise disport themselves merrily.

Seven years later peace was proclaimed from the same balcony, but it was to a different city. Hancock was governor in the Old State House and Adams lieutenant-governor, but the stronghold of the Puritans had bowed before war, the overthrower, and cast away many of its gods, some of the true along with the false.

In 1793, to honor the French Revolution, a strange procession passed up King Street, now proud of its new name of State. In the place of honor was a cart twenty feet high, drawn by fifteen horses, and bearing an ox weighing 1,000 pounds, roasted whole, with gilded horns. There followed two hogsheads of wine drawn by six horses, and a van containing 800 loaves of bread.

Tables were spread in front of the Old State House, although it was January, the ox cut up, and its horns, decorated with the French and American flags, nailed to the top of the liberty pole. But Boston was not cut out of the same piece as Paris, and before long crusts of bread and bones were flying through the air, and the 'civic feast' was a failure. In a few days news was received that Louis XVI had been guillotined, and the city repented of its unseemly revels.



*Drawn by Paul Franklin Seavey.*

Old door from Hatfield, Massachusetts, now in the offices of the State Street Trust Company.

There had been more dignified and worthier processions up State Street. When Lafayette returned to visit America, the whole country was wild with enthusiasm and nowhere was his greeting warmer than in Boston. The State House looked its very best, and all the street was gay with banners as the hero marched by. Lafayette had a yearning to remain near the 'lovely fields of New England,' as he called them and he wrote regretfully to his wife, 'We only want the first dollar to buy our farm with.'

But all those splendid ovations pale in comparison with the *cortege* that escorted Anthony Burns, a penniless slave, down State Street. Shops were closed and the flag, draped in mourning, was hung from the windows. Across the street, near the Old State House, swung a black coffin bearing the legend, 'the funeral of liberty.' Two cannon from the head of the street faced the crowd, the light dragoons made a passageway, and, surrounded by an escort of infantry and artillery sufficient for a czar, the slave, with unmoved countenance, proceeded to Long Wharf where a vessel was waiting to take him back to servitude.

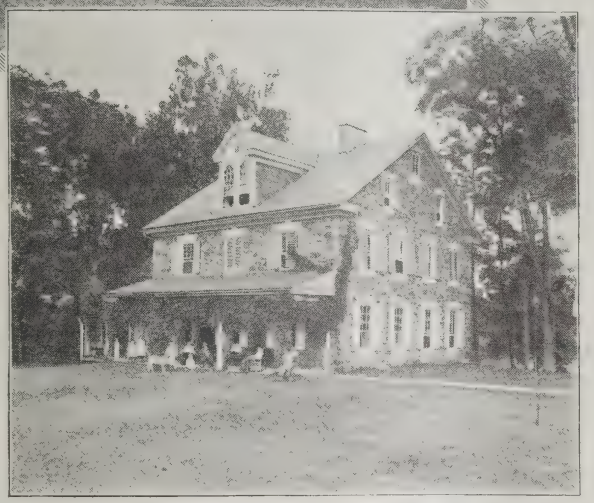
State Street has by no means lost its character of former days. The water has been pushed back somewhat, but there is still Long Wharf at its lower end, overshadowed by the graceful tower of the Customs House, Boston's only skyscraper.

# Pennsylvania's Land of Goshen

## A Fertile Tract Where Crop Failures Are Almost Unknown

By JOHN DAVIS ANDERSON





Above—Scene on a farm in Southern Pennsylvania. Below—Typical of the dwellings in the Pennsylvania farming belt.

EMBRACED in that section of Pennsylvania with Philadelphia at the southeast corner, then extending northward to Reading or beyond, and thus toward the southwest and covering a part of Maryland, we have bounded one of the finest farm sections in the United States. The reason for this is not far to find.

It must be remembered that at the time when the early settlers were coming to North America—during all that time previous to the Revolution—virtually all of them were farmers. There was no manufacturing. The farming industry, in one form or another, represented nearly the only occupation until villages grew into towns and small cities, and even then the articles of commerce were products of the farm.

Only a small portion of that part of Pennsylvania which is described within the area first mentioned was settled by the Quakers. Penn and his followers formed Philadelphia in 1681. This was almost two centuries after Columbus discovered America. There was not a sufficient number of Quakers who came with or followed Penn to form a colony sufficient to occupy that large grant of land which had been allotted to him by virtue of the services which his ancestor, as an admiral in the British Navy, had rendered to his country.

A number of trips to Europe brought Penn closely in touch with the situation as it then existed upon the Continent. There was unrest everywhere—in Holland, in Germany, in Switzerland and in the Scandinavian countries. Penn induced many of these people to emigrate to his colony. Perhaps the most thrifty of them all, and certainly the ones who achieved the most success after arriving, were the Pennsylvania Germans.

No matter whether the German settler landed in Pennsylvania or in the colonies to the north or south, he always showed the same aptitude for agriculture, and here, today, in this broad region we find the culmination of the thirty generations through which his ancestry can be traced. The raising of potatoes, the cultivation of tobacco, together with dairy products, show the wisdom which the Pennsylvania Germans displayed on first coming to this country. Instead of locating close to the river banks, they chose the uplands—the limestone soil which is the source of their agricultural success.

It is difficult to estimate the number of Germans who came before the Revolution. From 1727 forward records were kept of the emigration at the port of Philadelphia, and we know that upward of 68,000 arrived between 1727 and 1775. These were the ancestors of those who moved westward, cleared the land and started the large and productive farms which we find in the southern belt of Pennsylvania. In those early days they represented probably one-third of the population of the state. A good many had gone into Virginia and North Carolina. This was commented upon by Benjamin Franklin. The principal settlements which they had made were in Germantown, on the outskirts of Philadelphia, and the nearby counties of Montgomery, Lancaster and Berks, and later they pushed northward and westward into Lehigh, Lebanon, Dauphin, Northampton and Monroe counties. The Susquehanna River did not bar their moving westward, and we soon find them in York, Cumberland and Adams counties and following the slopes of the mountains they went southward into the Shenandoah Valley and in the Harpers Ferry region and as far west as Lexington, Kentucky. Later we find many of them in Tennessee.

What we see in traveling through this Southern Pennsylvania region today is the result of the thrift of these people and splendidly cultivated land, immense barns and evidences of prosperity. Dr. Benjamin Rush said that the Germans did not look so much to the river valleys as they did to the limestone land, and land rich in forest growth, and because they were in a position to pay cash, frequently displaced the native-born settlers from the best farm lands. Their methods of farming were thorough and they put their land under a good state of cultivation by patient labor. They believed in the rotation of crops so their land did not become exhausted.

Very few of these old farms in Pennsylvania today are worked out and with little effort are made very productive. The German was always economical. He saved even the wood which seemed so abundant, and used stoves instead of the huge fireplaces. In his mode of living he was frugal, his diet was simple, his furniture plain but substantial, his homespun clothing of the best material and calculated to last a long time. His standard of living was somewhat lower than that of the native population, but was suited to insure his success in farming.

Everything about his place was in good order; fences, gardens, implements, buildings. As in all good farming regions, the barn was more imposing than the house and the particular style of architecture of many of these German barns first built in Southern Pennsylvania made their way later along the line of the Ohio River and may be seen today even as far west as Wisconsin.

Before the coming of the railroads the German farmers used the Conestoga wagon and this formed a familiar sight from the valley of the Mohawk to Carolina, and later, in the days of progress westward, its descendant crossed the plains in the form of the prairie schooner. In a journey through this Pennsylvania region I have found that these people have made it a pride to keep their farms in their own family generation after generation. This has been especially true of the Mennonites in Lancaster County. They have not only kept their own land but have purchased land from other nationalities. A century ago they kept the Irish moving and they have done the same with the native population. It has been no uncommon thing in this region for the Scoto-Irish to give way to the Amish in Lancaster and other counties, because of the latter's extraordinary success as farmers and the tendency to purchase land from other old families.

Lancaster County has ever been looked upon as the most fertile of all; it is claimed that within the memory of the oldest inhabitants there had never been an entire failure of all of the crops. Six-sevenths of the entire area, or 463,000 acres, is farm land.



# A Dance a Week



## Presenting Two Old Favorites—

## Plain Quadrille and Novelty Two Step

Readers of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT have made written requests for their favorite old American dances. We are glad to announce that these requests will be fulfilled in this department during the season.

This week we are submitting, upon request, a description of a Novelty Two Step; also another Plain Quadrille, the latter containing a description of the movement of the Dos a Balinet. This latter movement is also described by request. In studying the Dos a Balinet, it is well to practise with the complete set of eight people. Any of the quadrille music already published in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT may be used for this quadrille.

The Novelty Two Step is worth knowing by hosts and hostesses, dancing instructors or masters of ceremonies, because of its adaptability for entertaining either a large or small assembly. The music used should be lively, such as reels and jigs.

## PLAIN QUADRILLE

### FIGURE 1

ADDRESS PARTNERS, THEN CORNERS

First four forward and back ..... 4 bars
Circle four hands around ..... 4 bars
Right and left with right hand couple ..... 8 bars
Ladies chain with left hand couple ..... 8 bars
All join hands forward and back ..... 4 bars
Turn corners ..... 4 bars

Sides the same. Play twice.

### FIGURE 2

WAIT FIRST EIGHT MEASURES

Head lady swing opposite gentleman with right hand ..... 4 bars
Side gentleman with left ..... 4 bars
Opposite gentleman with right ..... 4 bars
Partner with left ..... 4 bars
All forward and back, turn partner ..... 8 bars
Grand right and left ..... 16 bars

The next lady, etc. Play four times.

### FIGURE 3

WAIT FIRST EIGHT MEASURES

First four lead to the right ..... 4 bars
Dos a balinet ..... 2 bars

The leading couples join nearest hands with their partners, and lead to the right, pass through that couple, and balance. Two couples are now standing back to back.

Gentlemen contra balance ..... 6 bars

From the above position, each gentleman joins left hand with his partner's left, and right hand with the right hand of the other lady. Gentlemen are now facing each other, and should balance. The ladies are standing back to back. Both gentlemen drop hands with the other couple, and turn their own partners, with the left hand, forming a circle. Gentlemen are now facing out, and ladies facing in, balance. Gentlemen then turn and stand beside partner ready for

Half right and left to places ..... 4 bars
Side four lead to the right ..... 4 bars
Dos a balinet ..... 2 bars
Gentlemen contra balance ..... 6 bars
Right and left to places ..... 4 bars

Repeat with the sides. Then call 'First four to the left,' etc. Play four times.

### FIGURE 4

Eight hands circle to the left ..... 8 bars
Grand right and left ..... 16 bars
All balance partners, and turn ..... 8 bars
All chasse ..... 8 bars

Ladies to the left, gentlemen to the right. Ladies slide four steps to the left side, gentlemen slide four steps to the right side. Each meet new partner on corner, and turn. Then chasse back to place and turn partner.

All promenade ..... 8 bars
Ladies grand chain ..... 8 bars
All join hands, circle to the left ..... 8 bars
Balance corner, turn partner ..... 8 bars
All promenade to seats.

## NOVELTY TWO STEP

This is a kind of marching dance. It includes circling the hall, frequent change of partners and executing various movements in line.

The formation is as follows: two couples in a line. As many of these lines as possible should be formed to increase the variety and fun of the dance.

The line marches round the room, pausing only to execute the dance movements which the prompter may announce.

Sometimes the call will be given: 'Ladies Forward Four,' or six or eleven—any number. Which means that the line of gentlemen halts; the ladies move forward four (or any given number) of places, counting the gentleman ahead as one. If the call is given 'Gentlemen Forward Four'—or six, or any number—the line of ladies halts, and the gentlemen move forward through the required number of lines, finding their new partners. This permits constant variety of partners during the dance. The two ladies in the line, of course, will always be together, and the two gentlemen will always be together; but their opposites, or partners, will be changed upon these calls being given.

The dance may begin with a preliminary ALL PROMENADE, followed by FORM A CIRCLE. This circle may then do a TWO STEP TO THE CENTER AND BACK. This may be followed by ALLEMANDE LEFT (each gentleman turns the lady on his left with his left hand, then his partner with his right).

Or, more simple, the dance may begin with double couples in line. At the call, ALL PROMENADE, they march, circling around the hall to the left.

During this promenade many dance movements may be called, such as LADIES CHAIN. At the call the march stops, each line goes through the movement to the music; upon the completion of the movement the march resumes. FOUR HANDS ROUND: the two couples in the line join hands, whirl once around the circle, link arms again and resume the march. BALANCE AND SWING PARTNER: the line stops, the movement is executed, the march is resumed. RIGHT AND LEFT; this, like the others, is executed in line, and the march resumed. Any of these changes may be called as often as desired; the gentlemen or ladies may be ordered forward to as many places as many times as desired. These three elements—the continuous promenade, the movements in line, the change of partners—make this a dance of pleasant variety.

*Good Morning*, a dance manual of the Old American Dances, compiled for Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford, contains 169 pages of calls, descriptions, and some music of the dances taught in the Ford School. Price 75 cents.

Also, there are 20 orchestrations of 11 parts each—25 cents each orchestration, or $4.00 for the lot. Book and music will be mailed upon receipt of price.

Please order by number.

1. Grand Pa's Favorite
2. Sicilian Circle
3. Virginia Reel
4. Medley Waltz
5. Medley Two Step
6. Varsovienne
7. Rye Waltz
8. Oriental Lancers
9. Heel and Toe Polka
10. Old Southern Schottische
11. Money Musk
12. Badger Gavotte
13. Waltz No. 2
14. Ripple
15. Ticknor's Quadrille
16. My Queen Medley Waltz
17. Luxemburg Schottische
18. Sea Side Polka
19. Club Quadrille
20. Day Break Waltz

Address all orders to The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

# BRIEFLY TOLD

EDGAR ALLAN POE received only $52 for 'The Gold Bug' and only $10 for 'The Raven.'

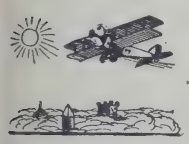
ALASKA, FOR WHICH the United States paid $7,200,000 in 1867, exported $62,223,735 worth of products in 1925 alone.

ARTIFICIAL FOGS ARE being used in Norway to prevent the freezing of crops.

THE COMMON GARDEN snail has 1,500 teeth while the great black slug has more than 30,000 of them. The snail's teeth are found in rows on its long tongue and are replaced when worn out by other teeth growing just beneath.

A SMELT-LIKE FISH found in the Pacific Northwest is so fat that when dried and threaded with a wick it is used as a candle.

TO PREVENT ITS destruction by moths, Paganini's famous violin has been removed from the glass case in which it has been kept since his death in 1840, and is to be used more frequently.



TIRED OF THE darkness and gloom of London's thick fogs, six residents of that city chartered an airplane for an hour's ride high in the air where they could see the sun.

ST. LUKE'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, known as 'The Old Brick Church,' at Chuckatuck, Virginia, built in 1632, is the oldest building of English construction still standing in America.

THE AVERAGE WEEKLY movie attendance in the United States is estimated at one hundred and thirty million.

INDIA ABSORBED HALF of the world's output of gold last year.

A BANKABLE CHECK for $1,000 was transmitted across the ocean by cable from London to New York, where it was indorsed and honored at once.

ONE PERSON OUT OF twenty-three in the United States is illiterate. There are five million residents in America, chiefly of foreign birth or extraction, who cannot read or write.

A MILLION DOLLARS in pennies is fed into vending machines each day by the American public. Each machine registers profits of $3 to $5 a month.

MOSQUITOES CAUSE ANNUAL damage amounting to one hundred million dollars, or ninety-one cents for each person in the United States. Three million cases of chills and fevers were directly attributable to these pests last year.

IRELAND IS MINTING her own coins for the first time in one hundred years. The first Irish coins were struck by Danish kings in the 10th Century.

A DECREASE OF 1.2 per cent in the number of farms in the United States between 1920 and 1925 is reported by the Census Bureau.



BUTCHER KNIVES fastened to the table with a thirty-inch chain are the only eating utensils in a restaurant at Lockhart, Texas.

THE LAST MAN'S CLUB, with a roster of thirty-four Minnesota Civil War veterans four decades ago, has dwindled to three men. A bottle of wine which has reposed in the bank vault since the first meeting will be used by the last member to toast his departed comrades.

A BOOK ON THE care of the teeth, published in Paris in 1818, contains the oldest known illustration of a tooth brush. This pioneer brush had bristles at both ends of the handle.

A SEAPLANE WILL be used by large whaling companies for the first time in history when the season opens next winter in northern waters. The seaplane will go ahead of the fleet and signal when it spots a 'blow.'

THE AVERAGE MONTHLY pay of a farm hand is now $34.38, with room and board, as compared with $32.01 six months ago.

THERE IS ONLY ONE chance in 110 of a person who commits a deliberate murder in America being executed, according to figures compiled by a Chicago judge.

CANNED BEEF, ABANDONED in 1845 by Sir John Franklin, Arctic explorer, was opened by scientists and fed to rats in London. It caused no ill effects.

TWO ROUNDS OF FLAPJACKS and maple syrup so enthused Latin-American journalists in New York that they hastened from the table to cable their respective papers of their find.



FORTY-FIVE PASSENGERS who landed at New York on a French liner had no passports. A steward throwing away waste paper had picked up the envelop containing the passports and by mistake dumped them overboard.

THE GRAND LAMA of Tibet has issued a ukase forbidding further attempts to reach the summit of Mount Everest, because of the death of native porters on former expeditions.

WHEN CONGRESS REFUSED to build a new post office at St. Mary's, Ohio, the citizens raised $45,000 by popular subscription to construct the building.

THE GRADES OF SOCIETY in China are classified by custom in the following order of importance: Scholars, farmers, artisans, tradesmen. Soldiers, no matter what their rank, have no social position.

A CARRIER PIGEON bearing a message to the naval station at San Diego arrived there perched on the running board of an automobile, where it had ridden for forty miles, according to the driver.

FARMS IN THE UNITED STATES represent one-fifth of the total national wealth and contribute one-sixth of the national income.

A MORAVIAN VILLAGE attempted to kill off its cats with poison gas to stamp out rabies. The cats were merely joyfully intoxicated by the vapors.



LOCAL TRADITION relates that in 1610 a British frigate sank a pirate vessel near Tangier Island, Chesapeake Bay. The other day Spanish dirks, battle axes and cutlasses were brought up from a submerged wreck.

EXCEPTING THE BIBLE, *Pilgrim's Progress* has been translated into more languages and dialects than any other book. The number now exceeds 107.

THE GREATEST EARTHQUAKE disaster in all history occurred in China in 1556. More than one million persons were killed. Chinese tradition refers to it as "the time when the mountains walked."

THE BIGGEST PIECE of mica ever found was taken not long ago from a North Carolina mine. It weighed 3,332 pounds and was worth approximately $5,000.

THE BOSTON MUSEUM of Fine Arts recently declined to exhibit five nude paintings, part of a collection of Italian art sent to America for exhibition.

THE DEBT OF THE United States Government at the end of 1925 was four per cent less than at the end of 1924, according to Department of Commerce figures.

A WORLD FLIGHT was planned by a Belgian as early as 1804. The project included the construction of a huge aërostat, but it was turned down by scientific societies of Europe.

THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIV. OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL

BOOKS are chiefly useful, as they help us to interpret what we see and experience. When they absorb men, as they sometimes do, and turn them from observation of nature and life, they generate a learned folly, for which the plain sense of the laborer could not be exchanged but at great loss. It deserves attention that the greatest men have been formed without the studies which at present are thought by many most needful to improvement. Homer, Plato, Demosthenes, never heard the name of chemistry, and knew less of the solar system than a boy in our common schools. Not that these sciences are unimportant; but the lesson is that human improvement never wants the means where the purpose of it is deep and earnest in the soul.

—*William Ellery Channing.*

EA

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

JUN 12 1926

Volume 26, Number 24

Five Cents

JUNE 12, 1926



CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

# BRIEFLY TOLD

'ON THE WHOLE I should say America stands first in the kind treatment of animals. Now that is a fine feather in the American cap, for the treatment of animals is a sure gauge of national character.'—*John Galsworthy.*

DURING NORMAL SLEEP the electrical response of the human body increases from 50,000 ohms to 500,000 ohms.

BETWEEN $15,000,000 and $25,000,000 worth of goods, mostly textiles, hides, leather articles and silks were smuggled into Russia last year, according to Soviet authorities.

A PASSENGER LINER plying between Seattle and the Far East publishes a paper in Chinese for the benefit of the Chinese passengers.

THE BIRTH RATE of the United States has declined more than 30 per cent in the past thirty years and is still declining.




CARRIER PIGEONS WILL be used by truck drivers hauling ice into the Imperial Valley of California this summer. In case a driver needs assistance he will release a bird with a call for help on the home office.

AN APPARATUS INVENTED by two Swedish youths, which, they declare, will produce gold by the combination of two simple gases in an artificial refrigerator, has been sold for the highest price ever obtained in Sweden for patent rights.

A GEORGIAN WHO has a hen that produces 'double' eggs, each egg containing two yolks and measuring seven and one-half to seven and three-quarter inches in oval circumference, is endeavoring to evolve a new breed of fowl that will regularly produce such eggs.

BY MEANS OF active radium injected into the body, the rate of blood flow in the human system has been measured accurately for the first time.

MORE THAN 800,000 girls employed in the factories of Japan receive an average pay of less than 20 cents a day.

CANADA RANKS SECOND among the countries of the world in value of exports per capita.

WAR BETWEEN SWEDEN and Denmark is definitely outlawed by an unlimited arbitration treaty signed by the two nations.

SKIN ON THE FEET of Binghi natives in Australia is said to be the thickest found on any human beings. The Binghi have been known to put hobnails in the soles of their feet and proudly exhibit them.



A CHICAGO BOY, hailed into court on a disorderly conduct charge, was sentenced by the judge to read good books. The sentence was carried out under supervision of a court official.

SEVERAL CHINESE generals have issued edicts imposing the death penalty on any soldier found smoking opium.

OPERA SINGERS ARE entitled to a 10 per cent increase in salary when the performances are broadcast by radio, a Berlin court has decreed.

THE MOST RECENT estimate of the world's population gives a total of 1,849,500,000, of which 725,000,000 are Caucasians, 680,000,000 Mongolians, 210,000,000 Negroes, 100,000,000 Jews, 104,500,000 Malays, 30,000,000 Indians.

FOUR MILLION people in the United States moved into new homes May 1, at a moving cost of $68,000,000.

MOOSE TALLOW was recently used for motor oil in an airplane operated in Alaska. The aviator obtained the tallow from a trapper, melted it, and poured it into his engine with satisfactory results.

THERE WERE 20,820,393,746 cigarets produced in the United States in the first quarter of 1926.

FORESTS COVER NEARLY 25,000,000 acres in France, or one-fifth of the total area of the country.

A TAME ELEPHANT eats more than one thousand pounds of green fodder and twenty-five pounds of unhusked rice daily.

AN ARTIFICIAL SALT water lake, 500 acres in extent, has been formed on the Island of Zeeland, near Holland, for the purpose of raising edible eels.



EACH FAMILY IN the United States uses an average of eighty pounds of soap a year, at an approximate cost of ten dollars.

BLIND BEGGARS OF Hull, England, are given twenty-five shillings a week on condition that they stay off the streets. Free tram rides are provided blind and aged pensioners.

THE AMOUNT OF FOOD consumed in New York City in one year would fill a freight train extending from Cuba to Alaska. There are 15,000 restaurants in that city, catering to some 3,000,000 persons daily.

THE NAME OF THE famous bridle path, 'Rotten Row,' in Hyde Park, London, is believed to be a corruption from the French *Route du Roi* (King's Drive).

AMERICANS PURCHASE ANNUALLY $5,000,000,000 worth of goods on the installment plan.

THE ENERGY USED in dancing the Charleston is equivalent to that used in running a 440-yard race.

SO LOW ARE ARMY salaries in France that officers in crack cavalry regiments and professors of the War College are working at menial labor to augment their income. Many are in dire want.

THE AVERAGE LIQUOR EXPENDITURE for every non-abstaining family in England last year was $175.



WHEN PERSIAN WOMEN walk abroad at night a servant carrying a primitive lantern precedes them through the unlighted streets, just as was done in medieval times.

DITCH DIGGERS, FACTORY hands, clerks and stenographers of Leningrad eat their meals from the tableware of the former Czar when they go on their frequent vacations to the 'Workers' Sanitoria,' established by the government.

AMERICAN FARMERS RAISE 12 tons of cereals for each man engaged in farm work. Farmers of the rest of the world raise only 1.4 tons for each man.

THE NUMBER OF CHURCH members in America increased 800,000 during 1925. Methodists led in the increase. There are now 46,883,000 church members out of a population of 116,000,000.

ABOUT FIFTY BILLION WORDS, more than half of which are of feminine origin, pass over telephones of the United States every twenty-four hours.

THE CONDOR IS NOT only the world's largest bird but is also the highest flier. It has been found flying at heights of more than four miles. Its young, however, cannot take to the air for twelve months after being hatched.

June 12
1926

Volume 26
Number 34




# THE ESSENCE OF THIS ISSUE

Mr. Ford's Page this week deals with the useless elements in the discussion between 'humanitarianism' and 'humanism.'

Drugging for fat—that's what a lot of people are doing: doping themselves in the hope of growing thin. The real 'funnies' of the papers are the cosmetic and drug ads. There are folks who even believe a little pink pill will take the place of exercise. If they were only fooled out of their money, that would not be so bad, but they are actually harmed and poisoned by these anti-fat preparations. (p. 5)

Americans used to dread a mortgage as they did the poorhouse. It was the last confession of failure, something to turn to after everything else had failed. *This dread was an Anglo-Saxon heritage,* and it gave substance to the country. But nowadays mortgages are the fashion. A mortgage blanket covers the country. *We are mortgaged to one-half the national wealth.* There's something to think about! (p. 3)

John Alden pirated books—for the people. He thrived in the days before copyright laws were very strict, and he 'stole' books to reprint them in cheap editions and sell them by the thousand. Dr. Barton tells the story of this jolly pirate, who placed good literature in the hands of those who otherwise could not have afforded it, and who died a poor man because he passed his savings on to the public. (p. 15)

Then there is the other side of the book picture. Take the Reverend Dr. Charles M. Sheldon. More than 20,000,000 copies of *In His Steps* have been sold, yet Dr. Sheldon has received not one penny of real royalties from them. Seems unjust, but Dr. Sheldon himself makes no complaint. His is truly a remarkable story. (p. 2)

Adventure is everywhere; sometimes it lights on a city, sometimes on a mountain, sometimes on a placid farm. Here's a tale of adventure on a little rock in Lake Superior, where a fortune in silver was found. (p. 26)

But for the real thing in adventure, take American sea battles. The cruise of the frigate *Essex,* in the War of 1812, which roamed the South Pacific under Captain David Porter, is a true epic of the sea. (p. 19)

If you want to know a people's prosperity, visit their food markets. The dinner table is an unfailing gauge. So we go marketing with James Stevens among the green stalls of vegetable markets and the gleaming ice and fins of fish markets, and the spicy odors of grocery stores and the wheatloaf fragrance of the bakeries. Stevens knows well the signs of prosperity, for a few years ago he was a common laborer and the next meal often seemed far away. Now he is well known as a magazine writer and as the author of *Paul Bunyan,* a tale of the logging camps. (p. 16)

Americans are practical. And that is why America leads the scientific world in psychology. The fetish of supposed European superiority must go down before the cold facts of American progress in science. Dr. Donald Laird, noted psychologist and professor at Colgate University, explodes that old belief. (p. 4)

A few weeks ago we printed a series of articles on the negro from the viewpoint of the Southerner. They caused widespread comment. This week we have an interpretation of the negro *by a negro.* It will repay careful reading, for it is a record not only of what the black race has accomplished in its six decades of freedom, but of what the white race has done to help. The author is editor-in-chief of the Associated Negro Press. (p. 8)

Uncle Sam has made the tropics habitable. That in itself is an accomplishment secondary only to the building of the Panama Canal. Here is an article telling what the Government does—and has done—for its family in the Canal Zone. The jungle has virtually disappeared, and in its place are beautiful homes, golf courses, tennis courts, excellent schools, ice plants, club houses, a railroad, churches—everything, in fact, necessary for a model community. (p. 12)

An American soldier tells us what America's entrance into the League of Nations would mean *to Americans.* That's an angle many of our international-thinking enthusiasts conveniently overlook. They rhapsodize over the benefits *to the world* of having the United States bind itself to the League, but they neglect to state what the effect would be *on America.* (p. 7)

Then we have an analysis of school methods . . . and a little human-interest story (one you'll like) on the chalk artist of Palazzo Gallery in Florence.

And of course there are the regular departments, Editorials—one on the political outlook; Chats With Office Callers; I Read in the Papers, and Briefly Told. And the weekly dance article—this week some fundamental instruction on the position of the feet in dancing.

The mortgage situation is too comprehensive to be covered in one article. Next week we will discuss its latest phase, the real estate bond. There will be also many other features in the issue, including an article by Stanley High on the younger generation, and the fifth story of the Magellan series.

## CONTENTS

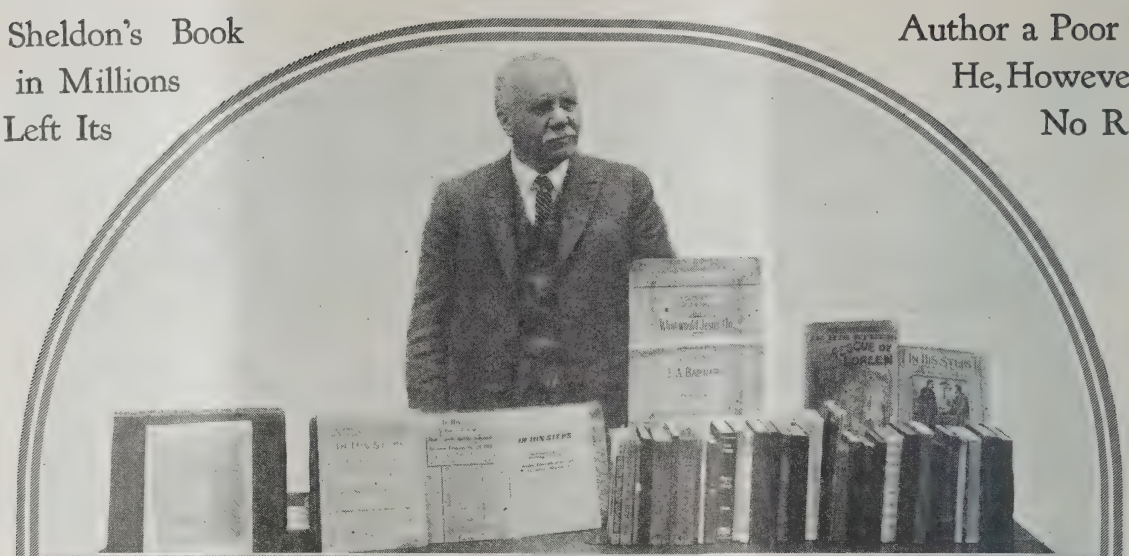
*In His Steps* Brought No Wealth - - - - 2
*William L. Stidger*
The Mortgage Blanket Over the U. S. - - - 3
*Aaron Hardy Ulm*
America Leads the World in Psychology - - 4
*Donald A. Laird, Ph. D.*
The Dangers of Drugging for Fat - - - - 5
*Harry H. Dunn*
If Not America First—Who? - - - - - - - 7
*James W. Beckman*
Sixty Years of Negro Freedom in America - - 8
*Nahum Daniel Brascher*
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
Uncle Sam's Big Tropical Family - - - - 12
*David G. Wylie*
He Placed Bookshelf in Reach of Millions - - 15
*William E. Barton*
Sightseeing in the Land of Plenty—*James Stevens* 16
Three Musketeers at Sea—*William J. Maddox* 19
I Read in the Papers - - - - - - - - - 21
A Dance a Week—Some Useful Exercises - 25
The Lost Mine of Silver Islet—*Richard A. Haste* 26
Chats With Office Callers - - - - - - - 29
Should Children Skip Grades?—*Myra Cary* - 32

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer;
C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.50 A YEAR in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year.
SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Dr. Sheldon's Book Sold in Millions But Left Its Author a Poor Man; He, However, Has No Regrets



Dr. Charles M. Sheldon, with thirty-six different editions of *In His Steps.*

# 'In His Steps' Brought No Wealth

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

BETWEEN 1896 and 1925 more than 22,000,000 copies of *In His Steps* have been sold. Dr. Sheldon, the author, took me into a room in the beautiful new 'Charles M. Sheldon Community Hall,' of the Central Congregational Church, and there, lining the walls, were a dozen cases, each containing different editions of this remarkable book.

The room looks like a rainbow; some of these books, with their strangely colored jackets, were printed in Japan, some in China, some in Persia, some in South America, some in Europe. Some had jackets like dime novels of the wildest days of Jesse James and Nick Carter. One of these lurid jackets was put out on a penny edition in London and for the sensational subtitle: 'The Rescue of Loreen,' there was the picture of a man dragging a girl out of the gutter.

Said Dr. Sheldon, with a smile, when I pointed to this particular book: 'That was put out by a woman in London, who wrote me that she didn't quite like its theology so she had changed the words that came from the preacher's mouth to make them fit her own ideas. That was the funniest of all the experiences I have had with *In His Steps.*

'Incidentally,' said Dr. Sheldon, 'that particular book sold for a penny each. I bought several copies of my book, on the Strand in London, for a penny each. The book has been issued to sell for a penny a copy, and for ten cents a copy, and from that up to ten dollars a copy,' explained Dr. Sheldon; 'and with all of the twenty-two million copies *I have never received a penny of real royalty.*'

This certainly was an astonishing statement. Most persons would say offhand that *In His Steps,* with its millions of sales, had been a gold-mine for its author. Yet here was the author himself saying he had never received a penny of real royalty.

I have figured up what Dr. Sheldon's royalties would have been, if he had received only one cent a copy for every copy sold, and it came to $220,000. If it had been five cents a copy, which would have been a fair average, his share would have been $1,100,000. But instead of being a millionaire, Dr. Sheldon is still a poor man. In fact he has just received a commission to write an article for one of the largest circulated magazines in America on 'Why I Am Not Afraid of Being Poor.' He said to me, 'Why should I be afraid of poverty when I have lived intimately with poverty for sixty-five years?'

'Why did you write the book to begin with?' I asked this kindly eyed man with the stubby, gray mustache.

'I wrote it because I wanted something bright and attractive to hold my young people for the Sunday evening service, and I read the book, chapter by chapter to my Sunday evening audience.'

A small church paper in Chicago purchased the serial rights to the story and started serial publication. Instead of sending *two* copies of the publication to the Copyright Bureau in Washington, they sent only *one* copy. Another error was in sending the first editions of the story to Washington in a volume that did not contain all the story but only a part of it. These two blunders made it impossible to secure a copyright for the author, with the result that the one book which has sold more copies than any other novel ever written in America has netted the author nothing in the way of royalties.

'How many copies of the book have been printed and sold in America alone?' I asked him as we sat in his study in Topeka.

'Over eight million copies have been sold by American publishers alone.'

'Have any publishers ever voluntarily given you any money?'

'Yes, in recent years through the efforts of Ralph Waldo Trine, who asked my permission to go to publishers who had made fortunes on my book, Grossett and Dunlap sent me a check for $1,000 for one hundred thousand copies, although they were not legally bound to do so. Henry Altemus sent me a check for $150.

'I also got a small check from a London company which has put out the book in penny editions. But all told I have not received two thousand dollars from the book.'

'Do you feel this an injustice?'

'It's all right. I am happy. I have had a glorious ministry. I have a happy home. I have been given every liberty by my people to do my work and to pioneer new trails and new methods. They have not held me back. I have had health and a beautiful wife to make the way pleasant. Perhaps it is better as it has been. I choose to think so.

'It would have been a strange thing and an incongruous thing for a preacher to write a story about what Jesus would do if He were here and then make a million dollars from the sale of his book. I also comfort myself in believing that the fact that it had no copyright has also increased its circulation. Companies that (Concluded on page 30)

# The Mortgage Blanket on the U. S.

## Urge to Borrow Outruns Inclination to Buy and Mortgages Are Increasing

By AARON HARDY ULM




ILLUSTRATED BY W. W. CLARKE

EVERYONE is familiar with the plot, one that rarely fails the writer of story or play. The villain holds the mortgage; the owner of the home, farm or business cannot meet the interest or principal when due. The villain stands on his legal rights and gets what he wants—be it the hand of the girl, the crushing of a competitor, mere revenge, or only the property—unless the hero, with cash in hand, arrives in the nick of time and saves the situation.

Thus is reflected traditional Anglo-Saxon fear of mortgages. It runs through the literature of the race, from Chaucer to St. John Ervine.

Yet the theme no doubt is exaggerated in stories and plays. For a mortgage is sometimes a means to a happy end, as when it aids in buying a home or financing a business that succeeds. And mortgage holders—though rated, not without warrant, as the most hard-hearted of creditors, who throw poor widows into the street or boot sick men off farms or out of stores—are exceptions in real life.

Moreover, the 'villain' may be on the other side. That is, the one who takes advantage of the poor widow or the man in distress can be an 'ower' instead of only the owner of a mortgage. This is particularly true now.

There seems to be under way a change in the entire setting of the instrument which imaginative writers have ranked—as a device for picturing callous cupidity—with the ancient symbol of the ubiquitous pawnbroker.

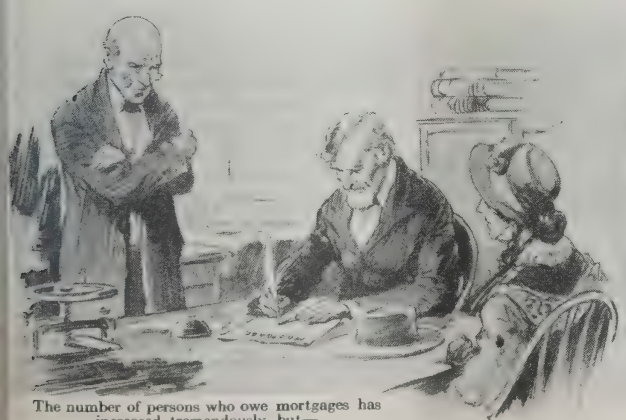
'He owns a lot of mortgages,' used to be the highest assurance as to one's financial security. Conversely, 'everything he owns is mortgaged to the limit' was the extreme expression of doubt and sometimes pity.

Now, owners of mortgages may be as deserving of solicitude as owers. The number of persons who owe mortgages has increased tremendously, but the number of those who hold them has grown much more remarkably.

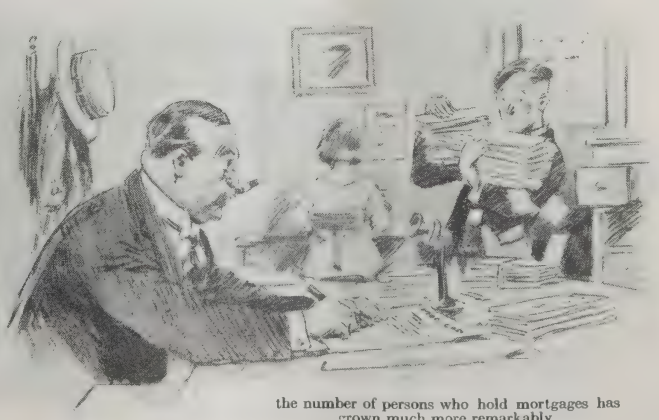
These changes have run along with phenomenal growth and expansion of the mortgaging practice and of new methods by which this is made possible. The sum of all is among the forefront phenomena of the times.

The development has been so rapid that any figures relating to it which can be presented are far from complete. Some, however, are illustrative. A concern that carries on a nation-wide traffic in 'mortgage paper' says in a recent advertisement that 'in 1925 city real estate bonds purchased by investors was close to one billion dollars.' A more authoritative estimate is seven hundred million dollars.

'Real estate bond' is one of many new, or newly popularized, synonyms for mortgage. It is stated authentically that in 1919 only $50,000,000 worth of real estate bonds *(Continued on page 22)*



The number of persons who owe mortgages has increased tremendously, but—



the number of persons who hold mortgages has grown much more remarkably.

# America Leads the World in Psychology

## European Authority Destroyed by Practical American Laboratory Methods

By DONALD A. LAIRD




A PSYCHOLOGIST who had for years been connected with a European university laboratory visited the Colgate Psychological Laboratory last summer. He had been in America before, and had returned to take a position in a small mid-western college.

The Continental university with which he had been associated for years has six centuries of scholastic tradition and is known wherever educators gather. The American college to which he came is scarcely known outside the local county.

This scientific worker knew all this. I inquired of him why, at the age of 45 years and with an international reputation as a scientist, he had made what appeared to be a downward step.

'Downward step!' he exclaimed. 'My dear fellow. In fame only does this appear to be a downward step. It is really one of the greatest upward steps I have taken. I shall rank it next in importance to my decision, twenty-three years ago, to enter scientific work rather than military life, as my fathers had done.

'Even in this small—what did you say? mid-western—college, I am able to do much more experimental work than on the Continent. The trustees are more generous in allowing me funds for research, the students thrill to the experiments of the laboratory rather than being buried in classics, my colleagues are coöperative and not acting upon selfish and petty jealousies.

'Downward step? Shame on you for thinking of your America that way!'

* * *

So we sat on the sun porch, sipping the heavy black coffee of which my friend is inordinately fond, and made comparisons of the way our science had been advanced in America and abroad. I confessed astonishment as we cataloged discovery after discovery.

My own position was rather incongruous: I, a native American, born of a long line of native Americans, was trying to convince a foreign scholar that other countries had contributed more to psychological advance than had mine. But, having once made a thoroughgoing inventory of progress, never again shall I be on that side of the fence unless overnight the whole situation changes, and I know enough of America's psychological workers to have every confidence that the lead will not be relinquished.

The first psychological laboratory was established at the University of Leipzig by Wilhelm Wundt late in the 19th Century. Compared with the field of psychology at present, this was little more than an abortive department of physiology. But Wundt himself was soon to ramble off, unrestrained, into the most abstruse and impossible fields in which he seemed to forget that he had a laboratory. Like old people whose memories fail, he called upon imagination and conjecture to supply him with material with which to write book after book.

One of our most venerable American psychologists is still chided at times because he may have contributed to Wundt's voluminous books which have not been verified, and which in most cases, by their very nature, can never be verified. This American psychologist, it seems, took one of the first typewriters manufactured into Germany and presented it to Wundt. Thus could he write two books where only one had grown before. Thus could he produce two books to be used for a decade or more as authoritative because of a certain prestige, only to become dust-covered and unread except by those in quest of exhibits for a psychological chamber of horrors.

With the writings of William James, one of America's first psychologists, the case is entirely different. Going from physiology into the field of psychology he became the first head of the department at Harvard. His books, in some cases written thirty years ago, are still widely used, and I have been told by publishers are still best sellers.

An emphasis upon *useful* psychology has been one of the characteristics of American contributions to psychological advance. True, there are a number of our workers in this field who try to remain (Concluded on page 31)




Dr. Snow's work with the Chicago Yellow Cab Company has resulted in a one-third reduction in accidents for that company. Dr. Watson is famous as an energetic proponent of behaviorism in psychology. Dr. Cattell was one of the first experimental psychologists in the United States.

# The Dangers of Drugging for Fat

## Desire to Be Slender Makes American Women Lose Health and Fortune



She left one of the capsules on her desk. Her assistant thought she saw the capsule move.

By H. H. DUNN

ILLUSTRATED BY J. C. GRAHAM

A MIDDLE-AGED woman, an office manager for a large corporation in Vancouver, recently found her weight increasing to a point where she decided, as many women have, that she was 'too fat.' Instead of consulting a reputable local physician, she answered the advertisement of an American 'obesity specialist,' who averred that a capsule a day keeps the fat away. Without waiting for the second letter from this 'specialist,' which would have given her a reduced price, or for the third, which probably would have cut the rate still more, Miss Vancouver sent the equivalent of ten dollars, for which she received a box of twenty-one rather large capsules, completely filled with a yellowish composition, apparently moist and solid.

These were to furnish 'treatment' for a week, one capsule to be swallowed before each meal. Quite inadvertently she left one of the capsules on her desk, after she had taken half a dozen of them. Her assistant, standing beside that desk just before lunch, thought she saw the capsule move. A longer glance assured her that it did move. She called her superior's attention to the mystery. The capsule was opened and found to contain, buried in a gelatinous compound, a small but very active worm. Other capsules from the package were opened, revealing a similar worm in each. Laboratory investigation showed that all the capsules were similarly filled with crawlers and that each of these worms was a very young intestinal parasite.

On advice of her employer, the woman wrote to the anti-fat concern, and by return mail received the explanation that the 'worms must have developed within the preparation,' and the further offer of five hundred dollars and complete free treatment for her silence. Meanwhile, two other 'treatments' were ordered by other persons. These when received and examined revealed the same living 'remedy' in each capsule. Action was taken against the 'obesity specialist' and he was fined, given a prison sentence, and for the time being put out of business. Six months of steady treatment by a local physician were required to relieve the woman of the worms she had taken in her first doses of the anti-fat capsules. Doubtless this sort of remedy would reduce corpulence—and also result in the death of the person taking it.

Probably the movement of the worm within the capsule was caused by the unusual heat of the sun's rays, falling through a window as the pellet lay on the victim's desk. Except for this fortuitous accident, the disaster which inevitably would have overtaken this woman would not have been averted, and the anti-fat fakers would have had to their discredit another death. Terrible as is this example of the work of the swindlers in one department of medicine, it is the only incident on record in which internal parasites have been introduced into the human body as a 'cure' for obesity. Yet the medical associations of the several states and the American Medical Association in the past ten years have exposed more than 500 men and women as distributors of absolutely worthless and often harmful alleged remedies for corpulence, or plain 'fat,' as one prefers to call it.

It is virtually certain that not one of the advertised 'fat cures' of today will reduce the overweight of man or woman; it is positively established that any one of these 'remedies' can be obtained at the corner drugstore for less than fifteen per cent of its cost as sold by the swindlers; and in more than eighty per cent of the so-called remedies which have been analyzed and their purveyors exposed, some of the ingredients are harmful. Not a few of them are actually and actively dangerous to health and even to life itself. Without exception, the hundreds of 'fat cures' so far examined are offered at several prices, ranging from the first and highest, usually $10 for a treatment, down to as low as $1.50 for the same treatment. These successive prices are offered when the 'sucker' does not bite at the advertised price or the other and later prices offered in the 'come-on' letters which follow the first intimation from the 'prospect' that he or she considers himself or herself too fat. This variation in the cost of the 'remedy' in itself should indicate to the interested man or woman that the cure is not so sure as it might be, otherwise such varied lures would not be necessary.

The desire to be slender causes thousands of American women—particularly those who lead comfortable, sheltered and leisurely lives—to throw away millions of dollars annually on these 'cures.' Virtually all of these so-called remedies are sold under two claims: First, that the patients need not diet; and second, that they need not exercise. In the early days of this fraud, an extract of the thyroid gland—inactivity of which is one of the causes of obesity—was used by these anti-fat fakers, but this extract is so powerful and so dangerous when administered without proper study of the individual patient, that it has been abandoned by the great majority of them. Vinegar, lemon juice, bladderwrack, pokeberry, ordinary orange peel, and a score of other tart or bitter tasting extracts are being used, none of them of any value in reducing fat.

The great gain in the fads of mental, religious and other forms of drugless quackery has led the anti-fat fakers into this field. You may now pay your good money to have your corpulence prayed off your bones, or even wished off them by the mental healer, without taking either medicine or exercise or paying any attention whatever to your diet, though doubtless it would be beneficial if one prayed over his potatoes, spaghetti or other starchy foods.

The simple truth of the matter is that *those who eat a great deal and take very little exercise are extremely likely to become obese, particularly as middle age comes on. No treatment which ignores the cause of a condition in the human body ever has been effective in removing that condition except in the rare fortuity of accident.* Even in the hands of the most skilled and most reputable of physicians, the treatment of obesity with drugs is not successful, save in rare cases. At best drugs intended for the reduction of weight, or the removal of fat, never should be administered except by the best physician obtainable, who has had the opportunity and time to study carefully the particular condition of the individual involved, for, possibly more than any other, the causes of obesity vary with the individual, that is to say, hardly two persons become fat from the same cause. Certainly no blanket treatment for hundreds, and even thousands, of the corpulent can be effective with any noticeable number of them.

The American Medical Association, in its highly interesting description of the fat fakers who have been exposed, says:

'There are few diseases which the physician is called on to treat in which it is so vitally important to adapt the treatment to special cases as in obesity; and even then, the treatment must be varied from day to day in response to indications as they arise.'

The same authority adds:

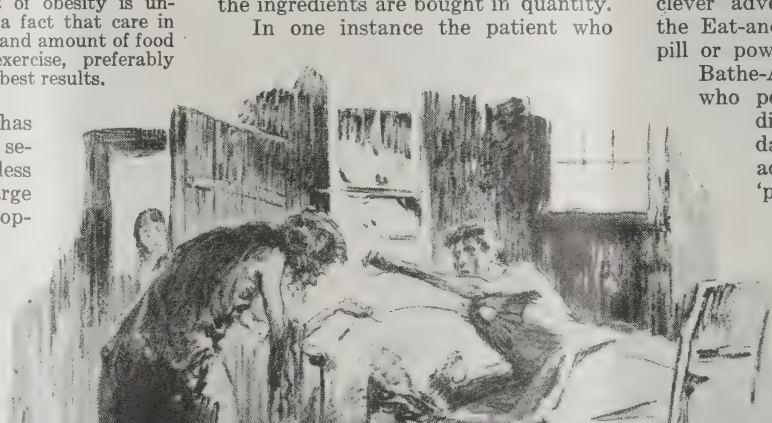
'While it must be admitted that in some instances the treatment of obesity is unsatisfactory, it remains a fact that care in the selection of the kind and amount of food eaten, together with exercise, preferably in the open air, offer the best results.

More recently, it has been found that the secretions of the ductless glands have a very large influence on the development and retention of fat by the human body, and excellent results are being attained by the use of the ex tracts of some of these glands in individual cases of excessive obesity. Mail-order administration of such extracts, however, will hardly be considered seriously by the corpulent man or woman who thinks, even though he or she does not wait to reason out the conditions under which the anti-fat faker operates.

We laugh superciliously at witchcraft, and think with pity of the days when the dried bodies of the newt and the salamander were sovereign medicines, yet hundreds of thousands of us pay our hard-earned money every year for 'remedies' equally ridiculous, and our newspapers accept and publish advertising heralding 'cures' as baseless as any Mesmer ever claimed. Take the celebrated fat cure, for which a well-known motion picture actress was put out of business in California, though she is now engaged in other lines in New York. This 'remedy' contained, to the quart, one pound of powdered alum, ten ounces of alcohol, and sufficient water to fill up the measure. The approximate cost of these materials, according to the analytical chemists who made the tests was thirty cents, though due to the increase in the price of alcohol it may be as high as one dollar today, with an added five cents for the bottle. The price of this 'remedy' was $20, payable in advance, a profit of $18.95, or about 1800 per cent.

Another tablet, which still has a wide sale, contains boric acid, corn starch, milk sugar, water and a dash of flavoring extract. These ingredients are as worthless in the treatment of obesity, as they are harmless to the patient, offering one of the examples of the 'fat cure' which at least does not injure the purchaser. Still another fat fraud, still going strong among women who should know better, consists of pink powders, to be dissolved in water. By careful analysis it has been found that these powders contain nothing but sugar, tartaric acid and baking soda, with a dash of coloring matter, probably harmless, to give the powder a pink tinge. The approximate cost of the one-dollar box of this 'remedy' is seven cents, probably considerably less when the ingredients are bought in quantity.

In one instance the patient who sent ten dollars for a ten-day fat-reduction treatment received in return a package containing 30 pink pills of large size and an equal number of brown tablets, with instructions to take one of each before each meal. On analysis, the pink pills proved to contain red-pepper, menthol and some vegetable extract, probably gentian. The brown tablets were simply the old-type compound cathartic pill put up in a different shape. The complete cost of the 'remedy' for which ten dollars had been paid was not more than two dollars, including ingredients, labor, package and postage.



We laugh at witchcraft, yet pay our money for 'remedies' equally ridiculous.

The advertising of these nostrums is directed largely to women readers. Men seem to accept the corpulence of advancing years with greater equanimity than women, and the 'sucker list' of these 'anti-fat specialists' who have been subjected to investigation by the governments of this nation and the various states, as well as by the American Medical Association, contain the names of women and men in about the proportions of five to one. These 'sucker lists,' containing the names of thousands of persons who are known to buy the necessities, as well as the luxuries, of life by mail, are obtained by the anti-fat specialists from five sources—employes of large mail-order houses, unscrupulous physicians, professional 'sucker listers' of whom there generally are several in every large community, other 'specialists' in other lines of mail-order medicine, and from victims who think they have been benefited and, in return for free treatment, turn in the names of their corpulent neighbors and acquaintances.

The 'cures' offered by the obesity specialists, however, are not confined to internal medication. Under the clever advertising of some of these, the Eat-and-Grow-Thin slogan of the pill or powder merchant becomes the Bathe-Away-the-Fat of the one who peddles soluble salts to be dissolved in the tub on Saturday night, or more frequently, according to the habits of the 'patient.' A typical one of these consists of small quantities of Epsom salts, camphor, alum, soda and citric acid. The soda and the acid are put in to make the mixture effervesce when thrown into water, and that is all they do or can do.

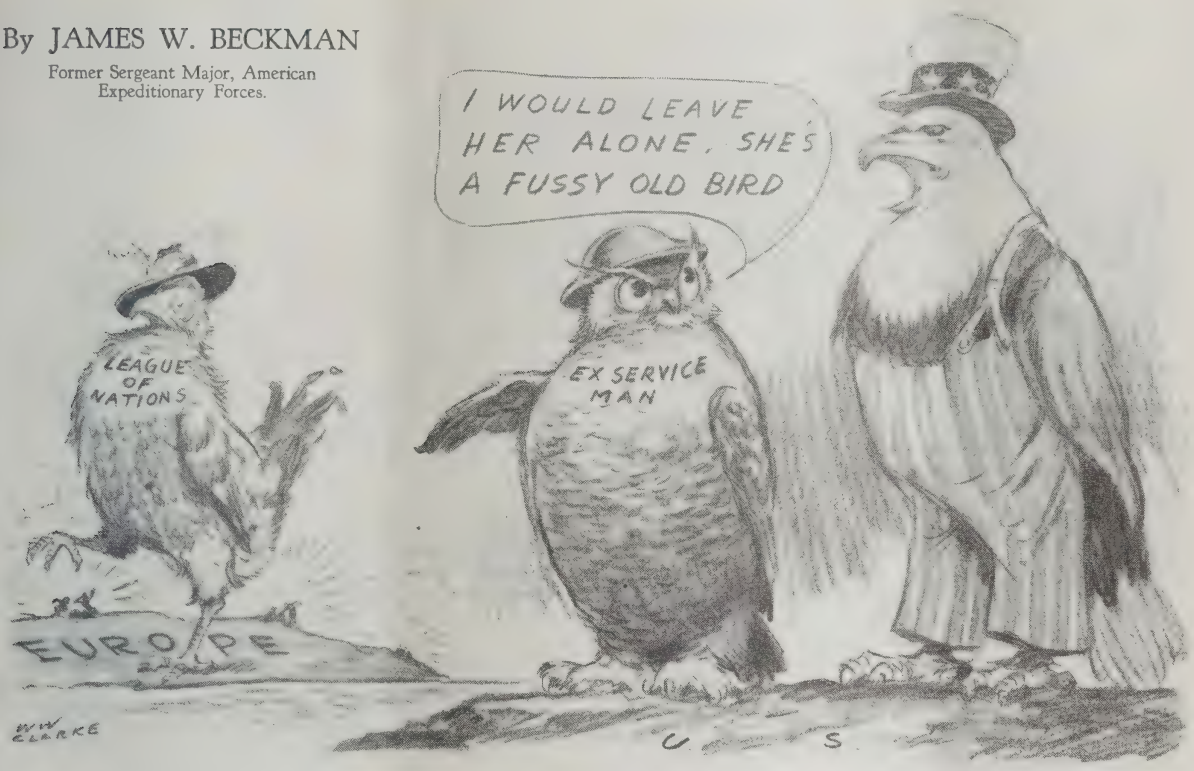
The application of alum, salts and camphor, separately or together, in small quantities to the exterior surfaces of the human body, can and do have no effect whatever in reducing obesity. It is possible that the frequent hot baths which the patient might take in using this 'remedy' would have some slight effect on the fatty tissues, but unless a rigid diet were followed, and consistent, persistent exercises indulged in, long-continued experiments have shown that no beneficial results follow this treatment.

Most of the 'bath-reducers' offered by these obesity re- (Concluded on page 18)

# If Not America First—Who?

## A Soldier's View of the League of Nations

By JAMES W. BECKMAN
Former Sergeant Major, American Expeditionary Forces.




IF WE were in the League of Nations now, it seems difficult to imagine how we should be free from embarrassment in any direction we moved. We may be criticized for thinking first of America, but if we were to substitute the welfare of any other nation for our concern for the welfare of our own, which country shall it be? If the answer is, 'No country, but humanity,' the question comes, 'How can America better serve humanity than just by being itself?'

Americans should differentiate between idealistic and practical appeals. In spite of all the 'idealistic' talk about our joining the League of Nations, there are a few practical facts that should not be ignored by those affected with too great a willingness to believe.

First, this country was founded by people of many nations who had escaped from European feudalism which meant constant warfare with their neighbor nations. They wanted a new country with no traditional feuds, where they could build life on a new basis of freedom, democracy and peace. These nationals and their descendants are the people who make America today.

To join the League of Nations would mean that we must officiate in the disputes of all old-world nations whenever they should arise. With a background of ancient injustices on all sides of every European controversy, how should we hope to make just decisions? Can Europe's long roll of wrong be settled by decisions, or must it settle itself by expiation? Could Americans bring to this unsolvable chaos the wisdom that would reduce it to order, without themselves falling partisans of the spirit of disorder?

Why should it be thought unreasonable or impossible for an American of Italian descent to sympathize with Italy as against France, Germany, Great Britain, or any other nation, and likewise with Americans of every other descent?

The proposal amounts simply to this, that we bring over to America the undesirable luggage that the hardy people who founded America left behind.

So far from insuring world unity, the present League of Nations would be more likely to mean American disintegration because of its appeal to the various elements in America, who are harmonious enough on American matters, but still divided as regards Europe. This is a possibility to be seriously considered.

In the League as it is proposed today and in the World Court, the British Empire would have six votes. The United States would rank with the smallest of the nations of the world. As we stand today, America represents the balance of power; she does not have to vote to make her influence felt. Under present circumstances, those nations of Europe who want our support, moral or otherwise, are under obligations to come up to American ideals of fairness if they want American sympathy or support. By submerging our influence in the League, this powerful position of America for good would be undermined and overcome. We should then be a party to quarrels, whether we wished or not, with the result that our present neutrality in political squabbles would be lost.

I am writing as a soldier when I say that American (*Concluded on page 30*)

# Sixty Years of Negro Freedom in America

## 'We Negroes Have a Definite Part to Perform; Our Responsibilities Have Increased'

By NAHUM DANIEL BRASCHER

Life travels; only death is still.
Time measures periods; never Life.
Life is eternal.
The violet, the lily of the valley
and the rose are messengers of Life—
they serve, bring happiness and
silently tell the beautiful story of LOVE.
LIFE is spirit finding expression in Service—
the grand opportunity of existence.
Distance is no barrier
to Life's instant journey for Service.
In the twinkling of an eye, like the
sweetness of the violet, the lily of the valley,
and the rose, Life travels on the wings of
Love,
salutes for duty and acts!
'Life Is Real.' The secret of Life's
Happiness
is SERVICE; the supreme joy of Life is
LOVE.

—*N. D. B.*

THERE is an event in American negro life that is at once unique and interesting. It is known as the 'Emancipation Celebration.' It is an annual holiday and jubilee occasion marking the anniversary of the abolition of slavery. The preliminary Emancipation Proclamation was issued by President Lincoln on September 22, 1864, and the final proclamation on January 1, 1865.

There have been sixty years of negro freedom in America. What have we done with those years?



There has been developed among us an element that frowns on the 'celebration of freedom.' This element is divided into two sections: those who wish to forget that their forbears were in slavery; and the other, smaller but more militant section, feeling that American racial conditions are such that there is nothing to 'celebrate.'

The same element not favoring the 'Emancipation Celebrations' likewise does not favor the singing of negro spirituals, or plantation melodies. The majority, I think, believe in both, and in this instance I am with the majority. We have much to commemorate; we have much for which to be thankful.

Examine more closely the subject of spirituals—for they are indissolubly interwoven with the dark days of slavery. They were the deepest expressions of burdened souls; they were the musical longings of a better day; they were, at times, the hallelujahs of spirits unfettered by bondage. The rich harmonies of those old songs are tuned to the music of heaven. The words may be crude but the message of eternity is in them. They grip the heartstrings.

In recent months I have visited negro schools throughout the South; in all of them these songs are used with amazing effect. There are in the North a number of musical societies devoted to the preservation of these unusual songs. If a person can hear them and not be touched by their melody and pathos, he has a heart of stone.

It is my firm opinion that, among other things, music will again become one of the redeeming forces of negro opportunity in America. Music is the magic that opens doors where reason will not. It is well known that most of the popular music of America today is based on negro themes. Some of it is good, and some of it is very bad, but it has caught the fancy of a certain element of the present-day American mind.

This music is not all vocal, by any means. Some of the finest bands and orchestras in America are entirely negro. In the days of slavery we had the banjo, fiddle, tambourine and bones,



and there are today few musical organizations of any group that do not have these musical—or noise-making—instruments in one form or another.

There were 4,000,000 negroes in America when the Proclamation was issued; there are nearly 15,000,000 today. How 4,000,000 without education or resources could be turned free into the surging stream of American life and arrive at the port of progress attained in this year of Our Lord, is nothing less than a miracle. There were two conflicting states of mind that both helped and hindered the situation, following the days of freedom. First, there was much hatred between the North and the South. There had been four years of conflict. Thousands of Northerners lay in unmarked graves, brought to their sad end by rebel shot and shell.

In the political turn of events, a number of things were done for 'spite,' and 'revenge.'

Then, there was a great tide of sympathy 'for the poor and unfortunate black people,' which found its outlet in charity and paternalistic assistance. Cultured men and women out of the best homes of the North left their all and went down to the war-stricken regions of the South to teach in 'Freedmen's Schools' that were being established everywhere by various forms of philanthropy mostly through religious organizations. Many of these schools are still in existence; and many of them still have white teachers, whose hair is silvered and whose cheeks are wrinkled by the hand of time. They have given their lives unselfishly for negro development.

In the North, for the most part, the negro was wel-

(Concluded on page 30)

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

ONE of the truths we have learned of recent years, although in a sense it has always been known, is that nothing is true until it has been realized through all the planes of life, from highest to lowest. What is highest and what lowest is not agreed upon; men's views of this are largely influenced by the pressure and necessity of the moment.

Just now many important-sounding things are being said of the motives and methods of human progress. We are told, by some younger theorists, that what they call 'sentimental humanitarianism' must give way to what they call 'scientific humanism.' They seem to believe they are waging a campaign for something that could not arrive without their help. A little more experience and they will understand that they are merely stating the method of progress; they are describing what comes to pass even though they be silent.

Sentimental humanitarianism, by which is meant doing right because one *feels* that it is right or because one is moved by a sense of *human pity* and kinship, and scientific humanism, by which is meant doing what the known laws of human relationships declare to be the only course that will stand, are not two opposed methods. We cannot discard one in favor of the other. They are different stages of growth of the same thing. It begins in emotion, it ends in knowledge.

As to the values of these two, it is impossible to place one above the other. Those who want mankind to do their good and right acts as cold-bloodedly as selfish and calculating men do their bad and wrong acts fail utterly to see that they could never have arrived at the point of making that suggestion unless humanity had first made an emotional beginning on the course which they seek to bring to a rational or scientific completion.

This can be illustrated by several well-known developments. There are historians who tell us that the abolition of slavery was purely an economic act, whose motive was one of dollars and cents. Yet everyone knows that public attention was not called to the question until people who felt sorry for the negro, and whose moral sense was outraged by the holding of human beings as purchasable and salable property, began to vent their emotions in the name of right and wrong. John Woolman and John Brown and *Uncle Tom's Cabin* were not in the least economic.

*WHATEVER is felt to be right morally is found to be right through all human relations: it is right physically and politically and economically. It is, however, on the moral and humanitarian side that the right thing is first perceived. It is seldom first perceived as economically right; that comes later. Theorists contend that the economic impulse comes first; but experience shows that it comes last and establishes in practical ways what the moral perception saw. They are both degrees of the same movement; the moral is more sensitively perceptive; the economic is more materially constructive. Neither can afford to belittle the other.*

Take prohibition as another example. It is now admitted everywhere that the licensed liquor traffic was a terrible drain on the nation and was therefore an economic fallacy. But there are men who tell us today that prohibition came as an economic movement. This is to ignore the generations of women who waged emotional and moral war against the monstrous immorality of the business, until they literally forced the nation to consider its economic aspect also. It is true that in the latter stages of both the anti-slavery and anti-liquor agitations, 'scientific humanism' and its methods supplanted 'sentimental humanitarianism' and its methods, but the latter was the army of advance and conquest which prepared the way for the former.

The 'scientific humanists' are never the first to feel the existence of wrong in a system. That is felt by more sensitive souls. Long before the wrong can be indicted from every side, even before a rational reason can be given for believing it to be a wrong, it is *felt* to be such by the humanitarianly minded, and upon that feeling the war against it is launched. Most of our 'scientific humanists' are busily engaged in letting well enough alone, in seeking to establish society on the incomplete knowledge now at hand. And they will continue their somewhat cold and usually static existence, until the labors of the 'sentimental humanitarians' bring them new reforms to rationalize.

Because a fact has economic bearings—and all facts have—it is not therefore necessarily an exclusively economic fact. Because a reform has economic relations—and all reforms have—it does not follow that the economic motive is responsible for it. What is morally wrong is economically wrong, but the moral wrong is seen first. What is morally right is economically practicable, but the moral aspect, in the vast majority of instances, is seen first. The movement toward a higher plane requires the moral judgment to start it, and the economic judgment to complete it. They are in extremely bad business when they sneer at each other.

Sentiment is usually right. It may not know why. It may not be able to suggest the machinery whereby society may adopt the better way. But it does agitate and persuade until, finally, the unsentimental mind steps in to make practical what was only visionary. The visionary may be just as true as the actual, but the vision is certainly precedent and indispensable to the actual.

**'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## The Political Outlook

IT LOOKS like an active year in politics. Regular Republicanism is meeting unexpected opposition, which yet might have been expected if politicians possessed any knowledge of the public. The defeat of McKinley in Illinois, of Pepper in Pennsylvania, of Stanfield in Oregon, all of them men of character and ability, discloses a dissatisfaction which is indisputably present, even if its causes and content are not yet clear. And it promises to be a year of unusual political interest.

Many elements may be recognized in the dissatisfaction. Doubtless the Administration attitude on the World Court is at odds with the nation's attitude on the same question. The people also feel that there has been a good deal of official insincerity and willful bungling on the prohibition question. Politicians keep prophesying that prohibition will be an issue in the campaign. They are mistaken unless they mean that the enforcement of prohibition is a demand which the people will make in the campaign.

But perhaps the chief source of dissatisfaction throughout the country is the subtle and uneasy sense of the people that the country has come under strong corporation influence, that the Government has almost entirely succumbed to financial control. This in no sordid sense; no one has been bought or sold. But when the foreign policies of the Administration are dictated by one financier and the domestic policies of the nation by another financier, neither of whom has ever conceived a progressive thought, the people are quick to sense it. They may not know who the financier-foreign adviser of the President is; they may know the name of the other financier, but may not guess the extent to which he runs things at Washington; yet they feel creeping through the veins of the nation an element which is not warm to the popular heart.

We wanted and needed a business administration in this country. We wanted conservatism of the progressive sort. We wanted a cessation of government interference in business. But what we have got instead of a business administration is a corporation administration, which is not the same thing. And what we have got instead of progressive conservatism is a most amazing reactionism. And the cessation of government interference in business has had but one effect, to loose the most lawless elements of American business upon a career of exploitation, criminal in its recklessness, for which the country cannot possibly escape dear payment.

Now, these are the things present, but largely inarticulate as yet, among the people. He is no friend of President Coolidge who would mislead him by silence on this point. Certain influences have been built into our Government whose effects, now ripening, are resented by the people. And what has begun at the polls is nothing to what will come unless the popular will in government is somehow substituted for the coterie-will in government.

These are the things which men around the President are saying, but not to him. And somebody should say it to him, unless, as it may easily be, the President is proceeding upon the assumption that the financiers are the real rulers of the country and therefore the safest advisers of the Government. If this is the President's opinion, he is so wrong that the national reaction against such a position may sweep his party from power.

---

## The Motor Car and Society

IT WAS said in England that the automobile had made forever impossible the success of a general strike which represented the attempt of a class to hold up all the people. The automobile means a wider range for individuals than is possible on foot. They can draw upon more territory; they have the advantage of more human contacts; they can pack into little time a great deal of fruitful activity; and this mobility and 'cruising radius,' so to speak, is of inestimable value to a population threatened with economic blockade.

Of similar tenor is the complaint of socialist leaders in the United States that attendance upon socialist meetings is suffering a great falling off because socialists are too busy riding in automobiles with their families, or sitting at home listening to the radio. It is an unconscious confession of the power of economic plenty to satisfy the restlessness of progressive natures. And lest this should seem like the throwing of a sop, like drugging social aspirations with material supply, let it be said that the presence of a plentiful material supply indicates as nothing else can that the social conditions which the best socialistic minds have desired are coming by the way of modern production and management. The first requisite of social well-being is the production of wealth, and this means industry and manage-

ment. If young socialists are out riding in their motor cars, or at home listening to the radio, it is an excellent thing. It indicates that the irritation of life no longer has its center for them in economic matters, but that they are economically free to enjoy the other and higher aspects of life.

## *Rights and Duties*

THE Supreme Court of the United States has refused to declare unconstitutional the action of residents to protect their neighborhoods from undesirable invasions. The case in question was the protest of certain Washington property owners against the sale of a nearby residence to a negro purchaser. Much interest and some resentment will be caused by the decision. On the whole, however, it will be found that negroes will be wisely guided in not insisting upon raising the question generally. Legally, there are certain rights beyond question, but we are not living in a legal vacuum; we are living in the midst of many mingled circumstances, and we must always recognize the practical tendency as itself a part of social law. Many lamentable things have followed invasions of neighborhood, often with motives that would not bear scrutiny. On the other hand, respectable colored families do not find it difficult to obtain suitable residences within their rights and also within the limits of racial good will. These are matters which are better conducted according to the dictates of common sense than according to high notions of 'rights.' Rights are always checked and balanced by duties.

## *Give Them Work*

THE man in prison should have a job. No punishment is so cruel as compulsory idleness. Yet prison work should not be used to further degrade the convict. It should be made a means to his self-support, and then a means to the support of his family if he has one. In few places is society more cruel than when, in sentencing a criminal to prison, it also sentences his family to starvation. Let him be made to support his family by his prison labor. Let prison management be of such a high quality that he can support them. And it would be well to go even a step further; in property crimes, let the convict's labor restore the value stolen and unrecovered, and the cost of his infraction of social order. And where his crime has deprived another family of its breadwinner, let his labor be used to repair that economic destruction also. Men should be made to give economic reparation for their crimes, but in order to do this they should be given economic evaluation as prisoners of society.

## *The Prince's English*

THE Prince of Wales, so it seems, is manhandling the King's English.

'He has a marked Cockney voice,' laments St. John Ervine in a plea for pure pronunciation, 'and says "howpe" when he means "hope."' Nor is this all. He drops his r's.

The playwright continues his criticism to include other members of the Royal Family: 'One of his brothers, lately broadcasting, referred to his elder brother as the "Dooka Yawk."'

Now this is a serious matter, one not to be passed lightly over. In commiseration for our cousins across the sea we will not exultantly offer it as proof of our contention that Americans speak better English than do the English. Nor will we urge it as an argument for the republican form of government.

Knowing how deeply the English temperament will be cut by the dashed thing, we will merely call their attention to that fine old saying of Shakespeare: 'Here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the King's English.'

## *Chicago's Shame*

CHICAGO has been brought very low before the country. 'From the sole of the foot even to the head, there is no soundness in it; but wounds and bruises and putrefying sores; they have not been closed, neither bound up, neither mollified with ointment.' The liberty to commit crime is a concession sold to all bidders, and machinery to punish crime is neutralized by bribes. More criminal than the so-called 'criminal classes' are those official classes that have licensed the practice of theft and murder as a state licenses the practice of medicine.

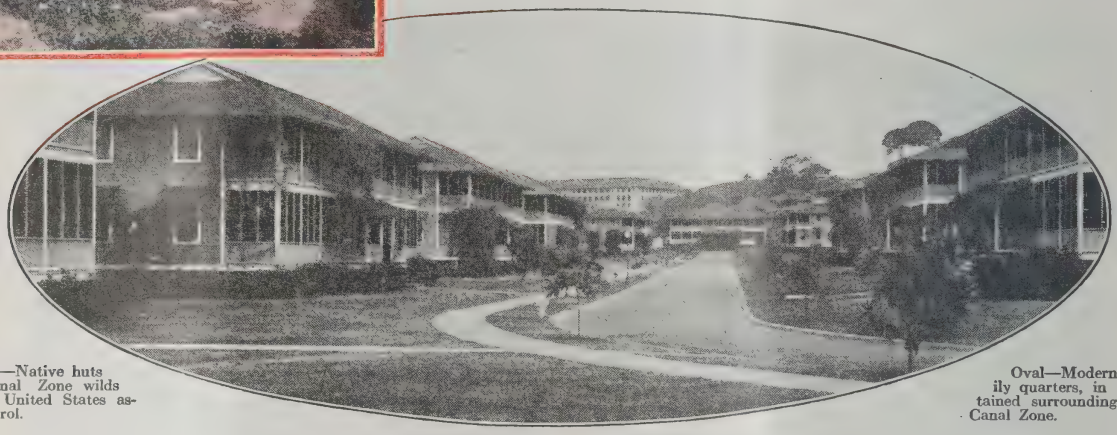
The strangest element in it all, to outsiders, is the calm with which these stupendous revelations have been received by the city whose honor they drag so low. Mysteries involving officials still remain mysteries. There are 'gangs' in city government which correspond to gangs in the criminal world, and which war upon one another, and the citizens seem to possess no machinery to penetrate and destroy the massed corruption.

The people of this country used to think that the days of municipal corruption lay behind us, that nothing could again occur as bad as New York was twenty-five years ago. But New York was a quiet village of pikers compared with the official criminality of modern Chicago. And with successive disclosures, the same 'gangs' remain in control. Only one thing is worse than the actual crimes exposed, and that is the moral apathy of John Citizen.



# Uncle Sam's Big Tropical Family

## Panama Canal Zone Now Holds Community Enjoying Latest Civilized Comforts



Upper Left—Native huts in the Canal Zone wilds when the United States assumed control.

Oval—Modern four-family quarters, in well-maintained surroundings, Balboa, Canal Zone.

By DAVID G. WYLIE

HOW big is Uncle Sam's family? In the Canal Zone territory, ten miles wide and forty-eight miles long, there are three thousand white employes and nine thousand colored, mostly West Indian; also about ten thousand soldiers and sailors. The Canal is strongly fortified, both at the Atlantic and at the Pacific ends. There are numerous army and military posts in the Zone—Clayton, Davis, Corozal, Randolph, Sherman, de Lesseps, Gatun, Empire, Quarry Heights. There is a radio naval station at Darien and Amador. The Army Aviation Post is at France Field and the Submarine Base and Naval Air Station at Coco Solo. What is Uncle Sam doing for this big family in the Canal Zone?

The colored people are called 'silver' employes and the white people 'gold' employes. There are cottages for one family, two families and four families. The accommodations are ample and comfortable. All the buildings are carefully screened, excellent water from Gatun Lake, that has passed through purifying stations, electric light, and telephones are furnished. Some of the houses are built on wooden posts and others on concrete and many of them are covered over with Bougainvillea that resembles crimson rambler. The houses are also furnished at Government expense.

For several years the houses were furnished free of rent but now there is a moderate charge. One gentleman who lives in a comfortable apartment told me that including gas, electricity, and water, the cost was about $15 a month. The same space in New York City would cost from $150 to $200 a month, and be less comfortable.

All houses in the Zone, including the furniture, are owned by the United States Government and cannot be rented by those not employed by the Government. Government employes have the privilege of renting their houses for a brief period when absent on vacation. There are two excellent hotels just outside the Zone, the Washington, at Colon, and the Tivoli at Ancon.

Another feature of life in the Zone is interesting—the commissaries. These are under Government control and food and all necessary articles may be bought at a cost generally lower than in the United States; all residents of the Zone are required to buy from the commissaries. No cash is taken, but coupon books, resembling a 1,000-mile railway ticket, are provided and a coupon is detached and offered in payment of any article purchased.

All employes of the Government are given annually a vacation of two months with pay. If any employe does not take an annual vacation, the time accumulates, and the second year he is entitled to a vacation of four months. Some employes spend a brief period in the highlands of Panama or Costa Rica, but the great majority go to the United States. As the Panama Railroad, and also the line of steamers to New York, are owned by the United States Government, employes are given the remarkably low rate of $30 from Colon to New York. This enables the users to have an outing at a reasonable rate.

There are two seasons—the wet and the dry. The wet season begins about May and lasts eight months. The dry season of four months, beginning in January, is a most delightful time—rather warm in the middle of the day, but always a good breeze at night. No day in the Zone is as hot as New York, Philadelphia, or Chicago in August. In the wet season, the houses become damp, and clothes, shoes and other articles of apparel become mildewed unless kept in a dry closet.

The fact is that there are burning lights in the closets throughout the whole of the wet season and often in the dry season. An electric light is kept burning in practically every piano. Between the wet and dry seasons it is disagreeable, for there is little breeze and the humidity is great. Energy is at a low ebb. It is this depressing time, and the fact that it is warm at all times, that makes an annual vacation a necessity. Generally, women suffer more than men.

The drinking water from Lake Gatun, which has passed through the purification plants at Mount Hope or Miraflores, is remarkably good; indeed, every drop is chemically pure. A bountiful supply of ice is also manufactured. Much of the food is brought from the States, but the Chinese gardeners provide large quantities of fresh vegetables.

There are club houses at Cristobal, Gatun, Pedro Miguel, Balboa, and other places. In these houses are reading and billiard rooms, bowling alleys, moving pictures, concerts, telephones, barber shops, lunch counters, and places where soft drinks are sold.

At Balboa there is a large fresh-water swimming pool where instruction is given, and many children 'earn to swim and dive quite young.

Recreation and amusements are also furnished by the Young Men's Christian Association, the Young Women's Christian Association, the Catholic Welfare House, the Camp Fire Girls, and the National Women's Club. There are golf links, tennis courts, baseball fields, and athletic sports are encouraged.

*Excellent School System Is Organized*

The United States had scarcely taken possession of the Zone when it began to organize schools, even in the jungle. At the time of my last trip to the Zone, I was fortunate in meeting D. C. O'Connor, who organized the schools, and with whom I held several conferences. Mr. O'Connor gave me many first-hand facts in regard to the establishment of schools. When the United States assumed control of the Canal Zone in 1904, almost all of the area was jungle, with numerous native villages connected by trails. The houses were built of upright poles plastered with mud; the floors were dirt, and the roofs thatched.

There were no schools. Along the line of the Canal, adjacent to some of the native villages, the French had left frame buildings which had been used to house their employes. These buildings were in bad condition but were used for school purposes. No effort had been made to establish a school system until the American occupation. In 1904, the Isthmian Canal Commission authorized the establishment of a system of free public schools.

The next year a census of children, from the ages of six to sixteen years, was taken and revealed two thousand children of school age. The greater part of these were the children of Jamaican negroes who labored on the Isthmus during the French régime. When the work of organizing schools was begun, many parents hurried their children into the mountains beyond the boundary of the Zone.

After the census had been taken, supplies of desks, slates, and elementary textbooks were ordered from the United States. The next step was to provide schoolhouses, and this was found to be most difficult, as workmen of every type had been brought into the Canal and it was felt that homes must be provided for these people. It was deemed unbusinesslike to assign a building for a school while there was urgent demand for its use as living quarters for workmen.

The first available house for school purposes was at Corozal and a force of carpenters remodeled it. The work was completed and by the beginning of 1905 the schoolroom was equipped and ready for occupancy. On the second of January, 1906, the United States flag was unfurled, pupils took their seats, and the first American public school in this region was opened. It was about this time that municipal schools under the direction of mayors were established at Cristobal, Gatun, Gorgona, Empire, Culebra and LaBoca. The Government schools were supported by funds of the Commission and the municipal schools by municipal taxes. In 1906, the municipal schools were taken over and incorporated into the Government system. In the same year, the Bureau of Municipalities was created and the schools placed under the Chief of the Bureau.

It is suggestive that five months after the opening of the first school at Corozal, there were eighteen schools in operation with six hundred and eleven pupils and twenty teachers. Ten months from the opening of the first school, there were thirty-four teachers, thirty schoolhouses, and one thousand one hundred and thirty-seven pupils enrolled. Four of the buildings were for white children and twenty-six for white and colored. Fourteen of the teachers were American, nineteen colored, and one Panamanian. The schools were organized as an independent division under the Department of Law and Government. This enabled the superintendent to plan courses of study, select and assign teachers, provide transportation for teachers and pupils, select school sites, and recommend plans for proper ventilation, lighting, and sanitation.

In 1907, a curriculum was provided for the grading and classification of pupils according to the system generally prevailing in the United States. Elementary grades were established in all schools, and high school courses were outlined for pupils completing the usual eighth-grade subjects. High school classes were organized at Culebra and Cristobal. The satisfactory completion of this course enabled children to enter colleges or universities in the States. Ernest L. Cook, of Nebraska, was the first high-school principal at Cristobal, and Miss Ida Alstaetter, of Ohio, was the first high-school principal at Culebra. Miss O'Connor, daughter of the first superintendent, was one of the first American teachers.

*How Difficulties Were Met and Overcome*

In establishing the school system there were many difficulties, for, on account of the greatly increasing number of employes and their families coming to the Zone, it was difficult to provide living quarters and there was a waiting list of several hundred on file most of the time. Many of the employes thought that no buildings should be provided for schools until their families had been properly housed. It was difficult to secure carpenters in sufficient numbers and it was necessary to ship building materials from the United States. This was often slow in coming, and in addition, the hundreds of sick and dying people were obstacles in the way of a building program.

It was also difficult to secure teachers. When the school system was organized, there were no American



Tropical territory in the Canal Zone, which United States engineers found full of filth, malaria and yellow fever.



Union Church, Balboa, Canal Zone, dedicated January 24, 1926.

teachers in the Zone and the salaries were too small to attract white men and suitable living quarters could not be provided for women. Suitable persons for teachers were sought to be placed in charge of schools as these were opened.

The civil administration looked upon the Canal Zone as a miniature state, the inhabitants of which were to enjoy the rights and privileges held by them for generations, and the natives and West Indian people were to be reconciled and made friends of the new government. They were treated in a friendly manner and became an aid in the protection of the Zone. Their children also were to be trained and educated along lines that would promote the purpose sought, and schools were established in every village in the Canal Zone where twenty-five or more children could be brought together.

Schools for native children were often located in almost inaccessible places, as, for example, at Toco Point across the way from Cristobal. The lumber was carried from Cristobal in a small launch that was a constant menace to the lives of the operators. It seemed a strange proceeding to the natives, many of whom had never known the meaning of a school. A school was organized at Las Cruces on the Chagres River not far from Gamboa which was the landing place for the transfer of carriers between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans before the building of the Panama Railroad.

This village contained about six hundred natives whose houses were built of poles plastered with mud and thatched with palm branches. Here a school was organized, the first one established in a village several centuries old. The lumber was loaded on cayucas at Gorgona and poled up to Las Cruces five miles distant. The only other means of reaching the town was by narrow trail from Bas Obispo and this trail was almost impossible in wet weather. Much hardship was endured in the transportation of the lumber for the school on account of the sudden rise of the Chagres, and some lumber was lost.

Three miles from Las Cruces a free school was established, and for the first time in its history, the poor children of that aristocratic section were given the opportunity of an education. Bas Obispo was the chosen place for the winter homes of wealthy families. It is believed that the establishment of this school suggested the plan and scope of the excellent system of primary education subsequently adopted by the Republic of Panama. At the present time there are primary schools at Cristobal, Gatun, Pedro Miguel, Balboa, and Ancon, with American teachers. There are also schools for Porto Rican troops at Empire, and for colored employes at various places. There is an excellent high school at Cristobal and another at Balboa.



Above—Concrete school building, Pedro Miguel, Canal Zone, June, 1920. Circle—A Canal Zone free public school—San Pablo, 1904. The building was so old and weak that it had to be propped up to prevent its collapse.

It is true that the United States Government does not appropriate money for churches, but it grants sites on which churches have been built. The Cathedral of the Protestant Episcopal Church is at Ancon and work is carried on among Panamanians and West Indians. There is a Roman Catholic Church and Community House at Balboa. The Union Church of the Canal Zone has four branches, under the direction of a Council, at Cristobal, at Gatun, Pedro Miguel and Balboa. The new Union Church edifice at Balboa that cost $129,000 was dedicated on January 24, 1926, with imposing ceremonies. This enterprise constitutes one of the most notable pieces of coöperative work in which the churches of America have engaged. Here it stands, beside the Canal which is a triumph of American engineering skill, a monument to the earnestness and sincerity of American Christians.

The Southern Baptist Church has an excellent edifice at Balboa Heights and conducts work among West Indians.

The American Bible Society has a Bible House at Cristobal, from which Bibles, testaments, and literature are distributed in Central and South America. The Panama Canal and Central American agency of the Bible Society covers the republics of Central America, Panama, the Canal Zone and recently the work has been extended into Colombia. The upper Andes agency of the Bible Society includes the southern part of Colombia with Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia.

Every American who visits the Canal Zone comes away feeling proud of the achievements of the United States in building the Panama Canal that vast waterway which connects the Atlantic and the Pacific, and shortens the route from Europe and the United States to the Pacific. The visitor is also proud to find that Uncle Sam has made provision for the comfort, the safety, and the intellectual, moral and spiritual development of the people who are serving their country so ably and faithfully at the Crossroads of the World.

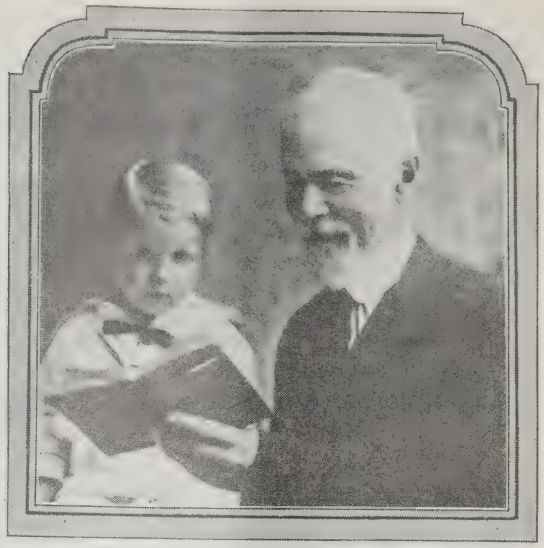
The story of how Uncle Sam entered the tropics and built the Panama Canal has often been told, but it might well be repeated, from time to time.



# He Placed Bookshelf in Reach of Millions

## The Man Who Claimed He Founded More Libraries Than Carnegie

By WILLIAM E. BARTON



John B. Alden, first publisher of cheap editions.

JOHN B. ALDEN claimed that he had founded more libraries than Andrew Carnegie. Alden died on his chicken farm at Neshanic, New Jersey, December 4, 1924, and I have seen no mention of his decease in any newspaper. Even if something has been printed and I have not seen it, I should like to tell about the man who never admitted that he made cheap books but was proud of the fact that he made good books cheap, and made more of them than any man since the creation of the world.

I cannot tell in detail the story of his life. He was seventy-eight years of age when he died, and I think was born in Iowa, a descendant of John Alden of the *Mayflower*. In that state I first learn of him, a lad of twelve, lying on the floor before an open log fire, reading the few books which his boyhood home contained. Those he remembered were *The English Reader*, which Lincoln also read, the works of Josephus, and Livingston's *Travels in Africa*.



The home where Alden lived for twenty years, the larger part of his life as a publisher.

At the age of fourteen he left home, and one winter chopped wood at fifty cents a cord. That winter he discovered an old, worn copy of Shakespeare, and it became a mighty inspiration to him. Two winters he spent in country schools, doing chores for his board, and for two months he was in a little academy where he and two acquaintances boarded themselves at a cost of $1.25 a week. From there he graduated into the school of experience.

My next knowledge of him was as a 'train-butcher' selling peaches, apples and literature on a local train between Burlington and Galesburg. Alden, having Galesburg as one end of his route, became acquainted with Professor Hurd, of Knox College, father-in-law of S. S. McClure, and he gave the lad helpful direction concerning his own reading. Abbott's *Life of Napoleon* fired his ambition, and he read Herbert Spencer and John Stuart Mill under this wise preceptor. The lad yearned for a college education, but trouble with his eyes prevented. He went to Chicago and clerked in a bookstore. He attended Major Whittle's Sunday school, and assumed charge of a department whose record attendance was 443. Then he started a little book and stationery business on the West Side and began his first publication, a children's paper, *The Bright Side*. This attained a large circulation almost immediately, but the Chicago fire wiped it out in 1871.

My acquaintance with Alden's work was just after the Chicago fire when I was a lad of ten. He started a little magazine called *What Next?* His premium offers were liberal, and I secured a club of subscribers and read his paper till the *Youth's Companion* bought it out. By this time he was known as a live wire in the publishing business, and was called to New York as publisher of *Hearth and Home* which had a list of eminent contributors, its editors being Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Ik Marvel and Edward Eggleston.

His work as a magazine publisher gave him knowledge of printing costs, and he discovered almost accidentally that the printing and binding of a book are quite inexpensive matters, the marketing and publishers' overhead absorbing most of the price. He had been working up a 'Book Exchange' by means of which good books no longer desired could be traded for others that were wanted, but he decided that new books could be produced cheaper than old ones could be stolen. So he set to work to make new books and good ones.

In January, 1879, he launched forth as a book publisher, producing non-copyright books, including *Robinson Crusoe*, *The Pilgrim's Progress* and other standard $1.50 works at a price of thirty-five cents, and making money. These books sold immediately and enormously.

Chambers' *English Literature* was published in two large octavo volumes at seven dollars. Alden issued it in four small volumes at two dollars.

(Continued on page 24)



Alden's publishing establishment and employes, in 1884.

# Sightseeing in the Land of Plenty

## A Dinner and a Tour of the Markets Gives Evidence of Much Prosperity



I was a sawmill worker, a lowly lumber-handler.

By JAMES STEVENS

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL E. OHLSSON

ON A recent Saturday evening I went out with a friend of mine who is a highly skilled saw-filer. He is paid fifteen dollars for every eight hours he works, and time and one-half for Sundays and overtime. Last year, he tells me, he made five thousand dollars. He earns every cent he gets, for he is really a professional man, and a talented one. Saw steel is to him a living thing; let him stick a grinder on it and he becomes like the scientist with his test tubes, or the sculptor with his chisel. To the mere observer there are only edges and points under the grinder; to the skilled filer every tooth and raker of the used saw has a shape and character of its own; and it is his job to file them all to the standard form his eye has set.

But my friend makes no pretense of being a tony professional man. He never got through the eighth grade at school. He feels vastly inferior to any man with a college education, even though the man hasn't enough manual skill to drive a nail straight. But my friend does feel that he belongs to the aristocracy of labor; and when he is with a man like me, who never got any higher in school than the eighth grade, he is pretty high and mighty. The fact that I am now a writer means little to him. When we first became friends I was a sawmill-worker, a lowly lumber-handler; and so I still remain to him.

The saw-filer drove up to my house in a coupé.

'We're steppin' high tonight, old-timer,' he said with a kind smile. 'I'm takin' you over to eat in the Rose Room of the new million-dollar hotel.'

'That's fine,' was all I could say as the car purred down the street.

I was back in my place as a lowly lumber-piler and ready to listen to whatever the saw-filer wanted to talk about. But he didn't have much to say until we reached the great hotel. When we entered the Rose Room he followed the waiter who beckoned to us, and I trailed him. The room was so vast, so gay and so bright that I felt like I did when I dreamed over fairy books as a boy. The tables had a dazzling shine from their linen, silver and dishes. There were roses on all of them. The walls and lights were rose-colored, too; and the ceiling, which seemed high enough for a palace, had paintings of garden scenes. The place was too rich and grand for me. I sat down at our table and just stared. I thought that the people must all be millionaires entertaining their visiting duke and marquis friends from Europe. But my friend was perfectly at home. He was not the least flustered as he ordered our dinner; and the waiter didn't seem to realize that he was a saw-filer at all

After we'd had crab cocktails I felt more comfortable, and I began to think. My first thought was this:

'How much at ease this saw-filer is in such a princely place! He's a far cry from the miner of the old days, who struck it rich, went to the finest hotel in the city for a feast, and could think of nothing to order but a hundred dollars' worth of ham and eggs!'

We sipped our soup in a proper, delicate style; and as he sipped, the saw-filer gazed now at the orchestra, now at a pretty blonde who was making things merry at the next table, now at the pink and white roses on our table. When he was done with his soup, he buttered a bit of bread, nibbled at it, and began to talk as naturally as though we were sitting on the bench in the filing shed where he worked.

Over the porterhouse steaks we both got to going it in our regular chummy fashion, and by the time we got to a dessert of French pastry and sundaes I was as comfortable with my friend as though we were in a ham-and-egg joint. We smoked and talked over the coffee for an hour; then my friend planked down a ten-dollar bill, which just paid for the dinner and cover charge, with a dollar tip for the waiter.

'I had a mighty fine time,' I said, when we parted.

'I did, too,' said the saw-filer.

When I went to sleep I was still seeing the Rose Room, and I went on seeing it in my dreams. And then came another vision, a grand procession of all the city eating places that Americans know.

I saw the Marine Rooms, the Spanish Rooms, the Crystal Rooms, the tea rooms Orange and Almond, the grill, the grotto, the chicken dinner roadhouse, the breakfast nook, the coffee house, the rathskeller, the restaurants and cafés, French, Italian, Spanish, Greek, Hungarian, Yiddish,

Chinese, Japanese and Southern, the cabaret, the supper club, the roof garden, the fountain, bakery and market lunches, the cafeteria, the short-order counter, the chop house, the oyster palace, the dairy lunch, the delicatessen, the waffle house, the automat, the hot dog stand, the popcorn wagon, the cigar counter with its chocolate bars, the old-fashioned beanery, the old-fashioned boarding house —I was certainly hungry for hot cakes and eggs when I awoke in the late morning!

But you do not need to dine in all these various eating places to see that America has become a true land of plenty, the realization of the ancient dream of a promised land. You need only to take a walk through the market streets of any American city.

What American scene is more familiar than this one? A vast meat market, its walls and ceilings shining with an enamel as snowy white as the caps, jackets and aprons of the men behind the great glass cases on the counters. In those cases all the sea foods of all the oceans glitter lusciously in patterns of dazzling colors, and raw, red steaks, roasts and chops, streaked thickly with corn-made fat, bring moisture into the mouth of the beholder as he looks them over. Above are hanging battalions of dressed duck, geese, hens, capons and turkeys. They are guarded by fat hams and wide sides of bacon. There is a spicy smell from pails of pickled fish.

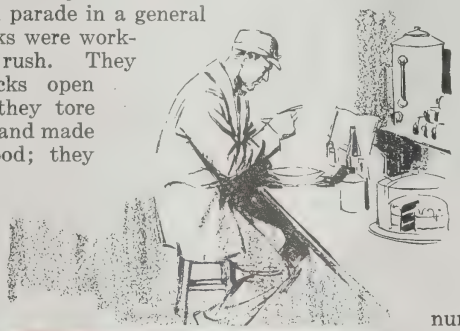
A vegetable market. Here are stalls of green corn, green peas, green string beans, and above a rack piled high with jolly turnips which have a winey flush on their bulging cheeks; there is a row of stalls where slender carrots, somber beets, humorous onions and radishes, dewy lettuce, motherly cauliflowers and rotund cabbages modestly display their homely virtues; and beyond them is a regular mountain range of shining fruits, pyramids of beautiful colors, where oranges, apples, plums, pears, peaches and grapes are heaped high. Yellow bunches of bananas swing before them. Coarse sacks gape to reveal the benign and companionable spud. Uncovered boxes show dusky dried prunes in neat rows. Rhubarb and raspberries. Peanuts and pecans. Green peppers and garlic.

What other raw and beautiful foods? Here is a small but showy dairy market. A long glass case incloses bottles of milk and cream, mounds of snowy eggs, huge cubes of golden butter, and fifty-seven varieties of cheese.

For delightful odors enter the bakery. Here you will smell sugar and spice and everything nice. And bread hot from the ovens, which has a smell as appetizing as that of frying bacon or boiling coffee. Breathe the bakery air, with its fragrance of hot spice and hot bread look over the designs of the cookies and pies and the colors of the cake frostings; and then go to an art gallery and strive to find such beauty in any picture there!

On another Saturday I watched the afternoon food parade in a general market. The clerks were working in a great rush. They flipped paper sacks open and filled them; they tore off sheets of paper and made up neat rolls of food; they took flat squares and oblongs of pasteboard and filled them with dozens of eggs and pounds of butter. They dragged stalls, racks, crates and sacks for vegetables. They dug into pyramids of fruit as miners dig into mountains. Loaded shelves along the walls shone with all the colors of the rainbow. Ladders rattled and banged before them, and from the ladders the clerks rolled down jars of honey and pickles, glasses of jelly and mayonnaise, cans of fruit, spinach and soup, cartons of oats, wheat and rice, boxes of spice and coffee and tea. Food was on the move.

There was a crowd coming, a crowd buying and looking, and a crowd going with loaded arms. The people of the crowds were mostly women; many had children with them; and all looked as though they were used to housework and marketing. They bought amazingly. It was hard to imagine where the money came from. No one appeared to be poverty-stricken, but it was obvious that most of them were the wives of workingmen.



There were a number of men in the crowd; laborers, probably, who worked nights and did the Saturday marketing before they went on shift. The brawniest of the men, the ones who were obviously laborers, bought unsparingly. Whenever a display of some food caught his eye he would buy it without bargaining, and then keep on until he had an armload of packages. And most of the women left the market with their shopping bags jammed to the top. Certainly, I thought, American workingmen are not spending *all* of their wages for automobiles, radios and picture shows. They are making the best of living in a land where there is plenty of food for everybody.

As a roving workingman, I had always been used to taking my food where I found it, thinking of the cost of living



The place was too grand for me. I sat down at our table and just stared

only in terms of the weekly rate for board. In my youth I had worked at common labor for two dollars a ten-hour day and paid five dollars a week for board and room. After the war I had worked eight hours a day, making between five and seven and a half dollars a day, on various jobs, and paying from seven to ten and a half dollars a week for board and room. But now there was what the college sociologists call a 'higher standard of living' —meaning more clothes, more food, more fun—and the board and bed I had for around nine dollars after the war were so much better than what I had paid five for in my youth that it would have called for the extra cost even then.

It is my firm belief, taken not from windy theories but from my own experience and observation, that the cost of distributing food lessens every year, due to the improvement and growth of transportation and the distributing organization.

My wages as a common laborer were doubled in fifteen years, my work day cut twenty per cent. The cost of my living rose about forty-four per cent. But now, instead of a straw bunk in a shack or a cell in a sloppy rooming house, I had a clean, airy room with white curtains on the windows, a tall shiny dresser, a thick mattress on stout springs, and running hot water at the wash bowl. And there was as much difference between the old-time boarding-house meal and the new one. For nine dollars a week I lived in actual comfort all the time, and occasionally luxuries were thrown in. Yet a profit, a good one, was made by the landlord from this weekly sum.

As I watched the Saturday afternoon crowd in the general market and noted that the greater part of it was comprised of working people, I thought of the weekly sum I had paid for board as a workingman, and I grew curious to see how much food it would buy in this general market.

Here was a steer steak special. Twenty cents a pound. Forty-five pounds of steak! I'd need a wheelbarrow for that! A veal special at ten cents. Ninety pounds—a whole calf. A good pot roast at thirteen cents. It was too much trouble to figure the number of pounds of pot roast that nine dollars would buy; but it would certainly make a man-sized load. Pork was higher, twenty-five cents and up; but I'm not much of a hand for pork.

I turned to the dairy counter. Nine dollars would buy eighteen pounds of butter, twenty dozen eggs, or forty-five pounds of cottage cheese. I looked through the bakery window. Ninety pound-loaves of bread! Or five hundred and forty doughnuts! Or thirty-six pies! I backed away from the bakery window and nearly fell over a stack of sacked cabbages. Three cents a pound. My nine dollars would buy three hundred pounds of them! Holy mackinaw! I'd have to hire a truck.

What price eating! Nine dollars would buy so much food; and I could go out and swing a shovel or pick up boards and put them on a truck, or pick up bricks and put them in a stack, or do any other such simple job and make the nine dollars—in two days! No wonder the American food parade is the greatest show on earth.

For such it certainly is. Whatever may be justly said against American politics, education, journalism, science and art, whatever inequalities between rich and poor Americans may be shown, the fact remains that as far as getting plenty to eat is concerned any able-bodied person can do it without great worry or effort. Even in the slums there are few starving children today.

# The Dangers of Drugging for Fat

(*Concluded from page 6*)

movers are of this or very similar composition. One and all are utterly worthless in the removal of fat as far as years of experimentation and test in the laboratories of the American Medical Association, and by individual physicians, have been able to determine.

Of late years, several preparations have been marketed under the name of 'creams' for the reduction of obesity in general and the removal of fat on the face and neck in particular. The great majority of these have been subjected to the tests already mentioned and, without exception, have been found as worthless as the pink pills, brown tablets, or bath salts. They have been analyzed in test tubes, and tried out under conditions which their makers declared to be 'ideal,' on the bodies of corpulent men and women, and in no single instance has any reduction in fat been obtained. Yet the manufacture and sale of these high-priced and entirely worthless 'remedies' continues to draw something like $40,000,000 annually from the people of the United States, Canada, England, France and Germany. Many of the 'fat cures' originate in France, but they find their greatest market, and obtain the highest price; in the United States.

Now, fat may be 'healthy' and it may be 'unhealthy.' As the physician would say, 'fatty accumulations in the tissues of the body are found in health and in pathological conditions.' These are usually described, respectively, as 'fatty infiltrations' and 'fatty degenerations,' though it is admittedly difficult to draw a sharp dividing line between the two. There may be, and very often is, a considerable measure of fatness, even to the point of inconvenience to the individual possessing it, without any disturbance to the health of the corpulent one.

Many of those who undertake a reduction of their fat find, if they succeed, that they are no longer well; that they become subject to every passing illness; that their 'resistance' to disease is lowered; that their physical and mental activity is retarded; and that the removal of the fat has so disturbed the normal balance of their bodies that they must resort to special fat-producing diets to restore themselves to health. In other words, the treatment of obesity, corpulence, or plain 'fat,' as one wishes to call it, is dependent entirely upon the physical characteristics and conditions of the individual body. No one treatment can be or has been devised for the removal of excessive fat.

One of the earliest known remedies for obesity—and, incidentally, one of the most effective—was that of the Egyptians, who probably got it from one of the earlier races. In this, the fat man or woman lay down on his or her back on a hard floor and employed a half hour in vigorously rolling a heavy wooden ball over the abdomen. Some tribes of North American Indians were found to be doing the same thing when white men arrived in the New World. Then, along in the 15th Century or somewhat before, the drinking of vinegar as a fat-reducer came into vogue. This remedy was virtually worthless, though the rolling of the wooden ball was of considerable value, since it provided enforced exercise of the parts in which the fat was stored.

Then for some centuries the anti-fat fakers flourished, though never to the extent, nor with the financial returns, of today. But in 1863 arose one William Banting, originator of the modern treatment for corpulence by dieting, a system which gave rise to the name 'Banting,' as applied to obesity reduction by the avoidance of certain foods. Banting eliminated, to the greatest degree possible, all saccharine, starchy and fat foods from his diet, reduced the amount of liquids consumed, substituted meat, fish and fruit as his daily fare and took also, at least once every twelve hours, an anti-acid drink of some kind.

This treatment, with modifications according to individual cases, is still in successful use. Surplus food absorbed in the human body is stored as fat, and one well-known cause of obesity is the taking in of a supply of food in excess of the needs of the individual. That quantity of food which is not excessive for the day-laborer may be three or four times as much as the sedentary worker needs.

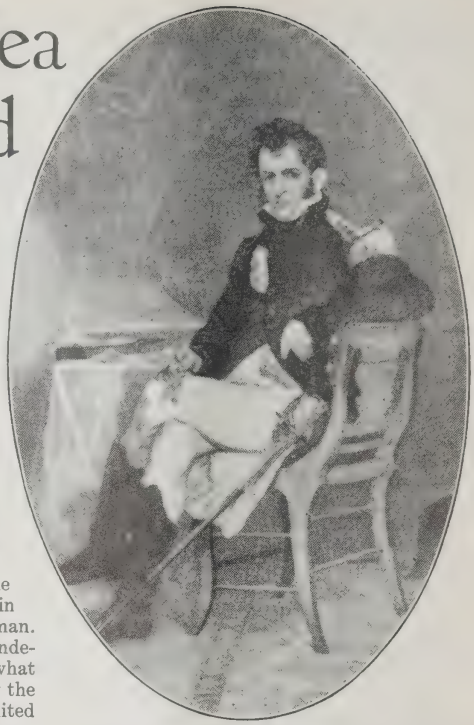
In other words, the way to remove fat is to eat less than usual, eliminate the fat-forming foods, and take such exercise, under the direction of a competent physician, as will enable you to approach more nearly to perfect absorption of food consumed—a condition which, by the way, has not yet been found in any human being.



One cause of obesity—taking food in excess of the needs of the individual.

# Three Musketeers at Sea —the Fate of the Third

## Tragedy of the Frigate *Essex*, and Its Gallant Yankee Crew, Who Roamed the Pacific in 1813



Captain David Porter, of the American naval vessel *Essex*.

By WILLIAM JOHNSTON MADDOX

IT WAS a disappointed skipper who brought the light frigate *Essex*, of 32 guns, limping into the harbor of St. Catherine's that bright morning early in January, 1813. For a week Captain David Porter had battled strong northerly winds off the coast of Brazil in an effort to reach Bahia and join the *Constitution* and the *Hornet* for a concerted raid against British shipping in the Indian Ocean. But they had proved too much for him.

And now he was to have his disappointment made complete by the information that the two ships had put to sea. Bahia had been his last hope, even if he could have made it. He had failed to meet them at either of the two places of rendezvous appointed before they left the States—Porto Praya in the Cape Verde Islands and the Island of Fernando de Noronha off the coast of Brazil.

Now he was thrown upon his own initiative. For a lone American ship it was a ticklish situation in which Porter now found himself. The South Atlantic teemed with British men-of-war, and there was not a port along the whole coast where an American ship could anchor with any ease of mind. Officially they were neutral, but both Spain and Portugal were too much dependent upon England to hold her to a strict observance of their neutrality. And not all English naval officers could resist the temptation to take advantage of this.

Perhaps his situation suggested the bold enterprise that now formed in Porter's mind; maybe it merely gave him an opportunity of carrying out an idea that had been there for some time. At all events, he now determined to carry his ship—and the war single-handed—into the Pacific, to deliver a blow at the enemy's shipping where one was least expected.

It was a daring venture. No American naval vessel had ever doubled Cape Horn, and it was doubtful what reception he would receive at the west coast ports. More than likely he would be obliged to keep to sea, subsisting upon the enemy. He was well supplied with money. On the way from Porto Praya to Fernando de Noronha he had captured a British packet with $55,000 in specie. The season was late for doubling the Horn and the *Essex* was low in provisions and naval stores. But, as Porter himself said, it was either this or 'capture, blockade, and starvation.'

On January 26 he weighed anchor. The only chart of the prospective cruising grounds he could get was small and imperfect. On February 14 he arrived at the Cape, and for two weeks battled against the most severe gales, emerging at last, sorely battered, into the balmy weather of the Pacific. At meridian on March 5 the Andes came into distant view.

Porter continued northward along the coast to Valparaiso, where he put in March 15 disguised as a merchantman. Chile, he learned, had declared its independence of Spain, which was somewhat favorable news to him. Peru, expecting the mother country to declare war on the United States, was sending out privateers to prey on American shipping, which already lay at the mercy of English letters of marque. Porter's arrival, therefore, was opportune for American trade.

On the twentieth he put to sea. Five days out he learned that the American whalers *Barclay* and *Walker* had been captured off Coquimbo. The next morning a cruiser was sighted which showed Spanish colors. Porter ran up an English ensign and was surprised to receive a shot across his bow. He replied with several over the stranger, who having come near enough sent an armed boat on board. The lieutenant in charge apologized for firing on a British vessel, explaining that they had mistaken the *Essex* for the English letter of marque *Nimrod*, which had driven their prize crew off the American whaler *Walker*. His ship, he disclosed, was the Peruvian privateer *Nereyda*, of 15 guns, carrying a full crew, and out in search of American vessels.

Revealing his true identity, Porter fired two shots over the *Nereyda* and ordered her to surrender, which she did. He took on board the master and crew of the *Barclay*. Having thrown her guns and ammunition overboard, he turned the privateer loose.

Porter turned northward. Off the Island of San Gallan he overhauled the *Barclay* and put her master and crew in possession. Together they called at Charles Island where a box nailed to a tree served as a 'post office' for the whalers to leave accounts of their luck and their movements. Here Porter obtained some valuable information.

On the morning of April 29 he overhauled the British whaler *Montezuma*, with 1,400 barrels of oil on board. Early the same afternoon he took possession of two more, the *Georgiana* and the *Policy*. From the three he obtained much-needed supplies of bread, beef, pork, cordage, and water, not to mention a welcome addition to the larder in the form of a great number of Galapagos tortoises.

With some alterations the *Georgiana* was fitted out as a cruiser of 16 guns, and on May 8, under command of Lieutenant John Downes, she hoisted the American colors and fired a salute of 17 guns. This was the beginning of an efficient little navy built up by Porter in a hostile sea at the expense of the enemy, an achievement that is one of the romances of naval history. Porter took advantage of the good weather to refit the *Essex* from the captured supplies, a feat all the more noteworthy in that it was done in mid-ocean.

Sending the *Georgiana* to cruise off Albermarle Island, Porter took a turn about Charles Island, capturing on the twenty-eighth the British whaler *Atlantic*, of 335 tons, carrying 24 men and armed with eight 18-pound carronades. A little



The *Essex* gamely standing off the *Phoebe* and the *Cherub*, in her losing fight outside Valparaiso harbor, March 28, 1814.

later he took the *Greenwich*, 338 tons, 10 guns, and 25 men. Both vessels carried letters of marque.

The *Essex* now stood for Tumbez on the continent, where she dropped anchor June 19. Five days later Downes arrived with three British whalers, which he had taken near James' Island, the *Catherine*, 270 tons, 8 guns, 29 men; the *Rose*, 220 tons, 8 guns, 21 men; and the *Hector*, 270 tons, 11 guns, 25 men.

Porter's successes were beginning to be a problem to him. He was put to it for officers and men to man so many prizes. The great number of prisoners he had accumulated was an embarrassment. A reorganization was necessary, and the opportunity was favorable. Paroling the prisoners he sent them off in the *Rose* on condition that they would not put in until they reached St. Helena. Downes he promoted to master commandant and transferred him with his crew to the *Atlantic*, which was renamed the *Essex Junior* and fitted out as a 20-gun sloop of war. All the stores from the prizes were placed in the *Greenwich*, which became the supply ship of the squadron.

Porter's little navy now consisted of nine sails: the *Essex*, 46 guns; *Essex Junior*, 20; *Georgiana*, 16; *Greenwich*, 10; *Hector*, 11; *Catherine*, 8; *Montezuma*, 2; *Policy* and *Barclay*.

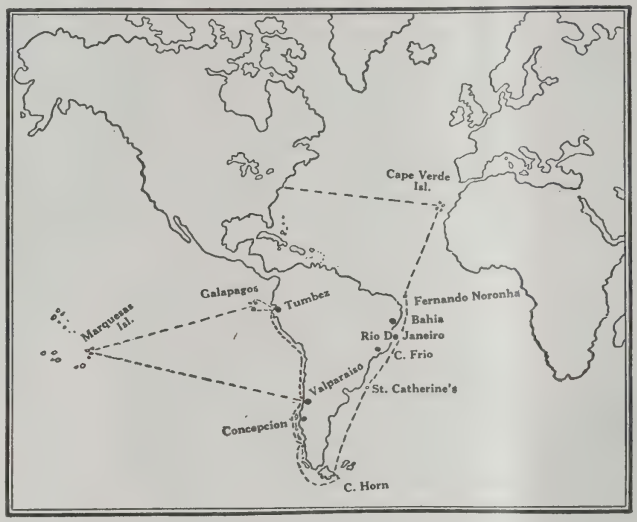
June 30 the squadron weighed anchor and put to sea. The Fourth of July was duly observed. A general salute of seventeen guns was fired—with the enemy's ammunition—and, according to Porter, 'the day was passed in the utmost conviviality.' On July 9 Downes parted with orders to convoy the *Hector*, *Policy*, *Catherine*, *Montezuma*, and *Barclay* to Valparaiso. So short was the squadron of officers that little Midshipman Farragut, just twelve years and four days old, was put in charge of the *Barclay*. Her captain, a violent-tempered old sea dog, didn't like this arrangement.

'I considered that my day of trial had arrived (for I was a little afraid of the old fellow, as every one else was,' wrote Farragut in after life. 'But the time had come for me at least to play the man; so I mustered up courage, and informed the captain that I desired the topsail filled away. He replied that he would shoot any man who dared touch a rope without his orders; he would go his own course, and had no idea of trusting himself with a "d—d nutshell"; and then he went below for his pistols. I called my right-hand man of the crew, and told him my situation; I also informed him that I wanted the main topsail filled. He answered with a clear "Ay, ay, sir!" in a manner which was not to be misunderstood, and my confidence was perfectly restored. From that moment I became master of the vessel, and immediately gave all necessary orders for making sail, notifying the captain not to come on deck with his pistols unless he wished to go overboard; for I would really have had very little trouble in having such an order obeyed.'

Three more whalers were taken here: the *Charlton*, 274 tons, 10 guns; *Seringapatam*, 357 tons, 14 guns; and the *New Zealand*, 259 tons, 8 guns. On September 15 the *Essex* captured a letter of marque, the *Sir Andrew Hammond*, of 12 guns.

Porter's successes had now become noised about, and the *Essex Junior* rejoined the squadron on the thirtieth with news that three British ships, the frigate *Phoebe* and the sloops *Raccoon* and *Cherub*, were out in search of him

By this time, though, Porter had about swept the sea of English ships His mission was finished but his ships badly needed overhauling and refitting for a return to the United States. He decided to winter in the Marquesas Islands, and on October 23 he dropped anchor at Nukahiva, taking possession in the name of the United States and




The cruise of the *Essex*, October 28, 1812—March 28, 1814.

christening it Madison's Island. But having his ships in trim again he was anxious for a try at the three Englishmen.

After watering at San Maria and looking in at Concepcion, the *Essex* and her consort reached Valparaiso, February 3. The morning of the seventh the 36-gun frigate *Phoebe* and the 18-gun sloop *Cherub* rounded into the harbor. Although he was in a 'neutral' harbor Porter wisely cleared for action immediately. With her crew at quarters, the *Phoebe* luffed up. Her captain shouted:

'Captain Hillyer's compliments to Captain Porter, and hopes he is well.'

'Very well, I thank you,' replied Porter, 'but I hope you will not come too near, for fear some accident might take place which would be disagreeable to you.' And ordered the kedges up at the yardarms ready to grapple the enemy. Hillyer hastened to assure him that if he did fall aboard it would be purely accidental.

'Well,' shouted back Porter, 'you have no business where you are. If you touch a rope yarn of this ship I shall board instantly.'

The Englishmen then hauled out to sea, and for six weeks kept watch at the mouth of the harbor.

Before long rumors began coming to Porter that British ships were on their way to reinforce the blockade. He decided to seize the first opportunity for making a break. The *Essex* was to go out first. In thus drawing off the two cruisers he hoped to enable the *Essex Junior* to get away unmolested. Neither British ship would attack the *Essex* alone.

The very next day after coming to this decision, March 28, a heavy wind blowing seaward caused the *Essex* to part her port cable. About noon her starboard anchor began to drag. It was a desperate situation. Cutting his cable, Porter boldly made sail hoping to pass out to windward of the English ships, which were sheltering behind the headlands on the eastern side of the harbor's mouth. For a time things looked promising. With his topgallant sails reefed he passed out beating to westward. Just beyond the headlands, however, a violent gust carried away his main-topmast. It was return or fight now. The first he soon found to be impossible. So standing across the entrance of the harbor he let go an anchor within pistol-shot of the shore.

Both the English ships were bearing down upon the crippled fugitive. Hillyer had assured Porter that he would respect neutral waters. There was no mistaking his purpose now, however, in spite of the *Essex's* being well within three miles of shore, or, as they reckoned it, a cannon's shot.

Porter cleared for action. His gunners had hardly gone to quarters, when at 4 o'clock the *Phoebe* took up a position under the *Essex's* stern and opened the engagement with her long 18's. The *Cherub* tried to take up a like position on her bow, but a few well-directed shot drove her off and she joined her consort. Both now poured in a destructive fire to which the *Essex* was unable to reply for a time. Three long guns finally brought to bear through the cabin windows forced the English after half an hour to withdraw for repairs.

Returning to the fight they took up a position on the *Essex's* starboard quarter just out of range of her carronades. When she was being equipped for the cruise Porter had protested against these short-range guns. With their long ones the British now delivered a galling fire. It was up to Porter to close in if he could. The only sail that could be got to pay her head off with was the flying jib. Like a wounded thing the *Essex* gathered way and soon was able to bring her carronades into action. The Americans fought gallantly. For a few minutes the fire on both sides was tremendous. It proved too hot for the *Cherub*. She hauled off for the second time, and for the rest of the engagement contented herself with keeping up a distant fire with her long guns. The *Phoebe* held on tenaciously, but the fire became too hot for her also and she edged away grudgingly, throwing in a shot from her long 18's deliberately and with good effect.

It was now nearly 6 o'clock. The *Essex's* decks were strewn with dead and the cockpit choked with wounded. At one gun three separate crews had been swept away; only the captain, and he slightly wounded, survived. Porter saw that he was too much crippled to close in on the enemy. The last recourse of a defeated commander remained —to run his ship ashore and destroy her. But within a musketshot of the shore the wind shifted and swung him toward the enemy.

At this moment Downes came alongside. He had pulled through the fire for orders. Porter sent him back with instructions to prepare to defend or to destroy the *Essex Junior*. He took several of the wounded and left three of his own men. As he pulled away a cheer went up from the men on the *Essex*. Porter now tried to bring his ship around by dropping a sheet anchor so he could work his broadside, but the hawser

parted. Suddenly flames burst from his forward and main hatchways, followed by an explosion below.

It was now imperative for him to strike his colors in the interest of the survivors. First, though, he gave permission for those who wished to do so to leave the ship and swim ashore. Much the greater part of the crew, however, stuck by him and courageously set about putting out the fire. Before actually hauling down his colors, he called for his officers. Only one, Acting Lieutenant McKnight, was able to respond. In all, only 75 men, including officers, out of 255, remained fit for duty. And in the meantime the enemy stood off pegging away deliberately as though at a target, sending shell after shell crashing into her hull.

At a word from Porter the colors were brought down, ending one of the most remarkable actions in naval history. It had lasted two and a half hours. The English had taken their share of the punishment, too, for the smoothness of the water made the fire on both sides exceptionally destructive. The *Phoebe* had no less than eighteen 12-pound shot below her water line. More than seven hundred 18-pound shot had been gained at the *Essex*, who had discharged her long guns no less than seventy-five times each in broadside.

By an agreement between Captain Hillyer and Captain Porter, the *Essex Junior* was made a cartel and sent to the United States with the survivors. It was July 5, 1814, when they reached Sandy Hook. The home-coming of the handful left of the 319 who had put to sea back in October, 1812, was like the return from a great victory. New York received them riotously, and both there and later in Philadelphia people took the horses from Porter's carriage and drew it along the streets themselves.

A few years later Porter resigned from the Navy, having been censured by a weak-kneed administration for enforcing respect for the flag in a Caribbean port, and became commander-in-chief of the Mexican navy. A later administration recalled him and gave him a diplomatic post abroad.

## Old Fernandina

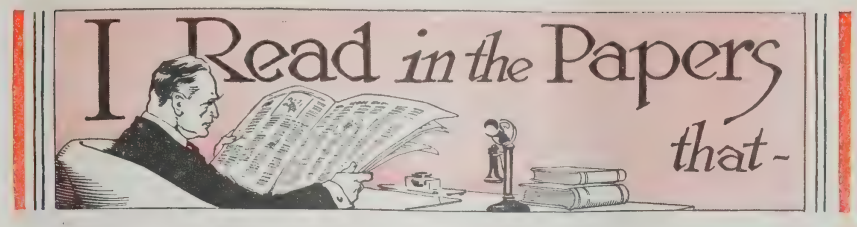
NAMED for Ferdinand of Aragon, once king of Spain, and a leading pirate rendezvous during its early days, the city of Fernandina, Florida, is the only town of importance on what is now known as Amelia Island, twenty-two miles long and from one-half to one and one-half miles wide.

In the three centuries since the days of the pirate Lafitte and his comrades, mysterious diggings have sprouted at various parts of Amelia Island.

During the War of 1812 the port of Fernandina became one of great importance. At that time it was the center of contraband cotton export and smuggling to England.

A little later Captain Jose Lopez, who held the Spanish fort on Amelia Island, surrendered to the forces of General McIntosh, leader of the Florida filibusters and Venezuelan patriots. Five years later, the port was captured by Sir Gregor MacGregor, who had allied his interests with the insurrectionists of South America. MacGregor established himself as King of Fernandina and for many months a régime of feasting, carousing and ribaldry dominated the port.

His army finally became so boisterous that the United States interfered and quietly took command of the town.




a new twist has been given the story of the destruction of an entire issue of the *American Mercury*. The most recent version appears in *Patches:*

'Last week in the plant of the Haddon Press, in Camden, where the *Mercury* is printed, 60,000 copies, or perhaps it was 59,999, were destroyed. They were of the issue about to be run off. H. L. Mencken, editor of the paper, said later he had ordered the destruction of the copies, but he wouldn't say why. He explained he had wanted to eliminate the story, "Sex and the Coed," which was to have appeared in the issue.

'Here's what a Camden man who ought to know says really happened.

'Mr. Mencken was ordered by Alfred Knopf, publisher of the *Mercury*, to throw out the story. He refused. Knopf ordered the copies burned in the plant of the Haddon Press, of which he owns an interest. Mencken arrived after a rush from Baltimore in time to see the crumbling, smoldering bits of charcoal that had been the week's issue of the magazine.'

ɛ ɛ ɛ

Clinton W. Gilbert, well-known caustic newspaper correspondent, recently enlightened his readers as to the way 'they come back to Washington.' Mr. Gilbert chose as his example Representative John N. Tillman, of Arkansas. Up for re-election, Mr. Tillman extended his remarks in the *Congressional Record* in part as follows:

'I sing the Ozarks. There my home is. I want to paint a picture of this favored land. . . . Ours is a land of peaches and cream, of violet skies and golden Indian summers, a land rich in blossoms and fruit, with a climate ideal . . . It is a land of enchantment and variety; here a stately country home, there a plantation with its broad fat acres laughing under a harvest of fruit, of vegetables, of meadow and grain. The mocking bird sings till midnight among the pink peach blossoms and white pear blossoms. Here is a fragrant pine; there a virile white oak; there a branching elm; there a stately mountain range; there a rippling stream of liquid silver; there by the roadside a bubbling spring ever holding up its pouting lips to be kissed by the thirsty traveler. (Applause.)'

And, besides, Arkansas has something worth boasting. It is no extravagance to say that when Arkansas is discovered, Representative Tillman's remarks will be restrained tameness compared with the chorus of praise that will be let loose.

ɛ ɛ ɛ

the *Detroit News* requested the Reverend Dr. Edgar Dewitt Jones to attend a performance of a current revue, which boasted in its advertising of its high sophistication, and give his impressions of it. Among other things Dr. Jones declared: 'The very clever comedian who "substituted for the village parson" showed a good deal of finesse and was rather funny. Ministers are very human and they make mistakes like other people. Most of the ministers that I know are hard-working fellows, courageous for the most part, and much more tolerant of the frailties of mankind than are their critics. *Still I wonder how long Mr. Shubert and other theatrical managers would last if instead of burlesquing a service in a Protestant chapel, they substituted a Catholic church or a Jewish synagogue. It is truly remarkable how cleverly the stage steers clear of a Catholic priest or a Jewish rabbi and unloads its burlesque on a Protestant preacher ten times out of ten.*'

ɛ ɛ ɛ

recent prosecution of the operators of so-called 'diploma mills' has by no means ended the activities of these institutions. The American Medical Association has just disclosed that two 'universities' hold forth in a single fourteen-foot-square room in a Chicago office building. Both of the 'schools'—the Lincoln-Jefferson University and the University of Trinity College—are headed by one man, the 'Reverend' A. Worger-Clade. In a period of a little more than two years the Lincoln-Jefferson University issued 536 degrees, in twenty different subjects. Three medical diplomas are said to have been issued.

*The International Jew* in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set $1. THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN.

ɛ ɛ ɛ

Oliver McKee, Jr., says in *The Boston Transcript:*

'Many a war, it is safe to say, has broken out in Europe and elsewhere over issues no greater than those which, from time to time, cause sectional alignments on Capitol Hill. We are a people made up of many sections, and if the interests of North and South do not clash as they did in the decades that preceded the Civil War, there is still an abundance of opportunity for sectionalism to show itself. And by the same token, it is a great tribute to the genius of American political institutions that sectionalism in Congress no longer menaces our national unity.'

ɛ ɛ ɛ

there is a 'war' now in progress in England with the Thames as a crowded battlefield—a war between tug and sailing barge owners. Tug would prevent barge from proceeding under sail up the Thames beyond Greenwich. Barge resists efforts of tug to force attentions upon it. Bargemen and tugmen fight—in the vehement way they have . . . It would be a pity to limit the range of these picturesque London river craft which find a place in the hearts of all who love the science of sailing. Apart from their beauty, they are manned by the very few real sailormen left in the country.

# The Mortgage Blanket on the U. S.

(Continued from page 3)

were sold in this country, and in 1921 the aggregate was even smaller.

Only a small proportion of the 'close to one billion dollars' worth of mortgages floated last year are held by persons in any way resembling the mortgage holder of traditional type. The holders are more like the poor widows and men in distress whom tradition puts on the other side; for the greater proportion of these mortgages were taken by multitudes of small investors scattered over the country—in truth, over the world. One concern claims to have sold them in 33 foreign countries as well as in every state in the Union. The operations of probably a dozen others are equally extensive, and there are scores of lesser ones.

They, together with big operators who deal in the industrial type of mortgage, have created a new setting for the bond for debt on property. Its traditional setting gives to mortgages the attribute of acute necessity; that is, it used to be taken for granted that mortgages were assumed as last resorts only and with fixed intent to extinguish them as quickly as possible. They were accepted only on iron-clad terms that precluded all anticipative risks of loss.

Now mortgages are being treated more or less generally as fixtures, like the machinery in a manufacturing plant or the furnace in the cellar of a home. No longer does the average mortgagor think of how little of that form of indebtedness he can get along with. Rather he assumes as much as he can, and with little thought of extinguishment.

The result is a tendency toward mortgaging to the limit everything that is pledgeable for the purpose. And this last is no longer only what is tangible and enduring but frequently partakes of gambling on future expectation.

'All kinds of private businesses are being bought up . . . and new corporations are being substituted for the old, in order that the purchase price (and more) may be recovered by sale of shares to the general public,' says Professor W. Z. Ripley, of Harvard University, who recently brought the new tendency prominently to public attention. 'They (the shares) are really bonds. And, instead, as formerly, of being limited to two-thirds of the tangible assets, no limit is now set, except the powers of absorption of the investment public.'

Like practice undoubtedly is being employed in the field of pure real estate. The practice in all fields is made possible by exquisite machinery perfected largely in recent years for massing a growing proportion of the savings of the country for investment in mortgages.

These developments have run along with the rise in the general well-being of the nation; they are among the consequences of prosperity. What their further consequences may be is yet to be demonstrated, as, all the practices marking the change are virtually new ones and the past throws but little light upon them.

One thing these new practices presage is a national mortgage indebtedness beyond what anyone would have dared forecast ten years ago.

Unencumbered property of the tangible kind already has become the exception. *A mortgage blanket now covers virtually the entire country. In terms of money value it probably amounts to around one-half of all the national wealth.*

The blanket continues to grow in size, thickness and spread. The growth is promoted by what is substantially a new, but already a vast industry—one having to do with originating, placing and selling new types of mortgages on a national scale.

The old types have not been displaced. They are more in evidence than ever before. Local mortgage brokers are more numerous than they were ten years ago, as the advertising pages of newspapers and magazines testify. Individuals who lend on mortgages directly also are more numerous. Insurance companies and savings banks are putting increasing volumes of trust funds into mortgage loans. The insurance companies now have about $4,500,000,000 so invested. On January 1, 1926, the savings banks of New York State were carrying mortgage loans in the amount of $2,339,400,578, the total having increased 112 per cent since the war.

Hence the funds that have been coming from sources developed by the new mortgage industry are outright additions to mounting supplies of funds yielded by the old sources for this purpose.

It is probable that in 1925 several times the volume of funds that was so invested in 1915 went into mortgages of the various kinds now set up. It is also probable that the total mortgage indebtedness of the country has trebled or more during the last ten years—the most prosperous period of that length in the history of the country.

The last inclusive figures on the subject were collected by the United States Census Bureau in 1920. These relate to mortgages on homes and farms only. The first statistics of that kind were collected in 1890. Comparisons show that during the intervening period of thirty years there was steady increase in mortgages.

This increase, undoubtedly at a much less rate than that of the last six years, was general. It was evident even throughout the South, where Anglo-Saxon antipathy toward mortgages holds on as it does nowhere else in this country; it is evident as well in localities, like that of which New York City is the center, where that antipathy has ceased altogether to function.

In the South as a whole 26.8 per cent of owned homes were mortgaged in 1920, compared with 44 per cent in the North and 36 per cent in the West. Yet in the South the percentage more than trebled during the preceding thirty years. In New York City 78.7 per cent of owned homes were encumbered when the last census was taken. Of the 24,351,676 homes in the country in 1920, only 6,522,119 unencumbered ones were occupied by owners. That is to say, nearly three-fourths of the homes were owned outright or in part on mortgages held by others than their occupants. The figures do not include multi-family living abodes, such as apartment houses and hotels.

Increasing mortgages on homes represent no doubt in some measure advancing ownership. But the statistics indicate that *the urge to borrow has outrun the inclination to buy*

Between 1890 and 1920 the proportion of homes not on farms that were owned by occupants increased four per cent, while the proportion of owned homes that were encumbered increased twelve per cent.

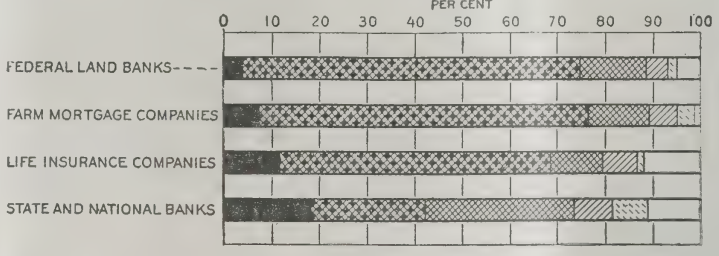
Following are the figures for the last four census years:

| *Year* | *Per cent of homes owned* | *Per cent of owned homes mortgaged* |
|---|---|---|
| 1920 | 40.9 | 39.7 |
| 1910 | 38.4 | 33.1 |
| 1900 | 36.8 | 31.7 |
| 1890 | 36.9 | 27.7 |

The percentage of rural homes—about 50 per cent—owned by occupants was larger and underwent little change for the country as a whole during the period of thirty years. The proportion of owned rural homes that were mortgaged, though growing, was smaller than of urban homes. It was 37.2 per cent in 1920.

## WHY FARMS ARE MORTGAGED

Purpose of farm mortgage loans made by leading credit institutions, 1923




Most farm mortgage loans of Federal and joint-stock land banks, as well as of life insurance and farm mortgage companies, were made in 1923 to replace other mortgages and fund other debt. Commercial banks, on the other hand, advanced more of their funds for the purchase of land, for funding other debts, and for general farm purposes.—*From the Yearbook for 1924 of the United States Department of Agriculture.*

'The total farm mortgage indebtedness of the United States has greatly increased since 1920,' states a report of the United States Department of Agriculture that was made in 1924.

It is doubted, however, if there has been much increase in farm mortgage indebtedness during the last two years. A decrease may have occurred, as the result of deflating forces which have not greatly affected city property. And aside from what the Federal Government has done through the land bank system, there has been virtually no amplification of facilities for augmenting the farm mortgage burden. Through the farm loan banks mortgages amounting to about $1,500,000,000 have been placed.

Studies show that fewer than five per cent of farm loan bank mortgages are incurred for the purpose of purchasing land. The bulk merely supplant other mortgages. Much larger proportions of loans made by other mortgaging agencies, such as the insurance companies, banks and farm loan companies, are for expediting purchases. But for no group is the proportion as high as 20 per cent.

For the country as a whole the average interest rate on mortgages in 1920 was 6.1 per cent, against 6.2 in 1890. The last figure presumably included the cost of procurement. There is little doubt that the mortgage interest rate for all the country has gone up considerably.

This rate varies remarkably. The insurance companies realize only around 5.5 per cent on mortgage loans, but the study of farm loans outstanding in 1923 showed that the rate charged varied from 5.09 to 8.48 per cent. The average rate then charged by banks for loans on farm property was 6.89 per cent, but varied from 5.3 in New Hampshire to 9.6 in New Mexico. The rates charged by other agencies, excepting the farm loan banks which make a uniform charge of 5.5, averaged higher.

The highest rates for any section are in the South. In 1920, for instance, 76.6 per cent of mortgage loans on homes in the West South Central states of Arkansas, Louisiana, Oklahoma and Texas were at interest rates of eight per cent or more. In New England less than one per cent bore such high interest.

Census figures for 1920 give only a partial view of the total mortgage indebtedness of the country. The total value of mortgages on owned homes not on farms was estimated at $6,000,000, or 42.6 per cent of aggregate value of places mortgaged. The ratio of mortgaged debt to value increased during the preceding thirty years, but in the case of farms it decreased.

It is deducible from the figures that the total mortgage indebtedness on all living abodes not on farms was fifteen billions of dollars or more in 1920. The total of that on all farms was around eight billions of dollars. Thus the total mortgage indebtedness on all homes in 1920 was around twenty-five billions of dollars. At present it probably amounts to forty billions or more. Other mortgages should run the total up to one hundred billions or more. Then come public debts, in essence mortgages, which amount to thirty or forty additional billions.

Yet leaders in the mortgage industry say the limit, if there be any, is not yet in sight. This is because of the vast number of new buyers of mortgages discovered and developed by intensive selling processes.

These operations revolve chiefly around bonds, by which single mortgages are cut into many parts for wide distribution, or groups of them are pooled and collateral securities issued against them.

# Chalk Artist of Palazzo Gallery

## Romance of a Lost Loved One





This is Antonio, caught while he was making pictures in chalk on the sidewalk in front of the most famous art gallery in the world.

By ROBERT S. ALLEN

IT'S a lusty ballad, that song, 'The Face on the Barroom Floor.' In spite of its tragedy, it's a swinging refrain. Its author, who died recently, once said that the incidents related in the poem were from life. In Florence, this famous city of castles and palaces, of history and art, of science and literature, where a Leonardo de Medici ruled and a Savanarola was burned at the stake for heresy; where are housed Michelangelo's *David* and his immortal burial monuments of the Medicis, where Cellini strutted and posed, loved and fought, this city of a thousand traditions, the mecca of art lovers, in this city today there is another who could be the subject of such a poem.

Broken by war and faithlessness, his mind a deep pool of brooding confusion, inert except for ever-moving hands that draw and sketch as if mechanically propelled, a man about thirty, once a youth full of glorious life and promise, draws in colored chalk on the pavement before him under the river portal of the gallery Palazzo Uffizi, the most famous art gallery in the world, the masterpieces that hang in all their glory in the building above.

For many months he has sat there now, day in and day out, before this building where once as a youth he had come to paint and learn. Unseeing, unhearing, he sits and draws, in an odd, faded suit of clothes, old army cobbled shoes and a broad black mourning band on his left sleeve. Passers-by, tourists, the curious look him over, this Antonio Abruzzino, a son of sunny Naples. His fame and his story have spread. He has become a sight, almost as much as some of the glories of Florence. He pays no attention to anyone. Many drop coins on his work. He gives no heed.

Only recently an American, moved by some erring spirit, dropped on his work a dollar bill. The fingers of the man drew back, startled and trembling. The figure grew tense and the crowd that always surrounds him drew back in fear. With a snarl and yet without moving from his sitting posture he snatched the bill and hurled it from him. For a few minutes he shook as if with ague and then collapsed and began to cry. That day he disappeared and was gone for a week. The bundle of colored chalks were tenderly taken care of by the old flower woman at the bridge head. Each morning she would put the package where he had left it. When he reappeared he was, as before, silent, slouched, brooding. He carefully wiped off the pavement block before him and began a drawing anew.

The stories about this man are multifold. It was the old flower woman who gave an inkling to the tragedy. She told it with a prologue about her 'Bambino' Guillo. Guillo had been a comrade of Antonio in the war. Guillo had fallen. He and Antonio had been great friends. Antonio was an artist but it made no difference to him if Guillo was a mule driver. They had been great friends. Once in a night raid they had a terrible fight. It was dark, one could not see. One just struck and stabbed and clubbed. Antonio had been knocked to his knees. That instant a flare made the darkness white, ghostly day. An Austrian stood poised with bayonet, blinded by the sudden light. It was flashing Guillo who, recovering, struck down the enemy. After that they were inseparable friends. In the great drive of 1918 when Italy smashed the Austrian front, both were struck down. Guillo never rose. Antonio lay a long, long time in many hospitals and then disappeared. It was said he had gone to seek a loved one in America. He either did not find her or found unhappiness.

Last November he returned to Florence, the city of his youthful studies. He sat himself down before the building where he had first begun his art education, and broken, silent, inert, with only fingers moving, he drew on the pavement before him the pictures he had copied in his student days. He would speak to no one. The old flower woman had tried to talk to him, had mentioned a furlough visit he had made once to Florence during the war with his comrade Guillo when he called upon her. He said nothing, his eyes looked away.

# He Placed Bookshelf in Reach of Millions

(Continued from page 15)

Geikie's *Life of Christ* was published at eight dollars; he made it at fifty cents, and compelled the publisher of the expensive edition to cut the price to $1.50.

Then Alden undertook to produce an encyclopedia. *Chambers'* was an English work in fifteen volumes. It sold for $45. Alden produced it for six dollars. Then he engaged American writers to add American articles, and reprinted the whole work. Up to this time he had been using small type. But the new edition of his Americanized *Chambers'* (now the *International*) was in good type, and was the first encyclopedia I ever owned. He called it the *Library of Universal Knowledge*. It was a proud day for me when I secured it. It cost me $10 for fifteen good-sized volumes.

Along came the revised version of the New Testament. Alden secured the largest printing house in New York to give him exclusive use of its plant for twenty-four hours, and at the end of that time the revised New Testament was selling on the streets for a dime.

Photo-engraving by the gelatine process was just coming into use. A great work was about to appear in London, *Young's Concordance*. It was advertised to be imported and sold at a high price. No large work had ever been produced from photo-engraved plates, but Alden found it could be done. He bought one of the first copies of *Young*, and announced an edition at a shockingly low price. The English publishers quickly issued a formal statement. This new American edition, they affirmed, was full of errors. They had not seen it, of course, but they knew that such a work, filled with close references and with Greek and Hebrew words could not possibly be set up in a few days without innumerable errors. Alden published their letter, and declared truly that there were no errors in his reprint that were not in the original.

There was nothing to do but to cut the price of the original edition to meet Alden's competition. Both editions sold well, going into scores of thousands of libraries that would not have purchased the imported edition at the original price. The thousand pages of *Young* were reproduced letter for letter, every Greek accent and Hebrew vowel point in place. The plates cost Alden nine dollars each, but they were accurate and were quickly done.

By this time English publishers were denouncing the 'piracy' of Alden, and he was reprinting all that they said against him and enjoying it. He rather liked to be called a pirate, and he flew the Jolly Roger with right good glee. The American publishers, also, who had enjoyed the English reprints as a profitable side line, were disturbed and not very happy.

Alden was reprinting Tennyson, down to his then recent *Enoch Arden*, which Alden sold for six cents, and was reprinting Green's *History of the English People*, Grote's *History of Greece*, and other famous works. The *Scientific American* in 1881 contained an article about his use of a strange new device by which a solid line of type was cast at a pull of the lever; the article was headed 'Type-setting by Steam.' It reduced the price of composition, and Alden was as I understand the first American publisher to use it successfully and extensively. No wonder there was a protest.

In 1886 Thomas Hughes was in this country, looking after his colony in Rugby, Tennessee. I was riding a circuit in the Tennessee mountains, and visited him in Rugby and he visited me in Robbins. His colony had a library, the gift of American publishers. He accepted it with grim amusement:

'The American publishers who have been robbing me all my life have given me these books.'

I believe it was not by way of repayment of anything they thought due him on account of royalties that the publishers made this generous gift, for that was before the days of international copyright, but because he was the man who, after the Chicago fire, started a movement to provide books for that stricken American city.

This gift was much appreciated and did much to establish Alden's reputation.

I told Mr. Hughes that I did not think the American publishers had hurt him greatly; they had sold to a market which the English publishers could not have reached; that American-reprinted books were not permitted to cross the Canadian border and if anyone attempted to carry one into England the customs house officers at Liverpool tossed it into the ocean.

'Of course,' he said. 'Shall we let them smite us on both cheeks and then kick us behind?'

I rejoined: 'I think you may well consider that you are a far better known and better loved man in America by reason of the reprinting of your books there, and especially since the appearance of both your *Tom Browns*, in fifty-cent editions.'

He did not believe it; if people wanted a good book, they could afford to pay for it.

This conversation we had in Rugby. A few nights afterward he rode over and dined with me. I had something to show him.

'For how much does your *Manliness of Christ* sell in England?'

'Four shillings, and I get a royalty.'

'And how much in this country?'

'A dollar and a quarter, I believe, and I think they have been paying me a little royalty on that, but not much.'

I laid in his hand Alden's reprint of *The Manliness of Christ* for three cents.

'What's that?' he exclaimed. 'Surely it's not all here! They never can do it at that price! And a very neat little volume, too. I'm amazed!'

I replied: 'Some scores, perhaps hundreds of thousands, of intelligent Americans have read this who never would have known of the expensive edition. Is it nothing to you to have influenced the thinking of this great body of people?'

He examined the little volume with great interest. I will not say that I converted him: I will only say that he was pleased that the little book could have so wide a reading.

Alden was embarrassed by his success.





Back door and garden entrance to the home of John B. Alden, Neshanic, New Jersey. Above—Mr. Alden at his business of collecting eggs on his poultry farm.

He had to secure more and more capital, and he had keener competition as other publishers met his prices. I do not know the details. His paper fell into unfriendly hands and there was a crash. When he crept out from under the wreck, it was to renew the attack on the high price of books. Especially did he wish to see a cyclopedia within the reach of every reading home. His business, reorganized under different names, continued putting out moderately priced classics from Nassau Street, then Vesey Street, then Pearl Street, in New York City. Before 1889 he had started the *Manifold Cyclopedia* in forty handy volumes to reach eventually the low price of fifteen dollars.

It is not possible to tell all the ups and downs that were suffered in the book world after the development of international copyright, nor the long struggle to keep the cyclopedia alive as returns decreased and age came on. Thirty-five years after the first disaster Alden gave up the fight for low-priced books—it had long since been taken up by numerous publishers known today—and moved his home from Orange, New Jersey, to set up a poultry farm in Neshanic. There with the youngest of his six children he entered a patient pursuit to remedy the high cost of eggs.

***A Welcome Windfall for Alden***

After a few years he had a letter from a lawyer, saying that he thought Alden had an equity in the settlement of a long dead bank account. Alden was not interested and would not go to New York to find out. The lawyer came to see him. A few papers were necessary. Alden thought he remembered who had bought his old safe. It was discovered, still unsold, in a second-hand store, and he found the papers necessary to establish his legal claim to what was left of the American Book Exchange. It was $4,000, and it came at a good time to cheer his old age.

He devoted himself to something more than raising chickens. He was leading a fight to have the Post Office Department lend back to farmers at low interest the Postal Savings money. He would rise before his chickens were up, and write his articles—'Unshackle the Postal Savings Bank.' I saw one of these, about ten years ago, and renewed acquaintance with a man I supposed to have been dead. There he was on his chicken farm, nearly seventy years of age, not an unsound tooth in his head and having never paid a dentist a dollar, raising chickens and trying to elevate his farmer neighbors, most of whom were indifferent to his plans. But he was happy and in robust health, and as full of fight as when he was the prince of literary pirates.

*THE small investor now supplies an immense market for the 'real estate bond' type of mortgage.*

*One concern thus procured and 'placed' $150,000,000 last year.*

*They call themselves 'Investment Bankers.'*

*Only a comparatively few are subject to the banking laws. Some losses must inevitably occur.*

*These are a few of the important facts which Aaron Hardy Ulm has packed into the second and concluding article on the New 'Real Estate Bond' Industry.*

*For your own welfare, be sure to read it. In next week's issue.*



# A Dance A Week



## STYLE IN DANCING

IT IS the style that makes the dance. But the dance can get its style only from the dancer. Many dancers, especially learners, are impatient of style because they consider it an unnecessary ornament or affectation. This is a fundamental error, as will be readily perceived when finished dancing is compared with the careless or vulgar variety.

In the most finished dancing there will still be individuality of style. No two people do anything exactly alike. The length of step or the speed of movement may differ. So that a dancer must be able to fit his style to that of his partner, a thing easy to do with practice in dancing with many different persons. Dancers should favor one another as much as possible, but the gentleman will do the guiding.

A dance step should be no longer than the natural step when the limb is easily extended without reaching or stretching. To reach for a step is to take one longer than is natural, with the result that the body may be thrown off balance. An easy balance is one of the essentials of finished dancing.



Position of feet in rising. (Note that the foot is drawn well back to insure rising in an erect position.)



Asking a lady to dance. (Gentleman stands with feet together and with slight bend of the body.)

Change hands gracefully. (For the draw step in the Veleta Waltz.)

Balance is obtained by perfectly natural means. Some dancers appear rigid because they do not permit the body to accommodate itself to the changing movements. In moving forward in a dance the body is naturally erect. In a rotary or backward movement there is a slight bend of the body forward. The reason for this is simple. In moving forward, balance requires an erect posture, while in moving backward, which is a drawing movement, the body bends forward. People do this naturally, but a dancer should have these matters in mind and examine his posture to see if he is acting naturally. Style is not artificial; it is doing things in a finished, natural way.

In a closed position, dancers should look over each other's right shoulder. If they do not, the angle of the body is out of line and balance is affected, making easy movements difficult.

Never imitate another unless you have satisfied yourself that he or she is a better dancer than you are. And the easy grace of balance is one of the best tests.

Every movement of every dance is timed to music. Some dancers hurry as if the music would not give them time to execute the movement. If feet and body, without haste and without lagging, move easily and naturally to the rhythm of the music, there need be no difficulty about 'time.'

SUGGESTION AS TO MUSIC. As a rule, dancers, especially beginners, pay too little attention to the music. They think about the movements of their feet instead of the rhythm which the feet will naturally obey if not interfered with by the dancer's anxious thought about making the right step. Giving way to the music, floating away on its rhythm, is the very essence of dancing. On the contrary, thinking of your feet is the easiest way to bungle your dance. Many good dancers are usually ahead of the music, but it is difficult to convince them of the fact because they do not listen.

---

*Good Morning*, a dance manual of the Old American Dances, compiled for Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford, contains 169 pages of calls, descriptions and some music of the dances taught in the Ford School. Price 75 cents.

Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan.



# The Lost Mine of Silver Islet

## When the Sea Conquered in Its Battle With Man

By RICHARD A. HASTE

IN THE vicinity of Lake Superior is the 'height of land'—the great ridgepole of the roof of the continent. This region has always been a land of mystery. Here are laid the scenes of many beautiful Indian legends. The rock-girt shores of the lake were the favorite walks of the Great Spirit. Here, according to the Indians, the maker of the world hid his treasures and gave them into the keeping of Missibizi, god of the sea. To this treasure-land, long ago, came strange people from the south—the mound builders and the Aztecs—for copper. To this 'shining big sea-water' came also, in a later day, those men of iron whose deeds make up the story of the Great Lone Land—a story that has never been fully told.



Ruins of stamp mill at Silver Islet.

It is with one of the hidden treasures of this lake that this story has to deal.

You who have been so fortunate as to take that most delightful of all summer journeys, the lake trip from Owen Sound or Sarnia to Port Arthur doubtless remember Thunder Cape, that bold promontory that guards the entrance to the twin harbors of Port Arthur and Fort William. No doubt your attention was called to Isle Royale, lying to your left as you approach the Cape, and you learned, perhaps, some of its interesting history. Perhaps, too, if it were a clear day, the captain gave you his binocular and directed your eyes to a low-lying island near the north shore not far from the base of Thunder Cape—a little island that seemed not so large as your hand, on which stand queer-shaped buildings, now partially wrecked and rapidly going to decay; but this you will not notice, even with the glass. Silver Islet, it is called.

Perhaps the captain told you of the lost mine beneath the lake; of the shafts and the levels that honeycomb the rock more than a thousand feet below the level of the water; of the tons and tons of silver that lay in sight when the cold waters of the lake 'jumped the claim' and took possession of all save the upper works. It may be you were told also, by the natives at Port Arthur, of the dull shocks that are frequently felt, accompanied by low, rumbling thunder, though the sky is clear—the ghosts of imprisoned miners blasting for silver beneath the sea.

It was, I think, in the year 1868 that a small party of miners prospecting for copper at the base of Thunder Cape, while surveying their claims, chanced to land on a barren rock about a mile from shore to plant observation stakes. This rock was about sixty feet across, and rose not more than four feet above the mean level of the lake. It resembled the dome of a human skull just rising out of the water.

Across this Skull Rock, as it was then called, ran a vein of galena, in which a few strokes of the pick revealed the presence of silver. A half-dozen powder blasts were sufficient to detach all the ore-bearing rock above the water line, but the vein was traceable some distance into the lake, where, through the clear water, large nuggets of silver were visible. These were dislodged with crowbars, the men working up to their necks in the ice-cold water. The game, however, was worth the candle, for the ore thus taken out, sacked and shipped to Montreal, assayed seven thousand dollars a ton pure silver.

The location was owned by the Montreal Mining Company, Limited, a company of conservative capitalists. In a way, luck had favored them, for here within their grasp was one of the fabled treasures of the lake. As far as human laws were concerned it belonged to them. But—and it was a big but—the Great Spirit had placed it within the keeping of the sea. For three hundred miles to the east there is nothing to break the great sweep of the wind. And when, at the call of the storm, the legions of the deep come forth, the little treasure rock disappears—utterly lost in the spume and froth of the breakers. Where was the man or the company of men who would presume to defy these giant powers and remove this jewel from its setting?

The men composing the Montreal Mining Company, Limited, were conservatives. They were willing and ready in the pursuit of wealth to raze hills and tunnel mountains; they were ready to sink shafts through the solid rock until they could feel the earth's internal fire. In such cases the opposition to be encountered could be measured and provided for, but they shrank from measuring their strength against the unknown power of the wind and sea. Therefore, they accepted an offer of $125,000 and transferred Silver Islet and a number of surrounding mining locations to an American syndicate headed by Alexander H. Sibley, of New York.

Here begins the active history of one of the world's most famous







Circle—Ruins of superintendent's residence.

Left—Burying ground at Silver Islet.

Right—Ruins of docks and breakwater, Silver Islet.

mines—a history more dramatic in its details than novelist ever conceived.

It seems that when an unusual task is to be performed—when a *MAN* is wanted—the time and necessity with unerring instinct bring him forth. Here was an herculean task, and the first throw of the dice turned up the man—a modest mining engineer—William B. Frue.

There is something strongly feline about Lake Superior—it is so lithe and soft and caressing. In August and September, and often later, it is usually in a peculiarly gentle mood. Like a great tiger it stretches itself in the warm sun and purrs and sleeps. It is so beautiful and seems so harmless; yet beneath this calm and gentleness you can see the giant muscles swell as the great cat extends and contracts its claws in pure enjoyment of its latent power.

On one of these perfect days, September 1, 1870, Superintendent Frue, with machinery, supplies, a crew of thirty men and a great raft of timber, arrived at Silver Islet. There was not a ripple on the surface of the water. The basaltic ledges of Thunder Cape, even to the features of the Sleeping Giant, were duplicated in the water below. But Superintendent Frue knew the lake—he knew its moods. This one might last a day, a week—perhaps a month—not much longer at any rate and then!—

There was the Skull Rock—a mere foothold—a tiny island into which the shaft must be sunk down into the bowels of the earth while around and over it broke the angry waters of this 'brother of the sea.' To sink that shaft and guard it against the fury of the lake was Superintendent Frue's task.

It was finally decided to encircle the island with a crib of timber filled with rock to break the force of the waves, while a stone and cement cofferdam was to furnish protection for the immediate mouth of the shaft.

With feverish haste the work was pushed ahead; eighteen hours was a day's work. If only the cribbing could be got into place before the autumn storms began all might be well. One week, two weeks, a month passed, and still the great lake slept, unconscious of or in contempt of the puny efforts of the human ants on Silver Islet. Day after day the sun rose as out of a mirror, and sank unclouded behind the shoulders of the Sleeping Giant.

Five weeks! The cribbing was done, the shaft was being sunk and every day the precious metal was coming to the surface. Six weeks—seven weeks! The human ants were beginning to feel secure in their new abode. Then came the twenty-sixth of October.

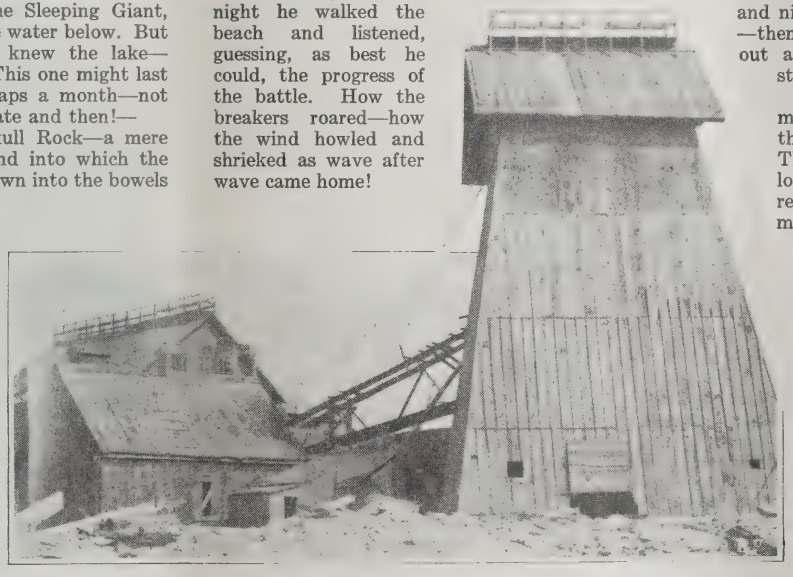
It was three o'clock in the afternoon when the wind began to blow strong from the northeast. In half an hour the lake right to the horizon line was white with foam.

'It's coming at last,' said Frue, 'but we're here first and I think we'll stay.'

When the second shift quit work at six o'clock the waves were leaping the east breakwater, deluging the men outside the cofferdam. From the rocky shore of Thunder Cape came the boom of the surf, like a rolling cannonade.

The little plunging tug had just arrived with the third shift wet to the skin. The cribbing on the windward side was already trembling with the impact of the waves. Stubbornly to remain would be useless and might mean suicide. It was the first trial of strength, and the result to the mind of the superintendent was at least doubtful. Orders were, therefore, given for all hands to go ashore.

There was little sleep for Superintendent Frue that night. He had secured first innings; he had been given fair play; he had made his utmost score; now the sea was taking a hand in the game. All night he walked the beach and listened, guessing, as best he could, the progress of the battle. How the breakers roared—how the wind howled and shrieked as wave after wave came home!



Shaft house, Silver Islet.

Before sunrise the wind had died down, and by ten o'clock the sea had subsided to a sullen underswell. Frue promptly went out to the scene of the conflict, and his heart sank at what he saw. Two hundred feet of the breakwater had been carried away; the cofferdam was a partial wreck, and, as if in rebuke, the storm had filled the shaft to the brim with the rock of the cribbing.

The company had agreed to give Frue a bonus of $25,000 in addition to his salary, on condition that before September 1, 1871, the first year of operation, he mined and shipped ore to the value of $250,000—an amount to cover the original purchase price and the bonus. On the morning of October 27 that bonus appeared to Frue as distant as the moon. But under this apparently crushing defeat he lost neither his heart nor his head. He had learned something from the storm. He had learned something of the game as it was to be played by his antagonist.

All hands were put to work; the cribbing was repaired and strengthened, the cofferdam was restored and the debris removed from the shaft. The sea remained quiet. Mining was resumed and by the last day of November, when navigation closed, the plucky superintendent had the satisfaction of knowing that $100,000 worth of silver ore had been shipped down the lake to Montreal.

Hardly had the vessel with the last shipment got away when the mercury dropped to ten below zero. The lake froze heavily in places, and then from the southeast came another storm

It was a flank attack and this time the sea, as if maddened by the persistence of the invaders, brought up its artillery and hurled tons upon tons of ice against the cribbing which crumbled like an eggshell before the tremendous onslaught. But this awful battering defeated its own purpose; the accumulation of ice soon formed a breakwater against which the waves beat out their fury. For three days and nights the storm raged—then the sea smoothed out again and Frue took stock of the ruins.

The cofferdam remained, but most of the cribbing was gone. The foreman, after looking over the wreck, remarked, 'You can't make anything stop here.' But Frue thought differently.

Nature is the greatest of engineers, and he who would oppose her must adopt her plans and be ever ready to profit by a hint. The ice gorge gave Frue the key to the situation. Taking advantage of the winter and the ice he threw out a breakwater facing the southeast. The structure had a base of twenty-five feet, rose twenty feet above the surface of the water and was backed by cribbing filled with the debris from the mine.

Work was prosecuted both underground and on the defenses with little interruption until March 8. Then the lake gathered its forces for what seemed not only another assault, but the commencement of a campaign of annihilation.

Masses of ice as large as the island itself were hurled against the groaning fortifications which were soon driven bodily up the incline toward the center of the island. Wave after wave leaped the breakwaters and it seemed that the lake would at last succeed in regaining the whole of the lost territory and in driving the invaders permanently from the ground.

Storm succeeded storm during the entire month, each assault more terrific than the last. There was no rest for the miners, day or night. Every interval of calm was employed in repairing the breaks and in strengthening the weak places. At last, apparently defeated, the great lake withdrew its forces and the superintendent for the first time saw in his mind's eye the $25,000 bonus—and it was not far away.

At the close of the first year the clean-up showed a gross output of nearly one million dollars. The bonus was immediately paid.

There seemed to be no longer any danger from storms. From all appearances the lake had given up the contest—abandoned the treasure to the spoilers, who during the next two years took out another million in silver.

*A Rock Which Became Transformed*

Silver Islet had become one of the wonder-mines of the world. The little island—the bare Skull Rock—had grown in the meantime to ten times its original size. It extended to the outer breakwaters and supported not only the upper works of the mine, but machine shops, storehouses, and permanent quarters for certain employes of the mine. From the eastern angle rose a lighthouse, while on the lee side were built great docks and breakwaters for the protection of the now important shipping. On the shore a town had sprung up—a town with churches and a schoolhouse, great reducing works, clubrooms for the miners and neat cottages for the families of five hundred workmen.

Frue was the magician who had wrought the change. He had found a barren rock a mile from the shore of a howling wilderness, and in three years had made it the center of one of the most important enterprises on the continent. The treasure he sought was guarded by the most powerful and treacherous of natural foes, but he had met every emergency and at the end of three years was the apparent conqueror. But Nature never gives up a battle.

Ages ago, as if in sentient anticipation of what was to come, the lake had run a countermine underneath the island. The main shaft had reached the depth of 300 feet when this countermine was struck. The imprisoned waters, under the enormous pressure, leaped forth fiercely, driving the miners from level to level. Despite the work of a four-inch pump, the water rose at the rate of ten feet an hour. Another six-inch pump was installed, but the two, working day and night, could barely keep the waters below the fifth level. An order was dispatched for a pump with a twelve-inch plunger, but before it could arrive the lake made one more effort to demolish the upper works. A double attack from above and below seemed to have been planned. All previous storms were dwarfed—they were mere zephyrs compared with the hurricane that now swept down from the northeast. A breach was at once made in the breakwater and sixty feet of the structure carried away. Before the damage could be repaired another assault carried away 360 feet of the cribbing with the blacksmith shop and 5,000 tons of rock. So violent was the wind that refuse 'rock flew about the island like hailstones.' Fortunately, the machinery remained intact and the pumps were kept going. At last the storm died away, the mammoth pump arrived and slowly the waters in the mine were put under control. It was a well-planned attack and the defenders won by a margin so small that an accident, however slight, would have turned the scale.

*When the Output Fell Short of Expenses*

It was soon after this that Superintendent Frue left the employ of the company and disappeared from its history. The fortunes of this remarkable mine for the next ten years need not be recounted. It differs but little from the history of other mines. Deeper and deeper drove the shafts and wider and wider extended the stopes and levels. In constant fear of the sea and wind above and the water below the work went on. Some years the output ran into the hundreds of thousands. Then, again, it would hardly pay expenses. At last there came a year when the output fell short of operating expenses. The indications were as good as ever but somehow the ore in hand did not seem to pan out well. The stockholders were called upon to make up a deficit. There was grumbling and dissension. Rich ore to the value of a half-million dollars was visible in the roof of the first level, but its removal had hitherto been regarded as dangerous. Now, however, plans were decided upon for putting in a false roof and removing this lode.

*A Day Came When the Fires Went Out*

The main shaft had now reached a depth of 1,300 feet below the lake level. Gigantic pumps, driven by powerful engines, were kept busy holding back the insidious sea. Storms might come and wreck the upper works, but storms subside and the ravages of the waves can be repaired; but this eternal assault from beneath could be resisted only by a tireless energy that never slumbered. Let the throbbing engines cease their work—let the pumps but stop for a day and the battle of years would be lost.

It was November, 1884, and the coal was running low. Only a few hundred tons remained in the sheds on the island and the hungry furnaces would soon devour that. But more was expected any day—the winter supply had already left the lower lakes—it should be somewhere on Lake Superior now. Day followed day—and it did not come. It was getting late and navigation might close at any time. Work went on as usual; some slight accident had delayed the steamer. The coal was sure to come the miners told each other.

Day and night was heard the monotonous thud, thud, thud of the pumps; but all the time the coal was getting lower—lower, and the sea was waiting—waiting.

It was an anxious Christmas for the folk of Silver Islet—that Christmas of 1884. There was hoping against hope for the arrival of the looked-for steamer. What if it should not come? Could it come now? The cold was intense and already the ice had formed six inches thick in the bays and the ice field was creeping out into the lake, from which rose, like steam from a mighty caldron, huge banks of cumulus clouds.

The New Year came—January 1, 1885—and no coal. But instead there came a dog team from Duluth bearing the bitter news that a drunken captain with a cargo of a thousand tons of coal for Silver Islet had allowed his vessel to be frozen in the ice at Houghton. The furnaces were put on half-rations in the vain hope that something might happen to bring relief. But at last a day came when the fires went out, the pumps stopped and the *exultant sea reclaimed its own.*

Thirty-seven years have passed since that fatal day—a generation has come and gone—but no attempt has been made to fight back the sea and reopen the mine. The island and the village that once stretched for a mile along the shore are abandoned and desolate. The great engines and hoisting machinery on the island are rusting where they stand. The lighthouse has long since disappeared. The docks and breakwaters are rotting. They are at peace with the sea which, in contempt, has given them over to the slow torture of time. Down in the drifts and galleries where men once worked, fishes stare with unblinking eyes at the slimy walls. On the mainland the great reducing plant with its batteries of stamps and vanners is rapidly going to decay. Grass and briers grow in the abandoned street and at night hedgehogs hold high revel in the silent church and owls hoot from the rickety tower.

*The Desolation of the Deserted Workings*

Why has this mine with all its possible wealth of silver ore been left in the possession of the sea? I do not know. The old caretaker once told me strange stories of strange doings. He told me that sometimes when the air is full of light—when the wind sleeps and the placid sea reflects the great blue bowl of heaven—the surface of the lake will suddenly heave in long low swells and then smooth out again. Then, as from the depths of the earth, come low rumbling sounds, muffled and indistinct—like a far-off cannonade. He told me, too, that at night, when the storm comes from the east and the air is filled with blinding wrack, ghostly lights flit about the treasure island, and in the lulls of the wind you can distinctly hear the rumble of a hoisting cable and the rhythmic pulsations of a ghostly engine.

I fear that years of almost uninterrupted solitude may have warped his imagination. Be that as it may, the fact remains that this silver fleece is still guarded by a dragon that never sleeps—the omniscient power of the sea.

## In Real Peril at Sea

THE steamship was about to cross the seas on her maiden trip.

Our steward was a Dane by birth, but naturalized. The steward's duties, he verily believed, were the most important functions on the ship. We were in a gale in the North Sea. Our steering gear had broken down. The ship was heavily rolling in the trough of the sea and green waves swept her decks. Our danger was in a shift of the coal cargo which might cause the ship to heave over on her side. The captain, mate and engineers were aft under the poop deck improvising some method of steering. The heavy seas broke into the steward's store room, upset things and deluged food supplies with water.

The steward, who seemed heretofore to have been unnerved by any sense of peril, crossed the lower deck, in water sweeping up to his knees, and alarmingly breaking in upon the officers: 'Captains! Captains! Eberyting in de store room is downsides up! Der beans is all spillit! What vel ve do? You hab no more beans yet 'till ve gets to Gotenburg.'

'Get out of here,' cried the captain.

'Maybe, maybe, Captains, it vell be so; but I tinks I tell you that you hab no more beans till ve gets to Gotenburg yet. Der is all spillit yet.'

He would probably so have reported if the ship had been sinking. To be without steering apparatus was less of a peril, perhaps, thought the steward, than to be without beans—*'all spillit yet.'*

# Chats with Office Callers



'Mellon put Vare across,' *said The Washington Newspaper Correspondent,* as he sat in The Office. 'No one who was in the know had any expectation that either Pepper or Pinchot had a chance. It was all settled months ago.'

'But,' we remarked, 'it was understood that Mellon was backing Pepper.'

'So he did, openly,' replied the Correspondent, 'but really he backed Vare. It is not where Mellon lets the public think he stands, but where he really stands, that counts in Pennsylvania politics. The Mellon organization understood the line-up pretty well. Mellon gets credit for backing Pepper, who is at least respectable, but he actually backed Vare, for Vare is a typical back-street politician. It is reported that Grundy, who is head of an association of Pennsylvania manufacturers, "double-crossed" Pepper after arranging the alignment between him and Fisher, candidate for governor. Grundy is said to have supported Vare in return for Vare votes for Fisher. It sounds plausible. The Vares made their début in politics via the street-cleaning contract route. Ed was the brains of the family. Bill, the newly nominated senatorial candidate, is important because he holds the purse-strings; otherwise he is quite negligible. He will do what Mellon tells him. It now remains to be seen whether Mellon is the Penrose of Pennsylvania and can put Vare over.'

* * *

*The Young Rover from Britain* dropped in to tell us about Sir Robert Baden Powell's new get-together movement. But first of all we asked him about the recent general strike. 'It was the most idiotic thing ever heard of,' he exclaimed. All these men in different trades being in the same so-called union, and therefore having to quit work over each other's disputes and thereby starve themselves. A hunger strike in fact. The miners themselves were not consulted about the matter; the leaders called out everybody without asking them. The workers meekly obeyed despite the consequences, and yet they say "It's a free country."

'No wonder "B. P." the Chief Scout (recently a visitor in Detroit) is anxious the Rover movement should spread, for here he encourages men to think for themselves, to read two sides of every question. The Rover movement is a socialistic movement in the true sense. Employers and their men hike together, camp together, play together. They follow the Fourth Scout Law which holds that a scout is a brother to every other Scout no matter to what social class the other belongs.'

'That is not the Communist's creed,' we remarked.

'No,' said the Rover, 'the Communist says: "If you've more than I have, give me some of yours, but if I've more than you, keep it." Of course they don't put the last bit in words; it's understood.

'As the Chief points out, "If the other fellow has more money than you, don't worry: you'll enjoy your week-end hike just the same."

* * *

'The annual circus season this year will lack one of its greatest thrills for the children,' said *The Stroller* as he sat in The Office.

'The circus parade, it has been decided by showmen, is to be abandoned. High-priced performers, especially the Europeans, will not parade. Big circuses now visit only the large cities, and traffic problems and the distance of the circus lot from the railroad make the parade extremely difficult to carry out. Ten years ago there were twenty circuses with a train of ten or more railroad cars. Now there are only a dozen, but these have expanded until the largest circus in the country travels with 1,500 persons and the smallest ones carry about 600.

'Virtually all of the circus people come from small cities, probably because in the early days of the circus the performances were given mostly in the smaller communities and the small boys of those places caught the circus fever. Then, too, the small-town boy had a barn in which he could practise on the trapeze. In the garage of the city boy's father there is no haymow to flop in. The canvas top somehow discovers the gypsy in every one of us.'

* * *

'The automobile is somewhat of a craze now,' said *The Super-Salesman as he discussed the business outlook,* 'but the time is rapidly coming when a motor car will be just plain transportation. A lot of trinkets are being sold now in motor cars, but soon there will be nothing sold but transportation. Nowadays there are many people who regard a car as a Mexican regards his saddle—something to be dolled up and shown off. They would braid the tails and weave ribbons into the manes of their cars, if they could. A good many cars are being sold on that principle. But I think that there is a change coming. The very pressure of traffic is going to push the motor car into the classification to which it really belongs—that of transportation. Just now it is partly in the classification of personal adornment, or dollar frontage. What do I mean by dollar frontage?—why, something that shows off its price more than its quality. As our streets become fuller of traffic, as the country becomes farther away, the tendency is going to be to buy a car because of the transportation it can give, the miles it can deliver. That is what people will buy when they buy a car—they will buy transportation. It will mean a considerable readjustment in the over-stuffed car industry. Delivery of transportation, instead of putting your friends' eyes out with excessive style, will be the rule for motor purchases then. A car will just be a machine to take you from one place to another.'

* * *

'There are few deaf and dumb people,' said *The Teacher in a metropolitan school for the deaf.* 'Most deaf people used to remain dumb, because speech is imitative, and if a person never hears speech he will not naturally use it. But in our schools we take the little deaf children very early and save them from becoming "dumb" also. We teach them speech, and they become as proficient in conversation as those born with a normal sense of hearing. Then we are able also to neutralize most of the conditions of deafness. We teach lip-reading which places the deaf in a position to understand conversation and addresses wherever they may be. We teach them to interpret the vibrations of sounds—high sounds and low, far and near. That is, we are able through the development of other senses to place them in communication with their environment in the tone world almost as if they had the faculty of hearing. And their brightness, their patience, their eagerness and strength are very winning. It is very wonderful that our municipal educational institutions can now prevent deaf children from becoming dumb also. Dumbness is so seldom due to a defect in the voice-producing apparatus, and is so often the sign of neglect.'

* * *

*The Man from Yellowstone* dropped into the office on his way West, to talk over plans for the summer. 'The tourists are our first care,' he said. 'The important thing is to show them a good time, make them glad they came and all that. To do this we have guides to take them around the hot springs formations and the geysers; we have rangers who look after the sage-brushers' (automobile tourists') camps to see that everything is shipshape; we have men always on duty to give them information about the Park. And then of equal importance—we must see that the tourists don't harm themselves, or damage the Park in any way. Hence all firearms are sealed when they pass through the gates. We impress upon them the dangers of fire—and one of the greatest offenses a tourist can commit is to leave his camp fire burning. We warn them against going into the higher altitudes if they haven't had their blood pressure taken. We patrol the roads of the Park for speeders. A few years ago a party of officials from one of the mid-European countries toured the Park. They were most anxious to study American efficiency methods at first hand. One hot afternoon they were stopped about halfway between Old Faithful and Yellowstone Lake. A ranger explained that he had just discovered a brush fire a short distance from the road. It wasn't a large one, but there was danger of its spreading. *And,* the ranger added, *it was a Government regulation that all passers-by should be impressed into service.* The European officials looked a bit startled but were good sports, and they pulled off their coats and went to work with spades and other implements. At the end of an hour the fire was out and the ranger thanked them and allowed them to proceed on their way. When they got back home they spoke highly of the American way of getting things done.'

## *In His Steps* Brought No Wealth

(*Concluded from page 2*)

would never have published it have issued it in million lots so that it has been available for the common people because there was no royalty to pay.'

There have been some curious things about the hundreds of editions and translations of *In His Steps*. Dr. Sheldon has several cases full of these translations.

I think that the most curious he showed me was the translation made by a Methodist missionary in Buenos Aires. It is a Spanish translation and was made by Dr. Dan Hall on March 24, 1925. The book starts off in this way:

*The Book Is in Persian and Esperanto*

> 'It was Friday morning and the Reverend Henry Ford was trying to finish his Sunday morning sermon.'

As every reader of the English version knows, the name of the minister is Henry Maxwell. But Dr. Hall, writing to the author, Dr. Sheldon, said: 'I am not using the name Henry Maxwell because nobody down here knows Henry Maxwell but everybody knows Henry Ford, so I am using his name as the preacher in your book.' The way the Spanish name reads in the translation alluded to is: 'Reverenda Enrique Ford.'

A translation made into Armenian had a tempestuous career. The Turkish censor made the translator take out of the book every word that alluded to freedom for women, or liberty, or anything even remotely referring to freedom of speech or a republican form of government. Professor V. H. Hagopia, of Anatolia College, translated this book for the Armenians.

The book has also appeared in Persian and Esperanto.

Dr. Sheldon tells me that between June of 1897, when the book was first published, and August of the same year, sixteen publishers who thrive on defective copyrights had put out editions.

A hurricane of argument and discussion was stirred up over the teachings of this unusual book. Pulpits became forums of discussion with *In His Steps* used as the text; church and secular newspaper editors used it as an editorial theme. The *British Weekly* for several months carried on a discussion of the theological aspects of the principles of human conduct based on an attempt to follow Jesus. Labor and business had its fling at the book. One preacher in a non-conformist church gave a copy to every member of his church, nearly a thousand in all. One enterprising grocer in Glasgow had a special edition printed and put the name of his store at the bottom of every page as an advertisement.

*Author Flooded With Begging Letters*

In Great Britain alone the combined sales of more than thirty different publishers who issued the book amounted to 10,000,000 copies

Immediately Dr. Sheldon began to be flooded with begging letters; some of them peremptorily demanding financial help. They took it for granted that an author whose book was selling by millions was wealthy. They would say to him like the snap of a verbal begging letter's whip: 'Brother, what would Jesus do about this demand I make for money? Surely you cannot imagine Jesus keeping all the wealth you are getting from this book.'

After twenty-nine years of history, this book, *In His Steps*, still seems to be as much alive as ever. During the past year one firm alone has printed and sold 150,000 copies. During the past year also legal complications about the motion picture rights have been cleared up, and Dr. Sheldon is negotiating with one of the largest firms in the motion-picture world about putting it on the silver screen. Will Hayes tells Dr. Sheldon that the picture world wants his story. This company paid $20,000 just to clear the title for screen production. Through the efforts of Ralph Waldo Trine, who spent several weeks in Washington, D. C., on this specific errand, the librarian of Congress determined that Dr. Sheldon had a legal right to the motion picture production of *In His Steps*.

'How do you account for the wide circulation of your book?' I asked Dr. Sheldon.

'It is because people are incurably religious. This is the reason for the book's immense circulation. *Ben Hur*, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, and books of a distinctively religious nature, but with a fiction or an allegorical background always have a large circulation.

## Sixty Years of Negro Freedom

(*Concluded from page 8*)

comed with cordiality. A wave of 'equal justice' spread over the North. Everything was open to the black man just as to all other men. This was true in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, many other large centers, and many small centers. The negro was 'inchin' along,' as goes the phrase in an old plantation song. Progress was made in the North and in the South. There was not only economic progress in the South, there was political progress; and this likewise was true of the North.

A little more than twenty-five years ago reaction on economic and civic opportunity began to set in in the North. The bitter feeling between North and South was being sweetened by the sugar of time. Northerners began to go to the South for investments and recreation during the winter months; and white Southerners began to come North for economic opportunities and recreation in the summer.

*Migration Record Is One of Stumbling*

Then came the World War, and negro migration. Those years marked a new epoch in negro development.

I visited the gate cities of the South, and strange sights met my eyes when the trains unloaded in the morning. Some were pathetic, others amusing. I have seen entire families, without any definite destination in mind: 'We're jus' goin' No'th so we can git work an' sen' our chil'len to school,' they would say with a faith of the future that was astounding. There would be entire trainloads of negro men, not one of whom knew his destination. They had been hired by agents and were going 'somewhere in America.'

Unlike the usual efficiency with which the American white employer masters a big proposition, the migration record is one of stumbling. There is some excuse for it. The war was on; building operations had been stopped by the Government. All attention was turned to the output of the necessities of war. But these people had to live somewhere. The colored sections of various cities could take care of a convention or conference of a few hundred people for a few days, but when it came to adding thousands to the permanent population that made a real problem, from which we have not as yet emerged.

*It Is Still a Matter of Adjustment*

Amusing and pathetic as were the sights at the railway stations, these did not compare with what happened in the efforts to house the new people. Every kind of a building was turned into a sleeping place. Numbers were compelled to sleep in cramped quarters, under most undesirable conditions.

Finally, came the realization by both black and white people that 'this condition must be worked out with system and determination.' The war closed, the soldiers returned from France, the restricted immigration act was passed by Congress, and the American negro remained, and still remains, an economic factor in this country.

This being the case: Where do we go from here? All of it is still a matter of adjustment. As I have gone about through the cities of the North and compared the present-day conditions with what I saw following the immediate time of migration, there has been commendable progress and adaptability. Living conditions have greatly improved; there is better housing, the spirit of religion prevails, all churches are crowded. There are savings accounts in the banks, and the children are sent to school.

We negroes have a definite part to perform. It matters not in what section of America we may live; our responsibilities have increased. It is necessary that we measure up; it is necessary that we develop our powers of resourcefulness with greater efficiency. This applies to the leaders as well as to those who belong to the masses.

## If Not America First—Who?

(*Concluded from page 7*)

soldiers who went willingly overseas to fight Democracy's battle in the World War want none of Europe's quarrels or battles wished on them. It is sufficient for them to fight America's battles. It is significant that practically without exception those who clamor loudest for the League of Nations to 'force' peace are the ones who were the farthest away from any action in the World War to 'force' peace.

As a volunteer who did his bit here and over there, I am willing to give other persons in America the right to go abroad and fight the battles of any nation whose interests they may have so much at heart that they would lose good American blood for it. But when they insist that their fellow men, good Americans, be used as cat's-paws in fights in which we have no real business—I draw the line there.

The most powerful factors for American peace and well-being are the Monroe Doctrine and the principles of Washington and Jefferson and every other great American who has contributed to the greatness and glory of this nation. Once we are lured into a lesser league than this, we let down the bars to the American continents, and lay South and North American nations undefended as possible subjects of European control. Our contribution to World Peace is the Monroe Doctrine which for two generations has kept the peace of half the world.

If we want to use any moral influence in the world, let it be by example as in the past—or if it be by force, let it be force which *we* decree is necessary and not what some *other* nation shall decree for us.

# America Leads the World in Psychology

(*Concluded from page 4*)



Dr. Lillian M. Gilbreth, authority on 'motion study' —unfatiguing methods of working.

in the realm of 'pure' psychology. Their numbers are small, however, and in nearly every instance they have been trained in European laboratories.

It is not uncommon to hear it said that these 'pure' psychologists owe their purity not so much to having been trained in foreign fields as to a lack of ideas with which to develop something useful; often followed by a knowing shrug and the remark: 'You know how easy it was to obtain a doctor's degree when Pan-Europeanism was striving to develop an educational grasp on the world.'

And perhaps they will relate the famous instances of American students who have entered graduate universities in Europe presenting insurance policies as their American diplomas.

The flair for the practical has characterized American psychology from the start, but it is to a German psychologist that the stimulus toward industrial applications is traced. This German psychologist, however, like my friend, *came to America to do his major work.*

***America Gets Results Out of the Abstruse***

The way America acts as a handmaid bringing practical results out of the abtruse is remarkable. Take the work of Pavlov, in Russia, on conditioned reflexes. Pavlov, master worker that he is, seemed unable to rise above the level of guinea pigs and dogs as experimental subjects. In contrast we find Hulsey Cason, who is now at Syracuse University, adapting the experimental work on conditioned reflexes to human beings and bringing into relief practical applications of which Pavlov perhaps never dreamed. We find John B. Watson working in the same field but applying it to children's fears. America is a practical, not a theoretical, handmaid.

In the case of mental disorders, we note Freud and his followers in Vienna making contributions, important enough, but withal highly unscientific and at times very mystical. In Germany there was Emil Krapelin and his followers who indulged in orgies of diagnosis.

But at St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington there was Edward J. Kempf who brought psychoanalysis 'down to earth,' out of mysticism and onto physiological foundations. There are Morton Prince, of Boston, and the late Boris Sidis, who contributed fundamental discoveries to the advance of ameliorating mental disturbances.

On a grand scale Clifford Wittingham Beers, of Connecticut, conceived and organized the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, which has now spread to other countries. The sex orgy of Freud and the diagnostic stickling of Krapelin have been turned by them to a most beneficial and practical use.

In the psychology of learning, E. Meumann's book is still widely used. The Hamburg professor, however, is somewhat overshadowed by William F. Book, of Indiana University, who has just had two books on learning republished almost twenty years after their first appearance. The contrast of the practical and the pure is again brought into relief since Meumann studied learning with such highly practical things as nonsense words like *neh, yxh,* et cetera, while Dr. Book studied typewriting and telegraph operating.

***Testing Fitness by the Aid of Psychology***

My friend who left a famous Continental university to come to the mid-western college, is paralleled by a worker in the field of learning, the late J. Crosby Chapman, who was so tragically drowned in Lake Chautauqua last summer. Chapman was English born and received the degree of Doctor of Science in the University of London. But to Columbia University he came and studied under an American psychologist, Edward L. Thorndike, and contributed to our practical knowledge of learning, both in typewriting and in the public schools.

One of Dr. Chapman's last students is now doing practical work with a large electrical manufacturer in New York City. Every summer Dr. Chapman visited his native England, but *he returned to America for his psychological work.*

The most striking differences are to be observed in the field of psychological tests. A score of years ago these were started by Alfred Binet in Paris; by Henry H. Goddard, now of Ohio State University, Lewis M. Terman, of Leland Stanford University, and S. A. Otis, of Yonkers. Psychological tests have been developed in America to a degree that leaves other countries almost entirely out of the race.

During the war these were adapted to use in our Army, by Robert M. Yerkes and associated psychologists, and contributed much more than any of the psychologists would admit, to an effective fighting force. Scarcely any use was made of this valuable psychological work in any of the other fighting forces.

Aviators in some of the armies were given cursory tests, of a most unscientific nature. But in the case of American aviators, psychologists such as Edward L. Thorndike and V. A. C. Henmon, of the University of Wisconsin, experimented with a wide variety of tests to find those which most successfully predicted aptitude for flying.

In the other allied armies little, oftentimes no experimental work was undertaken. In its place a group of psychologists talked things over and decided on the basis of attempted pure reason what tests *might* predict flying aptitude. The tests this armchair group of psychologists selected were discovered by the American experimenters to be the least useful of all.

***A Neglected Field of Research***

America is just that cynical of authority. It is this experimental cynicism which has been one of the most effective aids to genuine progress. Wundt speedily became an authority; his words—for a time—were looked upon as revelations from an oracle. The only authority to which the majority of American psychologists bow is the authority of practical, valid, laboratory findings.

This is mirrored in the fact that each year from American laboratories there are published nearly as many pages of meaty, experimental reports as from all the other laboratories of the world combined.

In one respect America is a poor handmaid of psychology. Research funds, oftentimes enormous, are established in foundations for the advance of other sciences, such as chemistry, physics, and biology. Psychology, which has not reached the peak of its practical advance, does not have the very material and needed assistance of such special funds.


# Coffee Joys

## without any

# Coffee Harm

Kaffee Hag is just pure coffee with the caffeine taken out. It is coffee at its best, with all the flavor and aroma of a delightful blend.

Its high quality alone has led countless homes to adopt it. The finest hotels now serve it.

Caffeine is the drug which limits coffee, or forbids it, to so many. It often affects the heart or kidneys. It keeps one awake at night. Millions. to avoid it, have been forced to drink substitutes.




Now a superlative coffee has the caffeine taken out, without altering the taste at all. One may drink it—all he wants—without a thought of harm.

In almost every home someone wants Kaffee Hag. Send the coupon with a dime for a 10-cup package. Learn how all enjoy it. Clip coupon now.

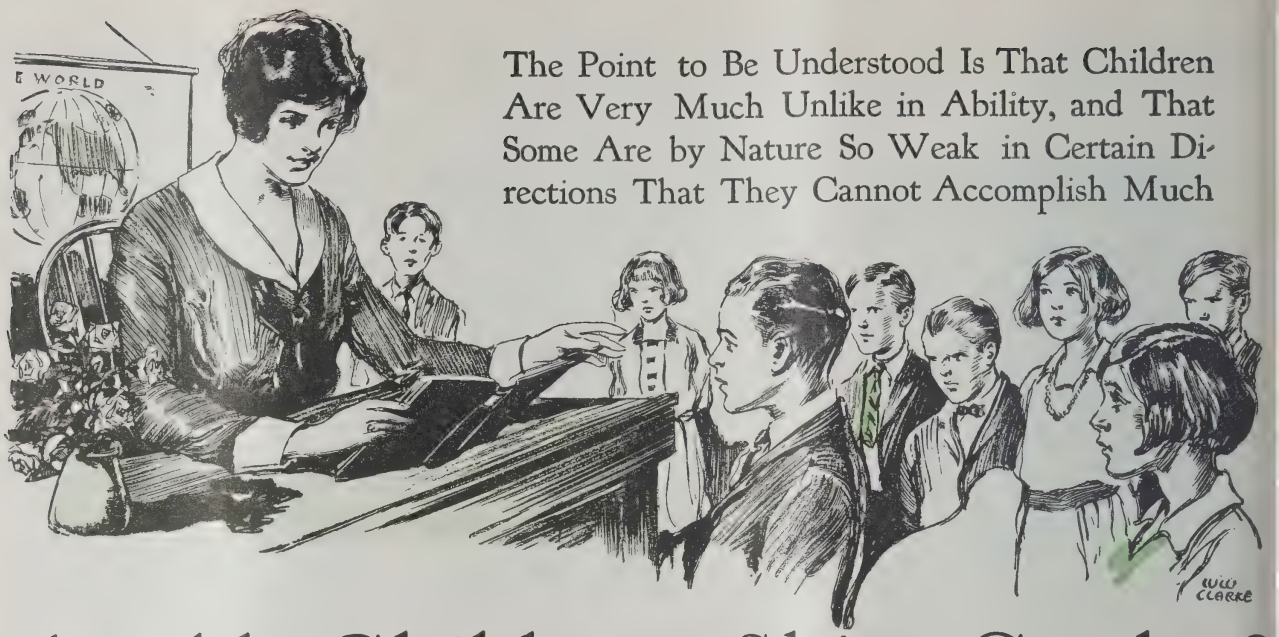
**Mail This Today for 10-cup Sample; 10 cts.**

**KAFFEE HAG**

**1454 Davenport Ave., Cleveland, Ohio**

Name.....

Address.....




The Point to Be Understood Is That Children Are Very Much Unlike in Ability, and That Some Are by Nature So Weak in Certain Directions That They Cannot Accomplish Much

# Should Children Skip Grades?

By MYRA CARY

EVERYONE who has paid any attention to school work knows that as a rule the work is carried on for the greatest number, that is, the average pupils. As the state policy is now usually planned there may be specialized care for the lower group; but what about the waste of human material, the potential leaders, inventors, initiators of new movements, of new ideas? Usually there are too many children in a classroom for a teacher to make small group or individual instruction possible. Furthermore, the average teacher does not know how to deal with children of the highest intelligence.

Teachers all over the United States are awakening to the deterioration of the better ten per cent of children through neglect, through boredom, through work too easily done, so that idle habits are engendered and low ideals of effort fostered. The hope of our schools lies in great part in the willingness with which teachers accept instruction and information from leaders in education, from supervisors whose vision and experience are broad. The reader may have the common belief that 'genius will out,' but while this may be true of certain types of genius, it is not true of other types, especially of the grades of intelligence below genius, ranking in the talented class.

In a number of schools attempts are being made to give these abler children additional work, not so much in advance as of wider scope. The whole process is tentative and experimental. Naturally and wisely methods will vary in different localities as teachers find individuals or groups to direct. Much depends also on whether the teachers' classes are of the maximum or minimum size.

One principal told of a class of fifteen who had gone on together and whose record she had followed all through the grades, high school and college. As was indicated, they kept together all through their schooling and finally, as the records have it, every one is occupying a fine position. This speaks well for the sympathetic follow-up interest of the principal with whom their school work started.

The alert and watchful teachers, keeping abreast of the developments of modern psychology, are ready to break custom in favor of the children in their charge by providing opportunity for broader work and more varied activities outside the required course.

Even in the first grade, those children who learn to read easily are given in some good schools a great variety of books to read. Sometimes they read as many as thirty first-grade books in their first year. A second-grade group of fifteen children who had been selected because of their ability to read, their health record, punctuality, and regular attendance were at the end of the second year promoted to the fourth grade, skipping the third entirely. The report from them after doing ten weeks of fourth-grade work was that they were in the upper half of the average of all the fourth grades in the city.

At the present time the tendency is rather to give those able to take it a wider range than to promote them to a higher grade. The idea behind the practice is to keep the child with those of his chronological age for social reasons, in other words, companionship.

There are others who think that where groups of children can be promoted together it is better to let them do increasingly difficult work. This is no doubt correct within reasonable limits.

Too many persons are governed by the theory that genius will out, as before stated, despite the lack of encouragement or opportunity; that ability will break through without special attention. One is reminded of a young woman who is making a successful business venture in raising poultry. She says:

'I find it necessary to confine myself to one breed of chickens because the different breeds need such different treatment and care that the successful management of one kind is all one person should attempt.'

Children with different traits need different treatment to bring out the best there is in them.

A boy of ten and a half had done excellent work in the fifth grade, so very good indeed that his teachers wished to have him skip the sixth and take up seventh-grade work; but while the boy was pleased at the recognition of his work it was a debatable question with him because he would be captain of the elementary baseball team and also champion swimmer if he took the regular sixth-grade work. If he were to go into the seventh grade, which would place him in the junior high school, he would lose his superior position in sports and lose the companionship of the children of his age with whom he had been associating.

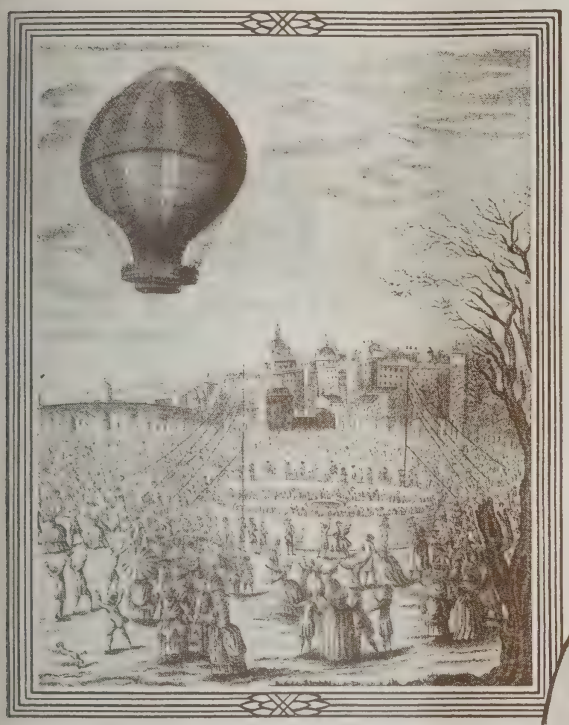
He was advised by his friends not to skip the grade. As it happened in his case, there was every chance and incentive for him to widen his course and at the same time he wished to take up music so that his time would be well occupied. One must take into account the beneficent effect of success as well as that of striving.

In at least one school there has been provision made for those children who finish the regular assignments to take up any line of work that pleases them in the extra time they have. Four of the boys went into radio-phone study, its history and uses, searching in magazines, catalogs, at the supply shops, everywhere, for information. Four of the girls were interested in newspaper work and ran a little school newspaper. One girl liked dogs very much and read all she could find about dogs. Finally she wrote a clever original story about a dog. These are only a few of the activities of this class. The characteristic of them seemed to be that they wanted to work in groups.

There are a few who have unusual gifts in one or more directions. Such persons are talented. If the particular gift is multiplied over and over again, as musical or mathematical ability or any other, beyond the powers of ordinary people, we have the genius—one perhaps in a million.

When society becomes fully aware of these facts the upper ten per cent will doubtless be aided in all that society can aid, bringing out talent and genius, and making them available for the social welfare.

# Pioneer Aerostatic Experiments Recorded on Old Prints



AT Lyon, France, in 1784, this novel balloon, 100 feet in diameter, made a successful ascension. A few lines in French, translated, read:

'An infinite space separated us from them;
But, thanks to Montgolfier, whom the genius inspired,
The eagle of Jupiter has lost his Empire
And the feeble mortal can approach the Gods.'

Oval, below—

'FLYING vessel' of 1784 was equipped with ingenious safety devices in the form of a parasol and wings. The balloon, 26 feet in diameter, was made of silk, coated with a new composition.





Above—

BLANCHARD and Jeffries in their balloon crossing the English Channel in 1784. A French verse taken from this old picture reads:

'Two peoples divided by the Empire of the Sea,
Until today did not possess the franchisement of the air;
Fortunate augur of a sincere union
Which will govern them for the good of the earth.'



DURING the ascension of Montgolfier's first balloon in 1783, a sudden rainstorm is said to have carried the balloon upward 20,000 feet, where it burst. It lighted at Gonesse, ten miles from its starting point, where the inhabitants, believing it to be the skin of a monstrous animal, assailed it.

THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIV. OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL
B-41

'I AM sending you a little book about Emerson. It is time you were beginning to take a little interest in thoughtful things, and you will find in this book some remarks on style that may be profitable to you. Another thing—when I make a remark or a suggestion, don't take it too seriously. All I can do is to give you some of the results of my experience. I am much more interested in seeing you grow up strong-bodied and clean-minded than I am in your career.—I should like to see you with a will strong enough to resist all forms of temptation. Your career will then take care of itself. And yet I shouldn't like to see you puritanical and narrow-minded. I want you to grow up to be a wholesome, hearty, liberal-minded individual.'

*—Joel Chandler Harris to his son when a schoolboy.*

F A

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Volume 26, Number 35

Five Cents a C

June 19, 1926



THE LIBRARY OF THE
JUN 19 1926
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

# BRIEFLY TOLD

LIFEBOATS ARE NOW being fitted with small cabins, in which are installed wireless transmitting and receiving sets.

THE AVERAGE AMERICAN workman produces as much in one hour as a Frenchman does in four or five, according to a leading French engineer.

WOMEN LIVE LONGER than men because of the sheltered lives they lead, a London specialist declares. He points out that of a total of 382 deaths of persons over 90 years old, 278 were women.

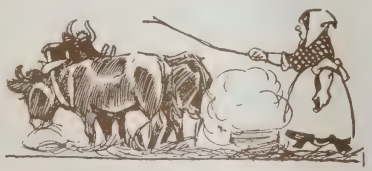
AN INDIANA JUDGE has ruled that in future truancy cases he will sentence the parents to one day in the county jail for each day their children miss school without good reason.

NO ONE IN FRANCE is permitted by law to earn more than $20,000 a year, as an unforeseen consequence of the recent tax bill voted by the government.

TWENTY-THREE PER CENT of all wells drilled for oil are failures.

MOUNT ETNA, the famous volcano, is densely populated, each of its 800 square miles of inhabitable slope containing 800 persons.

A CHINESE TYPEWRITER, capable of inscribing the thousands of ideographic scripts of that language, has recently been devised by a native of Shanghai.



THRESHING IS DONE in Turkey by women, who drive oxen hitched to a heavy curved plank over the grain.

THE SCOTS ARE GENERALLY regarded as a thrifty race, but as far as savings-bank figures show, England and Wales are in advance of their northern neighbor.

THE UNITED STATES possesses forty per cent of the world's railroad mileage. Persia, on the other hand, boasts only one railroad.

MONEY IN CIRCULATION in America increased from $34.36 per capita in 1913 to $50 in 1920, and now is $42.

THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS had divorce laws and alimony, and well-to-do brides protected their fortunes by marriage contracts.

EIGHTY-SEVEN DISTINCT dialects are spoken in the Philippine Islands. English is now the dominant language, having supplanted Spanish.

UNDER EXISTING conditions, the world will double its population in sixty years.

SPECIAL BEDS, TABLES, and chairs are now provided for tall men and women at a London hotel.

TOKYO HAS MORE THAN one million licensed bicycles within its boundaries.



AN EXPERT HAS been sent to Alaska by the Smithsonian Institution to preserve fine specimens of totem poles from decay.

THE ACTUAL CITY of London covers only 675 acres and contains a population of 13,709. The metropolitan district of London, however, has an area of 443,424 acres and a population of more than 8,000,000.

RANCHES IN BRITISH Columbia plan to fight a grasshopper invasion by the importation of thousands of turkeys.

THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT has paid out more than $11,000,000,000 in interest on the public debt since 1771. The greatest amount in one year was $1,055,088,000, paid in 1923. This year the estimated interest payment will be $730,000,000.

THE WORLD'S WOOL crop is only five times what it was a hundred years ago, while cotton production has increased twenty times.

AN AERIAL TORPEDO carrying 1,500 pounds of TNT and traveling at a speed of 200 miles an hour has been developed by the United States Army. Fired from an airplane it can hit a target 20 miles away.

OIL WELLS OWNED BY the University of Texas are producing oil royalties to the state in excess of $10,000 daily.

THE TEMPERATURE OF the moon at its noontime is 250 degrees Fahrenheit.

OF THE 7,000 PRISONERS in Federal penitentiaries, thirty-five per cent are violators of the narcotic law.




BEWHISKERED hotel waiters were first banished in New York in 1893 by the Waldorf.

A PEAT FIRE HAS been burning continuously for 130 years at Wistmans Wood, Dartmoor, England.

THE CHANCES AGAINST the mother quail hatching her eggs are three to one, officials of the United States Biological Survey declare.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE spend $3,000,000,000 a year, or about six per cent of the national income, for vacations.

A SIX-FOOT UTE Indian for nearly two-score years has worn the garb of a squaw and has been entirely ignored by the fellow men of his tribe because in 1887 he refused to take part in a tribal raid.

THE KING OF GREAT BRITAIN each year receives a herring pie from Yarmouth in payment of that community's feudal obligations.

BRAZIL NEWSPAPERS, when they get out an 'extra,' first let the public know of the event by blowing a strident siren.

NEW YORK POLICE are experimenting with a motorcycle equipped with bullet-proof windshields.

THE GAME OF CHECKERS was played in Egypt in 1600 B. C.

A FRENCH ELECTRICAL concern recently discovered a unique method by which it had been defrauded. A consumer had frozen water in molds to the diameter and weight of a coin and had slipped this bit of ice through the franc-in-the-slot meter. The ice melted after a short time and left no trace.




EXPERIMENTAL TELEPHONE lines between the engines and cabooses of long freight trains have proved effective time-savers in operation of the trains, according to officials of an eastern railway.

MORE THAN $260,000,000 was collected in the United States in 1925 by automotive vehicle fees and fines of various sorts.

SNOW IS CLEANED FROM Salt Lake City streets by water from municipally owned hot springs.

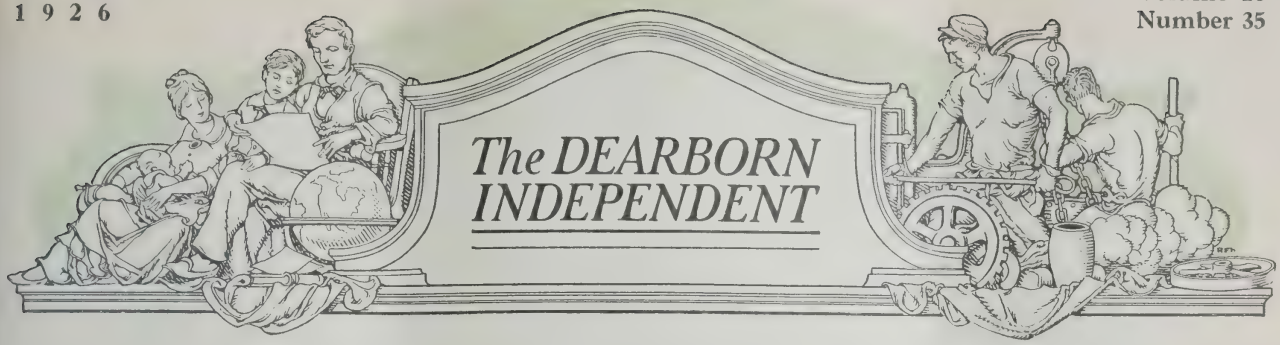
COVENT GARDEN, famous London market place, used since the 17th Century, is soon to disappear to make way for the greatest street improvement ever planned in England.

A COW BELONGING TO Rutgers University gave 21,136 pounds of milk in 305 days, or fourteen times her own weight.

THE ONLY PERSON permitted to appear before the Emperor of Japan with a cane is Admiral Count Togo, who commanded the Japanese Navy on the occasion of its victory over the Russian squadrons in 1905.

June 19
1 9 2 6

Volume 26
Number 35




# THE ESSENCE OF THIS ISSUE

Mr. Ford's Page this week states three cardinal principles which are essential to proper human relations in industry.

---

*Mortgage* is a word of distasteful suggestions. And so a new term—*real estate bond*—has been coined by promoters. 'Bond' has a nice safe sound; none of the distrust of mortgage is attached to it. Clever psychology! (p. 3)

---

But not nearly so clever as the promoter who may try to unload these 'bonds' on *you*. If building costs continue to mount, *if* 'this' does not happen, *if* 'that' continues reasonably sound, *if* there is no change in 'the other,' these 'bonds' *may* prove safe enough. *One thing is sure:* before you invest in any of them, investigate! Start with this article. (p. 3)

---

There is another thing American citizens should investigate—the Philippine question. It is pretty well smothered in propaganda. The Government wanted facts and sent a committee to the islands to get them. Congressman Bacon, of New York, was a member of the committee. He tells here what he found. (p. 6)

---

It seems the Filipinos aren't the only ones with a grievance. There are the Moros. We pledged the Moros a separate government under *our* protection. Then we turned them over to the Filipinos. Now, we don't want any 'scrap of paper' in our history—so it is time to see *how you would vote on the question,* if you were in Congress. (p. 6)

---

The Youth Problem! (Always spelled with capitals.) *'What are our girls coming to?' 'College boys today drink more than ever.'* You are familiar with it all, of course. Well—what do you know about it? Do you know anything about it? Most of those who are doing the talking do not know. The truth is not nearly so bad as the gossip. Not nearly. The youngsters of today are better than the youngsters of last generation. Why shouldn't they be? (p. 5)

---

Many of our readers look forward eagerly to each installment of Finger's *Voyage of the Victoria.* And with good reason. It is a thrilling narrative. Finger has personally followed Magellan's entire route around South America, part of it in a thirty-six-foot yawl. He camped at Magellan's stopping places. No wonder he can make a story interesting! This week he tells of Magellan's inauspicious departure after long delays. (p. 16)

---

'. . . and the British blundered through.' That was a common expression after the strike. Here is *how* they blundered through, told by an American writer who saw it. Maybe it wasn't blundering after all; maybe it was the English spirit of fair play that saw them through. (p. 14)

---

Prehistoric animals felt the lure of Hollywood. The movies, however, did not lure them—it was asphalt. The unfortunate beasts got mired in tricky tar pits and perished. The tar preserved their bones, and they remain today to tell us many things we might not otherwise have known. We know that African lions once roamed California. How did they get there? Was it across an Atlantic continent? (p. 12)

---

Soup-Plate, the British Tommies called her, this last ruler of Burma, immortalized in Kipling's 'Mandalay.' It was a paradoxical name for Supayalat, terror of her country. Few saw 'Theebaw's Queen' after she was deposed by the English forty years ago. One who did was Wayne Gard, newspaperman, who visited her a short time before her death. (p. 2)

---

Ben was a wanderer—liked to visit strange places, see new things. This rated him as a bad boy. But Ben really wasn't bad; he only had the pioneer spirit. Judge Henry Neil presents in this article a different phase of the youth problem, but a phase that is equally important. (p. 8)

---

Sixty-six years ago a rather smallish man bought hides from the farmers around Galena, Illinois. He was, his neighbors thought, somewhat of a failure. A decade later he was President of the United States. In the interim he had commanded the victorious Union forces. In spite of the glory that came in later years, Grant always said the happiest years of his life were while he was a humble clerk at Galena. (p. 18)

---

Then there is a story on wild flower gardens that you will want to read. And the dance article—this week on the proper positions for the feet. And of course you will look for the regular departments, Editorials, Briefly Told, I Read in the Papers, and Office Chats. You will find they contain interesting ideas on many subjects.

---

Next week we have an interview with Robert Frost, American poet. We know Robert Frost and his work. No one can quite tell what he is like. Even Janet Mabie does not paint him as we see him. That indicates his greatness. But you ought to know him, at least through other people's knowledge of him, until you have the good luck to know him for yourself. We will also have an article telling how Brigadier General Dawes was elected Vice-President with an expenditure of only $90.

CONTENTS

The Queen of Kipling's Mandalay - - - - 2
*Wayne Gard*
The New 'Real Estate Bond' Industry - - - 3
*Aaron Hardy Ulm*
A Good Look at Our Young People - - - - 5
*Stanley High*
Why Not Keep Faith With the Moro Race? - 6
*Robert L. Bacon*
What Has Become of Ben?—*Judge Henry Neil* 8
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - - - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
African Lions Roamed in Hollywood - - - 12
*Samuel Hubbard*
Why the Great Strike Failed - - - - - - 14
*Henry Albert Phillips*
The Voyage of the *Victoria*—Westward Ho! - 16
*Charles J. Finger*
When General U. S. Grant Gathered Hides at Galena—*Fred L. Holmes* - - - - - - 18
Chats With Office Callers - - - - - - - 20
I Read in the Papers - - - - - - - - - 25
A Dance a Week—Positions of the Feet - - 30
Wild Flower Gardens - - - - - - - - - 32

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer;
C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.50 A YEAR in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year.
SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.



Supayalat and King Thibaw.

# The Queen of Kipling's Mandalay

By WAYNE GARD

ASHRIVELED, childish old woman—was this the Supayalat of history, the terror of Thibaw's court? I could hardly believe that this was the queen who had ruled Burma from 1878 to 1885. When she occupied the Peacock Throne, I would not by any chance have appeared before her except barefoot and prostrate. But in the secluded retirement of her dotage, little ceremony was required.

Few of her former subjects are living now, and not many of those know where she spent her last years. Yet, until the queen's death in 1925, the royal banner flew gallantly from an obscure house in Rangoon where Supayalat dreamed of the grand days of her youth. It was there that I visited her in 1922, and again in 1923. Ever since I had explored the old palace at Mandalay, I had wanted to see the notorious queen who last ruled there. That quaint teak structure with its gilded thrones is one of the outstanding examples of wooden architecture in the East. Built by Mindon Min, father of Supayalat, it still retains the platforms on the roof where Mindon placed archers to shoot passing birds. No living thing must pass above his head, for was he not king of the universe?

This arrogant pride of King Mindon, inherited with interest by Supayalat, was comically displayed on the occasion of his being shown a map of the world—something he had not seen before.

After having England pointed out, he remarked with satisfaction that he had always known that England was a small country.



Moat, wall and gate of the palace at Mandalay. Circle—Leogryphs near the Palace.

But when he learned that his own kingdom was also comparatively insignificant in area, he became enraged, and was appeased only when the visitor spread both hands across the map to indicate that Burma covered the greater part of Asia.

Mindon Min believed in the old-fashioned big family. He married fifty-three wives, and was survived by something like 300 descendants, including 110 children. The chief worry of his latter days was the choice of a successor. One, previously appointed, had been killed by jealous rivals, and the king dared not name another.

Mindon proposed dividing the kingdom among several sons, but his ministers insisted on keeping it intact. It was at this stage that Sinbyumayin showed her hand. Sinbyumayin, known formerly as the Alenandaw queen, or Queen of the Middle Palace, had been cast aside by Mindon because of her affair with a Buddhist monk.

This woman wanted madly to regain her influence at court. She was without a son, but had three daughters. The second of these, Supayalat, was the sweetheart of Thibaw, one of her many half-brothers. Sinbyumayin's scheme was to have Thibaw made king after Mindon, so that her daughter might become a queen.

(Continued on page 29)

# The New 'Real Estate Bond' Industry

## First Mortgages on the Unknown Future Amount to Many Millions

*Second and Concluding Article.*




By AARON HARDY ULM

ILLUSTRATED BY W. W. CLARKE

There are several hundred carrying on such business on varying scales. Most are new concerns, only a few of whom are trust companies or banks subject to the banking laws of State or Federal Government.

WITH its rooms filled and without a moment's cessation of operations, a big, handsome and almost new hotel in an Eastern city was sold recently at auction under foreclosure proceedings. The management had found it impossible to procure from its patronage, though good, enough money to meet operating expenses, taxes and interest on mortgage loans.

The sale at auction was for the purpose of eliminating a large portion of the mortgage indebtedness, which amounted to more money than had been put into the property. This was made possible by operators in a new mortgage industry that has grown tremendously in recent years. Those who suffered on account of the hotel's financing' as achieved by these operators in mortgages were not hard-boiled usurers, of the kind that are pictured in stories or plays built around mortgages. In the main they were small investors who thought they had put their savings into the traditionally safest of all securities. They were purchasers of bonds' issued against mortgages.

The *small investor* now supplies an immense market for the 'real estate bond' type of mortgage. The finest skill of modern advertising and salesmanship is employed in persuading the *small investor* to supply funds in small amounts for loans on mortgages in big amounts. One concern thus procured and 'placed' $150,000,000 last year. It is stated that the average sale by the concern is $1,200 worth of bonds, which means that, provided there was only one sale to each patron, more than a hundred thousand persons intrusted the concern with funds last year.

There are numerous other concerns which handle millions of such funds every year. There are several hundred carrying on such business on varying scales. According to one of the big ones, they were procuring and placing money on city real estate at the rate of $1,600,000 a day in the early spring of this year. This does not include the operations of the old type of mortgage broker, or those of the insurance companies or banks.

Most of these concerns are new ones or newly engaged in the real estate bond type of mortgage business.

They call themselves 'investment bankers.' There is no clear definition of that term. J. P. Morgan & Company is an 'investment banking' firm; so may be the local stocks and bonds and mortgage house around the corner.

The nearest approach to a definition of the term is in the qualifications for membership in the Investment Bankers' Association of America; for example, 'Any national or state bank, trust company, private banker, banking firm or corporation in good standing having a paid in capital of $50,000 or more and which makes a practice of buying bonds or investment stocks and publicly offers them as dealers therein . . . ' In the association are about 700 members, only a comparatively few of whom are trust companies or banks subject to the banking laws of State or Federal Government.

'Investment banking,' even when carried on by a real bank or trust company, does not come under the laws governing banks of deposit and trust companies. The business often partakes much more of merchandising than of true banking.

Many concerns which do an 'investment banking' business are not members of the association, among whose purposes is the promotion of sound practices. Several of the most prominent leaders in the real estate bond branch of the field are not in the association at all. Indeed the association is not so sure of the practices of all its members as to be willing to permit any of them to advertise its membership. The public is thus deprived of what might be a valuable bit of guidance.

The association has given not a little attention to recent developments in the real estate bond field. Its committee on real estate securities has made elaborate reports on the subject at the last four annual conventions. The reports rather stress the newness of this field as now intensively cultivated and indicate wide leeway for bad practice among operators in it.

The field is a virtually new one in spite of the advertised claims of long experience in it put forth by some of the big operators. And time must pass before much of the bad practice can be demonstrated by results. Which means that some losses must inevitably occur.

Such advertising slogans as 'No loss to an investor in a half-century' may be true and yet mean nothing. Take, for illustration, a firm that plays up in all of its nation-wide advertising a claim of that sort. Eight years ago the establishment whose name the 'investment banking' concern now operates under was that of a local real estate firm in an Eastern city. Its mortgage operations were insignificant. *No one connected with the firm then or prior thereto is in its management now.* The long record is that of a name only. Moreover, the record of its present management, about six years old,




The small investor now supplies an immense market for the 'real estate bond' type of mortgage.




Long experience without a loss means nothing unless the management has been the same, that the volume and character of the business done is comparable to what is done now.

shows notorious losses by purchasers of its securities.

'But the losers were not *investors*,' these operators will say if asked to explain. 'They were *speculators*.'

Hence long experience without a loss means nothing unless it is shown that the management has been the same, that the volume and character of business done throughout the period is comparable to what is done now, and that there be no equivocation as to what is meant by 'investor.'

As to this last there is probably not an authority who will say that the purchase of a 6½ to 8 per cent real estate bond on the word of a far-away, unknown 'investment banker' does not partake of speculation. The reason is that mortgage loans, up to the point of assured safety, can be procured for such properties as those that are usually bonded in the 'investment banking' way at much lower rates of interest and less cost of procurement.

There lies before the writer the financial page of a newspaper on which the ads of several 'investment banking' concerns offer six to seven per cent on sums from one hundred dollars up intrusted to them for loans on first mortgages. On the same page are other advertisements offering insurance company money for first mortgage loans, even on small properties in the same community, at 5½ per cent. The margin, wider even than the figures indicate, spells risk.

This doesn't mean that all real estate bonds now being sold to small investors involve ponderable risks of loss. If economic conditions which make the floating of these bonds possible continue uninterrupted, if the level of building costs and rents do not decline materially—that is, if they are not subjected to those strains which are the real tests of securities—the bulk of the bonds whose issuance involves no fraud will prove good. But most of them run for ten years and some for longer periods, and much may happen in that time.

Fraudulent practices no doubt have been engaged in, but so far as known not by the run of operators whose 'national' advertising appears in reputable publications. The leeway for fraud, however, is immense.

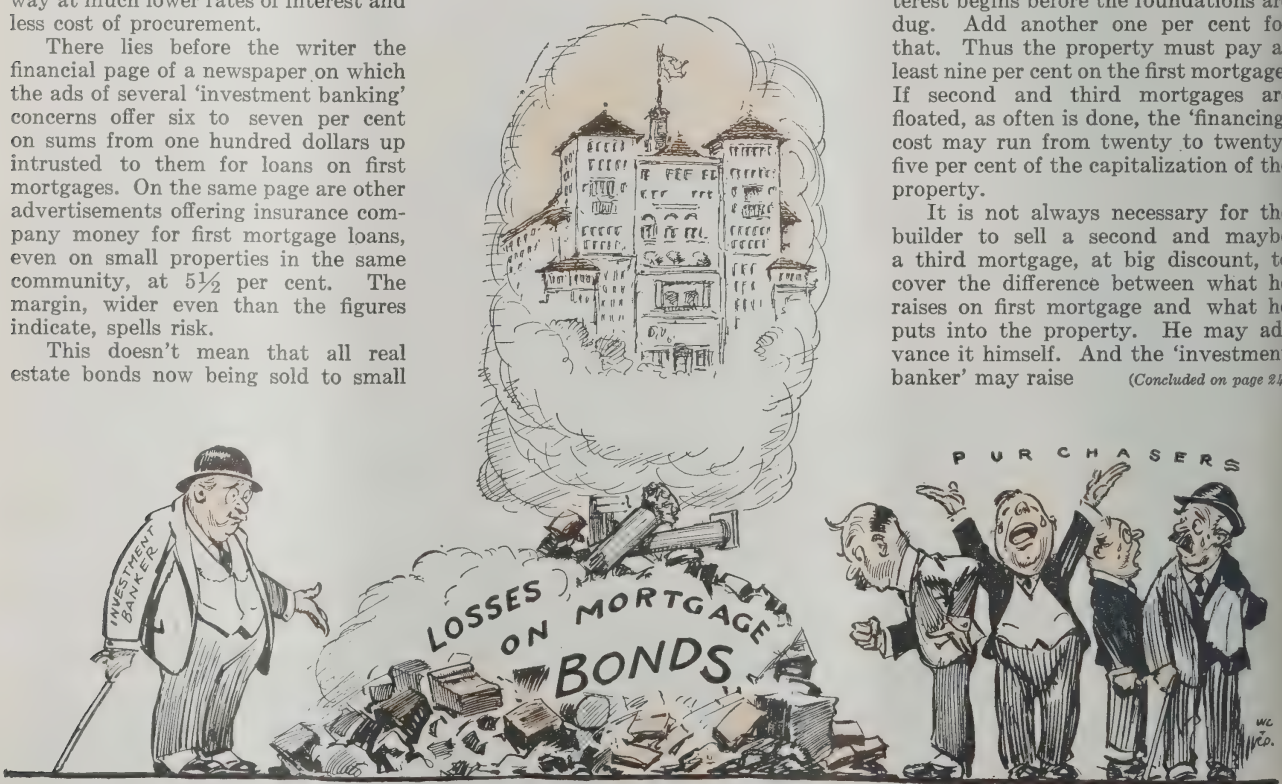
Examination of real estate bond advertisements in a popular investment magazine discloses but one wherein the concern sets forth, in terms of capital and surplus, its own financial status.

You generally will find, in small type, at the end of circulars describing specific offerings, declarations like the following: 'We do not guarantee the statements and figures contained herein but they are taken from sources we believe to be reliable.' That is, the concern assumes no responsibility for even its own statements of fact.

These circulars usually describe *properties that are to be* rather than properties in actual existence. A man wants to erect an apartment house, hotel or office building. He procures or gets an option on a site and has a plan for the structure blueprinted. If he can get along with fifty to sixty per cent of the ultimate cost, an insurance company or bank will take a first mortgage on the property at 5 to 5½ per cent interest. But he wants more. So he goes to an 'investment banker,' who agrees to get it for him. The 'banker' goes through the form of buying a six to eight per cent mortgage on the property that is to be. He pays six to fifteen per cent, less than the face value of the mortgage which he sells, in the form of bonds, for full face value. As the bonds are sold the money is turned over to the builder.

Take, for example, a seven per cent loan on an average property. It quite probably represents seventy per cent or more of the value of the property as appraised from plans. The 'investment bankers' margin adds another one per cent to the interest rate. The loan runs for some time before there is any income from the property. Interest begins before the foundations are dug. Add another one per cent for that. Thus the property must pay at least nine per cent on the first mortgage. If second and third mortgages are floated, as often is done, the 'financing' cost may run from twenty to twenty-five per cent of the capitalization of the property.

It is not always necessary for the builder to sell a second and maybe a third mortgage, at big discount, to cover the difference between what he raises on first mortgage and what he puts into the property. He may advance it himself. And the 'investment banker' may raise (Concluded on page 24)




The advertised claims of some operators may be true and yet mean nothing.




*Drawn by WILLIAM O. FITZGERALD*

# A Good Look at Our Young People

## Analysis Discloses That the Newer Generation Is Not Deteriorating

By STANLEY HIGH

I LISTENED in, the other day, while three fellow passengers on a Pullman car discussed the younger generation. A novel, part of the flood of unsavory fiction that has inundated us with attempted descriptions of American youth, had prompted the discussion.

'Everything,' so the gossip ran, 'is wrong that could possibly be wrong with our young people. Frivolity is on the increase, moral ideals at a low ebb, the college campus a center of leisurely dissipation and the home robbed of its ancient authority.'

There were frequent returns to the novel, with liberal extracts to substantiate these conclusions. Stories of the hip-pocket flask were freely featured and to cap the climax the Volstead Act was dragged in and held responsible for the 'fact' that America's present younger generation had gone off on an uninterrupted prohibition-stimulated debauch.

I did not join in this conversation. My fellow travelers, apparently, were chiefly anxious to confirm their own convictions, a fact that they made clear by frequent, if surreptitious, use of a bottle tucked away in a carefully guarded handbag.

For another reason I did not enter the discussion. It smacked too obviously of propaganda. Distorted pictures of the youth of this generation have become the stock in trade of those who are much less concerned about the welfare of young people than the legalizing of their own habits. So-called arguments of that sort do not lend themselves easily to refutation.

This propaganda, however, is not serious because of the propagandists. It is serious because, for lack of better information, law-abiding men and women become the agents for the propagandists by passing on their assumptions. The story of the dissipation of one youth obtains ready circulation. The story of the serious-minded, law-abiding majority is seldom told.

There is one fact that needs to stand at the beginning of any attempt to understand and rightly appreciate the young people of today. It is that this is not the first period that has had to face what appeared to be the baffling problem of its younger generation. Youth, in every age, has been a source of considerable adult perplexity. Many of the much-talked-about vices of 1926 might appear much less vicious if we could recall a little more accurately the youth problem of the past.

About the year 1700 there lived in Boston, Massachusetts, a minister, Samuel Sewall. Samuel Sewall, rightly concerned about the welfare of the young people of his parish, records in his diary an incident that reflects the humiliation with which the elders of his day viewed the insubordination of the younger generation. In this instance the wrongdoing was revealed in a tendency among the young men to cut off their hair and disport themselves in wigs. On June 10, 1701, the Reverend Mr. Sewall writes:

'Having heard last night that Josiah Willard had cut off his hair and put on a wig, I went to his house this morning. Told his mother what I had come about and called Josiah. I inquired of him what extremity had forced him to put off his own hair and put on a wig. He answered: None at all. Then said his own hair was straight and parted behind. Argued that men might as well shave their hair off their heads as off their faces. I told Josiah wigs had been condemned by a meeting of ministers in Northampton and prayed him to read the Tenth Chapter of the Third Book of Calvin's Institutions. Josiah's father told me that if he had known about it, he would have forbidden Josiah to cut off his hair. Josiah's mother said she had heard him talk of it, but was afraid positively to forbid him, lest he should cut his hair and so be more faulty. God seems to have ordained our hair as a kind of test to see whether we will be content at His finding, or whether we will be our own carvers, and come no more at Him.'

A very little re- (*Continued on page 21*)



*Drawn by W. W. CLARKE*



Camp Keithley, Island of Mindanao, an old American army post, 2,400 feet above sea level. It is

# Why Not Keep Faith

## Justice Is Due to These People as Well

By ROBERT L. BACON

THAT a separate government should be restored to the Moro provinces of the Philippines became apparent to me when, as a member of the Committee on Insular Affairs, I spent last summer seeking some solution for the problem of the islands, which is constantly coming up in Congress. This view of the situation has been strengthened by studying the history of the Philippines, and through conferences with those who have been interested in the welfare of the islands since they passed under American control.

Three reasons for this solution are:

1. Economic conditions of the Moro provinces.

2. Peace of the islands.

3. Our treaty with the Moros, when we promised them a separate government on condition that they would recognize the sovereignty of the United States.

Being impressed evidently with the importance of adopting some constructive and permanent policy in dealing with the Philippines, President Coolidge has appointed Carmi A. Thompson, of Ohio, as his special representative, and has authorized him to make an investigation of conditions in the islands. This is not the first time such an investigation has been ordered. In 1921, President Harding named a similar commission, consisting of Major-General Leonard Wood, now Governor-General, and W. Cameron Forbes, a former Governor-General. In 1910, John M. Dickinson, then Secretary of War, was named by President Taft as his special commissioner and made a report. Various other commissions of the President and Congress have surveyed the Philippines.



Two 'datos,' or chiefs, of Cotobato, Island of Mindanao.

The Thompson Commission may have some recommendation as to the government of the islands, but our duty to the Moro provinces appears to me to be so plain that it requires no special investigation. Even if it should eventually be decided that the rest of the islands should be given independence, the Moro provinces must be given a separate government if we courageously meet the situation there and carry out our agreements with the Moro people.

We have no apologies to make for the early policy of the United States in dealing with this great archipelago that came to us through the Spanish-American War. The Philippine Islands comprise a territory approximately equal to New England, New York, and New Jersey. Their population is now about 12,000,000, as compared with 21,000,000 in these states. A Malay people, for nearly four centuries they were tyrannized over and kept in ignorance by Spain.

A revolution against Spanish authority in 1896, largely limited to the Island of Luzon, had quieted down before Dewey won the battle of Manila Bay. In the treaty of Paris we paid off $20,000,000 of Philippine obligations. In establishing a stable government we spent about $170,000,000 more. We have reduced illiteracy from almost one hundred per cent to about forty per cent, compared with illiteracy in India today of ninety-three per cent after one hundred and sixty years of British rule. We wiped out smallpox and cholera. We governed the Philippines for the Filipinos.

At first we established a military government. Then we gave them a commission. Then we extended their autonomy by granting an elective assembly, or lower house, with the commission as a senate. We gave them an elective assembly and a senate as well, with power in the latter to confirm appointments made by our own Governor-General. This gave them a preponderance of power while we were left with complete responsibility.

Promptly the new form of government reduced the number of American officials and employes to a cipher, founded a Philippine National Bank and wasted its funds by various government-ownership ventures. It became necessary to borrow $38,000,000 to reëstablish the country's currency, of which about $3,000,000 was expended in defraying the cost of a propaganda campaign in the United States to convince us that they ought by



ow used by the Filipino Constabulary, the presence of which is much resented by the Moros.

# With the Moro Race?

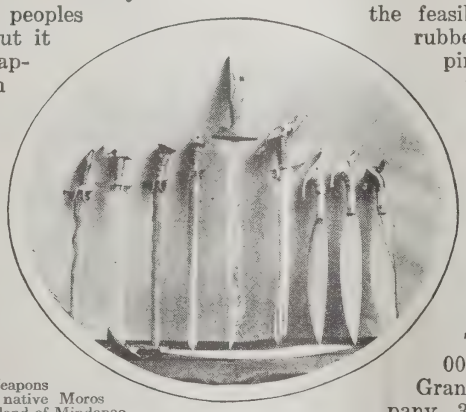
## s to the Other Natives of Philippines

CONGRESSMAN
FROM NEW YORK.

ght to have entire independence.

We have really two problems to olve. That of the Moro provinces ould not be involved with the future f the rest of the islands. How vital ese provinces are to ourselves, as ell as to the Moros, may be gathered om an examination of their potential ealth. They have what we need. heir people have not the capital to evelop them. Nor have they the conomic market for them. They esire the happiness of a well-governed erritory. We desire to give it to them. ut we also wish to develop a region hich would add to material civiliza- on, and therefore to other instrumen- alities of the modern world.

We can, if we will, carry out more erfectly the policy advocated twenty years ago by 'Uncle Jimmy' Wilson, then Secretary of Agriculture, that the United States produce within its domain all the things necessary for its sustenance. This would not exactly apply to the 500,000,000 tons of iron and immense reserves of coal in the Moro provinces, which form the basis of a future great steel industry for supplying the peoples of the Pacific; but it would perfectly apply to the growth of rubber, coffee, quinine, sisal, and copra, which we need, and for which we have been subjected to extortionate prices merely because we have not grown them and thereby broken the market.



Oval—Weapons used by native Moros on the Island of Mindanao.

*All photos by Philippine Bureau of Science, Manila.*



Below—Philippine family with a carabao cart.

In the islands of Mindanao and Basilan, within the Moro provinces, are 1,500,000 acres or more of the best land in the world for the growth of the finest Para rubber. Climatic conditions are perfect. The percentage of rainfall is adequate and properly distributed. Destructive winds, inimical to Para rubber, do not blow there. The mean annual temperature remains about eighty degrees. Nowhere does it fall below sixty degrees. While the great rubber-producing areas of the world are immediately adjacent in the Dutch and British East Indies, the feasibility of growing rubber in the Philippines was not realized until comparatively recently.

Today the American Rubber Company has 1,625 acres and 175,000 trees under cultivation. The Basilan rubber plantation has 759 acres and 89,000 trees, the Rio Grande Rubber Company, 360 acres and 29,750 trees, and the Zamboanga Development Company has 110 acres and 10,000 trees, out of a total available area of 1,500,000 acres and something like 225,000,000 trees.

The possibilities may best be seen by a comparison of average acreage of the Basilan properties and that of the Sumatra East Coast, the best rubber produced in the world. On the Basilan property in the tenth year the average growth of a tree is thirty-nine inches, as compared to thirty-nine inches in Sumatra. On the Basilan property the average bark thickness is 8.1 inches and in Sumatra it is 8.2 inches. Labor is plentiful and cheap. The wages average from forty to fifty

(Concluded on page 31)

# What Has Become of Ben?

## The Story of a Boy Whose Restless Gypsy Blood Made Him an Aimless Wanderer

By JUDGE HENRY NEIL

ILLUSTRATED By W. W. CLARKE

I OFTEN wonder what *has* become of Ben? As I sit before the fire on this winter evening, I see flickering in the embers the faces of many misfit youngsters whose problem once I shared. All of those boys came into the world a winsome mite of humanity. For each some mother dreamed tender dreams and foresaw a happy future. Yet in each case the rosy promise of babyhood gave way to a hardened, rebellious youth. All of them had trouble with their parents, with their teachers, with their neighbors—with the police. Each became a 'bad' boy.

Among these firelight faces—in this youthful rogues gallery of my remembrance—Ben holds a place apart. For I have roughed it across the continent with him, told him tales of travel as we camped out under the stars, and seen his face grow bright as he in turn spun me yarns of his own wanderings.

Where has that restless gypsy blood of his taken him now? Doubtless on this chilly evening he is curling up under a ragged coat in some tenement hallway, and dropping off to more peaceful slumber than I, for one, will ever share again.

When I think of Ben, I think of two immortal boys of fiction. These were Kipling's Mowgli, who dreaded roofs and walls as did his friends, the jungle beasts, and Huck Finn, who hated a house and a bed as much as he did good clothes and school.

As I entered the courtroom on the day of my first meeting with Ben, the chief probation officer drew me aside.

'What shall we do with this kid?' he asked. 'He is only twelve years old, but he's in high school, and has been getting good marks. It's past me how he ever got that far, for he never stays long in any one school. The policeman who brought him in this time found him sleeping by a fire in a vacant lot in Ravenswood. He had wrapped this book up in his coat, for a pillow.'

The book, I remember, was called *Tales of the Indian Country*.

'Welfare workers,' said the probation officer, 'have tried every known scheme of boy salvation on Ben. Ben has submitted to each experiment, and then gone off quietly, by himself, leaving the welfare workers to patch together the shreds of their scheme and try it on some other boy. He's a lovable little lad, and bright as they make 'em, but he just won't stay put.'

Ben seemed to me worth getting acquainted with. I found him a slender, dark-haired youngster, with honest brown eyes, and a quick, frank smile.

'Ben,' I said to him, 'we are all of us your friends. We want to help you. But first of all we must insist that you have some regular home. And we want you to stay there. You can't go on this way, you know, sleeping in vacant lots or railroad sheds.'

Ben looked me in the eye with courteous attention. It was as though he was trying to understand some foreign language. He heard my words, but they just didn't seem to him to make sense. I could see that he didn't know whom I meant by this vague 'we' that I mentioned, nor what right 'we' had to dictate to him. And why we weren't going to let him go to sleep when he felt sleepy, wherever he happened to be at the time, was quite beyond his comprehension.

So I tried another tack.

'You select your own home,' I said. 'Just make up your mind where you want to live, and then *stay* there. There are plenty of private families that will take you in, or there are institutions where you can live almost as if you were in a fine hotel. You take your own choice. The state will pay your expenses. You can keep on going to school.'

Ben, bright as he was in classwork, stared at me almost dully. He said nothing. A little later that morning, when his case was called, I learned why my talk about 'home' and 'happy families' didn't suggest any intelligible ideas to him.

The evidence at Ben's trial showed that his mother had (Concluded on page 28)



One afternoon Ben set out in what he conceived was the direction of the Indian country.

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

THERE are three cardinal points at the labor end of the productive system, none of which can be disregarded without ensuing dissatisfaction. By this is meant not the dissatisfaction of the workman, but that of the engineer-manager who knows that nothing works right that is not rightly constructed. Our system of production must be put together with as careful reference to all its parts as the most particular machine.

The first point is that hard work, in the old physical sense, is out of date. The laborious bearing of burdens, the fist used as a hammer and the arm as a lever, did not accomplish much. And what was accomplished thereby did not spring out of free labor. In these days of wider work a man is regarded as better than a beast of burden, his human qualities are more highly valued; it is his character, his brain, not merely his brawn, that fits him to his part in the present system. That is a badly managed shop where men do what can be done by machines. The machine places the man in the position of mastery, which hard hand labor never does. When the achievements of modern industrial science are summed up, high place must be given to its ceaseless effort to lift the burdens off flesh and blood and place them on steel. Hard work is not productive; hard work does not pay; an industry founded on hard work and doing nothing to eliminate hard work is not and cannot be prosperous. Hard work means quite a different thing than we have thought it meant.

*HARD work, a too large labor force, and low wages, have no place in successful industry. Hard work, the laborious physical exertion men once had to put forth, accomplished very little. Reducing the number of men per operation reduces the cost to the consumer, and this increases the demand for the goods, and this in turn increases employment. When a seven-man job is made a one-man job by machinery, six men are not thereby thrown out of employment; practical experience shows that it makes jobs for twice or thrice the number of men originally employed. Low wages shows poor management, poor finance, poor production.*

The second point is this: the effect of labor-saving devices is not to diminish the number of men employed but to increase it. If the point just above may be referred to employers, this second point may be referred to employes. There is a jealousy among uninstructed men of the new efficiency methods being adopted. Maybe some of the so-called efficiency methods are not efficient at all, and should therefore be objected to. But taking the main trend of progress in this respect, there is still suspicion and jealousy of all improvements which cut down the labor cost of various operations by reducing the number of men required. It is just as foolish to use the labor of seven men on a piece of work which could just as well be done by one man, as it is to keep six men carrying bricks from one point to another and then carrying them back again merely to give them employment. One would think that the workingman himself would resent being kept on work that meant nothing but employment.

However, most of the conclusions of those who would 'defend' the workingman from the 'encroachment of the machine' are drawn from thin air; they are not the conclusions based on experience. The experience of the Ford Motor Company would probably be admitted as competent in this matter. In few places has labor-saving policy been so insistently pushed—both as regards reducing the labor which men have to perform and reducing the number of men required to perform it—and the result is that where a seven-man job has been made into a one-man job, by the introduction of machinery, it has never meant that the extra six men were thrown out of employment; it has rather meant that twice the number of men were put to work. And the reason is that where you reduce the cost of your goods, you increase the number of your customers, and this means an increased production which requires an increased force of employes. It is a rather notable fact that a company which has gone on for twenty years reducing the number of men per operation, has gone on for twenty years steadily increasing the number of men employed. Saving the waste creates employment instead of diminishing it. On the other hand, it is perfectly obvious that a concern which takes the course of increasing the number of men per operation would soon have no employment to give at all. Its goods would be too expensive to buy, too clumsily made to use; it would die. That is not the way to provide employment.

Another cardinal point is this: no business worthy the name should be financed out of the pay envelopes of its employes. A manufacturing institution that does not make a good wage for its workmen along with the commodity it makes for the public is not a good manufacturing institution. Wages—good wages—is one of the products of a good business. It is one of the curious paradoxes of business life that the manufacturing concern which tries to give the lowest wages tries also to get the highest price out of the public for its commodity, whereas the concern which pays the highest wages will be found to be giving the public the highest value for its money. The advantage of a right method is that it is right all round, and one thing done right leads on to another, and that to another, until the circle of benefit is complete.

**'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## *Borah to the Lead*

IT IS not by accident that Senator Borah becomes leader of the 'dry' campaign in the Senate. He is from the West. A man from the West knows more of the United States than a man from the East. The man in the West is compelled to look over a greater stretch of country to see the United States than is the man from the East, who often is blissfully ignorant that there is a United States. That also explains the excessive 'wet' propaganda in the newspapers; all the wire services are located in New York, and the public opinion thereabout is alien, and it is only a matter of time before the New York state of mind takes preëminence over any other.

But the country is 'dry' in conviction and practice, and Senator Borah has the advantage of knowing that fact. Bryan knew it too, for no public man of our generation was ever so constantly in contact with so many plain people as was Bryan. Borah's position will carry through, because it is the popular position. It may make trouble for the regular Republican party, and if so, the country will be just that much better off. A little honesty on the prohibition question wouldn't hurt the Republican party. Borah probably knows that too.

## *The Unitarian Women*

THE Unitarian women of the United States are to be congratulated upon the triumphant issue of their protest against the abandonment of the word 'Christian' in the title of their organization. The Alliance of Unitarian Women, meeting at Boston, desired to make their society inclusive of liberal religious women everywhere, and so it was proposed to rechristen the society 'The General Alliance of Unitarian and Other Liberal Christian Women.' This was amended by a proposal to strike out the word 'Christian.' The supporters of this proposal argued that Jewish women would like to enter the society but did not like to be stamped as Unitarian or Christian. The discussion which ensued was without acrimony, but it indicated an essential soundness of mind among the women which is very refreshing in these days of hectic interracial and international propaganda. Mrs. Ulysses G. Pierce, wife of the former chaplain of the United States Senate, suggested that this was no time to seem to step out of the ranks of Christian women. Another woman arose and said that it was well to appreciate the good that can be found in Buddha, Mohammed and Confucius, but that it remained for Christians to render Buddhistic and Mohammedan and Confucian countries fit to live in. And so the name of 'Christian' remained in the new title of the association.

This is a rather striking event, occurring as it does among women whose liberalism would naturally lead them away from anything suggestive of exclusiveness. There has been too much reckless abandonment of traditional inheritance at the behest of those who have no inheritance to preserve. The false sort of liberalism has been exalted, which is indistinguishable from spinelessness. It is heartening, therefore, to find women on the frontier of the Christian position definitely proclaiming that the frontier exists and is worth maintaining. Christianity is not exclusive in any sense, but it is a distinct entity, having a name and a life, both of which are too big for betrayal by that sinister cast of mind which cloaks its lack of conviction under the false label of liberalism.

## *Out of the World*

HOW important is news? Commander Byrd arrived at Gravesend the last of May. He heard the people of England talking about the strike. 'What strike?' he asked. 'The great general strike,' they replied; 'haven't you heard of it?' 'No,' said Byrd, 'is it over?' It was. He had been in the Arctic navigating the Polar regions by airplane, casually sailing above the silent seas of the ultimate North, while men on land that lay away from him in every direction were stewing in 'news.' Off one direction, Russia. Off another, England. Off another, America. Off another, China. All manufacturing news, and Byrd knew nothing about it. A man came back from his camping trip and found that one President had died and another been sworn in. A man picked up a month-old newspaper and read it through before looking at the date; it seemed unimportant that he did not have the 'last edition'—the news was all the same. What difference does it make if we miss a day or two?—yesterday's accidents and crimes were the same as today's—tomorrow there will be no variety. Missing a day of it isn't missing much. And yet, the news habit is like a drug habit; its addicts must have it.

## *Which Way Is Coolidge Going?*

SOME newspapers thought they heard a note of impatience in President Coolidge's address at Arlington. A reading of the document does not compel that observation. However, a note of impatience would be perfectly natural. Here is the United States Government at the head of the procession of world disarmament, throwing its accouterments to the winds, burying its navy underseas, marching on, as it thinks, at the head of a disarmed world, and then suddenly looking round to find that no one is following. We constitute the whole procession. The President might well call the nations of Europe to account in plainer words than have been used since President Wilson; but will it alter the case?

There is a suggestion of discrepancy between President Coolidge's assumption that we lead in disarmament and his declaration that the United States never had a finer defense establishment in peace time than we now have. One or the other is more or less true. There can be no doubt that we have gone the limit in disarmament. If the people of the United States realized what was done to our sea force under the disarmament agreement, there would be authoritative public protest throughout the country. And admittedly our land forces exist only on paper. How, in view of this state of affairs, President Coolidge can say that we have a finer defense establishment than we have ever had before in peace time is not quite clear. The President may have occult knowledge of the fact, but we have never been able to get the same opinion from any responsible army or navy man. And it would be entirely improper to suggest that the President used his Memorial Day address to answer charges which are growing somewhat formidable in the country. Military and naval men being totally muzzled now, no controversy with the Presidential statement is likely to ensue.

In stating the temper and attitude of the people of the United States, the President puts the case with great fitness and truth. His analysis of force is now accepted by all civilized minds. His counsel to Europe has the high quality of being disinterested and wise. He somewhat soft pedals the claims formerly made for the World Court, and he distinctly says that it is Europe which has the League of Nations. But clearly Presidential impartiality is giving way to the pressure of politics. The President is conscious of a colder wind blowing in from the country, which he must turn away, or change in temperature, if either be possible. There is just the danger that the cold wind may be interpreted as hostility and be met with hostility, or, what is worse, politics.

*But the feeling toward Mr. Coolidge is not one of hostility, although it does contain an element of disappointment.* This may seem like ingratitude in the face of decreased taxes and the like, but it is not that; it is merely another phase of the truth that man does not live by bread alone. Reduced taxes make an agreeable incident, they testify to efficient routine in administration, but they do not satisfy the hunger for that leadership for which our people look to their President.

Mr. Coolidge, to put it plainly, is appearing before the country in a more and more corporation light. The people feel that the advice which he is receiving is wrong. Mr. Coolidge has gone to the worst examples of the old type of business mind for his guidance, and it has not been good guidance; it has not even had the saving grace of being loyal to the man it was guiding.

Nothing is harder for a President than to shake himself free of advisers whom he has called to himself, but there are times when such action is his duty. The plain people of the United States feel that they have small part in the Coolidge government. Even the remedial legislation, which Mr. Coolidge supports because he has been told that it will benefit plain people, is corporation legislation mislabeled. It is rather a hard thing to say that a President is in danger of becoming thus ensnared, but there may be more loyalty in saying it than in keeping silence while the ruin silently works.

The Coolidge Administration is worth saving to the country; especially is Coolidge himself worth saving. But there must be a scattering of the crowd around him if this is done—and Mr. Coolidge hasn't shown himself much of a scatterer.

---

## *A Valuable Aid*

THE discovery at the University of Wisconsin of a new local anesthetic whose effects are said to last two and one-half times those of the usual anesthetic, and which has only one-tenth the poisonous quality of cocaine, will create interest in these days when pain is an outlaw. It marks another movement in man's war against suffering. The earliest form of anesthetic was pressure exerted on the carotid arteries of the neck. The ancients used opium, *Cannabis indica*—our modern hashish—and alcohol to stupefy the patient.

Early in the 19th Century the discovery of a general anesthetic was made by American physicians, which opened the way for the art of local anesthesia by the use of cocaine and its derivatives. In giving man a blessed oblivion of suffering at supreme physical crises, wider fields have been opened for curative surgery.



Members of the Doheny Scientific Expedition on the rim of the Grand Canyon. 1924.

# African Lions Roamed in Hollywood

## Discoveries That Indicate Prehistoric Game Trail Once Extended From Old World to New

By SAMUEL HUBBARD

CLOSE to the city limits of Hollywood there was enacted a prehistoric tragedy which took place in what has been aptly termed 'The Death Trap of the Ages.' Just exactly what occurred here is a matter of conjecture. I went carefully over the ground with the man who superintended the excavation and restored the skeletons of the various animals which are now on exhibition in the Los Angeles Museum, and this is my own version of what happened.

The stately Wilshire Boulevard, from Los Angeles to the sea, follows a flat shallow valley, connecting the hills back of Hollywood with the ocean at Santa Monica. Today this region is dotted with the homes of happy people, enjoying all the advantages of our 20th Century civilization. Unknown thousands of years ago, this valley and the adjacent plains were the winter range of vast herds of wild game.

Bands of enormous elephants wandered through the lush grass of the valley, or climbed among the desert cedars on the foothills. The Imperial Elephant of California (*elephas imperator*) was the largest elephant found anywhere in the world. They were from fourteen to sixteen feet high at the shoulder. Jumbo, the largest elephant of modern times, was eleven feet two inches.

Herds of primeval cattle dotted the plains. These were six feet high, and had a hump on the fore shoulder, similar to our American bison. Great bands of camels and wild horses came in from the plains, and wandered up the sandy river beds in search of water. The greater and lesser ground sloths, covered with a protective armor of horny plates, dug up roots with their powerful claws.

Preying on these grass-eaters there was a noble array of Carnivora. King of them all was an enormous lion. I do not mean the little insignificant California lion, or cougar, but a huge beast exactly like the African lion of today, only so much larger that a full-grown male lion from Africa looks like a cub beside his California cousin.

Then there was a great cave bear which was a worthy antagonist of the lion. Judging from the size of his skull and other bones, it is estimated that when this bear was standing on his hind legs he was all of twenty feet high.




Sketch map of locations of various discoveries in the Hava Supai Canyon in Northern Arizona. Reported to be 'a veritable mine of archeological treasures.'

The saber-toothed tiger was probably the most abundant of all the big Carnivora. This great cat was more like a huge lynx, rather than like the Bengal tiger of today. He was high on the shoulders, with a sloping back and a rather short tail. His curved, saber-like teeth hung below the lips a good six inches or more. Then there were packs of formidable wolves of great size, which undoubtedly hung on the flanks of the cattle herds and the camels.

Hovering over these bands of slayers great vultures awaited their turn at the feast. The California condor was there with his wing spread of eight feet, and scientists have assured us that the South American condor and the California condor had reached the extreme limit of birds of flight; that a bird with a greater wing spread could not rise from the ground.

The Indians have a tradition concerning a huge bird which they call the 'Thunder Bird,' and there is a pictograph on a cliff in New Mexico intended to represent this bird. The pictograph is said to be ten feet wide. The Mongols also have a symbol referring to this bird, which means 'a bird that is taller than a man on horseback.'

This story about the 'Thunder Bird' was supposed to spring from the imagination of a race of people who dealt in 'Fairy Tales.' But for once the scien-

tists were wrong. I have seen the skull, the breastbone and the wing bones of a vulture so huge that it had a wing spread of *sixteen feet.* This was in all probability the 'Thunder Bird' of the Indians, and their tradition was based on fact. The foregoing statements may sound like the *Adventures of Alice in Wonderland,* but any one can verify them by a visit to the Los Angeles Museum.

The upper part of this valley, before it was subdivided into city lots, was known as the 'Rancho la Brea.' 'Brea' is a Spanish word meaning bitumen or asphaltum. The crude oil of California has an asphaltum base, and the fact that this old Spanish rancho was over an oil pool is proved by the small forest of derricks, which even to this day support the pumps which are extracting the oil.

In early days, before the wells were put down, the enormous gas pressure forced the oil to the surface through crevices and fissures in the ground. The volatile parts, such as the gasoline, benzine, and kerosene, evaporated in the heat of the sun and left behind the asphaltum in the form of a sticky black tar. This soon mixed with sand, dust, leaves, sticks and other foreign matter, and solidified into bitumen or natural asphaltum.

When the city of Los Angeles began to take on metropolitan airs, a demand was created for better streets and sidewalks, so this handy natural deposit was mined and carted away for that purpose. Even then it was found to be full of bones, but they were thought to be the bones of domestic cattle, horses and mules, until one day a scientist happened to pick up the curved tusk of a saber-toothed tiger. Then it was realized that this was a veritable mine, filled with the bones and skeletons of prehistoric animals.

The Los Angeles Museum sent a corps of workers to the spot, and they dug up and assembled the skeletons of all the animals just enumerated and many others as well. The result is that there are now more tons of prehistoric material stored in the basement of the Los Angeles Museum than in all the museums of the world combined.

If we could turn back the pages in the 'Book of Time' until we came to the chapter headed 'Miocene,' when these great animals flourished, I believe we would see an amazing spectacle.

Imagine, if you please, that a bolt of lightning has started a grass fire in the hills. It increases to a conflagration when it strikes the long dry grass in the valley. The frightened herds of game fly in terror before it. It finally reaches the place where these great fissures are belching their inflammable gas into the air. With a roar that can be heard for miles this gas ignites, and terrifying red flames leap hundreds of feet high.

The grass fire passes on, but zigzagging across the floor of the valley there is a blazing inferno. The burning gas after a while ignites the bitumen deposit, and this burns all summer until there are deep pits in the ground. The winter rains come, or a cloudburst in the hills sends a wall of water down the valley. This puts out the gas fires, and fills up the pits with water. The gas continues to bubble up through the water, and each time a bubble bursts on the surface of the pool, it releases a molecule of asphaltum, which sinks to the bottom of the pool, in a sticky black mass.

It has now come to pass that an innocent looking pool of water is in reality a deadly trap. The fire has undermined the sides, and the water covers a deposit of black viscous tar, which acts as a death warrant to any animal unfortunate enough to get mired in it.

You have all seen flies get tangled up on fly paper? Imagine something of the same thing happening to elephants, and you may get a faint idea of the frightful tragedies which took place again and again in these dreadful pits.

The water holes in the nearby river bed have dried up, so a band of elephants is attracted to one of these quiet pools. The thirsty ones behind crowd the leaders into the water. They quench their thirst and attempt to get back on the bank only to find one or two of their number stuck fast in the treacherous tar. Their trumpetings of distress attract a saber-toothed tiger, who waits his chance until the elephant is helpless before beginning his horrid meal. A band of the large wolves of that day, lured by the smell of fresh meat, appear on the bank of the pool and begin to bay the tiger. In retreating from their attack the tiger himself becomes engulfed. In the general fight which follows, some of the wolves are caught in the treacherous slime.

Perched on the nearby trees are the silent witnesses to this scene. As soon as the 'belly-need' of the Carnivora is satisfied, condors, carrion crows, buzzards and the huge vultures circle down to the feast. In the gorging, crowding and confusion of famishing birds, an incautious wing tip touches the tar, and it is soon all over with the bird.

And so it went on, year after year, and century after century. No man knows how long ago it occurred, nor how long it lasted. The flesh was macerated from the bones, and they in turn were soaked full of the tar, which acted as a preservative. Those which came after trampled the skeletons of the earlier victims deeper and deeper into the quagmire, until they were locked together in endless confusion. To

(*Continued on page 22*)





Above—Pictograph of elephant attacking man. This would indicate that man was coeval with the elephant in America. Right—Pictograph of dinosaur on red sandstone cliff, Hava Supai Canyon.

# Why the Great Strike Failed

## American Gives Vivid Pictures of English Level-Headedness When Millions of Workers Downed Tools

By HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS



*Photos, Keystone.*

The last great labor mass meeting held in London before the General Strike was called.

FROM an American viewpoint; from the French viewpoint too for that matter—because she refuses to get excited over things that not only deeply concern us, but herself as well—England is the most exasperating country in the world. Nothing quite incites the average American to the point of butting in and taking charge of the situation as the spectacle of either an individual or a nation allowing itself to be villified without bellowing or hitting back even before the situation is made clear or further beclouded. We say of such a nation that she is either a coward or a stupid.

At the height of the Irish Rising, I remember often stopping in Trafalgar Square to listen to a series of rabid Irishmen get up at the foot of the Column and curse and damn England. Meanwhile a good part of London swarmed past in motors, on busses and on foot. Some paused to take their pipes out of their mouths and look in the direction of the agitators with the slightest crinkle in the corner of the eye. A couple of Bobbies stood looking on rather than listening with their hands behind their backs. Around the forum were gathered perhaps a hundred wildly excited Celts and Trades Unionists.

Then again, only a week before the Great Strike was called, no less than a dozen agitators stood on soap boxes, each with a red flag flapping before their rostrums, cursing and damning the British Government. There were great crowds—there always are of a Sunday evening—'Arries and their 'Arriettes, soldiers from all the London regiments with their 'tarts' on their arms and lingering East End families who had bussed over from Aldwych 'to 'ave a luke at the bloomin' toffs.' But that was all. If anything, the religious revivalists were attracting the bulk of the crowds.

Again, at the Football Cup Final, when Parliament was in the midst of its vitriolic battle and all hope for a settlement of the sinister Question had come to an end, I saw representative England together en masse. It was the greatest game ever played in England, they told me. There were more than 130,000 people come to see it. They came from all over England in charabancs, trains and motors; the rich and otherwise, Trades Unionists and White Collars, rabid Reds and cold Conservatives. But you see, it was Sport!

HERE is an entertaining story of how the strike appeared while it was on.

Incidentally, it is also a true and diverting discussion of how England faces her troubles.

When it comes to Sport in England class lines vanish and rancor melts in a common fluid spirit. If it comes to Civil War, I am sure that an armistice could be declared at almost any moment if a series of matches could be arranged between the pick of the Crown and the Red battalions. There actually was one between a team of policemen and one of strikers.

Then, almost on the eve of the calamitous call, I made one of a party of ten gentlemen and ladies bent on making a gay evening of it. I could not help thinking of Thackeray's depiction, in *Vanity Fair*, of the Duchess of Richmond's (I think it was) Ball on the eve of Waterloo. The Englishman nonchalantly finishes whatever pleasure he has in hand first and then turns and faces the more sinister situation grimly, just as Sir Francis Drake finished his game of bowls before defeating the Spanish Armada. These were all serious-minded men of affairs, each with inevitable losses involved in the inevitable issue.

One of the party was the editor of the Sunday edition of one of London's greatest dailies. We had gone from Rule's Bar—sitting in the famous corner where the Prince of Wales of another day used to sit with the Jersey Lily—to the Cosmo Club, which for jazz inconsequentialness and midnight hell-raising staggers quite abreast with any of New York's Night Clubs. The editor looked round at the madly dancing, singing, cavorting throng wearing grotesque paper caps and simpering smiles, remarking drily: 'Won't all this kind of thing look damn silly if a General Strike is called tomorrow!'

The General Strike was called 'tomorrow.'

But all that possibly can or could happen in consequence is subservient to the spirit rather than the mechanics of the situation. It is the same spirit that has carried England blunderingly through so many crises. The English are not so stupid as they are stolid and stubborn and deliberate. They refuse to get excited.

* * *

Add Chicago to New York and you will have a city a little larger than London. Now, on the stroke of a given midnight stop all her subways and surface cars, her elevated and bus lines,

her ferries and passenger boats. Extend this blockade to the suburbs, and stop all suburban busses, trains and trolleys. Then imagine every wheel of rolling stock in all America stopped. This means not only for passengers but also for the shipping of merchandise and the mails. You may think you will have the excitement of reading about it, but you won't. The presses of England have been stopped dead.

So, on the morning of Tuesday, May fourth, England woke to find transportation and communication at a standstill. The milk might have been at the door, but there was no morning *Times* or other newspaper, no mail, no bread and no bus passing the door. No one could tell you about what was going on; no one knew. If you wanted to get anywhere—unless you owned a motor car (the motor car for transportation and the radio for communication almost landed a knock-out to the effectiveness of the General Strike in the first twenty-four hours)—you had to walk.

I joined the procession at Hampstead, which, though it is a part of London (N. W.), yet is many miles from the teeming center. There was a steady stream of pedestrians and vehicles all the way in.

It was not until one reached Oxford Street, however, that one got the full-fledged effect of the Great Strike. Oxford Street is the great artery leading from the throbbing heart of the metropolis westward toward its extremities. On it are located many of the great shops of which Selfridge's (the American shopkeeper who conquered London) is outstanding. I have never seen it—except on a Sunday or a Bank Holiday—when it was not thronged from curb to curb with traffic.

Today I found a thin string of vehicles with gaps of several blocks in it now and then. There was something vital missing too, the second story of the traffic, that gave it color and volume and sound. For a moment I could not remember. It was the London busses of course, those towering, swaggering, roaring vehicular bullies. They were missing for the first time that one could remember. How kindly and good-natured—ready to stop at a lift of the finger and carry one on their broad backs anywhere from Wimbledon to Morden. Why, London was a trackless morass and walking wilderness without them. London without its busses? It couldn't be! That familiar lumbering line of double-deckers crawling along every thoroughfare seldom more than a hundred feet apart, all colors of the rainbow, swaying like shapeless elephants in the vehicular circus parade. Nevertheless, there was not a bus running in all the great city of London. To anyone knowing London, this was as uncanny as though the smell, the mist and the grime of London were not there. Of all the things that happened to London, this stripping it of its busses was the most startling, in my opinion.

* * *

Although there were many people on the streets, few of them were buying goods. Later in the day, the manager at Dickens & Jones, one of the largest department stores, told me they had sold only a few pounds' worth throughout the day.

Selfridge's had seized opportunity in true American fashion and was gathering in publicity and ladeling out service at the same time. The store immediately established the only first-class news-dispensing service in the whole of London and became the interest center of the whole city. Enormous crowds gathered in front of the shop to watch the traveling electric sign opposite, or to listen to announcements being broadcast every hour or to read the bulletins pasted on the windows. It seemed to be the *only* place in London where one could get information, as one was forbidden to use the telephone for this purpose.



Strikers surrounding busses with intention of cutting their fuel feed.

As a further service, Selfridge's issued a small typewritten newspaper which was given away 'free of course' at the corner.

Meanwhile, dozens of 'bulletin newspapers' began to appear on the streets. They were nothing more than typewritten or mimeographed pages repeating over and over again the meager news and were eagerly bought up at two pence (4 cents) each.

The window bulletins and news vendors were surrounded by half-stupefied crowds throughout the day, who read them bewilderedly, the expressions on their faces plainly saying: 'No, this can't be—*our* England? No.' To them, it was as though England had been betrayed from within. They shook their heads solemnly and turned to look on the unbelievable sight about them. In Piccadilly, in Trafalgar Square, in Whitehall crowds just stood and watched the other crowds pass by. They smiled at each other.

There were a great many things about it all like that awful morning of the First of August, 1914. It was the same sort of crowd, the same sort of feeling in the air and the same sort of



Miners and their wives near the Whitehaven Colliery.

smile when they had pitched in at that First Call. They lighted their pipes and cigarets and shoved their hands deep into their pockets and were good-humored about it, although aghast at it all. And in that first twenty-four hours more than 50,000 had volunteered as stokers, engineers, shunters on the railways; as bus drivers, constabulary police; turned over their cars and themselves with them, were driving milk or food wagons.

What can a strike do against that sort of spirit?

The greatest moments in the big show were between five and seven, when the several hundred thousands who could get to work turned out to try to get back to their homes. Everything on wheels was *(Continued on page 26)*

# The Voyage of the Victoria

## WESTWARD HO!

*Fifth of a Series*



Pigafetta kept a journal from which much information is gleaned.

BY CHARLES J. FINGER

WOODCUTS BY PAUL HONORÉ

WITH the fleet there happened to be three men who had the habit of setting things down in black and white. One was Francisco Albo, mate of the *Trinidad*, who kept a log. Another was Juan Bautista Poncevera, who kept a kind of journal which ultimately fell into the hands of the Portuguese and was published under the title of *The Genoese Pilot*. Then, after the death of Magellan, Sebastian del Cano kept a journal which may yet be discovered among the archives of the Valverde family.

But the most intimate record of the voyage was made by the first round-the-world passenger who joined the fleet at the last moment. He was an Italian, a knight of the Order of St. John, the Chevalier Antonio Pigafetta. His mission was adventure and the seeing of things, and the spirit of a Pepys or an Evelyn was in him so that he had to set down his impressions, not omitting the little and apparently unimportant things which mean so much to those who read at a later date. It is through his record, *Primo Viaggio Intorno al Globo*, that we are informed of much as to the voyage, though that knowledge is supplemented by other papers that grew out of strange doings.

Pigafetta seems to have been a bright, hopeful, energetic kind of man, one fully determined to make of life a pleasant and refreshing business, and as time went on he became a good shipmate, taking things pretty much as they came, good times and bad, fair weather and foul, plenty and hunger. He had a keen eye for details and his chief fault was that he was full of a Pickwickian credulity, swallowing every thing he heard, until at last, after much experience, he ceased to expect marvelous enchantments such as were told of by those who create countries out of their imaginations, in the style of Mandeville.

At the beginning, his journal tells of curious things, never troubling about evidence; of how a tree in the Canaries attracts a cloud from which water sufficient for the needs of the inhabitants is secured; of how birds in equatorial lands 'make no nests because they have no feet, and the hen lays her eggs on the back of the cock and there hatches them'; and while he grows milder in time, yet there are certain things recorded, especially about Patagonia, which have been given credence and quoted by very modern writers.

He established himself on terms of intimacy with Magellan, and before the fleet sailed had noted that 'the captains of the other ships have small love for their leader.' Seeing the admiral busying himself with rules and regulations for the conduct of the fleet, he wrote in his diary that 'the Captain-general is a discreet and virtuous man, careful of his honor,' and one who 'would not commence his voyage without making good and wholesome ordinances.'

In the light of later events, that 'careful of his honor' seems to cover an exaggerated consciousness of his own personality. As for the ordinances, the one most important was that the *Trinidad* should at all times lead the way, and that on its high poop a large lantern would be kept burning at night so that the other ships might have a sign, following the flag by day, the light by night. It was important, because it allowed arbitrary change of route before long, and out of that grew many difficulties.

Although the fleet was ten weeks behind the date as scheduled for leaving, there was a month's delay while the ships lay at anchor off the port of St. Lucar, at the river's mouth. It was another case of official carelessness, for some of the purchasing agents had suffered lapses of memory, and many necessities had not arrived. At the end there were other official muddles and much that was intended for the ships was left behind. And that month of delay gave time for the news of the projected voyage to spread, so when Portugal learned that the Haros and the Fuggers were behind the expedition, and that Portugal's trade in the 'spiceries' was threatened, thus touching the national treasury and the royal revenues, the dogs of war growled, though it was not possible for them to bristle provocatively.

So statesmen considered, voicing fears of possible clashings in the Far East, then set to work to bring about that which was feared by preparing ships of war to sail to the Moluccas by way of the Cape route around Africa, and preparing others again to sail for the River Plate with a view to intercepting the expedition Magellan commanded. Meanwhile, within the fleet there were dark clouds and hints of trouble, and two men were put ashore for insubordination.

But at last the fleet sailed, three months and a half later than the date set, and the day of departure was Tuesday, September 20, 1519. Six days later they were anchored off snow-tipped Teneriffe where they stayed three days, taking in wood and water. And there someone produced a letter from Diogo Barbosa, brought in by a caravel. It warned Magellan to 'keep a good watch, since it had come to his (Barbosa's) notice that the

captains had told their friends and relatives that if they had any trouble with Magellan they would kill him.' That may have been something, and it may have been mere wine-shop gossip with no reliable foundation.

It was when the fleet was between the Canaries and Cape Verde Islands, that without any notification or consultation with the other captains, the course of the *Trinidad* was altered. It was a small enough matter, but a peg large enough on which to hang a test case and an objection. So Juan de Cartagena tried conclusions with the admiral, and he was the right and proper man to do so. He was a royal officer, the appointed overseer of the fleet, a cousin of that Bishop of Burgos who had favored the expedition, and, most important of all, he was the appointed *conjunta persona* who had a right to be consulted. As for his personality, he was one always in favor of frankness and outspokenness, full of exasperation at whispering and plotting.

The move he made had all the elements of dramatic surprise, with enough dash and daring to interest all who saw and heard. For his ship, the *San Antonio*, left the line of sailing and ran in under the stern of the flagship. That focused the eyes of all on board the two ships upon Cartagena, who, standing well in view as the ships neared, in resonant and powerful voice and as if with royal authority, demanded to know the course. But Magellan in his spirit of mastery made no reply. There was about him something of the arrogance of the small-minded man lifted to authority. A little affability with his high-mettled questioner might have worked wonders. Cold politeness, the least that might be expected, would have left his critics without a word to say. But instead Magellan chose the exasperating course of hostile silence, bidding the pilot make reply, as monarch might order some official mouthpiece to address a suitor of inferior rank.

However, Juan de Cartagena was not to be humiliated, the more because he had a perfect right to question and saw no reason why the course agreed upon had been arbitrarily changed. As the *San Antonio* ran alongside the *Trinidad*, he called across to Magellan, asking him directly for the reason of the alteration of course. Then Magellan's rage flashed forth and he ordered his appointed colleague away in much the same manner as a policeman might bundle an impudent and noisy intruder ignominiously out of the way.

'Your business is to follow my course and ask no questions,' was what he said. (*Que le siguissen y no le pidiessen mas quanto.*)

Juan de Cartagena looked Magellan in the face as the ships raced side by side, then shot forth a warning about the danger of keeping too close to the African coast, and at his signal his ship dropped behind and into place. The incident seemed to end there, but it did not, for resentment burned in Cartagena like a fire in his breast. At once it was known over the whole fleet that the admiral had refused to acknowledge his appointed co-adviser with all the tactlessness of a coarse egotist.

After that the fleet ran into two months of bad weather and was in a region where hurricane succeeded calm. Their course had taken them into the circular zone of calms at a time when calms are most frequent, and before two months had passed the crews were on short rations, some four pints of water and a pound and a half of bread being the portion of each man. That rationing was a burden which men bore with ill grace, and a kind of sulky humor settled on the crews.

Meanwhile, Magellan had ceased to consult with his fellow officers and discontent thickened; but while the consultations were suspended, the admiral would not suffer any diminution of the outward respect accorded to him as master. He insisted that the different captains should continue to hail and salute the flagship each morning.

One day, as they neared the equator, there was a sharp quarrel between Magellan and that stalwart champion of the opposition, Juan de Cartagena, who was always exhilarated at a clash. Of course it was all in the nature of a revenge. Magellan had refused to accord him the honor which was his due, so he, in his turn, would refuse to give Magellan the full measure of honor he demanded. It was a piece of childish business looked at in the light of common sense, and the consequences were unexpected and far-reaching; but commanders of men are no less given to take mean and wretched points of view than are subordinates.

One day then, the *San Antonio* saluted the flagship, and the quartermaster gave greeting with:

'God save you, master captain, and good companions all!'

Now Magellan's title was captain-general and by that he expected to be called, so it is not difficult to imagine the whisperings and nudgings among the men of both ships at the bearding of the lion. It was well enough known that Magellan valued ceremonialism tremendously, and was jealous of his prestige. The badgering made him furious. His title, he told Cartagena, was omitted in the salute, and that was an (Concluded on page 29)

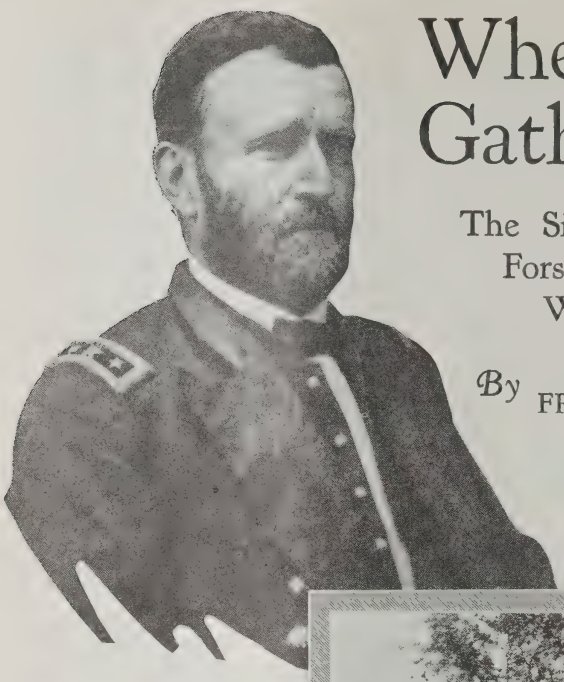


Magellan ordered his pilot to deliver his message to Cartagena.

# When General U. S. Grant Gathered Hides at Galena

## The Simple Story of a Man Who for a Time Forsook Army Life to Engage in Humble Ways of Earning a Living in Commerce

By FRED L. HOLMES





General Grant and the home presented to him by the citizens of Galena. It is now used as a museum.

BESIDE the crooked, twisting main street of Galena, Illinois, there stands today a two-story red brick building, with heavy gray stone blocks for window ledges. Like the other fiery, clay-colored shops which crowd the narrow thoroughfare, it has an old-world appearance. The narrow structure is the remnant of a decade when Galena was one of the important trade emporiums of the Mississippi Valley; when over its river levees passed a motley horde of emigrants who came to settle in Illinois, Wisconsin, and spread westward into Iowa.

Galena was a headwaters navigation port for river trade that extended as far east as Chicago. With the coming of the railroad, its river significance dwindled with its population. The quaint inland city now nestles in the shadows of its towering hills—and the extended shades of the inconspicuous clerk who worked in the old red store building.

Seventy years ago the structure was used as a leather shop in whose basement green hides were piled for shipment to St. Louis for tanning. It was here as a clerk for his father, before the Civil War, that Captain U. S. Grant made his renowned struggle against poverty and adversity. From it he went forth to join the Illinois Volunteers and to become a world-famed general. As a discouraged citizen, the people of Galena gave him scant attention. After the world had discerned his greatness, Galena awoke. Then upon him it showered honors; dedicated a park in his memory and built him the home from which he was called to the White House and the presidential chair.

Now Grant and Galena are inseparably linked in history. Other cities may advertise to tourists their commercial importance; others may acclaim their picturesque supremacy, but Galena announces on signboards which direct the dusty way to the city one single fact—'Home of General U. S. Grant in Manhood.'

The story of General Grant at Galena doesn't relate to military achievements, or to Grant's eight years' service as President, or to those final days, forty-one years ago this summer, when his pen raced with death in the effort to complete the last pages of his *Memoirs*. All of that has been told long ago by others.

Rather, it is the simple story of a man who had forsaken army life in the hope that he could gain a sufficient competence to support his family; of one who had turned from years of West Point training and Mexican War service to engage in humble ways of earning a living in the commercial world.

One of the duties of Grant, the leather store clerk, was to visit the farmers of this vicinity, collect outstanding accounts and gather a few hides. The packing and tanning industries had not then been developed. Slaughtering was done on the farms and the hides sent to market, the pelt being as valuable as the animal's carcass.

During the spring of 1860 Grant canvassed through the community. He drove a span of bay horses, hitched to a Democrat wagon. He was scarcely ordinary in appearance, his short, stubby, unkempt beard and stooped form being the distinguishing physical characteristics. He was a man of few words. At one farmhouse he examined seven hides that had been salted down, rejected two and gave an offer on the five, which was accepted. He paid the price, piled them on the wagon and drove on. But during evenings, around the hotel firesides, he became more jovial.

Long before the main street is reached at the foothills, along the Galena River bank, one has learned from the guideposts of a city's devotion to his history. Across the valley through a clump of trees a big, white sign arranged from stones set in the hillside announces 'Grant Park.'

'Where is General Grant's old home?' I inquired of a pedestrian.

'Across the river and up the hill to the east.'

I mistook the turn, and stopped to make further inquiries of an old lady garbed in a shiny, plain, black dress, with a fringed black shawl hung loosely over her shoulders.

'You missed the corner. It's back the opposite way and up on the top of the hill.'

The Grant Memorial Home, to which the public is directed, is a two-story, red brick building, the gift of the people of Galena to General Grant upon his return six months after Lee's surrender at Appomattox. There I met Alfred Benninger, the retired, blind caretaker.

'We are keeping this place just as the General would want it were he to return tonight,' he explained as we sat on the back porch overlooking the yellowing hillsides of rock, broken at irregular intervals with the trees of early summer. 'I took everyone who called through the home, until I went blind. Now my wife must do it.'

'Do many people call?'

'Sometimes a hundred a day. We had more than three thousand visitors last year from all parts of the world. Many came from the Orient, because they say that General Grant visited their country on his trip around the world, after he retired from the Presidency.'

'Were you in the war with the General?'

'I was in the war, but not with the General. I knew him before he went to the war, but I became better acquainted with him afterwards. He didn't reside here until after the war. He lived across the river in a house on that high cliff nearly a mile away.'

The Memorial Home itself sheds a new light on General Grant's domestic tastes. At a desk is a chair used by him in the White House; on the wall a section of a log cabin in Ohio where he was born; there are sticks with which he climbed the Alps; a picture of Old Fort Humboldt in Cali-

fornia where Grant resigned from the army in 1854 after the Mexican War; the flags that flew over his tent on that long and bloody campaign in front of Richmond; the weather-beaten trunks that were used on the two-year trip around the world that began in 1877; framed pictures and letters of the General that marked important epochs in his life, and paintings and statues made by some of the noted artists and sculptors of his time.

Each day the furniture of the rooms is dusted and put into place as it was when the family left Galena for New York in 1880 after a rest from the world tour. The little, low, yellow bed with its coverlets of white neatly tucked in at the corners is arranged as it had been for him, when he resided here at intervals as a retired President. There was fresh water in the heavy china pitcher on the stand, as though the immortal guest were coming in the evening.

Adjoining the bedroom of the General, on the second floor, is the neatly arranged room of Mrs. Grant. Near the dresser are her satin slippers. In the closet are the traveling trunks. Down the hallway is the room of their daughter Nellie. All is as Galena people want it—as Grant's family had it. The touch of electric lights and a telephone in the hall are the only innovations.

'After the General returned from the war I used to talk with him every few days,' Mr. Benninger went on. 'I can see him as though it were yesterday, seated out there under the big tree, cross-legged and slouched down in his chair, holding his cigar in one hand and the lapel of his coat in the other. He always sat that way. As I passed down the street, he used to call out, "Alfred! Come over here."

'I would cross over and tell him that I was at his service. Sometimes he would tell me to bring back the mail, or a box of cigars. And sometimes he would tell me to bring some eggs from my place. I always sold eggs and vegetables at the Grant home.'

My attention was attracted to a little frame building, with a square front beside the back kitchen door.

'What use did the General make of that building?' I inquired. The aged caretaker began to laugh.

'I am glad you thought to ask,' he responded. That little building, about eight feet square, was erected at the request of the General, when he returned from his world tour. He brought a Chinaman back with him; I guess people would call him a valet. The Chinaman lived in that house, cooked his own meals and took care of the General until he went away to New York.'

Grant was born about twenty-five miles above Point Pleasant, on the Ohio River, April 27, 1822. The parents christened him Hiram Ulysses—Hiram because his grandfather liked the name and Ulysses because his step-grandmother had been reading Fénelon. Seventeen years later the boy was appointed to the United States Military Academy. According to the father, the name was changed by mistake upon his matriculation at the institution.

'Mr. Hamer, knowing that Mrs. Grant's name was Simpson, and that we had a son named Simpson, somehow got the matter a little mixed up in making the nomination, and sent in the name Ulysses S. Grant,' according to the father's version. The new name stuck like a burr and as the years passed other appellations were coined by ingenious enemies and friends—'Lys, Lyssus, Useless, Uncle Sam and Unconditional Surrender.'

In 1843 Ulysses Grant was graduated twenty-first in a class of thirty-nine, and reported for duty as a brevet second lieutenant, Fourth Infantry, at Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis. Two years later he received a full second lieutenantship in the Seventh Infantry at Corpus Christi, Texas, and on May 8, of the following year, was in his first battle at Palo Alto. In the several Mexican War engagements which followed he distinguished himself for brave and meritorious service and was awarded the rank of full lieutenantship in 1847.

After he married Julia B. Dent, of St. Louis, in 1848, army life became the more irksome. Grant was ordered to the Pacific Coast in 1852, but on July 31, 1854, resigned from the army at Fort Humboldt and returned to civil life. He wanted to be near his family and he did not believe that the emoluments of an army officer were sufficient to support those dependent upon him.



The beautiful park in Galena dedicated in honor of Grant.

'Whoever hears of me in ten years will hear of a well-to-do, old Missouri farmer,' he told his army friends.

In the autumn of that year he took up life on his father-in-law's farm near St. Louis. With his own hands he built a log cabin on some of the land and named it 'Hardscrabble.' But he did not prosper in spite of his own recorded diligence. In 1858 he sold the farm at an auction and went into the real estate business at St. Louis. Again he failed. He sought the position of county engineer, but his opponent was more influential in politics. Again Grant lost.

As a last hope he appealed to his father. He was sent to the branch leather store at Galena on a salary of $800 a year. There was little work for him to do and his brothers gave him the menial tasks about the establishment. When the spring of 1860 came they dispatched him about the country to gather hides and collect accounts.

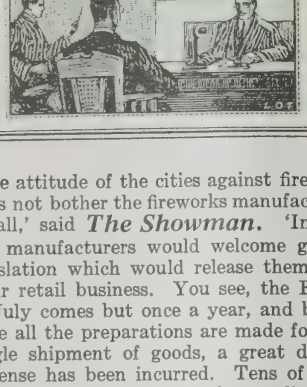
To Galena in 1860 Grant moved his family. High up on the west bluff of the river they settled in a red brick home. From the sidewalk in front of the residence, whose cornerstone bears an announcement of its former distinguished occupant, one may see the spire of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the valley below, where the family went to worship every Sunday.

'General Grant told me before he went away the last time,' declared an aged soldier who lives nearby, 'that the happiest days of his life were spent while he was a clerk in Galena. He said he was getting acquainted with the people, was supporting his family, and felt that within a few years he would be comfortable. But I always thought he was more silent as a clerk and more friendly after he had served as a general and as President.'

With the election of Lincoln in the autumn of 1860 and the rumblings of civil war, Grant began to talk more freely. Citizens would stop 'Cap' on the street and question him, because of his military experience. His replies were quickly repeated. Grant in his *Memoirs* tells of this increasing interest in the impending crisis.

'I traveled through the Northwest considerably during the winter of 1860-61,' he declares. 'We had customers in all the little towns in Southwest Wisconsin, Southeast Minnesota and Northwest Iowa. These generally knew I had been a captain in the Regular Army and had served through the Mexican War. Consequently wherever I stopped at night, some of the people would come to the public-house where I was, and sit till a late hour discussing the probabilities of the future. My own views at that time were like those officially expressed by Mr. Seward at a later day, that "the war would be over in ninety days." I continued to entertain these views until after the battle of Shiloh.'

When Fort Sumter was fired upon Jo Daviess County awoke. Grant helped to drill the local soldiers. Enthusiastic people attempted to get him to address a patriotic gathering, but his words failed him. Again he lost prestige. But shortly thereafter he tendered his services to Illinois and after some delay Governor Yates accepted them.



# CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'The attitude of the cities against fireworks does not bother the fireworks manufacturers at all,' said ***The Showman.*** 'In fact, the manufacturers would welcome general legislation which would release them from their retail business. You see, the Fourth of July comes but once a year, and by the time all the preparations are made for that single shipment of goods, a great deal of expense has been incurred. Tens of thousands of small shops have to be supplied with nickel packages, and, taken altogether, it isn't much of a business. But with the suppression of private celebrations there comes an increase of public or community celebrations, and that means big sales. The community as a community will blow up more powder than it will as individuals, and buy the most expensive methods of doing it—besides hiring an expert to superintend the affair. These are the kind of customers the fireworks men like—community Fourth of July celebrations, spectacular historical pageants, State and County Fairs, and such like things. The manufacturers don't miss the small boy with his nickel package of firecrackers at all.'

ɤ ɤ ɤ

'One of the members of the President's Cabinet is very nervous,' said ***A Traveler from Washington.*** 'No, I don't mean the Secretary of the Treasury nor the Secretary of State. They call one of them "Nervous Nellie," but it is not a well chosen name. The Cabinet member I know carries a quite different front. You would think he had the hide of a hippopotamus. But he is very thin-skinned as a matter of fact. His nervous and fidgety state is indicated by the number of people he has reporting to him the things they hear; a sort of private espionage system on people's opinions of this particular Cabinet member. He frequently gets reports that this or the other paper is going to attack him, and then through devious channels he finds means to let the paper learn that he is aware of its intentions. The funny thing about it is that so far the reports have been wrong. But it has set the papers thinking that perhaps this man who gets wind of so many projected attacks, that are not projected at all, may be in need of someone looking him up and telling a few salutary facts, just for the purpose of keeping public opinion in balance. I have just seen the last flurry this Cabinet member had. He was told very circumstantially what was going to happen. Upon inquiry, I found it was not going to happen at all. No one had even thought of it. Somebody seems to be feeding him fidget flakes.'

ɤ ɤ ɤ

'I wonder if you have ever seen the little "School of Philosophy" which stands back of the Alcott House in Concord?' asked ***The Down-Easter.***

'Yes,' said I, 'that and Emerson's house were the main magnets when as a youngster I made my first visit East. The "School of Philosophy" meant more to me than the Alcott House itself. I had not been brought up on Louisa's books, but I had often come across Bronson through my hero-worship of Emerson.'

'They're moving the "School" to a place it formerly occupied at the left of the house as you face it from the road, instead of at the right where you probably saw it,' said the Down-Easter. 'That is the position it held in the time of the Transcendentalists themselves.'

'That's interesting,' I commented. 'Now, I'll give you a little information about the "School" which may impress you. I had it from Mr. Chilton Cabot, of Concord. He says that the most reverent visitors to the "School" are Japanese. I do not exactly remember whether he said that few Americans visited the "School," or that few Americans who understood its place on the history of philosophy visited it—that point is not clear; but the most understanding of all the visitors were Japanese. They come quietly, and in quite impressive numbers in the course of a year. Somehow they seem to feel at home in the atmosphere of American transcendentalism. It struck me rather forcibly that the shrine of Japanese students in America should be that little rough lumber shed—that's all it is, just a shed—in the woods back of the Alcott House.'

'That is interesting,' said the Down-Easter. 'Thank you for the return bit of information.'

ɤ ɤ ɤ

'There were never so many young men in the schools of journalism as there are now,' said ***The Well-Seasoned Editor*** as he sat in The Office, after a survey of the country.

'Where do they go after they graduate?' I asked.

'Most of them go into the country,' said he. 'That is, they go to the smaller newspaper. We are entering a stage in this country where the smaller newspaper will regain the prestige it used to have.'

'Is the country newspaper so economically attractive?' I asked.

'Say,' said he, 'they're better paying propositions than lots of big city papers. I was surprised to see what is taking place throughout the nation. The newspaper in the small town is now under a type of management new in country journalism. The young fellows from the colleges are taking hold as editors and managers. They are making better papers and they are making better money. Some of the men I have just seen have businesses so attractive that most city men would jump at the chance. It seems to me that the newspaper business, in the country, was never in better shape.'

'Do the country papers run as much propaganda as they used to?' I asked.

'No. The reason so much propaganda used to be put across was this: it helped to make up the paper. Slipshod managers were always glad to have anything that filled up the space. It did not much matter to them what it was, as long as it was free. Some of the material was good, and arose out of an honest desire on the part of certain movements to educate the people. Other, of course, was not so good. But the modern editor is an educated man who can weigh the value of what is offered for publication. He can detect a wrong tendency. He has a sense of editorial responsibility. I look to see the prestige of the American editorial column revived in the small-town newspaper; there the editor will come into his own again, if he is at all capable of giving leadership to the thought of his community. I am in hearty agreement with the dictum of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT that The Country is still out in the country. Cities don't make this nation. The people of cities are not the thinking Americans. And outside the cities the American newspaper will recover its freshness and independence. Imagine any man running a yellow sex and slander sheet in a town of 8,000! His neighbors would run him out. It is decency and service that make money for the small newspaper nowadays.'

ɤ ɤ ɤ

'If an angel were to come to me and offer me the choice of a gift which should determine my career,' said ***The Man from the Country,*** 'do you know what I should choose? I should choose to be a clown. I mean a laugh-maker. I would not much care in what degree I was set, so it might be the kind at which children can laugh. You follow the best clown of all around the circus tent by the successive waves of childish treble that greets his appearance. There is only pure fun where children laugh. Well, that is where I should like to begin—making children laugh. There are two very, very great achievements in the world—one is to write the Christmas story that the children who read it remember to the end of their lives, the other is to spread laughter. I used to think that was a trifling thing. It seemed more substantial to give people money, or to start some great reform in their behalf. But that is not what people need half so much as having their minds changed, and you can change a man's mind with humor faster than with any other known power. Trouble will change it; work will change it; but nothing does it like gales of laughter, like gusts of fun which open for a moment the doors which show down and up into the bubbling jollity of life. The universe is not serious at all. God is not serious. Neither are we at our best and cleanest and freest and highest. Seriousness is a sign that something isn't working well, that a man has never touched, or lost touch with, the good nature of the universe. Do you remember when "the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy"?—that is, they laughed. That is the picture of the universe we are struggling to understand. And the laugh-makers, the men whose fun leave an afterglow of spiritual mellowness behind it—they are interpreting the universe to us. I don't care how much thought or wisdom a philosophy may have—how much humor has it? You can measure its truth by its laughing outlook on the world.'

# A Good Look at Our Young People

(*Continued from page 5*)

search in the files of the past—even the not distant past—reveals that in the 'good old days' youth was much the same as today and, at times, perhaps a little more so. I sat at dinner a short time ago with a prominent public official in an eastern state who described a recent visit to his alma mater.

'It's the same old crowd,' he said. 'Styles have changed somewhat and there's a new vocabulary that I can't quite master. But underneath it all, it's the same old crowd—with one exception: there is less "boozing."'

***The Present Resembles the Past***

Another college graduate of forty years ago, who seemed strangely willing to recall his own past as a comparison with youth today, related recently that 'never a morning came around that the college campus did not show one or two students under the influence of alcohol, whose condition was unreprobated by their contemporaries.'

If the memory of one's own youth were a little longer the young people of the present doubtless would fare less badly at the hands of their critics. The striking likeness of the youth of the present to the youth of the past is too readily overlooked. A good many of the phenomena that are said to characterize the present younger generation are not nearly so typical as we have been led to believe. We have already seen that the 'bobbed-hair problem,' if it remains a problem, is not new. A certain amount of drinking among young people—despite the propaganda—is not a post-prohibition phenomenon. And 'petting parties'—though the expression is a new one—were not altogether unknown in other generations than this.

There is another fact that must be borne in mind if one is to come to any fair judgment regarding young people: namely, that most of the current conclusions are based upon only a one-sided glimpse of the situation, with the other side neglected entirely. I recently observed the illustration of this tendency to jump to quick conclusions.

I was visiting in a great university of the Middle West, a denominational school that had been justly renowned through many student generations for the number of recruits which it furnished each year for the Christian ministry and the mission field. From time immemorial at this institution dancing has been under the ban. About two years ago the general evasion by the students of the rule against dancing led to its final abolition. Immediately the quick-conclusionists jumped to the statement that the ideals of the school were on the down grade and that students were no longer interested in matters of serious concern. But the additional fact received little attention that, in defiance of the prophets, this school during last year sent more students into religious work than in any previous year of its history.

***Record Number Entered Church Work***

Again, it is often conveniently overlooked that, for whatever social excesses may be found among the younger generation of the present, the older generation must shoulder no small share of responsibility. There is very little social viciousness on the part of youth for which frequent precedent is not set by adults—very often by parents.

Loose standards—even in dinner-table conversation—about customs and institutions which were held almost too sacred for jest a decade or two ago, work to shape the attitude of adolescent young people along lines which even the most careless parents would hesitate to approve. And when to this flippancy there is often added the combined and tolerated influence of low-class and widely read newspapers and magazines, and motion pictures of mongrel ideals, it is understandable that many young people have a mature sophistication long before they gain experience sufficient to temper sophistication with judgment.

In regard to youth drinking, this adult influence is particularly apparent. It should be pointed out that liquor plays a major part in the record of almost all youth debauchery. This, obviously, is not an argument against prohibition, but rather for more effective prohibition. The adult factor in this situation cannot be eliminated by legislation, unless adults—and parents—set the example themselves.

I rode for several hours recently in company with an elderly gentleman who was returning from a visit to his son in college. The conversation veered—as train conversations are wont to veer—to the subject of prohibition. My traveling companion, fresh from a collegiate atmosphere, discoursed at length on the vicious influence of prohibition on the morals of the younger generation. He interspersed his conversation with frequent sips from a monogrammed silver flask, which he passed over to me for examination with the statement:

***Young People Always a Problem***

'My boy gave me that.'

There is considerable significance in the recent action of a student group which stated that alumni and adult friends of the school 'entertaining teams, glee clubs, or other groups of students, are strongly urged to refrain from the use of intoxicants, and to show by their actions that they are in the class of thoroughgoing respecters of the law.'

In the interests of the truth—too often neglected—regarding our younger generation, therefore, some facts cannot safely be overlooked. To temper our present-day judgments one needs a little history and a fair memory to emphasize the fact that the young people of other periods have always constituted a 'peculiar' problem. To avoid falling victim to the shrewd propaganda that is abroad in the land, there is a further need to avoid the gossip-conclusions of those who only know or are interested in a one-sided account. Finally, before the younger generation is too generally criticized for the errors of its way, it is essential that some realization be born of the degree of adult responsibility for these conditions.

To say that the roadhouse, hip-pocket-flask description of the society of the younger generation is unfair is not to deny the accuracy of that picture when applied to certain groups which can be found in many of the fair-sized communities of the country. Enthusiast propagandists even allege that there are indications, which sound more conclusive than they really are, that drinking among youth has increased since the war.

Probably the best place to study this particular question is among college students. It is as a description of college life that some of the most serious charges are made against the present-day young people. These charges, moreover, always find their source in the liquor question.

Now there is hardly any escaping the fact that liquor, concocted out of a medley of poisons and sold as the genuine article, can often be secured near the average college. College towns have their quota of bootleggers, and 'speak-easies' are sometimes within walking distance of the campus. There is even said to be a class of bootleggers that specializes in college trade and those who profess to know report that a word, spoken to the right person, may result in the delivery of fake drinks sufficient to meet any of the so-called demands of those who are out for a debauch.

***Certain Great Events at College***

Quite aside from any unusual situation, the normal day-by-day bootleg trade in some college communities, particularly near cities along the eastern seaboard of the United States, is considerable. Last spring the senior class in one of the oldest colleges of America, in an annual confessional vote, accorded high honors, as a beverage, to water; but 'Scotch' was a close second and milk a poor third. Nine-tenths of the senior class smoked and two-thirds said that they drank. The vote, at this particular college, is rather a form of adolescent boasting and is not taken with too much seriousness, so the figures cannot be accepted as altogether accurate. That some of the students do drink, and with some regularity, is admitted, though the much greater number that drank before prohibition is generally forgotten.

There are certain great annual events in the life of every college, however, when some casual student drinkers are apt to join with the few immoderates. Three years ago Prom Week was probably the most noticeable of these occasions. Hip-pocket flasks were then in the heyday of their popularity. To drink was held to be the mark, par excellence, of sophistication and social defiance. One could find in cloakrooms and back hallways adjacent to the ballroom couples 'out for a snifter,' and some of the young people—with considerable bravado—sported flasks. Even more than at the prom itself, these conditions prevailed at the smaller informal dances that are a part of Prom Week at most institutions.

In relation to the prom and other purely student affairs, however, there has been a rather widespread improvement in conditions during the last two years. With few exceptions, this improvement has been brought about by action of the students themselves, usually through the student-governing body, or through the fraternal organizations within the school.

***Has Been Rather Widespread Improvement***

At the University of Tennessee a year ago, the men of the institution asserted that they would not 'tolerate the drinking of liquor by students at the public or private social functions of the university' and declared that 'we will take active measures, both individually and as a body, to eliminate

entirely drinking at these functions.' At a mass meeting of women students at the University of Wisconsin, more than 2,000 girls endorsed a proposal to enforce a social ban against men students who drank. The class of 1925 at the University of Pennsylvania, in celebration of Junior Week, took a 'dry' pledge for the duration of the festivities. At a meeting of the students of the State College of Washington, the students recommended to the administration 'the unqualified expulsion from the college of any student found guilty of having intoxicating liquors in his possession or of being under the influence of such.' Brown University's student-governing body recently went on record 'as being emphatically opposed to bootlegging and drunkenness at Brown University,' and pledged itself 'to take every possible step to stamp out such law-breaking practices.'

The Student Council of Lehigh University has ruled that 'any student guilty of being intoxicated at any university social function shall be brought before the Arcadia and punished for such offense and that the Arcadia shall do everything in its power to arouse sentiment within the student body against the use of intoxicating liquor.' Only a few weeks ago the fraternities at the University of Missouri undertook a campus-wide campaign against drinking. This action was supplemented by a declaration of the women students agreeing to blacklist from their social functions any men known to use liquor.

Out of more than two hundred replies received to a questionnaire sent out to the college authorities of American institutions a few months ago, all but twelve recorded that since prohibition drinking had definitely decreased among the undergraduate body.

I am not citing these incidents—and they might be multiplied—to prepare the way for the conclusion that drinking has been, or is, in immediate prospect of being wholly stamped out in the colleges of the country. I do, however, wish to emphasize that conditions, particularly at the time of the annual student social events, have considerably improved during the past two or three years. This improvement, moreover, has been very largely brought about by student action with the advisory coöperation of the college administration.

***Annual 'Big Game' Presents a Problem***

But it is another type of college festivity than that represented by prom week that constitutes the most serious problem so far as drinking and social debauchery are concerned. Prom Week, after all, is rather strictly a youth affair and often can be handled by the students themselves. The annual 'big game' or 'homecoming' presents a situation of another sort. With the influx of many rollicking and temporarily irresponsible old grads, campus conditions in some schools are apt quickly to get beyond the control of the normal agencies. The pace, very often, is set by middle-aged alumni desperately determined to convince the undergraduates that they are jolly good fellows and believing, doubtless, in their own inability to accomplish that end if they remain sober.

Then, after this adult-promoted drinking has gone far beyond anything that prevails at any other time in the year, these same old grads return to their offices and clubs to broadcast their observation that prohibition has increased drinking among college students. And back at college the students themselves, having played the game with the alumni, admit a general feeling of disgust with old grads in general, and their own crop of old grads in particular.

There has been some student effort to better conditions prevailing at these alumni-featured festivals. Prior to the homecoming at the University of Illinois a year ago, 3,000 students voted to sustain prohibition by 'individually standing for prohibition, asking visiting alumni at the big homecoming celebration to do the same.' Three thousand student signatures were secured to a petition backing this stand. The daily *Illini* declared in regard to this action, that 'we want to look back on the homecoming not only as the best in spirit and crowds, but as the cleanest.' There have been other proposals of this nature—but it still remains probable that the individual who desires to find evidence that there is drinking among college students will discover his material most readily at those celebrations for which the largest number of old grads have returned.

***Not a Drop to the Old Days***

So far as quantity consumption is concerned, I think it is safe to say that there is less college drinking and less of the attendant excesses now than three years ago, and considerably less than before prohibition. Recently I had occasion to make the acquaintance of an old janitor of the dormitory at a renowned Eastern college. Janitors, incidentally, very often know a vast deal more about what is going on on the campus than the dean.

'I suppose there is a good bit of drinking in the dorm,' I asked him after we were on friendly terms.

'Some,' he said, 'but not a drop to the old days. What they get now is bad stuff, and a little goes a long ways. But as for real drinking—these students don't know the meaning of the word.'

I have been surprised how frequently informed individuals of other colleges have confirmed that judgment. Fielding H. Yost, veteran athletic director of the University of Michigan, declared recently: 'I believe that I know that my crowd of boys with whom I come in contact are cleaner and better in every way than the crowd was ten or twenty years ago. I know that there is a great howl about drinking in universities, but I don't think the boys are drinking nearly so much as they did five or ten years ago.'

It is undeniable, of course, that the drinking which does go on at present is much more talked about than formerly. The glimpse of one hip-pocket flask provides easy basis for discussions and may lead to all sorts of far-fetched conclusions. Present-day youth suffer at this point because of their frankness. However unfortunate their habits may actually be, there is very little cant in their attitude and it is perhaps true that they make less effort than the young people of a generation ago to conceal their misdoings. This doubtless accounts in part for the fact that whether or not their diversions are more to be condemned than those of former generations, there are some indications that they are more talked about.

***There Is Little Cant in Their Attitude***

In the face of the present propagandist drive it is well to keep these facts in mind in relation to the youth of this generation. The ideals of some of them, doubtless, are not all that could be desired. But the vast majority believe in the same institutions and hold to the same ideals as other generations before them. If they are presumptuous, that, certainly, is one of the characteristics of the vitality of youth.

# African Lions Roamed in Hollywood

(*Continued from page 13*)

segregate and assemble complete skeletons from this matrix of bones and bitumen required a combination of skill and infinite patience which has been little appreciated.

Just to give a hint as to the length of time this 'Death Trap' operated, and the abundance of the fauna collected from it, some of the pits were excavated to a depth of forty feet, and there were bones even below that level. The remains of 2,600 saber-toothed tigers were identified. Twenty-eight elephants were found in one pit. When a ground sloth's skeleton was found, it was usually associated with the skeleton of a saber-toothed tiger; and the lion was found either with the horse, or the primeval ox. The inference from this is that the tiger with his specialized weapons preyed on the ground sloth, while the lion preferred horse flesh or beef.

Let us now take the back-track to the Colorado River where we picked up the trail of this game herd. At that time, as already stated, the Colorado River was just entering the Old Red Sandstone, and was then in a broad river valley without any of the impassable gorges which now obstruct it.

Is it unreasonable to suppose that the game of that day functioned very much as unmolested game does now? That they had their summer range and their winter range? That they followed up the river valleys to the green pastures in the high mountains in the summertime, and when the snows came in the autumn, they drifted down to the warm plains bordering the sea?

***The Tracks We Found in the Canyon***

That is how I interpret the tracks we found in the Grand Canyon: they were made by part of the same game herd that left their bones in the treacherous pools of the 'Rancho la Brea.'

But there is a still harder nut to crack; there is a question involved in this which has a far-reaching significance. Ignoring the others for the moment, let us take four of the animals dug up from the pits of La Brea. The elephant, camel, horse and lion: now extinct in California, type locality, Africa. Added to this list should be the ibex and rhinoceros; these were not found in La Brea, but their pictures, made by prehistoric men, adorn the walls of our canyons.

I assume that identical species were not evolved or created (take your choice) in different parts of the earth at the same time. To put it more concretely; if a lion once a native of California is practically identical with the lion of Africa, then they must be related; they must be descendants of the same ancestor.

If that is granted, then we are brought face to face with this proposition: either the elephant, the camel, the horse and the lion, began their existence in California and went to Africa, where their descendants still live, or they started in Africa and came to California, where the race died and became extinct. How did they get from California to Africa or vice versa?

Let us briefly review the facts. Four species of African animals were dug up in California within sight of the Pacific Ocean. Two species were known to prehistoric Americans, and pictured on the walls of the Grand Canyon. As they are all land mammals they must have walked to Africa or to Asia. We must not lose sight

of the fact that all these animals are or were found in Asia also, though Africa is the type locality. Therefore there must have been a game-trail leading to Asia across what is now the Pacific Ocean, or leading to Africa across the Atlantic Ocean. As additional evidence we pick up the trail some four hundred miles *east* of California, leading up the Canyon of the Colorado River.

On the Pacific side we have the long finger of the Aleutian Islands, pointing toward Asia. Also the narrow Bering Strait with the Diomede Islands halfway across. In the South Pacific is the vague tradition of the sunken continent of 'Lemuria' with the numerous islands forming its mountain tops.

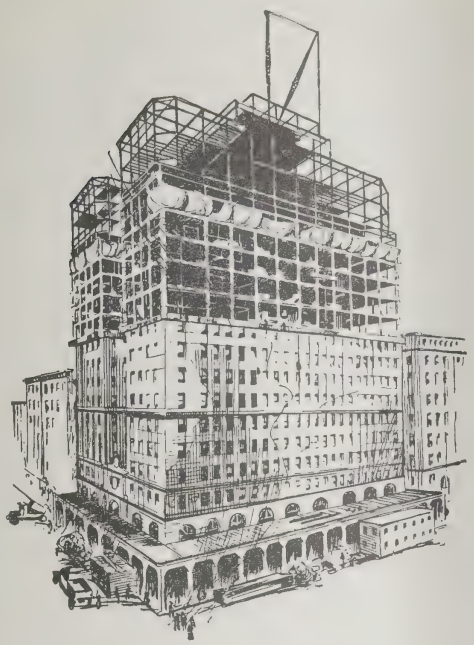
For the Atlantic Ocean we have a similar and even more definite story of a sunken continent, which was said to have been west of the 'Pillars of Hercules' (Strait of Gibraltar). It was the land of Poseidon or Neptune, and the claim is made that its people were the first to tame horses for the use of man. Be that as it may, Neptune, the sea god, is always represented as driving a chariot drawn by three horses, and the three points of his trident are supposed to be symbolical of the three kingdoms of Atlantis. 'Atlas' was said to be the first king of Atlantis and from his name comes the word Atlantic. Soundings in the Atlantic Ocean between America and Europe show a great shoal known as Challenger Ridge, which many believe was part of this sunken continent.

Migrations of men and animals practically always follow the lines of least resistance, and the daily problem of *something to eat* must be the deciding factor. So it has occurred to me that the known habits of these animals may help to throw some light on this involved matter. With the exception of the ibex they are all *desert dwellers*. They naturally seek grassy plains or highlands sparsely covered with trees. Scarcity of water is and always has been one of their most serious problems, and when the water holes dried up they had to move. These animals could not live in a dense jungle or heavy forest, and they could not sustain themselves for any length of time in a rough mountainous country.

The elephant is the most versatile of the animals in our list, and he does climb the forested slopes of Mt. Kenia and Kilimanjaro, but he is there more on account of persistent hunting than from choice of habitat. In the same way our California elk was driven from the open hills and plains, and forced to take refuge in the tules bordering the San Joaquin River, where he is now known as the 'Tule elk.'

Now north of California, all the way to Bering Strait, we find an almost impassable jumble of mountains and forest, with no signs of flat plains or desert conditions either now or in the past. Eastward from California we find an almost ideal terrain for desert animals. Across Arizona, New Mexico, Texas and right to Florida, fronting on the Atlantic Ocean, any of these animals could have lived before the advent of the white man used up the grass and diverted the water.

So in the light of these facts I am constrained to believe that a prehistoric game trail led from California across what is now the Atlantic Ocean direct to Africa. At the risk of being considered scientifically unorthodox, I am becoming more and more committed to the idea of an Atlantean continent. And I am wondering whether it is possible that the shallow Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea were once part of the great Desert of Sahara?

The Monument to a Century of Service

Before the end of another year, the South's largest bank will be housed in New Orleans' largest bank building.

Towering skyward, story on story, the CANAL'S new home occupies a half-square in the heart of New Orleans' financial district, with entrances on three main business thoroughfares — a fitting monument to past accomplishments; a promise of continued resourcefulness; a symbol of permanent stability.

While the CANAL BANK has grown tremendously, it still has not outgrown personal contact with its customers—nor will it.

The surroundings and banking-room conveniences alone will change —this Bank, now as in the past, offers complete financial facilities, and an interested service, to sound business enterprises.



*Interested executives are invited to write for booklet: "Through Ninety-Five Years."*

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits Over $8,000,000.00




The CANAL BANK AND TRUST CO of New Orleans

# The New 'Real Estate Bond' Industry

(Concluded from page 4)

it all and possibly more on first-mortgage bonds.

'It is conceivable that many real estate mortgage bonds are being offered today which, in fact, encompass bonds, preferred and common stock and founders' shares all in one, without the investor knowing what he is really getting,' reported the real estate securities committee of the investment bankers' association in 1923.

The bigger the loan in ratio to value of property, the wider the margin for the 'investment banker,' and the higher the interest rate the easier it is to sell such bonds to inexperienced investors.

Excepting stipulations in the blue-sky laws of a few states, there is no limit on that ratio. The states which fix such limits allow a high maximum. Illinois, for instance, permits eighty per cent of appraised value to be covered by first-mortgage bonds. Many states fix fifty per cent as the limit for insurance companies and savings banks.

'The great majority of the committee believes that fifty per cent of present cost should be the standard with sixty per cent as the maximum,' stated the investment bankers' committees' report on this in 1923. The recommendation was opposed in a minority report signed by a representative of probably the biggest real estate bond house.

There is no standard method for making appraisals on whatever ratio established is based. Some concerns do their own appraising. Others employ 'experts' to do it for them. In one case covered by a circular in the writer's hands *one of the appraising 'experts' was an officer of the company to which the loan is to be made!*

Official appraisals are made only when the authorities take action, under blue-sky laws, in particular cases.

There is no fixed procedure as to the handling of funds pending the completion of properties that are thus mortgaged. Liens on account of unpaid bills for materials or labor usually take precedence of even first mortgages. The 'investment bankers' usually go only so far as to guarantee completion without prior liens. If the property is not completed they engage to return the loaned funds with interest.

***The Mail-Fraud Statutes May Be Invoked***

But what will happen in case the 'investment banker' also goes broke? The investor simply will be out of pocket, unless the money has been put in trust, which is the practice of some of the operators. The investment bankers' association committee recommended that such be made *the standard practice.* This was opposed by one of the biggest operators in the real estate bond field.

The leeway for connivance between irresponsible 'investment banker' and unscrupulous borrower is immense. The latter may be only a stalking horse, as probably is sometimes the case.

In most states the general provisions in blue-sky laws might be invoked against outright dishonesty. The mail-fraud statutes may be invoked when outright fraudulent operations are carried on through the mails. *It is not yet settled that state blue-sky laws apply to interstate operations.*

None of these protections operate when the risk is not rooted in patent dishonesty. They make no pretension of safeguarding the public from *risks* inhering to factors other than gross deception and fraud.

What these are in the case of the run of real estate bonds distributed among small investors is beyond accurate reckoning. Despite its repute as the best of all security, real estate is subject to manifold fluctuation in value. Following the Civil War the insurance companies invested heavily in mortgage loans. Times changed and many of them suffered serious losses. One may be sure that no 'investment banker' was ever more careful or conservative in the premises than insurance companies always have been.

'No real-estate bonds,' says Chamberlain in his *Principles of Bond Investment,* 'should be bought without even closer scrutiny than is given to the ordinary security; for they are seldom prepared and sold by experienced banking houses and in this country they have not had the "seasoning" that only time can give a class of securities.'

***Guaranties by Surety Companies***

One of the newest developments in connection with these securities is a practice of 'guaranteeing' payment of interest and principal. Sometimes the issuing house puts its 'guaranty' upon the bonds sold. This is of value only in the degree that the house is able to protect its guaranties, or, rather, will be able to do so in future.

> 'The idea underlying a bond issue is absolutely sound. Like other good things, however, the idea has been abused, and many "investments" are being sold today under the name of bonds which would never be recognized by the founder of the idea.'—*Roger Babson.*

If the house has large assets or, better still, puts in trust funds for protecting its guaranties without regard to what happens to itself, this practice then gives the investor additional protection of account. The practice makes the house a modified banking one; for, when it guarantees bonds sold by it, the issuing house is really accepting money on a time-deposit basis. The real estate securities committee of the investment bankers' association rather frowns on the practice.

Several 'investment banking' concerns now offer real estate bonds that are guaranteed by surety companies. The investment bankers' association committee is not enthusiastic, according to its reports, for this practice.

'The actual experience of the surety companies in guaranteeing this form of risk has not been sufficient to determine fully the extent of the risk involved,' says the committee's report for 1925, 'especially in contemplation of a large volume of business over a wide area and dealing with companies of varying degrees of experience, qualifications and standing.

Such a system, unless carefully safeguarded, might result in a false sense of security and the issuance and purchase of many doubtful securities. Moreover, it probably will result in giving a wider market to a class of securities than they intri sically deserve.'

A surety company's 'guaranty' in t premises is measured, like that of the iss ing house, by an ability to make good case of changed conditions. One compar advertises that the surety company whi 'guarantees' its bonds has assets of $3,00( 000. The ability of that company to susta guaranties during a period of depression obviously limited to a comparatively sm volume of operations.

'Experience has demonstrated,' sa an authority on the subject, 'that the be guaranty from loss, both from the stan point of the lender and the investor, ar incidentally the best interests of the bo rower, is the character and the experience the issuing house, conservative appraisa a substantial equity in each property, car ful supervision, and a provision for co tinuous reduction of the loan.'

How is a clerk in Chicago, a farmer Wisconsin, a mechanic in Richmond, teacher in Denver or a minister in Michig to test the offerings of varying kinds 'real estate bonds' now flooding the count at the rate of around a billion dollars' wort a year by the rules thus set forth?

As a fact, few can or even try to do s They buy on the words of 'investme bankers' who are often far removed ar whose advertising and other literature fr quently may be misleading, particularly c the score of what is not stated.

Here's a circular describing an issue $1,300,000 worth of bonds on a property Philadelphia by a house in another cit A third of the space is filled with picture one of the property that *is to be* and the oth of nearby property—that also *is to b* The circular contains not more than 2,0( words of explanation and description. A insurance company or savings bank offici who invested funds in his care only on wha is set forth therein would land in prison.

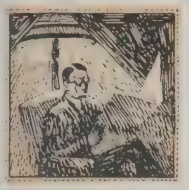
***The Big Danger Lies in the Future***

The wide distrib tion to be given the is indicated by th fact that the bonds a to be sold in $100 to $5,000 denomination One of the smallest amounts can be pu chased on the basis of $10 down and $1 a month. Hundreds of persons no doubt w join in assuming that mortgage, on th strength of what is set forth in a brief ci cular by the issuing house which probabl is getting a commission of fifteen per ce or more for floating the loan.

If the issuing house be a responsible or and continues so to be throughout th period of the loan, if the borrower is a ma of honor and makes a success of the ente prise, all no doubt will come out well f the 'investors.'

But many holders of those kinds 'mortgages' may find themselves some da holding the bag for issuing house an borrower.

Several concerns operating in this sub stantially new field already have faile with large losses to 'investors.' But th building shortage, high rents, abnorma construction costs and generally goo economic conditions have tended to sustai the bulk even of the thinnest of first-mort gage operations. The big danger period lie in the future, the future that in many case is being capitalized, contrary to age-ol principles, in the form of mortgages.



# I Read in the Papers



Dr. Charles Frederick Pabst, dermatologist, professor of skin diseases on the staff of Greenpoint hospital, issued a warning to America's young womanhood. He declared that girls from coast to coast are destroying themselves and the race in an effort to keep thin. Dr. Pabst explained:

***Denounces Use of Drugs***

'Ten million American flappers are doomed to a haggard and anemic middle life by the craze for boyish forms. They are making sure of vinegar-visaged old age.

'The craze for flat forms is ruining the race. Young girls are swallowing poisonous drugs to prevent putting on flesh which nature intends they should wear.

'Cancer is the nemesis of the human race at this moment. To combat inroads of this frightful scourge we need healthy bodies. More than half our girls, the mothers of the future, are rendering themselves unfit by the fight against flesh, which has become nation-wide.

'The drugs our young women swallow daily would destroy a fleet of battleships. They do not realize that the human body is the most complicated chemical factory in existence. They treat their stomachs as though they were concrete mixers. There can be but one result.

'Girls of sixteen pursuing the methods of today will be shriveled old maids at thirty. They will be haggard and wilted, with red noses, puffy bags under their eyes and shrunken skins.'

---

'The London *Statist* recently called the roll of defaulting states and governments, and the list is an imposing one. It is headed by Russia, which owes in principal and interest between twelve and thirteen billion dollars. Eight of our own states are in total default upon certain issues of their bonds, which some of them have repudiated outright. The principal thus outstanding totals about seventy-five million dollars, with from fifty to eighty years' interest in arrears. This is exclusive, of course, of debts contracted by the Confederacy or by the Confederate States during the period of secession, which are recognized as outlawed. Latin America follows, though with relatively fewer delinquencies. Most of the debt of Honduras has been written off the books of her creditors. Ecuador has not paid anything on account of a mortgage of over ten million dollars on the Guayaquil and Quito Railway, which is now thirteen years overdue. The Argentine province of Corrientes is in total default, and the State of Pará in Brazil has not kept up its payment on debts of nearly fifteen million dollars. Mexico, of course, is temporarily in default for very large sums.

***Russia Owes Twelve Billions***

'China, which had a long record of solvency and honorable dealing prior to her revolutionary disturbances, is not paying interest on over seventy-five million dollars of external loans, and it is generally assumed that she will default on some fifteen million dollars additional the present year. Most of these loans are upon railways and are guaranteed as to principal and interest by her government. Egypt is withholding payment on something like seventy million dollars, while New Turkey has practically repudiated the borrowing of the old Ottoman Empire.'—From *The Living Age*.

---

How can newspapers talk about 'Clean Advertising' while they permit such ads as this, which is clipped from the Detroit *Free Press* of May 17?

***Too Frenchy for Smaller Towns***

It is rather shameful what some publications will do for a dollar.

TOO FRENCHY FOR SMALLER CITIES

*To the Amusement Lovers of the Mid-West:*

'GAY PAREE,' now playing at the Shubert-Detroit Opera House, will NEVER BE PRESENTED ELSEWHERE IN THE MIDDLE WEST, either in its present or attenuated form. As it has been the custom with Detroit successes to later provide them elsewhere, the management of 'GAY PAREE' feels in duty bound to explain WHY a deviation from the established rule is deemed necessary.

'GAY PAREE' is not only one of the most expensively cast attractions ever produced, but the magnitude of the production makes a road tour well-nigh impossible. However, these reasons might be overcome.

THE REAL REASON WHY 'GAY PAREE' WILL NOT BE PRESENTED OUTSIDE OF NEW YORK, CHICAGO AND DETROIT, IS THAT IT IS TOO FAR ADVANCED IN ITS CONCEPTION. When 'GAY PAREE' was fabricated, French ideas were employed. Those who have seen the Folies Bergere, Moulin Rouge or Casino de Paris will appreciate how far advanced these ideas are. CHICAGO, DETROIT and NEW YORK being more blasé and sophisticated than the smaller cities permit 'GAY PAREE' to be staged in its full pristine loveliness. To manacle 'GAY PAREE' in the handcuffs of bucolic bigotry would be as encompassing the chaste torso of Venus de Milo in ribbed vestments of commerce.

*The International Jew* in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set $1. THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN.

Josephus, the Jewish historian, has been a point of stormy argument for a long time. His works, as we have them, are counted one of the secular witnesses to the historicity of Jesus of Nazareth. Scholars, however, for many years have contended that the passages relating to Jesus were spurious. Now comes a discovery of the Slavonic text of Josephus which was a Jewish translation made directly from the original Aramaic, and the famous passage appears even more clearly than in the text to which most modern readers are accustomed, for there is no doubt that our present Josephus was doctored all down the line by the 'scholars.' The original text of Josephus was in Aramaic, the same dialect that Jesus spoke, and the book was preserved in Mesopotamia, being carried thence to the South Russian Khazaros, who adopted Judaism about A. D. 900. These Khazars are the progenitors of most of the so-called Jewish types we know today, which are not Jewish at all. (See article 'Chazars,' *Jewish Encyclopedia*, Vol. IV.) Among these Khazars the book of Josephus is preserved. The Slavonic version has this to say of Jesus: 'Human in figure, he did things superhuman, thanks to some hidden power. Some believed he was Moses, others a man sent by God. He transgressed our Law and the Sabbath; but he did no wicked deeds, using only speech. His low-class followers impelled him into a mutiny in which he was arrested and punished by Pilate.' There is also a mention of the Mount of Olives.

***Josephus in the Original***

Even the Jews have been for a long time approaching the point of acknowledging that Josephus is a witness to the historicity of Jesus. Rabbi Klausner, in his volume *Jesus of Nazareth*, recently reviewed in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, boldly announced this view.

---

Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, presiding at a meeting of the Women's Section of the London Municipal Society, at Westminster Palace Rooms, said:

***He Is a Man***

'I think we cannot do better, under the shadow of this national calamity, than follow the Prime Minister's words, "Keep steady." He has done all he can for peace. You know he is a man of peace, and night and day he has worked for a peaceful solution.

'Yesterday,' continued Mrs. Baldwin, 'I said to him, "It seems hard that you, who have worked all your life for peace and a better understanding among people, should be hoisted with this big strike." He looked at me and said, "Well, I'm sorry. It is rather like building a house of cards, going up story by story, putting a card here and a card there, and then something comes and brings the whole thing down flop. The only thing is that I must collect the cards—pick them up again and build again."

'I thought to myself, with pride, he is a man,' added Mrs. Baldwin

# Why the Great Strike Failed

(Continued from page 15)

called out—down to two diminutive office boys each pushing themselves along through the crowd on a single roller skate. All the vehicles that been lying peacefully in junk cemeteries and backyards of livery stables had been resurrected: a Victorian wagonette with cracked varnish and covered with mud acquired on dirt roads sometime before the beginning of the 20th Century; a real jaunting car into which no less than 10 people had been piled; a stingy little motor car built to seat one person which had generously taken on another passenger astride the radiator; an old dump cart that had previously carried stones or manure now carrying 20 well-groomed passengers, one wearing a top hat; here and there was a seagoing hack of the vintage of 1890, or a rummy looking hansom cab; there were scores of trucks and drays, arranged with seats on the sides and in the middle; beer trucks, sand carts, 2-wheeled and 4-wheeled; there was actually a tallyho in the procession; there were furniture vans and delivery wagons that were fairly stuffed with people and then the backs solemnly closed like dead wagons and they were driven off after having been handed in by grimy-handed cockneys from the top of a box and up a ladder.

There were motor cars of every year, make, price and description: three-wheeled ones from which the entrails protruded from the front in a ghastly fashion; small Austins only a little larger than our Kiddie Kars (but which cost 175 pounds!); Fords as usual coming to the rescue by the hundreds, Rolls-Royces doing their bit—every car exceeding its capacity, those built for two carrying five, every rumble seat (or dickey, as they call it in England) occupied by two smirking clerks or clerkesses sitting up very straight with folded arms like footmen, in one case two young men of Oxford Street sat with feet outstretched on the trunk rack of a limousine.

The motor cycles were doing their bit too: some with side-cars carrying three and sometimes two passengers clinging behind on the 'flapper-bracket' (as they call the hind seat of a motor cycle).

The bicycles were legion, thousands of them: rusty, musty, dusty bicycles that must have been in many cases reclaimed from the junk piles; in some cases a passenger was being transported on both the handle bar in front and on the mounting step behind; prim ladies in long skirts and flappers in skirts that were hardly a pretense; gentlemen in toppers and white gaiters from the city and fresh office boys doing risky stunts en route.

I don't think that there was ever a more diverting procession. Piccadilly Circus and Oxford Circus were real circuses now!

* * *

The second day saw a perceptible change in the temper of the people. The great crowds watching the bulletins or listening to the loudspeakers had grown very sober overnight. They seemed to be asking themselves: 'Are we downhearted?' Followed a great roaring response within them: 'NO!' But, as is usual when people ask themselves that question, they were downhearted. But England's spirit was up, which is equivalent to saying her back was up—against the wall.

In the faces of the women the change was noticeable. Fear came out. They were thinking, thinking of that Interminable Four Years which had begun just like this.

The Metropolitan Underground opened for restricted service manned by volunteers. Some 'gentleman' driver had run a train off the track near the Finchley Road station and about 60 'navvies' were laboring to get it back. At least twenty of the number wore plus-fours!

The man who punched the tickets in the wrong place was a kindly old gentleman whom I might have seen somewhere in a bank. The business men on the platform had an anxious look in their eyes as they paced up and down waiting for the belated train. They were still immaculately dressed but they wore a frown as they faced the ruin that had confronted them overnight.

The Metropolitan took you only as far as Baker Street (shades of Sherlock Holmes!) where you had to walk the remaining three miles if you wanted to go as far as Pall Mall.

I said you would have to walk. That is only partially true. A few busses had appeared—strange busses that had never been seen in these parts of London before. But more significant was the volunteer motor service. Every private car had been turned into a public conveyance. Here was a Ford marked in chalk on the side: 'Trafalgar Square—Brixton'; a Rolls-Royce bearing a neat printed card on the windshield: 'For Conveyance'; every passing car had some sort of a sign on it: 'Signal and I Will Pick You Up,' 'Ask!' 'Tell Me Where You Want to Go.' Others bore homemade placards: 'Piccadilly Circus—Hampstead Heath,' 'Leicester Square—Golders Green.' The Woman's Auxiliary was scoring strongly in this pick-up service.



Troops on lorries passing through Fleet Street on their way to the dock area.

When the Rush Hour began and crowds stood helplessly at the bus stops, then every car that was not already loaded to the gunwales drew up and added to its load.

But it was not until I saw a Minerva drive up in front of the Galleries Lafayette in Oxford Street and let four waiting midinettes squeeze in the limousine beside milord and lady and a fifth take the footman's place outside while the footman rode on the running board—it was not until I saw that, that my doubts vanished.

No strike could stand up long against that sort of spirit!

* * *

The Third Day was marked by a solid advance on all fronts.

It opened at midnight by the remaining unionized vehicular service going out—all taxis! This seemed serious in the cases of those who like myself depended on someone to get me to the steamship office where the charabanc should take the passengers to Southampton in the absence of rail service. Another offensive bit on the part of the strikers was to overturn several busses in Hammersmith and Poplar and to burn several private cars carrying passengers. Nothing could have hurt their cause more. It spurred volunteering just as



Typical of the crowds which gathered daily at the entrance to Hyde Park, London, to peer anxiously at the food the government had ready for emergency.

the sinking of the *Lusitania* once did.

Eight hundred busses of the General Company appeared on the streets manned by gay young clerks and college youths each with a blue print in his hand to convey some idea of the routes they were supposed to take through a London unknown to them as Somaliland. A Bobby sat up with each driver and they were protected by twisted barbed wire. Taxi stands were preëmpted by private service cars with no charge. Squares were glutted with them, volunteer centers were over-supplied and had to stop the inflow of them. The underground companies had been swamped by volunteers and had opened several of the many lines on a ten-minute schedule. More than 50,000 had volunteered for railway service and some trains were moving on every line. Lorries were moving food and charabancs were transporting people everywhere manned by volunteers.

But when I left London the next day in the Cunard Company's charabanc, the strikers had refused all compromise; the situation had grown more sinister. There were hints of revolution in the air as the shoe began to pinch and foodstuffs were rapidly disappearing.

But again, when, at Southampton docks, I saw the volunteers in lines from every walk of life being handed a metal check, then a heavy hand truck and later wheeling great loads like navvies, awkwardly portering heavy trunks and boxes for passengers—men dressed in every style, some in want, others in wealth, smiling all, yet sad over their England's plight that had brought them to this. I knew even then that the Great Strike was potentially over—although it did not end until a week later.

## Mark Twain as Traveler

WHEN Samuel L. Clemens was 17, he was filled with a burning wanderlust. He asked his mother for five dollars that he might start out to see the world. This was promptly refused, so Samuel defiantly announced that he would go anyhow. One stormy night he left his home in Hannibal, Missouri, and went to St. Louis. From there he worked his way to New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and then back to the home of his brother in Muscatine, Iowa, who gave him a position in his little job printing office. But Samuel was not content. His travels had broadened the boy's vision.

One snowy evening in the winter of 1856, while going along the street from work, Samuel noticed a piece of paper which had been blown against the wall by the wind. He investigated and found that it was a fifty-dollar bill. He advertised his find in the newspapers four days. Then, as no one claimed it, he went to Cincinnati, as he said, 'to take that money out of danger.'

From Cincinnati, Samuel took passage for New Orleans on an ancient tub called the *Paul Jones* and it was on this trip that he met the pilot, Horace Bixby. In relating the incident, Bixby said:

'I was chief pilot on the *Paul Jones*, a boat that made occasional trips from Pittsburgh to New Orleans. One day a tall, angular, hoosier-like young fellow, whose limbs appeared to be fastened with leather hinges, entered the pilot house and in a peculiar drawling voice said:

'"Good mawnin', sir; don't you want to take er piert young fellow and teach 'im how to be er pilot?"

'"No sir, there is more bother about it than it's worth."

'"I wish you would, mister. I'm er printer by trade, but it don't 'pear to 'gree with me, and I'm on my way to Central America for my health. I believe I'll make a tolerable good pilot, 'cause I like the river."

'"What makes you pull your words that way?" I asked.

'"I don't know, mister; you'll have to ask my ma. She pulls hern too. But ain't there some way we can fix it so that you can teach me how to be er pilot?"

'"The only way is for money. I'll teach you the river for $500."

'"Gee! I ain't got $500. But I've got five lots in Keokuk, and 2,000 acres of land in Tennessee that is worth two bits an acre any time. You can have that if you want it."

'It was finally agreed that he should pay me $100—borrowed from his brother-in-law—$150 in 12 months and the balance when he became a pilot.'

For nearly three years Clemens sailed the river. Then came the Civil War, and the occupation of pilot, for the time being, was gone, but the lessons of the river were in after years revealed in his *Life on the Mississippi* and *Huckleberry Finn*.

At last, however, the supreme desire of his life was about to be realized, and he was to make a trip around the world. This trip not only gave him a chance to visit different countries but enabled him to study his fellow beings, and to get under the skin of things, a habit which always made his writing picturesque and gave it a human touch.


FIGHTING FISH PATROL THE WATERS OF ADVENTURE LAND



Glacier National Park

*Open June 15 to Sept. 15*

COLD all Summer are the surface waters of the lakes and streams of Glacier National Park. Voracious trout, frequently of giant size, rise to your bait in the still as well as the rapid waters. Come, match your skill against this wily foe.

Hike, ride horseback, climb, explore. Tour in motor coaches and motor launches. Sleep in the open, in quaint log chalets, or in the completely equipped, modern hotels. Generous portions of excellent food will curb your eager appetite. Go as you please tours and other tours. Inquire today. Mail the coupon.

From June 15 to July 1, visitors to Glacier National Park will have an opportunity to see the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Motion Picture Company actually filming James Oliver Curwood's romantic story, "The Flaming Forest."

NEW ORIENTAL LIMITED

*de luxe train—no extra fare*

GREAT NORTHERN

*a dependable railway*

DI 6-19

A. J. DICKINSON, Room 712, Great Northern Railway, St. Paul, Minn.

Send me free books about Glacier National Park and cost from this point of a ..... day stay in the Park for a party of.....

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

# What Has Become of Ben?

(Concluded from page 8)

died when he was a small child. His father had married again, but had been killed in an accident a few years later. Ben had promptly run away from home, and had been running away ever since.

His stepmother was called to testify. She explained volubly that Ben was probably the worst boy in the world. She said he was ungrateful and lazy and disobedient. She described how she had started in early to discipline him and make him a home-loving, helpful lad, and she lamented that everything she did only made him worse. She had tried scolding him and whipping him and starving him and shutting him up in closets. The only reward he gave her was to run away. When she got her hands on him once more she would punish him—and at the first chance he would run away again.

'Did you ever try kissing him?' asked the judge.

The witness succumbed to an attack of maudlin tears. She said Ben's face had never to her knowledge been clean enough to kiss, and she intimated that everybody was as much against her as Ben was.

I thought to myself that if I had been in the boy's place and this woman had ever tried to kiss me I would have run away so far that I'd never have been found.

The witness described how Ben had built a bonfire in the backyard that burned down the chicken coop, and how he had made a tent out of her best bedspread, and how, when she shut him up in the cellar as punishment for that, he had stolen a jar of jam out of the preserve closet and climbed out of a window and disappeared for a week. She couldn't understand such lack of filial affection. She appealed to His Honor, now, wasn't Ben a hopeless case?

The chief probation officer took up the story. Ben's police record had begun, he testified, two years ago, when the boy tried to run away from an officer who found him sleeping at night on a park bench. On that occasion Ben was sent to a school for dependent boys. He didn't stay there long.

*Ben's Wanderings in the Middle West*

When he was next heard from he was in Indiana. The police of a small Hoosier town wired Chicago that they were holding a small boy who seemed to think the bandstand in the public square was a good place to sleep. They thought Chicago was his point of origin and indicated that they would be quite happy to have somebody up there call and claim him.

So Ben was brought back and given his second day in court, and placed with a private family in Oak Park. The people in his new home were kind. Ben had his own room, and a comfortable bed. He stayed ten days.

The telegram came from Wisconsin, this time, and the Chicago Juvenile Court authorities began to feel that they had better assign one man to the job of permanent retriever for Ben. In the next institution that opened its gates to his wandering spirit he made phenomenal progress in his studies, and stayed quite a long time. The walls were high. But at length he scaled them.

The day after Ben was found asleep on the beach in Lincoln Park, the court decided to try him on his stepmother for a change. He tolerated this reunion long enough to make further progress in school, and to complete a self-imposed course of study in the ways of the American Indian. There was a public library branch near his stepmother's house. He slept in the parks when he felt like it, but retired for the night in the shadows under the benches instead of on them, so he didn't get picked up so often. Then he set out again one afternoon in what he conceived to be the direction of the Indian country, and it was on the morning after this that I made his acquaintance in Juvenile Court.

'Ben,' I said, 'I'm a good deal of a wanderer myself. Never stay very long in any one place. Just now I'm going to drive out to California again, over the Santa Fe trail. We'll go right through where the Indians live. Would you like to come along?'

'Oh, jimminy! Oh, say'—Ben's tongue got tangled, in his excitement, but his eyes gleamed. '*Will* you—will you take *me?* When do we start? This afternoon?'

His face fell when I explained I had arrangements to make that would delay us twenty-four hours. Then another thought clouded his eyes. 'But I haven't got any gun.'

'Now Ben,' I admonished him, 'you know very well we aren't going to *fight* Indians.'

'Yes, I know,' he admitted reluctantly. 'They're all pacified, ain't they? I've read all about the Navi-joes and the Zunnies and the Pueblos. They weren't reg'lar fighting Indians, anyhow. Lived in houses made out of bricks! But the Apaches—they was the fighters! Will we see any Apaches?'

*Tracking Indians in an Auto*

'Probably we will,' I said.

'Well,' said Ben, 'I think we'd better take guns. Never can tell. Indians just might go on the warpath again. Sometimes they do start an uprising again, you know; I've read about it in the papers. But of course it ain't like the old days, I s'pose.'

During the next twenty-four hours, Ben tobogganed from heights of elation to depths of despair, and then skyrocketted up again. He was mortally afraid that the last vestiges of the wild west would have been completely gobbled up by encroaching civilization before we could get started. He eyed my purchases of an auto-camping outfit with cold disfavor. Cots and sleeping bags seemed to him sissified, and he thought every hour I spent in shopping was causing needless and perhaps fatal delay.

'The West is vanishin' awful fast, you know, Judge.'

'Well, it's really lasted a good many years,' I comforted him. 'I think we'll still find some of it left, even if we do waste another hour or two.'

*INTERVIEWING Robert Frost for* THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT *was a merry experience.*

*Frost, in his own South Shaftsbury farmhouse, in the light of a kerosene lamp, until three o'clock in the morning, discussed poetry, education, farming and other things.*

*To appear in next week's issue.*

We were off at sunrise next morning, and had breakfast of bread and jam as we drove. At noon we would have a square meal in some village restaurant, and to Ben the recollections of the morning's drive obscured the fact that his environment was very much like any Chicago lunchroom. Nights we camped on the farms, and bought milk and eggs at the house. Ben made a stove out of an old tomato can. Ben was quite willing to wash his face, I found, as long as he didn't have to do it in a bathroom.

He was bored when we spent the night in a hotel, as we did in Omaha and Denver, and I finally gave in to him and drove through the cities, to sleep in the open beyond. Nobody will ever know what sacrifices of a rheumatic nature I made for Ben's salvation. I wanted him to have such a heavy dose of wandering and roughing it, and to see so much travel, and be so disillusioned by the Indian reservations, that he would be happy to settle down and accept America's urban civilization.

*In the Land of the Navajos*

Not Ben. He never once saw things exactly as they were. I soon found I was living more in Ben's world of adventure than he was in mine. It was my own initiative that caused us to buy old army canteens in Denver. We filled them at the springs or streams and never deigned to use water from a well. I couldn't make Ben grow up, but he lifted fifty years off my shoulders. And we weren't either of us pretending. We didn't have to, when we climbed Pike's Peak, and got lost exploring the Garden of the Gods.

Then we started across the Divide. The very word charmed Ben's ears magically. I have crossed it countless times, but never thrilled as I did this time.

The land of promise was always a day ahead for Ben. One thing at least I accomplished for him. Indians fell into their proper perspective. We spent a whole day among the Navajos. Ben wandered about entranced, watching the children at play and the women weaving their soft-colored blankets, and cooking their meals. But when he had absorbed it all, he was ready to go on. He never admitted disappointment, but he stopped talking about Indians. The setting had been perfect: tents pitched in the dim aisles of a forest, and Indian braves disappearing silently into its depths. For a while Ben lived in the past century; but soon his wandering instinct conquered even his interest in Indians.

In turn the colorful weirdness of the Navajo desert, the uncanny mystery of the National Petrified Forest and the prehistoric cliff dwellings fascinated him. Ben still had a large part of the petrified forest in his pockets, when last I saw him, as 'souverneers.' He told me more than I had ever learned about the Pueblo Indians, and how they lived in their impregnable dwellings on the high cliffs, comparatively safe from their more warlike neighbors.

We arrived in Hollywood on October 23, our running time having been ten days. Ben entered a Hollywood high school, and seemed to have settled down. I thought he was a changed youngster, almost satiated with his experiences, which he had relished more keenly than almost any child I had ever known. He disappeared on February 1, three months later.

# The Voyage of the Victoria

(*Concluded from page 17*)

insult. So let Cartagena look well to it that things went differently in future.

Then Cartagena stood up, a man tall and well-built, and thrust forth a hand, at which silence fell like a palpable thing on the ships.

'I have saluted you through the best man on my ship,' he said, 'but another day you shall be saluted by one of my pages if the way of today does not please you.'

else Magellan was intent on forcing a quarrel upon his appointed colleague. At any rate things suddenly became tense. Cartagena said something and then came the explosion. Magellan started to his feet, then leaped at Cartagena, telling him that he was under arrest.

Part in wonder, part in astonishment, Cartagena called on Mendoza and Antonio de Coca for help, but they stood undecided,



Cartegena in the stocks in the hold of the *Victoria*.

looking on with pained amazement. Nor would action have been wise, under the circumstances, for Magellan was in his own citadel. In a minute it was all over. Magellan called, and armed men came running. An hour later it was known throughout the fleet that Don Juan de Cartagena had been deprived of his command and lay in the stocks on board the *Victoria*, and that his authority had been intrusted to Antonio de Coca.

But the new captain's tenure of office was short, for Magellan's plan did not include the holding of command by Spaniards. Somehow, somewhere, he was deposed, but why or for what cause, if any, other than Magellan's arbitrary wish, is not known. The chroniclers give no clue. All we know is that when the fleet sailed southward, along the South American coast, after leaving Brazil, Magellan's first cousin, Alvara de Mesquita, was commander of the *San Antonio*. And because of that a tremendous trouble arose.

It was all shallow tomfoolery on both sides, but the rollicking and fiery manner of Cartagena won him friends. At the same time, it was the general opinion that Magellan was quarrelsome and vain and untrained in seamanship. Then, trivial things are apt to set men on edge in tropical seas.

One day a sailor on board the *Victoria* refused duty and was put under arrest by his captain, Luis de Mendoza. It was more of an hysterical outburst than anything serious, but hysteria spreads where men are closely confined, so Magellan held a *consejua de guerra*, or council of war on the case, and all the captains were summoned to attend on board the *Trinidad*.

The trial itself was a minor matter and easily disposed of, but at the end Magellan made no attempt to dismiss the gathering. So officers fell to discussing things in general and nothing in particular. There seems to have been some vehemence, and soon the outspoken Cartagena was addressing the admiral in a tone of corrective criticism, or

# The Queen of Kipling's Mandalay

(*Continued from page 2*)

This was an unlikely dream, for Thibaw was only a boy, never thought of as a possible successor to the throne. Besides, he was considered mentally incompetent. But Sinbyumayin was persistent, and finally won over the king's ministers to her plan, using the argument that, with a weak king on the throne, the ministers would have more power, and more opportunity for graft.

So when a palace eunuch brought to the ministers a black book containing the names of all the princes, each one marked his vote for Thibaw. Old Mindon on his deathbed was surprised to have his advisers recommend Thibaw as his successor, but assented to their wishes. Thus it was that Thibaw and Supayalat became rulers of Burma.

Soon the king's ministers discovered their mistake. Thibaw they could handle easily, but Supayalat was more than they had counted for. When the princess who had been chosen to be the chief queen had established herself in the Middle Palace, Supayalat set up residence in the king's own quarters, and saw to it that no woman except herself entered Thibaw's private chambers. No fifty-three queens for him! Her next step was to discharge most of the king's advisers and to let him know that she would do the advising herself.

Under the influence of Supayalat and her mother, Thibaw imprisoned as potential rivals between seventy and eighty of his relatives, then had them put to death. They were thrown into a pit in the palace grounds, hastily covered over with dirt, and trampled by elephants.

A similar atrocity occurred later when a jail filled with political prisoners was burned down, after a pretention that the prisoners were seeking to escape. Many who died in this fire were of royal blood. These two acts were partly responsible for the occupation of Mandalay by British troops in November, 1885.

King Thibaw, who never had traveled except by palanquin or elephant, was loaded unceremoniously into a common bullock-cart, and hauled out through the city gate. Later, he and Supayalat were taken to Ratnagiri, an old Portuguese fort on the west coast of India. There Thibaw died in 1917, and after his death Supayalat was allowed to make her home in Rangoon.

My first visit with Supayalat was arranged through a Burmese schoolboy who had once been a classmate of the queen's son-in-law, Prince Htaik Tin Gyi. The ex-queen was then sixty-three. She never appeared in public, and almost never had visitors. Few of the 340,000 residents of Rangoon knew the location of her palace-prison.

Supayalat's audience chamber was indicative both of her poverty and her primitive tastes. In the center of the room stood a small table holding an artificial tree with green leaves and pink flowers. At the far side of the table, Her Majesty occupied a plush chair, and nearby sat her third daughter.

Htaik Tin Gyi entered first, bowing carefully in mock-reverence as he crossed the room. The other Burmans followed his example. They had removed their shoes downstairs. I was allowed to retain mine, although at the palace at Mandalay Euro-

peans had to approach the throne with bare feet and bended knees.

The Supayalat who rose smilingly and gave me her hand was far different from the flip girl of Kipling's 'Mandalay' poem or the jealous tryant whom British Tommies dubbed as Soup-Plate. Instead of the Burmese silks I had expected, I found her dressed in plain white cotton, after the manner of Indian women. The combing of her hair was also suggestive of her exile at Ratnagiri. She talked fluently, despite her barren gums. I was told later that while imprisoned in India she had become demented and had knocked out her own teeth.

The queen smoked imported cigars, and laughed banteringly at my declining to smoke with her. Our talk was through double interpretation. My words would be translated by a Burmese professor who sat on the floor near me, and would then be cast into a more formal court dialect by Htaik Tin Gyi. Only those of royal blood were supposed to speak directly to the queen, or even to look directly at her.

*The Sad Fate of Mi Hkingyi*

Knowing Supayalat's antagonism toward the British, I was careful to explain that I was an American, and that I had come to Burma neither to govern nor to exploit. I mentioned the friendly attitude of the United States toward Burma as expressed by the mission which her father had received at Mandalay in 1858. The queen then assured me of her high regard for Americans, and cited instances in which my countrymen had made her exile more tolerable. At one time, she said, some Americans had offered to take her to the United States.

There was crafty fire in Supayalat's eye as she made plain to me that she was Thibaw's chief queen—that she alone had sported the white umbrella. So learned Mi Hkingyi, I recalled, but only to myself.

Mi Hkingyi was the pretty daughter of a Burmese nobleman, and among those chosen to attend Supayalat's first daughter at her christening. It was at this ceremony Thibaw saw Mi Hkingyi and fell immediately in love with her. The girl's parents, knowing Supayalat's temper, objected to Thibaw's marrying their daughter, but finally consented, after the queen's attendants had been threatened with instant death if they let her know of the new alliance.

The king then informed Supayalat that he was to receive a solemn blessing with consecrated water, and that in preparation it was necessary for him to fast in solitude for seven days. As she, also, wanted to receive this blessing, two small temporary buildings were set up in the palace garden. In one, Supayalat kept a genuine fast, and boasted much of her asceticism. In the other, Thibaw enjoyed a honeymoon with Mi Hkingyi. Supayalat's fury at this deception did not abate until Mi Hkingyi had been killed.

At the close of my interview with the queen, servants brought in big trays of fruit and sweets and sugar-cane sticks. After I had climbed into the gharry and was riding down the palm-lined lane toward the Royal lakes, I examined the faded photograph Supayalat had given me. It was the picture of a young girl, beautiful, innocent, and not yet spoiled. So Supayalat must have looked as palace maids prepared her for the great event of her youth, the royal ceremony of earboring. Little did she dream then of British guns or the lonely years of exile.



# A Dance A Week



## POSITIONS OF FEET IN DANCING

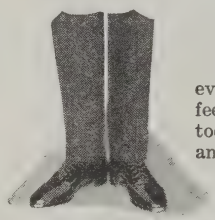
ALL dancing consists in taking five positions with the feet, in taking these positions in a given order and to musical time. Master these five positions of the feet and you have the basis of every dance, however complex or simple it may be.

While many excellent dancers have no knowledge of these positions, yet the beginner cannot do better than to understand and master them.

Just here it may be remarked that these instructions are not prepared *to be read*, but *to be acted*. If you wish to learn the things contained herein, do not merely skim them with the eye; act them out with the body.

These foot positions are hard to comprehend verbally, they are simple enough for a child *actually*. So act them.

### I.



**First Position**

Stand with weight evenly balanced on both feet, heels together, toes pointed out at an angle.

**Second Position**

Extend right foot directly to the side, toes touching floor, heel slightly raised. (In this movement extend foot the length of a natural step. Don't reach or bend for it; simply extend the limb its natural distance, foot pointed down.) Repeat five times.





**Third Position**

Place heel of right foot to instep of left foot. Resume first position and repeat five times.

**Fourth Position**

Move right foot forward, as in walking (natural distance, no reaching or overbalancing) toe resting on floor, heel raised. Resume first position and repeat five times.





**Fifth Position**

Draw the heel of the right foot to the toe of the left, making the angle of a square. Resume first position, and repeat five times.

### II.

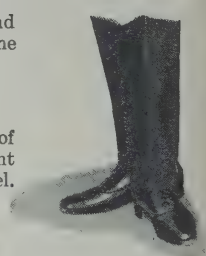
Now, having illustrated these positions separately, *try them in a series*, calling them off by number: ONE (feet together) TWO (right foot to side) THREE (right foot to instep of left) FOUR (right foot forward) FIVE (right heel to left toe at right angle). Repeat until the pattern of the positions is firmly fixed in the mind, and you can move from one to the other easily.

### III.

The same positions are then taken with the left foot. ONE—feet together. TWO—left foot directly to the side, toe touching floor, heel slightly raised. THREE—place heel of left foot to instep of right. FOUR—move left foot forward as in walking, toe on floor, heel slightly raised. FIVE—draw the heel of left to the toe of right, forming a right angle. The movements backward.

## POSITION BACKWARD

First and second position remain the same.



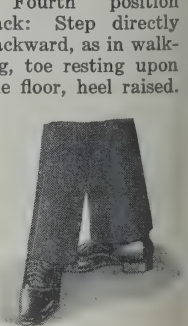
**Third Position**

Third position of the feet back; right instep to the left heel.



**Fourth Position**

Fourth position back: Step directly backward, as in walking, toe resting upon the floor, heel raised.



**Fifth Position**

Fifth position back: Place right toe to the left heel, at right angles.

For the left foot, the positions are the same, as in third position back—left instep to right heel, etc.

# Why Not Keep Faith With the Moro Race?

(*Concluded from page 7*)

cents a day. Capital costs amount to about $200 an acre. The cost of production per pound is about 12.56 cents. The total transportation charge to New York is 1.75 cents. A land tax of $1.35 on every $200, and a profit tax of three per cent upon the net income are the only additional costs. Added to these advantages are easy transportation to seaports, healthful living conditions and water power for hydroelectric development.

For the first three of the eight years required for the growth of rubber trees a combination of coffee raising is possible, and of grazing thereafter. For upkeep one laborer is required for four and a half acres. More are required for planting. There is no question but that the Moro provinces can supply the rubber tire needs of the United States for all time to come and relieve America of subjection to British rubber exactions.

Aside from the great rubber possibilities of the Moro provinces it should be remembered that the great bulk of land, nearly ninety per cent of that region, is still part of the public domain of the United States. More than sixty per cent of the entire public domain of the Philippine Islands is within the Moro provinces. The agricultural, forest, and mineral wealth in this uninhabited and undeveloped territory is exceptional. The finest coal bodies in the Philippine Islands are in Mindanao, as is also one of the greatest undeveloped bodies of iron ore in the world.

As long as the Moro provinces are under the Manila Government, however—the leaders of which are demanding independence—industrial conditions in this region cannot be stabilized.

There can be no peace in the Philippines so long as the Moros are under a Filipino administration. During all the years of the Spanish régime the Moros maintained almost complete independence. At no time were they under the complete control of the Spaniards. The Sultan and his datos made a separate treaty with the United States represented in the person of General Bates, by which they agreed to come under our flag on condition that we alone should govern them.

In 1898, small detachments of the American Army relieved the Spanish garrisons at Jolo and Zamboanga. The limited forces at the disposal of the Military Governor, and the crisis in the relations between the Americans and Filipinos, made it impracticable for the American Army to garrison the Moro country. Under these circumstances, General Bates dispatched a mission to the Sultan of Sulu and in 1899 concluded a treaty known as the Bates Agreement. Under this treaty the Sultan recognized for himself and his subjects the sovereignty and the protection of the United States.

Until 1914 the public peace was maintained by one of the most efficient forces ever maintained in the Philippines—The Moro Constabulary. This body was entirely officered by Americans and was recruited wholly from the Moro people themselves. The police work in the Moro country was conducted by its own people under American direction.

Taking advantage of the peaceful conditions that resulted from a separate government for the Moro country, the political leaders at Manila demanded more independence from the United States Government. They insisted on taking over the government of the Moro country. This was made possible by the Act of Congress of 1916, creating a Philippine legislature with full legislative powers.

One of its first steps was to replace the efficient Moro Constabulary by a hostile Filipino Constabulary. The administration of the Moro country under Filipino control has proved wholly unsatisfactory. It has served simply to arouse the age-long antagonism between the Moros and the Christian Filipinos and has precipitated unrest, trouble, and bloodshed. The rights of the Moro people have been subordinated to Filipino politics and policies formulated at Manila, and the Moros have never ceased to express dissatisfaction at the failure of the United States to keep its promises to them.



Rubber tree at Malaybalay, Mindanao.

The peaceful era of the American governors has been succeeded by an era of constant friction and bloody clashes between the Filipino Constabulary and the Moro inhabitants. During this period, the constabulary in the Moro region has been under Filipino command.

There is no hope of improvement under existing conditions. The justices of the peace, and all the judges of other courts in the Moro province, are now Filipinos. In other words, the administration of justice over a hostile people is entirely in the hands of their hereditary enemies. When it is realized that practically all the police officers, as well as the constabulary, are Filipinos, it can readily be understood that the Moro does not receive justice.

When the Moros laid down their arms they did it with the promise that this government would protect them. They do not expect protection from the Filipinos, and as a result the power of the Philippine Government is being rapidly undermined. The Moros are taking up arms against the Filipinos, whom they regard as infidels.

The only hope for peace in the Moro country is for the American Government to keep its promises to the Moro people. A treaty or agreement with this backward people should be as sacred to the United States as though entered into with a great power or civilized nation. The treatment accorded the Moro people by our Government is the only black spot in the history of American occupation of the Philippines. I am satisfied that when the people of the country become fully aroused to the dangers of the situation, and to the fact that the good faith and honor of the United States are involved, they will demand that we keep faith with the Moro peoples.

To this end I have introduced a bill to redeem the pledges made by America which will establish a separate form of government for the Moro provinces and will take them from under the jurisdiction of the Philippine legislature. Thus the matter will be squarely put up to Congress and through it to the American people.



Moro houses on the river bank at Cotobato.

# Wild Flower Gardens

## 'Pansy King' Developed More Than Seventy Native Plants; Black-Eyed Susan Becomes a Gypsy Queen



The ubiquitous black-eyed Susan has been educated into a civilized Egyptian queen.

'PANSY King' he was called. 'Pansy Farm' the neighbors have named his acres. But this Burbank of Wisconsin claimed neither appellation. William Toole, Sr., was until his death a few weeks ago the oldest member of the Wisconsin Horticultural Society. For nearly half a century he had been growing pansies and other flowers. The plants which he developed have made his name famous. He called his flower kingdom 'Garry-nee-Dule' which is the Gaelic for the 'Garden of the O'Tooles.' His son has succeeded him.

These fields are the school grounds for the education of many families of wild plants. In the garden plots of his farmstead he tamed the ubiquitous black-eyed Susan, who marches across the country in the early autumn as a herald of the brilliant pageant of wild flowers that are to follow, into a stately queen. Here was trained the flaming pleurisy root into a miss who rivals many flower folk with a background of centuries of breeding. Here will be found the demure wild asters, blue and purple, assuming the cultivated ways of civilization.

On the crest of highlands, where a state trunk highway that carries hundreds of geologists, university students, and tourists to visit the famous glacier deposits of the Baraboo hills sweeps over the headlands, William Toole had his farm. For forty years he had been growing flowers. Pansies have been in such profusion there that horticulturists, speaking of him, always refer to the tall sycamore, with a beard as white as the larkspur he has developed, as 'Pansy Toole.' The little pansy-face blossoms, all shades of the rainbow, were his dream children.

Great as has been his service in developing domestic plants with varying hues and tones, his greatest contribution will come as the result of his work with wild flowers. He has schooled more than seventy native plants to the uses of ornamental planting, 'bringing their beauty from the woods and fields to our homes.'

'I have simply carried on continuous seed gathering, selection and planting, with some gratifying results,' declared Mr. Toole, of Baraboo, Wisconsin, not long before his death. 'The kinds of native plants to which I have given most attention are New England asters, woods phlox, the prairie phlox and to some extent, pleurisy root, black-eyed Susan and the harebell. I have between seventy and eighty special native flowering plants growing. Their season of blooming covers various times through the summer, only a few kinds are in flower at one time.'

For more than a generation the creed of the 'Pansy King' had been the encouragement of others who would plant and develop native flowers and shrubs. One of the first plants to attract his attention was the black-eyed Susan. Fifteen years ago he decided that this little wayside wench would make an attractive garden flower. After years of training and selection he developed a plant, the blossom of which is four times as large as the black-eyed Susan, but still retaining the gypsy attributes of this wild roadside empress.

The butterfly weed, more commonly known as pleurisy root, was next given horticultural tutelage. Probably it was the history of the flaming orange flower which first brought it to his kindly notice. The Indians, who for years had lived in the vicinity, gathered it, because of its medicinal properties in stopping the flow of blood. Gradually he developed this slender spinster into a strong, healthy individual, from six to eight feet in height, bearing clusters of flowers with a splash of brilliant coloring.

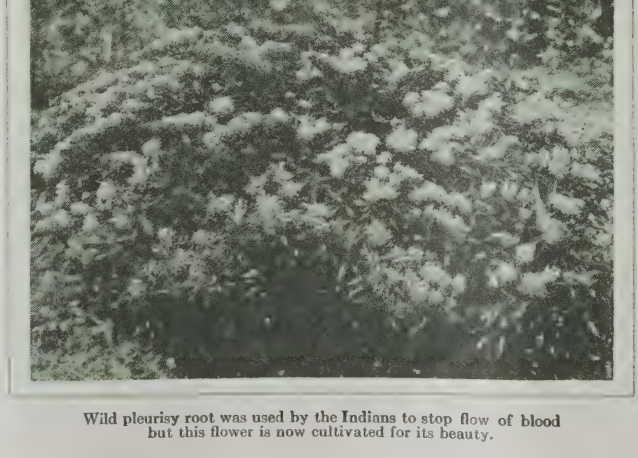
'When given good garden cultivation,' he continued, 'a number of kinds of our wild plants will thrive better than we find them in their native habitat. Even plants seemingly so retiring as the hepatica and the harebell, if given a chance in cultivation, will attain to a size exceeding any we may find in a wild state. Some kinds are more deeply rooted and may need some artificial watering in a prolonged dry spell. Nearly all of them are satisfied with good cultivation.

'I have tried to give to some plants what seemed like natural conditions in a wooded slope where the soil is good and leaf mold abounds, but both species of phlox, Jacob's ladder, hepatica, and others do better in the open with cultivation. The wild Turk's cap lily enjoys a place of its own and prefers cultivation in good soil, although it is mostly found in moist wild meadows.

'Of course, these native plants of various kinds should not be forgotten when not in flower, otherwise weeds will crowd them out. Some kinds show their beauty and make their growth in spring and early summer, dying down to the ground early—their places should be marked. This class includes bloodroot, Dutchman's breeches, green dragon, arum, adder's tongue, spring beauty.

'A convenient time to collect and transplant most of these native flowering plants is when they are in flower, as they can be most easily identified. I have had good success in moving a number of kinds at that stage of growth. Some kinds bear moving best during the short resting spell which follows their season of blooming. This is so with the moccasin flowers or *cyprepideums*, the lilies, and I think the lupines or sundial. I have not had good success with the lupine. The Badger flower, *Anemone pulsatilla*, is impatient of removal in early spring. I shall try it sometime after the seeds are ripened.

'When moving these wild plants, care should be taken to secure plenty of roots which should not at any time become dry. Soil taken with the plants helps to save the roots, but when I know that I can make the roots safe I sometimes shake away the soil for convenience in packing to carry them home. With a stout trowel to dig with, and plenty of paper and baskets for packing, one can make them safe for carrying home—just as safely as plants can be sent a long distance by express. Some kinds can be conveniently raised from seed, as I have done with our native phlox, the cardinal flower, black-eyed Susan, the compass plant and others. With seedlings there is a chance for variation and through selection one can plan for bringing out new varieties. Such opportunities are manifest in the phloxes, Jacob's ladder, the native asters, black-eyed Susan, wild lilies, pleurisy root and others.



Wild pleurisy root was used by the Indians to stop flow of blood but this flower is now cultivated for its beauty.

# Pioneer Tests *in* Aerostatics



AFTER having made, in 1783, a very successful flight some distance out of Paris and return, the balloon shown in the illustration at the left and its operators were greeted by the populace and footmen carrying torches. The fliers' departure was made at the will of the wind, and after 56 minutes had elapsed, they heard the shot of a cannon, signifying their disappearance from observers in Paris.



BALLOON of 1784, which proved its ability to make good speed and rise to considerable height. The wings assisted in the acceleration. Peasants in the fields along the route of the balloonists shouted 'Do not be at all ill! We pray God to preserve you. Farewell, friends!'

IN 1784, the balloon shown below, at an elevation of 400 feet, traveled more than 37 miles in 76 minutes. It was made of brass wire finely rolled out like ordinary cloth, covered with cotton cloth coated with cement. It was 112 feet in diameter and could carry 30 men.



Below—

THE Montgolfier brothers, to the delight of a large French audience, in 1783, conducted experiments for raising a highly ornamental balloon, or 'globe.'

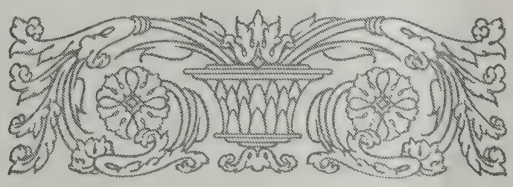


THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL
8-41



IS it not the chief disgrace in the world not to be a unit, not to be reckoned one character, not to yield that peculiar fruit which each man was created to bear; but to be reckoned in the gross, in the hundred, or the thousand, of the party, the section, to which we belong; and our opinion predicted geographically, as the North, or the South? Not so, brothers and friends — please God, ours shall not be so. We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own minds. . . . A nation of men will for the first time exist, because each believes himself inspired by the Divine Soul which also inspires all men.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*



051
DEA

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Volume 26, Number 36

Five Cents a Copy JUNE 26, 1926 $1.50 a Year



THE ALCOTT HOUSE AT CONCORD.

## CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH



# Make Motoring Safety Your Personal Business

Safe riding in a motor-car is a national problem, and one which should closely concern every woman in the land. Have you, for instance, ever stopped to think what *you* can do to help? Just get this picture—

A crowded, down-town street. You start, you stop, you crawl along. The officer signals for haste and you speed ahead—fearful of bumping into the car in front, afraid of the one behind you . . . Or on the highway—you must stop quickly at crossings; somebody cuts in from a side road—turns are sharp, hills steep and slippery. Such is a picture of everyday problems encountered in modern driving.

Moral—Firestone Gum-Dipped Balloons on your car! Firestone Tires, with their steady hold, their instant response to wheel and brake, their many safety features! . . . The feeling of security which you enjoy with these tires means easier, more healthful riding, free from tension and nerve strain . . . Have the Firestone Dealer call at your convenience. . . . . .

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

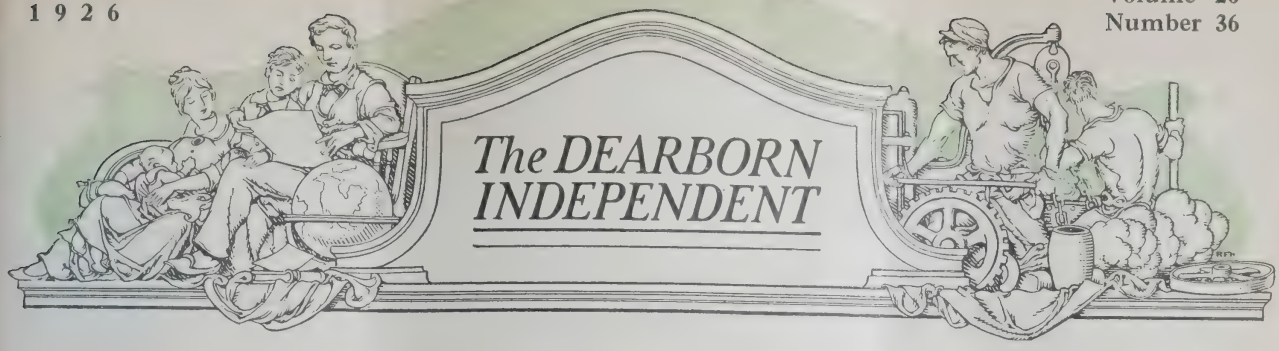
The Mark of Quality

# Firestone

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER . . Harvey S. Firestone

June 26
1 9 2 6

Volume 26
Number 36




# THE ESSENCE OF THIS ISSUE

Mr. Ford's Page this week has a word of counsel for those who are being graduated from the schools this month.

---

Birth-Control is not a pleasant topic. But Birth-Controllers have carried their propaganda to such extreme lengths, and have so persistently invaded the church, the home, the school, that it is high time for some plain talk on the common-sense side of the question.

---

A Jesuit priest and professor addressed audiences of 6,000 people each on this question of Birth-Control, and here are his lectures boiled down. *It is doubtful if more forceful articles on the subject have ever been written.* Father McClorey does not mince words. He turns the Birth-Controllers' own weapons against them. He attacks the evil not only from the moral but from the political and economic angles. He tears aside their veil of complacency and exposes their doctrine for what it is—Pig-Philosophy. (p. 12)

---

Something seems sadly amiss in Mississippi if one is to judge by grave charges made about the barter and sale of Federal offices there. Affidavits have been sworn; department officials have investigated; Congressmen have demanded action. *And yet the results of the investigations have been kept secret!* Why is this? No administration can weather a scandal by attempting to suppress it. (p. 3)

---

Bill was like Napoleon's army—he fought on a full stomach. But he didn't have a full stomach very often; usually he was pitifully undernourished. It came to pass that in the exuberance of a hearty Christmas dinner—one of the settlement center kind—Bill threw biscuits; and he ended up in juvenile court. There is a close connection between wrong feeding and wrong doing. Luckily Bill met a judge who understood his problem, and remedied it. (p. 8)

---

No one interview can adequately describe Robert Frost. Not that he is subtle or a poseur—far from it. But *one* interview cannot describe Robert Frost *because he is so many men.* Amy Lowell once said, 'He is New England.' But he is more than that: He is America! (And it took England to find it out!) He has so many sides, so many interests—poet philosopher, teacher, farmer! Janet Mabie sketches him on his New England farm. (p. 2)

---

Pretty soon, now, and you will be turning your thoughts to the best school for your boy to enter this fall. Maybe you have been reading the radicals' broadsides against our universities. You wonder if too much stress is placed upon athletics. All right: This is an article for you to read. It is the best analysis of college athletics that has appeared in years. It is written by Thomas Arkle Clark, for nearly twenty years Dean of Men at the University of Illinois. (p. 4)

---

*The teapot is dethroning the porridge pot in Scotland!* Oatmeal—the mother of a frugal and a hardy race—giving way to the fancy cakes and dainty pastry that go with tea! Once they twitted the Scotch about their oatmeal; they said they fed it to horses in England and to men in Scotland. 'Aye,' said a Scot, 'but did ye ever see sic horses as they have in England and sic men as we have in Scotland?' (p. 21)

---

Rigorous deep-thinking domed by a rarified transcendentalism reigned in that New England school of philosophy which met in A. Bronson Alcott's backyard in Concord, and of which Emerson and others were distinguished members. Yet for all his profundity of thought, Alcott's greatest gift to the world was his daughter, Louisa May. Her *Little Women* and *Little Men* are American classics. (p. 16)

---

This week's cover depicts the restful old Alcott home in Concord, one of the literary shrines of the nation. The drawing is by Van der Heyden, whose work has appeared in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT before.

---

An expenditure of $90 for telegrams started the ball rolling. Before it stopped, it had bowled over the Coolidge-Butler candidates for Vice-President and had resulted in the election of General Dawes. E. B. Johns tells the story; and he incidentally reveals the sad plight of Senator Butler, the sage who blundered. (p. 6)

---

The Filipinos are clamoring for independence. Do they really want it? Would they know what to do with it, if they got it? Do they understand its dangers and responsibilities? The pasture on the other side of the fence always looks greenest—but it may have hidden thistles. (p. 5)

---

Let's go to a California mining camp tonight! (That's the beauty of reading—we can sit down by the parlor lamp and in a second be sailing the seven seas or flying to the North Pole or chatting with a Tibetan lama.) So here we are off to a mining camp of '49. Which one? Oh . . . why not the Rough and Ready, where Bret Harte got his inspiration? Fine! Let's go! (p. 15)

---

A black cloud in the western sky. It whirls; suddenly it takes a funnel-shaped appearance. Tornado! Scant wonder it terrorizes those who see it. (p. 20)

## CONTENTS

Cover Design, 'The Alcott House at Concord'
*By Gerald Van der Heyden*
Robert Frost, Poet of New England—*Janet Mabie* 2
Are Federal Offices for Sale?—*Marian Bruce Clark* 3
In Defense of College Athletics - - - - - 4
*Thomas Arkle Clark*
What of the Filipinos?—*Marc T. Greene* - - 5
Ninety-Dollar Vice-President Boom - - - 6
*E. B. Johns*
What Dieting Did for Bill—*Judge Henry Neil* 8
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
The Futility of Birth-Control - - - - - 12
*Rev. John A. McClorey*
Rough and Ready's Legacy to California - - 15
*John T. Faris*
The Alcotts—As I Knew Them - - - - - 16
*Julian Hawthorne*
Chats With Office Callers - - - - - - - 19
In the Sickening Track of the Terrible Tornado 20
*S. D. Flora*
The Passing of the Porridge Pot - - - - - 21
I Read in the Papers - - - - - - - - - 24
A Dance a Week—Dictionary of Dance Terms 25
Church Gems of Italy—*Judson Grenell* - - - 27

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer;
C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.50 A YEAR in the United States and its dependencies also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year.
SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.



# Robert Frost, Poet of New England

By JANET MABIE

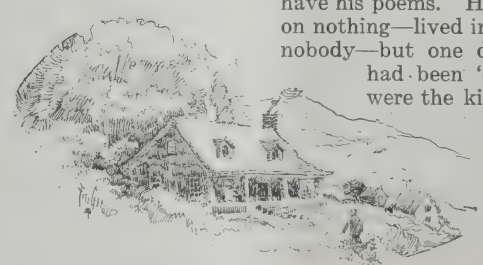
SPENDING an afternoon of flawless lilac and amber riding around the Vermont uplands in an ancient automobile buying farms with Robert Frost is a preposterous, merry adventure to be remembered. To sit with him in his own South Shaftsbury farmhouse, in the light of a single kerosene lamp, until three o'clock in the morning, discussing farming and the Vermont hills, poetic drama and college education by presence, is an experience to be prized.

Amy Lowell once said of Robert Frost: 'He is New England.' To see the man is to see precisely what Miss Lowell meant; for surely no man's features and individuality ever resembled the character and essence of the neighborhood by whose drawing he became illustrious more than Robert Frost's. His face is a curious mingling of ruggedness and delicacy: one feels that it is the sign of strength made kind. The forehead is molded on strong and serious lines. The mouth is both shrewd and gentle, the eyes sharp with a blue that has deepened with unremitting search for the secrets of New England hills and valleys. A poet, but, yes, no fool. His mastery is of more than letters. A mop of iron-gray hair scorns the wearing of a hat. Robert Frost despises dressing up and when he ventures into more urban neighborhoods his manner of wearing his decent black protests it.

This buying of farms is evidently his recreation. He would not drive into North Bennington to meet this correspondent, but would beguile Mrs. Frost, a sweet, gentle lady of soft voice and wise eyes, and an elder daughter to do so.

And later, standing on the doorstep of ancient slate shouting a welcome, would add, 'Hurry—take off your hat—we've time to go and buy some farms before tea.' Wherefore, a slightly rearranged party would set forth in the protesting motor, all but the visitor secretly smiling at the potentialities of the expedition.

But since the curious recreation is the product of a man's passion, cherished from boyhood, for farming, it may be well to examine Mr. Frost's background. Although he is, verily, of New England, he was born in San Francisco, but all his struggles have taken place in New England. He says little of them now, but the memory of them is in his eyes. Mr. Frost's father was born in New Hampshire. Nine generations of his family had lived their lives on New England soil. William Prescott Frost went, in course of time, to teach school in Pennsylvania and there he met and married Belle Moody, who was also a teacher, born in Edinburgh. The couple moved gradually westward and in 1875 Robert Frost was born in San Francisco. The child's father had been a Copperhead in the days of the Civil War and he named his son Robert Lee Frost. In the first decade of the boy's life the events succeeding the gold rush were stirring and the elder Frost had become an editor of a Democratic newspaper. But in 1885 he died and there was nothing to do but for Mrs. Frost to return to Lawrence.



There the boy finished grammar and high school; then when he was seventeen he went away to Dartmouth. But he felt he was not getting what he wanted from it so he left. He tried Harvard, with two years of concentration in Latin. Then at twenty he married. When their first child was born the two were back in Lawrence, but successive ventures in teaching school, making shoes, editing a small weekly paper and a bit of hoboing convinced Grandfather Frost that the boy would never be adept in business, so he finally consented with reluctance to buy him a farm in Derry, New Hampshire.

For five years, although there were no signs of his making it very remunerative, Robert Frost lived in heaven on a farm. He took on kinship with the soil. Its language became his.

In 1905 he became a teacher at Pinkerton Academy. He did not mind it excessively so long as it gave him sufficient freedom for his writing. He had been writing poetry since he was fifteen.

In 1911 and 1912 he was teaching psychology at the New Hampshire State Normal School, and then he made his big decision. He was thirty-seven years of age. He sold his farm, collected all his means together, packed up his family and went to England. His own country had refused to understand him. The magazines would not have his poems. He went to England on nothing—lived in the country—saw nobody—but one day found that he had been 'discovered.' If he were the kind to complain he might say that it were better for folk not to laugh when they quote 'A prophet is

(Continued on page 30)

# Are Federal Offices for Sale?

## Congressmen Charge Patronage Was Bartered in Mississippi But Government Fails to Take Action

By MARIAN BRUCE CLARK

SENSATIONAL charges have been made on the floor of the House of Representatives by Representatives Busby, Rankin and Wilson that Federal patronage in the State of Mississippi has been bartered for 'cash in advance,' the charges supported by affidavits from postmasters, postmistresses, candidates for United States marshals and other offices. The amount of money demanded or paid for offices ranged from $200 to $1,500, it is declared, varying according to the importance of the office.

In spite of the charges, no criminal proceedings have been instituted.

Not the least interesting feature is that four women swore they paid $200, $500, $1,000, and $1,200 respectively for their appointments.

As far back as four years ago an investigation was ordered by the Postmaster-General. All reports of inspectors, however, were transmitted direct to Washington instead of going through the usual official channels to the district officials at Chattanooga, Tennessee. The evidence unearthed was submitted to the Department of Justice on November 19, 1924, but its production before the House of Representatives has been effectively blocked by the Republican-controlled judiciary committee.

The situation was described by Representative Busby in a recent speech before the House:

'In my particular state—Mississippi—so corrupt, open, and notorious has been the practice of sale and barter of Federal positions that self-respecting, decent citizens shudder to think of the humiliation into which the state has been dragged.

*Offers Which Were Declined*

'The Republican Party in Mississippi is headed by a negro, Perry W. Howard by name, who is the Republican national committeeman in that state. A negro woman is the Republican national committeewoman. Two half brothers of Howard, S. D. Redmond and A. M. Redmond, together with his law partner, hold the chief places in directing the welfare of that party as well as being the exclusive body through which Federal patronage is dispensed. The national committeeman is located in Washington. He has been given an appointment in the Department of Justice as a special assistant to the Attorney-General, a position paying $5,000 a year.

'In the latter part of 1924 it became apparent that the United States marshal for the southern district of Mississippi would resign. Immediately the half brothers of the national committeeman before mentioned got in touch with some of the leading Republicans of the northern district of Mississippi and proposed to make a deal with them and by this deal *to sell the appointment of United States marshal for an amount ranging around $1,500—"cash in advance."* They proposed this deal not to just one person but to several persons, all of whom were too honorable to lend a hand in perpetrating this infamy on the honor of our government; consequently the offers were respectively declined. To substantiate their authority to make the sale of this office, the relatives of the negro national committeeman exhibited an agreement, as alleged in affidavits, signed by the national committeeman, wherein it was agreed that his half brother should be consulted when appointments were made of United States marshal and United States attorney for Mississippi.

*Failed to Take Any Action*

'The negro national committeeman being an appointee in the Department of Justice, the proposed sale of the United States marshal's office by his gang was laid before the Department of Justice in November, 1924. Affidavits were submitted by persons who were approached to buy this position.

'Two inspectors were appointed by the Department of Justice to make an investigation. They completed the investigation the latter part of May, 1925, and filed their report with full evidence to sustain it, and to sustain the sale of Federal patronage. *The Attorney-General failed to take any action on this report or to make public the report or the evidence.*'

Support for Busby's charges is contained in the affidavit of A. M. Storer, former United States Marshal for the northern district of Mississippi. Mr. Storer declared in part:

'About three p. m., Tuesday, November 4, at my home in Kosciusko, Mississippi, I was called to the long distance phone by one Redmond of Jackson, Mississippi, a half brother of Perry W. Howard. Redmond, after telling me who he was, told me of the resignation of John H. Cook, United States Marshal for the Northern District of Mississippi. He then asked me to come to Jackson that evening to discuss the vacancy in the marshalship. I replied that I could not go to Jackson until Thursday.

'According to the agreement, I went to Jackson on Thursday the sixth, and was met only a few feet from where I got off the train by S. D. Redmond and another negro whom he introduced as his brother, A. M. Redmond. The negroes, instead of leaving the station through the regular entrance, led the way out through the baggage room to the west side of the street. A. M. Redmond then said he would go and get his car and meet us at the office. S. D. Redmond and myself crossed the street to the east side and went a short distance and turned east to Farrish Street. S. D. Redmond then told me to go down the street on the west side and I would see a sign: "Howard, Mhoon & Redmond, Attorneys-at-Law," and for me to go upstairs and he would meet me there. Before leaving me, he said something about Ed Patton and to avoid him. Ed Patton is a negro politician, a henchman of Perry W. Howard, and claims that his recommendation has much weight with Howard. On reaching the sign I went upstairs, turned to the right and asked a person who was passing where Redmond's office was. The party pointed it out to me. I waited in the hall a few minutes and S. D. Redmond came up, opened the office door and we went into the office. In a short while, A. M. Redmond came in and we talked about the election and other things not connected with the matter I had been called there to discuss. Then S. D. Redmond said it was his brother, A. M. Redmond, who had called me over the phone but as I had addressed my letter to him, S. D., he had delivered it to A. M. Redmond. After some little talking, the question of the appointment of a U. S. Marshal for this District was introduced by the Redmonds. Both of the negroes said that I should have the appointment, that I was the most outstanding Republican in the Northern District, and that I should be appointed to the place. I told them that I thought if they would wire Perry W. Howard what they had said to me it would be all that was necessary to land the office; and that I would leave some money to meet that expense. This did not meet with their approval, and they stated it would be necessary to go to Washington on the matter at least once, and possibly twice. I then told them that I was willing to bear the expense of the trip to Washington and upon their return, if I received the appointment, they could send me a statement of their expense, and I would send

*Steps for Landing an Office*

(Continued on page 2.)

# In Defense of College Athletics

## To Show That the Care of the Body Helps the Development of the Mind




By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK

WE HAD very little athletics when I was in college. A few baseball games in the spring and an abortive track meet or two during the year, in which the fellows, without previous training or practice, came out to show what they could do, would tell the whole story; but there was more deviltry practised by the three hundred men registered in college then, and more silly practical jokes played, than by the seven or eight thousand now in attendance. If you don't give a student something physical to do, he's sure to find something. The athlete and the general development of intramural and intercollegiate athletics have been pretty largely responsible for this change in undergraduate activities, and have helped to do away with the horseplay that was extant in our college days.

There never was a time when the athlete and intercollegiate and intramural athletics were so much discussed and so variously estimated as at the present time. There are those who are down on the whole system and who would banish it if they could, and insist that the undergraduate's attention be given more to his books and not to sports; while others, among whom I am numbered, see in the system of athletics and athletic games as we now have them in college, not an unmixed good, possibly, but a helpful influence and an aid to the maintenance of discipline and to the development of character which is far and away a more desirable condition than could be found in colleges forty years ago. Whatever intercollegiate athletics have cost, it has been worth while in helping to unify undergraduate bodies, and in reducing college discipline to the minimum.

Before football and basket ball and golf and water polo and wrestling and all the score or more of sports had worked their way into college activities, the undergraduate who had nothing more serious to weigh upon his mind than his studies gave a great portion of his time and energy to devising tricks, planning escapades and working out schemes of deviltry generally.

In my own college the hazing of freshmen was the chief outdoor sport, and though the work was supposed to be done by sophomores, juniors and seniors lent their presence and their moral support and their applause to the practice by looking on as the defenseless freshmen were tossed into the Boneyard, as the sluggish sewage-infested stream that crept through the campus was called. Half the first semester was taken up with the activities of these night raiders who terrorized first-year students and made night hideous for faculty and townspeople.

Nothing, unless bolted to the earth, was safe on Hallowe'en. Outhouses, gates and loose sidewalks were torn from their moorings and carried into the next township or burned. The sophomores spent weeks in devising plans to kidnap the freshman president, to break up the junior exhibition, to make the freshman party impossible, to spring some disrupting disturbance at the daily chapel.




One of my most staid and serious-minded colleagues today was dismissed from college for a season in his sophomore year for blowing out the gas at the annual junior exhibition. He had a physique like Goliath and would have made an incomparable guard at football and a world's record, no doubt, at hurling the javelin, but these sports had not come into college life at that time, and he had to express his physical life in some way.

Color rushes and upper-class fights over class trees and bogus class annuals villifying everyone of prominence on the faculty and in the student body were the common things, and are still in institutions where athletics are not generally indulged in and generally encouraged.

With us, as with most other institutions with which I am familiar, the introduction of the main intercollegiate sports and the encouragement of intramural athletics have changed all these conditions. Hazing and Hallowe'en jokes and rowdyism generally are either unknown or rare indeed. College discipline is a much simpler matter than it once was; the general hell-raising which in my day gave the faculty constant attacks of nervous chills, and made the life of a college president a bad dream, is rarely heard of excepting in those back-number institutions whose ad-

(Continued on page 23)

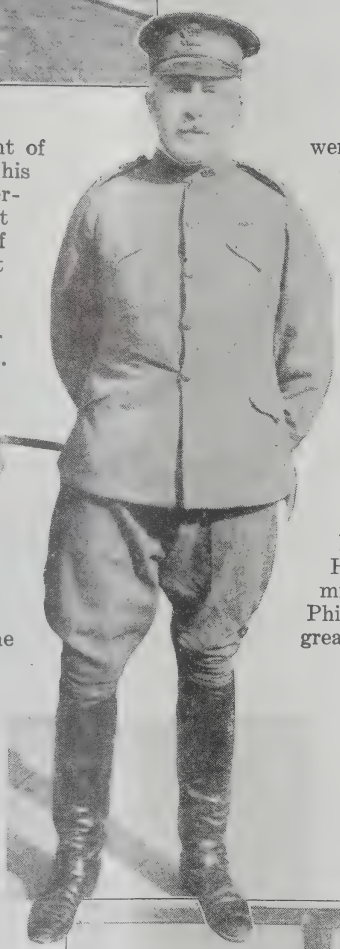


# What of the Filipinos?

## They Say That We Do Not Understand Them

By MARC T. GREENE





THE chief plaint of the Filipino, in his present determined revolt against the suzerainty of the United States, is that the American people do not understand him and that they take little interest in the Philippines. He is 'misunderstood,' he declares, quite in the measure that the Americans themselves were misunderstood in their own struggle for independence. He defines his position as analagous to that of the Colonials in 1775. And he pleads that America do by him what the Colonies would have been done by at that time.

Insofar as his accusation of indifference on the part of the American people is concerned, the Filipino has undoubted ground for dissatisfaction. How much, indeed, do we know about the Philippines? And further, how much do we care? Yet they are our possession and our responsibility, as Kipling reminded us a quarter of a century ago when he wrote *The White Man's Burden*. In many ways we have not evaded that responsibility, as the economic development of the islands proves.

It would be an excellent thing both for the Philippines and for America if we knew a little more about the islands. Physically they are of matchless beauty and economically their worth is beyond computation. If we were to commence now to develop their productive possibilities, for example, along the one line of rubber growing, in six or seven years our rubber bill to England would be cut down hundreds of millions of dollars. And in a decade the Philippines could furnish us with almost if not quite all the rubber our nation needs. Nor is their potential productivity along other lines markedly less. If Hawaii has become a mighty economic asset, the Philippines, approximately as great in area as the whole of New Zealand, have equal possibilities. And they are to all intents and purposes undeveloped, great as has been the progress in the past thirty years.

Except in Manila, life is largely as it was half a century ago or more.

In their possibilities of production of such staples as rubber and sugar the Philippines are of inestimable value to us. And that, also, is an excellent reason why what the Filipino people want is of interest and importance to America. We should know what they want and why they want it, to the end that we may be able to pass intelligently on their demands and that we may no longer be open to their accusation of indifference. Moreover, when we 'took up the white man's burden' in the Philippines we assumed an obligation that was quite as heavy morally as it was politically or economically. That obligation requires us as a nation to interest ourselves in the welfare of the Filipinos as a people and to strive to understand them, whether we decide to yield to their demands or not. But frankness compels the statement that even the Filipinos do not know exactly what they want.

Last February I witnessed the Washington's Birthday celebration in the town where I was staying. My hotel faced the plaza, and from my window I observed the gathering crowds about the speakers' stand, the collection of twenty races, the colorful attire, the amazing blends of eastern peoples and European. The band played and the throng covered the plaza, upon which the sun blazed with tropical fervor. It was a half holiday, and the town took full advantage of it. Everyone was decked in holiday attire; even the children wore hugely uncomfortable shoes.

Was all this, then, a tribute to Washington, a sign of allegiance to the ideals and institutions of America? It was not! It was part and parcel of the agitation for Filipino independence. The day was set apart as a 'day of prayer' and in every native church in the Philippines there (*Concluded on page 25*)



A class in a Filipino public school. The government provides teachers for thousands of such schools. Above—General Leonard Wood. Upper left—Street in Manila. Upper right—Typical home in the Filipino section of Manila.

# Ninety-Dollar Vice-President Boom

## One of the Smallest Campaign Funds on Record Brings About the Election of a War Veteran Vice-President

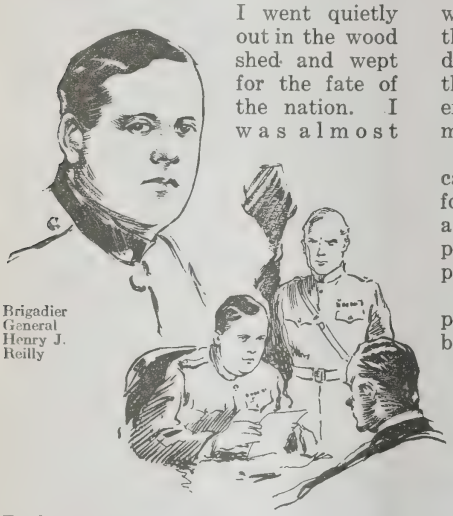
By E. B. JOHNS

DRAWINGS BY W. W. CLARKE

IF a person becomes thoroughly infected with a desire to take part in national affairs he seldom fully recovers. It becomes a chronic affliction. Practically the only known cure is a stinging defeat.

At an early age I was taken with the disease. Before I was of age I was one of the organizers of a Blaine Marching Club. We were the 'Plumed Knights,' and the knights of old in all their glory were not arrayed like one of our club.

My activity in this direction was not mere pastime. I was never more serious in anything, and when Blaine met defeat at the hands of Cleveland I went quietly out in the wood shed and wept for the fate of the nation. I was almost heartbroken, for Blaine was my ideal of a statesman.



Brigadier General Henry J. Reilly

The first overt act in an effort to nominate General Harbord or some other World War veteran took place in my office, when Reilly and Captain H. W. Angus met to discuss the situation.

In the 1896 campaign I was a member of the Republican County Central Committee, was confidential adviser to the chairman and prepared all the statements that were given to the press. The Free Silver forces sent an army of curbstone orators throughout the country. The curbstone orator of '96 was carefully coached and trained in all the arguments in favor of the free and unlimited coinage of silver. Until the Republican leaders started a counter attack they were driving the Republicans off the street.

Being fresh from college, where I had studied the money question under the head of political economy, I was drafted into the service by the Republican Central Committee and was soon one of its corps of curbstone orators. That was the last real bitter Presidential Campaign that has occurred in this country.

When I came to Washington I was introduced to President Roosevelt by Senator Joseph B. Foraker as 'one of our boys who fought for your endorsement by the Ohio State Convention.' As a member of the Lucas County Republican Central Committee I followed Senator Foraker in his drive to secure an endorsement of Roosevelt to succeed himself. The regular organization in the state favored the endorsement of Mark Hanna, who was then being boomed for the Republican presidential nomination.

As I recall it, a number of other states had already endorsed Senator Hanna, and it was believed that he controlled the Southern states, but the endorsement of Theodore Roosevelt by the Republican Ohio State Convention effectually stopped a national movement to nominate Hanna.

In reviewing the pre-convention campaign of 1908, Sam Blythe, writing for a popular magazine, said, 'Taft was a Presidential candidate with seven press agents, and E. B. Johns was a press agent with seven candidates.'

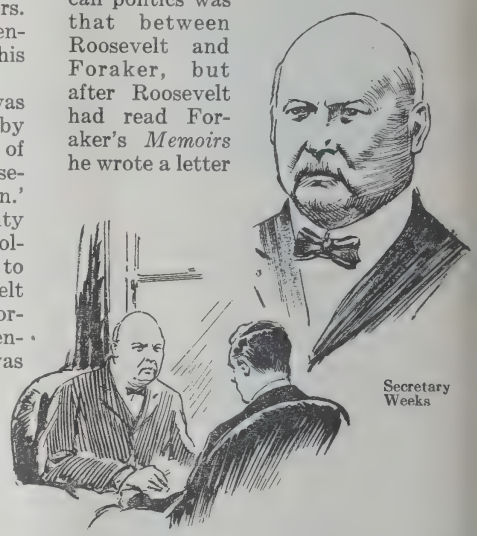
I did not undertake to direct the publicity for the opposition to Taft because of any enmity for William Howard Taft, but because I thought that he was not mentally equipped for the office and the leadership of his party. I knew him when he was on the Federal bench in Ohio, and covered the War Department when he was Secretary. He was a splendid judge, but not a success as an executive.

But it is not necessary for me to apologize for opposing Roosevelt when he forced the nomination of Taft. Later I was vindicated by Roosevelt himself. During the war Colonel Roosevelt called me over to New York to discuss some matters in connection with a paper of which I was editor. When I entered his office and he had greeted me in his usual enthusiastic manner, he began by saying, 'Johns, there is something which I have had on my mind for some time and I want to tell it to you before we take up our business. It is this, when you were doing publicity work for those candidates who were known as "The Allies," and I was trying to nominate Taft—'

'Pardon me Colonel,' I interrupted, 'you mean when you nominated Taft.'

'Well, anyhow, you were right and I was wrong!'

There was one thing about Colonel Roosevelt, and that is, when he was convinced he was wrong he would acknowledge it. One of the bitterest feuds in American politics was that between Roosevelt and Foraker, but after Roosevelt had read Foraker's *Memoirs* he wrote a letter to his former political enemy which resulted in their complete reconciliation.



Secretary Weeks

One day, when I was calling on Secretary Weeks, the conversation drifted to the approaching Cleveland convention.

Of course, I could not keep out of the pre-convention campaign of 1920. General Wood was a candidate. Roosevelt and Wood had fought shoulder to shoulder for progressive measures and preparedness. Mrs. Wood charged me with having done more to persuade General Wood to become a candidate than anyone else. I had no official connection with the Wood organization, and was not on its pay roll. My contact was with the General, and I was out of sympathy with the great publicity campaign that was conducted by the management of his affairs. There was not a taint of corruption about it, and it developed at the convention that it was the manager of another candidate who was purchasing delegates.

I sincerely believe that the other candidates spent more money secretly than the Wood managers did publicly. However, the extensive advertising campaign gave the Old Guard in the Senate, which had Harding in mind all the time, an opportunity to lift up its hands in feigned horror at the expenditure of so much money and protest. The strange feature of the situation was that Senator Borah was chief spokesman of the Old Guard in this attack upon the Wood management.

With Wood's defeat at the Chicago Convention, I took another solemn vow never again to take any part whatever in any manner in any movement or party. I went into a period of political mourning. I am still of the opinion that Wood's defeat at the Chicago Convention deprived the country of a second Roosevelt.

But it must be admitted that Coolidge handled with remarkable skill a deplorable condition of affairs that existed when he came to the White House. Among the Republican leaders there was a general understanding that he should be nominated for another term. Further than this, it was recognized that Coolidge should name his running mate. This has been the policy of the party for years. Moreover, no prominent Republicans were seeking the place.

No one dreamed that the Democratic Convention would degenerate into a Donnybrook Fair. When the Democratic Convention met at New York City its leaders were truly optimistic. They had many reasons to believe that they would elect their nominees. After the convention adjourned nothing mattered, as Republican success was assured.

Among the things that worried the Republican leaders was the Coolidge veto of the World War Veterans Adjusted Compensation Bill.

Confidential talks that I had with Republican leaders who were in touch with the sentiment of the country before the convention revealed that they were not nearly so hopeful as their interviews in the daily press would indicate. On account of President Coolidge's views on preparedness, I became interested in his success. It occurred to me that the ticket would be strengthened with some prominent and popular World War veteran with oversea service as his running mate. This would not only overcome to a certain extent Coolidge's veto of the Bonus Bill, but inject more enthusiasm into the campaign.

One day when I was calling on Secretary Weeks to discuss military affairs, the conversation drifted to the approaching Cleveland convention. I told him that I was very much interested in President Coolidge's success on account of his views on national defense. I must admit that I would not have been so greatly interested had I thought there would be so radical a change in his attitude toward preparedness as has taken place since the election. Not only has he reversed himself since his first message, but he has failed to carry out the plain declarations of the Republican platform. The platform upon which he was elected declares:

'There must be no further weakening of our Regular Army. We advocate appropriations sufficient to provide for the training of all members of the National Guard, the Citizens Military Training Camps, the Reserve Officers Training Corps, Officers Reserve Corps, and the reserves who may offer themselves for service.

'We pledge ourselves to round out and maintain the Navy to the full strength provided the United States by the letter and spirit of the Limitations of Armament Conference.'

The President now makes no pretense of carrying out this platform pledge.

But returning to the conversation with Secretary Weeks, I urged him to suggest to the President that he select some prominent World War veteran. Mr. Weeks said that he did not believe that the President would accept a man simply because he had been in the service.

I had been going over prominent veterans in my mind and mentioned General James G. Harbord, who shortly before that time had resigned as Deputy Chief of Staff of the Army to become the president of the Radio Corporation of America. Mr. Weeks expressed the opinion that a better selection could not be made if General Harbord would sacrifice his business to accept.

That night I went over the whole situation and the more I thought of it the more convinced I became that the country was ready to recognize the services of the veterans of the World War as it had those of the Civil and Spanish-American wars.

Next morning my coat was off and I started a quiet campaign of interviewing those prominent leaders of the party with whom I was personally acquainted.

I had some business with Senator Wadsworth, of New York, chairman of the Senate Military Affairs Committee. At the conclusion of my interview I brought up the question of the second place on the national ticket, mentioning General Harbord. The Senator said, 'Of course, this is a matter entirely for the President, but if I were he I should select General Harbord or some other veteran of that type.'

I talked with Senator David Reed, of Pennsylvania, a World War veteran, with distinguished service, Representative Royal Johnson, and most of the members of the veterans' bloc in the House.




When I went to file the telegrams, the man at the desk said, 'Ninety-two dollars and thirty-six cents.'



Senator Borah

He reiterated his previous declaration that he did not want the nomination and *would not* accept it.

All admitted that General Harbord would make a strong candidate, but insisted that the selection of a candidate for Vice-President was a matter for the President to decide. Some of them told me in the strictest confidence that Senator Butler, who was then recognized as the 'political spokesman' for Coolidge, had indicated that veterans need not apply.

I expressed my doubts then as to whether this was really the attitude of the President. I did not believe that a candidate would be disqualified on account of his World War service, although I am now inclined to this view.

The first overt act in an effort to nominate General Harbord or some other World War veteran took place in my office when, at my request, Brigadier General Henry J. Reilly, now war correspondent in China, and Captain H. W. Angus, a reserve officer of New York, met with me to discuss the situation. Both were warm personal friends of General Harbord and became interested in the movement. Up to this time the only communication I had ever had from General Harbord on the subject was a letter of thanks after the convention. I did not doubt he would respond to the call if by any chance he were nominated.

After talking the matter over, Reilly, Angus and myself decided to send out night letter telegrams to the service men who had been elected delegates and to certain Republican leaders who we thought could be interested in the cause. An interview by General Reilly was carried by the Press Associations the following day.

As we estimated it, the telegrams would cost ninety dollars and the campaign fund was raised on the spot, by equal contributions from the three conspirators. When I went to file the telegrams, the man at the desk said, 'Ninety-two dollars and thirty-six cents.'

Captain Angus, on account of professional engagements, was compelled to drop out of the picture, and Captain C. Forrest Curry, Jr., of the Reserve Air Force, of California, was enlisted in the cause.

Chartering a drawing-room in the Press Special from Washington to Cleveland, General Reilly, Captain Curry and I moved the headquarters of the Harbord boom to Cleveland. The headquarters consisted of a box of paper, carbons and a typewriter. During the trip to Cleveland we prepared sketches of Harbord's *(Continued on page 22)*

# What Dieting Did for Bill

## Nourishment Knocks the Naughtiness Out of Redhead, Now a Social Asset

By JUDGE HENRY NEIL

ILLUSTRATED BY W. W. CLARKE

THE Juvenile Court was celebrating Christmas according to custom—that is, on the day after.

December 26 was always one of the busiest days of the year in that court. Amid the aftermath of this particular Christmas, the case of Bill interested me most. Bill and his gang had certainly celebrated Christmas Day in glorious fashion, according to their lights.

I've seen numerous charity Christmas parties in settlement houses. Earnest young social workers slave over the preparations. They supplement the turkey with basketfuls of dainty lettuce sandwiches. The tables, decorated and set with some pretense of nicety, are laden with appetizing food. The room is gay with fragile Christmas ornaments. Pretty little baskets of candy hang on the tree. A cheery program of parlor games is planned.

But when the doors are thrown open an unruly mob rushes in. The place is stormed. Amid noise and scuffling, dirty hands grab right and left for food and candy and presents. Shouts and wails rupture the Yuletide peace. Joe Carboni seizes three baskets of candy, and takes another away from Tiny Tim Flaherty, who is too little to fight back but subsides in wild sobs. The Christmas program is valiantly carried on above a volcanic seething of unrest.

The welfare workers are on the verge of desperation, but the youngsters are having a grand time in the only way they know how. Respect for dainty food and pretty ceremonies has not been part of the training of the children of the slums. What they want is a riot.

Bill was undoubtedly responsible, as charged, for the Christmas riot at the Owens Settlement House. The welfare workers' testimony showed that it was he who started the famous celery battle. The long tables had been decorated with fancy jugs containing fluffy bunches of celery. Bill and his street gang thought the celery was something funny. They had never eaten any celery, and perhaps had never seen it before. They grabbed the stalks and began to use them like whisk brooms to dust each others' faces. Then Bill hurled a bunch at his arch enemy who was making faces at him from the other side of the room. Instantly a dozen boys were throwing celery.

The floor was a slippery mess before the bell rang for the boys to sit down. Then they spied the pumpkin pies that had been placed in lavish quantity all along the tables. They began wading into the pies before the minister could start to say grace. Bill, with his own mouth full of pie, shoved a big wedge into his neighbor's mouth.

'Have some mud pie,' he urged.

'Quit it, you big simp,' yelled one of the boys across the table. 'Those are for after the turkey.'

'Shut up, you big mutt,' Bill replied, 'or I'll lam you one in the eye.' He picked up a pie as if to throw it, but the boy on his right knocked it out of his grasp. Bill grabbed it again and mashed it in the offender's face.

'Pie face, pie face, see the muddy pie face,' he chanted. The boys took up the chorus and began throwing the pies at each other. Undoubtedly they had been educated at the movies.

This isn't a nice Christmas story at all. But then, these boys weren't nice boys. They were lawless, irresponsible rowdies. Even well-trained boys will go on a tear when the mob spirit sways them. College boys from fine homes have been known to turn their own fraternity house dining room into something like a pigsty, in the course of an exuberant celebration. People smile tolerantly at that and call it a lark. But when the same spirit crops out in a gang of street urchins, who have been utterly neglected and raised on the pavements, people frown heavily. When Bill did it, they arrested him.

Bill had had his prestige as neighborhood gang leader to keep up. He was Alexander and Napoleon. He became completely intoxicated and carried off by that sincerest form of flattery which was heaped upon him by the other boys who imitated his every exploit in disorder. The welfare (Concluded on page 26)



Bill heard the hated leader of a rival gang calling him a 'red-headed monkey.' Bill grabbed a dish of cranberry sauce and rubbed it in his enemy's hair.

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

WITH the regularity of nature in its production of crops, the process of education goes on. Someone is always beginning, someone is always completing, a course of training. At this season of the year when birds are being graduated from the nest, and when seeds become blades and blades ears, there is also a great exodus from the schools of a multitude of youth who are to make their way in the world. They are the graduates, as we call them: some are coming from the grade schools, and will not go on; some are coming from the high schools, and will not go on; some are coming from the universities, and will not go on. And many are stopping at points between—at the sixth grade, halfway through high school, at the end of the second college year—with no graduation excitement but with not a whit less advantage in life.

Everyone wishes he could say that graduation insures success in life, that education insures it, that having faithfully completed years of study one has therefore earned, as a sort of diploma, success in life. But no one can say that. The facts are against it. The theory that education puts one abreast of his times so that he may start without a heavy handicap, or that it develops his powers so that he may start with some knowledge of his capabilities, is very good. Often, however, it occurs that these advantages and discoveries are the fruit of post-student years, which only goes to show that education, or experience, is not an exclusively collegiate matter at all, but the principal vocation of life.

This is the most fortunate time of all known times for a young man or woman to start life. But it does not differ from other times in the need for a rudder. Indeed, perhaps the current of life now runs so much faster, and the charted routes are now so numerous, that rudders were never more necessary than today.

Vital drive and judgment are the indispensable equipment for the times.

Vital drive is a gift of nature, but even a slight spark of it can be nursed into a flame. We have not as much of it in America as we think we have. We confuse the amount we are doing with the amount our machines are doing. Our vital drive threatens to diminish as a result. There is no power on earth to be compared with the vital power of the individual human being, and that we must keep and nourish under all conditions.

*DRAW a line from the eye to the mouth. That is the line of action which most people follow. They talk about what they see, not knowing that what they see is only part of what is there; the eye sees surfaces, but the mind sees values. Now, draw a line from the eye to the back of the head—that is, through the brain; then draw a line from the brain to the mouth. That is the line of wisdom and judgment. Bid the eye refer its report to the mind, the mouth be silent until thought is completed. That is the full formula for making a man of judgment. Judgment is the habit of referring all matter from the outside world to the laboratory of your mind for analysis.*

Judgment is a gift, but it may also be an acquisition. In most of us it is the latter. We too often say, 'He has no judgment,' when what we really mean is, 'He has no habit of judgment.' Nobody has any judgment until he exercises it. Judgment is not something that acts of its own volition, as the eyelash winks when an object threatens the eye—judgment must be summoned, called in, set up. It is a habit of procedure. And many people have not the habit.

Maybe that can be best illustrated by a figure. Draw a line from the eye to the mouth. You have there the line of action followed by most people. What they see they immediately talk about; —but that is not the worst of it, *what they see is not all that is there.* 'Things are not what they seem,' as Longfellow said. There is a great deal said about visual education, but it always has existed and always has been the system used on the thoughtless. All the fakes and fallacies in the world go through on the eye-to-mouth line.

Now draw a line from the eye to the back of the head, and from the back of the head to the mouth. There you have the line of judgment. And few there be that follow it. Follow that simple course as a habit—making the brain a part of the triangle, making it the connecting point between seeing and doing—and you set up judgment.

What you see you do not see at all until you have passed it through your mind for analysis and valuation. Bid the eye refer the matter to the mind, and bid the mouth be still until thought has been completed, and not only will your speech be wiser, but your action also, because you have added the ingredient of judgment.

This counsel is offered to the graduate in faith as to its value—draw a line from your eye to your brain; let the line to the mouth come from the brain, not from the eye. The things you see with the eye are part illusion. The things you see with the inner understanding are near the truth. Everybody is imposed on by appearance except those who brush aside appearance and look for the reality which may be behind it. The judgment hall, the mental laboratory, is set up within every one of us; it is merely a question of using it. Many an adulterated thing, many an artificial make-believe, that seems all right at first sight, will reveal its true character on the line that is drawn from the eye to the mind, and as a result the action with reference to it will be wise and true.

**'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## The Council and the Churches

THE Federal Council of Churches is precipitating a situation which may compel identification of that body with its real allies and purposes. It assumes to be the agent and spokesman of the Protestant Churches of the United States. This assumption is being questioned on every hand within the churches and is made increasingly doubtful by the wide difference which exists between Church opinion and Federal Council pronouncements. In matters of most serious character the Federal Council has urged an alien, anti-Christian and anti-American propaganda upon the Churches. To prevent any possible misunderstanding of that statement, it is repeated that the Federal Council of Churches, instead of being the mouthpiece of the Protestant Churches of the United States, is the mouthpiece of movements which seek to secure by deception the countenance and support of those Churches. This is a serious charge, but not so serious as the Federal Council's alliances and methods. The Churches of America do not know to what they are being committed by the Federal Council, and will be the first to repudiate it when they find out.

The Federal Council's rôle as agent to win the American Churches to movements which grow up outside the Churches, and to purposes which the churches never conceived or formulated, is evident again in its recent discussion of 'compulsory military training,' whatever that may mean. The echoes of the Council's prohibition report have hardly died before this new move is made. Wisely, however, the Federal Council this time does not assume to speak *for* the Churches, but speaks *to* them, and *asks* the Churches to study the question of military training. The Federal Council is evidently committed to the monstrous doctrine that citizenship may exist without responsibility and that it is criminal to teach in the schools the principles of patriotism and the preservation of American liberties. The American Churches never instructed the Federal Council to take that position, and will not permit the Federal Council to commit them to it.

By all means let the American Churches study the question put to them by the Federal Council, and study it in literature and facts other than those submitted by the Council, and having done that let them proceed a step further and study the connections and activities of the Federal Council of Churches.

There is a place for a Federal Council which shall inform the nation *what the Churches think*. There is no place for a Council that assumes *to tell the churches what to think*.

---

## Individual Work

ALL really great achievements in the world's history have come from the inspiration of an individual. Organizations have been useful only in carrying out individual visions.

Neither time nor money nor mathematics has ever created anything. The world moves step by step through the inspiration of one human soul or another which gives its life to make a mere dream come true.

This may be the vision of a new school of ethics in the Sermon on the Mount, or a picture from the steaming of a teakettle which visioned a power-driven world—it might be the vision of man on wheels or wings driven by that very fire which was once his chief enemy and the basis of his Fear-religion.

In each case, however, the world was changed, revised, bettered, reorganized, and all from the leaven of one individual enthusiasm which affected the whole loaf—the ferment of unrest in one driven soul which germinated to force tremendous growth.

Organization is a machine for the carrying on of work, but work itself is still created by the soul and religion of the individual.

---

## A Letter

'THE other day my attention was called to a screen picture titled "What Happened to Jones," in which "Reginald Denny" is the leading actor. My commentator bitterly arraigned the company producing the film for the flippant use, in low comedy, of a protracted scene in church in which the comedian was dressed in the full vestments of the church and in which he parodied the sacred office which a bishop fills.

'In order to be sure of my ground I attended a performance of the aforesaid and found that the criticism was amply justified.

'I have the best of reasons for asserting in confidence that my statement cannot be disproved that no moving picture producer would dare parody any Catholic bishop or priest, or any Jewish rabbi, in the way in which they have consistently and constantly parodied ministers of the Protestant gospel; and particu-

larly undignified, offensive and contemptuous is this parody of an Episcopal bishop; for in this film Denny, for the purpose of his buffoonery, first garbs himself in the habiliments-in-ordinary of an Episcopal bishop and then, at a wedding service, in which the wedding procession and the interior of the church are pictured, with Denny finally in the habiliments of an officiating clergyman at a wedding ceremony, with the Bible in his hand, making a caricature of the service, etc., etc.

'Because one never sees either Catholic or Jew parodied in this way on the screen, one is amply justified in assuming that that which one frequently sees in moving pictures is a demonstration of a subtle purpose, namely, to hold the Protestant minister of all kinds in contempt and derision.'

---

## *French Farmer and Taxes*

SIXTY-TWO per cent of the national wealth of France, distinct from that of the government, is agricultural wealth. This wealth contributes eleven per cent to the total taxation bill of the nation. This resolves itself into a virtual indemnity for agriculture, a policy which the French Government has adopted as a means of perpetuating the nation and preventing the farms from becoming depopulated. The peasant is the backbone of France. When the nation in time of stress has needed men and money it has been the peasant who supplied them. He has kept the nation alive.

It is significant to note that after years of this system of taxation probably the only really prosperous group of France today is the farmer who comprises fifty per cent of the population.

Diana Bourbon, writing in the New York *Times* following an extended visit to French farms, says: 'To a Frenchman of note I remarked that if France would tax her agricultural wealth with some degree of adequacy and then concentrate on collecting from her other citizens the taxes they already owe, instead of trying to pass new laws which they will avoid in turn, there would be no financial problem.

'His reply was that I was probably right. "But after all, why should we? England is heavily taxed, and the English pay their taxes. What is the result? The government is rich and the people are poor. We French do not pay our taxes, with the result that the people are rich and the government poor! Which is better?"'

---

The party, President or Candidate that sidesteps is sooner or later sidestepped. Prohibition may command party approval or disapproval: one or the other attitude must be taken: there is no possible neutrality.

## *Defeated One by One*

THE significance of the Senatorial primaries is not that better men are replacing the regular candidates who have been defeated. In some instances distinctly less capable and less desirable men have been selected by the electorate. The significance of these reversals is to be found in the profound distrust which the people feel of the present trend of our government. The latest overturn in Iowa emphasizes all that has gone before. The break has become a run and the run threatens to become a political panic in which the destruction of political regularity cannot be escaped. The explanation is that the men in power persistently refuse to take counsel of the people of the United States. To take only one instance: without consulting the people, and in opposition to the unorganized expression of popular opinion, the administration committed the nation to the foreign policy involved in the World Court. Since that time four Senators who favored the World Court have been defeated. But that is only one thing.

The whole political outlook is completely changed from what it was a year ago. This preference of one candidate over another is not the whole story. If certain administration policies were put upon popular vote, they would be repudiated also. But the people have not that option as yet. They can only register their protest; they cannot yet register their will. The complaint goes deeper than dissatisfaction with individuals; it consists in a deep disappointment that all the fair promises of consideration of the popular will have been buried beneath the rule of cliques which seem to have no conception of what the people of the United States are thinking.

---

## *The Lesson of the Woodpile*

THE woodpile is symbolic. It stands for duty and responsibility, for a definite task, to be accomplished without quibble or shirking. A New York man bemoans the passing of the woodpile from city life; to him it is a symbol for *work*. He is right. City life begets much leisure for boys, and leisure improperly utilized begets mischief.

The country lad with certain specified tasks to perform each day has a big advantage over the city-bred youth. With his chores he stores up resolve and energy and determination for later life. In manhood he will have *the will to do things*, the grit to finish what he begins. With the city lad things may be and often are quite different. Much of his work is done for him. He has few duties, few responsibilities. He must devise means for filling in this leisure time—with play. The boy who subsists solely on play is cheated.

ONE of the big Lenten events in Detroit every year is the series of addresses given in the largest public auditorium by Rev. John A. McClorey, Jesuit priest and professor at the University of Detroit. Each address is given three times to accommodate the multitudes who throng to hear. Father McClorey tackles subjects which are not, as a rule, popular, and his frankness is often breath-taking. But the impression made is very profound and the positions defended are true. We are glad to present in somewhat abbreviated form, but entirely in his own language, the substance of Father McClorey's two lectures on Birth Control. The second lecture will follow in a succeeding issue. Seldom has the subject received such searching treatment as in these lectures.

# The Futility of Birth-Control

## Prominent Ecclesiastic Exposes Neo-Malthusian Fallacies; Advocates Improving the Living Conditions of the People

By REV. JOHN A. McCLOREY

I APOLOGIZE for speaking of Birth-Control. For, though of late it has become quite respectable, buttressed by plausible arguments, defended by some Near-Intellectuals, practised by large numbers of the exclusive, gilt-edged set, given a hearing by newspapers and magazines, and weighed judicially by many who before shunned the very thought of it; nevertheless Birth-Control is nothing more than a dirty piece of sexuality, bald lust, stark brutishness, what Carlyle would call Pig-Philosophy, which disrobes men and women of the spiritual atmosphere in which religion, poetry, and chivalry have arrayed them and shows them forth as mere animals, male and female; emphasizing with the insistence of pornographic degeneracy the unveiled passionateness of sex.

Such things, says St. Paul, should not even be mentioned among Christians. I would that Birth-Controllers had not dragged their moist and slimy Caliban from the fetid caverns of their minds into the light of day, for the inspection of decent people. Why do not degenerates practise their abominations in secret on the silken couch of decadent luxury and be satisfied? But no, like dope-fiends, they feel the itch of an unholy apostolate and must infect the multitude with their unnatural debauchery. And so it becomes a man (as it would have become St. Paul) to speak of them, in a modest but plain way, to preserve the uninitiated from lechery.

*Malthus Opposed Artificial Birth-Control*

Birth-Control is a moral as well as a biological and medical matter. I am competent to judge of its morality.

Birth-Control is a misnomer. The thing should be called Birth-Frustration or, better still, Contraception.

Malthus, an English Minister of Religion, published his essay on 'The Principle of Population' in 1798. The essay was directed against the Socialists Condorcet and Godwin who held that poverty and misery were due to human institutions and for this reason could be remedied by Socialism. Malthus, on the contrary, taught that poverty and misery are due to overpopulation. For whereas, in his opinion, population increases in geometric proportion, 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, etc., the supplies of life grow only in arithmetical proportion, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, etc. Hence in due time the supplies of earth will be inadequate for the needs of men. Accordingly, he says, people should not marry or marry late and then practise much self-restraint. Malthus was opposed to artificial Birth-Control.

*Catholic Church Stands Against It*

The Neo-Malthusians or Birth-Controllers hold that the only means of checking population is artificial Birth-Control. As a matter of historical fact, Birth-Control has been identified with Atheism. Charles Bradlaugh and Annie Besant gave Birth-Control its first noticeable impulse in 1876. They were arrested for their propaganda. Before their time, Doctor Drisdale, a man of the same ilk, wrote his book on the subject. Doctor Dunlop, himself a Birth-Controller, admits the identification of Birth-Control with Atheism. Havelock Ellis, Doctor Dawson, the present King of England's physician, and in this country Mrs. Sanger are other names identified with the movement. H. G. Wells has written an introduction to Mrs. Sanger's latest book. The lady enumerates Bernard Shaw among Birth-Controllers. The fact is, Bernard Shaw said he was in favor of Birth-Control of a kind—Birth-Control through self-control. He added that he was opposed to any system which implied the impossibility of sexual abstention. Birth-Controllers are trying to appropriate the cloak of religion for their nefarious enterprise. But their efforts have been in vain. The Council of Anglican Bishops, held at Lambeth a few years past, condemned the thing. Dean Inge does not represent the Anglican Church. Charles Bradlaugh's advocacy of Birth-Control in 1876 was denounced from every Protestant pulpit in England. The Jewish Rabbis as a body, I believe, are against the artificial limitation of families; and of course there is no hope for the Neo-Malthusians in the attitude of the Catholic Church.

Some individual Catholics no doubt indulge in Birth-Control to some extent. But they know they are doing wrong. They either confess the sin and try to amend, or remain obstinate in their wickedness and thereby lose membership in the Church. The case of France is often quoted against us. But Frenchmen have fallen away from the Church in great numbers during the last century; and statistics show that where Catholicity is a living force in France there is no Birth-Control. Also statistics prove that in those localities of England and America where Catholics are more numerous, the birth rate is high and vice versa for the other places. Indeed, Professor Myrick Booth, a Protestant scientific student of the matter, and many other men of the same sort praise the Catholic Church for her successful stand against Birth-Control and warn Protestants that by the force of Catholic unimpeded fecundity, in due time Catholics will supplant them everywhere unless they avoid the Neo-Malthusian contamination.

*Neo-Malthusian Virtue in Reality Vice*

Birth-Controllers hold that poverty, disease, a high death rate, famine, war and vice are widespread in the world; that these harrowing conditions must be removed; since they are caused by overpopulation, overpopulation must be reduced, and the only way of doing that is their system of Birth-Control.

Against them, I hold that artificial Birth-Control (1), is not necessary for their purpose; (2), is not sufficient for it; (3), is evil in itself; and (4), is evil on account of its effects. The last two points will be developed in another article. The first two will engage us now.

The general proposition: 'Birth-Control is not necessary for their purpose' may be conveniently divided into these four assertions: (1) Birth-Control is not necessary to reduce excessive population. (2) The reduction

of excessive population is not necessary for the abolition of poverty and misery. (3) The removal of poverty and misery is not necessary for virtue and morality. (4) Neo-Malthusian virtue and morality are, in reality, forms of vice.

Birth-Control is not a necessary means toward the reduction of excessive population because *population is not now and is not likely ever to become excessive;* also, if this were the case, Birth-Control would not be necessary to reduce it. There are other means.

***Overpopulation of World Still in Future***

Some sixty per cent of the land of the United States is not under cultivation. There are vast tracts of idle country in Canada, Australia, South America and Africa. Congestion exists in large cities, but men, not God nor Nature, are responsible for that. *The Malthusian theory of population and supplies is now discredited among most philosophers.* THE WORLD WOULD HAVE BEEN OVERPOPULATED CENTURIES AGO IF THE CONTENTIONS OF MALTHUS WERE TRUE; especially if the race of men were as old as Evolutionists would have it.

Malthus prophesied in 1798 that in 1898, England and Wales would be burdened with 112,000,000 people. As a matter of fact, the number of men and women in those countries at that time was only 32,000,000; and it is a mere assumption to say that this discrepancy in numbers has been due to Birth-Control which made no noticeable gains until 1876. In the United States, despite the vast immigration of prolific races of the last century, we fall short by 13,000,000 of the number of people Malthus said we should have.

As to food, Mr. Wanders in *America* calculates that even without new, possible methods of cultivation, the world could support 200,000,000,000 men and women, about 120 times its present number. The United States could sustain 600,000,000; and as we are only some 125,000,000 at present, we need not fear starvation yet awhile.

But even if population were excessive either in reality or in prospect, Birth-Control would not be necessary to reduce it; there are other means. Birth-Controllers never even mention continence as a means.

***Living Conditions Should Be Improved***

There is strong evidence from experimental observation that an increase in prosperity, comfort and intellectuality in a community of men and women (without Birth-Control and the debilitating influence of sinful luxury) lessens their fertility. If therefore a population needs reducing, improve the living conditions of the people.

A high death rate lessens population. This seems a cruel thing to say. But preventing babies from coming into life is as cruel as letting men and women and children go out of life. It is more cruel. The latter only have their life curtailed; the formerly are utterly deprived of it. And it is better to have lived a while and died, even with the accompaniment of suffering, than not to have lived at all.

Then there are the great counteractants to excessive population, supplied by nature and man: famines, plagues and wars. History proves that such agencies have always prevented excessive population on the earth. Unless Neo-Malthusians can establish that no more wars, plagues, and famines, earthquakes, storms and accidents will occur, they cannot propose Birth-Control as a necessary corrective for immoderate fertility. Possibly in the next war, gases will poison whole cities instantaneously. In the Middle Ages, the Black Plague destroyed one-fourth of Europe's inhabitants; and though medical science has done much to reduce sickness, we in our day have encountered a deadly plague, with the harmless name of 'Flu.' Cancer seems to defy surgical skill. Devastating Pneumonia and Tuberculosis give no signs of abating. Possibly worse diseases are in store for us. If so, then overpopulation (if it exists) will have been a blessing.

In the second place, reduction of population is not needed to ameliorate the acute economic condition of the world. The reason is simple and profound: overpopulation does not cause misery. The reverse is true: misery causes overpopulation. Do not, therefore, reduce population to lessen misery but lessen misery to reduce population; if such reduction is desirable.

***Prolificness Not to Blame for Poverty***

Thomas Doubleday came to the above conclusions after many experiments; and Mr. Pell, who resurrected Doubleday's theory, and Doctor Halliday G. Sutherland, the most redoubtable opponent of Birth-Control in England today, are of his opinion. According to the doctrine of these learned men, when the race is in danger of diminution or extinction through hardship and poverty, nature automatically meets the danger by greater fertility. Contrariwise when the race, amid comforts and healthy surroundings, is safe from the likelihood of diminution or extinction, nature moderates her output of children.

The true cases of misery and poverty are the violence of nature in the form of plagues, famines, earthquakes, floods and storms; and the sins of men. Why blame prolific parents for the distresses of the poor when we have under our eyes catastrophes of nature; the injustice of many of the rich, poor wages, excessive work; and sloth, lack of economy, lavish expenditure and intemperance prevalent among great numbers of the poor?

Thirdly, the distresses of the poor are not nearly so lurid as they are painted by Birth-Controllers and the replacement of them by prosperity and comfort is not necessary to insure virtue and morality.

There is much happiness among the very poor. Just as behind the beauty and luxury of palatial walls often enough black grief sits enthroned, so inversely, back of the squalor of the destitute there is quite commonly a fund of cheerfulness. Their sins are more open than those of the rich, cruder and not disguised by culture; but not so many nor so vile as the sins of the silken set. Physically they are as strong as the run of the pampered and effeminate rich and from their loins have sprung as many men and women of genius as from families of wealth. While comfort and prosperity ought to make us better men and women they quite generally have a deleterious effect. Hardship with its austere discipline is the maker of men. God Himself taught us this; and lest we should think Him a heartless and detached Teacher of morality, He became the Man of Sorrows and Poverty. God forbid that I should not wish and do my best to alleviate the miserable. But it is wrong to suppose that destitution has no redeeming qualities and to make a fetish of plenty and ease.

***When Virtue Becomes Like Vice***

Fourthly, the virtue and morality of Birth-Controllers are in reality forms of vice, as we shall establish in our next article. Therefore, even if Birth-Control, reduction of population and amelioration of the economic conditions of the world were necessary means to their style of virtue and morality, yet these means would not be desirable because the end at which they are aimed is not desirable.

It would appear then that Birth-Control is not necessary for the high purposes of life.

Neither is it sufficient for them. Birth-Control is not a sufficient means to better the material condition of the poor, to improve the procreation and education of children, to reduce the death rate and to abolish plague, famine and war.

***More Machinery More Workingmen***

Birth-Controllers say: Lessen the number of consumers and there will be more supplies for each of them. This is plausible but not true. *For if you lessen the number of consumers, you thereby lessen the number of producers of supplies;* by the debilitating vice of contraception *you lessen their capacity to produce supplies;* by reducing the number of workers, thereby increasing the demand for their work, *you lessen their incentive to industry;* on account of the shrinkage of the proletariat through Birth-Control *you lessen their power to prevent selfish monopolists from cornering supplies;* and you facilitate the reversion of an overpaid, underworking labor class to their former condition of destitution and misery through lavish expenditure and

intemperance. H. G. Wells says that great numbers of workingmen are not needed in a world of machinery. But history shows that when machinery spreads, the demand for individual workingmen increases. Extra men are needed for the building of machines; and for the new markets and new commercial enterprises which are the offspring of mechanical industry.

*One Way of Increasing Cost of Living*

Birth-Controllers say: Lessen the number of wage-earners and you thereby increase the wages of each of them. This also is plausible but not true. For if you lessen the number of wage-earners so as to increase wages, you increase the cost of living; you give occasion to employers to flood the labor market with imported cheap workers; and by swelling the pay-envelope at their expense you tempt them strongly to withdraw productive capital from the field of industry and to stop exploiting the resources of nature; a result which would harm the working class as well as capitalists and the community at large.

Birth-Controllers say that if there are fewer children there will be better children. But why will children be better if they are fewer? If a human mother bore many children simultaneously, tha is, at one birth, then *possibly* her offspring would be better, the fewer she bore; because in that case she would have to divide her procreative force among many children and consequently lessen the energy communicated to each. I say 'possibly,' because a beast bears many young at a birth and it is not apparent that each of them is less healthy than it would be if there were only one. But as a matter of fact a human mother produces her young successively, thus being able to give to each of them, taken singly, the best that is in her. Now that 'best' does not diminish with use during the period of fertility, but after each birth is restored to its original forcefulness. For a mother is not like a reservoir whose water level is lowered by draining; but like a fountainhead which is replenished while it gives. Indeed, her fruitfulness seems to improve with time and use. For there is much evidence to show that generally the later-born children of a family are the most representative. Napoleon, Ignatius of Loyola, John Wesley and Abraham Lincoln are a few examples of men of genius who were at or near the tail-end of their families. Through artificial Birth-Control, the family and nation are deprived of the best scions of the race. Birth-Controllers say: Give us quality, not quantity. But quality is obtained only through quantity and numbers. Birth-Controllers imagine that comfort and prosperity improve the quality of mothers. But the paraphernalia of a life of ease is not more conducive to healthy parents and offspring than an environment of distress; and if poor mothers are weakened by hardship, privation and child-bearing, Malthusian mothers are hurt more gravely by contraceptives.

*Fewer Children Does Not Mean Efficiency*

Neither will Birth-Control better the education of the children. Within limits, the more a normal mother is required to do, the more she will be able to do. Capacity for work grows with working. If she has seven children, she will be capable of educating seven; if one, she will possess only enough energy for one. Hence the Neo-Malthusian theory: 'Have fewer children that you may train them better,' is false. Besides, in a small family, there is lacking the wholesome training of domestic democracy. And where there are only one or two children in a family, death, taking the one or two, breaks up the family; the home is still and chill; the great motive for living slips away from parents; and in due time, childless old age, with its wrinkles and white hairs, comes to empty hearts. If childlessness is not the fault of parents, God makes up to them for the defect. But if parents have themselves to blame, how can they expect the sunshine of heaven to warm and brighten their sear and yellow leaf?

*Where Births Are High Deaths Are Low*

So it appears that contraception will not result in the ideal family which Utopian Neo-Malthusians like to portray.

Birth-Control will not lower the death rate. Reliable statistics from France, England, Wales and Ireland show convincingly that where the birth-rate is high in these countries, the death-rate is low; where the birth-rate is low, the death-rate is high. *A priori* speculation would lead one to think that it ought to be the other way. But observation proves the case to be as I stated it.

In view of these reflections, it appears that Birth-Control is neither necessary nor sufficient for the betterance of the race. It is a 'dud'; a blank cartridge, sounding loud but not striking home to the mind with the impact of conviction. Consign it, therefore, to the ash-heap of burned-out theories.

*FOURTEEN thousand documents comprising the official headquarters correspondence of the Commander-in-Chief of the British forces during the American Revolution have been brought to America.*

*A contributor to* THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT *has gained access to this collection and in next week's issue presents many new details concerning the war for independence. Important cryptic military messages are reproduced in facsimile from the originals for the first time.*

## Our Musical Judgments

ROBERT A. SIMON is skeptical as to the ability of us Americans to appreciate music for music's sake. He claims the better-known musicians have reached their eminence not always through ability in a musical way but due to the 'legends' which surround them and which are played up by enterprising press agents. Writing in *The Bookman*, Simon says:

*Paderewski a Great Musician*

'Our musical judgments, if any, are formed chiefly on matters that have little to do with music. Let us look into the case of Paderewski, who can draw huge audiences at prices which compare only with those charged for singularly costly Broadway revues. Paderewski, considered merely as an artist, is a great musician, somewhat, but not vitally, impaired technically, and a pianist who infuses interest into everything that he plays. These considerations do not account for his popularity. Paderewski is a tremendous box-office attraction because of the Paderewski legends. Almost every successful public performer has at least one legend, but Paderewski rejoices in a succession of them. When he first came to this country, several decades ago, the tale that his wife had died from starvation, coupled with his "leonine mane," made him an attraction that everyone had to see—and, incidentally, hear. His genuine musical merits saved him from the saner critics and the others became press agents for the "Polish lion."

'Then there was de Pachmann, who also attracted Chopin devotees, but who would have drawn many crowded houses if he had played nothing more interesting than a sequence of the scales. Like Paderewski, de Pachmann had established himself as a musician of fine attainments early in his career, but his performances, at least in recent years, were not to be taken into account. De Pachmann was something to see—and, this time not incidentally, to hear. But it was not de Pachmann's piano playing that received attention; it was his habit of supplementing his performance with a continuous flow of prattle and with odd gestures and curious ways of getting on and off the stage. His American manager went so far as to raise the price of front row seats, an unusual procedure in a concert hall. De Pachmann's diction wasn't so good, and those who wanted to hear every word of his irrelevant gabble were willing to pay a premium.'

*De Pachmann's Diction Not So Good*



Hydraulic mining—wearing down the gold-bearing soil of a hillside.

# Rough & Ready's Legacy to California

## An Old Mining Camp of the Forty-Niners Which Inspired Bret Harte

By JOHN T. FARIS

THE news of the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill in California led to one of the most remarkable movements of population in the history of America. 'Five years before the famous gold rush of 1849, there were not 500 Americans in California,' one student of the movement has said. Yet 'four years after the gold rush the population of the state was 300,000, and in the interval the argonaut had become one of the heroic figures of history. In a short period this figure had succeeded in having the center of population westward more than eighty miles.'

Across the plains, around Cape Horn, over the Isthmus of Panama the treasure-seekers hurried, and they penetrated to 'every gulch, ravine, basin, canyon, flat, bar and bench in the mountain country.' Men who, at home, had been sedate leaders, honored by their fellows, who never dreamed of appearing in public in anything but immaculate clothing, suddenly found themselves boon companions of laboring men, and men without education. The lust for gold was common to all of them, and this made them ready to endure hardness together, to forego every luxury, and to suffer untold privation in the search of the treasure that sometimes eluded them, but more often, in the early days, rewarded their efforts.

***How Prosperity Came to the Camp***

Quickly the gold country, which for centuries had known only the rare Indian hunter, was dotted thick with mining camps. Some of these were doomed to failure after a few days or weeks, while others persisted for months or years. Some, like Placerville (the old Hangtown of the pioneers), have become permanent; there both the business streets and some of the residence streets of that attractive town perpetuate the miners' paths that wound among or over the hills.

Of the camps that have disappeared, leaving no mark, one of the most famous was Rough and Ready, begun in 1849 by a company from Shellsburg, Wisconsin, which, after crossing the mountains by the Truckee route, paused on the banks of the Yuba River, in what is now Nevada County, close to the modern town of Grass Valley. The new camp took its name from the company, which from the days of its departure from Wisconsin, had called itself 'Rough and Ready,' because its captain had served under General Taylor in the Winnebago War.

Later, while hunting grizzlies and deer, a man in the company stooped to drink of the water in the ravine below Randolph Flat. As he did so he found a piece of gold. Prosperity followed, and the camp was soon removed to its new location, and two cabins were built.

The ten men in the original company were followed by a second company from Missouri, whose members, after a time of conflict, agreed with them that the two parties would monopolize the rich diggings in the vicinity of the camp.

The Randolph Company, as the Missourians called themselves, built two cabins at the head of the Flat, and went to work industriously. It soon became apparent that the rich diggings called for more workmen, so the leader of the Rough and Ready Company went East to secure forty men as helpers. These eagerly responded to his offer of a year's work for the same wages they would have received for such work at home, their traveling expenses, and their food. But during his absence miners came to Rough and Ready in a rush. Of course, they refused to recognize the monopoly, and, by September, 1850, five hundred of them were taking out the gold from the rich sand and quartz of the gulch.

There has been preserved the diary of a miner who, in March, 1852, visited Rough and Ready:

'I found a lively camp. The diggings have been very rich all around it, and they have found on the ridge, near Randolph Flat, claims that have paid big. A peculiarity is the number of rich pockets that have been struck. A miner named Axtell uncovered one, two weeks ago, from which he has taken out fourteen thousand dollars, and there have been any number that yielded from five hundred to five thousand dollars. There are miners who follow pocket mining exclusively, and there certainly is a fascination about it. They will work for weeks without making grub, and then come across a pocket from which they will take out hundreds or thousands . . . There is a place below Nevada City that is like Rough and Ready in the way of deposits. I am told that they find the gold there in little clay streaks and when they discover one it is sure to be rich. It is a peculiar sort of gold . . . .

***Bret Harte Brought It Fame***

Rough and Ready's greatest fame came to it through Bret Harte, who gave standing in literature to the mining camps of the Sierras, including Rough and Ready, which he seemed to regard with peculiar affection.




A social evening at 'Apple-Slump,' home of the Alcotts.

# THE ALCOTTS— As I Knew Them

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE

ILLUSTRATED BY W. O. FITZGERALD

TO BARBARIANS—as the Athenians used to call the people outside—Amos Bronson Alcott appears a solitary figure, a 'sport' of our spiritual nature, or a man born two thousand years too late. His voice cried in a wilderness in a pathetic manner, except for his own confidence in his rightness and the truth of his message, which gave him peace and complacency amid the surrounding wreck of matter and the war of worlds. He was content, one might say, to preach to himself; for even when his chosen circle was about him, he soon lost consciousness of them, and with eyes beholding only the infinite, and a faint air and aspect of inward satisfaction, he would enunciate his wisdom in a voice without inflections and without charm. He would say things which sounded preposterous and incredible with the same assurance as if he had but declared black to be white.

Most of us couldn't help smiling covertly to ourselves as we gave ear, though there were persons, women chiefly, who swallowed it all unquestioning, not so much because they understood it as because it was Mr. Alcott who said it. He knew it all from the beginning; his hearers could not hope to trace his argument, if he had one, back to its source; but they had a sublime faith, which had power to remove the mountain of his incredibility.

If anyone disagreed with him, it indicated only a lack of comprehension; nobody denies truth if they see it. Alcott, being a seer, did not feel that his office was to explain; he lifted the veil from the face of Isis, and if you saw nothing, it was not his fault. Imaginative acolytes might convince themselves that the awful countenance of the unknown was actually visible, merely because Alcott so constantly thought and affirmed that it was; there is much power in reiteration. Besides, did he not accept and unite with Plato, Swedenborg, Origen, and all the rest of that shining company? And who ventured to contend against them? As Emerson said, 'the astonished muse finds thousands at her side,' without, perhaps, their knowing just how they got there.

Without mention of Emerson, Alcott might never have been able to become visible, or audible. If we regard Alcott as the cow that jumped over the moon, Emerson's was the hand that let down the bars of the pasture. Emerson was the sun or central star of our transcendental system, and the light that came from him authenticated the planets which it irradiated. In contemporary phrase, he O.K'd Alcott, and that sufficed for us, who could never hope to do more than stand on our earth, and gaze up admiringly at the galaxy above us. The galaxy was somehow there, and we could only say, like the country folk at the fireworks coruscating overhead, 'Ah-h-h!'

I don't know that Alcott ever admitted deriving anything from Emerson, but Emerson would declare that he got much from Alcott, though he was never more enigmatic than when he set out to explain how and what. Our homely, domestic faculty of reason, if lifted to a certain height, becomes something else, and sounds sibylline and orphic. Emerson, on some such orphic basis, accorded Alcott reverence, and what were we to do less? Perhaps Alcott, by being more unattainable than Emerson, caused the latter to appear less unsubstantial; all things are recognized by contrast with others. Because we grinned at Alcott, we took Emerson seriously.

At any rate, it was remarkable that little old Concord, dreaming beside its

sluggish river, amid its lowly meadows, and fully satisfied with the fame of its fight at the bridge, should become the home of such persons as Emerson, Alcott, Hawthorne, Thoreau and Channing. Boston, to be sure, was only twenty miles away, if you could believe the surveyors; but spiritually, the Pleiades were not more distant. Boston was the home of the Unitarians, of the Abolitionists, and of Come-outers generally, as well as of the Beacon Hill aristocracy; and Holmes dubbed it the Hub of the Universe; at least it stood still, relatively speaking, while the circumference moved. It had the quaintest way of saying, with eyebrows elevated but charitable, 'Oh, yes—Emerson!' If Alcott's name were introduced, Boston would murmur 'Oh . . .?' with a mildly interrogative inflection, as if awaiting further information, though not eager for it. No, Alcott distinctly did not 'belong,' any more than Barnum would, though raised to the celestial degree.

But Emerson was at home in all companies, and in conversation with emperors and kings would make them aware, courteously, that they were no better forked-radishes than the rest of us. He had the social gift, but Alcott was a crude prophet, as raw as the uncooked carrots and turnips on which it was his pleasure to subsist. He was too innocent and unworldly wise for compromise, and yet with an invincible mildness—the gentle but incorrigible obstinacy of a sheep. His countenance, with its mildly blinking eyes, reminded one of a sheep, long, narrow, harmless, obstinate. Of course he was very much more than a sheep; a piece of divinity was lodged in that long, lean, shuffling, awkward body; in his odd fashion he was the superior of other men.

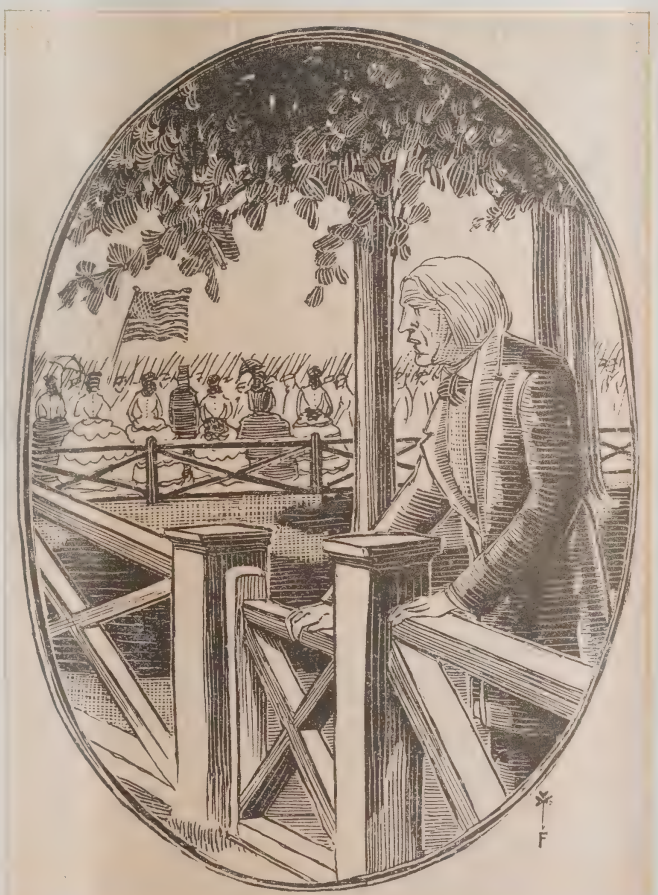
Nature had built him of incongruous elements: the animal so strong in him that he ought by all likelihood to have been a mere animal; but to the animal was harnessed an angel. There may not have been any conflict between them; we know little of his early youth; he had been a Connecticut peddler before he tried to keep a school on a new principle. Perhaps the angel was dominant from the first, but was nevertheless doomed to drag the dull, stupid, insensible creature along with him. Alcott never had the air of a reformed rake, or of reformed anything: he did not change, grow, or remold himself; he was Alcott once and for all. He talked continually—he called it conversing—but the tenor of his utterances was always the same. His jewels were strung upon a thread of intuition; but he supplemented these spontaneous insights by the reading of congenial books and by confirmations—they would be confirmations rather than learnings—from experience.

The Latin proverb laments that the ancients said all our good things before we did; but it is possible that Alcott believed he had at least thought them first, and that the Platos and Swedenborgs had merely put the same general idea in their own words; they were supporters of his views, therefore, but hardly originators of them. They came to him from the infinite, and he was debtor to nobody. If not first in time, he was independent as discoverer.

One of his most fortunate discoveries was of the young lady who became his wife—a daughter of Samuel May, known as a philanthropist, and more one than many meriting that title. But she was a jewel, and the strength of her nature appears in her accepting such a man as Alcott was in 1830 as her husband, for whatever culture he may be said to have acquired postdated his marriage, and was due, no doubt, less to Plato or to Emerson than to her. He had been born—his father was a small farmer known as Alcox—in 1799, and was a mere naked idealist, moneyless and incapable of earning money. As he went on living till he was nearly ninety years old, and never became a money-getter, he must have been helped along somehow, and, like Leigh Hunt, held that a gift of cash or means was at least as good for the giver as for the receiver: a man must pay something even for raw water and vegetables.

His wife took care of him and bore him three or four children, all girls.

The girls were all good housekeepers, though Abby, the second or the third, had art aspirations which were partially satisfied late in her life when she found a good husband. Ann also married, and she and her husband, known to us as 'John,' were model people. Of the fourth I know nothing and, in spite of Louisa's *Little Women*, am inclined to doubt her existence outside of Louisa's imagination; but I am open to argument.



He crowned himself with a brighter laurel when he let Louisa go to the front in the Civil War to nurse the wounded.

When I first came to know the family in Concord, in 1860, it consisted of father, mother and the three girls, of whom Ann, though of the neighborhood, lived most of the time in her own home, but always responding to emergency calls. All these people lived poor, but were rich in happiness and harmony; the father survived all except Louisa, who died, I think, two days after he did. My last glimpse of him was a year or so before his death, when he looked just as he had twenty years before, and in much better outward trim; that is, he was less the opposite of spruce in attire, and in countenance and voice was at least as good as ever. Moreover he had at that time written a little volume of sonnets, addressed to his many friends, living and dead, and the sonnets were not at all abstruse, but were simple and not ungraceful appreciations of their good qualities.

Here was a man whose concern for his personal welfare failed by at least ninety-nine per cent to equal that of his efforts for the spiritual welfare of his fellow men; who carried out that program during the whole of his career, and died respected by all and reverenced by many. He was too impersonal in his attitude toward others, and might have been capable, like Agamemnon, of sacrificing his own flesh and blood on the altar of principle. Happily, principle demanded

no such extravagance of him. Be that as it may, everybody liked him, and those who knew him felt affection for him; his goodness and good intentions were sterling. In the whirlwind of things in general, he was the heart of peace; his yardstick for measuring the importance of things was eternity.

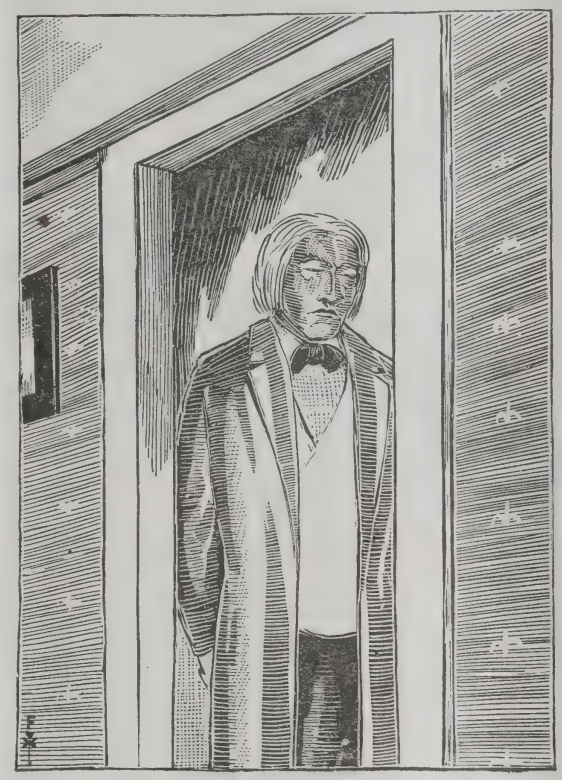
During the Civil War, he mended his rustic fences and put up his deciduous little arbors and summerhouses; and in the intervals of these activities, he sat in the room called his study, with edifying books on the shelves and paper and ink on the table before him; and *The Dial* used to print his things as long as it existed, and after that *The Atlantic Monthly* occasionally surrendered a few pages to his lucubrations, not without paying for them according to their temporal value—but they were written for immortality. He never doubted his gospel and never deviated from it; but one would like to know what was his spiritual condition previous, say, to his twenty-first year. It would be encouraging to know that there was, at some juncture, a pitched battle between him and Apollyon, certain as we are that if such a thing happened, the foul fiend was worsted and got no quarter. But no rumor of such a thing has come down to us, and probably Apollyon had sense enough to keep out of the sage's way.

It was after his marriage that he came to Concord, drawn thither, like others, by Emerson's fame; and at first he occupied a little cottage on the Boston highway which he afterward extended and improved. Alcott had added a gable or a wing here and there, and had erected two summerhouses made of boughs which he had selected and cut in the woods on the little hill in the rear of the dwelling. In these, and in his fences, he showed a felicity of design, graceful and delicate, which was untaught and therefore suggestive of something refined in his nature; but the local carpenters used to say that Mr. Alcott used more nails to accomplish a given result than did any other builder within human memory; and the domestic expense for kegs of nails must have far exceeded that for anything else in the domestic economy; but Mrs. Alcott paid the bills in silence and smiling; it was her husband's sole extravagance and committed unconsciously.

On my way to and from school in 1860 and after, I used to see him, in his white linen suit, with his long white hair falling on his shoulders, hammering diligently and happily at the fence and the gate which inclosed his domain; the house itself didn't require his ministrations; it was even then an ancient New England dwelling, with a long, sloping roof and dormer windows and a big chimney; in front of it stood two enormous trees, one a butternut, the other I think an elm; a lawn intervened between them and the fence. The house is still standing, and looks to be in excellent repair; in fact it is now made a sort of museum of Alcott relics, but I never had the heart to enter it; that door had been the entrance to and sally port from so many unforgettable joyful occasions in my boyhood.

Larks and nightingales may be stuffed and mounted on a perch after their song-life is over, and other pretty creatures may be preserved in alcohol and kept in bottles with labels. But formless dust is a better sequel to death than any our ingenuity has found; it gives love and memory a better chance to perpetuate what we loved in our hearts.

As the Alcott house and the Wayside were not a two-minute walk apart from each other, the Alcott family and ours were soon on terms of intimacy. Their house was unquestionably the more picturesque of the two; it was not perhaps the older, but it had never been renovated; whereas the Wayside had proved too small for our accommodation, and Mr. Wetherbee and Mr. Watts, the two local carpenters and builders, had been requisitioned to make enlargements and additions; they did their best, and it was honest and sound work, but it was a sort of sacrilege.



Occasionally there would be a moment's glimpse of a lank figure with long white hair passing an open door.

Louisa Alcott's name for their house was Apple-Slump: apple-slump is a dish made of apples and pastry, which I can describe no further than to say that it is a sort of pandowdy, which perhaps does but deepen the mystery. But the aspect of the house suggested a slump, and the title was accepted as felicitous. No doubt it bears a more dignified appellation today, and the slump has been corrected. At all events it was, sixty years ago, the abode of joy and hospitality, in which of course Mrs. Alcott and the girls were protagonists, though somehow Mr. Alcott participated, if only as a benevolent background.

Entering the hallway, a door on the right admitted the visitors to a large, low-ceiled room, which opened at the rear into the kitchen. In the left wall of the sitting room was a wide fireplace, the scene of many a jolly gathering; there was a piano in the corner opposite, with Abby seated at it, playing waltzes, polkas and sentimental song music; there were chairs in plenty, and a large table in the midst, where suppers were served after the games and songs were over.

We also used the table for card games—long-whist, euchre, old-maid, casino—and the cheating that was done at that table would have made a professional gambler blush. It was disgraceful, as Mrs. Alcott often declared; but what does a young fellow with a nice girl-partner care for disgrace? Besides, Mrs. Alcott sometimes cheated a little herself. Finally the card game would break up and Abby would go to the piano, and we danced and danced, and sang and sang, and then somebody would take Abby's place, and we would sing and dance again. Or sometimes the lights would be lowered, and we sat round the fireplace telling the most excruciating ghost stories, Louisa of course always foremost in these impromptus. All this was before she wrote her immortal book, but we knew she was a genius long before the public did.

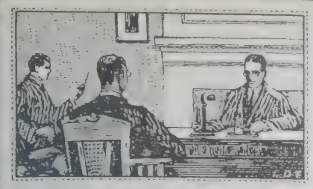
What part did Mr. Alcott play in these diversions? It seemed enough to know that he was close by, in the study across the hall, closeted there with the muse. Occasionally, however, there would be a moment's glimpse of a lank figure with long white hair passing an open doorway, an unobtrusive phantom of philosophy escaping into the shadows. Once, though, we lassoed him and brought him in bodily; and thereby hangs a tale.

I have told it before, but lest the record be mislaid, I shall tell it once more. We were all seated around the table for supper, and Mrs. Alcott had just brought in the apple and pumpkin pies and the bottles of homemade spruce-beer. She had gone back to the kitchen again for something else—something very rare and special, she had said: and at that moment the sage was seen attempting to vanish up-stage. Louisa called to him authoritatively, and he halted and wavered. Abby leaped upon him and brought him in and we compelled him into a chair. There he sat, blinking blandly upon us all, and murmuring that he was in the midst of something in the study.

'We're going to have supper, and you must join us,' Louisa said; 'you shall have a tomato if you wish, and I picked some good baldwins this morning. Nobody ought to work on an empty stomach!'

He submitted mildly, and began to talk about the true relations between diet and the spirit, and while he was thus engaged, his wife came in with the promised rarity on a platter, covered with pink tissue paper. My sister Una, sitting nearest it, peeped underneath, and her eyes expanded. Mr. Alcott had become rapt away from earthly things in the diet theme, and Una, in whom abode a vein of mischief, cut off a piece from the rarity—it was nothing less than a hunk of bride's-cake, sent by some friend whose daughter had just been married—and laid it on the sage's plate. He had probably never before seen bride's-cake, and supposed that this (if he looked at all) was a bit of brown bread; at any rate he broke off a morsel and put it into his mouth, not interrupting the flow of his discourse. It was the best brown bread he had ever tasted, and while we all watched breathless, he masti-

(Concluded on page 32)



# CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'Well, I see that Professor Kemmerer is off to Poland again,' said ***the Man from Washington.*** 'Apparently his last visit—of a week—was not sufficient to ally Poland with the Gold Standard Empire which is taking the whole world under its jurisdiction. Let's see—it was last Christmas holidays that Kemmerer went over there last time, wasn't it? I remember a Polish statesman then remarking that the professor was making it a "week-end job."

'But what puzzles me is that the Polish Revolution does not bother Kemmerer at all. The Gold Standard has right of way through all wars. Here is Poland all cut up over political changes, yet the Polish legation at Washington calmly announces that it will make no difference to Kemmerer. Here are the exact words: "The recent events in Poland which led to a change of government did not in any way affect the plans for this mission."

'What does that mean, I wonder? Kemmerer goes to Poland in the winter holidays. He comes hurriedly back. Is it possible that the visit of this Gold Standard Wizard was not acceptable at that time? Was there some hitch which could be straightened out only by a revolution? In any event we know that the revolution did come; Pilsudski did march on the capital and send the Government fleeing; the Jewish Telegraph Agency in the United States did announce that the revolution was very agreeable to the Jews; and Kemmerer goes back to Poland with the official announcement that revolutions mean nothing to his plan—thoroughfare has been provided for him regardless. It is rather strange.'

'Who hires Kemmerer to do this?' I asked.

'I don't know.'

'Has no statement ever been made as to what individual, group or power is thus organizing the world?'

'None that I know of.'

'Has anyone ever attempted to get the facts?'

'Yes, but as I understand, without success.'

'It seems rather strange that this super-financial agent of somebody should be able to string all the countries of the world together like beads on a string, and nobody know about it, doesn't it? Consider the wide advertising given the Dawes Plan and the little that is known of the Kemmerer missions—seems strange, doesn't it?'

'It does—to both your questions.'

'What's the answer?'

'That is for someone to discover.'

ɤ ɤ ɤ

'We hear a lot about the Younger Generation these days,' said ***the Poet-Philosopher*** as we sat around the table after dinner. 'I believe in their freshness and their enthusiasm, but they are not going to take the world in hand and reorganize our governments for us and abolish war and all that kind of thing—as some folks tell us. That's silly. A lot of our prominent speakers and educators dwell almost exclusively on the wonders the Younger Generation are going to perform. They tell us of the great things that will come to pass as soon as our boys and girls get control of things. They laud the youngsters to the skies—to their faces—and as a result a lot of them get all puffed up with fancied importance. It's hardly fair, because it's such a shock when they leave college and come in contact with the harsh realities of the world. The Younger Generation is no better and no worse than the younger generations of bygone days. They do not come to us with a new revelation, but they do bring with them something we sincerely appreciate—a fresh enthusiasm in tackling the old problems. But I have no great hopes for their super-ability. How do they differ from the older people in this respect? People used to talk the same bunk about us when *we* were the Younger Generation.'

ɤ ɤ ɤ

***The Man from the Country*** was detailing some of his experiences:

'In developing a certain piece of property,' said he, 'the owners had to build a highway the length of the tract along a lake shore. This called for considerable grading and preliminary work with man and team, as the terrain was extremely rugged. A farmer was found plowing his steep and barren hillsides. He was taken down into the timber and the need explained. Then came the question of price. He scratched his chin meditatively and said:

'"It's this way boys. I'll have to get my potatoes in for the season is late. Now this here work will take me two days at the best. Comin' in the busy season this way I'll have to charge you fellows three dollars a day for myself and team. I hate to do it, but that's my price."

'Six dollars for work that in any industrial city would cost at least fifty dollars. This same man made a price of eleven cents a pound on a chicken he sold his employers. He was given forty-five cents a pound instead. Another man in the same township worked ten hours a day helping to build a cottage on the lake shore. His price was one dollar and a half a day. This within 200 miles of a high-wage area. When told that the cottage he was helping to build would rent for twenty-five dollars a week he seemed astounded. He did not realize that city folk craved the peace and quiet of his lake and woodland as a tonic. The people of this vicinity live cheaply yet with comfort. Their needs are few. They are well clothed and well fed. They are a God-fearing people with no artificial craving for what to them would be luxuries. The sun shines, the crops grow, the fish bite in the evening. Life holds much happiness for the folk in the back country, whether it be in the fastnesses of the Ozarks, the Olympic Mountains of Washington or the northern part of the Lake states. They enjoy living. They work and meet in harmony. Although their lives may seem monotonous to those who consider themselves more fortunate, they possess a calmness of mind that will last them throughout a long life.'

***The Naturalist,*** usually a serene individual, seemed to be somewhat annoyed over the very general ignorance of people, even the intelligentsia, regarding many of the interpretations of nature. He had recently met a man who very indignantly denied being an animal. This fellow was a butcher, too, and should have had some appreciation of anatomy and the physiological processes. Recently a legislator in a southern state had warmly insisted that all textbooks that class man as an animal should be relegated to the dump heap.

There seemed to be a woeful ignorance regarding the three great kingdoms, or divisions of created things. In its 'Question Box' a certain popular journal had made reply that the bat is an animal and not a bird. But the proper explanation would have been that all things not vegetable nor mineral are animal. The distinctions are and should be recognized as much finer; they are easily defined within classes, orders and families. And common names, as well as those that are necessarily technical, are too often misapplied; as witness the leading nature magazine labeling the photograph of a regal moth the 'imperial' and calling a water bug 'a water beetle.'

The distinction between bugs that possess only proboscides and beetles that are endowed with jaws is as marked as that between house flies and yellowjackets, butterflies and dragonflies, trout and suckers, shrews and mice. Ask the average college professor to give an example of an insect and he is as likely to mention a spider or a centipede as any six-legged creature with a distinct head, thorax and abdomen.

ɤ ɤ ɤ

'I have a very dear Pacifist Friend,' said ***the Professor,*** 'who is perfectly horrified, when she is not scornful, that the United States Government still recognizes such archaic things as guns and cartridges. There is no figure of speech too strong for her to apply in derogation of her own country. She wants to disarm us all at once and banish the formula of arms-making from the American mind. But she approves the Russian Army. Oh, how she regards that army! It is the army of Liberty, she says. She was over in Russia not long ago, and she illustrated to me how the Soviet soldiers swing down the streets, and she sang some of the songs they sing—songs of hate against the Western World, songs of vengeance against America and Britain. She rendered them with great spirit. Strangely enough, her inconsistency never seems to have dawned on her. You can lead her directly from disarmament for America to admiration for the military establishment of the Soviets, and it doesn't seem to strike her that she is inconsistent.

'Of course, all Pacifists have not that double attitude, but all Pacifists play into the hands of those who have that double attitude—disarm your own country, but arm its enemies. That is the danger of the Pacifist. He becomes a tool in the hands of those who know exactly *why* they wish to see the United States disarmed.'

# In the Sickening Track Of the Terrible Tornado

## Some Weird Freaks of the Most Dreaded of All Storms

By S. D. FLORA

TORNADOES, the most violent kind of storm known to America, are liable to occur anywhere from the desert regions of Arizona to eastern states like New Jersey and Maryland, according to official records of the Weather Bureau, and they constitute a real though somewhat rare menace to life and property which will increase as the country becomes more thickly settled. The South is by no means immune from them, while Minnesota, Illinois, and Ohio have suffered some appalling disasters from them in recent years.

A black cloud in the western sky which suddenly sets up a whirling motion and develops a funnel-shaped tail that begins to bore earthward, a roar 'like that of a thousand railroad trains crossing a trestle,' and then an almost irresistible twisting wind that explodes frame buildings like egg shells and fills the air with a barrage of timbers and debris—and the monster has passed on, leaving a sickening path of death and destruction in its wake.



A church that exploded and collapsed when a tornado cloud passed near it. The pressure of the air is almost a ton to the square foot, and when the air outside of a building is suddenly removed by the suction effect of a tornado cloud the inside acts with the explosive effect of powder.

It is not surprising that these are the most dreaded of all storms that strike inland, or that 'cyclone cellars' are still recognized places of refuge.

It used to be popularly assumed that cyclones were indigenous to the plains region, and Kansas especially, but Government statistics, gathered over a long period of years, show the 'Kansas cyclone' has received much undue publicity.

The *Monthly Weather Review*, an official publication of the United States Weather Bureau, contained an article a few years ago giving the location of all known tornadoes in the country over a sixteen year period, and these show that when relative areas are considered, Illinois had ten per cent more tornadoes than Kansas, and New Jersey nine per cent more, while Maryland and Massachusetts were more infested by these destructive storms than Missouri and Iowa

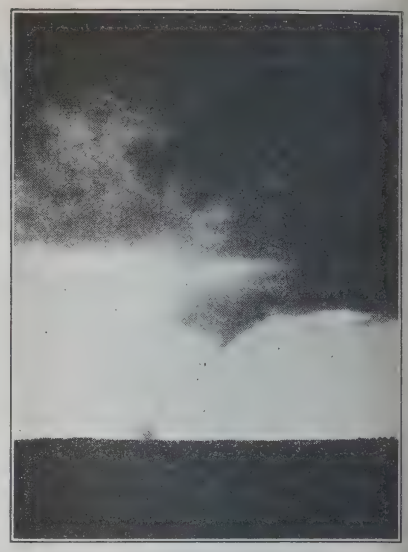
In the five-year period ending with 1922, the latest for which published reports are available, there were 445 tornadoes reported to the Weather Bureau. These took a toll of 1,437 human lives and resulted in property damage of $45,422,300. The greatest loss of life and the most extensive destruction of property occurred in the more thickly settled states of the Middle West.

Illinois headed the list with a total damage of more than seven million dollars, while Minnesota came second with five million dollars and Indiana third with four million dollars.

Strangely enough, several southern states suffered the greatest loss of life. In Mississippi 178 persons were killed, in Arkansas 135, and in Alabama 134. The more sparsely settled western states fared better. Kansas escaped with a loss of but 61 lives, Iowa with 29, and in Nebraska only four persons were killed by these storms in the five-year period.

The Lorain, Ohio, storm, which held the attention of the entire nation, killed 83 persons and damaged property to the extent of thirteen million dollars. All this damage was wrought in a few minutes and almost with no warning. Such disasters are possible in dozens of other states if the paths of these storms chance to cross cities.

Virtually the only safeguard for life in these storms is to get underground and in a place where there is shelter from flying bricks, stones, and timbers. The 'cyclone cellar' of the West, in use on many farms as a convenient storage for fruits and vegetables, is still the best retreat when the funnel-shaped cloud shows up above the horizon. Next to it probably the best refuge is the southwest corner of the basement of a frame building, crouching close to the wall.



The funnel-shaped cloud hanging from the sky is a vortex of whirling wind that creates a vacuum by centrifugal force. Water vapor inside the whirl is condensed, giving the cloud a milky appearance. When it strikes a house the walls are blown out with explosive effect on account of the sudden reduction of air pressure.

Tornadoes usually come from the southwest and if a building is blown off its foundation debris is not likely to fall in the windward side of the basement, but may fill the opposite side with timbers that have almost the velocity of a projectile from a gun when they strike. A person caught in the open directly in the path of an approaching tornado is advised to run toward the northwest, as this takes him at right angles to the storm and toward the side where the wind is less violent. If there is no escape from the path of a storm before it strikes, the best thing to do is to lie flat on the ground, in a ditch or other depression if possible.

Not much can be said for the chances of escape for one caught in the congested district of a city in the path of a tornado. Brick and stone walls are liable to crumble under the terrific force of the rotary winds or be blown away by the explosive effects of the partial vacuum in the center of the vortex and bury their victims beneath them.

Probably the best thing to do if a person is caught in a brick or stone building when a tornado strikes is to stand close to an inside partition. Outside walls are more likely to be blown down than those of the interior of a building and the latter may help support sections of floor or roof that may fall.

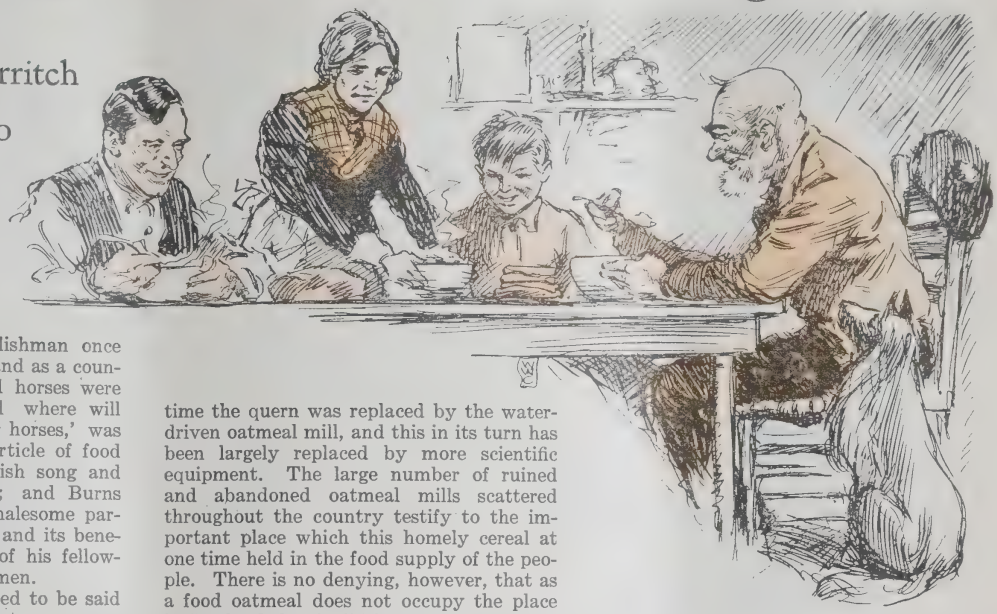
Freaks of tornado damage and miraculous escapes from such storms are almost past belief.



When these clouds strike, buildings are demolished.

# The Passing of the Porridge Pot.

## Why Halesome Parritch of Burns Is No Longer Chief of Scotia's Food



AN EMINENT Englishman once characterized Scotland as a country where men and horses were fed on oats. 'And where will you get better men and better horses,' was the retort. Oatmeal as an article of food has been celebrated in Scottish song and story from the earliest ages; and Burns himself sings the praises of 'halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's food,' and its beneficial effects on the stamina of his fellow-countrymen.

*Oatmeal Helped to Win Independence*

It used to be said that Scotsmen were brought up on a little oatmeal and the *Shorter Catechism*, and until recently there was a good deal of truth in this; but times are changing in Scotland as in other countries, and there seems to be a tendency to go after other pabulum. In fact it may be said that oatmeal has played no unimportant part in enabling the Scottish people to throw off the English yoke. A little oatmeal mixed with water from the nearest brook formed a very refreshing drink for their hardy soldiers, and when sustenance of a more substantial form was required the mixture was made somewhat thicker and cooked in a camp kettle over a fire of peat. At a later period than that of Stirling Bridge or Bannockburn, the oatmeal was sometimes mixed with 'usquebaugh' in place of water and transformed into that nourishing dish mentioned by Sir Walter Scott, and known as 'Atholl brose.' Oatmeal in its various forms was therefore a prominent factor in the winning and building up of the independence of Scotland, for it built up and sustained the men who won that freedom.

If the inquiring stranger who penetrates the straths and glens and the remote uplands of Scotland uses his powers of observation in passing some peaceful sheiling or farm cottage, he may see, not far from the front door, perhaps cheek for jowl with a superannuated cheese-press of ponderous stone, another household implement which belongs to a still remoter stone age. This is the quern or hand-mill with which the guidwife of prehistoric times, and for many ages after, ground the oatmeal for the use of the family. This ancient appliance was extremely simple in its construction, consisting of two large flat stones, circular in form, one laid on top of the other, the upper having a hole or socket near its outer edge for the insertion of an upright handle with which the stone was turned on its axis on the one beneath. Between them was placed the oats, which were thus ground into a meal fresher and more wholesome than any that can be procured by modern methods. In course of time the quern was replaced by the water-driven oatmeal mill, and this in its turn has been largely replaced by more scientific equipment. The large number of ruined and abandoned oatmeal mills scattered throughout the country testify to the important place which this homely cereal at one time held in the food supply of the people. There is no denying, however, that as a food oatmeal does not occupy the place in Scotland that it did in former times, and modern ideas of dietary and cooking are slowly but surely dethroning the porridge pot.

*Teapot Dethrones the Porridge Pot*

Sometimes 'bear' or barley meal took the place of oatmeal both for porridge-making and for the baking of bannocks.

> 'Wha, in his wae days,
> Were loyal to Charlie?
> Wha but the lads wi' the
> Bannocks o' barley.'

Some of the county medical officers in Scotland, in the course of their official duties, have remarked the decreasing use of oatmeal, and in their reports have sounded a note of alarm. They say that in certain districts the teapot is replacing the porridge pot in popular favor, and that the fancy cakes and pastry from the cities appear more frequently on the table than the oat-cakes and home-baked scones of a former generation; but in the country districts, at least, it will be a long time before the porridge pot is relegated to the family museum along with the quern and the cheese-press. Oatmeal is still the staple food of the rural population, and in particular of the farm worker. There is a story told of a tourist who once met a herd boy, and struck by the sturdy appearance of the youth inquired what he got to eat. 'I get porridge for my brakfest, porridge for my denner, and porridge for my supper,' was the reply.

*The Only Daily Bread He Knew*

'But, dear me,' said the stranger, 'don't you ever get tired of porridge?'

'What wye could I ever get tired o' my meat? Besides, noo and than I get brose.'

To the unsophisticated laddie, porridge was his 'meat'—his daily bread—and he failed to understand how any one in his senses could ever get tired of such. With him it was the one thing necessary, and the 'brose,' which is but another form of porridge, made all the variety he wanted. Brose is more quickly prepared than porridge. It is made by putting the necessary quantity of oatmeal into a dish and pouring boiling water over it, the mixture being stirred with a spoon and eaten with milk or cream. Sometimes the soup off boiled beef is used instead of water, and occasionally boiled kale or turnips are added to the oatmeal. Oatmeal in the form of porridge or brose is still the staple food of the Scottish plowman, just as it was in the time of Burns, and he thrives on it and eats it with as much relish as his forefathers did. It is nevertheless true that in some parts of the country there is a falling off in its use, and this is particularly true in the more thickly populated areas.

Decreased devotion to the porridge pot is coincident with increased attention being paid to the teapot. Tea was almost unknown in the rural part of Scotland until well into the last century, and it was rarely seen on the breakfast table until within the last fifty years. Plenty of good fresh milk was used both for the grown-ups and the bairns, and one of the things that the doctors deplore is that since the decline in the use of oatmeal in Scotland, there has been a great falling off in the consumption of milk. This, they maintain, will ultimately seriously affect the physical if not the moral welfare of the race. It has been remarked that the decreased use of oatmeal is coincident with the decreased use of the *Shorter Catechism*, and some fear that the dethronement of the porridge pot would mean the dethronement of many of the cherished traditions and customs of the Scottish people. This does not imply that the use of oatmeal has been hitherto part of the national religion, but merely that any marked departure of the people from the homely and wholesome fare of their forefathers may be detrimental to the national psychology.

*Young Mothers Favor Easier Methods*

Some say that the younger generation of Scottish housewives have neither the thrift nor the energy of their mothers or their grandmothers, and that they 'canna be bothered' making oatmeal porridge over a hot fire in the old-fashioned way, but prefer to handle the easier manipulated modern breakfast foods. It is no doubt easier to please the bairns with the contents of the teapot and the jam-pot than it is with the porridge pot; and it takes less time and trouble.

# Ninety-Dollar Vice-President Boom

(Continued from page 7)

career and other press matter. We also went over the list of delegates and planned the missionary work that each was to do upon arrival at Cleveland. General Harbord or any veteran candidate was our objective, and we planned to mobilize the veteran delegates with this end in view.



General Harbord

With no objections, the chair recognized General Reilly, who placed General Harbord in nomination.

We had not been in Cleveland more than an hour before we were convinced that the leaders had no plans concerning the vice-presidency. No sentiment in favor of any candidate was crystallizing. Men who had ambitions for the place did not want their friends to bring them before the convention, fearing that the President would select some other candidate and they would be embarrassed by not receiving any support in the convention.

The situation was ripe for aggressive action by any group in the convention who would coöperate in the support of a strong candidate. The leaders of the larger delegations, such as New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois, declared they were awaiting word from Butler. I expressed the opinion that Butler would embrace an opportunity of yielding to the veterans of the World War in naming a candidate. Small conferences of ex-service delegates were held at various headquarters until on the first day of the convention, at the request of Colonel John Thomas Taylor, a call was read from the platform for a meeting of ex-service delegates and alternates.

Colonel Taylor was at the convention to secure the adoption of planks in the Republican platform directed by the American Legion Convention. This accomplished, he became active when he saw a situation developing in which where was an opportunity to land a veteran in the second place on the ticket. Eighty-five delegates and alternates were present in the forenoon conference, which adjourned to meet in the evening, when there were 135 present. There was a third conference the following morning which was attended by more than 200 delegates, alternates, and veteran political leaders.

These conferences were attended by such men as Senator David Reed, of Pennsylvania, Representative Royal Johnson, former Assistant Secretary of the Navy Theodore Roosevelt, John Sherbourne, delegate at large from Massachusetts, Hanford Macnider, former national commander of the American Legion, Colonel Ralph D. Cole, former Congressman from Ohio, Governor Mabey, of Utah, all of whom had been prominent in the organization of the American Legion and among its leaders since its beginning.

The first two conferences did not attract much attention, and were not mentioned in the press dispatches. The third conference assumed the character of a caucus. It was the first meeting of the convention that had a definite objective or took any decided action. This was apparent when Colonel Taylor called the meeting to order. Colonel A. Piatt Andrew, a Congressman from Massachusetts, was promptly elected chairman, and Colonel Taylor, secretary.

Senator Bursum, who had led the fight for adjusted compensation, was introduced and was given a rousing ovation. Senator David Reed, who had opposed the bill, was called for and when he came forward with a doughboy swing and declared that Senator Bursum and Colonel Taylor had surely 'given us a trimming in the fight over the adjusted Compensation Bill,' his ovation was equal to that of Senator Bursum. None of the differences over policy matters disturbed the caucus. On one thing they were all united: that a veteran should be nominated for the second place on the ticket.

'Are nominations now in order?' inquired the chairman, after four or five speeches had been made. 'Yes,' came from the gathering in a roaring chorus.

'If anyone present is opposed to this meeting endorsing a candidate for Vice-President, I pause to give him an opportunity to state his objections,' was the way the chairman placed the question before the caucus.

With no objections, the chair recognized General Reilly, who placed General Harbord in nomination. Colonel Ralph D. Cole placed General Dawes in nomination. General Frank T. Hines, director of the Veterans Bureau, was nominated by Governor Charles R. Mabey, of Utah. The Utah delegation was instructed for General Hines. At the same time Governor Mabey agreed to submit to the decision of the caucus. After describing the achievements of General Hines, Governor Mabey struck the keynote of the caucus when he said:

Charles G. Dawes



'Shall it be today that the Republican party does not want to nominate a man who served his country in time of war, in time of peace, or whenever called upon so to do? No, my buddies of the World War, it cannot be, it is not so.'

A motion was carried authorizing a committee of one member from each state represented to select a candidate from the three who had been placed in nomination. This committee selected General Harbord. With this information I wrote the story of the day for my newspaper.

When I reached the Cleveland hotel the report of the action of the Veterans Caucus had reached the leaders of all of the larger delegations. All the other correspondents were sending out Harbord stories. When I met Senator Wadsworth in the lobby he expressed the opinion that the action of the caucus virtually nominated Harbord. Senator David Reed told me that the delegates were lining up for Harbord.

'Your hero,' said Speaker Nicholas Longworth, 'appears to be running away with the prize.'

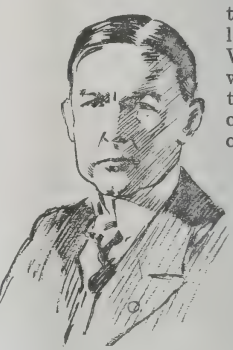
Secretary Weeks declared that the larger delegations were only waiting for the result of the farm bloc caucus, which had been in session since early morning. He was of the opinion if the farm bloc conference did not endorse a candidate, the way would be clear for General Harbord.

From another source I learned that the farm bloc caucus was called to nominate Senator Curtis, of Kansas. This, it was claimed, was the move of Senator Butler.

Hanford Macnider, former commander of the American Legion, presided at this conference. It refused to endorse Senator Curtis, and the nearest approach to an agreement that it was able to reach after being in session all day and until two o'clock the next morning was to authorize each state delegation to name four acceptable candidates. Even in the farm bloc conference, Harbord was named on three slates and Dawes on the same number.

With this information in my possession I rushed back to the Cleveland hotel, fully convinced that Harbord was as good as nominated, *only to be told that Borah had been selected by the President.*

When it became apparent that the farm bloc would not stand as a unit for Senator Curtis or any candidate, it is stated that Senator Butler called up the White House and asked in effect, 'How about Borah?' From what I have been told since, they were looking forward to the World Court fight and wanted to tie up Senator Borah in the chair of the presiding officer of the Senate.



The soldier-group united in favor of General Dawes.

While this was going on Senator Wadsworth called up General Harbord and informed him that the President had indicated that he wanted Senator Borah. Under these circumstances General Harbord wired directing that his name be not presented and that his friends cease their activities.

When a committee from the farm bloc called upon Senator Butler to make its report of the action of the caucus, it was not allowed to proceed; the Senator interrupted by declaring that the President wanted Senator Borah.

Thoroughly disgusted with this proceeding, the chairman of the committee informed Senator Butler that he had no authority

from the caucus to act on the candidacy of Senator Borah.

Here is where Senator Butler lost control of the convention. Senator Borah reiterated his previous declaration that he did not want the nomination and would not accept it. The next morning the great body of delegates were looking for some candidates that Butler did not want. His suggestion of different names was fatal to the prospects of those candidates.

Governor Lowden was nominated to give the leaders an opportunity to get in touch with the sentiment of the delegates and secure control of the situation. It was known that Lowden would not accept when he was nominated.

In turn, Burton and Kenyon were urged by Senator Butler, but the convention would not accept either of them. In his desperation, Senator Butler made an effort to nominate Herbert Hoover, but the convention fairly laughed at his effort.

General Frank T. Hines followed the example of General Harbord and withdrew his name after the convention had nominated Governor Lowden and he had declined. This made it possible for the soldier group to unite in support of General Charles G. Dawes. At no time did Senator Butler indicate in any way his approval of Dawes' candidacy, and a convention which, when it assembled, was asking 'What does Coolidge's spokesman want?' nominated Dawes.

## Camping Out

EVERYBODY occasionally feels rebellious toward the monotony of life. There comes a period when humdrum tasks pall, and even business success fails to satisfy. Then is the time to get out in the open and regain a part of that country freedom that was once the daily life of most of our people. A person who has no holidays in the open, who never takes a trip to the mountains or the seashore, becomes cramped and narrow-minded. He is more a liability than an asset.

A holiday in the open sends one back to work refreshed and with a new outlook on life. The most successful men in any business are those who take necessary vacations. Problems solve themselves for the man who is rested; he retains the vital faculty of discernment.

Several million Americans spend an average of more than two weeks at the seashore, the mountains, lakes and rivers. Those who cannot get away for two weeks or more resort to the popular 'week-end trip,' and owners of automobiles spend a day or two almost every week in the summer season driving in the country.

The children of the city are becoming more and more familiar with green fields, trees and waters. Bathing, boating, hiking and woodlore are becoming part of the child life of the nation. With the many new inventions for the camping tourist one can be almost as comfortable in the open as at a hotel. The necessity of obtaining only pure drinking water at each camping point, however, should be stressed. Many a sparkling brooklet crossing the road has its source far up the country, and may contain disease germs. Many a picturesque old oaken bucket hung from a sweep harbors the deadly typhoid bacillus. It is best always to boil water, for surface seepage will creep into the rivulets.

Camping out makes for a vigorous and healthy race without which no nation can ever hope to prosper.

# Are Federal Offices for Sale?

(*Concluded from page 3*)

them the amount. I told them it would probably cost about $250 or $500 if they had to make the second trip, but that whatever they were out, I would refund upon receipt of their expense account. This, however, did not seem to interest them.

'They then left the room for a few minutes and A. M. Redmond returned alone. After a little discussion of the above proposition, A. M. Redmond told me if I would put up $1,500, placing it in a bank to their order, that he knew I could land the place; but, in case I did not get the position, he would of course deduct all his expenses from the $1,500 and return me the balance. The proposition to sell the position to me was wholly unexpected, and I countered back, telling him that I thought $1,000 would be enough. A. M. Redmond then asked me if I meant $1,000 with expenses added. I said, "Yes, but the expense is not to exceed $250." We argued back and forth, but $1,500 was their price and he would not change it. It was then about 6:15 p. m., and a suggestion was made that we get a lunch and meet again after lunch. I asked him what time he would get back, and he said about seven. I told him it might take longer to get my lunch and we had better make it 7:15. This was agreed to by Redmond, who left telling me to think the matter over. I told him that the office only paid $3,000 a year and that $1,500 was six months' salary and that possibly I might not hold the place a full term; that while I would like to have the place for the honor, if I got it I certainly would do my duty.

'We separated, and I went to a restaurant and ate supper. At 7:15 I went back, met both the Redmonds and went again to their office. After we got there, S. D. Redmond showed me an agreement, dated February 24, 1924, between himself and Perry W. Howard, signed P. W. Howard and S. D. Redmond, wherein it was agreed that S. D. Redmond was to be consulted in the appointments of U. S. Attorneys and U. S. Marshals for Mississippi. They showed this agreement to me to prove that what they said in regard to the appointment of a marshal for this District would go. After seeing the agreement, I said something about the $1,500 cash, and S. D. Redmond said that would be between myself and his brother, and left the office on some business. After S. D. Redmond left, A. M. Redmond again took up the question of the $1,500. I told him that at the time it would be impossible for me to put up the amount as what cash I had, outside of my living expenses, was out on notes, and I could not collect any of it before January 1, and that further in regard to the expense of a trip to Washington, before I could tell him definitely or put up the amount of $250, I would have to go home and check up my bank account and see what my balance was. I further told A. M. Redmond that I knew there were Democrats who would pay more than $1,500 for the office. After a little more discussion, it was agreed that I would go home and as soon as I could check up my bank account, I would write him what I would do. I asked him to write me but he said he would call me over the phone and I gave him my phone number, 166.

***About the Trip to Washington***

'During the conversation with the Redmonds, they repeatedly said they wanted me to be the next U. S. Marshal for the Northern District. I told them that I had always put up all the expenses for the Fourth District and that I could control it in the future as I had in the past, and for the sake of harmony it would be well to have me with them.

'The foregoing is a true and correct statement as I remember the conversation. The offer of the office for $1,500, said amount to be placed in a bank to the order of the Redmonds, was made very clear. They told me that we would have to get busy as the appointment was to be made in a few days and I was impressed with the necessity of letting them know my decision at once.

***Offer Came as a Shock***

'The offer to sell the marshal's office for $1,500 was a shock to me and at first I could not realize the fact that the positions of the Government were being put up for sale. True, I had heard it rumored that this was being done, but this was the first absolute proof that I had of the truth of this report.

'I was appointed Postmaster at Kosciusko by President McKinley and reappointed by President Roosevelt, serving six years and resigning on account of business matters. In 1908, I was appointed U. S. Marshal for this District by President Roosevelt and reappointed by President Taft, serving about six years.'

That criticism of the official Washington attitude is not confined to Democrats is proved by the following statement from L. E. Oldham, a lifelong Republican and United States District Attorney until January, 1926:

'Personally I know that the President, the Attorney-General, and Chairman Butler, of the National Republican Committee, have been fully advised of this situation. They have known it for months but have declined to take action. The Attorney-General has been begged, entreated and implored to either correct this situation or exonerate Perry Howard and his gang. The Attorney-General does neither, but treats those patriotic citizens demanding decency in the administration with silent contempt.

'I have been a lifelong Republican. I shall continue to be, but I do not consider my party loyalty in question because those temporarily in authority permit such conditions to exist.'

The scandal, according to Representative Busby, is not confined to the marshalship.

'I have photostatic copies of dozens of affidavits and papers which are on file in the Department of Justice,' he said. 'I defy the Attorney-General's department and the Postmaster-General's department to lay open the facts covered in the investigations.

'What I am asking is not for some underling to appear before the committee and make a false report about a thing that he does not care to disclose. I am asking for the documents and the reports themselves.'

The judiciary committee of the House disposes of the matter as follows:

'In no case has the authority investigating the matter found evidence warranting the prosecution of Perry W. Howard. In fact there was no evidence whatever connecting him with the charge of abuses in connection with patronage. The reports desired are now in the office of the Attorney-General and have been carefully considered by him. John Marshall, Assistant Attorney-General, appeared before the Committee and explained the status of the case.'



# I Read in the Papers



'Latvia suffered more than any other land, except Belgium and Northern France, from the horrors of the Great War, and the bare stone walls of dozens of Baltic baronial castles, with the ashes of thousands of humbler dwellings, testify to the unutterable ruin worked by Russian, German, or Bolshevik. The bulk of the movable wealth of the country, the money belonging to banks and other institutions, commercial, social or religious (among these, be it mentioned, the capital of the English Church in Riga), the library, and the scientific instruments of the Polytechnic or High School of Engineering of Riga (which now forms part of the great Latvian University of Riga, with its eleven different faculties and its 6,000 students), the fittings of factories, foundries and workshops, with the bronze of church bells and statues—all this was evacuated in the early years of the war to the interior of Russia, except the statues of Peter the Great and of that doughty general of Scottish descent, Prince Barclay de Tolly—*i.e.*, of Towie, in Aberdeenshire—both of which lie buried in the sand at the bottom of the Baltic Sea.

***What Latvia Suffered in the War***

'How much of this has been returned? A few cases of silver that had been deposited in various banks, several cartloads of the smaller church bells, and a miscellaneous and very incomplete collection of books from the library of the Polytechnic—that represents almost everything that the all-devouring maw of the Eastern neighbor has so far disgorged. By the time the Germans entered Riga there was little left in the town to loot except furniture, but of that many trainloads were dispatched to Germany, Baltic German households in Latvia being naturally left unplundered; and while the Bolsheviks during their short stay could destroy much, they were of course unable to remove much valuable property.'

ɤ ɤ ɤ

'The Highland bagpipe, or *piob mhor* (great pipe), has been the national instrument of Scotland for over 200 years.

***The Great Highland Bagpipe***

'About the year 1700 the harp was actually superseded by the pipes; for several generations previous to that time the harp, or *clarsach*, and the bagpipe were played, figuratively speaking, side by side in the castles of the great Highland chiefs.

'The harp was the instrument of peace; the pipe was a more robust instrument, and could be played in peace and in war. The playing of the harp declined sadly; it is now rarely indeed heard in the Highlands, but efforts are being made to revive the old music. It is possible that the harp's decline was due to the decay of the art of the bard who sang his verse. The two arts of harpist and rhapsodist decayed together, and from the same cause.

'*Ceol Mor* (in English, "the big music") in the classical music of the Highland pipe, as opposed to *Ceol Beag* ("the little music"), which comprises marches, strathspeys, and reels. Each composition of Ceol Mor is nowadays known as a *Piobaireachd* (Anglicè, *Pibroch*). It is surprising how few, even among Scotsmen, know the meaning of the word "piobaireachd." Even in the Highlands there is an impression that a piobaireachd must be a lament. But this belief is erroneous, for a piobaireachd may be a battle-piece, a salute (such as the salute composed at the birth of Ruaraidh Mor MacLeod), a "gathering" tune (such as *Tulloch Ard*), or a lament.'—*The Nineteenth Century and After.*

ɤ ɤ ɤ

The Rev. Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin, who is soon to assume the presidency of Union Theological Seminary, told Yale students in an address in Dwight Hall that they had assumed a grave responsibility in insisting upon the abolition of compulsory chapel. It was a mistake.

***Yale Students and Churchgoing***

It was now up to the students voluntarily, he said, to maintain the tradition of 225 years and see that the purpose set forth in the Yale charter, to 'uphold and propagate the Christian Protestant religion' was not forgotten.

*The International Jew* in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set $1. THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN.

ɤ ɤ ɤ

The *Editor and Publisher* says: A committee to investigate thoroughly sporting departments and sporting publicity has been appointed by Erie Hopwood, editor, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, in his capacity as president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors.

***Are They After Baseball?***

Appointment of the investigating committee is the result of discussion of the subject at the annual meeting of the Society in Washington last winter, where it was denounced by some editors as an evil.

The investigation will embrace 'sporting publicity, the management of sporting departments, and the best means of handling sporting copy,' Mr. Hopwood said.

Members of the committee are:

Will Owen Jones, editor, *Lincoln Nebraska State Journal*, Chairman; M. W. Bingay, managing editor, *Detroit News;* Moses Strauss, managing editor, *Cincinnati Times Star;* E. Robert Stevenson, managing editor, *Waterbury American;* Philip A. Payne, managing editor, *New York Daily Mirror;* Charles M. Stanton, editor, *San Francisco Bulletin.*

ɤ ɤ ɤ

Paul Scheffer writes: 'Since coming to China I have visited many universities, where I have been particularly interested in learning how the students live. Their lodgings form a striking contrast to the magnificent libraries, assembly halls, gymnasiums, and laboratories with which those institutions are so generously provided. The question intrudes itself, why should huge sums be spent for such buildings while the young people who use them must sleep and study in cramped, dark, dank, cellarlike Chinese lodgings? It is a psychological question how far the traditional low scale of living of the young Chinaman should be permitted to continue while he is surrounded by all the luxuries of a typical well-endowed American college.'

***Chinese Students Poorly Lodged***

—From *Berliner Tageblatt.*

ɤ ɤ ɤ

'The conspiracy of a large part of the Anglo-Saxon political world against us is most disheartening. Let us admit that we have committed serious blunders. Our diplomats have often tried to play too shrewd a game both at London and at Washington. Their petty finesse and their occasional flashes of temper have exposed them to the charge of duplicity. Errors due for the most part to the lack of a program have been interpreted as evidences of bad faith. The mistake we made at the Washington Conference, of trying to maneuver against the British Empire and the United States, has not been forgotten. Our evasive procrastination in regard to our debts, while perfectly legitimate when one knows all the circumstances, has sometimes taken an irritating form. Furthermore, our parliament, our press, and our public opinion have only too often harmed the cause of France by their excessive sensitiveness and nervousness even more than have our diplomats. Therefore the suspicion that rests upon us is not entirely unjustified.'—From *L'Opinion.*

***France Speaks of Anglo-Saxon Opinion***

ɤ ɤ ɤ

Cigaret smoking is not a drug habit, but is taken up by the individual because of the working of an inferiority complex, Professor Olen Deweerdt, head of the department of psychology at Beloit, hopes to prove by an experiment being made by a group of college students.

Professor Deweerdt believes that individuals begin to smoke and continue to do so because they consider themselves 'out of things' and queer if they don't. Nine college students in psychology courses are engaged in the experiment.

## What of the Filipinos?

(*Concluded from page 5*)

was read a fixed prayer for independence, in which were embodied sentiments reflecting neither respectful allegiance to the United States nor admiration for any of its institutions. And in the plaza the native speakers harangued their fellow citizens in half a dozen dialects on the 'neglect and indifference of our master, the American people!'

What, then, is it they want, these people whose aspirations were born only with the development of their intelligence through America's aid? That is not easy to say. Nor is it altogether certain that they themselves know. Indeed, that is the real weakness of their position. They do not want to separate altogether from America, one gathers; yet they want independence, or insist that they do. There is good reason to believe that they do not at all comprehend just what this means, and that they realize little or nothing of its responsibilities. They want independence and yet they do not want it. The more intelligent understand clearly that entire independence is by no means feasible, that their plight, left entirely to themselves, might become serious. Yet it is clear that all feel themselves entitled to a greater measure of self-government, or a sort of protectorate.

Cuba is, of course, their example. We gave Cuba independence. Why not the Philippines? Can we tell them they are not fit for it, and thus set them lower in the national scale than the Cubans? But they contend that we are doing that very thing by our refusal to heed their pleas.

The Filipino's attitude would be a good deal less truculent if he thought we had the requisite amount of interest in him. The trouble is that he is certain we are wholly indifferent. His newspapers, one of which is printed in English in Manila, stress continually the point that the average American cares little or nothing about the Filipinos, their needs or their desires. Are we altogether in a position to deny this accusation?

Much harm is done by persons spending a few hours in Manila, who assert that the islands should be independent, though they possess no knowledge whatever of the real conditions. The other day a great liner tarried for a few hours in Manila, and one of her passengers, an Englishman, declared to the newspapermen that 'England would have given the Filipinos independence ten years ago.' This ridiculous assertion was immediately emblazoned on the front page of the Manila Filipino organ, and much stressed editorially.

I have found that the Filipino feels, or at least expresses, a good deal of respect for General Wood, though he resents the Governor-General's attitude as to independence. The native also appreciates the employment of his people in official positions, quite as much as he appreciates many other things America has done for him, and he understands well the value of all those things.

I venture to say that, if a plebiscite were taken in the islands today on the question of complete independence or the largest possible measure of self-government under the protection of the United States, the vote would be for the latter. But whether any greater measure of autonomy than at present exists is advisable remains a question.



# A Dance A Week



## DICTIONARY OF DANCE TERMS

(The figures indicate the measures of music required to execute the calls.)

'ADDRESS'—(8) Partners first address each other, then their respective corners.

'ADDRESS PARTNERS'—(8) Gentleman steps forward to center with left foot, turns and faces partner; closes right foot to left and bows. Coincident with this, the lady slides right foot toward center, faces partner, steps back with left foot, bending both knees for the curtsey, then draws left foot to right.

'ADDRESS CORNERS'—From last position in 'Address partners,' the dancers step back to place. The gentleman then slides right foot toward center facing the lady on his left, closes left foot to right, bows, and steps backward to place. The lady at the same time turns to face corner by sliding her right foot toward the outside of the set. She then steps backward for the curtsey.

'ALLEMANDE LEFT'—(8) Couples turn back to back, and walk four steps to corner (forming a square figure), each meets a new partner; give right hand to each other, and turn. Return to place (four steps), give left hand to partner, and turn.

'ALLEMANDE LEFT' in some localities precedes the call 'grand right and left,' and is executed thus: each gentleman turns the lady on his left with his left hand (lady also gives left hand) 4 bars, and immediately after gives right hand to partner and executes grand right and left, 16 bars.

'ALLEMANDE RIGHT'—(8) Lady walks four steps to left side (passing in front of partner); gentleman walks four steps to right. Each meets new partner on corner; give right hand, and turn. March back to place, give left hand to partner and turn.

'BALANCE AND TURN PARTNERS'—(8) Partners face each other, take three short steps backward and rest; then forward and rest; join hands waist high and turn once around.

'BALANCE IN PLACE'—(4) The balance step is made thus: Step to side with right foot, point toe of left foot in front, step to side on left foot, point toe of right foot in front.

'BALANCE AND TURN CORNERS'—(8) Face corner. The balance step is made thus: Step to side with right foot, point toe of left foot in front, step to side on left foot, point toe of right foot in front. Then join hands and turn once around. Return to place.

'BALANCE TO CORNER AND TURN PARTNERS'—as used in the Lancers (8) all turn, face corner; each dancer take four steps toward each other, and four steps backward. Then all face their own partners, give both hands and turn.

'BALANCE FOUR'—(8) Gentleman crosses hands with partner, his right hand above. They promenade to opposite side, each couple passing to the right. Turn (as on a pivot, without the lady changing sides) and return to place, still keeping the lady on the outside.

'BALANCE IN LINE'—The four ladies move forward, and join right hands across. Each lady then places her left hand in her partner's left hand, and all balance in line.

'CHANGE PARTNERS, CHASSE OUT IN LINE'—(8) Couples lead to the right, give both hands to opposite, make three-fourths turn to right, stopping four in line, facing the opposite four. Each gentleman is now facing his own partner. Where the end couples execute this movement, it results in the line forming along the ends. When the side couples execute it, the line is formed along the sides.

'CHASSE BY COUPLES'—(8) Called when couples are formed in two straight lines two couples in each line, facing each other. Couples on the right in each line, chasse four steps to the left, passing in front of couple on their left. At same time couple on the left chasse four steps to the right, and back of other couple. Couples have now changed places in their own line. To return to place, couple on the right chasse to the left; couple on the left, chasse to right.

'CHASSE OUT AND FORM A LINE'—(8) Two couples lead to the right, give both hands to the opposite couple, and turn three-quarters to the right, stopping four in line, and facing own partners.

'CHASSE RIGHT OR LEFT'—(4) A gliding step with either foot in the direction desired. If to the right, the right foot glides, the left is drawn to it in a closed position, and repeated as often as desired.

More terms used in the Old American Dances will be published in next week's issue.

---

*Good Morning*, a dance manual of the Old American Dances, compiled for Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford, contains 169 pages of calls, descriptions and some music of the dances taught in the Ford School. Price 75 cents.

Also, there are 20 orchestrations of 11 parts each—25 cents each orchestration, or $4.00 for the lot. Book and music will be mailed upon receipt of price.

Please order by number.

Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

1. Grand Pa's Favorite
2. Sicilian Circle
3. Virginia Reel
4. Medley Waltz
5. Medley Two Step
6. Varsovienne
7. Rye Waltz
8. Oriental Lancers
9. Heel and Toe Polka
10. Old Southern Schottische
11. Money Musk
12. Badger Gavotte
13. Waltz No. 2
14. Ripple
15. Ticknor's Quadrille
16. My Queen Medley Waltz
17. Luxemburg Schottische
18. Sea Side Polka
19. Club Quadrille
20. Day Break Waltz

# What Dieting Did for Bill

(Concluded from page 8)

workers were rushing frantically about, trying to quell the rumpus. The minister, in paralyzed embarrassment, watched the flying pies and celery, and didn't dare begin to ask a blessing for what he was about to receive.

Through the hubbub, Bill heard the hated leader of a rival gang calling him a 'red-headed monkey.' Bill grabbed a dish of cranberry sauce and rubbed it in his enemy's hair.

'Redhead yourself!' he shrieked. 'Redhead, redhead, red-headed wop!'

Instantly the brimming dishes of cranberry sauce all up and down the tables were raided, and the color of most of the youngsters' hair turned to a startling ruby hue amid the hilarious chant of 'redhead'! Before order was finally restored, the great neighborhood Christmas dinner for the poor boys had become a messy fiasco.

When Bill was brought into court next day by one of the welfare workers, who pronounced him incorrigible and wanted him sent to a reform school until he was twenty-one—seven long years that would have been—I studied him carefully. His flaming hair and his blue eyes, with an unrepentant twinkle in them, were the only touches of color about him. His face was sallow. His figure was a trifle stunted. There was a drawn look about him that did not come at all from the cares of being a Napoleon. It was caused by undernourishment.

Now why should Bill and these other half-starved youngsters of the poor, each suffering from malnutrition, have been so recklessly wasteful of that great Christmas dinner? Well, you see, celery and olives and salads and cranberry sauce were so far outside their range of experience that they had no respect for them. They didn't think of these table delicacies as expensive. They didn't think of them as food. And they didn't think of themselves as undernourished. Probably they didn't even feel hungry, because they had eaten a big hunk of bread or some fried potatoes just before they left home. They came to the party to have a good time. Throwing things is one of humanity's most fundamental ways of having a good time.

*Filled Up on Meat and Potatoes*

Bill's case was held over, and the next day I went out to the reform school and sat down to dinner with the boys who were there. The head matron sat next to me. We had soup, beef, potatoes and rye bread.

'What do the boys like to eat most?' I asked the matron.

'Well, the new boys,' she answered, 'want the same kind of food they have had in their own homes. We try to give them a balanced diet, but they prefer to fill up on meat and potatoes. They have to be educated to eat vegetables.'

'Do they like celery?' I asked.

'They call it goat food,' was the laughing reply. 'You see, when they come to us, they aren't exactly starving. They have had food when they were hungry at home, but it was the wrong kind of food. Lots of them aren't bad boys. They are just badly nourished boys. Lack of a proper diet has upset their glandular balance, as well as their stomachs and brains. It isn't so much juvenile delinquency as diet deficiency that we often have to solve here. And it is hard because the boys are so habituated to the wrong foods.'

That afternoon I went to the place Bill called home. From an alley I climbed a flight of wooden stairs to two rooms in which he lived with his mother, father, two younger brothers and two baby sisters, one of whom was crying on the floor. One of the rooms was combined kitchen, living room and bedroom for the three boys. It was full of smelly steam. A coffee pot was simmering on the stove. A big loaf of bread and a soup plate filled with oleomargarine graced the table. There was nothing else on the table but a knife.

I have seen many such interiors in slum districts, and I know just what the domestic routine is. The older children run wild in the streets all the time. There are no regular meal hours for anybody except the 'old man.' Whenever the children feel hungry, if it happens to be eleven o'clock in the morning or four in the afternoon, they come indoors and cut off a big slice of bread. They put a dab of oleomargarine on it, pour themselves a cup of coffee, and eat on their feet, looking out of the window, or scuffling among themselves.

*Such Was Bill's Home*

The father has a regular evening meal; sometimes a stew, but more often bread and margarine and coffee, with potatoes fried in the rancid grease that stays all the time in a frying pan on the stove. If the children happen to be around while he is eating, they share some of this.

Such was Bill's home. Investigators for charitable societies will tell you of many like it. I tried to find out something about Bill's record, but I found his mother knew less about him than anybody. From his neighbors and his school-teacher I learned that he was the toughest kid in the alley, and dull in his classwork. He was a trouble-maker wherever he went—always bullying other boys, always noisy and disorderly, always the first to throw stones through empty warehouse windows or to break out in some other irresponsible hoodlumism.

His teacher told me she thought Bill was bad because he was too unintelligent to be good. She had never thought that perhaps he was unintelligent because he was too undernourished to be smart.

For my part, I wondered whether Bill's badness wasn't to some extent a case of nerves. And I speculated on the possibility that malnutrition might be the underlying cause. Bill's whole system was warped askew because he had been brought up since early childhood on a diet of bread and coffee. His blood and bones and every tissue of his body were crying out for the food elements that would give them their normal development. He was irritable all the way through, and this state showed itself in a constant war with his associates. His mental capacities were dulled for lack of proper diet. So he didn't have the intelligence to foresee the consequences of his impulsive acts; it always took him two years to make a grade in school, and this resulted in his being thrown with younger and smaller boys. Such association catered to his sense of superiority and led to his being the ringleader in every form of juvenile deviltry. He was flattered and encouraged in his ways by the fact that the younger members of his gang looked with respect upon him for the very obstreperousness that made him obnoxious to his elders.

I decided to see what diet instead of discipline would do for Bill. I have seen emaciated, dull, nervous children made into happy, peaceable leaders in their school work by a few months of proper diet. The menace of malnutrition has been so widely explained of late that it need hardly be insisted upon here. The only trouble is that society recognizes it in principle and fails to act upon it in practice. Here and there progressive school boards are making up diet deficiencies in the case of backward pupils; but a glass of milk prescribed during school hours won't solve the problem of the child who ought to have well-balanced food at regular meal hours at home.

Forty-two states are now spending $25,000,000 annually in a system of pensions for destitute mothers because they recognize this fact; because it is obvious that every child has a right to proper physical as well as spiritual nourishment in a normal home environment.

These things were in my mind when I made Bill a test case. I took him into my own home and began to educate him to a recognition of celery as a food rather than a missile. He was gradually weaned away from coffee and white bread. Soon he stopped calling milk 'slop' and took to whole wheat bread with relish.

The vegetables and salads that he scoffed at, first, as 'cow feed,' later became a normal part of his diet. He had regular, well-balanced meals, with vegetables so cooked as to preserve their mineral salts, and with fats and proteids and starches in something like scientific proportion.

Gradually the twinkling promise that I had detected in Bill's Irish blue eyes was realized. His sallow cheeks gained the color that should have gone with his flaming hair. And his unruly restlessness was allayed. His gang-leader habits were too ingrained to be entirely conquered, and I was never quite sure he wouldn't upset the peace of the house with some wild prank. He became the boss of the neighborhood boys, and as his strength increased he only became the more formidable in a backyard fight.

But I didn't attempt to discipline him drastically. I was relying on diet. I found that he became more cheerful and reasonable when it was necessary to reprove him. As his mind cleared he reasoned sensibly about his freakish impulses, and often restrained them. He stood more erect, looked me straight in the eye, and began to cultivate a self-respect that meant more to him than had the adulation of his old gang.

*Change in Diet Soon Told*

The change in his diet gradually told in his school work, and when he found that he was actually keeping up with his classes, and actually shining in some of them, he began to realize a complete new set of social values. He no longer felt himself an inarticulate, downtrodden rebel, and so he didn't have to disturb the peace in order to gratify his vanity. He discovered that he was clever enough to outstrip other boys in studies and competitive games, instead of only in rough-and-tumble brawls.

Bill became one of the class speakers at his high school commencement. Bill was an experiment to me—a costly and soul-trying one—but I wish that thousands more of such experiments could be made.

# Church Gems of Italy

## Old Masters' Legacy of Paintings and Mosaics

By JUDSON GRENELL

THE churches of Italy early in the Christian Era were the greatest advertisers in the world. This is one of the lasting impressions I have brought back with me to the United States after spending a year in Europe. I am not sure that they do not still hold this position.

An almost endless procession of Old Masters have passed before me. I have also seen literally thousands of copies of the originals, many of them hardly inferior in execution or beauty to these now priceless creations. Both originals and copies are wonderfully illuminating in showing the reason for Italy being such a mecca for religious enthusiasts and aspiring painters.

Ruins of ancient temples, palaces, forums and amphitheaters have their fascinations when combined with imagination in reproducing the scenes common to those who lived in the long ago; but they make no such appeal to the heart as is made by the early pictures to be found in Italian churches, museums and galleries of the Virgin and Child, now priceless, though originally having no remarkable commercial value.

When one speaks of Italian churches one means practically the Catholic churches. Protestant churches in Italy are few. They are there, to be sure; I attended them in Rome and Florence; and I regard it as a fact that Protestantism has obtained no material hold on the inner and religious life of the masses of Italy.

I am not an art critic nor a connoisseur. Far from it. Pictures and statuary and styles of architecture must be plainly labeled—in English—if I am to be at all sure of the school or period to which they belong. Still, by dint of innumerable repetitions, I should be dull-witted indeed had not my eyes finally conveyed to my brain some idea of the fashions in art followed at the time these masterpieces were produced. Among other things I was impressed with the sincerity of the painters' efforts to convey what they believed to be religious truths.

Christianity early began this form of artistic advertising. The propagandists struggled for their religious faith against a hostile world. There were in those days no newspapers to champion their cause, no advertising medium recognized as such, no billboards. The art of printing was in embryo and illiteracy was universal.

It was therefore a real inspiration when the Early Fathers seized upon the arts of painting and sculpture to advertise the advantages of their communities as spiritual centers. Italy was divided into independent kingdoms, each jealous of its neighbors. Rome, Naples, Venice, Pisa, Florence, Milan and other walled cities strove to make the best showing. Great cathedrals with their wonderful campaniles reared their massive structures above all other buildings. The Babe in the Manger, with His Virgin Mother, was made central in the church decorations. While each church and monastery had its Christ on the Cross, it demanded many paintings of the Virgin and her Child.

Here was occupation for Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Fra Filippo Lippi, Raphael, Van Dyck, Botticelli and a host of other masters in their arts. The painters took for their models of the Mother of Jesus that type of womanly beauty which most appealed to them. Thus there are to be seen in the churches and cathedrals of Italy, and occasionally in juxtaposition if not on the same wall, blond and brunet Marys, of various ages, with graceful figures and Italian, French, German or Dutch faces, depending on the nationality of the artist or the availability of a model.

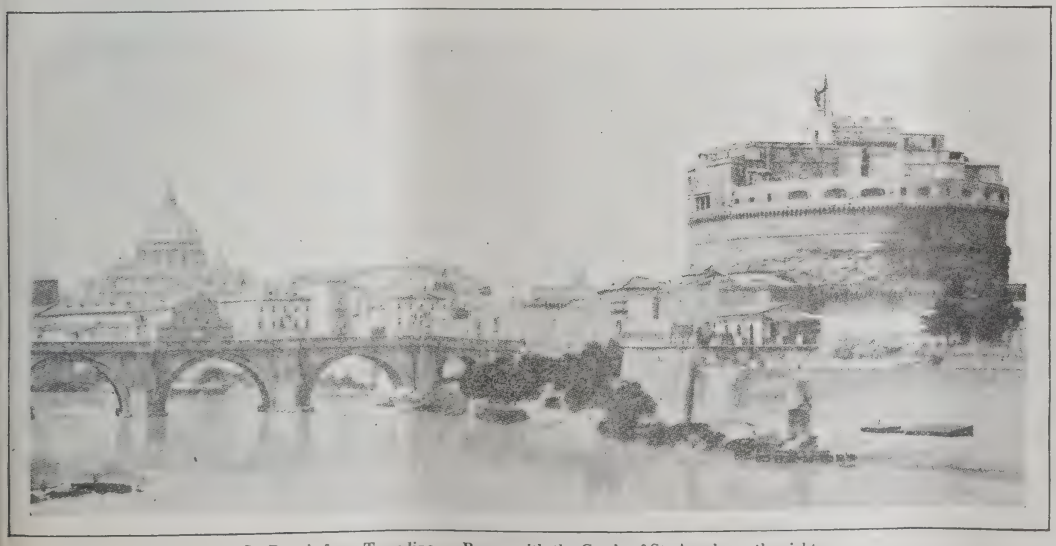
Mary was seldom painted without the Infant Jesus, and this still remains the custom. She is richly gowned, as befits the Mother of God, even though Joseph was a carpenter and Christ was born in a manger.

Other Bible texts supplied subjects for the painter, but there are more Mother-and-Child paintings than paintings of any other dozen subjects combined. While Italian sacred edifices are crowded with religious mosaics, paintings and frescoes created by masters, masters' pupils, pious monks and others, no picture has such commanding interest as Mary and Babe. Yet all have human interest because painted under almost insurmountable difficulties by those who firmly believed in the reality of what they were painting.



Virgin and Babe, by Murillo.

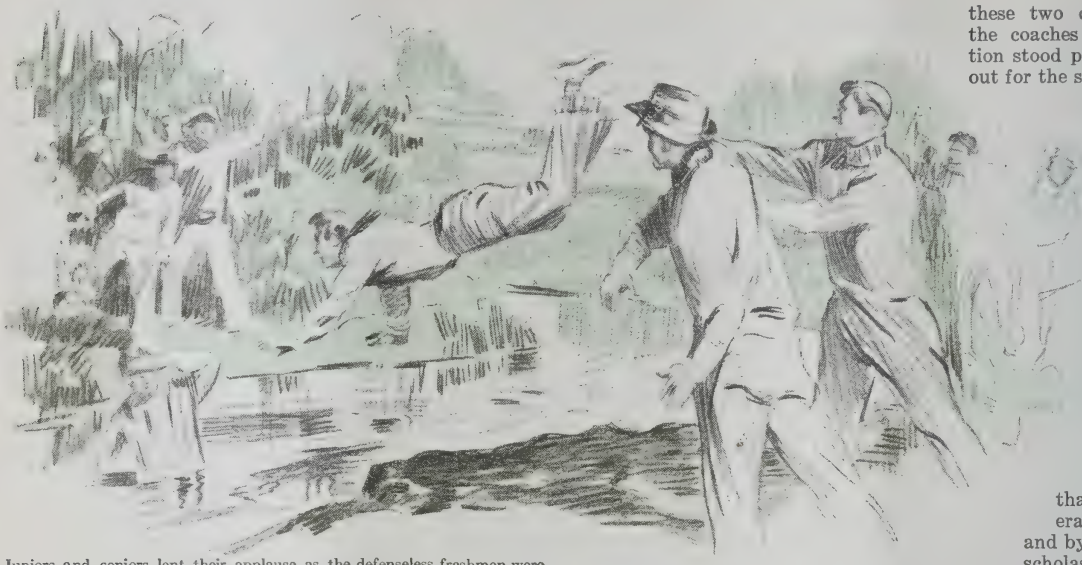
These paintings of the birth of Christ, the adoration of the Wise Men from the East, the Child in the Manger with cattle placidly looking on, or of the Child surrounded by bishops and priests in pontifical robes (which is an anachronism, of course) have been copied on canvas and reproduced in mosaics year after year. An army of artists still pursues this occupation as a means of livelihood, though without the intense interest in the subjects which inspired the masters. Lithographing, color printing and kindred arts enable enterprising manufacturers to duplicate as to color and tone, in endless number, the masterpieces that hundreds of thousands of tourists from all over the world annually flock to Italy to see. In the art stores of Italy, notably those of Rome and Florence, much time is given to showing these, and often the exhibition is more satisfactory than seeing the original paintings, because the copies are better lighted and more conveniently placed.



St. Peter's from Torredinona, Rome, with the Castle of St. Angelo on the right.

# In Defense of Athletics

(Continued from page 4)



Juniors and seniors lent their applause as the defenseless freshmen were tossed into the stream that crept through the campus.

ministration still holds to the idea that the athlete is a moral and intellectual moron and that athletic contests are cunningly devised schemes of the devil.

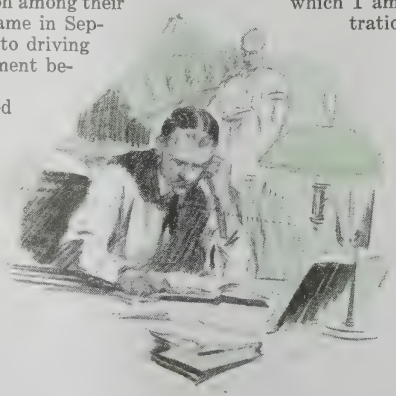
Physical skill, physical courage and physical combat have always appealed to youth. Any normal young fellow would prefer a football game to an intercollegiate debate. Scholarship is a good thing, they admit when pushed into a corner, but it doesn't stir up much excitement in the bosom of an eighteen-year-old. He will work for it if he must, but he goes into athletic sports because he wants to. Of course this isn't as it should be, but in this world of erratic mortals we are forced to take things as they are, and struggle along as best we can to make them as they should be.

There was a time when the athlete, especially the football player, was looked upon as a crude, long-haired, unwashed citizen without intellectual or moral ambition. He was scholastically often a flat tire; he was estimated according to weight, as they sell eggs in England, rather than by ability to think. George Ade featured such a character in the *College Widow*. Most institutions during the early development of interest in football have had such men enrolled for a brief season among their student body. They came in September and went back to driving a dray or shoveling cement before Christmas.

Things have changed now. The athlete is the undergraduate idol. He is the big man in college, the god whom the freshmen worship, and to whom the young women offer incense and to whom they write congratulatory notes. Student crowds go wild over the successful athlete. Barricades are necessary to keep them from smothering him with attention at the end of a game, and policemen must needs form about him a bodyguard. He is as well-mannered and well-dressed and has his hair cut as frequently as any man on the campus, and he is seldom if ever in these days accused of pulling any rough stuff at the end of the athletic season. He can't afford to even if he were so inclined, as he usually isn't, for the basket ball season is on as soon as the last football game has been played, and baseball practice begins even while basket ball has the middle stage, and he must keep physically fit, and scholastically in good standing.

He has no time for moral and social dissipations. Besides, he is the most constantly watched man in college. Every movement that he makes is noted, every misstep commented upon, every date retailed about the campus. His movements are as well known in campus circles as the activities of the Prince of Wales in England.

Whatever was the case at one time, it is a fact now that, at least in the Big Ten Conference institutions, the athlete is a good student. The university regulations make it necessary; the conference rules require it, and in the institution with which I am connected the administration has not in twenty years abated in its rigid enforcement of these regulations, no matter what important candidate for membership on the team may have been involved. Last autumn, a very valuable man in football was scholastically ineligible, and one in basket ball last season. There were pleas from friends and interested fans to do something for the athletic salvation of these two candidates, but both the coaches and the administration stood pat, and the men were out for the season.



The student who would be an athlete learns he cannot afford to loaf.

In these days it takes more than brawn to be an athlete. The bonehead, no matter how much he weighs, seldom lasts long. Judgment, alertness of mind, quick decision, are required for athletic success. It is not true any more that only the husky man has any show in athletics. It is not surprising, then, that the athlete in general is a good student and by that I mean that the scholastic average of the athletic teams of the University of Illinois, for illustration, is higher if we consider a period of five years than is the general average of all undergraduates.

This is true for more reasons than one. To be eligible for membership upon any college team participating in intercollegiate games in the Big Ten Conference, for illustration, a student must have carried a year's college work without failure, and his grades must have been sufficiently high to keep him off probation. Most men play for the love of the game quite as much as for the love of the college, so they take no chances. They keep their grades safely above the danger line so that there may be no doubt as to their eligibility.



'Better try ping-pong or croquet.'

The athlete wants to be popular too, and he could not possibly be if through loafing or neglect or dissipation he allowed himself to fall by the wayside. The student body will forgive any dereliction more quickly than they will overlook the failure of the popular and successful athlete to keep himself eligible.

Ninety-one per cent of the athletes registered in the University of Illinois expressed a church preference. Seventy-eight per cent are church members, and much of the active undergraduate religious work of our University community is directed by athletes. This year's captain of the track

;eam is at the same time president of one of the large societies of young people of a local church. The captain of last year's football team was one of the active officers of the Young Men's Christian Association. Scores of similar illustrations could be given.

The moral character of the athlete was never before so high as at the present time. The student who would be an athlete, then, learns first of all that if he would keep up his studies and not neglect his athletic training he has little time to waste; if he would succeed he must learn concentration, he must utilize every available minute.

He learns to get his lessons during the vacant hours of the day; he knows that when he comes in at night, tired and sore, he cannot afford to loaf much after dinner or to let his mind wander when he gets at his books. He will grow sleepy early in the evening from exhaustion, and if he is to be alert and fresh the next day he must get to bed soon. All this, if he is wise, teaches him some of the most valuable lessons he can learn in college, and through his example teaches a great many others—the value of concentration and the value of utilizing his spare hours—and these lessons are valuable not only during his undergraduate days but immeasurably more so when he gets out of college into the more trying and strenuous work of life.

*Athlete Is a Great Moral Force*

It is very rare indeed in these days for a college athlete to be found either drunken or dissolute. He knows very well that he has little chance in the stiff competition there is for every position on every team unless he keeps his brain clear and his body clean. He seldom has to be put under forced training; his own desire to excel keeps him free from excesses and finds him coiling ahead along the straight and narrow path.

All this makes the athlete a great moral force upon any campus. He has more influence than the dean. He can establish a tradition or do away with one or put an end to a student outbreak by speaking a word or by raising a hand. If he realizes this responsibility and uses his power to advantage he can almost make undergraduate affairs what he wishes them to be.

Athletics is the activity which more than any other brings together and unifies the student body of a large institution. It may be foolish, but it is pretty largely not until the incoming freshman finds himself interested and yelling at a great intercollegiate contest that he feels himself a part of a great institution. Previous to this time he has been on the outside, as it were, but now he thrills with the consciousness that the college is his.

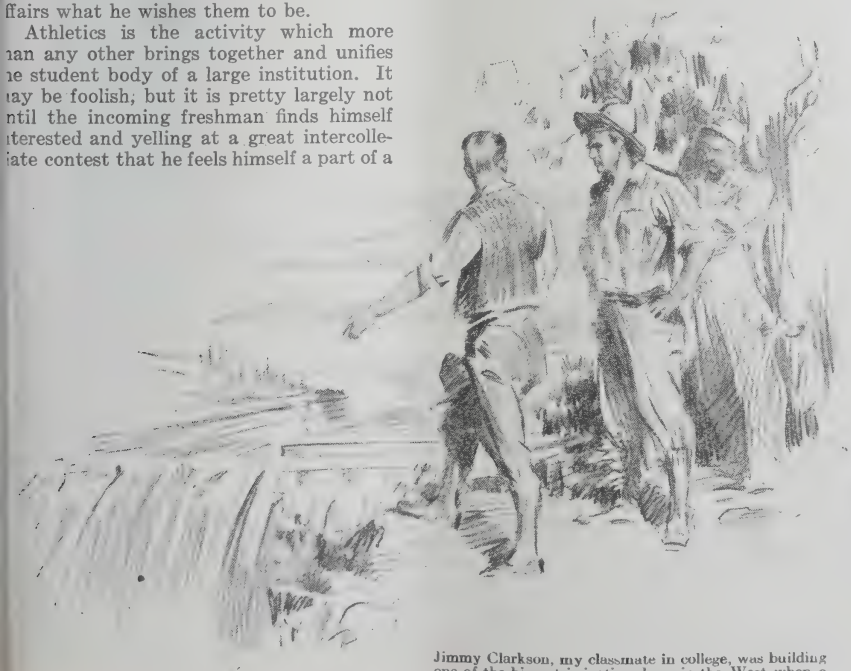
'The athletic hero is only a short-lived hero,' a newspaper editor wrote not long ago. 'He must step down from his pedestal as soon as he leaves college, and what he has learned while playing his game will be of little or no use to him when he takes up the real work of life. It may even be a detriment in that his having been the center of attention and adulation for so long will have given him a false estimate of himself.'

The man who argues thus has known very little of the discipline and the training which the athlete receives, nor has he given any serious attention to the effect which that training has upon the man's later life.

I have in mind now a young fellow who is graduating from college this coming June. He is not a quick thinker; what he gets he gets from regular application and hard study. It was his great ambition even before he entered college some day to make the football team. He went out to the first practice in his freshman year. He was not thought good enough to make the freshman team, but he appeared for spring practice just the same. And so on in his sophomore year and his junior year and his senior year, but he always ended up with the scrubs. Even his best friends tried to discourage him.

'Better give it up and try ping-pong or croquet,' they would say when he came in from practice late for dinner. But he only set his jaw harder, and kept at it.

He worked hard at his studies and kept them up in good shape throughout the four years; he took his punishment in the nightly scrimmage without whimpering; he sat on the side lines during the games without complaint; he met disappointment and bodily weariness and defeat with a renewed determination ultimately to get his chance. It was in the last game of the season in his senior year that that chance came. In the last few minutes of play he was put in as a substitute, and it was his work which really won the game.



Jimmy Clarkson, my classmate in college, was building one of the biggest irrigation dams in the West when a flood washed out all his work.

You can't make me believe that those four years of struggle and work and daily discipline, that the persistence and determination which this man showed in the face of discouragement and disappointment and constant defeat and the final success which he won will not have its effect upon his work for all the years to come. You couldn't discourage a man like that, no matter in what business he was engaged. He couldn't fail permanently, for even if he were down he would be up and at it again the next moment.

Jimmy Clarkson, my classmate in college, was an engineer and a member of the baseball team. We had some pretty stiff contests with Michigan even in those far-away days, and Jimmy always held that the game was never lost until it was ended. Even if it was the last half of the last inning with the opponents one run ahead, two men out and the umpire holding up his hands to indicate that two strikes and three balls had been called on the man at bat, Jimmy never lost hope; and sometimes, by a lucky strike, his hopes were realized.

*Made a Home Run Next Time*

It has been the same way with his work as engineer. He was building one of the biggest irrigation dams in the West when a flood came and washed out all his work and he awoke one morning to find everything gone and himself one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in the hole.

'Well, it's only two strikes and three balls,' he said to himself, 'and I'll make a home run the next time'; and he did, and the dam stands today completed as the result of the fighting spirit which Jimmy learned on the baseball field.

I have studied for more than thirty years the careers of our athletic students after they have graduated and gone out of college, and I am convinced that a man carries the benefits of athletic training into the work which he takes up after he leaves college. The college athlete is a fighter. He has been trained to meet difficulties; he is not afraid to tackle a hard job, and he is not discouraged if he does not at once succeed. He sticks with more tenacity; he has more physical endurance and so can stand hardships, and nervous strain, and long hours of work. He has developed concentration and has learned how to work with others. The effect which his athletic training has had upon his body, his mind, and his character, all conduce to energy, judgment, and self-reliance, and so make for success. He is likely to get on faster and to go farther than men of similar ability who have not had his training.

Whatever can be done by colleges to interest students generally in athletics is desirable, but such interest is not decreased by the development of strong athletic teams. Athletic training is worth all that it costs to the college and to the student while he is in college and after he has graduated in the development of character, in discipline, in college loyalty, and in the binding together of the students as a whole.

*THE Reverend Arthur W. Brooks believes there is a far greater field for astrology than is usually conceded. He has tested the science over a period of years. In next week's issue he will discuss the portents for the next ten years as he sees them.*

# Robert Frost

(Continued from page 2)

not without honor, save in his own country,' because he had to know himself, for twenty years, that he was a poet before he could convince others of the fact.

In 1913 his first volume, *A Boy's Will*, was brought out by a London publisher. Economically the little family was not very secure. For a while they lived in Buckinghamshire and then, in 1914, a combination of poverty and the passion for a farm that had flared bright again led them to lease a tiny farm in Gloucestershire. England was liking *A Boy's Will*. In 1914 *North of Boston* appeared. It sold in England like a popular novel. Things became propitious for the Frosts to return to America and, ironically enough, they found upon their arrival that its literary circles were drawn up in heartening ranks to bid them welcome, to shower upon the poet a tardy but vociferous applause. The applause fooled Frost as little as did the neglect. In 1916 *Mountain Interval* was published and in 1923 *New Hampshire*. And Robert Frost returned to the upper New England, which had gravely watched his pitiful,



early struggles, and there established a homestead for his family. He was appointed to a post in the English department at Amherst College, but he must have a farm, partly for his son to work, and partly to satisfy the hunger within him which would be satisfied in no other way. And from his farm he made the round of universities and colleges, going twice for a year of residence to the University of Michigan, where his fame and following are both growing.

All these ingredients, then, undoubtedly had a share in the inauguration of this recreation of buying farms.

Men do not bring up families of four children upon a poet's meager earnings and have much left over for indulging fancies. So it was that Mr. Frost would explain, with a gleam of merriment in his eyes: 'Ah—now about buying these farms. We must explain to you. A few, very few we buy with money. But mostly we buy them with conversation.' And, bumping wildly up hills of ominous grade, and down wood roads hewn none too clearly out of Vermont rock, you learn that this curious diversion of buying farms with conversation is conducted thus. One member of the family will suddenly have a view of sweeping valley, squared with corn and potato fields and with a striated pattern of vegetable gardens, where a single farmhouse and its outbuildings are lone testimony to human habitation, and will exclaim: 'There! I want to look down on that scene forever. We must see if there is not a house up here that we can buy so I may do so.'

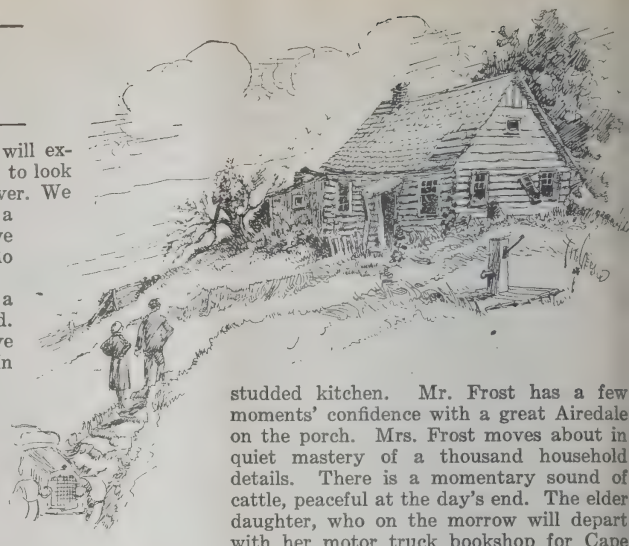
And presently such a house will be found. Sometimes it will have been abandoned. In which case it will be half hidden in a tangle of tall grass interspersed with berry bushes that have run to wood, with an old mulberry tree and the remains of a once proud garden of hollyhocks to stand guard over the decline of its splendor. On the other hand sometimes a farmhouse will be found, trim and weathered to silver, either side of its narrow front walk flanked with neat round beds of portulaca and petunias, and its modest front door guarded by serried ranks of golden glow or sunflowers. The motor will halt, thus providing fortunate opportunity for the boiling radiator to recover its equanimity, and all the occupants of the car will fall to discussing the remodeling of the house to suit the needs of the Frosts. How much will it cost to restore the old well sweep? Which room will be best to use for a living room? How wide can the sleeping porch be made?

If the farmhouse is occupied, some inquiry is made as to whether the owners would consider selling and for how much.

Each year, now, the trips have to be longer and longer because the supply of farms in the nearer neighborhoods does not hold out and one cannot go on asking too often of the same people: 'How much would you ask?' for it is embarrassing to have them say: 'The same price I told you the last time.'

There is no serious talk on these farm-buying expeditions. At supper there is no serious talk, in the pleasant alcove off the living room where some dozen people, including the son who is 'having all the fun of being the farmer while I do the heavy looking on,' as Mr. Frost says, sit about a long, oval table and eat an old-fashioned country supper, with casual passing back and forth of plates, and the sun, westering in a welter of lemon and fuchsia and purple over the hills striking answering shafts of color from a bowl of giant sweet peas in the center of the table.

One by one the family saunters away after the light clatter of dishwashing is done in the low-



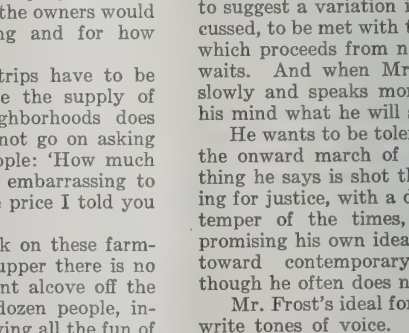
studded kitchen. Mr. Frost has a few moments' confidence with a great Airedale on the porch. Mrs. Frost moves about in quiet mastery of a thousand household details. There is a momentary sound of cattle, peaceful at the day's end. The elder daughter, who on the morrow will depart with her motor truck bookshop for Cape Cod, where she will sell Galsworthy and Dickens, Canfield and Kilmer, Browning and Dos Passos, Canby and Squire, Longfellow and Millay to folk by the side of the road, goes upstairs to write letters. 'But don't go to bed,' her father cautions, 'because I've scarcely seen you since you came and you're going away and we never get talked up anyway, so let's have a word or two later.'

When Mr. Frost has ceased his confidences with the dog, a chair is dragged over the painted floor to a position just beyond the arc of the lamp. He flings one leg over its arm, takes a shining steel knitting needle from his wife's ball of sulphur yarn to play with and use to dig a hole in the arm of the chair, and says: 'Now we can talk.'

We do not talk. Robert Frost talks. Sometimes for as much as ten minutes there is no sound in the room but the tick of the clock and the singing tinkle of the water. Having tried at first to amplify a question or to suggest a variation in the idea being discussed, to be met with the failure to respond which proceeds from not having heard, one waits. And when Mr. Frost, who thinks slowly and speaks more slowly, makes up his mind what he will say he says it.

He wants to be tolerant of everything in the onward march of civilization. Everything he says is shot through with a yearning for justice, with a desire to perceive the temper of the times, and without compromising his own ideals to be sympathetic toward contemporary influences even though he often does not understand them.

Mr. Frost's ideal for his own poetry is to write tones of voice. He smiles, the rare, slow smile, when he says this, expecting, gleefully, that he will be asked: 'But how in the world can you write tones of voice?' 'I have,' he says, 'wanted to write down the brute, throat noises so that none could miss them in my sentences, so they would double the meaning of my sentences. Poetry is gloating over the things of this world, observation, listening, then setting down the sounds by



means of the context. "Talk songs," I call them sometimes. I am not trying anything new. It's as old as Chaucer only we haven't talked about it very much. Longfellow wrote "The Flight Into Egypt." In it you will find a whole span of dramatic sound and vocal imagination. The sweet, gentle words of Mary, the gruffness of Joseph, the bluster of the two thieves, the thin piping of the infant Jesus. It is just a simple miracle play, but as perfect, as exquisitely molded as poem ever was.

'You know, I often think the stuff we hear called "Imagery" is wholly empty of tones of voice. I suppose it is designed to make you see sparks, flashes, colors. But to me vocal images are varieties in the saying of words. I think one of the troubles with contemporary poetry is that our poets, many of them, are metaphor crackers. They crack metaphors as other people crack jokes. And when they have cracked a pageful they knock off until the next day.

'I am not thinking that the only literature is the literature of the past. I suppose it is because of the potentialities that I am so keen over what I call my theory of "education by presence." The most impressive thing in a college career is, often, having over one someone who means something, isn't it? Students get most from professors who have marked wide horizons. If a teacher is evidently a power, outside as well as inside the college, one about whom you can hear along the highways, then that teacher is of deep potential value to the students and they may be expected, later, to do things. To the student who discovers that his teacher is known all over the country for something gifted, his communications take on luster. The business of the teacher is to challenge his students' purpose. "This is your life, your career is ahead of you," he must say. "Now what are you going to do about it? Something large or small?"

'I do not mean that the challenge should be made in words. That, I should think, is nearly fruitless. It must soon begin to sound to the students like rote. Besides, a man can't be forever standing about on the campus crying out, "What are you going to do about it?" His work must cry it for him.

'My greatest inspiration, as a student, was a man whose classes I never attended. The book which influenced me most was *Piers Plowman*, yet I never read it. When I realized how much the book had influenced me I felt I should read it. But after considering I decided not to, fearing it would not be what I had thought when I started out to do what I have since done, what an unread book inspired me to do.

'Everyone, I think, knows that there is such a thing as education by presence. I won't quiz day after day. I won't ask boys questions to which I know the answer. Three days a week, thirty-five weeks in the year is three times as much as I have it in me to lecture on any subject anyway. I am an indifferent teacher as teachers go. I have written four books. I expect to write four more. These books, the unwritten as much as the written, are what I am to the college. If teaching is, as I say, asking rather than answering questions, my books do most of mine with very little help from me.

'There are three ways of teaching. There is formal contact in the classroom. There is informal contact, teaching socially, as it were. And there is teaching by virtually no contact at all. I have always thought a man's chief strength came after being able to say (after St. Paul and Kipling) "Of no mean city am I—of no mean college am I"—speaking intellectually. It must mean something to the student to be aware of distinguished research scholars around him. I am helped by the thought of the artists around me who are my fellow citizens. It encourages me to belong in the same circle with people who see life large.

'The teacher who has contacts which are but informal, extra-class, so to say, fills a spacious place in the student need. Perfect informality of contact is in offering oneself as someone to whom the student may like showing his work. The college could be partly built, in the upper tier, of teachers who offered themselves or were offered thus. By "upper tier" I mean a few of the teachers could be offered wholly this way and all the teachers more or less. Each teacher should have his time arranged to permit




$158-$225 Month—RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS Work for Uncle Sam. men. 18 up. Travel—see your country. Steady work. Common education sufficient. Write IMMEDIATELY for free list of U. S. Government positions now open to men and women. Do it today sure. FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. W 171 Rochester, N. Y.


**George Washington**
warned the U. S. not to become embroiled in the affairs of Europe—

**The Early American Fathers**
came to America for peace—

HAVE times changed now so that we should join Europe in the League of Nations? Can disputes be settled in court instead of upon the battlefield?

**Read Allan L. Benson's article on this timely subject in next week's issue.**


# GIVE YOUR YOUNGSTERS AN ADVENTURE LAND VACATION



# Glacier National Park

*Open June 15th to September 15th*

UNCLE SAM has made citizens of the Indians. The old tribal costumes and customs will soon be no more. Now, before it all goes, let your children get acquainted with the noble, unconquerable Blackfeet. Today, as for centuries past, Glacier National Park is their native home.

Come out this summer. There's health for you in this lake-jeweled Rocky Mountain million acres. Hike, climb, ride horseback, fish. Tour about in motor coaches or motor launches. Camp in the open. Or live in ease at the fine hotels or rustic chalets.

You can ride right up to the gates of Glacier Park on the luxurious New Oriental Limited or other fine Great Northern trains operating between Chicago and the Pacific Northwest. Low Summer Fares to Glacier Park, the Pacific Northwest and Alaska. Today send the coupon for full details.

# NEW ORIENTAL LIMITED

*de luxe train—no extra fare*

*"See America First"*

GREAT NORTHERN

*a dependable railway*

A. J. DICKINSON, Room 712, Great Northern Railway, St. Paul, Minn. DI—6-26

Send me free books about Glacier National Park and cost from this point of a ..... day stay in the Park for a party of ..... I am particularly interested in

☐ General Tour of Park ☐ Alaskan Tours ☐ Burlington Escorted Tour

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

freer informal contacts with students. Art, the sciences, research, lend themselves to such a plan. You could perfectly well build a college on informal contacts. I'd give every teacher who wanted it, who could be happy in it, who wouldn't despise it, a chance at this informal teaching. Some more, some less.

'Half the time I don't know whether students are in my classes or not. On the other hand, I can stay with a student all night if I can get among his realities. Courses should be the introduction to give students a claim on me. Then if the student does not want to press his claim, I suppose he must have an examination. I believe in a wide-open educational system for the freeborn. "Those who will, may" for the freeborn; "Those who won't, must" for the slaves. All the freeborn asks of his teacher is the happiness of being left to his own initiative. That is more of a tax on the ego of the teacher than upon his time.

*Believes in Wide-Open Education*

'Then there is formal classroom teaching. The essential symposium. Heaps of ideas, with books incidental. Rooms crowded with students who want to talk and talk and talk, to suggest things to me I never thought of. It is like the heaping up of all the children's hands, all the family's hands, on the parental knee in the game we used to play by the fireside.'

Mr. Frost, who has happily pursued this educational idea at Michigan, would talk of poetic drama tentatively, and he thinks people should discuss it more. 'I wrote a play once,' he said. 'I am always on the verge of drama. Something happened before my play was produced. Things often happen before plays we think the world is waiting for can be produced.

'The ingredients for poetic drama? Shakespeare first of all. When I think of the successful poetic drama I think of the speaking passages of Shakespeare. The lean, sharp sentences. The give and take, the thread of thought and action not lost in metaphor and adjective. The field of poetic drama need not, I think, be limited any more than the field of poetry. I should not at all mind seeing someone make poetic drama out of Mr. Coolidge and the White House . . .' The poet's eyes narrowed with hidden laughter and it was impossible to tell whether he was serious or not.

*The Farmhouse Behind a Fan of Maples*

'I prefer that the poetic drama shall be idyllic. I am wearied of problem plays. I am thinking of plays it would be nice to do . . . Yes . . . Let me see . . . I see it taking shape . . . A little . . . Not much . . . The chief character could be a house . . . With the play to turn on the reaction of people to the state in which they have found the house . . . That little house, scene after scene, with its intimate meaning to all those people the dominant note . . . Yes . . . very amusing . . . I must think if I shall try it one day . . .'

The room had grown a little chill. The oil in the lamp had diminished. The air was dulled. The trickling water kept up its silver song. The topaz lights away in the hills winked watchfully . . . And who could tell but that the house about which Robert Frost would build his poetic drama was the farmhouse, set behind a fan of giant maples and nearly two centuries old, of which he had said that afternoon: 'Oh we have already bought that with conversation. We mustn't stop now, but some day we may buy it with money . . .'

# The Alcotts—As I Knew Them

(*Concluded from page 18*)

cated it approvingly, while breaking off another fragment. Mrs. Alcott wanted to interfere, but we suppressed her.

The lecture went on and the cake gradually disappeared; with eyes still fixed on the ideal, he cut a fresh supply and benignly devoured it, but neither the theme nor the cake being yet finished, he continued to talk, eat and draw upon the remains—bringing the platter close to himself for convenience—until all was gone; he even disposed of the crumbs. Then he said, smiling gently upon his audience, 'But I must be getting back to my work,' rose from his chair and retreated, leaving us to our sensations.

We had lost the cake, but the cause was worth the sacrifice. Had Mr. Alcott been capable of a sense of humor, the joke would have been on us; but the dear innocent had a vacuum in the place ordinarily occupied by that organ. Mrs. Alcott feared acute indigestion, and spoke of an emetic, but we reminded her of the *vis medicatrix naturae;* and in fact, when Una and I went over next morning to inquire, Mrs. Alcott admitted that her husband had never enjoyed more tranquil sleep. Una took credit to herself for having afforded him the solitary pleasure of the palate that he had ever known, and for aught we know the riot of unsuspected evil may have prolonged his beneficent existence. But his wife took care that bride's-cake never again came within his reach; we can only hope that in heaven he found such delicacies both abundant and harmless. The anecdote has a deep moral.

*His Best Aid to Literature*

Some satirist, reading *Little Women* and recalling the 'Orphic Sayings' in *The Dial,* remarked that Louisa Alcott was her father's best contribution to literature. The sage might have agreed, for he had no personal vanity, and he loved his daughters; but he crowned himself with a brighter laurel when he let her go to the front in the Civil War to nurse the wounded. There for many months the girl witnessed human agony and death in every form, and was the tender confidante of hundreds of souls soon to forsake their tortured bodies.

Thousands of our women, born long after Louisa died, know what her experience was; its effect upon her was profound and lasting, and she herself lay at death's door for months from fever contracted in the face of battle. In her first young womanhood she had overflowed with wit and humor and high spirits; no festival was complete without her; she was fertile of merry suggestions, and ready to take upon her shoulders all the hard work that might be involved in carrying them out. She rode and swam and danced and told stories and acted in little dramas that she had composed, or often had adapted from some chapter of her favorite novelist, Charles Dickens. As Sairy Gamp and Betsy Prig she and her sister Ann rose to real heights of comedy. Life gushed up in her like a fountain; her dark eyes shone, and the great mass of her black hair broke from its fastenings and flowed over her shoulders. She was a natural leader among us.

But after she was brought home from the war, and lay for a long time balancing between life and death, with the memory of her terrible days haunting her, and she a hollow-eyed and almost fleshless wreck of the Louisa we had known and loved—after her slow convalescence, climbing painfully out of the grave to life, she was not the same girl who had left us a year before. During the twenty years of her literary activity that followed, she remained as it were behind a veil; occasionally it would slip aside for a while, and a flash of humor or a shaft of wit come out of the shadow; and the influence upon her writing was manifestly to mellow and deepen it; she could not have touched a million hearts except from the depths of her own. But the price she paid was great.

Her success was immediate, and entirely a surprise to her. Hawthorne called himself in one of his early prefaces 'the obscurest man of letters in America.' Alcott could have contended with him for that distinction, but he was the father of the most popular woman author that America has produced: *The Scarlet Letter* won fame, but never had a tithe of the readers of *Little Women.* The sale of the book rescued the family from real poverty, and Louisa, who had a romantic imagination and longed to write tales of wild passion and adventure, had the judgment and self-control to continue the simple and homely vein in which she had begun. Volume followed volume, and the family never lacked the comforts of life afterward.

When I, after many years in Europe, happened to meet her on the shore of Buzzard's Bay, we conversed long and unreservedly. At moments she was the young Louisa whose madcap frolics I had joined in Concord; again, shadows came over her face that made it eloquent but sad. She had seen, and overcome, and yielded, and believed; her father's orphic wisdom had been transmuted in her to a finer and more human gold. She made no claim to have solved the Secret of the Sphinx, but was content to do what she could to increase mortal happiness. When she and the sage met in heaven, he may have realized that in her he had builded better than he knew.

The Concord people, before Alcott's death, had erected on the hillside behind Apple-Slump a modest little frame building which they called the School of Philosophy. Emerson had already left us, but his spirit and Alcott's presided over the place, Alcott's still for a while habited in the flesh. High themes were debated there by the best minds of the time, and the audiences were devout. Frank Sanborn, once the schoolmaster, now retired to a learned seclusion, was commonly the manager of the gatherings, and a fount of valuable information about former times and persons; his abundant hair was now nearly white, but as abundant as ever; his shoulders stooped a little more, and he was smiling and genial; but I could still see in him the tall pedagogue of whom I had stood in awe thirty years before.

*Sanborn the Schoolmaster*

Ellery Channing sometimes attended for a while; but the old order had changed, giving place to new, and God was fulfilling Himself in other ways, lest one good order should corrupt the world. The young and middle-aged persons whom I saw around me were intelligent and interested; sympathetic too; but they had somewhat the air of archeologists.

# BRIEFLY TOLD

TELEGRAPHING A DENIAL of the rumor that he was to retire from business, William Randolph Hearst announced: 'The time to retire is when God retires you and not before.'

A MOVEMENT IS UNDER way in England to have eggs sold by weight instead of count.

TINY TREES, SO SMALL that a whole grove of them could be held in the hand, are found at an altitude of 8,000 feet in Northwestern Canada.

A CHICAGO MAN, who was rejected by an examining board during the Civil War as physically unfit and warned that he would 'not last a week,' died recently at the age of 92.

NITRATES WORTH $55,000,000 are annually imported into the United States from Chile.



BY MEANS OF HEADPHONES and special microphone, a scientist claims to have heard the sound made by worms gnawing in apples.

SEVENTY-FIVE THOUSAND CHERRY trees, imported from France, are being planted in Northeastern Kansas.

EIGHTY TONS OF Swedish wartime coins have been sold to a junk dealer in Stockholm. The war blockade brought about a shortage of copper and caused the government to mint $103,180 in small iron coins.

PHOTOGRAPHY WITHOUT plates or films is declared possible under a device invented by a South African chemist. Pictures are taken directly on sensitized paper and the image developed in a few seconds.

THE UNITED STATES still pays pensions to five mothers of Civil War soldiers. The eldest is 102 years old and the youngest 92.

THE PRESENT TYPE of ships will eventually be replaced by giant hydroplanes that will skim along the surface of the water at a tremendous speed, according to the prediction of a British scientist.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC in New York, where two Princes of Wales have been entertained, but which has been a financial failure since its opening seventy-two years ago, is to be replaced by a skyscraper office building.

DOG TEETH SERVE AS a medium of exchange in many parts of New Guinea and throughout the South Sea Islands.

A PEONY AT Edwardsville, Illinois, has bloomed for 136 years.

THE OFFSPRING OF one pair of rats, if all survived, would number 2,300,000,000,000,000,000 in ten years, according to Professor G. G. Chambers, of the University of Pennsylvania. Fortunately for the world, however, the mortality rate among rats is high.



A PET PARROT, with clipped wings, hiked fifteen miles into Evanston, Illinois, after having fallen from an automobile in which it was riding.

THE AVERAGE AMERICAN is one inch taller than the average European, according to an anthropologist of the Smithsonian Institution.

CARELESS SMOKING CAUSED six per cent of the nation's fires in 1925. In New York City alone the fire losses were $18,629,085.

MOUNT WHITNEY, 14,501 feet above sea level, the highest mountain in the United States exclusive of Alaska, is soon to have an aerial cable tramway to its summit.

LAND AND BUILDINGS used for golf in this country are worth $1,800,000,000. More than 300,000 acres are devoted to the sport.

CORDUROY, NOW USED as cloth by workers engaged in rough labor, was once favored by kings, whence it derived its name, *corde du roi*.

THE BUREAU OF ENGRAVING and Printing at Washington turns out approximately 3,000,000 notes daily, having a value of at least $10,000,000.

FLEXIBLE GLASS PRODUCED by an Austrian scientist is so resilient that a small ball of it can be bounced twenty feet.

IRRIGATIONISTS IN AUSTRALIA are experimenting with a system used by the ancient Greeks in Theodosia, by which water for irrigation purposes was carried through sandstone pipes.




FOUR MILLION people in the United States moved into new homes May 1, the annual 'moving day,' at an estimated cost of $68,000,000.

SEA SICKNESS PROVED fatal to two elephants of a shipment of eight being brought to this country from India.

THE TOTAL DIAMOND production up to the present time is estimated at about 114,000,000 carats. These have a value of $5,000,000,000.

AUTOMOBILE PRODUCTION IN the United States increased from 892,618 cars in 1915 to 4,325,000 in 1925.

THIRTY-TWO CATTLE BRANDS famous in the early days of the Lone Star State are being cut into the stone of Garrison Hall at the University of Texas.

ENGLISHMEN PAY PROBABLY the highest income tax in the world. A married man with one child, whose income is $2,000 a year, pays $36; at $3,000 he pays $125; and at $5,000 he pays $450.

A NEW RACE OF NEGROID pygmies, believed to be the lowest form of human life, has just been discovered in Africa. Their conversation consists of a series of clicking sounds.

CANADA IS BELIEVED by many to be the future 'Land of Opportunity.' Of its area of 358,162,190 acres of farmable land, only 140,887,000 acres are occupied.

BASING HIS CALCULATIONS on a description of an eclipse in Homer's *Odyssey*, a German scholar has evolved the following table of events: Trojan War, 1197-1187 B. C.; Landing on Ithaca, April 12, 1177 B. C.; Slaughter of Suitors, April 16, 1177 B. C., 6-8:30 p. m.



SIXTY YEARS AGO it was customary for men in certain parts of Great Britain, on entering a church, to stand holding their headgear before their faces and to utter a preliminary prayer 'through their hats,' instead of kneeling in the more orthodox manner.

GOLD-BEARING GRAVEL is being dug up by steam shovels on the State Highway north of Cle Elum, Washington. The region was mined years ago, but most of the miners migrated to Alaska and the Yukon at the time of the Klondike gold rush.

SWEDEN HAS 'NEVER-STOP' elevators, the cars of which pass slowly and continuously from floor to floor. The agile passengers leap in and out as the cars pass their floors.

THE SKELETONS OF TWO famous race horses, Lee Axworthy and Sysonby, have been placed in the American Museum of Natural History.

LEGEND RELATES THAT the Maypole, originally decked with boughs, was an invocation to the real trees to come into leaf.

T 11 A 41
UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL



IT is to be regretted that the rich and powerful too often bend the acts of government to their selfish purposes. Distinctions in society will always exist under every just government. Equality of talents, of education, or of wealth cannot be produced by human institutions. In the full enjoyment of the gifts of heaven and the fruits of superior industry, economy, and virtue, every man is equally entitled to protection by law; but when the laws undertake to add to these natural and just advantages artificial distinctions, to grant title, gratuities, and exclusive privileges, to make the rich richer and the potent more powerful, the humble members of society — the farmers, mechanics and laborers —who have neither the time nor the means of securing like favors to themselves, have a right to complain of the injustice of their Government. There are no necessary evils in government. Its evils exist only in its abuses. If it would confine itself to equal protection, and, as Heaven does its rains, shower its favors alike on the high and the low, the rich and the poor, it would be an unqualified blessing.

—*Andrew Jackson.*

DEA

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY
JUL 6 19

Volume 26, Number 37

Five Cents a Copy JULY 3, 1926 $1.50 a Year




INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH



# *Why Women Choose Firestone Tires*

They realize the need of every help to safe and easy motoring. They have observed how greatly the tire equipment aids the driver.

And they endorse Firestone Gum-Dipped Balloons because the special non-skid tread with extra traction-buttons and sharp angle-edges grip the road instantly and hold fast.

For example—take the need for a sudden stop! "Children will be children"—you must look out for them. To avoid that "heart-in-your-mouth" feeling equip with Firestone and have at your disposal this high degree of safety and car control.

No matter what driving conditions may be, you will travel with greater comfort and relaxation on Firestone Gum-Dipped Balloons. And their long, trouble free mileage is a great economy factor. See your nearest Firestone Dealer.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

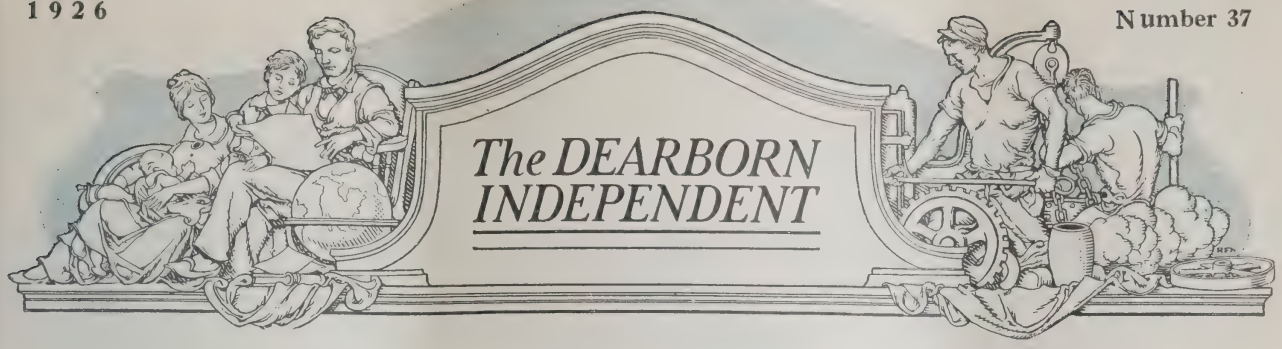
The Mark of Quality

# Firestone

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER . . Harvey S. Firestone

July 3
1926

Volume 26
Number 37




# THE ESSENCE OF THIS ISSUE

Mr. Ford's Page this week discusses the apparent increase in the number of young men who choose engineering as a career

Independence Day. On the cover, Independence Hall. It was not a 'scrap of paper' that was signed in that historic Pennsylvania State House one hot July day, 150 years ago. The First Fourth of July was a pretty serious day. Gerald Van der Heyden has caught in his picture the spirit of the place.

The Declaration of Independence did not make America free. *It only expressed the will of the people to BE free.* Actual independence was not obtained so easily as by the signing of a paper. It cost years of war, wounds, death. This year marks the 150th year of American freedom —a new kind of freedom in the story of mankind. (p. 2)

Somebody blundered. General Howe was to march north from New York as Burgoyne came down from Canada; together they were to act as a vise and crush the American forces between them. But somebody blundered. Howe marched off to Philadelphia, leaving Burgoyne to meet his fate alone at Saratoga—one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world. (p. 6)

The English blamed Burgoyne. But letters, recently discovered and here printed for the first time, exonerate him. His plight was desperate. Promised aid failed to come. And at the crucial moment, a seemingly meaningless message came from Clinton, which has puzzled historians for a century and a half. It was in mask code; it is here deciphered. Here is an absorbing bit of history written for the first time. (p. 6)

Another event of the Revolution has never found its proper place in history—Caesar Rodney's heroic ride for the cause of liberty. Rodney's vote was needed if the Colonies were to adopt the Declaration of Independence. But Rodney was home, dangerously ill. (p. 16)

Time plays strange pranks. A signature of Button Gwinnett, an obscure Signer of the Declaration of Independence (ever hear of him before?) is worth more than one of George Washington, because rarer. This story conveys the fascination of collecting the autographs of the Signers. (p. 25)

What's in the immediate future of the Republic? The next fifteen years will see—another war or series of revolutions in Europe that will smash present systems and change the map radically. Militaristic dictators in power. Vast commercial mergers, development and expansion. Progress in science and literature. A crisis in America which may lead to war. Financial slumps, followed by reconstruction and prosperity. Far-reaching social, religious and economic reforms—

These are the predictions of the Reverend Arthur W. Brooks, Episcopal clergyman and astrologer. He has read what the stars portend for the next decade or so. He has read the horoscope of the Declaration of Independence. Many will be interested in this article. (p. 12)

CONTENTS

The First Fourth of July - - - - - - - - 2
Uncle Sam and the Baby Crop - - - - - 3
*Aaron Hardy Ulm*
Movie Patrons Make Coolidge Think - - - 4
*Allan L. Benson*
New Light on the American Revolution - - 6
*Randolph G. Adams*
Lincoln's Gettysburg Address - - - - - 8
*William E. Barton*
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
Casting the Horoscope of the United States - 12
*Arthur W. Brooks*
Originality Is the Aim of the Modern Artist - 15
*Eugene Leuchtmann*
Rodney's Ride for Liberty—*Carl Schurz Lowden* 16
Crossing the Delaware 1776-1926—*C. L. Norton* 19
Chats With Office Callers - - - - - - - - 21
Bucking the Modern Bucket Shop - - - - 22
*George Garrett DeMore*
I Read in the Papers - - - - - - - - - - 24
Rare Signatures of the Signers - - - - - 25
*Alice MacFarland*
A Dance a Week—Dictionary of Terms - - 28
Liberty Enlightening the World - - - - - 32
*Frank Dorrance Hopley*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer;
C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

President Coolidge is at last beginning to realize that the World Court is *not* popular in America. Movie audiences and primary voters are making him think. They applaud Borah but not Coolidge, and pro-Court Senators go down to defeat. The President had good cause to remark recently that he 'had no idea' there was so much sentiment against the World Court. (p. 4)

America has no place in the World Court. We are not willing to let European nations, most of them unfriendly to us, tell us when we shall go to war. Our vote in the Court would bring us more enemies than friends. America—Allan L. Benson points out in this article—can do far more toward maintaining world peace *outside* the Court than *inside*. (p. 4)

Congress decreed better babies—by law. It was done at the demand of professional welfare workers and uplift lobbyists. Congress appropriated money and established bureaus and set elaborate machinery in motion. All of which was to result in bigger and better babies. This was five years ago, and the promised benefits are not yet apparent. Aaron Hardy Ulm analyzes the situation. (p. 3)

There are several versions of Lincoln's 'Gettysburg Address.' Dr. William E. Barton, famous Lincoln biographer, explains why. The speech was revised once or twice before its delivery, and at least once afterward. Then in giving the address, Lincoln varied slightly from his prepared copy. (p. 8)

Then there is an article on the Delaware River bridge, largest suspension bridge in the world, which is scheduled to open this week . . . and one on the Statue of Liberty . . . And the dance article this week is of special interest. It contains a dictionary of terms you will be sure to find useful.

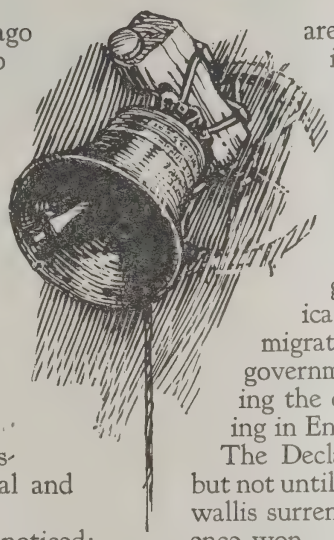
In Chats With Office Callers you will find frank discussions of important topics. The people quoted are, for the most part, national figures. As their names are never revealed, they can be as frank as they please, and oftentimes they talk on subjects they would otherwise avoid.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.50 A YEAR in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year.
SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

# The First Fourth of July

A CENTURY and a half ago American hands were set to the one irrevocable document of our national history. The Constitution may be amended, but not that. Laws may be repealed, but never that. Unchangeable as a force of nature the Declaration of Independence stands, ancient in its terms, contemporary with every phase of modern progress in its spirit.



It was not the work of Thomas Jefferson; he wrote what the towns and farms were saying; their thought informed his words. The Constitution was the work of lawyers and statesmen, but the Declaration was national and popular in its origin.

The First Fourth of July passed unnoticed; no one knew that it was the Fourth of July. The land was shrouded in deep anxiety. A struggle between government and people had existed for years, deepening at last into war. A year before the First Fourth of July, George Washington had taken command of the American Army on Cambridge Common. Independence was not the issue as yet; the total demand was the reasonable one of British rights for British citizens.

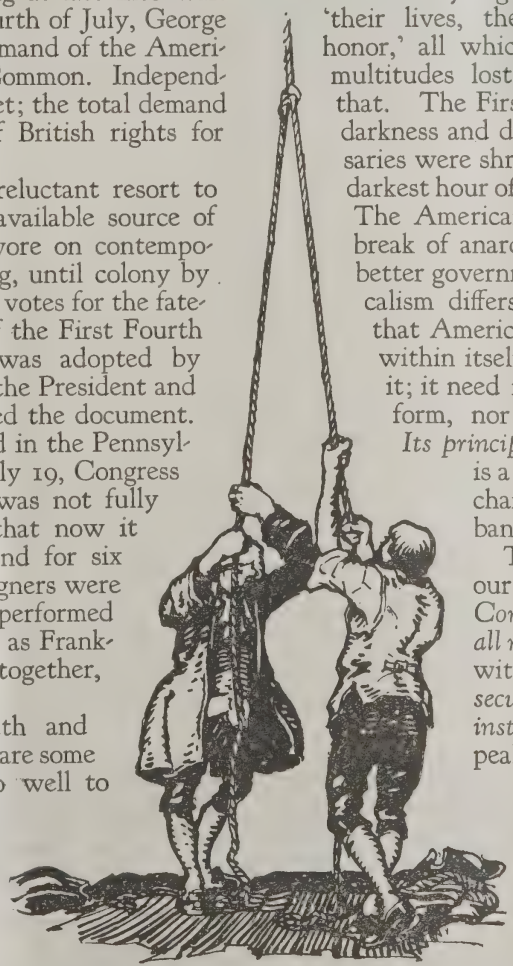
Events compelled the reluctant resort to Independence as the sole available source of political justice. Debate wore on contemporaneously with the fighting, until colony by colony, save one, gave their votes for the fateful step. In the evening of the First Fourth of July the Declaration was adopted by twelve States. On July 5, the President and Secretary of Congress signed the document. On July 6, it was published in the Pennsylvania *Evening Post*. On July 19, Congress ordered it engrossed. It was not fully signed by all the names that now it bears until August 2. And for six months the names of the Signers were kept secret, for they had performed an act of high treason, and, as Franklin said, 'Unless we hang together, we shall hang separately.'

On this one hundredth and fiftieth Fourth of July there are some things which we shall do well to consider concerning that First Fourth of July.

For one: a declaration of independence can only come from people who are already independent in their thinking. Our fathers were independent before they even thought of independence in the political sense. Van Tyne truly says 'the English kings planted the seeds of the Revolution when, in their zeal to get America colonized, they had granted such political and religious privileges as tempted the radicals and dissenters of the time to migrate to America . . . The English government had systematically been stocking the colonies with dissenters and retaining in England the conformers.

The Declaration was adopted July 4, 1776, but not until October 19, 1781, when Lord Cornwallis surrendered was the War of Independence won. The Declaration was but the announcement of conviction, it was not possession of the boon. The Thirteen Colonies struggled thirteen years to possess what they declared to be theirs by right. The Declaration involved 'their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor,' all which they staked, and all which multitudes lost, save honor, and some even that. The First Fourth of July was a day of darkness and doubt, and its successor anniversaries were shrouded in gloom, until out of the darkest hour of despair light suddenly dawned.

The American Revolution was not an outbreak of anarchy. It was the opposition of better government to worse. American radicalism differs from other forms extant in that Americanism knows that it possesses within itself the cure of the ills that harass it; it need not destroy itself to effect reform, nor wreck itself to right its keel. *Its principles leave Liberty free*, for there is a radicalism that binds Liberty in chains, and in the name of principle banishes principle from the field.



The First Fourth of July saw our revolutionary radical fathers *in Congress assembled*, holding that *all men are endowed by their Creator* with unalienable rights, that *to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men*, and appealing to the *Supreme Judge of the world* for the rectitude of their intentions they set up such a government for the securing of such rights. That Government still stands and those rights are still secure.

# Uncle Sam and the Baby Crop

## Four Years' Nationalization of the Nursery Brings Indifferent Results

By AARON HARDY ULM

FIVE years ago there raged off and on for a period of twelve months or more a singular national controversy. It was about—among other things—babies. The question was as to how far the Federal Government properly might go in looking after the 'baby crop,' in the manner somewhat of its display of concern for the corn, cotton or pig crop. The storm was quieted with the oils of compromise and postponement. So the question is up again, and before this is published the matter may be disposed of again, for the time being, in a like temporizing way

Congress temporizes with the subject because a bigger problem underlying the baby controversy is in something like a state of suspense. This bigger problem is, broadly, federalization, or the Government's tendency, far-running in recent years, to bring within its supervision more and more of the nation's life.

That tendency was running at its highest when Congress was last torn, in 1921, by the baby controversy. During the preceding ten years Congress had injected a directing hand into many state and local affairs. It did this usually by offering funds to the states in return for the right to say what the states should do in designated quarters.

*Prerogatives Were Sold for Cash*

'You may have this money,' the Federal Government said, 'only by putting up an equal sum for the purposes in point and agreeing for all to be spent under the supervision of bureaus in Washington.' By this easy process such obstacles as Constitutional guaranties of certain prerogatives to the states or the people could be overcome. The states surrendered prerogatives in return for cash—for money paid into the Federal Treasury by their own citizens and thus returned to them in the form veritably of—bribes!

Most of these adventures had to do with things—such as corn and cotton and pigs. Then came the demand that they comprehend people, even motherhood and childhood. The demand was expressed in the so-called Maternity Bill, which was backed by the United States Children's Bureau and militant feminine groups.

In its original form the proposal was, presumably, for an operation in perpetuity, in the manner of most of the 'fifty-fifty' ones by which the Federal Government supplants or coerces the states. There was to be a beginning appropriation of $4,000,000 a year from the Federal Treasury for 'the promotion of the welfare and hygiene of maternity and infancy.' Most of it was to go to the states, or those that would agree to 'match' the sums received, and to submit plans for the sending of all to the Children's Bureau for approval.

An outcry arose against the proposal, on the ground that it was a revolutionary venture in Federal bureaucracy. Congress hearkened to the extent of reducing the appropriation to $1,240,000 a year and putting upon the operation a five-year limitation as to time. Congress also wrote into the act a prohibition against any of the 'services' to be thus rendered to motherhood and infancy being imposed on anyone who might protest. The original bill provided for the rendering of 'free' medical services where needed, a provision that would have given much leeway to those administering the act. This part was eliminated.

*Various Changes Were Made*

The measure as originally enacted will expire on June 30, 1927. Its original proponents urged that it be continued beyond that date. They asked specifically for a continuance of only two years, which was voted by the present House of Representatives. The Senate committee, which passed on the subject, recommended a continuance for only one year. Chief proponents of the measure intimate that if the operation goes on, further continuances will be asked. The hope of many of them no doubt is that it become perpetual, as was originally advocated by them.

Hence, unless Congress refuses to grant any continuance, the subject will be left in suspense, with the probabilities favoring ultimate permanency and elaboration of the project. Such is the lesson to be drawn from the history of similar projects, even that of the Children's Bureau itself.

*Better Hogs But Not Better Babies*

The bureau was set up about fifteen years ago, over protests like those made against the Maternity Act. The argument for the bureau was the same as for this elaboration of its functions. In most sensational form this argument rested on the 'Pigs vs. Babies' comparison.

'The Government spends so many millions for better hogs and nothing for better babies,' said the advocates of the bureau. Opponents countered with the statement that there is vast difference between pigs and babies and that for the Government to meddle with the production of infants might lead to sacred personal rights being invaded.

The Children's Bureau, however, was created, but as a fact-finding and informational body only.

'We shall not be willing to let the establishment of the Children's Bureau mean simply investigation—it must mean power to change things,' said the *Woman Citizen*, the organ of the groups which brought the bureau into existence, not long after the act of establishment was passed.

The purpose of the Maternity Bill was to give the bureau 'power to change things,' among them being ones that are admittedly bad. One of these is a higher maternity death rate that is registered in most civilized countries, another is a higher infant mortality rate than prevails in most countries that are properly comparable with the United States.

Opposition to the establishment of the bureau and later to the Maternity Bill was not on the ground that conditions complained of should not be corrected but on the fear that the thus proposed way of dealing with the problem was faulty and dangerous. Opponents of the Maternity Bill said that to put the bearing and rearing of children under the surveillance of a Washington bureau runs counter to the American principle of individual and local government rights and responsibilities. Senator James A. Reed declared that the measure should have been entitled, 'A bill to authorize a board of spinsters to control maternity and teach the mothers of the country how to raise babies.'

*Machinery of the Maternity Bill*

Advocates of the proposal claimed that the chief purpose was to 'stimulate' State and local activity in the premises—by dangling Federal Treasury funds, with very tangible 'strings' tied to the money, before the states.

Like others of its kind, the measure set up a variegated machine for its own enforcement. The spread between motivation, that is, the Government, and the ostensible objects, that is, mothers and infants who need help, is so elongated, if not so complicated, that it is practically impossible to give a vivid picture of the operation in practice.

Here's a woman, let us say, in Alabama. She is on the way to motherhood, as are around 3,000,000 women in this country at all times. Help for this woman, via the Maternity Act, must trickle, as a rule, through four series of functionaries, as follows:

First—A board *(Concluded on page 23)*

# Movie Patrons Make Coolidge Think

## Borah as Film Favorite Alters President's Visualization of World Court

By ALLAN L. BENSON

ILLUSTRATED BY W. W. CLARKE

DO WE want larger and more destructive wars, with the United States always in them, or smaller wars with the United States out of all of those that do not vitally concern it?

Whether you know it or not, you answer this question, one way or the other, when you take a position with regard to the attitude that this country should assume toward the World Court and the League of Nations.

Whether you know it or not, you are helping to make wars larger and more destructive and to put the United States into all of them when you favor American membership in either or both of these organizations. You may favor the court because you know President Coolidge favors it and because you have confidence in his judgment.

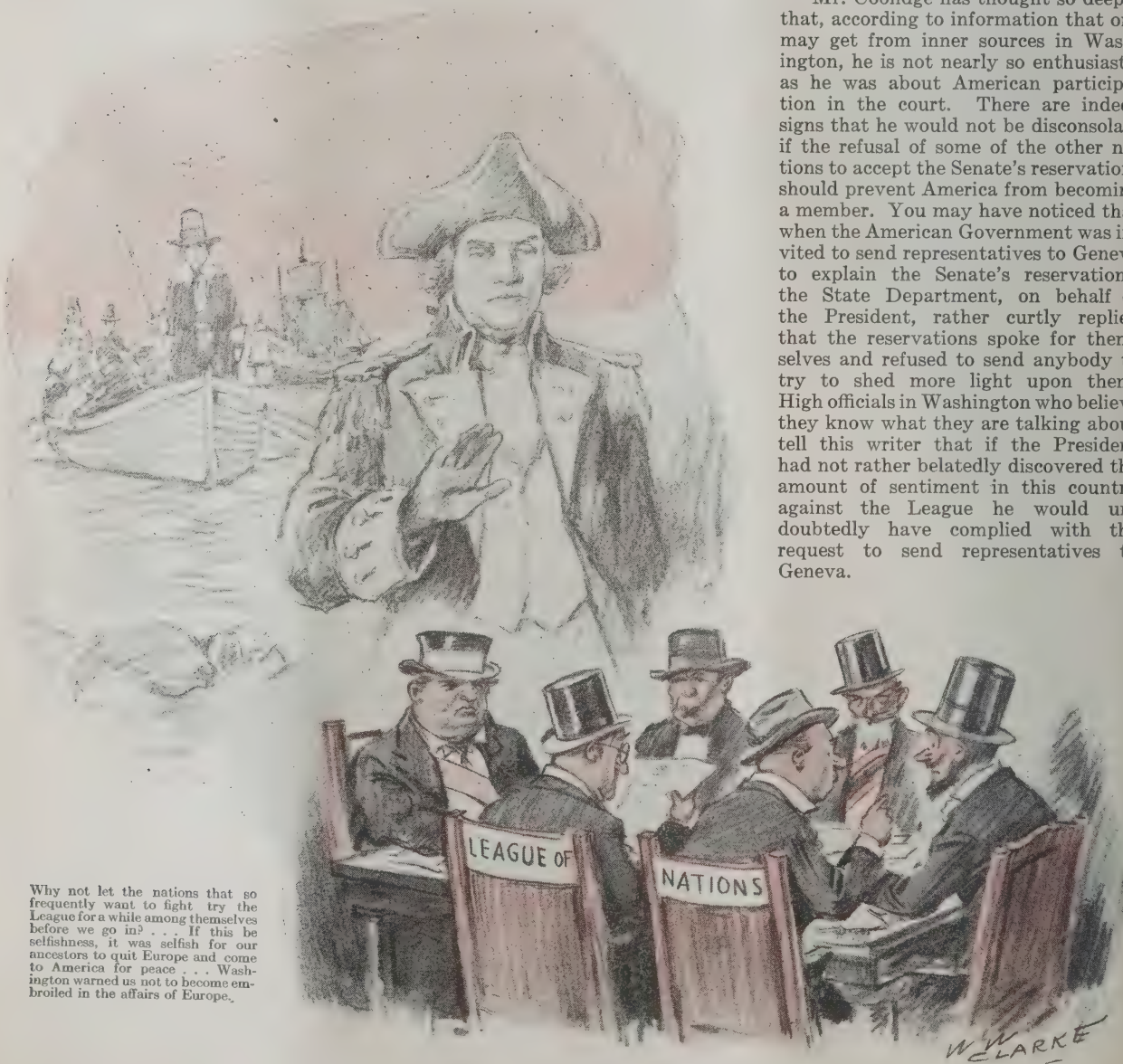
How much had President Coolidge thought about the matter before he endorsed American participation in the court? How much did he really know about it?

Do you know that after Senator Borah's big anti-court meeting in Chicago last winter the President said he 'had no idea' there was so much sentiment in the country against the court?

Do you know that the President has been amazed at reports he has received about the receptions given by movie audiences to pictures bearing upon the subject of the court? Such is the fact. The President's picture has been flashed from coast to coast, getting hardly a hand. Borah and some of his anti-court associates have come the next moment and received much applause.

The political gentlemen who look after the President's political welfare have reported these occurrences to him and he has thought deeply about them.

Mr. Coolidge has thought so deeply that, according to information that one may get from inner sources in Washington, he is not nearly so enthusiastic as he was about American participation in the court. There are indeed signs that he would not be disconsolate if the refusal of some of the other nations to accept the Senate's reservations should prevent America from becoming a member. You may have noticed that when the American Government was invited to send representatives to Geneva to explain the Senate's reservations, the State Department, on behalf of the President, rather curtly replied that the reservations spoke for themselves and refused to send anybody to try to shed more light upon them. High officials in Washington who believe they know what they are talking about tell this writer that if the President had not rather belatedly discovered the amount of sentiment in this country against the League he would undoubtedly have complied with the request to send representatives to Geneva.




Why not let the nations that so frequently want to fight try the League for a while among themselves before we go in? . . . If this be selfishness, it was selfish for our ancestors to quit Europe and come to America for peace . . . Washington warned us not to become embroiled in the affairs of Europe.




We have made somewhat of a success of civilization in America . . . We are the last people in the world who ought to talk about going into a League. We are too individualistic—too determined to manage our own affairs.

It is doubtful, by the way, whether the other nations will accept all of the Senate's reservations. From their point of view, they will be foolish if they accept the fifth. American opponents of the court—the big ones who are making the fight in Washington—do not see how other nations can accept it. It stipulates that the court shall not without the consent of the United States pass upon any issue that concerns the United States, or any issue that the United States may 'claim' to concern it. *With that reservation, the United States could prevent the court from considering any question.* It could utterly paralyze the court by claiming that *every* world question concerns this country and refusing to give its consent that the court consider it. That would be extreme action, of course, and probably would never be taken, but the danger is nevertheless there.

Senator Borah pointed this out to a European correspondent last winter and a great howl went up among the European friends of the court at his 'audacity.' The howling has ceased. The Europeans have seen the point. The fifth reservation, if accepted, would put the fate of the court in America's hands. For that reason it is not likely to be accepted. And if it be not accepted, we shall stay out unless the President and the Senate waive the reservation. It is so strong that the chief opponents of the court never dreamed they could get past with it. They nevertheless decided to try and, to their surprise, succeeded.

If the fifth reservation should be accepted there would be no danger, of course, that the court, dominated as it is by nations that are more or less unfriendly to us, could do us any damage. We could simply tell them to keep their hands off cases that concern us.

But there is no likelihood whatever that we should paralyze the court and prevent it from functioning by claiming that everything concerned us. The business of the court would go on and we should take part in it. The judge representing America would pass upon many cases that vitally concerned other nations, and sometimes his vote might be the deciding one. His vote would be held against us by those nations that suffered from his decisions. Any good feelings that his votes might momentarily arouse in the nations that benefited from them would soon be forgotten. Among nations friendship is a fragile flower that soon withers. Only the poisonous plant of enmity is hard to kill.

And sooner or later, if we were to go into the court, every pressure, at home and abroad, would be brought to make us enter the League. We could not forever remain half in and half out of world affairs. Once we begin to meddle with things that do not concern us we shall go the limit by going into the League. Is that what we really want?

*What is it that we want?* First and foremost, *we want to keep the United States out of all wars that do not vitally concern it.* It is not our business to govern Europe or Asia. It is our business to govern the United States. The better job we make of it, the better it will be for us and the rest of the world. We can serve neither ourselves nor the world better than by keeping out of wars that do not vitally concern us. The more nations there are engaged in a war, the worse the war is for the world. If wars must continue for a while, let us do our part to make them as small as possible by keeping out of as many of them as possible.

*The whole tendency of the League of Nations is to make every war a world war.* Little nations may scrap among themselves without the big ones getting in, but when the big ones are concerned they go in and pull the little ones in after them. Even Cuba had to declare war against Germany.

It is very fine to talk about settling international disputes in court instead of upon the battlefield, and it sounds well to discuss the sanity and wisdom of gathering all the peoples of the earth within the paper confines of a League of Nations and bidding them be happy ever afterward, but *why not let the nations that so frequently want to fight try the League for awhile among themselves before we go in?*

Economic interests and racial hatreds are stronger than any words that can be written upon paper. Pledging nations to peace in a league of nations is not going to keep them at peace. The League of Nations will be a great success until the economic strains within it become strong enough to cause some of the nations to want to go to war. When that time comes a big crack will run across the face of the League. Two great groups will stand revealed. Each group will accuse the other of violating its obligations to the League. Each group will accuse the other of forsaking the ways of peace to resort to war. The people in each group will believe what their leaders tell them and the truth will not come out for years.

Europe has many problems that we do not understand and with which we have nothing to do. These problems are what make her wars. Each nation, if it should go to war, would like to have our help. We have so many men and so much money that we could be useful. But we

(Concluded on page 20)

# New Light on the American Revolution

## Burgoyne's Story of the Saratoga Surrender

By RANDOLPH G. ADAMS

IN RECENT years new material concerning the American Revolution has not been great. Recently, however, the official headquarters' correspondence of Sir Henry Clinton, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces, has been brought to America, the fortunate purchase of William L. Clements, of Bay City, to be deposited in the great historical library which bears his name at Ann Arbor. In these fourteen thousand documents new light is thrown on the military history of the Revolution.

Sir Henry Clinton used these documents to write a history of the Revolution. However, so many British military reputations would have been ruined that the publication of his account wa not deemed expedient and the manuscript lies unpublished to this day.

Hundreds of new stories are coming from these papers—for Americans have not had all the sources with which to tell the whole story of the war of independence. Many students of the Revolution feel that Saratoga, not Yorktown, was the deciding American victory of the war, since that battle brought France to our side. Now for the first time we know just how it happened. From the Clinton papers emerges at last Burgoyne's own story of how and why he was defeated.

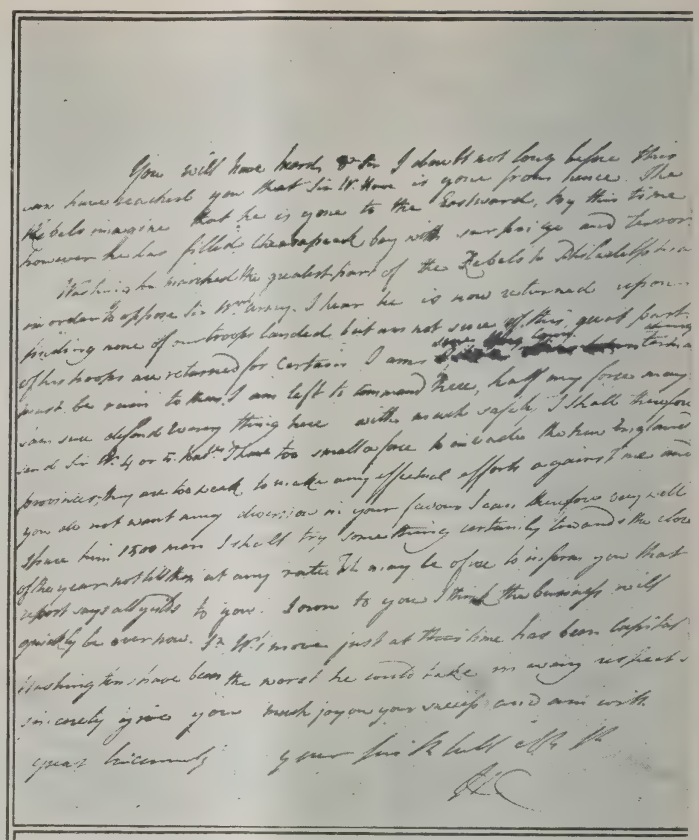
### *War Office Forgot to Tell Howe*

No one is sympathetic with a defeated general; his country does not wish his excuses and his opponents do not need them.

In 1777 General Howe was still in command of the British forces in North America and his headquarters were at New York. General Burgoyne convinced the British Secretary of War that if he were permitted to lead an army down from Canada, and if Howe were directed to march north from New York to meet him at Albany, the rebellion might be crushed and America defeated.

It was so ordered from the War Office in London. Burgoyne gathered his troops together in Canada and started south in the early summer of 1777. But for the moment the War Office forgot to notify Howe. Unfortunately for the English, about the same time that Burgoyne began his march, Howe took the bulk of the army away from New York. He left Sir Henry Clinton in command at that post with very few troops, so that when the orders came for the troops at New York to effect the junction with Burgoyne at Albany, the greater part of the British forces were down around Philadelphia fighting the battles of Brandywine at Germantown. Howe could not possibly have got away in time to rescue Burgoyne.

Consequently the task fell upon Clinton in New York to gather together such troops as he might and make a desperate effort to sail up the Hudson and meet Burgoyne. The latter commander had no idea at first that the orders had failed to reach Howe and consternation reigned in his headquarters when Clinton's curious cryptic message came through to him, which is here printed in facsimile for the first time. Clinton had to let Burgoyne know that it would be practically impossible for him, with as few troops as he had under him, to do anything—and he wanted Burgoyne to know exactly why. It could be done in a few words, but it was all-important that that message should not be understood if captured by the Americans, who held the ground between Clinton in New York and Burgoyne on Lake Champlain.

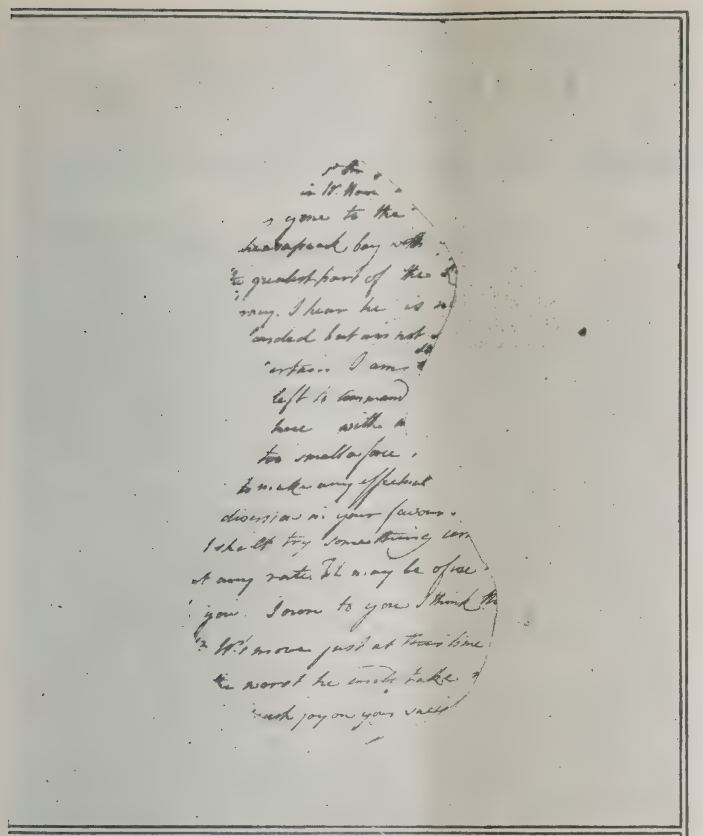


The message in Clinton's handwriting to Burgoyne, as it would appear to the casual reader: 'Sir William's move just at this time has been capital.'

It could hardly be concealed from the Americans that Howe had left New York and gone south—but it was necessary to notify Burgoyne that the troops which had been left with Clinton were utterly inadequate to effect the all-important junction at Albany. Clinton thought if he could get this message through in cipher there might yet be time for Burgoyne to save himself by retreating to Canada. He therefore wrote Burgoyne a rambling letter in which he appeared to say that Howe had gone to the south to invade Pennsylvania, and that he, Clinton, had plenty of troops in New York, twice as many as necessary to defend New York, and that he felt perhaps it was not wise at present to attack the New England states. Anyway, he said, the New England states were too weak to do anything. Moreover, wrote Clinton, surely Burgoyne had no need of any diversion and therefore he (Clinton) would send 1,500 of his surplus troops to Howe in Pennsylvania.

### *Clinton's Message in Cipher*

This fake letter is written out in Clinton's well-known hand and initialed by him. Over it, as can be seen by the accompanying pictures, Burgoyne was to lay a mask which makes the letter tell its real story. Of course both Clinton and Burgoyne had the mask, agreed upon in advance. When this mask is used the letter gives quite another mes-



The same message as it reads with the proper mask: 'Sir William's move just at this time is the worst he could take.'

sage than that given above. Instead of the words, 'Washington marched the greatest part of the Rebels to Philadelphia' the message becomes, 'Sir William Howe is gone to Chesapeake Bay with the greatest part of the army.' Instead of Clinton saying, 'I am left to command here; half my force may I am sure defend everything here with much safety; I shall therefore send Sir William 4 or 5 battalions,' which sounds very jaunty and confident, the message the English general sent appears as 'I am left here with too small a force.' Moreover instead of reading that the 'New England provinces are too weak to make any effectual efforts against me,' what Burgoyne read through the mask was 'I am left to command here with too small a force to make any effectual diversion in your favor.' Instead of reading that Clinton supposed Burgoyne needed no aid, the unfortunate British commander at Saratoga had to read that Sir Henry could not possibly come up to help him.

***Blunder Brought Disaster***

In the full letter, which anyone might read, Sir Henry Clinton writes confidently, 'I own to you I think the business will quickly be over now (i. e., that America will be defeated). Sir William's (Howe's) move just at this time has been capital—Washington's have been the worst he could take in every respect.' But when Burgoyne laid the mask over this message what he really read was 'I own to you I think Sir William's move the worst he could take.'

The rest of the story is well known. Burgoyne fought battle after battle in his efforts to reach Saratoga. Among the Clinton papers is a hurried dispatch he sent through to Clinton just after the battle at Stillwater in September. Burgoyne was fearfully perplexed. He was sure the Americans ought to have run away after the battle, but they did not run away. This letter has never been published and it is a beautiful example of Burgoyne's confusion and alarm. It is almost illegible, evidently written after a hard day's fighting.

On the heights above Saratoga Burgoyne was surrounded by the American army under Gates, and was forced to sue for a cessation of hostilities. The Clinton papers contain the minutes of the councils of war he held in reaching the determination to surrender, and also the various negotiations between him and Gates.

On October 17, 1777, Burgoyne and his troops marched out as prisoners of war and threw down their arms. On the twentieth he wrote three letters of defense. The first was to the British Secretary of War, Lord George Germain, apprising him of the disaster. That letter has long been known. It exists in the private archives of Germain's descendants in England. The letter to his superior officer, Howe, informing him of the capitulation, has also been published. Both these letters are extremely well written, temperate and dignified. He could not very well tell Howe what he thought of Germain for delaying the orders, nor could he tell Germain what he thought of Howe for not being at Albany at the appointed time

***Burgoyne Wrote Three Letters***

But on the same day Burgoyne wrote a far more important letter to his old friend, Sir Henry Clinton. To him Burgoyne could write as to an equal without any violation of military etiquette. That letter had never been seen before by historians, until it came to light in the papers now at the University of Michigan. Burgoyne told Clinton not only that his Hessians had failed to fight, but also that his British troops 'had not the complection' for further battle. He insists that Gates had nearly 17,000 men, while he (Burgoyne) was reduced to less than 4,000. As to the failure of Howe and Clinton to make the northward march, Burgoyne wrote the latter: 'Knowing your zeal and activity I am sure the fault is not yours that further and timely co-operation did not take place in my favor.' This is as close as a military man usually gets to a downright statement—but its implication is obvious. He insisted that the men higher up who planned the expedition are going to have to answer for its failure—'I take it upon myself that my orders are my justification. I was meant, as it now appears, to command a forlorn hope, and I have had the misfortune of that situation.'

Five days later Burgoyne wrote three more letters, relating in greater detail the circumstances of his surrender. Again those written to Howe and to Germain have long been public property. They were letters written in a temperate and restrained style. And again the real letter was written to Clinton, and has been buried these hundred and fifty years in the family papers of the British commander. It is worth quoting: 'I seek no pardon—I want only justification . . . Had Sir William Howe enabled you to make the same movement you lately made one month sooner, or perhaps half that time, I believe our junction would have been effected . . . The disagreeable consideration of the German troops with me has been that they are slack mettled enough to undo you, and yet not bad enough to be accused openly. They take care not to be publicly dishonored, but are of no confidence or use where activity or a steady spirit is requisite . . . Upon the whole I commit myself to your candid judgment as an officer and your pity as a friend. If I have been the sacrifice of a minister to assist great purpose, I am content in having kept back from Mr. Washington a force which might have decided the fate of the war, but if the minister lays blame upon *me* for the exertions I have used upon the principle, the spirit & the letter of his orders, I shall hold myself justified in laying those orders before the world and will stake my fame and my head upon the decision. Such ingratitude would not surprize me, I think it would not sink me.'

***Placing the Blame***

It really is in documents such as this that we find the explanation of the American victory. After all, throughout the revolution the British had more troops *(Concluded on page 28)*

# Lincoln's Gettysburg Address

## Several Different Versions Given, and Yet All May Be Correct

By WILLIAM E. BARTON



THE Gettysburg speech of Abraham Lincoln contained these words: 'The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.' He was never more mistaken. Memorable as were the deeds which they did there, his words will long outlive the memory of their deeds. The Gettysburg Address will be printed and recited, and cast in bronze, and translated into foreign tongues for school children to learn and transmit to other children and to other schools, centuries after it will have become necessary to append footnotes to explain whether the Battle of Gettysburg was fought in the American Revolution, or was one of the bloody engagements of the World War. Yet the world came so near to fulfilling the prediction of Abraham Lincoln, it took so little note, and made so small an effort to remember what he said, and it had for nearly two more years so much reason to think of what the soldiers did, it would almost seem that Lincoln came near to being right about it. Even yet there are a number of disputed and unsettled questions about the matter, quite enough to justify our reminding ourselves what he said and how he came to say it, and with what degree of interest and prospect of remembering the world took note of it.

The Gettysburg Address was one of the most conspicuous of the events of Lincoln's Presidency. It was reported at the time in all the prominent newspapers. It was heard by an audience of many thousands, of whom a number are still living. It ought to be very easy to tell the story of the Gettysburg Address, and it is well worth telling. Let us go to contemporary documents, to accounts in newspapers as they appeared at the time, and to the men still living who heard him, and learn what Abraham Lincoln said there, and what note the world then and later made of his memorable utterance.

I suppose there is no one now living who has conversed or corresponded with more persons who heard the address than I, and I have read somewhat diligently the literature of the time regarding it.

As to Lincoln's preparation, I am prepared to prove that he did not make any, but trusted wholly to the inspiration of the moment; that he made hasty preparation on the morning of the delivery of the address; that he wrote it the night before its delivery; that he wrote it on the train be- (Continued on page 29)

Address delivered at the dedication of the Cemetery at Gettysburg.

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate — we can not consecrate — we can not hallow — this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us — that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion — that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain — that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom — and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Abraham Lincoln.

November 19, 1863.

Facsimile of Mr. Lincoln's autographic copy of the Gettysburg Address, made by him for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Fair at Baltimore, in 1864.

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

AT A recent College Commencement an observer from abroad commented on the large number of men who received degrees in the various branches of engineering. He said it was the first time in his experience that he had seen letters, philosophy and science outpulled in their attractive power upon the younger generation by what he termed mechanics.

But what he conceived to be a new and stronger lure to mechanics was only in appearance, for there have always been more men engaged in the mechanical work of the world than in letters, the arts or pure science. The difference is here: whereas men who formerly devoted themselves to engineering and mechanics went directly to work; nowadays many of them go to school, and the number is so great that it seems to be threatening to swamp the others. But the number of those who devoted themselves to the science and art of mechanics was always greater than the others. Had it not been thus, freedom to follow letters and philosophy would not have been possible to so many.

For a long time it was felt that one who went in for books was entering the 'learned' world, while one who went in for machinery was entering a rather lower plane of intelligence and living. The height of respectability was the white collar and the white hand, and these, incidentally, at the expense of collarless men with calloused hands. It is a position hard to understand until you know that people who held it were ignorant of the vast amount of learning which underlies mechanics, of the incessant research and experiment its development demands, of the precise knowledge of natural law involved in all its processes, and the endless exploration by scientific outposts which every new step entails.

The men who went in for engineering have touched the arts and sciences at every point: they made the printing press and built cathedrals, they burst the bounds of artificial economics and broadened politics, they have made more history than the warriors and greater conquests than the kings. In tardy recognition of their essential place in life, the universities began to *teach what engineers had learned.* The universities do not teach engineers; they relay what engineers have taught the universities. The science is first, the teaching of it second.

It is not by accident, perhaps, that, as our observer from abroad remarked, the candidates for the degrees in engineering seemed to represent a distinct type of character.

The profession attracts a certain type and afterward offers that type, developed and strengthened, as a potent force in world affairs. The engineer type of mind may yet be the remedy for the aberrations of the political and financial types of mind in public affairs. An engineer knows without thinking about it, without any conscious moralism, that nothing which is wrong can ever be right. You cannot violate law and have your machinery work, whether it be made of metal or money or men. The engineer is committed to the creed of Use; everything must be used, everything must have a use; in Use is Life.

> *THE solid, serious, serviceable work of the engineering and the mechanical world has always attracted the greater number of men set upon careers, but that fact has only recently been recognized, and then only through the increase in college courses in these fields. Whence arises the mistaken notion that this majority choice of engineering is a new phenomenon? It is not. All that is new is that colleges are now teaching what engineers have discovered. This should be said for the comfort of frightened souls who see in the new college trend a new and destructive onslaught of 'Materialism.'*

The prejudice against engineers as being those who would 'standardize the world' is as ill-conceived as would be a similar prejudice against biologists. Both study to know what life does, how life works, which way life is going, that men may keep step with the mind of the universe. No one who knows anything about life ever thinks of 'standardizing' it in the false sense implied, any more than one thinks of twining the first branches all into one pattern. Our greatest engineer will be like our greatest American philosopher—a pragmatist. The best machine is an affair of easements and allowances bound up in a body of definite purpose and precise relationships, and were human society more like that, freedom would be increased in the world and distress greatly lessened. People who cry out against a 'standardization' simply fail to see that *this* and *now* is the standardized thing, this wobbly system of ours, these inequalities, injustices, unnatural pressures, fatal limitations—these are the 'standardized' things, and the sooner we are rid of them the better.

Engineering means freedom. Men were held to a single spot before the engineer came. By steam and motor car and airplane he has liberated man spatially. He has lengthened man's day with light, increased the limits of man's life through food and sanitation, emancipated man's mind and given him a sense of possible mastery over elements and environment—in short, the engineer found society static and made it fluid. Yet he is now charged by bookish people with being desirous of turning the world into immobile cast iron again!

When engineers begin to bring engineering ethics into banking, into Congress, into municipal government, into social supply, we may expect more liberation in the world.

**'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## The Brookhart Bogie

NO ONE would take the responsibility of declaring Smith W. Brookhart to be either a great economist or a great prophet. So that the attempt to scare industrial America with the rehearsal of his ideas is rather amusing. Certain politicians want to paint Brookhart's portrait in the attitude of Samson pulling down the pillars of the sacred edifice of our economic system. And certain political-business men start out to ring the tocsin of alarm, to summon an imperiled nation to rescue itself from the peril of Brookhartism. Mr. Brookhart happens at the moment to be a vehicle by which the people of his state can express their opinion of regular party politics. It does not necessarily mean that the people of his state regard him as a great statesman. We do not necessarily have a high regard for the stone which we throw at the object of our dislike, and Brookhart is a stone thrown in derision and disgust. Because Iowa finds so little in common with the present coterie government it seeks to emphasize its attitude by showing how small the common ground is. The Administration cast Brookhart out (it caused no great flurry, either), but because the Administration does not want Brookhart, Iowa decrees that Brookhart is just what the Administration is going to get. He is a handy missile, and apparently he does not suffer much breakage in the heaving back and forth.

As to Mr. Brookhart's statement that capital should not hire labor, but labor should hire capital, the form may be somewhat crude, but the essence is in agreement with what modern industry has been saying for some time. Mr. Brookhart is doubtless hazy on what he means by capital and labor. Classification is not so easy as that. There is something that enters between what he would call capital and labor—it is industrial leadership. This has felt the injustice of capital quite as much as has labor. And industrial leadership has developed a very clear conception of the functions of capital as the handmaiden of industry and not its mistress, the servant of industry and not its master. Put into such terms, Mr. Brookhart's thought is not revolutionary at all, nor even socialistic. Industry should use finance for its productive ends, and finance should not use industry for its speculative ends —that is the thought. Mr. Brookhart should clarify his expressions. He should not give reactionary old gentlemen and superficial politicians such sudden frights. That is, he should himself be very much on guard against envisaging himself as an economist or a prophet.

## The Root of Evil

WITH no intent to minimize the wrong that may have been done in the Pennsylvania senatorial primaries, it is nevertheless pertinent to indicate wherein the taint of evil attaches to election funds. Is it to the funds themselves, or the uses to which they are sometimes put? It would seem that money spent to educate the electorate in all the phases of a debatable political problem should be money well spent. Parties and candidates could do much worse than pool their funds, if necessary, in order that this kind of education might be carried on a great scale. It would be to the great benefit of politics generally. But funds spent to debauch the electorate, to 'buy' anything, in the sense of getting for money that which it is immoral to give for money—such funds are a menace to the land. It appears that sometimes the expenditures in behalf of a decent candidate may exceed in amount those in behalf of a less desirable candidate, in which case were it the fund itself that was condemnable the better man would be counted the worse, and the worse the better. Clearly even the right use of excessive funds presents a problem of serious character. Money has such terrible capacity to beget evil! If the money *spent* were money *given*, or its equivalent in service, by an awakened electorate, the outlook would be different. But even decent money becomes indecent when employed in excessive amounts in political campaigns.

## Truth at Last

> 'National Fertilizer Association opposes production of fertilizer at Muscle Shoals at prices lower than those of private enterprises.'
>
> —*Wall Street Journal*, June 9.

HERE it is at last. Muscle Shoals *can manufacture* fertilizer at lower cost than the fertilizer trust *will* manufacture it. Therefore, both the trusts and the Government have cast their votes against the farmer and in favor of extortion. In the above dispatch is the core of the Muscle Shoals problem. The mystery is that it should break into print

## *One More Quarrel Missed*

EVENTS continue to justify the instinctive wisdom of the American people in refraining from entanglement with the present League of Nations. That body is now involved in a quarrel with an American nation—Brazil—which has resulted in the latter giving notice of withdrawal. The difference of opinion leading to so solemn an act is of such nature as to have led inevitably to an appeal to the United States for influence, pressure or judgment, had the United States been in the League. And this appeal would have led to a division between two American nations, or, if not that, to a division between America and the League, contingencies which cannot be contemplated without a sense of their possible serious consequences.

As rupture follows rupture, and misunderstanding ripens into hostile parties in the League, the American who wishes well to his country and the world finds in each event a new occasion for thankfulness that his country is out of it. And this does not mean, as all the propagandists insist, that America is selfishly avoiding her international responsibilities; it means only that America is thankful that whatever power or influence she has is not being frittered away in these internal quarrels of the League which are always big with possible external consequences.

What lies behind Brazil's act is partly known; whether it is a part of a program which will be developed along broader lines by the group of Latin nations can only be surmised. How the League will react to this first defection is yet to be seen. But there can be no doubt that the United States is fortunate in not having had to take a stand with regard to these quarrelsome matters, and that she can reserve her moral force for use in the larger issues when they may arise.

---

## *Florida Dons Overalls*

HEARTENING news comes from Florida. The people are turning from real estate to land. The plow is replacing the subdivision stake. True prosperity depends not upon inflation of land values, *but upon production.* The state is getting back into production. Florida took a gallant step when she banished the 'binder boys' and other real estate sharpers from her borders. It stopped soaring prices, but it restored the confidence of the nation in Florida's good faith. And now the state goes back to fundamentals. Instead of placing exorbitant values on idle land, the people are extracting real values from active land. The state has unique advantages, not only as a resort place but as a producer of essentials. Florida—in overalls—has a great future

## *United States of the World*

WHAT man has failed to do by ethics, by sermon and by written word the progress of machinery is accomplishing.

Treaties for international amity have proved but scraps of paper; sermons setting forth the right ways for man have brought results far short of the basic ideals; intentions of nation and individual have ended in disappointment and broken visions.

Europe has been a mess of politics between countries divided and subdivided by mountain, river and desert into a multiplicity of peoples and tongues, a tangle of chaotic ways of thinking and acting.

No legal or political conclave has sat with success to bring out order and brotherhood, and no desire on the part of individual nations has resulted in entity. Yet the solution is at hand.

Today the airplane levels mountains and rivers and deserts and man moves on an ocean that comes to every neighbor's back door. Every farmer's field is become a port of entry, and planes cross boundaries and scan adjacent nations at will.

Radio, as well, knows no international boundary, and carries the soon necessity of an international language, and thus international thinking.

The man who shortens the distance between two nations increases their understanding in like proportion, and decreases their likelihood for misunderstanding.

He who can make common a travel between New York and London which will accomplish the distance regularly in a day's space will do more for humanity and the brotherhood of man than all the treaties and all the sermons that have ever been or will be written.

He who can arrange international broadcasting of international programs will bring the world to a complete understanding.

And eventually there will be a United States of the World.

---

## *We Sign Anything*

READ before you sign. A western professor passed an interesting looking paper about among his students, ostensibly asking for a holiday on a prominent American's birthday. Forty-five students readily signed the paper without giving it more than a passing glance. When the professor read the document to them they discovered that they had also signed a petition to have their right arms cut off at the elbows. It was a good test and one that the students will long remember. Too many sign on the dotted line without reading the text above carefully. Promissory notes and other catches may be hidden in the text of a document. Read before you sign.

# Casting the Horoscope of the U. S.

## Reading the Stars for the Declaration of Independence; What the Portents Are for the Next Ten Years

By ARTHUR W. BROOKS

MR. BROOKS is a clergyman of the Episcopal Church and Vicar of the Epiphany Guild of America, an organization which seeks to promote culture, character and efficiency through a study of all known forces which may have a bearing on temperament and destiny. Mr. Brooks is the author of numerous articles on the astrological aspect of life and is credited with having made important forecasts, based upon his reading of the stars. This article is offered as an illustration of the astrological forecast of the next ten years of United States national history.

TEN years in the future! The very thought of having some reasonable and reliable scientific basis for determining the probable trend of the affairs of the world is thrilling. It is not possible to enter into any lengthy argument concerning the merits of astrology, for the allowed space forbids.

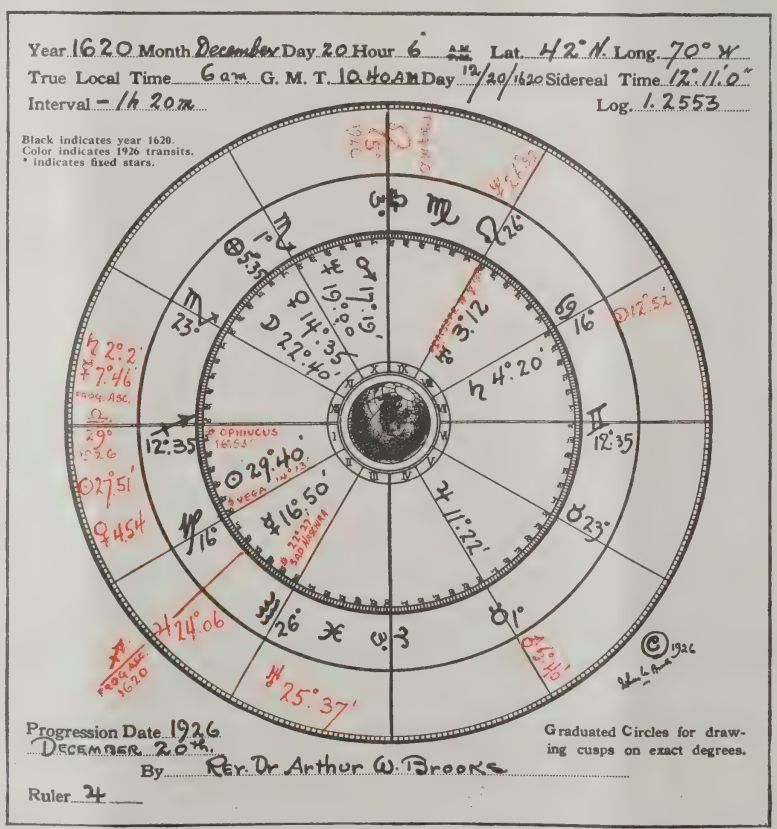
The method of forecasting by this age-old science has been a matter of public information for many centuries. As a clergyman I need not apologize for accepting the values of the science, for many notable 'men of the cloth' have been numbered with the outstanding authorities of the past. Astrology is a study of the planets in their relation to the zodiac and the aspects they form to the sun and moon, as considered by degrees and angles from the earth, with definite laws of interpretation. It has been found by precise investigation that the course of human history corresponds in a most remarkable manner with what is indicated by the movement of the planets, according to these laws. One may naturally conclude that there is some definite interdependent scheme of action at work in the universe, and as the celestial bodies are a part of the whole it is natural to conclude as a working hypothesis that there is some action and reaction between them and the rest of manifested nature. In fact the fundamental basis of astrology is that there is some magnetic interrelation, a sort of radio activity, which is constantly producing changes. Mathematics form the basis of astrological calculations, together with a working knowledge of astronomy and the fixed rules of astrology. Added to this there is the human equation—the ability accurately to judge values and to express these terms in the language of the people. It is simple—if you know how.

Because I have tested this science over a period of years I am willing to let it be known that I believe there is a far greater field for astrology than we usually think, and that it can serve humanity in a peculiar and most appropriate manner. In fact, I am convinced that many costly mistakes both as to national policy and personal matters can be avoided by a knowledge of the future trend which astrology affords, and I anticipate the time when there will be established and endowed an adequate research foundation purely for the study of astrology along the most modern lines of science, and thus provide a channel for guidance. But what of the future?

July the Fourth of the year 1926 marks the 150th year of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, the anniversary of the birth of the United States of America as a free and independent nation. We shall therefore consider the horoscope for the Signing of the Declaration of Independence, jointly with the horoscope for the Landing of the Pilgrims and in a general way the Kabbalistic World horoscope, with calculations based upon the future movement of the planets in the zodiac and the principal configurations. To give credence to what will follow in the way of predictions, let us turn over a few pages of history and note the outstanding decisive moments or mileposts in the life of this nation. To do this we must of necessity go back to the Landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock, December 20, 1620, at six in the morning.

In preparation for this article I have gone over some old astrological manuscripts in which a noted English astrologer, Sir William Lilly, calculated and published the horoscope for this momentous event. It appeared in an old English Almanac of 1649. A brief historical note relates as a fact the displeasure of some of the British nobility, for the astrologer predicted for the new infant America an ultimate severence from English control and their loss of a colony rich in natural resources yet undiscovered.

The years from 1620 to 1776 were years of hardship and struggle. Only fortitude, heroic effort and stability, such as our Pilgrim Fathers had, could have laid the solid foundation of a na-



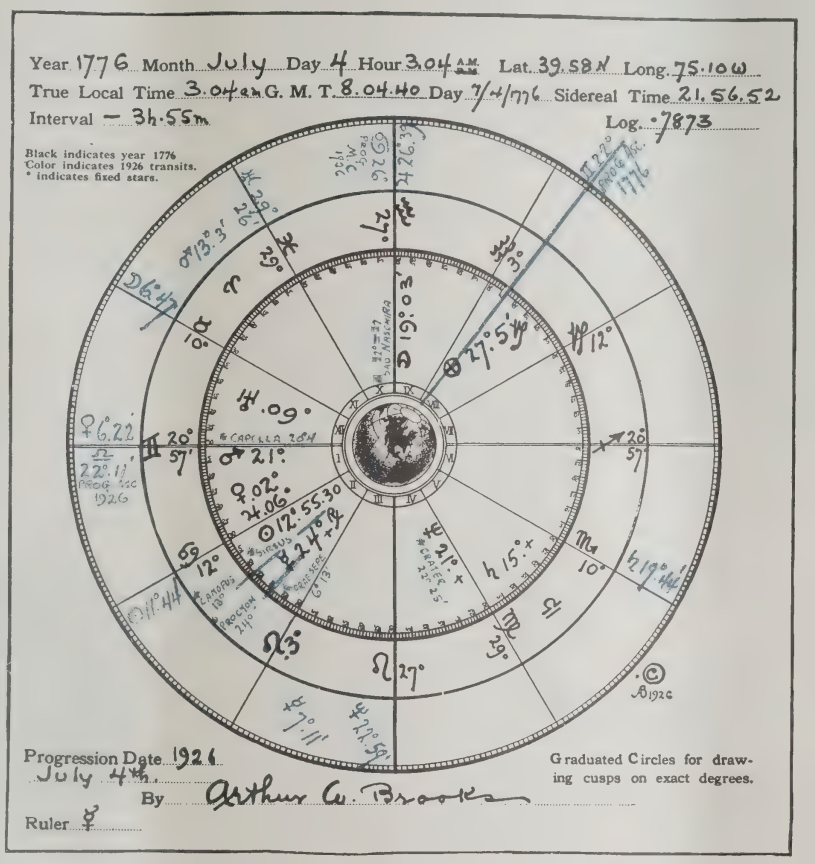

Dr. Brooks' horoscope of the Landing of the Pilgrims, Plymouth Rock, December 20, 1620, six a. m., treated in this article.

tion now powerful and prosperous. The horoscope for the Landing of the Pilgrims shows just these sterling characteristics and the signature of the stars truly reveal a great destiny. Jupiter, the planet of expansion, is the ruler of that horoscope and the Sun was in Sagittarius and in the ascendant. Mercury was also rising and Venus was in the oriental semidiurnal arc of the chart in Scorpio and in the orb of a conjunction with the moon. The sun and the moon were in benefic aspect. This chart is testimony to any competent astrologer of a great destiny, and what is more, our history coincides with what might have been expected and predicted of this nation.

Jupiter has singularly ruled over the destiny of this people. Peace, prosperity and a new conception of liberty have been our lot. Freedom of expression and the idea of democracy have taken hold upon us and this has swayed every department of national activity. The embryonic nation was created in a religious environment, and notwithstanding the woeful urgings of a few pessimistic prophets of our time, we are yet a religious people with higher ideals and a more practical religious expression in human terms than the majority of foreign nations.

Every important epoch of our history seems to have been under Jupiterian influence. The fact that the three most important events in our early history took place under Jupiter's influence cannot be passed by as mere coincidence. The Landing of the Pilgrims, the Declaration of Independence and the Adoption of the Constitution of the United States took place under strong Jupiterian influence. And it may not be out of place to recall the fact that the Presidents under whom this nation has been most prosperous at home and successful abroad during their respective terms of office were nominated, elected or inaugurated, as far as I have been able to calculate from the data at hand, under strong Jupiter influence. President Coolidge was nominated under the benefic influence of a Jupiter day and at a Jupiter hour.

Sibley, the noted English astrologer, published in London, in 1784, the horoscope for the Signing of the Declaration of Independence. The previous Solar Ingress, June 20, 1776, indicated for Great Britain a pending serious conflict between the mother nation and a colony and the loss of that colony by defeat in a revolution.




Horoscope of the Signing of the Declaration of Independence, Philadelphia, 3:04 a.m., July 4, 1776. 'Congress sat all night debating.'

That horoscope for the Declaration of Independence predicted a great destiny which included victory in wars and expansion by leaps and bounds; an extensive international influence, commercial and industrial expansion and a heritage which would make her a great power among the nations of the world, and an ultimate destiny to leadership in world peace and disarmament by an original and unique method. This latter is yet to be fulfilled. It is, however, written in our destiny.

Besides these things, the horoscope shows enormous and increasing controlled resources, with fecundity and prosperity abounding among a carefree, happy and contented people.

There is one outstanding feature about the astrological chart for the Declaration of Independence. The moon is in the ninth section near the mid-heavens and in the Sign of Aquarius. Saturn is in the fifth section and exalted in Libra which indicates very strong humanitarian and benevolent qualities both to give out and to attract others to our shores, accounting for our marked generosity in helping disabled and crippled nations with our resources and the magnetic attraction of the nation to multitudes who have come to our shores and who yet clamor to come. But more than this, our contribution to disarmament and universal peace will bring these hopes to actual fruition in due time.

We shall give a few other instances in support of the influence of Jupiter and then pass to the future forecast.

March 5, 1770—British soldiers opened fire on a crowd in Boston, called in history the 'Boston Massacre.' Jupiter transit in Sagittarius 22 degrees forming a conjunction with sun and approaching an opposition to Saturn in the Pilgrim chart. This act was the beginning of what later culminated in the Revolutionary War.

Oct. 19, 1781—General George Washington received the surrendered sword of General Cornwallis. Jupiter transit Sagittarius 16 degrees having left a conjunction with the sun and ascendant in the Pilgrim chart and in sextile aspect to Mars and Neptune. The war ended, with victory for the American republic.

Sept. 3, 1783. Peace Treaty was signed with Great Britain. Jupiter transit in benefic aspect to the ascendant in Pilgrim chart and trine to Jupiter place in the Independence chart.

The War of 1812 was apparently under Jupiter influence. Vital statistics lacking, this cannot be verified and checked up astrologically.

April 25, 1846, President Polk in a message to Congress declared 'War was begun by the act of Mexico.' Jupiter transit leaving conjunction Jupiter in Pilgrim chart and forming a benefic trine to Mercury, showing speedy victory. This war ended when General Scott with only 6,000 men entered Mexico City September 8, 1847. Jupiter in Cancer in benefic aspect to Jupiter and Venus in the Pilgrim chart.

December 20, 1860, the Civil War began with the Secession of South Carolina. Jupiter transit in Leo 26 degrees square to the place of Jupiter in the Pilgrim

chart in opposition to the moon in mid-heavens of the Independence chart. Proclamation of Emancipation by President Lincoln issued under Jupiter transit in conjunction mid-heavens in benefic aspect to the sun in Pilgrim chart. The Civil War ended April 9, 1865, under influence Jupiter transit in conjunction sun in the Pilgrim chart and in conjunction with the part of Fortune in the Independence chart.

February 15, 1898, the Battleship *Maine* was sunk in Havana Harbor.

*Leo and the World War*

Jupiter transit in benefic aspect to the ascendant in the Pilgrim chart but in near conjunction with Saturn in the Independence chart accompanied by several malefic aspects. An ultimatum was signed 11:10 a. m. April 20, 1898, fixing the blame on Spain. War was declared the following day under influence Jupiter retrograde forming conjunction with the mid-heavens of the Pilgrim chart and several slightly adverse aspects as considered from the Independence chart. This war ended August 12, 1898, under the influence of Jupiter going direct transit the mid-heavens in the Pilgrim chart forming several good aspects.

April 6, 1917, our part in the Great World War was cast by a declaration of war on Germany because of overt acts. Leo was in the ascendant at Washington at 1:18 p. m. on that day when this act was signed, with the Sun in Aries and Mars strong and there being several adverse aspects, but Jupiter, our planet of destiny, showed benefic outcome and victory.

The war ended November 11, 1918, under strong influence of Jupiter in benefic aspect to its own place in the Pilgrim chart and with Jupiter in strong aspect with Venus, indicating peace.

I have not given an account of the small fracas with Tripoli in 1801 and with Algiers in 1815, but these, like all other wars, were caused by the overt acts of the nations opposing us, and this may be accounted for astrologically by Mars and Neptune in the mid-heavens of our Pilgrim chart—a nation warred against, but never on a war of conquest.

According to the Kabbalistic cycle method of computation, the earth is under the influence of the Mars planetary cycle, which began March 21, 1909, at 6:13 a. m. and will end in 1944 at the Vernal Equinox. I have computed this cycle with the dependent sub-planetary cycles interlaced and events of history since 1909 coincide in a most remarkable manner with what might be expected. It is therefore reasonable to assume that history will repeat itself while under this cycle.

Let us begin with this current year. Keep in mind that the Mars cycle is prevailing, and that a sub-cycle is considered as a focal influence. This year, 1933, and 1940, Mercury prevails, indicating vast commercial mergers, commercial developments and expansion, progress in science, literature and means of transit, communication and travel, inventions and education. Mercury indicates rapid changes and sometimes reversal of former policy. Several adverse configurations this year indicate a danger of political blunders and misunderstandings, and also changes in ideas and methods of reforms.

Uranus is nearing the end of Pisces. July fifth this planet is 29 degrees and 26 minutes in Pisces and will be retrograde until the end of the year, entering Aries April 1, 1927. In the Pilgrim chart this will form an opposition to the mid-heavens. In the Independence chart it will be forming an opposition to Neptune.

And this portends danger of some serious international misunderstanding which may lead to war, also, some perplexing problems for the President and the Government, and perhaps some personal danger to the Chief Executive.

Neptune is the sub-cycle ruler in 1927, 1934 and 1941, indicating years of crises for the nations, socialistic tendencies and revolts, accompanied by labor and capital disputes and serious costly strikes. Saturn will be in Sagittarius and approaching the ascendant in the Pilgrim chart and approaching an opposition to Mars in the Independence chart. These will be years of crises for our republic. Very little progress will be made by the nations of the earth, and doubtful foreign loans will cause this country grievous

*There Will Be Years of Strife*

trouble and anxiety and probably serious losses. There will be a chaotic situation to deal with. Also, the position of Uranus at this time and the result of its proximity point in each mundane horoscope for the spring, summer, autumn and winter quarters for the next two or three years places the planet either in conjunction, square or opposition to the sun, so that the period from the autumn of 1926 to 1929 in particular will be marked by many changes in the governments of the earth and in political circles of republics, attended by sudden and unexpected complications and many uncertainties in the affairs of statesmen, monarchs, presidents and rulers and even a complete reversal of public policy, political downfall or reversal in the exercise of power. This period will witness the most sweeping changes since the 1914-1918 period of war. The United States will not be exempt, and while we have a unique government with opportunity given the people to change from one election to another, yet this influence will make itself felt in opposing political parties and great confusion will ensue over racial and religious questions.

Saturn is the sub-cycle ruler for 1928, 1935 and 1942. With Mars as the principal planetary ruler and Saturn the sub-ruler in 1914 and again in 1928, it portends a repetition of this dark period in 1935 and 1942.

These years are foreshadowed as years of strife, depression, general misery and want among the people and grave danger of strife and war between nations, and serious industrial depressions at home.

In fact, between 1927-1934 I expect to see several new and unheard-of leaders rising to take their places as dominant factors in the destiny of the governments of the earth. They will be dictators and rule with an iron rod, and being militaristic in nature they will endanger the peace of the world

*A Period of Reconstruction*

and shatter the hopes and dreams of those who are working for disarmament and universal peace. This will be the influence of Uranus in Aries, and this planet remains in a sign for about seven years.

As for the United States of America, Saturn in Scorpio square Neptune from Leo indicates complications for the present administration; danger of serious mistakes in policy; loss of public confidence, attended by criticisms of the President and other Cabinet members and a grave disappointment in some governmental project. This will give cause for attacks by which the opposing party will gain a considerable political advantage. During 1927 and 1928, financial slumps will occur and unemployment will become a serious problem.

The next sub-cycle is that of Jupiter. This will occur in the years of 1929, 1936 and 1942. These will be benefic years, particularly to the United States. As Jupiter is favorable to this nation, I expect these years to bring expansion, reconstruction and good fortune with our share of prosperity. These years will be marked by social, religious and economic reforms of a far-reaching character, accompanied by financial increase and very little unemployment.

As for the nations abroad, it will be a period of reconstruction after previous political and international troubles, with the year 1930 marked by steady progress, changes in mental thought and activity in all departments of life and expansion in industry,

*Revolutions Will Grip Europe*

widespread construction and laying plans for the future.

In the period between 1926 and 1943, another war or series of revolutions of a sweeping character will grip Europe, the outcome of which will smash the present European system and greatly change the map. After this period there will be begun the organization of a United States of Europe, reëstablishing boundaries similar to those involving the area once known as the Empire of Imperial Rome. England will (Concluded on page 28)

# Originality Is the Aim Of the Modern Artist

## A Painting, He Says, Should Be an Invention, So He Discards Age-Old Modes and Manners

By EUGENE LEUCHTMANN

PRACTICALLY every decade brings forth its own artistic sect. In every generation the artist is a mystery, and in none more than in this. I have undertaken to tell what modern artists are about, as they have told it to me.

With the development of the camera as an almost perfect agency for visual reproduction and representation, need for the story-telling picture and the historical painting has been reduced. The frescoes and mosaics of the ancients depict, with truth and fidelity, the customs and manners of their times. The artist of this modern age, however, knowing that he cannot compete with the camera in faithfulness to nature or in the representation of events, modes, and manners, has revolted against what he terms the craftsmanship of the painter.

He no longer seeks to *imitate* on canvas the subject he would paint. He has no desire to duplicate the work of the photographer. His mission, he says, is to produce an original design which has value as an esthetically significant form—something which has given him a moment of esthetic ecstasy to produce, and something which in turn will produce in others a like ecstasy because of its formal purity.

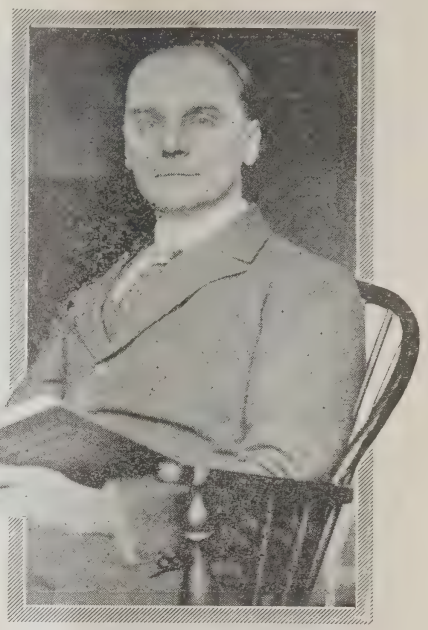
Art, says our modern artist, has nothing to do with life except in its effect on life. Paintings should be inventions. The picture of a chair, though most exquisitely painted, is an imitation of the chair and not a work of art.

In the painting by Mattisse, shown with this article, the chair is seen to be painted with but two legs. The other legs have been sacrificed to form. To have added them would have broken up the sweep of the forms.

The Mattisse was bought at considerable expense by a leading Middle Western museum. At the time of its purchase it aroused much comment, and the debate which marked its acceptance by the board of the museum almost threatened to disrupt that body. It has since been the butt of the humorous element in the art life of that city, but it is hanging on the walls of the gallery and occupies among the moderns a conspicuous place.

The canvas has been called, by the men who favored its purchase, a study in forms They pointed out that the radiator under the window is not used as a radiator in the study but as pure form, and that the entire canvas is a design in which it has its particular place. Through the window the sun streams in, but in revolt against the Impressionists, Mattisse has made his dividing line between sunlight and shade a sharp one, cutting his composition in two, and his forms a solid color, unrelieved by a secondary shade.

As opposed to pure form, which the Cubists have adopted as their main tenet, there are others who express form and rhythm in a composition in which the main elements are things of life, even things of our everyday life. The arrangement of figures in a composition, the subjection of the component forms to the main form of the picture, is the aim of these artists.



Dr. W. R. Valentiner, of the Detroit Institute of Arts, who is interviewed in this article on the modernist tendencies of art.

Dr. W. R. Valentiner, now art director of the Detroit Institute of Arts, traces the modernist tendencies not so much to the revolt against imitation and photography, as to a natural tendency on the part of the artist, as the representative of his people, to follow the trend of the world affairs and world history.

'One does not expect that an art born out of the soul of the people, and expressing its deepest suffering, shall ingratiate itself through charm and surface agreeability,' he says of the tendency toward the stark and the unsugary in paintings. 'Such an art is in direct contrast with a superficial ideal of taste. That which is born out of revolutions cannot be measured by the petty standards of an art based on luxury. Since the 18th Century there has existed a "society" art that even today dominates wide circles. This conception of art has poisoned the taste of the public and has only an appearance of life. But there is also an art that is life itself—that rises out of the depths like a cry, and in this cry carries the deepest expression of true humanity. So it has been always with the great art of the past, and so it will be again with modern art.

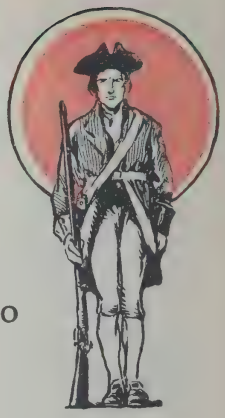
'Let us not be misled if our first impression upon seeing the canvas of a modern is unexpected and not always pleasing. Is not actual experience—and what else is art?—always unexpected and startling? Let us but recall the first appearance of the great artists of the past *(Concluded on page 18)*



Painting by Henri Mattisse, with its two-legged chair, purchased at considerable expense by a Middle Western museum.







# Rodney's Ride for Liberty

## Here Is Told the Story of the Delaware Patriot Who Rose From a Sickbed to Vote for Independence

By CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

Copyright, 1926, by Carl Schurz Lowden.

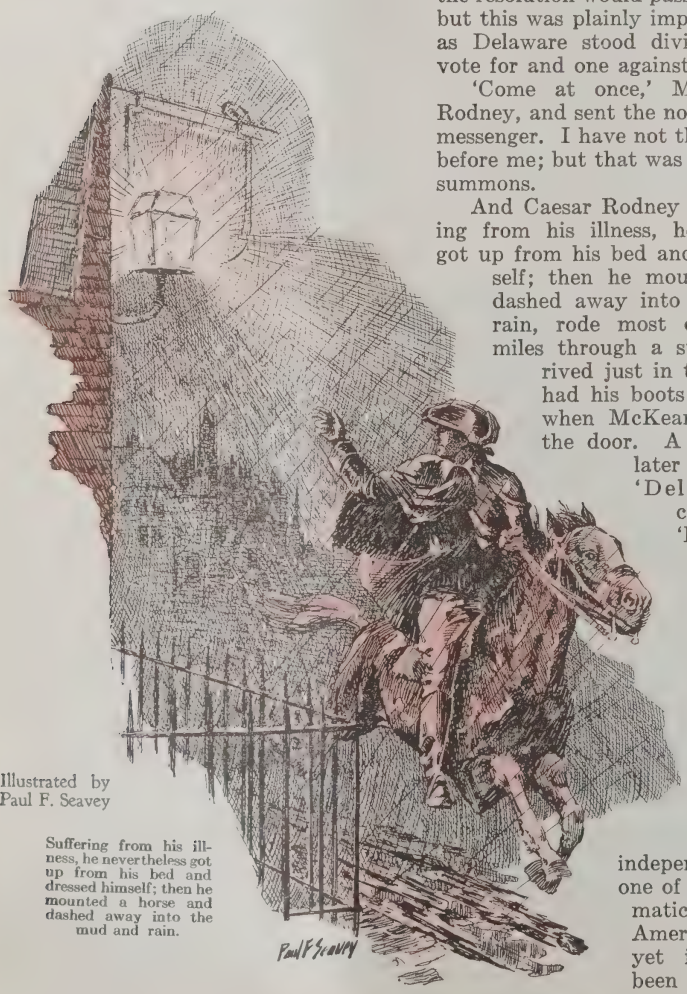
WE HAVE 'Paul Revere's Ride,' by Longfellow, and 'Sheridan's Ride,' by Thomas Buchanan Read; but 'Ceasar Rodney's Ride' remains an unsung epic, unsung because it has never been written.

Caesar Rodney, a delegate from Delaware to the historic Congress which met in Philadelphia, was not present during the long discussions on independence that preceded the formal resolution of July 4, 1776. He was sick with a cancerous affection which deformed one side of his face. His physicians believed him to be on his deathbed; they had prescribed relaxation and rest. The other two delegates, Thomas McKean and George Read, were divided on the question. McKean stood strong for independence; Read, none the less patriotic, opposed it because he did not consider the psychological moment for such momentous action had come. 'Stop talking and act' was McKean's policy; Read preferred a policy of watchful waiting. McKean observed that all of the other colonies would cast a 'Yes' vote. He wanted Delaware to fall into line so the resolution would pass unanimously; but this was plainly impossible as long as Delaware stood divided with one vote for and one against.

'Come at once,' McKean wrote Rodney, and sent the note by a special messenger. I have not the exact words before me; but that was the gist of the summons.

And Caesar Rodney came. Suffering from his illness, he nevertheless got up from his bed and dressed himself; then he mounted a horse, dashed away into the mud and rain, rode most of the eighty miles through a storm, and arrived just in time. He still had his boots and spurs on when McKean met him at the door. A few moments later the name of 'Delaware' was called.

'I vote "Yes,"' the ailing man shouted as, exhausted from his long ride, he sank into his seat. Delaware had been saved. The colonies had unanimously declared for independence. It was one of the most dramatic incidents in American history; yet it has never been dramatized.



Illustrated by Paul F. Seavey

Suffering from his illness, he nevertheless got up from his bed and dressed himself; then he mounted a horse and dashed away into the mud and rain.

On the same day Rodney wrote to his friend, Colonel Haslet, of Dover, an account of what Congress had done. I imagine he did not mention his long ride, for heroes are ever modest, sometimes distressingly so.

'I congratulate you, sir,' Haslet replied, 'on the important day which restores to every American his birthright. It is a day which every freeman will record with gratitude and of which the millions of our posterity will read with rapture.'

A true prophecy! It was a prophetic era or age, however, as many persons were trying to look into the future and trying to give words to their emotions. Rodney was one of these as, after he had been made a brigadier general and the battle of Princeton had been successfully fought, he said: 'While Washington survives, the great American cause cannot die. His abilities seem to be fully equal to the public spirit that called him forth. History does not furnish you with a greater piece of generalship than he exhibited. We shall soon put an end to the dreadful controversy that agitates and distracts us. In return we shall have peace, liberty and safety. Heaven! what a glorious figure in the eyes of men and angels will this vast American world exhibit in its free, independent state. Nothing will then be wanting but better men and wiser measures to make us a happy people.

'I have been perfectly well in health since I left home. I assure you that I begin to play the general most surprisingly. I would not have you suppose I mean the fighting general. That is a part of my duty I have not yet been called upon to discharge. When called, I trust I shall not disgrace the American cause, for 'tis glorious even to die in a good cause.'

After Caesar Rodney became head of the Delaware government, Washington wrote him several letters for supplies urgently needed and for the collection of taxes. Often on the point of disbanding, the army existed on half or third rations, sometimes with only one day of that ahead and no prospect of obtaining more.

'Our magazines,' Washington explained on one occasion, 'are absolutely

empty everywhere, and our commissaries entirely destitute of money or credit to replenish them. We have never experienced a like extremity at any period of the war.'

The hero of the eighty-mile ride promised to do everything in his power. He expected that the flour would 'come high because those termed speculators are as thick and as industrious as bees and as active and wicked as the devil himself.' He doubted whether any of the taxes had been paid into the treasury, but he would get in touch with the treasurer as soon as it was possible and hoped to 'hear from him in a few days and will immediately let you know.'

When Rodney was sitting in Congress, the Virginia delegates had such a habit of boasting about their state that the other members called this manifestation 'dominionism.' Benjamin Harrison was probably the worst offender, but Rodney decisively cured him. Harrison often referred to the 'abundant and powerful resources of that meritorious member of our Union,' and he exaggerated otherwise. One day Harrison became truly fearful, introduced a demand for supplies of arms, munitions of war of various kinds, troops and general assistance; he declared the state destitute in nearly every respect. Silence ensued when he sat down. Then Rodney arose. He deplored the melancholy and prostrate condition of his neighboring, extensive and heretofore 'powerful' State of Virginia.



Caesar Rodney.

'Let her be of good cheer,' he confidently exclaimed in a loud voice. 'She has a friend in her hour of need. Delaware will take her under its strong protection and insure her safety.'

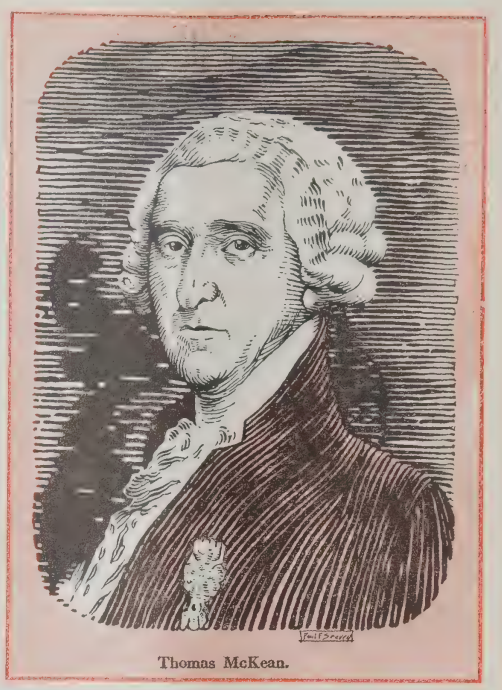
Delaware was, of course, one of the smallest states with Virginia one of the largest. This contrast and the implied comparison of the mother hen taking the chicken under its wing appealed to the delegates' sense of the ridiculous. Astounded at first, Harrison then saw the humor of the proposal and joined in the laughter that followed. As a matter of fact, all of the states were in distress; it could not be other than amusing for little Delaware to offer her aid when circumstances were trying the very souls of men and governments.

Thomas McKean, who had sent for Rodney when his colleague's vote was required to swing Delaware onto the independence band-wagon, had the distinction of being the only Signer to remain in Congress, without an intermission, from the time of its opening in 1774 until after the preliminaries of peace were concluded in 1783.

Another peculiar fact stands out in McKean's career: he served two states and the nation at the same time. After his appointment to Congress in 1774 he moved out of Delaware and lived at Philadelphia. He was continuously returned to Congress as one of the Delaware delegates, and during a part of the time he also held the office of governor, or president, of the state. By virtue of his residence in Philadelphia, the State of Pennsylvania claimed him as one of its citizens; it honored him by making him chief justice. In 1779 he penned a letter to his good friend, John Adams, and in that communication he mentioned his double capacity, which really was triple through his membership in Congress.

'I had,' he asserted, 'my full shares of anxieties, cares and troubles on the present war. For some time I was obliged to act as President of Delaware and as Chief Justice of Pennsylvania. General Howe had just landed (August, 1777) at the head of the Elk River when I undertook to discharge these two important trusts. The consequence was, to be hunted like a fox by the enemy and envied by those who ought to have been my friends. I was compelled to remove my family five times in a few months, and at last fixed them in a little log hut on the banks of the Susquehanna more than one hundred miles from this place. But safety was not to be found there, as they were soon obliged to remove again on account of the incursion of the Indians.'

McKean was selected to help form a constitution for the State of Delaware.



Thomas McKean.

He was then in Congress but departed immediately after being told of his new duty. A gentleman representing the committee met him and asked him to write the constitution. Although fatigued from his long ride, he consented and went at once to his room in the tavern. There he burned the midnight oil and sat up, according to the story, all night. Having prepared it without a book or assistance of any kind, he offered it the next morning to the house, where it received the great honor of unanimous adoption.

Though the patriot was not a member of the convention which framed the Federal Constitution, he watched the proceedings with interest, observed the character of the delegates and wrote of their activities. In a letter to John Adams he expressed his opposition to constitutional amendments. 'In general,' he averred, 'I dislike innovations, especially in the administration of justice. I would avoid tampering with constitutions of government as with edged tools.'

As governor of Pennsylvania in 1799 he frankly advocated the spoils system of displacing officeholders and installing the victors, practised it extensively and said in extenuation of his acts, 'It is out of the common order of nature to prefer enemies to friends.' He also asserted, 'A dagger ought not to be put into the hands of an assassin,' also, 'I am sorry that I did not displace ten or eleven more.'

In 1807-1808 the governor underwent an impeachment that sprang almost wholly from party rivalry. In his defense McKean avowed:

'No act of my public life was ever done from a corrupt motive nor without a deliberate opinion that the act was lawful and proper within itself.'

When McKean resigned from the

presidency of Congress in 1781, he received the thanks of that body for 'his conduct in the chair and in the execution of public business.' This man of many positions declined, however, to become a candidate for the office of vice-president with Jefferson many years later; his declination was based on both public and private considerations and I presume his age, sixty-six, was an important factor.

Perhaps McKean's most famous remark was made during the deliberations of the



GEORGE READ

convention which framed the Federal Constitution. Noting the trend toward the opinion that the people should be jealous of conferring power on any man or body of men, he cleverly commented that 'we seem afraid to enable any one to do good lest he should do evil.'

The last person to sign the Declaration of Independence was none other than Thomas McKean. There must have been too much confusion at the time. Anyhow, he thought that he had attached his name on the second day of August, 1776, when his compatriots formally signed the document; yet no record of such action shows on the journals of Congress. Apparently his signature was not inscribed upon the official copy until 1781, fully five years afterward.

*Read Was a True Patriot*

George Read, the Delaware delegate that did not favor independence, was nevertheless intensely patriotic and true blue in his loyalty to the American cause. He considered the Declaration inexpedient at that time, also he believed the instructions from his constituents were insufficient to authorize his vote to be cast as McKean desired. When the matter received the sanction of Congress, however, Read not only firmly and zealously supported it but he also attached his name.

'You have put a halter around your neck,' one of the other Signers laughingly taunted him.

'So be it,' the fearless patriot rejoined. 'I am prepared to meet all consequences of this just act.'

The war made life hard for Read. His home was confiscated by the enemy, his wife was taken captive and he was driven from place to place for six years. In 1777 he and President McKinley, of Delaware, left Philadelphia to go to their homes. McKinley took one route, and Read took another, but McKinley was captured while Read managed to outwit the enemy and escape. It was a gloomy time too, with the army encamped at Valley Forge and destined to undergo that rigorous, heart-killing winter of 1777-1778.

'I own the prospect is rather gloomy,' Read wrote at this time to his friend and compatriot, Thomas McKean, 'but we are not despairing. No man is in a more difficult and unlucky situation than myself. Without any fixed habitation in the state, with little assistance or prospect of assistance, in want of health and ability of body—I will not add mind, though also true, lest I be suspected of seeking a compliment.'

The keynote of that letter was 'we are not despairing.' The fathers of the new nation, or the nation about-to-be, had a high courage that tided them over periods of privation and defeat; if they had not possessed this remarkable fortitude, theirs would very probably have been a lost cause.

Though almost alone, Read openly and vigorously opposed the adoption of the Declaration of Independence on the ground that the time was not yet ripe for such action. If one is inclined to doubt his patriotism, do not forget that Read became one of the most strenuous advocates of independence after the resolution had been passed. And subsequently he introduced a resolution of his own, one that left no doubt of his intense loyalty.

'Resolved,' Read's measure proposed, 'that any one who shall willfully break this agreement shall have his name published in the Public Newspapers as a betrayer of the civil rights of America and forever after be deemed infamous and a traitor.'

Read was especially distinguished as a judge. At the time when he became chief justice of Delaware, the position particularly required a man of integrity. The period after the close of the Revolution was one marked with perplexity and confusion; the laws had been silent amid the din of arms and fighting. So the duty of the judge consisted of reorganizing the whole legal system after the chaos, a task which he performed splendidly.

No blemish, it is said, was ever discovered in Read's public conduct. The epitaph of Matthew Thornton, of New Hampshire, is 'An Honest Man'; George Read's ought to be 'A Just Man.'

Certainly the three Delaware Signers were a group of worthy battlers for the rights of the people.

This is one of a series of articles by Mr. Lowden. In next week's issue he will take up the Signers from Rhode Island and South Carolina.

# Originality Is the Aim of the Modern Artist

(*Concluded from page 15*)

and criticisms of contemporaries, or the events of more modern times, which we or our fathers have witnessed—the early days of the great 19th Century musicians, or of realism and impressionism in France. Their first appearance caused a stir, yet the small circle of early followers quickly encircled the world in the course of one or two generations.

'This latest movement in art has perhaps even more violent adversaries than those who fought against the masters of the Barbizon school or against the Impressionists. Perhaps the conditions of understanding are more difficult than they were in those movements of the past. Only he who does not see the extraordinary break of history caused by the war, by its antecedents and its consequences, can expect that art, this mirror of the nations, will continue in its normal way as it did during the preceding generations.

*Art Through the Various Ages*

'The art of the 17th Century went on developing naturalism in portrait, genre, and landscape painting. The art of the 18th Century pushed further the neglect of the spiritual side in favor of the decorative, superficial style of painting. In the Impressionist movement, the art of the 19th Century reached the most perfect rendering of the most external appearance of things. It knew how to project, as if by magic, even air, light, and movement on the canvas. But nothing had remained of the spiritual content, which does not show itself in the outer surface of nature, but seems to lie behind the objects and seems only to look forth here and there as if through a window, from the beyond into the now.

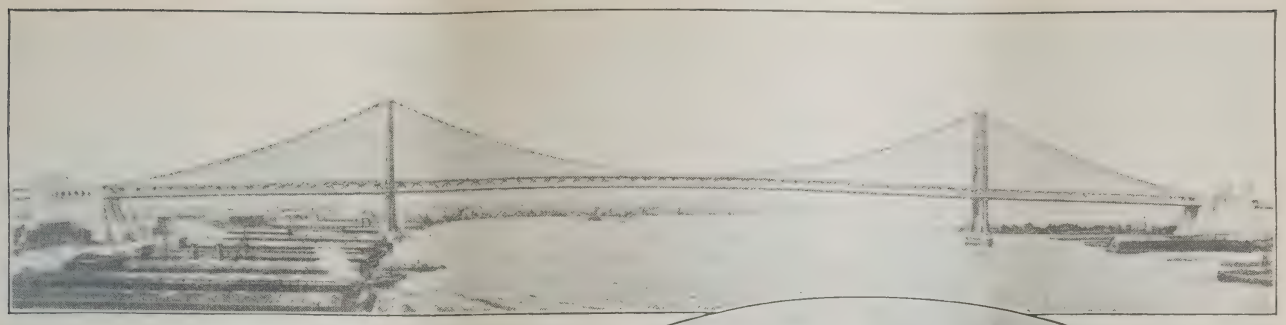
'Assyrian and Egyptian civilizations belong to the periods of abstract art, which were developed into the naturalistic Greek and Roman art. Opposed to this there appeared again for a period of about five hundred years the art of the Middle Ages, with its abstract style. In its place there came once more, for about five hundred years, a naturalistic art which began with the Renaissance, and now seems to have come to its end.

'The great problem of all abstract and spiritual art is to abandon a facile rendering of space, such as is obtained by photographs. Primitive art aims at a strong simplification of the image seen by the eye, in which only such elements are accentuated as express clearly the inner life; for instance, the expression of an eye, of a drastic movement, and so forth. By omitting all superfluous details of the appearance, the essential content of the composition becomes clearer. A certain conventionalization of the form is a characteristic of all abstract, spiritual art. The intention is to impress the spectator with higher spiritual laws. At the same time, a more intense decorative and architectonic character is obtained in this art, for it does not break through a wall as does the window perspective of a naturalistic art.

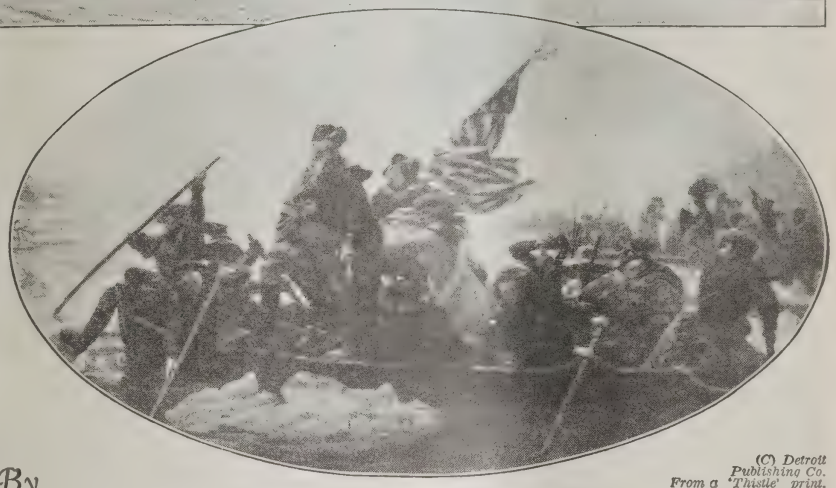
'Primitive art accentuates the wall and decorates it with colors and rhythms of lines. To designate this conception of form, expressions such as 'Cubism,' 'Futurism,' and so on, have been coined, which, fundamentally, mean nothing. The artist who uses this art of simplification is a true artist or an imitator. It makes no difference to which movement this artist belongs, whether he is an Expressionist, a Cubist or a Futurist. If a true artist, such as Mattisse, or Arthur B. Davies, uses simplification, he will manifest always his personality. Only a superficial spectator doubts the artist who proves his individuality by this very wrestling with the problem of his period.'

Pablo Picasso, one of the leading Cubists, who is at the same time an able painter in the academic fashion, declares that he cannot understand the value of argument regarding the differentiation between naturalism and art.

However, today's art is as clearly defined by these authorities as they define the art of the ancients, of the Barbizon school and the Renaissance, and the art of the Impressionists. It is the more cerebral art of painting with the mind, rather than with the eye.



# Crossing the Delaware, 1776-1926



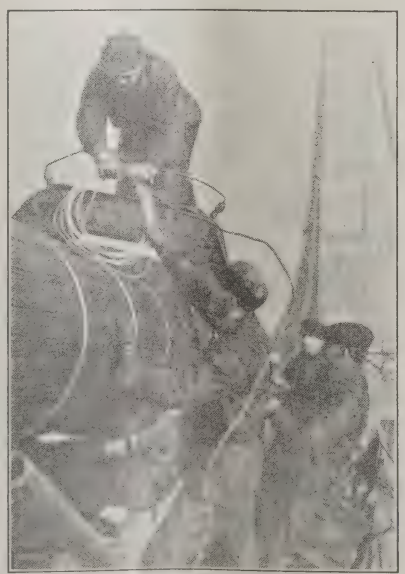
(C) Detroit Publishing Co. From a 'Thistle' print.

Above—Delaware River suspension bridge, longest in the world. Oval—*Washington Crossing the Delaware*, December, 1776. After the painting by Emanuel Leutze.

By C. L. NORTON

A GREAT steel wire suspension bridge would have meant much to George Washington and the cause of independence in 1776. With a total population in the newly formed United States of 2,810,000 (about as many as are now in the city of Philadelphia alone), it was obviously impossible to have such a bridge even if the justifying need and necessary funds ($32,783,000) had been available—which they were not. Indeed, 150 years ago there was no such thing as steel or galvanized wire; and cables thirty inches in diameter were not only unnecessary but, by reason of that fact, undreamed of.

'These are times that try men's souls,' said Thomas Paine in a letter commenting on the trials of the Colonial revolutionists, written to Washington during the early part of 1776. The words took on added meaning with each month that followed, reaching their peak perhaps on Christmas night of that year when Washington took 2,400 ill-clad and half-starved men, guns, horses and paraphernalia across the swift and treacherous Delaware River that was filled with cakes of floating ice, surprised the reveling Hessians, took 950 prisoners, and succeeded in killing seventeen and wounding eighty of the enemy. This he did at the cost of only two men and four wounded and in spite of a driving storm of snow and sleet that rendered much of his ammunition useless. Then, as a fitting climax to his successful daring, he recrossed the icy Delaware that evening with all his prisoners and captured guns.



Workmen high up on the Delaware bridge, squeezing cable preparatory to wrapping with wire.

The need of bridging these waters has now been met with the erection of the longest suspension bridge in the world, a bridge that is 9,500 feet in length, 135 feet wide, 385 feet high, and with a suspension span of 1,750 feet. This bridge is, in itself, an outstanding example of the progress of the American people during the 150-year period between 1776 and 1926.

On Independence Day, 1926, at Philadelphia, by the pressing of an electric button, this obstacle of the river of 150 years' standing will be overcome and New Jersey and Pennsylvania residents will be enabled to fraternize with the ease and completeness common to the other metropolitan twins, New York and Brooklyn, the two Kansas Cities, the two St. Louises, Minneapolis and St. Paul or Omaha and Council Bluffs.

Beginning that day, workingmen of Philadelphia can drive to the ocean beaches and the truck farmer of New Jersey can reach his Philadelphia market direct—all in one-tenth the time formerly required and one-fifth the expense. Beginning July fourth, 6,000 automobiles an hour can cross the Washington-famed waters, in company with four lines of rail traffic and two 10-foot-wide streams of pedestrians. In this way the social and economic importance of the new bridge will force into oblivion the necessary expenditure of nearly 33 million dollars and force the structure to take its place as the principal factor in the future growth and development of the two cities and surrounding territory.

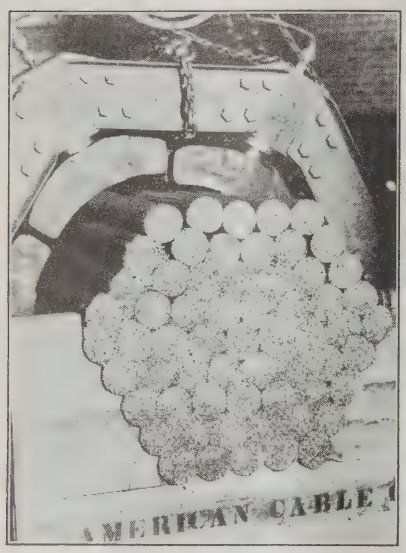
From the engineering standpoint the new Delaware bridge is a 20th Century marvel. It excels in every way all previous records in bridge building. For many years the Brooklyn bridge at New York City held first place in suspension construction. The span of the Delaware bridge, however, is 155 feet longer and its travel capacity much greater. The two finely woven, steel wire cables of the Delaware bridge are 30 inches in diameter (18,666 strands of wire each) as against four cables 15½ inches in diameter for the Brooklyn bridge. These two enormous cables will bear easily, and for an indefinite period, 12,000 pounds of load per lineal foot of bridge. When it is realized that the bridge is a mile and a quarter in length, the magnitude of the load can be but vaguely appreciated.

All of the wire used in the weaving of these enormous cables, if stretched out in one piece, would be 25,100 miles long—sufficient to encircle the earth at the equator and have enough over to stretch from Pittsburgh to New York.

The suspender ropes, extending from the two main cables to the floor of the bridge, number 596. These alone have a total weight of 7,400 tons, while the floor which they support, made of steel and reinforced concrete, adds another enormous dead weight to the main cables. At the abutments, where the bridge floor and cables meet, there was another engineering problem

encountered in the anchoring of the enormous cables, but this was successfully accomplished.

Ralph Modjeski, chief engineer of the bridge, was born in Cracow, Poland, in 1861. His father was Sinnmayor Modrzejewski and his mother's maiden name was Helena Opid. She changed her name to that of Modjeska upon becoming a citizen of the United States. She made her home in America and attained international fame as a dramatic artist.




Cross section of cable used in the Delaware River bridge. The cable consists of 61 strands of 306 wires each.

Chief Engineer Modjeski was naturalized an American citizen in 1883.

The first large bridge designed and constructed by him was the government bridge at Rock Island, Illinois, over the Mississippi River, which is a double-track railway and highway structure. Then followed the reconstruction of the Bismarck bridge at Bismarck, North Dakota, over the Missouri River, and later the Thebes bridge, over the Mississippi River at Thebes, Illinois. Then followed numerous other structures, the cost of which reached an aggregate of forty million dollars.

Mr. Modjeski was a member of the board of engineers appointed by the Dominion Government of Canada for the reconstruction of the Quebec bridge, the the longest span of any cantilever bridge in the world.

Chain suspension bridges date back to the year 1667, the first, which was erected in China, consisting of 20 chains.

Philadelphia holds a unique place in the history of wire suspension bridges. The first wire cable suspension bridge in the world was erected in 1816. It was a 'foot bridge across the river at the Falls of Schuylkill above Philadelphia, whose cables were of 6 wires, ⅜ inches in diameter, and so a new epoch of development was instituted. The span of this structure was 408 feet; its cost was $125; a toll of one cent was charged for passage, and only eight passengers were allowed upon it at one time.'

***The First Wire Bridge***

Thus did Philadelphia start 'a new epoch of development' with the erection of the bridge across the Schuylkill and then, 110 years later, extend that development with the erection of the present magnificent structure.

# Movie Patrons Make Coolidge Think

(*Concluded from page 5*)

neither make nor approve the troubles of Europe. With much that passes for governmental wisdom in Europe we highly disapprove. Why should we take part of the consequences of acts that we do not endorse? We believe the European way of doing things is in many respects a very bad way. When European methods bring hostilities why should we be held responsible for the situation?

We are told that this is selfishness. We are not so much concerned, however, as to whether this is selfishness as we are as to whether it is sense. If it be selfishness, it was selfish for our ancestors to quit Europe and its quarrels and come to America for peace. We have made somewhat of a success of civilization in America partly because we have not followed European ways. Behaving ourselves and minding our own business have helped to make us what we are. Not that we are so much. Not that we are better than anybody else. We are not Pharisees. But we believe in minding our own business and keeping the peace.

Washington was right. He warned us not to become embroiled in the affairs of Europe. Nobody yet has the nerve to say Washington was wrong, but they say times have changed. The affairs of peoples have become so interwoven—and so on, and so on, and so on. The commercial affairs of the peoples of the world have become somewhat interwoven. What of it? Is that any reason why we should pledge ourselves in advance to participate in Europe's wars? What harm can a war in Europe do us except to injure our trade? Is trade worth going to war to preserve? What guaranty have we that we could ever preserve our trade by going to war? Going into the Great War did not preserve the trade of any nation that took part in it.

***War Is a Trade Killer***

War is a trade-killer for everybody. It kills even the trade of neutrals by killing their customers and impoverishing those whom it does not kill. Furthermore, what about the morality of going to war to preserve trade? Who wants to be killed to preserve somebody else's market—or even his own? What trade-loss can equal a war-loss? Why not take the trade-loss, if one should come as the result of another European war, neither kill nor be killed, add nothing to the national debt, and trust that we shall be able to worry along after the war is over?

What, except the internationalization of capital, has changed since Washington's day? Steamships, submarines, airplanes and dirigibles. Admitted. What do they change? Do they make our position here so insecure that we should try to establish a first line of defense in Europe?

But should we not give Europe the benefit of our 'disinterested advice'? Should we not try to help our transatlantic friends solve their problems?

Every friend of the World Court and the League of Nations thinks so.

But let us look these things in the eye.

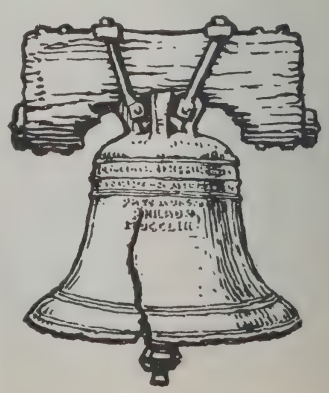
In the first place, what do we know about European affairs? How much do we know about the hatreds, jealousies and rivalries that usually cause European wars? Do you know what caused the war between Schleswig-Holstein and Denmark? Bismarck said that only two men ever knew what caused that war and that one of them was dead. What caused the war between France and Germany in 1870? Everybody knows some of the reasons, but Professor Charles D. Hazen in his *Europe Since 1815* said ten years ago that the truth probably would not all come out for many more years. How much do you know about the involved politics and hatreds of the Balkan States—the tinder-box of Europe? If you were representing America on the League of Nations what could you contribute to the settling of these age-old Balkan animosities? How much could any American do? Do you know that some of the American peace commissioners had to ask where were certain cities and communities with which they had to deal? Do you know that even Lloyd George's geography ran aground? And, furthermore, what reason have you to suppose that Europe wants our advice in the settlement of her troubles? Can you mention any European statesmen who seem to be suffering from an inferiority complex? Do we want the advice of Europeans about the settlement of our problems in this hemisphere? Is it likely that Europeans feel less able to deal with their own affairs than we feel to deal with ours? Europe does not want our advice, disinterested or otherwise.

***Europe Wants Nothing But Money***

Europe, in peace-times, wants nothing from us but money and a great deal of it. That is all right, but we might as well get the facts straight in our minds.

We are the last people in the world who ought to talk about going into a League of Nations. We are too individualistic—too sure of ourselves and too determined to manage our own affairs. The Senate's reservations forbid the World Court to tell us what to do—or rather tells it to keep its hands off our affairs. Nobody who knows America can imagine it bending to the decree of the League of Nations. Perhaps we should have more of a world-sense, but we haven't got it. We are a nation of intense nationalists.

The truth as to how we stand on these matters is beginning to come in from the elections. Senator McKinley, of Illinois, who voted for the World Court, was recently defeated for reëlection. The two Indiana senators who voted against it were reëlected. Every time the American people have had a chance to vote on this question they have voted for Washington and against whoever represented the other side.





# CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'President Coolidge shows a most amazing lack of staying qualities,' said ***The Man From Washington,*** 'and his own Cabinet feels little compunction in disagreeing with him openly. The President said in a recent speech that he had reduced taxes all he could; next day Mr. Mellon issued a statement flatly disagreeing with the President.

'Then came the now famous dry order, which permitted local officials to act as Federal officers in the enforcement of the Prohibition law. The order was perfectly legal and was entirely justifiable by the circumstances. In a word, Mr. Coolidge did the right thing. But even before the news of it reached the country, the President was a-heming and a-hawing, explaining that he didn't mean it this way or that way, and so on. Somebody in Washington squawked and the President pulled in his order without waiting for the country's reaction to it. In two days the mails began to come in showing that the order was immensely popular with the people. The President was congratulated by the people on his at last taking a stand that promised results. But even before the letters had been posted, the President had pulled in his horns—scared off! It is such things that lower his prestige and give the impression of timidity.

'The dry order was no more than an emphasis of what already exists. Every policeman in every city is sworn to uphold the Constitution of the United States. That puts him in Federal service. The President was creating nothing new. What a glorious chance he missed to stand his ground and fight it out. But he hasn't fought out a single point since he has been in the White House. And people are beginning to suspect that it is because he lacks the stuff to do so.

'At any rate, the President's acceptance of the Mellon rebuke in public and the hasty backdown from the dry order have left a bad taste.'

ɤ ɤ ɤ

'Mental attitude is a funny thing,' said ***The sunburned golfing enthusiast.*** 'Yesterday, for instance, I spent the whole day in the hottest sort of sunshine working like a plow horse and never got tired while my backyard needs attention in the worst way and it makes me actually weary just to think of it. I'll have to figure out a game to play with the lawn mower, hoe and rake; then the necessary task will become attractive.'

ɤ ɤ ɤ

'We always have had a pet lamb, and one year I remember we had seven,' said ***The Farmer-Stockman.*** 'Some of them have become terrible nuisances, follow you all over the place—screen doors don't stop them. I've seen them come right through in an attempt to follow me. The worst part of it is that the other sheep want to follow these pets into the most impossible places. Folks are like that, aren't they? Some become pets and are always going where they are not wanted or doing things they shouldn't do and then the rest think they should follow.'

'How many political parties have we in France?' repeated ***The Former Member of the French Chamber of Deputies*** in response to our query. 'I cannot tell. Ten, maybe, or twenty. I have the exact list somewhere, but I do not remember its number. There are far too many surely. But at that there are not so many as there were before the last election. A large number were—what do you call it?—"swept under" then.

'You see, before the war we were a happy people—too happy. It was easy to earn one's living, and politics was a pastime, a game, pleasant and not a little exciting and full of fun. Men liked to sit in cafés and talk politics and look very wise. As a result we have many politicians. After the war the politicians, to get elected, would make extravagant promises. Each man had to make different promises from his opponents, so each had to belong to a different party. And the man who made the most promises got elected!

'But as time went on the electors began to see that the government could not run on promises alone. The parties of the left would seldom coöperate with those of the right, and concerted action on important matters was almost impossible. And so at the last election the vote swung more to certain parties, and many of the politicians and their parties were dispensed with. Even now, however, we still have too many.'

ɤ ɤ ɤ

'Any actor who thinks he alone is responsible for his success,' said ***The famous Movie Star,*** 'is crazy. I have seen them go up and I've seen them come down; and believe me they come down a lot faster than they go up. I was a long time on the road up. Before I went into the movies I was on the stage, on it, in fact, far longer than I like to confess, for I'm still supposed to be a "juvenile." My father was an actor before me, and my grandfather and my grandmother. A little while before he died my father called me to him and he said, "Son, I'm dying as a good actor should die—broke." And then he added, "And I think you show talent as an actor."

'If that was any gauge I was a good actor, for I was broke, dead broke, a good many years. I've been on top now for a little while and, frankly, I enjoy it. I like to eat regularly. I like the popularity. I like the praise. *And I want to keep it, all of it.* But I'm not foolish enough to believe it depends on myself alone. There are so many things that enter into a successful picture besides the making; there is so much organization—distribution, exploitation, exhibition. Above all exhibition. The man who shows the picture is the one whose hand is on the pulse of the public. *He knows what the public wants.* Out in Hollywood we are away from the rest of the world. We never see our audiences; we only know how they react to our pictures from the box office receipts. And often that is the worst way to learn. It does us a lot of good to get out over the country once in a while and learn a few things first hand. It makes us less cocky!'

'You may say all you like about women smoking,' said ***The Man Who Travels the Country,*** 'but it is not nearly what you think it is, in extent. Far be it from me to give the slightest insinuation that a perfect lady may not smoke—I know some who do. But they are not the most balanced minded persons in the world—if I may put it that way. They don't see their place as women clearly. A few of them like to smoke, maybe, but most of them do it because they are determined to live up to the utmost of this new "personal liberty" stunt. Rolling your own is like rolling your stockings—you can do it if you want to. But that's not what I wanted to tell you. I was down at Washington during the convention of the Daughters of the American Revolution. I happened to be at three of the principal hotel centers used by the Daughters, so that I saw large numbers of them constantly. I did not see one of them smoking. I doubt if we shall ever see, no matter how far we progress, a general adoption of the habit among women who live in unalienized American surroundings.'

ɤ ɤ ɤ

***The Student of Antiques*** threw a new light on the well-known radical, John Spargo, when to our surprise he remarked: 'Spargo is very conservative, you know; and as a matter of fact he is now vastly more interested in ceramics than in economics. He enjoys "digging" and has done some excellent research work in ceramics. He is now preparing a book on the subject. It will be published in a limited edition shortly, and promises to be quite the finest work of the kind that has appeared.'

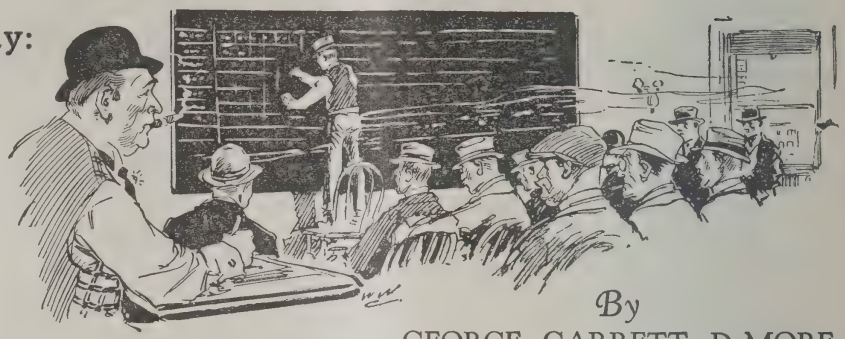
ɤ ɤ ɤ

'Thousands of young men and women "commenced" during the past month to check two to seven years theoretical training against the vicissitudes of life which do not always proceed according to theory.' ***The Man for Years Out of College*** was talking. 'For most of them the next two years will have some rough going. The world passed very few of them on "credits"—they will have to go after another degree in practical life. The sensible ones among them will join together the lumber of theory with the nails of experience and build a permanent and useful structure, while some will haul their lumber of theory around looking for nails the balance of their lives. Unfortunately, the value of the college training will be misjudged by this latter class rather than by those who have indicated the ability to utilize it. Some college men are failures, but the percentage is much lower than among the others. And college training cannot be accurately judged by the few who fail.

'A college education does not guarantee a man a better living, but it should give him a better life. A college-bred couple living on an ordinary salary should be living a more satisfactory kind of life than if they had less vision, less acquaintance with the better things of life.'

# Bucking the Modern Bucket Shop

## There Is Only One Way: Avoid Shady Brokerage Houses and Speculation



By GEORGE GARRETT DeMORE

THE difference between blackboard betting on stock prices, which prevailed in the eighties and early nineties, and modern bucket-shop practice is the difference between a gambling chance and inevitable loss through swindle.

The swaggering proprietors of old-time bucket shops were, after a manner, sportsmen. They were content to allow their clients to 'break themselves' through ignorance, greed and misplaced hope. Often they encouraged a few customers to win; it was a good advertisement.

But the coat of arms of the 'Old Oaken Bucket' has descended to a generation lacking even a mixture of sporting blood to atone for the sins committed in the name of finance. In a modern bucket shop the customer has not a ghost of a chance.

The equipment of a bucket shop of the nineties was meager. A blackboard, upon which were quoted the changes in the price of New York securities between the hours of ten and four, a telegraph wire over which the quotations were received, a cashier's cage and a safe of ample proportions, these were all the furnishings needed, though the better-class places provided easy chairs in which the customer reclined while watching the fluctuations of the prices.

The client could either buy or sell at the price quoted on the board. There was no pretense that orders would be executed on the exchange or that actual delivery of the securities would be made.

The commission was one-fourth a point, or twenty-five cents a share. One hundred dollars bought one hundred shares, or a ticket on which was inscribed this amount. If the stock declined three-quarters of a point—seventy-five cents a share—the client was wiped out, twenty-five cents a share being deducted as commission. If the stock advanced three-quarters of a point and the customer called 'closed' before a new quotation came over the wire, he received one-half a point or fifty cents a share, one-quarter on all transactions being taken by the bucketeers.

Operating in this manner, there were no additional calls for margin and the customer could only lose his original one hundred dollars, while his chances for profit were limited to only the advance in the stock, a rise of nine points being equal to $675.

***Lucky Customers Were Charged Higher Commission***

When a customer showed ability to guess advances and declines, the bucketeer would tack on an additional commission of one-quarter of a point, taking fifty cents a share. In cases of extreme luck or sagacity in picking winners, a penalty of one to three points would be laid down, the stock sometimes having to advance three and one-fourth points before the customer made any profit.

It was a simple game and quickly won popularity. In fact it became so widespread that the stock exchanges of the large cities began to despair of making a profit for themselves and restricted the use of their quotations to members who actually dealt in the securities quoted.

As is known, in ninety out of a hundred transactions in futures on a commodity exchange or stocks on a securities exchange, buying orders cancel selling orders and no delivery is made nor, in the opinion of all parties concerned, is necessary

The old shops had something of romance about them, born of many exciting scenes which have become financial traditions. At least one of the greatest speculators and financiers of the present generation got his start in the old-time bucket shops. But these gambling shops which frankly admitted their purpose were doomed to fall. It came about when the New York Stock Exchange rigidly controlled quotations to keep them from all except exchange members.

The bucket shop passed into financial history only to come back like the traditional Jewish clothing store after the fire—with a new front. This time it donned the dress of the regular broker. In faith the bucketeers even went the honest brokers one better, so magnificent in furnishings were the temples of finance they opened up.

***Old Bucketeers Later Became Regular 'Brokers'***

The rules of the New York Stock Exchange were somewhat too severe for the new bucketeers; besides, the old-timers, constituting virtually a financial oligarchy, looked askance on the new fly-by-nighters with their showy fronts and did not encourage them to purchase stock exchange seats at $80,000 to $100,000 each. Legitimate finance—to coin a phrase to differentiate between high and low—had the cards stacked in its favor, had early bent the laws to its aid, and was possessed of a regular annual income from the lambs of Wall Street. It had no selfish reason for receiving the new generation of bucketeers with open arms.

But there remained the New York Curb Exchange, the Consolidated Stock Exchange, and even that venerable institution, the Boston Stock Exchange, home of the 'Coppers.' And in any event the good bucket shop did not need to be a member of an exchange to fleece the lambs. All it needed was a pretentious office and a list of 'suckers.'

The offices were purchased as close to Wall Street as possible, some even finding location on the street of magic name. Next, the clerks of investment houses were bribed for lists of customers with good healthy bank accounts and high-grade bonds, preferably government bonds.

With a list of 'suckers' the bucketeer sends out bales of highly decorated and extravagantly worded literature. He advertises in all newspapers and periodicals that haven't live financial editors to checkmate the scheme by showing the rating of the new 'brokerage' concern on past performance under a former name to the advertising office and keeping out of the conservative column the enticing 'come-ons' of the bucketeer.

This is followed up by telegrams and telephone calls. A business man in a city one hundred or more miles from New York is sometimes flattered by being called long distance from Wall Street.

When the orders for stock come in, the bucketeer can operate in two ways. He can purchase the shares through another house, at the same time giving an order to sell at the identical price, and so pocket the customer's money, or he can use the securities as collateral for a cash loan or to play the market. Either is disastrous to the customer.

The bucket shop always encourages the client to buy on a small margin. The thinner his shoe string, the more quickly will he probably be wiped out and the less likely will he be to call for delivery of stocks. Above all else, the bucketeer desires to keep the client from wanting to take his stocks up, for when this is carried on to any extent it calls for a show-down and the bucketeer, if pressed, must go out of business.

The modern bucket shop resembles the mushroom in its seasonal springing up and ephemeral existence. When a 'bull market' period of rising prices has been in progress and the public attention is drawn to the stock market, the bucketeer opens shop. It is his aim to get his customers loaded up with stocks at high prices, and when they fall he can buy them in at cheaper prices and be ready to deliver if called upon and so keep in business until the next 'bull market' and have a greater number of customers than before. Most bucket shops last only one period of rising prices. They can't deliver securities when called upon, in most instances, and become insolvent.

***Age Is One Test to Apply to Brokerage Houses***

A test of a brokerage company is its age. The mortality of concerns which have operated a decade or more is slight compared with recent comers in the financial world.

If you would stay away from bucket shops, pick the companies dating from before the war and choose only a broker recommended by your banker.

An investor should never buy stocks on a margin. That is the province of the speculator, and few are those with reason or talent to speculate. Beware of the unsolicited letter or telegram regarding securities, and also of the front-door peddler with his limousine or sporty roadster waiting to waft him to the bank with your check.

# Uncle Sam and the Baby Crop

(*Concluded from page 3*)

consisting of the chief of the Children's Bureau, the Surgeon General in charge of the Public Health Service and the United States Commissioner of Education. This board passes on general policies.

Second—The Children's Bureau and that division of it which has to do with administering the Maternity Act. This intermediary passes on 'plans,' collects general data, prepares literature, develops standards, audits the accounts of state agencies and gives general supervision to operations throughout the country.

Third—The state government bureaus designated by the legislatures as connecting links between Washington and district or local agencies.

Fourth—The field forces of state bureaus and, when used, local agencies.

Alabama gets from the Federal Treasury the sum of $25,836.95 a year for this work, or not more than twenty-five cents for each child born in the state.

When the aid finally reaches, if it does at all, the Alabama mother-to-be, or an infant in that state, such may consist of a variety of things. It may be printed advice; it may be a prenatal conference, attended by the mother along with others; it may be a child welfare conference. At these the women or children may be examined. The aid may partake of a home visit by a public health nurse employed under the Maternity Act. It may be indirect aid, in the form, for instance, of attention given to midwifery.

***The Annual Crop of Babies***

Take New York State for more detailed illustration. This state is selected for the reason that it adds to the Federal funds considerably more than required by the Maternity Act.

The staff engaged for the work consists of: A director, an associate director (physician), an executive clerk (physician), 4 physicians, 23 staff nurses (and 24 part-time maternity and infancy community nurses employed from Maternity Act and local funds), 3 county nurses, 2 midwife inspectors (nurses), 1 organizing field agent, 1 office manager, 4 clerks, 8 stenographers, 1 advance agent and 1 chauffeur.

In that state 233,678 infants were born during the year of 1924. Necessarily both mothers and infants have to be dealt with largely en masse. In addition to conferences, campaigns and propaganda in general, there were 10,326 home visits by nurses to give prenatal or postpartum instruction and 37,443 to give instruction as to the care of pre-school children.

The last report covering the item states that all told 595 public health nurses are employed under the act in the country. Approximately 2,500,000 births take place in the country every year. Thus there is one Maternity Act nurse for about every 4,200 births. There are probably about 100 physicians in full-time employment under the act, or about one for every 25,000 births.

Many of both nurses and physicians may represent only transference from other agencies. Before the act was passed Red Cross agencies were employing from 1,300 to 1,500 public health nurses. They now employ fewer than nine hundred.

The forces employed under the Maternity Act are infinitesimal as compared with the number of women who at all times are expectant mothers and that of infants making up the ever-present 'baby crop.'

Only a few of the states have done more by way of funds than is required of them by the act. Just what the effect has been on local community effort is beyond determination here.

When the Federal Government takes up an activity, the inclination of others who might be concerned is to hands off.

One of the big objections to the Federal Government taking an authoritative hand in the promotion of the welfare of the 'baby crop' is that local effort, which naturally when put forth is most effective, may be more stifled than stimulated.

Four of the states—Connecticut, Illinois, Maine and Massachusetts—have refused to have aught to do with the Federal Maternity Act. One, Vermont, accepts only that portion of proffered funds which is offered without 'strings' and thus also operates independently.

When the original fight over the question was underway, proponents of the Maternity Bill charged that 'During the delay by Congress approximately 625,000 babies have died from causes (chiefly preventable) prenatal or connected with childbirth and infancy.'

***Infant Mortality Has Not Changed***

The implication was that operation of the measure would have saved many, if not most, of those infants. The project has been operating for a period four times as long as that of the 'delay.' How many have been saved?

Available statistics indicate that infant mortality is just about the same as it would be had no Maternity Bill been passed. The rate has gone down a little, just as it was decreasing for a long time before there was any Maternity Act.

The infant mortality rate has gone down as much, probably a little more, in the states that have had naught to do with the Maternity Act as in those as a whole where the act has been effective.

There is no evidence that operations under the act have produced a sum of favorable results which otherwise would not have been achieved, though unquestionably much of the work done under the act has been good and no doubt effective. And, especially in view of the fact that the act has been 'on trial' with renewal necessary to its continuance, the nationalized operations have been carried on circumspectly.

***What Will Become of This Policy?***

Yet at least one community has revolted against these operations and refused all help offered it via the act.

The people of that community, as do those of the states which have refused to accept this Federal 'aid,' hold that they should and can attend to the problem without interference from Washington.

So the question as it stands is, despite four years' experience with the act, much as it was in the beginning. And the kernel of the question is—

What may come of a policy of Federal Government meddling—via a Washington bureau having power and large funds—with a subject so intimate, so delicate, so local and withal so important to the individual as child-bearing and rearing?






# I Read in the Papers



### *Frankau's Joke Fell Flat*

The visit to these shores of Gilbert Frankau, Semitic author-lecturer from England who has for some reason of his own retained his war-time title of captain has not been particularly successful in spite of strenuous press-agenting. Heralding his arrival, a New York publishing house sent out the following telegram to various newspapers throughout the country: 'Gilbert Frankau, famous English novelist-publicist, arrives your city——(date). He has been besieged by press in cities visited thus far, as he talks *sensational* copy on international relationship and women.'

A sample of the 'sensational copy' was related in *Time:*

'Last fortnight Captain Frankau traveled to St. Louis. It seemed a good place to proclaim what sound old Tories were thinking over their port in the London clubs. Incidentally, a convention of U. S. booksellers was in session there, to whom Frankau, who maintains that the national significance of his novels has impressed "every one who can read in the British Isles," would just say a word or two.

'But before the moment arrived for the booksellers' toastmaster to introduce the unofficial representative of British Conservatism, that individual was overcome by the occasion. The hospitality had been too perfect. He arose in the midst of another speaker's remarks, waved a glass of ginger ale recklessly aloft and said: "Let's stop all this speech-making! Let's get on with the dance! . . . I'm too full for utterance . . . but there's one thing I'd like to say. It is a trifle strong; illustrating what is wrong with your country. Before I tell it, any ladies not feeling very strong had best come and have some, er, ginger ale."

'No ladies drew near him, however, so Captain Frankau proceeded to relate a "joke" which connoisseurs present declared was ancient, somewhat pointless and entirely offensive.

'In London, hearing this news and wondering how "that little writer chap" had ever been mistaken in the States for an official Conservative representative, Conservatives were irked.'

---

In a recent issue THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT reprinted the following paragraph from an article written by the Rev. Edgar DeWitt Jones, D. D., for the *Detroit News*. The *Detroit News* requested the Reverend Dr. Edgar DeWitt Jones to attend a performance of a current revue, which boasted in its advertising of its high sophistication, and give his impressions of it. Among other things Dr. Jones declared: 'The very clever comedian who "substituted for the village parson" showed a good deal of finesse and was rather funny. Ministers are very human and they make mistakes like other people. Most of the ministers that I know are hard-working fellows, courageous for the most part, and much more tolerant of the frailties of mankind than are their critics. *Still I wonder how long Mr. Shubert and other theatrical managers would last if instead of burlesquing a service in a Protestant chapel, they substituted a Catholic church or a Jewish synagogue. It is truly remarkable how cleverly the stage steers clear of a Catholic priest or a Jewish rabbi and unloads its burlesque on a Protestant preacher ten times out of ten.*'

This called forth a letter to the Editor of the *Detroit News* from a Mr. MacDonald which read as follows:

**Prohibition**

To the Editor: The Rev. Edgar DeWitt Jones, after viewing a frothy revue, among other things was at a loss to understand why a minister was so often caricatured upon the stage, and never a priest or rabbi.

I hesitated to enlighten the Rev. Mr. Jones, being unable to believe that so gifted a scholar and widely traveled author and preacher was honestly ignorant of the cause . . .

As far as my personal observation goes, I have never seen a priest or rabbi make himself ridiculous before the public. Whether they possess it or not, they convey the impression of dignity at all times and are so accorded it. They labor strictly in their own vineyard and are not continuously interfering in other people's business . . .

GEO. F. MacDONALD.
17471 Fairport Avenue.

And this in turn was answered by the Rev. Frank D. Adams, minister of the First Universalist Church of Detroit:

To the Editor: Mr. MacDonald's recent communication, in which he undertakes to explain to the Rev. Dr. Edgar DeWitt Jones why ministers are so often caricatured on the stage, but priests and rabbis never, is not altogether convincing. If Dr. Jones ever asked why this is so, the question must have been purely rhetorical; for I can not believe that he is ignorant of the reason. But Mr. MacDonald's explanation is quite too naïve. He says that priests and rabbis are not caricatured on the stage because they are always dignified, do not make themselves ridiculous, 'and are not continuously interfering in other people's business.' The implication is, of course, that Protestant ministers are often undignified and ridiculous and are continuously interfering in other people's business; therefore, they are made the butt of ridicule on the stage.

The answer is not as simple as all that. Interfering with the business of some people, bootleggers, for instance, will always be part of the job of real ministers. I doubt that even Mr. MacDonald would consent to have them overlook this part of their function. But surely he must know, as Dr. Jones undoubtedly does know, that priests are never caricatured on the stage simply because stage managers and players have been advised that the Catholic Church will not stand for it. If Protestants could get together long enough to serve similar notice upon the Thespians, they would get similar results. As for rabbis, may not their immunity be due to the fact that the show business of today is almost wholly controlled by the people to whom they minister?

REV. FRANK D. ADAMS.
Minister, First Universalist Church.

*The International Jew* in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence in American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price 25 cents each; set $1. THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN.

---

### *The Ballad of the Milk Bottle*

A really terrible state of affairs exists in the fashionable West End of London. 'During the past few weeks,' runs a news item in the London *Morning Post*, 'the activities of a gang whose specialty is the stealing of bottles of milk and parcels of dairy produce from doorsteps, in the early hours of the morning, have been causing inconvenience to residents and dairymen in the Mayfair and Belgravia districts.' The situation indeed is such as to have provoked Lucio, the inimitable occasional poet of the *Manchester Guardian*, to take the matter in hand—

My Lady in her robes of silk,
Her sobs she has to throttle—
She cannot have her morning milk
For someone's nabbed the bottle.
'I want my milk!' his Lordship cries,
'The day's ideal commencer!'
'Oh, sir!' his trembling man replies,
'It's gone—it's gone again, sir!'

And then, after describing in his own inimitable way the bewilderment of Scotland Yard and the baffled resources of the entire police force, a light suddenly dawns upon him. After all, the matter is simple enough—

I know who makes the milk vamoose
(For that his special groove is)—
It must be Felix broken loose
From some adjacent movies!

---

Albert Parker Fitch, a growing college power in this country, told a group of 'Youth Movement' youngsters:

'*You are lovable, but irresponsible and superficial, and, despite all your radical statements, inherently conservative. Your minds are undisciplined and dissipated. You have impressions of ideas*, but not ideas. A little less intellectual conscience and a little more moral conscience wouldn't hurt.'

# Rare Signatures of the Signers

## Big Sums Paid for Autographs of Patriots

By ALICE MacFARLAND

NO HISTORICAL document, not even the Constitution itself, holds so powerful an appeal for the public in general, or for the collector of Americana in particular, as the Declaration of Independence.

It was recognized at a very early date that the signatures of the fifty-six men who affixed their names to that history-making paper 150 years ago would form a valuable collection, and the Reverend Mr. William B. Sprague, of Albany, New York, completed a set of their autographs as early as 1834. A number of others were begun, and when Dr. Lyman C. Draper, of the Wisconsin Historical Society, published his 'Essay on the Autographic Collections of Signers of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution' in 1889, there were twenty-one complete sets in the United States and one in England. At that time, forty-five sets in the making were traced, some of them complete with the exception of the two rarest autographs of all the Signers, those of Thomas Lynch, Jr., and Button Gwinnett.

The latest collection of autographs of the Signers to be completed is that of Charles Francis Jenkins, of Philadelphia, who by the purchase of very fine specimens of Lynch and Gwinnett Autographs finished his difficult and delightful task of bringing together a complete set in December, 1924. Mr. Jenkins then performed a service of value to collectors, and to all interested in the Signers, by bringing Dr. Draper's information up to date, and tracing all the complete sets in existence, in an article published in the *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography*, July, 1925.

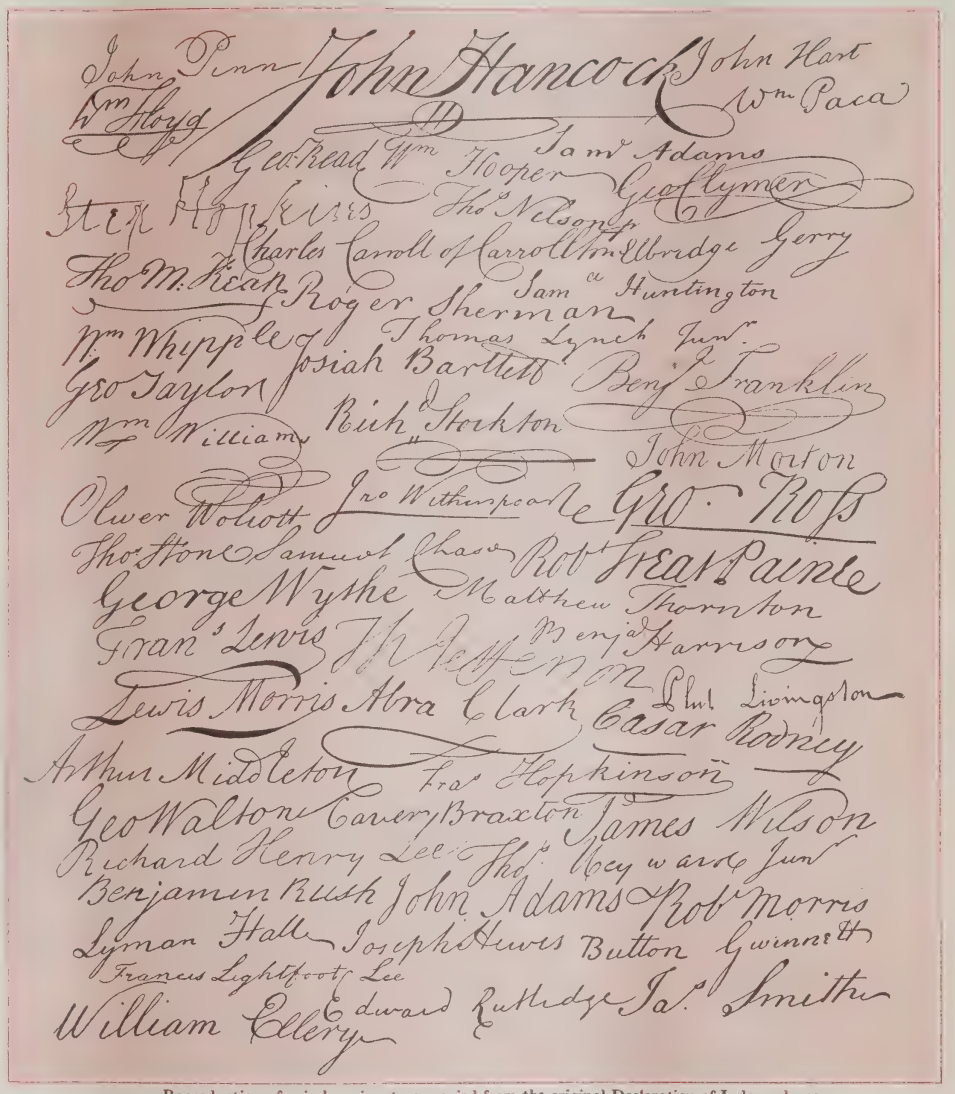
'What is it,' a casual observer of autograph prices might ask, 'that makes the signature of an historical character so little known as Button Gwinnett bring such a price as $22,500, when the letters of George Washington, though valuable, do not seem to be rare?'

There are more than 1,200 examples of Washingtoniana in the Congressional Library alone; the Morgan Collection comprises many valuable letters; and nearly every collector of Americana manages to own an autograph of the Father of His Country. Most of the Signers lived to a ripe old age, and were indefatigable letter writers, but only one letter of Thomas Lynch, Jr., has been found, and there are only thirty-four known autographs of Button Gwinnett in existence.

Thomas Lynch, Jr., who was born at St. George's Parish, South Carolina, was sent as a delegate to Congress in 1776. Three years later he sailed for St. Eustatius, and it is presumed that he was drowned on the voyage, as he was never heard from afterward. The only known letter in his handwriting is in the Emmet Collection in the New York Public Library. Most of his signatures are cut from documents or flyleaves of books. Mr. Jenkins has two Lynch autographs, both to be found in a volume from the Lynch Library. The J. Pierpont Morgan Library, New York, has four specimens of Lynch autographs, the most interesting being a page of thirteen lines of Latin manuscript headed 'Lynch.' Dr. Emmet, in writing of it in 1890, declared it 'the best Lynch known next to the letter' and predicted that it would bring $500 at any time. How many times $500 it would bring today can only be estimated.

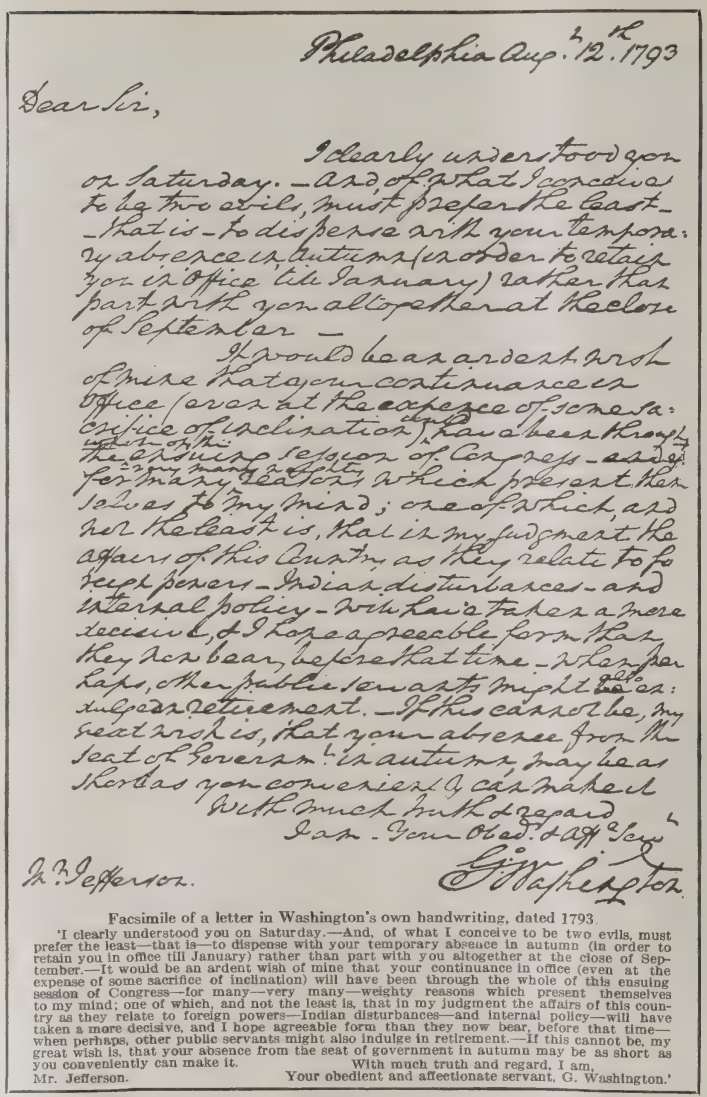
Button Gwinnett, whose autograph is one of the rarest and most valuable in American history, was born in England about 1732, and died from a wound incurred in a duel with General MacIntosh, May 27, 1777. He was representative to Congress from Georgia in 1776-77. Among the most interesting Gwinnett items known is his original will, dated March 15, 1777, written entirely in his handwriting, and signed by three witnesses. It is in the Morgan Collection. The set belonging to Herbert L. Pratt, of New York, boasts a Gwinnett autograph which narrowly escaped oblivion. The janitor of the Telfair Academy of Fine Arts at Savannah was about to destroy a basket of old papers when he was stopped by the custodian who, going over the papers at her leisure, discovered a note made out to Gwinnett which contained his endorsement. It was sold in 1914 for $2,800. Last year, at the Thomas sale, a document bearing Gwinnett's signature, separated by a seal, brought at auction $14,000, or a thousand dollars for each letter in his name. This year, at the Manning sale, the Gwinnett autograph, affixed to a deed, brought the record price of $22,500.

The latest Gwinnett item to turn up is one which contains his earliest known autograph, and which has, in addition, an association interest which enhances its




Reproduction of priceless signatures copied from the original Declaration of Independence.

value. It is Button Gwinnett's Bible. . For ninety years it had been reposing in Mobile, Alabama, among the descendants of Robert Parker, while autograph seekers combed the state of Georgia in vain. How it came into the possession of the Parker family in the first place is a matter which is not quite clear, although several traditions which have come down through the annals of the family seem plausible enough, and are traced by Charles Jenkins in an interesting little brochure on the subject. Its present owner, Francis L. Diard, of Mobile, unearthed it from a tin box among his packing cases a short time ago. The Bible is a worn old calfskin volume in which a separate Old and New Testament have been bound together. Some of the leaves are loose. Some have been nibbled by mice. It is stained by time. It contains three Gwinnett autographs. The first, on the inside of the cover, written in ink, reads: 'The Gwinnett's Bible 1753.' At the top of the title-page of the Old Testament is a signature which some misguided soul, long ago, inked over—thereby destroying the value of the autograph—but on the title-page of the New Testament is a splendid signature dated 1753, which is the earliest known autograph of the Signer. The volume was offered for sale at auction a short time ago, but the inked-over autograph and the general bad condition of the volume created an unfavorable impression, and it did not reach the price the owner thought it should bring, so it is still in the possession of Mr. Diard. Charles Jenkins is publishing a biography of Button Gwinnett within a short time, and includes the early autograph in the Bible among the thirty-four known autographs in his chapter on the subject.



Philadelphia Aug. 12. 1793

Dear Sir,

I clearly understood you on Saturday.—And, of what I conceive to be two evils, must prefer the least—that is—to dispense with your temporary absence in autumn (in order to retain you in office till January) rather than part with you altogether at the close of September.—It would be an ardent wish of mine that your continuance in office (even at the expense of some sacrifice of inclination) will have been through the whole of this ensuing session of Congress—for many—very many—weighty reasons which present themselves to my mind; one of which, and not the least is, that in my judgment the affairs of this country as they relate to foreign powers—Indian disturbances—and internal policy—will have taken a more decisive, and I hope agreeable form than they now bear, before that time—when perhaps, other public servants might also indulge in retirement.—If this cannot be, my great wish is, that your absence from the seat of government in autumn may be as short as you conveniently can make it.

With much truth and regard, I am,

Mr. Jefferson. Your obedient and affectionate servant, G. Washington.

Facsimile of a letter in Washington's own handwriting, dated 1793.

'I clearly understood you on Saturday.—And, of what I conceive to be two evils, must prefer the least—that is—to dispense with your temporary absence in autumn (in order to retain you in office till January) rather than part with you altogether at the close of September.—It would be an ardent wish of mine that your continuance in office (even at the expense of some sacrifice of inclination) will have been through the whole of this ensuing session of Congress—for many—very many—weighty reasons which present themselves to my mind; one of which, and not the least is, that in my judgment the affairs of this country as they relate to foreign powers—Indian disturbances—and internal policy—will have taken a more decisive, and I hope agreeable form than they now bear, before that time—when perhaps, other public servants might also indulge in retirement.—If this cannot be, my great wish is, that your absence from the seat of government in autumn may be as short as you conveniently can make it.

With much truth and regard, I am,

Mr. Jefferson. Your obedient and affectionate servant, G. Washington.'

The Anderson Galleries, as though in answer to unspoken protests against the breaking up of great collections, often print on the back of their catalogs a translated excerpt from the will of Edmund de Goncourt, which gives the other side of the question.

'My wish,' said M. de Goncourt, 'is that my drawings, my prints, my curiosities, my books—in a word, these things of art which have been the joy of my life, shall not be consigned to the cold tomb of a museum and subjected to the stupid glance of the careless passer-by; but I require that they shall all be dispersed under the hammer of the auctioneer, so that the pleasure which the acquiring of each one of them has given me shall be given again in each case to some inheritor of my own tastes.'

While the scarcity and almost prohibitive cost of Lynch and Gwinnett autographs put them out of reach except to the very few, there is no reason why most interesting collections of their fellow Signers should not be formed. The letters themselves, from a historical standpoint, and from the glimpses they give into the lives and characters of the men who wrote them, are of great interest. Take for example the famous letter by Thomas McKean, the Delaware delegate, to Caesar Rodney's

There were twenty-seven complete sets known at the time of Mr. Jenkins' article, whose history and present whereabouts he traced. Many of them are identical with those given by Dr. Draper. It is unavoidable that items so rare and valuable should find their way more and more into libraries and museums, and that private collectors should be somewhat in the minority. There were, when Mr. Jenkins wrote, ten sets in private hands, the remaining seventeen being in libraries, while since then the collections of Colonel James H. Manning and of Dr. George F. C. Williams have been dispersed.

The New York Public Library has four sets, one of which, that collected by Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, is unquestionably the finest in existence. Of the fifty-six Signers, fifty-four are here represented by autograph letters signed, thirty of which are dated 1776 (a great point with many collectors). The other two are documents. And the letter from Thomas Lynch, Jr., dated July 5, 1777, which we have already spoken of as the only Lynch letter known, is in this collection. John S. Kennedy, of New York, presented the set to the Library in 1896.

Simon Gratz, of Philadelphia, recently made a present of his unequaled collection of autographs to the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, where it is being cataloged. Here the seventy thousand autographs collected by Mr. Gratz during a lifetime of devotion to his hobby are kept in folders inclosed in fireproof cases and are available to the student. Selecting from the enormous number of duplicates the fifty-six most perfect specimens, Mr. Gratz' collection of the Signers equals the Emmet Collection in the New York Library in every particular except for the Lynch autograph, which is the cut signature most frequently met with. The Historical Society of Pennsylvania has a second set, collected by Mr. Emmet, and presented to Mr. Sprague.

The set in the Congressional Library at Washington was given by J. Pierpont Morgan in 1912. When Mr. Morgan learned that there had been up to that time no collection of letters and signatures of the Signers in our National Library, he hastened to repair the omission.

Other libraries and historical societies which have complete sets are: The Maine Historical Society, the Wisconsin Historical Society, Haverford College, the University of Pennsylvania, and the Boston Public Library. The last mentioned set is formed of cut signatures pasted on a copy of the Declaration and framed. The J. Pierpont Morgan Library has two sets. There is one also in the collection of the Rosenbach Company.

Among the private collectors are: Herbert L. Pratt, New York; George A. Ball, Muncie, Indiana; Dr. George C. F. Williams, Hartford, Connecticut; Louis Bamberger, of Newark; Mrs. Thomas Redfield Proctor, Utica, New York; Charles Francis Jenkens, of Philadelphia; William Ely, of Providence; and the Henry E. Huntington Library at San Gabriel, California.

Last year a very fine collection, that of George C. Thomas, of Philadelphia, was dismembered and each item sold separately.

'What a pity,' somesaid, 'to break up and scatter to the four winds a collection which has been gathered together so laboriously, so carefully, so lovingly!'

For Mr. Thomas had been to the end of his life constantly changing and improving his collection, always searching for a letter to replace a document, or for one of more pronounced historical importance or earlier date than the one he had. But the justification came when it was evident just how many collectors were waiting for just those items to complete their sets.

nephew, which presents the facts concerning the Signing of the Declaration in a quite different light from that which has traditionally been accepted. It was sold in the Manning sale in New York, January 19, 1926. Because it corrects certain errors that have crept into our history, and because it will be of interest to many, it is here quoted in part:

*Delaware's Vote for Liberty*

I recollect what passed in Congress in the beginning of July, 1776, respecting Independence; it was not as you have conceived. On Monday, the first of July, the question was taken in the committee of the whole, when the State of Pennsylvania (represented by seven gentlemen then present) voted against it. Delaware, having then only two Representatives present, was divided; all the other states voted for it. Whereupon, without delay, I sent an Express (at my private expense) for your honored uncle, Caesar Rodney, Esquire, the remaining member for Delaware, whom I met at the State House door, in his boots and spurs, as the members were assembling. After a friendly salutation (without a word on the business) we went into the Hall of Congress together, and found we were among the latest; proceedings immediately commenced, and after a few moments the great question was put. When the vote for Delaware was called, your Uncle arose and said: 'As I believe the voice of my constituents and of all sensible and honest men is in favor of Independence, my own judgment concurs with them—I vote for Independence,' or in words to the same effect. The State of Pennsylvania on the 4th of July (there being only five members present, Messrs. Willings, Dickinson and Morris who had in the committee of the whole voted against Independence, were absent) voted for it; three to two, Messrs. Willings and Humphries in the negative. Uniformity in the thirteen states, an all important point on so great an occasion, was thus obtained; the dissension of a single state might have produced very dangerous consequences.

Now that I am on the subject I will tell you some truth, not generally known. In the public printed journal for 1776, Vol. 2, it would appear that the Declaration of Independence was signed on the 4th of July by the members, whose names are there inserted; but the fact is not so, for *No Person* signed it on that day nor for many days after, and among the names subscribed, one was against it, Mr. Read, and seven were not in Congress on that day, namely Messrs. Morris, Rush, Clymer Smith, Taylor and Ross, of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Thornton of New Hampshire; nor were the six gentlemen last named members at that time; the five for P. were appointed delegates by the Convention of that State on the 20th of July, and Mr. Thornton entered Congress for the first time on the 4th of November following, when the names of Henry Wisner, of New York, and Thomas McKean, of Delaware, are not printed as subscribers, though both were present and voted for Independence.

*Courage and Faith*

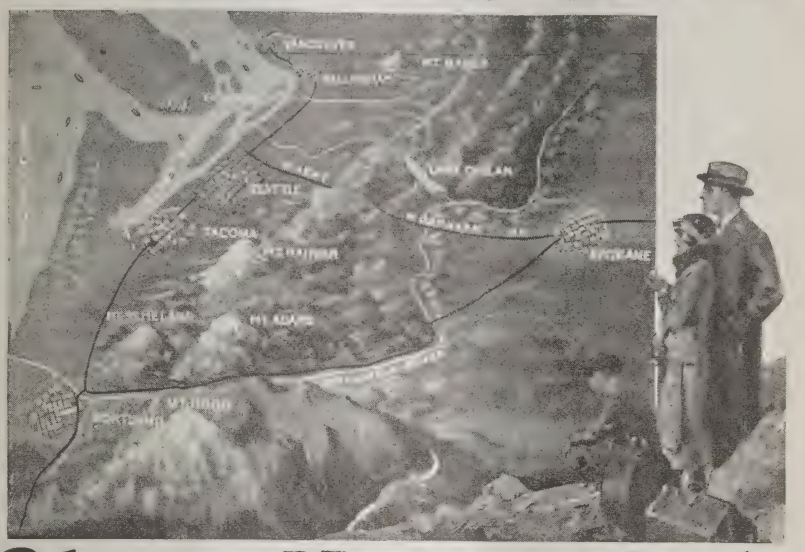
Here false colors are certainly hung out. There is culpability somewhere. What I can offer as an explanation or apology is; that on the 4th of July 1776 the Declaration of Independence was ordered to be engrossed on parchment and then to be signed; and I have been told that a resolve had passed a few days after and was entered on the secret journal that no person should have a seat in Congress, during that year, until he should have signed the Declaration, in order to prevent traitors or spies from worming themselves amongst us. I was not in Congress after the 4th for some months, having marched with my regiment of associators of this city, as Colonel, to support General Washington until a flying camp of ten thousand men was completed. When the associators were discharged I returned to Philadelphia, took my seat in Congress and then signed the Declaration on parchment.

What a gracious, delightful thing letter writing was in those days! One sees, in spite of wars and rumors of wars, a courtly gentleman seated at his desk, delicate quill in hand and lighted taper nearby, taking sufficient time, no matter what pressing duties surround him, to 'get all his lovely words just right' as one of our contemporary writers would say. The autographs of our time will nearly all be Ls. s. (letters signed) and an A.L.s (autograph letter signed) by anyone will probably in time achieve a certain scarcity, since our great and near great men all hurl dictation at secretaries of keen hearing and much-needed imagination and initiative. A new abbreviation will have to be made to deal with the typewritten letters of the future which, unsigned, are described 'dictated but not read.'

While it is easy to realize and to admit that the times in which we are living are in many ways the most wonderful in the history of the world, with machines to do our bidding, inventions which are changing the world, it is also inspiring to know more of those from whom we inherit our 'background'—those who laid the foundations of the United States of America—and the possession of even a few of their original letters, to decipher ourselves, brings before us, as nothing else can do, the men whose courage and faith gave us our country.


*For one low cost summer fare see*

PACIFIC NORTHWEST ADVENTURE LAND




Glacier National Park

*Open June 15 to Sept. 15*

SEE *all* the Pacific Northwest. One low cost Round Trip Summer Fare will reveal this fascinating summer playground—Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma and Portland with free side trip to Vancouver in British Columbia—Rainier National Park, Columbia River Highway, Lake Chelan, Mount Baker National Forest and the Seaside Resorts of Washington and Oregon. Inquire today.

Going or returning over the historic low-altitude, river-course, scenic route of the dependable Great Northern Railway, plan to stop awhile in lake-jeweled Glacier National Park—right on the main line of the Great Northern.

NEW ORIENTAL LIMITED

*de luxe train—no extra fare*

GREAT NORTHERN

*a dependable railway*

A. J. Dickinson, Room 712, Great Northern Railway, St. Paul, Minn. DI 7-3

☐ I am interested in a trip to Pacific Northwest Adventure Land including stop-off in Glacier National Park.
☐ I am interested in a general tour of Glacier National Park.
☐ I am interested in a (Glacier-Yellowstone) Burlington Escorted Tour.
☐ I am interested in an Alaskan Tour.

*Name*.....

*Address*.....

## Casting the Horoscope of the U. S.

(*Concluded from page 14*)

not be included within this geographic formation, but the greater part of the Mediterranean territory will yield to the political power of a dictator who with an iron rod and sword will compel this thing.

As for the United States of America, our greatest setback is indicated by a strong tendency to serious labor troubles and strife between capital and labor and radical socialistic disorders. If wisdom is used and the policy of justice dictates, steps will be taken by our leaders in politics, finance, industry and labor to prevent serious consequences which this kind of trouble will produce for this republic. If trouble is to be avoided, drastic steps must be taken at once to check the subtle propaganda of the un-American element within our borders, and the agents of the Soviet who are busy fermenting trouble among our otherwise peaceful populace. This year and next are years of decisive crisis which will influence largely the future in this momentous period. It is to be hoped those in power will take to heart the serious consequences caused by delay, and that every genuinely patriotic, loyal son and daughter of the nation will rededicate their all to the high ideals of true Americanism.

## New Light on Revolution

(*Concluded from page 7*)

than the Americans. Moreover, the British troops were better trained, better disciplined and more seasoned fighters than the Americans. In addition, the British were better supplied, more adequately armed and better equipped than the Americans. To all this should be added the fact that during the greater part of the war the British controlled the seas. Besides all these facts, the British won most of the battles of the Revolution. In the face of all this, more than one person has marveled that the Americans triumphed. The answer lies partly in the fact that Britain was fighting three other nations as well as America, partly in the incompetency of Lord George Germain, and partly, too, in the fact that the fates were with America.

The effect of the surrender upon the whole course of the Revolution cannot be overestimated. Although at the same time Washington was being defeated in the battles around Philadelphia, still he was keeping Howe so engrossed that aid to Burgoyne was impossible anyway. The news of the surrender of an entire British army and its commander induced the British to try a peace offensive in the next winter—but during that same winter Franklin utilized the news of the victory at Saratoga to overcome the hesitancy of the French and induce them to join in the war on the side of the United States. No wonder, then, Sir Edward Creasy in his well-known work has classed Saratoga as one of the 'Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World.'

*THIRST is to become a national political issue, it seems. In next week's* DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, *it is pointed out how for years this nation tolerated a mixture of politics and booze, but now it has to deal with a mixture of outlawed booze and crooked politics!*



# A Dance A Week



## DICTIONARY OF DANCE TERMS

(*Continued from Last Week's Issue*)

'CAST OFF'—Means to go below the next couple.

'CHASSE ALL'—(8) Face partner, join both hands and chasse in a circle.

'CHASSE ALL'—Another version as used in the Lancers. (Formation, standing beside each other, marching order.) Ladies pass in front of their partners, slide four steps with the left foot, to the left side, take one step forward with the left foot, and one step back with the right (the last two steps are simply for the music). The gentlemen execute the same steps, with the right foot; slide to right side four steps, and step forward on right foot, and back on left. All return to place in same manner, ending with the forward and backward steps.

'COUPLE'—A gentleman and his partner.

'CROSS OVER'—(8) Walk directly across, ladies inside; then each turn in place (the lady will now be on the gentleman's left). Repeat to place.

'CROSS RIGHT HANDS HALF AROUND'—(8) Four ladies or gentlemen, as the prompter may direct, give right hands across, walk half around, halt; turn, give left hands across, retrace half circle and return to place.

'CIRCLE HANDS AROUND'—(8) All join hands and circle left or right.

'CHASSE ACROSS'—(8) Called when the couples in set form straight lines. Ladies take four steps to left, in front of partners; gentlemen to the right, four steps. Then all forward one step, back one step. Return to place in the same manner, lady passing in front.

'CROSS RIGHT HANDS'—(8) Couples forward, join right hands with opposite. All step to left, stop; drop right hands, turn and cross left hands; all four then step to right; then back to place.

'DOS A DOS' (BACK TO BACK)—(4) Lady and gentleman forward, pass to left of each other; that is, right shoulder to right shoulder; having gone one step past each other, take one step to the right, which brings the couple back to back. Without turning, back around each other and walk backward to place.

'DOS A BALINET'—(16) The leading couples join nearest hands with their partners and lead to the right, pass through that couple, and balance. Two couples are now standing back to back. *Gentlemen contra balance.*

From this position, gentlemen of the leading couples join left hands with partners' left, and right hands with the right hand of the other ladies. At the same time the gentlemen on the sides turn, and join left hands with their partners' left, and right hands with the other ladies. Gentlemen are now facing each other, and should balance. The ladies are standing back to back. Both gentlemen drop hands of the other ladies, and turn own partners with the left hand, forming a circle, ladies facing in. (Gentlemen are now facing out.) Then gentlemen drop hands, turn and stand beside own partner. Half right and left to places.

'DOUBLE QUADRILLE'—Requires eight couples; two couples on each side.

'ENDS'—The head and foot sides of set.

'FIRST FOUR'—The four forming the first and opposite couple.

'FIRST TWO'—Head or first lady and the opposite gentleman. Second Two, head gentleman and opposite lady. Third Two, lady to the right of the first couple, and opposite gentleman. Last Two, lady to the left of the first couple and opposite gentleman.

'FORWARD AND BACK'—(4) Start left foot forward, advance three steps. On the fourth count bring right foot raised to the heel of the left. Starting with right foot, walk back three steps and on the fourth count bring left foot up in front.

'FORWARD AND STOP IN CENTER'—Take four steps forward to the center, and wait for the next call.

More terms used in the Old American Dances will be published in next week's issue.

---

*Good Morning*, a dance manual of the Old American Dances, compiled for Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford, contains 169 pages of calls, descriptions and some music of the dances taught in the Ford School. Price 75 cents.

Also, there are 20 orchestrations of 11 parts each—25 cents each orchestration, or $4.00 for the lot. Book and music will be mailed upon receipt of price.

Please order by number.

Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

1. Grand Pa's Favorite
2. Sicilian Circle
3. Virginia Reel
4. Medley Waltz
5. Medley Two Step
6. Varsovienne
7. Rye Waltz
8. Oriental Lancers
9. Heel and Toe Polka
10. Old Southern Schottische
11. Money Musk
12. Badger Gavotte
13. Waltz No. 2
14. Ripple
15. Ticknor's Quadrille
16. My Queen Medley Waltz
17. Luxemburg Schottische
18. Sea Side Polka
19. Club Quadrille
20. Day Break Waltz

# Lincoln's Gettysburg Address

(*Continued from page 8*)

tween Washington and Gettysburg; and that he wrote it in full before leaving Washington.

As to the manner of its delivery, I am prepared to prove that he delivered it without any use of manuscript; that he held a manuscript in his left hand and did not refer to it; that he held a manuscript in both hands and followed it somewhat carefully, and finally that he was closely confined to his manuscript and read every word of it.



As to the effect of its delivery, I have equally valid proof that the address was several times interrupted by applause and that there was prolonged applause at the close; that there was applause but that it was perfunctory; that there was no applause because people who heard it were disappointed in it, and that there was no applause because the occasion was so solemn and the address so impressive that applause would have seemed profane.

All this evidence I plan to lay before the reader of this article, and some in addition. The Gettysburg Address is so important in American history and literature that we cannot afford not to know all that is to be known about it.

The Battle of Gettysburg was the only notable battle fought on Northern soil. It occurred on July 1, 2, and 3, 1863. On the following day, July 4, General Grant captured Vicksburg and the army of General Pemberton.

Thus simultaneously in the East and West were won two victories, one of which cut the Confederacy in twain along the Mississippi River, and the other made it certain that the Confederate army could not successfully invade the North. From that anniversary of the birth of American independence, the result was assured, and it would have saved much bloodshed if the fact had been as apparent then as now.

At that time there was no system of cemeteries owned by the Federal Government. Seventeen and one-half acres of land adjoining the village cemetery were purchased on behalf of a corporation organized much like an ordinary cemetery association, the trustees being representatives appointed by the governors, one from each state that had soldiers in the Union Army in the Battle of Gettysburg. The cost was apportioned according to the population of the state in the 1860 census. Thus, Illinois, that had only a few soldiers in the battle, and only a half-dozen graves of soldiers killed, paid a much larger sum than any of the New England states which had many more soldiers buried there but smaller population.

The story, as concisely told in the biographies of Lincoln that followed in the first years after his death, may be taken from the able work of Henry J. Raymond, editor of the New York *Times*, which had been almost the organ of the administration: The account of the dedication is appended to the narrative of the battle:

During the ensuing season, a piece of ground, seventeen and one-half acres in extent, and forming an important part of the battlefield, was purchased by the State of Pennsylvania, to be used as a national burying ground for the loyal soldiers who fell in that great engagement. It was dedicated, with solemn and impressive services, on the 19th of November, 1863, the President and members of his Cabinet being in attendance, and a very large and imposing military display adding grace and dignity to the occasion. Hon. Edward Everett delivered the formal address, and President Lincoln made the following remarks:

Then follows the text of the Gettysburg Address, which need not be printed at this point, as it will be quoted later. That was all that one of the greatest of American editors thought necessary to say about it in 1865.

President Lincoln was not invited to speak when the first invitations were sent out. Edward Everett was invited to deliver the oration, at a date originally set for October. He accepted, but asked for more time, and on his account the date was postponed till November 19. This was perilous, but the weather was fine, and Everett had the time he required for a masterly oration, and he used the time to good advantage.

These and other preliminaries having been arranged, formal invitations were sent to the governors of all the states that had soldiers in the battle, to all the members of both Houses of Congress, to the judges of the Supreme Court, to all foreign ambassadors, to Generals Scott and Meade and others, and of course to the President. General Meade declined, partly because he could not well leave the army and partly because he was smarting under criticism for not having followed Lee's army after the battle. General Scott declined on account of his years.

To the surprise of nearly everyone, the President accepted. His acceptance was almost an embarrassment. Opposition newspapers reported that Lincoln was seeking to intrude his candidacy for re-election into a solemn and sacred occasion. Even worse things were said, as to his conduct on the battlefield of Antietam, while soldiers were being buried. There is no reason to suppose that any of the governors or commissioners shared these criticisms, but they were confronted by the unexpected.

Colonel Clark E. Carr, the Illinois representative on the commission, suggested that as the President was to be present, he ought to be asked to speak. The suggestion did not meet with universal favor. Lincoln had never delivered a Gettysburg address, and no one knew just what he would say on such an occasion. Very tardily, about three weeks before the dedication, he was asked to follow 'the address' by Mr. Everett with a few appropriate dedicatory remarks.

The President went to Gettysburg on the preceding day, thus overruling the first arrangements, which were that he should have left Washington in the morning and returned at night. He accepted the invitation of Judge David Wills, the local representative of Governor Andrew Curtin, of Pennsylvania, to spend the night at his house. That night Lincoln was serenaded, and declined to speak; but Seward responded when the band played under his window. Lincoln was painfully aware that he had little to say, and could not afford to waste it.

Never, except during the battle, had Gettysburg been so full. The special train of four coaches which brought the President contained as passengers his two secretaries, John G. Nicolay and John Hay, members of the Cabinet, foreign ministers, officers of the Army and Navy, and others. Longer and more crowded trains from all nearby cities brought a vast multitude of spectators. In the morning there was a procession, but it was not very effective. The people preferred to stand on the curb and see the procession go by rather than be a part of it. The President rode on horseback about three-quarters of a mile from Judge Will's house to the cemetery. He was a very tall man and was furnished an undersized horse.

The exercises were to have begun at eleven o'clock, but the procession was a half-hour late, and Mr. Everett was another half-hour behind. So the ceremonies did not begin until noon. There was music and prayer, and Mr. Everett spoke within three minutes of two hours. Then Abraham Lincoln rose and made his few remarks.

With this rapid outline, we are ready for the testimony of those who heard the address and can tell us about it. First, when did Abraham Lincoln make his preparation?

Ex-Senator Cornelius E. Cole, of California, who was present, returned to his old college, Wesleyan, in June, 1923, and related the true story of the Gettysburg Address as he believed himself to know it. He said that Lincoln made no preparation whatever. Professor John W. Draper, in his excellent *History of the American Civil War*, says that the President rose and said, 'unpremeditatively and solemnly,' 'It is intimated to me that this assemblage expects me to say something on this occasion.'

Honorable Horatio King, in his book, *Turning on the Light*, declares that he saw Lincoln write the address on a long, yellow envelope, as he sat in the home of Judge Wills.

Judge Wills affirmed that Lincoln wrote the entire address in his house on the night before its delivery, and that he accompanied Lincoln when he walked to a nearby house late that night to read it to Honorable W. H. Seward, from whom he received valuable corrections, and then returned to the Wills house and copied on a paper which Judge Wills saw him use, and that from that same paper he read it next day. Honorable Edward McPherson, clerk of the House of Representatives, who lived in Gettysburg, said that after Lincoln retired to his room for the night, he inquired concerning the order of the next day's program, and 'began to put in writing what he called some stray thoughts to utter on the morrow.'

Governor Curtin, according to reliable testimony, declared that on the night preceding the dedication, the President remarked that 'he understood the committee

expected him to say something' and that if those present would excuse him, he would withdraw and make his preparation, and that he did withdraw, but returned and read from the back of a large envelope what he had hastily written, and after some suggestions from those present in the Wills parlor, went back and copied his address.

Ben Perley Poore, in his *Reminiscences of Lincoln,* declared that the address was 'written in the car on his way from Washington to the battlefield, upon a piece of pasteboard, held upon his knee.' The yellow envelope familiar in the Wills house story was seen by certain witnesses on the train. Mrs. Mary Shipman Andrews, in her *The Perfect Tribute,* relates that Lincoln looking across the car at Seward (who, by the way, was not on that train at all) became nervous about his own lack of preparation, and seeing Secretary Seward unwrapping some books, asked for the brown wrapping paper, saying, 'May I have this for a little writing?' Then with a stump of a pencil he labored diligently for hours as the train made its way to Gettysburg.

### *A Group of Opinions*

Senator Cameron, of Pennsylvania, declared that Lincoln wrote it in full before he left Washington, and that Cameron saw it there. Noah Brooks said that he went with Lincoln to a photograph gallery a day or two before he left for Gettysburg, and that Lincoln took with him and read between the sittings, Everett's address, and said his own was blocked out but not complete, and that it would be short.

Judge James Speed, of Lincoln's Cabinet, said that Lincoln told him he found time to write about half of it before he left Washington. General James B. Fry, who was on the train with Lincoln, declared that he did not see Lincoln doing any writing, and that the interruptions were so many it would have been just about impossible. We have other opinions to the effect that Lincoln wrote the whole address after his return to Washington. Honorable Isaac N. Arnold, who knew Lincoln well, but who obtained his information from Governor Dennison, of Ohio, said that while Lincoln was on his way to Gettysburg he receive his first official intimation that he was expected to speak, and, retiring to a seat by himself, with a pencil he wrote the address.

How did Lincoln deliver the address?

Senator Cole declares that he held no paper in his hands, and he is squarely contradicted by innumerable witnesses who saw him with manuscript in hand, but these witnesses differ as to whether he merely held it or read from it, and whether he held it in one hand or both hands. I have excellent proof for any opinion the reader may prefer.

As to the applause, the Associated Press report inserts the word 'applause' and at the close 'prolonged applause,' but the reporter admitted that he put this in afterward and was not quite sure how often it belonged there. Colonel Clark E. Carr wrote, 'His expressions were so plain and homely, without any attempt at rhetorical periods, and his statements were so axiomatic, and I may say matter-of-fact, and so simple, that I had no idea that as an address it was anything more than ordinary.'

He added that he did not observe any applause during the address and that at the close it was not loud nor long. Mrs. Andrews' little story tells how it was received without applause and the President thought it was not appreciated, but a dying Confederate soldier taught him better, or at least gave him a more comforting interpretation of what Lincoln regarded as a failure.

My own belief is that the President wrote the greater part of the address before leaving Washington, wrote it on a sheet of Executive Mansion stationery, and used ink; that he probably had some additional words on a second sheet which he either lost or discarded, completing in pencil on a second sheet of paper of another sort his first draft. He may have looked it over, and made a few notes on an envelope while on the train, but he did not do much serious work there. He probably wrote his second sheet in pencil in Gettysburg on the night he was there, and he certainly was seen by John G. Nicolay copying the entire document on the next morning, using paper without heading, but just such as he was accustomed to use in the White House, and had doubtless brought with him, being the kind of paper he used for the Second Inaugural and other important papers.

### *Comparison of Various Copies*

These two copies are in the Library of Congress, and I think it was the second of these that he held during the delivery, but that he did not read it closely, though he held it in both hands. Delivering it in this way, he made a few verbal changes from the form he had intended to use, the most notable of these being the insertion of the words 'under God.' These words are not in either of the first two forms, but they are in all the telegraphic forms, even those most inaccurate, and could hardly have been there if Lincoln had not used them; and Lincoln retained those words in each of the three revisions.

I have nine different forms of the address, and five are photostats in Lincoln's own handwriting. Two of these were made before delivery and three afterward. They differ slightly and the changes are interesting, but most of them unimportant. Apparently Lincoln did not say 'our *poor* power' though he had intended to do so, and inserted the word 'poor' in all his revisions, but left it unspoken inadvertently.

Out of these several forms, we may give brief attention to four. We need not include the Associated Press report, for that, by the testimony of Mr. Gilvert, reporter, was only partly a shorthand report, and was checked up later with the manuscript. But we may begin with the report made by Charles Hale, of the Massachusetts commissioners, who was a competent reporter, and who affirmed that he took down the precise words that Lincoln spoke, and these were included in the report of the commission to Governor John A. Andrew. Then we may notice two widely variant newspaper reports, one in the Cincinnati *Gazette,* and the other in the Philadelphia *Inquirer.* The latter is of some interest because it was the form copied in the Gettysburg paper. Finally we may take President Lincoln's own fifth and final writing of it, carefully made for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Fair in Baltimore, and reproduced in facsimile in a volume sold there containing many other notable autographs. This has come to be known as 'the standard form' because it represents President Lincoln's thoughtful and deliberate judgment as the form of the address which he would like to be known.

Verbatim report by Charles Hale, of the commissioners representing Massachusetts at the dedication of the National Cemetery—

Four score and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation—or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated—can long endure.

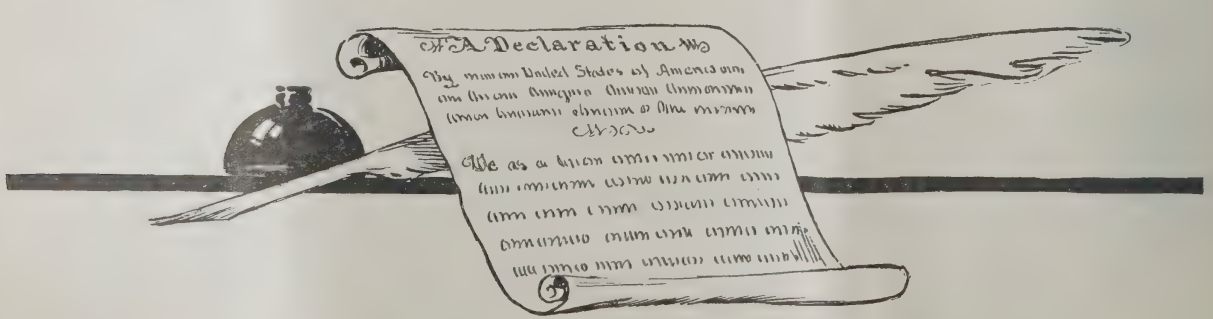
We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who have given their lives that that nation might live.

It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our power to add or to detract.

The world will very little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated, here, to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolved that these dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.



Report in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, November 20, 1863—

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing the question whether this nation or any nation so conceived, so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on the great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate it, on a portion of the field set apart as the final resting place of those who gave their lives for the nation's life; but the nation must live, and it is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

In a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground in reality. The number of men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor attempts to add to its consecration. The world will little know and nothing remember of what we see here, but we cannot forget what these brave men did here.

We owe this offering to our dead. We imbibe increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; we here might resolve that they shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the Government of the people, by the people, and for all people, shall not perish from earth.

The same report was in *The Compiler* (Gettysburg), November 23, 1863.

Report in the Cincinnati *Daily Gazette*, November 21, 1863—

Four score and seven years ago our fathers established upon this Continent a Government subscribed in liberty and dedicated to the fundamental principle that all mankind are created free and equal by a good God. And now we are engaged in a great contest deciding the question whether this nation or any nation so conserved, so dedicated, can long remain. We are met on a great battle-field of the war. We are met here to dedicate a portion of that field as the final resting place of those who have given their lives that it might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a large sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, the living and the dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add to or detract from the work. Let us long remember what we say here, but not forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried forward. It is for us here to be dedicated to the great task remaining before us, for us to renew our devotion to that cause for which they gave the full measure of their devotion. Here let us resolve that what they have done shall not have been done in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth offered; that the Government of the people, founded by the people, shall not perish.

The typographical errors are as in original reports.

Lincoln's Final Revision, published in Autograph Leaves of Our Country's Authors' pp. 102-3—

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

November 19, 1863.

Most of the men who remember the address think they remember to have felt at the time that it was a great address, but I think that was not the prevailing impression at the time. This is the way I think the address was received.

The audience was weary when Lincoln began. Most of them had been there three full hours. Many of them had stråyed a little distance away. When he rose, there was a shifting of position and a moving nearer, so that the opening sentences were lost on some of those farther away. Then there was a sense of incongruity, the very tall man with a thin, high voice did not instantly register the correct impression on the people. But the voice carried well, and though it was not the rich baritone of Everett, and wholly lacked his graceful gestures and noble bearing, it was heard. Then the people noticed some little oddities of pronunciation, emphasized by Lincoln's effort to speak very plainly. Then they accepted the remarks as a mere recital of what everyone knew, told in the simplest and most commonplace form. And just as they got these impressions fairly well in hand and began to listen, he stopped. He stopped before he seemed to have fairly begun.

I think there was a little perfunctory applause, more for the man than the speech. I am not impressed by the fact that Everett said to the President that he wished his own two-hour address were as likely to live as Lincoln's two-minute speech. Everett knew how to make a graceful compliment. I accept Ward Hill Lamon's statement that Lincoln declared to him that the address 'did not scour.' I think Lincoln felt that he had not made a great speech. I doubt if many others did. Nicolay says, and I think truly:

There is every probability that the assemblage regarded Mr. Everett as the mouthpiece, the organ of expression, of the thought and feeling of the hour, and took it for granted that Mr. Lincoln was there as a mere official figurehead, the culminating decoration, so to speak, of the elaborately planned pageant of the day. They were therefore totally unprepared for what they heard, and could not immediately realize that his words, and not those of the carefully selected orator, were to carry the concentrated thought of the occasion like a trumpet peal to farthest posterity.

Neither Lincoln nor those who heard him suspected how great an utterance they heard that day. Perhaps Lincoln never knew. Yet before he died there was some approach to an appreciation of the merit of what he had said. I can discover no ground for the statement that the English newspapers first pointed out the extraordinary merit of this little speech. There as in our own country the recognition was not immediate. Some newspapers in this country spoke with bitter sarcasm of 'the president's silly remarks,' among them the leading newspaper of Harrisburg, the capital city of Pennsylvania; and the *Register*, in Lincoln's own city of Springfield, was hardly less sarcastic. But a few editors, notably J. G. Holland, of the Springfield *Republican*, immediately declared that the President had delivered a really great address. Everybody thinks so now, but it took the world some time to waken to the fact.

**'A Mixture No Nation Can Stand'—**

In which Allan Benson proves that 'Prohibition' can be discussed from a new angle.

**'The Price-Fixing Association'—**

Mr. Ultimate Consumer will read with interest this article by Huston Thompson on the inside operations of combines and price-fixers.

**'Birth-Control'—**

The second of Father McClorey's articles in which he handles some of the arguments of the 'other side.'

**'John Galsworthy'—**

Tea and talk with this brilliant writer and playwright.

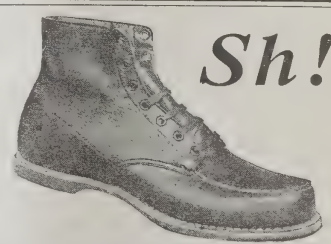
**'America Writes a Book'—**

A writer, Donald Hough, discovers the amazing competition that has arisen in the literary field in this country. Part-time writing has become a great national side line.

*All Next Week*

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

*Sh!*



Rapidly, silently, easily and with endurance that has become legendary, the Indian travels his forests—thanks to his footwear.

Bass Moccasins are an improved adaption of the original Indian footgear. They are built expressly for wear out of doors and are an insurance of foot happiness on those camping and auto trips which you are planning this summer.

Be sure to get a pair and give your feet a vacation. Both you and they will appreciate it.

**There is a Bass Moccasin for every outdoor purpose and a style and pattern for every member of the family. They are shown in our big, new Free catalog. For your copy merely address your card to**

**Dept. I.**

**G. H. BASS & CO.**

**WILTON MAINE**

***Shoemakers since 1876.***

We will appreciate the name of your local shoe merchant. Won't you jot it down when you ask for your catalog?

# Liberty Enlightening the World

By FRANK DORRANCE HOPLEY

THE first object to be seen by the traveler returning to his native land, or the alien seeking the New World, as the ship nears the harbor of New York, is the dim, towering outline of Bartholdi's famous statue, 'Liberty Enlightening the World.'

As the ship approaches, the hazy, ghostlike form slowly resolves itself into a clean-cut figure of a woman, with right arm held aloft, bearing a torch. If it be after sundown the light in the torch gleams brightly, and its rays can be seen for miles, a glittering path upon the water.

It was more than a half-century ago that the people of France conceived the idea of presenting to their sister republic across the Atlantic this statue as a token of respect and affection.

It had long been the wish of the French people to make some demonstration of their regard for the United States of America, and many projects had been advanced. A monument of prodigious size, to stand at the gateway of the New World, was urged. At last a committee was formed, and on November 6, 1875, a banquet was held at the Hotel of the Louvre at which the project was formally launched. It was a memorable gathering. Speeches of great fervor were made. The proposed gift was designed to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of American independence.

At the conclusion of the dinner an appeal to the French people for funds was drafted. The appeal touched the hearts of the French people, and money began to come in from all parts of France. Some contributions were large, but the plan was that the fund should be made up through the offerings of the many. A large proportion of the amount was subscribed in small sums; the workmen, the peasants, and the children all contributing. It was in reality, what it was designed to be, a gift from the whole people of France.

Because of the large amount of money needed, several years passed before the entire sum was obtained. At last, however, the funds were in the hands of the committee.

M. Auguste Bartholdi, a noted French sculptor, was given the commission to construct the greatest statue ever attempted. The first big problem was to select the material for the statue. Carved stone or cast bronze could not be handled safely in such size. It was finally decided to make the statue of *repousse* or hammered copper, which was excellent from an artistic point of view.

An immense shop was built in France especially for the construction of the statue. In it were four plane surfaces, on which the work was carried out.

A model was made, one-sixteenth the size of the proposed statue. After the proportions were worked out to the smallest detail, it was enlarged to one-fourth the size. Then came the full-size model. This had to be made in sections so it could be more easily handled. The quarter-size model was divided into sections, and each one laid off in squares and pointed. Some portions, particularly the drapery, required as many as 300 of these points, with 1,200 extra marks.

Wooden frames were made covered with lath work on which plaster was placed, thick enough to mold into all the inequalities of the model. Measurements taken from a section of the model were increased four times, and carefully molded into shape. Then the carpenters were called in; they fitted frames of wood upon the outside of each section. Sheets of copper, 3/16 of an inch in thickness, were beaten on the inside of these frames with wooden mallets. This produced in bronze copper a facsimile of each section. An iron frame or girder was made for the inside of the statue, upon which the copper sheets were riveted.



The proportions of the statue are amazing. The exact height is 111 feet, and with the pedestal, 151 feet 1 inch. The forefinger measures 8 feet in length, and 5 feet in circumference at the second joint. The finger nail measures 14 inches in length and 10 inches in breadth. The head is 14 feet high. The eye, 28 inches in width. The nose 3 feet 9 inches long. The total weight of the figure is 440,000 pounds, of which 176,000 pounds are in copper, the remainder being wrought iron. Eight persons may stand in the torch, and forty within the head at one time. The torch is equipped with a very powerful electric light, and is 305 feet 11 inches above mean tide.

The site selected by the United States Government for the Liberty statue was Bedloe's Island, in the New York Harbor and a pedestal in keeping with the magnitude of the figure was erected. The cost of the pedestal and foundation was raised through popular subscription by the American people.

Every side of the foundation and of the pedestal is alike. The wall of this vast foundation work is broken only by wide passageways through it, at the level of the ground and a circular vertical shaft in the middle, up which run the stairways and an elevator. At an elevation of 72 feet 8 inches, the walls of the pedestal recede leaving on every side, between them and two large columns and two pilasters, a balcony onto which doors open from the inside.

On Friday, July 4, 1884, came the formal presentation of the Statue of Liberty to the United States. On that occasion M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, president of the American Union, acted for France, and Levi P. Morton, then American Minister, for the United States.

The statue was shipped in sections to America, raised, piece by piece, and the sections put together in their proper places upon the pedestal. It was nearly two years from the day of the presentation, before the statue was dedicated. There it has stood for more than a third of a century, beaten and whipped by the storm, scorched by the burning sun, covered with ice and snow until it seemed like a phantom rising out of the sea. But its message has always been the same; that of liberty, equality and justice.

# BRIEFLY TOLD

MAJOR POGSON, OFFICIAL water-diviner at Bombay, India, sank fifty-three wells on sites in the districts of Ahmadnagar, Sholapur and Bijapur where a shortage of water is most severe. In forty-seven cases water was struck; in four the depth at which it was predicted water would be found has not yet been reached; and in two cases, though the depth required has been reached no water has been found.

AMONG THE JAILS OF long ago was one at Swanage, England, where an inscription over the door read as follows: 'Erected for the Prevention of Wickedness and Vice by the Friends of Religion and Good Order.'

IN CHINA, A TOTAL abstainer, observing the social amenities, delegates his drinking to a servant. When one servant is intoxicated, he is replaced by a sober one.

THE AMERICAN LEGION Convention in Paris in 1927, it is estimated, will cost $15,000,000.

THE RICHEST SILVER mines in the world are at Quanajuato, twelve miles by rail from Mexico City.

IMMIGRANTS TO THE United States between 1898 and 1925 included 3,828,282 Italians, 1,370,829 Germans, 1,118,239 English, 851,423 Irish and 438,484 French.




TWICE A YEAR gold bullion lying in the Federal Reserve Bank of New York is dusted and cleaned.

DIAMONDS IMPORTED INTO this country during one month amounted to more than $6,000,000.

'HIRING FAIRS' ARE STILL held in the large country towns of England. All farm laborers and boys gather in the streets of the nearest towns and wait for someone to employ them for the next six months. After the question of wages is settled and a shilling given as guaranty, everyone joins in merry-making.

NINETY-FIVE PER CENT of Iowa's total area is devoted to agriculture; 33 per cent of Georgia's is so used, 30 per cent of South Carolina, 28 per cent of Tennessee, 25 per cent of Alabama, 23 per cent of Virginia, 22 per cent of Mississippi, 21 per cent of North Carolina, 20 per cent of Arkansas, and 15 per cent of Texas.

PRESIDENT MONROE WAS wont to go to market and personally do the purchasing for the White House during his tenure as Chief Executive.

WORDS AND PICTURES describing the first great naval battle in history have been unearthed in Egypt. The battle was between the then uncivilized Greeks and the cultured Egyptians. The Greeks were victorious.

IT IS ESTIMATED THAT two-fifths of Russia's area is covered with forests.



A GEORGIA court of appeals has ruled that husbands driving automobiles do not have to take orders from their wives.

A WIDESPREAD BELIEF that sunspots lessen the heat of the sun during the period of their existence cannot be confirmed, according to meteorologists.

TIDES FROM THE GULF of Mexico affect the waters of the Bayou Mezpique, in Louisiana, more than one hundred miles upstream. The bayou is ninety feet deep at a point seventy miles from its mouth, while the elevation of its banks at that point is only nineteen feet.

THE OLD EXPRESSION, 'robbing Peter to pay Paul,' is believed to date from 1560 when lands belonging to the Cathedral of St. Peter at Westminster were appropriated to repair St. Paul's Cathedral.

MEXICO HAS SUPPLIED one-fourth of the world's oil for several years.

IN ANCIENT DAYS A person managing to erect a dwelling in one night on common land in Wales was held to be its owner and nobody could disturb his tenure. These abodes were generally raised of peat or turf, and known in Welsh as 'Tai Um-nos' (one-night's house).

A PAPER SAID TO BE more durable than iron has been perfected by engineers of an electrical company.

AMERICAN CAPITAL INVESTED abroad in 1900 was $500,000,000; at the end of 1925, exclusive of Government loans, it totaled $10,405,000,000.

ONE OF THE LARGEST frog farms in the world has been started in Texas. A large lake was drained and fish, enemies of frogs, eliminated. The frogs will supply mid-western and eastern markets.




GOLF COURSES FOR WOMEN only are common in England and Scotland. Feminist desire for complete independence is the cause for the separatist movement.

EVERY SIXTY-FIRST year in Japan is regarded as extremely unlucky, and it is believed that each girl born in that year will either deceive her husband or fail to find one. Last year 300 victims of this superstition committed suicide.

SNAKES LIKE CLASSICAL music but object to jazz, according to the curator of a South African zoo. Cobras glared stonily during the playing of jazz but wriggled and danced when the overture from *Faust* was played.

TEN THOUSAND SEALED bottles will be turned loose in New York Harbor as part of a plan for study of current and tidal changes in the ocean.

CALLS RECEIVED BY THE Chicago Fire Department during one month included requests to rescue cats from trees, requests from persons who had lost keys to their homes and wanted ladders to get in through windows, from one woman annoyed by dust who demanded that the department sprinkle the street and from another who wanted the fireman to paint her flagstaff.




A DARING CALIFORNIA steeplejack who calls himself 'the human squirrel' recently declined a request to remove two swarms of bees from the cornice of the Tulare County courthouse.

SALES OF LIFE INSURANCE policies increased 12.2 per cent the first four months of this year over the corresponding period in 1925

PERUVIANS CARRY SOIL for hundreds of miles in baskets and on pack horses to make productive the terraces they build along the mountain sides. These farms, many of them hundreds of years old, show no signs of soil depletion.

BALSA, A WOOD FOUND in Ecuador, South America, is the lightest in the world. As it weighs only 7.5 pounds a cubic foot, a man may easily carry a large load of it on his shoulders.

THERE IS AN AUTOMOBILE for every 5.8 persons in the United States, and for every 45 persons in England.

FOX HUNTERS IN Rhode Island must now bring in the tongue of each fox killed to claim the five dollar bounty. In the past an ear was sufficient, but as foxes have two ears double bounty was often paid foxy hunters.

SOME FORTY LANGUAGES are spoken in Jerusalem. It is not unusual to find a man who speaks half a dozen languages, and many uneducated persons can converse with ease in two or three tongues.

THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIV. OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL



IN every flower some bee hums over his laborious chemistry and loads his body with the fruits of his toil, in the slant sunbeam, populous nations of motes quiver with animated joy, and catch, as in play, at the golden particles of the light in their tiny fingers. Work and play, in short, are the universal ordinance of God for the living race, in which they symbolize the fortune and interpret the errand of man. No creature lives that must not work and may not play.

—*Horace Bushnell.*

EA

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Volume 26, Number 38

Five Cents a Copy | JULY 10, 1926 | $1.50 a Year



MASSES WERE SAID WHILE MAGELLAN'S SHIPS WERE IN RIO DE JANEIRO HARBOR.—*See page 16.*

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

# BRIEFLY TOLD

THE FORTY-TWO DOLLAR per capita circulation of money in America includes such moneys as are lying in the vaults of banks, hoarded, and in reserves. The money actually in circulation daily serving the people as a circulating medium is probably less than ten dollars per capita.

A NAVAL RESERVE consisting of 675 acres of public land in Louisiana, set aside in 1820 for the live oak timber upon it to be used for wooden naval vessels, has been restored to the public domain. Preference in entry is being given to war veterans.



WEAVING WAS PRACTISED in China more than a thousand years before it was known in Europe. Many fine specimens of the art are still in existence.

IN THE SOUTH SEAS there is a little fish about six inches long that leaves the water to hunt insects and worms on the beach.

THE PURCHASE OF A collection of manuscripts, maps and documents which once belonged to Christopher Columbus has been sanctioned by a royal decree of the Spanish Government. They were in the possession of the Duke of Veragua, a direct descendant of Columbus.

A CORKED BOTTLE THROWN into the Atlantic Ocean off the coast of Florida was picked up on the beach at Ireland, 4,000 miles away, ten months later.

A RESIDENT OF DEATH VALLEY, California, as an experiment, put a setting of white leghorn eggs in a box in his cellar last summer. He avers that six chicks were hatched



A CINCINNATI man has sued the local street car company for $5,000, alleging he was bitten by a spider while riding on one of the trolleys.

TOKYO EXPERIENCED AN average of fourteen earthquakes a day during 1925. The majority of them were minor disturbances.

BLACKBURN COLLEGE OF Carlinville, Illinois, has an endowment fund enabling it to offer to prepare young men for the Presbyterian ministry at a charge of $100 a year for board, room and tuition.

THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY of the birth of the United States Navy was celebrated at Marbiehead, Massachusetts, June 17-19, 1926.

TUBERCULOSIS PROVED FATAL TO fifty per cent more men than women in New York from 1920 to 1925.

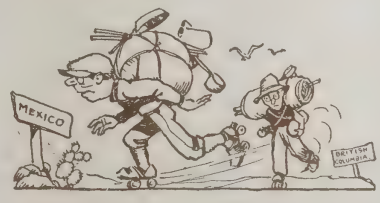
GOLD IS BEING MINED in a marshy field near Cairo, Wales, on a site worked nearly 1,700 years ago by the Romans.

THE WHEELBARROW WAS used by the Chinese thousands of years ago.

ON THE CELEBRATION of Argentina's Independence Day the prisons at Tuconan were opened and every man given his liberty for the day. When the festivities were over, the prisoners filed back into jail.

A GERMAN SCIENTIST HAS devised a method which he claims will cure leprosy. It consists of 'freezing' the diseased tissues with carbolic acid 'snow.'

OFFICIAL FIGURES OF THE United States Government show that 119,568 men and women in the armed forces of the nation lost their lives as a result of the World War. These included 36,815 killed in action; 13,536 who died of wounds; and 68,941 who died of diseases and other causes.




ROLLER SKATES ARE coming into favor as a means of conveyance in the West. It is possible to roller skate from Vancouver, British Columbia, to Tia Juana, Mexico, except for short detours, and scores of skaters carrying shoulder packs are using this method of locomotion. They can travel many miles a day.

WHEN THE TIRE OF AN automobile blew out as it was passing a pasture in Iowa, six mules stampeded, broke through the fence, and kicked the automobile full of holes.

A COURSE OF COOKING is being offered to boys in a Michigan high school, special emphasis being laid on camp cookery.

THERE ARE MORE telephones in New York City than in London, Paris, Berlin, Brussels, Vienna and Rome combined.

WHEN MARCO POLO LAY dying he was urged to retract the story of his travels in Cathay. He refused, saying, 'I have not told the half of what I saw.'

ELECTRIC MOTORS IN the United States are doing work equivalent to that of 170,000,000 men.

IT COSTS THE UNITED States Treasury $5,000,000 a year to replace worn-out paper currency. Twelve hundred tons of worn and damaged paper money returns to the Treasury each year.

JAMAICA PRODUCES ABOUT one-third of the world's banana supply.

AFTER CENTURIES, DURING which only the pen was permitted to be used in French courts of justice, the typewriter has at last been authorized for the printing of court documents.



SIBERIAN sled dogs, reputed among the best in the world, howl like wolves instead of barking.

EARLY VICTORIAN STYLES again predominate in the latest London fashions. Side whiskers are becoming popular and fashion experts predict the return of the short-tailed coat and nearly brimless top hat of the balmy Victorian era.

IT IS DIFFICULT properly to fingerprint bricklayers because the ridges of their fingers are worn off in their work.

A LONDON WOMAN HAS sued a beauty parlor for damages, charging that she was left immersed in a mud bath all day by an attendant who forgot her.

JESUITS TRAVELING westward through Canada as early as 1660 found the Indians burning coal instead of wood.

A NEW WORLD'S RECORD for fasting was recently set by a European, who went sixty days without food.

THE NEW UNIFORM OF the Marines will be of a dark shade of khaki with a grayish tinge. Roll collars will be worn by both officers and men.

THE FESTIVAL OF ST. JOHN, thought to be derived from the Druidic Sunfeast, is still celebrated in Brittany. Bale fires blaze on every hillside. The peasants, in holiday attire, dance around them all night to the music of the oboe and the shepherd's horn. It is believed that the girl who dances around nine fires before midnight is destined to be married within the year.



THE INDIAN method of shaving was to burn off the hair by means of a greased stick, lighted in a fire.

MUTTON STEW, LAMB CHOPS and roast mutton have been crossed off the menu of the British Army as a medium of economy. Roast and boiled beef and sausages are being offered as substitutes.

July 10
1926

Volume 26
Number 38




# THE ESSENCE OF THIS ISSUE

Mr. Ford's Page this week discusses the economic value of accuracy in industry.

Never, never, never will we rehash stale prohibition stuff. It is the hope of its opponents that prohibition publicity will become as wearisome as shipping board publicity used to be. And it may easily become so. When, therefore, we publish this article, you may know that it has a fresh angle. The worst mixture being sold in the country now is cheap politics and bad booze—they always did go together. (p. 3)

This number of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT contains such a variety of elements that it is not easy to describe it in a word. Suppose you are interested in authorship—and who is not? You want to ask writers how they do it, how books are made and sold to publishers, how extensive is the American writing industry anyway?

Donald Hough looks round the part of the world where he lives and concludes that almost everyone is writing a book. Of course, he lives in a very industrious literary community. But what he says is more or less true everywhere in America. (p. 5)

Better than that, we give the autobiography of a best seller by the man who wrote it. Modesty prevented him from disclosing the name under which it was published; he uses the name he first selected for it. But we are under no such inhibition, and straightway announce that the book is *Fran*. This true narrative of the labors, sighs, suspense, hopes, joys and fruition through which that best seller passed, is worth a lot to readers and writers alike. (p. 12)

And still we mount the literary scale—for next comes Galsworthy. Teignmouth Shore made a pilgrimage for us to tea and talk with the great novelist and playwright. And they did talk! Galsworthy was most communicative. (p. 2)

Still, the magazine this week is not all literary. There's that prohibition article we mentioned first thing. Then along comes Huston Thompson, chairman of the Federal Trade Commission. This week he tells about price-fixing associations, how they work. Every one of these associations reach as far as your pocket. (p. 6)

A minister went to church, and he didn't like it. This is rather important, since the minister is the Rev. Dr. William E. Barton, father of famous sons, world-renowned Lincoln biographer, minister at Oak Park, Illinois, for more than a quarter-century, author of scores of books, lecturer at the universities, world traveler, Christian-minded gentleman. On a free Sunday he went to church. He came away with that sense of something wanting, which has troubled so many a Sunday morning for the rest of us. And he wrote out of his heart. (p. 14)

A dear Quaker letter with a Mss.: 'Will thee please publish —— If thee does not use it please return it so I can send it elsewhere; but I very much hope thee will use it and that I shall hear from thee soon. With best wishes, I am, thine truly, ———.'

Ivan Swift does so many things, it is impossible to show him in action all at once. He paints, lectures, writes poetry, utopiaizes, plays music, is an amazing conversationalist, impersonator of moods and voices, mystic, critic. This time he writes of a theme that is always very warm to his touch—Michigan and its French habitants. We first heard of Pere Gilbault (geel-bo) in conversation. Didn't think it could be reduced to print, but here it is, almost the tones of the voice, and all the overtones of the pioneer spirit. (p. 8)

From the *coureurs des bois* of Michigan to the voyage of Magellan is a distance in time and geography, but they belong to the same world of adventure. Followers of Mr. Finger's narrative (if not you, get out your back copies at once) have seen history written in the color of truth. And nothing adventurous lost because of truth. Big business was behind all that exploration. Magellan's story has been fictionized out of shape. Mr. Finger knows all the region where Magellan is supposed to have had hardship—and has exploded the story. But Magellan the obdurate, the tyrant, the master, and his men the mutineers—all this is true, and appears duly in Mr. Finger's virile narrative. (p. 16)

Father McClorey's second lecture on Birth-Control. Plain talk but wholesome. Leaving all discussion to the Birth-Controllers has gone far enough. We fancy that Father McClorey leaves them little to say. These lectures were heard by huge audiences in Chicago and Detroit. (p. 7)

'My hand trembles but my heart does not,' said old Stephen Hopkins, as he set his signature to the Declaration of Independence. He was one of Rhode Island's two signers. (p. 20)

How a man's love for a dog issued in the establishment of a high art magazine. (p. 29)

Do you read the Office Chats? And the Editorials? There is good matter in them.

CONTENTS

John Galsworthy—An Intimate Talk - - - - 2
*W. Teignmouth Shore*
A Mixture No Nation Can Stand - - - - - 3
*Allan L. Benson*
America Writes a Book—*Donald Hough* - - - 5
The Price-Fixing Association—*Huston Thompson* 6
Birth-Control—A World Blight - - - - - - 7
*Rev. John A. McClorey*
Pere Gilbault, le Coureur des Bois—*Ivan Swift* 8
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - - - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
An Intimate Story of a Best Seller - - - - 12
*J. Breckenridge Ellis*
What's the Matter With the Ministers? - - 14
*William E. Barton*
Voyage of the Victoria—Patagonia - - - - - 16
*Charles J. Finger*
Chats With Office Callers - - - - - - - - 19
The Fighting Quaker Who Made Cannon - - 20
*Carl Schurz Lowden*
A Dance a Week—Terms Continued - - - - 28
A Dog Molded a Man's Career—*H. T. Cook* 29
I Read in the Papers - - - - - - - - - - 32

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer;
C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.50 A YEAR in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year.
SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

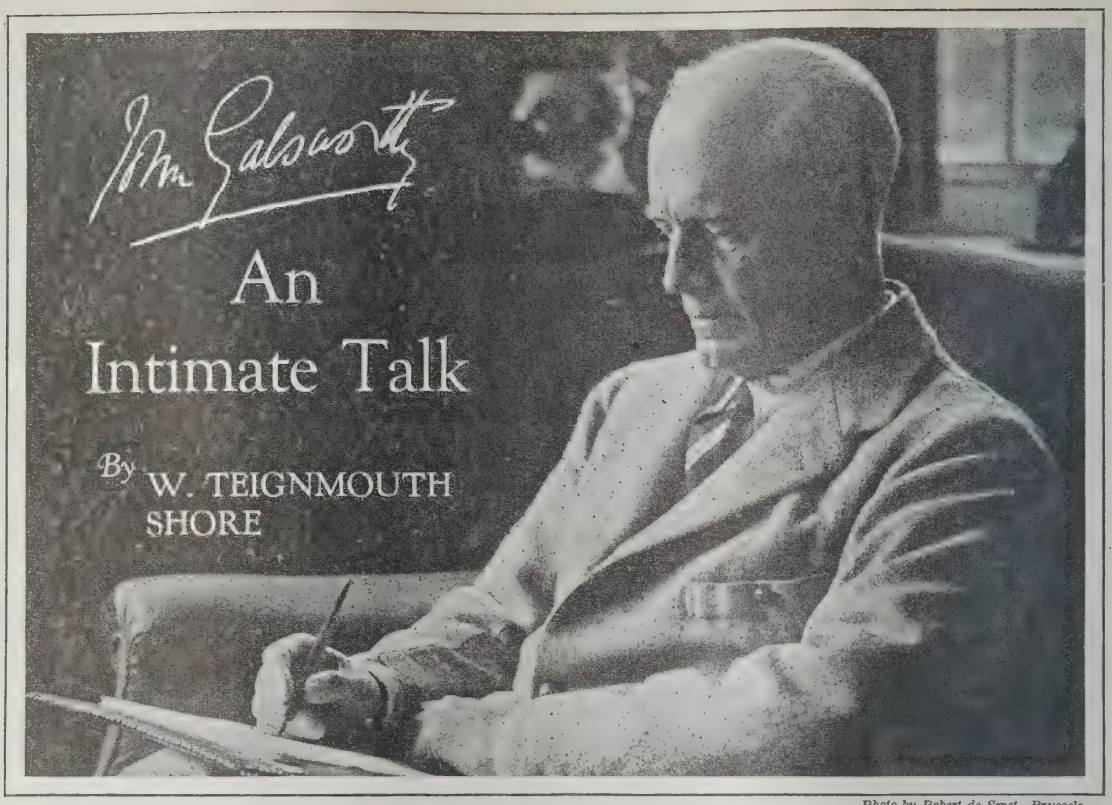



*Photo by Robert de Smet, Brussels.*

TEA and a talk with John Galsworthy! I know of no better or pleasanter way of spending an afternoon.

I was feeling good, this being the first sunny, warm spring day after so many that were shivery and wet—as I made my way up the steepish hill and so into The Grove, Hampstead, London's most charming suburb. Coming from the smoky heart of the city, it seemed as if I had flown to some ancient country town: narrow streets and alleys and lanes; old-world houses, big and little, Georgian, red-brick, quaint, kindly abodes of real beauty, retired from the riotous noisiness of today. Fully enjoying this, I strolled along The Grove, in the shade of tall trees, and so to Grove Lodge, where dwells the man I was come to see.

A typical Hampstead home; part of it old—Constable has a bit of it in one of his pictures of Hampstead—and part quite modern, but all of it comely. There is a little forecourt, within an openwork iron gate, paved and with an appropriate bay tree in a green wooden tub. Inside all is in keeping with the old-world style of the building; the furniture, the pictures and engravings, the knickknackery, the appointments of the dining room and table; flowers everywhere, bright and gay; and—all so comfortable and gracious.

A most genial welcome I had. Then—Mrs. Galsworthy presiding over a cosy tea-table; I, seated beside her on the deep, cushiony sofa, taking in a delicious cup of tea, with a slice of lemon instead of milk; mine host on the opposite side of the hearth, controlling the cake department.

### *Well, Look at His Portrait*

What manner of man is he to look on? Judging by the portraits I had seen, I was expecting to meet a somewhat austere man; in actuality I found that he was precisely the opposite. Pen-portraits are always unconvincing, unsatisfactory to the artist and to his victim. All I can do is to give my impression of him—not tall, not short; not stout, not too slim; scarcely looking his years, which are fifty-nine; alert; watchful, I think, of his own words and of those of others, with that same watchfulness which I am sure he keeps over his words when he is writing; eyes keen, gray, with a twinkle of humor ready for appropriate occasion; clad in a medium gray suit; and—well, look at his portrait.

Straightaway we got to talking of dogs. I thanked him for his beautiful and true little book, *Memories*, the biography of a spaniel that he loved of which the concluding words are: 'No stone stands over where he lies. It is on our hearts that his life is engraved.' Most understandingly did they both sympathize with me in my sorrowing for the old dog friend I had just lost.

'You miss so much, don't you?' said Mrs. Galsworthy, 'the pattering of their feet about the house; it makes one feel lonely for a long time. And your second love is never quite the same as your first, but is a great comfort.'

Which is true; almost too sadly true.

### *Far From the Fret and Fume*

He and I, we discovered, had been partly contemporaries at Oxford, and, as all true sons of Oxford do, we agreed that there is no more beautiful city in the world and that its little river, the Cherwell, is a perfect piece of rural waterway.

The room looked out through broad windows on a large garden—large for London—a trim, very green lawn, bordered with beds of flowers and surrounded by a dusky-red brick wall, over which peer the gables and roofs of old houses, in one of which lived John Constable, the painter. In a sunny corner was a roomy garden house, in which on warm days writing is done. The whole atmosphere more like that you expect to find in a quiet backwater of some lazy cathedral city, far from the fret and fume of life, than of a home on the outskirts of smoky, tumultuous London.

I asked whether there had been any special call to live precisely here.

'No,' he answered, 'for various reasons we had to leave our home in Devonshire, and I can't live, certainly can't work, right in town; too much noise, and the climate's depressing. The air up here is fresh and good. We were looking for a house here that we had liked when it was being added to twenty years ago, and couldn't then get. We couldn't find it! All of a sudden I said: "I believe that's it, hidden away there." I got up on a fence and looked over. It was! We went to the door and asked if by any chance it was now for sale. Again it was! And here we are! It gives you roots at once to get a house you tried to get twenty and more years before!'

(Concluded on page 26)

# A Mixture No Nation Can Stand

## America's Stomach Revolts at Concoction of Outlawed Liquor and Crooked Politics

By ALLAN L. BENSON

WE ARE going to quite a lot of trouble in this country to ascertain whether we can stand outlawed booze and crooked politics—mixed. We stood booze for three centuries, before it was outlawed, and, though it did us much harm, survived it. We have always suffered from a certain amount of crooked politics. During the days of lawful liquor we stomached many a mixture of politics and booze, but never until now did we have to deal with a mixture of outlawed booze and crooked politics—a blend that is beginning to sputter from machine guns in the outlying districts of Chicago. Mayor Dever had scarcely finished defending the fair name of his city before a senatorial committee in Washington when the concoction exploded, killing an assistant prosecutor and two crooks with whom he was riding, and causing a Cook County judge to declare that, unless certain evil practices were stopped, the city would yet be in the hands of a mob. What has happened in Chicago can happen and may happen anywhere else.

It should be plain to almost anybody that illegal booze and crooked politics cannot be safely mixed, yet this is the one question that arises from the growing tumult over liquor. There is not a wet leader in the country who does not know that the Eighteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution can never be repealed. There is no person in the country who can read who does not know that so long as the amendment exists it will be unlawful to make and sell any intoxicating drink. Even if Congress were to enact a law purporting to legalize a drink that was in fact intoxicating, the act would be unconstitutional and the United States Supreme Court could do nothing else but set it aside.

So long as a majority of the members of the Supreme Court can read and understand plain English there is not the slightest possibility that any intoxicating drink can ever be legally made and sold in this country. What any state legislature may say to the contrary will have no more legal standing than would the same words if uttered by an inebriated gentleman leaning against a telegraph pole at two o'clock in the morning looking at the moon.

Before booze can be made legal in this country the wets will have to control a two-thirds majority in each house of Congress and a majority in three-quarters of the state legislatures. Nothing of the sort is even remotely possible, even if one look forward half a century. As a matter of fact, the farther one looks forward the slimmer is the chance of such a wet victory, because booze has been dying out of the United States ever since it came into it. Its grip is being loosened all over the world, even where there is no prohibition. A saner spirit prevails.

### A New Thing in Prohibition

Is it possible that any new thing can be said about prohibition? If you doubt it read this article by Allan L. Benson. Here is something fresh. The whole prohibition question is going to be thrown into politics. A thirst is to become a national political issue.

For years we tolerated a mixture of politics and booze, but now we have to deal with a mixture of outlawed booze and crooked politics.

Such facts, however, do not disconcert such gentlemen who, as a wet United States Senator declared, would have their alcoholic drinks, 'constitution or no constitution.' They are going about it to break down the Volstead law if they can, and trample over the Constitution that they have no hope of getting out of their way. The whole question is going to be thrown into politics and the dry leaders expect that the liquor issue will be the big thing in at least the next two presidential elections. It may last longer than that. The drys do not intend ever to quit so long as prohibition is under fire. Nor do they expect the problem to be settled speedily. Neither side has any such expectation.

Wet gentlemen who are sitting around the country with their tongues out, expecting almost any time to see light beer and wine with a little whisky under the bar would do well to wake up. Nothing of the sort is in sight. The most that wet leaders hope for is to control Congress in six years. The worst that dry leaders fear is a temporary defeat somewhere on the road to final victory, and if such a defeat should ever come they believe the dry sentiment of the country would insist that all lost ground be recovered.

The day is near, according to those who know what the dry forces are doing, when those who back the Anti-Saloon League will insist that such presidential candidates as receive their support must be dependably dry, officially and privately. In politics there is a good deal of difference between being dry and being dependably dry. The late Mr. Harding was officially dry, but not dependably so because he was personally wet. There is no reason why his record in this respect should not be discussed, even though he is dead, since it is a part of the history of the United States.

Mr. Harding was the kind of a prohibitionist, of whom there are millions in this country, who was personally wet, yet down in his heart believed in the value of the law. He used to say to Wayne B. Wheeler: 'You needn't talk to me about the virtues of prohibition, Wayne, I know drinking is bad for people and believe in ending it.' Yet when Wheeler urged him to cease drinking on the ground that he was setting a bad example, the most that Wheeler could get from Harding for a long while was that some time or other he would swear off. As a matter of fact, he did not swear off until he was on his way to Alaska.

At Denver he made a very vigorous prohibition speech. After he made it he did not feel that, in honor, he could go on drinking. He swore off, and one of the correspondents who accompanied him sent a dispatch back to his New York newspaper that was printed under the heading, 'Harding Quits Drinking.' Yet never was there a time when Harding, as President, was not officially dry. He had to be since prohibition was the law and he had taken an oath to enforce all laws. But as a matter of private habit he was wet. And it was very unfortunate for prohibition that it had to come in under this unlucky star. Those who would like to violate the law looked to Washington for a sign as to whether it would be safe to do so. What they saw and heard gave them heart. They went ahead. They organized, expanded and dug themselves in. Gifford Pinchot once told the writer that if Roosevelt had been President when the Volstead law came into existence he would, within three weeks, have made everybody understand that it would be extremely unsafe for anybody to violate it and that, as a consequence, the law would have been accepted and obeyed. Certainly Harding's attitude helped to make the situation that now exists.

There is now a division among the dry leaders as to whether they should make a fight in both of the great parties to compel the nomination of presiden-

tial candidates who are actually and dependably dry. Those who believe this line will be drawn in 1932 are not so sure about the wisdom of drawing it in 1928. It is doubtful if it will be drawn when Mr. Coolidge's successor is chosen. Both candidates will have to declare, of course, that they are in favor of enforcing the law so long as it is the law, but one or both of them may really be very half-hearted about it. It will be the pleasant task of the voters to look beneath these official utterances and try to determine which shell the pea is under.

The Republican candidate, whoever he may be, will probably stand for prohibition as a general proposition, while maintaining silence, if he can, as to whether he favors a redefinition of what constitutes an intoxicating beverage. The Democratic candidate also will probably stand for prohibition, but he may have a great many things to say with regard to the right of each state to declare what, within its limits, shall constitute an intoxicant.

In this respect, New York is setting the pace. The people of the State of New York are to vote next autumn upon a series of involved questions prepared by Elihu Root, the purpose of which is, as Senator Borah has pointed out, to nullify the Eighteenth Amendment. The questions are phrased in fine words—there is even something said about making only such changes as will permit the sale of 'beverages not in fact intoxicating'—but the plan leaves to the several states the right to declare what, within their borders, shall constitute an intoxicating beverage. In other words, the Federal Government is asked to step aside and let the various states declare for themselves what a part of the Federal organic law means. Mr. Root did not suggest that the Federal Government step aside in the matter of defining other parts of the Constitution. It is only with regard to the Eighteenth Amendment that he proposes such an innovation.

Of course Senator Borah is entirely right in declaring that if the New York plan were to be followed, nullification would result. There could be and might be forty-eight different answers as to what constitutes an intoxicating beverage, and some of the answers would be wet enough to keep the whole country saturated.

The strategy of the wet leaders lies in reviving, as far as booze is concerned, the old doctrine of states' rights. With complacent courts and loose legislatures enough wet spots could be sprinkled about the country so that the dry states could not possibly be kept dry. Of course there is no assurance whatever that the courts would be complacent, and the probability is that they would not be, but the wets are so hard pushed that they are turning down nothing that might possibly prove to be a way out.

The main thing is to keep up a clatter and, if possible, convince the people that prohibition cannot be enforced because so many are opposed to it. Without a leg of law to stand upon they have nothing to lose whatever may happen and there is always a possibility that something may happen to change the outlook. That is why they clamored for hearings before a senatorial committee last April, as it is also why 'straw votes' were taken in such newspapers as were willing to play the wet game. The hearings amounted to nothing except that they gave the wets an opportunity to get out their propaganda through the press of the country. The wet propaganda was, of course, offset by the propaganda of the drys, yet the wets, nevertheless, had again reminded the country of their existence. The straw votes, too, added to the clamor and convinced those who were already convinced.

When one thinks of what crooks can do with ballot boxes guarded by officers and covered with the sanctity of the law it is humorous to think what wets could do—and doubtless did—in a straw vote that violated no law regardless of how many fake votes were registered.

To make a big showing, all the liquor interests had to do was to buy extra copies of the papers, clip and mark the coupons and put them in. Yet all of this wet propaganda did one thing that perhaps the wets did not expect it to do and certainly did not want it to do—it aroused the drys who went to sleep after the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted. It did more than that. It brought out support that the drys had never before been able to get. A group of Episcopal bishops whom the anti-saloon forces had long vainly urged to endorse prohibition began to speak vigorously about the time of the Washington hearings. Also, little rivulets of money began to pour into the anti-saloon coffers, showing that the springs still exist that once produced funds so voluminously. In fact there are many other indications that 'the wets will defeat themselves.'

While there is no conceivable chance that the wets can ever win, it seems certain that the liquor question is destined to plague American politics, city, state and national, probably for twenty years. It is a pity, because when public attention is concentrated upon a single subject opportunity is offered to smuggle in much selfish legislation that would otherwise be defeated. It is unfortunate, too, that until such time as the people shall become thoroughly aroused the mixing of unlawful liquor and crooked politics will continue. But what else is there to do but fight out the battle to the end? Mayor Dever, at the Senate hearings, spoke feelingly of the deplorable conditions that law violators had brought about and declared it to be the duty of Congress to work out a plan that would be satisfactory to both sides. There would be no doubt of the duty of Congress to do this if it were intellectually conceivable that such a plan could be drafted. In the very nature of things both sides cannot be satisfied. For the truth of the matter is that one side wants intoxicating beverages made and sold and the other side doesn't.

All of the wet talk about the desirability of having 'light wines and beer' and beverages stronger than the Volstead Act permits that 'are not in fact intoxicating'—all this talk is bosh. No wet wants wine, beer or anything else that is not intoxicating. No wine was ever made that couldn't intoxicate. Wine can be watered until it is harmless and a very few prefer to drink it that way, but wine thus watered would not satisfy the wets. Such beer as we used to make did not have the punch of whisky, but enough of it would intoxicate anybody. It did not make them climb telegraph poles, but it had an effect.

Granted that one-half of one per cent is below the limit of intoxication for most persons—what of it? Would it do any good to increase the legal limit to a point just below where it would become intoxicating? Would the wets be satisfied then? Everybody knows they would not. Canada's 4.4 beer makes no hit anywhere. Everything that could not intoxicate would still be near beer or weak wine. What wet cares for a little more alcohol provided the legal limit is still too low to feel? It is the feeling that the wets seek. Anything that exhilarates will intoxicate if enough of it be drunk. And the Constitution is the authority of the prohibitionists for saying that intoxicating beverages shall not be made or sold in this country. (Concluded on page 26)

## The Fight Must Go On

There is not a wet leader in the country who does not know that the Eighteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution can never be repealed.

Before booze can be made legal the wets will have to control a two-thirds majority in each house of Congress and a majority in three-quarters of the state legislatures.

Despite this fact it seems certain that the liquor question is destined to plague American politics probably for twenty years.

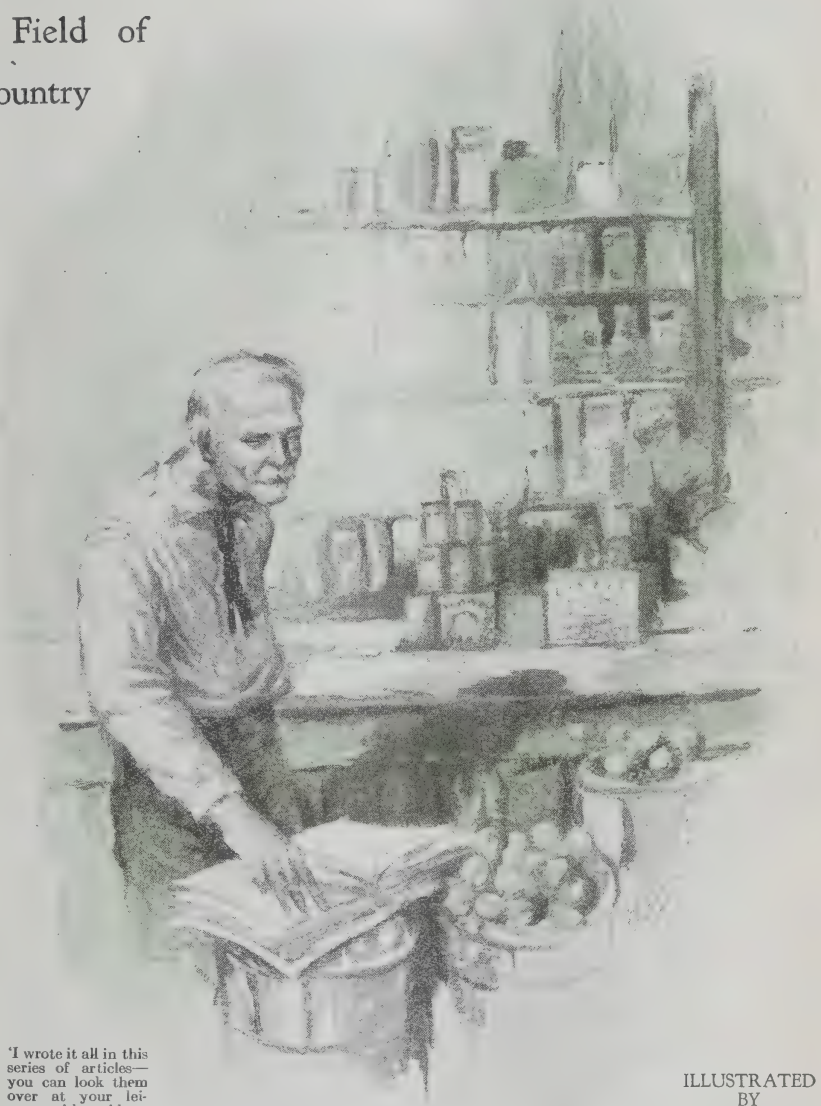
So the fight must go on.

There is no room for compromise. Both sides cannot be satisfied. The drys are not going to put up with a make-believe enforcement.

# America Writes a Book

By DONALD HOUGH

## Author Thinks He Has Found the Most Crowded Field of Endeavor in This Country



'I wrote it all in this series of articles—you can look them over at your leisure,' he said.

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLAN JOHNSON

DULL, uncultured, money-grubbing America! With its nose close to the trail of gold, it goes on wagging its tail at the excellent trainers who would have it switch to daintier game. Here we are, a great, barbaric nation; our ideals soar no higher than a mashie shot from the rough; in terms of luncheon clubs we measure our cultural height. At home, in the hushed parlor, under a glass case, lies a book with a pink ribbon in it . . . Such is the picture painted by the Philistines among us.

'America has a book' is a bit of sarcasm which is dulled only by repetition. It springs from the old chestnut: 'What shall we give Uncle George for Christmas?' 'Well,' replies the foil, 'let us give him a book.' 'A book!' yells the star comedian, 'We can't—he already has a book!' Are the comedians done up in imitation of the negro, the theme varies. It centers in an indolent member of the race. 'Do you want to earn a quarter?' asks the interlocutor. 'No,' replies the weary one, 'I already has a quarter.'

And now—'America has a book,' say the dilettantish wits, and they snicker among themselves.

The proper gesture in the presence of this bit of irony is to smile languidly and shake the head in the manner of a person who sees no hope, or to look at your own neat set of the History of the World in the sectional bookcase and say, 'Alas! Only too true!' carrying the air of one whose heart bleeds for America.

When, a year or two ago, I heard an otherwise prominent person make a public declaration to the effect that 'America has a book,' my mind began immediately to revolve. After several days and nights of meditation I arrived at the following conclusion: 'If America has a book, there is every reason to believe that she may want another.'

While others were going around lamenting the fact that America had a book, I would steal a march on the world and write another one! Such was my resolve.

So I began. I wrote any number of things, of which this article is one. I served my time on a newspaper, and now I make what, in the face of devastating assertions by my wife, I still flippantly call a 'living,' with the aid of my typewriter. Profits, however, have been disappointing. After floundering around for awhile in a blue funk I decided, a year ago, to appoint myself an efficiency expert and to go into the matter in a spirit of the best scientific business tradition.

I went to bookstores and there I saw books of various sizes, shapes, colors and titles. I looked at the newsstands, and the statistical phase of my mind at once took note of the vast number of weekly and monthly publications. Looking into them, I saw that a small part of each one was given over to literary matter, and it occurred to me on the spot that much of this must have been written by somebody other than myself. It began to dawn on me that possibly there was, after all, some measure of competition in my chosen field of endeavor.

I decided to make a chart of my findings, so first of all I took a clean sheet of paper and across the top of it I wrote, in fine, bold characters, 'Writing is a business. I am in business.' Writing, I told myself, is a business just as selling groceries or long-handled shovels is a business. 'Let us,' I said aloud, 'apply some simple business principles. Here I am in the city. Cities are full of writers. Competition cramps my style. It is plain that my course is to leave here, go to some remote corner where there is no competition in my line, just as I would if I were a dealer, let us say, in long-handled shovels.'

(Continued on page 24)

# The Price-Fixing Association

## How It Ingeniously Evades Those Troublesome Anti-Trust Laws

By HUSTON THOMPSON

'ONE thing thou lackest,' said the Master to the rich young man. It is just so with the Commander-in-Chief of Big Business as he sits on the top of a colossal combination of formerly competing corporations. The rich young man lacked the imagination that would have enabled him to see the joy he would get in giving. Likewise the commander lacks the commercial imagination to secure and retain a stabilized market.

Instead of jumping into the factory and fighting its costs, and then passing the savings on in reduced prices, he visions a market where price is king and he its master. And why shouldn't he? He has a plant in every key position—the power to dictate the price in his industry—tariff protection.

As he surveys the dyke that lies between him and the ocean of competition outside, he sighs almost with contentment. But only for a day. Despite his magnificent foresight, he discovers that an enemy has scaled the wall. It is the old specter that comes as a thief in the night, the Law of Diminishing Returns.

Somehow, the miserable ultimate consumer, gazing at his shrinking pocketbook and studying the mounting market prices, finally and suddenly finds he can get along without the commander's highly advertised high-priced commodity, or with a substitute for it. Then the adaptable commander, forgetting those things which are behind him, changes front and casts off the ill-concealed patronizing air with which he had been accustomed to treat his pseudo-competitors. In the language of his letters and documents now reposing in the files of the Federal Trade Commission, he says, in summoning them to take common counsel, 'Come, let us be brothers.'

Of course it is too much to expect that he should invite the ultimate consumer into that brotherhood. Only a man with an imagination would do this, and a man with an imagination would hardly be a commander of a combination.

### *What Happens Out in the Hall*

But if the commander lacks in imagination, he does not lag in craftiness. Those anti-trust laws, be they ever so feeble, are still on the statute books and he and his lawyers know it. So the conference that he calls springs up from nowhere and moves on without his presence. An association comes into being. A secretary is chosen, and from out the blue there come mysterious suggestions like this:

'We must curtail production until the demand is greater than the supply. We must put on an advertising campaign that will lure the buying public back. We must lower the price only just enough to bait the consumer. We must not all bid for the same contract. Any man who bids below a certain suggested price is not a patriot. Lack of patriotism may mean disaster to all in a price war. It will cut to the quick and spell ruin to many.' Needless to say, these mysterious suggestions have the same effect on the members as the mandate of an appellate to a lower court.

Such is the composite picture drawn from the study of countless associations, though the somnolent minutes of their meetings seldom if ever report a word of these illegal acts.

How these associations frequently operate is revealed by the statements to the commission of a secretary of an oil association, only four of whose members bid for the contracts to supply the city of Los Angeles with gasoline, and all of whose bids were identical. This secretary said it was not agreed at any meeting that only four companies should bid. *The agreement did not appear in the records because it was not made in the room where the association held its meetings but out in the hall after the meeting*, or at private offices of members of the association and others.

Their custom, he said, was to hold a regular meeting at which minutes were kept. Then 'the members would drift out in the hall and hold another meeting.' 'They usually went out arm in arm.' 'The chances were that they had not seen each other for a week' and naturally this absence made the competitors chummy. After the crowd was outside 'they did the real thing they were interested in.' They agreed on the price and then 'they passed the information to the secretary' since he was floating along with drifters.

In all associations there comes a day when, driven by necessity or desire for volume, or revolt of conscience against the unfairness of his associates toward the ultimate consumer, some daring or desperate member of the association cuts the price. The news flies abroad as fast as gossip. With imperious command the deserter is summoned to appear before a court-martial of his peers to answer the charge of actually playing fair with the law and the public and thereby assassinating his associates' business.

If in fear he crooks the knee in abject apology he is permitted to retreat, and return to his place of business, having been hazed into utter humbleness. *(Continued on page 27)*




The agreement did not appear in the records because it was not made in the room where the association held its meetings, but out in the hall.

IN THIS second article on Birth-Control, Father McClorey handles some of the arguments of the 'controllers' and indicates some of the undeniable consequences that would follow a general adoption of the unnatural practice. The first of these articles appeared in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT for June 26. Father McClorey approaches his subject with unusual frankness; he makes a profound impression on a subject which is not generally popular. Seldom has the subject received such searching treatment.

# Birth-Control—a World Blight

## Father McClorey Says If Propaganda Succeeds, Earth Will Become a Desolate Planet, Drifting Through Space, as Dead as the Moon

By REV. JOHN A. McCLOREY

IN A FORMER article, I supposed that Birth-Controllers sincerely aim at the amelioration of the race and I maintained only that their means are not necessary nor sufficient to that end. But does not a suspicion rest upon their sincerity? Surely there is a well-founded suspicion shadowing the Neo-Malthusian movement. For it is a direct and powerful appeal to sexual indulgence. Even unconsciously to themselves, very likely, their love of indulgence is their motive for Birth-Control, whereas their reasons for it are only plausible arguments to bolster up a course of action which they pursue for pleasure's sake. At any rate, it is a fact that those who practise Birth-Control most widely are the well-to-do, who according to the Birth-Control program are the very ones who ought to insure the welfare of the race by having and educating choice children.

But supposing again the sincerity of Neo-Malthusians as to the end they have in view, I shall ask: Are their means right or wrong?

In answer to this question, I say and shall establish that Birth-Control is, first, wrong in itself, and, secondly, wrong on account of the awful effects which proceed from it.

***Wrong in Itself***

If a thing is wrong in itself, it may never be done no matter how excellent is the end in view. For the end does not justify the means. Also a thing which in itself is indifferent, neither morally good nor bad, becomes morally bad if the evil results which flow from it are incomparably greater than its good effects.

Birth-Control is wrong in itself because it is against nature. The natural effect of the marriage act, in favorable circumstances and under propitious conditions, is conception. Birth-Control directly and intentionally frustrates that effect by physical or chemical means. Hence, Birth-Control is an unnatural sin (and a grave one because opposed to one of the most fundamental activities of nature); therefore the God of Nature must prohibit it with the grave sanction of His law.

In opposition to the argument from nature against Birth-Control, Neo-Malthusians say that many things against nature are not wrong; for example, says one of them: 'We interfere with nature at every point. We shave, cut our hair, cook our food, fill cavities in our teeth (or wear artificial teeth), clothe ourselves, wear boots, hats, and wash our faces; so why should Birth-Control alone be sacred from the touch and play of human molding?' And Doctor Dawson, the King of England's physician, says: 'Birth-Control is said to be unnatural! This word "unnatural" perplexes me. Why, civilization involves the chaining of natural forces and the conversion of them to man's will and uses. Much of medicine and surgery consists of means to overcome nature. It is no more unnatural to control conception by artificial means than to control child-birth by artificial means (anesthetics). Overeating, overdrinking, oversmoking, oversleeping do not carry condemnation of eating, drinking, smoking, sleeping, work.'

***Not Control But Frustration***

The *control* of nature is right. But is the *frustration*, the *destruction* of nature right? The destruction of the *excesses*, the *defects*, the *afflictions* of human nature, that is, the cutting off of superfluous hair or the amputation of a gangrenous limb, is right. But is the destruction of the *blessings*, the *perfections* of human nature right? The sacrifice of a *physical* part for the good of the *physical* whole is right.

The sacrifice of a human being for the family or state is not right when it takes the form of Birth-Control, because Birth-Control is not *control* but frustration of human nature; a child is not an *affliction* but a *blessing* of nature; Birth-Control frustrates not a part of the child for the whole child, but the whole child; a child may not be frustrated for the good of the family or state. For a child (unlike a physical part of the body with reference to the whole body) is not intended by nature to redound exclusively to the advantage of the family and the state.

The evil effects of Birth-Control are so great (as we shall see) that in view of them, an exception to the general law against Birth-Control should never be allowed. One of these, which by way of anticipation I may mention here, would be the ever-increasing control of the State over fundamental rights of individuals, consequent upon the State being given the right to mutilate the vicious and imbeciles.

There is no parallel between the State's right to execute criminals and the supposed right to contracept undesirable children. For the former are punished by the State for guilt, but an unborn child is not guilty of any crime. By the execution of a criminal the State wishes to warn other men against the commission of crime. But it is absurd to suppose that the contraception of one child would be a warning to other possible children not to come into the world.

By way of a second objection, Birth-Controllers say: If Birth-Control is wrong then Nature herself does wrong. For she frustrates many conceptions by wasting procreative force when conditions are not favorable for conception.

That exuberant waste is intended by Nature to make conception more certain, easy and perfect. Besides, Nature or rather the Author of Nature may do things that we under His law may not do. For example, Nature cannot be held responsible for killing a man by an earthquake; whereas you and I would be responsible if we killed a man with a sword.

***The Reason for Celibacy***

Third, they say: If Birth-Control is wrong, celibacy is wrong.

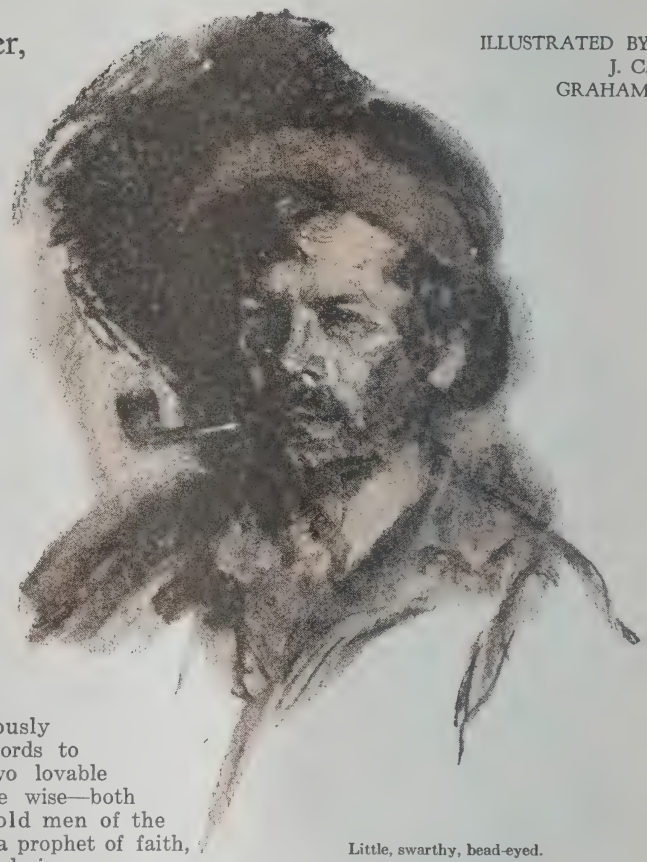
There is quite a difference between refraining from using a faculty and frustrating its activities after use. Even refraining from using a faculty is wrong *as a rule*, since God gave us our faculties for use. But there are exceptions to every rule. There is high authority in Holy Scripture in the words of Christ and St. Paul for the exceptional state of a celibate life. *(Continued on page 22)*

# Pere Gilbault, le Coureur des Bois

## A Man of Northern Michigan—Philosopher, and Artist for Art's Sake

By IVAN SWIFT

ILLUSTRATED BY J. C. GRAHAM

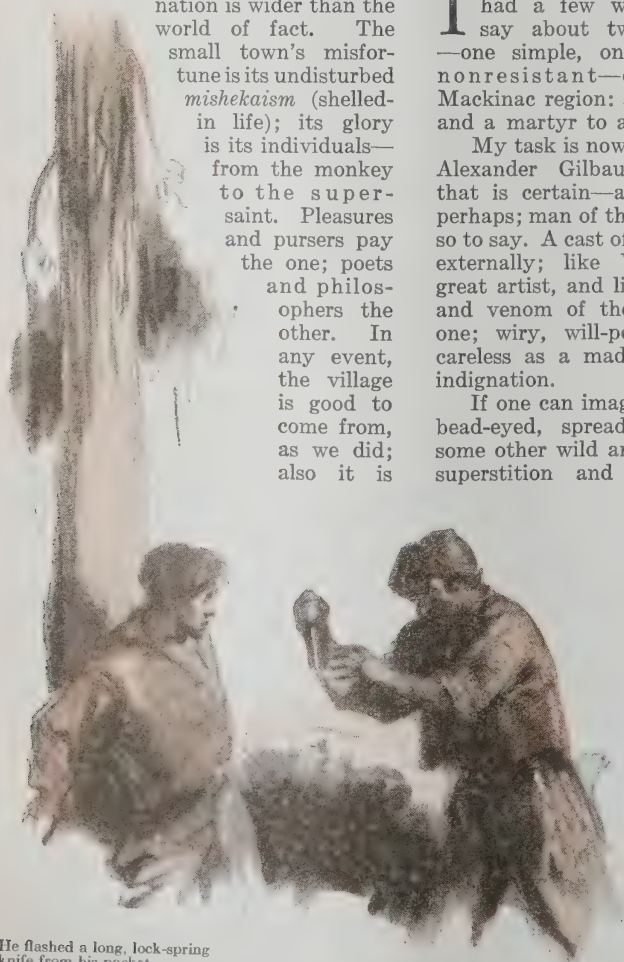


Little, swarthy, bead-eyed.

IN EXHIBITING these unskillful portraits of the neighbors of my youth I can only plead that I am compelled by their tenacious occupation of my mind. The motive is not even a conscious sense of justice, least of all a rebuke to others I understand less sympathetically. I cannot, however, refrain from the reflection that I am writing in the days of impudent satire upon the small-town citizen—a reflection which comes to me only after I have taken my choice from the same source and appeared in public in his company, shamelessly.

I believe it is not beyond possibility that pompous boosters and nervous reformers were also in ancient Greece, Carthage and even Egypt—cities and towns; but there were and are other types for our thought and their places in the procession that delights all who would not grow old.

The world of imagination is wider than the world of fact. The small town's misfortune is its undisturbed *mishekaism* (shelled-in life); its glory is its individuals—from the monkey to the super-saint. Pleasures and pursers pay the one; poets and philosophers the other. In any event, the village is good to come from, as we did; also it is good to go to, except where it has been 'improved' since 'the Devil made it'—if he did. His Majesty was a gentleman of lively wit and almost human ingenuity; but he lost his stakes of humility to a previous generation.—*Ivan Swift.*



He flashed a long, lock-spring knife from his pocket.

### PERE GILBAULT

I HAVE previously had a few words to say about two lovable—one simple, one wise—both nonresistant—old men of the Mackinac region: a prophet of faith, and a martyr to a losing cause.

My task is now to be more difficult. Alexander Gilbault was the artist, that is certain—artist for art's sake, perhaps; man of the world, on all fours, so to say. A cast of Mephisto, almost—externally; like Whistler the other great artist, and like him, full of fight and venom of the bee, and busy as one; wiry, will-powered, courageous, careless as a mad man—in righteous indignation.

If one can imagine a little swarthy, bead-eyed, spread-legged bobcat, or some other wild animal—burning with superstition and inspired to lively visions comparable to Joan of Arc's, in his everyday life; trying to drive the finite and the infinite in team; hands quick to the hardest task and mind on the wing, awake or asleep—that might apply to Alex. Gilbault, but it would not cover him.

There is an element of mystery in art and some persons that leaves us tongue-tied; more between the lines of them than in the lines. Strange tricks Nature plays on us and in strange places! Here is a man not easy to forget—a wind, a frost, a flame! And one could as easily put the crackle and color of these elements into dictionary-words, as convey the speed, inflection, sympathy and snarl of this diminutive French-Canadian's speech. We can only think of a gnome, carrying the mail on his back from Cheboygan to Traverse City—bounding, gliding, hiding, screaming, till exhausted; and wilting and blowing away like a leaf—veins trembling with justice, honor, hatred, beauty and single-handed defiance—to his grave and first real rest. Indeed, his grave can be fitly marked only with a steel-blue dragon fly; one that has sewed up my boy ears with such wild tales of 'ghost-hogs' and 'horned sea-serpents' as cost me sleep and sent me in wide circles around trees in the pale moonlight!

I shall not forget how he flashed a long, lock-spring knife from his pocket to illustrate to me the Indians' ancient art of scalping—and how I went pale and fled from the flames in his eyes—and his loon-laughter! Oh, he was not dull—this Robinson Crusoe of the pebble isles and rider on magic rugs of elm-bark!

He watched the (Continued on page 30)

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

OUR age may be described under many terms, and a fitting one would be The Age of Accuracy. The former very wide margin of uncertainty which bordered many of our actions is becoming narrower all the time. Less is left to chance or guess. We measure time in smaller fractions than before and can now do much more with our day. We have made doorways into sciences where we must walk with the utmost precision to avoid disaster. On every hand there is accuracy and a demand for more accuracy and an increase of the technical means of obtaining accuracy.

This may seem rather at odds with the common opinion that ours is a slipshod age. Because we make so many things in large quantities the impression easily forms that such accomplishment must mean enormous haste, and the haste mean careless work.

Quantity production, on the contrary, has made accuracy more necessary than it ever was before. It was only under the pressure of quantity production that we got the precision instruments which enable men to work to the one ten-thousandth of an inch in the measuring and fitting of materials. Mass production has made inevitable the raising of all standards of quality and skill, for reasons which a moment's consideration will make apparent.

The keynote of modern production is economy. This does not mean skimping, but the utmost use of time, energy and material, without waste. This economy is possible only by the achievement of the utmost accuracy. For unless accuracy is obtained there cannot be speed of production, economy of labor and material, and cheap distribution. So here we have accuracy as the guardian of production and distribution in a way not commonly considered.

As to speed, it is clear at once that you could make a million silver dollars all alike much more easily than you could make each dollar different. There are some things to be said for handicraft, but quantity and undeviating standards of work are not among them. The charm of antiques is that however much alike they may seem to be, they are different; they show the individuality of the man or woman who made them. We could hardly look for that, nor would it be desirable, in commodities which we need in great quantities, such as bathtubs, motor cars or sidewalks. If you are going to make a large number of any useful commodity, you must do so speedily, and if you are to do it speedily it must be done accurately. For almost every commodity consists of many different parts which must be joined together, and if there is no accuracy in the production of the parts, the task of joining them together and making them fit takes time and labor which accuracy might have obviated. The matter of assembling a machine or any other commodity is simplified and made sure by the accurate production of the parts. Out of a million silver dollars, take any two and they equal each other. This is the result of accuracy.

*INSTEAD of our great quantity production making us an age of hodge-podge methods, it has made us an age of accuracy. The greater a process the more accurate it must become. Small inaccuracies become glaring defects when magnified a million times. Mass production is impossible without accuracy to the ten-thousandth of an inch. The time required to fit inaccurately measured parts, and the resulting waste of material, consumes all economies of manufacture. Pennies and nickels make or break a business unless financial accuracy is secured. The economic value of accuracy is impossible to exaggerate.*

Then, as to waste. Material can be economically used only by having its use carefully planned. If metal is to be prepared in sheets of certain size, or lumber is to be sawed according to pattern, an accurate plan will reduce the waste of material. Otherwise there will be too many sides and ends and corners and shavings left over, and all this is waste. Waste indicates that somewhere accuracy was lacking as between the form of the material and the thing to be made. By accurately studying the job this waste can be eliminated. It may be foreknown to an inch or an ounce what will be needed, and this knowledge is exceedingly valuable because it means wealth.

Shortsighted minds sometimes express contempt for these penny-saving methods. They forget that a matter of half a cent may aggregate thousands of dollars in a single day in a big industrial plant. Add fifty cents a unit on an annual production of three million and you have added one and a half million dollars. The very size of modern business has compelled managers to be accurate down to the matter of half a penny, for half a penny may be the leak through which the whole vigor of the business drains out.

Again, in large units, which may be more cheaply shipped knocked-down and then set up for use a thousand miles from the shop, accuracy is essential. Indeed, shipping costs could not thus be lowered were it not for accuracy. But where a commodity is manufactured accurately and flawlessly it may be shipped in knocked-down form anywhere and set up anywhere with perfect results, and with additional economy to the purchaser in freight rates. This would not be possible if all the fitting had to be done after the piece had been manufactured. The fitting is done before; it all takes place in the careful mind of the manager.

These are a few aspects of the economic value of accuracy.

**'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## *Discovered!*

THE English are finding us out. When they first condescended to notice that we really were making quite a go of it on this side of the Atlantic, their reaction was one of astonishment, which never lasts long with an Englishman; he proceeds at once to analysis. Now analysis has come. The first report made in England was the astounding one that Americans worked no harder than Englishmen. There were more fat business men in America than in England. They do not move nearly so rapidly as in London. They do not kill themselves with business at all—they have other methods for that.

This was rather a facer to the English and to us. We hardly realized till then how true it is. We do not work harder; we only work to more purpose. We make machinery do our work. It is true that the English miner—who now raises the loudest howl—has a shorter working day than even the American workingman (the miner's day is by statute fixed at seven hours) but on the whole the British workingman works longer and harder than the American, for less wages and to considerably less purpose. The effort is greater, the commodity production and the wealth production is less. In America the effort is less but because intelligently controlled the product is greater.

England's first discovery that it was not horse-like work that made America prosperous was a good one. Now comes the second: American business may or may not be big—normally; it cannot be determined now because the whole thing is shadowed in debt.

The second discovery is equally keen with the first. How much would the round swelling total shrink in honest liquidation? How far would 'pay as you go' reduce the huge proportions of our business? We do not know. The English do not know. No one knows. It has yet to be proved that debt-making power and purchasing power are synonymous. It has yet to be proved that debt and credit are exactly the same thing. There are no interpreters in this field. Those who create the situation are blinded by selfishness; those who might interpret it are inclined to regard it as an act of God and not a possible folly of man. So, we shall have to await the event itself.

However, these two discoveries concerning us, by the nation which at present probably is our most intelligent observer, are well worth considering.

## *Army of Faith*

ANY way you look at it, the Eucharistic Congress was a marvellous event. As a pilgrimage, it brought back the color and romance of the Middle Ages. As a piece of management it was colossal in its implications, resembling nothing in our day so much as the administration of a great army. As a religious gathering it testified to the power of the church over its members, or the power of the faith over its devotees. In all it was an international spectacle of surpassing power, showing a unity possible to every tribe, kindred and tongue in the realm of the spiritual. That in these modern days a million people should travel to a great commercial center for the sake of a religious rite, and there spend a week in religious celebration, and that they should do this as the result of the example of an obscure woman in France, and that from so humble a source vast concourses of people should assemble annually, country by country, is a matter of more than passing importance. That people are found who believe to so great an extent that the massing of such a concentration in worship, that the focusing of such intention of mind, actually projects the power of the spiritual realm into the region of the material, is a fact of notable significance.

There is no general agreement of religious opinion in the United States, though the majority opinion might be regarded as Protestant. But this lack of agreement as to doctrine and tenet and authority meets in a larger agreement to disagree in all good will and honesty and righteousness. It was regrettable that the spokesman of the President at the Eucharistic Congress should have thought it necessary to speak of 'tolerance' for any religion in this country. The term is offensive. Any religion worthy the name may be observed in this land without molestation. The only intolerance here is that of the anti-religionists who are against every religion but mainly Christianity.

True Christianity does not seek to usurp the power of the State, nor make alliance with anti-Christian forces. Sometimes religion has been used as a cloak to cover imperialistic designs—not the imperialism of truth, but of an organization. When used to that end, it will always encounter resistance. But for religion as the worship of Almighty God, the search to know His will, and the conduct of human relations in the spirit of righteousness, there will never in this country be any want of freedom.

## *Saves His Bacon*

ALTHOUGH 14,889,703 ballots were cast for confiscation and only 542,311 against, Wilhelm Hohenzollern retains his estates in Germany. But he retains little else. The astounding vote of twenty-eight to one in favor of confiscation indicates that Germany in her heart has wholly rejected the former kaiser.

But how is it that such an enormous majority of the vote failed to accomplish the confiscation? The explanation is that it was less than a majority of the nation's qualified voters. The terms of the election specified that *a majority of the qualified voters* were necessary to determine the issue. That was imposing an impossible condition, of course, because people do not vote in such numbers. But as it was, a full thirty-five per cent of the voters favored confiscation. Had a complete vote been polled the kaiser would have been stripped by a ninety-five per cent majority of the German Republic.

Doubtless there will be criticism of the conditions imposed, and doubtless they were imposed by royalist influence with a view to their impossibility. Added to that there was the opposition of Hindenburg to so crude a proceeding as confiscation. Yet it is permissible for officials to plead that if so serious an act as confiscation is to be performed, it should be the act of the whole nation, that act certified by a majority of all eligible voters, and the responsibility thus placed where it belongs. Germany never was mistress of wisdom or tact in these matters, she always did colossally the wrong thing, and there is no reason to expect a sudden access of discernment now.

## *'Ware the 'Wet' Press*

NOTHING is more amusing than to read the news dispatches dealing with 'dry' hearings at Washington. Even the supposedly impartial press reports strain ludicrously to make it appear that information secured from the 'dry' workers was wrenched, forced, dragged out of a regular knock-down resistance of the 'drys' against the truth. The 'wets' are the frank, open, honest, transparent, pure advocates of truth; the 'drys' are the shady, furtive, dissembling practitioners of deception and concealment.

Well, this is war. The forces of the Government have been used without reserve to intimidate believers in the Constitution, and have never been used with anything like full force to expose the colossal and profitable disregard of the Constitution practised by men who have reason to think that the Government will act rather delicately toward them because of their connections. If this is a strong statement, there comes a time when, as between the Government and the Constitution, there is only the Constitution to choose.

That war is on now and the only weapon the 'drys' can use is the truth, and to accuse them of refusing to use their own best weapon is rather silly. Great ado is made about the half-dozen members of Congress who were paid for speeches made in the prohibition campaign. The only ground for this inquiry is its possible use in preparing a charge that members of Congress favored prohibition legislation because they had previously been 'retained' as prohibition speakers. Every fact in this connection should be laid bare, because the facts will show that political figures who openly espoused prohibition did so at their political peril, and the amounts received were not large enough to pay the average 'wet' petition-circulator's daily drink bill. We can remember most of those speakers in a day when prohibition was extremely unpopular; at exceeding risk they were willing to certify by their public appearance that prohibition was sufficiently important and sound to command the approval of men of position. The people of the country who were vitally interested in the removal of the great curse of a whisky-sodden people and a Government in partnership with booze did not think it immoral to provide the expenses of those men while they traveled and spoke. They do not think that all the armament of Congress and the press can make it appear immoral now.

Let the facts all come out, and then let the astute investigators uncover the facts regarding the 'wets' and bootlegging in this country. Having finished with that, there will be no more excuse for the fragile fiction that the country's mind is not made up to be 'dry.'

## *Money*

THE manipulation of money is a remaining wrong which challenges every sense of proportion and justice. Money is no longer at the command of service and labor, but is under the permission of its owners and brokers. It is no longer a public commodity under control of Congress, but a private monopoly under control of concessionaires. A nation that would shriek with horrified surprise at the suggestion to let or hire the United States Army to a private corporation lives in blissful ignorance that the Uuited States monetary system is privately owned and controlled. And directly alert minds become awake to the fact they go off on some private remedy of their own, and are thereafter anchored to its defense for the rest of their lives. The central need is to focus public attention on the *system;* the penetration of a hundred million pairs of eyes will be very potent.

# An Intimate Story of a Best Seller

## After Many Disappointments, Struggling Author Finds a Publisher and New Novel Reaches an Appreciative Public

By J. BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

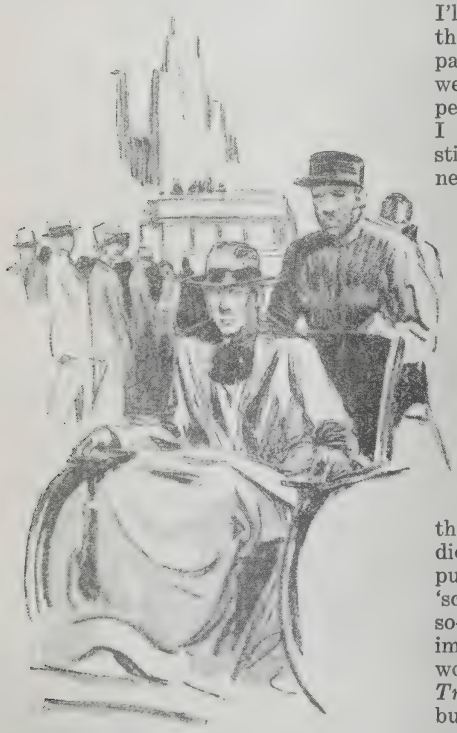
ILLUSTRATED By J. COZZY GRAHAM




From boyhood the advertisements of successful novels formed my favorite reading.

FROM boyhood the advertisements of successful novels formed my favorite reading—they were so often more alluring than the books they described! And when I heard of a 'best seller,' I wondered whether it and its kind simply sprang unnurtured from a chance seed of thought under the casual agencies of light and rain, and a strong wind, possibly, from the press.

One of my intimate friends was a writer, the only writer I ever knew intimately, and I used to wonder why he didn't get into the best-seller class. He wrote well, I judged; he wrote with indefatigable industry; he had kept at it, from very love, from his earliest youth. But after the lapse of more than twenty years I settled in my mind that he was destined forever to get more pleasure than profit from his life-work. Even at that, one could not count him a failure.



He engaged a West Indian to push him from Madison Square to 42nd Street.

He kept what he called a 'literary diary,' always open to my inspection, and when he was thirty-nine he made this entry (the date was September 22, 1909): 'I really believe I am striking oil in plotting on my sure-enough novel-to-be, which for the present I'll refer to as *Trix*.' But he always thought that about every new book, particularly just before the first words were written—that it would turn on a perfect gusher of an idea. Naturally I wouldn't try to discourage him; still, I considered him rather old for new tricks.

The story had been inspired by the photogravure section of a Sunday newspaper—the picture of a girl, smiling, a girl more impudent-looking than pretty. She called for an impudent name: there you got your *Trix*. To my friend the likeness suggested just the sort of character needed to cope with a complicated situation.

Five weeks later he wrote: 'I am on Chapter VII of *Trix*. I have been laughing over it. I wonder, will others laugh?' I realized that *my* laughing over his manuscript did not answer the question. The general public has a disconcerting way of 'screaming with laughter' over certain so-called humorous writers when it is impossible for me to derive from their works the faintest squeak of a laugh. *Trix* did not make me scream once; but I will admit a few chuckles.

A month later my friend wrote: 'I have been desperately busy with *Trix*, and now it's finished. My father and mother are disposed to be enthusiastic over it. In my opinion one must either like "Miss Trix" pretty well, or not at all.' Which was his way of saying (though he may not have realized this) that you must either be a wise man or a fool. For of course he thought, still warm from the glorious work of creation, that Trix was just about what any girl ought to be. Of course his parents thought so too. But perhaps they were afraid to show their approval too openly, remembering the thousand-and-one disappointments of the past. As for me, I soberly believed that the first publisher who had a chance at that manuscript would 'snap it up.'

To what publishing house should he first send the manuscript? Naturally to the one that had come nearest to accepting a former novel. After keeping a story of Northwest Missouri six weeks, this company had written: 'Your story is in many respects a captivating little romance and we hope you can see your way to make it a piece of work that we could publish. We are holding the manuscript here at this office waiting your decision.'

It took the author no longer than the time required to write a letter and get down to the village post office to call for the manuscript's return. It was rewritten and resubmitted. After due consideration the company again sent it back. 'There is too much dialect; it makes the story hard to read . . . We trust you will perform the revision in as short a time as you can con-

veniently do so.' The story, as soon as possible—too soon for perfect neatness—went back to New York. A delay of three months. Then word from the company that the story would have a better chance with their readers if retyped; they would pay half the cost of the typing—'But we cannot then promise acceptance of the story.' My friend agreed to pay his part. And six weeks later there came the decree: 'Our house does not believe it can make of this book a commercial success.' Also bill for typewriting.

It certainly did seem a close shave to fame! My friend argued that if the company had come that near to accepting the Missouri story, it should unreservedly accept *Trix*, in which Missouri was not mentioned. So the manuscript took the train for New York. It stopped at the company's hospitable quarters for a long time, a time long enough to see all the sights and be seen by all the publisher's readers. Christmas was near at hand when a letter came from the hosts of 'Miss Trix.' Now, my friend used to take his missives from publishers to an old-fashioned board fence near the post office, and there devour the contents, so that he might, on going home, break the news in the most agreeable manner to his parents, with whom he lived his bachelor life. He called it the 'Fence of Sighs.' Not, I think, that he made audible groan there, on catching sight of, 'We regret to say . . .' They were spiritual sighs that gave a melancholy association to the rendezvous with hope. My friend had received so many publishers' letters that he fancied he could tell by the feel of the envelope the gist of the inclosure. This particular letter was a thin one, whereby he thought he knew what it meant; and when he opened it, that cold December day, he himself almost as cold, he knew that he knew. Then came Christmas.

He started the New Year right, 'breathless but not heartless,' he remarked, by sending the manuscript to another house that had almost accepted a previous work. This firm, after being closeted with an earlier manuscript three months, had reported: 'Our publishing department is so encouraging that your story has been put in the hands of our chief literary adviser for final report.' This entrancing communication had been signed for the company by 'M. M. W.' Oh, M. M. W., where are you now? I could tell you how you raised my friend to the heights of bliss by those few lines, so high indeed that the fall was rather sickening when the manuscript hit the Fence of Sighs.

About this time I said, 'Why not try a firm you've never tackled? These old-timers may be a little skittish at the sight of your name. Perhaps they have begun to hate you from coming so near to falling in love.' My friend did not think this a good idea. But he thought it as good as any idea I had regarding literary markets, so he picked out a brand-new prospect. And when the days were fulfilled in which *Trix* was to be rejected, home it came.

'Look here,' I told my friend without ceremony—the privilege of friendship—'that child needs a new dress. No girl or manuscript can spend more than six months in New York without getting her clothes mussed.' He groaned, but he put in a new typewriter-ribbon and a fair portion of his life with it, and brought out *Trix* looking very smart indeed. Smart, that is, except for various words that he would misspell when thinking more about life than words. His father, a retired college-president, always went over his manuscripts to catch such lapses. 'I want to see this book published,' his father said, as he scraped away at ill-advised letters with his pearl-handled knife.

But he was never to see 'Miss Trix' spread her wings. She was still in that chrysalis of a manuscript when he laid aside knife and pen for the last time.

A few months after that a publisher liked *Trix* well enough to ask its author to the city for a conference. Also there were good words about our heroine, coming, as good words so often do, rather late. But how could he go to a strange city—he who could get about only in a wheel chair, who had not been able to walk since infancy? With his father it might have been managed; but not now. He had to refuse this conference which might have meant—

The literary editor replied that possibly he could 'get down' in February. Well, that was something; the manuscript had not been hurled at my friend's head. March blew itself out, April smiled through tears, May gave her annual tiptoe dance, and in June, what do you think happened? It happened to New York City. My friend struck it with his wheels and his mother, a lady far from strong and almost seventy. He put himself on the train not only to be whisked away to join his manuscript, but, among other things, to find change of scene for them both, and to consult a literary agent. This is what he wanted to know of the literary agent: Why didn't his manuscripts get published?

He engaged a West Indian to push him from Madison Square to 42nd Street, gaining an intimate knowledge of curbs on the way; and an elevator took him to the tenth story of a hotel where he paid ten dollars to the first agent he had ever seen.

'Your manuscript?'

'I brought none with me.'

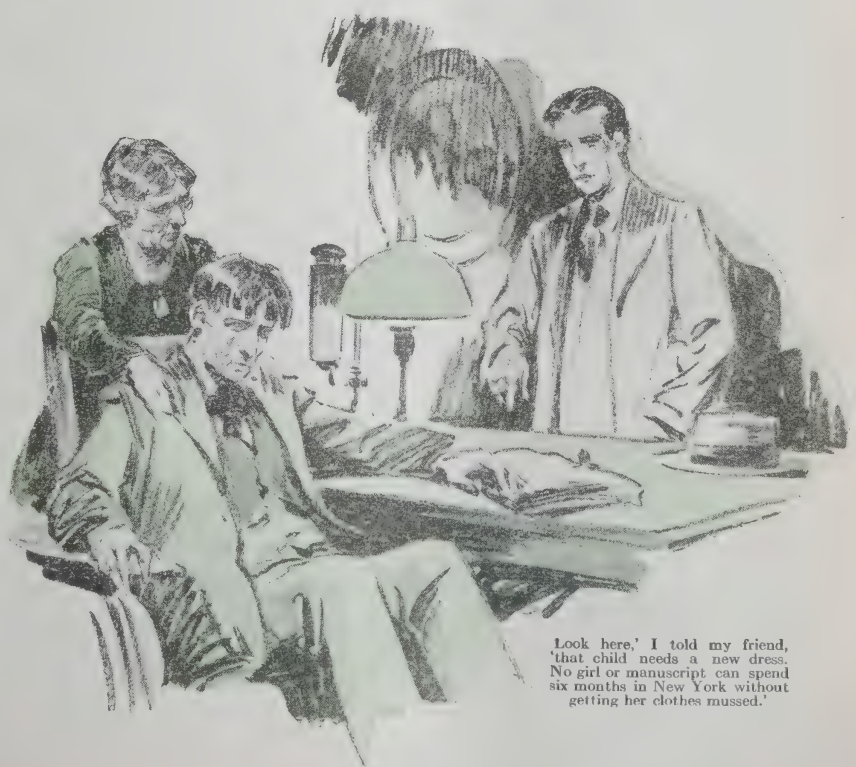
'Obviously I cannot criticize your work unless it is in my hand,' she said, putting the money into her purse. In subsequent dealings with this stern-faced lady, he did not always think her in the right; but on this occasion the truth was obvious. So he sent for *Trix*, and several days later was again in her presence.

'You tell me you wrote this story,' she held it up, 'yet you live in a little town down in Arkansas! I can't understand it.'

'But most of my life has been spent in a small town in Missouri,' he protested.

'So much the worse! It's a miracle. How anybody in a little town could

*oncluded on page 18)*



Look here,' I told my friend, 'that child needs a new dress. No girl or manuscript can spend six months in New York without getting her clothes mussed.'

# What's the Matter With the Ministers?

## Do Our American Preachers Lack Conviction Concerning the Substance and Efficacy of Their Message?

By WILLIAM E. BARTON

THERE is no one thing the matter with all ministers excepting that they are human. They have no faults which other men do not also possess; neither are there any virtues that belong exclusively to them. They ought to be better than other men and on an average I believe they are. I know more than most men know about the faults of ministers, and they are many; but the more I know ministers and the more ministers I know, the more thoroughly I respect them. I hold in high honor the vocation which I entered in my youth and to which for forty years I have been proud to belong, but it would be a mistake to assume that ministers were disproportionately better than other good men. I will not say better than the average man, for we have a right to ask something more than that. I think we have no right to ask that the minister's goodness shall be out of all proportion to the goodness of other men.

Ministers are no more alike than other men. There are men of large ability and men of average ability and mediocre men and men who are ignorant and shallow in every one of the learned professions. It is as easy for a shallow and ignorant man to get into the ministry as to get into any other position where a leader should be wise and true, and once in, he is likely to find somewhere a church where he is either welcome or tolerated.

*The Days of the Prairie Preacher*

Nor do all such men do more harm than good. About 1850 old Governor Ford wrote a history of the State of Illinois, a rather remarkable work, and very pronounced in its opinions. It denounced Stephen A. Douglas and Abraham Lincoln with equal vigor as being politicians of no real merit, calling them both 'spared monuments of popular wrath.' Governor Ford wrote about the early preachers of the prairies. He said that most of them were ignorant men, but no one of them had difficulty in finding a congregation still more ignorant. That was a very wise remark. I sometimes think it is that fact alone which gives any of us courage to preach.

My worst fear about the ministry of the present time, or rather, I should say, a portion of the ministry, is that it has no compelling conviction concerning the content and efficacy of its own message.

I rarely hear anybody preach, the reason being that I am almost always preaching myself. Let me tell, by way of somewhat lengthy illustration, about the last two sermons I have heard. They were on the Sunday preceding Christmas, 1925. In the morning I was in a very interesting old American town, a place of fine tradition and hereditary culture. I attended one of the oldest churches in the United States. George Washington sat in its pews, and so did other Presidents down to and including Woodrow Wilson, but it was an old church in Washington's time. Kings and queens made gifts to it. There is a college in that town, one of the oldest in the United States, and the town was full of young life.

*A Sermon in an Old Church*

I counted about eighty persons present at the morning service on that Christmas Sunday, and having heard the sermon, I wondered that there were so many. The preacher was, I should think, between thirty-five and forty, a man who had been preaching long enough to develop his powers and define his message. He was a man of education and culture. He knew how to prepare a sermon according to homelitic rules. Not a single sentence in his discourse offended in any way either good taste or sound doctrine. He preached from the text, 'Let your moderation be known of all men; the Lord is at hand.'

Of the preacher's moderation the sermon was conclusive evidence, but it did not bring the Lord any closer to hand than He had been before. He said, and I have no fault to find with him, that the clause, 'the Lord is at hand,' might properly mean to us not quite the same that it meant in the Apostolic Age, and he rather mildly suggested that Christ was at hand waiting to become incarnate in human life here and now. That should have been his real message. He should have proclaimed that with vigor and persuasive power. Instead, that proposition was rather a colorless corollary. It came into the closing paragraph as a kind of placid inference. What would have happened if that truth had really gripped the heart of the preacher, and he had gone to the pulpit with that as his one real message? Suppose he had put all the rest of his sermon into the first three minutes by way of introduction, and then had proclaimed the larger Christmas of a Christ waiting to be born into the lives of men? Would the streets have been full of students, idling up and down and doing everything but attending church, or might he have packed that historic old edifice with eager young life thrilled and inspired by his message?

*Much Music; Not Too Much*

That preacher did not lack ability or training or scholarship or culture. He lacked conviction and power. That night I was in a large city not very far away and attended a service largely of Christmas carols sung by a large and well-drilled choir. The church was dignified and historic. I sat in a pew that was famous in history as having been occupied by a man of great prominence in the political life of the United States. The service had been well advertised and the house was as full as it might comfortably have been. There was much music and not too much, but the minister wisely and properly had reserved about fifteen minutes for his sermon.

DR. BARTON has been in the active ministry for forty years, beginning as a circuit rider in the Tennessee mountains. For over a quarter of a century he was pastor of one of the largest churches in Chicago. He has journeyed all over Europe, Egypt and the Holy Land, and recently has gone around the world. Because of his wide experience he is well qualified to write this article. You may not agree with all he says, but what he says is said calmly and honestly.

He had before him, as I judged, a crowd largely comprised of people who did not usually attend his Sunday night service. They were drawn there, in good part at least, by the attraction of the evening's music. There was his chance to deliver a message to people whom he seldom addressed, some of whom, perhaps, were rather infrequently at church.

His theme was the message of the Christmas carol. He had read somewhat concerning the history of carols. What he said was pleasing and, as far as I am aware, was accurate, but he had no message for that congregation. His little talk would have done quite as well at a five o'clock tea.

It had a value, to be sure, in giving a background for that form of music, and he said further, properly, that the carols were the unofficial, non-ecclesiastical music; that they did not originate in church choirs, but came spontaneously out of the life of the people. Their background was not the altar, but the hearth-side. So far, so good; but that was all.

*Analyzing the Carols*

If his little talk had any climax, it was to me a very disappointing one. He had gone somewhat into etymology and had found that various European languages had musical terms derived from the same root as our English word carol, and that in Italy the word so derived was applied to songs which constituted the vocal accompaniment of a country dance. This led him to say that Christmas has its legitimate secular joys as well as those that are religious, and that it is no part of the duty of religion to forbid those joys.

I agreed with him fully, and so do agree. Christmas comes down to us with varied associations, and those that belong to its domestic side are not to be forbidden in the name of those that are more distinctively ecclesiastical.

But assuming that he ought to have given virtually the whole of those fifteen minutes to an historical and musical analysis of the carols which I think he could have done adequately in half the time, he might at least in a single paragraph of not more than two minutes have put clearly before the mind of his congregation that these Christmas carols, however quaint and naïve their phraseology, do bring the singer and the hearer to the Christ. They follow the star and cause the singer to stand with the magi and the shepherds at the manger of Bethlehem. They do in fine exactly what that sermon did not do. They bring men to the Christ.

This preacher also was a young man of scholarly training, and I judged from his name and his ecclesiastical connection that he comes of rather fine old theological stock, but he let a thousand people go out of his church that night with no intimation that Christ had any legitimate place in Christmas. He erected a very attractive and rather cheerful inn vocal, with the melodies of the carols, but in that inn he did not provide even a manger for Him who gave us Christmas.

*There Was No Manger*

One swallow does not make a summer, nor do two Christless Christmas sermons constitute a ground for the indictment of a whole profession; but I wondered how generally, throughout the country, the sermons of that day had sounded any higher, clearer note. It was rather appalling to consider that intellectually these sermons were probably well above the average and that spiritually they might not have been very far below it. What was the matter with those two preachers? Not the lack of scholarship or culture or theological training or knowledge, but the lack of conviction that they had a message burning like a fire in their bones. There is a story concerning a minister who was spending a summer in remote rural New England and who was asked to preach in a little pastorless church on the following Sunday. He accepted, and he and his son walked a mile to the meetinghouse. The committee told him that they had no fund, and asked him if he would be satisfied with the collection. He cheerfully consented. The contribution box was in the vestibule and as the preacher went in, he deposited a half-dollar therein. After the service the box was unlocked, and he was given the contents, which proved to be his own half-dollar and no more. As they walked home together the boy said, 'Dad, you would have got more out of that box if you had put more into it.' The same is true of many ministers' sermons.

*Getting By with Sermons*

To my mind the sermon is to be judged by its lifting power. That is a good sermon which makes men want to be good and helps them in the effort, and reveals to them a power above themselves that will assist them in the attainment of goodness, but that does not always mean that a good sermon is one which has cost the preacher prolonged study or profound thought. It is far too easy for a minister to deceive his congregation and himself with a notion that he has preached a good sermon when, as a matter of fact, he has not done his best. One thing the matter with the ministry is that too many preachers are content to *get by* with their sermons; to preach discourses which their adoring hearers will call good, but which do not represent their own high thought and devotion.

I am about to say something which can easily be misunderstood, and which might be interpreted as a criticism on some men whose motives were of the highest and whose services were large. I do not so intend. During the war I was distressed to see the number of men who were eager to leave their pulpits and get overseas in various minor capacities of service. It was not that I did not sympathize with their desire to do everything possible for our soldier boys and to minister to them in even the humblest of capacities. I myself, by wearisome visits to camp and cantonment, did what I thought and still think my full share of this; but I could not help feeling that some men welcomed the opportunity to flee from the drudgery of the home church, taking ship for Tarshish like Jonah instead of settling down to the solid constructive work of the parish and maintaining in that crisis the leadership of church and community life.

*Ministers Become Discouraged*

I feel confident that some of the men who were peddling cigarets in France might better have been devoting themselves to the laborious and inconspicuous but important work of maintaining the home church. I do not wish to say this in a censorious spirit, but to me there were evidences that many men did not highly value the opportunity which then presented itself in the churches they had been called to serve nor feel the thrilling importance of their own message in such a time as that.

Another thing the matter with the preacher is that many ministers have become discouraged about their evening congregations especially and no longer seek to make them a means of converting men or even of edifying them, but chiefly of entertaining them.

I am no advocate of, nor apologist for, dull preaching. I rather admire a certain preacher, a friend of mine, who boldly announces in his Sunday advertisement, 'We defy any theater to be more interesting than our service.' That man makes his service interesting and also evangelistic. There is no reason why it should not be so.

# The Voyage of the Victoria

## PATAGONIA

*Sixth of a Series*



Taking advantage of a native's innocence and giving a playing card for six fowls.

BY CHARLES J. FINGER

WOODCUTS BY PAUL HONORÉ

WHEN the fleet sighted the Brazilian coast in the early part of December, 1519, a man who had been a mere cog in the machine rose to importance. That was Joao Carvalho, the pilot, an adventurer, a man who had done and seen strange things. More, he had been that way before, had lived in Brazil for three or four years and taken a native woman to wife. By her he had a son; Carvalho found him while the fleet lay there, and shipped him as a sailor. With whom Carvalho had sailed is not clear. It may have been with Pinzon, or with Cabral, or with Juan Diaz de Solis; or he may have been with some other expedition sent out by the commercial houses. For while Solis certainly cruised far south in 1515, and left his bones in the River Plate country, we are told by the historian Varnhagen that a Nuno Manuel was there before him.

Another historian, Manuel Telles, is of the opinion that a Diego Garcia first entered the Plate in 1512. But whoever it was that Carvalho sailed with, he knew his landmarks and recognized every promontory and headland, and knew submerged points and shoals well enough. Not only that, but he improved upon his credit by drawing on his imagination and telling all hearers of the wonders they might expect, such as natives who were cannibals, strange beasts that roamed in the forests, natives who used swift boats called *canoe*, people who slept in nets of cotton which were slung to trees and called *amache*, precious stones to be had for the picking up, bowls full of gold ready to be exchanged for a handful of beads—false and true were mixed up, and the credulous Pigafetta recorded all.

On December 13, 1519, the fleet dropped anchor in what is now Rio de Janeiro Harbor, a gulf almost landlocked, twenty miles long and ten miles wide, approached through a channel less than a mile in width. About the bay Pigafetta has much to say, and it must have been as a paradise to the men so long cooped up in narrow quarters in all that accumulation of filth, for that which immediately strikes the eye is the intense coloring of dark blue of sea and sky. Then the richly wooded hills, the inverted world seen in the waters, the vivid spots of color, the slender track of yellow sand with its silver edge where water touches land, the trees against the turquoise sky that look like burnished gold as the setting sun strikes them, the lofty Corcovado, the starry wonder at night, the extraordinary size and magnificence of the flowers, the glorious and brilliant birds and butterflies, the lights and shadows on the cascade of living green. The march of improvement had not robbed the place of its beauty four hundred years after Magellan's visit, and it must have appealed to his sailors as a vast, luxuriant garden.

The fleet stayed there for two weeks, taking in wood and water and provisions. In the midst of all that wonder and beauty the social machinery ran smoothly and light-heartedness seemed to be the chief aim.

Now and then masses were held ashore, and the natives attended, 'remaining on their knees with their hands joined so that it was a pleasure and a pity to see them,' says Pigafetta. That the forms of ritual were merely imitated in exactly the same spirit with which on other occasions the white men imitated the signs and the gestures of natives, did not occur to the chronicler. What the worthy man beheld, or thought that he beheld, was primitive man going through peculiar psychological processes and standing regretfully, as it were, at the entrance of some arcanum which he could not hope to enter. For in Pigafetta's view, an awful and eternal doom which they could in no wise escape awaited those children of nature. So 'it was a pity to see them' going through forms which for the white men were efficacious, but which for the savage for whom there was no possible mitigation of harsh destiny were mere gestures availing nothing. But Pigafetta's ideas of rights and wrongs did not prevent him from taking advantage of a native's innocence and giving a playing card for six fowls. He was ready for his share of the spoil at any time.

The fleet left the day after Christmas, and on January 11, 1520, rode into the reddish brown waters of the River Plate, then known as El Rio de Solis. Carvalho had been there before, or else he had been intimately acquainted with someone who had, for he recognized this cape and that. No sooner had the first dawn after anchorage broke, than some of the ships lifted anchor, Magellan going south in the *San Antonio*, the little *Santiago* sailing upstream, and it was fifteen days before the ships gathered together again. It must be realized that from the point where the fleet anchored, the estuary runs up into the land for a distance of two hundred miles, with a breadth of thirty miles or more, and the long stretch is formed by the union of the mighty River Uruguay with the still greater Parana, two rivers which, between them, drain almost a fourth of the South American continent. Magellan's idea was to discover whether the body of water was not the sought-for strait.

The men of the *Santiago* saw natives. Some writers, quoting others who wrote from supposition, have said that the

sailors were full of fear lest the cannibals who killed and ate the explorer Solis should attack the men of the *Santiago*. So it has been a kind of inculcated belief that the Charruas were man-eaters. There is no proof that Solis was eaten. He lost his life in 1516, while trying to capture a native to carry back to the king of Spain, and the natives resented the invasive act.

That the Charruas were not cannibals seems to be proved by the fact that in 1527 Sebastian Cabot found three of the men who had been with Solis at the time of his death, and they were living peacefully with the natives. Cabot gives their names as Melchor Ramirez, Enrique Montes and Francisco del Puerto. If the natives were given to the eating of the flesh of their enemies it is strange that they refrained from eating their three captives as well as Solis.

We pass over as unimportant much that Pigafetta records in the way of St. Elmo's fire, fearful storms, and the running of ships upon shoals. He has been quoted and requoted about other things that seem too childish for remark, as that the savages, being pursued, 'made such enormous strides that with all our running and jumping we could not overtake them' —for a moment's thought should be sufficient to show any thoughtful man that no dressed and booted sailor could by any possibility hope to overtake a native on his native soil, unencumbered and swift of foot.

The matter of diminished rations also calls for remark. Certainly the rations were diminished, although the adjacent country abounded in game and fish, and still so abounds. Readers of W. H. Hudson know that well enough. I might add my own testimony, that I have gone for days on end with nothing more than a shotgun and always found ample food. But the explanation seems to be that the sailors were terribly afraid of unknown and nonexistent dangers, conjured up by their own imaginations.

They were afraid of giants. They were afraid of cannibals. They were afraid of 'sea wolves,' which are nothing but fur-seals, as gentle and as harmless as sheep. As to that last, Pigafetta has a passage telling how, when the fleet was in Bahia de los Patas, in the month of February, a boat with six men was sent ashore for wood and water. But so fearful were the sailors of natives that instead of rowing to the mainland they went to a small island, keeping it between themselves and the ships, and there landed, unseen by their shipmates. That action could have been nothing more than the result of fear, for the island is nothing but a low-lying piece of land, quite timberless and obviously without water. But there they stayed all night, full of fear lest they 'be devoured by sea wolves' or perish with cold, until they were found the next morning by their shipmates.

There were many similar cases of fear, though, to be sure, the men are not to be condemned for poltroonery because of that. They could, and did, meet danger and suffering at sea, but when it came to land, matters were different. Like children who fear to go into the dark, they had excited their own imaginations and were prostrated with terror in places where, had they knowledge, they might have known they could walk unscathed.



The spokesman was a *grumete* or ordinary seaman.

On March 31, 1520, the fleet reached St. Julian Bay, in latitude 49° 20′ South, and there Magallen decided to winter and make repairs to his ships. In view of what occurred there it is well to understand that it is a stretch of water almost landlocked, of no great size, with a couple of islets in it and a small fresh-water stream running into it. It is not surrounded by desert country, but grassland which today gives sustenance to sheep and cattle. Directly west of the southern part of it are highlands culminating in Mount Sholl, from which may be seen something of the River Santa Cruz, a little south of west.

For a few days there was great activity, preparing for the winter, but when it became generally known that the fleet would stay there until the spring, and when it was reported, falsely, that the winters were terrible in their intensity, a deputation, or a kind of grievance committee, as we would call it, waited on Magellan. He heard and considered the complaint, which had to do with the short rations, made answer with sturdy manliness and without any evidence of that lawless self-will of his, pointing out that there were fish in plenty to be had, and things seemed to go smoothly.

Soon came another protest, mentioned almost casually by the chronicler, but in a way that seems to indicate that he considered it wiser at the time of writing to leave much unsaid. Some historians have made much of the thing, writing of eloquent outpourings and brilliant speeches, at the end of which the objectors, dazzled and delighted with all that rhetoric, retired. But it is the experience of every man who has had authority that genuine workmen are rarely loquacious.

Instead of dramatic and picturesque situations, what is reasonable to picture is something like this. The deputation of toil-worn, hard-handed, mahogany-faced men, some with rags that would hardly hold together, loosely grouped on the deck of the *Trinidad*. The majority of them would be ill at ease, as subordinates usually

are when fronting authority, but there would be one or two with an air of quiet determination.

I get that picture from the life, for on the same coast, on board a barquentine on which I sailed before the mast, a happening almost identical took place. But instead of attentive officers and captain, as in that case, we imagine a Spanish captain or two, tall and comely, on the edge of things, brilliant and splendid in corselet and helmet donned for the occasion. Then we see Magellan, a frowning man of less than medium height, swarthy and bearded, square-built and walking with a limp. Behind him would stand a few pike men, and his cousin, and the rascally constable, Espinosa. As background to the picture there would be the gray and featureless land dotted with tufts of high grass and stumpy thorn bushes, a land trackless and treeless, looking infinitely desolate to men who remembered the River Plate and the Brazilian harbor. Add to all that the gray-green water of the bay, the yellow sand shoals, the two gloomy little islands and the white, wheeling, screaming sea gulls.



The gray-green water of the bay . . . and the white, wheeling, screaming sea gulls.

The spokesman was a *grumete* or ordinary seaman. He and his fellows wanted the restoration of full rations and, if they were to winter anywhere on that coast, to do so farther north where conditions were less severe. They had labored long and hard. They had suffered from storm and stress in dreadful misery. Let something be done for their comfort and the admiral would find them laboring cheerfully. As for him, he was no ringleader, but one chosen by lot, an outspoken man. And surely the captain-general would agree that it was better to declaim openly against wrongs to those with power to mend them, than it was to nurse them secretly.

As the man talked, Magellan paced to and fro, frowning and angry. Then he stopped short and looked at the sailor for a moment, after which his questions came swiftly. He wanted to know who was back of all this discontent. Who was it that challenged his authority? He wanted names.

At that the sailor effaced himself promptly, for revelation of names was a dangerous business where so much was whispered and hinted and where there were so many commanders. Also there was a tendency in the protesting group of sailors to dwindle away, none standing forth prominently, though there was some indefinite pushing and thrusting in the mass in the effort to produce a new spokesman. Then from the crowd there was a noise of grumbling voices, nothing very intelligible, merely half-spoken sentences fitfully audible. Then an embittered word or two was flung. Soon there were shoutings from undetected voices. One flung out a demand for a return to Spain, another shouted the word, 'Traitor!'

Immediately the balance was destroyed. The deputation had passed beyond a mere parade of wrongs and had crossed the line into a danger zone. Magellan gave the word, and into the unarmed crowd of sailors ran Espinosa and the pike men, beating, thrusting, seizing this one and that, and then authority was used unsparingly and untiringly. The whip, the chain, the stocks, the prison cell—these became weapons, and a half-dozen, who had not in the least dreamed that their presence would involve responsibility, were forced to endure much.

But, after all, it was only a play of pawn against pawn, with none of the major pieces engaged. That greater play was to come, a terrible play that left a monument in the gallows and human bones which Drake saw a few years later on the shores of St. Julian Bay.

## An Intimate Story of a Best Seller

(*Concluded from page 13*)

have such breadth of vision is—it's a miracle. You are how old?' He was forty-one. 'And you've never been to New York before? It's a miracle. This story is sure to be taken.'

'But the publishers say people are not interested in village life,' he murmured deprecatingly, 'and *Trix* is a story of a small town.'

'They don't know what they're talking about. But of course this manuscript will have to be done over. My fee for that is $20. It won't do as it is, because publishers want the phraseology more exact. For instance, on this first page, the girl knocks at a door. You say, "At first, no one answered." Why don't you say, "Nobody answered"? Or, to shorten it, why not say, "There was no answer"? or simply, "No answer"?'

'I don't know,' my friend admitted feebly.

'But you must know. You must know why you do everything that you do.' When my friend parted from the agent, it seemed to him that he knew nothing with absolute exactitude except the sum of money that had changed hands. Had he been able to walk like anybody else, such was his weakness and abject humility that he would have needed that West Indian anyhow.

Meanwhile a message had come from the publishing house. They had sent him the manuscript of *Trix* at his request, but they still claimed the right to publish it—the first hint that they had decided to do so. But, in fact, they had not decided. Even after my friend visited the head of the firm, even after the notable conference took place, the issue was only a probability. My friend and his mother were generously entertained by the firm at a delightful hotel; but after they arrived back in Arkansas four months passed, with several visits to the Fence of Sighs, before the contract arrived.

And five months after that came the formal presentation, the Day of Publication.

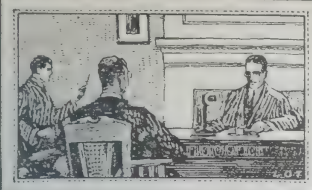
And then, a few months later, *Trix*, garbed in a splendid jacket and blossoming under another name, equally short and impudent, headed the list of best sellers.

(I have not given the author's name, nor the publisher's, nor even the final name of the book—but the story of *Trix* is true.)

*A LOT of people are advocating the revival of the whipping post as a punishment for crime. Delaware retains the whipping post and next week Aaron Hardy Ulm will tell just how it works out.*

*Our next issue will also carry another of those intimate articles on China by Inez Marks Lowdermilk, and Dr. William Barton will deal with the education of the ministry in its relation to our children.*

*Burt McConnell, an authority on Polar exploration, will relate the tragedy of the Franklin Expedition.*



# CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'They think it is the farmers who are doing it,' said ***the Man from Iowa,*** as he discussed recent political events of his state.

'They'll be telling the President that it is the delay in the proposed farm legislation that is the trouble.

'Worse than all, the President is likely to believe it, and take advice of his narrow parochial advisers, and rush through some alleged farm legislation.

'But they won't fool the Iowa farmer—not for a minute. He knows that laws passed that way are not passed for his benefit but for his *vote*. The President's advisers think of the farmers as votes. And if the President himself gets to thinking of them that way, he has lost them for good. The safest thing for the President to do is to get thinking about the farmer's benefit as a citizen, not as a voter. The farmer has been a voter too long; he wants to be a fellow-citizen in the real sense.

'You want to know what's wrong in Iowa? Well, it's just this. People feel that Washington isn't quite as United Statesy as it ought to be. Iowa felt that Washington felt that it was quite a privilege to be a kind of appendage off at one side of the country, but the core of the country is New York and Washington. That don't go out in Iowa, I tell *you*. Our old regular senators got thinking the same way—they lived and thought Washington and forgot Iowa. Why, what did they do about the World Court? Did they come back to us and say, "Folks, how do you feel about it?" No! They just slammed us in without consent, because Washington wanted them to do it. Instead of asking us how we felt about it they started in to tell us how we should feel about it.

'You can't do that long with the people out our way. We're too United Statesy. When it comes to the United States against a tidewater crowd of politicians, I guess United States will win.'

ɾ ɾ ɾ

'The French people do not understand America,' said ***the famous French war ace,*** 'because they are misled by their newspapers and politicians. In the first place you must know that the average European has no true conception of America; to him it is a land where wealth and prosperity abound. He gains his idea of *all* Americans from those rich tourists who scatter money to the four winds. He is frugal himself and this prodigality to him seems like generosity. And so he looks for generosity from the American nation. He feels that generosity would cost the American little because he has so much.

'The newspapers and politicians cater to this belief. The editors—like some of your own—publish, not the truth, but what they think their readers want to believe. They exaggerate America's wealth and declare that America could help France with little inconvenience to herself. They recall what France has done for America in the past, and stress the 150 years of close friendship between the two nations. Certain politicians in their effort to get votes make absurd promises; they guarantee to get aid from America if they are elected. And when this aid fails to materialize the French people are disappointed. They cannot understand America's position.'

ɾ ɾ ɾ

'It was not always excellent taste on the part of our early printers that made their books beautiful,' said ***one of the country's leading typographers.*** 'Much of the beauty of the old books is in the sparing use of different type faces. Often the printer had but one or two in his shop, and consequently couldn't go wrong. It was impossible for him to experiment like many printers have done since the beginning of the metal type foundries and their multiplicity of type faces. We are passing that stage now, however, and the tendency is back toward the simplicity of three hundred years ago. One of the biggest helps in my work has been a collection of early books not rare in themselves but good examples of early printing. Such a collection any printer could make at no great expense of time or money and it would be a constant guide and inspiration for better work in his shop.'

ɾ ɾ ɾ

The ***Engineer*** and ***Musician*** were lingering at the table over an after-dinner cigaret.

'What are your honest opinions regarding cigaret smoking,' we asked.

Each looked at the other. Then the Musician burst forth with a two-word confession.

'No good.

'When I was playing three concerts daily in Boston, I found that if I expected to do my best work in the heavy number on the evening program I must leave cigarets alone before the performance.'

'My experience,' said the Engineer, 'has been somewhat similar. If a job comes along which requires a long period of concentration or exceptional mental effort I have to lay off cigarets. I find that my mind is more keen and alert without them.'

Both men agreed, however, that under nervous strain the cigaret had a quieting effect upon them, which may explain why the use of cigarets is increasing in present times.

ɾ ɾ ɾ

'Most of the movie magnates are really *trying* to be artistic,' said the ***Noted Editor,*** just back from Hollywood, 'because now they realize that artistry pays. And of course *that* is what counts with them. Many of the plain ignoramuses are gone; they have made their money and got out. Those who are left are shrewd fellows who have grown with the industry. As they acquired wealth they also acquired a smattering of general knowledge. And they have brains enough to realize what they lack in culture and breeding—and so they try to hire it from others. Their fallacy, of course, is that culture can be bought by the yard measure. That is why there are still so many glaring inconsistencies in the films.'

'The most valuable voter, potentially,' said ***the Secretary of the Board of Election Commissioners,*** 'is the stay-at-home voter.'

'Why the stay-at-home voter?' we asked.

'Because he has no axes to grind. In spite of the fact that he shows an apparent lack of interest in the welfare of his community, still you will usually find him to be a pretty substantial sort of citizen. Very often he's the fellow who asks you: what's the use? He hides behind the futility excuse.'

'What can be done to cure him?' we asked.

'Well, figures show that participation in our elections is dwindling right along. To arouse public sentiment and get votes out we must change the mechanics of our elections to catch the votes where they are. You see, they have tried *compulsory voting* but never *convenient voting*. The "Get Out the Vote" movement seldom shows results. Folks are fed up with complaints about the lack of participation in our Government. This may not be entirely due to their lack of interest but rather to our antiquated and inconvenient election system. It is an echo of the old town meeting days.'

'Well, what's the answer?' we demanded.

'Give the voter more time to think over his ballot—let him vote by mail.'

'But think of the opportunity for crookedness,' we ventured.

'No more than at the present time,' declared the Secretary. 'Not so much, in fact, for you would have all this stay-at-home vote to stabilize the ballot box. Every vote can be carefully checked. Of course, such a movement would have to be introduced gradually and the people educated up to it. But voting by mail is the coming thing.'

And maybe it is.

ɾ ɾ ɾ

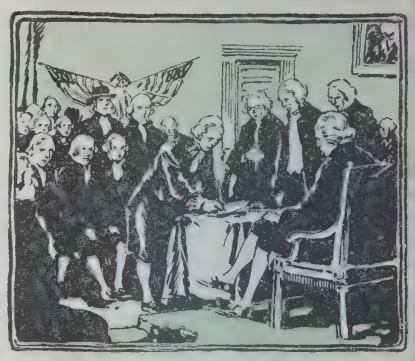
'You Americans,' said ***Our European Visitor,*** 'are so remarkable in so many ways, that one of your characteristics strikes me very forcibly as showing a weakness somewhere. That is the sparcity of general ideas in your conversation. You talk a great deal, but there is no conversation, no exchange of ideas. The talk usually turns to things or to their acquisition. I seldom hear so much as a fleeting reference to a general idea. Discussion is confined to the particular and personal, to machines, to clothes, to the theater or movie.

'You people seem to have trained yourselves to a severe system of specialization. Each man has his sphere, and he doesn't or daren't step out of it. In his specialty, however, he is a two-edged sword.

'As a result, conversation is nil. A mixed company has nothing in common unless it be on the trivial side of life. You play cards or sing Irving Berlin's songs together. These seem to be the only points at which you can contact each other conversationally. I mention it, not in criticism, but because it has made so great an impression on me.'

# The Fighting Quaker Who Made Cannon

## Rhode Island and South Carolina Signers Included Hopkins, Outlawed by His Co-Religionists



By CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

BACK in 1776 Rhode Island was, as it is now, the tiniest among the original thirteen states. It measured thirty-five miles in its extreme breadth and fifty in its greatest length. Delaware, ranking second in area as it does now, was just about double the size of 'Little Rhody.' The least state sent the fewest representatives to Congress, and had only two signers of the Declaration of Independence. Stephen Hopkins and William Ellery most ably attended to its interests. Both were indomitable patriots, religious, worthy citizens and relentless foes of slavery; each was an expert penman. But Ellery was rather irritable in temper, of moderate stature and not fond of bodily activity; Hopkins was calm, tall, and liked outdoor life. Ellery, the Harvard graduate, practiced law; Hopkins, who had obtained his education in the old-fashioned log schoolhouse, as many boys had, had been a dirt farmer. The Harvard man read Cicero as a pastime.

Though both of the Rhode Island delegates were legible writers, Hopkins' signature to the 'Magna Charta' of American rights was the most illegible of them all while Ellery's consistently qualified as the best. Why? There was a reason. It was not fear that produced Hopkins' shaky handwriting.

'My hand trembles,' said Hopkins as he signed the Declaration with evident satisfaction, 'but my heart does not.'

Sixty-nine years rested on the frame of this Rhode Islander. He suffered from a nervous affection known then as 'shaking palsy.' When he affixed his name he steadied his right hand with his left, but the hand with the pen trembled anyhow. He usually had his secretary, Moses Brown, of Providence, to do his correspondence; but Brown was absent on this occasion. One cannot always judge by appearances; Hopkins possessed a willing and courageous spirit though the flesh was weak.

'Powder and ball will decide this question,' he declared during the debate on the proposition that had been put before Congress to make armed resistance. These do not sound like the words of a faltering coward, and they certainly are not.

At Albany, New York, in 1754, Stephen Hopkins formed a warm friendship with Benjamin Franklin. He warmly supported the latter's scheme for the union of the colonies, but nothing came of it at that time.

In 1762 he founded the *Providence Gazette & County Journal* to counteract the influence of the loyalist *Mercury*. For twenty-three years he furnished the bulk of his newspaper's contents. Hopkins was an active, energetic man; also a powerful and lucid speaker. He could write forcefully, too.

In June, 1774, the assembly of Rhode Island passed an act prohibiting the importation of negroes into the colony. This legislation was mainly due to his exertions. In 1773 he had emancipated most of his own slaves; because he refused to free all of them his membership in the Quaker society was canceled and his name dropped from the roll. Even after this incident Hopkins continued to call himself a Friend. He kept on worshiping with the Quakers, but he professed religious views so broad that his enemies did not hesitate to designate him an infidel.




I think it can be justly said that Hopkins was the first abolitionist of America. Certainly he was a fighting Quaker, if such an anomaly is possible, using his influence in Congress in favor of decisive measures. But he did not stop with his influence. No, he manufactured pig iron, and from that he made cannon for the United States forts and troops. So I am not surprised that the Quakers outlawed him, as he really was a Quaker in name only.

Simultaneously he held membership in the Rhode Island legislature, in Congress and discharged the duties of chief justice. He was a member of the first two committees appointed by Congress. His extensive knowledge of the business of shipping made him particularly useful in Congress as a member of the naval committee in devising plans for fitting out armed vessels and furnishing the colonies with a naval armament. He was one of the fathers of the Navy.

During eleven years Stephen Hopkins was the governor of the province. In 1758 party dissension had developed through the rival candidacies of Hopkins and Samuel Ward, a young man then only thirty-three. The older of the two commented upon a pamphlet issued by the other. He lamented the 'strange forwardness of so young a man as Mr. Ward, without knowledge or experience in the affairs of government, to endeavor to place himself at the head of things, and still more strange to attempt to render himself qualified for so high a post only by blasting another man's reputation, without displaying any ability for governing or any other amiable quality in himself.'

Several years afterward Stephen Hopkins and Samuel Ward occupied seats in Congress as colleagues. Rhode Island had sent them there. Circumstances had brought these two patriotic men together; though once rank enemies, they had become warm friends. The tragedy or drama of it all lay in the circumstance that they would have been brother signers of the Declaration of Independence if Ward had not died and been replaced.

William Ellery, the Harvard graduate, was the man who succeeded Ward. This Rhode Islander spoke of the signing as an event 'which many regarded with awe, some with uncertainty, but none with fear.' He evinced a strong curiosity, almost morbid in its nature, to observe the emotions of the delegates as they wielded the pen. Those were highly dramatic moments on that warm second day of August.

'I watched every one sign,' Ellery narrated afterward, 'as I was determined to see how they looked as they gave their names to what might be their death warrant. I placed myself beside the secretary, Charles Thompson, and eyed each closely as he affixed his name to the document. There was undaunted resolution in every countenance.'

He was a member of eight or ten committees in Congress; perhaps none exceeded the marine committee in importance. It recommended the plan, supposedly at his suggestion, of preparing fire ships to be sent out from the State of Rhode Island.

About that time or a little later the

enemy succeeded in blockading the American squadron, commanded by Esek Hopkins, in Blackstone River.

The fine home of Ellery at Newport was burned by the enemy and his personal treasures destroyed or stolen. The residents sustained much injury to their property with General Piggot in possession of the city, fortifying it and using it as his headquarters. War is no respecter of homes or persons; that fact was driven into the consciousness of the patriots.

But through it all William Ellery could be truly hilarious. During the winter of 1779-80 a committee of Congress was sent to Washington's headquarters to confer with the commander-in-chief. The members were a Mr. Mathews, of South Carolina, a Mr. Peabody, of New Hampshire, and General Peter Schuyler, of New York. At that time James Madison, who later became President of the United States, had been in Congress only a few months. He joined with Ellery in sending the following quite informal letter to the absent three delegates:

'Ye poor devils shivering on the bleak hills of Morris, how we pity you! Ho, soldier, with your canteen; view that poor committeeman, see him trembling! Hark! Hear his teeth chatter—unable to support himself under the chilling blasts which, unclothed and unfed, you have endured with invincible perseverance and fortitude. Soldier, see him expiring! He was nursed under a fervid sun, and he exposes himself to your nipping gales to bring you some relief.

'We addressed Congress and used every argument in our power to induce them to order a couple of pipes to be sent to headquarters, and we told them that the general's wine was entirely exhausted. They doubted. However, we shall for once stretch our power and send forward two pipes immediately. You will be pleased to consider soberly the business you have undertaken and the expectations of your Congress, and not drink more than three glasses of wine at dinner and six at supper. And whenever you write to us, do it before breakfast.'

It is hard to believe that either Madison or Ellery could have penned such a fun-poking communication; yet Ellery, although a Harvard man and a lawyer with enough dignity for the profession, owned a mind that kept pace with the world.

In 1785 the matter of slavery was brought to the attention of Congress by Rufus King who desired to make it unlawful throughout the country. Ellery ably seconded and supported the resolution 'that there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in any of the states.' The measure was defeated.



The slavery issue decided, Mr. Ellery retired from Congress at the end of the year. He later became a commissioner of the continental loan office and next chief justice of the superior court. On the organization of the Federal Government, President Washington appointed him collector of the customs for the town of Newport, a position which he retained during the remainder of his life.

To Charles Carroll went the double distinction of reaching the greatest age of any of the signers and of living the longest after the making of the immortal document.

Ellery displayed an uncommon disregard for the applause of mankind. He was strongly individual with an Emersonian touch in his acts and writings long before Emerson had been born. I shall quote the following two cogent observations as evidence of this characteristic:

'Humility, rather than pride, becomes such creatures as we are.'

'He that loveth father or mother, or he that loveth son or daughter, more than liberty is not truly worthy of her.'

The signer's dream of abolition of slavery failed. But his nephew and namesake, William Ellery Channing, vigorously espoused the cause in the period preceding the Civil War and probably did more than any other man, Lincoln excepted, to make it a reality. So 'Uncle Bill' won by proxy, as it were.

---



## SOUTH CAROLINA

The youngest signer for South Carolina was Edward Rutledge, age twenty-six years. The most surprising fact is not that Rutledge was the youngest endorser of our great document; for even more startling, it seems to me, is the circumstance that he had a compatriot who was also under twenty-seven on the second day of August, 1776. This man was Thomas Lynch, who, however, had a birthday anniversary just three days afterward. As the other South Carolina signers, Thomas Heyward, Jr., and Arthur Middleton, were thirty and thirty-three respectively, youth was truly in the saddle in that state.

There are some other facts that differentiate the South Carolina signers from the other backers of the Declaration. All four were lawyers, and all four were natives of the state they represented; they shared this latter distinction, however, with Maryland, Virginia and Massachusetts. Their span of life averaged forty-seven years; they constituted the youngest group affixing their signatures on that oppressively warm second of August, 1776.

The name of Rutledge has never been eclipsed in South Carolina history. Somehow I can never think of it without recalling that Lincoln's sweetheart bore it. There were two brothers, Edward and John; the latter was an active patriot but not a signer. He became governor of the state, then a chief justice therein and later a judge in the United States Supreme Court.

At the siege of Charleston he was captured and imprisoned by the enemy in St. Augustine. His release was soon effected, however, and he returned to South Carolina in time to succeed his brother John as its governor. Long live the illustrious memory of Edward and John Rutledge.

During the war Rutledge was appointed along with John Adams, of Massachusetts, and Franklin, of Pennsylvania, to meet the British commander, Lord Howe, who had requested that an effort be made to negotiate peace and stop the fighting. Though the conference produced no beneficial result, it did bring the youngest and the oldest of the future signers together and led to a bit of drama enacted by them and the enemy. When the parley broke up, Lord Howe had our commissioners taken from Long Island to New York on his own barge. Just before reaching the shore, Franklin thrust one of his hands in a pocket and noisily clinked some gold and silver coins. At the time of the landing he offered the coins to the sailors who had rowed the boat; but the British commander would not let the men accept the proffered money. Franklin chuckled.

'Why,' Edward Rutledge wanted to know as soon as the commissioners were too far away to be heard by the enemy, 'did you offer money to the sailors, Doctor?'

'Well,' the aged Franklin answered, 'the British think that we have no hard money in the colonies, and I took this opportunity to show them to the contrary. I risked nothing whatever, for I felt sure that the men would not be permitted to accept my coins.'

Rutledge was again appointed to Congress in 1779, but illness compelled him to return home after he had arrived at the seat of government. Upon recovering from the disease that afflicted him, he took a leading part in the military movements in his state. Later in this same year he landed at Port Royal Island with a party of regular troops to dislodge the enemy. Rutledge had charge of a company of artillery; Thomas Heyward, also a signer, commanded another. It was necessary to call out a draft of militia, however, in order to drive the British from the island.

Later the youngest signer was taken prisoner. He suffered severely along with other 'dangerous rebels.'

Slavery was considered by Rutledge an evil that the English had imposed upon the colonies. He would never give his consent to increasing or extending it; upon this point he maintained an inflexible attitude.

He zealously advocated the adoption of the Federal Constitution. He took an active part in the state legislature; during his seventeen years there no measure of importance was passed without his interested participation in the discussion or debating.

It was said of Rutledge that 'for the good he did and the evil he prevented, his memory will long be respected by his countrymen.' And today there stands at Charleston a monument that bears a long Latin epitaph extolling his virtues and saying nothing about the few faults that he had.

All of the South Carolina signers were roughly handled in one way or another. Lynch was lost at sea; Rutledge, Heyward, and Middleton all formed an acquaintance with the enemy's jails or prison pens.



'He went with the army,' it is recorded of Middleton, 'to the defense of Charleston. He left his own property and plantations exposed to the enemy, and sent word to Mrs. Middleton to move with the family to the house of a friend a day's journey away. Middleton

suffered immensely. The buildings of his place were spared, but nearly everything was rifled; of valuable paintings too large for removal many were wantonly mutilated. Although not an officer, he fought with the forces at Charleston and was taken prisoner. He was deported along with others to St. Augustine and there subjected to humiliation by the official command.'

After a time Middleton was exchanged. He went home, then resumed his duties as a representative in Congress. The oppressive measures of Lord Cornwallis had so roiled the patriot and the horrors he had seen had been so revolting that he straightway proposed summary action. He submitted to Congress a motion 'that Lord Cornwallis should be regarded in the light of a barbarian who had violated all the rules of civilized warfare.'

The wreck of Middleton's property and fortune, the burning of scores of old Flemish and Italian paintings, the mistreatment of himself and the detention of his family made him all the more enthusiastic and ardent for independence.

He died on New Year's Day, 1787, while living in philosophical ease at his country-seat near the city of Charleston. He enjoyed his excellent library and the many friends who partook of his hospitality. Seized with intermittent fever in November, he refused the usual remedies with the explanation that 'it is best to leave nature to itself.' He gave his consent too late to his family's desire for a physician to attend him.

*Lynch the Undaunted*

The life of Thomas Lynch, the signer, is an illustration of the willing spirit and the weak body. After organizing the first South Carolina regiment of provincial regulars, he received command of a company. He started with his men on a march to Charleston, but unfortunately was attacked by a bilious fever. This disease slackened its virulence at times, but it never released its hold upon him.

Lynch rejoined the regiment; his poor health, however, prevented him from attending to his duties as he wished. Suddenly he received word that his father, who had taken his place in Congress at Philadelphia, was seriously ill. He prepared to go to his dying parent and bring to him during his final moments the solace of an affectionate son. He applied for a furlough, and was amazed to find the privilege denied him. Colonel Gadsden, the commanding officer, had certain inflexible rules and one of them was never to permit private life to interfere with his country's cause. Lynch had to remain, or be tried by a court-martial on a charge of insubordination. What could he do? He had found himself in an impossible situation. Fortunately, word soon came that he had been elected to Congress to succeed his sick father. The way was now open for his departure. He hurried to Philadelphia, went to his father's bedside and so cheered him that the aged man soon improved.

In the meantime the health of the younger Lynch had declined, due to the exposures suffered in the hurried trip from South Carolina. He managed to serve in Congress, however, until he had voted for the independence measure and signed the document approximately a month later. He then set out for his native state with his father; but upon reaching Annapolis a second paralytic attack ended the parent's life.

The son's health was now such that both his physicians and his friends advised a change of climate. They recommended an ocean voyage. Lynch wanted to go to Europe, but his wife pointed out the great danger of being captured. Finally it was agreed that they would proceed to St. Eustatia and then take a circuitous route to Southern France. Mrs. Lynch and he accordingly started on this roundabout trip to Europe, sailing just before the close of 1779. Their friends waited and waited, expecting to hear from them; but no word ever came. Did they fall into the cruel hands of pirates? Did the enemy capture them with death ensuing before they could write home? Did the ship founder in a storm? There has never been any answer to any of these three questions. They sailed—and that's all! Nothing was ever known of their fate.

Lynch and Thomas Heyward, a compatriot, signed the Declaration similarly; as Heyward's father had bestowed his own first name upon his son, the latter distinguished himself from his sire by adding 'Junr.,' and Lynch did likewise a few moments later. Each had the same first name, and each had a sufficiency of dramatic or tragic happenings.

The British army lay in the vicinity of Charleston when Heyward presided as a judge at a trial of certain persons charged with treasonable acts. His position made him particularly obnoxious to the enemy. With the fall of the city Heyward became a prisoner, and there was much conjecture over what sort of punishment would be given to him. Though treated harshly, he survived and retained his indomitable spirit. When he was about to be transported to St. Augustine for imprisonment he defied the British by singing 'God Save the Stars' instead of 'God Save the King.' His slaves were seized and taken to Jamaica. The hatred of the British almost cost the lives of his two brothers.

*Heyward's Grim Determination*

Even when Heyward was released from prison, his troubles were not ended. He fell overboard from the British ship conveying him to Philadelphia. He was not missed for several hours; then he was found holding to the rudder of the ship. It had required the grimmest sort of determination to hang on until he was discovered and rescued; but the incident merely illustrated the stuff of which our forefathers were made.

Back home again—to rest and recuperate? Yes, but troubles rarely come singly. His wife died. Heyward's grief was so great that his friends feared the man would lose his mind. He pulled himself together and went back to the bench. He retired in 1791 and had a comparatively unruffled existence until his death eighteen years afterward.



# Birth-Control—a World Blight

(*Continued from page 7*)

Greater efficiency and freedom in doing God's work, the desire of being wedded to Christ, are motives which justify religious celibates. They can rise superior to the claims of nature, by prayer, aloofness from their sex-opposites and by becoming engrossed in work. Some fail but the majority are an honor to mankind. Observation shows that their health does not suffer from sex-isolation. Their celibacy is a variation from the scarlet monotone of a sex-mad world. There is no danger to the propagation of the race from the abstention of a comparative handful; and at least they embody and express a noble aspiration and heroic effort, whereas Birth-Control pandering to sexuality, lacks the austere nobility of a lofty ambition and difficult enterprise.

But even if Birth-Control were not evil in itself, it would be evil and forbidden on account of its direful results. Birth-Control is opposed to the family. Birth-Control militates against the family because it is in contradiction to the threefold end of marriage: (1) The procreation of children and the propagation of the human race; (2) mutual affection and respect of husband and wife; (3) the legitimate indulgence of concupiscence. Moreover, it promotes divorce and also immorality among the unmarried.

*May Change Into Race Suicide*

If Birth-Control gets a hold on the whole race of men, the race will perish. Birth-Controllers intend only to reduce population to a moderate size by their practices. But they are letting loose a tremendous malignant force which will change Birth-Control into race suicide. We know from observation, history and possibly from personal experience, the volcanic, devouring power of sexual passion. The downfall of Rome and Greece bear witness to it. It will drive men to the quest of pleasure without regard for children even when children will be needed. Patriotism, race welfare, religion, family, decency will not appeal to them, because they will have become unnaturally callous to all high appeals. Also, they will not be able to procreate because Birth-Control leads to sterility. And thus, if Birth-Control succeeds, the earth will become a desolate, soundless planet, drifting through space, as dead as the moon. Possibly the universal conflagration which, according to Christ's prophecy, will consume the earth at the end of the world will be this fire of lust.

*Yellow Peril Will Be Actualized*

But there is one group of men who will probably resist Birth-Control and survive: Catholics. The Church will always denounce Birth-Control as an unnatural vice and exclude from her communion members who indulge in it persistently. Generally her children obey her, as is evident from the statistically known greater fruitfulness of Catholic families. Let my non-Catholic brethren recognize and prevent this most likely Catholic monopoly of the earth. We Catholics should like to be important in the world but not at the cost of Protestant race suicide.

If Birth-Control gets a hold on the white

races of America and Europe, the Yellow Peril will be actualized. For most probably, Birth-Control will not succeed with the Orientals. They will be suspicious of Neo-Malthusian propaganda from the West and as bad as they may possibly be otherwise, they abhor this unnatural crime. Hence, their overwhelming numbers, along with their need of geographical expansion, their envy of the rich fields of the temperate zone, their long-suppressed indignation at western aggrandizement in the Orient, their desire of revenge and their potential leadership, which in past times embodied itself in Attila, with his Huns, Ghenkis Khan, Tamerlane with his Tartars and the two Turks who took Constantinople and worked their way to the walls of Vienna, will stir them to flood the western world; the European culture, civilization and Christianity of 2,000 years will be ruined; America, with its wealth and its tradition of liberty, will be submerged in a yellow sea of humanity; and some day a handful of desolate whites, cowed on some obscure mountain-top, will look across the land and see their former cities with their streets, office-buildings, palaces and churches swarming with myriads of triumphant barbarians out of the loins of Asia.

*Will Need No Revolution*

If Birth-Control gets a hold on the so-called better classes of America, but not on the masses, we shall need no French Revolution nor Russian to project mobs into the mansions of wealth, with the torch and sword in hand and madness in their hearts. For the scions of aristocracy will thin out and perish of their own volition; and their possessions will naturally cry out for new masters. Now this is likely to occur. For they are principally the ones who, not satisfied with the natural luxury of their environment, are seeking unnatural indulgence through contraception. Shall we warn them to open their eyes and see how their system of life has worked out in the past; for instance, in New England which now should be called New Ireland; in France, which would have been submerged in the war by the greater numbers of Germany had she not been helped, and where today statesmen are legislating in vain against Birth-Control for the salvation of France? Shall we warn them or shall we leave them to their fate, under the conviction that their passing will be good riddance of a decaying limb on the tree of society?

But even if Birth-Control should not succeed to this extent, it will still be an unspeakable evil. It is such today. For it is depriving innumerable infants of their right to live here and hereafter. The sun, the sky, fields, rivers and mountains are awaiting them; but the manifold beauty of the universe they shall never behold. From the darkness of chaos, they are clamoring, so to speak, for the warmth and milk of their mother's breasts, her arms, caresses and smiles, her cradle, her home. But Birth-Controlling wives and husbands, smothering the instinct of parenthood, will not hearken to their cry. This is not figurative speech; for those babes have a right to live and their right clamors for a hearing. Or rather, to speak more exactly, God cries out to wives and husbands in their behalf. Birth-Control is the slaughter of the innocents, a worse one than Herod wrought; for his victims only had their lives curtailed; the victims of contraception are utterly deprived of life. If to take away a man's property, or his wife, or his reputation, or his life is evil, how superlatively wicked it must be to prevent an infant from even tasting life! And though the child be destined for hardship, yet, let him come; for to live in hardship is better than not to live at all. Christ, when on earth, said: 'Let the little ones come unto Me'; and now in heaven He says the same to the Birth-Controlling parents: 'Prevent them not. Of such are the Kingdom of Heaven.' Beware of this sort of anticipatory murder! Otherwise, when you stand at the throne to be judged, infant hands will be raised and infant voices cry out to the Judge for vengeance against you their own potential parents who deprived them of the possibility of paradise!

*Those Babes Have a Right to Live*

Birth-Control destroys also the secondary end of marriage, the mutual affection and respect of husband and wife. True affection and gross carnal indulgence cannot coexist. For the one is tender and spiritual; the other is commoner than clay. But Birth-Control develops the habit of stark sexuality. For it concentrates the mind upon perversion. Moreover, affection is spontaneous, not counting results; and therefore the cool, scientific calculation and preventive foresight of Birth-Control of necessity dissipates affection. Also, it destroys mutual respect. Birth-Control, excluding children, affectionate tenderness, and therefore also respect, reduces men and women to the level of cattle. The nobility of love disappears, the charm of romance is dissolved, idealism perishes, chivalric knighthood and ladyhood are no more; and these sweet excellences of human nature are supplanted by the unveiled sex relationship. Indeed, Birth-Control lowers us beneath brutes, for brutes are not unnatural.

> 'Let my non-Catholic brethren recognize and prevent this most likely Catholic monopoly of the earth. We Catholics should like to be important in the world but not at the cost of Protestant race suicide.'

*When Marriage Is a Rope of Sand*

Without children, the bond of marriage is a rope of sand. Birth-Control also leads to immoral relations. Even the purest men and women who retain their integrity through high motives of virtue are helped to be good by the prosaic and menial consideration of the disgrace of unwedded motherhood. Let Birth-Control take away from unmarried women the likelihood of being found with child, and promiscuous sexual unions will probably become the normal condition of society. If that happens, we might as well throw up our hands in despair and pray for the end of the world.

In the last analysis, the reason why men have a knightly respect for women is because they are mothers, either actually or in prospect. The charm of maidenhood, the grace of wifehood are only secondary forms of beauty reflected from the loveliness of motherhood. A man may be captivated by a woman's figure and face, and fascinated by her character, but he is annihilated in awful reverence (perhaps without recognizing the reason why) before the majesty and sweetness of her maternity. Take away motherhood from woman by Birth-Control, and a man may still be a flatterer, a passionate suitor, a royal entertainer, a boon companion, a willing victim of her seductiveness; but he will not be a knight. *Woman must carry half the burden of life.* Man fights the elements, promotes business, makes money and wages war. Woman must bear and rear children. If she refuses, she will be an ornament in society—and a very expensive one at that—but nothing more. And man will despise her for her inanity. A brave man faces death in war; a good woman goes down into the shadow of mortality every time she bears a child. All honor to her for that! But if she declines that danger and that glory, she is as contemptible as the man who shirks the battlefield. When a husband goes to the front, his wife says: 'Stay with me'; but she wants him to go and would condemn him if he stayed. When a wife marches to birth, her husband may say: 'Don't.' But he wishes her to submit to the ordeal and would think less of her if she shunned it. And if her man dies afield, she grieves for him, but glories in him. And if his woman dies abed, he is broken-hearted but proud. If therefore a husband wishes to spare his wife in the name of chivalry, let her be wise enough to decline his indulgence, that she may insure his chivalry.

*Causes Bodily and Mental Harm*

The excuse of insufficient means is too often humanly speaking justified. But wife and husband must put their trust in that heavenly Father who feeds the birds of the air and tends the flowers of the field and who will provide means, in some way or other, for their children. Also it is possible that some newlyweds have extravagant ideas of the requirements of a family. But meanwhile let us continue to agitate against numbers of capitalists whose monopoly of wealth makes it extremely difficult for ordinary people to acquire enough money to raise a family in comparative ease.

There is still another thing the Church has in mind in forbidding Birth-Control—the bodily and mental harm it causes to the woman. In England, Doctor C. P. Blacker, Dr. R. Gibbons, physician to the Grosvenor Hospital, Dr. Ernest Ware, surgeon to St. John and Elizabeth Hospitals, Dr. Hector Cameron, physician to Guy's Hospital, Dr. Mary Sharlieb, gynecologist to the Royal Free Hospital, Dr. F. J. McCann, surgeon to the Samaritan for Women, Sir A. Rice-Oxley, M. D., Dr. Bellingham Smith, senior gynecologist at the London School of Medicine for Women, Dr. Arthur E. Giles, senior surgeon of the Chelsea Women's Hospital, Dr. T. W. Taylor, President of the British Gynecological Society; and in America, Dr. S. J. Holmes, Zoölogist of the University of California, and Dr. Howard A. Kelly, gynecologist of Johns Hopkins Medical School are only some of the first-class surgeons and physicians who have pronounced from their experience that contraception injures women bodily and mentally. The latest report I received is from Dr. Hastings Gilford, of London, a former Hunterian professor of the Royal College of Surgeons, who, in a lecture delivered at the Royal Institute of Public Health, said that grim cancer is the nemesis which follows Birth-Control and the evasion of nature's laws. Dr. Courtenay Dunn, of Torquay, expressed his agreement with Dr. Gilford and added: 'It is better to trust to Providence than seek for aid in a direction of which you are ignorant.'

*Better to Trust to Providence*

# America Writes a Book

(Continued from page 5)



With a dog team on the Minnesota-Canadian boundary.

This resolve of mine was obviously sound. A writer tells of the things he sees, knows, or guesses at. He can enter virgin fields as well as a realtor can. Very well.

---

The scene shifts. Comes the dawning, in short, of a new day. My home at present is in a town of a population, in round numbers compiled by the Boosters' Club, of about four hundred. It lies in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. The principal industry is stock raising.

The place in which I live must not be confused with certain small colonies such as those on the New England Coast which constitute an easy haven for those who would express themselves in terms of the arts; neither must it be considered in terms of a summer resort nor of a climate which beckons. It is not in California—it is in Wyoming. It is a small western town. Its buildings are either of logs or of unstable and unpainted boards. The thermometer reaches sixty below zero in winter; and in summer, when it rains, the streets are lanes of mud. It is a typical small town of the Rocky Mountain ranges, and it is thirty miles from the nearest railroad.

And yet, for all this, writing for publication is the principal industry of the town and of the valley in which it is located, excepting only ranching and the guiding of tourists, in point of numbers engaged in it.

I do not take into consideration vacationing writers who come into the valley during the summer looking for local color or cheap lodgings or both. I count only the bona fide residents of the place.

In the town itself there are, to my knowledge, seven persons who engage to some extent in writing. Two of these, the editors of the town newspaper, I leave out of the reckoning at once. Only those who aspire to national circulation are counted hereafter. That leaves five. Two are wooing letters with the object of marriage. I suspect that a third, who declares his real ambition lies elsewhere and that he writes for his own amusement (foregoing the usual excuse: 'just jotting down a few notes for my grandchildren'), is another. The fourth and fifth are dabblers. None of these, so far, is dependent on writing for a living. One is a grocer, another a clerk in the hardware store, a third is a truck driver, another is a school-teacher.

Now let us consider the valley of which the town is the center. It is a distinct unit, for it is surrounded by mountains, undefiled by a railroad, isolated from other areas of fertility. It has a population of about eight hundred. In this valley (including those in the town itself) there are, to my knowledge, ten persons engaged in some phase of writing with the object of national circulation. In none of these totals do I include myself.

Two are novelists of national importanc —a man and his wife. The man is gainin fame as a poet in addition to his recognitio as a novelist of ability and as a writer o short fiction. Both lived in the valle before taking up this work. That is to say neither came here for the purpose of writ ing. Of the rest, one is a poet, one is a lad who is beginning what she hopes will b the career of a writer of short stories another contributes occasional articles t sporting journals.

Of all of these, only three, countin myself this time, are professional writer in the sense that it is our only and ou practiced profession. The rest engage i other work and write only when routin matters do not engage their attention But it is competition. There are two hard ware dealers in town. One of them com plained to me, the other evening, abou competition. 'If it wasn't for competition, he declared, 'I could make a good living You're lucky; you're a writer.'

I laughed at him. 'You don't know wha competition is,' I said; and I pointed ou the competition in my business, thoug I failed to mention that his clerk was case in hand. 'How would you like it, I asked, 'if, in addition to your othe principal competitor, half a dozen or s persons in the valley were to carry a side line of hardware, offering it for sale?'

How many others, in addition to thos I have mentioned, are engaged in part time writing in the valley I have no idea There are doubtless a number. For every person who admits that he aspires t literature or its satellites, three or four ar either studying or practicing surreptitiously Not until they have been favored with som measure of success do they let their secre escape from its cradle. How many other in this one little valley are carrying manu scripts to the post office under their coats? I do not know. Perhaps it is well I do not.

True realization of the extent of this nation-wide competition in the most crowded line of business in America came to me suddenly. I had dropped into the grocer's store to talk with the proprietor. I had heard that for many years he had been a professional gambler in the gold camps of the old West. Surely, I thought, he must be full of experiences. I sat down by the stove and began to ask him about things. When we got to the subject of gambling, he excused himself, reached to a high shelf, and brought out several copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*. He handed them to me. 'I wrote it all in this series of articles —you can look them over at your leisure,' he said.

When I had read and returned them, he gave me other magazines with other articles in them. In the course of time I found that the principal use of the store strong-box was a storehouse for manuscripts.

One day I stopped at the store to buy some groceries. While I was there a small truck drove up and a young fellow with a tanned face began to carry in some heavy boxes which were consigned to the grocer. He staggered in with the last one, a crate of melons, and as it crashed to the floor he straightened up and said: 'Well, I sold a story to Young's magazine today. I think it was one of the best things I've written this year.'

I left the store and went home, and every house along the way suddenly appeared to me as a fortress in which my competitors were laying their plots.

Early last summer a catastrophe occurred in the valley. There was a landslide of huge proportions which, by damming a river, formed a large lake and flooded out some ranches. One of the ranchers had a very narrow escape, avoiding the onrushing wall of earth and trees only by desperate riding in the face of it. His personal story would have been a good one. I at once sought him out and began to lay the foundation for a fine long interview. But he shook his head. 'I'm going to write it myself,' he said.

He did. He worked on it in his spare time all summer, and came to me for advice as to the proper manner of marketing it, and so forth. I gave him some photographs to use with the article.

---

As I write the above paragraphs, what is left of my mind travels back to last winter and finds me tramping along behind a dog team on the Minnesota-Canadian boundary. There were four dog teams and some dozen or so men in the party, and our route lay for a hundred and fifty miles through the wilderness of the Superior Forest. While the primary purpose of the trip was of a different nature, my own excuse for going was to interview the lone trappers of the region, in connection with my new business as a noted and famous writer.

The first trapper at whose cabin we stopped proved a willing talker, and from him I obtained interesting information. I confined myself to asking about certain phases of a trapper's life, reserving other angles for the next stop.

Two days later we arrived at the next cabin, and I eagerly awaited my chance to talk with the trapper. His place was seventy miles from the nearest road, and he stayed there all winter, alone. When the opportunity presented, I asked him what he did during the inevitable dead hours during the winter. For reply he nodded to a volume on the shelf above my head. I took it down. It was a book of verse: an anthology of popular favorites of all ages. 'I can recite any one of them,' he declared; and I found his assertion true.

I persisted in my question, and finally the trapper went to a locker under his bunk and brought out a thick tablet of writing paper. He handed it to me. At his request I opened it, and found every page crammed with writing in pencil. Looking closer, I saw it was verse. Said the trapper: 'If you want to know about the life of a trapper, those poems will explain all about it.'

I looked them over. He had written about the things he did, the things he saw. Some of them were far from bad. 'I'm going to try and market them in the spring.'

I left that cabin with certain misgivings fluttering in my breast. It is not ethical for one writer to write about something that another has started on. But still I could justify my trip into the woods by interviewing the head of our party: a quarter-breed Indian, the chief of the game wardens of the district and a former noted outlaw trapper. He was sure to be a mint of information. So toward the end of the trip, having incurred his good will meantime, I approached him.

'My experiences?' he repeated, smiling slightly, 'Well, I'll tell you—if you'll wait until spring, when my book is finished—'

But, as they say in the stories, I waited to hear no more. I stumbled back to my tent and sat down beside the roaring fire and listened to the howling of the huskies outside. With the stealth of an eavesdropper I tried to find something significant in their discordant keys, expecting every moment to have one of them creep into the tent and growl at me: 'Put up your pencil, old-timer—after all, these are my howls!'

---

America has a book! Yes, and I can name it. It is 'How to Write Stories.' Of course I have touched only on the few instances that have come under my observation. Editors of magazines, students of literary affairs, can tell about it from the other end—the receiving end. Of that I know nothing. I do not take into account the new flood of magazines written by the heroes of the 'true' stories. Nor the new 'newspapers' now setting the journalistic world on its head, whose readers constitute their editorial staffs.

I know that I have found the most crowded field of endeavor in America. I thought I was doing something out of the ordinary; I have fallen into the meshes of universal competition.

What does it all mean? It means that America is writing its own book. It is its own biographer. The click of a million typewriters resounds from coast to coast. Never before in all history has a nation taken this task out of the hands of its ordained scribes and sat down to tell about itself. And the result? Some day somebody with infinite patience will delve into the mass of stuff and will compile a literature of the present day that will live as the most complete mirror of a time that ever has been written.

And what of the professional writer? Alas! unless he can help his grocer with his spelling and his landlord with his grammar and give tips on the literary market to the butcher (and it looks as though some had already started this!), thus canceling amounts due, his days are numbered!

America is a funny outfit. You declare that America 'has a book' and you laugh up your sleeve at the joke. But what use has America for a book? It is writing one. It may be a sort of a mail-order, quantity-production, paper-backed affair, but, after all, it's a book, and books are notoriously exempt from judgment until they are a century old.

---

The writers' characters have signed a declaration of independence. The creative author with infinite artistry forms on paper the body and soul of a character for his book. The character lives, breathes. Suddenly it steps out of the typewriter, grasps the writer's arm, and cries: 'Stay! If I'm to be written about, I'll do it!'

Ah, for the good old days when characters were characters and stayed in their places! What would literature be, for instance, if Wilkins Micawber had sold his family budget account to Bernarr McFadden? If Jean Valjean had searched his own heart? If the Three Musketeers had held out for higher royalties when Dumas was undergoing the pangs of hunger? If Boswell had been given the gate? If Conrad's sailors had borrowed his typewriter instead of a plug of his tobacco?

'But,' interposes the Chronic Objector, 'what if Samuel Pepys had not written his own diary? Unskilled, a botch of a job, infinitely dull at the time and the work of a rank amateur at letters, it stands among the great literary works of all time and is the truest reflection of an age of history ever put on paper.'

---

'The average American cares nothing for fine literature!' The howl rises from a dozen professional throats.

The average American looks at the best offerings of the day, sneers, turns to his own typewriter . . .



'If you want to know about the life of a trapper, those poems will explain all about it.

**SELL SLICKERS!**

**$8 A DAY IS EASY**

Right now is the time to sell Slicker Coats. $2 an hour, $8 a day, $50 a week is easy selling these coats. Every man, woman and child a prospect. Comer Slickers come in 14 beautiful shades. Style up-to-the minute. Guaranteed workmanship and materials. No experience or capital needed. Write today for the facts about this big money-making opportunity.

**The Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. 13-F Dayton, Ohio**

# John Galsworthy—An Intimate Talk

(*Concluded from page 2*)

Here Mrs. Galsworthy, in spite of my protest, deserted us, saying that doubtless we two mere males wanted to gossip!

Well! We gossiped.

Presently I asked, bluntly:

'Which do you prefer writing, plays or novels?'

I think I saw in his eye—'*What* a question to burst on a poor fellow!' It certainly gave him pause.

'I don't think I can say definitely. Yes; I prefer writing a novel; it's more luxurious. One can spread oneself. Character, nature, one's moods, all have more chance. It's not so darned constricted as the play form. But the actual writing of a play—when I get down to it—is more exciting; I quite thoroughly enjoy that. No, I don't make scenarios; I don't know exactly what my characters are going to do; though, in plays at all events, I do work toward a more or less discovered peak.'

***He Is a Lover of Dickens***

'I suppose you find, as most dramatists do, that actors make of your characters something different from what you have in your mind's eye?'

'Don't they just? It would be impossible to mold an actor into precisely what you mean him to represent. He's confined by his physique, his voice, his mannerisms, his temperament. They often add to and sometimes find in my characters what I never saw there myself.'

Our conversation was vagabondish, as interesting talk usually is.

He said he was a great lover of Charles Dickens:

'Which of his do I like best?' Another pause, suitable I think to his make-up. Then: '*Pickwick*. I read the whole of it, barring the rather awful pitched-in narratives about sextons and goblins and that kind of fowl, aloud to my wife the other day. We had the best possible time, though I've read the book a dozen times at least. After *Pickwick—David Copperfield;* then *Great Expectations* and *Our Mutual Friend,* which used to be my favorite as a boy. Of course London has changed out of knowledge since he wrote; but he was generally fundamentally true to human nature.'

'But what about being the wild caricaturist many say he is?'

'He *is* a caricaturist; but it's not merely silly exaggeration. It's exaggeration of the truth. His eyes pierce to the heart. Look at Micawber! He's as true to life today as he was the day he was born.'

'What do you feel about the later Russian dramatists and story-tellers,' I asked, with a violent switch-off. 'Aren't they too gloomy?'

'Chekov I admire greatly. He isn't very late, you see. I haven't read much of the others.'

Somehow, or nohow, we swopped round onto Shakespeare.

'Of course he wrote Shakespeare! He may have been given hints and suggestions by Southampton and Oxford and other highly placed friends, which helped him toward characters and atmosphere which otherwise would have been out of the reach of his knowledge. I don't mean that they actually shared in the writing of the plays; only that they provided him with material which he adopted and adapted. What we know as the real Shakespeare touch was so utterly different from what we know of the touch of any of his supposed doubles that we can be quite certain, apart from other evidence, that he was not one of them . . . After *Hamlet* which plays do I enjoy most? *After?* I am not sure that I should put *Lear* after *Hamlet.* But, after those tremendous tragedies, I love some of the comedies best, *A Midsummer Night's Dream, Twelfth Night* —what a dreadful word "twelfth" is to spell!—*The Tempest.* But after all, what do we read Shakespeare for? For his use of words. There's never been anything like it! . . . Don't you find you always read the same sonnets, and never those in between? A long time ago I marked meticulously those I really liked, and I've never been able to add to the list. Horrible instance of a static mind! Or else, perhaps, those I marked really were the best. I wonder.'

From the England of Shakespeare we went across to America of today.

'Yes, we've just come back from a winter in Arizona; what a perfect winter climate!'

'Tell me all about America . . .'

First he looked amazed at that wild question of mine; then, seeing my smile, laughed:

***His Plays Popular in America***

'Oh, no! I'll tell you one thing, I've always found America a good tonic.'

I agreed with him; and long may it remain so.

'What about American writers?'

'*What* about them?'

'What do *you* think about *them?*'

'A lot. Hawthorne? Yes. And Thoreau? By all means. And Poe, and Crane, and Ambrose Bierce. By the way, Thoreau would have something to say about America today, wouldn't he? The modern school of American novelists? My opinions are only half-baked. Some of their work I admire greatly. Sinclair Lewis, *Babbitt* particularly; Willa Cather; Scott Fitzgerald—very promising, judged by his latest book of short stories especially. Hergesheimer's *Three Black Pennies.* Then there's a young writer who I think will do very big things; James Boyd—his novel *Drums* is exactly what an historical novel should be and so seldom is; there's no sham or shoddy about it; it's not made-up; it's genuine and intimate and full of human nature.'

'*We* have *The Cloister and the Hearth,*' said I.

'We have.'

'Your plays have done well in the States?'

'Some—very well. *Old English* is a great success there now. George Arliss gives an extremely clever impersonation.'

When he casually mentioned the emotion he felt when watching Norman McKinnel playing the last act of that moving play in London, I said:

'So dramatists are moved by their own work?'

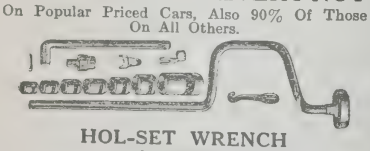
'Of course. Why not? I don't see how it could be otherwise.'

'Do you "produce" your own plays?'

'Not exactly that; but I attend the rehearsals. And I make plenty of suggestions. But it's a mistake to think you can force your own conceptions too much. I remember with my first play, I wasn't able to be at the first week's rehearsals; when I did go, I found to my amazement that a very clever actress was giving a perfect sketch that was just about the opposite of what I'd imagined. One couldn't and didn't want to say a word. Actors and actresses aren't gramaphones or parrots.'

**This Wrench FITS EVERY NUT**

On Popular Priced Cars, Also 90% Of Those On All Others.



**HOL-SET WRENCH**

(WHOLE-SET)

**$3.75**

44 popular tools which would cost $50.20 if purchased separately can be made from this Hol-Set Wrench selling at $3.75. If you cannot secure one from your dealer, write us direct

**HOL-SET MFG. CORP**

**81 MT. HOPE AVE., ROCHESTER, N. Y.**

# A Mixture That No Nation Can Stand

(*Concluded from page 4*)

Therefore, the fight must go on. There is no room for compromise. Both sides cannot be satisfied. It is what one side wants that the other side, backed by the Constitution, says cannot be. And so long as the Eighteenth Amendment stands, it will be the duty of the Congress, the President and the courts to enforce it.

President Coolidge's attitude toward prohibition does not make much of a hit with the drys. They feel that he mixes too much politics with his enthusiasm for enforcement. Personally, of course, as well as officially, he is dry. Politically he balances things nicely. His Attorney-General, an old Vermont lawyer, talks prohibition straight from the shoulder and even raps Government officials for criticizing the law that they are directed to enforce. At the head of the Treasury Department, however, is Mr. Mellon, a retired distiller who, under the Volstead Act, is the chief prohibition enforcement official. Mr. Mellon probably believes he is enforcing the law as well as he can. The drys do not agree with him. Many severe things have been said about Mr. Mellon's brand of enforcement. Perhaps the best that can be said about him is that for a former distiller he is a great prohibitionist.

At that, enforcement is making progress even under Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Mellon. It is making progress because it had to go ahead if it were to move at all. Mr. Harding left a record in this respect that could not easily be touched without improving it. In other words, Mr. Coolidge is the beneficiary of a poor precedent. But as the fight against booze grows hotter, he and his successors will have to do a still better job of enforcement. The drys are not forever going to put up with make-believe enforcement at Washington. They know the law can be enforced if the President is determined to enforce it. It is nonsense to suppose that the Government cannot prevent the illegal withdrawal of millions of gallons of industrial alcohol each year if it wants to.

# The Price-Fixing Association

(*Continued from page 6*)

If perchance he is bold, risks his all and fights back, then it is war to the hilt. All the practices of business piracy short of physical attack are brought into action. The daring one is put on the black list or boycotted. He suddenly finds his products disparaged throughout the market place; his financial condition misrepresented; his ability to carry out his contracts attacked; and his price cut under to such a point that it means bankruptcy if he continues. All along the line there are frontal attacks and from the side line flank attacks.

Harassed and desperate, he appeals to his state government. Sometimes he is told that the state can do nothing if the chief offender or group of offenders reside beyond the state lines and are doing an interstate business over which his state government has no control. Sometimes this statement is true; sometimes it is a camouflage for 'passing the buck' by a state official who fears the power of the commander, the combine or the association.

Should the state official be so courageous that he does not count the cost and has the law to cover the situation, he may set in motion the means by which the association can be smashed into smithereens and thrown out of the state.

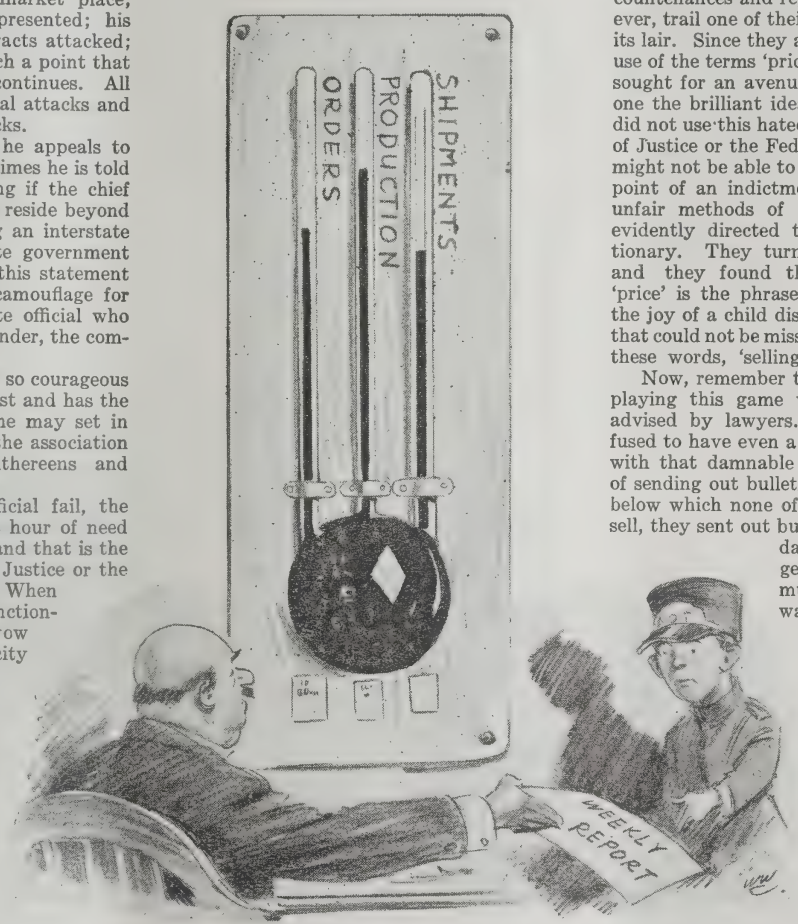
But should the state official fail, the harassed business man in his hour of need has just one place of safety, and that is the bosom of the Department of Justice or the Federal Trade Commission. When these two departments are functioning normally they can throw down a barrage of publicity either through the obtaining of an indictment or the issuance of a complaint that will precipitate a flight of the 'arm-in-arm' paraders out in the hall after the main meeting of the association is over. Even the telephone will be silenced until the hunt of the Federal officials is ended.

Now, of course, such a disturbance, or dream of it, is very distasteful to a commander-in-chief. He has been known even to fret over such a possibility or actuality, and, in a state of dyspeptic disgust, charge down upon his lawyers, economists and legislative representatives and demand that they make good their salaries by devising some automatic scheme that will permit his price slumbers to be unbroken.

We Americans pride ourselves on our sense of humor, and rightfully so, but when one delves into the means by which some of our legal fraternity, with serious countenances, devise means to evade the irritations of our anti-trust laws at the behest of their masters, it would tax the ability of a Voltaire or the phrase-making power of a Balzac to describe the sophistry and absurdity of these devices.

Weird and wonderful are the schemes devised by our lawyers to circumvent the laws against organized selfishness. All of this might be forgiven them if, in explaining the devices to the commanders-in-chief, they had indicated that they spoke in a Pickwickian sense or even showed by a smile that they understood the humor of their 'absurd sinuosities' or 'sinuous absurdities.'

Let us step behind the closed doors of another of these associations in an industry. They issue a uniform price list which all members follow. Of course the commander-in-chief of the dominant company in this association is not present, but his representative is there. The doors are closed. All of the formal business of the meeting is transacted. Then, solemnly serious, the bellwether of the flock arises and says: 'It may be of interest to you to know that our company's discounts are going to be as follows.' Immediately there is a rustle of paper and pencil. Out come the notebooks and as the bellwether intones his prices there is the sound of scribbling as the members jot down the figures and, presto! the prices are changed. Without any formal agreement the prices thus become practically identical, as is testified to by the helpless purchasers. Charge one of those present with having connived in the fixing of prices and he will repudiate the indictment with *hauteur*.




The information was sent to each member weekly

In just such a way were the prices advanced in this industry in 1918 and 1919 and it was through such a mechanism that the brakes were thrown on and prices held up when the consumer and the law of supply and demand cried out for a price decline until there came the buyers' strike of 1920.

For downright satirical comedy in its efforts to escape the penalty and yet fix prices, the furniture industry furnishes a most delicious, and at the same time deadly comedy. Enter again into the mysteries of the methods of wise men. To mention in their presence price agreements would bring condign punishment in the form of scowling countenances and reprimand. Let us, however, trail one of their sinuous absurdities to its lair. Since they abhorred and feared the use of the terms 'price' or 'price fixing,' they sought for an avenue of escape. To someone the brilliant idea occurred that if they did not use this hated word the Department of Justice or the Federal Trade Commission might not be able to follow their trail to the point of an indictment or a complaint for unfair methods of competition. So they evidently directed their steps to the dictionary. They turned to the word price and they found that the equivalent of 'price' is the phrase 'selling value.' With the joy of a child discovering an Easter egg that could not be missed, they impinged upon these words, 'selling value' with all fours.

Now, remember that the men who were playing this game were fully grown and advised by lawyers. Thereafter they refused to have even a speaking acquaintance with that damnable word, 'price.' Instead of sending out bulletins that named prices below which none of their members should sell, they sent out bulletins with figures and data set forth that together made up 'minimum selling values.' The way they arrived at these 'minimum selling values' is probably one of the most unique schemes in the history of price control in the business world.

There was a certain retired manufacturer who in some manner became universally recognized in the industry as a wizard in estimating the selling value (price) of various kinds of furniture. In the industry there are a number of associations scattered over the United States who make different kinds of furniture and there are also a number of associations who make the same kind of furniture but are located in different portions of our country. How this retired manufacturer was able to skip up and down the land arriving at selling values for every association without seven league boots is a mystery. But he did! And he did it so successfully that he practically eliminated price competition. Through his efforts the members of these associations advanced up the field of competition in uniform and unbroken ranks, raising their selling values to the dizziest heights attained in 1919 and 1920.

When, in the fatal year of 1920, the host of ultimate consumers finally broke their bonds, stood upon their feet and made a frontal attack upon the business world through the buyers' strike, the furniture industry, with the able guidance of this retired manufacturer and the system which he operated, held prices up long after they

should have gone down, while the members retreated slowly but in perfect order, reducing their prices uniformly and gradually even in 1921 over the prostrated bodies of the buying population.

In the spring of 1920, lumber prices were pyramiding with such dazzling rapidity that a number of the honorable men in the lumber industry protested.

The only thing that will satisfy the sensitive soul of the price fixer is to set up a price-controlling machinery that is so automatic that it is favor-proof, fool-proof, and conscience-proof, and this the lumber industry almost did. With the aid of able legal counsel they brought into being a barometer with three perpendicular tubes rising parallel out of the bulb. The first tube was designated 'Orders,' the second 'Production,' and the third 'Shipments.'

To make the information portrayed by the barometer striking to the eye, the bulb and tubes were colored red. On the side of the tubes was language interpreting the relation of the height of the red color in the three tubes. Beneath the bulb was language explaining how to act when the barometer indicated curtailment of production and increase of price or vice versa. Opposite the baromoter was sufficient data showing orders on hand, shipments during the week and balance orders on hand and a comparison with previous reports.

This barometer and the information connected with it was sent to each member of the association once a week. *There was no written agreement and yet prices soared simultaneously and concertedly.*

But, alas and alack! forgetting the old adage of 'Do right and fear no man,' some of the members did write each other, left their letters in their files, and they ultimately came into the possession of the Federal Trade Commission. One letter from their leader communicated to these competitors the fact that the association would shortly get out a barometer which had been submitted to their counsel and met with the counsel's approval. The barometer would automatically forecast market conditions, being based on orders received and shipments made. Where the shipments exceeded the orders it indicated an advancing market and whenever the reverse was true it indicated a falling market.

Continuing the explanation, the letter said that once a month they would get out another barometer based on production which would indicate an advancing market —when shipments were in excess of production—and a falling market when the reverse was true. Under such conditions the members were advised to increase their production when the orders and shipments were in advance of production, and decrease them when the production was in excess of orders and shipments. To this he added the significant statement: 'This (the barometer) will give the information graphically.'

The barometer gave the information so graphically that, with some urging toward curtailment of production, prices were pyramided and the ultimate consumer was caused to become hysterical in his buying. The price of lumber in one great area jumped from $13.40 in 1915 to $55.55 a thousand in 1920, with a margin of profit of $1.09 a thousand in 1915 and $26.35 a thousand in 1920

As far as an automatic method of price fixing went, the system established in this industry was superb and only failed when prices got so high that the consumers went on a strike. Even then there would have been difficulty in finding out the cause had not some members of the association written letters.



# A Dance A Week



## DICTIONARY OF DANCE TERMS

'FORWARD AND ADDRESS'—(8) Couples join hands, walk forward four steps and address the opposite couple. Return to place, walking backward.

'FORWARD, AND LADIES TO CENTER, FACE OUT'—(8) All join hands, forward four steps; back four steps; forward again four steps; gentlemen turn partners half around and return to place. Ladies remain in center, facing partners.

'GRAND RIGHT AND LEFT'—(16) Face partners, salute, then join right hands, gentlemen moving to the right, ladies to the left. Gentleman drops his partner's right hand and takes next lady's left in his left; next with right, etc. (This is a movement in which the two lines, moving in opposite directions, weave in and out.) When half around he meets and salutes his partner, giving her his right hand, and continues to place. (In saluting and meeting, the salute always precedes the taking of hands.)

'GRAND RIGHT AND LEFT HALF AROUND'—(8) Same as above. Meeting partner halfway around, salute and stop. If 'back again' is called, gentleman, instead of saluting his partner, joins right hands with her right, turns half around facing in the opposite direction, then right and left to place. If 'Promenade to Place' is called after the salute, all promenade to place.

'GRAND SQUARE'—(16) In this all couples are moving at the same time. First four forward, sides separate. Sides turn backs to each other, and walk four steps to the corner; make one-quarter turn and walk four steps to head places; then make one-quarter turn, walk four steps to center, meet partner and take four steps to places. At the same time the first four advance four steps to the center, meet new partner, turn one-quarter, and walk four steps to side, drop hands and walk four steps forward, turn one-quarter and walk four steps to place. The movement is reversed by the call 'sides forward, first four separate.' Each dancer will thus make a complete square, four steps on each side.

'GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME'—First couple lead to the right, balance, pass through; balance back to back, and turning swing the girl behind. The first gentleman with new partner leads to the next, passes through, balances, turns and swings that girl behind him. And so on with each new partner until he is back in original place. The next gentleman on the right begins the movement, and so on until all four gentlemen have gone through the movements, and each couple is in its original place. The words, to the music of 'The Girl I Left Behind Me' are:

I take that girl, that pretty little girl,
The girl I left behind me,
And pass right through, and balance too,
And swing that girl behind me.

The words fit the movements.

## GOOD PROMPTING

This requires an intimate knowledge of music and dance construction; a good clear voice properly pitched for the acoustics of the room; a ready faculty for introducing changes as circumstances may require, and an exact sense of rhythm which will enable him to complete the call just before the strain of music begins to which the movement belongs. A good prompter if instructing a dancing class will see to it that in square dances the more experienced dancers are placed as head couples, and the others as side couples that they may have the advantage of observing others before beginning the movements themselves. The prompter should take his position at the head of the hall near the orchestra. The intelligence, ability, experience and courtesy of the prompter have very much to do with the character and enjoyment of the dance.

More terms used in the Old American Dances will be published in next week's issue.

---

*Good Morning*, a dance manual of the Old American Dances, compiled for Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford, contains 169 pages of calls, descriptions and some music of the dances taught in the Ford School. Price 75 cents.

Also, there are 20 orchestrations of 11 parts each—25 cents each orchestration, or $4.00 for the lot. Book and music will be mailed upon receipt of price.

Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

Please order by number.

1. Grand Pa's Favorite
2. Sicilian Circle
3. Virginia Reel
4. Medley Waltz
5. Medley Two Step
6. Varsovienne
7. Rye Waltz
8. Oriental Lancers
9. Heel and Toe Polka
10. Old Southern Schottische
11. Money Musk
12. Badger Gavotte
13. Waltz No. 2
14. Ripple
15. Ticknor's Quadrille
16. My Queen Medley Waltz
17. Luxemburg Schottische
18. Sea Side Polka
19. Club Quadrille
20. Day Break Waltz




# A Dog Molded a Man's Career

By H. T. COOK

MANY strange circumstances have led men into divergent careers, but the strangest perhaps is that of Bernhardt Wall, an artist and collector of rare books and antiques, who, while blindly groping around for an idea, found his inspiration through a shaggy, awkward dog in a tiny bookshop.

Like most artists and collectors, Wall spent much of his time in art galleries and secondhand bookshops in quest of an idea. He had always had a longing to produce a magazine that was devoted exclusively to etching, something that would vie with the product of the monks in the Middle Ages, and it was with this idea in mind that he frequented the atmosphere of museums and old bookshops.

One day, while browsing over a musty volume in a Lexington Avenue bookshop, his attention was attracted to a shaggy, good-natured dog that came bounding through the quaint old shop in search of his master. Spying the equally quaint owner, the over-joyed canine made a grab for the old man's ankles and playfully began tugging at his trousers cuffs.

'That dog surely loves you,' remarked Wall in admiration.

'Yes,' replied the owner, stooping down and patting the dog affectionately, 'and I love him.'

This, though a very small incident, gave Wall an inspiration—man's eternal friendship for his dog—and brought to mind Senator George Graham Vest's immortal plea for dogs.

Having hit upon a theme, Wall hurried home to develop his idea. After tremendous and continuous labor, he brought forth his first all-etched book, *Man's Best Friend*. The book contained fifteen etchings of 'Chris,' the bookshop dog. The entire edition of 125 books was sold in a few months.

Encouraged by the success of this book, Wall now began work in earnest on an all-etched magazine. The monthly was an innovation in the field of literature and art, and was accorded an immediate welcome by book lovers. The first volume contained twelve numbers, and such men as George Barr McCutcheon, President Harding, Edwin Markham, the poet; Hervey Allen, Martha McCullough Williams, Joseph Hergesheimer, Judge Edgar J. Lauer, and Charles Dexter Allen contributed to the etched monthly.

Wall's all-etched magazine was limited to 125 subscriptions and the price was $50 a year, perhaps the most expensive periodical ever published. The magazine at the present time is published quarterly.

'I often laugh when I think of my early art experiences,' said Wall. 'I have never got away from the art field. If I painted a fence, it had color. If I trimmed rose bushes, it was done with effect. I have photographed, lithographed, engraved, designed interiors, costumes, calendars, post cards, posters, and what not.'

As a youth Wall engraved the largest vignette on stone, 'The School of Athens,' after Raphael, consuming thirty days. At the age of 18, he tramped from New York City to Texas. He picked cotton and farmed on the Colorado River 'Bottoms.' Previous to this, he had drifted into the Indian Territory where with many narrow shooting scrapes and 'Shiverees,' and all that goes with them, he found this a bit too strenuous, and so tramped back to Texas with sketch book, always searching for and noting the unusual.







'At Waco, Texas,' continued Wall, 'I once saw a most artistic bridge. Appealing so strongly to me, I made a rough sketch of it before nightfall and incidentally had to sleep under it for the night. Upon starting on my journey the next morning, a woman artist driving by gave me a lift. The next year, while in San Antonio, I helped to organize the San Antonio Art League of which I was later chosen president. The league is still going strong.

'The artist who had given me the lift had been equally charmed by that quaint rustic bridge, and when, a few months later, the Cotton Palace held its annual art exhibition at Waco, I was surprised to find a water color of the bridge entered by my benefactress. Being one of the three judges appointed to choose the prize pictures of the exhibit, my sentiments naturally leaned toward this. It was really well done and I had little difficulty in convincing the other two judges that it was worthy of recognition. Thus it came about that the picture was awarded a medal. The young woman never knew that I had figured in the decision.'

Having satisfied youth's insatiable appetite for experience in the West, Wall drifted eastward, returning to New York just as war was declared against Spain. Roughing it in the open had given him a robust physique and he hastened to enlist, being the first accepted in his regiment. He served in Cuba with the 202nd New York Volunteer Infantry Regiment. He sketched the *Maine* before she sank so deep into the mud of Havana Harbor. In 1913 he witnessed the burial of the *Maine*.

Wall has added many etched books to his original 'Dog' book. He has also illustrated many books for noted authors including the following: 'One Midnight with Roosevelt'; Edwin Markham's 'Lincoln, the Man of the People'; 'The Laughter,' by Clement Wood; Browning's 'Love Among the Ruins'; a ship book by J. Duncan Gleason, called 'Windjammers'; 'Eugenie, 1920,' by Vera Bloom; 'To Hub, My Dog,' by the late President Harding; 'Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech,' 'Three Pierrot Poems,' by William Griffith; 'Washington Irving Footprints,' by Virginia Lynch; 'The Russian Players in America,' by Oliver M. Sayler, and 'Oberammergau,' the prize poem, by Leonora Speyer.

He has sketched from life many of the notables of the world, including Roosevelt, Wilson, Foch, Briand, Clemenceau, Coué, Edwin Markham and Frank Bacon.

Wall prides himself on having the smallest publication plant in the world. All told it is 6 by 8 feet, yet tiny as it appears, it is most complete and some of the most exquisite and expensive books are being etched, printed, and bound there.

And Bernhardt Wall gives a faithful, lovable dog the credit for his beginning.

# Pere Gilbault, le Coureur des Bois

(*Continued from page 8*)

sea gulls dip into the harbor for herring; his back-to-the-world of buildings. I asked him when he came to this country of Little Traverse.

'When I come here—dees place?' he replied. 'I b'lieve I come here since 1843. Don't seem dat long I come here—seem 'bout ten year 'go I come here.' Then he was dreaming again.

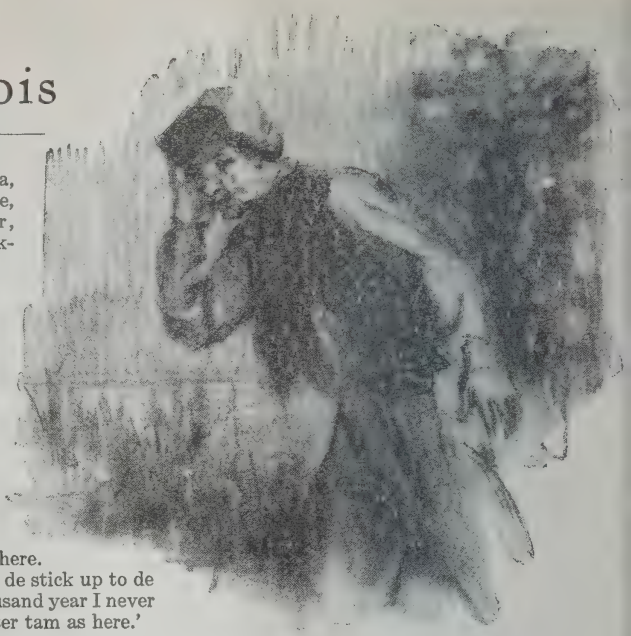
'What was here when you came here, Monsieur?' I asked him.

'What is here—dees place? O, cedar-tree, dat's all; mebbe few Injun house by de Cat'lic church dare.'

'Wasn't it lonesome here in those days?' I knew his answer would be:

'I don't remembair dat very much. Dat be better tam for de Frenchman as here, I tell you. I'm gov'ment carpentair—I build de firs' schoolhouse for de Injun, also de ol' church dare. I get my pay every six mon's, by de gov'ment cuttair. By Gar! dat same boat stand out dare now—de *Mich'gan!* She's buil' 1843; 1844 she come here pay de Injun twenty dollair gold, everyone—de man, de squaw, de pappoose. (I tell you it pay to raise fam'ly dem day.) I find ten-dollair gold-piece on de street some tam. I don't find many now-days.

'I never forget dat tam. Dese Injun come from Minnesota, Wisconsin, Nord-shore, Manitoulin, Detour, Beaver Island, Frankfort, Charlevoix—dey come in de *canot* to get dere money Petite Traverse. Dey come round de Point, pull dere canot up on de sand like finger, pile up some little stick, buil' fire, set round de fire, smoke dere pipe. Light shine in dere face—black hair, red blanket. Sun go down over dare; star shine up here. Lil' blue smoke go from de stick up to de star. By Gar! I live t'ousand year I never forget dat! Dat be better tam as here.'

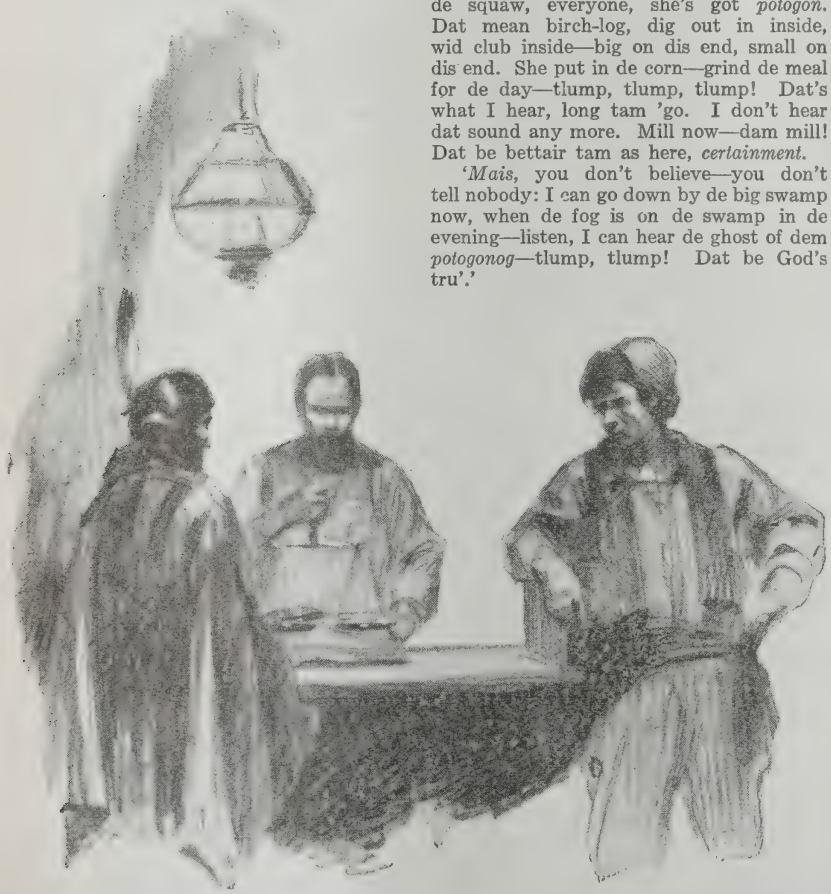


'I can go down by de big swamp now.'

THE GHOST-MILL

'Long tam 'go—'bout three 'clock in de morning—three 'clock to nine 'clock—when de mist is on de bay dare, I hear strange sound come 'cross de bay from Petoskey: "tlump, tlump, tlump! tlump-tlump!"—sound like partridge drum on log; like gun shoot far 'way. You know what it is? I tell you. De Injun dat tam—de squaw, everyone, she's got *potogon.* Dat mean birch-log, dig out in inside, wid club inside—big on dis end, small on dis end. She put in de corn—grind de meal for de day—tlump, tlump, tlump! Dat's what I hear, long tam 'go. I don't hear dat sound any more. Mill now—dam mill! Dat be bettair tam as here, *certainment.*

'*Mais,* you don't believe—you don't tell nobody: I can go down by de big swamp now, when de fog is on de swamp in de evening—listen, I can hear de ghost of dem *potogonog*—tlump, tlump! Dat be God's tru'.'



'Ma Gawd! Quarter pound silver for quarter pound tobacco!'

THE PAY-DAY

I asked this loyal friend of the Indian if the Chippewas made good use of their government allowance.

'*Oui,* for somebody. Where dare is mouse dare is hawk. I see Injun one tam, he want quarter-pound tobacco. De merchant, he's got what you call lil' balance-scale. He put de plug tobacco in one de saucer, den he put Injun silver in de opposite—when she tip down he say, "Dat's all right." Ma Gawd! Quarter pound silver for quarter pound tobacco! I see dat my eye. I feel sorry dem Injun. Dey don't know dollair from ten-cent piece. Dey have not left price of drink to go home. One tam I say, "Get ze rope! Get ze rope!" We make dem storekeep' say de pray to Jehov'!'

THE MAIL CARRIER

'You ever hear 'bout de tam I make quick trip to Petoskey, carry de mail?

'Dare is man here dat tam name Mans Pean. He's devil from Canada, dat man. I see dat man one tam, he stan' on dis side of de room—I stan' on dat side—he take my watch out my pocket, show me! I don't know how he can do dat. One tam he's in lumber-camp. He's got what you call lil' *gimble*—he bore small hole in tree. He say, "Boys, what will you have?" All de lumberjack say, "Beer." He hold tin can under lil' hole in tree—fill wid good beer—pass roun'! I don't know how he can do dat. Den he say, "What you have now?" All de Injun say, "Can'da wes'!" He hold tin can under *same* hole—fill wid good whisky! —I *know.* He say to me one tam, "Alec, you give me ten dollair I show you how you can get good whisky out all de tree." I say, "Excuse me, Mans Pean, I'm poor man; besides, I drink too much *now.* I don't know what I do I can get whisky out all de tree."

'Well, one tam I carry de mail, Cheboygan-Traverse City, on my back, twelve year. I go down dis week—come back next week. One tam I come to Pine Lake. Mans Pean is dare. He say, "Alec, be pretty hard carry de mail on your back, *non*?" I say, "Yes, t'ank you, pretty

hard — winter, summer, bad road."

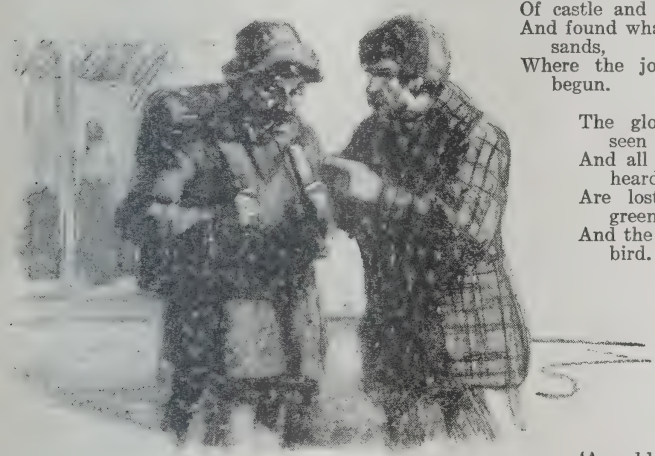
'He say, "You like to know how you can carry de mail more easy?"

'I say, "Yes, t'ank you, I like to know, but I got no wing yet."

'He say, "I tell you how you can carry de mail more easy. Next Monday morning you get de mailbag on your back, bottle in your pocket, you take piece bark off dat tree (he show me what tree I get de bark), you stan' your feet on dem bark—you say dese word what I tell you. (He tell me what word I can say.) You go like de wind!"

'Course I don't believe dat; but he's devil, dat man—I don't know what he can do. So next Monday morning I get mailbag on my back. When I'm outside de town I take piece bark what he tell me—den I say dem word what he tell me. By Gar! I go like sea gull in big blow! I meet some women on sleigh wid oxen—dey don't turn dere head, nothing. Nobody see me—I go so fast. Two o'clock I'm Petoskey. Dat be on de record now. T'ree o'clock I'm Petite Traverse.'

'But the words, Mr. Gilbault? What were the words you said?'



'You like to know how you can carry de mail more easy?'

'Dat's what I don't remembair. If I can remembair de word what he tell me I give all I got in dis world—I give my lil' house down dare. I can go to Grand Rapids—Detroit! Bimeby I can go to heaven on piece o' bark! Dat's what I don't remembair—de word what he tell me!'

## IN MICHIGAN

Slow-yielding Nymphs
Evade unpandered Satyrs here,
And sands unconquered laugh at man's invention;
Bright clouds drive darker shadows,
And the bay-breeze bears heavy odors—
Odor-offerings of ragged pine
And spruce.

The white birch single on the hillside,
The hemlocks and I
Are friends
In Michigan.

Nature's fingers
Seem to play upon my strings
In minor harmonies up here—
Where shells of convents shelter
Echoes only,
And the last Indian has laid
His flints and legends
On the grave-mound of the older time
In Michigan.

We think we have a right to be fond of our Michigan north country, and to say good things of it every season. There is a wildness and variety not to be found again in a year's travel afoot. There is a fresh tenderness in the springtime, from the early shooting of the fern, the arbutus and the adder-tongue, to the lettuce-green of the birch leaves and blood-red of maple buds. The lingering autumn, with its blaze of foliage, the soft veil of Indian summer and harvest moon at night, is like a prayer of the dying year; and winter—silent and white against the evergreens, golden in the sunlight and mysterious under the stars—has a witchery that touches the depths of the soul in man. To one who has an ear attuned to the poetry of nature there is a whisper in the pine trees and shifting sands like a voice from the graves of departed tribes; and in the clear skies, pure waters, virgin woods and the great, healthy everlasting motion of things—one finds an uplift of promise and good cheer.

In the evening, after the rain,
At home with the North and the trees,
I turn from the world again—
And find me a world in these.

I searched for a joy in the lands
Of castle and kopje and sun,
And found what I sought—in the sands,
Where the journey was lightly begun.

The glories of continents seen
And all that my ears have heard
Are lost in the garden's green
And the chirp of the nested bird.

## THE STORY OF A COMMON MAN

'A common man was Pere Gilbault,'
So will the townsmen say,
'A sodden leaf left by the snow
Upon the summer way.

'A relic of the older time,
He crooned of moldy years,
Unknown to fame of good or crime—
And sleeps unmourned of tears.'

And this the tribute of the world
To labor's humbler men—
'A thing the jesting winds have whirled
On earth and off again!'

What though he spread the dauntless sail
And quit the shame of kings—
To break the rugged forest-trail
And dwell with silent things?

What though he turned the blades to hoes,
And tamed the savage breeds?—
We hold their homes! No bugle blows
A woodman's homely deeds.

He made a garden, sowed a seed—
But we have plucked the flower!
He laid the faith, we made the creed—
What boots *his* lingering hour?

No mausoleum marks his grave,
No will divides his gold;
No pension soothes a whimpering slave,
His office none will hold.

His tomb is but the earth he trod,
His wealth the poet's heart;
His gift a love for man and God,
His post the honest part.

A common man was Pere Gilbault,
And so the world must say—
'A sodden leaf left by the snow,
Upon the summer way!'

SEND for ALADDIN CATALOG of NOT SECTIONAL HOMES




You can buy all of the materials for a complete home direct from the manufacturer and save four profits, on the lumber, millwork, hardware and labor. WE PAY THE FREIGHT.

5 Room$ ALADDIN 478



Nine different floor plans of this house are shown in Catalog. 2 and 3 bedroom designs—grade and inside cellar entrances.

6 Room$ ALADDIN 618

Living room, dining room, 3 bedrooms, kitchen, bath. 3 other plans in catalog. Very high grade lumber throughout.



Story and Half $ ALADDIN 789



Story and a half semi-bungalow, with second floor available for 2 bedrooms. Two floor plan arrangements. Any handy man can erect these houses.

7 Room$ ALADDIN 956

Large living room with circle-tread open stairway, dining room, kitchen. 3 bedrooms, each with closet. Bath on second floor.



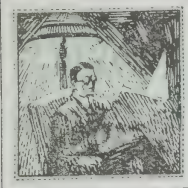
Price includes all lumber cut to fit; highest grade interior woodwork, siding, flooring, windows, doors, glass, paint, hardware, nails, lath, roofing, with complete instructions and drawings. Freight paid to your station. Permanent Homes—NOT PORTABLE. Many styles of year 'round dwellings, summer cottages and garages to choose from. Write nearest mill today for FREE Money-Saving Catalog No. 0000

The ALADDIN Co., BAY CITY, MICHIGAN
Wilmington, North Carolina; Portland, Ore.; Toronto, Ont.

## THE HUMMING-BIRD

When languorous Noons entreat the summer sky
And restive spirits vex the ways of men
In vain emprise; within my garden then
Will I elect to let the world go by,
And watch the humming-bird. Not seen to fly,
He comes, and vanishes, and comes again
And sips the sweets of honeysuckles when
Their lips are frail—but leaves them not to die.

So I have thought how good it were to be
This ruthful corsair, bent on such pursuit,
Against the wear of my foreplanning hours;—
How good it were to live thus liegelessly
Upon the world's unreckoned blossom-loot—
Yet spare from any harm its guarded flowers!



# I Read in the Papers



The pound sterling is swallowing up the fresh vegetables and the comforts that belong to many French homes. Unemployed Englishmen are living in France on their dole money, because of the exchange. This myth is, regrettably, not considered an extravagance like that of *Les Dessous de l'Espionnage Anglais*, a book from which, having bought it on the boulevards, I learned of a lady named 'the Beautiful Flora,' whose headquarters are at 10 Downing Street, and who recruits spies from 'the clan of youths with a few peccadilloes sponged off their conscience by the Lord Chief Justice.'

### *Gallic Ire vs. Cockney Sarcasm*

The tale about the dole and the franc is believed, and is propagated by serious journals. Thus an editorial in the *Liberte:* 'Great Britain . . . gives her unemployed ten shillings a day on condition that they do not work, and that they stay abroad for as long as possible. Ten shillings a day is not much in England. In France it makes seventy-five francs'; and M. Gustave Tery, writing in the *Euvre* under the title, 'We Support Their Unemployed': 'British unemployed draw an indemnity which, thanks to the exchange, permits them to live luxuriously in our country.'

The French, to their credit, have no unemployed. We, unfortunately, have many. I wish the French would accept a friendly assurance that the dole for husband and wife is 23s. a week, or 175 francs, and that since it must be drawn in person, the unemployed cannot afford a weekly return journey to France.

* * *

A schism among the Mennonites has loomed:

### *Hooks and Eyes, Buttons and Religion*

The moot point is one of dogma—whether adherents to the faith first formulated in Holland in 1864 shall wear buttons upon their clothing or whether they shall continue to depend upon the hook and eye, time-honored practice of those plain-dressed folk of simple faith.

The controversy has divided the sect into hostile camps.

Other points at issue which the conference will attempt to smooth out are newspaper reading and automobile riding. Both are banned now as sinful, along with war and education. The sect considers that guns are tools of violence, avoids litigation and never attends the theater.

* * *

The following interesting letter from Richard Curle appears in a recent issue of the New York Times Book Review: 'A copy of the New York Times Book Review, dated Dec. 27 of last year, has come into my hands, and I notice a statement about Joseph Conrad's nationality, quoted from Mr. Pennell's book, *The Adventures of an Illustrator*, which requires to be refuted. As one of Conrad's executors and trustees, and as an intimate friend of his for many years, I venture, therefore, to state the facts as they really are. According to Mr. Pennell, Conrad told him that he was born at Berditchev in Little Russia and that he was a Jew. It is quite true that Conrad was born in Berditchev, either in the district or the town—then part of Russian Poland and now a short way over the border into Russia proper—but it is totally untrue that he was a Jew. There was not one drop of Jewish blood in his veins. Mr. Pennell's memory must be completely at fault on this matter. For generations back Conrad's family on both sides were purely Polish, apart from one ancestor who was either French or Italian. In *The New Republic* (U. S. A.) of Aug. 4, 1918, will be found a long letter from Conrad to a correspondent, giving an account of his family and saying in the most explicit terms that he was not a Jew, as Mr. Frank Harris, the writer, had apparently stated in some publication.'

### *Conrad Was Not a Jew*

* * *

Doctor Shinkichi Uyesugi, of the Imperial University at Tokyo, deplores in a recent issue of the *Japan Times* what he regards as the overhasty adoption of the pseudo-civilization of the West by his countrymen of a generation or two ago. The result, he says, is that 'the Japanese are today a race not unlike a helpless wanderer in a desert, cut off from all their older traditions. The four time-honored classes of samurai, farmers, mechanics, and tradespeople resemble so many lost children, knowing nothing of their future.' The masses are sinking into a proletariat. Their leaders are bereft of counsels. Japan's proud national spirit has vanished, and the author feels sure that 'Japan as a State is fast dying, without waiting for a foreign invasion.'

### *Japs Ardently Copy Our Mistakes*

Consequently the time has come to take new bearings. 'The materialist theory of evolution, which explains the human species as derived from the lower monkey-forms, has utterly failed to solve the problems of individual freedom and personal dignity. Democracy, which means obeying the decision of a majority, has proved hopelessly incapable of producing true constitutional government.' Therefore Japan should return to her old institutions. She should strip off and cast aside the meretricious ornaments she has borrowed from the West. Only that will save her. 'If she returns to her very self, her real and genuine self, she will become fit for any task that lies before her.'—*Living Age.*

*The International Jew* in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set $1. THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN.

* * *

Roscoe Pound, Dean of the Harvard Law School in Finance and Industry, commenting on pioneering and the law says: 'The American people are in a new setting. The pioneer spirit which was a virtue a hundred years ago, is not exactly suited to 1926. A good deal of what we are told is lawlessness is nothing but this spirit of pioneer America trying to adjust itself to urban America. The frontier is gone, but we still have a pioneer attitude toward law. Imagine telling our grandfathers that they might not walk across the street where they pleased. You can't expect new regulations of any sort to sink in overnight. Yet consider the variety of such regulations and their increase in number.

### *Two Extremes of the Law*

'Criminal law all through history has swung back and forth between a minute regulation of the court and the magistrate in their dealings with offenders and a very minute discretion; or between over-tenderness for the individual accused at the expense of the general security, and, on the other hand, an over-regard for the general security and a callous disregard of the rights of the individual accused.

'What I hope for is that presently we shall learn enough to reach a scientific balance between the two extremes. The last high-water mark in the solicitude for the accused was reached toward the end of the 19th Century. There is a tendency in the other direction now, and I think there is danger that we shall move too fast and too far.'

* * *

China in 1925 bought five times as much sole leather as it imported in any of the five years immediately preceding the World War; the Philippines imported six times as much, while Japan also showed a large gain in the importation of the product, which would seem to indicate that occidental influences are working a slow but unmistakable change in oriental habits and customs which have been regarded for centuries as immutable.

### *Shoe Leather Hits Orient*

There are millions of feet in the Orient that have never felt a leather shoe but which now are apparently discarding their straw sandals for the pedal decoration of western civilization. This fact should interest the American farmer and manufacturer who produce and tan the leather to be used in these shoes. A surplus exists in this country of the kind the Orient will likely demand.

# Among the Children of Many Lands

On the left—Young Serbian gives violin solo to a critical audience of one.
On the right—Baseball fans make good use of the periscope.

(C) Press Illustrating Service.

(C) Keystone











In circle—Dutch kiddie sobbing his tale of woe to the little mother.
Left—Youngster of Kandy, Ceylon, carries his lesson on a board. (C) Ewing Galloway.
Right—A real American. (C) Ewing Galloway.

(C) International Newsreel.



Pearl Hay, of London, England, four years old, in some of her many moods. Left to right—'At Bay,' Meditation, Happiness, Sorrow.

3
THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL

LIBERTY is not the license of an hour; it is not the butchery of a royal house, or the passion that rages behind a barricade, or the caps that are swung or the *vivas* shouted at the installing of a liberator. But it is the compact, impenetrable matter of much manhood, the compressed energy of good sense and public reason, having power to see before and after and measure action by counsel—this it is that walls about the strength and liberty of a people. To be free is not to fly abroad as the owls of the night when they take the freedom of the air, but it is to settle and build and be strong—a commonwealth as much better compacted in the terms of reason, as it casts off more of the restraints of force.

—*Horace Bushnell.*

DEA

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Volume 26, Number 39

Five Cents a Copy JULY 17, 1926 $1.50 a Year



THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

# BRIEFLY TOLD

THE AVERAGE AGE at which twenty of the greatest inventions were produced is 32, statistics compiled by a group of psychologists reveal. Business men reach their zenith at 53 and military leaders at 55, according to the figures.

WARMTH BY WIRELESS is predicted by a Pittsburgh scientist who believes it will be possible in the future to broadcast heat waves as we now broadcast sound waves.

LETTERS ARE DELIVERED to some of the islands of the Tonga group in the Pacific by means of rocket apparatus operated from passing mail boats.

A TRAIN HAS JUST BEEN devised for the transportation of the precious helium gas used in American dirigibles. The gas is contained in long bottle-like cars designed somewhat like a vacuum bottle.




ALEXANDER THE GREAT had snow transported from the mountains to cool the wine for himself and his soldiers.

A MOSQUITO, WITH the assistance of the wind, is able to fly a mile. An ordinary house fly can travel a distance of eight to ten miles.

NEW USES JUST DISCOVERED for the ancient Chinese drug, ephedrine, indicate that it will be a great aid to modern physicians in raising blood pressure and for use as an anesthetic.

IN 1714 THE BRITISH Government offered a prize of $500,000 for the most accurate marine watch. The prize was won by John Harrison, whose timepiece performed three times better than the standard specified.

THE PETRIFIED BRAIN of a prehistoric man, believed to be 25,000 years old, had been found at Odinzoyo, Russia.

BAGGAGE TRANSFER COMPANIES blame the change in women's fashions and the fact that clothes are neither so heavy nor so plentiful as before, for the serious decrease in their revenues.

AN EAGLE, LURED ON by bits of food tossed into the ocean in the wake of a steamer, flew sixty miles to sea and eventually dropped to the deck from exhaustion.

WATER FROM THE RIVER Jordan was brought by airplane from Palestine to London for the christening ceremony of the daughter of the Duke of York. Jordan water was also used at the christening of Princess Ena of Battenberg, granddaughter of Queen Victoria, and now Queen of Spain.

PRIMITIVE BUSHMEN in the great Kalahari Desert, South Africa, are believed the shyest on earth. At the approach of a stranger, even of their own color, they will run for miles or, if taken by surprise, will burrow in the sand and hide themselves.



THE FIRST ECLIPSE of the moon of which we have record took place 721 B. C., March 19. It was observed in Mesopotamia.

DANISH EGGS ARE NUMBERED by a special system, whereby each egg can be traced to the farm from which it originated.

THE APPLE HAS BEEN crossed with the pear by grafting apple twigs on six-year-old plum trees, the shoots thus obtained being grafted in turn on pear trees.

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES broke its own speed record June 11 by approving 119 bills. The previous record was 81.

ALTHOUGH TURKISH GOVERNMENT officials are sponsoring the conversion of the former Sultan's palace at Constantinople into a gambling casino, no Mohammedans will be admitted to the gaming tables. The Koran forbids Moslems from gambling.

THE FIRST MUNICIPAL highway lighting system was installed in Paris in 1558. Pitch or resin torches were burned at night.

THE MAJORITY OF BLIND people in Spanish-American countries are forced to beg for a living. In the United States most of the blind are virtually self-supporting.

BOBBED HAIR HAS MADE 16,700 Chinese women dependent upon charity. They were formerly hair-net makers but the popularity of short hair has thrown them out of work.



THIRTY-EIGHT AMERICAN artists are on their way to a point within the arctic circle to record on canvas icebergs, Eskimos and animals.

THE NUMBER OF RESIDENTS served by each city letter carrier varies from 1,200 to 1,500, according to the topography of the district served, figures published by the Post Office Department reveal.

GUM CHEWERS OF THE United States masticated $47,124,000 worth of their favorite product last year. This was an increase of 17 per cent over the previous year.

HEATING SYSTEMS RECENTLY unearthed in old Roman ruins show that the heating was done by warming marble walls and floors rather than by the dissemination of hot air or water, as is done now.

FOLKLORE AND LEGENDS are preserved by certain tribes in Malaysia and Sumatra on bamboo sticks. The characters are engraved on the wood while it is green. When the wood becomes dry the inscriptions can be preserved almost indefinitely.

HEARTBEATS CAN BE reproduced on phonograph records so accurately as to serve for diagnostic purposes.

THE 140 RESIDENTS OF the Island of Tristan de Gunha, Britain's loneliest possession, located in the Atlantic Ocean midway between Buenos Aires and South Africa, are facing famine because of the failure of the potato crop.



ONE OF THE LATEST VOGUES, the collarless coat, is the result of a Paris designer delivering by mistake a coat on which the collar had not yet been attached. The buyer was so pleased with the effect that he retained it, and the vogue followed.

JAPAN'S NEW FACTORY law reduces the maximum working day from twelve to eleven hours, prohibits child labor in mines and night work for girls under sixteen. It fails to prohibit woman labor in mines.

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN RAILWAYS have spent nearly $10,000,000 for equipment made in America in the last two years.

NEW YORK POLICE ARE now provided with pistols capable of cutting a clean hole through the body of a motor car going sixty miles an hour.

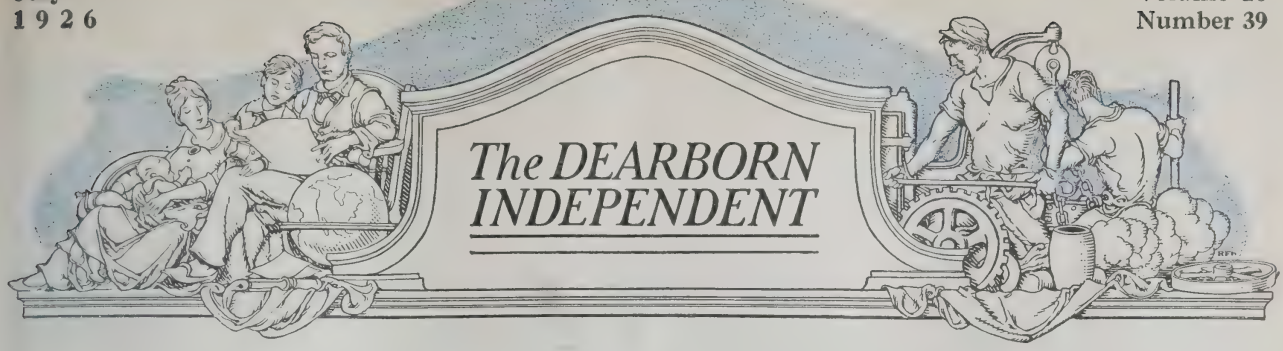
OUT OF EVERY ONE hundred married women in this country, nine are working for pay outside their homes.

THE DUKE OF YORK has been made an honorary fishmonger by the Fishmongers' Guild of London.

WORKMEN DEMOLISHING an old wooden platform at a suburban railroad station started a real treasure hunt. Coins dropped by passengers in their rush to catch trains had rolled through the cracks and amounted to a considerable sum beneath the boards.

July 17
1926

Volume 26
Number 39




# THE ESSENCE OF THIS ISSUE

Mr. Ford's Page this week discusses the human parasite and shows some of his methods and effects.

Delaware whips criminals and has the lowest crime record in the nation. The state has not experienced a bank holdup in twenty years. Insurance rates are at a minimum. Thugs who follow the New York-Philadelphia-Baltimore trail pass up Delaware as a bad risk. Now, whether the whipping post is *cause* and the minimum of crime an *effect* is a question. Some contend that the whipping post is not a deterrent to crime. Aaron Hardy Ulm tried to find out the truth. His article certainly shows that criminals dread swift, sure, painful, personal punishment. Anything but the lash! (p. 3)

Have you an old violin in your home? Leave it there. It probably is not the valuable relic of the old masters you had supposed it to be, and it if is, your chances of getting full value from a dealer are slim. M. Clyde Wier tells the sad, true tale of 'the attic Strad.' (p. 8)

The circus is coming! Not the modern show with private cars and automatic stake drivers, but the old-time circus that rambled across country in gaudy, squeaky wagons, with the camels and elephants and ring horses stringing out behind! The circus whose battle-cry was 'Hey Rube!' The circus that swam unbridged rivers and built roads across swamps, and was lighted by oil and kerosene flares. (p. 12)

'Gil' Robinson lived for fourscore years with the circus his father founded a century ago. In the Old South where the circus played on plantations to an audience of gentlefolk and slaves. He invaded Texas with the first circus to visit there. He met many famous men; his own adventures were legion. These are tiptop circus stories—and they are all true. (p. 12)

William E. Barton again discusses the clergy: He has a right to do so. A clergyman himself, he has been successful in many fields. Dr. Barton finds that the church is suffering from the lack of an educated ministry. And that lack is attributable directly to the laity! (p. 6)

Most churches nowadays want good mixers, not good scholars. Congregations are demanding pep rather than preparation and power. Pulpit lecturers are more in demand than ministers of religion. It is not building up the Church but filling up the pews that is wanted. What is this doing to religion? (p. 6)

Dr. Chevalier Jackson has saved the lives of scores of children (his friends say a life a day for years), and his name is in honor among surgeons the earth over. You will want to read this article for several reasons. (p. 15)

*The world needs Africa*—and Africa is dying from the world's neglect! The Dark Continent is the world's future granary, but the native races, who alone can live in its fertile valleys, are being allowed rapidly to perish. Dr. H. K. W. Kumm, one of the great authorities on Africa, presents facts and conclusions which cannot be ignored in any intelligent outlook upon Africa. This is an article for young men and statesmen of the near future. (p. 28)

Africa to the arctic. Burt M. McConnell traveled the North with Stefansson, and writes now of the ill-fated Franklin Expedition. In this year of greatest arctic triumphs, it is fitting to recall the deeds of brave men who penetrated the icy fastnesses eighty-one years ago, never to return. (p. 22)

The secrets of the nest—the building genius of the birds—have surely seldom, if ever, received such careful attention as Mr. Aaron has bestowed on them. How the birds learn, how they exercise judgment in selecting locations; and then how the oriole, for instance, actually constructs her nest on daring engineering principles: this article is really an interpretative moving (word) picture of the woodlands' great springtime industry. (p. 2)

And there is a story on the changes taking place in China, once deemed 'changeless.' Don't overlook the anecdote of the college students who sang at the wedding. Old Cathay is donning modern manners, even to advertising. Nowhere, perhaps, is the transformation better epitomized than in the sign over a Nanking shop: 'Leave your baggage with us, we send it in all directions.' China is going in all directions—but mostly forward. (p. 5)

A delightful little tale of reminiscence about British literary lions. Chesterton—a dirigible in a squall . . . Lord Dunsany—a gigantic, tall creature in the most unshapely and voluminous evening coat . . . Masefield—a slight figure in a white suit, his short hair all gray . . . Galsworthy—handsome, suave, gracious, witty . . . Shaw—the gentlest, kindest, mellowest face you can imagine . . . (p. 16)

An article on the homes Uncle Sam provides for his representatives in the far corners of the world . . . One on attorneys barred from practising before the Treasury Department—and why . . . And one on the way San Francisco copes with crime.

## CONTENTS

Cover Design—Dutch Canal Scene
*Gerald Vander Heyden*
Wee, Timorous Beasties at Home—*S. F. Aaron* 2
Delaware Uses the Whipping Post - - - - - 3
*Aaron Hardy Ulm*
New Phases of Changing China - - - - - - 5
*Inez Marks Lowdermilk*
Have We an Educated Ministry? - - - - - - 6
*William E. Barton*
Housecleaning in the Treasury - - - - - - 7
Parentage of Attic Strads—*M. Clyde Wier* - - 8
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - - - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
Under the White Tops With 'Gil' - - - - - 12
*Harry E. Barnet*
He Takes Tin Tacks From Tiny Throats - - 15
Patting the Lion's Mane—*Georgia Jackson Scott* 16
How U. S. Treats Its Diplomats - - - - - - 18
*Marion Bruce Clark*
Chats With Office Callers - - - - - - - - 21
Tragedy of the Franklin Expedition - - - - 22
*Burt M. McConnell*
I Read in the Papers - - - - - - - - - - 25
Dying Africa Makes Her Appeal - - - - - 28
*Dr. H. K. W. Kumm*
A Dance a Week—Some More Terms - - - - 31
San Francisco Says 'Shoot to Kill!'—*H. H. Dunn* 32

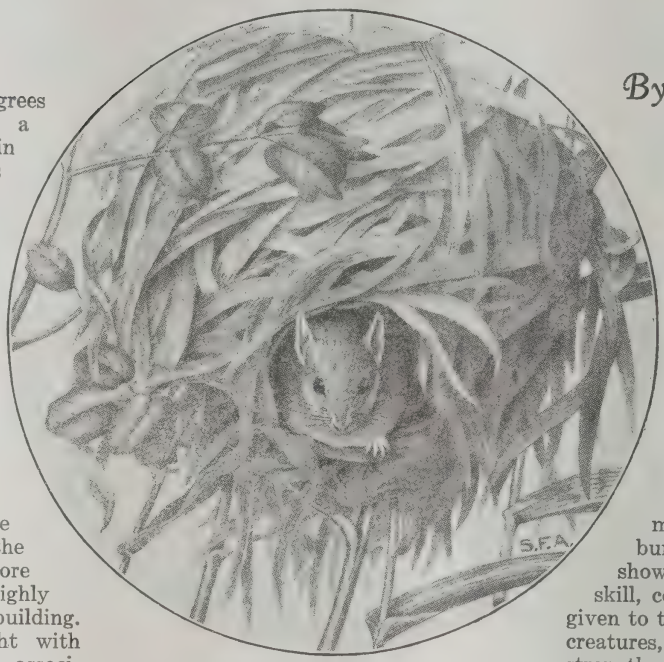
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer;
C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.50 A YEAR in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year.
SINGE COPY, FIVE CENTS

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

# Wee, Timorous Beasties at Home

## In the Realms of Fur and Feather Tiny Creatures Show Their Skill in Nest Building




Typical nest of the harvest mouse. A ball of grass in the top of weed stalks is loosely massed, and the chamber is lined with the soft down.

By S. F. AARON

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

THERE are certain degrees of development as a means to an end in which nature has, as it were, almost reached the extreme of perfection; that is, the progressions along definite and necessary lines have exceeded those of similar and equally needful processes and characteristics. Some examples are found in the retractile claws of the cats, the coracoid bone in birds and climbing quadrupeds, the fin feet of the seals, the prehensile tails of monkeys and opossums, the trunk of the elephant, the songs of birds and, almost more than anything else, the highly specialized habit of nest building.

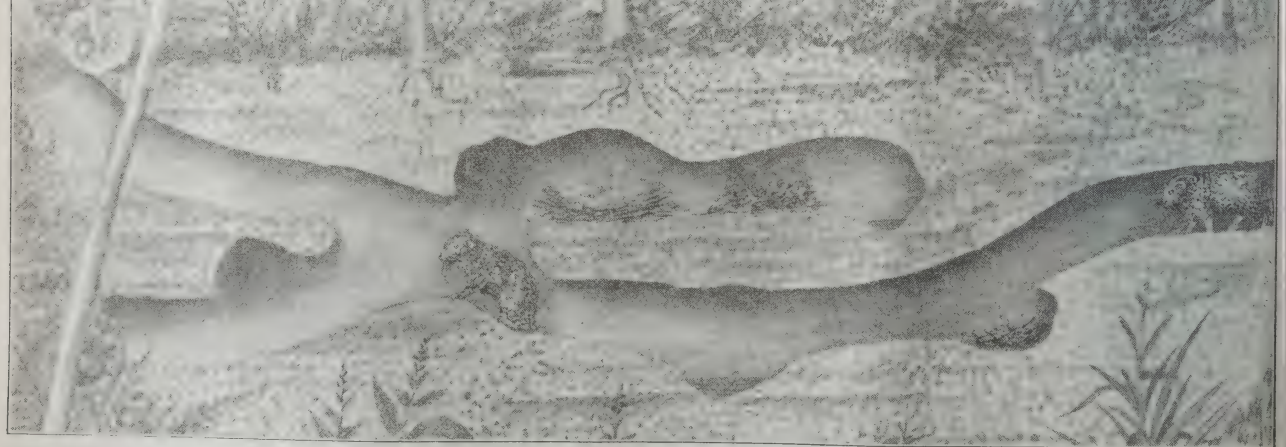
Although the first thought with regard to nest building is its association with the birds, it must be instantly recognized that our feathered friends have by no means a monopoly in the art. Nearly all of the rodents, and especially the mice and the squirrels, are adepts and in the bulky construction of their homes quite outdo their avian competitors. But with regard to skillful methods, if we may use this adjective, and the art of combining materials in a truly workmanlike manner, the birds are equaled only by the most highly organized insects, as the bees, the paper-nest wasps, the mud masons, certain ants and spiders.

While necessity is the prime factor in development, it can never be said that its conditions are fully and perfectly met, however near it. Thus, the paper employed by the white-faced hornets might be tougher and less soluble with a greater employment of sericin. The wax of the honeycomb also might easily be a stouter material and less subject to the voracious attacks of the hive moth. Again, the mud cells of the potter and mason wasps, with a little more labor, could be made more impervious to damp weather which not infrequently dislodges and destroys them, and if they were thus more proof against the attacks of strong-billed birds and those ichneumon parasites with puncturing ovipositors a greater number of their helpless inmates would survive.

The outside nest of squirrels, tree mice and harvest mice, as well as those of the burrowing species, might also show the application of greater skill, considering the length of time given to their construction. Had these creatures, with their comparative strength, the constructive wit of the orioles, vireos, swallows or even the mud-employing thrushes, their homes would better withstand the buffetings of storms, the attacks of enemies and be snug enough for hibernation.

Who has closely examined the nests of the gray squirrel, picking them apart? I can find no record of this having been done. These leafy masses, sometimes the size of a bushel basket, are generally placed not far from the top of high trees with long, limbless trunks so difficult to climb as to offer no special inducements even to mink or weasel.

A foundation is (Continued on page 26)



Burrow, nest, storerooms and drainage depressions of the mountain beaver or sewellel. This is drawn from the description of Dr. E. W. Nelson, and is shown as if the top earth were dug away to expose the tunneling from top and side.

# Delaware Uses the Whipping Post

## Are Lashes 'on the Bare Back, Well Laid On,' Effective as a Crime Preventive?

By AARON HARDY ULM

A lot of people, stirred by recurring crime waves, are advocating the revival of the whipping post as a punishment for crime. These persons are not always opposed to humane methods decreed by the new penology now widely employed. Does the new penology necessarily exclude a form of punishment that in essence is the same as one still employed by many parents and some teachers? In one state it doesn't. With a super-humane system of prison management, Delaware holds to the whipping post. The results are interesting.

THE punishment of whipping shall be inflicted publicly by strokes on the bare back well laid on.'

So says an 18th-Century statute that is still in force in one American state, Delaware. In one other, Maryland, the whipping post is used sometimes in punishing wife-beaters. In Delaware it is used in punishing various offenders against the laws.

How effectively? An indication of the answer may be in the following, which is taken from a recent Associated Press dispatch:

> 'The revival of the whipping post in Delaware has made possible a 33⅓ per cent reduction in rates of hold-up, burglary and theft insurance, the National Bureau of Casualty and Surety underwriters announced today.'

The statement envisages a concrete result more evidential than all speculative findings about the prevention of crime. For facts more than sentiment or mere opinion govern insurance rates.

But the statement is not altogether true. There has been no revival of the whipping post in Delaware for the reason that the use of that device, once common everywhere, has never been suspended there. And many factors enter into the making of the kind of insurance rates referred to in the dispatch.

The prime factor, however, is that of risk, measured by the crime rate as reflected by losses. Rates allowed Delaware were reduced lately and have long been the lowest. Take for example what is known as 100-per-cent blanket insurance, of the burglary kind, on residences. In Delaware it can be procured for $15.13 a thousand. In Chicago this kind of insurance costs $34.38 a thousand.

Some localities other than Delaware get the lowest rates too, some on one or more kinds of theft insurance and some on other kinds. *A few get the lowest rates on all kinds.* Delaware is among these. This fact attests what is claimed on all sides in Delaware; namely, that the crime rate there is lower than that of the country as a whole and probably lower than in other localities properly comparable

'Delaware has been affected by scarcely any "crime waves" of the kinds complained of elsewhere,' declares one of the state's officials, and one who thinks the whipping post has nothing to do with the condition. 'From some sorts of crime the state is almost free. For instance you can walk the streets of Wilmington as unconcerned about pickpockets as if you were out on a farm. And there hasn't been a bank robbery in the state in forty years.'

The last bank robbery there—it occurred away back in the last century—has had much to do with keeping the whipping post in active use, despite much criticism both within and from without the state. The job was pulled off by a gang of notorious professionals, led by Jimmy Hope, who evidently thought it would be easy to make a haul and a getaway in little Delaware. The state is so small that one can get out of it from any point in an hour or two. Big cities are nearby. Its prisons seemed fragile.

The robbers were caught. They were inclined to laugh at the terms in prison that were imposed on them. But they didn't laugh at the floggings which the court said should be applied at once. What has come down about how they took to the whipping post is perhaps largely legendary, but probably contains some fact. One of the stories is that they offered a bribe of $100,000 to be spared the ordeal, which they viewed as a 'disgrace.' Several of them are reputed to have declared that they would rather take lifetime sentences than be made the laughing stock of all the criminal world, in which their 'standing' was high, by being whipped publicly.

Whatever the reason for it, that type of skillful criminal has not been of much bother in Delaware since then. There is both a police and underworld tradition that professionals take care to keep out of the state—at least when 'working.' There also is a claim that when caught there, these criminals often welcome requests for their presence for trial in other states where there are no whipping posts.

'We must make the criminal steer clear of us,' declared a man who at the time was the state's chief justice. 'We do this by preserving strong means of punishment and these means must be continued . . . We need the whipping post to keep the criminals away.'

The whipping post, however, is only one of the 'antiquated' means used in dealing with criminals in Delaware. Others are energetic prosecutions, avoidance of delays in bringing accused ones to trial, adherence to rules of court procedure, that allow few loopholes for escape on technical grounds, including a method of dealing with appeals that is as 'tight' as the one prevailing in England. Another are longer prison terms for certain crimes than are imposed in most states.

Along with these 'antiquated' ways of dealing with criminals, there is now in vogue there a system of prison administration that for modernity probably excels any used in like circumstances. A parole law keeps open a door of hope for all who enter the prison, and the prison is operated in great part by its inmates.

Thus one finds there a singular blending of the stern and the pliant, of the old and new, and the old—including the whipping post—is held to as firmly as the new is supported.

Somewhat as a reminder of the stern aspects of the state's attitude toward crime, a stock is preserved, physically in all of its 17th-Century crudity. Standing near the whipping post at



Warden Leach and one of his 'boys' at New Castle County Workhouse.

the prison that serves as a state penitentiary, that device is kept in as perfect repair as though it might be brought back into use at any time. In fact, it was used until recent years, but, after 1905, for purposes of prison discipline only.

Regularly for many years bills proposing a suspension of the use of the whipping post have been put forward in the state's legislature. None has ever come within a league of passing. The last one received just one vote, that of the member who introduced it.

The only concessions made to those who oppose the whipping post are the exemption—established in 1889—of all females convicted of crimes otherwise punishable by whipping and permitting the courts to omit lashes in sentencing some first offenders. Otherwise, laws having to do with the post have been extended rather than restricted.

In actual practice, however, the whipping post is not used so freely, and perhaps not so vigorously in particular instances, as formerly. The warden of the New Castle County Workhouse, where for many years all whippings for the state have been done, reported 461 whippings for the year of 1904. Many of these no doubt were on the score of prison discipline and not in consequence of court sentences. In recent times there have been only twenty to thirty whippings a year, none being given for disciplinary purposes.

In 1925 there were only sixteen whippings, the smallest number for any year. Five of those whipped were white men and eleven were negroes. The offenses and sentences were as follows:

Stealing auto tires, 2 yrs. and 5 lashes
Stealing chickens (2 cases) 18 mos. and 10 lashes
Robbery (3 cases) 10 yrs. and 40 lashes
Larceny (3 cases) 2 yrs. and 10 lashes
Larceny 1 yr. and 10 lashes
Burglary (2 cases) 4 yrs. and 20 lashes
Larceny (2 charges) 4 yrs. and 10 lashes
Theft 2 yrs. and 5 lashes
Robbery 5 yrs. and 20 lashes.

For some offenses, the courts may direct that as many as 60 lashes be imposed. These rarely are committed, however. Twenty and forty lashes are the maximum which may be imposed in most cases. Wife-beaters may be sentenced to receive from 5 to 30 lashes. This offense was brought within the purview of the whipping post not many years ago, and no whipping has been imposed on account of it for a long time. The first wife-beater in five years was sent to the post recently in Maryland, where the device is maintained for only that kind of offender—a kind which even Theodore Roosevelt said should be made subject to whipping-post punishment. Is the whipping post responsible for the extinguishment of wife-beating in those two states?

Many of the persons whipped in Delaware have had prior experience at the post. There are records of the same men being whipped five and six times, each under a different sentence. These usually are of the petty-thief class, in the main negroes of the loafer type; as a rule, the stupid kinds of law-breakers. Lashes appear to have little restraining effect on the stupid class of criminal. Even its defenders say that the whipping post is most effective when used to punish intelligent offenders, those who feel the sting spiritually as well as physically. And these, they say, are the most dangerous, being the ones who commit the difficult kinds of crime.

Lashes appear to have little restraining effect on the stupid class of criminal. Even its defenders say that the whipping post is the most effective when used to punish the intelligent offenders, ones who feel the sting spiritually as well as physically. And these, they say, are the most dangerous, being the ones who commit the difficult kinds of crime.

While the law says that the whippings shall be applied publicly, practice for many years has made the operation a virtually private one in Delaware. The whipping post is in a small inclosure connected with the main prison by an underground route known as the 'tunnel of tears.' The whippings cannot be seen by persons not within the inclosure, and there is not room in it for many. They permit no pictures of actual whippings to be taken. Inmates of the prison are not among the onlookers. The victim's hands only are fastened to the post. The lashes are given with a cat-o'-nine-tails. Most prisoners take them stoically.

The present warden of the prison where the whippings are administered—and who personally applies the lash—is much opposed to the practice. So was his predecessor, Mordecai S. Plummer, who instituted the honor system of prison management there. Plummer was an old post-office inspector who had had much experience with the yeggman type of criminal. He held that the best way to deal with criminals was so to shape punishment as to arouse a sense of responsibility. Hence when he took hold of the New Castle County Workhouse, he told the inmates that the character of their experience as prisoners would depend mostly on themselves.

He set up a prison court, composed of inmates. It drew up a code of conduct and tries and prescribes punishment for those who violate the rules. All is done subject only to the warden's approval. Guns were put away. Only three paid guards are now used. Though locks and bars still are used, the doors are attended by prisoners with keys. Work is provided for those who want to enjoy privileges given for good conduct, and a schedule of pay was developed. Prisoners earn from four dollars to sixteen dollars a month. Aided by two farms, cultivated by prisoners, the establishment is about one-half self-supporting.

Elmer J. Leach, who had been assistant warden, succeeded Plummer when the institutor of the system died about three years ago, and has continued to operate the prison by the Plummer method.

He and others who have had to do directly with the establishment claim the method have been eminently successful, as an economy, a measure of safety and in the rehabilitation sense.

'The whipping post isn't in harmony with a prison method of this kind,' says Warden Leach. 'The post merely humiliates and embitters those who are whipped and renders them less amenable to this method. I have seen no evidence of its being otherwise of value, as, for instance, in keeping professional criminals out of the state. It should be abolished.'

Others in Delaware oppose the whipping post outspokenly, but, comparatively speaking, not many. One newspaper has been intense in its demand that whipping cease.

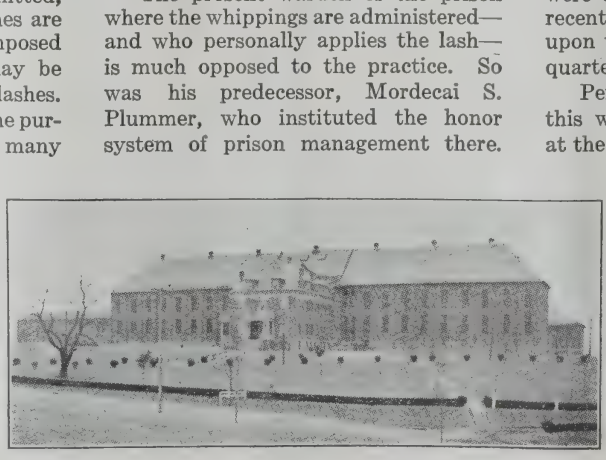
'The post should have been abolished a century ago when the other states were dropping it,' that paper declared recently. 'But it exists as a bar sinister upon the state at the close of the first quarter of the 20th Century.'

Persons on that newspaper told this writer, however, that opposition, at the present time at least, is virtually hopeless.

Another Wilmington newspaper said a short time ago:

'Certain it is that the whipping post, though recently the lash has been administered almost as a love tap and is therefore losing its strength, does instill into hardened criminals that fear which is the only deterrent they know, as the records very clearly disclose.'

The state's (Concluded on page 24)



New Castle County Workhouse, which is also Delaware's State Penitentiary.

# New Phases of Changing China

## Sedan Chairs, and Moth-Eaten Donkeys Giving Way to Modern Things

By INEZ MARKS LOWDERMILK

CHINA is changing rapidly. Uppermost in the Western mind is the ever-changing political situation; but there are other more interesting and fascinating changes that are not apparent in the daily newspaper dispatches, changes which show the trend of the people more clearly than the kaleidoscopic movements of a few leaders. Especially are these changes noticeable in the cities where the influence of the West has been felt for some time.



Boy Scouts of China. These youths are having an opportunity for self-expression that was never accorded boys in earlier days.

China is eagerly adopting Western methods and devices and is catering to foreign trade. The result is often most entertaining. Every city displays numerous smile-provoking signs, such as, 'Leave your baggage with us, we send it in all directions.' In front of a high-class tailor shop is the sign, 'Respectable ladies have fits upstairs.' Near my home is a 'Hair Pressing Parlor.' In another city a fur shop catering to foreign trade has the sign, 'Fur coats made out of your skin or ours.'

A Chinese wedding, foreign style, was a feature of a recent university commencement. In this instance, the bride and groom had done the courting themselves and not through their parents, according to the usual custom. The chapel was filled with high school girls and university men. The bride, dressed in pale pink satin instead of the proverbial red, came in an hour or so late. The groom, whose costume was rented for the occasion, came down the aisle in plug hat and wrinkled full dress, filling the air with an odor of moth balls. The minister performed a beautiful Christian service. The bride and groom then bowed three times to the minister and three times to the guests, an adaptation of the age-old custom of *kaotao*. It was then announced that the university glee club quartet would sing a number in English. With great gusto they proceeded to sing 'Polly Wolly Doodle All the Day.' To the Chinese it was a modern wedding, carried out in true foreign style—even to the rice throwing. All went away happy and eager to tell details to those not fortunate enough to be invited.

Outstanding changes are everywhere apparent on the streets. Speeding autos and motorcycles send the sedan chairs and wheelbarrows and moth-eaten donkeys skurrying off the road for safety. Bicycles, called 'foot carriages,' are the height of elegance and popularity. Small automobiles are most popular with the Chinese because of their adaptability to Chinese narrow streets and corners. Across the street from the telegraph office with its 'lightning words,' as the Chinese call them, the professional story-teller repeats his thousand-year-old historical and folk stories to eager crowds. Some tailor shops have sewing machines making hundreds of stitches a minute; in others the tailors bend over garments in the manner of centuries. On one side may be a modern store with plate-glass windows and the sign 'Foreign Medicines Sold Here.' But nearby is sure to be seen the old Chinese medicine shop with its dried herbs, lizards, orange peel, powdered tigers' bones and all sorts of charms hanging from the walls and ceiling. The God of Lightning, in the form of electricity, now illuminates some streets and shops. But often the next shop will be scarcely visible in the dim light of the vegetable oil taper lamp of primitive China. Brick buildings tower beside mud huts. Factories belch forth smoke over the homes of primitive handicraft. On the same street with a modern dentist shop, the old Chinese tooth puller, with his equipment of stool and pulling lever, walks up and down, calling his trade and exhibiting his trophies of extracted teeth.



Modern China is now paving streets that once reeked with holes. Circle—Bad roads have caused many a scene like this in China.

Pavements are found on many streets that once were reeking mud holes. Alleyways have been widened into streets worthy of the name. Traffic policemen display their authority on thoroughfares where once the mandarin and his servants had power to drive all from their path. Postal systems in all countries have been studied and China now has one of the best postal systems in the world. Even remote corners are reached by rural mail carriers.

The new women of China walk along the streets *beside* their husbands instead of a few paces in the rear. They have cast aside their trousers and wear the abbreviated Western skirt and rolled stockings. Bobbed hair is increasing in popularity. Those most closely in contact with Westerners have taken to cigarets *(Concluded on page 31)*

# Have We an Educated Ministry?

## Only Minority of Present-Day Incumbents Are From Reputable Colleges

By WILLIAM E. BARTON

AMONG the learned professions the ministry was the first for which special scholastic training was required. The earliest colleges in the United States were established avowedly for the main purpose of training pious youth for the gospel ministry. Upon the gates of Harvard are graven in durable record the words from 'New England First Fruits' relating that when God had brought the people of that region safely across the ocean, had enabled them to provide homes for themselves, and establish government, and procure means of livelihood, one of the first concerns was that of establishing a college, because the colonists feared to leave to their children an uneducated ministry after their own faithful pastors should sleep in the dust.

Nearly all the early New England ministers were graduates of Cambridge and the remainder, with few exceptions, were Oxford men. There were very few university graduates in the colonies excepting those in the ministry. The early graduating classes of Yale, Harvard, and the succeeding schools of Dartmouth, Amherst, and Williams, went almost bodily into the pulpit. The ministry furnished the faculties of these and other schools. Education did not begin at the bottom and work up. It began at the top and built down. At the top was the college with training for the ministry as its specialty. Underneath this and preparatory to it was erected the Latin school. The grammar school came to supply material for the Latin school and we have graded down until we have reached the kindergarten. Practically we began at the university with training for the ministry as the prime purpose.

*Standard Not Rising*

It now has come about that collegiate training and special university work of postgraduate character is required for almost every profession except the ministry. Year by year the standards of the law schools, the medical colleges, the schools of journalism and pedagogy are rising. With regard to the ministry the lamentable confession must be made that the reverse is true. The minority of present-day ministers in the American pulpit are graduates of reputable colleges and well-equipped theological seminaries.

This is no accident, and the causes for it are not far to seek. The prime cause must be attributed not to the ministry, but to the standards which the laity have come to regard as acceptable.

It is time for plain speaking on this subject, and the subject should be brought out of the cloistered atmosphere of the ministry itself and dragged into the arena of open discussion. The simple truth is that the average American congregation no longer appreciates an educated ministry.

*Majority Not for Pulpit*

The theological seminaries at the present time are training an absurdly small and inadequate proportion of the ministers of the next generation, but this is not the worst of it. A majority of those who are being trained in theological seminaries will find no permanent place in the American pulpit. Either they are already intending to go abroad as foreign missionaries or they will be seized upon for educational or administrative work. The pulpit is not getting even the meager output of the theological schools.

What does the average congregation want in the way of a minister? Consider, if you will, the church you happen to attend or in which you are in any degree interested; the church of which you may be a member, or an officer, or to which you contribute and to whose Sunday school you send your children.

A committee is appointed to secure a new pastor. The members of the committee meet and express their views as to the kind of minister this church needs. It is always assumed that this particular church needs a particular kind of minister. The man they want is in heaven if he is anywhere. How many members of the committee begin by saying, 'This church needs first of all a Christian gentleman of good ability, high moral character, and rather better than the average preaching power, whose judgment we can trust, whose character we can respect, and whose scholarship we know to be adequate.'

That is not what the members of the committee will say. They will say, 'What this church needs at the present time is a good mixer, a man who will appeal to the young people, somebody who doesn't go around with a long face, or preach dry sermons, but who can fill up our vacant pews, get hold of a lot of the fellows who are now playing golf on Sunday and put on some kind of a program that will get out a good Sunday night congregation.'

Perhaps it will be said that scholarship and piety and character and Christian experience are all assumed as belonging to any candidate who is likely to come to this church. That, however, is not the fact. There are few churches that put scholarship anywhere nearly on a par with being a good mixer. There are almost no churches where scholarship in the pulpit would be compared with the ability to fill the pulpit on Sunday night.

The congregations in this country that will tolerate sustained scholarly preaching are an almost negligible minority. It is said that there is only one pulpit in Boston whose minister displays habitually the marks of a scholar and who is able to hold his job.

The average American congregation has very little desire to do any serious thinking. The tired business man does not want to go to church to exert any mental effort. He wants a sermon short and snappy. What to him is a discourse well formulated according to homiletic rule with correct exegeses of Scripture, accurate quotation from choice literature, and a quiet appeal to righteous living, based upon a thoughtful and erudite interpretation of the theme? Scholarship, sincerity, dignity, reliability as to fact and quotation are all subordinate to the twin-born requirement that the minister shall be a good mixer and that his discourse shall be full of 'pep.'

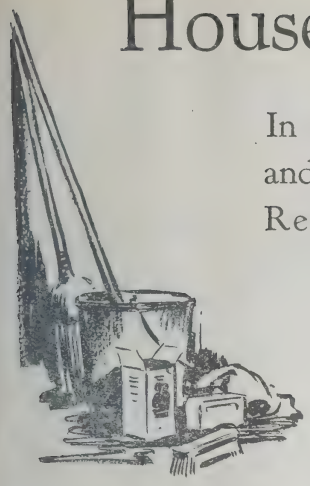
*Ought to Be a Good Mixer*

Now a minister ought to be a good mixer and his sermons ought to contain what is popularly known as pep. I make no appeal for dry and wearisome discourses. I am no apologist for the type of sermon in which learning is paraded or pedantry is wedded to dullness. I am only saying that a congregation whose prior observance of the Sabbath has been a survey of

(Concluded on page 24)

# Housecleaning in the Treasury

## In Four Years There Were 300 Cases in Which Attorneys and Agents Practising Before the Treasury Department Were Respondents in Suspension or Disbarment Proceedings



THE Calendar of the Committee on Enrollment and Disbarment is assuming such proportions that if complaints continue to multiply, it will be necessary to create a special court for the purpose of trying cases,' said an important official of the Treasury Legal Division.

Some 300 cases, both closed and pending, represent the complaint calendar in which attorneys and agents practising before the Treasury Department have figured as respondents, in either suspension or disbarment proceedings, during the past four years, and of these twenty-three have been disbarred and seventeen suspended.

The laws governing recognition of attorneys, and others representing claimants before the Treasury Department, are specific. Before an attorney or agent is permitted to appear before that department, representing a taxpayer, he must be enrolled; and to be enrolled must have complied with the requirements of the statute, violation of which, after enrollment, will justify disbarment or suspension in the same manner in which it would have precluded admission.

Specifically, any conduct contrary to the canons and ethics of the American Bar Association furnishes cause for disbarment proceedings; yet it is a fact that the American Bar Association rarely, if ever, conducts supplementary proceedings based upon the action of the Treasury Department, although such action might have a wholesome effect upon the type of attorney shown to be still practising although disbarred before the Treasury.

The character of the charges filed in these proceedings furnishes some startling information as to the reputation of attorneys, as follows:

'Charged with obtaining money under false pretenses from clients in a tax case, and charges found proven by committee.'

'Charged with contracting with deputy collectors to refer taxpayers to him on commission basis, charges found proven by committee.'

'Charged with making an offer to a revenue agent to divide fees in income tax cases procured through such agent, charges found proven by committee.'

'Charged with unethical solicitation by mail of tax business from taxpayers whose affairs in one case were handled by a business associate when employed in the Bureau of Internal Revenue, and in another case the respondent held out his own former employment in said Bureau as an inducement to taxpayer to make contract with him, and charges found proven by committee.'

'Charged with having arranged with employe of Income Tax Unit to supply lists of taxpayers liable for extra assessments and charges found proven by committee.'

'Charged with accepting a bribe to pay a confederate in Income Tax Unit to decide a tax case, and failed to file answer to charge, and charges found proven by committee.'

'Charged with receiving fees from clients in tax matters and failing to render any service; obtaining money under false pretenses; passing worthless checks; defrauding hotels; and fraudulently selling worthless oil stocks; and charges found proven by committee.'

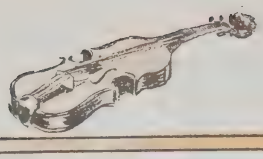
The suspensions are based on similar charges.

The practices thus employed and upon which charges have been sustained are bribery, conspiracy, larceny, arson, subornation, obtaining money under false pretenses, intimidation, misappropriation, and so forth, to an almost unbelievable extent.

The housecleaning might also be employed for removing legal perverts from the roster of one of the most conservative and honorable professions of all time.




A departmental cleaning-up day at Washington.



# Parentage of Attic Strads



By M. CLYDE WIER

PUBLICATION of the fabulous prices that dealers ask and sometimes get for famous violins has sent many a man to the attic or the closet or the pawn shop to seek spoil that he too may sell for his own advantage. And many a man, for his search, gets his momentary thrill and the inevitable shock that follows. For he is apt to see within his 'find' a ticket that bears the name of the great Stradivari.

To the inexpert this seems to be almost the conclusion of the whole matter. All that remains to be done is to announce his possession to the world. Later he learns to his surprise that the world is not interested, for the world knows that seven dollars and a half will buy a Stradivari violin, label inside, a music rack, case, bow, book of instructions, and jazz folio thrown in. That is what the world pays for such an outfit when the sons and daughters of the world contemplate learning to play. It is good enough for the sons and daughters whose beginning is none too certain; and if the beginning, as often, meets with a speedy end, the fiddle, not being furniture, is apt to be relegated to the attic or the closet shelf, there to repose and shelter little mice until the hunter of antiques rescues it and restores it to the light.

That is the type of most of the discoveries—very cheap affairs—not even imitations, with a label as inaccurate in its wording as the instrument in its outlines. The date of one shows that Strad was a hundred and fifty years old when he made it, while that of another sets him back to the boyhood of his grandfather. But whatever the label, the finder copies it, often inaccurately, and sends it to an expert, hoping to hear that he has found something worth while. Of course the expert can only say that he cannot judge a violin without seeing it. It is surprising how many people in different walks of life think that the reading of a label is the proper way to determine an instrument's parentage. It is just as sensible to sit down and write: 'Dear Sir; I have a long slender horse with ribs exposed, white feet, short mane, one shoe missing. Do you think he can win the Derby for me?' Perhaps so, but the chances are against him.

It is better to treat a 'find' as a 'find,' use it if you have use for it; if not, give it to some one who has. If it is a cheap instrument it has no commercial value; if it is a fine one it needs a clever dealer to exploit it and get the price such things are supposed to be worth. If it is an old heirloom, keep it and prize it and don't be too anxious to know all there is to be known about it. Such knowledge is too often a bitter disappointment. In fact it is almost impossible to get accurate knowledge of an old instrument that has no history.

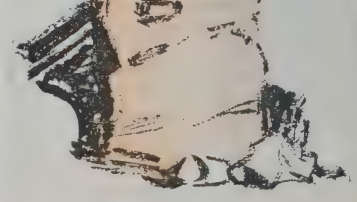
Dealers and makers and collectors and experts are all very conservative folk, particularly when it comes to speaking of another man's fiddle. They will show him their wares, which of course are authentic and genuine in every detail. But his is a different matter—'a copy, a cheap copy; a German or a French, a Mittenwald or Mirecourt—no value whatsoever. Perhaps he would like to turn it in as part payment on a good violin, something fit for an artist.'

Don't be in too great a hurry to accept the kindness of such a Samaritan. He is always looking for bargains, and knows one when he sees it; and he will take yours with as little conscience as a satyr, if you will allow him.

An offer of exchange is as close as he is apt to come to saying what you are so eager to hear: 'My dear Sir, you have here a wonderful Stradivari for which I will give you ten thousand dollars.' This, of course, happens only in dreams or fairy tales. But do not trade; take the instrument home and play it or give it to a child for a plaything.

It is hopeless to think of getting a fortune for an old fiddle. If you want to go into the fiddle business, well and good; try it. You will find it interesting enough and profitable enough. But from the point of view of the private individual who has in his possession an old instrument of great value, which he is willing to dispose of for a large consideration, the situation is almost ridiculous.

The game is loaded from the start. The dealer is the man who gets the big price. He pays eleven (Concluded on page 20)



# MR. FORD'S PAGE

THERE are men of whom we feel that, given even less than a common start, they would still have excelled over their fellows in the achievements of life. Their power is in themselves, not in their property; their great possession is their personality; if they were stripped of all material goods and position they would merely have to exercise their innate creative power to attain again a commanding place.

Some men are the creatures of others. This is honorable or shameful, depending on the character of the relationship. A great vision may be vouchsafed to one man, but it may require millions of men, enlightened by his insight, energized by his faith and directed by his wisdom, to realize the vision in usable form. In a sense these millions have found their place in life through the vision of one man. But their relation to him is honorable. They are fellow-servants with him of the Idea, they are working with him to bring to the plane of use what otherwise would remain an unbelieved vision. They are contributing toward the main object.

The difference between parasites and contributing servants is sometimes not visible but is nonetheless real. A parasite's motive points only one way—inward toward himself. As he says, he 'looks out for Number One.' Of course, he is mistaken in that. A man without a cause to serve, a work to do, a contribution to make to life, is a cipher. He never is a number until he has his place of service in the world. The true Number One is nothing else but a man's reason for living.

Bryan once said, 'I am not a great man. Any of you young men can do as much as I have done. Whenever I saw a balloon going up, I caught hold of a rope. It is the causes I have enlisted in that have pulled me up with them.' That illustrates how a man may share in the success of a cause.

But all that is different from the parasitism which attaches itself to the personal fortunes of another for the sake of its own. There seems to be a peculiar breed of human being which keeps watch of persons who are likely to go far or who are conspicuously and fortunately situated, and they watch with selfish appraisal in their eyes for no higher purpose than to attach themselves somehow to that person's position, not for the sake of any service they may render to it, but for what they may draw out of it for themselves. These are parasites whose main and only object in life is themselves. Their narrow social or financial ambitions are all based on a barnacle-like attachment to persons on whose favor they are dependent.

These parasites are seldom of positive use to the person upon whom they have fastened. True, they could not maintain their place if they were positively repulsive or if they did not *seem* to justify their existence. But their pretended service is usually negative if not actively enervating. To begin with, a parasite is not a high-minded character anyway; if he were, he would not be a parasite; he would demand to stand on his own feet. So that it is perhaps unfair to blame him that his influence on his victim is bad. But the fact should be understood, even if the blame is withheld. One cannot blame a serpent for not being a lamb, but it is just as well to understand the difference between the two.

*OF ALL parasites, the human species is the least tolerable. It is possible to find a reason in nature for every kind of parasite save the human kind, for there is no reason, natural or invented, which can excuse any man for not standing on his own feet. And yet, hosts are primarily to blame. The parasite cannot fasten save where he is permitted to. Disease germs can lodge only in an unhealthy body. Industrial parasites can lodge only in a business whose pulse is running below normal. The parasite is not an intake pipe, but a drain, nor does he drain off waste, he drains the vigor and responsibility of his victim—be it man or business.*

The influence of the parasite usually runs toward an emphasis on the lighter side of life. He is more facile in laughter than in logic. Every parasite instinctively feels that he must be in part a court jester. His presence is known by his essential hostility to the serious things of responsibility. Responsibility is a serious thing and one who bears it cannot make the lighter side of life anything but the mere margin or fringe of his existence. A man must be one thing or another. If a man of responsibility, he should measure shrewdly the influences which draw him into higher circles and interests.

The parasite also destroys the sense of responsibility by developing the habit of leaving too much to 'George.' There are two ways of destroying responsibility: first, by loading it up with too much detail; second, by too continuously passing responsibility to others. The parasite may be a great muddler in details, but usually he is an apostle of delegated authority. In either case, he works to the same end, and his influence is bad.

But as the moth cannot attack clothing where a careful housewife is, nor worms nor weather attack wood that is properly guarded by paint, nor rust the iron that is in use and cared for, so the parasite cannot fasten to anyone who is parasite-proof. In the last analysis the parasites are not to blame, 'for 'tis their nature to'; the blame must be given the 'host' that permits it. Healthy bodies offer no resting place for disease parasites. It is so in social, industrial and financial life. Health is resistant and self-protective.

**'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## *Jellyfish?*

A GOOD bishop, delivering the commencement address at an institution of learning, advised the young graduates to make their rule in life the understanding of the other man's point of view. Like many other excellent courses, isn't there a danger of it being overdone? Is it not too much like that false form of tolerance often urged upon us which leaves us so soft and pliant toward others' objectives that we feel it somehow unbrotherly to urge our own? The issue of the kind of tolerance preached in this country of late is spineless and immoral indifference. Young men moved to obey the bishop's counsel may become so assiduous in understanding the viewpoint of others that they will be unable to achieve a viewpoint of their own.

We need a change of emphasis in these things. Take your own stand on the matters at issue in your times. Stand in your line of succession, or as intelligent observation, or as special study may dictate. But take a stand. Do not wander among all points of view, upholding none and upheld by none. Get a conviction. Do all that you can to make it a right, just, constructive, human conviction, and *stand by it*—open-minded where opinion is concerned, but a stone wall for firmness where principle enters. A jellyfish probably has no racial, religious or political convictions that offend anyone, but no jellyfish ever opened new gates of freedom to the people. In the national gallery of immortal jellyfishes there may be some notable names, but just now we cannot remember one.

## *Babies as Armament*

WHO knows?—maybe we have all been blind—maybe the League and the World Court and the Disarmament Commission really are to save the world after all and blow war to smithereens—on universal gales, volcanic gales of laughter. The League, we understand, wants to change the calendar to thirteen months a year, to decree which are the best 500 books, and maybe start a department of humor. And now the Disarmament Commission furnishes the world with a new thought—that *babies are armament.* How are the nations to disarm when babies are armament? What a chance for the Birth Controllers to hook up with the pacifists for universal disarmament? 'I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier' must give place to the new universal anthem of peace—'I will not raise no boys at all, they're armament.'

'Birth rates and bayonets, infants and infantry, cradles and cannon, away with them all!'

Boys and girls, like pigs, are classed as potentials of war. So are fogs. A nation whose coast raises lots of fog is to that extent armored. This awakens us to a new sense of need: Mr. Salmon Levinson, the Jew who gave the Christians their slogan, 'the outlawry of war,' should now start a new society, enlisting the aid of the *Christian Century,* of course, for 'the outlawry of fog.' It seems that Nature herself has been in the nefarious business of supplying certain nations with natural smoke-screens, of which London is the largest user.

So are ocean-currents armament. If a current flows in one direction to keep a certain country warm and supple, and another swerves in another direction to freeze another country up, it has a big bearing on war. But how are nations to give up their ocean currents? True, they may be diplomatic about it. England may say, through her best ambassadors, that in the interest of world peace, she stands ready to sacrifice her warm Gulf Stream if Russia, say, will divest itself of its Arctic current. That's fair. And, besides, it is in the best form of Disarmament Conference procedure.

And so the merry conference at Geneva proceeds. But the United States is represented there. Nothing will occur—(that should end the sentence, but it doesn't) without our knowing it.

## *Speed With Safety*

FAST driving in an automobile is not necessarily dangerous. Slow driving probably causes as many accidents. A good driver, who attends strictly to driving, may run at a smart pace with less danger to himself and others, than one who crawls along at fifteen or twenty miles an hour and ignores the common courtesies and rules of the road. A judge in one of Michigan's most congested cities has said that autoists should be permitted to go from thirty to thirty-five miles an hour on through highways. He believes many accidents are the result of congestion caused by slow drivers. Eventually we shall have roads built for the slow drivers. Then it will be unlawful for a slow driver to crawl along a high speed road. The automobile has become a necessity and as part of our business must be speeded up to synchronize with modern industry.

### *The Alienist Before the Court*

THE professional partisan alienist seems at last without friends. Long distrusted by the public, he is now haled before the court of public opinion by his own fellows—the members of the American Psychiatric Association, in convention assembled. Elimination of *paid opinion* by partisan alienists is demanded. Instead the psychiatrists want *impartial opinion* by experts appointed by the court.

To the lay mind this sounds reasonable enough. However sincere the partisan alienist may be, the very conditions of his employment have operated for years to place him under grave suspicion. Chief resentment centers in his invariable association with wealthy defendants. Seldom if ever in the past two decades has a rich man, accused of a major crime, lacked an array of experts to testify as to his mental incompetency and therefore legal inculpability. Reports of enormous fees for this testimony have only emphasized that the poor man is never thus befriended.

The system first came into prominence with the Thaw trial and reached its flower at the Loeb-Leopold hearings. The diametrically opposing testimony given by alienists for the defense and prosecution in these two notorious instances demonstrates the imperative necessity for *impartial expert advice* for the court in similar cases in the future.

The Massachusetts system was commended to the Association by Dr. L. Vernon Briggs, of Boston. Under this, an expert examination of all persons accused in capital cases and felonies is conducted before trial by two competent psychiatrists appointed by the State Commission of Mental Diseases. The findings are then laid before the court for such action as is deemed fitting. The entire theory of American jurisprudence is based on one thing—impartiality. Paid partisan opinion should not be allowed to enter.

---

### *'Those Good Old Songs'*

WE CALL them 'those good old songs'—those songs our grandmothers used to sing—but we have no idea whether, in a strict musical sense, they are good. We have, in fact, such an awe of the musical highbrows that we are reluctant about saying whether music is good or bad. So we speak vaguely of 'those good old songs.'

We need not be so reluctant: as a people, the musical world is discovering our musical judgment is rather sound.

As a people, we do not have so much use for what Sousa calls music of the higher mathematics type; for music, that is, which is an intricate and baffling patter, a thing for the brain to follow, and not the senses. But according to the monetary measure of our musical taste, we like pleasing music, and to musicians who please us we give great rewards—rewards extended through the box office, through salaries, or in the purchase of phonograph records.

Of the three names which connote wealth-from-music—Paul Whiteman, Enrico Caruso and John McCormack—it may surprise you to know that the American public rendered tribute to Caruso with almost twice as many dollar marks of esteem as it now bestows upon the young man who is sometimes called the Prince of Jazz. It is even more surprising to be told that our reward for the Irish singer is even greater than that which we bestowed upon the great Italian tenor. Why? The musical world explains it easily: he sings 'those good old songs' which we like so well.

According to Sousa, who has traveled back and forth across the country for more than thirty years, and knows what we want, the test of good music is that you want to hear it again. Also, the sure way to kill bad music is to play it often enough.

That test has been applied lately, by radio. The claptrap of Tin Pan Alley dies quickly through repetition 'on the air.' Good songs endure.

Presented with both good and bad music on the same program by the broadcast stations, we have lost no time in registering our vote. We like good music, and we are fed up with the jangles: every test proves it.

As a people we are voting against Tin Pan Alley; while 'the good old songs' which our grandmothers sang—and others like them—have endured and grown in popularity.

Which is another proof that the American public is a lot sounder than reports from Greenwich Village would indicate.

---

### *Tourists and Flags*

THIS is the season of counsel for tourists. They are growing much better than they were at first. Touring is an art, and our first essays in it were rather awkward. But as quickly as we learned better, we put it into practice.

As in previous years, the complaint again arises that Americans who tour in other countries are, many of them, still unlearned in the courtesy of the flag. It is not enough to carry the American flag: courtesy requires that the flag of the country through which you are driving should also be shown. In Canada it is proper to show the British flag alongside the Star Spangled Banner. It prevents the imputation of flag flaunting and at the same time is a delicate and much appreciated courtesy to the inhabitants of the land. Many thoughtless tourists are responsible for tagging the whole tribe of us as ignorant of this rule.

# Under the White Tops With 'Gil'

## This Veteran Showman Takes You Into a World Where Clowns, Camels and Wild Beasts Are the Actors

'GIL' ROBINSON, in the following series of articles, tells the story of the great show founded by his father more than a century ago—'Pa's circus,' he always calls it. 'Gil' is now an octogenarian—'the world's oldest living circus man born in the business.' In this fascinating narrative, comedy, tragedy and romance are alluringly blended.

By HARRY E. BARNET
ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HARPER

THROUGHOUT a hot morning near the end of last July, Gil Robinson continuously tramped the uneven surface of the fair grounds in Hamilton, Ohio, the while he watched John Robinson's Circus get ready for business. About noon, Gil settled himself in a roomy canvas chair in the main entrance of the show. Only forty-eight hours had elapsed since he had celebrated his eightieth birthday.

'Judging from the look on their faces when it's announced at the start of the performances that I'm with the show, and that I'm the world's oldest living circus man, born in the business,' Gil said at the moment he sat down, 'I guess the audiences expect to see a skinny, decrepit creature like a half-revived Mexican mummy carried into the center ring on a stretcher—and here I am, almost as nimble as a working acrobat.'

Gil was short on description. In addition to his agility, his eyes sparkle and twinkle—dimness that bespeaks the years is absent. His hair is pure white; and he has a heavy shock of it. His face is full. The skin of it is soft, and clear of sags, bags and wrinkles, save for crinkles around his eyes, which are talebearers of his abounding cheerfulness.

Although he retired from the circus business some years ago, Gil makes frequent visits to the John Robinson show—'Pa's circus,' he always calls it, because his father founded the show more than a century ago, and Gil spent his active lif with it. This particular morning he was beginning another visit. And very early, seated comfortably in his glittery, oversize motor coach (it's almost as big, Gil says, and showy in its own way, as many of the band wagons carried by the show years ago) Gil and John G. Robinson, his nephew, and this roving reporter trailed the baggage wagons from the railroad cars to the fair grounds.

It was a long ride. No lot nearer the heart of the city was big enough to accommodate the show's canvas, a situation here of late that is common throughout the country, because cities and towns are building up, and expanding, like youths outgrowing their clothes.

'Trailing these wagons,' Gil mused, 'reminds me of the way we used to travel over the country fifty years ago before we began to use railroads. We had about a hundred baggage wagons and animal cages, besides a long string of buggies and carriages in which our performers rode. Going from town to town we strung the wagons and cages out behind one another in an orderly way. Then came the ring horses. They were led over the roads so they would be fresh for use in the acts in the ring. Behind them came some of the menagerie animals that we could lead across the country—camels, and sacred cattle, and animals of that kind. Finally, the performers came along in their buggies and carriages. Old Mary, our family elephant, always brought up the rear of the cavalcade.



'When the circus came to town it made an impressive entrance. We had no parades in those days. Instead, just before we went into the towns we stopped and took the covers off the wagons and cages, plumed the horses, and the band played for all it was worth as we made our entry. It was like one of the scenes you read about in history, when one king went out to visit another king.'

Gil paused, chuckled, and went on:

'Mary was a wise old elephant. At first, when we abandoned traveling by wagons and went on railroads, we didn't have our own cars. We used railroad rolling stock; and the biggest box cars on any railroad were too small for Mary. We had to build a railing around a flat car, and she rode around the country in state.

'The bell rope, which struck the signal gong in the engine cab, was stretched from the engine back to the caboose, and it went over the top of the railing of Mary's private car. The first night of traveling by rail the engineer stopped the train several times within a very few minutes. Each time he came back to see what was the matter. Nobody could tell him. He said he had received the signal to stop each time, but everyone denied pulling the cord.

'Finally, we located the trouble. In some way, Mary learned what the bell rope was for, and when the train hit an extra rough piece of roadbed or ran too fast to suit her, she yanked at the cord. I guess she was afraid she'd fall off that flat car. Anyhow, she got



'She ruined that cabbage patch. It cost us fifty dollars to settle the damage.'

so bad at that trick that we had to fix up a set of signals so the engineer wouldn't stop the train when the bell rang, unless he got one of our signals.'

John Robinson's Circus has an unmatched history. Gil's knowledge of it is complete. When something starts him to reminiscing, one incident suggests another, so that he does a good job of story-telling while he's at it.

'Probably the slickest thing Mary ever did,' he continued, 'was down in Marianna, Florida, on Christmas night, 1869. We had a private family camp with the show and this day it was pitched alongside a negro burying ground. Our darky cook was a very black old fellow, and as full of superstition as could be. He had been busy all day fixing up a big family Christmas dinner—a real treat, because we had had wines and eatables sent to us from New York, and our advance man had arranged for plenty of game. Just as we were ready to sit down to the table the night watchman came up and said that old Mary was lost

*Mary Lost and Found*

'Well, the idea of losing an elephant was ludicrous. But if Mary was lost we had to find her. So we left the dinner on the table, and routed out everybody with the show—even took the old darky cook with us—and set out to trail Mary. It was dark as could be and we commenced at the place where she had been chained to a stake when the performance was over. Mary was easy to trail because at every step her feet sank about two inches in the sandy soil. We wound up in a cabbage patch, probably twenty-five acres of it.

'Mary was there and she knew we were after her. So she picked up the chain that was around her neck, coiled it and carried it in her trunk so it wouldn't rattle. Every time we got close to her she went to the other end of the field. We could hear her moving, but she circled. She wasn't going in any direction, just around and around. Finally, we got her cornered and took her back to the show. She ruined that cabbage patch. It cost us fifty dollars to settle the damage.

'And when we got back, our dinner was gone! There wasn't a thing left on the table. Who got it we never knew. Our old darky cook turned ashy when he saw the bare tables, and swore up to the day he left us that "hants," or "speerits" from the graveyard climbed out of their graves and carried it off.

'Nothing was touched on the tables over in the camp of our people and we went over there and ate with them. After dinner the side-show manager said they were going to have a monster bonfire to celebrate Christmas. You know in those days they had big bonfires and illuminations at celebrations, just as we have fireworks in these days. I asked the side-show manager where he was going to get the fuel.

'"Why," he said, "I bought a thousand fence rails from a fellow who lives over there close to the lot."

'"How many did you say you bought?" I asked him.

'"A thousand of them," he replied.

'Well, I thought that was fine, so we carried the thousand rails over close to the tables, and we had a big bonfire. But next morning a man woke me up and said the rails were his; that they had been stolen. Sure enough, I found that the side-show manager had lied, and it cost us $150 for the rails we helped to burn.

'Mary was a kind and docile elephant, just the sort for a family pet,' Gil went on without a break. 'One winter a camel was born in a stall alongside Mary. From the start Mary appeared to think that she was the baby camel's foster mother.

'The little camel was white, and it was with the show for ten or twelve years. Mary never let it get out of her sight in all that time. She always wanted it beside her, and after a while the camel learned that Mary would always take its part. Whenever the camel started grunting or making any fuss Mary commenced screaming and carrying on at such a rate that we would think that she was going to tear everything to pieces. Mary couldn't be quieted until whatever was the matter with the camel was attended to. And sometimes we couldn't find anything wrong with the camel. It seemed as though it wanted a little excitement, and out of pure mischief it raised a fuss so Mary would get started.

*Jungle Beasts at Sea*

'We chartered a ship one season to take the show from Galveston, Texas, to Morgan City, Louisiana. When it came time to load the animals we found the opening was hardly large enough to admit the camels and the elephant, and we didn't know what to do.

'Finally we chained Mary on the wharf, and started with the little white camel. We threw it down, tied its legs together, and started to try to pull it through. We worked at that job for about an hour. All the time the

camel was making a big fuss, and beating around. Mary went crazy when she heard the little camel. She broke her chains three times and ran up to where the camel was wedged; and Mary tried to pull it out with her trunk while we were trying to pull it in.

'Then the camel went through. Mary broke her chains again when the camel disappeared into the ship, and she ran to the opening. Mary got down on her belly, and squirmed and wriggled herself through, and how she did it, I can't tell you. But she solved a big problem for us.'

Breakfast over and done with on the Hamilton fair grounds, Gil was off to see the show put up. He wandered all over the lot, and said after a while: 'Can you imagine me, a man eighty years old, walking around here, keeping up with you fellows?'

The statement was underdone. Gil kept up with no one. He was continuously in the lead.

'Of course,' Gil mused as we walked along, 'there are some things I used to do that I can't do very gracefully now. One of them is to get up on an elephant's back by stepping into the curve of its trunk, and letting the animal lift me to the top of its head so I can step back and get into the howdah.

*'Gil' Rides an Elephant*

'A few years back, this show opened its one hundredth annual tour in Marion, Indiana, and I was there, as the son of the founder, helping to celebrate. Nothing would do but that I must ride an elephant around the hippodrome track, and then into the center ring, and make a speech to the audience before the performance began.

'I had to use a ladder to get up on that elephant's back. It was a cold day, and I was wrapped in a heavy overcoat, which made me pretty clumsy. But it was a great day. The mayor of the town addressed the audience, and told them of the significance of the performance; then he introduced me. The part of his speech that made me the happiest—and that made everybody applaud—was when he said that I was a Union veteran, and probably the liveliest member of the rapidly disappearing Grand Army of the Republic. I enlisted in the Union Army in 1862.'

Making the rounds of the Hamilton fair grounds, Gil bent low, and patted tiny pony colts. He made his way among the ring horses, and lamented the fact that the spotted breeds of them are well along toward what has the look of extinction. Changes in sights and sounds around a big circus that was putting up drew a steady run of comment from Gil.

'Nobody seems to be working to get the show up,' he said. 'Yet, it's going up all right. They're mighty quiet about it. Even the bosses nowadays walk around the lot in white shirts and white collars.

*Getting the Show Up*

'When we put up there was always a big fuss. "Governor" Robinson, my brother (now dead), and I were always out on the lot as soon as the first wagons got there. We wore flannel shirts, and so did all the bosses. And we tore around getting unpacked! There were hundreds of negroes driving stakes with sledges, and unrolling canvas; hundreds of horses pulling the wagons and cages around; whooping and yelling by everybody. The Forepaugh girls and Mabel Reed and the best of the women performers used to get out and lace canvas.

'But no wonder you're quiet about it,' Gil snorted. 'You drive stakes with a machine. Your horses only make one trip between the cars and the lot. They bring up all the baggage at one trip, and don't have to go back after the cages, as our horses did. One of your tractors brings up as many cages at one time, and without any fuss, as we did with twenty-four to thirty-six horses. You carry nothing that doesn't work. Why, we used to carry a hundred ponies for display purposes alone!'

So Gil kept on the go. When the parade assembled, he struck off ahead of it, and walked at least a quarter of a mile in advance. There he stood until it passed him, because he wanted to see what it looked like, approaching, passing him, and in retreat.

'The way I get around,' Gil said as we walked toward the main entrance of the show, 'I can't realize that I'm as old as I am. But when I think back, I'm old in years. I've probably seen more of the great scroll of American history unroll, and looked at it more closely, and looked more closely at the people who made the history, than any living man, because I was always traveling where history was being made.

'For it wasn't very long after mother finished her riding act in the ring of pa's circus that I was born in Buchanan, Virginia. I kept right with it until very recent years. Can you imagine me, a rapidly growing boy, traveling by wagon through the South at the very time that the forty-niners were making their westward rush!

'I guess,' and Gil's thoughts shifted at the moment we entered the main entrance, 'I've entertained and studied the most of the American celebrities under the canvas of this show, because at one time and another they visited us. General Robert E. Lee and General Grant were probably the greatest contrasts we ever entertained.

*A Visit From General Lee*

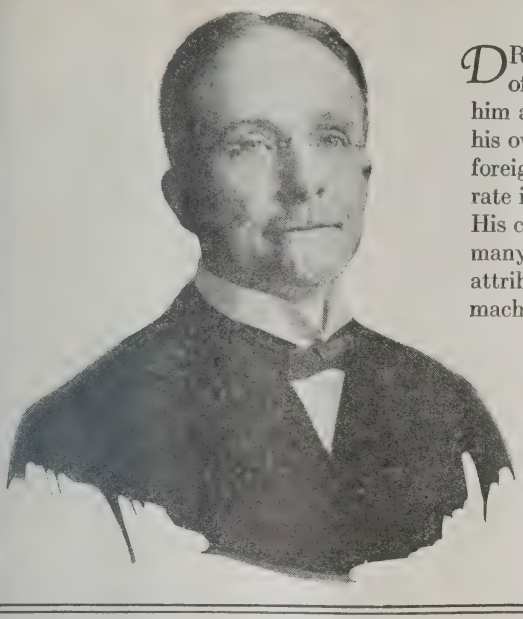
'General Lee visited us when he was head of the school at Lexington, Virginia. And he was a serious man. He didn't care very much for the performances. The general wanted to know the details of the organization of our show—the efficiency of it, you know.

'We were traveling by wagons, just like an army. We had to meet rowdies in every town, and they always tried to fight the showmen. We had terrific battles almost every day. We carried muskets, and as soon as we got on the lot we unpacked the muskets first and stacked them. When trouble started we blew a whistle, and every man with the show ran to his own particular musket stack, grabbed a gun, and fell into line, ready for battle.

'"You have a wonderful organization," General Lee said. "If we had had such an organization in the Confederate Army there would have been better fighting; and probably a different tale to tell at the end of the war."'

*This is the first of a series of articles on circus life in the olden days. The second will appear in next week's issue.*





DR. CHEVALIER JACKSON of Philadelphia is regarded as one of the world's greatest surgeons. The French Government made him a Knight of the Legion of Honor. By the use of instruments of his own invention he has revolutionized the treatment for removing foreign bodies lodged in the bronchial tubes and reduced the mortality rate in these cases from eighty-five per cent to less than two per cent. His chief love is the saving of children's lives, and he has removed many hundreds of tacks from their food and air passages His friends attribute his singular success to his boyhood apprenticeship as a machinist, and his father's advice: 'Educate your eyes and your fingers.'

# He Takes Tin Tacks From Tiny Throats

## Doctor Who Has Saved Thousands of Children

CLETUS MOORE was only eight months old, but he had a smile that was as contagious as sunshine itself. And it was this smile that won the heart of St. Louis, and in effect saved his life.

Now Cletus had the misfortune, during one of his quests after adventure, to swallow a carpet tack. When he realized that it wasn't some new form of delicacy heretofore denied him, but instead was sharp so that it hurt even worse than his new teeth, he attempted to cough it up.

The tack, however, became imbedded deep in his left lung. St. Louis surgeons were called in, and Cletus was taken to the City Hospital.

The surgeons looked at the baby and they looked at their X-ray photographs, and they shook their heads. There was one chance in a hundred of saving the youngster's life, they said, and that was to rush him immediately to Dr. Chevalier Jackson.

But Dr. Jackson was in Philadelphia, a thousand miles away. It costs money to travel, even for eight-month-old babies, and Cletus' parents were not well-to-do.

In the end it was Cletus' smile that won the day. The nurses at the hospital fell in love with him. Newspapers told his story. And the Catholic Women's League stepped forward with funds to send the youngster to Philadelphia.

Cletus' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lucius Moore, were persuaded to let him go, though they despaired of seeing him alive again. Mrs. Leila Parrish, assistant superintendent at the City Hospital, was chosen to carry the youngster on the trip. It was a real race against death.

With Cletus in her arms, Mrs. Parrish boarded the fastest train for the East. The papers recorded the progress of the journey. Perhaps, as the train neared Philadelphia, the engineer opened the throttle a bit and pulled in ahead of his regular schedule. Who cares? Maybe he had a baby or two of his own.

Twenty-seven hours after he left St. Louis Cletus was lying on a cot in Jefferson Hospital, smiling up into the face of Dr. Jackson.

Four-and-one-half minutes later the tack had been removed, and Master Cletus manifested his interest by rolling over and going to sleep.

The tack was three-quarters of an inch long and was lodged well down toward the base of the lung. The operation was performed without a knife, and without the use of an anesthetic!

To those who had never before heard of Dr. Jackson the operation seemed little short of miraculous, but to Dr. Jackson it was all part of the day's work. For the saving of babies' lives is the day's work—yes, and the life work too—of this astonishing surgeon.

It has been estimated by some authorities that Dr. Jackson has saved the life of at least one person a day for years!

Children are taken to him from all parts of the country. Adults flock to his clinics, not only from the United States and Canada but from South America and in some instances from Europe.

Scarcely a week passes but that some youngster is rushed to Philadelphia from some distant point to find relief under his skilled hands.

Incredible as it may seem, the tack removed from the lung of Cletus Moore was the 1,265th that Dr. Jackson has removed from the air and food passages of humans.

The list ranges from teeth to toys, from pins to peanuts. It includes jackstones, whistles, animals, small parts detached from large toys, grains of corn, beans, peas, canna seeds, coffee beans, watermelon seeds, beads, buttons, jewelry, coins, stray fragments of metal and of wood, fish bones, chunks of sharp candy, and dozens of other objects.

Once he took a small piece of some toy opera glasses from a tiny gullet. Pins, both safety and straight, comprise a large percentage of the objects removed. Loose Teddy bear eyes seem to have a fatal fascination for youngsters.

Dr. Jackson uses an instrument of his own invention, the bronchoscope, in performing his operations. The bronchoscope, equipped with a long tube in which is a miniature electric light, is inserted into the child's lung or throat or wherever the foreign body is lodged.

The light reveals the object sought. Then a pair of pack forceps are inserted through the instrument and clamped over the head of the object. Following its removal a suction tube is inserted to remove the pus resulting from the lodgment of the foreign article in the delicate membrane.

So dexterous is Dr. Jackson that it takes him scarcely longer to perform the operation than it does to describe it in brief.

Five days after Cletus Moore arrived in Philadelphia he was back home again, safe and well—and smiling—and his place in the Jefferson Hospital clinic was taken by some other youngster. The names of these children are legion.

There was, for instance, the year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Gillespie, of Arcadia, South Carolina. She swallowed an open (Concluded on page 30)

# Patting the Lion's Mane

## American Woman Says That English Men of Letters Are More Interesting Than American; She Gives Some of Them in Their Native Settings and Depicts Their Various Characteristics

By GEORGIA JACKSON SCOTT

PORTRAITS BY RUSSELL LEGGE



CHESTERTON



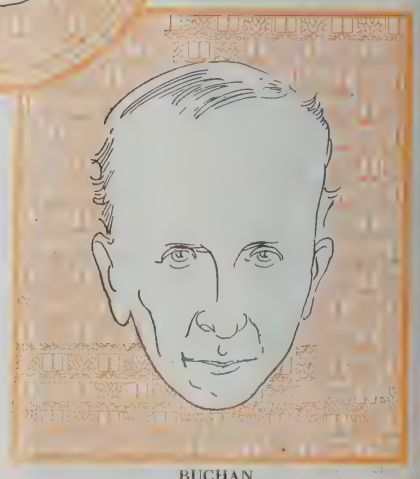
DUNSANY



DRINKWATER



WALPOLE



BUCHAN

PEOPLE are apt to think nowadays that an undue interest in literary personalities is a sign of feeble-mindedness, but we can of course remind them that the Queen of Sheba once took a long journey to see an early author, and nobody seems to have held it against her. In spite of scoffing, I believe that curiosity about celebrities is as far-reaching and deep-seated—and as venial—as any other human failing. And if, after seeing an author, you feel you never want to read any more of his books, so much time has been saved.

English men of letters are more interesting than American. Perhaps this is because we are so used to Americans; perhaps it is because England produces better writers. It is not difficult to meet these English celebrities—those who do not come to America to lecture can nearly always be found lurking about London. And now that all Englishmen admire Americans so openly, one can usually satisfy one's curiosity without recourse to positive rudeness.

My first British geniuses I saw out of their native setting. You all remember that Chesterton was in the United States a few years ago. I went to hear him lecture in New York. He is a rotund, shaggy-haired man, and he looked very abundant and satisfying in his evening clothes. The audience listened to him with a joy that was almost pain. I was so absorbed in chuckling at his humor and straining not to miss a single paradox, that I found it impossible to keep the thread of his argument. I am not quite certain even now that there was one.

I was with a young American poet. Chesterton had expressed a wish to meet her, and as she was about to leave New York, she said to me, after the lecture, 'It's now or never.' So we went round to the stage entrance, and found the doorkeeper struggling with a refractory lock, the door being about half open. He said truculently that no one was allowed to enter. I began to reason with him, while my friend slipped behind him into the corridor. After one furious glance at her, he melted. 'There comes the gentleman now; you can go in too,' he said.

Chesterton bore down upon us, looking huge and helpless, like a dirigible in a squall. He was very cordial, very complimentary to my friend, but he seemed rather dazed. So, as my friend said, he put his hand behind him and drew out his little wife. She was a bird-like, competent person; unquestionably the pilot of the ship, to be consulted instantly in time of doubt or danger. We had a brief and pleasant chat in that corridor, what about I can't in the least recall, but I do remember clearly the picture of the large and genial gentleman, and when I read his poems now, I can hear his own voice booming out 'Lepanto' or indulging in that most cheering of meditations, 'I think I Will Not Hang Myself To-day.'

Lord Dunsany and John Drinkwater were at the Poetry Society in New York one evening. The former was a gigantic, tall creature in the most unshapely and voluminous evening coat it was ever my fortune to see. He seemed to me to get constantly in his own way. His great hands played with an absurdly fine chain on which his eyeglass dangled. But he had a young face, with deep smile wrinkles, tawny hair that might profitably have been cut the week before, and a small mustache. His smile was delightful when it was spontaneous, though a little overgracious when he was being lionized. But the important thing was that he had great personal charm.

I have seldom seen anything more engaging than Dunsany trying not to smile when Drinkwater was ragging him. I remember the Irishman talked informally about rhythm, which he pronounced in two full syllables—rhythum. He said he thought rhythm was inherent in any expression of noble



MASEFIELD

thought, that they couldn't be separated; that rhythm was necessary to the expression of a fine idea. He said all his work was rhythmical, based on the style of *Ecclesiastes*, which he considered the finest piece of English he knew, particularly the first and last two chapters. He had debated whether to write in blank verse or prose, and finally decided in favor of what he called 'the more difficult form—prose.' And then Drinkwater took issue with him, and made pleasant fun of his theory.

Drinkwater was a very different type—alert, clean-cut, well-poised; a more trig personality. He talked better than Dunsany, but was not so interesting. He might have been any handsome and clever young man. I remember he read that comely little poem of his, 'Anthony Crumble, R. I. P.,' delightfully.

Hugh Walpole I heard speak once; a fine, honest, ruddy, modest person, stocky and substantial, with delicate and adroit humor. He was pleasant to look at and to listen to. When I think of him, I always recall the description one of the Sitwells wrote of him in a survey of the future life—I quote from memory:

> And there Hugh Walpole stands
> So red and clean.

Then there was Walter de la Mare, whom I had always admired deeply. He spoke entrancing things with lovely cadences. His language was as filmy as silver filigree, and ordered into a chaste pattern. I did not see him very well, and could only be certain that he was a good-looking person, rather under medium size.

We had just discovered John Buchan's stories when we were in London. *Huntingtower*, which I still like best, had filled us with deep satisfaction. So we went to hear Buchan give his defense of Sir Walter Scott. He looked like a schoolboy with an enormous head—short, slender, boyish-faced, clean-shaven, earnest, witty. How loyally and handsomely he stood by his compatriot! He brought up one by one all the charges that have been brought against the great romancer and quashed them all, to his own deep complacency and to ours. It would have done Sir Walter good to hear him. At any rate, it did us good. When he lapsed into Scottish, I couldn't understand a word, but it sounded delicious.

At Oxford we attended John Masefield's first poetry-reading contest. Five hundred young people from



BRIDGES



GOSSE

all over Great Britain entered the lists. Masefield was one of the judges, and two of his colleagues were Laurence Binyon and Sir Gilbert Murray. It was interesting, if monotonous, to listen to thirty or more recitations of the same poem, rendered in every conceivable style. Sometimes as in the case of

> Why does your blade sae drap wi' blud,
> Edward, Edward!

the pathos finally became laughable to the listener. For days afterward, on the slightest provocation, my companion would break out with

> Why does your blade sae drap wi' blud,
> Edward, Edward!

But of course it was Masefield in whom we were really interested. He was a slight figure in his white suit, his short hair all gray. He seemed in personality just to miss being insignificant; but one was glad to note that he did miss it. How absorbed he was, how pleased with the success of his project, how almost too serious about it, how painstaking and patient and unsparing of himself! And he seemed not to have any energy to waste. In fact, his wife on the last evening tore him from his friends with a despairing: 'Jack, you *must* come home to bed.' Masefield lives on Boar's Hill, near Robert Bridges' home, a few miles from Oxford, where the English country is at her loveliest.

Mr. Bridges is a venerable and picturesque figure—over eighty, but vigorous, and full of passionate interests. He is tall, handsome, gray-haired and bearded. He is his most characteristic self when, excited over an idea, he rumples his hair into a shaggy brush. A trifle peppery at times, but, on the whole, he is an admirable and astonishing old man.

Edmund Gosse, now Sir Edmund, is also getting on in years. He is quite gray, without a beard, and wears one black glass and one clear glass in his spectacles, which gives him an odd appearance. We were invited to tea at his home, and found a group of more or less literary people. I remember Hamlin Garland was also there that day. Gosse is affable, full of reminiscences of his long career. His wife, a friendly and amusing woman, told us that one day when they were sitting in the park, two little boys hovered about them, and she heard one say to the other, 'You ask him,' and the other said, 'No, you.' So she called them over to find what it was they wanted. It appeared that

(*Concluded on page 27*)



GALSWORTHY



SHAW

# How the U. S. Treats Its Diplomats

## Present Conditions Prohibit Any Man From Attaining the Rank of United States Ambassador Unless He Can Supply Great Wealth to Maintain the Social Obligations of the Post

By MARIAN BRUCE CLARK

WHAT is the matter with the most powerful country on earth? Why does the United States Government, in the smugness of its ultra-modern standard of living, fail to consider the health and comfort of its representatives in foreign countries? Who is to blame for this delinquency as a result of which the American nation is made to be the recipient of a compulsory philanthropy from its diplomatic representatives abroad in order to maintain the dignity and prestige so necessary in their intercourse with foreign governments? How many more congressional jaunts to Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia must be made at the expense of the taxpayers by individuals, committees, commissions and what not before these conditions are remedied?



American Embassy, Paris, acquired in 1924 through an American citizen who purchased it pending an appropriation from Congress

On June 5, 1914, Ambassador Walter Hines Page wrote thus to the late President Wilson:

As I write this, I feel as I felt last Sunday when I wrote my resignation—that's the wisest way out of the difficulty; give it up and tell the public the whole truth, that we can have only rich men for ambassadors—swallow my loss, forget it, go back to my work and earn my living. Then I have another mood—that it is exceedingly unfortunate to change ambassadors so often, that I owe it to you to make every desperate effort not to give up for sheer financial reasons . . . We have gone on in this shabby fashion so long that perhaps no conceivable Congress can be made to understand what an embassy is, or ought to be, we have gone on continually lowering our standing in English eyes at least; and this is one reason why our government is held in contempt here, cordially as they regard our people and our nation . . . The first step in building up a right understanding here is to build a house for our own ambassador. If I go away, however, because I can't afford it, and my successor has to pay for his house, that will not be a flattering or helpful condition for him to begin his labor under. It's surely a bad predicament . . . I pray you pardon all this, my dear Mr. President. I imagine that after all the best way out is for you to relieve me of further duties that I cannot pay for, find a man of fortune for this post and let my resignation help toward an understanding of the whole diplomatic problem. Perhaps that's the best service that I can render after all.

It is entirely within reason to infer that such a situation tended toward the final breakdown of Mr. Page's health which resulted in his death.

Ambassador to Spain! Minister to Greece! Consul General! Charge d'Affaires! High-sounding titles these. and to that element of the American public who note such appointments they appear the very pinnacle of lucrative governmental largesse. The real facts now available to the public through a congressional hearing disclosed, through former ambassadors and others of our foreign diplomatic corps, that all ambassadors have been obliged to make large monetary contributions to their salaries to maintain the dignity and prestige of their official positions, meaning the dignity and prestige of the United States.

This fact, added to the actual hardship suffered by the lower-grade men who are not possessed of wealth independent of their salaries, furnishes conclusive evidence that Congress has too long ignored the fact that *noblesse oblige* operates without discrimination not only as to individuals but as to nations as well. Congress is, more and more, becoming so dominated by the bloc system of government that but few of its members attempt to think in terms of any but their own local problems.

But few Americans in their ultra-modern surroundings realize the self-sacrificing heroism that is demanded from foreign-service men of the diplomatic corps. In many places where the commerce and shipping interests make the presence of an American consul imperative the great bulk of the population is native, living in surroundings in which no American or European could survive. In such places foreign governments and private commercial enterprises erect their own buildings both for offices and for housing their employes, for in any plan of industrial organization it is considered uneconomic that employes be obliged to struggle with insanitary living and working conditions.



American Consulate and neighboring buildings, Changsha.

An official of the Department of State testified as follows before the Committee on Foreign Affairs of the House of Representatives:

'I was here in Washington when Mr. Kellogg was appointed ambassador to London . . . naturally important to him was the question "Where am I going to live?" I happened to be back from the em-

bassy in London and he thought I might know something about available properties to rent . . . As a matter of fact, we had looked into that in advance and I had one or two suggestions to make to Mr. Kellogg. We discussed the properties that were dignified and suitable for an ambassador to rent on the way to London. In reference to one he asked what the annual rent would be. We told him $15,000. He turned and looked out of the window. We inquired, "Is that $15,000 too much?" He turned around and replied, "No; it is not that. I was just thinking how I would spend the other $2,500 of my salary." '

Frank C. Page, the son of former Ambassador Walter Hines Page, testified:

'The cost to live in London, to my father, in 1913 to 1914, was approximately $48,000. That was for one year before they entered the war. From the time the war started until we left there was practically no social activity and during that time, 1914-1918, it cost from $36,000 to $38,000 a year for us to live in London. That is what it costs an ambassador to live on a very modest scale . . . An officer of a government coming to Washington can, unless he happens to be a cabinet officer, live as he pleases. A diplomatic representative cannot. He is obliged to do certain things. He is obliged to entertain foreign diplomats. He is obliged to entertain, if he is an American ambassador abroad, Americans going abroad, particularly if they are officials . . . If an American ambassador is going to do his job with dignity, in keeping with the greatness of his country and if he is going to do it as it should be done, even if you give him a house, he cannot do it for less than twice as much as his salary. Commissions and organizations and individuals who go abroad carrying letters from the Secretary of State or the President must be entertained by the embassies or the legations and the entertainment must come out of the pockets of the ambassadors or ministers as the case may be.'



American Embassy at Constantinople, acquired in 1907.

Former Ambassador Henry White testified that while ambassador to Rome he had spent $20,000 on reconstructing the embassy to make it habitable and $40,000 in reconstructing the house which he occupied in Paris while ambassador to France, in addition to the rental costs.

Former Ambassador to Spain, Honorable Alexander P. Moore, said: 'In Madrid, when I went there, I went to see the place where the former ambassador lived. It was in an awful place on the outskirts of the city limits. The former ambassador could get no other place and it was necessary to go through a garage to get into the embassy. I finally succeeded in getting a very nice place but only because a man and his wife had separated. Then I had to go and weep with him and finally induced him to rent me the place. A Spaniard thinks that his financial credit is injured if he has to rent his house. I say very frankly that an ambassador should have an allowance from the government for entertaining, although I know that the word entertaining is misunderstood . . . The first year that I was there approximately 8,000 Americans came there; the last year there were 45,000. I myself, at San Sabastian, had more than 4,000 persons come to see me for lunch or tea, and I was very glad to have them . . . The Government paid part of the rent because they had the chancery there, but my share of it was between seven and eight thousand dollars.'



Headquarters of the American representatives at Guadeloupe, West Indies.

When it is realized that the foregoing is the experience of ambassadors, all of whom could afford to spend and did spend hundreds of thousands of dollars of their own fortunes in maintaining the dignity of their country during their terms of office, one may readily imagine conditions in the smaller places, in backward countries, for instance. Here is a description of conditions that confront our minister to Albania, the smallest and most Turkish of the Balkan countries:

'The capital, Tirana, is a small village some fifteen miles from the sea. In the center of this village is a common where donkeys and goats and ducks wander around in the mud. Through the center of it runs a little stream which is the central drain of the town and where the people also come to do their washing . . . The legation is a little Turkish house made of mud bricks, not baked bricks. It was remodeled by the first minister who went there who cleaned it out and put in some mosquito screens because it is a malaria-infested place.'

In Turkey proper, where the United States has an embassy in Constantinople, the Turkish Government has moved its capital to Angora, an old Turkish town twenty-four hours by railroad from Constantinople. Under present conditions the United States must keep a consul there since there is no certainty that the location of the capital will not again be changed. This is what the State Department has to say about it: 'We cannot keep a man up there more than a month and keep him well balanced. You have got to bring him back and put him in touch with people and newspapers and news and let him lead a responsible life in order to keep him level-headed. Two or three men had to be taken out and sent to another climate because they contracted malaria in the place.'

In China, a representative of the State Department testified: 'In my earlier days in the service I occupied a small house in a temple in Mukden with our consulate general. The thermometer in winter went down to thirty-five below zero and I have had to get up at night and run around to keep warm because the front of the house was made of paper, being a Chinese building . . . At present in Tiensin the subordinate staff who get less money are scattered around the town in similar places . . . Conditions do not change as to buildings in China. The new buildings are exactly the same type that China has been building for the past two thousand years . . . while in Japan con-

ditions are not much different. Our consul general arrived while I was in Tokyo in 1924 and I accompanied him in an almost fruitless search for a home. There were a few foreign-built houses but they were snapped up by the Standard Oil Company for their own use. They were entirely out of reach of any employe of our consular service. We finally found a half-Japanese half-foreign house on a little alley . . . On rainy days we had to wear boots to get into the place.'

At the State Department it was said that the legation at Amoy, China, was built over the bank of the river. When the river rose it flooded the lower floors and soaked through the walls so that the plaster throughout the house had fallen from the walls and ceilings.

In Formosa, Japan . . . one of our able and energetic young men has been living in a house that threatens to fall down over his head . . . Every night when he and his family go to bed they take with them coils of rope which they place on chairs at their bedside, so that in case of earthquake they may escape through the windows before the building collapses.

*Officials Are Neglected*

Some 26,575 American vessels were operating under the American flag in 1924. During the year 1925 nearly 170,000 passports were issued to American citizens visiting foreign countries, an increase of 30,000 over the year before. Every person who goes abroad, or who resides there in pursuit of American business interests, is operating in a strange environment where laws and customs are alien to him, and where he encounters keen competition of a none too friendly type. The conservation of our American interests and the protection of the huge investment which has been quoted requires the constant vigilance of trained diplomats who are stationed in the most remote places in the world where American interests penetrate.

That these diplomatic officials have been shamefully neglected and sent to places where no American can exist in safety or comfort is almost impossible of belief. In this the United States is the most backward country on earth, it is the only great power in existence today that is guilty of the criminal neglect shown to exist toward the health and efficiency and comfort of its foreign representatives.

Of the salary of our American ambassador in London, which is now $17,500, at least $15,000 has gone for a furnished residence which is also the embassy; yet the British Government furnishes its ambassador in Washington with a residence and a representation allowance of $90,000 a year. In Berlin the American ambassador received $17,500 for salary and the rent of his residence, which includes the office of the embassy. This has recently been increased to between $20,000 and $25,000. The salary of the ambassador at Buenos Aires is also $17,500 and he has so far been unable to find in the city a suitable embassy, although willing to pay out of his own pocket $15,000 a year for such a residence.

The salary of the minister at The Hague is $12,000, and of that he is obliged to pay $6,000 for a furnished house, yet the minister of the Netherlands in Washington is provided with a dignified official residence.

It has been stated that the United States maintains foreign relations with fifty-one countries, yet it owns embassy buildings in only fourteen of them and of this number one was acquired by gift in London from J. Pierpont Morgan and two were secured by the philanthropy of public-spirited Americans who thus prevented our ambassadors from being turned out bodily through the sale of the property over their heads. This did actually occur in Switzerland when the Red Cross purchased the legation building and the American minister was obliged to move out and go to a hotel, where he still stays.

With a foreign investment of approximately $25,000,000,000, including our interallied debts, to be safeguarded by our diplomatic service abroad, it is inconceivable that our ambassadors have at all times been obliged to contribute large sums of money from their own pockets for the maintenance of dignified and habitable residences for embassy purposes, thus making the acceptance of that high office one of virtual impossibility except to an exceedingly wealthy man, which is, in itself, contrary to both the letter and the spirit of the Constitution of the United States. To officials of lesser rank in backward countries the continuation of their public service as well as its quality has been entirely contingent upon their own patriotism and sense of duty, for the conditions which have been described would be unbelievable by the general public had the facts not been contributed by witnesses of unimpeachable authority before a Congressional Committee.

*Facts Are Beyond Question*



Main office of the American Consulate General at Mukden.

## The Parentage of Attic Strads

(*Concluded from page 8*)

dollars for a new fiddle and sells it for seventy-five; he gives fifty for an old one and gets five hundred. The Edinburgh collection is said to have brought $250,000. That is due to its aristocratic historical setting. A violin owned by the fiddling son of Queen Victoria is certainly worth twenty thousand dollars more than that played by the gypsy Rigo, although the latter inevitably made his sound like the better instrument. The Hawley collection brought no such price, nor would any obscure violin, no matter what its intrinsic merit might be.

But most of these old violins that have been for generations in the same family are not good violins; they are derelicts and nothing more. Of course there are exceptions, but these we seldom see, particularly the very fine ones. In the Old South were many choice instruments that her sons brought from Europe when they returned from their studies. But many of these have been lost. Perhaps some of them may yet be found, but not many.

If the man who wanted a Strad knew one when he saw it, the question would be much simpler. He would buy of the owner, wherever he found one. But few players know what they want when they see it; they have to be told. So the prospective purchaser of an old Cremona must go to the dealer whose enterprise has made possible big business, where he will be shown the 'real thing, the genuine article, fully authenticated, with certificate for framing.'

He pays the price and takes his purchase home; but whether a Strad or not he had better make no too persistent inquiry; for if he does, someone will surely tell him that he has been swindled. Experts cut each others' throats with as much *sang-froid* as other pirates.

People who have old instruments that they no longer care for should dispose of them to intelligent musicians who know what they want and are not afraid to depend on their own judgment in making their selection. In that way they are apt to get a better price than they could get from a bargain snatcher, while the purchaser will escape the necessity of paying a price that makes him the notorious dupe of a pack that preys always on the gullible and flourishes at his expense.

## [ Taken from the Classics ]

DAMOCLES was a flatterer in the court of Dionysius of Syracuse. By way of answer to the constant praises of the happiness of kings, Dionysius seated him at a royal banquet, with a sword hung over his head by a single horsehair. In the midst of the banquet Damocles, chancing to look upward, saw the sharp and naked weapon. This immediately taught him that flattery was a dangerous course to pursue when dealing with kings.

The Seven Sleepers were seven noble youths of Ephesus, who fled in the Decian persecution to a cave in Mount Celion, the mouth of which was blocked up by stones. After 230 years they were discovered, and awoke, but died within a few days and were taken in a large stone coffin to Marseilles.



# CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

In the mass of approval that greeted our article on Poland, ***One Dissenting Voice*** was heard. The dissenter was a Jew—living in that great sesqui-centennial Jewish center, Philadelphia. We give below the objector's letter and the author's reply:

'Dear Sir:

'I have carefully noted your article on Poland and am moved to make a few comments on same.

'1. I am sure your intended trip to Poland will be of great benefit to you.

'2. Your statement as to the lack of knowledge of Americans concerning Poland is most assuredly correct. I congratulate you on your foresight in publishing your article.

'Why must Poland come to America for brains and capital? She has or had them, but by her religious and patriotic trade policy has refused this aid which is within her borders—Germans & Jews.

'Recent events have confirmed observations made several years ago of Poland's militaristic policy.

'Compare conditions in the Corridor under Germany and Poland. Compare conditions in Galicia under Franz-Josef and Poland. Compare Warsaw—then and now—Danzig—Silesia and so on *ad infinitum*. And in making these comparisons question your singing Pole. What business capacity have the Poles? There are but two successful movements in Poland, Religious—and Military.

'With apologies,'

The reply:

'My Dear Mr.—:

'1. You don't seem to like the idea that Americans find some good in Poland and the Poles.

'2. You seem to forget that between 1914 (the good old days under Franz-Josef) and 1926 there was the World War and destruction, both material and moral.

'3. You seem to forget, Mr. Aaron, that while your Jewish ancestors were hunted and driven like cattle from other so-called civilized countries of Europe, Poland gave them refuge and made it possible for them to prosper. Now, as a sort of national pastime, the Jews seem to enjoy throwing stones at Poland and the Poles. Is that an expression of gratitude?'

* * *

'Health and not disease is now the great concern of medicine,' said the ***Medical Scientist, Member of a Famous Foundation.*** 'At first medicine was merely curative. It applied itself to the immediate emergency, which was the alleviation of pain and the cure, as far as possible, of disease. The great progress made in that department is, of course, well known. Many ways and means have been found to give Nature's restorative power free course in the diseased body.

'But all this work drove medicine back farther than the abnormal condition itself to the cause of it. Disease is not natural. Medicine will go as far as any healing cult in declaring, perhaps in other words, that disease is not God's will for man—if you care to put it that way. Then arose in our day—it is a recent development—what is called preventive medicine. How to live so that disease will have no cause to come—that was the new program. We have seen its effect in widespread public education in methods of preventing disease, in public sanitation, in organized movements to abolish the causes of certain diseases. There is no more reason for typhoid, tuberculosis and other serious diseases than there is for starvation: they can be removed from civilization as effectively as if they were rattlesnakes. How long would a modern city tolerate conditions that bred rattlesnakes in its streets?

'Now, however, we are in the beginning of a new and positive development of medicine. The emphasis, though not being lessened with reference to prevention, is making a mighty advance toward the increase of the degree of health. The world is full of people who are not sick, who according to the old standards are quite "well," but they are not living that virile, vibrant, vivacious life associated with complete freedom. They are well, but not spilling over with life. They have health but no surplus of spirits. They maintain a sort of neutral position between the health of the gods and the illness of mortals. Now, medicine wants to increase the vital drive of people, increase their health rate, step them up into regions of physical freedom and energy which only the fortunate few enjoy. We live, as the old hymn says, "at a poor dying rate." Well, medical men want to increase the living rate—put more power and joy into the common man's mere matter of living. I don't know what name the new development will take, but it certainly is most hopeful and inspiring. There is no possible way of measuring the reformative social effects of a people vibrant with health. It will change society, I believe, for all the evil things that exist are put over on people who are below par. These things will be impossible when people become dynamos of health and freedom.'

* * *

'It is time to take the "F" out of R. F. D.,' said ***The Farmer as he stood by his mail box at the side of the road.*** 'There was political capital made out of the fact that they were *delivering* the farmers' mail, as they did city folks' mail, but to make sure that us hayseeds got the point they stuck in the word "free"—Rural *Free* Delivery. I wonder if they thought how it was going to sound after twenty years. What is free about it, I wonder? Who *is* paying for mail delivery, that the farmer should be kept placarded before the country as being on the free list, or getting some special favor? It isn't a favor, by a long shot. Rural delivery is much cheaper than city delivery. You take a city like Detroit, with its army of mail men, and its great territory, and then look at the extent of our rural delivery routes, and the city has it on us for distances and cost. It isn't such a remarkable thing that mail is delivered in the country—not nearly so remarkable as that it should be delivered in the city. And it isn't "free" in either place. We pay for it.

'I am not kicking. It only makes me wonder why someone in Washington hasn't tumbled to the nonsense of keeping that fake "free" tied up with every letter and newspaper we get. It was politics that put it in; it's just a national lack of the sense of humor that keeps it in. I should think some Senator could make a hit with the farmer in taking this cheap tag off his mail service.'

* * *

***The Virginia Farmer*** is a man who knows what he is talking about. 'Do you know that Congress is trimming down the privileges the farmer has under the Farm Loan Act?' he asked. 'Why, they have passed a bill through the House proposing that the privilege of the farmers to elect the secretaries of their own local farm loan associations be taken away, and that these officers be hereafter appointed. That is a fine thing for an administration, that claims to be so strong for coöperation, to do. They give the farmer a piece of legislation and just as soon as they find any liberal provision in such legislation, whereby the farmer is to exercise a little of his own judgment over the control of what he is supposed to have, they begin to seek a way to take it away from him. These associations are supposed to be organized and owned by local farmers and *their land* is security for any debt they create. Not content with having all the top-heavy supervising officers, they now want the power of appointment of local officers. What they are trying to do is to take all the power away from the farmer and make the farm loan system a bankers' proposition pure and simple. Then, of course, it will be so expensive that it will be useless to the farmer.'

* * *

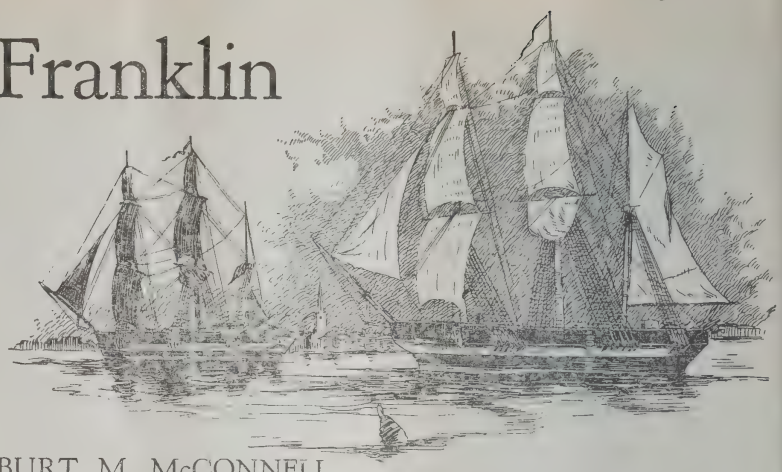
***The Army Officer*** dropped into the office. 'I notice that Lord Balfour has announced that the British Government has definitely abandoned the proposal to create a minister of defense, for the coördination of the army, air, and naval ministries of Great Britain,' he remarked.

'What effect is that likely to have on General Mitchell's campaign to create such a department in our Government?'

'No effect on Mitchell,' he responded. 'That means nothing in his young life. In fact, I have been told that Mitchell is going forward with elaborate plans for his campaign; that he plans to be elected Commander of his American Legion Post and use that as a stepping-stone to election as National Commander of the American Legion at their next meeting in Philadelphia this autumn. His recent campaign throughout the country was a good means of establishing contact with various Legion Posts. If he is elected national commander he expects to use the weight of the American Legion in support of his ideas before Congress. Personally, I do not believe he will be able to put it over on the boys.'

# Tragedy of the Franklin Expedition

## Conquerors, Even in Death, They Realized the Old Dream of a Northwest Passage



H. M. S. *Erebus* and *Terror* setting out from the Thames.

By BURT M. McCONNELL

IN THE long succession of polar enterprises, dating from the dawn of British history, when King Alfred drove back the invading Danes, the most disastrous of all was the elaborately outfitted expedition of Sir John Franklin of the British Navy. Of the 129 confident and courageous explorers who sailed with him from England in the summer of 1845, not one returned. It was as though the earth had swallowed them. Yet this attempt to discover a route to the Pacific cannot be branded as a failure, for while the adventurers who set forth so hopefully in the *Erebus* and *Terror* perished wretchedly a few years later, disaster and death did not overtake them until they had achieved the main object of their voyage—the discovery of a channel of communication from Baffin Bay to Bering Strait. Thus did Franklin's volunteers realize the centuries-old dream of European navigators—the finding of a Northwest Passage. They were conquerors, even in death.

An almost impenetrable shroud of mystery has surrounded the last struggles and sufferings of Franklin's ill-fated followers. We can think of them but as skeletons, rather than men, ill-clothed, poorly nourished, and at the mercy of the elements, dragging their weary steps through an inhospitable and barren country across the rough and difficult ice, growing fainter every hour, and at last, one by one, weakened by hunger and that fatal scourge of the arctic, scurvy, dropping on the ice or frozen snow to rise no more.



Sir John Franklin, from the statue in Waterloo Place, London.

For four hundred years the world's adventurers, scientific and otherwise, had sought a practicable water route from the North Atlantic to the North Pacific. At one time the British Government had offered a reward of $100,000 for the discovery of such a 'Northwest Passage.' Offers of this sort, the call of the North, and the fire of adventure in the blood, brought the flower of the Old World's manhood to the fore whenever an arctic expedition was in prospect.

Sir John Franklin had become infected with the lure of the North while on an expedition to Spitzbergen in 1818. Parry's later voyages of discovery to the arctic coast of North America fired him with enthusiasm. For perhaps the next twenty years he was the central and dominating figure in arctic exploration. His second expedition was an overland journey from York Factory, in Hudson's Bay, to the mouth of the Coppermine River, on the arctic coast. Hunger and Cold were his constant companions, and Death stalked with the party from the beginning. Two members who became separated from the main body were never heard from again. In the light of subsequent events, an Indian guide was suspected of murdering and later eating them. When, therefore, circumstantial evidence pointed to the guide as the murderer of a third member, he was condemned by the others to die, and was shot by one of Franklin's lieutenants.

Franklin again set out in 1825 on an overland journey from Lake Huron to the mouth of the Mackenzie River. But on this expedition he received such excellent coöperation from the fur trading companies that the hardships and privations which had marked his former overland journey were absent. The fact that this was a successful voyage of discovery, strange as it may seem, caused the fickle British public to lose interest in Franklin, so that it was almost twenty years before he again ventured into the arctic.

This time he never returned. The story of this well-equipped enterprise, which involved the death not only of its leader, but of the brave officers and men who accompanied him, is one of the most tragic incidents in the long history of arctic exploration.

When, in 1845, Britain suddenly experienced a revival of the old scheme for discovering a 'Northwest Passage' from the Atlantic to the Pacific, Franklin was fifty-nine years old. He was appointed to command the expedition, with its two ships, the *Erebus* and the *Terror*. Carefully equipped, provisioned for three years, and carrying picked men as their crews, the two staunch sailing vessels departed from the Thames toward the end of May.

The Admiralty's instructions to Franklin were, in part, as follows: 'Therefore (after assuming from the experiences of Parry that all attempts to penetrate westward of longitude 98° in the direction of Melville Island were useless) you will not stop to examine any openings either to the northward or southward of Barrow Strait, but continue to push to the westward to latitude 74° N., until you have reached 98° W. longitude. From that point we desire that every effort be used to penetrate to the southward and westward in a course as direct toward Bering Strait as the position and extent of the ice or the existence of land, at present unknown, may admit.'

Had Franklin known that a channel existed on the eastern side of King William Land, he probably would not have risked his ships in the heavy ice to the westward of the island, but would have taken the eastern, although more circuitous passage, and would in all probability have carried his ships safely through to Bering Strait the next year. But Franklin had no alternative; he was furnished with charts which indicated no opening to the eastward of King William Land, therefore he had but one course open, and that he adopted.

On the twenty-sixth of July, 1845, the expedition was seen for the last time in Lancaster Sound; then it disappeared, almost without trace. Winter came early and the two ships were frozen in. They were carried backward and forward by the drifting floes in constant danger of being crushed by the force of the wind and currents upon the heavy ice fields. The same fate overtook them in the autumn of 1846.

In 1847, although there was no real public anxiety as to the fate of the Franklin party, preparations began for the possible necessity of sending relief. In 1848 the search began in earnest, and from that time on expedition after expedition was dispatched in quest of the missing explorers. The

various searching parties sent out in search of Franklin and his men may be ranked among the noblest efforts in the cause of humanity that any nation ever engaged in. As a record of long-sustained, repeated, and heroic effort, the Franklin search stands without a parallel in arctic history.

This carefully planned quest, carried on for fifteen years by the British Government and the widow and personal friends of Sir John, won the sympathetic interest of the entire civilized world. Nor was the world content merely to watch; France and the United States also assisted in the search, voluntarily supplying ships and men to help solve the mystery. Approximately forty expeditions in all, both large and small, followed each other year after year. Many of them ended in disaster, and it was not until 1854 that a Hudson's Bay Company expedition, commanded by Dr. John Rae, reported having talked with a group of Eskimos who said they had seen a party of white men several years before dragging their heavy wood boats and sledges over the ice to the southward. In the sign language they indicated to the Eskimos that their ships had been crushed in the ice. Later on the Eskimos discovered the boats and graves of many of these men, they declared, and in proof of their story they produced silver spoons and forks, which without doubt had belonged to the missing explorers. Rae and his party were thereupon paid the reward of $50,000 offered by the British Government for tidings of the Franklin expedition.

From all that can be gathered, one of the ships must have been crushed in the ice, in deep water, and the other forced on the shore of King William Land by the drifting ice, where it lay for years, furnishing the Eskimos with wood for their sleds, bows and arrows, and other implements, and iron for their knives, spears and axes. Upon the death of Franklin in June, 1847, Captain Crozier succeeded to the chief command. On him devolved the terrible necessity of abandoning the ships and endeavoring to save their crews by a desperate attempt to reach the nearest Hudson's Bay Post, more than 450 miles to the southward.

Subsequent events have shown that these explorers starved in a land of comparative plenty, where Eskimos for scores of generations have lived, and still live, by the bow and arrow. The followers of Franklin certainly cannot be called either inexperienced or inadaptable. Captain Crozier had been on three voyages with Sir Edward Parry in the same general vicinity, and had commanded a ship on an antarctic expedition. Two crews, some of whom had been engaged in whaling in the arctic, were carefully chosen.

It may be, however, that these men did not possess an aptitude for hunting. Millions of caribou roamed the land where they starved, and seals, polar bears, musk oxen, geese and ducks were to be found on every side. The skins of these animals would have provided them with clothing, shelter, and footwear, as well as covering for the Eskimo type of skin boat. Instead, they dragged their unwieldy whale boats, weighing at least five times as much as an Eskimo *umiak* of the same size, until they were exhausted. The blubber of the seal could have been used for heating and lighting their tents, for cooking, and for waterproofing their footgear. Instead, they depended upon the old-fashioned tallow candle, and upon the stiff-soled boots of the period, which were unsuited for the work.



*(C) Ewing Galloway.*

Eskimos landing a bear after shooting him with arrows. At the left are two skin boats tied together for safe operation.

Most important of all, however, the meat of the animals would have provided food in abundance—the sort of food that prevents scurvy, as Stefansson has demonstrated in the past fifteen years. For scurvy, as well as starvation, is supposed to have cut down the little band as it fought its way toward one of the outlying osts of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Another possible contributing cause o. the Franklin tragedy (for not a man lived to relate the terrible experience, and we cannot know the definite reasons) was the preserved meat with which the expedition was equipped, some cans of which were found later. Both the nourishing and keeping qualities of this meat were questionable. There is little doubt that it was a breeder of scurvy. But these brave men perished, not because of this one item of unsuitable food, but because in their haste to reach civilization they overlooked the game possibilities of the country. Had they known it, they could have survived several winters in comparative comfort by living on the game the country afforded and traveling slowly southward all the time. This fact was established by several of the relief expeditions which joined in the search for Franklin's followers, and later by Amundsen and Stefansson, who at different times explored virtually the same territory.

Dr. John Rae, one of the dozen men who have revolutionized arctic exploration in the last hundred years, was one of the most indefatigable and ingenious searchers for the Franklin party, as well as one of the most successful. Rae, with a party of half a dozen men to feed and clothe, searched that section of the country for months until he ascertained that a catastrophe had overtaken the entire personnel. He maintained his party by killing game animals in the same country where those he sought had perished. This was an intellectual achievement. He accomplished something which no other explorer had dared try. It was a radical, yet perfectly logical step forward in exploration, one of the greatest in the 19th Century, for by adopting the Rae method, anyone with a good pair of legs, good eyesight, and a dependable rifle can go anywhere he pleases and stay as long as his cartridges hold out.

While Franklin's party perished in a country which had supported Eskimo groups for generations, and where Lieutenant Schwatka, one of the searchers, flourished, it must be remembered that Schwatka had no sick to carry; no scurvy or other disease to battle. It is also probable that at least one-third of the 105 men who survived at the beginning of the retreat were unable to travel and were carried along by their comrades. It is also possible that many of them were suffering from scurvy when they landed from their ships. The fact that they set up a hospital tent within eighty miles of the spot where their march commenced would seem to prove this theory.

*(To be concluded next week, when an account of the various relief expeditions will be given.)*



*(C) Ewing Galloway.*

Eskimo igloo in course of construction.

# Have We an Educated Ministry?

(Concluded from page 6)

the colored supplement of the Sunday morning paper and which balances the attractiveness of the service against that of the golf links is not likely to demand or even tolerate an educated ministry.

Furthermore, the demands made upon the ministry at the present time in the way of administrative and social duties are such as to make serious study almost impossible.

Once there was a time when the minister's sermon found its illustrations and its quotations in a large and wide knowledge of fine literature. What have we now of this sort? We may have an evening discourse in which the minister reviews the latest and most discussed and least worthy best seller or we may have an occasional scrap of poetry quoted or usually misquoted from some homiletic magazine or compendium of brief quotations. Excepting for a few stock and platitudinous jingles the average minister's knowledge of poetry would seem from his sermons to be the odds and ends and leavings of his homiletic pick-up.

*As Jacob Served for Rachel*

In the matter of Biblical knowledge, the case is even more lamentable. A minister with a patent-indexed, limp-backed Bible, with chain cross references to misguide him, can link together passages of Scripture in a way that meets the requirements of the average congregation not only without real scholarship but in utter defiance of all sound Biblical theology; and the worst of it is that hardly anyone in his congregation knows better or desires anything better.

An adequate preparation for the ministry is a long and arduous task. It calls, or ought to call, for four years of severe collegiate discipline and three more years of specialized study, supplemented, in many instances, by still further postgraduate work. The young man who serves these seven years as Jacob served for Rachel may find that they seem to him but a few days because of his love for his work, but they are years of heavy toil with no proportionate additional reward in sight by reason of them. Every day that a young man is thus employed, he knows that many congregations would prefer a get-wise-quick product of some short course to the best that he can offer.

If it were to be answered to all this that, notwithstanding all that I have been saying, the ministry of the present day is making good and doing its work as well on an average as men in other professions are doing, I should be the first to admit it and say that under the conditions our ministers are doing amazingly well; but I still would be constrained to ask what is going to become of the ministry and of the church in the light of this appalling slump in required ministerial attainments and the fearful leakage of the ministry at the top.

*The Fearful Leakage at the Top*

In other professions the struggle for existence is of a sort which encourages the fittest to survive. In the ministry the struggle is of the sort that the competent qualified minister meets a thousand temptations to enter more remunerative and often better appreciated employment and leaves the pulpit to half-trained men who are quite as good as the people want and better than most of them deserve.

The military policy of the United States, according to the standards now held in Washington and taught in Upton's recognized authoritative work on this subject, is based upon implicit faith that in an emergency this country can always raise and train its own army and provide for it an adequate leadership. A careful study of the leadership of the American Civil War shows the folly of this course which the War Department now openly flouts and denounces. In the American Civil War any man who could secure a company of a hundred volunteers was welcome to a commission as its captain, and the man who could bring together ten such companies was cheerfully commissioned as its colonel. Generals of lesser and also of higher rank were commissioned for still less adequate reasons. The Civil War began with innumerable volunteer officers leading armies to disastrous defeat. The severe and terrible processes of the war thinned out this group and gradually gave the command of armies to men of training. Although the citizen soldiers of both armies openly jeered at the martinets who came from West Point, the armies of the Civil War on both sides were ultimately led by West Point graduates.

*What the Pulpit Urgently Needs*

The pulpit of the United States needs not fewer good mixers, or fewer men who are loved by young people, or fewer men who can put pep into their sermons, for all these are important, but it desperately needs an educated ministry, and it is high time for the laymen of America to wake up to that fact and demand ministers of this character.

# Delaware Uses the Whipping Post

(Concluded from page 4)

attorney-general, who has charge of all prosecutions, was asked for an opinion but did not express himself further than to say that Delaware has less crime probably than other comparable localities. He called attention, as others did, to the energy and firmness shown by the courts in dealing with persons arraigned for crimes.

Trial judges are appointed for long terms and usually serve for life. They make up the supreme court which passes on appeals, no judge sitting in cases that arise in his own court. Appeals are handled quickly and reversals are rare.

It is not unusual for an offender to be tried, convicted and his appeal disposed of within a few weeks after the crime is committed.

George Black, superintendent of police in Wilmington, Delaware's only large city, is a firm believer in the whipping post. His belief in it is based on more than thirty years' experience as an officer with criminals.

'It is all right to be humane toward persons who violate the law,' he explained, 'but there are types of criminals who yield to nothing but punishment. You must instill fear into them—fear of something they cannot forget, of something that they dread. And the types of criminals to be most feared, the professional kind, dread the whipping post as they dread no prison. They always expect to get out of prison but they can't escape the whipping post—or forget it when the lash is vigorously but not inhumanly applied.

'Other things have helped to hold crime in check here. One of them is the courts, which give the police all the support we should expect. But the whipping post, especially when seriously employed, has had a lot to do with it, too.

*They Pass Delaware*

'Say what one pleases, a lot of criminals pass Delaware by, although the state is geographically an attractive stopping place for the roving type. That's because we are close to two big cities, Philadelphia and Baltimore, and on the border line between North and South. A bunch of "dips" thought they could reap a harvest and make an easy getaway from here not long ago. They operated for a few days. We got them. And they didn't get off with fines or a few weeks in prison. There has been practically no more picking of pockets around here. And we have had very little of the new kind of banditry, the sort that is carried on by youngsters who trust to the automobile for getaways.

Seven or eight years ago we had a sort of wave of highway robberies, mainly on the heavily traveled motor roads. After a few got long sentences that began with severe lashings, the wave receded. As for bank robberies, there hasn't been one here in Wilmington in my time. There's some safe-blowing, but of the crude type, not often by skilled cracksmen. It is done usually by tramps who use sledge hammers instead of good tools or explosives. The skillful professional rarely operates here in any kind of crime.'

Aside from the elemental equations, the above is the case for and against the whipping post as used and viewed in Delaware. It is needless to review the sentimental equations, or to inquire as to whether the whipping post is a barbarous or brutal implement. Of these anyone can judge for himself.

The important question seems to be: 'Does the whipping post prevent crime?' A vast majority of the people in Delaware believe that it does. The last bill proposing its abolition received just one vote, that of the man who introduced it, in the state's legislature.

## The Janizaries

THE *Janizaries* were a military force established in the 14th Century by the Turkish Sultan Orkhan and further developed by Amurath I. They were recruited from Christian youths captured in war, who were brought up in the Mohammedan faith and trained to arms. It was their boast that they had never fled in battle. They finally became ungovernable, and after a revolt the corps was disbanded in 1826.

The *Abencerrages* were a celebrated family of Moors who held pride of place among oriental races as being of pure Arab descent.



# I Read in the Papers



Suspicion of the recent agitation among politicians for a referendum on prohibition is expressed by the *New York Times*, outstanding Manhattan newspaper. Says the *Times:*

***Suspicious Referendum***

'There is something a trifle suspicious about the sudden zeal of so many public men for a referendum on the question of prohibition. In some cases this looks less like consulting the people than consulting the convenience of politicians in an awkward fix. They note a change in popular sentiment. They are aware of movement to make candidates for office declare themselves explicitly Dry or Wet. From such a terrible ordeal they think to escape by the happy and improvised device of leaving the whole thing to a vote of the electors. Pending the result, they think they can maintain their noble position on the fence.'

ɤ ɤ ɤ

Excerpt from a leading New York newspaper of recent date:

> For several minutes the crowd milled about Mrs. Fowler, menacing her with fists and threatening to lynch her, but was finally driven away by a mounted policeman.

Item from another journal of the same date:

> Miss Kennedy was rescued by police reserves from a menacing, yelling crowd.

The only noteworthy thing about these two items is that they are commonplace. They are the ordinary occurrences of New York's East Side; so ordinary that they are dismissed by the newspapers with briefest mention. Manhattan's representatives in Congress have been active in denouncing manifestations of mob spirit in the South. They profess to see in occasional mob outbreaks in the South justification for the wholesale violation of the prohibition law in New York. Mob law in the South is dying but it seems to be growing in New York.

ɤ ɤ ɤ

Colonel Hanford MacNider, at the West Point exercises, gave this counsel to the young officers:

***Good Advice to Officers***

'You will be expected to listen a great deal and offer little—and then only when asked. You will hear something about the last war, from the best historians it will ever have—the men who fought it. You will hear many fixed, set and unalterable opinions about things military and otherwise. They will all be worth while, but don't dismiss your own entirely. You will serve under men and with men, particularly the old non-commissioned officers, who know more about the Army than you'll know for many a long year. Absorb all you can from them, but leave room in your mind for your own discoveries. The world is always in a state of flux and strange history is being written every day. Stay pliant, and remember that most battles—not military ones alone—have been won by common sense.'

ɤ ɤ ɤ

This parody was taken from the Edinburgh University publication, *The Student*—

'The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions danced,
Were sleeping soundly through the night.'

ɤ ɤ ɤ

I shall always associate the first day of the Strike with Joseph Pennell. He, who hated violence and any kind of warfare save verbal contacts about art, inspired or created, on that first, disorganized, angry, apprehensive day of the Strike, a little oasis of peace and love.

***Pennell's Quaker Memorial***

It just happened so.

A proposal had been made to hold the Pennell Memorial Service at the chapel of the Savoy, which is within hail of the sky-dwelling in the Adelphi Terrace where he lived for so many years; but at the last moment the place was changed. We were informed that the service would be held at the Friends' Meeting House in St. Martin's Lane. That was suitable and affecting, for Pennell was born a Quaker.

I had never before been to a memorial service in a Quaker meeting house. It is simple and beautiful, and it was strange also because so many friends of Pennell who are not Quakers were present, including J. M. Barrie, John Lavery, Edmund Gosse, and an alert, white-haired man whose features were familiar, but I could not place him.

We, who were not Quakers, were perhaps a little anxious as to how we should comport ourselves, and I, for one, looked for guidance to the Friends, men and women, who seated themselves in a row upon the platform.

One of them rose, recited a few appropriate verses from the Bible, welcomed us, and then explained the procedure. Anyone was invited, if the spirit moved him or her, to say something about our friend. Then silence. Nothing is so eloquent as silence if the minds of those present are fixed upon one thing. A Quaker meeting will lift the veil from the Seen, and that morning the veil seemed to part easily through the contrast between that meeting-place, dedicated to peace and love, and the conflict and suspicion of the Strike outside and all around.

The silence continued. I should have been content if nothing more had been said. Everybody, I suppose, was thinking of our friend, and commending him, each in his own way, to the tuition of God. It was a perfect memorial service—that sacred silence in the center of disorganized, apprehensive London.

Suddenly—I started—a woman dropped to her knees (we stood) and thanked God for his gift of beauty to the world through artists. Again silence. Another member of that little flock rose, spoke of Joseph Pennell and ended with quoting great passages from the *Apocrypha*. 'The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God . . . In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die . . . but they are in peace.' Another recited a verse of a hymn. Then, after a pause, the alert, white-haired man whose features and figure were familiar to me rose from the back of the Meeting House and recounted at length the art services that Joseph Pennell, by pencil and voice, had done for London, and as he spoke suddenly I knew who he was. He was John Burns.

In one of the silences I had a curious feeling of the telepathy between that Quaker Meeting House in St. Martin's Lane and the old building in Philadelphia. An actual message has since passed, for at the conclusion we signed our names in a book, which has been sent to Mrs. Pennell in America. I record all this because, owing to the Strike, that gathering of Friends and friends in the heart of London has not hitherto been recorded.

ɤ ɤ ɤ

The worst writer I ever knew was an old editor of mine, who was so undecipherable that the whole composing staff of years' and years' experience once turned a sentence of his, 'Nuisances must be abated,' into 'Wise-acres shall not be cheated.' Andrew Lang, too, was very difficult to read. By far the clearest 'fist' among modern authors is that of Mr. Hardy. Many errors have crept into books through their authors' bad handwriting. The Poet Laureate's wife, Mrs. Bridges, who wrote a book on handwriting nearly thirty years ago, has a very beautiful hand, based on Italianized Gothic. The curious thing is that a handwriting which looks beautifully regular is frequently very difficult to read. One interesting aspect of handwriting which has hardly been dealt with at all is the effect of pen-nibs. One learned paleographer declares that the modern pen-point is really badly constructed.—*The Graphic*, London.

***Hard Hands to Read***

*The International Jew* in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence in American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set $1. THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN.

# Wee, Timorous Beasties at Home

(Concluded from page 2)



Nest of the red-eyed vireo. The cradles are hung low in drooping tree branches.

laid of thickly leaved twigs and small sticks rather firmly matted together and placed in a fork of two or three slender limbs with also a number of twigs or smaller branches near the crotch. The floor, walls and roof are made up of leafy twigs and separate leaves placed when green, of course, and although not interwoven or in any way thatched they are packed together by a deal of tramping and bending. The chamber is little, if any, larger than the curled-up squirrel and is often lined in part with soft bark fibers. The entrance is hardly discernible, being only a straight shaft from the side where the leaves are not closely placed; these are mostly pushed aside to admit the animal. Some squirrel nests go to pieces with the first autumn storms; others, the result of more persistent effort in compacting the mass, or being held by vines among the tree branches, last from season to season, but are seldom used twice because of vermin and water soaking.

The nests of the harvest mouse also are merely combinations of dried and naturally bent and twisted grasses somewhat matted together, the tunnels and chambers within lined with softer materials. These nests are easily destroyed and it is quite surprising that hawks, shrikes, owls, crows and weasels do not very commonly tear them apart in search of the inmates and their young. Nelson says harvest mice sometimes use the nest of the orchard oriole and cactus wren, and this may indicate a superior judgment on the part of these individual mice, for the work of the birds, even when weathered, is a great improvement over the flimsy constructions of the quadrupeds. Some birds would take the grasses commonly used by the mice and weave them so firmly together as to defy destruction, by the time an enemy had gained access thereto it would have well earned a dinner.

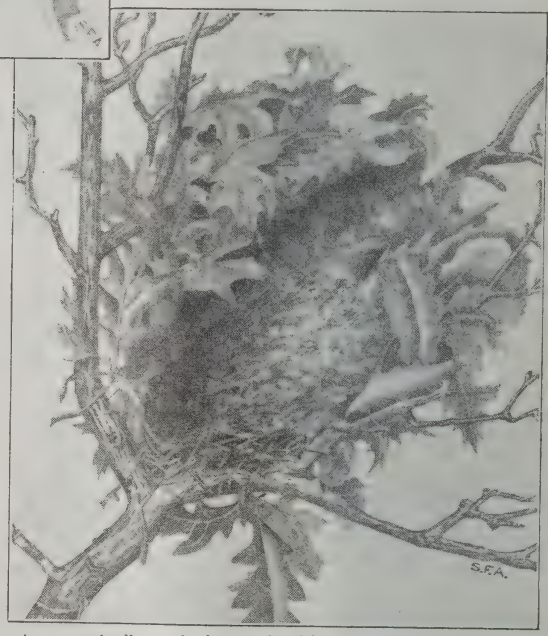
The nest building of the burrowing rodents—trade rats, kangaroo rats, gophers, marmots, ground squirrels, wild mice, lemmings, muskrats, beavers and mountain beavers—is chiefly a matter of lining their inner sleeping and nursery chambers with soft materials, in which they show wisdom in the selection and industry in the collection. The burrows are the result of hard work and keen judgment; not always mere instinct can account for the obstacles overcome. Warmth, drainage and cleanliness are the principal factors.

Even considering the cocoon builders, especially endowed as they are with silk (this including also the spiders), there are no nest builders that can surpass the orioles with regard to ingenuity, if a purely hereditary and specific instinct may be so termed.

Perhaps no more interesting observation can be made than to watch the female, always alone, construct the pensile cradle for the rearing of her young. It has been the good fortune of the writer to discover an orchard oriole so engaged and, unobserved, to watch her from time to time, through a glass and at a distance of less than forty feet.

The bird had made her selection of a three-pronged crotch near the top of a pear tree and had stretched a long strand of stout dried grass from one of these thumb-sized upright branches to another. Then she was dissatisfied with the situation as probably not sufficiently elevated and selected a two-limbed fork about three feet higher on the same trunk, one of the thinner, flaring branches having a small twig sticking out at right angles and about four inches above the crotch.

A strand of grass was stretched from this twig to the opposite forked branch halfway to its base, each end being passed around the wood several times and made to stay without being tied or tucked under. Across this, nearly at right angles, another was stretched, after being wound around both limbs and the first cable. From near the center of this cross brace a strand was carried to the outer end of the twig and then back horizontally to the opposite branch of the fork, this making a framework for the suspension of the nest as carefully designed for strength and rigidity as any bridge engineer could plan, using these same materials. Following this step in the work, one after another, four hanging U strands were placed about one-half and three-quarters of an inch apart and to these, in and out, horizontally and at acute angles, the cross strands and further supporting grasses were rather loosely interlaced, not exactly interwoven, the attachments and middle wrappings being quite irregular, but nevertheless making the walls continuous and nearly of the same thickness throughout. When this nest was completed in three days of rather desultory but occasionally persistent work, it was three and a quarter inches average inside diameter and five and a half inches deep.



A gray squirrel's nest in the top of a hickory, deserted for the winter.

Burroughs errs in his estimate of the dimensions of the Baltimore oriole's nests; they are not influenced in depth by the prevalence of such enemies as owls and squirrels, for these are everywhere, whether near or far from human dwellings. I look from my window now and see, in a tall sycamore that is one of a grove near the house, three orioles' nests, one quite shallow and several years old, one about five inches long and rather fresher in appearance, another fully seven inches long, built last year. It is reasonable to assume that all these nests were built by the same pair of birds, returning as they do each year to the immediate locality, but never using the same nest twice. In a number of other instances I have observed the marked improvement from year to year in the nest building of individual birds of several other species and I think it may be considered a universal rule. It is particularly observable

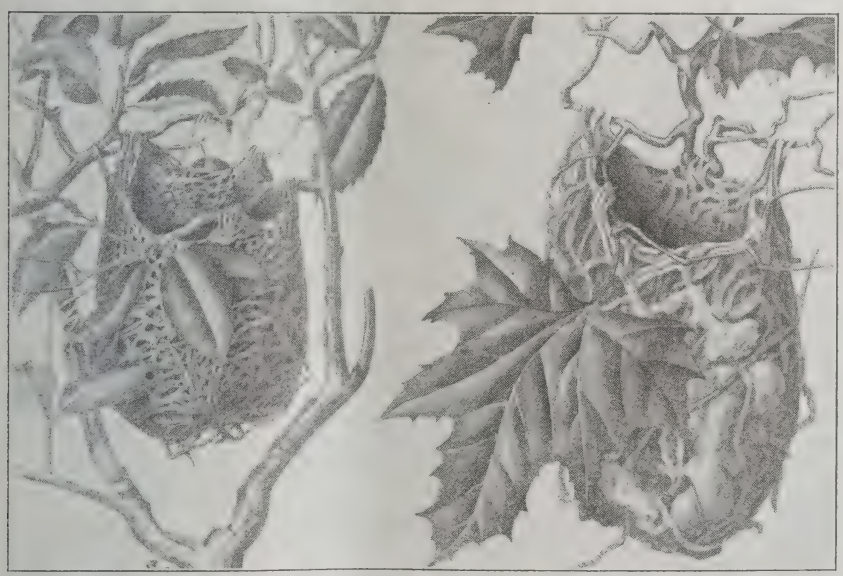
with the catbird, though of course it must be assumed that in each case it is the same female that builds every year in the immediate locality; there is no way of determining this, except by trapping and banding the bird. Individuality often shows itself in song, but the nest-building females do not sing. A degree of tameness or little mannerisms respecting their associations with humans may sometimes aid the observer in distinguishing one bird from another of the same species.

It may be admitted that the orioles, and especially the Baltimore and those western forms most closely related thereto, are the most expert workers of nesting materials among the birds of North America. The vireos, however, are hardly inferior to the brighter colored artisans and in the matter of hiding their nests from prying eyes show better judgment.

It has been my good fortune to witness also the making of a red-eyed vireo's nest. It was placed in the nearly terminal fork of a horizontal tupelo branch that reached to within a few feet of my study window and the bird either could not discern me through the screen, or believed this was a sufficient barrier.

It was very interesting, during the few minutes from time to time that I could spend in watching her, to see the application of the fibrous vine and weed bark, the bits of leaves and some pieces of paper laid on in layers of nearly equal thickness throughout, some of the longer, stringy pieces carried over the two small supporting twigs, each smaller than a lead pencil. But I could not witness the actual application of the saliva which, as a mucilage, makes the particles adhere quite firmly, after the manner of the chimney swift with its sticks, though not used so profusely. This also is exactly the method used by many insects, as the paper-nest wasps, the mud masons, the caddis fly and others. It seems likely that the strands used by the vireo receive their thin coating of saliva while held in the bird's beak; but if so, it is odd that the important adhesive element would be withheld while the nest is being lined and finished with slender strands of grapevine bark that are put in most cleverly and held in place by being bent against their own tendency to straighten.

It is not at all unlikely that the modifications of the bills of certain birds have been influenced by the necessities of nest building. Or does the latter follow the development of the bill for other purposes? Perhaps this reflection seems most apt regarding the woodpeckers. Certain it is that the tapered bill of the oriole is admirably adapted to the interweaving of grasses, and the same may be said of its relative, the meadow lark. The bills of the vireos also could hardly be improved for the purpose. Yet there are birds with bills of like construction that make very simple nests, the matter of obtaining food evidently being the sole influence in development. On the other hand, some of the finches, having thick, seed-cracking bills, do intricate work in lining their nests with hair and fine grasses.



Oriole nests. These birds are the most expert weavers in North America. The nest of the orchard oriole is on the left and the Baltimore oriole on the right.

# Hints on Bird Houses

WITH the progress of more intensive cultivation of the land and the disappearance of old hollow trees, a number of our most desirable song birds and insectivorous birds are being more and more hard pressed in finding suitable nesting sites. There is a decided housing shortage for these friends of man.

The best time to make and put up bird houses is in late autumn and early winter. Most bird-house contests and bird-house exhibits are held too late for obtaining good results the first season.

Among the most desirable bird neighbors are bluebirds, wrens, nuthatches, chickadees; woodpeckers, martins, and tree swallows. Of this list only the woodpeckers can act as their own carpenters. All the other species must depend on natural cavities or on cavities made but not used by woodpeckers.

The best bird houses are those made of sections of hollow trees or large branches with the natural bark adhering. It is best to cut those sections during winter, when the bark will not peel or become loosened.

It is not advisable to tack bark on sawed boards. Bark tacked on always warps and gives shelter and breeding places to bird vermin.

# Patting the Lion's Mane

(*Concluded from page 17*)

they were doubtful whether Mr. Gosse had an eye under the black glass; whereupon he obligingly took off his spectacles and showed them that he had.

Galsworthy has all the graces. He is the patrician—handsome, suave, gracious, witty. I met him twice, heard him give an address, and preside at a great dinner, and he seemed to me the finest type of literary gentleman I had ever seen. C. E. Montague, the editor of the *Manchester Guardian* and author of *The Hind Let Loose*, and William Archer, the dramatic critic and author of *The Green Goddess*, were at the same dinner, but neither of them interested me very much. Beside Galsworthy's easy brilliancy, they seemed rather heavy-footed.

I remember Mr. Archer held a long brief (if that is not an Irishism) for the teaching of Esperanto as a second language. I had always pictured Mr. Archer as a keen and delightful person, but on this occasion, in spite of the *nil nisi bonum* tradition, I must say he was neither. He talked round and round, seeking a way out. It was not much later that he died. It is pleasant to think that the great success of his only play came before his death.

Sir Sidney Lee, the Shakespearean scholar and author of the recently published *Life of Edward VII*, has just died. He was a stocky man, somewhat deliberate in speech and manner, and on most occasions inclined to be taciturn. But he could be very entertaining, and when we were his guests, he regaled us with literary gossip. At that time he was still working at the *Life*, which had been something of a burden to him, and he had some pleasant anecdotes to tell of his adventures in getting the material from the royal family. He asked about Richard LeGallienne, whom he had known in the nineties, when LeGallienne was a precocious young Londoner, and he was much pleased to have recent news of his old acquaintance.

*Shaw as He Is*

I think I was never quite so completely surprised at any man as I was at Shaw. Of course he looked like his pictures, except that he was entirely gray. His hair and beard were a white mass about the gentlest, kindest, mellowest face you can imagine. His cheeks were as pink and smooth as a girl's. His manner was simple, gracious, unassuming. I wondered where were the fabled cynicism, the conceit, the vitriolic sarcasm. They must all reside in his inkpot, for there was not a trace of them anywhere about the towering, gray-clad figure. He spoke with fascinating ease and charm. Later on an American gentleman discussed briefly a subject of violent interest to all Englishmen—the difference between the English and American language. When he finished, Mr. Shaw rose, came to the front of the platform, and said, 'I wonder if Mr. —— will pardon me if I ask him a personal question?' Of course we all held our breath at such an unwonted proceeding, and he continued earnestly, 'Do Americans say *obligate* or *oblige*?'

After the session was over, we went up to meet him, and he came forward with outstretched hand and a cordial smile. He was all eagerness, everything interested him. Even if Shaw does refuse to come to America, he seems to harbor no malice toward individual Americans.

# Dying Africa Makes Her Appeal

## Our Supply of Africa's Rich Products Will Be Lost If We Do Not Eradicate Her Deadly Diseases

By H. K. W. KUMM

*MORITURI te salutamus*, cried the Roman gladiators as they faced their Emperor.

'Dying, we salute thee,' might also come in these days from the lips of tropical Africa's children, addressed to the temperate Americans who hold in their hands the destinies of many peoples.

The multitudinous microörganisms of torrid Ethiopia are waging in the form of endemic and epidemic diseases a relentless war against human life. *Semper aliquid novi ex Africa*—there is always something new in Africa—was a common saying in Rome. Africa had provided many a thrill for the imperial city, from 'Hannibal before the gates' to Cleopatra, the destroyer, and Cyprian, the 'Father of the Roman Church.' The corn of Egypt gave the *panem* and the lions of Libya the *circenses*.

When Rome fell, the importance of Africa in world affairs decreased and for a thousand years or more little was heard of the lands of Ethiopia. It was not until a few decades ago that the interior of Africa became known even to geographers.

As news value, Africa ranks perhaps with Turkey. Little Japan is vastly more important to the newspapers. Yet withal some of us harbor in our minds a suspicion that some day, and not a hundred years hence either, the newspapers will be demanding daily news from Africa.

It is believed by some who are competent to judge that within sixty years the population of the world will be doubled. Since sanitation and medical science have removed the dangers of many diseases, the excess rate of births over deaths has been very marked and, unless some unforeseen cataclysm should befall, from year to year the death rate will decrease.

Then will come the question of the food supply.

Within the last twenty years we have heard much of sea-power and man-power and we may hear more of air-power, but there is one power that is more vital than any of the others and that is bread-power. The soil of England cannot produce enough food for the people who live on it, nor can that of Germany or Italy or Belgium. The time will come when the one harvest a year of the lands of the temperate zones will not suffice to meet the need.



> Without stressing the opportunity here for a magnificent altruistic service in the cause of humanity, we must give heed to this problem of a sick Africa for the sake of our own health and economic welfare.

The tropics (and that means preëminently Africa, where with sufficient water four harvests a year are possible) will then come into their own.

Tropical Africa is hardly meant for white men. White children droop and die. No rosy-cheeked youngsters greet their parents there. The only skin that looks wholesome and velvety in the tropics is the *negro's epidermis*. The pigmentation of his skin makes him rejoice in tropical sunshine. His is the indispensable race in the development of Africa.

Masters of sanitation have made malaria, the former dread disease in Panama, a thing no longer feared. Malaria in Africa, on the other hand, is a far different proposition. More than a third of all the cases in the hospitals are malaria, and they are of many forms. There is remittent and intermittent fever, and rarely does a traveler return from the Dark Continent but with his blood saturated with malaria microbes. Once adequate research work is begun, physicians may be able to cope with the situation.

In the meantime Africa presents the strange phenomenon of the larger forms of life being destroyed by man, who in turn is falling victim to the microscopic forms.



A tribal chief and his men on a visit to the author of this article.

When the white man first came to South Africa, unnumbered thousands of wild animals covered the veldt of that great Southland. The giraffes were the first to disappear; then went the white rhino, and the quagga (not a single living specimen is left in the world). For years it was thought that the white or square-nosed rhino had been wiped out also, but a small number of these pachyderms may still be found on the upper reaches of the Nile where they hide beyond the great swamp. But those gigantic creatures of Africa with horns three and four feet long, out of which walking sticks were carved eighty years ago, are gone. It needs only a few more hunting expeditions into the gorilla country and the chief of the primates will vanish. Collectors from museums and motion picture photographers are now hastening to Africa to collect specimens for the museums and take pictures of the large herds roaming in freedom before all disappear.

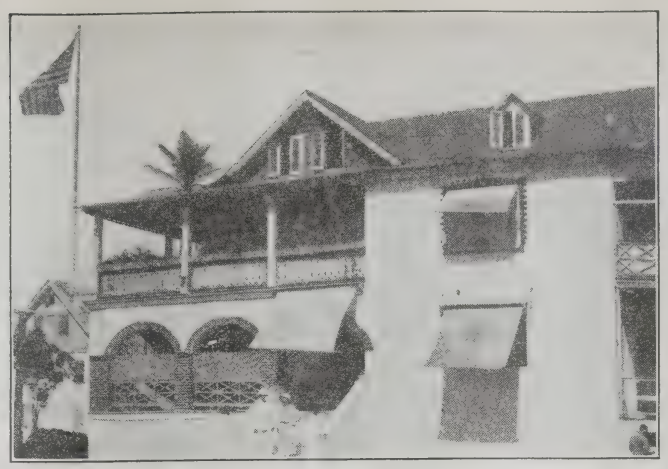
We speak of Berber lions and Nubian lions, but there are no lions left in the Atlas Mountains or in Nubia. The Nile-horse, the hippo, has almost disappeared from the Nile. There is no hippo left in the Nile of Egypt, and they are few south of Fashoda. The romance of finding and naming new species of animal life has almost come to an end. The trouble with us humans is that we are hardly introduced to a new form of life before we set out to destroy it. We are, of course, sorry after we have succeeded in doing so, but unfortunately our sorrow does not bring back to life those we have preyed upon.

The higher civilization man attains, the quicker will the wild life disappear before him. The meat-eating pigmies of Central Africa would never have put an end to the last of the okapi, but shortly the white men will have made of them but a memory. Selfishness and improvidence seem to go hand in hand with increased intelligence.

Africa will, somehow, not seem the same when its parkland has been denuded of all the wild life. You may today travel from Cape Town to the Victoria Falls on the Zambezi, 1,250 miles as the crow flies, and never see even an antelope, or from Lagos to Kano without setting eyes on a single head of game. The white man in Africa is a killer.







American Consulate, Monrovia, Liberia.



Only strict game laws enacted by colonial governments can put off the day when the majestic life of the wilderness will be no more.

Those of us who have seen that life often dream of the slaty shadow forms of the elephants gliding in silent formations through the sylvan glens, of the lion's roar through the starry tropical night, of that silent, noble child-like giant, the camelopard of the steppes and the thornbush, and of that nightmarish charge of the supreme fool among the pachyderms, the rhino.

We hate the hunting dog of Africa because he kills for pleasure, kills more than he can eat. Yet even he is nothing but a miserable bungler when placed side by side with so-called civilized man. There is no pack of wild hounds in Africa able to kill ten antelopes within an hour, the easy, frequent work of one white hunter. One wonders sometimes what compensation there will be in the general accounting.

The north and south of Africa, being dry lands, are quite healthy, but lack of rain there makes them of little value to the world's food supply. It is the torrid zone of the Dark Continent which, with its many forms of life, holds a wealth of food supply and a richness in mineral resources. How is it possible to make this deadly region livable for white man as well as black?

The British Government employs 167 medical men in her West African Colonies, and 119 in East Africa. France has 34 in French West Africa. There are forty-one hospitals in Nigeria, eight in Uganda, seven in the Kenua Colony and three in Zanzibar. Research work is being done at Sierra Leone, at Accra, Lagos, Dakar, and Khartum, and at ten other places in Belgian, French and British Africa.

A beginning has been made in teaching the natives how to fight diseases. At three places native students have been enrolled to study medicine. All the colonial governments are united in their desire to get the better of the tropical diseases and put an end to those dread epidemics of cerebrospinal meningitis, sleeping sickness, and the 360 tropical diseases for which we have no names.

If we wish to benefit from the wealth of Africa, if we wish to participate in the development of that continent which in all probability will come during the life of the present generation, indeed if we desire to avoid suffering from a lack of the products which Africa can supply us so abundantly and cheaply, then we must give thought to the eradication of Africa's diseases. Without stressing the opportunity here for a most magnificent altruistic service in the cause of humanity, we must give heed to this problem for the sake of our own health and economic welfare. This great source of sickness must be eliminated.

### The population of Africa in 1923 was as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| British Union of South African Colonies and Protectorates | 58,224,000 |
| French Colonies and Protectorates | 42,500,000 |
| Belgian possessions | 14,500,000 |
| Portuguese possessions | 7,750,000 |
| Italian possessions | 2,000,000 |
| Spanish possessions | 244,000 |
| Abyssinia (Empire) | 8,000,000 |
| Liberia (Republic) | 2,000,000 |
| | 135,218,000 |

Of these 3,466,000 were Aryans and 131,752,000 belonged to African or mixed races. Roughly speaking, therefore, there were 3,500,000 Europeans in Africa and 132,000,000 people belonging to native races in 1923, 100,000,000 under the control of Britain and France and only 10,000,000 in Liberia and Abyssinia, independent.

The density of population is 12 to the square mile in the Dark Continent and varies between 1,000 to the square mile in the Nile Delta to .01 to the square mile in the Sahara. Africa, conservatively estimated, could feed 500,000,000 people, four times as many as live there today.

As Europe is the continent of peninsulas, so Africa holds the greatest desert in the world and the greatest forest region; but the orographical feature in which the Dark Continent differs most from the others is its plateau formation. Her northern and southern watersheds are not mountain ranges, but washed-off plateaus. The rapids, waterfalls and cataracts of her great rivers are caused by the escarpments of her plateaus. These escarpments, plus the Rift Valley that runs parallel with her east coast, have been barriers in the way of building railroads.

In 1890, the whole continent showed a railroad mileage of little more than 5,000 miles, and even in 1912 the whole continent had almost 5,000 miles less permanent railroad track than France, though fifty-five times as large in area. Little has been added to these railroads since.

There are but few coastal regions of Africa, whence railroads can be built cheaply into the interior. The line from Port Sudan to Berber, with an initial cost of $14,000 a mile, is probably the cheapest. The line from Mombassa to Lake Victoria, which crosses the Rift Valley, is more expensive, and cost $32,000 a mile, but even this is cheaper than the average cost of railroad lines in Africa, which is about $40,000. Certain mountainous regions such as the Atlas in Algiers increase the cost of railway construction until it reaches the figures of $134,000 a mile.

The African river systems are through the escarpments closed to ocean steamers and trade with the interior depends upon the railways. Transport by wagon and on men's heads is between five and ten times as expensive as by rail.





Road building in Africa. Above—Roughly leveled layer of rock. Left—The same road after top dressing has been put on.

# He Takes Tin Tacks From Tiny Throats

(*Concluded from page 15*)

safety pin. The child was rushed to Philadelphia when an operation by a local physician was unsuccessful. The pin had lodged in the throat, point up.

A few deft moves on the part of Dr. Jackson and it had been added to his famous collection.

Two days before the arrival of the Gillespie baby came Veralie Marian, the sixteen-month-old daughter of H. L. Marian, of Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Veralie gave up a piece of sharp peanut-brittle which had stuck in her esophagus.

Viola Zinn, of Geneva, New York, carried a carpet tine in her right lung for five years before it was discovered.

***Swallows Her Pet Goat***

Physicians treating the girl for a cold noted peculiar symptoms, and their subsequent investigations revealed the presence of the tack. Viola visited Dr. Jackson and the tack was extracted.

Anna McHale, of Ashland, Pennsylvania, swallowed her pet goat. It was a nice little metal goat and Anna mourned its loss. More important yet, it stuck halfway down her throat where the local physicians could not remove it. She, too, came to Dr. Jackson.

Not only did he restore the goat to the nine-year-old, but he did so with such ease that it was not even necessary to admit Anna to the Jefferson Hospital.

William W. Johnson, Jr., of Concord, South Carolina, was five months old when he swallowed an open safety pin. He made the hegira to Philadelphia, where Dr. Jackson relieved him of his pin.

A bean caused five-year-old Michaeline Tintieri, of Steelton, Pennsylvania, to make the trip to Jefferson. The bean stuck in her throat and defied all attempts to dislodge it.

Michaeline was first taken to Harrisburg, and after all efforts there failed, she was hurried to Philadelphia. Limp and gasping for breath she was carried into the clinic, almost dead from the strain. Fifteen seconds later she was breathing naturally and the danger was past.

But Dr. Jackson does not confine himself to children, even though they form his chief concern. One of his most interesting cases was that of Mrs. Blanche Tullock, of Schenectady, New York. For three years Mrs. Tullock carried a tooth in her lung, which all surgeons agreed was no place for a tooth to be.

The tooth found its way into the woman's lung while she was having dental work done by a Schenectady dentist. She

***A Tooth Lodged in a Lung***

was under an anesthetic at the time and the cause of the trouble was not discovered until an X-ray examination disclosed the tooth.

Then began a long journey to have the tooth removed. In almost constant pain she traveled from coast to coast, consulting surgeon after surgeon. Then in despair she entered a hospital in Albany for treatment.

Finally she heard of Dr. Jackson and sought his help. Two operations were performed, and then a third. The last was successful.

Dr. Jackson has been greatly honored for his work not only by the members of the medical profession but by his fellow citizens.

Not content with establishing the chair of bronchoscopy and esophagoscopy for him in its medical school, the University of Pennsylvania conferred upon Dr. Jackson the high honorary title of Doctor of Science.

'The new course in bronchoscopy and esophagoscopy,' said President Josiah H. Penniman, of the university, at the time of making the announcement, 'is the result of a widespread demand on the part of physicians and surgeons for a postgraduate course giving instruction in the methods which have made Dr. Jackson America's leading expert in the removal of foreign bodies from the lungs and air and food passages.'

Dr. Jackson attributes his singular success to his boyhood apprenticeship as a machinist, and to following his father's advice: 'Educate your eyes and your fingers.'

He was born in Pittsburgh 61 years ago, the son of William Stanford Jackson and Catherine Morange Jackson. In his youth he acquired the habits of early rising and retiring—habits which he keeps to this day. Much of his most brilliant work, in fact, is done in the early morning hours.

He was graduated in turn from the schools of Pittsburgh, the Western University of Pennsylvania (now the University of Pittsburgh) and Jefferson Medical College. In 1899 he married Alice Bennett White, of Pittsburgh.

Following his interneship he specialized in laryngology and to this branch of surgery he contributed many new thoughts, and instruments. He evolved the electrically

***Likes to Sketch in Oil***

lighted Jackson's laryngoscope, now in universal use in America, and later the distally lighted Jackson's bronchoscope, esophagoscope and gastroscope. These revolutionized the treatment for removing foreign bodies lodged in the bronchial tubes and reduced the mortality rate in these cases from eighty-five per cent to less than two per cent!

In his spare time, such as he has, Dr. Jackson likes to sketch in oil from nature. His drawings in black and white have been of tremendous help to students in his lectures.

Dr. Jackson is loved by his friends for his never-failing courtesy and kindness and consideration and for his desire to help others. His skill has caused him to be consulted by laryngologists throughout the world in regard to the difficult problems confronting them. He is the author of several medical works, some of which are considered classics. He has been given many medals and honors commemorative of his work.

But to return to Dr. Jackson's chief love—the saving of children's lives. It is fine, he believes, to be able to remove a safety pin that has found its way into a baby's throat, but how much better it would be to prevent the pin from getting into the throat. And so he has a warning to issue to mothers.

Not long ago in broadcasting an appeal over the radio for funds for Jefferson Hospital and its Medical College, he took his hearers for an imaginary tour of the famous Bronchoscopic Clinic Ward, and incidentally sounded some advice that every mother in the country should heed.

'We have not the time now,' he said, 'to visit all departments of the Jefferson Hospital, but please come with me for a walk down the aisle of the Bronchoscopic Clinic Ward—only one relatively small department of the many life-saving departments of the Jefferson Hospital.

'Look at this little child, emaciated to a skeleton with an abscess in his lung. For four years he had a double-pointed fence staple in his lung. We took it out; he will go home tomorrow and he will get well.

'Now look at this baby, only two years old. It has broncho-pneumonia from a

***Beware of Safety Pins***

peanut kernel. It is now on the road to recovery because we took the piece of kernel out of its lung with a bronchoscope, which is an electrically lighted tube, put in through the mouth.

'Now look at this little child, dear little cherub, eight months old, cooing and happy. Mother is coming today to take her darling home. This child would have been dead had we not removed an open safety pin that jammed in between the lungs halfway down between the mouth and the stomach, with the point of the open safety pin threatening to perforate the heart.

'If I could hear you I know you would ask: "But how could an eight-month-old baby get an open safety pin to swallow?"

'That is a pertinent question, and now restoring her baby to her arms we are going to chide mother a little. She will not mind it because she knows we have saved her baby's life; but we are going to tell her that it was all her fault—all her carelessness.

'When changing the baby's clothes she held some of the safety pins in her own mouth and laid others in the reach of the baby. Now whether you believe the human race descended from the monkey or not, you know that every baby has one of the monkey's characteristic traits, and that is imitation.

'When he sees mother put safety pins in her mouth he naturally imitates her bad example. He is surprised to find safety pins are not good to eat, and chokes and gags in his effort to get rid of the open safety pin, which is harder for him to disgorge than a fish hook.

'He rarely succeeds, and it will kill him if not removed by methods such as we use at the Bronchoscopic Clinic.'

*NEXT week Thomas L. Masson will tell us what 'Limelighters' are. It makes a good story, spiced with real humor.*

*Dr. William Barton will deal with the Higher Critics, and Judge Neil will give something more about his 'Bad Boys.'*

*Julian Hawthorne's article on Emerson will also appear next week.*

# New Phases of Changing China

(*Concluded from page 5*)

and dancing. The latter is rather alarming. Dancing is so far removed from the old idea of social contacts that it means an entire let-down from the old, without as yet a balanced idea and background of new relationships. Boy scouts are being formed in all the large cities and give the new boy an opportunity of self-expression unknown in the old days.

Time was nothing to old China, but since there are trains and boats to catch, or miss, the Chinese have taken to watches. A regular epidemic of wrist watches has spread over the country. Striking changes are taking place in the rural districts which have plodded with a crude sameness for four thousand years. Recently the birthplace of Confucius ordered twenty modern American plows. Last autumn an American threshing machine was operating just outside the city and attracted greater crowds than would a circus in America. In the city offices young Chinese, smartly dressed in Western style clothes, sit beside men dressed in the long satin or silken robes of old China. For both, the long finger nails have had to go forever, as incompatible with the growing business haste of the Orient.

The old fatalism of China is fast disappearing. Knowledge of strikes and unions is permeating China as is evidenced by student uprisings and strikes. The old lethargy regarding politics and patriotism is gone. *Ngai Kuo*, or 'love of country,' is the motto of the day. Formerly it was thought impossible to reach the masses because of illiteracy and lack of communication. This was overcome last summer by the students. They went out by the tens of thousands and burned patriotism into the rural people by their patriotic speeches. They created such a spirit of nationalism among the masses as newspapers never could.

*Great When Babylon Was Great*

In the past, Western writers found fault with the Chinese for their unchanging ways. Now the Westerner in China finds it difficult to keep up with the multitudinous changes. China was a great nation when Babylon was great. She advanced so far ahead of other nations of the world in invention, art, and literature that she felt, with reason, that she was 'The Middle Kingdom' and all on her borders were barbarians. Centuries of superiority and self-sufficiency and backward look brought China to a standstill. Young nations of the West sprang up, pounced upon her, took concessions, exacted unequal treaties, and treated her as an inferior. The West spoke in terms of military force and China was too stunned to answer immediately. A spirit of nationalism and 'China for the Chinese' gradually began to develop. The past few years have seen some of the most sudden and far-reaching changes in Chinese history. The new nationalism of China has come to stay. No force can stop it. Other nations must recognize it in their approach to China. The new nationalism will make errors, as did other nations in their transition period. It may be at times anti-foreign or anti-Christian in its varying moods. But China will never stop until she obtains her sovereign rights along with other nations of the world. She will no longer stand by and see unjust treaties made and her institutions violated by selfish aggressors.



# A Dance A Week



## DICTIONARY OF DANCE TERMS

'GENTLEMEN CONTRA BALANCE'—(8) First four lead to the right, gentlemen balance each other, cornerwise.

'HEAD COUPLE'—Usually the couple standing back to the music. When otherwise, the prompter will inform the dancers.

'HEAD COUPLE FACE OUT'—As used in the Lancers—(32) Gentleman takes lady's left hand in his right, and leads her half around so that they are facing in the opposite direction. Couple No. 3, on the side, falls in behind them; opposite couple falls in next, and number two or foot couple is already in place. All chasse. March; forward all and swing partners to place. (Note) When the chasse is used in the double lancers (eight couples) the first couple chasse to right, next left, etc., alternating. To march, the right hand couples move to the right, the left hand couples to the left.

'HEAD COUPLE PROMENADE BETWEEN OPPOSITE COUPLE'—(8) The first two couples cross over, the first couple join hands, the second couple separating to allow the first couple to pass between them. Returning to place, the second couple join hands and the first couple separate.

'HALF PROMENADE'—(8) Cross hands, and pass to opposite side of the set, as in Balance Four, and return to place as in Right and Left.

'LADIES HALF CHAIN'—(4) Dance by opposite couples at the same time. Ladies cross over, give right hand to each other in passing; give left hand to the opposite gentleman, and turn one-half around. You have now changed places with the other lady.

'LADIES CHAIN'—Ladies cross to opposite places giving the right hands as they pass each other, and the left hands to the opposite gentlemen—turning once around—give right hand back—left hand to partner and turn to place.

'LADIES GRAND CHAIN'—(8) Same as above with all four ladies. (Note: In some localities this movement is called Grand Right and Left.)

'LADIES PASS TO THE RIGHT'—(4) Four steps to right, balance four steps to that gentleman.

MARCH, USED IN LANCERS—(8) Ladies to right, gentlemen to left. Both lines turn and march to the foot of the set, pass each other, continue on to the head, the ladies passing inside the line of gentlemen. All have now changed sides, ladies in one line, gentlemen in the other, with both lines facing each other.

MOULINET—A wheel formation. Four ladies or gentlemen join right hands across, walk half around, turn, give left hands back, and return to place.

'NEXT COUPLE'—Count from the head couple going to the right.

'PROMENADE FOUR'—(8) Partners cross hands, right hands above, promenade across, passing to the right of advancing couple, and taking their places. Return to place in same manner.

'PROMENADE ALL'—(8) Partners cross hands, and promenade around in a circle.

'RIGHT AND LEFT'—(8) By two opposite couples; couples cross over, ladies inside, gentlemen in passing touching lady's right hand. When in opposite couple's place, gentleman take partner's left hand in his left and turn ha'f around, and repeat back to place.

'RIGHT AND LEFT SIX'—(8) Couple leads to right, circle four hands half around; now face as in 'right and left'—passing on through the two couples directly in line (six persons go through the movement instead of four).

'SIDES'—The Third and Fourth couples.

'THE OTHER WAY'—The opposite of the usual way.

'TURN PARTNERS'—(4) Lady and gentleman join both hands waist high and turn once around. To swing partners in the waltz position, the weight of the body of each should rest on the ball of the right foot, turning with the toe of the left.

'TURN CORNERS'—(4 or 8) Gentleman take four steps to lady on the left, join both hands, and turn. Repeat back to partner.

*Good Morning*, a dance manual of the Old American Dances, compiled for Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford, contains 169 pages of calls, descriptions and some music of the dances taught in the Ford School. Price 75 cents.

Also, there are 20 orchestrations of 11 parts each—25 cents each orchestration, or $4.00 for the lot. Book and music will be mailed upon receipt of price.

Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

Please order by number.

1. Grand Pa's Favorite
2. Sicilian Circle
3. Virginia Reel
4. Medley Waltz
5. Medley Two Step
6. Varsovienne
7. Rye Waltz
8. Oriental Lancers
9. Heel and Toe Polka
10. Old Southern Schottische
11. Money Musk
12. Badger Gavotte
13. Waltz No. 2
14. Ripple
15. Ticknor's Quadrille
16. My Queen Medley Waltz
17. Luxemburg Schottische
18. Sea Side Polka
19. Club Quadrille
20. Day Break Waltz

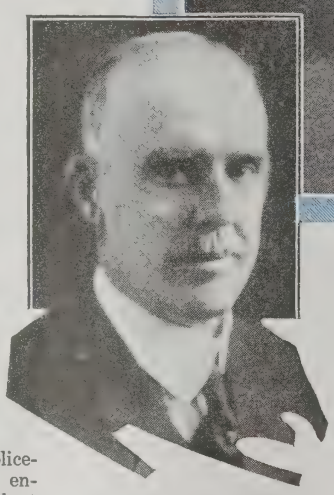
# San Francisco Says 'Shoot to Kill!'

## Order to Police Creates Notable Decrease in the Volume of Serious Crime

By H. H. DUNN

SAN Francisco, California, a city of approximately 507,000 inhabitants, has just completed nearly three years of interesting experiment in the checking of crime by its police department. The effort has been directed mainly toward a reduction of the number of murders committed by burglars, holdup men, sneak-thieves, and similar violators of the law. The experiment was inaugurated by Daniel J. O'Brien, chief of police of San Francisco, when, late in 1923, he issued an order to all patrolmen, plain-clothes men, payroll escorts, detectives and watchmen to protect themselves at all times, to allow no criminal or suspected man to 'get the drop on them,' and to shoot immediately and straight in defending their own lives. What was literally a school of fire was established in the police department at San Francisco, and every man on the force taught to shoot.



Above—Daniel J. O'Brien, chief of police, San Francisco. Left—Captain Duncan Matheson, chief of detectives of the San Francisco Police Department.

The criminal world of San Francisco interpreted this order to mean 'shoot to kill,' and as a matter of fact that is just what it did mean. The result was a remarkable falling off in the number of attempts to kill patrolmen, detectives and watchmen, and a similarly notable decrease in the number of homicides in general. The majority of the murders in every American community are committed by men surprised while committing other crimes, mainly burglary. The idea that if a policeman came upon a man engaged in theft, occupied at breaking into a building, or otherwise invading private property, he could and would shoot to kill, has proved an effective damper, not alone on killings in San Francisco, but on burglaries as well.

The fiscal year of the San Francisco Police Department starts on July 1 and concludes on June 30 of the following year. For the year 1917-18 there were committed in San Francisco 54 murders. For 1922-23, there were 34 such crimes, policemen figuring largely as the victims. For the first six months of the 1923-24 police-department year there were only ten homicides. At the end of the police year in 1925 the crime percentage of all California had decreased 8 per cent under 1924 and that of San Francisco had dropped about 27 per cent. Up to 1923, the 'war madness' was supposed to have caused a number of killings, but statistics indicate that the war had little to do with crime, but that foreign immigration had a great deal to do with it.

The 'shoot-to-kill' order—since the criminal world has adopted that name for it—also had another valuable result. It materially reduced the amount of stolen property, including automobiles, which went unrecovered, and tremendously increased the recoveries by the police of all kinds of stolen property. This was due to two factors: First, the burglar or thief, caught in the act, and knowing that the 'cop' would shoot and shoot straight at the first hostile motion by the criminal, in the majority of cases dropped his loot and threw up his hands; second, the criminal, caught either in committing the act or thereafter, knew that in dealing with the San Francisco policeman or detective he was in the hands of a man who had the power of life and death over him. In the hope of 'getting off easy,' a hope which seldom materialized, the criminal revealed the whereabouts of the stolen property. Possibly a third factor is the greater confidence every policeman and detective has in his own powers under this order.

Back of this order from the chief of police, and assisting mightily in the reduction of crime in San Francisco, as well as in other cities of California, stand two unusual state laws. The first of these is one to the effect that any and every person who enters any building, even a tent, with the intent to commit or attempt to commit theft of any kind, is guilty of burglary. The moment that such a person enters a building of any kind he commits a felony. That is a powerful weapon in the hands of the police and the criminal courts.

In 1923, the California State Legislature went even further, and passed into law a bill forbidding the manufacture, importation, sale, gift, loan or possession of blackjacks, slingshots, billies, sandclubs, sandbags, or metal knuckles within the state. This law further forbids the carrying of any explosive substance or any dirk or dagger upon the person, making such action a felony, and prescribing imprisonment of from one to five years as the penalty. It also prohibits any unnaturalized foreign-born person, and any person who has been convicted of a felony, from owning, or having in his possession, any pistol, revolver or other firearm capable of being concealed on the person.

Beyond this, the new law provides that any person attempting to commit a felony in California while armed with any of the weapons above mentioned, or with any other weapon which can be concealed upon the person, shall be punished, on conviction for the felony, with an additional term of imprisonment of five to ten years for the first offense, such term to begin at the expiration of the term inflicted as punishment for the felony.

Then comes the most important and valuable clause in the law. It is worth quoting in full:

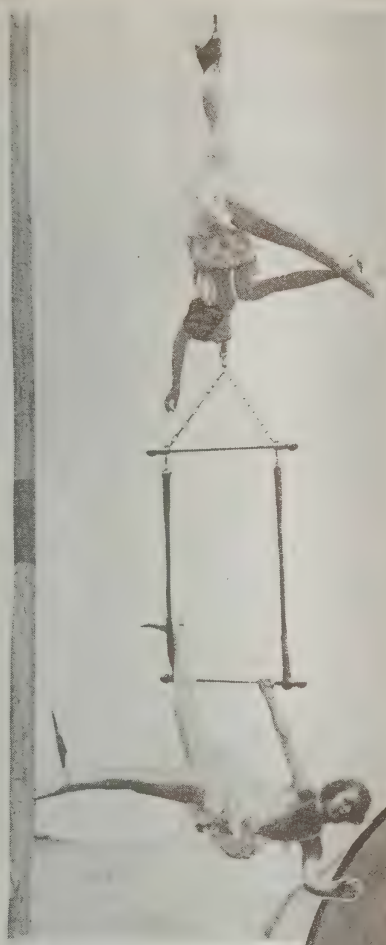
> In the trial of a person charged with committing or attempting to commit a felony against the person of another while armed with any of the weapons mentioned in section one hereof, or while armed with any pistol, revolver, or other firearm capable of being concealed upon the person, without having a license or permit to carry such firearm, the fact that he was so armed shall be *prima facie* evidence of his intent to commit such felony.

Sob-sisters, sensation-seeking editors and other meddlers in the control and segregation of criminals, raised their wails to the blue skies of California when the following paragraph was inserted:

> In no case shall any person punishable under the preceding sections of this act be granted probation by the trial court; nor shall the execution of the sentence imposed upon such person be suspended by the court.

The law has materially assisted in the cleaning out of the stocks of blackjacks, sandbags, billies, clubs, daggers and brass knuckles formerly sold openly by the pawnbrokers of California cities. Further than this, it has given to the police the right of sudden and unexpected search of the dens maintained by these pawnbrokers for the convenience of their criminal patrons.

# *Summer Days Are Circus Days*



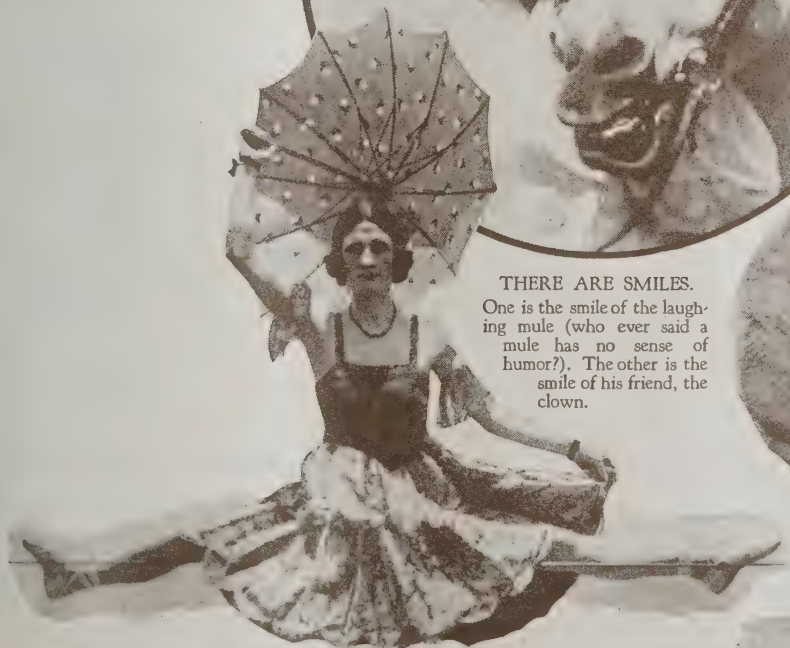
THRILLS ON THE TRAPEZE.
One way to cool off is to go a-swinging through the air—maybe.



BATHING THE BABY.
A delightful occupation for any hot summer afternoon.



THERE ARE SMILES.
One is the smile of the laughing mule (who ever said a mule has no sense of humor?). The other is the smile of his friend, the clown.



TRYING THE TIGHT-ROPE. Looks easy, here. Let's go and try it for ourselves.



THE PRANCING PACHYDERM.
Those who have wondered how it would be to dance with an elephant can learn from this.

THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL



'OF THE two great parties, which, at this hour, almost share the nation between them, I should say that one has the best cause, and the other contains the best men. The philosopher, the poet, or the religious man, will, of course, wish to cast his vote with the democrat, for free trade, for wide suffrage, for the abolition of legal cruelties in the penal code, and for facilitating in every manner the access of the young and the poor to the sources of wealth and power. But he can rarely accept the persons whom the so-called popular party propose to him as representatives of these liberalities . . . On the other side, the conservative party, composed of the most moderate, able, and cultivated part of the population, is timid, and merely defensive of property. It vindicates no right, it aspires to no real good, it brands no crime, it proposes no generous policy, it does not build nor write, nor cherish the arts, nor foster religion, nor establish schools, nor encourage science, nor emancipate the slave, nor befriend the poor, or the Indian, or the immigrant. From neither party, when in power, has the world any benefit to expect in science, art, or humanity, at all commensurate with the resources of the nation.'

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson* (1840).

051
DEA

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Volume 26, Number 40

Five Cents a Copy JULY 24, 1926 $1.50 a Year



HOME OF EMERSON, CONCORD, MASS.

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH



# *For utmost safety when women drive*

Steep roads, narrow turns, uncertain footing—all these conditions used to make the average woman hesitate to drive a car. But today, thanks to the safety features of Firestone Tires, all roads are alike to her confident hand, when her car carries this equipment.

She relies on the quick grip of the non-skid tread and its instant response to wheel and brakes. This prompt action is equally reassuring to her in city driving, where it saves the nervous tension of crowded traffic.

The Firestone exclusive process of Gum-Dipping is an important factor for the long mileage which users of these tires enjoy. This extra process gives extra strength and flexibility, insuring the comfortable riding of the low-pressure tire without sacrifice of wear. It provides also, the dependability which means freedom from delay and tire-trouble.

There is a Firestone Dealer near you—ready with helpful service and tires which, on all roads, in every season, give the security and saving of—

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

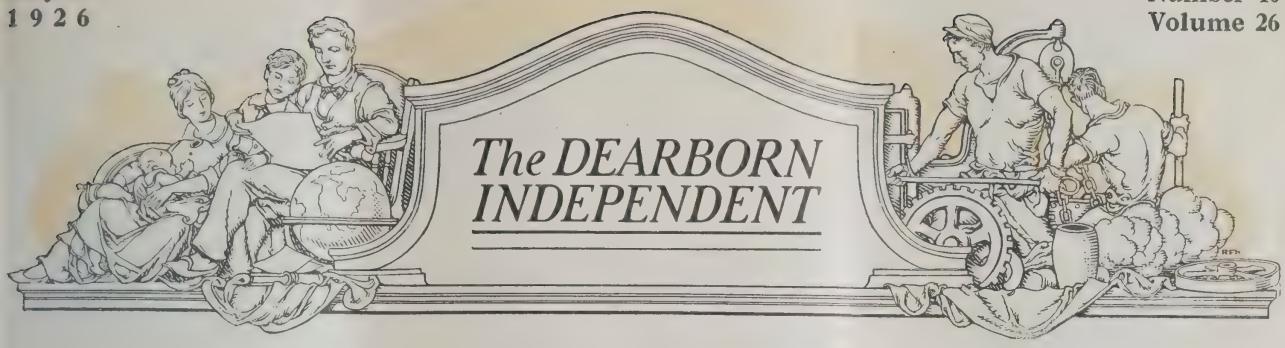
The Mark of Quality

# Firestone

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER . . . Harvey S. Firestone

July 24
1926

Number 40
Volume 26



# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

## THE ESSENCE OF THIS ISSUE:

Mr. Ford's Page this week continues the study of the human parasite, his nature, methods and effects.

---

Wall Street picked Alton B. Parker for the Presidency *two years before he was nominated by the Democrats.* Parker was slated for the post by Pierpont Morgan. A friend told Roosevelt of the selection, and Roosevelt told the writer of this article. (p. 3)

---

It was the biggest news beat of a generation—*but no one would believe it.* Parker was an obscure New York judge, unknown to the country as a whole. He was unthought of for the nomination. Our author printed the story; but because he could not substantiate it with Roosevelt's name (being bound by newspaper ethics), people laughed at him. It was, they said, a preposterous tale. (p. 3)

---

But the story was true. Later events proved that. And now, for the first time, Roosevelt's confidant on that occasion tells the *whole* inside story. He takes us behind the political scenery where the stage managers are pulling the wires. He tells not only of Parker's nomination, but of Garfield's and Benjamin Harrison's. This is a most interesting political article. (p. 3)

---

We have a new Moloch in America—publicity. Hundreds fall down and worship before it. The limelight seems to measure reputation in this country. We don't care how a person gets there or who he is; the press-agent blah molds our opinion about him. (At least, that's the way it seems.) A little expert publicity, and nobodies become personages overnight; vapid faces stare out at us from rotogravure sections. Thomas L. Masson analyzes in a delightful way this latest phase of our national life. (p. 4)

---

Foursquare, painted white, eaves like serene brows shading the windows of the second story . . . set a little apart from the thoroughfare, among its own guard of trees, with a small porch on the north, approached along a straight path lined with white flagstones—this was Emerson's house of threescore years ago, remembered by Julian Hawthorne. And it is the house of today, shown on the cover.

---

Julian Hawthorne takes us into the home in the day of its glory. Famous persons from all the world are there, and the Lowells, the Holmeses, the Alcotts, the Longfellows from Cambridge and Boston. Emerson, one lank leg draped over the other, leans forward, smiles. Questions are asked, answered . . . Others have written of Emerson, the brilliant essayist. Hawthorne writes of Emerson, the man, seen through the eyes of boyhood. (p. 14)

---

Higher critics do not tear the Bible to pieces. That is, it is not higher criticism's business in the world to do that. As Dr. William E. Barton explains, the genuine critics seek to clarify the Bible so we can understand it better. There are also pseudo-critics. Criticism is the science of correct judgment. It is constructive study. The scholar who does not believe the Bible is in a distinct sense unfitted for critical work upon it. (p. 7)

---

This man catches rattlesnakes with a trout pole. He fishes them out in the blazing desert miles from the nearest stream. Snakes are his chief hobby, his life work. And knowing snakes, he says our conception of them is all wrong. They are really, he contends, the friends, not the enemies, of mankind, for they destroy vast hordes of rats and other pests. (p. 2)

---

The fall of the franc has made of France a spendthrift nation. With their currency at a new low level, the French, ordinarily a frugal people, are spending their money as fast as they get it. No matter how low the franc is, it can still go lower. *Buy while it's worth something*—that's the attitude of the people. The result is a false boom. Factories are working overtime; unemployment is almost unknown. But the people are dreading the future. (p. 6)

---

Tragedy stalked Magellan. But it was tragedy of his own making. Arrogant, domineering, he tried to rid himself of his more capable lieutenants so there would be none to question his acts. The mutiny of St. Julian Bay has been attributed by history to the hardships suffered by the men there. But Charles J. Finger is rewriting history in his series on the Voyage of the *Victoria.* Magellan, he shows in this installment, was himself largely responsible for the revolt. (p. 16)

---

The Arctic still holds in its grip the tragic story of the death of Sir John Franklin and his men. Bits of it have been pieced together by the rescuing parties that tried to save the gallant explorers, but the whole story has never been told. And it never will. (p. 20)

---

There is another article by Dr. Kumm this week on Africa and its marvelous resources . . . And a story on plagiarism, intentional and unintentional . . . And an interpretation of Jane Eyre, one of the dramatic characters of fiction.

CONTENTS

Emerson House at Concord - - - - - - Cover
*Gerald Van der Heyden*
A Good Word for Snakes - - - - - - - - 2
*John Edwin Hoag*
When Morgan Picked a Presidential Nominee 3
*Allan L. Benson*
America, the Limelighter's Paradise - - - - 4
*Thomas L. Masson*
The Secret of the Franc's Collapse - - - - 6
*A. R. Pinci*
What's Wrong With Higher Critics? - - - - 7
*William E. Barton*
Brain-Children Are Sometimes Stolen - - - 8
*Morris S. Turner*
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
Under the White Tops With 'Gil' - - - - - 12
*Harry E. Barnet*
Boyhood Impressions of Emerson - - - - 14
*Julian Hawthorne*
The Voyage of the *Victoria*—The Mutiny - - 16
*Charles J. Finger*
Chats With Office Callers - - - - - - - - 19
Eternal Snows Hide Arctic Tragedy - - - - 20
*Burt M. McConnell*
Africa—Land of Ivory, Gold and Diamonds - 24
*H. K. W. Kumm*
'I Have as Much Soul—and Heart—as You' - 28
*Lewis Worthington Smith*
I Read in the Papers - - - - - - - - - 32

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer;
C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.50 A YEAR in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year.
SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

# A Good Word for Snakes

## A Spirited Defense of Reptiles by a Man Who Has Studied Them for Twenty Years



WILLIS A. ROWE, the snake-man, fishing in the desert for rattlers.

By JOHN EDWIN HOAG

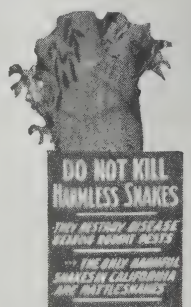
THE very words 'snake' and 'reptile' have long been synonyms for cold, slimy villainy, traits utterly lacking in those creatures themselves, and therefore applicable only to certain members of the human race. Scorned and neglected by most students of natural history, shrouded in ignorance, superstition and prejudice, reptiles are the most misunderstood and maligned form of animal life on earth today.

In recent years, however, some scientists have so far managed to overcome their prejudices as to study the reptiles. They have already turned sufficient earth in their search for knowledge to put a charge of high explosive under nearly every one of our pet snake stories and theories. They have proved to us that reptiles are by no means the menace to human life they are popularly believed to be. On the contrary, they show us that snakes pay big dividends to mankind in return for any mischief they do. We are told that while poisonous reptiles do occasionally cause the death of a human being, they save thousands of lives, and millions of dollars' worth of property for every life taken.

The writer is indebted to Willis A. Rowe, of San Fernando, California, for the inspiration and much of the material for the building of this article. Mr. Rowe is not a college man, nor is he connected with any institution or laboratory of biological research. He has no degrees, yet he enjoys the friendship and correspondence of many noted scientists, and is recognized by them as an authority on herpetology.

Twenty years ago he became interested in reptiles. He has studied them in the field, in his own laboratory, and in the reptile house which he established from his own funds upon his own property at San Fernando. His work is all the more interesting to the layman because he has concerned himself chiefly with the study of the life scheme and habits of reptiles, rather than with the number of scales on their backs, cellular structure of anatomy, and other details that would be uninteresting and monotonous to anyone but a student of zoölogy.

The chief harm man has done by foolishly killing every reptile he ever had a chance to kill, according to Mr. Rowe, has been to harm himself. It has been proved that the rattlesnake is dangerous to man only in self-defense. He helps man by killing off from 100 to 150 rats, mice, gophers, and ground squirrels every year. The rattler eats almost nothing else, and in doing this he helps man to feed himself through agricultural pursuits.




In the United States there are only three varieties of venomous reptiles whose bite may be considered dangerous or deadly. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred even a poisonous snake will retreat for the nearest cover at the sight of a human being. The rattlesnake may not always retreat but he plays a fairer game than a lot of people. Crowd him, and he coils, lifts his tail, and gives off that buzzing metallic sound, audible many feet away, from which he derives his name.

The different species of rattlesnakes are pretty generally distributed over the entire United States. California probably has more of them than any other state in the Union, with the possible exception of Texas. There was only one death from rattlesnake bite in the state of California during 1925. This fact is significant because it proves conclusively that no one source of danger to human life in the West has been more outrageously exaggerated than the so-called rattlesnake peril. Hundreds of thousands of persons sought recreation in the 'rattlesnake country' last year. Only one life was lost!

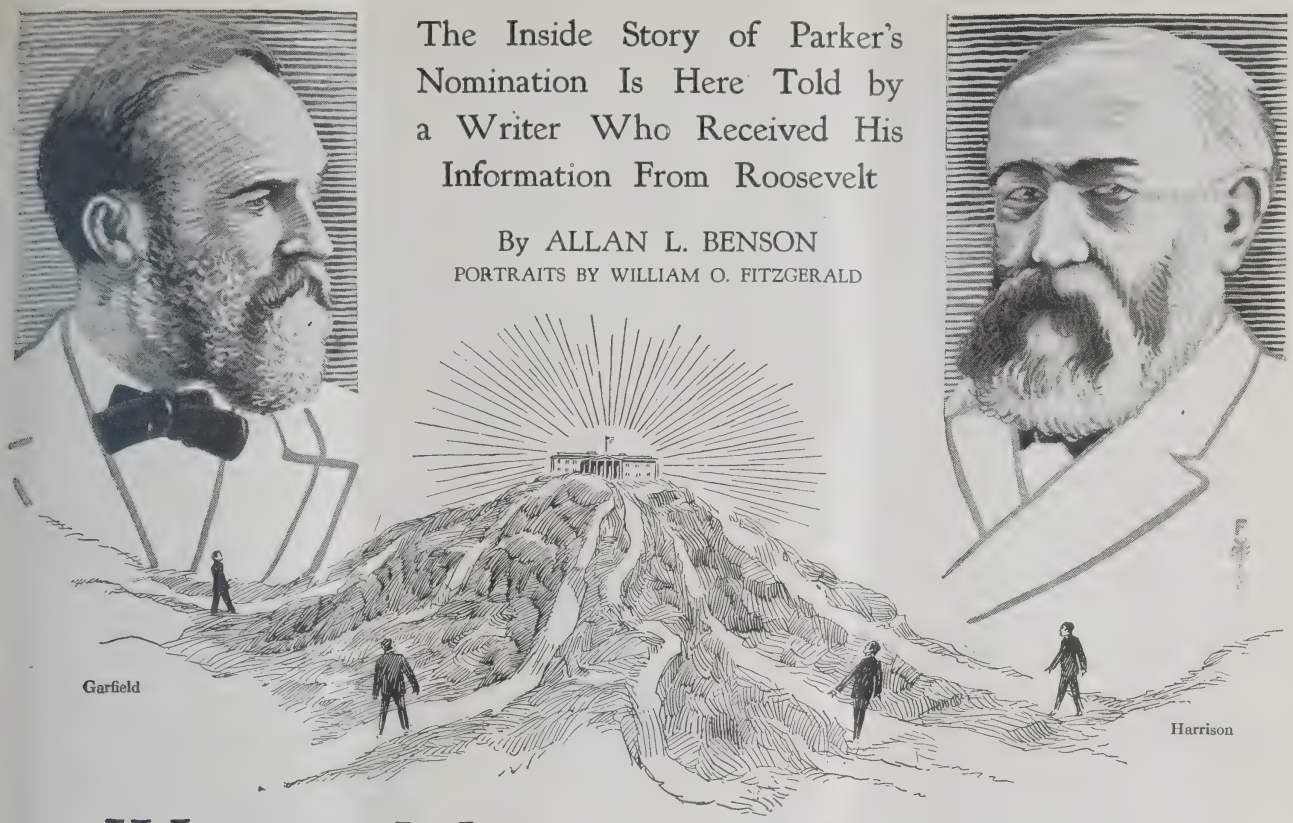
My mention of snake-bite kits to Mr. Rowe brought up a long list of inherited misinformation stories about snakes. This included the old, horsehair rope hoax. It started many years ago, being given motive power probably by somebody who had a lot of horsehair ropes to sell. Systematic propaganda, taking advantage of public ignorance, set in motion the story that a rattlesnake will not crawl over a horsehair rope. Just why the rattlesnake's 'tummy,' impervious to cactus thorns, sharp stones, and rocks heated to solar temperatures to repel the human hand, should be so responsive to the unknown magic of horsehair doesn't seem to be quite clear. But that's the story just the same.

Thousands of persons have bought the ropes, and probably have got their money's worth out of them by soundly sleeping in the belief that no rattlesnake would invade the horsehair bounded circle.

It was a little desert sidewinder, the small gray rattlesnake of the arid regions, that ruined my faith in horsehair. I was sleeping on the ground when the sidewinder called. He came (Continued on page 30)



Spiking the old horsehair rope tradition. A rope barrier was thrown about this rattler, but he glided over it as readily as though it were a piece of spaghetti.




The Inside Story of Parker's Nomination Is Here Told by a Writer Who Received His Information From Roosevelt

By ALLAN L. BENSON

PORTRAITS BY WILLIAM O. FITZGERALD

# WHEN MORGAN PICKED A PRESIDENTIAL NOMINEE

THE Presidency of the United States is a blinding white light set upon the highest political peak in the world, but the paths that lead to it are often hidden in shadows. Alton B. Parker, who died in New York last May, was once on a path that led to the Presidency, but the story of how he got there has never been told in such a manner that anybody could believe it. I told the story almost two years before he was nominated but nobody could believe it because it was impossible for me to disclose the source of my information.

What queer pranks fate plays! Here was the greatest newspaper story of its kind that I ever handled during all the years I was engaged in newspaper work, yet the press association that served our newspaper would not touch it and the readers of our paper were perhaps justified in regarding it as a fake. The article fell dead from the press, twenty-two years ago, because I was unable to state that President Roosevelt was the authority for it. No writer who knows his groceries ever quotes the President. It is against the rules.

This double-headed political and newspaper story may now be worth telling. In September, 1902, Theodore Roosevelt, who had been President just a year, came to Detroit. Inasmuch as I happened at that time to be managing editor of the Detroit *Times* (Detroit *Today* it was then called), I was one of those who were invited to a reception that was to be held on Sunday morning at the home of Senator Alger. There was a scurrying to the hat stores to buy plug hats. Men who had never before worn one nor ever afterward were thus arrayed disguised themselves so satisfactorily that the recognition of close friends required a moment's hesitation.

Merely to stand in line and eventually shake Mr. Roosevelt's hand did not much appeal to me. Young and greedy as I was, I wanted something more. I wanted to hear him talk. Knowing how bumptious he was, it occurred to me that perhaps the best thing I could do would be to say something that would jar him, so I determined to tell him that some of the people in the Middle West suspected that, in the matter of the trusts, he was carrying water on both shoulders. On my way to the Alger residence, I met a Washington newspaper correspondent who told me that 'Wall Street' had already selected a man to run against Roosevelt in 1904. I knew this correspondent was in a position to hear inside stuff, but I did not realize at the moment what a lead he had given me. Such stories, two years in advance, are seldom worth much.

So when I moved along the line until I reached the President, and General Alger introduced me with a little chaff about being a Democrat (I was working on a Democratic newspaper), I hurled the brick about carrying trust water on both shoulders. Roosevelt performed exactly according to expectations.

'Young man,' said he, 'anybody who had the slightest knowledge of my character would not suspect that.'

'Some men,' I replied, 'who believe they have considerable knowledge of your character suspect it.'

'What do you mean?' he asked.

'I mean that the Wall Street interests have already picked out the man who is to run against you.'

Never in my life did I ever see a man's face change so suddenly. A moment before he had been looking for trouble. After he heard what I said he was looking for information.

'What do you know about this?' he asked. His voice had fallen and there was no menace in it. The politician in him had run across a scent and wished to trace it to its source.

'All I know,' I replied, 'is that a man who is very close to Senator McMillan, of Michigan, told me that the Wall Street interests had selected a man to run against you.'

The President looked around the room to spot his secretary.

'Mr. Cortelyou,' he *(Continued on page 27)*

# America, the Limelighter's Paradise

## Passion for Individual Exploitation Has Created a Monster Commercial Octopus

By THOMAS L. MASSON

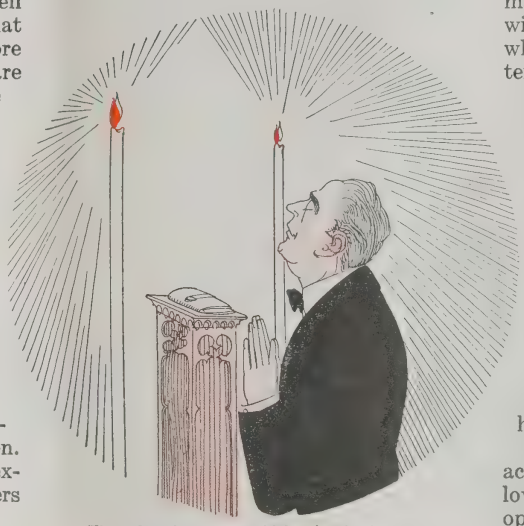
ILLUSTRATED BY W. O. FITZGERALD

EVERY observer of the human scene as it is unfolding before us today may well ask himself why it is that more nobodies than were ever before known in the history of the world are crowded to the front, amid the blare of saxophones and the din of headlines, while the men and women who are doing the real work of humanity are rarely if ever heard of. There are several answers to this question.

One lies in the extraordinary profits to be made by limelight exposures, from which have flowered the ubiquitous press agents. These persons, concealed in the background of every 'going' personality, have acquired an almost unbelievable skill in exploitation. Many of them are women. Some of these agents are employed exclusively by one individual. Others have a number of clients.

I recall quite vividly an interview I had but recently with a charming woman, who confided to me that she was responsible for a well-known psychologist; had, so to speak, 'brought him out.' A week later I met her in the private office of a motion-picture magnate. He said that he employed her for odd jobs. These women, clever, graceful, educated, continually make the rounds of the newspapers, sit in at informal luncheons, know everybody, and are of course known for what they do. But that makes small difference.

The number and variety of persons who are seeking to exploit themselves through these agents are incredible. To get their names in the papers, by hook or crook, is the great quest.



The only thing sacred which exists in the minds of publicity experts is their own pocketbook.

As far as the real people are concerned, we must not forget that to accomplish anything really permanent and worth while requires uninterrupted devotion to their work, and so great is the pressure for publicity, that most of them actually have to defend their seclusion. Men and women of the highest usefulness cherish obscurity as their bulwark against time.

Aside from the obvious money-making urge, we must go deep if we wish to discover the hidden causes which have given rise to what may be termed the most abnormal social condition in history, now going on in this country. For this cannot altogether be accounted for so much by the astonishing multiplication of the channels of publicity or the repressed love of excitement and adventure, as it is to the examples too often presented by our public men, and the cold, calculating efficiency of those master magicians of modern publicity who deliberately derive their enormous incomes from trading in the most shameless propensities of human nature.

Thus the so-called emotional reactions of a master criminal (as they love to call him), his trifling low-grade opinions, his posed photographs, his psychological drivel, all betraying as they do the unmistakable marks which go with the lowest mentality, are written up by 'super' women reporters in the tense phraseology of the sensation-monger, and a motion-picture actress, who conceives the brilliant idea of having a picture painted on her bare back or who decks out her chauffeur in a baker's chalk suit with ermine wrist bands, is a much more important asset to our national culture than those whose life labors have succeeded in alleviating for all time some hitherto incurable affliction common to humanity.




Every observer may well ask himself why it is that more nobodies than were ever before known in the history of the world are crowded to the front.

If a list were made of all the men who, during the last fifty years, have added not only to the comfort but have widened the mental horizon of the human race—say in commerce, medicine, art, music, mathematics, astronomy, radio, jurisprudence, and literature—no paper would think of printing it. But it must not be forgotten that these men have been lifted out of the obscurity natural to the genuine student and benefactor by the mere force of their genius, not because they cared for publicity but because they could not well avoid it. It is also important to note that these men, in many instances, were the culmination of a long succession of obscure workers. Darwin made no new discovery; he laboriously gathered the data, built up the evidence and confirmed the conclusions independently arrived at by scattered workers.

It may also be observed that, in some respects, literature is an exception to this rule. Some of the best-known writers of today are undoubtedly the best writers. Yet when we come to examine literature particularly, we soon see that the most superficial and decadent writers are the ones who make the loudest claims and are most clacked about by the crowd whose business it is to clack and be clacked about.

Thus each writer who has acquired what is known as his 'audience' and for the sake of this 'audience' is largely let alone by the proprietors of his particular channel of publicity, is not only a writer on his own account, but a logroller and press agent also. In many cases his sincerity is genuine enough. But it can easily be seen that where writers entrenched in paying positions have the constant opportunity to boost other writers and in turn be boosted themselves, this condition hardly conduces to any rigid moral standard. In these circumstances even a fight may be a frame-up.

The same thing is true when it comes to criticism.

At the start of a recent theatrical season I attended the opening night performance of a musical revue, by invitation of a well-known dramatic critic who had been presented by the management, according to a vicious custom, with two seats which were selling for eleven dollars each, and which he told me he could easily dispose of for twenty-five dollars each.

This performance, packed to the doors, was attended by many New York *notables*, a convenient name devised for the species I am attempting to define. Among these were the leading dramatic critics themselves, one of whom was at that time being advertised on billboards and elsewhere by a great metropolitan daily as a superman of literature and dramatic prescience. One of the refined features of this show was the presence, in an upper tier of boxes, of a notorious woman, accompanied by her cohort of cabaret dancers, whose chief claim to fame was that she had been raided more times by the police than any other of her class; and also, one of the features of this show was a burlesque stage setting of this woman's night club.



It is to America that the strange birds of all nations flock in search of prey.

As a combination of stupid and inane humor, of decadent and almost brutal vulgarity and revolting nakedness, all the critics with whom I talked agreed that the performance was unrelieved by a single original idea, admitting the beauty of the scenes and costumes (where there were any); yet with scarcely an exception the next morning's papers either passed over the banalities with an offensive raillery or else classified the revue as brilliant. Only one or two referred to the fact that it was an overflow from a previous show, duplicating many of the features.

One of the most effective byplays consisted in a discordant conversation between the lover of a married woman and her husband in which the husband apologized—amid roars of laughter from the clackers—for interfering. This is the kind of thing for which the most ostensibly intelligent people in the richest city in the world are willing to pay twenty-five dollars a seat.

The defense put up by one critic, not of this particular show but which will answer quite well as illuminative of the whole condition, was about in the following words:

'I admit the show is rotten, but the producers have put a lot of money into it and a whole lot of people are involved; it is hardly fair to pound it too hard, one has to be careful. Besides, the little girl who takes the leading part is trying to make good and she's a good little guy.' He showed a scrawl from her sent the day before:

'For Gods sake Billy remember I'm nervous and dont pan me.'

This instance should not be taken as a standard of the attitude of all dramatic critics. Ask yourself what you would do in their places. We may not condemn individuals, we must go beyond them to the social causes, not the least of which, as I have indicated, are greed and vanity, combining in an ingrained selfishness in which the importance of each individual is, in his own eyes, so magnified that he is unable to see that there is any responsibility on his part beyond it. It is all a part of the system of logrolling and buck-passing plainly discernible in all the avenues through which the public is reached.

It certainly does not take any seer to discover the fact that if superficial cleverness, shameless exploitation, common vulgarity and the stupidest commonplaces of a crass sentimentality are held up constantly as a pattern of conduct, the average public taste, already at a low ebb, has no chance to rise, by its own inherent craving, to better levels.

In other words, the men and women at the head of our social system are deliberately, if in many cases unconsciously, exploiting those beneath them in the scale, for their own purposes. It is quite true that through history it has always been the case that the leaders have thus used the led. But along with our expanded system of efficiency, symbolized by the apotheosis of the press agent, there has risen up the smug boast of an exalted altruism, whereby we proclaim ourselves the self-appointed saviors of humanity.

America is the only country in the world where the passion for individual exploitation has been *(Concluded on page 18)*

THE fact is that the franc can be worth its face value ***in proportion to its circulation of paper,*** if all other factors are equal. Roughly, there were about 6,000,000,000 francs in circulation prior to the war. The present circulation, it is believed, is between eight and nine times that number. Taking this fact alone into consideration, a paper franc can be worth a little less than one-eighth or a little more than one-ninth of its 1914 value.

# The Secret of the Franc's Collapse

## Politicians and Bankers Devise 'Remedies,' But the Common People Suffer

By A. R. PINCI

PRIVATE correspondence from French citizens reveals a situation in France which the 'exchange' news in the current newspapers has not depicted. With the franc reaching approximately three cents in American money—three cents as measured by the gold standard—the French people are worried. Between politics and finance, which together have influenced the descent of the franc, the French householder is in despair.

Those who were well off five years ago do not know how poor they are today, nor how much poorer they are going to be tomorrow.

Three and a half years ago, in an article in this magazine, I declared the true value of the franc was about half of its quoted value of eight cents, and said that a banker abroad told me 'it ought to be even less.' That statement was based, not upon the responsibility and thrift and honesty of the French people, but upon the merry-go-round of 'economic policy' which, after forty-two months, has failed everybody, including many of the politicians involved.

This summer is seeing vast hordes of American tourists descending on France just as they swooped upon Germany when the mark was at low ebb.

When a dollar can buy from thirty to thirty-five francs (perhaps an even greater number, should its exchange value drop further), and a tourist with $50 can do France for a month and still have a few coins left as souvenirs, the temptation to indulge in such cheap traveling is great. Moreover, there is the even greater temptation to buy luxuries and semi-luxuries, and trunks of the returning visitors will bulge with articles bought with depreciated francs.

*Artificial Remedies Have Proved Utterly Useless*

Meanwhile the prospect of a furious rise in the cost of living for the innocent French bystander becomes more ominous. By this time the people have learned that a change of cabinet, new ministers of finance, debt agreements, and Morgan 'stabilizing loans' are about useless. Having failed so far, the possibilities for success of artificial remedies of this kind are more remote than ever.

Our news columns frequently refer to the $100,000,000 Morgan loan to France. They refer to the fact that the French Government has either left it intact or used only a part of it. Its existence may be very comforting to bankers and exchange authorities, but the French citizen has learned that it has failed to stem the downward trend of monetary unit that would be all the safer today had it been permitted to find its natural level when the moneys of other countries began tobogganing.

*Employment Is at Highest Peak Since War*

With the mark and the lira and the krone fairly stable, the franc's vacillations will be sympathetically felt by those moneys. The French people are no longer thinking in terms of gold or silver standard; they are wondering what the franc will buy today and whether it will buy as much a month hence.

'We know what our income is in francs,' writes one friend, 'we do not know just what it will buy for us. The depreciation is not half as appalling as the uncertainty. Politicians and bankers talk and experts confer, but with the war now nearly eight years behind us we are undergoing another torture. Everybody seems to splurge, the era of luxury seems to have infiltrated itself in our midst. It begins to look as though the neighbors have decided to spend their money before it becomes useless.

'My husband has been explaining to me what it is all about financially, and of course the franc's ups and downs is the chief topic of conversation everywhere. We are all becoming talkers about money, as if talk could help us in any way! In francs and centimes the drop has been perceptible, since the franc has dropped two cents in American value in one year, and two cents is a heap of money when one must manage a house for a big family on a fixed income, but careful managing has enabled us to make the sacrifices at home imperceptible. But how much longer can we keep that up? And the fear of waking up some morning to learn from *Le Matin* that the bottom has fallen . . .'

The cost of living must be mounting, because according to reports June the official French estimate for workingman's family of four persor in Paris, gave the index number of 4 for the first 1926 quarter, or a thirt point rise over the previous quart and a fifty-one point rise over the thi 1925 quarter.

Employment is at high peak. C June 1 only 409 persons were drawir unemployment benefits in all of Franc compared with 1,705 in 1925 ar 91,220 in 1921. This year's are th lowest figures registered since th war.

But the employment figures may may not tell the right story. It d pends on how one studies figures. It obvious that if the French people ar becoming spenders, irrespective of th ratio, someone must produce the good or services, yet if the buying is inspire by the fear of a monetary decline th high employment is the precursor hastened unemployment, when th buying orgy will be over.

No one foresees or forecasts tha the franc will go the way of the mark but a readjustment is held inevitable When a London banker told me fou years ago that it would have been bette for Europe if the franc had been per mitted to drop to the bottom, he had i mind the outlook as the French peopl are visualizing i today. Betwee local politicians and the foreign 'ex perts' the fate of the franc has not beer reassuring. Millions upon millions ir premiums and speculative gains have been obtained during the four years which eventually must be footed by the French population.

*Franc Has Suffered From Bankers and Politicians*

The fact is that the franc can be worth its face value in proportion to its circulation of paper, provided all other factors are equal. Roughly, there were about 6,000,000,000 francs in circulation prior to the war, whereas now it is believed the present circulation of paper money is between eight and nine times that figure. Taking this fact alone into consideration, a paper franc can be worth a little less than one-eighth, or a little more than one-ninth, of its 1914 value. That would put it at a fraction above two cents. It was value on this basis that the banker referred to. (Continued on page 22)

# What's Wrong With Higher Critics?

## Because the Bible Was Written in Pieces Should It Be Cut to Pieces?

By WILLIAM E. BARTON

SEVERAL things are the matter with the higher criticism. The first is that most of the people who talk about it do not know what it is they are discussing. One can read or hear vehement and even violent discussions and denunciations by men who could not define either higher or lower criticism if the salvation of their immortal souls depended upon it. If people would take pains to learn what these are, there still would be room for profitable discussion, but heated argument and abuse would be at an end. The beginning, and almost the end, of our trouble is that we have so much heat in which there is no light. What is higher criticism and what is lower criticism, and what is the use, and what are the dangers of both?

Criticism is the science of correct judgment. It was an important event in my young manhood, just before I went to college, when there fell into my hands an old volume entitled, Kames' *Elements of Criticism.* Until that time, I think I had assumed that criticism meant small fault-finding. I found in that fine old book, which I still could recommend to almost anyone, that the science of criticism covers that whole field wherein the basis of knowledge is the faculty of sound judgment. There is no field for criticism in the proposition that two and two are four. But if we are to express the opinion that two particularly large sheep, which we see in one field, are about equal in weight and value to three somewhat smaller ones in another field, a wholly new faculty is called into exercise. Then we must exercise judgment criticism. It may call for more than a mere guessing at the weight and bulk of the sheep. It may require some examination of the length and quality of the wool, condition of health, and many other matters. A large part of our education ought to be given over to the science of correct judgment, a much larger part than now is given to that science.

***Criticism Is Not Mere Fault-Finding***

Criticism does not of necessity mean fault-finding. Criticism may be favorable or unfavorable, may involve praise or blame. Criticism is merely the exercising of educated judgment. An amateur photographer may point his camera haphazard in any direction, east, west, north, south, or even up and down, and push the button. The skilled photographer must be a critic and judge the artistic values of objects, groupings and distances, lights and shadows.

As applied to the study of the Bible, criticism is of two kinds: one called lower and the other higher. Considering that these terms have come into popular use, they are rather unfortunate. They are not intended to mean that one kind of criticism is inferior to the other in value. They are assumed to be equally important, but one is built upon the other. The foundation criticism is called lower because it comes first.

***Higher and Lower Criticisms***

There were once as fierce and bitter fights about the lower criticism as there are now about the higher. These lie pretty well in the past. Practically no one now objects to the lower criticism. The lower critics have won the fight. Some time the same will be true of the higher critics. We shall wonder why there ever was so much fuss about an eminently useful and necessary kind of study.

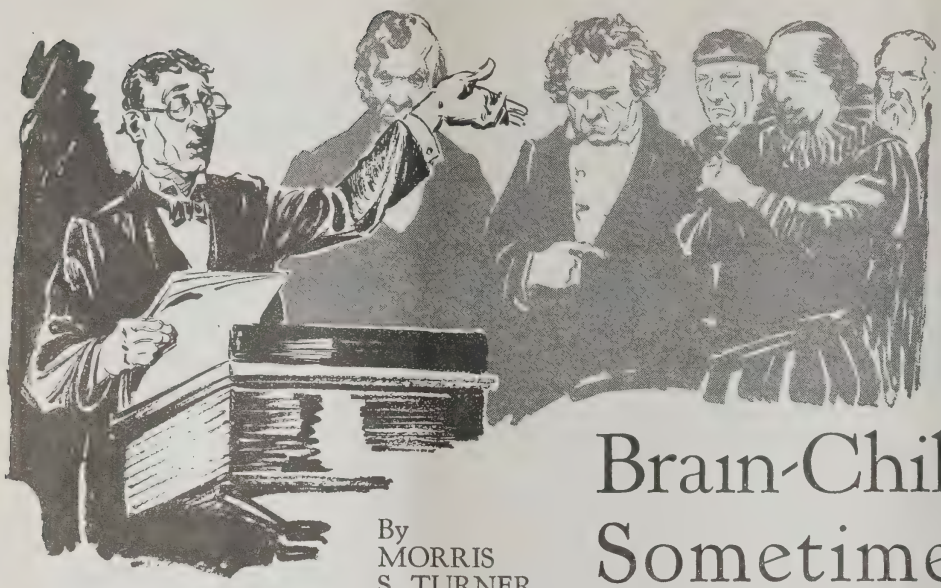
The books of the Old Testament were mainly written in Hebrew, but it was an earlier form of Hebrew than is now used. All the copies that we have of the Old Testament are very late ones, and the text has been much edited. The older a book is and the oftener it is copied, the more variations there are in the text and the more difficult it is to tell just how the original text read. This is true of Homer's *Iliad,* and of Plato's *Dialogs,* and of Julius Caesar's *Gallic War,* and of Cicero's *Oratorios,* just as it is true of the Old Testament, and for that matter, though in lesser degree, the New Testament. But the original writings of the Old Testament were older than any of these, and our present texts are later than texts that we have of the New. Before we can have a correct translation of any ancient book into our own language or any other, we must decide what text we are to use.

The lower criticism of the Bible began under the painstaking study of a man now called a saint. His name was Jerome. He knew that the Bible texts of his day were very faulty. Greek had been the language of the early church, but nearly all scholars in Jerome's day were using Latin. Few of them understood Greek, and almost none of them could read Hebrew. He went to Palestine and spent long years at Bethlehem learning Hebrew and improving his Greek and trying to get an accurate text of the Old and New Testaments. Two faithful women, a widow and her daughter, accompanied him, made a home for him, and helped him financially. Did the whole church rise up and honor Jerome? Hardly anyone honored him in his own day. They said the most scandalous things about the two good women who were with him, and they called him every wicked name they could think of; but he persevered and gave to the church that superb piece of scholarship which has lasted for a thousand years, *The Latin Vulgate.* For centuries it was the sole Bible of the church. It was given to the church not by the authority of any council or supreme representative body, but by the incredible courage and persistence and devotion of a much persecuted man.

***When Men Had to Flee***

Did persecution end with Jerome? On the contrary, our own English Bible is a sorrowful reminder of the sufferings and martyrdom of the men who made it. The story of Wycliffe and of Tyndale is not one in which English-speaking Christians have any right to take pride. The lower criticism of the Bible, on which we depend for all our modern translations, has been wrought out in spite of the ignorant abuse of our scholars by men who thought they were doing God's service. It was honestly believed to be a shocking thing for Jerome to translate the scriptures from the Hebrew and Greek into the Latin. The men who translated the Bible into English had to flee from England and smuggle their copies back into their own country, and even then some of them were overtaken and killed for it. Facts such as these should

*(Concluded on page 23)*



## Authorship of Famous Poem Precipitates Long Dispute

# Brain-Children Are Sometimes Stolen

By MORRIS S. TURNER

PLAYS and scenarios of photoplays are occasionally stolen. Often the suspicion of theft has little basis in fact, but the charges are not infrequently followed by recourse to the law, and once in a great while a verdict supports the accusation.

The next most fruitful field for literary dishonesty is, if all accounts are to be credited, the oratorical contest as staged by colleges and other educational institutions. Many immature and foolish students have appropriated, bodily or in part, forensic masterpieces and gravely spouted them as their own.

When, therefore, the respect for authorship is held in such light esteem it is small wonder that the creators of shorter poems of sentiment which capture public favor should often find the titles to their creations clouded and disputed. In fact it is rather surprising that more cases of this sort of gem theft have not become celebrated.

For many years literary magazines printed poems anonymously and too many writers, out of prudence or sensitiveness, resorted to sobriquets, or pen names.

These and other circumstances conspired to cast at least temporary doubt upon the authorship of that famous poem, *Rock Me to Sleep*, and to precipitate one of the most bitter controversies in the history of American letters.

*McGuffey's Fifth Reader* contained the near classic, credited to Elizabeth Akers Allen, with a note stating that 'five different persons . . . attempted to steal the honor of its composition.'

The poem appeared originally in the *Saturday Evening Post* in 1860, over the signature 'Florence Percy.' This was the pen name of Elizabeth Chase, a native of Maine and a young lady of education and refinement, then 28 years of age, who had contributed poems to and did other work for a newspaper of that state. She had visited Italy shortly before and according to some accounts had sent the poem to the Philadelphia weekly from that country, eventually receiving five dollars for it.

In that same year, 1860, she married Paul Akers, a sculptor of great promise, who was in precarious health and who died the following year.

*Rock Me to Sleep* soon became immensely popular. It was set to music by several composers and was, of course, widely reprinted, sometimes credited to 'Florence Percy' but, often as not, anonymously.

Of course its authorship became confused. Little attention was paid to two or three dabblers in verse who asserted, or did not deny to admiring friends, that they were 'Florence Percy.' The pretensions of one Alexander M. W. Ball, of Elizabeth, New Jersey, however, could not be ignored.

From time to time, during the next few years, the claims of the Bard of Elizabeth were pressed by his friends, who were especially chagrined when, in 1866, Mrs. Akers—she had married E. M. Allen, a successful merchant of New York, in 1865—published a small volume of collected verses and included in it this poem. *(Concluded on page 31)*

## Rock Me to Sleep

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight!
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore;
Take me again to your arms as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care;
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of years!
I am so weary of toils and of tears;
Toils without recompense, tears all in vain;
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue;
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossomed and faded, our faces between;
Yet with strong yearnings and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again;
Come from the silence so long and so deep!
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Over my heart in the days that are flown,
No love like a mother's love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours:
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul, and the world-weary brain;
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again, as of old;
Let it fall over my forehead to-night,
Shielding my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more,
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore:
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother! the years have been long
Since I last hushed to your lullaby song;
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been but a dream;
Clasped to your arms in a loving embrace,
With your long lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep;
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

LAST week we spoke of the human parasite who fastens himself to persons or personal fortunes and whose principal business in life is not contributing a man's weight to moving the load but making himself 'solid,' as he would express it.

The presence of any parasite anywhere is always indicated by an abnormal reaction of one sort or another. If it is a barnacle on a ship, the ship moves with difficulty. If it is a parasite in the blood, the chemical changes which are caused by it result in fever, physical deterioration and disease. If it is a parasite in politics, the whole system becomes venal. If it is a parasite in industry, the industry becomes flabby and sags. If it is a parasite in society, society becomes corrupt.

In none of these cases is the parasite to be blamed. He is nature's scavenger whose place is fixed in the cosmic system, whose instinct it is to fasten himself wherever he can find hospitable footing. There are some places where he cannot gain foothold, because he is resisted. He cannot find footing in a healthy body, because health is resistant. Disease germs of all sorts parade back and forth in the bodies of all, but they can settle down and grow only in bodies that are weakened. Good health is more than good health; it is active resistance to disease. A healthy industry will naturally and automatically cast out the parasite; if he gets a hold it indicates that the temperature of that industry is below normal, its blood pressure weak. And so in society, and everywhere—a good condition offers no footing for a parasite.

Last week we spoke of the effect which the parasite exercises upon the sense of responsibility. He weakens that sense. His influence saps it. But we need not conclude therefore that he does this consciously and intentionally. There is nothing intentionally malicious about a typhoid-fever germ; he is perfectly harmless until he gets where he can do harm. Bulls have their place, but it is not in china shops; disease germs have their place, but it is not in the tissues of the human body. The human parasite may be unconscious of what he is; again he may be shrewdly, intentionally, consciously and ruthlessly malicious, the director of a far-planned scheme of self-exaltation at the expense of anyone or anything.

*PARASITISM is a great evil, but it may also serve as a good by exposing the weakness of a situation. The presence of an active parasite germ simply advertises that the victim thereof has permitted conditions which attract and nurture dangerous growths. Enmity toward the germ leads up to self-examination by the 'host.' What is wrong with society that it should harbor corrupting parasites? What is wrong with a business that it should offer footing to devitalizing parasites? These are exploratory and healing inquiries. The parasite begins as dependent and ends as master. He is best handled before he has bored too far.*

The main quality of his effect, whether conscious or not, is his power to weaken his victim's attachment to responsibility. It is probable that more old American families have gone the road to ineffectual existence by means of the frivolous emphasis, than by any other means. The younger generation which should have taken up responsibility and administered it for the benefit of the country, were headed off young—the devotees of the frivolous life caught them young; they did not become criminal or degenerate; just useless: and as a result we see low-type exploiters directing old American houses, and using old American names and reputations to conceal business practices which are the antithesis of American.

And it all began by slowly introducing the lighter side to the neglect of the responsible side of life. In our day, when the lighter side makes its appeal under so many guises —health, art, society, sport and even science—the wise young business man is on his guard.

The history of the parasite may be summed up in a sentence: he begins as dependent and ends as master. This is true of parasitism in all its forms. The germ which begins as a guest in the body, may end as master of it. In the story of the kings, the parasites who pandered to their master's lighter moods soon found themselves masters of his serious moods. In a conspiracy against society, the people are first weakened by extravagance and frivolity of living; then the very class that turned them into a light-headed, irresponsible generation, turns on them and masters them. It can be done; it has been done.

Dependence on anyone is a subtle form of flattery. And this flattery is the wicket gate through which the first tendrils of influence curl and grow. This influence tends to wean away from arduous cares, and this in turn gives the shrewd parasite opportunity to gain power for himself or, because of his influence with the master, exercise power over those servants to whom power is given. It is the passing of power from the hands that ought to wield it, to hands that ought never to have it. And the beginning of the passing of power is the weakening of the sense of responsibility; and the weakening of the sense of responsibility comes from the parasite's alluring power to the lighter, laughing side of life. This is the course so often regretted.

**'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## *No Fight*

A RECENT writer has remarked that the differences of opinion and interest which now exist between the different parts of the United States are of sufficient intensity and importance to lead to war, were these parts of our country under separate governments. That is, the difficulties existing between European nations, that have frequently led to war, were not different in kind or degree from those which exist today between, say, the West and the East, the western coast and the rest of the country, the southern states and the mercantile power. But we live together in peace through it all and we strive for methods of accommodation because we are bound in a higher unity, the unity of the American ideal. Instead of mobilizing armies, we mobilize parties. Instead of embarking on war, we embark on campaigns of education and persuasion. Our threshing-floor is the forum, not the field. Our unity is worth more to us than all our differences can cancel. We are compelled to think of every question in its national aspects, and its national aspects are sufficiently important to create peace over a large part of the earth. The United States is the projection in miniature of what is universally possible, once the formula is found.

## *Is Russia to Be Blamed?*

GREAT BRITAIN'S protest to Russia against the sending of Soviet gold to British strikers presents an unusual situation. Here is the poorest of nations ostensibly offering charity to the working people of one of the two wealthiest nations in the world. There is no doubt, of course, that it is not charity which moves Russia, but rather a desire for Britain's downfall through the attachment of British labor to Bolshevik ideals. But the fact that there exists in Great Britain a class of people who are the subject of alms, a class of people who may be presumed to want bread, a class of people who are so neglected by their own fellow-countrymen that strangers are given the opportunity of offering their charity—that is a fact that government and people together should consider. Russia has only taken advantage of a situation; man's inhumanity to man has created it. If the Russian gift to British workmen will help to stab the British conscience wide awake, it will be another instance of wicked intentions being overruled for good.

## *To What End?*

THE investigations go merrily on, with much zeal and no small success on the part of the investigators, but with no great apparent danger to the investigated. No one is brought before the bar of judgment, no cleansing of public opinion seems to result, no abolition of wrong conditions is obtained. Enough evil has been uncovered to have shocked the country in other days; today it struggles for a place among the minor headlines. The Teapot Dome investigations have practically dropped from public memory, and only a few insist on knowing what is to become of the individuals indicted for what, if it is proved, is a crime equal to high treason. The war scandals seem to have been abandoned by common consent. Pennsylvania goes undaunted into the Sesqui-Centennial, and Illinois without a blush enters the sacred observances of the Holy Eucharist. There is no appearance of public repentance for our political sins, no sense of shame that unclean hands should officially handle the holy things of patriotism and religion. It is easy to say that if these investigations do not rouse us to a sense of national moral danger, nothing will. But perhaps the country is passing beyond the sphere of the old evils and their equally old exposures. Both may belong to a past era. We may be entering a new, where the whole machinery of political evil and its exposure may be completely scrapped, not by legal enactments, but by the emergence of a new spirit among the people.

## *Comfortable Penalty*

WOMEN of questionable ethics may now violate the laws of the United States with fair assurance that their most drastic punishment will be a pleasant country vacation for a specified term of months. A paternal Government has near completion in West Virginia a most comfortable 'prison' for erring ones. It is built on the cottage type, with thirty prisoners to a cottage. Each cottage will have its own piano, its own modern appointments. Prisoners will while away their time berrying, gardening, milking, churning butter, making dresses, hats. They will be taught to cook, to sew,

Those who peddle drugs, who commit forgery, who use the mails to defraud, who sell booze, will be eligible to this pastoral paradise. Those who resist temptation, who are too

honorable to break the laws of the land are barred! The mothers who struggle against poverty in a grimy, sweltering tenement may conjure scenes of this peaceful haven—but they are not for her: hers are only the wages of virtue, theirs are the 'cottage type' wages of sin.

Prison reform no doubt is needed in some places, but sentimental coddling of convicts is not! Punishment for crime has two elements —actual penalty for breaking the law, and warning not to break it again. We cannot discourage crime in America by making the punishment for it highly attractive.

## *Jeremiah Smith—American*

TO THOSE Europeans who delight in picturing Uncle Sam as a sharp, lean, rapacious individual whose chief pastime is squeezing money from his friends, Jeremiah Smith must come as a distinct shock. Mr. Smith is the Boston economist who has just completed two years' work reorganizing the finances of Hungary. When he visited Premier Blethen to bid him goodby, the Premier handed him a check for $100,000.

'Give it to charity,' responded the American. 'Your poor need it more than I do.'

'But it is your compensation for your two years' service to us,' Count Blethen protested.

'The only compensation I desire for my work is the appreciation and friendship of the Hungarian people.'

'But the vouchers already have been issued by the State and their entry cannot be altered in the treasury books.'

'Then re-enter it in your books,' said Smith, 'as a gift from the American people to the people of Hungary.'

And the matter was ended.

## *Philadelphia Manna*

IN CONCEIVING the Sesqui-Centennial celebration, Philadelphia had a glorious opportunity to do honor both to the nation and herself. If the celebration miserably fails —and there are not lacking those who say it has—it is because a certain group has been inspired with nothing higher than a desire to capitalize on patriotism. Management of the show from its inception has been a disastrous blend of bungling leadership, cupidity and cheap politics. The flavor of American idealism is conspicuously faint. The ideals of the nation's founders have been thrust aside in the mad scramble for concessions' profits and real estate kiting. But even with their liberal privileges the concessionaires were not satisfied. They demanded—and got—an order to keep the Exposition open on the Sabbath, although this is held to be in direct violation of Pennsylvania law. Certainly, the Signers of the Declaration, who are honored by the celebration, would not have gone so far in affronting public opinion and disregarding the law.

It was apathy on the part of the solid citizens of Philadelphia that permitted such a situation to come to pass. They left manipulation of a great patriotic commemoration to the manna-seekers, and the manna-seekers quite naturally followed their own bent. There is something woefully unnecessary in the situation that moves a great Christian church to denounce a supposedly American celebration as *un-Christian and un-American.*

## *The Great Hush-Hush*

THIS is the broad age of suave tolerance. The soft pedal threatens at times to become our national symbol. Tolerance is our shibboleth; intolerance our greatest dread —and yet these are names that have not the remotest relation to the qualities we indicate by them. We must ever compromise. We must not speak our minds lest we offend. Our words must be so innocuous as not to displease anyone. 'Be Bland' is the new commandment.

Pollyanna-like, we can see no evil. Crime is a disease; we must pity and pet the criminal, not denounce him. Personal culpability no longer exists. We flutter with trepidation that our harsh words pain some gentle soul. Objectionable social tendencies are not to be mentioned. Practices that have been condemned for centuries are nowadays condoned. Usury becomes respectable under the name of 'interest'; cupidity becomes praiseworthy ambition. Under the broad new tolerance, *Thou Shalt Not* becomes *Do As You Please.*

The man who holds a definite view and expresses it, is to be avoided: he is dangerous! Vacillation replaces the straight line. The successful politician is the adroit pussyfooter, the popular man the energetic gladhander. Talk all you will about the universal brotherhood of man or the lovely aspect of a spring flower. They are safe subjects. But beware of those that have been declared *taboo!* We are living under the smothering influence of the great hush-hush.



We had nearly $250,000 in gold, and as an additional guard we coaxed every dog on the lot in various towns to go along with us. They got to be a fierce animal pack.

# Under the White Tops With 'Gil' PART II

## The Dog Army That Once Guarded $250,000 in Gold

By HARRY E. BARNET
ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HARPER

SHORTLY before nightfall of a Sunday near the end of last July, Gil Robinson sat in a roomy canvas chair beneath a huge tree on the edge of the Cumminsville show lot, in Cincinnati, and contemplated the disarray of John Robinson's Circus. The menagerie top was up to provide shelter for rare beasts and their dens. Knee-deep in straw, the baggage horses loafed luxuriously in their own tent. The ring horses lounged in one end of the dressing room.

Held erect by heavy ropes, the bare big top poles stood in a row beside the menagerie top. Bundles of big top canvas, ready to be put up at Monday's sunrise, were lying about on the uneven, wind-swayed grass, like so many whitecaps atop the green of a tropic sea. In fancy it seemed a giant ship, submerged above its upper deck—the hulk of a giant ship that now was adrift among warm islands, and next moment was fixed in frigid bleakness. For wagons standing here and there, with white covers drawn closely about their fat sides, resembled icebergs, frosted with snow.

Sounds companioned the sights. Weird whinings of metal rubbing against metal came from the menagerie top as the springs of various cages responded to the twistings and turnings of the beasts they supported. An occasional 'thump—thumpity-thump—thump' of axle shoulders knocking against the heavy hubs of cage wheels bespoke playful lunges of menagerie creatures from one side to the other of their traveling homes.

Murmur of talk came from scattered groups of circus people. Mingled with it were hesitant words of the 'Pinheads'—strange human beings, whose appearance brought thoughts of evolution, whether one willed them or no. The 'Pinheads' were walking about the lot for exercise, closely chaperoned by a Fiji princess.

But in all the talk there was no profanity. For just as the verbal luridity that Mark Twain knew disappeared some time ago from inland streams, so also profanity has left the circus caravans. Nowadays it is taboo. And its absence makes holes in conversation that you're bound to notice, if you've known steamboat mates and circus men in other days.

Probably Gil noticed these holes. At any rate, he said suddenly:

'Along fifty and sixty and seventy years ago when we were traveling by wagons, we had an awful time getting this show over the country. Half the time there were no roads. The ones we found were bad, so that the most of the time we had to build our own as we went along. Sometimes we were a day and a night getting the show over a stretch of country that you ride over now in ten or fifteen minutes. And of course there was a lot of swearing done by almost everybody with the show, because building the roads and getting the wagons over them was an exasperating job. But no circus man of the better class ever swore from pure viciousness. There never was any intentional blasphemy. Swearing was strong language that seemed to help out in times of stress.

'There were a lot of rotten-sand and rotten-soil roads in Alabama,' Gil went on. 'Dried mud holes in these roads were bad places. When the wagons came along they dropped to their axles in these places, and dropped so suddenly at times that they jerked the horses to their haunches.

'One winter Sunday we were going from Tuskegee to Uniontown and we struck a lot of these rotten places. The wagons mired in them, and everybody with the show had to get around and help pry them out. We hadn't got very far by noon. Then one of the canvas wagons, with six horses hitched to it, broke through a bridge and fell, probably twenty feet, into the creek below.

'Performers and everyone came running up to help get the horses and the wagon out. A lot of cuss words were being used by everybody, and the boss hostler was doing a particularly big job of it. Circus men love their horses, and it riles them to see a horse hurt or in trouble, whether it belongs to the show or not.

'News of the accident spread and country people came from quite a distance. But none of them offered to help us. Instead they stood aside and heard the cussing. Finally, a big, six-foot countryman, with a nasty white beard, all matted and unkempt and streaked with tobacco juice and dirt, commenced to give the boss hostler a lecture on swearing. The countryman was a religious fanatic.

'The boss hostler didn't have very much time to listen, but the countryman was so insistent and he hampered our men so much in delivering the lecture, when our men were doing all they could to help those struggling horses piled up in that creek with the heavy wagon holding them down, that the boss hostler had to pay some attention to him. So he finally turned to him.

' "Who is the supervisor of this road?" the boss hostler asked him.

' "Why, I am," the fellow answered.

'With that, the boss hostler grabbed him and threw him through the hole in the bridge, right on top of the struggling horses. The countryman's friends had quite a time getting him out of there.

' "Now, you filthy rascal," the boss hostler said, when the man was up on the road again, "the next time that a show is coming this way, quit lecturing long enough to see that you have safe bridges, and I'll guarantee you that you'll hear no cussing." '

Gil chuckled and added: 'Sure enough, when we went over that road next year, all the bridges had been reinforced, and the roads were good. There was no cussing.'

Sights and sounds on the Cumminsville lot brought forth more reminiscences. And at this game Gil has no competitor, for he is the oldest living circus man—lone survivor of the romantic age of the American circus. More than a century ago his father founded the show that was spread across the Cumminsville lot—'Pa's circus,' he always calls it.

'A lot of ridiculous things have happened around this show,' he continued, 'but the occurrence that to this day makes me feel a little cheap happened on a Sunday many years ago when we were still traveling by wagons. About the middle of each season we always took a Sunday off to brighten the properties and varnish the wagons. That is, instead of following our rule of leaving the Saturday town on Saturday night, and spending Sunday in the town where we were to show on Monday, we stayed in the Saturday town until Sunday night, and did this cleaning.

'We toured the Middle States in the summer of 1866. About the middle of the season we showed Urbana, Ohio, on a Saturday, so we concluded to lay over there, and brighten our equipment. Saturday afternoon, one of these old-time circuit preachers—a kindly old man—hunted me up and asked if we would give him the use of the big top to hold a Sunday meeting. Well, I told him we had no objections. In fact, we were glad to help the good cause along, because our family was always religiously inclined, despite the general impression that old-time circus men were a heathenish lot. I made up my mind that I would attend the services.

'Sunday came, and the old minister came,' Gil went on. 'A big crowd of town people came. But the most of them, I'll always contend, came more to get a peep at the animals than to hear the preacher. The dens were open, you know, and these people hung around them, looking at the animals until long after the old minister had begun to talk. The only way we could get most of the town people to leave the cages and take seats in the big top was to close the dens. Of course, our people were around doing their work, and I told them when they got through with their jobs to come into the top and attend the services

'I sat close to the old minister, and about the time the services were well started, I looked over the crowd. There were the most of our men who should have been washing wagons and varnishing cages and cleaning properties, taking advantage of the services to get out of their work. One and two at a time they left whatever it was they were doing and came in and sat down in their shirtsleeves, with a paint brush or a sponge or a dirty cleaning rag in their hands

'The preacher was in the midst of a long prayer when I first noticed them, and I had to wait for him to finish before I could leave my place. Then, while the preacher was reading a chapter from the Scriptures, I slipped away, and made an inspection of the seats.

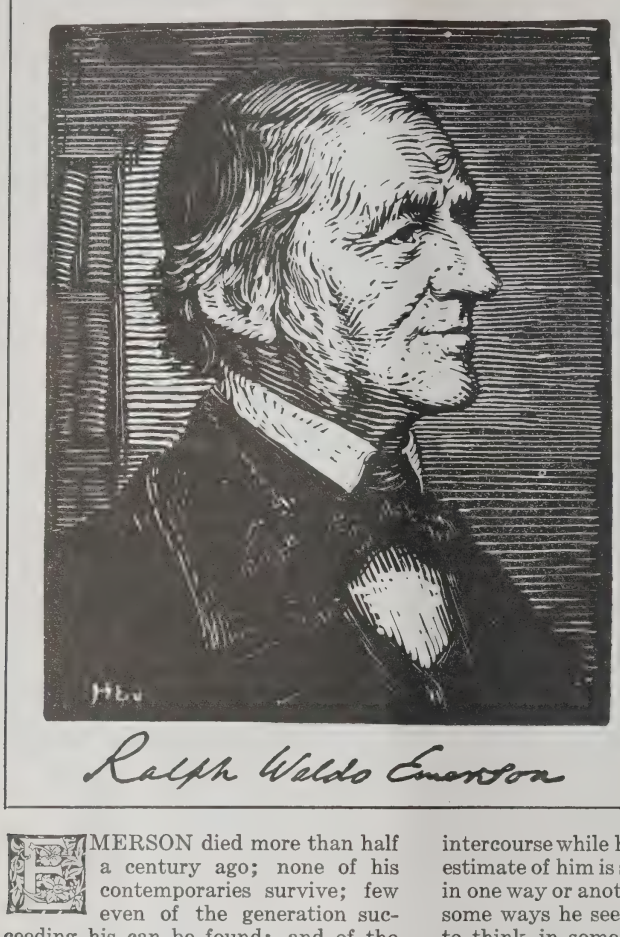
'Wherever I found one of our men who should have been at work I took him by an ear or by an arm, walked him off quietly, and put him to work again. By the time I had them all at work and was back beside the preacher, I noticed them sneaking in again, one and two at a time. So at the end of another prayer I had to inspect the seats again, and lead the men out. Well, I had to do that several times during the services, and I didn't hear very much of what went on.

'At the time, I didn't realize how ridiculous it must have been. I got to thinking about it afterward, and it seemed to me a little bit sacrilegious and irreverent. But the work had to be done that day so we could leave for the Monday town that night. And it struck me, also, as a funny situation for both the preacher and me. At that, I don't believe it did any harm. As far as the preacher looked and acted, it was a very enjoyable service.

(*Concluded on page 29*)



'Who is the supervisor of this road?' the boss hostler asked. 'Why I am,' the fellow answered



Ralph Waldo Emerson

## *Julian Hawthorne Tells His Boyhood*

# Impressions of Emerson

DRAWINGS BY G. VAN DER HEYDEN

EMERSON died more than half a century ago; none of his contemporaries survive; few even of the generation succeeding his can be found: and of the writers who are now rediscovering him, all must necessarily speak from hearsay, and few seem competent to make their views weighty or convincing. It has been affirmed, indeed, that no 'historical facts'—and still less biographical facts—are quite trustworthy: in illustration whereof some humorist, years ago, wrote an essay to prove that Napoleon Bonaparte never existed.

The personal equation must enter into the stories of all who put pen to paper, no matter how truthful they may be in purpose: if we had stood in their places, our record would have been different. Nevertheless, the collation of many versions of the truth enables us gradually to come closer to actuality: and we of today probably know more of the real Julius Caesar, for example, than Antony, Brutus or Octavius did.

I feel under a certain obligation, therefore, to record something of my personal impressions of Emerson. What I derived from study of his writings is another story, and of less importance. But as child and man I was in contact with the man during a great part of the last forty years of his life. The families of Emerson and of Hawthorne lived on intimate and cordial terms during that period—except that Hawthorne died a score of years before Emerson; but the friendly relation was always maintained.

*Hawthornes and Emersons on Intimate Terms*

I saw and conversed with him very shortly before his death; and I stood among the reverent throng on the hill of Sleepy Hollow when his coffin was lowered into the grave.

But well as I knew him from personal intercourse while he lived, I find that my estimate of him is slowly being modified, in one way or another, since he died. In some ways he seems more than I used to think, in some ways less. In other words, I did not see him as he was, but only as my perception and judgment at given times made me think he was. And doubtless no one knows his fellow as his Creator knows him; perhaps he never knows himself.

*Emerson Had No Shadow of Pretense*

Shakespeare said that 'love lends a precious seeing to the eye,' and I suppose my affection for Emerson rendered him more transparent to me: moreover a child's intuitions are often penetrating beyond the deliberate estimates of maturity. Besides, there was in him no shadow of double-dealing or pretense; for all who could read him, he was an open book. He was never preoccupied with himself; he regarded himself merely as the best vehicle he could command for his own thoughts; he had no use for himself otherwise, nor any ambition for eminence. But neither was he any man's good fellow, or familiar; dignity was inherent in his nature, not as he was Emerson, but as he was a man.

In his innocent presence, vulgarity was dumb, or perished. Yet he abhorred being considered peculiar or isolated; and sometimes made amusing efforts to be like other men: he would try to smoke a cigar, for instance, and at public dinners he would have a glass of wine beside him, whether or not he remembered to empty it. He dressed punctiliously in the fashion of the time, though his clothes never fitted him, ar his voluminous stock and high coll must have distressed him. His feet ar hands were large, his shoulders narro and sloping, and his body had a slig inclination toward the left; his hea was small. His gait in walking was n academic; he shuffled along witho straightening his knees or throwir back his shoulders, but always wit head erect and forward-looking, nev with downward looks, as is the hab of most meditative persons. He ha the air of looking abroad to see th world, and to meet the eyes of passer by: a cheerful, steadfast; benign lool

His usual expression in repose was half smile, or a readiness to smile, an the furrow from the nostrils to the co ners of the mouth was marked, as smiles had made it; yet it was th furthest conceivable from a grin, or habitual simper. It seemed to say, Th world is good and beautiful, and ma is on the way to be worthy of it. Le us be glad and resolute and not los courage.—The lips were firmly joine and never parted except in speech; th chin was salient. The nose was dis tinguished and well arched; but fo his eyes, it would have been the dom inant feature. But what an exception One might as well speak of the sk without the sun.

There were no other eyes like Emer son's. They were not large, nor deep set under scraggy brows like Danie Webster's, nor even very brilliant o piercing. They were not black lik abyss, nor azure like the sky. They were yellowish gray, and of moderate size; but the lids had a graceful curve. Nevertheless, all Emerson was in them —beauty, wisdom, manhood, kindness, courage, poetry. And when he was aroused, as I have seen him in public speech, when truth or honor was in question, they had a radiance and power incomparable. They swayed and commanded, and his hearers would be awed and carried captive. We desired to believe him even when (as might sometimes happen) what he said was too deep to be at once understood. We felt he was right beyond our own comprehension of what right was.

*There Were No Other Eyes Like Emerson's*

But though he was a great orator—free however from the conventional tricks of oratory—and though I never

failed to be in the audience when he was to deliver a lecture or speech—yet it was not in this phase that I chiefly knew him, but in his homely or everyday aspect.

His house is still one of the landmarks of Old Concord, foursquare, painted white, with eaves slightly projecting over the windows of the second story; set a little apart from the thoroughfare, with a small porch on the north, led up to by a straight path paved with white flagstones. His study, book-lined and grave, though not solemn, was on the right as you entered the house: not high-ceiled, but spacious. The passage went on to the dining room, which communicated with the kitchen, and there was an exit to the east, which the family commonly used.

Opposite this exit, a few yards distant, stood a big pine tree, amid whose boughs Alcott had erected a giant Aeolian harp, framed and strung with boughs which he had selected in the forest. It was mute except in storms, when its mighty voice awoke and could be heard for miles musically shouting and booming. It lasted for years, but had fallen to pieces and vanished when I last saw Concord, a dozen years ago.

Emerson lived in this house all his life, after his Harvard days and a short period in Boston, and he died there. He may have built it, but I don't know; and when he made his last visit to England, the original house burned down, but Concord citizens, with a charming grace, built a new one for him which is a precise replica of the other. The place was his home, and in spite of its simplicity it was so associated with him that it seemed like him: he was too high for palaces; and Walden and Walden woods were near, when four walls should become too narrow.

He was always open to justified visitors in the study, and and one day of each week during the winter he would throw it open to all Concord and the world. Chairs for the accommodation of the company would be ranged in a circle, and the farmers and shopkeepers of the neighborhood, as well as the Lowells, Holmeses, Alcotts and Longfellows, would occupy them side by side. At the head of the ring would sit Emerson, one leg crossed over the other knee, and such was their length and flexibility that he could twine the one round the other, so that the upper foot caught behind the lower ankle. Then, leaning forward on his elbow, he would smilingly receive and answer all conundrums. But he did not permit himself monologues, as Alcott could not help doing, but was concise, courteous and genial, liking better to hear than to speak.

The best culture of New England was represented in that little circle, as well as the horse-sense of the everyday man; but there was a charming naïveté and primitiveness about the gatherings, as in an Indian powwow.

Ellen Emerson, his eldest child, sat next her father, not to take part in the proceedings, but to keep an eye on the guests' comfort. She was a young woman of the finest type, tall and straight, with quantities of hair, very dark brown, and clear, steady eyes.

On informal occasions, I liked to be invited to dinner at the Emersons. Roast mutton, potatoes, corn and turnips: Emerson and his wife at opposite ends of the table, and at the sides the three Emerson children and my two sisters and I: wholesome food and cheerfulness therewith. Edith Emerson, next in age to Ellen, and well aware that she was the handsomest of the three; her face was rather long with a high color—though rouge was unknown at that period in New England: fine blue eyes and a determined chin and lips. She had attended Frank Sanborn's school, and the good-looking young schoolmaster, a widower but still susceptible, paid respectful but ardent addresses to her; she encouraged him, though circumspectly, for a time, and they could be seen sauntering romantically beneath the pines; but finally she decided that Forbes, son of a very rich man (as riches went then), would suit her better: he married her and took her away to live in luxury and satisfaction. He looked like a beefy young English squire, and they were well mated.

Edward was too years my senior; we were schoolmates for three years and then entered Harvard. Emerson had a son before Edward, by his first wife, who died early, but the boy too died in his youth: his name was Waldo and he was said to have been of high promise. Edward was severely moral, with ambitious ideals, and as little priggish as the conditions permitted. His bearing was precocious but frank and honest; there was a boy in him, but uniformly suppressed.

But I return to the Emerson mutton, which was always good; and Emerson adapted his conversation to our youthful minds, and was a perfect host, though part of him must have been sipping nectar and eating ambrosia with his cronies, the Muses, and the other Olympians. But he was always keen to investigate 'the deep mind of dauntless infancy'; and he always treated me, for instance, as his peer, though I was at that time the rawest of urchins. I never heard him utter a moral homily, but the finest moral atmosphere surrounded him, and he was involuntarily beneficent: to meet the look in his eyes and to hear the music of his voice was to learn culture and refinement. More went with the mutton and turnips than I suspected.

He delivered one or two lectures every season at the Concord Town Hall, a large and dignified brick building which still dominates the green of Concord, and on the rostrum of which all the famous orators and high-minders of the day appeared, year after year. (*Concluded on page 26*)

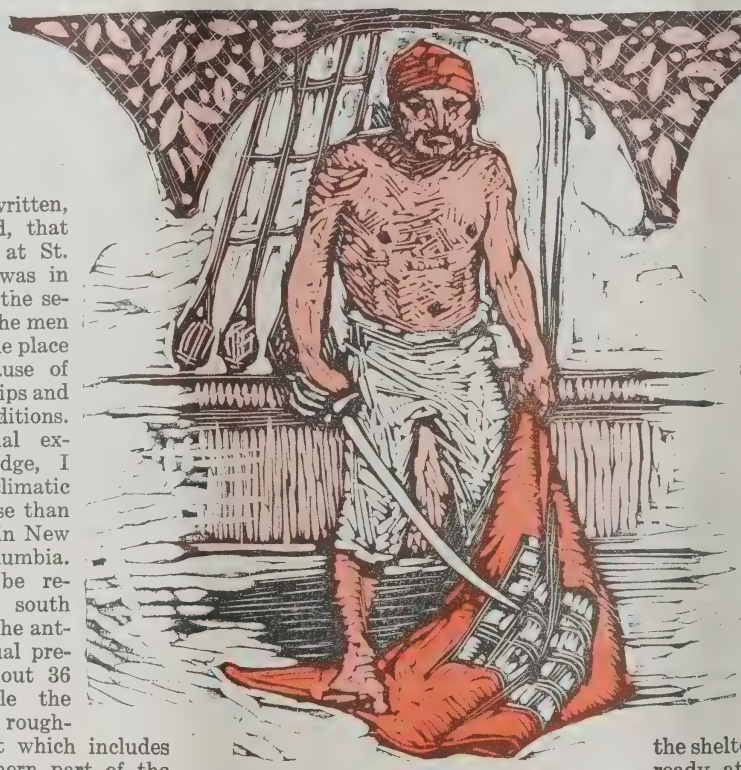


Study in Emerson's home, the same today as it was when the great man worked there.

# The Voyage of the Victoria

## THE MUTINY

*Seventh of a Series*



Cartagena, sword in hand, burst into the cabin.

BY CHARLES J. FINGER

WOODCUTS BY PAUL HONORÉ

IT HAS been written, and accepted, that the tragedy at St. Julian Bay was in great measure due to the severity of the climate, the men refusing to winter at the place Magellan chose, because of the tremendous hardships and cold and storm conditions. Writing with personal experience and knowledge, I should say that the climatic conditions are no worse than those to be met with in New York, or in British Columbia. Patagonia, it must be remembered, is in the south temperate and not in the antarctic zone. The annual precipitation there is about 36 inches or less, while the isothermal zone would roughly correspond to that which includes the central and northern part of the United States. To be sure, there are storms in winter, but not storms more severe than those to which we are accustomed; certainly nothing worse than the gale of May, 1896, which did so much damage in Iowa and Illinois and Minnesota; or the storm in 1896, which destroyed Cedar Keys, Florida; or the cyclone in September of the same year which devastated Sherman, Texas, and wrecked part of St. Louis.

Magellan had chosen his wintering place with care. The fleet lay in a bay almost landlocked. There was fresh water to be had. Ashore there were deer, huanacos, armadillos, ostrich, geese, ducks and other game. In the bay was fish in plenty; along shore were mussels and shellfish. The men, in short, were in a sportsman's paradise, and that it was no desert might be inferred from the fact that there were Indians there who wore skin cloaks and lived in skin tents.

The mutiny was a revolt against Magellan's attitude in discriminating against Spaniards. We gather that from the account in *Navarrete* (Vol. iv, p. 288 and p. 291), where is found the evidence of Sebastian del Cano and of Francisco Albo. Neither Pigafetta nor the Genoese pilot give details. Pigafetta does not correctly name those who suffered death at the end. It is fair to assume that both chroniclers judged it wise to be silent on the matter, as they were near Magellan and valued their own safety.

Magellan's favoritism of Portuguese may have been due to nothing more than a narrow patriotism. But there is evidence enough to admit of the inference that he wanted to control, absolutely. And there was a suspicion that he intended to take the fleet to Serrao, that friend who had cast in his lot with the native monarch and to whom Magellan had written, 'I will be with you soon, if not by way of Portugal, then by way of Spain.'*

In brief, Magellan was regarded as a possible traitor who would betray the fleet. That he had placed Serrao, brother of Serrao the adventurer, in command of the *Santiago*, lent color to the suspicion directed at him. That he had refused to consider his appointed *conjunta persona*, Don Juan de Cartagena, in serious light, wrought against him. That he had deprived him of the command of the *San Antonio* and given the charge to his cousin, Mesquita, had an evil appearance. That he would not consult with Sebastian del Cano who had commanded a ship much larger than any in the fleet, seemed matter for consideration. So relations between Magellan and the royal officers were strained to breaking point; to such a pass indeed had things come, that on Easter Sunday, when mass was held ashore, neither Mendoza, of the *Victoria*, nor Quesada, of the *Concepcion*, attended, for conscience' sake, but worshiped aboard, another priest officiating. After the mass, Magellan dined with his cousin aboard the flagship.

That night there was a *coup de main* carried out by those who felt that they had been subjected to a long series of persecutions. Boats with muffled oars pulled to the *San Antonio*, gathered in the shelter of the counter; then all being ready, at a signal three parties boarded, among them Quesada of the *Concepcion*, Juan de Cartagena, Sebastian del Cano, a priest named Sanchez de Reina, Antonio de Coca, Luis del Molino, Quesada's servant, and thirty armed men. Juan de Cartagena, sword in hand, running risks as was his habit, burst into the cabin where Mesquita slept, a few supporting him, and in a minute Mesquita was bound hand and foot and locked in a cabin.

Soon the greater part of the crew was astir with men excited and planless running here and there, some of them caught with the contagion of a general fear, others standing sullenly waiting for a leader. But valor was not all on the side of the rebels against Magellan's rule. The ship's master, Juan de Lorriago, leaped at Quesada, accusing him with white hot passion of being a traitor and calling on him to surrender. Two Portuguese, Antonio Fernandez and Goncalo Rodriguez, chosen men of Magellan's, simultaneously threw themselves on Quesada and the four went down in a writhing heap. Then came pike men and men with swords, some of the invading crew, and Quesada was rescued. But Lorriago, brave and full of the lust of battle, again dashed at Quesada; a lithe brown body naked to the waist against an armed man. Down came Quesada's dagger then, driven to the hilt into side and back, and Lorriago fell to his death.

*Decadas, Dec. iii, lib. v, cap, viii. page 627.

The rest was easy. On the side of the invaders was power and a plan and discipline. On the other side was nothing; no central aim, but merely a masterless, scattered, confused body of men. So there was surrender; arms were gathered and placed under lock and key, and the flag of Magellan was hauled down. Don Juan Sebastian del Cano was appointed commander of the *San Antonio*. One man had fallen in the fight, and the priest was with him. The two Portuguese who had attacked Quesada were placed in irons and the remainder of the crew confessed themselves loyal to the new command, so there was what politicians call an era of good feeling. Then the storeroom was opened and on the deck was spread a feast of Jerez wine, of cheese and garlic, dried pork and honey, and hardly a man but was ready to hail the new master.

Of that sharp conflict in the night Magellan may, or may not, have known. In the morning a boat with a message from Magellan that preparations were to be made to careen the ships for cleaning went from ship to ship. Approaching the *San Antonio* they were warned off by Luis del Molino, who, from the high poop, called out that Sebastian del Cano was master, not Magellan, and there was no mistaking his meaning. Then the priest, Pedro de Valderrama, left the side of the dying ship's master, and, fearing the zeal of some of the mutineers, gave a straight account of how matters stood.

After that there were subtleties and stratagems, fraud and force, and all the concomitants of a struggle for the stranglehold. First a boat went from the *San Antonio* to the *Trinidad*, though such parley as was done took place with a stretch of water between the parties. Mutiny was guardedly admitted, but it was said that the act was more in the nature of a regrettable necessity than anything very desperate. It was pointed out that while Magellan had ideas and plans, others had well-founded opinions. Then came a suggestion. If the captain-general chose to meet his opponents on common ground, with a measure of sympathy for the views of others, he would find men tractable and willing. And Magellan's answer to that was that discussion was the best way to avoid friction, and that he would be ready to meet officers at once, with the *Trinidad* as the conference place.

Back went the boat, with no officer of consequence in it, for both sides were playing pawns. The message was that Magellan's hospitality was declined, for reasons good and proper, and the *San Antonio* was offered as the best place to thrash out differences. Then came what one side considered prompt and decisive action, the other side as desecration of a flag of truce. For the boat was seized by Magellan's men and its occupants held as hostages. While that went on, a boat left Magellan's ship, in it the constable Gonzalo Gomez de Espinosa, an ignorant fellow with a vast amount of the bully in his composition. Five men accompanied him, all of them armed with short sword or dagger, not in sight, but well concealed about their persons. That boat pulled for the *Victoria*, not the *San Antonio*, and Mendoza received them aboard. Espinosa handed the captain Magellan's letter, summoning him to a conference aboard the *Trinidad*, and, as he read it, the constable leaped at him and stabbed him in the throat. At the same instant other armed men drew their swords and slashed the man to death. For that piece of treachery Magellan paid Espinosa in money.*

Meantime, Magellan had taken measures to support his hired assassins, for no sooner was the skiff under way than a second boat, manned by fifteen armed men with Duarte Barbosa in charge, started. So short a distance separated the ships that the sixteen had boarded the *Victoria* before the breath was out of Mendoza's body. As if all that lack of chivalry was insufficient, there was an exhibition of vindictiveness, for the body of Mendoza was hauled mast high, head-downward.

Then came the final move, for which the ebbing tide served well. The *Trinidad* stood north, dropping to the mouth of the gulf, Barbosa following with the *Victoria* and anchoring to starboard, Serrao with the *Santiago* taking a position to port, thus Magellan held the key to the situation and the other ships were bottled up, with no move remaining but a dash out against odds.

Such an attempt was made during the night, but it was a half-hearted one. For there had been trouble and divided aims on the *San Antonio*, and when she came out it was with her sails in disorder and her anchor dragging as though there had been a refusal to go into attack, or a mutiny within a mutiny. But Quesada had his picked men, and won over the faint-hearted. Yet it was nothing but a gesture after all. Drifting out on the tide through the narrows, the *San Antonio* touched the flagship, rebounded and touched again. Then the bombards on the *Trinidad* roared, but the deck of the other ship was clear of men. They had fled to holes and corners, leaving Quesada on his deck, denouncing them for their black treason. Yelling men from the *Trinidad* leaped aboard and Quesada was carried before Magellan. A little later he was manacled and locked in a cabin, prisoner.

There remained then Juan de Cartagena and the *Concepcion* to



That night there was a *coup de main* . . . Boats with muffled oars pulled to the *San Antonio*; then at a signal three parties boarded.

*Evidence of del Cano and Francisco Alba before the court.

deal with. Magellan's plan of capture took advantage of the tide, so two boats were sent into the bay, one making straight for the ship, the other keeping well out of sight in the shadow of the low cliffs, and making a circuitous route. While the first boat engaged attention, parleying, the second slid alongside unseen, and the men in her cut the cable, so that the ship began to drift seaward. At that some were willing to fight, but Cartagena did not aim at the spilling of blood, and, seeing how matters stood, surrendered with the air of a good loser. On board the flagship there was a confession on his part—not of wrong-doing, but of disillusionment and disappointment. He stoutly refused to share any part in the ambitions of Magellan, and for revolt he stood foursquare. He was a king's man and a king's man he would remain. At the end he congratulated the 'Señor Capitan' on his victory and wished him all the joys of further adventure. But aristocratic polish and urbanity did not move Magellan, so Juan de Cartagena was heavily ironed and placed under guard to take his trial with the rest. Forty others were taken prisoner that night before Magellan considered his checkmate complete.

The day following, a trial was held. Magellan's insane vindictiveness did not stop at the living. By his order the body of Mendoza was taken ashore, drawn and quartered, and the parts spitted upon poles. Quesada was sentenced to be beheaded by his own servant. Juan de Cartagena and a priest, either Sanchez de Reina or Bernardo Calmeta, the chaplain of the *San Antonio*, were sentenced to be set ashore when the fleet left, and until then were kept in irons. Forty others were condemned to be hanged, though that wholesale butchery was not carried into effect, probably because they were necessary. So, due to economic considerations, as we suppose, and not to mercy, they were presently pardoned, but, according to Correa, Magellan 'kept the mutineer prisoners in irons and set them to the pumps during the three months that he remained in this river, in which he careened and refitted his ships very well.' But Magellan had gained his end at last. He was in sole command with none to dispute him, and the ships were officered with men of his own choosing.

Fifty years and more later, the men of the *Pelican*, commanded by Francis Drake, saw the gallows set up by Magellan, with human bones close by. Drake also had his mutiny there, his challenger being an Englishman named Thomas Doughty.



Others condemned to be hanged were presently pardoned and set to the pumps.

But Drake was of different mettle from the earlier explorer. Doughty had his choice as to whether he preferred marooning or execution, and chose the latter. When the day of execution came, Drake and Doughty took the sacrament together, dined together, then shook hands and pledged one another, after which Doughty walked out and bared his neck for the ax, while Drake hid his face in his arm in the manner of one who bore intolerable pain.

*In which American cities has juvenile crime increased?*

*Only four, Winifred Mallon writes in next week's issue of* THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT.

*The younger generation has been the scapegoat of the uplifters; it is the class between the ages of 35 and 44 who are rolling up the crime wave, not the boys and girls of high school age.*

*Wide-wake readers will be interested in this investigation of the crime situation.*

# America, the Limelighter's Paradise

(*Concluded from page 5*)

reduced to a monster commercial octopus, whose tentacles extend into every home, literally snatching babies from their cradles and commercializing their facial innocences, while at the other end of the scale the erotic escapades of the idle rich are sickled over with the yellow cast of a putrid press.

The extension of personality so that it encircles the globe is peculiar to this country: thus Jackie Coogan and Mary Pickford and her agile husband. Anything is permissible. Will Rogers is hired at large wages by a tobacco company to advertise something which he naïvely declares he doesn't use himself. Thus anything, no matter how personally deterrent or useless, can be endorsed by anyone who scorns it, merely if he is 'prominent.' On this basis, a perfumed dandy who is well enough known might extol the merits of a special brand of garbage.

An obscure school-teacher who, framed up by publicity hounds, is tried for teaching evolution, becomes in a few weeks a national figure, while 'eminent' writers who attend his trial write columns of trash about something of which they have never before heard. A millionaire advertises for some girl to adopt, and the one selected is held up on the public spit and turned over and over, after which she is 'done' enough to make a meal for all kinds of press agents. The fact that whatever chance the poor girl had to live a life of obscure decency is obliterated is of no consequence. The only thing sacred which exists in the mind of the publicity expert is his own pocketbook.

It is bad enough for the main body of our people to have developed a national passion for hero worship (and this apparently in every degenerate form) never before approached except in ancient Rome, but it is still worse when the trustees of our national honor take advantage and use it for their own selfish purposes.

It is, as stated, quite easy to see that the main reason for this condition is economic, and inasmuch as there is more money in America than in any other country, it is to America that the strange birds of all nations flock in search of prey.

Within the past few years, the enormous success achieved (apparently through an accident of fortune) by the Spaniard, Vicente Blasco Ibañez, with his book *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* has encouraged all the obscure writers of Europe to go into training for the American market. New books by Norwegians, Poles, Livonians and many others are translated and offered to the American public as masterpieces. Some of these books are undoubtedly of high merit. The real difficulty, as far as the 'system' is concerned, is the fact that the authors can speak neither English nor American, an obstacle which prevents their being broadcast here.

The disastrous attempt to exploit Maeterlinck, the Belgian, who spoke only broken English, is still recalled with pain by platform experts. This writer was engaged to deliver a series of lectures, but the audiences couldn't understand him and had not been sufficiently cowed to listen to a foreigner who couldn't talk their language, so the affair ended in a nasty row, a lawsuit and the failure of the platform promoter.



# CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'There are hundreds of different pigeonholes where you can fit a description of the "meanest man," ' said ***the Villager,*** 'but just at this moment I would say that he is the fellow who drops his cats and dogs for other people to care for. I live in a town about ten miles from a city, and every morning we find litters of kittens or puppies, or abandoned dogs and cats of older growth, roaming our streets. They are dropped by motorists from the city who decide that they can't be bothered with their pets any longer. It is really pitiable to see the home-bred animals suddenly cast adrift. And it is something of a study to observe their reactions to the sudden change in their circumstances. Some just give up at once, as if the betrayal of their confidence destroyed all energy to make a struggle. Some, with more spirit, start out to choose a new home. I got through with animals around the house long ago—I like to decrease the little annoyances of life as much as possible. But I have a dog now—though I didn't choose him; he chose me. He was a motor waif. He turned up one morning—the homeliest little brute you ever saw—and looked at us wistfully. We ordered him away, and he wagged his tail. We talked of sending him to the police for chloroform treatment, but he looked at us through the long hair that hung over his eyes, as if he thought we were joking. When we opened the car door, he was first in: we kicked him out. The first two days we did not feed him, hoping he would decamp and try another house. In the morning he was right there to give us greeting. Then we locked up the house and went away for two days. When we returned, he was lying on the porch waiting for us. Well, there is something in faith or confidence, even in an animal, that wins its way, and finally I said, "Well, old boy, I guess you've adopted somebody." The dog's a nuisance, but I think more of him than I do of the man who abandoned him in our town.

'My latest trouble was over a mother cat and two kittens. The way that mother rustled for those youngsters indicated a character that deserved a better fate. So I got them a home on the farm.

'If ever I get to be President I am going to make Abandonment of Animals a punishable offense.'

ɛ ɛ ɛ

'We have a history teacher in our town,' said ***the Citizen*** as he stormed into the office, 'who thinks nothing good happened in America until Mr. Mencken came along.

'According to him the founders of the nation had no ideals. The Puritans were a batch of fanatics, the soldiers of the Revolution a gang of scurvy ragamuffins. American traditions and American standards, he feels, are rubbish.

'He's a thorough "anti." He's against this and against that. He's opposed to churches and revealed religion. He thinks our governmental system is tommyrot. He admires communism, and Theodore Dreiser, and Havelock Ellis. His statements are very positive until one begins to challenge and analyze them—then he slips away onto other tacks. The humorous thing about the whole business is that he considers himself highly tolerant, and all who differ with him are bigots! I forgot to say that he is 24 years old and just two years out of college.

'He's entitled to his own opinions, of course. This is free America, and the patriots he despises died so people like him could hold their beliefs without punishment. The harm lies in the fact of his influence over high school boys who are not equipped to combat his ideas.

'It was only the other day I learned his secret. It's a matter of race, of course. Smith (that isn't his name, but it's one equally common) is an American only because his parents managed to get away from a country of Eastern Europe and immigrate here. He is American neither by instinct nor training. His is the mind of an East European peasant—and he is teaching American history to American children!'

ɛ ɛ ɛ

'Believe me,' said ***the Scout Master,*** 'it's no snap to be responsible for 300 boys in camp by the side of a lake.'

'Should think it's not,' we answered; 'it runs us ragged to watch our own youngsters. How do you do it?'

'We use the buddy system.'

'The buddy system?—what's that?'

'Oh, it's not a patent medicine, or bathing wings, or anything like that. We simply make it a rule that boys who enter the water must do so in pairs. It is quite a technical system. First, we have tags. Each boy is given an aluminum tag bearing his number. Each boy also has a buddy with a number. When a boy goes into the water, he hangs up his tag on a bulletin board on the beach. A glance at that board any minute will show whether any boy is in the water without his buddy.

'Besides that, we use caps of various colors to mark the various degrees of swimming ability possessed by the boys. Boys who cannot swim at all are given a yellow cap; the cap bears the same number as the tag. If a yellow cap is seen alone anywhere, the tag board is at once consulted. Boys who can swim under fifty yards wear a green cap. Those who can do more than fifty yards wear a red cap. Some of the better swimmers graduate into the "life saving class" and wear black caps, but they do not go beyond the 50-yard limit; they mingle with the other boys. Out on the swimming limits are the life guards whose business it is to see that the caps stay within the color zone where they belong, and that the numbers are in pairs. It makes the boys responsible for each other, and insures two of them being on the spot to give an alarm in the event of anything happening. That's our buddy system, and it is working out very well.'

'It's a good system,' we reflected. 'We think it could be used with advantage in other activities. It seems to me that somewhere in the Sermon on the Mount, the buddy system is given quite a boost.'

ɛ ɛ ɛ

'Sometimes I grow ashamed of my profession,' said ***the Michigan Newspaperman.*** 'There are newspapers out this way that should be denied the name. Partisan sheets of the lowest type; they never recognize a fact that goes counter to their policy. Detroit has two newspapers which are always on opposing sides. If the Supreme Court of the United States handed down a decision affecting a policy they were interested in, you would never be able to learn from either paper just what the decision was. The paper whose policy the decision opposed would modify every dissenting statement; the paper whose policy it upheld would go to extravagant lengths of exaggeration. The fact itself would never be permitted to appear in its purity. The reader would simply be helpless in the mass of coloration mixed with the facts. You would think that a big publication would be first a chronicler of facts, but in this section of the world color goes.

'In the contest for the governorship, for example, one big newspaper has charged day by day that the governor has prohibited inspection of state highway accounts. Now, if there is any particular thing that particular governor happens to be proud of, it is the state accounting system which he helped to establish. He invites everybody to examine it. As a reporter on the opposition paper, I have examined the accounts many times—any time I asked, any time of the day or night, without a quibble and with full knowledge on the part of the officials that I came from a hostile newspaper. Do you suppose that paper has ever permitted me to say in a single article that I have freely examined the state accounts, which are open to every citizen? Not once. I asked myself how can an intelligent newspaper staff hope to fool the people forever on this picayune stuff. And yet it goes on, with a pettiness of deception and unfairness which even gamblers would despise. The really fair papers of Michigan are not the big ones, but the little ones.'

ɛ ɛ ɛ

'Did it ever occur to you that the most preposterous thing in our boasted civilization,' said ***the Man from Milwaukee,*** 'is the payment of interest for money to make public improvements, when the only credit we can borrow is that of the people?'

And the visitor proceeded to expound the present policy of Milwaukee which is arresting wide attention by its program which eventually must free it from bond slavery. For Milwaukee is approaching the 'pay-as-you-go' system as rapidly as possible.

'We are now levying an additional assessment above our fixed bond and interest requirements to create an endowment fund which will be sufficient to redeem every bond at maturity, and the actuaries of other cities are studying our plan. The people, too, are awaking to the fact that the canker eating into the vitals of civilization is INTEREST, which in the case of public indebtedness is unnecessary and intolerable.'

# Eternal Snows Hide Arctic Tragedy

## Years of Searching Gave Only Meager Details of Disaster

By BURT M. McCONNELL
Meteorologist, Canadian Arctic, 1913-1914.



McClintock, commander of the *Fox*, found relics of Sir John Franklin's lost expedition.

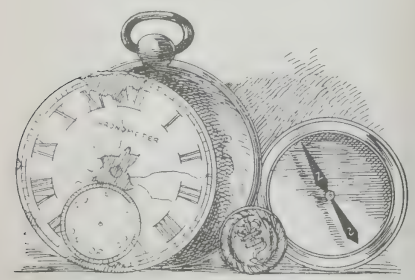
### PART II

IT WAS the expedition of Captain Leopold McClintock, commanding the yacht *Fox*, which first brought to light, in 1860, the course and fate of the Franklin followers. McClintock had already served on three rescue expeditions. With a crew of twenty-four, the *Fox* expedition, outfitted by Lady Franklin (the eighteenth to be dispatched in search of her illustrious husband) set out from England.

They were beset by the ice late in the summer, and were marooned for 250 days in the ice packs of Baffin Bay and Davis Strait, during which time they drifted some 1,400 miles. They were freed the next summer by the breaking up of the ice, and returned to Greenland. Here they took aboard coal and provisions, then headed westward toward Lancaster Sound and southward toward King William Land.

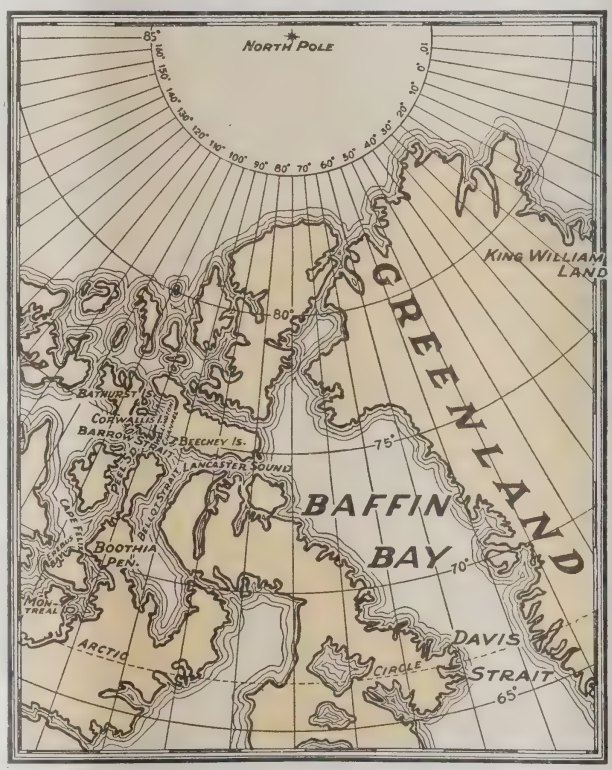
Halfway down Peel Sound Captain McClintock discovered and passed through Bellot Strait and went into winter quarters at the eastern entrance. Early in February, 1861, he and Captain Young set out with two parties to establish, if possible, the route taken by the Franklin survivors in their retreat southward and to communicate with the Boothia Felix Eskimos in the vicinity of the North Magnetic Pole. At the end of eight or ten hours of steady traveling, the parties would halt, build a snow hut, Eskimo fashion, feed the dogs, cook and eat their supper, spread their sleeping bags on the snow or ice, and retire to rest.

Finally, near Cape Victoria, on the western shore of Boothia (latitude 69° 50′ N., and longitude 96° W.), McClintock found traces of the lost expedition.



Relics of the ill-fated Franklin Expedition. Broken watch, uniform button and compass, discovered by rescue parties.

There he learned from some Eskimos that a few years before a ship had been crushed in the ice off the north coast of King William Land, that all her crew had safely reached land, and that they had traveled across to the Great Fish River. But there, the Eskimos said, they had died. McClintock and one of his officers, Lieutenant Hobson, thereupon proceeded to explore King William Land, McClintock on the eastern and Hobson on the western side.




Some Arctic points touched by Franklin's expedition and following parties.

McClintock found no fragments of wrecks, no human skeletons or camp sites, until within ten miles of Point Herschel. There he came across a bleached skeleton, probably that of one of the stewards of the expedition who, having fallen behind his retreating companions, had perished of hunger and cold. But from the westernmost point of King William Land to Cape Felix, McClintock met with painful evidence of the sufferings and calamities that had overtaken the Franklin followers. At the end of their respective journeys, McClintock and Hobson came to the following conclusions:

The two ships passed their first winter at Beechy Island, after having previously explored Wellington Channel as far as 73° N., and had sailed down again into Barrow Strait, between Cornwallis and Bathurst islands. The next year, 1846, they appear to have fought their way through the drifting ice fields of Peel Channel until beset by the ice off King William Land. The ice did not break up; they were doomed to a third winter in the polar wilderness. By that time Sir John Franklin, nine of his officers, and fifteen men—a total of 25—had perished. On April 22, 1848, the survivors, 105 in number, under the command of Captain Crozier, abandoned their icebound ships and started for the mouth of the Great Fish River.

In the interest of accuracy, it should be added here that Lieutenant Schwatka was told by Eskimo witnesses that there were almost unmistakable evidences of the Franklin survivors having been compelled to resort to cannibalism. However, there seems to be little or nothing to warrant this assumption. The Eskimos said they had found a quantity of bones from legs and arms which appeared to have been sawed off. One box was filled with bones, and what little flesh still adhered to the bones was said to have been quite fresh. Two saws were found at the same place.

McClintock, in his search for evidences of the Franklin retreat, came upon an Eskimo village near the North Magnetic Pole. Here he found many relics of the lost expedition, consisting of silver spoons and forks, a silver medal, buttons, knives, and also bows and arrows made out of the wood and iron of the wrecked ships. None of these people had seen the white men. One native said he had seen their bones upon the island where they died, and that some of the deceased explorers had been buried. Almost all of the Eskimos had plunder of some sort from the wrecked vessels. One of them told McClintock's interpreter that a ship having three masts had been crushed by the ice out in the sea to the west of King William Land, but that all the people had

anded safely. This information bears out he principal statements of Dr. Rae: that he Franklin survivors landed on the west hore of King William Land, and that they llowed the coast line southward.

On their journey of less than a month, IcClintock, a sailor and an interpreter aveled 420 miles. In April McClintock et out with a larger party, traveling south-ard along the west coast of King William and. He was told at the first Eskimo illage that two ships had been seen by the atives of King William Land, that one f them was seen to sink in deep water, hile the other was forced on shore by the e. Thereupon, said the Eskimos, all the hite people went away to the 'Big River,' aking boats with them, and in the follow-g winter many skeletons were found there. he shipwrecks, they said, occurred in the utumn.

Upon receipt of this information, Mc-lintock set out to discover, if possible, ie stranded ships. The sea, however, had vallowed them. At Cape Victoria the arty was split into two parts, Hobson aking one toward Cape Felix, King William and, while McClintock with the other arty kept a more southerly course. Hob-n was directed to search the west coast of ing William Land. Traveling in such ose proximity to the Magnetic Pole, eir compasses, they found, were wholly seless.

Crossing Wellington Strait to an in-abited snow village, McClintock and his arty found thirty or forty natives. Here ey found and purchased from the Eskimos veral pieces of silver plate, bearing the est or initials of Franklin, Crozier, and hers. These natives also had in their ossession uniforms and brass buttons, hich were easily recognized as having elonged to the Franklin Expedition. One the old women told McClintock that any of the white men in their retreat from ie wrecked vessels had dropped by the ay as they went toward the Great Fish iver, that some of them were buried and me were not. She, herself, had not seen is, but her people had discovered their odies during the following winter.

At another place they discovered a *ayak* paddle constructed out of the blade an ash oar. The party continued on to a ttle bay upon the north side of Montreal land, in the delta of the Great Fish iver.

They found little here to reward them, nd soon crossed over to ing William Land, strik-g it a short distance from ie Peffer River. They were ow upon the shore along hich the retreating crews ust have marched. One ght, late in May, while alking along a gravel dge near the beach, which ie wind kept partially are of snow, McClintock me upon a human skele-n, with here and there a w fragments of clothing ppearing through the ow. Had it not been for ie snow which covered ie place, McClintock felt at a search would have rought to light many nother skeleton.

Concluding that the re-eating party must have rossed the lowland of ape Herschel, thus com-leting the discovery of the Northwest Passage, and that they must have left a record of their progress there, McClintock and his men made a diligent search of the vicinity. They found only a partly demolished cairn, however, and were forced to assume that the Eskimos had ransacked the cairn of its valuable documents and thrown them away as worthless pieces of paper. It is also possible that the natives, when they ascertained that famine, scurvy, and fatigue had caused many of the white men to die upon their fearful march, and heard of its fatal termination upon the mainland, lost no time in following in the footsteps of the explorers, searching every spot where they halted, and tearing down every mark they put up.

About twelve miles from Cape Herschel, McClintock found a small cairn which had been built by Hobson's party six days before. They had seen nothing of the wreck, or of natives, but they had found at Point Victory on the northwest coast of King William Land the only existing record of the Franklin Expedition. This was dated May 28, 1847, and told briefly that the two Franklin ships had wintered in the ice in latitude 70° 5′ N. and longitude 98° 23′ W. They had sailed up Wellington Channel to latitude 77° and had returned along the western side of Cornwallis Island.

At that time, May, 1847, Sir John Franklin was still alive. After sixteen years of silence it now became known that after the last news of the expedition was received, on July 26, 1845, from the whalers in Lancaster Sound, the expedition passed on and entered Wellington Channel, and sailed up that strait for 150 miles.

Whether Franklin intended to pursue this northern course and was stopped by ice at latitude 77° N., or purposely took a route which seemed to lead away from the coast of North America, probably will never be known. But the documents found by McClintock established one thing: that the expedition, having accomplished this examination, returned southward from latitude 77° N., which is at the head of Wellington Channel, and reëntered Barrow Strait by a new channel between Bathurst and Cornwallis islands. In 1846 they proceeded to the southwest, and eventually reached within twelve miles of the northernmost point of King William Land, when their progress was arrested by the approaching winter.

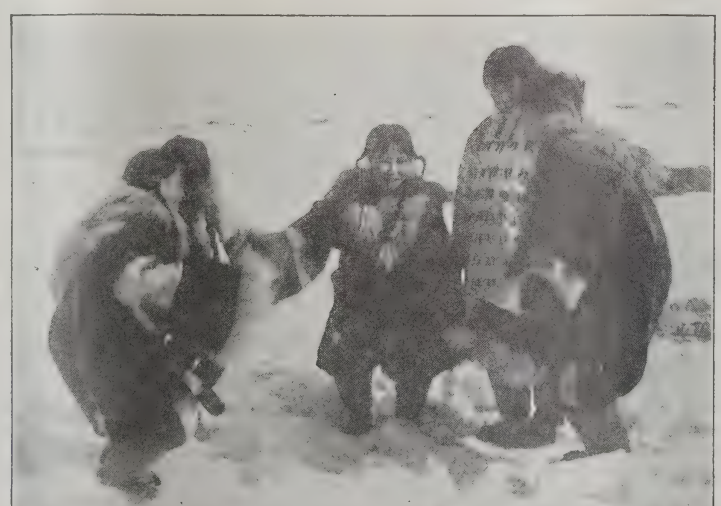


(C) *Brown Brothers.*
Eskimo girl fishing. After being frozen, the fish are eaten raw, and are considered quite a delicacy.

In two seasons they sailed over 500 miles of previously unexplored water.

The spring of 1847 found the two vessels within ninety miles of the known sea off the coast of North America. But in June, 1847, according to further entries on the records discovered by Hobson, Sir John Franklin died. In April, 1848, the two ships were deserted fifteen miles northwest of Point Victory, and the survivors bravely set out the next day for the Great Fish River. This, their last desperate struggle for life, was made rather than perish without effort on board their ships, which were still locked in the ice, and which were provisioned only up to July of that year.

When McClintock reached the westernmost point of King William Land, which he named for Captain Crozier, of the *Terror*, he came upon a large boat, which Hobson had found a few days before, but there were no records of any kind to be found in the vicinity. This boat was about the size of the ordinary whaleboat, but was of very light draft. Evidently it had been built for ascending the Great Fish River. Its weight was about 750 pounds, and it was mounted upon a sledge of unusual weight and size. The sledge alone, McClintock estimated, weighed 650 pounds. The total weight of boat and sledge must have been a heavy load for a dozen strong, healthy men. The emaciated and scurvy-stricken survivors must have found it a heavy burden.



(C) *Brown Brothers.*
The Eskimos' stories aided rescue parties to follow Franklin's route.

In this boat were portions of two human skeletons, one that of a slight young man; the other of a large, strongly built, middle-aged man. Wolves or other predatory beasts had destroyed much of the skeletons. Nearby were found five watches, two double-barreled shotguns—one barrel in each loaded and cocked—standing muzzle upward against the boat's side, probably as a protection against polar bears or wolves. There were a large amount of clothing and several pairs of boots of various kinds. There were towels, soap, toilet articles, twine, nails, saws, files, sailmaker's palms, ammunition, knives, sheet-lead, in short, a quantity of articles of little use, and likely to break down the strength of the wretched crews.

There was no food of any kind in the vicinity except forty pounds of chocolate, but a great deal of silver tableware was found in the boat. Of the many men, probably twenty or thirty, who were attached to this boat, it seemed very strange to McClintock that the remains of but two individuals were found. McClintock observed that this sledge was headed in a northeasterly direction, as if the party had abandoned their retreat to the southward, and were traveling back toward the two ships. The position of the boat was about fifty miles from Point Victory and 150 miles from Montreal Island.

Were the twenty or thirty men who must have been with the ship unable to drag it farther, and did they leave the two men whose skeletons were found, supplying them with such provisions as could be spared, to last until the return of the others from the ships with a fresh stock? Whether any of this party ever reached the *Erebus* and the *Terror* is unknown; all we know is that they did not revisit the boat, otherwise more skeletons would undoubtedly have been found in its neighborhood. On the other hand, the Eskimos say there was no one alive on the stranded ship, and that they found but one human body on board. This ship, by the way, was never found by the McClintock party.

***What Captain Hall Learned***

In the Franklin search, up to the time of McClintock, more than 40,000 miles had been sledged, including 8,000 miles of coastline. Later expeditions, particularly those of Captain C. F. Hall and Lieutenant Schwatka, were to add considerably to the total.

Briefly, this is what Hall learned from the Eskimos with whom he lived for two years: Late in the autumn, many years before, on the west shore of King William Land, the natives had found the graves of two white men to the eastward of Cape Herschel; five or six miles beyond this point another white man's grave was found; and on a small island two miles off the coast the remains of five other white men, making eight in all. The following year, Hall was told, a party of Eskimos had found a large tent, the floor of which was completely covered with the bodies of white men. Two graves were close to it. Two rowboats had also been found, and many skeletons were to be seen about them. Wherever the natives found graves they dug them open to rob the dead.

The accounts given of Franklin's ships were confusing. One of the vessels, the natives said, had been crushed by the ice and sunk in deep water. The other ship, beset by the ice, drifted near shore and was boarded by the natives. Later, this ship was crushed by the ice and sunk.

It was an American Army officer, Lieutenant Schwatka, who conceived the idea of examining the west coast of King William Land in the summer, when the snow was off the ground. The party consisted of Lieutenant Schwatka and three others. Equipped with only a month's provisions, and relying for food upon the game afforded by the region, the party, which had wintered in Hudson's Bay, set out overland by dog team for the estuary of the Great Fish River, early in April, 1879. These adventurers were accompanied by thirteen Eskimos, including women and children, and three sledges. The extent to which they availed themselves of the game the country afforded may be inferred from the fact that in the course of the expedition they killed 522 caribou, besides many musk oxen, polar bears, and seals.

On the way to King William Land, Lieutenant Schwatka once came upon an Eskimo village before which the men were drawn up in line of battle. An old Eskimo woman was sent to ascertain who the newcomers were and what they wanted. After a few friendly overtures, Lieutenant Schwatka found that it was the custom of the villagers to kill the first stranger who came among them, after a death in the village. But he was spared.

***Snow May Still Cover Relics of Franklin's Men***

Numerous knives, forks, spoons, pans, cups, plates, and other relics of the Franklin survivors were recovered by Lieutenant Schwatka from the Eskimos at King William Land. They also secured a valuable relic in the sledge seen by Sir Leopold McClintock in Erebus Bay eighteen years before, which at that time carried a boat with several skeletons beside it.

Much of the country through which they passed swarmed with caribou, so that on almost every hillside the breath of the herds rose like clouds of steam. The frozen caribou meat had to be sawed and broken up into lumps of a convenient size. When first put into the mouth, these were as hard as stone. Sometimes, however, the meat was cooked with moss gathered from the hillside. The luxury of warm food was possible only on the days when they stayed in camp, as it took nearly four hours to gather the moss and cook the meal.

After the expeditions of Rae, McClintock and Schwatka, we now know all that we shall ever know of the fate of the Franklin survivors. We know how the explorers perished, where, and, with some reasonable degree of certainty, when. All honor to their memory!

The reader perhaps wonders why so few of the bones of the lost explorers were found. Experts agree that these men, who were compelled to drag their boats and sledges upon the sea ice where there was a level roadway, and where the wind had packed the snow tightly, were left wherever they fell, and probably covered up with ice and snow. When overtaken by death and buried in this fashion, these bodies probably found their final resting place at the bottom of the sea when the ice thawed the following summer. It is not altogether unlikely that some of these bodies may still be held by the ice, for in this part of the world ice might drift to the northward and be held there a century. It is also likely that the snow which covers the coast line of King William Land concealed from the McClintock expedition, and may even conceal to this day, many traces and perhaps skeletons of the lost Franklin followers.

# The Secret of the Franc's Collapse

(*Continued from page 6*)

The Morgan credit of $100,000,000, at three cents, would mean a total of 300,000,000 francs. Assuming it would be used in its entirety, it yet remains a question as to how the franc's movement can be aided when the number of available francs for saving service is not only so low in comparison to total circulation, but has been borrowed to boot!

Frankly, the Morgan dollar loan is of little aid to the French people. As an arm in the hands of the French Government for punishing speculators and 'bears' on francs it is quite useful, since it enables the authorities to kill off all fiscal or financial intrigues against French money, but it has no force or efficacy in rising values at will. In other words, if the franc at 3.5 American cents were attacked by speculators and dropped half a cent, prompt action by the French Government, via the Morgan loan, would turn the tables on the speculators and restore it to its former level, or nearly so. But beyond that the government at Paris has no power. That is why the cabinet has fallen so often.

The recent downward movement of the franc is a natural one, judging by all available data. Observers who may be considered impartial, politically and financially, believe that speculators had no part in the recent decline. Two years ago, when the franc dropped to about 3.5 cents, government intervention raised its value to nearly seven cents, or 100 per cent. Dollars were freely used by the government to force speculative interests to disgorge.

It is an ominous declaration, however, which comes from Paris that the French Government this time sought to do nothing more than prevent 'a panic.' The fact that a panic was thought of is self-explanatory. It is the first time in post-war French fiscal history that the word has seriously been mentioned. Financial Paris professed to be satisfied with the government's attitude, as against that of 1923 when a spectacular recovery was forced.

The fact that speculators are now very cautious about the franc is a corollary incident worth noting. It may be an indication that economic laws are about to dictate future fluctuations.

One has been hearing a great deal about the fiscal reforms promised by French statesmen. One of these, about which we have been reading with almost daily regularity, is that the French people, having paid all they could for a terrible war and borrowed the balance, were not in the mood to be taxed more than their approximate 20 or 22 per cent. No French politician could survive who favored the imposition of a stricter tax, was the impression. Accordingly, politics was played that way.

The French people are thoroughly and fully taxed. It is their taxation policy and collection system that is at fault. It is the amount collected that is insufficient, and, most likely, the uncollected proportion is greatest in that group that can best afford to pay taxes. Of course, collecting taxes in a country which does most of its business on a cash-and-carry basis, so to speak, is much more difficult than in the case of a country whose chief business is on credit and therefore of record.

The government has now decided to intrust a 'committee of experts' with the

formulation of another plan for financial reform, with a view to placing it above political issues. As to these plans, singly or together, nothing can or need be said until they are formulated and tried. So far every reform has failed. Much was expected of the so-called debt settlement. News of the agreement failed to bring about that miracle of exchange upon which so many had calculated. It is now realized that the debt settlement, on paper or otherwise, cannot possibly stabilize the franc or any other creditor's money.

Exaggerated estimates have been made as to how much the American tourists leave in France. Last year one such estimate had it that $400,000,000 were left there. That is absurd. It would mean that 100,000 tourists spent *in France alone* $4,000 each in one year. It is doubtful if more than a few thousand spent more than $400 apiece. With a depreciated or falling franc the total is not likely to be much greater this year, unless the government takes radical measures, such as severe export taxes or balancing export fees, which would in effect yield the government the difference between the franc buying value and the 'gold' purchase value.

Germany, it will be remembered, established such an arrangement when it was found that foreign buyers began to empty the country of articles bought when the mark was virtually worthless. Germany had no precedent; France, on the contrary, may have the benefit of several precedents against the sorties of such visitors.

The French people are beginning to be worried because several years of promises have taught them that the silvery voices of politicians leave no residuum in their pockets.

They are perhaps ready to submit to the franc's stabilization. The hope is to get the politicians in Paris to see it that way. If they do not, something else may happen to them which they won't like. Rural France in particular will not be courteous or tractable if the franc's value dwindles further.

# What's Wrong With Our Higher Critics?

(*Concluded from page 7*)

make us very careful how we call down fire from heaven upon men engaging in some form of Bible study which we do not happen to understand or see need of.

The higher criticism is of quite another sort. It has nothing to do with all that complex series of critical questions which relate to the age and character of manuscripts. It takes the text where the lower criticism leaves it, and asks concerning each book who wrote it, when it was written, where it was written, and why it was written.

Now for some, perhaps, it does not make very much difference when parts of the Bible were written, or by whom. If the 23d Psalm had never been published until this morning, and appeared for the first time in the daily papers, it would still be a beautiful and inspiring composition. If the 13th chapter of *I Corinthians* could be proved to have been written, not by St. Paul in the First Christian century, but by Thomas Carlyle or Ralph Waldo Emerson in the nineteenth, that would not wholly take away the glory or the beauty of its sentences. Nevertheless, it is worth while to know, if we can know, who did write them.

***The Bible Was Written in Pieces***

There is only one way to find this out and that is by the higher criticism.

Higher criticism is a highly specialized science. In a certain sense, anyone who has an opinion concerning the authorship or the date of any book or part of a book in the Bible is a higher critic. If you have read the first Gospel through, and having read it believe it was written by Matthew, and have formed that judgment in any other way than by reading the title of the book, you are a higher critic, and the same if you believe that someone else wrote it. If you read the second Gospel and believe as I do that the Mark who wrote it was the same John Mark who traveled with Paul and Barnabas, you are a higher critic.

You may, if you like, ask what is the use of knowing or inquiring, and the answer is that if you think there is no use you are under no obligation to inquire, but you have no right to forbid other people inquiring and learning the answer if they can.

But someone will say, 'Higher critics cut the Bible to pieces.'

The Bible was written in pieces and distinctly says so. The very first verse of the epistle to the Hebrews says, 'God spoke in old time to the prophets in divers fragments and in divers manners.' We have a perfect right to find out, if we can, in what fragments the prophets spoke and who put the fragments together. We have not only that right. It is our duty to learn if we can.

***Fools Not All on One Side***

This process involves the necessity for historical and literary criticism, and of patience and skill. The men who do it do not do it for fame, for there is very little honor and far more abuse in the process. For the most part, they prefer not to have very much said about their work, because the large number of people who know about it know just enough to misunderstand and abuse them. They work diligently, painstakingly and laboriously. Nor do they work for money. Their salaries are small.

Are their results destructive? Do they take pride in finding how much they can throw away? Is there any danger that they will take away from us our Bible?

If the Bible were so feeble and faulty a thing that they could take it away, we should not lose very much by their taking it. They could not take it from us if they wanted to, and they do not want to.

'But they say Moses did not write all the *Pentateuch* and that the book of *Isaiah* was written by two men and maybe more.'

If they say that Moses did not write the whole of the *Pentateuch*, there is at least a chance that they may be more nearly correct about it, after their long study, than the people are who have never studied the question at all. As for the book of *Isaiah*, anyone who reads it can see that its prophetic parts are in two sections with an historical section in the middle. In the first part, the name of Isaiah is repeatedly mentioned, but his name does not occur in the second part. If these critics believe that Isaiah wrote the part which he says he wrote and did not write the part which he does not say he wrote, it is at least possible that they may be right. It would be better to read the book itself and see what is in it.

It is certainly true that a good many men who have learned something about the higher criticism have talked very wisely and foolishly and sometimes destructively about it. The fools are not all on one side by any means. On both sides, the less people know about it, the more likely they are to talk about it and the more angry they are likely to get.

One certain thing we might well afford to believe is that no discovery of any truth about who wrote the Bible or any part of it can ever take the Bible away from us, or make it any less sacred than it is. And another is that where there is so much to learn, and we know so little, we can all afford to be patient with each other and help each other when that is possible, and wait for larger knowledge.

***Not Religion But History***

And yet there is a danger in the higher criticism, and it is one for which those who believe in it are to blame. In many cases they have given us the results of their study in negative instead of constructive form. They have seemed proud of their learning and ruthless in the exercise of it. They have seemed to take delight in shocking sensitive people and in making light of things regarded as sacred. Theirs at times has been the sophomoric type of scholarship that belongs to the medical student when he cannot look upon another human being without thinking how nicely he would cut up.

But the remedy for this is not to close down the dissecting rooms or forbid the Biblical scholars to do their work, but insistence that they should go on through the course to the constructive part. For none of the questions of the higher criticism are religious questions. They are literary and historical questions. For instance, let me use an illustration that belongs to a part of the Bible where no one can think a difference of opinion vital.

The Jews were accustomed to write the Old Testament on sheets of skins, arranged as rolls. They wrote habitually the whole of the *Pentateuch* on one roll, a large one, and the little book of *Esther* on another, a very small one. To each of the major prophets they usually gave a roll, but they put all the minor prophets on one scroll together. They liked the number twelve, and they grouped those short books of sermons so that there should be twelve. They were thinking less about individual authors than of making a book of a sacred number. They had a little book of prophecies by a very useful though not brilliant prophet named Zechariah, and they had a little book with nobody's name attached to it which lengthened it out nicely, and they added these chapters. Now, just as soon as you read the book that bears the title *Zechariah*, you see that the first part of it was evidently his, and that the last chapters say nothing about him. Is there any authority that compels you to believe that those anonymous chapters also are by Zechariah? If so, why do they not say so? They might be by Zechariah, but whether they are or not is clearly a matter of judgment. Personally, I am confident that those chapters are a separate little book, and a very interesting one. They could add nothing to the fame of Zechariah, and it would puzzle us if we believed that the conditions described existed in Zechariah's day. We know there was a time when just such conditions did exist, and we are glad that God did not leave those times without witness. I certainly believe that the last chapters in that book were written by another man whose name we do not know. If we needed to know it, we should have it.

***Last Chapter of Zechariah's***

But this belief of mine is not an article of faith. It is a judgment based on thoughtful and reverent study. But it is not a religious matter. Another man equally religious might have an exactly opposite opinion.






This map shows the great continent of Africa. Where the trees are indicated was wild country, and we read in this story how men have explored it and made it known.



# Africa—Land of Ivory, Gold and Diamonds

By H. K. W. KUMM

WHEN Homer wrote the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, the first great epics, he referred to the gods' holiday among the blameless Ethiopians. Theirs was a land fit for a visit of the gods.

After Troy had fallen, and the wanderer Ulysses sailed the deep in quest of home, he early found his way to Africa, the land of the Lotophagi, where luscious food tempted the visitors to forget their far-off homes and stay to eat the lotus all their lives.

It is a common saying in the land of Egypt that he who tastes the water of the Nile will drink again of that strange, muddy liquid. It was up the Nile to the far interior, so the priests maintained, that the souls sailed in the bark of death to the land beyond the grave.

Greeks thought of Africa as an earthly paradise, and Egyptians of the heart of the Dark Continent as their heaven.

Rich is this continent in memories of the past. Long before Troy was built and after Troy had fallen, Thebes stood, the City of a Hundred Gates, capital of the upper and the nether kingdom.

When Aeneas, the Trojan, fled from his ruined city, after long journeyings, he found his way to Carthage and from Queen Dido took land such as an ox's hide might cover, on which to build his new home in the land of Libya. Thin they cut the strips of ox hide and surrounded land enough to build thereon a city, thus, Virgil tells us, Carthage was founded long before Rome, the Eternal City, had been thought of. For a millennium Carthage stood, for 500 years Rome's rival, till Scipio Africanus and the younger Scipio dealt with the mistress of proud Mauritania. The younger Scipio plowed the ruins of that city, and with salt he sowed them, thus he cursed the land, and thought forever to have ended the life of Carthage. Never again need Roman senator proclaim his *'Ceterum censeo Carthaginem esse delendam'* (as to the rest, I think Carthage must be destroyed). Yet Carthage rose again out of her ruins like a phoenix out of ashes, and gave the world three fathers of the Christian Church, Tertullian, Cyprian and Augustine.

When the Anglo-Saxons lived, dressed in skins, in Northern Europe as savages of the ultramontes, North Africa had a brilliant civilization. The greatest library was in Alexandria. Both Arius and Athanasius were bishops of that city. Here the first Christian college was established, the Bible first translated. Here the first lighthouse stood, the first geographers wrote and made their maps.

Archeologically and historically North Africa has a rich past. Great also is Africa's wealth of flora and fauna. Man may scar the earth's surface in the tropics. He may burn down the wilderness, cut roads through the jungles and send villages up in flames, but six months later deeper green than ever will have hidden his handiwork. The measure of rain is the measure of the foliage and the food supply. Light and life in nature are closely related and as Africa is the continent of sunshine, *animal and vegetable life is prolific.

A rainfall map of the world and density of population map are curiously alike except when we deal with the maps of Africa. Here rainfall and food are no indication of density of population. The determining factor of human life in Africa is not sunshine and rain but health. On this question more will be said later.

If Africa is rich in her flora and fauna she is still more highly dowered by her mineral wealth.

The export of gold from South Africa during 1923 was valued at $130,000,000 out of a total of $340,000,000. Considerably more than a third of the whole export of South Africa consisted therefore of gold, and this gold output is still on the increase, despite its being spoken of as a waning industry. The May, 1924, output for the Transvaal exceeded 800,000 ounces and so created a record. Two important new mines have just arrived at the crushing stage. The fact that the Witwatersrand gold output has on the whole been steadily increasing, that the output for 1923 had been surpassed only once and that under pressure of war, that so recently as in May, 1924, a record production was returned, seems to contradict any arbitrary statements that the zenith has been passed.

The export of gold from the Gold Coast during 1922-23 amounted to 204,073 fine ounces valued at about $4,000,000. Africa supplies today half the gold of the world and there is gold in Southwest Africa, on the Congo, on the Upper Benue, in the Libyan Desert waiting for development.

The diamond industry has not yet reached its pre-war standard. The unsettled state of Europe prevents the poverty-stricken people from purchasing precious stones, and as the DeBeer's mines of South Africa throw only enough diamonds into the world trade to supply the need, we have in this diamond trade a fairly correct index of world prosperity. In 1912 South Africa exported 4,440,000 carats of diamonds valued at nearly $45,000,000. In 1923 the export was 2,428,849 carats valued at $32,000,000. As the South African diamonds provide four-fifths of the diamond output of the world, and indeed control the diamond trade, nothing further need be said about

*Mean daily sunshine in hours: Aberdeen 3,5; Rome 6,5; Cairo 8,5; Kimberly 9,3.

hese valuable African mineral assets hich can be almost indefinitely developed s the wealth and the need for diamonds in he world increases.

Far more valuable in world commerce ven than diamonds is coal. The coal mining n South Africa has reached 12,000,000 tons year and the mining is still in its infancy. he price of coal is as low in South Africa s anywhere in the world. Cheap negro abor has much to do with this. New coal ines have lately been opened in Rhodesia; thers in the Katanga and still others in outhern Nigeria. There is coal enough in frica for Africa.

A platinum riff has just been discovered n South Africa and radium-bearing ore is eported by the Belgian Government on the pper Congo. The Belgian Congo Governent goes so far as to say that these radium re deposits are rich enough to supply the eed of the world. The Katanga district, here the radium ore was found in close roximity to coal, has further become mous for a mountain of almost pure pper. To bring this copper into the world ade a railroad is being built from Lobito ay in Portuguese Southwest Africa to the atershed between the Congo and the ambezi at the cost of some $75,000,000. bout half the line is now in operation.

When in 1904 the writer rode on horseack across the Bukuru Plateau in West entral Africa he purchased from the natives etal ornaments that looked to him as ough they were made of lead. Two years ter the Niger Company sent an expedition f mining engineers to that plateau; what oked like lead was soft black river tin, nd now fifty-five tin companies are exloiting the tin deposits of the Bukuru.

I think the point is proved that Africa's ealth in minerals is very great, and iron as not yet been mentioned—that base etal basic of all developments today.

The backbone of Africa is known to the eographers as the Central African ironone plateau. A plateau larger than the nited States holds an utterly unexploited ealth of iron. If Carnegie could build braries for the world out of the iron dug Pittsburgh, some future Carnegie may ackle the virgin iron wealth of Africa and se it through medical research to put an nd to the diseases of the world.

We may gain an impression as to the mparative importance of the various arts of Africa in world trade by looking at he export figures. Egypt havg the densest population of frica, at least along the Nile and the Delta, shows an export of 300,000,000. †If we compare is with the export of America appears that the individual gyptian exports about half as uch as the American, but if we mpare the export and import Egypt and America with the ltivated acreage, the export of gypt per cultivated acre is far excess of America. Algiers exorted in 1923 goods valued at mewhat more than $108,000,-00. Tunis $27,000,000, the rench Congo $42,000,000, Brith East Africa about the same, outh Africa $320,000,000, Niria $47,000,000, the Gold Coast 37,000,000, Sierra Leone $6,-00,000, French Senegal $21,000,-00 and Liberia $1,000,000.

Africa, immeasurably rich in aw products, shares in export of world trade but to the extent of 3.3 per cent and 3.6 per cent respectively, and as her land volume is one-fifth of that of our globe, her world trade is but one-sixth of the average.

Many of the greatest harbors are river harbors, New York on the Hudson, London on the Thames, Hamburg on the Elbe, Buenos Aires on the LaPlata, Calcutta on the Ganges. Africa with the exception of the small town Boma on the Congo has no river harbor of importance. Her great cities, except Cairo, do not lie on rivers.

Health in Tropical Africa, unusually bad in the deltas and estuaries, prevented the development of river harbors.

In 1910, Africa's share of the shipping of the world was but seven per cent; shipping carried in foreign boats, and as the tonnage at the different harbors was aggregated to reach this figure without considering that the same vessel might call at three or four and sometimes more places for her cargo, even seven per cent is probably more than twice too high. Three per cent of the world's shipping would be more the true share that Africa has at present.

It is commonly held by geographers that on the East Coast of the United States, between Boston and Washington, will be found the densest population, and here will be established as the days go by the financial and industrial center of the world. There are various geographical reasons for this which may be found in Semple and Huntington's books. The East Coast of America will need more raw products.

In West Africa we have one of the greatest storehouses of the world, little farther from New York than San Francisco. Why send for our rubber to the East Indies when there is any amount of it nearer home on the Guinea Coast? Why send for our copra to the South Sea Islands when we can get it on the Ivory Coast, less than one-third of the distance? This country will need more vegetable oil. There is any amount of it on the oil rivers in Southern Nigeria. We are already going for our cocoa to the Gold Coast, and for our mahogany to the Ivory Coast. There is ebony on the West African rivers. There is gum in the Sudan, and much ivory in Ethiopia.

And—Rubber! At present only one-fourth of one per cent of the world's trade in rubber comes from Africa. We have under our wings, in West Africa, Liberia, a country where almost enough rubber could be secured to meet the needs of the United States.



—*Ewing Galloway.*

South African waterfall, one of many caused by escarpment of plateaus.

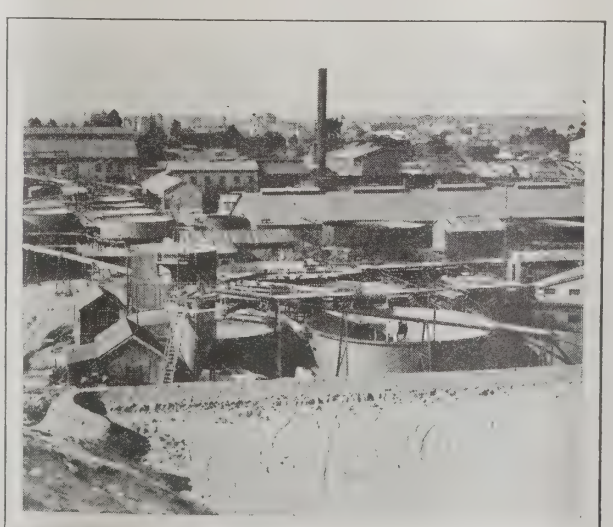
A rubber tree requires about six years to become tappable and ten years to bear fully. This fact causes the average American to hold back in investing in a project which will tie up his money over so long a period without return.

A great storehouse has been provided for us on the other side of the Atlantic whence we may draw cheaply and quickly most of the raw supplies we need. Millions of tons of kapok (silk-cotton) annually go to waste on the West African rivers. Why deforest our country when the tropical forests of the Niger and the Congo are so near at hand? To sum up, the Atlantic States of the United States will shortly be looking for nature's supplies to feed their mills and factories. They will naturally turn to West Africa.

What an opportunity for men of vision lies here before us—a continent to be developed. And there is but one drawback: Tropical Africa is held by dangerous defenders, the unseen miasma and microbes of deadly diseases.

Africa was first really opened to the knowledge of the modern world by Prince Henry of Portugal, called the Navigator. His victorious campaign of 1415 against the Moorish citadel of Ceuta roused his interest in the unknown continent, and he sent repeated expeditions down the coast to determine the extent of the continent. Finally one expedition returned with ten negro slaves and some gold dust. That blazed the trail for the demoralizing slave trade that followed during the next four centuries. Gradually the interior was penetrated, daring men lost their lives, as pioneers must, but the West African Coast became familiar through commerce and sailing charts.

English and other European explorers followed the Portuguese in the late 18th Century, and the 19th Century was marked by the entrance of the distinctly scientific spirit into African exploration. This promises to turn the key to African wealth and convert Africa into a continent whose riches are not only known but accessible—riches that may prove the solution to knotty problems.



—*Ewing Galloway.*

Gold mine at Johannesburg.

†All figures are taken from governent reports for 1923.

# Boyhood Impressions of Emerson

(*Concluded from page 15*)

Emerson always drew an audience to the capacity of the spacious hall. We were in war time; and Emerson sometimes found his theme in contemporary events; but generally he invited us to consideration of the perfect good and fair and we forgot the present in the eternal.

I have intimated that he was not a model of physical symmetry; but as he faced his hearers and began to speak, the spirit gradually possessed him, and we saw him only as the transparent medium of his message. He would stand with the right hand gripping the fingers of the left as they hung in front of him, and with his manuscript on the desk before him, glancing down at it occasionally, though the sentences were obviously in his mind. But for the most part his head was lifted, and he looked, not at us, but over and beyond us to the invisible Muse who was the inspirer and confidante of his thoughts. His countenance was ennobled, and the light of his eyes beamed out under the sweep of the upper lids with the look of an eagle—of the eagle of Jove himself. Few and concentrated were his gestures; indeed he commonly confined himself to a single one: with elbow at the side, to bend his right arm tensely, with the fist clenched; then to bring it down again with power.

It was immensely effective; and once, long afterward, when it was my fortune to watch Billy Sunday going through his frenzied and farcical calisthenics for the redemption of souls, I remembered Emerson standing above us, and drawing the very souls out of our bodies by the strong and varied harmonics of his speech and aspect.

Men of mind, whose work is done in solitude, are apt to appear shy in public. But Emerson's modesty never took the form of personal self-consciousness, and his faith in the verity of his ideas was modified only by the feeling that he might not be giving them adequate expression. But, warmed by his theme, he soared unfaltering, and the big space was filled by the penetrating sweetness of his voice, a masculine sweetness, which kindled into flame whatever was worthiest in the hearer.

***His Modesty Was Never Self-Consciousness***

There was something in the manner and tone of his truth-speaking which was as convincing as the subject matter; so that persons who had not been able to fathom the depths of his argument, went home enlightened: they had breathed the atmosphere of the heights. And there was a freshness and surprise in what he said that made it seem not only new, but as if he himself were making his maiden utterance: none of the hackneyed tricks and devices of the accustomed orator. It came from him untainted, impulsive, like the powerful song of the thrush heard in the hush of dawn.

Sometimes absurd happenings would take place. Once, in the midst of an eloquent period, some chance gust of air swept the leaves of his manuscript from the desk and scattered them over the floor below. His face at once showed a sympathetic consternation, not for himself but for his audience. He hastened down the steps of the rostrum and began to gather up the fugitive petals of his flower of wisdom, and the people in the near benches scrambled hither and thither to give what help they might; when all had been collected, he climbed back to his place and, after restoring the pages, each to its place, resumed his reading with no sign of flurry or embarrassment. Again, one rainy night, his boots creaked horribly at every change of posture; there had been wet weather, and the soles had warped. Consequently every sentence was accompanied by a raucous noise utterly incongruous with the melodious passages. We groaned in spirit, but Emerson never flinched. Mind could seldom more thoroughly conquer the rebellion of matter. He said his say faithfully and composedly to the end, and would not be so shallow as to apologize for the mishap.

His lectures, I suppose, contained the substance of what was afterward to be published as essays. Whatever he put forth, either in speech or in print, commonly had the quality not of sustained and cumulative argument, but of a succession of insights or intuitions, arranged more or less consecutively. His was not what we would term a great intellect, but he had a nature, and organization, exquisitely sensitive to abstract impressions and ideas. These he would record as they visited him, and would bring together such as were accordant in their tenor; afterward he would review them, and link them by reasons into a fabric more or less harmonious. Thus his essays contain passages which we recognize as inspired, connected by others of a less elevated character. Isaiah, and some others of the Biblical prophets, made no attempt to unite and justify to human sense the accents of the Holy Ghost that came to them; but Emerson always did what he could to join the loose ends of his visions—to bring soul and flesh into some relation. Perhaps he would better have let them alone. We find ourselves quoting not his accommodations, but his insights—they are 'Emerson.'

***His Essays First Appeared as Lectures***

After a sojourn of several years in Europe, I came back to Concord to learn that Emerson was slowly fading out of bodily life: he had long since ceased to write for publication, or to speak in public; his external memory seemed to have been wiped clean of records. I called at his house therefore less with expectation of conversing with him, than of paying reverence to a man who had revealed to me high ways of life.

Ellen Emerson received me at the door. Her face, handsome and striking, was little changed, except that it was graver and more transparent; she had always been something of an enigma. She had applied herself to keeping the reins of the household firmly in her hands. She was a strong element in the life of the village, for she had sound judgment and kindness, and her sympathies were wide. Wordsworth says of Duty,

'Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon her face'

and the principle and practice of Ellen's life was to win that smile. But when her father began to fail, she devoted herself to his personal service, in which duty and love united. Though her mind was cool and practical, and unable to follow her father's flights aloft, she lived in him—filled out his needs with her fullness, guarded him, spoke for him, was hand and foot for him. She divined his wants without speech, and silently and invisibly supplied them.

Ellen had never worn a hat or bonnet; her dense and long black hair smoothly drawn beside her face and mounded behind in a twisted braid was the only head-covering I ever saw on her. Now, as she stood in the doorway at my last visit, that sable crown had turned gray, though as thick as ever. She gave me her hand with a smile and said, 'Yes, you may see him.' For a year past, only a few old friends had received that permission.

She led me into the study, where Emerson sat in his chair, his hands resting inert on his knees; he seemed as if dreaming awake, tranquil and benign. For a moment, I could see no change in him; but as I looked in his face, I perceived that something had departed. He was only dimly aware of a visitor, and presently he said, 'Ellen, who is this gentleman who is kind enough to call on us?'

'This is Julian Hawthorne, father,' she replied.

'Julian?—or, yes, Julian—Julian Hawthorne—I am glad.'

His voice died away, I could not speak for a few moments, and there was silence. Ellen shook her head with a faint smile. But he roused himself and asked again, 'Who is this gentleman, Ellen?'

She repeated my name, and he tried to hold the recollection, but it flitted from him again. I made some remark; he listened, but lost the thread, and merely murmured vaguely in reply. Ellen gave me a quiet glance, to indicate that it would be best to withdraw, but I, remembering his friendship with Carlyle of half a century ago, mentioned the old warrior's name: Carlyle, at the time I left England, had been himself sinking into silence.

***Hawthorne's Last Visit with the Essayist***

A vibration passed through Emerson, and after a moment he straightened himself in his chair, lifted his head, and life flowed into his eyes and face. 'Carlyle—yes—Thomas Carlyle! I know him—we knew each other: I remember very well. I was in London: he had written *Sartor Resartus:* I found him better even than his book: we talked together.' And with his gaze fixed upon that long-past episode, he spoke with increasing vigor and point; he was Emerson in his prime once more. His words came slowly but firmly, with the old rhythm and music: it was wonderful and moving to see and hear him. But after a few moments, in the midst of a sentence, he hesitated for a word, and before he could find it, the inspiration had passed. He sank back in his chair, the veil fell again over his features, and presently came the mild inquiry, 'Ellen, who is this gentleman . . .'

My impression was, not that Emerson's mind had decayed, but that he had slowly, as the end approached, withdrawn himself from the outer world into a secret retreat where he was preparing himself for the end. But the name of his old and honored friend had penetrated to him there, and had drawn him back for a while to mortal thoughts. It was the final appearance: he died soon after I had bidden him farewell. His pure and beneficent spirit is still with us, however, and perhaps the help he gave mankind is better realized and more valued now than when the pine-shaded house in Concord still held him.

# When Morgan Picked a Presidential Nominee

(*Continued from page 3*)

called in his piping tone. Mr. Cortelyou stepped beside him.

'Mr. Cortelyou,' he continued, 'will you please make an appointment with Mr. Benson to call at my hotel at 2:30 this afternoon.'

My desire to say something that would occasion a little conversation with the President had succeeded beyond expectations. I told James Schermerhorn, publisher of our paper, about it, and he also was pleased. He went along with me to keep the appointment in the afternoon. His coming furnished a little humor to the situation. When he, Roosevelt and I were closeted in Roosevelt's bedroom, Roosevelt turned to me and asked if I wished to talk before Schermerhorn. Inasmuch as Schermerhorn was my boss, I let him stay.

*He Has Selected Parker to Run Against Me*

The President seemed subconsciously to know that I hadn't a word to add to what I told him at the Alger reception, because he immediately started in to do all the talking.

'What you told me this morning,' he began, 'exactly fits information that has come to me from other sources. Pierpont Morgan told the same thing to a friend of mine. Morgan has been over to Europe where he was entertained by the kaiser and is all puffed up with a sense of power. He told a friend of mine that he could stand everything about my administration except what he called my "intermeddling with the trusts." That he could not and would not stand. I understand that Morgan has selected Alton B. Parker to run against me on the Democratic ticket.'

Nobody outside of New York had ever heard of Parker—at least I hadn't—and I asked who he was.

'Oh,' replied Roosevelt, 'he is chief judge of the New York State Court of Appeals.'

Then Roosevelt, who had sought me in the hope of gaining additional information which I did not possess, proceeded to add to my information. The subject of who his adversary in 1904 might be seemed so to fascinate him that he liked to talk about it.

'I can see,' he continued, 'that Morgan has been talking to Senator Hanna. I asked Hanna a while ago, where he stood. "Mr. President," he replied, "I am for you now. I may be for you in 1904, but I cannot tell. I make no promises." '

*No One Would Give Credit to the Story*

That was that. Roosevelt left town the same evening. I went over to the office, wrote under a Washington date line (so as not to reveal the source of my information) all that Roosevelt had told me, giving no authority for the article, but vouching for its truth. We printed it on the first page the next day under eight-column headlines, but none of the other Detroit newspapers would even rehash it. We offered it to the press association that served us with telegraphic news, but they would not touch it.

This was in September, 1902. Nothing happened until about February, 1904. One wintry afternoon, a three-line telegram trickled in from some place in Texas to the effect that a Democratic county convention had instructed its delegates to the Democratic National Convention to vote for Alton B. Parker as the Democratic candidate for President. It was a moral certainty that not a dozen persons in Texas except lawyers had ever heard of Parker. I printed the dispatch under a good head and added to it the substance of the article we had printed a year and a half before. And again this news attracted no attention. Everyone thought the Democratic nominee was going to be somebody else. But along in the summer Parker was nominated just as Roosevelt, almost two years before, had told me he was likely to be. To this day few persons know that Morgan nominated him.



ALTON B. PARKER.

That is the only nomination that I ever saw from the inside, but the late Wharton Barker, of Philadelphia, told me of two others in which he pulled the strings himself and actually put his men in the White House. One of the men was Garfield. The other was Benjamin Harrison. The Garfield story is particularly interesting, because it is so in conflict with what passes for the history of the event.

Garfield was nominated for President on the thirty-sixth ballot at the time when the friends of General Grant tried so desperately to nominate him for a third term. Garfield went to the convention as the chairman of the Ohio delegation which was instructed to vote for John Sherman. Sherman always accused Garfield of betraying him, which of course Garfield denied. The fact that Garfield voted for Sherman for thirty-five ballots seemed to exonerate him.

Wharton Barker, however, showed me original letters from James A. Garfield, written as early as 1879 upon the stationery of the House Committee on Ways and Means of which Garfield was a member, in which Barker's plans for nominating Garfield were discussed. The letters did not prove that Garfield was plotting disloyalty to Sherman, but they did tend to substantiate Barker's statements to me as to how he had planned and brought about Garfield's nomination. Regardless of whether Garfield was trying to grab the nomination for himself, Garfield knew of Barker's plans, helped to put them into effect, and Garfield was nominated.

Barker had everything arranged very carefully, and every particle of the arrangements, so Barker said, was known to Garfield. Barker sat where Garfield could see him and was told to keep his eyes on him. Whenever Barker put his thumb in the armhole of his waistcoat, Garfield rose and spoke to the question at issue, always taking care to speak in such a manner as to offend nobody and to make an appeal to the patriotic and other noble sensibilities of the delegates. Groups of handclappers hired by Barker were stationed about the hall to start applause whenever Garfield arose and when he sat down. Grant's 306 delegates stood by him to the end, but when the rest of the convention became tired of the deadlock, Barker put Garfield over.

*How Garfield's Nomination Was Arranged*

Barker got the surprise of his life when, a few weeks after election, he went to the home of the President-elect, at Mentor, Ohio, to talk things over. Barker told me that Garfield had promised him, if elected, to appoint him Secretary of the Treasury. Barker had a particular liking for finance and came from a long line of Philadelphia financiers. Jacob Barker, an ancestor and a Philadelphia banker, helped Dolly Madison rescue George Washington's picture from the White House when the British set fire to it during the War of 1812. Barker came from good stock, was experienced in finance and much wanted the secretaryship of the Treasury.

But he didn't get it. Garfield, so Barker told me, flatly went back upon his promise, making no other excuse than that he could not keep it. Instead, he offered Barker the secretaryship of the Interior, which Barker haughtily refused. Barker never forgave Garfield for breaking his word.

Barker also told me that in 1888 he brought about the nomination at the Republican National Convention of Benjamin Harrison. I do not recall the details of this story so well, except that he had carefully planned everything as he had in the case of Garfield. One thing, however, I distinctly recall. The convention had adjourned in the small hours of a hot, sultry, Sunday morning, until Monday morning. Even at that late hour Barker hustled over to the Grand Pacific Hotel where Harrison was staying; but Harrison had beaten him to it and was in the bathtub. Harrison called to him to come into the bathroom, anyway, and there they talked, Barker sitting on a stool and telling the candidate what to do next, while the short, pudgy, bewhiskered

*Barker Told Harrison to Leave Town*

Harrison lathered his body with soap and splashed about like a small hippo.

What Barker was in such haste to tell Harrison was to get out of town at once.

'You will be nominated at the first session tomorrow,' said Barker. 'Everything is all set and there is no chance that anything can go wrong. At any rate, you can do nothing by staying here and it will be more dignified if you receive the news of your nomination at your home in Indianapolis.'

*Barker Was Once Candidate for President*

Harrison took Barker's word for it, clambered out of the tub, dressed and just had time to catch an early train for the Hoosier capital. The next day, at his home, he received the news of his nomination.

Barker, who, by the way, was a great old fellow and himself a candidate for the Presidency on the Middle-of-the-road Populist ticket in 1900, told me these stories and many others one wintry afternoon perhaps fifteen years ago when I had stopped off to see him about something on my way home from Washington. After telling me about the Garfield and Harrison nominations he switched to Czar Alexander I, whose representative in the United States he was whenever the czar wanted to order a warship in America, and from the czar he flitted to China where he had spent months at a time on business for the czar. Barker, on these visits, had met all of the great Chinese statesmen of his day and to hear Barker talk about China and the Chinese was a delight.

We began talking at three o'clock in the afternoon. The early afternoon shadows of winter began to fall, and as he still seemed to be interested in talking I stayed because I was eager to hear. Finally it became dark, but we were in China and it did not matter. Barker did not turn on the light, but enough came in from the street to enable us to see a little. As a matter of fact, I doubt if Barker realized that night had come. I did not care if it had. I got a late train back to New York that night, but it did not matter.

The next time I saw Barker was just before the Republican convention that nominated Harding.

*Age Did Not Dim His Interest for Politics*

He was seventy-four years old then and the light was beginning to fade from his eyes, but his thirst for politics had not been slaked by all of his campaigns. He actually told me that the situation in the Republican party was such that if he were a little younger he could go out and in thirty days get the nomination for himself.

'How old are you,' he suddenly asked.

'Forty-eight,' I replied.

The old man looked at me long and at last a little sadly.

'It is a great age,' he finally commented.

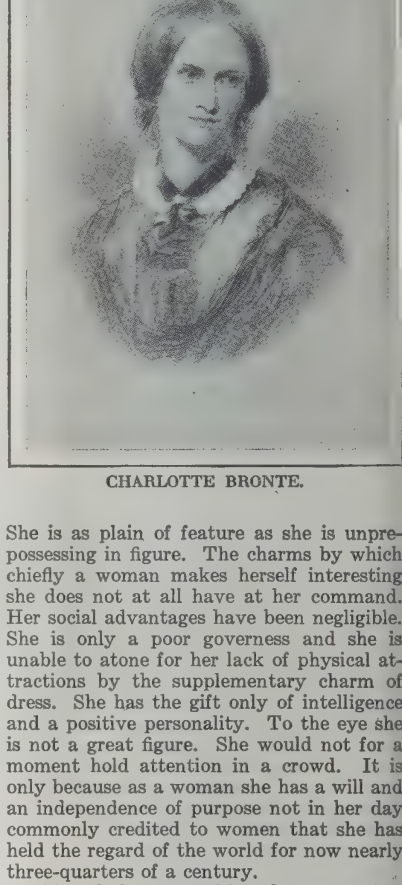
I could see what was going through his mind. If he were my age he would be the next President. But he was seventy-four, and though he had made two Presidents, the man who most of all he would have liked to put in the White House had lost his chance because of his age. The next year he died.

Today's schoolbooks mention Wharton Barker only as the candidate of a minor party for the Presidency in 1900, but they are silent as to what he did to make two Presidents and there is not a word of the great regret that died with him that he could not be President himself. He worked in the dark and had no press agents.

# 'I Have as Much Soul—and Heart—as You'

## So Declared Jane Eyre, Rebellious at the Social Inequality of Her Time

By LEWIS WORTHINGTON SMITH



CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

FIRST and foremost Jane Eyre is a woman in rebellion; to the world it is a symbol of change in the ways of women with men.

If we are to understand what Jane Eyre means in the history of mankind, we must look back to Boccaccio's *Patient Griselda*, the tenth story of the tenth day in the *Decameron*. It is reported that to love the Lord thy God and thy neighbor as thyself is the whole duty of man. The whole duty of woman, in the days when Patient Griselda was the ideal of womanhood, was more narrowly limited. It was her place to

*It Was Her Place to Be Obedient*

love her lord and master within the bonds of marriage better than herself and to give to his slightest wish unquestioning obedience. That prettiness of feminine gentleness and submission was the other face of the adulation and adoration that chivalry flung down before her feet.

Jane Eyre asks for no homage of that sort. She wishes to love and to be loved, but she cannot accept a man's will blindly for her will. No more can she accept his judgment. Almost from childhood she has been a creature of her own resources. She has been compelled to fight her own way. Out of that experience she has achieved an independence of spirit to which women were supposed modestly and properly to be strangers. She has come to believe that it is her right to shape her life in agreement with her own understanding of what may fittingly be its aims and purposes. She believes that she should be as free to exercise that right as a man. The world does not agree with her.

It has decreed that a woman must not assume to be the mistress of her own destiny. She must turn to a man for guidance and subject herself to his leading. Jane Eyre does not have that conception of her obligations or of the limitations incident to her womanhood. She is consequently a rebel. She is not unduly violent. She does not go out into the streets proclaiming the evils of the current order. She does not demand that the world shall remake its codes to meet her necessities, but she refuses firmly to shut herself up in what it has set apart as the proper inclosure for women.

Jane Eyre lacks most of the qualities that are ordinarily to be remarked in the heroines of fiction. She does not have the commanding presence of, for instance, Hawthorne's Zenobia or Thackeray's Beatrix Esmond. She is, indeed, slight and mean of figure. Beauty too has been denied her. She is as plain of feature as she is unprepossessing in figure. The charms by which chiefly a woman makes herself interesting she does not at all have at her command. Her social advantages have been negligible. She is only a poor governess and she is unable to atone for her lack of physical attractions by the supplementary charm of dress. She has the gift only of intelligence and a positive personality. To the eye she is not a great figure. She would not for a moment hold attention in a crowd. It is only because as a woman she has a will and an independence of purpose not in her day commonly credited to women that she has held the regard of the world for now nearly three-quarters of a century.

After she has escaped from her apprenticeship to teaching at Lowood and has become governess in Rochester's employ at Thornfield, she passes through two crucial experiences. In each one of them she faces the opposed determination of a man to whom she owes much, upon whom in each case she

*The Rebel in Her Defied the Social Order*

is more or less dependent, and for whom she entertains in the one case a very high respect and in the other passionate love. There is a presage of the later scene with Rochester in an earlier scene in which Jane flashes the fire of a high spirit, the scene in which in his unique and startling fashion he proposes marriage.

'I have as much soul as you—and full as much heart,' she tells him. 'And if God had gifted me with some beauty, and much wealth, I should have made it as hard for you to leave me as it is now for me to leave you. I am not talking to you now through the medium of custom, conventionalities, nor even of mortal flesh—it is my spirit that addresses your spirit; just as if both had passed through the grave, and we stood at God's foot equal—as we are!'

This is the rebel in Jane defying that item of the social order of her day that denied the equality upon which she insists and that forbade to a woman the openness of speech in which she indulges. 'I am a free human being,' she declares a moment later, 'with an independent will, which I now exert to leave you.'

When the marriage ceremony has been halted by the revelation that Rochester has a wife, now for many years a mad woman, and when, after going back to Thornfield, he tries to persuade her to live with him, despite the bar, he says, 'Oh, Jane, this is bitter! This—this is wicked! It would not be wicked to love me.'

She has her response unfalteringly ready. 'It would be to obey you.' In the spirit of that response, the affirmation of her own judgment as an authority superior for her to that of a lover, she carries her affairs through. His plea that she has no family, no friends to be injured by what she does shakes her. It does not move her. To the temptation that it arouses within herself he has an indomitable reply: '*I* care for myself. The more solitary, the more friendless, the more unstained I am, the more I will respect myself.'

*His Plea Shakes But Does Not Move Her*

As the struggle between her will and his goes on she tells herself that she still possesses a soul, 'and with it the certainty of ultimate safety.'

For the moment her will opposed to Rochester's will is enough. She dares not trust herself for another twenty-four hours. Before morning she has slipped out of Thornfield and is on her way to concealment. She spends her last shilling that she may be carried as far as her money will take her. To fling herself upon the world so, to leave behind her every tie and every relationship to which she might cling for support, to become utterly helpless and alone, to do that as a woman of refinement and gentle nurture is to have a courage almost defiantly improper.

Poor Jane finds a haven, a second haven, and in this second haven she comes to her second crucial trial. Her second savior is St. John Rivers, who is a stranger when he and his two sisters take her in. He is later discovered to be a cousin, and he becomes a lover. His one great passion, beyond any passion that he can have for a woman, is to go to India as a missionary. With a hard and inflexible eloquence that she finds difficult to resist, he tries to persuade her to go with him in the double character of wife and missionary assistant. He forces upon her considerations of duty and obligation to which she cannot be insensible. She is almost overborne, but, as with Mr. Rochester, she insists successfully on being herself. 'I daily wished more to please him,' she has already confessed, 'but to do so I felt daily more and more that I must disown half my nature, stifle half my faculties, wrest my tastes from their original bent, force myself to the adoption of pursuits for which I had no natural vocation.'

*She Insists on Being Still Herself*

It is Jane's distinction that she both feels her situation and thinks about it. She thinks about herself, and she does that at once passionately and analytically. She is slight enough, insignificant enough, in every way humble enough. In her poor tortured heart she knows that all too well. None the less she will not lose what personality she has. It is in the reasoned recognition of her right to be herself and in the firmness of her will to maintain it that Jane Eyre, long-suffering and much-enduring, lifts herself out of the subjection to which woman in her day was born. So she shatters some of the social artificialities about her. So they do no longer bind her freer sisters of today.

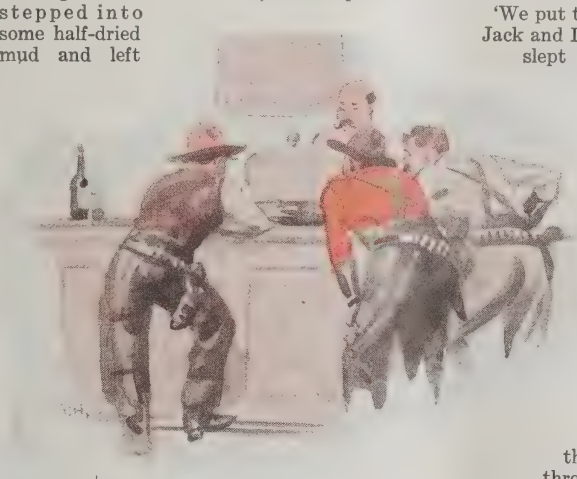
# Under the White Tops With 'Gil'

(*Concluded from page 13*)

'And it's natural that many ridiculous things should have happened with this circus,' Gil kept on without a break, 'because it's so very old. We ranged the United States through the time when pioneer crudeness everywhere was changing into our present civilization. I saw the most of the changes at first hand. We toured Florida from one end of the state to the other in 1847, and many times after that year. I've seen every change in that state up to now, because I go there every winter. From the time my brothers and I were tiny boys we were taught to observe everything. Pa saw to that, because he wanted us to be good circus men when we grew up. And we were the first circus in many of the cities and towns of the United States, because we were always trying out new territory.

'Take Butte, Montana, for instance. We were the first big circus there. Everybody in town came down to see us unload. When our elephant stepped out of her car the people went raving crazy at the sight.

'Right close to her car, the elephant stepped into some half-dried mud and left a deep footprint. The most prominent saloon keeper in Butte got a spade and dug up that footprint, with mud around the edges of it like the mat of a painting. He sent to his saloon for a big sandwich platter, and the high glass cover that fitted over it to keep out dust and flies. Trimming that mat of mud down to size, the saloon keeper put the footprint on the platter, placed the glass cover over it, and carried it back to his saloon. He labeled it, "Footprint of the First Elephant Ever in Butte," and placed it on his bar. It remained there for a good many years as one of the town's curiosities.



The saloon keeper put the footprint on a platter, placed glass over it and placed it on his bar.

'We were, also, the first big circus in Texas—always traveling by wagons, of course. That was in 1857, and I was a good-sized boy. We went clear through to the Rio Grande and back, and then into Indian Territory, and into Arkansas, that season.

'Texas also reminds me of the dog army we recruited and maintained to convoy our money through the state in 1870. We toured, of course, by wagons. In Texas, gold and silver had been used throughout the Civil War; greenbacks and Confederate money didn't get into very general circulation there. We didn't know this when we started into the state.

'From the first day we began to accumulate gold at a great rate, and taking care of it soon became a problem, for up to that time no show had gone through the state without being robbed. It was in the days before railroads were plentiful. There were very few banks, no national ones, and the few were not always reliable. So buying bank drafts and sending the money home that way was out of the question. It cost twenty-five per cent to ship the money out by express, and then it was at our own risk.

'My brother Jack's family left the show and went home to Cincinnati just before we entered Texas, and they didn't expect to join us again that season. So Jack and I ripped the seats out of the four-horse bus in which the family rode, lined the whole inside (even the roof) of the bus with sheet iron, and built sheet-iron chests where the seats had been. We put quarter-inch iron on the floor, so nobody could bore through it. The bus was a traveling bank vault.

'We put the gold in the chests, and Jack and I rode in the bus at night—slept in it—while we traveled from town to town. Trusted performers and workingmen, armed with rifles and revolvers, rode ahead of and behind the bus when we were moving. During the day, the bus was backed into the dressing room so it was always guarded. And after a while the chests were filled with gold. We began to sack it, $10,000 to a sack, and we slept on the sacks. At the end of three months in Texas we had nearly $250,000 in gold, after paying all expenses.

'As an additional guard we coaxed every dog that came on the lot in various towns to go along with us; hired the dogs, in reality, because we coaxed them with good food, and we always fed them there at the bus. It was only a matter of a few days until we had more than fifty dogs hanging around the bus all the time. They never left it because they were always looking for something to eat. And they got to be a fierce animal pack. Jack and I could hardly get to the bus, let alone anyone else with the show, or a stranger.

'The average distance from one stand to another was twenty-five miles; and all of the dogs walked beside the bus whenever it was moved. It was a funny sight, the bus moving along in the center of about fifty dogs, going from town to town. After they had been with the show for a couple of weeks, and had been fattened up a bit, dogs dropped off, and new ones took their places, until it got to be quite amusing to hire and discharge, so to speak, the members of our dog army.

*The next of this series, narrating the comedy, tragedy and romance of this pioneer circus, will appear in an early issue.*

# A Good Word for Snakes

(Continued from page 2)



A horned toad being captured by Mr. Rowe's fishing pole.

misinformation pure and simple—great-grandmother tales, told to keep the children at home, and to scare them out of wandering away. Some of the most widely circulated snake stories undoubtedly originated from the contents of bottles and jugs.'

'How did you become interested in reptiles, Mr. Rowe?' I asked. To this the scientist replied: 'I've always been a student of biological science. Twenty years ago I began studying reptiles because they were the one form of animal life that could not be studied from books or other conventional sources. I realized that here was a tremendously interesting and important field for research almost untouched by scientific men.

'I went to work, and I regret to say that I soon found myself stumbling over the public prejudice against reptiles.

'I found even my friends regarding me as queer, morbid, or even mentally unbalanced.

'By others I was set down in a class with street fakers, patent-medicine quacks, side-show snake charmers, and similar gentry, who long ago learned the value of taking advantage of public ignorance and using reptiles to attract attention.'

This drew out stories of some of Mr. Rowe's adventures in the field, several of which are worth repeating. 'I have long ceased to care what poor ignorant fools think of me,' he said. 'I used to go sneaking around trying to keep out of sight. But in recent years I have gone right ahead with my work. Some day those who have laughed at me will wake up to the fact that they were more ignorant than I am crazy.

'Perhaps the thing that has stamped me for a lunatic oftener than anything else is my method of catching reptiles for study. After trying all the conventional methods, I devised one of my own which I believe is the best. I catch my snakes, lizards, and other reptiles with a trout rod. I put a slip noose over his head. When the reel is wound up the snake is captured. It enables me to work at a safe distance, gives the reptile no possible opportunity for mischief, and is the surest way of bringing it to bag. I have also learned that there is no better receptacle for carrying live snakes and lizards than an ordinary trout fisherman's creel.

'Now, you can imagine what happens when people see me working out in the desert—perhaps miles from the nearest water—and casting about in the sagebrush and cactus with that kind of a rig. They take one look and say to themselves: "There's an enthusiastic trout fisherman who's gone nutty on the subject. Look at him. The poor fellow thinks this desert is a trout pool." Why! I even had a couple of deputies come out after me once. I was working just off the public highway in the Mojave Desert not far from Bakersfield. People in motor cars stopped to look, and I saw one man make a motion indicating wheels in the head.

'A little later a car rolled up from the direction of Bakersfield. Two big huskies got out and came toward me. One of the men with a kindly, pleading expression, said: "Come with us, Isaac. We'll show you a stream where you can catch bigger and better trout than you're getting here." When I assured them I was not interested in trout, one of them asked: "Then, what in helzbelz are you doing out here dangling a trout rod and line in this desert?" "Snakes!" I replied. "Bugs!" exclaimed the pair simultaneously. I then learned that the men were deputy sheriffs, sent out to capture the crazy man who had been reported at large in the Mojave Desert. But the joke of it was that it took me twenty minutes to convince those men that I was not one of three lunatics who'd escaped from a state institution several days before.'

'Were you ever bitten by a rattlesnake?' I asked. 'Twice,' he replied. 'Once I got nipped on the side of my left hand trying to catch a big diamond-backed rattler. I was miles from the nearest doctor at the time, and had no outfit for the emergency treatment of the wound. Gashing it with my pocket knife I made it bleed freely, and suffered no ill effects whatever. The second time I bled the wound and then injected potassium permanganate hypodermically. There were no ill effects, and in a few days the wound healed the same as any other minor injury should do.

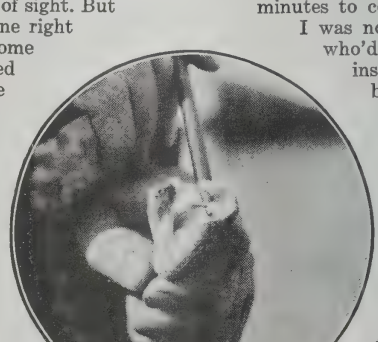
'I've been bitten many times by non-poisonous reptiles—probably because I don't take the precautions in handling them that I do with the poisonous varieties. Their bites are merely

right into camp as if he'd been invited—and right over my barrier of horsehair rope, paying no more attention to it than a migrating waterfowl does to an international boundary. He stopped within about six feet of my blankets when I put down a barrage of lead from an automatic pistol.

Another rattlesnake story which Mr. Rowe exploded was the one to the effect that a coiled rattlesnake can be killed with a pistol without the weapon wielder taking the slightest aim at the snake's head. The story goes that as the coiled snake always holds his head in a direct line with the hole in the end of the gun barrel, it is necessary only to point the barrel in the general direction of the reptile and pull the trigger. Mr. Rattler, of course, gets his head splintered by the bullet!

When I asked Mr. Rowe about this, he laughed uproariously, and said: 'Go out and try it!' 'Then you don't believe the story?' I asked. 'Not by a jugfull,' he answered. 'I've tested that theory many times, and I can tell you for a certainty that unless you're a pistol marksman, you can miss your snake just as easily as you can miss the rabbit that you want for your dinner!'

This question suggested others. I asked the herpetologist about the hoop snake—the one that is supposed to take his tail in his mouth and roll at his victim like part of a keg. I asked him about the blue racer's propensity for chasing small boys out of the woods. I asked him about the joint snake—the snake that 'goes to pieces when struck—the pieces running in all directions, and later getting together again.' I asked him about the snakes that are alleged to swallow their young as a means of protecting them until they can be safely disgorged. I asked him about the snapping turtle's alleged propensity for biting a victim and hanging on 'until it thunders.' I asked him about the snake with his head cut off 'remaining alive until sundown,' and many other fool questions. To each of these questions, individually and collectively, he replied: 'There is absolutely no scientific proof to support a single one of the popularly believed snake stories. They are inherited





Above—The rattlesnake *strikes;* he does not *bite.* His fangs are joined at the base and muscularly controlled. Below—A captive rattler, just after the noose has been slipped over his head.

pin-pricks, requiring no treatment other than the application of an antiseptic to avoid the possibility of infection. Although I have demonstrated to my own satisfaction that the bite of a rattlesnake is not necessarily deadly, or even dangerous, herpetology, dealing with them as live specimens, is no pastime that I would recommend for an amateur.'

In summing up his twenty years as a specialist in herpetology, Mr. Rowe said: 'Experience has convinced me that about ninety-eight per cent of all fear is either superstition or ignorance. About two per cent of it is genuine, common-sense fear of a definitely known and established danger. I have no superstitions whatever because they have no place in science—particularly biological science.

'We are just now waking up to the fact that the reptiles are about the same sort of victims of misunderstanding, ignorance, and superstition as the birds were twenty years ago.

'While it is true that certain reptiles destroy the nests and eggs of a few game birds, they more than repay the sportsman by killing rodents that destroy far more game than the reptiles themselves ever eat. It may therefore be said that the reptiles are as much of a benefit to the sportsman as to the farmer.

'The only exception that should be made to permit the destruction of reptiles is in those rare instances where venomous species may become a source of danger by reason of being in populated areas.'

## Brain-Children Are Sometimes Stolen

(*Concluded from page 8*)

Thereupon a particularly zealous friend of Mr. Ball issued a book setting forth that even before the original appearance of the poem that gentleman had read various stanzas of it to a number of persons who recalled them and several of these added their testimony to that of the writer. Mrs. Akers wrote to Mr. Ball demanding that he repudiate his false claim and he replied calling upon her to desist from further deception.

The literary journal of the day took up the controversy and exchanged almost vindictive recriminations of the issue.

The Ball claim received much backing at the outset. His champion seemed to have made out a strong case. He had, however, made one fatal mistake. He included a version of the poem with fifteen instead of six stanzas and his case was ruined by the weakness of the 'internal evidence.'

Mrs. Allen had written a number of poems, none equal to *Rock Me to Sleep*, to be sure, but all manifesting culture, delicacy of thought and feeling and a distinct talent for versification. Ball had started much and finished little. His craftmanship was crude, his English bad, his thought and feeling commonplace. It was the mature conviction of competent critics that the nine extra stanzas afforded abundant proof that he was not even a good imitator. The more experienced and responsible editors gradually came to this belief and though the Ball claim was never withdrawn or disclaimed, it was, after the storm had passed, swept indifferently aside.

Mrs. Allen lived to a ripe old age, published another volume of verses when she was seventy, but never duplicated the success of *Rock Me to Sleep*




*Financing Foreign Trade*

The world's millions move through foreign trade.

The buying and selling of commercial bills covering exports of all manufactures and merchandise; the buying and selling of the world's currencies; the issuing of travelers' letters of credit and travelers' checks; cable transfers; dollar drafts on Europe—these are just a few of the daily functions of our Foreign Trade Department.

The CANAL BANK's complete international banking facilities are helping to finance the huge import and export commerce of the United States.

*Interested executives are invited to write for our booklet: "Through Ninety-Five Years."*

**Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits Over $8,000,000.00**

*The* CANAL BANK AND TRUST CO. *of New Orleans*



# I Read in the Papers



*Will Japan Fight America?* This is the title of the latest book published in Tokyo and selling like wildfire.

### *Wild Words From Japan*

The author declares that Great Britain will maintain a rôle of strict neutrality and that Japan will not go down to defeat unless the British Empire backs the United States.

Japan, he believes, will be able to occupy the Philippine Islands and Guam, and this will seriously impair the fighting efficiency of the American battle fleet.

'Our naval authorities seem to have no definite idea as to when war may break out between Japan and America. They have no real fixed policy with regard to warship building. They are apparently satisfied with a few new vessels to take the place of those growing obsolete. They are extremely backward as regards aviation, poison gas and other appliances of modern warfare.

'I intend to sound the first alarm against this stupid idleness. When are we going to fight the Americans? Which time would you prefer, soon or later on?

'From a Japanese point of view, the sooner hostilities occur between Japan and America the better. It is absolutely impossible to fix any definite date for an international conflict; but it is just as well to keep one's powder dry. If Japan thinks this is a convenient time for her to fight and tries to force the pace she will incur the blame of the entire world. So will America if she chooses to fight at a time she thinks best suited to her. Neither Japan nor America can reasonably challenge each other when there is nothing to justify such action.

'At any rate, Japan will not be defeated. Some are inclined to the view that Great Britain will back the United States, especially in view of the attitude of Canada and Australia; but I don't think Great Britain will interfere. If Japan is vanquished, America will be the eventual dictator, in a way, of even the destinies of the British Empire, and Britons are too proud to tolerate that. The British are an aristocratic race and look down on the Americans as upstarts.'

What Japan fears most in the event of war, according to Mr. Kawashima, are attacks from the air. To forestall such attacks, he says, Japan should forthwith proceed to occupy the Philippine Islands and Guam.

ɤ ɤ ɤ

Aviation is assuming an important rôle in transportation in Australia. Under encouragement from the government, six regular air routes have been established and 128 landing fields prepared for civil aviation purposes. The routes are from Perth to Derby, a distance of 1,442 miles; from Sydney to Brisbane, 550 miles; from Charleville to Camooweal, 825 miles; from Melbourne to Hay, 233 miles; and from Mildura to Broken, 189 miles. The services are subsidized by the government, and each airplane plying over a regular route is required to carry 100 pounds of mail, surcharged at the rate of three pence an ounce. Citizens are enthusiastic supporters of the air mail service.

### *Australia Has Regular Air Routes*

During the year just ended, nearly 5,000 passengers were carried by planes engaged in civil aviation without a single fatality and with only one minor accident. For-hire airplanes are available for physicians and others who are called on emergency trips into the 'out-back country.' A number of lives have been saved as a result of the new facilities. Owners of sheep and cattle ranches, in many instances, have landing fields on their property.

ɤ ɤ ɤ

Sir James Cantlie, the famous surgeon, who died recently in London, was noted for his good-humored philosophy. The following are a few of his characteristic sayings:

### *Dance Before Breakfast and Keep Well*

'Dance before breakfast—not a waltz but a hornpipe.'

'I wouldn't smoke a cigaret for a five-pound note, and that is saying a lot for a Scotsman.'

'Serious illnesses do not shorten life. I have had more serious illnesses than any other man of 70.'

'The brainworker expends more of the vital principles of his body in half an hour's work than a man engaged in muscular exercises does in a day.'

*The International Jew* in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set $1. THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN.

ɤ ɤ ɤ

A real religion does not take all a man's time, though it may influence all his life. Mammon, however, comes very near taking all a man's time. 'Their rest is scant with Baal.' Hence the fact that we were not-ing, that the average American does not have time to civilize himself completely. Leisure is not his; and the leisure that he gets he is too tired to employ in any valuable way. His experience, direct and vicarious, shows him that neither art nor letters, neither history nor philosophy, neither music nor sport, will help him to make money. Therefore, he has no time for them—only time for the kind of relaxation to which he does not have to contribute anything except cash: a drive in the car, a movie to look at, a radio to listen to, a game to watch whe professionals do the work. It is a commo place that the successful American bu ness man goes to pieces when he retires b cause he has not kept in reserve oth interests. He passes from his hectic ser tude to uselessness; does it often witho reason, without necessity, simply becau the making of money is supposed to be t only legitimate occupation for a man, a he has not dared intermit the process duri youth and middle age.—Katherine Fulle ton Gerould in *Harper's Magazine.*

### *American Men Find Little Time for Leisure*

ɤ ɤ ɤ

Much interest has been created by M Fowler's theories of Modern English usag To myself the most ill-used word in th language is 'only.' has been the victi of a great deal shockingly bad poetr though the rhymes it, including the i evitable 'lonely,' are few and far betwee while it is more frequently misplace thereby losing all its force, than any oth word in the language. I have been collectir examples of its misplacement from peop and papers that should have known bette the misplacement, of course, destroyin the sense:

### *The Word 'Only' Is Often Used Incorrectly*

Portent and belief is only possible if th portents happened long ago. (The Mast of Jesus College.)

In Italy national ruin was perhaps onl averted by the brutal tyranny of Fascism (Ramsay MacDonald.)

This nomenclature can only be recor mended on the ground that it is commonl used. (Leonard Darwin.)

The retail butcher will only sell such cut of meat as suit himself. (Ford Madox Ford

Sir Evan MacGregor only kept hi office for one day. (Times correspondent.

—J. M. Bulloch in the *Graphi*

ɤ ɤ ɤ

Writing to Gilbert K. Chesterton's ex cellent publication, known as *G. K.' Weekly*, H. L. Mencken says:

'Dear Sir: Some one sends me page 12 from the issue of you *Weekly* for May last. In it there is flat statement that am of the Old Testament. This, I beg t assure you, is an error. I am perhaps th only genuine Anglo-Saxon at present livin in America and have all of the classica stigmata. I do not object to being called Jew, but it occurred to me that you migh be interested in the truth.'

### *'I'm a Genuine Anglo-Saxon,' Says Mencken*

ɤ ɤ ɤ

Declaring itself squarely in favor of the Eighteenth Amendment and unalterably opposed to modification of the Volstead Act, the Lutheran Augustana Synod, representing all Lutherans of Swedish extraction in the United States, adopted strong resolutions denouncing efforts of the liquor interests to nullify the prohibition act. The synod met in Philadelphia for its sixty-seventh annual convention. The resolutions concluded by calling on members of the synod 'to aid in the observance of the law and to defeat hostile referenda submitted to the electorate.'

# BRIEFLY TOLD

LATIN STILL RETAINS its popularity in North Carolina, where more than 1,200 boys and girls from seventy-two high schools recently participated in a state-wide Latin contest.

THE FIRST AIRPLANE restaurant serves meals in the air between Paris and London.

EIGHT STATES RECEIVED 75 per cent of the immigrants arriving in the United States in the nine-month period ending March 31. The states in the order of the number received were: New York, Michigan, Massachusetts, Texas, Illinois, California, Pennsylvania. and New Jersey.

THE WORLD'S DEATH RATE is estimated at 68 a minute, 97,920 a day, and 35,740,800 a year.

THE PERUVIAN CONGRESS has passed a law making it mandatory that shower baths be installed in all public school buildings in Peru.

THE NUMBER OF PERSONS on city, county, state and nation pay rolls has increased 60 per cent in the last twelve years.



AN INDIAN FROM OKLAHOMA recently bought what was thought to be the only remaining wooden bath tub in Kansas. He made it into a huge tom-tom.

EXPORTS FROM THE UNITED States to the Orient for the month of April, according to the Department of Commerce, were $11,000,000 greater than for the same month in 1925. However, our total trade with the Orient for April showed a drop of 7.2 per cent as compared with the previous month.

A FLOWER THIRTY-FIVE inches in diameter has been discovered in Borneo. Its bud is often as large as a man's head.

THE AMERICAN RED CROSS has been selected by the Canadian Government to administer an allotment of $50,000,000 for the rehabilitation of disabled Canadian World War veterans now resident in this country.

TWENTY-THREE OF the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence were college-bred men.

DURING THE PAST YEAR more than $2,000,000,000 was spent in this country on amusements, from which the Government collected $100,000,000 in taxes.

A SHORTSIGHTED WHALE, mistaking a fishing smack for another whale, gamboled about the little vessel, spouted water over it, administered a couple of playful smacks with its tail and departed, leaving its unwilling playmate in a sinking condition.

THE SOVIET GOVERNMENT recently published a decree claiming all territory lying north of Siberia, including the North Pole.



A NEW INDUSTRY has sprung up in Hawaii where the natives make soles for shoes from old automobile tires.

NEARLY 160,000,000 tons of lava were released by the recent eruption of the Hawaiian volcano, Mauna Loa.

MORE THAN $158,000,000 was expended for the support of state universities and colleges in the United States during the fiscal year of 1925. Salaries of professors and employes took more than one-half of this sum.

A TAGGED FISH released off Port Maitland, Nova Scotia, traveled nearly 1,200 miles in three months before it was caught in the Maisie River, Quebec.

THE AVERAGE PLAYER in the sixteen major league baseball clubs is 28 years of age, 5 feet 11 inches tall, and weighs 172 pounds.

FIRE LOSSES ON AMERICAN farms total $150,000,000 annually.

COMPTROLLER GENERAL MCCARL has ruled that a man 23 years old is not a dependent child. The ruling was made when former Ambassador Kornfeld asked the State Department for $860 to cover travel expenses for his 23-year-old son, Albert, whom he brought back with his family from Persia.

AMERICAN TYPEWRITERS SUPPLY 70 per cent of the demand in Argentina.

THE GOVERNMENT IS GETTING free use of $13,259,310.26 because interest on securities to that amount has ceased and the securities have not been turned in for redemption.



IT COSTS $12,000 annually to launder the elephants of a large circus. Each elephant is regularly soaped, sandpapered, and rubbed with olive oil.

A LONDON FIRM cures whale meat for use in the Congo.

THE PRICE OF PLATINUM has risen from 35 cents an ounce in 1880 to $120 an ounce today.

WIFE-BEATING IN VERTEYEZKA, a Russian village, was abolished when the women went on a strike, refusing to remain at home unless their husbands pledged themselves to stop the practice—they did.

INCASED IN ARMOR OF beaten-copper plates, the skeleton of what is believed to have been an Indian chief has been unearthed in Kentucky.

TWO MISSOURI BLACK SNAKES are soon to battle two Texas rattlers before an audience of Texas state officials. The belief has long been current that black snakes, which are harmless to humans, will kill rattlesnakes. If the two selected win their battle, 10,000 more black snakes will be imported to Texas in an attempt to war on the rattlers.

LIZARDS OF AUSTRALIA have stump tails so like their heads that they are known as 'two-headed lizards.'




FROM 1830 UNTIL AFTER the Civil War, Yankee clippers carried ice from Boston to India. With the advent of artificial refrigeration the trade died out.

GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS AT Fort Simcoe on the Yakima Indian Reservation are to be converted into a tuberculosis sanitarium for Indians.

SPITZENBERGEN, recently annexed to Norway and re-christened Svalberg, has coal deposits estimated at 8,750,000,000 tons.

THE NUMBER OF TUBERCULAR cattle in this country has been reduced from 4 per cent in 1923 to 2.8 per cent this year.

MORE THAN ONE BILLION pencils a year are manufactured in America.

DEATHS FROM AUTOMOBILE accidents have increased 50 per cent since 1920, two-fifths of those killed being children under fifteen.

MORE THAN 45,000 thunderstorms occur each day all over the earth. Java has no less than 223 each year, while at the North and South Poles, it is believed, one takes place about every ten years.

THE HIGHEST SALARY paid a professor at the University of Paris is $1,200 a year at current rates of exchange.

A-3900
THE ILLINOIS
URBANA
CHAMPAIGN ILL



AMERICA has abstained from interference in the concerns of others, even when the conflict has been for principles to which she clings, as to the last vital drop that visits the heart . . . Wherever the standard of freedom and independence has been or shall be unfurled, there will her heart, her benedictions, and her prayers be. But she goes not abroad in search of monsters to destroy. She is the well-wisher to the freedom and independence of all. She is the champion and vindicator only of her own. She will recommend the general cause, by the countenance of her voice, and the benignant sympathy of her example. She well knows that by once enlisting under other banners than her own, were they even the banners of foreign independence, she would involve herself, beyond the power of extrication, in all the wars of interest and intrigue, of individual avarice, envy, and ambition, which assume the colors and usurp the standard of freedom. The fundamental maxims of her policy would insensibly change from liberty to force . . . She might become the dictatress of the world; she would no longer be the ruler of her own spirit.

—*John Quincy Adams*—(1821).

DEA

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

THE LIBRARY OF THE
AUG 2 1926
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

Volume 26, Number 41

Five Cents a Copy JULY 31, 1926 $1.50 a Year



CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

# BRIEFLY TOLD

BAND MUSIC AT ARMY camps during reveille is suggested by a United States Senator, who claims that this would put the soldiers into a more cheerful frame of mind than the ordinary bugle.

A NEW INDUSTRY HAS grown up in this country—the manufacture of a solvent for use in removing hardened chewing gum from theater seats.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT is trying to abolish slavery and put an end to human sacrifices in the Naja Hills region of Burma. Freedom for 3,500 slaves has already been purchased at an average price of $1.25 a person.

BECAUSE OF HIS AGE, Anton Lang will not again play the rôle of 'Christus.'

A SOUTH AMERICAN explorer found a diet of ants and monkeys very edible. Ants taste like crisp bacon, he said, and monkeys like a blend of pork and chicken.

PREMIER BALDWIN OF Great Britain has received more than 8,000 pipes as gifts from admirers.



AN ARAB EATS APPROXIMATELY six pounds of dates every day, the dates forming his principal article of food.

MANY CLAIMANTS DEMANDED a valuable pearl recently discovered in England: the fisherman who got the oyster from the bed, the fishmonger who bought it, the merchant who sold it, and the servant who finally opened it and found the pearl. The judge awarded the gem to the man who finally bought the oyster.

IT IS ESTIMATED that more than one thousand homes a day are being financed in the United States by legitimate building and loan associations.

BEFORE A JAPANESE CHILD can read every word in the dictionary, he must learn a quarter of a million letters.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN HAS begun a campaign to bring back long sleeves and the ankle skirt in women's fashions.

A FIRE EXTINGUISHER, falling from a plane flying over Seattle, exploded on a main thoroughfare. A small panic ensued, some people thinking a bomb had been dropped.

GROVES OF SMALL OLIVE trees in the Swat region of northwestern India are said to be derived from trees originally propagated from the stones of olives, which were flung away on the line of march by the men of Alexander's army. They are poor in quality, but the natives bury their dead among them, considering them sacred groves.

THE TOLL ON THE WORD 'please,' in telegrams sent in this country, amounts to $10,000,000 a year.

MONSIGNOR JAMES LEEN, Coadjutor Bishop of Port Louis, Mauritius, is the youngest bishop in the world. He was born in Ireland thirty-one years ago.



A SCALE SO DELICATE that it will weigh a dot over an eye was recently tested at the Marquette University School of Medicine.

SIR JAMES CANTLIE, the well-known surgeon who died recently in London, declared that when nightcaps were worn men kept their hair to an old age. A nightcap, he said, was as necessary in a damp climate as clothing.

ONE HUNDRED AND THREE WORKMEN are engaged in the manufacture of buggy whips in the United States. The annual output is estimated at $296,270.

AMONG THE JIVARO Indians of Ecuador, a wife, if neglected by her husband, often feeds him a peculiar concoction which turns him into a driveling imbecile. Custom permits her to marry another man if her husband becomes a lunatic. The former husband becomes a servant of the newlyweds.

SNORING IS DUE LARGELY to laziness, lack of exercise and overeating, according to a prominent physician.

ABOUT 1,000 TONS OF old newspapers are shipped each year to Central American countries, where they are used by small stores in wrapping bundles.

'A GOOD RULE OF CONDUCT during an earthquake is to crawl under your desk and count to sixty,' declares Professor Bailey Willys, of Leland Stanford, Jr., University, noted seismologist. A tall, well-built skyscraper is the safest place to be.

A METHOD FOR USING aluminium in making wall paper has been devised by Swiss manufacturers.

PLANES OF UNITED STATES Air Mail flew a total distance of 2,500,000 miles during the last fiscal year, with only two fatalities.



SNAKE SKIN FOR WOMEN'S shoes is so popular under current styles that snake hunters in Mexico are unable to supply the demand.

THE JAPANESE BEETLE is a far more injurious pest in this country than in Japan, its original home, according to the Department of Agriculture. It attacks the following crops: apple, quince, peach, sweet cherry, plum, grape, blackberry, clover, soy bean, and corn.

A LONG ISLAND MAN GAVE his son twenty-five cents each week and then had him put it in the gas meter, telling him it was a bank.

CAVES IN SOUTHWEST AFRICA are being fitted to hold the instruments of two American observers who will attempt to measure the sun's radius. A scientist spent six months and traveled 30,000 miles in an effort to determine the best locality for the experiment.

NEWSSTANDS IN MONTREAL, under a recent ruling, may sell only newspapers. Magazines and periodicals are barred.

NATIVES OF SIAM AND Cochin, China, breed and train fish as game cocks are trained in other countries. When a match is scheduled, the contesting fish are first placed in adjoining glass bowls where they can see one another. The one displaying the most brilliant colors wins initial honors. They are then placed in the same bowl where they fight to the death.



EGYPTIANS BELIEVE THE crocodile brings luck, and one of the first lessons taught children is to gaze intently upon every crocodile that they are fortunate enough to come across.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE Dutch East Indies is considering mining certain seabottom areas for tin.

THE NATIONS OF THE WORLD are maintaining on a peace footing 6,000,000 active troops and a reserve force of 24,000,000 men.

THE OPAL IS NOW ONE of the most popular gems, the old superstition surrounding it having largely disappeared.

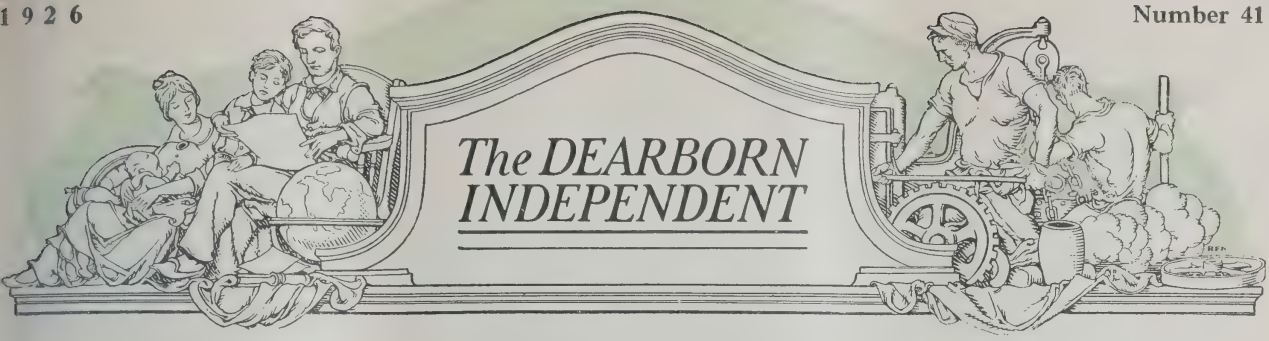
A MEDICAL TREATISE 400 years old, found recently in Strassburg, Germany, classifies as brain food: fried fowl, fresh poached eggs (not boiled, fried or scrambled), apples, quince, hazelnuts and red wine.

NEBRASKA IS THE ONLY state in the Union which has no bonded or floating debt, according to Congressman Shallenberger.

AN OFFER OF $500,000—the largest in history—was made by Aga Khan for the colt Solario. Sir John Rutherford, owner of the colt, refused the bid. The highest previous price ever paid was $265,000 for Tracery.

July 31
1926

Volume 26
Number 41




# THE ESSENCE OF THIS ISSUE

Mr. Ford's Page this week discusses the popular fallacy that the higher price necessarily denotes the better quality.

Well! Well! So the 'wild young boys and girls' who have been rolling up the crime wave are between thirty-five and forty-five years of age! We personally have thought so right along, but never had the figures to prove it. But we have them now. (p. 3)

As a matter of fact—and figures—crime among the younger generation is *decreasing*, alarmists and pessimists 'to the contrary notwithstanding.' Our boys and girls are probably no better than they should be, but they're certainly not so bad as they might be either. Yet we have taken for granted that they were worse. Why? Because every theorist was saying so. Now, however, come the cold facts. They show up youth in another light. This is the kind of article you will be glad could be truthfully written. (p. 3)

The true knights-errant came back during the World War. They were the fliers. Against the drab background of trench warfare, theirs was a colorful, soaring, flashing quest. Many of their acts of heroism have never been related; others have been told only by word of mouth. This week we publish the first of two stories by one of the most valiant fighters of all—Captain Alfred Heurtaux of the French Army. (p. 16)

Heurtaux tells of his first pilot, grand down of the clouds, who landed upside down every time. He tells of the wild 'Penguin,' a plane with clipped wings in which the first fliers were trained. He takes us cruising into the air, through clouds or over sea or above No Man's Land. His story is vivid, graphic. It achieves a totally different impression from anything before written about the chivalrous war in the air. (p. 16)

Experiments in the business world are conducted secretly in the laboratory. In the literary world they are made in the full blaze of the public. That is one reason for much of the new verse seeming callow and ill-developed. It is experimental—and amateurish. Charles J. Finger, as writer and editor, knows poets and poetry. He lauds and lampoons both in a delightful way. (p.12)

An unknown darky gave the circuses the suggestion which netted them millions of dollars. A side show barker turned his chance remark into one of the most successful side show fakes ever originated. But the darky himself was lost to fame. The incident forms part of Gil Robinson's blithe circus reminiscences. (p. 20)

From Loughrea, County Galway, Ireland, comes this letter, commenting on a recent Office Chat about the supposed hypnotic power of weasels: 'Riding a cycle on a County Leitrim road, I saw a weasel running slowly in front, stopping from time to time to sit up and look ahead. He hid at the side of the road on hearing me approach; and about twenty yards farther I picked up a young rabbit, quite dazed, heart and respiration very slow, limbs almost rigid, eyes filmed. I had been a medical student and had not lost my powers of careful observation, so I am sure of these details. I put the rabbit in my jacket pocket for further observation and in about five minutes it began to struggle violently, and, on taking it out, I found it to be like any other scared rabbit, kicking and terrified, so I put the poor beast in a burrow and let it escape.—R. W. Talbot, Rector of Loughrea.'

'Is the President in? I've been sent from Heaven to tell him how to run the Government—' Many of the cranks who visit the White House are harmless; but others are dangerous maniacs. The Secret Service men whose duty it is to guard the Chief Executive day and night have a difficult job. Their experiences make interesting reading. (p. 6)

The chaplain shows us prison from the inside. It's a poignant glimpse he gives, but human. Behind the bars are men eager for a spiritual message that is sincere and practical. The Reverend William F. Hopp, of the Michigan State Prison, has a worth-while message. (p. 14)

People talk a lot about the busy little bees but they don't know much about them. Few of us realize that bees could supply a large part of our sugar needs if we would only help them a little. Bee-raising is an outdoor occupation, healthful and profitable. You'll want to read about it. (p. 2)

Bullets back up our missionaries. When they penetrate to distant lands nowadays they know that the guns of the Marines are not far behind. One facetious clergyman has even suggested amending the Biblical admonition to read, 'Go ye into all the world and shoot the Gospel into every creature.' But, to their credit, most of the missionaries themselves dislike this protection their Government affords them. They would rather take their chances, as did their predecessors, on the power of the Word they preach. (p. 7)

## CONTENTS

Landscape - - - - - - - - - - - Cover
*Paul Honore*
A Wasted Sugar Supply - - - - - - - - 2
*C. W. Scott*
Wild Youth Proves a Myth - - - - - - - 3
*Winifred Mallon*
Making the Government Efficient - - - - - 5
*Marian Bruce Clark*
The White House—A Mecca for Cranks - - 6
*E. B. Johns*
Missionaries and Machine Guns - - - - - 7
*James H. Lewis*
Tom Learns to Play the Game - - - - - 8
*Judge Henry Neil*
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
Writing Verse for Composite Readers - - - 12
*Charles J. Finger*
Sad Men Who Look So Wistfully at the Sky - 14
*William F. Hopp*
Duelists of the Sky - - - - - - - - - 16
*Captain Alfred Heurtaux*
Under the White Tops With 'Gil'—
The Big Snake and the Little Dog - - - 20
*Harry E. Barnet*
Chats With Office Callers - - - - - - - 25
The Virginia Signers - - - - - - - - - 28
*Carl Schurz Lowden*
I Read in the Papers - - - - - - - - - 32

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer;
C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.50 A YEAR in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year.
SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.



*Photos, U.S. Department of Agriculture*
Honeybees in the act of pollinating fruit blossoms.

By C. W. SCOTT

# A Wasted Sugar Supply

THE honeybee produces in an entire lifetime no more than a spoonful of honey. Think, then, of the countless billions of these little workers who annually spend their lives in producing over 250,000,000 pounds of nature's most delicious sweet. This may seem like a tremendous amount, but it is safe to say that it is little more than a tenth the amount which could be produced.

When we consider that it is by no means unusual for an apiary of one hundred colonies or 'hives' of bees to produce more than twenty tons of honey, gathered within a radius of a few miles, and that vast areas of country contain no bees whatever, we begin to realize that tons upon tons of sugar are being lost annually for the lack of the agency to gather it.

Nectar, the material from which bees manufacture honey, is secreted by nearly every species of flower in larger or smaller quantities. Flavor and color are determined by the particular plant on which the bees work, for bees will seldom work on more than one kind of flower at the same time. Unfortunately, the nectar soon disappears and is lost, the honeybee alone being capable of collecting this sugar supply for the use of man. It is estimated that the amount annually secreted in this way exceeds many times the amount of cane sugar consumed.

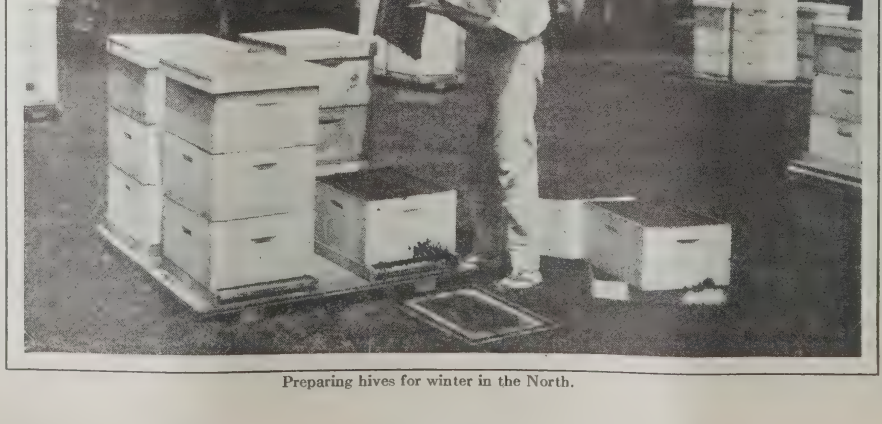
Honey is the oldest of all known sweets, and until a few hundred years ago was the most common sweet substance available for human food. In early times men found that honey deposited by bees in hollow logs was a delicious food. Eventually they began to hunt for these 'bee trees' and appropriate their contents, and still later they found it possible to maintain permanent abodes for the bees, so that their precious honey might be more readily available. The ancient Greeks were well acquainted with honey and its use holds a prominent place in their writings. The honey of Hymettus is world-famous and still much sought after.

But it remained for the beekeepers of the past century to develop apiculture to a science whereby production on a large scale was possible. Today beekeeping is a highly develope profession, taught in the lea ing agriculture colleges. produces for its followers i comes equal to those of oth lines of agriculture. Becaus of its requirement that large amount of time be spe in the open air and to th absence of any strenu ous labor, the keeping bees has been adopted b many disabled World-W veterans, and in fact ha brought health and provide a means of livelihood f many forced by failing healt to seek a new line of endeavo

Few locations in the Unite States are unfavorable to th production of honey on more or less large scale, a though the clover regions the North Central states ar usually considered the bes Surprising as it may seem many bees are kept in citie and villages, on roofs of build ings and in back yards They produce fair returns i honey in addition to provid ing their owners an interestin hobby. Among the bee me it is a common expression tha 'bees board themselves an work for us at the same time.

The pollination of frui trees, clovers and other plant life i another very important duty whic bees perform. The yellow dust whic we see on a bee's legs is not honey, a some suppose, but pollen which is fe to the young bees. In passing fro flower to flower, much of this pollen i distributed by the hairlike covering o the bee's body, in this way pollinatin or fertilizing the flowers. Were it no for their uncon scious accom plishments i this way th fruit crop of the country would be only a smal fraction of what it is; in fact, horticulturists are so well aware of this fact that own ers of large or chards employ beekeepers to take their bees among the fruit trees while they are in bloom, thereby increas ing the yield and quality of the fruit.

(Concluded on page 19)



Preparing hives for winter in the North.

ONLY four cities where juvenile crime has increased: Philadelphia, Detroit, Minneapolis, Seattle. The Boys' Industrial School at Lancaster, Ohio, receives boys not over 18 nor under 10 years of age upon finding of delinquency by a Juvenile Court. It is a matter of public interest to know whether the commitments to this institution are increasing or not.

During the past four years (1922-1925) the total number of boys committed was 3,302, as compared with 4,272 during the preceding four years—a decrease of 22 per cent. The decrease among the younger boys was much greater than among the older boys. Of the boys committed in 1918, 40 per cent were under 14 years of age, but in 1925 only 24 per cent.

# *Wild Youth* Proves a Myth

## 'Boys and Girls' Between 35 and 45 Are Rolling Up the Crime Wave

By WINIFRED MALLON





**There has been in the past forty-five years a steady decrease in the relative number of persons under the age of twenty-five committed to prisons, reformatories, jails and workhouses in this country. Official statistics prove that the theorists are wrong in blaming the younger generation for all ills. They show that juvenile delinquency is, in fact, decreasing.**

Age distribution of adult population of prisons and reformatories, jails and workhouses, 1880 to 1923. (1)
Population of prisons and reformatories, jails and workhouses.(2)

| Age of prisoner | Number of commitments | | | Number of persons present on Census day | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | (3)1923 | 1910 | (4)1904 | 1890 | 1880 |
| Total | 330,457 | 414,681 | 138,901 | 77,360 | 56,249 |
| 18 to 20 years (5) | 31,086 | 35,119 | 13,629 | 9,326 | 6,659 |
| 21 to 24 years | 52,766 | 64,212 | 22,239 | 16,215 | 12,195 |
| 25 to 34 years | 100,007 | 129,974 | 42,451 | 27,426 | 20,805 |
| 35 to 44 years | 80,829 | 99,023 | 31,720 | 13,818 | 9,619 |
| 45 years and over | 65,769 | 85,355 | 28,862 | 10,545 | 6,941 |

(1) Compiled from published reports of the United States Bureau of the Census.
(2) Excluding population under 18 years of age and population, age unknown.
(3) Reported for first six months, estimated for last six months of year.
(4) Excluding commitments for nonpayment of fine.
(5) Not including persons committed to institutions for juvenile delinquents.

'WILD young people' between the ages of *thirty-five and forty-four* are rolling up the crime wave in the United States, and not boys and girls of high school and college age, upon whose young heads has been heaped by their complacent elders the accumulated weight of most of the sins committed in the last decade.

The World War and this perfectly terrible younger generation have been the convenient capegoats of our most prominent uplifters, who in the press and from the pulpit sadly wonder what the world is coming to.

And all the time the Pollyannas have been right about it, Loeb and Leopold, and the Bobbed Hair Bandit to the contrary notwithstanding.

There has been, ever since 1880, a steady decrease in the relative number of persons under twenty-five annually committed to prisons, reformatories, jails and workhouses in the United States. This according to meticulous and dispassionate survey of juvenile delinquency statistics recently compiled by the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor.

Miss Grace Abbott, chief of the Children's Bureau, has risen to assert: "Sensational statements regarding increase of juvenile crime do not have a basis in fact.

'We have new kinds of delinquency today,' explains Miss Abbott. 'It comes in new ways and new forms; but that is all that is new about it.

'When we were twenty-one, for instance, or younger, we did not steal automobiles. There were no automobiles for us to steal. Nor did we seek adventure on Rum Row, or in bootlegging on land. No adventure was involved in the sale of liquor in those days, and no sudden and glamourous rise to heights of affluence offered itself as a reward of industry in what then was a perfectly lawful commercial transaction.

'But we were not models of behavior, living simple and exemplary lives and going to bed at nine o'clock. Far from it. In our way we worried and distracted our elders quite as much if not more than do the young people of the present time. Indeed, so much progress has been made in understanding and supplying legitimate outlets for youthful desires and energies, in improving conditions and providing legitimate amusements, that many of the behavior problems common to our earlier day have been not only solved but eliminated.

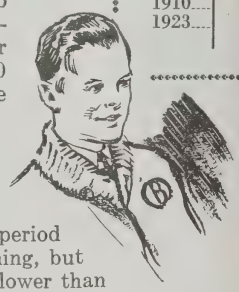
'Naturally, the things we did which we ought not to have done were different from the present-day forms of delinquency among young people. The new forms often surprise and shock the public, and form the basis of judgments. We must keep up with them as they develop, and intelligently deal with new behavior problems as they rise to trouble us.

'But I think there is no question but that delinquency in the larger sense has decreased.'

From Juvenile Court statistics now available in fourteen cities, in most instances for a ten-year period, and from United States Census Reports since 1880 there emerges the fact that *the delinquency rate is downward*, and that *the percentage of young people between the ages of eighteen and twenty in penal institutions has been steadily declining.* There has been no increase since 1904 in the percentage of our prison population between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-four or for the age group between twenty-five and thirty-four, and the percentages are lower for recent years than for the years 1880 and 1890. The larger percentage of commitments at present as compared with earlier years is being contributed by persons between the ages of thirty-five and forty-four.

Of the fourteen cities, New York, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, New Orleans, Providence, Richmond, St. Louis, Washington, D. C., Rochester, Detroit, Minneapolis, Philadelphia, and Seattle, for which the Children's Bureau was able to secure Juvenile Court statistics, *decreased delinquency rates were found* at the end of the period studied as compared to the beginning in the first-named nine cities; the rate in Rochester was practically stationary for the three years for which statistics were obtainable; and increased rates were found only in the remaining four cities, Detroit, Minneapolis, Philadelphia and Seattle.

There was a tendency toward higher rates during the war years, 1918 and 1919, and slight fluctuations from year to year, not regarded by the bureau as especially significant. In Chicago the rate has fluctuated around a lower level since 1920 than before. The decrease in New York has been quite marked. The Detroit figure was higher at the end of the period than at the beginning, but the 1924 rate was lower than the rates for the years 1918, 1919, 1920, and 1923. Providence and Boston, like Detroit, had higher rates during 1918 and 1919, the Providence rate having declined markedly and the Detroit rate slightly since 1919. The Boston figures also show an increase during the war years 1918 and 1919, but a marked decrease since that time except for a slight rise in 1923 and 1924 as compared with 1922. The Boston rates for the years since 1920 are considerably lower than the rates for any previous year. Philadelphia and Seattle rates increased rather consistently up to 1923, but declined somewhat in 1924.



These statistics, of course, are not complete. Adequate national statistics on juvenile delinquency do not exist, and the Children's Bureau now is working on a plan for the collection of figures from juvenile courts on a national scale. More complete data and greater uniformity in compilation are essential before delinquency rates in the cities reporting Juvenile Court statistics can be compared one with the other.

'The fact that for only fourteen cities in the entire United States can information be obtained on which delinquency rates can be computed over a period of years indicates the woeful inadequacy of statistical material regarding the work of an institution so important as the Juvenile Court,' comments Miss Abbott.

'However, the figures for these widely separated cities, covering in most instances the ten-year period from 1915 to 1924, doubtless indicate the trend in juvenile delinquency.'

Specifically they are of value in comparing one period with another and arriving at conclusions as to the increase or decrease of delinquency in a given city over a period of years. They have the further merit of disposing effectually of the loose statements constantly being made to the general effect that 'juvenile crime is terribly on the increase,' and that 'the dockets of juvenile courts everywhere are full to bursting.'

Age distribution of adult population of prisons and reformatories, jails and workhouses, 1880 to 1923. Per cent distribution by age groups.

| Year | 18 to 20 | 21 to 24 | 25 to 34 | 35 to 44 | 44 and over |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1880 | 11.8 | 21.7 | 37. | 17.2 | 12.3 |
| 1890 | 12.1 | 21. | 35.5 | 17.9 | 13.6 |
| 1904 | 9.8 | 16. | 30.6 | 22.8 | 20.8 |
| 1910 | 8.5 | 15.5 | 31.3 | 23.9 | 20.8 |
| 1923 | 9.4 | 16. | 30.3 | 24.5 | 19.9 |

Take, for instance, the case of Philadelphia.

According to the 1920 census for Philadelphia, the city had a population of 278,429 children between the ages of seven and fifteen years inclusive, the numbers of girls and boys being about equal. In that year the Municipal Court reported the number of 'children's cases' referred to the Juvenile Court on new charges of delinquency and disposed of formally through court hearing or informally by the judge, as follows:

| | Boys' cases | Girls' cases |
|---|---|---|
| 1920 | 4,645 | 516 |
| 1921 | 4,901 | 520 |
| 1922 | 4,768 | 595 |
| 1923 | 5,780 | 686 |
| 1924 | 5,663 | 715 |

There were 3,975 different children involved in new charges of delinquency during 1924, of whom 3,218 were boys and 757 were girls. Of these 3,975 children, 1,341 had been known to the court in previous years. *The new intake of delinquent children numbered only 2,634.*

Now it is submitted, not only that the increase in the number of court cases reported from 1920 to 1924 is fully accounted for by the increase in population within that period, plus the growing tendency of parents with troublesome children to report to the courts for the help they are led by hope or experience confidently to expect, but also, and furthermore, that the number of children passing through the courts is astonishingly small.

Using even the 1920 census figure of 278,429, and disregarding the certain increase in the next four years, it evident that 2,634 new juvenile d linquents, out of a total child populatio of nearly 300,000, is a small proportio the more so since the 'crimes' co plained of range all th way from the very s rious to the utter trivial.



So much for th record establishe by the children Philadelphi between th ages of seve and fifteen Equally ur alarming ar the facts co cerning th 'younger set' up to th age of eighteen.

As a service of co öperation with the Chil dren's Commission Pennsylvania, the Unite States Children's Bureau in 1924 surveyed th child welfare condition and resources of seve Pennsylvania counties Information was sought on every de linquent and incorrigible child unde eighteen years of age recorded as having been known to any kind of court o correctional institution during the yea July 1, 1923, to July 1, 1924.

This survey revealed out of a total (1920) approximate population of 732,000, only 1,169 cases of children charged in courts with delinquency, incorrigibility or crime, and only 363 in correctional institutions.

Again the range of offenses was varied and wide, including one murder, much petty larceny, numerous fights, many broken windows, a great deal of 'trespassing,' many more 'runaways,' one 'suspected of being a runaway,' one hundred cases of disorderly conduct and seventeen cases of 'suspicious conduct.'

All of which is admittedly vague and fragmentary as a picture of behavior, as all statistics must be, since conduct that causes one parent trouble will not especially bother another, that which incenses one neighborhood may be accepted with equanimity elsewhere, and what looks 'suspicious' to one policeman may mean nothing to another. The outstanding fact remains that even when the age is extended to eighteen years, and the turbulent sixteen- and seventeen-year-olds are included, these seven counties are far from furnishing the quota of court cases to which they are entitled according to Philadelphia experience and practice.

In view of these facts it would seem that serious revision must be made of the wholesale charges of juvenile incorrigibility and delinquency which have received confused credence with our people.

Incidentally, an- (Concluded on page 31)

# Making the Government Efficient

## Reorganization Would Cut 100,000 Unnecessary Employes From Federal Pay Rolls

By MARIAN BRUCE CLARK

SWEEPING charges of inefficiency among Government employes recently preferred by a member of Congress demand specific answer by facts instead of the usual recriminations and threats of political retaliation. On the other hand, blanket charges of Government inefficiency should not be limited to clerks and junior employes but must of necessity be held to include members of Congress as well as members of the Cabinet whose records show delinquency.

*Reorganization Need Felt for Many Years*

In no instance is a Government official other than a public servant. There is an area of low visibility around Washington in this respect which should be corrected.

That Government business methods have required reorganization has been recognized by political economists for years. As far back as 1910, when Government expenses were less than one-third the present budget requirements, Senator Aldrich, then chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, in an address to the Senate made the following statement:

'If I were a business man and were to be permitted to do it, I would undertake to run this Government on $300,000,000 a year less than it is now run for.'

'I will venture the assertion,' says Congressman Davey, who has a reorganization bill before Congress, 'that more than one-half of the civilian employes of the Government, not counting letter carriers and clerks, are the most expert loafers and time-killers in America. It is the spirit of Government service. Buck-passing is the favorite and accomplished practice.

'No private business, however well capitalized, could survive thirty days under the same cumbersome, slipshod, inefficient and hopelessly extravagant condition as that of the United States Government. It would easily be possible to dispense with at least 100,000 unnecessary Government employes and save not only their salaries but the overhead expense to house them and furnish them with the equipment with which to work, or rather to put in their time.

*100,000 Could Be Dropped From Pay Rolls*

*'But, let it be understood that while there are 100,000 or 150,000 unnecessary and useless employes, there are some 200,000 faithful, meritorious ones, many of whom are decidedly underpaid.* When a person of ability enters the service of the Government he leaves all hope behind. There is little or no chance for advancement on merit and no chance to receive salary increases that have been earned by honest and meritorious service.'

To the student of governmental efficiency it is apparent that it is not upon the high-salaried, politically appointed department or bureau head, but upon the routine, efficient and ill-paid employe that the successful operation of the Government revolves. Taking this into consideration, the Davey reorganization bill provides for salary increases for this class out of the savings to the Government accomplished by reorganization. It is a well-recognized fact that the high-salaried positions in all governmental departments go not to the experienced and efficient but to political appointees who invariably rely upon their subordinates to do the work. *This charge applies without distinction, from Cabinet positions right down through every major division of the Government.*

*Scientific Men Receive Small Pay*

A large number of both professional and scientific positions in the Government service which demand a high order of education, ability and training are notoriously ill-paid. Such positions are to be found in the Bureau of Standards, the Biological Survey, Bureau of Fisheries, the Smithsonian Institution, the Treasury, the Department of Commerce and other divisions of the Government, and while political 'rewards' are distributed for political services through the medium of high-salaried appointive positions to non-professional and non-qualified department and bureau 'heads,' the capable subordinate does the work. Under this system the qualified becomes the slave while the politician becomes the boss.

At the recent hearings on the tax bill, before the Ways and Means Committee of the House, the Secretary of the Treasury stated: 'Customs receipts are estimated by the Director of Customs *who is the practical operating man* . . . Income and miscellaneous taxes are estimated by Mr. McCoy, Mr. Riddle and Mr. Nash, Assistant Commissioner of Internal Revenue. *The last is the practical man* . . . Mr. McCoy has his own method of figuring. *I confess I do not always understand it,* but he certainly attains remarkably accurate results.'

At other hearings the press has frequently commented on the fact that Secretary Mellon answered no questions put to him by the committee but 'turned always to his assistant who answered,' and yet the secretary is, by virtue of training and experience, one of the best qualified men in the Cabinet.

Federal employes are organized; they are an affiliated branch of the American Federation of Labor. The Federation has challenged the proposal of Mr. Davey to remedy what he characterizes as an evil condition, and, instead of replying to his specific charges, has adopted the unfortunate procedure of attempting political reprisal.

*Threat Creates Bad Public Impression*

This action creates an unfavorable impression in the public mind as to the ability to refute the charges which, if the taxpayer who pays the federal salaries counts at all, they are in duty bound to meet. It is alleged at the present time that there is one United States worker to each ten citizens in the country. Senator Capper, of Kansas, makes the statement: 'When our grandfathers set up this Government, they got along with one public official to every 1,000 adults. By 1860 this ratio had increased to one to 100. In the late eighties and early nineties the proportion was one to ten. Today it must be greater. There are now ninety-four subdivisions of governmental bureaus. Twenty years ago there were fourteen.'

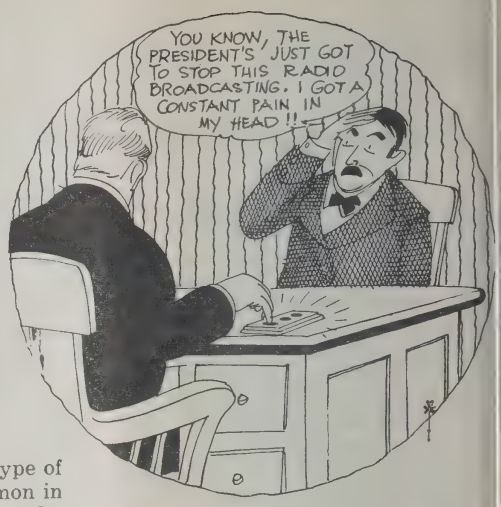
The president of the Federation of Federal Employes, in his 'Dear Sir and Brother' letter to the Ohio State Federation of Labor, has made the serious blunder of filing a complaint against an Ohio Congressman, speaking in support of Government reorganization on the floor of the House, with a local Ohio labor organization. Such action, to the writer at least, may be interpreted to mean but one thing—intimidation. The American taxpayer, not the Ohio State Federation of Labor, is paying the salaries of Government employes, and since the American taxpayer is arriving at the place where he demands value received for public service and where he insists upon an accounting for the disposal of tax moneys from his representatives in Congress, he is not likely to countenance any defense of loafing in Government employment.

*People Must Bear Cost of Government*

Mr. Davey says: 'I am not thinking in the terms of a hard task-master, but merely from the standpoint of a fair return to the American people who are paying the enormous cost of Government. Outside of the Post Office Department there are nearly 265,000 civilian employes of the Government. If you add to this (Concluded on page 22)

# The White House—A Mecca for Cranks

## Secret Service Men Must Ever Be Alert to Guard the President From the Unbalanced




By
E. B. JOHNS
ILLUSTRATED BY
W. O. FITZGERALD

OUT of the usual crush of visitors at the White House at the noon hour stepped an unusually attractive woman apparently forty-five or fifty years of age. She was richly dressed and had all the earmarks of wealth and culture.

Before the guards could interfere she had plucked an armful of flowers from a bed which has been annually the pride not only of the President but of the entire White House staff. With a 'please step aside' air she strode up to the entrance of the executive offices where she was met with an inquiry from Sergeant Dalrymple: 'My dear lady, who gave you permission to pick those flowers? I do not think that the President himself would have torn up that beautiful flower bed as you did.'

For a moment the woman seemed speechless with astonishment. Then drawing herself up with a haughtiness only queens are supposed to command and pointing toward the heavens she exclaimed:

'God Almighty gave me permission. How dare you question His authority. More than this, the Almighty has sent me to see the President and I have no time for further words with you. Unless I see the President promptly, I shall report your conduct to him.'

'Oh yes, you are the lady that the President has been expecting,' said the sergeant at the entrance of the lobby. 'Please be seated, and I will call the President's secretary so that he can be informed that you have arrived.'

When Dick Jarvis, chief of the White House Secret Service, appeared he was introduced with great formality as the secretary to the President and the sergeant explained that the visitor was no ordinary person. The chief of the Secret Service immediately became sympathetic and expressed regret that she was late and that the President had been compelled to admit a few Senators and members of the House when he had expected to receive her.

Mr. Jarvis is not the movie type of secret service men who are common in the blood-curdling and thrilling detective stories. While he was on the platform with President Harding an amateur photographer snapped him for the President. One of Mr. Jarvis' assistants has been charged with impersonating President Coolidge in dealing with a crank, while it is a common occurrence for him to assume the rôle as secretary to the President.

Mr. Jarvis immediately escorted the lady who was sent to the President by the 'Almighty' to the old cabinet room, where he obtained her name, address and telephone. In the course of his questions she snapped, 'Why are you asking all of this information? The President knows that I live in Washington and all about me.'

Mr. Jarvis hastened to explain that he wanted it so that if she became impatient and went home he could call her up and put the President on the wire. Then as he slipped this information to one of the officers, Mr. Jarvis suggested to the lady that she might want to look through the President's home. This appealed to her and Mr. Jarvis guided her slowly through the beautiful rooms of the mansion to the eastern entrance where the guardhouse is located. There her folks were waiting for her in a machine. With the assistance of Mr. Jarvis, they persuaded her to go home and wait until the President could get rid of some troublesome Senators, members of the House, and his Cabinet. There was no doubt, Mr. Jarvis insisted, that the President was greatly disappointed at not being able to see her.

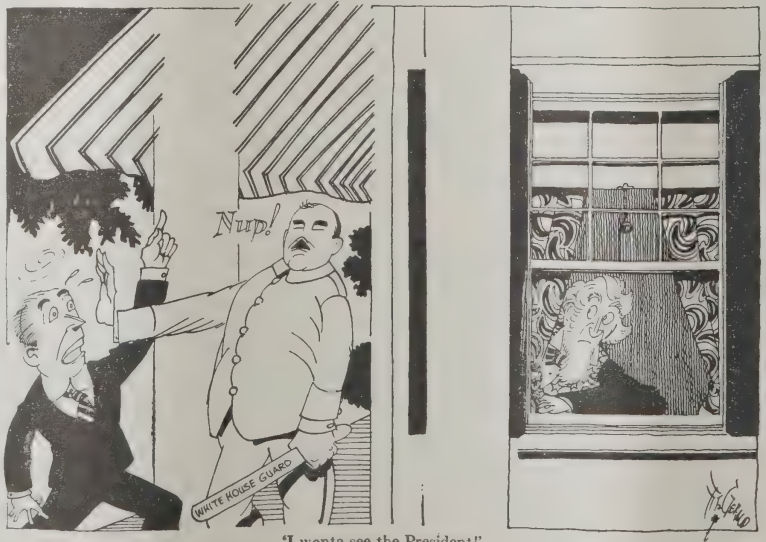
I happened to be standing beside Sergeant Dalrymple when the woman appeared at the entrance of the executive offices with more flowers than a June bride, but neither he nor Mr. Jarvis could recall the instance until they had looked up the records. It occurred only last summer. But such incidents are only a part of the day's work for the detail of secret service men and metropolitan police who are on duty at the White House. When I stepped into the press room on the day that it occurred, one of the correspondents inquired, 'Is the lady a nut?'

'Yes,' I answered. 'She says that the Almighty sent her up to see the President.'

'The Almighty is getting busy with the White House,' he remarked, 'for Dr. Cadman, of the Federal Council of Churches, is in with the President now with a message from the Lord.'

There was a time when the appearance of a crank at the White House was a front-page story for the correspondents. Now they are not interested. The constant agitation, both in and out of Congress, of what the Government should do for the people or for a group appears to be having a widespread effect upon men and women of weak or deranged mentalities.

(Continued on page 26)




'I wanta see the President!'

# Missionaries and Machine Guns

## Many Preachers of the Gospel Do Not Want the Protection of Bullets

By JAMES H. LEWIS

'AMERICAN Warship Saves Missionaries,' joyfully proclaimed a headline in the *New York Times* a few months ago.

'Allied Cruisers Clear Taku Bar,' declared another article a few days since. In fact, battle cruisers and marines have for many years played a more or less important part in the lives of missionaries throughout the world.

The other day some Chinese students held a demonstration in Peking, protesting against submission of their government to the insistent demands of the foreign powers that the gateway from the sea to Peking be kept open. Chinese guards fired into the crowd and some thirty students died as a result.

A delegation of American missionaries immediately called on the American minister and stated that they did not desire military measures taken against China for their own protection. Their idea seems to be that their lives are a fair gamble in the hands of the Chinese, though many other American nationals have differed violently from this opinion.

*Protection by Armed Force Is Not Wanted*

This matter of armed protection for the proclaimers of the gospel has been stewing around in my mind ever since I lived under it. I shall not say that an American or any nation's citizen may not be entitled to all the protection his government can give him by armed force or otherwise if that citizen goes to another country for legitimate business reasons and conducts that business properly, and scrupulously observes the laws of that country.

Of course my missionary friends will say: 'Isn't the missionary engaged in a legitimate enterprise? Do not he and his family deserve the protection of his government?' And I shall reply: 'As a citizen, yes; as a missionary, no.'

I happened to be one of those young men who, in the first decade of the present century, was thrilled enough by the heroic stories of Adoniram Judson, Horace Tracy Pitkin and others, not only to want to go but actually to go to another country. I went to see if I could help, and though I am not there now I have a sister there; my father was a missionary for sixteen years, until his death, and my brother was invalided home.

Among my friends have been many of those besieged in Peking during the Boxer Uprising. Despite all heroism of defense, however, witnessed in those dark days of 1900, all the stories of the survivors combined never had the force to move me as did the story of the death of Horace Pitkin during that same Uprising. He was a young man and he probably would have been doing great things today had he lived, but I am willing to bet my life on it that Pitkin's death sent more missionaries to China and India than his life ever would have done. I am not saying that the one great use of the missionary is to go out and get killed by more or less unique means according to the peculiar whims of those whom he would spiritually serve. But I do say that gunboats and marines, though useful in their sphere, seem to me to change the wording a bit (for a missionary) of two or three old hymns:

'I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,
O'er mountain or plain or sea'. . .

'God will take care of you' . . .

and I cannot find in the New Testament any addition to the great 'missionary challenge' of the 'Great Commission' which reads: 'Go ye into all the world.'

I am reminded of a story which Bishop Francis J. McConnell, of Pittsburgh, sometimes tells. It seems that during a time of revolt, either in India or China, a religious meeting was being held and one of the morning papers brought word that foreign armies were pushing back the native troops with very great loss. The clergymen who announced this fact with great joy used it as a text to declare that God was a great avenger and that He would in this way show righteousness to those native peoples. Another man, however, got up shortly afterward and stated that on this basis he thought it would be wiser to change the words of the 'Great Commission' to read: 'Go ye into all the world and shoot the gospel into every creature.'

*'Shoot the Gospel Into Every Creature'*

There is a tender bit of missionary interest in the journal of Columbus, which reads: 'I have no doubt, most serene Princes that were proper devout religious persons to come among them and learn their language, it would be an easy matter to convert them all to Christianity, and I hope in our Lord that your Highnesses will devote yourselves with much diligence to this object, and bring into the church so many multitude, inasmuch as you have exterminated those who refused to confess the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.'

Right here it must be said that the missionaries themselves, as a group, have taken the lead in a change of attitude toward physical protection by their governments. Last summer the strongest protest against the Shanghai shooting came from many missionaries throughout China who themselves asked that they be released from the protection of extraterritorial agreements, and expressed their desire to rest their safety with the Chinese authorities. Some missionaries, of course, do not agree with this point of view and there is no unanimity of opinion on the matter. But the people most concerned for the safety of the missionaries are not the missionaries themselves, but their thousands of friends and acquaintances in their home lands.

*Those Most Alarmed Are Friends*

Most church groups still think of their foreign missionary work as being to help the heathen who 'in his blindness bows down to wood and stone.' To those who like their missionary stories with tears, it will be a blow to discover that those good old days are gone forever.

There are just as many heroic missionary lives being lived as there ever were. Long continued absence from one's own country brings heartache difficult to endure. Endless days and nights of working among people who seem so slow to change and among conditions which seem almost impossible to change bring discouragement and disappointment. Children come into the home, grow up into their school years and are sent back to their home land for their advanced studies. Loneliness for one's own

(Concluded on page 27)

# Tom Learns to Play the Game

## Story of an American Boy Who on Mastering Himself Was Able to Direct Others

By JUDGE HENRY NEIL

LAST autumn I took particular pains to run out one Saturday to a New Jersey football game. On a small-town field two high school teams were settling old scores.

That was a day when many big colleges played their critical games. Favored elevens, East and West, went down to defeat before underestimated rivals. Championships, national and sectional, were won. New stars shot brilliantly into the firmament of football fame.

Under the eyes of a hundred thousand clamoring partisans, the teams of Yale, Princeton, Dartmouth and Michigan were fighting for gridiron glory.

But though tickets were offered me, I went to none of those great games. Instead, I went to see New Providence high school's annual game with Elmtown. The scores and winners in the famous games of that day are alike forgotten. Even the glorious honors for which they fought are dead until next autumn. But the outcome of that high school game that I saw in New Providence is still fresh and glowing in my mind, and the issues that were there at stake will never die.

With my friend, the leading banker of the town—it was he who had insisted on my coming to the game—I went down into the dressing room of the New Providence team between the halves. Playing raggedly, nervously—each trying to shine in some brilliant free-lance exploit—those boys had let Elmtown run up a score of 12 to 0 against them. At the moment of our entry the dressing room was a place of dressing down, for them. Nobody paid any attention to Banker Moore or to me.

The boys, huddled in blankets on the benches, or rolled up like mummies on the floor, silently took the lecture that was coming to them. The coach lashed them mercilessly. Individually and collectively he berated them.

'What do you think you're playing this game *for*,' he cried, 'yourselves, or New Providence? You've each of you been trying to play the star. You aren't *any* of you stars. You never will be! You're part of a team—a *team!* Do you get that? What have I been teaching you for two months? To play football, or to play to the gallery?

'You, Meade, you've pretty near lost this game already, with that spectacular run you tried. It *was* a spectacle all right. Lost you the ball, and gave Elmtown a touchdown. Why didn't you follow your interference? Your backs were giving it to you that time.

God knows it's the only time this bunch of prima donnas we've got in the backfield ever *did* put up the interference I've taught them. What in Hades is the matter with the whole gang of you? You all thought you were going to be heroes out on the field, and now you're a bunch of sniveling children. Can't you see that the only thing you can possibly be under God's sun is a *team*?'

As the coach went on, his tirad seem to magnetize the sullen group He wasn't giving them just words he was giving them part of himself His face was pale and set; he seemed t be suffering physically as he drew fron his own soul a fiery spirit of team pla and wrapped that crowd of youngster tightly up in it. When the lecture wa over, most of the boys gathered aroun Meade, the blond captain. A murmu of voices talking in deadly earnestnes rose.

The quarterback, Tomlinson, sa apart, brooding upon his sins, his fac white, his hands clenched. Shorty the left end, who had been taken ou in the middle of the second quarte after several misplays and a costl fumble, was weeping on the floor in corner. The coach moved abou speaking to the boys one at a time sometimes with violent scolding, some times with an encouraging thump o the back. I heard bits of phrases, sav him demonstrate positions.

He crouched on the floor beside th broken-hearted Shorty, and talke quietly. 'What's the matter—stil thinking of yourself? How about th *team*?' These were the only words heard.

He dropped onto the bench be side the shaken quarterback and pu his arm around his shoulder. Hi voice was gentle now. I could almos see the overwrought tensity of tha youngster's nerves relax. 'Let's se you save that energy (Continued on page 23



Shorty was over the line as a tackler from behind threw him heavily.

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

IF WE should say that there is too much selling and not enough buying in this country, we should make a statement that would be so true that it would need interpretation. The truest things are rather harder to see than the others. What is meant is this: our people have ceased to become buyers and have become largely 'the sold,' if such a term may be used; not 'sold' in the sense of being deceived, victimized, cheated, but 'the sold' in the sense of not being 'the buyer.' Our people's purchases are largely directed by salesmen, which has led, as previously remarked in these pages, to an overgrowth of sales domination of the motives of manufacture, which is not good, and the dangers of which are too serious to be disregarded.

The reaction from this condition should be an increase in 'buying.' That is, in the habit of buying for oneself, of knowing *what* it is that one is buying, and *why* it is that he is buying. In short, a buyer's independent knowledge and thoughtfulness to put up against the salesman's expert concentration of appeal and drive.

The people's abdication of their buying privileges has led to certain fallacies which seriously cripple them in their ordinary daily economic life. One is the fallacy that high prices denote good quality and low prices denote cheap quality. That false proposition has been hammered into the minds of the American people so persistently that the business world is full of stories which tell how, for example, excellent five-dollar shoes had to be labeled ten dollars before people would buy them. There is nothing 'cheap' about the American people. That is, they stand for quality. Tinsel and make-believe have no appeal to them. 'The real goods' is one of their characteristic sayings. Their readiness to pay the higher price is due to their desire to get 'the real goods.'

In the old days people knew what goods were. Many who are living today carry pictures in their minds of their mother's shopping. Mother was not at the mercy of any clerk for her knowledge of textiles. She drew the fabric through her fingers, tested its weave, and when she was through with her inspection she knew the quality of the goods and what the price ought to be. That is what is meant by 'buying.' No one 'sold' the old folks; they bought.

It was the same on the other side of the house. The men-folks knew the things pertaining to their world. In wood and metal, horses and cattle, land and grains, they had their own knowledge. While there were occasional deceptions, they were usually due to trustfulness, not to ignorance. It is one thing to rely on a man's word because you trust him, and another thing to rely on his word because you have no knowledge that enables you to look into the matter for yourself.

In the early state of the nation, when the relation of quality and price were known to everyone, it was undoubtedly true that the better quality went hand in hand with the higher price. But this nicely balanced relation soon vanished in the age of experiment and speculation which descended on the country.

Everything new must pass through a period of imperfection and experimentation, and for this the public pays. It is this fact of their bearing all initial costs which entitles the people to every possible advantage in materials and prices after the commodity is successfully established. But it was during the transition period, from the old, settled method to the new, that the false idea slipped in that *because* an article was higher-priced it was *necessarily* of better quality. The old mental conviction remained, but the actual situation was changing.

Moreover, the people became less competent to judge of quality and price, because specialization came so swiftly upon them. Today it is rare to find shoppers who really know what they are buying. Their standard of quality is the price tag, not the goods. If an article is marked $5, they take it to be better than a $2.50 article. Often it is not. If an article is marked $1,000, they are sure it must be better than an article marked $500. Often it is not.

So with the changes that have come in one way or another, and with the consequent decrease of common knowledge in buying to serve as a check upon possible deception in selling, our people have almost completely succumbed to the fallacy that price equals quality. Often it does not.

No better economic education of a practical kind could be given the American people just now than some teaching that would emancipate them from the hold which this false principle has on their mind, that the higher price necessarily denotes the better quality. Sometimes management in manufacture contrives that the lower-priced commodity is of highest quality. In that case the purchaser should 'buy' and not merely be 'sold.'

*IN earlier days the higher price usually denoted the better quality. It was a time when buyers knew how to buy and were not merely sold. They knew quality, hence also price. Times have changed. Buyers tend to become mere purchasers; they assume that the higher-priced article is the better quality, but do not know it. What they assume is not always true. Under standardized manufacture, the lower-priced artic'e may easily be the higher quality. To determine this the buyer should read quality instead of price tags, should study to know quality, and should buy quality. He can buy other things, but quality is an economic necessity.*

**'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## *Making the 'Movies' Dry*

IT WOULD be ungracious to cavil at Will H. Hays' order to the movie magnates to lay off their film war on prohibition, and it would seem more than guileless to hail it as a signal moral reformation on the part of the aforesaid magnates. But any way it is considered, the significance is undoubted. Something has dawned; just what may not be clear. It may be that the anti-prohibition stage joke was wearing out with the public. It may be that, true to its type, the anti-prohibition stage joke had descended too rapidly to other lawless and immoral planes, tainting the entire theater atmosphere.

Or it may be that the 'wets' have at last taken counsel of common sense and have decided to revise their plan of campaign. For the last twenty-five years they have been constantly changing campaign methods, with no observable increase in their knowledge of American psychology. As they were going they gave rise to a popular quip: 'If the wets keep on at this rate they'll soon make the country dry.' So it may be that Mr. Hays' order simply means that the 'wets' have decided that it is bad policy to insult the people and degrade the Constitution of the United States daily on thousands of miles of film before the eyes of millions of Americans.

This, however, would be to imply that Mr. Hays is interested in helping the 'wets' in their campaign, and there has never been the slightest evidence that he is. He is, however, very much interested in the Republican party. If, as some say, the next national election will involve the issue of 'wet' and 'dry' with the Democrats vociferously 'wet' and the Republicans ostensibly 'dry,' it could scarcely be expected that Will Hays would like to see the movies clacking along Democratic lines. Some clue to his action may be found there.

We should prefer to believe, and this in all sincerity, that Mr. Hays' action was just his own for no particular reason other than that he grew personally very tired of heading an organization which daily and hourly flashed 'wet' propaganda and scorn of the Constitution into millions of eyes. He knows best what his reason was. We are glad of his order, hope that he will see it obeyed in spirit as well as letter, and trust that the evidence of this will speedily become visible on the screen. This definite stroke will go far to convince people that it is possible for common sense to Americanize the movies.

## *The Value of Vulgarity*

ONE of the remarkable features in connection with the celebration of the 150th anniversary of American Independence is the amazingly bad taste displayed by ad writers, press agents and all the lesser ballyhooers who have seized upon the occasion to exploit their own particular product, person or project.

A baking company recasts the famous 'Spirit of '76' painting to emblazon the name of its 'Sunshine Bread' upon the drum. An actress whose current Broadway success is the portrayal of a negro harlot is shown as Dolly Madison. A newspaper prints a movie company's conception of 'How to Celebrate the Glorious Fourth.' It pictures a girl, skirts drawn above knees, a-straddle a skyrocket headed into a background of sickly looking stars. Another newspaper (one which should know better) also employs the skyrocket theme; its girl—the spirit of independence or some such thing—is garbed in a one-piece bathing suit. Accompanying the picture is some wretched doggerel in which Independence Day is made to rhyme with the good old U. S. A.

First honors for effrontery, however, undoubtedly go to the cigaret companies. Here's an excerpt from a copyright ad: 'When Fourth of July bands are playing—and the cannon are roaring out their celebration of Independence and Freedom—have a Camel!' On second thought there's really something quite stirring about this. It brings back so clearly that fine old era when the brewers were wont to decorate their beer advertisements with the American flag—until prevented by law.

---

## *Down With Prophets!*

IN ITALY, so the report goes, Mussolini has forbidden an earthquake prophet to prophesy, because his forecasts have been only too true. He was frightening the populace. Better to have evil descend unannounced, than to live in expectant terror.

It is not only in Italy that this is done, much as we may incline to smile at the method of Mussolini. Department stores object when newspapers foretell rain for the coming day, and deeply resent all doubts cast upon the 'fair and warmer' outlook at all times. Business men denounce all analyses of events which indicate that American Business is pursuing with customary stupidity its unintelligent road to a salutary check. It is 'good business' to talk up loud and strong about prosperity,

with never a word of the influences which undermine it or the sound principles which uphold it. Anything else than ballyhoo is to be banished. Down with the prophets who warn of a depreciated dollar! Down with the prophets who warn of an overwhelming national burden of debt! Down with the prophets who cry without ceasing that we are building into American economics the same penalties which brought about all previous calamities! Down with them—shut them up, *a la* Mussolini—their prophecies have too much the sound of being true!

But disasters never come to people through warnings heard—only through warnings unheeded.

It is earthquakes in Italy that are taboo; in America it is equally real and ominously eruptive facts that are taboo—race, religion, powers and principalities of evil, social justice, money reform.

After all, these are the real earthquakes. But every tremor signifies the nearing birth of the new era.

---

## *Tests for Ministers*

BRUCE BARTON, in *Collier's* for July seventeenth, writes an interesting article wherein a fictitious character, easily identified with many thoughtful persons, proposes certain qualifications for the examination of prospective ministers of religion. Among them are these:

'1. Could you conduct a successful carpenter shop? The Master did conduct one until He was thirty years of age. Most of the disciples had been active in business before becoming disciples. Recognizing that the ministry is a far more difficult profession than any other, would it not be an excellent preparation if you were to demonstrate success in one of these lesser employments before assuming the greater?

'2. If confronted with the task of entering the outer court of the temple alone and unarmed, and driving out a horde of greedy money changers, could you do it?

'3. Do little children love you and follow you?

'4. Do common people hear you gladly?

'5. Do sick people in your presence feel new health and courage?'

These are practical tests. Their application to the ministry is not imaginary. And the strange thing is that many ministers could successfully pass them. They are not always the men of whom we hear most, they are not always found in the biggest pulpits. But they are there, and they are the salt of the ministry.

## *Not Political, But Real*

MOST discouraging of all the reactions of Washington to the criticism of the country, is that which shows an incapacity to think in other than political terms. The criticism of some of Mr. Coolidge's acts and tendencies, which has lately been apparent in the country, is not political at all. The people do not think of Mr. Coolidge in a partisan or political sense. They are not judging his acts by their political bearing. They have deeper interest in the matter than that.

Yet at Washington, this criticism is immediately ascribed to political motives. It is partisan—that is, inspired by members of other parties against Republicanism. Or it is factional—that is, inspired by Republicans who would like to succeed Coolidge. Everything is measured by its probable effect on two things—Mr. Coolidge's chance to succeed himself or the Republican party's chance to hold the Presidency.

Shortsighted men! It is not Mr. Coolidge's next term that the people are thinking about, but his present administration. It is not candidates and campaigns that they are thinking of, but forthright leadership at the present moment. If Mr. Coolidge himself has been influenced by his surroundings to gauge with political eye the growing restlessness of the people, then he is grievously misled. For this is preëminently a time when those who are willing to lose their political souls are the only ones who will save them.

It is urgently necessary that it be repeated that criticism of Mr. Coolidge is not hostility, but alarmed friendship. No President can be wiser than the people. No Presidential advisers can take the place of the people. The Presidential term is slipping away. Some mistakes have been made. Some bad tendencies have been increased. Misleading advisers have been continued in power. The wall which prevents the President seeing and hearing the people grows higher and thicker. If the name and fame and service of Coolidge is to be brought to fruition, it is time action was taken. And the political advisers of the President are not advising this: on the contrary, they are lulling him to sleep. When an occasional alarm does break through, it is interpreted politically, and thus neutralized.

*There is nothing political in the present national situation.* Let the politicians consider that.

---

There is only one United States and its value to the world consists in its being and remaining American in spirit, ideal and action. Any deletion of its Americanism would increase the international calamity.

# Writing Verse for Composite Readers

## Some Versifiers Cultivate Eccentricity; Others Are Themselves, and Therefore Poets

By CHARLES J. FINGER

ILLUSTRATED BY W. O. FITZGERALD

MY EXPERIENCE with some of those who wing their way over the meadowlands of song, with an eye to Parnassus, is this: For more than four years I have edited and financed a little independent paper by way of keeping up the Reedy tradition for one thing, and, for another, because I wanted to say what I thought and felt and saw.

In that paper I have printed more than three hundred poems, the choice of some two thousand offerings in free verse form and metrical rhymed form. From all corners of the country and from abroad the contributions came, sent by poets austere and poets ornate, by poets whose work was debilitated by mannerisms, by poets who possessed felicity of language and fancy, by poets markedly derivative, by poets who seemed to be stumbling along strange philosophical byways, by poets egoistic or self-assertive or self-conscious, by poets naïve in an artful kind of way, by poets quite uninspired but with a knack of writing verse at a moment's notice, by poets of deliberate eccentricity, and by some who were not poets at all who tried to put across wild and bizarre stuff with the sheer desire of seeing their lucubrations in print.

Out of all that came a by-product of value. For my paper being a personal affair, I came to touch and exchange ideas with subscribers until the resulting correspondence grew so burdensome that I had to desist. In great measure those with whom I thus came into contact were thoughtful men and women engaged in affairs in the world commercial, masters of men, captains of industry, managers and also men on pay rolls. They were, for the most part, inarticulate when it came to writing for publication, but expressed themselves most excellently in personal letters. So I came to see the viewpoint of a kind of reader of high intelligence, one who listened to the cognoscenti but held firmly to his own opinions. Some of them I had known personally when I was an executive, but meeting in offices or hotels, we did not talk of literature, but of railroad rates and the cost of ties, of taxes and locomotives, of coal and steel rails. I do not think that we suspected one another of literary leanings, or of a liking for music.

That composite reader, as I see him, stands neither with those who hold that free verse is no poetry at all, nor does he stand with those who cling to free verse as the only logical vehicle for vitality and sincerity so would pitch all metrical forms on the scrap heap. He stands on different base. His view is that the free verse form is a kind of anastomosis; in plain



The reader will have nothing to do with the literary madman.

words, the result of a running together of the two streams of poetry and of prose. He sees poetry as poetry, prose as prose. In the new form he sees something apart from either, but with marked tendencies toward one or the other. That is, there may be a marked dependence upon the music as well as appeal to the intelligence and feeling as in the case of John Oscar Beck's 'A Plea to Indiana,' or, better still, in Ezra Pound's *Ballad of the Goodly Fere*—or there may be an almost entire abandonment of the music and an appeal to the intellect as in John V. A. Weaver's 'Drug Store.' To take more familiar examples, the production may lean to the beauty, music and ecstacy of the 45th Psalm, or it may lean to the vigor and fire and intensity of that most notable passage in the sixth chapter of Carlyle's *French Revolution* where Louis Tournay, cartwright of the Marais, is pictured battering at the Bastille.

Here is another viewpoint of the composite reader, and a valuable one. He holds that much that passes as free verse is something of a triumph of ineptitude over ability. Too many 'experiments' are flung in the face of the public. In the commercial world, experiments are things of the workshop, not of the market. Put the idea in another way. Before a writing can be good poetry, it must be excellent prose, but so much that is foisted upon the world literary has all the earmarks of incompleteness, in poetry just as in prose where writers, indolent or else incompetent to follow out their theme or thought, cast off responsibility with a row of dots, *a la* H. G. Wells, Ben Hecht, Sherwood Anderson and others. To carry that a little further, any man who has glanced through Shelley's notebooks must have been struck by the evidence of the poet's most patient industry. There are to be seen passages of excellent prose, passages with a flow both easy and limpid. At these the poet hammered and wrought and polished until out of them grew things of strange beauty such as the 'Ode to a Skylark,' or some of the stanzas from 'Adonais.' Under the stress of emotion and by hard work the prose became poetry and music, and fell into regular cadence. First the thought, then the rough expression, then the finely finished thing.

That composite reader, habituated to a 'therefore' for every 'because,' looks upon the new form with serenity. He considers that it is the natural and unavoidable outcome of our modern life with its haste and hurry, its fierce pressure, its immense forces, its swelling tide of human activity. The adoration of beauty is not for those who live in cramped cubicles, who spend hours of their weeks on cars and subways and underground places and electric lighted offices, who never by any chance see the rising sun or know the pageantry of the seasons.

But though modern life has taken new and strange forms, yet the man of elasticity continues to find everything alive and significant. The Ruskinian dislike of all the modifications that machinery has wrought is not in him. On the contrary, he looks for an expression of all that mechanical rumbling and whirring and rolling in contemporary literature. So activity becomes a kind of ideal.

Some, being articulate, turn to descriptions of the life that they know; the composite reader that I have in mind reads and enjoys them.

That is why Carl Sandburg, singer of the wholesomeness of activity, stands today as the most popular of the moderns. He has taken the popular fancy just as Robert Burns took the fancy of his day.

He may be looked upon, it seems to me, as America's folk poet just as Burns was looked upon as the representative of Scottish folk poetry. There are qualities in him which delight the average man of action. He is direct. He is forceful. There is ecstacy in him. He is full of freshness and courage, infinite courage. That he lacks elegant refinement is as an asset, because there is no elegant temperate refinement in a life of pushing and crowding. So manner and subject and style are all gloriously consubstantial, exactly as manner and subject and style were consubstantial when Burns sang of his rascally beggars.

Perhaps that composite man of mine is moved by enthusiasm more than by analysis. I do not know, nor does it matter. In his list of likes, strange fellows rub elbows. He likes Edwin Markham, for instance, though Markham is not of the new school.

That human sympathy voiced in 'The Man with the Hoe' caught his fancy. But he also likes Arturo Giovannetti because of the poet's shining fervor and courage, though my composite reader himself is by no means a denouncer of capitalistic society and is suspicious of the reformer. He reads and reads again Edgar Lee Masters, finding him truthful and genuine but narrow, for the *Spoon River* man, while accurate and sometimes microscopic in his vision, seems to overlook the fact that prejudices and conventions are very solid things that break those who try to break them. Amy Lowell mystifies with her experiments and her theories. Her swift and sudden changes too are disconcerting. The man I have in mind has no love for borderlands, as it were. His men must be men, his women women. But Amy Lowell sometimes seems to hover between the two. That average man of mine seems to like essays in verse, descriptions on little incidents of town and country life, almost conversational in style. Something like Robert Frost at his simplest tickles him. This, for instance:

> What I like best's the lay of different farms.
> Coming out of them from a stretch of woods,
> Or over a hill or round a sudden corner . . .

which, when you come to think of it, in spite of its modernity, is very much like William Cowper. The wistfully cynical Helene Mullins is a favorite, and when she stepped from my columns to the New York *World*, my composite reader followed her career. Then there is Marjorie Meeker, so absolutely lucid and unpretentious in style, who seems to shun fame with as much assiduity as most writers cultivate it; she has her audience because she possesses the gift of presenting some passing mood or emotion in such fashion that the feeling is reproduced in the reader. Her *Memorial Sonnets*, so replete with delicate suggestive harmonies, won her many friends.

Vachel Lindsay, my man enjoys on occasions, just as he enjoys on occasions a Sousa band concert, but that vigorous brass band rhyming soon palls; nor does the composite man see anything new or wonderful in those odd rhymes and comic opera choruses, for he has more than a passing acquaintance with Gilbert's *Bab Ballads*, with *Pinafore* and the *Pirates of Penzance*. For Charles Erskine Scott Wood who wrote the 'Poet in the Desert,' a work of true poetic beauty in which the tragedy of the human soul is figured, the ideal reader as I know him has the greatest respect and admiration.

There are other minor poets who do not write free verse who, according to my experience, are read with interest.

The Californian, George Sterling,



So we come to the free versitiers and others.

for instance, felicitous in rich ornamentation; John McClure, of New Orleans, always sincere and scholarly and thoroughly modern in tone of thought; Glenn Ward Dresbach, hunter and trapper, whose pictures of the West are full of true poetic beauty; John Hall Wheelock with his air of going about the world like a knight, strong, courageous, interested; Sara Teasdale so skillful in calling up concrete images by short passages; William Griffith who leaves his editorial desk to write poems characterized by a peculiar vein of pleasantry and delicate fancy; William Rose Benet because of the subtle beauty of his 'Land of Giants'; Edna St. Vincent Millay whose love lyrics are like etchings on pearls; Edwin Ford Piper and Jay G. Sigmund both unsung by the anthologists, both modern border balladists, simple and direct but with occasional touches of tenderness and pathos extremely attractive to that composite reader of mine.

All these, and more, interest the reader that I know, but with the literary madman he will have nothing to do.

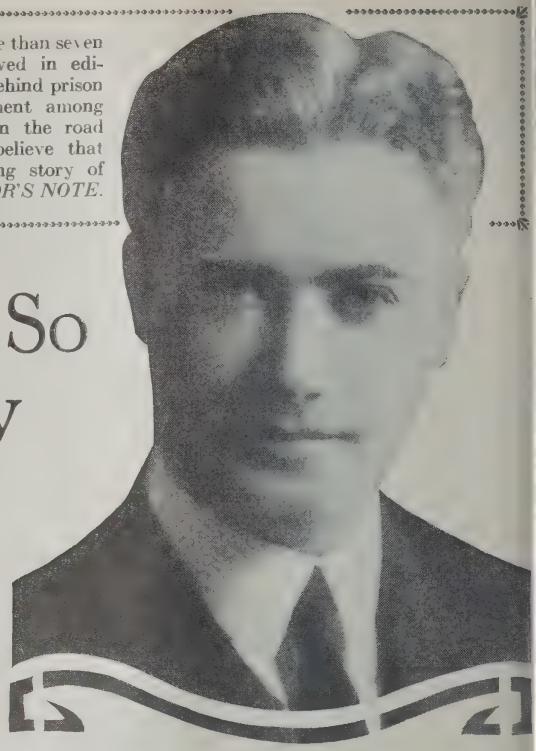
If he considers him at all, it is as a case for the expert medical officer. The marvel is that his productions should be anywhere received as something mysterious and marvelous, something so full of the enigmatic as to be received with bated breath. But that attitude, I think, is akin to the attitude in which the utterances of the *non compos mentis* were received by the superstitious in the Dark Ages. The intelligent man today, as then, estimates them with accuracy at their real value.

Some versifiers cultivate eccentricity; others are themselves, and therefore poets. Some are crows who aspire to be birds of paradise but are betrayed by their voices. Those who sing naturally and for the love of singing sing the truest and sweetest.



The literary madman is received by some with bated breath but that attitude is akin to the attitude in which the utterances of the *non compos mentis* were received by the superstitious in the Dark Ages.

WILLIAM F. HOPP has been chaplain of the Michigan State Prison for more than seven years. He was formerly a newspaperman, and the training which he received in editorial work has been of great value to him in observing life as it is lived behind prison bars. Mr. Hopp's work among the prisoners has caused widespread comment among penal authorities, and he is credited with having started many convicts on the road toward a better and brighter life. In connection with this article, he writes: 'I believe that the time has come for me to share my experiences with others.' It is a moving story of actual contact with the men who live for one thing alone—the future.—*EDITOR'S NOTE.*



# Sad Men Who Look So Wistfully at the Sky

*By* WILLIAM F. HOPP

IT IS Sunday morning. A prison is a quiet place on any day, but on Sunday it seems more quiet than ever. With the exception of the few men who are working in the mess hall, the kitchen, or some of the offices, the prisoners are all in their cells.

Sundays and holidays are the worst days for the prisoner because the hours are many and long. An ominous hush seems to hang over the prison. The convict paces back and forth in his cell, three steps, turn, three steps, turn. The walls are bare. Over the table hangs a calendar with a picture of Christ on the cross, his expression full of sorrow—a sorrow which the prisoner understands.

The man in the cell tries to read a book from the prison library. The reading is desultory and fitful. Or he writes a letter. His thoughts wander. Home, mother, wife, children. What a fool he has been! Oh, what he would give if he could be with his little boy, his little girl, on this Sunday morning. Perhaps he has no home, like the boy who tried to escape over the wall the other day. His parents died in the San Francisco earthquake and there was no home for him after that. A tramp befriended him, and he became a roamer, until he came here.

It is nearly ten o'clock, almost time for the chapel service. The sharp sound of an electric bell interrupts the stillness. Other bells in various cell-blocks take up the sound, the signal for the unlock. Guards go along the tiers, three or four stories high, and unlock hundreds of iron-barred doors. There is the rattling of keys, the sound of subdued voices, the clanking of cell doors. Another signal and the men step forward. Quietly, in single file, they march along the gallery to the stairway down to the hall of their cell-block, up the winding stairway which leads to the chapel. They file into the chapel, silent, serious figures, filling row after row. Their suits are gray and their faces sad. Everything is compulsory except attendance at the Sunday services, but the men fill the chapel

The chapel resembles somewhat the meeting place of other congregations, except that here the windows have heavy iron bars rather than stained glass. Along the aisles and in the rear stern-faced men in blue uniforms stand guard. For years the walls were gray, the dominant color scheme of all prisons. But when the new warden came, he shattered all precedent. 'Too much gray,' he commented when he first saw the prison chapel, and now the walls are painted a light cream, a clean and happy color.

The organist, a life prisoner, plays the prelude—a medley of hymns, old favorite hymns, reminders to some of better days, of church and Sunday school, of home and mother. If the men had been true to these! I sit on the platform watching their faces, conscious of the opportunity to arouse in them the desire to be better men and perhaps, in this prison gloom, to bring into their darkened lives a ray of sunshine. What a wonderful privilege. Many a minister of the gospel who is discouraged because of the apathy of his respectable congregation would be happy if he could face this audience.

To some of the men I have talked during the week in the privacy of my office as one man talking to another, one man being neither preacher nor prison official, but a friend, and the other neither convict nor saint but just a man who has bared his soul.

There is Jimmy Hawkins, who has already served four years of a five-year sentence. Five days ago he received a message that his mother had died. He is a strong man, big, muscular, square-jawed, not at all given to tears, but when I told him that his mother was dead, he broke down and wept like a child. She had visited him two months before, a plain little woman who believed in him and loved her son as all mothers do. He did not see her again, and yesterday they buried her in the city where she lived, 200 miles away, and he could not be there. And there, in the second row, is Louis Fraser, whose gambling spirit finally got him into prison. His wife wrote him last week that she is getting a divorce, and I know his heart is heavy because he really loves her and his three small children.

In the rear sits 'Happy Jack' Brennan, who is serving a life sentence for killing his father. He does not look like a murderer, this boy in his twenties. Friends in his home town feel sorry for him; they say his father was a drunkard who brutally abused Jack's mother and Jack had just returned from France—.

Among those who have come to the chapel service sits Dan Sherman, who has been in this prison thirty-nine years; he, too, is serving a life sentence. Some years ago some prison officials took pity on the old lifer and one Sunday afternoon they showed him a little of the outside world which he had not seen during all those years spent in this living tomb. They put him in an automobile, and for two hours Sherman saw with his own eyes some of the changes time had wrought in the outside world, which had been pictured to him many times by other convicts. It was his first ride in an automobile, and he marvelled at the miles of smooth pavement in the country. He laughed at the style of women's dresses. The women he remembered wore long skirts trailing in the dust.

As I write this, I have before me a crime census of the prison, a directory of my prison congregation. What a

catalog of human weaknesses, of passions uncontrolled, of misdirected energy, of all the shortcomings of the human race. There are 207 men who took human lives, some maliciously, some in self-defense and some unintentionally. There are 269 burglars, 95 forgers, 59 pickpockets. Many are serving time for some form of larceny. There are 331 confined for robbery.

For more than seven years I have talked to these men from the chapel platform and in my office and I know some of their thoughts—thoughts of resentment, self-pity, lonesomeness, hate, anxiety, self-accusation and general discouragement. What a depressing atmosphere!

We begin our meeting, as all church meetings begin, with a song. I wonder if some good church people would be shocked now, for the opening song is not a hymn, but some good popular folk song, not always classical, but full of optimism. If we lack copies for distribution, I have a slide made and the words thrown on a silver screen above the platform. The first verse does not go so well; we start it once more and the singing improves as we go along. After some singing the tenseness is noticeably relieved and while the men maintain perfect discipline, they feel more at ease. We are now ready to sing a hymn.

On Thursday, an old lifer died in the prison hospital. He was eighty-four years old, had served nineteen years and had been ailing six weeks. He was a kindly old man and a sincere Christian. In this crowd, where being a Christian does not always serve as a recommendation, he was well liked by all men. On the day before he died he told me that he missed the chapel service. 'I can hear the singing up here,' he said, 'the singing of the good old hymns. If I could only go to chapel once more.' Then, after a pause: 'There is a hymn I always like to hear; I wonder if the boys would sing it for me next Sunday. I will be listening for it.'

This was the hymn he wished to hear—

> What a fellowship, what a joy divine,
> Leaning on the everlasting arms.
> What a blessedness, what a peace is mine
> Leaning on the everlasting arms.

Yesterday he died and this shall be the hymn today, a memorial hymn in honor of 'Daddy' Blackburn. As I announce it, I tell my prison congregation that it is the old lifer's wish that they sing this hymn. I ask them to stand and they sing with much earnestness and force. As the song is ended there are moist eyes, for death in prison is very real to them. What if death came to them before their release.

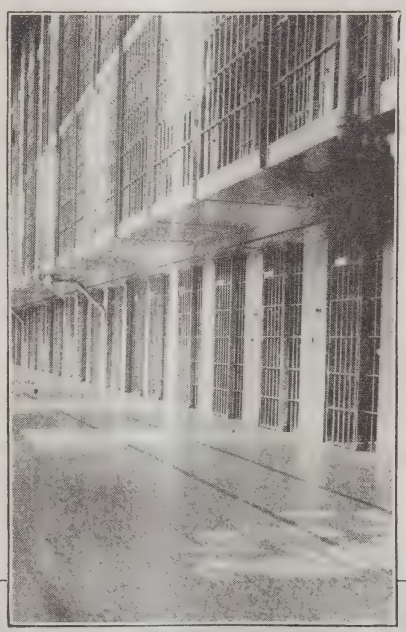
I read them the 90th Psalm, that ancient meditation of one who knew the vicissitudes of life and who had come to the conclusion that in all generations, in all uncertainties of life, there is only one sure refuge—God. That becomes the text and theme of my talk today and as I speak to them, appealing to them as real men who wish to do the right thing, who desire success rather than failure, freedom rather than bondage, I can feel their responsiveness. They pay close attention. I tell them that God created them in His own image and likeness, and that God, even as their own mothers, is interested that they play fair in the game of life. I show them in one way or another that they are capable of success; that deep down in their hearts they wish to do the right things; that the kingdom of heaven, the happy kingdom of freedom and friends and everything that is worth while in life, is within their own souls.

We sing another hymn. The men rise, and with bowed heads receive the benediction. They file out one by one, down the winding stairway. I hear the cell doors clank shut, keys are turned and all is quiet again.

Back in my office I cannot help but think of the mothers back home; their heartaches on this Sunday morning; their thoughts of the boys who were babies once, when all the world loved them. But I know the unconquerable faith of mothers, and I pray that we may have wisdom to straighten crooked lives and stem the awful tide of young men who are prison-bound.

The other day a business man remarked: 'I cannot see how the religious appeal can reach these men. You might as well try to

(Concluded on page 30)





Prisoners marching into the mess hall under surveillance of guards. Inset—A prison cell-block.

# DUELISTS *of the* SKY

## A Tale of Knights-Errant and Their Deeds—of Their Light-Heartedness, and Their Gallant, Tragic Fate

By CAPTAIN ALFRED HEURTAUX

THE first three times I ventured into the air over the fighting lines ended in disaster. At that time I was an observer. Aviation was a new arm of the service, untried, hazardous, considered in official circles as highly undependable. It was the general opinion that only fools and the irresponsible would choose it, their lives being of little value.

My pilot was an enthusiast, excellent as long as we were flying, but highly repugnant to me when it came time to regain the cows' floor.* Grand humorist, he landed upside down every time.

'You know,' he told me before our first flight, 'that not yet have I ever killed any baggage (the term used to designate the observer). But in order that I may not have your death upon my conscience, it is prudent to follow my indications. When we still are at six hundred feet, put your head into the fuselage, roll up yourself, and hold fast to the bottom. Do not move until the crashing arrives; then, if you can, take again the liberty of your actions.'

No doubt my surprise was a trifle evident for he added:

'The landing is a delicate affair and the birds themselves do not always succeed. Remark the raven pitching into a field when the wind is blowing hard! He often loses his equilibrium and is in the necessity to give a stroke of the beak against the ground to find it again. That is what I do—but with less style!'

Less style! The man had not even the remotest conception of style. After he had imitated the raven for the third time I decided to become a pilot myself. Surely I could do no worse; possibly I could do better. At all events, if I were to be killed I preferred to accomplish the matter myself!

At the outbreak of the war I was at the Military Academy at Saint Cyr. For days wild rumors had filled the air. Then one morning reveille sounded at three o'clock. We knew what it meant. The days of uncertainty were over; the days of war lay ahead.

Six hours later farewells had been said. We had received from the officer-instructors our sealed orders, little envelopes that decided our fate. Many of our comrades we were never to see again; others were to become world-famous in the years to follow. Some were to die in the first grim days. Good luck—till we meet again!

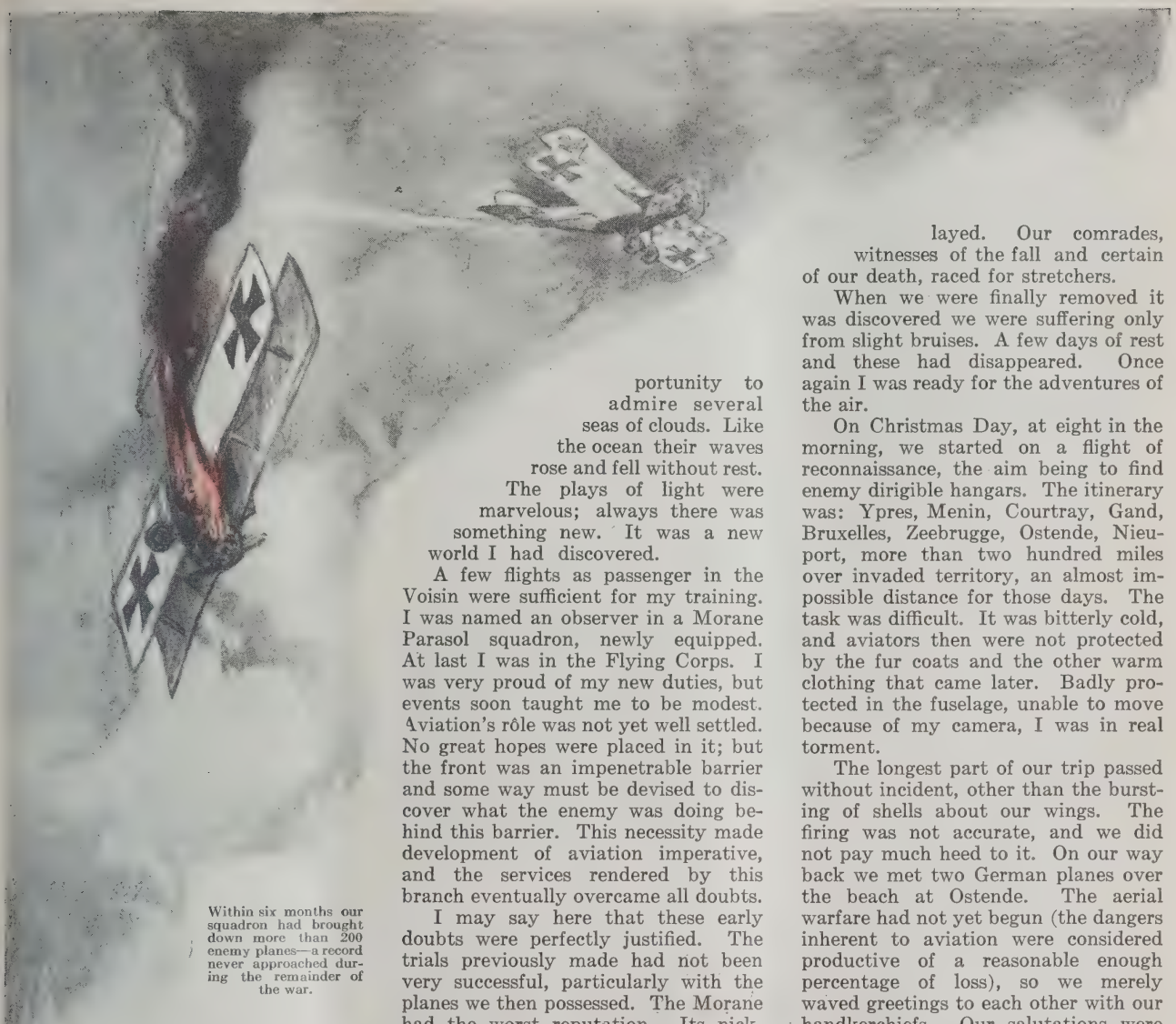
I was appointed *sous lieutenant* of the 9th Regiment of Hussars at Chambery. I joined my regiment the next day and we immediately departed for the region of the Vosges Mountains. Five days later we met the enemy. For a month we battled in the woods on the slopes of the mountains. The fighting was hard, and it was with real satisfaction that, at the beginning of September, we were transferred to the Somme. Here, at least, we were able to see before us and we did not find snares at every step.

The aim of our first attack was the taking of 'Le Quesnoy en S-auterre'; afterward came the battles of Hallu, Chilly, Fougues-court, la Basée, Mount Kemmel. The month of October we spent in the trenches of the line of Ypres Nieuport, where we remained until the end of the battle of the Yser River. Our regiment had suffered heavy losses in this race to the sea, and in November it was removed from the line of fire and sent to the rear to await the arrival of replacements.

This inactivity did not please me. Moreover the war of maneuver had given way to the war of trenches, and this new phase was not at-

*French aviators' slang for ground.





Within six months our squadron had brought down more than 200 enemy planes—a record never approached during the remainder of the war.

tractive to me. So when a circular was published asking for volunteers for aviation, I was an eager candidate. My request was not received with enthusiasm; I had had three citations and my colonel attempted to keep me with him. But my insistence overcame the obstacles, and a few days later I received my transfer.

Of aviation I knew nothing save the current opinion that it was a dangerous sport. But my first flight enraptured me. I had a sense of absolute security and it seemed impossible that an accident could occur. As we rose into the air the earth took on new shape; the irregularities of the ground lost form; everything became without relief, like the maps I had before me. It reminded me of the days of childhood, of those little sheepfolds, made in the East Mountains, whereon trees and houses are a few inches high, where fields and meadows are bits of colored paper and where a silvered wire takes the place of a brook.

Hundreds of feet below men moved like microscopic ants. I had the opportunity to admire several seas of clouds. Like the ocean their waves rose and fell without rest. The plays of light were marvelous; always there was something new. It was a new world I had discovered.

A few flights as passenger in the Voisin were sufficient for my training. I was named an observer in a Morane Parasol squadron, newly equipped. At last I was in the Flying Corps. I was very proud of my new duties, but events soon taught me to be modest. Aviation's rôle was not yet well settled. No great hopes were placed in it; but the front was an impenetrable barrier and some way must be devised to discover what the enemy was doing behind this barrier. This necessity made development of aviation imperative, and the services rendered by this branch eventually overcame all doubts.

I may say here that these early doubts were perfectly justified. The trials previously made had not been very successful, particularly with the planes we then possessed. The Morane had the worst reputation. Its nickname, 'The Flying Coffin,' gives an idea of its reliability. Rare were the pilots who, like Garros or Brindejoue, were able to master the machine. I did not have the chance to ride with men like that—far from it! My training over, I was assigned to this pilot who shall remain nameless. The advice he gave me proved very good, as later events showed.

Toward the end of December, a visit from the President of the Republic compelled us to make a flight of protection. The wind was blowing tempestuously. Our difficult departure permitted me to foresee an equally difficult return, and my expectation was not unfulfilled. On the way back to our field the engine stopped completely. This so distressed my pilot that he lost control of the plane. A gust of wind turned it upside down. A fall of nine hundred feet began!

A few seconds—that for us seemed like hours—brought us to the ground with terrific force. I was caught in the debris, unable to unfasten my belt, my head bobbing up and down in a pool of muddy water. Help was delayed. Our comrades, witnesses of the fall and certain of our death, raced for stretchers.

When we were finally removed it was discovered we were suffering only from slight bruises. A few days of rest and these had disappeared. Once again I was ready for the adventures of the air.

On Christmas Day, at eight in the morning, we started on a flight of reconnaissance, the aim being to find enemy dirigible hangars. The itinerary was: Ypres, Menin, Courtray, Gand, Bruxelles, Zeebrugge, Ostende, Nieuport, more than two hundred miles over invaded territory, an almost impossible distance for those days. The task was difficult. It was bitterly cold, and aviators then were not protected by the fur coats and the other warm clothing that came later. Badly protected in the fuselage, unable to move because of my camera, I was in real torment.

The longest part of our trip passed without incident, other than the bursting of shells about our wings. The firing was not accurate, and we did not pay much heed to it. On our way back we met two German planes over the beach at Ostende. The aerial warfare had not yet begun (the dangers inherent to aviation were considered productive of a reasonable enough percentage of loss), so we merely waved greetings to each other with our handkerchiefs. Our salutations were rudely interrupted by the sudden cessation of our engine.

My pilot, for some reason too deep for me to fathom, turned his back to the land and headed resolutely out to sea. Motionless as I was, it was impossible for me to protest. Our machine not being a seaplane, it seemed to me much preferable to attempt a landing on the earth, perilous as it was, than to dive into the North Sea.

Luckily our engine had the good thought to start again when we were but a few feet above the surface of the water. At this low altitude, and running parallel to the coast, we again headed for our lines. The journey, nearly thirty miles, seemed much longer to me because the enemy coast battery did not conserve their projectiles, but aimed them at this new target. Moreover, they were aided by two motor cars equipped with guns. A dozen holes were ripped in our linen wings, but we ourselves were not struck. Laboriously we flew over the water dam of Nieuport. The engine, wearied by so long a struggle, soon stopped definitely.

Our trip ended on the beach of La Panne, where we crashed down at the feet of seven nurses of the Belgian Red Cross. Their fright over, they came to our aid. Once again we escaped with minor injuries, but our plane was demolished. The camera and the plates were also destroyed. Nothing remained of the fruit of our labors.

Our sorrows, however, were not of long duration. A Belgian commissary welcomed us and helped us to forget our misfortune. When, late in the evening, we went back to our field, we had recovered a happy indifference, so dim was the remembrance of the morning's emotion.

If this last adventure had not diminished my zest for aviation, it had certainly destroyed the last vestige of confidence in my pilot. The future—with him—appeared very uncertain, and I was sure that some day soon one of his favorite landings would prove fatal. (I was mistaken. This man flew all during the war and is still alive. Surely aviation cannot be as dangerous as it is reckoned!)

I stated my desires to my commandant. My reasoning seemed logical, and I was authorized to send my request to General Headquarters. Although my regular duties ceased while awaiting a new plane, I was not inactive. I accepted the invitation of a friend to fly with him. He was making the first experimental night flights and wanted me to help him. So I made some aerial bombardments in the neighborhood of Ostende. The only remarkable episode of this period occurred one night when we lost our way during a snowstorm. We were carried over the sea, but after half an hour of search we again found the coast and landed without difficulty. But we had a narrow escape.

These experiences soon ended. My friend preferred to replace me with an equivalent weight in bombs. Not long afterward I was sent to the Pilots' School at Pau; there I arrived the beginning of February. Pau is a small city in the south of France, located on the lesser chain of the Pyrenees Mountains. It is well known to foreigners who often winter there. The mildness of its climate, the scarcity of winds, and its favorable location combine to make it ideal as an aviation center. The field was on a broad upland a few miles north of the city.

My training began at once. I was fortunate in many respects. There were not many machines, numerous accidents destroying them frequently, and we often were obliged to wait some time for new ones. This gave us opportunity for more intensive training, the value of which was fully realized later. The airplane with double control had not been devised and the old method of teaching was still in vogue. This system was more slow and expensive because of frequent breakage, but the results were superior and the pilots' quality much better. Moreover it was of tremendous advantage to us to know every stage in the improvement of aviation. It was the urgent need for more pilots and quicker training which afterward caused the abandonment of the old system.

Our first machine was a Bleriot, similar to the one which first flew over the Channel. Its wings, however, had been clipped so that it was impossible for it to leave the ground. This characteristic gave it the name, 'The Penguin.'

To render 'The Penguin' absolutely inoffensive and to prevent it turning upside down, two long skates were fastened to the landing gear. We had to learn to go straight by using the rudder. Our first attempts were like a drunkard trying to walk on a sharp slope. 'The Penguin' was a facetious animal, full of unexpected ruses for the unskilled pupil.

One of its favorite tricks was to run away. Enraged by ill-treatment, its soul—a three-cylinder Anzani—often rebelled and refused to obey the throttle control. The unfortunate and powerless pupil would then cry out for help. All his comrades would rush onto the field and try to catch the tail of the fuselage, and so stop the beast. But 'The Penguin' did not permit itself to be so easily tamed. Under these circumstances it put at stake all its desperate expedients.

More than once, as soon as one of us had laid his hands upon the body, the machine would make a quick turn and charge vigorously at the adversary, who had barely time enough to drop flat to the ground to escape the propeller. Frequently a quarter of an hour was spent in hunting before we were able to master 'The Penguin,' which thereupon docilely resumed its good services.

Four days were sufficient for me to be sent into the 'upper class.' There I found the same type Bleriot, but equipped with its entire wings. For the first time I left the ground depending solely on my own abilities. These flights were very timid, and only a few feet above the ground. The aileron, engine and tail controls were rapidly mastered, and I was given a Bleriot similar to those in use at the front during the first months of the war. This was the decisive moment; I struggled with turns and landings; but I passed the tests satisfactorily. Then came the monoplane, Morane, and later the Morane Parasol, so called because the wing was located above the body. A few days later I received my military license and departed for the Pilots' Reserve at Le Bourget near Paris, where I must choose my plane. While waiting for my transfer to a squadron at the front I continued to improve my flying, and when I learned that I must replace the great Brindejoue des Moulinais, without pretense of having his merits, at least I felt I should be able to render fairly good services.

Of my arrival at the squadron there is little to say save that no one shouted for joy. I looked so young and had had such short practice at piloting that it seemed a useless risk to add me to the natural hazards of aviation. Small wonder my observer's heart was full of uneasiness. Even my chief was not very pleased to have such a boy, and before allowing me to perform any mission he ordered me on look-out duty.

For a month I flew with only my faithful mechanic as a passenger; he was the sole person who trusted me. If the attempts did not give very good results, they at least gave me the advantage of learning the country in every detail. Thereafter I had no need of a map and, free from the care of orientation, I was able to help my observer in his work.

Following this quiet month came a period of intensive activity. We were preparing for the attack of Champagne and every day was



CAPTAIN ALFRED HEURTAUX is generally recognized by the French Government and people as one of the greatest living French aces. He was graduated from the Military Academy at Saint Cyr (the West Point of France) at the outbreak of the war. His exploits as an aviator brought him world renown. He was acknowledged even by the Germans as one of the most gallant fighters of the war. Though scarcely more than a boy, he was eventually placed in command of the famous Stork Escadrille, mighty fighting unit, which numbered among its members such fliers as Georges Guynemer the Ace of Aces, de la Tour, Deullin, Auger, Raymond and Dorme, the 'friar.' When Heurtaux was finally shot down for the last time, he was in number of victories second only to the great Guynemer, his comrade and closest friend. At the death of Guynemer, his mantle passed to Heurtaux. Subsequently one or two other fliers passed him in the number of planes to their credit, but as their victories were gained in formation fighting (in vogue only in the latter days of the war), they are not regarded so highly as the victories of Guynemer and Heurtaux, gained in single-combat duels.

Heurtaux is an officer of the Legion of Honor. He was cited twenty-one times for bravery in general army orders; he has the Croix de Guerre with seventeen palms and two stars, the Belgian War Cross, the Cross d'Leopold, and fourteen other distinguished service medals from England, Russia, Italy and the other Allies. Following the war he was elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies as running-mate with Andre Tardieu, former French High Commissioner to the United States. In the two articles he has written for THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, Captain Heurtaux gives for the first time an actual personal account of the great battles of the air. Of the great French aces who were in the aviation from near the beginning, he is the only one left. He tells a story that can be told by no one else.

very busy. It was in the course of this battle that our planes were changed. I did not abandon my old Morane without regret; in spite of its faults I had fond memories of it. To be sure, it was necessary to be careful in taking off and landing with it, but in the air, for stunt flying, what a marvel!

However, we needed a faster machine for the aerial warfare which was just beginning. In September we received the Nieuport machines. These were the first especially designed for fighting. Being the youngest pilot, I was obliged to wait until December before taking possession of one. The bad weather did not permit me to practise as much as I wished, and I still had much to learn when the battle of Verdun began. For me that was the best school. When the attack had ended, I was transferred to Squadron No. 3, already known under that name which later became famous the world over—'The Stork Squadron.'

Arriving there almost unknown, I had the good fortune for my debut to succeed beyond all my hopes. The first month I officially shot down five German planes. The President of the Republic conferred on me the grade of Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. Soon afterward, our captain, Brocard, having been given command of a fighting group, I was placed in charge of the squadron. This promotion did not please me immensely. I feared that the new duties would not permit me to fly as often as before. There were so many things to do. We had a greater number of planes than the other squadrons, each pilot having two or even three of them. These machines obliged us to assume important duties. Their maintenance employed 250 mechanics; we had, too, one section of photography and one section of meteorology.

I had fifteen pilots, among them Guynemer, Deullin, de la Tour, and Dorme, names so often to appear in official communiques.

The longer the Battle of the Somme lasted, the more important was the part we had to play. Our chief anxiety lay in the fact that our machines were of a type already old, equipped with imperfect armament. We still had the Lewis machine gun, located on the upper wing. It was with the greatest pleasure that we got the new Nieuports with the Vickers machine gun shooting through the propeller.

Even this system was far from perfect, and before it was perfected we were shot down many times through having our weapons fail to function during battles. Nevertheless we had mastery of the air, and we were to keep it more easily when, in September, 1915, there came out the first two S. P. A. D. machines with the Hispano-Suiza engine. Adoption of this plane was not accomplished without difficulty. Most of the pilots had grave misgivings about the fixed cylinder motors. This opinion resulted from the fact that the German planes very often caught fire in mid-air if they received bullets in their engines. On the other hand, with our rotary motors, in spite of bullets shot through a cylinder, fire was an exceptional event. We attributed to the engine this grave fault, and we were hesitant to adopt such a hazard for ourselves.

Guynemer and I were designated to test out these new planes. Our conversion was rapid. The freedom and facility of flight caused us to adopt immediately the S.P.A.D. as a chaser, and the other pilots were not long in following our lead. The results confirmed our first impressions. Within six months our squadron had brought down more than 200 enemy planes—a record never approached during the remainder of the war.

*To be concluded*

# A Wasted Sugar Supply

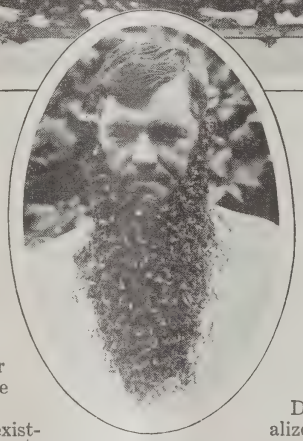
(*Concluded from page 2*)



Brood comb containing honey, eggs, larvae and brood. Oval—Bees are friendly with Jay Smith, fancier of the insects.

Contrary to current opinion, bees have no desire to cause trouble and they seldom sting unless molested. Were this not true, professional bee-keepers would be unable to work with them for hours unprotected by gloves and often without even a veil for the face.

Among the uninitiated it is commonly thought that bees 'know' their keeper. This is not true. They do recognize fear and nervousness, however, and this accounts for a sting being their usual response for a blow struck at them, while if apparently unnoticed they cease their investigations and fly away about their business. They are busy little creatures and would much rather be at work, though if the need arise they are ready to sacrifice their lives for the defense of the colony.



Unlike most insect life, existence of the honeybee as an individual is impossible. The colony is necessary for the perpetuation of the race. The honey which a bee stores is consumed by generations yet unborn, for the normal life of a honeybee in the busy season seldom exceeds six weeks.

The queen, who is the mother of the colony, lays the eggs which maintain the large force of workers, as many as four thousand a day being not unusual at times. This is her life work. Seldom does she leave the hive, food being carried to her and fed her by the workers.

The workers, who are really undeveloped females, do all the work. They build the comb, gather the stores, keep the hive clean and feed the young. Untiring in their ceaseless labor, they virtually work themselves to death. Worn out, with their wings frayed and torn, they die usually in a vain attempt to return to the hive with their last load of nectar. During the summer a number of drones, or male bees, are also present in the hive. Big, lazy, harmless fellows, their presence is tolerated rather than welcomed, for the queen mates but once in a lifetime. With the advent of cold weather these useless members of the colony are driven out and allowed to starve, or less frequently are killed outright.

There are still some people who are skeptical as to the purity of honey. As a matter of fact, man has never been able to manufacture or imitate so much as an ounce of comb honey. Even were this possible, the laws pertaining to adulterations are such that the little difference between the cost of cheap syrups or sugar and that of the genuine product would easily discourage any such practice.

Honey as a food might well be more generally used. Its cost has never been prohibitive and it is the purest of all sweets, retaining enough of the perfume of the flowers from which it comes to have a distinctive flavor unlike that of any other article of diet, making it a food to be prized. Doctors are fast coming to realize its value and advise people to use it in place of the cheaper and less wholesome sweets of which some are so fond. Sufferers from diabetes or serious digestive disturbances often can eat honey when they are unable to touch any other form of sugar. Being in reality a predigested food, honey is readily assimilated by the system. Children, who naturally crave sweets, can eat all the honey they want with no harmful results. In fact, modern doctors recommend it as an ideal children's food.

In Europe the use of honey in cooking is much better known than in America, although at present hundreds of carloads are used in our larger bakeries and progressive housewives have found that some of the finest cakes and cookies are greatly improved by its use. It combines well with almost any recipe and imparts a delicate flavor of distinctive quality. Its use in this respect can be much increased.

Various candies, in which honey is combined with nut and fruit, have recently appeared on the market. These have met with the approval of all who have tried them, and this superiority over the cheaper glucose combinations cannot be questioned.

With the present trend toward the elimination of waste and the conservation of our natural resources, Americans might well look toward honey as one of the great natural food supplies and one which is being utilized to only a small fraction of its possibilities. Here nature has provided a potential source of great quantities of sugar which may be had for the taking. All that man must do is to supply the medium whereby it may be collected. The busy little bee is in all the world the only agency which can fulfill this mission.

# Under the White Tops With 'Gil'

## The Story of the Big Snake and the Little Dog—and How a Darky Made Millions for Circus Side Shows

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HARPER

By HARRY E. BARNET

All Rights Reserved.




'"Culled fo'ks," he said, "we're going to feed this dog to the big snake in ten minutes. He haint been fed all day."'

*PART III.*

LITTLE more than the husk of John Robinson's Circus remained on the Cumminsville show lot in Cincinnati of a bright Monday morning, near the end of last July, for the parade was threading its way through the downtown streets, and nearly all of the show's life was with the beguiling cages and wagons.

Gil Robinson, the world's oldest living circus man, was settled in a roomy canvas chair in the main entrance. For a long time he was silent, thinking of the eighty-odd years he had passed with the circus, founded by his father more than a century ago. The quietude became irksome. John G. Robinson, Gil's nephew, who spent the greater part of his half-century of life beneath the canvas of the show, sat where he had a clear view of the tall, gently swaying side-show banners, and it was he who broke the spell.

'A poor, illiterate farm-hand negro down in Goldsboro, North Carolina, made a suggestion one afternoon many years ago that started one of the biggest stunts ever used with a circus side show,' John G. said, pointing to a painting of the show's enormous python among the side-show banners. 'That suggestion made millions of dollars for this circus, and no one can tell how many millions of dollars for other shows.

'Show day was always the negroes' own day in the South. But on this particular day few of them were going into the side show. Usually they kept it packed all day, looking at the same performance over and over again, until we'd have to shoo them out to let in a fresh crowd.

'But that was a bad year in the South. The negroes were hard up. Although we were only charging a dime admission to the side show, instead of packing it, the negroes packed themselves in front of the ballyhoo stand, and stood and listened to the manager while he talked and talked to them. From time to time, he brought out every freak he had; and the band played almost continuously—but the negroes merely stood where they were.

'Two or three old negroes stood listening at one place all morning and the biggest part of the afternoon. The manager had brought out the Circassian beauty with the big python wrapped around her neck several times, and a little while after the afternoon big show performance started he brought her out again, and was telling the negroes all about the big snake.

'"Say, mistah," one of the old negroes said, "You all gwine t'weah out dat snake. Why doan you all give him somethin' t' eat? He haint had a chance t' eat all day. You all jes drag him in, an' drag him out."

'Our manager caught the idea. He whistled to a dog that had been lying around the side show all summer, and the dog came up on the ballyhoo stand. Then he called out the Circash and her snake again.

'"Culled fo'ks," he said, "we're going to feed this dog to the big snake in ten minutes. He haint been fed all day."

'That was all he said. But it emptied the lot of negroes. They rushed to pay their dimes, and all of them crowded into the side show. The three old negroes who had been listening, and the one who made the suggestion, dug up their dimes and went in.

Of course, we didn't feed the dog to the snake. The negroes got so interested in seeing the other performances that they forgot what they came in for. We worked that stunt every day during the remainder of the season: and kept it up for several years. Other shows adopted the idea. We soon did away with the dog and bought a big billy goat, with tremendous horns, so that his appearance would give the suggestion of a possible battle between the snake and the goat. That possible battle was a good talking point—the side show manager worked up a terrible story about what might happen.

'And that was the start of this side-show "feeding" business as an attraction. It drew tremendous crowds. Next, we started to "feed" the wild man. And we had one for a while who actually bit a live snake in two every afternoon, and swallowed the flesh.'

This story brought Gil out of his reverie.

'Especially in the 1850's and along into the 1870's, when this show was traveling by wagons all over the United States, almost every town and village had its bully,' Gil

said, 'and these bullies had the notion that if they could whip a circus man, no matter how small or puny he might be, their reputations as bad men would be established forever. Consequently as soon as we got into a town and commenced to put up the show here would come the bully, and he would go right to work to start a row. Nearly always he was accompanied by some of his admirers to see that the odds were in his favor. Some towns had three or four bullies who would band together to raid the show.

'We always tried to avoid trouble. It interfered with getting the show up and the performance started. Furthermore, news that the town bully and his friends were around the tents and in an ugly mood kept a good many people away. They were afraid of innocently getting mixed up in a big row. So we lost a great deal of money that way.

'It got so bad that we had to carry fighting men to care for the bullies and their admirers as soon as they appeared, for we could expect little or no help in the majority of cases from the town authorities. Occasionally, the peace officers were active enough after the bullies started something, and got the worst of it. Then they wanted to arrest anybody who had a little authority around the show, if they could find the slightest excuse to do it.'

Gil paused, chuckled, and went on: 'I'll never forget one occurrence when I was a very young man. Despite my youth, I was pa's ticket seller and treasurer. We had been having a tough time getting the show through some swamps for three or four nights, and one night I was up all night helping to build roads and getting the wagons through. I hadn't been able to check the money and the tickets until the next morning when the show was going up.

'I was in the ticket wagon when I heard a big commotion outside. I knew what it was so I put the money and the tickets away—I had a pistol in a holster on my hip—and jumped out of the wagon to help stop the trouble. But it was over by the time I got there.

'A bully had pulled a knife and started a fight with one of our men. The man caught the knife in his hand, and the keen blade laid his hand wide open. Then the bully ran toward the dressing room, waving the knife, and when he made a lunge with it at one of our men who was standing in the dressing room door, the man shot and killed him.

'I got back into the wagon and commenced to count the money. Glancing out of the ticket window, I saw the bully's friends, guns in hands, hunting around; they said they wanted to arrest somebody, they weren't particular who.

'"The man in the ticket wagon is in there," I heard one of them say. "I seen him go in there. He had a pistol. Let's arrest him."

'Well,' Gil went on, 'that meant an attempt at lynching me. These men insisted on searching the ticket wagon. While they were working at the door in the back I jumped through the ticket window and streaked it for the woods. The men searched the wagon; even pulled out all of the little drawers in which I kept the tickets and money, thinking I had a hiding place behind the drawers. Nobody saw me go through the ticket window.

'This party of men followed the show from town to town for several days looking for me. They swore I was in the wagon, because they hadn't seen me leave. We made short jumps in those days and I knew where the show was going. I followed along in the woods after it—I couldn't go near the lot, nor into any little town, nor to a farmhouse to get anything to eat, because the show was playing every little town along the way, and if I, a stranger, showed myself anywhere, somebody would be sure to tell these men where I was. So I lived for three days on two little sacks of raw peanuts that pa dropped along the road, knowing that I'd follow the show through the woods close to the road. Finally the men got tired of following the show and I got a square meal again.

'I've often wondered why people in these towns and villages put up with constant terrorization by these bullies, for all of them were cowards at heart. If you met them with some determination they almost invariably turned tail and ran. For many years we didn't have a camp on the lot; we put our people up in the few hotels and boarding houses in the towns. And many a night when we were getting ready for bed we would hear the bully and his crowd coming toward the hotel, shooting and yelling, just to terrorize people. They weren't hunting showmen to fight with; they were just plain drunk and ornery. When we heard the commotion we would pile all the furniture in the rooms on the beds and get on top of it, because the bullies would shoot through the ceilings of the hotels and the bullets would come up through the floors of the rooms, and into the beds. We would try to sleep on that furniture.

'Whipping bullies and their gangs as soon as they appeared on the lot was a part of our everyday work for a good many years. With that end of it out of the way, we could go ahead and attend to our business, unless, as it frequently happened, the rough element later in the day, or that night, turned in and tried to whip the show for revenge. In that case, we had a "hey rube." [A general fight, in circus language, a 'clem,' was often called 'hey rube,' because that was the rallying cry of circus men when trouble began.] In only a few instances did we get the worst of it. We got the reputation all over the United States for being a pretty tough proposition to tackle. For a good many years it was quite an event to go through a town without a rumpus caused by bullies looking for a fight.

'Sometime after we started feeding our people on the lot, and had a private camp for the family, we lost one of the best cooks we ever had because of a string of "hey rubes" in which several men were killed.

'This cook was a superstitious old darky. A lot of our people got to playing tricks on him, and he attributed the tricks to the ghosts of the men who had been killed in the "hey rubes." He believed they followed the show trying to get even. The antics of this darky in trying to avoid the ghosts were laughable to us, but they were serious to him. The tricks preyed on his mind. One night he suddenly quit, and nothing could persuade him to stay. He said he wouldn't be where he was always bothered by ghosts, and as he thought the fights and deaths would likely continue and the farther he traveled with the show the more ghosts he would have to contend with, he was clearing out while the clearing out was good.

'When electric lights first came along, Gil said, 'we carried them on the show not only to light the tents but as a curiosity. We were the first show to do this, and for a couple of seasons the lights were the biggest kind of novelty.

'Those seasons we lighted with gasoline torches until just before the night performance began, then the announcer said: "Ladies and Gentlemen: We will first show one of the world's newest inventions, the electric light." We shut off the gasoline lights, and turned on the electric lights (we made our own electricity with a portable outfit). In some places we showed, people had never even heard of the new light.'

While Gil Robinson is the circus world's most picturesque figure, he is not of the dime novel, motion picture, lurid fiction type of circus man. He is a true gentleman of the Old South.



I heard a big commotion outside. A bully had pulled a knife and started a fight with one of our men.

The Old South a-wheel was John Robinson's circus. Gil and his five brothers and sisters were born south of the Mason and Dixon Line. For years the show was essentially a Southern institution.

'Pa had to take it South when he started it, and stay in the South for a long time,' Gil once said, 'because circuses weren't then looked upon very favorably in the East. Connecticut, for instance, put the license so high that a circus couldn't show in the state.'

Their circus was to all intents and purposes the Robinson family home. In the Old South it filled a peculiar social niche, as if it were a wandering plantation. This was because of the gay visiting done by the aristocratic families. Almost always, in the days of long ago, the show was a cross section of the best of the human elements of that part of the Old South it was touring at the time.

Family after family—the Tates of the Carolinas, and President Polk's southern kin, General Fairfax, grandson of Lord Fairfax, of Virginia, and Colonel Boyd, of Carolina, come to mind at the moment—bundled themselves, and hordes of black servants to wait on them, into carriages and carry-alls, piled their baggage on big plantation wagons, and joined the show for visits of two and three weeks at a time, while the show wended its way through their regions. These 'quality folk' endured the hardships of the show, and counted the mishaps as so many high spots of a huge lark.

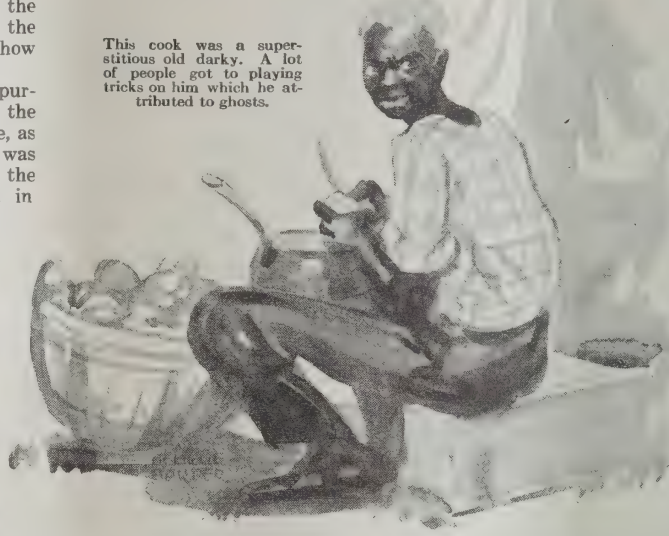
'We showed once at a place they called "The Agency," on the Canadian River, in the Creek Indian Nation. The Government was paying off the Creeks while we were there, and each Indian, from the tiniest baby to the oldest member of the tribe, received a twenty-dollar gold piece and ten cents in silver. Thousands of people were there, and needless to say among them were all the gamblers, blacklegs and crooks in the Southwest. There was a heavy fine and imprisonment for bringing any liquor into that country, or for selling it, but never have I seen so many drunken people, both whites and Indians, as there were that week. The liquor was brought in in small bottles, labeled "hair oil." Of course, the officials and everybody else knew of the fraud, yet it all went.

'When I was a boy, we used to show on plantations and at crossroads in the South a good part of the time. There were no roads; we just cut across plantations, and we couldn't go more than twelve or fourteen miles a day.

'We had a world of friends among the wealthy planters, and the best of the old southern families. They entertained the whole show at their homes for at least one meal. Even if we were just to pass their plantations they would have breakfast ready for us, and we would have to stop and eat with them. As soon as these families knew we were coming they commenced to make great preparations, baking pies and cakes, and hams, and the like.

'An old doctor lived at Jekyl Island, near Savannah, Georgia. He not only owned a big plantation, but also an island, on which he raised Sea Island cotton. He had about 3,000 slaves, and was an intimate friend, so we never failed to show there. The old doctor always entertained the whole show for a meal, and he bought tickets for all his slaves.

'I remember the day we showed there in 1859. The doctor gave us a magnificent stallion, an imported thoroughbred, and a great runner, named "Hardscrabble." But the horse was a man-killer and an animal-killer, so vicious that no one could handle him. He was really demented. He had to be kept muzzled and hobbled all the time, and the doctor thought that maybe somebody with the show could do something with him.



This cook was a superstitious old darky. A lot of people got to playing tricks on him which he attributed to ghosts.

'We had an awful time trying to take that horse over the country with us. Finally, we had to leave him in winter quarters up along the Ohio River. When John Morgan came along on one of his raids in the Civil War, he took "Hardscrabble" with him, and that's the last we ever heard of him. I've often wondered why some of Morgan's men never made mention of him.

'These southern families who went along with us used to have a taste of adventure,' Gil went on. 'We were coming along one time, with about a hundred wagons and cages, and buggies and carriages of our own, besides the buggies and carriages and baggage wagons of several southern families, when we struck a river. A farmer told us about a good ford a short distance upstream. The farmer didn't go with us to point it out, and when we got to the place where we thought, from his description, the ford must be, the river was about a half-mile wide, with an island in the middle of it.

'I had a strong horse, and was riding in a buggy, so I drove into the stream and all of the wagons, cages, buggies and carriages came right along behind me. I got into rapid current right away. In addition, the river was filled with tremendous boulders, with their tops just under the surface of the water so we couldn't see them. My horse struck the first big boulder and commenced struggling. Finally, he climbed on top of it and pulled the buggy up with him. The horse stood there trembling. I gave him a couple of touches with the whip, and he slid down on the other side, dragging the buggy with him, and commenced to swim. In a few minutes he struck another boulder and the same thing happened.

'I looked back and the river was filled with wagons and cages, buggies and carriages, and struggling horses. The caged animals were screaming and squalling from terror and that's an awful sound—men were shouting, women and children screaming—pandemonium broke loose. The boulders had broken the straight line in which our show always traveled, and all these conveyances of every kind were scattered everywhere. The lead bars floated out of the neck yokes, and let all of the horses except the wheel horses loose from the wagons and cages. The wheel horses were trying to pull the wagons and cages and couldn't do it. The men had to jump into the stream, and get hold of the lead bars, and get the lead horses back to where they could put the bars in place again under the water. In a minute or two the bars would float out again, and away went the lead horses, swimming every which way.

'We finally managed to get everything to the island, and there we rested a bit. But a storm came up and the river began to rise very rapidly, so we had to hurry on.

Fortunately, on the other side of the island the water was quiet and shallow, and there were very few boulders. Just as the last wagon pulled up on the opposite bank of the river the stream had risen so fast that the island disappeared beneath the flood. No human being or animal was drowned, and we offered up thanks to our Maker for the escape.'

(*To be continued next week.*)

## Making the Government Efficient

(*Concluded from page 5*)

number the 40,000 overload in the Post Office Department you have something over 300,000. I am convinced that more than 100,000 of these could be dispensed with and not hurt the Government one particle. This does not include the enlisted men in the Army and Navy.'

The Director of the Budget reports that there were 114,696 fewer employes on the federal pay roll on December 31, 1925, than on December 31, 1920, with a corresponding reduction of $138,000,000 a year on the pay roll. On Armistice Day, November 11, 1918, there were 117,760 employes on the federal rolls in the District of Columbia alone, while as of December 31, 1925, this number had been reduced to 61,509, or approximately 33 per cent more than the pre-war complement of 39,442. A still further reduction is announced for the end of the present fiscal year but these reductions must not be confused with Government reorganization.

Real reorganization of the business of Government must begin at the top, with the abolition of duplicating and overlapping bureaus, boards, commissions and of their unqualified bureau-heads, commissioners and directors, who are of the figurehead type of lame ducks or political hangers-on without qualifications for their jobs.

# Tom Learns to Play the Game

(*Continued from page 8*)

you wasted, slamming your helmet on the ground, for a good pass next half.' The boy's face glowed as he stood up and joined the group around the captain.

Then Shorty came over too, and gripped the hand of the boy who was taking his place. He seemed to be tipping him off to some of the tricks of the opposition. There was a ring of self-forgetful encouragement in his voice.

The New Providence boys had come off the field a battered mob of bickering individuals, sore at themselves and sore at each other. They went out onto the field again a united team, a closely welded unit of glowing determination. They weren't thinking now of their own failures and ambitions, nor of the faults of the others. They had been kneaded together by their coach's skill into a single fighting spirit. As conscious cogs in a living machine, they went out to face a heavier team, to win back the good will of their rooters, to attempt the impossible job of holding Elmtown's heavy rushes, and of piling up three touchdowns into the bargain.

New Providence wasn't destined to make three touchdowns that day. I was sure of that, as Moore and I went back to where his pretty daughter, Louise, awaited us in the bleachers. But the drama that I had just seen had deeply thrilled me. It seemed to prove how disciplined sport may guide growing youngsters to manhood along that path of self-abnegation, courage and coöperation that is known as 'playing the game.'

I knew now why Moore had insisted on my coming to see that high school contest. For, a number of years before, in this same little town of New Providence, he and I had first been led to think seriously of the rôle of organized recreation in boy life.

***The Banker Recognizes His Property***

During that earlier visit to the wealthy banker of New Providence, I had gone with him one day to court. Instead of a whole eleven, a single boy was on trial, that day. I shall call him Tom. As accusing witness, Moore testified that he occupied a cottage at the neighboring seashore resort each week-end. Driving over to it recently, he had found the place cleaned out of nearly everything except the furniture. Food and clothing and trinkets, and even the phonograph, had been taken.

Back in New Providence a few days later, as he walked down Main Street to his bank, Moore recognized one of his lost golf sweaters approaching him. On closer inspection the boy inside the sweater seemed clad in a familiar silk shirt, a well-known necktie, and even an unmistakable cravat pin. Moore had collared that boy—who was Tom—then and there. Tom swore that he had been to the resort with two other boys and that they had bought the things from a fellow they met there; a fellow who had said he was leaving town and didn't want them any more. Tom admitted having brought the phonograph back with him also—it had been found in his barn—but asserted he had bought that too.

Tom's lawyer argued plausibly about questions of reasonable doubt, and about what an unjust conviction would do to this growing lad. There was no evidence to show that Tom had actually entered the banker's cottage. His story was unshaken, and he was acquitted.

My stay in New Providence was prolonged and I got acquainted with Tom's people. His father was a close-fisted retired farmer, an invalid from rheumatism. The family now lived on the outskirts of the town. A mother and two daughters ran the house. Tom ran wild. He was about fifteen, and one of those good-looking boys with flaxen hair, blue eyes and a naturally pallid complexion. He worked in a local garage.

***How Tom Came to Town***

'Dad wanted me to go to high school,' he told me, 'and then to learn a trade. But I couldn't stand the school. Couldn't see that it was doing me any good. I didn't like it. I quit, and got a job in old Reicher's bakery. I saved quite a lot of jack, and bought a used car with it. Bought a bulldog, too—a great little cuss. Gee, I was sick when he was run over by a truck.

'Dad didn't know until spring that I wasn't still going to school. Then I quit the bakery. It was hard work, and too hot, handling those loaves with long shovels. I'd learned a lot by tinkering with my car, and I got a job in the garage. It's easy. I work when I want to. When I've saved enough money, I go over to the shore for a spree. You can sure have one grand time on fifty or sixty dollars.'

Tom's father had sold the farm when Tom was still in grammar school. 'Farming isn't what it was when I was young,' he had complained. 'My boy will never be able to do what I've done. Best he gets a job in town.'

Now that town of New Providence was just as dead and dull and dreary a place as are thousands of others of the same size. There was not a solitary thing for the boys to do when they weren't in school. There was a movie show once a week, and a couple of pool tables in the back of Louis' confectionery store.

If Tom had been kept on the farm he would have had hard work and responsibilities. He'd have gone hunting, when he needed adventure. He'd have had animals to care for. But through all his boyhood in town there had been nothing for him to do but hang around at Louis', or to loiter with the crowd in front of the drug store. Instead of learning about crops, he learned to play craps behind the garage. Instead of going hunting over the fields and woods, he hunted other forms of adventure over at the coast resort. Boys will seek adventure somehow. On summer evenings the furniture store would keep a phonograph going, or a player piano, and sometimes the boys would pick up the girls who sauntered by and dance with them on the sidewalk. Tom became sophisticated beyond his years, and superficial, aimless and irresponsible.

Tom's father had lost his grip on life; his mother was overworked. They let Tom go his own way, and gave him no ideals at home. His standards of life he picked up from the crowd of rough boys who hung about Main Street with him. It was in their company that he took to going over to the shore, and there he fell in with a tougher crowd. Tom had a pleasing personality; he was sociable, and liked the people around him as much as they liked him. He was easily led and fell in naturally with the ways of his associates. But I felt that Tom, with his likable personality, could have become a leader as easily as he came to be led.

After he had gone to work, and had a little money, he began to bring back things from the shore. He bought them from some of the fellows he met there. There was an epidemic of petty thievery in the resort. Tom knew well enough that the things he bought from these other boys weren't just 'found,' the way they said. But that only added to the darksome excitement of his adventurings. He'd buy things he had no conceivable use for, and keep them awhile in the corner of the barn under a pile of old junk, and finally sell them again at a profit. He'd come home in the small hours of the morning, sleep until noon, and never tell his parents where he had been. He always seemed to be able to get tires for his car, whether he had much money or not.

That was the way things were going when Tom was arrested and I got acquainted with him. He was a receiver of stolen property. He was undoubtedly going on the downward track. A few more steps and he'd have been sneaking into houses himself. He had found the only life of adventure that his drab surroundings seemed to offer him. There were no books in his family; he had never been given an interest in reading. There were no sports in the town, no playground, no tennis courts, no Boy Scout organization—no community interests of any kind. The high school had no gymnasium or athletic director. The region had no hills for coasting in winter; the stream was too small and muddy for swimming in summer.

I know of few graver problems affecting young boys than the emptiness of small-town life. The average city offers its youth infinitely more in the way of recreation, with its park playgrounds, its public tennis courts and golf links, its school athletics. The young boys of New Providence just 'hung around,' in front of the stores on Main Street, both afternoon and evening, and picked up gutter standards from the older boys who also just 'hung around.'

I took to Tom at once, and grew to like him better. I decided that he must be lifted out of the grip of this aimless, drab, disheartening environment. Despite his acquittal, he was under a cloud in New Providence, and had been badly scared by the trial. I got him enthusiastic about going to high school in a neighboring city. His father had a brother living there, and finally Tom was sent to stay with his uncle. Tom's father was really prosperous. He had made a good deal out of his farm and out of the sale of it. I talked with the penurious old codger at length and finally he agreed that if Tom made good in the city high school, he could go to college.

***He Goes to High School***

So one day Tom went his way from New Providence, and I went mine. As I saw the last of him on the train, I hoped that the new environment, the sports of his coming high school life and the possible college associations after it, would make the man of him that I suspected could be found under that flaxen head. Tom said he might come back to New Providence for his junior and senior year in high school.

I had kept Banker Moore, my friend and host, in touch with the developments of

Tom's story. And I told him what I thought of the menace of the empty life in a small town such as his. Moore was a typical small-town banker—the wealthy man of the community. He lived alone with his daughter Louise in a big brick house.

He was deeply impressed by what I said, and corresponded with me for several years afterward. He told me that he was giving a gymnasium to the high school, and reported to me on the way his plans for community recreation were developing. He told me about the high school band and its open-air concerts in the bandstand he had built; and about the community dances Louise had organized, and how she had put her own private schooling to use by teaching the high school girls physical training and classic dancing.

*The Brawn of the Football Field*

Moore wrote me last summer that the school had hired a new athletic director for the boys, on his recommendation, and told me of further changes in the town's spirit. Then in the autumn he invited me up from Philadelphia to see the big game with Elmtown. He said he thought it would interest me.

So it was that when I came back to New Providence again, the memories of my earlier visit were vivid to me. And as I watched that remade team of high school youngsters trot out onto the gridiron after going through the smelting process of their coach's oratory during the intermission, I felt that my theories of the power of wholesome, regulated sport were partly justified. For I had seen a group of disheartened boys, whose morale was going to pieces, molded by a plea for teamwork into a courageous unit of coöperation.

The brawn of the football field is a negligible asset. But its spirit, like the spirit of all sport, is an eternal value in life—and woe to the community where that spirit does not prevail. Every town, large or small, has with it the boy problem that New Providence had. I cannot help thinking that if we would set out to solve it as New Providence did, we would have healthier boys, happier homes, less crime and fewer inmates of reform schools. The rest of the game that I saw last autumn is historic—at least in the annals of New Providence.

With the kick-off the boys of New Providence drove into action. Their play was tight and steady. Meade, the blond fullback whose attempts to star in the first half had failed disastrously, grabbed an Elmtown fumble and carried it sixteen yards. Then New Providence was held three downs for little gain. The coach sat tense on the sideline, seeming by mere force of will to be trying to steady his charges. The signals seemed to call for a kick, but to Elmtown's undoing it was a double pass, to right and then to left. The little quarterback, Tomlinson, threw coolly and surely, over the lunging forms of the Elmtown tacklers, and a ten-yard run went down the sidelines.

*The Coach Wore a Smile*

Elmtown began to get nervous. They were facing a new team, a team that seemed to grow in strength with every play. Again the home boys failed twice to gain through the line; again they gained around the end. Failure no longer disheartened them. Success did not excite them, but merely hardened their determination. Their coach wore a smile of set intensity. He was playing with them, with each of them, in every move. His nerves and muscles were as tense as theirs. His spirit seemed to be reaching out to them. Down the field, by the airline, they went. They were battered, they were outweighed, they were checked now and again, but they were playing football—playing it as a team.

Meade went through the line for five yards to the Elmtown ten-yard line for a first down. The quarterback went around the end for five yards more. There was no more thrilling moment in any big game that day. Elmtown stiffened, and held twice. The stands were roaring. Meade took the ball and fumbled as he was tackled. Little Tomlinson, whose nervousness had now become cat-like alertness, scooped it up as he ran, dodged two Elmtown backs and was over the line for a touchdown.

The dignified banker at my side was pounding my back and shrieking something incoherent full in my face. His dainty daughter was standing on her seat like a hoyden and waving a flag insanely. But her eyes, queerly enough, were not on the field but on the sidelines where Shorty, the boy who had seemed yellow in the first half, crouched beside the coach and the other substitutes. I imagined that the coach at that moment was thinking much the same thoughts that I was. He was glorying in a sense of victory in defeat. The boys couldn't keep the pace they had been going, but they had retrieved themselves for all their first-half folly.

*Some Tense Moments*

But the New Providence boys didn't share that feeling, apparently. They were inspired by the sense of victory itself. Weight was still telling against them, but a conquering spirit was on their side. The game seesawed through the rest of the quarter, while Elmtown played desperately.

The last half of the last quarter saw New Providence on their own forty-yard line. Elmtown tried a pass that failed. A second was broken up by the New Providence line. The next play was an eight-yard drive through tackle. Elmtown had two yards to go. They tried to make it rather than punt, and the New Providence line held. It was the home team's ball. Their very first play was a brilliant dash through center by Meade. He dodged two Elmtown backs, straight-armed a third—and his helmetless head, like a yellow comet, was off down the field forty yards.

The motionless coach on the sidelines was running with him.

New Providence made first down twice in succession, now, but were tiring. My interest centered on Tomlinson, the quarterback who was limping and white, but barking his signals with inspired fury. Elmtown was playing for time, New Providence for a score that would tie the game. In the next play the left end was hurt, and Shorty, the boy who had been taken out in disgrace in the first half, went back in his place. He carried a message from the coach, and a spirit of redemption in his soul.

New Providence formed for another kick, on their fourth down, and on the Elmtown fifteen-yard line. But as Shorty slipped by his opposing end, and went down the field, Tomlinson ran back to the right and, receiving a pass from the punter, hurled it to Shorty. No fumbling this time. He caught the ball fair and sure, dived between two tacklers, and was off diagonally across the field with three Elmtown players at his heels, and their fullback in front of him. The New Providence stands were on their feet howling, and the coach again was playing the game with the runner. Shorty dodged, stumbled, recovered; two simultaneous tacklers met head-on in the spot where he had been a second before—he was over the line as a tackler from behind threw him heavily.

Shorty did not get up. The message he carried from the coach was never delivered. He was carried off the field, after his one play in the game. He had wiped out the yellow streak, and the score was tied!

Moore and I were down on the sidelines with the coach, now. He spoke to us, but he was really talking to himself. 'They've done it,' he said. 'It's all they can do. It's out of my hands now.' He could do nothing but watch the final few moments of fighting play on the part of the team that he had created.

*It Was a Famous Victory*

'Young Jones is too nervous to kick that goal,' the coach's voice went on. 'He can't make it in this wind. I wish they'd got my message.' Jones, the right half, had entered school as a junior from out of town. This was his senior year and his first chance with the regular team.

The ball was snapped back as if for a placement kick, but the quarterback rose as he received it, and tossed it to Jones, who ran back with it, turned, and hurled it brilliantly twelve yards to Meade who went straight through the whole Elmtown team over the line for an extra point. The single point that won the game!

'They played it—they played it! They used their heads. We've won!' I could hear the coach despite the shrieking from the stand at our back. 'They did just what I wanted Shorty to tell them. I believe in telepathy. I'll make men of those boys yet.'

The coach grabbed my arm in a convulsive grip, just because I was the object nearest him. And my eyes came back to him from the blond youth whose triumphant rush to victory had fascinated me. A sort of hysteria seemed to clear from the coach's face. He looked straight at me for the first time. Then he smiled.

New Providence was wild that night. The names of Meade and Tomlinson and Jones and Shorty were echoing in every gathering. They were heroes of the day.

But an hour after the game, at an oilcloth table in a dingy lunchroom, I sat down to dinner with the real winner of the game—the unsung hero of the day. I broke bread with the boy whom, a few years before, I had seen with hanging head in the prisoner's dock of the courthouse across the street.

*He Was Still a Boy to Me*

'Tom,' I said, 'Moore never let on a word about you. You've changed a lot since then, but I knew you as soon as I saw you.'

He was still a boy to me, a boy reclaimed from the verge of viciousness—a boy who had risen to the leadership of other boys, and had this day proved his powers by turning eleven panicky youngsters into a fighting football team.

'I knew *you*, too,' said Tom, 'as soon as I saw you. But I didn't see you until it was all over. I haven't seen anything at all today, except that team. And except a fur coat up in the stand,' he added, with half-embarrassed truthfulness.

'Tell me all about it,' I urged.

'There's nothing much to tell,' said Tom. 'They gave me another chance, here, when I came back last September. And I wanted to make good. I wanted to do something for this town. I nearly disgraced it once. I've been trying to do for all its boys what somebody did once for me. You know who.'



# CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

It was the ***Lady Secretary of a well-known Senator of the United States*** speaking:

'I am sick and tired of the way these Senators have to be told how to vote.' I was sitting in the Senate Gallery the other day when a provision affecting one of the farm bills came to vote. As usual, there was a hurrying and scurrying of Senators to find out how to vote. Not to find facts upon which to base an opinion, but to learn how somebody else wanted them to vote. In this instance I believe they were waiting on the word of President Coolidge. I saw Senators Fess, Lenroot, Keyes, Shortridge, Butler and Willis all put their heads together. When Senator Butler first came in and his name was called he ignored it. Evidently he wanted a little more time to be sure how to vote, because he voted before the vote was announced.'

'Well,' said I, 'it is a fine way for a Senator to exercise his responsibility. Some independence.'

* * *

'I wonder if the name Tuck means anything to this generation,' said ***the Man from the Other Room,*** laying down a paper. 'Perhaps not. Yet he gave it the picture post card, or, as at first, just the picture card. It began with Christmas cards. That is rather curious, too, since Adolph Tuck was a Jew. He was the son of Raphael Tuck. In 1879 the first Christmas cards were placed on view, and from that time on their popularity increased. The first Christmas cards were things of beauty and seasonable fitness. A very great difference existed between them and the modern Christmas cards discussed in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT several years ago. It seems that Tuck started the business off on a high plane, but imitators of his own race have been steadily engaged in debasing the picture post card business until the American public called a halt. They tell me that the Christmas and Easter trade over the United States became rather critical of quality after THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT made its exposé, and an improvement in the cards was observed.'

* * *

'The farm situation,' said ***the Country Preacher,*** 'isn't nearly so bad as it might be.'

'How do you make that out?' we inquired. 'Why all this farm relief talk then?'

'Well, that noise when you hear it on the farm—notice the "when" please—is apt to come from a certain group of farmers who have lively imaginations, and when heard off the farm it's pretty apt to be politics. The farmer is producing more than enough to feed the country and making a living besides.'

'So there's nothing to worry about?' we ventured.

'I wouldn't say that. Do you know,' and the Preacher leaned forward in his chair, 'the thing that strikes me as serious about this movement away from the farm is not the barren acres nor the deserted farmhouses nor the fear that the farmers won't raise crops enough, but that they are no longer raising up men. A friend told me about some sort of book naming America's great and near great.'

'*Who's Who*—' we suggested.

'That's it. Well, in this *Who's Who* it seems that a goodly percentage of the folks listed were reared in rural communities. Now the question is with the young folks leaving the farms where's the next generation of Who's Whoers coming from?'

'That is something to think about,' we answered.

'Yes, but that's not all. What effect is it going to have on the social and economic life of the country?'

This was the question the Country Preacher asked of the Future which holds the answer.

* * *

'One of the interesting phases of the political upheaval in Canada,' ***the Traveler*** declared, 'is the report that Mackenzie King—who is highly wroth at the Governor-General for the manner in which his Government fell—is strongly in favor of union with the United States. Of course it will come to nothing more than talk. On the other hand, it will probably bring about closer relationship between the two countries if nothing more.

'Union would be of greater benefit to the United States than to Canada. But as the United States is not aware of that, and Canada is, the sentiment for union does not exist south of the line, and is strongly anti north of it.

'Last summer I toured some 4,000 miles in Canada. The Canadian does not have too high an opinion of the Englishman, particularly in the western provinces. It is not a bitter spirit of hostility, however. But many Canadians feel that the English have no adequate understanding of their problems. They feel more closely akin to the United States, that here we have met and in many instances solved the same problems that are confronting them. They feel that we could bring a more sympathetic comprehension to the study of these problems.

'Americans have $1,019,280,743 invested in Canada. Englishmen have $305,863,275. That tells part of the story. Commerce between the two countries is a natural thing, yet it is hampered by artificial barriers. With American capital and American initiative, development of Canada's undoubted resources would proceed apace. Two great things are needed by the Dominion: capital and population. England either cannot or will not furnish them. The typical British attitude is well illustrated by the recent proposal of an English judge that the United Kingdom's criminals be shipped in wholesale lots to Canada, as was done in the early days of Australia. His naïve suggestion created somewhat of a furor in the Dominion.

'There are strong sentimental ties between England and Canada. This is entirely as it should be. But the demand for progress is sometimes stronger than affection for tradition. The present talk about union between the United States and the Dominion may result in nothing. But it at least gives rise to interesting conjecturing.'

* * *

'It's a hot midsummer day in a newspaper office,' said ***the Newspaperman*** as he waxed reminiscent. 'Congress is adjourned, political fervor burns low, the world jogs serenely on a placid course. Editorial topics are few and far between. The editorial writer dozes in his chair, dreamily wondering what he is to write about. Suddenly the wires hum. The sea serpent has been seen!

'There's remarkable regularity in the annual appearance of this strange dweller of the ocean. He always comes in the dog days of summer when other news lags and the imagination runs rampant. And—marvelous to relate—he comes just in the nick of time to save the day for countless editorial writers.

'Livy started it all some 2,000 years ago. With great solemnity he described a sea serpent which made its lair on the banks of a river near Ithaca during the Punic Wars, and which swallowed the Roman soldiers with amazing ease as they tried to cross the stream. The Romans finally trundled up their catapults and killed the beast; but he did not stay long dead. All through the Middle Ages he bobbed up at regular intervals. Norse seamen returning from their venturesome voyages brought back tales of a monster which swept sailors from the decks of their ships and carried them to secret caverns of the sea, there to devour them at leisure. Sailors of other nationalities also saw him. A ship master and four of his crew took oath before a Liverpool magistrate to having seen the serpent seize and strangle a sperm whale.

'Captain McQuhae, of the British frigate *Daedalus*, and Mark Trelawney, quartermaster of the American brig *Daphne*, saw him at separate times during the summer of 1848. "It was an enormous serpent with head and shoulders kept about four feet constantly above the surface of the sea," said Captain McQuhae in his official report, "and as nearly as we could approximate there was at least sixty feet of the animal under water, no part of which was, in our perception, used in propelling it through the water either by vertical or horizontal undulation. It passed rapidly, but was so under our lee quarters that had it been a man of my acquaintance I should easily have recognized his features with the naked eye. It was most assuredly no ghost."

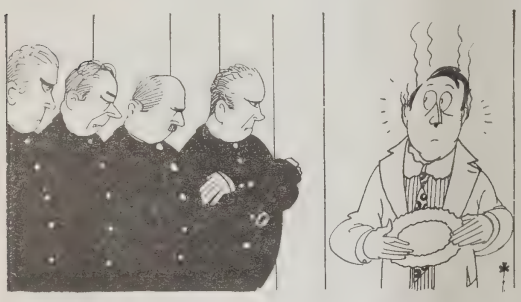
'And now comes word from Prince Rupert, in British Columbia, that the monster has again been seen. In the face of evidence such as this, who can doubt the existence of this mighty serpent of the sea? Surely no editorial writer, with a column of space to fill before deadline.'

# The White House—A Mecca for Cranks

(Continued from page 6)

Never before have there been so many men and women taking real or fancied troubles to the Government. This applies to local and state governments, as well as the Federal Government in Washington. Men and women of this character who appear at the White House generally relate how they have appealed to local and state authorities and to Congress without relief. Their final appeal is to the President and they are generally all gone when they reach the White House. Some alienist will acquire fame by classifying this form of mental affliction as Governmentaiditis, with suggestions for treatment that might relieve those in authority of the trouble of dealing with them.

While the subject of alienists is up, it may be remarked that the entire White House staff of secret service men and guards is a corps of alienists. Long service in dealing with poor unfortunates who come to the White House has made it possible for them



The face of every stranger is carefully studied by members of the White House staff.

to detect mental defectives by a look in the eye, nervous conversation, and even by their walk. Night and day the force is on guard against dangerous cranks. Two Presidents, Garfield and McKinley, were assassinated by men of disordered minds. These tragedies are constantly in the minds of the men who are responsible for the safety of the President.

The face of every stranger who appears on the White House grounds is carefully studied by members of the White House staff who are stationed at every approach to the Chief Executive's home. The work of handling cranks is not done obtrusively. If a stranger gives any evidence of being under undue mental pressure he will be approached quietly by the guards, usually before he reaches an entrance to the building. Conversation will be opened with him by questions about the weather or any topic that is of general public interest.

One visitor recently revealed that his mind was unbalanced when an officer got him into a conversation about the squirrels that roam about the White House grounds. In another instance, an inquiry as to what he thought of the appearance of the historical Executive Mansion brought out the fact that the visitor was on his way to demand money of the President. He claimed that the President owed him a million dollars and that if he did not give it to him promptly he would take possession of the White House himself.

Of course, the officer was ready to help him get his million from the President and took him to the guardhouse to talk the matter over. He said that he could get a number of boys to go along with the plan if he would divide up the spoils. A doctor was called from the Gallinger Hospital when it was found that the man came from Texas. While the doctor and the secret service men were in consultation, an attempt was made to communicate with his relatives.

The general policy is to take the mentally unbalanced to Gallinger Hospital for treatment while they are awaiting the arrival of relatives from out of town. At this hospital there are a number of specialists who treat patients affected with mental disorders. If he does not respond to treatment in the hospital he is eventually sent to St. Elizabeth's Government Hospital for the Insane. No one is summarily thrown from the White House grounds or allowed to drift about if he gives evidence that he cannot take care of himself. The Government takes care of these unfortunates if they have no relatives and friends.

It is not always the wild and rough looking man that is dangerous or really mentally unbalanced. Some of them are laboring under nervous depressions and in the excitement around the capital act rather strangely. Late one evening a shaggy-haired rather wild and rough looking man came up the steps at the west end of the White House and turned abruptly into the executive offices. He made demands to see the President in very surly tones and looked as if he would be a bad man to handle.

'Here is some trouble for the secret service folks,' remarked one of the correspondents as the guard at the door sent a messenger to the chief of the secret service.



With the secret service and 35 of the metropolitan police, the guarding of the President is simple.



'Unless I see the President promptly, I will report your conduct to him,' said the lady.

Mr. Jarvis came impersonating the secretary of the President. He took the man into the old cabinet room. About an hour later the man came out and as he shook hands warmly with Jarvis, he said: 'You do not know how much you have helped me.'

Mr. Jarvis explained that there was nothing really the matter with the visitor. It was really an easy case. Mr. Jarvis had discovered that he had an honorable discharge from the Regular Army, having not only served in the World War, but a term of enlistment since the close of the war. When discharged from the Army he went into the coal mines and in the first week was seriously injured. When Mr. Jarvis examined his leg he declared he did not blame him for becoming desperate in seeking relief. When Mr. Jarvis asked him why he had come to the President, he showed him some Army orders which read, 'by direction of the President.' He took this literally and when he was in need of help he made an effort to go to his former commander-in-chief. After Mr. Jarvis explained that his case should go to the Veterans' Bureau and offered to write him a note, he went away perfectly satisfied. This is typical of a great many men and women who come to the White House for one purpose or the other, who would be promptly arrested and thrown into an asylum if they were not handled by men specially selected for this work.

A man came clear from Oklahoma to see the President and was very insistent upon his demands. Under the questioning of Mr. Jarvis he explained that he had a constant pain in the head. He accounted for it by the many radio waves that are being broadcast in the air. It was insisted by the visitor that he could get relief only by persuading the President to stop the broadcasting of so much poison through the air. During the conversation the gentleman from Oklahoma kept eyeing Jarvis closely. Finally he blurted out: 'Say, you are not the President's secretary. I believe you are the President.'

'You have a sharp eye,' replied Mr. Jarvis, much amused by the peculiar delusion of the visitor.

'Now, come on, Mr. President,' he pleaded, 'take all of this poison out of the air.'

'All right, as you seem to be a good fellow, I will

stop this radio broadcasting, for I am getting tired of it myself, replied Jarvis.' The strangest feature of it is that several weeks after the man had left the White House he wrote a letter to the President thanking him for closing up the broadcasting stations. He declared the 'pain in my head has gone.'

A tall and powerful negro came to the White House one evening not long ago, asking for protection against a neighbor who had not only threatened but attempted to do some artistic carving with the familiar razor. He explained that there was a woman in the case and she was the wife of the irate neighbor. He was clearly a subject for St. Elizabeth's because it was impossible to engage him in a connected conversation.

Mr. Jarvis sat down at the table in the lobby of the executive office and began to make out a report on the case. He was trying to get his name and address. The colored man kept raving on, but Jarvis paid very little attention to what he said. He was busy filling out the report. An exclamation from one of the members of the staff who came into the lobby from the rear caused Mr. Jarvis to glance up at the visitor. He did it just in time, for the negro had been disrobing and at that time had about as much clothing on as a bathing beauty. He wanted to show where the enraged husband had started to carve him with the razor.

They come early as well as late. There is a correspondent at the White House who has farmer habits. He is almost invariably in the press room long before business opens in Washington. One morning after he had read his paper a very well-dressed and pleasant-looking young man dropped into the press room. He proved to be an entertaining conversationalist who was well informed on many subjects. The conversation naturally drifted to politics and the correspondent asked him if in his travels he found that there was a general approval of the President's policies.

***'The Country Is Behind Mr. Wilson'***

Dramatically, the young man exclaimed: 'I want to tell you that the country is behind Woodrow Wilson.'

Thinking that it was a mere slip of the tongue, the newspaperman attempted to correct him by saying: 'You mean Coolidge.'

This appeared to enrage the visitor and he became so thoroughly aroused over the suggestion of the correspondent that Wilson was not still President that the newspaperman welcomed the appearance of the secret service man. Knowing how the White House staff operates, and to keep peace, he delivered the man to him with the remark:

'There is Mr. Wilson's secretary now.'

During the Wilson Administration, when only the executive office was open and the entire establishment was closely guarded, a very keen appearing young man turned up and inquired for his friend, 'Joe Tumulty.' The secretary to the President happened to be out at the time and the visitor lounged about the outer office and the press room for an hour or so, gossiping about the war and national affairs. He told some entirely new stories about his friend 'Joe' which were very entertaining to the members of the White House staff and correspondents. That the stories were new to the correspondents was no doubt due to the fact that they were creatures of the visitor's imagination.

There was nothing in his conduct to suggest that he was not a perfectly normal man. He did not lose his mental balance until he attempted to get by an officer who guarded the way to the main building of the Executive Mansion. It was then that he resented the officer's efforts to keep him out of the White House and expressed his determination to see the President immediately.

One of the secret service men came forth promptly and impersonated the assistant to Mr. Tumulty. He was dealt with in the usual manner, while awaiting the arrival of his father from upper New York State. His father had wired that the young man had escaped from a private sanatarium and warned the White House force that he was a dangerous man to handle.

By their usual gentle methods they succeeded in getting him out of the White House without the least disturbance. He was not taken to the guard room, but was placed in a limousine and quietly driven to Gallinger Hospital. It was explained to him that they had heard from Mr. Tumulty and that he had directed them to entertain in his quarters at the hotel until he arrived. But at the hospital the young man discovered the ruse. He laid out two of the attendants there before he was subdued. There was no doubt that he was dangerously insane. This was the nearest approach that the White House staff came to the use of force and handcuff in handling cranks that are constantly endeavoring to see the President.

***No Easy Task to Handle All Visitors***

It is no easy task to handle the long line of visitors who come to the White House when the President holds a public reception. Those who are received at other times must be vouched for by a member of the Cabinet, a Senator or a member of the House of Representatives. Under precedents established years ago this is the only way to obtain the privilege of shaking hands with the President.

At the door through which visitors enter the room of the secretary is stationed P. E. McKenna, whose official title is the President's Doorkeeper. He passes on all letters, vouching for those who are to enter the reception line. Mr. McKenna came to the White House with President Roosevelt, and on account of his memory of faces is one of the key men of the White House organization. No member of Congress or any important official of the Government who has business with the President need introduce himself to Mr. McKenna. He recognizes him when he approaches and the door appears to open to him automatically. Mr. McKenna also knows the political visitors at the White House. Few men can call by name so many of the great and near great men of the country.

The serious work of the secret service detail comes when the President in response to insistent demands from various sources makes a speaking tour. They are not without employment when the President is in Washington, as is brought out by the typical incidents just related. With the assistance of thirty-five members of the metropolitan police assigned to the White House the guarding of the President is a comparatively simple problem.

Less than a year ago at a public affair a man, evidently suffering from some mental disorder, insisted upon edging his way up to the Presidential stand. He was spotted by the police and Mr. Starling was detailed to take care of him. Starling gave him the shoulder, but he attempted to get by and break through the police line. A short arm jolt put him out. The local police picked him up and spirited him away.

There was an item in the papers that a man fainted in the crowd near the President's stand. He might have been a harmless loony or a Booth, a Guiteau, or a Czolgosz.

# Missionaries and Machine Guns

(*Concluded from page 7*)

family and 'old friends' and the inability to meet but a fraction of a great and seemingly endless need constitute the two great sacrifices of the missionary's life today.

The policy of all the Mission Boards forces the missionary to live on a most meager salary with no opportunity for improvement in his financial state. The drawing appeal made by the Mission Boards has been that of sacrifice and the appeal of sacrifice continues even today the most potent of any appeal—more potent than the appeal of gain. It is possible that sometime the great Mission Boards may change their appeal and open the way for an even greater work than is now being performed.

In the old days, distance, unfamiliarity with peoples, and accumulated 'sailors' tales' formed a forbidding aura around the missionary's task. Today distance has been eliminated and nearly every foot of the countries of the 'backward peoples' has been explored; steamer lines, cables and telegraphs, and railroads, airplanes, the wireless and the many other modern means of communication and transportation have knitted the scattered parts of the world together more closely even than were the states of the United States fifty years ago. India today has more miles of railway than any other country in the world except the United States.

***Missionaries Are Worth How Much in Trade?***

But this very elimination of distance is one of the contributing causes to the subject under discussion. An Englishman once figured out that each missionary was worth £500 annually to British trade. Wouldn't it be interesting to analyze each missionary's worth in American typewriters, soap, socks, garters, shoes, shirts, cereals, canned goods, lumber, cement, and so forth. Such an analysis reminds one of the chemical value of man, which is about sixty-seven cents.

American foreign trade is a great thing. We do not have as much of it as we should. Certainly we do not get our proportion of the Far Eastern trade, but the missionary does not go out for trade purposes. He is supposed to go out to help bring a better point of view about everyday life to the persons with whom he works, and it may be a debatable question as to whether one is a better person spiritually if he uses a typewriter instead of writing by hand, or if he rides on a wheelbarrow instead of in an automobile.

In 1913 my father stopped in Germany on his way to China and had proposed to him by responsible parties close to the throne the proposition that German missionaries should take over the work of some American missionaries and that under this new arrangement they would be given adequate financial backing indirectly by the German Government. The territory of Kiaochow itself was seized as a reprisal for the death of two missionaries a quarter of a century ago. Is it any wonder that sometimes there is suspicion of our pure and undefiled motives?

There is probably a place for gunboats in foreign waters; there may even be a place for companies of soldiers, though I doubt it. But there certainly is a place for missionaries of the right sort and there is need for much more adequate support of them and their work. When it comes to putting these two together, however, the missionaries and the machine guns do not mix.



# The Virginia Signers

## Men From the Old Dominion Were Among the First to Declare for Independence

By CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

Copyright, 1926, by Carl Schurz Lowden.

WHO would be the fearless individual to bring before Congress the resolution for independence? It was quite generally thought that Great Britain would regard him as the arch rebel of all the colonists, and would use special efforts to mete unto him the fate that awaits every traitor unlucky enough to be captured.

Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, was the man. No quailing, no squirming, no compromising, Lee was a fiery advocate of separation from the mother country. Having urged such action for more than a year, he arose from his seat in Congress on the seventh day of June, 1776, and calmly and deliberately moved:

'That these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown; and all political connection between us and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved.'

Congress postponed action upon the resolution; but Lee, as its mover, was slated for the chairmanship of the committee to be named for drafting the momentous declaration. He would have written the document if he had not received word of his wife's serious illness and departed on the tenth day of June for his home. After all, I am inclined to regard this as a truly fortunate occurrence; for Lee was brilliant as a speaker and much less capable as a writer whereas Thomas Jefferson, who prepared the immortal paper, did not speak fluently but wrote in a masterful style.

Lee was back in Congress on the first of July. As he was not a member of the committee named to draft the document, he stayed on the floor and spent his time in forcefully urging the adoption of his resolution. He proved himself to be such a glowing orator that John Adams, of Massachusetts, called him the 'Cicero of Congress'; and the man who afterward served as our second President always knew an orator when he saw one.

'Why do we longer delay?' Lee dramatically asked in closing one of his strenuous speeches in behalf of his measure. 'Why still deliberate? Let this happy day give birth to an American republic. Let her arise, not to devastate and to conquer but to reëstablish the reign of peace and law. The eyes of Europe are fixed upon us. She demands of us a living example of freedom that may exhibit a contrast in the felicity of the citizen to the ever-increasing tyranny which desolates her polluted shores. If we are not this day wanting in our duty, the names of the American legislators of 1776 will be placed by posterity at the side of Theseus, of Lycurgus, Romulus, Numa, of the three Williams of Nassau and of all those whose memory has been, and ever will be, dear to virtuous men and good citizens.'

His plain, solid common sense helped to make Richard Henry Lee a distinguished personage. Tall and spare, graceful, striking in his features, with a voice rich and clear, he spoke briefly and to the point. Whenever the situation called for speedy action, none could be swifter than he.

In the four years that ensued after he introduced his famous nation-making resolution, this man from Virginia held membership in nearly a hundred committees. Richard Henry Lee was most arduously engaged. His work in Congress so impaired his health that he had to go home at intervals, varying with the stress of his duties, to rest up and recruit his strength.

'His mind,' aptly asserted Dr. Benjamin Rush, a signer from Pennsylvania, 'was like a sword too large for its scabbard.'

An absolutely honest man was this high-minded patriot of Virginia. When the legislature of his state basely proposed to repudiate all debts contracted before the war by its citizens with British merchants, he most bitterly denounced the movement.

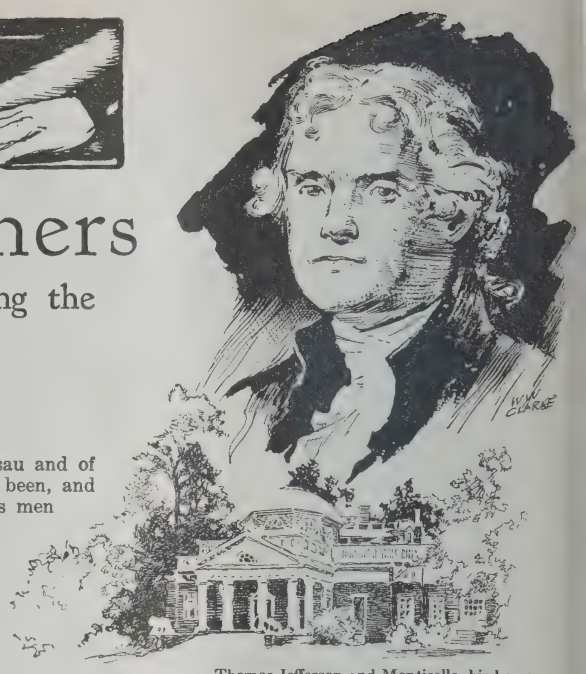
'Better be honest slaves of Great Britain,' he stoutly maintained, 'than dishonest freemen.'

He had a long political career as a member of the United States Senate. Poor health, for many years his trailing bugaboo, forced his resignation in 1792. He retired to his estate at Chantilly where his infirmities compelled inaction during the two years before his death. But his lifelong friend and faithful coworker, Patrick Henry, did not forget him in this watchful-waiting time.

'Your age and mine,' Patrick wrote, 'exempt us from the busy scenes which now present themselves.'

One of the dandies in Congress was Francis Lightfoot Lee. I do not mean that he lacked a virile manhood; but he liked to dress well, and he loved pleasure and the easy life of a country squire. Francis and Richard Henry were closely attached and they worked harmoniously together; Francis had more interest in the army than in the great document he signed.

Certain persons charged that 'the Lees of Virginia' were inimical to General Washington. Francis happened to be the only one of the family then in Congress. General Charles Lee had been court-martialed for using improper language to the commander-in-chief. Francis made no reply to the accusation, but he voted for a confirmation of the sentence when the matter was brought before the national legislature. In consequence of this action General Lee would never speak to his relative again. Francis was an enthusiastic admirer of Washington, and invariably stood back of the great leader in whatever program or plan he proposed.




Thomas Jefferson and Monticello, his home.

In the spring of 1779 Francis retired from Congress to take life easy thenceforth on his estate. Virginia needed the services of its ablest men at that time, however; so Francis soon found himself in the Virginia senate not because he wanted to sit there but because his fellow citizens wanted him there to look after their interests.

Eventually the signer did really retire. As he had no children, he read, farmed and entertained company during the rest of his days. One of the coldest winters ever known in his native state caused both him and his wife to suffer severely from pleurisy, and they died within a few days of each other.

Thomas Jefferson ranked among the ablest political leaders of his time, and some commentators consider him the ablest. A large share of his public work was done with his pen, an instrument which an English poet declared to be 'mightier than the sword.' The Declaration of Independence stands as probably the most important paper in all modern political history; certainly Jefferson's pen work solidified and made the public patriotism truly potent.

Congress modified the Declaration, and then adopted the revised draft. Jefferson was not wholly pleased with the changes that were made; he had written it as he thought it ought to be. He was an idealist. He disliked slavery, and he would have killed it then if he could have had his way. To him it seemed 'politically and morally wrong.' He made an unsuccessful effort in the House of Burgesses to confer on the masters the right to free their slaves whenever they wished. When the government of the western territory was being organized he presented a measure providing for the 'total abolition of slavery after the year 1800.' Congress agreed to all of his other proposals, but refused this one.

Very few men ever left a deeper impression upon our government and nation than

did Thomas Jefferson. His entire life consisted of service to mankind. He retired early from Congress; then he became governor of his state, later a member of Washington's Cabinet, vice-president during the administration of John Adams and next succeeded him to the presidency. During the latter part of the war he had replaced the aged Franklin as the American minister to Paris. While staying in the French city he wrote his famous book which was published under the title, *Notes on Virginia*.

His political life closed in 1809 at the end of his second term as the new nation's chief executive. He went back to his quiet home at Monticello to spend the remainder of his days. He gave a large amount of his time, thought and money to establishing the University of Virginia at Charlottesville.

Even when Jefferson was President he disliked to be addressed in any formal manner; he did not relish the use of 'Mr.' with his name. He believed in naturalness and no posing and, unlike many persons, he carried his beliefs into his daily life. He practised strictly as he preached, and abhorred hypocrisy.

During his term as governor of his native state the British seriously invaded it three times. On one of these occasions Jefferson himself narrowly escaped capture. He was not a military man; so he refused a second term, and General Nelson, of Yorktown, succeeded him.

The general found himself greatly hampered by a new law requiring the governor not to act without the advice of of the council. Of the eight men composing the council two had been captured by the enemy and two had resigned; only four remained, and four was the smallest number to constitute a legal council. In the torn-up condition of the state it was almost an impossible task to keep these four together. General Nelson decided to risk public censure to the extent of meeting emergencies without the council's advice whenever that body could not be speedily assembled. Due largely to this course the army was kept intact until it could deliver the finishing stroke of the war in the battle of Yorktown.

General Nelson had signed the Declaration of Independence along with Jefferson and the other patriots. And, by the way, his patriotism was put to a particularly severe test during the siege at Yorktown. He observed that his own house had not been damaged by the fire of the American artillery. When he brusquely demanded to know why, the commander said it had been decided to spare the governor's own home.

'Spare nothing!' the governor and general protested. 'I'll wager it is occupied by the principal officers of the British army. Get them out immediately.'

Two cannon were accordingly aimed at the Nelson home, possibly by the general himself. The very first shot went through the house and killed two of the officers then dining at a table. Other shots soon dislodged the hostile tenants. The destroyed residence was ample evidence of the signer's patriotism.

Nelson had means, but he loved his country more than he loved his money. His horses were unhitched from plows to move munitions. His granaries were opened to the starving fighters. His purse was drained when the credit of Virginia was not good. He spent a fortune in his country's service; yet when he died, honor and love were about all he left behind. His widow, eighty years old, suffered because republics are rarely grateful.

A bill for the sequestration of British property was introduced into the Virginia legislature while Nelson served as a member of that body. He strongly opposed it.

'I hope the bill will fail,' he asserted, 'but, whatever its fate, I will pay my debts like an honest man.'

The principal joker among the signers was Benjamin Harrison. Even at the time of signing he had to have his joke. Elbridge Gerry, of Massachusetts, happened to be thin and wiry, whereas Harrison possessed an excessive bulk. Perhaps he loomed as large physically as he did humorously. He attached his name to the document and then turned to Gerry who stood beside him.

'Well,' the Virginian chuckled to his lanky compatriot, 'when the time of hanging comes, I shall have the advantage over you, Mr. Gerry. It will be all over with me in a minute, but you will be kicking in the air half an hour after I am gone.'

Early in the Revolution the British authorities extended amnesty to all the colonists, excepting John Hancock and another, who would cease their opposition and be 'good boys.' Harrison remembered this fact when the selection of a president of Congress demanded the attention of the delegates. With evident relish of a practical joke, the ponderous Southerner seized the modest candidate and placed him in the chair.

'We will show Mother Britain how little we care for her,' he told the other members, 'by having as our president a Massachusetts man whom she has excluded from pardon by a public proclamation.'

One evening at Berkeley, the place of his birth, the patriot was sitting with a neighboring family when his servant maid ran over to inquire what clothes she should put up for a journey he expected to commence the next day. Harrison looked very seriously at her; then he replied:

'Why, you may put up my black velvet suit, my green trimmed with gold, also the blue and silver.'

The poor girl was plainly astonished, perhaps puzzled. With an attitude of uncertainty she lingered until Harrison commented:

'Now she knows well enough, except what I have on, but one decent suit belongs to me, and yet she comes for a list as if I had the wardrobe of a king.'

Though Benjamin Harrison ever showed himself to be a fun-loving person, he ranked as one of the foremost of the fifty-six patriots that signed the Declaration of Independence. He headed the department of foreign affairs in Congress, and the board of war; thus he was at the same time a diplomat and a tactician.

Toward the close of 1777 he retired from

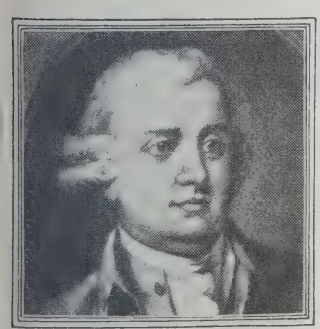
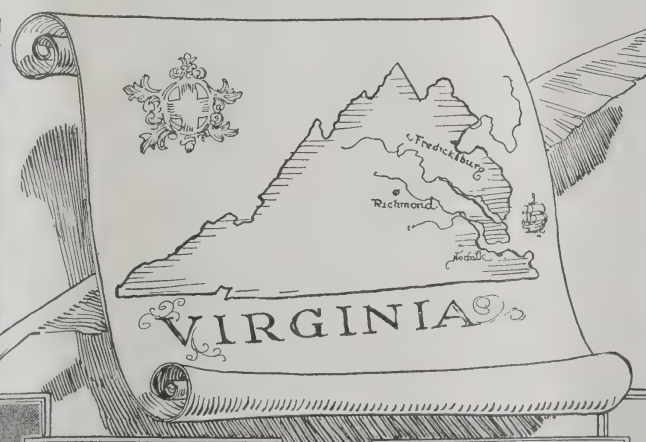
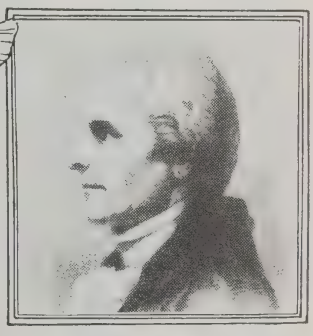
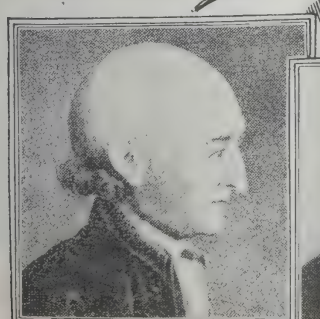


*Photo by Gilbert I. Stodola.*
Benjamin Harrison.

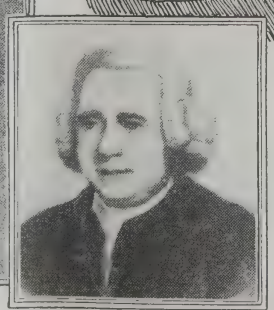


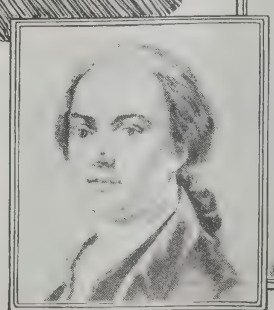
Richard Henry Lee.



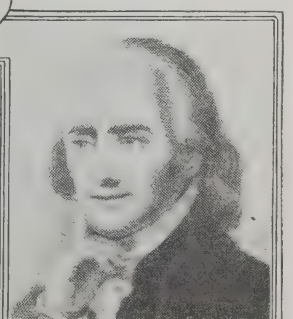
George Wythe.



Carter Braxton.



Thomas Nelson

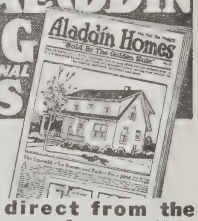


Francis Lightfoot Lee.

the Congress because he needed to rest from his arduous labors. At once, however, he became a member of the state legislature.

Rather a remarkable distinction adheres to the memory of George Wythe, another of the Virginia signers. Some of the greatest luminaries of that state at the bar and in the senate were instructed in science or in other subjects by Wythe. In the list of his pupils were two Presidents of the United States and one Chief Justice. He founded a private school and gave instruction free, his only reward being the satisfaction of seeing the accomplishments of his students. Thomas Jefferson was one of his pupils; Wythe, having introduced him to the bar, virtually became his mental godfather. Our third President ever had a high regard and affection for his preceptor. When the older man died, the younger told the world how truly admirable his instructor had been.


SEND for ALADDIN CATALOG of NOT SECTIONAL HOMES




You can buy all of the materials for a complete home direct from the manufacturer and save four profits, on the lumber, millwork, hardware and labor. WE PAY THE FREIGHT.

5 Room Aladdin 478



Nine different floor plans of this house are shown in Catalog. 2 and 3 bedroom designs—grade and inside cellar entrances.

6 Room Aladdin 618



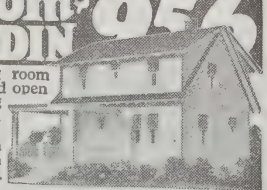
Living room, dining room, 3 bedrooms, kitchen, bath. 3 other plans in catalog. Very high grade lumber throughout.

Story and Half Aladdin 789



Story and a half semi-bungalow, with second floor available for 2 bedrooms. Two floor plan arrangements. Any handy man can erect these houses.

7 Room Aladdin 956



Large living room with circle-tread open stairway, dining room, kitchen. 3 bedrooms, each with closet. Bath on second floor.

Price includes all lumber cut to fit; highest grade interior woodwork, siding, flooring, windows, doors, glass, paint, hardware, nails, lath, roofing, with complete instructions and drawings. Freight paid to your station. Permanent Homes —NOT PORTABLE. Many styles of year 'round dwellings, summer cottages and garages to choose from. Write nearest mill today for FREE Money-Saving Catalog No. 161

The ALADDIN Co., BAY CITY, MICHIGAN
Wilmington, North Carolina; Portland, Ore.; Toronto, Ont.


Wythe was frequently spoken of as 'the fountain of justice.' He had high standards as a lawyer, and never supported an unjust cause if he knew it to be such. He required the oath of a client if he doubted the man's statements; if deception was practised upon him, the fee would be returned and the case abandoned. This kind of conduct brought him universal esteem and confidence. An evidence of this fact lies in the circumstance that he was made chancellor of Virginia at the organization of the new government, and held this office until the time of his death.

He emancipated his slaves because he believed in freedom for all mankind. He gave them enough to keep them from want; furthermore, he taught them valuable habits of thrift and industry.

Carter Braxton, the seventh signer from the 'Old Dominion' state, was the richest man of all the fifty-six that bravely inscribed their names beneath the Declaration. His wealth came to him through inheritance and not by the sweat of his brow. He lived in splendor; his cellars had the rarest wines, his dining room the finest plate and his home held a proud array of the finest furniture. His house was the resort of the gay, fashionable and wealthy. Strange as it may seem, he died deeply in debt and embittered by his desperate downfall.

'Soon after the Declaration had been approved,' says one of Braxton's biographers, 'he entered upon commercial life. His first move was to place his entire fortune in ships with which he hoped to engage in exporting and importing relations with France. History shows that the vessels were all captured or destroyed. Braxton found himself in poverty. His lands were seized by the sheriff, his slaves were sold, lawsuits galore were directed at him and he became so involved in debt that he died a broken-hearted man. His life was a lesson of the uncertainty of all earthly things.'

## Sad Men Who Look So Wistfully at the Sky

(*Concluded from page 15*)

make a parlor cat out of a skunk as to talk religion to these criminals.'

That man does not understand the prisoner. My experience has taught me (and prison chaplains everywhere will bear me out) that there is a great eagerness behind the walls for a spiritual message which is sincere and practical. Unlike the pastor of a parish in the free world, every prison chaplain sees heart-broken prodigals on their knees in despair and much happiness comes to him in his difficult work from the fact that he is really helping men to find the path that leads from the ugly, crooked past to a happier, cleaner and more abundant life. A parole agent expressed his joy to me over the fine record of the men in his charge and he added that the majority of them had confided to him that they had found the inspiration to lead clean and upright lives in the prison chapel.

It seems that the public does not realize how many former prisoners make good. This, I believe, is largely due to the fact that newspapers often carry stories about prisoners who fail to make good. It should be kept in mind that the names of the many who succeed honorably must, of course, as far as the public is concerned, go unmentioned.

It is true that in every prison some inmates profess religion to impress the chaplain and gain the favor of officials. Fortunately such men are few and the prison chaplain soon develops the faculty of recognizing this form of insincerity. On the other hand, some men display a faith so sincere and profound that Christians in the free world will admire the fine courage of their conviction and urge others to pattern their lives after that of these regenerated men.

*Former Convict Now Serves in Ministry*

Some time ago a prisoner whose sentence will soon expire frankly confessed a crime which he had committed three years before. He understood fully the probable consequences of such a confession, but was ready to suffer for the wrong committed and eager to make restitution to those who had been defrauded by him. Here is his reason, as contained in a letter received from him after the interview: 'I have become a Christian and, as far as I can, I shall righten what was wrong in my life. If I have to do more time, I feel that I deserve it. With God's help I want to start life all over again with a clean slate.'

A former prisoner who heard the call of the Friend of Sinners is devoting his life to the work of the Christian ministry. He is a man of education and because of his ability and the success of his earnest work was ordained by one of the larger denominations. With tears in his eyes he told me of the happy moment when he found himself able to return money to a bank in Rhode Island which he had obtained through forged checks some years ago. The bank officials generously returned the amount to him saying that they knew of his fine work and that it was their wish that he accept the money and apply it to his work.

Deep down in their hearts these men had become ashamed of dishonesty and uncleanness and they yearned to satisfy the hunger for goodness which, after all, exists in every human heart. And there are a multitude of others everywhere in this land who, on the wreckage of the past, have built lives of Christian usefulness, and even a few who have climbed to the top of the ladder of success against tremendous odds.

*He Must Never Lose Faith in His Men*

Prison life brings opportunities to the chaplain for a thousand little acts of personal service—the writing of a letter to a heart-broken mother, words of comfort for those who receive a message of death and sadness from home, the straightening out of domestic difficulties which imprisonment almost invariably brings, visits to the bedside of prisoners in the hospital when their courage is utterly crushed. Often when the most eloquent and appealing sermons fail, these ministrations help to bring about changes in the prisoner's view of life which, though permanent, are not recorded in court documents and prison records.

It is said that work with delinquents has a tendency to harden the prison chaplain. True, the years bring him bitter disappointments; he finds that men betray his trust. But no matter how many times men may have failed him, he must not lose faith in the prisoner. To him every prisoner, like his more fortunate brother outside, is after all a son of God, and underneath the surface, often crooked and detestable, he sees the man who was created in the image and likeness of God. There is an important work for sociologists, psychologists and criminologists—success to them! —but the mission of the prison chaplain must ever be to take the fallen brother by the hand and help him to find within himself the kingdom of God in which all men are brothers.

# Wild Youth Proves a Myth

(Concluded from page 4)

other popular delusion is shattered by statistics proving that child labor does not after all 'keep children out of mischief,' and that certain forms, particularly street trades, have a tendency to produce juvenile delinquency. A study made by the Department of Labor and published in 1912, of cases committed to reformatory institutions in seven cities, Indianapolis, Baltimore, Boston, Newark, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, showed that 56.5 of the 4,278 boys involved were working at the time of their latest offense.

Regarding delinquents in the Manhattan Children's Court in 1916, it is reported:

> About 38 per cent had been employed prior to court proceedings, though only about 10 per cent of the children of Manhattan in general were employed; these boys came almost equally from homes rated as good, fair, or bad.

The working boys, also, had committed more serious offenses, and 43 per cent of them were 'repeaters' as against 28 per cent of the non-workers.

Obviously one of the accompaniments of the broken home, poor home conditions, and downright poverty, is child labor, and equally obvious is the fact that lack of money coupled with the natural desire for the things that money will buy is the principal factor in juvenile delinquency. By far the largest proportion of juvenile offenses are against property—larceny or petty larceny. In the year 1910, of all commitments of juveniles, 33.4 per cent were for such offenses, while 29.5 per cent were for incorrigibility, truancy, and minor delinquencies. While it is not alone among the poor that juvenile delinquency occurs, it is poverty's child who most frequently comes under observation through the court.

***Poverty's Child Visits Court Most Frequently***

All the more encouraging is the fact that, popular opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, *juvenile delinquency is not increasing.*

The truth is, delinquency has decreased, as public interest in the juvenile delinquent and the operation of machinery to discover and study him has increased.

For according to the survey of statistics recently compiled by the Children's Bureau, much more reliable figures than those obtainable from the juvenile courts—figures based on census reports covering the entire country—indicate a decline in the number of delinquent children committed to institutions, if the growth in population be taken into consideration, and reveal no significant increase in the number committed for the more serious offenses, homicide, robbery and burglary.

Published census reports of juvenile delinquents in institutions or committed to institutions are available for the years 1880, 1890, 1904, and 1910, and a report covering the first six months of 1923 is now in press.

'Differences in methods of taking the census make the figures for the earlier years only roughly comparable,' the Children's Bureau explains, 'but the statistics for 1910 and 1923 are not seriously affected by such differences. The figures include persons in or committed to institutions for juvenile delinquents and persons under eighteen years of age in or committed to prisons and reformatories, jails and workhouses.

'The number of persons ten to seventeen years of age enumerated on a given date in institutions of the kind specified per 100,000 population of the same age was 143.4 in 1880—149.2 in 1890—and 154.5 in 1923.

The relatively slight increase reflects the more adequate provision of institutional care especially adapted to juvenile delinquents in 1923 as compared with the earlier period. It is not possible to present similar ratios for 1904 and 1910, but considering only persons in institutions for juvenile delinquents, and not persons in penal institutions, the ratio per 100,000 population has been practically stationary since 1904. The growth of the probation system has come mainly within the period since that date.

***Commitments Are Highly Significant***

'A more significant figure is the number of commitments during a given period. The total number of delinquent persons ten to seventeen years of age admitted to institutions of all types during the entire year 1910 was 24,854, or 171.7 delinquents per 100,000 of the same age. The corresponding figure for 1923 (estimate based on exact figures for the first six months) was 25,565, a ratio of 156.5 per 100,000 population of the same age. (The ratio in 1923 would have been 161 if the small number of dependent children admitted to institutions for juvenile delinquents had been included as it was in 1910.) There has thus been a decline in delinquent children committed to institutions if growth in population is taken into consideration.'

That is, juvenile delinquency has fallen far behind population increase.

'Comparable figures for offenses are available only for those committed to penal institutions as in many cases of commitment to institutions for juvenile delinquents the only record of offense is the general term, "juvenile delinquency." In the first six months of 1923, 16.3 per cent of the commitments to penal institutions of persons under eighteen years of age were for homicide, robbery and burglary. For the entire year 1910 the corresponding percentage was 8.5. However, the larger percentage in 1923 committed for grave offenses is largely due to the fact that increasing numbers of children who commit the less serious offenses are now being sent to institutions for juvenile delinquents instead of to penal institutions.

***Serious Crime Also Is Considered***

'There has been no significant increase in the actual number of children committed for the three offenses specified.

'The total number of children committed for such offenses in 1910 was 1,011. The estimated number for 1923, based on exact figures for the first six months, was 1,104.

'In 1910 the number of persons ten to seventeen years of age committed for these three serious offenses was 7.0 per 100,000 children of the same age, and in 1923 it was 6.8.'

But even so, dismally insists the elder generation, what about the real crime situation? Juvenile delinquency after all is not the most serious menace. Look at the number of young people in penal institutions.

Well, look at them.

According to the Children's Bureau, *the age of commitment has not decreased as has been so frequently asserted.*

The United States Bureau of the Census has published statistics of prisoners for the same years as those for which they have published statistics of juvenile delinquents.

The last census report of this character is entitled 'Census of Prisoners, 1923 (Preliminary Report).' From it the Children's Bureau has compiled tables showing the age distribution of the adult population of prisons and reformatories, jails and workhouses, 1880 to 1923, and the per cent distribution of commitments and persons present.

These tables show:

That between the years 1880 and 1923, the percentage of the prisoners of eighteen to thirty-four years of age to the total prison population decreased from one-third to one-fourth, while during the same period the percentage of prisoners thirty-five years old and over increased from 29.5 to 44.1! (See tables printed with this article.)

***Children Are Not So Bad as Painted***

The significant fact, of course, is not that the greater number of commitments are of offenders under thirty-five, led by the age group twenty-five to thirty-four. This has always been true. It is also true that young offenders are more likely than the older ones to be given probationary treatment, and the growth of the probation system may affect the percentages. The significant fact is that *there has been a decrease in every age group up to thirty-five since 1880,* and an increase in the age groups of thirty-five to forty-four and forty-five years and over.

'Contrary to opinions which have been expressed,' comments the Children's Bureau, 'there seems to have been no marked decrease in age of commitment. On the contrary, only 9.4 per cent of the commitments in 1923 were of persons between the ages of eighteen and twenty years, as compared with 9.8 per cent in 1904 and with percentages of 11.8 and 12.1 based on persons present in 1880 and 1890 respectively. There has been no increase since 1904 in the percentages of persons between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-four years, and the percentages for this age are lower for recent years than for the years 1880 and 1890. The same may be said of the age group twenty-five to thirty-four years. Persons between the ages of thirty-five and forty-four are contributing a slightly larger percentage of the total commitments at present as compared with earlier years.'

All of which would certainly seem to prove that while young people of the present day are no better, perhaps, than they should be, they very certainly are not so bad as they are accused of being; and that the older generation may not be quite so good as it thought it was.



# I Read in the Papers



A remarkable tribute was paid the United States by J. L. Garvin, editor of the London *Observer*, in connection with the 150th anniversary of American Independence.

### *When They Say What They Think*

'In the supreme business of bringing labor and capital into practical partnership,' said Mr. Garvin, 'America is acting while Europe is theorizing. Nothing but a United States of Europe could insure to the peoples forming it a general wealth and well-being fully equal to the prosperity of the United States of America.

'Let no man imagine this is a spectacle merely of triumphant materialism. Those who take that view understand nothing. In an increasing amount the wealth is going just where it should. America spends as much on education as all the rest of the world put together. In architecture she leads grandly. That kind of excellence has always been akin to progress in other arts.'

The London *Times* was also laudatory. Editorially it said:

'It was our forefathers whose pens wrote this momentous page of history and from the loins of those forefathers had sprung the great Nation which today we salute across the Atlantic. The British Empire and the United States share a common heritage, come down to both alike from ancestors bred in English soil. The Anglo-Saxon races have the same ideals, and their power for good in the world today and tomorrow will be doubled if the two work together, but it must be much more than halved if they pull apart.'

❦ ❦ ❦

The impossibility of Jewish assimilation is acknowledged by Nathaniel Zalowitz in a frank article in the *Jewish Daily Forward*, which interestingly reveals the Jewish attitude toward Americanization.

### *Jews Will Not Be Assimilated*

'Although the Ghetto was never instituted in this country,' he says, 'a voluntary Ghetto has practically existed since the first large influx of East European immigration began in 1882. It is a belief of mine that this voluntary Ghetto will exert a tremendous influence on the course which Jewish history will take in America, that it will serve as one of our greatest bulwarks in our struggle against absorption in the maelstrom of Anglo-Saxon civilization, but that at the same time it will be one of the potent causes of anti-Semitic feeling and will produce perhaps as much harm as good . . .

'In each of these boroughs (New York) there are Ghettos large and small, new Ghettos springing up almost overnight. There are Ghettos for foreign-born Jews and Ghettos for native-born Jews; Ghettos for poor Jews and Ghettos for middle class and for rich Jews, for Russian Jews and for German Jews. The East Side is one kind of a Ghetto, Washington Heights another kind, West Bronx a third, Riverside Drive a fourth, Broadway between 72nd and 96th streets a fifth, upper Fifth Avenue a sixth, and Brooklyn has a dozen different kinds and styles of Ghettos of its own. Today you have a Ghetto for the Jew who owns a Rolls Royce and half a dozen other cars besides. The rich Jew no less than the poor one prefers to live among *unsere leute*—and the Gentile thinks so, too. People used to imagine years ago that as soon as the Jews will shed their "greenness" they will mix with Gentiles, be accepted in Gentile society, move into Gentile neighborhoods, and be absorbed in a decade or less. Nothing of the sort has happened. The Jews, in their northward march from the dingy and sordid East Side, did move into Gentile sections—and the Gentiles immediately began to get out . . .

'Four-fifths of all the Jews in the United States practically have no social contact with the Gentiles who constitute 99 per cent of the population of the country. This is a fact of the greatest significance. It means that for the overwhelming majority of Jews in America assimilation in any true sense of the term is absolutely out of the question. It signifies that we are no nearer understanding our Gentile neighbors in this country than we were in the Old World. It means that despite the fact that we have attended American public schools and universities, read American papers and books, patronize the same theaters and subways and busses, we are kept and keep ourselves at arm's length from the bulk of the American population.'

❦ ❦ ❦

An interesting example of the newer jurisprudence, imported into this country from Southern Europe by certain classes of immigrants to supplant the old-fashioned American practice of trial by a jury of peers, was revealed in a recent New York trial. The conservative *Times* described the incident as follows:

### *Hush! Don't Criticize Our Aliens*

'The Camorra death threat—the index finger drawn across the throat—is believed to have been made yesterday in the Brooklyn supreme court, for witnesses suddenly developed a surprising lack of memory. Paul Punzone and "Buffalo Mike" Notaro were two of the State's witnesses in the trial of Antonia Paretti for the murder of Charles Ubriacco and Nicholas Morello.

'Punzone was called to the stand to testify against Paretti, who is known to the police as "Tony the Shoemaker." He answered, "I cannot remember" to all questions asked him. Notaro was another who could not remember anything connected with the case. He said he even forgot any of the testimony he gave against Pellagrino Morano in 1918, although his testimony was read to him from the court records. While on the witness stand Notaro betrayed extreme nervousness. The nervousness increased when Mr. Cuff took up the court records and, turning to Notaro, began to read the testimony he had given in 1918. It was his account of the ceremony into the Camorra by Morano. He testified then that Morano had slit a vein with a knife and had sucked from the wound a small quantity of blood. This, he had said, was a sign of the "Brotherhood of the Blood."

' "That was your testimony?" asked the prosecutor.

' "I can't remember." '

❦ ❦ ❦

Charles MacVeagh, American Ambassador to Japan, is credited in newspaper dispatches with advising Japanese to go to England rather than America, if they would learn the English language. Addressing the Intercollegiate English-Speaking Societies of Japan, according to the Baltimore *Sun*, Mr. MacVeagh declared:

### *Where Best to Learn English*

'Americans that we are, nevertheless we are mostly British stock, and England is our mother country in language as well as ideals of government. This fact will make it evident to Japanese that there is still much in America of value to them, but I admit at the same time that one must get back to the land of the English for the English language. I admire the British people and feel that Sir John Tilley, the British Ambassador, would be right in telling students here that in order to study English efficiently one must go to England, because it is the only true source of the language.'

The dispatch adds that 'the speech surprised Americans of Tokyo, who recalled that Mr. MacVeagh did not speak at the American school commencement, although Tilley did.'

❦ ❦ ❦

Babylon is falling all over again, according to Dr. William T. Ellis, of Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, who returned recently from the Near East.

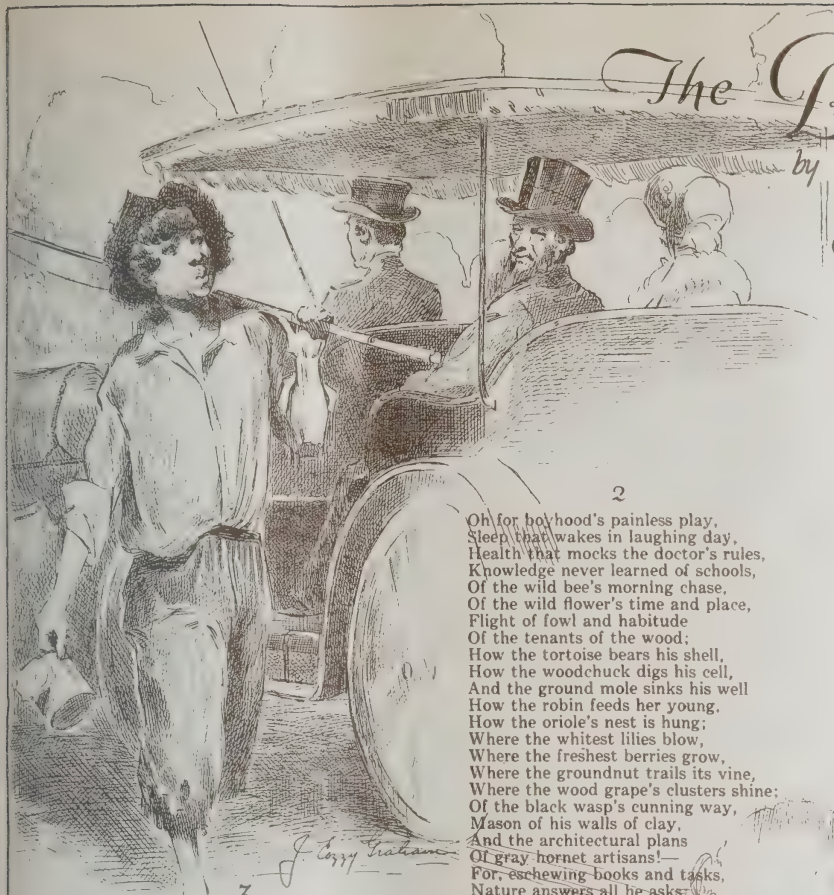
### *Babylon Again Is Falling*

'The remains of the ancient city,' he declared, 'so carefully and expensively excavated throughout a long course of years, are entirely neglected and unguarded, and the priceless and irreplaceable bas-reliefs along the Sacred Way are being broken and pilfered by the Arabs. In a few years there will be nothing to show of the unearthed remains of the grandeur of the city of Nebuchadnezzar.

'The Iraq Government has a department of antiquities, which apparently confines itself to seizing for display in the Bagdad museum the choicest of the finds of American and British archeologists, at such new sites as Ur of the Chaldees and Kish. It totally neglects the preservation of one of the greatest archeological treasures in all the world, the uncovered ruins of mighty Babylon, once ruler of the whole world.'

# The Barefoot Boy

by John Greenleaf Whittier.

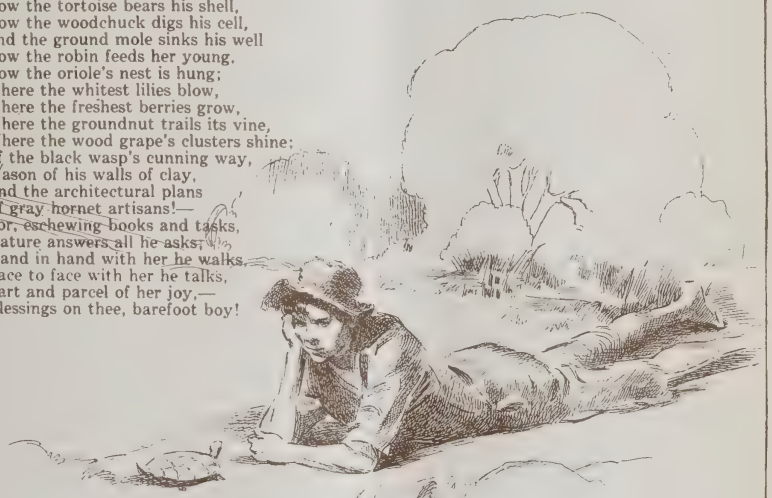


1

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

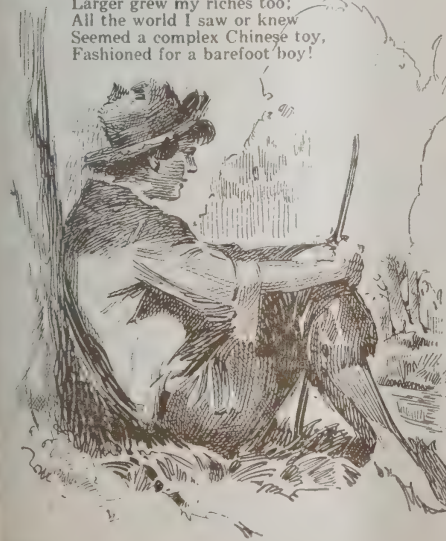
2

Oh for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground mole sinks his well
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the groundnut trails its vine,
Where the wood grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!—
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!



3

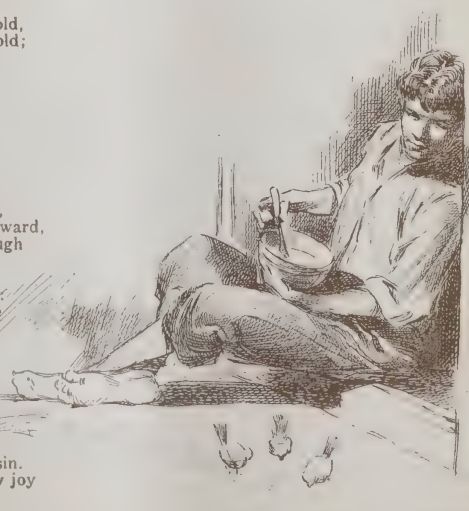
Oh for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming birds and honeybees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still, as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!



4

Oh for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the doorstone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frog's orchestra;
And to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cherrily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou shouldst know thy joy
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!



THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIV. OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL

'OUR earth is only one among the six principal satellites of our sun. As all the fixed stars are suns, one sees how small a place among visible things our earth takes up, since it is only a satellite of one among them. Now all these suns may be inhabited by none but happy creatures; and nothing obliges us to believe that the number of damned persons is very great; for a very few instances and samples suffice for the utility which good draws from evil. Moreover, since there is no reason to suppose that there are stars everywhere, may there not be a great space beyond the region of the stars? And this immense space, surrounding all this region . . . may be replete with happiness and glory . . . What now becomes of the consideration of our Earth and of its denizens? Does it not dwindle to something incomparably less than a physical point, since our Earth is but a point compared with the distance of the fixed stars? Thus the part of the Universe which we know, being almost lost in nothingness compared with that which is unknown to us, but which we are yet obliged to admit; and all the evils that we know lying in this almost-nothing; it follows that the evils may be almost-nothing in comparison with the goods that the Universe contains.'

—*Liebnitz.*

DEA

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

olume 26, Number 42

ive Cents a Copy AUGUST 7, 1926 $1.50 a Year

THE LIBRARY OF THE
AUG 12 1926
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS




STREET, OVERSCHIE, HOLLAND

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH



*Harvey S. Firestone, President, addressing the 25th Annual Stockholders' Meeting of The Firestone Tire & Rubber Company; held in the Firestone Clubhouse Auditorium, Akron, Ohio, December 15th, 1925.*

# One of the Reasons Why Firestone Tires Are Better

HERE are the designers and builders of Firestone Tires, over 14,000 strong. Every one is a stockholder, sharing responsibility and rewards with the active head of the Company.

The annual Stockholders' meeting, shown above, is a tribute to the spirit behind Firestone's success. To these men and women the figures relating to sales and profits mean more than mere material gain. The tremendous increase in public demand for Firestone products gives each one that satisfaction which is life's richest accomplishment—the knowledge of a job well done and the tangible demonstration of public appreciation.

There is intimate contact, a pulling together—that intangible something in the Firestone organization that makes for efficiency, economy and outstanding progress—and is one of the reasons why Firestone builds better tires.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

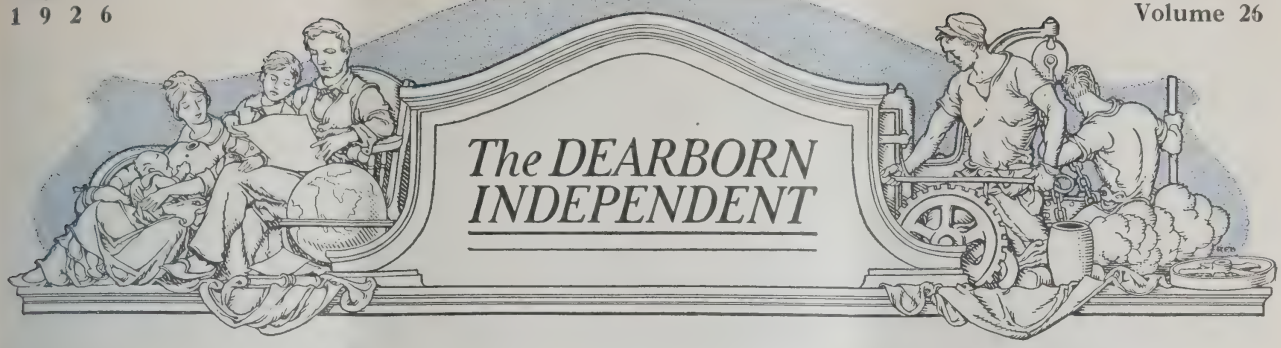
The Mark of Quality

**Firestone**

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER . . Harvey S. Firestone

August 7
1 9 2 6

Number 42
Volume 26




# THE ESSENCE OF THIS ISSUE

Mr. Ford's Page this week discusses debt as a help or hindrance to independence.

Issues gone! Statesmen gone! Leadership gone! The old-line parties are in a bad way these days. It is almost impossible to tell whether or why a man is a Republican or a Democrat. Worse, it's almost impossible to tell when he's either. The parties are so generally agreed now. Politics is in the doldrums. The personal element has been lost. (p. 3)

But the nation gains what the parties lose. Too much politics is bad for a country. An issue is a sign of national ferment. Old-world countries are desperately ill; hence they have many issues, many remedies, many politicians. America is healthy. And because it is, the nation has few issues, few remedies, few politicians. Maybe this is the right view. Whether or not it is, one thing is sure: Samuel Crowther brings a welcome, fresh light to his analysis of the situation. (p. 3)

Tom Masson lived for years among the wild American humorists—and he survived to tell the tale! He tells it here—a jollier, livelier story we haven't encountered in a long time. Masson tells of Mark Twain walking on lower Fifth Avenue, where the passing crowds would point him out in awe to his open disapproval and secret delight . . . of Phil Welch, who earned $6,000 a year by selling jokes at $3 apiece . . . of du Maurier, then an illustrator . . . (p. 12)

The English look at the American installment plan and are puzzled. Never before in history has any country known a general standard of living comparable to the American. But the English wonder if this prosperity, based as it is largely on credit, is sound. Is America pawning its future to enjoy the present? Or has it discovered the *open-sesame* to continuous production and continuous prosperity? Many persons in this country are asking the same questions. This view from overseas is thought-provoking. (p. 6)

Here's a suggestion for farmers: Make paper from waste wheat straw. The plan is practical. It is working in Germany, and it could be worked here. A community paper mill is built, just as community grist mills are. Wheat straw and chaff possess many chemical qualities. Not alone paper but other valuable by-products can be obtained from them—wood-alcohol, acetone, molasses, various oils. (p. 7)

Farming must become an industry, not merely an occupation. It must eliminate waste. The place to start is with waste products. Scores of things now thrown away could be utilized. In fact the time may come when the by-products of the farm will be of first, and food of secondary importance. The writer of this article is a scientist. The view he presents is with very little doubt a picture of the future of farming. (p. 7)

Few people know what mental tests are. Fewer still know how to apply them. And yet nearly everybody talks about them, and many charlatans pass themselves off as mental-test *experts*. That's one reason the tests often seem so senseless. And there's another. Psychologists use language common to everyone, *but they use it with a different meaning.* This makes for misinterpretation and sensationalism—the last thing the true psychologist wants. (p. 8)

*The pulpit*—this minister declares—*must be rescued from propaganda!* It must not be made a cat's-paw, even for worthy purposes. Its fundamental function is religious, not legal. It must of necessity deal more with the *spirit* of law than with law itself, else it ceases to be a power. (p. 5)

The pressure of propaganda on the pulpit, making ministers mere missionaries of all sorts of subsidized movements, is becoming an open scandal in the churches. Dr. William E. Barton handles the subject deftly, admirably. He brings to the discussion a lifetime of active experience in the ministry. His conclusions are carefully weighed, mature. The pulpit, he fears, is becoming a bulletin board upon which almost any reform agency can tack its placard. (p. 5)

Islam aims at world domination. It is the old delusion that always foreruns ruin. Dormant, lethargic for years, the Moslem countries are awakening to new race consciousness. Two leaders stand out, the dynamic Kemal Pasha of Turkey, and the powerful but little-known Ibn Saud, of the fanatic Wahabis, who punish drinking or smoking by death. (p. 14)

For the present, Mohammedans are content merely to build up the Faith. Tomorrow they may want to spread the Faith, as in the past, by conquest. The man who wrote this article knows Mohammedans. He has lived among them. By the time this appears, he will be on his way again to the East, 'where things are stirring.' (p. 14)

Gil Robinson tells the story of the ostrich feather that paid a ferry bill. (It's part of his reminiscences of old-time circus days.) And the story of the Shakespearean clowns, who formed so integral a part of the early shows. And of the slave traders who traveled through the South with the circus. And the great billposter fight. They make great reading, these circus tales. (p. 20)

## CONTENTS

Overschie, Holland—*Gerald Van der Heyden* — Cover
A Sailorman Poet—*W. Teignmouth Shore* — 2
What Has Became of Our Parties? — 3
*Samuel Crowther*
Is the Pulpit a Bulletin Board? — 5
*William E. Barton*
An English View of American Installment Buying — 6
A Scientist Urges Farmers to Utilize Waste Products—*James W. Beckman* — 7
Mental Tests Make Us Seem Foolish — 8
*Donald A. Laird*
Mr. Ford's Page — 9
Editorials — 10
Life Among the Wild American Humorists — 12
*Thomas L. Masson*
Islam Aims at World Domination — 14
*Thomas Chalmers Whyte*
A Negro Views His Own Race — 15
The Voyage of the *Victoria*—Wreck of the *Santiago*—*Charles J. Finger* — 16
Chats With Office Callers — 19
Under the White Tops With 'Gil' — 20
*Harry E. Barnet*
The Stories the Windmills Tell — 24
A Fighting Quaker of '76—*Carl Schurz Lowden* — 25
A Dance a Week—Seventeenth Century Minuet — 31
I Read in the Papers — 32

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer; C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.50 A YEAR in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year.
SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS

CHANGE OF ADDRESS 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.




# A Sailorman Poet—*Spins Yarns of the Sea*

By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE
PORTRAIT BY WILLIAM O. FITZGERALD

OUGHT there not to be an international law, with heaviest penalties for infringments, decreeing that famous writers should look their parts? Should carry outward and visible signs of the character of their inward genius? Never have I seen any man more unlike what a poet of passions and romance should have been than was Robert Browning; a dapper, spruce man-about-society he looked; Henry James, producer of protracted and too-finely-written prose, was mistaken by me at a party when I was introduced to him for a successful financier or genial man of business; and—to take a very much alive example—there is no one less like Sherlock Holmes than Sir Arthur Conan Doyle: genial, generous-hearted Irishman, whose sense of fun evaporates when he takes to his pen. And so on.

I had seen portraits of John Masefield and had formed a mental picture of the man, which in some few details proved to be correct, but which in essentials was woefully astray. My imagination painted what the author of so many virile tales, plays and poems should be, and over this fancy portrait I pondered as I made my way through the busy streets of Oxford—all gay with the zest of youth, with the exhilarations that come when at last, after weeks of dreary rains and dismal winds, May comes into her sweet own: when the air is summery and 'all the world is young.'

John Masefield lives some few miles out of Oxford. Uphill all the way, along a typically English country road I went; hedges snowy with May blossom, the scent of which hung heavy in the air, and delicious; fresh green fields smothered in golden buttercups, with here and there a touch of yellow gorse; to right and left blue distances of tender, mellow countryside, fields, woods, lush meadows, hills, the glint ever and anon of rivers and streams; overhead masses of gray-white clouds moving slowly across the misty blue. Through the village to the farther brow of the hill, where is a group of modern and seemly houses, and the home of John Masefield, of which my first impression was a splendor of glorious-colored tulips in the flowerbeds that border the path from the gate to the front door. I pulled the old-fashioned bell-pull and was dismayed at the clangor that I had aroused. Then into a cool hall (the afternoon was sultry), through which I caught a glimpse of a further garden of flowers. Into the cool drawing-room, filled with brightness; through the broad windows trees and flowers and green lawns; a room of books and pictures; on top of a high shelf a fine model of a hundred-year-old merchantman made by the deft fingers of sailorman John Masefield; a grand piano; flowers and flowers; a very comfortable chintz-covered sofa upon which I made myself at home and looked amazedly at John Masefield as he sat somewhat more upright than do most men in a snug chintz-covered armchair. Could this slightly built young man—he conveys the impression of youth, despite his fifty years—with those dreamy eyes, really be John Masefield? Where were any traces of the varied experiences he has had up and down the world, by land and sea? Where any indications of the masterfulness that is in so much of his work? The soft, gentle voice, too, and manner of speech? Everything almost as I had *not* expected it to be! But, as we talked, there grew upon me the certainty that I was in contact with a man of large mind, of big knowledge of men and books, of wide and wise vision. An occasional emphasis of words and voice, an occasional eagerness in the eyes, betrayed that beneath this boyishness of manner was an intense vigor of imagination and seriousness of thought.

'Don't you find it a bit dull here in the depth of the country?' I asked him.

'No, no, not at all. There are plenty of pleasant neighbors, and we're close to Oxford. There's the Bodleian Library there, a delightful place to read in. No, why should I find it dull here?'

Really I had no reason why.

'After twenty years of it,' he went on, 'I grew tired of London; then my farm was taken from me during the war by the Government and used as a place of enforced entertainment for German prisoners, and I came here. Dull? No.'

He was surprised at my asking him why he took to the pen, what was the impulse that directed him to authorship, evidently not agreeing with me that many successful writers have adopted literature simply as a business, which was likely to prove more or less profitable. I knew that not to be true of John Masefield, but wanted to hear him say somewhat about it.

'Isn't every writer driven from within?' he replied, looking at me as if I'd asked a fool question. 'I, as a boy, and always, passionately longed to tell tales; hungered to do it. I used to tell them in the dormitory at school. And at sea? When (Continued on page 28)

# What Has Become of Our Parties?

## What Has Happened to Politics in the U. S.? Coolidge Puts Last Democrat Doctrine Into Republican Creed; Reduced Now to Liberals and Conservatives

By SAMUEL CROWTHER

BY WHAT visible signs can a man in these days know whether he is a Republican or a Democrat?

The handful of surviving Democratic welkin-ringing orators say the Republican Party is just naturally the inclusive and exclusive custodian of iniquity—of money power, of vote buying, and of corruption generally. When a Republican orator of the same school lets loose, we find that the Democrats are principally distinguished by an incapacity which is at least criminal, and in addition stand for low wages, long hours, child labor, the disfranchisement of the negro, and the annulment of the Constitution. Republican votes, it appears, are always bought and paid for. Democratic votes come by default—that is, Democratic states are such because only sworn Democrats are allowed to approach the polls.

However well this rough division into iniquity and incapacity may have satisfied our fathers, it does not today seem quite to do. For politics is no longer personal. A Democrat is still an oddity in Pennsylvania, but he is freely conceded to be human, while even in Mississippi there is some opinion to the effect that a Republican may be human. Thirty years ago a Republican and a Democrat might have been friends—but they rarely were. Today politics does not count. Excepting in small communities, one knows neither the politics nor the religion of more than a fraction of one's acquaintances.

The real reason why we cannot get personal about politics is not merely because we have better taste than did our forefathers. It is true that we have better taste and much more common sense in political affairs than we used to have. Our forefathers insisted on having bunk served to them by the bucketful. They also liked muck. We should not today tolerate such stuff as was smeared over the country during the Jackson period.

We insist that the personal life of a candidate shall not be an issue. If his personal habits are such that they can be made an issue, then he automatically becomes an ex-candidate. If Daniel Webster were living today, we would not accept him. We no longer have outstanding political personages about whom no men are lukewarm, whom men either tremendously like or dislike. We have no really eminent Republicans or Democrats. Men cannot come to blows over Calvin Coolidge as they could over Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, William Jennings Bryan, Robert M. La Follette, or any of the long line of their political ancestors back to Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson.

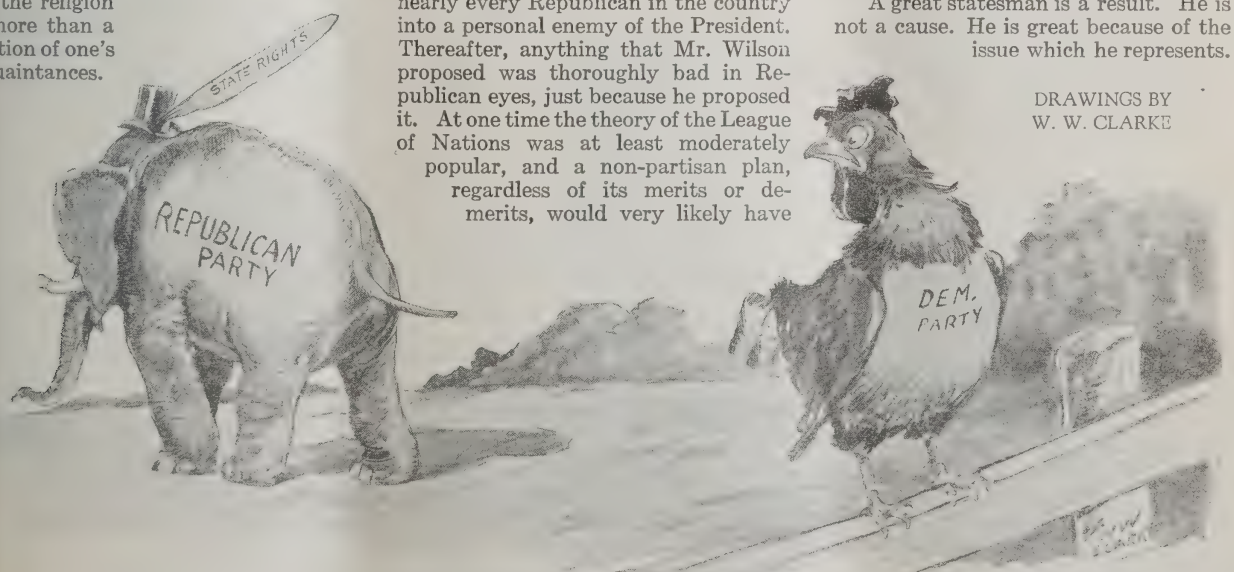
The country has not been worked up over a man with an issue since President Wilson's statement on the eve of the fall elections in 1918 to the effect that the Democrats had done so well with the war that they ought to be continued in power. That turned nearly every Republican in the country into a personal enemy of the President. Thereafter, anything that Mr. Wilson proposed was thoroughly bad in Republican eyes, just because he proposed it. At one time the theory of the League of Nations was at least moderately popular, and a non-partisan plan, regardless of its merits or demerits, would very likely have been accepted, but Mr. Wilson made the League his own and therefore it could not be accepted. The late Senator Lodge led the fight against the League, and under ordinary circumstances the country would have been against anything that Lodge was for. But it was not possible to dislike him as much as it was possible to dislike President Wilson!

Since Roosevelt and Wilson, we have had no personal politics. The overwhelming vote for Harding against Cox was not for Harding nor against Cox. The candidates were only names to the great mass of the voters. The vote was against the Democratic Party of Wilson. The Coolidge-Davis-La Follette campaign did not touch the country. The ballots went for Coolidge because the country was prospering and no candidate had any attractive changes in management to suggest. John W. Davis had only a few minor suggestions, while Robert M. La Follette, although he announced that he had something to say, never said it.

Does all this mean that we have lost our strong men in politics? The outstanding man of the day is Senator Borah, but he does not stand out clearly, and no one, including the Senator himself, can tell just what it is he stands for. He is more often trying to block the procession than to lead it. Our political figures do not size up with our industrial and financial figures. Quite the contrary is the case in England. There the politicians overshadow the industrialists.

A great statesman is a result. He is not a cause. He is great because of the issue which he represents.

DRAWINGS BY W. W. CLARKE




THE HEN: 'There goes my last tail feather!'

He is never greater than that issue and it never originates with him. The issue is always present before him; it has been forming for years. The leader steps in and becomes great when the issue has formed itself. A new idea cannot be an issue because it is not possible to interest enough people in a new idea to make an issue out of it. Prohibition is just now becoming an issue because up to date only a few people, barring the professionals, have really cared enough to fight on one side or the other. The surest proof of this is that neither the Drys nor the Wets have a leader although there are plenty of willing candidates for either job. An issue does not become an issue until it is capable of personifying itself in a man so that the voters can think in terms of men. For instance, if I ask an anti-League man if he believes in the League of Nations, he will probably answer:

'No, I never did like Woodrow Wilson.'

And his answer is perfectly sensible, although on the face it seems absurd. He has thought of the League in terms of a man.

This country has had only one big fundamental issue—States Rights. The Constitutional Convention left the question unsettled, and left it bitter. The Civil War had to be fought to decide that a state might not leave the Union, but the war did not decide just what were the rights of the states. And the Democrats became the party of the South and the Republicans the party of the North. The war held over in these parties. General Grant who won the war became President. A generation had to die before the parties forgot the smell of gunpowder.

The North grew industrial and wanted the protection of a tariff; the South had cotton to sell and wanted free trade so that it might buy in the cheapest market. Thus the tariff replaced slavery and continued the bitterness. The struggle was sectional and economic. It had to do with bread and butter, or at least everyone thought so. Tammany Hall in New York City and the Irish in Boston were nominally Democratic but without giving more than lip service to the principles of the party. They were the creatures of local conditions and called themselves Democrats because they could not be Republicans; and they have always been more interested in local than in national elections. The vital division was sectional.

> Have we quit breeding statesmen? Is the cradle of liberty empty? Not at all. We have ability of every kind in this country, and whenever there is a need we find ready at hand the man to minister to it, but there is not enough in politics today to occupy the brain of a really able man. We have no really great political figures because there are no great political issues.

Until the war the tariff was the main issue between the major parties, but it was a dying issue, for the conditions which brought it about were changing. The Democrats made an excursion into Free Silver under Bryan but it was hardly a real party movement, being much more of the West than of the South.

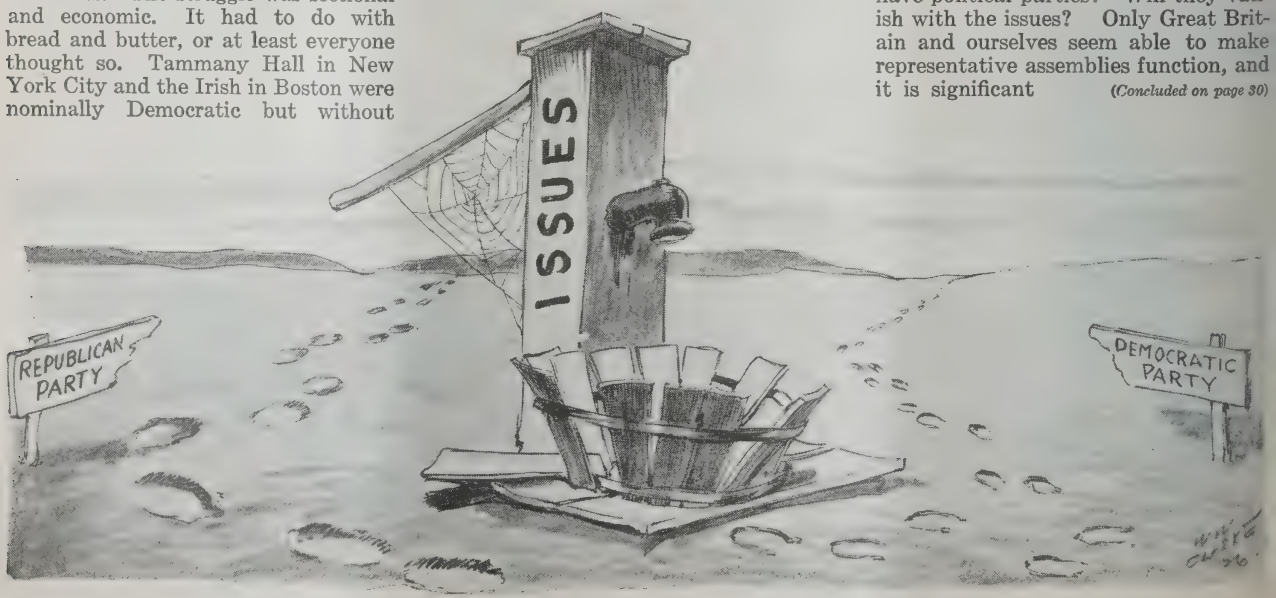
Now we have no issues. The other day President Coolidge formally plucked from the Democratic breast what was left of the States Rights feather. The Prohibition Amendment, regardless of its merits, is an encroachment upon the powers of the states, but it is most opposed in the old Federalist states! The South is for national prohibition and is keeping mum about the violation of its party principles. The tariff is not an issue excepting with those who make their living out of talking about it. For the South is becoming industrial, while New England is becoming a summer resort. Perhaps the next great surge for Free Trade will come from New England! Both parties agree that the Government ought both to keep out of business and to keep its hands off legitimate business. The 'trust busters' are dropping away. The farm situation has not divided along party lines. Taxation is not a party issue. Both parties claim the credit of lowering taxes.

A man today may think he is a Republican or a Democrat from principle but actually his party allegiance in national politics is purely one of habit or of birth. We just naturally divide into Republicans or Democrats and no third party seems able for long to keep a following. Its members drift back into the parties from which they came.

Is this dimming of party issues a sign that we are losing interest in government? Great Britain is all astir with politics and so are the countries of Continental Europe—that is, those which have not already a dictator. And why do these countries have so many politicians and so much politics? Because the people take so much interest in government? Not at all. The countries are all desperately ill and the politicians are doctors rushing up with remedies. When the doctors begin to crowd the patient too much—as in Italy, Spain, and Poland—then a dictator doctor thrusts them aside and takes over the patient himself. Having an abundance of political issues seems scarcely to be a sign of health.

And it is because we are so healthy in a national way that we have no issues. Prohibition is not an issue. The farm situation is ephemeral. We cannot have a clash between capital and labor because industry is becoming too enlightened to bother with such distinctions. We have no proletariat.

But if we have no issues, why do we have political parties? Will they vanish with the issues? Only Great Britain and ourselves seem able to make representative assemblies function, and it is significant (Concluded on page 30)



# Is the Pulpit a Bulletin Board?

## Is the Preacher a Prophet or a Propagandist?

By WILLIAM E. BARTON

IT WILL be difficult to say what I want to say in this article and not be misunderstood: that, perhaps, is the very reason why the article ought to be written. I begin this discussion with a clear realization of the danger that I may grieve my friends and be applauded by those from whose approbation I shrink. I am writing of what I regard as the very great danger that the pulpit at the present time may forsake the Gospel for the law.

The church is the only organization on earth which makes its appeal to men on the basis of their moral and spiritual natures. There are other organizations whose duty it is to *educate* people, to *elevate* their esthetic taste, or *compel* them to submit to legal requirements, but there is just one organization which approaches men with a clear understanding that they are endowed by Almighty God with moral natures and that they are to find the real significance of life in willing coöperation with the God who made them. Other organizations can bring to men the terrors of the *law*, but, if the church fails to teach men the *Gospel* and bring them to acceptance of it, the failure is total and beyond remedy.

And the Gospel is not merely another form of law.

This brings me abruptly to consider one of the ways in which Christian leaders have been doing what seemed to them a necessary thing, but doing it, as I sometimes fear, at too great cost. I speak particularly of the methods in recent years of opposing the use of alcoholic liquor. I am myself a lifelong total abstainer from liquor in all forms. I have upheld and do uphold the 18th Amendment and the Volstead Act. I believe that the saloon had proved a hopeless outlaw and that prohibition had become a necessity. I believe that, now that we are thus far on, we must go through and make it effective. I am not frightened when I am told of the extent to which that law is not enforced. It is perhaps about as well enforced as the law against murder, and safe as it now appears to be for one man to kill another without fear of the gallows, I do not hear of anyone talking of repealing the murder laws.

*Dropping Moral Suasion*

But I deplore the fact that, with our emphasis on legislation, we have so nearly dropped the moral suasion with which at one time we attempted to meet the evils of strong drink.

I can remember in my youth the days when we did not talk about prohibition, but about temperance. We tried to teach people that the use of liquor was harmful to themselves and dangerous to others and to lead them voluntarily not to indulge in it. We asked them to sign the pledge to abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquor. In the days of Francis Murphy, we asked them to wear a little blue or red ribbon to indicate that they were pledge-signers. There was not very much discussion about legislation. We assumed that, if people wanted liquor, they would get it and that the best way to keep them from getting it was to induce them to let it alone. It is a long time since I have heard of anybody signing a temperance pledge. I cannot tell how many years since I have heard an old-fashioned temperance lecture in which people were asked cheerfully and of their own free will to let liquor alone. For a whole generation now we have been talking about getting laws passed to make it harder if not impossible for liquor to be obtained.

*Doing It by Law*

I myself have participated in all these movements and have no apology to make for it. I believe the time had come when it became necessary to take drastic action against an evil that was threatening to undermine society. I think we had to meet intemperance in the use of liquor by a certain degree of intemperance in our hostility to it. Nevertheless, I am sorry we had to do it in that way and I am sorry because in doing it after this fashion we have so nearly given up the moral appeal.

I hear on every hand much talk of the young people of the present day as drinking and carousing and having no conscience in the matter of the use of liquor. I am wondering a little if we good people are in some measure responsible. We have not been teaching them that it was their high duty and cheerful privilege to let liquor alone, but we have been trying to make it legally impossible for them to get it.

In coming generations, this present time is likely to be remembered as an age in which we have been endeavoring to do everything by law. We have provided for safety in the use of machinery by compelling the factory owner to protect his workingmen. We have tried to insure to children proper nourishment by passing laws against the sale of milk that was either diluted or adulterated. We have passed laws telling parents how many hours a day, how many days a week and how many weeks in the year their children must be in school. It is difficult to name any sphere in life now which is not a subject for legislation.

Aristotle taught that the multiplication of laws was the decay of the state. I am more and more convinced that Aristotle was right. The body of legislation under which we now live is burdensome and ineffective, and I think it is ethically unsound.

I am not in favor of the repeal of the Volstead Act. I do not believe in modifying it in the least degree so long as its repeal or amendment is demanded by the crowd who now are howling for it. I think we are under moral compulsion to fight that battle through; but, with it all, I believe the time has come for a new emphasis on the moral aspects of this whole question. I can remember in my later youth the time when temperance lecturers began to sneer at moral suasion and insist upon making people temperate by law. I do not think the sneer was justified. Moral suasion is what we now are lacking. I am aware that there is much emphasis on what is called religious education, but too much of our education, religious or otherwise, is content with imparting information, whereas education is futile or worse if it does not form character.

I have been speaking about the method of dealing with the liquor evil by law because that is at present the outstanding legislation, but it is not by any means the only example of what I am endeavoring to discuss.

*No Time for the Gospel*

The pulpit at the present time is well fitted with propaganda.

We have built up such a number of special agencies that depend upon the church for the support of their paid officers and for the distribution of their publicity that there is not very much time left for the average minister to preach the Gospel.

I know that many good people say that very thing is the Gospel. The prohibition of the liquor traffic by law, the prohibition of child labor by law, the prohibition of milk adulteration by law, and compulsory education by law —these are the Gospel or there is none.

I answer that I do not think any of these is the Gospel. These various reforms, in my judgment, are desirable, but they are not the Gospel.

Moreover, they offer wide opportunity for *the dissemination of machine-made thought and the pulpit becomes in too many cases a bulletin board upon which almost any reform agency can tack a placard.*

Ministers' meetings and church gatherings abound in resolutions prepared by outside

*(Concluded on page 18)*

# An English View of American Installment Buying

IT HAS recently been given out on high authority that the total number of passenger motors in the world is rather less than twenty-one millions, and that of these twenty-one millions over seventeen millions are owned in the United States of America. As the population of the United States is probably about 110,000,000, we are led to the amazing conclusion that apart from motor omnibuses there is one passenger car in use for every six and a half members of the population—men, women and children. If in imagination we can transfer these figures from America to England, and apply them to our own neighborhood—suburb, village, or country town—picturing to ourselves what the place we live in would be like if every household of six people owned and drove a car, with the whole working-class population—laborer, mechanic, typist, daily girl—riding to work in a private motor—if we can envisage that, then we can conceive the social revolution that lies behind these extraordinary figures. Never before has any country in the world known a general standard of living comparable to this.

Such universal enjoyment of what elsewhere in the world is still regarded as a luxury indicates a very high degree of prosperity and a wonderfully high level of wages. But even prosperity such as the United States possesses and wages such as the workmen earn would not in themselves turn a population of 110,000,000 into motor owners, and the change would not have been possible but for the intensive development of what we know in England as hire-purchase—a commercial device that we have associated until quite recently with many branches of the furniture trade, although the practice has extended to clothing and books. It is possible, for instance, to obtain a complete edition of Kipling by making a small initial payment. During the last few years motors in this line have outdistanced furniture, and both in England and the United States there has been an enormous growth of car-buying by installments. In England it is estimated that sixty per cent, and in America, according to the Index published by the New York Trust Company, about seventy-five per cent, of the new cars sold change hands on these easy terms, the sales by this method in 1925 being put at 2,800 million dollars, out of a total of 3,750 million; but whereas in England only about one person in a hundred owns a pleasure car, in America, as we have seen, one person in every six or seven is an owner, so that about thirteen million people buy cars by easy stages.

*Hire-Purchase Plan Grows in England*

> Is American business, which is built on credit, a healthy growth? Here is an English view that will give grist to the mill-wheels of your thinking. Our widespread 'installment,' or 'deferred payment' or, as the English say, 'the hire-purchase system' is worth critical examination. The article here printed appeared in the London *Economist.*

And where the motor trade with its enterprising salesmen has blazed the trail, other industries of choice or necessity follow on. The mechanic who has paid down his forty-five dollars for a car and committed himself to regular payments for the balance has naturally gone some way to deplete his cash resources, and does not find it as easy as before to buy either the minor luxuries or the necessities of life. He has learned the trick of easy payment from the motor salesman, and is ready to accept the same kind of accommodation from those who supply his other requirements. The fashion has been set, and all sorts of other commodities begin to be bought and sold in the same way. Exact information is unfortunately not available, but the system has grown to such an extent that it is recognized as one of the vital economic facts of the country. Colonel Willey and Mr. Locock, for example, in their report on their visit to the United States which was published by the Federation of British Industries, thought it important enough to be signaled out in a memorandum of only twelve pages. They say:

*One Purchase May Lead to Others*

> The deferred payment or installment plan of business has increased by leaps and bounds, and includes now not only automobiles, furniture, and pianos, but every range of commodities, including clothes, radio sets, and even paint for the house. The financial risk is not taken by the producer, but is insured, and special finance corporations have been formed to take this class of business, which is widely reinsured. The system has certainly acted as an incentive to work in view of the necessity of keeping up regular payments.

Every Victorian instinct that one possesses rises up in protest against this theory of prosperity, with the consumer pawning his future to stimulate output and toiling at his daily task, not to build up laborious savings as future capital, but to pay for the luxuries that he is at present engaged in wearing out. It may be that the old nineteenth-century ideal of the thrifty workman, saving for old age or for the glorious possibility of passing himself into the ranks of the employers, is out of date, and certainly these two experienced observers were sufficiently impressed with the results to suggest that the hire-purchase system might with great advantage to this country be far more widely adopted here.

But whether installment-purchase is fundamentally sound or not, one thing is clear—that it has set up an entirely new situation in America, and that no one can foresee exactly what will result from it. Colonel Willey and Mr. Locock mention the possibility of a reaction in trade and the complications that may arise when the change comes, but they are so convinced of the firm basis on which American prosperity rests that they say there is at present but little danger. Nevertheless, trade does ebb and flow. From the beginning of time it has ebbed and flowed, and there seems no reason to believe that the Almighty has by dispensation set the United States free of the ordinary laws of action and reaction. The reform of the banking system and the control exercised by the Federal Reserve have gone a long way toward stabilizing trade, but surely no one, however optimistic, can discard the possibility or the likelihood of trade in America at some time receiving a check and a setback.

*Trade Slump Must Come in Future*

And if and when this setback comes, the country (Concluded on page 29)

# *A Scientist Urges Farmers to* Utilize Waste Products

## Paper Can Easily Be Made From Wheat Straw



MILLIONS if not billions of dollars are wasted annually in one of the greatest of all our industries—farming.

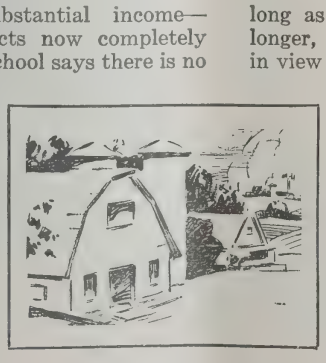
In all its branches it is inefficient. The farmer derives benefit and revenue from only a fraction of the material raised on his soil. In any branch of agriculture, the same condition exists. More is left on the ground to rot away than is actually harvested and marketed.

The way of it is simple enough. The great outstanding weakness of agriculture is that it is looked upon as a food industry alone. It is an industry with only one outlet for its product. This is, of course, a mistake.

Take, for example, wheat growing. The cartoonists depict the trials of the wheat farmer. His life, as portrayed, is not a happy one, and his future prospects are still less encouraging. Shall he curtail his acreage? Perhaps! But not until he makes use of every pound of chaff and straw he grows, and that in such a way as to derive an income—and a substantial income—from these products now completely wasted. The old school says there is no value in them. The chemist says there is. Sun and soil have accomplished in ninety days, more or less, a chemical work that scientists have been trying to duplicate for as many years with only slight success. In ninety days of growth, a straw has been produced carrying at its tip a head laden with grain. The whole plant has to be handled in harvesting but the grain, a small percentage of the total growth, is all that is preserved. Yet the straw has a great potential value all its own; it is composed of cellulose and other substances capable of yielding, under modern treatment, paper, the quality of which depends only on that of the straw.



Chaff and straw, wasted today, could be made valuable.



*By* JAMES W. BECKMAN

Why should not the wheat-growing industry come to be regarded as one that grows straw for paper manufacture, with wheat grain obtained as a by-product? And why should not extensive experiments be carried on for the purpose of developing a wheat straw which would yield a fiber as long as that obtained from wood, or longer, a not impossible development in view of what has been done in other fields of agriculture. Indeed, no less an authority than Luther Burbank was quite satisfied that the problem need present no special difficulties. In a letter, written shortly before his death, Mr. Burbank said:

'Mountains of cornstalks, wheat chaff and straw, rice hulls, sawdust, and a long list of materials classified as waste should be made into useful products.

'More than sixty years ago I hauled numerous loads of rye straw from my father's farm to a paper mill in a nearby town before wood fiber had been used for paper making.

'Plants, like human beings, are most successful as specialists. The wheat plant has through centuries been trained to produce an enormous amount of plant eggs in a short space of time with a small amount of foliage. A short wheat plant is most desirable as being less exposed to fungous diseases and its ability to stand up instead of "lodging," as most tall wheats often do. It needs to specialize still more in many respects, and the production of a specially long straw is only a matter of specialization. Meanwhile the enormous waste of straw and chaff should be saved. Mountains of cellulose in sawdust about the lumber camps, and the mountains of rice hulls which are now a nuisance about the rice-hulling mills are useless until someone can make them useful through the aid of chemistry.'

In our national economy, we have been profligate; we have devastated our timberlands, our main source of paper supply, without making any effective demands for replanting. But even if we were now to make such demand, it would take fifty years for us to grow a crop of trees suitable for paper manufacture. Ninety days replenishes in abundance in the wheat fields the potential cellulose needed in the paper-making of the country.

Using straw as a raw material in the manufacture of paper is not a dream. In Germany for some time a paper plant has been operating along these lines. It not only produces paper, but the liquors resulting from the cooking processes are treated in such a manner as to cause them to yield by-products, such as wood alcohol, acetone and various oils. These can be used as fuel in the farmer's gas engines.

The quantities of such by-products obtained in the manufacture of paper from straw are very considerable. When one ton of straw pulp for paper is produced the fol-

(Concluded on page 23)

# Mental Tests Make Us Seem Foolish

## *Because*

## Quacks Rush in Where True Psychologists Fear to Tread

*By* DONALD A. LAIRD



The psychologists tried to write for the general reader, forgetting he was not accustomed to weighing little phrases. Naturally enough, the reader gobbled up the threatening prophecy.

ARE we really a nation of morons?

Do we have to believe that education does not improve intelligence?

Are psychologists trying to force us to accept a monarchy of the divine right of rule by 'superior' intelligences?

Do they have the public schools in their grip, foisting democracy-killing beliefs and practices into the courses of study and in the promotion of our children?

It would seem so, if we believe the various articles about mental tests with which the press was glutted shortly after the close of the World War. It would seem so as we listen to a group of persons discussing these 'contraptions which perhaps half a dozen of the world's greatest geniuses could pass.'

These questions reveal the twofold menace of mental tests, aside from the threat of the questions themselves.

For thirty years psychologists had labored in their laboratories, untroubled by the newspaper reporter. Many of them plodded along studying dry-as-dust matters of only the remotest practical concern. With the coming of the war these psychologists were lifted into the limelight of curiosity through their great contributions to the war. They tried to write for the general reader, forgetting that he was not accustomed to weighing carefully such little phrases as 'within the limits of the present experiment,' or 'if verified these experiments will force the remodeling of the present school system.'

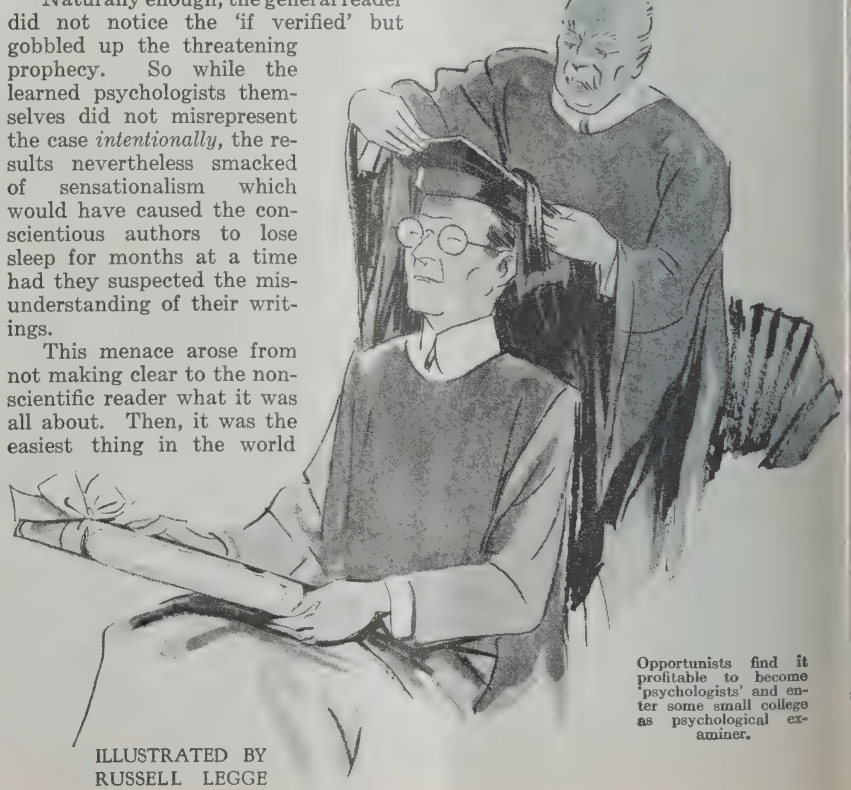
Naturally enough, the general reader did not notice the 'if verified' but gobbled up the threatening prophecy. So while the learned psychologists themselves did not misrepresent the case *intentionally*, the results nevertheless smacked of sensationalism which would have caused the conscientious authors to lose sleep for months at a time had they suspected the misunderstanding of their writings.

This menace arose from not making clear to the non-scientific reader what it was all about. Then, it was the easiest thing in the world for the general reader to understand what was being written about, so it appeared to them as they browsed over the week's pages.

When the general reader read about the extraction of insulin from the Islands of Langerhans and its subcutaneous injection into phyloridinized animals affording a basis for the cure of diabetes they read the half-dozen new words without ever batting an eyelash and remarked, 'Wonderful! Now another disease is conquered!'

When the same reader turned the page and read in much plainer language that half the men in the army drafts could not pass a mental test that the fourteen-year-old child in school could, they probably remarked, 'Of all the nerve! These psychologists make me tired. I'd like to see them try one of their own mental tests.'

This illustrates the second menace: apparent understand- (*Concluded on page 27*)



Opportunists find it profitable to become 'psychologists' and enter some small college as psychological examiner.

ILLUSTRATED BY RUSSELL LEGGE

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

LAST week we discussed the fallacy which is being built into the thinking of the American people, that low price necessarily means cheap quality. This fallacy, the result of exalting the salesman's philosophy of business, has made the average person a 'sellee,' if we may coin a term, instead of a buyer. There is an important difference between buying a thing and being sold a thing. As it is now the expert buyer is usually the seller, whereas in other days the domestic consumer was the expert buyer. He knew quality first, but his descendants know mostly price tags.

Along with this intense sales urge comes an increase of the credit system which means an increase in the people's debt. Credit is a subject which has been studied entirely from the angle of risk to the creditor, without reference to its effect upon the economic health of the nation. There is a point up to which credit is constructive, but beyond that point it becomes destructive.

There has always been constructive and healthy credit. In other days the seller gave credit, but he seldom does so now. It is one of the amazing developments of our times that though nearly everything is sold on credit, installment plans, deferred payments, and so forth, few manufacturers and merchandisers do anything but a cash business. The explanation is that credit is seldom now a matter between the seller and the customer, but between the customer and a credit company. In brief, debt has become a business in the United States. It has reached the dignity of a separate status. Credit was once an accommodation based on deserving; now one must deserve it and pay for it too. The manufacturer may do his utmost to reduce the cost of making an article, but all this saving and more may be lost to the user who prefers the credit plan. There has been little study of the system from this point of view.

It is not with any view of sounding an alarm that these aspects of the matter are brought into view. It is wiser, perhaps, to look on all such developments as another chapter in our economic experience. To theorize about such a condition in advance of its existence is futile, and perhaps it is too early in its development to theorize very fully about it now. But all of our people, from big business to domestic purchasers, should be intelligently aware of what is going on.

Besides that, there are certain principles which must remain true however fair or false the present great debt system may prove to be. The American has always been proud to stand on his own feet. He instinctively knows that debt is rather to be feared. Even the credit men have a higher personal respect for the man who controls his own credit by virtually paying cash than for the habitual debtor. Not 'tight-wads' but thrifty people make the country what it is.

Our Economic Constitution was written by Benjamin Franklin under the style of Poor Richard, who holds that if 'the second vice is lying, the first is running in Debt.' 'When you have got your Bargain, you may, perhaps think little of Payment! But Creditors have better Memories than Debtors. Creditors are a superstitious Sect, great Observers of set Days and Times. The Day comes round before you are aware, and the Demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it, Or if you bear your Debt in Mind, the Term which at first seemed so long, as it lessens, appears extremely short. Time will seem to have added Wings to his Heels as well as Shoulders. Those have a short Lent, who owe Money to be paid at Easter.' 'Pride is as loud a Beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy.'

We need some modern statement of these principles. Frugality is not the ideal for a people like ours to cherish, but thrift is. We should have all that we need, and more than the necessaries. There should be no class boundaries in the enjoyment of those things which make for comfortable and decent living. The Gospel of *Do Without* is not for our people or our country at this time.

If there were necessity, we could practice it, as we have always done, but there is no necessity. We only need to regain and maintain our sense of personal independence by riding or controlling what credit we may use, not by letting it ride us.

*Buying and paying* is the best education in quality and use, for where quality and use fail us we gain definite skill for buying next time. But the habit of never wholly owning anything we use, never having that personal attitude toward quality which use and ownership give, is simply to cease working for oneself and become something like a mortgaged servant.

This is a situation for which no good word whatever can be spoken. The only possible treatment of it is to quit it.

*WHERE credit loses buoyancy and becomes leaden debt, where it ceases to lift and becomes a drag, is a point not fixed by the wise. They know as little of it as they know where interest leaves off and usury begins. Yet with a swift and wide credit current threatening always to sweep us into the River of Debt, intelligent unselfish thought on the subject may accomplish much. Between the extremes of Extravagance and Frugality there is the American middle ground of Thrift, where one is a buyer and not a mere 'sellee,' where one controls his credit and is not controlled by it. It should be kept within reach by all.*

**'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## *House Surplus*

WE AMERICANS are extremely sensitive and vocal in regard to our difficulties, but we have little to say about the rapidity with which we deal with and remove them. Most of us would find it hard to tell just how long ago it was that the country suffered and complained under a housing shortage with its consequent high rents. Yet we have slipped out of that difficulty, hardly realizing that we have done it. It required only three or four years to completely reverse the situation. There is now in most large cities a surplus of houses and apartments. In one of our largest cities, houses and apartments by the thousand are for let with no prospect of occupants.

What has occasioned this? High rents sent workingmen back to the old American custom of building their homes. Around the edges of all large cities, new young cities are springing up. Tens of thousands of families began with a garage on the back end of the lot, which served as a home while a house was building. Thousands of these houses were erected during evening hours and half-holidays. Building bees, once so familiar in the country, became familiar again in the cities, workmen in groups helping their comrades to rear a habitation. Thus the pressure of high rents worked its own cure and drove multitudes of apartment dwellers back to the separate home. It is an impressive illustration of American prosperity and resourcefulness, but it passes hardly noticed in the various interesting phases of our times.

## *Guard the Gate!*

IT SEEMS that Mr. Abraham Rothfeld applied for naturalization and the court not only refused it but issued an order that Mr. Rothfeld should be restrained from applying again for ten years during which good behavior must be shown. The district court reversed the order, saying that no court possesses that discretion. The decision is doubtless in accordance with the law. But the order of restraint was doubtless in the public interest. The case seems to indicate the need for a new method. As the law stands, objectionable persons need only keep applying in the chance of sometimes slipping through. The gates of citizenship should stand wide open, but their portals should be rigorously guarded. And one who is not admissible at one gate should not be able to obtain entrance at another.

## *Shall We Nullify?*

IF THE statement may be made without its being interpreted in a political sense or as preliminary to a presidential 'boom,' Senator Borah is one of the few men in our Government who speaks like a statesman. Regardless of his personal predilections, he seeks a constitutional basis for his positions. In all the welter of 'wet' and 'dry' discussion, his is the farthest carrying voice which lifts the whole matter into its proper present sphere, that of constitutionality. He calls persons of all shades of opinion to consider that ours is a constitutional government, that our national life begins to disintegrate upon the first breath of nullification, and that nullification is the inevitable result of what the liquor interests are urging today. It is not to be supposed that all the political leaders of the liquor interests take this course deliberately and in full knowledge of its end; it is not to be supposed that they are determined to have their liquor at the cost of the national life of the United States; but it is rather disquieting to observe that simultaneous attack was begun by the 'wet' press upon Senator Borah immediately he brought the constitutional bearings of the question into view.

Occasionally a reader of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT writes that the only fault he has to find with this paper is that it stands for Prohibition. This paper was not in existence when Prohibition was established in the nation. Coming upon the scene as a magazine, THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT found that after nearly a century of public discussion in this country, the states, by a great and unusual majority, had adopted the Constitutional Amendment making Prohibition part of our basic law, and we knew as a matter of history that many states had previously adopted that rule by popular vote. Finding the Constitution as it is, this paper has no alternative but to uphold the Constitution. If, as the liquor interests say, the people do not want Prohibition, they may remove the amendment by the same means which they used to adopt it. That is what Senator Borah is telling the country. But nullifying the Constitution is another thing and, as Senator Borah points out, a cowardly and debasing thing, compared with which revolution is manly and courageous and upright. The reluctance of the liquor interests to trust to the constitutional method very clearly indicates their conviction that the people will not withdraw the amendment.

## *Not a Dollar of War Debt*

THE Scriptures record that the debtor who was forgiven most, loved most. According to Secretary Mellon, it is the nation which has been forgiven most in war debts that complains most. In a statement which is important for all who desire to steer a straight line of thought on the subject of the war debts, Secretary Mellon declares that *the United States is not asking nor collecting a dollar from France for any advance made during the war*. The war debt, in fact, has been remitted. All that France has asked of us, with every tragic and dramatic adornment, had already been granted by the United States without so much as a gesture of generosity. It seems that we are compelled to mention it now only because of the abysmal misrepresentation of the United States which seems to be the stock in trade of some French politicians and professional patriots. It is greatly to be regretted that both the United States and Great Britain have been forced by France to entertain reflections concerning an ally for which the one has made great sacrifice of treasure and also a sacrifice of life, and for which the other sacrificed just short of a million lives and unlimited treasure. These experiences, passed through together, should have made unnecessary such statements as that which Secretary Mellon has been forced to make. To be forced to recite one's acts as evidence of one's generosity, does not promote friendship in either party. Nevertheless it may aid truth. And the truth seems to be that all the United States asks of France is *the repayment of loans made since the war*, and that not a dollar of war loans is in the present account.

## *A New Dictator*

DICTATORS in Europe are increasing in number. Poland has adopted one, and Belgium has made its king a financial dictator. Albert has the one dictatorship that promises results if it is really taken seriously. There must be somewhere in the world a financier who can put his finger on the point where the people's money becomes the plaything of international gamblers. It is known that national financial systems are manipulated. It is known that vast wealth is accumulated through the manipulation. It is known that, given sufficient power, one who knows the game and has the will to expose it could do so. All financial programs thus far made are proposed with reference to the profit of the financial world, whereas they should be based absolutely on the principle of bringing opportunity to the human world. Humanity and raw material are everywhere, yet money manipulation holds the one in idleness and the other in uselessness. Where is the financier, the mighty man of money affairs, the 'international financier' even, who will become the liberator of the nations in this matter? Let him draw up his Fourteen Points (if he should need so many) and show the world the way out. His fame would eclipse that of any warrior, ruler and philosopher of the last five hundred years, and rightly, for he would include in himself the best qualities of all these classes.

## *The Pullman Porter*

THE *Wall Street Journal* (which, by the way, in spite of its name, is not dominated by Wall Street, but is one of the most independent critics the Street has) draws an interesting parallel between Abraham Lincoln, who liberated the colored man in this country, and Robert T. Lincoln, of the Pullman Company, who has given the negro 'the only racial monopoly in the world,' namely, that of Pullman porter. The porter's wages have increased 141 per cent over the 1916 scale, and it is estimated that if each of last year's sleeping-car passengers tipped the porter a quarter and each chair passenger tipped him a dime (the tips are usually much larger) the result would represent an income of $55 per man each month. There are 10,400 porters employed, and 3,811 (or 700 in excess of those in the employ of the company for ten years) own their homes. Negro doctors, lawyers and other professional men are often found to have made the porter's position a stepping-stone to success in life. The long layovers permit the porter to study, if he is so inclined, and in many cases the spare time is used to conduct private businesses.

This is a pleasant report, and it is sincerely hoped to be as good as it sounds. A good porter is indispensable to the comfort of long journeys, and personal experience adduces the conclusion that the vast majority of them know how to express in action the spirit of service.

## *The Intellectual Steerage*

THERE were enough professors in the steerage—wrote one of them, Europe-bound—to start six colleges. And there were more Phi Betta Kappa keys than hairpins. Thus has come about one of the wonders of the day—the evolution of the steerage into the tourist cabin. No longer is the third class despised. It has, indeed, become 'stylish and intellectual—the high-brow end of the boat.' The demand for and the provision of cheap transportation is what brings about this seemingly impossible change. The same forces revolutionized travel on land that are now transforming it on the sea. The world is fair and pleasant; and people are determined to see some of it. And they can see it economically and enjoyably. The old conceit that high price denotes high quality has gone to join the dodo.

## *Thomas L. Masson Describes His Life Among*

# The Wild American Humorists

NEW YORK of 1880 was vastly different from the New York of today. Perry's drug store (still going, but a faint and decadent echo of its former self) was the mecca of the bohemian newspaper crowd, and real bohemians they were in those days. In the late afternoons we used to congregate in the cellar of a 'ratskeller' opposite to the present entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge, and drink large schooners of beer and display what wits we had. Greenwich Village was unknown except to the elect, and on its edges places like the Black Cat Restaurant flourished.

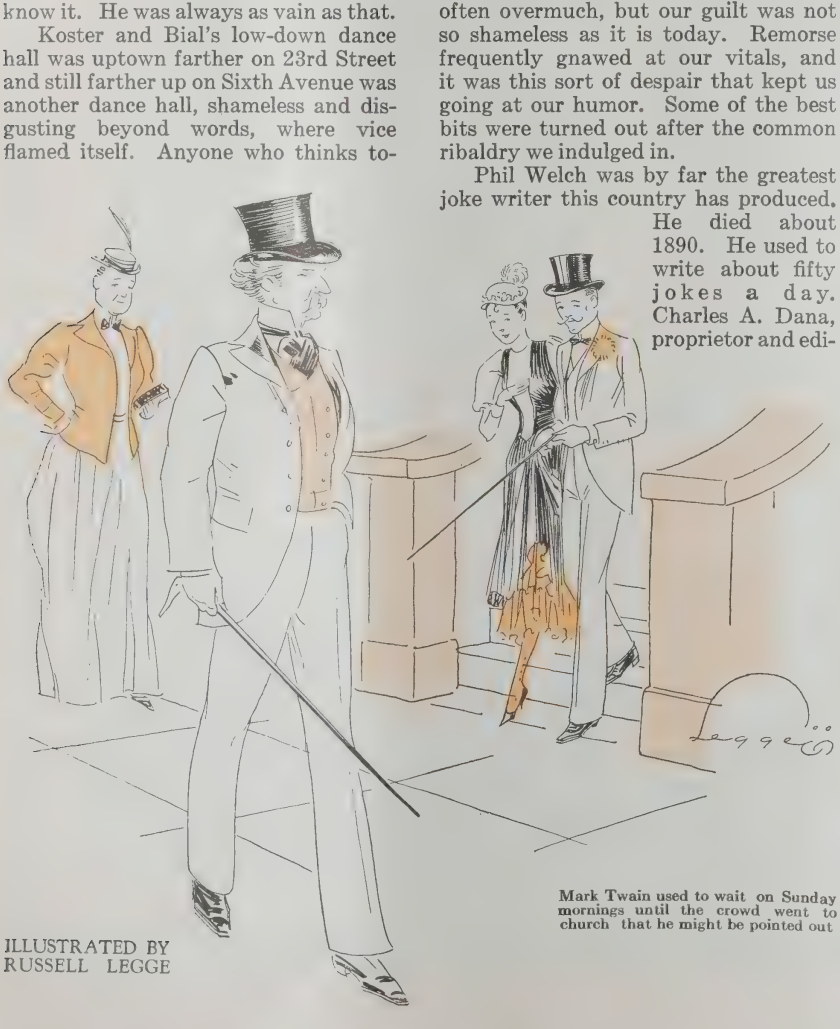
It was somewhat later than this, as I recall it, that Mark Twain came to live on lower Fifth Avenue, and used to wait on Sunday mornings until the crowd went to church and then walk up and down the avenue, that he might enjoy the pleasure of having himself pointed out and pretend that he didn't know it. He was always as vain as that.

Koster and Bial's low-down dance hall was uptown farther on 23rd Street and still farther up on Sixth Avenue was another dance hall, shameless and disgusting beyond words, where vice flamed itself. Anyone who thinks today that we have not improved should go back to those former vile spots in great cities. Personally, I think there is more realism today, more intellect, more sincerity and less actual corruption than existed in the nineties.

There was a small group of us incipient humorists, who hung onto the skirts of the newspapers and comic journals—especially *Puck* and *Harper's Bazar*—and we gained a sporadic existence by writing quatrains and other bits. Some of us lived in Brooklyn. I was guilty of that, and, when I was especially opulent after having disposed of ten or fifteen dollars' worth of witticisms, I would cross on the Wall Street ferry, and renew ties broken for a week or so, or maybe longer.

I cannot say that there was more real comradeship then than now, but it was vastly different. Our sins, which were common to all of us, were kept for our own private delectation. We drank, often overmuch, but our guilt was not so shameless as it is today. Remorse frequently gnawed at our vitals, and it was this sort of despair that kept us going at our humor. Some of the best bits were turned out after the common ribaldry we indulged in.

Phil Welch was by far the greatest joke writer this country has produced. He died about 1890. He used to write about fifty jokes a day. Charles A. Dana, proprietor and editor of the New York *Sun*, first became aware of Welch's genius, and paid him three dollars each for all the jokes he printed. Every day in the *Sun*, at the bottom of the editorial page, would appear several of Welch's jokes. After his manuscript had been returned by Mr. Dana, Welch would sell his jokes to *Harper's Bazar*, at that time edited by John Kendrick Bangs, *Life*, *Puck* and a paper called *The Epoch*, for which he wrote a weekly column of his dialogs. He had a set of characters and his dialog was invariably interesting. If he had lived today he would probably be a successful playwright. He finally succumbed to an operation and on the day he died Chester Lord, at that time managing editor of the *Sun*, received his last batch of fifty jokes, the manuscript odorous of the anesthetics.



Mark Twain used to wait on Sunday mornings until the crowd went to church that he might be pointed out

ILLUSTRATED BY RUSSELL LEGGE

### *Methods and Pay of a Joke Writer*

Welch was a very quiet, unassuming fellow. He generally got his ideas by walking up Broadway with a notebook. The signs stimulated him. He never wrote anything but dialogs, but these were extended to make miniature plays which occupied about half a page in *Puck*, or a full page with the illustration. He received fifty dollars for these plays which at that time was considered a high rate. He was a regular contributor to *Puck* and *Scribner's*. These plays, illustrated by C. J. Taylor, were afterward published in book form, but I think never sold widely.

I myself did not write any jokes until after Welch died, as I never believed I could approach his technique; but immediately thereafter I began writing for the *Sun*. I was paid at first, however, only at the rate of one dollar. *Life* had been started in 1883, and I recall quite vividly the delight with which I received from that paper the notice that 'thereafter' I would be paid at the rate of $2.50 for each joke accepted. I began to write them regularly, averaging about twenty a day, and at first my income from this source was only $18 a week, whereas Welch had made about $6,000 a year. In a few years' practice, however, I managed to raise my standard and averaged about $40 a week.

At that time there were perhaps less than half a dozen men who wrote jokes, and they were greatly in demand. Nowadays anyone who has the necessary talent for writing them uses his talent in wider directions, so that today the interminable mass of witticisms turned out by young college men are with some exceptions of a very low order, being

mostly that species of inanity termed a 'wise crack.'

Welch's technique was very characteristic and individual, and not at all in the manner of provoking a laugh. He managed in some indefinable manner always to create an atmosphere of character around each one of his dialogs, so that, although the point might not be the wittiest, they could almost invariably be read merely for the pleasure of the style. No one approached Welch in this respect, but there was a man who lived in some remote place in Vermont who, at this time, wrote a good many jokes for *Punch*. Du Maurier, who was doing illustrations for *Punch* at the time, used to illustrate a good many of this man's dialogs.

I secured my position with *Life* as literary editor in 1893 owing to the jokes I wrote for that paper. I originated a system of numbering them, so that I could tell instantly the ones which had been accepted. On one occasion I appeared in *Life* office with my book and showed them that they had omitted to return a certain joke. J. A. Mitchell, the owner and editor of the paper, was so much impressed with my businesslike method that he sent for me and asked me to take charge of the paper while he went away for the summer. My salary was to be $45 a week, but this did not include my writing, which was to be paid for at an extra rate.

I arrived at the office the following morning, my interview with Mr. Mitchell on the previous day having been confined to the following conversation:

'Can you come? I will pay you $45 a week.'

'Yes sir. When do you want me?'

'You might drop in tomorrow morning.'

When I arrived in the office ready to take up my work, Mitchell was just about to depart for his country place at Petersham, Massachusetts. He had made up three 'dummies' of the coming numbers of *Life*, at that time sixteen pages, and handed them over to me. A 'dummy' consisted of an old copy of the paper, upon which had been pinned the proofs of the humorous pictures he had accepted. I was to fill in the spaces with text.

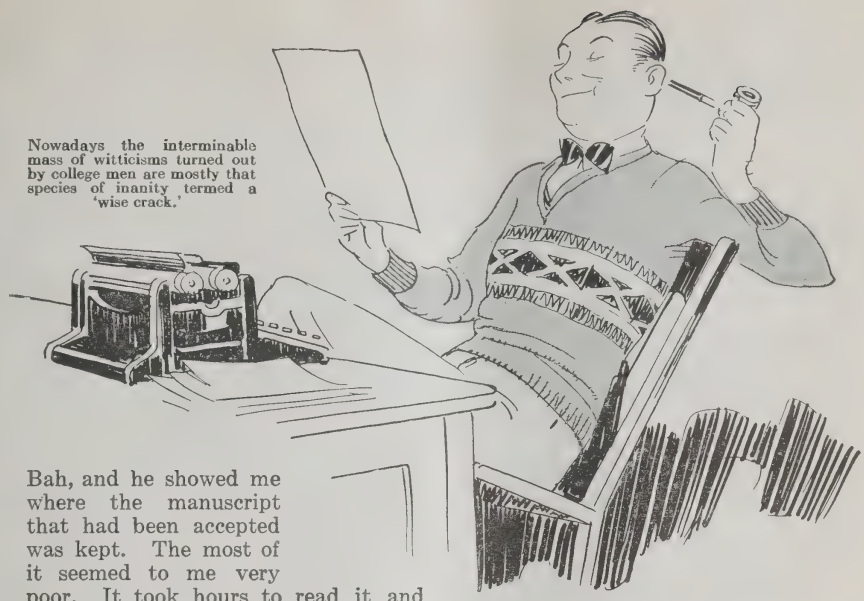
*Bids Farewell to His Carefree Days*

As he laid them down on the table in front of him, he remarked:

'Do you think you can run this paper while I am gone?'

'I'll do the best I can.'

He then got up, took his hat, shook hands with me, and walked out. I was so paralyzed with combined fright and astonishment that I couldn't think of a thing to say, before he was gone. I knew nothing about making up a paper of this sort, although I had edited other copy, notably the sermons of Thomas de Witt Talmage and the weekly letters of Bill Nye and Charles B. Lewis (M. Quad). I inquired of a young man named 'William,' who was a kind of Poo Bah, and he showed me where the manuscript that had been accepted was kept. The most of it seemed to me very poor. It took hours to read it and I then turned to the mail. In this I discovered only one thing, by a girl named Jessie Wood. I knew very well what the rate of payment was, and as Mr. Mitchell had taken the precaution to inform the cashier that my acceptances were to be honored, I had a check sent to her for a small amount, as I recall it, five dollars.



Nowadays the interminable mass of witticisms turned out by college men are mostly that species of inanity termed a 'wise crack.'

By this time it was late in the afternoon. I had been so busy with my reading that I had not thought about the practical details, until my reveries were rudely interrupted by the arrival of a messenger with a note from J. J. Little, the printer. The substance of it was short and sweet:

'Where is next week's dummy?'

'Tomorrow morning,' I replied, and spent the rest of the waning day and part of the evening completing my task. On top of this I made up the best dummy I could, putting Jessie Wood's verses in a prominent place. Early the next day I repaired to the office and plant of the printer which in those days was located just north of the Brooklyn Bridge, off Park Row. Mr. Little, who was undoubtedly one of the best printers this country has produced, looked me over carefully and briefly and I fancy dismissed me as being undersized and incompetent. However, he gave me a schedule of the hours that he expected his dummies and returned proofs, all of which I carefully noted.

The following day Jessie Wood appeared in the office. She was plainly excited at the acceptance of her manuscript. She was an English girl, a kind of feminine waif who had drifted to this country and had been knocked about fairly well. She handed me another piece of verse, which I promptly accepted. Thereafter she became a regular, but somewhat intermittent contributor, eventually going on to the *Evening World*, where she achieved a highly enviable local reputation.

A little later than her debut in *Life*, she wrote a play, and not having any money, arranged to take the principal part herself. She lived in miserable quarters near lower Broadway, but enlisted her friends for the various parts and actually produced this play under her own rented roof. As I recall it, it was a terrible performance. Jessie Wood was a very talented young woman, and had she lived, I have no doubt that today she would be a very prominent writer. As it was, she faded out with tuberculosis.

The first number of *Life* under my literary dispensation came out about a week later. An advance copy was sent to Mitchell in Petersham, and he was good enough to write me immediately that it was the best number he had seen, and to keep it up. Encouraged by this, I promptly scrapped most of the accumulated manuscript and scurried around town to get new copy. I was very freshly married at the time, and the advent of twins in my household kept me preoccupied, but in spite of this I managed to get together a small circle of would-be geniuses.

Mitchell, without any formality, which was foreign to him, had given me *carte blanche* to accept what manuscripts I wanted, but he kept a rigid hand over the contributing artists, and for several years after my advent always insisted on making up the pictorial part of the paper himself. He would wait until the paper was set up and then go over the page proofs with a microscopic eye. If anything did not please him, he would snort with rage and order it killed. This was only on very rare occasions.

One day I picked out of the mail a manuscript from a man named Gillilan, with the title *Off Agin On Agin*. I read it with a fine glow of delight. It was rather long for verse, but I had no doubt about taking it, although it did not quite fit into our atmosphere. I liked it so much that I had it set in a prominent place at the top of one of the first pages.

(*Concluded on page 27*)

# Islam Aims at World Domination

## Consolidation of Moslemism Inspires Conference at Mecca

By THOMAS CHALMERS WHYTE

THE most important Mohammedan conference of many years assembles at Mecca in concern for the Holy Places of Islam and the welfare of the pilgrims to these.

The Holy Places and the pilgrims —two pictures flash to memory at the phrase. The first is of the deck of a tramp steamer out of Jeddah for Singapore. On that sizzling deck, under the blazing sun, are packed six hundred pilgrims. The deck might have accommodated four hundred 'comfortably.' They had paid their fares at the gangway as they embarked, those six hundred of the returning faithful who had been to Mecca. The ship supplied them with water only, for drinking, and a mere ration of that.

*Smallpox Hits Overcrowded Pilgrim Ship*

We had just cleared the well-named 'Hell's Gates' and laid a course for Colombo when it came . . . smallpox! The Chinese crew rigged little isolation pens for the patients, but their friends crawled in at night to visit them . . . The sharks that trailed and escorted the ship; the first bodies that were shot overside with old fire bars at the feet; the other bodies that were slipped overside when there were no more fire bars; the lunging twist of the sea monsters as they rose and seized and dived: these are not the most deeply drawn lines of the picture. Deepest of all is the memory of the strange, glowing endurance of the survivors, who, devoid of frenzy or of panic, called upon Allah and with amazing content awaited what might come.

The second picture is of a wild pagan town in remote West Central Africa, and a market place in which were gathered at least four thousand fetish-worshiping savages. Of all places in that region, that was one in which the life of an unarmed stranger possessed not the value of the proverbial straw.

*The Force of the Moslem Faith*

It was toward evening, and the pagans, their barter over, were about to depart and ready for any diversion. Suddenly, right in their midst, a tall young Mohammedan trader—one of those solitary pioneers from a thousand miles to northward, to whom no depth of the black equatorial region was too dark—placed his prayer-mat on the ground, laid aside his weapons with steady deliberation, and uplifted his voice to Allah in the routine prayers of the faithful. He was at very close quarters with death at that moment . . . but, it was the hour of prayer! The force of the Mohammedan faith!

Upon the conservation of this force the conference at Mecca is centered, and the field of consideration is wide. There is not a political nor geographic sore point in Asia Minor which is not touched when one considers the care of the Holy Places of Islam, and the welfare of the pilgrims involves consideration of all conditions affecting the entire sweep of the wide Islamic realms. In short, the most remarkable Mohammedan convention that Mecca has seen for a long time will review Islam's position as a whole, at an interesting stage, and with the most noteworthy Mohammedan figures of many years in the picture.

Kemal Pasha, in the forefront of progressive Mohammedanism and open-eyed to the demands of modern national consolidation, has sent two delegates to bear his views. To the wider world, he is the best-known figure in Islam; but at the conference in person will be one other notable Mohammedan, of whom it is believed in many quarters that no more forceful exponent of Islam has appeared since that Mohammed of the Senussi who founded the Mussulman Brotherhood about a century ago, the fighting chief of the Wahabi.

*Wahabi Leader Credited With Great Capacity*

Ibn Saud, this Wahabi leader, is difficult to know. Since he suddenly assembled his fighting men, not so long ago, and smashed his way to Mecca to assure himself that the shrine city should be in firm Mohammedan hands —his own—he has been a person of much interest to many inquisitive outsiders. Nevertheless, the little that is known of him is of hearsay character from his admiring friends, of whom he has hordes. They credit him with a fervid Mohammedanism and great capacity. He has been quoted as a keen and outspoken critic of the progressive urge in Turkey in so far as it might affect Mohammedanism: 'Without Mohammedanism, what is Turkey?

'Do the Powers consider Turkey and court her, even, because of her ten millions of people? The consideration she gets is won for her by the belief that she has all Islam behind her. The real defenders of Turkey are the Islamic peoples in distant possessions of the Powers. If Turkey retains her place in Mohammedanism, the defense remains.' They say of him, further, that in cold analysis of political affairs he carries a mighty conviction and counsels constructive patience: 'The bombing airplane holds Mesopotamia. The bombing airplane will hold the Riff. The superior weapon wins against the superior people lacking it. There is no merit in a superior people beating itself to atoms against the superior weapon. Preserve and build up your people and the Faith.' These are the most striking of the points made by his admirers. Islam has taken note of him, and Turkey is very much aware of him.

In reviewing recent developments in Islam, the conference will have a record of much success and some seeming defeats. Mohammedanism continues to make ground, everywhere. The numbers of the faithful are swelling. A quarter of a century ago, in Africa south of the equator, a million Moslems might have been found, but the figure would have been questioned as an overestimate.

*Numbers of Faithful Are Swelling*

Late last year, as the result of a careful survey carried out in behalf of a church body in South Africa, the statement was made that there were now *six millions of Moslems in South Africa*, and the figure may be regarded already as an understatement. There are nearly as many Moslems in Russia now as there are in Turkey proper. China has almost six millions. In the much disputed territories of the Sudan, the Nationalism born of distant Egyptian centers of political development may be making little progress, but essential Mohammedanism is filtering in and will raise crops which in time may fully justify to Islam the counsels of constructive patience and Mohammedanism first.

It is doubtful whether, in reviewing such defeats as have been inflicted upon Moslem peoples in recent wars, the conference at Mecca will find cause for despondency. In the ending of the Riff war, Mohammedanism as such has gained, inasmuch as a long-drawn, hopeless waste of Moslem life against 'the superior weapon' has stopped. It is no depreciation of French arms to state that three factors operated in ending the war in the Riff—French arms, Moslem counsels from out with the Riff in the interests of 'Sarikat Islam,' and Spanish arms. Modern fighting equipment could have reached Abd el Krim through other Mohammedan countries to whom it was offered for sale by agents of both Oriental and Occidental manufacturers; but the heart of Islam departed from the struggle, which had passed quite out of accord with the longer view and the wider policy which takes cognizance of the welfare of Islam as a whole.

*Heart of Islam Departed From Struggle*

Doubtless the French have heard,

over. How much of Africa north of the equator have the Powers actually *secured?* It is a wise power that makes no new martyrs!

A new slogan is being heard throughout Islam in these days. It is but a whispered phrase, and it is not so new, though its wider use is eloquent of the spreading consciousness of Islamic unity: 'Sarikat Islam.' It is heard from beyond the Burman frontier down to distant Java, and from Afghanistan to the Niger Delta. There has been much puzzling over its meaning and significance. It represents, meantime, nothing more than a gain to Islam in the acceptance of the idea of a Moslem interest greater than the personal, the local, the tribal and even the national. It means, literally, if I have not forgotten my Haussa tongue, 'Islam First!' or, equally literally, 'Islam Dominant!'

***Conference Is Step Forward***

To the wider Islamic view, the conference in itself represents one of the greatest of recent forward steps. Delegates from practically every quarter of the great regions of Islam are there, not merely as individual enthusiasts but as representatives duly appointed. In this conference, peoples long separated by local antagonisms, by fostered differences, or by self-will, and others parceled apart by more recent external force, *unite by mutual arrangement.*

Modernism, Nationalism—all the surface elements and developmental phases of the spreading lands of Islam—acknowledge here the higher platform and the greater interest: the conservation of a mighty religious force. The mutual arrangement is significant indeed. For many years it has been impossible of achievement, even if the need of it had been realized.

The revival of Islam and the policy animating it, described in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT two years ago, is following the lines forecast. No greater expression of the deepening of the consciousness of essential Mohammedan unity has been given in two decades. The fostering process is showing its value: 'Sarikat Islam!' With the tendency to organize on modern lines—to guide its affairs by a council of the peoples rather than through a figurehead—Mohammedanism in its concern for the care of its Holy Places and its pilgrims would seem to declare that the first regard of its millions must be —the faith.

Islam closes its ranks.

*'A group of enemy planes had been wreaking havoc on our planes. Guynemer and I were ordered to see what we could do. We decided to go up separately. The decision as to who should go up first was left to a cast of the dice . . . I won . . . I had not long to wait. The fight began at once.'*

*Thus starts the second story by Captain Alfred Heurtaux, the great French ace—a feature of next week's* DEARBORN INDEPENDENT.

# A Negro Views His Own Race

FROM A WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT

THE other day Charles Plummer came into the office. Plummer is a full-blooded Negro and is proud of the fact. He has devoted his life to the problems of his people and has arrived at an exceptional understanding of them. He is striving for racial advancement, amity and good will.

In the first place, Plummer is the representative of The Lowery Institute and Industrial School, of Mayesville, South Carolina. He came into the office armed with letters from Congressmen and Senators, including some of those from his own and other Southern States—showing that he has the support of the leading whites of his state. He is a preacher, and one of the old-school type of Southern negro, with a personality that grasps a Southerner, like myself, immediately. He is trying to advance the interests of his school, where about 210 Southern negro children were enrolled during 1926. This school is undenominational, but Christian; it has bought a 200-acre tract of land, and is teaching these colored boys and girls of the South how to live, giving them an education along with their work. Their products help to pay their way as they go.

He did not have to 'sell' me the idea; that he is on the right track cannot be doubted: but I wanted him to discuss the problems of his people, as he saw them, and explain the remedies he would apply. He was not only willing, but ready to talk.

'This is my general outline of the conditions in the South,' he began, 'and what I believe would solve the negro problem. I have advised the negro to stay home on election day and dig potatoes. His vote doesn't count for anything. He only starts trouble. No negro can possibly come to Congress from South Carolina, so why start trouble?'

***Does Not Want a Negro in Congress***

'That is probably true,' agreed I, 'but enlarge a little.'

'Well, for instance, I was talking to some gentlemen a few days ago. They feel that the colored man is getting too far away from the Republican party. I told them he is not far enough away from it. In articles last year I advised the negro to drop it. I told them that I personally did not want to see a negro in Congress.'

'What was your reason for that advice?' I asked.

'For the reason that a negro Congressman can do us no good,' he declared. 'He certainly can do us a lot of harm. He will stand on the floor of Congress and try to demand something. What has he got to back up his demands? When they tried to send a negro to Congress in place of Mr. Madden, of Chicago, I told them they were wrong. Why, no negro can go to Congress and help his race like Mr. Madden can.'

'Do you propose to eliminate your race from politics?' I inquired.

'Yes, and no. I once told Senator Curtis that if the negro of the South has to come into politics, let him come in knowing what it means. He does not know now. When he goes to the polls now he doesn't know what he is voting. Someone will give him a couple of dollars or a bottle of corn liquor and tell him how to vote — perhaps, they will even mark his ballot for him. In preference to this, I would rather see my people stay away from the polls. I have a proposition I think would help, which I will explain briefly, but let me speak first of another phase or two in connection with our whole racial problem.'

***Negro's Vote Is Now Wasted***

'One of our greatest problems is the 3,500,000 mixed blood, or mulattoes, we have among us. The unfortunate thing about them is that they are not satisfied to be black men and women. They feel that they are a little bit better than the kinky-headed black—that they are a little nearer to the white. The social castes among the American negroes give us a great deal of trouble.

'Again, the colored people of the North cause us some concern. They feel that they are a little bit better than the colored people of the South—perhaps that is because they believe they have a little more freedom. They do not seem to realize that the Southern black has something they do not have. As much as some Southern people may declaim against the negro as a race, any colored man in the South who is worth while has a white friend. The Southern white and black have a much better understanding of each other than they do in the North. Oh, Northerners may make a lot of pretenses, some of them may declare that they are willing to associate with the black, but when the two get together both find that neither of them has what he thought. We have too many people trying to make our people believe they are what they are not. I have as little sympathy for the white man who will go to live with blacks as I have for the black who will go to live with whites. That is not the solution of *(Concluded on page 22)*

# The Voyage of the Victoria

## WRECK of the SANTIAGO

*Eighth of a Series*



They told of huge Patagonians swallowing arrows, dragon-like birds carrying off great animals, terrible sea-creatures, and what might be a species of mermaid.

BY CHARLES J. FINGER
WOODCUTS BY PAUL HONORÉ

THERE are strange things to be said of race memory. Tales have been handed down from generation to generation through hundreds of years, some of them with a basis of truth easily verifiable, some with a ring of truth for which we can find no foundation. I have heard men say that Patagonian Indians have been known to tell a misty story recounting how, 'before there were horses in the world,' white men touched Patagonia, killed their own people, gave gifts to the Indians, then, by treachery stole the Indians away. Whether there is any such tale extant I do not know, but the outline has resemblance to the story of what actually happened at St. Julian while the fleet wintered there.

For native Patagonians came down to the coast in curiosity. Pigafetta, in one of those freakish fits of wild inaccuracy to which he was subject, records that 'they were so tall that we only came up to their waistbands,' which would make them between eleven and twelve feet in height. The Genoese pilot is more observant, his description being true to this day: 'They have not got houses; they only go about from one place to another; they eat meat nearly raw; they are all archers and kill many animals with arrows, and with the skins they make clothes. Wherever night finds them, there they sleep; they carry their wives along with them with all the chattels they possess.' Pigafetta makes note that the natives were 'dressed in the skins of an animal cleverly sewn together,' evidently referring to *capas* made from the skins of the *huanaco*, stitched together with ostrich sinews, similar to those made to this day. But Pigafetta also describes what he calls '*luogho di purgarsi*,' telling of the habit of 'thrusting arrows down their throats as a purgative!' That may have been a mere trick, comparable to the trick of a sword swallower. Still, it was good enough as a wonder to please those at home seeking a new sensation, and de Bry afterward used it to great effect in his so-called *History of Oriental India* (1598), painting Magellan navigating a narrow strait, but sailing eastward instead of westward, huge Patagonians swallowing arrows, dragon-like birds carrying off great animals, terrible sea-creatures, and what may be a species of mermaid. It is needless to say that the imaginary thing found ready credence, and to this day the Patagonian giant notion persists. The truth is that the Patagonian does not average more than any other race of men. I rarely met a Tehuelchean more than six feet in height. Sometimes a slight twist or change of a word has been responsible for the sending of a long-lived lie into history. Thus there were historians who twisted a conquistadore's statement, '*desde lejos parecen Gigantes*,' which means 'from a distance they looked like giants,' into 'they were giants.'

What happened in connection with Magellan's dealings with the natives is this, in brief. Two of the natives, quite unsuspicious, went on board, and Magellan decided to capture them as prisoners. So their arms were piled with gifts; then, as they turned to leave, thus loaded, sailors leaped upon them, chained them hands and feet, and carried them away. That piece of treachery, it is said, has passed into Patagonian folklore, with the white men figuring as cannibals, though I have not heard the story at first hand.

'When they saw the trick which had been played upon them,' writes Pigafetta, 'they began to be enraged, and to foam like bulls, crying out very loud, *Setebos*, that is to say, the great devil, that he should help them.' How Pigafetta knew the meaning of the sounds the Indians used, and how he came at a mythology through them, is a mystery. Presently he tells us that in the Patagonian mythopoesy, the lesser devils under *Setebos* are called *Cheleule*. Then, 'this one who was in the ship with us, told us by signs that he had seen devils with two horns on their heads, and long hair down to their feet, who threw out fire from their mouths and rumps.' Comment is needless. Any intelligent man who will make the experiment of sitting down to convey all that 'by signs' to another of equal intelligence will find himself exhausted in the effort. However, from the passage quoted, Shakespeare gained an idea and so gave Caliban, in *The Tempest*, his god.

There was a later attempt on the part of the seamen to capture women, but a Patagonian arrow killed one of the *Trinidad's* men, Diego de Barrasa, and the natives suffered no further molestation. But the affair had its effect in the way of striking fear into the hearts of the seamen, for when Magellan sent out an exploring party, they went no farther than the nearest hill, which must have been one of the foothills of Mount Sholl, and there they erected a cross and so returned. Had they climbed the mountain, much later trouble would have been avoided.

Of the five ships beached for cleaning and repair, the little *Santiago* was first finished. Knowing, as a masterful executive, that the maintaining of interest is half the battle, he prepared the *Santiago* for an exploring expedition, Serrao in command. The cruise was to be to the south. Every opening in the coast was to be examined, and in the event of the strait being reached, it was not to be explored, but the *Santiago* was to return to report. At the end of April, the expedition started.

From St. Julian Bay the coast line falls away in a great curve to the estuary of the river Santa Cruz, then by a reverse curve to what is known as Coy Inlet. Roughly, it would be a sixty-mile sail from St. Julian to the Santa Cruz River. Arrived there on the third day, Serrao dropped anchor and it was nine days before they left. It is a swift-flowing, crystal-clear stream, abounding in fish, and must have been exceptionally pleasing to the men after all that irritation of incessant toil in

the cleaning and provisioning of the ships. Had Serrao continued his cruise, with fair winds he could hardly have missed the discovery of the sought-for strait. Following the course of Magellan, though without anchoring at night and without exploring any inlets, I made the sail from St. Julian to the strait in four days. But comparison is unfair, as I knew my route and objective point. Unfortunately, Serrao did not explore the river, for, had he done so, within less than a day's rowing from where he anchored he would have found an easy fording place, which knowledge might have been valuable a little later. Or, continuing the list of unfortunate circumstances, had Magellan's men ascended Mount Sholl they would have gained a knowledge of the lay of the land. However, it is easy to be wise in the light of hindsight, and idle to speculate with dogmatic severity upon what might have resulted had something occurred that did not occur. If Serrao was weak in one place, he showed plenty of noble zeal and self-sacrifice in another.

Sailing south again in time, when they were abreast of a promontory, which must have been Cape Redondo, the most likely place of banks and shoals extending far out, they met disaster. They were hugging the shore closely when a strong southeast breeze blew up. At a critical moment the rudder post gave way and the ship went ashore. All gained land except a negro. 'Saved by a miracle,' writes Pigafetta, 'for they were hardly wet at all,' though the miraculous nature of the affair diminishes when conditions are visualized. For when so small a ship as the *Santiago* runs bow on to a sandy spit, and when that spit is in the shelter of another cape, as Redondo is in the lee of Punta Norte, safe landing is not much more of a difficulty than many thousand New England or Norwegian fisher folk encounter in the ordinary day's work. But there was no getting the ship off, and when the wind shifted and the Atlantic rollers came roaring and bullying, the old and timber-strained craft broke up with the pounding. So all the next day the shipwrecked men were kept busy dragging the wreckage and jetsam high up the beach.

Romantic-minded writers have enlarged on the shipwreck of the *Santiago* and some have grown sentimental about the hardships endured. But what are the facts? The men were unhurt and in good physical condition. Moreover, they were within no more than 120 miles walking distance from the fleet and the base of supplies. Three or four days' tramping would have seen them in St. Julian, and the difficulties of the march would have been no greater than might be found in a walk along part of the shore of Lake Michigan. But instead of setting off at once, they stayed about the scene of the wreck for eight days; and when at last they did start, they burdened themselves with timbers with which to make a raft at Santa Cruz. As might be expected, much of that burden they threw away before they went very far. It took them four days to get to Santa Cruz River, a distance of about sixty miles, and there they camped, waiting for help. Two of the party were sent on to St. Julian. But they made a long journey of what should have been a short one, following the seashore instead of cutting across the semicircle, and so took eleven days to travel sixty miles, arriving 'in a state of terrible exhaustion.' Had Magellan's scouts, when sent to explore the territory adjacent to St. Julian Bay, climbed the inconsiderable mountain in sight of the ships, they would have seen the land outspread at their feet as on a map. Two days' march of thirty miles a day would have sufficed to put the party at Santa Cruz within hail of the fleet. There was ineptitude somewhere.

Magellan sent a rescue party back to Santa Cruz River, by land, carrying provisions and wine. That party, which numbered twenty-four men, also followed the beach line, and at least 'it speaks well for the courage and endurance of the Spanish that they eventually reached the fleet without the loss of a single man,' says one historian. Another construction might well be that the 'miracle' of the shipwreck, as Pigafetta put it, was a very ordinary affair tremendously exaggerated, and that all the difficulties and dangers were largely imaginary. And yet, while all of them were scared stiff, as we would say, full of fear lest 'cannibals' leap on them, or starvation stalk them, or fierce animals beset their path, not a word was raised in protest when, two weeks before the fleet started south, Juan de Cartagena and the priest were set ashore to face those perils, wholly imaginary, which took the heart out of the wrecked men, making spiritless cowards of them.




Of the five ships beached for cleaning, the *Santiago* was the first finished. Magellan prepared the *Santiago* for an exploring expedition, to be to the South.

On Saturday, August 24, 1520, the fleet left St. Julian. The men of the *Santiago* were distributed among the other ships. Serrao was given command of the *Concepcion*, Alvaro de Mesquita was captain of the *San Antonio*, and Duarte Barbosa was made master of the *Victoria*, Magellan commanding the *Trinidad*. So at last Magellan had matters his own way and there was no king's appointee to challenge him.

Two days' sail took them to Santa Cruz where the fleet again dropped anchor for two months, passing the

time in salvaging what was left of the *Santiago*, and in catching and curing fish.

(It has been said that the river Santa Cruz offered tremendous difficulties in the way of passage, and one writer has referred to it as a 'river with a terrible current, three or four miles wide.' I have crossed it in a canoe, and a day's ride upstream, by fording. The general width of the river is between three hundred and four hundred yards; its current runs at about six miles an hour. Magellan seems to have been quite incurious about the river, having ascertained that it was no strait. Following its course upstream for twelve days, my party sighted the Andes. We were then, I suppose, about sixty miles' distance from the nearest reach of the Pacific. Going south a few days' journey, three or four, we came to the great inland sea known as Ultima Esperanza, which joins with the Pacific. From there, five days' journey took us to a point from which we could survey the straits from the second narrows as far as Broad Reach.)




Until Magellan had freed himself from those appointed by the king, he was wicked, persecuting, despotic, bitter and suspicious. All that frightfulness at St. Julian was not formalized discipline, but individual resentment, and it is foolish to try to excuse it, as does one historian, by saying that 16th Century matters cannot be judged by present-day standards. The case of Drake shows that barbarism was not the only practice. Brutish violence did not mark the doings of many of the conquistadores. Vindictiveness was not the compelling force in the cases of Caesar, or Columbus, or Vasco Nunez, or Ptolemy Soter. To be sure Magellan possessed resolution and purpose, but we are not justified in ignoring the unlovely aspects of his character. He had a disease of character. It was an intense egotism which made him utterly regardless of the rights of others. He was devoid of chivalrous feeling. He was without that self-discipline, or high breeding. He was ethically defective just as Villon was, or as Frederick II was when he declared that he would die happy if he could inflict on his enemies more evils than he had suffered from them.



And yet, when the fleet sailed south leaving Juan de Cartagena and the priest to face those perils which had made spiritless cowards of the men, not one word was raised in protest.

# Pulpit a Bulletin Board?

(*Concluded from page 5*)

organizations whose salaried officials distribute these documents and call for action. Ministers are persuaded or almost bullied into calling upon their members to write to their Representatives in Congress to pass this or that bill.

I say again and perhaps for the hundredth time that I think all this may have become necessary. We have had to make it safe for men in legislative bodies to vote for those bills which represented the moral sense of the community. We had to go further and make it dangerous to a legislator not to do what the better people in his district demanded by compelling him to face the prospect of defeat if he permitted the underworld to control his vote. At the same time we have very nearly forgotten how to uplift the community by teaching men to love righteousness and hate iniquity and be strong enough to resist temptation.

### *Jeremiah Found a Remedy*

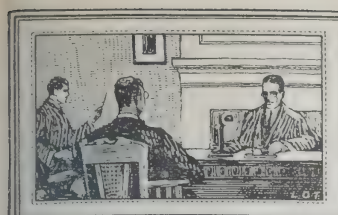
The Prophet Jeremiah is one of the clearest thinkers as well as one of the most courageous heroes in the Old Testament. He lived in a time when law collapsed and government went to pieces. It became impossible to enforce laws and he saw the moral chaos which resulted. He was unterrified. He said that something better was coming. He declared that God would put his law into men's hearts and write his precepts in their inward parts and there should be no need for penalties or prohibitions, for all men would do right for the love of right.

Jeremiah was enunciating the only principle on which a democracy can ever be stable. Ultimately we must put the spirit of the law into men's hearts or all law must fail.

It is difficult to imagine Jesus going before a legislative committee and asking for better legislation. He did no tinkering with laws. His kingdom was not of this world, but of the inner spiritual life of men. He wrought no reforms by legislation; he sought to bring men into loving, willing conformity with the will of God, and to make them friendly and helpful to their fellow men.

The Gospel, as Jesus taught it, was not privative but constructive, it dealt with the inner life of men. Unlike the Ten Commandments which are necessarily negative and prohibitive, His beatitudes concerned themselves with the inherent blessedness of mercy and kindness and meekness and purity of heart.

I have done my full share of preaching in favor of righteousness and temperance and human welfare. I have actively supported most of the moral reforms that have seemed to me to have any legitimate claim upon the pulpit. I have no apology to offer for any of this activity. I could even say I am glad and proud of what I have done in this direction. Nevertheless, I have believed all the time and believe more than ever that *the pulpit must guard itself with very great earnestness against becoming the cat's-paw for propaganda in any form.* The preacher is a prophet of Almighty God and not the propagandist even of good causes. It is his duty to teach men to be honest and upright and generous and courteous and clean-minded and to love God and their fellow men. If he can induce them to do this, there will be less need of law and he will have less time to meddle with it.



# CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'What the Chicago diversion of water out of Lake Michigan means is better told after a trip to Quebec,' observed ***the Middle Westerner*** as he dropped into The Office on his way home from his vacation trip. 'You hear and see them blasting among the rocks of the bottoms around Quebec and you ask what they are doing. "Why, it is becoming so shallow here that ships can no longer pass—the Lakes are so low—so we are getting ready to be the great harbor." That means that instead of "inland seas," as we have been calling our Lakes, we shall see our ocean inlet cease at Quebec.

'I have looked into the matter from the Chicago end, and I have yet to find my first scintilla of civic spirit in it all. Chicago is graft-mad. In this whole question I have found no smallest evidence of a conception of what the Lakes mean to America's life; I have found no disposition to look at the question in a scientific way; I have found nothing but a madly intense determination to push through a plan which at its utmost promises only a big increase of political jobs in the vicinity of Chicago. Chicago commits a crime against civilization in ever attempting to send her sewage down past the cities of Illinois. If the full story of this barbarous method were published in American newspapers (of course, it is far too physically nasty for print; only the morally nasty is fit to print!) the indictment would be felt to be not against Chicago alone but against our common civilization. The stench in the streets of some Illinois cities south of Chicago is worse than anything experienced in China where they spread their filth openly on garden and field.

'This question has never yet been approached in its proper aspect. When it is, the present squabble of politicians will be swept to one side. The moral right of eminent domain and a national suppression of the anti-national, unneighborly and destructive spirit shown by certain Chicagoans, would fully justify any regulatory action on the part of a Government. You know Chicago puzzles all of us these days.'

ɤ ɤ ɤ

We were sitting at a little table on the green, ***Seven of Us in Committee,*** and, as usual in such gatherings when conversation insensibly slips off the business on hand to some off-side interest, so it was now.

The subject was real estate. There had been a good deal of very energetic subdividing and selling round about and, as some of us thought, no little misrepresentation. People had thought they were buying within four miles of the city hall, when indeed they were buying fifteen miles away, and the salesman was asked how he justified his statement. He airily replied that they weren't counting the big city hall any more, but the city hall that would some day be built in the city which should cover his own subdivision! So it came to pass that someone asked if there were no ways of warning the people against such things.

'I know how you feel about it,' said ***the Business Man,*** 'but it is always a question with me whether, with all our good intentions, warnings do any good. I don't mean that people will not heed them; I mean that they probably will heed them and lose. Now, take the case you just mentioned: who here would undertake to warn a man not to buy land fifteen miles from two million people? I wouldn't. When I think of the fortunes in real estate that I have turned down by being too careful, I don't feel competent to advise anybody—least of all against investment in land. Why, I remember'—and here ***the Business Man*** went on to describe in a very diverting manner some of his own experiences, and they were of such a nature that all seven of us knew how true they were.

'You see,' he went on, 'there are some sharks, some foreshortened maps, some printed plats that omit or distort important details, but as a rule the buying of one or two lots has a stabilizing effect on people. Real estate is becoming a high-type business, due to the character and insistence of the best men in it. And though in some cases a person may pay for land more than it is worth today, no one can tell how much it may be worth in five years. The marvelous extension of range permitted by the automobile has caused people to go a hundred miles or more for week-ends, with a consequent effect on real estate prices far out from our larger cities. That's the reason, brother, why I would not care to be party to any warning to folks—we may be warning them away from the best thing for them.'

ɤ ɤ ɤ

'I saw an unusual sight the other night,' said ***the Man From the Other Room.*** 'It was eight-and-twenty railroad presidents sitting in a row. Someone said that never before have so many presidents been on view, at one and the same time, before the public. They were old men and young men, tall men and short men, some famous and others—well, not so famous. You could not always go by appearance, either. Some of the most impressive looking men were presidents of the smaller lines. The least significant looking of them all—until you saw his eyes—was head of one of our greatest railway systems. He had come up from the ranks. And he ran his railroad without letting his banker owners run him. I hope I'm not a snob, or anything like that, but I confess I was glad to be able to see so many railroad presidents sitting in a row and eating their dinner. I ate the same dinner and it was, oh, just a trifle below ordinary, perhaps.

'They talked about rather practical things. They didn't boast much. They were under no constraint. I suppose they bore the same relation to each other as if they had been yardmasters of various roads. But they did seem to pride themselves on giving better service. They claimed that they did, and I think the claim is justified. They visualized what better service meant to American business in general. It gave to me, a layman, a rather different view of railway service. I thought it simply meant lots of trains and all of them on time. But being on time, or cutting down the time, means millions of dollars. If train service is slow and uncertain, merchants must carry heavier stocks, and consequently tie up more money uselessly on their shelves. Where railway service is speedy, merchants can carry less stock, order more frequently, do business on less capital, make quicker turnovers, and give the public the benefit of the resulting economies. Thus it comes that good railway service may be instrumental in cutting down the big interest load of the country.

'One thing, however, I was warned against. The presidents were congratulating themselves on the passage of some bill—I forget the name—which they said prevented railway strikes in the future. It sounded fine, put in just that way. A wise man at my elbow, not wishing an innocent outsider to be taken in, whispered to me that what the bill really meant was that the presidents and the railway union workers could get together and raise wages and charge it to the public without the public having a say one way or the other. The 'no strike' bill had another aspect, you see. But why drag in suspicion? The point is worth filing away until we see how the new bill operates.'

ɤ ɤ ɤ

'Here's something I read that I want you to print,' said the ***Man from Philadelphia*** as he came into The Office. 'It's by William Lyon Phelps, and *Scribner's* had the courage to print it. It deals with a situation that you have commented on editorially.'

He held forth a passage from Phelps' department, 'As I Like It.' Here it is:

'New York stage plays attacking Protestant ministers, missionaries, and evangelists are becoming more and more common. The reason Catholic priests are not attacked is not that these dramatists love the Catholics, but that they are afraid to attack them. It requires no courage to attempt to befoul any Protestant clergyman. A favorite line of assault is to pretend that religious excitement—like a "revival"—is sexual. Now the sex-excitement really exists not in the evangelist, but in the mind of the dramatist. Imagine the late D. L. Moody conducting a religious revival because he was what these playwrights would have us believe! The minds of this kind of playwright are so obsessed by sex-excitement that they are forever seeing it where it has no objective existence. When Tolstoi maintained that Beethoven's *Kreutzer Sonata* was full of sex-excitement, he merely revealed his own mind. He made no contribution to music criticism, because what he said had no connection with the facts. Beethoven's splendid sonata—an example of healthy, unclouded genius—remained after the publication of Tolstoi's novel exactly as it was before; but Tolstoi gave himself away, all the sex-excitement being not in Beethoven, but in the Russian's mind. I am becoming a little weary of those who cannot think of a church steeple, or religion, or Beethoven, without sex. I wish they would wash their linen in their own backyard.'

# Under the White Tops With 'Gil' PART IV

## Tales of the Time When People Traveled for Days to See the Circus, and Slave-Traders Followed the Show

By HARRY E. BARNET

THE performance of John Robinson's Circus was in full swing when Gil Robinson, the world's oldest living circus man, strolled into the big top. And at about the moment he seated himself, the band ceased playing. Mounted upon a white Arabian stallion, a girl, singing, rode into the arena. The animal pranced daintily around the hippodrome track. The girl paused before Gil, and curtseyed to him from the back of her mount. The horse also curtseyed, flexing his right foreleg and nodding his head several times. White pigeons fluttered from all parts of the big top, and alighted upon her head, shoulders, and arms, as well as upon the sleek neck and broad back of the stallion.

The song finished, the pair moved on. A crowd of clowns, grinning broadly at Gil, began their antics.

'They've resorted to the methods of the clowns of the old-time circus,' Gil said, half to himself. 'From about the time that my father founded this show more than a hundred years ago, to well up in the seventies, when circus canvas got so big that the clowns couldn't be very intimate with their audiences any more, and had to depend largely on pantomime, our principal clown was always a finished Shakespearean actor and a singer of funny songs.

'Dan Rice was with us off and on. And John Lowlow was with us for years. They were famous Shakespearean clowns. The principal clown in those days recited the soliloquy from Hamlet, for instance: "Alas! Poor Yorick! I knew him well." That was done very seriously. It was followed by something very ridiculous. Then the clown sang a funny song. We had only one principal clown at a time, of course, and he got up little song books, and sold them to the audiences. That was his privilege. He got a fixed amount as salary, and the privilege of making that extra money. Shakespearean clowns disappeared during the era when the American people wanted everything big—big ships, big circuses, big everything.

'Fifty and sixty and seventy years ago, when we took this show over the country by wagons,' Gil went on, 'there were few roads. We built most of them as we went along. And our wagons were always getting hopelessly stuck in the mud. Oftentimes, when we built roads through swamps in the South, the wagons slid off into the water and muck. To save them, we would throw out trunks and trapezes and whatever else was in the wagons, and abandon it. Sometimes half the show hadn't arrived in a place when it was time to start the performance, so we would go ahead and do the best we could under the circumstances. But we never could start a performance without the principal clown. Everything else could be missing, but he had to be ready to go into the ring. He was of more importance to the audiences of those days—and, of course, to the show, from the ticket-wagon standpoint—than the fanciest bareback rider. We put the name of the clown on our advertising, such as it was; featured him, you know, just like any other first-class performer. His salary was very big for those days.

'You see, we had just one ring. The clowns got personally acquainted with their audiences, because we went over the same territory time and again. All that was necessary to be assured of a big crowd was to advertise that a man like Lowlow was with us—everyone was his friend. In the South especially our audiences, except the negroes, knew and understood Shakespeare and the classics, and they appreciated a man who could properly recite parts of the Shakespearean plays.'

Gil paused and chuckled.

'I remember only one person who ever took offense at a song that a clown sang and then for a few minutes it looked as though the whole show was going to get into a fight,' he continued.

'I was standing at the front entrance one afternoon when a young fellow came out of the canvas with a pretty girl hanging onto his arm. I could see he was mighty mad and she was crying and begging him not to do something, but what it was I couldn't hear, even when they were right close to me.

'"Mister, I want to borry a gun," the young fellow said to me.

'"What do you want with a gun?" asked him. "And what kind of a gun do you want?"

'"Any kind."

'"Well, what's the trouble? What do you want to shoot?"

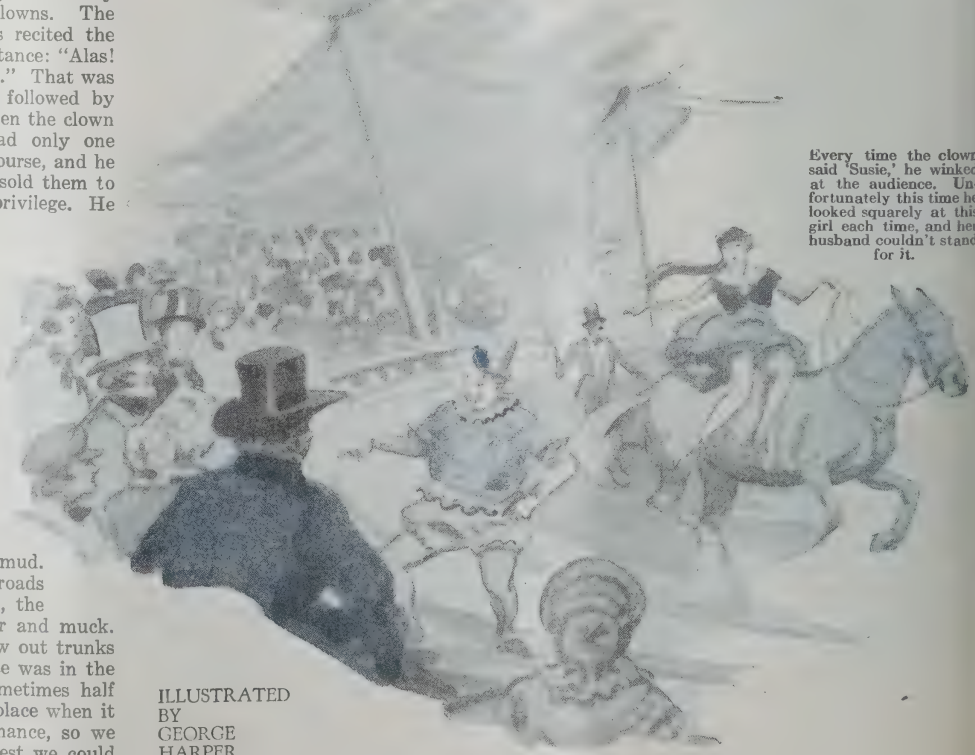
'"None of yore business. Gimme a gun."

'I couldn't get any satisfaction out of him. In a minute or two, some of his friends came out of the canvas, and took him off to one side. I slipped back to the dressing room to see what was the trouble.

'It seems this young fellow hadn't been married very long, and his wife's maiden name was Susie Brown. The principal clown sang a song that afternoon that went something like this:

Oh, Susie Brown, the prettiest girl for miles around.
Oh, Susie. Oh, you Susie.

'Every time the clown said "Susie' he winked at the audience. Unfortunately this afternoon when he winked he looked



Every time the clown said 'Susie,' he winked at the audience. Unfortunately this time he looked squarely at this girl each time, and her husband couldn't stand for it.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HARPER



The men and women came from long distances to see the show. Sometimes they would start a week ahead of time with their oxcarts and horses and dogs.

squarely at this girl each time, and her husband couldn't stand for it. He wanted to kill the clown right there, and then organize a mob of his friends to whip the whole show for carrying such a man with it. For the life of him he couldn't understand that the clown had never heard of nor seen his wife, and that the song was sung every day in every town. Finally, between his wife, and one or two of his cool-headed friends, we managed to get him quieted down. Nevertheless, many a big battle between town people and the show started from a circumstance just as trivial.

'In the old days we were always losing bird feathers out of the cages. They'd drop along the roads, and be lost—ostrich feathers, condor feathers, and the like, you know.

'One of our greatest exasperations with the old wagon show before the Civil War, and after it, too, was arguing with ferrymen about their charges. They ordinarily had a fair price for a team and wagon, but when the circus came along they boosted their prices away out of sight.

***Ferry Prices Jumped When Circus Arrived***

'One Sunday we were coming along a road in East Tennessee when we reached a ferry. The ferryman knew in advance that we were coming, and he had figured out his charges. They were enormous. While we were arguing about it, a farmer called me to one side and told of a ford, hardly knee deep, about two hundred yards below the ferry. I called to my brother, Jack, and headed the show wagons down there.

'But the ferryman wouldn't let Jack come along. He argued that we had no right to use the ford, inasmuch as he had the ferry privilege for that road, and everybody was bound to use his boat. He threatened to sue us for damages if we didn't pay him $200, even though we didn't use his ferry. Jack argued for a few minutes, and I went back. On the way, I picked up an ostrich feather. When I came up Jack took the feather out of my hand and changed the subject of talk. He commenced to tell this ferryman about the commercial prices of ostrich feathers in New York—that they were worth from $50 to $100 apiece there, and, of course, out in East Tennessee they ought to be worth twice that. He offered the feather to the ferryman for his bill. The ferryman looked at the plume for a minute, and then reached for it. He was satisfied. We saved broken-off bird feathers for a while after that, but a similar opportunity never presented itself.'

Robinson was born with the circus eighty-one years ago. His cradle was the till of a trunk in the dressing room. Except for trips around the world looking for freaks and rare animals, his entire life has been spent with the show.

'If you name a town or region in the United States,' he challenged, 'I'll tell you something that happened to me or that I saw happen there. Take New Orleans, for instance. The city had the greatest snowfall it had ever experienced one January when I was a very small boy. Snow lay on the ground to a depth of several inches.

'Pa took advantage of the snow to do some advertising. He built a sleigh from dry-goods boxes, and made runners from two-inch planks. Then he took the festoons of sleigh bells from the trappings of the ring horses and put them on the finest sets of harness he had; put the harness on his best span of horses, and hitched them to the sleigh. Then Dan Rice got into the sleigh and drove up and down St. Charles Street for several hours.

'St. Charles Street was packed with people. They came from everywhere in the city to see the sight—something they had never seen before, a real New England equipage.

'One of my earliest memories is of sticking tacks through small squares of leather. Our advertising then consisted only of small handbills, decorated with little woodcuts. These were tacked on trees in the small settlements and at the crossroads. We didn't even have a positive date line for the show. "On or about August 15," was the line, because we couldn't tell whether we'd get there on that date or not. We were traveling through sparsely settled country, you know, and no roads to speak of.

'We fixed the tacks in the leather so the agent would lose no time. Pa was economical. When the show came along, we hunted up these handbills and took out the tacks and leather; carefully tore down the handbills, too, if they were in fair shape, and sent them on to the advance agent to use over again.

'People in the South were isolated in those days and news of the coming of the show wouldn't travel very far if it was left to the few bills that the agent stuck up. So he hunted for someone who was going back into the swamps, and sent a few bills with them.

'The men and women came from long distances to see the show. Sometimes they would start a week ahead of time with their oxcarts and horses and dogs, and they camped in the little settlements, waiting for us to come. This gave them a chance to visit with other people while they waited.

***People Would Start Weeks Ahead of Time***

'And we were a strange sight when we arrived in those days. In addition to the show crowd, a lot of people who didn't belong to us followed the wagons. They were traders of all kinds, who worked among the crowds we drummed up. As a boy I preferred the buggy traders. We boys with the show had to ride on the baggage wagons, and didn't get very much sleep. We used to fill the traders' buggies—five or six of them in a string belonging to each trader—with fodder and straw and thus make nests in which we would curl up and sleep in the wintertime.

'Only the slave traders scared us. A lot of them followed us; and we always avoided them. We especially avoided their slaves, though we felt sorry for the

poor negroes. They walked along by twos, tied to a long chain that the trader had fastened to the back of his buggy.

'A harsh slave owner was the exception, but the slave traders were a heartless set.

Planters as a rule wouldn't sell a slave to the traders unless they were destitute, or the negro was treacherous. And some of the slaves were demented. They would kill a white person if they got the chance. When a planter got hold of a negro like that there was no way to get rid of him, except to sell him to a trader.

'Years later we began to use paper with bright pictures posted on billboards. We erected the billboards in the towns and communities and afterward sold them for lumber. For a long time, we limited the length of the billboards to 100 feet. We broke the rule in Goldsboro, North Carolina.

'The Great Eastern Shows wanted to get into that territory at the same time we were headed there. So we had a great advertising battle. The Great Eastern put up billboards 150 and 200 feet long. Ours were only 100 feet long. Therefore the darkies, and a good many of the white people, concluded that the other show would probably be the bigger and better.

'I went ahead of our show to supervise the advertising contest. As soon as I comprehended the situation, I rented a whole square in the heart of Goldsboro, fronting 300 feet on each street, and built 1,200 feet of billboards. Then I covered them with our gaudiest paper. That settled all arguments; the Great Eastern wasn't in it.

'I had a great deal of trouble with our billposters during that campaign. They played tricks on the other fellows. When I was leaving Goldsboro with our advertising men to go to the next town a young fellow came into our coach and sat down close to me. He was crying. I asked him what was the matter. He said he was the programmer for the Great Eastern and that one of our men had stolen most of his programs. He pointed the man out to me.

*Our Men Had Stolen His Posters*

'I thought that wasn't a very fair trick, and told the man to return them.

'"How can I?" he said. "I dumped them into an old well."

'As the train went along we threw a program out of the window whenever we passed a cabin and a lot of them in the tiny villages we passed through. When we threw one program, the Great Eastern man threw two. Therefore we often threw out programs where there was nothing but barren ground, and he doubled the number. In about twenty miles he was out of programs.

'The most laughable part of the whole campaign occurred while the billposting crews of both circuses were working in Goldsboro. Before breakfast one of our men dropped three pounds of lard into the boiling water the other fellows were using for their paste. When they started to put up their paper, the minute they let loose of it with their brushes, down it came. They worked on two or three sheets for half an hour before they realized the trick. During that time, they got the whole board and their brushes filled with grease. They had to wash the board down with hot water, and soak their brushes in it before they could get any paper to stick.

'On show day, we did the biggest business of the two circuses in Goldsboro. The billboard trick worked but to do it we put up twelve times as many feet of boards there as we had ever put up in any one place before.'

# A Negro Views His Own Race

(*Concluded from page 15*)

our problem. We need more faith in our own race.

'Faith is a great thing. The colored man does not believe sufficiently in his race. But that is where he must work. He must remember that he is only five hundred years from the jungle and that he is living among people who have a civilization thousands of years old. Of course there is a racial inferiority, but that should cause the black man no resentment. On the contrary, he should seize the wonderful opportunities he has to elevate his race. He must do this alongside the white man. He never amounted to anything until the white man took hold; even though the white man sold him into slavery, it has proved his salvation.

'Take the situation of the black man in Africa today. There is a white man's job there. The negro will never be able to do anything for his African brethren. It seems as if God could do nothing with the negro away from the white man. The American white man knows the negro by dealing with him here and he should go to Africa and take over the situation there. He can make that country what it should be.

'We have been dealing with negro leadership 103 years, and have got nowhere. The black man does not have to go to Harvard to understand that he is not of the Anglo-Saxon race and that he has not the background of Anglo-Saxon civilization. What has our 103 years of negro leadership brought us? For over a century we have been trying to do something for our African brethren. Bishop Claire, who has been there so long, says that there are only 15,000 natives over there on whom we can count as really having an idea of what we are trying to do. Only this after a labor of 103 years. It certainly is a white man's job.'

This was interesting. But I wanted to know what he thought of radicalism among the colored people. So I asked him if he thought it would help the negro to become radical or revolutionary.

'Our salvation is by evolution and not revolution,' he replied. 'The progress we are now making, the progress of the Southland in recent years—it is wonderful what has come about in the Southern people, white and colored, since the war. Down there we are developing racial coöperation and amity. The South is going to be the real base of this country, and the labor of the colored man will be needed in the South as never before. It is a great opportunity we have, and some of us are determined that the disturbers in our midst shall not spoil it for us. The negro must keep his head. We have these agitators, too many of them. I try to get my people to see the peaceful way.

Why should any colored man want to move out from his own people and into a white community? Once he does it he loses identity with his own people and obtains no influence in his new home, but only stirs up antagonism. But, our people are yet in their infancy, and both races must be patient in dealing with the problem.

*Negroes Must Use Care in Leadership*

'As for this radicalism, we must be careful as to the kind of leadership we have in our organizations. It is too easy to be led astray by glib talkers who appeal to the emotions rather than to common sense. Where we have negro leadership we must have men who will look at this thing judicially, and not from embittered hearts or ulterior motives; men who have a little race pride and who are interested in our race as a race, and are not seeking self-advancement.'

'You spoke of having a proposition that would help out on this political situation,' I reminded.

'Oh, yes.' As he spoke, he handed me a card. 'Now, this card is of the National Supreme Council of the Coat of Many Colors, of which I am the humble author. I believe the solution of the problem is to let the negroes elect an advisory council to Congress. What I mean is not to let the negroes have the right to the Floor or a vote in Congress, but in every Congressional District wherein there are a sufficient number of negroes let them elect one of their own race who will go into the matters that particularly affect them, and let that man be their adviser to their Congressman—this is simply a representative way of using the right to petition. Many Congressmen would do anything they could for the negro, personally. But, they are in a position where they cannot, officially. To do so would mean political suicide for many of them. All we need is a black man on the ticket as a counselor.'

*Offers Solution of the Problem*

'Is that practical?' I inquired. 'Would not every other element in the country, racial, religious, national and international, demand also the right of such counselors?'

'I do not think so,' he responded. 'All the people you mention have an old civilization behind them; they would not be willing to suspend their *right of franchise* for such, the lesser thing, I propose for the negro. My proposition would give the negroes a chance to coöperate with each other as well as with white friends. The negro who cannot coöperate with his own people cannot coöperate with anybody. We get along all right with our own churches and do not have to crowd the white churches. We have our own churches, and plenty of them. And, we are happy; we shout all we want.'

'What is the significance of that portion of the title of the National Supreme Council, "the Coat of Many Colors," what does that mean?' I asked.

'I use that as a motto,' he said. 'The evolution of the negro is a duplicate of the life of Joseph. All of Joseph's life is typical of the life of the negro. You know Joseph had a coat of many colors. There are in this country about as big a proportion of white men to the negro as there were brothers to Joseph. Joseph was a trustworthy fellow in spite of all he went up against. He went into Egypt and was sold unto Potiphar. Having great love and respect for his master, he did not betray his trust when temptation came. Neither did the negro in the South.'

'A beautiful conception,' I commented.

'Joseph went to jail and stayed there two years,' he continued. 'But he came out; the negro also came out of slavery. Later Potiphar elevated Joseph. Just so the white man will help the negro and will put him in his rightful place—not at the top, but in the place he deserves and where he belongs.'

When Plummer left the office he carried my friendly feelings with him. I reflected, 'Well, here is one viewpoint that is worth the consideration of the white man.'

# Farmers Should Utilize Waste Products

(*Concluded from page 7*)

lowing yields in by-products are obtained:

33 lbs. of (Methyl alcohol) metanol
44 lbs. of methyl-ethylketone
55 lbs. of acetone
55 lbs. of light oils
176 lbs. of heavy oils

The approximate value of these by-products is forty dollars, the absolute amount dependent, of course, on the somewhat fluctuating market quotations.

All the by-products are of importance in the arts. Metanol is used as a denaturing agent. Acetone finds an extensive use as a solvent, being specially in demand with the artificial leather industries. Methyl-ethylketone is also used as a solvent, while the oils that are obtained can, as has been said, well be used as fuel in internal combustion engines such as tractors and automobiles, as well as for other purposes in the arts.

To produce one ton of pulp from straw approximately one and one-half tons of straw is required. The value of the pulp thus obtained is sixty dollars, and adding to this the value of forty dollars for by-products produced during the manufacture, it is apparent that the farmer has a source of revenue well worth developing.

As to the cost of producing the pulp, it can safely be estimated it would not be greater than in the case of wood. When wood is used as raw material, the total cost of manufacture, including the by-products, is sixty dollars for each ton of woodpulp. From this can be deducted the estimated value of the by-products, leaving a net cost of twenty dollars for the manufacture of one ton of paper. With the sales price of paper pulp at sixty dollars, it would seem as if the farmer could expect some forty dollars additional profit on each ton and a half of straw, a source of revenue that has heretofore been virtually overlooked.



Fruit rotting on ground. Note props supporting heavily laden branches.

Then again, in chemistry there are often found substances that in the slang of the science are called 'chemical parsons,' since they, as the parson in daily life, have an important function to perform, but after this function is done are still 'unaffected by their acts.' One of these substances is the humble muriatic acid. The chaff of the wheat is a waste that today has slight if any value, but by calling in the assistance of a 'chemical parson'—muriatic acid even in very small amounts—the whole chaff can be transformed into a liquid containing a large percentage of soluble sugars almost identical with blackstrap molasses. This molasses can be produced at a cost of approximately five dollars a ton, and in view of the high price often asked for the blackstrap molasses, its use should constitute a great saving to the farmer in fattening stock on molasses, as so often is done.

Similar possibilities open out in the various agriculture fields. Take the apples of California for an example. There were 154,000 tons of apples marketed in this state in 1924, just a small fraction of the nation's crop, and it is estimated that this amount was less than half of the actual amount grown. The balance was left on the ground to rot. It is the same in regard to nearly all the fruit crops of the country. They contain most valuable products developed during the growing season, yet they are left to rot, thus losing completely the values which chemistry could and should save for the arts and other purposes.

The first step toward rehabilitating agriculture is to make it a real industry that utilizes everything it produces, turning all into values. The packing houses of Chicago indicate the way. They have become more than food factories; everything is turned into value, so that in addition to being food producers, the packing houses are recognized as medicinal and fertilizer industries.

It is indeed not too much to say that a day will come when next to the wheat elevator will eventually stand a paper mill turning out the nation's paper.

Equally certain is it that one day large chemical plants will raise themselves close to the large fruit warehouses, where all fruit not demanding the highest prices as human food will be converted into products of such a character as to command markets all over the face of the globe.

When agriculture has become modern and efficient in all respects, then it will be time enough to seek special remedies. But that time, it may safely be predicted, if modern methods are really pursued, will never come.

To quote from Mr. Burbank's letter again: 'Until the plant breeder can produce special fiber and cellulose plants, all these wastes should be utilized.'

# China's Use of Proverbs

## By L. M. CRAMER

CHINESE proverbs are literally in the mouths of everyone in China: the one-time royalty, the men in power in today's Republic, even the beggars in the streets. All classes are accustomed to use Chinese proverbs.

'A stitch in time saves nine,' we hear in America. Here in China the little Celestial hears, 'If a little hole is not repaired it will increase to a foot and a half.'

As a child I used to hear my playmates say, 'Two heads are better than one, if one is a sheep's head.' But in China they say in more dignified manner, 'The knowledge of one man is not equal to that of two.'

I have said 'Easier said than done' when referring to something difficult to accomplish, and so perhaps have you; but if you were born Chinese you would say, 'To behold a task is easier than to do it.'

An old Quaker grandmother, used to say to me—'What I say goes into one of thy ears, and out of the other.' The Chinese would say, 'Enter by the east ear, exit by the west.'

'What is everybody's business is nobody's business' is one of the most repeated proverbs I remember. In China: 'When one priest carries water there is some to drink, and when two priests together carry water there is some to drink; but when three priests carry water together there is none to drink.'

Another Celestial saying is: 'If you follow the good you will learn the good, if you follow the beggar you will beg for food.' Twenty words it takes to say it the Chinese way, while we use five words: 'Evil companions corrupt good manners.'

'All within the four seas are brothers' is one of the shortest of the Chinese proverbs, while we say, 'All men are brothers.'

We say 'Lock the stable door after the horse is stolen' and the Chinese says, 'When the guest comes we sweep the floor; when the thief goes we close the door.'

'Like teacher, like pupil' we say and in China they say, 'The illustrious teacher produces a good disciple.'

'Self-praise is no recommendation.' How often did I hear that proverb when I was a child, which some way shows that I must have been vain of my own abilities. The little Chinese girl is told:

'A quack doctor has no efficacious medicine,' which is a very strange saying in a land where native trained doctors too often use dried centipedes, dried tiger's eyes and dragon's teeth, all powdered up, for their medicines.

# The Stories the Windmills Tell



## Joy, Grief, Trouble, or Celebration All Are Indicated by the Huge Sails Which Serve As 'Town Criers' for the Countryside

BY JANE HICKS



'Whoever goes tilting windmills must be prepared for surprises.—The old castles have their seneschals, the old forests their keepers, supported by moneys that are always forthcoming when any aristocratic hulk, left stranded by the sea of Time, is in danger of falling to pieces. But windmills are the old laboring men; and mankind in general is not very much interested in laborers who are too old to work, or whose labor is now a homely antiquity.'

SAILBOATS and windmills, companions of the wind, strike a responsive chord in the hearts of all who love the artistic, the picturesque.

This engine-driven world seems gradually to be crowding windmills out of the picture; but today, at time's crossroads, we still are heartened by splendid specimens of these centuries-old giants, and if we pause we may still learn their story.

From the windmills of the British Isles and the North Countries, which caught the cold, boisterous blasts of the North, matching wits with them and cunningly turning them to do man's bidding, to the windmills of Southern France and Spain which caught the warm, playful gusts, now so eagerly sought by society, and turned them to do serious work for man, we find specimens fascinating in character and variety. For windmills have character—sturdy or graceful, masculine or feminine—and a beauty, individual and uncounterfeitable, which constitute a charm as indefinable as the wind. For all their solid bodies and mundane purposes, they have an indefinable spirit, and they may still be seen to stem the tide with their frail fingers.

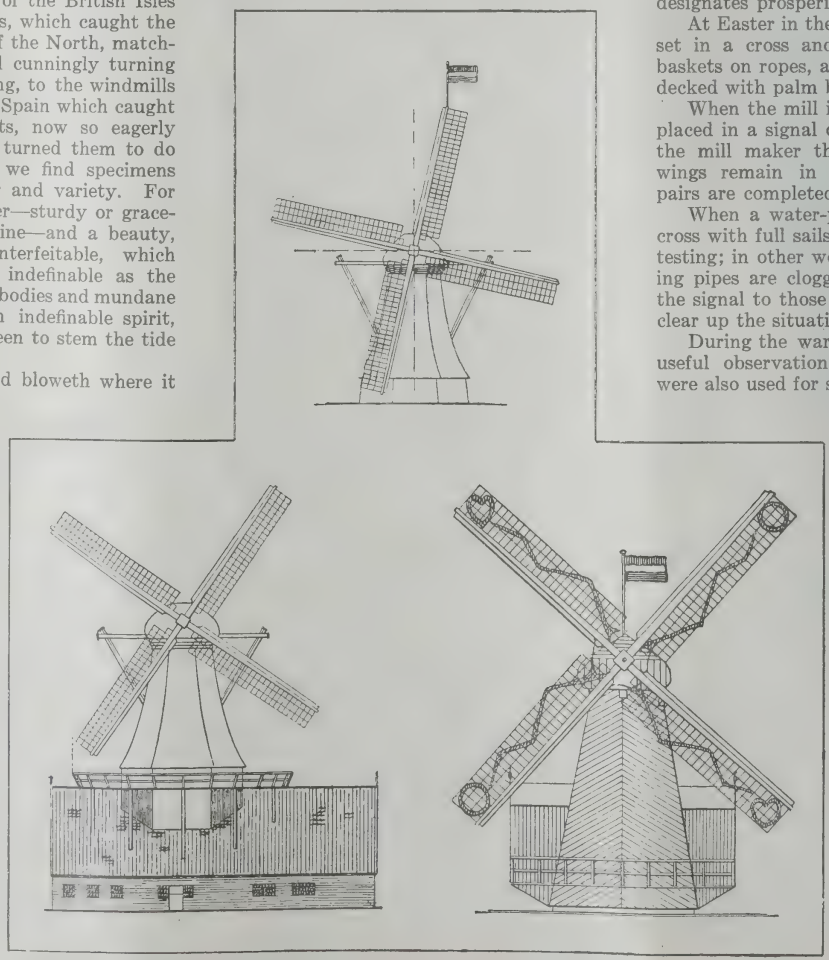
To be sure, the wind bloweth where it listeth, but our ingenious forefathers expressed themselves artistically by designing for utilitarian purposes these picturesque contrivances to harness the fitful and uncontrolled element for their use. Sails enormous and beautifully curved may be seen from a distance cutting the blue sky into fantastic mosaics.

A century or two old, most windmills are. So, as we peer back into the world of then, we find the indispensable mill in the heart of each community, providing its chief livelihood; and the miller a big man of the neighborhood.

But, as has so aptly been said, 'When a windmill falls into commercial hands there is little likelihood of its retaining anything of its pristine charm. It becomes a factory; it has fixed hours of work; and when the wind has a lazy fit and hides from the traps laid by man, an electric dynamo is brought into operation, and the work goes on.'

Not only in grinding the grain was the windmill used in its early days. Its dominating position for the surrounding country was most effectively put into use, and it became the town crier, the newspaper, the tale-bearer of those days. For in very deed there was worked out a definite code, a language of the windmill, as complete as the Morse code of today, and universally understood by the people of those days.

So it came to be the established custom of the miller, through the wings of his mill, to spread the news to his community.



Above—'Joy.' Left—'Crippled'—call for mill maker. Right—'Wedding' or 'National feast.'

In windmill countries it is still the custom for the miller to announce a birth in his family by placing the wings in the sign of Joy. This is done by stopping the wings just before the vertical position; usually a flag is placed on the highest wing. In mourning the wings are stopped just past the vertical.

To announce the wedding in the miller's family, the mill is set in 'Pretty.' For this signal, the wings are set in a cross facing the miller's house. The sails are rolled up and braided through the wings as decorations. Often garlands of ropes, flowers, leaves and colored ribbons are hung from the upper wings. National flags, tin shields, hearts and wooden statues of angels with trumpets were also used to decorate the wings. The news is heralded for three Sundays preceding the event.

It may be observed that some mills have brown and white sails on the wings. This designates prosperity.

At Easter in the old days the wings were set in a cross and adorned with hanging baskets on ropes, and the upper wings were decked with palm branches.

When the mill is crippled, the wings are placed in a signal of distress. This informs the mill maker that he is wanted. The wings remain in this position until repairs are completed.

When a water-pumping mill is set in a cross with full sails set, it is said to be protesting; in other words, the canal and feeding pipes are clogged with weeds. This is the signal to those in charge of drainage to clear up the situation.

During the war windmills proved most useful observation posts, and the wings were also used for signaling.

In Friesland most farmers own their own mills. When a calf is for sale, the wings are set in a cross by which the butcher understands he is to journey to that place for the animal.

In Zeeland the miller and game thief have been found to be in cahoots. The miller gives the signal with his mill wings when a policeman is near.

So it is that windmills, set in the midst of human events, came to be not only agents and playmates of the winds but chroniclers of the joys and sorrows of the men who made them and whom they so faithfully served.

# A Fighting Quaker of '76

## Joseph Hewes—Who Led the North Carolina Men in Declaring for Independence

By CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

Copyright, 1926, by Carl Schurz Lowden.



## NORTH CAROLINA

NORTH CAROLINA was the first colony to come out flat-footedly for saying 'Goodby' to old Britain. Thomas Person, a fellow with an odd name and a member of the colonial legislature from Granville, which was the home of one of the signers from North Carolina, seems to have been the moving spirit in obtaining definite action. He was a member of a committee named on the eighth of April, 1776, to consider the 'usurpations and violences attempted and done by the King and by the Parliament of Britain against America, and the further measures to be taken for frustrating the same and for the better defense of the province.' When the committee gave its report the legislature adopted a resolution empowering its delegates, William Hooper, Joseph Hewes and John Penn, to 'concur with the delegates from the other colonies in declaring independence and forming foreign alliances.' By virtue of this authority these three men became the three signers for North Carolina at the Congress in Philadelphia.

Joseph Hewes was born in New Jersey in 1730—neither the day nor the month is known—and he died in November, 1779. John Penn, a Virginian by birth, lived from 1741 to 1788. The span of William Hooper, a Bostonian by birth, extended from 1742 to 1790. The North Carolina signers died comparatively young at an average age of forty-eight. Only one other state, the sister state of South Carolina, had a smaller average; it was forty-seven for its four signers.

Hewes served not only as a member of the Provincial Congress but also of the Continental Congress; and, furthermore, he was the agent for North Carolina, supplying her with everything needed to prepare for the war and equipping her troops. These materials were brought from abroad on ships owned by Hewes.

When Washington's army nearly starved at Valley Forge in the winter of 1777, it was saved by Hewes' ships bringing provisions to South Quay on the Nansemond River where wagon trains took them northward. Hewes, as the chairman of the Marine Committee of Congress, proved himself a glutton for work and qualified as one of the chief builders of our Navy. Indeed, it appears that when officers were selected for the naval service it was Hewes who appointed John Paul Jones, who probably made the most brilliant record among all the naval commanders of the Revolution.



Hewes was a Quaker. In 1775 the Quakers held a meeting at which they denounced Congress and its proceedings. The sect did not believe in war; but Hewes thought there were worse things than war, and he promptly broke with the church. He became a promoter of war. He threw off his Quaker restraints, danced whenever he could and evinced a fondness for the ladies; he would not permit any slackening in his patriotism, however.

Even in February, 1776, Hewes and the other leaders were still hoping that the trouble with Great Britain might be smoothed out so that mother and child would be reunited. Great Britain was preparing to start a campaign somewhere in the South that spring. Hewes urged his fellow North Carolinians to fight for their rights. He wanted to fight too but, like other men needed in Congress, he was persuaded to serve where he could serve best.

### *Health Broke Under the Intense Strain*

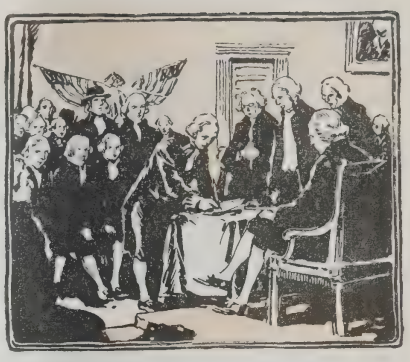
Joseph Hewes was virtually the first Secretary of the Navy. He worked too hard in supplying a naval force for his country. One of his colleagues pictured Hewes' arduous labor as follows:

'From the large share of naval and mercantile business which has been allotted to his attention by Congress his health has been much impaired. From six in the morning till five and sometimes six in the afternoon, without drinking or eating, he would be at work.'

His health broke under the intense strain. Three years later he died, having given his life to his country as truly as the soldier expiring on the battlefield or the sailor dying in action at sea.

William Hooper, a compatriot of Hewes, suffered from ill health. He had been born and educated in Boston, which had too many lawyers; so Hooper had come South. The open country with few roads and fewer comforts, the hours he kept, and the otherwise too easy life of the South weakened his powers of resistance. However, he would not heed his father's advice to return to Boston. Instead he married a Miss Clark, of Wilmington, North Carolina, and settled down there. His health so greatly improved that in 1770 he took a leading part on behalf of the Government in preventing mob violence and a state of anarchy by the Regulators, about three thousand strong; in fact, there was a battle in which Hooper gloriously participated. Three years later he was chosen to represent Wilmington in the Provincial Congress.

This man's rise to the Continental



Congress may be attributed to three or four factors: his record in opposing the ill-advised demands of the Regulators, his wide information linked with an admirable poise, and his utter unselfishness.

During Hooper's first year as a legislator he opposed a certain measure that the British wanted passed to change the methods of the courts. He objected to one clause because he thought the dearest rights of the people would be infringed thereby. He made speeches against the measure, besides writing a series of essays on the subject. Due to his protests, the colony was left with no court for approximately a year. Hooper, the lawyer, suffered the loss of his own income. He preferred to adhere to his conscience and high principles rather than selfishly consider his own welfare.

The honest conduct of this man made such an impression that in 1774 he was elected to Congress, and he took his seat in September of that year. At once he received appointments to two important committees. His first address attracted wide attention. 'The house,' a writer of that time commented, 'was astonished at the exhibition of so much eloquence by a delegate from North Carolina.' Evidently Congress did not expect a great deal from this southern state; if it had known then that Hooper was a Yankee by birth, it would not have been surprised at his oratorical ability.

### *Hooper Asked for Day of Fasting*

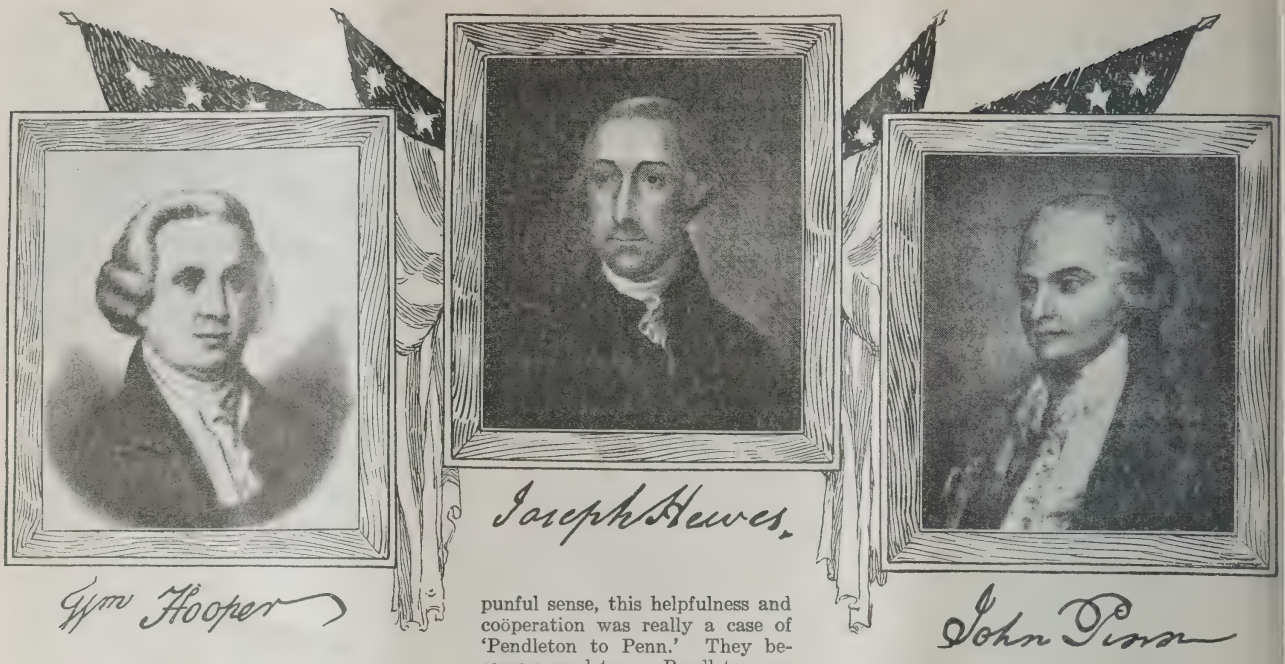
Hooper was devout. In June, 1775, less than a month before independence was declared, he introduced a resolution naming a day of public humiliation, fasting and prayer throughout the land.

After a short stay at his home, William Hooper returned to Congress. There at Philadelphia, on the fourth day of July, he gave his vote for independence. He soon resigned his seat, however, and returned to his home, from which his influence for the Revolution radiated throughout North Carolina.

The news of the disaster at Germantown dazed many of the patriots, but it seemingly made Hooper even more zealous than he had been. A party of his friends clustered around him when the news came to Wilmington.

'We have been disappointed,' he animatedly agreed with them, 'but no matter; now that we have become the assailants, there is no doubt of the issue.'

The British occupied Wilmington after Hooper and his family had fled to a small plantation. His active part in the Revolution led the enemy to pursue and harass him for several years. At last, in November, 1781, the enemy evacuated Wilmington; the Hoopers returned but later




they moved to Hillsborough, their country-seat eight miles away.

There is a handsome monument, twenty feet in height, at Guilford, North Carolina. It is crowned with the statue of an orator holding within one hand a scroll, the Declaration. The 'In Memoriam' inscription on a bronze tablet is as follows:

'William Hooper and John Penn, Delegates from North Carolina, 1776, to the Continental Congress, and Signers of the Declaration of Independence. Their remains were reinterred here in 1894. Hewes' grave is lost; he was the Third Signer.'

And this brings us to John Penn whose mother was a Taylor from a family which gave us two Presidents, James Madison and Zachary Taylor. Furthermore, Edmund Pendleton, whom Thomas Jefferson characterized as the 'ablest man in debate I have ever met,' probably contributed more than any other man to the shaping of young Penn's career. When Moses Penn died, Pendleton offered to his young kinsman the free use of his extensive library to overcome the defects of an early education; so, in a punful sense, this helpfulness and coöperation was really a case of 'Pendleton to Penn.' They became a good team. Pendleton was old when the North Carolina legislature, largely due to John Penn's initiative, instructed its delegates for independence. It is entirely possible that Penn's influence reached across the border and moved Pendleton, his Virginia cousin, to offer the resolution directing the Virginia delegates to propose the declaration in Congress.

Penn formed another team, as it were. He stood for the plain people while his fellow signers were of the aristocracy. 'Penn and Person' was the name of this team. Hewes and Hooper, the other signers, often criticized Person, whose outspokenness and radicalism displeased them; but they got along pretty well with their colleague, Penn, who worked splendidly with Thomas Person. Penn trusted the people, but notwithstanding he once wrote to Person:

'For God's sake, my good sir, encourage our people. Animate them to dare even to die for their own country.'

Penn and Person were residents of the same town, Granville. Person, as a member of the Carolina assembly, had been highly instrumental in having his fellow townsman named as a delegate to the Continental Congress to succeed Richard Caswell.

'My first wish,' Penn wrote to Person on St. Valentine's day, 1776, 'is that America be free; the second, that we may be restored to peace and harmony with Britain upon just and proper terms.'

Watson, in his annals of Philadelphia, tells the story of a near-duel between Penn and Henry Laurens. It reveals Penn's persuasiveness and reasonableness too.

'A singular case of duel occurred in Philadelphia in 1778 or '79 between Henry Laurens, president of Congress, and Mr. Penn,' Watson says. 'They were fellow boarders and breakfasted together the same morning. They were to fight on a vacant lot on Chestnut Street across from the Masonic Hall. In crossing at Fifth Street through a deep slough, Mr. Penn kindly offered his hand to aid Mr. Laurens, then much the older, who accepted it. He suggested to Mr. Laurens, who had challenged him, that it was a foolish affair, and made up on the spot.'

# Pageantry for All

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE

IT IS not an impossible thing to put on an imposing pageant in the smallest community,' declared Miss Era Betzner in the course of an interview. Miss Betzner has done this in almost every state in the Union. 'I find real histrionic talent where it is least suspected. In putting on a pageant, the trouble does not lie in finding the live tools, but the accessories.'

'What would be a new and amusing feature for a street fair?' 'Do you know of a snappy substitute for the worn-out fish pond as a means of making money?' 'Can you give us six weeks' time in the autumn for directing and rehearsing the children who will give a Children's Carnival?'

Many such requests have drawn Miss Betzner into a field of service which has taken her all over the country. Her first experience was in a schoolroom in Atlanta, Georgia. She saw that little feet did less shuffling, there was less twisting of nervous little bodies, and the children showed better results in their lessons when the room was made attractive. She relieved the tedium of bare walls with gay pictures; growing plants were put in the windows, and the pillars of the room were adorned with festoons in bright shades. She found the children so responsive that she went a step further, doing an unprecedented thing in those days—she put on a children's play. A pageant by her pupils followed and she was chosen as one of the directors for an imposing Shakespearean pageant.

Wherever Miss Betzner went after that, she saw the need of gayer colors, more music, more recreation and a better understanding of the pageant. It was a charming vehicle for bearing to one generation the story of the generation that preceded it and it brought folk together.

She is the apostle of community recreation.

Miss Betzner directed the pageant put on as a community feature to celebrate the 175th birthday of the city of Reading, Pennsylvania. Two thousand men, women and children took part, and some idea of its magnitude may be gathered by this item in the accessories: 'One-half mile of footlights.' Perhaps one of the most interesting phases of this event was that rivalry in politics and differences in creed were forgotten. The people were united in one ideal.

'Any group,' was a comment heard on that occasion, 'will work together, but the real test of democracy is to play together. We have played together.'

'We need more color,' concluded Miss Betzner, 'more music, more appreciation of play. We have journeyed a long way from the day when the hunger for community entertainment was gratified by the sight of a badly frightened child breaking down in the middle of the "piece" he had so well learned; we have journeyed a long way, but we have a long way to go.'

# Mental Tests Make Us Seem Foolish

(*Concluded from page 8*)

ng by the layman of what is written by the psychologist, since language common to everyone is used. But let this be emphasized. *It is not used with the same meaning.* The net result is that many appear learned in mental tests, lead discussions on this provoking topic, and write for the papers when the real meaning of a fourteen-year-old mental level is obscured to them by the very plainness of the terms.

Does your school have someone who gives psychological tests? Probably. Someone really qualified to do this crucial work? Probably not. This is another phase of the second menace. Anyone can secure a book on mental tests for a two-dollar bill, pay sixty cents additional for the testing material, follow the directions and *think* he is giving a mental test.

Cakes may be baked in this cookbook fashion and wonderful culinary products result. But not mental tests. Yet in almost any school system you will find someone who is 'doing' a few tests now and then. *Doing* is the correct word. I would wager that not one out of a hundred of those who do tests is qualified.

This is a vicious situation, since many school officers take the test results seriously. Anyone who gives courses in mental tests in a large university usually runs across this experience several times late in the course:

'Oh, Professor. I wanted so-o much to take your course in mental tests, but you see I could not. Do you care if I drop into some of the class sessions now? You see I am going to teach in the Blank High School and they want me to give mental tests to the students.'

The shame here lies on the secondary school system. The elementary schools sin in this respect just as much. And so do the colleges themselves. For example, take this letter:

———————, Ohio.
July 23, 1925.

Dear Professor Laird:

You will remember I was in your class at the University of Iowa two summers ago. I have taken another course in psychology since then.

———— College has just engaged me to teach psychology and I wish you would recommend some text books to me. Could you tell me, also, a good book for me to read on mental tests. The president wants to give mental tests to all the freshmen this fall and I am to do it. What mental tests do you use at Colgate? We might want to use these.

Sincerely yours,

———— — ————

They say that college professors are underpaid. This was one that was not going to be.

Perhaps he needed the job, but I am convinced that he secured it under false pretenses in posing as being able to teach psychology.

Opportunists in the graduate schools find it profitable to become 'psychologists' overnight and enter the faculty of some small college as official psychological examiner. They do almost irreparable damage to psychology and to those they examine.

Even established teachers in colleges find it intriguing to flirt with this practical application of psychology. Witness the following letter received last week by an industrial magazine on psychology:

———— College
March 29, 1926.

Gentlemen:

I have been teaching philosophy and education here for six years. I am interested in entering industrial work in psychological testing. Do you think advertising in your journal would bring me into touch with someone interested in my services? What are your advertising rates?

Cordially,

———— — ————, B. A.

He wrote down that B. A. in his own handwriting as though it gave him complete license to give psychological tests—after having been in other fields for six years at least. His advertising will never appear in the journal, and the editors fear their ears are burning as a result of what they wrote him.

It is astounding the number of theological students who want to become psychologists the last year of their ministerial course. Psychologists are *assumed* to receive higher remuneration. So with students who have been intending to enter medicine, but at the last moment fear the courses will be too difficult for them. And others almost without end who find themselves intrigued into this field since they don't know just what they want to enter. When they are firmly told that they must do at least three years' graduate study in this particular field before they should assume the responsibility of doing psychological examining their enthusiasm cools at a rapid rate.

This is probably the greatest menace of mental tests. How are you to know if the 'tester' in your schools is qualified? There are no state laws for certifying mental test experts. There are for plumbers, electricians, accountants, lawyers, and physicians—but not for psychologists.

It's a gamble—selecting a psychological examiner under present conditions. And the hazards are redoubled by the fact that your town is likely to be visited in a year or two by some itinerant 'psychologist' who will go through some hocus-pocus and give a 'mental analysis' of you for a modest fee. This tramp 'psychologist' is apt to be some quack that medical practice laws have driven from fleecing the public as a medicine man and who has, presto chango, become a 'psychologist.' It is a poor city with 100,000 population that this traveling humbug cannot fleece of $30,000 in two weeks.

One did it in Kansas City just last week! Another in Albany and another in Washington at the same time!



Your town is likely to be visited by some itinerant 'psychologist' who will go through some hocus-pocus

## Life Among the Wild American Humorists

(*Concluded from page 13*)

When Mitchell came to it in the proof he looked at it first without reading it and remarked:

'That's too long.'

'Suppose you read it.'

He read it very carefully and slowly and then laid the proof down deliberately.

'It isn't quite like us,' he said.

'I know it,' I replied, 'but isn't it good?'

'You like it very much?'

'Oh, yes.'

'Well, if you like it that much, run it, but put it back in the paper.'

I can see now that his editorial judgment was perfectly correct. Gillilan's poem has probably been copied more and been more widely read since then than any other humorous poem I could name, but it would have spoiled the effect of the paper to have been placed so prominently. It was an Irishman's poem, and suffered no loss by being placed in an inconspicuous position; indeed, it was a gain, as I have always thought. One of the best editorial rules in the world, making for permanence and stability, is to place the best thing in an out-of-the-way position. It creates in the reader a kind of confidence which is worth a great deal to any periodical.

To show that my own editorial judgment was not by any means a stable thing, it was about this time or somewhat later that I rejected the first fables George Ade wrote. I think it was after he had begun them in Chicago that this occurred. I recall very well receiving them, deliberating about them briefly and returning them. On the whole, I still believe I was right, as they would never have spread in a paper like *Life* as they did with a newspaper circulation.

(*To be concluded in an early issue.*)

# A Sailorman Poet—Spins Yarns of the Sea

(Continued from page 2)

I was at sea there was little leisure; a young friend of mine tells me that there is too much now.'

'Did you find it possible to read at sea? I never could do it.'

'Well, it's not easy. Anthony Trollope's the kind of writer I found fit for the sea; a nice, long, leisurely Trollope lasts several days. He's jolly good; one of the very best of the Victorians. I don't mean the Barchester stories so much, which I don't think are really his best. He covered an immense range, hunting, politics, all sorts of subjects. I like him.'

'He was very methodical; very matter of fact?'

'Yes, very methodical; a steady worker; but why not? Am I? Ye-es; I do work steadily; of course, not when the mood is not on me; and not so many thousand words a day, like Trollope. Not exactly fixed hours for work; generally a couple of hours in the morning; the same, or much about, in the afternoon, and often from five to half-past six.'

He went on to tell me something of his methods, his habits, of working:

'A subject for a poem or a play—yes, or a story—simmers in my mind for a long while, sometimes for a year or two, before I begin to write. The idea, or theme, whatever you like to call it, gestates. A subject takes hold of me; I turn it over and over. Perhaps a character comes to me; grows to life, until I am ready to get to grips with it. I am always writing something. I prefer verse; it gives me a keener enjoyment. What am I at work on now? A play, in verse. The subject? The name of it? I'd rather not tell you; I've a queer sort of superstition that it is unlucky to talk about an unfinished piece of work. It's curious, but when I write an article I always leave the title to the last; sometimes never give it one at all. An editor friend used to complain that I left to him the most difficult part. To get an exactly right title is difficult. I always do my writing with a pen. I have only met one man who did his work straight onto a typewriter—J. M. Synge. He did his drafts, all of them, up-



on his typewriter. Yes, I agree with you; he was one of the most modest of men.'

All this in a quiet, gentle tone of voice, with just every now and then a flash of energetic emphasis.

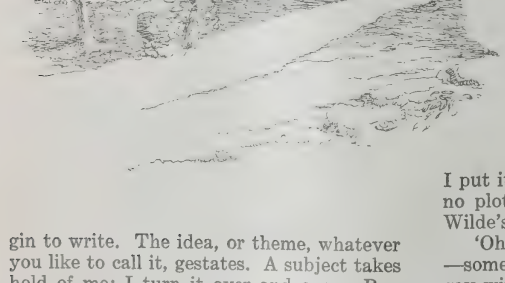
'No,' in answer to a query of mine, 'No, I don't get to the theater now very much; chiefly when I have a chance to see a poetical piece. Shakespeare? Oh, yes. *What?* You don't think Shakespeare a supreme dramatist? Do you mean it? Hamlet a childish plot? *Is* it? See how it has survived, held the stage, fascinated thousands and thousands. You call it—as a plot—a rowdy melodrama? It *is* melodrama. Does that make it the worse? Aren't all good plays melodramas?'

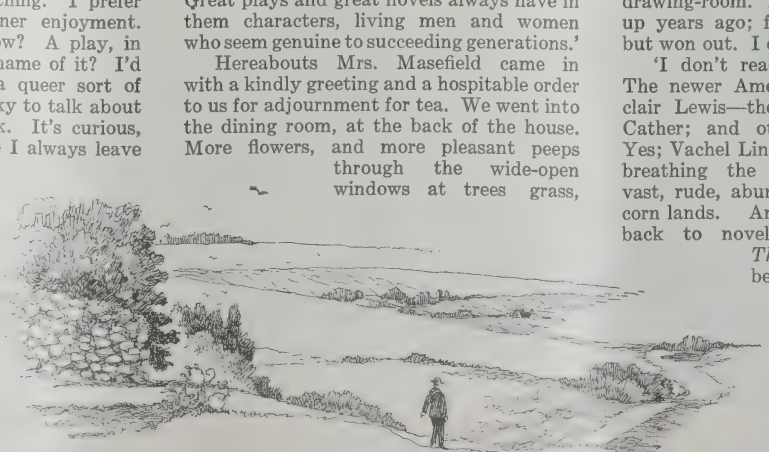
I admitted that there was somewhat of the truth in what he said, could not, however entirely agree; and generously gave him, as an example of the stage value of Hamlet, this:

'Years ago I saw Sarah Bernhardt as Hamlet; she threw overboard all of the poetry and rushed it through as straight melodrama. It was really most exciting, and gripping. And—' I put it, '—some great plays have practically no plot at all, for instance, most of Oscar Wilde's.'

'Oh, yes; and he's held the stage—what—some thirty years. But what delicious, gay wit! Sheridan? Yes; there were characters, complete human portraits, in his comedies; that's where Wilde was weakest. Great plays and great novels always have in them characters, living men and women who seem genuine to succeeding generations.'

Hereabouts Mrs. Masefield came in with a kindly greeting and a hospitable order to us for adjournment for tea. We went into the dining room, at the back of the house. More flowers, and more pleasant peeps through the wide-open windows at trees grass, flowers, and sunshine. Delicious home made bread, and such a cake! I, being young at heart, got right onto that cake. Never eat bread-and-butter, however goodly, when you can have cake!





I let loose the confession, of which I am not at all ashamed, that I have never been able to read *Paradise Lost*.

'Oh, dear,' exclaimed Masefield, 'you don't mean that? I've read it again and again. Not many do? I don't agree; I'm certain that there are many who read it maybe, once a year at least. I do.'

And I was nearly pulverized by Mrs. Masefield supporting her husband with:

'And I love it too. Why, I know quite a lot of it by heart.'

But I do agree with Poe that long poems are never wholly great; that they are a series of short poems hung together on a usually dull string.

'Poetry?' said Masefield. 'Yes, I read quite a lot. There's Spenser; I don't read *him* as a whole, but casually, dipping into him; taking him up for a while now and then.'

And so on.

After tea, back for a short while to the drawing-room. He does not smoke; gave it up years ago; found it a wrench at first, but won out. I did smoke as we talked:

'I don't read very many novels now. The newer Americans? Yes; there's Sinclair Lewis—the *Babbitt* man—and Willa Cather; and others. American poetry? Yes; Vachel Lindsay; and Carl Sandburg—breathing the great Middle West—the vast, rude, abundant expanse of the great corn lands. And Ernest Poole—turning back to novelists—have you read his *The Harbor?* Do. You've been over there?'

'Yes, but many years ago.'

'New York? You'd scarcely recognize it! I agree with you; it is beautiful; amazingly beautiful. And they have, especially in their churches, a striking Gothic of their own. We build

Gothic churches, but the architecture seems to be dead, a dim shadow from the past. American Gothic is alive—they've got themselves into it somehow.'

We got talking about Joseph Conrad—

'Magnificent! Amazing that he, a foreigner, wrote such English; but it is not an Englishman's English; I feel the foreign mentality at the back of it.'

While we were looking at his model of the old merchant sailer, I asked him about sea chanteys, now so much the fashion.

'Oh, yes, but they don't know how to sing them; no one does, except a sailor. I have heard some of them on the wireless. Very doleful! A chantey is, at least should be, inspiriting; I have joined in many and many myself, at work. The hauling chanteys—these concert singers sing them too slowly. When you're pulling at a rope you must make a noise of some sort, but not a funeral march! The capstan chanteys they sing too fast, far too fast. You can't dance round a capstan! It's slow, hard pushing. It's striking how inspiriting a simple sound can be! I heard, or read, somewhere a story that struck me; during the war, during the retreat in 1914, General Tom Bridge's men were flagging, footsore, weary, dead-beaten; he heard music in a tavern, drumming on a toy drum and the playing of a fiddle. He fetched the musicians out, gave the drum to one of his men, and the tap-tap, tap-tap-tap and the tune on the fiddle saved the lot of them!'

## American Installment Buying

(*Concluded from page 6*)

may be faced with a novel and very interesting problem. Not only is every manufacturer producing at high pressure to meet the present demand, but in many trades, notably in the motor industry, he has 'scheduled' a great increase of production on which the whole policy of his business rests, and while he is planning this greater output for the future, he is still collecting from the consumer the payment for goods bought months ago and already partially consumed. The country, in fact, may come to its trade reaction with a great industrial program in full swing, relying on a body of consumers who not merely have not been saving, but are actually in debt to their manufacturers—consumers who are so far from having the accumulation of thrift to draw upon that they are still in pawn for their past luxuries.

This situation is so different from anything we have known in the past that it would be imprudent to dogmatize, and certainly presumptuous for anyone without an intimate recent experience of American conditions to start ringing the alarm bell. But observers in the United States are already sounding a note of caution, pointing out that this hire-purchase can be regarded as a kind of inflation, that the convincing motor salesman may prove to have nullified the careful anti-inflation policy of the banking authorities, and that once the system has become generally popular it is extremely difficult for the manufacturers either to abolish or to restrict it. Whether this is so or not, the position is full of interest, and it would appear to be beyond dispute that the effects of any sudden decline in trade must be aggravated and complicated by the new system of long-term retail credit.

USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL

Save Battery Dollars—
See the USL Man in Your Town

You pay no more for USL rugged construction, exclusive advantages in design, dependable performance and long life.

That's why USL is a mighty economical battery for you to buy—the original price is low—repair bills next to nothing—long, dependable service assured.

Your nearest USL Service Station can supply you a 13-plate battery which fits most cars for $16.50.

**U. S. Light & Heat Corporation, Niagara Falls, N. Y.**

USL Pacific Coast Factory Oakland, Cal. | USL Canadian Factory Niagara Falls, Ontario. | USL Australian Factory Sydney, N. S. W.

USL AUTO *and* RADIO Batteries

USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL

*Believe in hunches? Nine out of ten they are right. And they are far more apt to be right than your carefully worked out logic. At least, this is the theory of Dr. Donald A. Laird, noted psychologist, in next week's issue.*

GERMAN WAR GLASSES



$9.85
Postpaid

***For hunting, motoring, the races, ocean travel, bird and nature study, etc.***

We have been fortunate in making new and permanent connections with one of the best German optical manufacturers for an additional supply of these German War Glasses, which have proved so popular in this country.

Representing a conservative $20 value, they are the same efficient model all-purpose field glass built for war use, according to strict military specifications, for German Army Officers.

Day and night lenses — dust and moisture-proof — 40 m.m. objective, giving large field of vision—pupillary adjustment.

Built for service, crystal clearness, and accuracy. Equipped with leather neck straps and lens cover.

Each glass inspected, tested, and guaranteed in perfect condition.

Shipped promptly, postpaid, on receipt of check or money order for $9.85. Positive guarantee of full cash refund if not satisfied. *Order your field glasses today.*

SWIFT & ANDERSON, Inc.
*SUCCESSORS TO*
HENDERSON BROTHERS
*Largest importers of field glasses in America*
91 to 101 Federal Street Boston, Mass.

*Foot Comfort Out o' Doors*

FOR foot comfort where foot comfort means everything — automobiling, camping, fishing — wear BASS RANGELEY MOCCASINS. They are an adaptation of the footwear of the American Indian which has never been equalled for lightness, flexibility and comfort. They are the only shoes made in which you walk on the uppers.

*BASS RANGELEY MOCCASINS are made in many attractive styles for every member of the family.*

***Write Dept. I for the New Free Catalog***

G.H.Bass & Co.
Wilton, Me.

*Shoemakers Since 1876*



**Shoe Dealers interested in money-making Bass Franchise should write immediately.**

*Look for Dr. William E. Barton on puritanism in next week's issue.*

## What Has Become of Our Parties?

(Concluded from page 4)

that in both countries the two-party system obtains. England for a time had three parties—Conservative, Liberal, and Labor. The idea of a Labor Party is unsound. There is nothing that a Labor Party as such can do—as was shown by the MacDonald Cabinet in England. Now Parliament is gradually getting back to two parties

> The plain truth is that there is today no way of distinguishing a Republican from a Democrat—in or out of Congress. A man has got to tell you what he is and you have to take his word for it.

—the Liberals will merge with Labor or the other way about. The Progressive Party of Roosevelt passed out while the Progressive Party of La Follette did not attempt to go into Congress.

Our natural division is into two parties, and now that we have finished the rougher work of shaping the nation, the two parties will be the Conservatives and the Liberals, although we shall continue to use the names Democrat and Republican. Mankind divides into those who want to go too fast and those who want to go too slow. In a truly representative government these two elements are present. The Conservatives keep the Liberals from jumping fences, and the Liberals stir the Conservatives enough to prevent them from going to sleep.

That is the ideal set-up, for then every good idea is certain of a hearing—and issues are avoided. For an issue is really an ill of the body politic which was not taken in time.

## Laws the Puritans Enacted

The following are items from the Code of 1650 of Connecticut:

Idleness. 'It is ordered that no person shall spend his time idlely under paine of punishment and for this end it is ordered that the constable shall use dilligence to take knowledge in this kinde, esepecially of common coasters, unprofitable fowlers and tobacko takers.'

Burglarly. 'If any person shall commit burglarly, such shall for the first offense bee branded on the forehead with the letter 'B.' If hee shall offend the second time hee shall bee branded and also severely whipped and the third time, be put to death. If any person shall commit burglarly on the Lord's Day, besides the former punishments, hee shall for the first offense have one of his ears cut off and for the second offense shall looss his other ear and the third time, shall be put to death.'

Gaming. 'Upon complainte of great disorder by the use of the game called shuffe board in howses of common interteinment, whereby such precious time is spent unfruitfully and much waste of wyne and beare. Therefore, no person shall henceforth use said game in any such howse, howse to forfeit for each offense 20 shillings and every person playing to forfeit for every offense five shillings.'

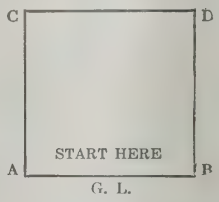


# A Dance A Week



## THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY MINUET

The following is danced by two persons. However, any number may take part formed in columns, but each couple moves independently. In learning this dance, learn the steps then draw a diagram on the floor about eight feet square and designate each corner by letter or numeral. The introduction, consisting of eight measures, is called 'honors' and is the only part of the dance where the bow and curtsey are performed. The numerals used in the body of the description are beats in the music and not measures.




G. L.

Honors..... 8 bars

Salute partners, 1-2-3-4-5-6; join nearest hand, shoulder high; each starts with right foot.

Pas Marche 7-8-9; Assemble, 10-11-12; starting with right foot, return to place with Pas Marche step, nearest hand joined 13-14-15-16-17-18; Assembled 19-20-21; to assemble, face each other, join right hands shoulder high and raised upon the toes, then turn and face center of the square, ready for the next movement, 22-23-24.

**Pas Grave**—Join nearest hand, shoulder high, each starts with right foot forward, and **pas grave** 1-2-3-4-5-6; Pas Marche—7-8-9; Assemble—turn and face each other right foot forward 10-11-12; Pas Minuet. Each to the right, and looking at each other, gentleman toward 'A,' lady toward 'D' 13-14-15-16-17-18; Pirouette —19-20-21; Balance Backward 22-23-24.

**Second strain of music.**

Gentleman starting from A, Lady from D.

**Pas Grave**—Toward each other 1-2-3-4-5-6; Pas Marche forward 7-8-9; ASSEMBLE—10-11-12; Both now, Pas Minuet to the right away from each other, gentleman toward 'B' lady toward 'C' 13-14-15-16-17-18; return toward each other with **pas balance,** starting with left foot, and passing by each other, 19-20-21-22-23-24; both then **Pas Bourre** to the left then right, 25-26-27-28-29-30; **Pas Bourre** quick double time, lady toward 'B,' gentleman toward 'C,' and pirouette to face partner 31-32-33; **Balance** backward on left, right toe pointing in front 34-35-36; starting, gentleman from 'C,' lady from 'B,' moving forward toward each other with a **Pas Balance,** starting with right foot 37-38-39-40-41-42.

**Pas Marche**—Turn partner half around with right hand facing each other 43-44-45; each pirouette half around, finish back to back, 46-47-48; each take three **PAS MARCHE** forward, gentleman toward 'B,' lady toward 'C,' turn and face partner 49-50-51; **Balance** back on left 52-53-54. Repeat the first strain of the music.

**Pas Grave** toward each other 1-2-3-4-5-6; **Pas Marche toward** partner 7-8-9; **Assemble**—10-11-12; join nearest hand and **Pas Marche** to original place 13-14-15-16-17-18; each join left hands, and turn in place 19-20-21-22-23-24, so that the lady is returned to the right side of her partner. Repeat the HONORS eight bars.

*Good Morning*, a dance manual of the Old American Dances, compiled for Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford, contains 169 pages of calls, descriptions and some music of the dances taught in the Ford School. Price 75 cents.

Also, there are 20 orchestrations of 11 parts each—25 cents each orchestration, or $4.00 for the lot. Book and music will be mailed upon receipt of price.

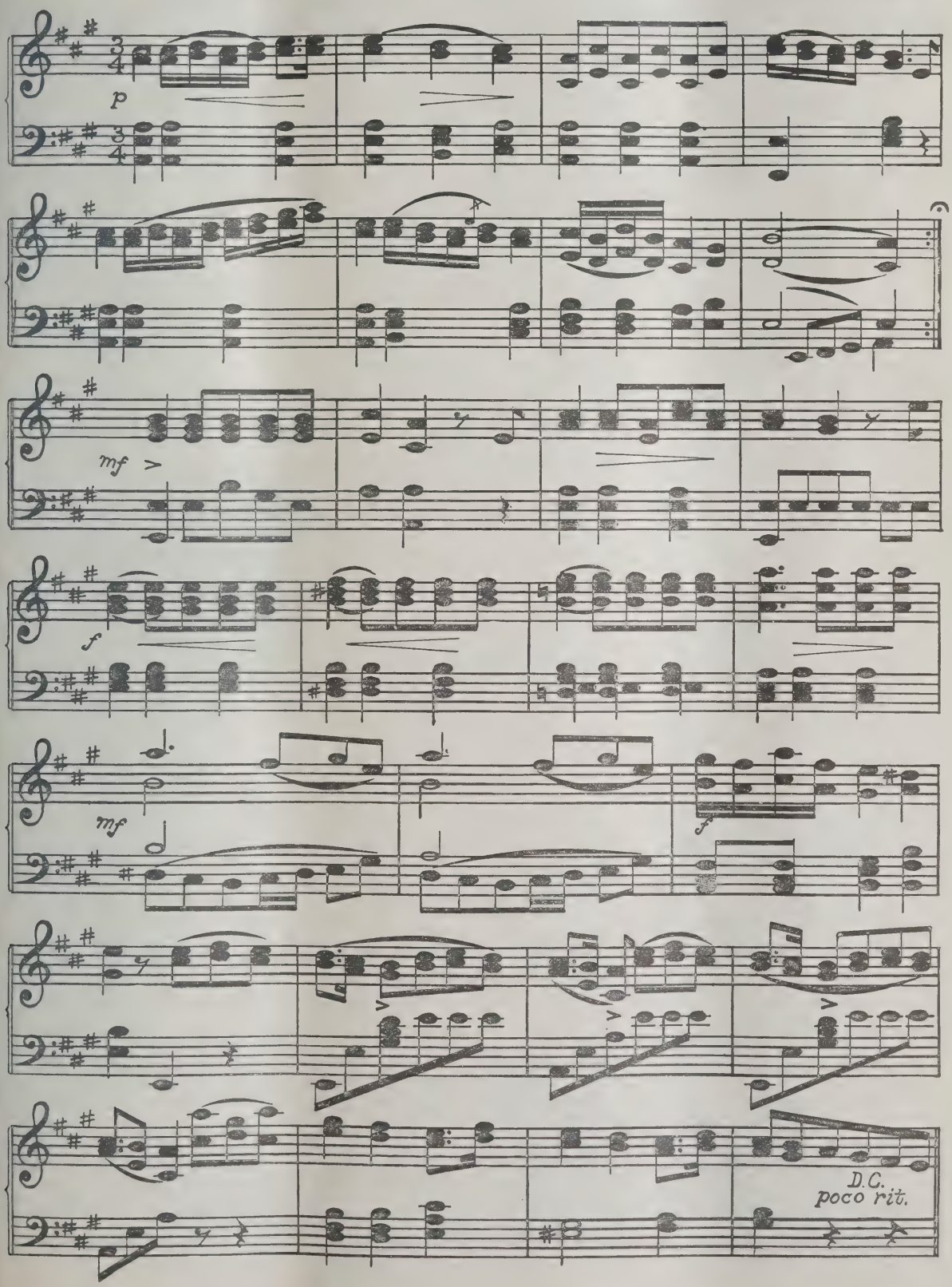
Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

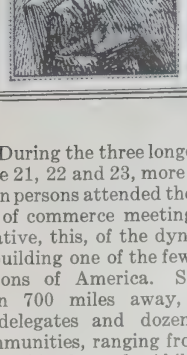
Please order by number.

1. Grand Pa's Favorite
2. Sicilian Circle
3. Virginia Reel
4. Medley Waltz
5. Medley Two Step
6. Varsovienne
7. Rye Waltz
8. Oriental Lancers
9. Heel and Toe Polka
10. Old Southern Schottische
11. Money Musk
12. Badger Gavotte
13. Waltz No. 2
14. Ripple
15. Ticknor's Quadrille
16. My Queen Medley Waltz
17. Luxemburg Schottische
18. Sea Side Polka
19. Club Quadrille
20. Day Break Waltz

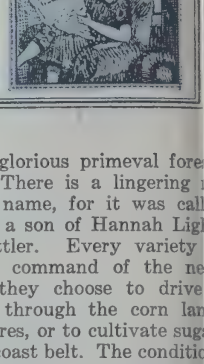
# The Seventeenth Century Minuet

Arranged by Humphrey





# I Read in the Papers



During the three longest days in the year, June 21, 22 and 23, more than 40,000 out-of-town persons attended the West Texas chamber of commerce meeting in Amarillo. Indicative, this, of the dynamic force which is upbuilding one of the few remaining frontier regions of America. San Antonio, more than 700 miles away, sent a trainload of delegates and dozens of other Texas communities, ranging from Dallas to smaller Lubbock and Abilene, did likewise. The area of the Lone Star State that is termed West Texas could accommodate Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina and Florida and have enough vacant space remaining to take in big segments of Kentucky and Tennessee. The former cattle kings of West Texas have seen their holdings become enormously valuable through the discovery of oil, one Fort Worth cattleman enjoying an enhancement of land values to the extent of fifty million dollars. The resources of West Texas are imperial—as the state suggests an empire in its scope. One-half of the mohair of the nation is produced there and the bulk of the domestic production of quicksilver comes from there. The public domain is owned by the state and not by the Federal Government and a great mountain park will probably be created in the Guadalupe Peak district near the New Mexico boundary.

The significant thing about this enormous meeting in Amarillo is that the United States was supplied with newspaper dispatches about crimes while 40,000 West Texans were engaged in energizing their two million fellows to upbuild their state in accordance with the finest American traditions. Most of us learned of it only through accident.

At a recent auction sale at Christie's where Sir William Orphen's portraits of the principal figures at the Versailles Peace Conference were sold, Woodrow Wilson's portrait brought a higher price than any of the other War and Peace Conference notables. It brought $13,000. The next highest price was paid for a portrait of General Smutts—$2,700. Following these came those of General Pershing at $2,500; David Lloyd George and General Botha, both at $2,400; Colonel House, $2,250; Georges Clemenceau, W. S. Hughes and Lord Sumner, $2,000; Lord Reading and Sir Henry Wilson, $1,900; Lord Derby, $1,600; Earl Beatty, $1,500; Lord Cecil, $1,400; Lord Balfour and ex-Premier Venizelos, $1,000.

A committee of the National Association of Manufacturers has been analyzing the facts about child labor. Arguments in favor of the federal child labor amendment were based upon the claim that southern mill operators were the outstanding offenders; that the children of the poor mountain whites were being worked to death in conditions approximating peonage. It now develops that Rhode Island with 11 per cent; Massachusetts with 6 per cent; Connecticut with 4.9 per cent and New Jersey with 4.6 per cent of the children aged ten to fifteen years, employed in manufacturing and mechanical industries, are the chief offenders. North Carolina's percentage is 2.1, South Carolina's 1.5 and Georgia 1 per cent.

The president of the National Association of Manufacturers (often denounced for his leadership of the opposition to the proposed constitutional amendment) operates a woolen mill in a southern state and has a chapel in the works where all the working people hold a prayer and praise service before commencing their day's work.

One of the charms of South Africa lies in its great diversity of climate—quite literally, you may pay your money and take your choice. At the Cape itself the weather is never excessively hot, and never cold enough for frost, and the rains fall in winter. In the Karoo and Transvaal the winters are crystal-clear; exhilarating cold under a radiant blue sky, and never a drop of rain, for the summer is the rainy season, as it is in Natal and the Orange Free State.

The newcomer to the land is not left alone to struggle with the puzzles of climate, soils, and prices. A society exists, called The 1820 Memorial Settlers' Association, which has helpers in every corner of South Africa, and an office in London at 199 Piccadilly. Intending settlers are advised before they start, and helped when they arrive, and guided in their choice of a province in which to settle by the avocation they intend to pursue. If it is orange farming, the settler may take his choice of certain areas in Natal, the Rustenberg district in the Transvaal, or Clanwilliam in the Cape Province. Cotton-growing will take him into warm districts, where there is a certain degree of moisture, as in Southern Zululand. Cattle-farms lie, for a great part, in the Karoo, and a number of settlers, many of them retired civil servants and officers from India, are thriving in the beautiful lands of Griqualand West. These last are mainly mixed farms, cattle, mealies, sheep, and dairy. The large fruit farms, where peaches, plums, apricots, and pears are grown, lie, many of them, in the neighborhood of Cape Town; apples thrive at higher altitudes. The vineyards and wine-farms are also near the Cape, and at the Paarl olives are flourishing. A happy settlement is at George, near the glorious primeval fore of yellow-wood. There is a lingering mance about the name, for it was call after George Rex, a son of Hannah Lig foot, an early settler. Every variety climate is at the command of the ne comers, whether they choose to drive 'mile-long furrow' through the corn lan of Caledon and Ceres, or to cultivate sug cane in the Natal coast belt. The conditio of life are, in most respects, far easier th in England, though they vary somewhat the four provinces of the Union, accordi to climatic influences and the distances fr towns and railways.—Dora Fairbridge *The English Review.*

The all-pervading spirit in Denmark cheerfulness. Although financially the Dan have been badly hit since the war and t pathetic tales of poverty and bankrupt nothing seems really to depress them. It strange to find this happy-go-lucky mosphere side by side with such practic hard-working common sense.

But that is Denmark. Whether it be the roadsteads of Copenhagen, where t ships of a world's fleet swing at anchor, out on the moors of Jutland that have be reclaimed from the sea—where the Dani farmer sets an example in industry and ef ciency that might well be followed elsewhe —there is the same healthy optimism a the same clear-headed judgment that ali seem the product of the crisp northern a —Marguerite Coote in *The English Revie*

Lawmaking is still rampant. Unit States lawmakers in 1925 considered 40,9 bills, ultimately putting 13,018 of them the statute books. In *Nation's Busine* Agnes C. Laut writes that 'these laws a solely state and federal, not municipal n county regulations; and if you doubt t figures, please write to the National I dustrial Council, Church Street, New Yor and get a condensed list of what the la mill grinds out each year, and who pays t bills, and what the enforcement costs a how many jobs are created, first to iss the laws and second to enforce the laws.

'Then you will have a dizzy idea wh taxes go up, and who pays the taxes, an who gets the taxes. It's all right if you li it. I'm not objecting. I'm just stating fact. If all the bills proposed in one ri middle-western state in 1925 had passe it would have added to the indebtedness that state a billion dollars. Put the rate interest at 4 per cent. Figure the tax f yourself. At least seventy-five per cent the surplus laws proposed are to extract an exact the dollar from thrift's pocket.

'I do not subscribe to the charge that w are "a nation of law-breakers." The never was an era in the human race whe the ten laws or the two laws were mo closely followed in private and public co duct and contract; but I do say there is n man, woman or child living in the Unite States, no corporation and no individu who knows even ten per cent of the law passed in 1925 alone, which each is expecte to obey.'

*The International Jew* in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set $1. THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN.

# BRIEFLY TOLD

NEARLY ONE-FOURTH of the import trade of Australia is carried on with the United States.

FOR FIVE YEARS SINCE 1920, Canadian wheat crops have averaged 15.5 bushels per acre. The average for the same period for the United States was 13.3, Argentina 13.3 and Australia 11.7.

THE KANSAS STATE government cost $6.91 per capita in 1925, as compared with $22.17 in 1924, and $3.65 in 1918.

A FRENCH COURT HAS JUST settled a suit concerning ownership of 12,000 acres of land filed in the year 1372. It is estimated that lawyers' fees during this period were sufficient to have bought the property twenty-one times over.

LATIN AMERICA TOOK over $880,000,000 of imports from the United States in 1925. This was a gain of 14.25 per cent over 1924.



A LUMINOUS SPIDER, THE first ever discovered, was found recently by a scientific expedition in Central Burma.

THE STINGING JELLY FISH, known as 'Portuguese-man-o-War,' was given that name by Portuguese mariners seeking a new route to India in the 14th Century. Hostilities between European nations which had closed the regular trade routes had made it necessary that a new route be found.

AMERICANS LIVING IN London now number 6,700.

BELGIUM HAS RECENTLY passed a law providing for compulsory insurance of workers against old age and premature death.

THE TOTAL CHURCH WEALTH in the United States is about $3,300,000,000.

SEVERAL BLUE GEESE have been successfully raised in captivity by the United States National Zoölogical Park. This is the first time this has ever been done.

FRESH FRUITS AND vegetables used on the Presidential yacht, the *Mayflower*, are now being inspected for grade and condition by the Food Products Inspection Service of the Department of Agriculture.

A CAMERA HAS BEEN made for the Army Air Service which will take photographs at an altitude of 35,000 feet. The camera is 4 feet long and weighs 100 pounds.

TO POPULARIZE the potato in France, Louis XIV is said to have worn the flower in his buttonhole.

MILK CONSUMPTION IN THE United States last year reached the highest point in the nation's history, the quantity of milk, including cream, consumed in fluid form being 54,326,000,000 pounds, an increase of 1,554,000,000 pounds over 1924.



SUPERSTITIOUS CHINAMEN PLAY on many weird instruments while the sun is in eclipse to frighten away the evil spirits they believe are devouring it.

POISONED-BRAN BAIT, consisting of one pound of Paris green to twenty-five pounds of bran, when applied to tobacco plant beds will effectively control the grubs of green June beetles.

APPROXIMATELY 82,000 ACRES are planted in muskmelons or cantaloupes annually, and about 32,000 carloads of the melons are shipped to the markets.

AMERICAN HEADLIGHTS HAVE just been installed on a number of Australian locomotives. They formerly operated with no headlights at all. It is expected that crossing accidents will be lessened as a result.

TREASURY AUDIT FOR the fiscal year 1926 was completed within twenty-four hours after the books were closed. This is considered to be a remarkable achievement.

THE GRANARY WEEVIL, known for centuries as a pest of stored grain, may be killed when exposed for a few hours to a temperature of 155 degrees F.

THE COMBINED CIRCULATION of America's 13,400 newspapers is 45,000,000 copies.

EVERY SIXTH PERSON in France owns a bicycle, and there are ten times as many bicycles in that country as automobiles.

THE GOVERNMENT OF NEW SOUTH WALES, Australia, has built more than 1,000 homes at an average cost of $3,250, selling them to workmen on a low weekly-payment plan.



THREE RECRUITS AT AN air field stole a plane and, after flying a short distance, crashed outside a police station.

TAXES IN THE UNITED STATES today are $15 a year for each person, as compared with $75 in Great Britain, $35 in France and $26 in Germany.

A RICH OIL FIELD HAS been discovered in North Central Siberia, almost within the Arctic Circle.

THE TOTAL VALUE OF automobiles and trucks exported from the United States in 1925 was $222,599,132, a gain of 66.4 per cent over 1924.

FIRE DESTROYS AN AVERAGE of 360 homes, 96 farm buildings, 15 hotels, 6 department stores, 5 churches, 5 schoolhouses, 4 warehouses, and 1 hospital each day in this country.

COAL WAS USED FOR melting metal in Greece in 300 B. C.

HENS EXPOSED TO direct sunlight produce eggs rich in vitamine while those kept in glass inclosures do not, experiments conducted at Kansas State Agricultural College indicate.

EACH GROCER IN THE United States has an average of 449 customers.

WOMEN IN AINU, NORTHERN Japan, admire bearded faces so much that they tattoo their own to make them appear whiskered.



A SEATTLE POLICEMAN uses roller skates to patrol his beat in the outlying districts of the city. His mode of transportation has the approval of his superiors.

FRANCE HAS RAISED the salary of Marshal Foch to $3,000 a year.

THE TERM SIRLOIN (Sir-Loin), was originated by Henry VIII of England, who was so pleased at a dinner in which that cut formed the main item that he conferred the honor of knighthood upon the steak.

INMATES OF IOWA STATE Prison are allowed to keep and breed birds. There are now 500 canaries in the penitentiary.

A NEW STYLE OF typewriter has been invented by a Washington man who claims it is capable of being operated at an average of 150 words a minute. The machine has 1,160 keys.

IT IS NOW POSSIBLE to buy air tickets in London for fifty-two different European centers.

FURTHER EVIDENCE THAT the Maoris of New Zealand and the Indians of Alaska were connected is found in the almost exact duplication of the totem poles used by both races. The raven, which figures as the creator of mankind on the Maoris pole, bears the same name in Indian legend.

THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL

EMPLOY thy Time well if thou meanest to gain Leisure; and, since thou art not sure of a Minute, throw not away an Hour. Leisure is Time for doing something useful; this Leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; so that, as Poor Richard says, a Life of Leisure and a Life of Laziness are two Things. Many without Labour, would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock. Whereas Industry gives Comfort, and Plenty and Respect: Fly Pleasures and they'll follow you. The diligent Spinner has a large Shift; and now I have a Sheep and a Cow, every Body bids me Good morrow, all which is well said by Poor Richard.

*—Benjamin Franklin*
*(Sayings of Poor Richard.)*

DEA

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

THE LIBRARY OF THE
AUG 20 192
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

Volume 26, Number 43

Five Cents a Copy GUST 14, 1926 $1.50 a Year



CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

# BRIEFLY TOLD

SERIOUS OBJECTION is being expressed in Western Australia to the influx of low-wage immigrants from Southern Europe who work for one-half the pay of native Australians.

MORE THAN $216,000,000 was paid to unemployed workers in the British dole in 1925.

A 30,000-WATT INCANDESCENT light bulb, the largest ever made, has been designed for taking colored motion pictures. The ordinary sized lamp is 115 watts.

THE RED SWASTIKA SOCIETY is an attempt to replace the Red Cross in China.

THOMAS CARLYLE was the originator of the term 'The Unspeakable Turk.' It occurred in an article written by him before he attained fame.

AMERICAN MARBLE FIRMS are complaining because the Government is considering awarding to foreign companies the contract for furnishing crosses for the graves of 30,000 American soldiers buried in France. The bids were $14.50 each for Italian marble and $35 for American marble.



BECAUSE OF THE HOUSING shortage in London, cells in an old prison are being rented as apartments.

THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY years ago an English micrographist wrote within the circle of an English penny the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Decalogue, two short prayers in Latin, his own name, a motto, the year of the Lord, and year of the reign of the Queen (Elizabeth).

RICE HAS ALMOST DOUBLED in price recently in China. Chinese women, traditionally subdued, have created a new problem by raiding rice shops.

UNDER THE NEW NICARAGUAN immigration law every immigrant to that country will receive fifty acres of tillable land. Tools, materials, and other necessities will be entered duty free and farmers will receive a subsidy for raising alfalfa, coffee, chocolate, and pineapples.

AMERICAN MOTION PICTURE producers in 1925 exported 225,000,000 feet of positive photographic film, exceeding by 55,000,000 feet the 1924 record

ONLY ONE PERSON in four in Mexico is able to read or write

TWO HORSES, a prize bull, and a tomcat licked three circus lions recently in a battle royal in the public square of Cremona, Italy. The lions, which escaped from their cages, were driven back into them by the other animals.

THE FOLLOWING DECLARATION will take the place of the oath formerlly sworn before notaries public: 'This is a true statement, made under the penalties of perjury.'



A PLEA OF SELF-DEFENSE made in behalf of a bull which engaged in combat with a man was upheld by a jury in a Kentucky court. The defense was that the bull was merely protecting itself when it knocked the plaintiff down loosening his teeth and breaking four ribs.

SELF-SUPPORTING STUDENTS won forty-five per cent of all honors at Yale University last year. One-third of the Yale students are either partially or wholly self-supporting.

THE AVERAGE FARMER gets value of about $440 in living expenses from his farm, according to data compiled by the Nebraska Agricultural College.

A FOREMAN IN A LUMBER camp in the Cascade Mountains, Washington, stepped into a hole and found that he was standing on a bear enjoying its winter sleep.

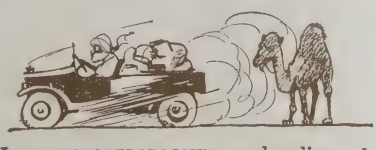
A WOMAN'S ATHLETIC ability is rated at 67 per cent of that of a man of the same weight.

A CHICAGO THEATER requires as much electricity for its outdoor display signs as would be used by an average city of 8,000 residents.

ENGLAND HAS A MILE of railroad to every 3.63 square miles of territory. In this country the record is a mile to each 12 square miles, in Canada a mile to each 71.5 square miles.

TRAINED PSYCHOLOGISTS will hereafter examine undergraduates at Brown University as to their worries, doubts, despairs, loves, and hates.

MAPS WHICH PICTURE the interior of Australia as a desert are incorrect, according to Michael Terry, who has just completed a survey of that country. The interior, he says, is a black soil plateau from 700 to 1,600 feet above sea level, containing many hundred square miles of well-grassed downs.



IN TRANSPORTING LIGHT merchandise and passengers from Arabia, India and Persia to Mecca, the time-honored camel can no longer compete with the automobile.

IMPERIAL RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT war bonds have been declared a dead loss to American holders, under a ruling of the Board of Tax Appeals.

AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES bob their wives' hair, using sharp stones as knives.

PICTURESQUENESS IS TO be sacrificed to efficiency in Italy by a new order banishing donkeys and dog- and oxen-drawn vehicles from the streets.

WORMS THE SIZE OF hairs threaten five hundred acres of hemlock in Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin. Six million feet of lumber have already been destroyed, and airplanes are combating the pests by scattering calcium arsenate powder.

REFRIGERATION EXPERTS predict that within the near future the same pipes that heat homes in winter will be used to cool them in summer.

THE AUTOMOBILE IN which Archduke Ferdinand and his wife were murdered in 1914 has been offered for sale for the twenty-fifth time since the tragedy, but there are no buyers. Superstitious persons believe that the car, blood red in color, is bedeviled, inasmuch as four of its owners have died in it and it has killed and injured several others.



TEACHING THE ARTISTIC use of rouge, instead of forbidding cosmetics among high school pupils, was advocated before the Illinois State Teacher's Association.

SCHOOL CHILDREN OF the United States have more than $30,000,000 on deposit in savings banks throughout the country, the boys and girls of New England leading those of other sections.

THREAD THREE TIMES as strong as ordinary cotton is made from the bark of the magui tree in Mexico.

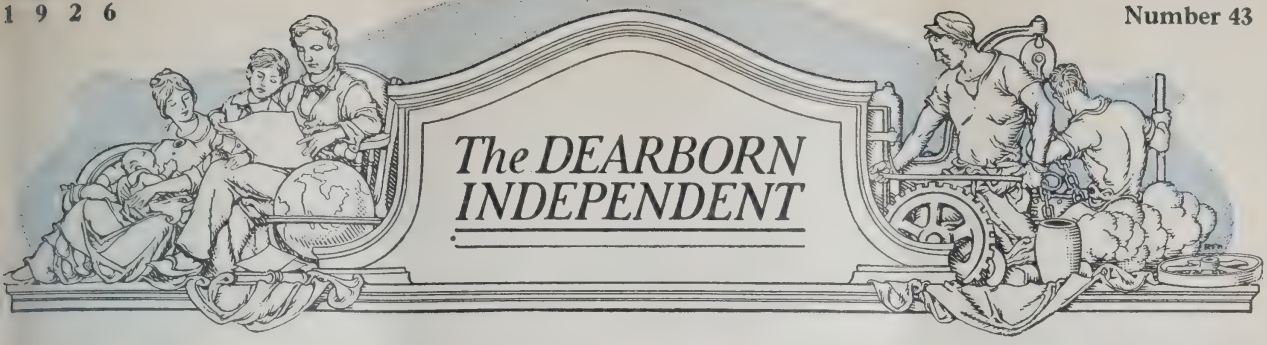
THE FIRST THEATRICAL press-agent stunt took place a century ago when an actor drove a tub drawn by a flock of geese for three miles along the banks of the Thames. The act was successful in filling the theater for the subsequent performance.

THE LAST HERD of the wild white cattle that roamed over Britain in the days of Caesar live in a park in the North of England. Their cry is more of a roar than the familiar 'moo' of domestic cows. They stampede on the slightest provocation.

THE EARLY TOOTHBRUSH was the chewstick, a twig the size of a carpenter's pencil with one end beaten to a soft, fibrous condition.

August 14
1 9 2 6

Volume 26
Number 43




# THE ESSENCE OF THIS ISSUE

Mr. Ford's Page this week iscusses some aspects of pessiism.

---

Three decades ago a stocky little an from Ohio devised a scheme for bolishing both debt and interest. Ie carried his scheme to Washingon. Thousands of unemployed men ccompanied him. The man—acob S. Coxey—was branded an narchist, a dangerous fanatic. He as finally arrested—*for walking n the grass.* Coxey's march is istoric. It was a footnote to a age of history, but the idea behind is almost forgotten. (p. 2)

---

Why did 'Coxey's Army' march? ecause Coxey knew that during the ix weeks it would take to reach Vashington, the whole nation would e mulling over his idea. Here's his dea. It is the same that he carried o Washington thirty-two years ago. 'he scheme may be considered ineenious or ingenuous, according to iewpoint. It is at least important a calling the nation's attention to he growing interest evil. THE )EARBORN INDEPENDENT prints it, ot to endorse it, but as the honest xpression of a man who must be anked as one of the country's inor prophets. (p. 24)

---

Some term it instinct. Others call it a *inch.* Whatever the name, says Dr. Laird, oted psychologist, this indefinable someing is more powerful than we realize. A inch that flashes into the mind is often ore dependable than slow, careful reasong. He tells why. (p. 5)

---

The pilot sailed into the sky, a human rget for five enemy planes. Back and forth e weaved, like a crazed butterfly, while ey emptied their machine guns at him. he wings of his plane were perforated. reams of lead whizzed past his face. A ousand rounds of ammunition to each in—5,000 bullets. Finally, their last rtridge fired, *he* began to shoot! (p. 13)

---

Captain Heurtaux' story is unique. It is tale of the great fliers of the war, written r one of them. It is a tale that can now be ld by no one else. All the others who were i aviation at the beginning of the war are ne. Here Heurtaux tells of his last thrilling battles, and of the gallant, tragic death of Guynemer, the Ace of Aces. (p. 13)

---

Two men stand out from the political scrimmage line. Staunch prohibitionist, World Court foe, keen-minded debater, Senator Borah, of Idaho, and anti-prohibitionist, popular governor, smiling hand shaker, Alfred E. Smith, of New York. (p. 21)

---

The prestige of President Coolidge is seriously worrying some people. It seems to have suffered a change. Many reasons are advanced for this, some sound, some palpably wrong. What they are, we have tried to discover, and we believe that this article justifies us in saying that you will be better informed after reading it. We wish the President himself might read it. (p. 21)

---

The clergyman calls this the age of the pagan. Old-time ideals are being lost sight of. Things once sacred are held in contempt. Cheap cynicism is replacing deep reverence. The word Puritan, which meant so much in the days of the country's founding, is now one of reproach. Dr. William E. Barton is no alarmist. He is an exceptionally clear thinker, an able writer. When he declares that we must return to Puritanism, he sounds a warning that should be heeded. (p. 7)

---

This nation has a crime bill of $10,000,000,000 a year! You pay it—in theft losses, insurance rates, taxes for police protection and for prosecution. New York, where a large percentage of crime is committed, has adopted a drastic new penal code—to the distinct disadvantage of the criminal—in an attempt to reduce the bill. You will want to read about it. (p. 3)

---

A life sentence in New York, hereafter, will mean a *life* sentence. It won't mean a mere five or ten years in prison. Nor will it mean just another little joke between the convict and a benevolent parole board. The functions of the parole board have been sharply curtailed. Compensation is done away with; commutation privileges are abridged. (p. 3)

---

Bond laws have been tightened. Heretofore an habitual criminal released on bail would promptly commit further crimes to raise money for his defense. An end has been put to this. The time allotted for appeal has been shortened. Stalling on the part of defense attorneys will no longer be tolerated. Criminals perpetrating felonies *while armed* will be dealt with harshly—life sentences awaiting some of them! *In short, the laws now favor the criminal less and society more.* (p. 3)

---

Remember Stockton's famous riddle-story, 'The Lady or the Tiger'? Here's a yarn about a man and a tiger. It's the last of 'Gil' Robinson's delightful circus reminiscences, and one of the best . . . Thomas L. Masson concludes his tale about the wild American humorists, who furnished wit and gaiety for the gay and garish nineties . . . And there's an article on how Britons (a certain group, at least) take the dole. That's one bit of socialism we certainly don't want in this country.

## CONTENTS

Cover Design - - - - - - - Russell H. Legge
Coxey the Crusader—*Charles J. Finger* - - - 2
New York Wages Bitter War on Crime - - - 3
*Burt M. McConnell*
Trust Your Hunches—*Donald A. Laird* - - - 5
Taxpayer's Final Arbiter of Facts - - - - - 6
*John D. Erwin*
We Need More Puritans—*William E. Barton* - 7
The Pauperization of Britain—*Paul Tyner* - - 8
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
Duelists of the Sky—*Part II* - - - - - - 13
*Captain Alfred Heurtaux*
Under the White Tops with 'Gil'—The Man and the Tiger—*Harry E. Barnet* - - - - 16
Chats with Office Callers - - - - - - - 20
The Principal Presidential Possibilities of 1928 21
*Allan L. Benson*
What Coxey Marched For - - - - - - - 24
Tales of the Wits Who Gave Humor to the Gay Nineties—*Thomas L. Masson* - - - 28
A Dance a Week—Old Dan Tucker and Soldier's Joy - - - - - - - - - - - - - 30
I Read in the Papers - - - - - - - - - 32

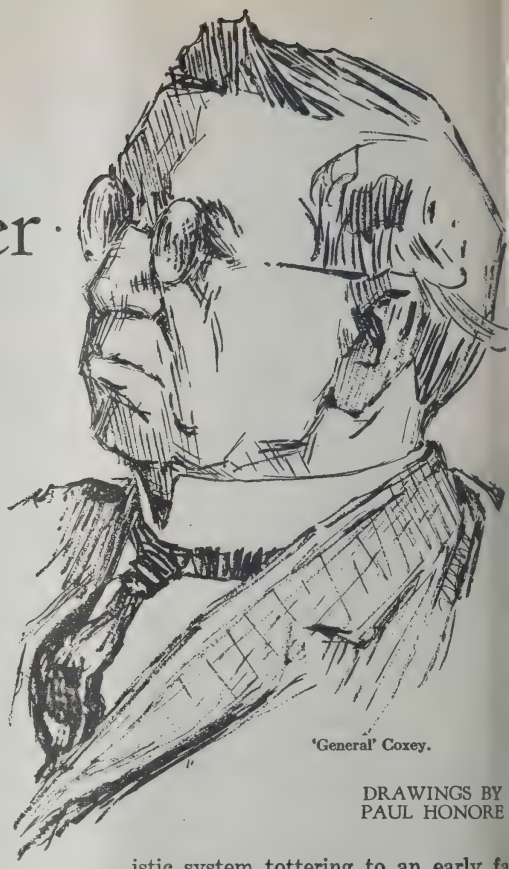
PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer;
C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.50 A YEAR in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year.
SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Thirty-Two Years Have Passed Since the 'General' Made His Famous March, But He Is Still

# Coxey the Crusader



'General' Coxey.

DRAWINGS BY PAUL HONORE

By CHARLES J. FINGER

THIS is how I first came to hear of the man.

One day, down in the south of South America and in a town in which were neither policemen, electric lights, telegraphs nor telephones, a schooner dropped anchor and fluttered the Stars and Stripes. Making out the name, *Lively*, of Boston, we went aboard to be sociable and to hear the news, and the captain called all hands for a sociable time. The mate did most of the talking, for he talked well and about the things we wanted to hear, to do which is the essence of good fellowship. In the course of his discourse he said:

'By the way, when we left Boston there was trouble a-brewing. A fellow out West, in Ohio maybe, was a-gatherin' up all the bums an' crooks in the country to march on Washington, to loot it. I heard it said that he wanted to make hisself President.'

Then the captain spoke, saying, 'Them kind of fellows is anarchists, and ain't got never a soul to save,' and relapsed into silence, for he was a moody man.

We did our trading when the talk was ended, exchanging gold dust and seal skins and ostrich feathers for what we considered necessities, and as we were dropping aft at nightfall, the mate leaned over and said:

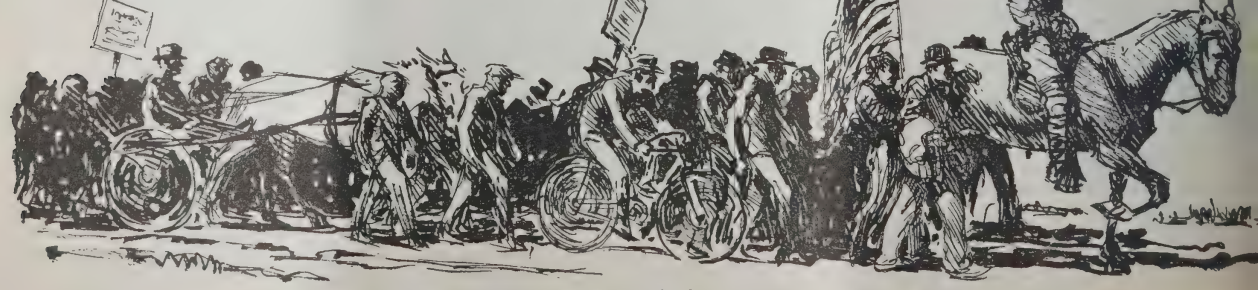
'About that fellow out West. I remember his name now. 'Twas Coxey.'

In a day or two, being up in our place in the Andes again, we gained a sort of distorted notion of the state of affairs in the civilized world in 1893-4. By the aid of the newspapers the mate gave us we made our picture, and a strange, jumbled, disordered, torn and distracted world it seemed when viewed through the eyes of sensational journalists, and cartoonists, and editors whose words failed to enlighten.

For we saw a United States nervous and panicky after a tremendous heat wave, followed by a severe drought. That made for a crop shortage and high prices, for the closing down of factories, for strikes and conflicts and for railroads operating under military protection. We read, wide-eyed, of a little war in Tracy City, Tennessee, with miners fighting against convicts—we read that Jay Gould had died worth $72,000,000, and found editors predicting universal disaster because of all that accumulated wealth—we noted that people were disagreeing about immigration laws, and Chinese exclusion acts, and the tariff—we wondered at the trouble in France with anarchists throwing bombs and sometimes blowing themselves up. We learned that there was trouble in the coal mining industry with strikes in Pennsylvania, in Maryland, in Illinois, in parts of the British Isles. And there was Ireland nervous about Home Rule, Canada excited about reciprocity, Paris annoyed about its Latin Quarter where there had been rioting.

So the general impression we had, especially when we hit upon a few Populist papers, was of a world full of disorder and discontent, with financial fraud everywhere; with the capitalistic system tottering to an early fa and humanity generally leaping swift destruction with eyes blin folded. As for the United State judging from the lurid headlines the half-year-old papers we had, was hopelessly diseased and visibl disorganized, and Withington, one our outfit, said: 'I give the countr three months before a revolution spli it from top to bottom.'

Now Hardie, the long-headed, o posed that view. He held that black it looked back home, there were glean of light. There were men of genius ar loftiness of aim at work, he said. H held that the capitalistic system, i stead of being on its last legs, was your and vigorous, 'afflicted for a mome with growing pains' was how he put i He also held it as a hopeful sign tha there were minor prophets, earnest an articulate men, calling (Continued on page 2



They started—on foot, in wagons, buggies, surreys, bicycles, on horseback . . . sullenly determined.

AFTER a three years' survey of the crime situation, the New York legislature put into effect, July 1, drastic laws for the elimination of crime. That criminals fear the new regulations was shown by the eagerness with which they pleaded guilty and sought admission to prison before the new program became effective. Under the new system a prisoner must serve the entire term to which he is sentenced. Heretofore a life sentence has meant little to an habitual criminal. He knew he would probably be released in ten years at the most. Hereafter, however, a life sentence will be a ***life*** sentence. The new laws favor society, not the criminal.

# New York Wages Bitter War on Crime

## Drastic New Laws Are Put in Force in the Struggle to Restore Law and Order

By BURT M. McCONNELL

MOST of us have been aware at some period or other within the last five years of a crime wave, particularly in our large enters of population. We have more riminal courts and less results to show or them than any other nation. Crime no longer merely an occupation; it is n industry, highly organized and irected with extraordinary cunning. herefore no function of organized overnment is of greater importance to ie people than the protection of life id property and the preservation of w and order.

The honest citizen will be glad to arn that the state in which much of ie crime of the past five years has oc-urred—New York—has some new ws which went into effect July 1. hey tighten the screws on some of our ost desperate criminals. Their effect, ready noted, will be to expedite, rengthen, and simplify the adminis-ation of criminal justice; increase the rms of imprisonment in state prisons; strict the indiscriminate release of cond offenders on bail; and permit ie state-wide collection and dissemina-on of criminal records and informa-on. An appropriation of $50,000 has en made for the latter purpose.

The first result was a great stam-ede of criminals to get into prison be-re the longer sentences may be im-osed.

New York has set an example for ie rest of the states to follow. With ie evidence of the existence of organ-ed gangs of gunmen, bandits, and urderers all over the East, the New ork legislature forgot for the moment is political squabbles and adopted the ost drastic program for the elimina-on of crime in the history of the coun-y.

Of course, there were objections to ie proposed changes in criminal pro-edure on the part of some lawyers no specialize in criminal practice, th in and out of the legislature. espite this opposition, however, sev-al important amendments were ap-oved by Governor Smith. These may summarized as follows:

The new laws provide for a state-de collection of criminal records, ch as finger prints, Bertillon measure-ents, et cetera, by police officers and prison wardens, and the interchange of such information with the federal authorities and police officers of other states and countries.

The absence or existence of a criminal record must be established before a person charged with a felony or any one of seven specified misdemeanors can be admitted to bail. The court may also use its discretion in refusing bail to a person charged with any one of these misdemeanors.

District attorneys, except in New York County, are required to proceed against the surety on criminal bail bonds within sixty days after the adjournment of the court directing the forfeiture of the bonds, instead of 'at any time,' as heretofore.

Persons jointly accused may hereafter be tried separately or jointly at the discretion of the court.

A defendant in a criminal case must now appeal within thirty days, instead of within one year, as formerly, and appeals must be argued within ninety days, unless the time is extended by the court. And except in instances where the Appellate Court is overruled, there can be but one appeal.

The sentences of judges will hereafter be carried out as imposed. This amendment, by abolishing compensation and reducing the time granted for commutation, through the substitution of a new form of commutation limited to five days a month, will have the effect of increasing definite sentences from sixteen to sixty per cent. Commutation and compensation in the case of life sentences will hereafter be abolished.

The actual term of imprisonment in a state prison will in future be not less than one year, and this term may not be reduced.

The statutory sentence for felony shall be increased, when committed by an armed person, from five years, in the case of a first offender, to twenty-five years or even life in the case of a fourth offender. And such armed persons, even when first offenders, may not be released on probation or otherwise have their sentences shortened.

The penalty for burglary in the first degree shall be not less than fifteen years; for robbery in the first degree, from fifteen to twenty years. A life sentence, in future, will not mean a minimum of ten years or an indeterminate sentence; it will mean a *life* sentence.

Persons convicted for the fourth time of felony must hereafter serve a life sentence. Persons originally sentenced as first offenders may be resentenced on the discovery of previous conviction.

The receiving of stolen property in any amount is now a felony, with the maximum penalty increased to twenty years' imprisonment.

These new measures resulted from a year's survey of the crime situation by the New York legislature. Other states have undertaken crime surveys, but most of the commissions have merely piled up reams of evidence and volumes of testimony. In the majority of states, under existing laws, a criminal sent to prison for a long sentence rarely serves more than one-third of his time; hundreds of criminals are freed on bail every week, and many of these undoubtedly commit new crimes to pay their bondsmen, and then 'jump' their bail. 'Fences,' who form the backbone of much of the crime industry, are virtually immune from effective punishment in most of our states. A large number of old offenders escape charges against them because of the lack of adequate means of identifying them. Their plunder enables them to engage shrewd lawyers.

It is these handicaps that the New York legislature, despite the protests of lawyers with criminal practice, both in and out of the legislature, has overcome.

There is no doubt that a large percentage of the crimes committed in New York City during the past five years were planned and carried out by criminals who were out on bail. Here is one of the large loopholes in our administration of justice. With the old offender, crime is a business. He does not worry about being arrested and held for the grand jury if he can be released immediately on bail. Given his liberty, he can at once begin planning another crime. The system that permits this condition is a scandal. There can be no appreciable lessening of crime until this practice of freeing criminals on easily

procured bail is ended. New York State has taken the first step. Under the new law, second offenders are not entitled to bail as a constitutional right.

In New York City alone there are said to be over five hundred bonding agents ready to put up bail that will free the criminal. The bandit always has a bondsman. Many bonding companies are willing to take a risk when the crook can pay the premium. Once he regains his freedom on bail, the criminal often commits another robbery to get money to pay his bondsman.

According to a New York City magistrate, some bonding houses hire agents who are in close touch with the criminal world, if they are not criminals themselves, and who know when a crime is to be committed. The bonding agent, in many instances, is looked upon by crooks as a friend, and he often is, ready to go the bail of the arrested criminal up to any amount before the ink is dry on the commitment papers. Many bonding houses accept stolen property as collateral. In some cases they take no collateral against their bonds, but accept the promise of other crooks that the criminal will be produced upon request.

Under the new law, district attorneys, except in New York County, are required to proceed against the bondsman in the case of forfeited bail within two months. Heretofore no time limit has been fixed. Under another provision, the bondsman who accepts stolen collateral may be sent to prison for perjury.

One of the reasons for the prevalence of crime in the United States is the long delay between the crime and the punishment, due to the opportunities to appeal from one court to another. It will be impossible hereafter in New York State to postpone indefinitely the trial of a defendant by one appeal after another at intervals of ten months or a year. Furthermore, in cases where the Appellate Court is overruled, but one appeal will be granted.

The habitual criminal regards a prison sentence with comparative indifference. He knows that if he conducts himself in strict accordance with the rules of the institution, he will get the benefit of 'good behavior' allowances—and be able to return to his chosen profession in a few months. Heretofore, the phrase 'life sentence' has meant little to the inmates of a New York State prison, but in future the sentences of judges will be carried out as imposed. There will be no commutation in the case of a 'lifer.'

Dangerous criminals are often paroled after serving part of their sentence. There are many cases on record in the larger cities of hardened gangsters committing murder. In future, prisoners sentenced to a New York State prison must serve at least one full year. There will be no parole, nor will the actual time served be reduced through 'good behavior.'

Additional punishment will hereafter be inflicted on the person convicted of a felony committed while armed with a pistol or other dangerous weapon. Nor will the prisoner be released on probation, or otherwise have his sentence shortened.

Under the old New York State law, a life sentence could be converted into an indeterminate sentence, with a maximum of life and a minimum of ten years. Under the new law, effective September first, a life sentence becomes exactly that. And it may be imposed even for first-degree robbery.

There are no figures available to show England's actual money losses from crime, but the direct property loss in this country amounts to approximately $4,000,000,000 a year, and statistics place the indirect cost of prevention, detection, prosecution, and punishment, and the cost of prisons, reformatories, and asylums at $6,000,000,000 annually. A total of $10,000,000,000—enough to pay the cost of running the United States Government for three years! In fact, it is estimated that the cost of housing, feeding, and attending the criminal charges of the various states now amounts to *one-fifth of the states' total income*. Penologists tell us that at all times about 200,000 persons in the United States are under lock and key. But these 200,000 are said to represent less than one-fifth of the actual criminal population. Not only does this great army of criminal offenders steal $4,000,000,000 annually; not only does it require $6,000,000,000 for policing, imprisonment, feeding, and attention; but it is an unproductive force, a great economic waste. If the annual productiveness of the individual is estimated at the conservative sum of $1,500, it will be seen that $1,500,000,000 must be added as industrial wastage.

Formerly the New York State law provided that to sentence a criminal as an old offender it was necessary to indict him as such, and to prove him to be an old offender at the trial. Under one of the new amendments, it is not necessary to indict a person and convict him as a previous offender in order that he shall receive the increased punishment provided. And persons convicted for the fourth time of felony must serve a life sentence.

No longer may an arbitrary distinction be made between receiving stolen property of a value of less or more than $50. Under the new law, the receiver of stolen property, no matter what the amount, is a felon. Moreover, the maximum penalty has been increased from five years to twenty years, although the court still retains the right to impose a fine in lieu of, o in addition to, a prison sentence.

There has been too much twaddl about the criminal. As a result, our is the most lawless of civilized countries Murder, banditry, robbery, and vio lence of every description are mor common here than anywhere else i the world. What are the causes of th astounding prevalence of crime among people enjoying the widest benefits o liberty, education, and self-government Unemployment might have been ad vanced as a reason for the crime wav in 1922, but it would not be a soun explanation today. Some say that on of the contributing causes is the loos laws in various states permitting th sale and distribution of firearms.

By some the crime wave has bee blamed upon the war, but this diagnosis has broken down. Others, with considerable justification blame the crime wave on the thousands of criminal aliens in the United States, most o whom are in the great cities where they roam at will. Experts in social diagnosis attribute the prevailing lawlessness to such varying causes as lack of religion and Puritanism; economic wrongs and motion pictures; excessive luxury and widespread poverty; too much liquor and not enough; heredity and environment; physical defects and the newspapers; the temptations of leisure and the evils of overwork; and lack of recreation and abnormal indulgence. The most competent observers now agree, however, that there is one cause which outweighs all others—the fact that the American system of administering justice has become so weakened that it has lost most of its deterrent effect. Court machinery has not been functioning as it should.

The more the English judicial system is studied, the more indefensible does our own look by comparison. England has made punishment for crime swift and certain. That country has revised its criminal and court procedure to meet modern conditions—*to favor the criminal less* and society more.

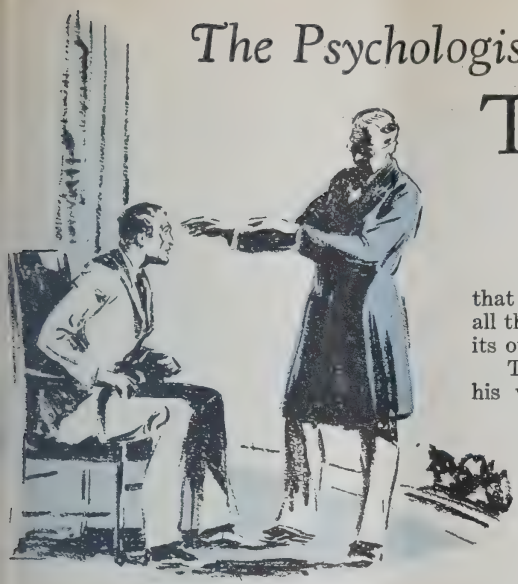
The easy granting of bail is unknown in England. The large bonding companies which exist in the United States for the purpose of furnishing bail do not exist there. In fact, the man who goes bail for the defendant cannot be reimbursed if the bail is forfeited, for that in itself is a crime. In England, moreover, the criminal is entitled to but one appeal, whereas in the United States, except in New York, he may have as many as three. The English criminal is therefore unable to delay final decision in his case for two or three years. And the appellate bodies (Concluded on page 26)

*The Psychologist Says:*

# Trust Your Hunches

By DONALD A. LAIRD

ILLUSTRATED BY J. C. GRAHAM



ur eye sees much more than you are aware it sees. Should you hypnotized you would be able to tell in great detail of all the window displays you passed today.

WHEN fishermen of Nova Scotia are in a fog and suddenly hear the siren of a steamer, do they take time to reason om which direction the warning mes?

They do not. They act upon their st hunch regarding the direction, and e almost always right. They have und that those who take time to ason are almost always wrong.

It is astonishing how trustworthy nches usually are. It is still more remarkable whence they come. Some of e most fascinating chapters of modern ychology are written around this pic.

In telling my students about these apters I have to preface my lectures th these remarks: 'World explorers ing back reports which amaze us d which we are at first loath to beve. Within each of us can be found nexplored mental lands from which st as amazing reports can be brought ck. The reports may be so unexpected as to arouse disbelief until personal experience has verified them to our tisfaction.'

Your eye, for instance, sees much ore than you are aware it sees. Should u be hypnotized you would be able to ll in great detail of all the window splays you passed today and, apparently, had given no notice. While dinarily we are not aware of these impressions which are being made upon r nervous system and mental life, ey undeniably furnish a great reservoir of experience. For some people is reservoir is hidden and unproductive. For others it is the source of nches, and even inspiration.

The French conjurer, Robert oudin, developed the use of this eat natural resource. While you and have to be hypnotized to recall the ntents of the show window we have ssed, Houdin had so trained himself that he could *consciously* remember all that had fallen on the eye, even its outermost regions.

This facility was very useful in his work: for instance, when he was performing in the outlying provinces and suspected the honesty of the local manager. Since he could estimate the number in the audience, with this same facility he could always check on the report the manager gave him.

Agassiz, the famous biologist of Harvard, affords another illustration. For several days he had been trying to make out the details of a fossil fish which was only partly uncovered. His unconscious eye, however, had seen details his conscious eye had overlooked, and in a dream revealed them to him on three successive nights. On the third night the dream was so vivid that he dressed and went to his laboratory to chip away the bits of stone as revealed in the dream. This hunch, which was successful, came in a dream. For some reason it did not flash into his head the way the fisherman notes the direction of the siren. The reason will be evident in a moment.

This reservoir of material which we call upon in hunches, and which for some people is tightly sealed, is not a passive storehouse. It changes and alters the material. We are continually thinking with this hidden material without knowing that we are!

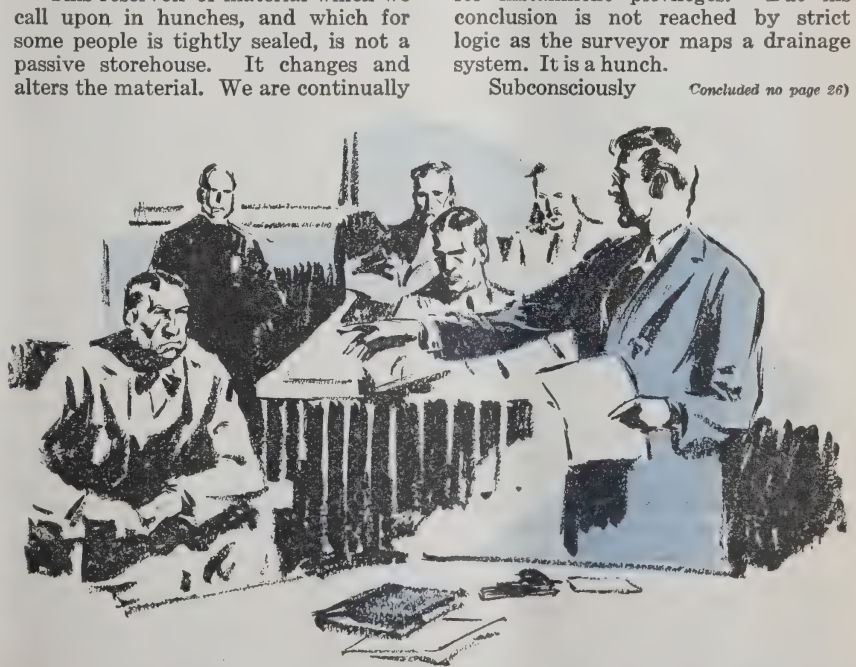
A young man had been hypnotized by the late Dr. Boris Sidis. The hypnotist tried this experiment: 'Ten minutes after I awaken you from this hypnotic sleep,' he said, 'you will give the answer to this problem—7,569 times 3,796.'

The young man was immediately awakened and engaged in lively conversation. In precisely ten minutes he called out the correct solution to the problem. Consciously he had not had a chance to solve the problem, and it was a problem which would have required considerable figuring. Yet underneath all his conversation his mind had been busily engaged in solving this difficult multiplication.

That is how hunches are developed. Inspiration for poetry has the same sources. So have some forms of mental disorder. Thus it becomes at once a bane and a blessing, as is true of many things that we do not fully understand. Perhaps sometime psychologists will develop a mental serum that can be used to develop hunches as serum is used to further health.

Can hunches be trusted? Modern credit systems are built largely upon hunches. The credit manager has information gleaned about the applicant for installment privileges. But his conclusion is not reached by strict logic as the surveyor maps a drainage system. It is a hunch.

Subconsciously *Concluded on page 26*



Lawyers' mental eyes miss the thousand and one things that impress the uncritical juryman. The juryman who is used to running his life largely by hunches notices unconsciously the slightest tremor of the witness when evidence is introduced.

## The Federal Board of Tax Appeals, Created to Be the

# Taxpayer's Final Arbiter of Facts

## *Falls into the Grip of Bureaucracy*

By JOHN D. ERWIN

THE extent to which bureaucracy is entrenched at Washington is well illustrated in the method pursued in the selection of members of the Federal Board of Tax Appeals. With the extension of the federal income tax so that nearly every citizen has tax dealings with the Government at Washington, the importance of this body to citizens can hardly be overestimated. The small taxpayer is affected no less than the wealthy.

Until 1924, or for the first ten years of the operation of the federal income tax law, the taxpayer had no method of making an appeal (unless he wanted to go into endless and expensive litigation in the federal courts) from the decisions of the Internal Revenue Bureau.

It is true there was a Board of Appeals and Review within the Treasury Department to which the appellant could go, but this body worked in such close harmony and understanding with the particular official of the department who made the decision against which protest was being made, that it oftentimes appeared a futile undertaking to bring about real judicial determination of the question. The board was made up merely of department clerks.

To remedy this recognized evil, Congress created in the Revenue Act of 1924 a Board of Tax Appeals with the avowed purpose of creating a tribunal to which the taxpayer could appeal for redress and present his case to an unbiased court, in a judicial atmosphere. The appointments to this tribunal were authorized for specified terms of six, eight, ten and twelve years, with salaries of $10,000 per annum, each. A maximum of twenty-eight 'judges' were authorized, to be appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. Fifteen were appointed.

The debate which preceded the incorporation of this provision in the statutes shows clearly the intent of Congress to keep separate from the Treasury Department and its Bureau of Internal Revenue, this new tribunal which hhlds such broad powers over the property of taxpaying citizens.

The whole protest against the arbitrary operations of the so-called Board of Appeals and Review (the forerunner of the new 'court') was aimed at its unfairness from the standpoint of the taxpayer, in that the decisions from which appellants took their appeal were virtually reviewed by the same bureau where the original action was taken. Citizens protested loud and long over this phase of the Income Tax Bureau at Washington, and eventually Congress took heed of the justice of the protest.

### Personnel of the New Board

For a term of twelve years: Jules G. Korner, of North Carolina; Charles R. Arundell, of Oregon; John J. Marquette, of Montana; Logan Morris, of Utah.

For a term of ten years: Benjamin H. Littleton, of Tennessee; William R. Green, Jr., of Iowa; Percy W. Phillips, of New York; Charles M. Trammell, of Florida.

For a term of eight years: William C. Lansdon, of Kansas; Charles P. Smith, of Massachusetts; Sumner L. Trussell, of Minnesota; John M. Sternhagen, of Illinois.

For a term of six years: J. Edgar Murdock, of Pennsylvania; William D. Love, of Texas; John B. Milliken, of Arizona; Ernest H. Van Fossan, of Ohio.

To emphasize the independence of the new tax court created by the law approved June 2, 1924, there was written into the law this declaration: 'The Board (Tax Appeals Board) shall be an INDEPENDENT AGENCY in the executive branch of the Government.'

The fifteen members of the board were named and there was grumbling and dissatisfaction when a perusal of its personnel disclosed that a great majority of its membership had been selected from subordinates of Commissioner of Internal Revenue David H. Blair and Secretary of the Treasury Andrew Mellon. It was obvious, from the large number of assistants to Mr. Blair who were on the new 'court,' that the President had largely taken the names handed to him by the head of the Internal Revenue Bureau or Treasury Department and made them his nominees for this 'independent agency'—a board that was expected by Congress and taxpayers to be free from the domination of the Internal Revenue Bureau and Treasury officials.

There can be no question about this intent on the part of Congress, since it was the main consideration in bringin about the abolishment of the so-calle Board of Appeals and Review in th Treasury Department and substitutin a board whose members were to b named for statutory terms, and b Presidential appointment.

The Senate may have been derelic in confirming without question th original board without carefull inquiring into the connection and qualifications of all the ap pointees individually, but ther was apparently a feeling that t do so would inject an element o politics into the appointment that would mar the establishmen of the new procedure.

Recently the Senate was agai faced with the duty of passin on the confirmation of the Ta Appeals Board, the new Revenu Act, approved February 26, last having provided that the term of members of the board servin prior to June 2, 1926, shoul expire on June 1, 1926. Thi latter proviso gave Presiden Coolidge (or, more accurately Secretary Mellon and Com missioner Blair) an opportunit to name an entirely new board, i desired, but it developed tha there was no desire to get rid o anyone except two members wh had shown independence in thei consideration of the vastly importan cases submitted to the board.

The two members dropped when th board was reappointed were Judg Albert E. James, of New Jersey, an Adolphus E. Graupner, of California

The fact that they were let ou when the whole board, except them selves, was reappointed caused a sti when the facts became known in Wash ington. There was a threatened revol in the Senate, but in the rush to clos the pending business and get away the Senate finally acquiesced in the nominations on June 8, after several red-hot executive sessions had been taken up in discussing the matter.

These two men were not dropped because they were inefficient, but by reason of their independence. This is so well established by the record that when the charge was made in the executive sessions of the Senate, it was not denied. While James and Graupner constituted only 2/15 of the board, the record shows that they did more than twenty-five per cent of the *original* work of the board. That is, they prepared more than one-fourth of the original decisions that

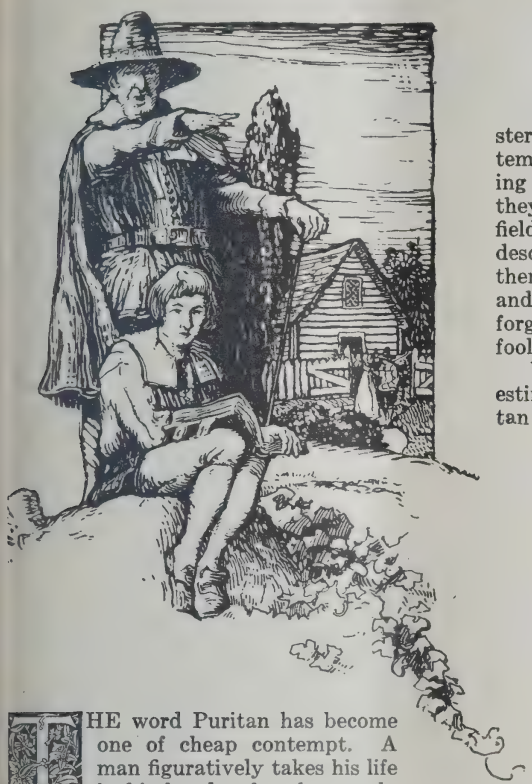
(Concluded on page 27)

A Clergyman Compares Our Era With a Hardier Age—and Declares

# We Need More Puritans!

By WILLIAM E. BARTON

DECORATIVE SKETCHES BY GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN



THE word Puritan has become one of cheap contempt. A man figuratively takes his life in his hands when he openly advocates Puritanism. Words are very potent things, and few people seek to define them or to know their real significance. To call a man a Puritan or in a particular measure Puritanical is enough to damn him to the deepest depth in the mind of the shallow and the unthinking. A recrudescent paganism is walking naked through the land, flaunting its lewdness and glorying in its shame. To those whose god is their belly and who hate all decency, no satisfaction comes cheaper or goes farther than to sneer at Puritanism.

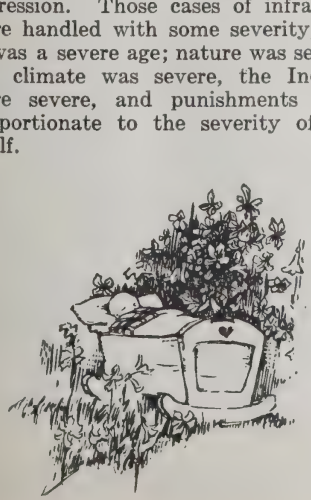
I am not asking for a restoration of the old Puritanism any more than I am asking for a return to the old log cabin, but each was good in its day, and each is entitled to something more than flippant contempt. In this day, when the center of the home is no longer the hearth, and the glory of architecture lies in the number and magnificence of its bathrooms, there are still standards by which society may be graded.

The old Puritanism had its marked and obvious limitations, but it served its day and generation faithfully. It built men and women of marked intelligence and strong character and conscience. It sometimes erred on the side of too little gentleness and charity. It was too stern to be as tolerant as it might have been. But the worst thing it did was to father a race which, with little character of its own, can hold a sterner and a nobler age in contempt. If the old Puritans, looking down from whatever height they have attained in the Elysian fields, could see some of their descendants, they would robe themselves in celestial sackcloth and cry out, 'May Almighty God forgive us for having begotten fools.'

We probably have erred in our estimate of the joylessness of Puritan life. Such glimpses as we get into the daily doings of Puritan times in the diary of Judge Samuel Sewell and other such men, exhibit to us a kindly humor and a pleasing appreciation of simple joys that went along with their stern religion. But take them at their worst and think of them as painfully serious and oppressed by a forbidding theology; still there is much to be said in their defense.

Their youth was not destitute of cheerful sports. Courtship, love and marriage belonged to their normal life, and were definitely encouraged. They looked with little favor on the celibate life, believing it to be a scheme of Satan against which the human flesh was likely to rebel. They married young. Theirs was a normal sex relationship within the limits of the marriage bond.

All cases of church discipline which are of record concerning infractions of the moral law tell their own story of a life that was something else than sheer repression. Those cases of infraction were handled with some severity, but it was a severe age; nature was severe, the climate was severe, the Indians were severe, and punishments were proportionate to the severity of life itself.



I am not asking that those days should come back again. They went none too soon. Indeed, I think they did not go quite soon enough. There is too much a tendency in human affairs to permit good things to outlive their usefulness. Puritanism, I think, was one of those things. It would have been better if the rigidity of the older types of Puritan life had moderated a little more rapidly than it did.

But that is not saying that we should now go to the other extreme and laud the pagan at the expense of the Puritan. The present protest against Puritanism is not a sign of virility, but of degeneracy. It is not a robust protest against repression; it is in itself a repression of much that is finest and most virile in our heritage.

We have need to recover the Puritan faith in individual responsibility. We are too cheaply content with the tyranny of mediocrity. Far too easily do we go with the multitude to do evil. Our fear of intolerance has made us tolerant of everything but the good. We need courage which shall justify us in being ourselves and expressing our own individualism as the Puritans insisted on doing.

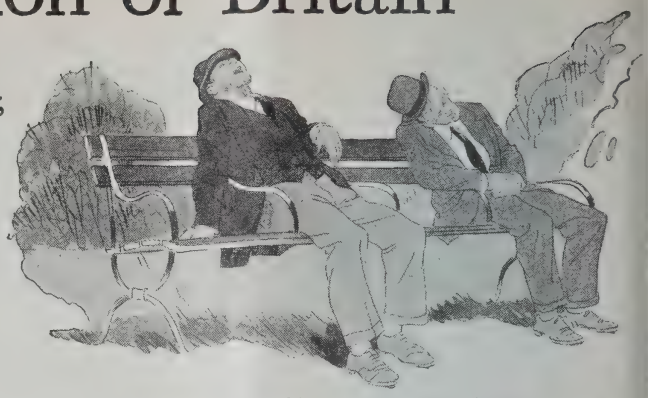


If anyone replies that that is exactly what we have, my answer is that he is mistaken. We are in an age of pagan shams. We have a sham admiration for things we do not normally admire. The herd mind was never

(Concluded on page 22)

# The Pauperization of Britain

## Dole Collectors Lose Desire for Work; Characteristics of Sturdy Industry and Independence Are Vanishing



There are thousands of 'new poor' in Britain. While many have lost all desire to work there are also those who prefer to suffer than take the dole.

By PAUL TYNER

THERE is something picturesque about the poverty of the *lazzaroni*—the sturdy beggars of Naples basking in the sun and appealing for alms in poetic and pious accents. But the poverty of London is simply soul-sickening in the tragedy of its silence. Pathetic beyond words is the air of humilation surrounding its victims, for Anglo-Saxon poverty reflects a breaking down of soul-fiber that is too sad ever to be picturesque.

There is more and worse poverty in Britain today than I have ever observed before—and I have known London before the war, during the war and since the war. There are thousands of 'new poor' here, people who until lately have known at least comfort and decency and to whom the normal life of the 'poor devils' of the slums, who have never known anything better, means all the more intense suffering because of their greater sensitiveness.

Stung by the sufferings of homeless people, the vicar of one of the principal churches, that of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields in Trafalgar Square, a year ago threw open that edifice as a shelter, and nightly from 100 to 200 men gladly avail themselves of the privilege to get such sleep as they can while sitting in the pews or huddled on the floor. Others of the churches furnish free breakfasts of tea with bread and margarine. So far, the local authorities have avoided the familiar 'hard-times' measures of soup-kitchens and 'wood-yard' relief. It seems to be recognized that most of the present sufferers are not of the chronic tramp and beggar class.

I have talked with several of the men who sleep in St. Martin's, when they are unable to get hold of a sixpence to defray the price of a bed in a cheap lodging house. Among them I found men of the various professions, men who had served as officers in the Great War, graduates of the great public schools and of the universities, trained engineers and mechanics, and men who had held important business positions.

There is much cheap sarcasm current as to the readiness of the unemployed to 'lie back' on the 'dole.' While it is unhappily true that there are thousands who have become so demoralized and lacking in backbone that they have lost all desire to work and are content to eke out an existence on the weekly allowance of from twenty to fifty shillings a week (equivalent to five to twelve dollars), the latter where the allowance is for wife and three or four children. There are also many victims of present conditions who bravely prefer to suffer semi-starvation rather than take the dole. These struggle on from day to day, eagerly striving to obtain employment. They seem to feel it a disgrace—an actual beginning to pauperdom—to take 'something for nothing' in this shape.



The night clubs are scenes of mirth. The spenders are doing their best to keep up the notion Old England has money to burn.

It is true that weekly reports during the last few months show a steady decline in the number of unemployed, although they are still some 50,000 above the figures for the corresponding date a year ago. But to gauge the true position it must be taken into account that the Ministry of Labor, in its strenuous endeavors to keep as many workless off the registers as possible, have driven many of them to the local Poor Law authorities, so that the figures of those now in receipt of Poor Law relief show an alarming increase. This relief comes out of local rates which are consequently forced up, increasing the burden of taxation that is already strangling trade and industry.

Whatever may be the deplorable facts as to the number of men whom enforced idleness has deprived of inclination to work, there is no question as to the very large number glad and eager to exchange the dole for a job.

The other day one of the chief business streets of Bath—ordinarily a comfortable and prosperous town—was crowded with men and traffic was hampered. A shopkeeper had advertised a thirty-shillings-a week job for delivery work and the rush was the sequel. He interviewed one hundred and then gave up the task after appointing two men.

Another illustrative instance occurred a short time ago when an advertisement for 'handy men' led to wild scenes outside a big factory at Trafford Park, Manchester. The vacancies were advertised in the evening papers of the previous day, and a crowd of 3,000 unemployed, many of whom had walked miles, began to assemble before six in the

(Concluded on page 23)

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

THERE is perhaps nothing so wholly false as the view of affairs which condemns them as irremediable. Optimism may be only a half-truth, but pessimism is always a lie. It is known to be such by those who harbor it, because it bites and stings.

We may, for example, say that today there is little of that solidarity of opinion that once marked the people of the United States. 'Public opinion' in this country was once a distinct existent force; one could go out and find it; one could weigh and measure it; it was undoubtedly there. Doubtless the same thing exists today, but it is not so evident; it is not observable in so many connections. People, perhaps, have comparatively fewer opinions than they formerly had, because now there is a greater number of matters about which to have opinions. And besides, it is not mere opinions that make 'Public Opinion'; there must be a large core of *conviction* to make that.

Now, it is possible to view such a condition in various ways. It may be mourned as the end of the American mentality. It may be interpreted as the last destructive scene of universal frivolity. False prophets may arise and say that the doom of dumb-mindedness has descended upon us for our shortcomings. There is no reason to deny that even these views may bring with them a certain degree of benefit. Whatever one may say of pessimism, there is certainly something to be said for the serious-mindedness which seems to accompany it. The error of thoughtless minds is to assume that there can be no serious-mindedness in optimism. To be serious, they think, one must be pessimistic. Yet, it is probably nearer the truth that optimism without serious-mindedness is as false as pessimism. It certainly approaches fallacy to hold that serious and sober thinking belongs to dull and gloomy minds. Quite the contrary, seriousness is an element of soundness, and soundness is the very heart of sprightliness.

But it is not the reaction of the observing few to the change which has taken place in the multitude that constitutes the ground for a possibly hopeful view of the change. That ground must be found in the fact of the change itself. If good exists, it must exist in the thing which the analytical few hold to be bad; otherwise the mere fact of their recognizing the bad is not always a sufficient counterbalance for the defection of the many.

*THE pessimist has this to commend him, that he has attained something similar to serious-mindedness. But it is a mistake to assume, as is widely done, that sober and serious thinking belongs only to gloomy minds. To be serious is necessary to being sound, and being sound is essential to being free, and freedom is the soul of sprightliness. That which passes for optimism is so seldom serious or sound that the whole idea of optimism, as popularly conceived, makes for contempt of it. The facts, as facts, are neither good nor bad, which gives the first jolt to pessimism. Life is more than 99 per cent of the basis of a sane optimism. What is living is changing, and Life is constantly casting out the unsound thing.*

Perhaps it is well for us that at times a clearing season arrives when our intenser interests are suddenly loosened, or transferred to something else, or a mood arrives in which it seems unnecessary to have opinions about anything at all, or a deeper change of attitude arrives when we determine that we shall issue new challenges to all that we took for granted before.

If there are certain matters to which the national attention is really important, and national attention toward them had become stale by its very strainedness, it is perhaps well for the really important matters that we do grow indifferent or even forgetful of them for a time, that we may return with freshened eyes and keener minds and an altogether stronger attitude.

It is probably true that the people are losing interest in politics. It is probably true that the politicians, using the old methods, will fail to create any renewal of interest. And the reasons for this oncoming of public indifference are not difficult to understand. If, under cover of it, the sleepless interests do not steal the country, the mental vacation may be the best thing that can happen to politics. When the people come back, politics may get the surprise of its life from the strength and firmness with which the people take hold again. It has now become the fashion of politicians to complain of the indifference of the people, but the return of interest will make an effectual end of the politician.

What we must not lose in any view of conditions is the power of looking all around them and beyond them, and the ability to estimate their probable results. The autumn is very beautiful even if it is the departure of much that pleased us, but more than all that it is the removal of the old and outworn to make way for the new. Thus it often is in human affairs. The march is ordered; we may elect to believe that it is a retreat, but every light we have upon the matter constrains us to regard it as an advance. Yet advances are often harder than retreats, and it is no criterion of an advance that it is unpleasant. Some of the most unpleasant aspects of present-day changes may mark the very places where the beginning of advance is being made.

New beginnings, or the sloughing off of old and outworn things, always have their harsher aspects. Until the old is positively painful, humanity does not willingly let it go.

**'Ford Ideals' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## *This to YOU*

THE press states that House of Commons criticism of the United States will cease, on the orders of international bankers. Outbreaks against Americans in Paris will be discontinued by the same orders as soon as the diversion created thereby has served the political purpose. That, plainly, is where we have arrived through the handling of our public affairs—we are under the protection, if not in the custody, of the international bankers.

No, patient reader, we are not going to discuss the international debt. We prefer today to discuss *you*. *You* are a somewhat greater mystery than the debt. If we could only understand *you!* If, after reading this, you would write to us and tell us just what *you* are thinking about it.

And here is part of the mystery of you. For ever so many years now you have been told by President, Cabinet and Press that the policy of the United States was not to cancel war debts, but to determine the amounts due us, and make the best arrangements for payment that we could. That is what *you* have been told; that is what *you* believed. When you heard that the 'U. S.' was being interpreted as 'Uncle Shylock' throughout Europe, you understood the reason to be that our Government insisted on collecting the debt. It is true that *you* had no greed for that money; you might even have been willing to forgive the debts if you had been convinced that the benefit of such action would have flowed past the bankers down to the pitiful people of Europe. Undoubtedly you would have said: 'Just the principal; not those mountains of interest too.' And if you had chanced to think of the difference between the purchasing power of the dollar which Europe borrowed from us, and that of the dollar we are demanding, doubtless you would say, 'No more value than we lent, not a penny.'

However, you were not consulted, and Mr. Andrew Mellon does not do business that way—at least, so you were told. The Republican party told you the debts would be collected. President Coolidge told you that cancellation was contrary to his policy. As long as you understood this, you understood why Europe howled.

BUT—just the other day Mr. Mellon told you in letter and statement that this Government was not collecting any war debts at all, except from Great Britain. The war debts of France, Italy and the others have been cancelled. We are collecting only the loans made since the Armistice.

Just as coolly as that, Mr. Mellon informed you that everything which you had been told about the loans was not true. And there is not a ripple from the country.

The bludgeoning of the good name of the American people goes on overseas. It is the international bankers, the Press says, who are intervening on our behalf.

Yet not a ripple of astonishment, not a word of protest, not a sound of inquiry from *you*—from the American people. Misled, hoaxed, misrepresented—then publicly told about it—and yet dumb. This is not to say whether Mr. Mellon did right or wrong; it is to say that all the while *you* were being told that one thing was being done, it was really the opposite thing that was being done. And you swallow the fact without even faint protest.

There is a reason for your being so placid—what is it?

But is it any wonder that our public officials think that they can play with you as they do?

Or maybe you are wiser than they, having the deep instinct of the common people that what officialdom may do today means nothing to tomorrow. It may be that Mr. Mellon and Mr. Churchill do not matter after all.

But feelings of nation for nation do matter. There are FACTS which all the nations ought to have. These FACTS as they regard the United States have patently been distorted. And there is not an authoritative voice in the country to declare or even to inquire the extent to which the policy of the United States has been pawned into financial control.

Why is it that you, John Citizen, have been silent about it? There is a reason. What is it?

---

## *'Come Home'*

SOMEONE long ago remarked the difference between 'go' and 'come.' We have been telling our discontented aliens that if they do not like America, they should go back to their own country. It is not an entirely amiable frame of mind that engenders such a saying, nor is it an amiable frame of mind that is in turn engendered by it. But if one were to stand on the home shores and say to the discontented aliens, 'If you don't like America, come home,' how different the sound and effect!

Thus Archbishop Matulevicius, of Lithuania, preaching in Detroit, said to his countrymen dwelling in America. He told them to love the United States, the country of their adoption, to study its language, uphold its Constitution, adopt its manners and obey its laws. Then he added:

> 'But if for any reason you feel that you cannot become acclimatized here, come back to the country of your birth. Do not attempt to change the country to suit your individual taste. Do not join disloyal anti-American organizations or movements.'

This is sound advice and given in palatable form.

---

### *Whence Progress Comes*

RESEARCH should be placed in many small shops or centers. Centralization of effort makes waste in research.

Success in invention comes from individual ingenuity, not from business acumen.

He sometimes best succeeds who does not know enough about the problem to know it can't be done.

One organization can express only one line of thought.

Soviet engineering produces only compromises; groups of experts never yet created anything.

America's future in creative engineering depends more on the 'nut' than the scientist. The 'nut' creates; the scientist develops. The poor inventor brings the child into the world; the scientist kidnaps it with the help of finance, and brings it up to a manhood of lucrative activity.

Inventions come from small shops.

It takes intelligence to create; big research centers only accumulate knowledge. The unit mind thinks in fundamentals, the organization in detail.

---

### *An Anomaly in Constitutional Government*

THE Constitution of the United States of America is looked upon by most statesmen as the greatest bulwark of individual freedom in the history of the world. We are taught that only by divine inspiration could so perfect a document have been agreed upon by any body of men, and Americans are supposed to honor the Fathers of the Republic by venerating their handiwork. Through some failure to safeguard the amendment provision by insisting that changes be made by popular vote, a point insisted upon in the adoption of the Constitution itself, or by delegate convention organized with the issue in view, ratification of amendments was left to the legislatures incumbent at the time of submission, and no limit was set to the pendency of an amendment not fully ratified.

As a consequence, there are now before the legislatures five distinct propositions, the last the as yet unratified Child Labor Amendment, submitted in 1924.

The others are probably dead from inaction, but the fact that the last is still being agitated points to the necessity of limiting the time allowed for action or reconsideration. If any action of the American people should be deliberate, and not slipped through by hocus-pocus after the point at issue has passed from the public mind, it should be the matter of amending the Constitution.

An equally necessary change is that an amendment may be approved only by popular vote or by a delegate convention chosen with the issue in full view.

---

### *The Glory That Passes*

HERE is a price list of glory. It's furnished by a pawnbroker:

| | |
|---|---|
| French Croix de Guerre | $2.00 |
| American Distinguished Service Medal | 10.00 |
| Belgian Croix de Guerre | 2.00 |
| French Legion d'Honneur | 12.00 |
| German Iron Cross | 1.00 |
| Mons Star (1914) | 1.00 |
| Mons Star (1915) | .50 |
| Italian War Cross | 3.00 |

Some of those who earned these decorations with their blood are dead. Others bear scars they will carry all their lives, in lieu of the medals they have pawned for a few pennies. Others, maimed or blind or dying, are eking out existence as best they can. A fanfare of glory accompanied the presentation of each of the medals. Troops were drawn up, bugles blown. A general read a citation of honor and pinned a bit of metal and ribbon on a proud breast. And before the presentation—each represented some outstanding act of heroism, of gallantry, of sacrifice. Perhaps a life saved, or a life given.

But the fanfare and the glory are gone. The heroism is forgotten. In dark little corners of pawnshops the world over these symbols of sacrifice are lying, haplessly awaiting the day when they may be bought by a collector, or by some charlatan eager to pose as a hero. One wonders what grimacing, mocking fate caused their once proud owners to dispose of them.

Some of the grimmest pictures of war are painted in the peace that comes after!



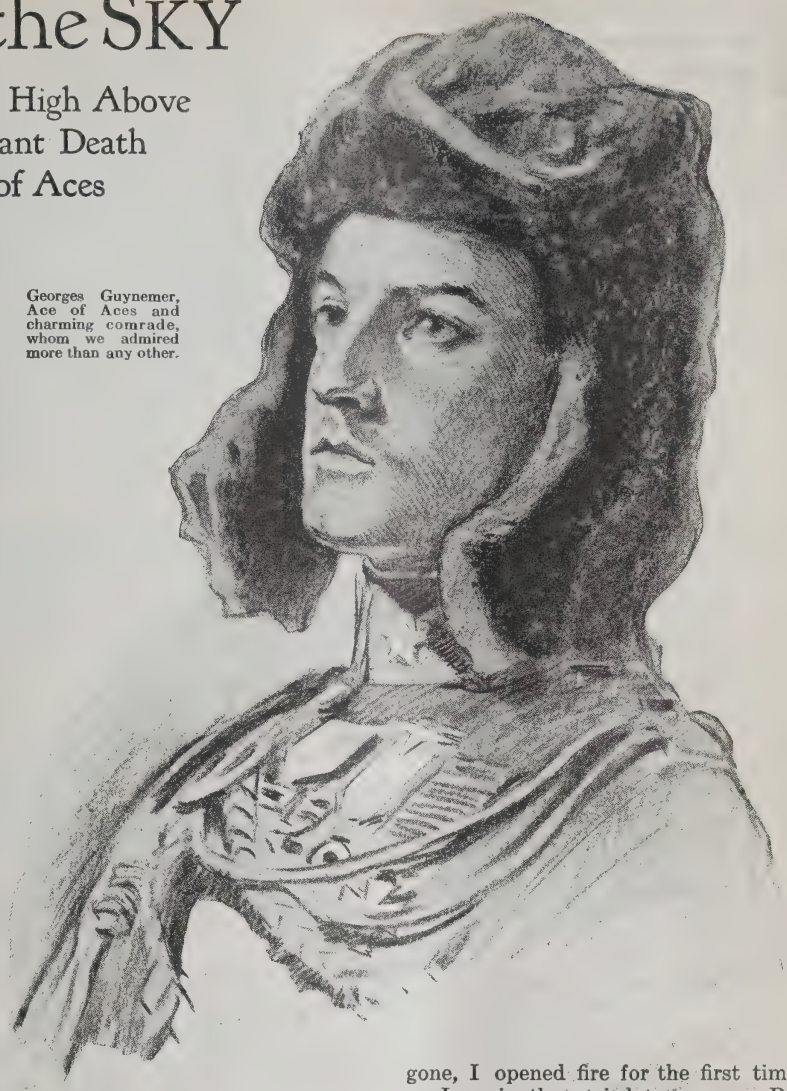
Diving for 6,000 feet, I passed in the middle of the enemy and before any of them understood what was happening I was behind the leading machine.

# DUELISTS of the SKY

## A Story of Thrilling Battles High Above the Clouds and of the Gallant Death of Guynemer, the Ace of Aces

By
CAPTAIN ALFRED HEURTAUX

*PART II*



Georges Guynemer, Ace of Aces and charming comrade, whom we admired more than any other.

A GROUP of enemy planes had been wreaking havoc on our bombing, reconnaissance and spotting planes. They had almost paralyzed our aërial work in that sector and it was essential that something be done. It was near the end of September, 1916. There were five of the enemy planes, single-seaters, but their attack was so effective that our fliers seemed helpless against them. Guynemer and I were ordered there to see what we could do.

On our first flight we saw the enemy. Their planes were painted an orange shade; we knew the squadron, and that we had a stiff problem on our hands. Nor were they long in learning who we were. Our machines also bore characteristic marks: a red stork painted on both sides of the body and big numbers on the upper wings—No. 2 for Guynemer; No. 11 for myself.

For several days we met together south of Bapaume, but there was no opportunity for us to begin the engagement. As soon as they sighted us, our adversaries would retire farther behind their lines, hoping that we would pursue them. We were not tempted, however, to invite a battle under such unfavorable conditions. Finally Guynemer and I decided to go up separately. The decision as to who should go first was left to a cast of the dice. I won.

The next morning at our accustomed hour, four-thirty, I arrived at the rendezvous. I had not long to wait. The fight began at once. My gun jammed; I was unable to fire a cartridge. In a few minutes I was partially disabled, and it was with great difficulty that I managed to land on a field not far from our trenches especially prepared for such an emergency. My engine was riddled with bullets, and the wings and body were not in much better shape. I abandoned the plane and returned to my headquarters.

Guynemer received me with jocular pity, and indeed I was not very proud. But before the day was over he had his turn, and he esteemed himself highly lucky to drop into our trenches. The débuts were not encouraging. In the days that followed our fortunes were no better and more than once we were shot down. This only increased our rage, and we decided to put an end to the intolerable situation.

So finally one evening I climbed very high and let the group attack me, maneuvering only to give it a difficult target. I was flying in a circle; so short was the radius that my adversaries were obliged to shoot at me while diving—one of the worst positions possible. The speed was so great that it was hard for them to take good aim or keep good control of their machines. As I turned to the left I could see many bullets piercing my right wings, and as I turned again they would shoot through the left. Fortunately for me, the pilots did not think of correcting this situation, made by my maneuver.

But I did not feel any too comfortable, for there was always the danger of one lucky shot from the *chasseurs*. I remained a target until my adversaries' ammunition was exhausted—and this took time enough, for each of the planes carried about a thousand cartridges. Finally, their last bullet shot, I suddenly became master of the situation. Too late they realized their fatal mistake. Their ammunition gone, I opened fire for the first time.

In vain they tried to escape. Before the engagement was over two of their planes were falling in flames, and the rest were fleeing for safety. After I landed we counted 197 bullet holes in my speed scout, and yet no vital part had been struck!

Soon after Guynemer also took his revenge and brought down two more planes. We did not have an opportunity to meet the fifth; but the sector was given the tranquillity for which it had begged.

Never shall I forget my first attempt at aërial warfare. It took place in the month of June, 1915. Having done reconnaissance work in the morning, I departed in the afternoon in search of a duel. At that time I was operating a two-seater. My observer, newly arrived with the squadron, had not had much experience, but I hoped that, with the advice I gave him, he might be of some use to me.

We were not long waiting for an opportunity. North of Rheims I sighted a machine I thought might be one of the enemy; we flew there, and soon we could see the large black crosses. The plane was a two-seater.

Nearer and nearer we came until I could perceive every detail of the enemy. They were not yet aware of our presence. I glanced at my passenger. Carefully he took aim at the target. He pulled the trigger. Nothing happened. In vain he tried again and again; his machine gun remained silent.

Suddenly the Germans discovered us. So threatening was our appearance that they dove hurriedly and escaped. My ire had no bounds. I went back to my field. There I learned from my passenger that in his excitement he had forgotten to cock the gun! Such was his shame and sorrow and I had not the heart to reproach him further.

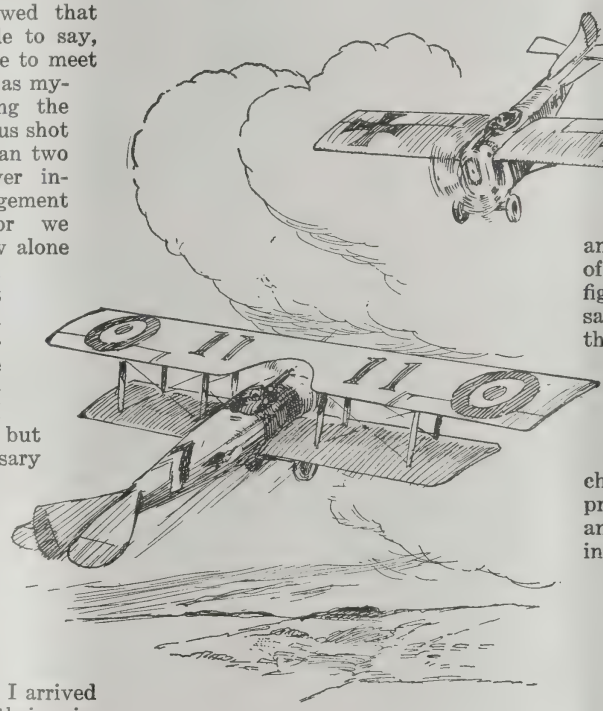
Of the fights that followed that initial attempt, there is little to say, save that it was lucky for me to meet with adversaries as unskilled as myself. In July, 1916, during the Battle of the Somme, five of us shot down seven planes in less than two hours in an expedition over invaded territory. This engagement was unusual, however, for we customarily at that time flew alone and engaged in single combat.

Early in September I shot down my twelfth plane. I had learned that an enemy observation plane crossed the front each morning for reconnaissance near Amiens. I started out before daybreak, but in spite of my haste my adversary had preceded me. I was at 13,000 feet when I saw him entering our zone far higher than I was. The reconnaissance plane was accompanied by a speed scout. I had only one course: to start to the chase. For more than an hour I was forced to climb and follow them before I arrived at the same height. Then, their mission accomplished, they started home. Our journey began in the region of Peronne and did not end until we were above Roye, a small town which at that time was a few miles behind the enemy's lines.

The situation was not wholly unfavorable for me. A violent wind, blowing from the east, might prove of aid in case I needed to retreat to my own field. It was the chaser which began the action; the observation plane left us to fight it out and returned home. For a time we maneuvered high in the air, each unsuccessfully attempting to attack the other from the rear. These efforts failing, we rushed at each other face to face. This was not so dangerous as it sounds; our speed was so great that we must needs pay more attention to our planes than to our guns to avoid collision.

After several passes of this kind, I at last resolved on a desperate maneuver. Before arriving near him I made half a loop which I concluded by a turn over, followed by a side slip. At the end of the maneuver I was directly behind the other plane and headed in the same direction. At once I knew my plan had succeeded. I could see my opponent looking over his fuselage trying to see where I was falling. He seemed sure that he had shot me down and apparently had no feeling of anxiety. A dozen bullets and, pushed by the wind, his plane crashed down among the French trenches.

A few days later I had the good fortune to count another victory. Cruising at 18,000 feet, I sighted a group of seven enemy planes coming in my direction. They were flying on a far lower level, and as I was between



These efforts failing, we rushed at each other, face to face.

them and the sun it was difficult for them to know of my presence. I had only to await a favorable moment when, coming over our lines, I should attack them.

They had taken the flight formation, V-shape, as wild geese fly. Seeing this I decided to assail the first pilot; he would be the least on his guard, as he would depend on his comrades taking care of anything behind him. Moreover, being placed between the two arms of the V, I would be nearly safe; the pilots could not shoot without risk to themselves, or before making a turn which would carry them away from me.

Diving for 6,000 feet, I passed in the middle of the enemy and before any of them understood what was happening I was behind the leading machine. Five bullets were enough. I dropped my Spad in a tail spin, surrounded by the wreckage of the unfortunate plane. I was not pursued. Later I learned that my unlucky adversary was Lieutenant Wintgens, a German ace, who had a number of victories to his credit.

The last months of the Battle of the Somme were marked by a great number of our successes. It befell Guynemer and myself each to shoot down three planes in the same flight, the best exploits of our careers. Once while we were both returning to our field we met an enemy observation plane which had entered about six miles into our lines. We had no cartridges left, but so tempting was the occasion that we decided to attempt the method of descent by persuasion. This consisted of fluttering around the adversary so near that he would be obliged to dive to escape collision.

At first everything went well. The pilot stopped his engine and dropped. He came very near the ground and our hopes were great, but he soon grasped the situation. In vain, to frighten him, we flew nearer and nearer; his observer began to operate his machine gun and before long I was in the necessity of landing. Guynemer pursued the fight for a time, only to arrive at the same conclusion. We met together in the same cornfield and rejoined on foot on the road, looking for a car which would carry us back to our squadron.

These misadventures had their good side: to get new machines we must go to Paris, and the prospect of a few hours with our friends and families was very alluring. I might insert here a few words about these trips to Paris. Many people during the war wondered at the large number of aviators who paced the boulevards. They were really not so numerous as many thought, but their gift of ubiquity gave the impression of vast numbers. If their presence there was aviation's moral evil, it had as its offset the advantage of saving much equipment.

Most of the boulevard-aviators were highly unskilled, and the veteran pilots were as lief to have them on the pavements of Paris as to have them wrecking machines at the front. As for the members of the Stork Escadrille, we never used our regular turns of *permission.** Instead we awaited bad weather when flying over the front was impossible; and then we would use our planes to fly to and from our homes. Hence the first good day we would be back at the front, ready and eager for combat. Our privileges were great, and we did nothing to abuse them. Of the more than 200 pilots I have had under my command, not one drew down upon himself the slightest reproach in this connection.

The Battle of the Somme ended, we were sent to the neighborhood of Nancy. There the situation on the ground was very quiet, but not so in the air. The proximity of Metz, where was located

* Leaves of absence.

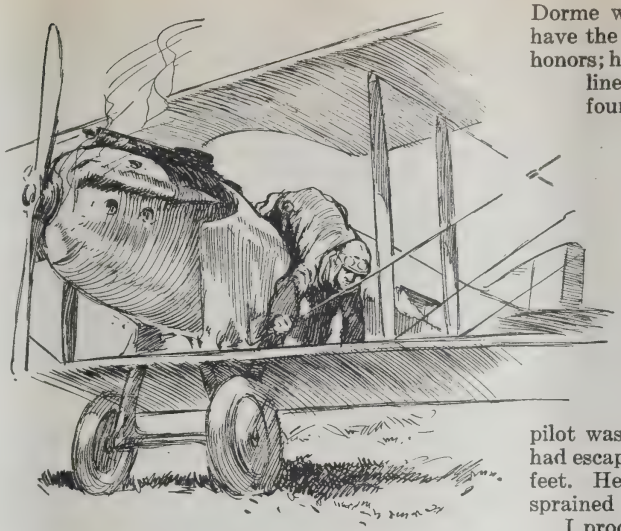
an important aviation center, resulted in Nancy being bombarded without respite day after day. The unfortunate inhabitants had pleaded for protection, and we were dispatched there to see what we could do. After the months of intense activity we had just passed, this seemed like a vacation.

The installation of our camps took place near the end of January. The first days we flew without seeing a trace of the enemy. The cold was intense, and these fruitless cruises did not add to our enthusiasm. Fortunately for me, my first engagement here was auspicious. I was in my Spad ready to start; my engine was running; I wanted to get it warm; a necessary precaution, for the temperature was seven degrees below zero. A familiar sound caused me to look up. In the midst of white snowflakes a German two-seater appeared.

I took off immediately. Soon I had reached the needed altitude. This time there was no element of surprise; my presence was known. But I made my approach with what sun there was at my back. The enemy observer's eyes were dazzled as I approached, and I succeeded in taking the preferred position. At my first bullets the plane reared up. This maneuver uncovered me. The observer was quick to take advantage; we were so near each other that each shot took effect.

My carburetor was split, my spark plugs were broken, the controls of the engine were cut in my left hand, the sides of my seat were driven away. Bullets whizzed on all sides, but only a few splinters entered my body; they inflicted slight scratches. I was blinded by the oil and water and afraid I would not be able to continue the pursuit, when I saw my opponent diving vertically. This told me that he was in bad shape. Once again I took up the fight. My last shots must have dealt harm, for the passenger gave no further signs of activity. A black smoke came out of the fuselage.

There was nothing more for me to do but land. It was high time; our battle had taken place above the center of the town and I must keep a sufficient height to reach an open space. With the help of a strong wind I managed to land without accident in a field recently plowed on the side of a hill. My adversaries had done the same thing not far from there.



Fearing fire, I let myself fall from the fuselage to the ground.

Their machine was afire but they had escaped the flames. Both of them were wounded. The pilot had been severely shot by the first bullets and this was why he had made such a strange early maneuver, of which the observer had taken prompt advantage. The observer had three bullets in the right forearm, received during the last period of the fight.

Our sojourn in the East was successful. In fifteen days our squadron added fifteen victories to its list. The bombardment of the city was at an end and this situation remained until the end of March. We were sent to the Aisne to take part of the offensive of the Chemin des Dames.

Our arrival was attended by the accustomed successes, but the good fortune which until then had attended us soon was gone. Prior to this, without doubt, we had sustained great losses, but the aces of the squadron had always escaped with slight injuries. Now things were different. Four of our young pilots did not come back in the last week of April. And finally Dorme was killed. We did not even have the consolation of giving him last honors; he had fallen within the German lines and his body was never found.

We determined to avenge his death and our efforts cost the enemy dearly—ten machines put down in fire within their own lines. The fourth of May, I met an observation plane on a reconnaissance tour above Fismes. A few bullets, and the plane fell in a spinning nose dive that lasted to the ground. Soon after my landing I learned that the pilot was killed, but that the observer had escaped, in spite of his fall of 12,000 feet. He had received, in fact, only a sprained foot and a scratched nose.

I proceeded to headquarters, where this observer was a prisoner. As I arrived, the general emerged from a room where he had been interrogating him.

'It is no use to question him,' the general said. 'Either he does not speak, or when he does it is not complimentary.'

Nevertheless I insisted and he let me go in. The German captain had indolently sat down, his face in his hands. As soon as he learned who I was he stood up, saluted, and took off his cap.

'Did we fight well?' he asked. I assured him that they had.

'I thank you, Captain,' he replied. 'It is an honor to have been shot down by you.'

He then readily answered any questions I wanted to ask. (Following the war he flew one of the dirigibles provided for in the Versailles Treaty from Germany to France.) His politeness to me was equaled only by his contempt for the general and his staff, greatly, of course, to the ire of the latter.

The next day, going to the attack, I had the misfortune to emerge from a cloud directly in front of two enemy planes. They had only to shoot. My right arm was pierced, and I was not able to retain control of my machine. My fall saved my life, for I was not pursued. I dove for *(Concluded on page 19)*



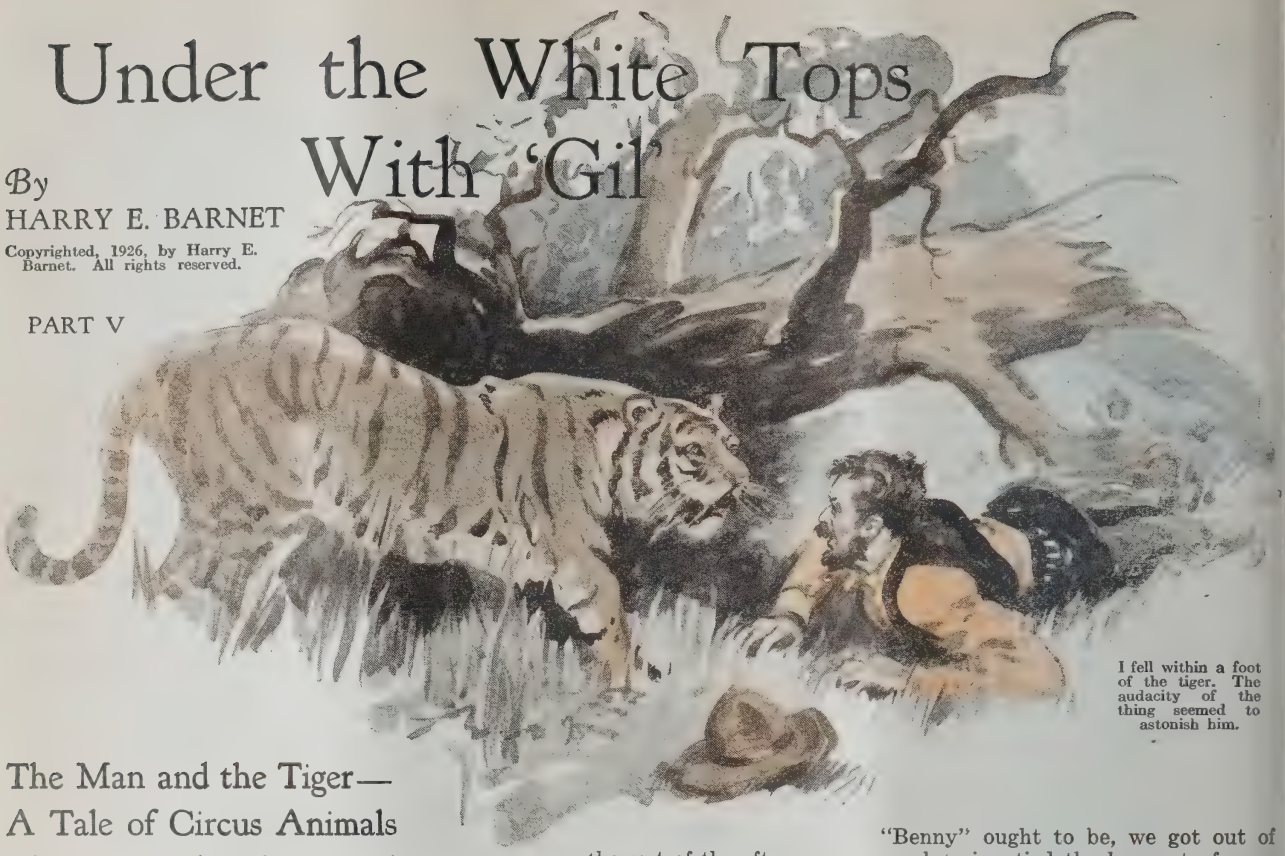
Two German pilots were sent to see if this pilot was not the great Ace of Aces. They were too late. Shells had buried the remains.

# Under the White Tops With "Gil"

By
HARRY E. BARNET

Copyrighted, 1926, by Harry E. Barnet. All rights reserved.

PART V



I fell within a foot of the tiger. The audacity of the thing seemed to astonish him.

## The Man and the Tiger—A Tale of Circus Animals That Escaped and Roamed the Startled Countryside

THAT interval between supper and the opening of the night performance is usually a comfortable time around any big tent show. And it was during such a respite that Gil Robinson, the world's oldest circus man, wandered into the menagerie of the John Robinson circus.

Immediately the dogs in their corral started a welcoming clamor. Gil talked to them. Walking the length of the canvas, he passed in succession twelve solemn elephants. At the far end of the menagerie top, Gil stooped to pet a baby camel. She laid her head upon his shoulder, and bawled out some sort of weanling woe. 'Kitty,' the tiger who rides a horse in the arena, aroused from a nap. Rolling onto her back, she waved her paws in the air, openly inviting Gil to tickle her under her chin. Gil didn't.

'There was a time when I'd do it,' he said, 'but I've never tickled a tiger since I tickled "Benny," right after the Civil War. And I don't intend to tickle another of the same breed.'

Gil sat down upon a bale of hay. The story was not long in starting.

'Shortly after the Civil War, when we were still traveling by wagons,' he said, 'Pa shipped some animals to the show, among them, a royal Bengal tiger. We received them at Dalton, Georgia. The animals filled several cages, and after the matinée we spent the rest of the afternoon shifting them into the the proper traveling cages. Somebody forgot to lock the door of the tiger's cage—(we'd already named him "Benny").

'Going from town to town, the baggage wagons came first, then the cages, and behind them the "led horses," who worked in the ring and were never hitched to a buggy or a wagon. Such menagerie animals as we could lead across the country—camels, and so forth—followed the horses. The cavalcade wound up with the buggies and carriages of the performers and our family, and old Mary, the family elephant, at the end.

'Two or three o'clock in the morning was our regular time for leaving a town, and we left Dalton on time. About daylight, the negro leading the advance drove of ring horses saw "Benny" crouched in the road a short distance ahead, just about to spring at him and the horses. The negro yelled and turned his horses back toward Dalton. The other darkies followed. A couple of miles down the road I managed to stop them.

'The darkey who saw "Benny" told me what was the matter. I got him into the buggy, and told him to show me as nearly as he could the spot where he encountered the tiger. But the man was so scared he had forgotten the place, so there we were, trying to locate a tiger that was some place in the vicinity, and we didn't know where.

'My brother Jack and a lot of the men performers hurried along after me. When we got to where we thought "Benny" ought to be, we got out of our buggies, tied the horses to fences, and formed a skirmishing line from the road up into the bushes. This was at the place known as "Buzzard's Roost," familiar to Civil War veterans as the scene of some pretty stiff fighting. We went ahead in skirmish formation, and about thirty feet from the starting point, my brother Jack picked up a fence rail for protection. But if the tiger had attacked him, the rail would have been of no value. I had nothing, not even a rock.

'A big tree had blown down not far from the road, and when I got close to it, I ran to get momentum, and jumped up on the log. At that moment I saw the tiger on the other side, lying on his stomach, ready to spring. I wanted to stop on that log, but I couldn't. When I landed on top I went right on over, and fell within a foot or two of "Benny."

'The audacity of the thing seemed to astonish the tiger,' Gil continued, 'at the same time he appeared to be glad to have someone there to see him. He rolled over and unconsciously I commenced to pat him on the head. The tiger relaxed himself upon his back, and seemed to want me to scratch him on his belly. I did it, although I was shaking like a leaf.

'The minute I commenced to scratch "Benny" he commenced to whine in a friendly sort of way, like a pleased house cat, and to draw his claws up and down. His claws were so sharp that every time he moved them he ripped my clothes as though with a knife.

'I knew it was certain death if

I quit tickling "Benny," and attempted to walk away, and the only thing I could do was to keep it up. All the time I kept shouting to the rest of them, who were back a little ways, "For Heaven's sake do something." Apparently, they were paralyzed with fear.

'Jack yelled at the darkies, who were away up the road with the horses, to get some ropes, and if they couldn't get them, to take the reins off the horses. It was but a matter of a few minutes until "Benny's" claws would dig into my flesh, and that would be the end of me. I shook so badly with fright that I couldn't help but tickle the tiger; all I had to do was to hold my hand close to him, and my trembling did the rest. But I was afraid that with my shaking I'd bear down too hard, and there the trouble would start. Nevertheless, I had to keep "Benny" amused and quiet.

'After a while the darkies came up with some reins. Jack got down on his stomach, crawled behind the log, put a rein that had a loop on the end of it on a long sapling with a couple of limbs cut off to make prongs, and shoved that through the grass and rocks to me. I got hold of it with my free hand. In a minute Jack shoved a second rein with a loop in it to me. I tickled "Benny" with one hand and worked the loops over the tiger's head with the other.

*Man's Strategy Pitted Against a Tiger's*

'About this time along came the driver with "Benny's" cage. The baggage wagon and cage teams had stopped for water a few miles ahead and someone had discovered the cage door open and the tiger gone. He reported it to the train master and he sent the cage back along the road, knowing that we would need it more than anything else.

'They backed the cage as close to the tiger and me as they could. They hadn't pulled the other ends of the reins tight around "Benny's" neck as yet. Nobody wanted to get him provoked. There were no guns or other defense weapons.

'At a signal I gave the tiger a shove, and jumped to one side. "Benny" saw his cage, and apparently he wanted to get back into it, for he jumped and ran to the door. Unfortunately, one end of a rein caught in a sapling or something so he couldn't get all the way in. The rein jerked him back onto his haunches. That did settle it. "Benny" did exactly what was expected; he started to chew at the rein. As quickly as he could, Jack got the other rein through the bars on one side of the cage and out on the other side, so the tiger was chewing on a rein that was free. Then somebody put two or three sticks into "Benny's" mouth for him to chew on. With two or three pulls on the rein already through the cage bars they yanked the tiger into the cage, shut the doors, and everybody offered thanks.'

Gil paused and glanced at a den of trained lions in the menagerie.

'We had a good many animals escape, and some we never captured, or even heard of,' he said. 'The last I ever saw of a magnificent lion, for instance, he was streaking across a Texas prairie, and an ostrich was streaking right after him. We never heard of the ostrich either.

'Of course, we never said very much about it when ferocious animals escaped, because somebody would have been sure to sue us for damages. The greatest mystery we ever had was the escape of two very fine black leopards. We were traveling by rail then, and one night while we were on our way to Portsmouth, Virginia, the leopards evidently got out of their cage through the ventilator in the roof, though how they did it nobody ever knew, because the ventilator was smaller than their bodies.

'When they got out, they ran along the floor of the flat car under the wagons and cages until they came to a goat that was tied under a cage. They killed and ate it. Then they ran over three or four workingmen who were sleeping under cages. The animals stopped with a workingman between them. The fellow was awake, but he had sense enough to keep still. The leopards sniffed at him, then went on.

'No one knows where or how they got off the train. We were afraid to go back and hunt for them, although they were worth a big sum of money. Leopards are the most cruel and ferocious beasts there are, and we didn't know what damage they had done. About six months later we got a letter from a fellow down in that country who said he had the hides of two black leopards, and wanted to know what we would give him for them. We never replied, for fear he might take the letter to be an admission of ownership.

'But funny things often happened during escapes and they took the edge off the tragedy. There was the time my brother Jack and Dan Dale got themselves into an awful fix in a convent yard. Jack and Dan were trying to get away from "Chief," one of our elephants, who was probably the biggest rogue any show ever attempted to carry over the country. He went on a rampage every now and then, and caused a lot of damage. Old "Mary," our pet family elephant, was always boss of the herd. If we turned "Mary" loose when "Chief" broke away, she would chase him and when she caught him would beat him with her trunk until he would whimper for mercy. Apparently, he didn't have the nerve to resist her.

'One afternoon after the performance when the crowd was off the lot "Mary" lost control of "Chief." He charged and knocked her down, but he could



'Chief' picked Jack and Dan as victims. They were alongside a smooth convent wall about eight feet high. The first thing we knew, the men had climbed the wall.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HARPER



We had a good many animals escape. The last I ever saw of a magnificent lion, for instance, he was streaking across a Texas prairie, an ostrich right after him.

not gore her with his long tusks because of the load of chains with which we kept him fastened to stakes.

'The pony of the chief elephant man was standing near. "Chief" ran his tusks underneath the pony, and threw it to the top of the sloping canvas. The pony landed on the ground with a thud. The exertion broke "Chief's" chains. "Mary" was paralyzed at such treatment, something she had never before had, and for a moment she made no sound. Then she began to trumpet and raise an awful fuss. But the assault broke her spirit—she never tackled "Chief" after that.

'"Chief" ran to the back end of the tent and out. I was in the ticket wagon at the time and when I heard the confusion—all the menagerie animals went crazy—I ran in just in time to see the pony strike the the ground. I raced through the menagerie, but "Chief" was already four or five squares away. Everybody ran after him, Jack and Dan in the lead.

'Then "Chief" turned. He stood still for a minute. Finally, he picked Jack and Dan as victims, and started in their direction. They stood still until "Chief" was within 400 feet and then they started to run.

'They were alongside a brick wall, surrounding a convent. The wall was smooth, and about eight feet high. They ran along by the wall for some distance. They could hear "Chief's" chains rattling, but they had no time to look around. "Chief" was gaining. It was an awful race, with almost sure death at the end, for Jack and Dan were heavy men.

'The first thing we knew the men had climbed the wall. Neither they nor anyone else ever knew how they did it. They landed in the center of a number of girls and Sisters. Some of the girls screamed for help; others fainted; some ran to hunt janitors and gardeners and watchmen.

'Jack and Dan were too winded to apologize or explain; besides, they wanted to get out to see what became of "Chief." So they began to run around the inside of that wall, hunting for an exit. In a minute or two along came several gardeners with rakes and hoes. They joined in the footrace on the inside of the wall. After a while Jack and Dan found a gate that would open and they ran out.

'"Chief" had started toward the center of town after Jack and Dan disappeared from his sight. A performer and his wife were coming down the street, and as soon as they saw "Chief" they started to run ahead of him. But he gained so fast they jumped over a high barbed wire fence—and afterward they never knew how they did it. "Chief" charged them, and when he hit the fence it was so stout that it rebounded and threw him back about twenty-five feet on his haunches. The elephant didn't get a scratch. But when he landed he sat up like a dog, with his front legs out. He had had the wind knocked out of him.

'By this time the pony had gotten over its fall, and the head elephant keeper had ridden after "Chief." He soon got the elephant under control, and "Chief" walked back to the lot as calmly as though he had just been eating peanuts.

'Then my job came along. I had to go to the convent and smooth matters over. I explained the case to the Mother Superior. She had a good laugh, and said she hoped Jack and Dan were no worse for the wear. They were laid up a bit for a few days, but that was all in the circus business of those days.

# Building the First Continental

By D. M. LE BOURDAIS

AT A PUBLIC meeting held in Halifax in 1851 a remark was made: 'Many in this room will live to hear the whistle of the steam engine in the passes of the Rocky Mountains, and to make the journey from Halifax to the Pacific in five or six days.'

By 1875 no less than 13 separate reconnaissance lines had been run across the continent.

In the meantime the great project was passing through many interesting vicissitudes in the political field.

The whole continent was in a state of business stagnation induced by one of the worst financial depressions ever experienced in North America.

The Canadian Pacific Syndicate, as it was called, agreed to build and operate an all-Canadian line from Montreal to the Pacific within 10 years for $25,000,000 in cash; 25,000,000 acres of land in the Northwest, exclusive of right-of-way and grounds for stations and similar necessities; all materials necessary for construction to be free of duty; all taxation to be remitted forever on the company's property, excepting lands which were exempt for a period of 20 years from date of patent; and a number of other considerations. In addition, the portions already constructed by the Government or under contract, comprising in all some 713 miles, were to be turned over to the syndicate free of charge.

There was much opposition to these terms on the part of the Government's political opponents and also by others, who believed that the terms were over-generous. But generous enough as the terms eventually proved to be, there were many persons at that time who believed the building of a transcontinental railway on any terms to be a hopeless undertaking. One statesman predicted that the road would never earn enough to pay for axle grease!

Presently a syndicate was formed, composed of Donald Smith, chief commissioner of the Hudson's Bay Company, his wealthy cousin, George Stephen, James J. Hill, Richard Angus, of the Bank of Montreal, Kittson (an associate of Hill's) and John S. Kennedy, a New York banker. The partners subscribed sufficient funds to get the bankrupt St. Paul and Pacific Railway into operation. A few years later it made history as the Great Northern. These, then, were the men who proposed to build the future Canadian Pacific railway. A company was incorporated with a capital stock of $100,000,000. The most difficult section was, of course, the 600 miles of mountains in British Columbia. The line was actually constructed to Calgary, less than 100 miles from the mountains, before an available route through the ranges was discovered.

Behind the pathfinders came the pathmakers. The men who overcame the multitudinous engineering problems of those 600 miles of mountain construction have erected a monument to themselves for all time. 'Every foot of the mountain division of the road was contested and probably every mile of tunnel and track was sealed with the blood of men.'

# Duelists of the Sky

(*Concluded from page 15*)

4,000 feet. I was able, however, to regain control of my plane before it crashed and to land on our field. A few weeks in the hospital, and I was back in service. But in the meantime many familiar faces were gone. Many of our experienced pilots had been killed, and we painfully felt their absence. The young pilots were full of courage but their inexperience counted against them. In one month forty-seven men were disabled. I, too, was soon to be shot down for the last time.

The third of September, 1917, I started for a trial flight with my new Spad, equipped with the 200 horsepower Hispano-Suiza engine. I had no intention of fighting; nevertheless, spotting an enemy plane within our lines I could not resist the temptation. I approached it easily; but neither of my two machine guns would work. Without attracting my adversary's attention I proceeded to fix the guns. One emitted a few bullets and I thought it was functioning again.

I returned to the attack, but with no more success. After the first two cartridges, the gun jammed again. The noise was enough to warn the enemy of my presence, and the observer grabbed his gun. Making a turn, I felt a violent blow in my left thigh. Just at that instant one of my guns started again. I determined to give the adversary blow for blow. This time I was more lucky. Surrounded by flames, the enemy plane began to fall.

The last efforts had exhausted me, and the pain was so great that I had not the strength to retain control of the plane. The battle ended at an altitude of about 20,000 feet. For a time I lost consciousness. It was only when I was about 1,500 feet above the ground that I was again able to maneuver the machine. The landing was made successfully. Fearing fire, I let myself fall from the fuselage to the ground and await aid. Soon ten English soldiers arrived, and two hours later I was on the operating table.

My luck had held with me to the last. I had been shot with two incendiary bullets, and the phosphorus, while it had provoked almost unbearable pain, had cauterized the wound. Both the femoral artery and the saphenous vein had been severed, and had it not been for this cauterizing, I would have been dead from hemorrhage before I reached the ground. I passed long, weary months in the hospitals and was not able to fly again during the war. My nomination as officer of the Legion of Honor and the numerous decorations sent me by the Allied Nations were a consolation that did not permit me to forget the adventures I was missing.

Seven days afterward it was Guynemer's turn and he, less fortunate than I, never came back.

I heard of his disappearance from the Prince of Wales who, as long as I was in the English hospital, did me the honor to visit me nearly every day. For days we waited anxiously for news from Guynemer. The German papers were silent and we could not understand this. We hoped he was only a prisoner, and dared not speak of him, fearing he might not want his identity known. It was not until October that we learned the sad truth.

Guynemer, accompanied by a new pilot, had gone to attack a group of German planes. Fate had decreed that the plane he chose to engage was occupied by an observer flying for the first time. For his first attempt, he made a master shot. Two bullets pierced Guynemer's head and a third cut away two of his fingers, entering his chest. His death was instantaneous. His Spad crashed in front of the German trenches near Poelcapelle. Two German soldiers crept to the wrecked machine and brought back his personal papers which, as usual, were sent to the General Staff. There they learned the pilot's name. Two German pilots were sent to see if this pilot was not the great Ace of Aces. They were too late. Shells had buried the remains; no trace of the plane was visible.

The Germans feared that we might have two pilots of the same name, and they hesitated to publish the news. It was only when the French papers told of Guynemer's disappearance that they revealed their victory.

We had lost our greatest fighter. Never again were we to see this charming comrade, whom we admired more than any other. He had a presentiment of his fate. After I had been shot down he told my wife that he would be next. 'When I take off,' he said to her, 'I always make a sign of "Goodby"; and my comrades answer me smilingly. They don't realize that I make it because I know I shall never come back.'

And so he died as he had lived, his face to the enemy, the open sky showing all the way to follow.

# Once a Bustling City—Now a Ghost of the Desert

RHYOLITE, Nevada, once a humming mining town of substantial buildings, with a population of ten thousand, is now abandoned—another ghost town of the desert. Coyotes howl and chase jackrabbits through the streets and building shells of the once prosperous city. The pitiless sun shines down on a vast expanse of silence and solitude. A schoolhouse, a modern railway station and other buildings stand out as bleak monuments to the faith of the builders.

On August 9, 1904, Frank (Shorty) Harris and E. L. Cross were prospecting in a blowout of quartz and quartzite in Southern Nevada. Shorty struck a boulder with his pick and revealed the genuine green 'bullfrog' rock. The blow caused a gold stampede to the region. In less than two years a railway passed within a stone's throw of the spot.

When news of Shorty's find filtered to the outside world the rush began. The gold-eager crowd came from all directions. Down from the north they streamed. Men on foot, burros, freights, light rigs, mule teams, and straggling horsemen, all coming down from Tonopah and the other fields in that vicinity. Concord stages brought passengers, express and mail from Las Vegas, one hundred and twenty-five miles south. Some came on foot with their beds, canteens and grubboxes strapped upon their shoulders. Many never reached their destination; others pushed on to fortune and fame. The automobile at that time was coming into its own, and the fortunate owners of cars blazed trails across the hot sands over which even wagons had not passed. Hundreds of white canvas tents dotted the desert and the city grew as if by magic.



(c) *Ralph Hamlin, Los Angeles.*
Railroad station at Rhyolite.

The men were herded into canvas lodging houses, partitioned with burlap and cloth. They were fed at lunch counters and many stood in line for hours awaiting their turn. Water cost from $2 to $5 a barrel and was poor stuff at that price. Property values soared. Lumber and other building material were in such demand that three companies could not freight it in fast enough to keep up with the building. In 1906 the town appeared to be so well established that two railroads entered Rhyolite, one the Las Vegas and Tonopah, covering the 115 miles to Las Vegas on the southeast, the other the Goldfield-Bullfrog from the north. With the advent of the railroads Rhyolite took on a more substantial aspect. Two large three-story buildings of reinforced concrete were built and later a fine eight-room school building with metal tile roof. The Las Vegas and Tonopah built a substantial passenger station. Later its rails were taken up.

The city had good railroad service; three water systems, supplied from springs; electric lights and power; two banks; a telephone exchange with long-distance service; Western Union and Postal Telegraph; three newspapers; two churches; a modern public school building, an opera house, and fifty-seven saloons.

But the Bullfrog mining district did not fulfill expectations. Not one mine in the Rhyolite district was successful and most of them were almost total losses. The rich lead which Harris uncovered was badly faulted and could not be picked up again.

The exodus became general. Then, early in 1923, J. D. Lorraine, 92 years old, died. He was the town's last inhabitant.



# CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

And who should come into The Office but ***Ezra Meeker***, bearing his ninety-six years on a torrid day with apparent ease. Of course you know who Ezra Meeker is; everybody does, from Presidents to garage men. He is the lone adult survivor of the great trek to Oregon in 1852. We say 'lone adult' because some of the babies who went along are still alive. Ezra himself carried his first child along in the covered wagon, a boy less than a year old. That baby is now 74 years old and still farming in the West. Ezra looks like a prophet from out of the Old Testament, and truly those pioneers were prophets—they saw the land that was to be. We talked along, and he told us how he had always loved work—work was an enjoyment to him. He said that his work and his wife accounted for his long years. When he mentioned his wife, his old eyes filled with tears, his lips trembled beneath his patriarchal beard. They lived together 58 years—think of that! She was a Quaker girl from Indiana, and he spoke of her good qualities, not forgetting spinning and such things. They lived in one cabin for twenty-five years. Ezra is a man of sound conversation. He says that looking at it one way, his life seems long, and then looking at it another way, it all shortens up like a closed accordion. He smoked until he was fifty; he learned to smoke by lighting his mother's pipe. She was a corpulent woman and did not like to lean over the fireplace to search with the tongs for a small coal to light her pipe, so she had Ezra do it. And he would take the first few puffs to assure a good light, so that by-and-by he acquired a taste for tobacco. But when he was fifty his wife said to him one day, 'Ezra, it seems so strange that a man makes a chimney out of his mouth.' The remark struck Ezra so forcibly that he flung his pipe away then and there, just because it was his wife who had said it. They must have been a rarely happily mated pair. All that Ezra lives for now is to mark with monuments the trail he traveled in '52. He says that if the graves of the pioneers who died en route were spread out, there would be four to a mile all the way across the country. He has now taken the trail by oxcart, horse, airplane, and he is doing it this time in a Ford car. He was due in Oregon a month from the day he dropped in to see us. He has a covered automobile now instead of a covered wagon. He writes a fairly steady hand and has published three books, his latest being *Kate Mulhall, A Romance of the Oregon Trail*. But best of all is his personality; he gives one the rare feeling of having met a real man.

* * *

'Some people call our country desolate,' said ***the Kansas wheat farmer.*** 'That's because it's so large. But it's the greatest wheat country in the world.'

'Don't let anyone tell you that the Kansas wheat farmer is hard up. Men who started on little more than a shoe string are today independent in a small way and they made it all in wheat. There's my neighbor south of me. I argued with him day and night to buy that section. Tried to convince him it was good wheat land and that this would be a good year. Reluctantly he bought it and today he has seventeen thousand bushels of wheat in two great piles. He was afraid of dry weather, insects, rust and what not. But the seventeen thousand bushels will clear him at least $12,000 above the cost of producing the crop. And that's much more than he paid for the entire 640 acres. Of course you might strike an off year or prices might drop a bit but take it as it comes and put away a bit for a rainy day and you can stand that.'

* * *

'Service is in danger of becoming a word of cant,' said ***the Young Minister***. 'But I have just been told something that makes me realize that those who go into life for service must be content, usually, with service as its own reward.

'My aunt goes to the movies, and chiefly for the scenes which show events of the day. She told me the other day of two pictures which I should have seen.

'First, she said, there came a picture of a group of returned missionaries from Africa, arriving in New York. Old, broken, tired, spectacled men they were. They stood alone, with their homely clothes and their grips. One of them had been forty-seven years in the Congo. They had lived for service. Their lives were gone. There they were. But no one about the pier noticed them until the motion-picture man photographed them.

'The next picture my aunt saw was of a young man, with actual garlands of roses hung around his neck, with men and women bearing flowers thronging around him, with a band in attendance, and an automobile fit to carry a king awaiting him. His reception was one to be remembered, and some in the audience applauded. They say he is very wonderful in his line. He is a pugilist.'

* * *

'I question whether our publicists really know what the people are thinking about,' said ***the Western Writer*** during the course of an Office Chat. 'They know what things they want the people to think about, and most of our printed stuff indicates what they want the people to think about them, but all that is quite a different thing from what the people, of their own taste and volition, are actually thinking.

'Out in our state we draw up our programs in the feeling that we are pretty close to the people, but when we get a-going we often find that we haven't hit their interest or their thought by a long shot.

'I have been traveling a good many thousand miles in the United States and Canada trying to find out what engages the people's mind more than anything else; I mean more than the compulsory interest they must show in the work of getting a living. I have talked with all sorts of people, and have had editors in various places help me through their staffs. I am almost afraid to tell you what the result is. But whether you like it or not, here goes: the two subjects uppermost in the minds of the plain people of the United States today are Fundamentalism and Prohibition.

'No—don't get me wrong on that. I am not saying that they have any definite thoughts on these things: I am not saying that they are either Fundamentalist or Prohibitionist; I am only saying that according to my investigation these are the two most prevalent subjects of thought.

'It surprised me greatly, because they are not my subjects of thought at all. I would say that when my mind swings to its own interests, they are not Fundamentalism and Prohibition. I am not greatly concerned about them at all. I don't know enough about the merits of Fundamentalism to settle the questions involved, and I think Prohibition will settle itself; so I don't think much about either.

'But it seems that multitudes of men in the street are thinking about them. And that is strange, when you think of it. Yet, translate these interests and they resolve themselves into universals—one means religion, the other means a problem of living. Both of them, at their roots, are very profound. People seem to be going to the movies, they seem to be wrapped up in baseball, they seem addicted to frivolities, but the surprising thing is that when I surprised them in their *thinking*, they weren't thinking about these things at all.'

* * *

***The gentleman from Arlington County,*** Virginia, was in The Office. Like most good Americans, he was full of enthusiasm for his home county. He links Arlington County up with the nation's capital; therefore his view may interest you.

'You know, Arlington County was formerly a part of the District of Columbia,' he began. 'L'Enfant and Washington had Arlington County in mind when they were selecting the nation's capital, and their idea was to beautify both sides of the Potomac River when the City of Washington should become the headquarters for a great empire. Now, we have become that great empire and the farming land of the District of Columbia has been turned into homes for the thousands who make Washington their home. They are spreading out into nearby Maryland and Virginia. In the meantime, Congress ceded back to the State of Virginia what is now Arlington County. Arlington County is being built up into modern homes for capital workers. I am greatly in hopes that, before it is too late, we can interest the Fine Arts Commission to the point where they will go over into Arlington County, lay it off properly into streets and avenues, according to the plans for the City of Washington, designate the future parks and beauty spots, so that it may become the most beautiful suburb in all the nation. After it is cut up into the varied schemes of the real estate operators it will be too late for anything that will be a real credit to the nation.

'Appreciating the importance of beautifying the suburbs of the nation's capital, Congress recently enlarged the powers of the National Capital Park and Planning Commission, authorizing the commission to employ the services of landscape architects and city-planning experts in developing Washington's metropolitan area.

In this corner,
Mr. Borah



# The PRINCIPAL PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES of 1928



—in this corner,
Mr. Smith

By ALLAN L. BENSON

WASHINGTON takes it for granted that Mr. Coolidge is serving his second and last term in the White House. It is not that the Coolidges have not enjoyed the life and would not like to remain four years more. Mrs. Coolidge recently told a friend that, to this day, she gets a little thrill every time she goes out of or comes into the historic old mansion, which is very pleasant to Americans and highly creditable to the First Lady. And the President enjoys being President. No one doubts that he is doing what he can to succeed himself. But the President knows, as does every other politician, that there is and throughout all our national life has been, on the part of the general public, a deep-seated opposition to third terms. Grant tried to come back and was told to stay out. Roosevelt changed his mind about third terms only to discover that the public hadn't.

Of course public opinion may sometime change. It may change during Coolidge's present term. He knows this. Opinion in Washington is that, without much hope of success, he is trying so to play his cards that if a change should come he may be the beneficiary of it.

It is usually within the power of the President to renominate himself if he be determined to do so. Mr. Taft did it—and carried two states. Mr. Coolidge probably could do it. But the President knows, as does every other politician, that as matters now stand if he were to attempt such a thing he would split his party every which way and probably elect a Democrat. The Republican party is well salted with estimable gentlemen, each of whom feels that he is big enough to be President and that the time for him to begin is next Inauguration Day. In the face of an overwhelming demand upon the part of the public for the continuance in office of Mr. Coolidge, these gentlemen would remain under cover. But if there be no such demand, they will come out and fight for his place. They are awaiting word from the country while permitting their friends to push necessary preliminary work that can be repudiated if the country shall call for Mr. Coolidge.

*Many Would Like to Be President*

Is the country calling for him or likely to call for him? It is the belief in Washington that there neither is nor will be a public demand for his reëlection. It is not that he is unpopular, though there can be no doubt that the farmers in the Middle West are disaffected toward him, but it is believed that people elsewhere feel that he has had his chance, has done what he could, and should, at the end of his term, retire. Or, to put it in another way, the feeling is that while Mr. Coolidge has done some things well, he has done nothing so well that the tradition of more than one hundred years should be broken. After eight years George Washington felt that the country's interests would be best served by his retirement. Gentlemen in the national capital feel that if the country could spare Washington then it can and will with equanimity witness the retirement of Mr. Coolidge at the close of his present term.

If Mr. Coolidge were an unusually able politician there would be more likelihood than there is of his overturning all precedents and succeeding himself. Washington correspondents say that Mr. Coolidge is a very adroit politician. But he isn't. Mr. Taft was the only President for more than a generation whom the newspaper correspondents did not declare to be almost uncanny in the exercise of political wisdom—and Taft was such a blunderer in politics that nobody could mistake him. It is a habit the Washington writers have.

Each President, in his turn, is branded as a whiz at politics. Coolidge is not even a whirr. He was blessed at birth with an astounding amount of luck which he has combined with a fair degree of common sense. It was luck that caused an Oregon delegate to propose him for Vice-President on the Harding ticket, at two o'clock in the morning, when the delegates were hot, tired and eager to nominate almost any suitable man whom the slate-makers did not want—this as a slap at the gentlemen who had steam-rollered Harding over on them. It was luck that thus caused Coolidge to be in place to succeed him, instead of Hiram Johnson, who had refused to consider the nomination. And at a time when the country was staggering under a hold-over load of war burdens, what could have been luckier than to have inherited the Vermont idea about the value of money? Al Smith, in poking fun at Coolidge, once said, 'A dollar and a half is an awful lot of money up in Vermont.'

The occasion required a tightwad in the White House and Coolidge needed no training to play the part. If a ready spender had been needed, Coolidge would have had to go hard against his nature to fill the bill. Coolidge was lucky that he came upon the stage at a time when his Vermont inheritance fitted admirably into the national necessities. Except as a tax-reducer he has not shined at all. This shows the extent of his luck. What was most needed at the moment he was able to do. But no moment lasts forever, and the moment that contributed most toward making Mr. Coolidge valuable is passing.

A good politician would have prevented the mess that has been made of our relations with Mexico. Mr. Coolidge permitted Mr. Kellogg to say a great many harsh things about our Southern neighbor, the slight basis of which may be judged from the fact that Mexico stuck to her course and the Administration did nothing. It did nothing because there was nothing to do. Mexico was within her rights. Kellogg went off half-cocked. A good politician would not have antagonized the Middle-Western farmers; or blown alternately hot and cold about Prohibition enforcement until neither side had any confidence in him. After announcing that city, county and state officials would be permitted to act as national enforcement officers, a better politician would at least have waited a few days to see what would be the reaction of the drys. But not Mr. Coolidge. The roar the wets put up apparently unnerved him and he hastened to let it be understood that his first announcement did not mean anything. By the time he had finished his explanation, letters from the country began to come in—began to pour in—commending him for what the writers supposed was his determination to fulfill his constitutional oath to 'take care that the laws shall be faithfully executed,' including the Volstead Law. But the writers might better have saved their postage. The President lacked the courage to stay put.

*Drys Have No Confidence in Coolidge*

If Prohibition enforcement should happen to come to the front as the chief issue of the next Presidential campaign, as many men in Washington believe it will, this act upon the part of Mr. Coolidge may well cost him whatever chance he might otherwise have had of succeeding himself. The drys have no confidence in him. They prefer Borah. There was a time when a man from a small state had no chance at the Presidency, but that time is past. Since California, in 1916, gave the Presidency to Wilson after Hughes had carried New York and pretty much all of the East, it has become apparent that a candidate need not be a resident of New York, Ohio, or some other state having a large number of electoral votes in order to have a chance to win. Any man who can command the attention of the country is eligible, regardless of the state from which he may come. So Borah, if he so desires, will be in the running for the next Republican Presidential nomination unless the people demand Coolidge. Borah is a Prohibitionist in

practice and believes that the law should be enforced so long as it is the law, and that if it is to be set aside it should be repealed in the way provided by the Constitution. This pleases not only Prohibitionists, but all who believe in doing things in an orderly way.

The late Colonel Roosevelt's daughter, once dear to us all as 'Princess Alice' and now a voter in the state of Ohio, is understood to have committed herself to the candidacy of Nicholas Longworth, Speaker of the House of Representatives. According to Washington gossip, she is conducting quite a vigorous campaign to put her husband where her father once was. She has a ready and sometimes a biting wit with which to switch those who stand in Mr. Longworth's political way and Washington often laughs at the use she makes of it. Perhaps the remark attributed to her that has caused most laughter is the declaration that 'Mr. Coolidge looks as if he had been weaned upon a pickle,' referring, of course, to the wry, shy smile that bedecks the Presidential countenance when he is about to throw the first baseball of the season into the field or do something else that may strike him as a little foolish.

At any rate, Longworth is one of those who may be expected to try for the Republican nomination when the time comes, and for whom much work is now being quietly done. What he stands for politically we shall perhaps know later. He has been in Congress for years, but his name is associated with no important legislation. But he is always dependably regular. Whatever the Republican party stands for is good enough for him.

Friends of Secretary Hoover are also understood to be doing what they can to put him at the head of the next Republican ticket. Hoover has some powerful friends, but he also has many powerful enemies,

*Hoover Not Taken Seriously*

and at the last count it appeared that the enemies were more numerous. As a candidate for the next Republican nomination, he is not taken very seriously by anybody. Nor is Senator 'Jim' Watson, of Indiana, who has also appraised himself as Presidential timber; nor Vice-President Dawes, another aspirant. In the Republican woods there is a candidate behind every tree because the belief is general that what has happened to so many of Mr. Coolidge's senatorial friends is what is going to happen to his third-term aspirations.

On the Democratic side events are steadily shaping to insure a furious fight in the convention. The friends of Governor Smith, of New York, are determined to nominate him for President on a beer and light wine platform, whatever that may mean. But the Southern democracy is as dry as Volstead himself and will do its best to prevent Smith or anyone else from bringing back booze. Of course, Smith, as President, could not bring back booze, but the rank and file think he could. So the Democrats of the South may be depended upon to oppose Smith, and as Smith cannot be nominated except by a two-thirds vote of the convention, the difficulties of his situation are apparent. Of course he may be nominated at that. The support he will receive from the wet Democracy of the great cities is sure to be impressive and may prove conclusive. But if Smith wins the nomination it will be only after McAdoo and all the rest of his opponents have done all they can to defeat him. It is not understood that McAdoo will enter the contest with much if any hope that he can win. Smith's following is too great for that. But McAdoo has a memory and it is said that he intends to do what he can to avenge the wrong that he believes Smith did him in 1924.

The difficulty of preventing Smith's nomination lies chiefly in the fact that no strong man is at hand upon whom the opposition can concentrate. Two years ago John W. Davis was available. Davis was not a strong man before the people, as events subsequently proved but the nitwit delegates permitted themselves to become convinced that he would be able to make a great race. The best that the opposition has yet been able to conjure up is Meredith. Who is Meredith? you may ask—most persons do not know. Meredith was Secretary of Agriculture for a few minutes under Wilson and is known to the farmers of the Middle West. How able he may be is not generally known. Of course the chance that he will be nominated is as good as was the chance that Harding, in 1918, would be the Republican candidate in 1920. Harding seemed to have no chance at all, which is exactly the way the Meredith boom looks at the present moment.

*Republicans Will Meet First*

According to political custom, the Republican convention will be held first, the party in power always being required to lead off. If it shall seem, in the early spring of 1928, that Smith is likely to be the Democratic candidate on a booze platform great impetus will be added to the Borah boom for first place on the Republican ticket. If the Democrats shall see fit to challenge the 18th Amendment, the Republican party, unless it be controlled by quitters, will have to meet the challenge. This will mean Borah to the front. A campaign between Borah and Smith would be something to which to look forward. Smith has a wonderfully ingratiating personality—one cannot help liking him personally—and he can make a speech that goes with the crowd. He is witty, homely in his phrases, and pepped up to a high point in his appeal.

Borah is not so conspicuously friendly in his mannerisms and he makes no attempt to appeal to the crowd. But he has a method of reasoning that is irresistible. He builds up his case slowly and with care, always taking pains to be perfectly fair in his treatment of the other side. As he talks, audiences soon begin to find themselves in great sympathy with him, both because of his fairness and his logic. Borah would say to Smith, for instance, 'I do not believe in opening the door to what you call light wine and beer, but if you and others disagree with me, the Constitution itself provides ways in which the 18th Amendment may be repealed.

*Borah Is Far More Able Than Smith*

If you want to change the Constitution, change it in the ways provided by the Constitution itself, instead of resorting to subterfuge.'

In a race between Borah and Smith, the latter would pick up speed more rapidly at the start, but Borah would pass him before they had gone far and beat him soundly. Borah would beat him because Smith has not a leg of logic to stand upon in his fight against Prohibition.

Smooth as Smith is, Borah is far the abler man of the two. And of course Smith would be fought, not only by the drys in his own party, but by those who differ from him in religion. One may talk as much as one pleases about the wrong of bringing a religious test to bear upon the Presidency, but the woods are full of men and women who, if Smith be nominated, will do just this thing.

# We Need More Puritans!

(*Concluded from page 7*)

more manifest than it is just now, when thousands of persons, taking their admirations secondhand, affect an appreciation of things they know and care nothing about, but which they think are popular, or artistic. The Puritan, whatever other faults he had, was an honest individualist. He dared to do his own thinking and express his own opinion. He lacked something of capacity for good teamwork, but his soul was his own. He was the keeper of his own conscience. It would do us no harm to have a revival of that type of Puritanism. The Puritan had faith in a God who was higher and holier than himself. Let it be granted that he might have believed in a kindlier God; that was not a part of the temper of his age. Kindliness had no great place in the original aspects of his life. The sea was stern, and the soil was stern, and all the visible aspects of life were stern. A gentler life than that of the Puritan would not have set its teeth grimly against so many untoward conditions and have mastered them. It took a stern faith in a stern God to conquer such stern conditions. We have no call now to believe in a God so uncompromising, stern, and unrelieved by the kindlier aspects. On the other hand, the nation was far better off with the Puritan God, sternly just, but with uncovenanted mercies, than with the grinning image of negation which the modern paganism offers us as an object of abject devotion.

*New Standard of Decency Badly Needed*

We need a new standard of decency, as good for our day as Puritanism was for the day of the Puritan. We do not ask that his standard shall be ours. We do ask for some surcease from impotent nastiness. We have lived long enough in the stench of indecent literature and filthy art. It is not repression we want, but a wholesome moral sense.

A quarter of a century ago, I visited Pompeii for the first time, and went with a crowd into one of the locked rooms there on whose walls are displayed the indecencies of ancient Roman fresco. The room was packed with my fellow tourists and the atmosphere close and suffocating. The pictures were what they were and are. As I elbowed in through the door, a big American business man was elbowing his way out. He had seen what was inside and had breathed the fetid air, and he was making a break for fresh atmosphere and sunshine and decency. Just as he got outside of the door, he swore a big round American oath. I had a good deal of respect for him. I would not have expressed my own feeling in precisely his terms, but my feeling was essentially the same as his. Not merely in the name of piety and religion, but in the name of such healthy masculine decency as that man had, it is time both for men who pray and men who can swear on occasion to elbow a path out of this fetid atmosphere of indecency.

We need something akin to the Puritan standard of downright honesty. Shrewdness and cleverness and success are not enough. We want a success that is based upon honor and probity, whose foundation is integrity.

We need the grim courage to go forth and make the world better and cleaner and safer. The Puritan in his day did that. We have no more occasion to do it in the way he did it than we have to fight with his flintlock, but the things he cared for are the things permanently worth while. The world needs more of them.

# The Pauperization of Britain

(*Concluded from page 8*)

morning, waiting for the factory to open. When it became known that the six jobs had been filled overnight, pandemonium broke loose and there were cries of 'Let's storm the offices!' Eventually, after fifty names had been taken by the manager in view of possible future vacancies, a force of police arrived in motor cars and the crowd was dispersed.

Another interesting aspect of the unemployment situation appears in a recent statement in the House of Commons by the Secretary for War. He declared that quite 60 per cent of the army recruits enlisted from the London area last year were unemployed at the time of enlistment.

According to a statement made by the Minister of Labor in reply to a question in the House, the total amount paid out in doles, or as euphemistically phrased in official language, 'under the Unemployment Insurance Acts'—for 1925 alone was no less than £45,800,000—approximately $229,000,000. Of this total, £20,030,000 came out of the pockets of employers; insured and employed persons paid £17,760,000 and the Government gave £13,250,000. In the last analysis, of course, the whole $229,000,000 came from the producers of the country and was, by that amount, a reduction of the wage fund. This reduced wage fund resulted in a lessened purchasing power with consequent decrease of demand for commodities, and so of demand for the labor of those who ordinarily produce them.

In face of these facts, it should be obvious that the 'dole' is no remedy for unemployment. Its adoption under the leadership of that arch-politician, Lloyd George, is plainly a demonstration of poverty of brains among British political and industrial leaders. One party is as futile as the other. The Government muddles things and the Opposition simply 'kicks up a row.' Neither side gets anything done and, for the most part, the only remedy the 'captains of industry' seem to be able to suggest is a reduction of wages or a longer working day.

To American mechanics visiting this country, a prime cause of its low wages and declining trade is evident enough. One with whom I talked recently made it a point to put in much of his time visiting the works of leading engine and steel firms and other shops in London and in the Manchester and Birmingham and Sheffield districts.

'Why,' he declared, 'I was astonished to find that even in the big Government plants at Woolwich and Enfield they are still using machinery that we scrapped in America twenty years ago. Throughout the plants that I was allowed to inspect, I found production handicapped by machinery and methods so effete that any intelligent manager in the United States would regard bankruptcy as inevitable if he were obliged to operate under them.'

***Losing on Coal***

I have said that the dole is plainly *not* a remedy for unemployment. That is putting it mildly. Experience has proved that the dole has made the situation immeasurably worse. It has caused, and is continuing to cause, a serious decline in the vigor, vitality and morale of the nation as a whole. And the situation is daily growing worse. It is pauperizing the mentality of Britain. More than that, it has set the example for subsidies and grants and Government aids of all sorts to private individuals and companies, usually in aid of enterprises unable to stand on their own feet. The subsidy granted to the coal-mine owners and which a few months ago had cost the taxpayers $115,000,000, was not at all revolutionary. For several years now, the Government has been paying subsidies to the chemical-dye industries, the beet-sugar industry, and shipping. Under the Trade Facilities Act, the credit of the Government has been placed behind bond issues of private companies to a total amount of £63,000,000 ($315,000,000) and these include not only money borrowed for railway, ship building and other construction, but also for the financing of foreign trade, a late instance being the pledging of the exchequer to the tune of $10,000,000 to the multi-millionaire Lord Cowdray's company for the development of the Kent coal fields. This in face of the fact that in the last quarter of 1925, if we exclude the subsidy, *73 per cent of Britain's coal production was produced at a loss.*

What the whole subsidy system amounts to is a deliberate encouragement of mendicancy and speculation. Government help to one industry is invariably a hindrance to another.

How large a proportion of the national expenditure for the financial year 1925-6 goes for what might be called pauperization is shown by the following figures summarized from a recent statement by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Winston Churchill:

| | |
|---|---|
| Pensions—war, army, police, civil, old age and widows | £121,000,000 |
| Grant-in-aid services (mainly to local authorities such as educational and poor law) | 90,000,000 |
| Government's share of money expended under Unemployment Insurance Acts ('Doles') | 13,250,000 |
| Coal subsidy | 23,000,000 |
| Total | £247,250,000 |

Subsidies other than that to the coal-mine owners are not included, and the pledges of the national credit to the tune of £63,000,000 are not regarded as 'expenditure.' Of the 'grants in aid,' the sum of £8,440,000 goes to help the builders of new houses, an increase of £616,000 over the amount paid out for this item in the previous year. The amount above given for pensions includes about £30,000,000 voted for old-age pensions; and the new widows, orphans and old-age contributory pensions bulk at £4,000,000.

Finding that the Health Insurance Fund has accumulated a surplus of £30,000,000, the Government proposes to cut off in the coming fiscal year, the 2/9 of the cost of sick and death benefits it has been paying hitherto. There is a great outcry in consequence from the Socialists and from the doctors and the friendly societies, or as we call them in the United States, fraternal insurance orders. When Mr. Churchill introduced what he called an 'Economy Bill' a few days ago to enable him to make these reductions, his Socialist predecessor, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, Philip Snowden, bitterly dubbed it 'a bill to rob the sick, the disabled, the unemployed and the children.' The occasion for this bill was the need for a supplementary $13,000,000 to the sum of £825,000,000 voted to the Government on the last budget.

It is also beginning to be seen that protective tariff policy (camouflaged as the 'Act for the Safeguarding of Industries'), at the end of its first eight months' operation, is proving a national liability instead of an asset. It may well be included with the various direct subsidies as pauperizing. In so far as it has reduced the nation's imports, it reduces its exports also and increases in prices have burdened the consumer. Its inevitable discriminations also cause much discontent. Speaking recently at the annual meeting of the National Union of Manufacturers in London, George Terrell, the successor of Sir Eric Geddes as president of that large and representative organization, declared the act to be 'a complete failure,' only one industry having received any benefit from it.

***Do Not Want a Job***

The report of a committee appointed by the Secretary for the Dominions to consider the effect of schemes of social insurance on migration, and of which Sir Donald Maclean is chairman, has just been published. It declares that 'Unemployment insurance (the dole) and the comparatively recent extension of outdoor poor law relief to able-bodied persons *discourage migration to an appreciable extent at precisely the ages when the opportunities of over-sea life would prove attractive.*' The report goes on to explain that young persons approaching and in the years immediately following the age of eighteen show a diminished interest in migration. This is attributed to the fact that at this age *adult* rates of *unemployment benefit* become payable. Payment of the adult rate of unemployment benefit involves an increase from 7s 6d to 18s. for men, and from 6s. to 15s. for women. *Boys and girls over fourteen were made eligible for the dole by the last Parliament.*

More than a million persons received outdoor relief in one month last winter and, according to the report, 'the scales in operation in some districts place the recipient of poor law relief in nearly as favorable a position as if he were actually working in his own trade, and it is evident that in those areas there exists a definite *inducement to refrain from seeking employment*—overseas.'

The decline of the nation's virility under present conditions is confirmed by the official report of vital statistics for 1925. It shows that, while the marriage rate is practically the same as that before the war, the birth rate of England and Wales as a whole is the lowest on record, except during the war years 1917 and 1918, while the death rate is equal to that for 1924. The birth rate has steadily fallen from 25.5 in 1920 to 18.3 in 1925. This is lower than the rate for any other country in Europe. In France the rate was 18.7. Figures as to infant mortality are equally alarming. Deaths of children under one year in England and Wales totaled 75 in every thousand births.

A prominent physician and health expert declares that England is suffering from lack of fertility due to insufficient nutrition and wrong living conditions. 'Lack of fertility fully accounts for this decrease in the birth rate,' he reported.

# What Coxey Marched For

## Statement of the Philosophy Which Jacob S. Coxey, Sr., Has Expounded for 32 Years

'IN MASSILLON, OHIO, where I live—a city of 30,000 population—we have six banks,' said Mr. Coxey. 'That means six bank buildings (they are the most elaborate and most imposing structures we have), six bank presidents whose incomes must be among the highest in town, six sets of cashiers, six sets of clerks, six sets of stockholders. All of these have families; all must be supported by the people of the town. There is just as much sense in having six post offices in a city of 30,000 as six banks!

'The same situation exists in virtually every village, town and city in the country. Banks subsist on one thing alone—*interest*. They exact interest not only on actual money loaned but on paper credit! At present it is estimated that the banks have outstanding approximately $31,000,000,000 in loans. Of this only $1,500,000,000 is in actual money and $29,500,000,000 is in bank credits. *Yet the banks are receiving interest on the entire $31,000,000,000.*

'The accompanying table, compiled from official sources, shows that the American people are carrying the tremendous burden of $7,300,000,000 a year on interest charges! And the debt is increasing by leaps and bounds (state, county and city debts alone are being pyramided at the rate of $20,000,000 a month). The interest system is enslaving the American people. It must be destroyed or it will destroy the nation.

'People are asking how we can abolish interest. They realize that something must be done—and done soon. And the solution is so simple that the wonder is it was not thought of and adopted years ago. All that is needed is an act of Congress. The ground work has all been laid by the Constitution of the United States.

*Money Not a Measure of Value*

'Go back to fundamentals. What is money? Money is an idea of Congress enacted into law. It is a national medium of exchange. It simply represents values which are created by labor, and is a legal tender for goods purchased. This is all that money is or should be. It has no purchasing power. It should not get into circulation without a service being rendered or a value created. It is a representative and not a measure of value. The only power that money has is that which is given to it by an act of Congress.

'Prior to the ratification of the Constitution nearly a century and a half ago the sole right to coin money, so as to develop resources and help the people, was vested in the states or colonies. When the Federal Government was formed this power was delegated *to Congress*. The Fifth Clause, Section 8, Article I, of the Constitution provides: "The Congress shall have power to coin money, regulate the value thereof and of foreign coin." This is specific. The First Clause of Section 10, Article I, provides further: "No state shall coin money, emit bills of credit, make anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debt." Bear in mind that it was *the people* through the states who thus delegated this sole power of coining money *to Congress*.

'But the people, in surrendering their personal and property rights, in allowing the Government to put a lien on their property prior to anything they themselves could exercise, were receive to certain privileges in return. Collectively the Government could accomplish things that the people individually could not. But the Government—being formed by the people and being responsible to the people—was to do these things *for the benefit of the people as a whole*. It was not to exercise its power for the benefit of a few.

'Under the laxness of Congress, the interest system has grown up—a system so intricate and so extensive in its ramifications that not one person in a hundred understands it or realizes the evil it causes.

'Take our banking laws as an example of the manner in which the interest system operates. Through an act of Congress granting franchises to banks, the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized to issue National, Federal Reserve, and Federal Reserve Bank notes to the banks. Before the Government turns over these notes to the banks it must first issue to them interest-bearing bonds. The bank purchases these bonds and deposits them with the Government, thereupon receiving the notes. In other words, the Government not only gives the banks its right to issue money but pays them for doing so. The banks benefit two ways—they receive interest on the Government bonds reposing in the vaults of the Treasury and interest on the loans they make to the people.

*Two Profits Received by Banks*

'Now here is a sound and possible solution of the whole problem: Coin the money for the states and their various subdivisions rather than for the banks. Let the money be issued against actual land values. A state or city desiring to obtain Treasury notes shall deposit with the Treasury Department a non-interest-bearing 25-year bond in any amount up to but not exceeding one-half the assessed valuation of its real property. This bond shall guarantee return of the principal at the rate of four per cent a year, this amount to be raised by general taxation. Upon receipt of the bond the Government shall have printed Treasury notes of varying denominations; and shall retain one per cent of such notes to cover the cost of engraving and turn over ninety-nine per cent to the community. With the debt cleared at the end of twenty-five years, the money will be canceled.

'Community banks would be established. This, however, would be a state function, not a federal. Each community would have at least one bank and as many branches as are necessary; just as we now have branch post offices. Private banks pay one cent for each bank note issued, whether it is a one-dollar or a ten-dollar note. If the community banks should obtain money from the Government without interest, paying only this one cent coinage charge, they could in turn loan it out without interest, merely assessing a charge of one-half of one per cent for cost of service.

'Through these community banks industry, farming, public improvements—everything—could be financed. The scheme could be carried to almost indefinite lengths. Suppose a young couple want to build a $5,000 home. Under the present system they have to pay at least six per cent interest, oftener eight or ten, not to mention the carrying charges or the amounts they have to pay on the principal. This makes it difficult for young people to own their homes. On the other hand, the community bank would furnish them the money without interest, taking a first lien on the home. They would pay one-half of one per cent service charge—once. Then they would pay back the principal at the rate of four per cent—$200 a year. The manufacturer, the merchant, the farmer, all could be financed the same way.

*Plan Avoids Raising of Revenue*

'The provisions of this plan do not require and actually avoid the raising of any revenue by the Federal Government to be paid out upon these community bonds. The bonds themselves would be representative of real value. The money issued would be thoroughly "safe" because it would be redeemable by taxation. The charge may be raised that this would result in inflation, but that charge can easily be refuted. Where could we find greater inflation than under the present system, where the banks charge us interest not only on actual money but on their so-called credit?

'The interest burden could also be removed from the railroads under this plan. The roads could issue non-interest-bearing 20-year bonds as security for the issuance of money—this money to be expended in equipment betterments and in purchasing outstanding bonds. The money could then be paid back to the Government at the rate of five per cent a year until these new bonds should be canceled. The issuance of further stock should be prohibited and dividends limited to six (Concluded on page 26)

---

The present national debt of the United States is estimated at about $20,000,000,000. State, county and municipal debts total about $13,500,000,000.

Farms are mortgaged to the extent of $8,000,000,000.

Railroad indebtedness is estimated at more than $11,000,000,000.

Corporation indebtedness other than the railroads is estimated at $40,000,000,000.

Persons making income tax returns report debts totaling nearly $18,000,000,000.

The total debt owed by the American people and the American Government is estimated at $122,000,000,000 to $150,000,000,000.

This is approximately 35 per cent of the estimated wealth of the nation, $353,000,000,000. On this tremendous debt, the American people are paying $20,000,000 in interest charges each day of the year including Sundays or $7,300,000,000 a year.

# Coxey the Crusader

(*Continued from page 2*)

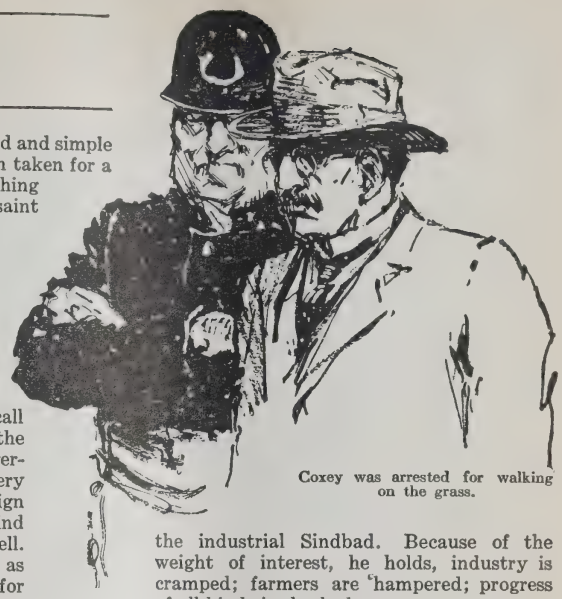
others, making frantic appeals to them to enter into social and political heavens by all sorts of gates, narrow and wide. He checked off the names of some of them—'Sockless' Jerry Simpson, Mary Ellen Lease, Dennis Kearney, Samuel Gompers, Senator Peffer, W. H. Harvey, Jacob Sechler Coxey. There were others he named.

All that, you understand, was a sort of camp-fire argument growing out of the reading of the papers, and we supposed that we should have to wait an indefinite time before we knew anything more. But, as it happened, the next morning there came to our camp a man on foot, one of the crew of the *Lively*, who, bitten with a desire for shore life, had deserted, and, lo and behold! he was a Cleveland man who had sailed on the lakes, and was chock-full of news no more than three months old. From him we learned much about many things. We heard that the 'fellow with never a soul to save,' who led the army of unemployed, was a man from Massillon, Ohio; that he owned a stock farm and bred fancy trotting horses; that he dealt in sawed stone and silica sand and gravel and rock; that he had a half-dozen children; that he was not a black-browed disturber gathering together all the loose fish, the bad men, the black sheep, the rogues, the outcasts and rapscallions to leave waste in their wake like some new Genghis Khan, as the cartoonists had led us to believe. But for all the sailor's assurances, none of us quite lost our idea of Coxey as a kind of 'hard-case.'

I first saw 'General' Coxey about a week ago. The title given in a sort of derision has stuck to him, though there is nothing martial in his appearance. Indeed, if you want a true picture of him you must conjure up the vision of a man with mild and earnest eyes, full of emotional fervor. How such a one, so entirely kind and simple by nature, could ever have been taken for a stirrer-up of violence is a something to wonder at. Like that old saint who thinks himself an atheist, but who, I warrant, never goes to sleep without falling on his knees and saying his prayers—William Montgomery Brown, I mean—like him, Coxey is a simple, uncomplicated, uncalculating creature who would lose his appetite at a tale of woe. I recall well enough that some of the papers branded him as a 'dangerous tongue,' spoke of his 'fiery eloquence,' denounced his 'malign persuasiveness,' and all that kind of thing. Well, the man talks well. Of that there's no doubt. But as for any pestiferous shouting for the consummation of a holocaust, that's all nonsense. If you will listen awhile, letting him get rid of some superfluous steam in the shape of stern denunciation of things as they are and are likely to be, in his opinion, testing, as I suppose, the strength of his emotions—if you do that, you will find him presently falling into rich discourse, painting the life ideal, evoking a vision of rich and magnificent glories with a world free from intruding and jarring elements. For he is a poet, or at least a dreamer of poetic dreams. In fact, they are all much that way, these men of imaginative sympathy.

Looking at Coxey as he sat before me, a quiet man, very wrinkled, his hair silvering, his fingers interlaced, I saw in him a something reminiscent of Prince Kropotkine, the nihilist. There was the same far-away look in his eyes, as of one who sees over and beyond narrow and petty things to behold some impossible world of perfection, as in a map outspread. Such men see the world, not as it is, but as some glowing and shining realm unvexed with modern problems and modern ideals.

I asked Coxey what he would do if, of a sudden, he became a benevolent despot with his word an all-embracing law. He sat up straight with a jerk. His eyes twinkled. He flung out a hand, in the manner of a prince sweeping aside trivialities, and said: 'I would immediately abolish interest on money. I would issue non-interest-bearing bonds.' Interest, in his view, is the terrible Old Man of the Sea sitting tight on the shoulders of the industrial Sindbad. Because of the weight of interest, he holds, industry is cramped; farmers are hampered; progress of all kinds is checked.



Coxey was arrested for walking on the grass.

As there seemed to be a ring of John Ruskin in what he said, I was curious to know what he had read. Did he derive from Ruskin? From Adam Smith? From Henry George? From Tucker of the anti-government money school? No. He cared nothing for them or their theories. He had come to his conclusion alone and unaided. In 1893-4, he had seen a growing nation with execrable roads and labor idle. Counties and commissioners had no money for road building, nor could they afford to borrow because of the high rate of interest in a time of panic. So he conceived the idea of free money to be used for public improvements. Road building meant a call for stone—that meant the opening of quarries—that in turn meant a demand for machinery, a call for foodstuffs, for textiles, for housing facilities—and all that meant more eager human happiness, the tightening of domestic ties, civic rectitude, people interested in the beauty and complex charm and joy of life.

While his first broad plan was simple as the multiplication table, there came ramifications, and as they came, his theories expanded, which is important to remember because, economically speaking, William Jennings Bryan was sired by Coxey. To specify: it is all very well to talk about the abolition of interest, but there are men of scientific and financial skill in the banking business, and they, in what seemed to Coxey a narrow and selfish spirit, held fast to their mechanism. Whereupon Coxey added a plank to his platform and declared himself to be in favor of the immediate abolition of the banking system. That industry, he held, should be managed as was the postal system: one town, one bank; for in multiplicity and competition there is economic waste. Again, with interest declared illegal, there could be no war profiteers growing rich out of the misfortunes of others. So his platform, and that accepted by the party which grew, denounced as treason the issuance of interest-bearing bonds either in peace or war.

Coxey was the one prophet accepted in his own home. In Massillon he was known as a business man of broad views and sound public spirit. He had the reputation of a man who paid his bills promptly, who did what he could to nourish the life of his community, who was interested in local institutions—a good citizen, in a word. So, when he propounded his theories, holding



Leaderless, the army dispersed—vanishing like a dissolving cloud.

aloft his fragment of truth, there were ears to hear. And this is what came to pass.

He preached a crusade. He would, he said, lead the unemployed to Washington, D. C., starting from his home town. It would be an army of peripatetic philosophers, seeing for themselves the needs of the country, thinking and preaching a crusade as they went, pondering over economic ills for six long weeks, and, because of the attention awakened, making a nation think. And they started—on foot, in wagons, buggies, surreys, bicycles, on horseback. Eastward they went, sometimes sullenly determined, sometimes, as when they passed some town hard hit by the depression, a loose and dust-covered crowd.

Soon the popular mind grew nervous as detachments formed in the State of Washington, in Montana, Wyoming, California—there were two thousand moving, three thousand, four thousand: lumbermen, miners, cowboys, sheep herders, hoboes. The number of them leaped to six thousand, to seven thousand, to eight thousand. Out in the West trains were seized by detachments several hundreds strong. At Omaha railway men had a pitched battle with the crusaders. In Montana there were military operations and a train carrying more than three hundred Coxeyites was captured.

*The First to Arrive*

It was on April 21, 1894, that the first detachment arrived in the neighborhood of the Capitol city, the main body reaching there a week later, though far-away battalions still moved eastward. And then, with dramatic suddenness and in extraordinary contrast to all that excitement, came the grotesque and swift end. For 'General' Coxey and his spectacular grand marshal, Carl Browne, and Christopher Jones, of Philadelphia, marched down Pennsylvania Avenue with a few by way of advance guard. Spectators were more numerous than crusaders, and officialdom was cold.

It would seem that the three leaders were somewhat indistinct, as it were, for they had asked permission to address the world from the Capitol steps, but their request had been disregarded or ignored. But authority, in the shape of a body of police, was there. Yet, instead of activity there was haziness. After a little vague waiting, Browne made a dash for the steps, forced the issue, and was arrested and marched off to jail. Coxey also gained the Capitol steps but was stopped from speaking. Three days later he was arrested. It was nothing but a technical arrest and imprisonment—a charge of disturbing the peace by walking on the grass—and a small fine was imposed. Then, leaderless, the army dispersed—vanished like a cloud; so the end was easy for the authorities.

Of course the spectacular part gave opportunity for cheap witticisms; consequently was unwise. There were loud shouts over the downfall of the army. But what I see is this: the splendor of a man sitting down to think over problems at first hand, unafraid of his thoughts and his conclusions, hoping for a transformation from disorder to order, daring greatly regardless of the criticisms of others.

'Look,' said Coxey, 'at all the road building we are doing today. Don't you see that many of the roads are worn out before they are paid for? It's significant. It's significant.'

And so it is when you come to think of it. It is also significant that for the payment of war loans we are hampering future generations who are in no way responsible for the war, some of whom, indeed, will be paying interest for a war debt incurred before they were born.

## New York Wages Bitter War on Crime

(*Concluded from page 4*)

in England do not, as we do in this country, reverse lower court decisions on technical grounds. They do not even consider applications for appeals on such grounds; they throw them out.

Apparently, we as a nation are going to have plenty of crime until we overhaul our antiquated machinery for the administration of justice.

When the other states follow New York's example, and alter their criminal codes to eliminate the abuse of the bail system, to increase the punishment for criminals found with weapons in their possession, to give judges greater latitude in imposing sentences in robbery cases, to require the judges and district attorneys to submit recommendations in cases where clemency is asked, to reduce the evil of the indeterminate sentence as it now prevails, and to enable the courts to order a common trial for two or more individuals indicted for the same offense, we shall need less coddling in the prisons.

If the average bandit knew that his punishment was going to be a rock-pile, we would have fewer bandits.

*There should be more sympathy for victims* and less for their cold-blooded robbers and murderers.

## Trust Your Hunches

(*Concluded from page 5*)

he can decide much better than he could logically.

The poorest auto driver I know is one who has specialized in the mathematics of projectiles. Whenever he is caught in a traffic jam he tries to figure out by his mathematical methods just how far he should turn, how much gas to use, just when to turn. The result is that his fenders are battered almost beyond recognition.

His wife, in contrast, is a very safe driver.

'How do you figure out when and how much to turn?' he asks her.

'Figure?' she replies. 'I don't. I just *know!*'

She trusts to hunches. Needless to conclude, trust yourself with a hunchy rather than a logical driver.

The marvelous skill with which savages guide a canoe in the rapids is due largely to hunches.

The immense value of the jury system rests upon these facts. Lawyers are notoriously unfit for jury service. They're too logical. Their mental eyes, so to speak, miss the thousand and one things that impress the uncritical juryman. The juryman who is used to running his life largely by hunches notices unconsciously the fidgeting of the witness, the slight tremor of the defendant when evidence is introduced. Jury verdicts are sometimes contrary to what a jurist's review of the printed evidence would be, and are possibly more just and correct for the hunches upon which their verdicts are based.

Montaigne, more than 300 years ago, commented that 'good memories accompany weak judgments.' Our best judgments are hunches, and they are subconsciously formed, based upon material stored in the reservoir of our experiences. The act of forgetting is the prelude of a hunch.

Business men and scientists recognize this. When a decision has to be made that is based upon old experiences they act upon their first hunch. But when recent impressions are to be used, such as the reports just given at a directors' meeting, the best decisions are reached at an adjourned meeting which allows time for the material given into the reservoir to be forgotten.

An important conference in the forenoon, followed by an afternoon of golf in which all thoughts of the conference are banned, is good practical psychology, since a sound hunch depends upon the 'forgotten' material being worked over subconsciously.

This is why I sometimes feel sorry for the memory genius who can call off the amount of exports without a moment of hesitation. He would be nice to have around the office to take the place of an encyclopedia, but I'd be somewhat suspicious of his hunches.

The proverbially poor business judgment of college professors may be due to the fact that their occupation calls for a close fidelity in memory which almost automatically invalidates their hunches. If they would sleep over rather than think over their business ventures, greater success might crown less effort.

Education and a wide and varying experience are needed to keep the reservoir supplied with material out of which useful hunches can be formed. So keep on filling your reservoir—and trusting your hunches.

## What Coxey Marched For

(*Concluded from page 24*)

per cent. Labor rates could then be raised, freight and passenger rates reduced.

'Pay the national debt through accepting foreign debtors' legal tender money for what they owe the United States and Congress, making it legal tender, and coining our legal tender to pay the balance.

'We cannot abolish interest overnight; we will still have to stand for many obligations which still have years to run. But we can get a start. The important thing is to get the new system established. If we can cut the interest from our national and community debts, taxes will cease to be the burden they now are. If we can cut the interest from our railroads and industrial enterprises, transportation charges will be low, industry will hum and the farmer will no longer be borne down under the weight which now oppresses him. Interest is the greatest wastage of our age. Hydraulic pressure must be applied to squeeze out every drop of extravagance and waste.'

*Do You Know that the building of the national highways in the United States is being financed by a system that virtually amounts to a tolls collection? If you own an automobile you've had to pay your share of the total which will amount to approximately $1,500,000,000 this year. Read the facts in* THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT *next week.*



$7000 a Year

DePries made it. You can too, selling a wonderful new fire-fighting device. A vital necessity for every auto, home, store, factory, farm, etc. Millions want it. Amazing new low price. Sells fast. Biggest, steadiest money-maker of the age. Hundreds make $2 to $6 an hour. Send post-card today for full plan.

FREE FYR-FYTER COMPANY, 1352 Fyr-Fyter Bldg. Dayton - - - Ohio

# 'Let's Go to Coney!'

CONEY ISLAND is an historic old place. Henry Hudson's *Half Moon* lay to, off Coney Island, in 1609. The original island was called by the Indians Narrioch, and according to one version Hudson named it Coney, a corruption of Colman, the name of a petty officer on the *Half Moon*, killed by the Indians and buried in the sands nearby. According to another version, Coney is a distortion of Conejn, Dutch for rabbit, because the island was supposed to be infested with rabbits. Hubbarde's map, dated 1666, shows a sitting rabbit. But neither Hudson nor Hubbarde would recognize the Coney of today.

All Coney Island asks is that one fork over a dime for a ticket here, a tenth of a dollar for admission elsewhere, and two nickels for the privilege of turning a stile to something else. Its aim is to make visitors forget their identity for a few hours and become boys and girls once more.

Coney intends that you shall laugh, whether you will or no. We all know of the critic and cynic who go to the theater to witness a farce and sit through without batting an eyelid except in weariness; but at Coney the method is reversed.



About every other place in Coney Island is a place to eat. The alternate places are fun shops, tintype galleries, pink orangeade stands, souvenir bazaars, and miscellaneous alcoves.

Coney now is less circusy than it used to be. It lacks the spielers of the older school, but this is due to the fact that it is improving mechanically. Advertisements are electrified almost everywhere. But one misses the blatant,crude, wildly colored festoons, drops and canvases, which depicted the fattest man in the world—or the smallest white mouse.

Coney is really a town on the beach, and its boardwalk equals Atlantic City's. Coney has its churches, its schools, its banks, its public utilities, its chamber of commerce and its board of trade, all of which hope to maintain it as a plain resort for the fun-making of plain people.

Coney has names that mystify, draw, tempt and amuse. In one section, known as the Pit, there are forty-two amusements. When one has done the Leap Chutes, Spring Mat, Slip-the-Slip, Skidoo Sheet, Air Rollers, Shaker Bridge, Slip Slap Floor, Twirler, Trip Step, Incline Whirl, Broncho Bridge, Wave Slide, Roulette Wheel, Horizontal Thrust, Drop Floor, Steel Wave Runaway, Giant Steel Dip, Double Barrel, Cascade, Tower Chute, Electric Hot Treads, Curved Steps, Double Moving Stairs, Barrels-of-Fun, Tipsy World, Overhead Wheel, Sugar Bowl Chute, Air Seats, Drop Seats, Switch Back Belt and several others, a complete cycle of jolts has been experienced, but all harmless.

Luna Park and Steeplechase Park are the two largest amusement units. The former includes more than forty acres of amusements; the latter is half as large but in turn extends out onto the Atlantic Ocean some 1,500 feet. At least half of the amusements there are intended for young couples. What with mellow darkness and a chummy seat for two, there is no doubt that Coney Island has done a great deal toward speeding the fateful day for many a New York couple.

The great event of the Coney season is the baby parade. Coney is one of the few places which still features babies. One of the educational features of this resort is the exhibition of baby incubators, real infants living in incubators, some weighing two pounds, kept alive by scientific methods and special nursing until they are sufficiently built up to be returned to their parents.

Coney, with its all-year-round population of more than 75,000, really suffers from a very unaristocratic name—too late to change now. Yet, if it had a less ambiguous name it might attract those who do their choosing solely by name.

# Taxpayer's Final Arbiter of Facts

—(*Concluded from page 6*)—

were written by members of the board. Some members of the board have never written a single original decision since they were appointed.

The board has a legal unit which prepares a majority of the opinions and some of its members know nothing of the real merits of the cases until the decisions are prepared and submitted for their signatures.

James and Graupner took their duties seriously and delved into the intricate details of the cases, studied the record and brought before the board in written form their findings. Often they presented their opinions so forcibly that they won over a majority of the board, even when Chairman Korner, of North Carolina, a personal appointee of Commissioner Blair, was on the other side.

The chairman of the board, backed up by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, did not like to be left in a minority. He regarded the departmental attitude differently from the two hard-headed lawyers who believed in trying every case on its merits, and who cared little that the bureau was placed 'in a hole' when its inconsistent rulings were shown up.

In naming the new board, President Coolidge exercised the discretionary power given him to increase the membership from fifteen to sixteen.

***About the Personnel***

It is true that the Board of Tax Appeals is not a court of law but a fact-finding body. Appeal from its findings can be taken to the District of Columbia Supreme Court, but the appeal must be on *law* and not on facts. The board is the final arbiter of facts. This latter statement alone shows the tremendous importance to the taxpayer of the tribunal being unbiased and unfettered by any bureau influences.

How 'free of bureau influences' the board is may be judged from the circumstances of the various appointments. Seven of the sixteen members of the board were employes of the Internal Revenue Bureau at the time they were selected. It is fair to assume that none of them would have been named without a positive recommendation from Commissioner Blair and Secretary Mellon.

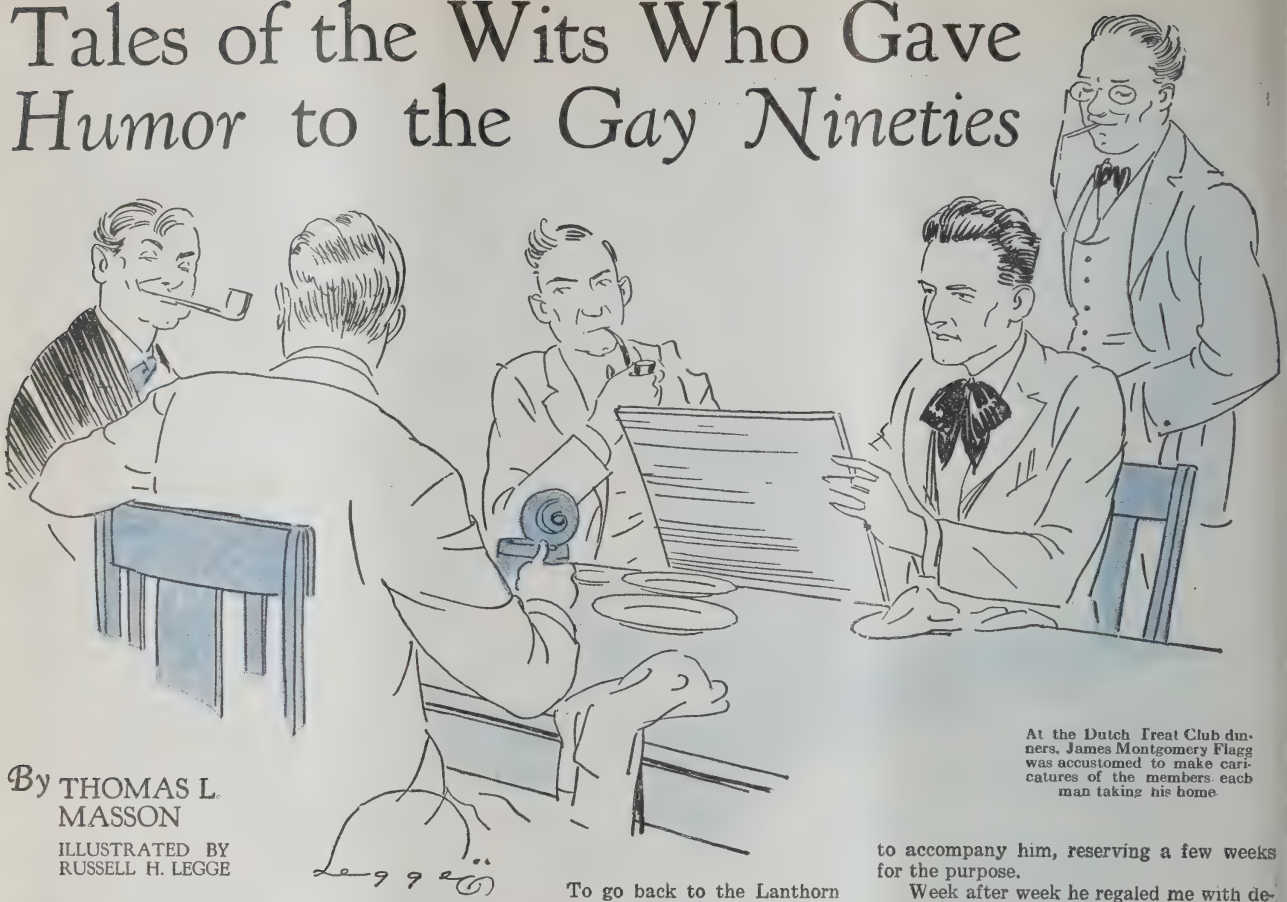
In addition to the seven members of the board named directly from the service, the circumstances and previous affiliations of the other members shed additional light on the make-up of this important tribunal and indicate how far from the intent of the framers of the law the appointing power have been led.

No fewer than twelve of the sixteen members of the board which constitutes the only court the taxpayers have short of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia are linked directly and indirectly with the tax bureau.

Senator Hiram Johnson, of California, one of the Senators who opposed confirmation of the board, sums the matter up as follows:

'To have one of the parties to litigation select the judges makes a mockery of the court. This is said without criticism of the character of any of the individuals, but in opposition to the mode of selection. This board was designated as a court, but it has lost every judicial attribute.'

# Tales of the Wits Who Gave *Humor* to the *Gay Nineties*



At the Dutch Treat Club dinners, James Montgomery Flagg was accustomed to make caricatures of the members each man taking his home

By THOMAS L. MASSON

ILLUSTRATED BY RUSSELL H. LEGGE

IT WAS in 1894 that we started the Lanthorn Club, of which Thomas Beer writes in his interesting biography of Stephen Crane.

'He (Crane) was made welcome at the new Lantern Club of journalists and editors in a crazy added story on the roof of an old building near Brooklyn Bridge. Irving Bacheller, Thomas Masson, Edward Marshall, Willis Hawkins, Richard Gilder, John Langdon Heaton—whose wife was "the most sensible woman in New York" to Crane—and some others lunched there almost daily.'

As a matter of fact, we went there, as I remember, once a week, and the daily luncheon was not a success. Also, there was Ned Townsend ('Jimmie Fadden') who had come on from San Francisco and as a member of the famous Bohemian Club there, I believe that it was he who originated the idea of the Lanthorn Club. At any rate, he took a lively part in the proceedings.

This recalls a story, which, however, occurred much later on, at a dinner given by the Dutch Treat Club at the Brevoort. At these early Dutch Treat dinners, James Montgomery Flagg was accustomed to make caricatures of the members. He did them on large sheets and after the applause they were distributed to the members in turn, each man taking his home. On this occasion, however, Flagg erred in making a drawing of Townsend as 'Jimmie Fadden.' For some reason, Townsend took offense at it and with doubtful taste, when the caricature was presented to him. he tore it up and scattered the pieces on the floor. Peter Dunne had the same aversion to the linking of his own personality with Mr. Dooley, and was likely to beat up anyone who suggested it

To go back to the Lanthorn Club, not only was it near the Brooklyn Bridge, but it was superimposed—a kind of shack—on the oldest building then in New York, known as Monkey Hill. The object of the club was to 'improve' the work of members by criticism. One man would read something he had written and then the others would criticize or commend it.

Irving Bacheller, who had a fine, resonant, melodramatic voice, read several of his pieces, some of which afterward had a wide vogue. He also was the one who introduced Kipling's work into this country. He used to get the manuscripts from Kipling and read them aloud to us. I remember one of the first was 'The Liner She's a Lady.' We didn't think much of it.

Stephen Crane attended many of the meetings but rarely said anything. I was also severely taken to task for silence by John Swinton, who was on the editorial staff of the *Sun* at the time, a radical and one of Mr. Dana's favorites. After one convivial evening in which I had, rather abashed, remained silent, he grabbed me and said:

'Young man you never will amount to anything unless you learn how to talk.'

Edward Marshall who was the Sunday editor of the *Press* and a very bright, versatile writer, had an imagination which I think has never been equaled. It completely ran away with him, and he would regale me with stories, as if they were actually happening, which covered weeks in the recital. For example, he came to me one spring and said that he was negotiating for a steamer on which to take a trip during the summer through the Great Lakes. He had a chance of getting it very cheap and in glowing terms he pictured the great adventure we would have. I made my plans to accompany him, reserving a few weeks for the purpose.

Week after week he regaled me with details of the negotiations, keeping me and a few others who were to accompany us in a fine glow of excitement. At the last moment, when we were about to start, he came to me with tears in his eyes and said he had just received a telegram stating that by a strange mishap the steamer had just blown up and was a total loss. Marshall's reputation as a weaver of adventures in which he actually took part grew until it became known everywhere.

One evening we gave a dinner at the Lanthorn Club and Richard Watson Gilder presided. He was a delicately admirable toastmaster, and called on one after another. When at last he came to Marshall he said quietly:

'Gentlemen, most of us here write fiction Ed Marshall lives it.'

Marshall was at first inclined to resent the comparison, but amid a chorus of howls got up and defended himself. It did him no good as a corrective, however A few weeks later he started in on another yarn, according to which he had rescued the daughter of an uptown millionaire from a tough on the elevated; her father had invited him to the house and so on through a rapt romance Afterward he went to the Spanish War where he lost both legs and distinguished himself greatly for sublime bravery.

The Lanthorn Club was doomed to a brief existence, as it was too impractical to succeed permanently. It was, however, followed by the Cloister Club, much more permanent and with a larger membership.

This club was by far the most successful and real bohemian club ever formed in New York, the later Greenwich Village varieties being but weak imitations of Parisian affairs.

The Cloister Club was located in a few rooms on the ground floor on the south side of Eighth Street. You went up a short flight

of steps flanked by a rickety iron railing and entered directly the main room. In the rear was some sort of kitchen where the meals were concocted. And what meals they were!

Some of the members of this club were William J. Glackens, the painter (since become so famous); Harry Leon Wilson, without doubt our best humorist; 'Pop' Wilson, then of *Puck* (art editor); George Barry Mallon, city editor of the *Sun*—about twenty or twenty-five in all.

The first thing done with the dining room was to decorate it with the work of the artist members. These decorations were of a mural nature and great works of art, the Cloister idea being prevalent.

It would be impossible to describe the spirit of genuine comradeship in this club. After we had been there some time we were forced out and obliged to move uptown but it was never the same.

I recall very well the morning after my twins were born I drifted into the Cloister Club to spread the news. There was present Theodore Wores, an artist of distinction and one of the best judges of Chinese art in this country. When I told him that one of the twins was a boy and the other a girl he stared at me incredulously for a moment and then exclaimed·

'Impossible!'

It was a singular fact, however, that two of the greatest bohemians in New York at that time (although totally dissimilar), Ernest Jerrold and Billy Fales, never joined the Cloister, or if they did they never came. Ernest Jerrold was a thin, wizened-up little Irishman, with the soul of a poet. He carried a drooping set of mustaches that fell away to an irregular set of points and his thin nose sloped down to a point, like a Celtic rat. He was a great humorist and if he could ever have been induced to work, would have been a national one. Gilder tried for some time to get him to write pieces for the *Century*, but he never would do it. He never had any money but never seemed to need any. Billy Fales, on the other hand, was a rather corpulent man, with a round face, never quite clean, and his clothes were a sight. He taught me how to eat a chop; he would gnaw it down to the last shred. He had received a legal education and might have been a prominent lawyer, but his roving disposition led him astray. He married a Chinese wife and lived with her in Chinatown.

I chanced to meet him one day, quite by accident, and by good luck quoted something from *The Ingoldsby Legends*. He was so impressed with my great show of learning that he 'took me up' and thereafter we became good friends.

There was the rathskeller saloon in the basement of a building just or nearly opposite the old *Sun* Building already referred to, and it was here, I believe, that in the old days Walt Whitman used to consort with his fellows. At any rate, Fales and Jerrold and myself consumed many a schooner of beer The talk then was, I think, better than it is today, because less artificial. It was duller and therefore better.

Fales married again, and I went to the wedding. It was a thoroughly bohemian affair. A week later I dropped in on him. His wife suggested that we walk to the Brooklyn Bridge (Fales' rooms were not so far away) so she changed her clothes while we sat and smoked. It was all informal enough but not as it is today, where certain fake bohemians make a fetish of indecent activities. Then it was without any self-consciousness.

Afterward Billy Fales faded from my activities until one day I heard—quite by accident—that he was ill in the hospital. I sent a messenger up with a five-dollar bill and had completely forgotten the incident when, nearly a year later, I began to receive through the mail copies of English papers published in various places in China. Each one of these papers contained a short piece of humor signed with my name, 'Tom Masson.' Later Billy Fales came in and said that he been out to China and in order to testify his gratitude for my fiver he had done his part to make me known throughout the Orient. I know of no finer method of displaying one's genuine friendship. It would have been utterly spoiled if he had offered to return the fiver.

There was at this time a small group of members of the Cloister who used to consort together. Among these was Dick Munkitterick, who wrote eccentric rhymes for *Puck* and never seemed to have any money. He would cash in on a poem when




I met 'Munk' in the bank where he was proudly depositing a check for a thousand dollars.

his needs pressed on him, but in his later days he was more prosperous, especially when Hearst came to New York and hired everybody in sight. I met 'Munk' one day in the Second National Bank where he was depositing a check for a thousand dollars, which he proudly showed me. 'Why, even the cockroaches in the Hearst newspapers get seventy-five dollars a month,' he remarked.

After Bunner, of *Puck*, died, Harry Leon Wilson succeeded him as the literary editor and 'Pop' Gibson as the art editor. Guy Wetmore Carryl, one of the best writers of light verse America has produced, used to foregather with us in *Puck* office. They paid two dollars for what were called 'comics' (that is, jokes susceptible of illustration), and one dollar for ordinary jokes. I don't think they ever paid more than ten dollars for poetry.

At this time, or in 1893, *Life* celebrated its tenth anniversary by a dinner at Delmonico's. This dinner was largely attended by the literati, many of them quite eminent. Among them was James Jeffrey Roche (father of the present Arthur Somers Roche), who was editor of the *Pilot*, a Boston Catholic paper, and whose verses, 'The V-a-s-e,' published in one of the early issues of the then struggling paper, has helped largely to turn the tide in its favor.

Apropos of this fact, Mitchell told me an amusing story of how he continued *Life*. He had, in the beginning, put into it about $50,000, which was all he had, much to the disgust of his family and many of his friends, who could not conceive of his making a success of a humorous paper. After a while it was literally true that each week, for a time, they got back more copies than they printed, because the paper was returnable and the newsdealers would wait to accumulate them and then they would all come back in a few weeks.

One day Mitchell, completely discouraged, went out to a lonely luncheon. At the next table was a man with bold whiskers who talked to his table companion about papers. This man was none



He threw his gold pieces on the table, exclaiming, 'That's what I earned today.'

other than the redoubtable Josh Billings, who, by the way, died shortly afterward. (This w s early in 1884.) Mitchell listened in a desultory way to the talk at the next table until suddenly Josh Billings, bringing down his fist, remarked:

'If you are going to make a paper successful, you have got to pour money into it like a drunken sailor, and not care.'

Mitchell went back to the office refreshed in mind and courage and borrowed enough more money to get out the next issue. In a few weeks more the tide turned and from then on the paper was very profitable. When Mitchell died thirty-five years ago he left nearly two millions.

Bangs, Munkitterick and I, together with a number of others, used to contribute to *Puck* regularly, while at the same time we also contributed to *Harper's Bazar*.

In those days Harper and Brothers were located in an ancient building on Pearl Street flanking the elevated railroad which had not then been built so long.

Someone told me the story of how W. D. Howells first came to Harper's. He smoked and as this was objected to, quietly put on his hat and walked out. Afterward he went back and was associated with the magazine for many years. Howells, during this period or a little later, used to take his breakfast at the Vienna Cafe on Broadway next to Grace Church. They had the best coffee in town and a few of us used to go there regularly.

The first time I met Bangs I brought a manuscript in and after some discussion with the office boy, he reluctantly went back with my name. Later I was shown into Bang's room, a mere cubbyhole. He was very cordial and I timidly took out my manuscript and asked him if he would look it over.

He began reading it, but when he had got about halfway through, suddenly looked up and said:

'For heaven's sake don't look at me that way. I can't stand it to have you sitting there.'

We then made an arrangement, which was kept up for a long time, that when calling I was to sit in desperate suspense at the other end of an outer room, after I had sent in my manuscript to him, and await his decision. There was never to be any personal communication between us, but the boy was to bring back the result. This worked very well. Later on Bangs became editor of *Puck*, which was still later bought by Mr. Straus for his son, then by W. R. Hearst, and so vanished from sight.

It was at this period that E. W. Kemble, originator of the Gold Dust Twins, who even now is illustrating Peter Dunne's resurrected Mr. Dooley, began his artist's career. He was employed by the Western Union Telegraph Company as clerk, but in idle moments made pictures on his blotter or any sheets of paper that were on his desk. One day he gathered up some of these pictures and left them at Harper's in Pearl Street.

A week later he dropped in again to ask about the fate of his contributions, and was paralyzed to have the cashier hand him several gold pieces (they often paid in gold in those days). He was so excited that he forgot to take an uptown bus, and told me he actually ran all the way home (several miles) arriving there nearly an hour late for dinner. His father started to remonstrate with him, when he threw his gold pieces down on the table exclaiming, 'That's what I earned today.' He never went back to the Western Union.



# A Dance A Week



## OLD DAN TUCKER

Metronome 112

Form a circle, any number of couples. In the center place a dancer without a partner. This lone person is 'Dan Tucker.' The fun of the dance is promoted by giving 'Dan Tucker' leave to secure a partner from the circle whenever possible. This is properly done during 'the grand right and left' when partners are separated, but may be done at any period of the dance. The gentleman without a partner becomes Tucker. In parties where there are more gentlemen than ladies, several persons may be placed in the center. The old music of 'Dan Tucker' should be played.

All balance to Tucker and swing..... 8 bars

All join hands, facing Tucker in the center, balance and swing partners.

Allemande left..... 8 bars

Each gentleman turns lady at his left with right hand, then turns his own partner with his left hand.

Grand right and left..... 8 bars

Dan Tucker will join in this movement, and steal a partner. Continue until the call

Promenade all.....16 bars

Gentleman promenades with the lady directly in front. The gentleman who fails to secure a partner becomes Dan Tucker.

Forward and back..... 4 bars

All join hands, walk four steps forward and backward.

All circle to the left..... 4 bars

All chasse to the left side.

Repeat all from the beginning.

## SOLDIER'S JOY

Metronome 112

Form as for Sicilian Circle. Call the first change before the music begins.

All forward and back..... 4 bars

Couples join nearest hands and walk four steps, forward and back.

Turn the opposite..... 4 bars

Take waltz position with the opposite lady. Each place right foot forward, and turn, with the toe of the left foot.

All balance..... 4 bars

Face partners and execute a step swing. (Step on left, and swing right up in front, step on right and swing left up in front.)

All swing partners..... 4 bars

Take waltz position and swing.

Ladies chain..... 8 bars

Lady gives right hand across to opposite lady, and walks half around; give left hand to opposite gentleman and turn; give right hand back to same lady, walk four steps to place, give left hand to partner, and turn to place.

Forward and back..... 4 bars

Join nearest hands with partner, walk forward, drop hands, pass through that couple and meet a new one. Repeat as long as desired.

To end the dance call—Forward and back, balance partners, promenade to seats.

---

*Good Morning*, a dance manual of the Old American Dances, compiled for Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford, contains 169 pages of calls, descriptions and some music of the dances taught in the Ford School. Price 75 cents.

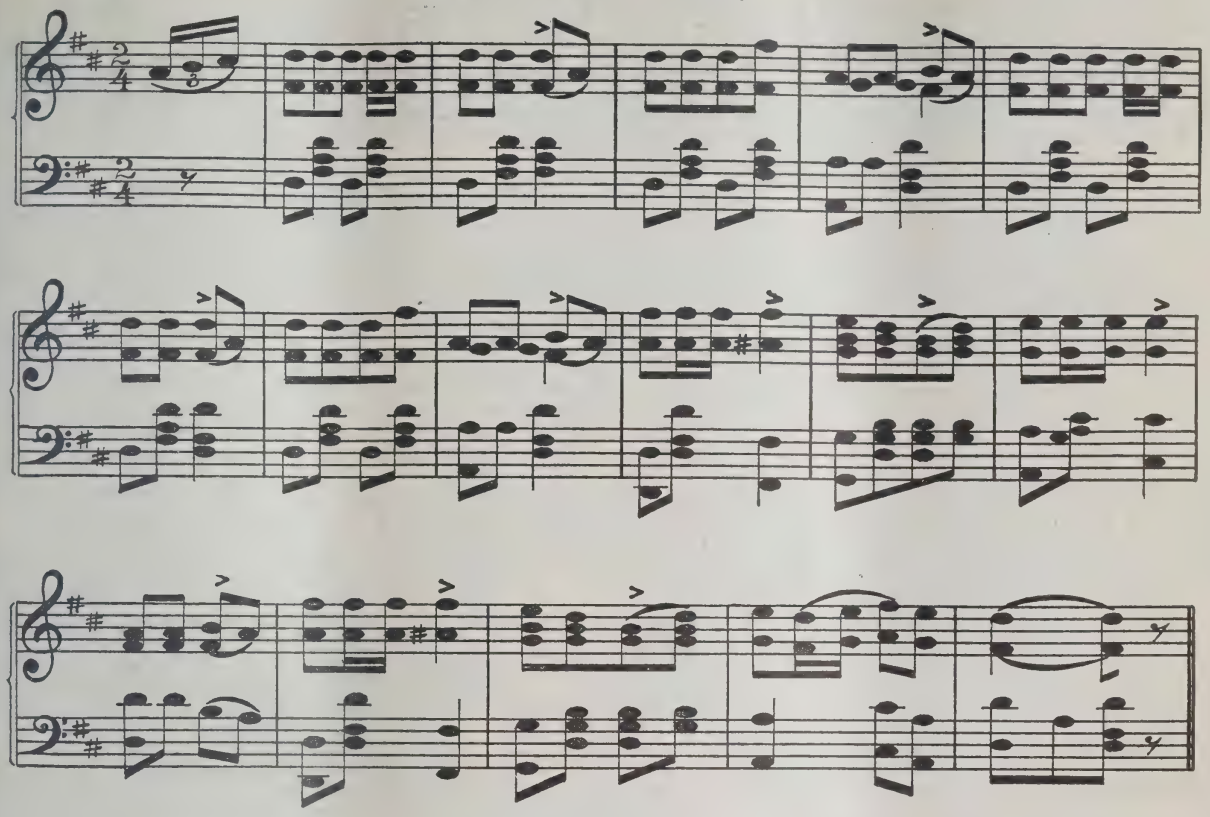
Also, there are 20 orchestrations of 11 parts each—25 cents each orchestration, or $4.00 for the lot. Book and music will be mailed upon receipt of price.

Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan.

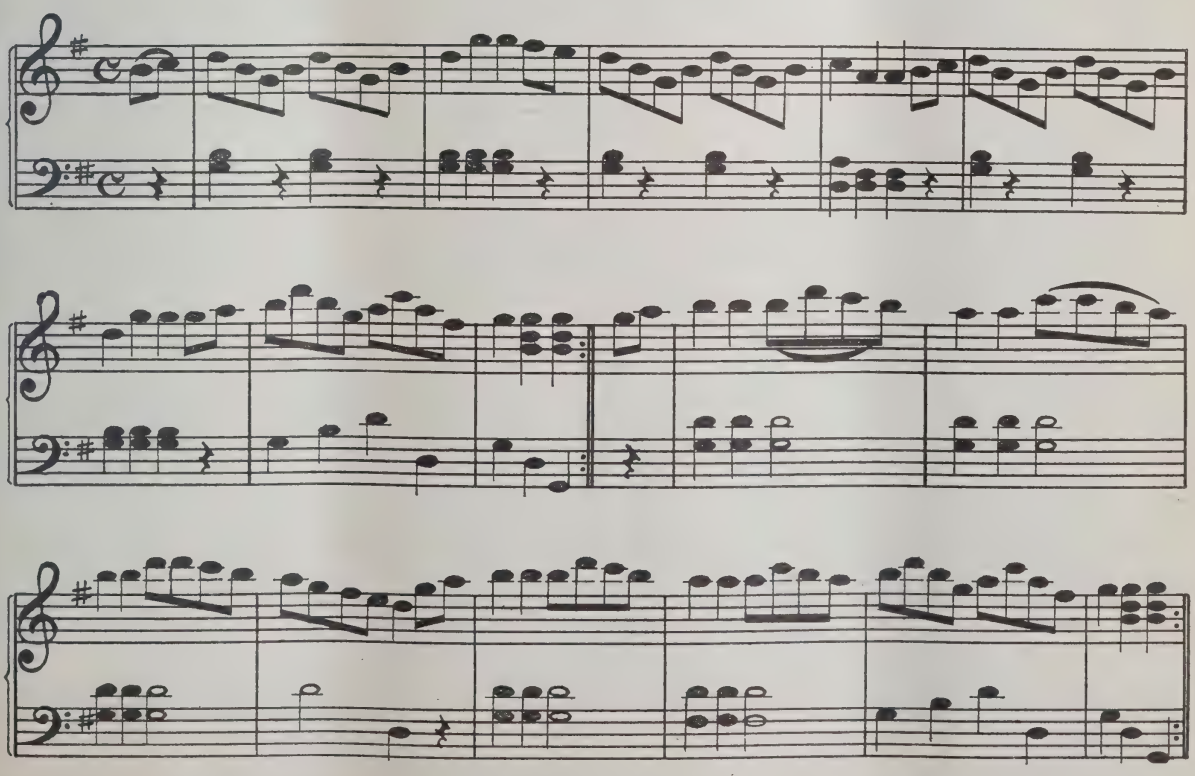
Please order by number.

1. Grand Pa's Favorite
2. Sicilian Circle
3. Virginia Reel
4. Medley Waltz
5. Medley Two Step
6. Varsovienne
7. Rye Waltz
8. Oriental Lancers
9. Heel and Toe Polka
10. Old Southern Schottische
11. Money Musk
12. Badger Gavotte
13. Waltz No. 2
14. Ripple
15. Ticknor's Quadrille
16. My Queen Medley Waltz
17. Luxemburg Schottische
18. Sea Side Polka
19. Club Quadrille
20. Day Break Waltz

## Dan Tucker.



## Soldier's Joy.





# I Read in the Papers



The matter of invisible government was briefly and succinctly taken up by Gilbert K. Chesterton in his entertaining publication, *G. K.'s Weekly*. Under the heading, 'The Secret,' he declares:

### *British Secret Is Revealed by Chesterton*

'The secret of the Prime Minister is that there is no such person. He is a myth; or rather, to speak more precisely, he is a legend. He is a legend of the past; just as the full power of the King, which remains in official form, is a legend of the past. There is no Prime Minister; there are no Ministers; there is no Cabinet; in that docile traditional conventional sense in which simple Socialists and others still accept it. There is an exceptionally reasonable and good-natured gentleman named Baldwin, who is the bearer of this official name, as many other decent English gentlemen consent to be called grotesque names like Red Dragon and Blue Mantle. But the leadership once implied in such titles has stiffened like heraldry. The thing that rules England today is the banker who is at the back of the Industrial Group; and even that rules only so long as the Banker is at the back of it.'

ɤ ɤ ɤ

Can it be that Senator Hiram Johnson intends to retire from public life? That he no longer desires the toga or other insignia of office? That he has wearied of the inseverable hold he has on California, his native state? Hearken to these words, quoted as being uttered by him upon his recent arrival in Boston:

### *Maybe It Is a Touch of Native Son*

*'We came here today through Connecticut and were delighted with the beauty of the countryside, which is such a contrast to the scenery in California at this time of the year. We have little or no rain in the summer months and consequently the green of the trees and grass becomes bleached by the sun, losing that colorful charm which New England retains throughout the hot weather.'*

Coming from an ordinary citizen of California this would be held rank heresy. Coming from a native son—we might almost say *the* native son—on whom the sunkist state has heaped honor after honor, it borders on the treasonable! Is the man trying to imply to New England that *she* has climate? This kind of thing must be stopped! If he isn't restrained. Mr. Johnson soon may be telling the world that California has—but there, perhaps we had as well leave the word unwritten, for after all, was it not the Fire?

ɤ ɤ ɤ

One of the clearest views on the hullabaloo raised when a New York woman tried to prevent the singing of 'The Star-Spangled Banner' at a public gathering, on the grounds that one of its verses is offensive to England, comes from England itself, where the *Manchester Guardian* has this to say:

'Manners and tones of national anthems appears to be a subject which is receiving an increased amount of attention nowadays. One of the rarely sung verses of "God Save the King" has recently been criticized as not particularly appropriate for use in schools, and in America some comment has just been roused by a suggestion that "The Star-Spangled Banner" ought to be avoided because some of its references are "unfriendly to Britain." This shows a certain amount of delicacy, but the withers of most Britons would remain unwrung if the whole of the four stanzas were rendered with enthusiasm in their presence. The offending one is presumably

### *Our Anthem Does Not Irk England*

And where is that band that so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?

*The International Jew* in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set $1. THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN.

Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of death and the gloom of the grave.

'To an English hearer it would all sound very fierce but rather generalized. It is only the history of the poem and not its contents which fixes (if it does fix) the reproach of "hire'ing and slave" on the amiable and virtuous inhabitants of this island. Francis Scott Key wrote the verses in 1814, when the British forces were attacking Baltimore from the sea and when Key himself was detained on one of the attacking vessels. But it is all rather a long time ago now, and most of us in this country would rather hear all of "The Star-Spangled Banner" sung loud, long, and repeatedly, than sit for any close examination in the details of the Anglo-American history which produced it.'

ɤ ɤ ɤ

This protest against buildings commercial to replace buildings beautiful or buildings historic, which appeared in the *Graphic* (June 10), expresses admirably the attitude of many, British and American, who love the beautiful and the old:

'Almost every week brings its evidence that the desire to keep towns beautiful is being roused. We have had evidence of it in the anxiety over the Foundling Estate, and now the position of Edinburgh is creating interest. Professor Patrick Abercrombie asks pointedly: "Is Scotland tamely going to watch the wrecking of its capital, or is it going to harness its new growth so that commercial prosperity does not mean monumental ruin?"

### *The Destruction of Beauty by Commerce*

'Edinburgh, of course, does not stand alone. The same destruction is going on at a rapid rate in many old places, where beautiful houses are spoiled by the erection of vulgar shop fronts. I have in mind one very stately street, built in granite on the most classic lines, with beautiful rounded windows. Every one of these but two has been replaced by modern windows, so that the houses seem to stand on glass. Another factor in the destruction of individuality is the fact that most of these shops are occupied by multiple traders. It will be well for enthusiasts like Professor Abercrombie to consider the problem of multiple shops on street architecture, for all that they care about is the selling of goods. They have little or no sense of local tradition, yet some attention to this would be a real business asset.'

ɤ ɤ ɤ

The report of the National Crime Commission, headed by former Governor Hadley, of Missouri, and made up of Judson Harmon, former Attorney-General of the U. S.; Roscoe Pound, Dean of the Harvard Law School; Edwin R. Keedy, a former Judge Advocate of the U. S. Army, recommend:

### *Revision of Criminal Code Urged*

'In order to eliminate forced confessions and third-degree methods, persons charged with felony should be informed as to their rights, then allowed to answer publicly the charges preferred against them.

'Defendants charged with conspiracy should be tried jointly.

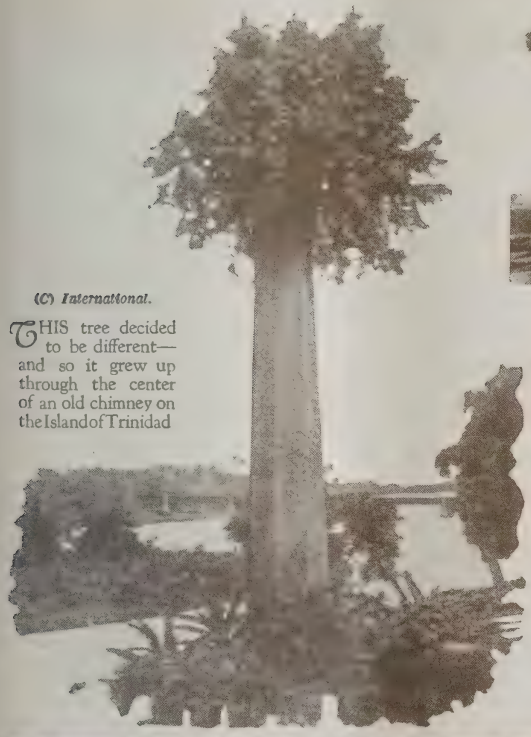
'If a defendant fails to testify, the Court and Counsel should have the right to comment upon the fact.

'Judges should be permitted to instruct as to the law, and to comment upon the evidence and upon the testimony and character of witnesses.

'In felonies, excepting capital offenses, five-sixths of the jury should be allowed to return a verdict.

'Criminal procedure, now framed about the archaic conception of the protection of individual rights, should aim rather at prompt determination of the accused person's guilt or innocence. Felons should not be permitted to escape by grace of a technical legal error.'

# Freaks of Nature



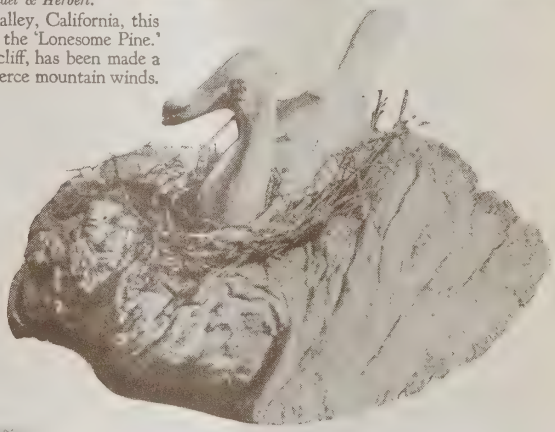
(C) International.

THIS tree decided to be different—and so it grew up through the center of an old chimney on the Island of Trinidad



(C) Kadel & Herbert.

IN Yosemite Valley, California, this is known as the 'Lonesome Pine.' The tree, on a cliff, has been made a hunchback by fierce mountain winds.



(C) Wide World Photo.

AT first glance the casual reader might think this is a Fatu-Liva bird such as Dr. Traprock found on his exploration of the South Seas. But it is really a piece of root found in Rainier National Park, and so curiously resembled a duck that a nest was made for it.



(C) Ewing Galloway.

THE two pictures directly above should be considered together, as they are both of a great banyan tree in Calcutta, India. One view presents the amazing proportions of this tree as seen from a distance, and the other shows the aerial roots which cause this tree to appear so immense.



(C) Ewing Galloway.

FOR many years this was the home of a pioneer woodsman in Sequoia Park, California. It is called the Chamber Tree. Note the comparative size of the woman standing at the entrance.

THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL

BUT with our Industry, we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own Affairs with our own Eyes, and not trust too much to others; for, as Poor Richard says,

I never saw an oft removed Tree,
Nor yet an oft removed Family,
That throve so well as those that
settled be.

And again, Three Removes is as bad as a Fire; and again, Keep thy Shop, and thy Shop will keep thee; and again, If you would have your business done, go; if not, send. And again,

He that by the Plough must thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

—*Benjamin Franklin*
(*The Sayings of Poor Richard.*)

DEA

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Volume 26, Number ~~25~~ 14

Five Cents a Copy AUGUST 21, 192( Year



THE LIBRARY OF THE
AUG 23 1926
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

# BRIEFLY TOLD

SLOW-MOVING VEHICLES must speed up or get out of line on crowded highways of Pennsylvania, under orders issued by the State Highway Motor Patrol. Many accidents have been attributed to the blocking of traffic by slow motorists.

THE EX-KAISER OF GERMANY is referred to in the new Berlin telephone directory as 'His Majesty.'

AN AVERAGE-SIZE TREE with a spread of fifty feet of foliage under normal conditions throws off five barrels of water a day in the form of vapor. This is attracted to the clouds and returns to the earth as rain

A COMPILATION OF CONFEDERATE records has been started by the War Department, in compliance with an act of Congress appropriating $70,000 for this purpose. The records will be of great historical value to the Southern states.

IN 1899 THE SOCIETY weeklies listed 124 persons in New York City who had taken up golf. The game is now almost universally played.



A YARD WHERE LIONS, tigers and other animals and serpents are bought and sold is a feature of the East End of London.

THE CASH VALUE of a college education has been estimated at $70,000 by a statistician who based his calculations on the earning capacities of a number of university graduates.

'THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, English literature, and English character have probably been more molded, shaped and inspired by the English Bible than by any other influence, literary or educational. Once this fact is grasped, the absurdity of leaving it out of the national system of education for people of English blood and English tradition becomes obvious.' —*Sir Harry R. Reichel,* President of the University of North Wales.

THE GOLD OUTPUT of the United States decreased slightly last year, while the silver output increased.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE first automobile recently in a little village in the highlands of Donegal County, Ireland, was celebrated as a public event. A holiday was declared and the streets decorated with flags and bunting.

THE JORDAN VALLEY, more than a thousand feet below sea level, is one of the lowest spots on the earth's surface. The fish and vegetation there are characteristic not of Asia but of Africa.

A STRANGE MALADY has attacked oyster beds in Japan, resulting in the death of millions of oysters. The disease is attributed to a change in the ocean currents affecting the temperature of the oyster beds.



WHEN FLOOD-WATERS OVERFLOWED an Ohio golf course, caddies armed themselves with clubs and hunted carp.

RADIO TELEPHONES HAVE been installed on the huge airships of European air lines, in addition to movies and phonographs. Passengers are thus enabled to hold conversation with different cities while en route.

NINE PERSONS WERE lynched in this country during the first six months of 1926, an increase of four over the same period last year. Six of the victims were negroes, two were whites and one an Indian.

THAT HUMANS CAN HEAR with their skins, and possibly see, is the contention of a university professor whose work with deaf mutes along these lines is amazing those who have witnessed the tests.

ONE MINUTE IN JAIL was the sentence imposed by an Arkansas judge on a man charged with embezzling five dollars from a neighbor.

THE PAWNBROKERS' SYMBOL of three golden balls comes from the noted de Medici family, money lenders and bankers of the Middle Ages. Tradition has it that one of the earliest of the de Medicis, fighting under Charlemagne, slew a giant whose mace was decorated with three golden balls. He adopted the mark as the family insignia.

MOTOR BUSES PLYING between Los Angeles and San Francisco carry stewards and serve hot meals, prepared in tiny kitchenettes.



FIRST-CLASS SADDLE ponies were recently sold at Helena, Montana, for twenty-five cents each to Boy Scouts who did not want them sent to the slaughterhouse.

TWENTY-NINE MOSLEM seamen on a British steamer, learning that their cook was a Buddhist, left the ship at New York and cooked their own food on the dock. Food cooked by anyone not of their faith, they believe, is contaminated.

YELLOWSTONE, LARGEST of the national parks, has an area of 3,348 square miles.

AMONG THE FISHERFOLK of Brittany, maidens, wives and widows each have their own distinctive colors for their shawls.

PUSHCART MARKETS in New York City sell produce valued at $45,000,000 annually.

CARL MAGEE, FIGHTING editor of a New Mexico paper, has been acquitted of homicide charges in connection with the death of a young man who was accidentally shot while Magee was defending himself from the attack of a judge whom he had defeated for re-election. Magee, in a newspaper purchased from Albert Fall, started the investigation which resulted in the Teapot Dome scandal and Fall's resignation from the Cabinet.



A BOY WHO found an old high-wheeler bicycle in a barn mounted it and rode out onto a busy street, only to find himself unable to dismount. He had to be rescued by police after seriously disrupting traffic.

A WOODEN IDOL, believed to have belonged to a race that existed 2,000 years ago, has been excavated in Florida. The idol is thirty-five feet tall.

OWNERS OF RADIO receiving sets in Germany must pay fifty cents a month for the privilege. The government uses the money to encourage broadcasting.

THE KING OF ENGLAND never dies. The moment a sovereign passes away, his title, dignity and powers automatically are transferred to the heir apparent, who thereupon becomes 'of age' even though he may not have reached his majority.

A 450-POUND INMATE of a Florida county farm had to be temporarily left behind when the quarters were moved. The man had been confined to the house for years because he was unable to squeeze through either door or window.

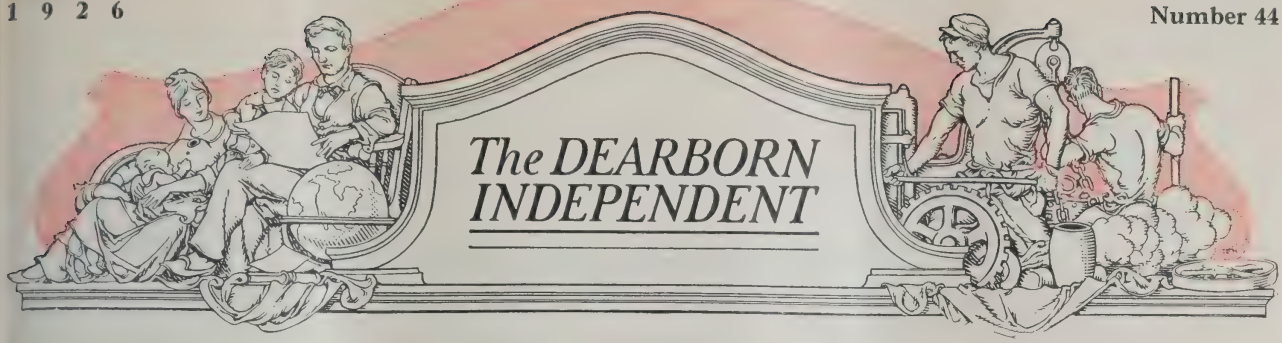
GAS CARTRIDGES, TO BE fired at thieves through keyholes, are now part of the Cleveland police equipment. The gas has a temporary blinding effect but does not result in permanent injury.

A SLAB OF MARBLE, under great pressure, will bend like stiff tar or wax.

TRIAL BY WATER STILL prevails in certain sections of India. The disputants are taken to a sacred tank where sacrifices and prayers are offered. Then their heads are immersed. The one coming to the top first is the loser

August 21
1 9 2 6

Volume 26
Number 44




# THE ESSENCE OF THIS ISSUE

Mr. Ford's Page this week discusses indifference as a transfer instead of a dearth of interest.

Frank A. Munsey came to New York with forty dollars which in less than fifty years became $40,000,000, and when he died he had cast his burden of bullion into the dumping ground of public bequests—a museum got it. Munsey was called a success, but in the things that matter, in the acquiring of that happiness which on earth is the front garden of heaven, he was a failure. A solitary figure in a desert of dollars, a Midas who commanded millions but could not use them. (p. 2)

Kipling says that Judy O'Grady and the colonel's lady are sisters under the skin. Freud says so also. Dr. Joseph Collins has analyzed the psychoanalyst and finds in the test tube only a few scattered grains of pure fact among a messy mass of fantastic Freudism. (p. 3)

Many people think that good roads are made *for* motor traffic; but in reality good roads are made *by* motor traffic. This is true in a number of ways. Here is one of them: this year the total toll collection from the use of motor cars will be near $1,500,000,000 and this is to be applied to the building of national highways. For this year the gasoline tax will go to near $250,000,000. Stepping on the gas means the making of more good roads. (p. 4)

That mercurial Frenchman, Max O'Rell, once wrote a book called *John Bull and His Island*. Now it is Uncle Sam and His Islands. This does not sound right; nevertheless there are hundreds of islands over which the United States flag flies. They are scattered over the two great oceans, mostly in the Pacific. Dr. William Barton, globe-trotter *par excellence*, has been taking stock of them and in doing so has almost lost count. Some are in big groups like the Hawaiians and the Philippines, others are lone specks on an azure sea. There is Yap, for example. Where is the Island of Yap? Where, oh where is Pago Pago? Almost every race in the world sits under his own vine and fig tree protected by the American flag. (p. 6)

## CONTENTS

The Loneliest Man in New York - - - - - 2
*Allan L. Benson*
Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's Lady - - - 3
*Joseph Collins*
Building Good Roads by Gasoline - - - - 4
*J. C. Welliver*
America's Scattered Children - - - - - - 6
*William E. Barton*
'Bad English' Is a Heritage From Olden Times - 8
*Charles D. Cameron*
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
Voyage of the *Victoria*—The Passage of the Strait - - - - - - - - - - - - - 12
*Charles J. Finger*
The Women of Mexico Awake - - - - - - 15
*Helen Bowyer*
Pity the Poor Baseball Scout! - - - - - - 16
*Paul MacDonald*
Phoning in the Woods - - - - - - - - - 19
*S. Omar Barker*
Chats With Office Callers - - - - - - - - 21
Rare Americana in Unique Setting - - - - 24
*J. Olin Howe*
Some Vanished Towns of Kansas - - - - - 29
*J. T. Faris*
I Read in the Papers - - - - - - - - - - 32

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer; C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

Among other things inherited from our forefathers is bad English. It seems that what we call bad English was once pretty good English. Bad English is good English if it is old enough. Shakespeare threw tradition in the ditch and started an English of his own; the making of English is still going on. We in this country call it *American*. Language may be one thing today and another tomorrow. Its glory is that it is alive and growing. Expression is its purpose, and the greater its power of expression the better English it is. (p. 8)

'He would go on and on in spite of all though men were reduced to eating the leather on the rigging.' Thus spoke Magellan. And the passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific through the straits named after him was made a reality. This is the supreme hour in the Voyage of the *Victoria*. Charles Finger spins the true yarn in true sailor style. He knows the straits, has graphically visualized the adventures and final triumph of the great navigator. (p. 12)

What about women's rights in Mexico? With the exception of a very few, they never had any rights until recently. Living under worse than Oriental conditions, their story of patient acquiescence in degrading conditions is an amazing one. Helen Bowyer says the women of Mexico are now waking up. (p. 15)

Why should we pity the baseball scout? Paul MacDonald, who knows what he is talking about when it comes to baseball, gives us entertaining reasons for such an appeal to our sympathies.

The baseball scout is the man who wanders about the sports jungle in search of 'human ivory.' Sometimes the ivory proves a dangerous commodity, uncertain in quality and texture, and potential with blighted expectations. If the scout spots the right material, however, he may indulge in a little self-laudation—for no one else will do it for him—but if the recommended recruit proves a failure he hears about it unless he again takes to the woods. (p. 16)

How the use of telephones strung on trees annually saved millions of dollars' worth of valuable timber is told by S. Omar Barker (page 19). J. Olin Howe gives us the story of how delightfully the rarest of rare Americana has been preserved for all time in a setting that is historically and artistically perfect. In this number there are also some good yarns told by J. T. Faris in connection with some vanished towns in Kansas.

For example there is the story of that bitter fight between the towns of Leoti and Coronado. The cause of the trouble was that both Leoti and Coronado wished to be named the county seat. Finally the state governor appointed a commission to take a vote. Rifles, shotguns and imported bulldozers figured in the contest, and $50 a vote was the price named in the case of one of the towns. Bands of cowboys appeared on the scene and shot up first one place and then another. Several were killed and the jails were full. Finally Leoti won and became the county seat and Coronado was moved bodily thither. (p. 29)

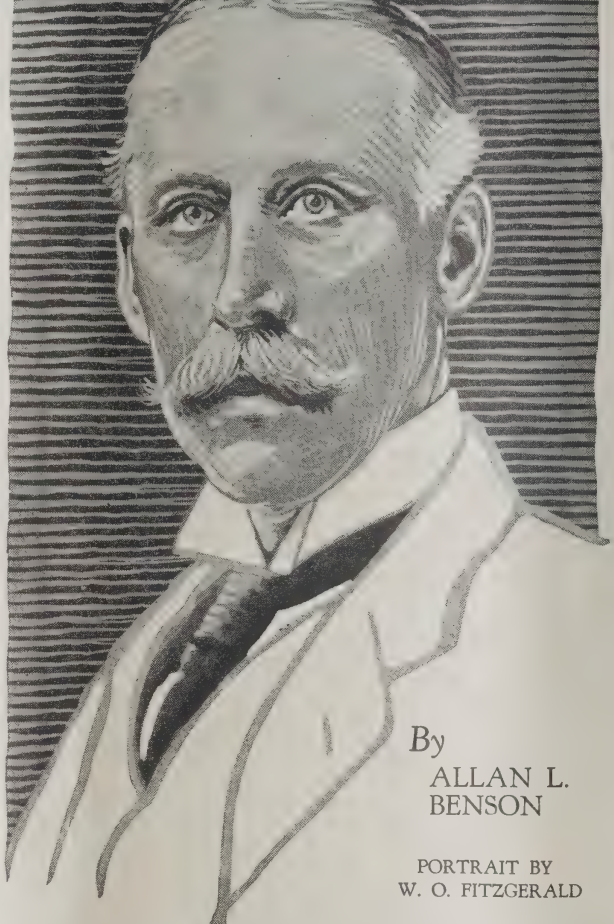
SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.50 A YEAR in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year.
SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

*He Was Worth $40,000,000—*
*Yet He Was*

# The Loneliest Man in New York

## An Intimate Study of Frank A. Munsey by a Man Who Was Once One of His Newspaper Executives



By ALLAN L. BENSON

PORTRAIT BY W. O. FITZGERALD

MR. MUNSEY has been dead since last December, and this spring his body was taken back to Maine, where he was born, and placed beside the ashes of his father and mother. As provided in his last will and testament, a fund set aside will forever keep green his grave and all the other graves in the cemetery.

'Mr. Munsey,' in this case, means Frank A. Munsey, magazine publisher, newspaper owner, chain grocery store proprietor, real estate investor and, for a brief, hectic, gold-productive period, stock speculator who, in his lifetime, would permit no newspaper of his to refer to him more specifically than as 'Mr. Munsey.' In this delicate, indirect way he intimated that, though the woods might be full of Munseys, there was but one that counted and he was that one.

Mr. Munsey is dead, but the story of his life has never been told because nobody ever lived who could have told it. If it could be told *and understood* no young man might ever again quit the country and face fate at short range in New York to decide whether he should remain poor or become rich. No country boy might ever again come to the city at all, if Mr. Munsey's story were known, because he might be overcome with fear lest he should become another Munsey. But the story can never be told with the fullness, the detail and the horror that it so well merits because nobody could tell it without all the facts. Nobody but Munsey ever knew all the facts and if he had tried he could have not portrayed himself as he was. Perhaps his deficiency, in this respect, was not unusual. At any rate, it would have been more difficult for Munsey to do so because he was a most unusual man.

Mr. Munsey came to New York with forty dollars, ran it up in a little less than half a century to $40,000,000, in the last year of his life gave $100,000 toward the completion of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, and was honored by having his funeral sermon preached in that cathedral in the presence of 1,700 persons by Bishop Manning. If there had been 1,700 persons at his funeral who really mourned—persons whose lives could never again be quite the same because of what death had done—this article would have had to take quite a different turn. Such a funeral could have marked the passing of none but a great soul. But the attendants at the Munsey obsequies were not of this class. He had never cared enough about any woman to marry one, so he left no widow nor children. He had never cared enough about many men to be much of a friend to them—so very, very few friends were present, perhaps two or three.

If Munsey had gone broke ten years ago his funeral could have been held in the living room of a small flat without crowding anyone, because the only magnet that drew men to Munsey was his money. Seventeen hundred bankers, millionaires and prominent citizens can forget a man in a hurry when no bank holds a dollar to his credit and no property stands on the records in his name.

Whoever has been in the Munsey offices in New York will recall a famous wise crack, evolved by Munsey himself, framed and hanging on the walls of most of the offices, usually near the picture of 'the chief,' as his employes always called him. This bit of Munsey wisdom was to this effect: 'You cannot get out of a man what God Almighty never put into him. You must fit the man to the job, not the job to the man.'

It would be easy to account for Munsey on the theory that he came to this earth to get something or to do something, and then forgot what it was and spent a lifetime furiously accumulating things that he did not really want and doing things that he did not want to do. The way he dumped his fortune by the side of the road when he was through with it as the driver of a street cleaning wagon might dump a load of snow into the river, would seem to fortify this conclusion; but nevertheless, such was not the fact. Munsey's life was a tremendous tragedy because he himself was a tremendous tragedy.

Munsey made money out of magazines, not because he had vision but because he had mediocrity, highly energized. At a time when magazines were made to appeal to the intelligent Munsey began to make them to appeal to the half-wits, and at less than a third of the usual price. What suited him was what he printed and what suited him was sure to suit those who had his own degree of taste or understanding; and there were many of them.

Munsey blundered into this virgin field that more intelligent men have since consciously entered to cultivate. He did not know he was putting print down to anybody's level. He was only printing what he

(Continued on page 22)

Through the colored glasses of Freudism

# *The Doctor Looks at* Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's Lady

## —and decides that Freud should be repudiated

> THE medical profession by and large, the world over, repudiates Freud, his theory of the neuroses, and his system of therapy. Psychologists have always denied him, and now artists, litterateurs and critics are beginning to line up with them. To leave this statement unqualified would do Freud an injustice and the public an unfairness . . . Were they asked whether they subscribed to some of his doctrines it is likely that more than half of them would reply, 'I do' . . . Freud has taken a few sick souls and after studying them he has reconstructed a sick world, a horrible world in which no one save a few mystics and monsters want to live.

By JOSEPH COLLINS

ARE Judy O'Grady and the colonel's lady sisters under the skin? Does Lady Oxford have the same kind of thoughts, when her mind is in a state of purposelessness and reverie, as Marion Bloom, of James Joyce's imagination or experience? If the output of an intricate mechanism made up of assembled parts, each one of which is cast from the same model, is not uniform, but varies in quantity and quality, is not the variation likely to be greater if the material used is different?

The thought that must come to everyone who concerns himself with the theories and doctrines of Freud, whether as student, general reader or practitioner of psychoanalysis, is, first, 'Is the author sincere, credible, trustworthy?' second, 'Is his hypothesis assumable, his theory plausible, his logic sound?' and third, 'Is his psychology applicable to all persons?'

There can be no question about his sincerity; he believes in himself and in his contentions with the same strength and tenacity that a paranoiac displays for his delusions. Much of his hypothesis is assumable and some of his theory is quite plausible. Were he to abandon what his followers maintain is the keystone of the arch that he has raised to perpetuate his name, namely, the so-called Oedipus complex, many of his contentions would be acceptable to academic psychology and doubtless would be incorporated in its teachings. Some of his assumptions are wholly unwarranted. Ninety-nine persons out of a hundred are unable to accept his contention that the sense of guilt which is engendered by incestuous desires is the cornerstone of the edifice known as morals, the foundation upon which all religions have been erected.

That his logic is not always sound has already been stressed, but here I call attention to one particular instance which testifies its unsoundness. If the Oedipus complex is applicable to the male, it must be applicable to the female also, and the same process of development must take place in the one as in the other; but he has never been able to state how it develops in the female. He contents himself with saying: 'On the whole, our insight into these processes of development in the girl is unsatisfying, shadowy and incomplete,' words which are strangely applicable to many of the processes that his psychology describes.

The fundamental principles of psychology or the science of human behavior have not been established with the accuracy of those of physics, and they are not immutable in their application like the principles of physics. There are certain fundamental truths, such as: the mind is built up from instincts which seek expression, or materialization, and these instincts or innate dispositions are the sources of energy, bodily and mental. There is only one fountain of such energy for Freud, the sex instinct, and there is only one way in which this fountain plays: in stages. And the reservoir spouts may get blocked up any time they are in play, and unless a psychoanalyst garbed as a magician-mechanic is at hand to adjust them the fountain may never gush geyser-like again.

The history of mankind is against Freud arrogant, dominant and unyielding, but it is not against Freud humble, conciliatory and coöperative. I wish particularly to emphasize that though we cannot accept the Freudian psychology, neither can we reject it *en masse*. We are in the position of the man who needs a suit of clothes. He has found one but he cannot wear it without looking ludicrous and contemptible. But he can have it made over. In fact, he can make it over himself.

Whether Freud has borrowed from the Roman Catholic Church or pilfered from Pierre Janet, whether he obtained his philosophy from Hartmann and his psychology from James or Lange, really does not make any difference. The question is, will his teaching stand the acid test, will his doctrine wash, has he been on the right track or has it not let him into a jungle in which he has lost his way and become lost to the world? Is the unconscious the real individual, the conscious the artificial?

Are we motivated solely by our sex urge and does it, on its way to its goal, undergo any such transformation as he describes? Are the disorders of the mind and nervous system which have no basis in material alterations of structures due invariably to repressions of sex-cravings, from the conscious to the unconscious, and are the displays of such disorders not only the indication of such repression but the proofs of it? Are civilization, religion, convention, morality conditioned by the Oedipus complex?

It must be admitted that Freud got on the right track but it led him promptly into a jungle: sexual fixation on the parent of the opposite sex present invariably in all human beings from infancy. From some of his later writings one is encouraged to believe that he is getting out of it but his followers urge him to stay in and do the job that was not imposed on Hercules.

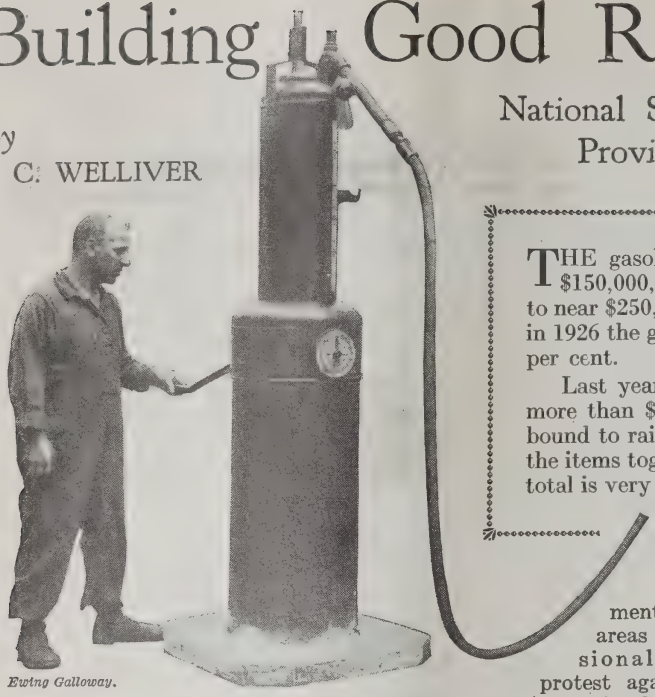
It seems incredible that the medical profession of the world should be so hostile to psychoanalysis as it has been were the teachings of Freud the illuminators of man and his infirmities that they profess to be. It is only in Austria and in this country that it has been practised to any considerable extent. Aside from the followers of two Swiss psychiatrists, Dr. Jung and Dr. Bleuler, it has few adherents in Germany or in Switzerland and practically none in France, Italy or Spain.

Owing to the ardent advocacy of Dr. Ernest Jones, and its early incorporation into English fiction by J. D. Beresford, J. Middleton Murry, Rebecca West, and many others, it seems to have gained a great following in Great Britain, but the gain is more apparent than real. Recent attempts to make it appear (*Concluded on page 31*)

# Building Good Roads by Gasoline

## National System of Highway Toll Collection Providing America's Modern Roads

By
J. C. WELLIVER



(C) Ewing Galloway.

THE gasoline tax of the country in 1925 ran a little under $150,000,000. If you are surprised at my guess that it will go to near $250,000,000 for 1926, it is to be remembered that thus far in 1926 the gasoline consumption has shown an increase of twenty per cent.

Last year licenses and automobile number plates brought in more than $260,000,000. The increase in the number of cars is bound to raise this figure well above $300,000,000. Taking all of the items together, I think we will find that at the end of 1926 the total is very near $1,500,000,000.—Judson C. Welliver.

THOMAS H. MACDONALD, chief of the United States Bureau of Public Roads, recently declared that the equipment of the North American continent with modern highways in recent years 'had been the most amazing provision of a public utility that any community ever accomplished in a similar period.'

Mr. MacDonald is probably right. If any exception were to be taken to his statement, it would doubtless be on the ground that the construction of this country's railroad system could be regarded as an equally astonishing achievement.

But Mr. MacDonald takes note of this possible exception by observing that it took just about a century to get a $20,000,000,000 railroad system built, whereas at the present rate of highway construction it will take only about twenty years to build $20,000,000,000 worth of modern roads.

The country is putting about $1,000,000,000 a year into improved country roads; that is, is investing in roads at five times the rate at which it built railroads. Moreover, there is every indication that the coming decades will see road building greatly speeded up rather than diminished.

Most of the modern highways have been constructed in the last twenty years. Great stretches of them have cost two or three times as much a mile as did the early railroads. With every year road engineering is better, and construction constantly improved.

There are nearly 3,000,000 miles of country road in the United States, and less than 200,000 miles have yet been given strictly modern improvements. In some areas there are occasional murmurs of protest against the cost of this huge development. But on the other hand, even the most backward states are committing themselves to great programs of road development on modern lines, and no end is even remotely in sight.

In his interesting and informative presentation of the highway situation, Mr. MacDonald remarked that the Roman Empire knitted its provinces together by a system of roads radiating from Rome. It took centuries to create that system; whereas the American people in a few years have converted a continent into a neighborhood by a like construction of highways.

One of the most impressive things about a well-built road is that it can be pretty surely counted upon to last forever. No other public improvement is so well insured against wearing out or abandonment. Julius Caesar built a great road into Belgium that he might march his legions there and conquer the country. Eight hundred years afterward the armies of Charlemagne used that same road; and more than a thousand years after Charlemagne, Belgians and Germans and Franks were again struggling for its possession.

***Better Than the Romans***

Long after the architectural monuments of Rome had decayed or been buried; centuries after the Coliseum had become a ruin and the great aqueducts had fallen into hopeless disrepair; long after the empire of the Caesars had passed away, the Roman roads of France and Britain and Italy were in use precisely where the emperors had built them. For a great arterial highway, once built into the life and habits of a community, is almost certain to be preserved from generation to generation.

So it will doubtless be with the road system that America is now constructing. This generation is truly laying the ground plan of America for all the future.

The ancient Roman roads were built mainly by slaves and captives. Modern American roads are constructed under a system of special highway taxation that really amounts to a system of tolls.

In this year, 1926, something like $1,500,000,000 will be collected in the United States for the privilege of using these roads. Of course, the toll is not collected in quite so direct a form as this statement suggests; but the man who pays a tax of two, three, four or five cents a gallon on his gasoline, or buys a license plate, or pays for a driver's license, is just as truly paying tolls as if there were a tollgate and a collector at each end of the road.

The aggregate of these special taxes for the use of the roads reaches an amazing figure. Taxes on gasoline amounted to nearly $150,000,000 for 1925, and will go to nearer $250,000,000 for 1926. Then there was an item of $263,000,000 for licenses and motor car plates last year, which will be considerably increased this year.

State and local property taxes on automobiles were $150,000,000 last year, and will be much more this year. The Federal Government last year collected $143,000,000 in internal revenue taxes on motor cars and their accessories, which will not be much reduced this year. Finally, there are local taxes on buses, trucks, and various privileges, which will probably amount to $75,000,000 this year.

All these items will total about $1,000,000,000 for 1926, as against $750,000,000 for 1925. But this is not the final total. It is still necessary to add the corporation, income and property taxes derived from the oil and motor car industries; and when these are included the grand total of

$1,500,000,000 is seen to be a modest one. For 1925 the sum of all these items was $1,094,930,709.

Such is the enormous fund which people pay for the privilege of using our modern highways. It is more than the entire cost of the Federal Government before the World War; in fact, the 1926 figure will be nearly twice as much.

It is a curious fact that most people imagine the Federal Government, through its annual appropriation to assist in building roads, is largely bearing the burden of road construction. Last year the federal appropriation was approximately $100,000,000, or about nine per cent of the road bill. This current year the national contribution will be a much smaller proportion of the total.

The appropriation for the fiscal year 1927, which was signed by the President a short time ago, is $75,000,000; that is, about five per cent of the total that will be paid by the manufacturers, owners and drivers of motor cars, and the makers and users of gasoline, in special taxes.

Taking the period of ten years, 1918-1927, the federal appropriations for road building aggregate just about $600,000,000; but the special taxes in the last year of that period will easily amount to $1,500,000,000! The conclusion is that the federal contribution to road building is decidedly small as compared to that of the people who make and buy cars and gasoline.

Yet it is not to be assumed that the federal participation in highway building is unimportant. In the beginnings of federal aid, the National Government specified that a national system of rural roads be mapped out, and that the federal contribution to any given state must be matched, dollar for dollar, by the state's own contribution. Thus two things were accomplished. The states were required to be liberal toward roads, if they wanted the benefit of the National Government's liberality; and, perhaps even more important, a real national system, rather than a heterogeneity of state systems, was assured.

As the price of its contribution, the Government at Washington required that the road systems of the states should hook up together. Further, Uncle Sam assumed general authority over engineering and construction programs, assuring good results for the money spent.

There is still another important result of federal participation. It has brought about the construction of many bridges at strategic points. Some of these have been needed for many years, yet local authorities have been unable to provide them, partly because of the cost, partly because of competition between routes. Thus when a stream separates counties or states, it has frequently been impossible for them to agree where to build a bridge, or how to divide its cost. In such cases the Federal Bureau of Public Roads has many times mediated, settled the differences, and brought about construction.

On this latter point, the state of Missouri furnishes illustration. The Missouri River divides it east and west and because the counties on opposite sides of that vagarious stream have been constitutionally unable to agree about bridge construction, the two sections of the state have suffered much from limited communication. When the federal highway program was framed, it contemplated four bridges across the river within that state. Because of the federal leadership and contribution, it was finally made possible to construct them. Two are finished, the others soon will be, the national contribution being nearly half the cost.



(C) Ewing Galloway.

Typical of an unimproved road which becomes almost impassable after a rainstorm.

There is another case of the same sort at Memphis, Tennessee, where for generations better bridge facilities across the Mississippi have been needed. Tennessee and Arkansas were only brought to agreement, when the federal authorities intervened, and the bridge was assured.

The Federal Highway Act was passed only in 1921. Under its provisions, a nation-reaching system of about 200,000 miles was laid out, in the construction of which it was agreed that the Federal Government should participate. Making the map for that system was a terrific task, for everybody wanted his particular country road to be a part of it. But it was finally accomplished, and by the end of this year nearly all of these 200,000 miles will have been improved.

The system of special taxes on motor cars, gasoline, licenses for drivers, and the like, has grown up within a very few years. The gasoline tax was first imposed in 1919 in Oregon. As late as 1921 only a few states had it. Since then it has been adopted by all the states except Illinois, Massachusetts, New Jersey and New York.



(C) Ewing Galloway.

Typical of the modern improved road through a scenic wonderland (New York).

# America's Scattered Children

## More Than Halfway Across the Pacific Stretches Alaska, and Beyond That Are Thousands of Islands Where Its Flag Is Flying

By WILLIAM E. BARTON




JULIAN STREET, in a series of clever newspaper articles assembled about two years ago into a very readable volume entitled *Mysterious Japan*, tells how, having sailed from Vancouver as long on the Pacific as would have set him across the Atlantic, and with Yokohama still a week away, he was surprised when his Japanese steward invited him to look out of his porthole and see land.

Land was undeniably in sight on the starboard side, and Mr. Street remarked that the steward must be glad thus to get his first returning glimpse of his home land. But the steward said that this land, a week away and more from the coast of the United States, belonged not to Japan, but to the United States. It was, he said, a part of Araska, which was 'American land.'

'Araska' was, of course, Alaska, and the incident was a reminder that the United States stretches more than halfway across the north end of the Pacific in a long peninsula which spatters out into islands.

I did not sail by the northern route, yet I had more or less experience of islands. The United States owns 7,083 islands belonging to the Philippine archipelago alone. How many islands belong to Alaska I do not know, but the maps show them stretching from 163° West to 172° East longitude, and it is a long, long way to Wrangel Island from any point on the continent where most of the United States is to be found, and the map is well flyspecked with little islands, besides a good many large and medium-sized ones extending beyond the Alaskan peninsula.

In the Atlantic, besides such islands as lie in close proximity to the mainland, and which have been from the beginning a part of our nation, all the way from Maine to the Florida Keys and along the Gulf Coast, we own Porto Rico, and with it a group of islands which includes Vieques, which has 100 square miles; Culebra, 30 square miles; Mona, 20 square miles, and several islets.

In the Atlantic, also, we own the Virgin Islands, purchased in 1917 from Denmark. They lie about fifty miles from Porto Rico, and are three in number, St. Croix, St. Thomas and St. John. They have a total area of 142 square miles and a population of 32,000. They are said not to be doing very well financially since the coming of prohibition for the reason that ships from the United States now prefer to stop at other ports in the West Indies.

To return to the Pacific, the Stars and Stripes float over a number of other islands. There is the island of Yap, of which some readers will have a dim recollection, our sole territorial inheritance from the World War, and important to us on account of certain cable connections. Find it on the map if you can. And while you are discovering it, look for Wake Island, which we have owned since 1899, together with Johnston, Palmyra and Medway. Then, there is our part of the Samoan group, with a magnificent harbor at Pago Pago which we acquired in 1900; and there is Guam, largest of the Ladrone Islands in the North Pacific, an island of 210 square miles, lying 1,500 miles east of Manila. Uncle Sam has been doing quite a business in islands since the war with Spain.

President Grant wanted to purchase San Domingo and the country would not accept his suggestion; we did not want any more islands than the Lord gave us when we acquired the United States. But now see what we have: islands, islands, islands, in oceans to the east and the west.





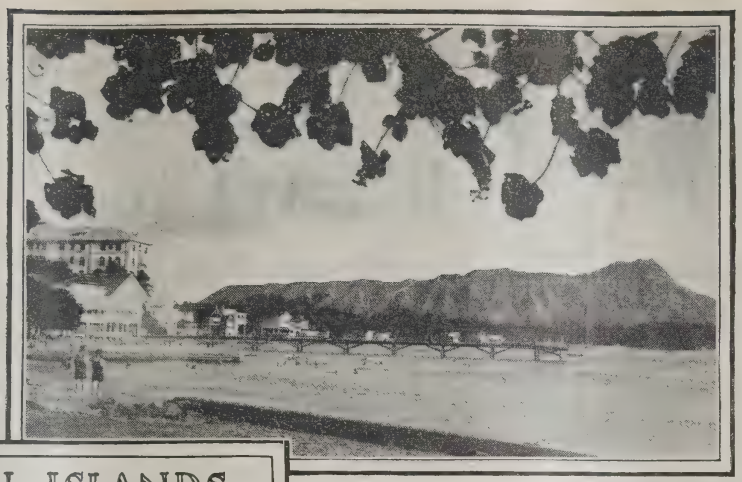

(C) *Ewing Galloway*

Havana, Cuba, showing its principal thoroughfare and Morro Castle in the distance.

We do not exactly have Cuba. She has her independence, and I wish I felt sure that she knew what to do with it. In 1848, President James Polk wanted to buy Cuba for $1,000,000, but the American people would not permit it. Cuba would have been slave territory, and we had enough of that, or thought we had, with what the Mexican War had just brought to us. So we let our opportunity g

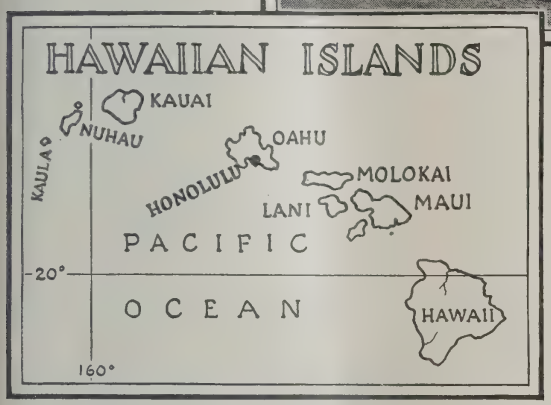
past to buy Cuba, and later she cost us much more than that, and still we do not own her.

In the brief period during which we held Cuba after the war with Spain, the United States spent more than ten millions in schoolhouses and their equipment, and at one time sent one thousand Cuban teachers to the Harvard summer school, besides sending hundreds of others to other schools in the United States. We hauled down our flag as we said we would, and set Cuba free.



(C) *Ewing Galloway*

Waikiki Beach, Moana Hotel and Diamond Head, Honolulu, Hawaii.




The Platt Amendment to the article by which we withdrew from Cuba provided that the United States might at any time intervene to provide a stable government or to protect American lives and property, but established no protectorate over Cuba.

Cuba is prohibited from making any treaty with any foreign power that might endanger her own independence, and the United States has the right to use Cuba's naval stations. Cuba was finely loyal to the United States during the World War, using her small fleet to police the Gulf of Mexico, drafting soldiers for the army, and assisting in the sale of Liberty bonds.

But Cuba is a problem. Graft is rife there, and it is profitable in high places. The Government lottery is a source of revenue to high officials, and a new lottery law was passed on August 1, 1923.

There are good docks in Havana Harbor, but our ships did not go to dock. There is a clique of lightermen who are said to have a profitable arrangement with Government officials making it unprofitable for ships to dock. Freight is mostly landed in lighters at additional cost to shipper and consumer, and passengers take small steamboats at a point about where the *Maine* went down and waste a half-hour at each end of their trip.

The first people to welcome an American ship in the harbor at Havana, other than the pilot and the port doctor, are the rum boats, which come alongside with liquor for sale, a wholly needless courtesy, considering that our ship flies the British flag and has plenty of liquor on board for all the passengers who care for it, and that there is liquor also on shore where open house is kept.

But these enterprising boatmen, who are said to pay to the harbor commissioners or other officials a good high price for the privilege, welcome the coming and cling to the parting guest with insistent solicitude for his thirst present and prospective.

I wish I could say that they were not patronized by the passengers. Their sales so far as I noticed were not large, but they did more business than was good for some of our passengers, and there were members of the crew who did not get ashore, and who did a porthole-business to their subsequent sorrow; for some of them were drunk on the vile stuff, and had to go to the chain gang where the ship's hard and dirty work is done and credits for good conduct are lost.

Cuba is so near us, and was so recently under direct government of the United States, and is still so nearly under our control, that she is not likely to go far beyond bounds, but one hears sighs for the days of General Wood, and some part of this lamentation may be judged to be sincere.

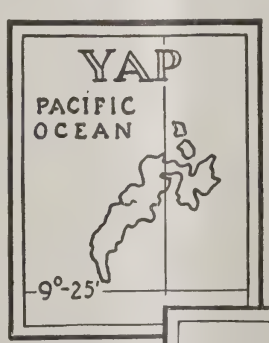
Havana is growing and is becoming an American city. The growth is not simply in size but in real beauty. While some of our American towns in Florida and California are affecting the Spanish type of architecture, Havana is doing the other sort of thing, and trying to be like America. Thus far there is less of bad taste evident in Havana than in the towns in the United States, and there is good hope that they will not overdo the work of Americanization in their building.

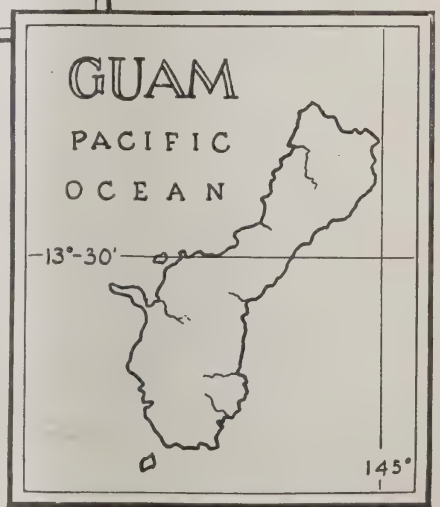
Politically Cuba is independent, but geographically and in her sympathies, to say nothing of her commercial hopes, she is bound to us by strong bonds which we shall do well to strengthen. The more free Cuba is, the more is she ours. We do not want to own her, but we greatly want to retain her affection, gratitude and confidence. We have it now. May we hold it ever.

The Canal Zone is to all intents and purposes another island. It is bounded on two sides by oceans and on the other two by foreign territory. Though only a strip of paint in the middle of a street separates the United States from the Republic of Panama, that strip is to be crossed with a degree of respect.

What one sees at Panama gives one great pride in the possibility of American control of detached portions of territory. If there is graft or inefficiency at Panama, the fact does not stare one in the face, and I neither saw it nor heard any credible rumor of it. The people are clean, well fed, healthy and well gov-

(*Continued on page 27*)



# 'Bad English' Is a Heritage From Olden Times

## Much of the Grammar Now Classed as Incorrect Has Come Down to Us by Word of Mouth From the Time of Chaucer and Before

By CHARLES D. CAMERON

A CLASS of tired children was writhing under its daily torture of 'grammar drill.' The now happily abandoned method of Lindley Murray was in use. This was an attempt to teach correct English by showing examples of incorrect English for the children to amend. They did not know that the ponderous Murray had declared, 'proper selection of faulty composition is more instructive to the young grammarian, than any rules and examples of propriety that can be given'—but they knew the results of this and other Murrayisms by enduring them.

The fretfulness and weariness of the class could not remain unseen by the teacher. She did not abjure Murrayism, but made a new application of it. She directed that each child in the first row might give orally an 'incorrect' sentence, which would be corrected by the child opposite, in the second row. Then the third row children were to correct ungrammatical sentences devised by the tots in the second row.

The children in the first row proceeded to utter their inmost falsities of syntax, blithely, with unholy zest! In the spirit of a game or of the United States Senate, the sentence uttered by the first-row child was 'paired' by correction of the child in the second row—until Seth Thompson was called upon.

'I ain't got no pencil,' dutifully said the first-row boy, smiling at the teacher and then at Seth Thompson. And Seth, halting for a moment as if among many opinions, offered the substitute:

'I HAIN'T got no pencil!'

This memory of school days is revived by almost every mention of questions of English usage, or the past, the present and the future of the incomparable language.

Defense of grammarians and their authority is offered by Dr. Ralcy Husted Bell in his book, *The Changing Values of English Speech.* He declares, in the course of his reply, that when Shakespeare said, 'Silence is the perfectest herald of joy,' he 'meant and virtually said "the herald of joy *nearest* perfect."'

In the name of Lindley Murray, Seth Thompson and all other corrective grammarians, let it be remarked that what Dr. Bell meant and virtually said was 'the herald of joy *most nearly* perfect.' He did what Seth Thompson might have done. He broke grammar while discussing grammar—he used an adjective for an adverb.

We users of English belong to the Germanic family of languages, and in most of these the adverb and the adjective have the same form. Old English or 'Anglo-Saxon' had this sameness of form. The living speech of English, outside the ordinary influence of written English, retains this antique Saxonism. It seems almost normal for a child to say with spirit, 'I went to school quick and got my lessons good.' This indeed is 'incorrect'—it is 'bad English'—but it is English indeed, ancient as the race—a living link of surviving form between the readers of Alfred the Great and those of Alfred Tennyson.

The secret of the continuance of what we call 'bad English' is that it has life in it, the souls of ancient warriors, the high emotion of men and women, the blood of people whose flesh and spirit were both real.

Much of the 'bad grammar' of today is a vestige of the good grammar of a former age, like certain crude superstitions which abide as remnants of a former religion. A professor lost in the woods might be a savage for a day, might kill a bird with a club and eat the flesh raw, and try to shelter himself under two or three head logs piled up into the worst-made of wigwams. So the professor, lapsing from purism in carelessness or by emotion, may drop back to Chaucer with double negatives or back to King Alfred by using an adjective for an adverb.



The time has surely come, in the advancing study of English, for those who love this language to learn more of the almost indestructible elements of bad English which accompany good English into all parts of the world.

Here we are not referring to real slang, though this name is often given to words and expressions which are not slang at all. Real slang is low speech, vicious dialect, usually of base or criminal origin, as short-lived and insignificant as the career of a burglar. Slang is like profanity, not so much language as a substitute for language.

At the other extreme of speech is purism or grammatical preciousness, which is language that once lived and is frozen. But between the low wallows of slang and the sterile peaks of purism there are the middle uplands of living English, and here two tongues, good English or received English and bad English or incorrect grammar, strangely coexist, and at times intermingle in classrooms or in the works of learned men.

Everything that belongs to English in either of these forms is worthy of study; the speech of characters like the best of Dickens and of Ring W. Lardner, as well as the actual written language of Henry James.

Bad English as incorrect English is not to be defended. We owe it to others to make ourselves understood, and we can do this only by observance of the customs of speech.

Seth Thompson's double negative and Professor Ralcy Husted Bell's use of an adjective for an adverb are correct English of (Concluded on page 28)

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

THE rise of public interest and its decline into indifference offers a problem to those who desire to know by what methods the public mind works. At one time, indeed in some things at all times, there is complaint that the public interest has been engaged by the wrong things, and at other times there is equal complaint that the public has grown indifferent to matters that ought to command its deepest attention.

One may study the conditions without any theory at all and simply observe the facts; one may begin with a theory that the public instinct is right; or one may entertain the opposite theory that the public is helpless until a few wise men lead it around. The theory most inclined to here is that the public instinct may be trusted, and that no temporary turn should ever be interpreted as the final position which the public will occupy.

Public interest, we may say, always exists; it is only with reference to certain objects that we may say that public indifference exists. When wells run dry, the public deserts them. The instincts of the people warn them away from exhausted sources. It may seem rather hard on those whose interest it is to keep the public coming to those wells, but private interest is one thing and public benefit another and more important matter.

Sometimes the wells from which the public turns away are not dry, but the mechanism which lifts the water has broken down or proved insufficient, or the barriers placed in the way of people wishing to get the water have proved too burdensome to surmount. In this connection, one thinks of religion as an example.

There is no generation of our people accessible to us by their contemporary literature that has not lamented the religious indifference of the people. This indifference has had many manifestations. In our own day it has a manifestation all its own. But it has always had its periods when it existed. These were not the worst times, either. It seems that the interest and energy withdrawn from one channel of activity usually finds its way into other channels. Thus a financial authority states that the United States has never had any total hard times; he says that even in the worst times some lines of business enjoy prosperity, or some parts of the country are getting along nicely; the stoppage is never total or nearly so. It is true in the economic world as in the natural world, the sun is shining somewhere.

Now, the analogy seems to run throughout life—the sun is always shining somewhere. If the people seem for the time indifferent to theology, they are certainly not indifferent to sociology or those things which make for justice among men. The seesaw of human experience is very evident in this. Times of theological interest have not been notable for advances in economic justice; times of economic interest have not been notable for theological advance. According to temperament there is a temptation in theological times to decry the economic, and in times of economic interest to decry theology. Because we do not see life as a whole, because we do not know how natural the divine law is, because we do not know that human relations are an inseparable part of religious truth, we simply fall into pessimism on one side or the other.

*PUBLIC indifference does not exist; there is only a transfer of public interest. When the wells of use or inspiration run dry, they are deserted, but that does not mean that the need for water is less keenly felt. The people decline to be interested in what does not meet their need, and their indifference is as significant as their interest. Human experience is a seesaw, now negative, now positive; now rest, now action; now material interest, now ideal interest; in this way all the elements of life are drawn into the act of living. The pendulum swings, but comes back. Vital interest of the mind remains; its objects are found and deserted and found again, in turn.*

But Truth remains and it is for us to discover it. When certain formulas into which the truth is cast become trite and non-nourishing to life, they are deserted like dried-up wells. But such desertion does not mean that thereby the resort to water has ceased, or the need for water has ceased, or the cleansing and thirst-quenching properties of water have changed. One drinks and goes on with work. It is the work that counts after all. The worth of water is in the work it makes possible.

Following this apparent rule of life a little further, it must be evident that we are not through with religion or theology. Whatever it has of life-giving quality, or of correction of vision, or stimulus of inspiration, will be needed when the inspiration now in use begins to slacken. The seesaw will still be in operation. We are never through with any great source of enlightenment. Those who represent the religious faculty have work in the interim. They should be making the fountains more accessible. That is, they should be making their special truth more easily interpretable.

Men go from refreshment to labor, from labor to refreshment; from contemplation to action, from action to contemplation; from theology to sociology, and back again and return. It is the ceaseless swinging of the pendulum of vital human interest. Yet people bemoan themselves when the pendulum leaves their special quarter and talk dolefully about the increase in public indifference. But the force of vital interest always remains the same; it focuses on one matter at one time, on another at another, according to the needs of human nature.

**'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## *Another Way*

DISILLUSIONMENT is profitable when it arrives in the course of honest search. There is no question about our nation desiring peace, not only for herself but for the world. We have gone to greater lengths than any people in the world to prove that desire. Our attitude toward the League of Nations is one of the strongest evidences of our determination to have peace if it is at all possible. We have remitted more debts, sunk more armament, reduced to greater extremity of weakness our army, than any other nation on the globe. If the extent of our destruction of costly naval material were known to our people—if they could visualize it—a convulsion of public feeling would ensue. We have promoted disarmament conferences and have been the first to put into practice, by way of example, the kind of thing which we suggested to others.

The world now frankly tells us that it does not want to disarm. It tells that to the only nation that is practically disarmed today. The world now tells us that the promises made at the Washington Reduction of Armament Conference are somewhat too impractical to keep. (Yet we have kept our promises made there!) At Geneva, the nations assembled to continue the work begun at Washington preferred to talk about everything else than the business in hand.

That is the disillusionment. It may be treated in either of two ways. You may ridicule American negotiators as babes in the woods for being deceived by the methods of the more experienced diplomats of Europe. You may stigmatize them as traitors for destroying the defenses of the United States at the suggestion of its potential enemies. Or, you may take the position that, after all, it was right that we should strive for peace; it was right that we should show by example that we had the moral courage to practice our own preaching. But, however you regard it, the total effect on this nation must be one of disillusionment. Peace is desirable; peace may be possible; but this one thing we have learned: we have been going the wrong way to obtain it.

Never in the history of the world has the talk of peace been so rife, yet there has never been so imminent a possibility of war. Even in the days previous to 1914, when the talk was predominantly of war, war was not so really possible as it is now. People in America especially are greatly deceived as to the present state of the world. Perhaps it is just as well. But the greater duty devolves upon statesmen who know, to guard the welfare of this country. Our first line of defense is to prevent our own entanglement in quarrels. Our resistance to the weight of the whole world organized to draw us in, gives hope that we are wise enough and strong enough to stay out. America, another termagant among the haggling fishwives of the world, would not be America. Good fortune, if not always good sense, has kept us out; the people themselves are now consciously and rationally for staying out. Our second line of defense is that measure of the physical appurtenances of self-respect which will give the irrational enemy pause in his thought against us. That is, we determine to keep ourselves out of trouble with others, and we determine to keep others out of trouble with us—discouraging these latter by every means that they can understand. That is the quality of our pacifism.

But we have been trying another way, and, rudely jolted, we are discovering it is the wrong way. The world deals in weasel words, war as a trade is not yet obsolete. The nations agreed with us while we were disarming; they agreed with us until it came their time to disarm; then they said they had reconsidered it. And while we were in this condition, they began the greatest organized attack of world opinion against us that any American generation has seen. These are the things we have learned from Geneva, and London, and Paris.

Not that we desire peace less than formerly; not that we believe less that peace is possible. We shall have peace; but we shall learn the way by which it is obtained. Peace is a strong man; we have been seeking Peace among the weakly and sentimental. No wonder we missed it.

---

## *Women and the Ballot*

TO INTERPRET the defeat of Mrs. Ferguson as a slap at women in politics would be both unfair and ungallant. It was not, indeed, a slap at women at all, but at a man. Jim Ferguson was the real target of the voters of Texas, and that his wife suffered the flip of the blow was of her own choosing. She was a candidate for reëlection, not on her own record, but on her husband's. She sought to vindicate *his* acts, not her own. Jim Ferguson was the person repudiated.

The charge that women are a complete failure in politics is, to say the very least, pre-

mature. Good judgment would not venture such an opinion. It is true that woman suffrage has not brought about all the reforms its enthused proponents promised. That was to be expected. Where it served only to increase the percentage of foreign-born voters (as in the large cities), immediate beneficial results could not be looked for. But out through the country where the population is American, the effect has been marked. Those states in which women have had the ballot longest are generally credited as having the cleanest governments.

The machinery of the ballot is still new to women. They do not fully understand its uses. Where men have had the vote for years, women have had it for months. The general apathy of American citizens toward the ballot affects them as well as it does men. The hope inspired when the ballot was given to women should not be relinquished too soon. The common sense of the American woman may be expected to surmount all obstacles to a registry of her will for the nation.

## *The Passing of the Poorhouse*

THE poorhouse, uneconomic, degrading, is doomed to go. It has outlived its era. The Bureau of Labor recommends centralized homes for the aged and the unfortunate, but even this is but a modification of the poorhouse, and probably will give place to another suggestion. The poorhouse, in all its phases, must go. It was degrading; there is no doubt of that. Too many scenes of desolate tragedy were enacted within its barren walls.

For generations the poorhouse was a symbol. The road to the poorhouse! How often the phrase appeared in the speech, thoughts, and writings of our forbears. Hard work—that was supposed to be the antidote; and it was dinned constantly into the minds of youth.

But we are living in an easier age. A different blood has come into the land, a blood which thinks it no disgrace to live off one's townsmen. Perhaps the Puritans and their first descendants took life too seriously, too grimly, put too high a value on independence, maintained too high a degree of self-respect. Perhaps it is better to have this shadow of 'Puritanism' removed. To have the race know that, however life may be wasted, a comfortable, easy home is provided by the 'State,' which means 'the Taxes taken from Citizens' who did not desire that either a poorhouse or a county home should be their goal. And yet—passing by the 'poorhouse' palaces with their fine gardens, wide lawns, herds of registered dairy cattle, and all the luxury of situation that only great public wealth can command, one wonders whether, after all, poverty has not become a rather profitable profession among us.

## *Corn!*

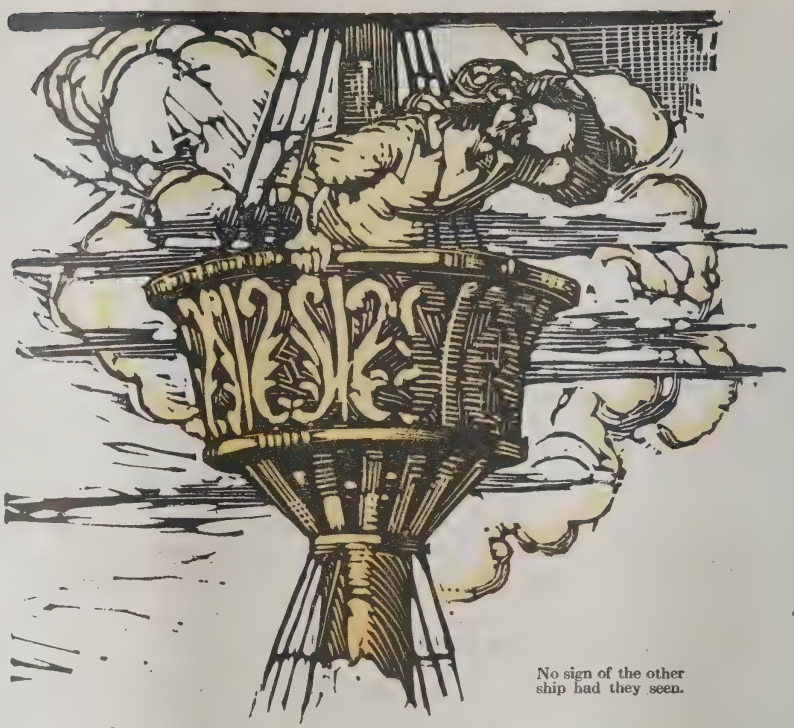
COMMON corn goes into a total of 146 commodities, such as axle grease, shaving soap, shoehorns, varnish, chair cushions, gunpowder, face powder and incense. Aside from these there is a market which if developed could take care of one hundred million bushels, or possibly more, of each crop of this yellow product, which is now taking the place of wheat as the staff of life: namely, the manufacture of sugar from corn. More than eight billion pounds of sugar are imported into the United States each year, and our total native production of cane and beet sugar is only a little more than two billion pounds—so that the market is undoubted. The American people are the greatest of all sugar eaters. In 1924 more than sixteen billion pounds, or 148 pounds per capita, were consumed here.

A bushel of corn can be made to yield twenty-five pounds of sugar. On that basis, if eight billion pounds of corn sugar were to be manufactured, which is the figure for our annual imports of the commodity, 320,000,000 bushels of corn would find a new market. Should only 100,000,000 bushels be converted into sugar, far more than the annual corn surplus would be taken care of and American products would be grown, sold, and consumed under American conditions.

But this is only one angle of the possibilities that await the farm—it is only one part of the food angle, and farming is destined to have more than the food angle before many years.

## *On the Way*

THE Distillers' Company of Great Britain complains dolefully that high taxes are destroying the whisky-making industry, and points to 12 million odd gallons in 1925 as against 28 million in 1916. The power to tax is the power to destroy is an axiom, and this power inheres in the lawmaking prerogative of the people. Thus it would seem that the Government of Great Britain has started along the same road which has led the American people to prohibition. It would appear that taxation is itself a partial prohibition, and that more taxation means a greater degree of prohibition, and that the same power to place a prohibitive tax may also draft a prohibitive law. The tax is for revenue, which is a necessity of the state. But there are other state necessities besides revenue; there is, for instance, the necessity of doing away with commodities that harm health and destroy public tranquillity and corrupt political processes and waste the public funds. No amount of revenue from these things can equalize the harm they do. In the meantime the distillers complain that prohibition in Britain has increased 60 per cent in ten years.



No sign of the other ship had they seen.

# The Voyage of the Victoria

## THE PASSAGE OF THE STRAIT

*Ninth of a Series*

BY CHARLES J. FINGER

WOODCUTS BY PAUL HONORÉ

THE fleet left Santa Cruz on October 18, 1520, and three days later they rounded a long, low bluff; 'and there we saw an opening like a bay,' writes the pilot Alba.

Following Magellan's course, I saw the guardian cape of the straits, that long, low bluff called Cape Virgins, but through a veil of mist, and the land behind it looked unsubstantial. When the mist cleared, it was gray and forbidding, a plain destitute of trees. There were three of us in the little cutter, and seeing the unpromising look of the weather, a sullen sunset with low, solid clouds, we slid across 'the opening like a bay' on a southwest course, and presently dropped anchor in shallow water in the lee of Catherine's Point. We did exactly what Magellan had done in similar weather conditions.

From where we lay, the Patagonian shore was almost indistinguishable from horizon cloud. Southward was the low-lying land of Tierra del Fuego, a drab picture with its long line of cliffs looking as if they were mud-plastered; the stretch of yellow-white sand fringed with a jetson of crooked tree trunks tangled with seaweed as though a careless giant had strewn things; the leaden slow sea with its long lines of snaky, slimy brown kelp. All about us was a brooding, threatening tranquillity, though beyond the shelter of the point we could see uneasy water and the heavy, heaving rollers.

At sundown the wind rose, and all night we heard the moan and buffet of the rising sea. When tide and wind fought, there was a turmoil of water in the bay. Taken altogether it seemed to be as unpromising a place as could be imagined, and it came upon me that the first sight of the strait could have inspired very little enthusiasm in Magellan's sailors, whatever ecstasy filled the heart of the captain-general.

Magellan's first act was to send Serrao in the *Concepcion*, and Mesquita in the *San Antonio*, to explore, limiting them to a five-day voyage, at the end of which they were to report. Meanwhile, the *Trinidad* and the *Victoria* stayed at anchor in Lomas Bay as affording the best shelter from the southeast wind.

The two scouting ships would have passed the first narrows, or Angostura de la Esperanza, as they named it, going easily enough on the drift of the tide, for it is a gut about ten miles long and less than three miles wide, and at ebb and flow the tide runs swiftly, making eight knots or so an hour. Between tides the water is easy enough. Indeed, I knew a case in which an outlaw, a Scot, being pursued in Tierra del Fuego, and hard pressed, paddled across in a packing case, using a little board by way of oar. I mention that by way of getting a true conception of things as they are, because the danger of navigation in the straits has been sadly exaggerated.

The drift of the tide swept the two ships into Santiago Bay where is a good enough anchorage, and there they rode out a half gale. They were then just west of the point where, in 1580, Sarmiento proposed to build a fort and perhaps stretch a chain to prevent the passage of the rascally English pirates, as they called Drake and his seamen. Meanwhile, the two ships in Lomas Bay lifted anchor and rode out the storm.

The next day broke fair, and the two scouting ships continued the cruise, dropping down the second narrows, rounding Cape St. Vincent, as Sarmiento afterward named it, and sailing south until they came to Dawson Island whence they could see the sweeping opening into Tierra del Fuego which is now known as Useless Bay. Due south appeared the gray head of Mount Sarmiento. They had then sailed the straits for more than a hundred miles, shaping a course that was almost a quarter of a circle, and were headed due south.

Though there were no signs of an open sea, yet the ebb and flow of the tide, the sighting of a whale, and the depth of the soundings taught them that they were in no *cul de sac*, so wind and tide serving, they retraced their course and safely joined the two ships in Lomas Bay. 'We united our shouts to theirs,' writes Pigafetta, 'and thanking God and the Blessed Virgin Mary, resumed our journey' after agreeing upon El Canal de Todas los Santos (The Channel of all the Saints) as a proper name for the straits.

The four ships then entered the straits. By Alba's diary, they anchored on October 28, at an island. That must have been Elizabeth Island, southwest of the second narrows, a pear-shaped island about eight miles long and three broad at its widest, with an excellent anchorage at Cape Silvestre, sandy bottom and seven fathoms of water. It was there I built myself a little cabin and stayed for eight months.

Much has been said about the slowness of Magellan's passage through

the strait. But it has always seemed to me that it was due to the meticulous care with which he examined the land for possible openings. For instance, suppose that he expected to find an opening westward from where he lay at anchor, he would not have overlooked the bay Santa de Gracia. A boat entering that would find a good harbor, but opening into it a channel, and beyond that again a considerable gulf that actually comes within a few miles of touching a great inland bay opening by a narrow channel into the Pacific.

Or he might have looked eastward from his anchorage to see another opening, half hidden by an island, that Gente Grande Bay which Sarmiento afterward explored. For we must bear in mind that so far as the explorers knew, Tierra del Fuego, the land on the south, stretched away indefinitely.

There were one or two little land expeditions, but of no importance. The suspicion constantly intrudes that the mariners were terribly afraid of what the land might hold. On one such expedition the men returned and told a wonderful tale of having seen a building 'containing more than two hundred graves of giants.' It is idle to speculate upon that. It may have been sheer brute lying, or else the historian Herrera was possessed of a romancing imagination, and had an eye on popularity.

We have a hint in the Journal of Columbus that stay-at-homes looked for tales of wonder from adventurers, and he bluntly refused to please those agog for a new excitement, saying that in his travels he had 'not observed any great diversity in the appearance of the inhabitants' in foreign countries, nor had he 'found any people of monstrous appearance.' What the boat's crew possibly saw was the death place of a *guanaco* herd, for San Gregorio range, where the crew landed, has been a grazing place for ages.

The record of the passage of the straits is sketchy, and descriptions are vague. Neither Magellan nor any with him had any idea that they were sailing among the islands of an archipelago and that there were at least four separate passages by which the Pacific could be gained. So Magellan stayed at Elizabeth Island and sent two ships forward, the *Concepcion* and the *San Antonio*. But before the parting, a council was held on the island. I chose to flatter myself that my shanty stood where that meeting took place, for I found the hilt of an old Spanish sword there. Still both Drake and Sarmiento were there afterward.

At that conference Magellan consulted with his officers as to the advisability of pushing on through the straits or of returning to Spain and reporting the discovery. Estevan Gomez, formerly of the *Trinidad* as pilot, but at that time pilot on board the *San Antonio*, a Portuguese, was the one outspoken man who objected. The strait had been discovered, he held, therefore



Estevan Gomez was the one outspoken man who objected to pushing on through the straits.

it was their duty to sail home and report, returning with a newly equipped fleet to continue the search if the king so decided. But Magellan's consultation was more of an opportunity to declare himself than it was a conference. He would stand for no opposition. In fact, he would make malevolent effort against it. So he issued an order to the effect that it would mean death to any who as much as discussed the difficulty of the voyage. He would go on and on, in spite of all, though men were reduced by starvation to eating the leather on the rigging. After that, whatever denunciations or objections Estevan Gomez had, he kept to himself.*

The four ships sailed south, down Broad Reach, then parted, the *Concepcion* and the *San Antonio* taking the passage east of Dawson Island, the *Trinidad* and the *Victoria* following the channel that ran in a northwesterly direction, skirting Brunswick Peninsula, until they came to what they named the River of Sardines, an unidentified place which was probably Rio Honda. From there they might have sent a boat almost directly south and so come into the Pacific by the channel between Santa Inez Island and Clarence Island. The route, though possible, is not direct.

The channel ahead ran narrow because of islands, so Magellan anchored and sent out boats. The scouting party found that the channel split, one running up into the inland sea, now known as Otway water, the other passage heading northwest. Up that the scouting party went for fifty miles and so came to the wide water between Desolation Island and Archipelago del Cabo Deseado. It was enough. The way to the ocean had been found. Another fifty miles would have taken them to Cape Pillar, the western extremity of the strait, but the boat's crew could not have gone so far as that and returned in three days, as they did. Anyway, they had indubitable evidence of open sea after they had passed the strait leading to Xaultegua gulf, so they returned and reported, and salvos were fired and 'men wept for joy.'

Despair died then, and men were full of hopes and fancies. Freshness and courage was within them. Life was full and free once more, and the world very beautiful, for ahead were hopes and possibilities. They found themselves, Herrera tells us, 'in the most beautiful country in the world,' and, I would add, one of the healthiest; for the year was well advanced into the *(Concluded on page 23)*

*Gomez was the first to try to find a northwest passage, and in 1525, examined the North American coast from Florida to Cape Breton, conducting his expedition exceedingly well.

# *No Longer Like the Turks,* Women of Mexico Awake

## and Claim That Freedom Which Their American Sisters Enjoy

*By*
HELEN BOWYER

BEFORE the Revolution brought the potential freedom which they are now beginning to exploit, the position of women in Mexico was Oriental. There, as in China, in India, in old Turkey, there were a few women who had liberated themselves, who had done things, who had lived their own lives—some with the glamour of romance and success, more with the tragedy of loneliness and even social ostracism. But for the overwhelming majority of the girl babies born in the Republic, there was only one career ahead—that of sex-slave.

In the upper and middle classes, this slavery was dignified by marriage. That is to say, regularly it was, for of course the *casa chica*, the 'little house,' might be the fate of the *senorita* of *familia distinguida* as well as of the girl of humbler rank. But for the women of the masses, for the daughters of the twelve million Indians and Indian-mestizos, there was nothing to dignify the abyss of animalism into which adolescence plunged them—there was neither law nor Church nor honor nor faithfulness nor protection for the children to be born.

Until about seventy years ago 'the Law of the Reform' struck the first great blow at its temporal power, the Church controlled marriage in Mexico, and it made the price of it so prohibitive that the masses simply put it out of their heads.

In its awakening, in its new bid to be the savior of the *patria*, the Church is urging marriage on the people, is offering it gratis, is commanding them to come and receive its sanction to their *de facto* unions. It will have a serious time deciding which are the *de facto* ones—which women in each little isolated village or each city parish belong to which men. The claims of the children will help little for the two or three living to each mother as well as the three or four dead may each have had a different father. But if the Church will persist, if it will go into the thing intelligently and energetically, it may make of the marriage rite a means of immeasurable uplift to the 'low people.' It may make of it a means for their education in conjugal honor, in a man's responsibility for the children he fathers and the right of the children to a clean heredity.

It will be slow work. It will be the work of creating conceptions which have been utterly lost. And it will succeed only to the extent that the upper-class women throw themselves into it.

For the Indian woman is even more impassive than her man. On her horizon there looms nothing more than has always loomed, poverty, illness, slavery to conditions and slavery to him—these and the brief crude joys of youth and passion and the compensation of her motherhood. She knows there are other things in life. She has seen them in the 'big house' of the *hacienda*, she has heard of them in the cities.

But these other things are only for the *gente decente*, the 'nice people'—it has not dawned on her imagination that they might be for her, too. The new Constitution expressly recognizes on paper, her rôle of motherhood and surrounds it with many safeguards. But she does not even know that this Constitution exists. She squats beside a smoldering fire built among a clutter of stones on the dirt floor of her hut, patting tortillas for the man who is hers for the moment and for the baby swinging in his dirty hammock. She will not look forward till someone takes the inert depths of her animal maternity and transforms it into human motherhood.

Those on whom the task devolves, the women of the upper classes, have had, in the main, a background which but poorly prepares them for the undertaking. But those who can come out of that background as leaders will come with the power of those who have already overcome much.

The girl of the 'low people,' though born to sex slavery, is reasonably free till her first lover claims her. There is no possibility of harem care of her childhood. She grows up in a home and



Above—Mexican children of the *gente decente* as their fine clothes would indicate.—*International Newsreel.*

Left—Half-starved children of a poverty-stricken Indian family of Mexico. These boys and girls revere their mothers even more, perhaps, than in the upper classes.—*Keystone View.*

a community in which not the most elementary privacy is observed; she goes to all the dances, bullfights and other *fiestas*—all the range of life there is, is open to her eyes. But the little daughter of the 'decent people' is the victim from the cradle of a conspiracy to keep her innocent of all knowledge of and all contact with the world except that which will make her pleasing in the eyes of the man to whom, in due course, her parents will marry her.

The first thing, naturally, that he will demand is that she come to him pure. But in Mexico purity cannot be taken for granted. It is not supposed to exist except in the upper classes, and it is not supposed to exist there unless a girl has been rigidly segregated from men and boys and vigilantly chaperoned every minute of her life. It is not that the prospective suitor will so much distrust the frailty of women as he will be quite sure of the propensities of man. He knows what his own attitude would be toward a girl whom no one was guarding—and why should he suppose her safer with any other male?

So the little girl goes to a convent school, escorted there and back by one or the other of her parents or by some very highly trusted servant. Here she learns religion and manners and morals, music, embroidery and French. Here she meets other girls of her own social circle and she goes to their 'saint's days' and other festivities and they come to hers. Except under the most formal circumstances, she meets no boys but her own brothers and no men but those of her own family.

These, however, her father, her grandfather, her brothers, she learns to revere, to idolize, to serve as she will the husband to whom she is looking forward. She learns also to cajole and deceive and otherwise manage them to the limited extent to which she may hope to manage him. She learns every little endearing grace that is supposed to charm a man in his lighter and more amorous moments, for this is the utmost she can expect to do. Companionship of the mind her future lord will not ask—will not desire—of her. These he will get from other men and a few other women. Partnership, even, of the kind that French women give their husbands, he will not wish—the less interest she shows in his business and in his finances, the better he will be pleased. But all these things she learns early, or rather she grows up in them, not dreaming that conditions might be different.

She enters marriage, therefore, without any vain expectations. She does not, for one thing, expect her husband to be faithful to his marriage vows. Already, in her little girlhood, the *casa chica* has cast its shadow over her life. Already she knows that her idolized father has a mistress and a son and daughter in a 'little house' of which, in public, her mother keeps up a brave show of being unaware. Nobody else makes any such show. The servants know of it—they do errands to the other house. Her brothers speak of it. Why not?—they are in line for *casas chicas* of their own. And she does not dream of criticizing her father. It is the way men are—it will be the way of the man she marries. There will be a *casa chica* in her life, too.

It is easier, of course, when the other woman comes of a humbler class. Especially is it easier financially. For, unlike the peon, the upper-class Mexican assumes the support of his natural children and if his mistress is of decent family, as not infrequently she is, he is under social obligation to rear the offspring accordingly. In that case he takes them about with him quite openly and his wife may come across him in shop or boulevard with a charming boy or girl hanging on his arm and talking eagerly and adoringly to *papa*.

Courtship brings the girl a good deal of traditional romance, songs beneath her window, stolen interviews between its bars, both winked at by parents or *duenna* watching not far away. But it brings nothing approaching the intimacy, the chance for growing acquaintance, of the American wooing. Even after formal engagement the young people are never left alone.

Marriage may bring the bride a home of her own but often it does not. The upper-class family is patriarchal and whether she gets a separate house or goes to live with her husband's people, the wife comes under his parent's control. Affectionate control, but very watchful. But this also she has been trained to expect. It causes her little conscious unhappiness. But it does retard the development of a grown-up personality.

Babies now become her chief business in life and the business of all others for which she is most tragically unprepared. The most adoring mother in the world, she is the world's high-water mark in maternal incompetency, losing her children at a rate which has no parallel in Christendom. And more than the women of most other lands she needs all the fighting strength that special knowledge of her job can give a mother. For the social difficulties in the way of keeping her babies alive are very great.



Indian tortilla maker, typical of the girls of the Mexican 'low people.' She is reasonably free until her first lover claims her.

For the children who survive their first infancy, the upper-class woman is quite as unprepared. The national cooking, bad enough for the adult, is homicidal for the child. And alike, the great cold palaces of the wealthy and the mean apartments of the hard-pressed middle classes violate all principles of child hygiene—with their sunless rooms, hermetically sealed at night to every breath of air, sewerage and garbage problems still in their genesis and bacterial cleanliness undreamed of. The education of sons must in the nature of things pass early from the mother's hands and she can give her daughters only what she herself has learned.

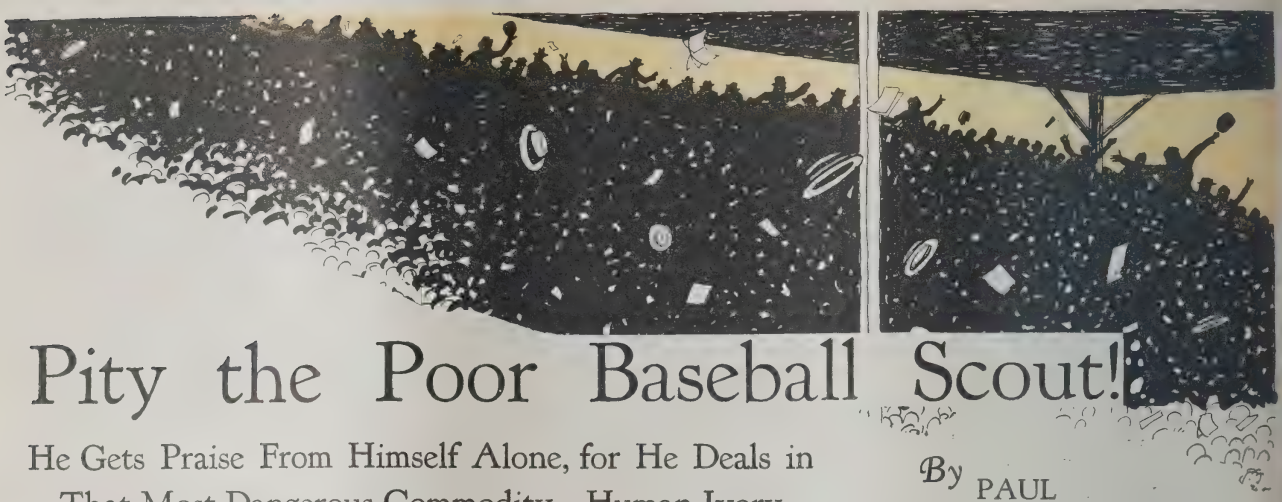
Nevertheless her children adore her, the sons as well as the daughters.

She has set herself to learn what to counsel her children —at least a vanguard of her—and then she will teach it to the Indian mothers. For their children also love and revere them. They revere them even more, perhaps, than in the upper classes. For there the oriental love of parents is divided between father and mother, whereas, among the 'low people' it must often, in the nature of things, be concentrated on the mother alone.

But not all the women who are introducing the 20th Century into Mexico are *senoras* of the upper classes. They, indeed, have been galvanized into action by a group of women very different from them, a group of whom the more conservative cannot at all approve and yet with whom, if they are to achieve anything of their own, they must either coöperate or compete.

First of all there are the rebel pioneers, the women who, in the feudal days of Diaz, began to struggle for their personal emancipation. As in the United States, they stormed the schools of higher learning and a few of them won their degrees as doctors and lawyers. At the first 'Congress of Women' held in Mexico City in the spring of 1923, the first woman physician received an ovation that may have gone far to heal the scars of the lonely fight behind her. But the leaders of that Congress were young women of a still different type, representing the three strongest stimulants to feminism in Mexico at this moment—the Revolution, Protestantism and the influence of the United States

*This is the first of a series of articles by Helen Bowyer. The next will appear in an early issue.*



# Pity the Poor Baseball Scout!

## He Gets Praise From Himself Alone, for He Deals in That Most Dangerous Commodity—Human Ivory

By PAUL MACDONALD

DRAWINGS BY W. O. FITZGERALD

THE Sport Oracle of the Elite Cigar Store sauntered in with a sporting extra. He leaned against the counter and scanned the first page.

There were seven or eight other men in the Elite Cigar Store. It was the downtown meeting place of what is commonly known as the sporting element of the town. Another name is fans. They were enthusiasts of sporting affairs and they dropped in nightly at the Elite to talk things over. With them the Oracle's opinion held first and final place, always. The Oracle was a man looked up to by the fans. He had been a promoter. But this makes a different story and the Oracle is only incidental to this article.

On the particular evening we mention the Oracle received a tribute of silence as he scanned the first page of the sporting extra. He always did that when he entered the Elite Cigar Store of an evening. And then, after considering the late sporting news, he would begin voicing his opinions on all matters pertaining to sport, beginning with the most recent happenings.

The Sport Oracle did not consider the first page long before he remarked:

'Well, I see where this Vance wins another. Some pitcher, I'll tell the world.'

Several in his audience nodded assent. The Oracle paused a moment, but before he could resume conversation an elderly man, a stranger, standing at the counter near the Oracle, observed:

'Mister, he's the greatest pitcher since Johnson broke in an' I oughta know.'

The Oracle was taken aback. Here was someone presumptuous, someone treading upon the sacred territory of the Oracle. Always in the Elite Cigar Store the final word belonged to the Oracle. He was the court of last resort. The elderly stranger presumed to be that in the matter of the pitcher Vance.

It was the Oracle who broke the silence that ensued. He said with a solid tone of doubt:

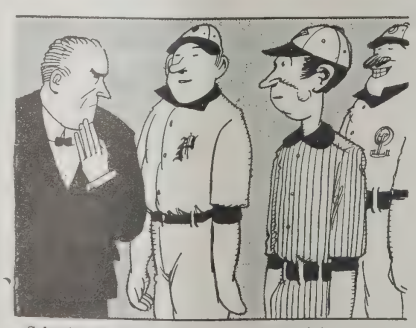
'And how should you know, Mister?'

The look that the stranger focused on the Oracle was one in which contempt and tolerance were strangely mingled. His glance traveled from the Oracle's freshly shined tan shoes to his freshly cleaned straw top piece before he replied:

'I oughta know because I'm the man that discovered Vance. I'm a baseball scout. I'm in town here to look over some of the home boys.'

Having explained his position and his visit, the stranger turned his back on the Oracle and his audience and sauntered out into the night.

He was another one of baseball's scouts, one of an army of observers that are paid by the major-league clubs, on the college diamonds and on the amateur and semi-professional lots. Their job is, according to the profession, 'to beat the bush for ivory,' and writers of baseball generally refer to them as 'ivory hunters.'



Selecting playing material for baseball is one of the longest gambles known to sport.

Each club employs a number of scouts and from early April until late in September they travel about the country in search of new material.

These scouts, engaged in an occupation unique in the field of sport, are unusual characters. Many of them are former ball players or one-time managers of major or minor league clubs. Some of them never played ball. Hundreds of men have at one time or another been engaged in scouting for major league clubs.

A scout is jealous of his record and many of them are somewhat imaginative. Consider the case of 'Dazzy' Vance, for two years the star pitcher of the National League. When Vance became the leading pitcher of his league in 1924 he was no rookie just breaking in. Vance had drifted about for a number of years, had been a member of several ball clubs but at no time did he give any indication of being a world beater among pitchers until the season of 1924 was well launched.

We have heard at least three baseball scouts claim to have discovered Vance. There may be four times that number. It may be true that a dozen scouts recommended him to big league clubs. Vance was certainly around long enough before he delivered strikingly to have been recommended by all the scouts in America.

A few years ago there was a scout among our acquaintances who had discovered three-fourths of the stars of baseball. If he made any exceptions it was a matter of forgetfulness. He just could not remember the names at the moment. If you would engage him in conversation for a few hours you could rest assured that before he left you he would mention practically everybody in baseball.

There are many like him. And that is the trouble with the average scout. Few are really efficient and the major league clubs today probably do not employ one dozen first-class scouts. The ordinary scout will do a great deal of recommending. He will recommend hordes of ball players. If a few make good he claims credit for discovering them but he forgets about the regiments of recruits recommended by him and that absolutely fail.

Scouts work under orders of the



Infielder Brown was the hero. More than 30,000 witnessed his feat. A great city proclaimed him its sports idol.

owners and managers of clubs. If a ball player is highly touted to a club through the usual sources of paid information, the scout is sent out to look him over and give his opinion. Sometimes an owner or manager will send three or four scouts to look over a single prospect and then check and cross-check their reports. If the club signs the player and he makes good the scout takes all the credit for discovering him; if the player fails the scout blames the club for discovering him. This is a safe system; under it the scout never makes a wrong guess.

Selecting playing material for baseball is one of the longest gambles known to sport, amusement or business and baseball as conducted today is a combination of the three. The scout deals only in human material and that is always fallible. The scout has nothing to do with a player making good.

Consider two typical incidents to prove the point:

Scout A is sent out to look over Infielder Brown of a team in a Class B league. He recommends him highly and after further investigations the club employing Scout A buys Infielder Brown.

Scout B, employed by a rival club, is sent out to look over Pitcher White of a team also in a Class B league. He recommends him highly and after further investigations prove satisfactory his club buys Pitcher White.

Infielder Brown and Pitcher White are used on the opening day of the major league season. Infielder Brown comes to bat in the ninth inning with bases loaded, two out and two runs needed to win for his team. He hits a two-bagger, sends in three runs and wins the game. Pitcher White, working in hard luck, is beaten by a close score. Two months later Infielder Brown is released while Pitcher White becomes a regular.

On the day after the opening game it seemed that Scout A, who recommended Infielder Brown, had made an excellent choice. Infielder Brown was the hero of the inaugural game of the season and apparently cinched his job with a two-base hit that meant victory for his team.

Pitcher White, on the losing end of the score, does not make Scout B look good. Pitcher White failed. The box score tells the story.

But, there are stories beyond the box score and you must go behind the figures of the batting, fielding and pitching averages to discover why Infielder Brown was sent back to the minors and why Pitcher White became a regular.

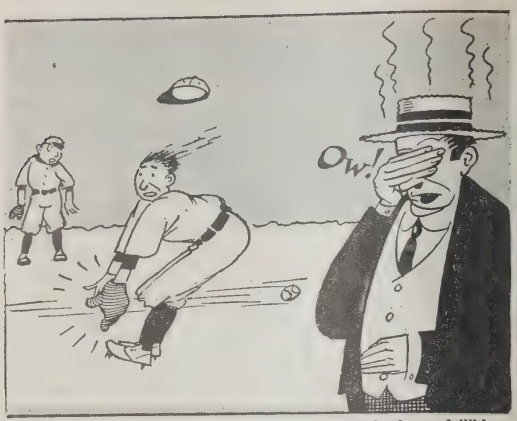
Infielder Brown was the hero of the opening day game. More than 30,000 witnessed his feat. His picture appeared in the local newspapers the next day with highly eulogistic articles prescribing the reasons for his greatness. Headlines screamed his batting and fielding talents. Infielder Brown, having labored for a number of years on the baseball lots of minor league towns, suddenly was lifted on top of the major league world, figuratively speaking. A great city proclaimed him its sports idol. Fans showered him with worshipful compliments. He was carried away by the adulation. He basked in the radiance of their praise. And he became lost just when it seemed that he had found himself. He became the victim of worship. He spent his evenings and his nights drinking applause, lifted on the shoulders of a circle of hero worshipers. Then the inevitable happened. He ignored advice as readily as he broke club rules. The manager was forced to bench him because of poor fielding and batting. Next, being unable to break the recruit from the habits he formed as a result of his opening day's success, he followed the usual course of managers, he sent him back to the minors for the remainder of the season as a corrective measure.

### *A Long Talk With Pitcher White*

When Pitcher White lost his first game the manager realized what you, who read only the box score, did not realize. He knew it was not the fault of Pitcher White that he did not win. The manager knew that if his right-fielder had thrown the ball to second base in the third inning, instead of making a useless throw to the plate, he would have saved two runs. He knew that if his shortstop had covered second in the seventh inning, at least another run would have been prevented. He remembered that one of his base-runners thought he saw a hit and run signal when none was given and was thrown out at second while, had he kept to first, he would have scored on the three-bagger that followed. As it turned out the hit was wasted.

Realizing these things, he had a long talk with Pitcher White, told him that he pitched in tough luck and let him know that the fault for the defeat did not belong to the pitcher. He told White that he was really a great pitcher, that luck was bound to break for him the next time and that he was sure to be the talk of the league.

Pitcher White discovered his courage rising. He became confident. The manager developed faith in the pitcher and the result was that his next start resulted in victory. Pitcher White felt




The scout deals only in human material, and that is always fallible.

friendly toward the manager, regarded him as a sincere fellow who meant well, carefully listened to his advice, followed it, and in a few months was taking his regular turn in the box.

Here you have two typical instances of major-league baseball. There are many like them. In neither the case of Infielder Brown, nor Pitcher White, was the scout in the least responsible for success or failure. The downfall of Infielder Brown can be blamed only on Infielder Brown; the success of Pitcher White must be credited to Pitcher White himself and his manager.

On one occasion I asked a successful major-league owner what he demanded in his scouts. His reply:

'All I ask of them is to tip me off who not to buy. Each year I am asked to buy more than one hundred ball players. Anybody can tell you to buy a ball player, but it takes a wise man to tell you whom not to buy. Big-league clubs spend fortunes each year in buying players that never will have a chance to make good in the big leagues. The man that tells you what players to pass up not alone saves you a fortune but he saves you a great deal of trouble and worry and disappointment.'

Scouting in the Class AA and Class A leagues is comparatively easy. It does not require much expertness to detect talent in those circles. The Class AA and Class A leagues are but a step or two beneath the standard of the majors and the players of ability are well advertised. Also, there is a large number of men wise in baseball connected with all of the leagues and they are well able to size up players. They know major-league standards because they spent various periods of their careers there. The scout who is sent on missions to one of these leagues has nothing more to do than find out what the players' faults are and ascertain the chances of eliminating them. He can get this information by inquiring of teammates, opposing players, managers, umpires, owners and home-town fans.

Where scouting ability is put to a genuine test is in the Class B and Class C leagues, college and sand lot baseball. Here the scout finds little help and he must use his own judgment. The material that he observes is pretty much in the raw. Still, it is here that the major-league clubs try hardest. It is from these remote fields that the pick of the major-league players have come. In baseball the highest-priced talent is never the best. The greatest stars of the game cost either nothing or little more than nothing. You may point to George Herman Ruth to disprove this statement. Ruth was purchased from the Boston Americans by the New York Americans for more than $100,000, but Ruth was an established star before New York bought him. He had already proved his slugging ability.

Hans Wagner, Napoleon Lajoie and Christy Mathewson, three of the greatest stars of all time, cost less than $1,500 combined. Again, you may say that this means nothing because ball players cost little and talent was plentiful when Wagner, Lajoie and Mathewson broke in. But there were players in their day that cost more than the three combined and you of the present generation have never heard their names or read them.

But if the three mentioned are too far back for you, consider this list of players known to every baseball patron today, that combined did not cost $25,000 when they entered the major leagues:

Ty Cobb, Walter Johnson, Rogers Hornsby, Grover Cleveland Alexander, George Sisler, Tris Speaker, Eddie Collins, Frankie Frisch, Joe Sewell, Babe Ruth, Dazzy Vance, Donie Bush, George Dauss, Stanley Coveleskie, Lu Blue, Urban Shocker, George Uhle, Ed Rommel, 'Goose' Goslin, Mickey Cochrane, Sam Gray, Waite Hoyt, Urban Faber, Wally Schang, Stuffy McInnes, Johnny Mostil, Burleigh Grimes, Cy Williams, Ray Schalk, Pete Donohue, Eppa Jeppa Rixey, Sam Rice, Cy Perkins, Zack Wheat, George Kelly and Harry Heilmann.

They were gathered from the college fields, the semi-pro lots and the low minor leagues. They came without the blare of trumpets. They entered as shy lambs and within a few years they were the roaring lions of the national pastime.

Several years ago Cleveland needed a shortstop. The club wired to Alabama for a college ball player named Joe Sewell. No scout had ever recommended Sewell. He was not known except in a small college circle. Sewell has been the regular shortstop of the Cleveland club since the day he reported, more than six years ago. What is more, he is one of the best shortstops his league ever boasted. Not alone is Sewell a brilliant fielder but one of the most capable batsmen in the American League and the hardest man to strike out that the majors have carried in a number of seasons.

Chicago paid 100,000 and some odd dollars for a third baseman, Willie Kamm. He is a good third baseman but there has never been a year since he joined Chicago that the American League has not had at least one better third baseman than Kamm. He never became to third basemen what the unheralded Sewell became to shortstops.

The scout who can go into college circles, factory leagues, semi-pro groups and the small and remote minor leagues and pick up a Cobb, a Speaker, a Hornsby or an Alexander is a genius. He is a prophet who sees far and sees well. But of such the game has produced few. Last year one major-league club discharged its entire scouting staff. The club discovered that while its scouts had sent on a large group of prospective big leaguers not one of them measured up to big-league standards, or gave promise of ever doing so. The result was that every scout employed by the club is now at liberty or working for some other owner.

What the average scout does is pick up as many candidates as possible. Then he trusts to luck and a break in the law of averages. As I have already remarked, the scout has nothing to do with the success or failure of a player after he reports. But, since the majority of owners blame him for failure, you can scarcely criticize the scout for taking unto himself credit for the success of those that achieve it.



He spent his nights drinking applause and ignor[illegible] advice as readily as he broke club rules

## Guide to Correct Use of Notables' Names

Many literary men and women possess names that are difficult of pronunciation. A number of those frequently used in conversation and easy to mispronounce are included in the following list:

| | |
|---|---|
| John Ayscough | Ask-kew |
| Vicente Blasco-Ibanez | Vee-*thent*-ay Blahs-ko Ee-*bahn*-yeth |
| Johan Bojer | Yohan Boy-er |
| John Buchan | *Buck*-an |
| James Branch Cabell | like 'rabble' |
| Mary Cholmondeley | *Chum*-li |
| Padraic Colum | *Pawd*-rig Kullum |
| Fedor Dostoevski | Dos-toi-*yef*-ski |
| Lord Dunsany | Dun-say-nee |
| St. John Ervine | Sin-jun Ervyne |
| John Galsworthy | 'Gals' like 'hauls' |
| Joseph Hergesheimer | Four syllables; 'ei' like long 'i' |
| Ralph Hodgson | 'Ralph' like 'Rayfe' |
| Sheila Kaye-Smith | Shee-la Kay-Smith |
| William Le Queux | Le Cue |
| Gaston Deroux | De-*roo* |
| Vachel Lindsay | 'Vachel'like'Rachel' |
| Arthur Machen | *Mak*-en; (long a) |
| Somerset Maugham | Mawm |
| Oliver Onions | O-*nigh*-ons |
| Baroness Orczy | *Ort*-sy |
| George Santayana | San-ta-*ya*-na; 'a's' broad |
| John M. Synge | like 'sing' |
| George C. van Schaick | Van Skoik |
| Mary C. E. Wemyss | Weems |
| Stanley J. Weyman | Way-man |

# Phoning in the Woods

## What the Messages Mean to the Forest Ranger

By S. OMAR BARKER

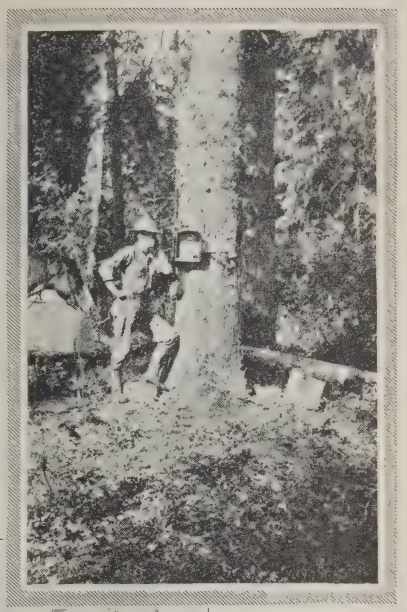
AIRPLANES are being used to supplement lookout towers, watching for dangerous smokes, in many of our National Forests. Radio is playing a part in rapid communication in fire prevention and fire fighting, but neither one nor the other has as yet taken the place of the old lookout tower on the mountain top, with the trusty phone line running down through the woods to the nearest ranger station. Just as Forest Service telephones are built primarily to make easier and more certain the victory against destructive fire, so are they undoubtedly the biggest factor in that battle which has done so much to save our virgin timber. The phone on the ranger's cabin wall is his first assistant, his 'company,' his official medium of contact with superior and inferior officer, and in districts where the fire hazard is great it may be said to be his greatest responsibility.

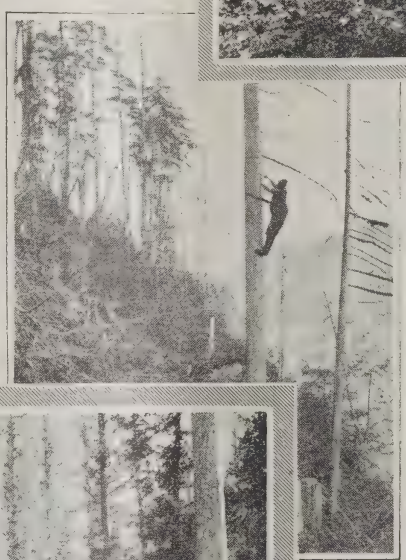
In nearly every National Forest in the country practically every ranger can talk through the woods to every other ranger, fire guard, lookout, or other forest officer, including his supervisor, in the Forest Service unit. That means that behind the ring that calls him so matter-of-fact-ly to receive its message there are hundreds of miles of strung-out wire, Forest Service telephone lines, the building and maintaining of which make up one of the most difficult and at the same time interesting phases of ranger work. Where there are commercial lines available the service generally arranges to use them at a reasonable rate, but such cases are the exception. Usually the line is Forest Service planned, built, owned and operated; and not so simply and monotonously poled and straight as the commercial lines, either.

Built primarily to protect timber, these lines are for the most part in timbered, mountainous country, where a hundred adverse conditions arise that are not known elsewhere in telephone construction. The Forest Service, as in its other branches, has analyzed all situations and foreseen all difficulties until its men know just what to do in each case to minimize danger of having these lines of communication broken.

Trees are used instead of poles where they are plentiful, where good pole timber is inaccessible or scarce, where rocky ground makes the digging of holes impossible and where mushy soil causes too rapid rot in pole butts. There are, however, other more important, though probably less suspected, reasons for using trees in a timbered country. In the first place, wherever there is timber there are falling trees now and then when the wind blows. Thus the 'swoosh' of one big pine across a telephone wire strung to poles may break the line at the very time it is most needed. And to clear out a right-of-way that would remove all trees close enough to the line to be dangerous would cost more for one forest line than the service can afford to spend for all its improvements.

In tree lines instead of a bracket the Forest Service men use what is called a 'split tree insulator.' Two pieces of porcelain, each half a cylinder, and each with a deep furrow that makes a good-sized hole when fitted together, are wired together with the line wire running through the hole, as one would run a wire through a spool. Then this insulator is 'tied in' to a tree by a piece of ordinary No. 9 galvanized wire from one to two feet long. Thus the line wire is allowed to slide back and forth through the insulator when there is pressure on it, and the insulator is free to swing up and down and take up the motion caused by wind or tree fall without interfering with correct insulation. Then, if a great strain should come on the wire, like that of a heavy tree falling across it, the forest officer has foreseen that, too, and has taken pains to fasten his tie wire to the tree with what is known as a weak tie, using a loosely driven staple. Instead of breaking the wire, it tears the tie loose and allows the wire to sag to the ground. This may ground it in wet weather and make some trouble, but at least communication is not broken off—especially in the dry season when the phone is most needed.





*Photos by courtesy U. S. Forest Service.*



Top to bottom—Ranger at telephone. Hanging an insulator with wire inclosed to the Staple. Flathead National Forest, Montana, through which rangers are shown installing a telephone 'tree line.'

What the ranger must know about telephone building and repair includes all the mechanical details of how to make ties, how to set poles, stretch the wire, install phones, make groundings, sink guy wires, test batteries, et cetera. In addition, he must know a thousand and one things about the methods by which nature attacks his talk lines.

Phone lines are always planned with the needs of a forest for at least five years ahead. Full plans and maps must be made out for the district forester's approval before construction begins. Lines are most necessary between ranger stations on the tops of prominent peaks, and from ranger stations to the supervisor's headquarters. In addition, phones are often installed for prospectors, small storekeepers, settlers, and such persons, when these men can serve the forest as 'per diem' fire guards and have the phone in readiness to report smoke when they see it. These branches often help transaction of grazing business, too, but fire protection is always the primary consideration.

In laying out a line the surveyor does not always need to use surveying instruments. It is wise to make the line as direct as possible, but sometimes it is better to have it near trails or roads so that it can be more easily patrolled. The wire must have four feet clearance on all sides, and the wise surveyor avoids heavy thickets as much as possible to save ax work. Similarly, he must be careful to avoid slopes where snowslides are common, hollows where the snow drifts to thirty or forty feet, and deep wide canyons where a span will be too long. Where the line follows a trail it is always better to have it down the hill from the trail so that fallen wires will not get in the pathway. When a tree line is built up a steep peak to




a fire lookout tower, there must always be some switchbacks to keep from a too rapid change in elevation that would cause the line to pull up and swing loose into the upper foliage of the trees. Pole lines, of course, can run straight.

Then, of course, the uses of the line must be kept in mind. If valuable branches can be built from it to log camps, to high points on patrol trails, et cetera, these variations in route must be considered. Forest Service lines, being usually grounded circuits rather than two-wire metallic circuits, should be kept entirely away from high-tension transmission lines for electric power, light, and even telegraph. Railroad tracks must be crossed at right angles.

With the line laid out, the construction outfit must get its materials on the ground by motor, wagon, or pack horse—most often by the last means. To unwind the 160-pound spool various methods are used, but as a general practice the ranger ties a rope on the end of the wire to his saddle horn, as a cowboy does his rope when he has lassoed a steer, leaves two men to feed it out from the spool and drags the end thus behind him, taking care always to get it on the right side of the trees so it will not need to be cut. Sometimes it kinks and when the higher tension of cold weather comes, it breaks.

*When the Real Fun Begins*

With the wire laid out the real fun begins. Climbing a small, smooth, solid-wooded telephone pole with lineman's spurs and belt is not a difficult trick. Climbing big trees with more or less treacherous bark is another story. First your climbing belt will not reach around, so you lengthen that with about six to ten feet of heavy wire, looping yourself to the tree with it. Then you start to climb. You find that a tree two or three feet in diameter with a smooth, limbless bark offers few holds for your hands. You hang on to your climbing belt. Then you also discover that it takes a very specially acute angle of bow-legged knees to get your spurs to stick into the big, rounding monarch. And when they do stick in the chances are all they reach is bark and that scales off.

Of course, when your spurs slip you do not fall to the ground and break a leg. Your climbing belt prevents that. When you have slipped about three feet it catches you and yanks you into a close embrace with the tree and the more you wriggle the tighter it pulls you against the tree. You can't fall, but the sad part of it is that you can't do much else.

*Lineman Has His Problems*

During the construction period when there are several linemen along it is not so bad, but the lone ranger repairing his line must have both nerve and muscles if he wants to get back to his station in his whole skin.

Wire is swung fifteen to eighteen feet high on trees and when, by some unusual chance, it breaks and must be spliced the ranger has a nice job getting it together where he can reach it. With a rope and clamp tackle, called Buffalo grips, he draws the two wires together. Of course, if the break is not close to a tree, as the ends are drawn together they get higher and higher out of reach and he can't get to them to make his tie. My first experience happened when I was out of splicing wire and I had to pull the ends together and tie them where they met.

I finally accomplished it by standing upright on my horse, after having tied the end of the grip rope to a tree.

In the spring, or before the probable fire season, all phone lines must be gone over carefully. One spring up in the Taos Mountains of New Mexico the ranger found snowdrifts covering the tops of his poles through several bare, rocky gorges, and his repair work had to be done with pick and shovel, digging out the line, for just a few miles over the mountain were sunny slopes of pine, already dry enough to be in danger of catching fire. The line to the lookout had to be opened and he opened it, digging sometimes four or five feet into hard, crusty ice and snow.

There is a lot of chopping in the spring repair work, too, for nearly always trees have fallen upon the wire. Usually a saddle horse can help by pulling poles and logs off the wires with only one chopping but sometimes the ranger must cut up a regular woodpile to accomplish anything.

*The Danger From Lightning*

The danger from lightning while building a line is great, and rangers are warned to keep their hands off wires during electric storms. But even with caution severe shocks are sometimes suffered from distant lightnings.

The phones themselves have lightning protection fuses, even on the outdoor sets, and in pole lines there is a lightning rod for about every tenth pole. In tree lines this is not necessary, since the living tree conducts the current promptly to the ground, often not injuring the wire even when the tree is badly torn up. At that, lightning causes ninety per cent of the phone troubles of the forest ranger, just as it causes many fires. Wind also does much damage, and line trees are often topped and trimmed to prevent them from swaying too much. Big trees sway less than small ones and so are used, though they are harder to climb!

Even here, where trees are serving a valuable purpose as substitutes for poles, their ultimate use for lumber is kept in mind. If the tree is a good pine in an area likely to be cut over soon, the wire used for tying is looped around the tree instead of fastened with a staple. This is done so that no metal will be in the wood to injure some valuable saw at the mill when the tree is finally converted into lumber. Such foresight is characteristic of the Forest Service.

Ground rods where phones are installed must make good contact with moist earth. In some arid regions that is not so easy as it sounds, and it is no uncommon thing for the ranger to be obliged to water his telephone ground rod before he can call up Johnson on the next district!

The ordinary wall set with dry-cell batteries is used in ranger stations and lookout cabins. On the towers and for 'tree' phones in the woods phones incased in heavy iron boxes are used and are kept locked—accessible, of course, to every forest officer, since one standard Forest Service key opens everything.

*More Phones Are Needed*

More phones are needed in the National Forest. New Mexico's forests alone have 1,500 miles of telephones, but twice that much would make fire protection just twice as adequate. Radio and airplanes are helping in some of the big woods, but for fire protection, grazing business, consultation—and, yes, for real human company, not only for the ranger but for his wife, the telephone, homely, trusty, albeit touchy at times, is a real blessing, one that helps further to humanize that most human of Government bureaus—the Forest Service.



# CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'I had a strange run of luck in trying to go to church recently,' commented ***the New Yorker.*** 'First I went to my own church and I found my minister giving a very slobbery eulogy of the Jews. I was unable to discover the occasion for his outburst, and he was unable to give me a good reason, so I was left to conjecture that the numerous pro-Jewish propagandists had got hold of him also. I happen to know a good deal about the literature disseminated by the propagandists, so I was able to tag practically every statement he made. When ministers grow tired of preparing sermons on religion, they seem to turn to the mass of propagandist literature that is mailed to them, and preach from that.

'Well, next time I tried was prayer-meeting night. It was a long time since I attended that midweek meeting which used to be called "prayer-meeting," and I thought I would like to see what had happened to that ancient institution in the many changes which New York brings. I found it was a "midweek lecture" now, and such was my luck that on this particular night who should be the lecturer but Rabbi Wise! Well, Rabbi Wise is an orator, and although he does not have much worth saying, what he does say is well said.

'The next Sunday I tried again. I said to myself, "The pulpit is blown to and fro with every wind of doctrine and fashion, the old prayer-meeting has given place to a lecture, I'll try the Sunday school. The old Sunday school how well I remember it, and the buzzing of the classes conning the lesson. So I went to a church in my neighborhood at Sunday school hour. As I'm a living man, there was a Jew in the pulpit, a young fellow with something of an auctioneer air and something of a preacher in his voice. A Rabbi Somebody—I didn't care to remember whom. And he was telling the children about the great Jewish people. I hope I am not prejudiced, though most New Yorkers are, but when one of my neighbors greeted me after Sunday school and asked how I had enjoyed it, I fear I surprised him by asking when they taught anything Christian to the young Christian children.'

ɣ ɣ ɣ

'Hot weather and cold weather have affect on you because of what is in you,' declared ***the Man from Porcupine,*** where the thermometer climbs loftily in summer and falls abysmally in winter. 'There is a good deal in keeping cool inside in the summertime, and keeping warm inside when it freezes.

'Last winter I had a friend visit me. We lived in a stout cabin of squared logs, heavily papered, with double-framed windows, and big stoves. It was certainly cozy inside. One morning we went out for a walk to the top of a hill. We had sheepskin-lined coats and fur caps and all the cold-weather gear of the North. He seemed to enjoy the climb—until I called his attention to a sheltered official thermometer in a little booth.

'He came over to look at it. He gave one look, and turned as pale as the snow around us. He saw "fifty-eight below zero," and it was like seeing a loaded cannon pointed at him. I actually had to help him get down to the cabin, and he could not be induced to leave the cabin for three days. Yet, clothed as he was, he was not in any more danger in that climate than a man would be in a more humid region with the thermometer at 10 below zero.

'Since then, I have tried not to look at thermometers, unless I must get the information. I try to keep warm in winter and cool in summer, inside. I never realized before how much the mind has to do with the way one endures the weather.'

ɣ ɣ ɣ

'There is a man who is living—or thinks he is—or we think he is—near us,' said ***the Poet,*** 'and he has a new theory as to how we get our rain and snow. Here it is, as he wrote it.

'It has been known for some time that scientists could not agree as to how we get our rain, drop by drop, and snow in flakes. Having in a measure clairvoyant sight will explain what has been revealed to me.

'The rain and snow all come from insect life. Everything in the Universe is in constant motion, and everything has a nucleus around which to revolve, as we can see in the dust atoms in a ray of sunshine.

'These insects appeared to my magnified sight, about the size of a small honey bee, in color a light greenish gray, white head that sits flat on the body, there seem to be two kinds, male and female, the female a light gray, four legs, two wings, small eyes like pin points, a sack hanging from the body, that will hold about two drops of water; at the extreme end of the sack is a valve that opens automatically to let the water out. It depends on the atmosphere whether it will be rain or snow. When we get a heavy fall of rain or snow, the insects are very near the Earth, if high (the congregated insects resemble clouds) and the cold air through, which the drops of water fall, we get snow in homeopathic pills, at other times light as thistle down and of beautiful shapes, stars and crosses and diamonds glistening with frost.

'The wind blows, and we cannot see it; so with these insects, they are congregating in the air, and when they form clouds, and precipitate rain, snow or mist, we can see that, but they are so infinitesimally small that we cannot see them with the naked eye. We have what are called cloud belts, where they propagate to such an extent that they obscure the sun, consequently they have few sunshiny days in that locality, the nearest to us is in the vicinity of Rochester, N. Y., I think being in the lake regions; there are other localities where atmospheric conditions are similar.

'During a severe electrical storm, when we have what is usually called a cloudburst, a bolt of lightning strikes a cloud of these insects, killing them and causing a downpour of water. I was telling a Professor from Stockholm, Sweden, about my theory. He wrote an article for a paper there and sent me a copy. Afterwards they had a heavy rainstorm, which changed to ice and sleet. Right after the storm they went in search of the flies and found quantities of them frozen in the ice, and under microscopic examination proved my theory correct. They have no means of defense, are as light as thistle down. I have seen them on a clear day when the sun was shining, they looked to me like a heavy snow flurry, others with me could not see anything any more than they could see the wind blow.'

ɣ ɣ ɣ

'Here is the International News Reel of the 16th Century,' said ***the Curator-Historian*** as he laid a rare de Bry upon the table. It was an illustrated book of travels. 'The reason for its rarity is not that few were printed,' he continued; 'on the contrary, great editions were printed. It was one of the best sellers—one of the first best sellers. We have little idea of the avid appetite of former generations for news about the strange countries of the world. The traveler who had visited distant places commanded an audience like to no other's. Sometimes he was tempted to gull the confiding people with stories of marvels that never were on land or sea, but not always. The de Bry books show a remarkable fidelity to truth even in those matters which were less likely to be understood by the 16th Century. The people literally read them to pieces, and that is why this copy is worth so much money.'

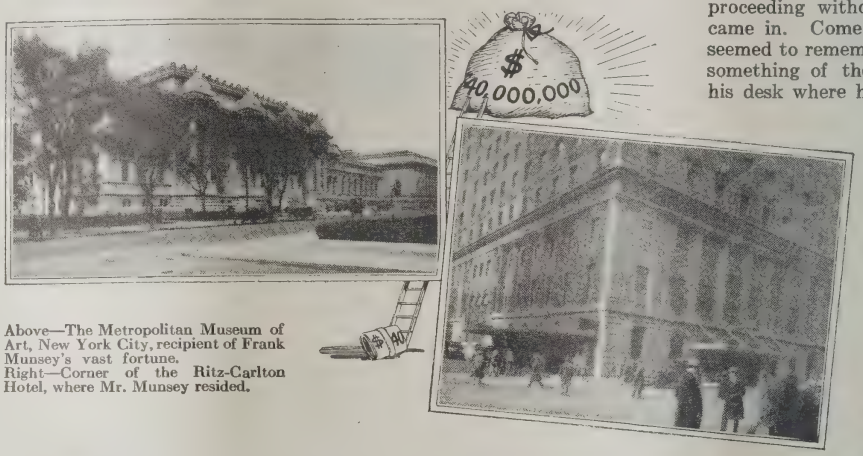
ɣ ɣ ɣ

'It's not the city tourist or outsider who causes most of our fire worries,' commented ***the Game Warden*** as he turned his car into an old log road that skirted the bank of the Black River. 'It's the local people, farmers burning new land and fishermen and hunters from the small towns in this vicinity. They don't seem to be educated to the danger. Many of them are old-timers who remember the day when a forest fire meant nothing but good huckleberry picking later on. We pay twenty cents an hour for labor during the forest-fire season and there are those who are not averse to practising incendiarism if they think they can earn two dollars a day by so doing. Then we have to contend with the wood cutters who follow up the lumbermen, cutting the slash into bolts for the chemical plants. They leave a fine débris that is most inflammable, and as most of them smoke incessantly, there is bound to be some fire. And a fire once going in that stuff before a good strong wind can cover many acres before it is controlled. The people from 'outside' are taught the dangers of forest fires and they are most careful to extinguish their camp fires and practise carefulness where fire is concerned. I'd sooner take chances with a carload of city tourists in a dry woodland than with a similar group from a neighboring country town; up in this district, anyway. The outsider appreciates the beauties of the forest more than do those who reside here, it seems. At least they are more careful in its preservation.'

# The Loneliest Man in New York

(Continued from page 2)

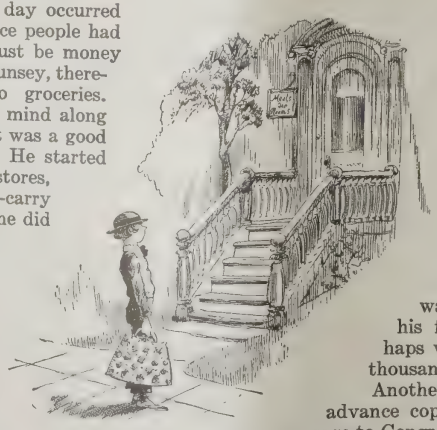
himself could understand. His successors are not so simple. They know what they are doing and why. First, they invented the yellow press. Still, one had to be able to read a little to buy that. Next they created the pictorial paper which does not require that one shall be able to focus his mind long enough to read. And how this pictorial press has boomed! Noting its great growth, the inventor of the yellow press said as he looked at its sprawling pages of foolish pictures: 'There must be something lower than this if we could only think of it.'




Above—The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City, recipient of Frank Munsey's vast fortune.
Right—Corner of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, where Mr. Munsey resided.

Munsey made money so rapidly out of magazines that he was energized to the point of madness. Twenty years ago he was starting new magazines and killing them in such a wild way that the men in his own offices hardly knew where they were at from day to day. All at once the order would come to start a new magazine on this or that subject. A few weeks later another magazine would be started. Munsey was such a good business man that almost every magazine he started produced a profit. But just a profit did not satisfy Munsey. This writer has known Munsey to kill magazines that were making $1,000 a month. Such small change did not interest him. He would kill the little fellows that he had started a few months before and start new ones destined to go to the same graveyard. The Munsey offices in those days were chambers of horrors—madhouses in which what was done today was destroyed tomorrow.

Inasmuch as profits were rolling in that Munsey had to reinvest, it one day occurred to him that, since people had to eat, there must be money in groceries. Munsey, therefore, went into groceries. But he took his mind along with him, and it was a good business mind. He started chain grocery stores, on the cash-and-carry plan. Perhaps he did not originate the plan, though it was twenty years ago that he established his chain of stores over the state of New York and the New England states—a chain, by the way, that still exists. And he ran his grocery stores just as he ran his magazines—they must pay or get out. A store that had not cleaned up $100 by Saturday night was forbidden to open Monday morning.



Munsey did not coin the word 'logical' but he used it more than anybody else of his generation. His conversation was heavily peppered with it. He prided himself on his logic. And perhaps it was his logical mind that, after a while, caused him to proceed from chain grocery stores to investments in newspaper properties.

In the beginning, all he knew about newspapers was how to buy them and run or kill them. If half the stories that were told in his offices about his early ventures were true, he was indeed what the younger generation now calls a 'panic.'

According to one of these stories, he had just bought a New York newspaper when it occurred to him that it should be changed from an evening to a morning newspaper—or perhaps it was the other way about. The day or the night that the change was made, the Associated Press report, for some reason or other, did not come in as usual. After a while Munsey himself called up the A. P. to see what was the matter. The man at the other end of the wire finally asked him if his new paper had an Associated Press franchise—that is, the right to receive and print Associated Press dispatches. Munsey promptly replied in the affirmative. The other man replied that such was not his understanding of the fact. Munsey was told that his franchise was for a morning newspaper—or whatever it was before Munsey changed it—and not for what his newspaper had become. What this meant was that Munsey had lost his franchise, which was perhaps worth one or two hundred thousand dollars.

Another story has to do with an advance copy of the President's message to Congress which that year, for the first time, had been sent out in advance for convenience in putting into type instead of being sent by wire on the day of delivery. When Congress assembled the editor expected the message to come, as usual, by wire. Instead there was a bulletin from Washington: 'Release President's Message Sent in Advance.' About a minute later the other New York newspapers were on the street with the message. The editor of Munsey's newspaper was thrown into a panic. Everybody in the office was hurriedly asked if he knew anything about an advance copy of the President's message. Nobody did. While the inquiry was proceeding without results, Munsey came in. Come to think of it, he seemed to remember that he had seen something of the kind. It was in his desk where he had put it when it came in.

A little later the panic of 1907 came along. This was the luckiest thing that ever happened to Munsey. The stock market acted as if speculators believed the country had gone hard and fast upon the rocks and could never get off. Munsey believed nothing of the kind. And, as luck would have it, he was just at the moment in close communion with George W. Perkins, whose chief financial interest at that time was the common stock of the United States Steel Corporation. Munsey too became interested in Steel Common. For weeks at a time, whenever anyone went into his private office, he was sitting at his telephone telling his broker to buy Steel. He loaded up heavily at prices ranging from ten to twenty and sold out, a few years later, for ten times what he had paid. It was believed that he made about $20,000,000 out of this panic. Yet Munsey never afterward dabbled in stocks. He had got his—and he kept it.

A humorous feature of this panic, with its rich rewards to the House of Munsey, was that while it was at its height some of his employes had the pleasure of lending a week's salary each to 'the chief.' They had no more than been paid off one afternoon before the man who paid them came around to see if the recipients would kindly lend back what they had been paid. The explanation, of course, was that it was almost impossible to get currency from the banks, regardless of how great a sum one had on deposit. Munsey had plenty of money to his credit, but could not get much currency; hence the opportunity that rarely comes to poor men to lend money to a multi-millionaire. Everybody was glad to do it; they understood.

Munsey, at one time, had considerable of an itching to get into New York society and employed a man on his editorial staff both to teach him how to walk on to a waxed floor without breaking his neck and to introduce him to the '400.' But he forgot about his social ambitions. There was nothing to keep him out if he had really wanted to get in. He could make as good an appearance as any of them and his fortune was always sufficient to have made him attractive. Nobody, perhaps, will ever know the marriages that Munsey escaped. But in his will he was careful to state that he had escaped. He put himself

down as a bachelor. Perhaps this indicated a little lack of faith in womankind in general; perhaps it indicated only a legal precaution that, after death, no lady might try to grab off part of his millions by asserting that she was his widow.

Munsey apparenlty cared little for women, and if one of the many stories that were told about him was true there would seem to be no reason why they should have found much in him to interest them. The story had to do with a little company that Munsey assembled in his huge apartment at Sherry's, more than twenty years ago. After dinner a group of fine ladies gathered around Munsey, and it seemed to him that the occasion required that he should do something to entertain them. He did not sing, play the violin or tell stories—what should he do? The answer came to him rather quickly. Only a few days before he had bought a marvelous new device that had just come to the world. He went to his dressing room and brought back a beautiful, gold-plated Gillette safety razor and, for the next few minutes told them of its marvelous qualities. What the women thought Munsey never knew, but he died a bachelor.

Munsey's whole life was a vast reaching out for empty shells. He had three great houses, one in New York, one in the Adirondacks and one on Long Island, but no home, because there was no one at any of these places to greet him when he entered or to say goodby to him when he left. Every summer he went bag and baggage to Europe, going from place to place in search of happiness that he never found.

The tragedy of Munsey's life was revealed in nothing so plainly as in the way he disposed of his great fortune. Realizing, five years ago, that in the very nature of things he could not live much longer, he called his lawyer and made his will. First he provided for his aged sister, some nephews and nieces, some distant relatives, some friends and business associates. In making these dispositions, he employed the same sagacious judgment, hardened with parsimony, that he always displayed in business. Not a dollar too much was left to anybody, with the result that these bequests amounted to one per cent of the fortune that he left at death.

Anyone who knew Munsey can imagine the state of his mind when it came to dispose of the other ninety-nine per cent of his estate. Death was surely going to place it beyond his reach, he had given all he cared to give to any person—what did he care what became of the rest of it? With one stroke of his pen he left the whole business to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. Never during his entire life had he shown the slightest interest in the museum, except that perfunctory interest which caused him to pay ten dollars a year for its support. Nobody at the Metropolitan knew, until after his will was read, that he cared a copper for it, which in fact he didn't. But the money had to be disposed of, there was nobody to whom he wanted to give it, so he dumped the whole business on the sidewalk in front of the Metropolitan.

At that, the Metropolitan probably would not have got much out of him if he had lived a little longer. Munsey was not feeling well when he made his will, and later he intended to change it. Nor did he realize when he made the will that the museum would get so much. His business affairs were not going any too well, his real estate was somewhat depressed, and he did not rate himself at anything like $40,000,000. For a year or two before he died he had been talking of making a new will and leaving the bulk of his fortune to establish a great training school in which boys and girls could be taught how to make a living. Nothing in Munsey's whole life was so much to his credit as this thing that he intended to do but didn't.

Munsey's critics have long lashed him furiously for the soulless newspapers that he ran and the empty life that he led. I always felt sorry for him. He was not a bad fellow—he tried to be human but he did not know how. I recall that the last time I saw him he came up and sat down by me as I was reading in the club car of a train running between New York and Washington. But all I recall is that he sat down and talked. Munsey conspicuously lacked the ability to establish a little bond of feeling between himself and those with whom he came in contact. Nor did anybody who knew Munsey ever suspect that he was happy. He was interested in the things he did, but not happy.

What an end he had; yet what other end could he have had? Employes all around him as he breathed his last. Employes reading the letters of condolence that came from far and wide. If anything was more empty than Munsey's life it was his death, and all because nobody could get anything out of him that God Almighty had not put into him.

# The Voyage of the Victoria

(*Concluded from page 13*)

and the snow-capped mountains were clothed with rich and varied vegetation. They were in a world of fantastically piled crags and glorious green terraces; of great ravines and sweeping amphitheaters of hills; of overhanging precipices and mountain masses standing against a clear sky; of narrow ribbons of clean, sandy beaches that melted into masses of greenery; of sun-sparkled water rippled by light winds; of silver rivulets and of waterfalls that ended in mist.

All these contrasted markedly with the featureless country that they had looked on during the inactive days in Lomas Bay and in the slow winter in St. Julian Bay. There had been the gray chill of a lonely land and the steady diapason of the ocean's roar. Here were the songs of birds and the music of a thousand living creatures; the barking of seals and the deep booming of sea lions; a million chattering *tijeras*, noisy gray geese, screaming sea gulls. So adventure seemed a pleasant highway.

Then came the note of doubt and anxiety. More than the specified time had passed, but neither the *Concepcion* nor the *San Antonio* had appeared, and two further days of watching and waiting intensified the anxiety. There were not wanting theories and uncomfortable conclusions which soon spread, so that invisible influences swept like a chill wind and sent men into cowering fear. But no man dared voice his fears. The general idea was that the two ships were wrecked and all hands lost. Some remembered Gomez and feared a disaster like that of San Julian.

Then Magellan lifted anchor and commenced to retrace the course, and in the afternoon of the first day, at El Morro de S. Aguieda, they sighted the *Concepcion*, and when they came within hailing distance it was learned that of Mesquita and the *San Antonio*, Serrao had no news. They had parted company on the first day. They had made later search about Dawson Island but no sign of the other ship had they seen.



This channel ahead ran narrow because of islands, so Magellan anchored and sent out boats.

# Rare Americana in Unique Setting

By J. OLIN HOWE

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART



Visitors enter the American wing through this room, which is reproduced from the "Old Ship Meeting-House" of Massachusetts, built in 1680.

## Reproductions of Historic Rooms Enshrine Quaint Relics of the Past

THE American wing of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York—mecca of hundreds of thousands from every corner of the land since it was opened a year ago—is not the last word in a showing of early American art and craftsmanship. And certainly the museum's officials do not claim that it is.

In fact, I, who have written as much about the American wing as anybody—and more than most—have not known such a statement to be made by anyone in a formal way. Criticisms of this remarkable treasure house based on anything of that kind are quite beside the point.

What the American wing is, however, is a unique setting for a showing of early Americana without careful study of which no one can fairly reach final conclusions on the work of artists and craftsmen and architects in America's first two centuries.

It is much more than that, moreover. It is in itself the only collection of early American rooms—most of them originals transferred bodily—ever brought together under one roof and molded into a museum building whose exterior and interior are of a dignity fully in keeping with the notable architecture of the rest of the Metropolitan Museum.

Only here are to be found any such chronological sequence of typical, representative American rooms of the 1600's, 1700's and early 1800's with fittings and furnishings and decorations, examples of the choicest things produced in the times when the rooms were built and lived in.

The preservation—and even restoration—of houses and parts of houses of historic and sentimental importance is fairly common in states which were among the original Thirteen Colonies—Washington's home at Mount Vernon comes first to mind, and there are many others—but it would be idle to contend that the furnishings in any of these constitute a collection of great moment apart from their associations and the special setting.

Yet here not only are furnishings and decorations from collections which give the Metropolitan first rank in such matters, but the setting itself is a museum collection which stands alone.

Not that the American wing is the first instance of the use of period rooms in which to show the arts and crafts of the fathers, but it is the only such showing sufficiently complete and comprehensive—both as to rooms and their contents—to permit one to follow art and artistry in America from their beginnings on through the first two hundred years of our national development.

Probably the Rhode Island School of Design at Providence was first to install such exhibits in rooms of their time, and the Essex Institute in old Salem followed hard after—but it remained for the Metropoli-



This photograph was taken in a room which, with its big fireplace, is a reproduction of the parlor built about 1640, at Ipswich, Massachusetts. The costume is copied from old documents and is typical of mid-seventeenth century dress.

tan to put together a collection of original rooms and furnish the first opportunity for a broad and balanced appraisal of our American heritage in the field of decorative arts.

The American wing itself and every last thing in the way of fittings, furnishings and decorations in it is an exhibit—a museum piece—and yet I should be loath to father the assertion that, as it stands, here is the greatest collection of the furniture of Colonial America or of the work of the earlier American painters or sculptors or wood carvers.

And certainly the Metropolitan has no claim to preëminence in the wrought ironwork of that day or in the kitchen furniture and other utilities which were produced by the first American joiners and cabinetmakers. There are collections in New England which take precedence at once.

But what does it matter? Especially when the treasures of the American wing are not shown as collections, in the museum sense.

The fact is that the Metropolitan Museum does possess the finest and most complete collections of the choicer furniture and cabinetwork, ceramics, silver, pewter, textiles, and so on, associated with America's first centuries—which in the beginning were brought over from Europe and later were the productions of our own designers and craftsmen—and that the institution has a thoroughly representative collection of early American paintings and sculpture.

And it is from these collections that these rooms of our ancestors have been furnished and the articles are well chosen.

As to collections of American decorative arts, let me say this: Of the many collectors only a few stand out—especially as to furniture. Dr. Irving P. Lyon and Albert Hosmer, of Hartford (the former author of the first authoritative work on American furniture and the latter, himself a cabinetmaker, with an especial flair for seventeenth century Connecticut pieces and most diligent in seeking them out); H. Eugene Bolles, a Boston lawyer, George S. Palmer, a New London, Connecticut, manufacturer; Charles L. Pendleton, of Providence, Richard A. Canfield, Marsden J. Perry—these have been the leaders.

Of their collections only those of Bolles, Palmer and Pendleton remain intact in museums—and the Metropolitan has the first two. Much of the best that was in the Lyon and Hosmer and Canfield collections had passed into those of Bolles and Palmer before the Metropolitan acquired them—the first in 1910 and the second as recently as 1919. When Mr. Palmer offered his collection to the museum six years ago it had been for some time regarded as the most noteworthy collection of Colonial furniture ever brought together.



The high chest, or highboy of the eighteenth century is an excellent example of Philadelphia cabinetwork.



Center—This from Gladsby's Tavern, where George Washington and Martha Washington often went to dance. Musicians played on a hanging gallery, visible in the right upper corner of this picture. Lower left—Lady in yellow brocade gown of the same period as the Chippendale furniture and the silver and china of the tea set.



The Pendleton collection belongs to the Rhode Island School of Design and is shown in a building of Georgian architecture, say perhaps 1790, especially built for the collection, and of fireproof construction. Neither in Providence nor in Salem have original old rooms been brought to the museum, though in the latter's Essex Institute some old wood and mantels have been used in the reproductions.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art has no need to vaunt itself, in any case. What it is and what it has done in but five years more than a mere half-century are perfectly plain for all to see. The Metropolitan is a national institution and one of the five or six truly great art museums of the world. No other in America even distantly approaches that eminence, fine as some of the collections and individual objects are in others.

In several of its departments the Metropolitan's collections are without serious rival the world over and in others it has no superior. And this is true of the decorative arts as well as the fine arts. Indeed, here is one of the most interesting phases of the museum's pioneering—and it leads directly to the American wing.

From the first the Metropolitan Museum has led the way in recognition of the decorative arts. A generation or more ago a suggestion that the decorative arts belonged in an art museum would have been met with a shrug of the shoulders in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts—though, oddly enough, the Metropolitan's present director, Edward Robinson, who is a very high authority on classic art, is a former assistant director of the Boston Museum.

But all art was decorative art at first. The art-for-art's-sake creed is of comparatively modern times. One does not go back many centuries to find where *l'art pour l'art* had its beginnings. And today in America the decorative arts command fully as much attention as the fine arts—which is as it should be.

This brings us to the most important thing the American wing does—it establishes American art as a definite and worthy museum unit. In the days of the fathers there was an American style, however much we may have departed from it since in running after strange gods—an American style

which entitles those works which display it to their place in an art museum.

This has long been a moot point. Foreigners have been coming here for years past to tell us there was no American art and to deride the thought of an American style.

And we have been silly enough to let them thus pose without effective protest.

Only now are we awakening to an appreciation of American art—and to the fact that these aliens were all wrong and their premises utterly faulty.

Even in the first years of this nation, before it really was a nation and possibly before Colonial craftsmen were entitled to be called artists, these did contrive to stamp their work with an individuality which speaks for itself in no uncertain way.

Utility they had to have always, but utility need in no way mean ugliness. Even in their plainer productions of the sort, so highly regarded just now, they ever expressed truth and beauty as they saw it.

No artist can do more in any medium—for that is art!

Once we give American art its deserved recognition, there comes the question of how to show it in a museum. Manifestly, lofty galleries of the usual museum type will not do for this—and heretofore the Metropolitan has not tried to show much of its remarkable resources in American decorative art, except in special exhibitions. (But it has been an assiduous collector—even of early American architecture, exterior, and especially interior.)

The American wing is the answer. It was the gift of Robert W. de Forest, prominent New York lawyer, and Mrs. Emily Johnston de Forest. Mr. de Forest is one of the most successful presidents the Metropolitan Museum has ever had and is a lineal descendant of that Jesse de Forest who led to the New World the Walloon colonists who bought from the Indians more than three hundred years ago the land upon which to establish a settlement which has become New York City.

Nearly every one of the original Thirteen Colonies contributed to the collection of rooms which make up the interior of the American wing. A few are reproductions —some of the earliest 17th Century rooms—for never has the Metropolitan permitted the removal of aught which would have been preserved where it was—and any home which had stood since the mid-1600's is not being torn down today.

But these others were stored against this time when they should be assembled to

***The Graceful Measures of the Minuet***

create an atmosphere in which one just about senses ghosts in bonnet and kirtle, knee breeches and periwig, and almost sees olden time curtsy punctuate the graceful measures of the minuet.

Not only is the building unique as a museum structure, but it is an architectural masterpiece of which Grosvenor Atterbury, its architect, may well feel proud. Ballroom and bedroom, living room and kitchen, of varying heights of ceiling and very different window arrangement, have been combined to make a harmonious and agreeable interior and about them has been thrown a building into which everything fits, while a dignified and balanced exterior is shown to the world.

And then there is that famous south façade, which will eventually look out upon an old-fashioned New England flower garden and upon another building of Colonial architecture which is to house still more of the Metropolitan's Americana.

For more than a century this façade was the front of the old Assay office, or United States Branch Bank, in Wall Street, one of the choicest pieces of architecture of the American Republic's first years. Henry W. Kent, secretary of the Metropolitan and a high authority on early American art, noted that the demolition of this building had begun one day about fifteen years ago.

He immediately got in touch with Mr. de Forest in his nearby office and the latter purchased the structure. Stone by stone, its front was taken down and marked for reassembling. And it has been stored on the East River water front against this time when it should be erected as the south façade of the American wing, its grace and beauty a distinguishing mark and its lovely Colonial doorway an earnest of the treasures within.

These are rich and rare—early American prints and paintings, furniture and fabrics,

***The Silver Work of Paul Revere***

fireplaces, woodcarving, silver, glass, pottery, china, old tile and other ceramics—from the simple accessories of daily life when the first settlers were subduing the wilderness on through the times when easier financial conditions and greater leisure made it possible to give some thought to the esthetic side of life.

I have mentioned some of the Metropolitan's American collections. It has others—notably the unrivaled Clearwater silver and, in addition, much of the handiwork of William Cleveland, Paul Revere, and other American silversmiths of Revolutionary and pre-Revolutionary days; the beautiful glassware of Baron Stiegel and others; the old Dutch tile collected by Mrs. Frederick Allien; a wealth of Charles the Second and Cromwellian pewter; to say naught of the works of American portrait painters of a hundred and fifty years ago—Gilbert Stuart, John Trumbull, and their contemporaries. Several of Stuart's Washingtons are in the Metropolitan.

From within the museum one enters the American wing from the Morgan gallery to find oneself at the top of the building, on its third floor, and begins with the earliest 17th Century rooms, descending with the years as America advanced. There is a central gallery on each of the three floors and here it is a reproduction, using massive, hand-hewn timbers of the period, of the Old Ship Church at Hingham, Massachusetts, which was built about 1680.

In the small, low-ceilinged rooms which cluster about it there is little attempt at ornamentation, yet never indifference to simple beauty and strength of line. Joys were few with these pioneers, and even comforts, but they had brought with them a sincere instinct for honest design and sterling workmanship.

Always the true refinement in the taste of the colonists is apparent—and as one passes from period to period down through the American wing there is a fascinating exposition of what craftsmen, and later artists, did with ideas and modes then finding favor in Europe—how whatever seemed to them of real merit was adopted and adapted to conditions on this side of the water.

Moving in the spirit of bygone years, it is easy to forget that our forests are no longer peopled with Indians and our streams dotted with bark canoes, easy to lose all sense of that Fifth Avenue outside which is filled with rushing motor cars and roaring omnibuses—and to fancy ourselves in a less complex age when life was possibly sweeter and the really fine things of life received more nearly their due meed of attention.

Many fine things from the Bolles collection are in the Old Ship Church room, while in one of the group of rooms from a homey New England house of the 1600's on the same floor is a chair said to have belonged to Peregrine White, first child of the Pilgrim colony, who was born on the *Mayflower* before she reached this side of the water.

The famed Hewlett house at Woodbury, Long Island, has supplied a room on this floor typical of the early 1700's, with a wonderful old fireplace and beside it a small closet door leading into a secret staircase such as was often found in houses of that time.

These earlier rooms are paneled in native woods, often delightfully carved, as the years went on, after Plymouth Rock, but as one passes downstairs into later rooms there is on the walls old wallpaper for which the Metropolitan has scoured the country of late years. Often this is hand-painted and always it is strikingly handsome.

One could write a book about the American wing—and sometimes perhaps it will be done. But now three of the rooms must receive special attention. One is the magnificent room from the Powell house in Philadelphia—much the finest single room of the collection, with paneled fireplace wall of unusual distinction flanked by two doorways and surmounted by a panel enriched by carving. Much of the beautiful furniture in the room as it is now came from the workshop of that remarkable Quaker cabinetmaker, William Savory.

(I could dwell on the room from the home of a country gentleman at Oriole, Maryland, or on another Philadelphia room, wherein are two doorways and a remarkable fireplace mantel decorated with composition ornament commemorative of the War of 1812—but these are not the other two of my trio.)

The second of that is the most elaborate room in the American wing, that from the "Marmion" estate, eighteen miles from Fredericksburg, Virginia, the beauties of whose carved woodwork are enhanced by landscapes, cornucopias, vases, and so on,

***Where George Washington Danced***

from the brush of an unknown artist, plainly of more than ordinary distinction.

Here the Old Dominion has furnished one of the real gems of the collection. There could be no finer example of the painted rooms which had become not uncommon in America by the time of the Revolution. Architecturally, too, this room has already begun the fulfillment of that mission of usefulness to be looked for from all this American wing—it has been copied for the grill room of a New York club and a number of private houses owe the design of unusually fine rooms to it.

The third room in my series has clustering about it a wealth of historic and traditional associations—the famous large ballroom of Gadsby's Tavern at Alexandria, Virginia. This tavern was built in 1793, while George Washington was President and was a hostelry of distinction for years. It appears in pictures of Washington in Alexandria painted at the time.

Here the Father of His Country and Martha Washington often danced, driving over from their home at Mount Vernon, but a few miles away. Indeed, it was the center of the social life of the Virginia gentry with whom our first President loved to be associated. On February 22, 1799, Washington's last birthnight celebration was held here. Lafayette was dined and fêted in this room when he visited Mount Vernon in 1824.

# America's Scattered Children

(*Continued from page 7*)

erned. The children are in school, and are growing up to be good citizens.

Through the Canal one sails across the Pacific, and comes in due time to Hawaii, organized as a territory, and with aspirations to be a state. But these aspirations are curbed by the fact that Hawaii has a population forty per cent Japanese and that population is growing. Moreover, these Japanese are American citizens by their birth on American soil. Until recently they were also citizens of Japan, but the Japanese Diet had ended this dual allegiance and acknowledged their American citizenship.

Thus far the Japanese have not exercised to any alarming extent their political power, which even now would be a controlling factor, and the Japanese consuls in Honolulu have been, as I am informed, uniformly men of character who have worked in harmony with United States interests.

The future of Hawaii, as a state or a territory, depends in no small degree upon this important section of her population. It is hardly to be expected that Congress will admit Hawaii as a state to be controlled by an alien race, especially when what has been done in California is considered. Nor, so far as I can learn, do the Americans in Hawaii desire statehood under these conditions. They prefer to let well enough alone. But sooner or later the question is sure to arise.

Hawaii is a place to gladden one's heart. All that one has read about the beauty of the islands seems inadequate when one is actually there; and the warmth of the welcome accorded a shipload of American tourists is something which one who has experienced it can never forget.

'Do they actually come out and hang a wreath of flowers around your neck?'

A wreath? Rather, wreaths. I had two of them round my neck before I stepped on the gangplank, and another as soon as I stepped off, and I wore them with a pride greater than I hope I showed. During the few days of my stay there, I was always receiving another wreath or two, and I left with eleven fresh ones, all represented by different friends or groups of friends. Few persons on our ship were ungarlanded.

In Honolulu we are at home. It is a lovely spot, inhabited by as cultured and lovable a group of Americans as one may meet anywhere. I do not wonder that people who write of it forget their positives and comparatives and deal in superlatives.

Hawaii has always been ours. Our missionaries laid the foundations not only of its religious but of its commercial life. None of the missionaries became rich, but a good many of their grandchildren did, and they made others including many native Hawaiians rich in the process.

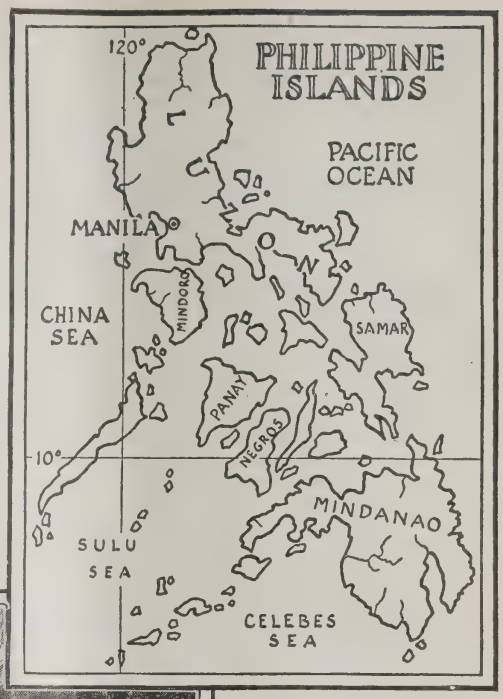


(C) *Ewing Galloway*

Street scene in the business section of Manila, Philippine Islands.

Commercially, politically, historically, educationally and religiously the islands of Hawaii are part and parcel of the United States. When the ship is sailing away, and a hundred hands on deck are holding to the upper ends of narrow paper ribbons whose other ends are held by friends on shore, and the bands are playing and schoolchildren are singing, and people are shouting 'Aloha,' there is a tugging at one's heartstrings that does not snap when the paper ribbons break. Hawaii is ours.

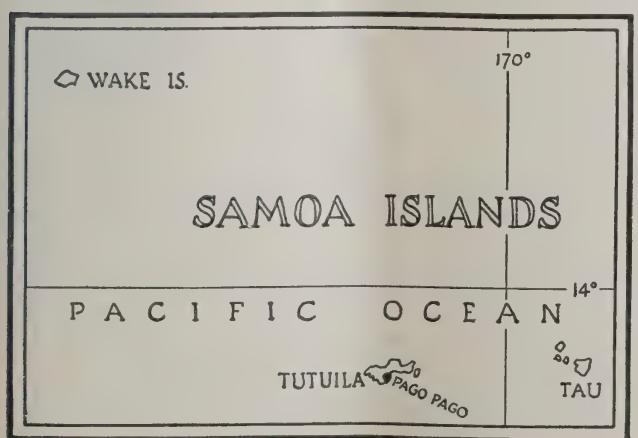
Far, far beyond Hawaii lie the Philippines. They are much farther away than they appear upon the map. In getting to them we go first to Japan, then to China, and then we sail for two days and nights from Hong Kong before we follow the wake of Dewey's ships into the bay at Manila. But after having visited two or three Japanese ports and as many belonging to China (if Shanghai and Hong Kong can be said in any proper sense so to belong), it is a joy to reach Manila.




Here again we are at home. Long lines of faces appear on different levels of the dock, and they are waiting for us collectively and individually. Before long we shall hear our own names called, and shall recognize faces that we know well. We shall meet with our own kind of folk, and we shall leave amid the music of bands, two of them on opposite ends of the pier, playing airs that we love. We shall not be able to keep back the tears, and there will be no shame in that, for other people will have trouble enough with their own eyes and will not be peering into ours. We shall find Manila clean, sanitary, cheerful and hospitable.

But we shall feel a sense of strain. The Government, since the administration of President Wilson, has been thoroughly Filipinized, and we shall hear pitiful tales of graft and incompetence. Governor-General Francis Burton Harrison, who endeavored whole-heartedly to carry out the Wilson Program looking toward immediate independence of the Philippine Islands, may have some friends on the islands who speak well of his administration, but I did not meet them. General Wood has endeavored to return to the more gradual policies of his predecessors, and has suffered much criticism.

One reels sorry for General Wood. The governorship of the Philippines must have been a rather poor consolation prize to a man who thought that he had the Presidency within his grasp. His vetoes are most unpopular, though, as far as I could learn, he vetoed bills that greatly needed to be vetoed.



When we ask whether the Philippine Islands are as yet sufficiently unified and whether they have trained an adequate leadership to make independence safe, the answers that I am able to get are not reassuring.

I asked some of the wisest and most experienced men in Manila, including some who are in full sympathy with the movement for independence:

'What would happen if the United States should withdraw prematurely?' and their answer was:

'First, civil war; and secondly, the occupation of the Philippines by an Asiatic power.'

They all named the power which they thought likely to get the Philippines if the United States should withdraw, and I think I need not mention it, as I prefer not to do so needlessly; but the impression is widespread that something of this kind would occur.

To be sure, there are those who say:

'That is not our concern; we promised to get out, and it is time we were out; we have no concern with the consequences.'

On the other hand, it would appear that, having entered and being in, we are responsible for the time and manner of our exit, and should determine our future course in such manner as to further the welfare of the islands and the peace of the world. At any rate, the islands are now ours, by conquest and by cession of Spain.

Uncle Sam is not at present in the market for more islands, though it would be a safe guess that he is likely to have others wished upon him. At present he literally has so many islands he doesn't know what to do.

This, at least, may do one's heart good, as he journeys from Cuba to Panama and from Panama to Hawaii and from Hawaii to Manila, that Uncle Sam in each of these places has dealt generously with the people and to their profit.

In each of those tropical lands was pestilence and ignorance and oppression. Now there is sanitation and education and a very large degree of freedom.

What the future has in store is yet to be revealed, but up to the present time Uncle Sam has dealt fairly with his islands.

## In Next Week's Issue

### An Army Officer

declares 'the Regular Army is now wavering in spirit and sick of its hopeless task. A Regular Army of 118,000 has been trying to do the work originally laid out for 280,000.' The writer sets forth the needs in plain terms which every taxpayer should desire to read.

### The Pullman Surcharge

When the railroads needed financial assistance, the surcharge was imposed as a war measure, and, as such, is now both obsolete and unwarranted by law. Millions of vacationists who have felt the burden of this charge will want to know why it hasn't been repealed.

### 'Voyage of the *Victoria*'

In the tenth of this series about the exciting expedition of Magellan is an account of the desertion of the *San Antonio* from the party, and discovery of Guam and the Philippines.

### College Days

will soon be at hand. Many young men are battling with the problem of whether they can attend college and support themselves, too. A college faculty man has written out of long experience a helpful article for students who contemplate such a course.

# 'Bad English' Is a Heritage

(*Concluded from page 8*)

a glorious past. The double negative, the triple negative, the quadruple negative, are all found in Chaucer, and the double negative still reappears in the work of careful writers.

Those who fancy there is a psychology in languages might explain that this is because the English language loves to add stage to stage in expression, and degree to degree.

For the same reason, in the Scriptures and in Shakespeare, we see a double superlative, 'the *most straitest* sect of our religion,' or 'the *most unkindest* cut of all.' 'Straitest' and 'unkindest' are coldly reckoned by grammarians as 'superlative' words, or 'last words.'

But the Elizabethans sought a superlative beyond the superlative, as Shakespeare, after something was deemed perfect, deemed that another thing might be 'perfectest.' A method of double comparison is used by Dickens as part of the entertaining vulgarism of Samuel Weller, who speaks of a 'more tenderer' word. But 'more fresher' and similar expressions are common in the writings of the Tudor period. Perhaps no further extension of superlative is possible in the address of Edmund Spenser to the Creator as 'the Moste Almyghtie Spright!'

When our Seth Thompson was a little boy, no form of expression was so frowned upon in school, or so sedulously practised on the playground, as to say 'walkin' ' and 'runnin' ' for 'walking' and 'running.' As one of Seth's chums explained to his mother, 'I've been stayin' after school studyin' about always puttin' in my "g's." ' Here again is a struggle between our current English with its 'g' at the end of the present participle, and another English, older than the use of pigtail queues in China. For those old Saxons, and Angles, and Jutes, formed the present participle in 'nd' or 'nde' instead of 'ng,' and during the Elizabethan period the 'n' alone was the universal ending in common speech and in much of the writing. Queen Elizabeth, who was one of the most scholarly of women in an age of scholarly women, omitted the 'g' in 'beseeching' in a letter to King James VI of Scotland, who was destined to succeed her as King James I, of England.

*In the Age of Queen Bess*

The omission of 'g' would be described by many as a mispronunciation rather than an error in grammar. But the history of this mispronunciation takes us back into the history of grammar. When a boy mispronounces, he follows the tradition of the 'ungrammatical' spoken language, which in its very ungrammaticism rests on an ancient grammar of its own.

We all had sad hours in school, struggling with the sanctity of pronouns, while outside of school these things were treated wholly without reverence. Here also the living speech of careless people goes back to ancient times. If we had no grammars to fix rules for us, and wished to rest our whole language on the example of great writers, we could find in the greater writers of Shakespeare's time such expressions as 'between you and I' and parallels to 'it is me.' The latter expression would be described as ungrammatical because 'it' is in the nominative case and 'me' in the objective case. Yet in Chaucer's time 'you' was also in the objective case and objective only.

Our Elizabethan ancestors began to use 'ye' and 'you,' 'us' and 'we,' 'he' and 'him,' practically without regard to case, and 'who' and 'whom' are used interchangeably. The language in Shakespeare's time had apparently not fixed its form in the matter of pronouns. Now the bookish form is more fixed, but the living speech of the Anglican peoples remains to a large extent in the old interchangeable and indeterminate stage.

Among the pronouns we number another which was precious to the Yankees, the possessive 'ourn.' The Puritans and their descendants might justly cherish this word, this possessive pronoun form, for it is out of the English Bible of John Wyclif. That Bible is no longer read, for a greater and better has taken its place, but 'bad English' has shown its virile power in this word. It is not a vulgarism. It is not a dead word. It is not a grammatical error. It is a living word that has come down from mouth to mouth as the ballads sung in the Tennessee Mountains have come down through the generations.

*A Scholar and Christian*

Roger Ascham, the tutor of Queen Elizabeth, was a scholar and a Christian. He loved cockfighting, which he said was 'fit for a gentleman.' Not all gentlemen of today would agree with this. Not all gentlemen and scholars, either, would write, as Ascham writes, of 'ten mile,' or use other of Ascham's plurals without an 's.' A modern English ambassador to Spain would not say 'strenth' for 'strength'—still less would he write it, as did Sir Thomas Elyot, who was sent by Henry VIII to the court of Emperor Charles V.

But we do not have to go to old libraries, with the works of Ascham and Elyot, to hear of 'ten mile' and 'men of stren'th.' They survive among us, like cockfighting. And like cockfighting they are more ancient than some more effete things, and they hark back to ages when gentlemen and scholars indulged in them.

It might be interesting to trace out in the books of the past to find out how much the survival of this Old English, which we call bad English, was due to Lindley Murray and his slavish followers, who preserved every imaginable bad form to give toil to young minds in setting these bad forms right. The pedagogical effect of Murrayism, without doubt, was to make good English repulsive by toil, as has happened to Greek and Latin in thousands of schools.

*Lindley Murray's Responsibility*

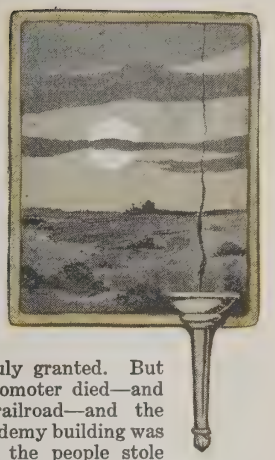
Whether he helped to keep alive the condemned forms and locutions by keeping alive the spirit of revolt through his preposterous method of instruction is a subject worthy of some inquiry, for everything relating to the English language is worthy of inquiry.

But in all probability the forms would have survived in some degree, even without Murray's disapproval to make them appear charming to generations of bewildered youth.

If we can look directly at 'bad English' as something perfectly understandable, reasonable, and logical in itself, we may have better fortune with our own use of speech.



# Some Vanished Towns of Kansas



## Cities That Died Before They Had Lived; State Capital Which Could Not Be Found

By J. T. FARIS

HORACE GREELEY is credited with the statement, 'It takes three loghouses to make a city in Kansas, but they begin calling it a city as soon as they have staked out the lots.' A writer in the Kansas City *Journal* enlarged on the statement of the veteran journalist by saying:

'The early Kansan was essentially a town builder. The settler who did not dream dreams of a future metropolis on his quarter section was very much the exception. Every county in the state has had from three to ten towns which flourished for a brief spell and then decayed slowly or went quickly before the violent assaults of some successful rival.'

A pioneer of the early days in the Sunflower State told how, from five to six years before the beginning of the Civil War, interests in town sites—usually twelve lots to a certificate—were almost a part of the wildcat currency of the day. 'Lithographs, showing beautiful parks, with fountains playing, band stands, ornamental trees and shrubbery, surrounding magnificent public buildings, beckoned onward the "tenderfoot" to fortune who never had "speculation in his eye" before.'

There are three or four reasons for this wealth of new towns, many of which never got past the surveying stage, while others became prosperous for a time, then passed into oblivion; the fact that for the first years of its history Kansas was a battle ground between those who favored the extension of slavery and those who were just as bitterly opposed to that extension; the fact that it was on the route of the immigrants to California; the rivalry of claimants for the county seat in a state that was settled almost overnight; and the coming of the railroads, which doomed more than one promising settlement, while they brought into being other towns that have become important.



A scene of desolation down in Kansas showing abandoned buildings.

In many cases all these causes had an influence on the same town. There was Indianola, founded in 1854, about the same time as Topeka. Topeka was then at a disadvantage, not only because Indianola was on the government road from Fort Leavenworth to Fort Riley—a road used by the through stages—while Topeka was far from the recognized routes of travel, but also because Topeka was founded as a free-state town, while Indianola's people were advocates of slavery—and so were on what was, for the time being, the popular side.

In 1865, when the Kansas Pacific Railroad was surveyed, there was joy in Indianola because the route passed by Topeka, but went through Indianola; to reach Topeka it would have been necessary to follow a bend in the Kansas River, and it would be much cheaper to cut across the bend.

The road seemed more than ever assured to them when a contractor gave to people of the town an order for the ties to be used for the new road. The work was done promptly and zealously. But the ties were never paid for. While Indianola was busy preparing ties, Topeka was making cash arguments which led to a change in route. Indianola was to be passed by, and Topeka was to have the road. The ties were hauled back home and used for corn cribs. And when the railroad was finally completed, the inhabitants moved their houses and stores to Topeka. One building—the hotel—was too large for removal, and stood for many years, a grim reminder of the departed greatness of Indianola.

Another railroad was responsible for the failure of Moneka, in Linn County, a town incorporated in 1857. Its proprietors felt sure it would be one of the great cities of the West. When, a year later, there were some two hundred persons within its limits, they thought they had made a good start. The building of an academy was also a promising sign, while another was the presence of a hotel where a number of territorial governors and many free-state leaders were entertained.

The leading citizens planned a railroad from Jefferson City to Emporia, which was to have Moneka for one of its chief stations. The company was organized, the charter was obtained, while Congress was asked to give the right-of-way and make a donation of public lands. Even the surveying was done. Ground was broken, and the right-of-way was duly granted. But the leading promoter died—and so did the railroad—and the town. The academy building was removed, and the people stole away to other communities.

A relative of the railroad promoter entertained in his home John Brown and some of his companions. When Brown left Kansas, he corresponded with him. It is said that the plan to liberate Brown from jail at Charlestown, West Virginia, was made in the house of the Kansas host of other days, and that only the refusal of Brown stood in the way of attempting to carry it out.

Linn County has another forgotten town to its credit—Paris, which, before it passed away, became much larger than Moneka. Its boast was that it was officially located by the legislature, but this legislature was one of the bogus bodies for which Kansas became noted in the troubled days before the Civil War.

Paris was remarkable for the free-state views of its people. They even drove out the man who owned the claim on which the town was located, because he was a Southerner who was not always wise in his method of standing up for his pro-slavery convictions. Later—in 1857—the man who expelled him became the leader in the country's first free-state convention, which was held in a sawmill near the town.

Elections were ticklish affairs in Kansas in those days, and care had to be taken to preserve order and protect the freedom of the ballot. The method adopted in Paris, on the occasion of the election that followed the free-state convention, was to have the voters stand outside the log courthouse, while they called to the judges and clerks inside the names of those for whom their vote was to be recorded.

In 1859 came a much more fateful election. The question at issue was, Should the county seat go to Mound City, or remain in Paris? Paris received 471 votes, but Mound City had 508. But the county officials, who owned property at Paris, refused to move the records to the new county seat, 'whereupon a number of citizens of Mound City, armed with pistols, shotguns, rifles, and a cannon—"Brass Betsy"—appeared early one morning on the public square of the town and made a pressing demand for all the books and records of the various offices. The demand was at first

refused, and the officers denied all knowledge of the whereabouts of the county records. After some strenuous persuasion, however, they yielded and brought them out from under the puncheon floors of several buildings, delivering them to the hands of the invaders.'

And that enforced surrender sealed the doom of Paris. Early in the sixties the town was no more.

Old Minneola was the victim of the failure of even more ambitious plans; it was the purpose of many to make it the capital of Kansas. Lecompton was the capital, but the free-state legislature did not like the pro-slavery atmosphere of the town, and they frequently adjourned to meet in Lawrence. Yet it was thought better to have a permanent capital where the sentiments of the people would be free-state, so choice was made of a site in Franklin County. Nine quarter-sections of prairie land were bought for $3,131. Within six weeks a hotel costing $8,000 was on the ground and a hall for the legislature was ready.

When the legislature, in 1858, made Minneola, thus equipped, the capital, it provided also for a number of railroads.

But the dream of Minneola was not to be fulfilled. Acting Governor Denver vetoed the act making it the capital. An appeal was taken to the Attorney-General of the United States, who decided that the act creating the new capital was not in conformity with the act creating the territory of Kansas, and was, therefore, void.

So Minneola was left to its fate—absolute disintegration. The site—far from that of present-day Minneola, in Clark County—is now farming land.

In 1856 it was decided by an ardent abolitionist to have a town for abolitionists. So Sumner, three miles from Atchison, was chosen.

The first blow to Sumner was the coming of the railroad to Atchison. 'The smoke from the locomotive engines drifted to Sumner and enveloped it like a pall. Sumner's race to extinction and oblivion was rapid. One day there was an exodus of citizens; the houses were torn down and the timbers thereof carted away, and the foundation stones were dug up and carried hence. Successive summer rains and winter snows furrowed streets and alleys beyond recognition and filled foundation excavations to the level, and ere long a tangled mass of trees and brambles hid away the last vestige of the once busy, ambitious city!'

*Then There Was Rome*

Perhaps the local historian who wrote that epitaph was too loyal to Kansas to tell of the tornado of June, 1860, that helped along the destruction. But the tornado must be given due credit.

In 1867 there was but one town in all the western half of Kansas. That town was Rome. It was born of the railroad, and it died when the railroad passed on. But in the meantime its history was glorious. It was a typical pioneer railroad community. The first house was a tent. Soon Buffalo Bill (W. E. Cody) built a handsome stone store, where he did business for a time. Within a week there were five hundred inhabitants, and soon this number quadrupled—business men, soldiers, railroad graders, gamblers, hunters, and cutthroats. The stores did a tremendous business—especially the saloons.

When the railroad built an embankment between Rome and the new town of Hays City, thus cutting off Rome from Fort Hays and throwing the fort's custom to Hays City, the doom of Rome was sealed. A year later came the cholera, which took many of the people who had resisted the appeals of Hays City to move over there. And by 1870 the town was gone.

The annals of Kansas contain nothing more diverting than the story of the bitter fight between Leoti and Coronado, which issued in the extinction of the latter. Leoti had its beginning in 1885, while Coronado—three miles distant—was incorporated a few months later. In little more than a year Coronado contained more than one hundred buildings. But—and this fame to the town—there was a newspaper whose editor waged bitter war with the editor of the Leoti paper. Such country-newspaper conflicts were at that period common incidents of the growth of many young towns; that between the rival Kansas towns was thoroughly typical. Each town—through its paper—charged the other with lies, forgery, fraud, trickery, bulldozing and intimidation, and finally with murder.

*Leoti and Coronado*

The secret of the trouble was that both Leoti and Coronado wished to be named the county seat of the county in which both were located. Leoti managed to get the first advantage by persuading the governor to take a census of the proposed territorial unit, as a preliminary to organization. Now the census-taker appointed was a citizen of Coronado. Leoti might not have been troubled, but for the statement made by the editor of the Coronado paper, 'As a public official Mr. Brainerd intends to do his work impartially, but, as a citizen of Coronado, he is for this town first, last and all the time.'

On November 12, 1886, the census-taker reported to the governor that there were 1,095 householders in the proposed county, with 817 voters. Yet a month earlier, in charging Coronado with unfair action in delaying the organization of the county, the Leoti paper had accused Coronado of tricky legal action which deprived 'nearly one thousand voters of their right of franchise.' And in November a delegation from Leoti went to Topeka to find the census-taker, intending to charge him with conniving with Coronado to delay the organization of the county, 'because they were unable to get enough signers to their memorial to make Coronado the county seat.'

The governor listened to representatives of both towns, and decided to appoint a disinterested commission who should canvass the county for votes for the county seat.

When the result announced was 451 votes for Leoti, and 285 for Coronado, the Coronado people explained the success of their rival by saying: 'No doubt Leoti has a majority of the votes cast. Four townships were intimidated from voting by the presence of 72 teams loaded with rifles, shotguns and imported bulldozers from Walla, Greeley, and Hamilton counties, 242 in number, put there by Leoti agents.' Whereupon the Leoti paper came back with the charge that Coronado men had said that they would win if it cost them $50 per vote, that they had imported men from other counties, and that they had employed a United States marshal, without authority, to guard the polls and that the polls in Coronado were 'covered by men stationed in stairways and second-story windows, armed with Winchesters, and that in addition to these they had 300 armed men to use in case of an emergency.'

The good feeling between the towns was not increased by the trip of a Leoti man to Coronado to argue with the local editor. The argument was carried on with a horsewhip. The editor of a paper in a neighboring county was a partisan of Coronado. He told how 'Leoti was the scene of a genuine cowboy raid. Anticipating trouble over the county-seat war, Leoti had sent to Wallace after a band of fifteen or twenty cowboys, armed to the teeth, to assist in protecting their rights. Not being needed for protection, they proceeded to shoot up the town. The post office was riddled with bullets, every business building fired into, men were compelled to dance at the point of fired revolvers, including the county clerk, and one man was shot through the foot.'

Acting on the report of his commission, the governor, on December 24, 1886, proclaimed the new county, with Leoti a temporary county seat, the permanent location to be chosen later.

In February, 1887, the election was held, but more than 400 Coronado boomers refused to vote, claiming that the election was illegal, because of a legislative action which, they declared, postponed the election until March 10.

Then came disorder, and the killing of several Leoti men by Coronado sympathizers, and the calling out of state militia to guard Leoti against Coronado attack. 'Leoti was closely guarded to prevent surprise from the enemy, and a large rifle pit was dug near the town well at the center of the town. Pickets were also placed around Coronado to prevent the escape of any of the citizens before the authorities could get action.'

Fourteen Coronado men were arrested and taken to the Leoti jail. Later a total of twenty were under arrest, 'all prominent business men, including a banker and the president of the town company. Most of these were released later, for lack of evidence, but one man remained in custody, awaiting trial. A Leoti mob tried to take him from custody, intending to lynch him; they were prevented only by a sheriff who fired into the mob. The man was finally acquitted by jury, though it was necessary to take him to another county for a fair trial.

The next chapter was the visit of a mob from Leoti to Coronado, seeking vengeance. While some Coronado people were hurt, the death of the leader from Leoti was the most tragic result.

*Passed Into History*

Leoti was again victor in the legislature on March 10, 1887, whereupon the Coronado paper came out printed in red, with the picture of a spread-eagle and a crowing cock—claiming the victory because of fraud. It was charged that Leoti had cast 500 illegal votes, and that Coronado had been intimidated from casting a full vote by armed forces intrenched in rifle pits around the polls. But the impartial historian says that 'both towns were fortified by earthworks and rifle pits.'

The fight was continued until September, 1888, when Leoti offered to give lots to all Coronado citizens who would remove to the county seat. The offer was accepted with alacrity, and within a few months nearly every building in Coronado was moved to Leoti. And in the spring of 1889 the president of the Coronado town company was elected a member of the Leoti city council!

So Coronado passed into history. But Leoti did not reap the fruits she had hoped for; she has never become more than a little country town.

# Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's Lady

(*Concluded from page 3*)

that the medical profession of Britain has swallowed the doctrine bait, line and sinker are absurd and childish.

The medical profession by and large, the world over, repudiates Freud, his theory of the neuroses, and his system of therapy. Psychologists have always denied him, and now artists, litterateurs and critics are beginning to line up with them.

To leave this statement unqualified would do Freud an injustice and the public an unfairness. If one were to ask one hundred physicians who had received their training in nervous and mental diseases in the present century whether they were Freudians, probably ninety-five of them would answer in the negative. Were they asked, however, whether they subscribed to some of his doctrines it is likely that more than half of them would reply, 'I do.'

I think there can be no doubt whatever that many of the psychoneuroses, those extraordinary invisible fetters that immobilize so many of us, have their origin in maldevelopment of the sex instinct and in improper distribution and storage of the energy of the sex dynamo. And there can be no doubt also that all men are not born equal, despite the Declaration adopted unanimously July 4, 1776. Some of them are so colossally unfortunate as to be born with the material from which an Oedipus complex is made. There are only a few of them in the world but they merit our commiseration and need our prayers.

Proponents of psychoanalysis point out that the medical profession has often shown hostility to innovation. Members of it have, unquestionably, but the profession as a whole since the days of modern enlightenment, never. The number of physicians in the whole world enrolled under the Freudian banner at the present time is extremely small, probably not more than a few hundreds. The reason it is so small is not to be found in their neglect of it. Physicians have studied it, attempted to adjust its tenets to their experience, and finding it wanting they have discarded it *en masse* instead of piecemeal.

***Vienna and Freudism***

It is not probable that this would be the case were the tenets of Freud's psychology and philosophy sound. The credibility of a thing is what makes it go. If a statement, a happening, a prophecy is incredible, it is next to impossible to get it accepted, and that has been the fate of the teachings of Freud.

It is quite possible that the reason American, French, German, Italian psychologists and physicians have not been able to reach the same conclusions as Freud and his followers is that they work with different material.

Austria-Hungary before the Treaty of Versailles became effective was an extraordinary country. It was a country of many nationalities which had tried the melting-pot experiment for centuries and failed. Its capital reflected culture and sensuousness as did no other capital of the world.

Into it poured an oriental stream of immorality that it absorbed as if it were a desert. It exalted convention and debased morals. And this had gone on for generations.

The result was that Vienna came to number among its inhabitants a greater number, proportionate to its population, of non-conformers to the standards of morals and ethics that modern civilization professes to uphold than any city of Europe. That was the material from which Sigmund Freud fashioned his doctrine and in a measure at least it influenced or permitted his conclusions.

The grist that a mill grinds depends upon the material that is put into the hopper; how it is ground depends upon the mill.

***Hypothesis of Oedipus Complex***

Working from the material that he had, one can understand that Freud might be led to say 'you will not be wrong in attributing to every child a fragment of homosexual attitude,' or to contend for the emotional relationship existing between mother and son, father and daughter, that he does.

That such relationship sometimes exists has not been the secret of the novelist or the priest; everyone who has studied behavior knows it. But only Dr. Freud and his disciples are ignorant of the fact that it is the exception, not the rule.

In some of the countries of the East, whose opulent, unmoral and effete flowed so naturally into the Vienna of former days, incest is not held in holy horror as it is in other parts of the world.

I can understand that Freud working with this material developed the hypothesis of the Oedipus complex, but in latter years as his clientele became more cosmopolitan, or perhaps I should say occidental, he doubts its universal applicability. He has now got so far on the road of regeneration that he admits that there is no Oedipus complex in the normal adult. He still claims we were born with it but we normal adults shed it as a snake sheds his skin.

For this delivery we can never be sufficiently grateful.

Man's self-preservative urge whose signal is hunger is greater than his species-preservative urge whose signal is lust. It is they, and not the shoulders of Atlas, upon which the world rests. Why has not the one molded and impregnated the 'unconscious' as Freud claims the other has done?

Why throw the entire weight of the world on one support when there are two? It is not easy to understand why infantile hunger impulses do not enter the 'unconscious' and why their conversions have not been observed, their transformations noted, their resuscitations studied, their sublimations exalted.

***Has Taken a Few Sick Souls***

It is not, as many of his followers think, the emphasis that Freud puts on infantile sexuality that prevents the rank and file of thinking men and women with open minds subject to enlightenment from accepting his doctrines. It is the arbitrary and arrogant way he insists upon his hypothesis of the 'unconscious' and its content; on the untenability of his theory of infantile disposition with certain resultant psychic mechanisms; on the experience of countless investigators who deny the universality of his 'incest-complex' and who maintain that he has based it on experience with a few uncommon persons.

Finally they resent his effort to apply certain tenets of psychology established from experiment and observation on certain persons, practically none of them normal, to the whole world, when in reality they are applicable only to the world he knows.

He has taken a few sick souls and after studying them he has reconstructed a sick world, a horrible world in which no one save a few mystics and monsters want to live.

The experience of the past ten years has taught us the world is bad enough at best but to make of it a place where the normal development of all boys depends upon a castration complex or a homosexual desire for their father is to make of it a place where everyone would be determined, as Dostoevsky's hero was, 'to hand God back his ticket.'

It is becoming increasingly difficult to recruit for the medical profession the type of mind and character that it attracted in the past. It will be more difficult in the future should the Freudian teachings gain any considerable acceptance. Physicians have too much responsibility as it is. When they realize that they are a transfer station and the only way their patients have of ridding themselves of their Oedipus complex is to transfer it to their doctors, there will be an exodus of doctors from the world that will make the departure of the Israelites from Egypt look like an ordinary first of October.

***Some of the Riddles***

Freud claims that some of the riddles of the science of language have been guessed by his method of investigation but philologists deny him. He asserts that it modifies the hypotheses of philosophy and stimulates philosophic activities in new directions, but philosophers and psychologists with few exceptions contradict him.

Paleontologists do not admit that it brings any new contributions to our conception of evolution, nor biologists that it acts as a mediator between their science and psychology. Sociologists say Freud has spoked the wheel of progress, not spun it, and Roger Fry has recently published *The Artist and Psychoanalysis* to show that art does not originate in sexual feeling.

Only in the field of education does Freud seem to be acclaimed by many. He must be given credit for pointing out that it is dangerous violently to repress instincts in children which seem vicious and abnormal but which, properly handled, are the foundations of virtues which shall ornament their lives. And that these repressions, unrecognized and left to their own devices, often impair the usefulness and destroy the happiness of their unfortunate possessors.

Freudism may inaugurate an era of sex enlightenment. It may aid us to a better understanding of our instinctive nature; it may put some lighted lamps on the road that our inborn tendencies travel to reach the place where our personality becomes full-blown; it may help us guess the riddle of the Sphinx. Should it do any of these things, we shall not only forgive it its sins but bless it as well. But I venture to prophesy that before it can do any of them, it must burn, blow up or otherwise destroy the ark of its covenant.



# I Read in the Papers



'It takes nine tailors to make a man,' is given as explanation in a recent issue of *Notes and Queries*. 'In some place the ringing of the "passing bell" was begun, or concluded, with a certain number of distinct strokes of the bell, intended to be of an informative character and to indicate whether the purson for whom the bell was rung was a mae or woman, or a child. There were usually nine strokes for a man, six for a woman and three for a child.

### *Story of the Bells*

'In North's *Church Bells of Leicestershire*, the author, in speaking of tolling for the dead, says; "These tolls are called 'tellers,' and it has been suggested that the old saying, 'Nine tailors make a man' is a corruption of 'Nine tellers mark a man,'" meaning that three times three tolls or tellers are struck on the passing bell for a man.

'At Wimbletpn it is still the custom to strike three times three for an adult and three times two for a female on the tenor bell, but for children under twelve the treble bell is used, and the strokes are twice three for a male, and twice two for a female.'

A large amount of veneration is attached to some of the ancient bells of England. Many of them are inscribed with the names of the saints to whom they were originally dedicated.

ɛ ɛ ɛ

England, the United States and Canada have recently been treated to an exhibition of that border regulation that keeps European countries irritated with each other. A group of English women, mostly school-teachers, came to New York in the so-called special students' third class, which the steamship companies have established to replace the old immigrant traffic. These school-teachers naturally desired to visit New York City before traveling through Canada, their chief objective. The American immigration officers permit native Canadians arriving from overseas at New York to proceed directly to Canada without the rigorous port examination. But these English women were compelled to go to Ellis Island and strip to the waist to permit a close physical examination by a woman physician; they also were subjected to the questioning accorded suspicious immigrants from the purlieus of Continental cities. Canadian officials state that they informed the steamship companies that such an examination would be imposed upon non-Canadian tourists bound for Canada via New York. American officials claim that the examination was made at the request of the Canadian authorities and that a Canadian inspector was present at Ellis Island at the time of the incident. The question whether Canadian authorities could have obtained a special dispensation for this party, who obviously were not vermin-ridden immigrants, has not been answered. New York is full of people who would welcome enmity between the United States and Great Britain—and, naturally, some of these people—indeed, as a matter of fact, many of them—are in the port service. We have a whole file of tales about the special insults offered obviously English visitors.

### *Canada and Ellis Island*

ɛ ɛ ɛ

The tailors of Vienna are in arms against the so-called American custom of men appearing in shirts and belted trousers during the summer season. These thrifty tailors claim that they will be ruined if Austrian men go vestless and coatless during that portion of the year when the tailoring business is dull anyway.

At the same time a New York City trade notice calls attention to the tremendous increase in the domestic wear of shirts with soft collars attached. This summer has been conspicuous for the almost total disappearance of the starched collar from the necks of American men. It may not be too much to hope that eventually men will follow the lead of healthier women by totally discarding collars.

### *Vienna's Sartorial Revolt*

The style of men's suits is bound to be radically altered. The sack suit is all very well for those men of northern and cooler Europe which has nothing resembling American summers and where comparatively little motoring is done. A good appearance can be presented in such wear and it may be fairly comfortable. But in America the universal use of the motor car has demonstrated that the sack suit cannot stand such usage. The men upon the streets today no longer present a well-groomed appearance. One must go to country clubs and like places where the sack suit has been replaced by appropriate garments to observe men whose appearance is impressive.

The next step in American life will be for men to emancipate themselves from clothes that not only do not work but also militate seriously against one's health. Many a man has been hastened toward apoplexy by dark, tight-fitting suits and a tight, starched collar.

*The International Jew* in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set $1. THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN.

ɛ ɛ ɛ

Journalistic ethics among members of the staff of the *Spectator*, student publication of Columbia University, grow broader. Recently the paper carried a story in which its night editor appeared as hero. The story went this way:

### *Journalism at Columbia*

An unexpected occurrence Saturday evening delayed the publication of today's *Spectator*. The night editor, George Elpern, was walking from the subway to the Bagnasco Press on Wooster Street when he suddenly heard a crash of broken glass. Two men rushed out of a jewelry store on the southwest corner of Prince and Sullivan Streets. A policeman who was a short distance away began to chase the robbers and to fire several shots at them.

One or two men, including the night editor, joined in pursuit of the burglars. They stopped short and returned the fire. A bullet grazed Elpern's left wrist. A physician in the neighborhood, Dr. Sebastian T. Courtzonis, fixed him up so that he was able to get the paper out, although seven hours late.

Regular newspapermen, who had not had the opportunity of receiving their training at such a school or on such an excellent college newspaper, were scooped on the story. They began to investigate. They discovered that no police report of the incident had been made. That no jewelry shop existed on the corner indicated. That no Dr. Courtzonis was registered, or listed in any directory. That Elpern bore no sign of a wound.

'Oh,' Elpern said, when they sought an explanation. 'I was in a tight place. I needed a box to fill a space in page one. So I 'faked' that piece. We do it all the time. Everybody in the office knows these things are "fake" when they appear, but, come to think of it, I guess they do fool people on the outside.'

It was the *Spectator* that, last spring, discovered Scott Nearing as a great prophet. In bold type the paper declared: 'Scott Nearing Predicted British Revolution in Address Given on Campus Last February.' The article then went on to explain that Mr. Nearing had made the comparatively safe prophecy that the laborers would either back down or fight. 'And if they do fight,' said the far-seeing speaker, 'it will be a fight with guns!' The *Spectator* apparently failed to see the joke.

ɛ ɛ ɛ

The following 'ad' appears in a Cleveland paper:

Mr. Morris Moskovitz,
1668 Lee Road, Cleveland Heights, O., who has charge of the Kosher Sacramental wine manufactured by John G. Dorn, Sandusky, O., has returned from a trip to Palestine and will again call on Rabbis to assist them in procuring Kosher Sacramental wine which is under the supervision of Rabbi B. Gettleson.

# TREES—

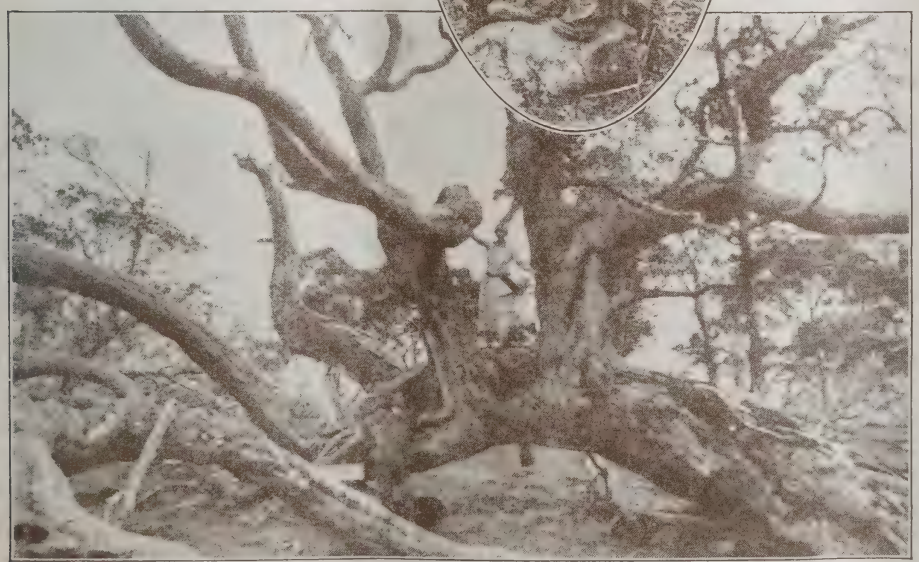
## *Beautiful and Otherwise*



Above—Grass growing on trees—a common thing in Java, where this picture was taken. *(C) International.*



Oval—Curious part of a tree, to which some wag has donated a pair of shoes. Near San Francisco. *(C) International.*



Below—Crooked trees in Koa forest, about a mile from Kilauea volcano, Hawaii. *(C) Galloway.*



Above—A beautiful sight in New Orleans—the old dueling tree in City Park. Many a dispute has been settled under its limbs. *(C) Galloway.*



Right—Although this tree suffers from curvature of the spine, it has attained nevertheless considerable height. At Biloxi, Mississippi. *(C) International.*

UNIV OF ILLINOI



NOT to oversee Workmen, is to leave them your Purse open. Trusting too much to others' Care is the Ruin of many; for, as the Almanack says, In the Affairs of this World, Men are saved, not by Faith, but by the Want of it; but a Man's own Care is profitable; for, saith Poor Dick, Learning is to the Studious, and Riches to the Careful, as well as Power to the Bold, and Heaven to the Virtuous. And, farther, If you would have a faithful Servant, and one that you like, serve yourself. And again, adviseth to Circumspection and Care, even in the smallest Matters, because sometimes a little Neglect may breed great Mischief, adding, for want of a Nail, the Shoe was lost; for want of a Shoe the Horse was lost; and for want of a Horse the Rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the enemy, all for want of Care about a Horse-shoe Nail.

—*Benjamin Franklin*
(*The Sayings of Poor Richard*).

DEA

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

E LI... OF THE
OCT 5 ...26
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

Volume 26, Number 45

Five Cents a Copy | AUGUST 28, 1926 | $1.50 a Year



AT LAST THEY CAME TO A TREE-CLAD ISLAND AND SAW INDIANS IN STRANGE BOATS. (See page 16)

CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

# BRIEFLY TOLD

THERMOMETERS ARE BEING extensively used by fishing fleets. Cod and haddock usually exist in waters where the temperature averages between forty and fifty degrees.

VISITORS TO THE Wayside Inn on one day in July represented twenty-seven states and five foreign countries—England, Germany, Japan, Canada and Belgium.

FOG HORNS THAT automatically begin to blow whenever a thick mist gathers are being used more and more. Action of the damp air on calcium carbide sets the device in motion.

A BOOTLEGGER, ARRESTED in Toledo, was in the habit of spraying his customers with perfume to counteract the odor on their breath.

POSTAGE STAMPS BEING printed in England for the Turkish republic show the figure of a legendary hero with his pet wolf at his feet.

TWO THOUSAND MINNOWS are being sent from this country to Argentina in an effort to combat malaria there. The top minnow thrives on malaria-carrying mosquitoes.



MORE THAN $400,000,000 is hoarded away in mattresses, stockings, sugar bowls, cupboards, and other household hiding places in this country, according to experts of the United States Treasury.

THE GOVERNMENT RECEIVES an average of 52,000 letters a day asking and volunteering information. The topics range from buried treasure to the best diet for earthworms.

LATEST FASHION IN ENGLAND is for women to indicate their status or mood by ear ornaments. Two earrings means a woman is married; one in the right ear, that she is engaged. Circles and ropes of gems indicate that she desires no new acquaintances, while ear ornaments in the form of bells denote that she is out for a good time.

THE LOWEST KNOWN temperature is 269.5 degrees below zero—the temperature of liquid oxygen.

ONE OF THE EARLIEST attempts at blood transfusion took place in the 14th Century when an effort was made to prolong the life of Pope Innocent VIII. The attempt failed, and three youths who gave their blood died from their sacrifices.

TENNIS ON ROLLER skates is the latest California hobby.

SOLDIERS IN THE Revolutionary Army were paid $6.67 a month. Congress later voted them free land.

IN ADDITION TO CATCHING an eight-inch trout, a fisherman in the Adirondacks got a gold watch and chain, the fob on the chain having caught the line when the fish struck.



THE BRITISH POLICE force was organized in its present form just one century ago. The name 'Bobby,' so often applied to English policemen, is derived from that of Sir Robert Peel, who established the force.

TELEPHONE USERS IN Paris are now told, 'The number you asked for has been changed; consult the directory,' by means of a special phonograph, which is switched on automatically when a wrong number is called.

BUDAPEST HOLDS THE world's record for suicides with an average of five a day for the past several months.

AN INTER-GLACIAL forest—one which grew between two glacial eras and was covered over by the second glacier, thus being preserved for centuries—has been discovered on the north side of Mendenhall Glacier near Juneau, Alaska.

AN ENGLISH PEERESS, Lady Rodney, prepares the meals for the workers on her husband's ranch in Alberta. Among the farm hands are a French prince, a duke, a nephew of Lord Derby, and the son of the Duke of Manchester.

HELIUM HAS BEEN solidified into a transparent mass for the first time by Professor Keesom, of Leyden University. His predecessor, Professor Onnes, succeeded in liquifying helium but was unable to solidify it.

ITALIANS AND NEGROES are the largest purchasers of classical phonograph records, according to retail dealers.



A RADIO SET WITH a loop antenna mounted on a wheelbarrow is used by a Long Island farmer to entertain the employes on his farm while working in the fields.

IN NORTHERN SIBERIA some natives are reported to practise a form of hibernation, sleeping during the winter for days at a time.

FREE LIBRARIES ARE being organized throughout Turkey by the ministry of public education.

STREET-CAR REGULATIONS in Rio de Janeiro require male passengers to wear coats and socks.

FRENCH WAS THE SPOKEN language at the Court of England from the time of the Conquest to the reign of Edward III. English was then made the language of legislation.

WOMEN OF PRAGUE, Bohemia, alarmed at the rapid increase in membership in a bachelor's club, have appealed to the authorities to order the organization to disband.

THE USE OF GAELIC is becoming more and more popular in Ireland.

A POLICEMAN IN RICHMOND, Virginia, whose automobile collided with another car, promptly arrested himself for reckless driving.

ERMINE RECEIVED ITS cognomen of 'royal' from Edward III of England, who so liked the fur that he made it an offense for any persons except those of royal birth to wear it.



SAILORS PREFER the 'highbrow' type of literature, according to the American Marine Library Association. Writers like Scott, Shakespeare and Milton are more in demand than modern authors. Educational books are also popular.

A GASOLINE TANK being tested for army airplanes is bullet proof and so connected that it can be dropped from the plane to the ground in case of fire.

DUELING WAS SO POPULAR in France in the 17th Century that in one period of eight years more than 2,000 men lost their lives on the field of honor.

THE SMALLEST WATCH in the world has been produced by a Canadian watchmaker. It is so tiny that a Canadian five-cent piece will cover it.

HISTORIC FORT HENRY, whose gallant defense inspired 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' is to be restored by the Government. Plans have been made for equipping the fort as it was at the time of the British attack during the War of 1812.

CANDIDATES FOR MARRIAGE are now stamped in Turkey. Each person desiring a marriage license must undergo a medical examination, and to prevent any transfer of the permit the arm of the applicant is stamped with a number corresponding to that on the permit.

August 28
1 9 2 6

Volume 26
Number 45




# THE ESSENCE OF THIS ISSUE

Mr. Ford's Page this week discusses the place of extremism in world affairs.

---

Americans are the greatest law-breakers on earth—*because there are so many laws to break.* In the past century and a half this country has enacted more laws than all the other countries of the world in all the time since Adam! Arthur Train, noted novelist and lawyer, has made a study of the 'fool laws' with which the nation is burdened. This is a good interview. (p. 2)

---

This is the time of year when thousands of boys are getting ready to enter college—and work their way through. Here is an article written by the assistant dean of men at the University of Illinois, which is chockful of good advice to such boys. Reading it is bound to save many a student a load of hard knocks. (p. 12)

---

Dean Turner tells not only of the common ways for working one's way through college—dishwashing, tending furnace, waiting on table, and so on—but he outlines some of the more unusual occupations—beekeeping, ambulance driving, lettering documents, decorating houses for dances, teaching golf, selling Christmas trees, apples. (p. 12)

---

The books of the New Testament began to be written when it became apparent to the companions of Jesus and eyewitnesses of His work that they must soon die. So they wrote down what they knew. Luke, of course, was not an eyewitness, but made independent research into the facts among the people before whom they had occurred. The story of the compilation of these books has been, until recent years, more or less shrouded in the obscurity of the ages. Now it is being pieced together bit by bit, from ancient documents dug from the sands of Egypt. One of the greatest collections of these scraps of papyri reposes at the University of Michigan. Harry A. Sanders, who is in charge of it, writes this article. He is recognized throughout the world as an eminent scholar. (p. 8)

---

It is unlawful in Los Angeles for street car conductors to shoot jack rabbits from the platforms of their cars! It is punishable by fine and imprisonment in New York City to drive an automobile around a street corner at a speed of more than four miles an hour. It is a crime to run a horse on a highway. A western state decrees that 'when two trains approach each other at a crossing they shall both come to a stop and *neither* shall start until the other has gone.'(p. 2)

---

The founding of another religion, Islam, has always been more or less a mystery to the western world. Moslems declare that their religion has been misunderstood, its true import missed. Muhammed, they say, led thousands of men from idolatry to belief in the one true God. This article is written by one who knows the East like the palm of his hand and, though a Christian clergyman, has a sympathetic understanding of the true spirit of Muhammedanism. (p. 14)

---

Bumptious American tourists are largely responsible for the current 'anti-American' sentiment in Europe. The man who pastes francs on his luggage to show his contempt for France's currency may be reasonably sure of offending every Frenchman he meets. The one who waves a fistful of bills—obtained at a low rate of exchange—in the faces of men who have toiled hard for the money can expect to incur enmity both for himself and his country. (p. 3)

---

Still greater responsibility, however, rests upon blundering politicians here and abroad. The French have been led to believe—by politicians—that their debts would be canceled, or at least reduced to a minimum. Secretary Mellon declares that our late allies knew that the funds advanced during the war were loans, not gifts. But is this as clear as he thinks it? No contracts were required by this country, no agreements to pay, no notes, no formal documents. Such a condition can easily give rise to misunderstandings. (p. 3)

---

The sadness of Abraham Lincoln has been attributed to various reasons. Dr. Barton, eminent Lincoln biographer, has discovered a new explanation in the Lincoln family traits. (p. 6)

---

What's happening to the army? A republic is apt to forget its defenders in the piping times of peace, to cut them off with scant attention. An army officer rises to protest. (p. 7) . . . The Pennsylvania delegation, led by Benjamin Franklin, had much to do with final acceptance of the Declaration of Independence. In view of Philadelphia's present unpleasant dilemma it is interesting to look back at that city's sturdy leaders of 150 years ago. (p. 19) . . . And S. F. Aaron, who writes so interestingly on nature, has a story on Agalena, the busy little spider, that you will want to read. (p. 5)

---

Once safely past the straits, Magellan was a changed man. He became almost affable; but the change was too late. One ship had already deserted, and grumblings were free among the remaining crews. Paul Honoré, on the cover, shows the *voyageurs* as they came to the island of Guam in mid-Pacific. (p. 16)

## CONTENTS

Front Cover Design - - - - - *Paul Honore*
Let's Pass a Law! - - - - - - - - - - 2
*J. Olin Howe*
That 'Anti-American' Feeling - - - - - - 3
*A. R. Pinci*
The Silk-Spinning Tragedienne - - - - - 5
*S. F. Aaron*
The Cause of Lincoln's Sadness - - - - - 6
*Wm. E. Barton*
Army Morale Is Sinking - - - - - - - - 7
*By a Staff Captain*
How We Got the New Testament - - - - 8
*Henry A. Sanders*
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
This Business of Working Your Way Through College - - - - - - - - - - - - 12
*Fred H. Turner*
The Most Misunderstood Religion - - - - 14
*H. Henry Spoer*
Voyage of the *Victoria*—Desertion of the *San Antonio* - - - - - - - - - - 16
*Charles J. Finger*
We Must All Hang Together - - - - - - 19
*Carl Schurz Lowden*
Chats With Office Callers - - - - - - - 21
Actors as They Are On and Off the Stage - - 29
*Quincy Kilby*
I Read in the Papers - - - - - - - - - 32

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY
DEARBORN, MICHIGAN
Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer; C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE $1.50 A YEAR in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year.
SINGLE COPY, FIVE CENTS.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. Give both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879

## Congressmen, State Legislators and Others All Join Merrily in That Great American Game—

# Let's Pass a Law!

By J. OLIN HOWE

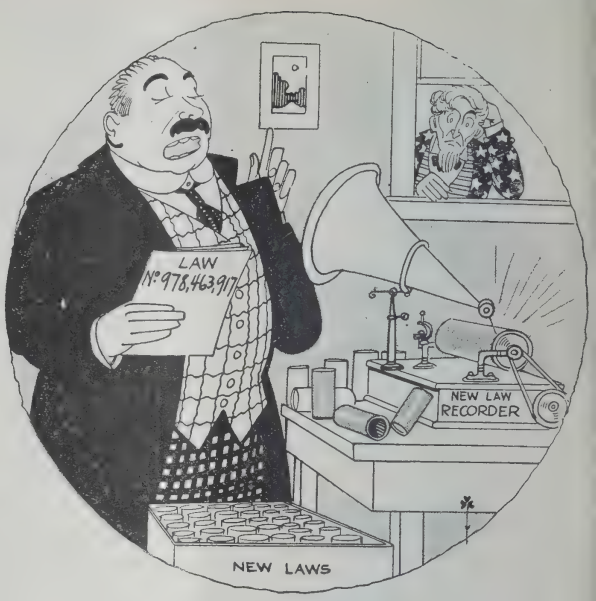
ILLUSTRATED BY W. O. FITZGERALD

Herewith is Section 413 of Chapter 67, Kansas Laws of 1903, which chapter covers the operation of motor vehicles:

'Nothing in this section shall be construed as in any way preventing, obstructing, impeding, embarrassing or in any other manner or form infringing upon the prerogative of any political chauffeur to run an automobibulos band-wagon at any rate he sees fit compatible with the safety of the occupants thereof;

'Provided, however, that not less than ten nor more than twenty ropes be allowed at all times to trail behind this vehicle when in motion, in order to permit those who have been so fortunate as to escape with their political lives an opportunity to be dragged to death.

'And provided further, that whenever a mangled and bleeding political corpse implores for mercy, the driver of the vehicle shall, in accordance with the provisions of this bill, "throw out the life line." '




Americans have a perfect mania for lawmaking.

THESE United States are deluged with a flood of ill-considered, inconsequential and grotesque laws.'

The speaker was Arthur Train, noted author and attorney. He continued:

'They overlap and often nullify each other. Many times the law on a certain subject in one state is so radically different from that in another as to cause one to wonder if the two states belong to the same nation.

We Americans are the greatest lawbreakers on earth—*because we have so many laws to break!* I'm not talking about criminals who intentionally act outside the law. I'm talking about average men and women—decent citizens — you — I — everyone — who mean to keep within the law, but don't worry so long as the police and other authorities let us get away with it.'

We were seated in that highly interesting library in Train's New York home where he wrote *His Children's Children* and other best sellers, and whence came Mr. Tutt.

He talked at length of the multiplicity of laws which encumber statute books over this country, fool laws, many of them, general laws enacted to cover specific cases, outworn laws or never meant for daily guidance, laws which could not be enforced without disrupting society, laws which you never heard of or dreamed could exist, yet the law of the land, nevertheless, under which all of us are supposed to live and within which we are bound to act by our oaths of citizenship.

'Americans have a perfect mania for lawmaking,' he cried. 'Our federal Constitution was drafted one hundred and thirty-seven years ago, and since that time we have framed and passed more laws to govern the conduct of our citizens than all others passed since Adam!'

How many hundreds of thousands are there? Train didn't know. But their number is growing constantly—covering every subject on the earth, in the heavens above and the waters beneath.

Out of the sessions of Congress and of our state legislatures in the forty-eight states there annually go onto American statute books upward of 15,000 laws—and many of the state legislatures meet but once in two years.

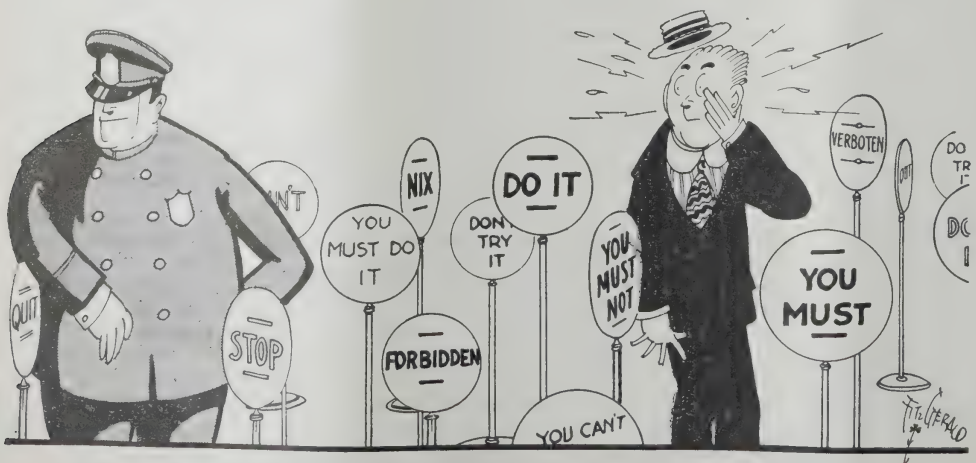
In a recent five-year period more than 62,000 separate laws were passed by these forty-nine bodies—an average of 1,200 or more each for the state lawmaking bodies and the rest for Congress—and it required 65,000 decisions of courts of last resort to interpret these. These decisions fill 630 large volumes.

Nor does this say aught of municipal legislation, ordinances and regulations of every kind under the sun, whose number is literally legion. In addition, there are thousands of interpretations and rulings of state and local departments.

'Even the best-intentioned of us, who go along regarding ourselves as law-abiding citizens,' Train said, 'can never keep from violating more or less of them. Probably most of us who live active lives disregard some law, ordinance, regulation or order about every day.

'The trouble is we make too many of 'em. From the beginning Americans have found little or nothing in human experience too intimate or too trivial for legal supervision and control—whether it be the sin of expectoration or the length of bed sheets.

'What makes it much more complicated is the fact that once laws get on statute books anywhere in (Concluded on page 31)




If the average man sensed his position before the law his pulse would go up every time he saw a policeman. We are the most law-ridden folk in the world.

# That 'Anti-American' Feeling

## Some Psychological Reasons Why It Exists in France

By A. R. PINCI

Americans arriving here have suit and camera cases plastered with French and Belgium paper money.—London news item.

FOR four years American visitors on the Continent have been the object of hostile demonstrations and even targets of attack. In 1922 it was in Berlin. In 1926 it is in Paris. Because both dates coincide with the fall of German and French exchange, respectively, it has been assumed that first the mark's and now the franc's depreciation have been the cause of what is described as anti-American feeling there. Reading press dispatches, or even being the witness to some such demonstrations—as the writer has been—fails to give an inkling of the truth and the facts behind the unfortunate events.

Partly for brevity's sake and chiefly because of its wider appeal, the term 'anti-American' has been used so indiscriminately that now it is reaching pregnantly suggestive proportions. Unless the tendency is curbed, Americans themselves, by loose reference to such a condition, will germinate a seed that would otherwise be sterile. There is anti-American feeling in certain parts of Europe, but as yet it does not exist to the extent which casual reading and hearsay would imply.

An unimpeachable proof of the fallacy of anti-American feeling will be found in the 1922 German experiences. Those led to nothing. Sporadic and essentially local incidents were forgotten as soon as method—method which reached the root of trouble—came to the fore.

Be it not forgotten that these conflicts are taking place in Paris, just as in 1922 Berlin was the chief scene. But what happens in Paris is no more indicative of the French attitude than what happens in New York represents America. By good policing Paris could be made quieter than a church and still the rest of France be ready for blood. The French population as a whole has made no move, spoken no word. The masses are so busy working and challenging the high cost of living that they haven't the time to imitate those who are idling and challenging the cost of high living. Thus the Paris incidents of today are superficial.

Yet a grave question enters here; whether there exists some definite movement for the purpose of ultimately enlisting the French people's support for what is the organized governing clique. What could be more ludicrous than the pretense of 'new cabinets,' of master minds, when these minds are the very ones which wrought what now they hope to remedy? French wage-earners, as elsewhere, must not think that the members of former fallen governments can perform a miracle by juggling a ministry and calling it a 'union government.' It is not a union government; it is a political union. Outsiders have waited in vain for some new blood, some new thought, some new plan.

> One contributing factor is common to both the German and French cases of 1922 and 1926, respectively—the hordes of irresponsible, bargain-mad, offensive American tourists who deliberately, boisterously, unmistakably go out of their way to vaunt the 'almighty dollar' and ostentatiously desecrate the natives' money.
>
> Generally speaking, it is this group which has exhausted the patience of Europeans who, on their part, are ignorant of the divers causes of their troubles. That group inevitably has involved the innocent bystander, so to speak, so that self-respecting visitors must suffer when the 'bum rush' is due and they are unfortunate enough to be around.

At this juncture the dollar appears as the scapegoat for the fall of the franc, with which the dollar has nothing to do. French officialdom has no intention to disillusion the people of France, however. The franc's position must be accounted for—but not at the cost of entrenched political monopoly.

A few American rah-rah boys, plus a few commercial travelers of a type too familiar to be described here, plaster French money where the world may see it as a sign of disdain. This furnishes the ocular proof that politicians are 'right' and Americans are wrong, and upon meeting a few Frenchmen who logically resent the insult, there follows the demonstration that is described as anti-American.

French merchants bewail these attacks as destructive of their 'tourist business,' and punitive machinery has been set in motion to check attacks on the alleged free spenders.

In 1922 I saw a small group at a table in a Berlin restaurant. One, waving a twenty-dollar gold certificate so that every patron could see it, called a waiter and said:

'Fritz, here's God's money! Bring a billion marks' worth of brandy.' As the waiter scurried away the chap turned to his companion and added: 'That's the way to knock these pretzel-benders for a row of tin cans!' (Guffaws.)

In 1924, before matters had gained much headway, but after the seed of discontent was germinating, I noticed a party of young men having their idea of a Continental good time at the well-known *Cafe Americain* in Paris. One of their favorite stunts was the 'peeling off of a bank roll big enough to choke a horse.'

'Let's give these frog-eaters something to think about,' one suggested. Whatever the suggestion, it was carried and on they went, to scatter new resentments, new antagonisms, which in due time would affect the good standing of the United States, its producers, its business.

A thousand respectable American tourists will be forgotten in an instant, while a single act of rowdyism will be eternally remembered.

While it is true that Paris is as highly commercialized as New York, and that a fat pocketbook will heal many a rumpus, dollars or any other kind of money do not buy self-respect. This has been too sorely tried by too many 'show-offs.'

What goes on in Paris in due time reaches the provinces, but fortunately, it requires years before such things can be crystallized into national sentiment. Unless choked at the source, however, incalculable harm may be done.

But has the French Government attempted to head things off? No. A certain amount of order is maintained through the usual police agencies, and Americans are protected from hostile acts, but dollar-unrest is permitted to go on, unabated.

Why?

Because the present governing clique fears that its continuance in office depends upon the easiest way out of economic bondage, which apparently it translates as release from international obligations. In other words, cancellation of the debt to America is a panacea sought. It does not have to be cancellation outright, but any arrangement which would mean non-payment.

It is significant to note that on July 23 Poincaré succeeded in forming what was termed a 'powerful national cabinet' which included, besides himself, five ex-premiers. Americans may well have their doubts as to whether a cabinet made up of so many admitted failures can be successful. Of course, it would be none of America's business, except for one thing, that the debt to the United States probably will continue the major cause of these several cabinets' downfall. French politics is now committed, to a certain extent, to obtaining radical concessions from the United States with respect to its repayment.

In the end it makes no difference what will be done; virtually no one in authority believes that European peoples will be able to repay dollars, in a dozen years or so, to the number which will become due about and after that time, short of an economic miracle which no one expects.

Dissatisfaction with the debt terms and French fury over the depreciated franc are a coincidence. It may be said that it is a desirable coincidence, politically. It furnishes French officialdom with mass demonstrations—whether these be the pummeling of a tourist or the maimed veterans' parade—and abroad are represented as an index of national French thought. In essence it is more a campaign for the success of French political thought than of the franc's stabilization.

Thus we come to the two fundamental causes that, unlike Germany's experience with the mark, have led to the franc's snarl. Those causes are near-diplomacy and cheap politics. Diplomacy which was not clear enough; politics which fostered misapprehension, and too much talk of a semi-private nature, have together led to a state of mind in France which can *never* be disabused. It is too late now, for any adjustment will not relieve France of the conviction that it involves a sacrifice.

The United States indulged in the near-diplomacy. France indulged in the politics. Here and there both have tried a bit of the other. Then came the self-elected 'friends of France,' who sprang in America out of nowhere and befogged the real issues. Help was offered; truth was hidden.

That the franc is hurt by causes which begin and end with the war, and not with the dollar itself, is something which French politicians cannot afford to explain. It would endanger the circle of anointed politicians who take turns in ministries which do not govern. Obviously, so long as the people of France look at the dollar they cannot see their politicians.

The newspapers played up the fact that several financiers recently sojourned in Antibes. It seems odd that these gentlemen should meet in the 2500-year-old former Antipolis at a time when their presence might complicate public opinion. Is it possible, if one took their protests literally, that Cour Masséna was the only object of their interest? Is it any wonder that the French people regarded the matter as boding the franc no good? And just what could those gentlemen do to save the franc?

The American attitude for a time appeared so conspicuously pro-French that France regarded herself as the object of much solicitude. The belief grew that France would be protected from the annoyances and troubles which other nations had to undergo.

> Just why European countries felt that the money borrowed from American taxpayers would not have to be repaid has puzzled quite a few, yet the answer will be found in the fact that the Treasury advanced billions of dollars carelessly, loosely, informally.
>
> Secretary Mellon on the eve of his departure, challenging Britain's contentions, said: 'It is clear that when the advances were made to our allies they knew and we knew they were loans, not gifts . . . ' Is it clear? There were no contracts, no notes, no agreements to repay. The United States did not require any formal documentation, and of course the borrowing governments did not see fit to suggest any. And in the United States no one was shocked when it was announced that nothing but a few memoranda, signed by the respective ambassadors or high commissioners, existed in the Treasury to account for the disbursements.
>
> If foreign borrowers have a loose idea about the debts, one must not be too severe, for the Treasury was very loose in its method of doing business. Even though it involved finance, the fact that it was a deal with foreign governments brought it within the purview of diplomacy. Thus American diplomacy really paved the way for the misapprehension which exists abroad.

The American people played no favorites; they liked their friends, honored their 'allies,' called it square with their former enemies. They indulged neither grudges nor illusions. Withal, the pro-French movement attained astounding proportions.

For example, Miss Anne Morgan, at the head of a 'devastated France' movement, did not suspect that the magic of her name might lead to misunderstandings, as it did. Rodman Wanamaker, late in July, suggested that Americans must assist France by establishing some sort of international bank, and the idea, cabled to the publisher of the Paris *Matin*, is another act to mislead the French into believing that the United States is the financial guardian of their country. And last, but not least, there is Myron T. Herrick, American Ambassador to France (under Taft, Harding, Coolidge and for a short time under Wilson), who has been dubbed—I was so told in Paris—the 'best French Ambassador the French ever had in America.'

So thorough was this general state of mind on the part of certain Americans who were prominent enough to export their thoughts where half a world could read them, that when a single dissenting voice was raised in a book written by an American banker the latter found himself minus a job for his effort. Yet he spoke prophetically, as a checking up of his statements will show.

The French situation cannot be as easily remedied as the German was. As soon as the mark was graced with a value adequate to goods and services, the bugaboo of exchange disappeared. Conversely, it killed off the bargain-hunting, offensive American tourist, who was out of the element once goods could not be bought by the ton with a few slips of 'God's money.' Germany pocketed its losses and then proceeded to forget them.

Today, in a little more than three years, the rentenmark has given Germany a self-confidence which France, one of the victors, does not possess. The French will not be as philosophical about pocketing losses as the enemy was, for obvious reasons, for they do not suspect their politicians, unless one might think of Herriot, whose part is insignificant.

Is there an answer?

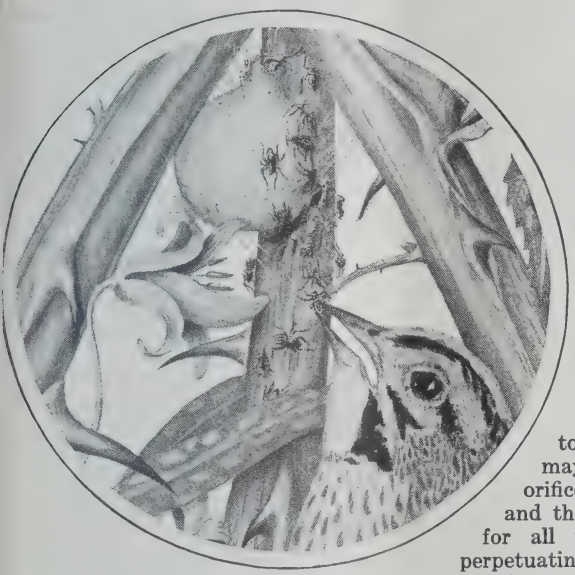
Yes; one which comes home to roost; one in which the people of the United States had no hand and yet was played up in their name. The fault or guilt lies in about even proportions at the thresholds of the State Department and Quai d'Orsay. The mistakes of the war have been permitted to become the mistakes of the peace.

The war having been one of commerce and nothing more—trade jealousies of all kinds—it is inevitable that such peace as we have today should dwindle to a dollar-and-franc acrimony. The existence of commercialism has been defined by Secretary Mellon himself, but Great Britain, with the pound sterling at par, can afford to talk back and in talking to France, point to the United States. Groping blindly, the French people have jumped to conclusions, especially the conclusion that the dollar is suffocating the franc and that the pound also does it because America does it to Britain.

*This Is the Life Story of Agalena*

# The Silk-Spinning Tragedienne

## Whose Cruel Career Was Ended by One Stroke of the Poisoned Stiletto



Circle—The song sparrow catches a number of baby spiders as they emerge from the egg case.

By S. F. AARON

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

SUSPENDED among three thorny canes of wild blackberry that formed a very miniature tent and partial protection against weather and the prying eyes of hungry seekers of titbits, a buffy-gray, rounded little ball no larger than a Morello cherry remained throughout the long winter.

Stout silken threads firmly attached at both ends held the little ball in place; it swayed in the winds only as the spiny stalks swayed. Other than by these attachments the odd little object belonged in no way to the briers; it was as foreign to all vegetation as were the birds that in summer sampled the shiny, juicy fruit.

This little globular, silken, smooth thing was one of those correctly planned and skillfully made containers that are responsible chiefly for a vast number of crawling creatures. Moreover, it was not unlike in the material of its construction those oval and oblong housings of the immature stages of many night-flying moths: the objects commonly known as cocoons. Therefore, as may be surmised, it was by no means solid and the inside was far more wonderful than the outer surface.

A pair of so-called spinnerets—and no name could fit better—aided by eight relatively long legs, were the tools and appliances most largely used in forming the little ball during the latter part of the preceding summer. Upon its completion it became filled through the small, somewhat bottle-necked opening at its top with nearly three hundred tiny, golden-colored spheres about the size of number twelve bird shot. These lay *en masse* within a soft inner center of flossy silk, an added protection not against breakage, but against the too curious enemies that may thus be confused. The orifice was closed, the ball hung and the little artisan responsible for all this well-planned means of perpetuating a species was idle for a time, her rest well earned. Then, with the waning of the warmth, the falling of the leaves, the more eager hunting of bird and shrew, she vanished, her kind rarely hiding so effectively as to escape all enemies. Yet, all honor to her as a loyal mother that in compliance with the mysterious urge of nature labors thus persistently and daringly for offspring that she never sees, nor would recognize if she did.

The snows came and covered the little ball. The thaws disclosed it hanging there sharply brown against the diminishing white and it is a wonder that it survived. Chickadees, searching closely, came and inspected it, discovered the distasteful silken strands and turned away. So with the nuthatch and the junco. The whitethroat and song sparrow gave it a slight pecking, but there was nothing alluring about it to them. The deer mice, fearing to venture so far from cover, did not find it. The shrew regarded it eagerly; it is a case of nose with this smallest of quadrupeds and it discards nothing possibly edible. Hungrily emerging above the leafy covering of its semi-subterranean burrows it meant to make short work of going through the silken wall. But upon the instant a hawk-eyed shrike interfered and in a moment the stout-hearted little insectivore was decorating a nearby locust thorn.

A long-tailed black, white and russet bird scratched among the leaves about the briers, spied the little ball and craving such diet decided to give one squeeze with its stout bill and then—. But reynard of the rocky hillsides took a notion to cut across this way home and the long-tailed bird, forgetting the silken ball and calling 'chewink, chewink' as a warning to his fellows, went up into the bush tops.

Into the woods came another species of hunting biped—a flock, covey, bevy or herd—entirely bent upon mental food rather than that of the stomach. Arbutus was about to be generally uprooted; someone protested. Another, eagerly searching for hepatica, discovered the silken ball.

'Oh, look! What can this pretty thing be? It's tied fast.'

'That is the egg case of an Agalena spider, one of the funnel-web builders,' instructed the naturalist.

'Ugh! A spider! The nasty thing!'

'Oh, Linda, how you talk! They are delightfully interesting.'

'Yes and often very beautiful in coloration and markings, even equaling the most gorgeous flowers and shells,' declared the man of science.

'And aren't they also very useful creatures, destroying flies, gnats and many noxious insects?' offered a fourth member of the party.

The returning and nesting birds, though eager to feed their clamorous young, missed



Agalena turns to fight her deadliest enemy, the potter wasp, whose sting causes paralysis.

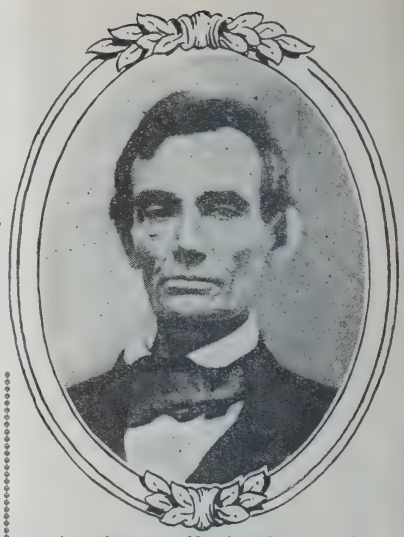
(*Continued on page 27*)

Because Melancholy Was a Family Trait
It Is Here Offered as an Explanation of

# Why Lincoln Was Sad

By WILLIAM E. BARTON

Abraham Lincoln was a man of many moods. At times he was boisterously mirthful, at other times placidly and almost lazily content. There were periods when he had a brooding, meditative sadness, and yet others when he was plunged into the very depths of woe. His law partner, William H. Herndon, who studied him more closely and for a longer period than any other man, said that 'melancholy dripped from him as he walked'



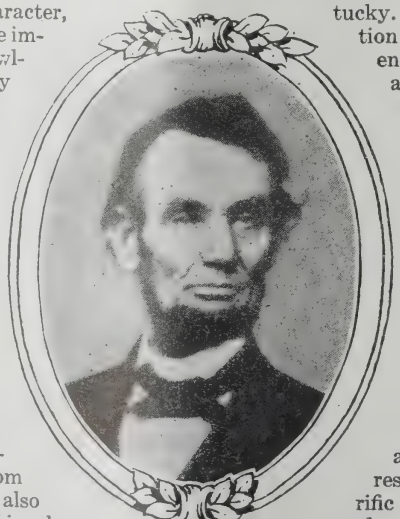
An ambrotype, said to have been made by Pearson, 1853.

MANY attempts have been made at explanation of the abysmal sadness which sometimes engulfed the soul of Abraham Lincoln. Three explanations are familiar. One which has been popularized by a noted dietitian attributes it to Lincoln's habitual indigestion. If he had eschewed hog and hominy and subsisted on a vegetable diet with plenty of bran, he might have been, according to this physician, a cheerful man.

Sentimental writers in no inconsiderable number suppose that Lincoln was never a happy man after the death of Ann Rutledge and that all through his life his alleged habitual sorrow for this sweetheart of his youth came upon him periodically with insupportable weight of woe.

A third explanation, and one which William H. Herndon, Lincoln's law partner, believed, is that Lincoln's domestic infelicity made it impossible for him to be happy excepting when he forgot the nagging disposition, unreasonable spirit, hot temper and stubborn will of Mary Todd Lincoln.

I believe that none of these explanations sufficiently explain this trait in Lincoln's character, and I am sure that one important source of knowledge has been wholly overlooked. Melancholy, as Lincoln knew it, was a family trait inherited from the Lincolns.



The Brady portrait of the President, made in 1864.

The discovery of this fact carries with it some measure of knowledge concerning Lincoln's relations with women, especially that hesitation with which he more than once approached matrimony and shrank from its experience. This also was native to the Lincoln temperament and was a trait possessed by others of the Lincoln family.

Abraham Lincoln grew up among the Hankses, relatives of his mother, but from them we know little of the Lincoln family traits. Of that family the most intelligent and best educated member was Dennis Hanks, a first cousin of Abraham Lincoln's mother. Dennis was a much abler and better educated man than John Hanks, also a first cousin of Lincoln's mother, child of her eldest uncle, William Hanks. Lincoln had more respect for John, but enjoyed a much longer companionship with Dennis.

In 1829 certain of the children of Mordecai Lincoln, eldest brother of Abraham Lincoln's father, Thomas, migrated from Kentucky to Illinois and made their home at the head of the Mississippi rapids nearly opposite Keokuk, Iowa. These members of the family carried on a more or less active correspondence with their brothers and sisters and cousins in Kentucky. A considerable portion of this correspondence has been preserved and is now in my possession. Mordecai Lincoln himself came to visit his children in 1830, the winter of the deep snow, the very winter when Abraham Lincoln was near Decatur prior to his residence in New Salem.

Mordecai Lincoln himself was overtaken in the storm and lost his life as a result of this same terrific snowfall and blizzard. His widow, Mary Mudd Lincoln, subsequently removed to Illinois and many years later died among her children. One of her daughters married a cousin by the name of Ben Mudd, and the Mudds also removed to this County of Hancock, whose county seat is Carthage. The descendants of this family of Lincolns are still there, and their records and traditions go back, not only to the beginning of this branch of the Lincoln family in Illinois, but also through correspondence and other records to their earlier life in Kentucky.

For our present purpose the most interesting fact about these Lincolns is that they were all subject to the same depression and melancholy which was so characteristic of Abraham Lincoln.

Here, then, is our entirely new answer to a question so many times asked and so variously and often wrongly replied to: Abraham Lincoln was a man of moods because that trait was congenital; it belonged to the Lincoln family. The Mudds, also, after their intermarriage with the Lincolns, inherited the same trait and knew from which side of the family they got it; they spoke of it as 'the Lincoln horrors.'

This answer is as interesting as it is novel. It is rather striking that no one has sought it out before. John Hay spent his boyhood in that same general part of Illinois, and he records in his diary his meeting with a representative of this same family. His name was Robert, a son of Abraham Lincoln's first cousin, Abraham. Robert died in Carthage, Illinois, September 5, 1868. Of him John Hay wrote: 'Rode to Carthage in the same seat with Robert Lincoln, a second cousin of the late President. He is forty-one years old, looks much older. The same eyes and hair the President had—the same tall stature, and shambling gait, less exaggerated. Drinks hard, chews ravenously. Rather rough, farmer-looking man. He says the family is about run out. "We are not a very marrying set." He is dying of consumption, he said very coolly. There was something startling in the resemblance of the straight thicket of hair and the gray cavernous eyes, framed in black brows and lashes, to the features of the great dead man.'

I have a particularly large body of material concerning (Concluded on page 22)

# *This Officer Says That It Is Time for a New Deal Because*

# Army Morale Is Sinking

By A STAFF CAPTAIN

IN THE publications of this country of late the Army of the United States has been under fire. First came the *American Mercury* with its articles on 'The Uplift Hits the Army' and 'An Army of Amateurs' which shocked many a conservative colonel and relieved the minds of many a distressed lieutenant, trying to do his best with skeleton troops and quarters dilapidated with age; with rotting sills, leaky roofs, warped sashes, wavy floors, and almost indecent plumbing.

Even at the crack posts of the service, where selected officers are trained in their specialties, these gentlemen are required to concentrate on professional studies in surroundings that would be a disgrace to any educational institution in the land.

Next came Paul Withington in the *American Legion Weekly* describing the appalling living conditions of the star troops of the famous Second Division. Then arose a colonel in the Air Service and criticized the entire War Department with seeming impunity until a court-martial seized him and staged a national show for his benefit, and even permitted him to try to call to account the General Staff and the administrative heads of the Army. Finally the Chief of Infantry stated in his annual report:

> Due to the small size of units, the excessive amount of fatigue necessary to maintain the temporary quarters in which many are sheltered, and the use of troops at the summer camps, there is but little seasonable time in which to carry out individual and organizational training. In the training of enlisted men and organizations, there is much to be desired.

Periodically we must scutinize our policies and our results. In the first years of a venture, we cannot always tell what the situation really is. Work and development shape the details.

The operation of the National Defense Act of 1920 has now been extensive enough for us to survey the situation as a whole. Under the constant pressure for abnormal post-war economy, the picture has been indistinct and the figures have appeared somewhat grotesque. The time has come for the full light of day. A democracy which guides its policies by the will of the people, lives and flourishes by full knowledge.

All parts of the Army are knit together. A cut in the commissioned personnel of the Regular Army is felt by Guard and Reserve units which need instructors. Deficiencies in appropriations for barracks and quarters, utilities and repairs, ammunition and *materiel*, make greater demands upon troop labor and *esprit de corps* and militate against attainment of that combat efficiency which is the goal of military training. Lack of enlisted personnel drains essential organizations, imperils expensive installations, and actually endangers distant garrisons.

Generally the state of morale is low, and is sinking from day to day and month to month. The decline is widespread and touches many interlaced details. But for convenience in consideration, the actual needs must be listed under separate heads.

1. First is the fact that an increase in commissioned and enlisted personnel is sorely needed. Individuals are overworked. They have not the time for that professional study which will develop them for future responsibilities. They hurry from target season to civilian training and back to garrison drill

They are not able to meet the demands made upon their time and efforts by civilian bodies demanding more and more attention, much less to carry out any really effective unit training of their own.

They graduate from special service schools full of enthusiasm to put their new knowledge to practical use, and find the organizations they join so ridiculously regularly on fatigue that a day of drill comes as a surprise.

2. The National Guard is growing. Its units have increasing enthusiasm and confidence. It was hoped that the Guard, under the Act of 1920, might reach a strength of 450,000 and maintain that democratic 'militia' interest which underlies national defense by citizen forces. Reasons of economy, however, caused the War Department to adjust its aim toward the lower figure of 250,000. Present appropriations are insufficient, even for the guard we do have, 180,000-190,000, and only very active political efforts have saved drill pay actually voted by Congress but threatened by executive action by economy-mad politicians. With depleted regulars and skeletonized reserves, the guard assumes prime importance for effective immediate use—and it is crippled, handicapped, and held down, its natural growth stunted.

3. The Organized Reserves are also on the increase, but they are still far from securing the training of 30,000 officers a year deemed desirable. Even such a figure would be small, once every three years for combat officers and once every five years for officers in non-combat branches. Yet even that number seems beyond the limits of a national pocketbook that wastes millions in ineffective prohibition law enforcement. It is at least beyond the limits of the drawing account placed to the credit of the War Department.

4. Reserve Officers Training Corps units are essential to the future security of the nation. They select and develop those youths of character and education who will be battle leaders of future American military manpower. It might seem that if nothing else were done at all, the

(Continued on page 24)

> Throughout the military service, the sentiment is growing that it is time for a new deal.
>
> The National Defense Act of 1920, under which the army now operates, has stood on the books somewhat over five years. Yet the earnest efforts of regular personnel and the enthusiasm of guard and reserve people have been continually hampered by financial considerations of a depressing character. Reductions from the 280,000 strength stipulated in the Act of 1920 to a meager 118,750, and reductions in appropriations from $418,135,257 to $262,134,050, have had a damaging effect on progress and morale.
>
> Officers demoted 'temporarily' three years ago, are still in the lower grades. Even their work has had to be done against constant pressure. The question arises whether the Army can do its job with the facilities available. The answer is slowly taking form—and appears to be a negative answer.

*Papyrus Records Tell*

# How We Got the New Testament

## Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John Were Preserved Centuries in Sands of Egypt

By HENRY A. SANDERS

FOR over thirty years the sands of Egypt have been yielding uncounted treasures of legal, historical, and literary documents, written on papyrus, many of which go back to New Testament times or antedate them. Neither has this rich material been kept hidden in Egypt, but it has been scattered among the great libraries and universities of Europe and America, wherever there was money to buy and scholars to study these precious records of antiquity. As an example of one collection, and that not the largest, in the library of the University of Michigan, there are nearly 4,000 items listed in the Catalog of Papyri, and members of the Classical and Historical departments are engaged in deciphering them.

The study of these contemporary documents not only gives a better understanding of the Greek of the New Testament, but it furnishes a remarkable picture of the times. We can see the common people of the ancient world busy buying and selling land, produce, clothing, ornaments and slaves, keeping accounts, engaged in lawsuits, petitioning their governors, making marriage settlements, writing wills, settling inheritances, and engaging in all the varied types of a voluminous correspondence.

The military establishments maintained by the Romans throughout the Orient furnish their share of enlightening records and we see again not alone the commanders but even more the common soldiers performing their military duties, mingling in the life of the people, maintaining families in the village near the camp, and at the end of their term of military service becoming Roman citizens together with their families, and remaining as settlers in the land they had defended.



LUKE MARK

Reproduction of one of the wooden covers of the fourth century from the Freer Manuscript.

From somewhat later times come Christian letters and documents connected with persecutions, illustrating in wonderful manner the writings of the New Testament and the history of the early Church.

Two fragmentary papyri found at Oxyrhynchus even contain 'Sayings of Jesus,' and these are not from any known Gospel nor do they agree with what we know of any of the lost Gospels of the early Church, but they excellently illustrate the kind of documents that must have circulated in Christian churches at the time when the present Gospels were written, and for a generation or so thereafter. It may well be that the *Oxyrhynchus Logia*, or 'Sayings of Jesus,' date from the second century in their present form, but the needs of the Early Church called them into being, and those needs must have been present from the very early days of the establishment of Christian communities.

As soon as the eyewitnesses of the great story of Christianity had passed on and the living word could no longer inspire Christians to noble life and pure belief, there came the need for the written record. This need would have been felt earlier in some churches than in others, and in many materials for the formation of a Gospel story would hardly have been adequate. Borrowing was inevitable. Yet we are sure that many forms of the Gospel story, besides those now contained in the New Testament, circulated in Christian communities during the latter part of the first century and much of the second. Such (*Continued on page 25*)

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

THE optimist may be a fool who has lost his balance wheel; the pessimist may be a wise man who has lost his buoyancy, which is faith founded on knowledge. Or the optimist may be a wise man who has declined to recognize one-half of life; and the pessimist may be a fool who has let his reason be overpowered by a set of ruffian facts. In any case, both are useless as far as directing the march of humanity is concerned. There is probably something of value in each of these temperaments, something of truth in each of these points of view; it is characteristic of life that absolute zero is unknown in the human plane.

Yet, the extremist is the one person who is most readily heard, although he is the one person to whom we consistently refuse to give over the reins. Extremes of every sort may become something of 'successes' among us, and may provide another illustration for the argument that we are a thoughtless, mindless, misdirected generation. But there is another point of view.

It may be granted that the readiness with which the majority listen to extremists is evidence of the possibility of both extremes being within most persons, according to temperament. But it may also be said with some confidence in the importance of it, that the fact that people do not follow the extremists in great numbers suggests another use for them which we have not recognized.

May it not be that instinctively, and perhaps inarticulately, the people regard the extremes as limits: not as gates opening beyond, but as marking the utmost limit that we may go in their direction. Now, here may be the deep source of the difference between the extremists themselves and the people who hear them but refuse to follow them or to give them power. The extremist himself believes that his extreme is the mouth of a new river of life up which the race may sail to endless paradise, a gate of new opportunity which has remained sealed to humanity until he came along to open it. The extremist must believe this to be an extremist. He has no idea of marking a limit, he believes that he is signaling a new opening for the race.

The people, however, see, as it were, the channel of their progress marked on either side by these limit lights. On the right hand the extreme warning lights of conservatism, on the left the extreme warning lights of radicalism; on the right hand the extreme of optimism, on the left the extreme of pessimism; on the right the extreme of unearthly and unnatural spirituality, on the left the lurid lights of equally unnatural materialism; on the right an uncontained, unanchored and irresponsible altruism, on the left abysmal philosophy of selfishness. All down the channel these extreme lights, right and left, marking the outer limits of safety, beyond which there is no navigation, but menace of shipwreck.

The people are heeding the lights, but not steering toward them; they are not regarding those lights as port lights; they are steering between them.

These are not the extremes the people seek. These are limits—the shoal lights. The extremes which the people seek are extensions. They instinctively know the meaning of those lights alongside the channel; they know they are to be heeded, but not made a goal; they know that the kind of leading which their souls of progress crave must be of another kind, must shine above the channel along which they move. Limitations, when personal, mark the way a man must go—they are not obstacles but guideposts—he does not go toward them, but between them; and it is the same with the limitations of view marked by the extremists.

It will thus be seen that as society moves along the way that it is to go, a comparatively easy feat is to swing to one side of the march, right or left, and from these extremes of the line attract attention. It is in fact very easy. Extremes, boundaries, peaks, road-ends, walls, shorelines, capes, always attract attention. A man who veers to the extreme 'right' of a question is doing precisely the same thing as a man who veers to the extreme 'left' of the same question, and both of them simply measure for the mass of people the distance the question will stretch sidewise. There is no progress in either. There is no light ahead. To mark the end of the line may serve a purpose, but to bow the line forward from the middle or any other point is a great achievement. It is not of record that the line ever starts its forward march from the right or left extreme. The line cannot be pulled around and through the extreme right or the extreme left, making it the point of departure for a new forward movement. The line moves from the center, as a rule. The whole line moves, even the extremes, for the extremes of yesterday are not those of today, nor have we moved through the extremes of yesterday to reach the position of today.

*NEITHER optimist nor pessimist will ever be trusted with the reins. People are interested in extremists, but do not place responsible power in their hands. Extremists measure the distance sidewise, they do not extend the road in front. They are like channel lights that mark the shoals on either side, something to steer by, but not to steer toward. Extremists are useful as limits—and there are two extremes to everything. But we are not journeying to limits, we are journeying between them. Progress comes that way. It will loose many minds from needless burdens if they can learn to look upon extremists, not as leaders, but as waylights showing the width of the road on either side.*

**'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## *Clemenceau Should Go On*

WHEN Clemenceau speaks the world listens with respect. His open letter addressed to the President of the United States, but obviously intended for the people of this country, is received with more interest than many a correct diplomatic document because of the character and career of the man who wrote it. But with his great gift of plain speech, the wonder is that Clemenceau did not disclose to us the thought of his mind. He seems to assume that the plight of France is due to the United States, yet he does not tell us how. He says: 'France is not for sale even to her friends,' a fact of which we are aware, and whose implications we guarded when it was a question of armed enemies. Unfortunately he did not indicate what he thinks we have to do with the fall of the franc. He implies that the debt France owes us and the payments required are the cause of the trouble, but since no payments have been made, how can that be so? He addresses us with an injured air, but fails to point out the injury which he intimates we have inflicted on his country. He speaks darkly of banks and bankers, but does not name them.

If Clemenceau sees what is the source of the world trouble, he should speak out. He is now an old man who can afford himself the luxury of expressing the fullest truth as he conceives it. The world craves the diplomacy of truth. The letter which he wrote seems but the tentative opening of a conversation, and we wish he would go on. There is no man in France to whom a more careful hearing would be granted by the American people. But he leaves the whole question in the fog which conceals it from our people.

It is clear to us—and it is about the only thing that is clear—that the whole question of international settlements has been sadly muddled. The term 'settlements' is a misnomer; they seem rather unsettlements. The American people have been told by Mr. Mellon that we are not collecting a penny of war debts from France, nor even asking for any. We are told that the only matter pending is the repayment of money loaned after the war. M. Clemenceau should at least have indicated his awareness of such a statement having been made by an important member of the Cabinet and the custodian of our national funds. Does he believe it or not? If it is true, does it change the aspect of the case?

## *News From Mexico*

LIKE the Aimee Semple McPherson matter, the news printed as coming from Mexico reflects the color of its sources and the editorial channels through which it passes. There has hardly been in recent years so determined an attempt to create opinion by headlines unsupported by facts as was evident in the case of the California woman evangelist. As to the case itself, we have no opinion. We did not investigate it. Our interest was limited to the methods by which the press purveys the news to the people and how far it will go in its efforts to make prejudice do duty for facts.

In the city where this is written, our morning paper has regularly regaled us with black headlines across the top of the first page announcing the slaughter of devout priests and worshipers in Mexico. And as regularly our evening paper has printed the *Associated Press* reports denying that anything of the sort had occurred. One or the other is true. But one of them bears every semblance of a press campaign to create a certain temper of public opinion in the United States. Whether the purpose of this be political or religious need not be pronounced upon now. But surely we have advanced far enough in the science of publicity to know that the American people are now immune to headlines and to false statements. They have been misused too flagrantly in the past to be used efficiently now, without the strongest background of certified fact.

For the time being, if the conditions in Mexico continue, the American people will do well to test its news, that an intelligent public opinion may be formed.

---

## *The Idle Rich—and Poor*

THE idle rich, declares Sir Josiah Stamp, the noted British economist, are no more. Of all the millions of England's population, he classes not more than a thousand as idle rich, an infinitesimal number. And these are rapidly passing the way of their brethren.

That's interesting. It's interesting because it points the trend of the times. Under present economic conditions it is becoming almost impossible to be both idle and rich. Idle and poor is easy enough—thousands of dole-drawing Britons attest that fact—but England is beginning to realize that the dole is one of the greatest economic mistakes of her entire history. And the world is slowly groping toward an

age when *all* men must produce to live. Economic pressure is bearing the idler and the parasite under its rising flood.

Leisure will hold an important place in the new scheme of things—a highly important place—but it will be the leisure of the worker, not the idler. It will be a leisure begotten of labor to enjoy the fruits of that leisure. It will not be, as so often in the past, mere sluggish idleness. The old aristocrat theory that idleness is something sacrosanct and graceful, and that work is of itself degrading, has passed into the limbo of Munchausen's tales. It is almost never encountered now outside of sycophantic novels. The responsibilities of wealth outweigh its privileges.

Men do not have to work as hard as formerly, *but more men work*. Invention and management have combined to lift the heaviest burdens from humanity's shoulders, but in the gradual evolution of the new order the non-producer is being eliminated. The 'idle rich' are becoming the 'idle poor.'

## *The Appearance*

THE new Josephus, or rather the oldest translation of Josephus, lately brought to public attention from Russia, is attracting much attention from the scholars, and equal attention from the public, on account of the readiness of the more scholarly Jewish rabbis to accept it as reliable testimony to the historicity of Jesus of Nazareth. Public attention centers, as is natural, around that curiosity which all have as to the physical appearance of the heroes of the race. The descriptions of Jesus that have been given differ very widely. It is not unusual for equally well-informed men to seize upon opposite characteristics as most descriptive of their friend or hero.

In some accounts He was all beauty and gave forth the impression of compassionate power. In others He was a man of very ordinary, or even less than ordinary appearance. The Christian interpretation of the prophecies relating to Jesus refer to His marred appearance, as St. Paul referred to himself as physically contemptible. The Russian Josephus describes Jesus as a man of middle height, stooping shoulders, a long face, a prominent nose, eyebrows that grew together and could be frightening to the people, altogether a simple pose in strange contrast with the power He exerted.

Which may all be true. Of clerical sleekness naturally He would have none. He was something of a nomad. He slept much out-of-doors. He consorted with the poor more than with the rich. Any man seeing the world as He saw it would bear the mark of it on his face. It might even be that if we knew him as He was, we might, in the language of Scripture, see nothing in Him that we might desire Him. Idols in the flesh are usually disappointing. And it was not upon such idolatry that He wished His influence to rest.

## *A Spade's a Spade*

SEVERAL months ago THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT took note of the fact that four race tracks in Ohio were operating and conducting 'mutual pools' on the results of horse races, claiming that a statement on the backs of the mutual tickets sold (and cashed if the wagers were won) to the effect that the money put up was a voluntary contribution. In full this statement read:

'This acknowledges receipt of sum of ..... dollars voluntarily contributed by the holder thereof as part of the purse, prize or premium to be awarded to the owner of the horse winning first, second or third place (as the case may be) in the race designated by this ticket.'

To the lay mind the transparency of this subterfuge must be evident, yet for two years several tracks operated while the matter was threshed out in the courts and one big track, representing an investment, it is said, of more than a million dollars, was built on the presumption that the 'law's delays' would at least enable its promoters to get their investment back.

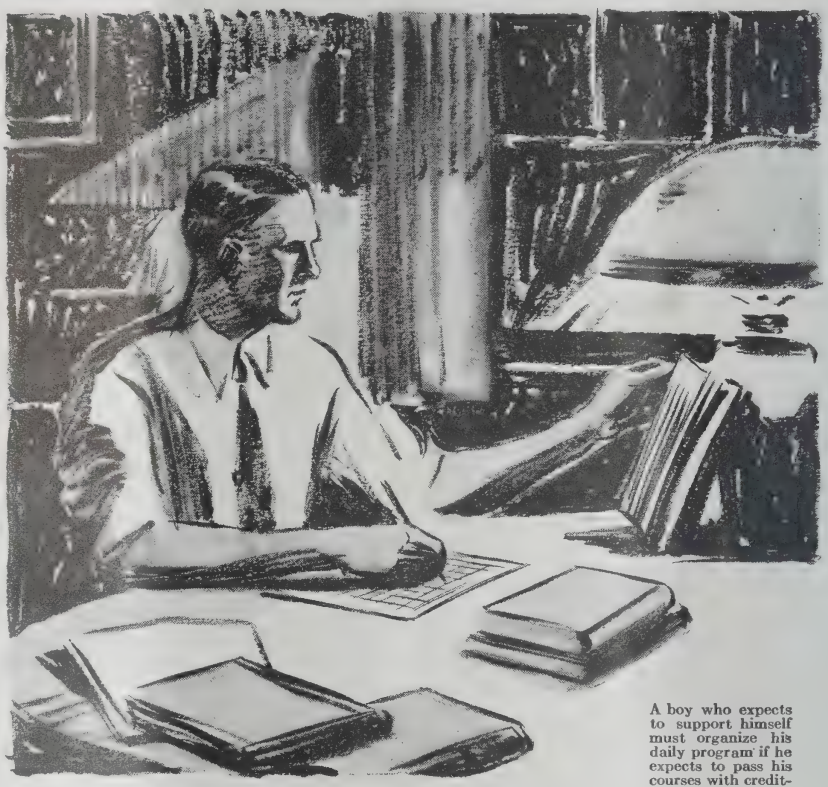
On August 5 the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Ohio defined the operations of such pools as gambling, despite the subterfuge printed on the backs of the tickets, and issued an injunction prohibiting further gambling on one of the largest of the Ohio tracks.

The loss to the promoters cannot be determined. The successful evasions in local courts has encouraged track promoters and horsemen to continue and increase their operations in the face of the inevitable and they are probably now in for greater losses than they would have been had not their shrewd attorneys fought the cases with all the technicalities and pleas for the delay legal procedure permitted or the courts would tolerate.

While the Supreme Court was in the midst of its final deliberations the officials and employes of one of the tracks were on trial in Cincinnati and their attorneys—one a former vice-mayor, another a former judge who recently declined appointment to the Federal bench, another a former president of the Ohio Bar Association—were gravely endeavoring to convince the court that an ambiguous statement on the back of a piece of pasteboard transformed a bet or wager into a something that was not gambling and was entirely legal.

# This Business of Working Your Way Through College

## A Boy Can Get Things to Do, But He Must Be Ready to Do What He Can Get



A boy who expects to support himself must organize his daily program if he expects to pass his courses with creditable grades.

By FRED H. TURNER

ILLUSTRATED BY J. C. GRAHAM

MANY stories, and very readable stories, have been written about boys working their way through colleges and universities. There is a certain romantic appeal to the whole situation of a boy who hasn't much money and who has the ambition and the nerve and the energy to set out to support himself and at the same time gain for himself an education. He appeals to one's sympathy in the first place and one cannot help admiring the young chap who so earnestly desires a university degree that he will attempt the work of two men in trying to earn his living and study along with the other work.

In recent years, the enrollment of almost all colleges and universities has grown surprisingly, almost alarmingly to the officials who are administering these institutions. This increase in enrollment has brought to the colleges a different class of boys from the class which attended a few years ago. It hasn't been such a long time since the colleges and universities were attended only by boys or children of a wealthier class. A few young chaps braved the hardships of working their way along in those days, but there weren't very many who attempted it.

Today the average group of students in any college is a cosmopolitan group. The son of a wealthy financier from Chicago may sit in his English class next to the son of an Iowa farmer who has found that times were hard in recent years. The boy whose father scarcely speaks English and who works in the mills at Gary may be the laboratory partner in a thermodynamics experimental section of a boy whose father is a man of tremendous importance in the engineering world. Times have changed, for now a young man practically must have an education if he expects to succeed and to advance after he gets in the business world. It is true that the young man just out of college usually starts at about the same salary that the chap who has no education begins with, but statistics show very definitely that the man with the advanced education has a much better chance for more and rapid advancement than the man who does not have the educational background.

So in recent years it has become the thing to go to college and with this general trend there enters each year a large number of boys who are planning to work all or part of their way through the institution of their choice.

In the last few years I have seen hundreds of boys enter one of the great state universities. Of these hundreds, many come eager and ready to do almost anything to support themselves so that they may go ahead in their chosen courses. And from this group, which is so eager and ambitious, I have seen some succeed and some fail. Two very definite conclusions can be drawn from their success and failure:

First—that a boy should not attempt to work his way through unless he absolutely must;

Second—that if it is necessary for a boy to support himself while going to college it can be done, provided he has a strong body and a reasonably alert mental capacity.

If you are not familiar with the situation in the colleges and universities, or if you have successfully worked your way through, possibly you will ask 'why?' to my first conclusion. Why shouldn't a boy work his way through if he can and wants to?

There are a good many reasons why he shouldn't. In the first place, the boy who attempts such a thing is attempting the work of two men. A boy who is starting to work at the age when he completes his high school course can scarcely expect to earn more than enough to live on. At the same time, a boy who enters college at the age of eighteen will find that he has about as much as he can manage to carry fifteen or eighteen hours of scholastic work. The situation is a new one; the teaching is of a different type; his process of orientation is not a simple one; often he is for the first time on his own responsibility. A boy who expects to support himself entirely will find, unless he is an unusual scholar, that he must reduce his schedule of sleeping hours and organize his daily program pretty carefully if he expects to succeed and pass his courses with creditable grades.

If a boy is sufficiently capable there are a great many outside activities which he can turn to rather than work and which in training may be just as profitable. There are countless extra curricular activities, athletics, managerships, oratory and debate, dramatics, the Y. M. C. A., and so on. These are all worth while, for they develop personality and increase self-reliance to a remarkable degree.

There is still another reason why a

boy who does not need to work should not do it. If he does he is taking a job that some other boy, who must have work in order to come to school at all, might have. There are always more boys looking for work than there are places for them to earn their living. It isn't a fair sporting proposition to take a job when you don't have to, since you may be keeping a boy out altogether who would come if he could get work.

Possibly this does not seem very encouraging to the boy who is planning to work his way through when the time comes. It isn't my intention in this to be pessimistic; I'm merely stating facts. I firmly believe that a boy shouldn't try to do it unless it is absolutely necessary, but I believe just as firmly that any boy who must can do it. And he will gain certain things that the boy who does not work will have to get after he enters the business world.

He will have a thorough business training along with his theoretical school work which will place him a year or so ahead of the boy who has not worked. That is, he will have learned that to succeed in business he must be prompt, regular, neat in appearance, thoroughly honest; and he will have been well-trained in the courtesy of the business world.

He will have a knowledge of spending his own money, budgeting it so that it will be spent to the best advantage and with the greatest economy. He will probably be more inclined to save a part of his earnings if he has learned that a dollar will purchase only its own value and that dollars are not particularly easy to accumulate in large numbers. He will have greater foresight in the selection of a position after graduation, judging the position he chooses from the point of view of future possibilities rather than from immediate higher salary.

He will be more efficient in his personal habits, for he will have learned that he must plan his day's program to the best advantage if he is to get the greatest benefit from each hour in the day. By that I mean that he will have his days definitely planned with certain duties coming at regular times in the day. He will appreciate the value of recreation and save a certain part of the day for this very important function. He will be more likely to have definite and regular sleeping hours.

Finally, he will have the personal satisfaction of having done a job and done it well.

A great many factors are involved in what a boy who plans to work his way through shall do. He must choose something that he can do. The size of the city in which the institution is located will affect the possibilities quite seriously. All too often he must take whatever he can get, because of the demand for places. His chosen course will have an important bearing on the amount of work that he can do, for agriculture and engineering require much more time in class than courses in commerce and liberal arts and sciences. The attitude of the townspeople and their willingness or failure to coöperate with students needing work will be important.

The freshman in college must realize before he goes that he will not be able to get the best type of work, for all the best places are taken by upper classmen from the year before. The freshman should not attempt to start unless he has enough money to carry him for a time, so that if work is not immediately available he will be able to continue until he finds something. The commonest and best possibility for a freshman is to plan to work for his board, which means that he will get better food than he can buy and save the largest single item in the year's expense.



The freshman must realize that he will not be able to get the best type of work.

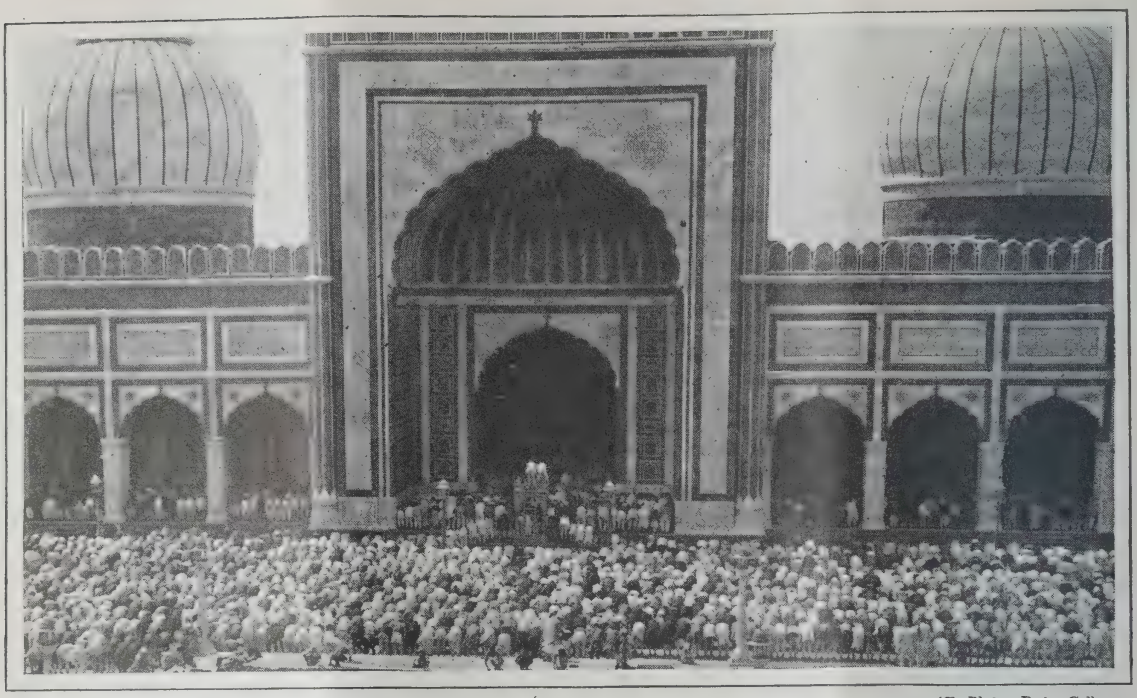
There are three types of work which a freshman, or any student, may do to earn his board. He may be a waiter in either a restaurant, boarding club, or organized house. He may prefer to work in the kitchen and there he may be a cook's assistant or a dishwasher. These three types usually require about one hour's work for each meal, so that a student will work three hours a day for his board, but he will get in return food which he could not buy with the money earned on part time for three hours. In general, work for one's board returns in food values sixty-five to eighty cents an hour. A fourth type of work for board is done by upper classmen and is acting as the manager or commissary of a boarding club. The work which such a manager does is to solicit members of the club and keep the table filled and to collect the money and keep the accounts of the members. The larger clubs pay their commissaries a cash wage besides their board.


The selling game is worked to the limit.

Next to working for one's board the commonest method is to work for the room to be occupied. Many citizens of college communities have a room in their homes which they save for some boy who is expected to give in return for the room his services to a reasonable degree. He will be asked to fire and care for the furnace in the winter. In the autumn and spring he will be expected to care for the lawn. If additional work is desired, such as waxing floors, washing windows, and general cleaning, he will probably receive additional pay at a rate of thirty-five to fifty cents an hour. The boy who finds a good home where he can work for his room is indeed fortunate, for he will receive better treatment and have more of a real home while in college than any other student.

Some landladies who keep large rooming houses employ a boy or two to assist in the general policing of the house—making the beds, emptying the wastebaskets, and so on, and give in return a room in their houses. They may pay additional if the work is heavy.

A boy who is lively may secure several furnaces to fire during the winter months and make good money by so doing, being paid a flat rate or by the hour. The average wages amount to thirty-five to fifty cents an hour. He may also se- *(Concluded on page 18)*



(C) *Photos, Ewing Galloway.*
Ten thousand Moslems kneeling in prayer at a service in the Great Mosque of Delhi, India.

Muhammedanism, Said to Be a Blend of the Jewish and Christian Faiths, With Hundreds of Millions of Adherents, Claims It Is

# The Most Misunderstood Religion

By H. HENRY SPOER

THE Moslem religion is perhaps the most misunderstood of the great revealed religions of the world. Many worthy men who should have known better have condemned its founder as an impostor and declared his religion to be due to 'the inspiration of Satan.' It is a narrow judgment and suggests that those who have taken this uncompromising attitude have never understood St. Paul's speech to the heathen on Mars Hill at Athens, nor realized that men may worship a God who remains unknown to them.

There is something touching, soul-stirring, in the effort of Muhammed to find God, something truly heroic in his delivery of his divine message in the face of a terrible and fanatical opposition, and something pathetic even in his shortcomings.

To deny the immeasurable advance of Muhammedanism over the ancient Arab heathenism would be at the same time to deny God's mysterious activity in the history of mankind. If Muhammed had accomplished nothing more than a great moral reform in the lives of a people devoid of the higher morality of life—a reform such as never before nor since has taken place in any nation on so vast a scale—he would still deserve the admiration and gratitude of all ages. But he has done more, infinitely more; he became the instrument by which the one true God was revealed to, and accepted by, an idolatrous race.

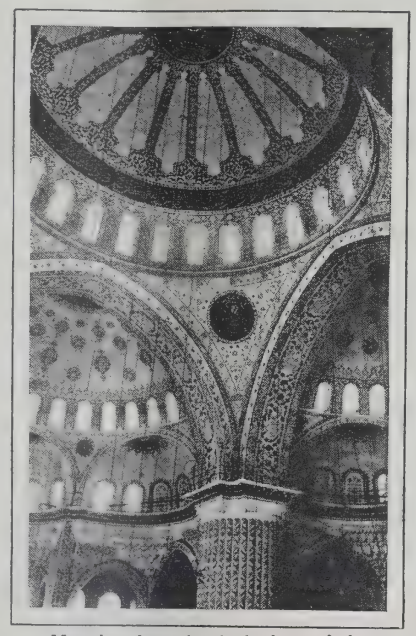
Certain objections may be brought against this view, namely that Muhammedan religion has little hold upon the people; that the Muhammedan countries are today, and have been for many years, in a state of decay; that there seems to be a condition of disintegration all over the Muhammedan world, a loosening of bonds which formerly made for greatness, a drying-up of springs from which, in the Middle Ages, Christian Europe received vast stores of knowledge. All this unhappily is in some degree true, but we need not think that the reason for the blight which has fallen upon Moslem countries is to be sought in the assumption that the Moslem religion is due to 'the inspiration of Satan,' as some Christian scholars have asserted, but rather in the narrow interpretation of that religion, or of certain racial and economic conditions and customs, as well as political conditions which forbade the free development of the spiritual thought which has been a saving feature of Christianity.

The Moslem religion, with its 250 millions of adherents, is sufficiently important to be understood in its origins and claims by every intelligent man and woman. I might even say that it is our duty as Christians to know what claims the founder of this religion puts forth, and what the *Qoran*, the sacred Scripture of the Muhammedans, teaches on this point, not for the sake of finding out wherein the shortcoming of their religion lies, but rather to learn its positive values.

At the time of Muhammed there existed a small group of men who abhorred idolatry and decided to seek the true religion; they were called *Hanifs*, that is, the separated ones; they were the 'quiet in the land,' the seven thousand in Israel who had not bowed their knees to Baal. This movement shows that thinking men in Arabia were conscious of the falsity of the religion of the country. It is quite likely that Muhammed had come in touch with some of these seekers after truth; and that his mind and soul, saddened by the idolatry of his people, received new encouragement and sent him away into the solitude to find God.

Like the great spiritual leaders of the world, Buddha, Moses, St. Paul and Christ Himself, Muhammed withdrew from the turmoil of the world and in the solitude of a cave gave himself over to meditation and worship of the true Being of God. It was in the cave of Hira, a true Adullam, that Muhammed received his call to become a messenger of God. The Angel Gabriel appeared to him, he related, and pressed him into a silk cloth and said, 'Preach,'

but Muhammed said, 'I cannot preach.' The angel pressed him again into the silk cloth and repeated his order, upon which Muhammed said: 'What shall I preach?' Then the angel gave him this commission: 'Preach in the name of thy Lord who has created man out of congealed blood. Preach, for He is merciful.' This call came to Muhammed as it had come to others before him, and after much mental and spiritual suffering, sent him forth finally as a preacher of what he believed to be a message from God to his people.



Marvelous decoration in the dome of the Mosque of Sultan Akhmed, Constantinople.

The question now arises: Was Muhammed really a prophet? He himself claims to be a prophet of God, the last of the prophets. What is a prophet? A prophet is a man who is aglow with a message from God which he must deliver, whether he likes it or not. We see this strikingly illustrated in the case of Amos, who was seized by the Spirit of God and sent as His messenger. It was the same divine impulse which drove Muhammed, a naturally timid man, out of his seclusion, to deliver his message to an unbelieving and antagonistic people.

If we were to refuse to Muhammed the title of messenger or prophet of God, because the best parts of his teaching are not original but of Jewish and Christian origin, we should thereby disqualify some of the recognized prophets of the Bible. Muhammed had made these teachings so entirely his own spiritual property that he might regard them, quite justly, as direct inspirations from God, which he was ordered to preach to his fellow-men for their salvation; a fact to which he refers often in the *Qoran*. (cf. Sura 5:7; 6:15; 10:16; 39:15.) And I do not believe that we can justly deny to Muhammed the title of prophet and messenger of God to the people of Arabia. Jesus was 'more than a prophet'; He was the Messiah, the Son of God, who by His death and sacrifice brought salvation to a world lying in darkness.

Muhammed had to proclaim his gospel in the face of great opposition. His former friends turned away from him, mockery and contempt followed him everywhere, and his followers were slaves, freedmen and the humblest of the people. But in the consciousness of his divine mission he persevered, even in the face of actual enmity; so strong was the inward voice that he followed its bidding in spite of personal suffering.

The impression which Muhammed's sincerity made upon some of his fellow-men is best understood by the fact that one of the most influential men of Mekka, Abu Taleb, his uncle, who had absolutely no inclination to Muhammed's new faith, which he regarded as foolishness, protected him against his fellow-citizens till his own death three years after Muhammed's public appearance.

The positive religious influences which worked upon Muhammed were, as already stated, Jewish and Christian. However, that Muhammed had no first-hand knowledge of the Scriptures is proved by the fact that the Old Testament stories which he quotes are far removed from the originals, being enlarged with all kinds of fanciful matter, such as is found in the Haggada. The only correct quotation from the Bible is from Psalm 37:29 (Sura 21:105) 'The righteous shall inherit the land.'

The stories which he relates from the New Testament are equally legendary. The influence of the Gospels upon Islam is less than that of the Old Testament. This is not surprising, as the Jews were very numerous in the district of Yathrib, in the neighborhood of Mekka; nor need it surprise us to find that the central doctrine of Islam—the Moslem Confession of Faith which asserts the absolute unity of God, 'There is no God but Allah'—is taken from II Samuel 22:32, which verse reads in the Hebrew: 'Who is God but Yahve!' and in the Targum, that is, the popular explanation of the Hebrew text, 'There is no God but Yahve.' This is the form which Muhammed's rendering most nearly resembles, which shows again that he drew his information from secondary sources.

Another illustration, showing the dependence of Muhammed upon Jewish and Christian religious thought, is the opening chapter of the *Qoran*, the Fatiha. This sura is entirely composed of Jewish and Christian elements. It is used as a daily prayer, and Muhammed is reported as having said that no divine worship has value in which the Fatiha is not used. It occupies in Islam the position which the Lord's Prayer does in the Christian Church, and, as far as its contents are concerned, it might profitably be used by all:

'In the name of God the Merciful, the Compassionate.
Praise be to God, the Lord of all the worlds,
The Merciful One, the Compassionate,
The King of the Day of Judgment
Thee we serve and Thee we invoke for help;
Guide us into the right path,
The path of those to whom Thou art gracious,
Not of those with whom Thou art angry, nor of the erring.'

*(Continued on page 23)*



General view of Mekka, toward which all Moslems pray. In the center is the Great Mosque, inclosing the Kaaba (the black cubical building) which enshrines the famous Black Stone.

# The Voyage of the Victoria

BY CHARLES J. FINGER
WOODCUTS BY PAUL HONORÉ



Each day the men of the *San Antonio* grew more grisly because of starvation, more pitifully hideous because of disease. 'Did a man chance to catch a rat, there were those willing to pay for it.'

## DESERTION *of the* SAN ANTONIO

*Tenth of a Series*

MAGELLAN made no notes and no observations. Without the diary of Alba, his passage through the strait would have remained a blank. Pigafetta was interested in a romantic kind of way. Sebastian del Cano was always under suspicion and did not commit himself to writing until Magellan was dead. So what we know about the desertion of the *San Antonio* comes from a letter quoted by Navarrete, vol. iv, p. 201, written by Juan Lopez de Recakde to the Bishop of Burgos, and the story told by Sebastian del Cano, Francisco Alba and Hernando Bustamente to the court at Valladoloid, when the *Victoria* finished her voyage. That report was dated October 18, 1522. As to the probable movements of the ships, I set them down after cruising in the same waters, not as actualities but as strong likelihoods.

The *San Antonio* then was under command of Magellan's cousin, Mesquita, upon whom Magellan relied as trusty rather than as navigator. On board was Estevan Gomez, experienced navigator, once pilot of the flagship, a man perhaps not brilliant, but sober-minded, and very efficient in administration according to his later doings when seeking a northwest passage He had quarreled with Magellan, objecting to all that cruelty and revenge at St. Julian, though he was the admiral's countryman and appointee. The *San Antonio* was overcrowded, her original complement of men being increased to seventy. As it looked to the men of the *San Antonio*, when there was stiff work to be done, their ship was sent forward while the flagship lay at anchor. Moreover, because of Mesquita's lack of knowledge of seamanship, given a question to decide, he had to consult Gomez.

The route taken by the *San Antonio* is not known, but at the point where the ships separated, at the northern end of Dawson Island, there were what seemed to be three fjords. That leading northwest Magellan took. It is fair to assume that Serrao, in the *Concepcion*, went due south and rounded Dawson Island to meet Magellan later at El Morro de S. Aguieda. That would leave the fjord opening in a southeasterly direction to the *San Antonio*. That opening is a deep gash in the Tierra del Fuegian coast, now called Admiralty Sound. So the *San Antonio* would have traversed fifty miles of wind-torn water to find the stretch ending in glaciated hills. That irritation found vent in murmurings, murmurings in open discontent, is easily understood.

We piece together this and that as told afterward; Mesquita's order for the ship to work back out of the *cul-de-sac* and make the rendezvous with Magellan, Gomez disputing with him, Mesquita ordering him to retire and enforcing the command by laying his hand on his dagger. Then Gomez leaped at the captain, stabbed at him and missed his eye by an inch. So everywhere was confusion and disorder, Mesquita prone on the deck, Guerra sword in hand declaring himself captain and Gomez pilot, the haggard and worn men quick to catch the mutinous spirit shouting for Spain and the new command. They had taken part in a high-handed game and were homeward bound, and all that boisterous business of blood-letting paled into insignificance for a time. As for Mesquita, he was chained in a cabin. Two days later the *San Antonio* was well on her way toward the Atlantic Ocean.

They touched at St. Julian, anchored awhile and tried to find Juan de Cartagena and the priest, but without success. Guerra, a relative of Christopher de Haro, the merchant, managed things with sagacity and good judgment, putting in at Guinea for fresh water and provisions and bringing the ship to port at Seville, Wednesday, May 6, 1521.*

Meantime, in the straits, when it became known that the *San Antonio* had deserted, for there was a searching of the straits to make sure that there had been no wreck, Magellan seems to have grown alarmed. His saner self seems to have realized with a shock that he had been criminally violent and self-willed. The mood had outcome in a general order, issued November 21, 1520, in which he said that he sought advice from his associates,

*As might be expected, there was an investigation by the India House, and Magellan was denounced for his acts of brutality at St. Julian, for recklessness and for losing time without reasonable cause. The Council of the Indies ordered a ship to go to St. Julian for the rescue of Cartagena, but the order does not seem to have been enforced. Mesquita was put in prison to await trial upon the return of Magellan, and later, because of the activities of other factions, both Gomez and Guerra were arrested.

would welcome the open expression of opinion, and hoped that no man would refrain from saying what he thought on account of the affair at St. Julian.

Whether that order brought any written suggestion can never be known. Sebastian del Cano, the man of self-discipline, certainly never committed himself to writing while Magellan lived. Perhaps any objection or suggestion seemed ridiculous in the face of Magellan's determination to go ahead in spite of everything. However that may be, the fleet passed into the Pacific Ocean on the evening of November 28, 1520, after having been thirty-eight days in the straits, covering a distance of 320 miles.

During that time there had been made no observation of any great value, nor any detailed report. The world knew only that there was a strait, much as it had suspected from the report of that earlier explorer sent out by Christopher de Haro. But for a true description it had to wait until 1579 and 1580, when Pedro Sarmiento did valuable and lasting work. Magellan's only aim was to push on and on, perhaps to find a route to the Moluccas, perhaps to join his friend Serrao with intent to do we know not what, and shall never know. If it was to deliver the fleet over to him, as some have supposed, it was as daring a piece of business as was ever conceived.

On the day when the *San Antonio* sailed into the Spanish port, Magellan's three ships sighted a bluish mist in the Pacific expanse which gradually took on outline as a conical peak. The wind was light and the sea unruffled, so their progress was almost imperceptible until noon, when the wind freshened a little. Magellan altered the course to make for the larger island, and so they came to Guam, where they dropped anchor. It was the first anchorage after ninety-eight days of sailing across an unknown sea, 'so vast that the human mind can scarcely grasp it,' wrote Maximilian, of the house of de Haro.

For ninety-eight days they had been in a latitude in which, according to Varenius, the sailors setting out from Chile could fall asleep without paying attention to the rudder, with the certainty of being gently driven by the wind across the calm waters of the Pacific to the shores of the Philippines. There had been days of maddening idleness when there was brooding stillness on the world, when the sails hung motionless and time seemed to stand still and when the sea became a burnished torment. Day after day the blazing sun climbed a beryl sky, and gaunt and hollow-eyed men stared over an amethyst ocean. There were days of blue and gold monotony when life-weary men stood listless or sat with closed eyes because they knew every seam and furrow in the faces of their fellows, knew every patch and every stain of each sail, knew every knot in the woodwork. And each day men grew more grisly because of starvation, more pitifully hideous because of disease. They 'ate by ounces' and 'as they drank water, they held their noses because of the stench of it.' The biscuit was 'a powder full of worms,' and 'stinking with the urine of rats.' To such torments were they pushed, that 'did a man chance to catch a rat, there were those on board willing to pay half a ducat for it,' writes Pigafetta. At last, 'so great was the want of food, that we were forced to eat the hides on the main yards which were there to prevent the chafing of the rigging. These hides, exposed to sun and rain, were so hard that we were obliged to soften them by putting them overboard for four or five days, after which we put them on the embers and ate them thus.' But at last on March 6, they came to the tree-clad island of Guam where they heard the screaming of birds and scented the smell of the land, and again saw human beings. They were Indians in strange boats, with sails of bark and outriggers, and the natives 'handled them so quickly and skillfully that it was a marvel to see.'



But at last they came to Guam. To the islanders, the strange invaders seemed to have many things for which they had little use.

They had seen land before that, but it was uninhabited. It was on the fiftieth day out after leaving the straits, and on January 24, 1521. Magellan named it San Pablo, and the pilot Alba put it in 16° 15′ S. On February 4, two hundred leagues farther, they came to another island which they named Tiburon, and the two they called Las Desventuradas, but the islands cannot be identified with any accuracy though guesses have been made that they were in the Tuamoto Archipelago and in the Manihiki group. The latitudes and longitudes of these do not tally with the location as given by Alba.

However, we are certain about Guam. For East and West had met and very soon there were misunderstandings and clashings and struggles for mastery and death. It was the old story of society pitted against society in the struggle for existence. On one hand there were half-starved sailors imbued with the notion that they and their people stood on star-crowned heights, that they were lords of the world and that all dark-skinned people were little better than brute beasts. On the other side were the islanders with no ideas of private ownership, no knowledge of anything but a life of unfettered individualism, perhaps regarding all that display of flags and that firing of guns

(Concluded on page 28)

# Working Your Way Through College

(Concluded from page 13)

cure a good many odd jobs of mowing and raking lawns, cleaning windows, and helping in house cleaning. The wages are about the same as for firing furnaces.

Quite a number of boys are able to make from seven to ten dollars a week delivering papers. The work is outside work, and may take the place of outdoor recreation; the hours are not always the best but the work is steady and the pay is good. Still others earn from seven to fifteen dollars a week collecting for laundries. The local laundries hire students to make their collections and some pay a regular salary, or will pay on a commission basis if the student desires such an arrangement.

Almost any business establishment can use one or more students. They may not be able to use student clerks but they can use a student janitor. If they use clerks they will pay from thirty-five to seventy-five cents an hour, and usually give the privilege of allowing the students to buy goods at cost. Such an arrangement is of especial value when the students can secure work in men's furnishing stores, for it means that they will be able to save quite a little on their clothes.

These are the common ways. The other ways are limited only by the ingenuity and the cleverness of the students.

The selling game is one which is worked to the limit. Students sell everything imaginable and make excellent profits; their sales ability and the desirability of the article which they sell might be given as about the only restrictions on the amount which they will earn in the time available outside of school hours.

Almost all students seem to have voracious appetites, and it would seem reasonable that food should be an article which could readily be sold by students to students. I have known several young men who have made from five to ten dollars a night by going from house to house with a basket of sandwiches, little pies, apples, and bar candy.

*Honor Apple Stands*

Honor apple stands have helped a number of boys through universities. This idea was originated about seven years ago, also by an athlete who was an All-American linesman. His plan was to establish small stands on prominent corners and fill the stand each morning with inviting looking apples. A small lock box with a slot and a sign giving the price of the apples completes the equipment, and such stands may be made to yield very excellent profits.

Student agents make good commissions selling butter, groceries, coffee, meats, canned fruits, and high-grade grocery specialties of all kinds to cooks and commissaries. A boy who has one standard article will likely do better at this than one carrying a whole grocery line. He can more easily interest the cooks in some one article than he can a complete line which is in competition with the local stores.

Household supplies will sell almost as readily, not only to organized houses but to townspeople. Furniture polish, floor wax, aluminum cooking utensils, brushes, soap, scouring powder—all these articles are in everyday use and can usually be sold quite readily by an active student agent.

The selling of clothes is a more delicate proposition, but a boy who dresses well and makes a 'good appearance' can ordinarily make good money by going to the fraternity houses and larger rooming houses with a new and up-to-date line of haberdashery. Neckties, belts, handkerchiefs, scarfs, if attractive and reasonable in price, are sold by student agents on every college campus. A number of stores in college towns employ students to take displays of their stock supplies from house to house. The students show the articles and take orders, or they may pass out cards to the men in the house and any student presenting such a card at the store marks up a sales credit for the man who made the display.

*Book-Selling Game Is Good*

There are a number of articles which might be classed as luxuries which student salesmen dispose of readily. The book-selling game is an old one, but is one which has never failed if properly handled. I have watched a boy for several years who took orders for Christmas trees during the autumn and delivered them the week before Christmas. He makes enough to support himself for the full year by this work. Christmas cards are another field which a number of students work to the limit. One man of my acquaintance averages from eight hundred to a thousand dollars a year in profits from selling Christmas greeting cards. With all the social life of a college community, dance programs and expensive novelty favors are a decidedly lucrative opportunity which is not passed by. Fraternity jewelry and crested stationery find a ready market. Sporting goods, especially golf clubs and golf balls, are sold by several students in each community. The best arrangement for such a plan is to work on a commission basis with some local sporting goods store.

Student insurance salesmen often make excellent profits from their sales. A knowledge of insurance is of course necessary, but the man who applies himself and really learns the game can make high wages.

The sale of pressing tickets offers an opportunity for several students to earn their way. The business of pressing and cleaning clothes is carried on on an extensive scale in college towns, and students are employed to sell these pressing tickets which give a reduced rate on quantity purchase in advance.

The recent development of bus service, especially special chartered service, has given work to several students who sell space on buses to football games. The commissions on this type of work are not so regular but they are quite profitable.

The selling game is a good one, but it is no better than still another type of work followed by students who are proficient in some particular trade or who are skilled workmen of one kind or another. Naturally some lines pay much better than others, but if a student is blessed with some skill in a pursuit he will probably be able to help himself materially. These trades may be classified according to the wages which the workers receive. Thirty-five to fifty cents an hour may be made by typists or bookkeepers. Excellent typists may make more, as may also bookkeepers who are unusually proficient. Library and laboratory assistants earn about the same amount. Some universities offer an opportunity for a few students to help themselves by acting as models for classes in art and design.

*A Dollar an Hour Making Pies*

Fifty cents to a dollar an hour, a better wage, may be earned by students who have learned carpentering. They can find many odd jobs of repair and possibly regular work at this rate. Stenographers and mimeograph operators earn wages in this range according to their skill. Almost all barber shops in college communities have a chair at the back to be used by a student barber. He may earn much more than this if he is a skilled barber and can build up his reputation. Students who have learned the tinner's trade, or are painters, may almost always be assured of work. I have known two boys to make a dollar an hour making pies in local bake shops. Engineering students, if skillful at lettering—especially Old English lettering—can make at least a dollar an hour, and if they contract for piece work can often make much more.

Expert table waiters can earn from a dollar to two dollars an hour in their spare time. This usually requires considerable previous experience, but is a good chance for a man who can do it. If a boy has learned engraving while in high school he may be assured of work when he goes to college, provided, of course, that he is a good workman. If a boy has worked as a printer's helper or is a linotype operator he can usually find more work than he can conveniently do.

One or two boys who are excellent golfers can make good money teaching golf and giving lessons in that manly art. Local stores will often cooperate by building an indoor practice driving tee, where the student can teach his pupils and show the equipment which the store has for sale.

*The Field Has No Limit*

Good musicians are always in demand for orchestra work, and piano and violin players may find a great many opportunities to play dinner music. The pay is excellent, ranging from a dollar to five dollars an hour, depending upon the skill of the player. If he is very good and can establish his popularity, he will be in great demand.

I have known students to make their expenses by keeping bees, taking care of the hives and collecting and marketing the honey. Student chauffeurs can usually earn all of their expenses. If a student is artistic he can probably earn money regularly by contracting for the decorating of houses for parties and dances. If his artistic temperament is of a different type he can usually find work instructing in dancing schools.

I have known students to earn their way by driving taxicabs, preaching in small country churches, working in dairies, mining coal, serving as policemen and deputy sheriffs, pressing clothes, driving trucks, carving wood and ivory, acting as engineers' helpers in machine shops and locomotive roundhouses, driving ambulances, helping undertakers, and even digging graves. The field has no limit; if the boy has the ingenuity to plan a new and different job, then he is all the more likely to succeed.

# We Must All Hang Together

## or We Shall Surely Hang Separately

### Thus Warned Benjamin Franklin and a Unanimous Vote for Independence Followed

By CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

Copyright, 1926, by Carl Schurz Lowden

IN THE test votes preceding the vote on the resolution for independence from Great Britain, it developed that Pennsylvania and Delaware were the two wobbly states. Upon which side of the question would they fall? Would the action be unanimous?

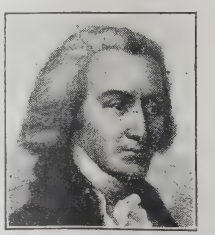
It was Shakespeare who asked many years ago, 'What's in a name?' Somebody might have propounded the same question to the Pennsylvania delegation of the Second Continental Congress; for Thomas Willing, one of the members, remained obstinately negative. In the final vote Willing and Humphreys opposed the measure while Wilson, Franklin and Morton endorsed it; Robert Morris, for, and John Dickinson, against, were absent, probably paired. Morton, at first doubting the expediency of such a measure at that time, had been eventually won over by Benjamin Franklin. Pennsylvania thus managed to give its endorsement.



JAMES WILSON.

Dickinson had regarded the measure as utterly premature. He had pointed out the lack of funds, the woeful need of munitions, the necessity for a trained army and the apathy of certain colonies. He had also asserted that the people were not ripe for the passage of the resolution, and had thereby drawn the fire of Dr. John Witherspoon, of New Jersey.

'Not ripe!' the minister had protested. 'In my judgment we are not only ripe but rotting. Almost every colony has dropped from its parent stem. Your own province, sir, needs no more sunshine to mature it.'



JAMES SMITH.

This incident has been narrated before, but it does no harm to repeat it. Anyhow the action was unanimous after Caesar Rodney, having ridden all day and all night, arrived in Philadelphia and reached Congress just in time to break the Delaware tie.

'Gentlemen,' Benjamin Franklin, oldest of the delegates and signers, warned his colleagues with his justly famous truism, 'we must all hang together, or we shall surely hang separately.'

Pennsylvania proceeded to repudiate its three negative delegates. Willing, Humphreys and Dickinson were not returned to Congress. A new election was held on the twentieth day of July when George Taylor, George Ross, George Clymer, Benjamin Rush and James Smith, all strong advocates of independence, were named. These men with those retained, Franklin, Robert Morris, John Morton and James Wilson, made the Pennsylvania delegation the largest among the thirteen; also it was the only group of signers with a majority of its members elected after the decisive action of July fourth.

The oddest or most eccentric man among the signers was probably James Smith, one of the Pennsylvania newcomers. He regularly attended church each Sabbath morning, but no one could persuade him to go in the afternoon. (He had a good excuse.) 'A second sermon on the same day,' he would explain, 'puts the first entirely out of one's head.'

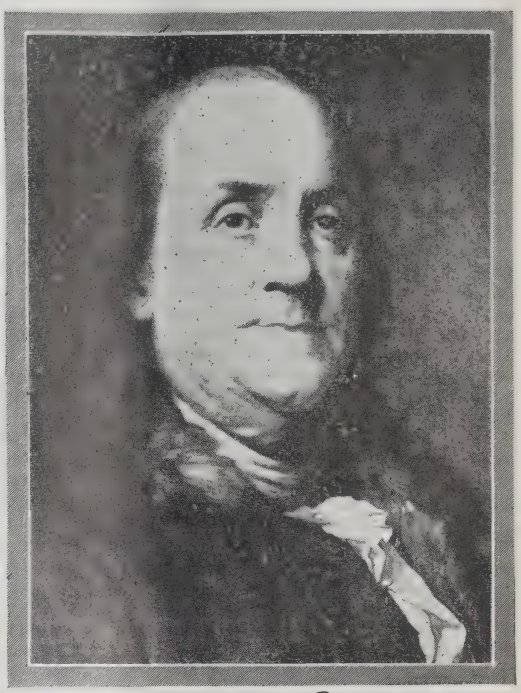
During the war Smith neglected his office and his iron works to organize militia, thus causing him to lose his fortune. He took his comparative poverty philosophically, and relieved his feelings by telling dozens of jokes against the two superintendents of his iron works under whose mismanagement he had suffered heavily; he designated one of them as a knave and the other as a fool, and was scrupulously careful to keep the epithets always properly applied.

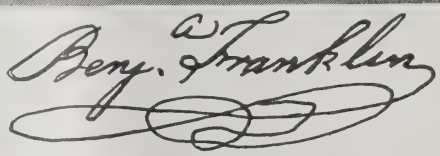
'This morning,' he wrote to his wife in October, 1776, about his health and a newly discovered cure, 'I put on the red jacket under my shirt. Yesterday I dined at Mr. Morris' and got wet going home. My shoulder troubled me, but it got better after I had run a hot smoothing iron over it three times. This is certainly a new and cheap cure.'

I wonder if Morris had suggested the remedy. Morris was subject to asthmatic attacks. He resorted to exercise at the pump as a specific at such times, laboring as though he were saving a sinking vessel; by this means, however, it is said that he bettered himself.

Morris and Smith were good friends, and true-blue patriots. Morris was in a position to be an indispensable servant to his country. Smith had a minor rôle whereas Morris contributed vitally to the success of the Revolution; indeed, we might have failed without him.

In December, 1776, Robert Morris received a letter from General Washington.





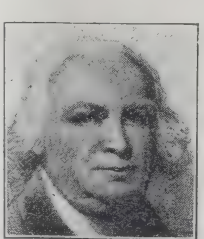
From the Duplessess painting

He needed money fifty thousand dollars, to purchase supplies, get accurate information of the enemy's movements, and to assume the offensive. Delay would endanger the whole army. Morris had helped before, but this time the request found him at the end of his resources. He was worried, so deeply worried that a Quaker saw the look of depression and was moved to inquire:

'What is the matter, friend Robert?'

'Washington,' replied Morris, with a still more serious look, 'must have fifty thousand dollars at once, and you must furnish it. My own purse is empty.'

The Quaker was silent. Why? He did not believe in war. Morris understood. Morris changed the entire complexion of the transaction.



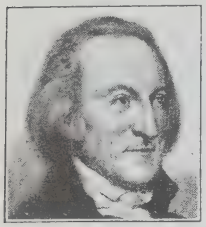
ROBERT MORRIS.

'Your security,' he explained, 'shall be my note and my honor.'

'Robert, thee shall have it.'

This personal loan, promptly accomplished, enabled Washington to give the struggling states the cheering Christmas gift of the Trenton victory, a victory which

buoyed the hopes of the patriots and proved to be a turning point in the war. Behind the splendid work of that blustery, chilling night was Robert Morris, the man who financed the Revolution.



GEORGE CLYMER.

Morris served doubly by the liberal use of his private credit. He provided supplies for the army, and fed it; he also restored order among the soldiers when starvation and mutiny were perilously synonymous.

Practically all of the supplies required for the enterprise against Lord Cornwallis in the south were obtained by means of Morris' credit. Seventy to eighty battering cannon, a hundred pieces of field artillery completely fitted, also ammunition —all of these together with the expense of the food and pay of the troops were purchased on the personal credit of Robert Morris. In fact, this one man issued his notes to the amount of one million four hundred thousand dollars which were finally paid.

In 1781 Morris was unanimously elected Superintendent of Finance. His letter of acceptance to Congress promised, 'The United States may command everything I have except my integrity, and the loss of that would effectually disable me from serving them any further.'

Benjamin Franklin spent several years in England in an effort to obtain justice for the colonies without a war. He succeeded in getting the Stamp Act repealed, but other detested acts were retained. When he saw that it was impossible for him to gain American rights through the power of words, he returned home. The day after he landed he was named a delegate to the Continental Congress. Later he served on the committee to prepare the Declaration of Independence, and upon other committees. He was the oldest signer. He drafted the first plan of government known as the Articles of Confederation. He was our first Postmaster-General.



BENJAMIN RUSH.

He often visited the camp of Washington to consult with him upon ways and means of conducting the war. He went to Canada to invite the people there to join with the United States. He labored devotedly for his country. His words failed in England and they failed in Canada; and yet they did not fail when failure might have meant the death of the new nation.

Who was sent to France before the close of the second year of the war to obtain aid for America? None other than Benjamin Franklin. She immediately gave secret aid, but the United States wanted an out-and-out ally known to the whole civilized world. France did not relish the idea of a clash with Great Britain. But after a year of toilsome effort a treaty was made whereby sixteen war vessels and an army of four thousand men were sent over in the summer of 1778. The coöperation of France was a vital factor in our success, and all the glory of winning France belongs to Franklin.

One of his biographers has said:

'It is flattering to our pride to learn that the mind, character and versatile genius of Franklin have been called an epitome of all that is best in the typical American. He won as the best among us win—by straightforwardness. He introduced "shirt sleeve" diplomacy into Europe. He had shrewdness, good nature, open-mindedness, persistence and infinite knowledge of the world and of human nature.'

It is not generally known that Franklin had a rival as a laconic philosopher, a man who lived in the same state, the same city and who was also a signer of the Declaration. George Clymer, a merchant, said some very good things. I imagine their failure to attain popularity was due to lack of publicity rather than to any lack of merit. For example:

'Mere swearing in conversation is nothing but powder without ball.'

'A habit must be a practice, but a practice may not be a habit.'

'The bow that is always bent loses its spring, and the mind will never do much unless it sometimes does nothing.'



GEORGE TAYLOR.

'Some men's minds are like looking-glasses; for, having no images or impressions of their own, they can but reflect those of others.'

'Monarchy is a high tower set upon a sunken plain; in a republic there may be no tower, but the general level is higher.

Clymer owned a coffee shop in Philadelphia. One day George Washington stepped in. Though the proprietor did not know his guest, he showed him real courtesy and gave him fine service. Out of this happening there developed a friendship between the two men that lasted until their death. Later when Washington and his ragged troops were merely existing at Valley Forge, Clymer gave freely of his wealth to keep the army together.

Dr. Benjamin Rush, another signer from the Keystone State, opposed capital punishment, as also did Clymer, and they worked together so ably that they secured its diminution in Pennsylvania. He urged the establishment of free schools, wrote tracts against drunkenness, attended church whenever he could, was a founder of the Philadelphia Bible Society, was president of the organization for the abolition of slavery, was physician-general of the military hospitals for the middle department during the war, and served fourteen years as treasurer of the United States Mint.

'It is a matter of wonder,' said Dr. Ramsay, one of his associates, 'how a physician who had so many patients to attend, a professor who has so many pupils to instruct, could find leisure to write so much and at the same time so well.'

He did not seek retirement or silence, when he wrote; he composed with greater zest in the company of his friends or surrounded by his clamorous children.

Dr. Rush, together with John Adams, persuaded Thomas Paine to take up the pen in defense of the American cause. It was he who gave the name of 'Common Sense' to Paine's first paper.

He never accepted pay from the clergy, from officers of the Revolution or from poor people. He told his pupils he esteemed the poor his best patients as 'God is their paymaster.'

James Wilson, who stood staunchly by Franklin and Morton in the final vote, was a Scotsman. At various times he wielded his pen in favor of the colonies. In 1774 he boldly denied the authority of Parliament in a pamphlet entitled 'Considerations on the Nature and Extent of the Legislative Authority of the British Parliament.'



GEORGE ROSS.

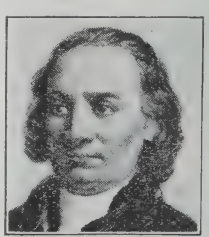
He did not cut much of a figure in Congress. Though he had studied law in the office of John Dickinson, possibly the most strenuous opponent of independence at that time, he was unable to sway his colleague. At the time of the constitutional convention in 1787, however, he had gained confidence in himself and had acquired a commanding personality. The most able debaters in the sessions were said to be James Wilson, of Pennsylvania, and Francis Lewis, of New York. Wilson, enthusiastically democratic, was one of the committee to prepare the form of the Constitution; and the task of drawing up that instrument devolved upon him.

There is little known about George Ross. When Governor Penn in 1775 wrote a letter to the colonial legislature and urged that body to refuse to break with the mother country, Ross was angered. Being one of the lawmakers, he wrote a letter to the governor, and he took pains to speak plainly.

'We are sincerely obliged to your honor,' he told him, 'for your attention to the true interests of the people over whom you preside, and would assure you that we shall always pursue such measures as shall appear necessary to secure the liberty and independence of America.'

It seems that Penn never forgave Ross for his spirited reply; and that he succeeded in keeping the patriot out of Congress for a time. However, he was one of those chosen in the latter part of July, 1776, to replace the non-independence delegates.

George Taylor was a lucky individual. Born in Ireland, he came to America and stoked a furnace for a Mr. Savage who owned an iron works. Savage, noticing his intelligence and education, asked him if he could not handle a pen better than a shovel. Transferred to the office, he became a member of the company later. When the principal owner died, Taylor married Mrs. Savage; in this manner he acquired great wealth.



JOHN MORTON.

After making a bad start with unwilling delegates, the state revised its list of representatives. I doubt if any other state had among its signers three such truly noble men as Franklin, Morris and Dr. Rush.



# CHATS WITH OFFICE CALLERS

'In one of the eastern state capitals,' said ***the Priest,*** 'there is a bureau of eloquence where anyone can get a speech for any occasion. The speeches are neatly printed in large type on sheets of convenient size, and they can be laid on a rostrum and read easily. And the cost—that is one of the beauties of the system—is only three dollars a speech. If a man wants to deliver a Fourth of July address, or speak before a luncheon club, or make an after-dinner speech, all he needs to do is to write the bureau and outline his requirements. And the product isn't bad, in its way. The men who do the writing have been specially trained, and as a rule they know pretty well what they are doing.

'Seems as though this is the age of canned goods, doesn't it? A clay disk brings us the music of the world. A turn of a dial and we can hear a Sunday morning sermon, seated comfortably in our homes. A twist of a can-opener and you have a meal, ready-prepared. Three dollars and a two-cent stamp brings a ready-to-deliver speech to your house. But somehow the substitute music, the substitute sermon, the substitute meal, the substitute speech all seem to lack something. The meal gives a little more heartburn, perhaps, than those mother used to prepare. And I wonder if the speeches don't, too? Somehow I imagine Lincoln's "Gettysburg Address" would not have been so powerful or so appealing had it been prepared by a "bureau of eloquence." '

ɤ ɤ ɤ

'Talk about prohibition,' said ***the Photographer,*** 'the only time I hear much against it is when I strike some of your big cities. I have driven from California to Michigan and have only seen two intoxicated men. Of course, I have traveled mostly through the rural sections and small towns.'

'To what do you attribute this feeling in the cities?' we asked.

'One obvious reason, of course, is the large percentage of foreign population. These fellows aren't interested in American ideals and, of course, aren't interested in upholding American law. Another reason is perhaps that this great bulk of America which lives out on the farm actually has time to think things out for itself. It is largely uninfluenced by wet newspapers and the movies.'

'Then you have no doubt as to the outcome should the matter come up for vote again?'

'Absolutely none,' replied the photographer. 'Did it ever occur to you that the reason we have so many Congressmen who will not state their views on prohibition is the fact that they know how their constituency back in the country feel about the question?'

ɤ ɤ ɤ

The man from ***the West*** dropped into the office.

'I have twice driven across the continent,' he said, 'and each time I have had occasion to get far off the beaten track. If anyone has seen rural America, I have, and the thing about it that impresses me most is the fact that it is fast becoming paganized.'

'What do you mean by paganized?' we inquired.

'Well, unchurched, if you want to put it that way. Do you know that rural churches are becoming a thing of the past? Religious centers seem to have changed. The time was when the strength of the church lay in the rural districts, but now, if anywhere, it seems to be in the cities. If you do not believe this, look at the building programs which are being carried on. The city is no longer putting up the ordinary church—it is building cathedrals. I went to church one Sunday morning recently in a small community church. There were nineteen in attendance. At a ball game in the afternoon there were three hundred.'

'All of which indicates what?' we queried.

'That the church is neglecting the rural field. The present generation may not suffer greatly from this neglect, but what of the next one? Most of these folks were brought up in the church but they are withholding this training from their children. Somehow it doesn't seem to me that this is a square deal for the kids.'

ɤ ɤ ɤ

'I was driving through the country,' said ***the Newspaperman*** 'when my wife remarked the regular sequence of two institutions as we passed along. First there would be a church, then a school, then another church, and another school—schools and churches alternating all along the way.

'That is history. At the foundation of education is religion. The school was in the church at first, just as the drama and medicine were in the church at first. The church taught the people to read; in English-speaking lands, the original purpose of teaching the people to read was that they might read the Bible. The constitutions of most of the states link religion and education as interests to be forever encouraged. Harvard began with a minister's library. Dartmouth and Yale both had religious beginnings. The University of Michigan, in our own state, began with two clergymen, and a most unusual combination it was. One of them was the Rev. John Monteith, Presbyterian, and the other was the Rev. Father Gabriel Richard, Catholic priest. They agreed on education. Most of the small colleges scattered through the land have religious foundations—Oberlin, for example; and Oberlin is the mother of many colleges.

'You see these two institutions throughout the land, everywhere you go. Wherever the church is, there is the school. The reverse does not always follow. Sometimes the offspring forgets its source. You may talk as much as you like about the "secular" public schools, but religion is their cornerstone.

'The drama and medicine sprang from religion. Many of the ancient medical ideas seems crude to us, but Dr. Jayne in his book, *The Healing Gods of Ancient Civilizations,* says that the ancients' idea of disease and its origin, religious and even superstitious as they may seem, are in form much like ours. The ancients said that disease was an evil spirit that entered in at the mouth or nostrils: you have only to change a term to make it a statement of the modern germ theory. The temples were the first hospitals, and "the temple sleep" was curative. So is the quiet mind today.

'Of course they say that these may have sprung from the church, but that they have outgrown the church. That idea is still too young to have proved itself to be true. We may be of quite a different mind in another fifty years. Anyway, religion goes on round the world, and most of the colleges you find today outside of what we call civilization are on church foundations. The church and the school—any countryside will spell you the method of progress.'

ɤ ɤ ɤ

'I have passed the customs many a time,' said ***the American*** traveler, 'and I think I note a deterioration in the quality of the service. For one thing, it is distinctly not an American service. The alien element creeps into it more and more. It would seem to me at least essential that the guardians at America's gates be able to speak the English language. And where the service is American it is not representatively intelligent.

'Last time I came through they asked me where I was born. I said Idaho.

' "Is that in the United States?" queried the customs officer.

' "I don't know, do you?" I returned.

'He looked at me a second and grunted that I could go through.

'The time before I was received by an Hebraic son of Russia or Poland who quite officiously took my case under consideration.

' "Und vere vas it dat you vas borned?" he asked me.

' "That isn't the question," I replied; "the real question is, where were you born?"

' "Don'd get fresh," he warned, but he passed me through without further examination.'

ɤ ɤ ɤ

'The Sesqui-Centennial has received a lot of very bad publicity,' said ***the Philadelphia Banker,*** 'but I think it will come through. There was a very bad start. From one point of view it is possible to criticize many things that were done in real estate and concessions. I think that there can be little doubt that those closest to the affair gave most of the business to their friends. It is rather the usual practice, I believe. And there is a financial deficit. But it is a two-year show, and if the city comes through with a sufficient appropriation—and, of course, it will have to—then, I think, the exposition will finish rather satisfactorily.

'We feel keenly the shortcomings up to date, but we blame no one but ourselves. Philadelphians have been the worst enemies of the Sesqui. Our people did not pull together, and when a crowd was found that would pull together, it was not conspicuously illustrative of the best in Philadelphia. I know the feeling abroad through the nation that Philadelphia is a corrupt city. But what Philadelphia is today she has been, to my knowledge, for fifty years '

# Why Lincoln Was Sad

(Concluded from page 6)

Abraham Lincoln's first cousin, the younger Mordecai. In many respects he strongly resembles Abraham Lincoln. He had the same kind of mind. His handwriting was strikingly similar. He had a marked inclination to satire which Abraham Lincoln had and learned to control, and Mordecai unfortunately never learned to keep in check. He had the same love of humor, and he had the same type of melancholy. He had a musical gift which Abraham aspired to but did not possess.

Mordecai played the violin. It moved him to such moods that he gave it up. He left his violin in Kentucky, though whether this was because he foreswore music then and there or because of the haste of his departure may be uncertain. He never owned a violin afterward, but whenever he went to the home of relatives or friends where there was a violin his fingers were restless till he had it in his hands, and he would walk the floor playing the fiddle till tears streamed down his cheeks and his emotions grew beyond his control. There were days when Mordecai was too profoundly sunk in melancholy to speak to anyone, days when he would go off in the woods and return at night, perhaps in his usual frame of mind, perhaps rather mirthful.

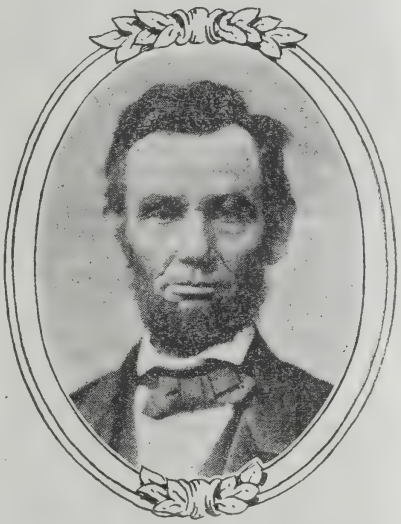
Mordecai Lincoln was a friendly man, kind-hearted, sympathetic and on occasion generous, but he was sarcastic; he was belligerent; he had an acid temper and a sharp tongue. All these qualities were possessed by his cousin, Abraham, but Abraham learned in some degree to control them. Mordecai serves well to show what were the native qualities of Abraham Lincoln. Nearly all of Abraham's cardinal traits we find writ large in Mordecai and manifest also in other members of the family.

This is wholly new psychology and it is both legitimate and important. It gives us the basis of an understanding such as no study of Abraham Lincoln has hitherto afforded. In the light of this sketch we know some things about the mind of Lincoln which have hitherto been obscure, and the door is ajar for future study.

It remains to add something about Abraham Lincoln's relations to women as they may be interpreted in the light of this present knowledge. The statement of Abraham's cousin, Robert Lincoln, to John Hay, 'We are not a very marrying family,' is confirmed by such acquaintance as we now have with this branch of the Lincolns. This does not mean, however, that either the men or the women of this family were unaware of, or unmoved by, the attractions of the opposite sex. Most of them married and married but once. In the case of the death of a husband or a wife, remarriage was infrequent.

So far as I have been able to learn there was not a single divorce among them. If they were not wholly happy in their married life, at least they were true. Broadly speaking, they were too much given to moods ever to be wholly happy for a considerable length of time. They were happier married, however, than unmarried. While both sexes were afflicted with melancholy, the men seemed to have suffered rather more than the women. Nor did I learn that among the women this trait was unusually pronounced at any given period of their life. The Lincoln women wanted husbands, the Lincoln men wanted wives; yet few of them attained to matrimony without some hesitation and deep searching of heart.

We do not know that Lincoln had any period of hesitation in his relations with Ann Rutledge, but that may be because we know almost nothing of the Ann Rutledge love affair. We do know that in his courtship of Mary Owens he showed an astonishing instability of inclination and choice. We know that his little love affair with Sarah Rickard, whatever there was of that, brought him alternating feelings of satisfaction and self-reproach. We know that his engagement was broken, and that by his own act, and that he suffered so keenly in memory of 'the fatal first of January,' 1841, that he believed himself to be losing his mind. We are not to account for this trait in Lincoln's character wholly by



Countenance of Lincoln on the day he commissioned Grant Commander-in-Chief of the Union Armies.

our knowledge of the disposition and temperament of the three women. We have some reason to suspect that Lincoln would have acted somewhat similarly if engaged to any woman.

At this point we have remarkably interesting information about his cousin, Mordecai.

Mordecai Lincoln lived in Leitchfield, Grayson County, Kentucky, prior to his removal to Illinois. There he made shoes and clothes and did his carpenter work and played his violin. There, too, he fell in love with a girl of good family whose first name was Patsy. There is no reason whatever to think that a serious quarrel occurred between Mordecai Lincoln and his lady-love. He went to visit her one night in 1836 and on his return left Leitchfield that very night and never went back again. I have two letters from Patsy's father. They are well written, dignified letters, written by reason of Patsy's grief, an ineffectual effort either to bring Mordecai back or to obtain an explanation from him. He wrote of the painful circumstances of Mordecai's departure and the deep sorrow which that departure caused Patsy. He says: 'What makes it the more strange is that I cannot learn that anything happened.' Mordecai did not betray and desert Patsy. He does not appear to have left as a result of a lover's quarrel. There is no reason to think he did not love her, but as the time for marriage approached he simply ran away from it. It is not the only instance of the kind in the Lincoln family.

He never married. He retained to the end of his life the reputation of having been a woman-hater.

And yet, with his private papers now in my hand, I find that at least twice afterward he was deeply in love with women and wrote letters proposing marriage, letters which so far as I am aware he never sent. One of them was written to a girl named Elizabeth; the other to a young woman named Catherine, a school-teacher whose name had been slandered and he had risen to defend her. To both these women he wrote offers of marriage. They are well written and ardent. He yearned for Elizabeth's company in his cheerless cabin, but when he looked around she was not there. He longed for the love of Catherine, he wanted it 'the worst of anything.' If she could not love him he hoped she would think of him now and then, because he thought always of her. These letters were not written on his ordinary paper. He went to Nouvoo or Carthage to obtain paper for his letter to Elizabeth and copied his letter on an extravagent sheet tinted in robin's egg blue.

I should like to have been present in the cabin of Mordecai Lincoln on Sunday, October 24, 1858, for on that day Mordecai entertained his cousin, Abraham Lincoln. That was the autumn of Lincoln's seven debates with Stephen A. Douglas and the seven were all finished, the last having taken place at Alton, Friday, October fifteenth. The cousins had not met very often and they were men of just about the same age, being at that time near fifty. Abraham had been married sixteen years and had three sons living and one dead. Mordecai's mother, Mary Mudd Lincoln, who had lived with him the later years of her widowhood, was dead, and he was alone. I wonder what these two men talked about in the light of their domestic experience. I can imagine Abraham's asking Mordecai if he did not find it very lonely as he approached old age, for a man of fifty was no longer counted young. I can believe that Mordecai answered that he was indeed a very lonely man and had often thought of marriage, but that women were such unreasonable creatures he had decided to remain as he was. Abraham, in the light of all his experience, was hardly in a position to deny that women were, at least might be, unreasonable, but I can imagine his saying to Mordecai that even if married life brought with it some discomforts it had more than compensating joys: that he had an attractive, ambitious and aspiring wife who supplemented him at many points, and that he was very happy with his three boys and the memory of dear little Eddie who was dead.

I would give much for a shorthand report of their conversation and a snapshot of the two cousins as they sat and talked together. They were men of such kindred tastes and traits, so like in stature, appearance and temperament, it would be good to know what they talked about that quiet Sunday and what Mordecai thought about it afterward. This we may not now ascertain, but what we do know is that Abraham Lincoln in his characteristic moods and his attitude toward marriage was not alone in his family.

# The Most Misunderstood Religion

(*Continued from page 15*)

We must also bear in mind, when accounting for the strong Jewish coloring of Islam, that even the Christianity found in that part of the world was strongly marked by Judaism, as was shown by the predominance of the Old Testament Scriptures over those of the New Testament in the services of the church. This tendency may be still observed in the Abyssinian Church of today, and Yemen was, for a long time prior to Muhammed, a political dependency of Abyssinia. The persecuted Muhammedans fled in the year 5 A. H. (A. D. 637) to Christian Abyssinia where they were well received, and whence they probably brought much knowledge of the peculiar liturgical service of the Abyssinian Church. There were also many Christian sects in Arabia with Jewish tendencies.

The very word which is used in the *Qoran* for 'revelation' is derived from Christian sources. It is used by Muhammed of his own revelations, as well as of those of the Old Testament prophets. (cf. Sura 3:2; 2:50.)

The Vigils, as well as certain forms observed in the ceremonies of prayer, have been adopted from Christian liturgical services, and it seems, as has been pointed out by Professor Nöldeke, that Muhammed's knowledge of Christianity was derived mainly from extra-canonical literature and the liturgical services. The teaching as to the Great Day of Resurrection and Judgment and the superiority of Jesus over all the prophets, which are among the principal doctrines of Islam, are based also upon Christian teaching.

Another influence of a kind from which Muhammed could not wholly free himself,

***Adoption of the Kaaba***

and which contributed to the shaping of the new religion and to the creation of some of its teaching, was that of the early beliefs in which he had grown up. These included the belief in *jinns*—a kind of spirits some of which he declared became converts to Islam, while others remained among its enemies. Many other heathen beliefs and religious customs were gradually taken into Islam, just as many similar superstitions were absorbed into the Christian Church. Some of these were adopted unconsciously, while others were accepted intentionally with the purpose of bridging over a gulf by which the unbeliever might enter into the salvation offered by Islam.

As such we may regard the adoption of the Kaaba, the oldest national sanctuary of the heathen Arabs, as the central sanctuary of Islam. Muhammed accomplished this astounding transformation by solemnly declaring that this venerable structure had been actually built by no less a person than Abraham, the greatest saint of Islam and the father of the faith of the Old Testament. The heathen rites of this sanctuary were adapted to the new requirements, with the allegation that they were originated by Abraham. Although this concession to heathenism increased Muhammed's temporal power, it was nevertheless a lowering of a spiritual ideal. Yet we must confess that these rites and ceremonies, exercised in the days of Muhammed under the new conditions, had a certain spiritual influence upon those who took part in them as they have still today. When Muhammed had broken off relations with the Jews, he declared that Islam was the true religion of Abraham, which they had corrupted.

We shall now examine the claim which Muhammed made that he was the final messenger of God promised in the Holy Scriptures of Jews and Christians:

There lived in Arabia powerful and rich Jewish tribes, as well as many Christians, whom he wished to gain over to his side,

***Posed as the Paraclete***

as their acknowledgment of him as the promised messenger of God would at once have given him a more secure position. The allegiance of this important portion of the population of the Arabic peninsula would soon have made him master of the situation.

To obtain this desired result he based his claim upon what he believed to be quotations from the Scriptures. Thus he quotes the Almighty as saying: 'My mercy extends over all things; I will write down the same for those who fear God, give alms and who believe in our signs. Those who will follow the unlearned prophet of whom they will find record in the Torah and in the Gospels. —He will take their burden from them and the fetters which lie upon them . . . ' (Sura 7. 155ff.)

To his hearers he then said: (v. 157) 'O ye people, behold I am God's messenger to you all, to Whom (i. e. God) belongs the government of the heavens and the earth, there is no God but He, who calls into life and causes to die. Therefore believe in God and His messenger; the uneducated prophet who believes in God and His words, and follow him so that ye may be guided.' In another place (Sura 3:75) he declares that God had demanded of former prophets that they should state in their writings that a messenger would come after them 'to confirm' what 'they possessed,' that is, their holy writings.

However, the most surprising claim which Muhammed made was that he was the Paraclete whom Christ had promised to His Disciples. His assertion is contained in the following passage (Sura 61:6)—'And Jesus, the Son of Mary, said: "O Children of Israel, I am the Messenger of God to you, confirming the Torah which has been before me, and announcing a messenger which shall come after me, whose name shall be Ahmed." ' Muhammed's claim is due probably to a misreading of the word PARAKLITOS, the Comforter, into PERIKLYTOS, the Praised One, which in Arabic is *ahmed*, which, used as a proper name, is equivalent to that of Muhammed, who therefore applied this prophecy to himself. As he knew no Greek he must have received this interpretation from someone else, seeing in it

***Charged Corruption of Scriptures***

evidence for his claim to the prophetic office as foretold by Christ. But neither Jews nor Christians were able to find in their Scriptures any such prophecy as Muhammed adduced.

The rejection of his claims led him to charge both Jews and Christians with having corrupted their scriptures. The Jews of Arabia were a factor to be taken into serious consideration in everything pertaining to the political and civil life of that country. The possession of an ancient literary tradition gave them a mental superiority over the Arabs. They assimilated themselves with marvelous facility to the nations among whom they lived, without losing their own characteristics.

Muhammed would perhaps never have succeeded against the warlike Jews in Arabia by martial force, if their tribes had not been divided into opposing camps by their share in the wars between the two powerful Arab tribes, the Aus and the Hazrag. The biting sarcasm of the Jews, and their pointed questions in matters of religion, injured his cause more than did armed opposition. Thus one day the Jews came to him and said: 'O Muhammed, this God has created the creatures; but who has created Him?' They naturally had some answer prepared, but Muhammed had no subtlety with which to respond.

Muhammed claimed that his revelations came to him by the Holy Ghost (Sura 16: 104) Whom he regarded as identical with the Angel Gabriel (Sura 2:91). His followers speak of four principal methods by which the divine message was conveyed. The most frequent seems to have been the falling into a kind of trance, foaming at the mouth and copious perspiration running down his whole body. The message received in this state did not become clear to him 'until the angel had left him,' that is, till he had regained his full consciousness. The Arabs called the people who were afflicted in this or in a similar way 'possessed' *majnun*, but Muhammed seems to have regarded this condition as a special medium by which God made Himself known.

Muhammed was much given to prayerful meditation by night, and to fasting (Sura

***He Had to Endure Many Taunts***

17:81), by which the power of supernatural vision is much heightened, a fact of which we have examples in the Bible. At other times an angel, in the form of a man, would come to him: 'He speaks with me,' Muhammed said, 'and I remember afterward what he told me.'

Or again, the Holy Spirit would blow the message directly into his heart, or again, an angel would come to him in a dream.

Muhammed had to endure a good many taunts from his fellow citizens. He was always the butt of their jests, which, in the primitive state of the society in which he lived, were not sparing of his feelings. But undaunted by calumnies and aspersions, he stood firm in his conviction that he was God's messenger, and that what he proclaimed was divine truth: 'What was sent down to thee (i. e., the *Qoran*) from thy Lord is the truth,' said the Angel (Sura 11:20). As it was just this claim which involved him in controversies with the idolators, he one day challenged his opponents to produce one single sura equal to his own. It was not the poetic *form* to which the challenge applied, but the *teaching* of the suras, which would have involved repudiation of their idols and the acceptance of Muhammed's teaching.

The challenge was taken up finally in a somewhat different fashion, both in Muhammed's lifetime and shortly afterward. There arose a number of men in various parts of Arabia, and at least one woman, called Sagah, who declared themselves prophets of the One True God. Et-Tabari has preserved for us in a tradition the names of some of these prophets, and the sayings of one of them—Musailama. By this

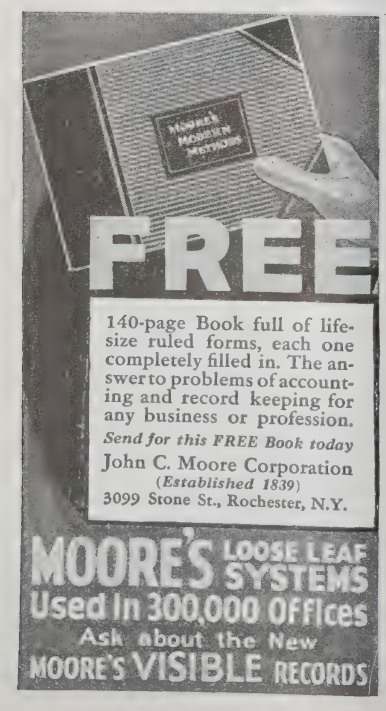
time, Islam had been recognized, but in the fight for its existence these prophets had been declared, without much ceremony, to be inspired by Satan, and these rivals of Muhammed were finally exterminated.

The little that has been preserved of Musailama's teachings shows clearly that there is a strong resemblance between them and those of Muhammed in essential doctrines, though Musailama has some additional Christian teaching which is not found in Islam (Nöld.-Schw. p. 57). It is therefore most probable that, like Muhammed, he was dependent upon Christian teaching—another proof of the influence of Christianity in pre-Muhammedan times in the Arabian peninsula.

Muhammed lacked that fine perception of good and evil, which is needed to protect one whom circumstances have placed beyond the criticism of others, from committing serious errors, and in consequence did not at times hesitate to employ means which can only be regarded as reprehensible, to further the spread of his religion. It has been well said that: 'Enthusiasm, in its progress, remains as rarely free from fraud, as fire from smoke; and men with the most sincere convictions of the sacredness of their cause are most prone to commit pious fraud.' (Sprenger, Life of Muh. 124f.)

The Muhammedan writers endeavor to gloss over these defects in Muhammed's character, while, on the other hand, many Christian writers find in them the occasion for condemnation of his life-work. But to be just in our estimate we must give him credit for the work he accomplished among a half-barbarous and idolatrous people, a work which he could never have achieved if his soul had not been touched by the Divine Fire.

It is true that toward the end of his career his inward light shone but dimly—it will never be possible for us to know how many of the errors which Muhammed committed are due to the semi-barbarism of the age in which he lived, to his weakness of character, to his lack of reasoning power, and perhaps to deception practised upon him, *ein betrogener Betruger*.




# Army Morale Is Sinking

(*Continued from page 7*)

R. O. T. C. might be expanded. Yet the R. O. T. C. scrimps along on relatively beggarly sums, without prospects of increase. Colleges and schools desiring to establish new units have to be refused—at the rate of nearly three a month—and suitable candidates have to be denied admission to the units already in existence: the answer always being, 'Lack of funds.' Well-bred students are compelled to wear shoddy and disreputable uniforms left over from World-War stocks. Officers on this work face discouragement every day.

5. Citizen's Military Training Camps grow from year to year. It has been said that Congress is willing to support this venture. Yet the fact remains that there have annually been more applicants than places. The fact remains that though the Army has been able to take care of increases after some fashion or other, it has only been by putting to daily labor regular troops who should be pruning themselves to serve as expert demonstration units, by diverting other funds and other material, by stretching duties actually beyond the breaking point of morale. No one claims, however, that much of the training given under these conditions is complete or thorough, as all military training should be if it is to be of any value at all.

This is the personnel situation in the Army of the United States today, and it may categorically be stated that one of the three components which does the heaviest work and has the greatest responsibilities, the Regular Army, is now wavering in spirit and sick of the hopeless task.

*Officers Who Study in Shacks*

What is the use, however, of discussing the personnel question, when the War Department does not have the physical plant to care for what troops are now already under arms? Is the personnel question solely to be considered, when rotten, war-time, 'temporary' barracks are falling to pieces and commissioned officers are supposed to live like gentlemen and study and love their profession in rickety shacks scarcely better than those of plantation negroes in the South?

Funds for upkeep are so far in arrears that it is estimated that an initial outlay of $30,000,000 will be necessary to start even by first repairing present structures and utilities in need of emergency treatment to prevent accelerated deterioration. Four hundred millions of the taxpayers' property is being permitted to go to rack and ruin, while the crowd follows the political vote-catching cry of 'Economy!'

Figure for a moment a situation where the pressure for economy is so great from above that stringent and absolutely unfair measures must be adopted. An officer happens to occupy a single room, twelve by fifteen feet, heated by a wood stove which sticks its ugly hulk into the middle of the floor, in a building with a leaky roof, rotting beams, uneven floors, and loose windows.

In times of emergency, this captain might put up with any conditions, but in times of peace, he will scarcely be blamed for feeling dissatisfied with such a place. Yet to save the government a puny sixty dollars commutation of quarters a month—with which he might fix his place up for greater comfort or beauty, or at least feel that his Government gave him some compensation for his circumstances—to save this sixty dollars, his post commander issues an order stating that the quarters he occupies are 'adequate' for an officer of his grade. Further than that, to make him feel still more cheerful, it was dated in 1923, in compliance with a circular dated in 1924, and issued in 1925—being signed by a man a thousand miles away at the time it was presumed to have been signed.

In law the order was worth nothing. In the army, everything goes. It was a pretty blanket order, issued irrespective of real adequacy, issued in obedience to pressure from higher up, and issued purely to save the Government money. In fact and in the army it did save the beggarly dollars and at the same time exemplified the preposterous injustices that must be imposed under present housing conditions.

*When Land Is to Be Sold*

The War Department has had for nearly two years a housing program that would cost something like a hundred-odd million dollars, to take 40,000 of its troops from under canvas and put them in proper buildings. The law says the funds may be secured from the sale of property no longer needed. But listen to the local politicians howl when you try to sell out land in one locality to build where building is wanted! And does anyone imagine that a grateful Government will credit the War Department with properties already transferred to other departments to the value of $52,000,000 and properties already sold—since the World War—to the value of about $30,000,000? The low-spirited Army has small hope of such a circumstance. The Army saw millions donated to ungrateful Russians, and sees itself treated like a poor relative. Even charity goes afield.

Other matters demanding urgent financial support are of a more strictly military nature, though not a whit more necessary for military efficiency. These other projects must be carried on if the objects of the Act of 1920 are to be attained.

1. Our ammunition is becoming depleted. When the war was over, we had 'lots of bullets.' But that ammunition was going bad in storage, as all chemical compounds do. It was more than was thought necessary for a war reserve. So we shot up the excess surplus. We proved what we could do with facilities. With somewhat increased ammunition allowances, a phenomenal revolution was effected in accurate rifle shooting. We developed experts in greater numbers than we had developed ordinary marksmen before. Now the ammunition allowances are being cut in conformity with the general demands for economy. The war reserves of rifle ammunition decided upon must be maintained. Troops can only fire old ammunition as rapidly as a parsimonious people provide new ammunition to go into storage to replace the old. These purchases are ridiculously small. Firing decreases, and the efficiency in shooting likewise decreases. The largely urban population of this country today is not so adept with the shooting weapon as the earlier colonials and the later frontiersmen. Men must be taught to shoot. They must be taught by actual practice at shooting. Otherwise we might as well drill with broomsticks.

2. Large-caliber ammunition is in much the same state as small-caliber ammunition, except that it is much more important in the case of the big guns to keep a big war reserve on hand. The longer the range, the more perfect must be the propelling charge. The bigger the gun, the harder it is to put the projectiles and the cartridges into quantity production on the outbreak of war. Mute cannon are no defense against hostile attacks on seaport towns.

*Coast Defenses Silent*

3. Coast defenses stand silent. Reductions in Coast Artillery personnel have placed fifteen out of thirty-five districts and seventy-five per cent of the guns in those fifteen districts in the hands of caretakers with grease pots when they should be in the hands of expert troops trained for their use. Sudden attacks will come on the borders of the sea, and the coasts are garrisoned mostly by rifle-trained Infantry regiments and not with skilled artillerymen as they should be.

4. In the spring of 1923, the War Plans Division of the General Staff completed a study it had initiated itself and made public the so-called Lassiter Report, telling the country what was the matter with the Air Service, and recommending remedies, principal among which was increase in personnel and increase in financial support. The Secretary of War repeated the recommendation in his annual report for 1924. The Morrow Commission has reiterated substantially the same statements and has said the recommendations of General Lassiter's committee should be carried out, and speedily.

In the two years since 1923, the public has been apathetic on the subject, except for an occasional glance at a headline inspired by the startling antics of a single sensational and seemingly insubordinate air officer.

*Army Is Mentally Depressed*

For five years the Army has been battling along, fighting a losing struggle against inefficiency and beggardom that threaten more and more from year to year. At the end of the five-year period, a full and frank consideration is needed. A sensible study of the whole proposition of national defense will reveal whether or not it is possible to carry on under the Act of 1920.

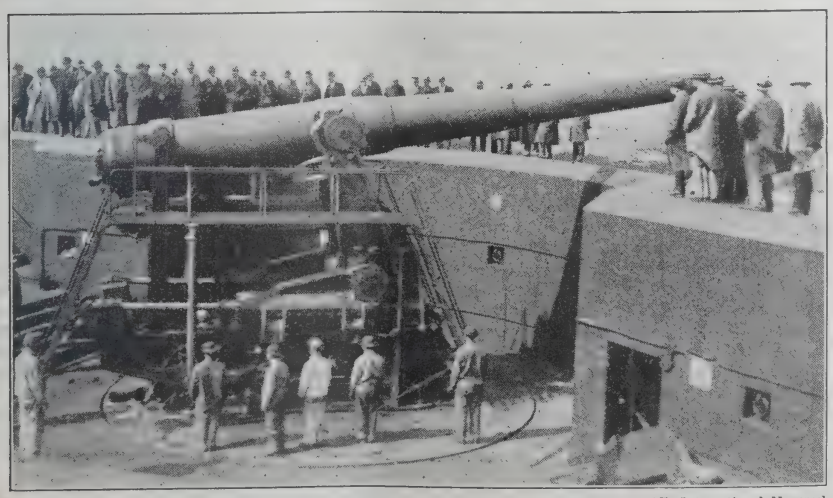
The Army is mentally depressed, and would welcome a complete investigation of military policies, plans, and conditions. Army officers of the Infantry have spoken through their unofficial organization, the U. S. Infantry Association, and have suggested that a committee of Congress or a non-political civilian committee, composed of veterans and publicists and legislators might well conduct an exhaustive study of the entire matter, of the Act of 1920, and of the facilities available in present appropriations or in the Treasury of the country for carrying out the provisions of that Act.

With inadequate resources, a Regular Army of 118,000 has been trying to do the work originally laid out for an army of 280,000. It is cracking under the strain. A new diagnosis is needed and a new prescription, perhaps a new diet. The prescription should take the form of a definite financial program and clear assurance of a ten-year or twenty-year schedule on which various projects might be allotted priority, but in which all the urgent needs of the three components of the Army might find proper place.

We want no more to do with politics. We are tired of such catch words as 'economy' and 'pacifists' and 'clerical reds' and 'revised promotion lists.' We want to see on a broad basis what we have and what we need. We shall not be satisfied with new brass buttons, or with pretty new uniforms, even if they do have roll collars. Let us have the entire matter thrashed out once and for all. We are sworn to serve the country. It is our duty to provide for national defense as the people want it so far as what support the people will give will enable us to provide and plan for it. If we are expected to continue to live in disreputable hovels for the rest of our lives, doing a maximum of manual labor on upkeep of army posts and the like and a minimum of training as a military force, and to drill with powderless rifles, we want to know it.

*Are We to Be Respected?*

Are we to consider ourselves labor gang foremen or officers and gentlemen? If we are to be a respected and an efficient basic organization capable of war-time expansion, we want to know that too, and to be provided with the wherewithal for the tasks that will fall to our hands and our heads when America again needs efficient defenders.



(C) International Newsreel.

'Disappearing' type of gun at Fort Hancock, Sandy Hook, New Jersey.

# How We Got the New Testament

(*Continued from page 8*)

samples as the *Oxyrhynchus Logia* give us a picture of the original Gospel, which was read and interpreted to a Christian community by its leader, who had not had the great good fortune of sitting at the feet of Jesus.

The Christian teacher, who could not tell the story at first hand, needed a written guide, if he would reproduce with approximate exactness the teachings of Christ.

This was furnished by the 'Sayings of Jesus,' of which there may well have been many different copies, for different disciples would have emphasized some 'Sayings' and forgotten others.

Of this general character was the original Gospel of Matthew, if we may trust the statement of Papias as quoted by Eusebius in his Church History. Papias was only one generation removed from the immediate followers of Christ and seems to have been an earnest seeker of records about the life and teachings of Jesus. He mentions a collection of 'Sayings' written in Hebrew by Matthew, 'which every one has translated as he could.'

This agrees well with our conception of the original Gospel; but Papias also mentions another by Mark, 'the interpreter of the Apostle Peter,' which contained 'Sayings and deeds.'

This may well be our present Gospel according to Mark, at least in its main features, but Matthew's 'Sayings in Hebrew' cannot be the same as the present Gospel of that name. Neither can we assume that these were the only Gospel stories existing in the time of Papias, as has often been done by unfriendly critics. All that we can infer from the statements is that Papias knew these two Gospel stories and probably thought them the oldest or most reliable.

*Who Wrote Our Gospels?*

That he knew others or was ignorant of others is not said, and he may well have known many, for there were others in existence in his time.

We are thus brought face to face with the question, who wrote our present Gospels and how did they come to be included in the Canon of the Scriptures, while others were omitted.

First let us call attention to certain facts that have a decided bearing on the whole question. Neither the titles of the Gospel nor the earliest tradition about them definitely claim them as the sole handiwork of the men whose names they bear. It is always 'The Gospel according to Matthew,' 'The Gospel according to Mark,' which merely traces that Gospel back to the Evangelist named as the originator of the earliest form of that tradition. How far the later Gospel may have wandered from that first tradition is well illustrated by comparing the present Matthew, with its genealogy, birth, childhood, miracles, teachings, and sufferings of Jesus, with the simple description of Papias, 'The Sayings.'

We cannot even be sure that only one later editor reworked the original Evangelist's story, nor can we be sure that the original Evangelist himself reduced his Gospel to written form except in the case of Luke.

There we find distinct marks of a

literary style belonging to a single author. We have only tradition and the 'We passages' in Acts to help us in identifying this author as the physician Luke, companion of Paul, but there is much that can be said for the identification and nothing absolutely inconsistent with it. Luke is the nearest to a definite literary personality that we find among the Evangelists. There is a certain degree of literary unity in the works, more, to be sure, in the Gospel than in Acts, but in both enough to warrant the assumption that we have the work of a single writer, combining several threads of older tradition, but combining conservatively with earnest care to preserve as much as possible of the old, though recasting it in his own literary style.

*According to Mark*

The Gospel according to Mark has most nearly preserved its original form, yet even here it is not necessary to assume that Mark himself reduced it to writing. The main thread of the narrative together with many of the Sayings are surely the contribution of Mark and were by him learned from Peter. But recent study and comparison with the parallel passages of Matthew and Luke have shown that many verses, especially those containing Sayings, were derived from the same source, that was used by the compiler of the Matthew Gospel and by Luke.

This was an ancient document, long since lost, which contained chiefly Sayings, and the German scholars, who first assumed its existence, names it 'Q.' It is possible that Mark may have plundered this old document to enrich the narrative of the life of Jesus, which he had learned from Peter, but it is hardly likely. The early preacher, who was not in frequent contact with other leaders of the Church, and who had no easy access to written records, could not have felt the inadequacy of his version of the Gospel story, as some later user of it would, who had heard a fuller story from another, or had secured the loan of another Gospel, independent in origin from his own. So this later editor of Mark plundered 'Q' to enrich his narrative Gospel just as some years later the editor of Matthew and Luke were to plunder both 'Q' and Mark to bring their Gospels to a state of relative completeness.

The old document 'Q,' unable to compete with these completer Gospels, perished after all that was best in it had been taken over by its successors. Thus we have the three oldest Gospels edited and ready to circulate among the churches approximately in their present form. But that form was not yet absolutely fixed; there was still the possibility of absorbing an omitted episode or a forgotten Saying as it came to light from some independent source.

*This Was John*

Such is the story of the woman taken in adultery and the Saying of Christ: 'He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her.' This episode, omitted in all the oldest manuscripts, yet defended by its very content as an authentic bit of the life of Jesus, came near to finding a resting place at the end of Luke, where it is found in some manuscripts, but was finally incorporated in the eighth chapter of John, where all later manuscripts give it without question as a portion of the true Gospel. Yet an early Church Father quotes it as belonging to the 'Gospel according to the Hebrews,' which is completely lost except for this episode.

The Gospel according to John presents a particularly difficult problem. Tradition says that this was John, the son of Zebedee, one of the Disciples, and also assigns to him the three Epistles of John and Revelation. Now the first Epistle, which is much the longest, and alone has a definite theological importance, is certainly by the author of the Gospel, but that writer can hardly have been the author of Revelation. That last book of the New Testament was written by a man whose thought and imagery was essentially Jewish, while the Gospel is filled with Greek thought and philosophical expression. It would therefore be easier to associate Revelation with the Disciple John, but because of its assumed date under Domitian and the frequency of the name John, especially in connection with the churches of Asia, any such identification is more than doubtful. On the other hand, in spite of its philosophical expression and all too frequent dogmatic utterances, there is much that is old and manifestly true in the Gospel according to John. The version of an eyewitness lies at the base of this Gospel, and that one, who was nearer than most and who heard and remembered statements not known to others. The tradition can hardly be wrong.

This Gospel story arose with John the Disciple, but in this case the Gospel remained longer in oral tradition than in the case of the others, and further, the final editor was a man of some philosophical training and of advanced theological views. He may never have been an immediate pupil of John, for he seems to represent views somewhat more removed in time or place from the simpler teaching of Christ, than would have been presented by an immediate pupil, such as John. It may even have been a pupil of a pupil of John, rather than an immediate follower, who finally edited this Gospel story, a conclusion fully in harmony with the date, A. D. 90 to 100, now generally accepted for the Gospel according to John.

*Paul's Letters Were the Oldest*

We have still to consider the writers of the various Epistles. Of these the most definite and striking personality is Paul. Much of his life, his personality, his earnest character, is given us in the preserved letters, and this is in the main in harmony with the picture of him given in Acts. We are dealing here with no shadowy figure and our view of him is given in the main at first hand. These letters are the oldest and most directly transmitted portion of the New Testament, but they are the letters of Paul and not the words of Christ, either directly or indirectly quoted. Neither should we suppose that all of the correspondence of Paul has been preserved, nor yet that all of his correspondence dealt with topics that interested the Church of that day.

We have seen above how frequent was the interchange of letters of business and friendship in early Christian times; Paul can have been no exception. The tireless missionary, the inspired teacher, the almost prophetic guide of the infant churches must have had much to say. Why should not all churches founded by Paul have received letters of admonition or encouragement from him? Copies even of letters meant for individual churches may have been sent to others, if they seemed needed or in point. Some would have been preserved and others not, but in the main they would have been most likely to be preserved by the person or community to whom they were originally sent. Eventually from frequent reading in the churches came appreciation of the real greatness of the message contained and not all too late a collection was made of all the letters that could be found. Not all were of equal importance, even though only those to churches and a few of general import were collected. Some even of the existing collection seem to have been fragments, which had been worked over in later times, as the Epistles to Timothy and Titus, and one that was distinctly not Pauline, the Epistle to the Hebrews, was imbedded in the collection and so saved.

*Peter's Two Epistles*

Of the two Epistles of Peter, the second is plainly of later time. I would not insist that there are no reminiscences of Peter contained in it, but in the main it reflects the religious views and style of address of the second century. With the first Epistle the case is different. This is a product of the first century and even in some respects suggests the work and personality of Peter; yet as a whole the letter gives the teachings of Paul rather than of Peter. Now it is not impossible that Peter in later years yielded to the Pauline teaching on some of the disputed matters, but on the whole that seems hardly consistent with the character of Peter given us in the Gospels and Acts. On the other hand the letter is clearly not a forgery, so it is perhaps best to assume that, as in the case of some of the minor letters of Paul, this letter of Peter experienced a later revision and that at the hands of a follower of Paul.

The second and third Epistles of John and those by James and Jude are too brief to give much of a picture of the authors. The first two are brief personal letters in good style and were perhaps associated with the Disciple John because of his long life. The writer of these letters calls himself the Elder. However, as this became practically a title of honor early in the history of the Church, its value as a means of identification is slight. The Epistle of Jude seems to give the impression of a somewhat later time than that of James, but neither can be connected directly with the Disciples, whose names they bear. When the generation following that of the Disciples found itself without its original teachers, it naturally searched for written records from their hands. The name of the author, if coupled with a document of religious import, or even the religious import alone, was enough to cause the document to be referred to one of the founders of the Faith. Thus in the first and second, and even in the third century of this era, in one place or another, various documents were associated with the church service. Yet as years went on the unanimity of choice became greater and greater until finally on the last disputed point the East yielded to the West and the Revelation of John came into the church service throughout the whole Christian world.

*The Church Chose Wisely*

The choice in all cases seems to have been made by the Church as a whole and with practical unanimity. It was not the selection made by a body of leaders or even by a council of the Church, for such bodies exerted their influence merely to preserve in the service that which had been traditionally there. There is no record of any organized body of Church leaders prescribing the exact books which should be read in the service.

Most important of all is the decision of modern scholars, that the Church in the main chose wisely and rejected wisely.

# The Silk-Spinning Tragedienne

(Continued from page 5)



Within the funnel of her web-trap the Agalena spider lies in wait for insects. A victim may be perceived at the bottom of the funnel.

the silken ball well hidden then within a clump of new leaves. With jocund spring leaping high to earn its name, the long-closed bottle neck burst open at last and a myriad of tiny crawlers, forming at first a cluster, overflowed upon the brier stalks.

And then, as always with these little fellows of every generation, began an enactment of nature's law of prodigality. There are always more than enough to insure perpetuation of a species, as with seeds and pollen. Baby spiders need sustenance and having developed only carnivorous appetites there follows a very natural cannibalistic tendency with no other food in quantity available.

As if by a given signal, though impelled only by a common and simultaneous hunger, the individuals of the cluster with widely extended mandibles rushed upon each other, every one eager to profit by the absorption of the blood of its brothers and sisters. Chance and the first hold determined the advantage. Thus Tiny seized Grayback from the rear and pierced his abdomen, feasting with savage relish, and while thus engaged Yellowlegs leaped upon Tiny, wounding her in the thorax and drinking her blood. Brownie and Spotty met face to face and instantly closed; the contest was decided by Stripes thrusting his hooked and keenly pointed mandibles into Brownie. Whereupon, both becoming satiated, for they had each dined on two or three of their family, Stripes and Spotty quietly drew apart, as others of the warring and well-fed cluster were doing, leaving the empty bodies of the slain to shrivel and blow away.

Reduced to less than a third of their number, the little spiders now scattered widely fearing, as always, other enemies and indeed from these they very soon suffered a further depletion. A dozen or more of them went to allay partly the ever keen appetite of a thrasher; a bluebird dined upon twice as many; a house wren, still keener of eye, fed until she felt compelled to retire to her well-filled hollow-tree limb and lay another egg.

Spotty had been fortunate from the first; she had crawled to the leaf carpet and then beneath a flat stone, half of which was raised a quarter inch from the ground. Stripes, again hungry, had followed closely; Spotty turned quickly, but there was no grapple. Instead a long, sticky tongue shot out from the deepest part of the chink and Stripes disappeared. So did Spotty, but not down the highland salamander's tickled throat. Recognizing a dangerous locality and never one in which to play Saint George with such a dragon, our little adventuress fled, the speed from her eight legs greatly surpassing that of an ant or even a silver bug of twice the baby spider's size.

No larger to begin with than a small letter 'o' of this print, Spotty had little chance to defy anything that was at all aggressive. Beset by persistent dangers on every side, survival would be impossible were it not that such small, dull-colored creatures are exceedingly inconspicuous. Their chief enemies are the birds, the shrews, the ground and tiger beetles, the centipedes, the mason wasps, the larger ants and some adults of their own class, mostly of different species.

As Spotty grew rapidly larger, soon attaining a quarter-inch length of body, she avoided with fine discrimination those other bloodthirsty killers to combat which would mean death grapples or disabling encounters. Instead, she preyed upon the helpless kinds, as plant lice, very young grasshoppers, leafhoppers and small, spineless caterpillars.

So lived and dodged and fed occasionally and grew our little bandit, possessed of the keenest instincts, never losing her caution, nor failing to identify either foes or desirable prey. And within a month of her existence she had desisted from the terribly risky wanderings and selecting almost at random a place that offered foundation had followed the all-dominant hereditary tendency to entrap her food.

From one stout grass stalk to another and then to the end of a stone she spread her rapidly spun cables; then back and forth between these well-anchored foundations she stretched others, working almost incessantly throughout a part of the night so that the morning found a densely woven, veil-like carpet, or better a hammock, with a round, funnel-shaped shaft near one end leading down among the denser mass of grass almost to the ground.

Within this silken shaft or tube, hidden from the prying eyes of the spider-hunting birds, Agalena, now almost half-grown, rested to await possible victims.

This first and early summer web was stretched to cover at least thirty-four square inches of insect-infested ground. It was a close silken mesh sometimes more than six inches long and as wide. All about on this bank of sunlit cinquefoil, low fern and woodland grasses, there were scores of these webs, possibly made by surviving sisters, each differing from its neighbors only by reason of the varying positions of the anchorages—here a stalk, there a twig, perhaps stones or bits of fallen tree branches serving as the supports. And each, as the sun first peeped at it, was bespangled with drops of glittering dew, like diamond-encrusted lacework, a familiar sight to every early riser in the country.

Many are the vicissitudes of these trap webs of Agalena; a passing fox or skunk or mink, a wandering woodchuck, perhaps a deer or less carefully treading bovine may wipe the frail things out of existence—an irreparable wreck—and the small rigger must begin all over again in the same or a nearby spot. Our spider built her third web within five or six days; each time it remained broken until darkness came on, for in the daytime, because of her vigilant enemies, she may not safely venture to emerge from her retreat, except with a marvelously rapid dash out and back again to ascertain the cause of some agitation of the web, or to make a capture of some defenseless insect.

So swift are these sallies from out the funnel and back again that the human eye

can hardly follow them. Thus the Agalena species has earned for itself the name of champion runner of the entire animal kingdom considering, of course, by nice calculation, the matter of relative size. Capturing one of our little friend's kindred by slipping a butterfly net beneath her funnel and then poking her with a straw until she seeks safety below, she may be taken home, turned loose on the bare dining-room table and with stop-watch in hand her time in traveling the six-foot expanse may be calculated. If a racing auto could go at like speed in proportion it could easily traverse a mile in less than five and a half seconds and cover the distance from New York to Chicago in one and one-half hours!

Agalena's last web was larger, neater and more concave than any of its predecessors; one of the supporting strands, fully a foot in length, swayed slightly with the breeze-stirred clover stem to which it was attached. The spider, motionless, lay in wait for prey for hours at a time; yet she was not always idle, for with the silk with which she was still plentifully endowed she was constructing that rounded ball differing not at all from those of billions of generations of her species. It was at once a hope chest and an instinctively inspired cradle.

Once the broad web was disturbed with more than the usual violence caused by entrapped victims, some of the strands even being broken. A long-horned, green grasshopper of the false katydid kind, twice the size of our spider and twice as strong in its leaping hind legs, with broad wings also that it could not use because its claws were entangled in the web, proved impossible to pull loose and drag within the funnel, but the natural savagery of the little heroine must not be denied. Therefore, in spite of beating wings and kicks in every direction Agalena leaped upon the frantic monster and sunk her envenomed mandibles deep, though not before the equally strong jaws of the invader had seized and injured one of the spider's legs.

*The Grasshopper Quickly Succumbed*

Weakened by the poison the grasshopper quickly succumbed, but was still an almost impossible burden, to be overcome in time however, had not a shrill buzzing and the downward dart of a shining black object interfered. Well knowing which of her enemies to respect Agalena fled to her tube, through it and into the grass tangle beneath and not a moment too soon, for the digger wasp followed halfway. Had its eyesight been as sharp as its organs of scent and its imagination in the least developed it would have proved a redoubtable Amazon indeed to have continued on after viewing the dead insects that had been hauled into the tube, sucked dry and discarded below.

The wasp loitered about but a short time, then flew away. Agalena remained hidden beneath the denser basic leaves of the grass much longer. The green, long-horned grasshopper lay dying, struggling a little with a persistent vitality, eventually to be gobbled up by a bobwhite.

It was about this time that Agalena's one and only suitor came a-courting to find the lady of his choice from the first not at all shy, but quite inclined to meet him more than halfway. A webless wanderer he, darker in color and a little smaller than his lady-love; a swift-footed hunter among the lower herbage and surviving because of his agility and caution.

However, after the manner of many stage and screen stars, Agalena tired of him soon after the ceremony and had he not submitted to be chased entirely and forever away, he would quickly have been slain and eaten, as are the countless spouses of other spider species.

At last the silken egg sac was filled with the tiny golden pellets and our little savage had fulfilled to the utmost of her hereditary inclination the brief motherly concern for at least one batch of her offspring.

*Agalena Dies Fighting*

The summertime world is abundantly inhabited by digger wasps and those that are modelers in clay. These insects also are evidences of instinctive propagation in which, like the spider, motherhood knows not its own, but is equally determined to fulfill its allotted purpose.

It was not the shining, coal-black agency of fate which had almost succeeded in catching Agalena that first time, but an equally bloody-minded killer that for the sake of a coming generation hunted closely and did not overlook the stout-bodied occupant of the webby lair.

Our Agalena had grown wary. Not every disturbance on or about the web gained her undivided attention. But when something like a continued struggle was evident she had reason to assume that a victim was entrapped. Whereupon out of her funnel tube she came to meet at close quarters a dark object that she could not, even with her eight eyes, discern in the fraction of a second as an enemy to be feared, rather than one to be seized.

Then there was a sudden buzzing of wings as the wasp made its dash and Agalena turned, but not before one pair of sharp claws sought to hold her.

With a strength equal to that of the wasp and a rapidity of motion quite superior the spider pulled partly away and gained the funnel. The two went down together, Agalena knowing that an effort to escape was better than to turn and fight. As they struggled through into the tangle of stalks and leaves and then to the ground below, the killer still held on, having indeed gained an additional hold with the other foreleg.

Here hung the egg sac fastened beneath a shelving stone; did this inspire an unreasoning defense? Among the close grass stems where she was most at home Agalena had no other recourse than to turn. With her four front legs she reached to grasp and bear down her assailant; with jaws wide she endeavored to seize and inject her potent poison. But hers was the part of Roderick Dhu; she was able to inflict harm, but her enemy possessed wings and withal a skill quite outclassing Agalena's powers. There was a swift clash and grapple; the sudden curve of the slender, hard, steel-blue body toward that of the stouter, soft, gray one; a sudden thrust of a point keenest in all nature. The under side of Agalena's thorax received a wound that was more than the deep puncture of a resistless point and instantly she collapsed; not dead, but beyond all power of movement other than a faint twitching, the poison of the powerful sting having had its effect immediately. Four or five more jabs and poor Agalena was fit only to be dragged out of the tangle at a tremendous expenditure of labor; then carried awing and aloft for a distance that may have varied from a few yards to a hundred or more, finally to be embalmed within a neatly formed clay cell hung to the rafters of a barn. Within this snug chamber the baby wasp dined at length upon Agalena and a dozen others of her kind that had met a like fate, all common examples of those innumerable and utterly cruel struggles for existence that perpetually dominate the processes of nature.

# The Voyage of the Victoria

(*Concluded from page 17*)

as a sort of strange pageant enacted for their amusement. To them, the strange invaders seemed to have many things for which they had no use and which they were willing to give away.

So the natives swarmed on board, and as natives and children will, picked up and took for their own whatever was loose, much in the same way in which white men penetrating new lands take for their own whatever pleases their fancy.

That night the fleet stood out to sea as protection from the ravages of 'this people of little truth' and the next morning the standard of civilization was raised, the first slash in the carving out of a new empire brought blood. For Magellan, who knew not fear, landed in the island in the morning with fifty men, set fire to the village as a lesson, recovered his skiff, and, to use the language of historians, by a bold and brilliant stroke, a store of provisions fell into the hands of the invaders. It was a signal and decisive victory, but over the ignorant and unarmed, and strategy had less to do with it than armaments, for the natives were without weapons except for sticks tipped with fish bones. Indeed, an arrow was a wonder to them, for when wounded, Pigafetta tells us, they drew forth the barb and looked at it with astonishment, 'at which the compassion of the sailors was aroused.'

*The Ninth Man to Die*

Although seven natives were killed in the skirmish, the childlike savage mind either forgot or forgave, or perhaps failed to connect the punishment with the crime, or it may be thought to ward off all that destruction and burning with the giving of gifts.

On March ninth, the fleet again set sail, but as the island fell away astern, the lone Englishman, Master Andrew of Bristol, gunner, died. So, by a narrow margin, Sir Francis Drake, the pirate or buccaneer, was the first of his nation to circumnavigate the globe. Andrew of Bristol was the ninth man to die after the fleet left the straits, counting the Patagonian Indian who had died soon after they left the South American continent.*

Some time before touching Guam, according to Sir Clements Markham's *Early Voyages to Magellan Straits*, Poncevera, master of the *Trinidad*, had conversation with Magellan, and pointed out that their course would not take them to the Spice Islands, whereupon the admiral answered that he had information that there were no provisions to be had at the Moluccas, therefore he was going north, apparently to China. If that is truly reported, it would seem to indicate something very much like an hallucination in Magellan, similar to that hallucination of hearing which afflicted Columbus on the shores of Jamaica.

However that may be, Magellan's course took him to the nearest land sailing due west from Guam, and a week after leaving that island, the lookout man sighted the south end of what is now Samar Island, and Europeans first set eyes on the Philippine Islands, March 16, 1521.

*He had been regarded somewhat in the light of a tame house animal, Pigafetta and the sailors amusing themselves in noting how he conducted himself in his new environment, how he wore his clothes and used a knife and fork. Before he died, he was christened and given the name Paul. The second Patagonian was on board the *San Antonio*. He died before the ship reached the equator.

# Actors As They Are On and Off the Stage

## They Are More Than Products of Elocutionary Schools and Dancing Academies

By QUINCY KILBY

ILLUSTRATED BY RUSSELL H. LEGGE



The rank and file of actors come from the great middle class—fully as likely to have been born in a small town as in a great metropolis.

SOME years ago, in company with several others, I visited the state prison at Charlestown, Massachusetts. Our party included a Methodist minister and W. J. LeMoyne, the actor. After our tour of inspection we were invited into the warden's office for a friendly chat.

'Have you any actors confined here?' Warden Chamberlin was asked.

'Not a single actor. We have never had one in my time.'

'That's good,' commented LeMoyne. 'Any ministers here?'

'Plenty of them.'

Several years later I asked the same question of Chamberlin's successor, Colonel Russell, and he made the same reply. I believe that there have been fewer actors convicted of serious crimes than the members of any other profession, business, or trade, and this in spite of the fact that all connected with the amusement profession are classed as actors, be they players, stagehands, attachés or circus followers. The actor is no worse than the ordinary man, and he is quite apt to be better.

The actor, unless born of a theatrical family, rarely comes from the topmost grades of society. Most of them are from the great middle class. A not inconsiderable percentage are sons or daughters of clergymen. Stars with college educations are rare. The real actor is sporadic; he is as likely to have been born in a small town as in a great metropolis.

True actors are not the products of schools of elocution and dancing academies. The born actor, even though he may be lacking in education and early training, can often give renderings of Shakespeare's lines that the most conscientious and appreciative student can never equal. His gift is one of ear, not of brain. I remember a young man whom the manager used to invite into his office that he might hear him read from Shakespeare.

'Why do you read the line in that way?' the delighted manager would ask.

'Cause it sounds pootier that way, Guvnor.' And that was the true reason. His rendition came by instinct. It was intuition and not education that enabled him to draw from the lines the master's deeper meaning.



The onlooker would be surprised could he see his favorite comedian coming off-stage, inveighing against a 'lot of tombstones out in front.'

Having been connected with theatrical business for many years, I feel that I have a right to express my opinions concerning it. I have seen all sides, from the very good to the pretty bad, and can conscientiously say that I believe actors rise above their early surroundings to a far greater degree than any other class of individuals.

The man who so cleverly plays a part you like may be the son of your washerwoman; but if you compare him with her other children you will find him far above them in intellect, in appearance, in address and in cultivation. His travel has broadened him; the language of the plays in which he has appeared has purified his own; and the discipline of the stage has been of distinct service to him.

The discipline of the stage—that is a subject on which the average layman is provokingly ignorant, his ideas having been gained largely from pictures in humorous magazines, in which immaculately dressed men of the world are drinking champagne in green rooms and exchanging sophisticated cynicisms with scantily dressed coryphées. Nothing could be further from reality. In the first place, loiterers are not welcomed behind the scenes, be they fashionably or shabbily dressed. And, furthermore, drinking within the sacred precincts of the stage is not tolerated.

The stage is the home of most rigid discipline and the actor must be on hand at the exact second when his presence is required, properly costumed and made up, and letter perfect in his lines; and any failure is promptly punished by a fine. Behind the scenes the utmost quiet is enforced lest some unnecessary noise distract the attention of the audience. Unseemly language or ungentlemanly behavior subjects the offender to a fine. In fact, any infringement of the rules is punishable by a fine, such forfeitures being deducted from the weekly salaries and turned over to the Actors' Fund, an institution for ameliorating the lot of less fortunate members of the profession.

The strict rules of the profession compel the actor to be on hand at the proper time, to speak only the lines provided for him, to dress as he is told, to travel on specified trains, often rising at unseasonable hours to do so, to be at his post in all weathers and all temperatures.

For some undiscovered reason the actor considers the manager his sworn enemy, as the schoolboy does his teacher, and is often moved to express himself at length on the subject, but despite this almost universal feeling he is continually giving evidences of loyalty which it would be hard to equal in other walks of life. Times without number he has dragged himself from a sick bed and gone out into a wintry night to make his way to the theater, there to

risk his health and even his life in ill-ventilated dressing rooms and on draughty stages. In another profession he might stay home and coddle himself, but in this one he sticks to his work until he drops. And every associate, every stagehand, every supernumerary will give him encouragement and try to make his labor as light as possible. Should he fall ill there will be no need of calling in a nurse. Willing volunteers are plentiful and thoughtful words and gifts or fruits and flowers are customary.

There is no need to dwell on the charity which is so well-known an attribute of the profession. Let a great calamity occur in this or any other land and immediately theatrical benefits take place in all parts of the country. The actor gives no thrilling address to be followed by passing the hat. He gives his talent, his labor, his stock in trade. He gives himself, asking no return.

Some years ago a young man in our company died in a Western city. His home was in the East, and the only relative near at hand was a second cousin, a man of high standing in business and religious circles. Immediately after his death I went to his room to take charge of his effects. The relative came in and, among other things, asked, 'I suppose he had some money saved up?'

'I think he had a little in the savings bank,' I replied.

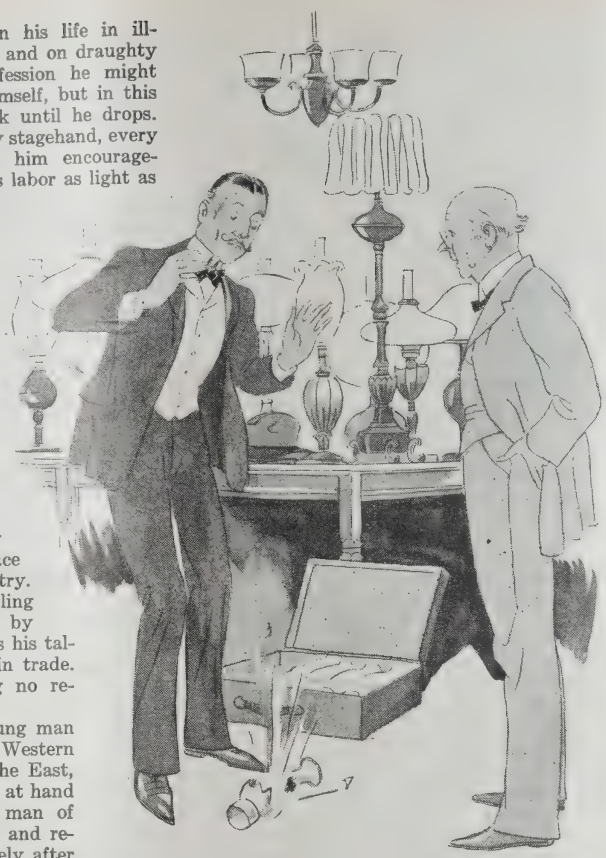
'Well, there doesn't seem to be anything I can do here, as long as there is enough for the funeral expenses. I think I will be going along.' And he went his way and I never saw him again.

On my way back to the theater I met a woman of the company, 'Mr. Kilby, I didn't know Mr. Blank very well, as he had been so short a time in the company,' she said, 'but if you need any money for funeral expenses you may take my salary this week—only please don't say anything about it.'

Continuing along the street I met our ballet-master, a Frenchman who had been in this country only a few years. He stopped me and said, 'Monsieur Keelby, I am not very well-off, and have a family in France to support, but if you need any money for that poor young man's expenses, please call on me for my share.'

There was nothing remarkable about these occurrences. They might have happened in any company. The actor's charity comes straight from his heart and has no stimulus in calculation.

The twisted ideas of the actor's morality are partly due to the fact that he undeniably does stay out late at night, which is in itself a strong argument against him in the eyes of certain individuals. It is true that he is a late bird and may often be seen chatting merrily with his friends during the midnight hours. Most persons need food after their daily work is done, and this particular workingman has put in several hours of labor since his six o'clock supper, a meal not too hearty lest it interfere with his acting. This hour or two after the performance is the crown of his day.



The proprietor came inquiringly forward. Without a word the actor held a chimney high aloft, then dropped it on the floor. Crash! A thousand pieces!

It is unusual to find an actor who has not someone dependent upon him, be it wife, child, parent, brother or sister, or even more distant relative, or friend with no ties of blood.

To those who have had pleasant experience in amateur theatricals, the life of an actor seems like one long playday. At its best it is attractive, but it is full of work, hard work. The applause and appreciation of the audience are inspiring, but a reaction comes after the fall of the curtain. Her work ended, the star returns to her hotel and has supper. If she has anyone but her maid to share it with, she is fortunate.

The life of the leading lady of a stock company is even more arduous and exacting. She has eleven or twelve performances a week and five or more rehearsals, in addition to studying a long new part each week and spending several hours in the hands of a dressmaker, preparing new gowns.

Anyone not versed in the ways of the traveling companies would be surprised to know the extent and character of their reading. Daily papers and magazines, of course, but books of high literary merit are often passed from hand to hand through the entire company and read and intelligently commented on by all. I have heard a stagehand boast of his fine copy of *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*, and I know a comedy juggler whose choicest possession is a copy of Montaigne's *Essays* which was a gift from another comedy juggler. I am acquainted with an actor of limited education who has made a remarkable dramatization of Longfellow's *Courtship of Miles Standish*. Every line of it is a quotation from Shakespeare. With untiring energy he hunted through the works of the great dramatist until in each case he found a line exactly to fit the situation. The result is an ingenious yet thoroughly artistic piece of mosaic.

The outsider knows by name only a few stars and leading people and does not realize that there are certain members of the profession whom all actors know, whose names are on their lips far more than those of the better known ones whose portraits grace the pages of the Sunday papers all over the land. They may occupy subordinate positions but personally they are dear to hundreds of their fellows, and it is considered a privilege to be associated with them. There are delightful old ladies whose smiles are a blessing and lovable old men with a pleasant word for everybody, who are continually dropping hints of inestimable value to the younger players. There are plenty of young girls in the profession who are just the sort of girls you would like your sister or daughter to be, and hundreds of clean, manly young men who would run their legs off to do you a service.

Like people in all other walks of life, actors often become weary of their profession and desirous of quitting it. Once in awhile he will break away and embark in some other business, to the approval and envy of his fellows, but instances are rare of the deserter's remaining permanently off the boards, especially if his standing thereon has been high. Occasionally, it is true, an actor will secede to the business side of the theater, and remain there permanently, but he is still a member of the profession, and after all it is the profession itself that so tightly grasps its followers.

This reminds me of an actor who once left the stage for a short time, though he soon returned to the calling for which he was fitted, and which he thereafter adorned to the day of his death. Horace Lewis was an excellent actor and had met with success, but he got the thought that the life of a business man was more to be desired than that of a player, so he invested his savings in a store in Chicago where he made a specialty of the sale of lamps. One day an agent came in and sold him an order of lamp-chimneys that were unbreakable, as he proved by bouncing them on the floor and kicking them all over the shop. They were indeed wonderful, and they set Horace to thinking. Finding that the salesman was going to Omaha, saving Milwaukee for his return trip, Horace said to himself, 'I will hie me up to Milwaukee ahead of this sordid huckster and dispose of my stock at advanced prices before he knows what is doing.'

So one cold morning he went to Milwaukee with a satchel full of lamp-chimneys. The mercury stood at 20 degrees below zero, and 20 degrees below has an effect on glass, though he didn't know it; not then. Seeing a store with lamps in the window he opened the door and strode boldly in. The proprietor was in the back part of the shop but came inquiringly forward. Without a word Horace very dramatically opened his satchel, took out a chimney, gracefully unwrapped it, held it high aloft, then dropped it on the floor. Crash! A thousand pieces!

Nothing daunted, Horace took out another, went through the same motions, and dropped that one. Bing! A thousand pieces again! Six successive times did he try it, and six successive times did powdered glass spatter his shoes. Without a word he closed the satchel, turned on his heel and stalked majestically from the place, leaving the astonished storekeeper wondering to this day why that madman came into his place and broke lamp-chimneys all over his floor.

# Let's Pass a Law!

(*Concluded from page 2*)




We shall have to do something to limit the law-making power.

this country, they are likely to stay there.

'You may know that the Sunday observance law in the state of Connecticut was only liberalized to meet vastly changed conditions in that state some ten or a dozen years since—after perhaps a hundred and fifty years of a Sunday law which in its essential wording had come down from the days of King John.

'America's lawmakers are ever exceeding loath to repeal laws which have had their day. The tremendous pressure on them to pass new laws keeps their minds well occupied in the contrary direction, and they have a natural disinclination, in any event, to take responsibility for a change which may turn out for the worse. There is a wealth of dead letters and moribund laws on our statute books.

'Do you know,' he said, 'I believe if the average man actually sensed his position before the law today, his pulse would go up every time he saw a policeman. We are the most law-ridden folk in the world. Nowhere over the globe is it as easy to break the law.

'Why, are you aware that in the city of New York it is punishable with fine and imprisonment—imprisonment, mind you—to drive an automobile around any street corner at a speed of more than four miles an hour?

'Did you ever hear of Charles F. Southmayde, a leading legal light for years? He was so impressed by the great number of new laws constantly coming on that he employed another highly competent lawyer simply to keep him out of jail. So fearful was Mr. Southmayde that he might unwittingly land in one of these "man-traps," as he called them, that he paid the other man well to familiarize himself with the statutes of his own state, especially the new ones, so that he might observe them.

'Hipped on the subject? Certainly not. He was simply a good lawyer and knew what he was up against. His anxiety was perfectly natural.

'Law-ridden, did I say?' cried the author. 'Absolutely that! We root for liberty and then make laws covering every conceivable subject under heaven.

'This is no matter to take lightly. It's deadly serious, really. The more laws there are, the harder it is to enforce any of them! And that leads straight to lawlessness. When the legal saturation point is approached our laws become either jokes or instruments for blackmail!

'Have you ever stopped a vehicle with its left side to the sidewalk? One-way street or not, have you ever done that? Anyway, don't or I may have to get you a bondsman. This is for your own good. Don't fail to tie up securely the newspapers in your garbage can. It doesn't matter what you see the superintendent of your apartment house do. I'm talking to you of *the law*. There is a dire penalty for these offenses.

'By the same token, don't beat a rug on the front stoop. And be very careful not to carry an unmuzzled dog, no matter how small! Don't use the hose on your sidewalk after eight a. m. And, above all things, don't fail to have your chauffeur wear his motor badge on the outside of his coat.'

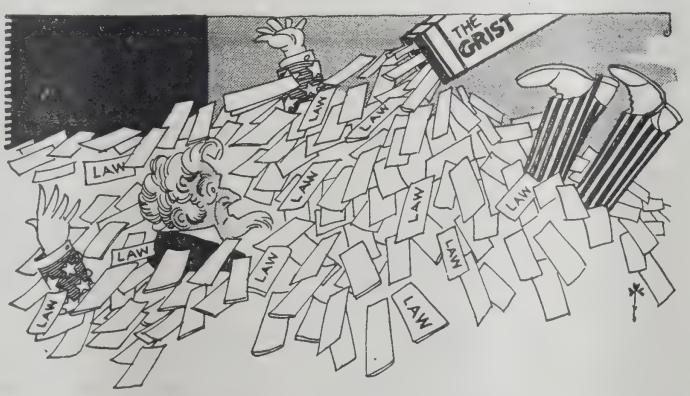
'But those are merely local ordinances,' I interposed.

'They're the law, just the same!' retorted Arthur Train. 'And don't go so strong on the "merely"—there's a fine or imprisonment, or both, for these and many other things that might seem of small account to you.

'What is more, by the side of some local legislation in American cities these examples are most conservative. I believe the city of Los Angeles still prohibits street car conductors from shooting jack rabbits or other "live game" from the platforms of their cars.

'Los Angeles did have a law forbidding "more than one person bathing in or occupying a bathtub at the same time." Possibly this has been rescinded—I don't know—as perhaps has another Los Angeles ordinance making it a misdemeanor to wear false whiskers, "whether complete or partial."

'It isn't necessary, though,' he went on,




In a recent five-year period more than 62,000 separate laws were passed

'to go as far as municipal ordinances for absurdities. How about this statute in a western state? "When two trains approach each other at a crossing, they shall both come to a full stop and neither shall start until the other has gone!"

'Why, as recently as 1919 the General Assembly of the state of Ohio put this into a statute: "Major surgery, which shall be defined to mean the performance of those surgical operations attended by mortality from the use of the knife or other surgical instruments!"

'And you may not know that the state of Indiana requires a hotel proprietor to put fresh sheets on a bed after the departure of the guest who has occupied it. Nothing compels him to change the sheet while the guest remains such.

'At that, we need not go West at all to find some odd laws. A radical commonwealth certainly New York State is not—proud member of the original thirteen colonies—but the New York State Penal Code has some peculiar things in it. Relics of another day, even after the law has been codified.

'It is a crime to sell skimmed milk in New York State! It is also a crime to run a horse on a highway! It is a crime "to exhibit any puppet show, wire or rope dance, or any other idle shows, acts or feats which common showmen, mountebanks or jugglers usually practise or perform" or "to exhibit any painting, any animal, natural or other curiosity" without a permit signed by two justices of the peace.

'It is criminal to cut ice in front of the premises of another, to require more than eight hours' labor of an employe or pay wages other than weekly, to ride a bicycle on a footpath, to run a horse within a mile of where a court is sitting; to mismanage a steam boiler, to keep a slot machine, secretly to loiter about a building for the purpose of eavesdropping, and so on and on and on.

'These are but a few selected at random. You may have noticed that we have kept away from what people generally think of as "freak laws"—so-called "blue laws," and the like. Many states still have these on their books. Why, within a generation a New Jersey grand jury found a statute under which to indict a woman as "a common scold." Yes, actually, and she was saved from the ducking stool with no small difficulty.

'And as to Sunday laws, it is probably illegal in possibly a majority of our states to drive, or even walk, for pleasure on the Sabbath; while hunting, fishing or the simple out-of-door games are crimes.

'I believe in the law,' concluded Arthur Train, 'and so do you. But the time comes when we shall have to do something to limit the lawmaking power as most states have already limited the sessions of their legislatures to a certain number of days.'



# I Read in the Papers



I met, in Warsaw, a man who was a great friend of the doctor who attended Lenin during the last months of his life.

### *Lenin Died in Despair*

He told me that Lenin died of despair because he knew that the constructive State he must build on the ruin he had created would differ so little from the State that had preceded it. He had carried the doctrines of Marx to their logical conclusion and reduced Russia to a slag-heap. The introduction of the New Economic Policy sounded the death-knell of Communism, and proved that it is impossible to apply the bare untempered mind of science to politics, which is, after all, an affair of human nature. He did it, and it was a huge thing to do, but it killed him. Herein lies, I believe, the key to the present Russian situation. There are still a number of idiots in Moscow who go on trying desperately to fit every problem into the 'class-war' formula. But they are a diminishing quantity. Zinoviev is the biggest of them, and he has gone. Every day the 'economic opportunists' are gaining ground. 'The Dictatorship of the Proletariat' is recognized by most people to be nothing more than an empty-sounding phrase.—Robert Boothby, M. P., in *The Spectator*.

---

The alternative proposal is to introduce a system similar to that which at present exists for the election of the governing body of the International Labor Office. Only the traditional Great Powers—Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, and Japan (eventually the United States and Russia)—would be permanently represented on the Council. The qualifications of the various nations are calculated on the basis of their industrial importance in accordance with a special index. In the case of elections to the Council the qualifications would naturally have to be somewhat different, so as to indicate not only the industrial but also the general importance of each nation.

### *How the League Rates Nations*

The index numbers might, for instance, be arranged according to the following table:

1. Total number of adults having received elementary education.
2. Elementary education per thousand inhabitants.
3. Academic education per thousand inhabitants.
4. Estimated value in sterling of total industrial output.
5. Total horsepower employed for industrial purposes.
6. Estimated value in sterling of exports.
7. Estimated value in sterling of imports.
8. Total length of railways.
9. Tonnage of mercantile marine.

For each of these categories should be given an index number proportionate to the result obtained by each nation according to official statistics, and the order of precedence between the nations should be determined by the total score they have thus obtained.—B. G. de Montgomery in *The Nineteenth Century and After*.

---

Your article seems to insist that the World Teacher and Mr. Krishnamurti are one and the same person, though both Dr. Besant and Mr. Krishnamurti himself have expressly and repeatedly denied that. The only claim that is made is that the body of this young Indian is used by the World Teacher—not continuously, one understands, but as occasion arises—as in the instance quoted from *The Manchester Guardian*. Using psychological terminology, the case would be called one of dual personality, or rather, dissociated personality. In *Old Diary Leaves*, by Colonel Olcott, the first president of the Theosophical Society, similar incidents are mentioned in connection with Madame Blavatsky and some of her literary work. But no one confused *her* with any of the personages using her body. The idea that it is claimed that Mr. Krishnamurti is 'the latest incarnation of the divine spirit' is a doubtless unintentional, but grave misrepresentation of Dr. Besant's teaching.—J. A. Edward Wren in *The Spectator*.

### *'The New Messiah' —a Letter*

*The International Jew* in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the Untied States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set $1. THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN.

---

If Labor members possessed one tithe of the courage or brilliance of the Irishmen of yesterday, we might have some fun. But they add to a ponderous density of mind inferiority complex on such a scale that it is quite impossible verbally to hit back. If any criticism is made of their intelligence, wisdom, or sincerity they at once assume an attitude of outraged indignation. First they become 'hurt' and take up the line that just because their opponents have had a so-called 'superior' education that is no reason for taking advantage of it in debate and 'hitting below the belt.' Then they begin to bellow. So the wretched Unionists have to sit silent while their leaders are described as liars, murderers, and hypocrites, and dare not reply, for fear of turning the House into a bear-garden.—*The Spectator*.

### *House of Commons Is Baffled*

Geographically Palestine is one-sixth larger than Wales and one-fourth smaller than Belgium. Comparable in geographical area with these countries, it is vastly different from them in other respects. Its population is one-third of that of Wales and one-tenth of that of Belgium. In its sparsity of population, its deficiency of national and municipal plant and industrial equipment, its low state of cultivation and its low productivity, it contrasts sharply with both. — W. Basil Worsfold in *The Nineteenth Century*.

### *Palestine the Little*

---

Read Homer and compare him to a poet of the last fifty years. Metrical skill you will find in the modern, a certain dexterity, an occasional flash of intuition; but in the end the conclusion forces itself upon the mind that while time may preserve some jewels from the 20th Century poet, some moments when he rose above the welter of his age and lived in the upper air, his work as a whole is, compared with that of Homer, immature and foundationless. Much of it is a poetry of questioning; but the poet's function is not to ask, but to tell. —George H. Bonner in *The Nineteenth Century and After*.

### *Not to Ask, But to Tell*

---

Science leads us to *know* of what is true in the physical world, as far as such knowledge is attainable.

Philosophy helps us to *think* what is true about all the subjects with which we are brought in contact.

### *A Sheaf of Definitions*

Religion teaches us to *feel* the highest truth in order to receive the greatest practical help toward leading the ideal life.

Theology (often confused with religion in the discussion of these subjects) may be said to stand toward religion in the same way as philosophy to science, and it has been defined as the 'Teaching of some positive religion as to the attributes and existence of the Supreme Being.'

Science deals with parts of the real world, and is analytical.

Philosophy deals with the whole and is synthetic — *i. e.*, taking a general survey. Its aim is to exhibit the universe as a rational system in the harmony of all its parts.

A fact is only known in relation to other facts. There is no such thing as an individual fact. Every statement of fact involves certain general notions and theories.

Philosophy subjects these general notions to a critical analysis to discover how far they are true, or whether they must be restated.

Philosophy, then, is the science of principles.—C. H. Prichard in *The Nineteenth Century and After*.

# Age, Greatness and Novelty in TREES





*(C) Arthur Prentiss.*
Oval, left—Oregon has still a considerable amount of original standing timber, despite modern lumbering operations. Try to find the man in this picture.



Upper right—The famed Biblical Cedars of Lebanon were not immune from the vandalism of tourists, who peeled off the bark. *(C) International Newsreel.*

Oval, above—This curious picture, made on the banks of the Thames River, England, speaks for itself. *(C) International Newsreel.*

Below—Nine hundred years is the age assigned to this giant oak, standing on the property of the Women's National Foundation, Washington, D.C. *(C) Harris & Ewing.*





IT WOULD be thought a hard Government that should tax its People one tenth Part of their *Time*, to be employed in its Service. But *Idleness* taxes many of us much more, if we reckon all that is spent in absolute *Sloth*, or doing nothing, with that which is spent in idle Employments or Amusements, that amount to nothing. *Sloth*, by bringing on Diseases absolutely shortens Life. Sloth, like Rust, consumes faster than Labor wears, while the used Key is always bright, as Poor Richard says. But dost thou love Life, then do not squander Time, for that's the Stuff Life is made of, as Poor Richard says.

—*Benjamin Franklin*
(*The Sayings of Poor Richard*).

DEA RR

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Volume 26, Number 46

Five Cents a Copy SEPTEMBER 4, 1926 $1.50 a Year

THE LIBRARY OF THE
SEP 3 1926
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS



FISHING VESSELS DOCKED AT CAPE PORPOISE
(See page 14)

## CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH



# *Steady—Safe—Care-free on* Firestone Tires

The progressive woman of today considers an automobile essential to her fullest usefulness. But for her family's sake, she demands the factor of safety which Firestone engineers have provided in unusual measure.

Take, for example, the sudden turn with its unseen railroad crossing. When the car is equipped with Full-Size Gum-Dipped Balloons she drives in comfort and security—relaxed and care-free. Thousands of women have learned to trust the scientifically designed Firestone non-skid tread. Gripping the road firmly sudden starts and stops are made without slips or slide.

You who drive should inquire into the many reasons why Firestone Gum-Dipped Balloons give longer, more dependable mileage. Ask the nearest Firestone Dealer about Gum-Dipping and other exclusive Firestone processes. "For Safety's Sake" call today.

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

The Mark of Quality

# Firestone

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER . . Harvey S. Firestone

Vol. 26 No. 46
SEPTEMBER 4
1926
Published Weekly by
THE DEARBORN
PUBLISHING COMPANY
Dearborn - - Michigan

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer; C. B. Longley Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

# The SENATOR *Nobody Knows*

## Borah *the Enigma—A* Politician *Who Will Not Play* Politics

By ALLAN L. BENSON

TOWARD the end of Theodore Roosevelt's second administration, there came from Idaho to Washington to serve in the United States Senate a square-shouldered, square-jawed man with very black hair and a dimple in his chin. He was in his forty-second year, well-known in his state, unknown everywhere else. He had never held public office until he elected himself United States Senator. It amounted to that. The bosses would not let the people elect him, so he began to organize from the bottom and had delegates instructed for him all along the line until the members of the state legislature could do nothing else but elect William E. Borah, a Boise lawyer, to the Senate.



It is characteristic of Borah that when he wanted to enter public life he began with the highest office that his state, by itself, could confer upon him. Even then, he had a sense of his own power and of his ability to sit in any company and give a good account of himself.

That was nineteen years ago. From that day until this he has been under the observation of the Washington newspaper correspondents whose business it is to form opinions of and write about public men. Most of the correspondents who were in Washington when Borah came have gone. In other words, two generations of writers have practised their profession upon this man. To both generations, Borah has been and is a mystery. The second generation has at least learned that he is a man of power, but it can no more understand him than could the writers of Roosevelt's day. To the early writers, Borah was 'Wild Bill,' but their successors do not so refer to him. They do not belittle him, but they cannot understand him.

This rather interesting situation would be explained at once if Borah were erratic or the Washington newspaper correspondents were stupid, but Borah is not erratic nor are the Washington correspondents fools. The writers at the national capital are men of intelligence who were well steeped in state and city politics before they were sent there. They were promoted to the Potomac because of their ability to write politics. So far as Borah is concerned, what these gentlemen know about politicians is not a help to them but a hindrance. It is a hindrance because it stands in the way of an understanding of him.

Borah cannot be measured by a political rule for the reason that, in the low sense of the term, he is not a politician. And whoever does not apply the low sense of the term in Washington fails to get the correct measurements of most of his men.

A great majority of the gentlemen who adorn the Congress of the United States understand politics to mean the means by which their places are gained and kept. As competent politicians, therefore, what they do or say is done or said with reference to the effect that it will have in keeping them in office. When they start out to cater to a faction or an interest they cater to it regardless of how many or

how serious may be the inconsistencies into which they are led. To understand them it is but necessary to know whom they are trying to serve and what votes they are trying to get, whereupon their courses appear to be as straight as the shortest distance between two points.

ALL of this and more the Washington newspaper correspondents learned long ago when they were back home doing city politics. What they learned then and what they have learned since have combined to make them cynical with regard to politicians. It is not their fault. If they were not cynical they would make many more mistakes than they do in writing of what they see in Washington. They are dealing with politicians and know it and adjust their measuring sticks to the timber at hand.

Under the observation of such men as these, nineteen years ago, came Borah. He was not a babe in the woods. Whatever tricks there were in the political trade back in Idaho he knew and, for all that this writer knows, some of them he practised. Certainly no attempt will be made here to portray him as a political innocent. But Borah, at the outset of his service and to this day, differed radically in one respect from the great majority of men with whom he has served in the Senate. Wherein he differed so much from the others was in the demonstration of his extraordinary attachment to American ideals, as expressed in the Declaration of Independence, and to American institutions as established by the Constitution.

Every politician professes such attachments, but his acts often show either how little he understands those things to which he has pledged allegiance or, understanding them, how little he believes in them. Borah both understands and believes and, moreover, always tries to bring his acts into harmony with his understanding and his beliefs. From a Senator who is also presumably a politician, is this not enough to confuse almost any Washington correspondent?

A case in point: Borah worked hard—and is still working—to have the private property seized from Germans during the war returned to them. He took this course because from the very foundation of our Government it has been a settled principle with us that the private property of individuals who happen to be citizens of a country with which we are at war shall not be confiscated. He did not care a rap about the Germans in particular—he would have done the same if they had been Koreans or Chinese—but it nevertheless instantly occurred to the Washington newspaper correspondents that Borah was playing up to the German vote. Naturally the Germans resident in this country warmed toward him. But before the warming process had gone far Borah did something that tended to interfere with the resumption of the flow of beer toward everybody, including these German friends. Germans wrote to him, more in sorrow than in anger, asking him why he had gone in to help the drys fight the wets. And the Washington newspaper correspondents wrote another article about the 'inconsistency' of Borah who, by blowing both hot and cold at the German vote, had again proved himself a 'mystery.'

FROM the beginning Borah stood as he still stands for the recognition by the United States Government of Soviet Russia. By taking such action, there was not a vote to be gained and some that might be lost. Nor was Borah a 'red.' Borah is about as red as Bishop Manning. Borah came out for the recognition of Russia for the same reasons that George Washington, when he was President, recognized the revolutionary government of France. The French had just killed a king and were about to kill a queen when Washington acted. Washington said that recognition was 'a bloody road to take,' but added, 'there is no other.' Washington believed then as Borah believes now, that recognition of the existence of a government has nothing to do with our opinion of it. We recognized the Russian Government under the czars, but we did not thereby approve the czars. We always recognized the Turks, bloody though they were.

Borah also looks at the matter this way: The Russian people, perhaps a hundred and forty million in number, are good people. They are not to blame for what has happened and they have a right to live. Borah believes it will be for their good, as well as for our own, if we recognize their government. He believes we can help them more by recognizing them than we can by continuing to stand aloof.

Borah also points to the colossal, almost unexplored natural resources of Russia. These resources are going to be developed. In the course of their development, there will be trade. Borah does not see why Americans should not benefit by whatever trade they can carry on with Russia. He believes Russia needs much that we have and that we need things that Russia has.

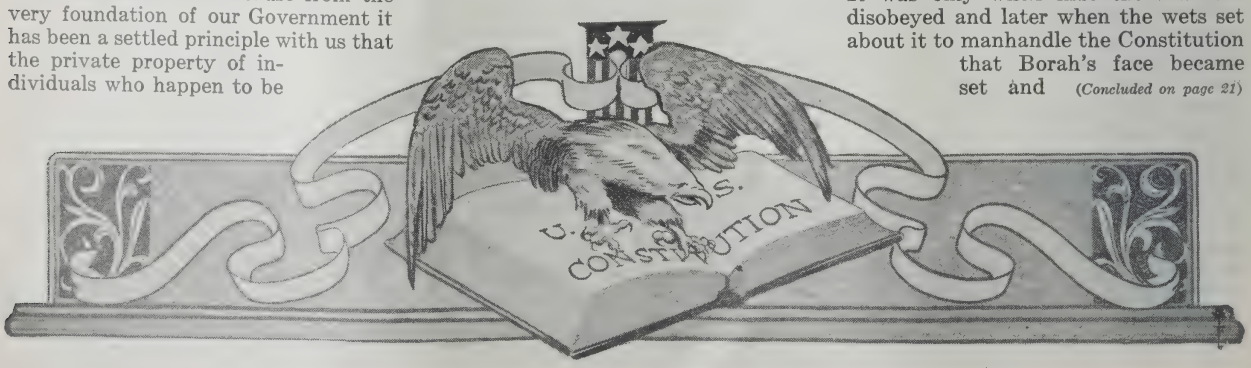
AS FAR as the danger of propaganda is concerned, Borah laughs at it. He considers Bolshevism so absurd and so discredited that he would not be afraid of the American people swinging toward it if Bolshevist orators were on every street corner, from coast to coast. The average American associates Bolshevism with hell. Few care to make the trip. So Borah feels that we have nothing to fear from red propaganda.

As to these matters, Borah may be wrong, but it cannot truthfully be said that he is inconsistent or mysterious. At any rate, he is guided by the same principles that guided George Washington when he recognized a French government that he abhorred.

It may surprise some prohibitionists to know that Borah voted against the Volstead Act. Here again we see his devotion, not to the letter this time, but to what he conceived to be the spirit of the American ideal of liberty. Personally, Borah is a prohibitionist. He voted in favor of submitting the 18th Amendment. He was prepared to vote for an enforcement act. But the Volstead bill seemed to him to be a little extreme. Some of its provisions for search and seizure seemed to cut across liberties that the spirit of our institutions seemed to him to guarantee. It was not a matter of the letter of the Constitution, but of its spirit. Borah, who always takes the Constitution exceedingly seriously, felt that he could not conscientiously vote for the law and he didn't, though he was in favor of its substance.

During all the years that prohibition was debated Borah never made a speech in its favor. He was for it, but he was more interested in other things. It was only when first the law was disobeyed and later when the wets set about it to manhandle the Constitution that Borah's face became set and

(Concluded on page 21)



*Ex-Noncommissioned Officer Says That in the World War*

# American Soldiers Were Tried by Court-Martial System of George III

By JAMES W. BECKMAN
FORMER SERGEANT MAJOR, AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.

PERHAPS no greater, more courageous and patriotic army ever went forward to fight the battles of liberty and democracy than the men who went overseas to fight in the World War to 'make the world safe for democracy.'

It is not necessary to recall the virtues of the American soldiers. They have been recounted time and again by the soldiers of the other nations of the world, and by the people of France. They were loved by all because their fairness, kindness and cheerfulness were equaled only by their courage.

The American soldiers were fighting for a principle—that principle the dearest of all to human hearts—the principle of liberty on which this country was founded and for which it has fought every war in which it has ever been engaged.

And yet, in spite of this background of a nation founded on the highest principles of any nation in the history of the human race, the American Army fought in the World War under a court-martial system that violated the very principle of liberty for which they were fighting.



*Doughboys in a deserted French home.*

*'Your articles should do a lot toward bringing about the reforms in our court-martial system which the experience of the late war shows to be so necessary. The only criticism that occurs to me is that you have not adequately stressed the result on the psychology of the soldier of repeated acts of injustice to him and his fellow soldiers. A volunteer soldier, imbued with the highest patriotism, can become so enraged at repeated injustices resulting from our present court-martial system, that while he will retain his love of country, his hatred for the army and the army system will intensify to the point where he has lost his efficiency and effectiveness as a fighting unit. The officer who gets results from his men is he who tempers discipline with absolute justice; the army which gets results from its soldiers guarantees them first of all the justice which is especially due those who put on the nation's uniform to fight and perhaps die for country and for home.'—Excerpt from a letter to the author from a Boston attorney who was with him in the army.*

The statements made here were vouched for under oath and confessed by the accused in the Congressional investigation into the charges after I made them in a letter to Congressman Frederick W. Dallinger, of Massachusetts, which was read before the House of Representatives, Saturday, July 12, 1919.

They are being brought forward at this time because there are certain steps yet to be taken if the possibility of injustice in time of emergency is to be eliminated.

That the American people will have all the facts before them and be able intelligently to take the final precautions, I am going to tell the history behind *the American court-martial system.* I shall show what happened to the soldier under that system. Then I shall outline the things that must be done if some still open sources of grievous injustice are to be stopped.

The court-martial system of the United States was inherited directly from King George III in the Revolutionary days because the colonials did not have the time nor the opportunity in the exigencies of the Revolution to adopt any rules or regulations of their own. The very conditions of the Revolution forced fairness on the part of officers of the Revolutionary Army. But in the World War, American soldiers were cut off from the protection of the American people by a military censorship that prevented anything but praise to be written back about the conditions that prevailed overseas, under penalty of court-martial for those who violated this rule. All letters were read and cables censored so that it was impossible to communicate to the people at home concerning the treatment accorded American soldiers.

The court-martial system of George III was the same as that used in the worst days of the ancient Roman Empire, and he inherited it practically unchanged through Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden in the 17th Century, who adopted it for use in his army.

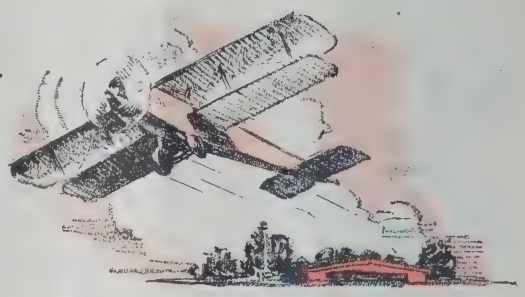
It was so atrocious that England and practically every country in Europe, including Germany with her Prussian military régime under the kaiser, had discarded it years before the war and adopted systems that were more just and humane in keeping with modern times; but America still retained it simply because we as a nation were not interested in militarism and overlooked its most dangerous menace to our liberties and democratic institutions.

Under this system, a soldier was simply a chattel. His life and liberty were subject to the will or whim of the king or the military commander. It was not based on the theory that the soldiers of the army were the citizens of the country, as is the case with the United States. The soldiers were not citizens—these chattels of military commanders. They were the dregs of society, criminals,

(Concluded on page 22)

# Heroes *of the* Air Mail

## They Carry On *Every Day of the Year,* Through Rain *or* Fog, Over Mountains *or* Treacherous Valleys



BISHOP, one of Uncle Sam's aërial postmen, stood beside me at the Salt Lake City station. He had been my host for the afternoon; had taken me in his car out to the lake.

'So you're going on to San Francisco in search of stories of adventure of Air Mail Pilots?'

I admitted that I had come all the way from New York for that very purpose.

'Stop here on your way back, and I'll have a story ready for you,' promised this sky-rider of the Salt Lake-Rock Springs 'leg.' 'And be sure to see Boonstra at the Rock Springs Air Mail Field.'

As we stood there, a low murmur—the drone of a great motor—came out of the west. It grew in volume. A plane came into view, flying a thousand feet above the city, and disappeared within a few minutes over the crest of the Wasatch range.

'That's Ellis,' said Bishop. 'Thirty minutes of steady climbing will find him over Porcupine Ridge, at an elevation of almost 10,000 feet. Then come the Bad Lands of Utah and Wyoming, an unpopulated stretch of barren, chaotic, and inhospitable ridges.'

Fog, thick and impenetrable, and hail and snow are frequently experienced in this region, while the wind sometimes blows with hurricane force—actually compelling a sturdy de Haviland airplane, with its powerful Liberty motor, to 'stand still' in the sky.

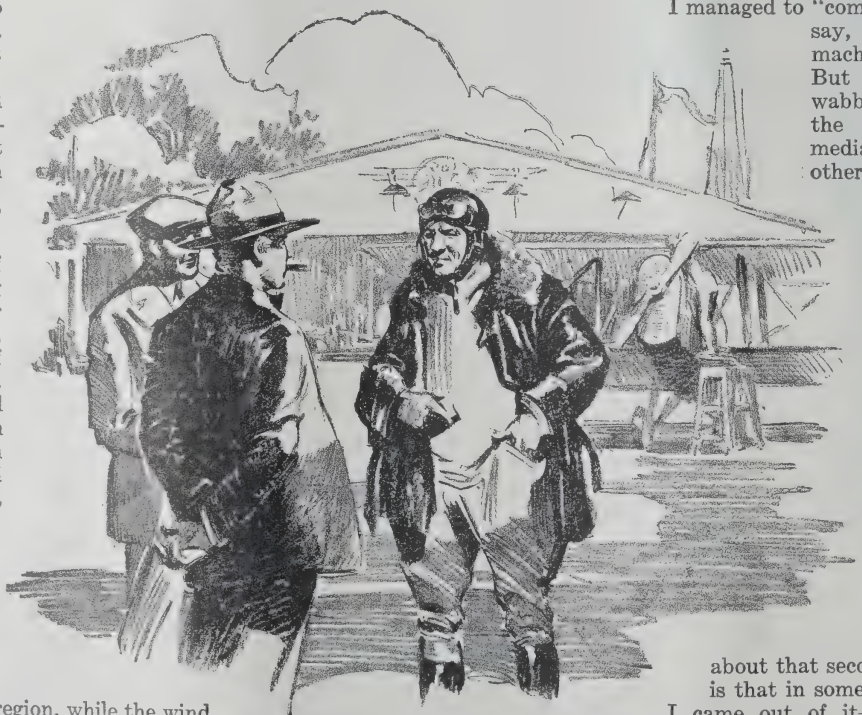
Several days later I stopped off at Rock Springs.

There was a crispness in the air at the Wyoming flying field that is found only in the Rockies. In the clear atmosphere White Mountain seemed only a mile or two distant, instead of twelve. As I stared to the eastward at the 'saddle,' silhouetted against the cloudless sky, a black spot, which seemed at a distance of six miles no larger than a dragon fly, sailed serenely above the depression in the ridge. This was Boonstra. Within a few minutes he had landed, in a cloud of dust.

'Boonstra,' I began, after he had eaten a sandwich and we had been introduced by the field manager, 'I understand that you've had more than your share of close shaves?'

'Well,' he replied, hesitatingly, 'maybe I have, but those things are all in the day's work.'

'You don't have a forced landing in the Rocky Mountains or a tail-spin from 18,000 feet every day, do you?'



*'I undertand you have had more than your share of close shaves?' I began. 'Maybe I have,' he replied, 'but those things are all in a day's work.'*

'No-o.'

'I wish you'd tell me about some of the hazards of the Air Mail Service. You see, the American people have no way of knowing just what you pilots are up against. What about the tail-spin, for instance?'

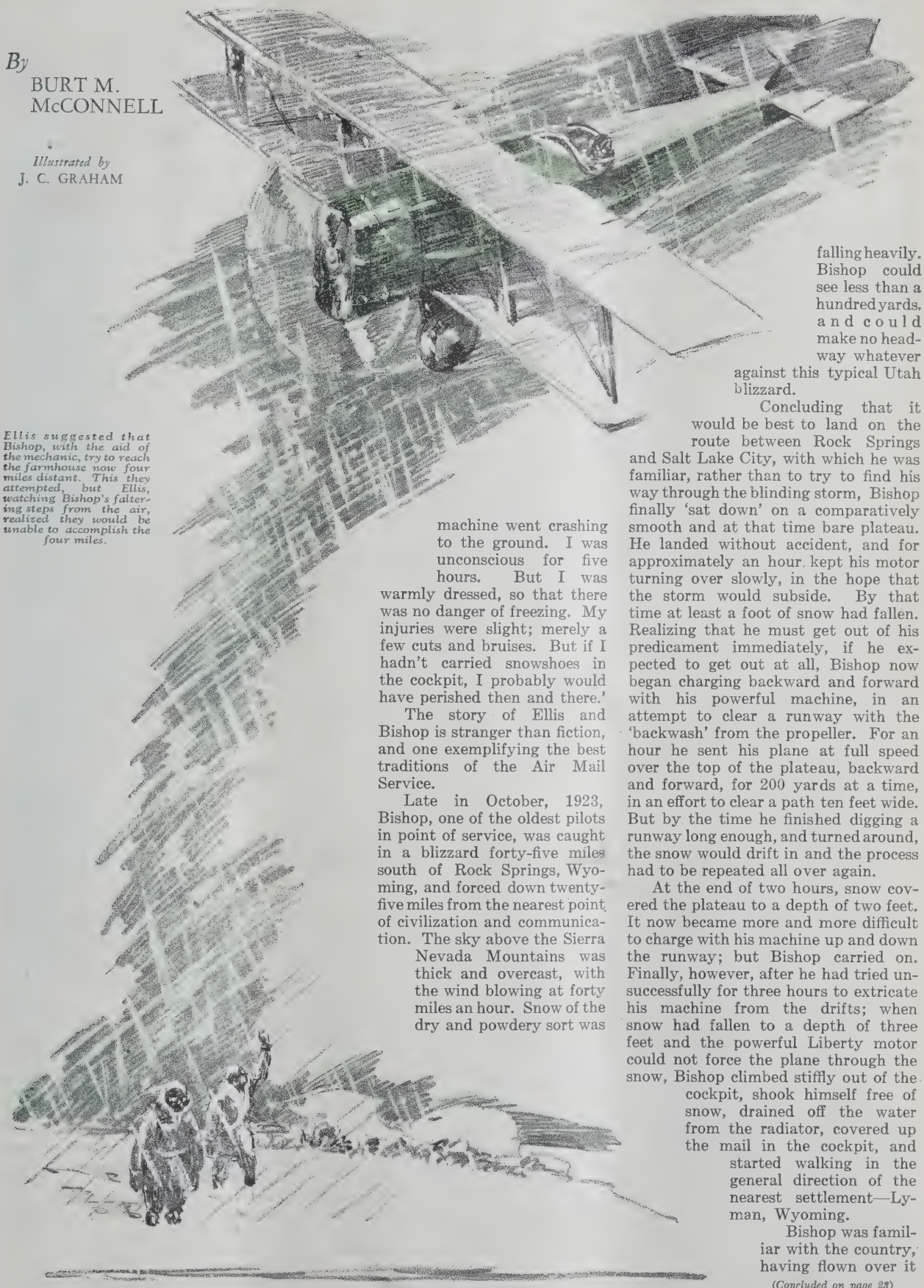
'I don't know to this day what caused me to fall into that spin. I ran into a blizzard one January day. The wind was dead against me, and I soon found that I couldn't buck it, even though my ship would make two miles a minute. I tried it for half an hour. I flew and flew and flew, trying to get around the storm, but it was impossible without going too far off the route. Then I tried to climb over it and got to 18,000 feet, or about three and a half miles, which is the "ceiling," or limit, of a de Haviland.

'By this time I was rather dizzy and exhausted. Then I lost consciousness. The machine automatically went into a spin. Recovering, at a point about a mile and a half above the ground, according to my altimeter, I managed to "come out of it," as they say, by bringing the machine to an even keel. But I was feeling so wabbly by this time that the plane almost immediately fell into another spin. I have absolutely no recollection of what I did; probably I worked the controls instinctively. There was no banking indicator on my plane, so it was almost impossible, with snow swirling all around, for me to tell whether I was flying on the level. As I say, my memory is hazy about that second spin; all I know is that in some miraculous fashion I came out of it—only to fall into another! I whirled like a falling leaf to the earth. The drop was a dizzy one, I can tell you.

'By good luck, rather than because of any effort of mine, I came out of my third spin. I can't recall going into the fourth—and last—, but I dimly remember bringing the ship to a flat spiral about a hundred feet from the ground. Then I struck a tree, and the

*By*
BURT M. McCONNELL

*Illustrated by*
J. C. GRAHAM



*Ellis suggested that Bishop, with the aid of the mechanic, try to reach the farmhouse now four miles distant. This they attempted, but Ellis, watching Bishop's faltering steps from the air, realized they would be unable to accomplish the four miles.*

machine went crashing to the ground. I was unconscious for five hours. But I was warmly dressed, so that there was no danger of freezing. My injuries were slight; merely a few cuts and bruises. But if I hadn't carried snowshoes in the cockpit, I probably would have perished then and there.'

The story of Ellis and Bishop is stranger than fiction, and one exemplifying the best traditions of the Air Mail Service.

Late in October, 1923, Bishop, one of the oldest pilots in point of service, was caught in a blizzard forty-five miles south of Rock Springs, Wyoming, and forced down twenty-five miles from the nearest point of civilization and communication. The sky above the Sierra Nevada Mountains was thick and overcast, with the wind blowing at forty miles an hour. Snow of the dry and powdery sort was falling heavily. Bishop could see less than a hundred yards, and could make no headway whatever against this typical Utah blizzard.

Concluding that it would be best to land on the route between Rock Springs and Salt Lake City, with which he was familiar, rather than to try to find his way through the blinding storm, Bishop finally 'sat down' on a comparatively smooth and at that time bare plateau. He landed without accident, and for approximately an hour kept his motor turning over slowly, in the hope that the storm would subside. By that time at least a foot of snow had fallen. Realizing that he must get out of his predicament immediately, if he expected to get out at all, Bishop now began charging backward and forward with his powerful machine, in an attempt to clear a runway with the 'backwash' from the propeller. For an hour he sent his plane at full speed over the top of the plateau, backward and forward, for 200 yards at a time, in an effort to clear a path ten feet wide. But by the time he finished digging a runway long enough, and turned around, the snow would drift in and the process had to be repeated all over again.

At the end of two hours, snow covered the plateau to a depth of two feet. It now became more and more difficult to charge with his machine up and down the runway; but Bishop carried on. Finally, however, after he had tried unsuccessfully for three hours to extricate his machine from the drifts; when snow had fallen to a depth of three feet and the powerful Liberty motor could not force the plane through the snow, Bishop climbed stiffly out of the cockpit, shook himself free of snow, drained off the water from the radiator, covered up the mail in the cockpit, and started walking in the general direction of the nearest settlement—Lyman, Wyoming.

Bishop was familiar with the country, having flown over it

(*Concluded on page 23*)

# *Lo!* The Poor Indian

By MARIAN BRUCE CLARK

THE 67th, 68th, and now the 69th Congresses have heard charges preferred, reiterated and substantiated by members of both houses, as well as by responsible witnesses, alleging the abrogation of Constitutional rights of Indian citizens by the Indian Bureau. Resolutions calling for a Congressional investigation of the entire Indian situation have been repeatedly introduced and the members of the Committee on Indian Affairs have recommended an investigation as the only procedure through which the starvation of the tribes, the misappropriation of the property of Indian citizens, the exploitation of neglected children, the torture of prisoners for trivial offenses, and the deprivation of the Constitutional prerogatives guaranteed to these United States citizens, the original Americans, may be rectified.



(C) Harris & Ewing.

*Crow Indians from the reservations in Montana and South Dakota who visited Washington to be present at the burial of the Unknown Soldier. They also paid their respects to President Harding.*

Seventeen thousand Indians fought in the World War for the United States, and of these three out of every four volunteered for service. Ten American Indians were decorated with the Croix de Guerre by the French Government and one of them was selected as the model of the original American soldier. One hundred and fifty Indians were decorated for bravery, and yet, on their return to the country of their ancestors, they were obliged to go back as prisoners of a reservation agent, *and a special act of Congress was necessary to enable them to become American citizens.* These, at the present time, are deprived of their Constitutional rights and privileges, through the classification of 'restricted' Indians.

*An Indian being a citizen, what is a 'restricted' citizen?*

Until passage of the special act just two years ago by which the American Indian was granted full citizenship rights, these original Americans were the only human beings born upon United States soil, who were not endowed as natural-born citizens, while at the same time a Zulu, a 'Battling-Siki,' or an African head-hunter—since the immigration law does not 'restrict' such—might become an applicant for United States naturalization, and his American-born offspring, legitimate or otherwise, become natural-born citizens with full Constitutional guaranties, regardless of whether the parents became enfranchised or not.

The persistent campaign of extermination waged against the American Indian by the United States governmental policy of despotic bureaucratic domination by the Indian Bureau during the past ninety-four years has completely retarded their mental, moral, and physical development through three generations. This campaign of religious persecution, denial of property rights, subornation of agents, exploitation of childhood, and, as openly charged on the floor of the Senate, 'highway-robbery, outrageous, dishonest and scandalous misappropriation' of Indian property, has written one of the blackest pages in the history of the 20th Century.

It is an incontrovertible fact that no allotted Indian today, citizen though he be, would dare to criticize the Indian Bureau or its agents, under penalty of jail without trial, with no right to be represented by counsel, with no right to bail, and with no appeal from the sentence imposed upon him in violation of his Constitutional rights!

## *A Citizen Who Has Few Rights*

The bureaucratic authority which is enforced upon the unnaturalized Indian is continued illegally upon the person, property and right of guardianship over minor children of the citizen Indian. *Laws authorizing such 'restrictions' over the rights of a freeman are beyond question unconstitutional* and Constitutional rights take precedence over Common Law rights in the case of one citizen as well as another.

Since 1924, when he was enfranchised, the Indian citizen has been deprived without due process of law of his property, his children, his liberty and his Constitutional rights and privileges by the sole authority of a 'rule' of the Indian Bureau.

These conditions are not the fault of any one Indian commissioner, they are not the fault of any one Secretary of the Interior; they are the fault of an indifferent Congress and its politically appointed committees, which block the efforts of those members of Congress who have tried to remedy these evil conditions.

Among the 225,000 'restricted' United States citizens, whatever that may mean in the dictionary of the Indian Bureau, there may be, and probably are, incompetents, but in all the 2,000 laws and 350 treaties now on the statute books relating to Indian affairs, there is to be found no provision which confers authority upon any Secretary of the Interior, any Indian commissioner, any individual or group of individuals, to decide upon the competency of any United States citizen, whether by birth or naturalization, without due process of law.

Representative Frear, of Wisconsin, member of the House Committee on Indian Affairs in support of his resolution calling for a Congressional investigation of the entire situation concerning Indians confined on reservations notwithstanding their United States citizenship, said on the floor of the House:

'It should be understood that the Indian Bureau under existing law has practically complete control of the person and property of the Indians. This is not an indictment of the present Indian Commissioner; it has

lasted for years; but his opposition to any efforts to break this ironclad control should bring condemnation . . .

'The commissioner is not responsible for matters of long ago, where tragic tales of waste of Indian funds have been notorious, but responsibility is fixed when opposition to any degree of control by the Indians of their own property is today pressed by the Indian Bureau and the Department of the Interior. I do not care to split hairs to determine the actual responsibility of the bureau compared with the department, because the difference between tweedledee and tweedledum is of slight moment when great questions of Constitutional rights and of common justice are involved.

'What can the Indian do with his own property? Practically nothing. The commissioner has $90,000,000 in money and securities and $1,650,000,000 of Indian property according to his own report which he administers. Indians who have been given their citizenship, and that includes all Indians since 1924, are still kept in leading strings. The 225,000 "restricted" Indians, including those holding allotments, have no rights of property except in name. I do not wish to make any statement excepting within the facts. Let us see what the facts disclose:

1. The allotted lands can all be leased by the Indian Bureau without the consent of their Indian owners. These lands can be secretly leased, they can be leased without competition and sometimes without consideration save the supposed improvement resulting from the white man's use of the land.

2. The land of a dead Indian allottee can be sold by the Indian Bureau without consent of the heirs.

3. The will of an allotted Indian has no validity until approved by the Indian Bureau, and the bureau can destroy the will without court review.

4. The Indian Bureau determines the heirs of an allottee and there is no court review.

5. The allotted Indian cannot hypothecate his property, which is held or controlled by the Indian Bureau.

6. The allotted Indian's contracts and leases are void until approved by the Indian Bureau.

7. The allotted Indian funds are in the hands of the Indian Bureau and can be disposed of by the bureau without interference by the Indian or reference to Congress, except where special laws direct cash payments be made.

8. The allotted Indian can have no accounting from the bureau, his official guardian.

9. The allotted Indian cannot hire lawyers to represent his interests without the approval of the Indian Bureau.

10. The allotted Indian cannot be declared competent or able to care for his own property or secure possession thereof without the approval of the Indian Bureau.

'I believe that I have stated the Indian's rights or rather lack of rights, that go with his new American citizenship. The fact that no court review or oversight is permitted in any of the above cases, save in a partial way in Oklahoma but that the Indian and his property are under exclusive bureau control, even to the determination of his "competency," is a monstrous proposal not found elsewhere in the world.'

Thirteen specific charges were set forth by Representative Frear, which ran all the way from financial shadiness to physical cruelty. He said:

'A representative in Congress should guard against needless criticism or unjust criticism of other departments of Government, but he should not be fearful of giving needful criticism of agencies responsible for wrong conditions . . . I will not willingly do injustice to the Indian Bureau or any official connected with it but I again charge:

1. That the Indian Bureau, without possible excuse, recommended the confiscation of $100,000 of Navajo Indian funds and I will submit testimony that proves this fact beyond reasonable doubt.

2. The Indian Bureau has recommended other Indian reimbursement charges against the Navajos, Pueblos and other Indian tribes as reprehensible and indefensible as the $100,000 Navajo item.

3. The Indian Bureau approved and helped manage a scandalous settlement of more than $1,000,000 of the property of Jackson Barnett, a half-witted Indian, the terms of which were as reprehensible of an allotted Indian's property as other charges made as to tribal property. This is evidenced through an admission of the facts by the department that I will present.

4. The Indian Bureau has practically exclusive control of $90,000,000 of money and securities and $1,650,000,000 of Indian property held in trust for what it terms 225,000 'incompetent' Indians. No right of court review or appeal from the bureau's arbitrary decision is given to a single Indian.

5. The telegram of Governor Blaine, of Wisconsin, to President Coolidge was unqualifiedly true wherein he complained that a Wisconsin Indian charged with a misdemeanor was fastened with ball and chain in a foul, insanitary cell 6 by 9 feet in size. Evidence of this fact is practically undisputed.

6. I again charge that a ball and chain was used for punishing an Indian on the Fort Peck Reservation charged with a misdemeanor, and I submit convincing affidavits.

7. I submit evidence that the bureau by threats and intimidation endeavored to smother the facts last cited, and I submit startling affidavits of the Indian Bureau's control and intimidation of Indian witnesses in Washington.

(Concluded on page 19)



*Indian girls husking corn on the Government reservation near Santa Fe, New Mexico*
Oval—*Picturesque Indian chapel and bell.*

# Did High Freight Rates Occasion *the* Discovery *of* America?

By RANDOLPH G. ADAMS

IT SEEMS that high freight rates once had a beneficent effect—they resulted in the discovery of America. This—that is to say, the knowledge that commercial motives dominated the voyages of discovery—is not new. Even the old-fashioned histories, and indeed many published within the past few years, retold the old story that the Turks, by capturing Constantinople in the 15th Century, began to close the old European trade routes to the East, and that this forced the Europeans to seek another way to the East, which they did by sailing to the west, and thus incidentally discovered America. It is a good story—but unfortunately in recent years it has been shown to be without foundation. The Turk is no longer to be given the blame (or credit) of causing the discovery of America.



*Photographs from original engravings by Theodore de Bry.*

*One of the points of transshipment, which were so numerous between Europe and Asia that merchants were compelled to support expeditions searching for new routes. Note the store of arrows in the 'fighting top' of the ship in the foreground.*

Dr. A. H. Lybyer, of the University of Illinois, is to be credited with doing what should have been done years ago. He sat down and studied the history of prices and of commerce in the 15th Century. His findings are still having some difficulty emerging from the academic publications into the popular ones.

Back in the Middle Ages there were many things the Europeans wanted which they did not produce. Of course Europe produced its own food and clothing. In America today we produce our own food and clothing too. But that does not prevent our drinking Brazilian coffee and Chinese tea. We produce necessities, but we import many luxuries. So it was in medieval Europe. England produced good beef and mutton, and Englishmen wore the best woolen goods in the world. But these homely necessities are not all of life.

In the days before refrigerators, something had to be done to disguise the fact that the mutton or beef might have been kept a little too long. In the days before modern plumbing, heating and ventilation, something had to be done occasionally to make the air of a much shut-up winter residence a little more pleasant. Moreover, there have always been persons who wanted to wear fine textiles. Wool was no more pleasant when worn next to the skin in the 15th Century than it is in the 20th.

The charitable mantle of oriental spices could cover up the deficiencies of crude cookery and coarse food in medieval Europe. The delightful fragrance of oriental incense would certainly improve the atmosphere of a baronial castle in a cold November in Northern Germany, when all the windows were shut and had been so closed for weeks. The ladies who lived in those castles did not always know that oriental rugs had to come from the Orient—nor did they appreciate that the finer fabrics, such as muslin, cashmere and damask, took their very names from the far countries and cities, Mosul, Kashmir and Damascus, in the East.

Before the period of the great discoveries, the trade with the East was one of the things that lifted the life of Europe above the level of savagery. The articles which were brought over the trade routes across Asia and the Mediterranean Sea were of the utmost consequence—and they were very expensive. That the spices, the silks and the incense were prized above gold and silver in medieval Europe is evident to every reader of medieval literature.

Who does not remember the gifts brought to the infant Jesus by the Three Wise Men of the East? What did these men bring as the most precious commodities which they could present to the Child in the Manger? Gold, frankincense and myrrh. Of gold we can understand the value. Surely it is not difficult to comprehend that to dwellers in the Western Asia and Europe of the first fifteen centuries of the Christian Era, the products of the

(Concluded on page 20)

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

ONE has only to hear a sincere and able visitor from abroad make his first observation upon American life to understand how much of our opinion of distant peoples is prepared by others and how little is due to our own reactions. And of the little that is our own, how small a part is more than the sense that we find others 'different.'

This was brought home forcibly when a recent visitor, an able and a well-meaning man, expressed the belief that we were so busy in America that we had no time to think of the high concerns of the world. What he wanted to say was that we were 'too busy chasing the dollar.' That is what was in his mind, for that is what he is constantly reading in his home land.

Had he analyzed his reactions with a view to accurate expression of them he would probably have said that since he had arrived on our shores, *he* had been so incessantly surrounded by the signs of American energy and enterprise that *he* had found no time to think and therefore concluded that *we* could find no time either.

It was apparent that if, in his wisdom, he could become for a moment a god, he would have changed us to something which he thought more becoming, something which more fitted his conception of what we ought to be. And then, whatever we should be, we certainly should not be American.

If America is of any value to the world, it is because America is American. And America's value cannot be increased by making her anything else. If, as Europe has so often told us, America is to be the life-saver of the world, it could be true only by our being American, and only American. Of course, this view of America as the life-saver of the world may not be true, probably is not. Nations are not saved that way. They are saved by the elimination of the disease which pulls them down and by the development of those constructive qualities which build them up.

But this passion for changing America into something new and strange belies the statement that we are a great and strong world savior, because if we are that it is by reason of our being what we have been, and it is therefore inconsistent to demand that we change from what we are. What our critics probably mean is this: that by being ourselves, and our type being rather wholesome and energetic, we have accumulated some things which the Old World would like to borrow, not to build itself up into our likeness (for quite frankly they are not enamored of, even if they do not despise, our likeness) but to perpetuate in themselves the things which we, for our part, think the Old World ought to discard.

It will not be surprising if the so-called League of Nations, in its action upon our World Court reservations, inclines to show us that we are not so big in the world—not, 'as we thought,' but—as they wished us to think. Perhaps, in one point of view, it was really better that there should have arisen the criticism of us which found vent in London and Paris not long ago. It restored the balance and had at least the virtue of blunt truthfulness to a certain degree.

*THIS passion of visitors from abroad for changing America into something new and strange belies the statement that we are a great and strong world savior. America's value to the world consists not in the money it may lend but in its being a demonstration and a challenge. We have demonstrated that there are always being thrown up from the midst of the people men who can meet the future and make way for the future. We disclose our errors, whereas the ruling tendency elsewhere is in a comradeship of concealment. And thus we are a challenge to other people, that they should put their social foundations at the bottom instead of on top.*

We should not overlook the fact that America's value to the world consists not in the money it may lend but in its being a demonstration and a challenge. We have demonstrated, against many prophecies of failure, some of which still are heard, that the people who founded this country and whose descendants and spiritual allies hold it, are capable of self-rule. We have demonstrated that for all practical purposes there are always being thrown up from the midst of the people men who can meet the times and make way for the future. We have demonstrated, as Great Britain has in spite of systems that may seem to say the opposite, that nobility is if anything a national and not merely a family asset, that the people which can produce a nobility must itself be noble, and therefore capable of the utmost self-rule. Not that we have attained perfection, for it has been nowhere obtained; the taints upon us are serious and we feel the shame of them, nor do we wish to absolve ourselves by making comparisons; but the fact is that even politics in the United States is perhaps cleaner than anywhere else on earth. We disclose our errors, whereas the ruling tendency elsewhere is found in a comradeship of concealment.

And thus we have become a challenge to other people, not a challenge for them to change their government, but that they should put their social foundations at the bottom instead of at the top. Our visiting friend saw all the people expending energy eagerly, for the concerns which elicited it were their own. We have more time than he thinks. No one has so much time as the man who does most. He has time because he knows what time is, and a man who knows what time is has all the time there is.

**'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## *Oust Him! He's an American*

BECAUSE he did his duty to America as chairman of the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization, Hon. Albert Johnson, Congressman from the Third District of Washington, is being singled out for attack. The fact that it was the American people and the American Congress that demanded and passed the Selective Immigration Act, makes no difference to the un-American elements. They are going to hit out where they can.

When for the first time in its history, the United States adopted a sound policy toward immigration, Congressman Johnson had to challenge influences all too well known in this country. It is to his credit, and the good fortune of the country, that he did not falter. The more disagreeable the fight waged against an American policy respecting immigration, the more determined was Johnson to see the mind of the American people clearly expressed on our federal statute books.

In championing the Selective Immigration Act, Johnson did so in the belief that 'American institutions are best appreciated by, hence safest in control of, those people who for generations have been practised in the duties and obligations of free citizenship. Freemen are not made in the twinkling of an eye.'

The immigration law has been working to the entire satisfaction of the people of the United States. It shut off the tide of undesirables which flooded this country after the Great War. We need only read the reports of our consular officers to realize the character and enormity of that tide. Wherever the problems of race are seriously studied, and more particularly in our crowded cities, the importance of Mr. Johnson's work is recognized.

It is a public disgrace that an official who has rendered such signal public service should have to meet in his campaign the ranks of un-American and anti-American forces that are arrayed against him. It remains for the Third Congressional District of the State of Washington to retain the national renown and honor it has won through its Congressman, and return him to his seat in recognition of his great service and their pride in it.

## *British Sportsmanship*

GREAT BRITAIN has ever been jealous of her sea power and swift to cope with any threat to jeopardize it. Her ready acceptance of General Andrew's proposal to coöperate in stopping the inflow of liquor into the United States is not only an example of national good will and tolerance, which is dictated by the moral sympathy of Britain with our prohibition endeavor, but is also an avoidance of possible criticism that Britain's sea power is being used to the disadvantage of a friendly nation.

England realizes that no country can deal in prejudices or take refuge in deceptive technicalities. The British Government realizes that there is nothing to be proud of and nothing to be gained, in a national sense, from a traffic, no matter how profitable, that gives moral offense to a great and friendly nation.

## *Mr. Mellon Arises to Say—*

FROM Rome recently have come numerous dispatches concerning the supposed activities of a clique of international bankers. From Rome recently also came the following Associated Press dispatch, quoting Secretary of the Treasury Mellon:

> I notice in a Paris newspaper a statement dated Rome to the effect that I have been occupied since my arrival here by conversations with Count Volpi and Premier Mussolini and with others of financial interests upon state affairs and subjects connected with the stabilization of the lira. I wish again to state that my visit here has been entirely of a private nature and that the statements referred to are entirely unwarranted and false.

The interesting feature of the dispatch is that Mr. Mellon considered the report important enough to deny. It is seldom his policy to be quoted. He rarely grants newspaper interviews. What is there in this report that sets it aside from others for special and emphatic denial?

## *In His Own Backyard*

FATE was in a jovial mood down in Ohio on that day when Farmer Butte thrust a spade in the ground to dig a grave for a departed porcine, and uncovered the bones of a dinotherium. Fate, as Puck explains, loves to play those little antics on us humans. Probably the good farmer had passed the spot many times before and wished it was more tillable or had some other use apart from burying ground. When he cleared nearly $1,000 in dime admissions on the first week-end after his discovery, no doubt he changed his idea decidedly as to the value of the 'worthless' property.

Fate would not have been content to have had the relics uncovered by the Andrews expedition, out on the Gobi Desert. Nor would

its jesting mood permit some other hard-working investigator, zoölogical or otherwise, to find them. It had to be a humble farmer. Nor could the remains be located while drilling for oil, or in some other excavating. They had to be brought to light in ground set aside for a hog's obsequies.

Delving more deeply into this prank of Destiny, we see other farmers plying with the spade other 'worthless' bits of ground. Perhaps they too may stumble upon hidden riches. Similar treasure hunts have followed since the beginning of time, and out of it all, this good will come: somewhere a spade will strike an irrigating canal, and the 'worthless' desert will be made to bloom; somewhere a 'worthless' rock will be split and yield an element useful to man's progress; somewhere a forgotten tomb will be opened and the civilization of centuries long buried will be spread before our eyes.

The finds do not always go to the seeker but from finds we are able to get new seekers; and their finds in the long run are the important ones, even as those of Andrews, Howard Carter and all the others. But Farmer Butte and his pig also have a place in the scheme of things.

## *Pistols for Sale*

IN THESE days of unrestricted shooting and street gunplay, do not overlook Pittsburgh. Pittsburgh has not figured importantly thus far among the cities, as have Chicago and Detroit with their daily target practice, but it has every promise of an early début. All of which is predicated in an issue of a newspaper just received from that city containing six or seven different advertisements from mail-order houses, offering to sell revolvers and automatic pistols at prices varying from $6.24 up to about twice as much.

Such extensive advertising of weapons cannot presage the coming of the game season, nor is it an appeal to the industrious householder to arm himself against midnight marauders. It does not set forth the need for self-defense, nor does it lay claim to military preparedness. And we note from the masthead of the newspaper that it particularly circulates among the colored readers in that city.

If this campaign led law-abiding citizens to respond through the purchase of guns for safeguard while going home late at night, it might not be so regrettable. But these advertisements, like Jehovah's rain, fall alike upon the just and the unjust; and the citizen is invariably the one who is minus a weapon when he meets a holdup. No character references seem to be required before the purchase can be made.

We are glad to say that thus far we have not found any appeals, through the mail or otherwise, to buy blackjacks, 'jimmies,' skeleton keys, and similar tools. Possibly as soon as the pistol campaign is over, some other enterprising firms may come forward with additional accessories. Eventually, we may be able to order a complete gunman's outfit, all from a single house. Later on, it may be possible to get equipment for other classes of lawbreakers, of which there are many.

And yet, if we can display hip-flasks, cocktail mixers, drinking sets and silver corkscrews in our store windows, why should we not advertise automatic pistols for sale through the mail?

## *Bad Taste Commercialized*

THE recent 'discovery' of Lord Kitchener's body is now reported as a publicity hoax, engineered by a motion picture company. The episode has caused a furor in Britain, where one newspaper declares, 'It is a ghoulish thing thus to exploit the fame of one of England's greatest soldiers.' This country—the Promised Land of the publicity faker—can well understand Britain's disgust. We have our full quota of press agents here, and while they have not dared go to such extreme lengths as in the Kitchener case, they have passed so far beyond the bounds of propriety as to violate all sense of good taste. It is a noteworthy coincidence that publicity charlatans and movie magnates have grown up, hand in hand, and that each leans heavily upon the other. It is also noteworthy that recurrent bad taste enters so frequently into the activities of both.

## *The Docile Doctrine of Contentment*

THE world moves forward on the wheels of discontent.

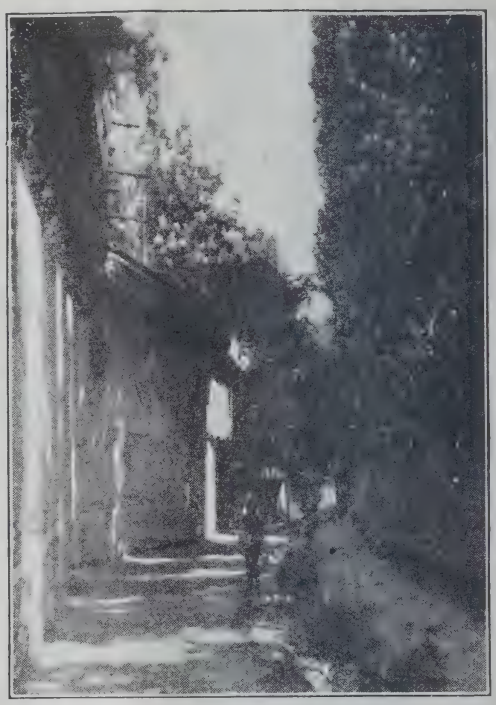
Centuries ago some discontented individual stood by the side of a wide stream and longed for the green opulence of the far shore. He invented the first boat. Another hero, weary of plodding along on his own tired feet, leaped astride a passing beast. He revolutionized transportation. Another unknown noted that his insides ached when he ate flesh from animals too long dead. He was not content to remain with his fellows, forever eating carrion. Instead he sallied forth in search of fresh food—and became the world's first hygienist.

We hear much preachment these days about the glories of contentment. We are told to be satisfied with our lot in life. We are told to take things as they come, without complaint, without revolt. We are told to be contented with our surroundings, with our fellows, with ourselves. Contentment, we are informed, is the greatest of all attainments.

Had our fathers followed this docile doctrine, we of today would have no railroads, no sewing machines, no printing presses.



*Above—Where residents of Yalovadj sip their Turkish coffee. The author of this article may be seen in light clothes, near the trunk of the huge plane tree.*

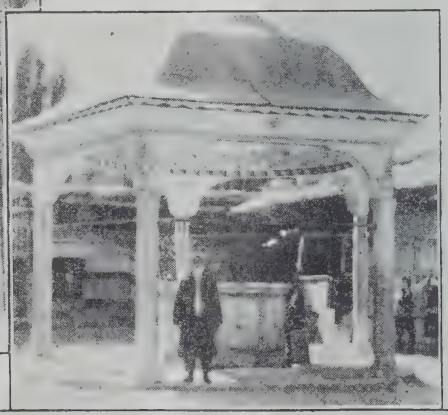


*Above—One of Yalovadj's narrow streets, with a stream flowing down its middle. Vines are frequently trained over the road between the rooftops to afford shade.*

*Right—How a splendid inscribed moulding from the Antioch ruins was used on the left side of the doorway of a native mud dwelling.*



*Below—In the foreground is a part of Yalovadj, a Turkish city of twenty thousand, which sleeps quietly amid a dense growth of trees. In the distance are the valley farm lands and the mountains.*



*Left—Ornamental public well in Yalovadj, with bazaars in the background.*



# Exploring Where Paul Preached

## Notable Architectural *and* Art Treasures *Unearthed on the* Site *of* Ancient Antioch

By EASTON T. KELSEY

MEMBER OF THE SECOND UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN EXPEDITION TO THE NEAR EAST.



Photos by G. R. Swain, Near East Research, University of Michigan.

*The excavators, with natives in picturesque costumes.*

CONSTANTINOPLE lay behind us. We were bound at last for the interior of Asia Minor, to join forces with the University of Michigan expedition that was already at work laying bare the ruins of ancient Pisidian Antioch.

Antioch, mentioned in the Bible in connection with the Apostles Paul and Barnabas, was a city prosperous before the time of Christ. Under the protecting mantle of earth that had drifted over the ruins through the centuries, we hoped to find treasures in knowledge of ancient life and peoples.

The ruins of the city, which was probably destroyed by the Arabs about A. D. 713, were first located by the English clergyman Arundell in 1831.

Since his report, investigation of the discovery had been slight, and our excavations were intended to bring to light facts of inestimable historical importance from the untouched remains. Under the sands of Central Asia Minor lay a whole city, where hundreds of feet had once packed the earth solid, waiting to have its secrets opened to the world.

Our share in the expedition, for the present, was to conduct the all-important automotive equipment—a truck and a sedan—to the scene of excavation. In Central Turkey, some dependable means of transportation must be imported with the expedition, for railroads are scarce and native carts impossible.

So at Constantinople we had negotiated the vehicles aboard a small tramp steamer, whose hoisting tackle proved too weak to lift a machine, and set sail down the Sea of Marmora on the first leg of our journey.

After disembarking at Mudania, enough daylight was left to drive the twenty or more miles to Brusa, where we spent the night. Four hundred miles separated us from Yalovadj, our destination.



*Headquarters of the expedition—a combination dining room, library, photographic dark room and sitting room.*

That distance, which is scarcely more than a long day's drive, in Turkey requires four gruelling days. Roads in Turkey, with their washed-out bridges, highways that often dwindle to mere cart tracks, and mud to the hub caps, would leave the American motorist speechless.

We left Brusa early, and midmorning found us inching along in a driving storm that drenched us completely. Our progress was slow, bringing us to the village of Iniguel, where we had our first meal *a la Turque*. In its essence, a Turkish native meal consists of one large plate, from which every diner secures his food as best he may with his fingers! Personal hygiene immediately becomes a thing of the past. For our second course, a large bowl of curdled milk called *yaourt*, we were permitted to use spoons.

We managed by nightfall to reach a small settlement on the famous Berlin-Bagdad railway, spending the night on the floor of a hut. Rising with the sun, we drove all day, passing the night under the stars, and on through the next full day. Our dreams of a comfortable night in a bed at Ak Shehir, our next stop, vanished before an onslaught of bedbugs and mosquitoes, after which we retreated to the tightly sealed sedan!

There now remained about forty miles to Yalovadj, although a direct line was only fifteen miles. The road leads up and down severe hills, one a twenty-per-cent grade for three miles, finally crossing the Sultan Dagh, or mountain range, at an altitude of 5,800 feet. Most of the bridges along the route had long since been washed out, forcing us to work around them in imminent danger of capsizing. This was the route we were later to follow often in transporting supplies.

(Concluded on page 28)



*Old fisherman's shanty resting on its piling, Turbot's Creek.*

# *The* LOBSTER Is Supreme *in the* Village *of* Cape Porpoise

By MAY B. WHITING

*Pencil Sketches by*
STANLEY W. WOODWARD

GRASS is growing on the pier at Cape Porpoise. There is no soil except the dust of decaying wood, no moisture but the fog and rain, but there is plenty of faith, for it flourishes along with peppergrass and yarrow, and the lovely bloom of rose mallow that strikes its roots just beyond reach of the tide.

In many places the boards have fallen away, and there are holes through which you can see the tide ebbing dizzily among the piles. It seems like a haunted wharf, for no mortal would dare to tread it except by daylight; but ghosts must love its crazy planking, the row of giant reels for nets swaying in the misty breeze, the grassy crevices, all a sign that its fishing glory has departed.

Not that Cape Porpoise is a place of ruins. On the contrary, it is a prim little village, as picturesque as any on the coast of Maine, and well worth a visit. If you come by automobile, ask the way early and often. If you come by train, follow the same principle. You ask the conductor and he will ask the brakeman because he has been in that region longer, and the brakeman will ask the engineer because he is an older man, and one will say go to Biddeford, another to Kennebunk, and the third to Kennebunkport.

From Kennebunkport there is a bus, very uncertain as to its comings and goings, but with the imposing title, 'York Utilities.' After rattling up hills and wobbling down slopes, you jiggle around the curve of the bay, and the driver announces that you have reached Cape Porpoise.

Of course there is only one road, for no fisherman will live away from the shore, but it is a long road, for a splendid harbor makes up, landlocked by the five islands at its mouth. Seafaring men's ideas of architecture are always original, and there are sloping ells and gables in unexpected places, or an odd-shaped cupola like an extinguisher to put out the rest of the house. Sometimes there is a rudely carved codfish for a weathervane, looking almost pathetic so far removed from its native element.

Flowers grow everywhere, by the doorsteps and the walks and in old dories, and the decorative value of red geraniums in tin cans is not forgotten. The hills sloping back from the harbor are covered with juniper and fragrant bayberry, and there are fields rosy blue with lupin and morning glory, and mowings with wild strawberries thick in the tall grass. Throughout the hamlet is the poignant odor of salt and tar, a perfume sweeter than that of the Spice Isles to one who loves the sea.

Perhaps, on a rack beneath the trees, are hake drying in the sun, reminiscent of the days when there were codfish drying on the 'flakes' for the market. Hake is a fish commonly not appreciated, but the fisherman knows its worth. 'Corned,' that is, light salted for a day, and then boiled, it is delicious; and dried, it may be 'stripped up' and eaten or freshened like the familiar cod.

I can't tell why, unless it be for the wing-shaped sides, but hake drying on a rack makes me think of fallen angels. There is nothing particularly beautiful about a hake in life, with his brown striped back and whiskered mouth, and when he is decapitated and split open with a blue fly buzzing above, disgusted at the salt, he is still less lovely. Yet drying hake and fallen angels go together in my mind.

Of course Cape Porpoise has its stores. There is the general provision store with barrels of this and barrels of that and a coal stove in the corner. And the proprietor is a Nunan. The Nunans used to be a mighty fishing family. They came from Provincetown and twenty-five years ago they owned nine vessels, as fine a fleet as sailed the seas. Three of them are still 'alive' but only one clears from the home harbor.

Then there is the general dry goods store, full of everything except breathing space. There is one window devoted to flowers which might make a florist envious, and, beside the door, beneath a notice of the strawberry festival at the church, is a bulletin board where are posted, not advertisements, but poems. The proprietor is a woman, a poet herself in a modest way. She belongs in a storybook with her flowers and her poetry and her overflowing store, but Cape Porpoise would miss her if she should make the change.

Fireman's Hall is the amusement center, and in the country dances where 'Old Pete' fiddles, at least half the numbers are 'squares.' Sailors, the world over, love to dance, and their calling keeps them nimble. One has to be spry to go out in the boats fishing.

Fishing is a trade not nearly so simple as the landsman thinks. The spring is its gala season. Then the mackerel, that beautiful and mysterious fish, appear in great schools along the coast of Maine. Where they come from and where they go to no one knows, but every year, impelled by instinct,

they go up the coast, the vanguard at such speed that they are tough and leathery. As soon as they are sighted the nets are unwound from the reels, and each little boat starts out at night to try its luck.

The nets are set ten or twelve miles offshore, cork bobs hold one side to the top of the water, while the other side drags about eight feet below. One end is fast to the boat, and a lantern on a cross is set at the other. The boats 'lay by' all night, and two or three times the fisherman rows along and picks off the fish. At daylight he must take up the net, clean his catch, and get it to market.

Gill netting is another form of net fishing. Here the nets are set on the bottom and extend up about twenty feet, for cod, hake, and haddock. The nets used to cost sixty-eight cents a pound, while today they are two dollars and twelve cents, so that there are not many gill netters on Cape Porpoise. Cod is also caught by handlines and by trawls. Trawls are long lines with a hook set every six feet.

The fisherman starts out about three in the morning with four trawls baited with sardines. He pays them out one after the other, then starts back at the first and hauls in, snapping off the fish into the 'kids' or boxes. Then he starts for market, cleaning on the way, and is home in the early afternoon when the trawls must be baited for the next day's work.

Years ago, when wiers were set for salmon on the Kennebunk River, the seals were a great nuisance, so that the state offered a bounty for each seal's nose. The Passamaquoddy Indians became very skillful in manufacturing seals' noses, cutting a junk from the hairy part of the creature, sewing up the skin and weaving in bristles.

Sometimes today a few descendants of the old tribes wander by, selling baskets of sweet grass or beads.

The great standby of Cape Porpoise fishing is the lobster. Every man is a lobsterman, and all along the reefs of the islands are lobster bobs dancing on the waves. Now a certain mystery enshrouds the lobster. You may chat about the luck with the mackerel, the horrors of dogfish, or the relative merits of Portland and Boston as markets, but when you mention lobstering, there is a certain *hauteur* that discourages further conversation.

The seafaring man is not like the landsman. There is the law of the sea that is made on the sea, and the sailor who transgresses it is forever disgraced. Then there is the law of the sea that is made on the land and the sailor usually obeys. But the sea breeds adventure and every snug little cove has its legend of smuggling.

Cape Porpoise was an active member of the 'Horse Marine' when, in 1812, imported articles were taken from the boats and carried by land. Today, so rumor has it, it is the lobster. New Hampshire permits the sale of lobsters a bit shorter than does Maine, and, Portsmouth being handy, 'they say' that many a lawful inhabitant of Maine waters is hustled over the border into New Hampshire markets. But the lobstermen agree to throw back the 'snappers,' or the young.

Although Cape Porpoise has an ideal harbor, the outer shore of the sheltering islands makes a dangerous coastline. On the beach is half of a coastwise freighter that ran aground in a fog about four years ago. Two miles off Cape Porpoise is a bell buoy set in thirty fathoms of water, and sixty miles off is another also set in thirty fathoms of water. The captain made the inshore buoy, sounded, and believed that he had plenty of sea room. Without waiting to sound again he ordered full steam ahead and then went to his bunk. Before he could turn in, his boat crashed on the beach. There was no sea running, and it was easy enough for all hands to get to shore, and as only the prow of the boat was stove they sliced her down neatly and towed the stern to Boston.

The sea, with its alluring mystery, is always promising treasure to its devotees, and the seekers for gold are by no means all of a past generation. A few years ago a bubble appeared on the coast of Maine, glowed in enticing colors, and burst. This bubble was a scheme to pump gold from the bottom of the sea. The promoter gave a demonstration at Eastport while his partner busily sold stock. His equipment was meager, yet sure enough he pumped up gold before the eyes of the spectators. He had not invited equal publicity when he planted it.

Among the onlookers were wealthy summer residents of Kennebunkport who did not buy stock, but planned to do still better. On Fort Island, off Cape Porpoise, they erected a 'clubhouse' but instead of the customary furnishings they installed pumps of the largest and most expensive make. For a week they pumped. They pumped the ocean side and they pumped the harbor side, but mud remained mud and sand remained sand with never a gleam like that which had illumined the bubble.

The busy days of ropewalking and vessel fishing have gone from Cape Porpoise, but the spirit of beauty remains. It stays on the little tumble-down wharves and the fish houses with their heaps of lobster traps and buoys, it wanders along the creeks where old dories are stranded, gray against the gray green of the marshes, it walks the curving village street, and lingers lovingly on the grass-grown pier.



*Artistic composition an artist found in a weather-beaten house and a ramshackle wagon on the Wells Road.*

# Can COURAGE Be Cultivated? YES, *But It Takes Time*

By THOMAS L. MASSON

ONE of the most valuable things to learn about courage is that *it must constantly be reasserted,* to meet changing conditions.

We cannot fall back on the courage of yesterday: we must summon new courage for today.

Today's news about courage is more important than anything else: for courage determines what we are and what we shall be.

Courage is always personal. Courage is not of yesterday nor tomorrow, but *now.*

'I knew a young soldier who died in the early campaign,' says Emerson, 'who confided to his sister that he had made up his mind to volunteer for the war. "I have not," he said, "any proper courage, but I shall never let anyone find it out." '

How can courage be brought home to us, so that we can apply it in our lives, first by understanding it, and then by using it in increasing measure until we exercise a full control? Let me point out the difficulties before giving the answer.

In the beginning, our main difficulty lies in the fact that we get rattled. We seize upon anything, snatching mostly at straws. The very condition of being rattled lays us open to every cure-all that comes our way.

But if you tell a rattled man not to allow himself to be rattled, you only make him worse.

And now I am going to say something which may astonish you: *it does no harm to be rattled;* and it may be much better not to try to stop it. I don't mean that a man should just be a coward; I mean only that when he is thoroughly rattled, that is something which, for the moment, cannot be helped; it is better to let it run its course.

The real thing to do, in the very beginning, is to separate himself from himself as much as possible, so that he can see why he is rattled. This process is not one which can be forced. It lies largely in the idea of it.

Many years ago I was suddenly taken very sick. I had secured a fine position which had in it great promise, and I was making an income sufficient for a family of two children and a wife—indeed, more than sufficient. Also, I was thoroughly wrapped up in my work. Without realizing it, in the space of about three months I lost a great deal of weight. I developed a cough which I could not throw off; but neither of these things aroused my wife or myself to any sense of danger. One day however, I had to take to my bed, and we called in a local doctor.

He did not alarm me, merely saying that he thought I would be all right if I went away somewhere and took a rest for a month or so. A friend of my wife's, however, who happened to run in and see me, remarked at once on my changed condition, and insisted on our getting another doctor. I rebelled against this, and in fact was quite irritable about it (first signs of fear), but my wife gave me no choice, and the next day, without my knowledge of it, another doctor appeared. This doctor was no amateur. He subjected me to a rigid examination, which lasted several days. In the end he came in and said that one of my lungs was already badly affected and with great care I might possibly get well in a year, but he considered it doubtful even at that.

Was I rattled? Looking back on my experience, it seems to me now that I must have been the worst rattled individual in the whole world. After-

*Illustrated by* J. C. GRAHAM



*'I have not,' the young soldier confided, 'any proper courage, but I shall never let anyone find it out.'*

ward I learned, of course, that I was only one among thousands, and that I was really much more fortunate than thousands, because, while my case was very desperate, I did have resources. I had a brave wife, I had money enough to carry me along, and I had a profession whereby I could maintain myself, even if I were too sick to live in an office. But the truth is that none of these favorable things moved me in the slightest degree. They never do, when we are suddenly upset by a hitherto unsuspected disaster. I was so badly rattled that it made me utterly incapable of doing anything. A few days before, while I felt miserable enough, I had been able to get about without difficulty. Now I became so weak I could scarcely stand up and I fainted at the slightest provocation.

Looking back on this experience, however, I am thoroughly convinced that the second doctor was right in telling me the truth, or what he believed to be the truth. He was a man of very large practice, and he broke the news to my wife and myself with tact, intelligence and courage; for it does take courage on the part of a doctor to tell the truth, where it involves so much in the lives of a small group of human beings. If he had glossed over my case, and given me a large hope, he would not have done his duty. He scared me stiff and cold. But if a man is going to be killed by fright, he is bound to be frightened to death at some time or other, and he might as well have it over with. Fright does not kill. It sweeps over a man, completely devastates him, puts him temporarily down and out. It is the most drastic medicine I know. But looking backward, I can say quite sincerely that I am deeply grateful for those periods when I was scared out of my wits. In the end, they seemed to be the only moments which led to the restoration of what wits I may have developed afterward.

We can build on a right foundation only by digging deep. That is what fright does.

In my thoroughly rattled condition, I still had glimmers of hope. I don't believe that hope ever quite deserts anybody. My first feeble thought was that this doctor was a liar. I passionately resented believing him. Yet the thought of consulting another doctor filled me with renewed terrors.



*Certainly nothing is more constructive than fear. It not only scares the life out of you, but it scares the life into you.*

In these moments, however, things seem to be decided for us, and not by us. In an incredibly short space of time I found myself on the way to the Adirondacks. Swathed in blankets, my wife, myself and my two small kids discovered ourselves in a mountainous region, not more than a mile and a half from where Robert Louis Stevenson had lived during the illness which eventually carried him off.

The knowledge of Stevenson and his long and desperate fight against tuberculosis—the fact that he had eventually succumbed to it—of course only increased my terrors. Without the help of my wife, I should never have been able to face the third doctor, who had been duly apprised of my coming. He was a cold-blooded, scientific looking man, with keen gray eyes, which seemed to point their way right through me and spell the word doom. Later I discovered that he was very human, very much like myself. His first words completed the perfection of my fright. He opened a letter which the second doctor had sent, and remarked:

'Yes, I know that you have tuberculosis.'

That word, already burned into my very soul, seemed to finish me finally. I could only gasp in reply. For years afterward that fearful word would send my heart into my throat.

I have no intention of boring the reader with a recital of more of my agonies than are sufficient to be of service to those who, at the present moment, may be in the throes of unexpected terror. Although the four or five doctors who examined me at the start all shook their heads, in a year—with certain reservations—I was pronounced out of danger, and sent back to my work. A month later I broke down completely, with hemorrhage after hemorrhage. A year later I was no better. By this time I had become accustomed to the thought of passing out. My ultimate recovery was due to the fact that I followed instructions exactly and at the same time reconciled myself to the inevitable. I know now that through it all I was secretly and perhaps subconsciously determined to get well. It was largely through fear I did get well. There is probably nothing more destructive, *and certainly nothing more constructive, than fear, for it works both ways. It not only scares the life out of you, but it scares the life into you.*

The other day a young man said a very significant thing to me. This man was only twenty-four years old. He was in business for himself. He had just been offered a salary much larger than the income he was making out of his business. Also, he had a wife. I asked him why he didn't take the salary.

'Well, it's this way,' he replied. 'If I wait until later on to go into business for myself, I won't have nerve enough to do it. I am young enough now to fail a couple of times, while I have the nerve.'

Now that was a very philosophical and a very intelligent remark for a young man to make, but it unconsciously revealed a *widespread and wholly false belief, namely, that we lose our courage as we grow older.*

If this is true in too many cases, it ought not to be true. *As a man or a woman progresses in life, he or she certainly ought to gather courage.* Nothing is more important than courage, and therefore if we can train ourselves into it, we certainly ought to take advantage of this training.

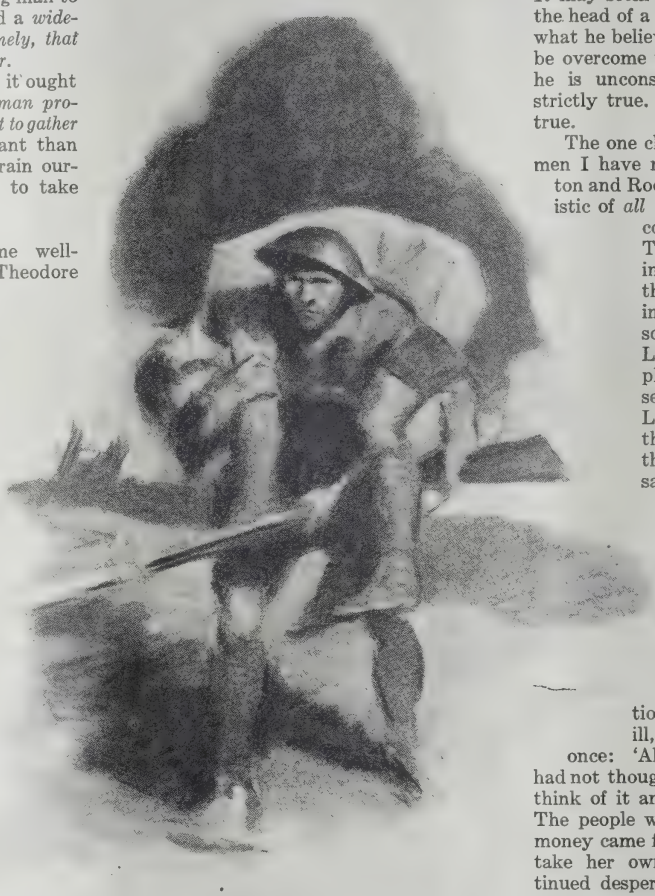
How can it be done?

Consider for a moment some well-known examples of courage. Theodore Roosevelt was known as a very courageous man, not only physically but morally. On many occasions, it looked as if he went off half-cocked, but the truth is that he did not fear to make himself ridiculous. He wasn't afraid of anything, not even death. In his autobiography he tells how, when a boy, on his way to the mountains, he was attacked and his life made miserable by some other boys who were stronger than he was. He thereupon made up his mind to train himself to fight and he did this with good results.

There are numerous cases on record of men who have displayed great physical courage, who have been moral cowards, and not a few who displayed great moral courage, who have been physical cowards. The two things don't always go together. But one of the great reasons why Theodore Roosevelt was the idol of his period, and why his memory will be cherished as long as America endures, is because he was both physically and morally courageous.

Both Lincoln and Washington were the ideals of Theodore Roosevelt. I think that he probably derived a very large part of his inspiration from a study of those two great men. They, without doubt, furnish the greatest examples to all Americans of sublime courage in times of enormous strain, times that tried men's souls. Lincoln, when asked how he lived through it, replied that he lived from day to day. Washington's letters to the Continental Congress, always characterized by dignity and restraint, reveal the very limits of sustained courage. His impatience, while in evidence, his despair, while in evidence, were both *below* his consciousness of his duty. That is very important to remember. Courage is a *rising* quality. In these men, and in many others who might be mentioned, *courage did not diminish as they grew older.* A recent instance may be given in the life of Cardinal Mercier, who died so sublimely.

The history of the world is filled with examples of the most sublime courage, not only physical but moral. It would almost seem, indeed, as if the majority of human beings are heroes and heroines for staying alive as they do; and that, in a sense, is quite evident and true. But it must be remembered that *kind nature protects us from the most unnecessary of our fears,* and it would almost seem as if *she provides us only with those fears that are necessary for us, as tests, or as teachers to give us eventual courage.*



*A man who displays great courage on the battlefield does so because, under the spell of war and his training, he becomes completely forgetful of self.*

If, therefore, courage is so common; if it can be acquired; and if so many of us seem to lack it when we most need it, it is worth while to see if it is actually something that can be built up.

Owing to my own recovery and from the fact that I wrote some books afterward, for many years I have been in receipt of letters from all parts of the country, the writers of which have told me their troubles. In many cases I have been able to help them. From them all I have a kind of composite picture of a vast number of people who are struggling daily with problems which seem quite too much for them. It is not necessary for me here to go into these matters in detail. I merely wish to point out a path which, based on my own experience and on the experience of many others with whom I have come into contact, does lead to an increasing courage and does help to keep one, so to speak, on top of the world.

*No human being is naturally a coward,* but is made so only by ignorance of the rules of the game. As soon as he comes to understand those rules, he immediately rises out of his cowardice. And this is as true morally as it is physically.

The first thing to understand is that *all fear rises from selfishness.* This selfishness is quite natural and in many cases inevitable. It may seem strange to say that a man at the head of a family, suddenly stricken with what he believes to be a fatal illness, should be overcome with terror, as I was, because he is unconsciously selfish. Yet this is strictly true. Let us now see why it is true.

The one characteristic of the three great men I have mentioned (Lincoln, Washington and Roosevelt) and which is characteristic of *all* men who have shown marked courage, is their unselfishness. These men were not only willing to sacrifice themselves (and this means their families) but in most cases they actually did so. In the case of Abraham Lincoln, the whole country was plunged into mourning over his seemingly untimely death. Looking back now we realize that the death of Lincoln was the spiritual culmination of sacrifice.

No matter what situation he may be in, the head of a family permits himself no more destructive privilege than to give way to fear. Not long ago a woman wrote to me in great distress, telling me that she was on the verge of starvation, that her husband was very ill, and so on. I said to her at once: 'All you can lose is your life.' She had not thought of that. As soon as she did think of it and realize it, her fear left her. The people who had been pressing her for money came forward and told her she could take her own time. Her situation continued desperate, but slowly righted itself.

A year or so ago a man wrote me that he was in great trouble. He had a wife and two children and his wife was about to have another. He lost his position and became ill. What to do? His letter was filled to the brim with terror and desperation.

Now the truth is that in all cases like this, things are never so bad as they seem. I know this to be true because I have seen a lot of them. In my own case, my terror was such that I abandoned even the natural props I had. I conceived of myself as dead and buried and my wife and children walking the streets, although our assets were considerable. This false instinct of exaggerating one's troubles is perfectly characteristic of fear and always accompanies it. When this man wrote me, therefore, I was able, from my own experience, to discount his statements. I told him what seemed at the time to be a very cruel, indeed, almost brutal thing to do, to dismiss his wife and children from his mind, that is, not to worry about them, that his responsibility was good only so far as he was able to carry it out. I

asked him *if he ever stopped to think who was running the world* and if he hadn't been thinking he was running it himself, which was a very large order for one man, especially a man who was sick and had just lost his job. The next week he got another job. His wife went to a hospital, the new baby was beautiful, the bills were paid, and everything was smooth.

Right here I wrote him again and advised: 'Don't get too frisky. Be duly thankful for what has happened, but remember that you have much work to do yet before you are out of the woods.' A little later disaster again overtook him. Thus he wandered about for a year or more in a wilderness of fear and doubt. Little by little, however, he found himself. What really happened to him was that he was able to overcome this innate selfishness I write about. As soon as that happened, in proportion as he gained an understanding of what he had been doing, did he get on his feet.

Courage, in its perfection, is merely self-forgetfulness.

Many men who have gone to war and have been decorated for great courage have returned home only to get into trouble with their wives. Sometimes these men actually abandon their wives; or else they involve themselves in other difficulties. What I am showing is that a man who displays great courage on the battlefield does so because, under the spell of war and his training, he becomes completely forgetful of self. When he returns home, however, and endeavors to take up life where he left it, he reverts to his former self, and what was ignorant and selfish in that former self, under new and often trying conditions, rises up to do its work of destruction.

Marital troubles, which now seem to be so common in this country, and indeed all over the world, are due, of course, to a multiplicity of causes which lie down deep in human nature. Many are medical cases and many are financial. Leaving aside the medical part (although this also can be traced back to the same cause I write of in the majority of cases) my experience with many cases and close observation shows that selfishness is at the bottom of nearly all the trouble. But *the cure for selfishness* is still in its incipiency, because those people who are afflicted with it very seldom realize that they have it, and they are invariably resentful if you suggest to them that they have it.

To big men, the mere providing for their families is an incident. To any man who cultivates unselfishness and therefore courage the mere support of himself is nothing at all. It simply doesn't count.

To develop true courage is to control your destiny. To eliminate selfishness is to begin to develop true courage. And to do all this one needs only to begin with the smallest things.

A man at the head of a family, be it large or small, is responsible for that family only as far as his own conduct goes, and no farther. If he keeps his own conduct straight, his family will go straight. He does not have to worry about them in any way, and this leads me to say just a simple word in conclusion, about everyman's religion.

The basis of every religion is faith, and every man has faith. I have observed very closely a great many highly successful men, and have invariably found that they had faith. When you meet a highly successful and intelligent man who is, apparently, a skeptic, you will find upon examination that he is only a skeptic in certain directions.

You may be certain of this truth: that if a man has faith in himself he has faith in God. We must have faith in something, and this something, by whatever name we choose to call it, is of necessity that which we came from.

It takes time to develop courage. As we progress with it, we grow stronger, and as we grow stronger, we come to see at last that this whole process is due to a faith that we gradually achieve from the sum total of all our experience.

## Lo! The Poor Indian

(*Concluded from page 7*)

8. I repeat that the Indian Bureau has possession of an amazing report by the American Red Cross on Indian Bureau neglect and inefficiency affecting the health of Indian tribes, which has been smothered, and that Senators and members who have asked to inspect the report have been refused that right.

9. The Indian Bureau has failed and neglected the health and care of Indians in Wisconsin, California, Arizona and other states, as set forth in statements of reputable medical witnesses and commissions, none of which were disputed except a reference to the Pima tribe, that, I submit, was incorrect.

10. The Indian Bureau has caused to be introduced Bill H. R. 7826, which as prepared provides that all Indians on reservations may be tried by ten-dollar-a-month "judges" and sentenced to six months in jail in addition to a $100 fine for disobeying rules or regulations of the bureau. No right to a jury trial, attorney, bail, or appeal guaranteed under the Constitution is offered by that bill, which was opposed by every Indian tribe represented in Washington, excepting a white attorney for some Indians in South Dakota.

11. The Indian Bureau has approved a grossly unjust Indian oil leasing bill, affecting 22,000,000 acres of Indian reservations, and that while oil men and bureau officials urged its passage before House and Senate committees not one Indian representative of any tribe was heard on the bill.

12. The Indian Bureau under existing law and custom has practically unlimited control of the person and property of 240,000 Indians, excepting in case of eight felonies, without right to jury court appeal or judicial review in determining matters of "competency" or other rights guaranteed to every other American citizen.

13. Serious complaints against the Indian Bureau lodged by Menominee Indians of Wisconsin, Blackfeet and Flathead Indians of Montana, and Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, and of other tribes, have not been answered.'

These charges are serious enough in character to warrant the most searching investigation into the bureau's administration of Indian affairs, and if such investigation shows basis for the charges, then the Government's policy of Indian administration must be revised.

AC

SPEEDOMETER *for* *your car*

NOW $10.00



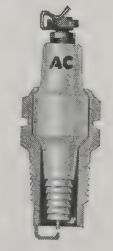
A full size speedometer, registering

*Speed*
*Total Mileage*
*Trip Mileage*

The same as previously sold for $15.00 and used for standard equipment on such cars as Buick, Cadillac, Chrysler, Peerless and many others.

AC 1075 SPARK PLUGS *for your car*

NOW 50¢



A better design, a better metal for sparking points, a carbon-proof insulator and many other special features make the AC 1075 a better plug for your engine.

AC Spark Plug Company
FLINT, *Michigan*

*Makers of AC Spark Plugs*
*AC Speedometers*
*AC Air Cleaners*
*AC Oil Filters*

AC-SPHINX Birmingham *ENGLAND*

AC-TITAN Levallois-Perret *FRANCE*

# Freight Rates and Discovery of America

(*Concluded from page 8*)

East were more valuable than gold.

All these commodities were expensive for an excellent reason. *The freight rates were very high.* The cost of transportation was enormous. If in the year 1920 Iowa corn rotted on the ground when people starved in Russia, is it any wonder that in the year 1400 the people of Europe were willing to pay huge prices to get nutmeg and cinnamon which might at that very time be a veritable drug on the market in the East Indies?

Consider the freight and transportation methods of five hundred years ago. The much-desired spices came from islands near the Philippines. Follow the stages of their transportation to Europe. They were put on boats in those islands and shipped to the head of the Persian Gulf. At that point they were put on river boats and shipped up the Tigris or Euphrates rivers in modern Mesopotamia. At the source of the rivers they were placed on the backs of camels and transported overland to ports on the Mediterranean Sea where the Genoese and Venetian galleys picked them up and carried them to these Italian cities. In Italy they were placed on other vessels for the long sea voyage around to England or Holland or Germany. Or perhaps they were sent on mule-back up through the dangerous passes in the Alps and then reshipped on boats down the Rhine.



*Caravan of merchants plodding across the land routes of Asia Minor, 16th Century. The armed guards are the measure of the cost of insurance.*

Is it not obvious what made the goods expensive when they reached London, nor Hamburg, or Cologne? In the preceding paragraph, did you count the number of transshipments? Six different times, at the very least, those goods had to be handled. Today it is an elementary fact that the fewer times the goods have to be handled, the smaller the price for which they can be sold. Moreover, in the Middle Ages there were bandits and pirates on every stage of the voyage. East Indian pirates, river pirates, hordes of roving bandits in Asia Minor, the Mediterranean always filled with the swift galleys of the Barbary pirates—is it any wonder that many a vessel and many a caravan never reached its destination? All these had to be taken into consideration in assessing the final price which the ultimate consumer had to pay for his spices. To add the cost of insurance to the final price of the goods is perfectly proper, and always has been.

Naturally, then, men began to ask whether there was not some way of avoiding the transshipments and the hazards of these dangerous trade routes across Asia. The all-water route is often the cheapest. Even today bulky goods are shipped via the Panama Canal from San Francisco or Portland, Oregon, to New York, though the rail route directly across the continent is much shorter. That is why our forefathers began to look for an all-water route to the East. Perhaps the all-water route was longer, and certainly it was unknown. But it was worth finding to avoid the terrific costs of the overland trade routes.

In 1453, the Turks captured the Christian city or Constantinople—the great trade emporium of the Eastern Mediterranean. As has been mentioned, it was long the fashion to say that this broke up the trade routes and caused the discovery of America. But in fact the Turks did not break the trade routes. They did not capture the southern routes until long after Columbus' voyage to America. When they captured the Levantine cities, they did their best to induce the Genoese and Venetian merchants to come back and buy more. The great urge for the all-water route to the East began long before the Turk got control of the trade routes.

Naturally the people who felt the pinch of the high cost of living were those who lived on the outer edges of Europe, those who were reached last of all by the merchants who brought the spices. That meant Portugal, England and Holland, and to a lesser degree, Spain and France, who had Atlantic as well as Mediterranean ports.

The first discoveries are to be credited to the Portuguese. Long before Columbus sailed on his voyage, the adventurous mariners of Portugal started down the west coast of Africa in an effort to round the Cape of Good Hope. In fact one of them did reach the southernmost point of Africa some years before the discovery of America.

Certainly the Turk did not build an obstructive wall across the trade routes. There were other motives back of the restless enterprise of the nations of the Atlantic seaboard. Readers of the contemporary documents can see that one of the things that led the rulers of Portugal to encourage their sailors to try to sail around Africa was a desire to find new lands into which to carry Christianity and so, on the surface, the crusading zeal appears in these early voyages. But a close reading of the instructions and directions given these early voyagers shows that time and again the merchants who put up the money for the voyages insisted on getting from their monarch a concession for a monopoly on the trade in the lands they should discover. What is more important, the king always granted this demand. If a business man was going to hazard his capital in a mercantile enterprise overseas, he often wanted something more than the credit of spreading the benefits of European civilization.

There could be no clearer illustration of this than the present 'mission' to the Philippine Islands by a personal representative of President Coolidge. Of course, the United States has done a magnificent job of educating the Filipinos. Of course Americans are proud of the disinterested and beneficent work her teachers and her administrators have done there. But the Philippines can produce the rubber with which American manufacturers hope to break the Anglo-Dutch monopoly.

So, too, there is no wonder that the men who put up the money for the first voyages across the Atlantic wanted to be sure they would get something out of the trade opportunities which would inevitably result. It is certainly not proper to explain the discovery of America solely upon the economic grounds of the commercial pressure. But can anyone look at the two pictures which accompany this article without realizing that the reason why these pictures were drawn in the 16th Century is because these things impressed the artist as important in the life of the world in which he lived?

In one of them there may be seen the caravan of slow-moving camels.

In another picture may be seen the act of transshipment.

Was it, after all, necessary to invent that elaborate fiction about the Turks and the trade routes to account for the discovery of America?

# The Senator Nobody Knows

(*Concluded from page 2*)

stern. Nobody can manhandle the Constitution on any subject when he is around and get away with it if he can prevent it. He doesn't object to the wets trying to repeal the 18th Amendment, but he does object to every sort of subterfuge the purpose of which is to nullify it.

He believes Al Smith will never get far toward the Presidency by the nullification route. He believes Smith has taken a position in which he can be destroyed. One moment Smith says, 'Repeal the New York enforcement act,' and it is repealed. The next moment he says, 'Let New York and each other state decide, each for itself, how the prohibition act shall be enforced.' Smith first refuses to enforce the law and then asks that his state (and of course each of the others) shall enforce the law as each state shall see fit. Borah cannot quite see how a man can get by with this kind of a program. Smith's position, as Borah sees it, is one that cannot be defended. A good many others apparently think the same. Borah has had many letters from the Solid South saying that if Smith should be the Democratic candidate they want a chance to vote for Borah. The South is in earnest about prohibition. Whoever tries to pull any rough stuff on the 18th Amendment down there is sure to get into trouble.

Borah feels that the most important political task confronting the American people is to steer this government back to American principles and keep it there. He feels that the international banking interests have swerved us far from our course and are trying to swerve us still farther. He objects to the colossal investments of American capital that are being made abroad, unless it be with the clear understanding upon the part of our investors that in case of trouble they need not expect the armed forces of America to collect their debts or insure their profits. Borah is for peace and he is therefore against every sort of involvement that may lead to war. Borah may have quite a lot to say, during the next few months, with regard to the international banking group in general and its potency in connection with the Government of the United States.

Borah has always been a Republican, but no one who knows him would go so far as to say he will always remain a Republican. Borah is much more interested in principles than in party names. That he is not wholly satisfied with the Republican party everyone knows. He would like the party better if it were more courageous. If he can make it more courageous he will try to do so. He will remain in the party as long as he believes he can do more good in it than he could out of it, but he would not remain in it if he believed he could do more good outside of it than inside.

Borah believes the Republican party can maintain itself only by gathering courage for the right, though the slowness with which it is moving in this direction sometimes makes him suspect that some other organization will have to do its work. In the past Borah has never been a third party man, but it would be rash to suppose that a third party could never tempt him. Some of those who have talked with him have come away with the feeling that in his opinion events are shaping to put a third party into power.

Every move that Borah now makes is viewed by the correspondents with reference to his supposed ambition to achieve the Presidency. Probably Borah would like to be President. Is there a man in America who wouldn't? But this much at least is true—Borah has never been willing to play politics to be President. He is 'inconsistent' in the opinion of Washington writers because he insists upon viewing each question by itself and applying old principles to new facts regardless of whether votes are won or lost, and he is a 'mystery' to them because they cannot believe that a politician can be more interested in the maintenance of American ideals than in his own reëlection.

Of course, there is a little more to it than that. These correspondents know that their editors, in their editorials, knock Borah. It is always good form in Washington to knock those whom one's boss cudgels. The correspondents do not know that the boss' banker might have suggested the advisability of panning Borah—and it would not make any difference to the correspondents if they did know it. Their business is to furnish what the old man at home wants and they don't need to be told twice or even once to do it. A glance at the editorials each day is enough.

There will have to be a political revolution if Borah ever becomes President. Such a revolution may come within the Republican party or it may come outside of it. Certainly Borah is the last man who would be desired by the international banking interests that usually look to the Republican party for what they want. He does not play their game. He is an old-fashioned American, as far as his political ideals are concerned.

Personally Borah is charming. He has a keen mind, a sense of humor and a good supply of such qualities as go to make a likable man. He has dignity, but it is never oppressive. He is affable, friendly and frank, but not chummy. He smiles often and laughs some, but he hasn't Al Smith's boisterous, 'Sidewalks of New York' laugh. Smith's laugh is all right, at that; Borah's just isn't like it, that's all. Borah's chief charm is in the keenness of his intellect and in the readiness with which, on suitable occasions, he becomes intensely in earnest. Nobody needs to doubt him then. No politician is talking. When he speaks, for instance, about the necessity of getting back to American principles and governing America for Americans one knows that he is aflame with his subject and means just what he says.

It is difficult, when in his presence, to realize that on June 29 last Borah became sixty-one years of age. There is not a sign of gray in his black hair, his complexion is ruddy and his step quick. When he rises to speak in the Senate, always slowly and with a suggestion of diffidence, a stranger might mistake him for a new member from a back state. Yet Borah is probably better known in Europe than any other American except the President and a growing number of his countrymen are coming to understand him, even though he remain as a sealed book to the Washington newspaper correspondents.


A PERMANENT FILE

For Your Copies of
*THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT*

TO THOSE readers who desire to save their copies, we can furnish a specially made binder which holds 26 copies.

This binder permits of ready reference to or the removal of any particular issue without disarranging other copies.

Durably constructed, with stiff covers, cloth covered, this binder solves the problem of keeping all copies neat and instantly available.

Price $1.75 Postpaid

DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

A Constructive Force in the Development of the South and Southwest

THE Sunshine Special

Entering its eleventh year of fast dependable, daily service from St. Louis and Memphis to:

Louisiana
Texas
California
Mexico

Standard drawing-room sleepers, reclining chair cars and coaches. Dining car service for all meals.

Secure reservations from nearest Missouri Pacific representative or write—

A. D. Bell, Pass'r Traffic Manager
MISSOURI PACIFIC R. R. CO.
Ry. Exch. Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.



# Soldiers Were Tried by Court-Martial

(*Concluded from page 3*)

serfs and slaves, either hired, forced or sentenced to serve in the armies of the ancient kings, in the days when the king's right to take life or liberty was unquestioned.

Martial law was but the will of a brigand who dominated solely by force. No less distinguished a military man than the Duke of Wellington, conqueror of Napoleon, stated in a debate in Parliament that martial law was neither more nor less than *the will of the general* who commands the army. It was, he said, no law at all. The general who declared martial law and commanded that it should be carried into effect was bound to lay down distinctly the rules and regulations and limits according to which his will was to be carried out.

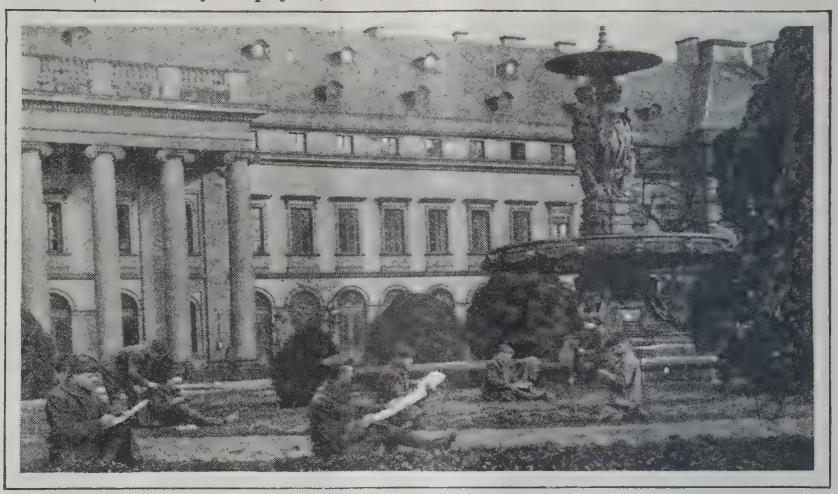
General Winfield S. Scott, general-in-chief of the American armies in the Mexican War, in a general order issued during the war, stated regarding the insufficiency of the written military code to cover certain crimes that 'a supplementary code is absolutely needed. That *unwritten* code is martial law, as an addition to the *written* military code, prescribed by Congress in the rules and articles of war, which unwritten code all armies in hostile countries are forced to adopt . . . For this purpose it is ordered that all offenders in the matters aforesaid shall be promptly seized, confined, and reported for trial before *military commissions*, to be duly appointed, etc.'

Until the revision of the court-martial manual of 1919, most offenses were punishable as the court-martial might direct. Now most penalties are defined. *All must be.*

Under the court-martial system used in the World War by the American Army, *a soldier could prefer no charges.* He could but make a complaint or protest to his commanding officer against any condition that prevailed; but when his commanding officer was a man such as 'Hard-Boiled' Smith and other convicted officers, with the official support of his superior officers, the soldier was in the helpless position of a man protesting to thugs who are assaulting him.

A soldier recommended for trial by court-martial was a marked man, doomed before he was brought to trial. Otherwise, he was not tried.

A man brought to trial in many cases was one who, except in the case of a criminal, which is another matter, had incurred the dislike or ill will of his commanding officer or some other officer, either with or without just cause. The situation usually was allowed to exist until the man either intentionally or unintentionally got himself into a position where he could be charged with some violation of an article of war. Charges were then preferred by an officer against the soldier. These charges were referred by the commanding officer to an officer under his command for investigation to see if they could be sustained.



—Press Illustrating.

*The fountain at the ex-kaiser's palace in Coblenz served as an object of study for American soldiers interested in drawing.*

It is generally found that the charges can be sustained, unless they are investigated by an officer who is very fair or not friendly to the officer preferring the charges. If witnesses can be found who will testify against the man, the commanding officer orders him to trial before a court-martial.

The same commanding officer appoints other officers under his command as members of the court-martial and the judge advocate of the court-martial, who until the forced reform of the court-martial system was prosecutor of the man and adviser to the court as to the law in the case and how it had to decide legal issues. It was a case of the prosecuting attorney telling the jury how it must decide the case.

It must be remembered that although the accused was to have the right to select his counsel, 'if such counsel be reasonably available,' he could only choose an officer who he felt was friendly to him. As the officer was not a man versed in legal matters and the judge advocate was a man of special legal training, the accused was practically without defense, especially as the defense counsel and the court had to abide by what the judge advocate said was the law in the case, thereby making acquittal practically impossible unless the court failed to abide by the instructions of judge advocate as it was required by military law to do. If the officer defending the accused had no personal concern in the man, or was afraid of incurring the disfavor of his fellow officers and the commanding officer by putting up a real defense for the accused, the man was helpless.

There are still certain defects in assuring an accused man justice, and these will be brought out in a later article making recommendations as to how they can be overcome.



—Press Illustrating.

*For the first time in 100 years, since the days of Napoleon, the chains around the Arch de Triomphe in Paris were removed to allow a great military parade of American soldiers to pass through.*

*(To be continued in an early issue.)*

# Heroes of the Air Mail

(*Concluded from page 5*)

dozens of times, yet, being a careful and methodical pilot, he took the compass from the machine. He had no emergency rations. He had neither snowshoes nor rifle. He saw no game. There was no shelter within twenty miles that he knew of. If worst came to worst, however, he could still return to his machine and start a fire with his batteries and some gasoline.

Soon Bishop was wallowing in drifts higher than his waist. But he continued on. The storm still howled about his ears and shut off his view ahead. But with his compass he kept a course toward a farmhouse which he knew nestled at the foot of a mountain some twenty miles to the westward.

After an eight-hour battle with the elements, the pilot had arrived at the stage where he was absolutely exhausted and almost in despair. How simple a solution of the problem, he thought, merely to lie down and go to sleep.

Bishop now gave up hope. It had stopped snowing, but a moderate gale still howled out of the Southwest. Bishop sat down to rest and think things over. He was now on a 'hogback,' perfectly level and almost free of snow. As he sat there, a miracle happened; a miracle to stir one's blood. 'Bob' Ellis, Bishop's companion, flying from Salt Lake City to Rock Springs, had seen his machine on the ground, but had noticed that the engine was running. Anxious to keep to the schedule, and believing Bishop was not in difficulty, since his motor was functioning, Ellis continued on. But soon after his arrival at Rock Springs, the Salt Lake field reported by wireless that Bishop was missing. Ellis thereupon asked permission of the division superintendent to retrace his flight to the spot where he had seen Bishop's plane on the ground.

Taking along a mechanic in case of accident to his own motor, and food and coffee for Bishop, Ellis set out in the face of the gale to find among a thousand hills a stalled machine and its helpless pilot.

After a flight of less than an hour, Ellis and his mechanic sighted Bishop's machine, half buried in the snow; a dead thing. There was no sign of Bishop. Moreover, his trail had been blotted out by the drifting snow. But Ellis, flying low and in wide circles about the stalled machine, asked himself what he would do in similar circumstances. Immediately he concluded that he would make for the farmhouse, twenty miles away. With an Air Mail pilot, to decide is to act, and within fifteen minutes, Ellis, flying a hundred feet above the snow, had 'picked up' a floundering figure halfway between the stalled machine and the farmhouse. Carefully choosing his way, in order not to break the undercarriage of his plane and thus leave all three at the mercy of the blizzard, Ellis and his mechanic landed near their exhausted comrade.

After a meal and some hot coffee, Bishop was able to 'sit in' at a council of war. Ellis' machine, they agreed, could carry the three of them, provided it could get into the air. But ground conditions were so unfavorable—the drifts were so deep—that this seemed impossible. It was then agreed that they would 'taxi' the machine to a comparatively clear spot six miles to the westward, from which to take off.

For four miles, with each mile rapidly eating up their fuel supply, they churned their way through the powdery drifts, with Bishop huddled in the cockpit, and the mechanic, comparatively fresh and warmly clothed, clinging to a precarious position on one of the wings. Finally, Ellis, realizing that his gasoline supply was becoming dangerously reduced, suggested that Bishop, with the aid of the mechanic, try to reach the farmhouse, now some four miles distant, while he flew back to Rock Springs to report Bishop's safety. This they attempted, but Ellis, watching Bishop's faltering footsteps from the air, realized that they would be unable to accomplish the four miles. Swooping downward, Ellis again landed near the struggling pair, helped them to climb aboard, and swore that he would get the ship off the ground with the three of them on board, or 'bust her up.'

Finding a ridge almost free of snow, Ellis, with his motor racing at full speed, and his plane reeling drunkenly amid the entangling sagebrush and snowdrifts, succeeded, after swaying and dipping for two hundred yards, in getting into the air. Little by little, an inch at a time, then a foot, with his propeller racing faster than it had ever gone before, Ellis finally climbed twenty-five feet into the air. By facing directly into the wind, the pilot utilized its velocity to attain an altitude of a thousand feet. Then he turned, and with the wind at his back, flew with his passengers to Rock Springs in half an hour.


USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL



USL "A" Power Supply

## USL
## Radio Power Devices

USL Radio Power Devices represent the last word in radio convenience and ease of operation.

There is the USL "A" **Power Supply,** which furnishes "A" power from the light socket; the USL **Trickle Charger,** which converts any 4 or 6-volt "A" storage battery into a complete and continuous "A" power supply; the USL **Universal Charger,** which will charge either "A" or "B" storage batteries over night; the USL "B" **Power Supply,** which provides "B" power from light sockets and the USL **Automatic Control Switch,** which automatically eliminates all switching "off" and "on" of all radio "A" and "B" power devices.

Ask your USL battery dealer how you can improve your present "A" and "B" power supply by the use of these devices. He will gladly help you choose the particular devices which best suit your needs. Prices on these power devices are surprisingly low.

Free

*Write for the new booklet on USL radio equipment which gives prices and detailed descriptions of these new radio devices.*

**U-S-L Radio, Inc. - Niagara Falls, N. Y.**

USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL



## The Problem Solved

$2 \times 2 = 4$

$2 \times 4 = 8$

Bass Rangeley Moccasins offer an easy and economical way to solve the problem of school shoes.

These Moccasins wear like iron and, best of all, allow the youngsters perfect foot freedom under all conditions. If you want your boy's and girl's feet to grow the way nature intended and at the same time to cut down your shoe bills, equip them with Bass Moccasins—the same type of shoe which the American Indian wore.

Write for our big free catalog. In it you will find illustrated Bass Moccasins for Dad and Mother as well as for the youngsters.

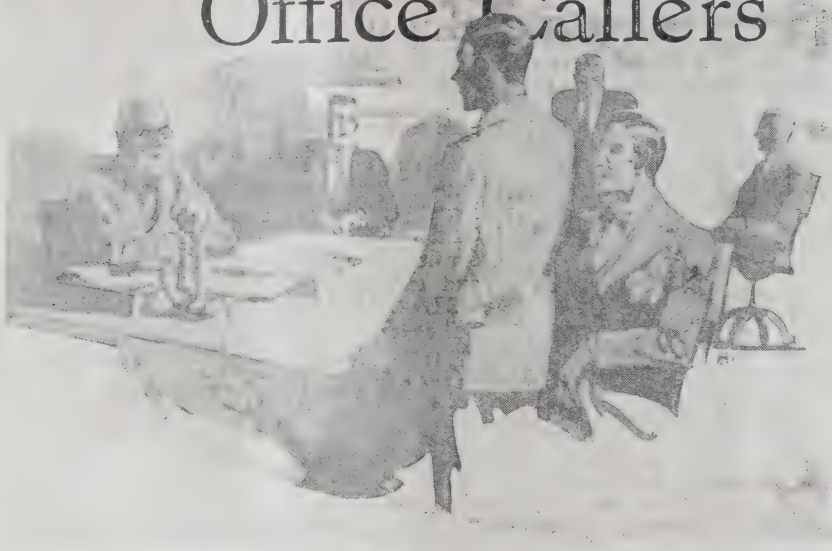
**G. H. BASS & CO.**
**WILTON MAINE**
*Shoemakers Since 1876*



Just one of the many Bass Styles for School Wear.

Shoe Dealers interested in a Bass Sales Franchise should write immediately.

# Chats With Office Callers



'You have many beautiful flowers in your mountains,' said ***the Man from Switzerland*** just returned from the Rockies. 'In our remote Alpine villages, particularly in the Bernese Oberland, there exists an ancient custom of proposing marriage by flowers. A girl accepting a bouquet of edelweiss from a young man accepts him as her fiancé. The thought behind it is that the man has risked his life to obtain the flowers and is therefore worthy of reward. The edelweiss, you know, is famous, not only for its beauty, but for its rarity. It thrives only in the most remote regions of the mountains. The girl knows that it required courage and hardihood to reach it.'

❦ ❦ ❦

'I'm not much of a talker, and I think my worst fault is singing aloud on a fine Sunday afternoon as we roll over the roads and out into the country,' said the ***Irishman from Pennsylvania,*** but I have one complaint that I've got to get off my chest. I mean all this applesauce the newspapers are carrying about the rich dividing up with the poor!

'Everyone seems to be sympathizing with the poor. The rich are constantly being told—through newspaper columns—what to do with their money. Take the case of a well-known writer who gives advice each Sunday in a New York paper. A few weeks ago she cited the case of a man who left $40,000,000 to his son with the hope that it be kept as nearly as possible in one person's possession, and asks "why?" Then she goes on to say that he could have left it in the form of four hundred handsome fortunes to four hundred simple, hard-working persons, and thus bring new happiness to a lot of people who otherwise would be forced to struggle for existence.

'Now wouldn't that be just grand! Suppose that $40,000,000 is invested in some industry. Would the writer have the industry ripped to bits so that each beneficiary could get his slice? And would each of the four hundred, when he dies, leave his portion to four hundred others? Why, incidentally, stop at four hundred? Why not let the millionaire select 40,000,000 persons and leave each one a dollar? Or 400,000,000 and leave each a dime? If the next twenty-five men who leave $40,000,000 apiece would only combine and divide their wealth with this great generosity and equality, they could enrich every Chinaman in China by about thirty cents. Don't misunderstand me. If at any time a man leaving $40,000,000 selects me as one of four hundred to receive $100,000, I shall lose no time in accepting. I approve this idea of dividing up—but only if I am one of the dividees.

'My early-life antagonism against the rich began to disappear when I found that the real head of the firm, the individual who has the money, was head and shoulders above the foreman in character. I found that the narrowest of men were working men like myself. I have many times been more severely dealt with by a foreman than I would have been by the head of the company. As a simple workingman I resent these articles that keep iffing and butting about riches as between the rich and the poor. Which would be better: to keep this $40,000,000 intact in an industry where it is supplying jobs at fair pay to many people, and where it is making a good product at a reasonable price; or wrecking the industry to split it among four hundred individuals, thus probably making them loafers and non-producers for the remainder of their lives? If a noted writer can hold his or her place in the sun through articles speculating with ideas as ridiculous as that of millionaires leaving their wealth in the form of $100,000 fortunes to hundreds of poor families, then I think it is because the readers of this bunk are seldom heard from. I have never had as much as $5,000 at one time in my life, but I've had health and I've always managed to find fairly interesting work, and excepting when I was "off to war," I have always managed to eat fairly substantial food fairly regularly. When the rich start to divide up—with me—I'll be a happy man. Likewise I expect to enjoy a nice, fat, green-cheese sandwich from the moon.'

❦ ❦ ❦

The ***Stenographer*** came in with some correspondence that she had typed in a remarkably short space of time.

'Good work,' we complimented. 'How many words a minute does this represent?'

'I haven't counted, but it must be a long way from the world's record.'

'What is that?'

'Well, I am not sure, but typewriting for a whole hour at the rate of ninety-four words a minute was recently accomplished by Mlle. Piau, a French woman employed by the League of Nations. This means that her fingers tapped the keys at the rate of nearly ten times a second, or more than 35,000 times in the hour.

'Greater speeds have been achieved, but not over such a length of time. Miss Rose Fritz, an American girl, typed ninety-five words correctly in one minute at an exhibition at Olympia in London some years ago, and is said to have worked at the rate of one hundred and seven words a minute for twenty consecutive minutes. In 1907, an employe of an engineering firm in Newcastle, England, broke all records for long-time typing by writing 30,096 words from dictation in seven hours. This was equal to half the length of an ordinary novel.'

'How does this compare with penmanship?'

'A really rapid penman can write thirty words a minute, or one every two seconds. To do this his pen must travel through a space of not less than sixteen and a half feet. At this rate, if he writes for five hours, his pen point will have traveled about one-third of a mile.'

❦ ❦ ❦

'The right of free speech is demanded by every individual, particularly when he desires to denounce his pet aversion,' declared the ***Brother of a Former Cabinet Member.*** 'Free speech, a free press and the privilege of peaceable assemblage for lawful purposes are our inalienable rights. The man who attempts to suppress or repress these violates the Constitution and marks himself as an anarchist in the making. There is no legitimate reason why people should not discuss *any* question which affects the public welfare. We claim that this is a free land where the broadest possible liberty exists and where the exchange of ideas is uncensored. I sometimes wonder whether our boast is justified.

'Free speech in the British Empire is not only permitted but is protected. It is the custom in England for anyone who thinks he has an idea or a grievance to mount a soap-box and speak to just as many people as he can get to listen. He can say what he wants, no matter whom he abuses or criticizes. It is a common sight in Hyde Park to see the police protect the speaker and arrest anyone who interrupts or attempts to interfere with him. *The English practice what we preach.*

'In New York City free speech and freedom of assemblage are permitted—*provided* the utterances of the speaker and the purposes of the assemblage are approved by the powers that be. All must be careful of what they say.'



*Silas: What do you say? Mistress Luce: I say yes!*

# The Strange Transient Woman

## *A One-Act Play by Katherine Metcalf Roof*

*CHARACTERS*

*Mistress Luce Pettingal,* the woman
*Master Silas Needham,* the constable
*The Judge*
*The Parson*
*The Tithing Man*

TIME: About 1670.

PLACE: One of the early settlements in Massachusetts.

SETTING: A low raftered room in a small house of the period. A door center back; on either side two small windows with small panes. A large fireplace right, with pewter plates set upright on the mantle shelf. A log is burning on iron andirons. The bare floor is sanded. In the center of the room a plain table of the trestle type, upon which is set a large pewter plate filled with red apples, and a large Bible. There are several of the stools in use as chairs at that period, and one straight-backed-slat chair, placed back to the wall, left. At the right window, back, Mistress Luce sits spinning. She is seen to be a young girl whose golden hair, unconfined by the Puritan hood, falls in ringlets at the ears and is coiled at the back of her head. Her simple, full-skirted gown is of a clear lavendar blue. Her apron and the kerchief crossed on her breast are snowy white. As she raises her head and looks out she sees something on the street that catches and holds her attention painfully. She rises, clasps her hands, and stands awaiting the knock which makes her start when it comes, and although she has been awaiting it, she smooths her hair and gown and moves softly to the door, yet stands there irresolute without opening it.

*This play not only presents an interesting picture of life in the early days of the Puritans, based on a true incident, but will be a notable addition to the repertory of those groups which produce short plays. Requests for permission to produce 'The Strange Transient Woman' should be addressed to the author, in care of this magazine. No royalty is charged.*

*Katherine Metcalf Roof is historian of the Colonial Dames of America. She had direct ancestors who were officers in the Colonial Army and who occupied high governmental positions three hundred years ago. A number of her one-act plays have been successfully produced, and two of her longer plays have been accepted for production during the next season in New York.*

(*The knock comes again, louder this time.*)

MISTRESS LUCE: (*In a trembling voice, her hand at her throat*) Who is there?

VOICE: An officer of the law, mistress.

MISTRESS LUCE: (*Terrified, with clasped hands*) Oh, what shall I do!

VOICE: Open the door. (*As Luce still hesitates*) If you do not —*I* must!

MISTRESS LUCE: (*Frightened*) No—wait, I will open. (*Again Luce hesitates, wringing her hands, then draws the bolt, admitting the constable, Silas Needham, a tall vigorous man ruddy-cheeked, a true pioneer. He doffs his wide-brimmed hat as he enters.*)

SILAS: (*Consulting a paper in his hand*) Mistress Luce Pettingal?

MISTRESS LUCE: (*A frightened hand going to her face*) Oh—it is the constable!

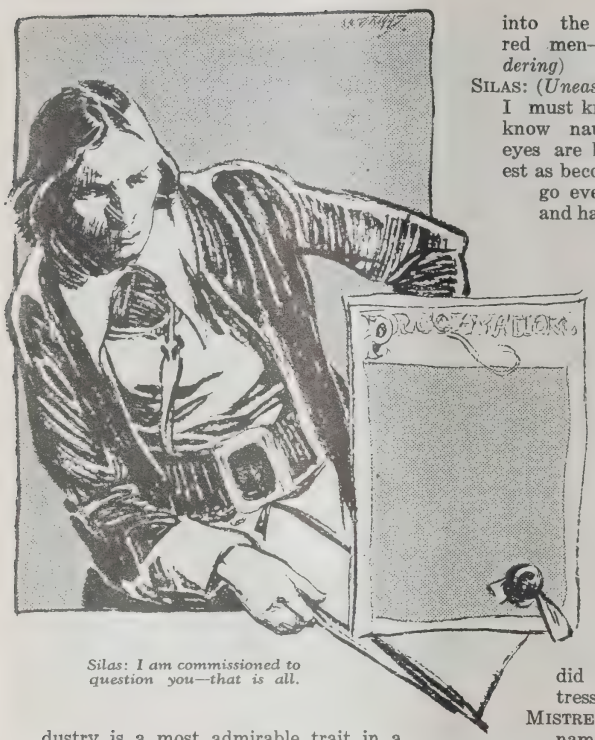
SILAS: (*In a strong, comfortable voice*) Of a certainty the constable. And you—I would hear you say it—are the Mistress Luce Pettingal?

MISTRESS LUCE: (*In a small frightened voice*) Yes, that is my name.

SILAS: Do you not bid me have a seat, mistress? I've some'at to say to you.

MISTRESS LUCE: Your pardon. Pray be seated, sir. (*She indicates the chair with a back.*
*Silas sits. Luce remains standing looking at him.*)

SILAS: Do you not sit also? (*She slowly resumes her seat beside the wheel*) I would not interrupt your stint. In-




*Silas: I am commissioned to question you—that is all.*

dustry is a most admirable trait in a woman.

MISTRESS LUCE: (*Agitated*) Oh, sir, you have so frightened me. I fear I should break the thread.

SILAS: (*In an alarming voice, bending a suspicious frown upon her*) And what cause have you to fear a call from an officer of the law?

MISTRESS LUCE: And who would not! (*Pointing with a trembling finger at the paper in his hand, scarcely able to command her words*) What is it?

SILAS: (*In a gruff voice, not looking at her*) 'Tis no great cause for fright. I am commissioned to question you, that is all.

MISTRESS LUCE: To question *me!*

SILAS: (*Pompously*) The town council, the freemen and the parson have ordered it.

MISTRESS LUCE: Oh sir—why? Do I not go each Sabboth to meeting? Have I done aught that is ill or unseemly that the freeman should send you to cast me in prison or set me in the stocks?

SILAS: Softly, softly, mistress. It is not so bad as all that. (*Tapping the paper in his hand*) I am advised herein to visit a strange transient woman recently come to our neighborhood, calling herself Mistress Luce Pettingal, and warn her that she cannot remain with us lest she become a public charge.

MISTRESS LUCE: (*Her hands flying to her face*) Then I must move on again?

SILAS: (*Catching the word*) 'Again' is it! I like not the sound of it.

MISTRESS LUCE: (*Her eyes traveling about the room*) And I was so happy here. The brook makes a little song all the night so I am not so lonely. And the day I came a little black kitten entered with me when I opened the door, and sat upon the hearth. They say it is luck to have a black cat come to you.

SILAS: So it be not a *witch's* cat—

MISTRESS LUCE: (*Not hearing*) And now—I must leave it all—fare farther into the wilderness where the red men—(*She breaks off shuddering*)

SILAS: (*Uneasily*) Mayhap not. But I must know more of you. We know naught save that your eyes are blue, your carriage modest as becomes a woman, that you go every Sabboth to meeting, and have not yet asked the town for aid. But that is not enough. The colony hath little liking for solitary women.

MISTRESS LUCE: (*Passionately, throwing out her hands in a pretty helpless gesture*) Oh, good sir, I ask you—is any woman of her own will solitary?

SILAS: (*Avoiding her eyes*) Ah, hem,—mayhap not. But for all that I—ah—am here to *ask* questions, not to answer them. (*Consults his paper*) You did give your name as Mistress Luce Pettingal.

MISTRESS LUCE: That is my name.

SILAS: (*Frowning*) Luce. 'Tis a strange handle for a woman.

MISTRESS LUCE: (*Eagerly*) 'Twas a little childish name my parents gave me. I was christened Lucinda.

SILAS: (*Relieved*) Lucinda. That is more like. (*Leaning forward*) Your parents, say you. Then you have a father and a mother, sisters and brothers perhaps.

MISTRESS LUCE: (*Her eyes down*) I *had* father, mother, two sisters, a little brother.

SILAS: *Had,* eh. Well then, if you *had* parents where are they, what have you done with them?

MISTRESS LUCE: Gramercy, Sir! Have we not all had parents? Have you ever heard of one born without them?

SILAS: (*Roaring a little*) Highty tighty, you've a smart tongue in your head. Is that the way to answer an officer of the law empowered to arrest you? Now tell me this. If you had once a family what have you done with it? (*Mistress Luce puts her hands to her face. It is a moment before she drops them.*)

MISTRESS LUCE: All are dead, sir; killed by the red men.

SILAS: (*More gently*) *All* of them?

MISTRESS LUCE: (*In a low voice*) All. (*A silence in which the good Puritan's pity gives place to suspicion.*)

SILAS: No news of recent massacre has come to us. When was it the red men killed them? (*At the dreadful remembrance his words bring up Mistress Luce closes her eyes and shudders, but after a moment she speaks.*)

MISTRESS LUCE: It was some months ago, sir. In early summer. The apple trees were but just in bloom. The air was sweet with them. (*She breaks off, shuddering*)

SILAS: Early summer. Then you did not flee *here* from the Indians?

MISTRESS LUCE: (*With a little gasp*) No, sir. Since you force me to tell it—I fled from—a man of God.

SILAS: (*Rising*) Merciful heaven, the woman is a witch!

MISTRESS LUCE: (*Rising also in terror*) No, no, sir! no! You must listen to me. It was that he wished to marry me.

SILAS: (*Frowning, still suspicious*) Then he did you great honor, mistress. I like not the sound of your tale.

MISTRESS LUCE: (*Her blue eyes fixed*) Honor perhaps, sir, but he is old and I am young. Oh, he has had so many wives! They lie there in the churchyard. And many children—the oldest twice my years. Oh, sir, for a man I love I could work these hands away. But for an old man and fat—what if he be a man of God—I cannot wed him.

SILAS: Silence, mistress, silence! Do you name the avenging God thus lightly? (*Bending a frowning gaze upon his paper*) Your deposition saith that you are Mistress Luce Pettingal, spinster, without kith or kin, born in this colony.

MISTRESS LUCE: (*Nodding her head*) All true.

SILAS: So far as it goes. Beyond this we know only that you come hither in a red man's canoe carrying a small packet in your hand—

MISTRESS LUCE: (*A pathetic note in her voice*) 'Twas all that I possessed.

SILAS: (*Resisting pathos*) Did you count to find kith or kin here among us? (*She shakes her head*) Nor friends who knew you and yours? (*She shakes her head more slowly this time*) Then why came you hither, mistress? Why did you choose our township?

MISTRESS LUCE: (*Slowly*) Because I thought it looked like home.

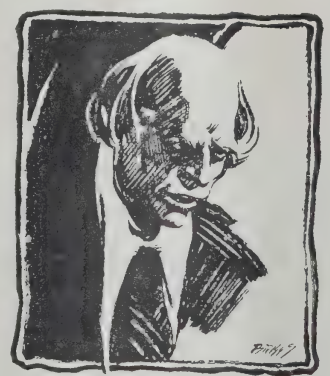
SILAS: (*Staring*) But you had never seen the town before.

MISTRESS LUCE: True, sir. Methinks it was something about the way the town lies soft-curled in the strong arm of the river—

SILAS: (*Hastily glancing away*) Upon my word, a womanish fancy!

MISTRESS LUCE: And the smoke rose so gently from the broad chimneys. There was a smell of warm bread on the air, a shepherd's dog wagged his tail at me, and I said to the red man, 'Draw your boat to the shore. I will rest here.'

SILAS: 'Pon my word! Because a dog doth wag his tail at you and smoke



*The Parson.*

curls from a chimney top—a most common sight—and you smell the housewife's bread in the oven, you come to dwell in a town of strangers! Good mistress, I've compassion on ye You are young and—and—e r—a—comely—to live thus alone. But of a truth there is something awry with this tale of yours.



*The Judge.*

MISTRESS LUCE: It is the truth, good sir. I take my oath upon the Holy Book.

SILAS: It doth not satisfy me why one so young and of the female sex comes to bide alone here without kith or kin.

MISTRESS LUCE: (*Sadly*) I have told you I have neither kith nor kin.

SILAS: (*With growing suspicion*) If the red men slew all your family, how comes it that you escaped?

MISTRESS LUCE: I was not at home that day. I had gone into Charleston to buy shoes.

SILAS: Were there no shoes nearer home?

MISTRESS LUCE: None to fit. (*Innocently, thrusting out her foot*) My foot is small.

SILAS: (*Looking hastily away after a brief glance at the foot*) Um, ah, I note it. (*With an effort resuming his threatening frown*) And was the settlement all burned? (*She shakes her head, overcome*)

Then surely, Mistress, though you had no flesh and blood you had friends. Why should one so young choose to seek out strangers?

MISTRESS LUCE: (*Overcome*) Oh, sir, do not ask me to tell you what I found when I came back that night to what had been my home—I could not stay after it, our home, our dear happy home, had became a slaughter house. I was half mad. As I sat by the roadside, not knowing where to turn or what to do, a red man came softly out of the wood. I screamed, tried to run, but he spoke to me kindly. Then I saw that it was the young chief, Popohanock, whose cuts I had bound with oil once when he came wounded to the door. He told me that there would be more killings, but that he would take me in his canoe to safety, so I went with him.

SILAS: You went—where?

MISTRESS LUCE: To the nearest settlement where we had friends. I stayed there three months. Then the good man asked me to wed him—and I could not.

SILAS: And then?

MISTRESS LUCE: And then, as it chanced, Popohanock came again in his canoe to sell skins, and I asked him to take me away in the twilight when no one might know where I went.

SILAS: Beseems you hold uncommon trust in red men—the murderers of your flesh and blood.

MISTRESS LUCE: Good sir, surely you understand, as do we all, that there are red men we can trust, and red men that are savages. Seldom do they forget a kindness, and, of a truth, there is their side to the quarrel. I say it, though they have taken all from me. They were here before we came.

SILAS: Why have you not told this tale before?

MISTRESS LUCE: (*With an effort*) Sir, I could not speak of it.

SILAS: (*Clearing his throat*) It irks me to ask so hard a question, but 'tis my commission, mistress—have you wherewithal to keep yourself?

MISTRESS LUCE: Not for long. I must tell the truth. But I am young and strong. I can spin, bake and make garments. (*Anxiously*) Surely I can find work amongst you.

SILAS: The colony doth not look with favor upon unmarried women—or men, either, for that matter. (*A silence*) You are a fine, pretty lass. Hath no young man to your liking asked your hand in marriage?

MISTRESS LUCE: There was one. (*After a brief hesitation*) Young—but not to my liking.

SILAS: (*Indignant on behalf of his sex*) Indeed! I fear you are somewhat over choice! What ailed him? Did he squint or stoop? Had he the misfortune to lose some teeth? Was he of a quarrelsome disposition? Was he miserly or a fool in his cups? (*As Luce shakes her head at each item*) What then?

MISTRESS LUCE: How can one say why a man doth not find favor in a woman's eyes. I liked him not. Is not that enough?

Silas: Hi yi, a pert retort for a maiden in your circumstance. (*Turning his paper in sore perplexity*) Now what report am I to make on this! I would some other had the task!

MISTRESS LUCE: (*Eagerly*) What I have told you, good master. Then belike they will let me stay and earn my way.

SILAS: (*Severely*) I fear you are not of the right comportment for a serving maid. There is little of a God-fearing look about you. (*Appreciating her dainty gown, her uncovered golden hair*) I note you take scant apprehension of the new laws concerning raiment, and fear not to flaunt yourself in bright-colored apparel like a proud daughter of Babylon.

MISTRESS LUCE: (*Timidly, fingering the blue stuff of her garment*) I do not well see, sir, how it is that men do make laws against the works of God.

SILAS: (*Horrified*) What blasphemy do you speak!

MISTRESS LUCE: No blasphemy. Is not the sky blue, like my gown?

SILAS: (*Inadvertently staring at her*) Ay, and your eyes—

MISTRESS LUCE: Hath he not made the flowers of all hues? Hath he not clad the birds in the trees, and the flowers of the field, in all the bright colors of the rainbow?

SILAS: On my word I believe you are a Churchwoman! These are Papish sentiments. Once let the judge or the governor hear them and you'll find yourself on a ship set sail for England!

MISTRESS LUCE: (*Casting down her eyes*) Indeed, sir. I am a good Puritan and sleep not through the longest sermon.

SILAS: Which brings to my mind that the parson here hath late lost a wife.

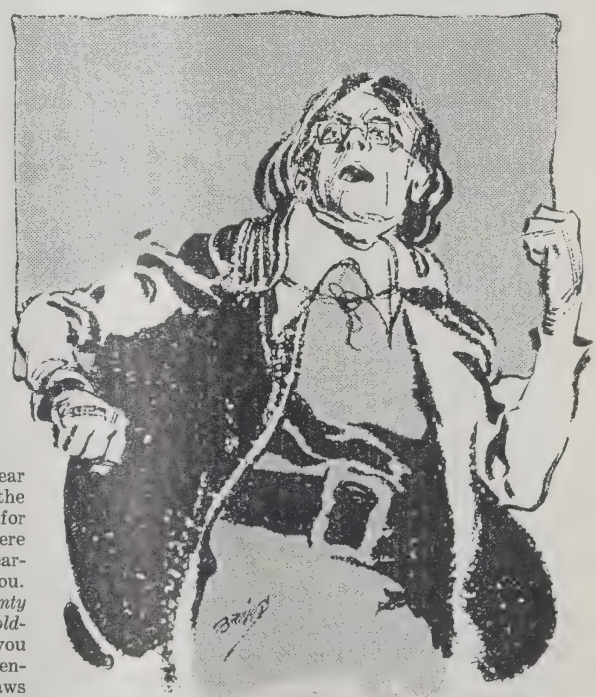
MISTRESS LUCE: (*Wofully*) Are there no *women* in the colony to claim my services?

SILAS: (*Uneasily*) Belike—if they do not find your eyes too blue, your cheek too soft and (*His eyes passing downward*) the foot too small.

MISTRESS LUCE: (*On the verge of tears*) Do not you mock me!

SILAS: I do not mock. I am, indeed, deep concerned at your plight, for I fear it is past helping. I am come, mistress—only I had not the courage to say it before—to bid you move on before—ah—the next twelvemonth. The town is poor and can ill afford to take on other burdens.

MISTRESS LUCE: (*Brightening*) The next twelvemonth. Oh, but that is three months! This is September.



*Tithing Man: He had her in his arms!*

SILAS: (*His eyes on his paper*) Said I twelvemonth? I misread myself. It reads—'Before the next moon.'

MISTRESS LUCE: The next moon! Why—why—that is but three days! (*Her lips begin to quiver, tears gather in her blue eyes.*) I had not believed your councilors so cruel! Freemen, they call themselves. And is there no freedom for women also? Must not a woman *live*, though she be alone? Have your good men such poor humanity that they would whip me from their town?

SILAS: (*Uneasily, troubled*) Softly, mistress, 'tis not inhumanity. The colony hath all too little for its maintenance. And there be those who recall the early years, close to starvation.

MISTRESS LUCE: (*Piteously*) The settlement needs hands to work—here are mine. (*She holds out a pair of delicate hands which for a time seem mightily to engross Master Silas Needham's attention. He looks up from them, meets her eyes, and his return hastily to his paper. For a moment he looks down at it in silence. Finally he rises.*)

SILAS: Well, mistress—I'll give you time to think upon it. I have an errand up the road. In an hour I'll return to take your word to the council.

MISTRESS LUCE: (*Despairingly*) What word to take, sir? I am driven out like a dog that no one wants. What further word is there for me to give you?

SILAS: (*Glances at her—looks away*) I'm sorry, mistress.

MISTRESS LUCE: Oh, is there no way out? Think, sir, if your daughter—

SILAS: Daughter! I have no daughter. (*Offended*) Think you I am as old as your fat parson? I'll warrant I'm scarce ten years your elder. I was married young—, and my good wife hath been dead three months, come Thanksgiving.

MISTRESS LUCE: Oh, your wife is dead. (*Drops her lashes, looks up at him, softly*) Then, sir, if you too have lost one you love, have you no heart to pity me?

SILAS: (*Desperately*) I can pity you, lass, but bless my soul if I know what is to be done about it.

MISTRESS LUCE: (*Casting her eyes about, discovers the apples on the table*) You can sit down and advise me, sir. Be not in such haste to move on. Sit here at the table and—and eat an apple.

SILAS: An apple eh! I mind me 'twas with an apple that another woman, one mistress Eve, tempted a weak man into trouble.

MISTRESS LUCE: But you are not a weak man. And an apple surely, is a most common refreshment. I would I had better, (*Moving toward the table*) but they are of a fair kind, known as sweetings.

SILAS: (*Glancing at her*) Sweetings, eh. (*Seats himself*) A fine name for a winsome lass but a somewhat foolish name for an apple.

(*Luce seats herself opposite him.*)

SILAS: Now I swear, you sit down in my wife's place!

MISTRESS LUCE: (*Blushing goes to move her chair*) I thought not to wound you, sir.

SILAS: (*Putting out a restraining hand*) You do not. Mehitable is gone to her judgment, God rest her soul; but she was of a stern disposition. Do not move, mistress. I do not dislike to see you there. I'll swear this apple was well named. (*Luce casts down her eyes to cover her confusion; she reaches out for an apple*)

SILAS: (*Observing her hand*) Hm, a fine lady's hand. I'll take my oath it's not done that work you prate of.

MISTRESS LUCE: Indeed, sir, I am a fine expert with my needle and the spinning wheel and a most superior cook as well. My mother ever spared me the rougher tasks because, as a child, I was not strong, and she feared to lose me.

SILAS: You've outgrown it, I'll swear. Roses bloom in those cheeks today.

MISTRESS LUCE: You are most kind, sir. (*With a touch of coquetry, from under dropped lashes*) Have you now told me the worst that doth await me?

SILAS: (*Pausing in his consumption of the apple*) I have told all except—save—but—

MISTRESS LUCE: (*Frightened again*) Ah, I knew there was a 'but' somewhere!

SILAS: A trifle. It is only that the parson, the judge, and the tithing man come here presently to learn if my command hath been delivered.

MISTRESS LUCE: (*Starting up in terror*) A—a *parson*? (*Silas nods*) He who hath lost his wife?

SILAS: There is but one.

(*Luce sinks back into her chair and lets her face fall upon her arms on the table.*)

MISTRESS LUCE: A parson, a constable, a judge and tithing man! What is one lone maid to do against them?

SILAS: (*Bringing his fist down on the table*) I swear you are not alone. *I* am with you!

MISTRESS LUCE: (*Faintly*) I thank you, sir—but what can you do against them?

SILAS: I can—I can—

(*A thundering knock at the door.*)

(*Luce gives a wild cry and starts up again.*)

SILAS: (*Bringing it out in a strong voice*) By God, mistress, I can *marry* you.

MISTRESS LUCE: (*Turning stares at him. Slowly*) Marry me . . .

(*A thundering knock. A voice without*) Open in the name of the law.

SILAS: (*Rises, his eyes upon Luce*) What do you say? (*Another knock*)

MISTRESS LUCE: (*Suddenly flinging herself upon him*) I say *yes!*

(*The door is thrust open. The parson, the judge and the tithing man, all clad in black, enter and stand in a row like ravens behind them. Silas and Luce move apart.*)

JUDGE: (*In a terrible voice*) Brother Needham, what doth this mean?

PARSON: You were sent here to order this strange transient woman from the town. Instead we find you—(*Examining table*) eating apples with her—like your forefather, Adam.

TITHING MAN: (*In a shrill voice*) Eating *apples!* He had her in his arms!

JUDGE: Have you notified her that she must go before the next moon?

TITHING MAN: Under penalty of the whipping post?

SILAS: (*To the tithing man*) Hold your tongue.

(*To the judge*) Before the next moon (*His glance passing on to include the parson*) this sweet lone transient woman will be my wife.

ALL: (*In irregular rhythm*) Your *wife!*

SILAS: The bans shall be published tonight.

JUDGE: (*Frowning sternly upon Luce*) How long have you known Silas Needham?

LUCE: (*With modestly downcast eyes*) Some'at less than an hour, your honor.

JUDGE: How then can you know that you will find him to your liking?

LUCE: (*Suddenly lifting eyes which are flashing*) La, sir, I knew that the moment I laid eyes on him!

(*Gives both hands to Silas who takes all of her as the curtain falls. While the parson, the judge and the tithing man stand with uplifted hands of consternation behind them.*)

*CURTAIN.*

# Exploring Where Paul Preached

(*Concluded from page 13*)

Spread below, as we reached the summit of the pass, lay Yalovadj and the ruins of Antioch. Across the valley a succession of hills seemed like ocean waves, while the mountains that bound the valley, from thirty to sixty miles away, piled up in lofty majesty to a height of ten thousand feet.

The 'hotel' of the town was leased for the expedition. The ground floor was occupied by the one club of Yalovadj, which vacated when we threatened to move unless the club members ceased their regular evening riots! A large room served as kitchen, dining room, library, photographic dark room, and sitting room.

Less than ten per cent of the people could read or write; not more than ten newspapers arrived regularly to supply the whole town, while scarcely a handful of mail was delivered in a week. We encountered one uncommon individual—a Turk who had educated himself at an American university, was an expert linotype operator, and kept a set of the *Harvard Classics* on his table!

The homes of these people are built of mud-brick, facing on narrow streets through which an automobile could barely pass, shaded by fruit trees in abundance. Small streams from springs along the base of the mountains flow down the middle of the streets, serving as drinking water supply and sewage disposal system in one!

To our dismay, we found that the natives have incorporated in their residences some fragment of a frieze or ornament from Antioch's ruins, situated about half a mile from the modern community. Public cemeteries and monuments had also been built at the expense of the ancient city's beauty.

As for public safety, we found Yalovadj and the district around it safer far than our home cities, due to the admirable mounted police. During our stay, they were absent two weeks seeking bandits, all of whom they captured for sentence. Even so, the captain always insisted upon dispatching a guard with us on the trip to Ak Shehir.

This, then, was to be our home during the hot summer months while we were searching among Antioch's wonders. Whether our hopes were to be fulfilled we could not then foretell. With all the necessary equipment now on the location, actual digging only could prove whether enough of the destroyed city remained underground to reward our efforts

(*This is the first of two articles by Mr. Kelsey. The next will appear in an early issue*).

# I Read in the Papers



### War Said to Have Only One Substitute

As far back as 1871 the late Sir John Seeley wrote: 'There has been found hitherto but one substitute for war. It has succeeded over and over again. It succeeds regularly in the long run whenever it is introduced. This is to take the disputed question out of the hands of the disputants and refer it to a third party whose intelligence, impartiality and diligence have been secured, *and to impose his will with overwhelming force.*' It is suggested that we have now simplified the problem of disarmament to a calculation of the 'overwhelming force' which is necessary to secure the reign of law. Looked at from this angle, disarmament is not merely a question of a reduction in numbers, the lopping off here and there of certain units of military and naval establishments. Attempts to achieve results on this basis have been continuously in progress during the past half-century. During this period more than twenty Peace Congresses have been held at which schemes for disarmament have been discussed. All these Congresses insisted on a reduction in military and naval expenditure; they all preached the doctrine of self-defense; they all passed pious resolutions condemning war. They have all ended in disastrous failure, because this was a negative rather than a positive policy, and because it does not follow along the lines of natural development. It has been found and is still being found almost impossible to formulate a standard by which this lopping-off process can be effected. Common agreement has been sought in vain.—David Davies in *The Contemporary Review.*

ɤ ɤ ɤ

### Boyne Day Quiet in Ulster

An Irish correspondent writes: No untoward incident marked the Boyne celebrations this week. Sir James Craig found an excuse for not attending, but one or two of his Ministers put in an appearance; and it is only fair to say that the extremists who controlled the various demonstrations had the grace to refrain from exultant war-whoops over the Border victory. Belfast Orangemen had the strange experience of hearing tributes from their leaders to the moderation and good sense of Free State Ministers, and the principal resolution submitted to the gathering urged the promotion of good will among all sections of the community. Southern Orangemen at a great muster on their own side of the border protested their loyalty to the Free State Government, and declared that instead of suffering disabilities under the new régime, they enjoyed the same freedom as under British rule. While it would be easy to exaggerate the political significance of these things, they do show the growth of a better temper on all sides.—*The New Statesman.*

ɤ ɤ ɤ

### The Mystery of the 'Marie Celeste'

More than half a century ago the *Marie Celeste,* an American brig, sailed from New York to become one of the mysteries of the sea. A few weeks after her departure, to be exact, the seventh of December, 1872, the ship was sighted in the Atlantic off the coast of Spain. An English vessel, the *Dei Gratia,* came alongside but could see no sign of life. The *Marie Celeste* was boarded; but the mystery only deepened. There was no trace of the crew. All the boats were in place. A cat was asleep on a locker and part of a meal was still warm in the cabin. But the ship was devoid of humans. It was taken to Gibraltar and the story sped around the world. Various theories and conjectures were offered, but for more than fifty years the mystery remained unsolved.

Now comes John Pemberton, naval pensioner of the Civil War, with an answer to the riddle. Pemberton, who is seventy-seven and resides in England, declares he was cook on the *Marie Celeste.* From the very beginning, he says, the fateful trip was ill-starred. The brig loaded oil at New York, but as there was more than she could take, her company chartered the *Dei Gratia* to carry the surplus. Captain Briggs of the *Marie Celeste* also borrowed three sailors from the companion ship to complete his crew. Trouble started when the ship was only three days out. During a heavy storm a piano broke loose and killed Captain Briggs' wife. The skipper, mad with grief, leaped overboard. Later the mate had a fight with a member of the crew and threw him into the sea. Possibly fearing punishment, the mate deserted the ship while it was near Santa Marta in the Azores, taking with him the boatswain and another man.

Thus Pemberton and the three borrowed seamen were the only ones left on the brig. They headed for Gibraltar as best they could, and while off the coast of Spain they met the *Dei Gratia.* With three of the men members of the *Dei Gratia's* own crew, it was comparatively easy to keep the secret. And why did the skipper of the latter vessel report the *Marie Celeste* a derelict? Well, under maritime law she was far more valuable to him as 'salvage' than any other way.

Pemberton's story may not be the true one, but it at least adds an interesting chapter to one of the baffling tales of the sea.

*The International Jew* in 4 volumes: *The International Jew,* Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States,* Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life,* Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States,* Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set $1. THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN.

ɤ ɤ ɤ

### Psychology of the Modern Girl

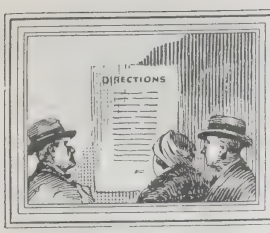
A large proportion of modern girls are trained so exclusively with a view to celibate careers that they acquire a type of mentality fatally unfitting them for home life. The matter is often looked upon as if it were merely an affair of practical domestic knowledge. People say: 'Oh, a clever girl will soon learn all that is needful in the way of housework, cooking and so on.' But the root of the trouble lies far deeper than this. It is the entire psychology of the modern girl that unfits her for married life. A passionate love of personal freedom, however valuable it may be in other directions, is one of the worst possible qualities with which to enter upon a state which demands much self-discipline. And the easy-going *camaraderie* now customary between the sexes is a thing so wholly of the surface that it is no preparation whatever for a relationship which touches the deepest instincts of the race. It is probably no accident that America, where this superficial familiarity has gone furthest, is also *par excellence* the land of quick divorce!—Meyrick Booth in *The Nineteenth Century and After.*

ɤ ɤ ɤ

### Some Thoughts on Braham's 'The Messiah'

Like many another remarkable man—Napoleon, Erasmus, Edmund Kean, and that master of hysterical laughter and most tragical tears, the 'great little Robson'—Braham was very short. For a number of years, Braham lived at what is now 38 Baker Street, Portman Square, and died at Brompton on February 17, 1856. He lies buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, under the wall to the right of the main entrance.

I sometimes dream of the cast for the *Messiah* as it will be performed on the Day of Judgment. I think the ethereal voice of Jenny Lind will be heard in the soprano solos and the full-throated, emotional, and dramatic tones of Malibran in the contralto. Sir Charles Santley will sing, with noble, silvery resonance and wondrous technique, 'Thus saith the Lord' and 'Why do the nations,' whilst Braham's voice will resound through the dome of heaven in all its marvelous sensibility and triumphant glory.—J. Mewburn Levien in *The Nineteenth Century and After.*




# Can You Tell Me?

QUESTION: Who is responsible for the enforcement of the Anti-Trust Laws?

ANSWER: The Department of Justice is responsible for the Sherman Act which forbids contracts, combinations and conspiracies in restraint of trade. The Department of Justice and the Federal Trade Commission have the enforcement of the Clayton Act, forbidding combinations and contracts in restraint of trade. The Federal Trade Commission has jurisdiction over all unfair methods of competition in interstate commerce.

QUESTION: Does the United States Government have a Federal blue sky law? What can the Government do to those falsely representing or advertising stocks for sale?

ANSWER: There is no Federal blue sky law. If falsely advertising through the mails, the Post Office Department can issue a fraud order and can prosecute for illegal use of the mails. The Federal Trade Commission probably has power to stop any fraudulent interstate stock-selling scheme on grounds of unfair methods of competition in selling of fake stock, thus impairing the market for the sale of good stock.

QUESTION: Is there any place under the United States flag where rubber can be grown?

ANSWER: Yes. The growth of rubber has met with some measure of success in certain of the Philippine Islands.

QUESTION: Does Congress issue a daily paper? Do the administrative departments issue a daily bulletin or paper?

ANSWER: Neither Congress nor the departments have a daily bulletin or paper. Congress prints a daily record of its proceedings known as *The Congressional Record.*

QUESTION: Has the Federal Government made any study of the possible savings in wastage by logging with tractors?

ANSWER: The Department of Agriculture has made a study of the recent logging activities in California, where the tractor has been introduced, particularly with reference to damage to young trees and seedlings. It was learned that tractor logging is considerably more destructive than horse logging due to the wider roads required and the heavier equipment used, but that it is much less destructive than the heavy logging machinery commonly used in California during recent years.

QUESTION: How do our domestic exports from Canada, and our imports, for the past fiscal year compare with the preceding year?

ANSWER: Total domestic exports from Canada during the past fiscal year amounted to $1,315,192,792 as compared with $1,069,067,353 during the preceding year while imports totaled $927,402,732 and $796,932,537 during the respective periods.

QUESTION: How many bankruptcies were there during the fiscal year 1925? During 1926?

ANSWER: Figures are not yet available for the fiscal year closing June 30, 1926, but for 1925, the cases pending at the close of the previous fiscal year were 58,758; cases filed during the fiscal year were 45,641; cases concluded during the fiscal year were 44,440; cases pending at close of fiscal year were 59,959; petitions dismissed, 1,327; compositions confirmed, 876. The nature of the business of the bankrupts in the cases concluded during the year were as follows: farmers, 7,874; wage earners, 14,478; merchants, 11,515; manufacturers, 1,557; professional, 765; other classes, 8,251.

QUESTION: Does Philippine mahogany belong to the mahogany botanical family?

ANSWER: According to recent testimony of scientists before a Government commission, 'The only wood entitled to be called mahogany . . . is the product of the *genus swietenia* which grows in the West Indies Islands, Southern Florida, Southern Mexico, Central America, Columbia, Venezuela, and Peru.' Some scientists further restrict the species. '"Philippine Mahogany," so-called, is not mahogany.' It is the product 'of not only different genera but of different tree families.'

*In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and kindred matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.*

QUESTION: Does Japan maintain a system of military training in schools and colleges?

ANSWER: Yes. Under their 'Universal Military Training Act' compulsory military training is effective in all of their public schools above the sixth grade. It is estimated that about 500,000 Japanese youths are now under military training in schools, colleges and universities. More than 1,100 active army officers, in addition to reserve officers, are engaged in this work.

QUESTION: Who constitute the Federal Narcotics Control Board?

ANSWER: The Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Treasury, and the Secretary of Commerce. L. G. Nutt, 834 Rittenhouse Street, Washington, D. C., is secretary of the board.

QUESTION: Will you please quote the inscription that is in gold letters on a marble tablet on the landing of the white stairway in the American Red Cross Building in Washington, D. C.?

ANSWER:

'A MEMORIAL
Built by the Government of the United States and Patriotic Citizens
TO THE WOMEN OF THE NORTH AND THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH
Held in Loving Memory
By a now United Country
That their labors to mitigate the sufferings of the sick and wounded in war may be qerqetuated this memorial is dedicated to the service of The American Red Cross.'

QUESTION: What was the cost of the State, War and Navy Building in Washington?

ANSWER: Approximately $11,000,000.

QUESTION: Is there a statue of Daniel Webster in Washington?

ANSWER: Yes, it is just west of Scott Circle, Sixteenth Street and Massachusetts Avenue, N. W.

QUESTION: Is it an Indian or the Statue of Liberty that tops the Dome of the Capitol in Washington?

ANSWER: It is the Statue of Freedom. The original plaster model may be found in the Smithsonian Institution. The statue is called 'The Armed Liberty.'

QUESTION: What is a 'capital ship'?

ANSWER: A capital ship is a naval ship of the battle line, namely, a battleship or a battle cruiser. The Washington naval limitation treaty defines capital ships of the future as men-of-war, other than aircraft carriers, whose displacement exceeds 10,000 tons, or which carry guns of a caliber exceeding eight inches. Capital ships are limited by the treaty to 35,000 tons displacement and to guns of a caliber not exceeding 16 inches.

QUESTION: Does the Government own the building occupied by the Department of Justice?

ANSWER: No, it is a rented building.

QUESTION: Who was the Secretary of the Democratic National Convention that met in New York in 1924?

ANSWER: Charles A. Greathouse was Secretary, and Edward E. Britton was Associate Secretary.

QUESTION: How is a gun's 'caliber' measured?

ANSWER: The caliber of a naval gun is expressed in inches, and is the diameter of the bore of the gun, measured at the muzzle.



# Briefly Told



GREYHOUNDS ARE SUPPOSED to be the oldest breed of dogs in the world. They have been traced back for thousands of years. Their figures are found on Egyptian frescoes, and history relates that they were used for coursing by Xenophon.

NEW YORK CITY WILL SOON receive its milk supply in tank cars, each having a capacity of 6,000 gallons. The cars are lined with glass covered with cork, thus providing almost perfect refrigeration.



A POTTSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA, coal miner who just died, aged 106 years, ate sauerkraut at least once every day.

'THE SECRET OF REMAINING young in spite of years and even of gray hairs is to cherish enthusiasm in one's self by poetry, by contemplation, by charity—that is, in fewer words, by the maintenance of harmony in the soul.'—Henry Frederic Amiel.

THE NOISE AND clamor of modern city life are producing a race of elephant-eared men and women, according to an eminent Vienna ear specialist.

THE FIRST NEWSPAPER ever published was the Roman *Acta Diruna* (Daily Deeds). It appeared in 691 B. C., but it is not known whether it was of parchment, board or brick. The first daily newspaper was published in Germany, and the first advertisement—offering a reward for two stolen horses—appeared in a London newspaper in the 16th Century.

BERMUDA HAS NO automobiles but it is proposed there that motor buses be placed on rails. It will be called a railway.

IN NEW YORK CITY the visitor sees armored cars with machine guns and armed guards transporting valuables in the financial district. In London he sees five millions of gold consigned to the Bank of England driven on an open dray without a single guard, and only a tarpaulin over it.

TRUCK AND DELIVERY horses owned by the municipality of Berlin have a three-weeks vacation each summer on a 300-acre horse sanitarium in charge of skilled veterinarians. Reports indicate possible envy on the part of human laborers.

KING ALBERT of Belgium rides a motorcycle as an example of economy.

THE WORD NICK, as used in the phrase 'nick of time,' is a modification of 'nock' or 'notch,' the ancient method of keeping tab on time or money by means of a series of notches in a stick.

FOODS ORDINARILY PURE and wholesome such as cheese and sugar will, if confined in an air-tight space, generate gas which becomes dangerous to humans.

PAINTINGS BY THE OLD MASTERS of Europe will be put beneath the X-ray by a Harvard expert who claims by this means to be able to detect copies and fakes.

FIVE THOUSAND Doukhobers in Russia want to go to Alberta, Canada. They have already made overtures with the authorities.

A CANADIAN outdoor rose, the 'Agnes,' won the American Rose Society's Walter Van Fleet gold medal. It was grown by Dr. William Saunders, father of Dr. Charles Saunders, discoverer of Marquis wheat.

THE BEST CATCH in sixteen years by Canadian sealers is attributed to the coöperation of air men who from their machines indicated where the animals congregated in the largest numbers.

ALL TELEPHONE LINES IN Japan are to be placed in underground conduits.

TENNYSON'S HOUSE at Somersby, near London, and two miles of the stream he immortalized in 'The Brook,' are to be sold at auction.



CINCINNATI policemen will carry cameras to preserve evidence of crime and accidents.

A WATER TORTOISE submerged and remained under water for ten consecutive hours in a test undertaken by a Harvard professor.

ULYSSES S. GRANT was originally christened Hiram Ulysses Grant. History's error was caused by confusion on the part of a Congressman who recommended Hiram Ulysses Grant for West Point. His name was mixed with that of his brother, Simpson Grant, and the erroneous name became fixed.

TWENTY-THREE per cent of the area of Norway is forest, of which nineteen per cent is public property.

THE ARABIC language predominates in the Holy Land.

THE WORD 'apron' was originally 'napron,' derived from the word 'napkin' or 'napery.' Some early writer dropped the 'n' and we have 'apron.' The same is true of 'orange' which was originally known by the Spanish name 'naranja,' which became in English 'norange.'



A REGULAR SERVICE of flying physicians and dentists is to cover thousands of square miles of inaccessible country in Australia.

THE DEEPEST workable mine is said to be at Morro Velho, Brazil, where gold and other minerals are found at a depth of a mile and a quarter.

A TRAFFIC COURT on wheels is an innovation in California. The court consists of a truck which takes its station at a convenient place along the highway. Luckless speeders are haled before the judge immediately upon arrest.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND recently issued an order to its clerical force to the effect that mustaches were not to be worn during business hours.

PIGEONS ROOSTING on the minute hand of the town clock in an Indiana town caused the inhabitants to miss their noon-hour meal by forty minutes.

AUXILIARY LUNGS enabling airmen to reach unprecedented heights are said to have been perfected by a French inventor, who claims that they will enable a flyer to rise to 50,000 feet.

A SPECIES OF warlike ants which will not hesitate to attack a man bodily are found on the banks of the Amazon.

THE CONFEDERATE half-dollar is the rarest coin in the world. Only four were minted, of which only two are known to exist.

THE FIRST compulsory voting law in Australia has resulted in an increase from 77.69 per cent to 91.31 per cent.

THREE YOUNG persons were recently fined ten dollars each for carving their initials on the bark of a big sycamore tree in Orange County Park in California.



# NOTES · COMMENTS CRITICISMS

Mr. Ford's Page this week discusses the value of America remaining American.

---

Borah is an enigma to Washington, *because he is an American.* He believes in governing America for Americans. He believes in the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, not only on speech-making days but in everyday life. (p. 1)

---

*Courage is fear translated into action. Fright is devastating, but it is the most powerful medicine known. It not only scares the life out of you;* it scares the life into you! *Thomas L. Masson took a chapter from his own life in writing this story. It carries a message of hope for every person who has ever felt the panic of real fear. Masson, a well-known author, is associate editor of the 'Saturday Evening Post.'* (p. 16)



Thomas L. Masson.

---

Most political writers cannot understand Borah, for they try to gauge him by the ordinary politician's yardstick and Borah is a politician who will not play politics. Allan L. Benson, well-known editor, author, and political authority, uses a different method. (p. 1)

---

High freight rates—once proved a secret blessing. They resulted in the discovery of America. Randolph G. Adams, in presenting this article, *rewrites* history; for history has long attributed the discovery to fallacious causes. Professor Adams is custodian of the famous William G. Clements Library of American History at the University of Michigan. (p. 8)

---

In a recent issue John Edwin Hoag, interviewing William A. Rowe, snake expert, wrote: 'I asked him about the joint snake—the snake that "goes to pieces when struck—the pieces running in all directions, and later getting together again." I asked him about snakes that are alleged to swallow their young as a means of protection.

'To each of these questions he replied: "There is absolutely no scientific proof to support a single one of the popularly believed snake stories. They are inherited misinformation, pure and simple—great-grandmother tales . . . "'

From Charles W. Prouty, Rockford, Illinois: 'I want you to inform Mr. Rowe that I personally saw a common three- or four-foot black snake open her mouth and let half a dozen three- or four-inch baby snakes crawl down her throat. The mother snake then crawled from the road and disappeared in the grass. This happened in the good old state of Vermont.'

---

From Ed E. Sanders, editor, *Picher District Leader,* Picher, Oklahoma: 'My personal experience disqualifies Mr. Rowe as regards these two varieties of snakes, at least, as I killed three of the joint snakes when a lad, and have seen two of the hoop snakes. These, when I disturbed them, apparently took the end of their tails in their mouths and rapidly rolled away at a pace that would have given a fast horse a good race.

'The joint snakes killed flew to pieces, each about two inches long, when struck with a stick, and kept up an easy wriggling motion, not crawling away, for some time after being struck. I watched two of them until near sunset. When I visited the spot next morning there were no signs of any part of the snakes . . . '

---

From B. W. Farrar, bank cashier, Summerville, Georgia: 'I have no feeling in the matter except to prove to these so-called experts that they don't know everything about snakes. Some day I will catch one with the young inside, and ship it to the curator of reptiles in New York . . . '

## CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE


The Senator Nobody Knows - - - - - - - 1
*Allan L. Benson*
Our Soldiers and Reform of Court-Martial System—*James W. Beckman* - - - - - - 3
Heroes of the Air Mail—*Burt M. McConnell* - 4
Lo! The Poor Indian, a Citizen Who Has Few Rights—*Marian Bruce Clark* - - - - - - 6
Did High Freight Rates Occasion the Discovery of America?—*Randolph G. Adams* - 8
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
Exploring Where Paul Preached - - - - - 13
*Easton T. Kelsey*
The Lobster Is Supreme - - - - - - - - 14
*May B. Whiting*
Can Courage Be Cultivated? - - - - - - - 16
*Thomas L. Masson*
Chats With Office Callers - - - - - - - - 24
The Strange Transient Woman - - - - - - 25
*Katherine Metcalf Roof*
I Read in the Papers - - - - - - - - - 29
Can You Tell Me? - - - - - - - - - - 30



SUBSCRIPTION PRICE in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies, $1.50 a year; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year. Single copy, five cents.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS. 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. State both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.


*May B. Whiting always writes delightfully. This time she describes the village at Cape Porpoise, where the lobster reigns supreme. Miss Whiting, a teacher of French in Boston, holds degrees from Boston University and Tufts College. She has spent many summers among the fisherfolk of New England, and has been markedly successful in transferring them to paper. This story is written in her best vein.* (p. 14)



May B. Whiting.

---

American soldiers in the World War fought under a court-martial system originated in the days of George III of England. Many were subjected to almost unbelievable persecution. Virtually unlimited power was placed in the hands of officers; and *some* proved unfit for the trust. Their actions were a black stain on the nation's war record. (p. 3)

---

One man, after the Armistice, carried the fight of the 'buck private' to Washington. That man was James W. Beckman, once secretary to Elbert Hubbard, later sergeant major in the A. E. F. He tells here an amazing tale of the abuses to which some of the country's fighters were submitted. (p. 3)

---

The cover, showing the fishing vessels at Cape Porpoise, is by Stanley W. Woodward, one of the best known marine artists in the East. Illustrations for the story are pencil sketches by him.

---

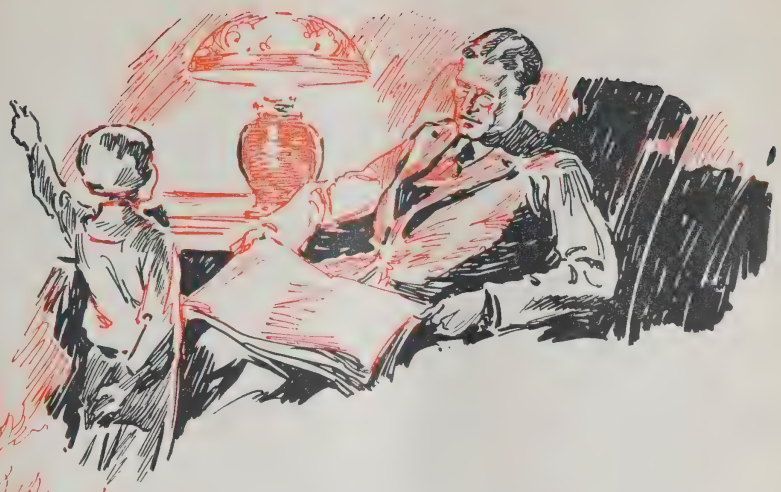
New England figures again in this issue—in a play of Puritan days by Katherine Metcalf Roof, historian of the Colonial Dames of America, and author of many short stories, articles and plays. In the welter of the so-called realistic drama of today, this comes as a welcome relief. It presents a true picture of early Massachusetts times. (p. 25)

---

Among the other contributors this week are Burt M. McConnell, member of the editorial staff of the *Literary Digest* and an authority on aviation . . . Marian Bruce Clark, who has held state and federal posts of importance . . . Easton T. Kelsey, a member of the Second University of Michigan Expedition to the Near East.

# The CHILD'S INQUIRY

*From* McGUFFEY'S THIRD ECLECTIC READER *Edition of 1843*



1. Son — How big was Alexander, Pa,
That people call him great?
Was he, like old Goliath, tall—
His spear an hundred weight?
Was he so large that he could stand
Like some tall steeple high;
And while his feet were on the ground,
His hands could touch the sky?

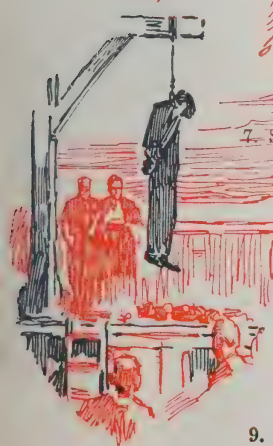
2. Father — O no, my child: about as large
As I or uncle James.
'Twas not his STATURE made him great
But greatness of his NAME.

3. Son — His NAME so great? I know 'tis LONG.
But easy quite to spell—
And more than half a year ago
I knew it very well.

4. Father — I mean, my child, his ACTIONS were
So great, he got a name,
That everybody speaks with praise,
That tells about his fame.

5. Son — Well, what great actions did he do?
I want to know it all.

6. Father — Why, he it was that conquered Tyre,
And leveled down her wall:
And thousands of her people slew—
And then to Persia went—
And fire and sword on every side
Through many a region sent.
A hundred conquered cities shone
With midnight burnings red—
And strewed o'er many a battle ground,
A thousand soldiers bled.



7. Son — Did KILLING PEOPLE make him great?
Then why was Abdel Young,
Who killed his neighbor, training day,
Put into jail and hung?
I never heard them call him great.

8. Father — Why, no—'twas not in war—
And him that kills a single man,
His neighbors all abhor.

9. Son — Well, then, if I should kill a man,
I'd kill a hundred more;
I SHOULD be GREAT, and not get hung
Like Abdel Young before.

10. Father — Not so, my child, 'twill never do:—
The Gospel bids be kind.

11. Son — Then they that KILL, and they that PRAISE,
The Gospel do not mind.

12. Father — You know, my child, the Bible says
That you must always do
To other people, as you wish
To have them do to you.

13. Son — But, Pa, did Alexander wish
That some strong man would come
And burn his house, and kill him too,
And do as he had done?
And everybody calls him GREAT,
For killing people so!
Well, now, what RIGHT he had to kill,
I should be glad to know.
If one should burn the buildings here,
And kill the folks within—
Would anybody call him great,
For such a wicked thing?

THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL





DRAWN BY J. C. GRAHAM

TODAY, this golden day is mine, my gladness is complete; the washing's hanging on the line, and I have things to eat; I have a suit of clothes to wear, a suit of honest tweed, and scented bear's grease for my hair, and everything I need.

So many men are shedding tears in sackcloth sad and gray; they view the chances of dead years, the chances thrown away. If they'd done this, if they'd done that, 'way back in '93, each might have diamonds on his hat, a yacht upon the sea. If they had only bought some shares, long since, in Goldbrick Oil, they now might sit in easy chairs and gladly count the spoil. If they had only kept the land they once unwisely sold, the land on which big buildings stand, they now would reek of gold. All men have made their foolish breaks, let chances slip away; and he is wise who calmly takes his fortune day by day.

Today is mine, the breeze is sweet, the sun adorns the sky; the prospect seems as good as wheat, the goose is hanging high.

Some men are brooding o'er the past, to some the future seems a thing to make them stand aghast, it spoils their midnight dreams. But I have found that dreaded woes don't often come on time; and if they do, we take their blows with fortitude sublime. And it may be we'll even find enjoyment in the scrap; to knock a silly sorrow blind is solace to a chap. At all events it doesn't pay to brood o'er coming ills; why not enjoy this present day, and from it get some thrills.

I do not cry a vain 'Alas!' I wear a cheerful grin; the future hasn't come to pass, the past's too dear to skin.

—WALT MASON.

DEH

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Volume 26, Number 47
SEPTEMBER 11, 1926

5¢

THE LIBRARY OF THE
SEP 14 1926
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS



*The* AIRPLANE *of* Tomorrow
WILLIAM B. STOUT

PROHIBITION ENFORCEMENT
*in Mr. Mellon's Own State*
JOHN D. ERWIN

Injustices *of Our* Court-Martial System
JAMES W. BECKMAN

*A Man Who* Lives *By What He* Sees
FRED C. KELLY

CONAN DOYLE:
*A Student of* Mysteries--Natural or Supernatural
W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

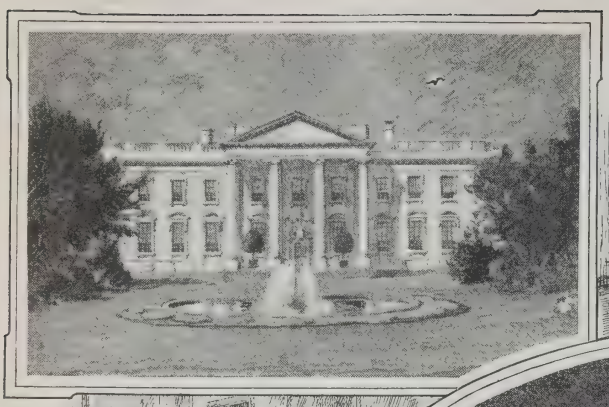
*The West Has More* COWBOYS *Than Ever*
DONALD HOUGH

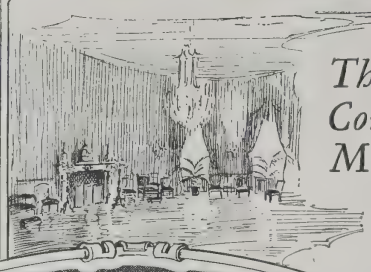
CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

# *The* WHITE HOUSE

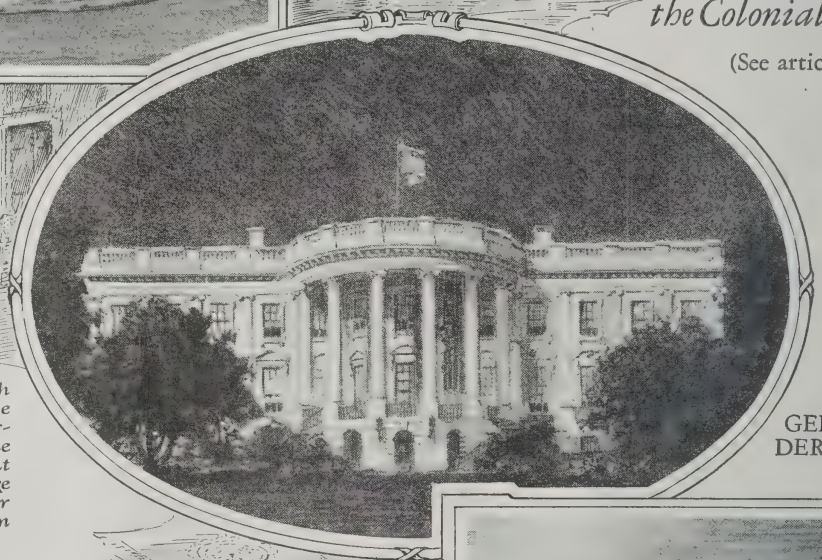
## *The Beginning of Its Construction in 1792 Meant a Gigantic Undertaking for the Colonial Fathers*

(See article, Page 19)









*Reading From Top to Bottom:*

*FAMILIAR front view, with main entrance, from the north. In 1902-3, Congress ordered the house to be put 'in the condition originally planned but never fully carried out; to make the changes in such a manner that the house will never again have to be altered.'*

*THE White House of the present time, presenting the South Front. The round portico is a much admired feature.*

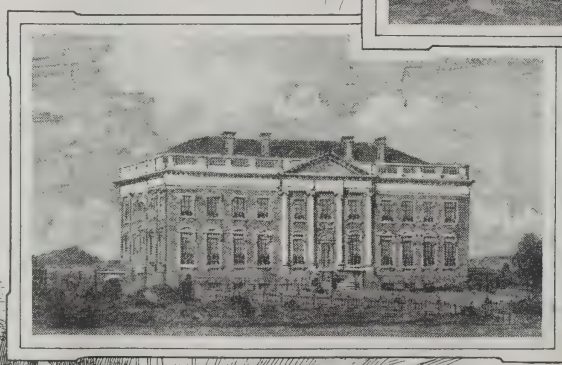
*THE edifice as seen from the Treasury Building. In the foreground is the colonnaded wing built during the Roosevelt administration, used as an entrance to the Public Rooms, sometimes open during certain hours of the day. Visitors pass through a long colonnade which leads to a basement corridor, where hang the portraits of many of the mistresses of the mansion. Along the walls are cases of historic china*

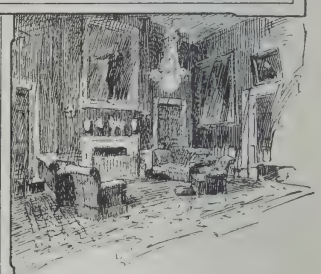
*NORTH Front of the White House of 1822 (or 'President's House,' as it had been called), about the time of its reconstruction and reopening after being burned by the British invaders during the War of 1812. The walls were blackened but not destroyed.*

*Drawings By*
GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN











*A Stately Edifice Begun on the Plan of a Young Architect, Providing for the Central Section to be Constructed 'With the Appearance of a Complete Whole,' And Admit of Subsequent Enlargements.*

Vol. 26 No. 47
SEPTEMBER 11
1926
Published Weekly by
THE DEARBORN
PUBLISHING COMPANY
Dearborn - - Michigan

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer; C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879

# *From the* GROUND UP

## What We May Expect *from the* Airplane *of* Tomorrow

By WILLIAM B. STOUT

FLYING is not a new thing.

Back in 1903 was the first flight of the Wright Brothers. At that time motor cars were almost unknown.

The motor-car industry since then has become the most important single occupation of this country, while aviation still is struggling along trying to rise above the restrictions which story-tellers have put around it.

The first thing the public questions about aviation is safety. European airlines during the past year have covered a distance equal to more than 240 times the distance around the world and with casualties too few to mention. In four years' operation of the German airlines, using metal ships, and with about 75 planes in use, there has been but one bad casualty and no fatality.

Our own Air Mail has been flying between New York and San Francisco both ways daily for five years, and for the past year and a half has been flying nights and days. In the last two years of *day* flying, under the most extreme weather conditions and with everything working against them, there has been not a single fatality in the Air Mail.

Night flying, which is still experimental, has not been so fortunate, but most of the problems are now solved, so that even this branch very shortly will be safer than land travel.

There have been many reasons why aviation has not taken hold in the United States.

The first has been that capital was afraid of it and business men of real ability steered clear of it. It has been an industry of 'nuts' and near business men, but has only recently taken a stand in a commercial way.

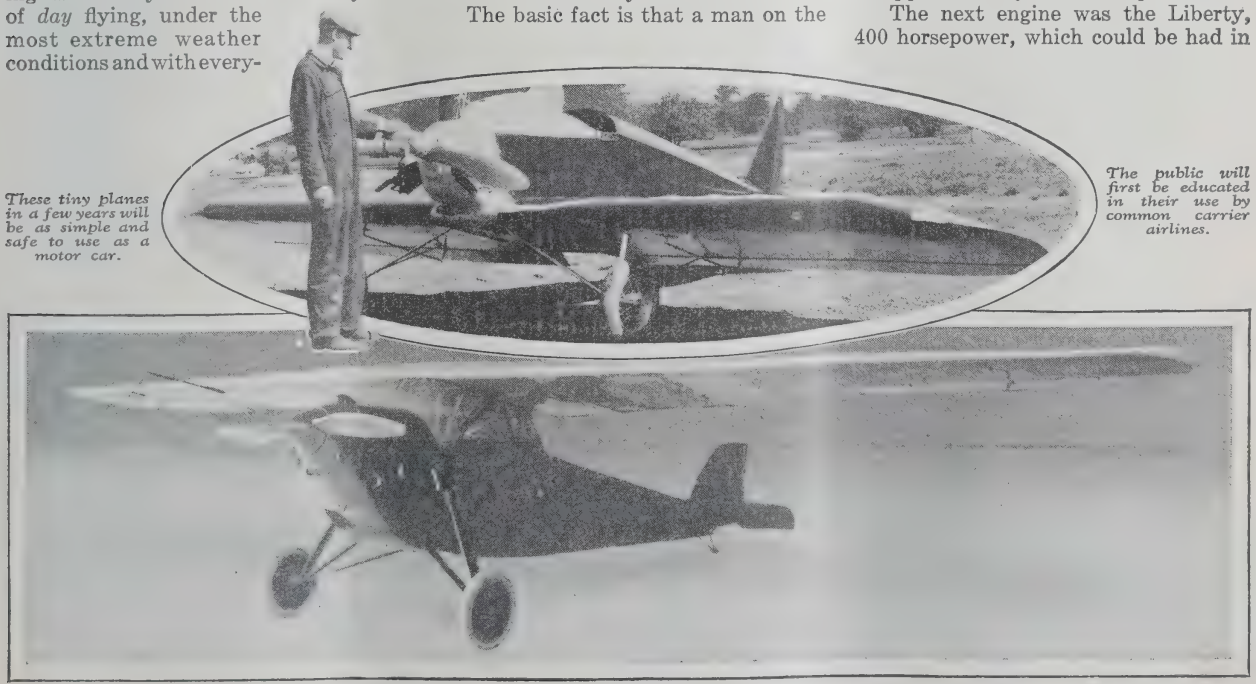
During the war, designs which were far from rational were put into production and the public was forced to accept these as airplanes. After the war, aviation became the medicine-ball of politics, with investigation and counter-investigation all to the detriment of the industry.

The basic fact is that a man on the ground cannot talk in three dimensions, no matter how wise he may think he is; and Congress and the Senate, no matter how well meaning, cannot be competent to judge what should or should not be done in air matters, unless they take to the air themselves and study first-hand the problems which now confront the world for the first time, and which have no analogy to any previous industry.

First, we must have *intelligence in aviation.* Luckily this is coming, and the past year has seen a vast change.

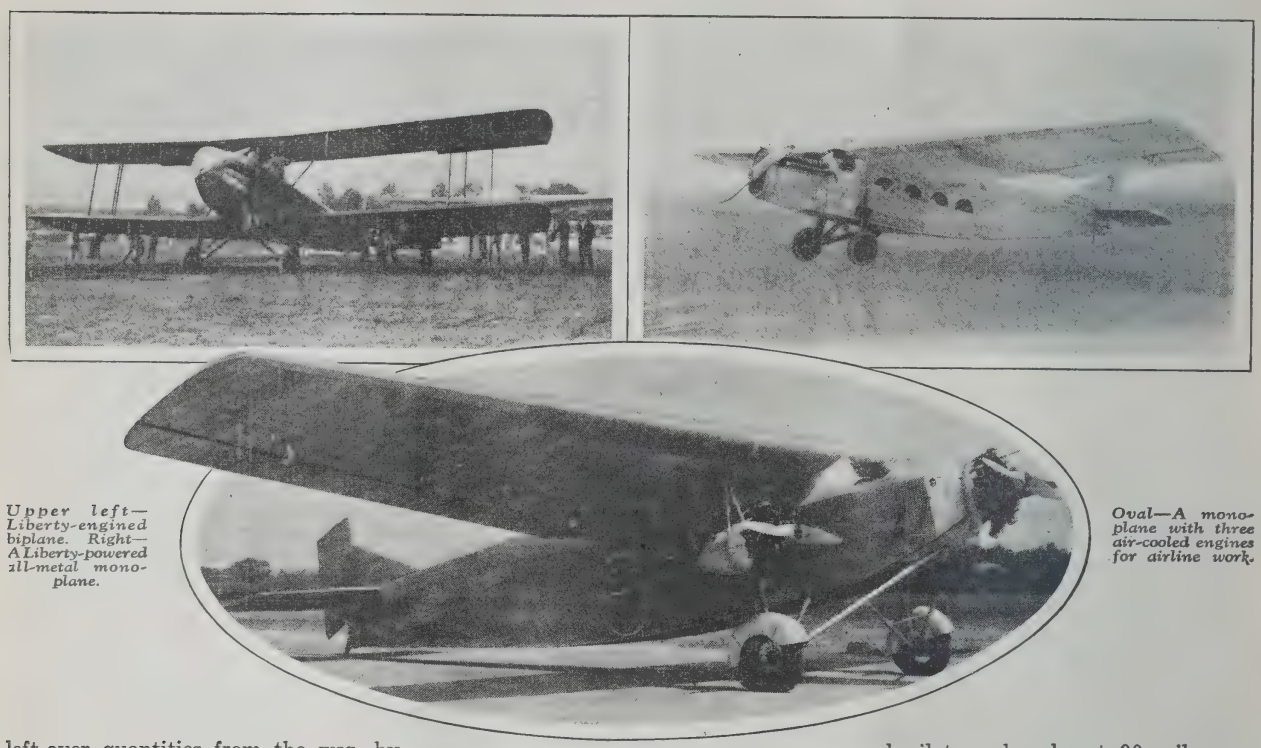
In this country, also, we have been held rigidly to two types of airplanes. One type was built around the old Curtiss OX-5, 90-horsepower, water-cooled engine. This engine was obsolete when the war started, but was put into quantity production because it was the only one available. In spite of the cut-and-dried design, it still remains the best small motor that we have, and the only one which can be purchased of approximately this horsepower.

The next engine was the Liberty, 400 horsepower, which could be had in



*These tiny planes in a few years will be as simple and safe to use as a motor car.*

*The public will first be educated in their use by common carrier airlines.*



*Upper left—Liberty-engined biplane. Right—A Liberty-powered all-metal monoplane.*

*Oval—A monoplane with three air-cooled engines for airline work.*

left-over quantities from the war, by purchase from the Army or Navy. This was an excellent engine in its day, and is still remarkable in reliability, since so many have been built and used that the 'bugs' have been taken out of it. It is too big, however, for privately owned planes, and today even unfit for military use.

All aviation in America, up to date, has been limited to these two engines, the first small and heavy and suited only to 'two-seater crates' and the second large and heavy and fit only for freight transport planes operated by corporations or the Government itself.

*Until we get new engines at a reasonable price and of modern design, there will be no private aviation in this country.* When we do get such engines that can be purchased for, say, five dollars per horsepower, or even ten dollars per horsepower, aviation will come in speedily.

This country has produced some excellent ships around the 90-horsepower OX-5, and I do not know of any accidents that have occurred with these new planes, in spite of the fact that several hundreds of them are in use; but a modern engine, air-cooled and light, could double the safety, as well as the performance, of these little planes without much difficulty.

This engine must have less front projected area than in any present-day plane, so that there will be less resistance and hence more performance in the plane itself.

It must be cheap to build, so that a 60- to 100-horsepower engine can be produced for $300 or $400, or even less.

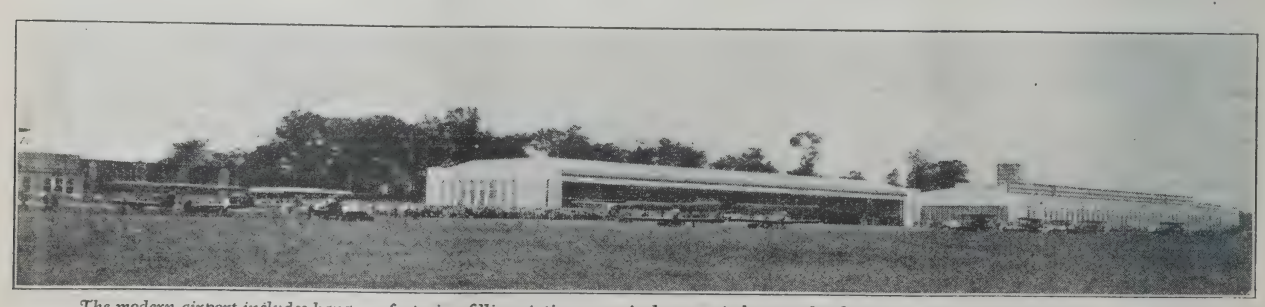
Eventually this engine will run on fuel oil, rather than gasoline, to eliminate the fire danger that is now present in all planes, even though this hazard has become an extreme rarity. Once such an engine can be purchased, as I have said, the industry will be here, even with the heavy OX-5 which weighs with its radiator and all about five pounds per horsepower.

Some firms are building as many as six small planes a week, and still are months behind on their orders. There are little ships that carry two passengers and pilot, make almost 90 miles per hour and 15 miles per gallon and are safer to drive per mile than a motor car. One can learn to fly them in from five to eight hours of instruction, and if the student is then satisfied to do straight flying and not try to clip the chimney off the roof of his best girl's house to show how good he is, or to make his turn standing on his ear, instead of in a normal bank, he will live longer than his neighbor who drives a car, and get a lot more out of life.

The future airplane will be built around new engines.

In cutting 200 or 300 pounds out of the power plant, there is cut a total of 300 to 400 pounds out of the total ship. This means that with the same 90 or 100 horsepower, one could carry four passengers at real speed and safety, or to stay to the present two-passenger-and-pilot sizes, which is more likely, you can do more with 60 horsepower than the present 90, and thus add one-third more to the range of the plane without coming down.

That plane *which can do the most with the least horse-* (Concluded on page 19)



*The modern airport includes hangars, factories, filling stations, repair depots, wireless weather bureaus, waiting rooms and 'what have you?'*

## Arthur Conan Doyle Speaks On

# The Psychic Side *of* Crime

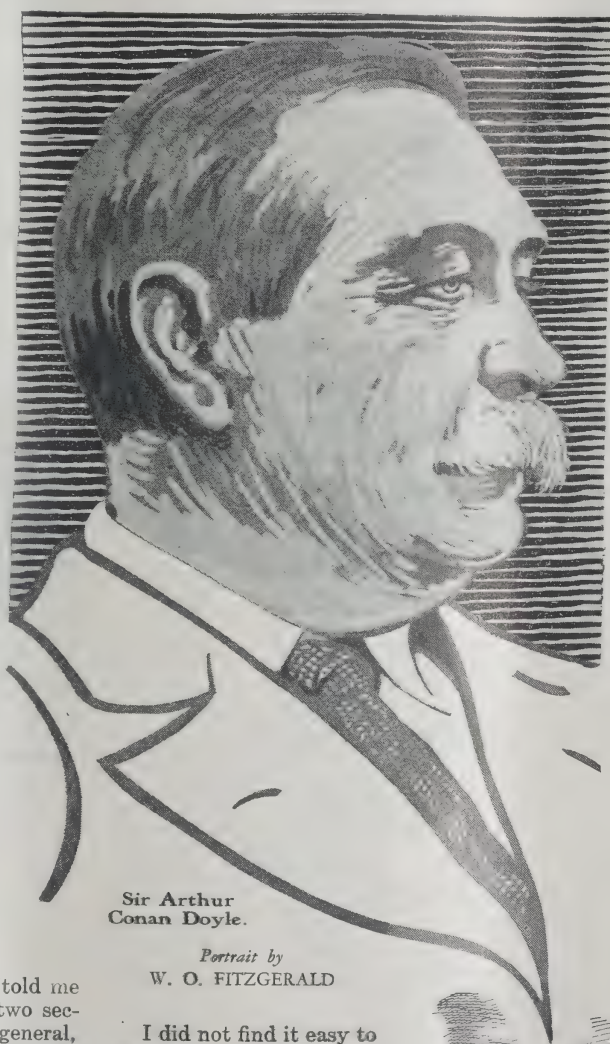
## *Can Criminals From the 'Beyond' Suggest the Commission of Sins to Living Persons?*

By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

SOME years since a select company of criminologists and experts in crime banded together for the purpose of frank discussion of crime problems and of the psychology of the criminal. Among them are such well-known men as Sir Edward Marshall Hall, K. C., perhaps the most distinguished British criminal lawyer; Major Sir John Hall, who has written much and very well on criminal biography; Max Pemberton, Gilbert Frankau, W. B. Maxwell, the novelists; and among the members who, alas, have joined the 'great majority' were Professor Churton Collins, Lawrence Irving, Lord Northcliffe, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree and 'Harry' B. Irving. And among our—I am glad to be able to say '*our*'—best-known members, and most valued, is Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. The discussions at the meetings of this club, which we call 'Our Society,' are most interesting and stimulative, as it is possible to speak with entire frankness, for we strictly adhere to Rule XVII, namely that 'Both Members and Guests of the Club are to consider the proceedings as absolutely private.'

The other day I met my fellow member of the 'O. S.,' Sir Arthur Conan Doyle; we had a chat about crime and criminals, and I am at liberty to record here parts of our conversation. What he told me may fittingly be divided into two sections: crime and criminals in general, and the 'fictions' which he has woven so entrancingly around imagined crimes and criminals, and around the detection of crimes.

He mentioned as curious and as generally not noted, that in the Sherlock Holmes series in the first dozen or so tales he has succeeded in creating an atmosphere of horror and mystery that has gripped readers so strongly that it is seldom noticed that in a fair proportion of the cases no real criminal offense has been committed! The wily and astute Sherlock is busy unraveling mysteries rather than running criminals to earth.



**Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.**

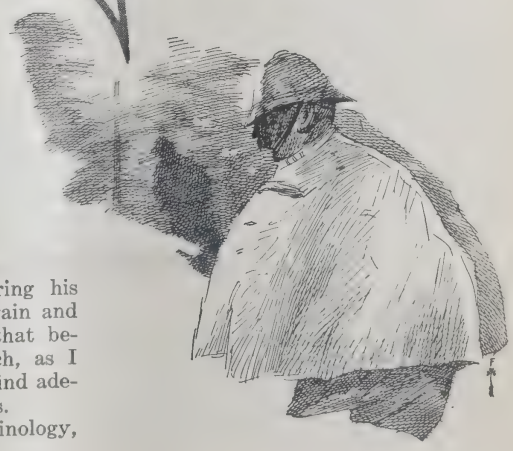
*Portrait by*
W. O. FITZGERALD

I did not find it easy to induce Sir Arthur to talk much about his own work. In my experience most truly big men are modest; the bigger, the more modest. Sir Arthur, it need scarcely be said, is a big man mentally; physically also he is big—a stalwart, genial, kindly Irishman; bearing his years remarkably well; and again and again a twinkle in his eyes that betrays a sense of humor, which, as I think, unfortunately does not find adequate expression in his writings.

Speaking of the study of criminology, Sir Arthur told me that he started his collection of crime books by the purchase of all the special 'criminal' library which had belonged to Sir William Schwenk Gilbert—the Gilbert of 'Gilbert and Sullivan'—who wrote the famous criminal poem about 'making the punishment fit the crime.' As each of the hundred-odd volumes carries the autographs of Sir William and Sir Arthur, I propose adding to my own crimes by stealing a few—or many of them—one day quite soon.

'No,' he said in answer to a question from me, 'I didn't consciously invent or construct the character of Professor Moriarty; he grew bit by bit. I felt the necessity of a worthy, powerful antagonist for Sherlock Holmes; some man as big as a criminal as he himself was as a detective. So I began to think out a man who acted behind the scenes, as it were; never actually committing a crime with his own hands, but pulling the strings on which his puppets danced. And that was not going away from fact, was it? What about

(*Concluded on page 25*)



# The West Has *More* Cowboys Than Ever

## Punchers *of* Fiction May Pass Away, *But* Ranch-Hands Go On Forever

By DONALD HOUGH

*Illustrated by* AUSTIN EUGENE BRIGGS



THE French people think that all Americans are cowboys. The British are of the opinion that the ordinary American west of New York is a tall, handsome person who wears chaps and a magnificent hat.

New Yorkers are quite positive that every able-bodied man the other side of Omaha is a cowpuncher and that he carries two revolvers to prove it.

But the average American above the age of fourteen is convinced that the cowboy faded out of everything but the movies when the old West passed and that he is of purely academic interest as a relic of a colorful age.

Everybody is wrong. The cowboy is neither the dominant American nor the dominant Westerner, but neither is he a museum piece. The discussions about the cowboys—whether they are extinct or not, and whether they still wear chaps or carry guns—are reminiscent of the scientific papers about the carrier pigeon or some other natural order. But the cowboy is not a species of wild animal, like the bison, nor is he an isolated type of humanity, such as a person who believes that the world is flat.

As a plain matter of fact, he is an employe on a ranch. Wherever there is a ranch, there are cowboys. Where there are no ranches, presto!—there are no cowboys! The cowboy is somewhat like a sailor in this respect. Where there are ships there are sailors, and always will be; but on the other hand where there are no ships there are no sailors.

A cowboy is a ranch-hand, and his position corresponds to that of a farm-hand on a farm. Some ranches, like some farms, have only one or two; some have forty. The cowboy, however, has been arbitrarily placed in a different category. He has attained to somewhat of an epic figure, and his status has been changed from that of a ranch-hand to that of a romantic swashbuckler. The principal job of the legendary cowboy, as every child knows, is to shoot up towns with six-shooters, to rescue charming maidens, to take part in heterogeneous high adventure, and to lead an all-round Quixotic life. His name has been given to every be-chapped individual who ever roamed the West.

However, we are not concerned in this article with the cowboy of history, nor with the cowboy of the motion pictures or other legend. We are out to discuss the cowboy as an ordinary mortal, and especially to find out why he is always spoken of in the past tense.

There still are cattle ranches in the West. Therefore there still are cowboys. There are undoubtedly a great many more—a hundred times more—cowboys in the West today than there were in the hectic days of yore. Therefore any person who has an idea that the cowboy is a disappearing species is doomed to disappointment. He is increasing, and he will outlast the farm-hand because there are no machines to take his place.

To get at this matter in a business-like way, we must start at the bottom. I have found that most Easterners have a very hazy idea about what a stock ranch consists of. It is not a large inclosure over which herds of steers roam. A ranch ordinarily consists of a comparatively few acres of land. It must include a house, the usual outbuildings common to any farm with the exception of the hayloft, which is omitted because it

couldn't be made large enough and the hay is stacked in the fields, a corral or a system of corrals for handling stock, perhaps a pasture for the horses.

A corral is a heavily fenced inclosure and it may be of any size from twenty feet square to several acres. Ordinarily they are an acre or less in extent. The fencing is never wire, often consists of plank panels ten feet or so in height, and the best corral system I have ever seen was made of the trunks of cedar saplings set shoulder to shoulder and supported by wires. The corrals are arranged so that they form a system of inclosures into which the stock may be driven and subsequently divided, segregated according to age, sex, or marketability. One, called the feeding corral, is larger than the others and usually not so firmly fenced.

That's all there is to a stock ranch, irrespective of the size of its herd, excepting that in the North, in such states as Montana and Wyoming, where the winters are so long and severe that it is necessary to feed hay to the stock during the cold months, the ranch must have fields or meadows of a size adequate to supply this need.

Well, that's the stock ranch. It is obvious that the size of a ranch is not measured in terms of acres, as that of a farm is. A man can engage in a stock venture of considerable size on an acre or so of land. The reason for this is that the ranchers do not own the land on which their beef crop grows, as the farmers do. The land is owned by the Government. Most of it is now included in national forests. Most of the homesteads and ranches are in the lowlands at the base of the foothills, where they are situated because of springs or other running water. Back of them rise the foothills and the mountains. These, partly forested, partly grass, constitute the Government land, or national forests.

The stock owned by the rancher is run, by permit, on the public land during the warmer seven or eight months of the year. As the snows of late autumn fall in the higher reaches of the range, the stock moves lower; presently the descending snow-line has chased them into the least of the foothills. Now comes the round-up. All of the ranchers in a certain district band their cowboys together and these go out and round up the stock and separate it according to the brands. The size and importance of the round-up, however, is diminishing because of the fact that under present Government regulation the range is less 'open'—the individual herds are more or less segregated throughout the grazing season—and the practice of banding together the cowboys and bringing in all of the herds at once is decreasing.



At any rate the stock is corralled, the marketable steers cut out and either sold or held over, according to the market and other considerations. After the cowboys have driven the marketable animals to the nearest railroad, they settle down to the routine task of feeding the hold-over steers, the cows and the bulls; and this is their daily work for the balance of the winter.

In the Southwest it is not necessary to grow hay. The stock spends the summer in the higher altitudes and as winter approaches comes down into the semi-arid or desert lowlands where the snow dares not venture and there they remain during the winter. After the round-up, the stock is turned loose again, the only ones corralled consisting of animals to be marketed. Thus the southern ranges are divided into two classifications: 'summer' range and 'winter' range.



Since the cowboy of the West is not an independent individual, the history of the ranches is the history of their hired hands, the cowboys. The first ranchers operated on a grand scale. They were unhampered by regulations and rules. They summered vast herds in the grassy hills of Montana, and when winter came they drove these great herds across the prairies to Texas. The whole West was the range in the days of the cattle barons. As the country settled, as homesteaders fenced in precious waterholes, as sheep—they still call them 'range maggots'—got a foothold, as the railroads came and fences appeared, the herds of the West diminished in size but they increased in number, and that is exactly what they have been doing ever since.

But it was the early régime that provided the adventure and romance enlarged upon and preserved in present-day literature and movie reels. The range was as free as the sky; it was wide open; and because the herds were so large and because they roamed so freely it was virtually impossible to keep accurate track of them. Thus grew up two classes. The first were rustlers who cut out stray steers or blocks of steers from the vicinity of the main herds, and even made foraging attacks on the herds themselves. These they disfigured by new brands burned over the old, or changed the old ones by certain additions. The other class, moving closer to the borderland of legitimacy, picked up stray mavericks, or motherless calves, and branded them. A maverick was, and to a large extent still is, considered the property of the finder.

Thus most of the cowboys in those days carried revolvers because the rustlers were sometimes quite bold. But the revolver never was a part of the business equipment of the cowboy and neither did the cowboys wander around shooting at each other—not any more than do the citizens of Chicago today. There was—as in Chicago—a breed of lawless individuals, refugees from justice, 'bad men' and common criminals, but these were not cowboys. To the average Easterner, a person of the West who dresses in a certain manner is a cowboy. But the dress of a cowboy is not the badge of his trade. It is a practical uniform used by all riders in the West.

Just as the small ranchers and the fences and the other changes in the big open ranges were discouraging the running of big herds, a significant happening put an end to the last hope of a magnificent, roving empire of cattle barons. and (Concluded on page 24)

## Under the Present System of American Court-Martial

# Are Soldiers' Rights Safeguarded?

*Second of a Series*

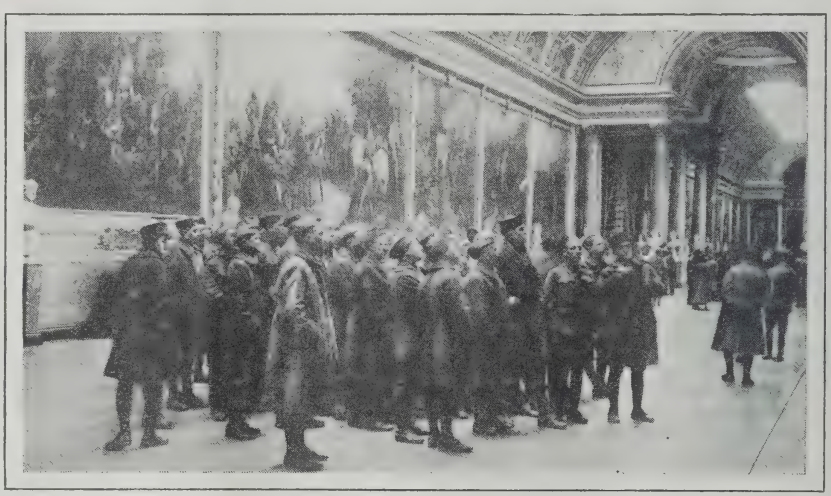
By JAMES W. BECKMAN
FORMER SERGEANT MAJOR, AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.

UNDER the revised system of court-martial, a soldier in theory has almost as many rights and as good an opportunity for defense as he would have in civil courts. He is permitted counsel of his selection and the counsel, as well as the judge advocate, must be skilled in the law. A law-member, who also is educated in law, is required in a court-martial and this man, not the judge advocate, instructs the court in points of law. For every assistant the judge advocate is allowed, the accused must be provided with additional counsel, equally qualified in law. The accused may also have civilian counsel.

There are still certain defects in assuring an accused man justice. Under the old system crimes similar to those charged in the following paragraphs took place in every prison camp in France for American soldiers. The revelations were so shocking that Congressman Isaac R. Sherwood, of Ohio, himself a general in the Civil War, and Congressman Thomas D. Schall, the blind man from Minnesota, both bitterly denounced General Pershing in Congress.

My charges dated June 20, 1919, at New York City, and placed before Congress on July 12, 1919, by Congressman Frederick W. Dallinger, of Massachusetts, contained the following statement and the subsequent investigation proved every assertion:

'As a former soldier, who volunteered to fight the fight for democracy and who served in France about one year with the American Expeditionary Forces and who was recently returned to America and honorably discharged with the rank of sergeant major, I wish to lay before you, a Member of Congress, facts relative to the treatment received by loyal American soldiers by the American authorities at Paris. Every charge I make, you will see, is substantiated by copies of affidavits which I attach. Every charge can be proved. I believe you will agree with me that they are of such a horrible nature that they warrant the attention of every loyal American, and especially every Member of Congress. Thus their repetition will become impossible. It should be borne in mind that there is good reason to believe that the same things are going on in France today. If there is even a remote possibility of that being the case, I am sure every father and every mother who has a son over there will demand the proper action by Congress, and I believe that the 2,000,000 soldiers who served in France and their parents, families and friends will want to know of every Member of Congress why he failed—if you and your colleagues do fail—to do his part to correct conditions when they were brought to his attention.



—*Press Illustrating.*

*American doughboys on furlough, visiting the famous 'Gallerie de Batailles.'*

'When a man was picked up in Paris without a pass or with a pass that had expired, by members of the American military police, he was taken to the provost marshal, in Ste. Anne's Hotel, Paris. At this place he was given no opportunity to explain his case, but was accused of being absent without leave, a thing that was true in only comparatively few cases. Most of these men were casuals returning from hospitals or traveling under military orders, but, through lack of knowledge of the Prussian military regulations of the American Army governing Paris, fell victims of the unspeakable American military police system of Paris.

'An example of the contemptible manner in which the military police conducted their operations in Paris is the advertisements they ran in the American editions of Paris newspapers that American soldiers in Paris would be welcomed at the Ste. Anne's Hotel. This was the headquarters of the American military police and soldiers who responded to these advertisements in good faith were arrested if there was the slightest irregularity about their papers. This was a frequent occurrence, because most American officers were so ignorant of Army paper work that they seldom knew how to get any but the simplest military orders right. Once in the clutches of the military police at Ste. Anne's Hotel, the Bastile was only a day away.

'Another way men were trapped and betrayed by the military police was that when a man arrived in Paris, say at the *Gare du Nord*, a railway station of Paris, perhaps having come from a hospital and not knowing just were to go, he would go up to the provost marshal at the station, explain his situation, and ask for instructions. The military police at the station would be very sympathetic and say to the soldier, "Oh, yes; that can be very easily fixed up if you will just go and see the provost marshal at Ste. Anne's Hotel. They will straighten everything up for you and tell you what to do." So the man would go to the headquarters of the military police as directed by those in authority. But he would be sent without a pass. Naturally, he could not be expected to know the local regulations.

(Continued on page 26)

# Enforcing Prohibition in Mr. Mellon's Own State

## Alcohol Flows Freely From Pennsylvania's Many Distilleries in Spite of Amazing Disclosures

By JOHN D. ERWIN

WHOLLY sincere people are asking: Can prohibition be enforced? The answer is that no one will know until it is given a fair trial by friendly enforcing officers.

The controversy over enforcement is clearly illuminated by a mass of evidence gathered by the Pennsylvania Department of Justice, under Governor Gifford Pinchot, whose 'dry' predilections are too well established to be the subject of dispute. The chief significance of the revelations in Pennsylvania is that they give a picture of prohibition enforcement in the home state of Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, who is in authority over the whole prohibition organization. A picture is presented, based on official records, which needs no embellishment.

If the conditions are bad in Mr. Mellon's own state, where he may be assumed to have a more or less intimate knowledge of conditions, and where the enforcement officers are said to be appointed with his personal approval, why should it be expected that there will be a more sympathetic attitude on the part of federal law enforcement officials in other states?

A YEAR ago a federal grand jury in Philadelphia reported that that city is the center of the alcohol traffic in the United States. With the tightening up on smuggled liquor and the greater difficulty of manufacture of whisky and beer, alcohol is the big item in the illicit liquor trade.

A reading of the evidence gathered by Governor Pinchot's Department of Justice—incidentally one of the most efficient state forces to be found anywhere—will illuminate this situation.

Federal District Attorney Buckner, of New York, estimated the value of liquor made from redistilled denatured alcohol in the states of Pennsylvania and New York to be more than $3,600,000,000 a year. The manner in which federal prohibition agents have overlooked alleged transgressions of the law in Pennsylvania and have allowed permits to be renewed or extended to persons and firms frequently accused of law violations, supplies the real reason why Philadelphia is the alcohol center of the country.

Some two years ago Governor Pinchot went to Washington and laid before Secretary Mellon evidence gathered by the Pennsylvania law enforcement officials. If Secretary Mellon ever did anything more than to file these reports away, it has not been indicated by developments in the way of proceedings against any of those concerned.

SOME of the more conspicuous and glaring instances of a friendly attitude on the part of federal prohibition officials toward Pennsylvania concerns said to be engaged in violations of the law are cited in the reports prepared by the Pennsylvania officials from which these cases are gleaned:

As far back as April 11, 1923, federal prohibition agents reported that the accounts of the Consolidated Ethyl Solvents Corporation showed 'several thousand gallons of alcohol unaccounted for.' This is a company which was under fire because of its alleged connection with violators of the law. One R. J. Aylward was president, according to reports on file in the office of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue at Washington. The reports on file allege that he 'was guilty of flagrant violations of the prohibition and internal revenue laws.' He was said to be connected with the organization controlling the Stewart Distillery, which had been pronounced a 'notorious violator of the law.' Of these matters and other investigations into the Consolidated Ethyl Solvents Company, Commissioner Haynes (Mr. Mellon's prohibition enforcement officer at that time) was advised on July 18, 1923, by his Chief of General Prohibition Agents.

The prohibition chief at Washington was said to have been further advised on July 29, 1923, that the Consolidated Ethyl Solvents Company was a 'mere blind' for the Burlington Distillery in New Jersey. In the face of this warning, which was further stressed in a communication to Commissioner Haynes on September 27, 1923, the Consolidated Ethyl Solvents Company was granted permission from Washington to withdraw, denature and sell 375,000 gallons of specially denatured alcohol each month, until May, 1925, and 275,000 gallons from then until they were indicted in July, 1925, for diverting pure alcohol as denatured and conspiring to violate federal statutes.

Despite the fact that in 1924 more than 25,000,000 proof gallons a year of alcohol were authorized by federal permit to be produced in the Philadelphia district (designated by a federal grand jury as the very heart of the illicit alcohol trade of the United States), the Quaker Industrial Alcohol Corporation applied for three basic permits to operate an industrial alcohol distillery, bonded warehouse and denaturing plant, and got them.

Its president was Edward S. Lauer, who was brought into the notorious Beach Chemical case, and the Philadelphia Brewing Company case. Its secretary was Albert A. Millman, whom the federal agents are said to have reported as president of a sales corporation in Philadelphia which was alleged to have been connected with a reshipment of 2,500 barrels of whisky from France, seized in a raid in Philadelphia. These 2,500 barrels, the federal records state, 'were part of Overholt returned from France, placed in warehouse in Eddington and later seized in Lipschutz raid.' (Overholt is the distillery controlled by the Mellon interests up to the time Mr. Mellon became Secretary of the Treasury.) Referring to the *disposition* of the Quaker Industrial Alcohol Corporation's *application* for a permit to produce alcohol, the agents said, 'we also recommend disapproval for any concern that Mr. A. A. Millman is connected with.'

AFTER a little stock transfer to confuse or cover up the real ownership of the Quaker Industrial concern, Commissioner Haynes was then willing, as he stated in a letter dated October 8, 1924, that this company should be granted a permit for making, warehousing and denaturing an unlimited amount of alcohol, and *the permits were granted.* This was accomplished by a simple expedient. The stock of two men, Lauer and Millman, was transferred to John McGlinn, the vice-president of the Quaker Industrial outfit, and this apparently appeased Commissioner Haynes. And this despite the fact that McGlinn was said to be connected with the Philadelphia agent of the notorious Rossville Distillery of Indiana, that he had been an officer of the Philadelphia Brewery and Beach Chemical Company, and vice-president of the Rossville Company, Inc., said to be New York agent for the Rossville distillery.

It would perhaps be an interesting contribution to the record if Haynes would tell why he took favorable action on the Quaker company, after the stock exchange had taken place.

To refute the *(Concluded on page 20)*

# 'But You Can't Fool All the People All The Time'—Did Lincoln Say It?

By WILLIAM E. BARTON

*Drawing by*
GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

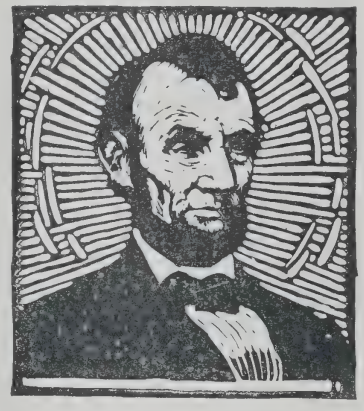
THERE is a widespread belief that Abraham Lincoln said, 'You can fool all the people some of the time, and some of the people all the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time.' I am in constant receipt of letters asking me whether Lincoln really used this sentence, and if so when and where.

I should like to give a positive answer to this question. The quotation sounds like Lincoln. It incorporates what was his known opinion, that, ultimately the common sense of the common people can be trusted. But did Lincoln say it?

Twenty-one years ago the Chicago *Tribune* and the Brooklyn *Eagle* undertook a simultaneous investigation of this question, and the results of their research now lie before me. Also I have the results of my own investigation, possibly more thorough than either; at least, having their material and some other I was able to go into the matter a little further than they. And within the last month I have made an investigation of the subject on the ground where the speech is alleged to have been delivered.

The first place to look for the answer to a question of this character is to the published writings and speeches of Abraham Lincoln. These are voluminous. John G. Nicolay and John Hay collected two thick volumes in rather small type, and these were later expanded into twelve volumes, with considerable padding and none too careful editing. It would be a hard task to read these through whenever such an inquiry arises. All that one who is familiar with this material, and some that has been added in volumes like Tracy's *Uncollected Letters of Abraham Lincoln* can ordinarily do in reply to a question by mail is to say, 'I do not recall having seen the quotation in any of Lincoln's accredited writings. I have looked in the places where such a quotation would seem to me most naturally to have occurred, and do not find it,' or to turn to the right volume, find the quotation and certify it. These two things I do, not quite every day, but very often. The result of correspondence of this character is such as to give me great respect for a jingle a friend wrote and sent to me:

Lives of great men all remind us
That when we are safely dead,
Liars will attribute to us
Many things we never said.



Alas, they do not even wait till we are dead, and it is almost hopeless to attempt to correct them when they are once in print. Still less is it possible to correct a false report of the speech of a dead man. He is not able to deny it himself, and all that other men can say is that they were present when the speech was alleged to have been uttered (if a time and place are mentioned, as they usually are not) and that they do not remember to have heard the words. Positive disproof is seldom possible and never very effective.

Of more than half the alleged quotations submitted to me, I am compelled to reply that I have not found them in any of Lincoln's acknowledged utterances. But sometimes I get a reply saying, 'I saw it in a paper somewhere,' or, 'I heard a man say he was present and heard Lincoln say it,' and my labor is wasted. It is a wearisome process looking through several volumes of closely printed matter to satisfy an idle curiosity that has already made up its mind what it wants and intends to believe.

If Lincoln said, 'You can fool all the people some of the time, and some of the people all the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time,' the natural place to look for the quotation is in Lincoln's speeches in the Lincoln-Douglas debates. That was the opinion Lincoln had of Douglas, that he was fooling the people, and doing it very successfully; but he thought the period of Douglas' success in this matter of fooling the people was nearly at an end. It is just such an utterance as might well have expressed his view.

And if Lincoln uttered this sentiment, that is when he did it, according to the one and only report that I have seen of the matter. It was not, however, in any one of the seven joint debates, but in an intermediate speech in the same campaign.

For it must be remembered that the seven joint debates represent only a small fraction of the actual talking which Lincoln and Douglas did in the autumn of 1858. Douglas professed to have made almost a hundred additional speeches. His advertised appointments do not show that total, but he spoke often at functions and impromptu gatherings in addition to his set addresses. Lincoln did the same, but did not speak as often as Douglas. I have made a careful list of their advertised addresses, showing where each man was on each day of that autumn.

This utterance of Lincoln is alleged to have been made at Clinton, Illinois, between the second and third joint debates. While the Clinton speech is not given by Nicolay and Hay, a quotation from it appears in another compilation, published in ten volumes by the Current Literature Company in 1907. Major William H. Lambert, of Philadelphia, at that time owner of the finest Lincoln collection in existence, and a discriminating Lincoln scholar, lent his name and much of material to this edition, and the copyright was his.

This work records: (*Concluded on page 18*)

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

THE facts are indispensable as long as you are dealing with facts, but they are not the truth. Nevertheless, this should not be used to belittle the facts. There are those who feel themselves superior to facts—they may be poets who inhabit the region of truth, or they may be liars who traffic in falsehood. But whenever the analysis of truth is made, it will be found to involve a lot of facts, facts as indicating the quality of the truth, or as challenging the quality of a falsehood.

Therefore, do not despise facts, and never rely too implicitly on those who are careless of facts—in observing, weighing, acknowledging or reporting them. A fact may not be worth as much as some advocate insists; it may not be so negligible as another advocate insists; but if it be a fact, it has its place.

Facts are neither good nor bad. One would sometimes think they are, to judge by the way some facts are extolled and others concealed. Enmities have been made because facts have been set forth which some persons were interested to have suppressed, or facts have been suppressed which some persons have been interested to have published. Incidentally, it is not much of a fact that can be suppressed. It is like trying to lock up an explosion. A fact that is of public importance will out. There are, however, many facts that are of no public importance, although one would hardly arrive at this conclusion from a perusal of the evening newspapers. Most of the facts which the newspapers make a point of *not* suppressing would wither instantly if they were not dragged out by force into the vitalizing air of public attention, while facts of the first importance must literally explode in events before newspapers can be induced to acknowledge their existence.

However, when facts mass into weights which turn the judgment, they compel us to form a system of measuring them. It is possible at one and the same time to assemble a mass of social facts which will prove social progress or rapid social ruin, according to your mood. And both will be right, up to the moment the statement is made. You may see a river flowing east and a ship upon it sailing west, two opposite things, and both true. You may conclude that therefore at some moment the ship and the river must leave each other, all the water having flowed east; but people would be too wise to accept your conclusion. They know more about ships and rivers of water than they know about people and the river of life, or their final end.

A statement of approaching social ruin may be true until it is spoken. Then directly life begins to make it untrue. For the facts are in flux. 'All the rivers run into the sea,' which would seem to justify someone in saying that some day the sea will overflow. 'Yet is the sea not full.' For the circle is not only that from river to sea, but from sea to cloud again, and back to land and river. Life is moving. Motion brings change. Change is everywhere *pervious* to hope, open to improvement; change is the chink in the armor, through which life steals and works its miracle. Your statement of unrelieved pessimism may be right; it may be, as you say, that a river running east must sometime run out, like a dish emptied; it may be, as you say, that with so many rivers running into it, the sea will some day overflow. As far as you go with the facts you acknowledge, you may be logical; but the addition of a very few facts upsets your view forever.

*IN DEALING with facts be sure that they are facts. A fact that is of public importance will out. To try and suppress it is like trying to lock up an explosion. Some facts are in a state of flux; they may be true one moment but false the next. Action is a fact, but your view of things, if based solely on action, will be always wrong; you must remember that there is also reaction. What we are dealing with ultimately is not facts, but Life, of which facts are the flying sparks. Settle one or two questions about life, and you have your gauge for everything else. Life is living more.*

Since you last judged the world, it has changed. Maybe you may say, for the worse. But the wheel dips only to ascend. Don't omit any essential fact. Action is a fact, but your view of things, if based solely on action, will be always wrong; you must remember that there is also reaction. The history of human inclinations is a story of action and reaction, attraction and repulsion. Directly one force is set in motion, other forces move. Directly one tendency appears, its check, its counterbalance, moves on to the field. There are reactions, checks and balances; you cannot judge anything alone and be right about it. Nothing stands alone.

What we are dealing with ultimately is not facts, but Life, of which facts are the flying sparks. Settle one or two questions about life, and you have your gauge for everything else. Is life dying? is it ceasing? is it growing feebler? Is life more hospitable to what normal people regard as evil, than it is to what they consider good? Answer these, and you have a standard to go by. Life is not decreasing. It is, in one sense, a rather curious statement to make, but life seems to be on the increase. More forms are living, and they are living *more*. And life is hospitable only to what plain folk consider good, Now there are two facts worth an ocean-full of so-called facts made up of the splintered circumstances of a day. These two are facts that continue

# EDITORIALS

## One Out of Nineteen

HOW much government does each citizen of the United States need? Here are some figures on what he gets:

> One person out of every nineteen 'gainfully employed' in this country draws his salary from public coffers.
>
> There are between 2,500,000 and 3,000,000 persons on federal, state and municipal payrolls.
>
> Each American family contributes an average of $123 a year from its income for the support of these job-holders.

Surely with this imposing array we should be the best-governed nation in the history of mankind. With some tentacle of government reaching into almost every phase of our daily lives—advising us in this activity, supervising us in that—we should be happy. We should be living in a Utopia of governmental perfection. But surprisingly, we are not.

The unhappy truth is that we have too much government. Federally we have become a vast bureaucracy with ramifications so extensive as to be almost unbelievable. Locally we have set up countless jobs for deserving politicians. One out of nineteen a public employe! Only when we encounter facts such as this do we realize the extent to which our lawmakers have gone in setting up machinery for the regulation of our lives.

The people, it has often been asserted, are the government. Certainly great numbers of them are—in America.

## Candy-Coated

THE drug store is becoming a symbol of the times. Bitter medicines that once decked its shelves are fast disappearing. In their places are numerous candy-coated substitutes. 'Easier to take,' the druggist explains; and his explanation echoes the general demand of the people. For all harshness, all bitterness must be strained out of the life of today. Modern life must be made candy-coated!

The great glossing process begins with the training of youth. Discipline is now largely a matter of suasion. Force, punishment, have been ruled out. Indulgence is the keyword. Education must be made as pleasant as possible. The pupil must be saved effort at all cost. The teacher must instill information into the pupil; never should the pupil be required to acquire it for himself. And it leads—this great glossing process—quite naturally to the vitals of the nation. All penalty for crime must be candy-coated. Not only is the criminal to be hedged about by all manner of safeguards while in court; but later in prison his way must be made as comfortable and as easy as possible.

Most interesting, however, of the phases of this glossing process is its inroad into the church. The stern, uncompromising religion of our ancestors has been treated to a diet of sugar and cream. Hell has lost its terrors, heaven its rewards. The doctrine of eternal punishment has passed from the pulpit to the stage—where it is bandied as a joke. Those who cling to the old faith are butts of ridicule. Those who have ready explanation and make easy allowance for all shortcomings seem the real leaders of the day.

Perhaps all this is better so. Perhaps it is a mark of progress to refuse bitter medicine. Perhaps our fathers were wrong in believing that strong character is molded in the crucible of adversity. This is an enlightened age, and maybe they are right who would serve us truth in candy capsules.

## Back on His Log

THE schoolbooks of former days contained one story that had a great appeal for youthful readers. It concerned an old Indian chief, seated on a log beside a white man in trapper's garb. 'Move over, please, I want more room,' the Indian would say, and the white man would obligingly comply. But presently, he had been pushed to the edge of the log, and he protested when the Indian asked him to move once again.

'There is no more room to move,' he said.

'That is just what you white men have done to my people,' the Indian retorted. 'You have crowded us westward into the barren land of the desert and the fastness of the mountain. You have crowded until we are now at the edge of the western sea, and we can move no farther without perishing.'

The story comes to mind in connection with a report from Washington that the Department of Justice has listed the number of cases in which the Indian is plaintiff. Claims for more than $100,000,000 have been filed against the Government and different states. The claims are filled with charges of bad faith, of agreements broken, with tales of injustice inflicted by petty officials. In the early days of the nation the harsh treatment accorded the Indian may have been partially justified. The Puritans of Plymouth and the Quakers of

Pennsylvania scrupulously kept every compact they ever made with the Indians, but in the inevitable conflict for land that followed, many things were done by both sides that are best forgotten.

But all that is past now and the conflict is ended. In taking from him his land, the nation has assumed a sacred responsibility for the Indian's well-being. We are quite apt, when we think of Indians nowadays, to picture the wealthy Osages, favored of fortune with their oil royalties. But the Osages form only a very small portion of the surviving Indians. The condition of the others is in many instances pitiable. Many of their claims for justice, filed in Washington, have lain buried for years. That these claims are now to see the light of day is encouraging. Isn't it time to give back to the Indian at least a piece of his log?

## *Success—At Last!*

AFTER months of weary endeavor, the Sesqui-Centennial seems on the way to being successful. By invitation of the director-general of the exposition, Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney will meet in Philadelphia's new stadium some time this month in what is heralded as a championship battle. To be sure, the battle will be somewhat different in character from those of 150 years ago, which the exposition is ostensibly celebrating, but it will probably draw crowds of a sufficient size to satisfy even the Sesqui concession-holders—and this difficult achievement appears one of the principal aims of the promoters. By itself the Sesqui has proved a bit of a fizzle. Philadelphia's politician-promoters have revealed a woeful lack of knowledge of the ideals and aspirations which prompted the fighting of 150 years ago. No doubt they will display better familiarity with the brand of fighting which is Mr. Dempsey's.

## *Uncle Shylock*

AMERICA—the savior of the world in 1917, the Uncle Shylock of today—paid her way in France as she fought. She paid harbor charges for the transports that carried American soldiers to the battlefields of Europe. She paid for the land on which the great training camps were located. She paid generously for supplies purchased from France. She paid railroad transportation charges to France for carrying her soldiers to the front. In all she paid more than $1,000,000,000 to France, besides lending that nation enormous sums to 'carry on.' The war was European in origin, not American, yet when the United States entered she did not call upon her allies for help. Instead she gave lavishly, open-heartedly, in men as well as money. The title of Uncle Shylock, as many sober-minded Europeans are beginning to realize, is ill-applied. The sharp revulsion of feeling in Europe against the 'straffing' of America is in itself a noteworthy condemnation of that propaganda which is trying to shame us into cancellation of the debts.

## *The $25,000 Smile*

THE New York physician, who left a legacy of $25,000 to a little East Side girl whose smile had kept its place in his heart, belongs to a class of benefactors seldom seen these days. We have met them in fiction—these busy, elderly gentlemen, usually rough in manner, who write wills bequeathing fortunes to honest and worthy young men who snatch them from in front of street cars or help them across difficult thoroughfares. Occasionally the benefactors are elderly ladies who leave their fortunes to hardy adventurers who rescue pet parrots and poodle dogs from precarious positions. This fiction is pleasant to read and there may be some gallants who perform their acts of gallantry with one eye on the elderly gentleman's or elderly lady's pocketbook. But there are thousands of others who perform trifling acts of kindness toward strangers with no thought of reward save the satisfaction it gives the doer.

## *Half a Book Apiece*

IT IS the claim of Professor J. F. Thorpe, of England, organic chemistry expert, that there are too many books in the world. 'The space occupied by our increasing libraries,' he declares, 'is cause for alarm to those who contemplate the possibilities of the future.'

The statement seems so preposterous on its surface as to be worthy of little serious consideration, but it may prove valuable in calling attention, not to the number, but to the lack of books in this country. The United States undoubtedly has the greatest library system in the world. Yet there are on the shelves of all the public libraries in the country only about 70,000,000 volumes, or a little more than half a book for each inhabitant. Sixty cities with populations ranging from 10,000 to 100,000 are without libraries. More than 650 communities whose populations vary from 2,500 to 10,000 have none. Nearly half the people are without library facilities, and in rural districts this figure mounts to eighty per cent. The spread of knowledge through the printed word is one of mankind's greatest accomplishments. Mr. Thorpe heralds a danger which the nation can face with equanimity.



*The poet Lowell and his home, partly hidden by a dense growth of foliage.*



*Drawing by* GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

# JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL *As* Julian Hawthorne *Remembers Him*

THE name James Russell Lowell recalls to my mind many things—among them, that ancient distich—

'The Lowells speak only to Cabots,
And the Cabots speak only to God'

as evidence of the importance which the two families attached to themselves, or were reputed so to do by their contemporaries. And indeed there were grounds for it. I am no genealogist, nor skilled to sift the evidence; but it is, or ought to be, of common knowledge that Giovanni Caboto, of Genoa, Italy, afterward a citizen of England and a voyager and discoverer of world-wide renown, followed Columbus, and although he did not fall into the venial error of mistaking Central America for the East Indies, yet did visit the northern shores of our continent, and died in 1498, under the name of John Cabot.

This great mariner had a son, Sebastian, born an Englishman, in Bristol, the great western seaport of the island, in 1474; and he, in the service first of England and afterward of Charles V of Spain, performed exploits not inferior in value to his father's, and was president of the Company of Merchant Adventurers, licensed to establish trade with Russia. He died in London about the middle of the 16th Century. And I must presume (though I have no authentic data at hand to prove it) that he left descendants who emigrated to the West, and doubtless abode and propagated in New England while that fortunate region was still in its chrysalis or colonial condition. And when, in due time, the Lowell clan

came to the surface, and attained local celebrity, the Cabots would naturally fraternize with them in lonely grandeur: therefore, the distich. But so far as I am informed, there was no actual intermarriage between the members of these two noble lines, though the late Senator Henry Cabot Lodge's ancestry seems to have been more fortunate. I am not informed, either, as to how the Lodges came to be that way; there was, I believe, one Thomas Lodge, an English man of letters of Shakespeare's times; but I doubt if he comes into the story.

We are on securer footing with the Lowells. And I now recall that the first Lowell of historical record—the Francis Cabot Lowell of Newburyport, Massachusetts—does, by his middle name, suggest some former alliance with the Cabots on the part of his fathers or grandfathers.

To return to Francis Cabot Lowell. His fame and wealth were founded not on world-adventure and exploration, nor on warlike exploits, nor even on statesmanship: they hung, rather, we might say, on a thread of cotton, which he spun up into a fortune. A younger brother of Francis Cabot was Charles, the father of our own James Russell Lowell.

WE are now on the threshold of our present enterprise. I should, however, mention that James Russell had a sister Mary, his elder by several years, who wrote several books, married a Putnam, and lived to be nearly ninety years old—she survived her famous brother by nearly a decade.

James Russell Lowell, apart from his writings and his diplomatic avocations, was an interesting personage intrinsically. In his younger days he was reticent, shy, magnetic, prowling, solitary, but resolved to be a poet, and from his thirty-first year onward he wrote and published poetry. But he was really of a sociable nature, and, like many patricians, democratic in theory. It is easier to condescend than to reach up, and young Lowell, when at a loss for fitting companions of his own social rank, would put on a rough suit of clothes, take tobacco and a pipe, and ramble forth in quest of Yankee farmers and such like, would sit beside them on a log and engage them in talk, getting insight into their native qualities, and remembering their phrases, idioms and pronunciation for future use in his own literature—as the famous series of *Biglow Papers* bears witness. I don't know that better 'dialect' was ever written; indeed, these *Papers* surpass the dialect itself, and one might almost suspect him of inventing it, as Bret Harte is charged with inventing his Wild-West speech in his stories. But it conveys the accepted character of the speakers and their point of view, and outdoes them in wit and humor, not to speak of satire.

Satirist, wit and humorist Lowell certainly was, and he made them tell, in politics as well as elsewhere. John Bull could make no adequate rejoinder to his criticisms, and it is to the credit of John's magnanimity that he welcomed him as Minister to the Court of St. James a dozen years after 'Hosea Biglow' had ceased to call attention to British hoggishness. We have never sent a representative to that country who was better liked there, or more congenial than he—though he never apologized for his squibs, or abated his Yankee independence. In truth he was more English at bottom than the English themselves, and could write his well-known essay 'On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners' because he himself was such a master of condescension. He knew English literature from top to bottom, and could talk Chaucer like a gentleman of the 13th Century.

He was one of the family, and criticized so keenly because members of the same family commonly are inspired and equipped for that sort of intimate animadversion: they know where to hit. Meanwhile the breadth of his sympathies is indicated by his contemporaneous flights of sentiment and imagination: we have all been familiar with his lovely query, 'What is so rare as a day in June?' and some are still living who have taken off their hats at the grave music of his 'Commemoration Ode.' It may be admitted, however, that editors of current magazines would be readier to open their pages to such an effusion as 'Zekiel's Courtin' '; a bit of homely realism which we may expect the high gods of the silver screen sometime to adapt to their medium—of course, with additions and improvements. The 'Ode' is all right, but even Mr. De Mille couldn't persuade the box office to consider it.

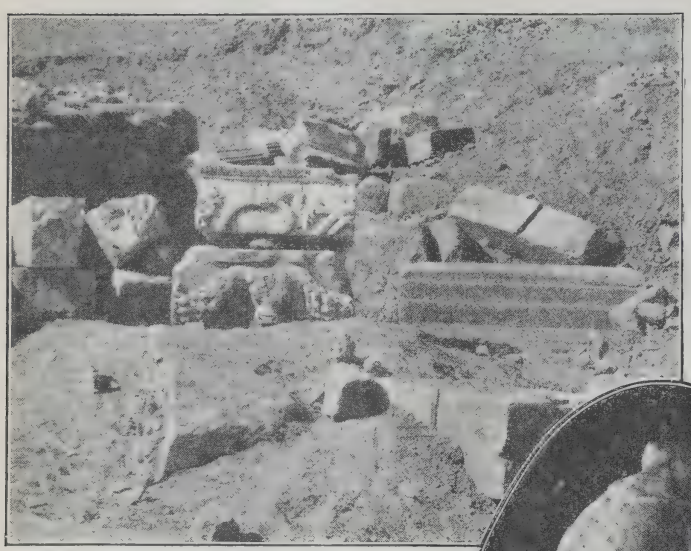
THE fact that Lowell's literary proclivities carried him in directions so diverse may lend weight to the suspicion that he never was nor could be an honest-to-goodness divine-afflatus poet. He knew too much, was too scholarly, never whole-heartedly believed in his own poetic faculty. He was a victim of too early culture and education; his aristocratic environment sapped the integrity of his faith. If a man's memory is not a virgin page for his own perceptions, but is written and crossed over with the thoughts of former persons, he is in constant doubt as to whether he is 'original,' or is merely giving a fresh wording to old stuff; whereas, if he write from the heart, he is free from anxiety, for one man's heart can never see or feel like any other's. A true poet, if he have brains, can make occasional use of them; the lyrics of Keats and Shelley, and the songs of Shakespeare, carry no taint of brains, but are fresh as morning skies and flowers.

There are happy moments when Lowell almost forgets himself as an American gentleman of the highest type and most refined culture and as a scholar of wide erudition. It was a great deal to forget, but he managed it, now and again. He had brains, pressed down and running over, and they were graceful sirens to mislead him. He himself was aware of it, but, unlike Ulysses, he hadn't taken the precaution to have himself bound to the mast before venturing near the sirens' isle.

He was more satisfactory in prose, because not aiming so high. His essays are charming reading. One book of his —*Fireside Travels*—which I found on that bookshelf of my father's, was a delight and an education to me in my teens. It is dedicated to 'Storage,' that is, William Wetmore Story, the sculptor, who was an intimate friend of Lowell in Cambridge. He was, I think, a classmate of Lowell at Harvard—Lowell graduated in 1838, at the age of nineteen—and Story was a bit of an essayist and poet; the two young fellows were sympathetic; but Story, too, would have been better with less book-learning; his statue of Cleopatra suffers from it; Story would have done better with it had he been as un-bookish as Rodin, for instance. But New England must have the defects of its merits. Lowell's prose style was so good as to conceal its art.

HE was a delightful companion, even to a boy so unrepentantly ignorant as I was when I came to know him personally, in 1866-67. He had not then begun his diplomatic career. Of course he had been, long before that, a friend (or acquaintance) of the family, and I think my mother knew him before my father did, owing to her friendship with the girl who was Lowell's first wife, and who died early. Hawthorne kept to himself until *The Scarlet Letter* forced him out of his hermitage. Lowell, at first, was shy, as I have said; 'He glares,' my mother used to say, 'from the red jungle of his beard.' The death of his wife affected him profoundly. And when, years later, he married another young woman he seemed to avoid his friends still more. She too died after a while and he was left with a daughter, Mabel, a beautiful and impressive girl, but taciturn and reluctant in society.

In 1867 I ran across an energetic young fellow at Harvard, rather rough and obvious in manner, who said, 'I'm going to be a farmer; I'm taking a special course for it.' Now, Lowell idolized Mabel, and beseemed not, as Hamlet says, the winds of Heaven visit her face too roughly. I couldn't think of her as anything other than a religious recluse, a sort (*Concluded on page 28*)





Above—*Fragments of the ruins of the temple. Note the finely preserved carving, particularly the bull's head, of which there were a series bound together with garlands of leaves and fruits. The massiveness of Rome was combined with the delicacy of Greece to produce a dazzling masterpiece.*

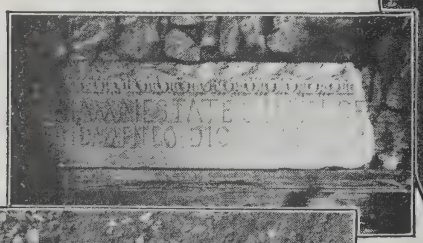
Oval—*The Greek statue of Victory, one of the finest heretofore discovered. It will take its place with the best specimens found in our schools of art.*



*This six-foot high carved piece surmounted the temple. It is a magnificent piece of workmanship, worthy of comparison with examples of the golden age of Greek art, such as the choragic monument of Lysicrates at Athens. The acanthus leaves, with their graceful scrolls, and the figure by which they are surmounted, constitute a perfect scheme of decorative design. The details are remarkably well preserved.*

## Photographic Record *of Some of the* Treasures Unearthed *by the University of Michigan's Second Expedition to the Near East.*

PHOTOS BY G. R. SWAIN.







Above—*A fine specimen of the use of inscriptions on dwelling houses taken from an entablature at Antioch.*

Below—*A corner of the pediment of the temple, with the characteristic honeysuckle ornament.*

Right—*A beautiful section of the entablature from the temple, showing the richly carved egg and dart moulding surmounted by the honeysuckle.*

# A Church Where Early Christians Worshiped

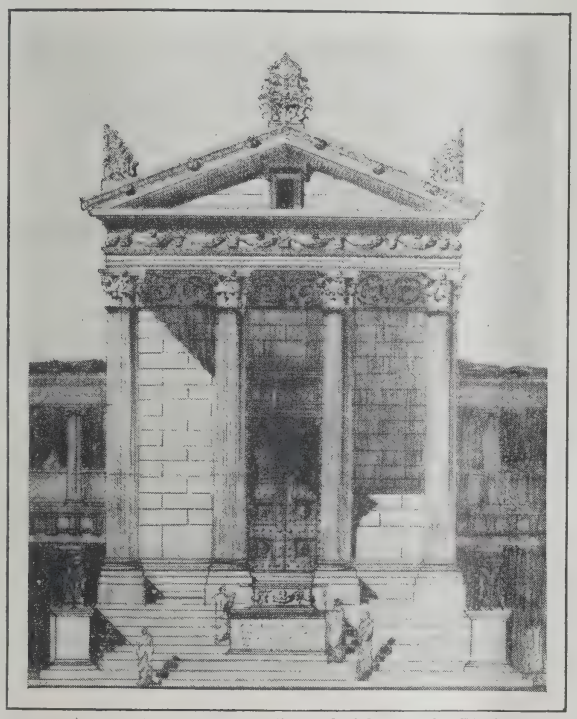
By EASTON T. KELSEY
MEMBER OF THE SECOND UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN EXPEDITION TO THE NEAR EAST

## *Buried for Centuries, the Ancient Edifice at Antioch at Last Tells Its Story*

*PART II*

ANCIENT Pisidian Antioch was at last being brought to life. Our whole expeditionary force was now on the ground, with necessary equipment, and various members were at work directing native laborers in the hot summer sun. What fresh discoveries were in store for us no one knew, but indications were promising. Antioch, colonized by Greece, then dominated by Rome, and finally destroyed by the Arabs, was about to be disinterred.

Labor, fortunately, had given us no trouble. For the munificent wage of forty-five cents a day the natives began at sunrise and stopped at sunset. Although only occasionally were more than a hundred men needed, the whole population of Yalovadj was anxious for employment because of a famine that had swept the vicinity the previous year.



—From a sketch by Frederick J. Woodbridge.
*Restoration of the Temple of Augustus, which had four massive Corinthian columns in front and a semicircular colonnade at the rear.*

The first aim of excavation was to uncover the basilica, or early Christian church. Of this sufficient massive courses of stone, too heavy to have been removed by natives, remained visible to indicate the outline of the edifice. These remnants, coupled with a few standing sections of a Roman aqueduct, were all of the once thriving city exposed to view.

As the digging progressed, it became evident that Antioch had been cleared of nearly all the building material above the surface that could be carried away. Sections concealed by earth, however, had rested peacefully for centuries, except where natives had occasionally quarried the stone themselves. Fortunately for us, however, enough dirt had accumulated over the ruins to protect them, but did not seriously retard excavation.

The basilica floor was carefully dug out, only to reveal that most of its concrete squares had also been removed. Enough remained to indicate essential details about the basilica.

What lay below this flooring held more interest for us. Acting upon the supposition that a still earlier building had once stood on a lower level, we resumed digging with great caution. About two feet down, the remains of an exquisite mosaic floor began to appear, done in cubes of five colors and arranged in designs of remarkable beauty.

Despite the previous destruction of much of the floor, we could piece out the design of the structure to which it had belonged—a metropolitan church. The preserved fragments disclosed four Greek inscriptions, two of which read:

'In the time of the very reverend Bishop Optimus, Eidomeneus, a reader, having made a vow to God, paid his vow.'

'In the time of the very reverend Bishop Optimus, I, Eutychianus, having made a vow to God, fulfilled my vow to God.'



*Each piece had to be moved with infinite caution, so that it could be replaced exactly in its former position.*

Our question as to the date of the church was answered by these inscriptions, which placed it in the latter

(Concluded on page 22)

# A Man Who LIVES by What He SEES

## Observation Is Made a Fine Art by This Detective, Who Has Exposed Many Frauds

By FRED C. KELLY

*Illustrated by* W. W. CLARKE



IN THE upper reaches of a New York skyscraper is the modest office of a man who devotes himself to observing minute details that most folks would overlook. The man is really a scientific detective; but he himself would shy at that description. He would say that he is merely a student of questioned documents.

His business is to draw correct inferences from observations in handwriting, typewriting, paper and ink. He frequently makes successful attacks on bogus documents representing millions of dollars.

His work has incidentally given him exceptional opportunity to study the workings of the human mind. He once mystified a stranger by telling him, without previous knowledge of him, that he was born in April, May, or June, 1861, that he was born in a northern state, and that his father was a northern sympathizer during the Civil War. All this he knew just by noting that the first two initials on the man's calling card were 'E. E.' First he had observed that the man appeared to be about the age of one born during the Civil War. Then he remembered that the first northern hero was Captain Elmer Ellsworth. He knew that thousands of babies born within two or three months after Ellsworth's death were named for him. He hazarded the guess that this man was one of them.

In a court room one day, this man was asked to examine a note, Exhibit A, in a case involving several thousand dollars. The supposed author of the note was dead and the question was whether the signature was genuine. Lawyers for both sides insisted that they wanted only the truth. After studying the document a few moments, the witness said:

'Yes, the signature is probably genuine—'

One lawyer looked pleased.

'But,' the witness continued, 'the note itself is *not* genuine.'

It was the other lawyer's turn to look pleased.

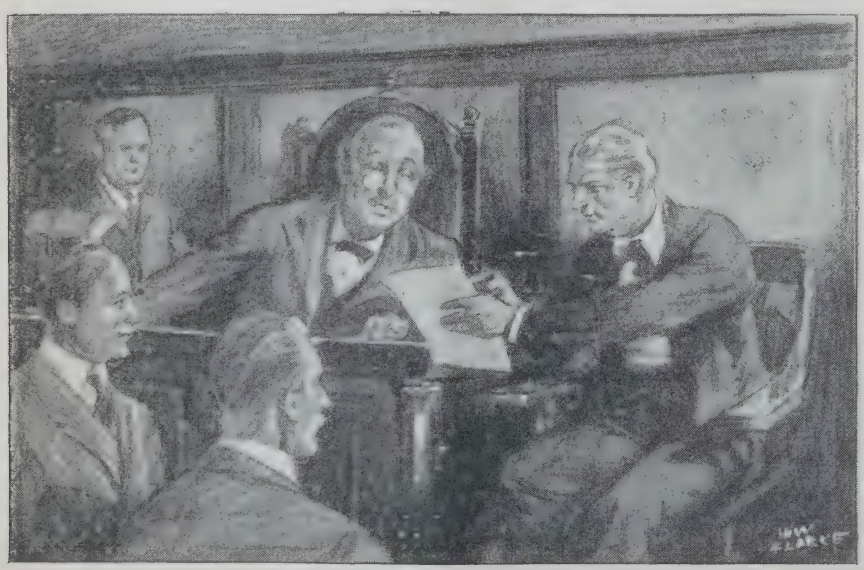
The witness pointed to a crease in the paper.

'You'll observe,' he said, 'that this crease has worn through the glazed surface of the paper. Yet the ink in the signature is not blurred—because it was written *before* the crease was made, on a hard, smooth surface. But where the crease crosses certain words in the note itself the letters are blurred, just as if they had been written on a piece of blotting paper. They were written *after* the crease had worn through, and long after the signature was attached.'

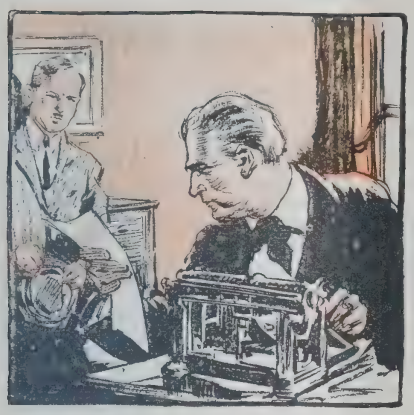
This conclusion was so self-evident that the opposing lawyers, after a brief conference, agreed to have the case dismissed.

Members of a family having an interest in a million-dollar estate asked this specialist to examine a will. If the document was genuine, certain heirs would receive about $300,000. Otherwise they would get practically nothing. The will was written on long sheets of heavy paper. The expert, after carefully going over the document, held each page up to the light to note the so-called watermark, the manufacturer's trade-mark. He discovered that on one sheet part of the watermark chanced to show at both top and bottom. He knew that when paper is manufactured, the watermark is imprinted in the soft pulp from a rotary device called the dandy roll. Hence the distance between two watermarks must be the circumference of the roll. If one of the marks had been in the middle of the sheet there would not have been room for another to appear on the same page. The paper was not even long enough to hold two complete designs. But enough of the watermark showed at the top and bottom to establish how far apart they must regularly have been imprinted on paper manufactured at that time.

After identifying the manufacturer who used that trade-mark, the specialist went to a paper mill in Massachusetts. There he consulted the superintendent of the plant and also the chief accountant. From them he learned the exact date when the company had last installed a new dandy roll. Measurements showed that the dandy roll then in use was slightly larger than the one used three years before. In other words, one roller printed watermarks 12 inches apart, but the other printed only 11½ inches apart. From all this it was possible to establish that:



*The conclusion was so self-evident that the lawyers agreed to have the case dismissed.*



The will was dated eight years ahead of the time the paper on which it was written had been manufactured!

Another will case was upset, to the great vexation of one or two heirs, when the man noted the kind of little brass devices that bound together the pages. That type of binder had been in use only eight years, but the date of the will was nearly ten years earlier.

In still another will case, the whole question of whether certain heirs should receive more than $100,000 depended on the length of the cross mark on a typewritten 't.' Typewriter manufacturers change the design of their type slightly from time to time. The cross on this 't' was one one-hundredth of an inch too long for its date and the will failed. It was obviously fraudulent, the expert proved, because, though it was dated 1906, it contained typewriting from a model of machine not on the market until 1915—after the author of the will had died.

The next thing to find out was who had drawn the dishonest will. Two men were under suspicion, In their offices were a number of typewriting machines. Only one of these had type of design quite like that in the will. But just when had the will been prepared. It was possible to determine this, almost to the day! The problem was not so difficult as it sounds. The office contained various records that had been written on this same typewriter. By arranging these in the order of their dates and studying them, it was possible to pick out sheets of a date on which the state of type imperfections and condition of the ribbon tallied with those on the forged part of the will.

Some years ago this document man was called upon to determine who had sent a threatening letter to the head of a mining company in Alaska. A list of samples of the work on all the typewriting machines in use soon demonstrated that the threatening letter had been prepared on an old and unusual machine called the Bennett. An examination of every typewriting machine in Dawson City showed that there were only two Bennett typewriters in town. It was easy enough to learn which of these two had been used to write the letter, and who was most likely to have written it. The guilty man was confronted in court with this strong circumstantial evidence, and found guilty.

Another case involving typewritten evidence, solved by powers of close observation, grew out of an anonymous charge of attempted bribery in a letter believed to have been sent from an office in a state capitol. It so happened that thirty typewriting machines of the same kind had been bought at the same time for use in various state offices. With so many machines that had suffered about the same wear and tear, it looked like a hopeless task to tell which one had been used for one letter in particular.

But typewriting machines develop individuality after use for a comparatively short time. Since typewriter letters are not flat but concave, to fit the curve of the printing surface, a letter out of alignment, no matter how little, does not print evenly. Such defects, in combination with broken letters, establish the identity of a machine as definitely as scars or moles might identify a man. Cleaning the type faces often serves only to make certain nicks or blemishes more distinct.

With samples of writing on every machine in the state capitol, and ability to see minute details, it was possible to show that the anonymous letter had come from a particular office.

A still more difficult case had to do with a typewritten letter in which a prominent business man had made promises that he later wished to deny. Since his letter was embarrassing to him, he branded it a forgery.

'I wrote a letter,' he admitted, 'but not *that* letter. I kept a copy of the letter I actually did write. Here it is.'

The document man took this copy and studied it. Then he told the writer so much about his past performances that the man perhaps still wonders if he was dealing with a mind reader.

'This is a copy of a letter you wrote,' the expert said, 'but not a copy of the one you *mailed*. The one of which this is a copy you never intended to send. You didn't even write it on your regular stationery, but on so-called second-page paper. Then you destroyed the original but kept this carbon copy as a piece of fake evidence.'

HOW did the specialist know this? By placing the carbon copy under a microscope and measuring the width of the letters with a fine instrument. If you write on a thin sheet of paper, you can get a clean-cut impression on a second sheet, from the carbon. If the paper is thin enough, the impression of any letter will not be much wider than the type itself. But if through a thick sheet, the impression is flattened out and the letters are much wider in the copy. The width of the letters in the copy will vary, then, somewhat according to the thickness of the paper used for the original. Experiments with carbon copies printed through different kinds of paper from the man's office desks showed the facts. The scientific detective learned that a letter written on the regular stationery, ordinarily used for the man's correspondence, would have produced a different kind of (*Concluded on page 22*)



*'The bill is probably bogus,' the expert declared. 'It is probable that no such goods were bought.'*

# 'But You Can't Fool All the People'

(*Concluded from page 8*)

'Between the second and third debates with Douglas, Lincoln spoke at Clinton, Illinois, on the afternoon of September 8. In this he uttered the famous expression: "You can fool all the people some of the time, and some of the people all the time, but you cannot fool all the people all the time," pointing the epigram at Senator Douglas.'

AS FAR as I am aware, the first nation-wide hunt for the quotation began with a communication in a Cincinnati paper in the latter part of 1904. It was signed E. E. Pierson, of Bloomington, Illinois, and told the story of the speech as he had learned it from a respected citizen of Clinton who professed to have heard the address. This letter is so explicit and consistent, it is well worth quoting in full:

'Perhaps the most reliable evidence supporting the claim that Lincoln used the expression in controversy comes from Lewis Campbell, one of the best-known pioneer citizens of De Witt County. Mr. Campbell remembers distinctly when Lincoln used this expression. It was on September 8, 1858, and in a speech delivered in the evening after Douglas had finished his speech.

'He says that Douglas reached Clinton in a private car, sumptuously fitted up for those days. Lincoln came unheralded and alone. While Douglas spoke Lincoln sat twenty feet distant. Douglas did not recognize Lincoln during the speech nor after it. In the evening when Lincoln spoke, he stood upon a dry goods box, placed against the north side of the old courthouse by Mr. Campbell and his friends. Mr. Campbell says that Lincoln used this form: "Judge Douglas cannot fool the people: you may fool people for a time; you can fool a part of the people all the time; but you can't fool all the people all the time."

'Then further along, in replying to Douglas' egotistical speeches, he said that Douglas put him in mind of a passage of Scripture. He thought it could be found in the Mormon bible, and read something like this: "Blessed be he that bloweth his own horn and cursed be he that bloweth not his own horn." The Bloomington *Pantagraph* devoted but a column to this speech referred to by Mr. Campbell, and in this column no mention is made of the expression. The editor apologizes in a footnote for the limited report, stating that the foreman had declared that there was no more room in the forms for a longer report.

'Judge Lawrence Weldon, of Bloomington, a member of the national Court of Claims, is also confident that Lincoln used the expression. Few men now living knew Lincoln intimately as Judge Weldon.

'E. E. Pierson.'

The reference to Judge Weldon is interesting. He did indeed know Lincoln well, and in his opinion the speech was authentic. But with Judge Weldon it was a matter of opinion; he did not hear the speech. We come to the evidence of Mr. Campbell, a man of repute.

In the first place he is slightly incorrect in his date. The address was not delivered September 8, but six days earlier. On September 8 Douglas was speaking in Carlinville and Lincoln in Paris. They were nowhere near Clinton. Lincoln spoke in Clinton on Thursday, September 2. That in itself is immaterial; the dates are not unimportant.

In the next place Douglas did not speak in Clinton on the day that Lincoln spoke there. Mr. Campbell is incorrect in his recollection that Douglas had arrived in a private car and spoken in the afternoon and that Lincoln followed him in the evening. That had occurred at certain places early in the campaign, but it ended with the agreement for the joint debates.

Lincoln had been assiduously following Douglas up to that time, and was much criticized by the friends of Douglas who said that he could not get a crowd himself but followed Douglas and got not only the crowd but the last word. Lincoln was, indeed, very fond of the last word, and got it whenever he could. But he agreed with Douglas not to attend any more of Douglas' own meetings.

This, too, is not in itself material. A witness may be wrong in a hundred unimportant details and correct in his testimony concerning the really vital fact. But, when we are forming a judgment on the reliability of a man's memory, we must take into account his accuracy in the details of which we have assured knowledge, that thereby we may estimate his accuracy in the matters which we do not know.

E. B. Bentley, then editor of the *Public*, undertook in 1905 to obtain the testimony of men living in Clinton, and found some who professed to have heard Lincoln use the words, and others who were present and could not remember them. That is not strange. Political speeches were very long in those days. Most of the men who in 1905 had heard Lincoln in 1858 were boys when he delivered the address, and if they sat or stood through it all—for the address was delivered out-of-doors—they grew weary, and they did not know at the time that Lincoln was saying something immortal.

THE testimony of one man who is sure he heard it outweighs the testimony of several men who were present and do not remember it. Still, if there are many who did not hear it, and very few who did, the fact that the large majority do not remember must have weight in the judgment we form.

One of those who heard Lincoln and was sure he used the words under consideration was a reputable man, J. J. Robinson, but he also remembered it as a joint debate:

'In 1858, Lincoln and Douglas spoke in the city at the north side of the courthouse. I was present at the meeting and remember distinctly some of the remarks that each of the men made. Douglas spoke first and Lincoln followed. During the latter's address he made use of the oft-quoted expression: "You can fool all the people some of the time, and some of the people all the time, but you cannot fool all the people all the time."

'In the course of Douglas' address he was sarcastic. He charged Lincoln with being nothing more than a saloon-keeper. Lincoln evidently forgot to answer that part until he closed, for he was no sooner seated than he rose, saying that he had forgotten to make reply to a portion of his friend's address. "Mr. Douglas has accused me of conducting a saloon at Springfield. That charge is true, but while I was delivering the goods from behind the counter my friend Douglas was receiving them on the other side." '

THAT last sentence gives away the case for Mr. Robinson. In the very first debate, at Ottawa, Douglas spoke of Lincoln as having kept 'a grocery' which at that time meant a saloon. Lincoln denied it, and I do not think Douglas ever repeated the charge. But I have been told the story by numerous men who profess to have heard it in places where the stenographic reports are silent concerning any such dialog. Certainly nothing of the sort occurred at Clinton.

Moreover, the statement of Mr. Robinson brought out reply from other elderly men who professed to have been present. Lincoln did not speak from the north side of the courthouse, they said, but in some other part of the square.

It is an interesting fact that when the seven towns where the Lincoln-Douglas debates took place undertook to mark the site of the discussions, old people who were undeniably present disagreed in almost every city as to just where the debates had occurred.

But what about these men who profess to have heard both Lincoln and Douglas in Clinton?

They are probably correct. Douglas spoke in Clinton on Tuesday, July 27, and Lincoln followed him more than a month later, and probably spoke in the same spot. Years went by, and the old men who as boys heard both speakers quite generally thought that both had spoken on the same day.

But perhaps the clearest testimony came from J. L. Hill, of Fletcher, Ohio, who wrote that as a boy he heard the speech, and was confident that Lincoln used those very words or words to the same effect.

Another explanation has been offered, which is that the words are not Lincoln's at all, but were brought out by P. T. Barnum, who declared that the people wanted to be humbugged, and who frankly set out to give them what they wanted. But this is quite another sentiment than that of Lincoln, who was not advocating humbug but protesting against it.

To my mind, the strongest negative argument is not that so few people remember hearing Lincoln say those words, but that, if he really said them at Clinton when Douglas was not present, he did not repeat so apt a phrase in one or more of the five remaining joint debates. He missed five excellent opportunities to use effectively an undeniably pat expression.

Nevertheless, I incline to the belief that Lincoln actually used those words and at Clinton. The evidence is far from conclusive, but it is not lacking in probability. It sounds like Lincoln, and the occasion alleged is one in which the words might appropriately have been used.

But if Lincoln never spoke this clever apothegm, then it would almost seem possible to fool all the people all the time; for all the people, virtually, believe these words to have been Lincoln's.

# The Evolution of the White House

By TOM EVERRITT

THE White House is an edifice whose historic associations give it uncommon interest.

Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant, a French army engineer who served in the American Revolutionary Army, selected the site of what he termed the 'Presidial Palace' in a report he made to President Washington on June 22, 1791. In that report he said: 'That where I determine the seat of the presidial palace, in its difference of nature may be view of advantageous to the object of adding (see footnote) to the sumptuousness of a palace, the convenience of a house, and the agreeableness of a country seat . . .'

The designation, 'Presidial Palace,' however, apparently was not to the liking of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and others who had to do with the selection of the location of the capital of the United States, for in all their correspondence and other writings upon the subject of the residence of the Chief Executive, the term, 'President's Home,' was invariably used.

When the District of Columbia was created as a distinct entity, entirely beyond the governmental jurisdiction of any state, two commissioners were appointed by the President for the actual carrying out of the local governmental necessities.

The records show that an interminable amount of quarreling and wrangling took place between the two commissioners of the District of Columbia, on the one hand, and Major L'Enfant on the other, in which contentions President Washington became involved, before a start was made upon the actual construction of the President's House. These bickerings had to do with the exact dimensions, the proposed architectural plans, and such other things as are involved in an undertaking of the kind.

Finally, on March 14, 1792, shortly after a preliminary survey of Washington had been made, the first active step, which gave any promise of accomplishment, was taken when an advertisement was directed to be published in several of the towns in the United States, informing that $500 in gold, or a gold medal of that value, according to the choice of the individual, would be awarded for the plan submitted and accepted before July 15, following, for the President's House.

At a series of conferences on July 16 and 17, 1792, President Washington and the District Commissioners analyzed the plans that had been received.

A young architect, James Hoban, of Charleston, South Carolina, was awarded the first prize, and chosen to accept a gold medal of the value of $60 and the remainder of the $500 in money.

The selecting of the precise location of the building created considerable difficulties. Major L'Enfant previously had staked out the dimensions of the building upon a considerably larger scale than the plans of Hoban provided for. This controversy



caused President Washington considerable annoyance; but finally he effected a compromise between the two plans.

One difficulty after another surmounted and one problem after another courageously met and solved, President George Washington, Grand Master of the Alexandria, Virginia, Lodge of Freemasons, on October 13, 1792, laid the first corner stone of the President's House. Of this, the records of that date recite that 'the Commissioners of the District of Columbia, accompanied by a numerous collection of Freemasons, architects and inhabitants of Washington and Georgetown, went in procession and laid the first corner stone of the President's House.'

The process of carrying to completion the extensive building program embarked upon by the District Commissioners was delayed from time to time by their inability to procure the funds necessary to the expeditious carrying on of the work.

The Government was removed to Washington from Philadelphia in 1800, and in November of that year, President and Mrs. Adams moved into the uncompleted President's House.

It appears that nothing of extraordinary interest occurred in and around the President's House until August 24, 1814, when the British Army captured Washington, entering the Capitol grounds about six o'clock in the evening. The President's House, the Capitol, the Treasury, the State and Navy buildings, and many private homes were burned that night by the British.

The walls of the President's House remained standing, so that all that was necessary to restore it to its original design was to reproduce the interior, which required more than four years.

Upon completion, the exterior of the entire structure was painted white completely to efface the smoke stains which resulted from the fire. The President's House then became the White House.

The White House was thrown open on January 1, 1818. The beautiful south portico was added in 1823, and the north portico about 1829. Gas lighting was installed in 1848, and a heating and ventilating system was put in during 1853.

On June 20, 1902, the Congress decided completely to renovate and restore the building, and on that day appropriated money for that purpose, which included the wings on the east and west sides. The work was completed within a few months.

*(The above is the literal translation of L'Enfant's report to President Washington.)*

# From the Ground Up

*(Concluded from page 2)*

*power* is the best plane, but to add horsepower in an airplane to get increased performance is only kidding oneself.

There are many ways in which the future plane will be improved, aside from the engine itself. The first will be by better wing curves, giving greater lift per square foot than at present. This will enable the planes to be built lighter, and every pound saved in the weight of the plane means a pound more load or fuel that can be carried. This lightness will be obtained with even greater strength by the use of metal construction instead of wood, although in a small plane these ships may still be cloth covered.

After better wing curves and lighter structure will come lessened resistance by the elimination of parasite resistance by the streamlining of all parts and the bringing of all structural members inside the wings. This will make a tremendous difference in performance.

No one knows today what the future publicly owned airplane will look like, but the eventual plane will be capable of a great variety of uses, on land or water, or as a car on the road. This is not within the vision of the airplane engineer today, but is bound to come. The public has the picture in its mind and is going to be able to pay for it when the time comes.

There is a difference, however, in giving the public what it wants, as against what it thinks it wants. Most of it thinks it wants the helicopter which will go straight up; but if it knew the liabilities involved from such a design, from the standpoint of safety alone, to say nothing of operating costs, it would quickly change its mind.

What really is wanted is a plane that will take off out of an ordinary vacant lot with at least fifty per cent power to spare, and which can land in half the space in which it can take off.

The amount of power required to lift a load also depends on the slant of the inclined plane up which you drag the load. If you are content to climb at a 30-degree angle from the ground, you are well within the range of complete safety and normal economy as far as horsepower is concerned.

If that same load had to be lifted straight off the ground with our present type of equipment, at least 1,000 horsepower would be necessary to lift one man, and if his engine stopped, there would be no means of letting him down safely.

The present-day airplane has become almost completely safe in that regard, for when the engine stops, one merely picks a field and lands. Even over the Sierras in the West, with planes that land at 55 miles an hour, the Air Mail has not had a fatality in six years of almost daily mountain flying.

Aside from the small privately owned planes, will come transatlantic and transpacific monsters. These will be boats fitted with three or more engines and with staterooms and the like, as in a modern yacht. Most of the passengers and load will be carried inside the wing itself, rather than out in any exposed body section.

The heavy-lift type of machines will, for the most part, be monoplanes at the one extreme, or multiplanes having a lot of wings like a Venetian blind; the one for speed, and the other for load capacity.

# Prohibition in Mr. Mellon's Own State

(Concluded from page 7)

idea which has gained wide credence that the Federal Government is impotent to enforce prohibition, a state law enforcement officer submitted the following memorandum to Governor Pinchot, of Pennsylvania, bearing on this point:

'For over fifty years the federal statutes have placed in the Treasury Department (specifically upon the Internal Revenue Commissioner and his subordinates) the duty of collecting taxes upon manufactured liquors and alcohol, and preventing their illegal manufacture. During this period, and principally after the breaking up in 1876 of the "whisky ring" which had practically controlled the Government for some years, a wonderful system was worked out by statute and regulations for supervising and controlling the manufacture of all kinds of alcohol and alcoholic liquors and for the collection of taxes on these products. A system of supervision and control so efficient that liquor tax evasions were almost impossible, but, if going on, certain of detection which would result in punishment of those responsible for them.

'For years before the adoption of the 18th Amendment, the law enforcement officers in the Internal Revenue Bureau were out of politics and its morale so high that the thought of having revenue agents on his trail struck terror into the lawbreaker and kept all but the most foolhardy from even thinking of operating in their field.

'By that act, which could of course be greatly strengthened, Congress gave the Internal Revenue Commissioner ample powers for enforcing the 18th Amendment, closing the great supply of illegal poison drink, and preventing any appreciable quantity of such liquor from reaching the retail trade.

'By that I mean that soon after the National Prohibition Act was enacted, the provisions for stopping liquor lawbreakers became dead letters and unused; politics crept into the Revenue Bureau group; its traditions were swept away; old tried agents were allowed to resign or were dismissed and its morale was gone. The liquor criminals saw this and quickly came to have no fear of federal law or its enforcement which for generations before, as was never better shown than during the Great War, had proved destructive to such lawbreakers.

'Congress since 1868 had by specific statutes, which are still in force, clothed the Internal Revenue Commissioner and Secretary of the Treasury with almost unlimited powers to prevent liquor tax dodging; and in the National Prohibition Act gave additional power to the Internal Revenue Commissioner to adopt regulations, if approved by the secretary, for preventing, through the permit system, violations of the 18th Amendment. But these powers also the Internal Revenue Commissioner and his assistants have wholly failed to use as they should to prevent violations of the National Prohibition Act and enforce the 18th Amendment.'

The rule of politics in prohibition enforcement is complete and undisputed. When state enforcement officers who know and have reported to Washington the alleged illegal character of business being transacted by persons and companies which they name, see these supposed lawbreakers continue to bask in the favor of the Washington authorities, and federal authority for their activities extended rather than curtailed, the adverse effect on the morale of the whole enforcement system is apparent.

THE Internal Revenue Commissioner's report for the year ending June 30, 1925, shows the ever-increasing rise in this flow of poison and illicit beverage producing alcohol. Since the end of the fiscal year 1921 the production of denatured alcohol in the country has risen from less than 22,390,000 gallons a year to a grand total, in the year ending last June, of more than 81,800,000 gallons. And during this time specially denatured alcohol production has gone up from less than 17,153,000 gallons to more than 34,820,000 gallons; but completely denatured alcohol has leaped from less than 16,194,000 gallons to the enormous production last year of more than 46,983,000 gallons. And to sell and use this completely denatured alcohol *no permit is required after it is manufactured,* which has afforded and does afford today an unparalleled opportunity for alcohol diversion to the bootleg trade.

For example, the Consolidated Ethyl Solvents Company, indicted in 1925, and with an assessment of more than $458,000 levied against it for diverting alcohol, was alleged (prior to 1925) to have sold in less than five months more than 590,000 gallons of completely denatured alcohol to two small so-called 'supply' concerns with no evidence of doing much of any business.

Quoting further from Governor Pinchot's Department of Justice report on the Pennsylvania situation:

'When lawbreakers hold federal permits, the illegal ring results; distillers furnish alcohol to denaturers and wholesalers; and they in turn supply manufacturers of alleged hair tonics, tobacco and disinfecting sprays and toilet waters, and also fake supply houses. And these last named manufacturers and fake houses are even furnished directly by the original producer of alcohol without his working through the denaturer or wholesaler. Thus the crooked alcohol rings are found operating, as the grand jury report stated.

'And finally, the permittee manufacturer of toilet waters or tonics or sprays completes the vicious circle by using a "cover-up house" to conceal his diversion of alcohol in the bootleg trade and retail customer. A "cover-up house"—of which there are many notorious ones in Philadelphia well known to the Internal Revenue Agents—is an alleged buyer of manufactured alcoholic preparations whom Government agents during days and days of shadowing find never to receive any of the alcohol products claimed to have been sold it.

'The bold way in which these violators operate is shown by the following statement in the United States grand jury report referring to a "cover-up house" in New York, to which a large permit holder claimed to ship most of his alcohol:

> We had the manager of the New York 'cover-up' house before us. He testified that in turn he ships it (the preparation) to Cuba and it is there used to disinfect the theaters and streets.

'These "cover-up houses" generally do business with only desk room or small office space. Each of these alcohol rings under the cloak of the federal permit makes a vicious circle in which the bootlegger coöperates to put poison drink into the consumer's hands.'

Take this example from Philadelphia, where more denatured alcohol was produced and withdrawn for use the last year, ending June 30, than in any entire state of the nation except Maryland, Louisiana and Illinois:

The Publicker Commercial Alcohol Company, of Philadelphia, under a federal permit produced more than 8,750,000 gallons of alcohol in 1924, and in 1925 more than 10,849,000; itself denatured over 75 per cent of this alcohol, sold most of the balance to others for denaturing, and in 1924 paid a tax to the Government *on less than 800,000 gallons.* In 1925, out of the nearly 11,000,000 gallons produced, it *paid a tax on less than 743,000 gallons.* In less than five months of 1924, the Publicker Company sold over $210,000 worth of pure alcohol for denaturing purposes to the Consolidated Ethyl Solvents Company, indicted last summer for violating the law. The latter company is said to have been caught shipping pure alcohol, and an assessment was made against it last spring to collect over $458,000 for evading Government taxes.

THIS same Publicker Company (state officers assert) had sold during ten months to Henry J. Trainer, a bonded dealer, with a federal permit in Chester, Pennsylvania, more than 296,000 gallons of specially denatured alcohol, and all except two of Trainer's forty-three customers with federal permits, during those ten months, were alleged by federal agents of the Internal Revenue Commissioner or state officers to have violated the federal law, some being later indicted. It was also charged by the state officers that shipments of alcohol by barrel to H. J. Trainer often never left the wharf of the Chester Shipping Company which carried them from Philadelphia; but on that company's wharf at Chester, Trainer's clerks relabeled full barrels and then shipped them back to Philadelphia, at times by the same boat which brought them.

Though thirty-six of Trainer's customers were alleged to be violating the law and permits of eleven of them have since been revoked, yet he and the Publicker Alcohol Company still go on. The records show that the latter concern produced more than 10,849,000 gallons of alcohol this past year and more than 1,099,000 gallons in December, while the Swanson Chemical Company (of which Trainer is president) was granted in October, 1924, a basic permit to denature alcohol. The Trainer family has long been prominent in politics in Philadelphia and for more than forty years in the liquor business there.

# More People Ride on Goodyear Tubes

The job of the tube is to hold the air. Goodyear Tubes are built and tested to do that job better than other tubes you can buy.

Goodyear Tubes are built up layer upon layer, of pure gum. And they are water cured—the latest and best method ever devised for curing tubes. It insures absolute uniformity throughout.

And, to still further guard against any porosity, leaks, or "pinholes," Goodyear Tubes are subjected to an unusually severe water test—inflated under water until the strain put on the tube is fully equal to that in actual service.

There is a Goodyear Tube to fit every tire and every pocketbook. Goodyear "Heavy Tourist" Tubes represent the highest standard of tube quality. Also of Goodyear quality, but costing a little less than the Heavy Tourist, is the "Regular." And for those who want big tube value at a popular price there is the Goodyear-made "Pathfinder."

In any grade, at any price, there is more trouble-free, economical mileage in a Goodyear Tube. That is the reason why more people ride on Goodyear Tubes than on any other kind.

*Goodyear Tubes Deserve Good Tires—*
*Goodyear Tires*




GOODYEAR

Copyright 1926, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

HEAVY TOURIST TUBES

# A Man Who Lives by What He Sees

(*Concluded from page 17*)

impression on the copying sheet from that actually produced. It was obvious that the carbon copy in evidence could have been made only through a sheet of the thinner, second-page paper. Presumably, the man used such a sheet to avoid wasting a piece of his expensively engraved paper. His thrift on this point proved his undoing. The evidence against him was so scientifically exact that he was forced to acknowledge his original letter and live up to its promises.

This document student once solved a queer little riddle by noticing a man's number habits. Heirs of a well-to-do man had received a long statement, containing hundreds of figures, from a storekeeper for goods declared to have been bought by the head of the family shortly before he died. The heirs had a strong suspicion that the bill was fraudulent. When the expert received the ledger account for inspection, he noticed that the many charges showed frequently recurring figures in the same groups:

| | |
|---|---|
| $ 37.64 | $764.82 |
| $113.76 | $198.37 |
| $ 95.21 | $ 80.53 |

'The bill is probably bogus,' the expert declared. 'It is highly probable that no such goods as mentioned here were bought. If fictitious, the items had to come out of somebody's head. If you'll bring me a telephone directory of the town where this storekeeper lives, I think I can show you the key.'

He then pointed out the conspicuous recurrence and sequence of certain figures. Three was invariably followed by seven, seven by six, and six by four.

'You might find,' he suggested, 'that this man's telephone number, or perhaps his house number, contains figures in the order found so frequently in the ledger. At any rate, that order of figures seems to have been so firmly fixed in his mind that he uses them much more than would be accounted for by mere chance.'

The guess proved to be not far from correct. The storekeeper's home phone was 764-J. He had unconsciously prefixed this number with a favorite figure—three. In due course he was sentenced to a prison term for his attempt to obtain money by fraud.

This keen observer long ago noticed that in books printed in England a period and a decimal point are not the same. The period is placed on the line, but the decimal point above the line. He had also observed that English accountants frequently use a decimal point for either purpose, and put their periods higher than the average person does. Having noticed all this, he tucked it away in the back of his head. Years later he was able to tell, after a two-minute examination, that an anonymous letter probably had been written by an English accountant. He knew this just from the periods! They were too high for American periods.

Likewise, this man once identified the writer of a forged letter by first learning that the author was probably an Italian. He thought this because, though the man wrote a good hand, he made a terrible botch of the job every time he undertook to form a 'k.' There is no letter 'k' in modern Italian.

# Where Early Christians Worshiped

(*Concluded from page 15*)

part of the Fourth Century, probably before the year 375. Whether an earlier church or other ruins lie farther down will be shown by future excavation.

If the vicinity was formerly occupied by private residences, the metropolitan church reasonably represents the oldest and strongest ecclesiastical organization of the region, in all likelihood that founded by the preachings of the Apostles Paul and Barnabas.

The two Apostles, spreading the gospel in Asia Minor, arrived at Pisidian Antioch, as described in the thirteenth chapter of the Book of Acts. Here they were at first cordially welcomed by the Jews, but shortly thereafter the Jews rejected their teachings and incited persecution against them. Paul then made the decision that laid the foundations of the church as it is known today; he turned from the Jews and addressed himself to the Gentiles.



*One of the numerous well-preserved architectural fragments unearthed by the expedition.*

The hostility of the Jews would have denied converts a public meeting place, forcing them to take recourse to some private dwelling. Such a location may have been later supplanted by a church, to be in turn replaced by the splendid Fourth Century edifice when the congregation grew stronger. Still later, the basilica was erected above the church on the consecrated ground.

The mosaic floor was left exposed only a short time, with a guard, but natives caused irreparable damage by attempting to destroy it. It has been recovered pending further excavation.

Our digging has not yet located the earlier Greek Antioch, though a few Greek inscriptions and a Greek 'Victory' statue of that period have been discovered. The latter in delicacy of conception and workmanship will undoubtedly take a high place among statues of its type. The greater part of our finds have been of the Roman and Byzantine periods, particularly of the time of Augustus (27 B. C.—A. D. 14). The other most important piece of sculpture discovered was a beautiful head of the Emperor Augustus in white marble. Although the nose is missing, it ranks among the most important portrait busts hitherto brought to light.

Our excavations furthermore disclosed the arrangement of Antioch as a city. On the very summit of the hill on which Antioch lies was what might be called a civic center. First was a large paved area surrounded by shops which an inscription names the *Tiberia Platea* or Square of Tiberius (A. D. 14-37). At the east end of the square a stairway of a dozen steps, some seventy feet long, led to another paved square, that of Augustus.

On the stairs and the square below great masses of sculptural and architectural pieces were piled together. Enormous cornices, architraves, voussoirs, and slabs of sculptured reliefs lay about in confusion. Several reliefs represented winged genii holding festoons; others depicted Pisidian chiefs, cuirasses, shields of various forms, quivers, swords, spears, and even war galleys. Drums of engaged Corinthian columns and magnificent Corinthian capitals have been unearthed. Even the bases of the arch piers have been indisputably located. The facade of the three arches was decorated with four engaged columns. On the blocks in front of these were incised the famous 'deeds of Augustus,' of which more than two hundred fragments were found, and in front was a fountain.

Water pipes in ancient Antioch were found so well made that today, after nearly 2,000 years, they are still capable of holding water. Indeed, the drainage and water supply of Antioch was better than that of many modern cities. The aqueduct carried water over arches and through tunnels from the mountain side six miles distant.

Behind the Square of Augustus rises naked rock into a flat summit, where we found the Romans had chiseled a huge semicircle, hiding the rough surface with a beautiful two-storied colonnade. With its cellar wall on the front axis of the semicircle, we found the most imposing edifice yet uncovered at Antioch—a temple to Augustus.

A searching investigation of the almost complete number of blocks found enabled the expedition's architect to reconstruct the design in detail. Parts of the four Corinthian columns of the portico were found. There were long architraves with a delicately carved astragal at the top of each band; a frieze of extraordinary bulls' heads, bound together by garlands of leaves and fruits; scrolls and floral ornaments between the pilaster capitals; and other parts.

This temple was of a richness and refinement rarely achieved by Roman architecture. The massiveness of Rome was combined with the delicacy of Greece to produce a dazzling masterpiece. Mason's marks in Greek prove that the workmanship was Greek.

Of coins, lamps, pieces of pottery and household utensils, we found a great number, in addition to several more inscriptions. We also discovered another, and still later, Byzantine church.

To say that our expedition was successful is conservative; any one of the important monuments would have been ample reward.

Ancient Antioch still holds an infinite number of valuable finds, which will be the objective of another expedition already being formed.

Those who have the interests of art and archeology at heart cannot afford to overlook such a rich treasure house.

# James Russell Lowell

(*Concluded from page 13*)

of nun, vowed to no less a bridegroom than Christ. So I got a shock when her betrothal to the young farmer was announced: I would as little have expected Miranda to marry Caliban. But Lowell appeared to be not only acquiescent but delighted with the match; and the young farmer became prosperous, and the brand of sausages that he sold all over the country was immensely profitable. Was it another case of the Biglow Papers—a vicarious consolation to Lowell for the sterilization wrought in him by Cambridge culture? So far as I ever knew, Mabel was very happy with her husband, and I'm sure he was the best of good fellows in the intervals of his sausage-making.

Lowell had visited Europe for a couple of years, previous to taking the chair of belles-lettres at Harvard, in succession to Longfellow. That was in 1855; from 1857 to 1858 he edited the *Atlantic Monthly*, and afterward the *North American Review*. Then the Government appointed him minister to Spain, and afterward to England. So his long and honorable services to literature and learning had their reward; he had realized whatever success and happiness were possible for such a man, and when he was superseded in 1880, he returned to the old house at Cambridge, a vigorous man of sixty-one, broad-shouldered and active, his full beard only a little grizzled. He lived about ten years longer, content among his books, writing a little, cordial to his surviving friends. Women were fascinated by his appearance and his chivalrous manners. He was poor in money, but rich in spite of it.

I HAD renewed my contact with him during his official residence in London, and witnessed his complete conquest of the British: there have been many 'best' after-dinner speakers, but Lowell was enchanting; his aspect, his voice, his wit, point and skill, his warm friendliness, made him incomparable. He represented his country with full manliness and sincerity, but he was loved on his personal account as much as he was respected as an ambassador.

He told us once how, invited to an important dinner, and delayed by a cab accident, he had hurried up the steps of the Mayfair mansion, and hardly waited to be announced before entering the dining room. The twenty guests were already seated; when the host rose to greet him, Lowell realized that they were strangers to each other: the entire assemblage was unknown to him. What a predicament! But they all knew the distinguished American: the host laughed at his apologies, and insisted that he remain; the guests rose and cheered him; and, 'Speech! Speech!' I should like to have heard him on that occasion; he himself could not recall what he had said; but he observed with a smile, 'I find, in looking back, that my best epigrams have usually been confided to the back of the cabby who was driving me home afterward.'

I like most to recall, however, the hours I was privileged to spend alone with him, before the log fire in his spacious library at Elmwood. My mother had suggested, in view of our anticipated removal to Dresden, that he give me some insight into the German language and literature. He consented so to honor the son of Hawthorne; but I can hardly imagine that my mother really expected me to acquire any practical familiarity with German from those interviews; and as a fact, what I did learn was Lowell himself—as much of him as a boy could comprehend; and he gave me generously whatever he thought I could assimilate. Ostensibly, we read Goethe's *Faust* together. In reality, he read and I listened; but after an hour with the book, he would close it, and fall into conversation. It was like being led through a land rich with beauty and wonder; he understood boyhood, and treated it with candor and gentleness.

I WAS, at that time, more devoted to athletics—walking, running, and rowing in the Harvard crew—than to the college curriculum; and he, far from chiding me for remissness, entered heartily into discussion of physical culture, and, since there was not much to be said about my brains, cordially admired my brawn and muscle. Then he would tell me tales of the world into which I was about to enter, and now and then, as by inadvertence, something of the philosophy of human life. He would lead me to express my opinions and outline my experience, and then, without commenting upon them directly, would say things which I was afterward to recall for their critical significance.

Sometimes, as we sat in the firelight, he would bring forth strange objects of art and interest, brought perhaps from foreign parts by forbears of his—by the traveler and connoisseur John, perhaps: a concentric sphere of ivory from China, five or six, one within the other, and all carved miraculously with figures and designs, the slow work of a lifetime. He had a marvelous set of chessmen, too, tall figures of men and animals in ivory, tinted after life, refined to an eyelash; two little armies to face each other in endless conflict. They were ancient, made for some monarch of a date older than Europe. Books he showed me, too, though he was no book-collector in the professional sense. These were volumes of the personal sort, not to be bought nor replaced by money, which spoke to him not more through their printed contents than by the friends and associations which they recalled.

AS far as his library was general, record of it may be found in his own writings; and some of his finest work has been in the way of literary criticism. He had the faculty of conveying perceptions which do not commonly lend themselves to words; it is a rare gift, enriching the reader he knows not how. The room itself in which we sat was eloquent, shadowy and mellow with the musings of many years, when, as he says in one of his meditative verses, reviewing the events of his life shortly before his country called him to her service, and when he could show, in place of the grand argosy that his youthful hopes had imagined, only 'a fleet of paper ships,'

'Well, maybe more love with the less gift goes
I growl, as, half moody, I toast my toes!'

But the argosy came to port, full-sailed, before the end.




$7000 a Year

DePries made it. You can too, selling a wonderful new fire-fighting device. A vital necessity for every auto, home, store, factory, farm, etc. Millions want it. Amazing new low price. Sells fast. Biggest, steadiest money-maker of the age. Hundreds make $2 to $6 an hour. Send post-card today for full plan.

FREE FYR-FYTER COMPANY, 1353 Fyr-Fyter Bldg. Dayton - - - Ohio

A Constructive Force in the Development of the South and Southwest

THE Sunshine Special

Entering its eleventh year of fast dependable, daily service from St. Louis and Memphis to:

Louisiana
Texas
California
Mexico

Standard drawing-room sleepers, reclining chair cars and coaches. Dining car service for all meals.

Secure reservations from nearest Missouri Pacific representative or write—

A. D. Bell, Pass'r Traffic Manager
MISSOURI PACIFIC R. R. CO.
Ry. Exch. Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.




A PERMANENT FILE

For Your Copies of

*THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT*

TO THOSE readers who desire to save their copies, we can furnish a specially made binder which holds 26 copies.

This binder permits of ready reference to or the removal of any particular issue without disarranging other copies.

Durably constructed, with stiff covers, cloth covered, this binder solves the problem of keeping all copies neat and instantly available.

Price $1.75 Postpaid

DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan

# The West Has More Cowboys Than Ever

(Concluded from page 5)

changed the entire character of the West. The people of the East discovered that they owned the public lands in the West just as much as the cattlemen did, and through the Forest Service they took them over and began to administer them. A code of rules was drawn up for the use of the public range. Each rancher was given a permit to run his stock on the land, and he was allotted a certain general district as his range.

Thus a new kind of West, as far as ranching was concerned, was built up. The result is that today it is an empire of small ranchers, a republic instead of the old monarchy of the big operators. Each of these ranches must have cowboys, and they always will have cowboys; and the work of the cowboys has, so far, remained virtually the same. Sometimes they are the sons of the ranchers; again the size of the herd necessitates the hiring of outsiders.

THERE is nothing particularly romantic or adventurous about their work. During the summer, some of them go into the hills with the herds. The best beef comes from contented steers, and it is the job of these cowboys, who really are cowherds, to keep the steers together, to move them as gently as possible from one good place to another, to see that they do not have to travel far for water, to keep salt on hand, and in every way to conserve the strength of their charges so that they may wax fat instead of becoming lean and stringy.

Others must keep the corrals in repair, must take care of the horses. When colts are to be broken, they do it. If the ranch owns hay lands, these must be irrigated, the hay must be cut and stacked. On the big ranches the breaking in of the bronchos used to be an event of importance, and competition among the cowboys for riding honors ran high. This affair was called a rodeo. It was natural that the cowboys of neighboring ranches should hold their rodeos together, and that each would try to outdo the other. From this has come the modern rodeo.

The rodeo of today is almost entirely synthetic. Most of the horses are not actually broken at the rodeo, but are trained to buck: many a favorite bucker at the rodeo does prosaic work the rest of the year; others are kept by the cowboys just for this event.

The dress of the cowboy has changed little since the early days. The reason for this is that all of the trappings familiar to patrons of the motion pictures are not only practical but necessary. I am informed by cynical individuals that the cowboys wear such things as chaps and high-heeled boots only at the tourist centers. While it is true that the cowboys are beginning to become self-conscious, they can hardly afford to be self-conscious at the current prices of such trappings. While none of these things need be fancy, they are expensive in their plainest forms and since the cowboy is proud of his equipment and takes excellent care of it, it is natural to add a few extra trimmings at a small additional cost.

The average cowboy, no matter how poor he is, will never pay less than seventy-five dollars for a saddle, and the average is closer to ninety. Chaps run from twenty dollars to a hundred.

Chaps are of two general styles: the 'stovepipe,' which is simply a barrel of leather like the leg of a pair of pants, and the bat-wing, which snaps around the leg and has a wing which extends far to the rear on the outside. The material may be heavy leather, or it may be leather covered with the skin of the Angora goat with its long, silky wool. This wool, which is strikingly beautiful, usually is left in its natural white, but some is dyed black or in such popular colors as orange, red, yellow, and combinations. The leather chaps may be plain or trimmed with tooled or white designs on black. Some are finished with silver or nickel trimmings.

All cowboys wear chaps, and since these things are expensive and most cowboys are poor, there must be a good reason for them. In the cactus, sagebrush and buck-brush regions of the Southwest, breeches or pants are torn to tatters in a few days without the protection of heavy chaps. Last summer I rode for a month in this type of territory in Arizona, and as steep, rough trails required some dismounting and walking, I wore very heavy breeches. But at the end of the first day they were so badly ripped that I had to wear chaps thereafter. Later I met a Forest Service man who had been riding in breeches for several days, and the breeches were in ribbons and the rider in ill-humor.

CHAPS make riding possible in such regions. The riders do not follow paths or trails; they ride at top speed through the worst kind of brush. In the northern Rockies there is not so much brush interference, but chaps are necessary there as well. They are warm in cold weather and cool in hot, and their economical side recommends them.

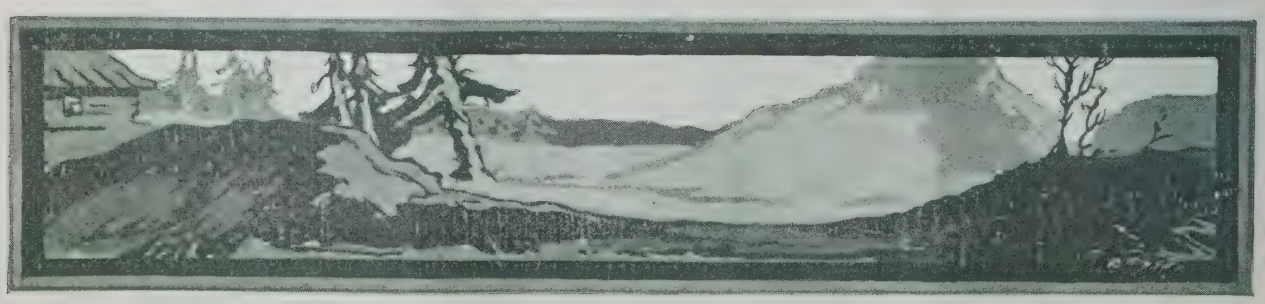
Any kind of pants may be worn under chaps. The constant friction against the stirrup leathers would ruin them, even in the absence of outside interference. Furthermore, the chaps take up much of the motion of the horse, thus greatly assisting the rider. Obviously, the plain leather chaps are more popular in the South, the wool ones in the North.

High-heeled boots are as much a part of the cowboy's outfit as his saddle is. These boots are narrow toed, the instep is highly arched, and the heels, powerful at the base, taper abruptly from the rear to the size of a half-dollar. The Westerner rides his horse hard. He uses ring stirrups and he rides the stirrup in his arch, not on the ball of his foot. He must have a powerful grip on the stirrups, for he does all of his work—riding brush, crossing ravines at full speed, roping animals—standing up. Thus he wears boots that fit his job.

COWBOYS wear blue denim trousers—not overalls—and these are made of the stoutest material and are copper-riveted at all points of tension. Oddly enough, one of the striking characteristics of the cowboy's dress is seen only in motion pictures and on the covers of magazines. That is the colored neckerchief. The cowboy is not given to fancy additions that serve no purpose. Visitors from the East, 'all dressed up' in cowboy clothes, can be spotted a mile away by these glorious bits of silk.

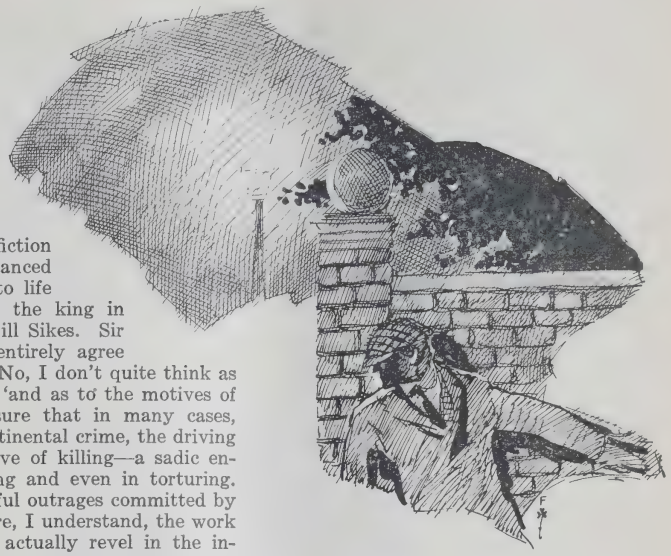
Although the cowboy has changed little in appearance since the early days, and his job is much the same now as it was then, the growing civilization of the West, the standardization of the American small town by radio, the motion picture, the cheap magazine and the palace of sweets, has had its effect on him. He no longer 'rolls his own' with one hand, for he prefers the factory-made cigaret of a cheap and popular brand. He does not blow into town and shoot up the main street by way of diversion, any more than does the Iowa farm-hand dash through town on a plow and throw hunks of sod at the store windows.

When the cow-hand comes to town he usually comes in the ranch flivver and he wears a white collar and a suit of clothes of popular and standardized cut. If he wears any of his working clothes it is his boots, or his big hat if it is new and clean and presentable. But ordinarily you couldn't distinguish between these cowboys and the usual Saturday evening visitors to any small town in America.



# The Psychic Side of Crime

(*Concluded from page 3*)



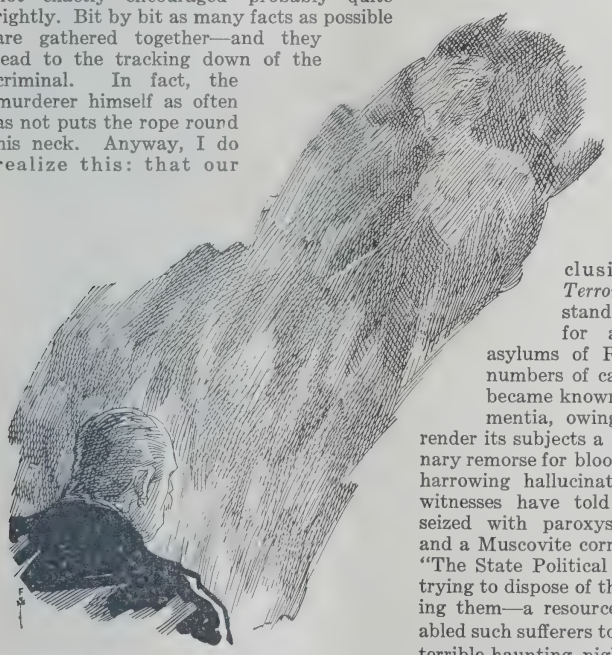
Jonathan Wild, for example? He was much that type of offender; and there must be others.

'. . . Where does the idea of a story come from? I can't say. An idea—a crude idea—bobs up from the unconscious; then perhaps the reminiscence of something read somewhere, or a memory of something heard from somebody; and gradually, spontaneously, the rough notion weaves itself—weaves *itself*—into a story.

'As I've told you, in several of the Sherlock Holmes stories, the crimes are no crimes at all!

'By the way, it may interest you to know that several times I've been "called in" on mystery cases, and I've applied the methods of Sherlock Holmes with some success.

'I don't know much in detail about the ways of our Criminal Investigation Department, but I gather that imagination is not exactly encouraged—probably quite rightly. Bit by bit as many facts as possible are gathered together—and they lead to the tracking down of the criminal. In fact, the murderer himself as often as not puts the rope round his neck. Anyway, I do realize this: that our police methods are most efficient.



'Have any of my tales got me into trouble? No, no, why should they? But I did get into boiling hot water because I sent Sherlock to his death over that precipice. I had many letters absolutely abusing me for killing him, one from a lady I remember bluntly began: "You brute!" And now and then I've had criticism from experts. There was the case of the story—a racing tale—about "Silver Blase," a turf expert reviewed it in one of the sporting papers; he said that I'd made all my characters behave in such a way that they'd have all been either in jail or "warned off" !'

We talked about the callousness of murderers as distinct from the remorse with which they are almost always endowed in fiction and drama. I instanced as quite untrue to life the characters of the king in Hamlet and of Bill Sikes. Sir Arthur did not entirely agree with this view: 'No, I don't quite think as you do,' he said, 'and as to the motives of murderers, I'm sure that in many cases, especially in Continental crime, the driving power is sheer love of killing—a sadic enjoyment in slaying and even in torturing. Many of the fearful outrages committed by the Bolshevists are, I understand, the work of wretches who actually revel in the infliction of pain. These brutes delight in torturing men and women to death, *but* many of them are themselves tortured with remorse. They die mad, raving, unable to sleep, haunted by the apparitions of those they have killed.

'The last revenge of the helpless, outraged human is the psychic revenge. The evidence on this seems to me to be conclusive. In *The Red Terror* Melgonnov says: "It stands beyond a doubt that for a while the lunatic asylums of Russia registered large numbers of cases of a disease which became known as Executioners' Dementia, owing to its tendency to render its subjects a prey to real or imaginary remorse for bloodshed and to the most harrowing hallucinations." Similarly eyewitnesses have told of these men being seized with paroxysms in public places; and a Muscovite correspondent once wrote: "The State Political Department has been trying to dispose of these madmen by shooting them—a resource which alone has enabled such sufferers to find release from their terrible haunting nightmares." In another place one of the Cheka officials is described as crying out: "All night the dead men keep torturing me" . . . You see,' Sir Arthur concluded, 'I keep chapter and verse for all psychic things.

'My views upon capital punishment,' he said 'are due to my psychic beliefs. They arise from those beliefs. When we hang a murderer, or other scoundrel, we send an evil spirit to the next world, the other world; and that spirit can communicate with us—can suggest to us, or to some of us, the commission of sins, can prompt us to evil deeds. We may really be enlarging his field of activities. Don't you think that here we may have the explanation of the repetition of crimes, which is so frequent and striking? One murder is often followed after no long interval by another of like character. *Think*—'



I have thought, and am still thinking. This suggestion is at least worthy of sincere consideration and strict examination. If it is accepted that there is another world and that the spirits of the departed can and do communicate with us who still live here—and if Sir Arthur's suggestion should be proved to be fact—should we not have a rational explanation of all the many forms of belief in good and evil angels, the ministers from 'beyond' who prompt men and women to good and evil? Would not a bright light be shed into many dark places?

In addition to the psychic point of view, Sir Arthur pointed out that to familiarize the public mind with violence on the part of the law is scarcely the way to discourage violence in their own thoughts. He remarked that capital punishment was in practical or actual abeyance in half the countries of Europe and that the murder rates in these countries was not higher than in our own.

'The great thing,' he said, 'is that the law should be rigidly enforced, with no possibility of relaxation or escape. That is what is wrong with America—there are far too many loopholes of escape. Death on the scaffold has something dramatic, which appeals to certain minds; "I'll swing for you!" he says. But a life in a drab, dingy atmosphere, away from all life's pleasures and vanities, is very different. I think the *certainty* of that would be more appalling.'

Yes, indeed, I came away with much food for thought—and, on certain points, for disagreement.

# Are Soldiers' Rights Safeguarded?

(*Continued from page 6*)

That was why he inquired for instructions. There, without being given any opportunity to explain his case at all, he was placed under arrest almost before he knew it and accused of being absent without leave. I am saying accused, because they were put through all their ensuing torture without having any charges preferred against them, nor being allowed to explain their cases and proceed to their organizations.

'Prisoners were usually detained at the Ste. Anne's Hotel about one day, when they were transported in trucks to the Bastile. However, on one occasion nine men were forced to stand on the roof of this hotel two days and two nights. If they faltered or fell from exhaustion, they were beaten up by the military police under officers' orders.



—*Press Illustrating.*

*Yankee displaying five of his German trophies.*

'The prison used by the American Expeditionary Forces at Paris is a big stone building, inclosed by a strong wall about 15 feet high. It contains many tiers of stone cells, each cell with a padlocked iron door. The cells are small holes in walls strung along dark halls. Each cell has only a single cot.

'Two men and often three were forced into a single cell. Four men have been confined in a single one of these cells. In one instance the fourth was compelled to sleep on the floor without a blanket. The men were herded to their cells by a general prisoner by the name of Cohen, who shouted, "Get in your holes, you rats, or you're out of luck."

'The guards were a hard lot. One night three of them were playing a game of cards. They got into an argument and one of the guards accused another of something and said he had a good mind to shoot him. The fellow dared him to shoot, and the guard then pulled out his gun and killed the other two. This shows the type of men that were chosen to confine men who were some of America's noblest fighting heroes. The military police were apparently under the influence of liquor most of the time.

'When the soldiers entered this prison, they were listed as prisoners and subjected to prison regulations. They were compelled to surrender their leggings and all personal belongings, including their money. All during the procedure the soldiers were roughly handled, sworn at and reviled with unprintable language.

'One night when a bunch of soldiers were brought there and were waiting in the guard room to be assigned to cells, a soldier did a trivial thing. A noncommissioned officer ordered a sergeant to hit the man. The sergeant in the most casual manner reached over and hit him on the head with a club. It was a common thing at night to hear men groaning. When anyone inquired what was the matter, he was told that the men were being beaten by prison guards.

'One man, charged with a theft of something like 80,000 francs, about $15,000, escaped from the prison. The first night of the day of his capture he was beaten into unconsciousness and then revived with cold water and beaten again. This treatment was kept up for three days. The man went about the Bastile with his face all bandaged up and looked like a human wreck.

'One night about ten o'clock a negro was beaten all the way down the hall to his cell and one of the men beating him was heard to say, "You will try to kill a white man, you black ———." "The cries of the negro were frightful," reads a report.

'Men were ordinarily kept here only one day. However, on one occasion about five or six men taken to the prison in a "detachment" of prisoners were held there for sixteen days because their papers had been lost by the military police. During the entire sixteen days of their confinement in the prison, these men tried every way they could to have an interview with an officer, but were refused. At last, in a general check-up of the number of prisoners, it was found that there were five or six more than were accounted for. There were in the neighborhood of a thousand soldiers in the place. It was thus that these men were discovered and sent to Farm No. 2.

'In the case of one man who had been in France only a week before his arrest, I understand that while changing trains at Paris, during a necessary wait of a few hours, he became slightly affected with drink, was noticed by an American military policeman, picked up and sent to Ste. Anne's Hotel. He was held in the prison for sixteen days, then sent to Farm No. 2 for sixteen days, and finally spent six days at the stockade. This made a total of 38 days. He had arrived in France, November 12, 1918, the day after the Armistice was signed, and on the twentieth he was a prisoner. Sent to France to fight for the world's liberty and democracy, in the two months he had been there, he had been free only eight days! The rest of the time he was a prisoner with no charge brought up against him.

'Farm No. 2 was then run by Company K, One Hundred and Fifty-Eighth Infantry—of the Fortieth Division. Lieutenant Smith was the officer in charge. This lieutenant was known as "Hard Boiled Smith"; in fact, he boasted of it before the men when giving exhibitions of his criminal brutality. Farm No. 2 was a French farm outside of Paris used by the American Army as a prison camp. There were many stables, three-quarters of which were used by the men of Company K, which numbered about 250 men. The other quarter of the stables was used for the prisoners, who sometimes numbered as high as 1,200 men. These men were quartered in something like ten stalls, each about the size of a two-horse stall, and a loft just above these stalls. Those who remained in the overflow were put in pup tents in a small yard. About sixteen men slept in a single stall. For the 1,200 men there was but one latrine about twelve feet long and two feet wide. It was situated close to where the men slept. The unsanitary conditions were frightful.



—*Press Illustrating.*

*One of the vocational classes conducted in the army camps overseas. These men are studying methods of utilizing tin cans.*

'When soldiers arrived at this farm from the Paris prison they were taken, two at a time, to an upper floor of the building used by the company commander as his headquarters. Here they were thoroughly searched by two sergeants in the presence of an officer. If the personal belongings or money of the men had been returned to them before they left the Paris prison, they were taken away from them here. A big box was

placed in the center of the room. As the men's belongings were taken from them they were tossed into this box. Lieutenant Helphenstein sat beside the box and immediately took possession of anything that was valuable. Money was thrown into this box; in some cases the men were given receipts for their money; in others they were not.

'It was a common thing to see a sergeant knock a man down or beat him up on the slightest provocation. One morning as the men fell in line for breakfast, one man was slightly out of line. Sergeant Ball went up to him and punched him in the face six times.

'One morning about nine o'clock four men were taken into one of the stalls in the stable and beaten with blackjacks for twenty minutes. When they came out the blood was streaming from their faces and they were in a horrible condition. Lieutenant Helphenstein, Sergeant Ball, and a duty sergeant of Company K, One Hundred and Fifty-Eighth Infantry, together with three general prisoners, entered the stall with these four men who were beaten up. A guard with a rifle on his shoulder stood at the door. After the men came out, Lieutenant Helphenstein and another stood in the door examining their fists. The men were taken over to wash off the blood, and one man, a little weaker than the other three, lingered behind. Sergeant Ball punched him in the ear from behind and kicked him into line with the other three. These men were put on bread and water. A prisoner who carried the water to them said the guard inquired at the kitchen for their bread, but the mess sergeant told him there was no bread, so the men had to go without it . . .

'Some of the men were kept as long as three weeks at this farm and then they were sent to the stockade just outside of Chelles. This stockade was a regular military prison with a big iron fence around it and lookout posts about twenty feet high. The stockade was even worse than Farm No. 2. The men received the same criminal treatment and the living conditions were worse, if possible, than those at Farm No. 2, because the stockade was simply an inclosure of mud with no shelter of any kind except tents.

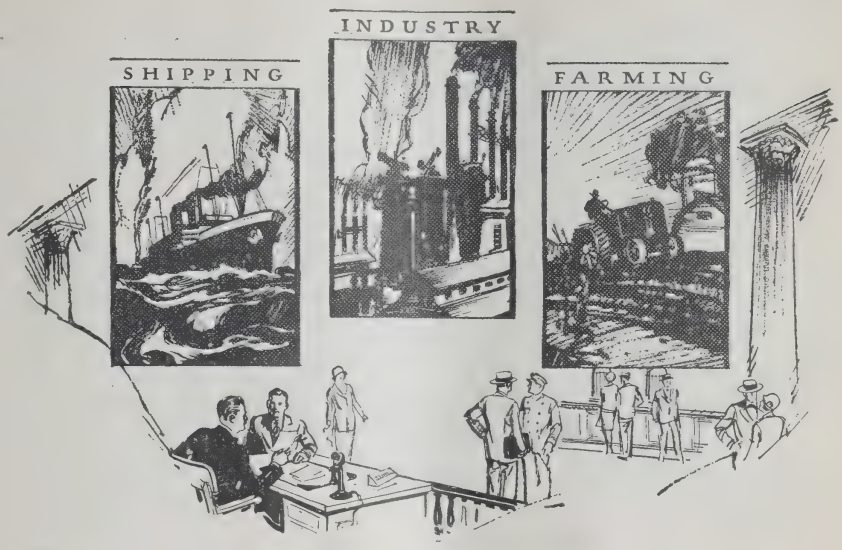
'Two of the prisoners at Farm No. 2, after the Armistice was signed, said they had been prisoners of war in Germany and that the treatment they received in the German prison camps had been far better than that which they received in the Paris prison. at Farm No. 2, and in the stockade.

'THE incidents I have related in this letter I can substantiate, and are contained in an official report from the inspector general of the Second Army Corps to General Headquarters, American Expeditionary Forces, and represent only a few of the atrocities committed at these places.

'Newly returned soldiers, whom I know personally, inform me that conditions such as I have described still exist.

'Lieutenant Colonel Ansell has told us what happens to the soldier for the slightest infraction of Army Regulations. I wonder what sort of punishment has been or will be meted out to those responsible for cruelties and tortures worse than ever experienced at Andersonville.'

*(The third and concluding installment of this series on the court-martial system will appear in an early issue.)*


*Helping to Develop the Nation's Business*

The CANAL BANK, for ninety-five years, has satisfactorily served the general banking needs of a commercial clientele.

This Bank offers a business banking service which reaches from the original source to the very end of the transaction.

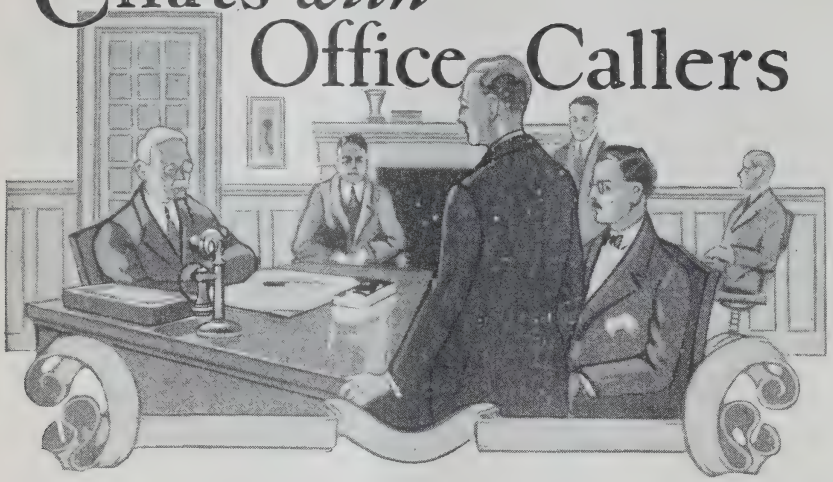
Exporters and importers, merchants, railroads, manufacturers, and a host of other concerns in almost every line of business have learned to depend on the CANAL BANK for accurate trade and credit information; for immediate contact with principal world-centers; for complete banking facilities and accommodations.

*"Through Ninety-Five Years," an interesting booklet on the South's industrial development, will gladly be mailed executives on request.*

**Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits Over $8,000,000.00**

*The* CANAL
BANK AND TRUST CO.
*of New Orleans*

# Chats *with* Office Callers



'Say,' said ***the Customs Officer,*** 'your man in Office Chat was wrong about customs officers speaking in broken English and asking impertinent questions. It was *immigration officers* he meant. It does seem strange that men of obvious recent alien origin should represent this Government at the front doors of the country. But all I am asking you and others to do is not to say "customs officer" when you mean "immigration officer." '

❦ ❦ ❦

'And now another great British tradition has been shattered,' said ***the Traveler.*** 'The English, during the hot summer days, have discarded their waistcoats! This is almost revolutionary. For generations the sturdy Britons have clung to their waistcoats, winter and summer, with that bulldog tenacity for which their race is noted. They have faced sweltering heat and blazing sun uncomplainingly; they have disregarded advice; they have ignored ridicule.

'Many Americans thought the wearing of the waistcoat (we call it vest) was with the British a principle, like reverence for their Constitution or handclapping at cricket matches. But it wasn't. They wore waistcoats solely to conceal their braces—or, in American, suspenders. Now braces *are* a principle, and any true Englishman would as soon discard his King as he would these—but he realizes that in spite of their utility they are not objects of great beauty. And so with rare esthetic sense he has insisted that they be covered.

'The adoption of double-breasted coats has at last solved the difficulty, and the Englishman can now appear in public minus his waistcoat and with his braces decently concealed. But to those who love British traditions the change is somewhat of a shock. It seems, somehow, as though the sturdy old British character is weakening.'

❦ ❦ ❦

***The Artist*** had just visited a modern industrial plant, watching with much interest the various operations of the men at their machines. 'All this,' he said, 'reminds me that beauty has law and order for its foundation. One of the fundamental laws in nature is that of subordination. There is no beauty without it. The beautiful is not dependent upon size, form and color for its charm. One thing in nature may be subordinate to another, but it is not less lovely, even though it be the smallest flower as compared with the fullest rose.

'Can you imagine the monotony without this law? There wouldn't be much happiness if everything in nature, the flowers, the trees and the plants, were the same in size, in form and in color. We need the spice that variety gives. The diversity of it produces broader mentalities. A man, whether he be a sweeper or an expert engineer, must recognize that he is just serving a purpose. The sweeper, though menial in position and in that sense subordinate to the expert, is helping toward the complete working out of the natural law. In painting it is the juxtaposition, the shades and subordination of colors that make the masterpiece.'

❦ ❦ ❦

'Who is Dorothy Ellingson?' demanded ***the former Newspaperman*** as he strode into the office. Several men were grouped about.

'Isn't she one of the newer English writers?' ventured one.

'She's one of the Broadway characters,' opined another. 'One of the so-called butterflies.'

'Way wrong, both of you,' the former Newspaperman said. 'And a year and a half ago Dorothy Ellingson's name was on the front page of nearly every newspaper in the country. There were stories about her and stories by her, stories about what she had done and what she hadn't done, about what she had thought and what she hadn't thought. Her picture was flashed around the world. She was shown smiling, she was shown weeping and she was shown doing both and doing neither. Her name was as familiar to newspaper readers as Aimee McPherson's is today. The headline writers familiarly called her Dorothy and more familiarly called her Dot—and the newspaper readers were supposed to know who "Dot" was. Special writers were sent to interview her and write sob stories about her; psychologists were sent to interpret her to the palpitating public. She couldn't be dislodged from the front page for a month and a half. Yet here, scarcely eighteen months later, she has been forgotten. I have asked nine persons this morning who Dorothy Ellingson is—and only one could tell me.

'Dorothy Ellingson is the San Francisco girl who killed her mother.

'You remember now, of course. The association of name and facts brings the case back. The point I want to make is this: In spite of all the ballyhoo and flubdub printed, the newspaper stories did not make a sufficient impression on your minds for you to remember Dorothy Ellingson's name for even eighteen months.

'And that explodes one of the choicest of newspaper myths. Newspaper editors claim that they print all this scandal stuff because you—the reading public—demand it. Don't you suppose that if you had demanded all the intimate details the papers printed about Dorothy Ellingson, you would at least have remembered her name?'

❦ ❦ ❦

'In former times,' said ***the Southerner,*** 'every nation worthy of the name raised and trained her sons to take their part in the public life of the community and the nation. To hold public office was an honor, to be accepted even at private sacrifice, and to be discharged creditably and with the utmost conscientiousness. National greatness has been achieved always at the expense of private sacrifice. Now all this—in America, at least—seems changed. We treat politics either as a joke or as a means for gain, particularly in the larger cities. We must return to the practices of our forefathers if we are to preserve for the nation its fundamental ideals and traditions.

'This sounds well in the abstract, but it must be translated into the concrete to remedy the state of affairs to which we have come. Children must be prepared to accept public duties and offices; voters must be awakened to their responsibilities, and a new spirit of unselfish devotion to public welfare must replace the too prevalent spirit of selfish interest.'

❦ ❦ ❦

'Many people ask me why I feed these sparrows,' ***the Gateman*** said as he tossed a bit of bread crust to a black-throated sparrow at the foot of an elm. 'When I first came on out here bugs were everywhere. They ate the leaves of the shrubbery and at night fluttered around the watchhouse—a regular nuisance. One day I noticed the English sparrows eating some. I began feeding the birds part of my lunch. By feeding the birds they came to watch for me and, while waiting, ate more bugs. Now my wife puts bread crusts and cake crumbs in my lunch box and the birds and I dine together. And the insects have disappeared. I know English sparrows are considered a nuisance but they've made life bearable out here by their war on the moths and beetles.'




# Can You Tell Me?

QUESTION: Has the Government changed the quota immigration law?

ANSWER: Not basically. It has been amended to admit ex-soldiers (their wives and children) who served with the American Expeditionary Forces and were mustered out on the other side so their wives could have an opportunity to visit their old homes before coming to America. It has also been amended to admit Spanish subjects who are bona fide residents of Porto Rico but elected to retain their Spanish nationality.

QUESTION: Can we still get Government seeds from our Congressmen?

ANSWER: No. The practice was discontinued about June 30, 1923, when Congress failed to grant the usual appropriation for the purchase of the seeds.

QUESTION: Is there still Government land to be allotted to home seekers?

ANSWER: Yes. None, of course, in the original thirteen states, but a great deal in many of the other states. Special provisions for ex-service men. Homestead Bureau, of General Land Office, Interior Department, Washington, D. C., will gladly furnish detailed information. Their circular No. 1022 gives all vacant public lands as of July 1, 1925, by states and counties. Circular No. 302 relates to Soldiers' and Sailors' Homestead Rights. Those interested in the Stock-Raising Homestead Act ask for Circular No. 523.

QUESTION: Who is now using the power generated at Muscle Shoals?

ANSWER: The Alabama Power Company under what is said to be a contract subject to revocation.

QUESTION: Does Eugene Meyer, Jr., continue to be managing director of the War Finance Corporation?

ANSWER: Yes.

QUESTION: What is gun elevation?

ANSWER: The elevation of a naval gun is the angle which the axis of the bore of the gun makes with the horizontal plane at the instant of firing. It is correctly spoken of as the 'angle of elevation'; the greater this angle, between the limits zero to 45 degrees, the greater the resultant range.

QUESTION: Is there any similarity between the modern trade associations and the guilds of two hundred years ago in England?

ANSWER: Yes, some. The Guilds started out honorably to improve the conditions of their members, and some of them wound up by price-fixing. Some modern trade associations have been very helpful to their members, but some of them have a decided inclination toward price-fixing.

QUESTION: On the ledges of the three windows above the white stairway in the American Red Cross Building in Washington are the busts representing 'Faith,' 'Hope' and 'Charity.' Who are they by?

ANSWER: Hiram Powers.

QUESTION: What, in naval terms, is a 'bulge'?

ANSWER: A bulge, or 'blister' is an extra compartment built around the underwater portion of a ship to act as an extra defense against torpedo attack or airplane bombs exploding under water. The same protection is afforded by dividing compartments inside the ship into a 'honeycomb.'

*In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and kindred matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.*

QUESTION: Is it a fact that the Philippine Islands are wet? If so, why?

ANSWER: The Enforcement Division of the Prohibition Unit of the Treasury Department states that the statutory act establishing the Philippine government provides that no laws thereafter passed shall affect the government of the Philippines unless special provision is made therefor in the act itself. The Volstead Act does not make such provision. Residents of the Philippines are morally bound by the 18th Amendment, but the Volstead Act is the agency by which the 18th Amendment is enforced, and without the act to enforce the provisions of the amendment, it is ineffective.

QUESTION: Is the house in which Lincoln died in Washington still standing? If so, where is it located and for what is it used?

ANSWER: It is still standing, and located at 516—10th Street, Northwest. It is occupied by the O. H. Oldroyd Collection of Lincolniana, and Captain Oldroyd himself lives on the top floor. The collection has recently been sold to the Government.

QUESTION: When was the United States first called America?

ANSWER: It is said to have been so called for the first time about 400 years ago by a druggist named Serre, at the little town of Saint Die, in France.

QUESTION: When was the cornerstone of our National Capitol laid?

ANSWER: September 18, 1793.

QUESTION: When did the Congress move into the new wings of the Capitol?

ANSWER: The House met in their new hall for the first time December 16, 1857. It was some time later before the Senate chamber was ready. It was ready for occupancy January 4, 1859.

QUESTION: When was the battle between the Monitor and the Merrimac fought?

ANSWER: March 9, 1862.

QUESTION: How much did it cost to build the dome of the Capitol?

ANSWER: $1,047,291.89.

QUESTION: What was the first building erected in the United States for public use under the authority of the Federal Government?

ANSWER: The United States mint in Philadelphia.

QUESTION: What is meant by 'franked' mail? 'Penalty' mail?

ANSWER: 'Franked' mail is such mail as is sent free by members of Congress, while such mail as the various officers of the Government and the departments send on official business is called 'penalty' mail. 'Franked' mail usually carries the facsimile signature of the Congressman or Senator, while 'penalty' mail bears the stamp 'Official Business, Penalty for Private Use $300.'

QUESTION: When was the Capitol in Washington burned by the British?

ANSWER: August 24, 1814.

QUESTION: Is trachoma prevalent among the American Indians?

ANSWER: Yes, the Government recently put on a campaign to eradicate this dreaded eye disease from among their Indian wards. Among the 136,551 Indians examined, 27,943 were found to be suffering with trachoma. Eye operations were performed on 8,457, while more than 19,000 were given treatment, operations being considered unnecessary.

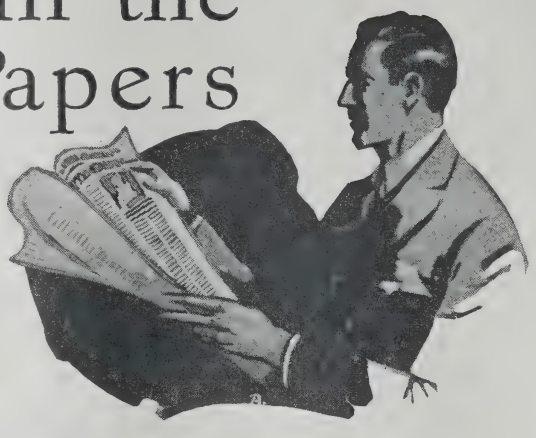
QUESTION: How much has the national debt been reduced during the past year?

ANSWER: From March 31, 1925, to March 31, 1926, it was reduced $845,677,858.64.

QUESTION: When, if ever, was authority granted the Treasury Department to pay interest to taxpayers on refunds which were erroneously or illegally assessed and collected?

ANSWER: Section 1324 of the revenue act of 1921, approved November 23, 1921, was the first provision of law granting such authority.

# I *Read* in the Papers



'It is surprising to learn that in 1924 every person in the United Kingdom, on an average, consumed one hundred apples, seventy oranges and thirty bananas. Of the apples, thirty-eight were supplied by the United States, twenty-five were grown in the United Kingdom, nineteen were imported from Canada and eight obtained from Australia and New Zealand.'

*International Friendship and Oranges*

So says the *Times* of London, commenting on the Imperial Economic Committee Report, and continues, 'Of the seventy oranges, fifty-seven were supplied by Spain, seven by Palestine, three by South Africa and one by the United States.' A Carlyle, no doubt, could take such dry-as-dust material and make a great picture of it. The average man, if he is an American, cannot fail to be interested in that one orange. Once a year, every man, woman and child in the United Kingdom eats an orange which comes from the United States. All protagonists of international amity must hope that it is a good one.

❦ ❦ ❦

*The Amazing Structure of the Earth*

The structure of this amazing universe is in a sense simple. All the 'elements' are made up of atoms that have differing electronic combinations. Thus the hydrogen atom has one electron and one proton which exist as single particles of equal but opposite electric charges. The oxygen atom has sixteen electrons and sixteen protons. The electron is so small that 50,000,000,000 would be required to form the diameter of a printed full stop. The vast heat of the interior of the stars transforms mass into energy, that is to say, into radiation. The emission and absorption of energy can only take place by whole units, which are called quanta. The universe would instantly dissolve if this were not the case. The quantum law prohibits emission of radiation except in cases, such as the sun and stars, when there are vast stores of energy. But the new physics and the new mathematics have not yet shown the internal working of the atom. Yet this we can say, that the unspeakable vastness of the universe is easier to comprehend than what Dr. Abbot calls 'the infinitesimalness of the atomic structure.' Yet there seem no limits to the discoveries that are opening for man in the essential nature of things and in his knowledge of the universe. There seems a tendency to a simplicity that peers forth after and as the result of amazing intellectual efforts. The thought that lies behind the infinitely great and the infinitely little is beginning to appear as something as simple as it is majestic and all-pervasive. The whole tendency of modern discoveries in physics and astrophysics is to emphasize a Creative and Protective Mind.

Are thinking minds limited to this little earth, a speck in the Milky Way, in the oyster-shell that holds the sun and other stars? Dr. Abbot says on this point that we may believe that 'there is great probability that there are indeed many worlds like ours, and that there is no reason either to affirm or to doubt that they contain as intelligent beings as ourselves.' This view was long ago controverted by a great thinker, but if it is true, if we may reasonably not be surprised by the existence of thinking beings in other parts of the universe, then we may also conceive that they have reached higher stages of intellectual and observational advance than we have. It would indeed not be absurd to say that some day workers observing the universe from regions far apart may observe, or rather may become conscious of, the existence of each other. Great surprises may come in the thousand years of astronomical research which Dr. Abbot thinks may be required 'to fill out the noble outlines of the structure, and reveal in its full beauty the grand system of the celestial hosts.' At the rate at which men and women are now working an even less estimate may seem appropriate. —*The Contemporary Review.*

❦ ❦ ❦

*How Society Came to the Sea*

It was the adventurous little Duchesse de Berry, the mother of the Comte de Chambord, who really led the fashionable world of France to the seaside. She came to Dieppe in 1824 and 1825 and bathed every day. And, which seemed very marvelous in those days, she was able to swim. Not, of course, that she dispensed with the services of a 'bather,' a valiant and experienced salt named Courseaux. When her Royal Highness went to bathe, she was escorted by the Director of the Baths, an elegant person clad in evening dress and white gloves, who took her by the finger and walked with her a little way into the water!

At that moment a gun announced that her Royal Highness was really in!

The Royal Duchess's example seemed so far likely to find imitators that the Parisian fashion journal *Le Journal des Dames et des Modes* thought fit to give its readers some practical hints on the subject:

'In sea-bathing you sit or stand on the shore, taking care that someone holds you from behind by the hands, lest the wave in receding carry you with it. If you dress too hastily, a certain moisture will be perceived on the skin; for sea water moistens you twice over, and you must dry yourself twice. Another excellent precaution is to wear a woollen shift. This will not reveal the form, and with it on you can take a sea bath in presence of seamen and other curious observers.'

What would this prudish *arbiter elegantiarum* have thought of the all-revealing costumes worn by the beautiful bathing nymphs depicted in our illustrated journals today!—Edmund B. d'Auvergne in *The English Review.*

❦ ❦ ❦

*Explaining the Girl of Today*

The girl of today absorbs a freedom-loving and egocentric conception of life almost from the time she is able to walk. The books that she reads, her social *milieu*, her companions, her school, often the home itself, all conspire to impress upon her a view of life which leaves out of account the social and functional aspects of womanhood. Most important of all is the influence of the school. Girls' schools are staffed to a very large extent by teachers themselves deeply impregnated with feminist ideas, and whose typical life-outlook is that of the independent bachelor woman who understands little or nothing of the problems of sex and marriage. At the most plastic period of development girls spend years subject to this kind of influence.—Meyrick Booth in *The Nineteenth Century and After.*

❦ ❦ ❦

*Breton Tale Accounts for Sea Salt*

Once upon a time, according to a Breton folktale, a fisherman fell in love with a siren who, leading him to a rock by the seashore, gave him in a magic cup a draught, nectar to the taste, which would make him follow her forever. The fisherman put the draught to his lips and was about to drink it when, of a sudden, he remembered the sweetheart he had left behind in his own village. He dashed the cup, therefore, into the sea; and the love potion, spreading over the waves, turned them to the salt waters we know today.

It is a suggestive tale to those who are interested in human nature because it convicts out of their own mouth, as it were, that large proportion of Bretons who live by the sea and by the fruits thereof. It convicts them of being, unconsciously no doubt but none the less painfully, on the horns of a dilemma. They love the sea: they fear it. God, they say, created the earth: the Devil created the sea in order to drown the earth. When it is remembered that about half the fishers and sailors of France are Bretons, this dilemma might seem to suggest disquieting cowardice of spirit, were it not also borne in mind that racially the Bretons are not as the rest of France and that he only is brave who advances in the face of fear.—W. Branch Johnston in *The Contemporary Review.*



# Briefly Told



AN ANIMAL STRONG as a mule, possessing as great intelligence and able to withstand terrific heat, has been produced on a Kansas farm. It has been christened a 'zebroid,' being a cross between a zebra and a Percheron.

THURLOW LIEURANCE, composer of 'By the Waters of Minnetonka,' recently made his first visit to Lake Minnetonka. On an Indian reservation in Montana Lieurance received his inspiration from the song of a Sioux Indian.

CATNIP IS BEING grown by the United States Biological Survey. The oil obtained from the plant is to be used in trapping mountain lions. Catnip is a lure for all members of the cat tribe, save the cheetah, or hunting leopard, of India.

FRENCH FLIERS HAVE adopted as their patron saint Father Carnus, whose name will soon be entered for canonization. He made a memorable balloon ascension August 6, 1784



MUNICIPAL guards in full uniforms, with bayonets at their sides, saw to it that there was no cheating at the matriculation examination of Sorbonne University.

CHARLES II was probably the first king ever to use the classified columns of a newspaper. The *Mercurius Politicus*, published in 1660, regularly carried the king's advertisements for the return of lost dogs, hawks and falcons.

TORNADOES IN THE United States during 1925 numbered 115, and caused aggregate damage of $25,000,000.

THE HEAD OF A London art school has evolved a plan for the relief of young artists unable to sell their pictures by having them rent their works. A charge of $5 a year is made for a picture valued at $250.

IN VARIOUS English schools pupils are sent in groups to historical places of Europe to study history first-hand. The groups are in charge of teachers and children pay their own expenses.

AN OIL COATING IN THE barrel of a gun affects the elevation of the shot, recent Government tests show.

WHEN NO HUMANS OR ANIMALS are handy, the mosquito lives largely on plant juices.

A SPEECHLESS GOLF tournament was held by fifteen women members of a Nebraska golf club.



A WASHINGTON WOMAN was recently arrested and fined for driving an automobile with one arm around a pet poodle.

EARLY SAXON PENNIES had four grooves in them so that they could be easily broken. Each section was called a fourthing, the word later being corrupted to farthing.

AN EXPLORER in Africa tells of a beauty show held in the heart of the jungle. Five hundred young women entered, and the winner was judged by the perfection of her feet.

HOLIDAYS BY AIR have become a recognized feature now in London and special tourist tickets have proved a great incentive to travelers.

THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO was shocked at the exhibition of the Charleston he witnessed in Paris. He declared: 'It is very curious. I don't understand how men can allow their wives and daughters to join in it.'

AN APPARATUS FOR DISPERSING fog is being developed at the Philadelphia Naval Aircraft Factory. A simple charging screen, a transformer with rectifying device, an airplane propeller, and a meter, all mounted on a truck, will electrify 700,000 cubic feet of air a minute and cut a path 2,000 feet wide and 1,000 feet high through a fog.



IN THE BELIEF that outside radio aërials were drawing thunderstorms, irate Hungarian farmers tried to wreck them. They were stopped only by arrival of the police.

'PSYCHOLOGICAL demobilization' of the Italian people has been ordered by Premier Mussolini. Newspapers are forbidden to print incendiary material tending to keep alive the 'bellicose terminology and spirit.'

OF THE 3,000,000 MILES of highway in the United States, approximately 500,000 are reported as improved roads.

A GIANT CAULIFLOWER in Australia grows four feet high. Pegs are driven into the stems to retard growth which, when too rapid, leads to rankness.

BOBBED HAIR HAS BEEN the fashion among Albanian women for 2,000 years.

TUESDAY HAS REPLACED Monday as the general American washday.

THE WHITE HOUSE has had telephone communication for forty-five years, the first instrument being installed by order of President Grant.

ANIMAL SHRINES IN JAPAN have been ordered destroyed as a detriment to progress. Thousands of the shrines, relics of former worship of foxes, snakes and other animals, exist.

AT LEAST THREE VESSELS have been known to go over Niagara Falls.



A KNIFE FROM which peas would not roll, invented by an Englishman, is now preserved in the British museum. It has a spoon-shaped depression at the end of the blade.

B-A-G-D-A-D HAS BEEN designated by the United States Geographic Board as the correct spelling for the famous Arabian Nights city, rather than Baghdad.

THE EAST COAST OF ENGLAND is rapidly being eaten away by the sea. The town of Dunwich lies beneath the waves, and Holderness is fighting a losing battle.

A HALF-MILLION PEOPLE live on the desert lands of the Sahara.

BIG GAME ANIMALS ARE increasing in the National Parks. Elk have multiplied to such an extent as to make necessary a special open season in some of the parks, during which a limited number may be killed.

THE JAIL AT YELLOWSTONE National Park, not having had a prisoner in the thirty-two years of its existence, has been torn down.

HORSES OF THE LONDON police department are being experimentally shod with rubber shoes



# NOTES · COMMENTS CRITICISMS

Mr. Ford's Page this week discusses facts and their relation to life.

ɤ ɤ ɤ

The airplane of tomorrow is being developed today. Hazards are rapidly being eliminated. Aviation is taking its place beside the other modes of transportation. William B. Stout is recognized as one of the foremost experts in the country. This article describes the planes that will soon be dotting the skies—the small, privately owned machines and the great trans-ocean liners. (p. 1)

ɤ ɤ ɤ

*'You can fool all the people some of the time and some of the people all the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time.'—Did Lincoln say it? And where? History has long attributed the phrase to him, but history often errs. And the phrase can be found in none of his writings. William E. Barton believes that Lincoln did say it. He bases his belief on evidence found during an exhaustive research in Illinois.* (p. 8)



William E. Barton.

ɤ ɤ ɤ

No man living, probably, excels Dr. Barton as an authority on Lincoln. His *Life of Lincoln* is accepted as standard, and he is the author of several supplementary works on the Great Emancipator. Dr. Barton's story, 'The Truth About the Bixby Letter,' which appeared in THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT last February, has just been republished in brochure form. The present article also forms an important contribution to the nation's Lincolniana. (p. 8)

ɤ ɤ ɤ

The cowboy has not followed the buffalo to extinction. On the contrary, he is more numerous than ever. But the ranch-hand of the present differs vastly from the fictionized cowpuncher of the past. Donald Hough, who knows the West as do few other writers, paints a vivid picture of this cowboy of today. (p. 4)

ɤ ɤ ɤ

Pennsylvania—home of Secretary Mellon, generalissimo of prohibition—has the reputation of being one of the wettest states in the Union. It has been helped to that reputation by its numerous distilleries which manufacture alcohol, *under Government permit*, supposedly for legitimate purposes. John D. Erwin, Washington correspondent for a New York newspaper, describes the activities of some of these distilleries—and tells how alcohol is withdrawn. (p. 7)

ɤ ɤ ɤ

From Harry McDevitt, editor, Durango, Colorado: 'I get considerable food for thought from your paper, and am very glad to receive it. I am by no means in complete harmony with views expressed, but approve of many of them, and always appreciate an opportunity to look at the landscape through the other fellow's glasses.'

ɤ ɤ ɤ

From R. L. Moore, president, Mars Hill College, North Carolina: 'I want to thank you for THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. It discusses vital themes in vigorous style, seems truer to the old ideals than is common nowadays, and fills a unique place.'

ɤ ɤ ɤ

From L. C. Lowrey, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma: 'After reading THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT for six months I find I cannot be without it.'

ɤ ɤ ɤ

From Herman J. Brown, Hollywood, California: 'Your Puritan article is certainly a farce . . . Too bad the Plymouth Rock didn't land on the Pilgrims.'

ɤ ɤ ɤ

From L. E. Cowly, Wichita Falls, Texas: 'I have been reading THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT for several years and have read every issue, and I want to say to you that your July 24th issue is the best I have ever read. Everything in this issue is good, but I want to commend you especially for the article on limelighters.'

*A half-century ago a young college student sat before a log fire in a spacious Cambridge home and listened, entranced, while an older man talked. The boy was Julian Hawthorne, son of Nathaniel Hawthorne. The man was James Russell Lowell, one of the best loved of New England's great coterie. This week Julian tells of that talk and others, tells of Lowell's vivid life and charming personality—tells of the man himself as no one else now living can.* (p. 12)



Julian Hawthorne.

ɤ ɤ ɤ

London has many bizarre and interesting clubs. Among them is 'Our Society,' a group of noted authors and criminologists. And among its members are Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, famous as creator of Sherlock Holmes and equally famous as a believer in spiritism, and W. Teignmouth Shore, noted British journalist. Here's a story about Sir Arthur by Mr. Shore. (p. 3)

ɤ ɤ ɤ

*Do the spirits of criminals suggest, from another world, crimes for humans to perpetrate?* Conan Doyle believes they do; and he points to the known fact that one crime is often followed by a series of similar crimes. Whatever your views on spiritism, you will want to read of his theory. It is an amazing blend of Sherlock Holmes logic and psychic postulation. (p. 3)

ɤ ɤ ɤ

There lives in New York a detective who might have been conjured into fiction as Sherlock Holmes. He has reached preëminence in his profession through his ability to observe minute details which others overlook. Fred C. Kelly is well equipped to describe him. Besides his wide experience as magazine writer, Mr. Kelly served during the World War as special agent of the Department of Justice. (p. 16)

ɤ ɤ ɤ

James W. Beckman, sergeant major in the A. E. F., who forced a Congressional investigation into the court-martial system, continues his story of the abuse of power by certain American officers. (p. 6) . . . Easton T. Kelsey writes of the remarkable discoveries of the Second University of Michigan Expedition at Antioch. (p. 15) . . .Tom Everritt tells of the changes that have come in the White House in the past hundred years or so. (p. 19)

## CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE


From the Ground Up - - - - - - - - - - 1
*William B. Stout*
Conan Doyle on the Psychic Side of Crime - - 3
*W. Teignmouth Shore*
The West Has More Cowboys Than Ever - - 4
*Donald Hough*
Are Soldiers' Rights Safeguarded? - - - - - 6
*James W. Beckman*
Enforcing Prohibition in Mr. Mellon's Own State - - - - - - - - - - - - 7
*John D. Erwin*
Fooling the People—Did Lincoln Say It? - - 8
*William E. Barton*
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - - - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
James Russell Lowell - - - - - - - - - 12
*Julian Hawthorne*
Where Early Christians Worshiped - - - - - 15
*Easton T. Kelsey*
A Man Who Lives by What He Sees - - - - 16
*Fred C. Kelly*
Chats With Office Callers - - - - - - - - 28
Can You Tell Me? - - - - - - - - - - - 29
I Read in the Papers - - - - - - - - - - 30


SUBSCRIPTION PRICE in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies, $1.50 a year; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year. Single copy, five cents.

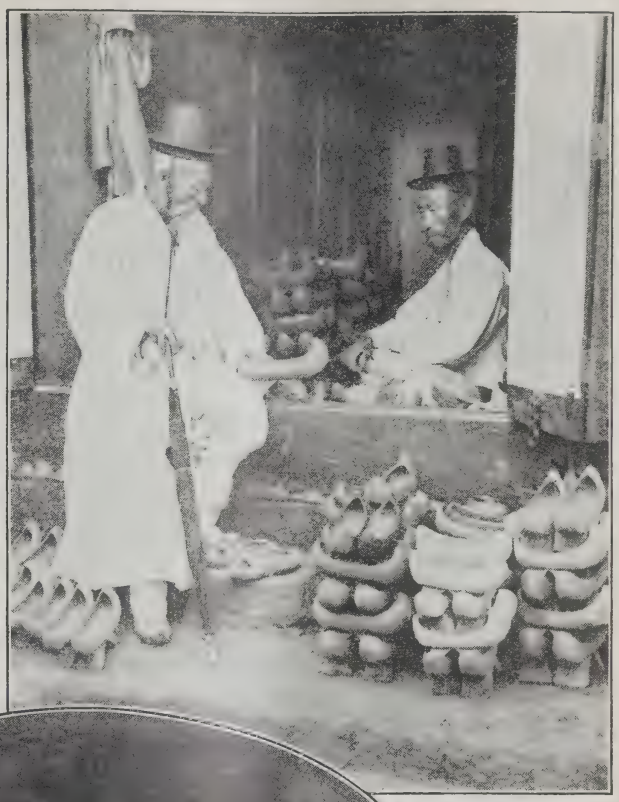
CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. State both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.

# *Potpourri from* CAMERA LAND

Although there may be 'nothing new under the sun,' the photographers continue to prove that there is no end of things curious.



*Above*—How much has the oven to do with the quality of the baking? Here we present a baker who has put her faith—and her dough—in an oven made of field stones collected almost in the shadow of Mt. Shasta, California. *George R. King Photo.*



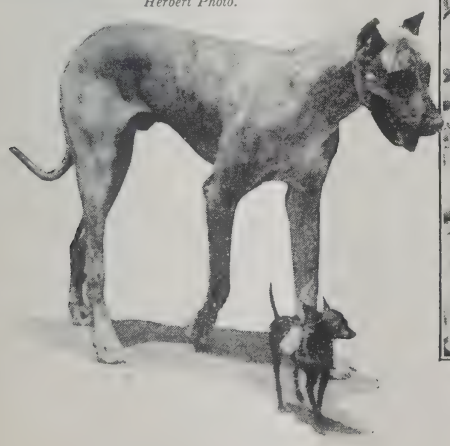
*(C) Ewing Galloway.*

*Above*—An enterprising merchant of Korea and a customer in a business transaction over a pair of wooden shoes. The style of costume signifies that these men are opposed to Japanese rule.



*Oval*—How a fly would appear if enlarged 150 times, according to the Natural History Museum, of London. This institution has acquired a collection of giant models of insect pests. *Herbert Photo.*

*Below*—'You have a powerful bark for your size,' said the giant to the pigmy at a Los Angeles dog show. *Herbert Photo.*





*(C) Ewing Galloway.*

From the appearance of things, doing the family laundering in Como, Italy, must assume much the aspect of a social gathering, where the lady from A Street is enabled to meet the lady from B Street, and exchange all the confidences they have a mind to.

THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIV. OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL



*Drawing by J. C. Graham*

# SPITE

CROMWELL and some other wights who lived in England long ago, grew tired of battling for their rights, grew tired of governmental woe. King Charles, a most wrong-headed man, was reigning with his scepter there; it seemed to be his misfit plan to ball things up beyond repair. It was a sin the way he reigned, he'd prove his power at any cost; people murmured and complained and said the monarch was a frost.

John Hampden to O. Cromwell cried, 'The limit's reached, I'll stand no more; I'll board a moral ship and slide from England to a foreign shore. America looks good to me, there tyrants do not scourge one's back, and so I'll journey o'er the sea, and make my home in Hackensack.'

'I'm with you, John,' O. Cromwell said, 'I'm weary of this British isle; the king, he keeps me seeing red, who used to dance and sing and smile. I'll leave my breweries and farms, I'll cross the ocean with my aunt; Hoboken surely has its charms, and there I'll start a bottling plant.'

They wound up then their home affairs and reached a vessel in the bay, and hoped that sweet and gentle airs would blow them softly on their way. King Charles, he sat upon his throne, and fiddled with his costly crown; his gossip told, in eager tone, the news he'd gathered in the town. He told how Cromwell and his crowd were even then upon a ship which was arranging sail and shroud to make a transatlantic trip. Charles smiled in triumph; 'Now,' quoth he, 'I'll circumvent that bunch of bores; I'll issue straightway my decree, so not a ship shall leave these shores.' The which he did, and from their ship emerged the Cromwell delegates, with burning words that well might rip the hides of foolish royal skates. They did not come to this fair land, they did not cross the stormy sea, to join our bright Kiwanis band, or make a splash in Rotary. They stayed at home to plan and fight that freedom might be widely spread, to show the king how childish spite could make a monarch lose his head.

—WALT MASON.

DEA RR

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

THE LIBRARY OF THE

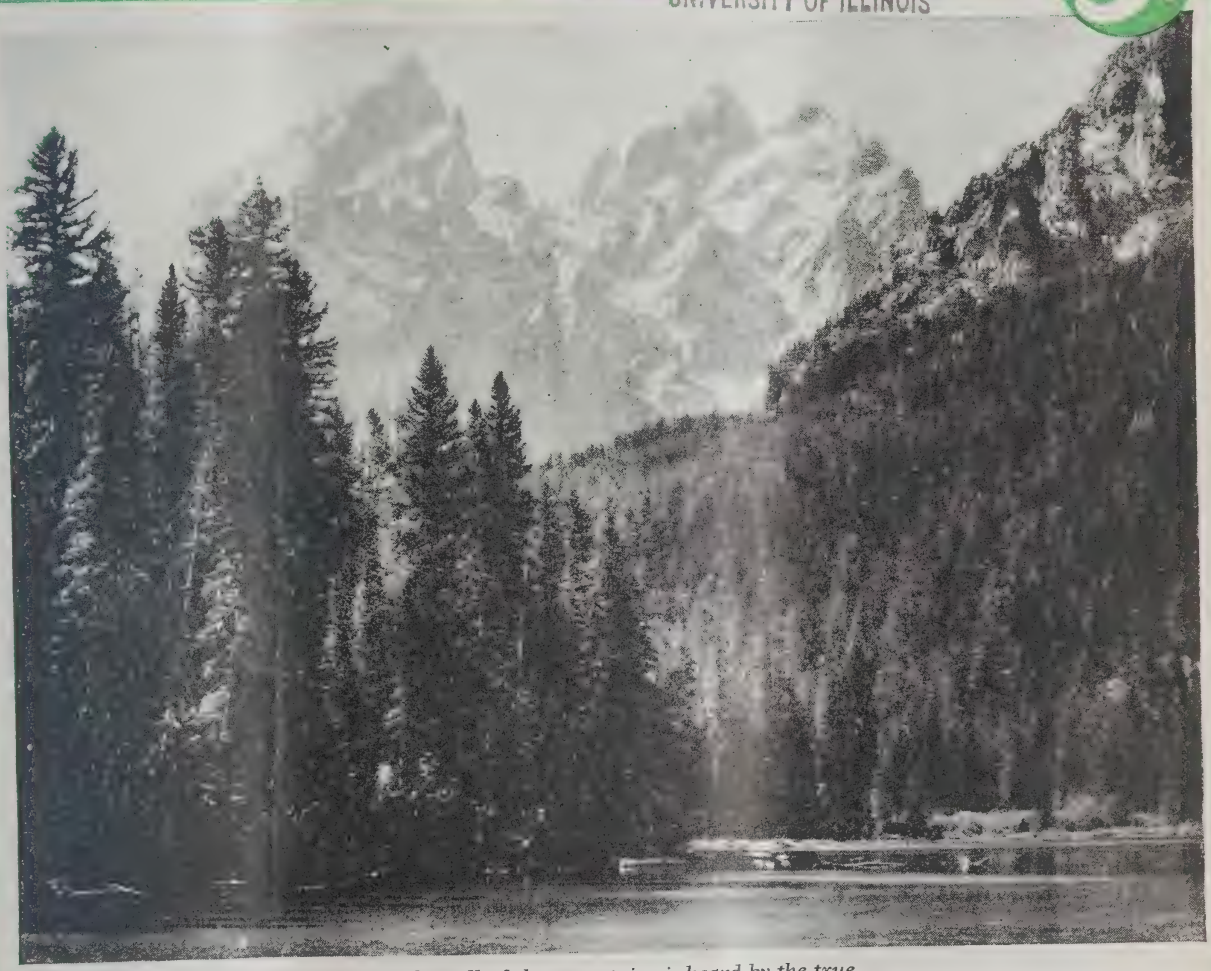
Volume 26, Number 48.

$1.50 a Year

SEPTEMBER 18, 1926

SEP 20 1926
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

5¢



*—'the call of the mountains is heard by the true mountaineer, and he returns again and again to their inmost sanctuaries.'* (Page 19 of this issue.)

## THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT
*The Cause of Nervous Breakdown*
JOSEPH E. COLLINS

## THE OLD-TIME REVIVAL
*Its Rôle—Yesterday and Today*
WILLIAM E. BARTON

## HOW TO GET THE MOST OUT OF READING
THOMAS L. MASSON

## CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

# A Tour *of* Distant Lands *via* Camera

'Better to Have Seen *by Picture* Than Not to Have Seen *At All!*'



(C) Ewing Galloway.

*A road-building gang is a common sight, but not when the workmen are crushing rock with small sledge hammers, as shown in the picture above, made near Jerusalem. The speed of the crew must be astounding. Women have a place right along with the men on this job.*



Photos, Henry Miller.

*When one is in a foreign country and wants a drink, he may find it convenient to hail a walking dispenser of water and beverages. Three from various foreign lands are in the group presented here.*

*The top one bent under his curious burden is a Turk. The next is a Serbian, who believes that a drink is not a drink unless it comes from an ornate fountain such as his. The third is an Egyptian, content with a fancy jug. Each one of them deals only in lemonade.*



Herbert Photos, Inc.

*Natives of the Torres Straits Islands, dancing the game of tennis.*



Keystone View

*A thrill on a bridge in Ireland.*

Vol. 26 No. 48
SEPTEMBER 18
1926
Published Weekly by
THE DEARBORN
PUBLISHING COMPANY
Dearborn - - Michigan

The
DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer; C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

## The Doctor Looks at

# *The* Cause *of* Nervous Breakdown

By JOSEPH COLLINS
*Illustrated by* W. W. CLARKE

IN MY early days of the practice of medicine the ailment that I heard mentioned most frequently by patients and their friends was 'a kind of malaria.' The one I hear now is 'nervous breakdown.' The former meant little, the latter means less.

There is a disease neurasthenia, first described by a New York physician, Doctor Beard, fifty years ago, and called by Europeans 'the American disease,' which might be entitled to the designation; but that is not the one that is meant when my friends and acquaintances use the term. When they want to convey that they or one of their relatives have or have had neurasthenia, they speak of it as nervous prostration. I have no quarrel with that name, though neurasthenia is a better one. It means weakness or loss of tone of the nervous system. In the beginning of the present century it was thought to be a very common disease. That was before we knew much about the nervous system, and practically nothing about the part of it that is connected up with the organs of secretions that we hear so much of these days, the 'glands.'

The sympathetic nervous system runs the glands and, year by year, we are learning something about them despite the activities of the endocrinologist. It was also before we knew much about mental disorders and less about psychology. It was a time when I frequently heard doctors say: 'I know nothing about nervous diseases, nor does anyone else for that matter.' Today we know more about them than we do of most diseases save those due to specific organisms like pneumonia and diphtheria. The physician who does not know about nervous diseases should have his license revoked. It would be a hopeful sign were the laity to get a grasp of them too, particularly of those that are included under 'nervous breakdowns.'

Before they can accomplish it, they must get the right attitude toward the whole question.

The vast majority of so-called 'nervous breakdowns' are mental disorders. It is difficult for the laity to believe that those who suffer mental disorder are not usually insane. Insanity, conventionally, is a matter of conduct. One may be as full of insane ideas as a bank is of money, and still be sane in the light of the law and in the eye of his neighbor, if his conduct does not express these insane ideas. On the other hand, the possessor of such ideas is 'insane' from the physician's standpoint, for at any moment the ideas may condition conduct prejudicial to his welfare and to the safety of the community.

The majority of people visualize an insane person as a raving lunatic, but for one who raves there are ten who do not and the most deeply dyed of all lunatics, the paranoiac is far too foreseeing and determined either to rave or ramble. He plans and plots with great discernment and always with tremendous energy; he surmounts obstacles and overcomes difficulties that baffle, impede and discourage the average sane person; and he has self-confidence and self-belief that transcend understanding.

It is difficult also for the layman to believe that there are many varieties of mental disorder which are different in their origin, in their display, course and termination, and he positively refuses to believe that an individual may be insane one moment, one hour, one day, and not the next moment, hour or day. He is loath also to accept the fact that persons with mental disorders do not display their symptoms with anything like uniformity, yet should they stop to think about it and reflect upon their own moods and reactions they would realize that the persons whose intellects and emotions are disordered must necessarily have greater variability of 'feelings,' and expression of them, than the person whose psychic equilibrium is on a fairly



*In my early days of the practice of medicine the ailment that I heard mentioned most frequently by patients and their friends was 'a kind of malaria.'*



*We begin to throw fear into children as soon as they betray the first glimmer of intelligence, and keep it up until they escape from parental influence.*

even keel. And he is adamant to the suggestion that mental disorder, whether it constitutes insanity or not, is disease, and should be treated accordingly.

No one needs to be told that many of us like to talk about the bodily illnesses we have, and boast about those we have surmounted. It is equally true that we shrink from acknowledging that our minds have ever been other than in the very best order.

The reason mental disorders are called 'nervous breakdowns' is that it is considered disgraceful to admit their existence, either in one's person, or in one's ascendants or descendants. It is a patency of good form to have gout, and especially to have had a gouty parent, but it is a blot on the escutcheon to have experienced an attack of exaltation, to have a father who was subject to tricks of thought or action, an aunt who was afraid to go near an open window lest she should throw herself from it, or a cousin who was morbidly shy. In reality the person who has gout should beat his breast while saying '*mea culpa*,' for that disorder in nine cases out of ten is an admission of presumptuous sin, and gouty ancestors should be denied.

On the other hand, mental disorder is something for which one is rarely personally responsible. Like original sin, it is thrust upon one. There are thousands of persons in this country who believe that disease is a sin. I am willing to admit that it is both a sin and a crime, but the roadway leading to many sins is so yielding underfoot and so banked with alluring flowers that most of us find it difficult to take the stony one flanked with thorns.

So long as religion, convention and society insist that we treat our instincts, and particularly the genesic instinct, not only as the chief source of sin, but as something to be ashamed of instead of looking upon it as a fountain of love, light and life and our noblest and most godlike possession, we are going to have nervous and mental diseases, for the exciting cause of most of them is repressing, or improperly and indiscreetly indulging that instinct.

Save the comparatively few mental diseases that flow from syphilis and alcoholism, the predisposing causes of most burdening and incapacitating mental disorders are rooted in hereditary and acquired influences wholly beyond the victim's control. They are not, however, in a measure, beyond parental control. In other words, the chief causes of mental disorder aside from the hereditary predisposition is improper bringing up. To enumerate and describe the hiatuses of parental enlightenment would require discussion of relation of hirelings to infants and children, moral education, character building, habit formation, sex instruction and the theory and practice of modern education; its aims, accomplishments and failures. That would be a large order.

In a general way, it may be said that heredity is the taproot of mental disorder, fear is the root-fibrils, ignorance or, better said, misinformation about our whence, and wrong direction about our whither, the soil. Until recently, fear was believed to be instinctive in human beings, but today it is the concensus of experimental psychologists and observant parents that most fears are acquired: the creation of grown-ups, and chance.

Fear of the Lord is doubtless as Solomon said a fountain of life, but all other fear is a life extinguisher.

There are as many varieties of fears as there are of ferns, and more. Some of them are concrete and specific: fear of disease, death, disasters; others are so vague and indefinite that they constitute what may be called apprehension, and awareness of impending calamity. Fear is so closely interwoven into man that it forms an integral part of his make-up. The time the weaving is done is infancy and early childhood; the weavers are parents, servants, educators and ecclesiastics; the result, misery, inadequacy, disease. Once it is in, it can never be wholly eradicated.

There is one justifiable fear: the one that we are assured is the beginning of wisdom. All others are anathema.

We purged the world of yellow fever and malaria; we are on the way to purge it of the white (*Concluded on page 22*)

*Socialism*

# Through the Eyes *of the* Churchman

By G. A. STUDDERT KENNEDY

('WOODBINE WILLIE')

WHITHER goest thou? That is the question which Life is always asking of men and nations, and on the answer to it their fate depends. It is for all of us the riddle of the Sphinx. If we answer rightly we may be crowned kings; if we answer wrongly we go back to the beasts of the field.

The best and truest answer man can give is, 'God alone knows.' That might seem to some to be the answer of despair, but in reality it is the answer of hope enthroned with power. God alone knows, but He *does know*, and it is by reference to Him that we can find out. It is precisely and exactly because we have left God out that we are, as so many of us are, in such a state of mental muddle and confusion. If God is left out, if the infinite principle of righteousness and right thinking is left out, all our ideas about property and the rights of property are plunged into confusion.

That is what has happened. The Socialist is right in his feeling that the root of the evil lies somewhere in or about the laws and customs regulating the rights of private property.

This was perceived years ago, and exactly stated by one who was by no means a Socialist. James Madison, one of the authors of the American Constitution, put the truth exactly when he wrote in the *Federalist*:

'The diversity in the faculties and powers of men, from whom the rights of property originate, is not less an insuperable barrier to a uniformity of interests. The protection and development of these faculties and powers is the first object of government. A landed interest, a manufacturing interest, a mercantile interest, a moneyed interest grow up of necessity in civilized nations, and divide them into different classes, actuated by different sentiments and views. The regulation of these various interfering interests forms the principal task of modern legislation, and involves the spirit of party and faction in the necessary and ordinary operations of the government.'

That could not be more carefully and exactly stated. It is as true today as it was a hundred years ago.

'Quite so,' says my friend, the Socialist. 'The unequal distribution of property is the root cause of faction and class war, therefore abolish private property, and the trick is done; faction and class war go, too.'

But Old Man Madison was no hasty, shallow thinker; he was deeper than that. Look at that first sentence again: 'The diversity in the faculties and powers of men, from which the rights of property originate, is not less an insuperable barrier to a uniformity of interests. The protection and development of these faculties and powers are the first objects of government.'

He says that the different and unequal powers of men are the roots of the matter, and that these natural inequalities must not be abolished but protected and developed under proper regulation.

When you face that fact you get down to it properly. It takes all sorts to make a world, especially a modern world, and each sort must be free to make his contribution if the world is to grow. It is commonly assumed that any fool can own property, but if he is a fool he doesn't own it long. A fool and his money soon part.

Now, it is a disaster to the community if the bulk of its property owners are fools and knaves, because if that is so the property will be badly administered and wastefully used. The truth is that property owning is a difficult and responsible job, and that we need above all things wise and honest men to do it.

The Socialist believes that popular election by ballot will secure infallibly the wisest and most honest men to administer the property of the community. He is a man of great faith. Such faith is beyond me; I cannot attain unto it. To put the capital aggregations of the community within the reach and under the pressure of popular clamor and party scheming seems to me to be the surest road out of the frying pan into the fire.

If the property owners had to manage their property with one eye on the facts and figures and the other on the ballot box, efficient management would become impossible. If popularly (*Concluded on page 27*)



*(C) Keystone View Company.*

*One of the agitations occasionally heard in our day is for the equal division of property. It sounds easy to take from one and give to another, yet the question is far more intricate than that. The Reverend G. A. Studdert Kennedy ('Woodbine Willie'), well-known padre of the war forces in France and now chaplain to King George, presents a new viewpoint.*

## Thomas L. Masson Asks and Answers the Question:

# *What* Books Are *Worth While*—and *Why?*

RIGHT information on the subject of books is very rare. Almost all persons who, familiar with the subject, furnish lists of books, overplay their part. For instance, a recent list of books for children, furnished by an undoubtedly competent woman librarian, ran into the hundreds. To get through only a small part of it would require a lifetime, and any child who attempted it would be a centenarian before he finished. There is another thing about modern books which is apt to mislead innocent people, and that is the almost supernatural skill displayed in playing them up, so that one gets the impression that: Here is a world-beater; here is the best thing ever printed; here is an epoch-maker. A little later on this book vanishes out of sight, and persons who have bought it, and leave it on their tables, smile sheepishly when you ask them if they really got anything out of it.

One of the best sellers of the present moment is a case in point. The manuscript for this book was sold to a leading periodical for $380. It lay around for a year and there was indeed some doubt as to whether it would be published at all. However, it finally came out, attracting no attention. The author had sold the copyright to the periodical, but, having friends among the publicity experts and book reviewers, she persuaded the periodical to turn over the copyright to her. She induced one or two leading authors to read the book and help her out with notices. The book—which was what we call a book of the moment—'caught on' and she has already made perhaps $100,000 out of it. Yet in a year or more from now it will be completely forgotten.

When Edith Wharton's *The House of Mirth* came out, leasing authors pronounced it a masterpiece. A prominent book reviewer was so carried away by it that he pronounced it not only 'the great American novel' but the best novel of all time. As I now recall it, Richard Watson Gilder, then editor of the *Century Magazine*, stated about the same thing.

Similarly, George du Maurier's *Trilby* was hailed by critics on both sides of the Atlantic as a masterpiece, and we all remember how Svengali was advertised and how so many articles were *trilbyized* in advertising.

As a matter of fact, both *The House of Mirth* and *Trilby* are excellent books, and can be read now with pleasure.



*A man writes a successful book and thereupon writes a succession, more or less duplicating the first. There is one book in any one man, but rarely more.*

A prominent American writer produced last year a biography, and the week it was issued she called on every literary editor in New York and in several instances selected the man who wrote the review of her book. These reviews appeared almost simultaneously, so that the combined effect was not unlike that which P. T. Barnum produced when he came to town. The book was hailed far and wide as a masterpiece. When it got to England, however, the British critics, who secretly despise American scholarship, roasted the book, and even to this day refer to it in terms of contempt.

On the other hand, Theodore Dreiser wrote his books for many years, refusing to compromise with anyone, and while he was declared by a few insiders to be one of the best writers America has produced, his books did not sell until this year, when his *American Tragedy* was issued. It is reported that movie rights for this book were sold for $90,000. But these estimates are usually open to suspicion. Undoubtedly, however, Dreiser has made a lot of money out of his book, and is now on Easy Street. Probably from this time his work will deteriorate, as few modern writers can resist the lure of the lucre. In my opinion, he is a first-rate writer in his fidelity to what he believes to be true. He doesn't dodge anything, and this is high merit.

With reference to the question, What is a Liberal Education? and to be of some service to those dead-in-earnest persons throughout the country who really want to know what are the best books, the following observations may be of value.

First, it must be remembered that, while it is undoubtedly true that our recent increased material prosperity has given the great mass of people more leisure than ever, or at least more freedom in the use of their time, it is also true that our time is very much more taken up with a greater variety of things to do—foolish and footless as many of these are.

Many business men during the past few years have discovered that they can get more real recreation and benefit out of reading solid books than in any other way. One man particularly, a member of a large accounting firm, goes about the country dealing with the heads of large corporations. During the past year he has read biographies of Washington, Lincoln, *Pepys' Diary* (in part, of course), Greek history, Gamaliel Bradford's biographies (nearly all), and Russian history. The other day he was going on a vacation and cast about for a book. A large list of modern novels was suggested to him. 'They make me sick,' was his comment. He finally decided on Bassett's *History of the United States* and later he reported that he had sat up nights at a seaside resort reading. This man plays

golf and makes a score of 80 frequently. He is 'a regular guy.'

The fine art of conversation has recently been lambasted more or less by many writers, including Chris Morley and Albert Nock. But the fact is, in this country it is improving rapidly, and especially among business men.

In this respect the war was a great help because it gave a large number of Americans, who had hitherto but scant knowledge of anything but their own small communities, a vision of the world at large.

Also, the whole standard of business intercourse has been raised. Practically every advertisement which appears in a leading periodical or paper is a true statement, based on accurate information. So it is that men have discovered that to sell goods it is not necessary to lie, but only to produce goods that are useful to others. The result of all this—so briefly indicated here—is that everywhere, all over this country, men are seeking a wider culture.

Thus we come back to our second proposition, which is that a fair, working knowledge of the essentials of history and literature is necessary, not because of its direct value but because it really saves our time in keeping us from being fooled by so much modern stuff, which, under the cheap guise of the moment, offers us, in the superficial vocabulary of the day, the old thoughts which have been so much better expressed.

For instance, a quiet perusal of Emerson's *Essays*, which might take a few weeks, would dispose entirely of the necessity for reading anything by Frank Crane. It is only fair to Dr. Crane, however, to say that while he has undoubtedly derived much of his raw material from Emerson and la Rochefoucauld, he has managed to mingle with this some homely wisdom of his own, and is undoubtedly a genius at the rare art of 'putting things.'

Still, we must conserve our forces. And when it becomes known that the constant reading of half a dozen books, long since written, will give us all that has ever been known or doubtless ever will be known about certain fundamental things, many modern writers will have to seek other means of support.

This does not mean, of course, that modern writers are not useful and in many cases necessary. But it does mean that we shall learn to discriminate more and more keenly among them. That we are now beginning to do this is indicated in the improvement of our talk. Business men no longer pass their time in telling risqué stories or relating their doubtful adventures, but they are more concerned with the fundamental principles of conduct, world in and world out.



*Pambo's friend began with the first verse of the 39th Psalm.*



*First find out what writers are worth while and then read the one thing they have written which is worth while; the books about philosophy would fill a library, yet it is all comprehended in a little volume; as for religious information, it also is contained in a little volume.*

*Illustrated by* AUSTIN EUGENE BRIGGS

As for the merits and defects of modern books, one may be cited, namely, Spengler's *Decline of the West*, the first volume of which has recently been published. This book is full of big ideas. It is a great corrective to so much that in past history has been wrongly conceived. In fact, for one who has the patience to read it, it furnishes a fine kick. But it is so long and so involved, and presupposes so much intricate learning on the part of the reader himself, that to read it is almost like having a fit of sickness. One needs to hire a room in a hospital, where one can be undisturbed for several weeks, to get through with it.

Here I must repeat the story told of S. Pambo, a famous old ascetic who lived toward the end of the Fourth Century, as related by S. Baring-Gould:

> Not being learned in letters, Pambo sought a man who could read, to teach him the Psalter. His friend began with the first verse of the 39th Psalm: 'I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I offend not with my tongue.'
>
> 'That will do for to-day,' said Pambo, and went his way. He did not return for six months, and was chidden.
>
> 'It is hard to learn that one verse,' answered Pambo; 'I have not mastered it yet.'

Many years after someone asked him about that verse. 'It has taken me nineteen years to learn it, and I am not perfect in it yet,' he replied.

In an age where such uncanny skill is revealed in meeting demand, it has been inevitable that publishers should respond generally to (*Concluded on page 18*)

## The Scientist Is the Most Effectual

# Agent *for* Democracy

## *Says Edwin E. Slosson*

By FRANK M. CHASE

THROUGH their journals and societies the scientific men of America have long kept one another informed of their discoveries and achievements —the raw material out of which far-reaching industrial and sociological advances are made. The general public, however, for which research is undertaken and by which its expense is ultimately borne, has been woefully slow in getting the results of the scientist's work. Too many years have elapsed between the new reaction in the test tube and the new manufacturing process.

The explanation is simple. It is not the scientist's business to promulgate and exploit his findings. His work is with fundamentals. On the other hand the newspaper reporter, should he find the scientists' convention among his assignments, ordinarily is not familiar enough with the particular science involved to understand and appreciate its message, let alone having the time to put it into an accurate and readable form for the man in the street.

The liaison between the scientific worker and those for whom he is working is weak. As a result, the utilization of his findings is left much to chance, save where research is undertaken privately and for specific manufacturing ends. Obviously here is one place where another middleman is needed.

In Edwin E. Slosson the world has such a middleman. Ever since the appearance of *Creative Chemistry* his name has been almost synonymous with popularized science. But he is more than a translator, an interpreter of scientific language. He is acquainting the people with the great place of science in modern life and awakening them to its cultural value. In short, he is putting science into their everyday lives.

'The period of the extension of civilization is approaching its end,' he says, 'and henceforth progress must take the form of intensification of civilization. People must cease to expand and begin to construct. There are no more continents to discover; no more worlds to conquer. The new era will require new methods and here the constructive powers of the scientist will come into play. The world will more and more come to depend upon him.

'The scientist is a manager of mankind. His discoveries and inventions, his economies and creations, often transform the conditions of life. He is the most effectual agency for democracy, since he accomplishes among material things that equality which legislation aims to bring about in the political sphere. Luxuries, formerly the monopoly of the privileged classes, become, through applied science, the common property of the masses.'

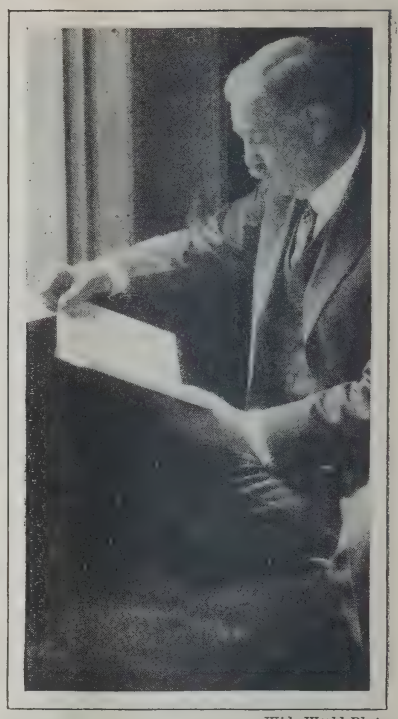
That science is not more interesting to the general public, Doctor Slosson holds, is largely due to the conscientious extraction from it of every vestige of the human element. While this is favorable to the development of abstract science, it has the unfortunate effect of eliminating the human interest.

'Science teachers in the secondary schools occupy a strategic position for influencing the thought of the nation,' he recently explained. 'They give all the instruction in science that most of the people ever get, and they have the first chance at those who go on to the university. Upon such science teachers therefore rests the responsibility of presenting science in the beginning in its integral and humanistic aspects. I venture to say that such a presentation gives the best foundation for future specialization and abstraction.'

Both writer and scientist, Doctor Slosson himself is admirably equipped for making science intelligible to the people. He was educated at the University of Kansas, from which he was graduated in 1890, being granted his Master's Degree two years later. His first position was with the University of Wyoming, which he served as professor of chemistry and chemist of the agricultural experiment station for eleven years. The summers he spent in research, either in his own laboratory or at the University of Chicago, from which in 1902 he received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy for his work in organic chemistry.

To amuse himself while in Wyoming he began to write for *The Independent*, published in New York. His contributions appeared with increasing frequency, and in 1903 he became literary editor of the magazine. On going to New York and making writing his chief occupation, he reversed his former program, giving courses in journalism and sociology in Columbia University as a side line.

'This is an age of specialization,' he observed, looking back on his radical change in occupation. 'I saw



—Wide World Photos.
Dr. E. E. Slosson.

I must specialize too. Looking about I found that chemists had first divided into organic and inorganic chemists; then the former differentiated into three classes—fatty chemists, alcoholic chemists and aromatic chemists. I determined not to fritter away my time on any such broad field but to concentrate my attention upon one single reaction and then perhaps I might accomplish something. After due deliberation I chose the *precipitation of a dilute aqueous solution of ferric tennate upon thin sheets of cellulose.* To this I have devoted the last twenty years and feel that I am only just beginning to understand it.'

Early in 1921, Doctor Slosson came to his present position as director of Science Service. This institution, which he has built up from the beginning, is a non-profit-making corporation established for the specific purpose of disseminating scientific information. Through it Doctor Slosson is giving practical expression to his ideas on the popularization of science, and with gratifying success.

In his chosen task of taking science to the people, Doctor Slosson has written a new chapter in journalism—has pointed out a new field of service. As he said recently in addressing one of the schools of journalism:

'It is the journalist who must be the interpreter of the secret languages with which members of the scientific guilds talk to each other in order that outsiders may not understand and interrupt. It is his business to build bridges across the chasms which divide humanity.'

## Certain Fundamental Safeguards Are Still Needed in

# Our Court-Martial System

*Third of a Series*

## *Says a Former Sergeant Major of the American Expeditionary Forces*

By JAMES W. BECKMAN

THAT the American court-martial system was not always used for justice was stated with frankness by Major General John F. O'Ryan, Commanding General of the 27th Division in the World War, in his testimony before the Senate Sub-Committee on Military Affairs in September, 1919, when he said, describing the attitude of the officers who presided in court-martial:

'They made up their minds that when an offense was committed they would send the man before a board that would impose a sentence that would terrorize the rest of the force.

'I use the word terrorize advisedly.

'No officer in the army expected these sentences to be carried out. When severe sentences were imposed they had a very beneficial effect, except where they gave the impression that they were unjust or inhuman.'



(C) Underwood & Underwood.

*The expressions on these American soldiers' faces are sufficient evidence of their joy when getting first view of their own country upon returning from overseas aboard the 'George Washington.'*

While Congress in 1919 enacted the most sweeping changes in our court-martial system, making it impossible in the future to deny that the system is designed for justice and not for tyranny, and has inculcated some of the mechanism of fairness, it failed in one very fundamental respect to provide machinery to insure that the spirit of justice would prevail and not be defeated again under conditions similar to those that existed in the World War.

For the first time in any manual for court-martial of the United States Army, there appeared a reference to justice in the frontispiece of the newly revised Court-Martial Manual of 1920 that followed the belated elimination of the military laws of King George III from the government of our armed forces. And this quotation from *The Art of War*, by Louis de Gaya, in 1678, is the first statement that appears in our present Manual for Court-Martial:

'Justice ought to bear rule every where, and especially in armies; it is the only means to settle order there and there it ought to be executed with as much exactness as in the best governed cities of the kingdom, if it be intended that the soldiers should be kept in their duty and obedience.'

Congress practically rewrote the court-martial laws, in many instances going into the most specific detail so that justice should never again be miscarried.

The case of Colonel William Mitchell, formerly chief of the air service of the United States, was the first case of prominence under which the new court-martial laws were tested. Regardless of the merits of the case of Colonel Mitchell, this court-martial showed that the new regulations failed in a most important particular, preventing the miscarriage of justice that Congress intended to guard against.

Congress took away the authority of military commanders to use the court-martial system as a means of discipline without a fair and just trial for the accused; but it failed to create the machinery which would prevent those in power from defeating its purpose.

Granting that Mitchell was guilty of the charges against him, his whole trial was irregular because the charges were brought, not by his immediate commander, as required by law, but were inspired and prompted by higher authorities in Washington.

General Mitchell was tried by a court-martial that, under the circumstances, was bound to convict him because the officers composing it might themselves be subjects for retaliation from those higher up.

Instead of trying Mitchell under a specific article of war, which it would have been difficult to prove he had violated, he was tried under the 96th Article of War, which specifies no particular offense, but vaguely mentions without definite specification any conduct that tended to bring discredit upon the military service. Thus was it possible for Mitchell's political superiors, instead of his military superiors, to try him.

The discredit to the military service that resulted from Mitchell's charges was not caused by their being made, but by the incompetence which Mitchell exposed. Mitchell merely pointed out that the laws of nature, of aëronautics, are not amenable to military commands; that while incompetent military officers could order capable aëronautical officers to obey them, these military officers could not control the elements that proved so disastrous to many of the best men in the service.

If Colonel Mitchell had been charged with insubordination, he could have been tried under the 63d and 64th Articles of War, which provide death or such other penalty as the court-martial may direct. *(Concluded on page 23)*

## The Scholar Analyzes The Different

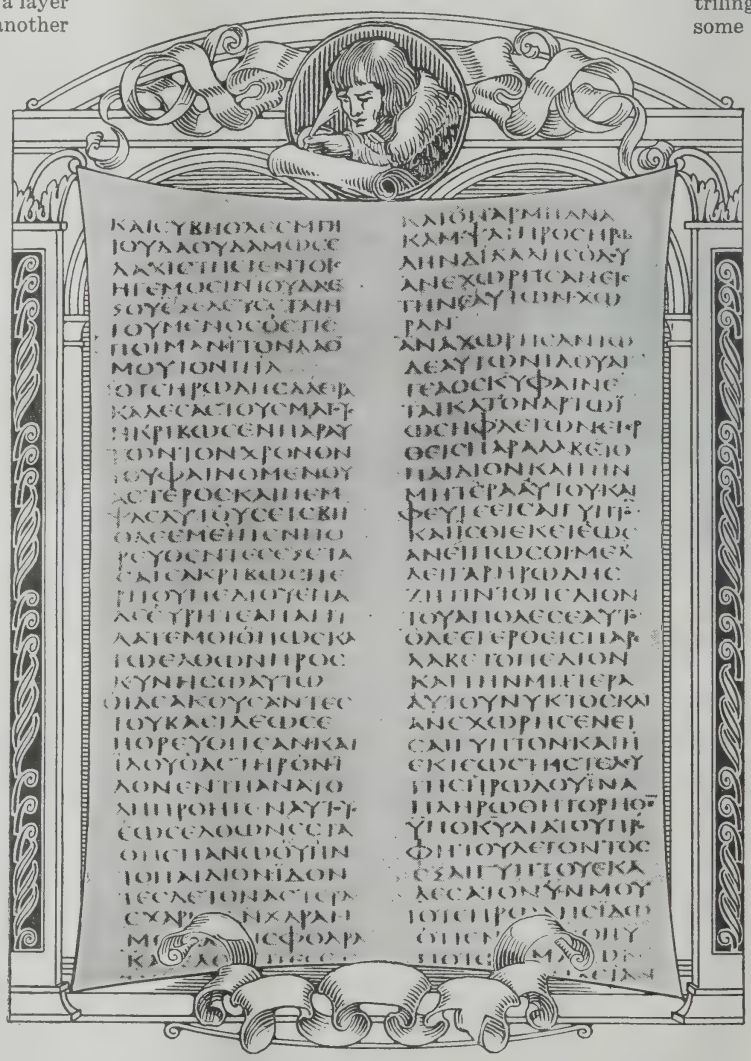
# Versions *of the* New Testament

By HENRY A. SANDERS

IT SEEMS certain that the different books of the New Testament were written at first on papyrus, which was the common writing material of the time. Sheets of this material were made by cutting thin strips of the cellular pith of the papyrus reed, which were then laid side by side to form a layer or sheet. Across this another layer of shorter strips was laid at right angles. The whole was then stuck together with some form of glue in water and the pasted mass hammered into a firm, thin sheet and dried in the sun. These sheets were usually from nine inches to a foot in height and twenty or more were pasted together to make a roll eighteen to twenty feet in length. Such a roll, written on but one side, could have contained a whole Gospel or a collection of letters. Thus eight or ten rolls would have been needed to contain the entire New Testament.

The material was light colored and easy to write on, but it wore out quickly, especially if subjected to hard usage. As the Bible was used in the church service from early times, it is evident that the rolls wore out rapidly and that new copies had to be made. Yet even the most practised copyist could not avoid a certain percentage of errors. Therefore the oftener the books had to be copied, the larger the number of errors. These called for comparison with other copies, attempted corrections, and finally editions based on the study and comparison of many copies.

By the Third Century the desire for a more durable material and the need for a book form in which the texts for the service could be easily found caused the parchment book or codex to begin to supplant the papyrus roll. In the case of the Bible the victory of the new book form seems to have been complete early in the Fourth Century. Yet the need for recopying did not materially lessen. Christianity was expanding rapidly and new copies were continually needed for new churches. Constantine, the first Christian emperor, ordered fifty copies to be made at one time for the churches of his new capital, Constantinople. Also the Bible was being translated into all the other languages of the time. The more important of these translations were made in the Second and Third Centuries. Bilingual, or even trilingual, copies were made in some cases, probably for missionary uses. Manuscripts still exist with the Greek and Latin texts in parallel columns, either on the same page or on opposite pages. Likewise many of the people, especially in the eastern provinces of the Roman Empire, spoke two or more languages with almost equal readiness. Thus the Bible came to be quoted indifferently in various languages and the reader or scribe often used his knowledge of a second language, or the Bible text in that language, to correct the text he was reading or copying.



*Part of the second chapter of Matthew, as recorded on the Sinaitic manuscript discovered by Tischendorf on Mt. Sinai in 1858. The Revised Version of the New Testament is based on the agreement of this manuscript with the Vatican manuscript, both of which were written in the Fourth Century.*

The period of the most frequent and striking variations in the text of the Bible lies before A. D. 200. The Third Century shows more of a tendency to correct, and this culminated near the end of the century in at least two important editions, the one made at Alexandria and the other at Antioch. The Alexandrian edition, in its Greek form, never gained a strong foothold outside of Egypt, but the Antioch edition was taken over by the churches of the capital city of the Eastern Empire and eventually became the Constantinople edition, which even today is alone used in the Greek Catholic Church.

It was from a manuscript of this class that Erasmus made his copy for the first printed Greek Bible in 1516, and a similar text (Continued on page 24)

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

ONE of the instincts of humanity to which little attention has been given is the common urge to help people up, to lift them to the plane one has reached oneself. To judge from much that is said, the existence of this natural human characteristic has not been much observed. There is a view of human nature which would represent it to be inclined to the opposite, namely, to a tendency to keep others down that by comparison their low estate should exalt the better estate of others. However true this may seem to be in single mean particulars, it cannot be described as a general characteristic of humanity.

In the first place, there is nothing that any man can do the benefits of which he can restrict to himself alone. Society is so constructed that any good produced overflows its original limits and benefits the adjacent people. The supreme folly of selfish intention is that it cannot be achieved. The intention may be present and the selfishness may be unlimited, but natural law frustrates the intended consequences. The surgeon may practise for fame and wealth alone, but his very fame and wealth depends upon his giving benefit. The baker may bake in the utmost selfishness, caring only for the money his craft will bring him, but nevertheless his bread feeds others. Whether we like it or not, no benefit is ever produced for oneself alone; its very nature of good is distributiveness. No fortune was ever accumulated without increasing the means of wealth to a multitude. Vast possessions of every sort have always demanded and obtained the privilege of supporting as many persons as if they were owned by many. Indeed, it would be true to say that vast possessions have always supported more people than if the ownership were divided, for there is a magic in consolidated management. That statement may be applied to nations or to individuals.

In the second place, besides this which we call a law of nature, there is also a law of human nature which makes sharing an instinct. Private ownership, considered in the absolute, extends only a little way. About the only thing a man can own absolutely privately is his experience. Our theory of the private ownership of property, in the right of every man to full security in what he has earned, is based on this privacy of experience; life experience is inevitably attached to material property, and what belongs to a man is his.

*WE LIVE in a world where nothing has value if it is selfishly used. The value increases in proportion to the number of people who share it. Creative power is inseparable from the desire to give others the benefit. The very attempt to conceal a value implies that it may not be a value at all. When value brings prosperity it means that the families in the next street, or at the other end of the world, are happy and their wants supplied. Prosperity is only a unit when it is limited to individuals. Not until the last family enjoys it can we say that it has completely arrived and done its work.*

It is really impressive to consider how commonly owned are all the elements of experience, and how mankind instinctively shares these elements among its members. Every mode of communication is an indication of man's desire to share and of the great antiquity of his habit of sharing. On the caves of prehistoric times man carved his observations of the world about him, his recollection of great events, in form and color and with crude craftsmanship—and for what purpose? Only that he might share with others the thing he knew.

Science exists because of this instinct for sharing. It is only the unnatural thing, like misunderstood money, that makes men misers; the great natural things they instinctively share. No one hoards a great discovery—they are all at once made public. It is part of the religion of science to have all things in common, that is, for the common good.

The fact is, we live in a world where nothing has value until it is shared. The value rises in proportion to the number of people who possess it. The most surpassing sculpture would be as nothing, hidden away; indeed, if it were surpassing it could not be hidden away, because the very power to conceive and execute would of necessity carry with it the desire to give it to the world. Creative power does not exist except in company with the desire to share. The very attempt to hide away a value casts doubt on its being a value. All this talk we hear, all this print we see, all these symbols displayed everywhere, these mountains of goods daily produced, these conferences and congresses and churches and colleges—what are they but evidence of the human desire to share? And the thing which helps bring men nearest together is their fellowship of discovery, their feeling of intimacy because they have discovered and appreciated the same things.

It was said long ago: 'No man liveth to himself alone.' Because no man wants to and no man can. Prosperity means to us that the families in the next street, at the other end of the country, at the other end of the world, are happy and supplied. We never feel prosperity complete with ourself alone. Not until the last family has it do we feel that it has fully come. It is the human instinct for sharing. So too this feeling for reform that sometimes draws our ridicule or scorn: after all, is it not the desire of people on a clean, free, wholesome plane to have all the others enjoy it too?

**'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## *Painting the Pennsylvania Lily*

REPUBLICAN apologists in Pennsylvania are having a difficult time painting Senate-nominee William S. Vare the white of the proverbial lily. Party loyalty is heavily drawn upon as the principal ingredient in the whitewash. But party loyalty is an ingredient of uncertain volatility, and Mr. Vare is an uncertain subject. Furthermore, the action of Republican Senators Norris, LaFollette and Nye in offering to campaign for William B. Wilson, the Democratic nominee, adds a great gob of mud to the paint bucket.

The western Senators' offer sends Mr. Vare's chances for a comfortable Senate chair farther afield than ever. It presages not only a difficult time at the polls but an even more unpleasant one in the Senate, should Mr. Vare be named. And his hope of being named is by no means established. His own political machine is functioning well, and he has made ostensible peace with the powerful Mellon interests in Pittsburgh, but he has estranged thousands of Republican voters who owe allegiance to no political boss. It is to these that the plaintive plea of party loyalty is made most urgently. It is no specious plea; it is a desperate one. Mr. Wilson, Secretary of Labor for eight years in President Wilson's Cabinet, is developing surprising strength. He is a man of undoubted integrity and recognized ability—a dangerous opponent for a man of Mr. Vare's caliber.

The Republican majority in the Senate is woefully small. It needs the bolstering of a regular party man like Vare, even though he come in under somewhat of a cloud. Therefore loyal Republican newspapers and party leaders who heretofore have gazed upon Mr. Vare's ambitions with a stony stare have suddenly developed keen interest in electing him. The Republicans in Pennsylvania are faced with a disagreeable alternative: they must either sanction Mr. Vare's political methods by electing him; or they must reduce the Republican senatorial strength by defeating him and thus rejecting what he stands for.

It should be remembered that if Mr. Wilson is elected he will be elected by Republican voters, as a rebuke to Mr. Vare. Pennsylvania is a state overwhelmingly Republican, and it is only in crises such as this that a Democratic nominee has a ghost of a show. Tom W. Cunningham, local politician who gained passing national notice through his reluctance to testify before Senator Reed's investigating committee, once came into local fame in Philadelphia through voicing a choice phrase. It sprang from his lips, full-born, at a peacefest following a vigorous factional fight in Philadelphia. 'We must all,' he said in effect, 'be a band of brothers in our common cause.' Mr. Vare's henchmen are fervently hoping that this band of brotherhood will extend over the entire state by November.

---

## *The Dollar Sign of Sportdom*

NO ONE desires to take away from Gertrude Ederle any of the credit that is hers for being the first woman ever to swim the English Channel. Nor does anyone deny that her pluck and skill are worthy of reward. Whether they are worth the $1,000,000 in swimming, movie and vaudeville contracts reported offered her is largely a matter of opinion. But in giving fair and judicious consideration to her achievement, this monetary element as well as others must enter in.

Miss Ederle said she swam for the glory of America. Mrs. Corson, who duplicated her feat a few days later, said quite frankly that she swam 'to make some money for my kids.' Both are highly laudable aims. Miss Ederle got both glory and money, and it is to be hoped that Mrs. Corson will be equally fortunate. As individual cases there can be no quibbling over this. The dictum of the street—They earned the money; let them have it—finds ready response. But when the cases are considered in the larger phase of their bearing on the future of American sport, they assume a different tinge.

Miss Ederle was a professional when she undertook her successful swim; she had discarded her amateur status some months before. But it was as an amateur that she earned her first honors and won her first fame. Her million-dollar triumph came close upon the precipitate plunge of Mlle. Lenglen into professionalism, a plunge which has worried followers of sport to a marked degree. Americans do not take kindly to the professionalization of sports long held sacred to the amateur ranks. Nothing better illustrates this than the open glee of leading newspapers at the defeat of Elizabeth Ryan for the American woman's

tennis championship, a glee which was generated solely by the rumor that Miss Ryan would turn professional if she won. The fall in esteem of 'Red' Grange, erstwhile gridiron hero, is so well known as not to need mention.

America has gained preëminence in sport through the development of amateurs, not professionals. The game has been played for the sake of the game, not for the hope of material gain. Baseball to the contrary, professional sport is alien to the spirit of the nation. Baseball owes its success to the false inflation of publicity, and the commercialization of other sports is being accomplished by the same medium. Those who go to see an amateur champion, turned professional, go to see a ten-day wonder, not an excellent sportsman. Amateur sport 'for the sake of the game' has proved a tremendous asset in American life. Amateur sport as a stepping-stone to profitable professionalism is stripped of most of its value.

---

## *Peace With Victory*

STARVING the British miners into submission is not going to provide any permanent solution for England's coal problem. It is merely furnishing sharp fuel for the conflict that is bound to come in the future. And the unrelenting attitude of the mine-owners throws both support and public sympathy to the miners, where otherwise they might have had neither.

One of the saddest features of the present situation is the rapid decline in prestige of Premier Baldwin. Immediately after the great strike he was the idol of his nation. His influence was greater than that of any Englishman of a generation. He could have led the way to an equitable settlement, forcing the miners and mine-owners to accept conditions most favorable for the country. But instead he was content to drift; and now the impression is abroad that his Ministry has actually espoused the cause of the mine-owners, and is not averse to seeing the miners beaten into surrender. The probable truth is that Baldwin has been grievously hampered by his die-hard associates, but this does not save him from public censure. His opportunity for leadership has passed.

The miners and the mine-owners are about equally to blame for the present impossible situation. The miners have alienated many people through their acceptance of Bolshevist gold. But this seems more than offset by the mine-owners' stubborn refusal to accept reorganization of the mines. The British *Review of Reviews* tells of one mine where an enormous saving was effected through proper transport facilities underground. Formerly the miners had to tramp for an hour from the bottom of the pit to the coal face, thus reducing the seven-hour day to an actual five-hour one. Installation of electrical transport resulted in saving an hour and a half of labor for each man—a tremendous item in the operation of the mine. The case was cited by the British magazine, not for its exceptional qualities, but as an instance of what can be accomplished through reform in management. The same principle of modern management applied to the whole industry would not only save the necessity of a cut in the miners' wages, but would give the coal to the public at a reduced rate.

The English workers have gained the feeling that the mine-owners, backed by the Ministry, are attacking the miners' standard of living. They believe that this attack, once successful, will be extended to other industries. Warranted or not, such a feeling is dangerous for a nation. It is deplorable that the Baldwin Ministry has allowed it to gain headway. British officialdom seems to have acquired American officialdom's knack at blundering.

---

## *Mexico*

THERE are those who see money-making if we interfere in Mexican affairs. There are editorials well calculated to awaken prejudice, passion and strife. There is secret pressure being put upon those in high places. There is the usual talk about the 'will of the people.' So the field is open for mischief. But the great body of the people are not to be swept off their feet by such tactics.

The disagreement in Mexico between Church and State is deplorable just as a difference of opinion in the house next door is deplorable; but it is a wise man who concentrates on setting his own house in order.

Mexico, like other countries, must work out her own destiny. Her economic doctrines, her religious creeds and her ecclesiastical conditions are her own business. On the anvil of experience she must shape her own character. The thing to remember is that her quarrel is not ours. As for armed interference, just now the popular opinion is very much like that expressed by that sage and philosopher, Mr. Dooley, who said: 'I'll niver go down again to see sojers off to th' war. But ye'll see me at th' depot with a brass band whin th' men that causes wars starts f'r th' scene iv carnage.'

# *The* OLD-TIME REVIVAL

## *Is It Good Enough For Us?*




By WILLIAM E. BARTON

*Illustrated by* GEORGE HARPER

THERE are a few questions the calm discussion of which will be likely to awaken more violent dissent than this. Whatever the evangelistic movements of recent years have done or failed to do, they have not failed to excite prolonged and acrimonious debate. The history of revivals in the Christian Church and the development of recent evangelism offer material for discussion and no fear of dissenting opinion ought to prevent a consideration of this important theme.

There can be little difference of opinion about the value of revivals in centuries gone by. The Christian Church was born in a revival. The preaching of Peter on the Day of Pentecost was characterized by all that we now know under the general term of a revival. The Protestant Reformation, whatever else it was, was a revival of personal religion. The Puritan movement was a religious revival. The rise of Methodism, which I, not being a Methodist, may be at liberty to mention with high honor and reverence, was unmistakably a revival.

The great awakening of the middle of the 18th Century, in spite of all the unfortunate backwash of that movement, must be regarded as having accomplished great and permanent good. In a sense it was the spiritual preparation for the political freedom which came with the Revolutionary War. The revival in the beginning of the 19th Century was a double movement, starting simultaneously in the colleges and the backwoods, and in each place its benefits outweighed its disadvantages I think a hundred to one. It consecrated learning anew at the shrine of righteousness, and rescued the wilderness from godlessness.

The revivals of 1857 and 1873, each following as it did a financial panic, were movements of tremendous significance. Speaking for the past, I think we must admit the very great value of the revival in church history and in the history of America.

The theory of a revival of religion is entirely logical. Human nature is seasonal. It has never proved possible to hold the interest of a great body of people steadily focused upon any one object, no matter how high or holy. The world is too much with us, the flesh is in constant evidence, and the devil is busy. The theory of a revival of religion is based on the conviction that the claims of religion are so reasonable that men will yield their lives to it if they can be induced to give it consecutive attention.

Still further, there is a word to be said concerning the professional evangelist. The minister's vocation, like every other, tends to specialties. Among lawyers, there will be one who excels in writing briefs, and another whose special forte is the presentation of cases to the jury. In the medical profession, one man will develop skill in diagnosis and another in surgery. So there are some ministers who develop a special power of appeal which should be utilized in the special work of evangelism. These men need not, of necessity, be the most learned, or the most eloquent men of their vocation, but if they succeed in doing this one thing better than the average pastor can do it while he still carries on the varied responsibilities of the pastorate they should be released for this particular service and no one should complain if their rewards are rather large, considering the strain under which of necessity they work, and the seasonal nature of their vocation.

Having said all this in favor of the old-time revival and of the old-time revivalist, I turn to other and less pleasing aspects of the subject.

The first is that whatever the merits of the modern revival, it has pretty nearly ceased to perform its primary function of converting men in any considerable numbers to sustained Christian faith and established Christian life.

I am prepared to be confronted with statistics showing how many 'trail hitters' there are at the end of a revival in one city and how many 'card signers' there are in another. I do not alter my statement, and I have very definitely in mind some of these same figures when I make it. I shall refer to this later.

Let me go back and run rapidly over my memories of the evangelists of the last forty or fifty years.

THE first eminent evangelist I heard was Dwight L. Moody. I regard him as one of the great men of his generation. He was a layman and had the good sense to remain a layman. No foolish ecclesiastical body laid any ineffectual hands upon his head to make him a minister of the gospel. That was not necessary. He was far better off without it. I regard the work which he did in many American cities as of incalculable value, and so I also think was his work across the sea. The schools which he founded in rare unselfishness bear testimony to the abiding influence of his work for education. He kept himself clean from suspicion of covetousness. For these and many other reasons I hold Mr. Moody in honor.

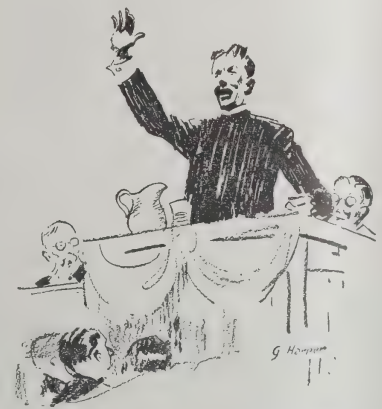
Before he died Mr. Moody found his method subject to the law of diminishing returns. I am aware that men who knew him far better than I have denied that he felt at all discouraged or in doubt about the permanent values of his methods. Notwithstanding all this, I know that there were times when Moody felt a very deep depression over the fact that his methods were not yielding the same and proportionate results as in former years. I know it because he said it to me and also because he said it to a large group of ministers in my presence. He may not have felt so all the time, but he certainly felt so at some times, and I think not without reason.

My ministry goes back to the time when Sam Jones was emerging from local into national eminence. He was a rising figure in the neighborhood of Atlanta when I was there in the spring of 1885. He emerged into wider celebrity in Cincinnati and I heard him there and elsewhere in Ohio about five years later. I sat on the platform with him when he came to Boston for the first time and was with him again on the platform in Chicago. His message, 'Quit Your Meanness,' was a very practical gospel and had a real value. His oddities of expression, his free use of slang, his use of abusive language free from malice, were elements of strength, and so far as I am able to judge from what I saw and learned of his work as a whole, there was much more good than bad to be said regarding him.

For twenty-five years I was pastor of a large suburban church in the city of Chicago, and there I saw four notable evangelistic campaigns. The first, which I think was the best advertised movement I had ever known anything about, was a series of revival meetings conducted in the auditorium under the leadership of the Reverend R. A. Torrey. His was an earnest and sincere message. If it made any appeal to any considerable group of people, I saw no evidence of it.

I remember coming in late, at one meeting, and hearing his voice before I got inside. Long before I could distinguish a single word, I felt repelled by the harsh, rasping dogmatism of his voice. His homiletic method in no wise relieved this unfavorable impression. He was an educated man and knew the rules of proper sermon construction. His method was a merciless dialectic. For myself, I earnestly desired the success of his work, and strove to put myself into mental accord with it, but I found myself invariably throwing a protective shell about my mind in rebellion against the harshness and dogmatism of his method. I suppose he did some good—I hope so, but I did not see any of it.

The second of those campaigns was held by Gipsy Smith, who preached each day at noon in one of the theaters and in the afternoon in the churches in or about the city. Whatever results there were, were good. There was no dogmatism, there was nothing harsh or repellent, and excepting for the little bit of artificiality and posing in his frequently reminding his audience that he was a gipsy (a pose which I am sorry to know his son has inherited), his methods seemed to me as free from criticism and as fully to be commended as any I had ever known in an evangelist. At infrequent intervals, I have heard and met him since and I always have the same distinctly favorable impression. He did not, however, make a profound impression on the city.



*The evangelist has a trinity of pet sins against which he habitually declaims. They are dancing, theater going, and card playing. The worst card game I know of is the one played by the evangelist. It is that of securing cards signed by supposed converts, these cards being distributed among local pastors to be followed up with a view to prospective church membership. I have followed these cards through a good many campaigns, wearing out shoe leather and wasting time that might have been better employed. I shall not say the results were meager; I shall say that I have yet to add one hopeful member to my church through the following up of hundreds of these cards.*

THE next city-wide campaign in which I had a share was conducted by Chapman and Alexander. It was excellently planned. It brought to Chicago for a good many weeks in succession a group of accredited evangelists from all over the country, and stationed them in various centers, moving them from time to time by definitely arranged schedule. In three centers on the north, south, and west sides of Chicago, church meetings were arranged and to each of these in turn Chapman and Alexander themselves came and spent one-third of their time in each. No better piece of religious generalship has ever come under my observation. I remember nothing I should care to criticize. The meetings did not, however, produce the results which it was hoped they would produce.

The fourth and largest of these meetings was conducted by Billy Sunday. I went to Paterson, New Jersey, with a committee to invite him to Chicago, and was on the reception committee when he arrived, and on the executive committee throughout the meetings. We erected an enormous tabernacle and had a vast choir and other facilities, as large I suppose as he had in any city. I heard a great many of his sermons. In the main they were good sermons. I heard the one that was most criticized on the score of its bad taste. It certainly contained some sentences which I could have wished omitted, yet in the main I think it was a wholesome sermon. He was preaching, in his way, the same kind of sermon that Mr. Moody used to preach from the text, 'Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap.'

Nearly fifty thousand persons 'hit the trail' in Chicago as a result of Billy Sunday's meetings and about one-third of them got away without signing cards. I do not care to go into a detailed discussion of the matter beyond saying that the executive committee, after the whole thing was over, decided by a small majority not to publish the results in church membership.

The excuse which those gave who voted for the affirmative was that their figures were incomplete. Of course they were incomplete, but all the churches had reported that had anything of importance to report. The incompleteness of the returns would not have prevented their publication but for the fact that they showed an appalling disparity between the apparent and the real results so far as this could be told in figures. *(Concluded on page 25)*

# The Cry of the Crippled Children

## Is Greater Than That About Which a Barrett Browning Wrote

By FORREST LORD

AUTHORITIES agree that the deformities of two-thirds of the 300,000 crippled children in the United States could have been prevented. Why weren't they? Because, in most cases, parents and family physicians did not know what to do. What a colossal tribute ignorance exacts!

It is likewise agreed that fully ninety per cent of the deformities occurring in children under twenty-one can be either wholly corrected or greatly improved.

Various coöperating agencies have brought relief to about a third of these children. The rest, nearly a fifth of a million, are growing to adulthood sadly handicapped and, in cases, altogether incapacitated for earning a living, many of them doomed to end their days in the almshouse.

Disease is the prolific parent of most physical defects, and the malady that takes first rank as a deformer of children is infantile paralysis. Not a year passes but that this disease makes its appearance in some quarter of the country. In 1916 an epidemic swept the eastern and central sections of the United States, taking an enormous toll of life and limb. In New York State alone its victims numbered more than 7,000. Medical science stands helpless before the stealthy approach of this disease. Its germ is as elusive as the mist of the morning. Its carrying agent is conjectured but not known. Unlike diphtheria, it cannot be readily diagnosed. Unlike smallpox, it cannot be vaccinated against, and unlike tuberculosis, it cannot, so far as our present knowledge goes, be prevented. About all that science has learned of this disease is that it is communicable, occurs more frequently in summer than winter, and is probably more prevalent in rural than city districts.

It is encouraging to know, however, that while the disease itself cannot be prevented, the deformities which commonly follow its attack can always be. To understand the theory of preventive measures we must hark back to our knowledge of the nature and functions of the muscles which suffer most from the ravages of the disease.

Next only to that of the heart and brain is the vulnerability of the spinal cord. The germ of infantile paralysis has a marked affinity for the gray matter of which this cord is composed and makes its lodgings there as soon as it enters the body. Never was guest more unwelcome! It attacks those tiny cables we call nerves, which permeate the muscles of the lower limbs, severing communication with the brain and thus depriving the muscles of their normal power to move the limbs.



*Occupational therapy to restore strength to fingers which have suffered an attack of paralysis.*

Nature has no remedy for such a condition, but science has. Science comes forward, clamps on a brace and thus restrains the bone from yielding to the insistent demands of the functioning muscle. Or from the healthy muscle modern surgery may pluck one of the tendons, with which nature has generously endowed all muscles, almost, it would seem, to superfluity, and transplant it in the injured muscle, thereby restoring a modicum of its lost strength.

A second important source of deformities in children is tuberculosis of the bones and joints. This is contracted either by too close association with other persons afflicted with the disease or by the consumption of the meat or milk products of tuberculous cattle. Owing to the superior legislation of the states against the sale of uninspected or untreated milk, tuberculosis is not so common in the United States as it is in European countries. In Great Britain it is blamed for more than one-third of all deformities.

Both the disease and deformities of tuberculosis can be prevented—the first by avoiding contact with tuberculous persons and shunning the milk, meat, butter or cheese from infected bovines; the second by early hospital treatment. The sputum of tuberculous persons is deadly to children susceptible to the disease. Out of forty-eight guinea pigs given food containing the sweepings of rooms occupied by tuberculous persons, forty-seven contracted the disease. Examination of samples taken at random from untreated milk in various American cities usually reveals eight to fifteen per cent containing the bovine tubercle bacilli.

The orthopedic surgeon comes to the rescue of crippled children with curative operations that fifty years ago would have been hailed as miraculous. He is the master carpenter of the human framework. When disease, like the rot that crumbles the timbers of a house, twists and enfeebles the supports of the human frame, he is the craftsman who comes forward with saw and scalpel to repair the damage. He cuts and straightens bones, transplants tendons, lengthens muscles, makes new joints and cartilage for them to work on, and effects other astonishing adjustments to overcome the deformity. The story of the orthopedist's triumph over the malformations of the human body is a fascinating one.

In practically every county of the United States may be found deformity cases of varying gravity. While only a few types of deformity tend to complete helplessness, the large majority do present serious obstacles to satisfactory education and self-support. Illiteracy and beggarism are the price which crippled children are paying every day for someone's neglect.

In our programs of conservation of natural resources, is there no room for the conservation of the cripple?



Ensenada, one of the larger towns of Lower California.

Photographs, courtesy of San Diego Society of Natural History.

# Lower California, Land *of* Mystery

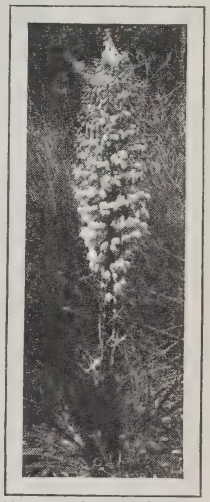
## Where American Filibusters Once Sought *to* Establish *a* Republic

By H. H. DUNN

LOWER California is remarkable in that down its whole length runs a range of extremely inaccessible mountains, with few traversable canyons leading back into them, and only four fairly good passes through them. Mammal and bird life is there in abundance, and one recent expedition is reported to have found three new species of birds, and two new species of mammals in a brief exploration trip. River beds are many, flowing down both sides of the mountain wall, but rivers containing water are few, with none at all during midsummer. There are deer in the forests of pine and oak; mountain sheep in the bare upper ranges, and a few antelope are reported as still existing on the higher mesas. The smaller variety of wild turkey is reported in the manzanita-covered lower slopes, while there are quail at every water hole and the rare California condor, rivaling the Andean condor in size, is making its last fight against extermination in the caves of the Lower California Sierra. On the Guadalupe Islands are the remnants of what was once a large herd of sea elephants, or elephant seals. The waters of the Gulf of California and of the Pacific Ocean along the coasts of California teem with edible fish, while there are valuable pearl fisheries at La Paz, on the eastern shore and near the lower end of the peninsula. Yet the fisheries are undeveloped, and the pearl concessions are neither thoroughly nor competently worked.

Wherever prospecting has been done in the mountains, traces have been found of pre-Spanish placer and free-gold mining, but the Indians now in Lower California have neither ideas nor legends of these ancient miners, who appear to have been Indians of more advanced civilization than the present inhabitants of either the mainland of Mexico or the peninsula. The entire population of this nearly 40,000,000 acres of land is probably less than 30,000, and the interior is virtually uninhabited, nine-tenths of the people being gathered in ten or twelve towns and villages, with La Paz the capital of the southern district, and Mexicali, opposite the California town of Calexico, the seat of government in the northern half of the state.

The most prosperous period which this interesting peninsula has had was from the landing of Father Salvatierra in 1697 to the explusion of the Society of Jesus (Jesuits) from California in 1767. Within this seventy years, the fathers of the Society of Jesus, undertaking to colonize and develop the peninsula where the Spanish Government had made a signal failure, had founded twenty-three missions, of which fourteen had proved permanent and successful; charted much of the eastern coast, mapped some of the interior, erected mission buildings, taught the Indians to work in agriculture and in useful arts.



Yucca, or Spanish dagger, sweet desert flower.

With the sudden and unexpected expulsion of the Jesuits from Lower California, the Dominicans came in, followed by the Franciscans. Neither of these orders accomplished much for the development of the peninsula, and neither carried on the work so arduously and so auspiciously begun by the Jesuits. Neither the Spanish Government nor the Mexican Government ever has been able to develop this rich province at all; far from the degree to which the score or less of Jesuit padres carried it.

The first mission station was established at San Juan, some twelve miles north of Loreto, and not more than a mile from the shore of San Bruno Bay. Farther inland than this, however, the most historic of all the Lower California missions, and the one generally credited with being the first, was set up. This was Loreto, founded in 1698, and destined to be-

(Continued on page 26)



One of the mountain lakes in the interior of Lower California. Wild life abounds here.

# *The* TRUTH *About* FRANCE

## Lesson *of* Touraine *and the* Woolen Stocking

FROM THE *MORNING POST*, LONDON



*Drawings by* GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

WHO has not pictured the French peasant counting his month's earnings by candle-light before hiding the bank notes in a stocking under his bed? What does he do with his bank notes now that the franc is rushing down a precipice? I have put this question point-blank to farmers all over Touraine, and watched the look of pained surprise that came over their faces at my curiosity. I need not have wasted my breath in most cases, however, for it is not the first time I have wandered by the side of their cornfields and their vineyards, and the change that has come about should have been sufficient answer to my question.

I must say that my farmer when first I knew him after the war lived in a very meager home. When I suggested that it needed repairs he would give me a little lecture on economy and go on his way unperturbed. What was my surprise therefore to find him living in a house rebuilt from top to bottom. The furniture was new and the paint shone in the sunlight. The bedrooms were airy, and behind the house a garage had sprung up like a mushroom, while a new two-seater car was waiting to take him to the village.



'What on earth has happened?' I asked him. 'You must be earning a lot of money.' 'Yes,' he answered, 'I am earning money—quite a lot.' 'And your economies?' I asked.

The farmer growled: 'What is the use of economies?' he asked. 'I have taken out the money I had in the bank. In a few years my savings would have been worth nothing, whereas now—now, I have a house that will fetch a good price any day, and after all a car is always a car. I can sell it when I want to.'

That is precisely what the farmer is doing with his savings. He is buying up everything he can round him, for he has faith only in what he can see.

The farmer does not think of the franc as losing value as the sterling rises. One hundred francs six months ago is still one hundred francs. Moreover, he could sell a pig for twenty francs in 1914, and with the twenty francs he could buy a pair of shoes. Today he sells his pig for 130 or more, and still buys the pair of shoes with the proceeds of the pig.

But where the peasant does find a difference is with his Rentes, which five years ago he might have bought for 100fcs. and which today he finds only worth perhaps 70fcs. As a matter of fact he has lost a great deal more than the difference between 70 and 100fcs., but he would be incapable of seeing as far as that.

The peasant, therefore, sells his Rentes and keeps his money in a drawer for a few days. During that time he keeps his eyes open for the first piece of vacant land round his farm, and as soon as his neighbor is willing to sell, he rushes to buy it. Now this rush to buy up the neighbor's land is so common all over France today that one begins to wonder where the land comes from. Who is the seller?

One of the secrets lies in the death dues. You cannot go twenty miles out of Paris now without seeing some château put up to auction in lots. A rich man dies leaving ten million francs' worth of land. Supposing he has no son, and the land passes to a cousin, the cousin must immediately pay to the state a sum of nearly eighty per cent of the value of the property he inherits. It is very unlikely that any young man would have a million and a quarter francs in cash, so the land is nearly always sold in small lots of three or four hectares each.

A hectare of vineland here has, roughly, augmented by nine times in value since the war, but it is almost impossible to suggest even roughly what a hectare is sold for. First, it depends on the grape, and, secondly, as it is impossible to buy a single inch of land from a peasant, any figure would have to be more or less a guess.

Now here in Tours the peasant is, for the most part, well off. He buys a motor car to take him into town, he has acquired the latest American farm tools, and fights at auction sales for every piece of land near his own. When he finds that he still has a few bank notes at his disposal he buys real estate in Tours, and I could actually cite cases where small peasants have bought town houses in Tours where they come to spend the week-end.

# *IF* Shakespeare Came *to* London

## Would He Be Able *to* Search Out *and* Identify Many *of* His Old Haunts?

By W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

*Drawings by* L. PERN BIRD

IF HE could come back, what would the Bard of Avon think of the London of today? There would be things of which he would know neither the names nor the uses. He would be staggered at the huge size of this over-bloated city, at the cleanliness of the streets, at the absence of abominable smells, at the motorbuses, at the short skirts of the girls, at—oh, innumerable things! He would be a stranger in a strange city.

The Great Fire of London in 1666 swept away very much of medieval London, but here and there are many buildings which he must have seen and in some of which we know he has been. Many of my American friends have been surprised that there is so much of Elizabethan London still to be seen.

We shall start on our ramble from Holborn, one of the busiest streets, a name well known to Will Shakespeare. Start there, because there still stands an ancient dwelling place, looking very tired and as though ready to tumble down upon the slightest provocation; its quaint gables, chimneys and timbered walls askew; but in reality sturdy enough still to last many a day longer. Its front gives a very good idea of the appearance of an average street in the London of Queen Bess.



*Staple Inn, Holborn.*

This is Staple Inn at which we are looking; once upon a long time ago a hostel of the wool-staplers; later an Inn of Chancery, where resided men of the law in Shakespeare's time; now inhabited by all sorts and conditions of men.

Nearly opposite Staple Inn is Furnival's Inn, rebuilded in 1879, where Dickens occupied 'chambers' and wrote there the early chapters of *Pickwick*.

Not far away is Ely Place. In the tragedy of *King Richard III*, the Duke of Gloucester says to the Bishop of Ely:

> 'My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
> I saw good strawberries in your garden there.'

You see them there now only in the fruit stores!

We will walk on, and in Chancery Lane pause a moment before the gatehouse of Lincoln's Inn, another rookery of the black-robed gents. Shakespeare must often have passed this by, or gone through it, for in the immediate neighborhood was the house of his friend the Earl of Southampton, to whom he dedicated his poem of *Venus and Adonis*, also *The Rape of Lucrece*.

Then down Chancery Lane into Fleet Street, so named because it led down to the Fleet River, once quite a vigorous and busy stream but long since degraded into a sewer; across and into The Temple, once occupied by the Knights Templars, 'Poor Knights of Christ and of the Temple of Solomon'; who ceased to be poor, became haughty, became rich and powerful, and, so their envious enemies said, unworthy. The Order was dissolved in 1312, and after various vicissitudes The Temple became an Inn of Court and the abiding place of legal lights, dim and bright; so to remain to this day.

We are concerned with one spot only, Middle Temple Hall. It is a glorious example of a Tudor Hall, such as there are many of in Oxford and Cambridge colleges and in noblemen's houses in the country. It was built in the period 1562 to 1572 so far as the interior is concerned; the exterior proves the truth of the bitter saying: 'Restoration, a falsification of history.' The walls within are ornate with coats of arms of Temple worthies, hung with portraits, and the stately windows richly decked with armorial bearings.

In the gardens here the red and the white rose were chosen to be the badges of the Yorkists and the Lancastrians through the bloody civil wars of the Roses. The Temple gardens overlook the Thames. Shall we go up or down? Go downstream to the Tower of London? I think we will not. There is a far fairer, far happier spot upstream—Westminster Abbey. Shakespeare must—I will not admit that it can have been otherwise—*must* often have walked through the shadowy cloisters; possibly stopping a while to chat with some of the boys of



*Middle Temple Hall (showing part of the screen).*

Westminster School. Appropriately we will go into the Abbey to Poets' Corner. There, see, the tombs of Dan Chaucer and Edmund Spenser; here lies Francis Beaumont, fellow dramatist and doubtless friend of Shakespeare; tombs and memorials of many another poet whose verses echo down the corridors of time. A monument none too worthy to Shakespeare himself. Here lie David Garrick and Sir Henry Irving, two of the greatest actors in Shakespeare's plays. And—but it would be wearisome to record the names of all the great dead here enshrined.

William Shakespeare must have been here oftentimes; in this famed temple of the God of Battles and of Peace.

Westminster Hall, part of the old royal palace, is but across the way; first built as long ago as 1097 by William II and magnificently added to by Richard II, in 1399; by the irony of tragedy it was in this place that he was deposed from his throne, the year after he had kept a very merry Christmas there. As you may read in the tragedy of *King Richard II*.

We will betake ourselves to the Church of Saint Saviour. Beyond doubt Shakespeare has been there also! 'Here upon Thursday, December 31, in the year 1607, was buried Edmund Shakespeare, brother of William; a player; aged twenty eight,' with a 'forenoone knell of the great bell.' Several of Shakespeare's comrades were laid to rest here. For Americans there are other interests in this church: a monument to William Emerson, probably an ancestor of Ralph Waldo; the Harvard Chapel, restored in memory of John Harvard, who was born in this parish.

So—farewell to the London of William Shakespeare, of which we have seen but a part. There are many other churches that escaped the Great Fire; there is the Charterhouse, once the home of a famous Elizabethan nobleman; some scant remnants of the old city walls, which were standing when Shakespeare came to town; and so on . .

Go to Stratford-on-Avon; it is a charming, old-world town; see there the room in which Shakespeare may have been born; the school to which he probably went; the cottage in which dwelt the woman whom he loved and married; the few fragments of the house in which he died. But come to London if you wish to see the town in which he lived, worked, achieved his great name—there is much of it to see, and to see it helps to the enjoyment and the understanding of Shakespeare's plays.

*A PERMANENT FILE*

*For Your Copies of*
*THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT*

TO THOSE readers who desire to save their copies, we can furnish a specially made binder which holds 26 copies.

This binder permits of ready reference to or the removal of any particular issue without disarranging other copies.

Durably constructed, with stiff covers, cloth covered, this binder solves the problem of keeping all copies neat and instantly available.

**Price $1.75 Postpaid**

DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
DEARBORN - - - - - - MICHIGAN

# What Books Are Worth While

(*Concluded from page 5*)

this demand on the part of so many persons for compressed knowledge. We have therefore an increasing number of pocket-editions, and what may be termed bird's-eye-view books. Notable among these are the Today and Tomorrow Series, issued by Dutton, a series of small books which cover fairly well the fields of science and philosophy.

Everyman's Library is of course a standard, reproducing in small space some of the world's best books. Also, the Oxford Press has succeeded in publishing a similar series in pocket editions, and the Nelson editions of Dickens and other standard authors are fine examples of practical book-making. But books like *The Shorter Bible*, or, in fact, any emasculated books, are to be shunned. A Bible can be purchased for as low as a dime. The other day one came to notice which can be read only with a magnifying glass, and can easily be put into a vest pocket. The price was about a dollar and a quarter.

A liberal education does not consist in knowing the contents of a large number of books, or even in book learning as a whole. It consists in knowing those books which corroborate and clarify one's own life experience. Their great and indeed necessary service lies in the fact that they act as true levers to our faith. For instance, if one works hard and long and the return seems slow, it is a lever to one's faith to read in Emerson:

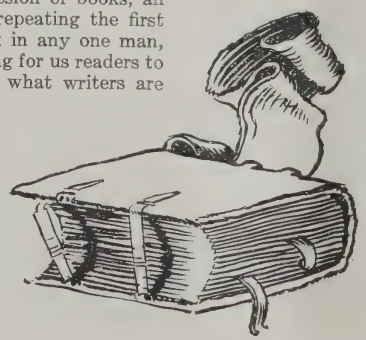
'If you love and serve men, you cannot by any hiding or stratagem escape the remuneration.'

This was known before, but to have it corroborated by a great mind is an enormous help.

That is about all there is to reading, but it is enough, and reflection shows that it is comprehensive.

Suppose we consider English fiction. It is interesting, as a kind of game, to watch the rise of new writers, to observe the temporary reputation of Miss Kennedy's *Constant Nymph*, to see Virginia Woolf gradually gain her American audience. But certainly one cannot read all that is written, and if one reads John Galsworthy's *Saga* he has got about all there is in the atmosphere of Modern England. Furthermore, this book, written by an artist who writes true to his British life, corroborates all that one feels in his own life, plus the racial differences.

Naturally, the tendency of all modern authors is to repeat. A man writes a successful book and secures an audience. He thereupon writes a succession of books, all of them—more or less—repeating the first book. There is one book in any one man, but rarely more. The thing for us readers to learn is first to find out what writers are worth while and then to read the one thing they have written which is most worth while. Bertrand Russell, one of the ablest scientific writers in England, has written a succession of books, but a very small one of his entitled *What I Believe* contains practically all we know that he knows. Similarly, Albert Einstein, the projector of the modern theory of relativity, has written a number of books about it and heaven save us from reading all the books on relativity written by others. Yet much of what he knows is comprehended in a little essay of his called *Sidelights on Relativity* which is simply two addresses he gave, combined.



The books published about modern philosophy would fill a whole library, yet it is all comprehended in a little volume entitled, *Introduction to Modern Philosophy*, by C. E. M. Joad.

As for religion, words fail in defining the extent of the books published. Yet if you wish to know what religions there are and all the information necessary, it is contained in a little volume by Robert Ernest Hume, entitled *The World's Living Religions*.

Herbert Hoover, not so long ago, stated that an educated man was merely one who knew where to go for his facts, and that is a superb definition. There is, however, something more than facts; there are atmospheres. The question is: Where shall we go for our real culture, for that indefinable thing which gives to life its chief charm?

And in this sense, there are long books one must absorb. I spent a good part of my last vacation in reading Plato's *Phaedo* (Jowett's translation). Read there what Socrates says of madmen, and possibly revise your opinion of some of your queer friends. Also, realize that in this dialog practically the whole philosophy of life is comprehended.

American writers seem to excel in works on philosophy, science and history. Anything which requires research, condensation, practicality, terseness or inventiveness lies within the scope of our genius. Most of our fiction, however, is impossible. But Gamaliel Bradford's biographies, Mark Sullivan's recent *History of Our Own Times*, Will Durant's book on philosophy (too long, but quite remarkable), Professor Smith's *Life of Garfield*, Nock's *Jefferson*, Dorsey's *Why We Behave Like Human Beings* and a number of others like them, are fine examples of high intelligence endowed with the genius for 'putting things.'

I am conceited enough to believe that my own opinion about books is of importance, but only because it happens that I am in close touch with many, if not all leading publishers, and because I have seen the effects of book reading over long periods on so many young people.

I have received more than five hundred letters, from practically all the states east of the Mississippi, asking me for further lists of books.

(EDITOR'S NOTE): Those readers who wish special lists can address Mr. Masson care of this magazine or WEAF, New York City.)

# *The* LURE *of* LOFTY PLACES

## *There Are* Thrills *on the* Mountain Tops *and* Fascination *in* Finding Them

*By* A MOUNTAINEER

AHEAD of me, past Alta Vista and the cairn of stones marking the danger line, ran a shrub-lined trail, steaming under the hot midsummer sun. Just an arm's length away, so close that I could reach out and touch it with my hand, was majestic Rainier. Down below me, at the bottom of the cliff, was the dirty crevassed ice of Nisqually Glacier.

The mountain seemed to be sleeping in the midday heat. Its eternal snows dazzled the eyes and its three crests lay immobile under a fleecy cloud which rested gently on the summit.

It was a good time and place to stop. We spread ourselves on the bank, and I idly pointed out to my companion where an avalanche lily bloomed beside the crust of ice.

For perhaps fifteen minutes or so we lay there, looking over the side of the bluff at the sluggish stream below, watching the melted water slip from its snout and amble away in a chattering rivulet. Occasionally we heard the boom of falling rock and the queer rumbles of the mountain side.

It was my companion who at length broke the spell.

'Tell me,' she said, 'why do people like to climb mountains?'

The question may have been asked many times before, but it was the first time I had ever given it thought.

'Why—' I hesitated, 'because they like the exercise. Because it is a keen sport. Because of the thrill of adventure. Because of the thrill of the dangers, and the unexpected. Because of the desire to explore and see new things. Because of the desire to look upon spots where man has never stood before. Because—'

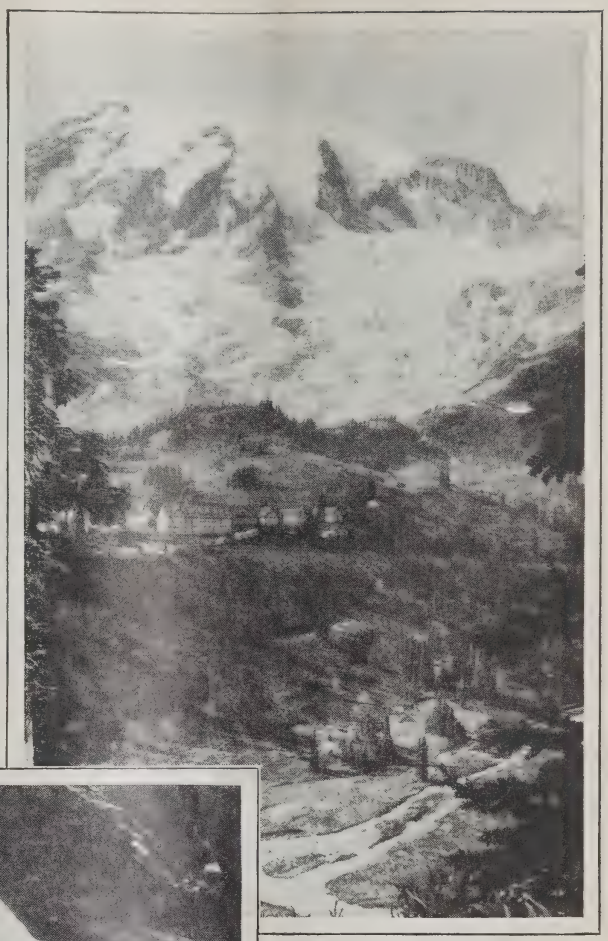
'You've given me enough reasons,' she interrupted. 'But which is the important one?'

That was several years ago, and I haven't yet found the answer.

The late Le Roy Jeffers, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, whose untimely death in California this summer saddened mountain-lovers everywhere, seemed to have as his principal reason, the intimate fellowship which he established with the peaks he scaled.

As he once said: 'Like the call of the sea, forever potent to him who has wandered amid its vast spaces, the call of the mountains is heard by the true mountaineer, and he returns again and again to their inmost sanctuaries.'

In other words, the mountaineer and the mariner have that much in common. Perhaps it is what the sourdoughs try to explain when they tell why they are returning to the reaches of the Yukon. Properly, it is not a wanderlust. Neither is it a form of nature-worship.





*Photo, E. M. Newman.*

*The great Rainier, rising 14,408 feet above sea level. There are twenty-eight glaciers, a number of which are 'live' or moving. Nisqually Glacier shows plainly in this view.*

*Left—Mountain climbers high up on the side of Mt. Rainier, negotiating a dangerous formation of the perpetual snow.*

Jeffers was one of the great exponents of mountaineering. The impossible had a lure for him and, hand in hand with that rugged determination, he carried an absolute trust in Divine Providence. Thus armed, he ventured alone into terrifying spaces where the slightest mishap would have meant disaster.

A notable example of this fearlessness was his ascent of Mount Moran on August 11, 1919. It will be recalled that more than a year previously, in March, 1918, the *Scientific American* stated that the summit of that peak would probably never be attained. One of the massive Tetons (shown on our front cover this week) forming the western rampart of the Jackson-Hole country in Wyoming, it had turned back more than one seeker ahead of Jeffers.

As is well known to all mountain lovers, the Teton range, while small, offers many unclimbed summits to the hardy traveler. Mount Moran itself is 12,000 feet in height

and the last 3,000 feet are sheer perpendicular walls of rock. To place it still more closely in the layman's geography, it may be said to stand just below the southern border of the Yellowstone National Park and will some day be included in that playground. Its region formed the setting for many of the stirring events in Owen Wister's *The Virginian*.

This peak beckoned Jeffers from the day he learned that it was unclimbable. The loftier Grand Teton, 13,747 feet in height, did not intrigue him because it had already been conquered. Into this miniature replica of the Himalayas, Jeffers penetrated one hot August day with his wife, and between daybreak and daybreak, ascended to its lofty crest and stood where no man had placed foot before.

To me, the interesting thing about his climb was the fact that the final stages were completed in the dark. He mounted the unknown dangers without even the ability to see clearly what was before him. It was in fact nine o'clock at night when he emerged on the little surface comprising the top. Instead of the moonlight he had expected, he was, as he said, 'exposed to the unbroken fury of a gale in the darkness.' This, in addition to the sweeping sleet and the imminent electrical storm, would have struck terror to many a stout heart. But Jeffers made the return without a slip.

In fact, he traveled over the mountain side for practically the entire remainder of the night, having missed his wife at the original camping place, and immediately starting in search of her. During all that climb he was experiencing vigorous exercise for a continuous period of thirty hours, during which he scaled the equivalent of 7,000 vertical feet.

Exercise? Yes, thank you. Keen sport? Jeffers went back and did it again in August, 1922. Adventure? Try climbing down a mountain peak some dark, stormy night. Dangerous? 'The hand-holds were meager and the slant of the rocks so alarming that, if I had started, friction would not have saved me from the abyss.' Desire to see new things? To stand where man had never stood before? Yes, that must be included. Jeffers admitted it.

Few of us have forgotten the summer of 1921, when another stalwart mountain-climber, Dr. W. E. Stone, president of Purdue University, conquered Mount Eon in the Canadian Rockies, and paid for it with his life. Accompanied by Mrs. Stone, he surmounted the 10,860 feet of rock and gazed about long enough to recognize the very summit—then he fell.

Mrs. Stone, missing the way back, finally became stranded on a narrow ledge, 7,500 feet above the valley, where she was forced to remain for five days and nights. Without food except moss, without sufficient warm clothing, knowing that her husband had plunged to his death and that his body lay exposed somewhere on the mountain side, she waited until rescuers finally came.

Few of us, likewise, have forgotten the many thrilling events which marked the recent attempt to scale Mount Everest, the world's highest peak, in the course of which the intrepid adventurers reached altitudes never before attained by human beings. Some day—

Today we find the popularity of mountain-climbing increasing year by year.



# 'Barefoot Dave,' *Son of Nature*

## Mute Thoreau of the North Woods

By M. S. RICE

IT IS all too seldom in these days that an individual can really sound a note of distinction and live a separated type of life in the untrammeled liberties of his own choice. If he tries such a life amid the crowd, we call him a 'nut.' If he goes off alone in patient pursuit of his desires, we call him a hermit. However, for both 'nut' and hermit we have an inquiring interest. We cannot but admire the individuality that will persist in its individualism. The crowd that so completely conceals most of us menaces us like the huge walls of a great prison.

It not infrequently happens that unique geographical situations attract to their confines peculiarly responsive characters, whose lives, as if by a designing providence, seem to fit into the environment. There was Thoreau in his cabined wilderness, and Joaquin Miller in the Sierras, and John Burroughs in the Catskills, and many another such fine type of genius that has sought compatible surroundings, only to reflect them in eloquent interpretation.

But there are other characters as unique, though without literary expression, who have lived their genuine lives in close contact with some characteristic spot; and it is of such a one that I write.

The Les Cheneaux Islands are a most unusual and attractive group, clustering in wild loveliness along the north shore of Lake Huron. Many islands constitute the group, ranging from mere rocks to great Marquette, with its spreading area of green forest fastnesses. Winding waterways have made it a favored place for fishermen from the days of the earliest Indians to the motor-drawn troll of today. Flanked on all shores by a persistent wilderness that has not even now surrendered, the setting is unique in all the attractions of the great American outdoors.

'Barefoot Dave' is an inseparable part of Les Cheneaux. I do not know how they ever got along before he came.

His name is David Sugden, though that is often spelled by his friends Sudgen, all however agreeing on the name that no interchange of letters can confuse—'Barefoot Dave.'

Canadian-born, he wearied of working on an Ontario farm for twenty-five cents a day, and at fourteen years of age he found a job in an Arkansas logging camp where he spent seven years. But hearing the call of the North, and with no ticket other than the right of way along the great open roads, he made his unhurried return via Rose City, and Biscuit River, and St. Ignace, arriving at Cedarville in the very midst of the Les Cheneaux Islands. He looked like a guide, and at once began piloting summer tourists. Tiring of the repetitive nature of such a life, he settled himself in a crude little cabin on the shores of Duck Bay, where in prized seclusion he could allow himself free expression, and work out in leisure his own life's philosophy.

There is in a little New England cemetery an old gravestone which has carried for many years an eloquently significant description of a rich man, a sentence in biography that should attract attention in this strenuous day of ours. The inscription reads, 'Here lies a man whose riches consisted in the fewness of his wants.' 'Barefoot Dave' is rich. Computed in such terms, Dave too is a millionaire, I am sure. He has carried the fewness of his wants out where they can be enjoyed without embarrassment by their fewness. He is happy with little, because he does not want much, and that is an available form of riches in reach of all. Dave's little tar-papered shanty is a palace, because it is what he wants. The multiplication of our wants has almost wrecked our happiness today. Luring advertisements, pictured luxuries, blazing show-windows, have made paupers of many who actually have more than kings of old could buy, but who want more and more.

'Barefoot Dave' achieved his descriptive name for the very good reason that he goes without shoes almost the entire year. Only the more severe seasons of that cold region, where the mercury is in almost constant humility, drive him into protective footwear. Not infrequently he is seen about his always scant woodpile in the snow, stamping about in the tough comfort he possesses because he has weathered his feet.

It was a genuine sensation with one of my boys one day, as he stood wondering at this unique character the first time he had ever seen him. Dave was diligently,

but vainly, sucking at an old pipe, whose fire had either gone out or had burned away for lack of fuel. In a matter-of-fact manner, he pulled out a match, turned up the tough red sole of his plump bare foot, and struck that match to a flame as lightly as though he had struck it across a stone. My boy was not long in effectively convincing himself of the difference that exists in feet.

Had Dave the literary genius of Thoreau the world would be enriched by the treasures of his knowledge of nature. He is a simple lover and companion of trees and flowers, birds and butterflies, land and water, clouds and winds. He talks to them. Most of the talking he does himself, but the conversation never wearies out. His loves are legion. His hatreds are few.

His cabin is a gathering place for his many friends. His society is not in ordinary. His callers sometimes dispute with him the possession of the place. Squirrels, chipmunks, groundhogs, deer, and even skunks, claim an unafraid right around there. He talks to them, laughs with them, and scolds them sharply. Sometimes when the bold and greedy squirrels take liberties with his prepared food, he has a genuine dispute. One day he stumbled in his kindliness a moment because a mouse had boldly climbed upon his table as he was eating, and with a badly aimed bullet he put a telltale hole through a perfectly good coffeepot to remain a protest ever before him at losing temper over so small a matter as a mouse.

He has one pet of which he is especially fond. His fondness for her is based upon that safe foundation of interest—sympathy. A three-legged deer stays close by his cabin. Some hunter with a bad shot struck one leg from the little forest creature. She did not die, and by her fine native strength her wound was healed. She found a welcome at Dave's cabin. Today she is the privileged one there. She browses without fear in his much cherished garden. He talks to her as he would to a child.

He cultivates likewise a fine friendship with the birds. A lovely pair of cedar waxwings built their nest near his door. He was as much interested as were they in the task. He watched them with increasing interest, as they brought the strange bits of straw and bark and twigs and built them in. One day the little female bird failed to appear. It was a strange absence that witnessed to either a misguided interest, or a tragedy in birddom. Several days later Dave found the dead little worker caught in an old fish net he had hung in a tree. She had doubtless sought to pull out some coveted strings for her nest, and died at her home-building. It was a tender-hearted old friend who found her there, and with genuine affection untangled the little foot, and buried her tenderly, as a true mourner.

Dave is not in a hurry. He has no strenuous schedule to keep. He is not concerned with clock or calendar. He has all the time there is, and that is all he has. Without a sign of slacking interest, he will spend half a day watching a humming bird build the wonderful little nest of lichens. If the nest is not finished then, Dave has the rest of the day available. There is real satisfaction in that. Edgar Guest said to me the other day as we were comparing strenuous schedules wondering how we could get somewhere, 'I have to spend so much time getting from where I am to where I don't want to be that I never get to go where I want to or do what I really care to do.' Not so Dave. He is out there where he wants to be and eagerly spends his time in his own time-privileged way.

A few years ago, as winter came on, some men who were going to do logging persuaded Dave to move over into the woods near them and work in their camp. There was a little shack where he could live in his own way, and after careful consideration he got his old boat loaded with his worldly essentials, an old stove, a coffeepot, a frying pan, and a kettle. It was almost dark on one of the short winter days as he began taking aboard his livestock. He had a pig, two cats, and two dogs. The boat went well until almost to the destined shore. Without notice its old age crumpled and sank. The cats and dogs swam to shore, the stove went straight to the bottom, and the pig, in its crate, came triumphantly out on Dave's shoulder. It was pitch dark and raining hard, and they were a long way from their destination. A bed was made of balsam boughs and the whole collection went to bed.

When spring came, Dave alone of the strange little group survived and moved back again to his little cabin beside Duck Bay.

There is a genuine and rich vein of affectionate interest in him. During the long winter months, when he is largely shut in, his nearest neighbors have been an old man and a little girl. They stay as caretakers at one of the camps far-flung from the world in winter. The life of a little girl is surely dreary there. They have but little to eat, and that little has to be prepared by the lonesome lassie. Largely owing to the lack of nourishing food, she was taken sick one winter when she was ten years old. She became seriously ill. Dave learned of it. He selected his daintiest food, and he is a good cook, having won several prizes from an American outdoor magazine for recipes for outdoor cooking. He always puts up for his own use some choice fruit, making delicious jams and jellies of the wild raspberries and strawberries and blueberries that abound. He selected the very best he had, and with some wholesome bread, tracked through the winter-bound forests to the bedside of the little sick girl. With tender interest and genuine helpfulness yonder in the isolated winter-locked wilderness he brought health and cheer to the lonely little life again. Her gratitude to him was unbounded, and she always counts it a privilege to sit at Dave's table and enjoy the vegetable dinners he prepares from his treasured garden.



*Dave's cabin is his castle because it is what he wants.*

A Constructive Force in the Development of the South and Southwest

The Sunshine Special

Entering its eleventh year of fast dependable, daily service from St. Louis and Memphis to:

Louisiana
Texas
California
Mexico

Standard drawing-room sleepers, reclining chair cars and coaches. Dining car service for all meals.

Secure reservations from nearest Missouri Pacific representative or write—

A. D. Bell, Pass'r Traffic Manager
MISSOURI PACIFIC R. R. CO.
Ry. Exch. Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.



# The Cause of Nervous Breakdown

(*Concluded from page 2*)

and black plague, tuberculosis and syphilis, and we strive to find the cause of cancer, but the gorgon fear is allowed to entwine itself about our suprarenals, and no one raises a protesting voice or an opposing hand. The consequence is that many, burdened with original sin and fear, find the pathway of life so rough and studded with thorns that they become partially or wholly disabled before they have gone far on it. Either the truth of this is not admitted, or we are averse to taking the drastic measures that are necessary to make the pathway treadable.

The fact that fear has been identified as the devil is one of the most hopeful signs that day by day the world is getting better and better. Until we gave concretion and specificity to the devil it was most difficult to tackle him. Now one of his horns has been knocked off: we have got rid of hell, or nearly so. With time, we shall rid ourselves of the fear of death, and then if we can succeed in making ourselves to the image of God, and not Him to our image, the millennium will be in sight.

We are loath to do this because our hereditary plasm and our acquired belief have been steeped in the conviction that these would be subversive of morality, destructive of organized religion.

The conviction that has been forced upon me by a lifetime devoted to invalids is that if the world were purged of fear, practising physicians would be comparatively idle, and medical fakers would be distressingly lonesome. When it shall be realized that we throw fear into children as a stoker throws coal into a locomotive firebox, and that we begin to do it as soon as they betray the first glimmer of intelligence, and keep it up until they escape from parental influence, we see how tremendous are the difficulties attending the prevention of fear.

The marriage-contract should be amended to contain the following words 'and we individually and collectively swear that should children be vouchsafed us, we shall tell them the truth in amount proportionate to their understanding; we shall never threaten them with punishment that we dare not carry out; and we shall safeguard them, so far as it be in our power, from knowledge of fear.' Parental responsibility will then take on a deeper significance and 'nervous breakdowns' will eventually go the way of the dodo.

Potential parents should take three books with them on their wedding trip: Edmund Gosse's *Father and Son*, Warwick Deeping's *Sorrell and Son* and Miguel Cervantes' *Don Quixote*. From the first, they would learn of the destructiveness of fear, from the second the constructiveness of fearlessness, and from the last they would get a comprehensive notion of things that sweeten life: courage, humor and ideals.

'Then, have nervous breakdowns no relation to worry and strain, to grief and yearning, to responsibilities and deprivations, to unwise eating and intemperate drinking, to disease and disaster?'

'They have indeed, but the fearless person avoids them or surmounts them, the fearful invites them or succumbs.'

Again it will be asked:

'Is there no acquired factor or influence that is so malign and potent as fear, and shame that flows from sex ignorance?' And the answer is emphatically and dogmatically, 'none.' There are others, to be sure, and important ones, but all of them together do not outweigh these.

Persons to whom fear is a stranger sometimes have 'nervous breakdowns' but in those instances it is an inheritance, not an acquisition.

In view of the fact that fear is such an important cause of disease, such a potent solvent of happiness, it transcends understanding that we are not keener and more determined to prevent it from contaminating children. In reality, children are brought up in fear. They must be good, prudent, truthful, kindly; if not, they will be punished now; they must be moral and put their neighbors' welfare above their own, else they will be punished in the Beyond. The customary way of making children 'good' is to 'throw a scare' into them. The classic one is the bogey-man, but he is not so popular as he was a generation or more ago. The fear highwayman has been succeeded by the sneak. He seeks to avoid detection by dressing, appearing and acting like honest people and he operates stealthily, not openly.

Curiosity is the dominant urge of the child, and the parent of knowledge. Children are peepers, investigators, wonderers, inquirers. They find their own bodies and functions, the bodies of others and their potentialities the world of their orbit, and its contents of engrossing interest. They are restless and relentless in their pursuit of them. But such pursuit is 'naughty' or 'nasty' or not done by 'nice' children, and invariably results in something called punishment, which, of course, being painful, is a thing to avoid. There are two ways of avoiding it: not do it, and not be found out.

In some respect, children are like mules: they are obstinate and they take the easiest way. Thus is engendered the basis of the most prolific and devastating fear: that of having done something wrong, the fear of self-injury: thus is created the first batch of pharisaical leaven, hypocrisy.

Man's craving for pleasure is insatiate; the appetite comes with the first breath. Children often find that their own body mediates it. They are threatened with amputation of the hand if they do not desist; the body and the external display of its functions intrigue them, but they are threatened with sore eyes from peeping and peering; closets and cupboards, fences and trees were made for certain purposes, no doubt, but it entails climbing to find out.

If he climbs, he is likely to break bones and probably a very essential one,called the neck, and as for paddling a puddle or investigating a newly formed brooklet, they are delectable pleasures, but they lead to 'death of cold' or, worse yet, to castor oil, so what is a child to do? Be good. But being good begins to be pleasurable only after one has lived a long time, twelve or thirteen years. What is one to do meanwhile? Be bored? That is one of the things a child cannot tolerate. He is never bored when his curiosity is being appeased.

Once we begin to tell children the truth about their whence and whither, so far as we know it, and cease to tell them lies about punishment here and hereafter, we shall have crippled fear. Once we begin to admit to children and to ourselves that emotions are vouchsafed us that we may externalize them and revel in them, to realize that by sorrow of the heart the spirit is broken, we shall have taken the first steps to destroy the psychoneuroses, those mysterious disorders of the soul and body that so long resisted interpretation, and are still rebellious to treatment.

(*This is the first of two articles by Dr. Collins. The next will appear in an early issue.*)




*Once we begin to tell children the truth, and cease to tell them lies, we shall have crippled fear.*

# Our Court-Martial System

(*Concluded from page 7*)

Then, if he had been guilty of insubordination or disrespect toward the President or Secretary of War, he could have been tried under the 62nd Article of War and punished as the court-martial may have directed, which article permits a court-martial to impose the death penalty.

That Colonel Mitchell could not be so charged and the charges proved in a regularly constituted court-martial, was demonstrated by the fact that his accusers did not charge him with a violation of those Articles of War, and if he was guilty of anything and should have been punished for anything, it was these Articles of War that he should have been charged with violating.



—U. S. Official Photo.

*Doughboys didn't forget their spirit of fun in the grim business overseas. This bugler at Cochem elated the Bachelets with his tunes.*

A soldier or officer is obliged to obey the commands of his superiors, only, however, when these commands are lawful. Article 1 of Army Regulations specifies this, and so does Article 64 of the Articles of War. Neither a soldier nor an officer is obliged to obey an unlawful command and if any soldier should commit a crime from one of the simplest nature to treason or murder in obedience to the command of a superior officer, that soldier would be punishable just as if he had committed the offense of his own volition.

No soldier is required to obey a command to surrender to the enemy or to be guilty of conduct that is against the good of the country. In fact, a private soldier is not only empowered with authority to place any officer under arrest, if that officer is inciting or participating in quarrels, frays, disorders, mutiny or sedition; but the soldier is punishable with death or such other punishment as a court-martial may direct if he fails to do so. In other words, the law of the land and the welfare of the nation are superior to the authority of any military commander.

Mitchell was never charged with having violated any lawful command. He was merely charged under a very indefinite Article of War, that should be repealed because of its very indefiniteness, of casting reflections upon the military service. Under such an accusation Mitchell could have been tried by the same court-martial if he had accused his superiors of traitorous conduct, regardless of how guilty they might be. Hence the injustice and the absolute lack of reason for Article 96 of the Articles of War to be on the statute books.

By charging Colonel Mitchell with a violation of the 96th Article of War, it was possible to try him for a purely political offense and no military offense at all. Mitchell would never have been brought to trial if it had not been understood in advance by his accusers that he would be convicted. It was the will of his superiors, as well as those whom he had accused of incompetence, that Mitchell should be punished. Therefore, if any member of the court-martial that tried him had voted to acquit him, he would have been guilty of the same offense with which Mitchell was charged, and while no official would likely have had the temerity to have brought such a member of the court-martial to trial, he would have been marked for retaliation, and would have been subject to transfer, demotion, refusal of promotion. His only recourse, then, would be to resign, just as Colonel Mitchell, Colonel Ansell, and other officers who have incurred the displeasure of the military authorities have had to do.

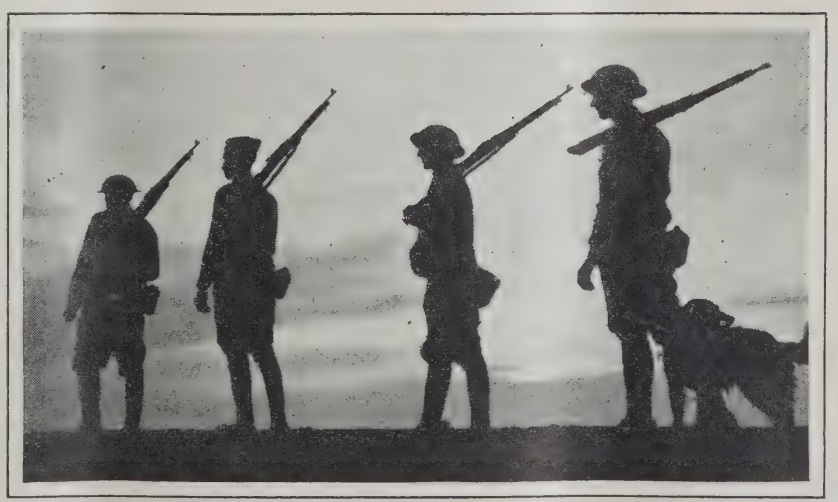
This trial of Colonel Mitchell could never have taken place nor have been successfully prosecuted if the provision for military justice specified in Congressman Dallinger's bill had been carried out. This plan would have prevented a military commander, a Cabinet officer, or even a President, from penalizing a man without fair trial.

The bill proposed by Congressman Dallinger simply prevented the possibility of a military commander dominating a court-martial or ever penalizing in any way any member of a court-martial who might vote for an acquittal where a conviction was desired. Congressman Dallinger's plan did nothing new. It simply placed military courts on the same plane as civil courts, and required that they be conducted by men qualified by education and character to preside over them.

The members of such military courts would be amenable to the same laws controlling their conduct and the faithful performance of their official duties as are federal judges. There can be no honest objection to applying the same rules to military courts as apply to civil courts.

There is always ample time for a court-martial. There is no exigency that demands haste at the sacrifice of justice. Therefore, when a man is brought to trial he should be tried by men competent in legal matters instead of by men utterly ignorant of law. That is what the Dallinger bill provides. And there is no more reason that justice in the army should be administered by men ignorant of law than that men ignorant of the law should be appointed to judgeships in our civil courts. Legal matters in the army should be under the administration of men of legal training, just as medical matters in the army are under the administration of men of medical training.

Additional safeguards that exist in the present law should be retained, such as requiring the approval of the President of all sentences of death before they are executed, and the prohibiting of any higher court to increase any sentence imposed by a lower court. Love of country and loyalty to the flag are the two things that have made American success in wars that in some instances were very unequal and apparently hopeless.



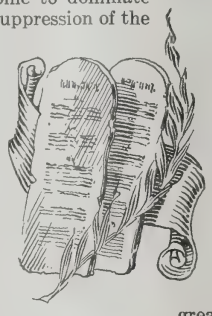
It was the inspiration born of a fight for justice against tyranny that enabled a poorly disciplined, poorly equipped, poorly trained and poorly fed straggling army of Continentals to defeat the highly disciplined, well-equipped, well-paid and well-trained army of the greatest power on earth. Any army that does not fight for love and loyalty is a defeated army.

# Versions of the New Testament

(*Continued from page 8*)

was used by the English translators of the King James Version in 1611. This has been the dominant Greek text for nearly 1,500 years and most Greek manuscripts give it either in a pure form or mixed with a residue of readings from other texts.

The Latin Vulgate, which has been the common text of Western Europe and especially of the Roman Catholic Church, since it was translated by St. Jerome late in the Fourth Century, follows the Alexandrian text in the New Testament. Thus two great editions have come to dominate the Christian world to the suppression of the less corrected but earlier texts, which circulated in manuscripts of the Second and Third Centuries.



The history of the study of the New Testament text in modern times has been mostly a record of the struggle between the adherents of these two editions, whether both sides appreciated that fact or not. The Westcott and Hort edition of 1881, on which was based the English 'Revised Version' of 1885, was confidently claimed at the time as the restoration of the original Greek text of the New Testament, but it was also bitterly attacked. The English scholars, Burgon, Scrivener, and Miller, led the fight in defense of the traditional text. It was in a way an early example of the contest between 'liberals' and 'fundamentalists.' For a time Westcott and Hort seemed to win, and it will always stand to their credit that they conclusively demonstrated the secondary character of the Antioch text and hence still more of the Constantinople text, which was dependent upon it.

All the so-called erratic manuscripts, having exceptional variants or errors, were classified by Westcott and Hort as Western manuscripts, and in general disregarded, except in so far as they supported either the Antioch or the Neutral text. Thus Westcott and Hort practically reproduced the text of the Vatican manuscript in their edition. Variants in the Sinaitic even were often overlooked or disregarded. And for this there was a good deal of justification. The text of the Vatican manuscript was a good text, easily intelligible, and particularly free from all words and phrases that were easily shown to be later additions. It almost always furnished the shortest form of the text, so that scholars under its influence came to view all additional words and phrases of other manuscripts as interpolations. Yet this wonderful text, so confidently defended by its editors, really rested on an unstable foundation. It was not in accord with the majority of the quotations from the Church Fathers of the Second and Third Centuries, and it varied most decidedly from the text of the early translations, especially the Old Syriac of the Curetonian manuscript and all the Old Latin manuscripts, which contained a text antedating that of St. Jerome. Against this array of evidence, all of which could confidently be referred to the Second Century, Westcott and Hort had to rely primarily on the agreement of the two Greek manuscripts of the Fourth Century.

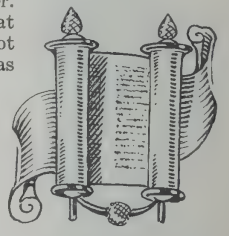
For a time the battle seemed won for the Westcott and Hort text, but the following years kept bringing new evidence and it was generally against the Vatican text. In spite of the almost accepted view that all later manuscripts were worthless, adventurous scholars continued to investigate. Gradually certain groups began to differentiate themselves, small, to be sure, and generally somewhat corrected with Antioch readings, but still they brought to light a text that was plainly old and interesting. Such were the Ferrar Group and the Family 1. The text of these groups was often related to the so-called Western text, but in general was less erratic. Individual later manuscripts also came to the support of these on many readings, so that it became evident that a number of separate, older texts must have been buried under the orthodox expansion of the Antioch and Constantinople texts. These served to bridge the great gaps between the erratic Western text and the Antioch and Vatican texts.

At this auspicious moment the Fourth Century Sinaitic Syriac manuscript was found on Mt. Sinai by Mrs. Lewis. It is related to the Curetonian Syriac mentioned above, but older and better. The two restore for us the main features of the first Syriac translation. In most of the important variations this was found to be in agreement with the Old Latin. Thus the idea that the Old Latin manuscripts represented an erratic Western text had to be given up. The agreement of Old Latin and Old Syriac with the citations of the Church Fathers of the Second and Third Centuries, especially Irenaeus of the Second, showed that this erratic text was the common text of the Second Century, and the one from which the early translations were made. The presence of many errors in this old text was apparent and no two manuscripts of it agreed exactly. Unanimity in the acceptance or rejection even of notable readings had not been attained, perhaps not even sought. The New Testament had not yet been canonized. It was merely the story of the life and sayings of Christ, together with the most important writings of the early leaders. These were still considered capable of improvement, grammatically, stylistically, and even by the incorporation of additional facts, whenever found.

The text controversy was in this stage, when in 1906 Charles L. Freer, of Detroit, found and bought in Egypt the now famous Freer manuscripts. One of them contained the Four Gospels entire, written in a hand which I announced as of the Fourth Century in my first publication. But the text was in some portions erratic. It had close affiliations with the Western text. It became immediately famous because it contained the following extra verses after Mark xvi, 14: 'But they defended themselves saying that this age of lawlessness and unbelief is under the power of Satan, who does not permit those made impure by evil spirits to comprehend the truth and power of God. Therefore reveal now thy righteousness, they said to Christ. And Christ replied to them, that the limit of the years of the power of Satan has been made full, but other dread events are near at hand, and in behalf of those who had sinned I was delivered unto death, in order that they may return to the truth and no longer sin, to the end that they may inherit the spiritual and imperishable glory of righteousness, which is in Heaven.'

These verses are found in no other manuscript of the Bible, but it is plainly a so-called Western or Second Century characteristic. Also the manuscript had a decidedly Western character in all of Mark, though less so in the other Gospels. If it were really a Fourth Century manuscript, the case began to look worse for the originality of the Vatican text, for the Freer manuscript was supported by Old Latin, Early Syriac, and the earlier Church Fathers, while the Vatican manuscript had found little additional support. So the former 'liberals,' now turned 'fundamentalists,' attacked the age and thus the authority of the Freer Gospels. By some it was even placed as late as the Seventh Century. But as the years went on and the manuscript was published in full, these extreme views yielded. It was plainly one of the oldest manuscripts of the Greek Bible, if not indeed the oldest of them all. It is now dated in the Fourth Century by all the best students of early Greek writing.

This wonderful old manuscript has brought us further light on the text question of the New Testament. While in Mark and to a less extent in John its affiliations are with the Second Century or Western text, in Matthew and in the last two-thirds of Luke it has an Antioch text, though showing traces of Western influence. Furthermore, in the first eight chapters of Luke the text is surprisingly like that of the Vatican manuscript. Indeed in one point it is shorter and simpler than the Vatican manuscript, for it omits the genealogy at the end of the third chapter.



It is probable that the Freer manuscript of the Gospels was made up of such remnants of earlier manuscripts as had escaped destruction in some great persecution.

One can see that originally the text of all parts of the manuscript was Western, or Second Century, in type, and that this had been but little corrected in Mark. In John the corrections, which belonged to the Vatican type of text, were quite extensive, except in the first few chapters, while the first eight chapters of Luke were an almost perfect example of that type, as we have just noted. In the rest of Luke and in Matthew, the text had been corrected to the Antioch type, but here with a goodly remnant of Western readings still unchanged. This one manuscript thus seems to give an almost perfect picture of what was happening to all manuscripts of the New Testament at

that time. The basic text was of the Second Century type with the irregularities and inconsistencies which that designation implies.

But corrected editions had appeared at the end of the Third Century and were spreading rapidly through the churches of the East. In the community where the Freer manuscript arose, they had access to two corrected editions and parts from each were used to get a complete manuscript of the Gospels, while Mark had to come from an uncorrected text.

As one of these corrected texts was the Antioch edition, we might assume that the other was the Alexandrian, and this assumption is well supported by the fact that this corrected text had to be accessible in Egypt in the Fourth Century, when the Freer manuscript was written.

This view has continued to gain ground, and von Soden, in his huge text edition of the New Testament, openly claims the Vatican manuscript and all its allies as representatives of the Alexandrian edition. He further shows that the Church Fathers, whose quotations of the New Testament agree with this text, were all from Alexandria or were associated with the Alexandrian leaders of the Church.

On the basis of this explanation the Vatican text is much easier to understand and that, too, without denying its many excellent features. It is a text made up about A. D. 300 by a good Alexandrian scholar, probably Hesychius, who drew his material from a collection of earlier manuscripts. He probably had the rule to omit all words and phrases, which seemed doubtful, and he may have gone further in that direction than a critic would today, but he produced a conservative, readable text, which has served the Church well for many centuries, especially in its Latin form.

With these two editions established, which represent, as it were, the extremes in the text controversy of the New Testament, the problem for future scholars is well defined. The Second Century text with all its variations and irregularities, must be restored as far as possible. For this not only all Greek manuscripts, even the latest, must be studied but those which show variations from the Antioch text must be fully collated. Then the Greek text thus tentatively restored must be enriched and corrected by a thorough study of all the early translations, especially those into Latin, Syriac, Armenian, and the various Coptic dialects of Egypt.

When that information is well in hand, and it may well be another generation before it is completed, scholars will be in a position to renew the discussion of the opposing editions of Antioch and Alexandria, and having before them much of the text of the Second Century type, on selected manuscripts of which the two editions were made, it will be possible to restore the original text with a high degree of probability. It is not impossible also that other editions, as those by Eusebius or by Origen, which are now too shadowy to be reckoned with, may be better known in the future. It is of the utmost importance that scholars of the present overlook none of the work of the past, for final results can be attained only by using all the material available, and that will include all past editions as well as all manuscripts and early translations.

Yet even now the text of the New Testament is not in such a corrupt state as is often implied. It is stated that two English scholars of the past century counted all the variations in manuscripts and versions of the New Testament and found that one word in every five showed variation in some manuscripts. Today we might find an even larger percentage, for more manuscripts have been studied, but such a count would be entirely misleading, for the great mass of variations find support in comparatively few manuscripts and are immediately recognized as errors. In hardly more than one word in a thousand is there real doubt as to what was the original text, and in many of these cases the manuscript evidence has already been gathered, which will enable scholars to determine the true text.

And finally the real teachings of the New Testament are so clear and so often repeated, that they are never brought into doubt by these minor variations. We have already a better established text of the New Testament than of most other literary works of like age, but so great is the importance of this foundation work of our religion, that scholars will continue the study until the original text has been restored in absolute entirety.

---

# The Old-Time Revival

*(Concluded from page 13)*

Whatever good any one of these four city-wide movements did, no one of them gripped the city and no one of them produced any notable result in the way of church membership.

The old-time revival was good enough for the old time because it succeeded in doing the main thing it was intended to do. It brought men face to face with the opportunity for decision and it caused them to decide in considerable numbers to live the Christian life. The modern revival does not do this. It produces spectacular 'trail hitters,' a very large proportion of whom are already church members and who take that opportunity to shake the evangelist's hand just for the sake of doing it. As for the others, large numbers give false addresses, and of those who are found, the number is extremely small who are beyond the reach of the local pastor, and who offer any evidence of changed lives and firm faith.

The modern revival does not get the consecutive attention of impenitent persons. So many seats are assigned one night to the employes of the Metropole Rubber Company, and the same seats set aside the next night for the Lumber Pilers Union. For each of these groups, or at least for a considerable proportion of the individuals in each, that is the one night they are to be there, and when the opportunity is given to go up and shake hands with the evangelist, a number from each crowd go forward, led probably by some earnest spirit in the group itself. But it does not mean that any profound impression has been made upon either group.

There is a poor outlook at the present hour for professional evangelism. What have we that can take its place? Has it served its day, and is it gone for good, or is it capable of readjustment?

I leave the question in the large for the readers to answer. What has become of the old-time revival?

# Keeping Up the Star of the Old West

POSSIBLY the most famous of the annual reunions of range life is the round-up held in September in Pendleton, Oregon. This is one of the old towns of the state, once the center of the cattle industry and the home of many of the heroes of the trails and ranges of fifty years ago. To its annual round-up come riders and horses from a circle with a radius of more than 200 miles. In the celebration participate thousands of Indians, descendants of those who fought the fathers of these cowboys but now as eager as the white men to keep the star of the Old West above the horizon as long as possible. More than 65,000 men and women see this round-up during the three days of its existence, and more than a thousand white men and women take part in it. Here are shown the finest riding and the most expert range and trick roping to be seen in the world.

For fifteen years the large sum of money which these cowboys and cowgirls have earned for the round-up has gone to the development of the city.

From the Umatilla Indian Reservation come the thousand braves and their families. And here are brought the most vicious horses—the outlaws collected during the year from all the ranges of Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon—as well as the wildest cattle the ranges produce, all to conquer, or be conquered, by the last of the knights and ladies of the saddle.

Presently, from the huge megaphone hung in a tower at one end of the field, a voice roars, 'Let'er buck!' and the annual round-up is on. A six-gun ripples, scarcely heard above the hum of voices, and the first event, the cowpony race, is off. No dwarfed jockeys are these, riding on the necks of dope-filled 'thoroughbreds,' but men of full size, sitting the straight seat in huge range saddles.

This race finished, the forty-five smokes again, and a band of mounted Indians, guiltless of all dress save breech-clouts and such paint as their squaws may have smeared on them, dash out, sweeping around the oval with a disregard for life and limb. Then comes a quick-change race, in which a score of cowboys, fully accoutered for the range, leap to their horses, ride a hundred yards or so, dismount, change saddles, change equipment, mount and ride back again.

There is a rainbow race of Umatilla Indian girls, clad in all the hues of the spectrum, their heavy black braids flying like birds in the wind. Three real stagecoaches, which once served their time on the Oregon Trail, take part in the stagecoach race, each drawn by four horses, and driven by men who actually drove such coaches in the latter days of their use.

Then comes a roping contest, in which a wild longhorn is roped, thrown and hogtied in two minutes.

And so the round-up goes, a living, thrilling picture of the Old West, until the War Dance and the Love Dance of the Indians through the arena and around the track bring to an end one of the few remaining exhibitions presenting an actual cross-section of real American life.

# Lower California

(*Continued from page 15*)

come not only the chief center of civilization in Lower California, but, temporarily, the capital of the Californias.

Toward the end of the 18th Century the Indians, usually tranquil, rose in arms and attacked the missions, and in 1822, or thereabout, pirates plundered the sacred shrine of Loreto of all its jewels and gold or gilded vessels of worship. For nearly a century and a half Loreto had been queen of the mysterious Californias, and one of the lesser queens of the New World. Today it is a ruin.

In 1826, Lieutenant Hardy, who later gave his name to one of the mouths of the Colorado River, sailed up the 'Sea of Cortez' and on up the Colorado itself. In 1828 came the historic party of adventurers headed by Sylvester Pattie and James O. Pattie, and it is a matter of record that the Hudson's Bay Company's trappers and traders trafficked in Lower California, at least as far south as the Mission of Santa Catarina. Then, down from the North in armed array, in 1847, came a company of United States soldiers occupying Todos Santos (All Saints) Bay on the Pacific Coast, while two other companies landed at La Paz on the Gulf of California.

At the latter point, Colonel H. S. Burton, U. S. A., raised the Stars and Stripes, and, for a few weeks at least, Lower California was ruled by the Gringo, in fact, Commander T. O. Selfridge, U. S. N., landing at La Paz, announced the formal taking over by the United States of Lower California, with the added statement that 'this possession shall not be relinquished.' It has been probably the greatest misfortune in the history of Lower California that this intention—if intention it was—was not carried out by Uncle Sam. Many of the leading residents of the peninsula sought the protection of the American flag, and, when that flag was withdrawn, were compelled to abandon all their worldly possessions and flee to the United States.

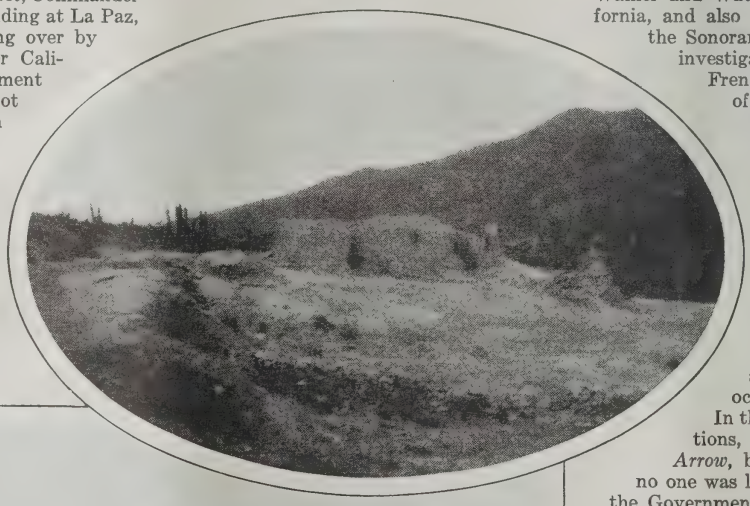
The Gadsden Purchase fixing the southwestern boundary of the United States, followed, in the making of which by some mysterious means the Mexican commissioners saved to their country the mouth of the Colorado River and the upper part of Lower California. Mexico once more resumed control of the peninsula, and put a complete end to mission life there definitely in 1854 and 1855. In between, however, came one of the most romantic bits of Lower Californian history—the filibustering expedition of William Walker. The exploits in Nicaragua of this 'gray-eyed man of destiny,' as his friends called him, are so well known that they have dimmed his previous adventure in Lower California.

There came to San Francisco, California, in 1852, the report that one Raousset de Boulbon, a French adventurer, was on his way across Sonora, with the approval of the Mexican Government, to acquire a strip of territory lying directly on the United States boundary, and extending southward some leagues into Lower California, including the mouth of the Colorado River and the head of the Gulf of California. At this time there lived in Marysville an editor, lawyer, physician and politician, by name William Walker, a native of Nashville, Tennessee. Walker and Henry P. Watkins organized and led a movement to prevent the French, either governmentally or privately, from acquiring territory along the border of the United States. Without discussing the matter with the Washington Government, Walker and Watkins went to Lower California, and also to Guaymas, the port on the Sonoran mainland, and made an investigation of conditions. The Frenchman, Boulbon, drops out of sight at this point, but the two Upper Californians discovered much that they believed needed remedying in Lower California and Sonora, so they opened an office in San Francisco. There they issued bonds of a prospective Republic of Lower California, and also recruited soldiers for an army of invasion and occupation.

In the process of their preparations, they chartered the brig *Arrow*, but one dark night, when no one was looking, the commander of the Government troops at San Francisco, General Hitchcock, took possession of the boat, being removed as commander for his work, due to the influence of Jeff Davis and other Southern powers. Walker, now uninterrupted, sailed with a number of men, variously recorded at from forty-five to seventy, in the brig *Caroline*. This filibustering force landed at La Paz, took possession of that port, and issued a proclamation declaring the Louisiana Code to be the law of the land. This meant the introduction of slavery, and in it lay the prime reason for the support given Walker by Southern influences at Washington. The 'Republic of Lower California' was proclaimed, with William Walker, then twenty-nine years old, as president, and a flag, consisting of a white stripe between two red stripes, and with two stars, representing Sonora



*This is the 'meson,' or hotel, at Las Cabras, a 'town' in Lower California.*





*San Telmo, one of the historic towns of Lower California, Mexico, whose records have never been written. Oval—Forsaken mission of San Fernando, about 350 miles south of the American border. It was one of the first strongholds of Christianity in the New World.*

and Lower California, was hoisted over La Paz.

In the winter of the same year, Walker, leaving a small garrison in La Paz, sailed around Cape San Lucas, at the tip of Lower California, and up the Pacific Coast to Todos Santos Bay, barely 100 miles south of San Diego. There Walker constructed a headquarters post which he called 'Fort McKibben,' and there he was joined by 250 recruits who sailed down the coast from San Francisco. In quick succession the filibusterers defeated the Mexicans at Santo Tomás, La Grulla and San Vicenti, also beating them off when they attacked Fort McKibben. Walker organized a government, and, early in 1854, set out to conquer the Mexican mainland state of Sonora. Their route across Lower California is not well known, but it appears that they crossed the Colorado River some six or seven miles above its mouth, and, shortly after crossing it, turned abruptly southward. As they moved further into Mexico, however, Walker's men, never closely bound together, began to desert, returning to the American border.

When these desertions became numerous, Walker turned about, recrossed the Colorado River, and moved his remaining men up to the international boundary just south of San Diego, somewhere near the present location of Tia Juana. There he fought off the Mexican soldiery until he could surrender to the American army post, under command of Major McKinstry. The three leaders—Walker, Watkins and a man named Emory, who had been secretary of state to the 'Republic of Lower California'—were tried in San Francisco, and Walker was acquitted, while Watkins and Emory were fined $1,500 each, and the fines allowed to go uncollected. Lower California has been the football of political parties in Mexico since that time.

## Socialism Through the Eyes of the Churchman

(*Concluded from page 3*)

elected officials had to decide how much we should save and how much we should spend, and their tenure of office depended upon how much they were willing to spend, as it would do, we should have a new set of property administrators every week, and each one would be more wasteful than the last.

The truth is that the problem of property is really the problem of natural inequality of power and ability among men and that the strong and able men will somehow always secure the power that the administration of capital necessarily involves. The only thing that cuts to the root of the matter is the truth that nobody owns anything absolutely, or can own anything absolutely, not even his own legs. They, like all other forms of property—brains, brawn, brass or beauty—are trusts given by God to be used in the service of the Family.

We may evolve, and are slowly evolving better systems of legal tenure of property, but those can evolve only as that truth becomes more and more deeply stamped on men's minds. The mere transference of property power from the self-seeking few, even if so they really are, to the self-seeking many would not lead to the Kingdom of God, but to chaos and confusion.

# Child Welfare and Conscience

By FRANKLIN CHASE HOYT

ONLY an optimist, it seems to me, has the right to engage in the work of child welfare. Any man or woman who believes that conditions are growing worse or that the spirit of our people is degenerating is not going to make much of a contribution to a cause which calls for devoted service and an abiding faith in the gradual improvement of the human race, especially as regards the protection and care of its children.

Pessimism has never contributed in any appreciable degree to the advancement of civilization and it certainly will never prove of great assistance in the work of safeguarding and improving the youth of our community.



*Judge Hoyt sits in the world's largest juvenile court. During the past fifteen years he has passed judgment on more children than any other judge in the world's history. He is known widely as a friend of underprivileged children.*

Look back through the ages and consider what revolutionary changes have taken place in the status of the child as a member of the state. From a chattel which might be sacrificed to the gods; which might be killed by its parents or exposed to death or starvation by the state itself; which might be sold into slavery by a spendthrift father or seized for his debts; which might be scarred and deformed by an unscrupulous mountebank; which might be forced to labor eighteen to twenty hours a day at the ages of seven and eight years by a hypocritical mill-owner; which might be herded into jails, almshouses, reformatories and schools, there to suffer a living death, the child has gradually won its age-long fight for recognition as a human being and has come to be regarded as a privileged member of the body politic, for whose protection the law is more solicitous in many respects than for that of older persons.

It was only three hundred years ago that St. Vincent de Paul, chancing to discover a little boy being maltreated and scarred by a miscreant for the purpose of making him an appealing and effective object of charity, seized the child and placing him on his shoulder marched through the streets of Paris, calling upon the people to save their offspring from the horrors of infanticide and torture. It was less than a hundred years ago that the Parliament of Great Britain learned to its shame that English children were being delivered to mill-owners in herds like cattle and that after they had been kept huddled by the hundreds on canal boats, in cellars and other temporary prisons, the survivors were 'apprenticed' out to lives of slavery from which, happily for them, they usually found release in death after several years.

Can anyone deny, after studying the history of the child from the dawn of civilization to the present time, that the cause of child protection and child welfare is not advancing with more rapid momentum with each successive age?

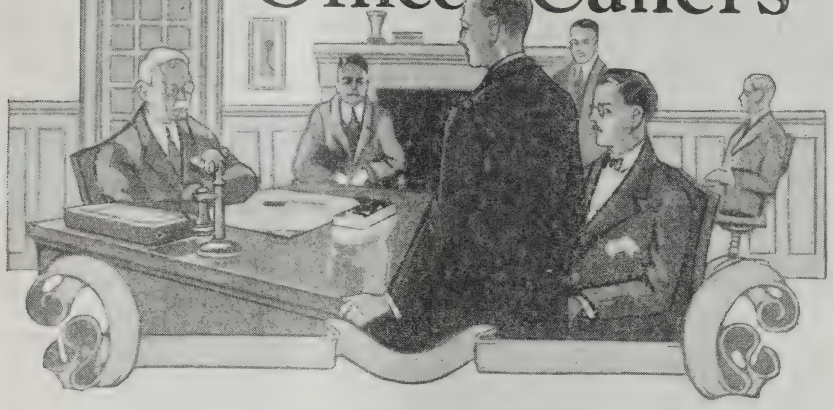
Even during our own day and generation, the gain has been almost unbelievable. Such innovations, organizations, or developments as children's courts, probation, mothers' pension systems, clinics for the examination of mental defectives, vocational guidance bureaus, visiting teachers in the public schools, Boy and Girl Scouts, Big Brother and Big Sister societies, parents' leagues, community centers and many others, have all been organized and established within the past twenty-five years and some of them within the past fifteen or ten.

Today there are many great philanthropies or foundations making intensive studies of the various phases of child life, especially in relation to health, a field in which the most extraordinary advances have been made, yet twenty-five years ago these organizations did not exist. Then again, during the same period the work carried on by the churches, the schools, the clubs and settlements and the children's societies has been in many instances revolutionized and developed in far more effective fashion than in former days.

In our own special and limited field I can give some figures which should impress the doubter. In the Children's Court of the City of New York the total arraignments of children for all causes have fallen from 15,000 in 1911 to 10,000 (in round figures) in 1924—a reduction of 5,000 in thirteen years, in spite of the increase of the city's population. And, better still, our commitments of children to institutions, for all causes including that of neglect, have been reduced from 3,682 in 1911 to 2,016 in 1924, a reduction of 1,666.

That the future holds out unlimited opportunity for progress and achievement goes without saying. Much remains to be done, and possibly a hundred or two hundred years from now, men will look upon the accomplishments of the present day as mere beginnings—mere scratches on the surface of things. But one thing is sure, and that is that the world is progressing. No one who has faith in the destiny of mankind ought to believe otherwise.

# Chats *with* Office Callers



'Montreal is a great city,' said ***the American,*** just returned from a vacation there. 'Lots of business. But Americans who yell for "light wines and beer" ought to go there and see how the "Quebec system" really works. Along the docks, around the markets, on every corner in the industrial and downtown sections are "taverns," which differ in no way from our old-time saloons, with their gangs of woozy individuals hanging around the doors. The wets may say what they like about their being more drinking under prohibition than before, but in two days I saw more drunks in daylight on the best streets of Montreal than I have seen during the past ten years in Detroit.'

❦ ❦ ❦

'Teaching,' explained ***the Superintendent of Public Schools,*** 'is a tough job. Whatever good you do cannot be measured. You never know just where you stand. It is only a belief in yourself and the system you follow that carries you along. Results help very little, and while you see a certain response in the immediate work of the students the big benefits you want to confer remain in the shadow. Grief is plentiful. It has come now to the place where the schools are expected to take the child, rear him, cultivate him and do all but clothe him and provide for his lodging. Parents in many instances are anxious to shift every burden of responsibility they can to the schools. We have always been willing to do our share, but there isn't any institution in existence that can take the place of the home in the life of a child. If the home does not fulfill its purpose, nothing else can.

'Then there are the school boards who settle on the general policies to be followed. In the majority of cases we find men of vision and judgment on these boards; but it is hard to work with a progressive board for five or six years and then be thrown with one of opposite ideals. After building up a school from a low scholastic standing, after installing modern school methods, meeting requirements as to teachers and teaching standards, putting athletics on a par with the schools in our locality, having our schools placed on the accredited list at the state university, to have a new board whose knowledge of school matters is negligible come in and deal disparagingly with all these cherished accomplishments is enough to discourage anyone. But this is part of the game. We have to accept it with a smile and have faith that what we have tried to do has not all been without purpose.'

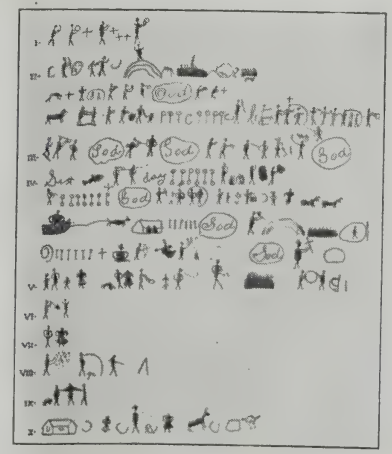
❦ ❦ ❦

' "There's never a law of God or man runs north of sixty-three."

'The next time somebody hurls that quotation at you to indicate the turbulence of men in the frozen wastes up around the Arctic Circle,' ***the Writer declared,*** 'show him this illustration and refer him to Dr. George Byron Gordon, F. R. G. S., explorer, archeologist, author and director of the University Museum in Philadelphia.

'In a hitherto unexplored region of Western Alaska along the headwaters of the Kuskokwim River, where no white man had ever set foot before, Dr. Gordon found on a slab of wood in one of the Indian villages—well "north of sixty-three"—the newest translation of the Decalogue in the most ancient form of recording thought—the Ten Commandments in picture writing.

'A restless brave of the Kuskwogamiut tribe of Indians had come in his travels to a mission somewhere in the endless snows. Remaining to listen, he had "got religion"



and one day he mushed back to his native village with the story of the white man's God thundering His commands from the mountain top. The Indian and his fellows had not learned the paleface trick of making speaking pages, but they were adept in the primitive art of picture writing.

'Dr. Gordon tells me that the author of this document afterward discovered that he needed a more rapid method of writing to keep up with the spirit of the times, and, relying entirely on his own resources, he gradually developed a system of shorthand, using the picture writing as a basis. By means of this discovery he could take down all the lessons and sermons that he heard and recite them afterward without missing anything.'

❦ ❦ ❦

'I hear a great deal of complaint about the weakness of preaching today,' said ***the Clergyman,*** when he found a minute to look in at the office. 'I suppose that preaching has always been criticized, in every age of the Church, but I could wish that some of the sermons of today were deeper and stronger. However, I cannot believe the fault is entirely with the preachers. It is rather with the modern church organization, and the modern social and civic organization. These demand so much aid and effort from the ministers, that there is no time left for reflection such as our fathers had. Jonathan Edwards wrote his *Freedom of the Will* while serving a lonely mission station among Indians, and his other great works in the conscientious but wholly spiritual labors of a village pastorate. We preachers of today read the passage in the Bible, "Be still, and know that I am God," but we never have time to be still.'

❦ ❦ ❦

'Do you remember that old melodrama—"The Streets of New York"?' asked ***the New Yorker.*** 'It was a hot one. But it wasn't a marker to the scenes I've been witnessing on the streets of New York in the last few weeks. I'm referring to the crowded streets in the Thirties, where the shops and workrooms of the clothing and fur districts are located. One day I saw more than 600 men form in a solid wedge, four abreast, and march along sidewalks, elbowing everybody off into the streets, pedestrians, women shoppers, children, just everybody who came along in the crowded luncheon hour. There was a fur- or garment-makers' strike on, and these people were "picketing," they said.

'Another day I saw a lot of women going through the district with hammers wrapped in newspapers, rapping the heads of their recalcitrant employers. When the weather wasn't so good the pickets wedged themselves into the entrances of garment shops to prevent anybody from working there. When arrested they told the judges they were only seeking shelter from the rain. There's scarcely a day passes that small mobs don't rush into the loft buildings, force themselves into the workrooms, pour acids on rolls of cloth and steal suits, and incidentally beat the factory owners unconscious. All this seems to be taken as matter of fact by the newspapers and the public. These people aren't Americans, of course. Or if they are, they are Americans by recent acquirement. But they are typical of the new New York.'




# Can You Tell Me?

QUESTION: When was the act passed establishing the United States mint?

ANSWER: Approved by President Washington April 2, 1792.

ꕥ ꕥ ꕥ

QUESTION: Who built Mount Vernon?

ANSWER: Lawrence, half-brother of George Washington, built it in 1743. George Washington inherited it on the death of Lawrence and his only daughter, and it was his home from 1747 until his death in 1799.

ꕥ ꕥ ꕥ

QUESTION: How and when were the early records of the United States moved from Philadelphia to the new Capitol in Washington?

ANSWER: They were shipped in a little vessel called a 'packet sloop' during October, 1800.

ꕥ ꕥ ꕥ

QUESTION: How much wheat do we export? Import?

ANSWER: Preliminary figures for the fiscal year give the exports to June 26, 1926, as 61,178,000 bushels, and imports to the same date as 16,953,000 bushels.

ꕥ ꕥ ꕥ

QUESTION: What amount of money has been refunded to taxpayers during the past year by the Federal Government, and the interest thereon, for taxes which were erroneously or illegally assessed and collected?

ANSWER: For the first ten months of the fiscal year 1926 the refund of taxes amounted to $135,828,088.23, plus interest allowed amounting to $33,773,855.13.

ꕥ ꕥ ꕥ

QUESTION: Is Washington considered a northern or southern city?

ANSWER: Geographically, it is southern, being about fifty miles south of the famous Mason and Dixon's line. Theoretically and legally it is neither, but national. The preponderance of its old inhabitants lend to it a distinct southern atmosphere.

ꕥ ꕥ ꕥ

QUESTION: Is there any religious qualification attached to the Presidency?

ANSWER: None. Even his oath of office omits the usual 'so help me God.' Art. 2, Sec. 1, Clause 8, of the Constitution gives his oath: 'I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States and will to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States.' Further, the first amendment to the Constitution provides that 'Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion . . .'

ꕥ ꕥ ꕥ

QUESTION: What are the qualifications for burial at Arlington National Cemetery?

ANSWER: All officers, cadets, and enlisted men of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, United States Coast Guard, and Army and Navy Paymasters' Clerks, dying in the service of the United States, or dying in a destitute condition after having been mustered out or honorably discharged from the service, or who served, or hereafter shall have served, during any war in which the United States has been or may hereafter be engaged, are entitled to burial in any National Cemetery free of cost. Army nurses are also entitled to this privilege as well as any American citizen who served with any Allied Army during the late World War. Wives and minor children of persons in the military service of the United States are entitled to be buried in such cemeteries, and widows of any persons buried in such cemeteries are entitled to be buried alongside their husbands.

*In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and kindred matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.*

ꕥ ꕥ ꕥ

QUESTION: How many American soldiers were killed in the war? How many were wounded and survived?

ANSWER: The War Department furnishes the following table:

BATTLE CASUALTIES

| | Killed in action | Died of wounds rec'd in action | Wounded | Total |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Officers | 1,600 | 593 | 6,678 | 8,871 |
| Enl. Men | 35,331 | 13,080 | 191,378 | 239,789 |
| Nurses | | | 3 | 3 |
| Total | 36,931 | 13,673 | 198,059 | 248,663 |

This does not, of course, include those who died from disease, by accident, drowned, suicide, murder or homicide, executed, or other causes.

ꕥ ꕥ ꕥ

QUESTION: How many Representatives and Senators come up for election this year?

ANSWER: Article 1, Section 2, of the Constitution provides that all members of the House of Representatives shall be chosen every second year by the people of the several states. Therefore, all representatives will be elected this year.

Article 1, Sec. 3, of the Constitution provides that the full term of a Senator shall be six years. They are divided into three classes, so that one-third—or 32—may be chosen every second year. Therefore, the following Senators—or those who are to take their places in the Senate—come up for reëlection this fall.

Underwood, of Alabama
Cameron, of Arizona
Caraway, of Arkansas
Shortridge, of California
Means, of Colorado
Bingham, of Connecticut
Fletcher, of Florida
George, of Georgia
McKinley, of Illinois (Defeated in primaries for renomination)
Watson, of Indiana
Cummins, of Iowa (Defeated in primaries for renomination)
Curtis, of Kansas
Pepper, of Pennsylvania (Defeated in primaries for renomination)
Smith, of South Carolina
Norbeck, of South Dakota
Smoot, of Utah
Dale, of Vermont
Jones, of Washington
Lenroot, of Wisconsin
Ernst, of Kentucky
Broussard, of Louisiana
Weller, of Maryland
Butler, of Massachusetts
Williams, of Missouri
Oddie, of Nevada
Moses, of New Hampshire
Wadsworth, of New York
Overman, of North Carolina
Nye, of North Dakcta
Willis, of Ohio
Harreld, of Oklahoma
Stanfield, of Oregon (Defeated in primaries for renomination)

The House of Representatives also has a territorial delegate from Alaska and one from Hawaii, two resident commissioners from the Philippine Islands and one from Porto Rico. They have the privilege of the floor but no vote.

# I Read in the Papers



Britain is laboring in her industrial distress like a waterlogged craft in a heavy sea. Her national revenue declined by more than $100,000,000 during the first quarter of the present financial year, as compared with the corresponding period a year ago, her foreign trade has dropped nearly $700,000,000 within six months, and upward of 2,500,000 of her workers are now in idleness. The country is becoming increasingly dependent upon imported coal for maintaining its essential services. Even industries less affected by the coal strike feel the pinch. The shares of more than sixty textile corporations in the Manchester district are at a discount, and many of them report heavy losses for the current year. Meanwhile the striking miners are holding out with grim determination, although there is said to be actual hunger in their ranks. In a word, the bitterest industrial conflict in England's recent history has come as a climax to one of the worst industrial depressions recorded in her annals.—*Living Age.*

*Great Britain's Financial Difficulties*

ɤ ɤ ɤ

Vendors of soft drinks have discovered what is claimed to be an entirely new scheme for producing an unquenchable thirst among their patrons. Citrate acid is placed in the drinking glasses or used in the manufacture of the drink. Anyone taking a drink of the product treated in this way discovers shortly afterward that thirst has again developed. A second drink makes matters even worse, and a half-dozen drinks on a warm day produce an almost unquenchable thirst.

*New Ways to Create a Thirst*

There is nothing new in the idea of using artificial means to produce thirst. At the lunch counters in some of the public houses in England salt fish and highly seasoned foods of various kinds are freely offered to patrons. This, in its turn, is but the survival of a very ancient custom which found an outlet at baronial banquets and revels of various kinds.

ɤ ɤ ɤ

Collectors and booksellers in England and America have been greatly concerned for some time about the large number of manuscripts now being offered which their owners claim to be original works by eminent authors, especially Shelley, Anatole France, Rudyard Kipling, and W. H. Hudson. These documents seem to come from a common source which evidence locates somewhere in Paris, and there is no doubt that most of them are forgeries. In several cases examples have at first been accepted as genuine by experts. Signatures are also counterfeited in this way. A copy of, say, the first edition of an 18th Century poem is procured, and the signature of George Washington, or some equally celebrated American, is forged on the title-page or flyleaf and faked to a resemblance of age. Then the volume with its new mark of association is shipped across the Atlantic and sold for an exhorbitant sum.

*Manuscript Forgeries Increasing*

Nor do the forgers confine their skill to penmanship. With the same ease they will imitate type that no longer exists. Given a piece of paper they will counterfeit a page of a Restoration play or with equal skill a pamphlet of some great writer. The extravagant prices paid for rare old and modern books and manuscripts embolden the forgers to run risks that would frighten the timid. It is difficult to detect these forgeries or trap the forgers, who depend largely on the fact that the expert who has been deceived is even more afraid of exposure.

ɤ ɤ ɤ

It was before the time of killing women in war. Napoleon could murder the Duc D'Enghien in a ditch at Vincennes—but he could not kill a woman. With all his faults, Napoleon could never have slain Nurse Cavell. We must always remember that to his credit. Just as he refused to use poison gas, so he shrank from killing Madame de Stael. Perhaps Napoleon knew that exile was worse than death to this daughter of Paris. She was not happy at Coppet, and she flooded Napoleon and her friends with appeals to allow her to return to Paris. Sometimes she set out on her travels and crept as near as possible to the great city—pathetically haunting the suburbs as if to catch a whiff of the Paris odors. But whenever Napoleon caught the rumor of her approach, swiftly he threw his thunderbolt of expulsion. Wherever she lodged she was tracked down. There would come a rap at the door and a letter would be carried to the great lady while she was dining. She would tear open the folded message and her face would grow pale. Early next dawn her horses and chariot would be waiting at the door and she would be departing swiftly back to Geneva and Coppet.

*Exile Proved Secret Blessing*

But what France lost, letters gained. For Madame de Stael was so voluble a talker that she would probably have written little if she had remained in Paris. Tied down to her *chateau* at Coppet, she could find only one way of relieving her *ennui*, and that was by writing. So it was that, with the resolution that marks the true maker of books, Madame de Stael would settle down at Coppet to the long strain and labor of composition, and in that way she would while away the hours and days spent by the Lake.—Harold Spender in *The Contemporary Review.*

ɤ ɤ ɤ

Interesting observations on Chicago civic conditions are made by Chief of Police Collins of that city in commenting on the fact that more than 200 gangsters have been killed as the result of feuds during the past four years, and 160 have been killed by police.

*Gang Killings Viewed by a Police Chief*

'The police can do nothing to stop gang killings,' he said. 'They are beyond protection by the police. The gangsters have an organization of their own. There was a time when they had the city divided into territories and each faction respected territorial rights. That was before the days of hi-jacking.

'Nowadays they are all over the city, and when they want something they take it. When their demands are refused they back them up with revolvers or shotguns. If gangsters kill each other, we don't care very much. Of course, we make an honest and sincere effort to find the guilty parties, and when arrested we try and hang them. But the task is hard.'

ɤ ɤ ɤ

Major Chester P. Mills, prohibition administrator for the New York area, announced this afternoon a new system for distributing sacramental wine to Jews, made necessary, he said, because so many gallons have been diverted to bootleg uses.

*Sacramental Wine Is Curtailed*

Under the new system, each rabbi in the city will report to prohibition headquarters the amount needed for his congregation. Permits then will be issued to vintners, enabling them to ship direct to the rabbis. Major Mills said the new plan will do away with 250 distributing points in New York.—New York *Evening Post.*

*The International Jew* in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United tates*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set $1. THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN.



# Briefly Told



HUMAN HAIR GROWS at the rate of eighteen one-thousandths of an inch a day. The life of an individual hair is estimated at about six years.

'WHOSOEVER ATTRACTS INTO the bonds of marriage any male subject of His Majesty by means of rouge or powder, perfumes, false teeth, false hair, steel corsets, hooped petticoats, high heels or false hips will be prosecuted for sorcery and the marriage will be declared null and void, if the accused is convicted!'—Old French statute.

PRISONS IN ENGLAND HAVE decreased by one-half and the number of inmates by two-thirds in the past few years. There are today only thirty-three prisons and 10,000 prisoners.

BORNEO STREAMS ARE SO infested with crocodiles that one-fifth of the loss of life among natives is attributed to them.

UNDER A RECENT COURT ruling, cows may walk the highways of Panama devoid of 'head or tail lights, bells, or other warning devices.'

A SIAMESE KITTEN was recently rescued by the steamship *President Garfield* from a hatch cover floating in mid-ocean

NATURALISTS HAVE DISCOVERED spiders along the Amazon River that trap and eat small birds.

SCIENTISTS DECLARE THAT a color-blind woman is a great rarity.



CHINA CONSUMES more firecrackers in a year than any other nation. They are used in connection with social, religious and military functions, as well as births and funerals and peace demonstrations after quarrels.

VACATIONISTS WHO LIE in the sun for hours at a time are indulging in a dangerous practice, as the skin cannot manufacture pigments quickly enough to protect one from injury unless the first exposures are of short duration.

MUSSOLINI RECEIVES as salary about $400 a month.

SEVENTEEN YEARS AGO a number of beet seeds were stored away by a Danish seed-testing station. Each year some have been withdrawn for experimental purposes. Tests proved that eighty-five per cent of germination took place in the second year and twenty-four per cent in the seventeenth year of dormancy. Seeds of white clover germinated after a lapse of twenty-five years.

THE DIAMOND, WHICH is an insulator for electricity, is one of the best conductors of heat.

'SEVEN GODLY BELLRINGERS who will remain to attend divine services after their work is done' are wanted by a rural English church. The former ringers refused to attend service because they said they knew the parson's sermons by heart.



THE DEPARTMENT of Agriculture has developed a method of treating sawdust for food for cattle and sheep.

TOBACCO IS BEING GROWN for market in a valley in British Columbia which corresponds in latitude to the northern part of Newfoundland.

YUCATAN HAS A LAW compelling employers in rural districts to open schools for the children of their employes.

FARMERS OF THE MIDDLE WEST purchase more brooms than any other household article.

FLOWERS PICKED IN the morning in Holland are on sale the same afternoon in Berlin, being carried by airplane from one country to the other.

A LARGE POCKET of beach sand, unlike any in the vicinity, was recently found in a solid block of marble at Middlebury, Vermont.

A STATUE ERECTED to Matthew Fontain Maury in Richmond, Virginia, recalls his services to the country. Maury's nautical and meteorological observations aided not only the United States Navy but also the farmers of his day, and became the forerunner of the Weather Bureau. He was also one of the original progenitors of the United States Naval Academy.



THE COBRA IS DEAF to all sounds, its hearing apparatus consisting of a delicate membrane which receives only ground vibrations. Indian charmers, knowing this, tap the box or basket in which the reptile is kept, partly stunning the creature by the force of the vibrations. It is thus rendered tractable so it can be handled.

MORE THAN A MILLION pounds of tea is required to supply the people of Great Britain with each day's beverage.

SEVEN HUNDRED MEN died in New York last year from poisoned liquor.

FROZEN MILK IN HUGE BLOCKS is being shipped from Seattle to China and the Straits Settlements. The milk is said to be fresh when thawed out upon arrival.

FIREFLIES INOCULATED WITH adrenalin have been kept glowing for twenty-four hours. The adrenalin causes a muscular contraction and a continuous instead of intermittent supply of oxygen to the light-producing cells.

CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF, the beaver is far from extinct in this country. There are 62,000 in Colorado and Montana alone, and the number is increasing.

'QUEEN ELIZABETH HATH BUILT herself a bath, where she doth bathe herself once a month whether she requireth it or not.'—*Contemporary Writer.*

NEARLY 150,000 PERSONS in Austria are receiving government unemployment aid.

'THE MONROE DOCTRINE, instead of bringing the Latin-American countries into closer contact with the United States, had eliminated from the minds of Latin-American peoples all fear of aggression from any portion of the world but the United States.'—*Leo S. Rowe*, director-general of the Pan-American Union.



A FAVORITE WEAPON of the ancient cave man was a club made from the mammoth's foreleg.

SUBSTITUTION OF POTATOES for spaghetti in the national Italian diet is one of the reforms attempted by the Fascist régime.

THE SUPERSTITION THAT breaking a mirror brings bad luck dates from the time when magicians consulted mirrors. These, if broken, could give no replies.

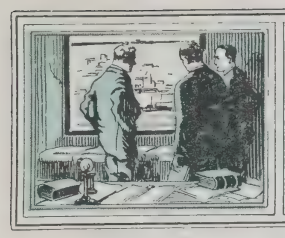
THE JAPANESE ESTIMATE that on a Japanese standard of living the world could support 2,500,000,000 people; while only 1,000,000,000 could live under American standards.

AUSTRALIA IS THE ONLY country known to be entirely exempt from hydrophobia, due to a rigidly enforced quarantine.

CLOTH MADE FROM BAMBOO fiber is being developed. Bamboo fiber, it is said, can be made as pliable as flax.

THE UNITED STATES annually expends $4,700,000 in looking up misdirected mail.

PRICES IN FRANCE are estimated to be seven times higher than before the war.



# NOTES COMMENTS CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S PAGE this week discusses the fact that prosperity is without value unless it is shared with others.

'Nervous breakdown' is a polite phrase become popular in this country only in the past few years. It would not be so popular—declares Dr. Joseph Collins—if it were generally known that 'nervous breakdown' is usually a camouflage term for mental disorder. (p. 1)

*A few years ago a book by a comparatively unknown author met instantaneous and phenomenal success. That book was The Doctor Looks at Literature. It was followed by other works in the same clear, incisive style. Dr. Collins became famous almost overnight as a critic and writer. But he was already famous as a neurologist. He draws upon both talents to produce this remarkable article on nervous diseases.* (p. 1)



*Dr. Joseph E. Collins.*

Mental disorder does not necessarily connote insanity. Conventionally, insanity is a matter of conduct. Many a man who is filled with insane ideas is not regarded as insane by the law or his neighbors. And mental disorder can be almost entirely eliminated from life. In his trenchant way, Dr. Collins tells of the cause of nervous breakdown—and the prevention. (p. 1)

THE supreme test of a religious revival is not its momentary excitation but its permanent results. How many of those who 'hit the trail' retain their religious fervor after the evangelist has departed? How many remain in the church? In former days the religious revival played an important rôle in America. What is its rôle today? (p. 12)

Dr. William E. Barton brings a ministerial experience of forty years to the discussion. In early manhood he was a circuit-riding preacher in Tennessee. Later he held the pastorate of one of Chicago's largest suburban churches. He served as Moderator of the National Council of the Congregational Church in the United States for two years. He has participated in many revivals—and his analysis of them is one that churchmen and laymen together will want to read. (p. 12)

George S. Roberts, of Montgomery, Massachusetts, writes: In THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT of August 21, Charles D. Cameron says: 'It is not a *grammatical error.*' How on earth could a man who is competent to write on the subject of the English language commit so inexcusable a solecism? Like a Roman Catholic Protestant a grammatical error is a paradox.

Sherwin Cody, recognized stylistic authority, in *The Art of Writing and Speaking the English Language* (G. P. Putnam and Sons), says: Grammar is the science of the relationship of words in a sentence, and there is as much bad grammar as bad chemistry or logic. 'Grammatical errors' are 'errors of grammar,' not 'in grammar.'

Many more freak laws have been brought to light through the interview with Arthur Train, printed in a recent issue, in which the noted novelist scored the American propensity for law-making. One reader writes of an Illinois law (since repealed) which provided a fine of $500 for any woman convicted of reading her husband's mail. In Indiana a performing chimpanzee was fined five dollars for smoking.

Among the bills introduced in the latest sessions of legislatures were an act requiring hotels to furnish bed sheets nine feet long, an act requiring husbands to cook breakfast on Sundays, and an act requiring railroad companies to remove the last car from each train to prevent rear-end collisions.

Shakespeare's London still exists in little nooks and corners of the vast city of today. Some of the inns were he stayed, some of the churches were he worshiped, remain almost as he knew them. (p. 17)

*W. Teignmouth Shore, who contributes the delightful article on Shakespeare's London, is listed in the British* **Who's Who** *as journalist, lecturer and business expert. He did editorial work for the* **Encyclopedia Britannica** *for a number of years. He is well known in England and America as a writer. But he is more than this. 'I am,' he writes, 'an expert in criminology, cookery, American literature, the theater and Charles Dickens. And an awful nice young feller.'* (p. 17)



*W. Teignmouth Shore.*

Thomas L. Masson, the noted editor and critic, places a measuring rod to literature and tells us what books he likes, and why. (p. 4)

Some months ago we published Mr. Masson's story, 'Leading the Simple Book Life.' Following this he was invited to deliver a series of book talks from one of the leading broadcasting stations. Since then he has been literally swamped with requests for additional information and advice. This article is his response. (p. 4)

DURING the war the name of 'Woodbine Willie' became almost a household word. 'Woodbine Willie' was one of the best known of war chaplains. Today he is chaplain to King George, and an aggressive leader of the younger English clergy. He writes vigorously on socialism as viewed by the churchman. (p. 3)

And among the other authors in this issue are Harry A. Sanders, philologist, archeologist and curator of the famous Freer Collection at the University of Michigan, who writes on the different versions of the New Testament . . . Harry H. Dunn, who spent many years in Mexico and the Orient as press correspondent . . . Forrest Lord, who has made a special investigation of the condition of crippled children, at the request of various civic organizations . . . James W. Beckman, once secretary to Elbert Hubbard, who concludes his series on the Army court-martial system.

## CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE


The Cause of Nervous Breakdown - - - - 1
*Joseph Collins*
Socialism Through the Eyes of the Churchman 3
*G. A. Studdert Kennedy*
What Books Are Worth While, and Why - - 4
*Thomas L. Masson*
The Scientist as the Agent for Democracy - - 6
*Frank M. Chase*
Our Court-Martial System - - - - - - - 7
*James W. Beckman*
Versions of the New Testament - - - - - 8
*Henry A. Sanders*
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
The Old-Time Revival - - - - - - - - 12
*William E. Barton*
Lower California, Land of Mystery - - - - 15
*Harry H. Dunn*
The Truth About France - - - - - - - 16
If Shakespeare Came to London - - - - - 17
*W. Teignmouth Shore*
Chats With Office Callers - - - - - - - 28
I Read in the Papers - - - - - - - - - 30



SUBSCRIPTION PRICE in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies, $1.50 a year; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year. Single copy, five cents.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. State both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.



Photo, H. A. Stockdale.

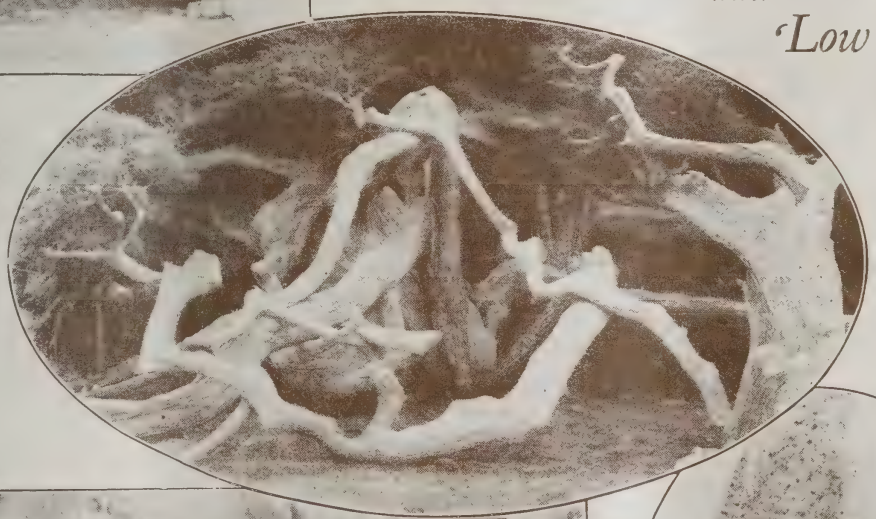
Having seen the curious examples of trees which have been published on this page in recent issues, a reader submits the above. It is a strong, twisted oak, near Troutdale, Oregon, and the right part does not touch ground at any point.



Photo, Robert S. Walker.

Not a large tree but high enough that it can look down on the clouds! Vista from Lookout Mountain, Tennessee.

# TREES *Some 'High Ups' and 'Low Downs'*



Left, oval—On one of the drives out of Monterey, California, one may see this old cypress tree. And if one has time, he may try to figure out just what plan of growth this tree was meant to follow—and how many times it must have changed its mind.

© Ewing Galloway.



The Spanish moss which grows on the giant oaks of the South is the reason why they are commonly called 'bearded oaks.' It grows prodigiously and is much used in filling mattresses.



© Wide World.

When a native of Trinidad wants to wreak disaster on an enemy, he drives a nail into this tree, supposed to be the home of the dread Jambie bird.



*Your painter will tell you that Valspar is unequalled for beauty and durability.*





# The Economy of Valspar

A Valsparred surface is absolutely waterproof and accident-proof. It can be washed with hot soapy water or ammonia as often as necessary without the slightest injury. Even acids and alkalies can not make ugly spots or dim its luster.

The great economy of Valspar lies in the fact that it lasts twice as long as ordinary varnishes, it gives better protection and looks better—on floors, furniture, woodwork and metal.

**45c** *Forty-five cents worth of Valspar will make a shabby Front Door look new!*

*A New Car for about $2.30 worth of Valspar-Enamel!* **$2.30**





**55c** *is about the amount of Valspar Varnish-Stain needed to renew an old chiffonier.*

*The necessary Valspar-Enamel or Stain for refinishing the average bed, in any color, will cost about* **65c**

## Valspar—Clear and in Colors

Valspar meets every household need. *Clear Valspar Varnish* gives a lustrous finish, without changing the color of the woodwork; *Valspar Varnish-Stains* produce a transparent, natural wood color with Valspar's brilliant luster and durability—Light or Dark Oak, Walnut, Mahogany, Cherry and Moss Green. *Valspar-Enamels* cover the surface with a solid coat of beautiful color—Red—*light and deep*, Blue—*light, medium and deep*, Green—*medium and deep*, Vermilion, Ivory, Orange, Bright Yellow, Gray and Brown. Also in Black, White, Gold, Bronze, Aluminum and Flat Black.

Valspar in Colors is just as waterproof, durable and beautiful as the Clear Valspar Varnish. One coat is often sufficient, but of course, greater protection and beauty is secured by each additional coat.

*Send the coupon for samples, and prove for yourself the economy of Valspar.*





*Valspar-Enamel will make your refrigerator bright, sanitary and easy-to-clean for* **70c**

**1½ cents** *per square foot to renew your old linoleum with Valspar.*

VALENTINE'S
# VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White

*This Coupon is worth 20 to 60 cents*



**20c** *spent for a Sample Can of Valspar will triple the value of an old chair. (Use coupon for sample.)*




*This can contains the most economical varnish money can buy, for Valspar lasts longer and gives maximum protection and beauty.*

**VALENTINE & COMPANY, 460-4th Ave., New York**

I enclose dealer's name and stamps —20c apiece for each 40c sample can checked at right. (Only one sample each of clear Valspar, Varnish-Stain and Enamel supplied per person at this special price.)

*Valspar Instruction Book with Color Charts, 15c extra.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Clear Valspar | ☐ |
| Valspar-Enamel 1 Color | ☐ |
| Valspar-Stain 1 Color | ☐ |
| Valspar Book | ☐ |

Print full mail address plainly.

D. I. 9-25-26

Dealer's Name .....

Address .....

Your Name .....

Address .....

City .....

Vol. 26 No. 49
SEPTEMBER 25
1926
Published Weekly by
THE DEARBORN
PUBLISHING COMPANY
Dearborn - - Michigan

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer; C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

# Taxes, Taxes, Taxes!

## They Are Always With Us But Often We Do Not Know It

By SAMUEL CROWTHER

THE country has consistently refused to be frightened by the amount of taxes which it pays or the indebtedness—the public mortgage—which is being steadily piled up. The people are for low taxes. That is a matter of course.

The number of voters who do not pay taxes directly and who never expect to pay any is so small as to be negligible. All the efforts to work up a class-conscious proletariat have fallen flat—both to be poor and to be proud of it is not in the American nature. And neither is that nature any more scared by public debts than it is by the number of automobiles per capita. We refuse to believe that we are going to the bowwows just because we are what we are.

And the public, as usual, is instinctively right. This whole business of taxes and debts is one of proportion. We have a way of making ourselves afford what we think we can afford. The point in taxes is not what we are paying. The point is, 'Do we know what we are paying?' People get into the hands of loan sharks mostly because they do not at the beginning know what they are letting themselves in for. Look at debts and taxes from that angle.

If your income is under ten thousand dollars a year and you own a house, the taxes which you do not know you pay will exceed those for which you write checks.

If your income is under five thousand dollars a year, you will pay more for taxes than you do for clothing.

If your income is twenty-five hundred dollars a year or less and you are a married man with a family, you will pay, whether you own your home or rent it, more for taxes than you do for food, although you may think you are tax-free.

The rich man pays the bulk of his taxes by check. The poor man—the man over whom the politicians weep and who may never get a tax bill—bears the heaviest tax in the nation.

The matter of the taxes levied by the Federal Government, although highly important, is not all-important, for Congress has had a measure of taxing sense beaten into it by the voters. What Congress does about taxes and what the President does with the budget are front-page news—Washington is under the spotlight. But the debts and the taxes which will make or break us do not in their entirety get into the newspapers at all. They do not come out of Washington. They come out of state capitals and city councils, highway districts, school districts—out of something like a thousand political bodies which have the right to incur debts in this country and few of which have even the most elementary knowledge of finance. The expenses of the Federal Government are being reduced. Whether they will stay reduced is another matter. The expenses of state and local government are rising.

Perhaps you have not thought much about taxes. Possibly you directly pay only a few or none at all. But whoever or whatever you are, just try this little exercise. Select a cold, gloomy morning—a day that starts spoiled. For it will be spoiled anyway when you have finished the test. Do not try to do the thing too quickly and do not attempt any mental arithmetic as you go along. If taken slowly and carefully, the exercise is guaranteed harmless.

Let us assume you are a commuter with a job in a city. It does not make any difference whether you are an employer or an employe. If, instead of being a commuter, you live in a city or town, you can omit whatever exercises do not apply to you. Ditto if you are a farmer. No matter who you are, you will find plenty of exercises that exactly fit you. Try this:

No. 1. Rise and yawn. As you get out of bed, reflect that you have just worked out one night's real estate taxes on your home. You may be paying those taxes directly or through a landlord.

No. 2. Turn on an electric light. Reflect that you are helping to pay the taxes of the electric light company.

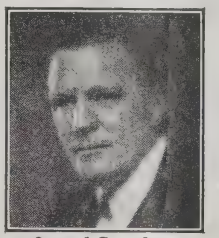
No. 3. After shaving, put some tax on your face—witch hazel, bay rum, or any lotion. They all contain alcohol, and the most expensive ingredient of alcohol is the excise tax.

No. 4. At breakfast, reflect that all the food on the table, all the dishes, everything you own or use is full of taxes. Every article has paid a number of property taxes and probably in several states. If made or handled by a corporation, it has paid, in addition, two or more taxes a corporation. The article has been carried on motor cars or railroads and part of the charge for each division of transport is tax.

No. 5. If you take a taxi to the station, reflect on the federal excise taxes on the car, tires, and so on, and the various state (Concluded on page 23)

*THE only fine feature of national statistics is their flexibility. If I am an Anti-Saloon Leaguer, I can get the exact figures on how much Prohibition has saved the nation. If I am a Saloon Leaguer, I can get equally accurate figures on how much Prohibition has cost the nation. I have before me a bulletin which seeks to prove that we are not spending too much for public education. It compares the national wealth of 1922—which is only a guess—with the income of 1919 and the cost of education in 1922. The resulting chart looks as though it ought to mean something. Actually it means nothing at all, for the figures are not comparable. By the same method I could estimate the cost of King Tut's funeral, compare the result with what Henry VIII spent for wives, reduce the whole to 1913 dollars, and prove that after all it wouldn't cost much to run an automobile in 1930.*

*But what follows on the expenses of government and on the debts incurred by government is reasonably accurate.*



Samuel Crowther.

# Cashing in on the 'Blue Sky'

## *A Study of the* Methods *Used by* Wily 'Aviation' *and* Real Estate Promoters *in Separating the* Sucker *From His* Dollar

*By* RALPH W. BUDD *and* J. OLIN HOWE

*Illustrated by* W. W. CLARKE

'BLUE SKY' has been placed in the dictionary as the term for that horde of pseudo-scientific, pseudo-industrial, quasi-legal, always visionary, get-rich-quick schemes whose stocks and other 'securities' are annually foisted on the American public to the total of One Billion Dollars!

Numerous American cities might be named as first-class 'Blue Sky' territory which is intensively worked; but the majority of these sheer gambles, or worse, originate in New York.

Though the average New Yorker professes himself a hard-boiled sophisticate, the truth is that within a radius of ten miles of Times Square are more suckers to the acre than in any other place on earth. 'Sucker' is also in the dictionary as descriptive of him who parts with cash hard come by for worthless stocks and the like. Of course he doesn't *think* they're worthless! But how much does he *know* about what he is buying?

Such make New York the ideal laboratory it is for the 'Blue Sky boys.' To the 'high-pressure birds' and the 'reloaders,' who exchange for lifetime savings sheets of richly engraved paper without even the wish to know whether what they are selling is worth a dollar or not—New York is home.

Here they can plan unbelievably audacious schemes and be sure of plenty of human material on which to try them out before scattering to reap the harvest. There is one office building in New York jokingly known as 'The Den of the Forty Thieves.'

Immigrant and outlander may more readily buy the Woolworth Building from chance acquaintances, but it is the out-and-out New Yorker—who has been one long enough to really belong, say, a couple of years—who brings prematurely gray hair to the temples of local and federal district attorneys, and Post Office inspectors.

For example, at the extreme northern end of New York City, where it merges into Yonkers, a fabulous 'mine' lately closed its career at the behest of the authorities, whose promoters had absolutely guaranteed the presence there of gold, silver and platinum, and other precious metals in paying quantities. In fact, they were ready to name about any metal one would ask for.

Those fellows had a secondhand trench-digger at work, saying they need not sink a deep shaft because of the favorable lay of the land. There was no difficulty about selling their stock.

In New York, too, the famous 'cat and rat ranch' promotion came into being. In a spirit of fun a witty writer wrote a burlesque prospectus describing the efficient and profitable operation of a plan by which rats would be raised to feed to cats, the cats killed for their fur—whence came the profits—and their carcasses fed to the rats which would be fed to cats—and round the endless chain again.

A financial house (Concluded on page 19)

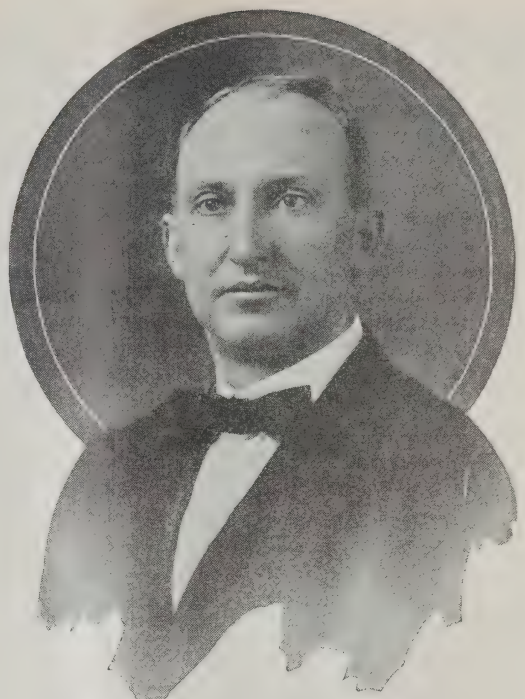


*'Mother, we've struck it rich this time! I'm going to take a full square mile.'*

## The Motives That Guided Me in

# Exercising the Pardoning Power

By GEORGE W. HAYS
*Formerly* GOVERNOR of ARKANSAS



*George W. Hays was elected governor of Arkansas at a special election held in July, 1913, to fill the unexpired term of Governor Joe T. Robinson, who was elected to the United States Senate. Mr. Hays was inaugurated January 1, 1914, serving five months as governor and was reelected for two more years. During his term of office he pardoned about 400 criminals.*

THE highest gift which the state can bestow on its chief executive is the pardoning power. In the entire scheme of social existence and political life, there is nothing of which I am more convinced, nothing to which I so strongly adhere than the belief that the principle of granting relief to life's wayward and unfortunate is truly God-given.

While I was governor of the State of Arkansas from 1913 to 1917, I pardoned almost four hundred criminals. Considering the population of the state at that time, this record may seem remarkable. And yet, of all that number only three, less than one per cent, have been returned to the penitentiary.

It is a source of satisfaction to me to know that practically all those who received clemency from me once more entered society and did not fall back into a life of crime. Think of what this means not only to the individual but to his friends.

Pardon movements arise from a wide variety of sources. In many instances the applications that I received were recommended by the very judges that tried and sentenced the convicted persons, from the juries that found them guilty and even from the prosecuting attorneys. Other officers of the counties in which the trials took place together with many other citizens, from practically every calling, augmented the list of petitioners.

While this method was frequently used for arousing interest in the pardon-seeker there were many exceptions to the rule. Thousands of letters poured through my office from mothers, wives and children as well as from many who had no personal concern in the prisoners.

In the latter class may be placed the vast numbers of newspaper readers whose sympathies are often aroused by accounts of mitigating circumstances in the lives of the condemned. Often these pleaders for clemency are from distant states.

I remember one instance where a young man was convicted and sentenced to a term of three years on a larcency charge. His wife, during his prison term, lost interest in him and when at last he left the penitentiary he was told by a mutual acquaintance that she had divorced him and had married again.

Completely disheartened the young man decided to leave Arkansas and make a fresh start in one of the big industrial centers of the North. Here he made good and a few years later had risen to the position of mechanical foreman in a large industrial plant. During this time he never heard from his former wife. Another love came into his life and he married again.

After a few years as a good husband and father he learned that his first wife had never divorced him and that he was a bigamist. He was brought back to Arkansas, tried, convicted and sent to the penitentiary to serve a term for bigamy. The broadcasting by newspapers over the country of this unusual story roused a veritable storm of protest from readers of all classes in the most remote places. The convict's domestic affairs were satisfactorily readjusted by his first wife securing a divorce and he was promptly granted a pardon.

IN some instances my attention would be directed to particular cases and after a personal investigation I would grant pardons on my own initiative. I shall never forget one such occasion when an old lady from one of the remote counties of the state, with a little barefoot grandson as her sole companion, walked all the way to the state capitol at Little Rock, a distance of more than one hundred and fifty miles, to beg for a pardon for her son who was serving a three-year sentence in the penitentiary for burglary.

This boy was her main dependence for a livelihood. The poor old soul was weeks in making the trip, as she stopped along the road to pick cotton for a day or two at a time to enable her to earn a little money to buy herself and her grandson sustenance until they reached their destination.

When she came into my office, presented her application and told her pathetic story I immediately inquired from the prison officials about the young man's record since he had been an inmate of the penitentiary. I learned that it was good and at once granted the pardon.

At the time this occurred there sat in my office a big generous-hearted Irishman, and when I handed the old lady the pardon he gave her a sum of money to pay her expenses down to the state farm, where she had to go to present the pardon and secure the liberation of her son.

It is no uncommon thing for a serious doubt to arise after a man has been convicted as to whether or not he was guilty of the charge. This is often offered as a plea for a pardon and at times public sentiment in the community from which the convict has been sentenced is so strong that a reinvestigation may be held resulting in the granting of a release.

Another of the common pleas for executive clemency which I received during my two terms of office, and one which at times proved irresistible, was the youth of the convict. For example, arguments were placed before me showing that the wayward boy had been deprived of proper training in early life. Possibly he had lost his mother or his father or both parents and had received none of the advantages that should have directed his mind along the path of right living.

Viewed in the light of such ex-

tenuating circumstances, together with the fact that the youthful offender had already served part of his term and had received sufficient punishment to teach him the lesson of discipline and self-control, I exercised the pardoning power, feeling that by doing so the boy would be given another chance.

The important matters of health and hygiene play their parts in the granting of pardons. Sometimes persons convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary are the victims of incurable contagious diseases. The protection of the health of other convicts actuate the granting of pardons in such cases.

One of the arguments frequently influencing the granting of a pardon was the fact that the convict was the sole support of a wife and small children. I recollect one case where a young farmer from the hill section of the state was convicted of making moonshine whisky and sentenced to one year and a day in prison. His explanation that he had not made the whisky to sell but merely to 'have a little cheer for Christmas' had no weight with judge and jury and he found himself, after due process of law, behind the walls of the penitentiary.

After he had served about six months of his term a letter made its way to the governor's office from his young wife in which she not only asked for a pardon for the mountaineer but advanced a most convincing reason why he should be permitted to return home—a picture of a fine-looking young son and daughter, twins, aged two weeks.

'They need their daddy, governor,' she wrote, and one could not but concur in the argument so cleverly yet simply expressed.

Often the fact that a convict is a member of a good family is advanced as an argument for freeing him before his full term has expired. In considering this type of plea it must be borne in mind that the disgrace and mental anguish suffered by this class of wrongdoer and the sorrow and suffering caused his relatives render his punishment more intense than that of the case-hardened criminal or the one from the lower walks of life.

I pardoned all white women convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary during my term of office. This may seem an astounding statement, but a realization of local conditions will throw considerable light on the matter. Arkansas, as a matter of fact, had no provision for the housing of white women convicts, while I was governor.

We men of Arkansas have a conviction that the penitentiary is no place for a woman and I, personally, believe that, as a rule, some low-down type of male is at the bottom of most crimes committed by women. This may seem a strange point of view to dwellers north of the Mason and Dixon's line but it is innate in the southern-born man.

I remember one striking instance where a poor, unfortunate creature, a pitiful caricature of her sex and race, was sent to the penitentiary for immoral conduct. This derelict bit of humanity had been reared in the hill country without advantages or opportunities. I went to see the woman, taking a pardon with me, and in company with a friend we put her in a waiting automobile, and brought her to a department store where some suitable clothes for traveling were purchased. We bought her a railroad ticket and sent her to her relatives who lived in a neighboring state.

Perhaps some explanation of the principles guiding me in the use of the pardoning power while governor would be timely and interesting. I would not want any of my readers to get the impression that I wielded this influence to turn loose on the community a class of dangerous criminals through foolishness and sentimentality.

Each pardon was granted only after a careful personal investigation into the case and the record made by the pardon-seeker before and after his commitment. The fact that less than one per cent of the large numbers granted executive clemency failed to reform bears out convincingly the wisdom of tempering justice with mercy in cases where it is deserved.

An important principle governing the pardoning power is the fact that a convict makes a better prisoner with the hope of a pardon in mind. People convicted of crimes are nevertheless human beings and regardless of the punishment fixed at the trial there remains in the breast of each and all a ray of hope. This ray, no matter how faint, never quite dies out.

Appealing to this inherent characteristic hope is a strong argument for reform and good conduct. During my seven years as circuit judge before I served as governor of the state I never failed in sentencing a convicted person to remind him or her of the fact that good behavior would mean the shortening of the penitentiary term.

Once let a prisoner understand that his own actions determine how much sooner he may win freedom and you have a potent influence for good conduct and obedience to prison regulations. The habits formed by convicts while serving their terms with this belief before them result in right thinking and the determination to go straight when they are released. The pardoning of this type of convict is a relief to the state as well as to the individual.

Only a few days ago there came to my office a man who at one time had been convicted and sentenced on a seri-

(Concluded on page 18)





—Photos from the Author.

*Enclosure at the Cummins state farm for negroes. Upper—White prisoners picking cotton on the Tucker state farm.*

# The Genesis of the Constitution

## Reflections on What Washington and Thirty-Eight of His Countrymen Did One Summer



*It was suggested that the convention open each session with a plea to the Almighty. One delegate said he saw no reason to call upon the Creator.*

*By* ALLAN L. BENSON

*Illustrated by*
AUSTIN EUGENE BRIGGS

FROM the twenty-fifth of May until the seventeenth of September, 139 years ago, the most illustrious body of men who ever assembled upon the North American continent met day after day, behind closed doors, during a hot Philadelphia summer, to fashion a form of government for themselves and their posterity. Then thirty-nine of them signed what they had agreed upon and went their several ways, never to meet again.

Sixteen delegates did not sign. James Madison, in his Journal, says that all signed except three, but he meant that all but three who were present signed. Thirteen others were not present, some of whom opposed the Constitution. Lansing and Yates, of New York, together with Luther Martin, of Maryland, and a number of others, had long since become disgusted because events did not proceed to please them, and had gone home. Edmund Randolph, of Virginia, when pressed to add his signature, said that in refusing to do so he might be making the 'most terrible mistake of his life,' yet he felt compelled to hold aloof. A man who is known to fame only as 'Willie' Jones was appointed a delegate from North Carolina, but did not take the trouble to go to the convention at all, believing that it would not amount to much. Some men made mistakes then as some men make mistakes now.

All during the summer, Washington sat in his chair and said nothing except what his duties as presiding officer required him to say. Only once did he take part in the proceedings, and that was on the last day. He asked that the people be given a representative in Congress for each 30,000 of population instead of for each 40,000, and this was done.

Washington was the first to sign and the others followed in the geographical order of their states. Gouverneur Morris tried to get the objectors to sign by changing the paragraph at the close of the Constitution to read: 'Done by the unanimous consent of the *states* present.' With this phrasing, even an opponent could have signed, as his signature would have meant merely that all of the states approved without mentioning that sixteen delegates from the states did not, but the maneuver brought no additional signatures.

'Whilst the last members were signing,' says James Madison in his Journal, 'Dr. Franklin, looking toward the president's chair, at the back of which a rising sun happened to be painted, observed to a few members near him that painters had found it difficult to distinguish, in their art, a rising from a setting sun. "I have often," said he, "in the course of the session, and the vicissitudes of my hopes and fears as to its issue, looked at that behind the president without being able to tell whether it was rising or setting; but now at length I have the happiness to know that it is a rising and not a setting sun." '

This chair still stands in Independence Hall, where it stood when Washington sat in it, the sun that so long puzzled Franklin still visible on one of the panels of the back.

Today if a constitutional convention were in session the newspapers would be full of its proceedings. Then the newspapers printed nothing. There was nothing to print beyond the fact that the convention was in session, the members having voted to close the doors and say nothing to anybody outside. It was necessary to have a secretary, of course, and two candidates were named, Temple Franklin, son of Benjamin, and William Jackson.

Two states voted for Franklin and five for Jackson. Jackson's minutes of the proceedings were so meager that if we knew nothing today of the convention

(Continued on page 24)

## Bringing the Human Boat to Port

# Under Its Own Steam

By DR. JOSEPH COLLINS

*Illustrated by* W. W. CLARKE

THE first duty of a parent is to provide food and shelter for his child, the next to aid him to satisfy his curiosity. He should be fed with facts, not fictions. He should be told that the body is the soul's temple, that he should be proud of it and that it should not be defiled. He should be taught not threatened, shown not coerced, encouraged not suppressed. He should not be told that life is an adventure and that only the venturesome live it fully and fruitfully.

When we are taught to play golf, the 'pro' does not lift the ball when we drive it into a hazard. He shows us how to get it out. We soon learn where the pits and bunkers are and we strive to avoid them. Parents should warn children of pitfalls, instruct them how to avoid them and get out of them, teach them the rules of the game, show them how to play it, then let them make themselves proficient. The thing that should be forbidden them is to tell children there are venomous reptiles in the grass bordering the course where the game of life is to be played and that they are likely to be bitten should they go in the long grass.

There is more than one reason why the United States of America has been the breeding ground of the psychoneuroses, the technical name for 'nervous breakdowns.' An important one is that it has been dinned into us for generations that emotions were given us that we might repress them. Another is that atmospherically and climatically this country may not be favorable to the white race. A third is we are an admixture of nationalities, and that makes for nervous disequilibrium.

'The surest way to make misery is to mix stocks,' said Grandmother Savage to Dan Oliphant the Midlander, when he went to her to announce his engagement to one of those New York girls, 'who don't know anything in the world except French and soirées.'

Mr. Tarkington is not only a keen observer and trustworthy reporter of manners, he is a sage as well.

Whether we know how to live, to adapt ourselves to our environment that we can think right and feel right is open to discussion, but that as a nation we have put materialism above idealism, there is no debate.

Prosperity is something for which nearly every person and all nations strive, but the strife is often prejudicial to mental health and emotional balance, especially when it is not tempered with diversion, or the simple life. The widespread dissemination of the allegation that all men were born equal, and the universality of the education that seeks to support it has had something to do with the prevalence of nervous and mental disorders.

'Nervous breakdowns' occur in individuals who are handicapped by heredity, fettered by fear and burdened with disease or deprivation.

It depends upon the individual's 'pattern' and 'gait' what sort of breakdown he will develop, and upon them and his environment how completely it will overthrow him. The 'pattern' he gets from his ancestors, but the 'gait' is largely homemade.

When character building, not passing into and from college, shall be the aim of education; when instruction in morality shall embrace moral hygiene;



*With the book in my hands I went to the window and soon found that my trouble was not due to a chemical disturbance.*

when open-mindedness, not money, shall be considered the patency of good breeding; when tolerance replaces bigotry, and hope, fear, our first resurrection will have begun. I am of the belief also that our last will be equally insured.

One of the great satisfactions of a physician's life is that he is able to steer many human boats threatened with foundering to a port of safety and to help their owners repair them.

Another is that it gives him opportunity to see many work out their own salvation, always a pleasing thing to witness in an individual or in a nation.

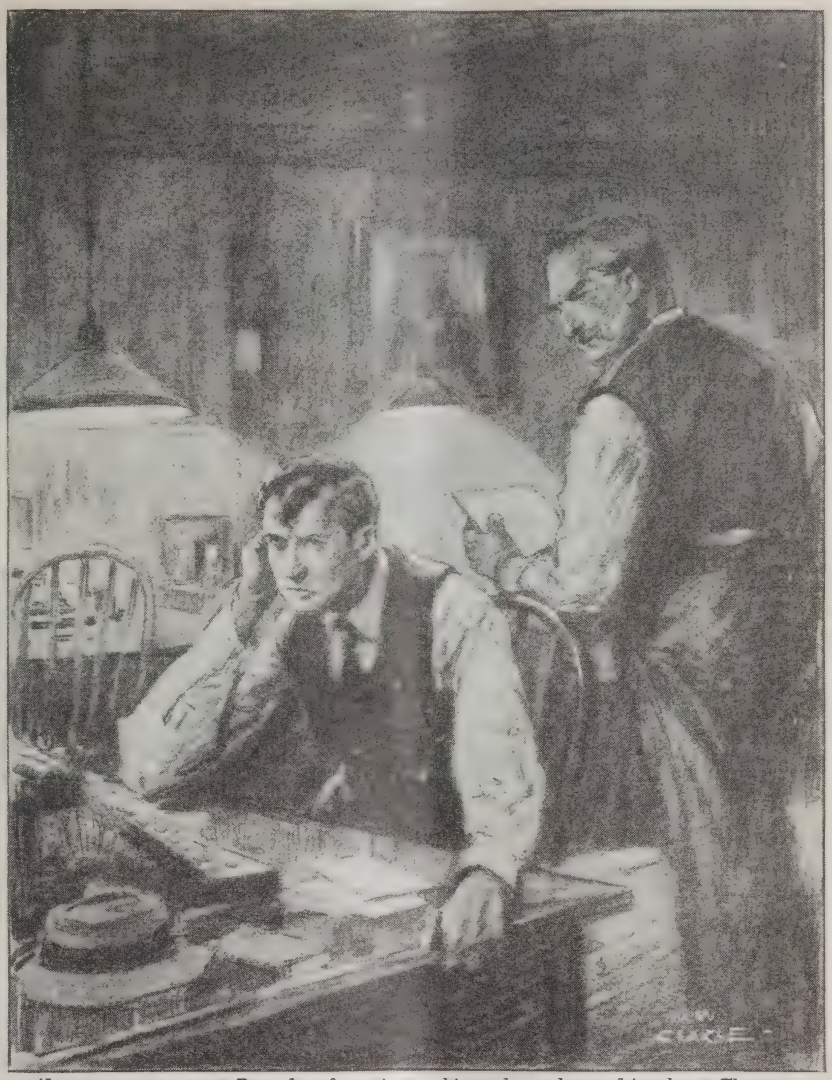
I have recently asked a man who had accomplished this masterfully to tell me how he did it, and this is what he said:

'AT THE age of sixteen, I was teller in a country-town bank. I had also the honor of being assistant cashier, bookkeeper, stenographer, errand boy and janitor of the building. The president of the bank was a physician, very successful and prominent in our part of the state. He was a kind friend to me and used to treat me for minor troubles without charge.

'My youngest brother went on a fishing trip, slept with a strange boy and came home with an itching infection. He slept with me, and I soon had it. At first I was more mortified than indisposed. My doctor friend examined the inflammation and gave me medicine to be taken internally. The trouble grew really severe. One day, sitting in his waiting room, I permitted to go ahead of me, out of courtesy to the fact that he did not charge me, those who had come in after me. The time seemed long. I looked over a bookcase and saw a green tome, *Skin Diseases*.

'With the book in my hands, I went to the window, looked up "Itch" in the index and soon found that my trouble was not due to a chemical disturbance to be righted with medicine taken internally, but to a small creature that burrowed under my skin, and that flowers of sulphur mixed in lard applied to the inflamed portions was the remedy. I replaced the book, left the office quietly, went home, threw away the bottles and presently cured myself with five or ten cents' worth of the yellow powder.

'How much significance this incident had in my young life, I cannot say. The experience probably suggested that I might put less confidence in the opinions of supposed authorities and rely more on my own faculties of observation and reason. It doubtless supported my growing conception that our kingdoms, even the technical and awesome ones of medicine, are man-made, that their rulers may be quite ignorant on matters in their own domain and that even an inquiring boy like myself might learn for himself in their own field.



*'I was on a newspaper. Part of my forgetting machinery dropped out of its place. The most inharmonious thoughts dominated my consciousness.'*

'Since then I have sought the services of a number of physicians, including able specialists, for rheumatism, eye trouble, and nervous breakdown. In each instance I have in the end done as in the case of my banker-doctor—used my own faculties of investigation, observation, experiment and check to understand the causes of my trouble and to overcome them, which up to the present I have done. I am not bitter against physicians. I number among them some of my warmest friends for whom and for whose work I have much respect.

'My first nervous trouble of consequence came at the age of twenty. I was a reporter on a New York morning newspaper. My work seemed satisfactory. I was made night hawk, working from seven at night until four in the morning. It was summer and frightfully hot. I could not sleep during the day on account of the heat and light. My stomach, which had been accustomed to wholesome home-cooking and plenty, was being fed in restaurants. Then a week of cooler weather came, and with it a strange phenomenon. My forgetting process was no longer working.

'I had always considered the process as natural as breathing. To be able to throw off the unpleasant thoughts one naturally encounters in even a small lifetime had been taken by me as a matter of course. Now, however, a part of my forgetting machinery had dropped out of its place. I could no longer forget. Instead, the most inharmonious thoughts of a youth's lifetime dominated my consciousness.

'I tried to dodge them, stave them off. They were always waiting for me. A day or two of this, and I had lived a lifetime in Hades. These painful thoughts were sitting on the bedpost when I went to sleep *(Continued on page 26)*



# What Would Izaak Walton Have Said?

## *The Author of* The Compleat Angler *in His* Wildest Dreams *Could Never Have Visualized* This Monster Fish—*A* 1,500-Pound Mackerel

By MAY B. WHITING

*Drawings by*
STANLEY W. WOODWARD

THE angling season is on in Southern California. Two fishermen in a specially constructed boat sit side by side, while behind them is the engineer who serves as gaffer and has the inglorious task of getting the fish into the boat. The anglers have bamboo poles and a reel of the most expensive make; also at least 300 feet of line baited with flying fish. Under the watchful eye of the Tuna Club of Santa Catalina they are endeavoring to win a medal in the angling tournament. They talk a good deal about pitting man's ingenuity and endurance against brute (meaning fish) cunning, and they are gratified that Providence, in its wisdom, has seen fit to put this most royal of sports within their power.

Down the steep bank I see clambering rather stiffly the Littlejohn brothers, Cap'n Wes and Still Homer (so called because of his habitual silence), old island dwellers off the coast of Maine, seasoned to every branch of fishing. One carries a lunch box and the other a water jug. Languidly I wonder where they can be going, for it is the wrong time of day for lobstering or trawling. Cap'n Wes, who is the elder, sits down on an overturned dory, while Still Homer slips the painter off the flat stone that serves as a mooring, drags the punt over the beach, and starts for the *Anna and Fern*, moored in the cove. He does not condescend to row, but stands in the back, sculling, a picturesque, vigorous figure, despite his more than sixty years. I watch him get over the side of the motor boat, throw out the bait left from yesterday's trip, and begin to take down the awning, for it had rained the night before.

While he was working a neighbor came in from hauling his traps and called cross the cove,

'Where're you bound for, Home?'

'Horsing,' was the laconic reply.

Instantly I threw down the magazine that told all about the tuna season at Santa Catalina, grabbed an old hat and sweater, thrust a bit of cracker and cheese into a paper bag which I concealed, and hurried down the bank. Cap'n Wes did not take his eyes from the horizon at my approach.

'It's a lovely morning,' I began.

'Tolerable, but it looks as if a fog might blow in.'

'I can't see the least sign of fog,' I objected.

'Didn't expect you could,' was the reply, 'but I've seen it fair in the morning and a living gale in the afternoon. Besides, I've got the twinges. Storm's coming.'

'Nonsense. You had them the day I went out to the trawls and it was a beautiful day and I enjoyed it very much.'

Cap'n Wes moved uneasily. 'Going further'n that today. Going horsing.'

'Oh, Cap'n,' I begged, 'I should love to see a horse mackerel caught.

Cap'n Wes grumbled, but finally yielded. I made many promises, that I would not mind a blow, that I would not be cold if it turned 'thick o' fog,' that I would not be hot if the breeze died down, that I would not mind if the boat tipped, and (Continued on page 20)

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

UNSEEN and almost unheard a great struggle is going forward in the world, a struggle upon whose issues depend the prosperity and therefore the future liberties of the people. It is a struggle between the industrial and the financial control of business, and business is the supply of necessity and the extension of progress. To put it briefly in question form: Shall finance be the master of industry, or shall it be the servant of industry? Which is more important to the welfare of the nations, that industry be made subservient to dividends, or finance be made subservient to industry?

And yet this overstates it a little, because on the side of industry it is not a question of mastery or control, but of the right to work out economic service on the logic of service alone. The desire for mastery, the conscious effort to maintain control exists on the side of finance. And by finance is not intended that gift of managing money so that it may accomplish public benefit, for that is a service against which there could be no antagonism, a service that would justify itself in the public judgment. Rather is meant that regard for money which elevates it to be the principal product and wealth, that peculiar fallacy which regards money-making as a primary industry in itself, that determination that it shall grow and increase out of itself and become the ruling hierarchy of all human activity.

*A GREAT struggle is going on in the world between the industrial and the financial control of business. Shall finance be the master of industry? A peculiar fallacy exists that money-making is a primary industry in itself which shall grow until it governs all human activities. On the other hand, industry is the subjection of natural forces to the uses of mankind. The right of industry to exist is conditional upon its service to humanity; and the right of finance to exist is conditional upon its service to industry. When money finds its profits in causing idleness or war, or obstruction, it misuses a power which cannot be left in its hands.*

The struggle on the part of industry is largely unconscious. Industry is essentially the subjection of natural forces, the manipulation of natural material, to the uses of mankind. It brings into action the worker, the engineer, the inventor, the type of mind that sees life alleviated by the accomplishment of certain things, and goes forward to that accomplishment with prophetic zest.

Industry is the struggle of man's physically puny forces against the forces of the universe which are set before him to be subdued; the struggle of his need against his ignorance; the struggle of his growing knowledge with the hidden values of the earth which yield up their good secrets only to the individual or the community which has won the right to those secrets by unresting and unselfish application to their sources.

Part of the struggle is within man himself. He must overcome his ignorance of the world in which he lives, his ignorance of the forces that surround him, his ignorance of the manifold combinations which are possible only to knowledge. And then he must overcome his repugnance to labor. Besides this he must overcome his clumsiness by a study of method, by the better management of his labor-motions and his time. All these he is on the high road to overcoming, and still he finds that a continuing obstacle in the way of his achievement is a thing called Money.

The nation itself, which is the creator of money, must halt upon the threshold of every work of vast public benefit and bind itself into debt, must beg its own money from private owners and brokers thereof, must bind itself to pay part of the public part of the benefit in the form of interest to those private owners and brokers, before works of great public benefit can proceed.

That is, money is now seen to be more unyielding than any natural force. It is only natural that men, having found the spirit of service respected, as it were, and assisted by the laws of nature, should turn their minds with new scrutiny upon this thing called Money. That is precisely what is occurring today.

Industry, having overcome all the obstacles found in the region of ideas and material and labor, finds this new obstacle, locked like a tollgate across the road of progress. It is not a question of some men having more money and some having less, it is a question of what burdens rightfully belong to man, in the nature of things, along the line of his quest for life as it may be and as it was meant to be. When this struggle turns upon possessions or personalities, no good results. The matter must be approached from another side.

Obviously this is a condition that cannot last forever. The right of industry to exist is conditioned upon its service to humanity; and the right of finance to exist is conditioned upon its service to industry. The justification of money is that it liberates energies, sets men to work, enables the opening of sources of supply. When it imprisons energies, finds its profits in causing idleness or war, and restricts the opening of sources, it misuses a power which cannot be left in its hands. When it constitutes an additional burden on industry, instead of a coöperative help, it evokes a challenge in whose terms the ultimate result may be read.

The question of the financial or industrial control of business has hardly as yet been put into words. But it is one of the problems which the scientific mind, and social mind, must grapple.

# EDITORIALS

## *For Shame*

THE big-hearted European campaign to shame the United States into canceling the war debts has at last been extended to include the little children. England—declares Philip Snowden—is starving education and charity to pay America. This is an adroit thrust. Education is a fetish in this country, and children always come in for especial consideration. Americans listen respectfully whenever Mr. Snowden speaks. They realize that as former Chancellor of the British Exchequer he is well versed in the intricacies of finance. They realize that he is one of the brightest lights of the Labor Party. They realize that he probably has what he considers the best interests of his country at heart. Realizing all these things, they wonder why he does not continue his sad tale of the plight of England's children to its logical conclusion. They wonder why he fails to add that, while the British people can spend only $410,000,000 a year on education, on liquor they spend $1,580,000,000!

## *Your Dollars Are Needed*

THIS is typical of the current anti-prohibition propaganda. It is from a half-page newspaper advertisement of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment:

> PROHIBITION HAS FAILED. When will the prohibitory laws be repealed? Don't be fooled by absurd statements that the Volstead Law cannot be repealed or modified. They are mere Anti-Saloon League propaganda. Just as soon as there is a liberal majority of ONE man in Congress, the Volstead Law will be repealed . . . Your dollars are bullets in this fight. We need them to organize the millions of voters who want to register their protest against the Anti-Saloon League politicians and elect liberal representatives and have the laws repealed.

The fact that prohibition can be repealed by one vote will be news to millions of citizens who believe in the Constitution of the United States. The Constitution declares: 'After one year from the ratification of this article the manufacture, sale, or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof for beverage purposes is hereby prohibited.' Any bill which should attempt to legalize the sale of intoxicating liquors in America would promptly—and rightly—be declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. The Volstead Law is not prohibition. It is merely an enabling act to carry into effect a provision of the Constitution. The 'prohibitory laws' will be repealed only at such time as the 18th Amendment is revoked; and that can come about through a two-thirds majority in each house of Congress and a majority in three-fourths of the state legislatures.

*Your* dollars and thousands of others will be sorely needed if this ever comes to pass. A great many voters will have to be 'organized'—possibly as they were in Pennsylvania—before the wet Utopia is realized.

## *The County Fair*

THE harvest moon, yellow as a new cheese, rides high in the heavens. The sun sinks in shrouded majesty, lighting a canopy of clouds banked in the west. A haunting mist softens the lines of the high-board fence, the grand stand and the judge's stand at the race track. The twin lights of hundreds of automobiles are gently blurred like stars beneath a filmy cloud. The evening breeze wafts the scent of new-cut corn across the country. All is in readiness for tomorrow's county fair. For weeks the children and their parents have been looking forward to the event. The women folk have been canning fruit and making pickles for the exhibit. The men have fed and groomed the colt, the calf and the shorthorn. Tomorrow is the big day. In the households and in the fields and barns careful preparations have been made for the scheduled competitive events. Here, also, will be a great open forum for the discussion of the issues which interest the farmer folk. The astute campaigner for county office will be bustling about with the proverbial box of cigars under one arm, the other free to lift little Johnny Jones and his sister to his knee the while he praises them to their parents. Properly done this means two votes and maybe more. The displays in the agricultural hall are properly arranged, as well as the exhibits of new machinery and other mechanical devices. The county fair is a great institution. Long may it live.

## *Dictators and the Dictated*

OF ALL the dictators in the Old World, Mustapha Kemal Pasha is by all odds the most successful in suppressing members of the opposition. He orders them shot. His logic is unimpeachable, and his methods no doubt commend themselves to the other dictators. That the methods are not more generally adopted is to their credit, for Kemal's logic is the ultimate logic of all dictators. It is the logic of absoluteness.

A dictatorship is of itself absolute. It is the concentration of all power into the hands of one man. It is a reversion to the days of absolute monarchy. Dictators differ little in their methods of operation, and not at all in their attitude. They are supreme; and the will of the individual and the will of the people as a whole are to be ignored. The theory of their right to govern is the theory of might over right.

The rise of dictatorships in Europe has been heralded as evidence of the failure of democracy. It is, of course, nothing of the kind. The people now under dictators have been accustomed to the iron hand of an absolute ruler for centuries. It cannot be said that democracy has failed where it has been given no fair trial. Democracy has followed the sweep of the great Anglo-Saxon racial stream, and it is in the countries most affected by this stream that democracy is strongest today. The real significance of the present dictatorships—from the American standpoint—is that they exist in those countries whose quotas have been most sharply curtailed under our new immigration policy. The people now under dictatorships have only a vague conception of democracy as it exists in America. They are the ones who have proved least assimilable here, for they are the ones who least understand American institutions.

## *The Value of Vision*

GREAT accomplishments come only from great action; but great action comes only through the drive of a great vision. Not every man of vision can translate his dreams to action, nor can every man of action dream dreams. The visionary man may be a poet or a preacher; the other a contractor or a maker of the world's soap.

The great industries of this recent world have been builded by men of dreams who, by the drive of the dream, have taught themselves to become great executives and administrators of business, not as a means of getting gain or acquiring wealth but as a necessary pathway to making their dreams and visions come true. The man with a vision is the man to be watched and encouraged in your community, rather than your banker or greatest merchant. These can keep things as they are in your local business and build up in the ordinary way of things only.

The youngster who is now knocking at the gates of your town with a vision of some new thing is the one who can make things over, change a village to a world center, or a crossroads to a metropolis. The future of this our country lies in those men who now have visions and are already striving for their fulfillment.

## *School Again*

TOO many of us are inclined to look upon the opening of school as a welcome relief from responsibility in the care of children. There's danger in that point of view. We cannot depute the training of our children to strangers. Nor will anything take the place of home training. The school atmosphere is one thing, the home atmosphere, quite another. It is in the home, and by the parents, that character is formed. The old-fashioned virtues of truthfulness, perseverance, honesty, unselfishness—these cannot be inculcated alone in the classroom. Nor can the mere reading of books turn out upright men and women. Discipline makes the man, honor makes the gentleman. But it is in the home that habits of discipline are formed. And a sense of honor grows in the family circle. School is the agency by which learning is attained, but home is the place where character is made.

## *The Pathway Toward Truth*

THE time is past when one needs to design his future on opinions. We are living in days of facts. In the old days engineers built their pet ideas and tried them out; ran them and broke them, fixed them up and ran them again, until the old machine got so that it would keep going. This was the school of cut-and-try and lasted until some twenty years ago.

Now we have facts. We know steels, and can calculate diameters and wearing areas; we have heat-treating accuracy and can foretell strengths. We know of the flow of gases, and the action of electricity and we design by fact for fact. Cut-and-try is now necessary only in those new parts which vision ahead a little beyond the point where facts have gone, but even in these fields the paths are clear.

And so with one's future. The arts and sciences, the laws of living, these and more are available for those who would study the progress of science—the pathway of mankind toward truth and a knowledge that will set all men free.




# The Gold Hunters

## *Being the Story of a* Party *of* Young Men *from* Michigan *in* Their Search *for* Fortune *in* California *in* 1850-1851

SET DOWN FROM THEIR DIARY

*By* MARY PHELPS

IT WAS a rough looking party that rode into Hangtown, Placerville, Eldorado County, California, one hot day in August, 1850—very different from that which, freshly fitted out, had left our homes in Michigan the eighteenth of March. Looking down into the river beds between the ravines, we got our first glimpse of the 'diggings.' The distant camps on the hillsides or little open flats were comprised of tents or rough log and bark structures. Crossing Weaver's Creek we followed it down in the trail of the covered wagon.

Taking a narrow trail over which a wagon could not go, we had arrived some days earlier than others of our company. We had made the journey in less than the average time. One hundred days from the Missouri River was our record. But we were to be congratulated still more upon the fact that we had not fallen victims to disease. One man had deserted coming across the plains. One horse had died from eating 'crazy grass.'

Before crossing the steep Sierras, we had abandoned our wagon, using parts of it to make pack saddles for horses too poor to drag a vehicle. We had managed to hold on to the bulk of our outfit—even the little box-stove and the frying pan which had served us so well.

We were unshaven and dirty. But our appearance troubled us little; we found plenty more of the 'Great Unwashed.' What did give us some worry was the problem of food. The thought of bacon and jerked beef was repellent. Nature demanded fresh fruits and vegetables.

Having had a square meal, we turned our attention to our starved animals and found pasture for the four of them. (One had been stolen the night we unpacked. He returned to us three weeks later with stake attached and branded by a white man as we could see.) The first week, after providing the necessary implements, a rocker, picks and spades, we began to prospect around the immediate region. The pan we used had been brought from Michigan.

When a spot seemed rich, we would stake out our claims of sixteen feet square up and down the stream and reaching back to the ridge, with the restriction that holdings should not be made within fifteen feet of one another. Each camp, however, had its own laws. No person could hold more than one claim at a time.

The work at first was hard and disappointing. Wielding the pick and shovel in gravel and boulder streams, standing sometimes to the waist in the cold mountain water with the southern sun beating on the head was none too easy, even for men like ourselves inured to physical labor on

pioneer farms. Small wonder that those unaccustomed to hand labor early threw up the job in disgust, and went into business in the towns or returned home.

The hardiest remained to mine and universally they overworked.

We worked up our strength slowly. We knew what clearing a farm in the Middle West was—felling trees, burning stumps, picking up stones and plowing through roots—but we discovered that digging gold was quite as difficult. Conditions were trying and returns small at first. Working on an average of half a day, we made about five dollars a day each.

ON WEAVER'S Creek there were perhaps a dozen log houses plastered with mud. The majority of the miners lived in rough huts thrown together for temporary residence. The usual dress of a miner consisted of a red flannel shirt and deerskin trousers, with rubber boots. Early each morning we would start hopefully off up the creek, shouldering pick, shovel and bar, and at noon return for 'grub' with faces plastered with mud, carrying perhaps a third of an ounce of gold. (An ounce of gold dust was worth sixteen dollars.)

Ten days after we got to Hangtown, one of our party was sent to Sacramento for the mail and provisions. On the way, he picked up the horses we had put out to pasture. I never saw horses gain in so short a time as they did. He sold his mare for eighty dollars and brought back two loads of miners' supplies and food. We set up a trading post and made big profits. Business was so good that we did a regular route trucking which netted us about $100 a week. With the extra tips for mailing letters (twenty-five cents) and delivering (one dollar) we were well satisfied with our enterprise.

Prices were on a war-time scale. Life was happy-go-lucky. Every fellow for himself and the devil take the hindmost. California became a state a few days after we arrived, but there was little change in the wild and lawless régime of the Spanish rule. Public opinion was the great controlling force that kept a semblance of law and order. Infringement of the ethical standard brought quick punishment. The name of 'Hangtown' was fastened to this section of the gold fields by the fact that two men had been strung up to the same tree. The story of their trial gives a good illustration of the exercise of California justice in the middle of the 19th Century.

Lopez, a gambler, after retiring at night with his winnings, left, as was customary, the door unlocked. About midnight, five men rushed in. One put a pistol to Lopez' head, the others barred the door and rifled the trunk. There was a sudden alarm. The citizens rushed to the spot and arrested the robbers. A jury was quickly impaneled. The judge or alcalde, as he was called, was summoned. As the mob became more incensed, other charges were brought against the prisoners. The jury demanded that thirty-nine lashes be given each offender. Finally, the judge put the question whether they should be found guilty. The answer was a unanimous 'Aye.'

'What punishment?' he asked.

'Hang them,' was the reply.

Thereupon, the two men found to be the ringleaders of the gang were taken in a wagon to a nearby tree, nooses put about their necks, and they were left to hang. Such was the swift process of law in '49. With the influx of the Anglo-Saxon with his ideals of law and order, a new legal code was evolved from men's consciences.

The august 'court' occasionally presented a comedy piece. On one occasion, the honorable judge assumed an unconventional attitude in his swivel chair, feet on desk. For relaxation, he whittled a stick and now and then tested his skill in sending tobacco juice across the room. A lawyer in the case, evidently with some knowledge of Roman history, referred to the august alcalde as an 'oscillating Tarquin.' This unfamiliar but libelous-sounding accusation brought down the judge's chair with a thump.

'A what?' And without waiting for explanation he proceeded to pronounce anathema upon the head of the offending attorney. 'If this honorable court knows herself—and she thinks she do—that remark is an insult to this honorable court and you are fined two ounces.' To the expostulation against such extreme penalty, the judge replied, 'Silence, Sir! This honorable court won't tolerate cussings and she never goes back on her decisions.'

The sentence was executed without appeal.

Gold was hard digging on Weaver's Creek. The horde of miners coming in constantly made the output steadily less. A wagon road had been built from Hangtown along the Creek. Whenever a company heard of a ravine being opened up, they all swarmed to it and in a few days it was dug dry.

After about six weeks' tryout on Weaver's, we decided to go into winter quarters on Dry Creek, and struck camp below Fiddle Town. We had been told that by the middle of December the rainy season would set in, making the rivers and creeks rise and preventing any very successful mining. Many of the men then moved into towns, for amusement or to find other employment.

This was the harvest time for the towns. Every day was Sunday then. Sacramento presented a lively scene. Sports occupied the *(Continued on page 21)*



*We began to prospect. The work at first was hard and disappointing.*

*Illustrated by* GEORGE HARPER



*Waterfront of Benares, India's Holy City, on the Ganges River.*

# Bathing, Begging *and* Burning *in Benares*

## Strange Scenes *on the* Banks *of the* Ganges, India's Sacred Stream

*By* WILLIAM E. BARTON

BENARES is so holy a place that even you, though a Christian, will go to heaven if you die while you are there. A million Hindu pilgrims annually visit this city. Besides visiting the many sacred spots within the city, the pilgrim must make the circuit of the Punch Cosi road, thirty-six and one-fourth miles around. This journey requires six days for the faithful, but the American pilgrim may do it in a fraction of the afternoon, and see the palace of the Maharajah and the Durga Temple, and Sarnath, where Buddha preached, all in an afternoon, and still have time to see the snake-charmers in the hot middle of the day before the tour starts, and yawn through the first four or five hours of a nautch dance in the evening, if he is foolish enough to stay so long.

The long cloisters of the hotel are a series of temporary bazaars, where one may buy brocade and brass work and very much besides. The snake-charmers afford brief interest, for one sees them everywhere in India. How they do it, I do not know, but they handle the deadly cobra and other wicked-looking serpents with impunity, playing their bulbed-pipes at intervals and never failing to beg for coin.

Five o'clock in the morning is the hour to rise if one wishes to be at the Ganges at sunrise. Any hour of the day will answer, but the early morning is preferable. The best way to see the bathing is to rent a boat, and view the river from the upper deck, while the boatmen slowly row along the sacred shore.

I do not know another city that presents so impressive a view from the waterfront as does Benares. It is solidly built up with temples and palaces, many of the latter having been erected by rich men as votive offerings, and they are occupied in part at least by persons who hope to die on the banks of the Ganges. The river has here and there undercut a temple, and there are several structures that have fallen down the bank, but in the main the buildings are imposing and create an unexpectedly pleasant impression.

The sacred side of the river is that on which the city is built. That is to say, while the river is everywhere sacred, and everything touching it is in some degree sanctified thereby, the city side of the stream is incomparably more sacred than the other. One of the guides attempted to put it into commercial form for our benefit. He said, 'On the other side of the Ganges one may buy for six rupees land which on the holy side he could not buy for six thousand rupees.' We could understand the difference, though with us it is not usually religion that makes the difference in price.

A ghat is a place of descent, a flight of steps. It is a landing place for your boat or a series of stairs down to anything. The bathing ghats at Benares are made necessary by the different levels of the Ganges in different seasons. I saw a registered high-water mark, and I should think it not less than sixty feet above the level of the river as I saw it. At whatever stage, the bather stands on a stone step for his ablutions. He must bathe daily in the river before he eats. He throws water upward thrice, takes water into his mouth, scrubs his teeth with his thumb, and vigorously washes his lips. Repeatedly he submerges his whole body. It is good, honest bathing. He washes his garments, also, and beats them against the stone steps, and spreads them out to dry in the hot sun.

A vast majority of the bathers are men, but there are many women, especially widows. Being responsible for the death of their husbands, and being forbidden to remarry, even though they were but little girls when the boys to whom they were betrothed died, they must bathe in the Ganges daily, and perform many humble tasks if they hope for immortality. The way they treat widows in India is lamentable, but having seen something of the conduct of some American widows on shipboard, I am of the opinion that there is something to be said for the method they employ in India.

'And his cheerful widow mourned him
Five lonely months at most,'

wrote Mr. Kipling. It happened in India, but it was not an Indian widow about whom he was talking.

Except that the widows occupy specially designated floats, there appears little segregation of the sexes in the bathing at Benares. There were twenty men bathers to every woman, but the women did not keep strictly to quarters of their own. The bathing is most modestly done. The men who bathe are naked except for their loin cloths, but not more naked than thousands of men appear on the streets, and they can change their loin cloths after bathing, and put on dry ones if they care to do so, which few of them

do. As for a woman, who enters the water quite fully clad, she can change her dress, if she wishes, in the presence of all the world, and do it with a graceful modesty worthy of all commendation.

I have heard all my life how dirty the Ganges was, how full it was of dead bodies and of sewage. The people did not seem to mind the sewers, some of which empty close to the bathing ghats. I saw one dead human body, floating down the river into which it had been thrown. Dead cows, also, are thrown in. But the Ganges is not a dirty stream. I asked an intelligent native Indian, a Mohammedan, why it was that epidemics were not traceable to the use of Ganges water by the people of India. He said that the Ganges comes out of the hills heavily charged with lime, and that it flows through beds of sand, and is remarkably pure. The waterworks of Benares takes the water from the Ganges. The natives who at first rebelled against this prostitution of the holy stream have accommodated themselves to the situation and use it freely, for it still is Ganges water. But the military authorities and those who represent the civil government do not find it very bad water. It is filtered and used freely by the British cantonment. Boiled and filtered again at the hotel, as we suppose and hope, we used it freely and it was good. The Hindu use of the Ganges for daily bathing has much to commend it, and the sight of it is much more pleasant and impressive than I had supposed.

A Hindu can ask for nothing better than that he die on the banks of the Ganges. When a Hindu is about to die, he is sometimes removed to the bank of the river. Now and then he recovers, and I am told that he has some difficulty in making his peace with his family thereafter. He remains an outcast for several days, being ceremonially unclean, and he resumes his place in society apologetically for not having died when he had such a good chance.

Mohammedans and Buddhists bury their dead, but the Hindu burns his deceased on the banks of the Ganges. As we approached the river we passed one or two dead bodies, each borne on a litter by two men and carried to the river. Arrived there, the body is laid down on the ground in any convenient place, whether in sun or shade, and left unguarded while wood is purchased. The dealers in wood do not hesitiate to demand of the mourners an extortionate price. The corpse may wait some time in the sun before a bargain is made. Seven or eight logs about five feet long and five or six inches thick at the larger end are necessary for complete incineration, with about as many pieces half as long to be laid across. If a man is rich, his funeral pyre is of sandalwood, and even the poor try to afford a little piece of it. In some cases the amount of wood is inadequate and the fire must not be rekindled. When the wood has been purchased, the body is dipped in the Ganges, and then it may be decked with flowers. If the deceased is a man, he is wrapped in white as he comes to the river; a woman is wrapped in red.

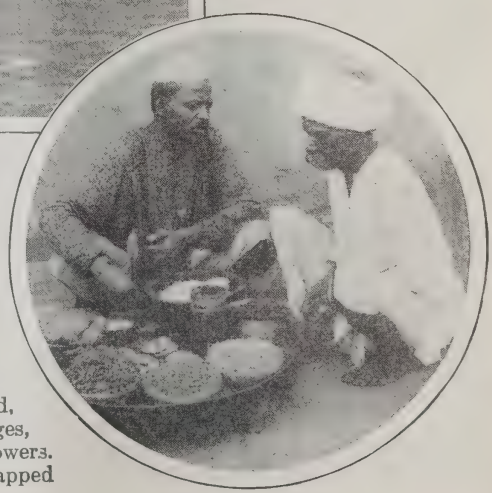
There is a last prayer by a Hindu priest; the friends, if present, are supposed to circle seven times around the body, and the fire is lighted by the professional cremators. One rather shocking piece of the ritual is the crushing of the skull. One of the undertakers, as the fire begins, thrusts with a long bamboo pole, shod at the end with iron, and breaks in the skull of the deceased. I asked many persons why this was done, and received three answers. The first was that the skull being the least combustible part of the body, and one which the friends would least like to have carried away, is thus more completely assured of combustion. The second, that by this breaking of the cranium the spirit is given release. The third was, 'It is an ancient custom.'

Not always is the wood sufficient, and there are persons waiting to explore the ashes for the coin which is supposed to have been put in the mouth of each person burned. The ashes, with any unconsumed parts of the body, are pushed into the river, and men are soon at work with sieves bringing up for sale and domestic use the coals that still have fuel value. The feet of the dead person are toward the river and extend out beyond the wood. Sometimes the combustion is far from being complete, but the Ganges takes whatever is given to it, and does not often cast it up on shore again. When the river does refuse a dead body, no one covets it, or willingly assumes the task of caring for it.

The temples of Benares are not attractive and there is sad ignorance and gross idolatry. Not a cheerful place.



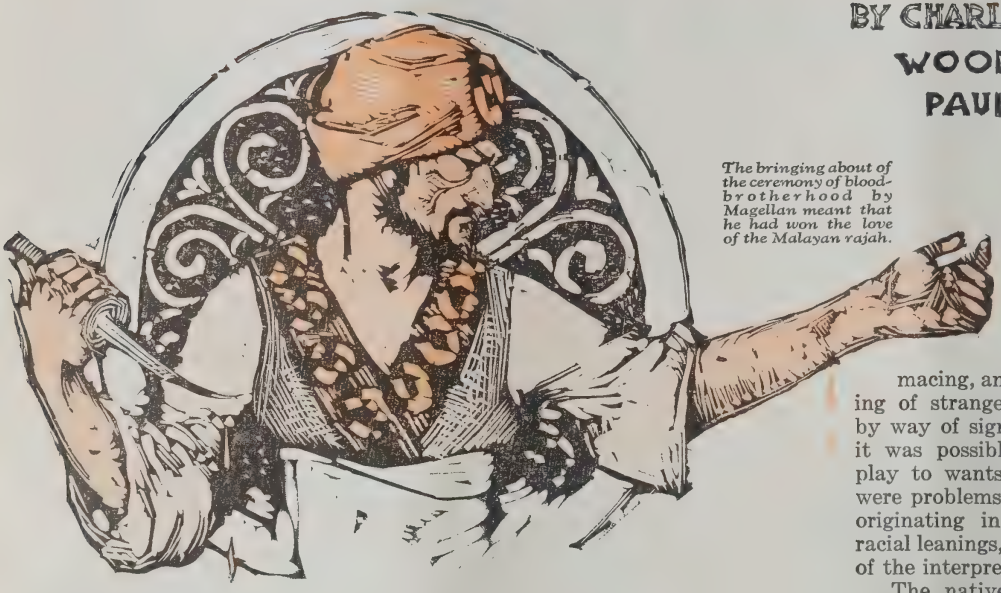




*Dipping the dead body of a Hindu into the sacred waters of the Ganges, prior to burning on the pyre which may be seen in the background. Circle, above—Hindu fakir of Benares, handling one of the deadly cobra snakes. Circle, below—'Wallah,' or street vender, who sells a large variety of things to eat.*

# The Voyage of the Victoria

BY CHARLES J. FINGER
WOODCUTS BY PAUL HONORÉ



*The bringing about of the ceremony of blood-brotherhood by Magellan meant that he had won the love of the Malayan rajah.*

## DEATH *of* MAGELLAN

*Eleventh of a Series*

AT LAST, in spite of everything, trampling and pushing those who stood in the way, going through incredible difficulties, fighting secret operators, mastering those who were intriguing and plotting, meeting hostility, Magellan had brought his ships to the edge of that land of wonders and incredible richness. If Magellan's determination to reach the Spiceries, formed in 1507, came about through the hearing of Varthema's story, the least we can say of him, in spite of all his shortcomings and violences, is that he was of heroic mold.

And with his adventure on the eve of completion the conqueror suddenly became a servitor to his men, one deserving admiration and respect, doing what he could to bring strength and cheerfulness to those about him. We see him choosing an anchorage at Malhou, full of sympathy for those who had suffered on his account and for his ambition, treating his men as honored partners in his enterprise. For the island was uninhabited and it became a hospital and a resting place. In the same unflinching and steady manner in which he had kept his course, he set himself to work to tend his sick, the past thrust aside as a disagreeable incident. He was a Sir Launcelot proffering service, strangely lovable, gentle, sweet-tempered.

Before Magellan and his men had been many days on the island they had visitors, for a prau from the island of Sululand arrived. There were no confused purposes or ugly violences, and things went very well, with expressions of good will everywhere. The natives were presented with looking glasses and colored cloths and red caps, and gave in return fish, oranges, palm wine, 'figs a foot long and cocchi,' says Pigafetta, evidently meaning bananas and coconuts. If selfishness and covetousness were present at all, they were well hidden, so a kind of friendship was established, in spite of the fact that trade and exchange were carried on with very flexible notions of values. But the explorers dreamed dreams when another prau came, a few days later, for not only were there spices on board, but a chief wore bracelets and earrings of gold.

The fleet left Malhou, Monday, March 28, 1521, and the course was held past Leyte and to the island of Limassaus, and there a man of no particular importance became very central. It was Enrique of Malacca, Magellan's slave.* For some natives coming within hailing distance, Enrique found that he understood them and they understood him, so he immediately rose to importance as an interpreter. So things went smoother after that, men being no longer constrained to the waving of arms, and grimacing, and shouting, and the making of strange noises and contortions by way of sign language. But though it was possible to give less impeded play to wants and desires, still there were problems, some of them certainly originating in the eagerness, or the racial leanings, or the private ambitions of the interpreter, but of that later.

The natives had seen white men before, those who had come from the west, and they knew much of the wild ambitions of traders, so were timid and suspicious. Nor did the labored explanations of Enrique altogether satisfy them. However, overtures became possible presently, the white men loading a piece of timber with trifles calculated to please the savage soul, then turning it adrift. That was the thin end of the wedge and it resulted in a visit from the chief a little later, so that a conversation, with Enrique as interpreter, took place. The next day there was a kind of *entente cordiale*, when a rajah came on board and was dressed by Magellan in a gaudy red hat and robe, and the visit ended with a feast, at the close of which the ceremony of blood-brotherhood was gone through.

The bringing about of that ceremony was in one way a master-stroke on Magellan's part. It meant that he had won the love of the rajah, and, therefore, of the people the rajah ruled, for the Malayan rajah is held to possess something very like supernatural powers, and is supposed to be able to exercise some mysterious influence over the weather and the growing crops. Because of the transfusion of blood from the veins of Magellan to the veins of the rajah, and the other way about, a sympathetic nexus was established between the admiral and everyone in that particular tribe, and the enemies of that tribe became the enemies of Magellan.

Pigafetta, whose record we depend upon, missed tremendous things while

* Magellan had bought a man and a woman slave when in the Indian service, and had them with him when he appeared before the *Sasa de Contratacion* in Spain. As Enrique presently came to land he was familiar with, he, a Malayan, was actually the first individual to voyage round the world.

among those people. Of their wonderful folklore he was ignorant. Of their art he says nothing. He did not interest himself in their legends. But he gives a very full account of a feast at which he sat with two of the ships' officers, and how, on Good Friday, he ate very heartily of roast pork and fish and rice, with so much wine that the officers were intoxicated. He records with delight that he slept in the 'palace' which was 'like a hay loft or rick on four beams, covered with banana leaves.' So we figure the native feast with all there sitting on cane mats, 'cross-legged like tailors on a bench,' all eating tremendously, bridging vast silences with signs of admiration, making gestures, then at night, when the chief, tired of it all, put an end to things by 'making a sign that he desired to retire to rest.' Pigafetta admired the cane mats used by way of beds, the 'cushions stuffed with straw for pillows, and the candles made of the gum of a certain tree called anime wrapped in leaves of banana.'

Then on Easter Sunday, anniversary of that mad business in St. Julian, the rajahs and their friends were aboard the *Trinidad*, kissing the cross and following all the outward forms of worship just as Pigafetta the day before had imitated the gestures of his hosts. Magellan marched his soldier-sailors about the deck, fired off an iron cannon, dined and wined the natives, and, at the end, gave them a 'thorn-crowned cross' which they promised to set up on a hill.

All that civility and decency did not last long. The lust of conquest had to have effect. Military dominance became paramount and that mercy and gentleness and wholesome fellowship which the cross symbolized was thrust into the background. Magellan had accepted blood-brotherhood, and his alliance with the rajah's people necessarily involved enmity with the rajah's enemies. So Magellan put the questions. 'Were there difficulties? Was the rajah at war with other nations?' And 'the king made reply,' says Pigafetta, 'that there were two islands with which he was at war, but that it was not the best time to proceed against them.' And Magellan made the reply that 'he would return and bring enough men to conquer all these countries.' Meanwhile, to show good will, he placed at the rajah's disposal men of the fleet to gather in the rice harvest, and the conference ended with the 'kings' so 'intoxicated and ill because they had eaten and drunk so much, that they slept the whole of the next day and none were so bold as to disturb them.' When the fleet sailed, the rajah accompanied it, as pilot, in his prau.

So Magellan was plunged into local politics, and a few days later matters were made worse. At Sebu there were trading activities, but not without early friction. Magellan, like many another who enters new lands, overlooked the fact that while the savage mind may appear childish when confronted with the material things of another civilization, it produces leaders who are quite as superficially clever, quite as narrowly self-assertive, quite as able to proceed consciously and skilfully and deviously to a certain goal as those who would outwit them. So the sultan of Sebu, who pretended to a greater authority than he possessed, asked for tribute before trading commenced, nor would he budge in favor of the Europeans until a Siamese merchant who was on the island and who knew something of the habits of the white men, and of their hunger for spoil, advised conciliatory measures. Then the chief adopted other tactics, proposing a trade monopoly to the Spaniards in return for the support of arms against his enemies. That led to a second ceremony of blood-brotherhood and further involvement in tribal affairs.

But the rights of the de Haros and the Fuggers were not forgotten. A storehouse and trading station were built, articles of barter were displayed, and pikemen and swordsmen acted as storekeepers. Again there were peculiar and flexible notions of value. For fourteen pounds' weight of rusty iron, the equivalent of thirty-five dollars in gold was exacted, and much worthless trash was exchanged for necessities.

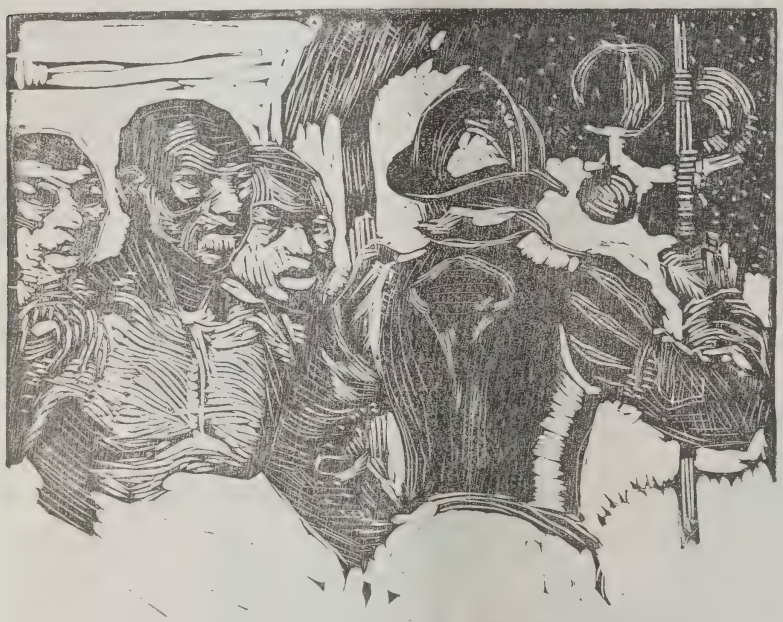


*Magellan gave the order to retreat; then a knot of men rushed at him.*

Meantime there was a certain amount of unauthorized fraternizing among sailors and natives. Jack was ashore, and that implied much. Duarte Barbosa, the captain, disappeared, and was absent for a few days living with the natives, an example not conducive to usefulness and activity among the men. He had been guilty of similar conduct while the ships were at anchor in Brazil. There were other irregular unions. But devoted workers in another cause were not wanting, and the priest, Pedro de Valderrama, was active, baptizing, it is said, some twenty-two hundred. To the rajah's wife he presented a carved figure of the Virgin and Child, which was found, fifty-five years later, by the explorer Miguel Lopez de Lagaspe, when it was regarded

by the natives as Bugaw, the perfect woman of the Ifuaga mythology.

Now the sultan of Sulu had professed mastery over a vast extent of country, and his claims were in extent of the facts. There was a kind of native George Washington who denied the overlordship claim of the Sulu king, who considered himself the superior and not the inferior of the monarch, and who was irreconcilibly set upon proclaiming his independence. Against that, the only crushing argument was force, so there was a punitive expedition, the Spaniards burning a village and killing a few natives who probably had not the slightest interest in the quarrels of their masters. Force begot force; intrigue bred intrigue.



*There were trading activities. Magellan overlooked the fact that the savage leaders were as able to proceed to a certain goal as those who would outwit them.*

A few days later there came to the fleet another chief bearing gifts, and through the interpreter he explained that while a more valuable token of esteem and homage was due, it was not forthcoming because of fear of Silapulapu, the revolted chief, whose village had been burned. But, he declared, he stood ready to deliver Silapulapu into the hands of the Spaniards and help to crush a pending revolt, if Magellan would send a small force ashore and take action.

There were those who protested vigorously against any such interference in native affairs. Serrao saw no reason why the white men should exhaust themselves in little skirmishes. He argued that men became more valuable every day because of the frequent deaths from disease, and pointed out the absurdity of risking lives, advocating abstention from participation in tribal entanglements. The Sulu king wanted to throw a thousand men into the fight, so that natives might bear the brunt of the affair.

But Magellan was obstinate. Perhaps it was a case of the lofty enthusiasm of a madman. At any rate he declared that he would lead the punitive expedition himself, and refused the help of his ally the Sulu king. That it was an adventure so ridiculous that no disciplined officer would think of it, did not occur to him. He was obviously at a point where he did not discriminate between that true valor which includes caution, and most reckless adventuring with the lives of those under him held lightly. Perhaps because he had enjoyed the sweets of victory but had never tasted the bitter of defeat he had come to think of himself as the favorite of Fate. Whatever the springs of action were, he was all for immediate action. He would, he said, take sixty men in three boats and make a test of strength.

Midnight of April 26, 1521, found the fleet anchored off the island of Mactan, and at gray dawn the boats were launched and manned for the attack. But not all the sixty landed. Twelve were detailed to stay with the boats, off-shore, and forty-eight, with Magellan, stepped over the sides and waded ashore. No sooner had they set foot on the beach than down from the jungle came a cloud of natives, a thousand or more strong, throwing their bone-tipped spears at the invaders. Then came stones in volleys, and in spite of their corselets, many of the men were wounded and bruised, and some lamed. So the bowmen fired a volley and seemed to win a little advantage, for the natives took to the jungle, though a few warriors stood a little way off, avoiding the arrows by leaping aside, sometimes indeed catching the almost spent shafts as I have seen natives of Tierra del Fuego do, and as Cunninghame Graham says some of the northern South American natives were accustomed to do.*

Soon Pigafetta was out of commission with a lance in his cheek; then the *Victoria's* gunner fell. Dividing the attacking party into two bodies, Magellan sent one of them up the beach to fire the village, a thing of dry reeds and leaves, and in a couple of minutes smoke and flame leaped against the sky and thirty of the huts were ablaze. At that, out of the jungle came a cloud of savages, and Magellan gave the order to retreat, but it was rather a huddled flight, men blundering into one another, each for himself. Here and there one or two made a stand, but half a dozen natives were at their throats in an instant. A savage thrust a spear in Magellan's face and he drove his lance through his attacker's chest. Then a knot of men rushed at him, and, as those in the boats saw it, he tried to unsheath his sword, but a second spear took him in the arm and he went down.

Pigafetta gives a more circumstantial account, though a wounded man flying for his life could hardly have been an impassioned spectator, and what he wrote was doubtless reconstructed long after. He says: 'The enemy rushed at him, one of them with a large *terzado*, like a scimitar, gave him a heavy blow on the left leg which caused him to fall forward on his face. Then the Indians threw themselves on him with iron-pointed bamboo spears and scimitars, and every weapon they had, and ran him through—our mirror, our light, our comforter, our true guide—until they killed him.'

Seven men died in that skirmish, which has been called the Battle of Mactan, but was a pitiful and needless squabble which could have accomplished nothing had the victory gone the other way. The whole affair was incredibly silly and meaningless. So Magellan's name stands neither as subject for eulogy nor for execration. He seems all through to have regarded the fleet and the men in the light of his own personal appanage. He was possessed of indomitable endurance, it is true, but as executive he was visibly flawed, and no sounding rhetoric can make us forget his unlovely aspects. We must set aside whimsical speculations as to what he intended to do and what was his aim. What we see is a man with a fixed idea, self-willed, regardless of the rights of others, a man of blood and iron who dared in a way to excite the admirations of men, and in daring depended upon brute force and strength of will. But he was without that admired quality of honor which wins without violence and meanness.

* To catch an arrow may seem an almost impossible feat, until one comes to think that a ball player will stop a ball speeding quite as swiftly. An arrow at the beginning of its flight is out of the question, of course.

# The Pardoning Power

(*Concluded from page 4*)

ous charge. This man proved to be one of the most exemplary convicts in the penitentiary.

In exercising the pardoning power I made it a point never to give publicity to the refusal on my part of any applications for pardons. In following this course I was actuated by the knowledge that such notoriety would react harmfully on the convict whose application had been denied, and on other convicts also.

By publishing only the pardons which were granted and withholding all information about those that had been denied, the spirit of hope was fostered and it became much easier for prison authorities to control the convicts who shared the view that if one man was granted a pardon another might be. Living up to this hope their prison records improved.

I was also guided by the principle that penalties are prescribed more as a deterrent than as a punishment. To place a person in prison makes him a slave of the state until he has paid the penalty

# Cashing in on the 'Blue Sky'

(*Continued from page 2*)

republished this as a joke—and as a warning. *Actually, several hundred dollars had to be returned to those who had sent it in good faith to purchase stock in this venture!*

This 'Blue Sky' business takes a billion dollars a year out of the hands of its rightful owners in this country.

DID you ever stop to think what happens to the community when John Jones puts even $1,000 into some 'Blue Sky' proposition and loses it?

The Joneses don't build the planned sleeping porch, or don't paint the house this year, or don't buy the new car, or they go without needed new plumbing or a new furnace or that extra bathroom—or do without the new vacuum cleaner or the new rug and new furniture for the living room—or father gets along another year with the old overcoat—or maybe has to drop some of his life insurance. Or, what is even worse, the family makes some unusual expenditures because of expected profits—which do not materialize.

Ours is a very complex social structure. There's no knowing how long a string of folks may be badly affected by this one loss, and, with the American credit system what it is, a number of them in one town have been known to cripple the whole community.

Big multi-engined airplanes are being built in different countries by responsible companies and here the high-pressure promoter figures by taking advantage of the publicity received in these legitimate enterprises. After being given the cold shoulder in several cities, one company finally located in an eastern town, leased a vacant factory and started a house-to-house canvass to sell its stock. *The factory held only the desks of stock salesmen.*

Investigators sought the head of the concern in New York to learn something of his company's history, plans and financial standing—and were met with the profane refusal to give any information. Despite this, his stock was actually being sold in the eastern town that day; and the chamber of commerce there was impelled to issue a statement to the effect that, though the inventor might be all that was claimed for him, this stock was a purely speculative proposition.

In their rather elaborate selling kit was an open letter to President Coolidge written by one of them detailing the accomplishments of the head of the company and urging that his remarkable talents be taken advantage of by the United States Government. This seems to have made quite an impression on some of the salesmen's prospects.

Unfortunately, there are many sincere folk who do not realize that such a letter means nothing—that the humblest of us is quite at liberty to address a communication to the President, couched in proper terms, on any subject under the sun which is suited to such an epistle—and give it to the newspapers as an open letter if we see fit, or print it for private distribution. More, we may even send it to him if we choose; that doesn't mean he will ever see it, or would heed it if he did.

It is highly advisable, then, that keenness of mind be not diverted by any such ruse. Anyone solicited to buy stock in any aëronautical project should insist on knowing who the officers of the company are and what they have done, where is its plant, how much actual work has been done there and what is its exact financial condition before signing a paper or making a promise. Further—ask your banker or some other competent authority whether there is a market for this stock if one wished to sell, and whether a bank would loan money on it.

Here is a typical 'Blue Sky' tale.

'Mother, we've struck it rich this time!' exclaimed Dr. John Jones—which is very far from his real name—to his aged wife in their comfortable home in the New Jersey town to which they had retired when Dr. Jones gave up his practice in Atlantic City.

The smooth young salesman of Florida land had just left.

The earliest dentist in the coast resort city, and proprietor of its first drug store, the doctor had given his adult lifetime to caring for others, and had acquired a competence upon which he and his wife could depend in their declining years.

'You know, dear,' the doctor continued, 'the Samuel L. Edwards Company'—which is a fictitious name—'pays $12,000 for that Boardwalk store for only three months. They're doing a tremendous business.

'THEY have 17,000 acres in one tract at Florentia Gardens, Florida, and 22,000 acres in another tract. Florentia Gardens is close to the town of Florentia and right on the Dixie Highway from the Gulf to the Coast. Then they also have 28,000 acres at Lake Homo.

'I was going into their Greenwood-by-the-Sea development, but now I'm going into Florentia Gardens. The land there is 61 to 67 feet above sea level; they have their town site drained already, and arrangements are under way for the drainage of the whole property. They've got three miles and a half of sidewalks down now, and a half-mile of hard-surfaced roadway. Quite a number of persons have built houses there so soon. And prices are going right up. Why, they're selling lots now for what they paid an acre for the property only a few months ago!

'It's a wonderful chance,' said the old dentist, growing more and more enthusiastic. 'It's the opportunity of a lifetime! I was going to take 137 acres, but it looks too good to me to be a piker, Mother. I'm going to take a full square mile, 740 acres. [They told him that, not 640 acres, as it should be.] It will cost me $118,400—'

'That's a lot of money, dear,' interposed Mrs. Jones.

'Of course it is—it takes about everything we've got—but look at the profit I get on it!' Dr. Jones went on. 'And they're going to resell the whole thing this coming winter so as to net me $190,000 more than what I pay for it. We'll be fixed for the rest of our lives!

'I don't have to pay for it all at once, anyway,' he urged. 'Probably I'll never have to pay more than the first installment of $39,500—in cash, I mean—I'll have to put up the deeds for this house and the other one to show good faith. Those stand for $42,000.

'But those chaps are going to pay me a salary of $750 a month during the life of my contract. We'll have that coming in. I agree to pay them $26,000 every six months after the first payment—but, heavens, they'll never call on me for that! Why, they're going to cut up this block into 3,700 lots that will average to sell for $125 apiece. Let me set the figures down.

'THIRTY-SEVEN hundred lots at $125 makes $462,500. They charge me 33⅓ per cent for selling them and that leaves $308,333, which I get. In other words, I get back my $118,400 and a net profit of $189,333—all within less than a year. I can hardly believe it myself.' Dr. Jones suddenly went tremulous at the magic of such figures.

So worked-up did Mrs. Jones become, in fact—so carried away by the glib talk of the high-pressure salesmen—that she decided on a little deal herself on the side. She had a cherished diamond bar pin worth $3,000 and this she traded with the Edwards Company for a lot priced at $1,500, which the salesman told her they would subdivide into three lots for her and sell at $1,500 each—or a profit for her of $3,000.

This Edwards Company brought on twenty-six high-pressure salesmen from Cleveland, added about as many more in Atlantic City and counted on making a clean-up by Labor Day. They might have succeeded but for the interference of the Atlantic City Chamber of Commerce, whose president is a leading hotel proprietor and the son of the proprietor of one of the resort's original hotels.

President Leeds watched the Edwards salesmen scouring the city for prospects and protested against the way they brazenly disregarded city ordinances all season long by soliciting on the Boardwalk. When this Jones case came to his attention he got busy.

For little of what these salesmen told Dr. Jones and his wife could be proved as true. The office rent was $750 a month instead of $4,000, and other misstatements were in proportion. The property the doctor had bought was not on the Dixie Highway from Gulf to Coast, but miles away and nearer to a section of early layout of this highway, long since abandoned.

The 740 acres supposed to lie in one solid block turned out to be in three pieces of land of indeterminate value. Improvements claimed had not been made and other sales talk was disproved. In Mrs. Jones' case the sales contract of July 17 and the agreement for deed of August 4 described different lots, a moth-eaten trick. According to competent authority, what Mrs. Jones actually got was a lot worth about forty dollars.

To rapidly sketch the happy ending unintended by the Edwards outfit, it was forced to disgorge, Dr. Jones got his money back, Mrs. Jones her bar pin, and all papers were torn up.

(*To be concluded in an early issue.*)

# What Would Izaak Walton Have Said?

(*Continued from page 8*)

above all, that I would not be in the way. In the meantime, Still Homer had the boat ready and he was heading her toward the little point of rocks. Cap'n Wes and I made our way out over the slippery seaweed and pools of water and I managed to tumble in over the side. Still Homer made no comments but I knew that he considered my presence no great addition.

I was not able to take my place in the prow, for the *Anna and Fern*, like most boats in the cove, had her 'stand' up. The stand is a stout plank projecting from the bow with an upright post on which is bent a semicircular rod of iron with a rope at each end leading back to the boat. The 'striker' stands on the horizontal plank and leans against the iron rod when he throws the spear, while the ropes are a protection against falling.

There was a bit of a swell from the night before. The waves were in long blue ranges, tipped with white, changing, crumbling, rising anew, curving with ineffable grace. Slowly the islands passed us by, wild rose beckoned from the cliffs, and long brown reefs, edged with brown seaweed, flecked with white foam, stretched their fingers seaward. Occasionally a 'quawk' yelled at us. Probably the bird books give the loud-voiced creature another name, but to the island dwellers he is a 'quawk.' Along the bare rocks stood rows of gulls, still and shining in the sun, like ninepins. All seemed wild and free and throbbing with energy. The fishermen said nothing, but it was easy to note their deep satisfaction. On shore were cares of various kinds, but on the sea one forgot those things and lived.

Homer, who was of keener vision, kept an eye on the waters while Cap'n Wes attended to the helm. After a while I edged along where I would talk with him above the hum of the engine.

'Do you know they call them tuna in California?' I asked. 'That's the Italian name. Why don't you say tuna?'

'Because it ain't. It's horse mackerel. It's tuna after it's canned.' Then, after a pause. 'Funny why folks tell such lies about fishing. It's mostly folks ashore that tells them. They say that a swordfish will attack a boat and any one who knows anything at all knows that a swordfish is the biggest coward that swims, skeered of his own shadow. If he does fight it's because he's crazy with pain with the barb in him. Wouldn't you be with this here toggle in you?' and he picked up the dart, arrow-headed at both ends and weighted so that when it enters the flesh it turns at right angles to the line and cannot be withdrawn. Swordfish and horse mackerel are caught in very much the same manner on the coast of Maine. I admitted the probable wildness of my conduct under the unpleasant contingency he referred to; then continued,

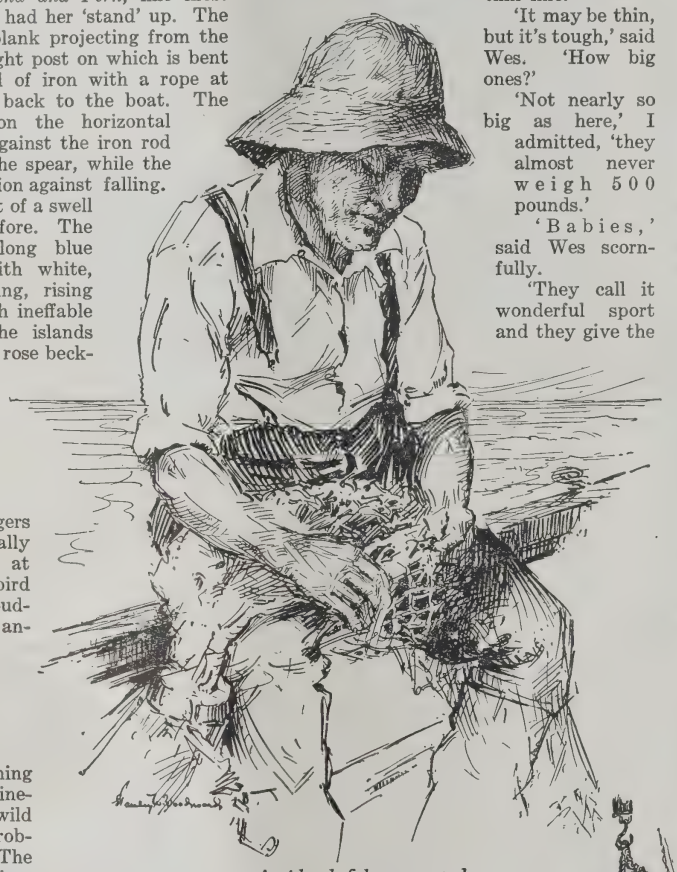
'They catch them in California on just a thin line.'

'It may be thin, but it's tough,' said Wes. 'How big ones?'

'Not nearly so big as here,' I admitted, 'they almost never weigh 500 pounds.'

'Babies,' said Wes scornfully.

'They call it wonderful sport and they give the fish a chance for its life.'



*An island fisherman and a 'horse mackerel' or 'giant tuna.'*

'An even chance?' asked Wes suspiciously.

'Probably not exactly even,' I hedged, 'but it takes a great deal of skill. Sometimes they play the fish for five hours.'

'I reckon there ain't much play in it for the fish, but folks do like to fool themselves when they go fishing. Anyway, a good horse mackerel is worth eight or ten dollars to me and I hope we see one.'

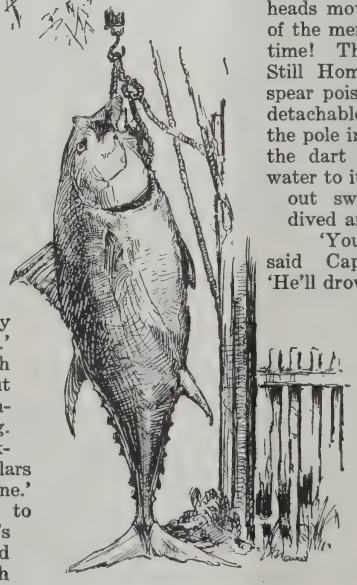
We were getting down to Small's Point and Cundy's Harbor. A schooner passed us, sails set, dories piled high on deck, and men lolling about, the whole moving so swiftly and silently that it seemed a vision. She was inward bound for ice before setting out for the banks for swordfish.

But swordfish are paltry creatures in comparison with the game we were after, the giant tuna, the most beautiful, the most majestic creature of the deep, sometimes reaching, in our waters, a weight of 1,500 pounds and a length of 15 feet. It is of the mackerel family and built upon the same graceful, compact lines. It has great strength and courage and can swim as fast as the fastest liner. They believe it spawns about the far Galapagos and Marquesas Islands, migrating early in June, the smaller coming along the coast of California and the larger ones in the Atlantic, as far north as Cape Breton. On the coast of Africa and in the Mediterranean they are well known. In Sicily they catch them in an enormous net shaped like a cigar with an opening in the center and at one end the *camera del morte*, or death chamber, where the fish is led and killed.

But no horse mackerel appeared on the waters. I nibbled at my crackers and ate a banana. Off in the bay were other boats cruising as we were, their stands rising like stiff-necked swans, or, when they dipped on the waves, suggesting Cleopatra's barge. The breeze died down, we turned back, and the sea became dull, lifeless, molten. The exhilaration that comes of sailing into the wind passed, and there followed the weariness of one wave after another, forever slipping under the boat and away.

Then, of a sudden, Still Homer gave a sweep of his hand, Wes responded at the helm, and the boat veered outward. The two men became alert, tense, and although I strained my eyes, I could see only the expanse of waves. But soon, straight ahead, I saw four black tail fins, four dorsal fins, and in a few minutes we were alongside the school. How beautiful they were, their great bodies dark blue, radiant, their mighty heads moving all in unison—one of the memorable sights of a lifetime! The engine had stopped; Still Homer was on the stand, spear poised. He struck and the detachable head flew off, leaving the pole in his hand. With a hiss the dart went through air and water to its mark, the line payed out swiftly, and the school dived and disappeared.

'You struck him just right,' said Cap'n Wes, admiringly. 'He'll drown out soon.'



The line pulled taut, and our boat moved, towed by the stricken creature. I held tight to the side; it is so strange to move at the will of a fish. A blow from his tail, an unexpected turn, I had often heard of men getting overboard in the struggle with a dying horse mack-

erel! We were still, then moved again, shudderingly. The line slackened and was pulled taut, and then, after a few convulsive twitchings, everything was quiet.

'As good a strike as ever I see,' said Cap'n Wes. 'He's drowning out fast.'

'How wonderful to be able to aim so well from a moving boat to a mark under water,' I said.

'I used to be striker on a swordfisher. You have to be good then. There's twelve men watching you and if you fail it's their bread and butter.' That was a long speech for Still Homer and he shut his lips tight after it.

'HE's coming,' said Wes, as he pulled the line taut, and soon the monster, gasping, partly rolled on his side, came in view. The dark blue and greenish light shaded into creamy silver on the belly. In spite of myself I shivered, partly in contemplation of the death of so glorious a creature, partly in terror at the thoughts of the brothers trying to haul him into the boat. Leisurely they made the lines ready, leaning far out with the gaff as they slipped one rope over his head, another about the tail, while I struggled with the temptation to grasp the back of their sweaters. Then they tried to pull him overboard, but strain and brace as they would, the giant head would lift only a foot or so above the water, and then drop back.

'Wish we'd brought the dory,' said Wes. 'It would have been easier to roll him into that.'

While the brothers were vainly struggling, a boat had approached, unnoticed. In it were two men, one about forty-five, dark skinned and powerful, the other slight and boyish, with eyes wide open as if in perpetual wonder at the marvels of the deep.

'I'll come aboard and give you a hand,' called the stranger, and the brothers straightened up as if worked by the same spring.

'Wish you would,' said Cap'n Wes. 'He's too many for us old pods.'

The stranger stepped aboard, took hold of the forward rope, gave a mighty heave, and the great head wallowed in. 'All together now,' he called. Another heave, and the body came slithering aboard, not without a good deal of water. The stranger turned apologetically to me.

'Hope you don't mind the breakers. They *will* steal aboard.' With a long straddle he got into his own boat and the youngster started the engine.

'Much obleeged,' called Homer.

'There were three others in the school,' shouted Wes, 'they went to the north'ard.'

NONE of us could keep our eyes from the great fish in the bottom of the boat, blue and silver and metallic green, a brilliancy that is most resplendent at death.

'Handsome, ain't he?' said Wes slowly, 'and I suppose he had a good time swimming 'round. Fishing makes you think of lots of things.'

I was inexpressibly weary as I climbed the bank at sunset.

'It was a good strike,' I heard Wes tell a neighbor. 'Go out in your punt and look at him. Must weigh pretty nigh a thousand. Guess he'll be worth ten or twelve dollars.'

But in my mind were the far Galapagos that would not see their child return.

# The Gold Hunters

(*Continued from page 13*)

attention of the people both inside the buildings and on the streets. Phrenologists, fortune tellers and hawkers jostled one another. Drunken men staggered along. The 'lightning' artist sketched your portrait provided he could buy a piece of paper. The fiddler drew his bow for those who wished to dance. Sunday evenings were given up wholly to dancing, which was accompanied by 44-caliber whisky. If ladies were lacking, the men with patched pants took their place in the dance. The crowd was noisy and good-natured. All sorts of people were there, from the dandy who never had handled any instrument heavier than a whalebone walking stick, to the roughest laborer. All had come to make their fortunes in one way or another.

Sometimes, of a Sunday evening in our shack, we would talk about the folks back home and wonder what they would think of the way we kept the Sabbath, or rather broke it. The closest we came to having Sunday service was when we raised our voices in the familiar hymns, 'Greenland's Icy Mountains' being the favorite. We could now appreciate the allusion 'Roll down their golden sands.'

But to return to the practical. The first matter that had to be attended to was the building of a shack. On account of the heavy rainstorms of the winter, we had to have good material. We decided to use slabs or 'shakes,' as we called them. Plenty of trees could be utilized for this purpose. We built our cabin forty-two by sixteen feet, to make it serve also as a trading post. When it was finished within a week from beginning the work, we set out our supplies and were ready to receive customers.

WHILE we were putting up our cabin, a party of nine miners came along and camped near us. They lost their mules the first night out and stayed on to find them. We became good friends. They thought 'shakes' a queer name for our cabin lumber and we were the 'Shakes Boys' after that. Finally, they went on and we didn't see anything of them until some weeks later.

One day, a couple of them came to our cabin and took dinner with us. They told us they were camping seven miles up Dry Creek. They invited us to visit them, promising us venison. So the next Sunday we got on our horses and went over. They had a small shack without a window. Nine men slept on the floor. Outside the door hung four deer which they had shot. We had a good dinner of venison and carried some back with us.

Except for slight attacks of ague on the way over we had escaped sickness. Now two of our company were stricken with typhoid fever. The sameness of diet—meat and bread without fruit or vegetables—brought on scurvy.

We sent for a doctor in Fiddle Town and he came every day for six weeks. His regular charge was an ounce of gold a visit. He cut his price in half for us, but even at that the sickness was an expensive experience. One of us had to watch the sick men all the time.

We did no mining for two months. Our business at the trading post had been fairly good although the profits were falling off



steadily, a natural slump following the abnormal inflation since the discovery of gold. By February '51, prices were approaching the usual, after twenty-four months of profiteering. Storekeepers in general were variously called 'ogres,' 'demons of hell,' 'ravenous storks.' We had managed to hold our reputations as 'good fellows.' With our pioneer training we could not bring ourselves to extort 'blood-money' even from the 'Injuns.' And there was plenty of opportunity of charging two or three prices if we had been so inclined. White men and red were almost equally ignorant of the value of gold.

A SPANIARD would produce from the folds of his sash or handkerchief an old deerskin pouch, untie a coarse string and pour dust into our scales. If we reminded him that he was spilling it, he invariably refused to take it back saying, 'Plenty more where that comes from.'

The Indians learned slowly to be prudently suspicious of the white men at the post. At first, they had no conception of the value of gold and would exchange handfuls of the precious dust for any article of food or gaudy ornament that took their fancy. A party from Injun Creek way often came down to our camp. The leader, a fine-looking young brave, would come inside while ten or twelve would range in a circle outside and proceed to the counter in rotation. Each one would place on the palm of his hand a small leaf or piece of paper with a teaspoonful of gold dust. He would point to it and then to the article desired and give a grunt, 'Ugh!' If we shook our head he would retire and return with more dust.

While our relations with the Indians were as a rule friendly, we always kept our guns handy when they came around. However, in '51 they were not so numerous or dangerous as they had been the year before. They had been taught some severe lessons after several outrages. One of the most cruel was committed by a party that descended on a camp of five white men on North Fork and massacred them. John Greenwood, son of the famous mountaineer, mustered a large party and tracked the murderers to a ranch on Weaver's Creek, caught about twenty-five or thirty of the raiders, and, after a speedy trial, shot a half-dozen or more. 'No good Indians but dead Indians,' was the slogan with the miners in '49 and '50.

By the time our comrades were able to take care of themselves, our claims around Fiddle Town were not worth working. On Christmas Day, we started out to do some prospecting. We followed up Dry Creek east until we headed it. We were then close to Injun Creek where we knew the redman had his camp. After the first half-day's travel, we saw no more whites. As we were hunting 'Injun diggins' we kept on our way up the divide until the second night. By that time, we had come to the end of the trail.

A little before sundown we stopped and unpacked our horse and built a fire. I took the camp-kettle to go to find water. Springs were numerous. I put the water in the coffeepot and set it on the fire to boil and then began frying the bacon. The appetizing smells reached the keen-scented Indians, and soon our uninvited guests came filing along—between fifty and a hundred—to beg supper. We had none too much for ourselves and certainly not enough for an army. One old savage picked up a piece of bread and put it under his blanket. We told him to put it down. He replied in Indian gibberish that he wouldn't. When one of us picked up a gun and pointed it at the thief, he dropped the bread and all of the rest ran out to the path muttering and threatening to kill us.

We continued getting supper and then ate it. The Indians went into a grove of pines about a quarter of a mile away, built a rousing fire and had a war dance. We kept quiet, knowing that if we tried to get away they would waylay us. After finishing supper, we decided the safest thing for us would be to put out our fire. Warily, we caught our horse and tied him to a tree near the camping spot. Then we made our bed for the night by spreading our blankets on boughs. We lay down with our guns at our sides. Although very tired, we stayed awake the first half of the night without difficulty. The powwow prevented sleep. Finally, about one o'clock the woods became quiet and we fell into a sound repose until daylight and the sun's rays shot through the trees.

We jumped up quickly, packed the horse and without waiting for breakfast broke camp. We took the trail the redmen had followed the night before. About a mile down the hill we came to a large spring where we found a hundred or more Indians camped around their diggings. They were immediately on the alert when they saw us coming. One tall, stalwart fellow stood guard while the others got down into their diggings and started prospecting. We also followed suit and began to reconnoiter for signs of gold. Everything seemed quiet enough until more Indians came down from another camp. Then there was a general uproar with jabbering and gesticulating which worked itself into anger.

After a brief council of war, a young brave was delegated to speak to us. He asked us politely enough to go away. We recognized him as one who had been down to our camp a number of times to buy provisions. We told him 'No' and that we wouldn't go away until we got ready. He stood around some minutes telling us we had better go, and coaxing us. We could not be brought to acquiesce. Then he turned and went back to his camp.

We could immediately see the effect of his report. There was a commotion as though we had disturbed a swarm of bees. We proceeded with our prospecting until satisfied that the diggings were not very rich. Then we left. Traveling along southwest on Sutter Creek, we camped in the woods for three days and nights without sighting a white man. The Indians, however, gave us no further trouble.

ON our return from this trip, two of the boys announced they would leave us. One got a job in Sacramento and another started teaming fish. This was a wise move on their part, for they were not strong enough as yet to mine. Many an educated man resorted to driving wagons back and forth from the city to the camps. Good wages were paid.

A story was told of a lawyer from New York who was discovered managing a double span of mules. A friend rallied the professional man upon his social descent. The lawyer responded, 'What's the difference? Practising law is nothing more or less than trying to get something out of mules.'

By the last of January the wet season was drawing to a close. Water had been very low on Dry Creek for some time owing to scanty rainfall. We had depended upon it for washing our gold. So we mined mostly on Injun Creek and later moved our camp there.

Soon after this our comrades rejoined us, and we set out on another prospecting tour. Following the Stanislaus, we crossed to the Mocolomne River through a wild country to the Calavaras. We found plenty of creeks. Sheer cliffs between ravines made it almost impossible to cross the ridges. We would follow the divide awhile and then the creek, prospecting as we went.

IN April, we went on to Mocolomne Hill, a village with rich mines, the center of 'deep diggings.' Nigger Hill lay to the east. There was a great deal of mining going on here. French Hill lying to southwest had a few board houses but mostly tents occupied by 1,500 to 2,000 miners and gamblers. Three surrounding ravines centered in a spring.

One day, we started for Independence Flat up the river eighteen miles. There we found a trading post and pitched our tent a mile or so away and began to prospect on a little creek. We found a good mine and worked it for some time.

The Dry Diggings were a lottery. If we struck it rich, we would make our fortunes. So day after day, we kept on digging down into the rock. We had now gone down fifty-six feet.

One morning in May, we suddenly noticed that the soil had changed in appearance. We were satisfied that here was gold. Just before noon we went up to the hole with prospect pan and flour sack. Two of us went down where we had hollowed out a small place in the quartz rock. The two men sent up some lose dirt. I took it and washed it in the river a half-mile away. I found two or three dollars' worth of gold in this small sample of soil. I returned to the hole. The other two had dug more soil from the rock. I repeated the trip to the river and found six or seven dollars' worth of gold.

It was just before noon when I got back with the second bucket. I drew the boys up. Our spirits were high. We went to dinner but kept our success to ourselves. Then we all went to our claim together. One of us was lowered down the shaft. I went after him. He took an old crevice knife and began digging into the flinty rock. Soon he struck a fine nugget of gold. He rubbed it on his pants, held it up and then handed it to me.

We staked out two claims apiece and double what the miner's law allowed us.

All through the summer we mined our claims on Mocolomne. As autumn approached, we discussed plans for the future. Should we go home or should we stay? Many an evening was devoted to this question. Love of gold was considerable, but love of home was stronger and won out. One man was drawn back by a sweetheart; another by a mother who was ill.

We sailed for home around the Horn to New York. We had been in the gold fields thirteen months and carried back with us what was in that day a big fortune, seven thousand dollars apiece, which being minted in Philadelphia was rolled out before the wondering eyes of our families back home.

# Taxes, Taxes, Taxes!

(*Concluded from page 1*)

licence taxes. And also that the gasoline has in it a number of property taxes, several kinds of corporation taxes, some railroad and automobile taxes, and a direct gallon tax (possibly not in your state).

No. 6. As you ride in on the train, reflect that about one-tenth of your railroad fare is tax, and as you read your newspaper, further reflect that it also is a network of taxes. If you light a cigar or cigaret, reflect that you are smoking a mixture of tariff, excise tax, and tobacco.

No. 7. As you ride on the street car or subway, reflect that from one cent to half a cent of your fare goes to pay taxes.

No. 8. When you reach your office, look around and reflect as you did in No. 4. If you work for a corporation, reflect that the corporation is probably paying as much, if not more, in taxes as it is in dividends.

No. 9. At luncheon repeat the reflection of No. 4, and if you happen to get your hair cut, reflect on what wonderful things taxes can do in the way of growing hair, for tonics are largely compounded of taxes. The barber will be trying to sell you a tax.

No. 10. Go home and have dinner, reflecting as directed under No. 4.

No. 11. If you take out your motor in the evening, reflect on the taxes its operation is costing you, and if you go to the movies or to the theater, do likewise.

No. 12. Go to bed, and if you have had a good day, reflect on how much fodder you have provided for the federal and state income tax, or if you are not up enough to pay an income tax yourself, think how much you have helped someone else to pay an income tax. When you are through with this, you may, if you like, wonder if you will ever make enough money to leave an estate, and if so how much of it will go in taxes.

IF, AT the end of all this, you know how much you have paid in taxes that day, you will know more than anyone else does. But you will not know. There is no way you can possibly know. All the goods you have used that day have come to you through chains of producers, transporters, and handlers, each one of whom pays a series of taxes; from each radiates another series of producers, transporters, and handlers who pay taxes, and so on, from each of these. The thing is apparently endless.

And then, further to complicate matters, by no means all of this taxation is passed on, and there is no rule as to when it is passed on to you and when it is not—the circumstances often determine. An excise tax—as the tax on tobacco—is added to the price. So are the taxes on railroads and public utilities, because their charges are regulated by public service commissions and these commissions have to take taxes into account when fixing rates. We do not know how much of the tariff travels to you with the goods. Neither do we know the exact effect of the corporation taxes.

The truth is that no one actually knows anything about taxation because there are no figures on which to base anything that can be called knowledge. Legislators, social reformers, and many of those individuals who call themselves economists build theories and found arguments on data of less weight than one would need for making a dog house. One would at least need to know something about the size of the dog.

A man who knew neither his income nor his outgo would be bound to get into trouble. Taking the nation as a going concern, that is exactly our position. The Federal Government knows what it spends and what it takes in each year; also it knows what it owes. So do the states, and the municipalities, and the counties, and the townships. But there is no national balance sheet for December 31, 1925, or any date. There are no officially collected figures.

The tabulations of the Bureau of the Census do not go beyond 1922 and they cover only the states and the municipalities of thirty thousand or more. Washington collects all sorts of figures on all sorts of things. Most of them are founded on a large number of guesses gathered together and put through a calculating machine, but whatever the state of their accuracy or inaccuracy, they always come to hand too late to be of any use. Nothing is ever current.

We cannot, under any circumstances, know our national wealth or resources. Every piece of property has three valuations—first what the owner would like to get for it, second what a purchaser with money in his hand will pay for it, and third the value a real estate assessor would put on it. In the case of a factory, there is the value as a going concern, which is about two-thirds greater than the auction value of its bricks and machinery. What might be called our resources have only the value that our intelligence can take out of them.

The only reasoned estimate of our national income ever made was for the year 1919, which was a year of great inflation, and it does not help to convert 1919 dollars or 1920 dollars or any other dollars back into 1913 dollars. In the first place the conversions are not in the least accurate, and in the second place the comparisons would not be important even if they were accurate, for we happen to be living in the year 1926 and to a large part of our people the 1913 dollar is just about as far removed as the War of the Revolution.

Suppose you tried to run your business today on your sales of three years ago, your liabilities of last year, and your estimated assets of next year? Where would you be? You would be better employed trying to put salt on birds' tails.

In 1923 government—federal, state, and local—spent the stupendous sum of $10,000 million, of which about two-thirds was raised by taxation and the balance by borrowing.

Of this total, more than one-half was spent by local government. The Federal Government spent $3,459 million and the states $1,450 million.

THIS total spending is almost as great as the entire amount paid for wages in the same year. Progressive modern manufacturing companies can pay high wages only as a result of a plant investment of between five and ten thousand dollars an employed man. Every ten thousand dollars that is forcibly torn from production and put into nonproduction is therefore somewhere depriving some man of the potential opportunity to earn a good living.

The total taxes now being levied amount to about one-sixth of what we believe to be our national income, but probably they amount to more. Of these taxes about sixty per cent are being collected by state and local government and forty per cent by the United States.

These figures of themselves mean nothing. It may be worth our while to pay one-sixth or more of our income for community conveniences—for government means more today than just being governed. We want good schools, good roads, clean towns, and efficient police. All of these wants are legitimate enough. But are we a jump ahead of our pocketbooks? That is the real tax question.

No one can say with real authority what is a sound system of taxation and public finance. It is manifestly impossible for any community to pay entirely as it goes. Doubtless a great number of the public services which are now run at a loss could be put on a paying basis and thus a city could have some revenue other than what it derives from the taxpayers. But we have not yet reached the point where we can differentiate between the housekeeping of government in which politics ought to have no part and the policies of government in which politics must have a part. The city-manager plan is an effort in the direction of keeping politics out of the kitchen, but in most localities the distinction between public service and private service is rigidly kept. You need only go into a public office to know that.



*(This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Crowther. The next will appear soon.)*

# The Genesis of the Constitution

(Continued from page 5)

except what he recorded we should know almost nothing, and the convention took care that this little should not become known. At the last session, it was voted that the secretary's records be turned over to Washington, 'subject to the order of Congress if ever formed under the Constitution.' The delegates were afraid that if the proceedings were at once published, unscrupulous use of them would be made by some of those who were determined to prevent the ratification of the Constitution by the states.

'It is a sure sign of the high respect in which this famous body of men was held,' says McMaster in his *With the Fathers*, that not one word was uttered by the people against their secret sessions.' Yet the lack of news gave rise to many rumors, one of which was that the convention was about to set up a monarchy and had already invited a second cousin of George III to come over and take the job of king. Delegates received many letters asking if this story were true. The answer always took this form: 'While we cannot affirmatively tell you what we are doing, we can negatively tell you what we are not doing. We have never once thought of a king.'

Not much was known about the details of the convention's proceedings until more than fifty years after it adjourned. Nothing would have been known then or ever if James Madison had not kept a journal. Before the convention was held Madison sought to make a deep study of the republics of antiquity, only to discover that nothing much was known about them because they left no records. When Madison was sent as a delegate to the Constitutional Convention, he determined that no future historian should have to work so hard to find out about the Constitution of the United States as he had had to work to learn about the ancient republics; so he resolved to keep a journal of the proceedings for himself—and for posterity.

'In pursuance of the task I had assumed,' he said, 'I chose a seat in front of the presiding member, with the other members on my right and left hands. In this favorable position for hearing all that passed I noted, in terms legible and in abbreviations and marks intelligible to myself, what was read from the chair or spoken by the members, and losing not a moment unnecessarily between the adjournment and the reassembling of the convention, I was enabled to write out my daily reports during the session, or within a few days after its close, in the extent and form preserved in my own hand on my files.'

Madison died June 28, 1836. After his death his Journal of the Constitutional Convention was published, which will always remain the great source document of the Constitution. He left his Journal to Congress, which published it more than fifty years after the Constitutional Convention adjourned.

Perhaps we should never have had a Constitution or a republic if it had not been for Franklin. At a certain point in the proceedings, four small states threatened to withdraw if the majority should not rescind their decision to give states representation in the Senate according to their population, which would have left the smaller states at a disadvantage. Franklin had voted with the majority and, to the last, said he saw nothing fair or just in giving the small states as many Senators as the large ones. But when the speaker representing the smaller states had made his threat, Franklin suggested a three days' adjournment to cool off. He urged that during this period those who thought alike should not confer exclusively with each other with a view to fortifying their position, but that they confer with their adversaries and seek, above all things, to cultivate a friendly feeling. In closing, he expressed the wish that the convention should straightway choose a chaplain who should open each session with a plea to the Almighty to show them a way to agree.

When Franklin finished, a delegate who will remain forever unknown said he saw no reason to call upon a 'foreigner'—that is the way he spoke of the Creator—to intervene in their behalf—that the convention was composed of able men who should be able to do their own thinking. Washington looked shocked, as did many others, but nobody paid any further attention to him. The convention appointed a chaplain and adjourned for three days. When it reassembled, Franklin moved that, in the interest of harmony, and to prevent the catastrophe of permitting the states to drift apart, the states be given equal representation in the Senate—and that is the way it is to this day.



*Washington so suffered from unscrupulous politcians that he said he would rather be in his grave than in office.*

Rhode Island sent no delegates to the convention and took no part in it. New York, by the way, failed to authorize its delegate in Congress to vote for the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, and ratified the Constitution by only a bare majority. Rhode Island took no part in the formation of the Constitution because its people preferred to remain by themselves. It seemed more profitable to do so. Rhode Island had seacoast and ports. Some other states had none. The Rhode Islanders believed they could do a profitable business by remaining out of the union and charging the inland states for the use of their seaports. The other states were tremendously indignant. Some persons advocated the use of force. Others urged that Rhode Island be treated with contempt and considered out of the union. On the Fourth of July, 1787, the governor of New Jersey ordered that only twelve cannon be fired in his state instead of thirteen. Rhode Island stood out until after the government was established, when she reluctantly yielded by ratifying.

The Constitution was ratified not by the votes of the people but by the votes of conventions. The people elected the delegates to the conventions, but most of the people were not permitted to vote. They were barred by property qualifications. It has been estimated that only about one-fifth of the male adults, or 160,000 men, voted for the delegates, a majority of whom voted in favor of the ratification.

Certain facts about the Constitution have never been clear to all the American people and are not clear to this day. It is assumed by some that the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution are but different expressions of the same thing. Such is not the fact. The Declaration was the exuberant, militant utterance of a young people, determined to be free, and was therefore intensely democratic. It was proclaimed at the beginning of the war when popular spirit was at its peak. The Articles of Confederation expressed the spirit of the Declaration. This, our first Constitution, vested all power in the people,

with no checks or balances. There was but one branch of congress and it was supreme, so far as any other branch of the government was concerned. Its members were elected for a year and were subject to recall even before the expiration of the year.

Our present Constitution was made in an entirely different atmosphere. The war had been won and its spirit had died away. Only six of the fifty-six men who made our present Constitution were signers of the Declaration of Independence. Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Paine, Patrick Henry, Samuel Adams and other leaders of the early revolutionary period did not sit in the Constitutional Convention, though Henry was elected, but refused to serve. Instead of making the legislature supreme, three coördinate departments were established, each one designed to be a check upon and a balance for the other two. This system of checks and balances came from England, not from the Declaration of Independence. In England they had to deal with the crown, the landed gentry and the common people, and a system of checks and balances was devised to enable all three to survive. We had no crown, and very few landed gentry, but the English system was nevertheless copied.

THE framers of the Constitution have been criticized from the first because they put so little democracy into our fundamental law. The more one understands, the less likely he is to take part in such criticism. It is true that the present Constitution sometimes makes the expression of the public will difficult. It is true that under this Constitution the people do not fully govern themselves. But something more is true.

To this day the people have never shown the ability fully to govern themselves. No people, either here or anywhere else, have fully governed themselves. Self-government is still rather a new experiment in this world. It was still newer when our Constitution was made. Washington wanted to give the people as much power as he believed they were capable of exercising, but was in great doubt as to how much of such power they would be able to handle. In this direction he and his associates went a great way, considering their day and generation. They went so far that the people have not caught up with them yet. They made a Constitution under which the people could fully govern themselves if they were determined to do so. But to rule one's self, one has to be interested; he has to study government, study politics, organize, and politically associate himself with his fellows. No Constitution is sufficient, in itself, to produce self-government.

The State of New York cast no vote for Washington as President the first time he was a candidate because the Clinton and the Hamilton forces in the state legislature could come to no agreement as to how the presidential electors were to be chosen. Each side preferred that the state should have no vote rather than see the other side have too much to say in the choosing of the electors. In New York in 1792 the friends of George Clinton stole for him from John Jay the governorship of the state by throwing out the votes of two counties that gave a majority for Jay. In the early days high officers in the government—members of Congress and others—did not regard it as wrong to have a financial interest in the legislation upon which they acted. This is still sometimes true, but it was somewhat rawer in the old days.

WASHINGTON so suffered from the unscrupulous politicians of his day that he said he would rather be in his grave than in office. In one instance Washington himself was so deceived that, unwittingly, he completed the ruin of an innocent man. That man was Edmund Randolph, Washington's own Secretary of State, earlier his Attorney-General, and still earlier, governor of Virginia, delegate to the convention that framed our present Constitution, and member of the Continental Congress.

Randolph, who was descended from a distinguished English family that emigrated to Virginia in 1674, is described as 'large, somewhat portly, but of impressive figure, massive head, handsome and intellectual countenance, trained and experienced as an orator, with exceptional command of language, musical voice and most engaging manners.' He succeeded Jefferson as Secretary of State at a time when our relations with England were not very good and our relations with France were bad and growing worse. It became Randolph's duty to conduct a diplomatic correspondence with M. Fauchet, the French minister, over the Jay Treaty with England, to which France vigorously objected. Randolph apparently framed his correspondence in such a manner as to keep the French minister a little in the dark as to what was going on. At any rate, he fell out with Fauchet, who wrote to his government that with a few thousand dollars he could influence American procedure, and intimated that Randolph could be bribed.

The British captured this letter at sea and, through the British minister, sent it to America, where it arrived while the Jay Treaty was before Washington and his Cabinet. Randolph continued to oppose the treaty unless the clause continuing the right of Britain to search neutral vessels were removed. Washington and his Cabinet differed from Randolph as to this and approved the treaty. Washington then handed Randolph Fauchet's letter, in which he intimated that Randolph could be bribed and asked for money with which to do it.

Randolph denied the charge but resigned from the Cabinet. The French minister afterward gave Randolph a clean bill of health, but it came too late. The damage had been done. In 1886, after both Washington and Randolph had been in their graves almost a century, a letter from Fauchet was found in the archives of the French Government in Paris completely exonerating Randolph.

Whoever believes the early days of this country were happier than the present ones is in need of more accurate information about the past. America is constantly improving, and it will be a great deal better in the future than it is now.



*In the early days high officers in the government did not regard it as wrong to have a financial interest in legislation.*

A Constructive Force in the Development of the South and Southwest

THE Sunshine Special

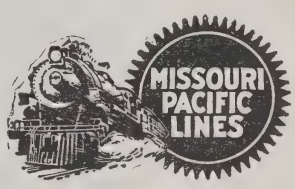
Entering its eleventh year of fast dependable, daily service from St. Louis and Memphis to:

Louisiana
Texas
California
Mexico

Standard drawing-room sleepers, reclining chair cars and coaches. Dining car service for all meals.

Secure reservations from nearest Missouri Pacific representative or write—

A. D. Bell, Pass'r Traffic Manager
MISSOURI PACIFIC R. R. CO.
Ry. Exch. Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.



# Under Its Own Steam

(*Continued from page 7*)

and sitting there waiting for me when I awoke. Work, talk, acts of any kind were simply thin subterfuges to play that I was going to evade my tormentors for the moment. I never really evaded them. Their ghastly presence was always there in the background. The future became some inconceivable damnation. A year to be lived through seemed utterly incredible. The prospect of each hour ahead made me shudder.

'DURING this time, which was not more than a few weeks, I worked steadily, confiding to no one. I think no one guessed. At night, after the others had left the office, there was little to do save when an early morning story broke. These hours of waiting were horrible eternities. The night editor and I were not congenial. My only salvation was the telephone girl in the hall. Her name has faded, but not the grateful memory of her kind companionship with a youth who behind the eyes was desperate with suffering.

'Anyone who has not been through the experience can scarcely conceive the hopeless, eternal terror of it. In a few days a dragging pain had settled over my heart, a dull sinister ache which in the past doubtless gave rise to the expression, a broken heart. Once or twice relief came. I remember that one time I was sitting in Central Park when something wonderful happened. Suddenly my forgetting process was working. The missing parts had slipped smoothly into place. The awful thoughts dropped out of sight. I could relax. I had never before known such heavenly harmony. I would not have guessed it existed. It was like old times, only much more wonderful. I could think what I liked with deep content and peace. But the furlough was short. Before noon, the forgetting process had broken down again and I was as despairing as ever.

'Even now those days echo at times in my memory like the refrain of a forgotten song: the hot pavements, the weight of my chest, the jungle of my mind. Because walking gave me faint relief, I walked. I knew no better. Once when approaching the door of the newspaper building, what must have been a fainting spell came over me. I felt as though I were dying. My feeling was of gratitude and relief. No such luck. I had thought it all out and vastly preferred a death that ended everything. I doubted whether, if there were another world, there could be relief for me in it.

'The matter of seeing a doctor did not occur to me. I did not know what was the matter with me—certainly not that I was ill. I could walk as far as ever. My muscles felt strong. I could imagine a physician's queer looks if I should try to describe my ailments to him. I had no fever, no cough, no broken bones. Finally when I could stand it no longer, I went to the only place open to me—home. With rest, wholesome food, fresh air and the environment of the family fireside, I effected a blind recovery. I decided to abandon journalism to live a more tranquil life. My youthful experience in a bank aided me and I got a satisfactory position with a trust company in the Middle West. For two years I was happy; my services were appreciated by my employers and my health was good. Then came a bolt from the blue. The forgetting process failed again. Almost overnight I was reduced to the inner abject condition of my former breakdown. By this time, however, I had learned to suspect that I might be ill. I got the name of a distinguished neurologist in the town, and went to see him.

'He was kind. He gave me perhaps two hours of his time, listened to my story and then put me through an examination, physical and mental. At the end, he told me positively and cheerfully that there was nothing, absolutely nothing the matter with me. Were he an examining physician for insurance, and had I come to him for that purpose, he would have given me a perfect score. My trouble was purely imaginary.

'HE PROBABLY thought in his kind way that he had helped me. But I was blindly desperate when I left his office. If you have diphtheria, you know that it is a recognized experience. Thousands of others have had it and a large percentage have come through cured. But all this suffering that I was going through was apparently not a common experience. According to him, medicine did not recognize it, let alone know a cause or cure. By the time someone did study it and find out the barest rudiments, I would be gone. Had I not been able to keep on with my work as I had, I might have thought that I was crazy and the neurologist was too polite to tell me so.

'I found several volumes on the subject. No one ever read them with more eager hope than I. I found they might be roughly divided into two classes: inspirational and technical. The former dealt in generalities, pleasant suggestions and much encouragement. To this class of author it was an easy matter to be well. One had just to think one was cured, and so it was. They carried little conviction and were written as if the men behind them did not know their field or preferred not to get their hands dirty.

'The technical volumes were convincing enough. They coldly and specifically cited numbers of cases. I found my experience was not solitary. But a helpless youth got little else from them. According to this class of authors, it was almost impossible to be well. They seemed to have written the books largely to impress colleagues with their professional technique and experience, to point out triumphantly minor technical points for some obscure cause of satisfaction to the writer. One derived the impression that the idea of finding common causes and cure for the satisfaction of their patients would have been considered vulgar by those learned men. I understand now that this was not the case. In person, to patients, they were probably kind and helpful. But these books were not aimed at patients. They were propaganda, swank, aimed at colleagues with whom one might lose caste if he were simple and humane.

'I HAD bought a little black loose-leaf book, and now I began to make my own observations. They were crude, superficial, comprising what seemed to make me better from day to day and what seemed to make me worse. They suggested other experiments which I made and checked, then noted the results. I was young and presumptuous, a common foot soldier in the ranks. It was probably well I was no general secure in the rear of the lines. A position of immunity might have permitted me to be interested mainly in gaining an advantage for myself at the expense of others' suffering. My position on the firing line prohibited this. My only salvation lay in working to find the causes of suffering so it might be ended.

'I still carry my little black book, thanks to the integrity of its manufacturers. It has overflowed dozens of times. Together with the file that holds the notes that have sprung from it, it has comprised my laboratory for thirteen years. I have often envied psychologists blessed with elaborate facilities and felt ashamed of the meager equipment with which I had to get along as best I could. I have felt better since learning of Dr. Wollaston, chemist, physicist and president of the Royal Society. When a guest asked to see his laboratory, he replied,



"Certainly," and rang the bell. "John," he said to his man, "bring up my laboratory." John bowed and returned in a few moments with all of Wollaston's apparatus on a tea tray.

'After eight months I found that I had overcome my breakdown, and that's a matter of some twelve years. I was also in possession of a written record of my recovery, but I had not even dented the problem of the real causes of my harmony and inharmony.

'It varies endlessly not only in the individual, but in the same individual in the hour, place and stimulant. An ambitious principle to succeed must stand examination and check as the common agency of harmony in work, in love, in church, in play, in nature, in scientific research, in relief from illness, in all the thousands of ever-changing specific individual cases.

'INHARMONY from nervous trouble, from personal or material contacts or from no apparent contacts at all, means that there have been set off, inside the individual, expenditure groups that are spending energy faster than energy is released to them for their use. This deficit in the energy flow causes "missing" energy and irregularities in the releasing process, producing in the patient the strain known as inharmony. Harmony, roughly speaking, is the opposite. When there has been released enough energy to satisfy fully the rate of expenditure, there is not only an absence of strain but a smooth purring of the countless units of the expenditure groups. A good name for this purring is harmony.

'For a nervous sufferer to find harmony means that he must first bring down his expenditure within the limits of his daily refinement supply; he must secondly strive to increase the production of his daily supply to make up the deficit and for the reason that one always spends more than he anticipates, whether the currency be money or energy; he must thirdly strategically arrange his daily life according to an understanding of the process of releasing energy. He must understand that harmony is not having the energy on hand so much as releasing it to current expenditure.

'So many things enter into the making, saving and releasing of energy that a doctor cannot spend enough time with a patient to point out and advise on each detail of an individual's life. But the patient is always in his own company, and should have time for his own benefit. Consequently, it is the doctor's aim to teach a patient to understand the making, saving and releasing of energy as a conservative business man understands the job of running his business at a profit.

'Rest and relaxation are the best means of saving energy. One subject to nervous ailments should rest as much as possible. No long or hard walks are profitable. Ride, sit, lie down when possible. Quietness saves energy otherwise spent in action. Reclining saves energy that would be spent in pumping the blood against gravity and flows that are automatically set off when erect. Sleep saves the energy spent in higher rates of thought and in all the countless flows to various parts of the body which go on while we are awake.

'The patient should relax while at work. He should practise doing his work with the greatest possible relaxation in all parts of the body and brain not actively employed in the task. When one has non-full energy flow, many parts of the body are tensed for the appropriation of their energy content. Without full energy flow to relax these tensings, they gradually become chronic, adding to the general expenditure and depletion. Relieve these useless tensings gradually and individual consumption is reduced. No new tensings should be added.

'The mind should be kept on the present moment. Looking ahead makes the mind travel faster than the accomplishment. It makes the latter feel behind, the individual tries to hurry and that spends energy fatally fast. Energy should be spent slowly, which is the way the organism makes it. The individual with luxurious energy does not proceed fast but leisurely. He lets his mind with keen enjoyment on each act as he does it. This is natural for him and easier than for the nervous sick. To relax, at first means that the latter must tense in order to release energy for relaxation. He will save more than he spends, just the same.

'Before one can save energy, though, it is sometimes necessary to go through a regular process of making it. Food, air and water are the great mediators of such achievement.

'Plenty of energy-making foods, preferably unpasteurized milk, whole-wheat bread, vegetables, eggs are beneficial. Some authorities condemn meat, and many do without it, though others find they are stronger and better with its use once a day. One may eat too much of it, another not enough. Whatever is eaten, a nervous sufferer with fair digestion needs plenty of it. It should be chewed well to save energy expense by the stomach and other organs, perhaps rather to expedite the refinement process. The heavy meal is preferable in the middle of the day. An easily digested supper such as bread, pudding and several glasses of milk partaken fairly early will allow easy digestion and as sound sleep and the energy available for relaxation permits. The sounder the sleep, the lower the general rate of expenditure during this time, the greater the saving of energy for the next day and for relaxing the inharmonies accumulated up to the night before.

'MUCH increased supplies of energy result from deep breathing. Oxygen is not energy, and additional breathing does not mean that much additional energy. But deeper breathing does make for more energy. Tensing mechanically throttles breathing. This is in the popular domain, and every reader of "thrillers" knows that, in a tense situation, the author writes, "he scarcely breathed," of his hero. This is the popular way of describing a physical process. Yet one needs most to breathe in just such situations.

'Forced deep breathing in nervous moments will provide extra energy to relax more than could be done otherwise. If the patient is exhausted and can get no more air through the nose, he should open his mouth and draw in great draughts. The best thing to do is to make steady deep breathing an unconscious habit. It enables one to get the benefit of 20,000 deep breaths during twenty-four hours as compared with the twenty or thirty when one happens to think of it.

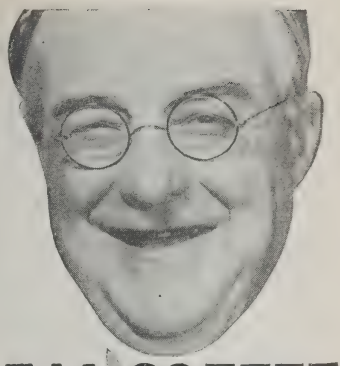
'Forcing a glass of water every waking hour will likewise help a critical period by increased elimination. The difference will be felt within several hours. Energy is saved.

'The tragic part of nervous sufferers is that no one offers them real understanding of their troubles. Even mothers, loving and sympathetic as they are, can do little more than listen kindly and with visible pain, and try to cheer up the victim of nervous prostration with other topics. To her, as to most everyone else, the trouble is one to shun and forget.

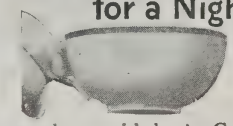
'Today, however, the situation is different. We know that those nervous pains and troubles are not caused by low mentality, God, the devil, or any abstruse, mysterious and incurable factor. The trouble is simply lack of energy to relax high rates. We do not know exactly what this energy is, but we know how to make it, save it and release it.'

It is given to but few to tell their experience so vividly and to state the hypothesis of mental health so convincingly as this man has done. But he is a man of the best kind of education: self-education. He has a gift of the gods: a sense of mathematics. In addition, he has an unusual endowment: he is able to detach his mind from the concrete, or to concentrate it upon the concrete. He is intrigued with logic, and he has a heart!

Individuals so richly endowed are nearly always potential psychopaths. It is a tax the gods exact for talent.

REAL COFFEE
for a Nightcap!



Don't deny yourself the pleasure of coffee any longer. Or decline a second cup because it's late! Coffee can't keep you awake if it is the kind *without caffeine.*

Neither nerves, heart nor kidneys are in any way affected by this pure coffee—from which the caffeine has been extracted. And it is *real coffee,* full-flavored and full-bodied; nothing missing but the caffeine.

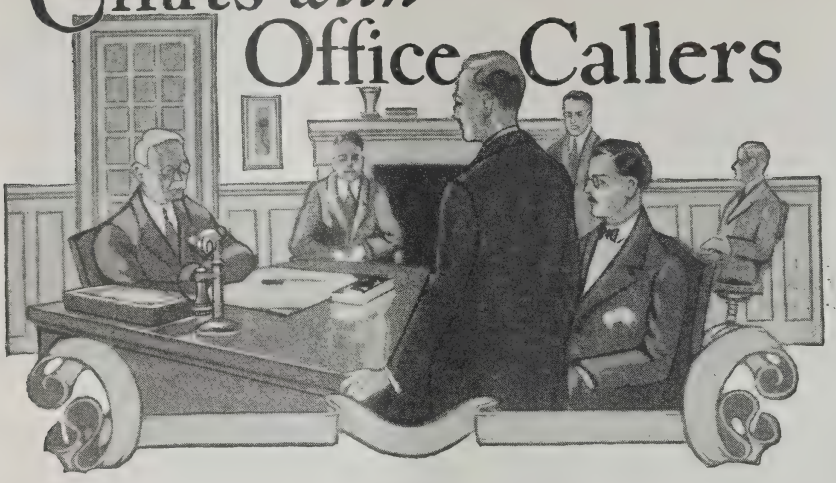
The day you try Kaffee Hag is the day you settle the coffee question. At the grocer's, or clip coupon now!

KAFFEE HAG 10¢
1532 Davenport Ave., Cleveland
Send me postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of real coffee; I enclose 10 cents (dime or stamps).

Name.....

Address.....

# Chats *with* Office Callers



'The film version of *Ben Hur* has at last arrived in our city,' said ***the Plain Citizen.*** 'I haven't seen it yet, but from the advertising it must be a great picture. With really generous abandon the producers have given credit to many people. Take this ad from last Sunday's newspapers: Credit is given the 150,000 actors who appear in the film. Credit is given the stars. Credit is given the producers. The advertisement informs us that *Ben Hur*, mightiest of dramatic spectacles, is "A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Production in Arrangement with A. L. Erlanger, C. B. Dillingham and F. Ziegfeld, Jr." The array of names really dazzles me; there are so many people to be thanked for the privilege of viewing the picture. There is only one name I failed to find. That's the name of General Lew Wallace. In the scramble to give credit to everybody else he was probably overlooked, or possibly there just wasn't space to mention him too. That's a small matter, though. All Lew Wallace did was write *Ben Hur*.'

ɾ ɾ ɾ

'The man from Porcupine is right,' remarked ***the Engineer.*** 'In excessively hot or cold weather you should throw your thermometer away. Its psychological effect is demoralizing.

'I traded upon this once and got by with it. We were doing some work in an office building. To get to it we had to take down a wall radiator. It was dead and had been for months. Its tubes were clogged with rust and débris. The big room was amply heated by smaller radiators which we did not disturb. But the radiator was not well out of the room before the occupants began to complain of the cold. I explained the situation but it did no good. They still kicked.

Figuring out that they were cold only because they thought so, there came the inspiration that if I could make them *think hot* the trouble—their incessant complainings were disturbing the work—would be over. I bought half a dozen cheap thermometers, cheap ones because I knew they varied. Fortunately four of them registered from two to three degrees too high. These I took apart carefully and slipped the tube up as high as the opening in the dial would allow the bulb to go. Thus they registered five or six degrees above the actual temperature.

'When the grumblers came to work next morning, one of these four thermometers was on each wall of the room. I said nothing, but came in occasionally and looked at one or the other of them. It was a raw day and the room was just healthily comfortable, but before noon more than one of the former kickers complained of the heat and after that we got along beautifully.'

ɾ ɾ ɾ

'Among other things that are passing,' said ***the Young Farmer,*** 'is the hired man. Time was when he was as much of an institution as the crossroad store; and he was a character, too, sturdy, honest, independent, a hard worker, given to much boasting, a good story-teller and usually generous to a fault. The hired man used to find a place in a certain family—sort of headquarters he would make it—and usually he was treated as one of the family. He drove a good rig and he wouldn't hire out unless he could get free board for his horse. You would always find him at the country dance and no community picnic or fair was a success without him. Often he was the spendthrift of the neighborhood. He was good-natured and kind and the youngsters always liked him. I spent a good many hours in the fields when I was a child, with our hired man.'

'Why is he passing? Where has he gone?'

'Modern machinery has replaced him to a certain extent. Industry has called him to the city. More than all that, he doesn't seem to fit in somehow with modern farm life. He is just another outgrown institution.'

ɾ ɾ ɾ

'For a number of years,' said ***the Englishman,*** 'I have watched the army of tourists which annually crosses to Europe from the United States. These visitors search most eagerly in London for anything of interest. They go at their sight-seeing with such zest and zeal that we Londoners are sometimes put to it to appear intelligent before the barrage of questions. Like everything you Americans do, your touring is done on the basis of volume and tourists do their sight-seeing on production schedule. The trips are mapped out ahead of time. There are so many cathedrals, so many museums, so many art galleries to be seen each day. The speed with which these tours are conducted allows for glimpses at buildings and monuments, but it does not give the opportunity of looking into the mind of the European. Only the surface is apparent. We are sorry for this, since many of the parties are from your colleges and universities and it is upon these young people that the future international relationships will rest.'

ɾ ɾ ɾ

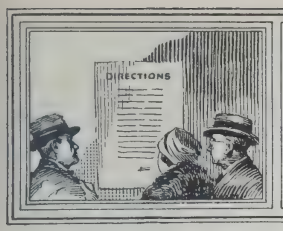
'I see that the goose-bone man, after working on the crude anatomy of some old gander, predicts a hard winter and early spring,' ***the Naturalist*** said, 'while the hornet-nest man and the crawfish-tower man hold a directly opposite idea. The migratory-bird man is rather in a stew; some birds have gone south earlier and others have remained to defy the weather, contradicting each other by all previous signs. The hellgrammite and tree-moss man have not been definitely heard from, even as yet; they, too, probably have conflicting signs.

'Oh, the gullibility and lack of logic of a host of good folks! Will it never occur to them that the dumb creatures know even less about the coming seasons than does shortsighted mankind and that they act only in the present. Even the squirrel, pouched gopher and bee obey a blind instinct when they store up food. That this instinct is akin to man's simpler, nearly involuntary actions and is governed only by immediate conditions and needs there can be no doubt. Some goose bones grow thick, fat layers and some grow thinner ones every year. Some hornets build high and others hang their nests low each summer season and these nests are begun in spring so that these creatures must be the champion prognosticators to make a guess so far ahead.

'I well remember the winter of 1903-04 throughout the Middle States. There was a general prophecy from the believers in signs and, rather unusually, they all appeared to agree upon a mild winter, the goose-bone man being especially certain. Before Christmas the face of Nature was covered with ice and it remained that way pretty much until the end of February, with so much zero weather that water pipes were frozen three feet under the ground—a godsend to the plumbers. That ought to have been enough, but not so. The very next season the goose-bone man and his associates in absurdity were at it again. Perhaps once in a decade they hit it and then: "I told you so; it never fails."'

ɾ ɾ ɾ

***The Visitor from Poland*** told of driving through a typical American Main Street in a village of 4,000 population. He noted the well-kept lawns, the substantial and comfortable houses. 'This,' he observed, 'is the real America. Here live in comfort, I am told, your day laborers, your carpenters, your mechanics, your clerks and people of modest income. Happy will be that day in Poland when our common people can live in such houses. And this has been done in America, not by communism or socialism, but by economic processes. No revolution, no overturning of society, but rational application of economic laws explains this remarkable prosperity, this richness of life of your whole population.'




# Can You Tell Me?

QUESTION: How many nations have accepted the United States' reservations to the World Court?

ANSWER: To date, seven nations have accepted the reservations. These are: Cuba, Greece, Liberia, Uruguay, Albania, Dominican Republic and Luxemburg.

ǂ ǂ ǂ

QUESTION: What was the amount of the campaign expenditures for the Senate of Pepper, Pinchot, and Vare, in Pennsylvania this year?

ANSWER: The Senate Committee which investigated the campaign expenditures states that $1,804,979.25 was spent in Pepper's behalf, $800,114.60 for Vare, and $188,489.17 for Pinchot.

ǂ ǂ ǂ

QUESTION: How much money has Germany borrowed abroad since the adoption of the Dawes plan, and from whom?

ANSWER: Germany has borrowed approximately $950,000,000 since the adoption of the Dawes plan. Of this amount, $435,000,000 was borrowed in the United States, $58,000,000 from Holland, and the rest from Great Britain, Switzerland, and Sweden.

ǂ ǂ ǂ

QUESTION: Is the United States self-supporting?

ANSWER: In a recent statement, the Research Department of the Shipping Board says that we are not. Four-fifths of our sugar is imported, and our paper industry is dependent upon Canadian pulp wood. In addition, we import rubber, tea, coffee, silk, potash, nitrates, and great quantities of vegetables, as well as many other products.

ǂ ǂ ǂ

QUESTION: Who is the head of the Aviation Service of the Army?

ANSWER: F. Trubee Davison is Assistant Secretary of War in charge of Aviation.

ǂ ǂ ǂ

QUESTION: What is Trotsky's real name?

ANSWER: Trotsky's real name is Leon Bronstein.

ǂ ǂ ǂ

QUESTION: What is the fifth reservation to the World Court?

ANSWER: The fifth reservation to the World Court reads as follows: 'That the Court shall not render any advisory opinion except publicly after due notice to all States adhering to the Court and to all interested States and after public hearing or opportunity for hearing given to any State concerned; nor shall it, without the consent of the United States, entertain any request for an advisory opinion touching any dispute or question in which the United States has or claims an interest.'

QUESTION: Did exports from the United States last year exceed imports, and how much?

ANSWER: The excess of exports over imports for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1926, was $286,828,711.

ǂ ǂ ǂ

QUESTION: Since there are no quota limitations for South America, under the present law, may an alien by first coming to a South American country be admitted to the United States outside of quota restrictions?

ANSWER: Under the present law, aliens entering South America from other countries and proceeding from there to the United States must be entered under the quota of the country from which they originally came.

*In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and kindred matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.*

QUESTION: How much money is spent annually for admission to motion picture theaters.

ANSWER: Movie fans spend approximately one billion dollars in admission fees yearly.

ǂ ǂ ǂ

QUESTION: How much crude petroleum was produced in the United States last year?

ANSWER: The total produced was 763,743,000 barrels, according to the Bureau of Mines.

ǂ ǂ ǂ

QUESTION: What is the present status of the Child Labor Amendment?

ANSWER: The State Department advises that the Child Labor Amendment has been ratified by four states (no others have yet reported ratification to the Secretary of State), Arizona, Arkansas, Wisconsin, and California, according to official advice to the department to date. It must be ratified by two-thirds of the states before it can become law.

ǂ ǂ ǂ

QUESTION: How many immigrants are permitted to enter the United States this year?

ANSWER: 164,667.

QUESTION: How much vacant public land does the Federal Government now hold?

ANSWER: A recent statement from the Interior Department says that: 'At this time the Government has 142,109,401 acres of surveyed public domain vacant and unappropriated while 57,040,365 acres remain unsurveyed.'

ǂ ǂ ǂ

QUESTION: Have any of the German reparations been paid to the United States?

ANSWER: The United States was credited with its first payment of $5,904,771.40 in the last week of August, 1926.

ǂ ǂ ǂ

QUESTION: Has the Federal Trade Commission ever reported to Congress the results of its investigation of the effects of the future trading in grain?

ANSWER: Yes, the Commission has sent to Congress Vol. VII of its report on the grain trade, which is the final volume of the report and deals with the effects of future trading.

ǂ ǂ ǂ

QUESTION: Is there any book published that will explain all the involved and mystifying clauses in my fire insurance policies?

ANSWER: Address the Insurance Department of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, Washington, D. C.; they have recently issued a bulletin regarding the subject.

ǂ ǂ ǂ

QUESTION: Are any Chinese admitted to the United States under the present immigration laws?

ANSWER: Under the 1926-27 quota, 100 Chinese may be admitted to the United States.

ǂ ǂ ǂ

QUESTION: How many cigarets are produced daily in the United States?

ANSWER: Nearly eight billion cigarets were produced in the United States in July of this year.

ǂ ǂ ǂ

QUESTION: What proportion of the average American's income goes to pay for purchases made on the installment plan?

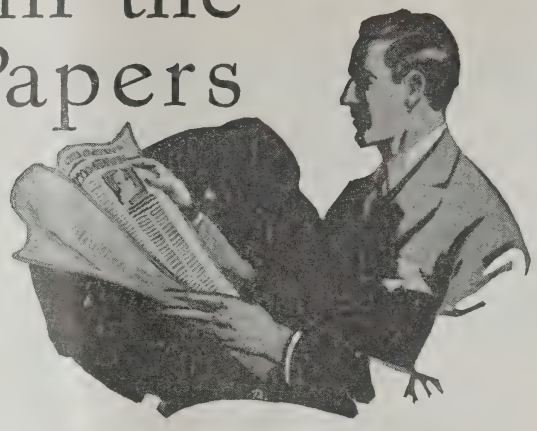
ANSWER: The American people are said to be paying approximately one day's wages each week as principal and interest payments on articles bought on the installment plan.

ǂ ǂ ǂ

QUESTION: How much is spent annually on cosmetics in the United States?

ANSWER: About $141,488,000 last year. The cost of beauty is high.

# I Read in the Papers



There has been a suggestion that the next national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic be held in Washington and that it be combined with that of the Confederate Veterans—the Blue and the Gray to march arm in arm down that historic highway that leads from the Capitol to the White House in one grand parade, as an evidence of our complete national unity and harmony.

*A Thought for the Last Parade*

Should this idea be worked out to a successful conclusion it will be the most thrilling demonstration this country has ever witnessed.

The ranks of the veterans of the Civil War are rapidly thinning out. Those who remain are feeling the weight of their years, and the days through which they may continue to 'carry on' are numbered.

Why not carry the idea a little further? Let this be the grand final parade of the united veterans of our civil conflict. At its conclusion, let them turn over, with appropriate ceremonies, the burden they have borne through all the years, to the American Legion. It is in this great organization that the sons and grandsons of our honored veterans are now serving, and it is fitting that the mantle should fall upon their shoulders.—*Army and Navy Register.*

ɤ ɤ ɤ

Any poor, ignorant boy, as any poor, ignorant boy knows, has a chance to become President of the United States. But no boy is so ignorant as to believe that any poor boy may become a Pennsylvania Senator.—New York *World.*

ɤ ɤ ɤ

*The Boats of the Norsemen*

It was in large undecked boats that the voyages described in the Saga of Eric the Red were made, from Norway to Iceland, thence to Greenland, and later south to the American 'Vineland,' while for more than two centuries similar ships of the Danes spread terror through the coasts of Scotland and of England and penetrated even the estuaries of Ireland.

For propulsion the Norse ships relied mainly on oars, worked by their large crews of sixty or more men, but they carried one mast amidships, on which a square sail could be set athwartship when the wind was favorable. The same square sail is still used in the more remote parts of Norway, but in other lands it has given way to one or more lug sails, set fore and aft in the boat, which enable some progress to be made against a contrary wind.

An item of particular interest in these ancient vessels is the rudder, which was not hung from the sternpost as it is in modern craft, but was supported on the quarter, the starboard or steerboard quarter, in such a way that it could be rotated about its axis by means of a short handle or tiller which projected into the vessel, an arrangement which shows considerable affinities both to the steering paddles of the ancient Egyptians and to the quarter-rudders still used on the Ganges and the Irrawaddy. —*The Nineteenth Century and After.*

ɤ ɤ ɤ

United States warships have been ordered to Nicaragua to protect the lives of American citizens. Funny the Government never sends a fleet to Chicago.—Portland *Oregonian.*

ɤ ɤ ɤ

*'It Is Me'— Is It Good English?*

The College Entrance Examination Board has decided, it appears, that 'it is me' is good English, making its decision on the ground that 'it is I' is affected. Barrett Wendell, long ago, we recall, arrived at the same conclusion from the slightly different premise that custom, by sanctioning the usage, had made it proper. Yet the weight of critical opinion still sets against it, or did until the academic decree caused a mild ripple in linguistic waters. Where, asks critical opinion, are we going to stop if we yield to the mistakes of the ignorant or the carelessness of the indifferent? Who is to say us nay if we prefer 'he don't' to 'he doesn't,' or 'different than' to 'different from'? Who are to be the arbiters of language, the masses or the scholars?

ɤ ɤ ɤ

The old heralds gave Adam a coat of arms; modern genealogists give him a coat of fur and possibly a tail.—*Dean W. R. Inge.*

ɤ ɤ ɤ

*Change Comes in Prairie Landscape*

A gradual change in the general prairie landscape is taking place in Western Canada as a result of the coöperative tree-planting work being carried on by the Forestry Branch of the Canadian Department of the Interior. Thousands of shelter belts have been established from seedlings, cuttings and transplants distributed from the government nursery stations. During last spring more than 5,500,000 seedlings and cuttings of such varieties as maple, ash, caragana, poplar, and willow were sent out free to farmers. In addition to these more than 50,000 evergreen spruce and pine trees were distributed at nominal cost for general farm planting and about 60,000 for planting on forest reserves in Manitoba and Saskatchewan. The total distribution for a twenty-five year period has been 87,205,000 trees to 80,300 farmers scattered over the three prairie provinces. The effect of tree planting on the social and economic life of the provinces is considerable. Shelter belts have made the prairie homestead more homelike and comfortable, while by checking the high winds and conserving moisture the production of the farm is increased.

ɤ ɤ ɤ

Former Governor 'Jim' Ferguson, of Texas, might be vindicated again if 'Ma' Ferguson would swim the English Channel with him in tow.—Toronto *Mail and Empire.*

ɤ ɤ ɤ

*Japan Turns From Rice as Sole Diet*

Baron Masuda, of Japan, and other leaders have undertaken to alter the food customs of thousands of years, by trying to relieve the Japanese people of their helpless dependence upon rice as the staff of life. More than half the soil of the islands is taken up with rice culture, and still does not supply each individual with the five bushels he needs for his year's nourishment. Formerly Japan called for extra supplies from China and other mainland countries, but the Chinese wars have so diminished all agriculture that that country has barely enough for herself. Baron Masuda can see possibilities of calamity like that which has overtaken districts in India.

The remedy sought is in educating the Japanese to enjoy other cereals, many of which are really more nourishing, richer in gluten and fat than rice. Today the Japanese must have rice, no matter what other food has been served, while he may feel satisfied if he has rice alone. Westerners can hardly appreciate how this one grain can be so vital, for great civilizations rose and fell in Western Asia and Africa and Europe without even knowing that there was such a grain. But rice is the bread of Eastern Asia, and deprivation of this means deprivation of life to half the population of the world.

ɤ ɤ ɤ

What the well-dressed man will wear this fall will depend in many cases on what his wife selects for him.—Boston *Evening Transcript.*

ɤ ɤ ɤ

*Future Trade Will Be on Pacific*

The greatest trade development of the 20th Century will be on the Pacific, and will be directed toward China. The purchasing power of the Chinese is steadily growing and this, together with the increase in earning power of the Chinese laboring classes which constitute four-fifths of that country's population, point to a most optimistic commercial future. Only the fringe of China—the Treaty Ports and the territory adjoining these—has been penetrated by Europeans and Americans. The interior has scarcely been touched commercially, and the development of the Chinese hinterland will be the great commercial undertaking of the next fifty years. Vast grain elevators are being erected in the Treaty Ports to satisfy the increasing demands for wheat and flour which are being registered by the Chinese.



# Briefly Told



SEA BATHING WAS HELD scandalous in England until the beginning of the 19th Century, and persons who took a dip in the ocean were apt to be forcibly 'retrieved' by those who thought they had gone mad.

RADIO TESTS TO determine the permanency of the earth's crust will be conducted during October and November by the International Astronomical Union.

A MUMMIFIED HORSE, the first known to history, has been unearthed in Egypt. It is more than 16 hands tall and estimated to be about 3,500 years old.

'IF THE POLICE HAD a mind to enforce the law they could close every illegitimate drinking place in the land in fifteen minutes.'
—*Andrew W. Volstead.*



WHEN OPENED RECENTLY a 3,000-year-old jar of perfume found in an Egyptian tomb still retained its fragrance.

EVERY ENGLISHWOMAN IS a lawbreaker unless she wears flannel, ancient laws regulating wearing apparel having never been repealed. Under a decree of Henry VIII, wives who disobey their husbands may be whipped.

AN AMATEUR GARDENER declares that his plants draw energy from his radio aërial. Cucumbers and tomatoes, he says, are particularly susceptible, growing to enormous size.

ONE AMERICAN BOY IN every ten between the ages of twelve and eighteen is listed as a Boy Scout.

THE KING OF BULGARIA has two pet elephants which he has personally taught to carry lumber and do circus tricks.

LOBSTERS MAKE LOVE to their mates much as do humans, according to an English scientist.

OLD RECORDS OF THE MOBILE and Ohio Railroad show that slaves were hired out to the railroad by their masters. Their services were valued at $20 to $25 a month according to their physical abilities.

GREATER LONDON HAS 2,300 miles of streets and their upkeep costs about $15,000,000 a year.

TIPPING IN SPANISH hotels is now forbidden, the tipping charge being added to the regular hotel bill.

WITH THE MARRIAGE season nearing, the Straits Settlements have imported $125,000 in American gold coin. This is melted into ornaments for the brides.

IN KOREA WOMEN ARE taught that the greatest feminine virtues are silence, humility and timidity.



BARBER SHOPS IN PARIS have leased their ceiling space to advertising concerns. Patrons are thus forced to read the ads while the barber shaves them, unless they desire to close their eyes.

ARMY OFFICERS CONSIDER that next to his rifle the most important part of an infantryman's equipment is his shoes.

THE COST OF LIVING has declined 1.7 per cent during the past six months, according to the Department of Labor

FROCK COATS AND SILK hats are reckoned among the necessary habiliments of successful commercial travelers in South America.

A SYSTEM OF IDENTIFICATION by the teeth, said to be as accurate as the fingerprint method, is being worked out by the Navy Department

AMONG SURNAMES IN ENGLAND the commonest are Smith, Jones, Brown, Taylor, Davies, Wilson, Walker and Morris.

MEN MAY RIDE ON TEXAS trains in their stockinged feet with the full sanction of the railroad commission of that state. The decision comes as a result of a petition from a woman who demanded that men be prohibited from removing their shoes, boots or sandals while riding on trains.

METAL FURNITURE MANUFACTURED in the United States is finding a ready market in tropical countries, where it furnishes better resistance to white ants and other insects than the wooden type.

THE FIRST MUNICIPAL PUBLIC conveyance was used in Nantes, France, in 1825. A few years later the omnibus was introduced into London.




A SUPPLY OF SALVE which he used on the natives saved a missionary to the South Sea Islands from being cooked and eaten by cannibals.

NAPOLEON HOUSE IN NEW ORLEANS, to which friends of the Little Corporal planned to take him after effecting his rescue from St. Helena, is offered for sale. Napoleon died before the rescue could be accomplished.

ENGLISH IS BEING TAUGHT over the radio in Japan. Recently the instructor dwelt on expressions of politeness. The best way to learn them, he said, was to bump into English-speaking foreigners on the street, then bow smilingly, and remark, 'I beg your pardon.'

TRADING RIGHTS OF THE Moravian Church in Labrador have been sold to the Hudson's Bay Company. The church had maintained missions and posts in Labrador since 1771.

OUT OF THE 932 LONDON policemen accidentally injured while on duty during the year, 115 were bitten by dogs

SUBSIDIES WILL BE granted to heads of families in Spain who have eight or more children dependent upon them. There are in Italy 10,000 families with ten children or more each.

OFFICERS FROM FOURTEEN foreign countries will train at United States Army schools or with American troops during 1926-27.



A LIVE TURTLE ON whose shell was carved the date 1815 was found recently in Connecticut.

A MACHINE FOR CONVERTING corn into sugar in ten hours has been developed.

IT COSTS THE UNITED STATES approximately $2,000 a year to maintain one of its soldiers; Great Britain, $1,572; and France, $263.

THE OLDEST INHABITED castle in Scotland is that of Dunvegan in the Isle of Skye. After being lighted by tapers, torches and candles for nearly a thousand years, it has now been wired for electricity.

'I HAVE NEVER MET A person who could truthfully claim he had not made a mistake and I do not know as I would care to meet any such mortal.'—*Chauncey M. Depew.*

EXPERIMENTS SHOW THAT it is possible to produce flour from bulrushes. The flour is said to be high in nutriment.

THE NAME SING SING COMES from the Sin-Sinck Indians, original inhabitants of the region in which the prison now stands.

NO POISONOUS REPTILES and few wild animals are to be found in Japan.

A WEALTHY PARISIAN HAS left $10,000 to his cook because she was the only one who could make soup to satisfy him.

DOGS HAVE A WHOLESOME fear of fire. A delivery man recently saved himself from attack by two vicious dogs by tossing lighted matches at them as they lunged at him.



# NOTES COMMENTS CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S page this week discusses the struggle between finance and industry for the control of business.

The living Constitution is as vital to the life of America today as it was at the time of its birth, 139 years ago. The nation has come to look upon the Constitution in the abstract. (p. 5)

*Allan L. Benson interprets the Constitution in a new way. He shows its human side. He tells of the problems that faced Washington and his fellows. The Constitution is a vividly human document, one reflecting the hopes and the ideals—and yes, even the weaknesses—of its framers. You will be better able to understand it after reading this article. A newspaper editor of wide experience, Mr. Benson has been devoting himself in recent years to magazine writing.* (p. 5)



Allan L. Benson.

Here's a good way to spoil your day: When you get up tomorrow morning decide to pass the day trying to determine how many taxes you pay *in one day alone*. Not just the open taxes, the *hidden* ones. Samuel Crowther outlines the necessary steps. (p. 1)

The poor man bears the heaviest tax burden in the nation, even though he may think he is tax-free. If your income is twenty-five hundred dollars a year or less and you are a married man with a family, you pay more for taxes than you do for food. If your income is less than five thousand dollars, you pay more for taxes than you do for clothing. (p. 1)

Few writers have the business acumen of Mr. Crowther. He is widely known as author and foreign correspondent, and he writes in a sharp, penetrating style that pierces to the very heart of his subject. If you think taxes a dull topic, read this article and see how interesting and important they really are. The article is first of a series. (p. 1)

Swindlers mulct the American people of a billion dollars a year. Many articles have dealt with the results of their frauds; this deals with the *prevention*. J. Olin Howe is a former New York newspaperman. Ralph W. Budd is manager of a detective agency. (p. 2)

From one of the greatest of American novelists comes this letter:

I am sympathetic with your purposes, and I have been enormously interested in the campaign of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT from the beginning. It is the only journal I know that is entirely free of the advertisers' club. I am particularly bitter when I see the stream of corrupting literature which certain publishers of foreign tastes and prejudices are pouring out. Anything I can do to keep in mind the sturdy virtues of our forbears I shall do.

From Victor L. Waters, Kim, Colorado: I would like to see the bugbear of taxation so minutely dissected that any ordinary person could see clear through without an X-ray and apply the solution to his own case. Give the man who wrote the 'Tragedy of the West' an assignment on the 'Tragedy of the East'—the floods, the worn-out lands, the stuffed cities—then drown him.

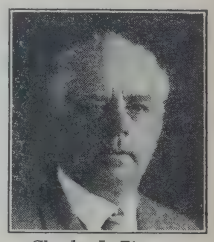
[EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Waters is respectfully referred to Page 1 of this issue.]

From W. A. Richardson, Kendrick, Colorado: Show up some of the high graft that is going on in this country. You know nowadays a grafter is looked upon as a high-toned gentleman and a poor man without graft is out of luck, no matter how honest.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Richardson is respectfully referred to Page 2 of this issue.]

Success was near. Magellan had at last left unknown seas. He had rounded the world far enough to be close once more to the outstretched fingers of Western civilization. He had accomplished what no other man had. And then he was killed. (p. 16)

*There was tragedy in his death—the tragedy of frustrated purpose. But there was not nobleness. Charles J. Finger paints a brilliant picture of the man. Mr. Finger is on a familiar topic when he writes of the sea, for he has 'sailed before the mast,' and has retraced much of Magellan's journey. He has also hunted gold in Africa, explored in Mexico, visited remote parts of South America, collected cowboy ballads in Texas, and has been a student of music, a railway manager and an editor.* (p. 16)



Charles J. Finger.

GOVERNORS are often severely criticized for freeing criminals from prison. Here is a human story by a humane governor—George W. Hays, former chief executive of Arkansas. (p. 3)

Governor Hays' story suggests a number of questions about our whole punitive system. In how far does prison repair the damage done by the criminal to society and to himself? In connection with the article it should be borne in mind that Arkansas has a foreign-born population of only one per cent, while in a large eastern state such as New York it constitutes thirty-seven per cent. (p. 3)

Dr. Joseph Collins last week told of the cause of nervousness; this week he tells of the cure. The article is a rare one, for it combines not only the knowledge of the specialist but the facility at expression of the trained author. In addition to his reputation as a literary critic, Dr. Collins is famed as one of the nation's outstanding neurologists. (p. 6)

There's a story on gold hunting in California in the early days. It's transcribed into narrative form from the diary of one of the pioneers by his daughter. (p. 12) . . . And May B. Whiting, a frequent contributor, writes in her delightful way about Casco Bay where fish abound that would have astounded Izaak Walton. (p. 8)

## CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE

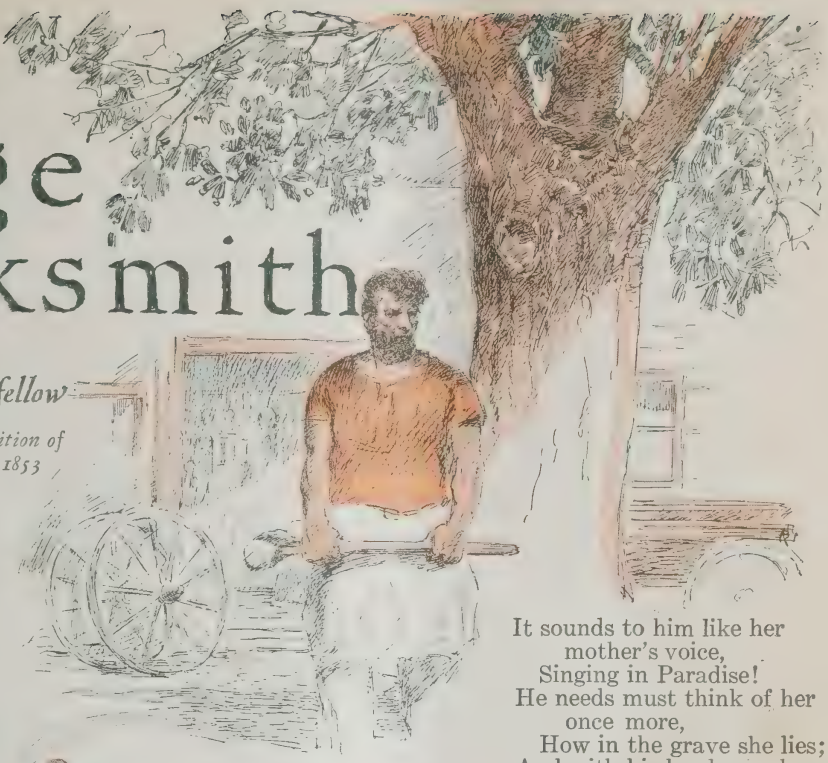

Taxes, Taxes, Taxes! - - - - - - - - - 1
*Samuel Crowther*
Cashing in on the 'Blue Sky' - - - - - - - 2
*Ralph W. Budd and J. Olin Howe*
Exercising the Pardoning Power - - - - - - 3
*George W. Hays*
The Genesis of the Constitution - - - - - 5
*Allan L. Benson*
Bringing the Human Boat to Port Under Its Own Steam—*Dr. Joseph Collins* - - - - 6
What Would Izaak Walton Have Said? - - 8
*May B. Whiting*
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
The Gold Hunters - - - - - - - - - - 12
*Mary Phelps*
Bathing, Begging and Burning in Benares - - 14
*William E. Barton*
The Voyage of the *Victoria*—Death of Magellan 16
*Charles J. Finger*
Chats With Office Callers - - - - - - - - 28
Can You Tell Me? - - - - - - - - - - 29
I Read in the Papers - - - - - - - - - - 30


SUBSCRIPTION PRICE in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies, $1.50 a year; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year. Single copy, five cents.
CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. State both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.

# The Village Blacksmith

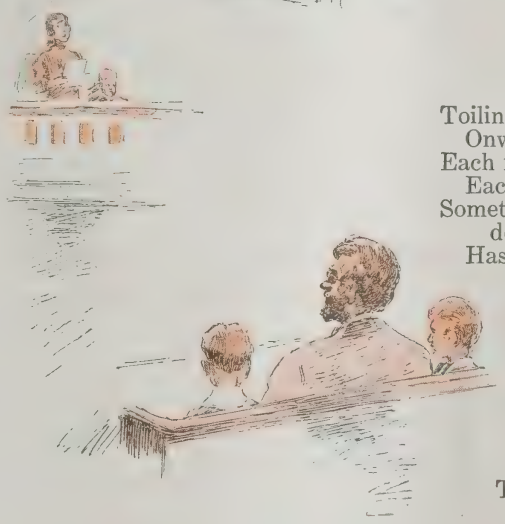
by
~Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

*From* McGUFFEY'S FIFTH ECLECTIC READER *Edition of 1853*



Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands,
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat;
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.





Week in, week out, from morn till night
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes, on Sunday, to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus, at the flaming forge of life,
Our fortunes must be wrought,
Thus, on its sounding anvil, shaped
Each burning deed and thought.



*Drawing by J. C. Graham*

THE LIBRARY OF
UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL





*Drawing by J. C. Graham*

# *Good Old Times*

AUNT JEMIMA reads the paper and exclaims, 'These deadly cars! Yesterday they maimed a draper and a dealer in cigars. They collide at every crossing, while immoral drivers swear, every minute they are tossing human bodies in the air. Always someone being mangled, always someone being slain; is it strange my nerves are jangled, that my topknot has a pain? We had no such grievous worries in the good old happy days, when we rode around in surreys, driving stately dappled bays. Would that Dobbin were returning from the shades where he is gone; for a joyride I am yearning, for a joyride, Dobbin-drawn!'

Said I, 'No sane man indorses such a wish as you express; I look back to dappled horses with a feeling of distress. Once I drove a spangled charger by the dingles and the fields, and my crop of grief was larger than my auto ever yields. Once a zephyr blew a paper, and old Dobbin shied thereat, and he cut a foolish caper like a circus acrobat. He upset the buggy, auntie, then he ran twelve miles or more, and they bore me to my shanty on a borrowed cellar door. Once I went to see the pageant of the circus at our gates, and old Dobbin seemed the agent of the furies and the fates. When he saw the gnu and tapir and beheld the tall giraffe, he kicked up another caper and he split the rig in half. I was crippled up, you betcher, crippled up both front and back, and they bore me on a stretcher to the portal of my shack. Let us not, dear aunt, be blinded to the truth that makes men free; horses all are feeble-minded and as fatal as can be.

'We are prone, as we grow older, to look back, with eyes distrest, and to say, in words that smolder, that the old things were the best. But the old things all were phony as compared with modern things, and an auto beats a pony all to smithereens, by jings. If you had to drive a sorrel or a buckskin or a bay, you'd be saying things immoral every minute of the day. Do not let your cheeks grow wetter with the tears of vain regret, for the world is growing better; progress is the one safe bet.'

—*WALT MASON.*

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Volume 26, Number 50
OCTOBER 2, 1926

5¢

*Why*
Half the People
DO NOT VOTE
ALLAN L. BENSON

*Lincoln's*
LOST SPEECH
WILLIAM E. BARTON

Booth Tarkington
*American of Americans*
MAY B. WHITING

New Chemistry
*Solves*
Farm Problems
WILLIAM H. HALE

*The*
HARVARD
*of Our*
FOREFATHERS
JULIAN HAWTHORNE

CHRONICLER
OF THE
NEGLECTED
TRUTH



OLD MASSACHUSETTS HALL, BUILT 1720, OLDEST COLLEGE BULIDING AT HARVARD.

*'I am poignantly reminded of the Harvard of the Eighteen-Sixties, and am moved to tell about it . . . No other person survives to purvey first-hand information of that fantastic day, so here is my story.'*—JULIAN HAWTHORNE (Article, page 12 this issue)



# *Insuring their Safety with Firestone Tires*

The woman of today has made it her personal business to have every motoring safeguard at her disposal.

She knows that tires play a most important part in safe driving. She knows, too, that Firestone Balloons are built to provide extra safety and dependability, regardless of weather or road conditions—and that Gum-Dipping, the extra Firestone process, gives the greater strength and endurance that assures thousands of extra miles of trouble-free service.

The Firestone Full-Size Gum-Dipped Balloon is scientifically designed with a real non-skid tread that grips the road without skidding, giving the driver confidence in any kind of "going."

The pliable Gum-Dipped cord construction gives this tire unusual cushioning that absorbs road jars, eliminates annoying rattles and provides genuine riding comfort.

Then, too, the distinctive design and attractive appearance of Firestone Tires make a special appeal to the discriminating woman, no matter what car she is driving. Let the nearest Firestone dealer call at your convenience.

The Mark of Quality

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

# Firestone

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER . . Harvey S. Firestone

Vol. 26 No. 50
OCTOBER 2
1926
Published Weekly by
THE DEARBORN
PUBLISHING COMPANY
Dearborn - - Michigan

The
DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer; C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

# Why Half the People Do Not Vote

## AN EXPLANATION

*By* ALLAN L. BENSON

IF $100 bills were to be passed around this fall, what percentage of the population do you believe would take the time and go to the trouble to walk a few blocks to get their money? Possibly about ninety-nine per cent would be the correct figure. A compound fracture of both legs would hardly be sufficient to keep some men at home. Everybody would be out except those who were in jail or in bed, with nurses looking after them. People can always be made to bestir themselves, provided they are interested in what is offered and believe they can get it.

Not so many would come out if they doubted whether they could get the $100. If they had made the trip several times without getting anything some would forever after remain at home. No man's time is worth so little that he wants to waste it in a manner that gives no pleasure.

How can you vote this fall, or at any other election without feeling that, in some respects, you are wasting your time? You are certainly wasting your time—more than wasting it—if you vote for things that you don't want. As to the things for which you vote, yet do not want, it would have been better if you had remained at home.

How can you vote only for those things that you want? You vote for a candidate for a certain office, let us say for a member of Congress. He stands for something that strongly appeals to you. You put that to the front of your mind and make your choice in his favor. But it is hardly likely that he agrees with you in everything. You may have voted for him because of his attitude toward prohibition, whereas he differs from you with regard to the League of Nations, the World Court, foreign debts and many other matters upon which, as a member of Congress, he will be called upon to vote. When he votes he cannot represent you unless he votes as you, if you had been in Congress, would have voted. Every time he votes against your wishes he does something to make representative government a failure, since representative government has no other virtue or purpose than to enable the people to express their wishes through those whom they elect to office.



*As a people we are not competent—nor shall we be for a long time—to pass upon many technical matters that must concern government. We can get men who are competent and we should get them. Moreover, we should give them power, subject to our peremptory order to halt. We should have a more efficient and a better government if the President, for instance, had the right to say to the people: 'Unless you object, I shall, at the end of six months, do so and so.' During the six months, the people could talk the matter over among themselves, make up their minds, and vote upon the matter. Once a year would be often enough, perhaps, to take a vote on such things. Frequent consideration of public questions would constantly increase our fitness to govern ourselves—and things would get done. There is no use letting things drag along year after year unsettled because our machinery for settling them has so much more braking power than it has engine power.*

Lack of interest in government and decreasing confidence in legislative bodies are the chief characteristics of modern political developments. In Spain, Italy, Poland, and some other nations in Europe, the people have so little confidence in legislative bodies that they have permitted dictators virtually to do away with them. In the United States we have so little interest in government that even in Presidential elections only about half of the qualified electors take the trouble to vote.

What is the matter? The explanation seems fairly simple. One cannot vote for many things that he wants even if he does vote. We are compelled to vote for men and prohibited from voting for measures. It has been so from the first but never until now did we feel it so much. One never feels the denial of a right that he does not want. In the beginning, nobody wanted the right to vote upon measures. Our forefathers were content to get a chance to vote for men.

A great deal of water has gone over the millwheel since then. The public schools have been busy. Tens of millions of adults know how to read. Daily newspapers are now read by those

whose ancestors—some of them—seldom saw even a weekly. Isolation is ended. With better transportation and more population, everybody talks to some one every day. Public questions are discussed. Opinions are generated about this and that. But when the time comes to express one's opinions at the ballot box and make them effective there is a hitch. No opinions are wanted there. We can vote only for men, not one of whom shares many of our opinions. The result is that voting is becoming increasingly ineffective. The more opinions we have the more nearly impossible it is to find a candidate for office who shares any considerable percentage of them.

WHAT is the remedy? It isn't to try to compel people to vote, whether they want to or not. The Swiss tried that for more than 200 years and gave it up because it would not work. A great deal of nonsense is uttered about our 'slacker' voters.

What is a vote anyway? As far as the public is concerned is it anything more than the contribution of him who casts it to the fund of public wisdom that is being accumulated to solve the question at issue? But suppose the voter has no wisdom—ignorant, in other words. That lets him out. Or suppose that none of the candidates for whom he may vote holds the views that he holds? Did you ever see an election in which you were opposed to all of the candidates? If so, was that because you had lost interest in government or because the candidates did not represent you? If you had been compelled to vote, anyway, what good would your vote have done for you or anybody else? Wouldn't you have been glad to vote if you could have voted for the things you wanted?

The remedy for our growing lack of interest in voting is to give us an opportunity to vote for measures as well as for men. Representative government should not be dispensed with. We cannot settle every little thing by ballot. But we can settle the big things. We know enough now to do that. We have gone a long way since our government was established. The political clothes that fitted us then are too small now. We have ideas that we want to express. We can express them if given a chance. We haven't much chance as long as we are compelled to vote for men.

Here is one of a thousand illustrations that might be given. The writer knows a United States Senator who is a member of a certain religious denomination. Church people vote for him because he is a church man. As a church man they assumed, when they voted for him, that he was also a prohibitionist. He never drinks a drop and, furthermore, all of his church training tended to put him on the side of the drys. But he votes as wet as the wettest. He has so many large cities in his state that he feels he has to vote wet to be reëlected.

What are his church constituents to do when he comes up for reëlection? They can vote against him, on the prohibition issue, of course, but what will that do to the rest of their political beliefs? As to some other measures, this Senator really represents them. He believes as they do about the League of Nations, the World Court and foreign debts. Or, rather, he believes as some of them do, because they themselves do not all hold the same views. If they put him out, on the prohibition issue, they also put him out with regard to some things concerning which they agree with him.

The remedy for lack of interest in the ballot is to make the ballot of more interest to us. Give us a chance to use the ballot more effectively. Instead of compelling us to vote only for men, as we usually have to do if we vote at all, let us vote for measures as well as men. Lawful ways could be provided to bring the principal issues before the voters. What an election we should have this fall if the people were permitted to vote for the things in which they are really interested.

Nothing but big questions should be submitted. Nobody wants to vote on the little things. Let our representatives attend to them. But we do want to vote on the big things. Every vote would then be a bull's-eye. No voter would be misrepresented about anything. And when we had finished, we should definitely know where we stood. That is more than we now know about any of these questions. We think we know we are overwhelmingly against the League of Nations, and we probably are against it, but nobody definitely knows.

In the beginning, Mr. Coolidge thought we were overwhelmingly in favor of the World Court, but it was only his guess and since then he has considerably slackened off on his guess. He now doubts whether he was right in the first place as to what we thought.

If we could have voted on the subject we could have told him and he would not have had to guess. Think of running a country that way—leaving the President to guess what we want!

WE have assumed too long that the democratic ideal was handed to us by our forefathers in a final, finished state. That is a mistake. Nothing in this world is final. The democratic ideal was made for man, not man for the democratic ideal. As man changes—as he grows or shrinks—the ideal must change or there is a misfit. We are not shrinking, we are growing. From experience we are increasing both our interest in and our knowledge of public affairs.

Yet we have never wholly governed ourselves and probably never shall. Self-government could never be complete and notably successful unless the great majority of the people were expert in every branch of its practice. Such a people have never existed, nor is it likely that they will soon exist. Yet we are very much in need of the kind of government that only experts can give. Government is not a job for politicians—it is a job for the best trained brains we can find. And these trained brains, having been found and placed in office, should have power to act. It should not take the greater part of a generation to put into effect an idea which experts agree is practical and desirable. That is the great defect of democratic government as the world has come to know it—it is inefficient and it is slow.

Now an inefficient government is no more to be desired than any other form of inefficiency. Democratic governments lack push primarily because they are manned by politicians, secondarily because we have always hesitated to give our public officials much power. We have hedged them about with obstructions. Somebody's bright idea is thrown into the ring and, after years, finally appears in a party plat-

(Concluded on page 26)



*Portrait by*
R. O. BENNETT

# Booth Tarkington
## *Talks of Many Things*

*By* MAY B. WHITING

'WE ALL know Booth Tarkington,' an old ferryman on the Kennebunk River told me, 'and he knows everyone and everyone is his friend.'

That well expresses the sentiment of the country, too, for all who have read Mr. Tarkington's stories have sensed the kindly, sympathetic spirit which created them and have felt that they knew the author as a comrade. And Mrs. Tarkington has the same genial spirit of companionship, the gift of seeing a neighbor as a fellow-farer. She is a handsome woman who at once gives the impression of generous, cheerful efficiency, and, to quote the same homely but sincere acquaintance, 'Everybody likes her. They can't help it.'

Pictures of Mr. Tarkington are familiar to magazine readers, but none, I think, gives an adequate portrait of the man. For one thing, Mr. Tarkington is noticeably tall and broad-shouldered, but the unusual size of his head detracts from the impression of height in a picture. Then, too, no photograph can portray the eyes, for they are deep-set, dark brown, and forever changing from a thoughtful expression to a mirthful, boyish twinkle with merry little lines at the corners.

From early June until mid-November Mr. Tarkington lives at Kennebunkport, Maine, so that New England has a claim on him as well as the Middle West. His handsome cottage, *Seawood*, is in colonial style, with a beautiful garden in front and a long winding entrance drive. In the rear are the hills, fragrant with wild rose, fir, and juniper. The porch is particularly attractive with its cobblestones and its flowers, and in the vestibule the fan doorway, hooked rugs, mahogany table and silver candlesticks, give a charming air of welcome.

Of course the most interesting room is the study. It is two steps down from the rest of the house, and is spacious and airy. Mr. Tarkington does not write in such wide, luxurious quarters, but in a little balcony overlooking, where the simple furnishings do not tend to distract the attention.

For there is a great deal in the study to set the mind roving. There are carved chests and tables and curios from abroad where Mr. Tarkington lived for five years, and, revealing his interest in people, a fascinating collection of dolls dressed in the costumes of far lands. Besides these, and much more alluring to run-away thoughts, are pictures of ships and a delightful array of ship models, for ships are Mr. Tarkington's hobby. There are ships of our old navy, Spanish galleons with all sails set, wicked pirates with the Jolly Roger floating and the bad men themselves, be-sashed and be-kerchiefed, on the decks, and there are models of good, sensible 'down-easters' that cleared from Kennebunk Harbor.

'Not many are really valuable,' said Mr. Tarkington deprecatingly, 'not many drawn to scale, and a connoisseur would pick out only a few. But I collected most of them about here; some were carved by old sailors whom I knew, and they all mean something to me.'

It seemed strange that a man from the Middle West should be so fond of the ocean.

'And yet I always was,' explained Mr. Tarkington. 'Where I lived as a boy in Indiana it was dry with almost no water. But there was a little pond, a mile or so away, and I used to walk out to it and pretend that it was larger. I used to pretend that I could not see across it. I always had an intense desire to see a large body of water.'

I suggested that possibly some of his people had been seafaring.

'That may be,' assented Mr. Tarkington. 'I am of the usual Middle Western stock, two grandparents from the South and two from New England —Connecticut, in my case. They were a rugged people. I remember my grandmother at ninety refusing to take an easy-chair. Of course early New Englanders were mostly shore dwellers, and I think likely my ancestors in England lived by the water, too. At any rate, it seems to me that in some way I belong to the sea.'

'It is a curious sense, that of belonging,' I agreed.

'It was the same way when I lived abroad. That is, the sense grew upon me. In many ways I liked living there better than here and I had not thought of returning. But the feeling of not fitting in, of not *belonging*, grew upon me, and it seemed perfectly natural for me to get back to Indiana where my roots are. And I have always been glad that I lived in America.'

I knew that America was glad, too, for his wholesome influence, but I did not say so. I only asked if he thought it was possible to express America without being sectional.

'I don't just see (Concluded on page 23)



By
WILLIAM J. HALE
CHAIRMAN DIVISION OF CHEMISTRY AND CHEMICAL TECHNOLOGY, NATIONAL RESEARCH COUNCIL.

# Farming Must Become A Chemical Industry

## *Development of Co-Products Will Solve Present Agricultural Problem*

TO ALL appearances, our agriculturists are a most industrious class but in comparison with other industrialists they share no such full degree of prosperity. Many are the explanations offered for this disparity and just as many solutions have found expression in the daily press.

To our knowledge, little or no discussion has yet appeared that draws attention primarily to organic chemistry as the basis of all agricultural activity. Everyone seems to view the situation through the haze of bygone days. They would picture the farmer as a tiller of the soil operating solely and almost directly in providing food and raiment for mankind. Such indeed has been the story for many millenniums but today a new era is dawning and we must contemplate its early manifestations if we would gain a true insight into agriculture.

When we contemplate the science of agriculture we are forced to define an agriculturist simply as an organic chemical manufacturer. He is nothing else, never was, and never will be other than an organic chemical manufacturer.

Under this appellation we must consider our agriculturist, in the light of modern advance in organic chemical manufacture. If he were advancing abreast of the times, he would be enjoying success, for we cannot fail to view the recent advance of our organic chemical industry in America as anything short of marvelous.

A brief survey of the state of the organic chemical industry in this country must here claim our attention if we would attempt to draw valuable lessons therefrom and in turn seek to apply these lessons to the agriculturist whom we have just depicted as an undoubted failure in the field of organic chemistry.

Prior to 1900 there existed in America no organic chemical industry worthy of note. During the World War there arose a great dearth of all chemicals, and particularly was this stress felt in the organic field. The cutting off of imports gave the greatest possible protection a manufacturer could ask and hence many essayed to enter this field, hoping that by the time the war was over their manufacturing processes might have reached such a degree of perfection that they could continue in this work, a work clearly indicative as a necessity to every leading nation. Immediately at the close of the war the embargo on chemicals was continued in force pending the passage of a protective tariff. In September, 1922, the beneficent Fordney-McCumber Tariff became a law, and herein lay the turning point of modern chemical-manufacturing America from the old-time raw-product chemical-supplying America.

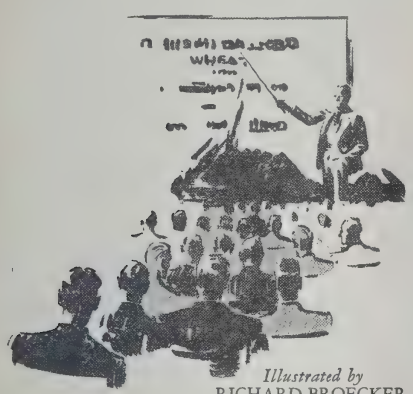
Possibly there are those still extant who look upon the tariff as a political question. Had it not been for the tariff of 1922 with its strong protection for organic chemistry, this enormous industry would have been lost to America and thus the greatest industry of all time left in the control of foreign powers. As it was, heaven smiled upon us and the manufacture of organic chemicals has progressed by leaps and bounds to an extent little dreamed of even by the early financial promoters. It may not be generally known that the total annual output of all our iron and steel plants is scarcely one-fourth in value to that of our manufactured food products which, exclusive of all farm staples used directly as foods, amount to $13,000,000,000 annually.

The organic chemical industry is an industry distinctly different from all other industries. It involves the same general principles of all industries but presents the further aspect of unrestrained uncertainty. Any one operation may completely face about to proceed in some other direction. This

ease of chemical shift makes always possible the creation of other products than those in view. Such side-products, or by-products, may spell defeat or success to the enterprise. Only under careful and constant scrutiny by organic chemists can organic chemical manufacture ever hope to succeed.

FURTHERMORE, we must note the coördination of chemical processes such that in one plant we may produce several compounds from as many starting points but through such closely related procedure as will enable the same skilled workmen to carry out these similar manufacturing steps at the same time, or possibly in the same vessels, when considerable intervals of time elapse between the discharging and further charging of main product. This production of coördinated products or co-products (as we shall term them) operates decidedly for lower overhead charges and constitutes likewise a decided factor in the success of chemical manufacture.

During the war, possibly, the ends sought justified the means. At any rate, by-products were thrown aside. But in these latter days by-products are fast accounting for themselves and that exceeding well. In fact, the wonderful success of this vast industry



*Illustrated by* RICHARD BROECKER

*The scientific authorities at the 'agricenter' simply direct the work of the superintendents.*

may be attributed primarily to this one principle—the interchangeability of main products and co-products with by-products according to the demands of the market. We may make so bold as to draw the conclusion that where the by-products in organic chemical manufacture are not conserved for other processes, then the likelihood of the main product continuing in production under such adverse manufacturing conditions is extremely small.

The American organic chemical manufacturers deserve the highest praise for their determination and their perseverance. The position of by-products is everywhere glorified. From these seeming wastes that once confronted us we prepare now the most fragrant of perfumes, the fastest of colors and the most efficacious of medicinals.

In the beginning of the 19th Century, coal tar was viewed as an uninviting and unavoidable black waste. In 1825 Faraday identified its chief component as that of benzene and by 1865 Kekule had announced his constitution of the benzene molecule, thus opening the way for scientific interpretations of the entire field of dyes. The unfolding of molecular structure as applied to organic compounds was rampant. Organic synthesis progressed with such enterprise that today we can rejoice in the knowledge of almost 200,000 organic chemical entities.

However, progress will not cease. Only from the beginning of the present century has the work of organic chemists registered appreciable progress in unraveling the constitution of that other unknown mixture, 'cellulose.' Apparently, this century is to be a repetition of the century just past in the utilization of another unavoidable waste.

IN THE study of cellulose, lignin, starch and sugar, we are opening the door to one of nature's complexities and from the knowledge so gained we shall be abundantly able to build up even greater molecular complexities than nature ever attempted. Before another century rolls around the organic chemist will have over a half-million chemical entities to his credit. The field of carbohydrates not only surpasses the coal-tar field both in value of material and in distribution but presents far greater possibilities of adaptation for the future.

Now, what does all this mean to the farmer?

In the past the organic chemical manufacturers have drawn mainly for their raw products from coal, coal tar, natural gas and wood distillates. No grudge whatsoever was entertained for the farmer, but outside of simple alcoholic fermentation little of chemical adaptation of farm products was understood by these manufacturers. Chemical science was concentrated upon the coal-tar field simply because chemists knew more about coal tar than they did about the more appetizing products of the farmer.

AS WE become acquainted with the carbohydrates there need be no fear but that we shall absorb the entire supply within a reasonably short period. The time is not far away when the feeding of corn to hogs will be classed with that other unholy act, the feeding of raw bituminous coal to a furnace for heat supply. Staple agricultural products must not be supplied to the consumer directly but must come to him indirectly through the chemical manufacturer. In other words, the valuable by-products that lurk in grains must needs be removed in order that the main products can be supplied at lower cost.

These predictions presage the continuance in prosperity of the chemical manufacturer, and a new undreamed-of era of prosperity for the farmer. As the industries manufacturing organic chemicals advance, more and more will agricultural products enter these industries and hence more and more will these blessings unfold themselves to the farmer. Beyond cavil, the only hope for the agriculturist is this expansion in the organic chemical industry. This development is surely coming, though its progress appears not so rapid as the agriculturist *(Continued on page 24)*



*Farms must be brought together under a single head called an 'agricenter.'*

## William E. Barton Sheds New Light on

# Lincoln's Famous *'Lost Speech'*

IT IS now seventy years since Abraham Lincoln delivered his famous 'lost speech.' Round the indistinct memory of that address is the halo that accompanies lost things. The 'lost continent of Atlantis' probably never existed in geography, but we cannot spare it from literature. 'The lost cause' is forever enshrined in the heart of the South. 'The lost chord' gave Sir Arthur Sullivan a theme for his best piece of music. 'The lost arts' afforded Wendell Phillips a theme for an inspiring address. And everybody knows about the lost fish which every fisherman has hooked and not landed.

There is no disputing the value of things thus lost. No one can measure the fish that slipped off the hook or the harmony of the lost chord. And no one can now dispute that Lincoln's 'lost speech' was all that tradition affirms. It probably was all that and maybe more. It is the speeches we have that can be parsed and analyzed. It has been said that William Cullen Bryant committed an unpardonable sin against literature by not dying before he reached the age of twenty-one; then we could all have marveled over the great work that would surely have been done had the author of *Thanatopsis* lived to maturity. What do we know about the 'lost speech' of Abraham Lincoln? How did it come to be lost? Has it ever been found? Is it possible that it may still be recovered?

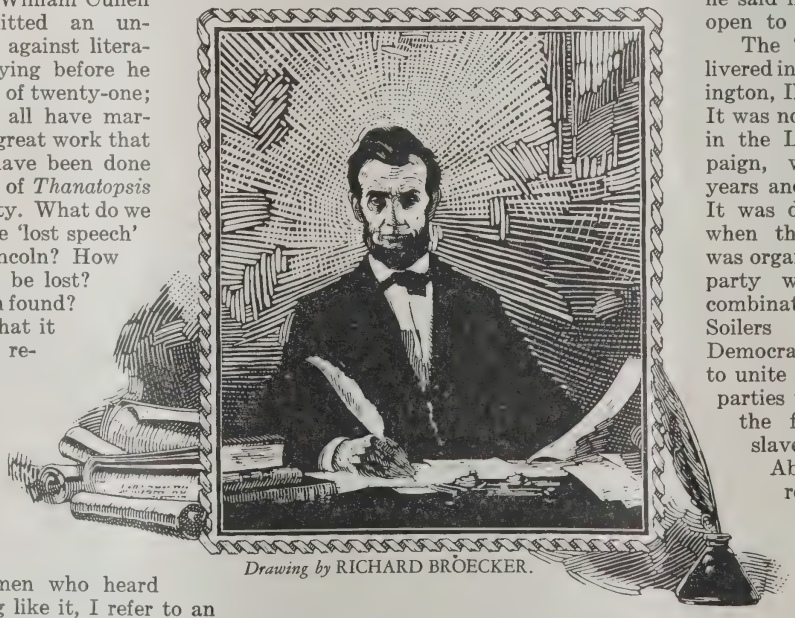
Just by way of showing how far the 'lost speech' has become a myth, even in minds of some of the men who heard it or something like it, I refer to an article published about twenty years ago in New Haven, Connecticut, by Lucius B. Hinman, who spent his youth partly in Kansas and partly in Illinois, and returned to his native state, Connecticut, for his last years. He said:

'Hundreds of young men went from Ottawa, having heard that Mr. Lincoln was to debate with Douglas in Bloomington. They made up a big party and went over.

'Lincoln had the opening hour in that argument. It was the famous "lost speech" of Lincoln. There were reporters present but they were too excited to take notes after Lincoln began. They went wild. Everybody went wild.

'It was in that speech that Lincoln made the point that gave Douglas the temporary advantage in the campaign for the Senate but which two years later won the Presidency for Lincoln and lost it for Douglas . . . It was in the public square, and there were ten thousand people present.'

I copy this from a newspaper clipping which unfortunately is not dated, but it was about twenty years ago that it appeared. There is more of it, a half-column, and it shows several things.



*Drawing by* RICHARD BROECKER.

First, this Mr. Hinman was evidently a truthful man, and highly regarded in New Haven, and he had actually attended the meeting he remembered and had heard Lincoln speak.

Secondly, while he may have gone to Bloomington at some time for a political rally, the meeting which he described was evidently in his own town of Ottawa.

Thirdly, in his memory of what he thought he heard he confused the Bloomington speech, which I am quite sure he did not hear, with the first joint debate at Ottawa, which he did hear, and the second joint debate at Freeport, which he did not hear but about which he had heard much. The Bloomington meeting occurred not in the public square but in a hall, and nothing that Mr. Hinman remembered occurred in connection with that meeting.

I mention these things because these are the conditions the historian has to meet in sifting recollections. Truthful men do not always tell the truth concerning what happened many years ago. They color it sometimes more and sometimes less. Fortunately, there is no question as to where the 'lost speech' was delivered. What he said in the speech may be open to discussion, however.

The 'lost speech' was delivered in Major's Hall, Bloomington, Illinois, May 29, 1856. It was not one of the speeches in the Lincoln-Douglas campaign, which occurred two years and some months later. It was delivered on the day when the Republican Party was organized in Illinois. That party was formed by the combination of Whigs, Free-Soilers and Anti-Nebraska Democrats. Its endeavor was to unite all men of all the old parties who were opposed to the further extension of slavery.

Abraham Lincoln had returned to political life in 1854 on the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and was in that year a candidate for the senatorship from Illinois as an old-line Whig. He continued to think he was a Whig for two years more. He was very reluctant to form any new affiliation. He had not joined the Abolitionists nor (*Concluded on page 19*)

# The Use of Great Names *in* 'Blue Sky' Swindles



*The ace of trumps in the 'Blue Sky' game is the free use of great names to impress the small investor.*

*By* RALPH W. BUDD
*and* J. OLIN HOWE

*Illustrated by* W. W. CLARKE

IT IS hard to see what could have been worse for the State of Florida —and for more than a little of the rest of the country—than the massing of the 'Blue Sky' cohorts on the great winter-resort peninsula the moment they sensed the easy money—very early in the game, be sure.

'Come on to Florida!' the high-pressure boys hailed each other in New York—Chicago—Cleveland—Philadelphia—wherever they chanced to be. 'That's where the going is good!' Many a familiar face was missing from Broadway or State Street, and from northern cities generally. Men under indictment for operating bucket shops hurried to Florida and others who had been convicted of this went down as soon as their sentences expired.

The Florida land boom meant to them that good times had come again for the 'cold-turkey boys' and the 'reloaders'; the price of a railroad ticket was all they needed to become 'binder boys' down where Ponce de Leon once searched for a certain spring.

This was not Florida's fault, of course; it was her misfortune; and doubly so when some who had long been used to operating with other people's money ran shoestrings into sizable bank rolls.

It will be long before the state entirely recovers from the results—and what the Florida real estate boom has done to the rest of the country is enough. 'Blue Sky' realtors operated in many parts of the United States.

Had speculation in Florida land been confined to those who could go there, that would be something. It wasn't. There were twenty-odd Florida real estate promotions represented more or less elaborately on Atlantic City's Boardwalk during the season of 1925.

Far be it from us to wish to cast aspersions on Florida, or any community in it. Not an aspersion. There isn't the slightest occasion for it. If anything, the state was the victim of her own glorious hospitality. And she is cleaning house now—shaking out the undesirable elements and stabilizing her real estate market.

State and city governments, chambers of commerce, banks, railroad heads, leading business and professional men—all are lined up to straighten out the realty situation on the basis of Florida's remarkable advantages and attractions as the nation's winter playground, which cannot be taken away from her. And they're doing it.

The 'binder boys' and 'Blue Sky' shoestring operators have been up against it for months. Many have been eliminated officially and many more by the collapse of the houses of cards they had set up, and have left the state.

Soundly financed developments, where values are as sure as is humanly possible, are going right along, of course—and there are plenty of these. One huge tract owned principally by a wealthy New Yorker won't be ready for opening to the public, even, for some years to come.

But the other kind—the 'Blue Sky' kind—whose nominal owners could not inflate fast enough to keep up their payments and where in consequence purchasers of lots have in turn lost property and payments both—how many there are of these and what the total of the losses where there never was sound financing, none can say. It must reach huge figures. Of course there will be salvage—how much is doubtful.

The situation among certain Connecticut investors is no isolated instance. Hundreds of Nutmeg State purchasers of land through Florida syndicates are now called on for assessments to save their property from foreclosure. The supposed owners who sold it cannot meet their payments.

Their letters say the property is 'all right,' but 'vicious northern propaganda' has checked sales and even caused cancellations of sales agreements, leaving the syndicate without ready money to continue development and meet interest charges on loans. The Florida banks, 'probably on account of the Federal Reserve banks refusing to rediscount real estate loans,' are not only unwilling to furnish additional funds but 'are insisting upon curtailment of loans and mortgages' and insist that payments due be made promptly.

The worst of this is that buyers often have not bought land but syndicate shares and may have obligated themselves to meet such assessments. Some, at least, of their certificates refer to a trust agreement on file in Florida of whose contents these buyers are uncertain.

Numbers of them, moreover, are folks of relatively small means who have sunk all their savings, or a large part, in the venture, and no demand of syndicate managers (*Continued on page 20*)

## A Brief Historie of Those Noble Tools—

# Ye Knife—Ye Forke—Ye Spoone

*By* LOUIS C. KARPINSKI

THE three instruments which greet us at the dining table have a long and honorable history, having a vital part in the story of man's conquest of nature. Progress from the natural instruments, the ten fingers, is recorded in the tableware, particularly in the fork which was the latest of the three to appear upon the scene.

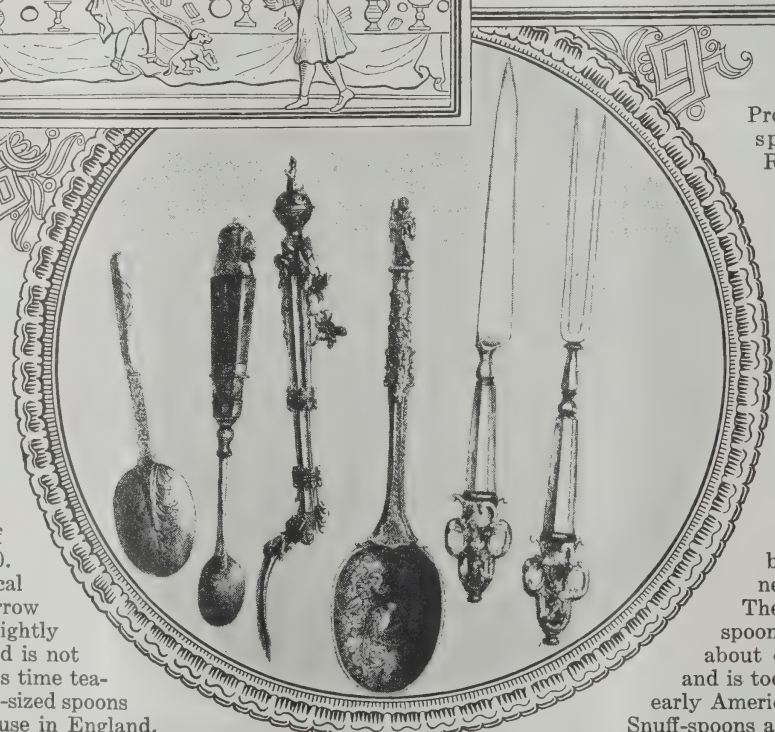
The spoon began to be used when the primitive savage reached for an oyster shell to dip out a drink of water. In Latin, the word for shell, *cochlea*, has the meaning 'spoon.' Among the early Saxons some type of wooden instrument was in use as the word 'spon' means splinter of wood. An interesting form of early spoon is one having a handle with a pointed end. This was the first form of fork but its development was long delayed. Among the Egyptians, spoons of wood and ivory were used, particularly to remove the marrow from bones.

The earliest known American spoon was made by John Hull, of Boston, about 1660. This has an elliptical bowl and a straight narrow handle which is only slightly enlarged at the end and is not decorated. About this time teaspoons and the dessert-sized spoons were just coming into use in England.

In the good old days the soup-spoon was the popular weapon of attack upon liquid food. Spoons were made in America before knives or forks, for the manufacturing process was quite simple, not involving much machinery; coin silver was often used as this had just about the requisite degree of hardness.



*Above—A king at dinner. Left—Complete array of instruments used in early culinary department.*



*Circle—Group of highly ornamented tableware. Directly above are reproductions of old drawings depicting, left, a royal feast, and right, a 17th Century dinner party.*

The greatest variations in American spoons are found in the handle and in the joining of stem and bowl. The Puritan, or 'slip stem,' spoon of John Hull has a short V-tongue projecting into the back of the bowl. The long rat-tail join on the back of the bowl was common in early days, but later spoon-makers made the V into a handsome ornament. Prominent among silver-spoon-makers was Paul Revere, silversmith as well as courier and patriot. Among the spoons which he made are perforated ones, to take the floating cork out of wine, and, mark you, for use in New England.

Spoons were often presented at Colonial funerals to be used in memory of the deceased. One enterprising silversmith made such spoons with a coffin-shaped bowl, but these were never really popular.

The pointed 'fiddle' type spoon became very popular about one hundred years ago and is today the most common of early American spoons.

Snuff-spoons and salt-spoons, and even (horrors!) ear-spoons, were later devices. But a most interesting spoon is one which reverts

(Concluded on page 27)

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

THE rising discussion of money in the world is a sign of coming good. While many run ahead with theories of solution, and waste their power in contentions about the merits of various methods, public attention gives evidence of being more and more focused on the system that exists. It is in this *attention* that hope for the future is found, for nothing so quickly disposes of fallacies than seeing through them; to perforate them with darts of clear understanding is literally to shoot them full of holes. It is the only way that fallacies are killed.

It is becoming clear that money is not wealth. It is becoming clear that money does not even measure the wealth of any community, that is, there is not an actual dollar existing for every so-called dollar's worth. It is becoming clear that there is more money than gold, even though, for reasons that suffer under examination, money is supposed to be based on gold. It is becoming clear that there is not enough money in the banks of any nation to pay even a small part of the bank deposits of the nation. It is plain as day that money, a national commodity, has been made a private concession. And everyone knows that in the conduct of modern business, actual money plays an ever-decreasing part, private money in the form of checks enabling a relatively small stock of official money to carry the burden of exchange.

These are matters of knowledge more than matters of complaint; if any complaint exists it is against the strong efforts which have been made to conceal this knowledge from the people. Whence arises the fear that the people should not be encouraged to question or know the mechanics of a system that touches them so intimately and vitally at every point of their interest?

All the above facts may be conceded without constituting a challenge. The challenge grows out of the failure of finance to perform the service which it professes to give the world. It is not to be regarded as even an attack on financiers. The least knowledge of the facts increases respect for the financial type of mind. But it cannot be said as yet that the financial world has become scientific. It cannot answer the simplest questions about money. It is still pre-scientific, as astrology was before the coming of astronomy, as magic was before the coming of medicine, as superstition was before the arrival of moral philosophy and enlightened religion. It knows the rules of banking under the present system, just as the priests of the ancient healing gods knew the temple ritual, but it does not yet know the science of finance as modern medical research is beginning to know something about the natural basis of the healing art.

This is indicated by two grotesque but tragic conditions existing before our eyes. One has been called 'the financial restriction of production.' The control of production by finance by reason of its artificial inflations and deflations, and by means of the power conferred on it by its control of Debt, is already impressing the thought of productive peoples. Even uninstructed people know that directly money is used to restrict the flow of energy, it is aiding an anti-social program. Money is a transportation system in part, justified only as it helps to carry the work of the world. When the power is cut off and the world's work stopped, though human need continues and the material to fulfill the need is always at hand, there comes at once a sense of misused power.

> *IT is the supreme indictment of the international money system that it can be so manipulated that it profits from the poverty of whole nations. A system capable of such manipulation cannot hope to remain unchallenged. It is plain that money, a national commodity, has been made a private concession. Directly money is used to restrict the flow of energy, it is aiding an anti-social program. Money is a transportation system in part, justified only as it helps to carry the work of the world. But by some exercise of control not made plain, money becomes an obstacle to effort and lays nations low as plagues and wars have never done.*

The other condition is the breakdown of countries which are as wealthy and full of productive energy as they ever were, but are thrown into idleness and need because of some power with which even the governments cannot or dare not deal. The land, the people, the raw materials, the means of production, the will to work, the need for supplies exist in these unfortunate countries just as they have always existed, but something, it seems, has gone wrong with the money system. The money is there, but by some decree, by some exercise of control which all the laborious explanations do not even begin to explain, it becomes an obstacle to all effort and lays nations low as plagues and wars have never done. Germany, France and now Belgium are examples of this. But the source of the power exercised over them is still a secret.

These two conditions are not two different things but two degrees of the same thing. We have had a touch of it in America, under another name. It is the hand of the same power, working the same mechanism. And it does not result in universal poverty, only in poverty for the productive part of society. It is the supreme indictment of the international money system that it can be so manipulated that it profits from the poverty of nations.

**'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00.**

# EDITORIALS

## *As the Ballots Fall*

SENATOR LENROOT, of Wisconsin, led the fight on the floor of the Senate to get this nation into the World Court. He has been defeated for reëlection by the voters of his own party.

Senator McKinley, of Illinois, voted for the court. He has been defeated. Senator Pepper, of Pennsylvania, voted for the court. He has been defeated. Senator Stanfield, of Oregon, voted for the court. He has been defeated. Senator Means, of Colorado, voted for the court. He has been defeated. The late Senator Cummins, of Iowa, voted for the court. He was defeated. Senator Gooding, of Idaho, voted for the court. He recanted at the last moment, and was renominated.

Senator Trammell, of Florida, voted for the court. He is not up for reëlection, but he has publicly declared that if he were given the opportunity to vote over again, he would be against it. Moreover he states his intention of introducing a resolution, when Congress reconvenes, to rescind the Senate's action.

While European politicians are debating whether to accept the Senate reservations, American citizens are registering their sentiments. Perhaps, as its proponents insist, the World Court has not been an issue in this campaign. Perhaps the people are apathetic at the prospect of becoming embroiled in the quarrels of the Old World. Perhaps the amazing regularity with which the pro-court Senators have been defeated is a mere coincidence. But if it is only a coincidence, then it is the most astounding manifestation of political concurrence in the history of the United States. It is a coincidence that should serve as a grave warning to all future Senators.

## *Mother's 'Punkin' Pie*

A SWEET and pungent odor drifts into the roadway. We sniff reminiscently and identify it as chili sauce. A little farther on we catch the aroma of cider, made from newly fallen apples. Here in the little white cottage mother is making apple butter. And just beyond we smell the sharper, more piquant odor of pickling compounds. The aroma of ripe apples, being made into dumplings. The essence of burning cinnamon! And on the low window shelf we see great golden pumpkin pies cooling. Not filled with the prepared gumbo we know in restaurant pies, but rich brown pumpkin with black splotches and raised skin, darkened crust and an inch thick! The pumpkin pie is an American institution. A famous British chef promised pumpkin pie to visiting soldiers during the war. They were lonesome lads who yearned for the cooking of their boyhood. They told him how to mix the filling and then sat back and waited. And when he brought the pie it was not open faced; it had crust on top! The pumpkin pie of America cannot be imitated.

## *The Alley Pays Tribute*

WHEN it comes to matters of taste it is hard to beat the movies. But Tin Pan Alley seems to have done it. Drawing their inspiration from the widespread publicity attendant upon the death of a popular film actor, the busy mawk-rakers of the Alley have evolved a new masterpiece. Part of the refrain follows:

> There's a voice singing, 'Lead Kindly Light,'
> With a smile that has made the world bright,
> Valentino, goodby,
> But way up in the sky,
> There's a new star in Heaven tonight.

There are, no doubt, unkind scoffers who will refuse to believe that this was meant to be taken seriously. And there are possibly some who will suspect the Alleyites of a latent sense of humor, despite precedents to the contrary. But the evidence shows not only that the song *is* taken seriously by its sponsors: it is, in their opinion, a wow. 'It's got Valentino's picture on the cover, ain't it?' one of them is quoted as saying. Surely this is a clinching argument. But proof conclusive of their sincerity comes from knowledge that the Alley's tribute was on sale even before final rites for the dead had been held. Rumor has it, in fact, that rivalry was keen to be first with some such lament.

And there is really something quite touching in all this eagerness. Others may enter into controversy over the relative merits of Valentino's art, but not so the fellows of the musical world. For them the path of duty lies ahead; for them no rest till it is trod. Say what you will about its faults: Tin Pan Alley *does not forget!* It doesn't forget—for instance—that over a million copies of a similar doleful ditty were sold at the time of Caruso's death.

## *The Direct Primary*

A GREAT clamor resounds throughout the land to abrogate the direct primary method of nominating candidates and return to the old convention system. Almost without exception the cry is raised by the same classes and the same interests that fought the introduction of the direct primary. They insist that the primary is expensive, that the voters do not take an interest in it and that political organizations are as well able to retain control through it as by means of the old cut-and-dried convention.

All this is only relatively true. Primaries are expensive and the electorate apparently apathetic, but organizations cannot handle them as easily as they can conventions, or they would not be parties to the widespread propaganda for their abrogation. At present the responsibility is right where it belongs—on the shoulders of the voters. If they persist in overlooking their opportunity to curb 'gangs' and 'rings' it is their fault.

And every time the voters are aroused they can, and frequently do, break 'bosses' and 'gangs' and wrest from them much of their autocratic control. It is this menace rather than the expense to the public and the candidates that the agitators are seeking to remove. The primary is not a perfect piece of political machinery, but it is better than former methods of nomination and the people cannot afford to have so potent an instrument taken from them.

---

## *News From Russia*

FROM Russia comes interesting news. Trotsky is out again. Kamenev, alias Rosenberg, is out. Zinoviev is out. Radek, Pyatekov, Joffe—all Jews, holding high Soviet posts—are out. The only Jew remaining in a position of importance is Litvinov, who remains Vice Commissar of Foreign Affairs because of Tchitcherin's serious illness. Hundreds of Jewish minor officials are out. And Jewish policies are being abandoned. The Communist Party, largely the creation of Jews, threatens to become anti-Semitic.

The sudden change came about with the mysterious death of Djerjinski, terrorist head of the cheka, who was credited with the death of hundreds of thousands. While he lived Djerjinski was powerful enough to hold his fellow-racialists secure in their posts; but with his death Stallin began replacing them with Russians, Georgians, Letts, Poles, Armenians and Caucasians. The revolution was conducted by minorities oppressed by the imperialist government in former days. Strongest of these was the Jewish minority which instituted the red terror to maintain itself in power. But the Marxian policies adopted by the Soviet Government have brought on an economic crisis which has at last forced the issue. Donald Day, in a dispatch to the Chicago *Tribune*, dated Riga, Latvia, September 10, tells an interesting tale. He says:

> M. Djerjinski last winter foresaw the present economic chaos. He endeavored to persuade the Jewish clique to abandon their ideal of a world revolution for the time being, first putting Russia on its feet economically. He was in favor of the abolition of the foreign trade monopoly, the increase of private trade within the country, inviting foreign capital to come in and invest, and the restoration of more or less capitalistic social conditions, under the phrase of 'state capitalism.' He wanted to try to continue state control of heavy industry and let private capital take care of the others.
>
> The Jewish clique, on the other hand, demanded a continuance of the present foreign and internal policy. They advocated again confiscating the peasants' grain to sell abroad rather than compromise with capital. They wanted additional large sums for the advancement of a world revolution, and they opposed any further concessions to private capital within the country.
>
> They contended that the economic restoration of Russia was a minor point in comparison with the importance of a world revolution, whose cause they saw being advanced by every little industrial conflict abroad.
>
> Economic restoration of Russia, which meant non-communistic patriotism vs. the advancement of the cause of a world revolution, or true Marxism, became the two opposing points of view in Moscow. True Marxism lost out.
>
> The Jews being an international race of people, it is more or less easy to understand their ideal of a world revolution, where they would come out more or less on top. They did everything humanly possible in Russia to stifle nationalism and patriotism.
>
> But by granting national autonomies to various so-called oppressed minorities, by killing off the Russian intelligencia, and muzzling what remained, by changing the name of Russia into Union of Socialistic Soviet Republics, they developed Russian nationalism instead of stamping it out. It was the American prohibition law, in another land, and in another phase, with practically the same results.
>
> The Jewish communities have not advanced the cause of their race in Russia. Instead, they have made the position of the Jews in Russia more critical than it ever was. There have been pogroms in the past, and with the Communist Party turning anti-Semitic, it looks as though there will be pogroms in the future.
>
> The Jewish question in Russia, which always was a major problem, is just as important as it ever was, and this new and peculiar development in the ranks of the Communist Party deserves the serious attention of the Jews of the world.

We no longer feel like a lone voice crying in the Wilderness.



*The Quadrangle at Harvard, in the spirit of the time when Julian Hawthorne was a student there.*
*Hollis Dormitory.* *Statue of John Harvard.* *Massachusetts Hall.*

# *Julian Hawthorne Recalls* *The* HARVARD *of* Our Forefathers

*Drawings by* GERALD VAN DER HEYDEN

WE ARE crackling with novelties and innovations, here in the 20th Century. Can it be that we are tiring of it already, and are starting in to dig out Tut-ankh-amen, excavate the Aztecs in Mexico, Roman ruins in North Africa, Nineveh in Asia, in a frantic quest of a fresh thrill?

I have myself sat through an alleged reproduction of scenes and folks in old New York (Anno Domini 1880—as if *that* were old!) and of the Covered Wagon period out in California, and numberless reproductions of ancient periods: they packed the movie houses. Their archeology was all wrong, but nobody minded that, because nobody was alive to tell: enough that it was called old; and we were enchanted to learn that the women of 4,000 years B. C. powdered their noses, just as now.

The point is, that between Tut-ankh-amen on one side and interatomic forces on the other, there is a chance to put over almost anything; and I, who am spending the winter at a western university town (boy-and-girl style), am poignantly reminded of the Harvard of the 1860's, part of which I was, by the abysmal differences between that and this, and I am moved to tell about them. Were a Neanderthal man to turn up among

us, or even a Cro-Magnon, or an Elizabethan, and begin his tale from a soap box on any street corner, he would draw an audience; and his facts, for the average listener, would be less strange than are mine. Moreover, no other collegian of that fantastic day survives for the purveying of first-hand, I-myself-was-there information; and no hearsay is trustworthy, so here is my story.

*****

Cambridge, in my memory's eye of 1860, is a small, comely town on the banks of the Charles River, three miles by horse car from Boston: or you could walk it if you were in a hurry; and people had legs in the sixties. It was a nice walk, with the river just across the meadows; and you saved the car fare, three cents, quite an item in one's expense account.

STARTING from Parker's, on School Street, Boston (of which, more anon), you arrive in less than an hour in Harvard Square, an irregular space, the junction of three streets; and you see before you a time-honored wooden pump, and just beyond it a flight of granite steps leading into the town post office. Farther northward the country road would take you past a handsome mansion on your right, with the poet Longfellow perhaps emerging from the doorway, smiling, smartly clad, and very good-looking in his early fifties. Still keeping onward, you would see Lowell's house withdrawn behind its trees; but Lowell is a good deal of a hermit, and doesn't encourage callers. The village of Watertown is a couple of miles beyond, but let us return to the Square.

The wooden-fenced inclosure which contains the Harvard College dormitories and other buildings now lies east of north across the way. You have pleasant glimpses of ancient brick buildings and tall wide-branching elms; and in and out of the gateposts, and entering or leaving the buildings, and passing from sun to shadow beneath the trees, are numbers of nice young fellows, in wide peg-top trousers, soft hats or caps, with once in a while a 'beaver' sending forth black gleams. They come and go with hands in pockets, or playing with a cane, well-mannered, agreeable youths, these grandfathers of the boys of 1926. They make a comfortable little population of about four hundred, including the law school; each of the undergraduate classes numbers from sixty to seventy. The freshman class of '71, which entered college just as I was leaving, was the largest on record —nearly *eighty!* And prophets were declaring that the time would come when there would be a full hundred men to a class, or even more. But nobody was bold or imaginative enough to foretell a coed. There were girls enough about, but they were the Cambridge young ladies, lovely in their hoop skirts and wide hats, but remote and intimidating; your love of them was as that of the moth for the star.

THE four or five ancient brick buildings faced the white limestone edifice, with a flight of steps at each end, containing the recitation rooms, and the awful chamber in which the faculty meetings were held. Back of that to the left was the college chapel, and still farther eastward the little circular building with the conical roof, fitted up within as a gymnasium. Northward across the road was a triangular piece of vacant ground, the Delta, where we played baseball, and football—when that was permitted. Harvard College—we didn't speak of a University—was a lovely place, just big enough and just small enough to be loved, and it was the abode of felicity, four hundred strong. Everybody knew everybody else, for one thing, and no unimportant thing either!

A holy and tremulous joy of anticipation seized me as I contemplated the actual prospect of becoming a collegian! One lion in the path—the examination for matriculation; and if it hadn't been for Professor Gurney, who coached me for six months, it would have been a lion indeed. I got through, however, with three 'conditions,' all in mathematics; and I may confess that I never made good on them; but what of that?—I have ever held mathematics in low esteem. And when, one day, I had gone to the blackboard to work out a problem for that famous and terrible mathematician, Professor James Peirce (Jimmy Peirce, as we profanely dubbed him) and had 'deaded' there, and returned to my seat, he said, 'Kindly remain after the others have gone, Hawthorne.' My comrades glanced at me commiseratingly as they went out.

THE professor, with his bushy red beard and smooth hair parted in the middle, beckoned me to his desk: 'Hawthorne,' he said, 'are you *NEVER* going to make me a recitation?' in a soft but appalling voice.—'Professor, I do try; but somehow— —' I stood, expecting sentence of expulsion, or rustication at least.—'I see! Well, would you oblige me by coming to my room in Holworthy, about eight o'clock this evening?—Thank you; that is all.' At eight o'clock I appeared. The executioner shook me warmly by the hand; it was a snug little room, a bright coal fire, easy-chairs, and my host in an easy-going dressing-gown. —'Hawthorne,'—he looked at me earnestly—'do you drink?' Attacked at this unexpected angle, I faltered and hesitated. 'Because, if you do,' he resumed, 'I have what I believe to be some very fair bourbon, and also rye, if you prefer that—which shall it be?' The scene becomes dim; but in a few minutes we were pledging each other over a smoking and scented tumbler of something; pipes were introduced; we sat and chatted at our ease.

During the next hour the professor had sweetly and unobtrusively drawn from me the simple and innocent annals of my career; and at good night he said, with another warm handclasp, 'In future, Hawthorne, I shall not call you up for recitation; but at the close of the term, I shall give you the average mark of six: many men of many minds, you know: and many of our best men have shared your distaste for mathematics.'—It wasn't the rye, or the bourbon; but I learned that even a professor of mathematics may possess a cordial and understanding heart. May his name be blessed!

BUT that examination day! I had been timidly prowling around Cambridge, as the 'collegians'—how I caressed that term in my soul, seeing in its possession the acme of human happiness and ambition!—began to gather for the term; and I would follow with my eyes and even with my footsteps various cheerful and well-attired young men, comparing their urbane and self-possessed aspect with my own rude countrification, and wondering whether I would ever become like that! Especially did I seek for Blaikie, the athletic hero of that period, whom I fancied I must recognize by intuition: a glorious demigod, strong like Hercules and graceful like Mercury; Bill Blaikie, who would row in the Harvard crew; 'Bull' Blaikie, who could put up the 100-pound dumb-bell! Blaikie was half of Harvard for me, for Harvard, in my view, was more than half an opportunity for athletics, and he was the embodiment thereof.

I never thought at all about the college curriculum; that was merely an unwelcome and ill-judged addendum of the college career; what I looked forward to was athletics and the companionship of Harvard men; and, after sixty years, I incline to think that I was not unwise.

The heart-trying day arrived at last, and I sat with one examination paper after another before me, and beside me and up and down the long tables sat my companions in mental dissection, serious and intent. The list of questions was neatly printed, and at first glance entirely unintelligible. I knew nothing. I was lost! Time was passing too, fast and faster. Not before nor since have I known how little I knew. At last I would make shift to scribble down something; but oh, those jaws of Ignorance, how wide they yawned!

My depression as the day proceeded was grim and dark, when all at once Professor Gurney, *(Concluded on page 22)*



*A bird wave in the winter woods. The species, as most usual, consist of titmice, the white-breasted nuthatch, downy woodpeckers, juncos, tree sparrows and one brown creeper.*

# *The Ebb and Flow of* The Winged Waves

By S. F. AARON

*Illustrated by* the AUTHOR

THE early naturalists and special students of ornithology seem to have noted carelessly the habit of association among those birds that do not habitually flock together. The true flocking habit has been always, of course, exceedingly obvious. That many other species when migrating or journeying about in search of food during the fall and winter season gather in scattered companies was especially observed by Coues, Burroughs and Minot. But there remains much of interest to record.

Among the water birds and waders there is a vast majority having the flocking habit: gathering and moving about in mass formation, acting in unison, all alighting and leaving together, as though under a drill master. There are few solitary species among the waders and among the swimmers fewer still. In nearly every North American locality may be observed throughout the year more than one hundred and fifty land birds, and of these there are but fourteen kinds that flock, as that term is best understood. The blackbirds, shorelarks, cedarbirds and doves lead the list among migrating species; the grouse and partridges all go in coveys. Then, too, the vast gatherings of swallows must be reckoned with.

But aside from the hawks and owls, the very occasional gatherings among which are strictly family affairs and then not at all influenced by amicable relationships, there are only about forty species that may be termed solitary; that is, not traveling with their own kind nor in the company of other species. The kingfisher, the whippoorwill, the cuckoo, the humming-bird, the shrike and all the true flycatchers are notable examples.

All other species of our passerine birds have persistently gregarious instincts expressed by gathering into scattered companies, each member thereof moving independently, but keeping almost unerringly with its fellows, perhaps all its own species, or of many kinds. Thus most of the finches, which include all our sparrows, most of the wood warblers, the larger portion of which migrate to the northern tier of states and Canada to breed, all of the titmice and the nuthatches, some of the thrushes and woodpeckers, and even the bluebirds, may be termed socially inclined, the latter, however, yielding more to family ties. These somewhat desultory associations of birds journeying through the fall and winter woods, or in the spring, either heading directly north or south or spending the season with us, have been very aptly likened to waves; they resemble the ebb and flow, almost regular in uniformity of action.

At one moment we are standing among the silent trees with nothing more to arouse interest than the challenge or scurrying of a curious squirrel, the faint rustling under the leaf carpet of a shrew or a deer mouse; nothing visible perhaps but the breeze-stirred twigs. And then, suddenly, there is a flit of wing, an almost inaudible chirp, the nearing *chickadee, dee,* or the *hank, hank* of feathered friends and within half a minute we are among a small host of busy little gleaners: black-capped titmice balancing themselves on branch and twig, the nuthatches cheerily searching every cranny, the downy pecking a bit of wood that bids fair to hold a larval borer, the juncos scratching, darting everywhere, their white tail feathers most conspicuous, the brown creepers methodically covering every inch of tree trunk. Perhaps a mouse-like winter wren with uplifted tail has joined the company, or a pair of equally small and surpassingly active kinglets. There may be a few tufted

titmice with perhaps a belated hermit thrush to swell the busy bunch, loud scratchings in the dead leaves disclosing their whereabouts.

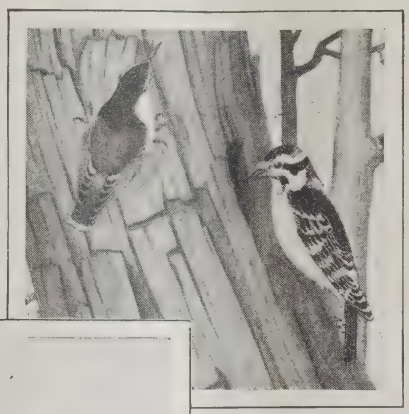
Then, as suddenly, all are gone, whither it may be hard to tell, even if we knew the general direction of their course. But with not a little energy and some lively scrambling these bird waves may be followed, though sometimes they move rapidly by long flights from woodland to woodland, over fields, across meadows, valleys and streams, sometimes over rivers and not always heading south. Every direction is pursued by the wintering birds.

There can be but one explanation of this habit of association and the mass-flocking instinct. Where there are many eyes and many voices to discover and warn against enemies, these enemies have less chance to make a surprise attack. Otherwise there could be no reason for flocking, as food is more difficult to obtain in quantity within the somewhat restricted area covered in a daily search.

Quick judgment and sharp-eyed discernment keep these little birds together, their methods of seeking food being so different. It is certain that they assemble for hours at a time, often taking on recruits and now and then losing some. Frequently a lucky member will make a rich find that it shall not wish to desert until all is devoured and so the company goes on without the fortunate one, who may become a solitary traveler for a time, perhaps knowing the direction of the company and catching up or joining another company later on. This explains the finding of solitary birds of the social species and the noting of others passing swiftly through the woods as though upon some definite quest.

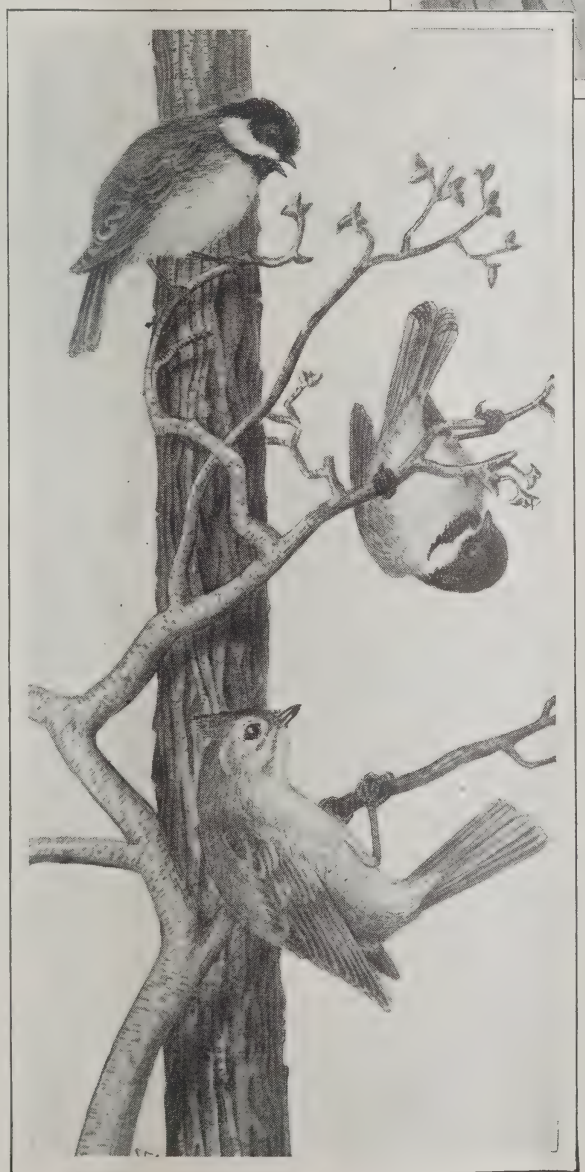
These bird waves mark not only the migrating seasons, but also the winter months when certain species become resident throughout areas affording shelter and an abundance of food, as within dense forests of varied growths. Bird waves may also consist of a single species, often a large flock and perhaps a few of another kind, as with the junco and the tree sparrow.

Other species, as the song sparrow and myrtle warbler, sometimes join the flocks of juncos.



Right—*Two of the commonest bird-wave members: the white-breasted nuthatch (left) and the downy woodpecker, smallest of his race. The hairy woodpecker is similarly marked but larger.*

Below—*Two common species of titmice: the chickadee (top), and the tufted titmouse, in characteristic attitudes.*



Many birds that migrate or winter in scattered companies show a decided preference for their own species, as the bluebirds, robins, purple finches, white-throated and fox-colored sparrows, the pine siskin, both species of crossbills, the Savannah sparrows and the goldfinches, and all of those also that flock in mass formation. It might be wondered why the mild-mannered and sweet-voiced little goldfinches keep mostly to themselves, but they evidently wish to avoid the bullying tactics of other birds. They also feed at greater length in one spot, on weed heads mostly, thus journeying slowly and often more in the open than most winter birds.

Many species, even among those that may be generally termed solitary, travel about in pairs; probably these are birds that mate for life and choose each other's company at all times. Noticeable among these are the kingfisher, the kinglets, the cardinal redbird, the palm warbler and sometimes the water wagtail. Most birds that so remain and have less inclination to join the mixed companies are either good dodgers or good fighters and have little fear of enemies.

I have seen a winter wren gleaning alone about old brush piles and remain at its task while a bird wave swept by it and away. Like the goldfinch the plainer bird is a slow traveler and its presence in bird communities may be mere chance.

You may note a company of birds loitering in a sheltered vale for an hour or more, then finally reach a hilltop to the west, encounter a stiff, cold wind and immediately return to the valley.

I have seen a wave made up of chickadees, creepers, nuthatches and woodpeckers, going northwest, cross that of a bunch of juncos and tree sparrows, going southwest; for a moment they were mingled, but each company maintained its way, separating from the others fully.

Interest attaches to the militant manners of most socially inclined birds. As with pecking and fighting hens in the poultry yard, the distinctly gregarious, yet ill-natured horning kine that bawl when separated from their fellows, and horses that from instinct born of long and wild heredity hang closely together in danger, yet bite and (*Concluded on page 18*)

# The Voyage of the Victoria

## WHEN PIRATES RULED

*Twelfth of a Series*



*At the Moluccas the Spaniards bought like mad.*

BY CHARLES J. FINGER

WOODCUTS BY PAUL HONORÉ

THE dominating figure was gone and for a time there was confusion. The fleet returned to Sebu, without the body of Magellan, and a hasty council was held at which a dual command was agreed upon, with Duarte Barbosa and Joao Serrao as masters.

The first official act was the dismantling of the trading station and the removal of the stock to the ships. Meanwhile, Enrique the slave, who had been slightly wounded at Mactan, dreamed dreams. In a way he had tasted power while acting as the mouthpiece of his master and admiral. He had been engaged in wire-pulling, and intrigue, and planning, and flattery, and his mind was excited at thought of the ease with which things had been accomplished with his help. But he was a slave, and with the return of the fleet to Spain would be still a slave. Meanwhile his own countrymen were only a good swim away.

One day Barbosa came to him, blustering a little because of his new authority, and ordered the slave to go to work, declaring that his wounds did not unfit him for service. The slave arose, went about the immediate task set him, but watched his opportunity, and when the moment was propitious, slipped overboard and swam ashore, where he sought the Sulu king.

There are accounts of what he said and proposed, but all that must be rejected as impossible of proof. But we know very accurately what happened. He became an active plotter, strong because he knew the habits of his former masters, earnest because he wanted his freedom, successful because what were complexities to his new allies and countrymen were simplicities to him.

So there was the framing of a clumsily arranged decoy, and Enrique swam aboard again and was ready to act as interpreter when his allies came. Presently kings and chiefs came aboard, and captains and officers were invited to a farewell feast ashore, at which, it was announced, a valuable present intended as a gift for the king of Spain, and promised to Magellan, would be tendered. Enrique interpreted, and when Serrao voiced suspicions, the slave said things to disarm them, with the wisdom of one familiar with the moves of both sides. So at the end twenty-seven men rowed ashore, with them Serrao, Carvalho, Barbosa, Espinosa, San Martin the map maker, Pedro de Valderrama the priest, and others of importance.

Some afterward said that both Carvalho and Espinosa were privy to Enrique's doings and conceived the whole thing. That again is incapable of proof. What we do know is that both Espinosa and Carvalho stayed by the boat and refused to accompany the party up the beach to the feast. We also know that at the first sign of trouble they pulled off to the ships. What they and those on board saw was a strangely swarming mass of savages, some of them leading the priest and a few in one direction, others gathering about the rest of the party. Then there was indescribable confusion, nothing very clearly seen but a pushing, swaying crowd of natives, now and then a helmet, now and then a white man struggling against great odds.

Across the stretch of water came the shouts of men and the wild yelling of savages. At that it became clear there were fearful things afoot. Sometimes there were billowing movements in the crowd and when a man went down natives stabbed and trampled him, or beat him to death. On board, neither Carvalho nor Barbosa moved a hand, but a gunner or two made haste and the bombards bellowed, at which the fighting waned a little.

Soon from the main body a party detached itself, and those who watched saw Serrao, bound and wounded but struggling with his captors. They heard his voice, calling upon his shipmates in an agony of terror to send a party ashore. But Carvalho gave a command and the ships stood out to sea, but not before those on deck saw Serrao struck down, stabbed, beheaded. Thus twenty-five met their death and the destinies of the fleet were in the hands of a rascal and a betrayer. Also the first round-the-world passenger completed his voyage, for Enrique stayed with his own people.

None dared to dispute Carvalho's authority, so when the fleet dropped anchor near the island of Bohul, he declared himself captain-general and took command of the *Trinidad*, appointed Espinosa, the paid slayer of

Mendoza, captain of the *Victoria*, and ordered the *Concepcion* burned. For a time there was a question whether it would not be better to abandon the voyage and take to some island, but to Carvalho's notion piracy promised a livelier life, so the course was set for Palawan where they stayed a few days, watering and provisioning, then the fleet set sail for Borneo. All that time, biding his opportunity but unable to do anything to prevent what he deplored, Sebastian del Cano, the man of knowledge and self-discipline, did his work and said nothing. An objection or a protest might have meant death, so he pursued a Fabian policy.

As for Carvalho, he held supremacy on his reputation as a desperado and carried himself as a very dreadful personage. His first overt act was the capture of a Moorish ship in which there was very little treasure, but three Moors were taken prisoners and detained as pilots to conduct the fleet to Brunei. Three weeks they lay at anchor there, and then something happened. Perhaps it was a case of bullying and blustering, perhaps the Moors made the true situation known. At any rate, five sailors, one of them Carvalho's Brazilian son, were taken by the natives and the chief refused to release them. Two of them, Greeks both, escaped and swam to the ships.

The next morning, July 29, things began to look serious, for a fleet of praus came out of the little bay just as a second swarm of praus steered a course likely to cut off the two ships from the open sea. So Carvalho opened fire with the bombards and made sail, leaving the three sailors to their fate. Twenty-four hours later the *Trinidad* sighted a large junk, gave chase and captured it, to find that their prize was a native ship of war commanded by a Luzon prince. On board were sixteen men and three women 'of great beauty,' all of whom were taken prisoners.

Very soon after that Carvalho's stock began to decline, for there were doubts thrown on his statement that the three women 'of great beauty' were not being guarded as gifts for the queen of Spain. It was also whispered that the thin pretense of keeping the Luzon prince as hostage for the three sailors might as well be abandoned, eavesdroppers having reported that certain negotiations were under way which were being kept secret. Criticism broke into open revolt when the prince escaped one night, some of his men with him, and the moral code of the men received a shock when it was discovered that the prince's jewels, with much gold and silver, were in Carvalho's private chest. That piece of stupendous impudence was the end of things for him.

One day Sebastian del Cano made an illuminating attack upon Carvalho's record, charging him with being a traitor and a self-seeker, denouncing him as an inefficient rascal who kept his place by thundering and threatening, and at the end it was abundantly clear that Carvalho's hold upon the men was not worth considering. So Sebastian del Cano pronounced himself captain and Juan Baptista Poncero as chief navigator, then stood, sword in hand, challenging anyone to dispute his claim. The main issue was a return to Spain with the least possible delay. Sebastian del Cano declared himself for that issue. Carvalho was left without a shred of authority and his complaints were heard with indifference and apathy.

The new commander took things in hand vigorously, beaching the ships in a cove on the Bornean coast, perhaps at Palawan, perhaps off Banguey, and the refitting and cleaning was a terrible task that lasted for six weeks. Indeed the mind is staggered in contemplating the makeshifts and expedients to which the men must have been pushed. Not only was the insufficiency of equipment a drawback, but they were in a place where they worked knee-deep in mud, where there were contaminated air and burning heat, where there were stinging and poisonous insects, where a mist arose like steam so that men fell exhausted at the slightest effort. It was there that the bombardier of the *Victoria* died. He had been wounded in the Mactan affair and in that unhappy place, after infinite torture in the vermin-infested cabin, at last became a thing all purple and swollen, screaming maledictions on all who sought to relieve him.

It was September 27, before they sailed from that place of fearful toil and steered for the island of Sulu. The first ship they sighted fell a victim to them. On board was a rajah who had treated them with kindness at Palawan, but because of misery and suffering there was a sullen savagery about the voyagers that made them forget benefits received. So a bill of ransom was prepared and eight days later the ruler gained his liberty after his son had brought to the ships four hundred



*Carvalho held supremacy as a desperado. The 'Trinidad' captured a large junk and three women were taken prisoners.*

measures of rice, twenty goats and twenty pigs, and a hundred and fifty fowls.

Southwest of Mindanao they sighted another prau. To attack anything seen had become a matter of course by that time, so they engaged it. But the natives made valiant resistance before they gave up, and seven were killed. From the captain, Sebastian del Cano learned that they were that praus would scour the islands for spices and precious woods; on the other that Spain stood ready to defend the peace and honor and security of the king of Tidor and his subjects, and a signed treaty ended the conference.

Then there were other treaties and trade arrangements with the Gilolo monarch, and the ruler of Makian, and the chiefs of



*The new commander took things in hand vigorously. The first ship they sighted fell a victim to them.*

only three days' sail from the long-sought Moluccas. He hinted at other things—at Portuguese influence, at that old Serrao who had cast his lot with the native king having been poisoned for reasons of state.

Over a sea of perfect blue beauty the two ships sailed, coasting past Timor, past Mayo, past the northern tip of Celebes, then, on Wednesday, November 6, 1521, they came in sight of a volcanic peak and were swept into a winding strait with deep water and a palm-fringed beach, where the air was heavy with aromatic waters, and sea fowls screamed, and the world was indescribably beautiful. 'The pilot . . . told us that these were the Moluccas, for the which we thanked our God, and to comfort us we discharged all our artillery.' Then he adds, in swift summarizing mood, 'nor ought it to cause astonishment that we were so rejoiced, since we have passed twenty-seven months, less two days, always in search of these Moluccas . . . '

Three days later physical miseries and hardships were almost forgotten like a bad dream, and principals were engaged in the great game of economic sovereignty. For the native prince, Almanzor, welcomed the Spaniards with ceremony, and soon ulterior motives were revealed. The neighboring island of Ternate was under Portuguese influence and he sought an alliance with Spain to the end that there might be a revitalized Timor. After that matters did not lag. On the one side were promises Ternate, and the king of Batchien. There was a great giving of gifts too, of Brunei gongs captured in the raids on junks, of beads and glasses, and the 'three women of great beauty' to the Sultan of Tidor. As for the Spaniards, they bought 'like mad,' says Pigafetta,* and so active was the trading that the shipmen suffered from an *embaras de richesses* and one of the weather-worn old ships could not stand the strain. On the day of sailing, December 18, Sebastian del Cano stood out to sea with the *Victoria*, but returned, noting signals of distress from the *Trinidad*. The old hulk had sprung a leak.

Examination showed the trouble to be so serious that it was clearly impossible for the *Trinidad* to continue the voyage. As a precautionary measure the *Victoria* was also lightened to some extent. Then the crews were redivided, fifty-three being told off to serve on board the *Trinidad*, forty-seven to sail on the *Victoria* with Sebastian del Cano. Also thirteen natives supplemented the *Victoria's* crew. It was further agreed that the *Trinidad*, Captain Espinosa commanding, should sail for Panama.

At last, on December 21, 1521, the two ships saluted each other and the *Victoria* swayed seaward, and when night fell she was homeward bound.

---

*'*conperammo garofani a furia,'* he puts it.

# The Winged Waves

(*Concluded from page 15*)

kick each other from motives of greed and jealousy, most of our wild birds, though we like to think of them as gentle little companionable creatures, fight like feathered natives of Kilkenny among themselves. Among chickadees, nuthatches and all of the finches almost half their time is spent in squabbling. We might expect the flocking blackbirds to be amicably disposed throughout, but they, too, peck and drive each other.

Most strange it is that these birds know one another and properly gauge one another's prowess. Some are bosses and others are cowed. It is less common to see an actual encounter, though such when strangers meet is apt to be savage and even prolonged, depending upon the species. Tufted titmice fight fiercely, as do bluebirds and nuthatches; juncos rise in air after the native sparrow manner and it is all over in a few seconds; either they cannot stand punishment, or they inflict much pain quickly. I have never seen chickadees, brown creepers, kinglets, nor the woodpeckers come to grips. Like John Burroughs' cattle, it is very probable that these sudden clashes decide matters for some time and that there is no dependence put upon the winning of other battles.

More natural are the disagreements between birds of different species. Thus, juncos and song sparrows are never at peace when traveling together; the latter bird is a little scrapper and a bully, not fearing anything its size and ever ready to attack all others of the feathered caravan.

Very extensive bird waves, even of more than a dozen species, are rare. The more common make-up is of eight or nine kinds; these are given in italics in the list below, from one of my notebooks for 1925:

December 17th: Ran into a bird wave the extent of which, in numbers and species, is remarkably unusual. The very roughest sort of an estimate perforce must include more than three hundred birds and they covered at one time a space of considerably more than three acres. Commonest among them were the *chickadees*—probably more than a hundred of them; perhaps there were as many *juncos*. There was an inestimable number of *white-breasted nuthatches*, a score or more of *downy* and *hairy woodpeckers*, the latter predominating and, strangely enough, there was a far larger number of females; there were a great many *tufted titmice*, even perhaps a larger number of *brown creepers*, a few *song sparrows*, twice as many tree sparrows, perhaps twenty or thirty goldfinches, three or four purple finches that mostly sat about and moved indifferently as though out of place with so few of their own kind; several white-throated sparrows that kept pretty much to themselves and together, one lone fox-sparrow that surely was a chance member, three pairs of golden-crowned kinglets, one red-bellied woodpecker, one ruby-crowned kinglet that must have lost its mate, one yellow-breasted woodpecker and two or three hermit thrushes that merely went along with the others as a protective measure. It would have been difficult for a hawk unannounced to have made a foray upon that company.

# Lincoln's Famous 'Lost Speech'

(*Concluded from page 6*)

the Free-Soilers nor the Know-Nothings, believing that the Whig Party was the one and only party that was destined to humble the pride of the slave-holding democracy. In this hope he was doomed to disappointment. The Whig Party went to pieces, and Lincoln was not very swift in discovering that it had done so.

But when Lincoln, after long hesitation, decided to join the new party, he went in with ardor. He was a delegate from Sangamon County to the first state convention. He was not a candidate for any office at that time, but it was understood that he would contest the senatorship with Douglas two years later, as he did.

At Bloomington, a rather heterogeneous group assembled. John M. Palmer presided. He had been a Democrat, and he later returned and died in that party, as did also Lyman Trumbull, who was present at Bloomington. At the other extreme were men like Owen Lovejoy, brother of Reverend Elijah P. Lovejoy, the man who had suffered martyrdom for his faith in freedom. And there were Whigs who were almost as extreme as the Abolitionists, and others, like Senator Orville H. Browning, who were firm in their belief that slavery was one of the perpetual guaranties of the Constitution, although most of those men were sorry it had to be so. On the floor of the convention Browning led the Conservatives, and his was perhaps the leading spirit in the framing of the platform—at least he thought it was so—while on the radical side the leader was Owen Lovejoy, later a member of Congress.

LINCOLN was a harmonizer, and he urged that the convention stand rather firmly on the principles of freedom and equality in the Declaration of Independence, and his advice had great weight. Largely through his influence the convention, so mixed in its composition, proceeded to make its platform without division, and Lincoln was chosen to head the state electoral ticket. While that was a rather empty honor, it put his name at the head of the party masthead.

So the convention moved toward its close harmoniously, and was ready for its thrills and got them. James S. Emery, from Lawrence, Kansas, was present and by invitation made a speech concerning the hardships of free-state men in Kansas. They had suffered loss of property and even of life in the struggle which was to bring Kansas into the Union a free state. His was an eloquent and moving appeal for the support of the new party in keeping slavery out of all the territories.

Lincoln himself was deeply stirred. Toward the end of the day he took the platform—it was about half-past five—and he spoke for more than an hour. He began as he usually began, calmly and with deliberation, but his blood was stirred, and he soon warmed up to his theme.

Some people say it was because the hour was late and the papers had all that they could print. Others say that it was because they were carried away with the ardor of Lincoln's eloquence. Be the explanation what it may have been, no report of that speech was preserved.

And not everyone who heard it was profoundly affected. Senator Browning, as chairman of the Committee on Resolutions, was sure that his was the really important part in that day's work. He said so in his diary, not with conscious egotism, but as a simple statement of fact. As for the oratory, he said:

'I was called out and made two speeches in the afternoon. Convention also addressed by Lovejoy, Lincoln, Cook & others.'

As far as Browning was concerned, the 'lost speech' was a total loss.

YET Browning, absorbed in his own work, was in the minority in his lack of appreciation of Lincoln's address. Most who heard it were aware that they were listening to real eloquence. The tradition of that 'lost speech' was a lasting one not only in Illinois politics but in literature. The whole world is interested in what Lincoln said that day.

A few years ago I was invited to deliver an address in Bloomington, and I requested in connection with it the opportunity of meeting every known survivor of the 'lost speech.' To my great joy, they were assembled and I catechized them in detail. The notes I made as they were speaking were transcribed within a few days and copies were sent to these men for correction and signature. Some of the men, in their letters of reply, added other items which occurred to them. So I have a rather valuable lot of manuscript, not very large, to be sure, with first-hand testimony as to the 'lost speech.'

I am inclined to think that Lincoln was very willing that his speech should be lost. This opinion is not original with me. Others have expressed it, including Hon. Joseph Medill, of the Chicago *Tribune*, who heard it. Under the spell of the occasion, the degree of harmony attending the work of the convention, and the passion stirred by the speeches of Lovejoy and Emery, the convention was ready for a red-hot speech, and Lincoln made it. He had no mind to retract it.

But on the other hand, he realized when the convention was over that his passionate expressions uttered in that atmosphere would not be in accord with the views of the new party as a whole. It was still inchoate and made up of men of widely divergent views. Read in cold print it would not carry with it the spell of the meeting at which it had been delivered. Many men who were coming with hesitation into the new organization might be repelled by too radical a deliverance. Indeed, Lincoln's concern for the next two years was to keep conservative voters from thinking him more radical than he was. I think he was relieved to find that it was not reported.

I have at least this reason for my belief. Lincoln and his partner, Herndon, were on intimate terms with Simeon Francis, owner and editor of the Sangamon *Journal*. Lincoln could get anything he chose into the *Journal* of Springfield, or for that matter into the *Pantagraph* of Bloomington. If he had wanted his speech printed, he could have written it out that night in Bloomington or next day in Springfield. The fact that he did not do so is a reason for believing that he did not care to do so. The event was an important one; Lincoln knew it. It was too important to be wrongly done. I think he preferred to leave it spoken but not printed.

BUT I think we know pretty nearly what he said. I think if we read his Peoria speech of 1854 we know the principles that must have entered into this address, and we may be sure that he did not go so far as he did two years later in his 'house-divided-against-itself' speech.

However, I do not think we can reconstruct the 'lost speech' out of the Peoria address. That was a set, formal, well-wrought-out argument. The 'lost speech' was very different. Just one week before the convention met in Bloomington, Lawrence, the capital of Kansas, had been looted and partly burned. Ex-Governor Reeder, who had been appointed by the Pierce administration to enforce the Lecompton or slavery constitution, and who had revolted and resigned, was present at Bloomington, and he and Emery were heroes of the hour.

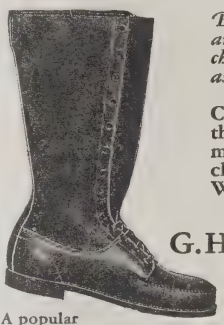
The Gettysburg Address failed as oratory but won immortality as literature. The 'lost speech' would probably have failed as literature, but it succeeded as oratory. And as literature that wakened doubts and would have had to be defended, it was better not to have been printed.

Oratory is one thing and literature is another. Demosthenes did not produce as great literature as certain other of the Greek orators, but when he spoke, men said, 'Come, let us go and fight Philip!' That was great oratory, and that was the sort to which belonged Lincoln's 'lost speech.'


# Walking On Your Uppers

WHEN you wear Moccasins you walk on a single piece of smooth, soft upper leather—not a sharp edged innersole. Moccasins do away with the necessity for welt, innersole or bottom filler and are the lightest, most flexible and most comfortable footwear made.

Bass Moccasins are more than just shoes—besides the above advantages which cannot be duplicated in any other footwear, they are made from the best materials obtainable and wear like iron.



A popular style for hunting.

*Buy Bass Moccasins and let yours and your children's feet grow as nature intended.*

**Catalog I, showing the many styles for men, women and children on request. Write today to**

**Dept. I**

**G.H. BASS & CO.**

**Wilton, Me.**

*Shoemakers Since 1876*

# Great Names in 'Blue Sky' Swindles

(*Continued from page 7*)

nor order of Florida court will get blood from a stone.

Wonderfully evasive documents have passed as to Florida land. Agreements for deeds to it, now before the writer, provide such a payment on signing contract and such a payment by the month, the unpaid balance to draw 6 per cent interest until the full purchase price is paid, 'when the seller shall deliver *in due course of business* to the purchaser, without further expense to the latter, a Warranty Deed.' Whatever that means. Anyway, the interest on other people's money adds quite something to the price of the lot.

Lest it be thought that strictures on the 'Blue Sky' clan are too severe, there is also in hand a gay booklet extolling one development under the title, *Where Dreams Come True.* In it are pictures of the handsome yacht club on the property, the seventh hole on the golf course, a typical home, and so on. The yacht club pictured as on this Florida property *is the Atlantic City Yacht Club!*

Speaking of literature, here is a gem. It appeared in a page advertisement in a northern newspaper, in an important city.



*Florida banks are unwilling to furnish funds, and insist on prompt payments.*

WHISPER THIS!

*One thing giving importance to the boom (in Florida land) must be whispered. Florida is a wide-open state and free and independent citizens like it. The Volstead Act may have been adopted by the legislature, but, if it was, they do not like to be reminded of it. There are no Blue Laws, no interference with personal liberty.*

There is a New York State story in which a 'Blue Sky' salesman and a local realtor made sales and took money without having title to any land whatever. Before knowledge of this became general and before many had been bitten, the local chamber of commerce forced restitution, and it developed that the local realtor had himself been badly deceived.

Reloaders' have been mentioned more than once in these articles. Everybody may not know what a 'reloader' is. He is the experienced, wily salesman of worthless stock who persuades the 'bird dog's' customer to buy several times as much stock as the latter had planned to do. He scents money from afar, and knows how to get it. His methods are too many, too varied, too devious to be told of in a paragraph. They deserve an article by themselves.

The Florida land business was made to order for the 'reloader.' 'We are trying to get a large block of this stock in the hope of saving something from the wreck'—'The largest stockholder in the (defunct) corporation has recouped his losses in Florida land and would help you to do the same'—'A leading director is anxious to make restitution'—these and other phrases are used on the sucker lists of 'Blue Sky' promotions in making a new and (the 'reloaders' hope) attractive offer for stock previously peddled. It has proved such—to the tune of millions of dollars.

The offer is to pay as much as or more than you paid for the 'Blue Sky' stock, but to apply this to the purchase of Florida land, certain to advance in value, and which they agree to resell at a better price, charging you a commission.

They cannot lose. One 'reloading' company in New York City paid $18 a lot for its Florida land and sold it at $450 a lot, allowing one-third of this price for the worthless stock they took in exchange. They could well afford this concession.

Another offered 80 per cent of the price paid for stock in a chain store corporation of which the reloading salesman said it was 'not yet in the hands of a receiver but we will soon have stock enough to put it there—*if* this 80 per cent was taken in land near one of Florida's most important resort cities.

One easy mark turned over his stock in a motion picture company—worse than worthless—and $100 in money for 14 Florida lots. He was credited with $2,450 on the lots and was to pay $3,850 more. He had actually paid $1,477 in cash on this deal when he decided he was a common or garden sucker—and quit.

It would be possible to go on with this kind of incident at great length. Thousands of disappointed holders of 'Blue Sky' stock, hoping against hope that some day their ship might come in, have been easy to convince that it had. They have again thrown good money after bad, a chronic activity with the rainbow chasers.

Smooth-tongued 'reloaders' offered cash for their stock over the phone and insisted they had been misunderstood when their victim reached the handsome offices later—to be told that a man not to be named wished to free himself of all possible blame in the sale of certain stocks which turned out badly and would let them in on a highly profitable Florida land deal. They were 'let in,' surely—and the only cash to pass was their own.

There ought to be a moral in all this—indeed, there must be—if it doesn't stand out and cause every would-be investor to get *all the facts* before paying out a cent or signing anything, why attempt to make it plain? Fortunes have been made in Florida land—are being made—will be made—but if by anyone in 'Blue Sky' ranks, his name will not come from a sucker list.

The ace of trumps in the 'Blue Sky' game is the free use of great names to impress the small investor.

Millions of dollars are lured into the one-way pockets of the 'Blue Sky' crowd because smooth stock salesmen use the names of important persons with such familiarity as to make the gullible think they lunch with the owners of these names daily, back in New York.

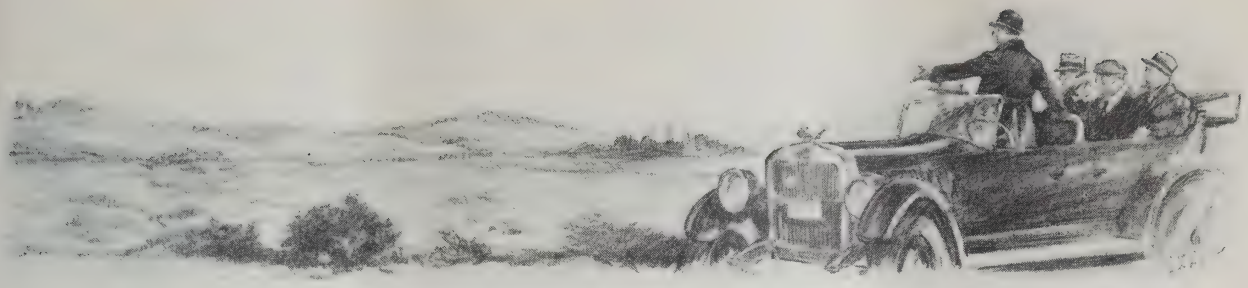
A case in point—with a different outcome—a true story, except for names:

One James Wagner arrived in the busy little city of Mittenton, New York, on a starry evening last spring. Before retiring he took a walk about the bustling business center. The signs seemed auspicious.

Bright and early next morning Wagner—a well-dressed, fine-appearing man of engaging personality—presented himself to the mayor at the city hall, let his light shine on other city officials and proceeded to the local newspaper offices to spread the glad tidings. He was about to do a great thing for Mittenton and its surrounding country by way of development of a water power a few miles outside the city, where thousands of horsepower of 'white coal' were going to waste.

As Wagner met other prominent citizens of the town he added to the favorable impression which was rapidly spreading by saying he was an engineer well known in New York engineering circles, a graduate of the Naval Academy at Annapolis and had to his credit accomplishments of no small moment in laying out the Nicaragua Canal.

Around this magnificent water-power development, he said, he would bring into being the lovely suburb of 'Edgewood,' plans for which he had completed before leaving New York. Here he would build model factories to employ 700 persons and model homes, a beautiful golf course with its handsome country club, a half-million-



*Salesmen load prospects in their cars and taking them to the subdivision, dilate on its brilliant possibilities.*

dollar hotel and a delightful summer resort by the lake to be formed by his power dam. There would be ample electrical power for all his purposes and enough besides to supply the country roundabout. Tenants for his model factory plants had been arranged for before he came to Mittenton.

Wagner lost little time in informing each person he met that he was backed by important metropolitan financial interests. In Mittenton the names mentioned were impressive when spoken with the unction used by Wagner. The question of financing troubled him not at all. His backers had agreed to build the half-million-dollar hotel, he added. He had little doubt that they would plan fine country estates nearby, as well. At the same time, not without some show of reluctance, Wagner did concede that if Mittenton people felt that home folks should have a part in the enterprise, he could possibly arrange to let them in. If so, it would be on the ground floor, they could be sure of that.

It took but two or three days for the fellow to have numerous Mittenton citizens well on the way to complete hypnosis. He kept his story going in the newspapers, and also he met the county supervisors, drove them out to look over the site of his development and urged them to build a hard-surfaced road from Mittenton to Edgewood—which they just about agreed to do.

Finally it was announced he would hold a mass meeting—because of the widespread interest in his plans and so as to tell Mittenton his full story. This meeting was held on a Friday evening, less than a week after he arrived in town, and was heavily attended. No stock subscriptions were taken that evening, for some reason, but Wagner was planning a whirlwind stock-selling campaign to start Monday morning, and giving himself Saturday and Sunday to get in possible big private subscriptions.

On Monday morning Wagner was not in Mittenton. The blow-up came before that, and rather suddenly, too, as is the way when the most modern methods of suppressing 'Blue Sky' artists are invoked.

Mittenton has an active chamber of commerce, with a live-wire secretary. He wanted to know, and after Friday night's meeting dispatched a night letter to the New York headquarters of the investors' protective service. Saturday morning he followed this up with a long-distance telephone call. Saturday is an office holiday in New York and the persons whose names had been given as backers were at their country places on Long Island, and out on the golf links. But investigation showed that Wagner was quite unknown in engineering circles.

When the principal 'backer' was finally reached, he at once utterly disavowed Wagner and all his works. 'This man,' he said, 'came to me a while ago—I had met him somewhere—with a rather fantastic water-power scheme which he said was located in the Adirondacks. He claimed to be a hydroelectric engineer.

'To be frank,' this gentleman said, 'I paid little attention to him and got rid of him as soon as I could. He did ask me if we would be interested and I said, "Go ahead and make your engineer's report and if the project looks practical and we like it, we might have it looked into." That was absolutely all. I made him no promises, neither invested a dollar with him nor discussed doing so, and authorized no use of my name whatever.'

The other said much the same thing.

On the basis of this investigation, the Monday morning newspapers in Mittenton carried a full exposé of the promoter and his Edgewood dream. But, as said, he was not there to read it.

Yet, in point of fact, this was no dream. It was the old 'Blue Sky' come-on scheme which has been worked on hundreds of communities for, in the aggregate, an enormous amount of money. 'Get-Rich-Quick Wallingfords' have taken pots of money out of town after town with it. In almost any live town there is such a skeleton in the local closet.

'Blue Sky' literature is literally loaded with names which mean something. Before me as I write is a piece of it that even goes back to Daniel Webster for a quotation—'Opportunity is the chance within one's power to make gain.'

'One good investment is worth a lifetime of saving,' the late E. H. Harriman is quoted as saying; and this phrase has been for years a very bulwark of 'Blue Sky' publicity. It has been used in a thousand glowing prospectuses, has lured millions of dollars of savings into the hands of a conscienceless crew—and is still going strong.

'Buy when the stock is first offered.' If Chauncey M. Depew ever said such a thing, it was with a content as remote from anything 'Blue Sky' as is humanly possible, but it, too, has brought in many an unholy dollar.

'Don't delay; get in while you can,' they quote John D. Rockefeller; and 'One dollar invested at the right time and in the right place would earn as much as one man steadily at work'—the late Jay Gould.

No 'Blue Sky' literature ever fails to contain more or less of this sort of thing.

'Charles M. Schwab says: "The foundation of wealth is the first hundred dollars well invested."

'J. Pierpont Morgan says: "Idle money never made anyone rich. You must set it to work," and "Follow your own judgment and as a rule it will be right."'

I quote literally from recent prospectuses. No one knows where these remarks were made, if they ever were made, or in what connection; but care in using them keeps the user inside the law. And 'Blue Sky' prospects, who usually see the promotion output of one person, know nothing of the similarities in the general run of such.

Well-known names have played a prominent part in the Florida land gambles of the 'Blue Sky' clan. Judge Landis said, humorously, 'There is only one way to stop this tremendous development of Florida, and that is to station a line of militiamen across the northern border of the state with orders to shoot everybody that tries to enter.' This was a godsend to the 'Blue Sky' writers, who promptly extracted the humor and broadcast it as a serious statement.

The Government recently proved that several hundred thousand dollars' worth of stock and gold bonds had been sold and individuals had been induced to invest as much as $25,000 apiece with an oil company, which paid its officers large salaries, but the only oil ever obtained from property claimed by the concern yielded but $4,295 cash.



# The Harvard of Our Forefathers

(*Concluded from page 13*)

who had coached me for the trial, called me to him and said, 'Stop being scared! Stop it! You know more than enough, more than most of the boys here; thaw out your wits, my boy; be yourself!' Back I went to my task, with a desperate and reckless courage; and the thought of Gurney's confidence carried me through.

Meanwhile our papers were being passed upon by that composite monster called the Faculty. Blessed is he who expects nothing, for he shall not be disappointed. The moment I had finished my last sheet, I was serene and clear. I was sure I had failed, but had the thing to be done over again, I could have won a complete success.

Yes, I knew it all now: but it was too late. I could have answered the mathematical questions even. I stood with threescore other fellow-pessimists at the foot of the white stairway leading up to the Hall of Judgment where sat the conclave of Rhadamanthuses who played with our fate. One after another of us heard the summons, and went up; and after a brief interval, reappeared.

At last, like the crack of doom, my name, and a thump on the back from Clem Fay: 'Up you go, old man, and good luck to you!'

HOW I mounted those interminable steps; all details of the scene above upon which I entered; who placed in my hand the open sesame to the gates of Paradise—all this has passed from my memory, if indeed I ever knew. But I rejoined my companions like a balloon of optimism, hardly keeping my feet on earth: all was well!

After a day or two of seraphic bliss—before the class of '67 had attained full self-consciousness, the whole threescore of us found ourselves massed on the Delta for our first trial of strength with the hated sophomores of '66. The pretext was football. And yonder opposite, a dozen yards away, stood in serried ranks the drilled and confident army of our foes. Somebody kicked the ball, a black, spherical ball, unlike the oval missile of today. The rules of the game were simple: get the ball over the other fellows' goal-line, and knock down every man you meet. It was already twilight; as Scott says, 'In dubious strife we darkly closed, hand and foot and eye opposed.'

In that hour, like Tennyson's 'Ulysses,' each of us drank delight of battle with our peers, far on the ringing plain of Harvard Delta. I happened to be in the front rank of our advance, and found myself front to front with a broad-shouldered, ruddy-faced young fellow, at whom I struck heartily. Down he went, with an expression of great surprise on his handsome visage, and it wasn't until days afterward that I learned that he was accounted one of the most redoubtable of the sophomores—Ned Perkins, no less! By that one chance blow I achieved renown which clung to me all through college. Such is life! Ned and I became great friends, and he never realized that he could have licked me any day.

Alarms and excursions. With more than a hundred warriors on the field, each fighting independently, with all order abandoned and darkness falling, description becomes difficult. The field was strewn with fragments of clothing, and with not a few bodies.

Then a whistle blew, and the rumor spread that the minions of the faculty were upon us. In truth it had been announced before the game that any disorderly conduct on the part of the players would be severely punished by the college authorities. This was worse for the sophomores than for us, because they were all personally known and we newcomers were not. Therefore, in a few minutes, the class of '67 were left masters of the field; and we justly claimed the victory. It was the last battle of its kind at Harvard.

Hazing?—Oh, yes.

There was a deadly organization known as the Med Fac. It was inherited by class after class of the sophomores, and the name was a contracted form of Medical Faculty. It had nothing to do with the healing art; on the contrary, it was composed of the most bloodthirsty young persons available, and its object was to inflict mental and bodily torture and indignity upon freshmen. Many of the legends about it reveal diabolic ingenuity. But in 1863 their virulence had begun to abate; the faculty were down on them, and a few summary expulsions from college of detected members had an effect. Of course, the plots of the operatives were shrouded in deep mystery.

I made no personal acquaintance with the gang at its apogee, but one evening about a dozen hilarious sophomores crowded into my room, where, also, happened to be foregathering some half-dozen of my freshman friends, Clem Fay among them. Clem was rather small, but well made, and had an admirable biceps: what was more to the point, perhaps, he had hair of the hue of yellow flame. The sophomores began to inflict unwelcome attentions upon some of us: the occasion was made more interesting by the irruption of a little crowd of juniors, who packed themselves into the spare space of the room, interested to observe how their successors in oppression worked.

Presently, a couple of experts laid hands upon Clem Fay, who wore a wiry grin, which was perhaps misleading. At all events he suddenly let out his left, and the recipient of the blow toppled backward and his head came into painful contact with the bureau. In a moment, there was free fighting; but a moment after, the door was kicked open, and on the threshold stood George Washington Copp Noble, assistant tutor in Latin, weight about 130 pounds, but able to whip his weight in wildcats; handsome, smiling, cool, debonair. He lived in the room above mine, and hearing sounds below, had come down to investigate.

'You may pass out, gentlemen, one by one,' he said.

BUT I recognize the futility of attempting to squeeze into the limits of a magazine article even a fraction of the life at Harvard College of the 1860's. I will tell just one thing more, and then hold my hand—a thing personal, and strange.

On a Sunday, which fell near the middle of May in my first college year, I walked over to Concord for a look at the home folks. My father had been ailing of late; no specific thing the matter, but he had lost flesh and looked pale. I had been rereading, recently, Longfellow's poem, *Evangeline*, and had been impressed anew with the eloquence and pathos of the passage describing the death of Gabriel, Evangeline's long-sought lover. My father and I were sitting alone in the little library at The Wayside; the book lay on the table, and I picked it up and read the page or two aloud to him. I couldn't keep the emotion out of my voice, partly because of a thought passing through my mind, unexpectedly and for the first time, 'What if my father were to die!' After the reading, to which he had listened attentively, with a look of reverie on his face, we both sat silent, till I got up and went out. I was to walk back to Harvard that afternoon, and it happened that I didn't see him again.

CHARLEY MacBurney, bow-oar of the Harvard crew, had visited me the week before, to notify me of my election to the Delta Kappa Epsilon; and toward evening of the eighteenth of May of that year, 1864, he came to conduct me to the initiation ceremonies. These college affairs were carefully invested with mystery, and Charley maintained a grave and ominous bearing. He blindfolded me, and led me hither and thither, I knew not where, in the warm and quiet dusk; at length we stopped, and I heard a knock on a door, followed by some occult phrases in a hollow voice; I was pushed forward, and felt the atmosphere of a closed room.

It is not permitted to reveal what wild and appalling doings followed during the hours after that. I passed through even the most strenuous of them with a pleased tranquillity which surprised me. Finally, I was led down to a lower, crypt-like region, and there made to lie down in a long, narrow box—a coffin in fact; and I was left there in the darkness. I rested there for a long while in much peace and contentment; after the labors, pains and trials of life, this was death, and it was grateful.

At one time, someone, man or ghost, came and sat upon the coffin lid, and conversed with me for a while in quiet and friendly tones. He departed, and presently others came, in long black robes, and raised me up and took me to a higher region: suddenly I heard a door thrown open, at the same moment the bandage was taken from my eyes, and I was propelled into a large room brightly lighted, filled with young fellows in natural human garb, many of whom I knew. They greeted me with shouts, and gave me to drink, and thumped congratulations on my shoulders. I was a Deke, full-fledged! By chance I noted that the clock on the wall marked half-past one.

About nine hours afterward, in the lovely and soft spring morning, I was strolling with a friend, Frank Stearns, down a tree-shadowed Cambridge street, when we met another man, whom I knew but slightly; he had a troubled look: he beckoned Frank aside and murmured to him privily for a few moments. Then my friend turned to me and said, 'Bad news for you, old man!'

'My mother?'

'Your father: he died about one o'clock this morning.'

It was the hour when I had been lying in the coffin. But it wasn't until months afterward that the coincidence struck me; they are strange things—coincidences!

# Booth Tarkington

(*Concluded from page 3*)

how,' reflected Mr. Tarkington. 'In fiction, at least, a certain background is necessary, and it must be local. But many characteristics are local and at the same time American. I suppose Middle-Westerners are not wholly unfamiliar in other parts of the country, and yet the Middle-Western farmer is quite different from the native population here. He is easy to get acquainted with, not suspicious, and immediately takes you into his confidence. Here it takes at least a year to get acquainted, but the people are worth knowing, with a real flavor of originality.'

It seemed to me a remarkable ability to be able to reproduce in middle life the thoughts of youth. I wondered how it could be done.

'Just by concentrating on that period of life. Anyone can do it.'

I could not agree to that, but Mr. Tarkington persisted. 'I believe it is a fact. The business man is not accustomed to do his thinking that way, doesn't concentrate on that sort of thing, but that's all there is to it.'

I objected that for most of us the details and responsibilities of life crowd back the emotions of youth almost beyond recall.

'But the fact that you *do* recall them proves that they are there or you would not recognize them. Only you are not accustomed to bringing them forward.'

Mr. Tarkington explained that his wife had first suggested that he write a story for boys, because, although he did not realize it, he was always joking about them and quoting their sayings. Once started on that line, he found it the easiest and the pleasantest.

'And no doubt,' I said, 'a chance bit of conversation opens for you a whole vista of ideas and emotions.'

'In a way, yes. For example, I heard one of my nephews speak contemptuously of a lad who seemed to me well behaved enough. "What's the matter? Don't you like him?" I asked. "No, I don't," he replied, "they call him the *Little Gentleman*." That gave me an idea for a story. I like to think of my writing as a bit of life that is true rather than as something projected.'

'The reactions of young people must be interesting. No doubt you receive many letters.'

'Yes, I do. A good many young people were insulted by *Seventeen*. I had a letter from a boy in Buffalo who said that I had wronged every person that age and that I didn't know what I was writing about. He, for instance, was seventeen and he went around with a man twenty-one and that week he had lost three dollars matching.'

I asked Mr. Tarkington what he thought of the so-called revolutionists.

'I can't help thinking that they are wrong. It isn't that the whole of life is not worth expressing, but in their insistence on expressing all they emphasize only the disgusting, while some of us still believe in good taste. It is not so bad to try to tell a shocking fact as to try to tell it in a shocking manner. Henry James could say the most awful things and never give offense.'

Asked what books had particularly influenced him, Mr. Tarkington replied:

'Like most men of my age, I loved Stevenson and Barry, then Meredith, James, Howells, and Mark Twain. But the old enthusiasm, the old excitement, does not come. Not that I don't enjoy reading. Last year I picked up a book which pleased me very much, *The South Wind*. The scene was laid on the Island of Capri, where I had lived, and I at once recognized the characters; then looked back and saw that the author was an old friend and neighbor of mine at Capri. He had taken the people whom we both knew, chopped them in two, and fitted the pieces together neatly. I suppose, being a writer myself, I notice that sort of thing.'


**Portable Typewriters**

**Remington—Corona—Underwood**

**At about half the cost of a new machine.**

Rebuilt from bottom to top. Fully guaranteed by a money back offer.—We also sell large rebuilt machines and can take yours in as part payment, or if you prefer a brand new typewriter, we can supply it, too.

*Honor and responsibility have built this business.*

S. ADAM KUNZE, Dept. K,
75 Franklin Street, New York

The Myths of the
NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS

By Lewis Spence, F.R.A.I. Beautifully illustrated with 30 color plates by James Black. An intensely interesting volume of Indian folk tales and legends. A book that will be often perused not only for its fascinating text, but also for its hauntingly beautiful illlustrations.

*$5.00 Postpaid.*

DINGWALL-ROCK, Ltd., 45 W. 45th St., N.Y.C.

*The new and more interesting way to*

**California**

*is via the Scenic*

**GREAT NORTHERN**

Take this Historic Adventure Land route to the Pacific, then down the coast by steamer or rail. See America's most majestic mountains and great rivers. Enjoy the perfect appointments of the de luxe, no extra-fare

See Glacier Park—the Rockies and Cascades in Autumn grandeur—on your way to or from California. Ask about free side trip to Vancouver, B. C.



NEW ORIENTAL LIMITED

Finest train to Pacific Northwest—all steel and specially Pullman equipped.

GREAT NORTHERN

*Mail Coupon*

A. J. Dickinson,
Passenger Traffic Manager
Great Northern Railway, St. Paul, Minn.

Let me have cost and other information about Chicago-California trip via Great Northern.

*Name* _____

*Address* _____

DI-10-2

**GREAT NORTHERN**

**a dependable railway**

# A Chemical Industry

(*Continued from page 5*)

may desire. *Those who talk of solving the farmer's troubles simply by marketing surplus farm products live only for today. We shall be importing large quantities of grain within ten years.*

We cannot overemphasize the importance of our farm products becoming the greatest source of raw materials for American manufacturing plants—second only for the time being to coal tar in importance.

There must be brought together under a single head a vast number of farms covering in extent thousands of square miles. In some of our larger states there may exist, perhaps, several of these groups, centered about some large establishment which we shall term 'an agricultural supply center' or, more briefly, 'an *agricenter.*'

UNDER such a grouping of farms we can picture to ourselves that most desirable of conditions which makes for steady industrial progress, namely, the employment of men of talent who shall direct the researches, economics and finances necessary for successful farming. The single farm is so small a unit that between its intake and output no leeway is permitted for any employment of specialized talent.

Whether the farmers actually hold ownership in these 'agricenters' is of no consequence; they must, however, abide by the decision of those in authority. Seed for planting is to be supplied the farmer and the harvested grain is to be returned at once to the 'agricenter' or to one of its storehouses. Special fertilizers for any particular crop will be supplied with the seed and thus the harvest of a crop of highly desirable quality will be reasonably assured. If a crop fails for any such reason as an act of Providence, the farmer stands to lose nothing but his labor. No outlay of money is at all necessary on the part of the farmer. His entire duty is to cultivate the crops and his profits accrue from the sale of harvested products after the deduction of initial and operating expenses.

The 'agricenters' will determine the quantities of grains to be grown in their respective domains when once they have closed their contracts with the various manufacturers. Apportionment of the required plantings for the individual farmers will be reckoned primarily upon the total acreage submitted by each farmer.

Consideration at all times must be made for reasonable carry-over from season to season of all farm staples to provide against possible crop failure in any one season. The farmer, of course, will further share in whatever excess profits accrue to the 'agricenters' upon such sales of stored staples.

The success of this plan rests entirely upon the character of the organization and the willingness of the agricultural community to abide by the pronouncements of the organization. Men of high character and training alone could ever succeed in such an undertaking.

Thus, at every 'agricenter' we should have a real industrial leader together with lawyers, bankers, botanists, biologists, and chemists in close association. The scheme may appeal as an idle fancy to many but in this form or some variant it is as sure to come as the sun is to rise tomorrow.

What after all is the farmer but an industrialist and we would give him that more definite appellation, the superintendent of a unit in the industry. It is the farmer's duty to bring about the manufacture of products under the direction of those who want the products for further industrial use. The management and scientific authorities at the 'agricenter' simply direct the work of the superintendents (the farmers). The failures, however, on the part of the superintendents must be borne by the organization. And further, by analogy, a number of reverses recorded against any one farmer must necessarily deprive him of his title of superintendent. Even though such a misfit owned a farm, he would be left henceforth to pilot his way alone or, more than likely, he would enter the ranks of the laborers employed by the 'agricenter' and go from farm to farm to assist in crop cultivation and harvesting.

WHAT a pathetic sight to see a reaper in a farmer's possession. Our hearts cry out to heaven, 'Why this curse upon a good man?' The farmer is neither an engineer nor a corrosion expert. He does not need the reaper any more than a score of farmers' families need a hearse. Once a year in use and then given up to disintegrate until the next harvest. The 'agricenters' of the future will own all reapers and complex farming machinery. They will send these implements and the proper crews to the various farms, as occasion demands. Night crews as well as day crews will operate in all communities and provision themselves without recourse to the obsolete, unsanitary and nerve-racking methods now in vogue. The farmers will, of course, aid these crews whenever possible, but always under the direction and employ of the mass harvesting experts. Certainly not less than fifty cents an hour with meals, according to present-day standards of wages, will be paid the members of these crews.

AT EACH 'agricenter' there will be soil and drainage maps of every acre under surveillance. Some small section may indeed be found highly suited for the production of a rare and highly valuable commodity, and possibly the farmers directly concerned need to cultivate only a few acres each to reimburse their exchequers for their annual living expenses. Scientific farming will be rampant, but what is still more important, efficient utilization of products will be triumphant. Today we need not journey far into the farming lands to become disheartened and dismayed at the frightful orgies of organic chemical waste. Agricultural raw material is lying in rotting piles. In Iowa we have seen farmers sitting by the hearth where burned their harvested corn. The farmer and the industrialist have both been to blame; the farmer in that he knew not what to raise, the industrialist in that he knew not what to advise.

The system such as has been described must come from a willingness on the part of the farmers themselves. The coöperative marketing agencies now springing up in America will undoubtedly serve to convince our agriculturists of the need of larger and more powerful organizations.

At this point it will be necessary to call attention to a few farm staples and note their possible uses. Oats is used primarily as a feed for livestock and for the manufacture of cereals. From the hulls about ten per cent by weight of furfural is easily obtainable through a simple steam distillation process. This furfural is already finding a market. From the furfural we shall derive



a large number of chemical compounds of considerable value. Though the hulls constitute but thirty per cent of the weight of the oats, the chemical compounds derivable from this fraction will certainly approach a value equal to that of the remaining seventy per cent of the oat kernels.

Sugar cane has been cultivated primarily for its sugar content, but one-fourth of the total weight of the sugar cane consists of the tops and these may serve admirably for silage. One-fourth of all the sugar cane and sorghum stalks grown in our southern states is now furnishing a by-product for further manufacture. In Louisiana we note the average yield per acre of twenty tons of sugar-cane stalks which, after extraction of the ten per cent sugar content, yield a bagasse capable of giving another ten per cent of the original weight of cane, in the form of dry fiber, even stronger than wood fiber. From this fiber is now manufactured celotex, a kind of board of non-heat-conducting properties, especially suited for the lining of refrigerator-cars and interior walls of buildings. In this connection, we may assume that the stalks of wheat and corn will come into use in the preparation of similar, but coarser, wood substitutes.

OF GREATEST interest in the last few years is the development of the soy bean industry. This bean is distinctly rich in nitrogen. Soy bean oil is used for making lard and butter substitutes, for soaps and for edible oil. It is also used in the making of waterproofing materials, enamels, varnishes, and printing inks. The oil cake is an excellent stock food and finds use further in the manufacture of a flour for man's consumption and for special food for invalids and infants.

Corn gives a great number of products. The germ yields a fine cooking oil (one pound per bushel) and paragol, a substitute for rubber. The germ residue is an excellent cattle food. The starch granules of the corn are convertible to laundry starch (33 pounds per bushel) and already 50,000,000 bushels of corn is diverted into this channel. From this corn starch we derive corn syrup, dextrose and crystalline maltose. This latter is a recent development of the Bureau of Chemistry and is made by mashing starch with malt and allowing the mixture to hydrolize for a week. About twenty-five pounds of sugars can be made from a bushel of fifty-six pounds of corn and a residue of about fifteen pounds of molasses collected.

From the corn-hulls we obtain gluten (14.5 pounds from each bushel). This is a valuable tissue-building food for livestock. From this same source we also obtain phytin, a food containing twenty-one per cent assimilable organic phosphorus, especially valuable for those suffering from nervous disorders. The cobs of the corn, which amount, all told, to 20,000,000 tons of our total crop of 3,000,000,000 bushels, may be made to yield, by simple steam distillation, an adhesive substance valuable as briquetting material and also an appreciable quantity of furfural, previously mentioned in connection with the oat-hulls. From the corn which enters the butyl alcohol industry we obtain per bushel about ten to eleven pounds of solvents made up of about thirty per cent acetone, sixty per cent normal-butyl alcohol and ten per cent ethyl alcohol and certain high-boiling acids, all of which are meeting with increasing demands in the industries. In this fermentation of starch, present in corn to 60 per cent by weight, a large quantity of carbon dioxide and hydrogen in equal volumes is simultaneously evolved. These gases constitute a weight almost twice that of the combined solvents. The remaining 40 per cent, or non-starchy material of the corn left after fermentation, contains 10 per cent of protein and considerable fiber and pentosans. This residual mixture when carefully dried is well adapted as food for stock and will be returned to the farm in ever-increasing proportions. The gaseous hydrogen evolved in these fermentation processes is soon to be employed for the synthesis of ammonia by combination with atmospheric nitrogen and thus is insured a low-priced ammonia. The ammonia in turn may then be made to react with the waste carbon dioxide under pressure to yield urea, one of the most desirable forms of fixed nitrogen for fertilizers.

When we reflect upon the great waste in our corn today—some forty per cent for swine, twenty per cent for horses and mules, fifteen per cent for cattle, and only ten per cent for man and fifteen per cent for manufacture—we know full well that the chemical utilization of this crop is most inefficient. More of the corn must come into fermentation processes and more soy beans must be raised to furnish greater and greater amounts of food for livestock. Those vitamines which are present in the corn and have such beneficial influence upon hogs must be isolated and supplied to the hogs through some medium other than raw corn. The coming utilization of cornstalks in chemical processes will naturally lower the price of the corn grain and it may still be possible to feed livestock with appreciable quantities of corn without encouraging chemical waste.

Worthy of particular attention on the part of southern landowners is the assuredly growing importance of peanut oil. From this oil by hydrogenation an excellent substitute for lard is obtainable. Hogs take particular delight in rooting out the ungarnered peanuts left in the ground. Each acre can thus afford nutriment to fatten thirty hogs up to within three weeks of sale when corn, for the present, must be used to bring the hogs into first-class condition.

Moreover, we must introduce new crops into various parts of the country for cultivation. A Chinese seed, *Aleuritis fordii*, has just recently been planted in Central Florida. From this seed we shall obtain tung oil, especially adapted to high-grade varnishes, paints and linoleums.

UPON poor southern land we shall grow dasheens and yams which yield such large starch crops, particularly adapted for fermentation.

The long-leaf pine is destined to come into prominence by reason of the new developments in the chemistry of turpentine. From the pinene fraction of turpentine, synthetic camphor is now produced abroad at such prices as to make it highly competitive with natural camphor. Whereas the remaining portion of the turpentine by careful halogenation and oxidation yields an excellent substitute for the best quality of linseed oil.

Upon poor northern lands, notably in Michigan, Norway spruce will be planted. In twenty-five years, the spruce will be ready for cutting and shipment to artificial silk plants. With the replacement of young trees for those cut each year, this will give the Michigan farmers something to secure

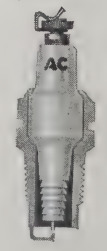
AC
SPEEDOMETER for your car
NOW $10.00



A full size speedometer, registering
*Speed*
*Total Mileage*
*Trip Mileage*

The same as previously sold for $15.00 and used for standard equipment on such cars as Buick, Cadillac, Chrysler, Peerless and many others.

AC 1075 SPARK PLUGS
for your car
NOW 50¢



A better design, a better metal for sparking points, a carbon-proof insulator and many other special features make the AC 1075 a better plug for your engine.

AC Spark Plug Company
FLINT, Michigan
*Makers of AC Spark Plugs*
*AC Speedometers*
*AC Air Cleaners*
*AC Oil Filters*
AC-SPHINX Birmingham ENGLAND
AC-TITAN Levallois-Perret FRANCE

them against failure in other crops. A new waste product in the artificial silk industry is found to possess qualities approaching those of wool; though not so soft to the touch nor of the same warmth, in garment form, these desirable properties will soon be supplied either by admixture with other organic chemical products or with wool itself.

There appears to be no end of possibilities for farm lands. We must, however, introduce a method of cultivation of the right crop on the right soil and this under scientific control. It is appalling to reflect upon the frightful losses in our cotton crop, due primarily to the ravages of the boll weevil. In 1914 the average yield of cotton per acre was 209.2 pounds. In 1923 this yield dropped to 130.6, or a loss represented by 5,000,000 bales of cotton on the acreage planted; practically one-third of the crop possible. Though the average yield of cotton per acre in 1925 rose to 167.2 pounds, the expense incurred in bringing this crop to the market restricts considerably any attractive financial returns to the grower.

WHEN we consider the mounting costs attached to the cultivation of such well-known crops as cotton, we cannot overlook the possible introduction of the culture of weeds or such material inherently resistant to all ravages of disease and insects. It is not beyond hope that common milkweed will more than likely claim the attention of our organic chemical manufacturers. And certainly the expense of its cultivation cannot be appreciable. Such weeds will be grown primarily for their plant juices and secondarily for linters and cellulose. The Jerusalem artichoke (*Helianthus tuberosus*), or the sunflower that grows wild on western lands, will soon be domesticated and diverted into chemical manufacture. The War Food Committee of the Royal Society of Great Britain reported this plant as capable of producing the greatest amount of food per acre. It can be grown on waste land and without cultivation. The average yield per acre may be made to approach twenty tons, whereas the Irish potato yields not more than three tons per acre. Freezing does not affect the tubers; hence they may be left in the ground until needed. These tubers contain a carbohydrate known as inulin, a product hydrolyzable into levulose or fructose, with a yield amounting to ten or twelve per cent of the weight of the tuber. This fructose is fifty per cent sweeter than ordinary sugar and its preparation in pure crystalline form has just been completed by investigators at the Bureau of Standards. Although this sugar is somewhat deliquescent, this need not interfere with many of its possible uses. When fermented the carbohydrates of the artichoke yield alcohol and acetone, but this fermenting proceeds somewhat more slowly than in the ordinary fermentation of glucose. The artichoke may also be used as food in the same manner as potatoes and the seeds undoubtedly will find a market for the production of oils and meal.

The adaptation of all sorts of agricultural waste to a multiplicity of uses has only just begun. There are as many possibilities ahead of this enterprise as there were a century ago for the utilization of coal tar. This statement may seem utterly absurd to the layman, but to the chemist it is a certainty.

When an end has been made of agricultural waste, recourse will be directed to those final wastes of all chemical plants, carbon dioxide and carbon monoxide. Modern chemistry already hails this as the inauguration of a new era in organic chemical manufacture.

The analogy between farm and organic chemical plant is certainly obvious. We should not, however, overlook that apparent discrepancy in the analogy which concerns the processing time periods. In the plant a process may require several weeks, sometimes several hours, for completion. Whereas upon the farm the active growing period extends from thirty to ninety days and after the harvest the rest of the twelve months finds the farmer with a closed-down plant.

The organic chemical manufacturer was once just as seriously handicapped by unusual and long-time processes. Operating and overhead charges retarded any real progress in his competition with nature. But the working up of by-products and the installation of co-products gave him at last his opportunity.

The agriculturist has only to adopt these same methods. The co-production of cellulose and allied compounds through long-time processes, as, for example, the growing of trees, will serve in a similar manner to cut down the overhead and operating charges on the farm. In fact, the latter item may become practically nil. The relative time factors—three months for a crop to twenty years for tree growth—obtains only at the inception of the enterprise. The actual ratio will more nearly approach three months to two years in northern climes when the system is well under way. However, in arboriculture the farmer must not expect to reap much greater quantities of cellulose than about 50 cubic feet or 1,500 pounds a year an acre.

When appreciable portions of our farms are given over to the development of co-products, naturally there will remain less acreage for main products, but here again just the farmers follow the men in the plants. Increased use of fertilizer, a thousand pounds an acre, and intensive cultivation of the rich soil will make for abundant crops of desired quality and more handsome profits. Main products must be pushed to the limit if we would cut down operating expenses. The actual growing period now required for a given crop will be materially shortened as time goes on. Already we have at hand certain chemical methods for treatment of seeds that will reduce the germination period by twenty-five per cent.

IT IS these future developments in the chemical adaptation of cellulose that bring us directly to the crux of the entire problem of agriculture. If those who strive for publicity in solving the farmer's troubles could only read the signs of the times, if they could only look upon this chemical world from a chemical point of view and educate themselves to comprehend what chemical science is doing, these men might then lend a hand that would actually help.

Farmers all about us industriously pursue their time-worn practices. All fared well until this modern era of cellulose chemistry began to reveal itself. Now impending disaster stares these good men in the face. Certain politicians clamor loudly for some sort of price-fixing for farm products. What possible help will price-fixing bring? The farmer is primarily a manufacturer of carbohydrates, and that particular form known as cellulose which comprises the large portion of his forests and the waste from grains is positively going directly from nature into our manufacturing establishments and will soon drive from the market all higher-priced cellulose which the farmer has been taught to raise from time immemorial.

Cotton, for example, consists of ninety-six to ninety-seven per cent pure cellulose and brings a price of about eighteen cents a pound. Norway spruce when subjected to special treatment is delivered today as a ninety-four to ninety-five per cent pure cellulose at the price of five and one-half cents a pound. From this spruce fiber the best of artificial silk can be made. Even the waste cotton linters at 4 cents a pound cannot be brought into a proper state of purity at a price as low as spruce fiber.

Nature has been extraordinarily kind to man and is continually endeavoring to afford him a better and better living. The chemists are diverting all of nature's waste into useful products for man's consumption and now must demand of nature her cheapest raw materials that can be worked to this end. Those products which mother earth supplies with little or no cost will form the basis of many of the chemical transformations yet to be inaugurated. The farmers, therefore, are left with these three classes of activity, arboriculture for cellulose, animal husbandry for protein and milk, and the growing of highly valuable organic staples, chemically adaptable in the most diversified directions. Food and raiment will be manufactured in the manner of by-products and the agriculturist, acquitted of his millennium-old duties, will join the ranks of the organic chemical manufacturers in their never-ending inventions.

# Why Half the People Do Not Vote

(*Concluded from page 2*)

form. The party next gets it past one branch of Congress while it sticks in the other. Perhaps in a few more years it passes both branches of Congress only to be vetoed by the President. Under the next administration it may pass both houses of Congress and be signed by the President only to be declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court.

By the time the measure has been trimmed to suit the court and passed again by Congress and approved by the President the situation that at first made the measure seem desirable may have so altered that it does not fit the occasion. It can be altered, of course, but meanwhile there has been a great deal of costly delay. The head of a business would have made a move of equal relative importance and put it into effect in a short time.

Keep this fact of human nature always well in mind: Human beings are usually much better judges of what they do not want than of what they do want. They seldom mistake a wrong, but often overlook what would be a benefit. They are very capable of saying what they would dislike but oftentimes utterly incompetent to determine what should be done. They are incompetent because they are not experts in the management of industry, in finance, and many other matters with which government has to deal.

# Ye Knife—Ye Forke—Ye Spoone

(*Concluded from page 8*)

to the Egyptian spoon for getting the marrow out of bones; this was made in England with a long slender bowl and sometimes a groove in the handle to be used for smaller bones. It must have been an interesting sight to see tnese marrow-spoons in operation at a great feast, each guest with a bone. What a fine scene for a 'movie'!

'Spooning,' in the modern sense, was first employed in England, probably being derived from the use of the noun 'spoon,' or a 'spoony,' for a simpleton, or, as the serious *New English Dictionary* says, a 'noodle.'

In the Stone Age man learned that a cutting edge could be placed on flint or stone to make a serviceable tool. In a later age bronze was used.

In general an instrument frequently resembling a butcher's meat axe was used to prepare pieces of meat of a size convenient to fit the hand. Greeks and Romans, even in the days of luxury, ate with their fingers.

The finger bowl was essential, and servants passed towels and bowls with perfumed water after each meat course. Occasionally a Roman tried the dubious experiment of eating with a knife. On ancient monuments some of these innovators have been depicted with knife in hand conveying a morsel to the mouth in a manner distinctly contrary to Hoyle.

The fork best known to the ancients was the pitchfork, and it was many years before a miniature edition for use at the table was conceived. However, large two-tined forks to assist in preparation of food were used by the Romans, but did not develop further. A skewer was used in early England, and in the *Boke of Curtasye*, the guest is instructed 'not to pick his teeth with his knife nor with a straw or stick,' which seems reasonable.

The table-fork appears to have been invented about a thousand years ago in Italy, for in the year 1060 Cardinal Pretro Damiani preached a sermon against the unholy use of this new instrument, a symbol of luxury. Did not the Almighty give to man five fingers on each hand? Why then use a pronged tool, flouting nature? But the wicked Italians continued to use this instrument, even making it of silver and of gold.



Queen Elizabeth was the proud possessor of two forks, and soon the instrument threatened the table manners of the Britons. In England also, sermons were preached against the custom as 'an insult to Providence not to touch one's meat with one's fingers.' However, Ben Jonson, in his work with the interesting title, *The Divell Is an Asse*, hit the nail on the head when he said that forks were 'brought into custom here, as they are in Italy, to the saving of napkins.' Smaller laundry bills made forks popular.

Two-tined forks were the rule until the opening of the 18th Century when it became possible, but not correct, to eat peas with a fork. However, at this time, the knife was remodeled with an enlarged hollowed end so as to serve a fair mouthful of such elusive food.

In early English a knife was called a 'whittle'; hence our term 'whittling.' The Latin word was 'cutter,' which gives us 'cutlery.'

Sheffield appeared upon the map with fine steel in the 14th Century, and from that time knives and forks largely came from England.



For centuries forks and spoons were rather rare. The great Montaigne in 1580 expressed his astonishment at the Swiss table provided with a spoon for each person.

In wills of the time of Shakespeare spoons and forks are commonly mentioned, being listed with the jewels.

'Fingers were made before forks,' is certainly a truthful statement, and it took many centuries for man to acquire the habit of interposing such instruments between himself and the tempting morsels given by nature and embellished by the cooks.





FREE

140-page Book full of life-size ruled forms, each one completely filled in. The answer to problems of accounting and record keeping for any business or profession.

*Send for this FREE Book today*

John C. Moore Corporation
(*Established 1839*)
3099 Stone St., Rochester, N.Y.

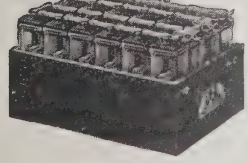
MOORE'S LOOSE LEAF SYSTEMS
Used In 300,000 Offices
Ask about the New
MOORE'S VISIBLE RECORDS

A Permanent File for copies of *THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT*. Holds 26 copies. Stiff covers, cloth covered.
Price $1.75, Postpaid
DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan.

USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL




USL "A" Battery



USL "B" Battery

Unfailing Power for Your Radio

BRING your radio up to its peak of performance by giving it the steady, reliable flow of power which USL radio "A" and "B" storage batteries deliver.

USL "A" STORAGE BATTERIES are assembled in durable one-piece containers, are high in capacity and are economical because they will give years of service.

USL "B" STORAGE BATTERIES deliver the noiseless "B" power so necessary for clear radio reception. They are decidedly economical because they are rechargeable and will last for years.

USL has built batteries for 27 years—MILLIONS of them—and USL dependability has pleased millions of users.

Ask your local USL service man the correct type and size of batteries which will give best results with your particular radio set.

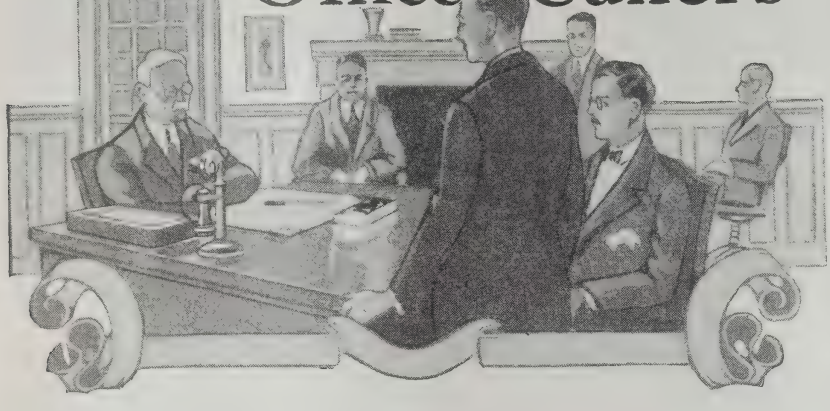
U. S. Light & Heat Corporation, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

USL Pacific Coast Factory Oakland, Cal.
USL Canadian Factory Niagara Falls, Ontario
USL Australian Factory Sydney, N. S. W.

USL AUTO and RADIO Batteries

USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL USL

# Chats *with* Office Callers



***The Faddist*** came in. He had a roll of music in manuscript and expounded at length on the music of the future, but was at a loss when someone asked him what the music of the future had to do with the present, and if it were for the future why not leave it until then. But he had a certain pleasantness about him nevertheless, and, on leaving, presented us with a copy of part of a futuristic opera as composed by a gentleman named Antheil. The orchestration was this: Voice through an electric amplifier; sixteen electric pianos controlled from a switchboard; eight xylophones; a battery of amplified phonographs; four bass drums; four electric buzzers; four pieces of steel; a buzzing electric motor. The comfortable and uplifting reflection is that we live in the present.

❦ ❦ ❦

***The old Irishman*** who dropped in was stuffed full of tales. He had been a hard case in his day, but the hero had passed into the saint with the years. Interested because of the news of the release of the Sinn Fein prisoners in Belfast, he told of Fenian activities, of the Invincibles, of the fire-eater named O'Donovan Rossa whose idea it was to dynamite buildings by way of reforming men. And he had a soft spot in his heart for Parnell who set himself to paralyze the legislative efficiency of the English Parliament. Once, he said, he asked Parnell how he came to acquire his extraordinary knowledge of the rules of the House. The Irish leader's reply was, 'By breaking them, of course!'

❦ ❦ ❦

Then there was ***an Ancient Mariner,*** a ship captain with a face like mahogany, and a farseeing eye. He seemed to have been everywhere, to have seen everything, to have read everything worth reading. About literature he was emphatic, waxing almost oracular. 'Sir,' said he, referring to Dreiser and his popularity, 'I have read, or tried to read something of the man. But he is dull. His success is a triumph of ineptitude over ability. Posterity will forget his name utterly. But Conrad—there's a man for you! He is the seaman's favorite. On my last trip his *Youth* and his *Victory* were read to rags and tatters.'

***The Man from the West*** had much to say about the singing of so-called cowboy ballads, holding that the proper way to render them was in a sort of easy-going way, with long rests between lines, with a dwelling upon certain words, and without musical accompaniment. 'Cowboys don't carry pianos with them,' he said, 'so why get things out of focus by trying to sing the songs as they are never sung?' Nor could he refrain from a certain indignation when someone said something about cowboys singing cowboy songs. 'Why should they?' he asked. 'Do you editors start work at sunup with songs about printing? Does the trainman chant about his locomotive? Does your wife go about singing of the delights of dishwashing? A cowboy is as likely to sing a hymn, or an old-fashioned ballad, or a sea song, or anything that comes into his head. But believe me, he is sick and tired of songs about Dying Cowboys and Trappers' Laments.' Then he told a tale of a patronizing kind of man who went to Uvalde County to get material for a novel. To the camp cook he said: 'I like this free and open country. I suppose I can get pure ozone here.' 'No you can't,' said the cook. 'There ain't a bootlegger in the county.'

❦ ❦ ❦

One man told the story of his visit with ***a Film Censor*** who disposed himself comfortably in a morris chair then went to sleep until the operator woke him when the reel had been run off. He spoke of the amount of sickly sentimentalism in film stories. He also spoke of the appalling amount of bloodshed, the hairbreadth escapes from most desperate dangers by feats of superhuman valor, and the impossible way in which screen heroes slew enemies right and left. In his opinion, most of our modern film stories were not at all different from the blood-and-thunder weeklies in which boys delighted forty years ago. But, in what Don Seitz called the Dreadful Decade, that kind of thing engaged boys and boys only, while nowadays grown men and women enjoy them. That, with all our advancement, adults should still find enjoyment in glorification of the brutal passions seemed odd to him. In fact, he said, in spite of all efforts to lift the popular taste, things were much of a muchness with the old days when in popular novels the villain had to be foiled, the hero had to triumph and the lovers had to be united.

❦ ❦ ❦

***A Book Reviewer*** who often writes for the New York *Herald Tribune* spoke of Stuart P. Sherman, that newspaper's noted critic, who died so recently. He regarded Sherman as a man who had had the advantage of a disciplinary education. His work rested on real research and patient labor, and personally he was a man of amiable and attractive character. Scholarship had broadened him and he did much to widen the artistic horizon of his time. In criticism he possessed a special and unique gift. Not the least of his gifts was that he knew how to surround himself with good men to whom he gave a free hand, so that a zest and pungency pervaded the columns of his paper.

❦ ❦ ❦

A Dumas story was recalled by ***the Writer.*** An interviewer went to the older Dumas with this question: 'You are an octoroon, I believe, Mr. Dumas?' 'Certainly,' answered the novelist. 'And your father?' 'He was a quadroon, naturally.' 'And his father?' 'A mulatto, sir, a mulatto!' 'And his father?' 'A negro, of course!' 'Might I ask what his father was?' 'An ape, sir!' roared Dumas. 'My pedigree ends where yours begins.'

❦ ❦ ❦

And there was ***the Man from Africa,*** from Rhodesia, to be exact. His talk was not of diamonds or gold or wealth or well-appointed houses, but of the man who opened Africa, David Livingstone. The tale he told of the explorer was of breath-taking interest, and the marvelous thing was that flesh and blood could have done so much by sheer pluck and endurance and persistence. But very clearly and distinctly he saw his goal and marched to it, his unselfish love his weapon, his gentleness his armor. Nor was there in his trail either wastefulness or destruction. Yet by his efforts Africa was opened for those who are developing it today.

❦ ❦ ❦

***The Man from the Ozarks*** mentioned the Strange Case of Mr. Roger Dodsworth, which, a hundred years ago served to delight those agog for a new sensation. For, the newspaper report had it that in July, 1826, a Swiss came upon the body of a man embedded in ice, on Mount St. Gothard. A Dr. James Hotham took matters in hand and 'treated the patient in the manner customary with cases of suffocation,' whereupon, 'what was the astonishment of everybody when the individual, having recovered the use of his faculties, declared that he was Roger Dodsworth, son of the antiquary of the same name, born in 1629, who, returning from Italy in 1660, a year after the death of his father, was buried under an avalanche.'

Which called to mind another famous hoax by which some hardened offender led a confiding public to believe that at Pompeii in 1811, workmen found in a sarcophagus a human body, which, 'on being exposed to the air, exhibited in the arms, legs and throat those convulsive movements which are observable in those subjected after recent death to the operation of galvanic shocks.'




# Can You Tell Me?

QUESTION: Does the United States have a border patrol to prevent the smuggling of immigrants across the borders of Mexico and Canada?

ANSWER: Yes. In the 1925 Appropriations Act for the Department of Labor $1,000,000 was appropriated for that purpose; but it is probably not working up to 100 per cent efficiency, as it is largely in its infancy and they have a difficult problem. The appropriation was hardly sufficient to provide an adequate force to handle the situation.

ǂ ǂ ǂ

QUESTION: How many immigrants have entered the United States within the last twenty-five years?

ANSWER: The annual Report of the Commissioner General of Immigration for 1925 states that for 27 years, 1899-1925, there was a total entry of 17,930,397.

ǂ ǂ ǂ

QUESTION: How were they classified as to race or people, in what percentage?

ANSWER: They were divided as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| African (black) | 135,810 |
| Armenian | 76,705 |
| Bohemian and Moravian (Czech) | 161,152 |
| Bulgarian, Serbian and Montenegrin | 165,509 |
| Chinese | 60,800 |
| Croatian and Slovenian | 485,899 |
| Cuban | 77,940 |
| Dalmatian, Bosnian, and Herzegovinian | 52,186 |
| Dutch and Flemish | 209,099 |
| East Indian | 8,279 |
| English | 1,118,239 |
| Finnish | 227,611 |
| French | 438,484 |
| German | 1,370,829 |
| Greek | 501,531 |
| Hebrew | 1,848,167 |
| Irish | 851,423 |
| Italian (North) | 607,319 |
| Italian (South) | 3,220,963 |
| Japanese | 261,174 |
| Korean | 9,240 |
| Lithuanian | 263,606 |
| Magyar | 492,916 |
| Mexican | 479,443 |
| Pacific Islander | 1,158 |
| Polish | 1,486,552 |
| Portuguese | 186,964 |
| Rumanian | 148,642 |
| Russian | 260,210 |
| Ruthenian (Russniak) | 266,145 |
| Scandinavian (Norwegians, Danes and Swedes) | 976,454 |
| Scotch | 468,675 |
| Slovak | 537,531 |
| Spanish | 191,109 |
| Spanish American | 43,748 |
| Syrian | 102,709 |
| Turkish | 22,113 |
| Welsh | 44,259 |
| West Indian (except Cuban) | 29,582 |
| Other peoples | 40,222 |

QUESTION: What state spends the most money, per capita, on education?

ANSWER: Montana is alleged to have that distinction.

ǂ ǂ ǂ

QUESTION: Are the prohibition laws of the United States in force in Porto Rico?

ANSWER: Yes; both the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act.

ǂ ǂ ǂ

QUESTION: How many immigrants were admitted to the United States last year?

ANSWER: For the fiscal year ended June 30, 1925, a total of 294,314 immigrant aliens were admitted.

*In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and kindred matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.*

QUESTION: How many ships are there in the American Merchant Marine, operated by the United States Government, and what is the total tonnage?

ANSWER: The United States Shipping Board operates 1,005 ships, with a gross tonnage of 5,106,800 tons. Less than thirty-five per cent of this fleet is now in active service.

ǂ ǂ ǂ

QUESTION: Why doesn't the Government take some action against advertisers who offer fake medical preparations to reduce weight?

ANSWER: The Post Office Department is exercising the utmost vigilance in suppressing such dangerous quacks. Orders for fraud have been issued recently against the advertising of two reducing soaps, a reducing gum, and a reducing bath salts. The Post Office Department is overburdened with such fraud investigations and the mere fact that advertisers of this sort continue to flourish does not indicate that they are approved. Our Government hasn't had time to get around to all of them yet.

ǂ ǂ ǂ

QUESTION: How many colleges, universities and professional schools are there in this country and what is their total enrollment?

ANSWER: There are 900 colleges, universities and professional schools, having an enrollment of 700,000 students. Of this number 450,000 are men and 250,000 are women.

QUESTION: Can old automobile tires be reclaimed and the rubber used in the manufacture of new ones?

ANSWER: The Bureau of Standards has been making a thorough investigation of this question. Many manufacturers because of the high cost of new rubber have been doing considerable experimental work along this line. The results of the Bureau of Standards' investigation are contained in Technologic Paper No. 294, entitled, *Wearing Qualities of Tire Tread as Influenced by Reclaimed Rubber.* This may be obtained for five cents a copy from the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.

ǂ ǂ ǂ

QUESTION: Our class has had some discussion as to the wealth of the United States. Could you give us some figures which will set this forth?

ANSWER: The United States holds about 45 per cent of the world's monetary gold holdings. The New York Stock Exchange lists 70 billion dollars' worth of securities. The crops of the nation are worth 12 billion dollars each year. The wealth of the country in 1924 was estimated at 320 billion dollars. The income of the people of the country is around 80 billion annually. The annual tax bill of the United States is nearly eight billion dollars. The banking power of the nation is estimated at 62 billion dollars and bank clearings run at the rate of ten billion dollars a week. These statistics probably give you the figures you desire.

ǂ ǂ ǂ

QUESTION: Why doesn't the Federal Government make a thorough survey of traffic congestion in our large cities? This has become a national problem.

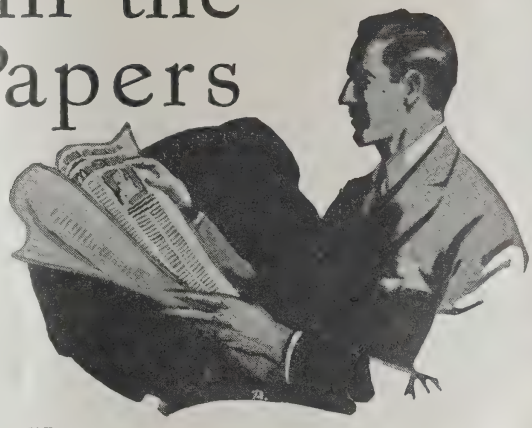
ANSWER: The Domestic Commerce Division of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce has made such a study and published a report as *Trade Information Bulletin No. 394.* This may be obtained from the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, Washington, D. C., and is free of charge. The report deals with the decentralization of business which tends to alleviate traffic congestion through the establishment of shops outside the congested areas.

ǂ ǂ ǂ

QUESTION: Is divorce increasing in the United States or is the reported greater number due to an increasing population?

ANSWER: Divorce is on the increase both as compared to the total population and to the married population. In 1870 the divorces per 1,000 total population was .28; married population, .81. In 1880 the figures were .39 and 1.07. In 1916, 1.13 and 2.81, while in 1923 the latest available figures showed 1.49 divorces per 1,000 persons and 3.6 divorces per 1,000 married persons.

# I Read in the Papers



M. Loewenstein, Belgian banker, set the world by the ears when he offered a few days ago to lend his government $50,000,000 for two years without interest. At first blush it seemed as though a patriotic, benevolent and exceedingly wealthy individual had come forward to the aid of his country without hope of profit, guided solely by dictates of the soul. But now the proposition takes on a different guise. What, asks the world, does M. Loewenstein hope to get out of it? Who will help him get this fund together? The answer comes forth at once. American capital and capitalists are behind him, of course, seeking to tighten an already insidious clutch upon the resources of a debt-ridden nation.

*M. Loewenstein Makes an Offer*

News dispatches indicate that the proposal will be rejected, although some writers purport to have uncovered a gigantic undertaking which would involve a large loan to France as well as to Belgium. The trail of the familiar 'octopus' is traced all around and over the project—the same slimy creature which figured so largely in American muckraking days of old. The money would not draw interest, direct, but, as described in cabled reports, would be exchanged for certain privileges, monopolistic in character, of a sort to give a huge trust control of particular industries.

The thing verges on the fantastic. Imagine a program which for so paltry a sum as $50,000,000 would provide the lender with control of the telegraph and telephone systems, electric power exploitation, silk, or coal, or iron of any highly industrialized nation. And, as announced, the loan would be only for two years, a term too short for any comprehensive development of a true trust idea. Were it not for the fact that M. Loewenstein stands as a responsible figure in Belgian banking, the proposition would be received as an empty gesture against a background of publicity with a purpose not clear.

There must, however, be considerable more substance to the scheme than that. Just what it may be cannot be determined as yet, but commentators who seek to separate economic incidents from their frequently accompanying non-economic elements sense an internal business contest behind the scenes. In other words, they feel that the $50,000,000 offer must be merely the bait for some far greater undertaking which keen Belgian minds are striving to complete. The dénouement ought to be interesting. —*The Wall Street News.*

The province of Quebec makes a square yard of concrete road out of the profits from every quart of liquor sold to American bootleggers. American highways, however, are still paved with good intentions.—Kansas City *Times.*

A new opera is exciting the people of Budapest, with flapdoodle on the part of critics who take it seriously. It is the monkey opera, a burlesque and a satire, and no more to be taken seriously than *Gulliver's Travels.* The author, Ferene Herozeg, ironically suggests the inferiority of men to apes. The hero of the play is Vanno, a jungle ape, who, having seen some modernistic cutting-up in human society, comes to the conclusion that a self-respecting monkey would not desire the company of human beings. On that theme the author hangs much pungent criticism of latter-day silliness somewhat in the manner of Swift in dealing with his Houyhnhnms, where horses are civilized and human beings as Yahoos are despicable and brutish. But the critics seem to have overlooked the allegory.

*That Monkey Opera in Budapest*

A military expert predicts that the next war will be fought by wireless. From what we heard the other night we had the impression that it had started.—*Punch.*

The common opinion that chess first came from China is incorrect, according to experts who have been delving into the origin of the game for the past sixty years. The game originated in India—northern or central—probably before A. D. 600. The game was well known throughout the whole of India, with the exception of the southern provinces, and in Persia in the latter part of the Sixth Century. The oldest references to the game are found in Persian and Indian literature soon after A. D. 600, while no Chinese manuscripts mention the game until the Eighth Century. It is true that there are references of much earlier date, to games played on boards or tables, one as far back as the time of Confucius, and these names have been erroneously translated as chess.

*Chess Comes From India Not From China*

Some Chinese scholars agree that the game came to China from India not earlier than the Sixth Century. The game was greatly altered by the early Chinese players. Pope translates Homer's lines, 'At chess they vie, to captivate the queen.' But the Grecian game was a kind of checkers played with small stones, and there was no queen, which piece was adapted in Europe in the Ninth Century. There has never been any female piece of any kind in the Asiatic game.

Persian records show that the game was introduced into that country from India in the middle of the Sixth Century, and it is evident from all accounts that the Near East had no records of the game in the Fifth Century and the Arabians had none before their conquest of Persia in the latter part of the Seventh Century. The first records of the game in the Western world are in the Eighth Century when the game was played in Southern Europe, coming to England in the Eleventh Century. The present game with its rules dates from 1490.

The United States having helped make the world safe for democracy, the grateful world will now help make the United States safe for prohibition.—Toronto *Mail and Empire.*

A tidal wave has destroyed Palmerston Island.

In 1862, William Marsters, who had polygamous notions, collected a few Polynesian wives and settled on the island. Today his descendants number more than a hundred, and the tidal wave which swept the island has reduced them to a primitive mode of life.

*Men Who Would Be Kings*

Marsters was not the only self-appointed king. Swain's Island, 200 miles from Samoa, has its King Jennings, an American, the grandson of one Eli Jennings, who settled there in the middle of the 19th Century with the daughter of a Samoan chief as wife. The present population is seventy. Another similar case is that of the Cocos Islands in the Indian Ocean, and their monarchs, Ross and Hare. Ross ruled like an Oriental potentate, from 1825 to 1854, with harem, musicians, courtiers and slaves. Then there is Sarawak, ruled by the Brooke family and formally recognized by King Edward VII.

Coming to modern instances, there are reports that Josef Djugashvili, man of mystery, has appeared in Russia, and his expectation is to master affairs by efficiency and successful administration, perhaps achieve imperial mastery.

A New York man has invented a hat which is secured to the head by means of suction. Judging by the films, the American detective has always worn this sort.—London *Opinion.*

From Prague comes the news of the discovery of a 20,000-year-old mammoth found on the River Amur in Eastern Siberia, the first complete mammoth discovered. But there's nothing new in this, for in 1799 a complete mammoth was seen in Siberian ice, flesh and hair and bones, and the hunters fed their dogs on its flesh. Also in 1803, the skeleton of one was found in Harwich, England.

*The Old and the New*

Again, as evidence of the antiquity of the new there is this: In France, during the Directoire period women had their hair bobbed and it was said that long hair had gone forever. The fashion was known as *La Titus.* But as bobbed hair offered little in the way of change, the bob was succeeded by the close clip in the knave of hearts style as popular today; and after that, in Napoleonic days, feminine again became feminine, so curls and ringlets were the rage. Whereupon Marie Antoinette's modiste said this: 'Fashions are always changing, and the new one is merely one that is old enough to have been forgotten.'



# Briefly Told



JAPAN HAS CASTE AS well as India. The *eta* consists of 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 persons who are untouchables, or pariahs, tainted not by disease but by the misfortune of having been born into the lowest caste.

A MEMBER OF THE British Parliament declares he will ask his government to furnish every man, woman and child with a gas mask and to establish classes for instruction in its use. He believes this precaution will be essential for the next war.

THE DEAD SEA is highly impregnated with mineral matter and the bather can float easily. He finds difficulty in swimming, however, as his feet tend to fly up out of the water.

THERE ARE ABOUT 70,000 buses in the United States, operated by 5,800 companies over 22,850 routes.

THE WORD STARBOARD comes from the old Saxon *steorboard—steor* meaning either rudder or steer, and *board*, side. Starboard gets its present meaning from the time when vessels were steered by a paddle or sweep worked from the right side.



MORE THAN FOUR HUNDRED tramps, recently arrested in New Orleans, were put to work cleaning the streets.

THE PERCENTAGE OF SAFETY in airplane travel in Germany during 1925, according to official statistics, was 99.997. During the first eight months of 1926 not a passenger on the seventy-five airplane routes of that country was injured.

IN LAKE MAGADI, Kenya Colony, Africa, there is a stretch of water fifteen miles long by four miles broad, which appears to be frozen even at the height of summer. Carbonate of soda crystals cover the lake's surface and are so thick in spots that they will bear a man's weight.

ANCIENT CAVEMEN STOOD at narrow entrances to caves and as bears rushed out, they cracked them on the nose with heavy clubs. The bears thus stunned were easily killed. Bones recently found gave the clue to the old pastime.

DIOGENES, FAMED FOR centuries as the searcher after truth, has come down to our generation under the shadow of a lie, modern researchers declare. He never lived in a tub at all. The allusion was made by a biographer, who remarked that a man so crabbed 'ought to live in a tub, like a dog.'

SO LARGE A CROWD of the curious gathered when a butterfly put in appearance at 42nd Street and Lexington Avenue, New York, that police reserves had to be called to control the situation.

A CABLE SHIP HAS DISCOVERED that the bed of the Atlantic Ocean near St. Helena has risen two miles in the past twenty-five years.



THE ARMY MULE IS still an integral part of the United States Army, the War Department having recently set aside $20,000 for the purchase of these worthy animals at $165 a head.

GOVERNMENT EMPLOYES traveling at Government expense are allowed to tip waiters not more than sixty cents a day, and bell boys not more than thirty cents.

HIRED MOURNERS IN Mesopotamia pull out their hair to demonstrate the genuineness of their grief.

A MADRID NEWSPAPER has offered $7,600 to any person who can write an article convincing an international court of arbitration that Columbus was Spanish by birth.

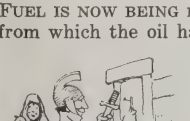
UNTIL THEY WERE contaminated by contact with the white man's civilization, the Zulus were the most healthy people in the world, according to Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, noted British surgeon.

THE UNITED STATES ARMY, during the past fiscal year, sold rags, rubber, tin cans, bottles and other junk valued at more than a million dollars.

BERLIN HAS MORE THAN two hundred beekeepers who have more than three thousand hives on the flat roofs of buildings.

NAP ON SILK HATS often comes from the fiber of milkweed.

FUEL IS NOW BEING made from raisin seeds from which the oil has been extracted.



IN MODERN TIMES WE hang symbols of death on our doors. Ancient folk advertised births in the same way. In Greece an olive wreath was hung on the outer door if the new-born child was a boy, and a wooden fillet if a girl.

THE JORDAN RIVER IN Palestine has never been navigable. No important towns exist along its banks and it empties into a salty inland sea. Its valley was the Wilderness of Hebrew times, and today is thickly forested.

DENSE FORESTS ONCE grew on the Sahara Desert and a race of people who subsisted by hunting and tilling the soil lived there, a University of Chicago professor declares.

FOURTEEN PER CENT OF the students in women's colleges work their way through school, a survey indicates.

THE BUZZING OF A COMMON housefly has a distinct musical quality, the vibration of the wings producing the note F.

ORNAMENTAL SUSPENDERS are the latest fashion fad in London, reviving an old-time custom. Pictures are stenciled or woven on the shoulder straps.

AN OIL COMPANY IN Mexico uses an airplane to transport its pay rolls, thus foiling bandits. More than $25,000,000 has been carried safely.

THE SKELETONS OF A dozen gigantic eels, fifty to seventy-five feet in length, were recently unearthed in an ancient sea bed in Wyoming. The eels bore resemblance to the fabled sea serpent.



NIGHT WATCHMEN IN Japanese cities carry two blocks of wood which they clap together to warn the citizens to be careful of fire.

THE AVERAGE INDIVIDUAL consumption of milk in the United States last year was 1.2 pints a day.

IN ITS BRIEF LIFETIME the silkworm spins about 4,000 yards of thread.

IT IS ESTIMATED that there are more than 20,000,000 blind persons in the world.

'NO ROOM TO SWING A CAT,' is an old naval phrase which does not refer to a feline. It was first applied to the confined space between decks on the old men-o'-war, which was so cramped that there was no room for the boson's mate to swing a cat-o'-nine-tails when administering floggings.

QUEENS OF SOME SPECIES of ants live fifteen years and longer, the workers living four or five years.

FARM FIRE LOSSES IN the United States in 1925 totaled $150,000,000, an increase of 65 per cent over 1920.

A COURSE IN PHYSICAL education is required by law in the schools of thirty-five states.



# NOTES · COMMENTS CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses the failure of finance to perform the service which it professes to give the world.

---

Many people have discussed farm problems; few have advanced remedies of real merit. Most of the proferred panaceas have been temporary expedients—price-fixing, curtailed production, and the like. Here's an expert who presents a new solution in a new way. (p. 4)

---

William J. Hale is chairman of the Division of Chemistry and Chemical Technology of the National Research Council. He is noted as a chemist, holds degrees from American and European universities, has studied agriculture here and abroad, was formerly professor at the University of Michigan. He is the author of many books and magazine articles, and a number of chemists' societies here and abroad. His plan has been received with enthusiasm by chemists and agricultural experts throughout the country. (p. 4)

---

Science provides the key. Organic chemistry can transform farm products now discarded as waste into valuable commodities. By utilizing oat hulls, cornstalks, sugar cane tops, wheat straw and similar things it can double the return from agricultural produce. Not only will the new system increase the farmer's profits, declares Dr. Hale; it will lower the cost of food to the consumer. The article is an interesting outline of what might be termed the *new agriculture*. (p. 4)

---

AGRICULTURE quite naturally suggests birds. And few persons write so delightfully on birds as does S. F. Aaron, the Pennsylvania naturalist. His story on 'winged waves'—the migratory tendencies of birds—is sure to appeal to you. (p. 14)

---

There's an intriguing title to Allan L. Benson's story—*Why Half the People Do Not Vote*. The article bears out the title. We have seen many explanations as to why American citizens disfranchise themselves by refusing to go to the polls, but none so lucid or comprehensive as this. It gives some new thoughts on politics. (p. 1)

---

Suppose a month from now you could register your direct opinion on the World Court, on war debts, on taxation—and have that vote immediately effective! Would you go to the polls or would you stay home? (p. 1)

---

From Willard Cooper, New London, Connecticut: THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT contains too many amateurish, journalistic articles of Americans. Most of these things are obvious, few are scholarly.

---

From A. A. Robinson, Loma, Colorado: THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT is a trifle too serious. Suited, I might say, to the ultra-brainy. Come down out of the air just a wee bit and be one of us. Please publish a little poem. It will aid digestion of the more heavy features, and a page of jokes by all means. 'Chats with Office Callers' is very fine. Shows the editor has a human side.

---

From J. C. Bierbower, Lampasas, Texas: I find in the third column of Briefly Told (issue of August 18) that you are in error in calling the fort that defended Baltimore during the War of 1812 'Fort Henry.' Its proper name is Fort McHenry.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Bierbower is, of course, correct. Ours was a typographical error.]

---

From Charles E. Collins, Kit Carson, Colorado: You should devote space and effort to studying the farm problem. The present financial condition of our farmers is the most serious problem confronting the nation at this time. The rapid increases in farm mortgages in the past five years are very alarming.

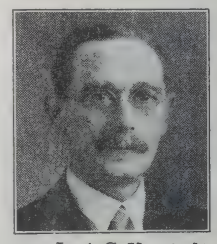
[EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Collins is respectfully referred to Page 4 of this issue.]

---

Sermons were once preached against that unholy instrument, the fork, and all good citizens were exhorted to content themselves with the ten good fingers provided by the Almighty. But the fork prevailed over the preachment—for which we should all be thankful, for it provides Louis C. Karpinski with an enticing topic. (p. 8)

---

*Paradoxically, Dr. Karpinski, who is professor of mathematics at the University of Michigan, has made his hobby the study of early American maps. He has contributed many authoritative articles on this subject to* THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT. *His story on Ye Knife, Ye Forke and Ye Spoone is in a different vein but one equally happy. At present Dr. Karpinski is in Europe, whence more of his delightful articles may be expected soon.* (p. 8)



*Louis C. Karpinski.*

---

WHEN William E. Barton writes about Lincoln, scholars pay close heed. For Dr. Barton (*Life of Lincoln*, etc.) is recognized as probably the country's most outstanding Lincoln authority. In this issue he writes on one of the most romantic episodes in Lincoln's life, romantic because wrapt in mystery—the famous Lost Speech. (p. 6)

---

Come to think of it, this is a mighty interesting issue all round. Take Julian Hawthorne writing on the Harvard of the 1860's. His story gives a vivid picture of the college life our grandfathers knew, a college life that has vanished forever. Incidentally Julian is the son of the greatest novelist America ever produced—Nathaniel Hawthorne. (p. 12) . . . And a delightful interview with one of the greatest novelists of today—Booth Tarkington—by May B. Whiting. (p. 3)

---

And Charles J. Finger comes to one of the most exciting stages of the *Victoria's* voyage: the time when pirates ruled. Magellan dead, renegades seized command and a career of pillage was adopted. Ships were seized, men made slaves, women prisoners. (p. 16) . . . For variety there's an article on modern pirates. The 20th Century swindler uses no ships; he used the names of great personages—and his loot would make the respectable pirates of the 16th Century blush for envy. (p. 7)

## *CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE*

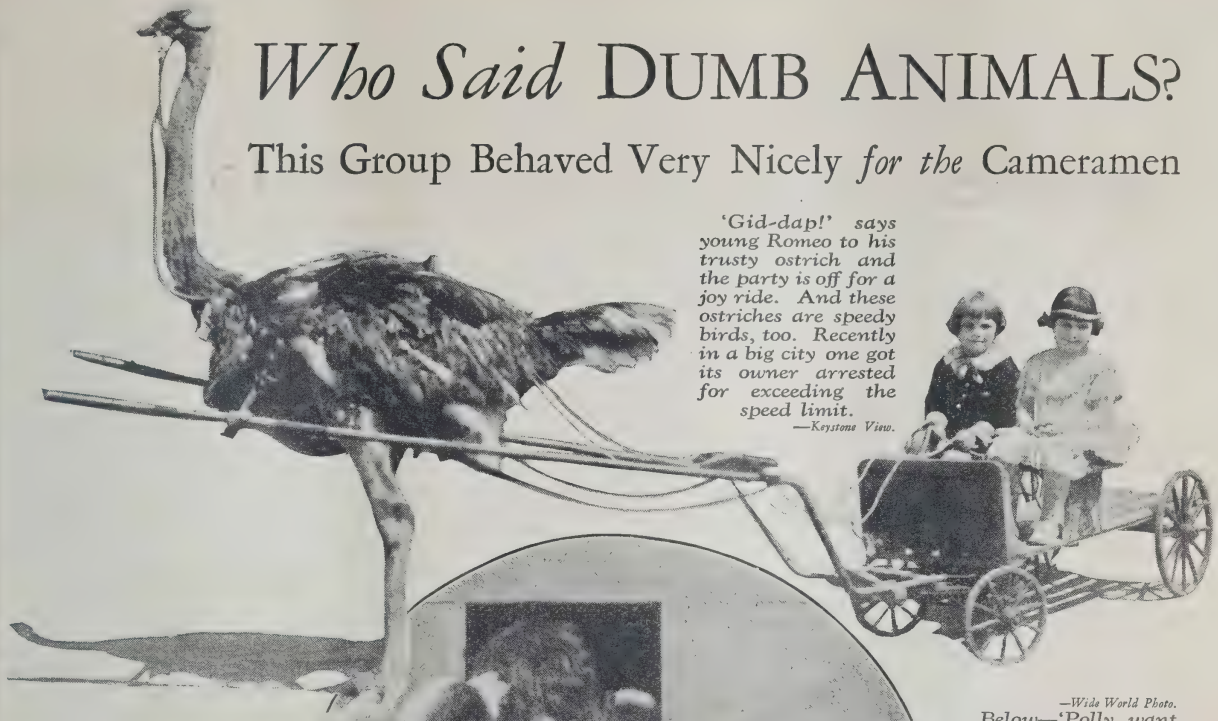

Why Half the People Do Not Vote - - - - 1
*Allan L. Benson*
Booth Tarkington Talks of Many Things - - 3
*May B. Whiting*
Farming Must Become a Chemical Industry - 4
*William J. Hale*
Abraham Lincoln's Lost Speech - - - - - 6
*William E. Barton*
Great Names in the 'Blue Sky' Swindles - - 7
*Ralph W. Budd and J. Olin Howe*
Ye Knife—Ye Forke—Ye Spoone- - - - - 8
*Louis C. Karpinski*
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
The Harvard of Our Forefathers - - - - - 12
*Julian Hawthorne*
The Ebb and Flow of the Winged Waves - - 14
*S. F. Aaron*
The Voyage of the *Victoria*—When Pirates Ruled - - - - - - - - - - - 16
*Charles J. Finger*
Chats With Office Callers - - - - - - - 28
Can You Tell Me? - - - - - - - - - - 29
I Read in the Papers - - - - - - - - - 30


SUBSCRIPTION PRICE in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies, $1.50 a year; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year. Single copy, five cents.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. State both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.

# *Who Said* DUMB ANIMALS?

## This Group Behaved Very Nicely *for the* Cameramen



*'Gid-dap!' says young Romeo to his trusty ostrich and the party is off for a joy ride. And these ostriches are speedy birds, too. Recently in a big city one got its owner arrested for exceeding the speed limit.*
*—Keystone View.*

*—Wide World Photo.*
*How many little girls would care to get their excitement like the one who is shown in the picture below? When she visited the zoo, she just couldn't resist taking a ride on the haughty dromedary.*

*—Wide World Photo.*
*Below—'Polly want a cracker?' Not this one! Give her ice cream and watch her eat! She's from Central America and her monicker is Loretta.*



*—H. Roberts Armstrong Photo.*
*Circle—Johnny takes up temporary abode in the kennel to learn something about the much-discussed 'dog's life.' In this picture appear four dogs—can you find them?*



*Just leading a 'dawg's life,' that's all! How much would you give for them at auction? They're all brothers and sisters.*
*—Kadel & Herbert Photo.*

THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL



THE sinew and heart of man seem to be drawn out, and we are becoming timorous desponding whimperers. We are afraid of truth, afraid of fortune, afraid of death, and afraid of each other . . . We want men and women who shall renovate life and our social state, but we see that most natures are insolvent; cannot satisfy their own wants, have an ambition out of all proportion to their practical force, and so do lean and beg day and night continually . . . The rugged battle of fate, where strength is born, we shun.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

051
DEA

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

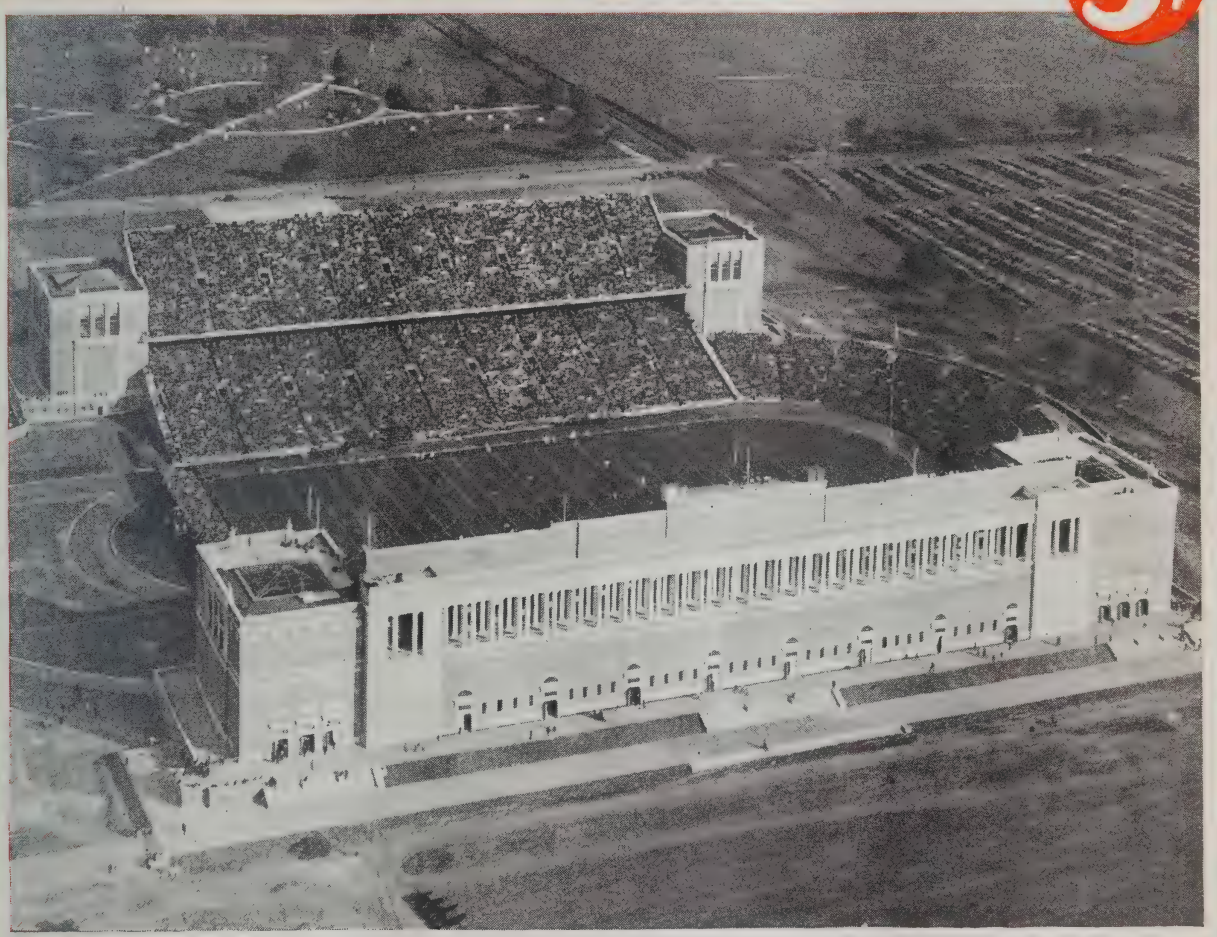
THE LIBRARY OF THE
OCT 8 1926

Volume 26, Number 51.

$1.50 a Year

OCTOBER 30, 1926

5¢



THRONGS AT FOOTBALL GAME AT STADIUM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS.

*'The faculty representatives of the Western Conference met in a serious session in 1906 . . . . resolved to put the game on a squarer basis . . . . These experiments worked out well . . . . Athletics took an upward turn . . . The Conference has enjoyed a period of unprecedented popularity.'*—WALTER MONFRIED (article, page 14, this issue)

## THE LAWS OF THE SKY
*In Future Wars*
CAPTAIN ELBRIDGE COLBY

## WE WEAKLINGS—
*A Myth Exploded*
DONALD HOUGH

## PROHIBITION AND POLITICS IN PENNSYLVANIA
JOHN D. ERWIN

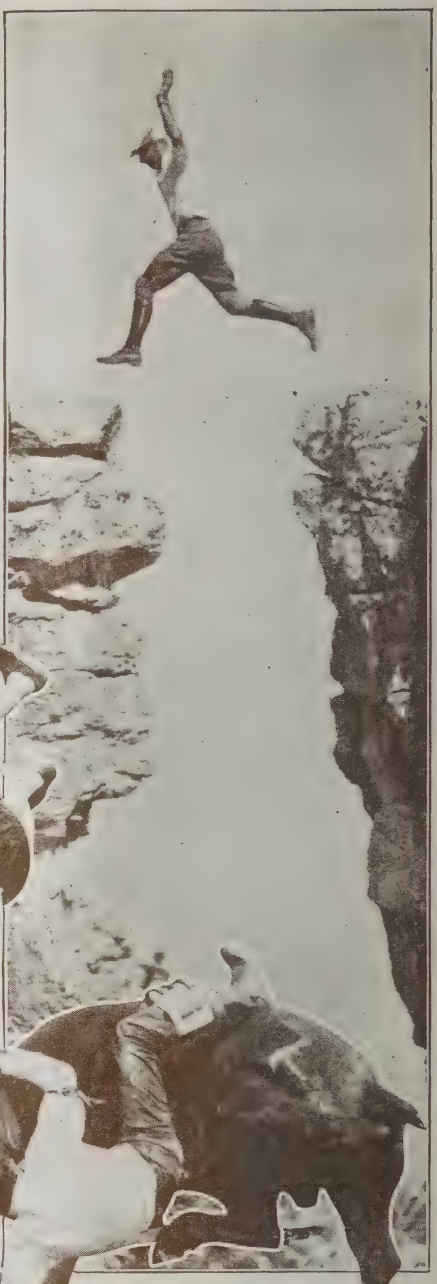
**CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH**

# *For the* THRILL *of It!*

## *A Group of* Daring Persons *to Whom* Hazards *Are a* Pleasure *and a* Business *—And They're Not Doing These Stunts for the* Movies



*When sensational skaters jump over a line of barrels, we wonder if they ever repent trying it. This performer makes a good start.*
*—Keystone View.*

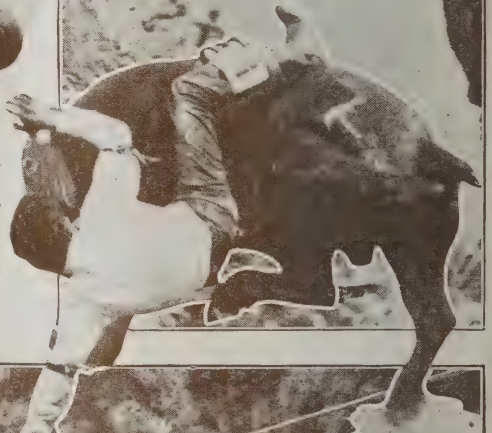




*A new way to take one's 'daily dozen!' The Rhoenwheel, used in German gymnasiums.*
*—International Newsreel.*



*Left—This man on his trick cycle looks very gay until he gets to leaning about 45 degrees to port or starboard.*
*—Pacific & Atlantic Photo.*



*Upper right—Meet Lynn Reynolds on the jump—drop 3,000 feet.*
*—Wide World Photo.*

*Right—'I will!' said the cowboy. 'You won't!' decided the bull. And it appears as if the bull has won.* *—Herbert Photo.*



*His life in his hands! Persons crossing the Jhelum River must use an improvised pulley system—a forked stick and a rope of rawhide. And beneath, a twenty-mile-an-hour current!* *—Ewing Galloway Photo.*

Vol. 26 No. 51
OCTOBER 9
1926
Published Weekly by
THE DEARBORN
PUBLISHING COMPANY
Dearborn - - Michigan

The
DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer; C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

# The Bond Orgy of the States

## Local Indebtedness Has Increased $2,000,000,000 in Five Years

By SAMUEL CROWTHER

*SOME of the state figures over a five-year period show that Alabama ran its debt from nine and a half to twenty-three millions; Arkansas increased its budget from one and a half to more than ten millions; California started with a debt of forty-six millions and a budget of sixteen and ended with a debt of ninety-four millions and a budget of forty-five millions. The mines of Colorado are giving out; nevertheless the state increased its debt from four to ten millions and its budget from five to twenty-seven millions. Supposedly conservative Connecticut had a debt of less than a million, but now it has a debt of sixteen, and where the budget was fourteen, it is now more than thirty-three millions. Illinois had no debt, but now it has more than one hundred million and it has nearly doubled its old budget of forty-six millions. Indiana increased its budget from eight to more than thirty millions, and Iowa did about the same, but in addition put on a debt of twenty-two millions, while Kansas put on twenty-eight millions. Michigan was a heavy spender, going from a debt of eight to seventy-four millions, and from a budget of seventeen to thirty-three millions. Other states vastly increased their debts but did not much increase their budgets.*

SOME of our public works could be erected by private corporations and managed at a profit. Private gas companies usually give better service than those owned by municipalities. The same is true of electricity and the telephone. Many of the old roads and bridges were built and controlled by private concerns and the tolls paid their way. But people are today prejudiced against paying toll, and roads and bridges have to be free—although shortly we may find private automobile roads being put down by private corporations on the toll basis, and they will pay because of the congestion of the public roads.

It is beyond the power of the ordinary governmental unit to spend millions in a couple of years erecting expensive bridges and roads. It would dislocate business to attempt to take in taxes all the money needed as it is needed. For instance, New Jersey has had to find funds for a vehicular tunnel under the Hudson to connect with New York and a bridge over the Delaware to connect with Philadelphia. It would have hindered the progress of the state to have waited for these essential links of transportation until such time as it saved the money. The issue of bonds was justified, for the cost was spread over a period.

There is no clear line of distinction between the cases in which bonds—taking a mortgage—are justified and when they are not justified. Common sense has to rule. Certainly bonds may not properly be issued for that which amounts to running expenses or to run beyond the life of improvements. It looks rather as though the rule of common sense had been shelved in local government.

From January 1, 1920, to January 1, 1925, the Federal Government reduced its expenditures about 3,000 million dollars, but, on the other hand, expenditures of state and local government increased about 2,000 million dollars.

During the same period our national debt was reduced by more than 5,000 million dollars, but our state and local debts went up more than 6,000 million.

The state and local governments were contracting new debts twenty times as fast as they paid off old ones and were going into debt more than four and a half times faster than before the war.

During 1924 state and local governments borrowed to a total of 1,432 million dollars; during 1925 they borrowed 1,258 million. From the present estimates of dealers in municipal securities, the borrowings for 1926 will be lower—estimated at about 1,000 million dollars.

The total public debt—that is, the debt of all the political divisions empowered to incur debts—is now greater than our war debt at its height in 1919—and then we had in force every sort of emergency taxation that we could conceive.

We have been curiously led into this financial mess. Until the war we never really knew what taxation was. The Federal Government paid its way with a surplus over by the tariff and the excise taxes. State and local governments did not spend much; our tastes were moderate and the imagination of politicians was limited. We went in heavily for state capitols and city halls and bought what we thought were fancy goods but which really did not cost much. Expenditures were limited by the unwillingness of citizens to pay taxes and of the local governments to borrow money.

Just as many people then as now thought they needed fur coats; but they would not borrow to buy them. By an extraordinary paradox, it was the unreasoned taxation program put out at Washington that shoved the country into municipal fur coats regardless of cost or the ability to pay for them.

The framers of the Constitution, knowing that the power to tax is the power to destroy, withdrew from the Federal Government the power to tax securities issued by the states or their subdivisions. It was a precaution against Washington strangling the financial neck of the states.

This went along well enough until the Federal Government began to put high surtaxes into the income tax—reaching 65 per cent in 1921. Then tax exempts came into their own. To a man with a big income a tax-free bond paying 4½ per cent would give exactly the same net income

as a taxable security yielding 11 per cent. Sound industrial bonds do not yield 11 per cent, and therefore rich men took their money out of business, where it would provide a solid foundation for wage increases, and put it into state, county, and other tax-free bonds.

There were not enough of these bonds to go around. Fifteen years ago a county or a school district in any of the sparsely settled states had trouble in floating bonds. The old-time Wall Street hanger-on, in addition to his regular pocket equipment of gold mines, copper mines, and coal mines, always had an issue or two of school bonds ready to offer you.

All at once came the tremendous demand for tax-exempts. The bond houses sent men all over the country urging every political unit that had the power to issue bonds to issue them, and these bonds were snapped up almost without inquiry. They had only to be tax-exempt to be salable. It is not human nature to resist money forced on one, and therefore billions of dollars flowed into the hands of politicians throughout the country.

The chance to get money for the asking came at exactly the time when a deal of money was needed. The ordinary construction of roads and schools had practically stopped during the war. The great increase in automobiles and trucks forced the making over of the road system, and when a new school went up the best was none too good—for the money was at hand. Nobody, either in private or public affairs, was bothering much about costs. The world has never known such spending.

LAST year in state and local borrowing Tennessee took fourteen millions, West Virginia twenty-one millions, Washington seventeen millions, Texas fifty-one millions, Illinois seventy-two millions, and New Jersey seventy-five millions.

The cities have generally borrowed to their debt limits. Their debts have been growing at the rate of around a thousand million a year. The largest per capita debt is that of Norfolk, Virginia, with $258, and the lowest for cities over twenty-five hundred population is Quincy, Illinois, with ten dollars.

The average is $70. Of the big cities, New York has the highest per capita debt, with $193, and Chicago, the next largest city, has the lowest, $45.32. In the small cities—those between thirty and fifty thousand—the average is around $50 a head.

It would seem that the cities have been more conservative in their borrowing than might have been expected, and it is true that many of them are getting their finances into some sort of shape, but the real reason they have not borrowed more is that most of the loans have to go through New York, and the New York State law limits legal investments in municipals outside the state to seven per cent of any city's assessed valuation. A big issue can hardly be placed without the New York corporate investors.

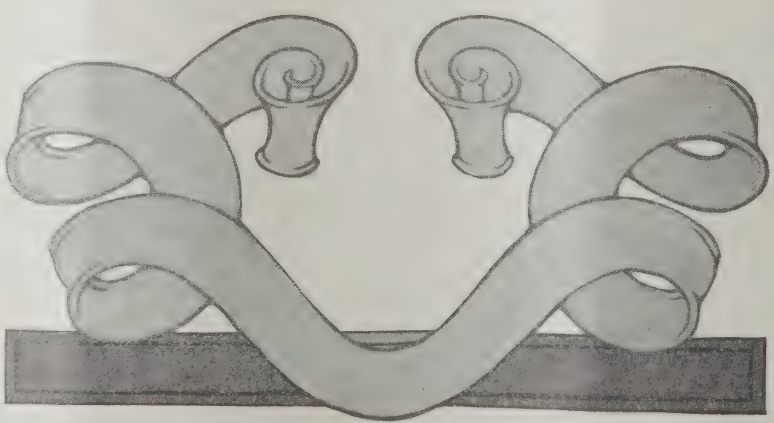
THE borrowings by the towns and counties, the school districts, road districts, irrigation districts, and so on, are endless.

Mariuopa County, Arizona, in which is located Phoenix, has a population of forty-two thousand and a debt of a million and a half, of which more than half a million is for schools. Twenty-one bond houses bid for the last half-million! A high school district in Arizona is borrowing eighty thousand dollars for a stadium.

Taking figures at random from the *Bond Buyer*, which keeps close tabs on all issues, one finds that Sioux City, Iowa, has seventy-five thousand population and an indebtedness of two millions.

Most of the cities and counties of Florida borrowed heavily for schools, roads, and water. Berlin, New Hampshire, has sixteen thousand population and owes one and a half millions. Covington, Louisiana, has thirty-five hundred population and owes one hundred and eighty thousand dollars. Long Beach and Glendale, which are near Los Angeles, have about one hundred and fifty thousand people and owe six million dollars for their schools. Tuttle, Oklahoma, has less than a thousand population and owes $38,500. Walters, Minnesota, with one hundred and ten population, is borrowing four thousand dollars.

The Agate Irrigation District in Colorado, with four hundred population, has a debt of sixty thousand dollars.



Everybody has been around for a slice of money.

The big items are roads and schools. Beyond question we need the roads. We have been going through an era of transformation in transportation. These new roads have opened up the country in a way that we shall begin really to appreciate five years hence. In the incredibly short time of four or five years we have practically made over the country's network of roads—built more and better roads than the Roman Empire did during its entire existence.

Excepting in parts of the South, good roads are the rule and not the exception. Many of these roads are well built, but many others are political scandals. It is much the same with schools. The whole country is studded with magnificent schools. The little red schoolhouse on the hill is still with us, but a statesman would have as much trouble finding one in which to pass his youth as he would in finding a log cabin in which to be born. The modern schools are in really fine—in some cases almost magnificent—buildings with splendid playgrounds and swimming pools and gymnasiums. In all this the local school boards have but followed the lead of the universities in deciding that education rests on brick and mortar.

WHETHER these good school buildings contain good schools is not to be decided offhand—and anyway, that is the business of those who pay the freight.

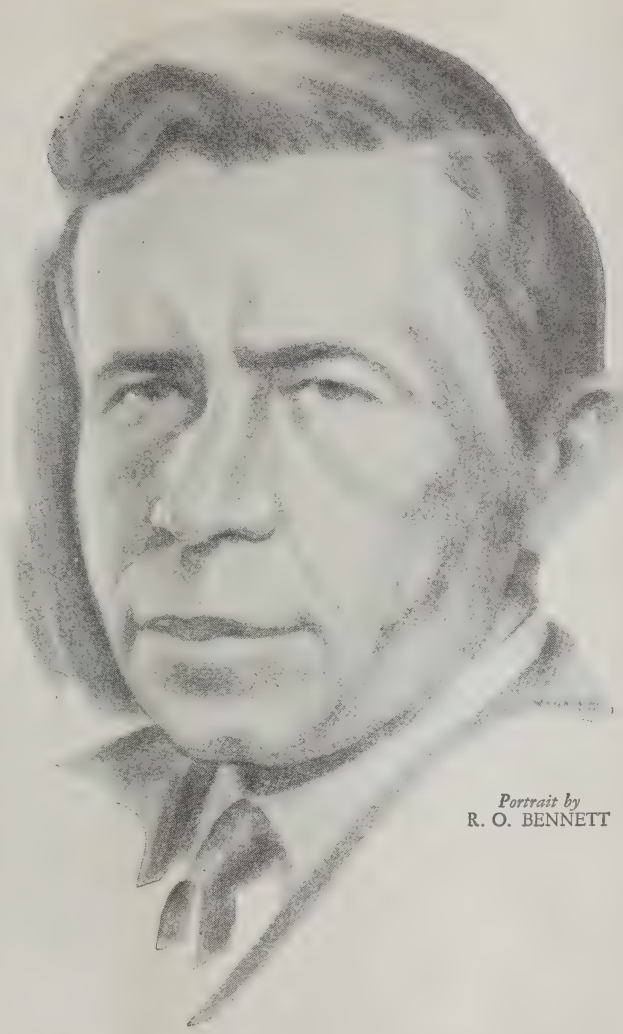
Nobody can decide that the country is spending too much money by comparing present expenditures with prewar expenditures. There is no question but that we have bought a lot of good stuff. The real question is: Can we afford to spend so much money?

There is a growing feeling that we cannot afford to spend as we have been spending. At the November, 1925, elections the tide turned. The people of the country turned down seventy millions of new bond proposals and passed sixty-two millions.

But we have with us and shall have with us for a long time great interest and principal payments for the money we have borrowed, and also we have erected a most expensive establishment which will cost a lot to keep going.

What are we going to do about it?

*(This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Crowther. The next will appear in an early issue.)*



*Portrait by*
R. O. BENNETT

# VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

## *Arctic Empire Builder*

*By* BURT M. McCONNELL

ONE bright May morning, more than a dozen years ago, there came to me at the Union League Club in Los Angeles a telegram. It was from an Arctic explorer about whom the whole world was talking at the time, and the gist of the message was this:

> Will you join my expedition, and if so, on what terms?
> (Signed)
> Vilhjalmur Stefansson.

Within a few minutes my reply was on the way to New York City:

> Will join you within a week. Leave terms entirely to you.

That was the beginning of my acquaintance with Stefansson. A few months later we were marooned on a tiny island off the north coast of Alaska, and were compelled to stand helplessly by while an unprecedented gale broke up the ice in which our vessel lay, and eventually carried her to an icy grave.

It was characteristic of Stefansson that with his vessel in the relentless grip of the ice, with his scientific staff, dogs, sledges, and $200,000 worth of other equipment on board, he should quietly set about making new plans to explore as much as possible of the million square miles of unknown area between Alaska and the North Pole. For steadfastness of purpose is one of his outstanding characteristics.

Experienced Arctic explorers have said that Stefansson's journey by dog team over the moving ice of the Arctic Ocean, from the north coast of Alaska to Banks Land—more than six hundred miles—is the greatest single achievement in the history of exploration. Certainly, this was hazardous.

For the first sixteen days of the ninety-six-day trip, the writer accompanied the party, and during that time we were visited by a gale that blew at the rate of ninety-four miles an hour and carried the ice on which we were camped fifty miles out to sea. A polar bear sneaked into camp and was within twenty-five feet of the dogs before he was discovered.

Now, if polar bears knew the difference between a man and a seal, Stefansson says, they wouldn't be half so dangerous. But since they live exclusively by hunting seals, they are likely to mistake people and sleeping dogs for the source of their food supply, and attack them on that basis. This, in the opinion of Stefansson, makes them far more dangerous than the famed Kodiak bear of Southwestern Alaska. And he ought to know, for he has encountered dozens of polar bears.

Stefansson has said that he became an Arctic explorer by accident. Born of Icelandic parents at Gimli, near Lake Winnipeg, his early years were spent on the windswept prairies of North Dakota. Undoubtedly these endless plains had their influence in making him what he is at heart—a weaver of dreams. Stefansson believes, for example, that the day is not far distant when aerial routes between the Eastern and Western Hemispheres, by way of the Arctic, will be as common as steamship lines now are across the Atlantic. The so-called Barren Lands of the North, he maintains, are capable of supporting vast herds of reindeer which one day will add their quota to the decreasing meat supply of the world. His book, *The Friendly Arctic*, may be hailed by future generations as the book that made the Far North safe for humanity. He has lived to see the wild, free range lands of North Dakota transformed into endless fields of golden grain; and he visualizes the Far North as a potential empire for the use of man.

Up to the time Stefansson was fifteen he helped his father with the ranch work; then his father died. Three years later, when he had read every book he could borrow within a radius of forty miles of his home, Stefansson knew that he wished to have a college education. This he set about acquiring with that singleness of purpose and untiring zeal which are perhaps his most marked characteristics. At eighteen, with but $57, a new suit of clothes and a pair of shoes, costing in the aggregate $8.35, Stefansson for the first time in his life boarded a train. At the preparatory school he earned his living by chopping wood, tutoring, and teaching country schools.

His most remunerative job, however, was the care of two cows, for which he received his room and board. These creatures were given his undivided attention for weeks, and all was going well, when his landlady happened to overhear Stefansson discussing with some of her boarders the subject of religion. (*Concluded on page 25*)

# Pennsylvania—
# Chief Source *of the* Alcohol Flood

## *Law Violators Get Federal Distilling Permits Under the Rule of Politics*

By JOHN D. ERWIN

THE granting of liquor withdrawal permits to persons who have violated the terms of permits previously granted by the Prohibition Bureau or who have broken federal or state laws is prohibited or restricted by the language of the National Prohibition law. It was but a natural safeguard which Congress tried to throw about the situation when it incorporated the following provision in the law aimed at these persistent violators:

> Section 6, Title II, N. P. A.: 'No permit shall be issued to any person who within one year prior to the application therefor or issuance thereof shall have violated the terms of any permit issued under this Title or any law of the United States or of any state regulating traffic in liquor.'

It was the belief of the lawmakers who put this section in the act that there would be an elimination process under its operation which would gradually weed out the persistent violators, and that permits would be confined to those who came to the Prohibition Bureau with clean hands.

Have the prohibition authorities at Washington followed this provision of the law? Has the law been administered in good faith with respect to this alcohol withdrawal business? The record speaks for itself. It shows that some of the worst and most brazen violators in Pennsylvania have had the least trouble in securing new permits, even when the local prohibition authorities have strongly recommended against their issuance. Once more we have the rule of politics.

The federal grand jury at Philadelphia, which thoroughly investigated this abuse of the discretionary power given the prohibition authorities, has reported as follows:

> We have called before us in the neighborhood of fifty of these permit-holders; have looked at them; examined them; noted their type; their character; their evasive replies; their irregular ways of doing business; their irregular way of disposing of their goods; their lack of experience. We have inspected a number of their so-called manufacturing plants; have seen their supposed equipment. All of which leaves no room for doubt as to the illegality of the whole business. Some of these permit-holders were erstwhile policemen, drivers of bread wagons, plumbers, tailors, jewelers, newspaper venders, salesmen who could not definitely state what they sold; manufacturers of clothing and other things who could not state definitely where they previously manufactured; all of just the type and character which would be drawn into this business of the actual and reputed easy money made through a diversion of the alcohol.

Here we have a clear picture of those persons engaged in the alcohol diversion business! The prohibition authorities come in close contact with these permittees and applicants for favors from the 'dry' unit. They are not fooled about their character or their operations.

*The Internal Revenue Commissioner and his assistants have given to the law-violators known to Bureau officials through agents' reports and other official sources of information federal permits to produce alcohol in large quantities or to denature alcohol, or to store or sell alcohol at wholesale, or to use alcohol for manufacturing hair tonics, toilet waters, tobacco and disinfecting sprays or other preparations.*

This is particularly true in Pennsylvania, where the political 'pull' of the various liquor groups has been sufficient many times to overcome an adverse report from local agents. In certain instances the adverse recommendation of the revenue agents on the ground has been flaunted. It has been charged, with strong circumstantial proof, that prohibition directors have been transferred from one post to another for the reason that they are *persona non grata* to certain big liquor men in Pennsylvania.

No alcohol producing or denaturing plant can operate except by federal permit, and then only under such regulations as the Internal Revenue Commissioner, with the approval of the Secretary of the Treasury, may issue 'to prevent diversion of the alcohol to illegal use.'

The federal grand jury at Philadelphia, after devoting much time to the investigation of the alcohol business in that city, commented, in its report to the federal court, as follows:

> The Court will see, therefore, that from the manufacturing distillers, from the denaturing plants, and from these various permit-holders, comes the alcohol which in such immense quantities has been diverted to the bootlegging trade. All of these can only operate on permits granted by the Prohibition Department.

Section 3 of Title II of the National Prohibition Act lays down a direct command 'that the provisions of this act shall be liberally construed to the end that the use of intoxicating liquor as a beverage may be prevented.' This provision of the law the United States Supreme Court has faithfully interpreted. But the Internal Revenue Commissioner, his assistants and subordinates have used their own discretion as to who shall feel the full rigor of the law and who shall be exempt from its provisions.

Confining illustrations to the Pennsylvania field, the manner in which field agents have been thwarted when they sought to penalize law-violators in Philadelphia cannot be better shown than by the following letter, written November 24, 1925, from the assistant in charge of those men in the Philadelphia district:

> Mr. W. G. Murdock,
> Prohibition Administrator,
> Philadelphia, Pa.
>
> Dear Sir:
>
> I, in company with agent **R. T. Thomas**, today visited the Cuba Corona Chemical Company, 1022 Spring Street, Philadelphia, at 2:15 p. m., and found two men, Isadore Satinsky and Albert Schnes, who were in charge of the plant, and who refused to produce the records or permit us to inspect any records pertaining to receipt of shipments to this concern.
>
> As this is a direct violation and a third time that agents from this office have been refused permission to inspect the books, I again insist that this concern be cited immediately, even though they have friends in your office who are using every effort to keep a citation from being issued.
>
> If no citation is issued in this case, I intend to make a direct issue, if on or off the prohibition force.
>
> The bonded warehouse of this concern is practically a skeleton affair, held together by small strips of wood, and is absolutely unsafe and not fit for a bonded storeroom, and any agent or inspector that recommended this as a place of safety to place alcohol certainly did so with an intent other than for the best interests of the Government.
>
> Respectfully,
> (Signed) Herbert Smith,
> Assistant Prohibition Administrator.

On the same day that Assistant Prohibition Administrator Smith made this formal report to his superior against the Cuba Corona Chemical Company, he sent this personal note to Major Murdock *(Concluded on page 20)*

An Army Officer Discusses

# The Laws *of the* Sky *in* Future Wars

## *Will Anyone Be Immune From Attack From the Air?*

*By* CAPTAIN ELBRIDGE COLBY

INTERNATIONAL law is not a group of acts of legislatures and court decisions. It is made up of customs and rules agreed upon, and the agreements are very few indeed. There are no superior courts or sheriffs to enforce them, and they cover only part of the circumstances that might arise, and do not always cover those.

Take the matter of poison gas and submarines. The Washington Conference of 1922 said gas should not be used in war. Five nations signed the agreement. Four nations ratified the agreement within a few months, and the United States even put it into effect as far as training of the American Army was concerned. But one nation has not ratified it—and the agreement provides it shall not be binding until all shall have ratified. Thus it happens that the use of a weapon which is condemned by 'the popular opinion of the civilized world' is not completely forbidden by international law. That is all many such agreements amount to—and the vast number of issues that might arise are not covered by international law at all, but are merely a matter of custom and practice.

This basic idea, that international law is principally custom and practice, is very important when we talk about the laws of aerial warfare. Laws of land warfare and laws of sea warfare have grown up slowly as a result of centuries of custom and experience.

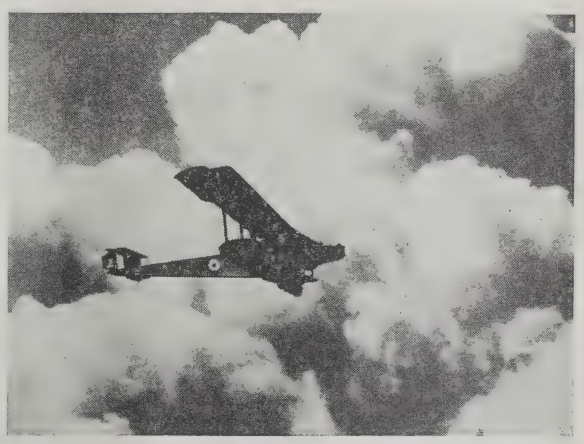
Aerial warfare actually commenced less than fifteen years ago when the Italians were using bombing planes in Northern Africa against the natives. In deciding what should be the rules that should govern the fighting fliers, nations have, practically speaking, only a few standards of judgment: (a) Humane feelings, (b) military necessity, (c) analogous provisions in laws of land and sea warfare, and (d) the widespread practice of the World War. And these standards are neither very clear nor of similar tendencies, so the matter is very confused.

During the World War there was a great deal of airplane bombing of civil populations far behind the lines. Both sides practised it, although the allied propagandists would have had us think that it was only the Germans who did so. There were arguments back and forth as to whether this city or that was 'defended' and therefore subject to bombardment, and as to whether or not bombing was intended to destroy military factories and depots or to frighten and weaken the civilians. Some of the bombardments were frankly carried out to disrupt great railway centers. Others were frankly executed against civilians as 'reprisals' for real or fancied misdeeds of the enemy. There is the difficulty. The practice of the World War is all we have to depend upon, and that is neither clear nor reliable.

General Pershing has said that 'extravagant tales of havoc done' were not verified by post-war investigations. We are too close to the World War to be able to judge safely. If you look at a bright light, you seem to see an image of that light wherever you may turn your eyes. The conflagration which lasted from Serajevo to Versailles was just like that. It has blinded and distorted our vision.

Then the lawyers come and have their say. A new weapon appears as God holds his assizes and hurls the nations against one another in combat. 'The art of war,' as the elder von Moltke said, 'consists in adapting the means at hand to the end in view.' A new means is discovered. In the World War the submarine and the airplane were new means. The allies said that the submarine must conform to the old rules established for surface craft. The Germans said the new weapon must have new rules because it could not safely conform to the old. The allies said, then you cannot use the new weapon. The result was bitter recrimination and misunderstanding.

Here is the airplane, one of the new weapons. Its chief value is its speed and its ability to cross the enemy lines in the open spaces of the air. The Russians announced that they would hang or shoot as spies all German aviators found within their lines—and tried to point to international law to justify their determination. But



(C) Publishers' Photo Service.

*THE old rules of warfare said you should not kill an enemy who surrendered. But when you are up in the air flying at a hundred miles an hour, how are you going to take the machine gun off another plane also flying at a hundred miles an hour? How are you going to disarm him, as you would a squad of infantrymen? How are you going to march him back to a stockade behind the lines when by a quick turn he can dive out of your reach, or perhaps into a cloud, and escape entirely. You have him in your power, as you pilot your plane, practically only as long as you are 'on his tail.' But if he has a slow machine and you have a fast one, and you cannot run your little monoplane as slowly as he can, you'll run right past him and he may be 'on your tail' and in a position to shoot machine-gun bullets into you. In the air, it must be war to the death. There can be no surrender.*

those very rules of land warfare to which they pointed saved the fliers. According to those rules, the uniforms the aviators wore gave them a clear status as members of an army.

Suppose you have a whole fleet of planes carrying poison gas over the capital of the hostile country. You circle around and drop a note, saying you will wipe the enemy out. He signals up, as Colonel Fuller suggests, and says: 'This is an undefended town. We surrender.' 'Very good,' you reply, 'you will now do as I say.' If you land, you are outnumbered, even by his traffic policemen or his decrepit 'Home Guards.' If you keep on circling about in the air, you may run out of gasoline or low on gasoline and have to scamper for home. Or a superior force of his planes may come over the horizon and sweep down upon you, and drive you away. Your trip will have been for nothing, all the risk of it and all the effort of it.

Attacks by air cannot be carried on this way. Their purpose must be to paralyze or damage enemy resistance. If you know where he has important military stores, or the railway centers through which the greatest traffic streams of his troops move, or the radio or telegraph focus of his superior command, you must fly quickly over these, and discharge your demolition bombs and get away as quickly and safely as you can. That is the best you can do.

The foot soldier with a rifle and bayonet in his hand, supported by auxiliary arms, supplied by complicated and ponderous services of supply which bring him shoes for his feet, food for his stomach, and bullets for his weapons—the foot soldier alone can compel and maintain a final and complete surrender. The aviator can strike a vital blow, but he cannot well secure a capitulation.

Into the harbors of a maritime nation there come shiploads of foodstuffs and cargoes of ammunition and weapons manufactured by and bought from 'neutral' countries overseas. The enemy is right in saying that the stoppage of this trade is a proper act of war. The guns may be used at the front. The foodstuffs may be sent to the army. The merchandise may support the financial life of a commercial nation, just as the Supreme Court of the United States once said that cotton was the very life of the Confederacy and the main support of the rebellion against the Union in the Civil War. In years gone by, you could stop this trade so profitable to the foe, only by getting command of the seas and establishing a blockade.

In the World War, the newer and more practical submarine enabled Germany to sink ton on ton of such shipments. In a future war, an aerial fleet may be used against such merchant vessels. During the World War



(C) Acme Photo.

*Five De Haviland planes of the United States Navy, flying in eschelon formation over San Diego, California.*

the Germans argued that submarines could not take off crews and passengers, because they had not the carrying capacity to do so. They argued that submarines could not stop to make a 'visit and search' because a submarine on the surface is peculiarly vulnerable to a single small gun on a merchantman, and readily surprised and destroyed by a suddenly appearing hostile fleet. They insisted the only course of action was to give due warning that such traffic was at the peril of those who engaged in it, and then to sink on sight.

In wars in the future where extensive aerial operations are carried on, we need not be at all surprised to find the strongest aerial nation, whichever that may be, saying the same thing when its airplanes smash and sink merchant ships. Of course, the other side will rave and argue about 'atrocities' and 'noncombatants' but the strong air nation will insist on its right to employ its aerial strength and to take advantage of its aerial superiority.

Nor will the argument stop there. The age of the air is coming. Aviation has become a commercial thing, instead of merely a military thing. Even in this country the air mail is a common fact. In Europe passenger travel and express shipment by plane is very common indeed. There are commercial planes, as well as military planes, just as there used to be commercial ships as well as ships of war.

If a merchant ship was overtaken by a man of war, it had to stop for 'visit and search' on peril of being sunk. But how can a commercial plane stop in mid-air and submit to 'visit and search' unless all aviators become movie daredevils capable of climbing from wing-tip to wing-tip or clambering down from fuselage to fuselage on a swinging rope ladder? And the whole problem goes back to the speed of planes in the air and the ease of escape. The war plane cannot 'stop' its captive. It cannot bring it into port as a 'prize.' It cannot even keep it under its guns very long, without risk of being eluded. The brave and perhaps stubborn commander of a commercial plane will probably not meekly submit to orders to turn and land in the enemy country. He may attempt to escape in a favorable moment. And the practice will probably be to shoot down all planes encountered.

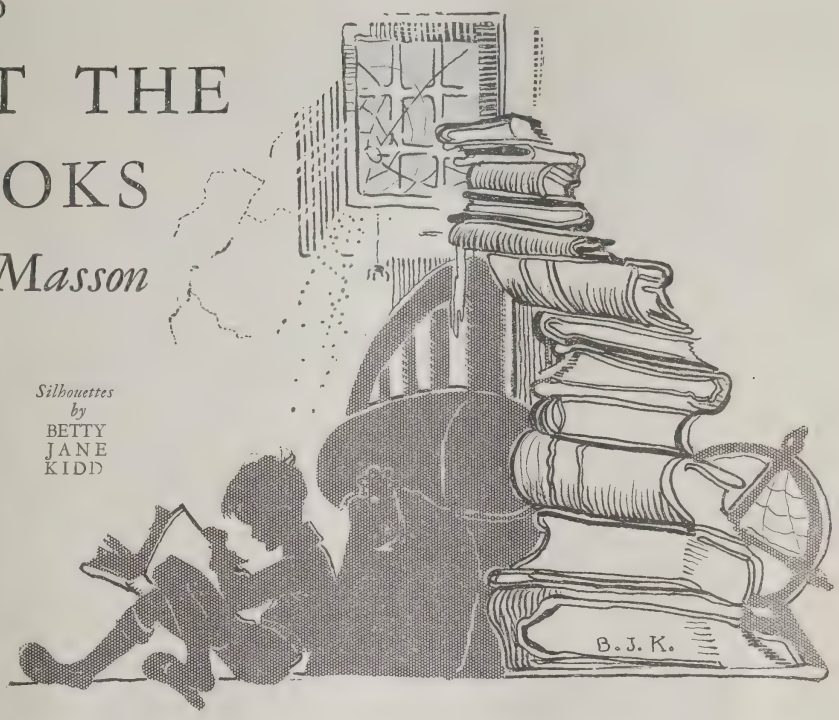
At sea nowadays it is fairly easy to tell a naval ship from a merchant ship. In the air a single machine gun is a deadly weapon, and a single machine gun that may set gas tanks aflame, or kill the precious pilot with his hands on the critical controls, may readily be secreted. All planes will very likely be treated as if they were war planes.

The object of a war is to render the enemy incapable of resistance. National interests and policies clash. Diplomacy fails. The battlefield is the place where judgment is rendered in the opinions at issue. The object of a commander is to do military damage, to destroy the effec- (*Concluded on page 22*)

Trust Your Children to

# PICK OUT THE BEST BOOKS

## *Says Thomas L. Masson*

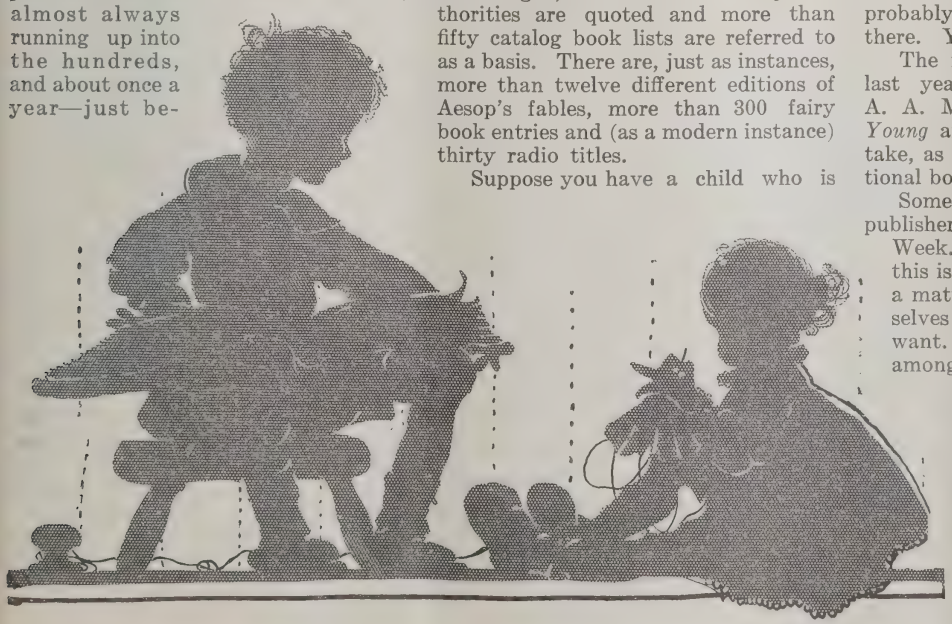



*Silhouettes by* BETTY JANE KIDD

RECENTLY one of the most successful woman writers in the United States said to me over the telephone: 'I'm so thrilled over a discovery I have just made. I picked up Dickens and started to read him over again —mind you, after fully twenty years. To my astonishment I discovered that when I read him first, beginning when I was eight years old, I learned from him then everything I have ever known about writing.' She went on to say that a careful analysis of her mind-process meanwhile—looking backward —convinced her that her ability to create character was due to this childish absorption of one of the greatest masters of fiction, if not the greatest.

The same week I got this message, I asked one of the most prominent editors and literary men in the country what books he had been reading lately. He shook his head and said that he had no time for the new books, and was reading only a few of the old ones. Marryat was one of his favorites. Here is a boy's writer who can be read in preference to thousands of others, a generation after he wrote.

Talk about children's books! Every few months a literary review will publish a new list of books for children, almost always running up into the hundreds, and about once a year—just before Christmas—these lists are almost as voluminous as a telephone directory.



On the average, from ten to fifteen children's books are issued every month. In 1912 the books in print under the heading *Children* issued by one publishing house covered something like 4,000 entries. From January 1, 1912, to January 1, 1918, about 2,000 new children's books were issued. Last year there was compiled for one company a dictionary catalog of 4,100 books for children, with analytical entries for 863 of them. In this catalog, which is almost as big as a Webster's Unabridged, more than seventy authorities are quoted and more than fifty catalog book lists are referred to as a basis. There are, just as instances, more than twelve different editions of Aesop's fables, more than 300 fairy book entries and (as a modern instance) thirty radio titles.

Suppose you have a child who is extremely intelligent (as all one's own children always are) and you wish to give him some good books to read. If you went to a bookshop where children's books are displayed, you would be overwhelmed by hundreds of volumes, most of them of the most fascinating appearance. In this literary maze, you might take any book that looked as if it was good for a child to read.

And probably, in a general way, you would not go far wrong. But is it not plain that you are just gambling that this book you select is the best one?

If you went to a library, you would learn in a jiffy what is the most popular book of the year, and this would probably mean that it is not to be had there. You will have to buy it.

The most popular child's book of last year and this is undoubtedly A. A. Milne's *When We Were Very Young* and you will not make a mistake, as that is a very rare and exceptional book.

Some years ago some enterprising publisher thought of a Children's Book Week. The librarians tell me that this is very successful, and that, as a matter of fact, the children themselves pick out what books they want. I think the general feeling among librarians is that our American children, taking them as a whole, are fairly independent in their selections, and that when left to themselves, they instinctively go to the best books, or to put it in another way, their tendency is to go from a worse to a better book.

Last year (Concluded on page 27)

# Reliability *of the* New Testament

## As Proved by the Evangelists and Early Historians

By HENRY A. SANDERS

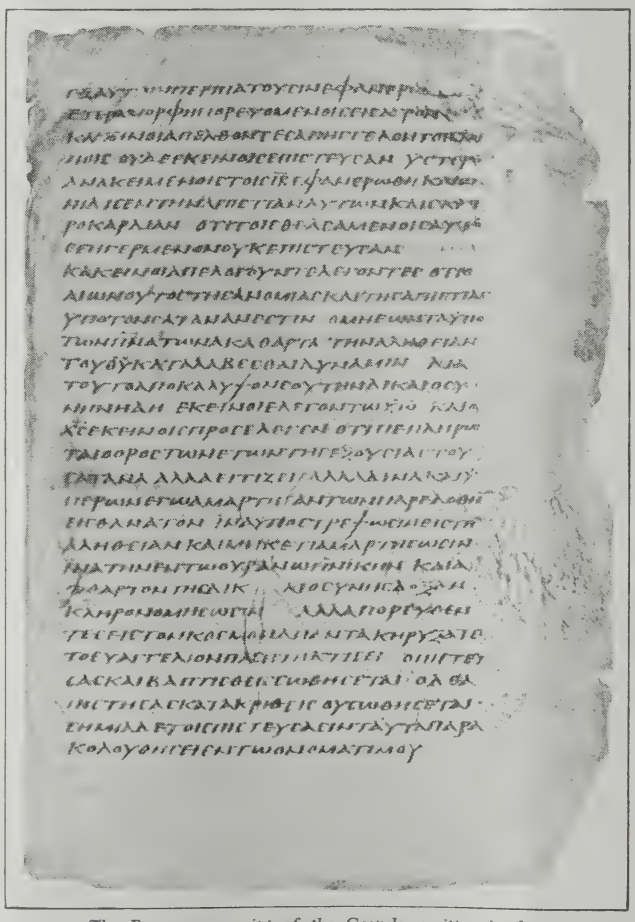
TWO previous articles have treated of the authors of the New Testament writings and of the transmission of the text to modern times. All of this has a distinct bearing on the question of reliability. The good faith of the authors, whether they are giving first-hand evidence or recording tradition, cannot be seriously questioned, while the text, though in the earlier years disfigured by errors of ignorance and carelessness, has been transmitted through so many independent lines of manuscripts that scholars have abundant material with which to restore the original.

Yet when we turn to the question of the historical reliability, other factors must be taken into consideration. First we must admit that of the New Testament authors only Paul and Luke are certainly responsible for the existing form of the works bearing their names. Neither of these two ever saw or heard Jesus. In all other parts of the New Testament we have either the work of men a generation later than Jesus or compiled books showing the records and traditions of that time. We have seen how the natural selection by the church eliminated the later and more fantastic or even heretical treatises from the church canon. In the main only the best survived, yet the quality of the accepted portion is very uneven. We find there first-hand documents, reports of eye-witnesses, less definite versions at second or third hand, and even traditions that had been handed down orally and had perhaps grown up from slight foundations during the first two generations after the Crucifixion.

Great events cast their shadows before and after them in secular history as well as in the traditions of the church. A good example is the disastrous defeat of the Romans under Crassus in 54 B. C. This was a famous historical event. It did not happen in some obscure corner and it is told by Livy, the great Roman historian, living at the time, though belonging to the following generation. Yet in an extract of Livy's work we read the following: 'In the year 54 B. C. Marcus Crassus set out against the Parthians. When he was crossing the Euphrates he disregarded many ominous signs. A tempest arose and tore the standard from the hands of the standard-bearer and sank it in the depths of the river. Then black clouds poured forth such rain that they were prevented from crossing; yet he persisted obstinately in his attempt and perished with his son and his army.' Here a real storm is doubtless recorded, but the thought that it was a divine warning against the campaign must be referred to the time after the defeat.

Other ominous signs were added a generation later in Valerius Maximus: 'When Marcus Crassus was leading his army into battle with the Parthians a dark-colored cloak was handed him by an attendant instead of the customary purple or white one; the soldiers assembled for his oration in silence; one of the standards could scarcely be pulled up by the chief centurion, and the eagle on another, that had been raised

(Concluded on page 21)



*The Freer manuscript of the Gospels, written in the Fourth Century. Its testimony is unfavorable to the Revised Version. On this page from Mark is a portion found in no other Bible manuscript.*

# MR. FORD'S PAGE

THE war-makers are not through. There are still fair parts of the world undestroyed. There are still misled classes and countries that hold the delusion that war is a noble national pursuit. And there are still international financial influences that regard war as a great festival of profit.

Not that war is being openly sought, though in certain circles you will find it openly predicted. There are certain lines of business in certain countries that always know, sometimes in advance of the military men, when war is coming, and these men were talking of 'the next war' before the last one was over—if, indeed, it has ever been over.

It is no longer the glorification of war that serves the war-makers' ends; they do not openly preach the necessity of war as was done previous to 1914. But the method is nothing. The attainment of the end is all. It would be a fine thing for the world if people who are interested in peace would get this fact in their mind, namely, *to the war-maker the method is nothing; there are many methods of getting war.* To him the end is all.

If he can reach war through so-called pacifist methods, he will do so. Whether he detour to the right or the left is nothing to him—either way brings him back to his main desire. It is nothing new in the world to seek war through a false conception of peace. There is always a strong campaign for peace in nations that are soon to feel the brunt of war. National energies of thought and aspiration must be used up in some channel; if they can be diverted into channels of peace thought, it is as useful to the war-maker as diverted attention is to the conjuror.

So it is never reasonable to assume that the method that is being used is absolute guaranty of the end that is desired. A labor strike, for example, may move along under the banner of justice to the poor, and good people may be stirred in their sympathies toward it; yet the true purpose of the strike might be to destroy the business of some competitor, or even to undermine a nation.

Good people, above all, should be most careful about deception, above all against the use of their good intentions to forward the very ends that they abhor. It would be a most excellent exercise for every person who is interested in so-called peace propaganda to examine it quietly with this question: 'Wherein could *this* attitude of mind serve the war-maker?' Suppose that everything which is advised by professional pacifists for the United States were done, would it be of any possible benefit to those who profit by war? Could it be of service to those who may wish to make war with the United States as the prize? Bearing in mind that the war-maker does not care how he obtains his end, whether through peace propaganda or war propaganda, our attitude should be reviewed to see if it has any element that will serve the war-maker.

This is said because one is persuaded that there can be no real peace secured until the people are fully aware *who* and *what* it is that makes war. Even the most insistent peace propaganda sidesteps the question *who and what it is that makes war.* And the question is sidestepped because once it is answered war is doomed, and that is not the intention of the war-maker.

*THERE can be no real peace until the people are fully aware who and what it is that makes war. Peace propaganda sidesteps the question. It is nothing new in the world to seek war through a false conception of peace. The war-maker does not care how he obtains his end, whether through peace propaganda or war propaganda, and therefore we should examine our own attitude to see if it has any element that will serve the war-maker, who can use peace conventions and disarmament conferences, and is using them. If the United States could be mollycoddled in a day, 'the next war' could be brought on immediately.*

It is the one fact that causes scrutiny of so-called peace movements, that *they will not probe the facts as to who and what cause war.* Should they once open the question and begin to disclose the facts, they would become the center of such a storm of unpopularity as should rudely wake them from pleasant dreams of a world that is only waiting to be led into peace. The world will require more than leading, as our peace propagandists would find if they could be induced to open the question.

This matter of war is not poetry nor oratory nor sentiment nor emotion. When you tackle war you get into a situation that is something like war itself. The fact that professional pacifism is permitted to sail along as smoothly as it has is evidence that it has not yet touched the core of the matter. To think that the war-makers object to disarmament congresses, and peace conventions and conscientious objectors' discussions, and groups which encourage young college men to boast that they would never fight for their country —to think that these things offend the war-makers is to exhibit infantile innocence of the whole matter. War-makers can use these things just as well as not—and *are using them.* If the United States could be entirely mollycoddled in a day, 'the next war' could be brought on almost immediately.

Where is war stopped? Where it begins. You can stop war only where it begins and with those with whom it begins, and that is a matter that requires more than military courage to disclose and act upon.

# EDITORIALS

## *The Fifth Reservation*

AMERICA is getting her first taste of adroit World Court diplomacy. The sample quite naturally centers on the Senate reservations. Four of them, largely perfunctory, have been accepted without quibble. It is the Fifth Reservation, designed primarily to safeguard the fundamental rights of the United States, that furnishes the focal point for the concentration of European stratagem. It provides:

> That the Court shall not render any advisory opinion except publicly and after due notice to all States adhering to the Court and to all interested states and after public hearings or opportunity for hearings given to any state concerned; nor shall it, without the consent of the United States, entertain any request for an advisory opinion touching any dispute in which the United States has or claims an interest.

There can be no mistaking the meaning of this reservation. It is crystal clear. *The consent of the United States is required before the Court can entertain any request for an advisory opinion in which this country has or claims an interest.* Nothing could be more explicit. Yet the World Court Conference subcommittee is trying to 'interpret' a meaning which would nullify the reservation. In effect, what Europe wants is to give America the status of any single member of the Council of the League of Nations.

The crux of the present imbroglio is that no one knows the extent of the powers of the World Court! No one can say for certainty whether a majority vote or unanimous consent is necessary before the Court can entertain a request for an advisory opinion. The European politicians profess they do not know. The Court itself does not know. *The Senators who voted America into the Court do not know!*

The United States has been given no assurance that a majority vote will not rule in the matter of advisory opinions. If the Fifth Reservation is 'interpreted' to give the United States the status of a League member, under 'majority rule' an opinion might be asked on any subject in which America has an interest and ordered before the Court in spite of American protests. It is easily conceivable that in such case American interests would be overridden by both the Council and the Assembly of the League.

America is willing, even eager, to join in any true movement for universal peace. The nation has always been at the fore in any discussions of disarmament, even to its own disadvantage. But Americans do not believe that the World Court, as now constituted, is the instrument to bring about world peace. They view it as a mere adjunct of the clique-controlled League of Nations. Present actions of European politicians appear to justify their suspicions. The attempt to raise a cloud of confusion over Reservation Five will serve only to increase American distrust of the Court.

---

## *Romance and Reality*

BECAUSE of the financial success of rodeos in the larger Eastern cities, there are now those who clamor for a bullfight. Not only clamor, but try to 'create public sentiment,' as the term has it, by painting impossible pictures of courage, skill, dexterity, cool-headedness, prodigious valor, high-heartedness and allied qualities peculiar to the bull ring. They evoke a vision of brilliantly dressed men planting *banderillas* in the bull at the risk of their own lives; or noble *espadas*, graceful and careless; or satin-skinned horses bestridden by daredevils, and other men of reckless daring on foot.

But the reality? We hear little of horses blindfolded, of old horses pitted against the bull, deliberately held against a wall until gored again and again. We are told nothing of the bull, tired to the point of exhaustion, standing with head lowered, not in challenge but weariness, waiting for the last sword stroke—meanwhile bleeding from twenty wounds. We hear nothing of the man with the rake, the *chulo*, as he is called, who, while the baiting is going on, is in the arena armed with nothing but his rake or hoe, and whose duty it is to drag out of sight the blood and muck. And the *chulo* is the most significant figure in the bull arena. While the actors caper about with their cloaks and swords, he scrapes and rakes and hoes. When the bull turns in his direction, the *chulo*, who is generally an old man, *'Vayas!'* the bull away with a thrust of his tool; then goes on with his job. The *chulo* is the measure of the romance in the bull ring.

## *The Bear Went Over the Mountain*

FOR twenty years John W. Langley served as Congressman for the Tenth District of Kentucky, the mountainous region in the eastern part of the state. Then on January 12 of this year he resigned and five days later began serving a two-year sentence at the Atlanta Penitentiary. He had been convicted by a federal jury of conspiracy to violate the prohibition law. Presumably the trial was impartial. Mr. Langley was given every opportunity to prove his innocence but was found guilty. Even his influence as a member of Congress did not save him. Political Washington paid little heed to his plight—last January.

But since then momentous events have transpired. The bear has gone over the mountain and has seen many things. In the primaries Mr. Langley was vindicated *á la Ferguson* by his wife who won an overwhelming victory over the successor appointed by the governor. Word has gone forward that Langley holds the Tenth District in the palm of his hand. And much of the Republican strength in Kentucky is concentrated in that same Tenth District. Rumor has it that these sturdy mountaineers will not feel much like leaving their cabins and following the trails to the polling places on November 2—when Senator Ernst, staunch World Court adherent, is up for reëlection—if Mr. Langley is still languishing behind bars. And so now, after having served scarcely more than eight months of his two-year term, Mr. Langley is recommended for a parole by the Board of Pardons! Perhaps politics does not enter into the action. Perhaps members of the board feel that Mr. Langley was dealt with unjustly by the courts. Whatever their reason, their action was ill-timed. It will give rise to ugly reports.

## *In Defense of Jazz*

JAZZ composers of this country are righteously indignant over the caustic and uncalled-for comments on their art voiced by Ernest Newman, the music critic of the London *Sunday Times*. They are deeply wounded at his implication that the 'typical jazz composer is merely a musical illiterate who is absurdly pleased with little things because he does not know how little they are.' Nor is their pride assuaged by his comparison of their product to the singsong of a nursery rhyme, or his assertion that 'the thing is dead from the neck up.'

But what tries their souls, what rocks their patriotism to its very foundation, is his contention that 'the brains of the lot of them put together would not fill the lining of Johann Strauss's hat.' What does this English Johnny think he is doing? Is not jazz an *American* art, to be defended no matter what the cost in ink or dictionaries? 'I have never claimed any distinction for jazz,' plaintively retorts Paul Whiteman, one of its principal proponents, 'other than it is the true expression of a nation's song.' But isn't that enough to claim? The heart of a great country tenderly laid open for all to see!

'Red Hot Mamma,' 'Yes, We Have No Bananas,' 'So's Your Old Lady'—*the true expression of a nation's song.* What more could Mr. Whiteman add?

## *If Villon Were King of France*

THE legend and truth of Villon, the French poet of long ago, has a continuing infatuation for the youth of the day.

The legend runs that there was a king on the throne of France who as age advanced became weak from the continual 'yessing' of his subjects, the incessant agreement of the hangers-on-for-profit in his infallibility, until he began to believe it himself.

Then came the Duke of Burgundy before the walls of Paris, inducing these courtiers and hangers-on through graft to open the gates of Paris, that a new rule might begin. Burgundy brought the king to his senses and to a realization of his dangerous position. In his weakness there was nothing but surrender, and any situation was a relief.

Then into a low drinking place which he the king visited incognito for a respite from his troubles came Villon the poet, Villon the outsider, Villon the fighter, to stand on a cask of wine and recite to the assembled cutthroats and jailbirds the things great that he would do 'if Villon were the King of France.'

The king got an idea. Villon was drugged and the next morning awoke in the palace in royal robes, the new prime minister, while the king demanded that he make good on his high words.

How he, a lowly unknown, rose to the opportunity, drove out Burgundy and again established France is the climax to the tale.

The story persists as one of the most attractive of romances, and every youth visualizes as he reads it what he would do as king, or President, or steamboat captain or policeman.

The future of your government, your industry, your college, your church, no matter what it may be, rests today in the head of some youth dreaming what he would do if he were in charge: 'if Villon were the King of France.'



*Where more than a million pounds of butter are printed monthly.*

Huston Thompson Describes

# A Dairy Coöperative Sponsored And Managed by *Farmers*

'SOME grow and others swell,' Woodrow Wilson once remarked of men who come to Washington in pursuit of political preferment. This description may well fit not only politicians but also farmer coöperative organizations. Some coöperatives seem almost to spring up overnight, spread over the universe, swell to the bursting point and blow up when pricked by the attacks of their competitors; others creep at first, then walk, and ultimately mount up with wings as eagles in the domain of competition.

The life of the Land O'Lakes Creameries of Minnesota and contiguous states has been of the latter type. In a suitable background for a farmer coöperative organization, the inexorable law of necessity, that often seems so cruel and yet is really beneficent, drove hundreds of coöperative creameries into a single organization to escape the rasp of each other's competition and to withstand the competitive assaults of the great private corporations in the creamery and butter industry. The epic of the escape of 90,000 farmers from the hazards of the modern market where the single farmer has not even the proverbial Chinaman's chance, into a consolidation of coöperative creameries that can and do successfully dare the greatest accumulations of competing capital, is a subject worthy of analysis in these days when there is so great a mortality,

Copyright, 1926, by Huston Thompson.

both among private corporations and coöperative associations.

It is not by chance alone, nor even business acumen and skill, that the poetically named Land O'Lakes butter is distributed nation-wide by an organization of mere farmers, together with other by-products, to the tune of 79,000,000 pounds of butter and the jingling chink of $40,000,000. Behind its present-day formidable operations it has blazed a trail that other coöperatives may well study.

Minnesota, with its thousands of lakes and rich prairie lands, is ideally suited for dairying and as the home of the Land O'Lakes butter business. This state has an agrarian population of about 178,000 farmers. Of these, 108,000 were born in the United States and 67,000 come from European countries. Practically all of the foreign-born and many of those who first saw the light of day in Minnesota, or just across the border in Wisconsin and Iowa, have either been connected with coöperative organizations or have descended from coöperators who dwelt in Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Germany, Finland, The Netherlands and Switzerland. In those countries agricultural coöperation is an old story and its spirit, theory and practice are thoroughly understood and appreciated.

Ignorance and illiteracy are among the greatest handicaps people meet when they attempt to associate in organizations where team play is required. The greater the intelligence, the more easily does coöperation grow and thrive. Among Minnesota's farming population there were thousands who could not speak our language when they came over here. They came, however, from countries where illiteracy is scarcely known. In lands such as Finland, for example, the people proudly boast to the visitor that today there is no illiteracy. Our census records seem to indicate from the surprisingly high state of literacy in the Land O'Lakes country that the intelligence of these farmers has not stopped with their entry into the United States.

So it is little to be wondered at that with such a background for coöperative growth, when these farmers saw private capital purchasing their butter fat at discouragingly low uniform prices, with no price competition among the buyers, they sensed the same trouble which confronted this agrarian movement in the old country. To offset it, eventually they formed coöperative creameries that soon dotted the entire landscape of the Land O'Lakes country. Through these groups or units they hoped to acquire a competitive weapon with cheaper and more orderly marketing of a higher-grade product and to use it successfully against the great interests that were buying their most valuable product at monopoly prices.

Minnesota had its 'father of the coöperative creameries' in Professor T. L. Haecker who, thirty-five years ago, coming from Wisconsin, plodded up and down the State of Minnesota, where there were less than half a dozen coöperative creameries, pointing out to the farmers the necessity for getting together. While Professor Haecker did not organize the first coöperative creamery in the state, he can be truly called 'the father of the coöperative movement in the butter industry,' since he was its guiding spirit.

Under his leadership, in the ten years—1890 to 1900—500 coöperative creameries were organized in the state.

The Land O'Lakes farmer had either inherited or been taught to raise food supplies on the farm for his family and his animals, thus avoiding the high prices of our commission-ridden markets. In this way, even though his main crop should be poor in one season, he can at least carry himself along for the year without having to live a hand-to-mouth existence and go into debt like many farmers one finds in other parts of our country. The farmer who does not raise and store enough for his table from the farm to carry him through the year is like the prisoner with a ball and chain riveted to him, and is marked as a failure in a coöperative association, particularly if he depends on one crop, such as wheat, cotton or butter.

Professor Haecker, while confronted with the many obstacles that beset a pioneer and a crusader, nevertheless had good soil in which to propagate the coöperative butter industry with an intelligent farming class as independent of outside factors as it was possible for a modern farmer to be. Economic pressure from without and a coöperative knowledge within made it possible for his wise leadership to start the movement that culminated in the Land O'Lakes Creameries, Inc.

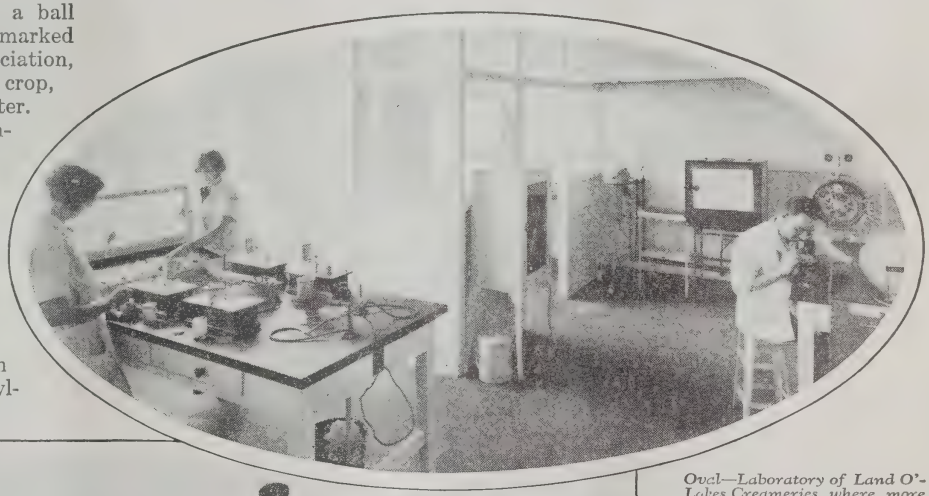
It may be asked why, with all of these favorable conditions at hand, it was necessary to evolve such an organization over a period of thirty-five years. Why was not the output of all the coöperative creameries corralled into one selling pool many years ago and the organization built with the overnight methods such as our industrial monopolies use? The answer is that a coöperative can't grow that way and continue to exist. At least that is what experience has taught.

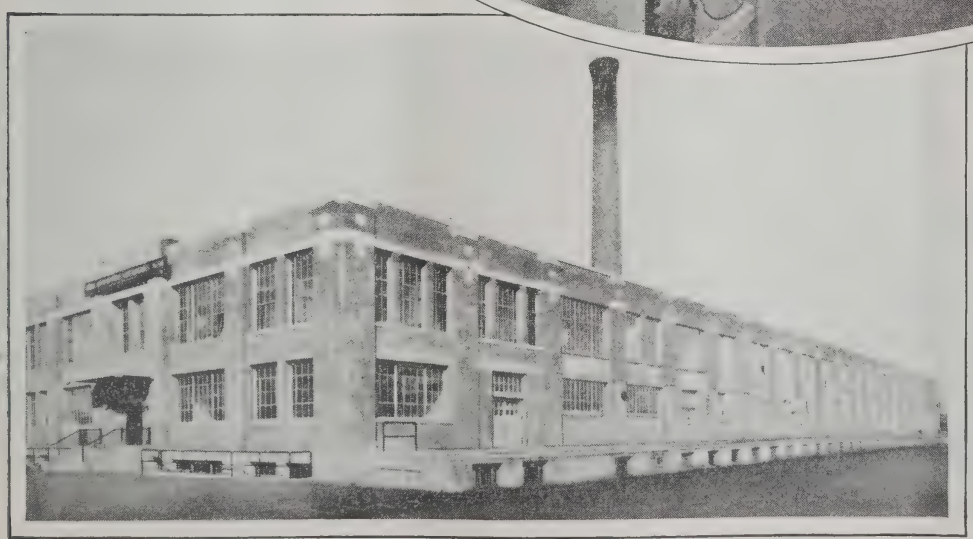
The movement was never without assistance in its creeping stage, for there were always devoted and far-sighted men at the Department of Agriculture of the University of Minnesota who studied their difficulties and gave them the benefit of their advice.

One of the outstanding figures at that period was A. J. McGuire, who was connected with the University of Minnesota's Department of Agriculture. Mr. McGuire worked on the home farm until he was twenty-one, and then entered the School of Agriculture of the University of Minnesota, where he worked his way through by milking cows.

Subsequently, he was given charge of the dairy herd at the college, supporting Professor Haecker in his famous experiments on the amount of nutrition required for the production of milk and butter fat. Then he took the four-year agricultural and scientific course in the university, taught dairying and became absorbed in the movement for coöperative creameries, as applied to the dairying industry of the state.

Mr. McGuire has been with the Land O'Lakes in the capacity of manager ever since it was organized. He has followed in the footsteps of Professor Haecker, suggesting and directing the farmers in their feel for control of their own industry. In 1918 the idea of a great central distributing organization for all of the coöperatives, such as they have in Sweden, or the Danes employ at Esbjerg on their Jutland coast, or the Finns use to export from Helsingfors, had so yeasted in the minds of many of the local coöperative creamery leaders that gathered together to make plans for selling and distributing their butter on a coöperative scale, between a dozen or so creameries.





*Oval—Laboratory of Land O'Lakes Creameries, where more than 3,000 samples of butter are analyzed monthly. Left—New building of Land O'Lakes Creameries, at Minneapolis, Minnesota, built at a cost of $400,000.*

The practices of forty great centralizers of butter fat in that territory in placing 1,500 creamery stations throughout Minnesota, ninety per cent of which were in direct competition with the coöperatives, had caused consternation among the farmers. Many of the creameries very (*Concluded on page 26*)

# *The* Story *of the* 'BIG TEN'

## *How the* Western Conference *Came Into Being, And* What *It Has Done*

By WALTER MONFRIED

*Drawings by* W. O. FITZGERALD

IN 1895 a young physical education instructor and coach of the newly founded Chicago University teams had the idea that it would be a rather good stunt and worth-while publicity for his institution and the others in his section of the country to have a track-and-field meet in the city of Chicago among a few of the more prominent universities of the Middle West.

This young and inexperienced sports tutor was Amos Alonzo Stagg and the unprecedented track meet was the nucleus of what was destined to be the greatest athletic association in the world.

About six or seven of the larger state universities of the Lake states region answered his call to the meet, which was won easily by Wisconsin. Hitherto there had been little or no permanent organization among schools for the promotion of athletics, and few actual contests of any dignity or formality had been held.

Athletics in the West were inconsequential in the early nineties; baseball was by far the most popular of all college sports. Football was generally regarded as unfit for college men.

With the rapid growth of interest and participation in athletics just before the 20th Century, it became obvious to the faculties of the various institutions of the section that some organization and form of control were necessary for the proper guidance of this new and vigorous outlet for excess student spirits.

Stagg's track meet paved the way, and shortly afterward the Intercollegiate Conference of Faculty Representatives was officially organized. This meeting, first held in February, 1896, was the direct outgrowth of the meeting of the presidents of seven universities which was held about a year earlier for the 'purpose of considering the regulation of intercollegiate athletics.'

Few if any rules guided the forms of athletic competition between schools at the time. Ineligibility rules, amateur rules, codes of ethics, and sportsmanship were hardly recognized. The austere heads of these seven schools were quick to observe, however, that if they did not take a hand in controlling the new interest, it would be sure to dominate them and the scholastic interests for which they stood.

At the time of its first official meeting, the Western Conference was composed of the representatives of these seven members: the universities of Chicago, Illinois, Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and of Northwestern and Purdue universities.

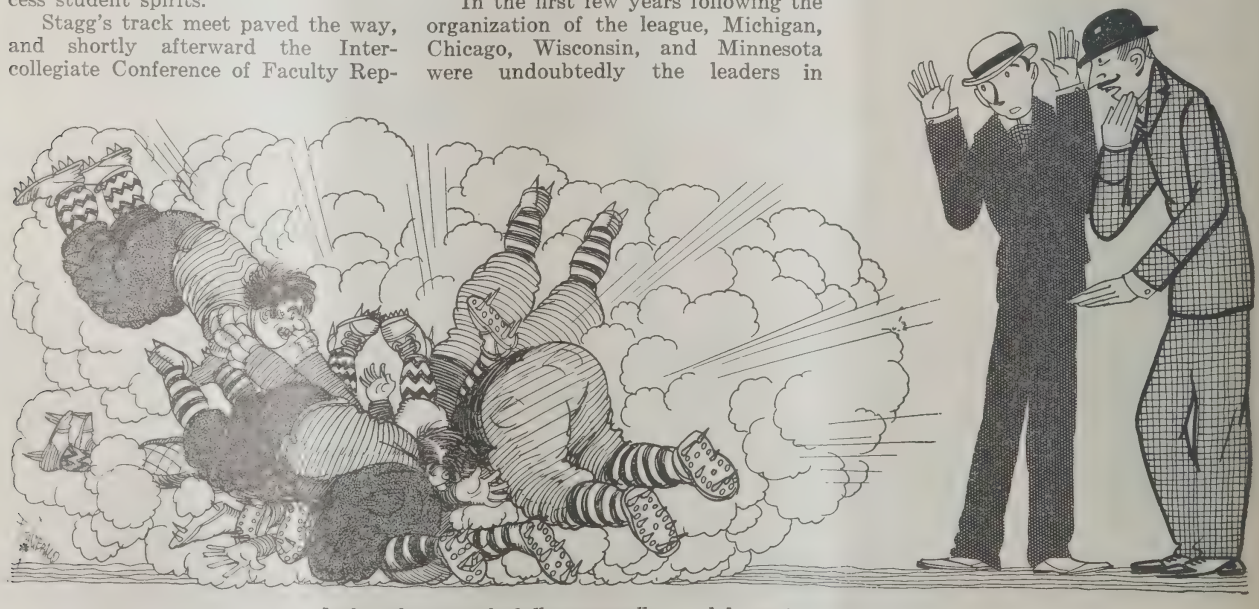
Two more large schools of the Middle West were influential factors in the athletic situation at that time, the University of Indiana and the State University of Iowa. Accordingly, their applications were received, and in 1899 these two became full-fledged members of the Conference.

In the first few years following the organization of the league, Michigan, Chicago, Wisconsin, and Minnesota were undoubtedly the leaders in practically all forms of athletic competition. Genuine intercollegiate football had been introduced at Michigan somewhat before its start at other schools, because of that university's proximity to the East where the game had a fine reception and because of the large proportion of eastern students who attended Michigan.

Minnesota had taken early to the game and had always had big, husky players, many of Scandinavian extraction, and consequently successful teams. Chicago, under the able coaching of A. A. Stagg, always managed to put out a strong team, as did Wisconsin, under the capable instruction of the renowned Phil King.

These four had practically a monopoly on the Conference championships for the first decade of its existence, but of these 'giants,' Michigan was undoubtedly outstanding. Fielding 'Hurry-up' Yost had come to the Wolverine institution from Lafayette in 1901 to take charge of the football teams, and his aggregations met with unparalleled success. His 'point-a-minute' squads from 1901 to 1905 are a byword with all followers of the great college game.

The first decade, 1895 to 1905, of the Conference as a regulatory body, was a period of some success, but not so marked as might have been expected. Many of the evils which led to the formation of the Conference still continued and even increased despite



*In the early nineties football was generally regarded as unfit for college men.*

the governing body's attempts at control.

Tramp athletes, professionalism, playing on the part of men who were not even enrolled in the institutions: these were but common occurrences in the first few years of the Conference. Football had degenerated steadily until it was almost as brutal and unscientific as its most ardent opponents claimed it to be.

In 1906, therefore, came the great upheaval. Casper Whitney, at that time the dean of all American sports writers, came West to investigate conditions, and the title of his resultant series of articles well bespoke his impressions. *The Shame of the Colleges* contained not only Whitney's own views, but also those of a great number of professors and men in private and public life who were interested in the welfare of the universities.

The faculty representatives of the Western Conference met in a serious session in 1906. Should it abolish football, in accord with the demand of thousands of influential persons? The members after deliberation decided against this final step, but resolved to take steps almost as drastic.

The task, as they saw it, was a complete revision of the football rules to delete the obnoxious elements then present. The result of their labors was the adoption of so-called open game, the use of the forward pass and the prevention of the mass attack and accompanying injuries. Intercollegiate football at that time really hung in the balance; if the faculty experiment had not succeeded it would have meant abolition of the game.



*The Conference adopted new rules, among them the abolition of the 'training table'—simply a ruse to give free board to athletes.*

The Conference altered football regulations and adopted new rules to put the game on a squarer basis. The abolition of the old 'training table,' often simply a ruse to give free board to athletes; the one-year residence rule, designed to prevent participation in college sports by the tramp athletes; and the three-year playing rule, drafted to limit the period in which the individual man could play; the provision that all athletes must be bona fide students carrying full work and attaining satisfactory grades: these were among the regulations adopted for the reformation of athletics.

Needless to say, these experiments worked well to an almost unbelievable extent. The most hopeful football lover could not have wished for a more complete success of the faculty advisory plan. All branches of athletics took a sudden upward turn. Then, and then only, did the Western Conference demonstrate its inherent power for benefiting the colleges and their athletics.

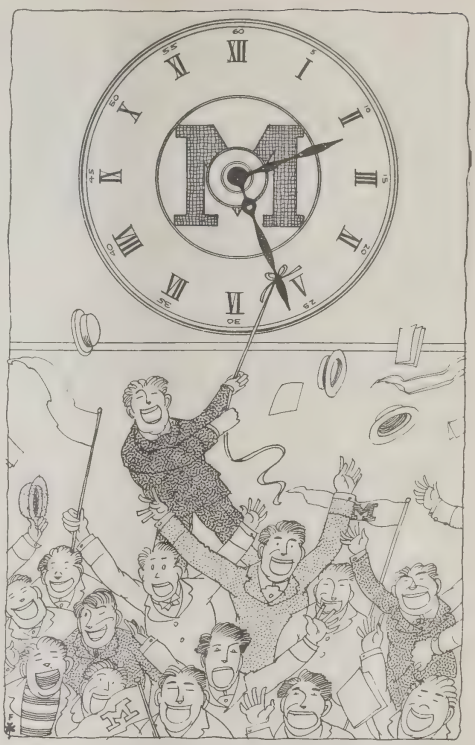
The last fifteen years have marked a steady progress in athletics. Not only football, but track and basketball have had a corresponding rise in popularity and excellence of competition; baseball, always a favorite pastime in western colleges, has maintained its popularity, but has been eclipsed by the three other major sports.

Practically the same membership and system have prevailed in all the years of the organization. Michigan, which was apparently dissatisfied with the restriction and class of competition found in the Conference, withdrew in 1908, but applied for readmittance and joined again in 1917. Ohio State University became a member of the league in 1912, and a rather prominent factor in its athletics as well.

During the war period the Conference suspended its activities as a controlling body, at the same time tendering to the War Department its services in carrying on athletic activities, both intramural and intercollegiate, in and among its members. It declared its former authority in effect on December 7, 1918. This was the period of the S. A. T. C.

Since the war, the Conference has enjoyed a period of unprecedented popularity and prestige. Football teams of the Conference are the peer of any representative group of teams throughout the nation. Coaches like Zuppke, Stagg, Yost, and Wilce are recognized authorities, as evidenced by the powerful and strategic teams which they have turned out.

Some of the greatest football stars of all time have performed for Western Conference schools: Baston and McGovern, of Minnesota; Aubrey Devine and Locke, of Iowa; Grange, Carney and Pogue, of Illinois; Eckersall and Steffen, of Chicago; Driscoll, of Northwestern; Cochems, Curtis, O'Dea, Gillette and Williams, of Wisconsin; Harley, Stinchcomb, Huff, and the Workman brothers, of Ohio State; Hanny, of Indiana; Oliphant, of Purdue; and all of Michigan's thirteen All-Americans, including Heston, Schulz, and Maulbetsch, have been players of well-nigh unsurpassed ability. Grange, Eckersall, and Heston are usually mentioned on the all-time All-American teams.




*Coach Yost's 'point-a-minute' squads from 1901 to 1905 are a byword with all followers of the great college game.*

When it comes to picking some of the greatest teams as a whole which have ever played the game, Western Conference teams must be looked at with respect. Wisconsin's team of 1912, which placed nine men on the first All-Conference eleven; the Illinois Pogue-Clark combination of 1914; Minnesota's 'wonder team' of 1916, with the renowned Wyman-to-Baston aerial attack; Iowa's conquerors of Yale in 1922; Ohio's 'last-minute' team of 1920; Illinois' marvelous working machine in 1923 and the first part of the 1924 season: what words of praise need be said for these?

Some of the annual games between traditional 'Big Ten' opponents have become veritable classics, rivaling the contests of the Big Three. No season would be complete without the time-honored Chicago-Illinois game; the Wisconsin-Minnesota contest, an event in gridiron circles for the past thirty-five years; the Michigan-Minnesota game for the pos-

(Concluded on page 24)



# *Exploding* the Perennial *Myth*

## *That* Our Ancestors Were All Hardy, And We Moderns Are All Weaklings

*By* DONALD HOUGH

*Illustrated by* GEORGE HARPER

ALL ancestors were hardy, all moderns are weaklings. There is nothing new in this conception. No philosopher of 1926 made the astounding discovery that his country was founded by grizzled, rugged pioneers of outstanding virtue, and that the present-day crop of citizens has a faint down on the upper lip. Ever since civilization began, the lack of the strength, the moral and physical sturdiness of the fathers has been lamented; the weakness and the spiritual flabbiness of the contemporary growth has been decried.

No generation of human beings ever has been satisfied with current manners, current ideals, current character. Each one has read into the glorious past the most magnificent attributes. This started as far back as history has been recorded; and since we are concerned principally with America, let it be remembered that this was a fetish of the American Indian. We are carrying on the tradition in an efficient manner. Some weeks ago I read the usual article weeping over the passing of the sturdy Puritan tradition. It is done regularly. Even our living grandfathers can remember the days when men were men and blood was red and virtue was its own reward.

THE ease with which we arrive at rosy conclusions in regard to past eras may be largely due to the enchantment which distance proverbially lends; it may be due to that fortunate twist of the human mind which so conveniently forgets all evil, recalls only the good. It may also be due to the inclination of the investigators deliberately to look only for excellence in the earlier culture, and to look only for the opposite in that of today.

When this republic was in its extreme infancy, the men who did most of the work wore handkerchiefs in their sleeves, rouged their cheeks, and danced wickedly until morning. During the reign of our first President, the city of New York—our first capital—was the scene of Oriental splendor as judged by contemporary standards, was inhabited by dandies and sheiks, and drinking, petting, wild buggy rides and all other vices now supposedly being copyrighted by the younger generation were the pastimes of the gaily inclined.

Charges of a national moral delinquency were made, and such charges increased in volume and vehemence when the capital was removed to Philadelphia. During these same years, men were pushing on into what was then called the West, were stubbornly hewing farms from the fertile region south of the Great Lakes, were pushing the frontier on toward the Mississippi. Children in New England were walking ten miles to school; men were conquering the soil of Virginia; the first garden patches were appearing around the blockhouses along the Ohio. Strenuous progress was being made, at the cost of great effort. Yet I never have read, never have heard of, a single mention of these things by the critics of those times. They ignored all save that which suited their purpose. And the same system prevails today.

The critics of the modern sheikism, the cigaret-smoking, bobbed-haired, sophisticated flapperism, and of the spiritual paganism, moral lassitude and general drug store civilization in which we are said to be wallowing, perhaps live in the centers where such things predominate, and, like those who deplored the same thing, the awfulness of the early American effeminacy, see only what they see.

Perhaps the moaners of a future age will be the first to observe the magnificent character of today's Americans.

The day of the frontier in America has not passed. There are perhaps more square feet of frontier today than there were a hundred or two hundred years ago. A frontier is not a wilderness. It is the point of contact between the settler and the wilderness. Therefore there can be no frontier without both. The frontier of the days when Danny Boone was swinging his tomahawk along the Ohio was a small one. It was fierce for its size, but geographically it was small. As people moved on, as more came, the frontier grew larger. It has been growing larger ever since, although at the same time growing tamer and easier.

If you were to swing around from Northern Michigan, through Northern Wisconsin, Minnesota, Dakota, to the Rocky Mountains, thence south into Arizona and back, say, to the delta of the Mississippi, you would just about encompass today's frontiers. They are not so romantic as the old ones; there are no Indians, and there are automobiles. But they are frontiers just the same.

Last year I lived in a valley in the heart of the Rockies. The railroad was thirty miles away from the nearest point of the valley, which is ordinarily not very far but which was in this case because the most spectacular range of mountains in America cut across that thirty miles at right angles. In that valley live a thousand persons. There is one doctor; there are no dentists. The valley is seventy miles long.

THE altitude is high, consequently the winters are long and severe. During the greater part of the year transportation throughout the valley is furnished by mail stages which buck blizzards and wallow through snow up to the bellies of the horses. These are ordinary bobsleds with a canvas-covered hood over them similar to those used on the old covered wagons. Some have stoves in them, and on cold days the smoke issues in great white clouds from the tin chimney that is thrust through the canvas.

I have seen a mother with two small daughters embark in one of these stages to make a forty-mile journey

when the thermometer registered fifty degrees below zero. I have seen men take passage for the railroad on a mail stage pulled by six horses and which had no covering of any kind, when the thermometer was at sixty-two degrees below zero. I have gone over that pass, with two elderly ladies as fellow-passengers, in the worst blizzard of the year, when we had to almost dig our way along and when the front team slid from the road, was cut loose and floundered down the hillside in the snow.

There is a schoolhouse eight miles west of the little town in the center of the valley, to which come the children of the ranchers for miles around. That school presents a spectacle which would chill the cockles of the calamity-howlers' hearts. Stuck upright in the snow near the door are about twenty pairs of skis and snowshoes and they are there every morning. Some of them have come for many miles to form part of that grove.

In the rear of the school, as in the rear of each one in the valley, is a barn for saddle horses. Each horse brings from one to four children to school. There are two general modes of horseback riding in vogue among the younger generation of the valley. If there are no more than two pupils from one ranch, and if they are not too large or the horse too small, both ride on his back. The elder, or the brother in the event of mixed genders, sits 'up front,' while the other sits immediately behind and clasps mittened hands around the midriff of the captain of the craft. But if the patient cayuse can't carry the family quota to the school, one rides in a stock saddle on the horse, and the others ride on a toboggan that is hauled behind by means of a lariat fastened to the horn of the saddle.

The largest grade school and the only high school are situated in the town, which has a population of about three hundred. The more prosperous of the ranchers send their children to town to board during the winter if they are of high-school age; the very rich rent a small house and move in until school is over in the spring.

I could fill many pages with incidents and customs of the valley. There are no tiled baths there, no running water. The wood heater does the warming. In the autumn the men go out and get their winter's meat from the mountains: luscious elk, that is hung up to freeze in the woodshed.

A year ago I visited a town in Southern Utah that is one hundred and thirty miles from the railroad. A narrow, winding, canyon-skirting road crosses a mountain range to that town, and everything that is now there had to be hauled in—and it was only ten years ago that the first motor truck braved that road. Yet the town, which is seventy years old, has a population of twelve hundred and is modern in every respect. Its buildings are of brick; it has a shiny, plate-glassed drug store, two churches, a fine city hall, a large school of the most recent design and equipment.

The town is at the edge of the great desert of Arizona and is surrounded on three sides by burning sands and on the fourth by red-hot cliffs and oven-like canyons, yet the town itself is a veritable garden. The air is heavy with the perfume of luxurious flowers, the streets are cool and shady. The inhabitants have built pipe lines of California redwood to every trickle of water within a dozen miles radius back in the hills. This water is gathered in a reservoir, from which it flows through ditches, first in the streets, watering the rows of sweet locust trees, then through the gardens of flowers and vegetables, and finally over the hay lands and the grain.

I followed one of those wooden pipe lines far back into a canyon, and at the end of it I found an ordinary rain trough into which water dripped—dripped drop by drop, mind you, along a ledge ten feet in length. That is the spirit that has conquered that desert, and it is unrivaled by any spirit of the old days. Incidentally, the water supply is comparatively modern. Only a few years ago were the last of the pipe lines laid

Is it thus that America displays a weakness and a lack of that sturdy character that the dear ancestors had in such abundance? America still is growing, still is being built, still has many frontiers. Those that I have cited are not isolated and exceptional cases. In fact, they are the only two places I ever have visited in the West. I have not traveled a great deal, and I am only thirty-one years old. But I am convinced that this country is being built by a race just about as hardy as any on the face of the earth.




*The day of the frontier in America has not passed.*

Only three hundred years ago this United States was a wilderness. Sit down some day and think that over three or four times. Think what your city or town was when you were a boy. Consider that most of the settlement and building of America has come within the past hundred years, and that the speed has increased every decade, right up to today. A decadent civilization, a bunch of folks who are going to the dogs and crops of younger Americans who are condemned as past all salvation, do not accomplish these things. It just isn't done. The proof of the pudding, as we always have understood, is in the eating.

If I could persuade some editor

to print it, I could write an article—after considerable research—proving that the present age is the most divine known to history. My process would be simplicity itself. First I should draw a picture, and a true one, of the court of Alexander Hamilton at Philadelphia, and of the general flippant civilization of that age. I should work in some of the more stern and fanatical aspects of the earlier religious frenzy. I should touch on this and that, being careful to select only such things as suited my theme, and, by holding them up as pictures of the times, would gradually lead up to the present.

Then I should tell of the modern pioneers. Of the sturdy farmers who are ever pushing farther into the forests. I should picture the building of a nation. I should tell of the sterling qualities of the modern workingman, of the office man, the business executive. I might even touch on the open-mindedness of the modern clergy, and the broadening of religious views. And perhaps I should throw in a few statistics. For example, as balm to those who mourn the passing of log-cabin days, I think I could scare up figures to show that there are more log cabins in America today than ever before. Of this—of the truth of it—I am certain. I have lived in a log cabin with my family, right in town. I have visited the parson in his log cabin, and have taken a brace of wild geese to a log-cabining neighbor to swap them for a loin of elk. I shall take you into certain districts of Wyoming, of Northern Minnesota, and show you log cabins until you dream of them.

All false argument is based on a fundamental untruth, and the palming off of this untruth is the art and science of arguing falsely. For example, let us suppose a person wishes to champion the olden times, to decry the modern tendencies. He says, perhaps: 'This is a day of degeneracy, paganism, unbelief in God, false standards, moral decay, and general idiocy. The old order was divine, God-fearing, upright, honest, sturdy, home-loving, and generally excellent.' And then, with this as a basis, he goes on to prove that the old order was more desirable than is the new. And he is right, as anybody is willing to grant, *provided* he is correct in his estimate of the present and in his assertions as to the past. That is the real meat and soul of the argument. But it is not proved, not even discussed. It is simply stated. That is false argument.

Having stated these 'facts,' it is a simple matter to go ahead and prove that the one era transcends the other. For it needs no proof. What really matters in the argument is this: Was that predominantly true of the old order, and is this mostly true of the new? Those are the things the intelligent reader wants to know, and they are the questions that are passed over with such a pleasant facility by the writers.

There is something startlingly amiss in the idea that advanced civilization—considered in terms of its luxuries and material aspects—breeds a race of weaklings. It should, perhaps; but does it? I can recall any number of surprises I have experienced in my estimate of men—and of women.

One night during the war I was watching a game of poker in a French café. One of the players—an American aviator—was slender, pale-faced, manicured, yellow-fingered from cigarets. I spotted him as a sheik, and, not being as old then as I am now, I looked on him with a certain contempt. But a moment later I saw his chest. Among the long row of colors there, was the Congressional Medal of Honor: the most prized and rare bit of ribbon that any soldier can pin over his heart.

Out in the West I took passage on a mail stage with a young man bearing every earmark of the drug store cowboy. He had the sideburns, he had the oiled hair, he had everything. I shook my head and wondered what the West was coming to, but I learned a good deal a few months later when I saw him take first prize at the rodeo, competing for three days against the best broncho riders for many leagues around, including some traveling professionals.

One day four years ago I was riding on another mail stage—a motor bus this time—along the north shore of Lake Superior near the Minnesota-Canadian border. The town to which I was going was more than a hundred miles from the railroad and boasted a citizenship almost one-half Indian. Along the shore of the big lake were the scattered houses, huts, cabins, of settlers. Near one such cabin, all alone on that bleak coast, the stage stopped to pick up a passenger: a young mother with a babe in her arms.

I gave her assistance in mounting the stage, and exchanged a few words with her. I noticed that she spoke with a French accent.

'You are from Canada?' I asked.

'No,' she replied, 'I am from Paris.'

As I grow older I begin to realize that in such an awfully big world, one can find almost anything, and can come to almost any convenient conclusion, according to the current style.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,

Of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, the Ford International Weekly, published weekly at Dearborn, Michigan, for October 1, 1926, State of Michigan, County of Wayne, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Fred L. Black, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are:

Publisher, The Dearborn Publishing Company, Dearborn, Michigan; Editor, W. J. Cameron, Dearborn, Michigan; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, Fred L. Black, Dearborn, Michigan.

2. That the owners holding one per cent or more of the stock are:

The Ford Motor Company of Delaware; Henry Ford, Dearborn, Michigan; E. G. Liebold, Detroit, Michigan; Clifford B. Longley, Royal Oak, Michigan.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: none.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders, who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

FRED L. BLACK,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of September, 1926.

[SEAL] ISABEL LAWTHER.

(My Commission expires Sept. 21, 1926.)

# A Lake-Shore Tragedy

*By* BEN EAST

THE story of an outdoor tragedy was recently revealed by the finding, on Lone Tree Island, in Saginaw Bay, Michigan, of a young common tern, its foot fast in the shell of a small mussel or fresh-water clam, both captor and captive dead.

The tern have this lonely island entirely to themselves. More than 5,000 of them



*Trapped by a clamshell.*

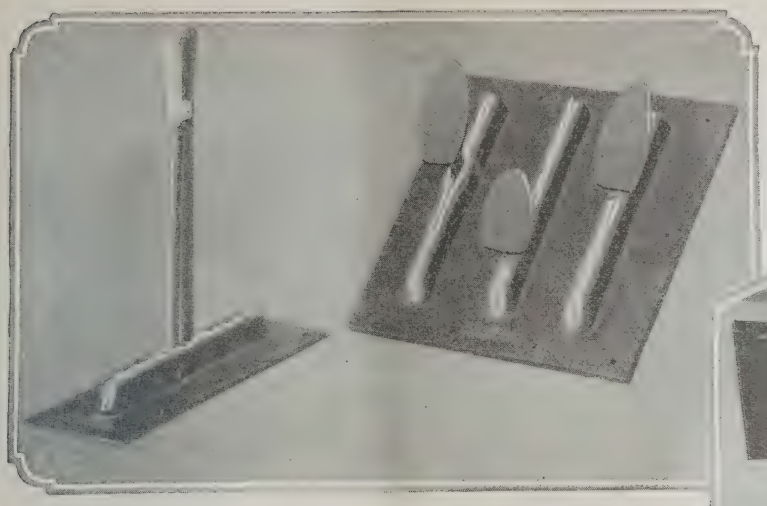
nest upon its sandy, desolate beaches, and they hang above it in a whirling mottled cloud all summer long. No natural enemy ever crosses from the mainland, miles away, and men never come nearer than when Bay fishermen pass in their small tugs, far out beyond the bars and reefs. Yet even in this remote haven, tragedy could, and did, come to the young tern.

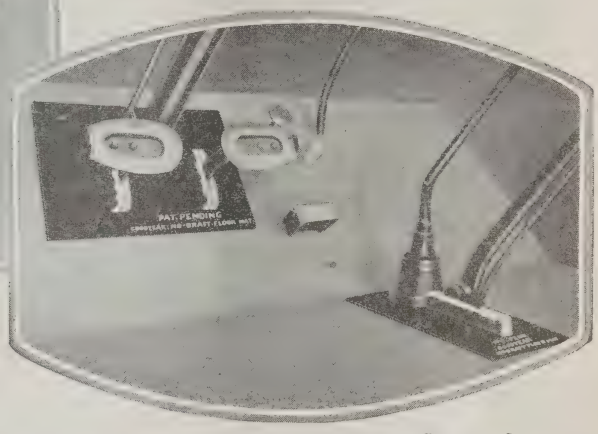
The clam lies in shallow water, half buried in the sandy bottom, the two halves of the exposed top of its shell slightly parted to permit it to inhale and exhale water, bearing oxygen and microscopic food. Into this opening, the young tern, barely old enough for flight, had thrust three of his toes while wading along the edge of a bar.

To the clam, the entrance of any large animate object within his shell means invasion and danger. He follows the only line of defense he has. His thick hinge muscle instantly clamps the shell tight shut and holds it so. So powerful is this grip that the shellfish may be pulled from his bed by thrusting a green reed into the opening of the shell and allowing him to clamp shut upon it.

The young tern was caught, with no hope of escape. As long as his toes remained within the shell, the clam would not relax, and until the shell was opened the bird could not withdraw his foot. So the pair fought their grim, silent battle, each thinking the other the aggressor, the one not daring, the other not able to yield.

The clam was pulled from the mud and dragged about the beach. His weight prevented the bird from making more than short bursts of flight, or from catching minnows for food. In the end the clam conquered, as he was bound to do. Relentless and inexorable, he kept his grip upon the bird's foot, suffering little harm himself.






# Keeps Out Cold, Snow and Dirt
## —*for Small Cars*

A Goodyear No-Draft Mat can be installed in five minutes! Then—all winter, and in summer as well, the floor of your car will be clean and tight.

No cold wind, no snow or slush, can come in during the winter months. And when warmer weather comes the Goodyear No-Draft Mat keeps out swirling dust.

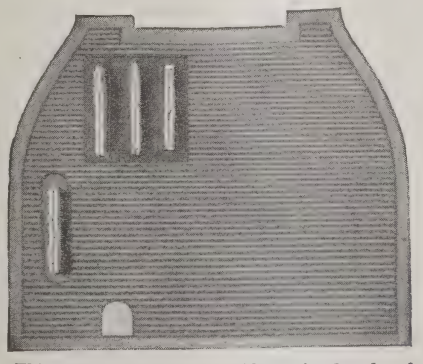
Made for all models—either open or closed.

And costs so little that everybody can have one.

See your Dealer!

* *

**NOTE**—*Dealers should prepare to cash in on the demand for this timely and useful item. It sells like hot cakes at the first hint of cold weather. No installation problem, or special tools. Write today for complete details. Address Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.*



*This complete floor mat provides entire floor board covering plus the No-Draft features*

GOODYEAR

Copyright 1926, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

NO-DRAFT MATS

# Chief Source of the Alcohol Flood

(*Concluded from page 4*)

bearing on the 'protection' phase of the matter:

Philadelphia, Nov. 24, 1925.
Mr. W. G. Murdock,
Prohibition Director,
Philadelphia, Pa.
Dear Sir:

Report is being forwarded complaining of the Cuba Corona Chemical Company, located at 1022 Spring Street, Philadelphia, Pa., for refusing to permit prohibition agents on two different occasions to enter and inspect the books.

It has been reported to me that the proprietors of this plant stated that they have connections with the prohibition office and, therefore, do not care about any revocation proceedings being issued against them.

I make this a personal, special issue, and request that citation proceedings be issued immediately, leaving the case to be judged on its merits only when witnesses are produced, and not be judged in an opinion rendered that no citation can be issued.

This is an important matter, and should all plants act in a similar manner, we would not be able with the entire forces of the United States to properly check and cover the alcohol.

(Signed) Herbert Smith.

The Cuba Corona Chemical Company mentioned in these letters has a permit to withdraw 180,000 gallons a year of specially denatured alcohol to make tobacco sprays, *a quantity sufficient*, as has been pointed out to the authorities at Washington, *to take care twice over of the tobacco production of the United States and half the production of the rest of the world besides.* The proceedings against it were dismissed in the face of Smith's emphatic protest.

SMITH, at the time he served as Assistant Administrator, was on leave of absence from his duties as chief deputy warden of the Eastern State Penitentiary of Pennsylvania. He was a former officer of the Pennsylvania State Constabulary and noted as a vigorous law enforcement officer. At the time Major Murdock took office, he requested that Smith be granted leave to serve temporarily as his assistant. It was generally understood that Smith was the chief figure in the reorganization of the Philadelphia prohibition office that soon followed. Smith was recalled to his prison post soon after the date of the quoted letters.

There have been many similar cases where the field agents of the Internal Revenue Bureau have shown clearly that permits were being grossly violated and the men on the ground have failed to get necessary coöperation. It is not unusual for Washington to fail to suspend the use of alcohol under these permits and to refuse even to institute proceedings for their revocation, as provided for by law. At one stage both the Internal Revenue Commissioner at Washington and his assistant, Mr. Haynes, telegraphed to the prohibition administrator in Philadelphia ordering him to permit more than twenty indicted concerns to continue their alcohol withdrawals. What was the influence that paralyzed the arm of the law in all these Philadelphia cases? There are more than forty-five permittees today withdrawing alcohol in Philadelphia, against whom charges brought by the prohibition agents have been dismissed by the 'higher ups'—some as many as three times—or permits revoked and restored. *Withdrawals authorized of these permittees amount to more than 1,240,000 gallons a year.*

REVOKED permits have frequently been restored long before the year from their date of revocation has expired, as required by law.

The law on this point reads:

Section 9, Title II, National Prohibition Act: 'If at any time there shall be filed with the Commissioner a complaint under oath setting forth facts showing, or if the Commissioner *has reason to believe, that any person who has a permit is not in good faith* conforming to the provisions of this Act, or has violated the laws of any state relating to intoxicating liquor, the Commissioner or his Agent shall immediately issue an order citing such person to appear before him on a day named . . . If it is found that such person has been guilty of willfully violating any such laws, as charged, or *has not in good faith conformed* to the provisions of this Act, such permit shall be revoked, and *no permit shall be granted to* such person within one year thereafter.'

Out of twenty-eight permits revoked in Philadelphia in 1924, in less than three months after their revocation nineteen of them had been restored, and a month later five more were restored. Before the end of 1925 it became necessary to revoke fourteen of these twenty-four, and four surrendered their permits.

Few permits have been permanently revoked. The Internal Revenue commissioner and his assistants will say, in defense, that if they do not grant the permits, the courts will order them to do so, or, if they revoke them, the courts will restore the permits. The answer to this is that if the Commissioner and his legal assistants properly handle and fight proceedings brought in United States courts for the granting or restoration of permits, presenting the department's reasons why the permit is withheld, no judge would order permits to be issued or restored in such proceedings.

Formulas for making specially denatured alcohol, for use in manufacturing toilet waters, hair tonics, tobacco sprays, and other preparations have been allowed by the Internal Revenue Commissioner and his assistants, which have been absurdly easy to redistill so as to obtain pure alcohol; and permits to withdraw such alcohol under these formulas—ostensibly to make these toilet waters, sprays and hair tonics—have been granted for hundreds of thousands of gallons in excess of what legitimate business required, for the use for which such alcohol was alleged to be necessary.

Touching this crooked alcohol traffic, the federal grand jury in Philadelphia said:

In the last three years (especially the last two years) a large number of persons have been granted permits to withdraw specially denatured alcohol, either in their own name or in a trade name; this specially denatured alcohol to be used by them in the manufacture of barbers' supplies, toilet preparations, hair tonics, so-called theater sprays and tobacco sprays.

Enough of these articles could be manufactured out of this alcohol to meet the demands of the whole country, and yet throughout this city, nor anywhere else, can there be found any considerable part of these products, either offered for sale or consumed by the public . . . The fact of the matter is, this alcohol is not used for the manufacture of these articles. It was never intended to be so used by these persons who received the permits and never will be so used by them.

The federal grand jury's scathing denunciation of the permit system as operated by the Prohibition Bureau (under control of Mr. Mellon's Treasury Department) apparently impressed the Secretary of the Treasury and his assistants not at all. Excessive allowances for the use of specially denatured alcohol continued and increased. Commissioner Haynes thereafter granted a temporary permit to a cigar manufacturing concern in Philadelphia—Bobrow Brothers, Inc.—to withdraw 35,000 gallons of specially denatured alcohol each month for making tobacco casing fluid. And the permit was made permanent for 20,000 gallons.

The real nature of the application was clearly disclosed when the treasurer of Bobrow Brothers in a formal hearing on the application for an allowance of 50,000 gallons a month held by a representative of the Internal Revenue Bureau testified that in the previous years the company's business had never required more than $408 to be expended in specially denatured alcohol for manufacturing cigars, and generally used water, but hereafter, properly to cure their tobacco, would require every 350 pounds to be treated with from 50 to 150 gallons.

TO THINK of granting a 20,000 gallon alcohol withdrawal on a monthly permit for a tobacco spray on such evidence would be ludicrous did it not reveal such gross inefficiency and misfeasance in the department at Washington. Experts have testified that the best and largest tobacco manufacturers in the United States would not use more than about a gallon of specially denatured alcohol for each 12,000 pounds of tobacco for cigars; and if any such amount were used as Bobrow Brothers' representative testified was to be used by his concern, these manufacturers would not be able to sell a single one of their cigars.

Without these vast quantities of illegal alcohol manufactured, withdrawn from bonded warehouses and distributed throughout the eastern section of the United States, the illicit rum business would be badly crippled. To spend huge sums to run down small bootleggers when the Government apparently sanctions these transactions involving hundreds of thousands of gallons of bootleg alcohol is one of the absurdities of the situation.

# Reliability of the New Testament

(*Concluded from page 8*)

with difficulty, turned itself in the direction opposite to that in which it was being carried. Such were the portents, but even greater the slaughter of the defeat.'

Even more remarkable were the omens and wonders which preceded and followed the murder of Caesar in 44 B. C., and these are soberly recorded by historians and poets even down to our own Shakespeare.

What wonder then that so great an event as the founding of a world religion and such a personality as that of Jesus were foreshadowed by similar prophecies and that there were ominous accompaniments of His death on the Cross. Some of these legends may even have crept into the accepted writings of the New Testament, but much of the more marvelous was, we know, cast aside by the good sense of the early church.

The birth and childhood of Jesus gave more scope for exaggeration and the addition of the marvelous than the period of His ministry, for it dealt with times and places that could not have been known at first hand by any of the authors of the New Testament. Accordingly it is natural that that portion of the life should be omitted by Mark and even by John. Matthew and Luke have it, but it is not handled by them with any such fullness or exaggeration as in the uncanonical Gospels, of which an extreme example is the *Epistle of James*, twenty-five short chapters on the period up to the Slaughter of the Innocents at Bethlehem. We may quote chapter xxii as an example:

'But when Herod perceived that he was mocked by the wise men, he was wroth, and sent murderers saying unto them: Slay the children from two years old and younger. And when Mary heard that the children were being slain, she was afraid, and took the young child and wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in an oxmanger.

'But Elizabeth when she heard that they sought for John, took him and went up into the hill country and looked about her where she should hide him; and there was no hiding-place. And Elizabeth groaned and said with a loud voice: O mountain of God, receive thou a mother with a child. For Elizabeth was not able to go up. And immediately the mountain clave asunder and took her in. And there was a light shining alway for them; for the angel of the Lord was with them, keeping watch over them.'

THIS may serve to show the kind of exaggeration which the Second Century was adding to the simple story of Christ. More than a dozen Gospels of this general character are known to us, mostly in fragments, and some by their titles only, but they serve to show us how carefully and thoroughly the church sifted its early records.

After reading such works of ignorant and superstitious writers we turn to the canonical Gospels with a sense of relief. *John* is not, to be sure, on a plane with the other three, and it may well be that *Mark* stands in first place as the earlier document, yet in the main we rely on the general agreement of all. Where all four or even three agree we must consider it good historical evidence. Practically all of this agreement is confined to the three years of the ministry and that is the portion that is of most import to us.

The same may be said of Paul, the greatest teacher of the infant church. He has left us first-hand evidence of his ministry in his many authentic letters, and Luke in the last half of *Acts*, as an eyewitness, has told the story of Paul's later teaching.

These are the parts of the New Testament for which the historical evidence is the strongest and it is ample to establish in its main features the teachings of Christ and the beliefs of the early church.

Doubt has often been cast on the historical character of Jesus and of the early years of the church, because of the scanty evidence from contemporary secular history. The beginnings of Christianity were so simple and the early converts so humble, that rulers and their satellites might well ignore them.

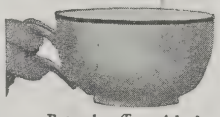
YET by A. D. 64 the Christians were sufficiently numerous to attract attention in Rome. They had aroused envy and hostility by their nonconformance with heathen worship, and by the fact that their real teachings were little understood. When the Emperor Nero was accused of burning Rome and of singing a tragedy (not fiddling, be it known) during the fire, he tried to throw the blame on the Christians as Tacitus, who was ten years old at the time, tells us in his Annals: 'Nero therefore accused the Christians and punished them with exceptional tortures. The author of that name was Christ, who was put to death by the governor Pontius Pilate during the reign of Tiberius, but the destructive superstition, repressed for the moment, kept breaking out anew, not only in Judea, the origin of the evil, but even as far as the city of Rome.' Then there follows a description of the tortures, which Nero inflicted, and the final comment: 'Pity arose, as if they were being burned, not for the public good, but to satisfy the cruelty of one.'

Pliny was a contemporary of Tacitus and he gives a clearer picture in his letter to the Emperor Trajan about the Christians in Bithynia. The letter as a whole is too long to quote, but a bit of this unbiased picture of the early Christians may well close this article: 'They were accustomed to assemble before daylight on a stated day and to sing a song together to Christ as if to a God, and to bind themselves by an oath, not for the sake of some crime, but that they would not commit theft, robbery, or adultery, and that they would not break faith, nor deny their debts. And when these vows had been made they were accustomed to separate, and again to come together for the sake of taking food together.'

These two writers, Tacitus and Pliny, are among the best known of the Romans at the end of the First Century, and their evidence is sufficient without other support to establish the early existence of Christianity, the name of its Founder, the manner of His death, and as much of its early practices as a prosecuting attorney would be apt to find out about a religion that he was investigating because he considered it a crime.




REAL COFFEE
That's Harmless!



Not even children are fooled by coffee substitutes!

What do you gain by serving them? Harmless, yes. *But so is coffee with the caffeine taken out.*

Buy real coffee, and drink all you want! A pure coffee from which the caffeine has been extracted, without disturbing or altering a single one of the good qualities of real coffee,—taste, aroma or quick satisfying effects. All remain at their best. It can't affect the heart or kidneys. Nor keep one awake, though taken at bedtime.

Kaffee Hag is coffee at its best. At your grocer's or clip this coupon now!

KAFFEE HAG
1533 Davenport Ave., Cleveland
Send me postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of real coffee; I enclose 10 cents (coin or stamps).



Name.....

Address.....

Portable Typewriters
Remington—Corona—Underwood
At about half the cost of a new machine.
Rebuilt from bottom to top. Fully guaranteed by a money back offer.—We also sell large rebuilt machines and can take yours in as part payment, or if you prefer a brand new typewriter, we can supply it, too.
*Honor and responsibility have built this business.*
S. ADAM KUNZE, Dept. K,
75 Franklin Street, New York

A Permanent File
For Your Copies of
*THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT*

TO THOSE readers who desire to save their copies, we can furnish a specially made binder which holds 26 copies.

This binder permits of ready reference to or the removal of any particular issue without disarranging other copies.

Durably constructed, with stiff covers, cloth covered, this binder solves the problem of keeping all copies neat and instantly available.

*Price $1.75*
*Postpaid*

DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.
Dearborn, Michigan.

# The Laws of the Sky in Future Wars

(Concluded from page 6)

tiveness of the field forces of the enemy. Zeppelin raids on London might seem to do harm to Britain, but they actually stiffen the resistance of the intrepid Englishman.

A raid into rear areas is, according to the military principles of economy of force and of the military objective, to be directed against something that will be of tactical or strategical advantage for you to destroy. There we have the rules the fighting fliers will follow as regards the bombardment of cities and towns. Whatever the alarmists say, the principle of the 'military objective' will govern. Whatever the humanitarians say, the principle of the 'military objective' will govern.

THERE will not be indiscriminate bombing of civilian populations, because it is wasteful and costly in ammunition and planes and skilled fliers, and does not help along the main issue. There will not be any absolute bar against the bombardment of cities and towns, because those towns may contain arsenals, dockyards, troop concentrations, factories, or railway shops valuable to the enemy's war effort.

A country cannot put its military production under the cloak of noncombatant protection, particularly in these days when entire populations engage in war effort of one sort or another.

A general cannot march his troops into billets in a town and 'touch wood' like a small boy playing tag. The troops and the organizations which maintain and direct them will be subject to attack, from the air the same as from the land or the sea. If the bombing is not absolutely 100 per cent accurate, and a proportion of the explosives fall on peaceful homes or kill bystanding civilians, that is their misfortune. The normal percentage of hits a bombing plane may make while directing its fire from the air is a military weapon which a fighting nation is entitled to use.

The proposed regulations for the conduct of aerial warfare, drawn up by a committee of jurists and military and naval men at The Hague in 1923, recognize these facts. They condemn the 'indiscriminate' bombing of civilian populations, and say that aerial bombing must be 'directed' at military objectives. They do not say that every bomb must 'hit' a military objective. It is like the French peasant who got a machine-gun bullet through his ear on that day when an American plane first brought down a German flier on Gallic soil. It was one of those stray shots which noncombatants may expect to come their way if there is fighting in their neighborhoods. In aerial warfare, the problem is no different than it is in land warfare.

The man on the spot may expect possibly to be hit by an accidental shot. On land, he knows he is in the theater of operations. In aerial warfare, he may have thought himself safe because he was many miles from the front; but the cruising range of fighting planes is such that the front is extended. A cannon shot used to go three miles. Now one can go nearly half a hundred. The danger area has increased in depth, and with the airplane it is hundreds of miles deep.

Finally those who are trying to figure out what will happen in a future war, when airplanes form a prominent part of the fighting force, are compelled to look with new light on the entire question of the distinction between combatants and noncombatants. There have been wars before this when entire populations were seemingly involved. But the World War was the first of that character when the new weapons science had devised actually put the civilian population within range of enemy blows.

If we are 'al' in it,' as Ian Hay said, and if, as President Wilson said, the men at home on the farms and in the factories and shipyards form a great 'service army' essential to the war, will it not be right and fair to direct your aerial blows at these productive persons behind the front?

By strict logic and fine reasoning, it would be possible to conclude that the 'morale' and the productiveness of the civilians might be subject to aerial bombardment. But wars are not fought by strict logic and fine reasoning. They are fought by common sense.

The commander will figure the wastage, and the need of using his trained fliers against military objectives. He and his superiors will also figure on the stories of 'atrocities' that would be circulated if he started in to annihilate whole cities. The entire world might be turned against his country.

WE cannot put too much trust on mere rules. We must use common sense, both in our actions and in judging the actions of the fighting fliers.

There is a persistent force of practicality tending to keep belligerent activities within specified bounds, permitting neither inordinate motion toward needless brutality, nor visionary theorizing into the realm of dreams and idealism. No particular swing of the pendulum is proof of definite progress in either direction. In the history of mankind, the World War covered but the space of a fraction of a second. Just as war always brings a swaying back and forth between the rights of neutral nations and the demands of belligerents, just so war in the course of many centuries records a perpetual swing between perfection and error. The consistent action of the pendulum, constantly drawn toward a central halfway point, is the real truth. Now that military men are rather thoroughly aware of the real characteristics, values and limitations of war planes, we can trust to their common sense to hew to the line and fight for the winning of war along military lines.

The chief hope of the new rules drawn up at The Hague in 1923 lies not so much in the fact that they were framed by distinguished jurists, as in the fact that they conform so well to the principles of military strategy and tactics, and rest on the basic doctrine of the military objective. They will be applied, not by barristers before a court, but by soldiers in battle. There will be errors in interpretation and errors in commission, as there are in every war, for even the principles of strategy and tactics, with which generals and admirals are supposed to be familiar, seem almost as regularly violated as regarded. Yet the rules will tend to govern just the same.

The test of the rules of war is a test of ideas, not a test of facts. It is a test of feelings, not a test of successive events.

# A Hero's Tomb in Weeds

IN THIS unkempt tomb lies the body of Major General Zachary Taylor, Twelfth President of the United States.

Now, in the old family burying ground of the Taylors, near Louisville, Kentucky, rests the body of this hero whose fellow countrymen voted him to the highest office in their power to bestow. A stone shaft nearby marks the plot, but the old vault and grounds are neglected.



*Zachary Taylor's tomb today.*

Taylor overcame the Indian Chief Tecumseh, was victorious in the Black Hawk War, and conquered the belligerent Seminoles in Florida. Returning from the Mexican war where he had repeatedly overcome great odds, he was acclaimed the nation's hero. In the presidential race of 1848, he was elected.

The new President succumbed to a severe illness which attacked him when he had been chief executive of the nation just eighteen months.

The tomb of 'Old Rough and Ready,' a humble spot covered by a little grassy mound, shows above the door the five-pointed star of a military man.

A shaft, erected by the State of Kentucky, surmounted by a statue of the warrior, in the family cemetery, bears the simple inscription:

Major General Zachary Taylor
Twelfth President
of the
United States
Born November 24, 1784
Died July 9, 1850

# Doing *and* Daring

## *In the Cause of Science*

## The Story of Dr. Edward Nelson of the Bureau of Biological Survey

*By* GEORGE H. DACY



*For fourteen years Doctor Nelson scoured Mexico and Guatemala for specimens of birds and mammals and lived in camps like this one.*



*Doctor Edward Nelson studies one of the birds he knows and loves.*

IN THE lounging room of one of America's most famous scientific clubs recently, a group of big game hunters, explorers, scientists and adventurers, whose travels carry them from one end of the earth to the other, were discussing remarkable acts of bravery and heroism with which they had come in contact.

One unassuming, mild-mannered gentleman, of modest appearance, did not speak until the topic was talked almost threadbare.

'The bravest man I ever knew is neither a soldier nor a sailor. He knows nothing of the song of shells nor the terrifying attacks of mustard gas. He is made of the stuff from which our most famous generals and admirals have been molded. He is one man who I am sure knows no fear. Apparently he was born to do and dare. He is one of the world's greatest naturalists. He has devoted his life to the study of mammal and bird life. His name is Doctor Edward Nelson, chief of the Bureau of Biological Survey, a branch of the Department of Agriculture. He has worked harder, faced more hardships and dangers and said less about his notable exploits than probably any other official servant in Uncle Sam's great family.'

There are but few towering mountain peaks between Alaska and Mexico that offer a silent challenge that Doctor Nelson has not climbed. There is no hardship in the icebound interior of Alaska that he has not faced and survived. The most determined bandits of Mexico were unable to turn him back from his quests for scientific specimens in the land of toothsome tortillas. Neither the rigors of extreme heat or cold nor the ravages wrought by sickness and disease have been able to conquer the 'do and dare' spirit of this courageous scientist. If danger came his way Doctor Nelson always went out and faced it—in fact, from what can be gathered from his friends, he rather courted such meetings with peril and privation.

In Alaska, where he spent four years, Doctor Nelson traveled thousands of miles by dog sled in the most severe weather. He has paid his Eskimos extra to sleep in his clothes at night to dry them out so that he could use them the following day.

While in Alaska, Doctor Nelson extended his researches to points far beyond the Arctic Circle. He was a member of a relief expedition sent out in search of the lost Arctic steamer *Jeannette*. No hardship of the rugged Northland was too great for this young American to dare.

Once he made his way in a diminutive kaiak far from shore to a tiny island where he went in search of the eggs of a rare northern bird. Trying to reach the coveted eggs, Doctor Nelson lost his balance, the kaiak was overturned and the scientist was plunged into the icy water. After a severe struggle he regained the capsized kaiak and secured footing on a submerged point of rock. The rough sea and approaching night made death certain unless the kaiak could be freed of water and Doctor Nelson could regain his seat in it. By agile balancing and quick work this was finally done and he returned safely to the fur-trading station where he lived.

The many exposures and the incessant toil and strain finally undermined the venturesome naturalist's health. Pleurisy laid him low. Finally, he recovered sufficiently to return to the United States. In his weakened condition, tuberculosis germs waged successful warfare. Specialists ordered the promising young man to New Mexico and later to Arizona where they demanded that he remain. Sick almost to death, most men would have abandoned their ghost of a chance for life and resigned themselves to die; but Doctor Nelson, made of sterner stuff, refused to acknowledge defeat. He continued to work outdoors. He resumed his work of collecting mammals and bird specimens for Uncle Sam. After a half-dozen years of battling against disease germs, the naturalist won the hardest fight of his dramatic life—was able to return to active work as a representative of the National Biological Survey.

Thereafter, for fourteen years, Doctor Nelson and his scientific assistants scoured the remote regions of Mexico and Guatemala. They secured many rare specimens and identified hundreds of previously unknown birds, mammals and plants. In Mexico they collected the most extensive treasures of wild life ever assembled in that land. Doctor Nelson climbed to the top of Mount Orizaba, an 18,000-foot peak, the highest in North America south of Alaska. He made the last 3,000 feet afoot over rough, rugged and almost perpendicular going, which was a remarkable feat for a man whose lungs had been seriously scarred and damaged by the inroads of tuberculosis.

In those days, outlaws and bandits were



*One of Doctor Nelson's camps in Mexico where he searched for specimens despite the country being overridden with bandits.*

numerous in many parts of Mexico. Travelers risked their lives whenever they rode into terrorized districts. Doctor Nelson, ready rifle slung across his saddle, always rode about 100 yards or more in front of his companions. The scheme was that if bandits attacked him from ambush his associates could dash forward to his relief or, vice versa, if the pack outfit should be attacked he could turn to its assistance. Fortunately no attack ever occurred. If the bandits had held up the scientists, it would have been easy for them to shoot Doctor Nelson from concealment. He appreciated the risk he ran but spoke triflingly of his danger. This action is typical of the man. He interpreted danger as though it were harmless. His purpose was always to shield and protect those associated with him.

ONE of the most dangerous climbs Doctor Nelson ever made was up over a glacier on Mount Iztaccihuatl of volcanic origin near the city of Mexico.

The narrowest escape from death which Doctor Nelson experienced was during a western expedition. Unexpectedly he was called upon to make a hurry-up saddle trip to a distant ranch.

The only horse available was a big stallion of unmanageable temper. Doctor Nelson mounted this dangerous steed and started on the trip. All went well until a railroad crossing was reached, when the stallion suddenly seized the bit in his teeth and dashed at full speed down the track. The doctor tried to check the wild flight but only succeeded in breaking the bridle. He was at the mercy of the vicious brute. Suddenly a short distance ahead a large cattle guard on the track was seen. It appeared certain the mad horse would plunge through this obstruction and the fatal consequences to horse and rider were promptly visualized.

At the last moment the stallion leaped to one side down a steep embankment, veered from the railroad and raced toward the border of a low, dense forest with wide-flung branches. By a desperate sudden pull on the remaining bridle rein as the edge of the threatening forest was reached the horse was thrown off its balance enough to drive it headlong into the massed branches of a sturdy tree and brought up against its trunk with a stunning shock. This enabled Doctor Nelson to dismount. After he had roughly repaired the bridle he remounted and the thoroughly subdued stallion made a satisfactory steed the remainder of the journey.

Doctor Nelson is seventy-one years old but he is as active and vigorous as men a score of years younger. He is an indefatigable worker—keeps two or three stenographers busy at top speed during his days in Washington. He has to travel considerably visiting the bird sanctuaries and game refuges throughout the United States as well as the various headquarters of the Biological Survey. A detailed bibliography of all the writings of this remarkable American covers twenty-four large pages of single-spaced typewriting. The Nelson mountain range in California, Nelson Island in Alaska, near the mouth of the Yukon, and Nelson Lagoon near the northern shore of the Alaskan Peninsula have all been named in his honor. Scores of reptiles, birds, mammals and plants also bear his name as their original discoverer.

# The Story of the Big Ten

(*Concluded from page 15*)

session of the 'Little Brown Jug'; or the Ohio State-Michigan attraction.

With active construction begun on the Indiana Memorial stadium at Bloomington and on the Ross-Ade bowl given to Purdue University, every school in the Conference now has a concrete stadium for its football and track contests. That of Ohio State, which was dedicated at the Michigan-Ohio game in 1922, is considered the finest of its kind in the United States. The Illinois Memorial stadium, now completed, is a thing of real beauty and the peer of any bowl.

The 'Fighting Illini' stadium was officially opened on October 18, 1924, when Harold 'Red' Grange made his immortal dashes to fame against Michigan.

Wisconsin's stadium, seating about 40,000 at present and being increased in size every year, is unique among all college stadia in that it is being paid for solely from football gate receipts, without one cent being contributed from outside sources.

Among all the indoor sports, basketball is admittedly king, and the Western Conference was in the very forefront in pursuing this game with all fire and enthusiasm. Long before the East, the Far West and the South were enjoying this game, the Big Ten universities were playing it to the utmost and were furnishing excitement galore for their followers. That the game has attained such universal popularity among all schools, colleges, and athletic clubs, is largely due to the splendid start in popularizing made by the Conference teams.

In the cage sport, one school, Wisconsin, must be recognized as the most successful. The Badgers owe their position as leader to their good fortune in having as a coach Dr. Walter E. Meanwell, universally admitted to be one of the few greatest basketball strategists since the origin of the game.

Other successful teams in the Conference have been Illinois, with three championships in the past fifteen years and the record of having won more games against Meanwell-coached teams than any other school; Purdue, which has won three titles in the same period; and Minnesota and Chicago, which were the powers in the 'Big Ten' cage race before 1912.

SO GREAT has the interest in basketball become in the Conference that the huge gymnasiums erected to seat the crowds have usually proved insufficient to accommodate the throngs seeking admittance. Michigan's Yost Field House, the largest indoor playground in the world, holds 12,500; Ohio State has crowds of 10,500 at its games; Iowa's new gymnasium can accommodate almost 9,000 spectators. Illinois, Indiana, and Northwestern seat about 5,000 each and the other schools somewhat smaller numbers.

Perhaps the best sport for comparing the merits of any two groups is track and field. In this ancient form of competition the Big Ten has been preëminently successful. Many world record holders have been developed, as well as Olympic games stars.

The annual Big Ten track meet brings out just as fast company as any other collegiate group in the world. The Conference record in the discus, 155 feet 8 inches, made by Arlie Mucks, Badger giant, in 1916, is also the world's record in this event; Binga Dismond, Chicago's brilliant middle-distance colored star, became a joint holder of the world's quarter-mile record when he tied the great Ted Meredith's time, 47 2/5 seconds at the Conference meet in 1916.

TO THE American Olympic track team in 1924, the Conference contributed Guthrie and Payne, of Ohio State; Brooker and Hubbard, of Michigan; Kinsey and Osborne, of Illinois; Coulter, Phelps, Eric Wilson and Brookins, of Iowa. Of these Brooker tied for first in the pole vault; Hubbard, giant negro star, took first place in the broad jump; Dan Kinsey, then an Illinois sophomore, won the 110-meter high hurdle event in 15 seconds flat, with Guthrie closely pursuing him and also placing. Brookins, Hawkeye speed marvel, took second place in the 400-meter hurdles, but was disqualified, after strenuous protest, for supposedly stepping out of his lane. In addition to track men, Steele, of Ohio State, won a place on the Olympic wrestling team and then took a first place in the heavyweight event, being the only American to win first place in the wrestling tournament. Then Breyer, Howell, and Bob Skelton, of Northwestern University, and Faricy, of Minnesota, 'made' the Olympic swimming team. Of these Skelton won the world's championship in the breast-stroke event, and the others all finished well up in the point columns.

Northwestern University has easily the greatest college swimming teams in the world. So popular has aquatics become in the Big Ten that it is a major sport in some of the members. Crew, or rowing, finds its sole Conference representative at the University of Wisconsin, which, by its natural facilities, has maintained the sport for more than thirty years. Michigan and Iowa have facilities for crew, and have seriously contemplated taking it up. It has also been agitated at Chicago and Northwestern by the building of breakwaters out into Lake Michigan.

Baseball, the remaining major sport in the Conference, still maintains its old favor among all lovers of the national pastime. Because of the late spring, which allows little time for pre-season practice out-of-doors, several of the Big Ten schools, including Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin, take a southern training trip during the spring vacation, playing the strongest college teams in the far South.

Fielding H. Yost, the veteran coach of Michigan's football teams, has outlined the spirit of the Conference as well as anyone. 'One thing is certain,' he has declared, 'the fine spirit of sportsmanship that has carried the Conference through its long career of successes will be in evidence both upon the side of the victor and the vanquished. Intercollegiate athletics should be so conducted that they develop to the highest degree friendliness between student bodies, alumni, and followers of the various contestants.'

# An Arctic Empire Builder

(*Concluded from page 3*)

Stefansson, always an ardent lover of debate, apparently had taken the negative side, for the good woman, at the end of the conversation, called him to one side and informed him in no uncertain terms that she wouldn't have a young man with such questionable religious beliefs looking after her cows.

Stefansson attended successively the preparatory school, the University of North Dakota, the University of Iowa, and Harvard University, graduating from Iowa and winning a scholarship at Harvard, and later the Thaw fellowship. He received his master's degree in anthropology at Harvard, and became assistant instructor. Like most other young men on the threshold of life, Stefansson hesitated before finally choosing his career.

FOR a while, with his Viking ancestry uppermost, he seriously contemplated devoting his life to the writing of poetry. It was his ambition at that time to follow in the footsteps of Livingstone, and he was actually preparing himself for exploratory work in Africa when one of his articles on anthropology attracted the attention of Ernest de K. Leffingwell, who was preparing to lead an expedition into the Arctic. Stefansson was offered the position of ethnologist, and accepted.

Fortunately for him, the expedition vessel was unable to meet him at the Mackenzie Delta (he had traveled overland and down the river while the ship was coming up through Bering Strait and around Point Barrow, Alaska), and he found himself at Herschel Island, the rendezvous of the Arctic whaling fleet, with no money, no experience in the North, and no equipment. If Stefansson had been a different type of youth, he probably would have appealed to the Hudson's Bay Company for assistance. He also might have thrown himself upon the mercy of the Northwest Mounted Police; or he might have borrowed a dog team to reach his expedition, whose vessel, he learned, had been wrecked on the north coast of Alaska some two hundred miles to the westward.

Being a born explorer, Stefansson did none of these obvious things. He saw his opportunity as an ethnologist, and decided to make a first-hand study of the Eskimo. He settled down to live with an Eskimo family, eating their food and wearing their style of clothing. Because he was not rich, like the Hudson's Bay men or the Mounted Police, but poor like themselves, these hospitable people accepted him and made him welcome. In their snow houses or caribou-skin huts, and about their fires, they lived their normal lives. This gave Stefansson an ideal opportunity to learn their language and their customs.

There is nothing about Stefansson of the worn and haggard explorer of the imagination. He is a comparatively young man with a touseled mop of blond hair, like a school-boy's; clear, blue eyes; a lean, wiry figure; a pair of legs that are good for a fifty-mile hike; and a face unmarked by hardship or privation. Dressed in the habiliments of civilization, he might be taken for a business man, a prosperous physician, or a Philadelphia lawyer. His fingers are long and slender, even fragile in appearance, and his palm is as soft as a woman's.

The newspaperman who once described this six-foot explorer as a 'slight little man, with black, beady eyes, set far back in his head,' must have had a lively imagination. Another reporter who observed that Stefansson 'spoke English with only a slight accent' could not have met the real explorer, who is qualified to teach English in any American university.

For fifteen years Stefansson has been endeavoring to correct the impression which we received from our school geography: that the polar regions are one vast field of snow and ice; that it is always cold in the Arctic; that there are long nights—six months at a stretch—when it is pitch dark; that a man is a hero who once has braved the manifold terrors of the North and returned to tell the tale.

He holds the world's record for the longest single Arctic expedition (five and one-half years), and for length of polar service—ten winters within the Arctic Circle. He has received the highest gold medals from the leading geographical societies of the United States and Europe, and many honors and degrees from learned societies and universities, awarded for his discoveries and scientific writings. Among other things, he has added more than a hundred thousand square miles to the maps of the polar regions.

Stefansson's three-month journey over the drifting, jagged ice fields north of Alaska marked an epoch in Arctic exploration no less distinct than the present flying era. It solved the greatest problem in the dog-team method of travel—the transportation of food supplies. He is without doubt the most extraordinary Arctic traveler living in his ability to take care of himself and his party, and in the opinion of competent explorers he shares with Captain Amundsen the distinction of being the world's greatest explorer.

Stefansson not only has proved that an explorer may depend for both food and clothing upon the game which the North country affords, but has extended the possibilities of the plan to the inhospitable and dangerous ice fields of the Arctic Ocean.

CONTRARY to the almost universal experience of explorers from the Elizabethan age to the present, Stefansson encounters no 'hardships' in the Arctic. He has little patience with the traditional explorer, who not only endures privations unnecessarily but inflicts tales of his heroic fortitude, in the form of magazine articles, books, or lectures, upon a long-suffering public. To Stefansson these men are not heroes, but fools; their adventures are but signs of incompetence.

Stefansson does not freeze his feet or his hands. On all his 20,000 miles of sledge travel in the Arctic, he has never lost a dog from hunger. He is one of the few masters of the Eskimo language, which is more difficult to learn than four ordinary languages such as Greek, Hebrew, Russian and German. For example, in English we have four forms of the noun; the Eskimos have *several thousand* forms for a single noun, each with a precise meaning. An Eskimo has a far larger vocabulary than a white man; in his daily speech he must have at least 10,000 words at the tip of his tongue.

LEARNING the Eskimo language cost Stefansson five years of intense application. During this period he also learned to meet the Arctic on its own terms; to dress in fur clothing, live on an almost exclusive meat diet, and to build an Eskimo snow house. As a result, he does not get lost, even in the most severe blizzard; he does not eat his dogs as a last resort, or feed them to their mates; he can kill a seal at 200 yards, although a seal's head is no larger than one's two fists put together, and the animal must be killed with a brain shot; he keeps his diary with a fountain pen while in the Arctic; he has demonstrated that it is possible to live on a straight meat diet for two years and thus defy scurvy, the dread of all Arctic explorers; and he has made the longest sledge journeys in history. The credit for the progress made in exploration during the last hundred years rightfully belongs to less than a dozen men, of whom Stefansson is one.

A little more than a hundred years ago, Stefansson points out, the treeless grasslands of Europe were supposed to be incapable of supporting anything but a nomad population, with their herds. The prairies of the United States in those times were considered to be almost worthless. It was thought that they would not even support domestic cattle. But the prairies of Europe, North and South America, and Australia have since become the great wheat fields of the world. Similar grasslands in Africa and Siberia are rapidly being turned to cereal production.

In Stefansson's opinion, there are only two obstacles that stand in the way of the colonization of the Far North: a Chinese Wall of ignorance, and man's inherent conservatism. He sees the Arctic much as Lewis and Clark saw the West of their time—as the 'Friendly Arctic,' a new and permanent phrase in the literature of geography. By this he means that the Far North is friendly to the resourceful pioneer, in the sense in which the ocean is friendly to the fisherman. The conservatives who argue that commercial fisheries, oil wells, copper mines, and reindeer grazing lands in the Arctic will never be profitable, Stefansson declares, are merely the temperamental successors of the early Virginians who thought the coal mines of West Virginia would never be developed because they were too far from the Atlantic.

In his ten years in the Arctic, Stefansson has developed from a young man in whom the spirit of adventure was uncommonly strong into a type of pioneer who sees beyond the present. He visualizes a future empire in the Arctic. His visions of empire, in fact, are comparable only to those of Cecil Rhodes when he first saw in his mind's eye the Africa which we know today. Like Rhodes, Stefansson dreams great dreams. Whether they will come true in our day, or in the next generation, is not his main concern, for he thinks in centuries.

# A Dairy Coöperative Managed by Farmers

(Concluded from page 13)

unwisely felt that to compete with these cream stations they had to take any cream, in any condition and at any time. As these coöperative creameries realized they were drifting into destructive practices, the urge for associating the business of the local creameries pressed upon them.

It is difficult to conjecture what might have happened at the first county meeting if there had not been present the mild-mannered, cautious, but experienced McGuire who, when the discussion reached the point of action, took a hand in it and in his easy, persuasive Irish way induced these practical farmers to take more time by showing them that they were not yet prepared to take this big step. He suggested to them that the creameries present 'could not make the riffle against competitive opposition.' He called their attention to the fact that a few creameries associated together, even though they were among the largest and best in the state, 'could not get to first base' in changing the system of marketing butter that had been built up through twenty-five years. Their dreams were too far ahead of the realities of the situation. What they needed was an intensive missionary work that would bring at least 300 of the creameries into the fold to work together for higher quality, carload shipping, a study of the markets, and finally the actual merchandizing of the butter.

THEY listened then as they do today to the man who is the manager of their association, and when he had finished they decided to adjourn until they were fully prepared. Finally, in June, 1921, they felt that the hour had struck and thirty years after Professor Haecker had initiated the coöperative movement about 300 creameries, a few of which were over the border line in Wisconsin and Northern Iowa, met at St. Paul and organized the Minnesota Coöperative Creameries Association.

That the creameries might have a direct and final voice in the management of the association and to keep them in close touch with each other, they divided the area of 69,000 square miles into fifteen districts with an average of forty local coöperative creameries to a district. Each district was organized into an association which named a director to be one of the board of managers of the central organization located at St. Paul. Each district association was comprised of one member from each creamery who had one vote. When the state association met, each creamery was represented by a vote that was cast by the director of the district association who represented it on the board of the central association. Then St. Paul, Duluth and Chicago were the three strategical points selected at which to assemble the butter, make the tests, and ship and distribute it.

At first they intended only to sell butter for a few of the creameries that had already requested the Land O'Lakes to handle it. They also planned to help the remaining creameries find a market for their butter and for these purposes placed men in New York, Chicago and Philadelphia. They would not dump butter in two or three cities as they had been doing in the past.

But they soon found that their methods were antiquated and that mountains of butter began to roll in from those who had already expressed a desire to sell through the central organization. Unless they changed their set-up, it was apparent that they would have to go back to the old method of dumping wherever they could.

It was this or a single selling agency for the entire output. They boldly chose the latter course. Instead of simply helping the various creameries to find markets, they determined that the only practical method was to adopt a label of their own covered by a trade-mark to be used on their print butter, open branch offices throughout the East and put traveling men out on the road who could hunt up additional markets. It was at this juncture that they offered a prize for a name and from the thousands offered chose the fascinating Land O'Lakes label. They also set up inside the organization a traffic department.

This department is now saving more than $300,000 a year in freight costs through carload shipping. During 1924 the association sold 32,000,000 pounds of butter and 675,000 pounds of sweet cream, for which it was paid more than $18,000,000. Its total volume of business, including the machinery and supply departments, for its first year amounted to more than $20,000,000.

The supply department is one of the most interesting developments of their move to control their own destiny. It is more than obvious that if the things the farmer purchases can be corralled by monopolies, and prices controlled and advanced as the monopolists see fit, there will be very little net profit to the farmer for the year no matter what he gets from the sales of his butter. In proportion to the measure of his prosperity, the monopolist measures the price on things the farmer purchases. Thus the additional profits redounding to him from his coöperation may and do disappear. These farmers soon decided to save money at the purchasing end by buying the supplies necessary for coöperative creameries through a central organization.

In the year 1923, the first year of the organization of the supply department, the Land O'Lakes had saved $50,000 in the purchases for its creameries. Last year the department did a business of $1,523,000 with a saving of more than $137,000, and this year it will save more than $175,000. They are buying for the creameries all kinds of creamery machinery and supplies, such as salt and coal.

IT IS fair to predict that in five years instead of a business of approximately $40,000,000 annually, which it will do this year, the Land O'Lakes will double this volume. So far it has not forgotten its duty to the public, for the association has sought, among other things, by every means to improve the character of its product.

It has put into practice methods by which the amount of high-scored butter is increasing daily and it has the inspection and tests closely supervised by federal-state representatives. The result is shown during the last year in a report on the average monthly price for the 79,106,082 pounds of butter. For the entire amount of butter the average monthly price paid to the farmer was 45.35 cents a pound, while the average price of 'New York Extras,' which is the standard of quality butter, was 45.22 cents. Thus the association paid to its members .13 cents a pound more on an average for butter of all grades than the average price of New York Extras.

SINCE true coöperation comprehends the highest interests of the city folk who buy the farmers' products, let us see how this Minnesota coöperative association treated them. Take, for example, the city of Washington, D. C. Land O'Lakes butter is sold in Washington in 277 retail grocery stores—a chain-store system. The average price at which this high-scoring sweet cream butter sold to Washington consumers during the past six months, from October 1, 1925, to April 1, 1926, was 58.11 cents a pound. This apparently was less than the price charged for some similar butter scoring 93 or over. In his comments on this coöperative, one of the Department of Agriculture experts informed a Congressional committee that 'the housewife is getting a superior product and getting it for much less money and is getting something where she knows the grade of her butter.'

Knowing that Land O'Lakes butter goes directly from the Minnesota coöperative warehouses to these chain stores in the capital city with no other distribution costs than freight and chain-store costs intervening, I was curious to discover what proportion of the Washington consumer's dollar paid for Land O'Lakes actually came back to the Minnesota farmer. To do so, I secured the figures at both ends of the line. Here is what they show. During the past six months, from October, 1925, to April, 1926, Washington housewives paid an approximate average of 58.11 cents a pound for Land O'Lakes while at the same time the farmers who produced this 93 scoring butter realized a net return of approximately 44.24 cents a pound. This means they got 76 cents of the Washington consumer's dollar as against the usual average of 35 cents that a farmer customarily receives.

Moreover, instead of butter fat being gathered up and shipped to some distant point often outside the state, the industry is decentralized over an area of 67,000 square miles with creameries in every county which manufacture the butter and are under the control of the farmers themselves. In such an organization no absentee control can lay its withering hand upon the industry. On the contrary, these farmers have fashioned an industrial democracy responsive to themselves as far as its economic control is concerned. The association is at the same time entirely under the political control of the local government.

The Land O'Lakes is also building for the future citizenship of the Northwest by keeping the door of opportunity open for the children of the farmers.

# Trust Your Children to Pick Out Best Books

(*Concluded from page 7*)

Carleton Washburne, superintendent of schools in Winnetka, Illinois, and Miss Mabel Vogel, research assistant, compiled a list of books read by 36,750 children in the grades (public schools). They sent out eight questions from which to check whether the book read is 'One of the best' to 'I don't like it.' Out of ten books selected by the majority of these boys and girls as being the best, seven were afterward starred by three-fourths of the leading literary experts on the job as being their own choice, or of the highest literary merit. This means that if thousands of our children are left to themselves, their judgment on books will tally with the trained minds that have been steeped in literature. This is encouraging.

My readers may like to know what these books are which among 40,000 children were considered the best, so here they are:

*Little Women**
*Black Beauty*
*Tom Sawyer**
*Call of the Wild*
*Dutch Twins*
*Hans Brinker**
*Huck Finn*
*Heidi**
*Pinnocchio**
*Dr. Dolittle**
*Toby Tyler*
*Treasure Island*
*Wild Animals I Have Known*
*Viking Tales*
*Little Black Sambo*
*At the Back of the North Wind*
*Kidnapped*
*Little Lame Prince**

Those books starred were ones the critics agreed were the best.

IN CONNECTION with this, recently I met one of my daughters, who is married and has two children, after not having seen her for several weeks. She exclaimed: 'I am so excited I don't know what to do, over a book I haven't read since I was a little girl.' It was *Little Women*.

I once knew a bank president who read *Little Women* over every year. I never thought before that any bank president had as much intelligence as that.

THERE are two defects on the part of grown-ups with regard to children's reading that should be set down here. One is, too much paternalism on the part of the educators, and the other, too little on the part of the parents. With regard to the latter, it is, however, I think true as well as quite interesting (in view of the widespread emancipation of women) that the more recent tendency on the part of mothers is to take more personal interest in their children's reading. The other tendency is, as my title suggests, due to the commercialization of children's literature.

For example, the fact that a consensus of the world, over a long period of time, has pronounced a certain book a classic, is no reason why this should inspire any publisher or hack writer to 'do' it over again in his own words. Here we have Plutarch retold 'in simple and condensed English.' Here is a common title: 'Fifty Famous Stories Retold,' followed by 'Thirty More Retold.' There is practically not a great world-writer whose works have not been garbled and rewritten for children, the assumption being that because a child is a child he is not entitled to the same chance as a grown-up in acquiring culture. A list of the world's great books that have thus been mangled by publishers and writers would fill one issue of this paper.

Naturally, there are exceptions, and I am glad to note one, namely, *The Adventures of Odysseus*, written by Padraic Colum, who, being an Irishman of parts, never wrote a poor line in his life.

As far as fairy stories are concerned, Andrew Lang deserves a monument. His Red and Blue (and other colors) fairy books are excellent.

When we come to history and biography, the case is even worse. Here is a description of a compiled life of Abraham Lincoln (I spare the author's name):

Abraham Lincoln, the savior of his country and, above all others, the American. How he rose to the highest eminence and died a martyr for Liberty, Union and the rights of man.

My own experience has been that there is nothing so important in the life of a child as the books he or she reads between eight and sixteen. This period is the formative one, and considering the tremendous influence books read at this time have over the future life of the child, is this not worth considering?

And the one important thing to be noted is that the fewer books a boy or girl has the better. It is very easy, and indeed almost impossible, to avoid getting the book 'just out,' especially when so much attractive pressure is brought to bear by the publisher and his blurb writer. But it is not too much to say that the very lives of human beings are at stake in many cases, during this formative period. As we grow older, we know this to be a fact, for we can trace so much of our later success to what we learned during this period.

I am very strong for letting the children largely alone, but I am stronger still for not putting in their way, as a steady diet, these rewritten classics. Let them loose (in addition to the list already given) to browse among *Mother Goose, Robinson Crusoe, Swiss Family Robinson, Arabian Nights* (discriminating among the many garbled editions), Scott by all means, Dickens, Cooper (*The Last of the Mohicans* is the best), Marryat, *Jungle* books, *Alice in Wonderland, Uncle Remus, Water Babies* and *King Arthur's Round Table*.

PERSONALLY, I would not give children either history or biography until they naturally came to it. You cannot give to young children the real perspective of a very great man so that the child will understand it in the right way, owing to his limited experience with life. These mangled rewrites fasten themselves on his childish experience, so that later on he cannot take up the real lives at the right time with a correct judgment.

What we should insist upon more than anything else are style and creative power expressed in books. Children demand this and their demands should be met.

Do children know anything? Well, here is the comment of a twelve-year-old boy on a book called *East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon:*

I like this book because it is easy to understand what it means: in other words, it is easy to read; for instance, if you start to read there are no words that will stop your reading. I like books of that sort.

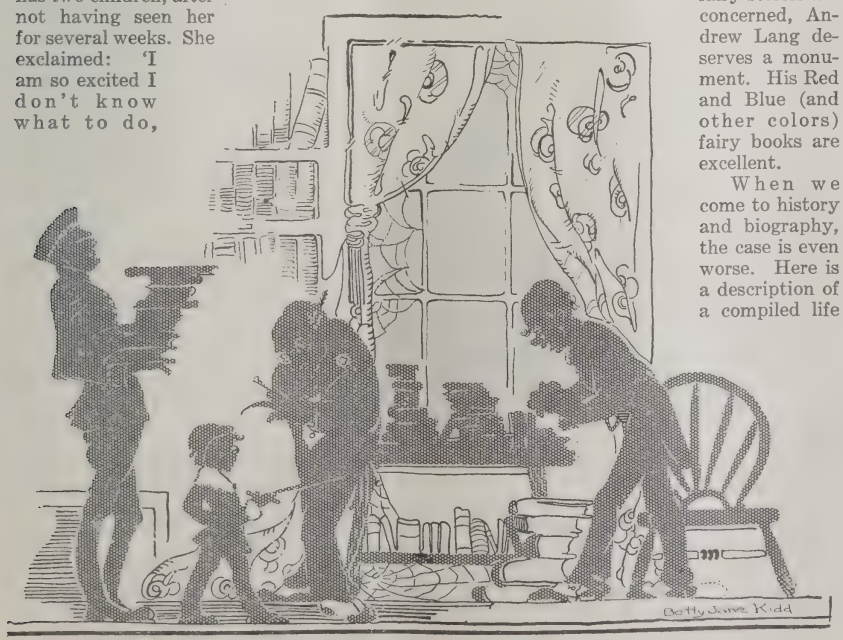
(Quoted from Winnetka Book List)

What better comment on what the public wants can you get than that?

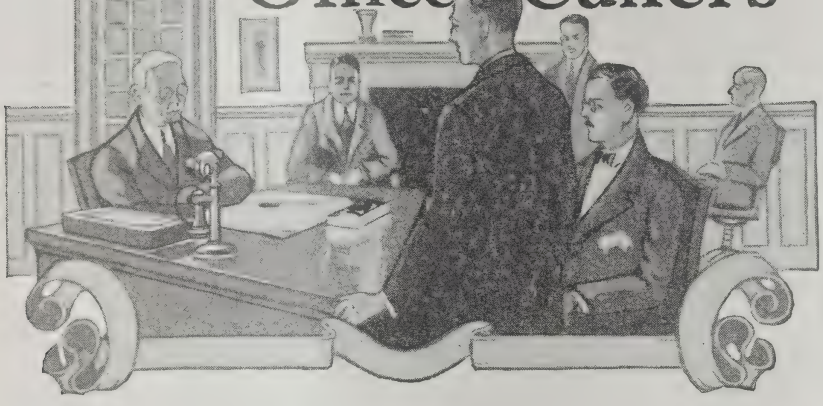
And here is another by a fourteen-year-old American:

*Courtship of Miles Standish*—I liked it because it was about a brave man who liked to fight but he was afraid to ask a lady to marry him.

We don't change so much, generation after generation, after all.



# Chats *with* Office Callers



'One of the things you don't read in the newspapers about the recent skirmishing on the Yangtse River,' said ***the Man just home from China,*** 'is that some of the British ships fired upon by the Chinese were carrying munitions to the opposing faction. That is the chief trouble with your conception, here in the States, of the situation in China. The newspaper dispatches tell only half of the story—and sometimes not even that.

'Take their designation of the Canton government as Bolshevistic. Why, the Cantonese are no more Bolshevists than I am! [The man from China is a college professor of pronounced conservative tendencies who has passed nearly twoscore years in the Orient.] It is, of course, true that the Cantonese did have Russian army officers; but they were hired as individuals, not as representatives of their government—just as Chang Tso-lin, the Manchurian tuchun in the north, hires some Americans as his advisers. And I for one think it a disgrace that one of Chang's men is a former American consular officer, who is valuable to Chang largely because of the knowledge he gained while in the service of the United States Government.

'But to return to Canton. The movement there is nationalistic, and is therefore antagonistic to the rich "concessions" that the European powers hold, but it is not communistic. Canton has one of the few real governments in all China. There was some Russian influence a year ago, but the people have been casting it off. The students —who are the leaders of the nationalist movement—realize that they were duped by the Russians and they have turned against them.

'There is more—far more—behind the present troop movements than appears from the press reports. Chang Tso-lin is playing Japan's game. And he has united with his old enemy, Wu Pei-fu against both the Kouminohun (or nationalist army from Canton) and Feng Yu-hsiang, the Christian general. But Chang, wily old boy, is letting Wu bear the heaviest brunt. Feng is also accused by the newspapers of being "Red" because he purchases munitions from Moscow. But where else could he get them from? Surely not from Japan, which is secretly backing Chang. He is confined to Mongolia, cut off from the sea. He must either obtain arms from Russia or surrender. And Feng has no intention of surrendering. He is probably the squarest of the Chinese war lords. He does not like to fight, for he is a real Christian, but he is forced to battle to protect his people. There's another significant thing: more than sixty per cent of his army is Christian. And Feng's army is probably the only one in China that does no looting. Any man who attempts to rob even the humblest shopkeeper is promptly shot. Yet Feng's men idolize him.'

ɤ ɤ ɤ

***Three Men Came in*** to the office. The first had gloomy forebodings about civilization and was a sort of reformist with the idea that all taxation should be on a voluntary basis, each giving what he saw fit, or to the amount he felt himself indebted to the government. The second was very keen on military organization and thought that a kind of super-war department should manage every human activity in the country.

The third discussed some aspects of the negro question, and told of a lopsided condition in the past, when freed negroes, who had been slaves, themselves bought and owned slaves. In one or two cases, he said, there were extraordinary tangles, as in the case of a negro shoemaker in Charleston, South Carolina, who bought a negress for $700, then because of incompatibility of temper, sold her for $750.

Another queer case he related was one which occurred in Cumberland County, Virginia, where a negro who had bought his own freedom purchased a negress to be his wife. But she fell in love with a slave, stole her husband's papers and turned them over to her slave-lover, after which the two fled. But they were caught. Then came entanglements, for the officials arrested the husband on a charge of delivering manumission papers to a slave. Legal proceedings cost the innocent man $500, whereupon he sold his wife to pay the attorney fees.

ɤ ɤ ɤ

***The Critic*** of some repute spoke of book-reviewing with some bitterness. He made satirical remarks upon logrollers and the you-scratch-my-back-and-I'll-scratch-yours habit. He was sarcastic about what he called rubber-stamp reviewing, or the jargon of the book page, quoting stock phrases such as 'not a dull page,' 'the interest never flags,' 'criticism is disarmed,' 'a strong story,' 'enthralling,' 'a book on no account to be missed,' 'leaves little to be desired.'

ɤ ɤ ɤ

Speaking of a novelist, a best seller, ***the Critic,*** quoting, said: 'He began with a wealth of thought, but ended with nothing but a thought of wealth.'

He also told of a schoolhouse debating club out West and an excited debater who offered to give a subject, saying: 'What's this here country coming to? You take the affirmative and I'll take the negative.'

ɤ ɤ ɤ

***Many Callers:*** A man with a manuscript which seemed to boost real estate in his locality under guise of a descriptive article which did not describe; a woman with an alleged 'short story' which would fill two issues of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT; an artist of ultra-modern persuasion who brought a picture which he said was Wisdom and Destiny, but seemed to be all fog and circles painted red and blue; a gentleman who knew that Shakespeare was written by a woman and had written a book to prove it; a man with a sort of essay entitled 'Life on the Stars,' which was stuff adapted, without recognition, from Proctor's *Other Worlds Than Ours;* another with a long dissertation on Sea Serpents.

ɤ ɤ ɤ

Said ***the Country Judge:*** 'James M. Cox has been telling people in England that jingoes imperil the world's peace. Well, they do. The queer thing is that people forget that they do. Yet it seems to be the easiest matter in the world to stir up the dogs of war. A little active propaganda by those with ulterior motives, who know what they want and how to get it, and you have a nation howling against Mexico, or China, or Guatemala or whatever country you will. A dozen frantic editorials, a few glaring headlines, and common sense is obscured by clouds of dust raised in partisan controversy. Somehow, we must keep close watch on the money lenders and the armament makers. They are the niggers in the woodpile. Turn them loose, and the best peace plans crumble to dust in a few days; the best efforts of decent men are nullified.'

ɤ ɤ ɤ

***A Man*** we never suspected of caring for poetry, who runs a garage, read this aloud, written by Arthur L. Salmon, and entitled

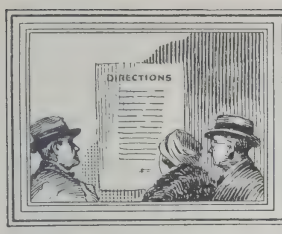
Some Day

Some day we meant to travel far,
Before the glow of noontide failed;
But yonder shines the evening star,
And yet—we have not sailed.

We loitered idly on the quay,
Watching the tides that ebb and flow;
We saw the boats set forth to sea;
And yet—we did not go.

Magic of many tales was brought
By travelers and the traveling wind—
New worlds of deed, new worlds of thought
And yet—we stayed behind.

And still the dream, and still the call;
The boats recede with parting hail;
Shadows of coming night-time fall;
And yet—we do not sail.




# Can You Tell Me?

QUESTION: How does the number of employes of the Federal Government on the civil service payrolls now compare with that when the war ended?

ANSWER: At the end of the war there were 917,760 employes of the Government on the civil service payrolls, whereas today the number has been cut to 560,705. Previous to the entrance of the United States into the war, however, there were only 438,057 such employes.

QUESTION: What was the total number of immigrants admitted into this country during the past year and what was the unfulfilled demand for admittance?

ANSWER: A total of 167,657 immigrants entered the United States during the year ending June 30. The restrictive clause in the immigration law crowded out more than 500,000, according to reports of consuls.

QUESTION: Has the Postal Savings System proved a success?

ANSWER: The total amount on deposit on August 31, 1925, was $132,099,867; this was a slight increase over the previous year but nearly $16,000,000 short of the highest total, which was in 1919. Since the interest rate allowed is only 2 per cent one would not expect increases during periods of expansion, when higher rates are easily obtainable.

QUESTION: Does Turkey require the use of the Turkish language in all business within Turkey?

ANSWER: Under a new law there is such a requirement. Contracts, books and business papers of all kinds must conform to the law.

QUESTION: Is Great Britain still the great creditor nation of the earth, or is she now a great debtor nation and has the United States become the leading creditor nation, and, therefore, financially able to wipe out all the foreign debts due us, as so many European champions and propagandists would have us believe?

ANSWER: Garet Garrett quotes the Chancellor of the Exchequer as having said on May 4, 1925, 'We have still £3,000,000,000 in foreign investments, the interest of which is calculated at £220,000,000 a year.' Garrett says they are increasing that investment every year out of the income, in amounts approximating half a billion dollars a year. THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has carried several articles within the past few years that we think demonstrate it to be a fact that the United States is not a great creditor nation but that Great Britain is the great creditor nation of the earth. Any of the war debts that we forgive other nations will be paid for out of American resources and labor and not out of present outstanding American investments abroad.

QUESTION: How much is spent per capita annually in the United States for drugs, medical and surgical attention?

ANSWER: It is estimated that the per capita annual expenditure is approximately $10.

QUESTION: Have American shipments of coal to British ports increased during the British coal strike?

ANSWER: During the first month of the British coal strike, American coal shipments to British ports were ten times the total export in 1925.

QUESTION: What is the percentage of illiteracy among native and foreign-born whites, and colored population in the United States?

ANSWER: According to the census of 1920, population ten years of age and over, the native-born white, with .73 per cent of the population, contribute .25 per cent of the total illiteracy. Foreign-born white, with .16 per cent of the population, contribute .35 per cent of the total illiteracy. Colored, with .10 per cent of the total population, contribute .40 per cent of the total illiteracy.

*In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and kindred matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.*

QUESTION: Where are the graves of General Custer's men located?

ANSWER: Billings, Montana. More than 75,000 people visited the cemetery there last year.

QUESTION: What are the largest rivers in the world? Please give their lengths.

ANSWER: Amazon, 4,000 miles; Nile, 3,766; Yangtse, 3,400; Yenisei, 3,400; Mackenzie, 2,525; St. Lawrence, 2,150; Rio del Norte, 1,800; São Francisco, 1,200; Danube, 1,725; Euphrates, 1,700; Indus, 1,700; Mississippi, 3,160; Missouri, 3,000; Congo, 3,000; Lena, 2,800; Amur, 2,500; Brahmaputra, 1,680; Ganges, 1,500; Amu Daria, 1,500; Zambezi, 1,600; Mekong, 2,500; Ohio, 950; Niger, 2,900; Ob, 2,300; Hoangho, 2,600; Volga, 2,300; Yukon, 2,300; La Plata, 2,300.

QUESTION: Where was the first ice cream ever manufactured?

ANSWER: It was said to have been made 75 years ago at Sandy Spring, Maryland.

QUESTION: Has a new elevator been installed in the Washington Monument; if so, what is the record number of persons to ascend to the top of the monument in one day?

ANSWER: The new elevator has been in operation for the past several weeks. On Sunday, September 5, 1926, 3,220 persons ascended to the top of the monument, mostly tourists; of those 1,601 climbed the stairway and 1,619 went up by elevator. At closing hour about 100 were turned away. This was the record up until that time, and is yet, so far as we are advised. During August, 1926, 77,929 ascended to the top. This was a record.

QUESTION: Is the city of Richmond, Virginia, on navigable water?

ANSWER: Yes. It is situated on the James River which is navigable for large vessels. Richmond is about 125 miles from the Atlantic Ocean and has steamboat service with New York, Philadelphia, Norfolk, Portsmouth and other ports on the Atlantic seaboard.

QUESTION: When and where was Upton Sinclair born? Where was he educated?

ANSWER: Born in Baltimore, Maryland, in 1878. He was graduated from the College of the City of New York in 1897.

QUESTION: When funeral expenses of Indians are paid out of tribal funds do they have to be approved by the Federal Government?

ANSWER: As a case in point, the Interior Department has recently issued notice to the Osage Indians in Oklahoma that where they desire to make large expenditures for burial purposes they must first obtain approval of the Indian Agency at Pawhuska, Oklahoma.

QUESTION: How much milk and butter does the average American consume?

ANSWER: The average American consumes 55 gallons of milk and 17 pounds of butter a year. Also, 3 gallons of ice cream.

# I Read in the Papers



Rabindranath Tagore, the Hindu poet, has been deploring the prevalence of pictures representing sex relationship, sentimentality, crime and all that kind of thing. But Doctor Tagore has done nothing more than voice a widespread opinion. There is reason, and good reason, to believe that the public has no insatiate appetite for scandalous pictures, or for the perniciously sensational, or for the insidiously erotic. Let it be admitted that there are always some hungering for that kind of thing, and there are more who were mildly interested in it when it first came out. But as a fad the day of pictures made by the inept for the half-witted is past. The trouble is that there are producers who still go as far as they dare, only concerned to keep themselves out of the clutches of the law, who fail to see the trend of public opinion. And public opinion, in the long run, stands for decency.

*What Tagore Thinks of the Movies*

Unhappily the average man does not express himself. Perhaps he is too busy making a living. Perhaps the fear of being accused of prudishness prevents him. Perhaps he dismisses the matter as none of his affair, with a sort of grossness-to-the-gross attitude. At any rate he does not let himself become audible. If he did, the off-color stuff would vanish like a mountain mist before the sun.

What the average man does is to practise a policy of abstention. So things are gradually correcting themselves, box-office receipts constituting the recording dial. Soon we may have 'funny' pictures which do not depress, and serious pictures which are not laughter provoking.

ɤ ɤ ɤ

Traffic row, 1976: 'Bah! Why didn't you hold out your hand? How'd I know you was going under the cloud?'—Washington *Post*.

ɤ ɤ ɤ

The transformation of Washington into a modernized 'second-class city' just like any state capital in the country is described by Clinton W. Gilbert in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*. His protest is prompted by the destruction of some famous old houses in the square in front of the White House. 'With the razing of the John Hay house and the Henry Adams house next door to make room for a hotel, all the north side of Lafayette Park opposite the White House will be a line of modern buildings,' he reminds, 'with one old church in the center—the War-Risk Building, precisely like any office building; the new hotel, like any other new hotel, and the United States Chamber of Commerce Building, a dignified but uninteresting structure.

*Washington Dons New Garb*

'On the east side of the square all of old Washington is gone except the Dolly Madison house and the Cameron house, both now occupied by the Cosmos Club; and it is reported that a Government building is to replace these, and recent Government buildings are mostly second-class office buildings. The chief loss to regret is historic associations and the dullness of the new buildings that replace the old. When the Chamber of Commerce Building went up the house occupied by Daniel Webster disappeared.

'Washington is being rapidly made over, and not in any very distinguished way. Congress is indifferent to anything but post offices in its districts. The Government therefore does not set a standard of beauty and dignity in its buildings. Business is not rich or powerful enough in Washington to house itself magnificently. So what is emerging is a state capital with a few buildings scattered here and there which surpass those of most state capitals and a ground plan that reminds one of the dreams and ambitions of earlier days.'

ɤ ɤ ɤ

The Prince of Wales isn't coming to the United States again until next year, so we denizens of the land of the free have still a whole winter in which to wear our hat brims as we choose.—New York *Herald Tribune*.

ɤ ɤ ɤ

Windsor Castle has been revisited by the wraith of a woman believed to be Queen Elizabeth. Usually this 'ghost' has been seen either flitting in or out of the Queen's Library or gliding down the east terrace. But now she is declared to have appeared inside the Saxon Tower and on the battlements.

*A Ghost Visits Windsor Castle*

The story of her latest appearance was told by a well-known Windsor resident living within a stone's-throw of the castle. 'Castle officials have nothing to say about the matter,' he said, 'but it is the talk of Windsor at the moment.

'The story is that a few nights ago, about dusk, a man was walking near the Saxon Tower. As he knew that the tower had been untenanted for over a year he was surprised to see a woman looking out of one of the windows.

'The woman was tall and thin, dressed in black, and with her face partly hidden by a sort of cowl or veil. He saw her quite distinctly one moment, and the next it was as though she had fallen through the floor. He saw the apparition again on the battlements, and as he was watching it faded away.

'Curiously enough, the details of the ghost's dress and appearance are identical with the description given of an apparition seen some years ago by a Windsor Castle sentry.

'The sentry was on the east terrace at night, standing by his box, when he caught sight of a hooded woman walking toward him. Before he had time to challenge her she had flung herself down, kneeling at his feet, and then vanished. The man was laughed at and told that he had been dreaming, but it is a fact that owing to his experience he did not afterward do sentry duty at that spot.'

The best-authenticated version of the hooded woman story of Windsor Castle was related by a Guards officer. He was reading one night in February, 1896, in the Queen's Library. Looking up from his book he was surprised to see a veiled figure walking away from him and then suddenly disappear.—Liverpool *Post*.

ɤ ɤ ɤ

A new type of saxophone has been invented in Australia. A glance at an atlas affords one a certain amount of comfort.—*Humorist*.

ɤ ɤ ɤ

The Very Reverend W. R. Inge, of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, upholds his title of the 'Gloomy Dean' in his book, *England*, which has just been published overseas. He pictures Great Britain as on the brink of disaster with the empire about to crumble, and America as the greedy inheritor of England's pristine glory and power.

*Dean Inge Views With Alarm*

'Britain's naval supremacy is at an end,' he declares, 'and with it the instrument by which we built up and maintained our empire. We are no longer rich enough to build ships against all possible rivals, and the Americans by insisting on our repaying of the vast debt incurred for the sake of France, to which we rashly put our names, made sure we shall remain permanently tributary to them and unable to challenge them on the water. Our position as a world power is thusly permanently altered for the worse.'

Dean Inge (which, by the way, is pronounced to rhyme with sing) pays his respects to America in no uncertain terms by asserting that during the Irish trouble this country furnished not only funds 'but agitators, murderers and incendiaries to aid the rebels.' He further declares: 'The American notion that the English are arrogant may chiefly be an inherited prejudice, but it is probably due to the fact that we are not accustomed to being accosted by strangers without introductions. In any case the accusation is no longer true. All that remains of our former pride is wholesome indifference to the opinions of foreign nations, which we find to be generally ill-informed and frequently biased.'

Nor does the 'Gloomy Dean' confine his remarks to Americans. Concerning his fellow-countrymen he says: 'We are governed by Scots, Welsh, Irish and Jews. As for our dominions, their loyalty is not as whole-hearted as could be wished, and the future of Canada is problematical, with the danger of Americanization ever present.'



# Briefly Told



THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT is paying pensions to nineteen widows of soldiers who fought in the War of 1812.

SCIENTISTS NOW PROPOSE to utilize poisonous gas in killing mosquitoes.

ONLY THREE CASES of yellow fever—once the scourge of the continent—were reported in all North and South America during 1925, according to the Rockefeller Foundation.

RADIO HAS EXTINGUISHED a flame for the first time. A man in San Francisco broadcast a shrill note which put out a sensitive flame in Berkeley, twelve miles away.

ANDREW JACKSON WAS the only American President ever to figure as a duelist. Abraham Lincoln was once challenged by a young politician and chose as weapons 'cavalry broadswords of the largest size,' but the affair was called off.

ONE MILLION SILVER dollars were minted in the United States during the month of August. The 'cart wheels' are still popular in the West, although most Easterners refuse to carry them.



PLINY RECORDS that the Romans, more than 2,000 years ago, imported Roquefort cheese from France (Gaul) to add flavor to their banquets.

WHAT IS BELIEVED to be the largest human skull in the world was recently discovered in South Africa. It measured eight and one-half inches in length and had a capacity of 122 cubic inches.

BALMORAL CASTLE HAS been equipped with modern heating facilities, and ladies-in-waiting to the Queen no longer shiver while on duty, as they did in the days of Victoria.

THE NERVE CENTERS which react to music are in the feet, according to the Swiss scientist, Hoepli. This explains, he says, why we tap time to music with our feet.

A TRAVELER ON ONE of Germany's seventy-five airplane routes is automatically insured for $6,000 by the concern operating the line.

GOVERNMENT AGENTS IN Mexico are seeking a secret radio station which has been broadcasting attacks on the Calles administration. The plant is believed to be near Mexico City.

A VARIETY OF MUSHROOM with a shiny elastic skin is a natural bomb. It has a white spongy center which changes to black powder as the plant matures and, at a certain stage of development, aided by heat from the sun, explodes.

ELK ONCE ROAMED America from coast to coast.

MUNICIPAL OFFICIALS in a Pennsylvania city are enjoying parking at a fire plug in front of the city hall. The hydrant is an imitation one, but most citizens do not know this and carefully avoid parking near it.




A GOLFER IN PHILADELPHIA struck the little ball such a blow that it soared far away, striking the glass in a fire alarm box and setting off the alarm.

THE EXPRESSION, 'bees in his bonnet,' came true recently in Oklahoma where a man discovered after chopping down a tree that his hat was filled with the insects. He carefully carried them home, being stung only once by a bee crawling down his shirt collar, and placed them in a hive.

NEIGHBORS OF A KANSAS farmer are enjoying radio concerts with him by connecting their loud speakers to a barbed wire fence which is attached to his receiving apparatus.

DINOSAUR EGGS HAVE been found in Montana.

A GREAT GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER of Sacajawea—the Shoshone Indian squaw who guided the Lewis and Clark Expedition to the Pacific Coast more than a hundred years ago—is teaching the white children, descendants of the frontier pioneers. She is Miss Irtense Large, and her school is 50 miles north of Green River, Wyoming.

A CANDIDATE FOR THE Hawaiian Senate radioed his signature for his nomination papers from San Francisco to Honolulu, 2,090 miles.



DICE WERE USED in Ancient Greece, their invention being traced to the Psalmedes of the 13th Century B.C.

A WISCONSIN COUNTY CLERK discharged his deputy, a young woman, declaring that she 'lacked initiative.' She ran against him for the office and won by 2,500 votes.

TEN COWS ARE KEPT in a shed in the heart of London. They are milked twice daily, giving approximately 160 quarts of milk. When taken to the country they run about ill at ease, unaccustomed to the green grass underfoot.

THE REMOVAL OF HARMFUL toxins from the blood of animals makes it possible to transfuse this blood directly into the bodies of humans.

THE THIRD LARGEST purchaser of American agricultural implements this year is Russia.

THE SUGAR BEET INDUSTRY was introduced into this country in 1880. Today eighty factories representing an investment of $100,000,000 produce annually about 700,000 tons of white sugar.

ALL-STEEL FIREPROOF barns may now be built for $5,000.

SMOKY ATMOSPHERE DUE to forest fires is credited with having helped this year's apple crop in British Columbia, as it prevented the direct rays of the sun from drying the soil when there was a scarcity of rain.

FRANCE IS CONSIDERING the payment of a dowry to marriageable girls at the age of twenty-one to induce them to stay in the country. The influx to the towns has assumed serious proportions.



A SNAKE HAS TAKEN possession of a temple at Jurood, India, and the natives fear to eject it lest they offend their gods.

A NEW WIRELESS DEVICE makes it possible to guide ships in thick fog without danger of hitting submerged rocks off the course.

BUILDINGS IN THE UNITED STATES will reach a value of $7,500,000,000 if the averages for the first six months are maintained during the balance of the year.

MOHAMMEDAN SEAMEN make excellent sailors, according to ship masters, because their religion bars them from drinking.

THE BRITISH MINT HAS manufactured about $8,000,000 in coins for the Soviet government.

STUDENTS WHO STUDY music are twenty-five per cent more efficient in their other studies than those who do not, recent tests indicate.

SANITARY DRINKING glasses made of ice are formed in a freezing apparatus devised by a Dutch engineer.

TWENTY MILLION TONS OF iron go to waste annually because of rust, it is estimated.

A TYPEWRITER HAVING 1,160 keys covering forty alphabets has been devised.

OLIVER CROMWELL'S WATCH has been stolen from the British Museum in London. It was still in running order when taken.



# NOTES COMMENTS CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses war and war-makers, and the mental attitude of propagandists for and against it.

Ever since the world began the alleged physical deterioration of the human race has been deplored. Donald Hough vigorously attacks the theory that all our ancestors were hardy and that most moderns are weaklings. He claims that 'the glorious past' has cast a glamour over reason. (p. 16)

*Donald Hough is a Northwesterner with a special love for the outdoor life, and in his wanderings has had special opportunities of procuring material with which to explode this perennial myth. We hear much talk about 'the sturdy Puritan tradition,' the 'days when men were men and blood was red and virtue was its own reward.' This attitude may be due to forgetting evil and recalling only good, Mr. Hough suggests. Mr. Hough condemns such ancestor worship and stoutly maintains that where hardy pioneers were found of old, in log cabins and on the frontiers of deprivation and danger, there they still are. Mr. Hough is a regular contributor to outdoor publications, and this autumn is bringing out a novel in which life in the open will have its part.* (p. 16)



Donald Hough.

IT IS manifestly impossible for any community to pay entirely as it goes, says Samuel Crowther in continuation of his tax articles. But a good many of the public services which are now run at a loss could be put on a paying basis through proper management. During the past few years the issue of bonds for the construction of bridges, roads and schools has far exceeded the wildest estimates of pre-war times. During last year the state and local governments borrowed 1,258 million dollars. (p. 1)

Before this orgy of borrowing began, as many persons as now thought that they wanted fur coats, but they would not borrow to buy them. However, an unreasoned program shoved the whole country into fur coats regardless of cost or the ability to pay for them. There is a growing feeling that the country is living beyond its income. (p. 1)

From O. D. Hollenbech, Trinchera, Colorado: Why does every farm paper print an urgent appeal for production and not one try in any way to improve marketing or distribution. I am a farmer and cattleman and I see and feel myself doing business in a man-organized world with no farm organization and if we have a semblance of any it urges production. Get up earlier, work harder, produce more to sell for less to feed an industrial world cheaper. Outdo your neighbor that others may buy cheaply.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Hollenbech is respectfully referred to page 12 of this issue.]

From Christopher J. Carroll, St. Louis, Missouri: I have always been convinced that the ancients, compared with the way science has advanced since the middle of the 17th Century, were not only a very ignorant race of individuals as a whole, but also a very superstitious race which means about the same thing. While we are entirely willing to give full credit for all the gifts that they have left to posterity, of which we ourselves are a part, still anything that has been discovered by the excavators of the earth's surface so far have not indicated any superiority either in architectural design or in the material that was used.

Now, in the 20th Century as compared with anything that was in vogue during the ancients' time, the differences are easily noticeable. We have everything that can possibly be desired. Control of the air above and also below the earth's surface; control of the seven seas by radio.

Stefansson believes in the 'Friendly Arctic.' In all his enterprises he has approached the frozen North with a smile and a heart full of hope and confidence. He believes that thousands of acres of land at present believed to be barren wilderness can be made to produce food both in beef and grain. He has never feared frozen feet or starvation. Burt McConnell, who was associated with Stefansson in some of his most notable adventures, gives us his portrait at close range. (p. 3)

*In Minnesota and contiguous states 90,000 farmers have accomplished the nation-wide distribution of 79,000,000 pounds of butter annually to the tune of $40,000,000. Private capital was purchasing their butter fat at discouragingly low prices, and now they get 76 cents of the consumer's dollar as against the usual average of 35 cents. Huston Thompson tells the story of this self-help organization. Mr. Thompson is about to retire from the Federal Trade Commission after years of service.* (p. 12)



Huston Thompson.

## CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE


The Bond Orgy of the States - - - - - - 1
*Samuel Crowther*
Stefansson, Arctic Empire Builder - - - - 3
*Burt M. McConnell*
Pennsylvania—Chief Source of the Alcohol Flood 4
*John D. Erwin*
The Laws of the Sky in Future Wars - - - 5
*Captain Elbridge Colby*
Trust Your Children to Pick Out the Best Books 7
*Thomas L. Masson*
Reliability of the New Testament - - - - 8
*Henry A. Sanders*
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - - - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
A Dairy Coöperative Sponsored and Managed by Farmers—*Huston Thompson* - - - - 12
The Story of the 'Big Ten' - - - - - - - - 14
*Walter Monfried*
Exploding the Perennial Myth - - - - - - 16
*Donald Hough*
Chats With Office Callers - - - - - - - - 28
Can You Tell Me? - - - - - - - - - - 29
I Read in the Papers - - - - - - - - - - 30



SUBSCRIPTION PRICE in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies, $1.50 a year; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year. Single copy, five cents.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. State both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.


In Pennsylvania, the political pull of the various liquor groups has been many times sufficient to overcome adverse reports from local agents. Without the vast quantities of alcohol withdrawn from bonded warehouses and distributed throughout the eastern section of the United States, the illicit rum business would be seriously crippled. John D. Erwin produces the facts. (p. 4)

THE laws of war governing the sky are different from those ruling the earth and the sea. In the air it is war to the death, because aircraft cannot stop and surrender. There are other interesting points in military aviation brought out by Captain Elbridge Colby. (p. 5)

Thomas Masson says that in the matter of juvenile reading there is too much paternalism on the part of educators and too little on the part of parents. (p. 7)

How the 'Big Ten' came into being is the subject of an extended talk on athletics by Walter Monfried. It is an epic on football and track contests. (p. 14)

# *Tagging the* CAMERA MEN

## *Glimpses of Curious Things Around the World*



Herbert Photos, Inc.

*A hungry pelican—he's downing a two-pound fish!*



Herbert Photos, Inc.

*Boiling water bubbles continually from this spring, near Constantine, Algeria, and changes into stone on coming in contact with air.*

*Chinese tell visitors to Nanking that to cast a stone on top of the elephant's back brings luck.*

Keystone View.







Keystone View.

*Above—China—it just won't hurry along with the ever-quickening march of the times!*

Herbert Photos, Inc.

*Center—An artist with the scissors. His nursery grounds resemble a zoo.*

(C) Ewing Galloway.

*Right—Wedding ceremony of the Kara Batak tribe, Sumatra. The bride and groom simply eat rice from the same plate and presto—they are married!*



THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIV OF ILLINOIS
URBANA ILL



A FOOLISH consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with the shadow on the wall. Out upon your guarded lips! Sew them up with packthread, do. Else if you would be a man speak what you think today in words as hard as cannon balls, and tomorrow speak what tomorrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradicts everything you said today.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

051
DEA

# The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

THE LIBRARY OF THE
Oct 24 1926

Volume 26, Number 52.

$1.50 a Year

OCTOBER 16, 1926

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

5¢



TRAPPERS WITH DOG TEAMS FOLLOWING A FROZEN RIVER BED IN THE ARCTIC REGION.

*'Toward the Pole generations of explorers had fought their way by ships, with dog teams and afoot, over desolate wastes of snow and ice. The story is red with the blood of courageous men who fell by the way.'*—BURT M. McCONNELL (article, page 16, this issue)

## FINING MEN FOR DYING

*A Study of the Inheritance Tax*

SAMUEL CROWTHER

## INDISCREET MEMOIRS

*Should They Be Suppressed?*

LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH

## NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S FLOWER OF DEATH

JULIAN HAWTHORNE

## CHRONICLER OF THE NEGLECTED TRUTH

# HUMAN INTEREST

## *All the World's a Stage, . . . The Men and Women Merely Players*



*The 'wild man' of this week's page—an igorote head-hunter and his pipe.*





*Do you prefer blonde or brunette for facial adornment? The latest in desert fashions displayed by two Bedouin sheiks.*
*Ewing Galloway Photo.*

Above—A quaint native of Capri, Italy. He has seen it change only a little. Maybe that's why he likes it. *Publishers' Photo Service.*



Oval—'Sweet Ad-o-line!' Quartet of Welsh fishermen. Look at their happy expression. They won a singing contest in London.
*General Photographic Agency.*



*Not rich, but happy! A farmer 'way out West in Kansas.* *Ewing Galloway Photo.*



*'Yes, we have no bananas'—picturesque Turkish fruit merchant.* *Publishers' Photo Service.*

Vol. 26 No. 52
OCTOBER 16
1926
Published Weekly by
THE DEARBORN
PUBLISHING COMPANY
Dearborn - - Michigan

The DEARBORN INDEPENDENT

Henry Ford, President; E. G. Liebold, Vice-President and Treasurer; C. B. Longley, Secretary; W. J. Cameron, Editor.
Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Dearborn, Mich., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

# Fining Men for Dying

## That's What the Inheritance Tax Does

By SAMUEL CROWTHER

A BED that suggests the Field of the Cloth of Gold. A young woman nestling amid a great heap of unwashable silk pillows. She sleeps, but not as others sleep. She keeps her *hauteur*, her cold disdain, her Marie Antoinette if-the-people-haven't-bread-why-don't-they-eat-cake attitude. Fifi flits about noiselessly, waiting for the sacred eyelids to open—or even to push them open if the paint sticks. She wakes, not vulgarly with a yawn, but gorgeously like the dawn. Fifi pets her. The great doors swing open—a column of lackeys enters, deploys, and advances . . . This is wealth, a spoiled daughter of the rich—in the movies.

A clean-shaven, steel-eyed, square-jawed man sits at a broad, flat desk in the center of a paneled and vaulted hall. His hair is graying. He is thinking—thinking deep and sinister thoughts. His jaw shuts with a click. He has made up his mind. He presses a button and a secretary pops out. The great man doesn't look at him. He just barks: 'Tell Mr. Simpkins to smash that Brown crowd today' . . . That is wealth, the captain of industry, the king of finance—in the novel.

A fat man with a flabby jowl, wearing a suit embroidered with dollar marks, a top hat, a foolish, cunning leer, and surrounded by boodle bags. That is wealth—in the cartoon.

What is your conception of wealth? Do you think of a rich man as a being of luxury—luxury at any cost and regardless of the inconvenience?

Do you think that the rich have practically nothing to do but spend money, and do you think of the rich as a class with some different sort of blood coursing through their veins? Some of the rich think so—some of the very newly rich—but do you think so, or do you call it a form of paranoia?

Would you object to being rich yourself? And, finally, would you vote for the state to confiscate all fortunes in excess of some certain sum—let it be half a million, or a million?

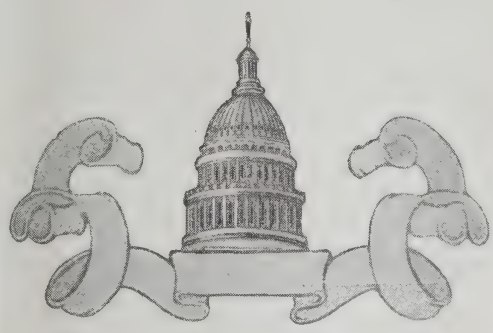
That is the real crux of the matter. And would you vote 'No'? You have voted 'No' time and again. You have never voted a Socialist or any other ticket which squarely stood for the nationalization of wealth. Not even the most radical of our parties has ever been radical enough squarely to present the real issue.

'Inheritance taxes,' sniffs someone. 'Nobody's going to leave anything to me and I shan't have anything to leave to anybody, excepting maybe the bill for my funeral. Why shouldn't these fellows that have millions give up some of them when they die, instead of leaving it to a lot of worthless loafers? They'll only buy pearls and diamonds and have 'em pinched.'

And because that is the general attitude—indifference—the inheritance taxes are what they are. We have had some kind of inheritance taxes for a long time, but in their present or depraved state they date principally from war time. Their legal foundation is firm and ample. The right to transfer property is a purely legal one created by the state, and therefore the state may impose such conditions as it sees fit. The passing of property from the dead to the living is a transfer and the tax in theory is on the transfer and not on the property itself. All of which is completely unimportant.

The taxes are laid in part for revenue, in part to curb the growth of large fortunes, but mostly to curb the activities of rich men's sons and daughters. By common consent rich men's sons are wastrels and rich men's daughters, after giving themselves many absurd airs, marry foreign titles. That conception of rich men's sons and daughters came into being because of the antics of the offspring of some of the Pittsburgh millionaires and railroad barons and has stuck, along with the notion that no man can honestly earn a million dollars and that two per cent of the people own sixty-five per cent of the wealth.

It is no longer the fashion for rich men's sons to go to the devil. Rich men's daughters marry foreign counts more by accident than by design. The really rich lead quiet lives, and their sons and daughters do likewise. If Ward McAllister were alive today, he could not get four hundred persons of real means to play with him. Social climbing is an obsolete pastime—



*AMERICANS believe that the man who earns a dollar has a first lien on it. At least, we believe it about the dollars we earn ourselves.*

*Nevertheless, without anyone ever having voted that it was wrong for a man either to live or to die with money to his credit, it is possible for a testator to die not owing a penny and with a million dollars in securities and yet have that estate not only entirely confiscated but actually with a deficit over, not counting lawyers' fees. Every sort of ragtail, bobtail notion turns up when we get into inheritance taxes—but every time any of these proposals has been put to the people, they have turned it down.*

there is no place to which to climb. None of the people with twenty millions or more to their credit give big, expensive entertainments. Rich people as shown in the movies do not exist. Very rich men have to keep largely to themselves, not because they like the solitude but because whole armies of inventors, charity workers, and cranks are always trailing them. Their sons as a rule go to work. The average of rich men's sons who go wrong is much below the average of all sons that go wrong, and as for swollen fortunes, my own observation is that in these days, while it is possible to make perhaps a couple of million dollars dishonestly, very little money is made dishonestly.

IT IS all but impossible to get together more than a few million dollars by speculation, and the only way to accumulate more than, say, five million dollars is by rendering supremely intelligent service to the community. I do not know what a swollen fortune is. I have seen men with fifty or a hundred thousand dollars who had far more money than was good for them —yet such an amount of money could not possibly be classed as a 'swollen fortune.' The big fortunes are all hard at work and their owners seldom have much cash. Only bootleggers and gamblers go in heavily for cash.

All of which is beside the point. If it is bad for the community to have a large fortune accumulate in the hands of an individual, then steps ought to be taken to prevent that accumulation. The habits and disposition of the accumulator do not matter, if, as a matter of public policy, we decide that a large fortune is too dangerous to be tolerated. But first it would seem sensible clearly to arrive at that decision—at which, to reiterate, we have never arrived. We doubt, although we do not say so in our laws, the wisdom of leaving too much to heirs. Perhaps the fortune is all right in the hands of the man who earned it—but not in the hands of those who come after.

But if sixty-five per cent of the wealth of the country is in the hands of only two per cent of the people, must not something be done quickly to bring about a redistribution? That statement is in the mouth of every 'friend of the people.' It has been repeated so often that it has become an article of faith. It is an official statement in that it appears in the report of a government commission—the Commission on Industrial Relations—published in 1915. The commission did not make the slightest investigation; it merely took a study made by Dr. Willford I. King from an analysis of the estates probated in Wisconsin and Massachusetts. Dr. King is an economist of high standing and he did not assert that his findings were based upon adequate data or that they could possibly be applied to the nation. The commission on no data at all applied that touch.

Dr. King has since said in effect that the amount of wealth escaping probate is such as to avoid his conclusions even as to the two states he examined. And yet sweeping changes in the whole structure of the country have been vehemently urged on no greater foundation than this 2-65 statement!

We do not know what our wealth is, much less how it is distributed. At the end of December, 1922, the census placed the figure at 320 thousand million, of which only four thousand million was in gold and silver—which is interesting in showing how little of our wealth is in cash. The total wealth figures do not amount to much because land values comprise about one-half of the total and land values are continually fluctuating. Walter R. Ingalls thinks that in 1916 about 1.7 per cent of the people owned 30 per cent of the wealth. But he based his guess on four hundred and thirty thousand income tax returns for 1916. Now we have seven and a half million returns—and you can do your own guessing. What is more important is that 70 per cent of the national income other than agricultural goes to wage earners. Ownership is less important than use.

IT SEEMS to be taken for granted that a great American fortune may develop into a menace, but there are no facts on which to base that opinion. No fortune can be large enough to 'corner' commodities; that has often been tried but always the budding magnate has come out of the fray considerably tattered and with only an empty bag for his trouble. This country is too big to be cornered. Estates do not increase greatly after the death of the founder—unless a more clever man becomes owner and develops them.



The fact is that we have not had enough experience with the big American kind of fortune to know what its effect is. Our big estates are in the securities of industrial enterprises, and even the largest corporation is a fragile thing easily to be wrecked by bad management. The old-world economists knew only estates in land. An heir who was a bad landlord could cause much distress among his tenants. The same sort of an heir coming into the control of a great industrial property might likewise cause some distress—but not for long. In a year or two the business would be in the hands of the creditors.

But in spite of our lack of knowledge of the social effect of wealth, we heavily fine men for dying wealthy. We cash in on the corpse.

THE state where the decedent had his residence taxes his whole estate. If by any chance his estate is in negotiable securities and they happen to be in a safety deposit box in another state, that state may also tax the whole estate. Any real estate owned outside of the state of the testator's domicile is taxed at its location. If he owned stock in a corporation incorporated in another state, that state will tax his stock holdings and the shares cannot be transferred until the tax is paid.

Other states will tax him if the corporation whose stock he owns has property within its jurisdiction—for instance, both Illinois and Iowa tax the stock of the Rock Island Railroad. In a decedent's estate some of the taxes are flat, while others are progressive. Some states have exemptions and some have none.

What is left of a man's fortune depends not so much on the gross amount he had at death as on where he died and what kind of securities he owned. If he laid out his money all through the country, he is most heavily penalized—although it benefits everybody to have capital flowing freely. The laws are so new and so few people even know of their existence that as yet investors generally have not learned that the intrinsic value of a bond or of a share of stock may be secondary to the location of the issuing corporation.

Soon everyone will know the facts and invest accordingly. The consequences may be very serious to the nation, for if money cannot be invested anywhere in the country, then we cannot continue the national business which has made us a nation. The wisest provision of the Constitution was that prohibiting states from obstructing interstate commerce. Tax walls are

(Concluded on page 27)



PORTRAIT
*by*
R. O. BENNETT

# A. A. Milne *at Home*

## Proves That Thirteen Is Lucky and Talks on *When We Were Very Young*

*By* HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

I FEEL more certain than ever now—after this little experience in meeting A. A. Milne—that luck is really nothing more than point-of-view after all, plus or minus a bad digestion, divided usually by the weight of one's purse and then multiplied finally by circumstances. In other words, luck is simply the tide of life—contemplated in the hours of its ebb or flow—when its nature or content has seemingly been greatly altered—but in appearance only.

If I lived at *13* Palace Court, Bayswater, London, for instance—as I did for three months recently—and tumbled downstairs—which I didn't—would it have been due to the unlucky number 13 of the house, or to unmitigated carelessness in placing my left hind foot where no stairs were?

Frankly, not wishing to be branded with my own stupidity, I would look about for someone, or something, on which to blame it and then conveniently call my asininity 'luck,' or more probably 'ill luck.' And so a thousand other clever, stupid persons, who have been looking about for a handy cat's-paw to pull blundering chestnuts from the fire they have heaped on their own heads, ponder for a moment and say, 'By George! That's the little imp in my bottle too!' And so we all club together and form the Brotherhood of Superstition for the Preservation of Self-Conceit and call it luck.

So, as I was about to say when I interrupted myself, I was living at 13 Palace Court when I wrote to A. A. Milne—who lived at *13* Mallord Street—for an interview. Taking in account the double 13, he should have turned me down. Instead, he wrote:

> Dear Sir:
>
> I can refuse nothing to anybody who writes from 13 Palace Court, for it was from that address that my wife used to write me every day just 13 years ago . . .

Possibly it was the three times 13 that broke the evil spell.

I happily got lost in trying to find Mallord Street. It is one of those little side streets—of which London has so many—that has run off from the big streets, like an adventurous child, and hid itself in the most unexpected place. If you go along the Strand trying to find Gough Square, where Dr. Samuel Johnson lived, or Wine Office Court, where he used to dine in Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese, you will understand what I mean.

Well, Mallord Street is like that too, only it is over in Chelsea, the Greenwich Village of London, where all the artists are supposed to live. I really didn't care how much I lost myself, because I was constantly bumping into delightful little streets like they once showed us in that charming play, *Pomander Walk*, with quaint little houses built in the time of Queen Anne, each with its little garden and wall and flower boxes at the small windows. I felt like walking down these quaint streets on tiptoe for fear of waking some little old lady of romance who was caretaker of the place.

I bobbed up in Cheyne Walk and found myself peering through the windows of Thomas Carlyle's house, now used as a Carlyle Museum. I fancied I could hear him calling a little sharply to his patient wife from his study upstairs. I went then to where his near-neighbor, Whistler, used to live and recalled his vivid portrait of Carlyle. How had these two crabbed geniuses behaved together while it was being painted, I wondered.

And now I am pausing before the home of the gentle William De Morgan who failed and failed as an artist and then at sixty-six turned on the Muses and wrote that precious book, *Joseph Vance*.

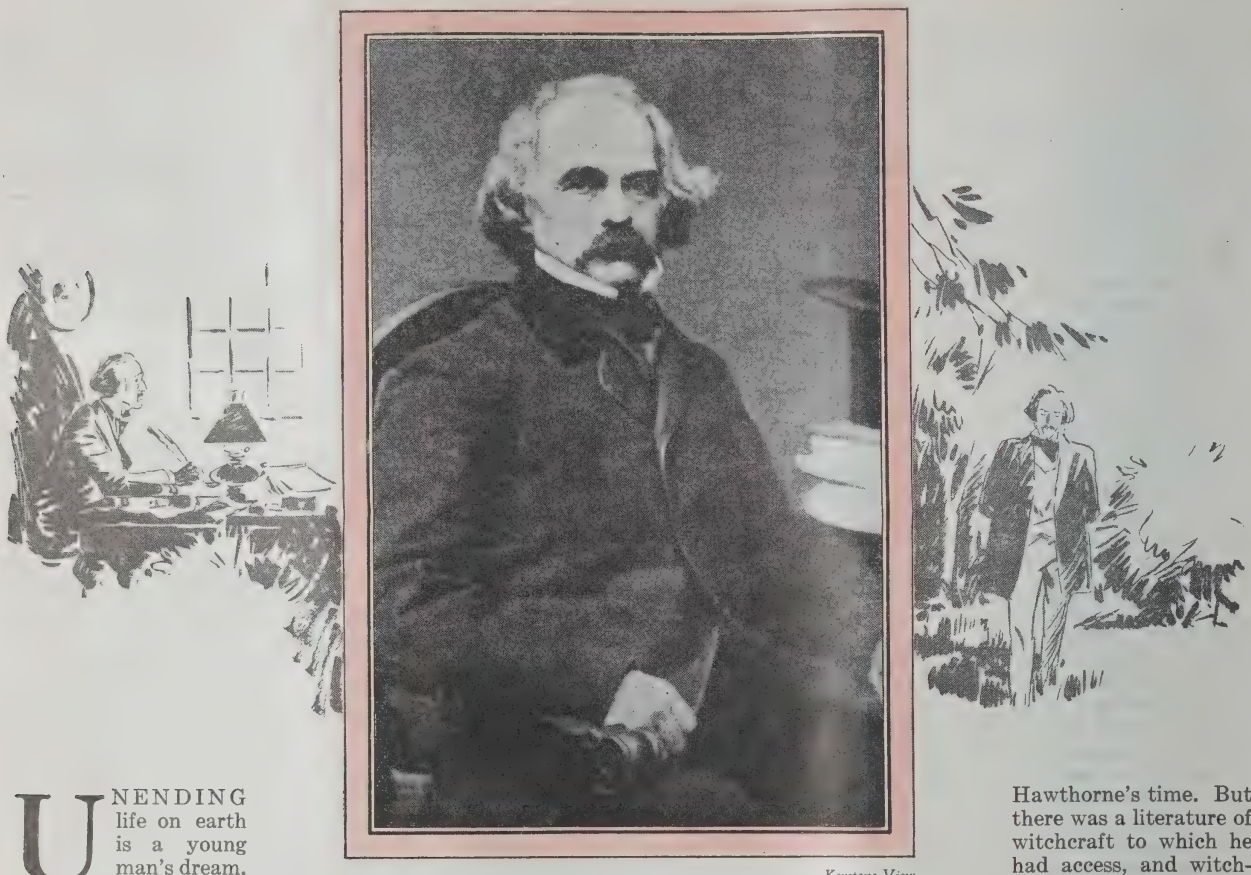
Then I found myself way afield again, wandering along the Thames at the point where Whistler used to sit and paint and etch those gray studies.

At last I found someone who told me where Mallord Street was still hiding after a few centuries. It was just a little crooked and irregular in one spot, like all the others had been, as though it had stubbed its toe there.

I was disappointed in Mr. Milne's Number 13. I had expected something more whimsical and grotesque, something more Milnesque, if you please. It was house, that was all; and frightfully new, not more than fifty years old anyway.

I rang the bell and was shown upstairs amid a perfect forest of antiques. But they were not English antiques at all, but all sorts of fantastic and fascinating pieces of Old France and Old Spain, painted green and rose and buff and further enlivened by flowers until you had the sense of being in an old-fashioned garden, while dozens of pieces of rare amber glass set in the bay window and on shelves and tables gave you an addi-

(*Continued on page 20*)



—Keystone View.

# *Nathaniel Hawthorne's* Story *of* Immortality

## *As Related by* JULIAN HAWTHORNE

*Decorative Sketches by* RICHARD BROECKER

UNENDING life on earth is a young man's dream, and an old man's nightmare. It is probably ancient. Animals live in Now, and foresee nothing else. Cavemen (not the contemporary sort) thought death depended on the success or failure of their relations with bears and big lizards. But in historical times a man with leisure on his hands would begin to ask himself, 'Why should I die?' People got killed: that could be avoided. Others got sick: that could be cured. Everybody by and by got wrinkled, feeble and useless: was that not a form of sickness? Find a medicine for that, and you might live forever.

Then began the Order of Chemists and Druggists, calling themselves fancy names. They mingled investigations in physics with speculations in metaphysics. Egypt bred its magicians: the Kabbala issued mystic sayings: the Hermetic Philosophers claimed to solve the riddle: the Rosicrucians declared themselves the inheritors of all past wisdom. Legends were propagated of persons who had actually existed ever since the Deluge, and Christianity boosted its Wandering Jew.

Meanwhile India had been going strong, but their explanations were so subtle that we couldn't tell whether their earthly immortals were not, perhaps, spirits which had learned the trick of reincarnation. More practical students decided that the likeliest way would be to find or make a substance or a drink which would renew youth, without the comeback which is the difficulty with hasheesh and opium. The Fountain of Youth must be somewhere—in Florida, Ponce de Leon thought: or, with the right recipe, it might be artificially compounded: or the Philosopher's Stone, if one could but lay hands on it, would not only turn lead into gold, but transform dotards into schoolboys.

Our contemporary thought and science clears its throat to say that, really, our present life-span is shorter than it need be. Temperate diet, judicious exercise, a tranquil mind, ought to bring our average up to a hundred—to more than that, even!

Modern science didn't exist in Hawthorne's time. But there was a literature of witchcraft to which he had access, and witchcraft had its roots in old times. Hawthorne's own ancestors had sat as judges in witch-trials in Salem; and he may have known something of Hermetic and Rosicrucian philosophy. Bulwer Lytton was born a year before him, and was writing novels of magic and mystery in the 1830's; but I doubt if my father read them. The subject was deep in his mind, however, and my aunt, Elizabeth Hawthorne, told me that soon after leaving college he wrote a number of witch stories that in her judgment (and her judgment was good) were interesting and powerful; in spite of which he burned them unpublished, because, he said, they were untrue!

All fiction is untrue in the literal sense, but Hawthorne was not speaking literally. He implied, accordingly, that there was no such thing as real witchcraft—it was a delusion or insanity of the imagination. But it was very picturesque, and being of so remote and universal origin, it must be due to some deep predisposition of the human mind. It was this that most engaged his thoughts; it branched into the conception of long-enduring physical life, its possibility, nature and consequences. Legend ascribed to Satan the power to confer it upon per-

sons willing to barter it for slavery to him after death: which is to assume that long life is wicked—a defiance of the law of God. This seemed hardly justifiable; but leaving the point in abeyance, was it conceivable that our bodies might last indefinitely? and if so, what would be the result on the individual and on society?

AT ALL events, a romance based on that idea might be worth writing. But adequate treatment would involve much thought about the fundamentals of existence. Superficial handling of it would be a mistake. The problem must be fairly faced and worked out to its last element. What is life, its meaning and end? Is what we regard as progress an actual forward and upward movement? Or is it like waves of the ocean, driven now this way, now that, by winds of doctrine, while the depths are unstirred? If progress in mortal life were really intended by the Creator, why did He make the individual transient, so that as soon as he arrived at years of discretion, with his projects promising fulfillment, he must leave it all, and begin (if he were to begin again) on a different plane? Or was man intended ultimately to solve the secrets of nature, and command mortal life at his pleasure?

To compose such a romance with any measure of success, the writer must not only be at the top of his faculty, but he must be able to put his whole heart and brain into the work. But Hawthorne, unusually isolated though his youth was, could not command such concentration as this; and after he married, still less so. He had his livelihood to make: the radius of his social intercourse was lengthened. The tales he wrote—*The Scarlet Letter*, *The Seven Gables*, and the rest—might be regarded as facets of the great theme: studies of details; exercises preparatory to the great enterprise: analyses of the human spirit in its subordinate manifestations, on the way to reaching a comprehension of the central drama. He may have thought that after the minor difficulties of his own life had been subdued, leisure would be given for uninterrupted study. As it happened, however, events did not take this course; he was still too poor to abandon daily labor, and anxieties, private and public, diverted his attention. His health, hitherto excellent, began to fail and his strength with it. Nevertheless, during the last few years of his life, he applied himself resolutely to the effort.

In Italy, before the writing of *The Marble Faun*, he attacked the subject from various angles; and even while still residing in England, he had been meditating a work, provisionally entitled *The Bloody Footstep*, the central figure in which should be a man of mystery, invested with superhuman powers, for which he had paid by the commission of a terrible sin; and wherever he trod, his foot left a bloody imprint. This idea arose from an anecdote of one of the ancestors of a noble English family, told to him by a woman relative as a picturesque family tradition. It is mentioned in his journals; and in Italy he put on paper an outline of it, possibly to be developed later. But it did not satisfy him, though for years it was in the back of his mind.

COMING back in the summer of 1860 to his home in Concord, he conceived the subject on another basis. A young American, Septimius Felton, living at the period of the Revolution, has applied himself to the study of the occult. There is a trace of Indian blood in him, and his only companion is the old Indian woman, a semi-witch, who has dwelt in the house since before his infancy—the house standing on the Boston high-road, at the foot of the low ridge of hills which parallels the road for some distance—evidently the same 'Wayside' which was Hawthorne's own residence in Concord. Breaking in upon his moody seclusion comes a regiment of British infantry, which had already fired upon citizens of Lexington, and was on its way to capture the ammunition said to have been collected by the men of Concord. The regiment halts before the house for water, and a young English officer has a colloquy with Septimius.

The machinery of the tale appears here. The officer's family in England is the same from which sprang the first immigrant to the American colonies, and of which Septimius is also a descendant. This fact transpires later; but we know that the family had a remote ancestor, reputed to possess magical powers, and who had incurred the curse of the Bloody Footstep: Septimius himself was conversant with the legend, and thereby had perhaps been influenced to pursue his experiments, the aim of which was to discover the drink of everlasting life.



THE two young men, meanwhile, part after their brief contact, the regiment goes on, to meet its defeat at Concord Bridge, and to retreat in some disorder past Septimius' house. The officer once more accosts the American, ending in a duel with muskets on the summit of the ridge behind the house. The officer is mortally wounded, but before dying he bids Septimius bury him where he has fallen, and intrusts him with a message, the purport of which, however, Septimius does not as yet fully understand.

He resumes his lonely studies, with the stain of blood upon his hands. This part of the story is mainly concerned with allusions to alchemy and the black art; and the passages are as strange and absorbing as is anything else that Hawthorne has written. Septimius is brewing a liquor, according to a formula found among family documents, which he has grounds for believing is the famous elixir of life itself. The old Indian woman gives him hints from time to time, too obscure to be of much service; and the recipe appears to lack some important feature. But he presses on insatiably, for the reward of success will make him the master of mankind.

But one day, pacing to and fro upon the hilltop as was his wont (and it was Hawthorne's habit also, when meditating his work) he comes upon a young woman seated beside the grave, and tending a singular flower that has sprung up there. She is mysterious; seems to have come from England, to have been acquainted with the officer, and to possess some knowledge of Septimius himself, and of his present pursuit of the great secret. And she intimates that the flower which she is tending, which has grown from the body of death, is an essential ingredient of his elixir; and that she can assist him in the distillation. Septimius suspects that the girl is partly deranged, but she

(*Continued on page 26*)

# I Saw It *With My Own Eyes*

## Illustrating That Things Are Not Always What They Seem

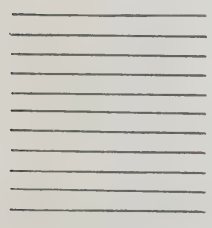
By DONALD A. LAIRD

WHEN one wants to let others know that there is no doubt about certain happenings he says, 'I saw it with my own eyes.' When a man who has spent his entire life in scientific study of vision writes a book he starts it with three cryptic words: 'Seeing is deceiving!'

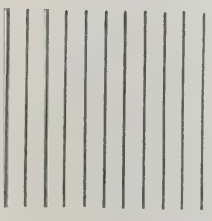
My first introduction to these deceptions of our eyes was when I attended my first county fair. One side show had the head of the Sphinx on exhibition and I watched this bodiless head intently to try to comprehend how it could exist without a body or how my eyes could be tricked so that the head looked as if it had no body.

But that is getting a little ahead of the story.

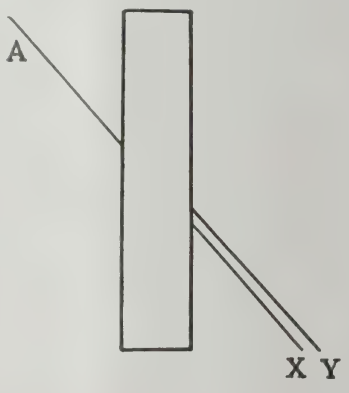
Each of our friends appears to be taller than he really is. This is due to a common illusion which makes vertical lines and distances seem longer than they actually are. This exaggeration may even amount to as much as twenty-five per cent when circumstances are suited to the illusion.



When a tree is being felled, observers always keep a safe distance from the place they think it will strike. After it is on the ground they are astonished to find that the tree is not nearly so tall as it had looked when it was standing.



*Left—Which is the taller? Which the wider? Measure the designs to check up your eyes.*

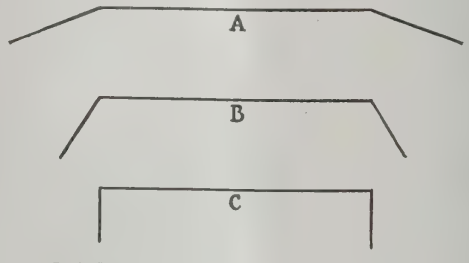



*Is X or Y the continuation of line A? Check your decision with a ruler or the edge of an envelope.*

The average house also appears to be higher than it is in actual feet and inches. Some amateur architects are not familiar with this fact and in copying a house they have seen with pleasing proportions are taken aback to find that their completed house does not have the same balance, since they have taken the height as it looked and not as it was.

These deceptions of seeing justify the great expense to which some people go in building an elaborate model of the proposed house. Often the numerous illusions cannot be discovered until the house is built. These expensive models, however, make it possible to detect some of the distortions that will occur in the house unless corrections are made. A serviceable model can frequently be made from cardboard in kindergarten fashion, using a scale of a quarter-inch for each foot of dimensions of the planned house.

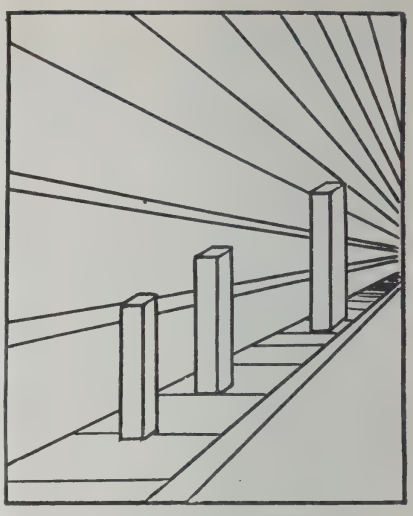
Painting also alters appearances, a red object seeming larger than the same object in blue. Several duplicate cardboard models can be constructed and painted different colors until the best combination is discovered.




*Is A, B or C the longest line? After deciding, make sure about your guess.*

Not only does the length and size of objects deceive the human eye, but the direction of lines is altered, straight lines are made to appear curved, and curved lines made straight. These illusions, which were known to the Greeks when they built their temples, were used during the war to camouflage ships.

Woodwork which has been given a light finish reveals many deceptive appearances on account of the grain of the wood. Door frames of varnished pine, for instance, may appear out of square because of the illusions due to their grain being distinctly visible. This explains why the vogue of lightly varnished, 'grainy' picture frames a few years ago was so short-lived.

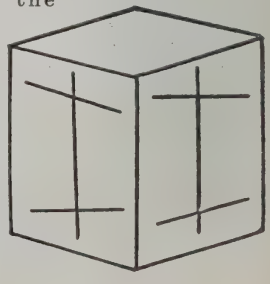


*Which pillar is the tallest?*

In the Parthenon at Athens the designers ingeniously overcame many illusions centuries ago. The beam which is on top of the columns, for instance, would appear to sag if it were actually straight. The base upon which the row of columns is mounted would also be deceptive if it were actually straight. So the Greeks built these with a curvature of as much as four inches to overcome these deceptions.

Have you ever looked at a tall building or column and noticed that it seems to be leaning outward? This is because the architect did not correct for this illusion as the Greeks did. The columns of the Parthenon, for instance, are inclined inward almost three inches to overcome this illusion.

Until recent years skyscrapers from two sides of the street appeared to be toppling over onto the pavement. The new type of architecture being used for skyscrapers overcomes this deception of the eye. The upper stories recede to allow light to pass into the canyon of the street.



**Right—**
*Are there any right angles in the figures on the sides of this cube? Even keen eyes may say no, but a calling card with square edges will prove otherwise.*

# *Is the Football Coach* Overpaid?

## *Well,* Look at the Work He Does!

*By* PAUL MACDONALD

*Drawings by* W. O. FITZGERALD




*The good old alumni tell him that if he cannot develop a winning eleven then they will look around for another coach.*

OUTSIDE of motion picture actors, no group of men is publicly credited with drawing more money in comparison to what they actually receive in salaries than the coaches of college football teams.

Speaking in high figures is an American trait. It is more than that. It is a national passion. We have a love for big money.

It was some years ago that a college professor wanted to know why the fellows who taught students how to maul each other on the gridiron received more money than the men who taught the students to be good citizens. What he could not understand was why a football coach received several times as much money for a few months of coaching as a professor received for a year of teaching.

The professor's question has been reiterated many times since, and with the continued repetition of the query the salaries of the football coaches grow in public conception. Since there is so much ado about the matter they must be stupendous and as a consequence the coaches are, in popular imagination at least, the most highly paid individuals in the teaching profession. You often hear people say, 'Salaries of $25,000 a year are common and some football coaches get much more than that.'




*The actual work of coaching the football team does not occupy more than four months, but during the remainder of the year the coach is not idle.*

These reports, however, are sadly at variance with the facts. There is a wide chasm between what the coaches are reported to be getting and what they actually are getting. There are not five coaches in the United States being paid as much as $10,000 a year. There is not a coach in the Middle West drawing within $1,000 of that amount.

Much of the antagonism toward football has resulted from the fabulous sums mentioned as salaries of coaches. Jealousy is one of the passions of the races. The professor is jealous of the football coach because he believes the coach is being paid far more in proportion to the amount of work he does than is being paid the professor. The layman becomes jealous for the same reason. When he hears that a football coach is paid more money, for what he believes is three months of work, than the layman can earn in several years of hard labor, then he naturally resents it. It is not unusual that he should. He decides that football might just as well be eliminated. As a matter of fact the college football coach is being underpaid. It is true that the actual work of coaching the football team does not occupy more than four months of time but during the other eight months the coach is by no means idle.

A football coach is kept busy between seasons. He has to design new plays for the next campaign. You will ask, probably, 'Why won't the old ones do?' They will not do. Plays are built for teams, since it is impossible to build teams for plays. The plays are so designed that they take advantage of the individual talents of the players and since no two teams are exactly alike as to individual talent and since no coach has the same lineup two years in succession, it is necessary constantly to change the repertory of plays. Also, after one style of play has been used through a single season the coach knows that all opposing coaches are working out defenses for that style and it will be impossible to repeat the success the plays enjoyed during the first year they were used. He has to work up a new scheme of offense. That requires time.

Then the coach has to do considerable coaching between seasons. Coaching in none of our major universities and colleges is confined to three or four months. Preparation for the next season (*Concluded on page 22*)




*During the football season the coach works day and night and gets little sleep.*



—'P & A' Photo.

## Lady Cynthia Asquith Gives Caustic Comment on

# *The Writing of* Indiscreet Memoirs

CAN nothing be done to stem the flow of memoirs which threatens to swamp all privacy and decency? A terrible scourge to society, this selling by the 'new poor' of autobiographies, breaking, as they do, the unwritten laws of personal relationships by the violation of sanctuaries and the ruthless exposure of intimacies!

For the most part these memoirs are written by the intrinsically insignificant. They are incapable of producing literature: and no one will pay to read their reflections or the chronicles of their little lives. Therefore, to produce a 'best-seller' they must mainly rely on a lifelong picking of other people's brains.

They are pirates who fly no Jolly Roger. Disguised as ordinary laity, admitted to the privileges of normal human relationships, they are all the while gathering copy for the discharge of indiscretions and spiritual indelicacies. Conversation and letters from the eminent are so much



ammunition to their shameless artillery.

The Romans had a custom of hanging a rose above the table around which were met the guests. This signified that, under pain of ostracism, nothing which fell from the lips of the assembled was on any account to be repeated. Hence the expression *sub rosa*.

Some such measure will have to be adopted in our midst, and detectives employed to see that it is carried out. Otherwise it will only be safe to dine with the deaf and dumb. Equally we shall have to take to writing in vanishing ink! What man of any eminence will dare to put in a letter anything he would prefer to keep out of the newspapers?

The essence of letter writing is that it should be from one particular person to another particular person. But now any phrase he writes is liable, in the fullness of time, misleadingly to be taken out of its context and to blaze on every poster in America, much to the pecuniary advantage of his sometime correspondent.

It can be urged that protection is afforded by the law. A letter is the property of the writer and cannot be published without his permission. True; but is it fair to place a good-natured 'lion' in the position of having to refuse his consent to a friend who comes with a pathetic tale of overdraft and children to educate?

It seems churlish to withhold material that will so wonderfully assist the sale of her book, and that is, after all, so 'harmless.' He says 'publish with discretion,' and then learns for the first time how easy it apparently is to write 'love letters' without knowing!

Wonderful how easy by a little skilful elimination to alter a palpably playful letter into a ridiculously serious one. Few letters, be they written by the famous, that are not eligible to being advertised as 'love letters.' Such has recently been the lot of several distinguished men of letters.

It is almost a form of blackmail. We are told that Harriet Western (author of the most entertaining memoirs) got more money for the things she did not publish than for the things she did. A franker method: to say, 'Give me £1,000 and I will not publish your letters,' than the one adopted by the ostensibly refined: 'Let me publish your letters or you will lose me £1,000.'

In these books, which flood the market, letters are published like so many testimonials to a patent medicine. All is fish to the net of vanity! Conversations, giving away one friend's opinion of another, are shamelessly reported, and so forth.

Everything which keeps society decent is threatened. Where there is no legal protection, should not social ostracism be called in, as it is in cheating at cards?

Categories are apt to be misleading, but surely one real division may be drawn between such women as will publish love letters, and those who would starve rather than do so.



# MR. FORD'S PAGE

TO ALLOW one's interest in an untried method to obscure one's interest in the end to be achieved is to invite disappointment. But as disappointment is an element in experience, we may think of it as something that must come to pass. Most of the situations which we try to deal with singly are but stages in a larger situation, and when this becomes clear to us our perspective becomes more true.

The reference here is to the matter discussed last week, namely, the possibility of certain kinds of pacifist propaganda being of use to the war-makers. Idolatry of method may be but a stage through which our peace-loving people are passing. And if they are really passing through it, and not regarding it as a permanent position, it may be counted for progress. However, it possesses its points of danger, unless there is time for the natural evolution of our experience to be fulfilled before the danger arrives.

There are signs that our people are already learning that method, except after many experiments and long testing, is not capable of producing all that we seek. In national politics we have changed one method for another upon the promise that the new method would produce a new spirit, or at least render some of the old abuses impossible. We have exchanged the convention method for the primary method of selecting candidates, but doubt is still expressed as to whether it has prevented the abuses which we were aiming at. To some degree we have substituted municipal ownership for private ownership on a perfectly correct theory that works well on paper, but it is a question whether public service has improved, if indeed it has not become less satisfactory. In brief, we have made enough experiments in change of method to indicate that the trouble is not in the methods but in the men who use them. Certainly we have learned enough to know that the cure is not in the method.

Now, as to the matter of peace, it is agreed in a few—a very few—countries, that war is undesirable from every point of view and that peace is the normal condition of anything pretending to be a civilization. Killing men is the most futile of human acts. Anything else that occurs to a man may be charged up to the experience it gives him, but killing him is the end of experience as we know it.

But the world being what it is and a fact not to be disposed of, it becomes necessary for us to examine the foundations upon which we rest our hope for peace. Some of us think now, and events will presently bring us all to think, that the pacifist endeavors which are most advertised to bring us peace will not only fail to do so but will make the likelihood of war much greater. If there are serious, informed and responsible minds which have arrived at that conclusion, it is in itself a sufficient reason for those who are propagating these methods as the sure bringers of peace, to examine the matter again.

*AS FAR as the vote of civilization goes it is for peace. What nullifies that vote? It is not the munition men or the Government, or the pressure of industrial necessity or population. Rulers and statesmen and political parties are not the sources of war but the victims of a power still beyond them. We had no munition works to speak of in this country, nor a belligerent government, nor economic pressure, yet we went to war. War came from a source that the utmost research failed to find. This source must be localized and attacked and flushed into the open. Till then peace is not possible.*

As far as the vote of civilization goes, it is already won for peace. Now what is it that can and repeatedly does nullify that vote? Some say it is the munition men. Wrong. They are the hangers-on of something else. Some say that it is the Government. Wrong. Governments are as helpless as individuals once the avalanche begins to move. Some say it is the pressure of industrial necessity or population. Wrong. Population never has pressed upon the accommodations of the earth, and industry is perhaps our greatest tangible source of peace. Some say there would be no war if people were given the vote in declaring war. But we have seen in our own times people who would have voted for war time and again—often upon false information. All of these minor things which present propaganda deals with do not touch the question at all. We had no munition works to speak of in this country. Yet we went to war. Our Government held out to the verge of cravenness, yet in the end we went to war. We had no industrial necessity, no pressure of population, yet we went to war. War came from a source that the utmost researches of the wise, in countless books and reports, have failed to find. They have hunted down this emperor and that statesman and that party, in search of the source. The main result of their labors has been to implicate all the rulers and all the statesmen and all the parties. And these, not as sources, but as victims of a power still beyond them.

As long as men's minds are diverted from the thing that really counts, there is less danger of them indicting the source of war. For war has a very definite source that can be localized and attacked. And once the cause is flushed into the open, it will be no holiday affair. Our pacifists then will need to become warriors of peace.

**'Ford Ideals,' 452 pages, cloth bound, contains 98 of these articles. Postpaid $1.00**

# EDITORIALS

## *A Token of Friendship*

AMAZEMENT at the news that American warships were fired on a thousand miles up the Yangtse River in China is exceeded only by wonder at what they were doing there. Hankow on the Yangtse would correspond roughly to Minneapolis on the Mississippi. What brings American men-o'-war so far inland in a nation with which we are at peace? By what right are they there?

From official quarters comes an explanation that somehow fails to explain. 'Chinese treaties with Japan and Great Britain,' the State Department declares, 'open the Yangtse and other river arteries of commerce to the vessels of those nations, and under the most favored nation clause in the original American-Chinese treaty these river routes automatically become equally open to American ships.' Quite so. But what about *warships?* The Treaty of 1903 quite specifically mentions 'vessels . . . for the conveyance of passengers and lawful merchandise.' Can this be construed to mean vessels of war?

America has occupied a unique position as regards China. Most of the treaties concluded between China and the great powers of Europe in recent years have been farcical; they form part of the spoils wrested from Cathay while that great country lies prone and defenseless. But in the midst of the spoliation America has stood out as a beacon to the Chinese. They have regarded this nation as their constant friend. They have felt sure that we would not share in the grab-bag diplomacy of Europe. The Boxer scholarships created a tremendous sentiment in our favor, strengthened through the years by similar acts which have demonstrated our interest in China's welfare. Our friendship has been taken for granted. But now, suddenly, our policy seems changed. We have become the tail to Europe's kite. Our friendship is enforced by our warships—one thousand miles inside of China's territory!

## *The Thinning Line*

THE Grand Army of the Republic is going to carry on. It will not disband until there are no more men to march! And in that news lies the secret of the spirit of America. There had been talk of ending the organization. The thinning ranks could not hold out much longer; that was the rumor. Better to disband before death made its final inroads. But the grand old men of America don't know the meaning of the word surrender. Back in '63 there had been similar rumors: the thinning ranks could not hold out then; they must give way before the onslaughts of the Gray. But they did hold, and the Union was preserved. And for the threescore years since Appomatox they have been holding out—holding out for the preservation of American traditions and American patriotism.

For almost half a century there was no more potent force in the life of the nation than the Grand Army of the Republic. It stood, a bulwark against lawlessness, against subversive alien influence. The bitterness of the war years gone, it joined with the veterans of the Confederacy in promulgating ideals which had become common to both. Now that work has been largely taken over by another great organization, the American Legion. The end of the trail is nearing. But the Grand Army is not to disband. It will carry on—to the last man!

## *Disarmament by the Purse*

THE pocketbook has done what conferences fail to do. Slowly, but surely, armies are diminishing, not so much because of high national ideals as of exhaustion. France has 300,000 less in her armies than she had in 1913. And the French chamber is considering the reduction of military service to one year, which would make for a further drop in the number of her armed men. Belgium has dropped from 118,969, in 1922, to 81,720 last year. Spain's army fell from 215,949 to 123,-851. Sweden has 35,912 men under arms as against 120,000 in 1922. Norway has reduced her quota of 60,000 to 4,405. By treaty Germany is fixed at 100,000; Austria at 30,000; Hungary at 35,000; Bulgaria at 33,000.

Call it an economic phenomenon if you choose. The end is the thing, and that is satisfactory to peace lovers. And with the reduction of armed forces there must come new interests, new efforts, new ideals. There must also be a diminuendo of national jealousies. As nations cease to glare at each other in hate, so light and order will come into international affairs. Trade, the great pacifier, will operate to good effect. The welfare of mankind will cease to be a mere phrase and parrot prattle. For nations, like individuals, like one another better as they become better acquainted.

## *A Senator Speaks*

WHEN it comes to the matter of disturbing the delicate balance of international relationships, it must be confessed in all fairness that the bouncing blunderbuses on this side of the Atlantic contribute fully as much as those on the other. Righteous indignation seethed in these United States a few weeks ago when Senator Caraway, returned from Europe, issued a statement in which he declared:

> There are 30,000 Americans buried in French cemeteries, and so intense has French dislike of the United States become that they do not even hesitate to insult the dead men who gave their lives for France in the Great War. Go into these cemeteries and you will find ribald and insulting remarks chalked or penciled on many of the little white crosses that mark the graves of some American soldiers, as, for instance, 'To hell with America!' To this almost unbelievable extent has France's hate of this country grown.

It was not until several days after this brilliant declaration had been flashed around the world that Senator Caraway issued a second. In the meantime his charges had been denied by French officials, by the Paris American Legion, by American army officers, and by the Americans whose duty it is to guard the graves overseas. In the second statement Mr. Caraway said that his remarks had not been based upon personal observation; *that he had not, in fact, taken the trouble while in Europe to visit the final resting place of America's wartime dead.*

The damage, however, had been done. Thousands of Americans read the first statement who will never read the second. And in France the ridiculous charges are passing from mouth to mouth as further evidence of America's unfairness. In unsettled times such as these, with the troublesome debt problem agitating the world, it is a pity that irresponsible statements should be made by persons in supposedly high positions. France's much discussed dislike for America will be thoroughly justified if there are many more such incidents.

## *High Finance*

CONSIDER Wall Street. Much hostile feeling is directed against the American people and the American Government by Europe because of her financial difficulties. But how many of these difficulties can be laid at the door of the American people, and how many at the door of the international bankers, typified by Wall Street? Europeans—and in fact some Americans—fail to distinguish between the two. They hate America because of the avariciousness of Wall Street.

Switzerland is a case in point. The Swiss franc is quoted far above parity, and so easy is the monetary situation in that country, that its native bankers are loaning their government funds at five per cent. It hurts Swiss pride to witness the fact that their government, which can obtain such favorable terms from its own bankers, must still continue paying eight per cent on $20,000,000 of bonds bought by a Wall Street syndicate six years ago, during a period of Swiss financial stringency. Belgium and France are also paying as high as eight per cent for their Wall Street loans, as is Poland. While these countries at least are still suffering from depreciated currencies, the exaction of seven to eight per cent interest on loans to responsible governments which dare not repudiate their guaranties is regarded as severe while Japan and Mexico are enjoying rates as low as four per cent; and even distressed China is expected to pay Wall Street only five per cent on her railway loans. But the secret of Wall Street success is to make 'advantageous terms' with its borrowers during a period when they are in distress. That's high finance.

## *Fun in the Killing*

THERE are fine points to the sportsmanship of killing which the lay mind finds hard to grasp. Take, for instance, the matter of stag hunting. John Galsworthy and Eden Philpotts, ardent humanitarians as well as eminent men of letters, are roundly denouncing this ancient sport in England, greatly to the disgust of the old-style sportsman. They fail to find pleasure in the terror of the spent stag, or the death agonies of Reynard, the fox. Such unsophistication as this cannot, of course, be allowed to pass unnoticed by followers of the sport. Their retort is fittingly condensed into a single sentence by one newspaper. 'If a man believes that it is perfectly proper that animals shall be killed to provide him with dinner dainties,' it asks, 'how can he complain when some other man contrives to get some fun out of the killing?' This may not be very sound logic, but it is at least illuminating argument. Many of us have wondered in the past just how to distinguish between the sportsman and the butcher. Here at last is the answer. If you get fun out of the killing, you're a sportsman; if not, you're a butcher!

# *The* Luster Ware *of* Long Ago

## A Pottery That Was Loved by Our Ancestors

*By* MARY HARROD NORTHEND

IT STOOD on the dining room mantel—a little cream-jug of copper luster, about four inches tall. It had a confident, not to say pert air, and a green flowered sash encircled its plump middle. My hostess lifted and turned it with her delicate old fingers that I might catch the sparkle and the deep glow in the lovely ware.

'Long ago, when I was about five, my grandmother gave this to me. It was a hot Sunday afternoon, and I was very restless. Presently grandmother said, "If Tillie will sit still just a little longer she shall have something beautiful." Very soon she left the room to return with this pitcher. As she put it into my hand, she sighed, "I suppose you will break it, but it will be nice if Tillie could keep this to remember grandmother by." ' My old friend smiled as she added, 'You see, I did.'

This sweet memory was forever bound to the little copper keepsake; it always brought into the faded blue eyes a tender light.

The luster of long ago, the pottery that catches the first favoring attention of a child yet holds a high place with a connoisseur—where is it to be found? On the shelves of museums, in the locked cabinets of antique dealers, on the top shelves of china closets in private homes. If a pink luster tea set is used today for a social gathering, it is no less a person than the owner herself who washes each precious piece and restores it to safety.

Don't dare to breath as you examine this fluted silver Queen Anne teapot. Its shape and gloss are exquisite. The spout is nicked but even then it has a value of twenty-five dollars. A little pitcher like Tillie's brings eight or ten dollars at auction.

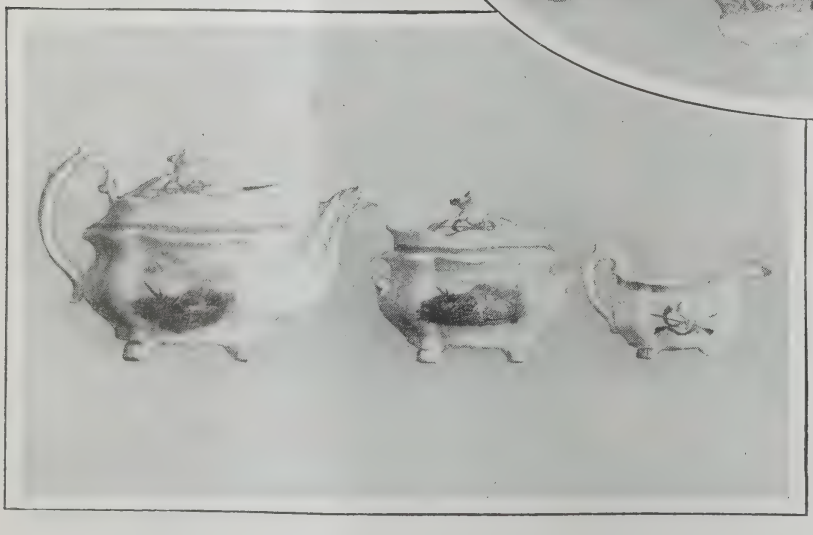
Although much of the precious luster is under lock and key, finds do occur even in these latter days. My friend Rita has been settling the estate of her mother-in-law. 'See,' she said, holding out a small luster flowerpot, 'I found this in a pile of flowerpots under the cellar stairs.

'I was going to throw the whole lot away when something made me look through them. This little pot looked promising. It was nearly full of tar, and so grimy and sticky. I scrubbed and scrubbed and now—you see!'

The salvaged article, radiant with its copper sheen, its lovely pale blue band, and glowing pink roses, stood on the inlaid Hepplewhite card table in her drawing-room, and drew all eyes with its dancing light. 'What if you had lost it!' I breathed. 'The gem! It lights the room as a ruby ring lights a hand.'

Luster ware was first produced in far-away Persia. In the 14th Century, Spaniards, taught by the Moors, made golden-red and pale yellow luster dishes, which were decorated with Saracenic designs. Later still, the Italians made their wonderful majolica 'with copper, purple, and amber surfaces glowing like beaten metal.' The center of this Italian art was at Gubbio, the little place which Josephine Preston Peabody chose as the scene of her beautiful play, *The Wolf of Gubbio.* Among the characters is a potter who, with others, brings his gift to the peasant woman, who typifies the Madonna in the miracle play. The potter says, as he humbly offers his bowl:

> Madonna, 'tis a little bowl;
> Yet masterly made, and whole,
> Look you, and it is lipped both ways;—
> One side for hunger; one for praise.
>
> Good measure it will hold!
> I would not have it scrawled and scrolled.
>
> Burnished and bright and fountain clear,
> My ruddy glaze!





**Oval—*Pink luster.* Left—*Rare variety of luster.***

Luster ware was made in England in the last quarter of the 18th Century and was a common sight in homes and taverns in both England and America. Its use was widespread: communion goblets were made of silver luster; children's toys were made of copper luster.

No less a person than George Washington himself used a copper luster mug for shaving. Seventy-five years was, roughly speaking, the span that marked the popularity of luster. It was made in nearly every pottery in

England and, of course, very largely in Staffordshire. Even the great Wedgwood at one time turned his magic craft in that direction. Today modern luster ware is being made.

Luster may be roughly divided into three classes, according to the metals employed in decoration. They are silver, copper, and gold. The metal is reduced chemically to a form in which it may be deposited in an exceedingly thin coating upon the surface of the pottery. A second glazing adds to the depths and beauty of the tones, thus securing the characteristic luster of the metal without burnishing.

Silver luster was made for those who could not afford silver tea services —for the wives of the farmers and even of the cottagers. The silver or the Sheffield plate of the Georgian period was very carefully copied; it is even claimed that the same moulds were used as were used in making the genuine silver or plate. The metal employed, however, was not silver but platinum, a substance which was discovered in 1741. The early pieces were silvered throughout; later, the insides of the pitchers, teapots, and bowls were not silvered. The lining was dark but not lustrous. Later still a creamy white body was used instead of the brown body.

A few years ago three ardent 'antiquers' were visiting the historical rooms in Hingham, Massachusetts. In a corner cabinet, on a level with the eye, stood a Queen Anne teapot. The sunshine, caressing its perfect contours, gave the effect of moonlight on water. 'How lovely!' sighed one of my friends. 'That must be a Paul Revere piece.' I stood on tiptoe and just caught a white gleam within the teapot. 'It's luster, isn't it?' I appealed to the custodian who nodded at my incredulous friends. The result of the potter's art would deceive the very elect. As a matter of fact, the highly burnished surface of such a teapot has a richer, deeper tone than even silver presents.



*Gold luster jug.*

Silver resist is a very attractive form of silver luster. A pattern is sketched upon the pottery with chemicals that resist the action of the platinum that is later applied to coat the object with silver luster. The effect is lovely indeed. The pattern is revealed in white, cream, blue, or canary against the silvery background. Pitchers, cups and saucers, in fact all articles in silver resist are very choice and are eagerly sought.

The date of silver resist has been difficult to determine; it is now thought that this process was contemporaneous with the process of making the plain ware.

In 1838 electroplating was introduced and silver luster declined in popularity. Soon after 1850 it was no longer made.

It has been claimed that Wedgwood made the first silver and copper luster in 1776, first year of our national life.

The first idea was to use the new process solely for the decoration of picture frames, but its possibilities immediately waxed amazingly, and, as a result, beautiful table articles were made. Sometimes a very little gold was added to the copper.

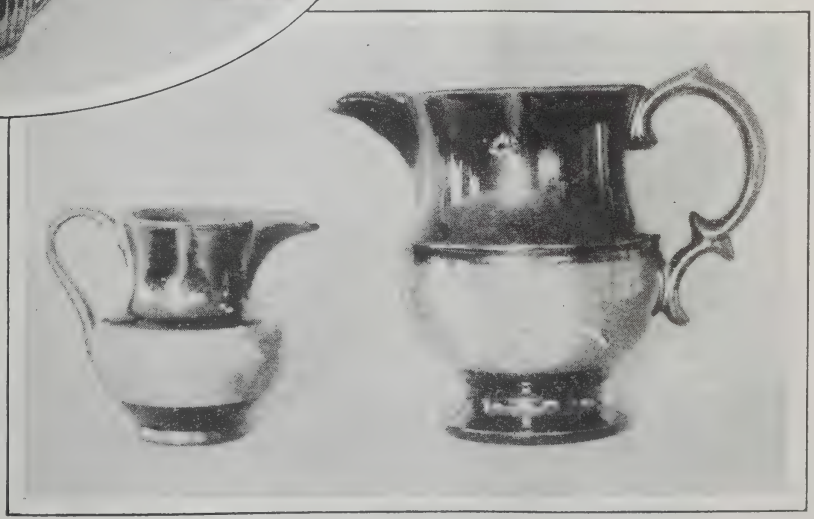
Copper luster may be separated into two groups: the plain copper luster, where the object is entirely covered with copper; and the copper luster in combination with color, either plain or applied to reliefs.

A very choice historic piece of copper luster, marked for its noble simplicity, is the Cornwallis jug. On one side is the picture of Cornwallis' surrender at Yorktown with the caption: 'Cornwallis resigning his sword at Yorktown, October 17, 1781.' On the reverse side is a portrait of Lafayette being crowned with laurel by two nymphs. The jug is a piece of fine workmanship.

Gold or purple luster is exceedingly lovely. One way to determine it is that the article in question shines with a brilliant gold in some lights and with a purple ruby in others. This ruby purple often shows as a rose-pink. Purple, gold, and pink merge into each other so perfectly that the lines are very difficult to draw between them. They all are the result of a skillful mixture of gold with other substances.

The mottled or spotted pink ware, known as Sunderland, is a variation of gold luster. Wedgwood made wonderful candlesticks, dishes of basket-work, and fruit plates (*Concluded on page 21*)





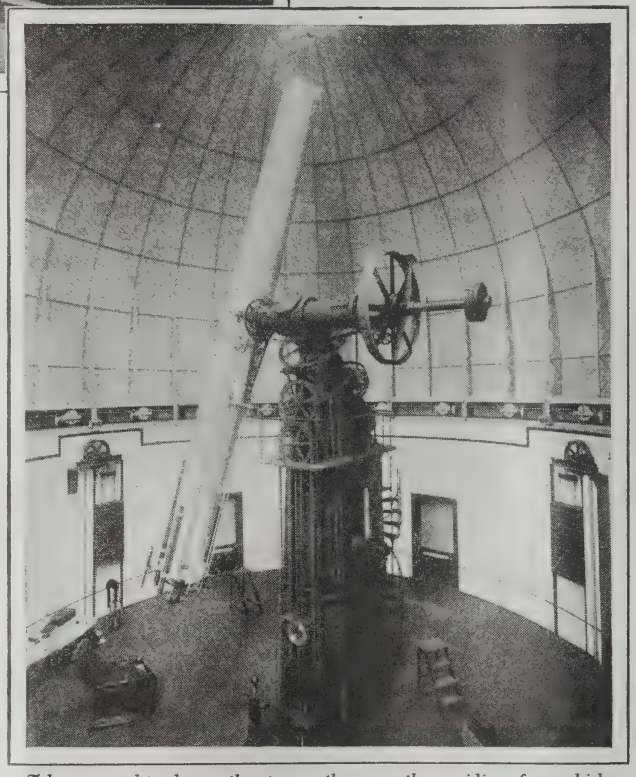
**Oval—*Silver luster*. Right—*Gold luster*.**



# *Keeping the Country in* Correct Time

## The Work of Washington Naval Observatory

By S. R. WINTERS



*Telescope used to observe the stars as they cross the meridian, from which is derived the basis of our correct time. Upper left—Main building of the Naval Observatory, showing meridian transit room at west end and twenty-six foot dome provided with telescope having twelve-inch object glass.*

THAT fleeting, hypothetical thing we call Time, like the weather, is such a commonplace subject of discussion that few contemplate the origin and the method of computing accurately the seconds, minutes, hours and days. 'Have you the correct time?' 'Do you keep standard time?' 'Is your watch set by Western Union time?'—such questions are frequently asked. These inquiries, however, do not suggest the basis for determining the progress of Father Time.

This planet we call earth travels approximately 600,000,000 miles a year in its journey around the sun. We are speeding through space at a rate of sixteen and two-thirds miles a second. Night and day are the results of the revolution of the earth. Time, therefore, is calculated by noting the position of the earth in its relation to the stars. That is to say, astronomers, by means of the telescope, reckon time by the observations of certain stars as they cross the meridian. In effect, the miner toiling underground and the 20th Century Limited, operating on a fast schedule, are both timed by the observations of star-gazers.

However, the millions of citizens of the United States who daily set their watches and clocks by time signals broadcast by radio and transmitted by telegraph wires should not arrive at the conclusion that accurate time-keeping is nothing more than a star-gazing achievement. Intricate mechanism is involved, and the service is world-wide in scope. A ship traveling the high seas, although she may be 4,000 miles from Washington, can receive time signals twice daily. In fact, these dots and dashes, indicating noon-time and ten o'clock at night, may be heard halfway around the world.

Situated on a commanding hill, at 34th Street and Massachusetts Avenue, Northwest, Washington, D. C., is the Naval Observatory, where time is a subject of scientific treatment. A white dome, rearing itself upward, identifies the observatory to the visitor.

Here, on this elevated point, removed from obstructions that would mar the view, time is reckoned by the observations of certain stars as they cross the meridian. Three master clocks, mounted on a concrete pier to avoid vibrations, are kept in an underground vault. These timepieces have pendulums of invar, a metal which does not expand or contract. The clocks, sealed in a glass case from which air has been partially displaced, are maintained in subterranean quarters as a means of insuring their operation at a constant temperature within one-tenth of a degree Fahrenheit. Absence of fluctuations of heat and cold is essential to a constant rate of ticking off the seconds, minutes, and hours.

Sidereal time—meaning observations made by the apparent motion of the stars—is carried by these underground timepieces. Faithful records are preserved of these timepieces—their errors and daily rates of movements being accurately known. No attempt is made to have them carry absolutely correct time, which is impossible. Their errors and rates, however, are known. These are applicable to the clock readings by addition or subtraction of their plus or minus errors. A year consists of 365¼ solar or sun days or 366¼ sidereal or star days. Thus a sidereal day is shorter than a solar day—a difference of three minutes and fifty-seven seconds, to be exact.

At the Vernal Equinox, occurring about March 21 during each year, the sidereal and solar times coincide. Then, the correct local sidereal time at the Naval Observatory having been determined, the corresponding local mean time is readily obtained. To this is applied the difference in longitude—eight minutes and 15.17 seconds—between the Naval Observatory and the 75th meridian, giving Eastern Standard or 75th meridian mean time.

As is well known, there are four time zones in the United States, their allocations being with respect to geographical divisions. The eastern zone is allotted the time of the 75th meridian, the central zone the 90th meridian, the Rocky Mountain zone the 105th meridian, and the Pacific zone the 120th meridian.

Daily time signals are sent from the Naval Observatory at twelve o'clock noon and at ten o'clock at night, 75th meridian time, by the radio-telegraph stations at Annapolis, Maryland; Arlington, Virginia; and Key West, Florida. These signals are sent out also by the Western Union and Postal Telegraph Companies to all parts of the United States. The Naval Observatory takes care of all territory east of the Rocky Mountains and the Chronometer and Time Office, at Mare Island, California, cares for ships and territory from the Rocky Mountains to the westward.

The radio stations at Key West and Arlington, in the transmission of time signals, are controlled by the Naval Observatory at Washington; hence the frequently confusing reference 'Arlington Time Signals.' More recently, with the amazing growth of radio broadcasting, the service of dispersing time signals has been enlarged considerably. Many broadcasting stations transmit these signals each night.

Eastern Standard or 75th meridian mean time is kept by the Naval Observatory on two transmitting clocks located on the first floor of this Navy Department institution. These two timepieces are paired, so in the event of one being put out of commission there need be no disruption of the service. Actually, only one of these clocks at a time is employed in transmitting time signals, the transmission being effected through the operation of a relay. The ticks of this clock are broadcast by both radio-telegraph and Morse-telegraph systems from 11:55 a. m. to noon and from 9:55 p. m. to 10 p. m. daily.

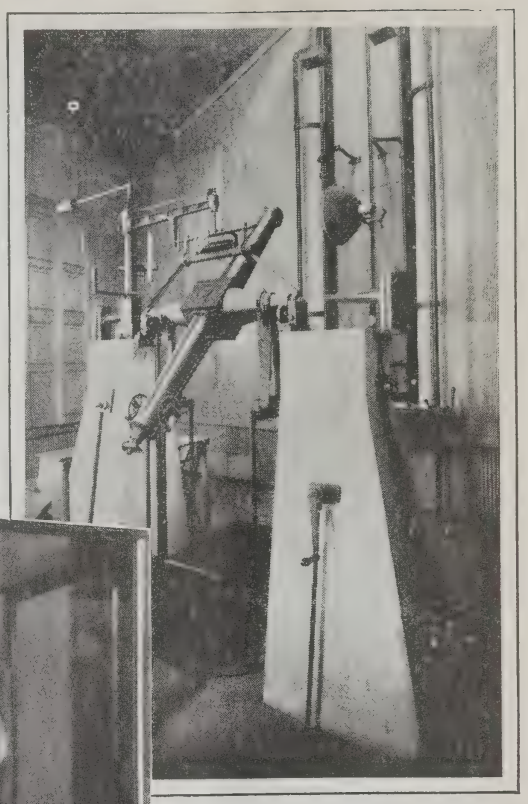
A chronograph—an instrument for measuring and recording time—in the Naval Observatory records the signals dispatched by the transmitting clock and also notes the ticking of one of the standard master clocks in the underground vault.

This serves as a comparison in the interest of accuracy. By automatic electrical connections with Annapolis, Arlington, and Key West, the daily time signals are transmitted from the Naval Observatory to these radio stations. Also, as previously stated, the Western Union and Postal Telegraph Companies receive the signals for distribution to all parts of the United States.

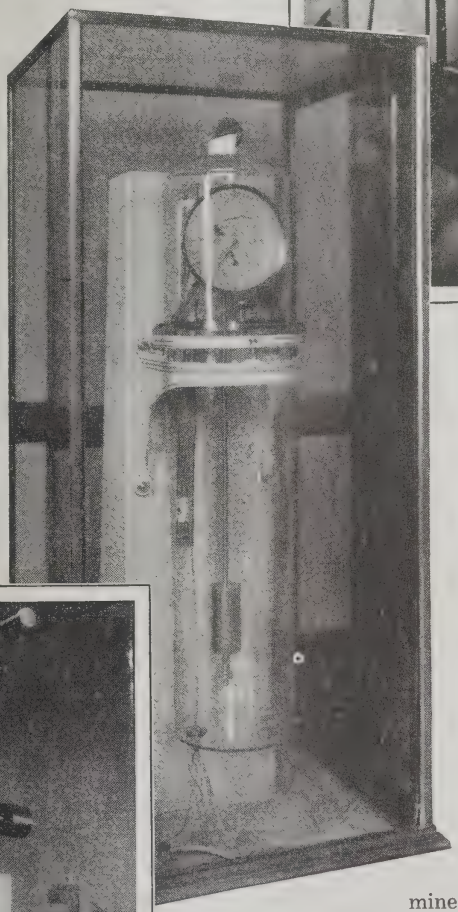
Simultaneously, with the broadcasting of the time signals from Annapolis, Arlington, and Key West, the chronograph in the Naval Observatory is functioning and to this instrument may be assigned the task of receiving the outgoing signals and recording the periods of departure of the latter from the radio-telegraph transmitting instruments. This information may be recorded on the same sheet of paper with the data relating to the behavior of the clocks in the Naval Observatory.

Not only are comparative records of the actions of the clocks maintained, but the lag in the relay between the Naval Observatory and the radio transmitters at Annapolis, Arlington, and Key West is determined. For instance, there is a small lag of 0.01 of a second between Arlington and the observation at the Naval Observatory, and a lag of 0.28 of a second in relaying the signals to Key West.

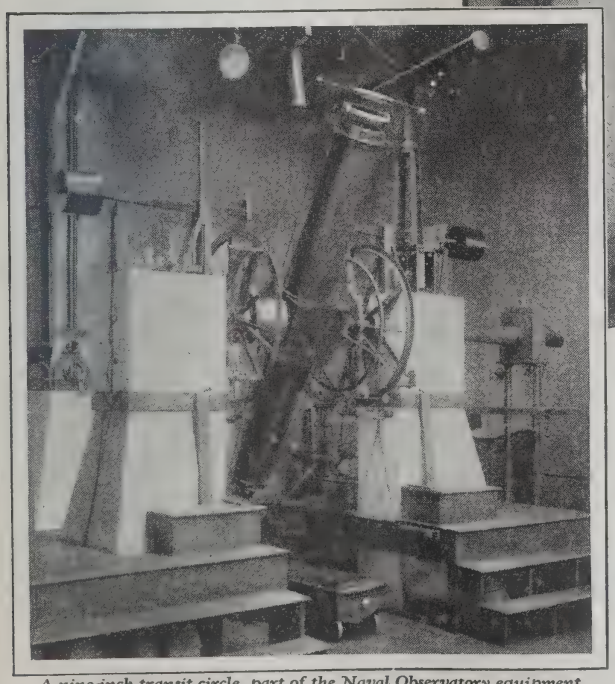
In advance of the beginning of the transmission of the time signals from the Naval Observatory, the operator measures with a finely-divided metal scale the variation between the ticks of the standard master clock, in the underground vault, and the ticks of the transmitting timepiece on the first floor of the Naval Observatory. Having previously determined the correc- (Concluded on page 22)



*Prime vertical instrument, or telescope, used in computing time from the movement of the stars.*



*One of the master clocks in a vault, at the Naval Observatory.*



*A nine-inch transit circle, part of the Naval Observatory equipment.*



*The Arctic exploring yacht, 'Jeannette.'*

## When Heroes Retreated Before Arctic Terrors

# *The* Tragic Story *of the* JEANNETTE EXPEDITION

*By* BURT M. McCONNELL

THE most stupendous as well as discouraging task ever undertaken by an Arctic explorer was Captain George W. De Long's retreat, with his shipwrecked crew, over the jagged ice fields of the Arctic Ocean to the Siberian mainland, a distance of five hundred miles. In all the literature of polar exploration and adventure, there is little to compare with the suffering and endurance set forth in the diary of this heroic young naval captain. There is no parallel for this arduous venture in history.

The shipwreck and retreat of the *Karluk* survivors, a distance of a hundred miles, occurred in midwinter, when ice travel is at its best. The march of the Franklin followers, after their two vessels had been crushed and sunk by the ice, was mostly overland or along sheltered coasts. But De Long suddenly found himself, with seven officers and twenty-five men, marooned on the ice one summer morning in 1881, when his vessel, the *Jeannette,* after withstanding the incalculable pressure of the ice fields for twenty-one months, slowly sank beneath the surrounding ice and snow.

This was the worst possible season of the year for ice travel. The surface of the floes was honeycombed by the melting ice, and the numerous holes and cracks were filled with water. Two of the men were unable to travel and had to be dragged on sledges. Two others were on the sick list, and several others were in poor physical condition. For every mile covered, the entire party traveled six or eight miles, working in relays and making a number of trips over the same course in bringing up the boats and supplies. The dogs were not strong enough to pull the heavy boats and sledges over the rough ice. The runners and crosspieces were continually breaking, which necessitated the unloading of the vehicle and a delay while repairs were made. The progress of the party, therefore, was never more than three miles a day, although they worked like horses twelve hours out of twenty-four.

After traveling southward from the scene of the shipwreck for a week, Captain De Long ascertained from an observation that the party was twenty-eight miles farther *north* than when they had started—*in the opposite direction!* The drift of the ice to the northwestward had been more than they

could overcome. When they had covered but one-seventh of the distance to their goal, the Lena River Delta, on the Arctic coast of Siberia, they found that they had exhausted half of their food supply. And when they finally reached open water, and the thirty-three explorers were divided into three parties, one for each boat, the De Long group of fourteen, after reaching shore, were tricked by fate. Twelve of the fourteen perished miserably in the labyrinthine delta of the Lena River. The third party, containing an officer and eight men, was never heard from. The other group of ten reached shore, and months later discovered the frozen bodies of De Long and his followers partly covered with snow.

Such was the disastrous ending of



*George W. De Long, and outline of the region traversed by his expedition.*

De Long's attempt to reach the North Pole by drifting with the ice to the eastward of Wrangell Island. But the attempt was not a complete failure, for he discovered two islands north of Siberia, and established the drift of a great current across the polar sea and out into the Atlantic by way of Spitzbergen. This fact was used as the basis for Dr. Nansen's remarkable journey twelve years later.

It was in the summer of 1865 that George W. De Long, a strapping big youth, more than six feet tall, came out of the Annapolis Naval Academy. Great Britain, foremost among the nations of the world in fostering exploration, disheartened by the ill-fated expedition of Sir John Franklin, her purse lean from the numerous relief expeditions sent in search of the Franklin survivors, had definitely withdrawn from the search for a northwest passage and for the North Pole. The United States, however, hitherto a laggard in exploration, had been actively stirred by the almost universal search for the Franklin expedition. The participation of American vessels in turn led to a long series of voyages in quest of the Pole; failure seemed merely to lend an added stimulus to further achievement and to intensify the desire to overcome the barrier of ice that had blocked the way for centuries.

It was at this 'psychological moment' that De Long resolved to find that spot at the top of the world which already had drawn hundreds of men to their death. Toward this glittering magnet one generation of explorers after another had fought their way by ships, with dog teams, and afoot, over desolate wastes of snow and ice. Every page of the story is red with the blood of hardy and courageous men who fell and died by the way. De Long knew all this, but the fatal lure of the North had seized him while he was serving as a junior officer on board the *Juniata*, of the North Atlantic Squadron, which was sent by the Government to Greenland waters in the summer of 1873 to search for the *Polaris*. Captain Tyson, of the *Polaris*, and eighteen members of the crew had been rescued off the coast of Labrador by a whaler a few weeks before while drifting southward on an ice floe, and the account the rescued men gave of the danger their vessel was in spurred the Government to immediate action.

UPON the return of the *Juniata* from her unsuccessful cruise, Lieutenant De Long wrote to the Secretary of the Navy, offering his services in the event of another expedition being sent out, either on a relief voyage or in search of the Pole. Receiving little encouragement from that quarter, De Long approached Henry Grinnell, a wealthy New York merchant who had spent a small fortune in Arctic exploration. Mr. Grinnell thought a younger man should continue the search for the Pole, and referred the youthful naval officer to James Gordon Bennett, who had inherited the New York *Herald*.

The old methods of exploration, De Long explained, would be abandoned. Instead of taking a staunch vessel as far northward as possible, then struggling by dog team or afoot over the almost impassable ridges of ice toward his goal, he would boldly enter the ice fields of the Arctic Ocean, and allow his vessel to become frozen in. His theory was that the warm waters of



the Japan Current, flowing through Bering Strait to the north, would open a way past Wrangell Island, and perhaps to the Pole itself. Whaling vessels, frozen in the ice and abandoned by their crews, always drifted northward, and the inference was that the current generally flowed in that direction.

Mr. Bennett was deeply impressed by Lieutenant De Long's theory and the program he had laid out, and agreed to outfit an expedition so that the search for the Pole could begin the following summer. The yacht *Pandora*, which had been used by Sir Allen Young for cruising in the Arctic, was purchased, reinforced inside and out, and rechristened the *Jeannette*. Lieutenant (now Captain) De Long had married by this time, and with his wife and their one child they set sail in the refitted *Jeannette* from Havre, France, in July, 1878.

The voyage to San Francisco, by way of Cape Horn, required almost six months. From the time when the *Jeannette* dropped anchor in the Bay of San Francisco till the day, six months later, when she weighed anchor for her final voyage, the youthful commander devoted himself to the details of preparation.

When De Long set sail from San Francisco on July 8, 1879, he enjoyed the same power that is conferred on admirals commanding fleets, with the addition of being absolutely in command, holding his subordinates accountable to himself, and himself accountable to the Secretary of the Navy. The bow of the *Jeannette* had been filled in solid for a distance of ten feet from the stem, and for forty feet in length and eight feet in depth amidships. The inside had been ceiled with oak planks six inches thick. She had been braced internally, and a portion of a new deck had been laid. New sails throughout had been cut and fitted, as well as an entire outfit of rigging. Coal bunkers had been enlarged and new ones added, and new boilers installed. The machinery had been overhauled, and an entire outfit of instruments, charts, stores, rifles, and ammunition loaded on board. Additional clothing, forty dogs, dog food, sledges, and dog drivers were obtained at St. Michael's, at the mouth of the Yukon River.

The *Jeannette* entered the ice pack near Herald Island on September 5, 1879. She never escaped from the surrounding ice and snow. Soon De Long found himself drifting to the northwestward at the rate of five miles a day. Then, for days at a time, the ship would drift to the eastward, back to the southwestward, and again to the northwest. Occasionally the two Eskimo hunters or some member of the crew would kill a polar bear, seal, or walrus. These furnished food for the men and dogs, fuel for the ship's stoves, and clothing and footgear.

Early in November, the *Jeannette* experienced a foretaste of what was to come, when the floe in which she was held cracked and broke up within a hundred feet of the starboard quarter. The ship groaned and creaked. Five sledges stood packed on the poop, with forty days' provisions for men and dogs. Finally, to the amazement of everyone on board, the ice along the entire length of the *Jeannette* drifted away from the port side, leaving nothing but water. The whole port side simply slid away without noise or excitement, the split occurring in as neat a line with the keel as if it had been cut with a saw, and the ship remaining fastened to the floe along her starboard side.



—Publishers' Photo Service.

*The De Long party was confronted with the necessity of bridging openings such as are visible in the above illustration. Fresh leads in the rear would remove them from their provisions.*

De Long was now in a precarious position. Almost anything might happen to the ship, yet they could take no measures either for her security or for their own. A crisis might occur at any moment, yet there was nothing they could do except be thankful each morning that it had not come during the night. It was like living over a powder mill, waiting for an explosion. 'Daylight' on clear days at that season of the year (the middle of November) began at about seven in the morning and ended at five in the evening, giving them but ten hours of daylight and semi-darkness out of the twenty-four. Sleeping with their clothes on, and starting up nervously at every snap or crack in the ice outside or their ship's frame inside, the officers and crew were denied the proper amount of rest.

After ten days of uncertainty, the ship broke adrift from the floe, but within twenty-four hours she had again been surrounded by ice and squeezed rather badly. At times the pressure became so great the deck seemed ready to burst open. Knapsacks at hand, sledges packed, boats ready, they were continually standing by for a dangerous movement of the ice, always in a state of uncertainty.

On January 17, 1880, the position of the *Jeannette* was a hundred miles to the northward and eastward of Wrangell Island, the vessel having drifted about in a circle since the previous September. On the nineteenth, the vessel received her first—and fatal—wound. With a boom like an explosion, she split somewhere forward. By the time the leak was located, three feet of water had risen in the hold and the sea was running in at the rate of 3,000 gallons an hour. The steam pumps were immediately set going, and while the ship was thus kept clear of water, they used a considerable amount of coal that could ill be spared. De Long was also compelled to distill drinking water for all hands, having been unable to find a single floe from which to obtain fresh water.

In April, De Long records a total drift to the northwestward of forty-six miles. This was slow progress toward their goal. But the men were in good health and they were able to keep the ship comparatively free of water by pumping with steam and an improvised windmill. The Eskimo hunters and certain members of the crew continued to bring in seals and polar bears at frequent intervals. By the first of May, the amount of water which had to be pumped overboard per hour had dropped to 300 gallons. For the first time in their Arctic experience, they enjoyed clear weather. But the life was becoming monotonous, and each day found their coal pile diminishing. By May 25, they were 190 miles northwest of Herald Island. In other words, southwest winds had carried them as far northward in less than a month as they had drifted during the previous eight months. Then, for several days in succession, and apparently without any reason, they drifted from seven to thirteen miles each day to the southward. At this point, Captain De Long made the following entry in his diary:

There can be no greater wear and tear on a man's mind and patience than this life in the ice pack. The absolute monotony; the unchanging round of hours; and the same conditions; the same faces; the same dogs; the same ice; the same conviction that tomorrow will be exactly the same as today, if not more disagreeable; the same impotence to do anything, to go anywhere, or to change one's situation a single iota; the realization that food is being consumed and fuel burned with no valuable results, beyond sustaining life; the knowledge that nothing has been accomplished thus far to save this expedition from being considered an utter failure.

By the end of June they were fifty miles southeast of where they had been at the beginning of the month, but there was now no necessity of pumping out the ship every hour. With the exception of two men, the entire crew continued in good health. Although Captain De Long had hoped to get the ship free in August, they were held fast. Early in the month they again began to drift to the northeastward at the rate of six miles

a day, but at the end of a year in the ice, De Long and his party were only 150 miles to the northward and westward of where they entered the pack. By January 1, 1881, they had drifted 1,300 miles, far enough to have reached the Pole and beyond, but they were actually only 220 miles northwest of where they first were beset. They had been squeezed and jammed, tossed and tumbled about, nipped and pressed, until the ship's sides would have burst if they had not been exceptionally strong; they had pumped a leaking ship for a year and kept her habitable. And they were not daunted. During their first year, the 'Arctic night' was seventy-one days long; during the second year the sun disappeared for eighty-seven days.

ON April 21, 1881, De Long found himself four hundred miles northwest of Herald Island, and drifting at the rate of ten miles a day. On May 16, they discovered their first land, a little mass of volcanic rock rearing itself out of the sea, which they named Jeannette Island, and on May 24 another island was discovered. A party landed on the latter island, hoisted the American flag, took possession of it, and named it Henrietta Island. At midnight, June 10, the ice suddenly opened alongside, and the *Jeannette* righted to an even keel. The members of the crew were called immediately, and brought in the few remaining things on the ice. But on the following day the ice field came down with great force against the port side, jamming the ship hard against the floe. An hour later the pressure was renewed and continued with tremendous force, the ship cracking in every part. Now began a mad race to get the dogs, provisions, sledges, boats, and other equipment to a safe place on the ice, for by this time the ship was beginning to fill with water. This frenzied attempt to save their provisions lasted until midnight. Two hours later the *Jeannette* went down.

There, upon the inhospitable white desert, five hundred miles from the mouth of the Lena River, stood the gallant crew, ready to begin the desperate retreat which for most of them was to end in death. Fortunately, there was no darkness at that time of year, else the *Jeannette* might have carried some of them with her to an icy grave. As it happened, some of them narrowly escaped being precipitated into the water when the floe on which their camp was pitched suddenly split beneath one of the tents. It was only after much scrambling about and the building of temporary bridges and ferries of ice cakes that the men, with their provisions and equipment, were all safely housed on the same floe.

For six days the survivors remained in the camp, preparing the boats and sledges for transportation over the rough ice. They lived well, for food was plentiful and De Long estimated that they would be unable to transport more than the sixty days' rations reckoned necessary for the retreat over the ice to its edge, and thence to the north coast of Siberia.

The castaways were outfitted with clothing, sleeping bags, blankets, rifles, and ammunition, and the commander found it necessary to take south with him five sledges, two cutters and a whaleboat mounted on runners, and six tents. Owing to the heavy loads, it was necessary to travel a short distance, unload the sledges, bring up another load, and continue this until everything had been collected at a safe camping spot. Frequently, when the sledges sank into the soft snow and broken ice, the combined efforts of the whole party were required to extricate them. With five men on the sick list, it required the energy of the remainder to drag the first cutter on its heavy sledge. But twenty-three dogs remained of the original number.

On June 18, the party left their camp on the ice at Latitude 77° 18′ N., Longitude 153° 25′ E. It was arranged that the traveling be done at night. The program was for all hands to drag the first cutter forward, following a trail already chosen by an experienced ice traveler. After dragging that half a mile, or a mile, the party would return for the second cutter. Meanwhile, the dogs would have dragged No. 1 sledge up to the first cutter, and would return with the party. The men were now divided up, one section dragging the No. 4 sledge, and the other section the second cutter. The dogs would drag the No. 2 sledge. All these would be hauled up to the first cutter and the No. 1 sledge, and left there. They would all return to the whaleboat, which would be dragged up to the first cutter by one section, while the other dragged the No. 3 sledge. The dogs pulled the No. 5 sledge. When all these were grouped together at a place of safety, the party would camp.

De Long soon learned, however, that it would be impossible to advance their boats and provisions in three separate hauls, but that it would require six. One of their sledges weighed 1,600 pounds, and this had to be dragged through soft and deep snow, and across numerous ice openings. On the first day three of their sledges were disabled and had to be unloaded while repairs were made.

Their average progress for the first few days was half a mile in ten hours of the hardest kind of work. There is no work in the world harder than this sort of sledging; often the men would break through up to their knees, for, while ice would form over the little pools of water at night, the sun would thaw them the next day.

IT WILL be recalled that De Long started from a point on the ice in Latitude 77° 18′ N. After traveling in a southerly direction for a week, he found, upon taking an observation one day, that he was 28 miles farther north than his original position. The ice was drifting northward faster than they could travel to the southward! De Long thereupon changed his course to the southwestward, to bring them more quickly to the edge of the ice. He informed only his two active officers of his discouraging discovery, fearing that the men, if they knew of it, would give up hope.

By this time their hands and faces were swollen and blistered, and much of the way they were compelled to wade through water nearly up to their knees. On one occasion, while they were bridging an opening twenty feet wide, it opened another twenty feet. The same thing happened, a few hundred yards farther on. Yet they worked like horses for ten or eleven hours each day, while at least three of the party knew that for every mile they traveled to the southwestward they drifted three miles to the northwest.

Their sleeping bags were almost always wet, their feet were never dry, and the thick fog which hung over them seemed to penetrate to their very bones.

On July third, two weeks after their start, De Long found that they had actually progressed thirteen miles to the southward, and that there was no longer a current running against them. The next day they made the unprecedented distance of two and a quarter miles. But it must be remembered that their loads of provisions were getting lighter. On July fourth, De Long wrote in his diary:

> My duty to those who came with me is to see them safely back. My duty to my family also compels me to push forward. But those two duties apart, I fancy it would have made but little difference if I had gone down with my ship.

*(This is the first of two articles by Mr. McConnell. The next will appear in an early issue.)*

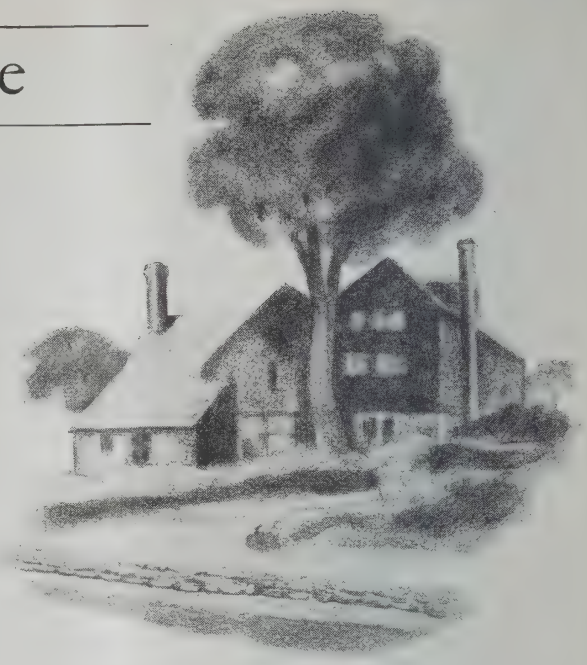


—Publishers' Photo Service.

*A conception of the difficulty of traveling in the Arctic regions.*

# A. A. Milne at Home

(*Continued from page 3*)



tional illusion of sunlight, which the gathering London fog outside belied.

But I was in the Palace of the Prince of Whimsicality now and would have nothing to do with the dull facts of life.

I HAD not been with A. A. Milne more than a quarter of an hour before I learned something that had puzzled me hitherto, namely: how any grown-up person could get under the most delicate mental and psychological skin of very young children and reveal to us thick-skinned men and women what made them laugh and burble, what was the fine texture of their thoughts and fancies; then go a league further and ensnare their tenderest emotions that the weight of an alien word would crush as though they had been iridescent bubbles. The only explanation that I can offer is, that this A. A. Milne is the youngest man for his years (about forty) that I have ever met. He must be a thousand years young in spirit to be able to write that delectable book, *When We Were Very Young*, that has delighted more than 250,000 readers in America and England.

'Well, really,' Mr. Milne told me when the ice—or rather the icing, for among many other dainties I was offered a large piece of sugar-coated cake, which made me, too, feel very young again for the moment—when the icing was broken then, '*When We Were Very Young* seemed to come into being for no reason at all. It began to be just three years ago when I wrote the little poem, *Vespers*, from just seeing my little boy, Christopher Robin, saying his prayers one night.'

Christopher Robin! The whimsy of the name alone gives you a small biography of A. A. Milne. This Christopher Robin, by the way, whom one meets so often in Mr. Milne's stories and poems—the hero of them all!—is a very real person. I could hear him talking and playing about the house as we talked.

'I wrote *Vespers* for the Queen's Dolls' House, and thought no more of it. Then Rose Fyleman, in getting a new paper going, asked me to write a few verses for it. I wrote *The Dormouse and the Doctor*, among others. Everyone seemed to like them and I came to the conclusion that perhaps I could do this sort of thing. "I will," I told myself.

'We went to Wales about this time. We found it very wet there and there happened to be a little summer house. The two things worked in favor of my project. So I wrote twenty more verses in the same vein right off. That is nearly the whole story of *When We Were Very Young*, except that my wife claims to be the direct inspiration—which there is no denying—of one of the forty-four poems contained in the book and wants—and gets—one-forty-fourth of the royalties therefrom. She is doing quite well from it, I may say.'

Mr. Milne took very little for tea. He got out a gurgly old pipe, which had a habit of interfering with its own suction and going out at frequent intervals. He always lighted it up again in a friendly manner and with a half smile—at the pipe—as though it really were an old and confidential friend.

I was going to say that Mr. Milne sat opposite me in a big armchair; but he didn't. He sprawled in the armchair, squirming around as though he were Christopher Robin himself, or some overgrown schoolboy come home on a holiday and didn't know quite what to do with all his legs and arms and long lean body. Don't construe from what I have just said that Mr. Milne was not enjoying himself. For when he is not enjoying himself, I fancy that he acts like a grown-up man; in other words, is just commonplace like most of the rest of us. But when he likes what he is doing or saying, then every motion of expressing his boyish nature becomes delightful and unique. To complete the boyish touch, he wore plus-fours with tassels at the top of his hose.

THERE were three brothers of us at home, you know,' he explained. 'When we were ready for the university my father gave each of us a thousand pounds. We could draw on him and do what we liked with it and be what we liked, but we would not get another penny from him, we were told. I had a scholarship, I remember. When I came out of Cambridge I had just three hundred pounds left over.

'Like all fathers, I fancy, he didn't think we were much good. My brothers became lawyers and his opinion of me did not improve when I made it plain that I intended to become a writer. "We can't all become Charles Dickenses, you know," was his only comment that I remember.

'So I came to London with my three hundred pounds—and spent it all within a year. I made twenty pounds, however, from writing articles and sending them up to any paper I thought might buy them. I sold twenty articles at a pound apiece! During the years 1903 to 1906 I made about two hundred pounds a year and got into *Punch*.

'Curiously, when I was eighteen and used to read *Punch* at school, I had made a youthful boast: "I'm going to be editor of that journal some day!" Well, as a matter of record, the editor was tired just at this time and offered me the position of assistant editor at two hundred and fifty pounds a year. It looked as though I might become editor after all—then the war came along.

IT WAS during the war time that I began writing plays. I was married then. My wife joined me in a little cottage near where I was stationed and I used to dictate plays to her just to amuse ourselves.

'In 1919 I wrote *Mr. Pim Passes By*. (This is the piece that was played for so long in New York and elsewhere and whose whimsies endeared American playgoers to Mr. Milne as a dramatist of promise, more of whose work they wanted to see.)

'Don't confuse the play with the novel, *Mr. Pim*, although they are the same character study. I wrote the play some time before I wrote the book. The character of Mr. Pim came



into being oddly enough. It seemed that Lillah MacCarthy was just going under new management—her own, I believe. She asked Sir James Barrie for a play, and he told her, "You ask Milne. He can give it to you." '

He looked up for a moment and smiled, as though at the absurdity of it.

'This was in December, 1918. Miss MacCarthy wanted to begin her season in March, 1919. It all happened on a Thursday, I think. Anyhow I left her and went home saying I would write the play. I began the first act on Friday morning and by Sunday had finished the act and created Mr. Pim. Mind you, I never had an idea of either him or the story before that.

'Miss MacCarthy never played in it, by the way. What I wish to make clear is that I have always been a great experimentalist. I think if you *can write*, you can write *anything*, given the idea.

'I had always wanted to write a novel —just as I had wanted to write a detective story—just to see if I couldn't do it. And it so turned out that my first book to sell was a detective story—*The Red House Mystery*. It sold in both England and America, and I became richer by more than a thousand pounds by that experiment.'

I left just at dusk in a London mist that made Mallord Street for me a sort of Milne creation, it was so whimsical with its tiny houses hunched up as though under toadstools from which many lights from their small windows blinked like a thousand eyes, and I thought of some of the poems in Mr. Milne's charming book and felt half-scared myself and very, very young. And all the way through Chelsea on the bus I kept thinking over and over, 'What a very lucky number 13 is!'

## The Luster Ware of Long Ago

(*Concluded from page 13*)

in the form of shells, all of Sunderland luster.

Sunderland pieces are frequently great jugs or washbowls and pitchers, so that I was recently charmed to see, in Boston, a choice collection of small pieces—goblets, exquisite salts, and a wee mustard-pot.

'Why did so many pitchers have pictures of ships?' I inquired of an expert. 'Sea captains often asked to have pieces of china decorated with pictures of their ship,' he replied. 'This was done while the ship was in port, at Liverpool, say. The sea captain later carried the jug home as a scuvenir.'

A word of caution in regard to your choice luster. Do not wash it more than you can help. Warm water tends to make a piece less brilliant. Whenever possible, clean and polish with a soft cloth.

There is much imitation of luster in the market today, but usually the color is too bright and the glaze too glassy, quite unlike the deep, rich tones of the originals. To test a piece ask yourself, Is it light? Are there worn marks on rim, handle, base? If the base is chipped, does red or gray pottery show beneath? If the answer is yes in these cases, you may be pretty sure you are securing the genuine. In any case, I give you 'Good hunting!'—the greeting from the *Jungle Book*, exchanged by fellow-collectors.


# The Most Wonderful Book in the World

MORE than thirty million Bibles or Books of the Bible were sold or distributed in 1925.

Would you not love to have companion volumes to help you discover the treasures in that Wonderful Book?

## SWEDENBORG

[1688-1772]

explained the Bible's practical application to daily life; how it describes the life hereafter; what the Bible parables mean when spiritually interpreted.

His theological works—as issued by himself—have been published by the Houghton Mifflin Co. in most modern translation from the original Latin, in the Rotch Edition of 32 volumes.

The first twenty give the spiritual sense of Genesis and Exodus as understood in Heaven; and volumes 26, 27, 28, give likewise the spiritual sense of the Book of Revelation.

Volume 29, Marriage Love, views from the union of the Divine Love and the Divine Wisdom the Law of Sex throughout all creation. It shows the crown and jewel of the Christian Religion, the union of one with one only. Price $2.00.

Volumes 30, 31, 32, contain a full statement of the True Christian Religion as revealed from Heaven. $3.00 the set.

The whole 32 volumes in half-morocco at $125; in buckram, $40.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

The following are the best introductory books to the Revelations of SWEDENBORG. They are in large print, bound in buckram, and contain from 260 to 485 pages.

| TITLES | PRICE |
|---|---|
| **HEAVEN AND HELL** from things *heard and seen* | **$1.25** |
| Angelic Wisdom Concerning— | |
| **THE DIVINE PROVIDENCE,** which governs the Universe and the Heavens and the Hells, and the least as well as the greatest of all things in creation; and in the everyday life of man. | **$1.25** |
| **THE DIVINE LOVE AND WISDOM,** the profoundest book and revelation concerning God and His Creation ever written, first published in Latin at Amsterdam 1763; along with this is the "Intercourse Between the Soul and the Body" first published in Latin at London 1769. | **$1.25** |
| Price of all three at one time, including postage | **$2.75** |

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

## Who Was Swedenborg?

*Emanuel Swedenborg, the son of a bishop, was the great Swedish scientist, philosopher and theologian, whose vast range caused Emerson to term him the mastodon of scholars. Dr. Parkes Cadman recently named him the Universal Genius.*

*Officially connected, by appointment of the King, with the great mining industry of Sweden, he mastered all the sciences of his time, and wrote the most useful books on metallurgy, minerals, geology, astronomy, and the human brain.*

*His life search was for the human soul. How his spiritual senses were opened, after he was 50 years of age, that he might reveal the human soul, the life after death, and the Bible itself, may be read in the above named, uplifting, useful books.*

SEND ORDERS OR INQUIRIES TO

**B. A. WHITTEMORE, *Agent***

**132 Bowdoin Street, *Boston 9, Mass.***

Ager's Life of Swedenborg sent postpaid for 10 cents; Heaven and Hell in paper covers for 30 cents; Galli-Curci on Swedenborg for 10 cents; or all three for 40 cents.

# Is the Football Coach Overpaid?

(*Concluded from page 7*)

starts in December. The candidates for the next year's varsity and scrub teams are assigned to gymnasium work destined to improve their gridiron play. Basketball, handball, wrestling, boxing, track work, and other sports are enlisted in the development of football talent. The coach oversees this work.

The coach also has a lecture tour during the winter months. He has to address the alumni associations. Football is regarded as the best publicity a university or college can have and the coach is the siege gun of this attack. He strengthens the tie between the alumni and the alma mater. He works in behalf of the school. He tours the country, speaks at luncheons, dinners and rallies.

Glenn S. Warner, coach of Leland Stanford University, was asked one day last autumn why he always managed to produce winning teams when he coached football at the Carlisle Indian School. Warner's reply was brief but memorable:

'The reason was simple. We had no alumni body at Carlisle.'

There is nothing more insecure than the position of a football coach. His life is not all pleasant even when he is winning games but it is unbearable when his team is losing. The good old alumni swoop down on him singly and in groups and tell him bluntly that what the alma mater needs is a winning football eleven and that if he cannot develop one then they had better look around for a coach that can. And, what is more, they do. What the alumni want is a winner.

In this respect the football coach's job is similar to that of the professional baseball manager. When the home team loses the home town fans start telling the manager where he is weak and why. He is generously assailed. But the manager of a major league team knows that his team will play 154 games and he also appreciates the fact that slumps are nearly always only temporary. The slump will be forgotten as soon as the team gets on a winning streak.

The football coach has no such relief ahead. His team engages in eight games, or ten at the most. That gives him little chance to square accounts. His season is brief and it is gone before he can make amends. He rides to glory or to ruin at a dizzy pace that permits no false step.

The professional manager gets several times the amount of salary that is paid a football coach. Tyrus Raymond Cobb, the highest salaried manager in the majors, was paid $60,000 a year by the Detroit club owners for the last three years and in 1925 he received a bonus of $10,000 as an anniversary present on the day he completed his twentieth season in the majors. It is not likely that any football coach will be paid in a lifetime what a major league manager gets in a few years.

A football coach, working on a small salary, never knows when that will be cut off and he will find himself cast adrift.

A famous western coach told the writer one day last season that he had just had a visit from the coach of a minor college team, who had told him the following story:

'I am 43 years old. I have a wife and four children, none of them quite old enough or able to earn his own living. I have never done anything besides coach football and I've never earned more money than I needed to keep myself and family in food, clothes, and shelter. I haven't a dollar in the world and nothing to look forward to except my salary.

'My team hasn't got going this year. We have already lost three games. They have practically told me that they would need another coach next year. I still have a chance. We play our big rival on Thanksgiving Day. If I can win that game I'm pretty sure of staying on another year.

'Now, what I want to ask of you is that you give me six plays that will beat this rival. I'm up against it. Here is their defense, but the offense I've doped out isn't going to be good enough. I'm sure you can give me five or six plays that will beat them. If they do then it means another year for me.

'I wouldn't come to you if it wasn't for the wife and children. It would be tough on them—not alone for being without proper food and clothing but for the disgrace of my being kicked out that they would have to share.'

He got the six plays. The day after Thanksgiving we scanned the football scores. Yes, his team won, 7 to 3. He will coach another year.

*(The first of two articles by Mr. MacDonald. The next will appear in an early issue.)*




*Reports are sadly at variance with the facts.*

# Keeping the Country in Correct Time

(*Concluded from page 15*)

tion to apply to the clock in the vault to make the transmitting timepiece read accurately, the latter may be speeded up or slowed down as preciseness may dictate by the operation of an electromagnet acting through the pendulum of the timepiece. Its second beat is thus increased or retarded. In this way, the transmitting clock will indicate the precise time at the moment of dispatching the time signals.

The three master timepieces, maintained in the constant temperature of subterranean environments, are electrically wound every 28 or 29 seconds. Contrary to the office and household practice, where an error is discovered in keeping tab of the march of Father Time, these master clocks are not subject to change. Any interference with them is likely to vary their rates of movement. Of course, the error thus revealed is applied to the one employed when the time signals are sent to Annapolis, Arlington, and Key West. When observations of the stars are not practicable, in the event of cloudy weather, these rates of movements may be applied to the different clocks and accurate time gauged with almost negligible error.

The time signal consists of telegraphic dashes every second, with these omissions or exceptions: The twenty-ninth of each minute; the fifty-fifth to fifty-ninth, inclusive, of the first four minutes; and the fiftieth to fifty-ninth, inclusive, of the last minute. Following the ticking off of the fifty-ninth second of the last minute, there is a long dash beginning at the outset of the incoming hour or the expiration of the old one.

Radio-telegraph signals issuing from Annapolis, employing a wave length of 16,900 meters, have been received in Australia, nearly halfway around the world. Instances have been noted where these signals, negotiated by the wonders of wireless waves, have been heard coming around the world both ways. The velocity of electromagnetic waves—186,300 miles per second—makes it possible for a radio-equipped ship at sea, 4,000 miles away, to receive the time signal with a variation of less than one two-hundredth of a second. The most accurate timepiece in existence is not sensitive to a fraction of time less than one-fifth of a second.

'The benefit of standard time signals to the shipping and inland transportation interests of this country,' states the superintendent of the Naval Observatory, 'and to watchmakers, jewelers, and persons engaged in scientific and other pursuits requiring accurate time, not to mention the general public, is so tremendous that it is difficult to conceive of the confusion that would arise were this service discontinued even for a few days.'

# Hidden Tricks of the Fur Trade

## Demonstrating That All the Traps Aren't Set for the Animals

*By* A WESTERNER

THIS is the time of the year when the humble rabbit becomes 'French sable,' the trapper becomes angry, and the fur dealer becomes wealthy. The rabbit, be it known, becomes 'sable' only after it has passed through the hands of the ubiquitous fur dealer, and the trapper becomes angry after the same process.

The fur dealer becomes wealthy because of both happenings.

During the early part of the trapping season, before any furs are shipped to him, the fur dealer is a hale, well-met sort of fellow with a self-imposed reputation for honesty, integrity, and self-sacrifice. As the season advances this reputation wanes; but this seldom worries him, for he has nearly a year in which to build up a new one. Nor is this difficult, for he has a large mailing list, a dictionary composed almost solely of adjectives, and an unlimited supply of fake promises.

The trapper and the fur dealer seldom meet, for while the trapper is wearily plodding his way through the snow in the mountains of the Cascade and Rocky ranges of the West or the forests of Michigan or other eastern states, the fur dealer sits quietly in his offices in St. Louis, or Chicago, Denver or St. Paul, and thinks up fancy new names for the fur that once adorned a muskrat.

For the first few pelts sent in early in the season the trapper may receive a fair price. In the middle of the season this drops, and by the end the price has reached rock bottom. Cases are so rare as to be almost non-existent where the trapper has ever been paid a top price for his furs.

A youth living near the town of Winthrop in the upper Methow Valley, Washington, caught a number of muskrats during the winter, hoping by this means to help pay for his education. He selected twenty of the best skins and shipped them to a St. Louis fur house which had quoted a price of two dollars apiece for muskrat. In due time he received payment of just twenty-five cents apiece for his skins.

A few days later the boy's mother sold furs of not such good quality to a junk dealer for a dollar apiece, and the junk dealer later disposed of them at $1.75 apiece.

One trapper in Washington, now a Government hunter, a few seasons back tried an interesting experiment. Early in the season he sent a fur house a very poor wolf pelt. He promptly received a check for eleven dollars. Pleased at this action, he sent them one exceptionally fine pelt and two of a poorer grade. He received just eight dollars for the one and seven dollars apiece for the other two. It was then near the end of the season and the firm apparently thought it could dispense with his goodwill.

A man in Wenatchee shipped five wolf hides to a St. Louis firm and received a check for thirty dollars. Knowing that his pelts were worth much more, he returned the check with instructions for the company either to mail him a new check for fifty dollars or to send back the furs. The original check came back. He returned it once more with the same demand and once more the thirty-dollar check was sent him. Twice more the original check made its journey to St. Louis and back to Wenatchee, and finally the trapper, being hard pressed for funds, cashed it.

A California trapper, lured by the list of quotations sent him by a Denver fur house, expressed them six coyote pelts for which they paid him approximately the sum they quoted for one. For thirty-five other skins which he sent they paid him less than a dollar apiece.

Some trappers are more fortunate than their comrades in that they have a slight knowledge of the law which they can hold as a weapon over the heads of crooked fur dealers. Some years ago a Wisconsin man sent a consignment of furs to a St. Louis house, inclosing in the shipment instructions that the furs were to be held separate until the deal had been closed.

The shipper waited about ten days without receiving an answer, whereupon he sent them another letter. Receiving no answer to this, he wired them to return the furs at once. He received a return telegram offering him about one-half of what the furs were worth and stating that the market had declined since they made their original quotation.

The Wisconsin trapper sent a second telegram demanding the return of his furs. This time he received a letter stating that the market had again declined and suggesting that he leave the skins at the fur house until it should improve during June or July. This time the trapper wrote the fur dealers:

'Unless the skins are returned at once I will put the matter in the hands of the postal authorities.'

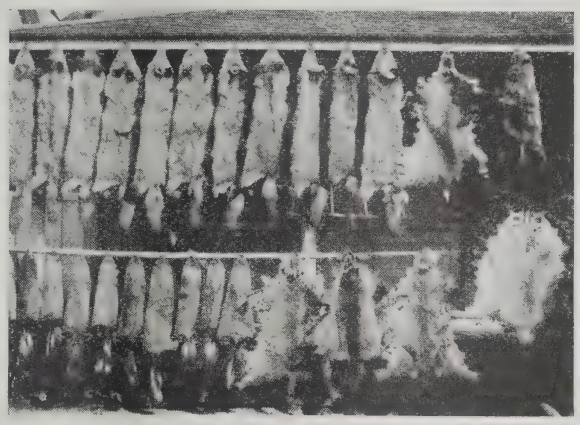
The skins came back by return mail.

A short time ago an old trapper, whose sight is now nearly gone as a result of attacks of snow-blindness contracted in his lonely winter vigils in the high mountains, sent a beautiful fisher skin as black as ebony, a fine fox pelt, and a mink hide to a St. Louis firm. They gave him twenty-one dollars for the lot. On the retail market these furs would bring six or seven times that amount.

An experienced hunter visited a furrier's in Seattle recently. Displayed in the window was a beautiful neckpiece.

'Crossfoxes—two of them,' he exclaimed. 'I sold a couple of pelts better than those to a dealer a few days ago and felt myself lucky to get eight dollars apiece for them.'

The neckpiece was for sale at $190.



*Only $12.47 was paid for these furs by a Jewish fur house in Chicago. Another house paid $36 for 14 furs of the same general description.*

*DISHONEST fur houses are not content alone to cheat the trappers who risk the dangers of exposure in getting the furs, but they insist on cheating the ultimate fur buyer as well.*

*Officials of the Federal Biological Survey have undertaken a campaign against the misnaming of furs by unscrupulous dealers. Hares and rabbits, these officials declare, are being sold under the names of American seal, Arctic seal, Cape seal, cat chinchilla, clipped seal, ermine, fox, French sable, Geller seal, La Meuse seal, new seal, Baltic seal, Polar seal, Semeuse seal, and sable.*

*Muskrat, under their skilful manipulation, emerges onto the market under the alluring titles of Aleutian seal, electric seal, Hudson Bay seal, mole, real seal, Red River seal, river mink, river sable, and Russian otter.*

*Plain wolf hides, with their deft disguise, become 'silver fox.' Skunk hides reach the public as 'sable,' this magic word bearing in front of it the names of many countries which never saw a live sable except in a zoo.*

*Fur houses have a number of coined, derogatory phrases they use in 'grading down' a pelt. The trapper knows that the dealer will have something disparaging to say about nearly every pelt he sends in.*



*Lightly loaded caravan passing through the sun-baked terrain of Palestine between Jerusalem and Jericho.* *Photos, Ewing Galloway.*

# *From* Dan *to* Beersheba *in* Four Days

## Motoring *in* Judea *and* Philistia Where Samson Found His Wife

*By* GAIUS GLENN ATKINS

IF THIS article were given a perfectly honest title it might be 'What I Didn't See in Palestine,' for it was only four days from our crossing the Suez Canal at Kantara, under a wonderful sky of stars, till we took ship again at Bayreuth one broiling hot afternoon. One does little enough with Palestine in 96 hours. And yet we saw it and I have brought away memories and impressions which grow more vivid instead of wearing away.

* * *

It means a vast deal to have names become places, if only by the grace of a look through a car window. We went by rail from Cairo to Jerusalem following a road deeply worn through the centuries. We must have followed the old caravan routes from Cairo to Kantara, crossing the Land of Goshen at sunset, as the brief twilight was calling the fellaheen home from their little fields to their earth-colored, manure-covered clay brick huddles of house and barn and barnyard. They come all together—men, women and children, donkeys, goats, red sheep, water buffalo, camels—and from the outside there seemed little to choose between the shelter for the animals and the humans.

But the delta of the Nile is a garden country for all that; flat, fertile, strong green with heading grain, yellow white with ripe grain, blue green with alfalfa and tender green with new planted crops—beans, I suppose, and the like. The oxen still turn the wheel which turns the hollow screw which lifts the water from the irrigation canals to the irrigation ditches, or else they are turned by hand. They still drive the threshing sled around the threshing floor; I suspect they were doing much the same thing when Moses led his people out.

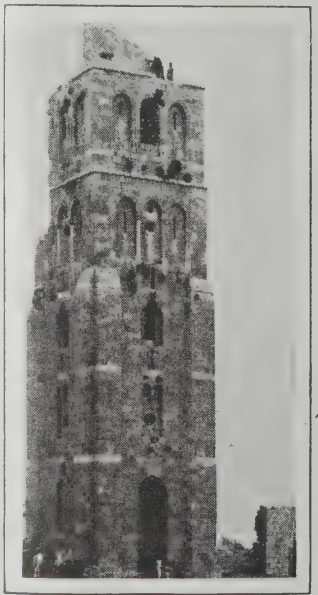
* * *

The day broke across Philistia and the first station I remember was Ashdod. The station was no great affair and the towns, some of which seemed considerable, were to the west of the railway nearer the coast. Remnants of the war were in evidence; bits of camps with their wooden huts, barbed wire, signs of a bomb-proof shelter—at least the half circle of corrugated iron, ten feet high at the top, over which the concrete would have been poured—cactus hedges everywhere. These made the British more trouble than barbed-wire entanglements, and lost them one engagement. Then rolling land, scanty pasture, poor barley, shepherded flocks, camels, groups of people working the soil; the soil red and deeply gullied; something like Georgia in the look and feel of the region, once orange groves—Georgia become California—vigorous trees well loaded; Jaffa oranges are delicious. A long range of hills to the east, Samson's country. Here he got his wife; there he fought the Philistines; anywhere he might have set the barley on fire. Egypt was a living fact, Philistia a time-worn memory.

* * *

Now we change cars, turn to the east and climb toward Jerusalem. Any railway in a mountainous country follows a valley up to the watershed; ours climbed and twisted and turned on itself, 2,000 feet in thirty miles. Stratified limestone mountains worn to the rock and the rock worn to the stronger rock; dry watercourses down every gullied slope; strata worn smooth by falling water of winter rains. I imagine erosion and centuries of washing away explain the barrenness of the land. A handful of soil on the mountain slope and two sickels of barley show against the rock; a hundred yards and a little field with piled stones for fence lines; a pocket with water for the roots to reach, and stunted olive trees. A few women and children at the little stations throwing in flowers through the car window and throwing back the French pennies we threw out—an unprofitable transaction. But little sign of population anywhere—nothing to support them.

Signs any mountain traveler knows that we are getting toward the top; also the



*Crusaders' Tower, at Remleh, memorial to the armies which tried to rescue Palestine from the Turks.*

testimony of the aneroid barometer I carried; 1,500, 1,800, 2,000 feet up; stations closer together; modern buildings on our left; a turn and gray walls on the hilltop; a tower or two—the German church; a white, dusty road, camels, donkeys, motor cars—Jerusalem.

* * *

The city is inside and outside the walls, terraced vineyards about it, olive trees; the homes of the English, Americans and modern Jews to the west and north, comfortable enough looking. There is, of course, a European and American business, diplomatic, governmental, charitable, educational and ecclesiastical life centering in the city. We did not touch even the edge of it. Inside through the Jaffa Gate and the tower of David; a solid fortress held by the English on your right—a fair hotel with shops and bazaars in the arcaded approach; rugs and postal cards and beads for sale everywhere.

A half-dozen Jerusalems are gone. The Crusaders and the Moslem Jerusalem only remains, 50 to 70 feet above the Jerusalem of David, high above the Jerusalem of Christ. I saw only some old tombs beneath the Church of the Sepulcher inside the walls which seemed to be in the living rock—and they seemed in the half dark to be granite and not limestone. There is no granite in Palestine.

Nothing is what it was. You may be sure of the site of the Temple, the Kidron Valley, Hinnom Valley, the Mount of Olives, the general region of Gethsemane, the general location of the gates—nothing more. The lines of circumvallation are in doubt. The city may have lain more and farther to the south in Jesus' time. The location of the north wall is the disputed key to the authenticity of the holy places. Jerusalem is a document in stone written over and over again. You see a Norman arch which supports nothing in a blank wall, a pointed arch above it, a half arch at the side. What does it all mean? I would give anything to know. The whole region is begging for the spade of the archeologist.

* * *

The dominant color tone of Jerusalem is dusty limestone gray. All the streets slope to the east, some of them steep, always stone-paved, all narrow. No place for wheels in Jerusalem.

The little donkeys come in and out, with their burdens and baskets, and climb the street you use. There may be courts behind the inhospitable walls of the streets, with a little green and comfort; no sign of them from the outside. Some of the streets covered arcades—a perfect rabbit warren.

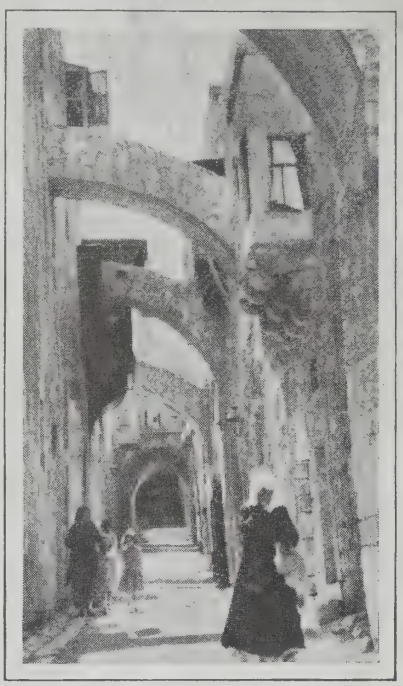
The old simple crafts of the land in the little shops open at the front, without windows. Food cooking—you smell it everywhere; water, coffee and syrups for sale; old copper, old clothes, old earthenware, a little woodworking, brilliant colored cottons from Manchester, England, and from America, some silks, sandals, beads, postal cards, and a smell peculiar to the place—sourish, fishish, donkeyish, humanish. I can't describe it but I could recognize it anywhere. And everywhere a pitiful, poor, sick, misshapen débris of humanity, too helpless and hopeless even to beg. The Church of the Holy Sepulcher divided among the Catholic and the Eastern communions, under whose roof everything happened—the Hill of the Cross and the tomb of burial, dark, lamp-hung; lamps everywhere, gold—the gift of kings—silver, gilt, hundreds of them; altars and dark mosaics. A lamp-hung door and you are in the tomb; a lamp-hung altar and the place of the Cross beneath it.

I put a coin in the metal cup—that's what it's there for—and my friend, the archdeacon, kissed the altar—that's what he came for.

* * *

The old temple space was sun-drenched and the rich coloring of the Mosque of Omar might have held its own with the fretwork of the old temple. From the wall south of the temple area you can see easily enough why Jerusalem was the key fortress to Palestine. It commands the central road from south to north at its most strategic point.

The Via Dolorosa is what its pictures make it—a narrow, steep street, the stations of the Cross marked by segments of flying buttresses which cross it. By the side are convents where they show you old pavements and cells for Peter and Paul which *do* go down into the living rock and help you to understand Herodian and Roman prisons. The Upper Room might have been on the spot where they show it—nothing more.



*Via Dolorosa, Jerusalem's famous Street of Sorrow. Buttresses brace the walls of the narrow street.*

Outside, to the north, the gaunt, pitted, limestone shoulder of a hill which looks like a skull is what the Hill of the Cross must have been, and the garden tomb beneath is Herodian and if it be not the tomb it is so like it as to help you wonderfully to understand.

* * *

The Garden of Gethsemane is half spoiled by a wall and an iron fence and a gate to get in by, and a fire-new Franciscan Church. Precious little room left for a garden. But there are old olive trees, and the hill above and the valley about help you also to understand. The Mount of Olives, terraced, olive-grown, with winding little paths by which the folk come and go, is entirely right and the view of Jerusalem from the summit a vision you might go far to seek and never forget.

The English cemetery on the Mount, where the soldiers sleep in long, long, long rows, who won the city and the hill and the land for humanity, is a place of peace and beauty and tears and pride. We saw it as the sun set across the city.

* * *

Bethlehem is a prosperous, solid-built little town in a surprisingly hilly region. You reach it by a winding road with a great fall of terraced land at your left as you go down. And they show you the field of Boaz on the mountain slopes beyond. There are empty Norman arches on the face of the



*View of the Mount of Olives, the Garden of Gethsemane, and, at left, a Greek church.*

walls in the entrance courts to the church. Inside, lamps and lamps and a brass star under the altar to show you where Christ was born, and a soldier on guard to keep peace between the rival adoring communions.

* * *

From Jerusalem down to the Dead Sea is a baking ride over a splendid always turning and falling road through desolate hills. Bedouins under their striped tents hiding from the heat, camels, goats, donkeys, children, rags and pride. No water to be seen but there must be a little where the washes of green are. The 'Inn of the Good Samaritan' stone, square and shabby. The approach to the sea over four miles of level, like the alkaline plains of the West. The sea sparkling and blue, tasting like all bitter things in one dose.

* * *

North and north, over a splendid English road, across a sweeping, rising, falling, mountain-rimmed plateau—goats, camels, olives, barley. Harvest groups on the hillsides reaping with a sickle and the women following the men; children minding sheep; two men, a cow and an ox stirring cloddy soil with a plow as old as Abraham, crossed sticks—I never thought before how the plow and the cross were akin—a pole to the yoke and a stick to the ground, iron shod I suppose. But it served the purpose; nothing else could dodge the stones.

The people were always working in companies, an old habit of the clan, and older habit of security. I do not know yet where they lived. History crowded into half-hours. Mizpah, Gilboa, Bethel, Gilgal, Shiloh—always on the hilltops. Mt. Ephraim, Jacob's Well in the basement of a Greek church, deep and cold; old Shechem with a fair hotel and a lovely garden—and garages; Samaria; some ruins on a hillside; Sychor off the main road—we drove through it; Mt. Gilboa, then a height of land; and Esdraelon. Nazareth a scattered town of winding streets, shops, hospitals, schools, churches, lovely hills behind, Esdraelon in front—and from the heights above such a view as you have always dreamed must be there. A fountain of clear water from which a thirsty carpenter once drank; a church where His house may have been, and—more near to Him, maybe, than the church—a Near-East Relief Station where the fatherless have found fatherhood.

* * *

Tiberius a domed little town with arcaded streets of little shops, lapped by the Sea of Galilee—a little, little sea, but blue, cool, rippled by kind winds and a wall of hills beyond. There to the north a narrow line where the Jordan comes in; Capernaum there—no time to go.

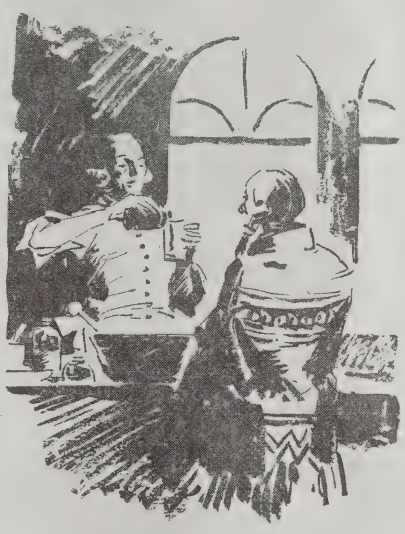
Back to Nazareth for the night, and a long, hard drive east to the sea, north along its blue waters, past the old coasts of Tyre and Sidon, past Acre, an enchanted city of palaces and gray walls and minarets—we did not even enter it, you may never enter an enchanted city—into French Syria. Poor roads now and rumors of brigands and nothing but haste to make the boat. Bayreuth, Turkish officials who took their time to visa your passports, heat, weariness, the Lamartine, and a cool salt bath. It was over.

# Hawthorne's Story of Immortality

(*Continued from page 5*)

captivates him irresistibly; she seems at times to reciprocate his feeling, but again, in a wayward mood, she appears to intend him some mischief. At any rate, she gives him help in his work and the two are in constant association.

The elixir prospers, and Septimius is assured of success; and his visions of the future fill some of the finest pages in the book. He will live forever; and the girl will be his deathless companion. The mysterious flower of death which she has added to the distillation seems to have been the one ingredient that had been missing; by its aid, the mixture clarifies and becomes radiant; in its vase, it gives out rays of pure light, and an exhilarating fragrance. The girl has by this time seemed to yield to Septimius' passion; and she listens with a smile while he tells the marvels which he and she will do for mankind. 'Yes,' she says, at the close of each of his rhapsodies, 'but what



shall we do after that?'—and there is a shade of malignity in her smile. But he will admit no misgivings. The hour comes when the elixir has attained its perfection; they have but to quaff it, and death will be no more. She will take the first draught. But having done so, she lets the great vase fall; it is shattered into bits, and the precious fluid is lost forever.

To Septimius' outburst of despair and reproach, she responds with her enigmatic smile. Then she reveals the truth: the elixir is not life, but death: she had at first designed to compass his death by means of it, but the love which had arisen between them had prevailed, and she chose death for herself instead. The flower of death had contained the fatal poison. She had learned in England that he had killed the young officer who had been her lover, had come to avenge his death, and this was the outcome. For Septimius had won her real love, and she had died for him.

The energy which enabled Hawthorne to set to work at once upon a wholly new conception of his romance is remarkable in one who must already have felt the approach of his own earthly end. *Dr. Grimshawe's Secret* is less finished than was *Septimius*, but its charm and power are quite as great.

AFTER Dr. Grimshawe had been given up, Hawthorne once more returned to America for his scenery and background, and he reconceived the whole subject from the beginning. It was entitled *The Dolliver Romance*, and it begins in Salem. Not more than three or four chapters were completed at his death. Instead of summarizing them, I shall give some of the notes which he made in forecasting the structure of the tale; so far as I am aware, they have not before been in print. I had copied these notes into a notebook of my own about forty years ago; and it is possible they may have been found and reproduced: but I doubt it.

'*Begin here.*

'First, the old chemist to be introduced in his shop, and in the very act, in the very first sentence, of taking a single drop of the liquid in a tumbler of water; and in this first sentence, too, must be introduced the little girl, rushing up, attracted by the old bottle, to get hold of it. He seems doubtful, and fearful what it may do to him: regretful, hopeful, but seems a little renewed by it. Possibly he dropped it into a glass of wine (which is made to foam by it?—No. Yes. Doubtful).

'Then comes a description of the chemist, his present aspect, his origin, his fortunes, all in a grotesque way, yet with a certain earnestness. All this time, the child is playing about, interesting the reader, and arousing suggestions as to the old man's character and purposes. Refer to some mysterious way in which he had got possession of the bottle or recipe.

'Then a few years pass, and the old man continues to take his drop a day, and it produces the effect of a powerful cordial, but it must be described in its various . . . (illegible) . . . ways. People begin to wonder about him, but think it is only false teeth, and perhaps false hair. He, by his dress and general appearance, makes himself look as young as he can. Besides, being an emigrant, nobody knows exactly how old he is. Nevertheless, a certain rumor and wonderment spread abroad concerning him.

'Then comes in another old man—perhaps an old gentleman of eminence in the place, who had never condescended to notice the chemist before, being entirely above him. Powdered, finely dressed, but old, old, aristocratic, puffed up; but wanting something in particular of the chemist. He talks about his age and about the chemist's, and he and the old men discuss age together, the chemist being the freest in talking about infirmities, though in his case they are lighter every day. But he wants to conceal that fact. At last it appears that the visitor has in some mysterious way a knowledge of the recipe, and even of the way in which it came into the chemist's possession.—A great mystery should be made on this point.—And he demands that the bottle be given up to him. To this the



chemist strenuously objects, being now in love with life, and determined not to give up a drop of it. Finally, the chemist being called hastily into the outer shop, the old gentleman rummages for the bottle, and drinks a wineglass full of it, which operates in some strange way, to be hereafter explained in his death.

'The old gentleman may be of the same family as that of Smithell's Hall; or a cousin, or a nephew of the man who brought it there, in order to get possession of the secret.

'His whole life is an effort for the means of living longer—utterly neglectful of all the high opportunities which long life and imperishable vigor would seem to offer him. He has no scruple in violating any law for the purpose of attaining his object; and at last fate seems to point out that the thing which he has sought all over the world is really in the keeping of his own granddaughter and her family—so he comes back thither.

'The utter, utter loneliness of the poor monster must be brought out. I think that should be exemplified by a love affair after he has grown to be a young man again.

'Long ago, a stranger came to get him to make up the recipe, leaving it behind him for the purpose. The ingredients were chiefly poisonous . . . (illegible) . . . there was one thing left blank, or written in undecipherable characters, and this the stranger supplied, by giving it to the chemist in a small lump, to be put in with the rest. While the preparation is concocting he goes away, promising to be back at such and such a time; but he never returns.

'The apothecary and the colonel must be specimens of two different ways of growing old: the former fossilized, harshly defined, narrow, hard, selfish, with the humanity petrified out of him, his communication with mankind getting dammed and shored up; the good humor which belongs to him in health and well-being yielding to the fierceness that characterizes an old brute—so selfish that he would eat child-broth, and have a daily child slaughtered to make it with, if he thought it would do him any good, and so forth.—The doctor, mild, meek, gentle, getting worn away and defined by age, readily melting into tears, fading out, cackling with mild laughter, and so forth. The colonel is famous in town for desiring to continue young, and there are strange and absurd stories about his contrivances to keep so, such as his petting children, counterfeiting care for them in order to inhale their breath, and so forth. When he gets back to young manhood, he shows a remnant of fidelity by falling in love with a young woman who reminds him of his long-dead wife. She seems to have excellent traits; but, perceiving something wrong in him, she avoids him. Perhaps she has a glimpse of his age.

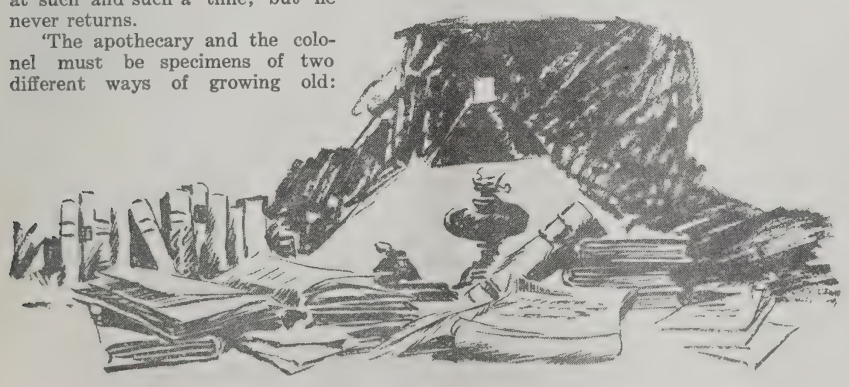
'HE questions with himself whether he would share his beloved liquid with the girl with whom he falls in love; but finds himself incapable of that sacrifice.—She had tried to convert him, speaking just as his wife would.

'After the colonel dies, there is a look of youthfulness in his face—perhaps it is quite the face of a wild, passionate, excited young man; but as the old doctor stands gazing at him, it suddenly withers, crumbles, and changes into the face of an old man again.

'Love, which he feels for the girl, brings him back his real youth, and makes him feel what a dry, dusty, miserable mockery he has lived in. All the hopes, the generosity, the magnanimity, the hope in the world's behalf, are reawakened for a time.

'The drug which is wanting—what is it?—A mysterious and rare flower, one that grows out of a grave?—a mystery—a powder—a distillation of various rare ingredients—a charm—some herb known by the old woman, and transmitted to her from her witch ancestors.—Gracious Mercy Me!'

There are more of these notes-by-the-way, but I will not continue. From all we get a glimpse of what might be called the prenatal state of a story in a great imaginative mind. In the published chapters he seems to have found the clue, but before he could follow it up, death overtook him.



# Fining Men for Dying

(*Concluded from page 2*)

just as effective commerce barriers as tariff walls.

Take the case of Henry C. Jackson, of Boston. He died leaving an estate of three millions, of which one-half was in real estate and personal property in Massachusetts and the other half in stocks and bonds of corporations organized under the laws of seventeen other states. The Federal Government first taxed the estate $295,240, then Massachusetts taxed it $340,435, and then the seventeen states together took $55,325 or a total tax of $691,000—all of which had to be paid within a year, although the cash in the estate was only $47,313. Rich men do not often have much ready cash on hand. The executors of Frank Woolworth had to sell, among other things, his residence on Fifth Avenue to put toward paying the federal estate tax of nearly seven million, and the state tax of over a million.

Theodore Roosevelt left an estate just short of a million but the available cash was only $3,463 to meet taxes and administration charges of $130,647. The estate of George W. Perkins amounted to approximately six million, but the inheritance taxes ran to almost a million and a half and the cash was $183,697.

The British Labor Party talked about a capital levy until the accountants got to work. They discovered that the levy would bring into the hands of the government a miscellaneous assortment of securities and real estate—of course not cash, for only a small part of wealth is ever in cash. So far so good, and the government could retire a lot of bonds; but when they came to calculate the revenues for the future support of the government, they got some figures that put the capital levy on the shelf. For what remained to the taxpayers could not produce enough income to pay the ordinary expenses of government! From a dollars and cents standpoint, the capital levy could not pay and neither does the capital levy imposed at death and called an inheritance tax. It is a mortgaging of the old homestead to pay living expenses.

In any event a system of finance which depends on the death rate among rich men can hardly be called sound. We would have the governor of a state announcing his budget thus:

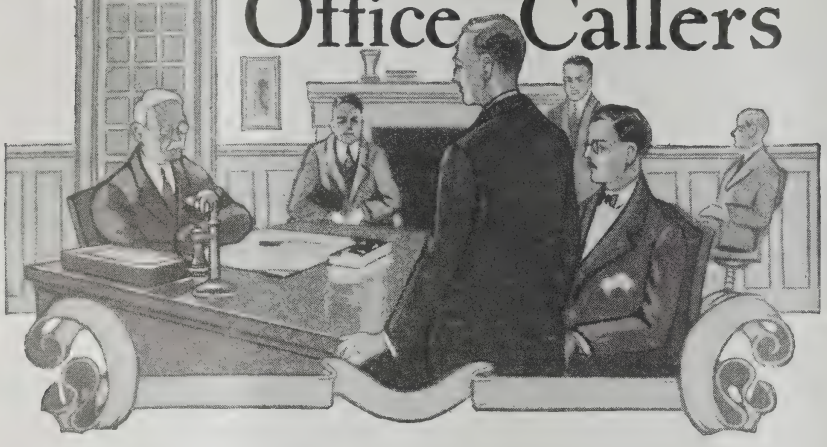
'Six men of large means are in bad health and we can confidently base our revenue on collecting a minimum of one hundred million from their estates . . . '

The less capital we have at work the lower must be our wages and consequently our scale of living. The property taken by taxation may not decrease the total wealth of the country—it may transfer a portion to the state. But capital in the wrong hands is useless.

To be logical we ought to do one thing or the other about inheritance taxes—either confiscate estates or tax them merely for revenue purposes. Let us flatly decide whether or not it is wrong to die rich—and act according to our decision.

*This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Crowther. The next will appear in an early issue.*

# Chats *with* Office Callers



Said one of two callers—***Banker and Stockman***—'About this League of Nations now. I hold that the admittance of Germany is the best thing yet. ('I don't,' put in the other.) You see, nations come to a better understanding when they meet face to face, as all living things do. ('Bulls in a pasture don't,' said the stockman.) The League is the world's first serious attempt to settle troubles by moral force, and only a complete attendance and representation will avail. ('Not necessarily,' put in the stockman. 'A part League might be just as effective. It would make some progress.') A half or a part League is about as useless as a half wheel,' answered the other. 'Your progress would only be a silly sawing back and forth, getting nowhere. My notion is that one of the best things in the League's program is article 19, by which it is agreed that the League, from time to time, may invite its members to proceed to a new examination of treaties that have become inapplicable. That is likely to offset any sense of rankling injustice. ('The National individuality will be lost in the mass,' objected the stockman.) Is individuality lost in a debating society?' asked the banker. And so the argument went on but neither convinced the other.

Said ***'Brick' Murphy,*** the other day, when someone spoke about the trend of public sentiment, and the stupendous expression of opinion on the part of the workingman against the Eighteenth Amendment: 'An' so it's public sentiment you'd talk about, is it? Now just as you was astonished at th' number iv people who talked dry whin th' counthry was wet; an' was astonished at th' number of wets whin th' counthry was dry; so you'd be astonished at th' number who'd talk dry if 'twas wet agin tomorrow. 'Tis th' natural cussedness of man to be agin what's th' rule. But don't call fickle mindedness by th' name of public sentimint.'

'How many persons realize,' asked ***the Financial Expert,*** 'that the electoral college of 1924 did not, and the college of 1928 will not, elect the President and Vice-President as provided for by the Constitution of the United States? It is an acknowledged fact that these bodies are not arranged according to the Constitutional basis of population. The Constitution makes it mandatory on Congress to reapportion the House membership after each decennial census, but no action has been taken since that of 1920. House representation must be based on population, and the number of members in the electoral college given each state is based on Congressional representation. Any possible reapportionment must change the relative representation of states, adding to some and reducing others. Neither Congress nor the electoral college today is made up in accordance with the mandates of the Constitution.'

'I just ran across some interesting statistics,' remarked ***the Professor,*** 'intended to show that superiority in weight tends to favor one in the contest for executive positions.

| | |
|---|---|
| Chiefs of police | average 202 pounds |
| Presidents of fraternal orders | average 190 pounds |
| Bank presidents | average 186 pounds |
| Railroad presidents | average 186 pounds |
| Senators | average 186 pounds |
| but | |
| Artists | average 165 pounds |
| Authors | average 158 pounds |
| Philosophers | average 158 pounds |
| Musicians | average 161 pounds |
| Preachers (small town) | average 159 pounds |
| Station agents | average 154 pounds |

'So are cynics silenced who have thought that ease makes for large waistbands. It's the other way round, apparently. So down with the success advertisers! Clear decks for the new thing, the correspondence course in Advancement by the New Method! Thus:

WIN FAME BY FEASTING
Increase Your Weight and Rule Men
Eat Pottle's Fattening Food and Be An Executive.'

'Show me a parent worthy the name,' said ***the Man With a Large Family,*** 'and I will show you someone engaged in a struggle—fighting against the idea that education is the mere acquisition of facts, and aware that the all-important thing is character, and trying to find the happy medium between a narrow Puritanism and too much laxity.

'And the parent must wage what may sometimes seem to be a losing fight, striving to convert natural curiosity into intelligent interest; on the watch everlastingly to discourage prejudice; fighting for obedience, yet an obedience tempered by self-reliance and independence; advocating discipline of self rather than discipline by definite rules; knowing that driving, browbeating, arguing, wheedling will accomplish nothing; aware that simple diet and fresh air and plain clothing make for health, yet seeing everywhere and being pressed everywhere by those aiming at superficialities.

'All this and more, much more; yet in many cases those who propound ethics editorially are bachelors with never a chick nor child.'

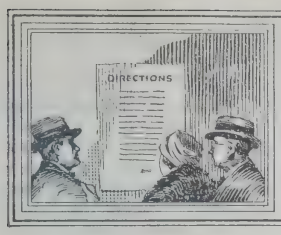
Said ***the Pullman Porter,*** 'One trouble 'bout turning over a new leaf is that there's so many always a-lookin' up the back numbers.'

'We run across queer things,' said ***the Editorial Writer.*** 'J. B. S. Haldane, in his "Daedalus," recalls that Gilbert K. Chesterton prophesied only a few years ago that hansom cabs would continue to do their daily work in London for another century. He thought he detected with the dawn of the 20th Century a cessation of invention.

'On the other hand H. G. Wells seems to have been a fantastic romancer. In 1902 he declared that although he knew full well his statement would excite ridicule, he actually believed that by the year 1950 there would be heavier-than-air flying machines capable of practical use in warfare.

'Verily the rôle of the prophet is a precarious one, but, in the light of developments, an honorable one at its worst compared to that of the satirist. In the field of aviation, for example, who can say how long practical developments were retarded by John T. Trowbridge's clever verses on "Darius Green and His Flying Machine"? There can be no doubt that the state of mind it helped create made pioneering in that line much more difficult than it would otherwise have been or that it deterred many adventurous souls from trying to realize their creative impulses.'

'I hope you are not going to ask me anything about the aboriginals,' said ***the Man from Sydney, Australia.*** 'I've already explained twice today that I've never even seen one. Our city, you know, is almost as modern as some in the United States. It has more than a million population right now, and is second city in size in the Empire. Remote towns in the bush have electric lights and telephone. As for automobiles, there are almost as many per capita in Australia as there are in Canada. It might be said that the ideas concerning ourselves are almost as far-fetched in England as they are in the United States. The fault is not all on your side. We have had, I find, some erroneous ideas concerning the United States. All Americans are not millionaires and the percentage of "crooks" is really quite small. I have been able to walk quite a distance without even meeting a gunman or a cowboy; and the rounding up of desperadoes and the rescuing of heroines is not even a side line with most of your people.'




# Can You Tell Me?

QUESTION: How much has Germany paid in reparations under the Dawes Plan?

ANSWER: Denys P. Myers, librarian of the World Peace Foundation, states in a recent article appearing in the Washington Sunday *Star:*

The Reparation Commission's books show that Germany in six years has paid over 11 billion gold marks of reparations through the second Dawes year as follows:

| | *Gold Marks* |
|---|---|
| Ceded properties | 2,553,905,000 |
| 1920 and 1921 | 3,970,835,000 |
| 1922 | 1,402,685,000 |
| Ruhr period January 11, 1923, to August 31, 1924 | 894,230,569 |
| September 1, 1924, to August 31, 1925 | 1,000,000,000 |
| September 1, 1925, to August 31, 1926 | 1,220,000,000 |
| | 11,041,656,505 |

Garet Garrett, in a recent article, speaking of S. Parker Gilbert, says.

'An Agent General for Reparations Payments . . . is charged to see that only such amounts as Germany can well afford to pay, only such amounts as can be transferred without hurting German credit, shall be passed to the creditors . . . What average sums short of this fatal provocation can be transferred nobody knows, for until now the Germans have been paying with borrowed money—American money.* Seven years have elapsed, and out of her own resources actually she has as yet paid nothing on account of reparations delusion.'

*(This is not altogether American money. America has loaned nearly five hundred millions of dollars in Germany since the inception of the Dawes Plan, and European nations have loaned something over four hundred millions.)

QUESTION: Is illiteracy increasing or decreasing in the United States?

ANSWER: 10.7 per cent of the population of the United States in 1900 was illiterate, 6 per cent of the population of the United States in 1920 was illiterate.

QUESTION: What is the Bertillion System of identification?

ANSWER: It was introduced into France by Alphonse Bertillion—hence the name. Bertillion was a French anthropologist born in Paris in 1853. The Bertillion System is now in wide use throughout the world as a means of identifying criminals. It is based upon the accurate measurement of various parts of the human body, especially the bones—which never change in adults. The trunk, foot, head, ear, height, breadth, middle finger, and extended forearm are among the parts measured.

QUESTION: What does 'E' on the smokestack of a navy ship mean?

ANSWER: Excellency in engineering, an honor coveted by all navy ships.

QUESTION: Is the employment situation in Great Britain improving?

ANSWER: The Department of Commerce advises that a gradual, though slight improvement in the employment situation is apparent.

QUESTION: What is the size of the pool of Bethesda mentioned in John v: 2-9?

ANSWER: Four hundred feet long and 130 wide. It is located in Jerusalem near St. Stephen's Gate and the Temple of Omar. It is now called Birket Israel.

*In this department we shall do our best to answer questions concerning Government and kindred matters. Write your question clearly. Sign your name and address. Your name and address will not be published. Answers will appear in a reasonable time after receipt of questions.*

QUESTION: In nautical language what does 'A-1' signify?

ANSWER: It usually designates a first-class vessel, excellently built. Figuratively speaking it means the best of its class.

QUESTION: Are there more men than women in the United States?

ANSWER: According to the 1920 census, the male population of the United States numbered 53,900,431 as compared with 51,810,189 female population.

QUESTION: Has the Federal Government done anything with reference to regulating the use of sink boxes or batteries, mat blinds, and other devices employed in hunting migratory wild fowl in the waters of Southern Atlantic states?

ANSWER: Dr. E. W. Nelson, chief of the Bureau of Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture, recently called a meeting, held in Washington, of sportsmen, game officials, and conservationists from some of the South Atlantic states for the purpose of obtaining valuable information, and the question will be taken up with the Advisory Board, Migratory Bird Treaty Act, at its annual meeting to be held in Washington early in December.

QUESTION: What is the value of property, other than real estate, in the United States?

ANSWER: The value of tangible personality or moveables is estimated at approximately $123,000,000,000.

QUESTION: Are men in the United States as a rule better educated than women?

ANSWER: According to the census of 1920, women and girls in the United States ten years of age and over are 5.9 per cent illiterate; men and boys ten years of age and over are six per cent illiterate.

QUESTION: When and where was the 'Sons of the American Revolution' organized?

ANSWER: New York City in 1876 and reorganized in 1883.

QUESTION: How much money has been accumulated in the Civil Service Retirement Fund since the passage of the Federal Civil Service Retirement Law about five years ago?

ANSWER: The total amount in the fund at the end of the last fiscal year amounted to $54,662,546.54.

QUESTION: What nations engaged in the Crimean War, and when was it fought?

ANSWER: England, France and Turkey were allied against Russia. Date 1854-1856.

QUESTION: What per cent of our gas casualties during the World War were from chlorine gas? Has any official investigation been made of the effects resulting from the various gases?

ANSWER: Out of about 70,000 of our men gassed, 1,843 of them were from chlorine gas. The War Department has made an investigation of the immediate effects of chlorine gassing in more than 800 cases. The Veterans Bureau has appointed a Board of Medical Officers to study the residual effects of war gas. They are now working on chlorine gas, and expect later to take up the question of phosgene, mustard and other gases.

QUESTION: How did the Federal Government acquire title to public lands?

ANSWER: Originally, the titles were held by the original states. Seven states ceded large areas of territory—New York, Virginia, Massachusetts, Connecticut, South Carolina, North Carolina and Georgia—amounting to about 260,000,000 acres. This was donated to the Federal Government. The federal public domain was later enlarged by purchase, discovery and treaty.

# I Read in the Papers



The Republican organization of the South is held together and sustained by the worst kind of corruption. I was in the South a few days ago and learned first hand of an incident which illustrates what I mean. A young man was postmaster. He desired reappointment. He had made a good official. The patrons were thoroughly satisfied with him. The political boss, the national committeeman, stated to him, however, that his reappointment would cost him $1,000. He could not pay it. Another gentleman was recommended. That is general practice in the South.

*Republicans in South Need Reform*

Whenever there is a real contest in the national convention for the nomination of the presidency, the delegates from the South are sought to be controlled and managed by shameless use of patronage and money. We have political brokers in patronage who are experts in the game. When a presidential campaign is on these political brokers carry their wares to the market. That is corruption at the very source of power.

It is poisoning the stream at the very well-springs of national influence. The Republican Party owes it to itself to clean out that Augean stable. It is a difficult task but the Republican Party is big enough and strong enough to do the work.

It is all right to expose the use of money in the primary. One virtue which the primary has is that it does enable us to expose the use of money more successfully than in conventions. But that is only one phase of the evil. We should also deal with this shameless traffic in public positions which goes on under the very eyes of those in power. United States district-attorneyships, marshalships, postmasterships, should be taken off the market. Let us hope that we will throttle the practice which not only has its say in elections but also its influence and effect throughout the field of legislation and the whole fabric of government.—Senator Borah, in a speech in Idaho.

ɤ ɤ ɤ

The only trouble with having a League of Nations is that there is the ever-present danger of a war being started at one of the meetings.—New York *Herald Tribune*.

ɤ ɤ ɤ

General Bruce is reported to be experiencing a difficulty in obtaining permission from the Tibetan Government to resume his attempts upon Mount Everest. This is not surprising to those who have followed events in Tibet since the last Everest party went out. It is stated that the exploit of a certain Englishman, who went to Lhasa in disguise and without authority, is the reason. Such may have been the pretext,

*Western Ideas Not Wanted*

but the truth is that the Everest Expedition has always been opposed by the Lamaist hierarchy on the same grounds that it opposes any European entering the country at all.

It is not that the lamas are troubled about offense which might be given to the guardian diety of the mountain. They are not quite so ignorant or superstitious. What they do fear, and not without reason, is that the introduction of Western ideas and the appliances of Western civilization may well mean the beginning of the decline of their power.

It was precisely this fear that led to the deposition and the alleged assassination, last year, of the late Tsarong Shape, the progressive commander-in-chief of the Tibetan army. Lately came the news that the Tibetan engineer, Rinchengang, who was taking electrical machinery to Lhasa, has been intercepted, murdered, and the machinery broken up and thrown down a precipice. All this is part of the definite policy of resistance against modern tendencies, in which the Everest Expedition becomes a minor episode.

—Edward De O'Orme, in *The Spectator*.

ɤ ɤ ɤ

Criminals could not get on so well if they did not get off so easily.—*Wall Street Journal*.

ɤ ɤ ɤ

Rome is indeed still a medieval city both morally and materially. She lies 500 miles down the boot of Italy on a road that leads nowhere. She is on no trade route, and a city of 600,000 souls is not sufficient in these days to be a market by itself. She has no port worthy the name, and even Ostia is twenty miles away down a rapid and turbulent river up which it is difficult to drag even barges. Until last year there was not even a respectable railway service between Rome and Ostia, and it is still needed more for tourists than for merchandise. Her hinterland is only the morbid and miserable Campagna, and therefore she is the outlet for nothing. Even the road approaches, judged by modern standards, are very poor. Nobody, in short, would ever go to Rome on business, and it is hard to imagine why anybody should continue to live there, except archeologists. For the attraction of sentiment has its limits. When the Italians conquered the city they fully expected that as the capital of the new state she would draw all men unto her. The record of their disillusion is written in the acres of moldering masonry and stucco which are the Roman suburbs. These are houses built for a population which never came, and is never likely to come. There is no indigenous industry at all except the keeping of hotels and the weaving of silk for their clients.—C. R. Coote, in *The Nineteenth Century and After*.

*Immortal Rome Is Still Medieval*

ɤ ɤ ɤ

About the only seriously discouraging feature in Texas just at this writing is that Jim Ferguson announces that he intends to be of real service to his state in one way or another.—*Ohio State Journal*.

ɤ ɤ ɤ

The British official in India today is genuinely anxious to see Indianization carried as far and as fast as the system will stand, but knows that somewhere there is a point where the whole machine will slip back into the slough from which 150 years have rescued it. He does not, as Lord Olivier has so hastily asserted, prefer or favor the Moslem to the Hindu. In some parts the Moslems are far the more reliable and energetic characters, in other districts the reverse. In many, admirable people of both religions reside and assist equally in good government. To assert that the British official prefers one to the other is to show a complete misunderstanding of the situation. You see in a regiment some illustration of the British inclinations. Some swear by the superiority of the Hindu soldiery, Rajput, Sikh or Dogra, others infinitely prefer the Moslem tribes and races. In their private predilections the British officials vary immensely; in their official ones they vary according to the nature of the inhabitants of their districts. In one the Hindus are infinitely more public spirited than the Moslems; in another it would be exactly the reverse, so varied are the tribes and races that profess the two religions.—George MacMunn in *The National Review*.

*British Official Attitude in India*

ɤ ɤ ɤ

The Rainy Day Club was organized by women thirty years ago to agitate for shorter skirts. Few movements have met with more marked success.—Aiken, S. C., *Journal and Review*.

ɤ ɤ ɤ

During the recent gales Burns' Trysting Tree at Laight, New Cumnock, near the River Avon, was broken off near the ground. This is the tree made famous by Burns in his song, 'Afton Water.' It was only about seven feet high, and its peculiar umbrella-like top afforded excellent shelter to anyone seeking its shade.

*The International Jew* in 4 volumes: *The International Jew*, Vol. I, 235 pages; *Jewish Activities in the United States*, Vol. II, 256 pages; *Jewish Influence on American Life*, Vol. III, 256 pages; *Aspects of Jewish Power in the United States*, Vol. IV, 246 pages. Price: 25 cents each; set $1. THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN.



# Briefly Told



A FEDERAL HOSPITAL SHIP completely equipped and having aboard a competent physician will soon provide medical service for Alaskans in isolated communities.

LONDONERS ARE COMPLAINING of a new nuisance: the littering of theater floors with peanut shells. The English learned the joys of eating peanuts from the Canadians during the World War.

'I BELIEVE MARRIAGES would in general be as happy, and often more so, if they were all made by the Lord Chancellor, upon a due consideration of the characters and circumstances, without the parties having any choice in the matter.'

—*Dr. Samuel Johnson.*

MORE THAN 19,000 PERSONS have been killed and 52,000 injured in grade-crossing accidents in this country during the past year.

A JAPANESE PEARL FIRM, believing that oysters have souls, has built a miniature pagoda as a shrine to placate the spirits of bivalves from which pearls have been taken.

THE FLOORBOARDS OF A jewelry shop in Birmingham, England, when reduced to ashes, yielded enough precious metal dust to pay for the cost of new flooring.



THE BRIDAL VEIL originated in the Orient where many women still go veiled and where a husband is not supposed to see his bride's face until after the ceremony.

ONE OF THE OLDEST English folk dances is the Abbots Bromley Horn Dance, held annually in England for hundreds of years. The dancers, twelve men, wear deer skulls with antlers attached. The custom is believed to have come down from the time of the Danish invasion and the worship of Thor and Odin.

LESS THAN THREE PER CENT of the farms in America are receiving electric service from central power stations.

A BOSTON RESTAURANT owner bases his daily menus on the forecasts supplied him by the weather bureau. His patrons call for different kinds of foods on hot and on cold days.

THERE ARE 132 WOMEN in the state legislatures in this country. Connecticut, with 17, has the largest number.

THE DAILY RAINFALL of the earth amounts to about 16,000,000 tons a second.

A DEEP-SEA DIVER WALKED on the bottom of the Elizabeth River from Portsmouth to Norfolk, Virginia, a distance of more than a mile, in fifty minutes. His progress was marked for those on the surface by a little cork buoy which was attached by a cord from his shoulders.



ANGERED BECAUSE RATTLESNAKES were killing her turkeys, an Oregon woman procured a rifle and shot forty-four of the reptiles.

ONE-SIXTH OF THE 5,500,000 persons in the United States who are over sixty-five years of age are dependent upon public charity, according to insurance statistics.

KISSING COSTS THE Japanese Government $125,000 a year, even though it is officially barred as immoral and unsanitary. The sum is expended in cutting kissing scenes from motion pictures.

THE CROWN OF GREAT BRITAIN is worn by the King of Great Britain only once—at his coronation. On all other state occasions he wears the State Crown.

BALD-HEADED MEN are brainier than those with luxuriant locks, according to Professor H. J. Fleure, noted scientist. He believes that the growth of the hair absorbs a large quantity of energy.

BURGLARS HAVE CARRIED off many of the crown jewels of Siam from the royal palace at Bangkok. The robbery is regarded by the natives as peculiarly audacious, as the jewels were supposed to be guarded by the ghosts of the dead kings and queens.

THE RAINBOW BRIDGE in the Navajo Mountains on the border of Utah and Arizona is the greatest of all known natural arches in the world.



COOKING SCHOOLS IN Berlin, intended primarily for women, are being overrun with applications from men, married and single, who are anxious to learn the culinary art.

A SOUND-PROOF 'CRYING ROOM' paneled with glass is a feature of a new film theater. Mothers with restless babies can view the picture from the room, without disturbing the other patrons.

A NEW LOCOMOTIVE whistle is described by its designer as having a tone 'as soft as the wood-winds of a symphony orchestra.'

HORSESHOES JUNKED in the United States are being shipped to China where mechanics utilize the chilled iron for making knives.

THE POPULARITY OF bobbed hair is apt to cause widespread baldness among women, according to a prominent hairdresser.

AN ANNUAL VACATION of fifteen days for all workers is compulsory under a law recently put into effect in Brazil.

IN TIBET IT IS the custom of the natives when meeting friends to stick out their tongues as a mark of respect.

APPROXIMATELY ONE HUNDRED new words are added each year to the English language.

IN FORMER YEARS it was believed that mistletoe had some mysterious medicinal virtues when picked from an oak tree.

LIVE FISH AND shellfish similar to those inhabiting the lakes of Palestine have been found by artesian well borers at depths of 200 and 300 feet beneath the sands of the Sahara Desert.




DOGS MAY NOW join the army. New regulations authorize them as army units for such work as acting as messengers to carry relief appeals and for pulling sleds across northern snows.

SLAVERY HAS BEEN abolished in Nepal, the independent state of the Ghurkas in Northern India, through the efforts of the reigning Maharajah. The slaves were purchased at a total cost of $1,376,250.

THE UNITED STATES Infantry in the Canal Zone is trying to find longer mules to carry guns. The weapons tickle the ears of the present-size animals, often causing serious complications.

BEAUTY NOTE FROM Puritan days in New England: 'For ye complexion ye young girl may wash the face in snow, the tingling cold bringing forth the blood and imparting a rich glow of health which is the true beauty.'

THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT has more scientific experts at work on the eradication of obnoxious insects than all the other nations of the world combined.

IT IS REPORTED THAT there is a stretch of water in the Pacific Ocean off the coast of Chile which the fish refuse to inhabit.



# NOTES COMMENTS CRITICISMS

MR. FORD'S Page this week discusses the sources of war.

Their ship had been crushed in the grip of the Arctic ice like an eggshell! Marooned on the vast ice fields in the worst possible season for travel, a heartbreaking task confronted them. Four of the men were on the sick list. The mainland was five hundred miles away. And as they struggled southward the drift of the ice carried them farther from their goal than ever. (p. 16)

*The tale of the tragic journey of Captain De Long and his men is a true epic of the Arctic. As the story is written by Burt M. McConnell the figures stand out vividly against the northern background. Perhaps this is because McConnell is so familiar with the region of which he writes. He was assistant to Vilhjalmur Stefansson in the Canadian Arctic Expedition, 1913-14, took part in the rescue of the 'Karluk' survivors from Wrangell Island, has been superintendent of an Alaskan gold mine, and was in American aviation during the war. Besides all this Mr. McConnell is well known as a magazine writer and is at present on the editorial staff of the 'Literary Digest.'* (p. 16)



Burt M. McConnell.

In all the realm of taxation no impost is so ill-devised or irrational as the inheritance tax. It is a capital levy imposed at death—*a fine for dying!* Its effect is to tear down industry, to disrupt the steady flow of commerce. (p. 1)

Samuel Crowther's analysis of the inheritance tax will bear careful reading. It has become a custom in this country to berate wealth merely because it is wealth. The inheritance tax is a phase of this hysteria. It fails to take into account the part wealth plays in the promotion of *universal* prosperity; its result is to concentrate wealth in a few 'safe' securities, while industry as a whole goes beggaring. Any system of governmental financing which depends upon the death rate of the nation for its continuance is fundamentally unsound. (p. 1)

All the traps of the fur trade aren't set for animals. Some are set for the trappers themselves, some for the persons who buy the furs. This article is illuminating. It is written by a Westerner who prefers to remain anonymous. (p. 23)

Captain Winfield W. Robinson, Troop A, New York State Troopers: THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT is one of the most valued periodicals which comes to our troop library and reading room. Its articles and current information are enjoyed by all, and we have been particularly interested in the historical items pertaining to the American Revolution, Signers of the Declaration, and so forth.

Edwin E. Witte, Wisconsin Free Library Commission: There have been few if any issues in which we have not found one or more articles of value to our library, and a great deal of the material we have taken from THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT has been used by us in giving information to members of the legislature and others upon questions concerning which they sought our assistance.

Mrs. W. T. Lafferty, University of Kentucky: My work at the university includes the clipping of articles from current magazines and newspapers that are useful to women's clubs in the preparation of their programs. I find valuable articles in every issue of THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT which I clip, mount in university folders and lend to the women's clubs of Kentucky. I find the articles extremely valuable.

Ex-private, American Expeditionary Forces: Your magazine used to be good, but the articles on A. E. F. court-martials are the worst bunk I've ever seen anywhere. Tell the writer to go on back to his dolls. The war's over.

*Here's an article that tells why things aren't always what they seem. It's by Donald A. Laird, one of the best known of the younger psychologists, whose literary output includes three books, more than a hundred scientific papers and numerous magazine articles. Dr. Laird has taught at Yale, Colgate, Iowa, and Wyoming, and is the originator of the Colgate Mental Hygiene Tests, now widely used throughout the country. Herein he takes up the matter of illusions, of optical deceptions.* (p. 6)



Donald A. Laird.

One dominant theme recurred again and again to Nathaniel Hawthorne—continuous life, immortality. From a dozen paths he approaches the same goal, but he died before he had realized his ambition. Now, half a century later, his son, Julian Hawthorne, tells of this secret ambition—of Hawthorne's great untold story. (p. 4)

The article is without doubt one of the most important literary contributions of the year. It would be valuable for the new light it sheds on America's greatest novelist if for nothing else; but in addition it gives some of Hawthorne's notes, heretofore unpublished. (p. 4)

A few years ago Margot Asquith, wife of England's one-time Premier, startled her contemporaries by the frankness with which she discussed them in her brilliant autobiography. Her daughter-in-law, Lady Cynthia Asquith, in this issue discusses with equal frankness the writing of intimate memoirs. Not content with an inherited reputation, Lady Cynthia is rapidly building one for herself as an author. (p. 8)

The beautiful luster ware of our forefathers forms the basis for a delightful article by Mary Harrod Northend, whose latest book, *American Glass*, is meeting with marked success. (p. 12) . . . Those who have read A. A. Milne's *When We Were Very Young*, and their number is legion, will be anxious to meet him face to face. They can do so in this interview by Henry Albert Phillips, himself a well-known novelist and magazine writer. (p. 3)

A defense of the salaries paid football coaches is advanced by one of the best-known sports writers in the country, who uses the *nom de plume*, Paul MacDonald. (p. 7)

## CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE

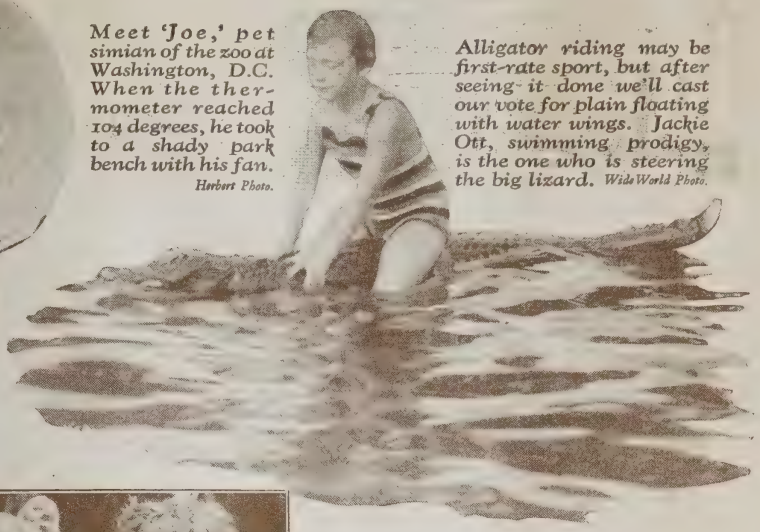

Fining Men for Dying—*Samuel Crowther* - - - 1
A. A. Milne at Home—*Henry Albert Phillips* - 3
Hawthorne's Story of Immortality - - - - 4
*Julian Hawthorne*
I Saw It With My Own Eyes - - - - - - 6
*Donald A. Laird*
Is the Football Coach Overpaid? - - - - - 7
*Paul MacDonald*
The Writing of Indiscreet Memoirs - - - - 8
*Lady Cynthia Asquith*
Mr. Ford's Page - - - - - - - - - - 9
Editorials - - - - - - - - - - - - 10
The Luster Ware of Long Ago - - - - - 12
*Mary Harrod Northend*
Keeping the Country in Correct Time - - - 14
*S. R. Winters*
The Tragic Story of the *Jeannette* Expedition - 16
*Burt M. McConnell*
Hidden Tricks of the Fur Trade—*By a Westerner* 23
From Dan to Beersheba in Four Days - - - 24
*Gaius Glenn Atkins*
Chats With Office Callers - - - - - - - 28
Can You Tell Me? - - - - - - - - - 29
I Read in the Papers - - - - - - - - - 30


SUBSCRIPTION PRICE in the United States and its dependencies, also Canada, Cuba, Mexico and countries where the United States Domestic Postage Rate applies, $1.50 a year; other foreign countries, $2.00 a year. Single copy, five cents.
CHANGE OF ADDRESS: 1. Notify us at least two weeks in advance. 2. State both old and new address. 3. Write clearly.

# PLAY-MATES!



*Meet 'Joe,' pet simian of the zoo at Washington, D.C. When the thermometer reached 104 degrees, he took to a shady park bench with his fan.* Herbert Photo.



*Alligator riding may be first-rate sport, but after seeing it done we'll cast our vote for plain floating with water wings. Jackie Ott, swimming prodigy, is the one who is steering the big lizard.* Wide World Photo.



Right—*The pair appear very complacent here, but just long enough for Jack, the Russian poodle, to recuperate from blows received in his latest frolic with 'Patsy,' six-month-old lioness. They are great companions.* Herbert Photo



Oval—*Her feathered pets are baby ostriches, as big as herself. She lives near an ostrich farm and is quite accustomed to the big birds. She probably couldn't see a regular baby chick.* Herbert Photo.

Below—*'First come, first served!' This proved true in the case of this intrepid deer who walked in on a picnic party just as lunch was being served.*





*This young lady wants to learn the tortoise business of her father, but, as you see, she's all mixed up.* Herbert Photo.



MANKIND passes from the old to the new on a human bridge formed by those who labor in *the Three Principal Arts*

AGRICULTURE
MANUFACTURE
TRANSPORTATION

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
3 0112 131499292